

Herelandra

number 36

September



H. Beam Piper

Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen

Tortha Karf, Chief of Paratime Police, told himself to stop fretting. He was only three hundred years old, so by the barest life-expectancy of his race he was good for another two centuries. Two hundred more days wouldn't matter. Then it would be Year-End Day, and, precisely at midnight, he would rise from this chair, and Verkan Vall would sit down in it, and after that he would be free to raise grapes and lemons and wage guerrilla war against the rabbits on the island of Sicily, which he owned outright on one uninhabited Fifth Level timeline. He wondered how long it would take Vall to become as tired of the Chief's seat as he was now.

Actually, Karf knew, Verkan Vall had never wanted to be Chief. Prestige and authority meant little to him, and freedom much. Vall liked to work overtime. But it was a job somebody had to do, and it was the job for which Vall had been trained, so he'd take it, and do it, Karf suspected, better than he'd done it himself. The job of policing a near-infinity of worlds, each of which was this same planet Earth, would be safe with Verkan Vall.

Twelve thousand years ago, facing extinction on an exhausted planet, the First Level race had discovered the existence of a second, lateral, time-dimension and a means of physical transposition to and from a near-infinity of worlds of alternate probability parallel to their own. So the conveyers had gone out by stealth, bringing back wealth to Home Time Line--a little from this one, a little from that, never enough to be missed anywhen.

It all had to be policed. Some Paratimers were less than scrupulous in dealing with out-time races--he'd have retired ten years ago except for the discovery of a huge paratemporal slave-trade, only recently smashed. More often, somebody's bad luck or indiscretion would endanger the Paratime Secret, or some incident--nobody's fault, something that just happened--would have to be explained away. But, at all costs, the Paratime Secret must be preserved. Not merely the actual technique of transposition--that went without saying--but the very existence of a race possessing it. If for no other reason (and there were many others), it would be utterly immoral to make any outtime race live with the knowledge that there were among them aliens indistinguishable from themselves, watching and exploiting. It was a big police beat.

Second Level: that had been civilized almost as long as the First, but there had been dark-age interludes. Except for paratemporal transposition, most of its sectors equaled First Level, and from many Home Time Line had learned much. The Third Level civilizations were more recent, but still of respectable antiquity and advancement. The Fourth Level had started late and progressed slowly; some Fourth Level genius was first domesticating animals long after the steam engine was obsolescent all over the Third. And Fifth Level: on a few sectors, subhuman brutes, speechless and fireless, were cracking nuts and each other's heads with stones, and on most of it nothing even vaguely humanoid had appeared.

Fourth Level was the big one. The others had devolved from low-probability genetic accidents; it was the maximum probability. It was divided into many sectors and subsectors, on most of which human civilization had first appeared in the valleys of the Nile and the Tigris-Euphrates, and on the Indus and the Yangtze. Europeo-American Sector: they might have to pull out of that entirely, but that would be for Chief Verkan to decide. Too many thermonuclear weapons and too many competing national sovereignties. That had happened all over Third Level at one time or another within Home Time Line experience. Alexandrian-Roman: off to a fine start with the pooling of Greek theory and Roman engineering talent, and then, a thousand years ago, two half-forgotten religions had been rummaged out of the dustbin and fanatics had begun massacring one another. They were still at it, with pikes and matchlocks, having lost the

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ability to make anything better. Europo-American could come to that if its rival political and economic sectarians kept on. Sino-Hindic: that wasn't a civilization; it was a bad case of cultural paralysis. And so was Indo-Turanian--about where Europo-American had been ten centuries ago.

And Aryan-Oriental: the Aryan migration of three thousand years ago, instead of ^omying west and south, as on most sectors, had rolled east into China. And Aryan-Transpacific, an offshoot; on one sector, some of them had built ships and sailed north and east along the Kuriles and the Aleutians and settled in North America, bringing with them horses and cattle and iron-working skills, exterminating the Amerinds, warring with one another, splitting into diverse peoples and cultures. There was a civilization, now decadent, on the Pacific coast, and nomads on the central plains herding bison and crossbreeding them with Asian cattle, and a civilization around the Great Lakes and one in the Mississippi Valley, and a new one, five or six centuries old, along the Atlantic and in the Appalachians. Technological level pre-mechanical, water-and-animal power; a few subsectors had gotten as far as gunpowder.

