



Merelandra

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BRAIN STEALERS OF MARS

JOHN CAMPBELL

Rod Blake looked up with a deep chuckle. The sky of Mars was almost black, despite the small, brilliant sun, and the brighter stars and planets that shone visibly, Earth most brilliant of all, scarcely sixty million miles away.

"They'll have a fine time chasing us, back there, Ted." He nodded toward the brilliant planet.

Ted Penton smiled beatifically.

"They're probably investigating all our known haunts. It's their own fault if they can't find us--outlawing research on atomic power."

"They had some provocation, you must admit. Koelenberg should have been more careful. When a man takes off some three hundred square miles of territory spang in the center of Europe in an atomic explosion, you can't blame the rest of the world for being a bit skittish about atomic power research."

"But they might have had the wit to see that anybody that did get the secret would not wait around for the Atomic Power Research Death Penalty, but would light out for parts and planets quite unknown and the mess in the hands of a lawyer till the fireworks quieted down. It was obvious that when we developed atomic power we'd be the first men to reach Mars, and nobody could follow to bring us back unless they accepted the hated atomic power and used it," argued Blake.

"Wonder how old Jamison Montgomery Palborough made out with our claims," mused Penton. "He said he'd have it right in three months, and this is the third month and the third planet. We'll let the government stew, and sail on, fair friend, sail on. I still say that was a ruined city we saw as we landed."

"I think it was, myself, but I remember the way you did that kangaroo leap on your neck the first time you stepped out on the moon. You certainly saw stars."

"We're professionals as walking under cockeyed gravities now. Moon--Venus--"

"Yes, but I'm still not risking my neck on the attitude of a strange planet and a strange race at the same time. We'll investigate the planet a bit first, and yonder mudhole is the first stop. Come on."

They reached the top of one of the long rolling sand dunes and the country was spread out below them. It looked exactly as it had been from the last dune that they had struggled up, just as utterly barren, utterly bleak, and unendingly red. Like an iron planet, badly neglected and rusted.

The mudhole was directly beneath them, an expanse of red and brown slime, dotted here and there with clumps of dark red foliage. ...Penton swung off to the left, while Blake slogged ahead to a clump of wierd-looking plants. They were dome-shaped things, three feet high, with a dozen long, drooping, sword-shaped leaves.

Cautiously, Blake tossed a bit of stone into the center of one. It gave off a mournful, drumming boom, but the leaves didn't budge. He tried a rope on one leaf but the leaf neither stabbed, grabbed, or jerked away, as he had half expected after his lesson with the ferocious plants of Venus. Blake pulled a leaf off, then a few more. The plant acted quite plantlike, which pleasantly surprised him.

The whole region seemed seeded with a number of the things, nearly all about the same size. A few, sprinkled here and there, were in various stages of development, from a few protruding sword-leaves, to little three-inch domes on up to the full-grown plant. Carefully avoiding the larger ones, Rod plucked two small ones and thrust them into his specimen bag. Then he stood off and looked at one of the domes that squatted so dejectedly in the thick, gummy mud.

"I suppose you have some reason for being like that, but a good solid tree would put you all in the shade, and collect all the sunlight going. Which is little enough." He looked at

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them for some seconds picturing a stout Japanese maple in this outlandish red-brown gum.

He shrugged, and wandered on, seeking some other plant. There were few others. Apparently this particular species throttled out other varieties very thoroughly. He wasn't very anxious anyway; he was much more interested in the ruined city they had seen from the ship. Ted Penton was cautious.

Eventually Blake followed his winding footsteps back toward the ship, and about where his footsteps showed he'd gathered his first samples, he stopped. There was a Japanese maple there. It stood some fifteen feet tall, and the bark was beautifully regular in appearance. The leaves were nearly a quarter of an inch thick, and arranged with a peculiar regularity, as were the branches. But it was very definitely a Japanese maple.

Rod Blake's jaw put a severe strain on the hinges thereof. It dropped some three inches, and Blake stared. He stared with steady, blank gaze at that perfectly impossible Japanese maple. He gawked dumbly. Then his jaw snapped shut abruptly, and he cursed softly. The leaves were stirring gently, and they were not a quarter of an inch thick. They were paper thin, and delicately veined. Further, the tree was visibly taller, and three new branches had started to sprout, irregularly now. They sprouted as he watched, growing not as twigs but as fully formed branches extending themselves gradually. As he stared harer at them they dwindled rapidly to longer twigs, and grew normally.

[[This story was written when Campbell was 26, published in the December 1936 issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories...Campbell had already been publishing sci-fi for six years or more. Although it starts out roughly, the tone quickly smooths out into the typically Campbelleque puzzlement, as the protagonists face the dilemma with wit and logic one moment, and action the next. The Penton and Blake stories served to inspire Asimov's Powell and Donovan team. The complete tale of Brain Stealers can be found in Asimov's anthology, Before the Golden Age.]]

Vital Statistics

Greetings, passengers of Space Ship Earth! Welcome to the first-class cabin, Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine of gaming and literature. Your cabin steward is Pete Gaughan, whose berth is 3121 East Park Row #171A, Arlington TX 76010 (ring 817-633-3208). Reservations for future cruises are being taken, at 75 cents (US) per issue. Back issues are just 50 cents.

PLUGS: Perelandra is pleased to announce a new, sister ~~Mag~~ zine! Thulcandra will be a warehouse zine for orphans only, as soon as a new orphan or two is sent this way. Occasional issues of Thulc will dock with Pere so each can see what the other is up to.

