

Herelandra

March

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seventy-five cents

T. M. Healy On Bicycles: a proposal

[A speech before Parliament, 7 July 1898.]

I am aware of that, but we are now dealing with an important matter upon the Report stage. I do say that if this is to be considered the Bill ought to be recommitted, and notice given to us so that we could have an opportunity of discussing this penal clause in Committee. [We here means the Irish delegation Mr Healy chaired.] We should have some information in advance from the Government as to whether they intend, if they do intend to accept this proposal, as I am afraid, from the ominous silence of the Chief Secretary, and the fact that he brought in a Bill of the same mischievous character a year ago, that we have some grounds for a lurking suspicion that he is going to accept it. We should have notice of it, for this reason. The first thing I would suggest is that after the word "bicycle" to insert the words "or carriage." We could then discuss the entire question of vehicular traffic, which is practically what it amounts to. The cyclist has just as much right to be protected from being run down as a carriage. Why should I be run down in the dark by a carriage which carries no lamps, or by a car that refuses to carry anything? Carriages with indiarubber tyres are becoming very popular, and they are becoming noiseless like bicycles; therefore, I think it is essential, if this law is to be applied to one section of the community on wheels it is only right to apply it to all sections. We have had no notice of this because I do not think a penal clause has ever been proposed at the Report stage of a Bill without some notice to the House of the intention of the Government to accept it. That is one of my objections, but there is another. I object to the people of Ireland being fined £100,000 for the benefit of Birmingham manufacturers. There are something like a quarter of a million bicycles in Ireland, and lamps are made at Birmingham, and no lamps are made in Ireland, and no bells are made in Ireland. Now, I believe that no bicyclist, unless he is a fool, rides without a bell, but, generally speaking, lamps are not necessary in Ireland. I would not object to this proposal so much in the case of Dublin or Belfast, and I would not object to cyclists being compelled to carry lights if it is also made to apply to the grocer's cart and the milkman's cart, as well as to every cyclist. But so far as the general country is concerned, you might go ten miles without meeting a car, a cart, or anything whatever, either on wheels or on legs, in many of the remote parts of the country. Therefore, to legislate for Ireland, as a whole, as if it was all to be treated upon the same basis, is, in my opinion, an absurdity. There may be a case for it in Belfast and Dublin, but there certainly is no case whatever for it in a great many of the rural districts of the country. But in addition to these points I think this view should be considered. If a man is driving a car, or a cart, he is not often injured in case of accidents, although his horse may be injured; but the bicyclist is nearly always injured if anything runs into him. He is riding at his peril, and that is far more than can be said of the man on the car or cart. If you consider the way in which bicyclists are treated as a rule by those in charge of cars or carriages, I venture to say that the necessity for regulations is in the opposite direction, for the danger is rather the other way about. On the magisterial bench in Ireland there seem to be a number of old gouty gentlemen who themselves are unable to ride, and they seem to have the very strongest prejudice against any cyclist who happens to be brought before them, and this Amendment will give them a chance of coming down of cyclists in general with a very severe voice. As a matter of fact I do not think that there has been any invention of recent years, for men and women, which has given such excellent and healthy enjoyment to the population. Certainly, as I understand it, this clause might fairly take up five or six days, if it is to be considered in a proper spirit and from a thorough point of view. Why, every

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line of it is reeking with matter upon which Amendments ought to be moved. If the Government are determined to shut out every other type of vehicle from their consideration, and confine this law to bicycles, then, of course, we shall have a very enjoyable afternoon. But I would ask the Government to remember this: we brought before the House in the Committee stage the very important question of traction engines, and we pointed out that there was some necessity for some provision being made in regard to the cutting up of roads by traction engines, and we showed how, in the county of Cork, a road was thrown out of use from this cause, because the grand jury were unable to do anything more to the road. It appears that a pneumatic tyre is to be put under a penal law, while you allow a traction engine to cut up the roads with impunity. It does appear to me that this is a class of traffic which requires regulating, and you do not propose to give favourable consideration to an Amendment of that kind. This proposal has nothing whatever to do with the scope of the Bill, and it is a proposal to transfer from the grand jury for their existing powers entirely new legislation, not germane to the Measure of the Government, and which ought to be introduced in a special Bill dealing with the subject.

✠~~~~~Vital Statistics~~~~~✠

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to the thirtieth monthly issue of the postal Diplomacy magazine, Perelandra. Your host is the Jimmy Carter of postal Dip, Pete Gaughan, a young Irish student still looking for leprechauns at age 24. Send your subscription to Pete (remember, 75 cents/issue) at 3121 East Park Row #171A, Arlington TX 76010, or call him at 817-633-3208 (best times: Sunday and Thursday nights).

