

# Herelandra

number 33

June



from Piers Anthony's fantasy, Centaur Aisle

## Spelling Bee

"Well, you better get that dumb essay done, or Cherie Centaur will step on you," Irene said, putting on a new mood. "I'll help you spell the words if you want."

Dor didn't trust that either. "I'd better struggle through on my own."

"You'll flunk. Cherie doesn't put up with your kind of ignorance."

"I know," he agreed glumly. The centaur was a harsh taskmistress--which was of course why she had been given the job. Had her mate Chester done the tutoring, Dor would have learned much about archery, swordplay, and bare-knuckle boxing, but his spelling would have sunk to amazing new depths. King Trent had a sure hand in delegating authority.

"I know what!" Irene exclaimed. "You need a spelling bee!"

"A what?"

"I'll fetch one," she said eagerly. Now she was in her helpful guise, and this was especially hard to resist, since he did need help. "They are attracted by letter plants. Let me get one from my collections." She was off in a swirl of sweet scent; it seemed she had started wearing perfume.

Dor, by dint of phenomenal effort, squeezed out another sentence. "Everyone in Xanth has his one magic talent; no two are the same," he said as he wrote. Thirteen more words. What a deadly chore!

"That's not true," the table said. "My talent is talking. Lots of things talk."

"You're not a person, you're a thing," Dor informed it brusquely. "Talking isn't your talent, it's mine. I make inanimate things talk."

"Awww..." the table said sullenly.

Irene breezed back in with a seed from her collection and an earth-filled flowerpot. "Here it is." In a moment she had the seed planted--it was in the shape of the letter L--and had given it the magic command: "Grow." It sprouted and grew at a rate nature could not duplicate. For that was her talent--the green thumb. She could grow a giant acorn tree from a tiny seed in minutes, when she concentrated, or cause an existing plant to swell into monstrous proportions. Because she could not transform a plant into a totally different creature, as could her father, or give animation to lifeless things, as Dor and the Zombie Master could, she was deemed to be less than a Sorceress, and this had been her lifelong annoyance. But what she could do, she could do well, and that was to grow plants.

The letter plant sent its main stalk up the breadth of a hand. Then it branched and flowered, each blossom in the form of a letter of the alphabet, all the letters haphazardly represented. The flowers emitted a faint, odd odor a bit like ink and a bit like musty old tomes.

Sure enough, a big bee in a checkered fuzzy jacket arrived to service the plant. It buzzed from flower to flower, harvesting each and tucking it into little baskets on its six legs. In a few minutes it had collected them all and was ready to fly away.

But Irene had closed the door and all the windows. "That was my letter plant," she informed the bee. "You'll have to pay for those letters."

"BBBBBB," the bee buzzed angrily, but acceded. It knew the rules. Soon she had it spelling for Dor. All he had to do was say a word, and the bee would lay down its flower-letters

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to spell it out. There was nothing a spelling bee couldn't spell.

"All right, I've done my good deed for the day," Irene said. "I'm going out and swim with Zilch. Don't let the bee out until you've finished your essay, and don't tell my mother I stopped bugging you, and check with me when you're done."

"Why should I check with you?" he demanded. "You're not my tutor!"

"Because I have to be able to say I nagged you until you got your stupid homework done, idiot," she said sensibly. "Once you clear with me, we're both safe for the day. Got it straight now knothed?"

Essentially she was proffering a deal; she would leave him alone if he didn't turn her in for doing it. It behooved him to acquiesce. "Straight, green-nose," he agreed.

"And watch that bee," she warned as she slipped out the door. "It's got to spell each word right, but it won't tell you if you have the wrong word." The bee zoomed for the aperture, but she closed it quickly behind her.

"All right, spelling bee," Dor said. "I don't enjoy this any more than you do. The faster that we get through, the faster we both get out of here."

The bee was not satisfied, but buzzed with resignation. It was accustomed to honoring rules, for there were no rules more finicky and senseless than those for spelling words.

.....

"I will read the essay to you, attempting to present the words as they are spelled," Cherie said. She did--and somehow the new meanings came through even though the actual pronunciation of the words had not changed. Dor quailed; it was even worse than he had feared:

## THE LAND OF XANTH

buy door

Eye live inn the Land of Xanth, witch is distinked from Mundania inn that their is magic inn Xanth and nun inn Mundania. Every won inn Xanth has his own magic talent; know to are the same. Sum khan conjure things, and other khan make a whole ore illusions ore khan sore threw the heir. Butt inn Mundania know won does magic, sew its very dull. They're are knot any dragons their. Instead their are bare and hoarse and a grate many other monsters. Hour ruler is King Trent, whoo has rained for seventeen years. He transforms people two other creatures. Know won gets chaiste hear; oui fair inn piece. My tail is dun.

## Vital Statistics

Welcome to the third anniversary issue of Perelandra, an amateur magazine of postal games and good reading. Pere is published monthly, except January, by Pete Gaughan (3121 East Park Row #171A, Arlington TX 76010; phone 817-633-3208). Subscriptions cost 75 cents per issue, back issues likewise. (However, a complete set of backishes is available for \$7.) Also available from me are these:

\*Thulcandra, a warehouse zine for orphans and other games;

\*Ecotopia, the official newsletter of the Dipcon Administrative Committee. If you're curious about Dipcon this August in Seattle, send a SASE or 22cent stamp;

\*Masters of Deceit, a collection of articles on Dip and the Dip hobby, edited by Bob Olsen. I'm not sure yet how much this will cost, but it's less than \$1 (cheap because it includes an article by me about publishing).

GAMES OPEN: A section of regular Dip costs \$20 US. Considering that includes a sub for the length of the game, that's comparable to a \$5 gamefee elsewhere. Signed up: John Crosby, Brian Bailey, and Mike Colandro. Game might be no-standby if the players go along.

A game of Gunboat Diplomacy (also \$20) will be open when a current game finishes. Conrad Minshall is upset at me for including a rule that says, "Players are forbidden to reveal that they are in the game--anywhere, to anyone." Your comments on that?

A game of Postal Monopoly, Four-Handed Chess, or something equally bizarre will also be started when a current game ends. I am looking for soemthing unique--ideas?

I have just received, AT LONG LAST, a copy of the ~~1984~~ 1985 Zine Register from Roy Hendricks.

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The ZR costs \$2 from Roy (128 Deerfield Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15235) and features such gems as an ad for The Inner Light even though TIL is listed as "No statement provided." The computer Dip zines seem to be making a concerted effort to get noticed; the European section this year is woefully incomplete.

