

# Merelandra

number 44

July



## WAR WITH THE NEWTS

Karel Čapek

One of the finest science fiction novels ever written.

War with the Newts (1936) capped a literary career that remains the single most influential in Czech tradition. Čapek (or Chapek) invented the word "robot" as applied to mechanical people (for his 1921 play "R.U.R."); single-handedly published Lidové noviny (The People's Gazette), the young nation's premier literary review; and helped create an intellectual life for the Czechoslovak Republic by gathering the top minds at his home every Friday. Others, such as Franz Kafka, Jaroslav Hašek, George Orwell, and Ray Bradbury, have written of disaster and triumph in the future. Čapek's fiction is less horrifying (at the beginning, it is even humorous), but all too reminiscent of the world we all live in. (I borrow this last sentence from Ivan Klima's introduction to the Northwestern U. Press paperback edition.)

As this scene opens, Captain J. van Toch is back on one-year leave from the West Indies, where he has learned of something fascinating and terribly, terribly secret. He has decided to make a little money on this and goes to the nation's number one "captain of industry"...

At the door a powerful man in a captain's cap halted and saluted. G.H. Bondy rose to meet him. "Very glad to meet you, Captain. Won't you come in?"

"Nazdar, nazdárék, Mr. Bondy," boomed the captain cheerfully.

"You are a Czech?" said Mr. Bondy, somewhat astonished.

"Yah, Czech. Why, we know each other, Mr. Bondy. From Jevičko. Grocer Vantoch, do you remember?"

"Right, right." G.H. Bondy was tremendously pleased, but at the same time he felt something like disappointment. (So he isn't a Dutchman!) "Grocer Vantoch in the square, wasn't it? You haven't changed a bit, Mr. Vantoch. Always the same! Well, then, how is the grocery business?"

"Thanks," said the captain politely. "Dad has been gone a long time, how do you say it--"

"Dead? Well, well! Surely, you must be his son . . ." Mr. Bondy's eyes brightened with sudden reminiscence. "My dear man, aren't you the Vantoch who used to fight with me in Jevičko when we were boys?"

"Yah, that'll be me, Mr. Bondy," agreed the captain seriously. "But that's why they sent me from home to Moravska Ostrava."

"We used to fight a lot. But you were stronger than I was," acknowledged Mr. Bondy like a sportsman.

"Yah, that I was. Well, you used to be such a weak little Jew, Mr. Bondy. And you used to get a lot on the backside. A great deal."

"I did, that's true," recollected G.H. Bondy with emotion. "Well, sit down, fellow countryman! It's good of you to remember me! How did you manage to get here?"

Captain van Toch sat down solemnly in the leather armchair, and put his cap on the floor. "I'm on leave, Mr. Bondy. Well, that's it. That's it."

"Do you remember," said Mr. Bondy, stirring up the souvenirs, "how you used to shout after me: Jew, Jew, the devil will get you---"

"Yah," said the captain feelingly, and blew into his blue handkerchief. "Ah, yah. That was a fine time, my lad. Well, what's the use, time flies. Now we're both old men, and both captains."

# Herelandra

"Why, indeed, you're a captain," recalled Mr. Bondy. "Who would have thought of that! Captain of the Big Lines--that's how you say it, isn't it?"

"Yah, sir. Of the High Seas. East India and Pacific Lines, sir."

"A fine job," sighed Mr. Bondy. "I would swap with you any day, captain. You must tell me about yourself."

"Well, that, yah," the captain revived. "I should like to tell you something, Mr. Bondy. A very interesting thing, my lad." Captain van Toch looked round anxiously.

"Are you looking for something, Captain?"

"Yah, You don't drink beer, Mr. Bondy? I got such a thirst on the way from Surabaya." The captain began to rummage in a vast pocket in his trousers, and took out a blue handkerchief, a linen bag with something, a bag with tobacco, a knife, a compass, and a bunch of banknotes. "I should like to send somebody for some beer. Perhaps that steward who showed me to this cabin here."

Mr. Bondy rang the bell. "Don't you worry, Captain. Have a cigar while it comes---"

The captain took a cigar with a red and gold band, and smelt it. "This tobacco comes from Lombok. They're great thieves there, what's the good." Then to the horror of Mr. Bondy, he squashed the precious cigar in his powerful fist, and pressed the tobacco shreds into his pipe. "Yah, Lombok. Or Sumba."

