

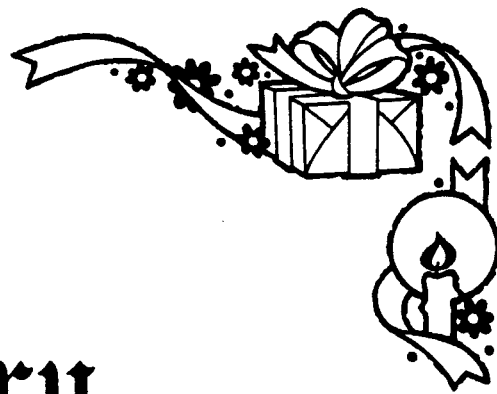
# Herelandra

number 43

June



## Our Fourth Anniversary



It is alleged by a friend of my family that I used to suffer from insomnia at the age of four; and that when she asked me how I managed to occupy my time at night I answered: 'I lie awake and think about the past.'

Ronald Knox, Literary Distractions, 1941

I did not cry, I seldom laughed and I did not make a noise; at four, I was caught putting salt in the jam; out of scientific interest rather than devilment, I suppose; anyway, it is the only crime I can remember.

Jean-Paul Sartre, Words, 1964

My first conscious memory dates from when I was four. I was being taken for a walk by the nursemaid. I was dressed in knickerbockers, with a fawn-colored coat, and on my head was a red tam-o'-shanter -- you know, the round cap with a little tail protruding from its centre, like the remains of a cut umbilical cord. And then out of the hawthorn hedge there hopped a fat toad. What a creature, with its warty skin, its big eyes bulging up, and its awkward movements! That comic toad helped me to determine my career as a scientific naturalist.

Julian Huxley, Memories, 1970-3

At the age of four years and eight months, Louis XIV, King of France and Navarre, was not merely the master but also owner of the goods and bodies of nineteen million men, given into his power by a decree of the almighty.

Philippe Erlanger, Louis XIV, 1970



# Perelandra

While I'm emphasizing how agreeable children usually are between three and six, I ought to make a partial exception for four-year-olds. There's a lot of assertiveness, cockiness, loud talk and provoking that comes out around four years in many children and that requires a firm hand in the mother.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, Baby and Child Care, 1955



## Vital Statistics

This is the 43rd issue of Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine of postal games and classic literature. Perelandra is edited and published by P.J. Gaughan at 3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010 (phone 817-633-3208). Subscriptions cost 75 cents per issue (\$1 US for air mail delivery overseas).

Also published here is The Dragon's Lair, a ratings zine edited by Stephen Wilcox (ratings editor for Diplomacy World). TDL also costs 75 cents per issue, payable to Pete.

For details on polls, cons, and zines, please write to Steve Langley (2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento CA 95825) and ask for "Prestidigitation"--but there is one convention which I will point out to you myself. Bob Olsen hosts PudgeCon every year at his home in Wichita, Kansas, with this year's edition being held July 4-6. Cathy, Tom and I plan to attend (IF Bob mails me a street map of Wichita)...any Texas or Oklahoma gamers wanting to share a ride should call Tom or myself at 817-633-3208.

This issue, of course, is the fourth anniversary of Pere, and as such is crammed full of stuff. We have items from Chuff Afflerbach on baseball; John Walker on Downfall; Steve, Daf and Don on friendship; the Rocky Horror Picture Show on dance steps; W.H. Auden on the martyr in literature; and a number of other guests discussing the number four just for the heck of it. I might even squeeze in an editorial of my own...let's see. And, of course, the rules.

For those who asked: the cover story last month was from Michael Shaara's short story called simply "The Holes." It can be found in Uncollected Stars, an anthology edited by Piers Anthony. It was originally published in Galaxy in the early fifties.

Finally, you may have noticed that I am using yet another typewriter. My own machine is at Smith-Corona (the third and last chance for that one) and I have rented a big electronic for the week. Of course, you can do all kinds of neat stuff on this one, like correction and even centering.

But it means I have to get the zine out by Saturday morning! So let's get started, after I decide which typepitch to use...

## Game Openings

Gamefees include a sub for the length of the game; second or third games are at half price.

Diplomacy (\$20): A gamestart is enclosed, along with a copy of my houserules for the players. A new game is now open (seven needed) but I don't expect it to start for four or five months.

Gunboat Diplomacy (\$20): Needs just two more to start, but one sign-up is still unpaid.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings (\$20): Needs four, since Rob Wittmond and John Walker are paid and Mark Luedi is signed up. Rules are available from Pete for a SASE.

Snowball Fighting (free): Open to all subscribers, needs seven or eight. Rules from Pete.

United (\$15): Rules are enclosed, with three entries so far for the Perelandra Invitational Soccer Assn. (Tom Hise, Don Williams, Dave Anderson). I'll take the best six or eight entries; an entry must be an essay of 50 to 200 words telling me why your team should be invited.

Ballpark (free): Still needs one or two more, because a couple of people haven't sent in sub checks yet. So far we have Jim Ferguson, Joe Kott, John Walker, John Caruso, and Bill Becker...Pete Gaughan will play if we only get seven. The rewritten rules are enclosed, with a new twist: Tom will run a three-month exhibition season, without minor leagues, then we'll start all over again with a few added rule changes like hit-and-run plays.

# Perelandra

We can always use standbys here at Perelandra, and I want thank several people for signing up this month. The list in order they'll be called (Dip only unless noted):

John Walker (any game), Jim Keeney, Daf Langley, Tom Hise (Dip & Downfall), Pierre Touchette, J.R. Baker, Jim Ferguson, Jim Diehl, John Crosby, Evans Givan, and Greg Ellis.