Oh, before I forget, an index to Perelandra backissues is free, in case you missed some but don't know whether they're worth getting.

Minor Announcement: Don Williams reports that he has just begun a game (in Mike Mazzer's Strange Doings) with six women. Although the hobby used to have many more women than it does now, I think this is really not so unusual any more. Still, six female players hasn't been seen for four or five years, I'm sure.

Announcement: there will be a face-to-face gaming party in Pasadena, TX, the weekend of July 12-14 (specifics, write to James Early, 3705 Uruguay Dr, Pasadena TX 77504). For a near-complete list of this summer's cons, write to me or to Steve Langley.

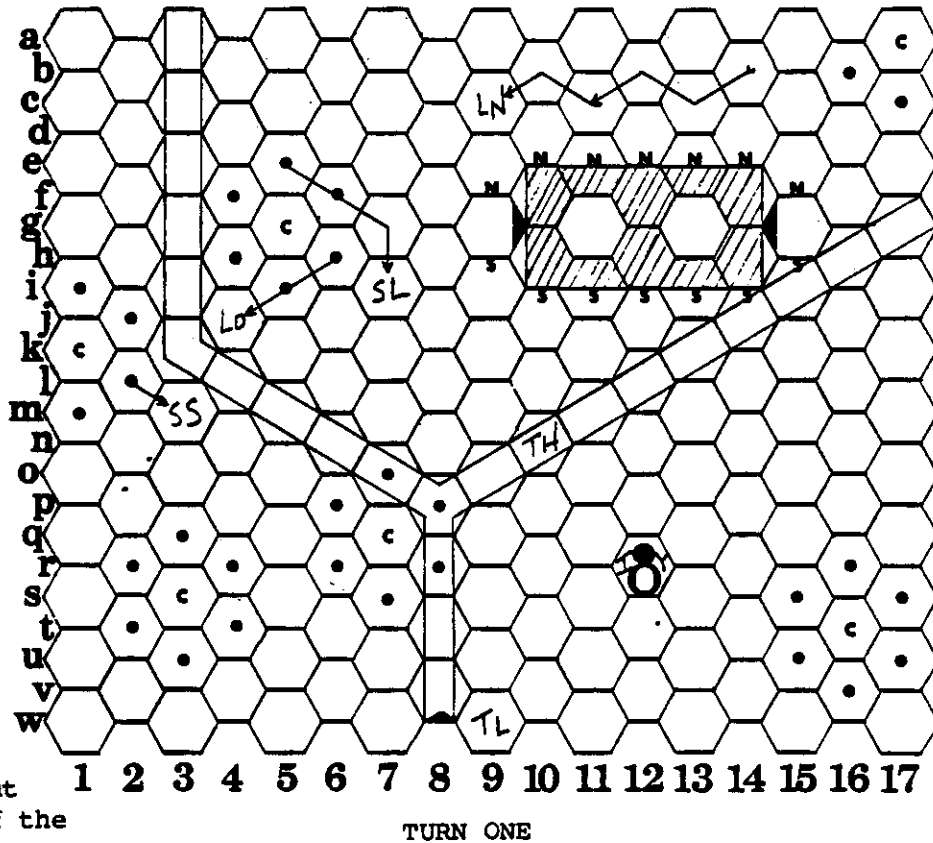
Major Announcement: I've quit the job at the "stop'n'rob"!! No more working 'till 1 am; no more frustrations with 50-hour weeks. I'm now working for Taylor's Books, an exclusive four-store chain, family-owned and local. My schedule will probably fluctuate, but I'll never work later than 9. Translated: if you are calling in orders, do it before 11 or 12 my time (I'm still a night person). A firm schedule will be ready nextish.

As I begin to type this issue, I'm still wondering just how many pages it'll be. I could stop anywhere from 12 to 24. Come along and find out what I decide...

## ASF3 Okar

Before I give you the Turn One adjudication (is that spelled with two 'd's or one?), here are a few rules reminders. Most important, you **MUST** specify everything you do! This includes: carrying ammo (if you don't say you're taking it along, I'll assume you left it behind); which hexes you pass through when moving; which option you take on "Demon" attacks (move or dodge).

Also, when moving and collecting on the same Segment, you may only collect one Snowball, and move one or two hexes. You all started with two Snowballs. Finally, the map is just a convenience; the typed result is the authority. Last month I put two of you in the wrong starting spaces on the map. I have, in each case, used the position most advantageous to you (it was my mistake) but in the future use the adjudication if the two differ.



The opening lineup looked like this, after all the names came in: Ignoble Yeti (Player 6) at R12; Little Narc at B14; Loki (LO) at H6; Snow Lord at E5; Slimy Snake (Player 7) at L2; Thuvia (Player 5) at N10; The Leshy (Player 4) at W9. All two-word names will use initials; Loki (LO) and Thuvia (TH) will be abbreviated thus. No, I don't know what The Leshy means...

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Okar, of course, is the land at the north pole of Mars/Barsoom in Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter series. ("Thuvia" is a character from the same series.) Which reminds me: no guarantees are provided about the gender of the players behind the names. All 'characters' in the game are assumed to be male except Thuvia, although Loki and Ignoble Yeti are non-human. This does not mean that there is only one woman participating. Fair warning. Now...

TURN ONE -- weather report: skies clear and crisp.

Segment One: "Ignoble Yeti towers above the snowman and clears his throat: 'Haraumph! Fie Fi Fo Fum, I smell...oops, sorry, wrong game!' His furry white cheeks turn crimson as he ducks behind the snowman to build two more Snowballs." Thuvia's ire is raised by the Yeti's braggadoccio, so she plasters him before he can duck out of sight...the first salvo of the battle. That tattle-tale, Little Narc, is already headed for trouble in the press, but in the meantime he's headed for the center of the yard, where the action is.

Not much action, though. Slimy Snake, trying to acclimate himself to this very un-tropical area, is biding his time, collecting two Snowballs. Snow Lord and Loki both see the value in getting out from under the tree, taking their ammo with them. The Leshy managed to get outside in time for the war, but refuses to take action until he sees what's up.

attacks: IY attacked by TH/de/70/\*\* -- lhp, lvp.