In the meantime Mr. Povondra appeared noiselessly at the door. "Bring some beer," ordered Mr. Bondy.

Mr. Povondra lifted his eyebrows: "Beer? And how much?"

"A gallon," growled the captain, and trod down a burnt match into the carpet. "In Aden it was terribly hot, my lad. Well, then, I've something to tell you, Mr. Bondy. From the Straits, see? There you could do a marvellous Geschäft. A big business. But then I should have to tell you the whole, what do you say, tale, eh?"

"Story."

"Yah. Well, such a story, sir. Wait." The captain turned up to the ceiling with his forget-me-not eyes. "I don't know where to make a start."

("Some more business," thought G.H. Bondy. "Lord, what a bore! He's going to tell me that he could sell sewing-machines in Tasmania, or boilers and pins in Fiji. Marvellous business, I know. That's the use I am to you. The devil knows I'm no shopkeeper. I'm a dreamer. In a way I'm a poet. Tell me, sailor Sinbad, or Surabaya, or of the Phoenix Islands. Didn't a Magnetic Mountain attract you? Didn't a Griffin bear you away to its nest? Aren't you returning with a load of pearls, cinnamon, and elephant-stones? Well, begin to lie!")

"Perhaps I ought to begin with that newt," announced the captain.

"With what newt?" wondered the financial magnate Bondy.

"Well, these scorpions. How do you call them, lizards."

"Lizards?"

"Yah, crikey, lizards. They are something like lizards there, Mr. Bondy."

"Where?"

"On an island. I can't tell you its name, my lad. That's a very great secret, worth millions." Captain Van Toch wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Well, crikey, where's that beer?"

"It will be here in a minute, Captain."

"Yah. Well, then, to make it clear, Mr. Bondy, they are very nice and good animals, those lizards. I know them, my boy." The captain banged the table vehemently. "And to say that they might be devils, that's a lie. A damned lie, sir. You're more of a devil, and I'm a devil. I, Captain van Toch, sir. You can believe me when I say that."

G.H. Bondy became anxious. "Delirium," he said to himself. "Where is that damned Povondra?"

"There are several thousands of them, of those lizards, but they are very badly done in by--crikey, those, what you call them, sharks."

"Sharks?"

"Yah, sharks. That's why those lizards are so rare, sir, and only in that one place, in that bay, that I can't tell you by name."

"Then those lizards live in the sea?"

# Perelandra

"Yah, in the sea. Only at night they crawl on to the shore, but after a bit they must go back into the water."

"And what do they look like?" (Mr. Bondy tried to gain time until that damned Povondra would come back again.)

"They might be as big as seals, but when they tiptoe on their hind paws, they're about as big as this," demonstrated the captain. "I can't say that they're nice looking. They haven't got any scales."

"Scales?"

"Yah, scales. They are absolutely naked, Mr. Bondy, like frogs, or salamanders. And those front paws of theirs, they're like babies' little hands, but they've only got four fingers. Well, such poor little things," added the captain compassionately. "But they are very clever, and nice animals, Mr. Bondy." The captain slipped down to squat on his heels, and in this position he began to shuffle from one foot to the other and waddle. "They tiptoe like this, those lizards."

The captain tried to get his powerful body to squat and move in a waddling motion; at the same time he was holding his arms in front of himself like a dog begging, and he fixed on Mr. Bondy his forget-me-not eyes that seemed to clamour for sympathy. G.H. Bondy was by this very strongly moved, and somehow humanly ashamed. Just at that moment the silent Mr. Povondra appeared at the door with a jug of beer, and raised shocked eyebrows as he regarded the unseemly behavior of the captain.

"Bring that beer here, and go away," burst out Mr. Bondy hurriedly.

[Mr. Bondy then urges Captain van Toch to go on, and is granted the tale of how van Toch goes pearl-hunting in Devil Bay; how he meets the newts that keep the natives from swimming there; how van Toch befriends them on the beach one night; and how the captain acquires pearls to numerous to count in exchange for knives and a harpoon, so the newts can kill sharks. In all of this it dawns on Bondy how the world will change when they introduce the world to these amazing creatures--never foreseeing the outcome which the title of the book points to.]