A FEW ANNOUNCEMENTS. First, about the back-issue policy around here. I'm tired of hanging on to 'em, so: IF you act before anybody else, you can get a nearly complete set of old Peres (#7-30) for \$7; OR a less-than-complete set (#8-16, 18-21, 23-30) for \$6; OR a single backish (#8, 12, 14-16, 18-21, 23-27) for 20 cents. After March 28 they all go in the trash. Then, all backishes will be 50 cents each. I have all the originals and will simply make a photocopy of what you want.

AND ABOUT MARCH 28: that is the deadline for all games in this issue...except 83G and 82HK.

OMNIPOTENT. No, that's not a definition of your editor. It's a new Dipzine by Bob Sweeney (614 Custer, Fort Leavenworth KS 66027; 913-651-4864). Bob offers Dip, Kingmaker, and a Dip variant called Italian Balance, each for a \$5 gamefee and \$2 NMR deposit. Subs are 40 cents per issue, reduced photocopy. I like Bob's maps very much, but his houserules have some extraneous material. First two issues are, as usual, a bit warehousey, but check it out.

FREE ISSUES AND LOADS OF GRATITUDE to John Crosby and Mike Colandro for standing by; and to those who responded to the quiz (details later).

AND NOW THE BIGGIE..... GAME OPENINGS

Yes, that's right fans, We have lots of news to pass along about game openings. Pay strict attention or you'll miss something.

1. REGULAR DIPLOMACY. As soon as a current game ends (that may be now; this is being typed before deadline), the next game will begin. Interested are Rob Wittmond and John Walker; signed up and paid is Brian Bailey. Gamefee is (ready?) \$20.00 US. Yes, \$20. That includes a sub for the length of the game, half refundable if you're eliminated before W1906. If you are interested, here are two notes:

*You can pay the subfee with your current sub credit (translated into cash on the back-cover page of this issue).

*When you sign up, include a preference list, AND vote on whether the game should use standbys or not. If a majority votes "no standbys", we'll run it that way (if you want to back out in that case, that's fine).

2. SNOWBALL FIGHTING. As soon as the current game ends the next one will begin. The next game will be anonymous, and FREE (sub required). Four snowfighters signed up already!

3. HEGEMONY OVER SANDY EGO. Free, run by flyer. Needs one more (Burgess, Sherwood, Bailey and Walker signed up).

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One more note on game openings. A section of Gunboat Diplomacy (anonymous, all black press) will be opened, with \$20 fee, when a second Dip game ends. Don't sign up yet as it may be a while before two games die off!

ABOUT THAT SUBLIST...There are now 41 subscribers, with three of those expiring this issue. That number is headed downhill, in spite of the fact that I've added four new names since January First! If you have a number less than "31" on the cover of the zine, and you want to see another issue, send money. Two players this month are in danger of going CD unless I see green stuff (again, this is being typed before the deadline, so take that with a grain of salt).

A WORD ON ADDRESSES: I am dropping the practice of publishing new subbers, etc. The complete sublist will be published at the start of the anonymous SnowFight, if the players so request. Change of address notices will be right along with the games when needed.

EXCELSIOR. Yet another 1985 freshman zine, this one by Bruce McIntyre, "a 22-year-old male WASP who has been part of the Hobby since the summer of 1984." Bruce runs phone games in the Vancouver, BC area in his zine, Conference Call. Excelsior will be monthly, running Dip, postal Patterns, and a bunch of quizzes and contests. Subs are 3/\$2 in Canada, 10/\$7 in the U.S. (I infer that's Cdn\$ in Canada and US\$ in the US), send 'em to Bruce McIntyre, 6191 Winch St., Burnaby BC, Canada V5B 2L4.

THAT STANDBY LIST: Hail, Frueh, Conlon, Sweeney, Touchette, Baker, Makuc, Crosby, Colandro, Givan, Ellis. Didn't need to call anybody this time...barely.

1982 HK - Yavin

1983 G - Darkover

BOTH OF THESE GAMES HAVE BEEN DELAYED. Repeat, both Yavin and Darkover are postponed. The new deadline is 9pm CST, 14 March 1985. Some of you, in each game, want to get these over with and I hope you'll take the responsibility to write each other. However, the reason for the delay is not for negotiations. Blair Cusack has moved, and his last note to me (about a game we are playing in elsewhere) implies that he did not receive #29. IF i do not hear from Blair by 14 March, I will insert the standbys, Mike Colandro and John Crosby (for 82HK France and 83G Austria, respectively). I've sent a copy of the results Special Delivery to Blair's new address, which is:

1706 Prince of Wales, Ottawa Ontario, Canada K2C 1P4

YAVIN players: I found a mistake in the Winter 1910 chart; England went from 5 to 7, but still has only two builds.