Segment Two: Ignoble Yeti and Thuvia are building arsenals, while The Leshy continues to bide his time. Little Narc slips in a bit closer and picks up another weapon, while Snow Lord collects two. But the remaining two players are tired of all this peace. Slimy Snake storms the conifer at G5--successful, and a ton of snow falls, but if nobody's there to hear it does it make a noise? Lucky for LO and SL they had moved already! And while SS's attention is diverted, Loki smacks him with a Ravenscroft Rattlesnake.

attacks: SS by LO/rr/90/\*\*

Segment Three: All h--- breaks loose, even with Leshy still out and the Yeti building two MORE Snowballs! First, Thuvia lobs her Dirigible up and over the snowman to cream the Yeti--prompting him to mutter:

"Ah, ha, me proud beauty...no, that's not it...All the better to eat you with!...no, no,... Off with their heads!...no...I thought I taw a thcaredy tat. I did, I did thee a thcaredy tat! ...Maybe I should settle for being the strong silent type?"

Over on the West Side, though, the snow is flying. Slimy Snake slams a Demon at his main foe, Loki...who promptly returns fire and hits with a Rattler. (SS took 'Demon-Move' to get out from under the tree.) Snow Lord sees Loki's back--a broad target if ever there was one--and tosses his own Demon. SL takes the 'Dodge' option, but it's not enough to keep away from Little Narc's nasty Rattlesnake!

In the report, "attacked by" is read: Attacker/Type of attack/Probability/Success (\*\*)

fighter	loc	attacked by (Seg 3)	hp/vp*	hp/vp/ammo remaining (*=this Turn)
Ignoble Yeti	R12	TH/di/60/**	4/0	6/ 0/ 8 sb
Little Narc	C9		0/1	10/ 1/ 2 sb
Loki	J4	SL/de/60/** SS/de/75/**	2/2	8/ 2/ 1 sb
Snow Lord	I7	LN/rr/60/**	1/1	9/ 1/ 3 sb
Slimy Snake	L3	LO/rr/95/**	2/1	8/ 1/ 2 sb
Thuvia	N10		0/4	10/ 4/ 1 sb
The Leshy	W9		0/0	10/ 0/ 2 sb

Every attack succeeded this Turn, even though two players used the defensive "Demon-Dodge" maneuver! If an attack fails, it is noted "/--" instead of "/\*". Don't be panicked by big numbers like Thuvia's VP; you have to spend a whole segment to build a Di and the % is lower. Thuvia has chosen the "big gun" theory; IY seems to like the "come and get me" or "stockpile" approach (a different metaphor: home runs vs. singles). So far, the West Side Gang is using a more general, mobile style.

ENOUGH ANALYSIS. Your Turn Two orders (and rule questions, and press...) are due before 10 pm CDT, Thursday 27 June 1985. The Leshy's inactivity doesn't count as an NMR. Ignoble Yeti will be under a 10% penalty (suffering the effects of the Dirigible) for Segment One. Little Narc tried to move four spaces, but my map error made it only three--good thing, since he failed his die roll and would have fallen down!

PRESS----->

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Little Narc to Pop: "Pop, there's kids outside throwing Snowballs!!!" (Pop:) "Well, get out there." (Narc:) "But it's cold!" (Pop:) "Stop whining and get out of here!" Little Narc feels sad, and since his Pop told him to take a hike he goes outside saying, "I'll show him!"

Snow Lord to Little Narc: How dare you attack me, the Snow Lord! Now prepare to pay the price for your folly.

Little Narc to Daddy: SL and LO are exchanging snow kisses under the pine tree! I think their tongues froze together.

SnowMaster to Snow Lord: Careful--the Narc has a weapon mightier than snow. It's called "finking".

Loki to Snow Lord: Let's make a deal, huh?

SnowMaster to Loki: Look out; people will talk.

Thuvia to Ignoble Yeti: Sorry, my snow-pummelled friend, but you were too close to that snowman to let you live.

Slimy Snake to Snow Lord & Loki: Here's a little snow down your collars!

Asgard [Loki] to LN and SL: Who are these guys (P4-P7)?

SnowMaster to Asgard: Rather, you should explain who you are. It's a long way to Asgard.

SS to LN: Come on down and join the party; the snow's fine!

Loki to UTA: Hey, Petey, can I build a Snowman?

UTA to Loki: I thought about adding that to the rules, but to be at all realistic I'd have to set it up so it required five Segments to complete. So, for now, no.

Slimy Snake to Snowfort: Love the new map and wealth of players. It should be fun. I especially like the conifer overhanging the path.

SnowMaster to SS: My only reserved datelines here are UTA and SnowMaster (SM). I like this map too--credit Kelly Bagley with some good ideas. Seven players is already a different game...the report took a whole page.

Thuvia to SnowMaster: Have you ever been to Okar? It's lovely this time of year. Carthoris and I spend our summers here most every year.

SnowMaster to Thuvia: I've read about it, and about your home town too.

Thuvia to SnowMaster: You've never even been to Helium? My goodness, man--next you'll tell me you don't even live on Barsoom at all.

SnowMaster to Thuvia: Sorry, that's right. You've been translated to Earth just for this battle, even as John Carter got drawn to Barsoom.

Thuvia to SM: I think I'll throw Snowballs now. It'll help me get over the shock.

## ASF2 - Forochel

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR "ICE JACKAL"/DON WILLIAMS (second place):

An endgame statement? For a game like this?! Hmm...maybe I should refer to Long Play's (Larry Peery's) dissertation last month in 82HK Yavin? Nah! I can get into enough trouble on my own.... [Editor: So true, so true...]

This was my first game of Snowball Fighting and though I had to back out of the upcoming ASF3, it won't--I hope--be my last.

I guessed early on that the M[ystery] G[uest] and my beloved Daf were one an the same: no one wears mittens the way my Daf wears mittens!!! (Hoo boy...hubba-hubba) We decided to work together to keep the others at bay with dense snow, and even denser press. (Yeah, yeah, now that it's over I'll admit it; I'm a "Cheap-Thrill" artiste.)

It took me a couple of turns to understand the rules, being as we liquor-sodden four-leggers are a mulch-brained lot to begin with anyway, and by then the other kids had broken into two separate duels: MG and HH in the north, and CR vs. CC in the south. Being the odd-critter-out seemed agreeable at the time and I took up my long-term defensive position by the shed door. I wanted to help my MG, but she was decidedly in the line of fire up there, so I turned my attention to CC and CR. In what was probably the only negotiation of the game, Turn 3 I wrote to Cold Crier saying we should go for the Rocket. I nailed Crier the next round. (Peter, jackals got honor like clams got legs.)