## Vital Statistics

Welcome to Perelandra #44, brought to you by Pete Gaughan (3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010; phone 817-633-3208). Perelandra, despite what others may say, is an amateur postal gaming zine devoted to literature and newts. (One free newt with every purchase of 50 issues or more.) Subscriptions cost \$1.00 US per issue (\$1.75 for overseas air mail).

Little Notes: If you send me or Tom mail, be sure it has our name(s) and the apartment number on it. Anything addressed to Perelandra takes an extra day or two. And did anybody notice there was a typo in the same line with my brag about correction features lastish?

Looks like we won't go to PudgeCon after all. Taylors, Inc. (the bookstore where I work) decided without telling me that I can't have Saturday off.

Standbys: Due to a tremendous response and a near-perfect two-month record by our players, the list is in good shape...John W, Jim K, Daf L, Tom H, Pierre T, J.R., Jim F, Jim D, John C, Evans G and Greg E...thank you all. This time we add to this gang: Gary B & Guy H (now back in Texas).

Plea: I'm running low on all the little rub-off graphics that I use, both type styles and borders. Trouble is that stationery stores in Texas only carry five or six styles, all very boring, but each in about ten sizes. If you can supply me with Cello-Tak transfer type, I'd pay for the service.

Thish: Well, well, well. John Walker's letter on Downfall didn't make it last time due to space, so look for it in this month's Thulcandra subzine...right after Tom's Ballpark notes! W.H. Auden was another victim lastish, so he's in, along with Will Rogers. This is a big weekend for me--a pool party Sunday morning (yes, morning--that's how hot and humid it's been here!), the World Cup soccer final at 1:00, and a concert in Dallas in the evening. I'm going to get to see Spyro Gyra!! So maybe a concert review this month? Who knows; it would be a Pere first.

# Perelandra

## Game Openings

Gamefees, as always, include a subscription to Pere or Thul for the length of the game, which is 50% refundable if you're eliminated real early (Winter 1904 for Dip). If you sign up for one game at the full price, the second and following games are at half price.

Diplomacy (\$20 gamefee): Believe it or not, we already have Gary Behnen (pd), Jim Diehl (pd), and John Crosby signed up for another game. Needs only four more.

Gunboat Diplomacy (\$20): No press, two-week deadlines if everybody will agree to it. Needs only two more; sign up now.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings (\$20): This is a Dip game transposed into Middle-Earth. So far we have Rob Wittmond (pd), Mark Luedi, and John Walker (pd). Needs four more.

Snowball Fighting (free to subbers): Wide open (needs seven or eight).

United (\$15): The Perelandra Invitational Soccer Assn. (PISA) has not seen a really good response, because publicity in the three North American United leagues has been slow. So we'll keep taking essays until it looks like there are six or eight good ones, or until it becomes evident that there's not enough interest.

Entries are on file from Don Williams, Tom Hise, and Dave Anderson (yes, Dave, I got it). Kevin Tighe, Jim Ferguson and others have promised to enter. All it takes it a 50 to 200-word essay telling me why your team should be allowed to play; you don't need to send money until I pick the teams.

Ballpark (free to subbers): Any and all interested parties need to check out Tom's notes in Thulcandra, just a couple of pages along. First games of the exhibition season will be played, here in Arlington, on August 25!

## Literary Calendar

1 July (Canada Day) 1892: James M. Cain, novelist (The Postman Always Rings Twice), is born in Annapolis, MD. 3 July 1937: Playwright Tom Stoppard (Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead, Jumpers) is born in Zlin, Czechoslovakia, 54 years after the birth of Franz Kafka in Prague. 4 July 1862: On a picnic, Charles Lutwidge Dodgson tells the story of what happened to a girl named Alice after she fell down the rabbit-hole. Ten-year-old Alice Liddell, the model for the heroine, insists that he write it down. He does so, and adopts the pen name Lewis Carroll to publish Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. 11 July 1937: Dylan Thomas, 22, marries Caitlin Macnamara, 23, at the Registry Office in Penzance, Cornwall. 14 July 1841: British journal of wit and literature Punch is founded.