LATE WORD!!! There will be a one-day gaming session on St. Patrick's Day in Pasadena, TX. James Early (713-941-6364) has reserved a room at the Pasadena Town Square Mall, free, for open gaming from 8am to 8pm on Sunday 17 March 1985. This wipes out LepreCon for me (I could have gotten a bargain on my dad's frequent-flyer program) because it will not only give me a chance to meet some South Texas gamers, but also an excuse to visit my girlfriend. I encourage Pere readers Walker, Minshall, Ellis, Conlon, and Bruss to consider attending; I know JR Baker will be there. Lookin' forward to it!

1983HC-Mimir

DOT-GRABBING FIENDS ----- FALL 1906

Austria (Ed Henry): a tri-ven (a apu s, f adr s), a bud-vie.

England (John Crosby): no units.

France (Bob Sweeney): f tun-ion, f mid-naf /r wes oth/, f por-mid, a spa-gas, a mar-pie, a gas-bre.

Germany (Greg Ellis): f lvp-iri, a wal-lvp, f eng-bre, f bel-eng, a ruh-bur, a mun-tyo, a tyo-tri.

Italy (Matt Kazur): a ven-rom, a pie-ven, f nap-apu, f ion-adr, f gre-bul/sc, f aeg s Tf smy-con /nso/.

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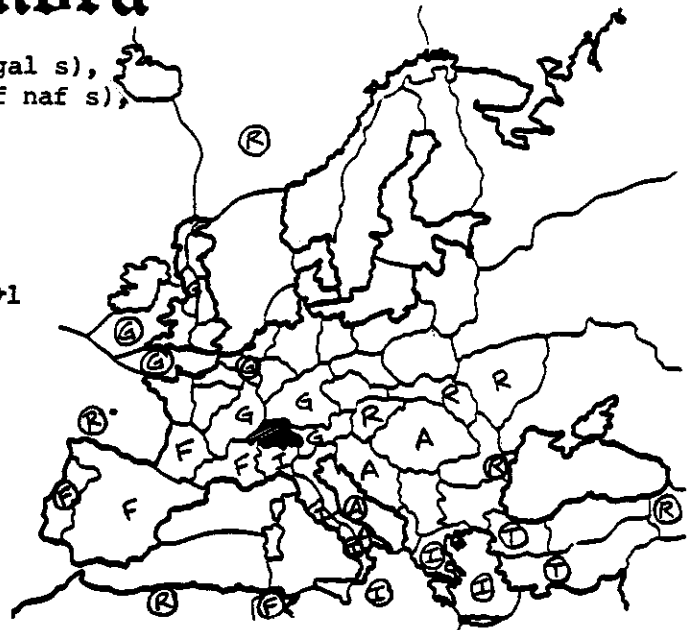
Russia (Pierre Touchette): a vie s Ga tyo-tri (a gal s),
a war-ukr, f rum-bul/ec, f sev-arm, f nao-mid (f naf s),
f edi-nwg.

Turkey (Evans Givan): f smy h, f ank-con.

Supply Center Chart for Winter 1906

| | | |
|---------|------------------------------------|----------------|
| Austria | y bud tri ser | 4/3 -1 |
| England | yp | 1/0 out |
| France | par mar bre spa por tun | 6/6 even or +1 |
| Germany | mun kie ber hol | |
| | den bel lon LVP | 7/8 +1 |
| Italy | ven rom nap gre bul sty | 6/5 -1 |
| Russia | stp mos war sev swe | |
| | nwy rum edi VIE | 8/9 +1 |
| Turkey | ank con SNY | 2/3 +1 |

DEADLINE for Autumn retreat, Winter 1906 adjustments, and Spring 1907 moves is 9pm CST, Thursday 28 MARCH 1985. Press coming up.



StP to Paris: Have you left all the north of France for the German or what?

Paris to Moscow: Honi soit qui mal y pense. (Motto of the Order of the Garter)

Paris to Berlin: It is costly (the) wisdom bought by experience. (Roger Ascham)

Paris to UAOA (Ultimate Authority Over All) [That's me??]: I'm into quotes this month.

Turkey to Italy: How did this ever happen?

UTA to Turk: He's not saying.

StP to Vienna (A-H): Vienna is a beautiful city...

StP to A-H: No, I'm not ashamed.

StP to UTA: Yes or no...I'm not.

Austria to World: C'mon, guys. You would think somebody out there liked me. So who is it?

Turkey to Austria: Looks like the Southern Dot Wars are about to be renewed. Whose side should we be on?

Paris to Budapest: O.K.--you're foolhardy BUT I LOVE IT!!! (e.g. A fool (can) always find someone more foolish to admire him (Nicholas Boileau).)

Austria to Turkey: Hi, Evans. I'm getting lighter by the year. Is that what you meant by "enlightenment?"

Germany to Austria: As long as you are committing suicide, may I help?

Austria to Germany: Didn't really need my support, did you?

Turkey to Russia: You want the Black Sea? You got it.

StP to Ankara: Black Sea a Turkish Lake?

StP to Berlin: Answer or what...