Note that you are only called once--you're welcome to ask to be put back on the list, but if you get into a game I'll pull your name until I hear from you. Also, if you drop out of a game I'll remove you from here, assuming that you wouldn't answer a call, unless you say otherwise. Thanks to all of you for your help, and a free issue to Greg and J.R. for their orders in 85CS.

=====

Alonso of Aragon was wont to say in commendation of age, that age appears to be best in four things: old wood best to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, and old authors to read.

Francis Bacon, Apothegms, number 97, 1624

## Literary Calendar

1 June 1825: Emily Bronte leaves Cowan Bridge School. Officials enter in the record book: "Subsequent career--governess." 3 June 1964: T.S. Eliot writes to Groucho Marx: "The picture of you in the newspaper saying that, among other reasons, you have come to London to see me has greatly enhanced my credit line in the neighborhood, and particularly with the greengrocer across the street." 10 June 1928: Artist and author of children's books Maurice Sendak (Where the Wild Things Are) is born in Brooklyn, NY. 15 June 1300: Dante Alighieri becomes Prior of Florence. 16 June 1904: James Joyce meets Nora Barnacle, a chambermaid at Finn's Hotel, Dublin, and takes her for a walk. This will become the day of Leopold Bloom's fictional odyssey through Dublin in Ulysses--Bloomsday.

18 June 1746: A group of London booksellers enters into a contract with Samuel Johnson for the projected 40,000-word "Johnson Dictionary." His price--£1,575. 19 June 1623: Blaise Pascal, philosopher, scientist, and writer (Pensees), is born in Clermont-Ferrand. 21 June 1982: A new edition of Stephen Crane's The Red Badge of Courage is published by W.W. Norton, restoring cuts made by Crane's editor in 1895. 26 June 1939: After completing a total of 81 books (32 of them novels), Ford Madox Ford dies in Deauville, France, at 66. 29 June 1613: The Globe Theatre catches fire and burns to the ground during a performance of Shakespeare's Henry VIII. 30 June 1936: Margaret Mitchell's Gone With the Wind is published by Macmillan. The fastest-selling novel in U.S. history will set a record in October when 50,000 copies are sold in one day.

## Literary Quiz

Jim-Boob was the only reader to try thismonth's quiz! Greg and a couple others said they would send in answers but never did (Matt and Steve are kind enough to at least let me know when they tried but found them too hard.) So, the questions and answers:

EXTRA-HARD: Name the prize-winning Canadian novel (and its author) that was the source for the movie Rachel, Rachel, with Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. Jim--"Damn! I know it!! "Spinster Something?" No, Jim; it's Margaret Laurence's A Jest of God, which won the Governor General's award in 1967.

HARD: In what dictionary can we find the following definitions: Alone--in bad company. Love--a temporary insanity curable only by marriage. Marriage--a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all, two. Jim says,

That's Dr. Johnson, of course. I haven't heard the ones you cited before, but the style is unmistakable. One of my favorites that Greg Ellis should enjoy is 'Pension--an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.'

18th-century writers loved word play. Henry Fielding defined love as 'a word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favorite objects of all our appetites,' and marriage as 'a kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other,

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and both are commonly losers in the end.' Cynical or realistic? Since I'm a newlywed, I'll withhold comment.

You should have withheld the whole thing, Jim. The definitions I provided were straight out of Ambrose Bierce's The Devil's Dictionary, where you can also find my favorite, Cynic--a blackguard whose faulty vision sees things as they are; not as they ought to be.

EASY--What article, detailing the dropping of an atomic bomb, shocked America when it appeared in the New Yorker on August 31, 1946? Jim got this one: John Hersey's "Hiroshima."

The score is now Ellis 4, Ferguson 3, Kazur and Woodard 2 each, Lew and Burgess 1 each.

NEXT MONTH'S HARD (2 points): To succeed in one field is rare, but to triumph in both politics and playwriting is truly remarkable. Born in Dublin, this man later bought Garrick's share of Drury Lane and wrote a superb comedy of manners in 1777. He also served with distinction in Parliament. Unfortunately, he utterly failed at handling his own finances and died in penury. Who was he? An extra point if you can name his most famous play, which is the namesake of a British Diplomacy zine.

NEXT MONTH'S EASY (1 pt.): All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren is a roman á clef about what American political figure?

## 1983HC-Mimir

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	
Austria	5	5	5	6	4	3	4	2	2	2	2	Ed Henry
England	4	3	2	1	1	0						John Crosby (out W06)
France	4	4	5	5	6	6	4	2	2	3	2	Bob Sweeney (res F07); Tom Hise
Germany	5	7	7	7	7	8	10	12	13	14	18	Pat Pakel (dro F04); Greg Ellis
Italy	4	4	4	5	6	5	5	3	2	0		Matt Kazur (out W10)
Russia	5	6	7	8	8	9	11	15	15	15	12	Pierre Touchette
Turkey	4	4	4	2	2	3	0					Jay Chaiser (dro Sp03); Evans Givan (out W07)

### ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR AUSTRIA/ED HENRY

It is a bit difficult to remember the beginnings of this one, when ever that was. Seems like the first three years or so Matt (Italy) forwarded to me various implausible reasons for giving him Trieste. Now it gets even foggier, but I believe tempers flared, or knives flashed or whatever--anyway, I was suddenly a hurtin' puppy with a rabid desire for revenge.

The rest of the game is a blur--probably being caused by too much beer. In quest of wine, or anything else Italian, I wrested the country from his grasp. (Does that sound good, or what?) Meanwhile, my own homeland, along with a couple of the original palyers, took a hike.