18 July 1906: Educator, writer, and politician S.I. Hayakawa is born in Vancouver, BC. The author of Language in Thought and Action will maintain: "In a real sense, people who have read good literature have lived more than who cannot or will not read...It is not true that we have only one life to live; we can live as many more lives and as many kinds of lives as we wish." 17 July 1889: Attorney and author Erle Stanley Gardner is born in Malden, MA. Many of his more than 100 novels (some under the pen name A.A. Fair) will feature lawyer Perry Mason. 22 July 1967: Carl Sandburg dies at the age of 89 in Flat Rock, NC. 25 July 1914: The day before leaving Barcelona for the U.S., 11-year-old Anais Nin makes the first entry in her diary. "I am sad to think we are leaving a country that has been like a mother and a lucky charm to me." Except for a four-month gap in 1917, she will continue the diary for the rest of her life. 31 July 1703: For having written The Shortest Way with Dissenters, Daniel Defoe is made to stand in the pillory in front of Temple Bar, drawing sympathetic crowds who pelt him with flowers instead of mud.

# Herelandra

## LITERARY QUIZ

This month produced the biggest Quiz turnout ever. In an effort to get some participation I've been shooting at different topics--not easier questions, just easier segments of literature. Well, it worked...

**HARD:** 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. ...Here are the answers:

Will Woodard--"Edmund Burke. I found out he knew Garrick and was a member of Parliament, and was born in Dublin. None of the biographies I looked in mentioned a play though, so I don't know that." Excellent work, Will...but not right. I didn't know Burke and Garrick were acquainted, but Burke is not known to have ever written theatre.

Don Williams--"Off the top of my head, I don't know the answer. (Even digging around a bit leaves me lost.) I'll say Jonathon Swift, not because he's even close (he died in 1745?), but because I feel better with an ignorant guess than I do with no guess at all. (Besides, he's Irish; always a plus when dealing with you.)" Don, did it occur to you that to be born in Dublin one would probably need to be Irish? Swift is so obvious that I doubt he'll ever turn up as an answer in this column.

Mark Lew--"The playwright/politician must be Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and presumably there is a British zine titled The School for Scandal." Yes, and sort of. You got 'em both right, but I think the zine folded some time back (at least I haven't heard of it in a year or so).

Jim Burgess--"Richard Brinsley Sheridan; The School for Scandal is the comedy of manners written in 1777, but that would be a very strange name for a British Dip zine. He also wrote The Critic; is that it? Drury Lane's conflagration (1809) was probably the biggest reason he died so deep in debt...not mishandling finances, although he was hardly a miser." Jim, I'm going to give you the bonus point even though you made a very basic error: you forget that Brit zines are even stranger than ours (for instance, a zine called Atu XVIII!). Sheridan didn't lose as much in the fire as he did later gambling. A large portion of my readers will kick themselves, but the answer to this question was published in Pere #39 (February), when I mentioned the 2/24/1809 fire in the Literary Calendar. (Remember? Sheridan is quoted, as he sat in a nearby pub during the blaze, thus: "A man may surely be allowed to take a glass of wine by his own fireside.")

Jim Ferguson also got both parts of the HARD question correct.

**EASY:** All the King's Men by Robert Penn Warren is a roman a clef about what American political figure? On this, Jim Burgess, Jim Ferguson, Will Woodard and Mark Lew got it: Huey Long, former Louisiana governor and senator. Matt Kazur guessed John F. Kennedy, and both Tom Hise and Don Williams guessed King Richard of Nixon.

So Mark Lew picks up a free issue, as does Jim Ferguson, for passing 5 points. The list: Jim Ferguson 7; Mark Lew 5; Jim Burgess 5; Greg Ellis 4; Will Woodard 3; Matt Kazur 2; Don Williams and Tom Hise 0. Next bonus issue will go to the first reader to reach 10.

Note: Jim did not get a free issue for passing 5 points a second time. Jim Burgess, I mean. Greg, Will and Matt are all in range to win one this month; Jim F. can lock up an issue for hitting 10 and the bonus for being the first one there if he gets both of these right:

**HARD (2 points):** In 1906 Pres. Theodore Roosevelt applied to the ever-growing group of reformers, social workers and journalists engaged in uncovering corruption in American society, the epithet "muckrakers". Can you name the great allegorical work of English literature from which the term was taken?

# Herelandra

EASY (1 point): Many American writers have illuminated the national character through tales of baseball and the eternal diamond. Born in Michigan, this author wrote You Know Me, Al; A Busher's Letters about a novice among professionals. Who was he?