Paris to Rome: Sorry to strike @ Piedmont...but you know how it is. (myself, 1985)

Germany to GM: Why aren't there any MadLads in this game? I protest, and demand that the BNC declare this game irregular. Remember Pete, one MadLad per game keeps you regular.

UTA: I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot...

Germany to Italy: Maybe we should declare Ed the honorary MadLad.

UTA to Germany: Now, WAIT JUST A COTTON PICKIN' MINUTE! You can't just name anybody a MadLad. They have to go through the ritual baptism--pouring Bud Light over their heads while standing waist-deep in the Upper Mississippi. Check my s/b list if you're serious about this.

1984W - Woz

WITHER ITALY? -----Spring 1905, etc.

AUTUMN 1904: England retreats f mid-bre; France nmr, a spa and a tun go BLOOEY!

WINTER 1904: England builds f lon; France nmr, gm removes f nao; Germany builds a mun & a ber; Italy builds f nap; Turkey fuilids f con & f smy.

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SPRING 1905

Austria (Dave Bruss): F gre h.

England (Pat Conlon): a cly-edi, f nwg-nao, f nth h,
f lon-eng, f eng-mid (f iri s, f bre s),
a gas-mar (a spa s).

France (Jim Makuc): f mid u /nmr; r gas por wes naf
otb/.

Germany (Rob Wittmond): f swe-bot, f den-bal,
a war-ukr (a mos s), a vie-bud (a gal s), a ber-
sil, a mun-tyo, a tyo-vie, a nar s Ea spa /otm;
r pie otb/.

Italy (JR Baker): a tri s Ga vie-bud, a alb-ser /a/
f tun-ion (f nap s), f wes-tyn.

Turkey (John Walker): f sev s a rum, a rum s a ser,
a bud s Ga vie-tri /nso; a/, f ion-alb (a ser s),
f con-bla, f smy-aeg (f bul/sc s).

DEADLINE for Summer retreats and Fall 1905 moves
is 9pm CST Thursday, 28 MARCH 1985.

I hesitate to even look and see how much press we
have this month. I disclaim any responsibility
for John's Turkish; I don't know how to translate it and wouldn't do it if I could.

TCU to LSU: It was the Bluebonnet Bowl. We lost the first half, won the second half--but
we're the only school in the state to practice Saturdays in the off-season.

England to GM: At first I had a whole page of conditional orders. Aren't you glad I simpli-
fied them?

UTA to England: I don't care much, but I bet Rob wishes you hadn't.

England to all others: My apologies for promising to retreat to NAF. After fiddling with con-
ditional orders for 30-40 minutes I decided it was simpler to retreat to Bre. That retreat
also made occupation of MAO a certainty. Besides, France could have retreated A Tun-NAF
and caused the fleet to be taken off the board anyway.

Alamo to UTA: As a Pere reader and Woz player, may I suggest that "press" such as the "Paris
to Rome" assassin piece last issue is 100% undesirable? Dealing with people in this game
is touchy enough without that ugliness.

UTA to Alamo: I will assume that was as much in jest as Pat's press last month was. It's hard
to tell in your case; it wasn't hard in Pat's.

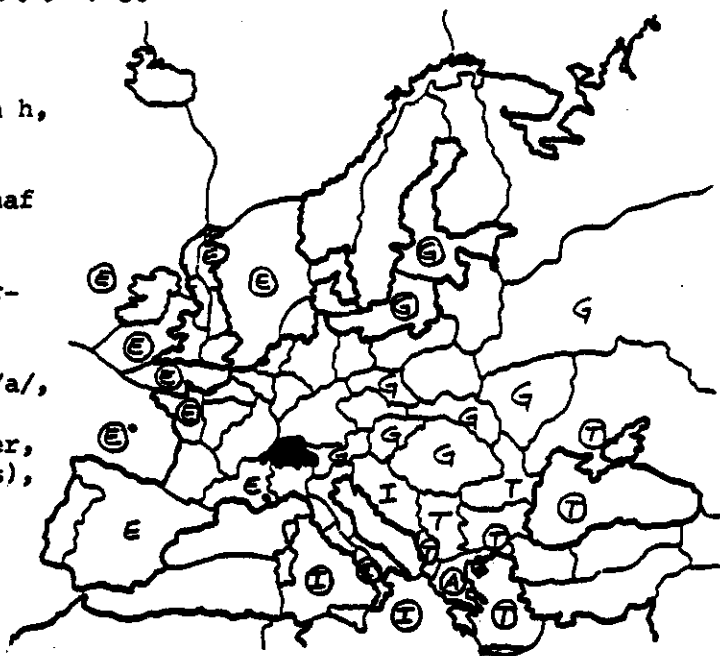
Gobbler Country (i.e., Turkey) to UTA: Do we really have to wait until we need a standby to
vote on Greg Ellis? If we vote now, you'll be ready when the need arises! I vote [].
(It's supposed to be secret, isn't it?)