Greg surprised me, as I thought Pierre had it in the bag. I admit to not paying too much attention to the rest of the board: once committed to hurting Italy as much as possible, I concetrated on that. It must have worked, as you will no doubt have noticed that I am still here at the end (I probably owe at elast some thanks to Greg) while Matt is not. 'Nuff said.

Actually, that's abit longer than the average endgame statement I see anymore, but I think they should all be that long. At any rate, that's the end of that. Thanks for finishing the game for us, Pete--you done good.

### ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR GERMANY/GREG ELLIS

This game was disgustingly easy. Everything seemed to fall my way, including the fact that my final blunder didn't end up costing me the win. When I took over this position there was a profitable alliance with Russia established, but it was clearly to Russia's advantage. Pierre could have stabbed me at any time, but he held off until too late. I was able to move all of his fleets around Iberia, and the builds I ained from France gave me a defensible position.

Fortunately, Pierre chose just that moment to stab and the French player dropped out. I was then able to turn on Russia and get a Franch ally. Russia really shouldn't have stabbed, since I was able to immediately turn around and take two centers from him. From there it was a short trip to the win, since I was already well past the stalemate lines.

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Thanks to the other players, and to Pete. My second game as Germany, and my first postal win will be remembered as a short, sweet experience!

## ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR GM/PETE GAUGHAN

This game is yet another argument in favor of ratings systems for standby games. Greg is completely responsible for Germany's success.

But I will never forget Pierre telling me, over the phone, how disappointed he was in this game--angry at himself for not paying it much attention because some of his other games were so time-consuming. And it was conversations like that one which made me appreciate the game for introducing me to people like Pierre, who has become a friend through NMR insurance!

I got this game from Keith Sesler's Manifest Destiny in Spring 1903, and lost Pat Pakel shortly after that, but every month Matt and Ed could be counted on to send in hopeless moves and a wry comment or two. Thanks to all who took part!

## NORDEEN

AND AWAAAAAY WE GO...

Welcome to the beginning of Nordeen, the latest Diplomacy game to appear in the postal hobby's version of Poor Richard's Almanac. The players are:

Austria: Jim Diehl 10530 Riverview Dr Eden Prairie MN 55344  
England: Hugh Christie 43 E Houston Av Montgomery PA 17752 717-547-1082  
France: Will Woodard 9941 Whitehurst #2039 Dallas TX 75243 214-340-6458  
Germany: Steve Langley 2296 Eden Roc Ln #1 Sacramento CA 95825 916-927-4077\*  
Italy: Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd St #308 Torrance CA 90504 213-542-9571  
Russia: John Crosby 1496 Washington Ln West Chester PA 19382  
Turkey: Ben Schilling 24730 Roosevelt Ct #315 Farmington Hills MI 48018-2123

\*Steve may be moving to New Mexico soon.

A Spring 1901 will delay the game while I find a standby; at this point I have orders from three of you. DEADLINE for Spring 1901 orders is 11pm CDT; 27 June 1986. One press item: Turkey to World: Shall we dance?

## TANITH 85CS

THE AXIS GETS NOWHERE

Mike Colandro failed to send orders, so J.R. Baker is in.  
FALL 1902

Austria (Greg Ellis): a bud-gal (a vie s) (a tri s a vie), f gre s If ion-aeg (a ser s).

England (Jim Ferguson): f nth-den (Rus s), f nwy-nth, a yor h, f hel s Rf bal-kie.

France (Matt Kazur): a gas-bur, a bur-mun, a spa-bel (f mid c, f eng c).

Note: everyone seemed to realize that the French map was loused up last time.

Germany (J.R. Baker): f den-bal (f kie s) (f ber s f kie), a ruh-bel, a hol s Fa bur-bel /nso/.

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

Russia (Evans Givan): a war-pru, a gal-sil /war ukr otb/, f rum h, a swe s Ef nth-den, f bal-kie (Eng s) /bot lvn otb/.

Turkey (Jim Diehl): f aeg s Afgre (f eas s), a bul s Rf rum (a con s).



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A- vie bud tri gre ser 5/5 even  
 E- edi lvp lon nwy DEN 4/5 +1  
 F- par bre mar spa por MUN 5/6 +1  
 G- ~~van~~ kie ber ~~den~~ hol 5/3 +2  
 I- rom nap ven tun 4/4 even  
 R- mos stp war sev rum SWE 5/6 +1?  
 T- con ank smy bul 4/4 even

DEADLINE for Winter 1902 AND Spring 1903 orders is 11pm CDT, 27 June 1986 (Friday). Russia may build more than one unit depending on retreats.

Paris to London: No harm, no foul.  
 Paris to Berlin: No harm, no foul?  
 Russia to Germany: NMRs may be your best strategy.  
 That way you won't be around to see the Russians in

your dots. Or your stripes.

German standby to GM: Almost missed that standby call. Need to put something in the Fact File (a concept which I like) or stats or in the quiz to get my attention (of course, if you had put it in Cimmeria I'd have got it first pass).

Austria to World: I hope this doesn't disappoint you folks, but I am here to stay! No more revolving Austrians. It looks like y'all have done the hard part and set up the alliances, so maybe I can shake things up a little!

Constantinople: Will someone please wake the Sultan when this is over? ZZZZZ

UTA to Tired Turk: Careful. People have died in their sleep before, you know.

GSB [German standby] to England: Wasn't it you who asked me to bounce Evans? So are we friends now?

GSB to Russia: Who's in St. Pete?