But Aryan-Transpacific was a sector to watch. They were going forward; things were ripe to start happening soon.

Let Chief Verkan watch it, for the next couple of centuries. After Year-End Day, ex-Chief Tortha would have his vineyards and lemon-groves to watch.

Vital Statistics

This is Perelandra number 36, and my typer is getting pretty fussy, so beware of errors! I'm Pete Gaughan, and I live at 3121 East Park Row, Arlington TX 76010 (phone 817-633-3208). Please take note: as of September 15, my apartment number will change to #165. It would help if mail is sent to the new apartment after then instead of the old one.

About the move. I'll be rooming in a two-bedroom with Tom Hise, who has been introduced to postal gaming through our friendship. Tom plays in 1983HC/Mimir, but I will not be making any extraordinary arrangements for mail for that game. If the players want to protest, I'll consider working something out, but Tom and I agree that opening each other's mail would be really offensive, and my files for 83HC will be kept elsewhere. Besides, that game seems to be...well, I already got myself in deep water once making comments about a game, so never mind.

Perelandra costs 75 cents/issue. I also have four copies left of Masters of Deceit (articles about Dip and postal Dip), at \$1 apiece.

Game openings: postal Monopoly (free) and Regular Diplomacy (\$20 including sub). There are now six people signed up for Dip, Brian Bailey having dropped out. If you're considering this game hurry--it will be the last gamestart until after January.

Now that I've cut off a Gunboat opening, I have two more requests. Yeesh. Okay, so we'll try it again. Notice: I will not try to restrict the players from identifying each other, but I will censor press so you can't give yourself away. Just like Dip, \$20 to sign up.

THIS MONTH IN LITERATURE: September first--Edgar Rice Burroughs was born in 1875; the creator of Tarzan will bemoan: "I am one of those fellows who...always gets to the fire after it is out." 2 September 1666, but not related to ERB, the Great Fire of London begins, wasting 4/5 of the city in four days. And on that day in 1946, Eugene O'Neill's The Iceman Cometh opened at the Martin Beck Theater in New York, the last of O'Neill's plays to be seen on Broadway in his lifetime.

1905: Arthur Koestler, who will indict the police state in Darkness at Noon, is born in Budapest on 5 Sept. Also on the 5th, the Chamber of Commerce of Richmond, Va., petitions for the renaming of Main Street (1921) to remove the stigma aroused by Sinclair Lewis' novel. Novelist, philosopher and religious mystic Count Leo Tolstoy was born 9/9/1828; O. Henry (William Sydney Porter) was born 11 September 1862, exactly 23 years before D(avid) H(erbert) Lawrence. H(enry) L(ouis) Mencken and Alfred A. Knopf were both born 9/12/1892--later Knopf published the majority of Mencken's work.

14 Sept. 1321, mere hours after finishing the Paradiso, Dante, 56, dies in Ravenna of malaria. On the 18th, in 1917, Aldous Huxley, age 23, is hired as a schoolmaster at Eton, where he counts

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among his unruly pupils Eric Arthur Blair (George Orwell). 21 September, in 19 B.C., Virgil, age 50, dies in Brundisium, having removed from his last will an earlier request that the Aenied be burned upon his death. H(erbert) G(eorge) Wells was born on the 21st. And on 22 Sept. 1926, Thomas Wolfe and James Joyce are on the same tour bus visiting the battlefield at Waterloo. They do not meet.