UTA to Gobbler: So secret you didn't even check your own box? Have no fear; if I get that
far down my standby list, Greg will come on in. By the way, was that item a resignation??

Constantinople (Mediterranean Area Fetih Information Agency(MAFIA), 18 March 1905): While
declining to comment directly on remarks made by the quasi-Italian quasi-junior quasi-Pope,
Naval/Navel Minister Abdul "Scum" Hubba-hubba did point out that the self-styled "champion of
the little people" was the only European leader to have taken territory from both France and
Austria and, therefore, the hypocritical stone-tosser was better qualified for the reference
"chompin' on the little people."

As for the Puny Pope's kinky preference for even worshippers of horned demons, Minister
Hubba-hubba spent the night consoling his harem of shapely belly dancers with the encouraging
thought that the Italians had possibly abandoned their traditional fetish for odd worshippers of
horned demons.

Moscow: Intense questioning of the fake Czar captured outside Moscow has revealed that the
imposter is not, in fact, an English transvestite disguised as a woman disguised as the Czar,
but is instead a member of the Sultan's harem disguised as an English transvestite disguised



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as a woman disguised as the Czar. It seems the poor woman had fallen in love with Russian master-spy Boris Badinov, and had done it all. Under the skillful [and, says the GM, very intense, eh?] interrogation of Storm Drain Trooper Master Inquisitor Johann Wasistdas, she has revealed that the Czar is actually in Warsaw...

Warsaw: Storm Drain Troopers raiding the Czar's hideout arrived just a little too late--Boris had once again saved his Czar from capture. However, the fugitives were soon seen headed south, and at last report, Troopers were in hot pursuit Ukraineward.

Marseilles: They swept into town after a gig last night in Paris, arriving as the sun first lit the sky to the east. Rather than rest they proceeded to set up their gear and throw the raunchiest rock-n-roll party this town has ever seen. Rield Marschall von Bierundpretzels was heard to exclaim, as he was chased out of the city, "They tortured me with loud rock-n-roll." They are the band known as The British Invasion.

GM to himself: Is there any other kind but LOUD rock-n-roll?

Italy to England: I received the letter you sent to Turkey. Shall I return it or forward it to him?

UTA to Lizards: Before the storm of T-P (Turk Press) hits... a bit from Mark Twain, while travelling through the Holy Land.

Gray lizards, those heirs of ruin, of sepulchres and desolation, glided in and out among the rocks or lay still and sunned themselves. Where prosperity has reigned, and fallen; where glory has flamed, and gone out; where beauty has dwelt, and passed away; where gladness has been, and sorrow is; where the pomp of life has been and silence and death brood in its high places, there this reptile makes his home, and mocks at human vanity. His coat is the color of ashes; and ashes are the symbol of hopes that have perished, of aspirations come to naught, of loves that are buried. If he could speak, he would say, Build temples; I will lord it in their ruins. Build palaces; I will inhabit them; erect empires; I will inherit them; bury your beautiful; I will watch the worms at their work; and you, who stand here and moralize over me; I will crawl over your corpse at the last.

ANKARA (MAFIA, 20 March 1905): Minister of Foreign Affairs Kir "Scummy" Orospu today announced that the Pope jr. had accepted his apology for Minister Hubba-hubba's stern remarks and would soon be visiting many Turkish leaders as a gesture of reconciliation.

ANKARA (MAFIA, 30 March 1905): A contingent of shapely, but bruised, belly dancers armed with deadly, quick-firing rhinestones in their bellybuttons escorted Ufacik Papa (for those of you who need translations, that can be fairly rendered as "Puny Pope") into the esteemed presence of Minister of War Akim "Scum Bum" Muharebe in his private bath. The Pope, taking advantage of an opportunity rare for one of his calling, quickly covered his beden with the mayo he had brought for just such an occasion and jumped in to join Akim.

After the lovely dancing girls had tried several times to sabunlamak the Pope's arka, the Pope finally agreed to kullanmak sabun for the first time in years!

"Ah!" said the Pope, "That's the first time I've been able to dinlenmek since I took over!"

Playing the good host, Akim winked at the girls and immediately the bars of soap were impossible to hold. As the girls squealed with excitement they began slipping and sliding and searching as eagerly for a handhold as much as for the lost soap.

"Durmak!" cried the now upset Pope, "That's a no-no! Durmak! Durmak!"

Thoroughly enjoying the good man's discomfort but respecting his sincerity, Akim called off the girls. "My dear guest, forgive my harem, they wish only to please. May I offer you something?"

Trying to recover his control (the only part of him that was uncovered), the Pope asked for a large gin. In his momentary excitement, the Pope had forgotten that the Turkish word for demon was "cin" - pronounced "jin". Quickly losing the happy look from his face, Akim knew that he had asked what his guest had wanted and that he was now compelled to give it to him!