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I think I lost this one when I headed north of the shed and began to stockpile ammo. The idea behind that was fairly simple--it had to be, I'm a jackal, remember?--all the other players were in better shape than I with hp's, and all were now in the south. I thought I'd be the target of choice in the last half of the game, especially when LOL seemed to be doing splendidly taking the place of both CR and CC.

My congrats to Greg for his win. Kudos, too, for Little Ol' Lady's irascible (that enough emulation for you, PJ?) press and her goodcatch-up effort. A couple of hearty jackal-belches to Bagley and Bruss, the bruised and blue brothers, for dropping out. And as for MG...nothing now to say, except that you'll never know what I really tried to do to you on that last round ...THANK PETER!

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR MYSTERY GUEST/DAF LANGLEY (third place):

This was one cold, wet, wild & wooly game. I enjoyed it. I also enjoyed the guesses about my identity. I thought for sure everyone would know who I was after I went into the house. Maybe they did.

Congratulations to Houston Halfling on his win. Now, if he'll just stand still, I've got this Dirigible with his name on it. No, of course I wouldn't throw it at his head. It's going down his pants!

Thank you, Peter, for introducing this great game to me and for gming it so wonderfully. I loved writing press for you and this game. I was always delighted to read how you responded to it. You made the game a winner for me. [Editor: blush.]

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR SNOWMASTER with COMMENTS ON SNOWBALL FIGHTING:

As Don discovered, SF is a game for the offensive. No, not that kind of offensive (or else Don would have won handily). You can't sit and wait too long for the others...it's a race to 15vp, not a run-and-hide affair.

I enjoyed both games but ASF2 had a bit more flavor since Daf was really warming up the press. Still, the dropouts in the first two games hurt, hence my decision to allow seven in #3. I have several rules modifications in mind, but anything beyond what I've done will be a complete new edition (SF II) (Tom Swider, look out!):

- \*building a snowman;

- \*line-of-fire errors (if another player steps in front of your target that Segment, it hits him instead?);

- \*moving up the Victory Criterion to 20. Drastic, but in my ftf games somebody always wins by Turn 7.

Which reminds me, this is a great ftf game if you've only got an hour or two. Take the rules along to your next con.

Greg Ellis is running around claiming to be SF Champ, since Daf won the first game and then he beat her. Fine by me...folks, if you want the title, you have to whip Houston Halfling. Maybe in ASF5 (4 will be in Greg's zine, Feuilletonist's Forum).

## 1982 HK - Yavin

(LATE) ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR STANDBY ENGLAND/JIM BURGESS (shares E/R draw):

Well, this is my very first postal two-way draw. I have been in this position a number of times before and I've always been stabbed for the win by my opponent. In my younger innocent days, I could blame ignorance for the stabs, but one really questions whether I've learned anything since I feel that Evans could have successfully stabbed me for the win. I'm sure he knew that, and whatever the reason, I thank him for allowing me to be part of the draw. It has been a great pleasure to work with him at all times.

Evans and I entered the game at the same point, facing a very powerful Italy and screened by the other powers.

My first move was to ally with France (who also wrote the first letter to me), so that Italy could be stopped, but I was brutally stabbed, taking me down to four centers. At that point, my goal was to ensure France's utter defeat (i.e., suicide out). Due to excellent support from Jim Keeney (G), who was stabbed [[by Russia]] against my will, but justifiably, and to the kind patient Russian fleet that ended up in the Mid-Atlantic my suicide turned into victory.

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Blair Cusack played a noble, if silent, game after that first piece of trash that got me so angry. Jim Keeney deserved better and I'm glad he survived. Larry Peery foolishly stuck by his ally until it was too late. Even though it took some time to set up, the failure of the French defense was assured some four game years ago. By the time Larry started to seriously negotiate with us the die was cast.

I suppose some might have a problem with a seven-center power sharing a draw over a ten-center one (Peery), but the Italian position was doomed. Since Larry committed the bulk of his forces to stopping Russia, the fall of the four G & F dots was only a matter of time. Then the Italian homeland defense was insufficient and no viable stalemate line could be established. The only question left was whether or not Evans would take the win. I'll be very interested to hear his reasons for agreeing to the two-way.

Thank you again, Evans, for a very enjoyable game. Extra-special thanks to our gm, Peter Gaughan for a flawless job as far as I was concerned.

[[Jim-Bob is flattering me far beyond credibility.]]

## 1983HC-Mimir

### DEATH OF A SALESMAN

FALL 1907

Austria (Ed Henry): a alb-ser, a tri-ven (a rom s).

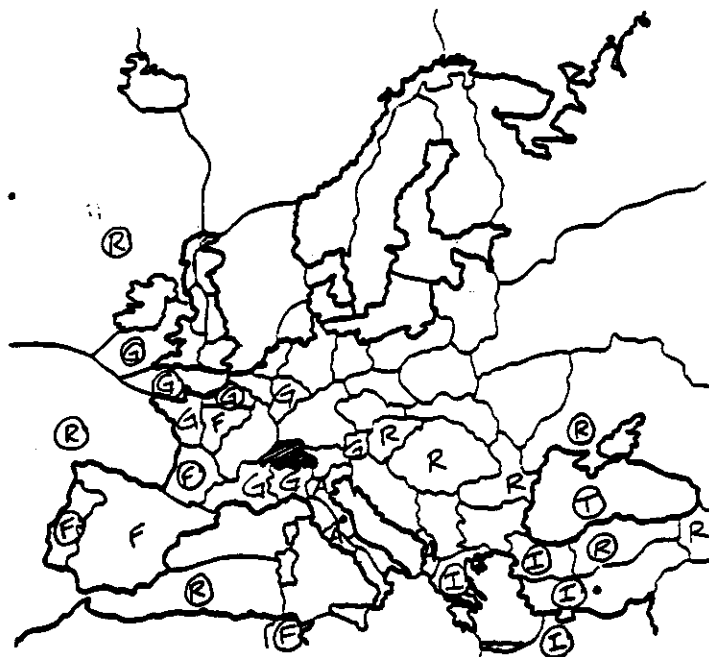
France (~~Bob Sweeney~~ Tom Hise): /Bob's orders/  
f bre-gas (a spa s), f por-mid, f naf-tun,  
a par-bur, a mar-bur /a/.

Germany (Greg Ellis): F iri s Rf mid, a lvp-bre  
(f eng s, f pic s, Rfleets-c), a gas-mar  
(a pie s), a mun-tyo, a ruh-bur.