F.(rancis) Scott Key Fitzgerald was born in St. Paul, MN, on 24 Sept. 1896: "An author ought to write for the youth of his own generation, the critics of the next, and the school-masters of ever afterwards." 16 Sept. 1896: In the Saturday Review, George Bernard Shaw continues his iconoclastic crusade against Shakespeare: "With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his." And on 30 Sept. 1937, Albert Camus notes, "It is in order to shine sooner that authors refuse to rewrite. Despicable. Begin again."

LITERARY QUIZ

Last month's questions: Easy--Name the central character from M*A*S*H, the Indian he took his nickname from, and the novel in which the Indian appeared. Jim Ferguson, Jim Burgess, Tom Hise, Matt Kazur, Don Williams, and JR Baker all said that Cpt. Benjamin "Hawkeye" Pierce got his name from the title character in James Fenimore Cooper's The Last of the Mohicans. Don adds that this was because it was the only book Hawkeye's father had ever read. Jim Ferguson was in first for one point.

I'm considering changing the scoring so the "easy" winner is chosen at random from all entries, instead of first-one-received. What do you guys think?

Hard--What do the following four novels have in common? Margaret Mitchell's Gone With The Wind, Emily Bronte's Wuthering Heights, M.(ikhail) Illyevich Lermontov's A Hero of Our Time, and Lady Murasaki's Tale of Genji: Jim Burgess said all have anti-heroes, so he must have read Lermontov's novel--the "hero of our time" is a victim of ennui and uselessness--but that doesn't work for Tale of Genji, where the hero is a "knight in shining armor" (figuratively). Don guessed the obvious--that all the authors were women--but M.I. stands for the name above. JR Baker said they all have "death and taxes", but I don't know of any taxes in either the Russian or Japanese works. No, the only correct answer was "They are each the only novel that author ever wrote"...and Jim Ferguson got this one also!

Lermontov was close--at his death in 1841, he left unfinished Vadim, a historical novel, and Princess Ligovskaya, a social semi-satire.

The tally after two rounds: Jim Ferguson 2, Jim Burgess 1. And next month's round:

EASY: What toy becomes truly "real" because of a little boy's love and some assistance from the nursery fairy?

HARD: In the annals of literary awards, what is significant about the years 1914, 1918, and 1935?

A side note on Don Williams' answer last month. He thought that the Colonel's suicide was appropriate as "autobiographical"; however, I don't feel that the Colonel personifies Hemingway (and I know my Hemingway). Don, if you can make a good argument for that before next deadline, I'll give you the point too.

1983 G - Darkover

e/f draw: Austria nvr, England, France and Turkey yes. a/e/f/t draw: Austria nvr, France yes, England and Turkey no. Both draws fail; England proposes a concession to himself.

WINTER 1911: Austria builds a tri; England removes f nth; Turkey builds a con, f smy.

SPRING 1911: FRENCH SAVE PARIS, BUT LOSE AT SEA.

Austria (John Crosby): f adr-ven, a vie ms a tri.

England (Evans Givan): a bel-bur, f nao-mid (f iri, f eng, f gas s), f bre s f gas,

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a bur-par (a pic s), a boh-tyo (a mun s), a sil-gal (a war, a ukr s), a ber-sil, a mos s a ukr.

France (Greg Ellis): f mid-gas /r naf otb/, f por-mid (f spa/sc, f wes s), a par-bur (a mar s), a tyo-mun /r pie otb/.

Turkey (Guy Hail): a sev-ukr (a rum s), f bul/ec s a rum, a con-sev (a arm s, f bla c), f smy-eas, f ion h.