Immediately summoning the local sihirbaz (who was working 5 evenings a week from 4 to 12:30 AM at a neighborhood convenience store), Akim told the powerful but hard-of-hearing magician of his need and demanded a nice big horned demon for his guest. With an expression of mixed puzzlement and surprise, the old man went to work. Within minutes he had arranged several mysteriously shaped metal objects and lit a fire. Chanting a short incantation seven times in a surly snarl, the light in the room faded as a purple cloud filled the air with a foul odor. 303 Akim was awed.

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"My God!" cried the Pope, "If you wanted me to leave, why didn't you just say so?"

"Sessizlik!" commanded the sihirbaz.

"Sessizlik yourself!" countered the Pope. "You guys make Venice smell good by comparison! I'm telling you, Akim, if you want a chance at a reconciliation between us you better cut the.."

"BAL!" screamed the cloud as it slowly took a very large, very, very ugly, but almost certainly female form. Casting a longing look at the one who had summoned her, the magician pointed to the Pope, "Bakir!"

Delighted at the news that her new master was virgin, the demon began to slowly (so how fast can a cloud move and keep its shape?) move toward the Pope. "What have you done?" he yelled.

"Only what you asked for, dear guest, a large cin," replied Akim. "But, noble sihirbaz, I requested a horned one - not a horny one!"

Shrugging his shoulders that were rounded from far too much study, the sihirbaz figured that he had blown a really big tip. Putting out his fire and gathering his equipment, he took a modest fee and left, secure in getting a return call (and fee!) since he was the only one capable of dispatching the demon.

BULGARIA (MAFIA, 2 April 1905) walking in the Balkins! (by Tenha Yolcu): Choosing the Orient Express as the fastest escape from the pagan land of big drumsticks, the Pope arranged his unscheduled passage by bribing this reporter (a regular passenger) with the correct spelling of "mysterious".

Even after several days of mysterious rumors connected with the Pope, I was still astonished to see, as the train huffed and puffed on its way, a large purple cloud scream as it passed through the exhaust from the smokestack. Taking a few minutes to pull itself together, the purple cloud then set off in hot pursuit of the rapidly departing choo-choo.

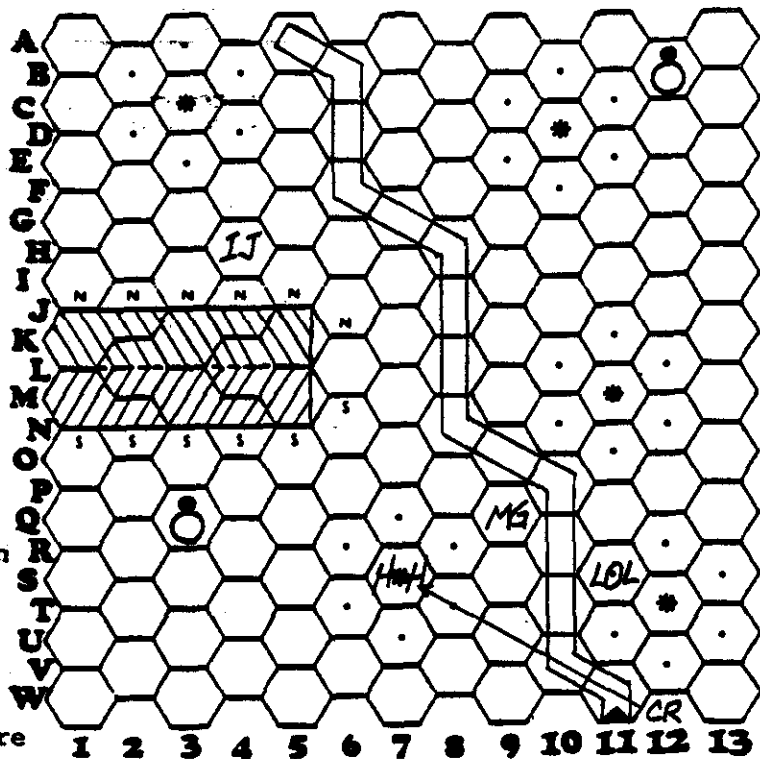
ASF2 - Forochel

TURN NINE...THE FOUR-CORNER OFFENSE

Segment One: Ice Jackal and Little Ol' Lady each collect a dirigible; Mystery Guest collects two snowballs.

Segment Two: Ice Jackal gets two 'balls, and Little Ol' Lady grabs another dirigible, but Mystery Guest is bored, so she turns and slaps a big, wet, sticky one on LOL. (A Rattler, you numbskulls!)