GSB to France: See you at DipCon.

GSB to Austria: Nothing like a 22-center win to make you popular! (nice defense)

GSB to Italy: I just knew in my heart that finally we'd get to be allies.

GSB to Turkey: Guess who's going to be in Sev this winter?

I lay it down as a fact that if all men knew what others say of them, there would not be four friends in the world.

Blaise Pascal, Pensées, number 101, 1670

## LOKI TAKES A QUIET LEAD

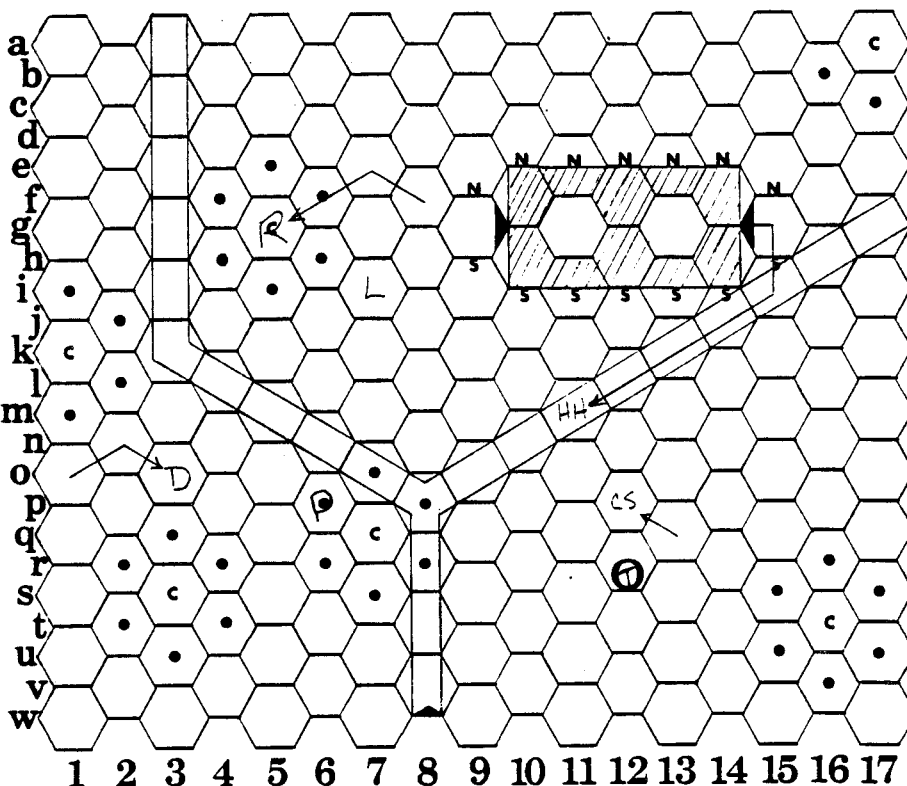
For Turn Two, Cimmeria begins to look less like a tag-team match and more like a true snow-for-all. While Houston Halfling finds his way out of the shed, Coke Sniffer and Timmy continue their skirmish. The Sniff gets the better of it because of Timmy's muff with the snowman's head, but now that HH is in range they may both be in trouble.

Polaris and Daf keep at it, with a fairly even exchange while Daf manages to collect a Dirigible. But it's Loki who has the big impact on the Fight, as he scores a di on 'Rad (despite the tree in his way) AND a conifer storm VP on Polaris.

Among the highlights of this round is HH's toss on CS...rolling a 96 on a 95% hit prob!

Timmy is clearly in early "foul trouble," but it's just possible that his stockpile will keep him in the running longer than usual.

## CIMMERIA ASF4



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Segment One		loc	attacked by	vp	hp
CS	de against T, move to P12	P12	T /sh/ 60/-	1	0
D	move to O3	O3	P /rr/ 85/*	0	-1
HH	in shed	shed		0	+2
L	di against R	I7		3	0
P	rr against D	P6		1	0
R	move to G5	G5	L /di/ 25/*	0	-3
T	sh against CS	R12	CS/de/ 70/*	0	-1

Segment Two		loc	attacked by	vp	hp
CS	collect di	P12	T /rr/120/*	0	-1
D	rr against P	O3	P /rr/100/*	1	-1
HH	move out and down to M11	M11		0	0
L	collect 2 snowballs	I7		0	0
P	rr against D	P6	D /rr/ 90/*	1	-1
R	collect 2 snowballs	G5		0	0
T	rr against CS	R12		1	0

Segment Three		loc	attacked by	vp	hp	vp	hp	ammo left
CS	"bop Timmy with di"	P12	HH/rr/ 95/-, T /rr/110/*	3	-1	5	8	none
D	collect di	O3	P /rr/110/*	0	-1	3	7	1 di & 1 sb
HH	rr against nearest (CS)	M11		0	0	2	9	1 sb
L	cs on Q7 (conditional)	I7	R /rr/105/*	1	-1	6	7	1 sb
P	rr against D	P6	L /cs/80,70/*	1	-1	3	6	1 di
R	rr against L	G5		1	0	2	7	1 sb
T	rr against CS	R12	CS/di/ 60/*	1	-3	2	5	4 sb

Loki to SM: No shouting this turn--have to save my breath.

P to L: Dipcon? Did you say Dipcon? Amazing, what a lasting impression a personal appearance can make! Me, get off the path and stockpile? Whatever gave you the impression that I'm a conservative player? By the way, I've saved something for you...come and get it!

P to R: Do you remember when SM set up a ftf game? [I assume he means here at ArlingCon.]