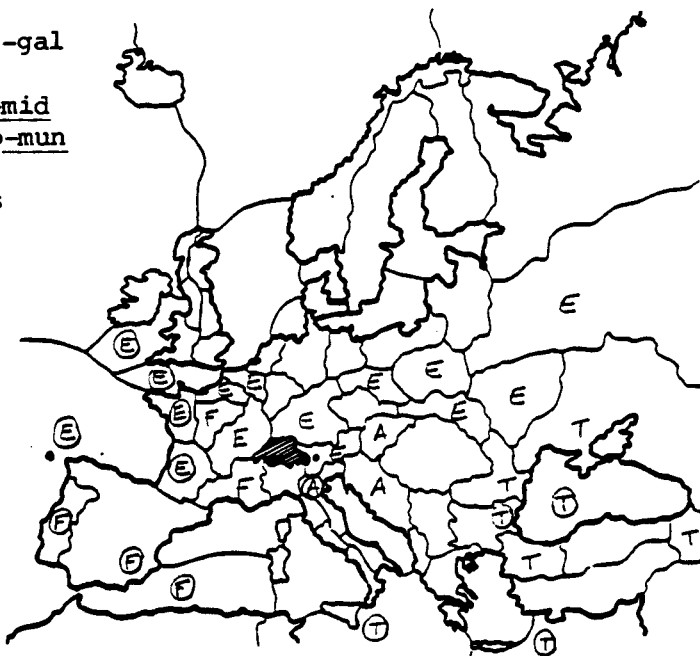
Deadline for French retreats and everyone's votes and orders for Fall 1912, is 10pm, Tuesday 1 October 1985.

Lest someone protest, remember that in my house-rules nvr=no. However, if I get one more nvr from anybody, that will be changed to nvr=yes. The purpose of the hr is to protect a careless player, not provide a cheap shelter for vetos.

Ankara to World: Thanks for writing. Many of you will find I have done as you asked.

Ankara to GM: I don't have a phone.

GM to Ankara: I can dig it. Sorry if I seemed pushy, but I sometimes get the feeling nobody is listening out there. PLAYERS: Note my coa (new apartment number only). Phone is same.



1983HC-Mimir

TIME OUT FOR A VOTING SESSION

Seasons have been separated by request of two players. Deadline for Spring 1909 orders AND votes on the various proposals is 10pm, Tuesday, 1 October 1985.

AUTUMN 1908: France retreats a par otb; Italy retreats f con-aeg.

WINTER 1908

Austria (Ed Henry): removes a alb, f adr-- has a rom, a nap.

France (Tom Hise): removes a spa-- has f gas, f por.

Germany (Greg Ellis): builds a mun, a kie-- also has f mid, f eng, f bre, a par, a bur, a mar, a pie, a ven, a tus, a ruh.

Italy (Matt Kazur): removes f gre-- has f ion, f smy, f aeg.

Russia (Pierre Touchette): builds f spt/sc, a war, a mos, f sev--also has f tun, f tyn, f wes, a arm, f con, f ank, a ser, a tri, a bud, a vie, a rum.

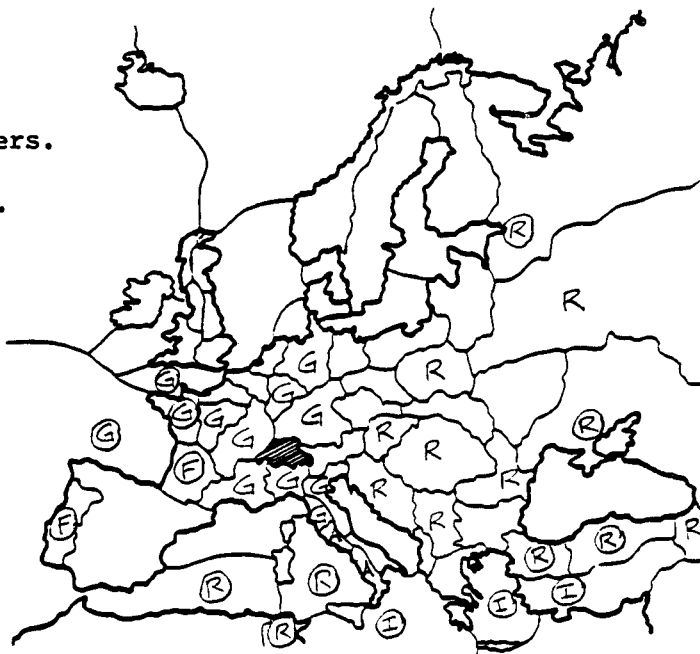
Please note my apartment number will change on Sept. 15 (phone is the same).

