

Herelandra

number 39

February



Who said anything about six-week deadlines? This is just an object lesson in good intentions, and what happens to them about New Year's. But there are object lessons, and then there's...

The Man Who Could Work Miracles

H G Wells

Mr. Fotheringay appealed to the cyclist, who had hitherto been a silent auditor, and received his assent--given with a hesitating cough and a glance at Mr. Beamish. The landlord would express no opinion, and Mr. Fotheringay, returning to Mr. Beamish, received the unexpected concession of a qualified assent to his definition of a miracle.

"For instance," said Mr. Fotheringay, greatly encouraged. "Here would be a miracle. That lamp, in the natural course of nature, couldn't burn like that upsy-down, could it, Beamish?"

"You say it couldn't," said Beamish.

"And you?" said Fotheringay. "You don't mean to say--eh?"

"No," said Beamish reluctantly, "No, it couldn't."

"Very well," said Mr. Fotheringay. "Then here comes someone, as it might be me, along here, and stand as it might be here, and says to that lamp, as I might do, collecting all my will--Turn upsy-down without breaking, and go on burning steady, and--Hullo!"

It was enough to make anyone say "Hullo!" The impossible, the incredible, was visible to them all. The lamp hung inverted in the air, burning quietly with its flame pointing down. It was as solid, as indisputable as ever a lamp was, the common prosaic lamp of the Long Dragon bar.

Mr. Fotheringay stood with an extended forefinger and the knitted brows of one anticipating a catastrophic smash. The cyclist, who was sitting next to the lamp, ducked and jumped across the bar. Everybody jumped, more or less. Miss Maybridge turned and screamed. For nearly three seconds the lamp remained still. A faint cry of mental distress came from Mr. Fotheringay. "I can't keep it up," he said, "any longer." He staggered back, and the inverted lamp suddenly flared, fell against the corner of the bar, bounced aside, smashed upon the floor, and went out.

It was lucky it had a metal receiver, or the whole place would have been in a blaze. Mr. Cox was the first to speak, and his remark, shorn of needless excrescences, was to the effect that Fotheringay was a fool. Fotheringay was beyond disputing even so fundamental a proposition as that! He was astonished beyond measure at the thing that had occurred. The subsequent conversation threw absolutely no light on the matter so far as Fotheringay was concerned; the general opinion not only followed Mr. Cox very closely but very vehemently. Everyone accused Fotheringay of a silly trick, and presented him to himself as a foolish destroyer of comfort and security. His mind was in a tornado of perplexity, he was himself inclined to agree with them, and he made a remarkably ineffectual opposition to the proposal of his departure.

He went home flushed and heated, coat-collar crumpled, eyes smarting and ears red. He watched each of the ten street lamps nervously as he passed it. It was only when he found himself alone in his little bed-room in Church Row that he was able to grapple seriously with his memories of the occurrence, and ask, "What on earth happened?"

He had removed his coat and boots, and was sitting on the bed with his hands in his pockets repeating the text of his defence for the seventeenth time, "I didn't want the confounded thing to upset," when it occurred to him that at the precise moment he had said the commanding words he had inadvertently willed the thing he had said, and that when he had seen the lamp in the air he had felt it depended on him to maintain it there without being clear how this was to be done. He had not a particularly complex mind, or he might have stuck for a time at that "inadvertently willed," embracing, as it does, the abstrusest problems of voluntary action; but as it was, the idea came to him with a quite acceptable haziness. And from that, following, as I must admit, no clear logical path, he came to the test of experiment.

Perelandra

He pointed resolutely to his candle and collected his mind, though he felt he did a foolish thing. "Be raised up," he said. But in a second that feeling vanished. The candle was raised, hung in the air one giddy moment, and as Mr. Fotheringay gasped, fell with a smash on his toilet-table, leaving him in darkness save for the expiring glow of its wick.