John Walker has launched a flyer to keep an orphan going: The Alamo City Times (TACT). John needs standbys for future games (I think the one he has so far is going okay). Write to him at 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio TX 78219.

Texas Dipsters looking for new flights of fancy might check out The Razor's Edge by James Early. (Before anybody gets the wrong idea, TRE is open to gamers anywhere, but James' forte is local news and games.) 12 pages digest-size and an opening of Confusion Dip, where you have to deduce which country you're playing, as well as RegDip. He's also looking for s/bys (isn't everybody?). 3705 Uruguay Dr, Pasadena TX 77504.

STANDBYS: Guy Hail, Mark Frueh, Pat Conlon, Bob Sweeney, Pierre Touchette, JR Baker, Jim Makuc?, John Crosby, Mike Colandro?, Evans Givan, Greg Ellis. Thank you all.

OPENINGS: Regular Diplomacy costs \$20 including a subscription for the length of the game. Brian Bailey, John Crosby, and Mike Colandro are registered.

Snowball Fighting is now full and ready to start. If you signed up for the next game, PLEASE read the Forochel report on the next page!

I have two inquiries about a Gunboat game, one for postal Monopoly (which I would love to run) and one for Deviant Dip. I will start a variant or oddball (oddball being something like Monopoly) after the next reg Dip game gets underway. Send your suggestions now.

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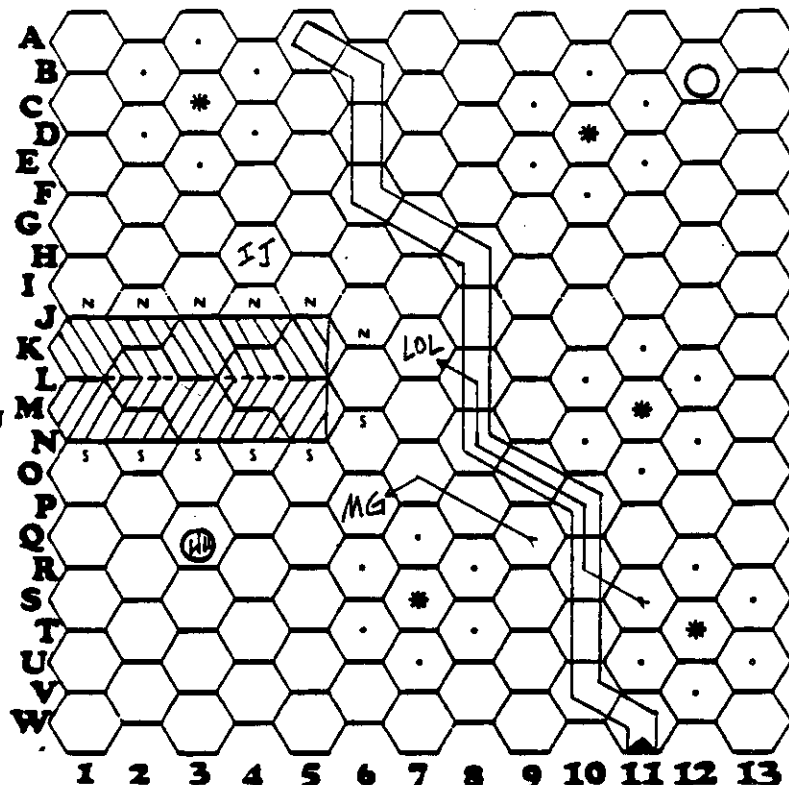
ASF2 - Forochel

TURN ELEVEN: HALFLING DECEIVES, WINS!!!

That's right, fight fans--Houston Halfling fakes Mystery Guest out of her snowshoes to win American Snow Fight #2! The finale...

Segment One: Little Ol' Lady and Mystery Guest both "rush the passer", LOL racing up to stare in Ice Jackal's face while the Guest slogs toward HH's snowman. IJ is waiting for the Lady and smears her with a Ravenscroft Rattlesnake, and it looks bad for the Halfling since he was out of ammo at the end of last turn. But wait! the snowman's head is still in place--The Short One grabs it, hurls...it turns slowly in the air, end over end...and lands squarely across MG's chest, knocking her to the ground! The box score:

fighter	loc	hp	vp	ammo	left
HH (Greg Ellis)	Q3	9	15	none	
IJ (Don Williams)	H4	7	13	1 di, 6 sb	
LOL (JR Baker)	K7	6	9	1 di	
MG (Daf Langley!)	P6	3	11	2 sb	



The shots were on LOL (IJ/rr/85/**) and on MG (HH/sh/45/**). If the snowman's-head-dirigible had not hit Daf, the game would still be going; MG scored two hits on HH in Segments Two and Three, LOL hit IJ with a dirigible, and IJ had one hit and one miss in the late going. All that is no good now, though. Congratulations to Greg! Press will be after an announcement; if you want to send endgame statements get them to me before 5/26.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO SNOWFIGHT 3 PLAYERS. Here's the lineup for the next game:
 Little Narc--LN loc: B14 Player #4--P4 loc: W9 Player #7--P7 loc: J2
 Loki--LO H6 Player #5--P5 N10 [you are _____]
 Snow Lord--SL E5 Player #6--P6 R12

As you see, four players have failed to send in a name. Please choose a one- or two-word name, but don't take one whose initials are already used above. We are using the second map in the new set of rules (write me if you've misplaced your copy); a map with player locations should be enclosed with this issue.