Draw/win proposals: Germany and Italy propose G/R draw; Italy proposes G/I/R; Austria proposes a concession to Russia. Vote on g/r, g/i/r, and r with your next orders. Nvr=no. Press:

Austria to Italy: Here I am, defending the Italian homeland for some peculiar reason, and what do I get? It doesn't seem to matter whether I have Italy or Austria--my "partner" always presents "excellent" reasons for needing one of my home centers. I told you I would get even, and I think I have...

Italy to Russia: I suppose this means you are not interested in a draw?

Austria to World: Vote for the concession! This one is lock for WHITE, and Pierre is one of the original players, y'know.



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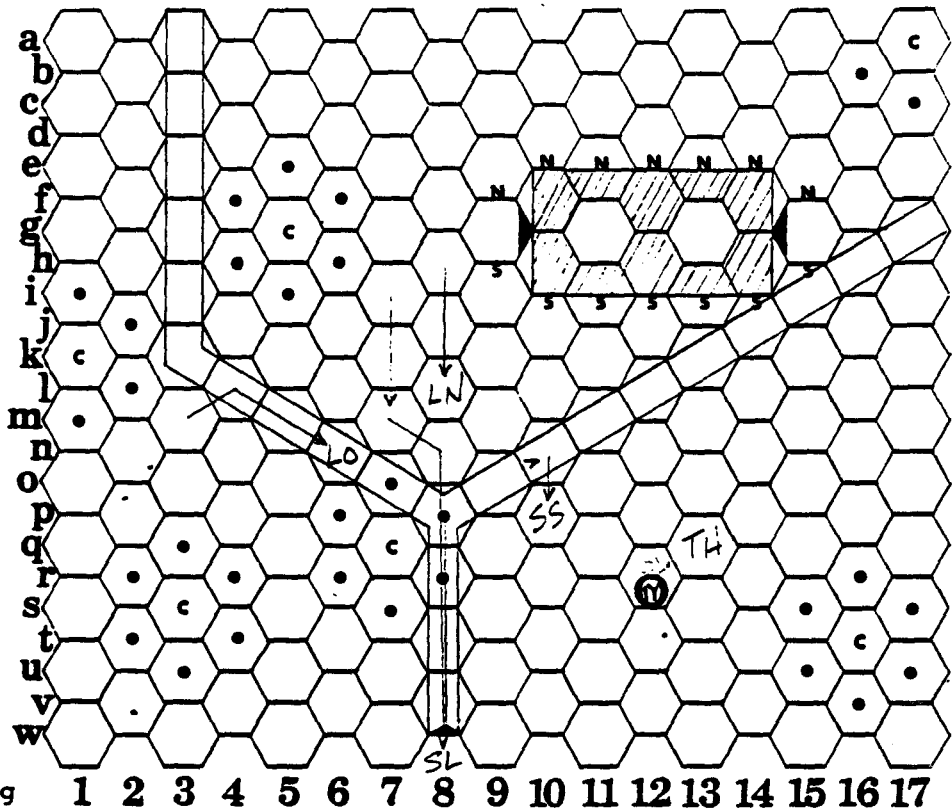
ASF3 Okar

TURN FOUR: THE CREATURES ARE WINNING

Segment One: Slimy Snake slithers out of the kitchen to hiss at Thuvia while she just misses the Yeti with a Dirigible. Yeti returns the favor with a bit more accuracy, hitting TH with a Demon. Snow Lord is trying to get away from Little Narc, and his movement spares him as LN's shot goes wide. While the Narc is pre-occupied, Loki plasters him--so the Narc decides to Bolero Loki, but misses that shot too!

Segment Two: The Snake and the Yeti both attack Thuvia, but only the Slimy One is successful. Thuvia manages to hit Ignoble Yeti, at last, with a Rattler; Snow Lord takes a parting shot at the approaching Narc but is just too soaked to get anything on the throw.