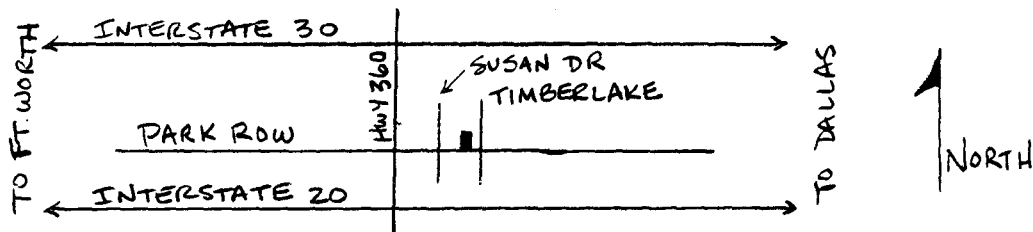
With their qualities of cleanliness, discretion, affection, patience, dignity, and courage, how many of us, I ask you, would be capable of being cats? -----Fernand Mery



Welcome to, at last, Perelandra 39, an amateur monthly magazine of postal gaming, fine literature, and ailurophilia. Your editor is Pete Gaughan (3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010, where the management won't let him keep a cat). Perelandra costs 75 cents per issue. Our gamefee structure is simple: games are either free, or \$20 US. The \$20 games include a sub for the length of the game; \$10 is refundable if you're eliminated before Spring 1906; cost is half for a second or third gamestart. Call 817-633-3208 for more encouragement to sign up.

Before the game openings, I'd like to take a moment for this

All Diplomacy players are invited to the Arlington Park Apartments (that's here) for a weekend of gaming, APRIL 18-20. Again, you are all invited to stake out floor space in our cavernous living room (no kidding!) for ARLINGCON II. Here's a map (talk about advance preparation!):



Diplomacy (\$20): Carlton Harris is signed up; Rob Wittmond signed up and paid.

Gunboat Dip (\$20): Two people are signed up and paid.

Downfall/Lord of the Rings (\$20): Rob Wittmond is signed up and paid. Kevin Tighe too

Ballpark (free): Jim Ferguson, Steve Knight, and Mike Colandro (maybe) signed up. Rules for Downfall and Ballpark were included in issue 38 and are available from me for a SASE. Also, the players in Downfall will each receive a 17"x22" map courtesy of J.R. Baker.

Snowball Fighting (free): The Championship. Past winners Greg Ellis, Daf Langley, and J.R. Baker are signed up, along with Tom Hise and Jim Burgess. Needs two more--get in quick!

LITERARY QUIZ

Last month's EASY: What English poet began his career as a privateer and ended it as an Anglican priest? Surprisingly, no entry from Jim Burgess--the answer is John Donne. Jim Ferguson is right, Matt Kazur's "Francis Bacon" is close but no good.

Last month's HARD: What landmark American poem begins with the opening line, "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness."? J.R. couldn't come up with it although he asks, "How many landmark American poems are there?" This one is Howl, Part 1, by Allen Ginsbur

Standings: Ellis 4, Ferguson 3, Kazur and Burgess 2 apiece.

For next month, we'll go back to Don Williams' list for the HARD question:

HARD (2 pts): In Joseph Heller's only best-selling novel, Catch-22, one of the central characters, Capt. Yossarian, goes in and out of the hospital at will, primarily to avoid flying combat missions. What is the peculiar "ailment" that allows him to do so?

EASY (1 pt): What character in a 17th-century romantic adventure tries to emulate the fictitious Amadis of Gaul?

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The only way to keep a cat is to try to chase it away.

----E. W. Howe

Most cats, when they are Out want to be In, and vice versa, and often simultaneously.

----Dr. Louis J. Camuti

February 1, 1918: Muriel Spark, novelist, is born in Edinburgh, where she will set The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie. 2/3/1874: Gertrude Stein, writer and mentor to the Lost Generation of writers in Paris after World War I, is born in Allegheny, PA. She will boast: "I have been the creative literary mind of the century," although Clifton Fadiman will deliver a more circumspect judgment: "A past master in making nothing happen very slowly." On February 3, 1931, the Arkansas state legislature passes a motion to pray for the soul of H.L. Mencken after he calls the state the apex of moronia. And February 5, 1959, in Nyack, NY, after a luncheon of souffle, oysters, grapes and champagne, Carson McCullers puts music on the phonograph and invites Marilyn Monroe, then married to Arthur Miller (who is present), and Isak Dineson to join her in dancing on the marble-topped dining room table.