Italy (Matt Kazur): f bul/sc-con, f aeg-smy  
(f eas s), f ion-gre, a ven s Ra vie-tri  
/nso; r tus apu otb/.

Russia (Pierre Touchette): f wes-spa/sc,  
f mid & f nao c Ga lvp-bre, f bla-ank  
(a arm s), f sev-rum, a rum-ser, a gal-bud  
(a vie s).

Turkey (Evans Givan): f smy-aeg /r syr otb/,  
f con-bla (f ank s)/f ank a/.



### SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1907:

Austria	<del>spa</del> tri ser VEN ROM	3/4	build one
France	par <del>spa</del> <del>spa</del> spa por tun	6/4	remove one
Germany	mun kie ber hol den bel lon lvp MAR BRE	8/10	build two
Italy	<del>bul</del> <del>sc</del> nap gre bul CON SMY	5/5	even or build one
Russia	stp mos war sev swe nay rum edi vie ANK BUD	9/11	build two
Turkey	<del>ank</del> <del>ank</del> <del>ank</del>	3/0	out

Many, many thanks to Evans for playing this position out. Bob Sweeney has resigned because he is being transferred to Germany; these are his final orders. The new French player is Tom Hise (4568 Black Rock, Dallas TX 75211; 214-339-7945)...he has your addresses. The deadline for Winter 1907 adjustments and Spring 1908 orders is 10pm CDT, THURSDAY 27 JUNE 1985. Oh, also, there is a German/Russian draw, proposed by Italy--please vote. Press:

Turkey to Austria: Not pulling your leg. Just looking for a glimmer of hope.

Austria to Turkey: Well, maybe the GM will keep insulting you, at least.

GM to Austria: In another game, maybe.

Turkey to GM: Bet I get a net loss this time. Of course, I can always find another net. It's

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just that the first one hurts so much.

Germany to Turkey: I don't know what you said, but you better not say it again!

Germany to Austria: Is that the famed windshield-wiper defense?

Austria to GM: Okay to breathe yet? Small breaths?

Italy to Austria: You are so cute when you're mad.

Turkey to Italy: Wish I had known you were going to take this so bad. Maybe I could have done something sooner.

Germany to Italy: Personally, I would have taken care of my home centers first. Your removal of the army was not one of your best moves.

Italy: I will support the German/Russian draw to the best of my (meager) ability.

Pete here. In the following games, Darkover and Woz, there has been some discussion about my comments last month (especially the use of the term 'stab'). Disclaimer: the gm's comments are never due to privileged information--my statements were drawn from data available to all the players and any observant subber: the map and adjudication. More on this in the Op-Ed section later, but for now...

## 1983 G - Darkover

ARE FRANCE'S REFLEXES GOOD ENOUGH?

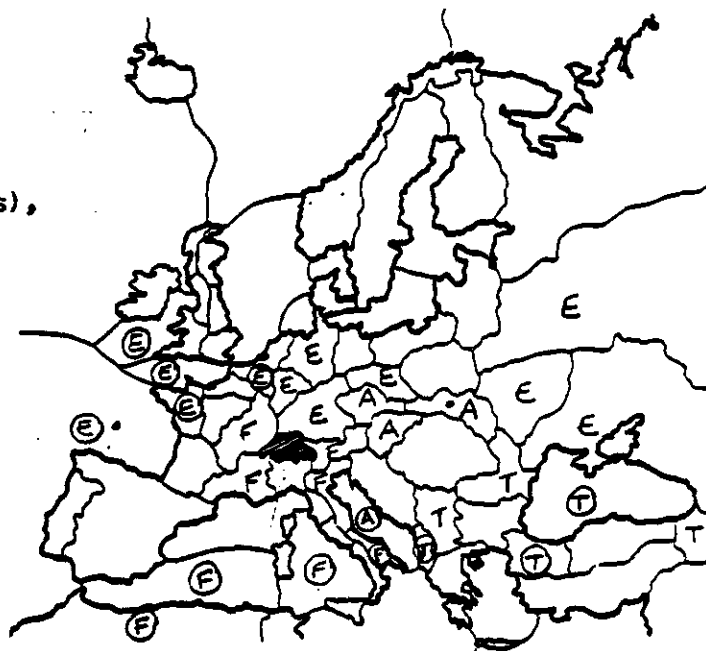
Fall 1910 and both draws failed

Austria (John Crosby): f adr h, a bud-gal (a vie s),  
a boh-sil.

England (Evans Givan): f nao-mid (f iri s),  
f pic-bre (f eng s), f nth-bel, a sil-boh  
(a mun s) (a kie & a ruh s a mun), a war-mos,  
a sev h (a ukr s), a gal s Aa bud /otm r war  
otb/.

France (Greg Ellis): f mid-bre /r por spa gas  
otb/, f wes-mid, f tun-naf, f nap-tyn,  
a rom-ven (f apu s), a pie-mar, a bur-mun  
(a tyo s).

Turkey (Mark Luedi / Guy Hail): /Mark's orders/  
a rum s Aa bud-gal (a ser s), a bul-arm  
(f bla c), f alb-adr, f aeg-con.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1910:

Austria	vie tri bud bul	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4/4	even		
England	edi lvp lon nwy den hol swe bel kie stp ber war mos																					14/16	+3 (or +4)	
France	par mar spa por tun																						10/8	-1 or even
Turkey	con ank smy ser gre RUM																						6/6	even

EF draw: A no, E & T yes, F nvr. EFT draw: A & E no, T yes, F nvr. No new draws proposed. Mark Luedi is vacationing in Europe, and also is short on Diptime anyway, so he has resigned. The new Turk is Guy Hail of 1103-B Lorrain St., Austin TX 78703 (512-479-8642)...I'm sending him your addresses and phone #s. Just a smidgin of press, but first the deadline for Winter 1910 adjustments and Spring 1911 orders: 10pm CDT, THURSDAY 27 JUNE 1985.

England to France: As you can see, I'm not all bad.

France to Evans "The Blade" Givan: One turn too soon. Had you not built in Liverpool, or waited one more turn, the game would have been yours. Now it is a three-way at best.

England to Turkey: Some friend you are! Do you think I'd ever vote 'T' in a draw, now?

UTA to England: Maybe you're not all bad, but neither are you all heart. And they call me "Dot Snatcher"...



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## 1984W - Woz

FRENCH STOP REVOLTING; ITALIANS NEED LOVE

error last time: G had a rum, not a gal (map).

Summer 1906: Turkey retreats f sev-arm.