Segment Three: Snow Lord scrambles into the kitchen. Snake and Yeti continue their attack on Thuvia, who is so busy collecting snowballs she doesn't realize they've both hit her! Little Narc lobs a long-distance Rattlesnake at Ignoble Yeti, but still hasn't found his mark. Loki looks around and sees the detested Snake, so he clunks SS in the head with a snake of a different color--white.



fighter	loc	segment one	segment two	segment three	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo left
I. Yeti	R12	TH/di/25/--	TH/rr/75/**	LN/rr/55/--	1/2	5/ 8/ 2 sb
L. Narc	L8	LO/rr/90/**	SL/de/75/--		1/0	7/ 6/ none
Loki	N6	LN/bb/50/--			0/2	5/ 6/ none
S. Lord	k	LN/bb/55/--			0/0	1/ 4/ none
S. S.	O11			LO/rr/85/**	1/2	7/ 6/ none
Thuvia	Q13	IY/de/90/**	<SS/rr/100/** IY/de/80/--	SS/de/80/** IY/de/90/** >	4/1	3/ 5/ 2 sb

Thuvia has taken 7 hp of damage in two turns, the most in any snowfight so far. Snow Lord will get 2 hp renewed for each segment he stays in the kitchen. Everybody was notified of my errors in last turns ammo-builds, and I think I got it all cleared up this time. Also, the map was in error--LN was at H8, not F8. Remember that if you want to step inside for hp, you can also use the shed. And, yes, moving onto the path is the same as moving along it. Moving off is the same as moving from one snow hex to another. OKAY--deadline for Turn Five is 1 October 1985.

LN to Snowy One [SL?]: What's the matter, stung by frostbite? Run into any small white flakes yet?

Loki to Little Narc: This one isn't lemon-scented...or yellow, either.

Loki to Snow Lord: I chased him into the kitchen. Duck while I paste the little one with the BIG mouth.

SnowLord to Little Narc: Hey kid, your hamsters are missing from their cage in the kitchen--and guess which friendly neighborhood snake has hamster breath.

Slimy Snake to Thuvia: Surprise! I'm back!!

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Loki to Slimy Snake: You may have been gone, but you were not forgotten.
Little Narc to Pop: Where am I? How do I feel?
SnowLord to Snowy: Uh-oh. I hate to tell you this about your kitchen, but...it's been SLIMED.
SnowMaster to SL: Gag me big time. I'll have to talk with the Snake about that. But...
SnowLord to Snowy: Do not worry, I'll clean it up for you.
SnowMaster to SL: Oh, great--I was just going to ask.
SnowLord to Snowy: I found the gasoline, now where are the matches?
SnowMaster to Imbicile: Isn't this getting a little boring? Now, put that gas down!!
SnowLord to Snowy: Okay! Okay! Don't have a fit, I'll just use Lysol. There--now, where is your T.V.?
SnowMaster to SL: Don't insult my intelligence.
SnowLord to Snowy: What, no television? Good thing I had my serfs bring mine. I also assume you do not have a VCR either.
SnowMaster to SL: As my sister would say, No shit, Sherlock.
SnowLord to Snowy: That's Okay. I brought mine along. Now hand me that "Rambo Workout Tape".
Rambo to TV audience: Okay--First we smear our bodies in baby oil...Now let's do three hundred pushups...
Ignoble Yeti to SnowLord: He's my (snow)man and I'll fight for him!
IY to Thuvia: Two heads are better than one--harharhar!
Loki to SnowMaster: These are X-ray glasses. I could tell you some interesting things about Thuvia...
IY to TH: Let me take you HP down a notch or two--I've got the balls to do it!
LN to Loki: SnowLord got his, now do you really want me to pelt you with snow or reveal your innermost secrets from your diary? Like the one about Crazy Uncle Frank?
IY to TH: Go tell your mother she wants you!

Don Williams is on my case about yet another item. He contributed the leprechaun which now enjoys a smoke and a book on the Perelandra masthead. Okay, Donald, here's your credit (I am thankful, seriously--it's a wonderful touch). While I'm at it, I need a name for the wee man--how about you readers sending suggestions? If I choose one of yours, I'll give you a free ish.