7 Feb 1837: Philologist and lexicographer Sir James Murray is born in Roxboroughshire, Scotland. By his death in 1915, half of the Oxford English Dictionary will have been prepared by Murray himself. 10 Feb of the same year (1837), Aleksandr Pushkin (age 37) dies in Moscow of wounds sustained in a duel in defense of his wife's honor. 12 Feb 1809: Charles Darwin is born in Shrewsbury, Shropshire, on the same day that Abraham Lincoln is born in a log cabin in the backwoods of Hardin (now Larue) County, KY.

February 19, 1951: Andre Gide, 81, dies in Paris. A few days later a telegram with Gide's signature appears on a bulletin board in a hall of the Sorbonne: "Hell doesn't exist. Better notify Claudel." Paul Claudel, the Catholic mystic poet, had once tried--unsuccessfully--to convert Gide. February 21, 1925: The first issue of the New Yorker is published. Founded and edited by Harold Ross to "reflect metropolitan life," the magazine announces that it will not be "for the old lady in Dubuque." February 24, 1809: The new Drury Lane Theatre burns to the ground while its owner, Richard Brinsley Sheridan (The School for Scandal), is having a drink at a neighboring coffee-house. With characteristic calm Sheridan announces: "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside." And, on February 29, 45 B.C., Julius Caesar adjusts 46 B.C.--known as the Year of Confusion with its 445 days--by fixing 365 days and six hours as the length of a year, with one day intercalated every four years.

1985CS Tanith

FALL 1901--AUSTRIA GETS THE JUMP ON HER NEIGHBORS

Austria (Bob Olsen): f alb-gre (a ser s), a gal-vie.

England (Jim Ferguson): f nwg-nwy, f nth-bel,
a yor-lon.

France (Matt Kazur): f eng-bel, a gas-spa, a spa-por.

Germany (Mike Colandro): f den-swe, a kie-hol,
a ruh-bel.

Italy (John Crosby): f ion-tun, a tyo-boh, a ven-tyo.

Russia (Evans Givan): f bot-swe, a stp-fin,
f rum h (a ukr s).

Turkey (Jim Diehl): f con-aeg, a smy-con (a bul s).

Austria	vie bud tri SER GRE	3/5	build two
England	lon lvp edi NWY	3/4	build one
France	par bre mar SPA POR	3/5	build two
Germany	mun kie ber DEN HOL	3/5	build two
Italy	rom ven nap TUN	3/4	build one
Russia	mos stp war sev RUM	4/5	build one
Turkey	con ank smy BUL	3/4	build one



DEADLINE for Winter 1901 builds (only) is Wednesday, 26 February 1986, at 11pm. Perelandra will be in the mail by the following Sunday night, provided my printer does his job.

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Tanith press---

France to England: Now, what was that about the Channel?

London to Paris: Pleasure cruise??

London to Berlin: Your ambassador here does nothing but take holidays and fondle women. Why does he refuse to speak to Englishmen?

Germany to UTA: Original moves, huh?

UTA to Germany: Nah, Germans have been fondling English women for a long time now.

Russia to Austria: Stumbling seems more the rule for me. If I was Count Vlad, I probably couldn't get past 4.

Moscow to Paris: Save the silver bullets. The MadLads are still with us.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS for Mr. Colandro — see address list

God save all here, barring the cat.

I have always thought of a dog lover as a dog in love with another dog.

----Irish toast

----James Thurber

1983HC-Mimir

ITALY DEPARTS AS GERMANY ARRIVES

G/R draw: Austria & Germany NVR, F I & R vote yes.

Autumn 1909: Germany retreats f mid-nat.

Winter 1909: Germany builds f kie, Italy removes f con, and Russia builds a stp.