Beginning next month, there will be, in alternating months, a puzzle to replace the HARD question. Each portion of the puzzle (crossword, acrostic, etc) will be worth a fraction of a point (1/2, 1/3, or 1/4), up to 3 points for the whole, with partial credit permitted. I need votes on your favorite topics for the puzzles. Right now and ready, I have puzzles on Shakespeare, Sherlock Holmes, and Jane Austen. I'm prepared to prepare others, but you need to suggest subjects.

I got a couple of comments on the Quiz this month. First off, in two different reviews of this magazine, people have identified the Literary Quiz as a central feature. Hmmm. Then, Mark Lew's answers included this:

"I like the Literary Trivia. Doesn't test knowledge so much as it tests creative use of resources, but that's what makes it so interesting."

Don then mentioned, on the phone, that he would not let himself use references! Of course, the Quiz is a challenge to my looking-up skills (though many of them come out of one book! and no I won't tell you which), but I have no objection to readers using the library. I think of the Quiz as non-competitive; you should "play" it in whatever way is more of a challenge to you.

Well, this is more Quiz than I ever dreamed of printing, so let's move on.

## MIMIR

First, I have a couple of comments from Matt Kazur, who played Italy to elimination under a German win:

"The Mimir endgame statements were interesting. I thought Russia would win easily, but he waited too long to stab Germany. Meanwhile, Henry and I were mutually destructing. A good learning experience, but not a very good Diplomacy game, I am afraid." Well put, Matt. And now we have an official message from Russia, which arrived a day or two late for last month's press:

### ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR RUSSIA / PIERRE TOUCHETTE

First, I would like to thank Pete for GMing this game to the end (and it finally ended!), and all the players who played the game out.

Second, about the game itself. I should have drawn when there was time for it. But I tried for 18 dots and might never do something like that again.

Third, congratulations to Greg for stopping me and playing Germany to a great position.

## NORDEEN

### ONE SCOFFLAW, ONE BATTLE

Nordeen has been officially christened "1986AH" by Boardman Number Custodian Bill Quinn.

### SPRING 1901

Austria (Jim D): f tri-alb, a bud-ser, a vie-bud.

England (Hugh): f lon-eng, f edi-nth, a lvp-yor.

France (Will): a par-pic, f bre-mid, a mar-spa.

Germany (Steve): f kie-den, a ber-kie, a mun-ruh.

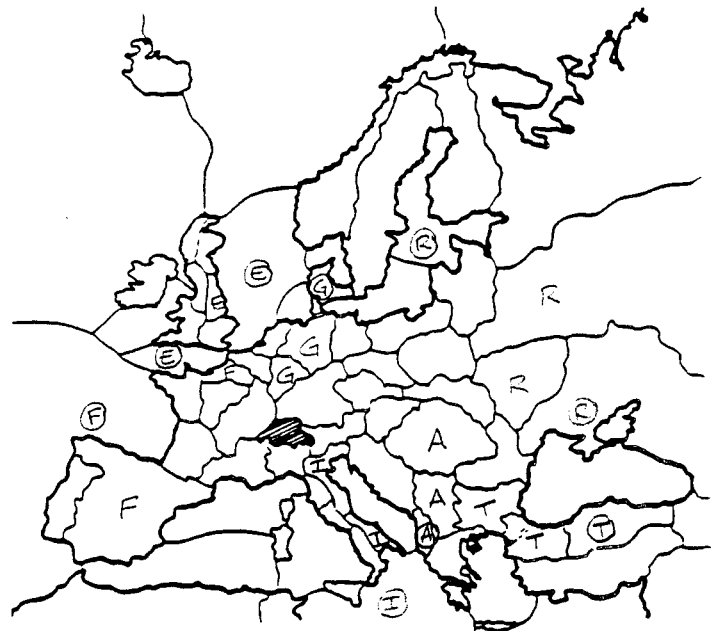
Italy (Rob): a ven h, a rom-apu, f nap-ion.

Russia (John C): f stp-bot, a mos-sev, a war-ukr,  
f sev-bla.

Turkey (Ben): a con-bul, a smy-con, f ank-bla.

Deadline for Fall 1901 is 11pm, 13 August 1986.

Addresses and press on the next page.