Also, I've decided to allow a seventh player. I had an extra request, and this map is larger than the standard one, so let's see how it works.

SnowFight 3 is named Okar. Your deadline for Turn One is 9pm CDT, 26 May 1985. Good luck!

PRESS for Forochel...

SnowMaster to Players: For those who have forgotten, the results of SnowFight 1 were Chilly Willy (Daf) 15 pts., 'Bombinable Snow Grouch (Jim Makuc) 13, Coke Sniffer (Jim-Bob) 11, Four Eyes (Steve L.) 9, and Silver Snake (Kelly Bagley) 7. In SF 2, Cold Crier (Kelly) and Chicago Rocket (Dave Bruss) dropped out.

IJ to Snow-For-Brains: So what?

SM to Ice Jerk: Well, I just wanted to be thorough.

IJ to SFB: Yeah, and so?

SM to Ice Jerk: So, maybe some of the SnowFight 3 players can deduce who's in that from the first two games. Besides, some of us care about stats, a bit.

IJ to S-F-B: Oh. And you think I should care?

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Angry SnowMaster to Ice Jerk: Why am I explaining myself to a drunken jackal??!!

MG to IJ: You add a certain earthy panache to the proceedings, you gleaming-toothed jackal you.

SnowFort to MG: Hm, I don't think that's why--I try to discourage "earthy" around here.

MG to Snowy: Hey, I happen to like earthy!

Snowy to MG: Well, drat, I guess I'll have to bow out and leave you to Williams.

MG to Snowy: However, I like you too!

HH to SM: I'll give you 2 to 1 odds this is the last turn. No bets as to who wins, though! I would bet anyone but MG.

SM to HH: You win--in several ways! But why not MG?

HH: Because she doesn't have a dirigible.

Ice Jackal to Little Ol' Lady: Hey, don't look at me...it slipped; I was aiming for the MG and the throw went a little high and to the right. I would never lash out viciously at an innocent such as yourself...jackal's pack honor. (See? My paw's even raised.)

SM to himself: Jackals got honor? Boggle, boggle...

LOL to Fuzz Ball: Choke on it!

IJ to MG: Oops! I'm sorry, it slipped. I was throwing at the LOL and the shot went wild and a little low...

Daf Toady One to Daf Toady Two [SM--I think IJ has that backwards.]: She really will believe anything you know.

SM to IJ/Ersatz Daf Toady: Anything I know?

HH to IJ: I hope you missed with your dirigible.

SM to HH: Even better--he didn't fire it.

HH to LOL: And I hope you only hit with one of yours.

SM to HH: Actually, I was mistaken last month. LOL only had one di to finish the game.

LOL to HH: Red Rover, Red Rover, Let HH come over!

LOL to MG: Well, if it was all a mistake, I guess I can overlook it this time.

MG to LOL: Listen, Lady, just because I have a moment's bout with insanity and throw an itty bitsy teeny weeny [[yellow polka-dot]] snowball at you does not justify the mass quantities of snow you're lobbing my way. So, Sweetie--knock it off!!

HH to MG: I can't believe you just stand there, two hexes away from a three dirigible armory! /sic/ Worse, you provoked an attack! You realize if Baker wins this he will be completely insufferable, and it will be your fault!

SnowFort to LOL: Gee, everybody thought you were nasty enough to bomb MG.

IJ to LOL: Really, I am sorry about the shots at you. You've been very nice to me throughout this whole ordeal. You've also been the only one crazy enough to stand out there in my line of fire. (See, I warned you about how I get when I'm left sober.)

SM to IJ: Man, you're a wimp this month.

IJ to PJGIV: Yeah, so it ain't so inspired. What do you want from an alcohol-sodden, half-frozen four-footed beast of bestiality like me?

SM to IJ: I want you to clam up, or at least emulate my erudite enscriptions.

IJ to SFB: You don't drink, so what's your excuse? Oh, by the way, how DID you manage to turn down the heat like that? This hex is the pits.

SM to IJ: I learned that trick from a certain gm who tried to boil ducks and cats when they abused him in the press.

IJ to MG: A "well-balanced diet"? Say, babe, how many furry-hearted jackals do you know that get three squares a day, huh? Not me, for sure...nope, around here it's scrounge-as-scrounge-can, with maybe a foolhardy hobbit of fourth grader on those rare occasions when they get lost and come into the backyard. Once, I even got a little old lady. Never again though...too tough and stringy--ptooie! Eck! And all that Geritol makes 'em taste like rusty nails.

● The next item is the result of a feud (sort of) that's been going on in Kathy's Kornor, where I am the object of serious argument. Daf asked for a ruling by an ombudsman who just happens to be Kathy's biggest fan...

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BOB'S OMBUDSMAN SERVICE "Solomon-Like Wisdom While-U-Wait"

TO: K. Byrne, D. Langley
CC: P. Gaughan
IN RE: Battle of the Love-Crazed Females

Please be informed that B.O.S. has looked into the case of Byrne vs. Langley, and come to a completely fair, and may I say Solomon-like, decision. In fact this one is so Solomon-like you ain't gonna believe it.

May I say first off that it is the opinion of this Ombudsman Service that the object of contention, P.J. Gaughan, is by and large completely innocent of any fault in this matter, in that I saw him at Dafcon and did not observe him to "make eyes" at Daphne for more than, oh, three or four hours. So, I regard Mr. Gaughan as completely innocent of any wrongdoing.