P to HH: Didn't he say he moved the snowman so that Timmy couldn't get to the kitchen in one turn?

P to T: He did say that, didn't he?

SM to Polaris: Yeah, I said that...

P to SM: Yeah, I thought so.

P to R: So much for the plan, this one goes all the way to 15.

SnowMaster to Polaris: ...so what's wrong with the set-up? If Timmy has to run for cover, he'll end up at X8, and it'll take him another segment to get into the kitchen. The rules say you may not stop on a door hex unless you're running for cover.

Daf to Snowy: Is there any way I could barricade that shed door?

SnowMaster to Daf: Well, if there were any dead bodies lying around...

Daf to Snowy: That's a great idea!

Daf to Coke Sniffer: Hey, Tall, Dark and Pliable. Would you run over and stand in front of the shed door for me? You're such a sweetheart!

CS to Daf: All right! How do you do that? You get all the breaks.

CS to HH: Brilliant maneuver. You three are going to bounce in and out of the shed all game.

Daf to Timmy: You look like a smart little boy. I'll give you a quarter if you'll go stand in front of the other door. That's a good boy.

CS to Timmy: C'mere you pipsqueak, I swear you'll pay for outsmarting me! Sniff, sniff.

CS to Daf: Oooh! You really make me mad!!

Daf to HH: What's the matter, Short Stuff? You afraid of a little snow?

CS to SM: I like this better with seven players. The more the merrier.

CS to Polaris: Leave me alone and get Daf! If you leave her over there to take cheap shots with no opposition, she'll win again.

P to D: "Come a little closer / You're my kind of girl / And the night is so young..."

Daf to Polaris: Twinkle, twinkle, little star, why don't you stay right where you are?

HH to Flake: If anybody bombs in this game, it's going to be you, Flake Brain. We know you can take it, when do you start dishing it out? Once you lose your 'head' and you find yourself alone next to 6000 SBs, what will you do?

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## Michael G. Coney

This is Syzygy, a novel about what happens when intelligence exists without communication. The people of the colony discover that those floating masses in the coastal waters are actually thinking, psychic beings. Because of their proximity, the community becomes aware of each person's emotions--but they can't find a way to communicate with the Minds, nor a way to stop the drownings and boating accidents. The marine biologist narrates their last hope:

"What's your policemna doing there?" Arthur asked.

"He goes by the book," I explained. "It's illegal to dynamite the river, so he can't let anyone else do it except himself. That's the sort of reasoning I'd expect from him. Commendable, in a way. He's taken full responsibility."

Clarke was standing; the dinghy wobbled and I saw the fins of blackfish cutting the water all around.

"Careful . . ." breathed Arthur.

The boat was directly below us now, leaving the narrow channel between mudflats, entering the deep water of Anchor Pool. Officer Clarke touched a match to the waterproof fuse on a stick of dynamite; I saw a bright spark, a thin wisp of smoke drifted. The crowd on the opposite bank became silent.

Arthur was staring at the scene. I heard him muttering, "This is it...This is it..." I wanted him to shut up.

Clarke was holding the stick at arm's length, the spark was eating down the fuse. Phipps took a stroke or two with the oars to swing the boat into position for a quick departure. They were directly above the position of the Mind.

"Now," I said, glancing at Arthur. There was a curious smile on his face, like that of an idiot child.

Clarke stood like a statue, arm outstretched, feet planted firmly in the dinghy. There was an inch of fuse left.

Scattered shouts came from the opposite bank. Phipps and Blackstone sat in the boat, watching intently, eyes fixed on the shortening fuse. Blackstone's lips were moving, he was saying something to Clarke. The dinghy had an air of unhurried expectancy.

"Drop it, drop it..." I found myself moaning. "For God's sake drop it, Clarke. Quickly... Quickly...Now..."

The shouting from the opposite bank had swollen to a frenzied roar of anguish.

Arthur was speaking. He was looking at me still with that crazy smile on his face; his teeth looked sharp, lupine. "Not now, Mark," he said softly. "Not now, not ever..."

Blackstone's lips had stopped moving; he and Phipps were regarding the charge raptly, with a queer serenity.

The spark disappeared. Clarke's arm was rigid, fist clenched.

The grass was cool against my cheek but a sharp stone had cut into my chin; my eyes were smarting, my fingernails clawing soil.

A brilliant white flash; a half-seen image of flung bodies twisting in impossible attitudes; a broken spine of boat lying in a momentary depression in the water; a rising, spreading shower of spray and jagged timber; then falling, splashing lightly--planks and baulks and things my mind refused to identify...

Then silence.

Little that Arthur or I said made sense, but one final remark of his stuck in my memory.

"We are identified," he said. "The Mind was able to construe the intention of the approaching boat. It was able to recognize the imminent danger from our own minds, and forestall it. It recognizes Man, now. And it knows Man is its enemy."

The next few pages are a gift from my own personal fancy. I don't run many 'odds and ends' because of space, but here are three pages of baseball, reading, and entertainment that have been sitting in my Maybe file for a while.



# the gonzo baseball league

reprinted from the GBL report,  
this article is from Chuff Afflerbach

Week #5  
May 17, 1986

## THE GAME OF THE DAY

One of my first investments when I accepted this appointment as Gonzo Commissioner was a portable radio. Nothing fancy, mind you--no Walkman or "beat box" or other trendy hi-tech contraption. We're talking real cheap pocket transistor from (you guessed it) Radio Shack. It cost me less than a franchise fee and has become my constant companion since spring training began. During lunch, on the bus home, even mowing the lawn on the weekend, I've got my radio in my pocket and my earplug in my ear, catching just a few more innings.