SPRING 1910

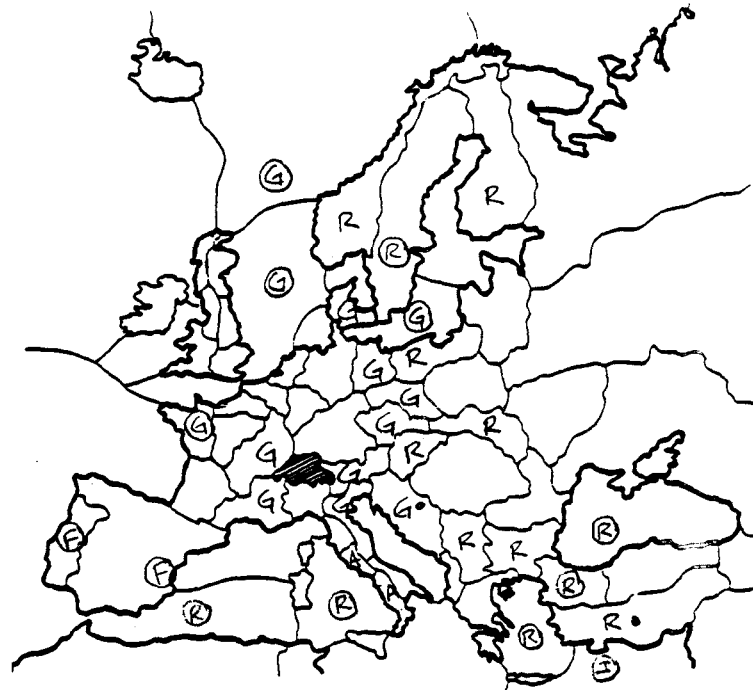
Austria (Ed Henry): nmr. a rom & a nap h.

France (Tom Hise): f mid-spa/sc (f por s).

Germany (Greg Ellis): f nat-nwg, f eng-bre, f edi-nth, a gas-bur, a mar h, a ven-tri (a tyo s), a tus-ven, a mun-sil (a ber s), a den-swe, a boh-vie, f kie-bal.

Italy (Matt Kazur): f smy-aeg /r syr oth/, f eas-ion.

Russia (Pierre Touchette): a stp-fin, f bot-swe (a nwy s), a pru h, a tri ms a vie /a tri r bud oth/, a gal s a vie, a gre-ser, f ank-con (a bul & f bla s), a arm-smy (f aeg s), f tyn-ion, f wes s Pf mid-spa/sc.



There is a change of address for Ed Henry--see the address list later. From here on out nvr will be a YES vote, but no new proposals this turn...and no press either. Deadline for Fall 1910 (and Summer 1910 retreats) is 11pm, Wednesday 26 February 1986.

1983 G - Darkover

NCT QUITE A MILE

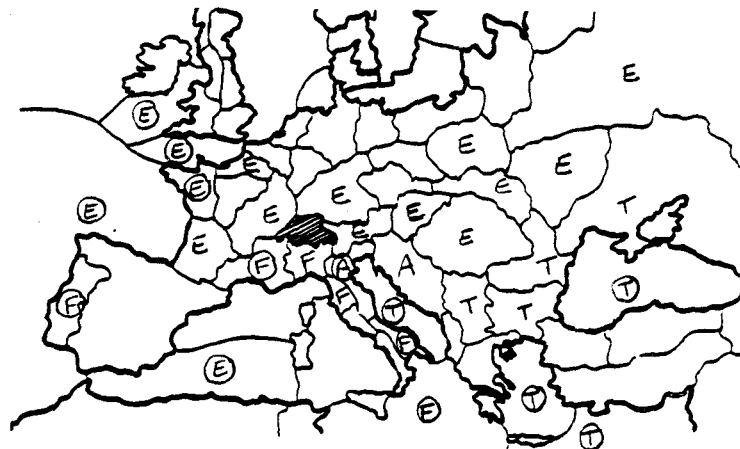
Summer 1913--draw proposals...

	Austria	England	France	Turkey
e/f	yes	no	nvr	no
e/t	"	"	"	yes
e/a	"	"	"	"
e/a/t	"	"	"	"
e/f/t	"	"	"	"

All draws fail.

FALL 1913

Austria (John Crosby): f ven s a tri, a bud-vie (a tri s) /a bud ann/.



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England (Evans Givan): f gas-mid (f bre & f eng s), f mid-wes, f iri h, a bel-pic, a par-gas, a bur h, a ruh-mun, a tyo-tri, a boh-vie, a vie-bud (a gal s), a war-ukr, a ukr-rum (a mos s)
France (Greg Ellis): f por-spa, f spa/sc-mar, f tun-ion, f nap-apu, a pie-ven, a tus s a par-ven /imp/.
Turkey (Guy Hail): a sev-bul (f bla c), a arm-sev (a rum s), a gre-ser, f con-aeg, f aeg-eas, f adr-tri.