FALL 1906

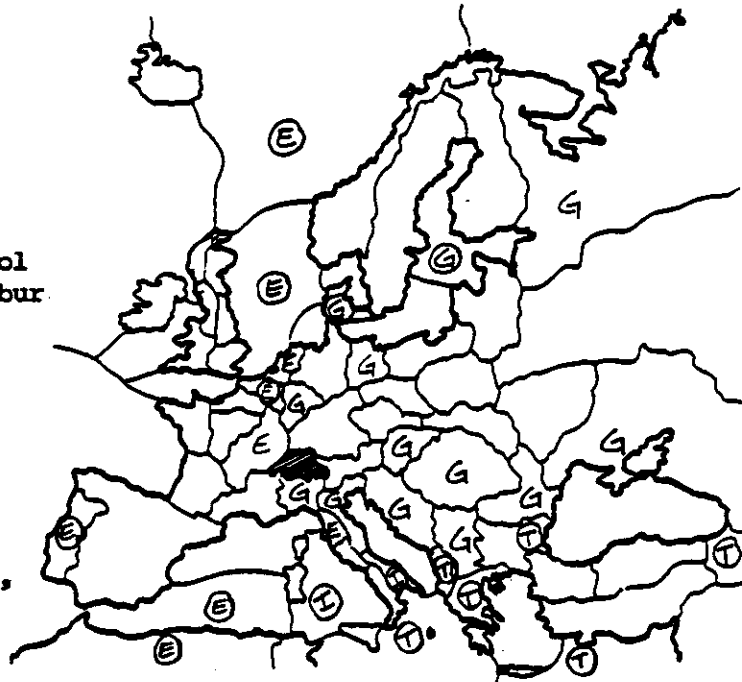
England (Pat Conlon): f mid-por, f nwg h, a edi-hol  
(f bel s, f nth c), f naf-tun (f wes s), a gas-bur  
a pie-tus.

France (CD): no units.

Germany (Rob Wittmond): f stp/sc-bot, f bal-den,  
a mos-stp, a ukr-rum (a sev s), a rum-ser  
(a bud s, a tri s), a vie s a tri, a tyo-pie  
(a ven s), a mun-ruh, a kie-ber.

Italy (JR Baker): f ion-tun (f tyn s)/f ion r  
nap adr otb/, f apu-ven.

Turkey (John Walker): f aeg-ion (f gre & f alb s),  
a ser-rum (f bul/ec s)/a ser a/, f smy-eas,  
f arm-sev.



E/G draw: E & G yes, I & T no. Italy proposes a  
concession to Germany--vote with your Winter 1906 adjustments and Spring 1907 orders before  
10pm CDT, 27 JUNE 1985 (THURSDAY). Supply center count for 1906:

England	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	par	bre	spa	mar	POR	HOL	-	-	-	-	9/11	build two
France	<del>par</del>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1/0	out at last
Germany	mun	kie	ber	<del>den</del>	swe	war	mos	vie	ven	bud	rum	stp	SER	TRI*	13/15	build two	
Italy	rom	nap	<del>tyo</del>	tun	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	*+SEV		4/3	even or build one	
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	<del>gre</del>	<del>gre</del>	gre	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7/5	remove one	

Sorry I goofed up Germany's dots, there. Just when I thought Woz was getting old and lazy in the press, John pops back up to dispell the idea...sigh. Now that I've met the man the press almost seems to make sense (GASP!)...

Berlin to Worlds: When you use those Austrian armies to fill out the German ranks, be sure to keep them in Russia or anywhere else besides Austria-Hungary, so that they won't be tempted to revolt...

If, on the other hand, you are using French armies, go ahead and put them anywhere you want.

HAC/USC to GM: Am I getting cocky?

GM to Big Bad German: A bit. But, sorry to disill usion you,...I have two sets of blocks, so all the German units are black as night on my board.

Alamo to GM: [editor: received before later press came in] Sorry for the lack of creative press lately--down here we've all been out burning pinko-commie rags. OOPS.

GM to Alamo: As an aid to your endeavors, I'm enclosing an explosive device with your issue.

Ufacik to Scumbum: Hurry up and get your fleets out here, I can't hold off Pat forever!

Con to Rome: You were right, I should have gone after Germany. At least he'll never sail into the Med--there's no room!

Con to London: Ditto. Plus, what are you doing in the Med?

UTA to Constantinople: You wanna list?

Rome to England: Who is it you want to help, me or yourself?

Rob Wittmond to Rome: I thank you for your support, but I must admit to being somewhat puzzled as to your motives.

Rome to Rob: Did you have to? You don't deserve the win, but if you and Pat won't vote for

# Herelandra

a four-way then I'll make you work for it!

Con to Berlin: Dad-gum-it, but I'd do the same to you and be proud of it.

Berlin to GM: Don't feel bad...it looked like a stab to me, too.

HAC/USC to GM: Did you get my game fee, etc, for the reg-Dip game? I didn't see it mentioned.

GM to Trojan Bro: No, I don't remember it. Got the cancelled check? By the way, did you know your dateline is "Hack and Slash USC"? ...And then there's John's...

Constanti-"NO-PULL!" (Light of the Eastern Sky, 25 October 1906) Socks Traded Over The Boot (or How England Took Italy, or How Italy Got Taken) by Tiffany Jewel.

As the only female Turkish war correspondent, it is my privilege to report details of the recent tiff between that well-bread (at least the English soldiers keep referring to her as "Hot Buns") English Generaless Lucky Liz and the Purple Cloud genie from Turkey, popularly known as "Smellie Nellie".

After chasing the Pope through the Balkins and northern Italy, with only a few short visits into France, the genie from Turkey had finally trapped the little bugger in the front room of a small, poorly maintained inn on one of the highest slopes in the Italian Alps. Unfortunately for the mini-thundercloud, the loyal English soldiers had reported the Pope's flight to their leader. Lucky Liz had immediately joined the hunt.

Catching (up to) the Pope first, Nellie quivered with excitement as she shaped herself into a smaller, nearly solid, almost female, somewhat human form. Also quivering (but from the cold and a very sensible dread), the Pope was nearly exhausted by his long flight.

Making one last, feeble effort to escape Nellie's planned ecstasy, the weakened Pope pointed at a large white cloud floating nearby and shouted, "Look!" As Nellie turned her head (for lack of a better word to describe that part of her), the Pope make a move toward sneaking by the simple-minded cloud. Although Nellie was simple-minded, she had learned this trick from the several times the Pope had used it before. This time she was ready.