And for a born-again baseball fan, it is heaven on earth living in one of the four metropolitan areas blessed with a team in each of the major leagues. Normally, I manage to get out to Candlestick and the Coliseum once during the whole season; with both teams surprise contenders this year, I hope to double my attendance. The only games I'll watch on TV are the All-Star Game and the Series. Watching a game at the ballpark is a leisurely luxury; on TV it's tedious torture. But listening to it on the radio is as natural as slipping on an old shoe--wherever you're going, it's a comfortable fit. I figure this summer I'll average a game a day.

Much has been made of the marriage of football and TV, and I would wholeheartedly agree it is a perfect match. A football is big and, for the most part, doesn't travel very far very fast. It's easy for the players and camera to follow the action. But a 4-inch hardball going 90 mph doesn't translate well on the flickering screen. You can't see a breaking ball over the outside corner or an RBI double up the alley nearly as well as a good radio announcer can describe it.

So the word, I guess, is ambience. For a baseball game the ambience is unmistakable; you can tell from the rumble of the crowd that you've found a game before you ever hear a word from the announcer. And when he does speak, it's in that measured, mellow key of a soothing baritone. Should the relaxed pace with its occasional lulls allow you to drift away from the action, no problem; go ahead and do all that other busy work you need to do while the game goes on. You'll be gently brought back by the crack of the bat, a cheer from the fans, or an exclamation by the announcer no stronger than an appreciative "Holy Toledo!"

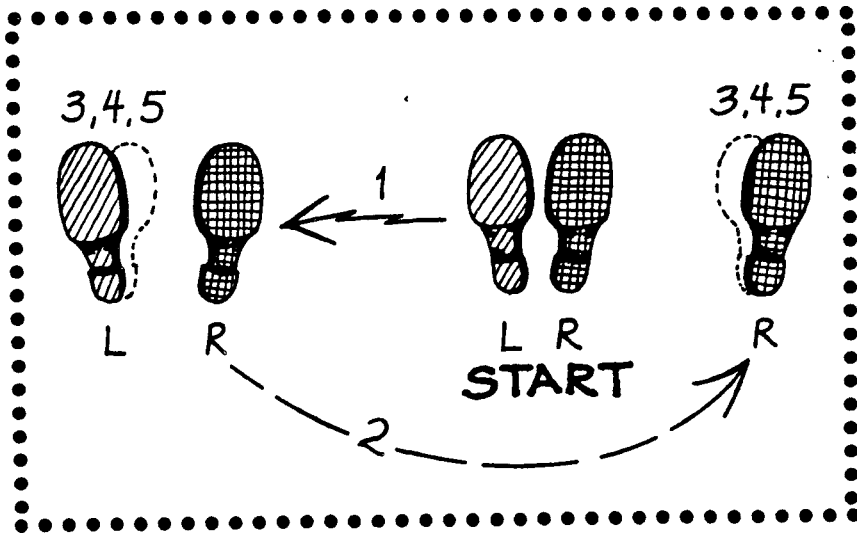
I have contemplated, between pitches, the attraction of catching the game each day on my tiny transistor. Beyond the fine entertainment and the wealth of information to be found, there's a deeper reward I can only convey to another fan who already appreciates it. I'm talking about the sense of continuity, the link with tradition that goes back to the days of our fathers' fathers. We're listening to the same game being played, hearing it in the same tones and phrases they heard some sixty years ago. Baseball remains baseball. Game by game, heroes grow into legends; and so, too, do all those innings we catch on the radio become, with the passage of time, little bits of baseball history.

# Herelandra

LET'S DO THE

# TIME WARP

BASIC STEPS



- 1 (ITS JUST A) JUMP TO THE LEFT, WITH HANDS UP
  - 2 A STEP TO THE RIGHT (TIME-WARPER ANNETTE FUNICELLO SUGGESTS A VERY WIDE STEP)
  - 3\* (WITH YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HIPS) YOU BRING YOUR KNEES IN TIGHT
  - 4 (THEN) THE PELVIC THRUST (IF REPEATED FIVE TIMES, IT NEARLY DRIVES YOU INSA-A-ANE)
  - 5 HIPSWIVEL (IF NOT DRIVEN INSA-A-ANE BY STEP FOUR)
  - 6 LET'S DO THE TIME WARP AGAIN!!
- THOSE WITH LIMB DISABILITIES MAY FIND IT NECESSARY TO ALTER OR DELETE THIS ACTION, BUT NO EXCUSES FOR ALTERATIONS TO STEPS FOUR AND FIVE

When angry, count four; when very angry, swear.

Mark Twain, Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar, 1894

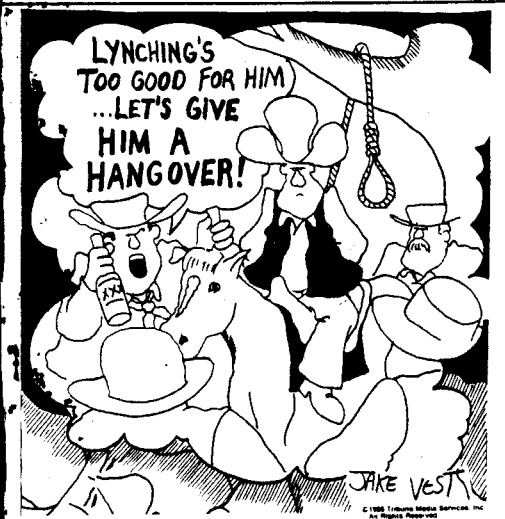
Four be the things I am wiser to know / Idleness, sorrow, a friend, and a foe.  
Four be the things I'd been better without / Love, curiosity, freckles and doubt.