1984W - Woz

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR ENGLAND/PAT CONLON (survives in second place)

This was a short but wonderful game. Pete was a superb GM throughout. It was even fun going back through all the seasons' results, reminding myself of what transpired since we began in early '84.

During 1901 I chose to ally with Rob and planned the early stab of France. Rob was clearly the better communicator. Of course while Rob and I were busy sending many letters back and forth, Jim Makuc [F] was earning a 3.87 GPA--my 2.6 doesn't even compare. Because he continued to believe in the western triple until after S'02, the elimination of France was fairly easy.

Unfortunately, while I was slowly working my way into the Med, Rob was having excellent luck and success in the middle of the board. The eastern powers never amounted to much in this contest. Sorry guys, but there never was a strong alliance amongst you. Strategically, Rob had more room to maneuver and expand, more dots near at hand to grab. He grew faster than I did. I began to fear that he was going for a solo. I had two choices, as I saw it. I could request that he slow down, and maybe give me one of his centers to keep me happy and on his side. Or I could assume that he would never agree to such a thing, and would only take steps to protect his lead over me. Well, you know which way I went, and what I got for it. Second place is the pits.

I am very curious to see whether he would have stuck with the alliance or gone for the win. I won't say I am guilty of not noticing his lead over me soon enough. The game moved fast and slowing our momentum at all would have been wrong. But I may have been guilty of playing the board rather than the man. It is possible that, despite a very good shot at a win, he might have chosen to go for the draw simply because he's that kind of guy. I'll find out soon enough, huh?

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You might think that the highlight for me in this game was the early success I had. Or you might think I'd say something mushy about all the people I met. But you would be wrong. I did enjoy the success and the letters from all of you. But John's "Ufacik Papa" press had me rolling on the floor. Thanks to all of you, but especially to the creator of the Puny Pope.

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR ITALIAN STANDBY/J.R. BAKER (survives in fourth place)

Not much hope when you take over the weak side facing a strongE/G! Of course, having invaded A/H before the nmr didn't help either--but that problem solved itself with a little help from Turkey (thanks John), and then, all I could see was a German win unless we could form a three-way (e/i/t) to stop him. I prefer a 4-way to 3rd place but I guess John doesn't; his fleet build guaranteed my elimination unless I could end the game in a hurry, so I helped Germany win and settled for survival. Sorry, Pat, you had a chance to stop him--but then I suppose the two-way looked better to you. But a two-way has to voted on and a win doesn't.

GAME: 1984W	GM: P.J. GAUGHAN					ZINE: PERELANDRA		
	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	
Austria	3	4	4	1	0			Dave Bruss
England	5	7	8	9	9	11	9	Pat Conlon
France	5	5	4	1	1	0		Jim Makuc (dro Sp05); CD
Germany	5	7	8	10	13	15	18	Rob Wittmond
Italy	4	4	4	5	4	3	2	Bob Albrecht (dro F01); Guy Hail (dro F02); J.R.
Russia	4	3	0					Mike Rollin
Turkey	4	4	6	8	7	5	5	John Walker

ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR GM/PETE GAUGHAN

I was really hoping Jim Makuc would pay attention to this game long enough to realize he was about to be munched. I also wish the players in the east had been able to get orders in and get in touch with each other to do something--but each one had other distractions, and nmrs set in at all the wrong times.

Frankly, I felt that Rob had a lock on the win UNLESS Pat insisted on evening out the SC count during Fall 1905. (Of course, I was privy to the fact that Rob would get no opposition in the south.) I would have made a simple statement that in the interests of the alliance, I was taking bel and maybe another dot--the "second option" Pat talked about.

Still, both Pat and Rob played excellent games. I could only ask for better competition early on for each of them. Many, many thanks to J.R. for playing out a loser, and to John for maintaining his sense of humor (and ours!) throughout.