Proceeding to the substance of the case, I find that both parties have very strong cases in regards to the possession of Mr. Gaughan. D. Langley for example has his numerous oaths of fealty and loyalty. K. Byrne on the other hand is my kitten. This has made it very difficult for me to come up with a fair solution, but, Solomon-like, I have finally thought of something which will end this unfortunate feud once and for all.

Therefore, it is the decision of Bob's Ombudsman Service that P. Gaughan is to be immediately cut in half lengthwise; one half will belong to K. Byrne, and the other hand will belong to D. Langley, and everybody, with the possible exception of P. Gaughan, will be satisfied.

And if that's not a Solomon-like decision, I don't know what is.

Officially yours,
Bob Olsen



3121 East Park Row #171A
Arlington, Texas 76010
23 April 1985

Bob's Ombudsman Service
6818 Winterberry Circle
Wichita, Kansas 67226

Mr. Olsen:

Thank you for your kind attention to the case of Byrne vs. Langley. Your tireless dedication in pursuit of and on behalf of justice will surely stand as an example to ombudsmen everywhere for years to come.

Herelandra

Your decision, obviously, was not in my best interests. It is hard to bear the thought of "sundering even to the soul and spirit, and the joints and marrow" (Hebrews 4:12). Yet, are my own, puny interests ever to be considered here? Certainly not. Truth, Justice, and Holiness are at stake; and before these no man is worthy to place himself.

As any Bible-believing Christian would do, I understand and accept that the wisdom of Solomon was "a breadth of understanding as measureless as the sand on the seashore, . . . greater than the wisdom of all the men of the East." (I Kings 4:30) Therefore any semblance of that wisdom which remains today must be cherished and honored.

It is in this spirit of humble worship that I accept your decision. The method I choose to meet the demands of Justice is the ancient and honorable Japanese tradition of seppuku. These rites will be performed as soon as the current semester ends and evidence will be presented to B.O.S., so that all may know that Right has prevailed.

With broken heart,



R. S. Gaughan

cc: Daphne Langley
Kathy Byrne

Postscript: please inform me of whether this decision fulfills any other obligations I might have. For example, does this nullify the sale of my soul to Ms. Langley?

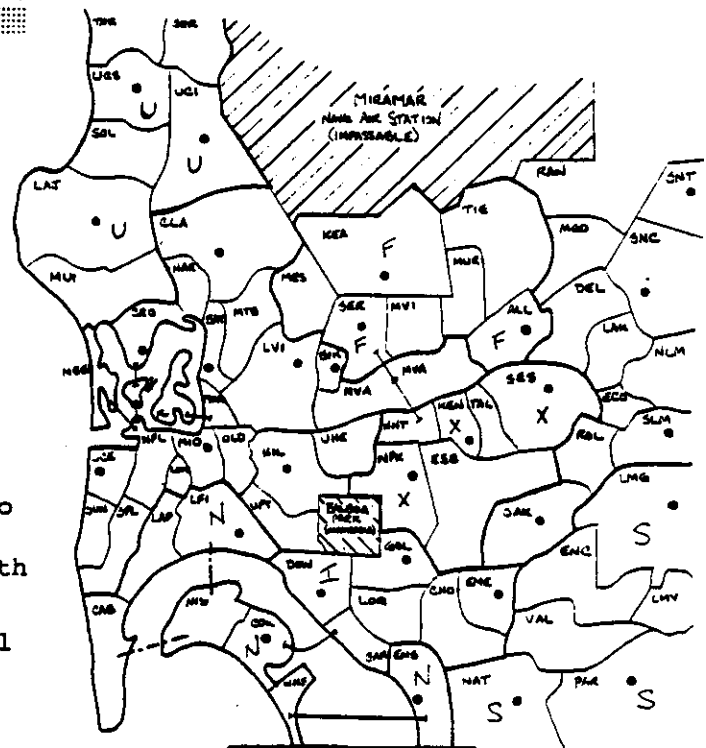
I inserted that here because it is as much a game as anything else going on right now. However, since this was assembled I've heard that Kathy Byrne is really enduring some disasters these days, not the least of which are her stepdad's death and a huge fire in their apartment. She needs as much encouragement as we've got to give.

1985A? Hidalgo

Repeating the gamestart announcement from last month...I have orders from all but one player. Your deadline is still 9pm CDT 12 May 1985. I may be out of town (at Conrad Minshall's place) that weekend so be sure to mail orders.

JR wants to know where his other sea route went to. Well, I had intended to leave only one bridge out to Coronado, knowing that a unit could hold out there forever. But I heard protests from several variant designers and players, and finally caved in to the pressure. It is now possible for any army to cross between East and West Naval Station. Navy still has the only units that can cross to/from North Island.

Remember, this is Spring 1980. The Miller # will be 85Ans plus two numbers; "ns" stands for "North America, one state or small area".



Herelandra

1982 HK - Yavin

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR ITALY/LARRY PEERY (survives an E/R draw, 1910; 10 centers):

1982 HK: LITTLE NOTED NOR LONG REMEMBERED

Of the hundreds of PBM Dippy games began in 1982, HK "YAVIN" will be little noted nor long remembered, except, perhaps by Pete Gaughan (It was, after all, his first PBM Dippy ~~as a GM~~ game. I still remember mine so why shouldn't he remember his?); by Evans Givan (Who could have won it if he had dared to bite the bullet and gambled.); and by myself (Because I always remembered the "ight have beens."). But for the rest of the hobby there is nothing remarkable to be learned from this game. It was just an ordinary game, no different then scores of others. And, for that very reason, there is much to be learned from it.