Segment Three: Houston Halfling sprints out of the kitchen, and "runs like hell for the snowman at Q3 (what? again?) stopping, of course, to grab two snowballs from the ledge." He miscalculates his distance, but luckily he reaches the conifer; he needs all its protection because both Little Ol' Lady and Mystery Guest are waiting. MG throws another Rattler, but this one misses; LOL has a "sidearm pie-in-the-face" Dirigible for HH but he also throws wide. The Hobbit is safe for the time being; Ice Jackal looks on with a grin and collects two more snowballs.



| fighter | loc | attacks this turn | hp/vp | hp/ vp/ ammo |
|-------------------|-----|---------------------------|-------|-------------------|
| CR (Dave Bruss) | kit | | 0/0 | 0/ 6/ ---- |
| HH (Greg Ellis) | S7 | MG/rr/65/--, LOL/di/15/-- | 0/0 | 10/ 11/ 2 sb |
| IJ (Don Williams) | H4 | | 0/0 | 7/ 10/ 1 di, 7 sb |
| LOL (JR Baker) | S11 | MG/rr/105/** | 1/0 | 9/ 6/ 2 di |
| MG (????) | Q9 | | 0/1 | 10/ 10/ 2 sb |

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Forochel players: your deadline, for Turn Ten, is 9pm CST Thursday 28 MARCH 1985. But why wait? Send 'em in today. Dave/Chicago Rocket will be turned loose on the first segment this month. It certainly appears that the "Final Conflict" is imminent. And then there's the press.

TCU to UTA: We are going to the Chicago Sting game the 27th [of Feb.], getting extremely drunk and then coming out throwing at Mystery Guest, who I think is Kathy Byrne.

UTA to Forochel: Maybe Dave will be getting drunk, but he might not be at the game. If he doesn't have to work, though, we'll both go; otherwise, I gotta find another guest. Speaking of guests, I thought Dave was sure of MG's identity. Maybe I'm mistaken.

TCU to UTA: We beat Houston 85-80; any time you want to bet is fine with me!

UTA to TCU: Yeah, and Baylor beat 'em too. Houston's nuthin. You split with SMU, that was impressive. But it will still be the Mustangs at SWC championship time.

UTA to Forochel: May I point out that JR's press was lost in the mail? I want everyone to give the press special attention this month...let's see if we can hit on all cylinders.

Now for the one thing LOL gave me by phone.

Ice Jackal to Little Old Baglady: Hey, Granny, I hope you're packing a hot toddy or two for your old pal, Eye-Jay. You know how I am when I get sober.

SnowMaster to Ice Jackal: You, sober? When? But I know how you are drunk: short, dark, and "brutally handsome".

IJ to Snow-for-Brains: No one asked you, Prohibition Party throwback.

LOL: Who's afraid of the big bad Wolf?

IJ to CR: Still bothering me, eh? [no, not really] No rest for the wicked.

IJ to HH: No rest for the furry-at-heart either, eh?

MG to Snowy: I can paste a snowball on HH's mug in Segment Three, can't I? If not, please excuse me for throwing a snowball at the house. I won't do it again.

SnowFort to Mystery: No prob. You're welcome to attack the Halfling...and you did.

MG to Snowy: You got to admit it was a pretty good shot!

SnowFort to MG: Yeah, a shot at the pine tree.

IJ to MG: Well, here I am, behind the shed. Where are you? Hurry up, I can't wait to NMR for a few turns. Uh, you do know how to do it "jackal-style", don't you?

SnowFort to IJ: I think her attention is elsewhere...

MG to HH: Come on out, ya Wimp! Get out here so I can stuff some more snow in your face. You're going to make Frosty look like a Miami Vice detective!

SnowFort to himself: I'm not sure that makes sense...

MG to Snowy: Yes, it makes sense if you think about it!

SnowFort:...but since I don't own a tv, I won't bother thinking about it.

IJ to Forochel: I noticed that since my one-jackal Springsteen concert, the Boss' name hasn't been mentioned in the press again. Guess I made my point. QUEEN forever!

SnowMaster to IJ: Somehow I think the Rocket will have something to say about that when he finally gets out of the kitchen. But lately he's been out of bounds.

Ice Jackal to Snow-for-Brains: I don't know about you, boy-o! Every time I get ready to clock somebody, they become invulnerable to attack or invisible or something--what gives? If these little pansies can't take getting hit repeatedly, they should stay out of the yard! 'Splain you'se'f!

Angered SnowMaster to Ice Jerk: You forget yourself, English Major. Besides, I speak jive. I don' need 'splain nuthin a no jackass jackal.

Ice Jackal to Snow-for-Brains: So, I'm an English major...does that mean I know how to spell? Hah!

IJ to MG: I love it when you talk 'butch'. "You snivelling little creep." I love it...more, more. C'mon, MG, give it all you've got.

MG to IJ: Where are you running off to now? You're a hard little sucker to pin down. Why don't you come out from behind the shed and throw snow like a man.

SnowMaster to MG: A brief clinical study here. Something has managed to stunt IJ's development. Note the fixation on body wastes...