I find myself still short of room for all I want to say. Next month and thereafter, I will be running out to twelve pages (post office be damned) with the Texas drivers satire, a Dipcon writeup, and other stuff.

Dipcon was the best experience of my Dip life. To be sure, I sorely missed Cathy Sexton, but having Steve & Daf, Terry, Greg Ellis, J.R., Bruce McIntyre, Ken Corbin & Joan Extrom, Ed Henry, and dozens of others around guaranteed fun. We also had Russ Rusnak, who was his usual funny, obnoxious self (we need and appreciate you Russ). We introduced seven or eight novices to Dip and had one survive four of his five games (!). J.R. won the tournament, followed by Ron Spitzer, who came up with Jay Shufeldt, and Jay Marshall, a local--so the top 3 were from 3 different geographical areas. Prizes were huge ceramic toads with hand-painted messages on their bellies. Dragonflight was a non-stop be-bop convention; we had Dip boards going at every hour of the con, and our hosts did everything for us.

Anyway, send Terry Tallman \$2 if you want a copy of the Tournament Souvenir Booklet, and look here next month for more.

My apologies to my players for being late again. It's not school, or work, or even money--just bad planning and procrastination. Hopefully the start of the fall semester (I have one class and a couple of M.A. papers to write) will make me more responsible.

And no matter what she tells you, don't believe Daf--I did not stab her at Dipcon.

Keep those letters coming, *Pete*

The Last Word

At the time when the Tibetans were ruled by twelve petty cheiftans, there was much discontent and fighting as they had no overall leader and were a country divided. It was during this period that the king of Vatsa in India had a son. The son was no normal child, for he was born with turquoise eyebrows, overhanging eyelids, and his fingers were connected by webs. The king was most distressed and all the court was frightened by this strange child. The king wanted to be rid of the boy, so he ordered him to be placed in a lead box and thrown into the river Ganges. When this task was completed the king and queen, together with the inhabitants of the palace, breathed a sigh of relief that they were now rid of the embarrassing freak of nature.

The boy, however, did not die, for he was found by a peasant, who on opening the box and finding the strange child inside was filled with much love for him, and took him home to live as one of his family. So the boy spent a happy childhood, loved and cared for by the peasant and his wife.

When he was reaching adulthood the peasant thought that it was time the boy knew about his strange beginnings, and so he related the story of how he was found in a lead box by the river Ganges. So that the boy would not feel that he had been abandoned the peasant tried to convince him that he was a very special person, in truth a "mighty one" of high birth. The boy, however, was saddened when he heard the peasant's story, for he had always believed that he was part of the peasant's family and looked upon the man as his father. In his grief the boy fled to the Himalayas and crossed to the border of Tibet, wanting to spend his days alone in the shelter of the mountains.

There he came across some Tibetan priests of the ancient order, who upon seeing this strange young man declared him a god, for when they asked him who he was the boy answered that he was a "mighty one", and when asked from whence he had come the boy pointed across the mountains to India, but the priests thought that he was pointing to the heavens.

Because of the language barrier they gave up efforts to communicate and the boy was placed on a wooden chair which was set on the shoulders of four men. The priests declared, "We shall make him our lord," and so he was known as the "neck chair mighty one" and was the first king of all Tibet.

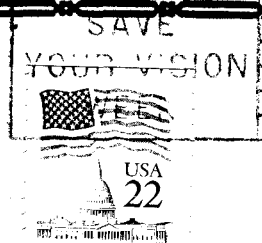
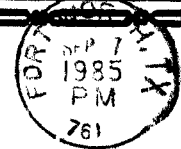
Part of the purpose of this myth is to explain how the King of Tibet came to be called the "neck chair mighty one"--but the Tibetans, who believe this world is just another illusion, gently mock their "heaven-sent" leader at the same time.

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3121 East Park Row
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As of 15 September, at apt. #165.

Ron Spitzer
761 North Bundy Drive
Los Angeles, CA 90049



We trade

Your sub ends with issue 44 First Class Mail