I will leave the detailing of the tactics and strategies pursued by the players during the first 10 game years (and almost three calender years) to others. I am sure they can and will tell me and you all about my mistakes.

Instead, I want to focus on the personalities, the PERSONA GRATAE, of the game. In my view there were 15 individuals who played an important role in this game. The seven original players, the six replacement players, the gamesmaster, and Kathy Byrne. To one degree or another each of them was a part of the story of 1982 HK.

First, the GM, Pete Gaughan...

And the seven original players...

And the six replacement players...

And Kathy Byrne...

Call it, if you will, FIFTEEN EGOS IN SEARCH OF A CENTRIC.

The Diplomacy in the game ranged from fair to middling. That's what I gave it and that's what I got. I refused to use the telephone as a negotiating instrument and that no doubt hurt me. My best negotiations/correspondence were with my major antagonist, Russia. We continued to spar back and forth although neither of us ever really banded our basic position. Still, there were possibilities.

My tactics and my strategies were, for the most part, deadly predictable and conventional. Nothing brilliant there. Early on I benefited from luck in getting a dominate position in Austria and the Balkans. I got a toehold in Turkey and then struggled to the end to hang on to what I had while the major event moved first to central Europe and then to the West.

As for S&T, I did what Italy has to do, decided to go east against Austria and then into the ^ACCUM that her fall causes. And so I ran into Turkey. But Turkey was almost morbid by that point so Russia and I managed to divide the carcass between us. By then my ally, France, was in difficult straights with a revitalized England and an expanding Russia coming at her with Germany providing a bit of foreplay for the advance guards.

The Opening Game and Mid Games were conventional, even predictable. Had the game gone on it would have been interesting to see the English and Russia response to what would have been my DER GOTTERNDANGERUNG gambit. I was determined to hang on in the east, denying Russia any gain from my territory, while England continued to expand. What would Russia have done? Would Russia have stood idely by while England took the rest of France and began to nibble at the Italian heartland? Or would he have reversed his pro-English stance and made a grab for some of England's centers?

I would have liked to find out but not without France at my side.

For me the game, without France, was not 1982 HK. It was something else. This is a strange position to take since France was not a very good ally. If the truth were told France was a horrible ally. He didn't communicate much and when he did I couldn't read it. He didn't coordinate moves at all. But he was loyal. And so was I. I decided, around 1907 or so that I would stay loyal to my French ally regardless of what happened in the game. Did that cost me the victory? Perhaps prevent me from gaining a Draw? Perhaps. But not important.

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ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR TURKISH STANDBY/MARK KELLER (entered F03, out W06):

Not much to say here. I came in as a standby for a failing Turkish position. I was able to really drive it into the ground in short order.

I still don't agree with the GM's ruling that helped contribute to my demise. I understand it, though.

Good luck to Evans, my loyal ally--well, almost loyal.

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR FRENCH STANDBY/MIKE COLANDRO (entered W10, survives with 3 centers):

Having submitted only one set of orders, I perhaps have no business writing an endgame statement. Except that, by golly, I am the player of record. And I am responsible for the survival of the Republic in the end. For if I had not acted responsibly and agreed to an armistice, we would surely have been annihilated by the victors. The humiliation of Sedan will not be repeated! There will be no march of enemies down the Champs Elysées!

This is my first finish in postal Diplomacy. I did not anticipate that it would be like this, but I do not regret it. Hopefully, I've made the game a little better for the rest of you 82HKers. Congratulations to Jim and Evans. Pete, not bad for your first one in P, eh?

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR GAMEMASTER:

Yavin was a fairly predictable game until Spring 1903. Then the players started dropping like flies; Bill Highfield that season, Larry McCloud and Tim Brown a year later, and Dave Marshall a year after that. But the overall pattern was still intact in 1904. Italy quickly took over Austria, with Austria's last two units puppeting to Peery's Italy. In the West, E, F, and G still had five units each in '04...nobody could gain control. The real turning point came in Spring 1905.

Steve Arnawoodian (Austria) had left for Europe, while his subscription lapsed. I had given him several notices, but no cash arrived; under my house rules, he was replaced with Greg Ellis. Greg proceeded to turn back on Italy. Once Larry lost his puppet, he had to regroup, giving Evans time to build up a mediocre Russia.

The other front saw France finally get the upper hand. The F/I alliance was tight, but Blair constantly had mail problems, missing orders and negotiations. But just after the southern front stabilized, E (Jim Burgess) and R got their act together and repulsed the Frog.

It seemed to me that if Blair had lived in the US the game would've been an F/I draw, or at worst an E/F/I/R. Once Blair began to nmr, it was child's play to push him back. I was originally amazed that Evans didn't play it out to try for a win, but even if he could have stabbed Jim-Bob successfully, he would've had some fight against Larry.

Mark refers to a gming decision above. In Fall 1904, Larry sent a set of orders labelled "Spring 1904". He had some units properly named, others /nsu/, and others unordered. Since they were the only set of orders received that turn (he was not nmr), I had to use them--much to the consternation of Russia and Turkey. Also, during Spring 1902, I discovered someone outside the game trying to call in orders for one of the countries. That was when I instituted codenames for phone orders. And, no, I still don't know who it was...