Not fully turning in the direction the Pope had pointed, Nellie turned back in time to see the Pope moving. As the little fellow drew close to her in his effort to pass, Nellie was able to stop the Pope and to begin wrapping her warm arms around him. Feeling the animated sweet dampness soak through his clothes and start to awaken the long-dormant senses of his skin, the poor, pooped fellow emitted one faint "Eeep!" and surrendered himself to fate.

Before this press became too racy for the Western press (west of the Mississippi, that is), Lucky Liz came riding, riding up to the old inn door. Slamming open the door so hard that it completed its disintegration into splinters, Lucky Liz entered and demanded in a loud voice, "Drink!"

Thus completely spoiling the minimally romantic mood, Liz recognized that she would get the quickest service if she got her drink herself. Pouring a goblet of Brew-ha-ha, the funny firewater that is a favorite of the riotous crowd, she enjoyed the moment of completing her search.

Withdrawing from the object of her affections, Nellie challenged Lucky's right to interrupt and was then angered by Lucky's reply. (Eastern Sky Ed.: at this point I deleted much of the details of the spiteful conversation and summarized the rest of this report)

In his flight from the genie, the Pope had also tried to find someone who could make her return to her own world. (The sihirbaz who had summoned her had been out scouring up material for the third anniversary edition of his magic book and was not to be found.) Now the jealousy of the two females threatened to erupt in physical violence. The shrieking raised such a loud noise that soon a terrible cloud appeared from the north (possibly from Switzerland - that happy land of neutrality and ombudsmen!) as though in answer to a call....

Thundering down over the little inn, the terrific winter storm loomed much larger than it had seemed before. Blocking out all sunlight, both Lucky Liz and Nellie went outside to face this Blizzard of Woz.

Expecting to receive another snowjob, the two women were delighted to find that the storm carried an intelligence that spoke to them in words of ancient wisdom. Receiving the solution to satisfactorily end their dispute, the two women returned to the inn and prepared to cut the Pope in half lengthwise; each female receiving one half.

Carefully sizing up the Pope's various physical attributes, the two women looked at each other and nodded. Lucky Liz said, "Okay, Nellie. I get the front half and you get the back."

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One of the funniest things I've seen in a couple of years--from the May 1 UTA Shorthorn...

## Rules for Ranger Watching

### Dan Noxen

"Take me out to the ballpark. Take me out to the crowd...."

It's finally May. And you know what that means. Yep, less than a month until your Texas Rangers start looking to next year.

With that in mind, you may want to check out this year's team while it's still in the running. For what, exactly, has yet to be determined.

Tips you might find helpful:

+While ticket prices have inflated to \$3.75 for the bleachers and \$8.50 for the heckler seats down close, they can still be considered a bargain when, say, Baltimore, New York or Detroit is in town.

For the ragingly paranoid, tickets for all games are always on sale in advance, and same-day general-admission tickets go on sale two hours before game time.

Otherwise, don't sweat it. The last Arlington Stadium sellout was during a 1974 10-cent beer night when 500 kegs floated.

+Plan to make it to the parking lot during the first half of the national anthem. You might miss the opening pitch, but it's better than subjecting yourself to the noise they play on a very large AM radio before the game.

+Start drinking early--especially if you're a Ranger fan. Sloshed is a sure-fire cure for the prices you'll encounter. And if you are a Ranger fan, no amount of alcohol can do more damage to your brain than what's already been done.

+If you take this last bit of advice, wooded areas outline approximately 70 percent of the parking lot. You may want to take this into consideration when choosing a parking space, because you have to buy a ticket first, then someone else has to tear it in half at the gate, then you'll have a chance to use the facilities. This all takes time--Rhodes scholars don't work for minimum wage.

+Hit the concession stand immediately. Vendors--beer vendors particularly--are as common as Ranger wins. And then they only have Coors and Schlitz Light.

Once again, take the Rhodes Scholar Theory into account when receiving change. Assuming you get any back.

+Locate the nearest restroom. The worst feeling in the world is standing (sitting) in a stall beneath the stadium and hearing the crowd go nuts. Besides, if it's the Rangers' half of the inning and you miss something, chances are good you've missed it all.

+Use care when walking through the crowd and specifically when going around corners with food and drinks. Close to 10,000 (on a good day) slobbering mutants will be stumbling about, and they couldn't care less if you watch the game wearing beer, nacho cheese and French's finest.

+When arriving at your seats, beware of the shirtless fool with the fire-engine sunburn. If you look closely, you'll notice a slight green complexion, and his (or her) head will be in a downward position and moving slowly in a pendular motion.

This usually occurs only during day games, but take caution at all costs. Too much beer and sun don't mix, and he/she will more than likely pay for this lack of common sense, as will persons in the immediate proximity.

+Try to plan concession and relief ventures around the seventh-inning stretch. Everybody uses this time for those purposes. Besides, the "Cotton-Eyed Joe" is played over the PA then, and if you're a Ranger fan this may be your only chance to stand up and yell.

Hopefully, these tips will enable even the lesser baseball fan to enjoy an outing to Arlington Stadium. But, like most things, there is certain terminology you should be familiar with:

# Merelandra

Foul tip--any miniscule gratuity given a beer vendor who only has Schlitz Light.

Bullpen--the area at the bottom of any ramp where old coots gather to tell how they struck out Willie Mays four times in the minor leagues.

Squeeze play--attempting to leave your seat, which is located in the middle of a row, any time after the national anthem.

Suicide squeeze--attempting a squeeze play during a bases-loaded, ninth-inning rally.

RBI--rounds of beer per inning.

Error--tripping down steps and spilling two \$2.75 beers.

Sacrifice--allowing your face to skid across six feet of concrete to avoid committing an error.

Major leaguer--any buxom blonde who, as Joe Bob would say, appears to have been shot through the back with cruise missiles.

Strike zone--the 10-foot radius of any major leaguer. (NOTE: This only applies if you're accompanied by your wife or girlfriend.)

Strike--what happens when your eyes wander into the strike zone. (NOTE: The three-strike rule does not necessarily apply in this case.)

Shortstop--the 15 seconds it takes in the bathroom after standing in line for half an hour.

Relief pitcher--the large beer that will keep you from making a trip to the concession stand every half inning (also the empty cup when you're confronted with long bathroom lines).

Diamond vision--what happens in the late innings if you have a particularly high RBI count.

Rundown--your physical and mental\* condition the morning after a night game (\*applies only to Ranger fans).