WINTER 1913 SUPPLY CENTER CHART

Austria	tri byd ven	3 / 2	even
England	edi lvp lon nwy den hol swe bel kie stp ber war mos bre mun vie	BUD 16/17	build one
France	par mar spa por tun rom nap	7 / 7	build one
Turkey	con ank smy ser gre rum bul sev	8 / 8	even

Deadline for Winter adjustments and Spring 1914 is 11pm Wednesday, 26 February 1986. Press: London to Paris: Sorry we almost interfered with the hopping festival. Hope this early withdrawal doesn't carry too many penalties.

UTA to London: Did somebody forget to tell you that Fall is harvest time? Your dots could get overripe. This adds an interesting twist to a game that I thought would end now.

A dog is prose, a cat is a poem.

-----Jean Burden

No apologies for being late. Some of you better remind me not to set deadlines between Christmas and New Year's any more. And once I got two weeks behind, it was easier to simply put the whole issue off a month instead of leap-frogging the schedule each month.

Could you each please check this information? Now that the anonymous SnowFight is over I can print address lists again--until Gunboat starts, I guess...

Brian Bailey Fuller Theological Seminary Box 1163 135 N Oakland Av Pasadena CA 91101
J.R. Baker 3100 Meadow Ln N Dickinson TX 77539 713-337-4110
Jim Burgess 100 Holden St Providence RI 02908 401-351-0287
Kathy Byrne 29-10 164th St Flushing NY 11358 718-353-9695
Mike Colandro 1714 Brightside Ln #B Baton Rouge LA 70820 504-767-3635
John Crosby 1496 Washington Ln West Chester PA 19382
Jim Diehl 10530 W Riverview Dr Eden Prairie MN 55344
James Easrly 3705 Uruguay Pasadena TX 77504 713-941-7247
Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701 512-343-8202
Jim Ferguson 112 Old English Ct Jupiter FL 33458 305-747-8527
Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Ct Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606 916-722-8982
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Bruce McIntyre 6191 Winch St Burnaby BC V5B 2L4 Canada 604-299-2382
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Glover Rogerson The Basement 11 Buckingham Pl Clifton Bristol BS8 1LJ U.K.
Ben Schilling 24730 Roosevelt Ct #315 Farmington Hills MI 48018-2123
Keith Sherwood 4824 1/2 Muir San Diego CA 92107
Ron Spitzer 761 N Bundy Dr Los Angeles CA 90049

continues...

(more addresses)

The Last Word

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John Walker 4819 Corian Oak San Antonio TX 78219 512-662-6048

Don Williams 217-B Craig Ct Redlands CA 92374 714-793-6751

Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd St #308 Torrance CA 90504 213-542-9571

There is a whole library of research on the phobia of those who cannot bear the cat and these fall into groups themselves: people who cannot endure them for psychological reasons having to do with their own natures; those who are subject to atavistic tremors in the face of this animal; and those who are definitely physically affected by their presence and react with disgust to the point of nausea or break out into allergic rashes.

But I have never seen a single line to explain why it is that puss loves them one and all and if there is a phobe in the room will make a beeline for the party, purr, roll over, flatter, cajole, and jump up into the victim's lap murmuring endearments.

Toward us philes who have the warmest affection for kitty on various levels and for many diverse reasons ranging from amused delight to love, the cat is able to show the utmost indifference. To an outpouring of fondness on our part, demonstrated by stroking it, scratching it, hugging it to us and crooning over it, cat will yawn and, as soon as our smothering hold upon it is released, get up, jump down, and go. This is understandable. Amorousness can be cloying and disagreeable, particularly if practiced at the wrong moment.

...I have always thought I understood my cat's attitudes toward my overreacting to it and respected it.

But what about the poor phobes? It would be simple to say that, feeling rejected, the animal is determined to win over such a one just to show that it can be done. But that isn't a cat. That's more a dog's characteristic. Cat simply doesn't care.

And besides, it is impossible. It isn't going to work, ever. The phobe is not to be reformed by such flattery. The presence of a cat fills him with whatever you care to ascribe to the Greek root--fear, dread, horror, bad memories...and nothing is going to cure them.

Felis domestica most certainly would have found this out in its three- or four-thousand-year association with human beings.

-----Paul Gallico, from Honorable Cat

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We trade

Your sub ends with issue 44

First Class Mail