A quick comment on the next two games (Woz and Darkover). Each one has a major stab this turn (yes, that's sort of a "gm-interference" interpretation)--and in each case, the stabbee forgot to order two units. And if you think I haven't quadruple-checked for those missing orders....

1983 G - Darkover

FRENCH TURN NORTH; BRITS TURN WEST; AUSTRIANS TURN EAST; TURKS TURN UP IN ALL SORTS OF PLACES
Autumn 1909: Austria retreats f gre-bul/sc; Turkey retreats a rum-ser. Therefore, Serbia is a Turk dot and Markie has two builds coming.

WINTER 1909: Austria removes f bul; England builds f lvp; Turkey builds f con, a smy.

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SPRING 1910

Austria (John Crosby): f adr-ven, a tri-bud (a vie s),
a tyo-boh.

England (Evans Givan): f cly-nao, f lvp-iri, f nth-
eng, f bel-pic, f den-nth, a hol-ruh, a ber-mun
(a kie s), a war-gal (a sil s), a mos-sev (a ukr s),
a gal-bud (a rum s) /a rum a/.

France (Greg Ellis): f mid u, f nap u, f tyn-wes,
f ion-tun, f apu-nap, a mun-sil /a/, a ven-tyo,
a rom-ven, a tus-pie, a mar-bur.

Turkey (Mark Luedi): a sev-rum (a ser s),
f gre-alb, f con-bla, a smy-bul (f aeg c).

EFT draw: A, E nvr. F no, T yes. Defeated...
Turkey reproposes EFT; France proposes EF.

Please send votes and Fall 1910 orders before
9pm CDT 26 MAY 1985 (Sunday).

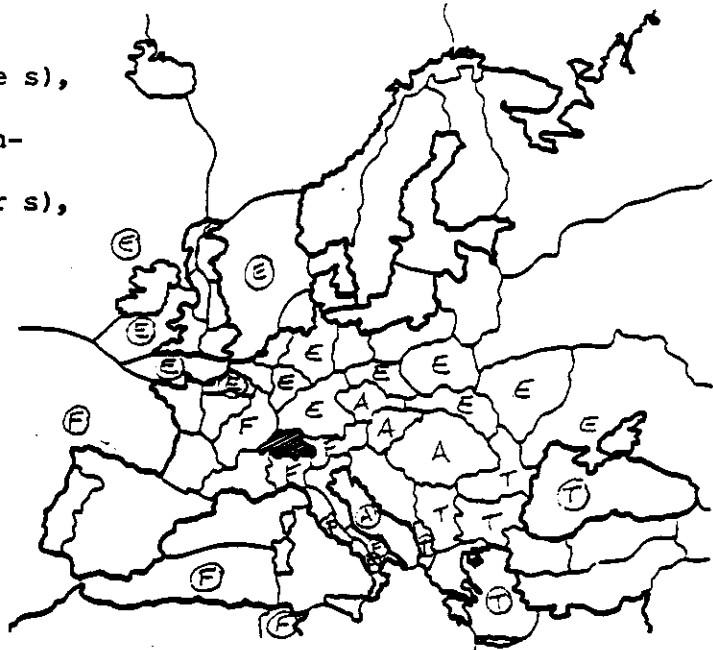
This season should be lots of fun... press:

England to GM: I bet you won't call these orders
"namby-pamby". I bet you will have something to say about them, though.

England to France: I guess it's my turn to be the "doer" instead of the "doee".

UTA to England: Wait a minute. In every game you've played in this zine, you have never, not
ONCE, shown a net loss in dots. When were you the doee?

London to Ankara: Maybe there's still a third option. As you can see, I'm considering it.



1984W - Woz

SPRING...WHEN A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO...DOTS?

Winter 1905: Germany builds a kie, a mun, a ber;
Turkey builds f smy.

SPRING 1906:

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

France (CD): no units.

Germany (Rob Wittmond): f stp/sc u, f bal u,
a gal-rum, a rum-sev (a mos s, a ukr s),
a tyo-tri (a vie s, a bud s, a ven s),
a mun-tyo, a ber-mun, a kie h.

Italy (JR Baker): f tyn-wes, f ion-eas,
f apu-ion, a tri s Ga bud-ser /nso a/.

Turkey (John Walker): f bla-bul/ec, f bul/sc-gre,
f sev h /r arm bla oth/, f smy-eas, f aeg-ion,
f gre-alb, a ser-tri.