Dorothy Parker, Enough Rope, 1927

All Souls College, Oxford, planned better than it knew when it limited the number of its undergraduates to four; four is exactly the right number for any college which is really intent on getting results.

Albert Jay Nock, Memoirs of a Superfluous Man, 1943

THAT'S JAKE



Cowboy bad dreams

## THE LEGEND OF THE PUSSY WILLOW

Once, many years ago, an unkind farmer pitched a litter of soft gray kittens into the river to drown. Much distraught, the mama cat paced the riverbank, weeping so loudly and so long that the willows nearby took pity on her: they dipped their long branches into the cold, rushing water, and the kittens took hold, clung dearly and were saved. For their great act of kindness, Spring declared that the soft velvet buds of the pussy willow would evermore be the first sign of her entrance—the rebirth of Spring.

—POLISH FOLK TALE

# Perelandra

House rules for ARLINGCON 2 sponsored by Perelandra

Welcome to Casa de Studs!

You're here for games, food, drink, and most of all good friends! In order to facilitate the best friendships possible, we request that you observe the following basic principles while attending:

1. Smoking inside the apartment is a big no-no.
2. Enjoying music by the Nylons will be a central activity of the weekend.
3. If you open a shut door without knocking you have only yourself to blame.
4. No sea lions on the premises, please.
5. When organizing a gamestart, please inform a host. (Several locals who want to play will need to be called so they can get over here in time.)
6. Plaid socks earn 10 demerits and a trip to 7-Eleven to buy Pete a bag of pretzels.
7. You are welcome to stake out a sleeping space--but keep your goodies out of the way by day. (Check with your hosts about availability of floor and closet.) We hope you'll be really at home--we're more comfortable without shoes, so feel free to leave yours at the door. If you're more comfortable without clothes, check with Tom or Pete--no, better check with Cathy.
8. This is a nice complex. Don't get us evicted ~~prematurely~~.
9. WARNING: the Surgeon General has determined that sleeping in the hallway is hazardous to your health.
10. Yes, Virginia, there is another toilet in the back of the apt., directly off Pete's bedroom.
11. The Dodgers will win the National League West.
12. Wearing a necktie earns 5 demerits and a trip to Stop-n-Go to pick up 3 honey buns for Tom. 95 more demerits if the necktie is knotted.
13. There is no rule 13.
14. The wastebasket is in the kitchen pantry, believe it or not.
15. Unmarked food and drink is fair game--be warned.
16. Not enjoying yourself is punishable by 50 demerits.

# Herelandra

## Our Guest of Honor

To Your Scattered Bodies Go is the first of Philip Jose Farmer's Riverworld novels, where all of mankind (and then some) has been resurrected. Early in this classic, a certain central character named Sir Richard Burton comes to a conclusion...

Waking up after death, in this valley by this river, he had been powerless to defend himself against the doubts that existed in every man exposed to an early religious conditioning and to an adult society which preached its convictions at every chance.

Now, seeing the alien approach, he was sure that there was some other explanation for this event than a supernatural one. There was a physical, a scientific, reason for his being here; he did not have to resort to Judeo-Christian-Moslem myths for cause.

The creature, he--it was undoubtedly male--was a biped about six feet eight inches tall. The pink-skinned body was very thin; there were three fingers and a thumb on each hand and four very long and thin toes on each foot. There were two dark red spots below the male nipples on the chest. The face was semihuman. Thick black eyebrows swept down to the protruding cheekbones and flared out to cover them with a brownish down. The sides of the nostrils were fringed with a thin membrane about a sixteenth of an inch long. The thick pad of cartilage on the end of his nose was deeply cleft. The lips were thin, leathery and black. The ears were lobeless and the convolutions within were nonhuman. His scrotum looked as if it contained many small testes.

The creature stopped a few feet away, smiled, and revealed quite human teeth. He said, "I hope you speak English. However, I can speak with some fluency in Russian, Mandarin Chinese, or Hindustani."

Burton felt a slight shock, as if a dog or an ape had spoken to him.

"You speak Midwestern American English," he replied. "Quite well, too. Although too precisely."

"Thank you," the creature said. "I followed you because you seemed the only person with enough sense to get away from that chaos. Perhaps you have some explanation for this . . . what do you call it?...resurrection?"

"No more than you," Burton said. "In fact, I don't have any explanation for your existence, before or after resurrection."

The thick eyebrows of the alien twitched, a gesture which Burton was to find indicated surprise or puzzlement.

"No? That is strange. I would have sworn that not one of the six billion of Earth's inhabitants had not heard of or seen me on TV."

"TV?"

The creature's brows twitched again.

"You don't know what TV..."

His voice trailed, then he smiled again.

"Of course, how stupid of me! You must have died before I came to Earth!"

"When was that?"

The alien's eyebrows rose (equivalent to a human frown as Burton would find), and he said slowly, "Let's see. I believe it was, in your chronology, 2002 A.D. When did you die?"

"It must have been 1890 A.D.," Burton said. The creature had brought back his sense that all this was not real.

"Wisher Takes All" was written in 1950 by William F. Temple, and proves once again that short-short stories (2000 words maximum) can be fully as wonderful--and difficult--as novels.

Briggs swept out under the glassware counter, where he had not swept for many a day. Something like a tinsel-adorned Christmas-tree fairy came tumbling out with the dust. Only she picked herself up and dusted off her wings, which a Christmas-tree fairy would hardly do.