Taking the above into account, even Ranger games can be somewhat enjoyable.

Now, a page from A Guide to Texas Vehicular Wildlife

## the Ego-crested Pickup

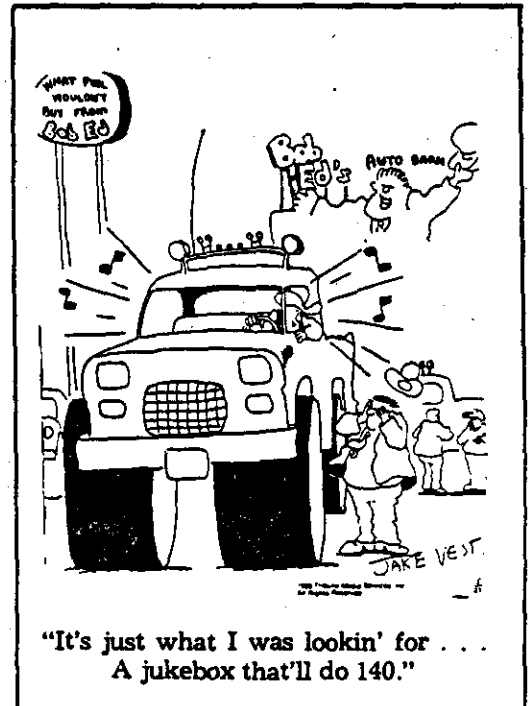
The ego-crested pickup is one of only three endemic Texas species, and is classified as an endangered variety in certain areas of the state (North Dallas, Houston and South Oak Cliff). Several varieties are hunted for their size and distinctive call, forcing state officials to levy large fees on permits for them.

Typically, the ego-crested pickup is known for its size and speed. Its chief predator, the yellow-bellied saps-herriff, generally forages among smaller wildfowl such as Plano's Jaguar, finding the pickup a difficult chase. Although it is much sought, the pickup consumes a great deal, requiring its own weight in food each month.

Distinctive plumage: Normally blue with black under-belly, some varieties bear black stripes while others are black with silver markings. Most common identifying feature is "CHEVROLET" over rump, or small bumper sticker ("Love NY? Take I-30 East."). Females tend to display flashier colors but weigh half that of the males.

Call: Flat, grating rhythym with banjos or harmonica; mating call a long, mournful wail, thus: "Ooooooh, baby, yah picked a baaaaahd tahm to leave me."

Nesting habits: Will occupy the nests (two at a time) of other fowl, but prefers flat, open plains. Nocturnal varieties have multifaceted eyes set high on skull and so are hazardous to oncoming birdwatchers. These tend to nest in front lawns and at C&W clubs.



# Herelandra

## the Op-Ed Page

This is from Pat Conlon, a player in 1984W/Woz:

Even as I type this I am reconsidering what I want to say. Originally the idea was to ask you to be more careful. Now my thoughts turn towards a discussion of what constitutes GM interference, whether it is an undesirable variable in the game. I recognize that anyone is free to comment on the game as he sees it and that players may draw any conclusions they want from the turn's results (or from any other source). But the GM has a special power. His comments appear alongside the results. Players see your comments the same time they see the results, before players can negotiate amongst themselves as to their intentions. In this situation, it's as if one of my enemies had access to the results and my ally's confidence, as if he used this advantage to turn my ally against me. The GM's absence of interest in the outcome of the game means to the German ruler that he, the GM, has no reason to deceive the German ruler. The GM's word is thus accepted as true. How can I compete with the GM for the trust of my German ally in such a situation as this?

Pete here. The above should not be considered part of 84W; Pat may be using me to try to convince Rob that he hasn't been stabbed, but I'm only interested in the principles. I was wrong to label last season (in both Darkover and Woz) stabs. The fact that I believed they were (merely from looking at the last few maps) is irrelevant--I should have shut up. However, my main point was not that two people were stabbed but that they both made the same mistake quite independently in writing their orders.

The fact that I have no reason to deceive a player does not mean that my word is valid. I can be (and have been) deceived. Few of my players discuss their strategies with me; I see none of the negotiations themselves (except this month Pat sent a copy of his letter to Rob). Rarely do I have to say, "I shouldn't be discussing that." But I do have a house rule promising not to editorialize about the games (exception: headlines). So I will make no comment on whether last season's moves were stabs, or not, or on whether any of the players are still allied.

ON THE OTHER HAND...it is next to impossible to continue so tight-lipped. I am human AND a Dip player--if nothing else, I do occasionally talk over games with non-participants. But does this affect the game? Would my line about a "stab" have had any impact if Pat had not played it up in his letters to me and to Rob? I doubt it. What about you?

---

## Why Irish Eyes Are Smilin'

Why? Let me tell you. Things are goin' my way again. I've now completed the original commitment I made to the hobby. Three years. In the meantime I decided to extend that to 50 issues; it now stands at 66 (three more years). If this hobby is as kind to me as it has been, I may be publishing in 1995. To illustrate, I wanted to go to 20 or 22 pages this month, and had the material--but time prevents me. I love this.

Which brings up why I'm a bit late and cutting it short. I've been spending this week getting to know a new girlfriend. I'm no party animal, so I'm not intentionally dumping people--but I tend to back off of relationships after an initial exchange of intimacies. I turn chicken. Well, right now I'm on that early "high" of having someone who cares and to care about.

And it's summer, and I have a great new job, and the bills are paid. Those of you who helped me through all that depression a few months back: we're there. For a while, anyhow. Thanks.

[Oh, shut up, Pete. Go smell a flower, or something.]

*Pete*

# The Last Word

"Invictus" by William Henley

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods that be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeoning of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade;  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishment the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul.

"My Captain" by Dorothea Day

Out of the light that dazzles me,  
Bright as the sun from pole to pole,  
I thank the God I know to be  
For Christ the conqueror of my soul.

Since His the sway of circumstance  
I would not wince nor cry aloud.  
Under that rule which men call chance  
My head with joy is humbly bowed.

Beyond this place of sin and tears--  
That life with Him! and His the aid,  
That, spite the menace of the years,  
Keeps, and shall keep, me unafraid.

I have no fear though strait the gate;  
He cleared from punishment the scroll.  
Christ is the Master of my fate;  
Christ is the Captain of my soul.

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## Herelandra

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Arlington, Texas 76010

*Hang in there.  
I care.*

*Larry Peery  
Box 8416*

*San Diego, CA 92102*

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