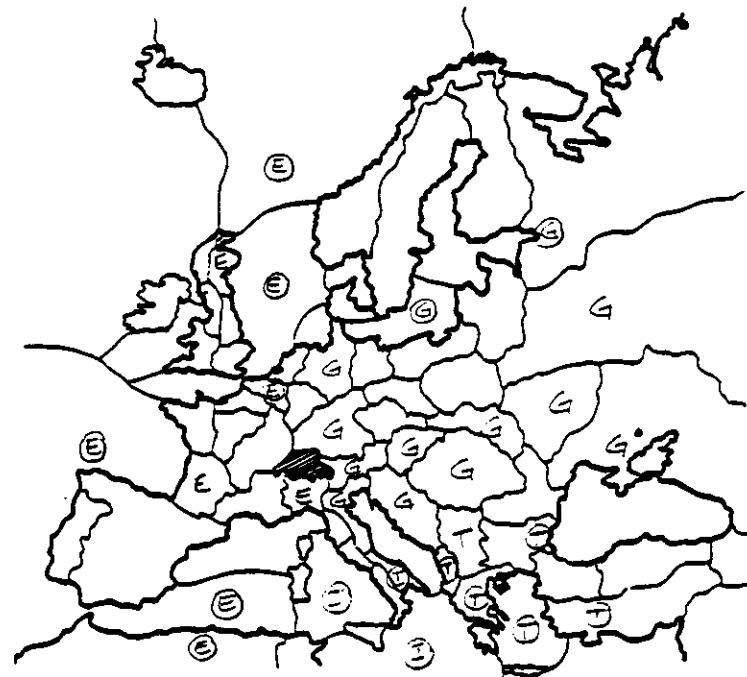
concession to G: G, I yes; E, T no. E and G propose E/G draw. Please
vote with Fall 1906 orders, which are due 9pm CDT 26 MAY 1985.

Papa Bakir to Alamo: Perhaps, after you've removed all your fleets, we can make a deal!

Rome to UTA: You sure the Alamo is in San Antonio? Or is this one of those pink-commie rags?

UTA to Rome: Well, this is a pinko-commie rag...but the Alamo is still in San Antonio.

Ufacik to Scumbum: See, I told you not to build so many boats!



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London to Berlin: Here come da Judge. And he's bringing an executioner. The jury didn't seem necessary.

Rome to Rob Wittmond: I don't care how strong your G/E is...I'll make you win whether you want to or not!

UTA to Rome: He may want to a little more this month...

London to Rome: Here comes the Cav. Hope it's not too late.

Rome to Constantinople: When it's in poor taste, I prefer to ignore it.

UTA to Lizards: How did you know I needed some extra space this time? Very little press.

1983HC-Mimir

FRANCE, IN BLACK AND WHITE

Spring 1907

Austria (Ed Henry): a tri-alb, a apu-rom, a bud-tri.

France (Bob Sweeney): f bre-mid (f por s),
f tun-naf, a gas-par, a spa h, a mar-bur.

Germany (Greg Ellis): f iri-mid (f eng s),
f bel-pic, a lvp h, a kie-ruh, a bur-gas,
a mun-bur, a tyo-pie.

Italy (Matt Kazur): f gre-bul/sc, a rom-ven,
f ion-eas (f aeg s), f nap-icn.

Russia (Pierre Touchette): f naf-wes (f mid s),
f nwg-nao, f rum-bla (f sev s), a ukr-rum,
a vie h (a gal s), a arm-ank.

Turkey (Evans Givan): f smy-aeg, f ank-arm,
f con s Aa apu-bul/nso/.

Deadline for Fall 1907 orders is 9pm 26 May 1985.

Turkey to Austria: This was about as complicated a set of orders as I've written for this game. Hold and support was easier. Plus, I got insulted by the GM more.

UTA to Turkey: Ah, but you loved every minute of it.

Austria to Turkey: Evans, you've got to be pulling my leg.

Austria to Italy: Thanks a lot. What do you use for brains when you run out of dog excrement?
(Note the word "excrement". An obvious attempt to appease the GM.)

GM to Austria: I am not appeased.

Austria to Germany and Russia: "Braaackk!" [sic]

Berlin to GM: MadLads, when not effective, tend to dedicate themselves to revenge, hence the reference to our present Austrian.

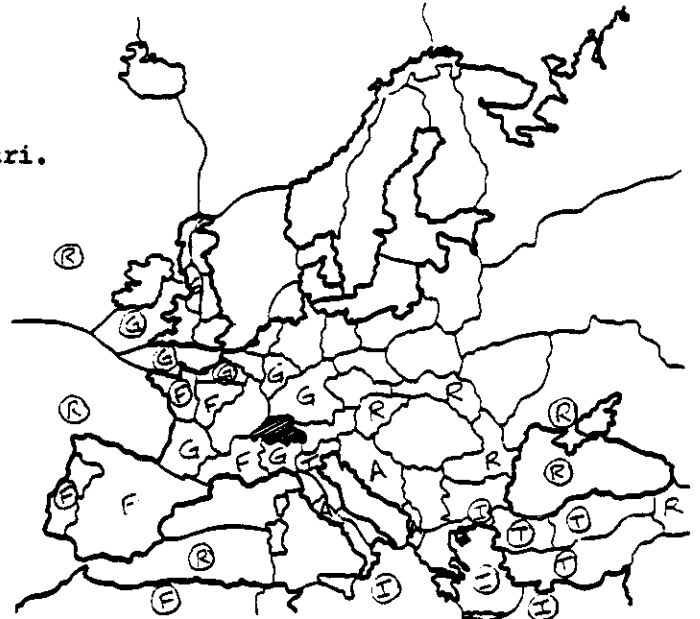
Austria to France: If GIR are really cooperating, that might not have been your best move.

Austria to GM: Thanks. That saved me \$1.10 in postage. Did you ever notice how no one will talk to you when your country is about to become occupied?

UTA to Austria: Try sending them something other than excrement.

Hey, people, I was serious about needing a copy of Sports Poems (ed. Knudson and Ebert). I want a copy of "Casey's Daughter at the Bat". Or did all of you check your library and not find it? Isn't this worth 75 cents?