IJ to S-F-B: Say sis you notice I used 1 AP to lift my leg on the NE corner of the shed? Do "yellow snow" snowballs score more victory points? [no]

SnowMaster: ...and the immature reaction when threatened...

Perelandra

- IJ to MG: You can have the igloo, Slushboots...I was beginning to feel snow-blown out there. Not to mention I was icing up.
- SnowMaster to MG: See what I mean?
- MG to IJ: Well, then, come out and throw snow like a kid.
- IJ to MG: You know, these snowballs are pretty easy to toss--one might be tempted to say that it only takes a Flick of the Wrist. (One might be tempted, but one would never do such a thing...Mr. Manners here would have a s---fit!)
- Mr. Manners to IJ: Wash your mouth out with snow!
- IJ to SFB: There you go again...that's S-N-O-W!! You're disgusting.
- IJ to SFB: "Greeks are always a mouthful"? I thought you said that this was a clean zine!?!? (Humph!! And he says I have a foul mouth...) By the way, if MG doesn't comment on that line, too, then I don't know my Mystery Guest.
- SnowMaster to IJ: It would be so easy to say it: "You don't know your..." But after all, she doesn't have your foul mouth.
- IJ to Mystery Giggler: Why do we continue this farce of anonymity? More importantly, why do we still have our clothes on?
- SnowFort to Ice Jackal: It is 10°F outside, Senseless.
- IJ to SFB: I, er...I see your point.
- Ice Jackal to Chicago Retromingent: You want action, come around the corner of that tree. Or would you rather I lift my leg on it?
- SnowFort to IJ: A quality comic, like Eddie Murphy, would never use that idiom.
- IJ to SFB: Okay, okay--I'll keep it clean. Boy, some people have no sense of humor. (I'll bet you don't like Eddie Murphy either.)
- SF to IJ: Weren't you listening? You lose the bet. Hey, people, there was a lot more of this drivel that I spared you from! Thank me.
- MG to Snowy: When this is over can I put a few snowballs in the freezer and save them till summer? Can I, huh? Can I? Can I, huh?
- Snowy to MG: Oh, I guess so. (I just melt when she asks me for something.)

Contest Answer

Answers from Conrad Minshall ("Rad"), Mike Colandro ("Mike"), and Ben Schilling ("Ben"), and a set of suggestions from John Walker ("Dork"). First, Dork's responses...

Jerry Cornelius collaborated with Alphonse I. Garcia, seventh generation descendent of Raul "Happy" Garcia, the first man over the walls of the Alamo to survive. "Meander" is the usual answer to the question, "When you and Betty Lou [Betty Lou??] went parking, who got what they wanted?" ("Me and 'er") Betty Lou got what she wanted when her date tickled her 'Vanuatu'. Finally, the quote was said by the man who preceded Raul "Happy" Garcia. Twelve more issues! Oh, boy!

BLECCH! (All in fun, ~~for~~ John.) And the real answers...

1. Jerry Cornelius, from Michael Moorcock's The Cornelius Chronicles, met several times with computer whiz Miss Brunner. Nobody recognized this.
2. "meander" (from Greek maiandros) is from the name of a twisting river near Ephesus in present-day Turkey. Rad and Mike, 3 issues apiece.
3. Vanuatu is an island group off the NE coast of Australia, formerly part of the French colony of New Hebrides. Ben, 3 freebies.
4. "I am; but who I am none knows or cares." I often identify with this quote, from a 17th-century British poet named John Clare. Nobody got it...Duck Williams, where were you? Also, Ben was kind enough to translate illegitimi non carborundum for me: don't let the bastards get you down. I shoulda known.

Boy, did I get a lot of mail this month! Thanks to everyone who wrote. I really don't have space to print Jim-Bob's letter about grad school, so I think I'll recommend that if you're interested, write to him. Look for my article in Dip World #39! Luck and love of Erin to ye,

Pete

The Last Word

The County Mayo by James Stephens

Now with the coming in of the spring the days will stretch a bit,
And after the Feast of Brigid I shall hoist my flag and go,
For since the thought got into my head I can neither stand nor sit
Until I find myself in the middle of County Mayo.

In Claremorris I would stop a night and sleep with decent men,
And then go on to Balla just beyond and drink galore,
And next to Kiltimagh for a visit of about a month, and then
I would only be a couple of miles away from Ballymore.

I say and swear my heart lifts up like the lifting of a tide,
Rising up like the rising wind till fog or mist must go,
When I remember Carra and Gallen close beside,
And the Gap of the Two Bushes, and the wide plains of Mayo.

To Killaden, then, to the place where everything grows that is best,
There are raspberries there and strawberries there and all that is good for men;
And if I were only there in the middle of my folk my heart could rest,
For age would leave me there and I'd be young again.

An Irish Blessing: May the road rise up to meet you; may the wind be always at your back; and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of his hand.
But my dad ("me da" says the kid with the brogue) always preferred: May ye be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you're dead.

Herelandra

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