"Hello," said Briggs. "What are you--animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"I'm a fairy," said the fairy. "Hibernating. We're pretty rare, you know. Incidentally, before I get back to sleep, would you like three wishes?"

"How much?" asked Briggs.

# Herelandra

"Quite free. We're not allowed to charge."

"Okay, fire away," said Briggs promptly.

"Well, what's your first wish?"

"I wish I had a hundred wishes," said Briggs.

"What?" said the fairy faintly.

"You can keep the change--I mean the other two wishes. Don't believe in putting too keen an edge on business," said Briggs generously.

"That's nice of you. Oh, well, start wishing..."

"My first wish is for larger business premises. My second wish is for perfect and lasting health. My third wish..."

Presently: "You ninety-ninth wish?" asked the fairy exhaustedly.

"Um...I wish I could always know what the other guy's got in his hand at gin rummy."

"Granted. And your last wish?"

"I wish I had another hundred wishes."

The fairy reeled.

"Really!" she protested. "Is that your idea of fair business? You should realize it's hard work for me. I've made you the strongest man in the world, the best pitcher, the best pool player. You can play the piano, the piccolo, the trumpet, the zither. Your corns are gone. And you are the richest man in the world--all that juggling with currency takes it out of one, you know."

"Yes, I understand," said Briggs, soothingly. "I feel pretty mean about it, in a way. I wish I could give you a wish or something."

He stopped, realizing.

"Thanks a lot," said the fairy quickly, and quite brightened up. "I'll grant you that wish. You're a nasty man. I wish I'd never met you."

Nor had she.

---

Well, how about a few letters? Despite the fact that Daf's surgery was about six weeks ago, most of my mail mentions her. Steve Langley took the time to write:

Your gamestart arrived just in the nick of time. Daf missed her plane and did not arrive until 7 hours after I was initially expecting her. Writing the letters for your game saved me.

She's really in pretty good shape. She is still invalided in that she has more medicine to take than one can comfortably count and the dressing on her side has to be changed on a daily basis--but she's in awfully good shape for someone only a couple months out os surgery.

[Editor: Daphne had a brain tumor, yes--but the doctors needed tissue to put her back together, and they took it from her side.

[Several Texans have made a point of writing to ask after Daf, but their notes tend to be quite terse. Only a Californian can show 'em how to get philosophical...]

from Don Williams: It was really good to talk with you yesterday--I tend to forget, sometimes, how much certain people mean to me.

Like with Daf. She and I hadn't talked a lot before her surgery--it was only when she got sick that I realized I'd let the relationship slip. Same holds for you.

[Editor: Mmmmm. Too deep for me. Maybe what we need is an expert in the art of denial.]

from Bob Olsen: Gee, I'm sorry about all the trouble I caused in Tanith...hope that hasn't put you to too much inconvenience trying to find somebody who wants to stand by. Of course the worst thing about this is that...well...I sort of changed my mind, and won't be dropping out (too much) after all.

I figure I sort of owe it to you to srop out at this point, having put you and only you to all this trouble--so don't blame me, blame Kathy Byrne. She won't let me leave so I really have no choice in the matter. Please address all complaints to her.

Seriously, though, if there was one thing that made the difference it wasn't Kathy, but Daf. Daf's illness and the sort of concern it caused sort of reminded me of what it's all about, and what the majority of the people in Dip are really like.

[Editor: Yeah, Bob. I have my own theory on Why Olsen Quit But Didn't. You couldn't take

# Herelandra

the psychological trauma of playing a game of Diplomacy without MIKE MAZZER! You were lost-- might I say, ALIENATED?--yes, I might--without the only anchor your gaming sanity has ever had. Anyway, Bob continued to rattle on in that letter.]

Actually, though, I write not so much to divulge this fascinating personal anecdote but to (once again) point out to you that the time of Pudgecon (July 4th weekend) is fast approaching. At this writing Steve and Daf still plan pretty definately on coming, whether or not they move to Albuquerque (which is supposedly coming up very soon). Plus the usual bunch, though the MadLad contingent may be a little light this year; there's a Madcon the same weekend.

If things weren't so financially dubious at the moment I might almost have gotten down to Arlington; I did think about going, really. Which in turn puts you under an obligation to think about coming to Wichita, to my way of thinking (admittedly, defective)[\*]. Lest you think I beg and grovel to just anyone in this manner I might mention that my other main target for this year is Melinda Holley...I understand she won't make it to Marycon after all so there's no reason she can't come to Wichita instead (or so I figure).

So how about ending this vicious boycott?

[\*Don Williams may want to photocopy this portion.

[You refuse to come to my place and still say I'm boycotting you? Well, tit for tat--IF you will send me a road map of your ~~city town village~~ truck stop, I will make plans to attend and to bring my retinue (my supervisor may have a nay-say over this!).

[By the way, Bob, I have a new subber from Olathe, KS, who is interested in Pudgecon. His address should be in here somewhere--he's Gary Behnen.]

Well, enough of the editorial brackets (I still haven't found a satisfactory format for a letter column--after four years of trying). Among the mail this month was a rubber baby buggy bumper. Why? you ask? Because J.R. Baker, like many of our visitors, was caught be our swinging refrigerator door, which slams against the stove if you're not careful. Well, quick application of the rubber baby buggy bumper accomplished...nothing. The door has too much momentum when it reaches the stove for a 1/4" thick bumper to cushion the eggs any. But thanks for the conversation piece, J.R.

Frisbees, baseballs, and Hacky sacks your way,

## Herelandra

3121 East Park Row  
Arlington, Texas 76010

Harry

Pat

Your sub ends with #E

First Class Mail