I found a quote in the book Erewhon (Samuel Butler, 1865; reprinted Lancer Books, 1968) which fairly well describes Mr. Ronald Reagan: "There were some here who seemed to devote themselves to the avoidance of every opinion with which they were not perfectly familiar, and regarded their brains as a sort of sanctuary, to which if an opinion had once resorted, none other was to attack it."



Perelandra

Our Guest of Honor

[from Carl Sagan's Cosmos]

Tuscany was not only the caldron of some of the thinking of the young Albert Einstein; it was also the home of another great genius who lived 400 years earlier, Leonardo da Vinci, who delighted in climbing the Tuscan hills and viewing the ground from a great height, as if he were soaring like a bird. He drew the first aerial perspectives of landscapes, towns and fortifications. Among Leonardo's many interests and accomplishments--in painting, sculpture, anatomy, geology, natural history, military and civil engineering--he had a great passion: to devise and fabricate a machine that could fly. He drew pictures, constructed models, built full-size prototypes--and not one of them worked. No sufficiently powerful and lightweight engine then existed. The designs, however, were brilliant and encouraged the engineers of future times. Leonardo himself was depressed by these failures. But it was hardly his fault. He was trapped in the fifteenth century.

A similar case occurred in 1939 when a group of engineers calling themselves the British Interplanetary Society designed a ship to take people to the Moon--using 1939 technology. It was by no means identical to the design of the Apollo spacecraft, which accomplished exactly this mission three decades later, but it suggested that a mission to the moon might one day be a practical engineering possibility.

Today we have preliminary designs for ships to take people to the stars. None of these spacecraft is imagined to leave the Earth directly. Rather, they are constructed in Earth orbit from where they are launched on their long interstellar journeys. One of them was called Project Orion after the constellation, a reminder that the ship's ultimate objective was the stars. Orion was designed to utilize explosions of hydrogen bombs, nuclear weapons, against an inertial plate, each explosion providing a kind of "putt-putt", a vast nuclear motorboat in space. Orion seems ~~entirely impractical~~ from an engineering point of view. By its very nature it would have produced vast quantities of radioactive debris ~~but for conscientious mission profiles only~~ in the emptiness of interplanetary or interstellar space. Orion was under serious development in the United States until the signing of the international treaty that forbids the detonation of nuclear weapons in space. That seems to me a great pity. The Orion starship is the best use of nuclear weapons I can think of.

Well, friends, next month's issue will mark the third anniversary of Perelandra. It seems to be a hobby tradition to bug one's readers for contributions to annishes, so I will do a little bugging (not much). Larry Peery says Pere says settled into middle age--do you think so? If so, what can we do to shake her up? (Yes, I think of the zine as female...) Since it looks like I'll be bigger than planned, what should be added? Removed? Let me know.

Namas-te,

The Last Word

[Last month "The Last Word" presented the first part of "A Long-Bow Story", in which a bunniah (banker) met a farmer on the road. They agreed to each tell a wild story; the first one to doubt the other would have to pay a hundred rupees. The bunniah proceeded to tell a tale about a camel train, 100 camels long, which was picked up by a huge bird. The bird then dropped them in the eye of a princess nearby, and the princess' maid plucked each camel out and stuffed them in her apron pocket. The farmer readily believed the bunniah's tale...]

"Well, it is your turn," said the bunniah. "I am so anxious to hear your story. I am sure it will be very interesting."

"Yes, I think it will," answered the farmer, and he began:

"My father was a very prosperous man. Five cows he had, and three yoke of oxen, and half a dozen buffaloes, and goats in abundance; but of all his possessions the thing he loved the best was a mare. A well-bred mare she was--oh, a very fine mare!"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the bunniah, "get on!"

"I'm getting on," said the farmer; "don't you hurry me! Well, one day, as ill-luck would have it, he rode that mare to market with a torn saddle, which galled her so, that when they got home she had a sore on her back as big as the palm of your hand."

"Yes," said the bunniah impatiently, "what next?"

"It was June," said the farmer, "and you know how, in June, the air is full of dust-storms with rain at times? Well, the poor beast got dust in that wound, and what's more, with the dust some grains of wheat, and, what with the dust and the heat and the wet, that wheat sprouted and began to grow!"

"Wheat does when it gets a fair chance," said the bunniah.

"Yes; and the next thing we knew was that there was a crop of wheat on that horse's back as big as anything you ever saw in a hundred-acre field, and we had to hire twenty men to help reap it!"

"One generally has to hire extra hands for reaping," said the bunniah.

"And we got four hundred maunds of wheat off that mare's back!" continued the farmer.

"A good crop!" murmured the bunniah.

"And your father," said the farmer, "a poor wretch, with hardly enough to keep body and soul together--(the bunniah snorted, but was silent)--came to my father, and, he said, putting his hands together as humble as could be--"

The bunniah here flashed a furious glance at his companion, but bit his lips and held his peace.

"I haven't tasted food for a week. Oh! great master, let me have the loan of sixteen maunds of wheat from your store, and I will repay you."

"Certainly, neighbor," answered my father; "take what you need, and repay it as you can."

"Well?" demanded the bunniah with fury in his eye.

"Well, he took the wheat away with him," replied the farmer, "but he never repaid it, and it's a debt to this day. Sometimes I wonder whether I shall not go to the law about it."

Then the bunniah began running his thumb quickly up and down the fingers of his right hand, and his lips moved in quick calculation.

"What is the matter?" asked the farmer.

"The wheat is cheaper; I'll pay you for the wheat."

Herelandra

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