# Herelandra

NORDEEN addresses (note: John will be in Europe until July 22 and has a mail drop till then)

Austria: Jim Diehl 10530 Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344  
England: Hugh Christie 43 E. Houston Avenue Montgomery PA 17752  
France: Will Woodard 9941 Whitehurst #2039 Dallas TX 75243  
Germany: Steve Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825  
Italy: Rob Wittmond 4315 18rnd Street #308 Torrance CA 90504  
Russia: John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382  
until July 22: 9427 Trail Hill Drive Dallas TX 75238  
Turkey: Ben Schilling 24730 Roosevelt Court #315 Farmington Hills MI 48018-2123

Spring 1901 press:

Constantinople: The Sultan announces that he has finally (after four years of trying) managed to get his MBA, 17 May 1986!!!

Germany: Communication is vital to peaceful endeavor. The most frightening thing in a time of trial is the silence of a neighbor. Thus the threat of severing diplomatic relations has long been a tool of last resort.

Vienna: Does the Russian army leaving Warsaw have compasses that work properly?

UTA to Vienna: Do you mean, do they have tea at 2 o'clock?

Budapest: If you succeeded, the Austrian infantry garrisoned in Serbia await your kommand.

Trieste: Any interference with Austria's sojourn in Greece will be taken most seriously.

UTA to Austrian: To whom were those directed?

Germany: The black is not so much indicative of lack of light as lack of illumination. What my friends say is not nearly as interesting as what they do not say...and so I continue in the black.

Edward VII to all unit commanders: The threat of war is once again upon us! The mainland seeks to take advantage of us during our period of mourning over the passing away on January 22 of our beloved Queen Victoria, God rest her soul. Recent intelligence reports have revealed that our neighbors have raised fleets in port cities bordering territories and sea lanes that we consider vital to our national interests. Go and secure the seas. Each of you must step boldly into view to demonstrate Our willingness to defend the open seas and the homeland. Be both diplomats and warriors, whichever the need be.

Liverpool to Buckingham Palace: General Wordsworth wishes a further explanation of why he and his men should leave the Liverpool Lassies and retrench in Yorkshire. Rumors as to the invasion of London must be pure poppycock! Who in their right mind would want that fog-laden city, anyway?

Buckingham Palace to General Wordsworth: You're absolutely right, Sir. London is not under any threat of imminent attack. Have you forgotten that the annual contest for the best Yorkshire Pudding is to be held next month? You were awarded the honor of judging the event because of your past boasting that your grandmother's recipe couldn't be beaten. Proceed as ordered.

London Fleet Captain "Sir Seasick" Swift to Edinburgh Fleet Captain "Bloody" Burns: You Scots always get the good assignments. "Go and protect the North Sea." But me, I have to play THE DIPLOMAT. I'll probably get ordered to Indianapolis and have to confer with that Dave Kleiman!

Edinburgh Fleet Captain "Bloody" Burns to "Sir Seasick" Swift: The English Channel is mighty rough this time of year, tee-hee-hee! I'll never understand why you royalty types get all the exciting duty while I stand guard. I know you, you'll seek land at the first opportunity. Landlubber!

GM to Edward VII and his Majesty's servants: Whew. No, I don't mind typing that much press. If we've been short on press, I think it's been for lack of writers, not inspiration. Most of the best writers are in the SnowFights--but maybe this will draw out others.

## Snowball Fighting

RAD JUMPS THE LEADER; DAF JUMPS INTO THE HUNT; JUST WHAT IS POLARIS COOKING UP, ANYWAY?

Turn Three, Segment One: Coke Sniffer takes a beating, despite running for the relative cover of the Q7 conifer. Storms on Segments One (Loki) and Two (Daf) both succeed, as do attacks by Halfling and Timmy at long range! 'Rad slams a Demon on the unsuspecting Loki, then steps up

# Herelandra

## CIMMERIA ASF4

to prepare for the big blow later. Polaris runs to take up the Sniff's station next to the snowman--for now.

Segment Two: Timmy is still going after CS but can't find him under the tree. Polaris, likewise, can't find the Flake behind the snowman; P is so disgusted he staggers off to the kitchen. Loki and 'Rad both grab up Dirigibles, and Houston Halfling steps off the path to pick up his own weapon.

Segment Three: 'Rad unloads his monster at Loki just as the leader gets his away--but Loki's shot is at empty air, as P has stepped inside. HH hits CS again from long distance while Timmy the Flake tries to place himself to hit and be hit. With all the ammo in the middle of the yard, look for a new leader next Turn, and one or two visits to the stove or fireplace!

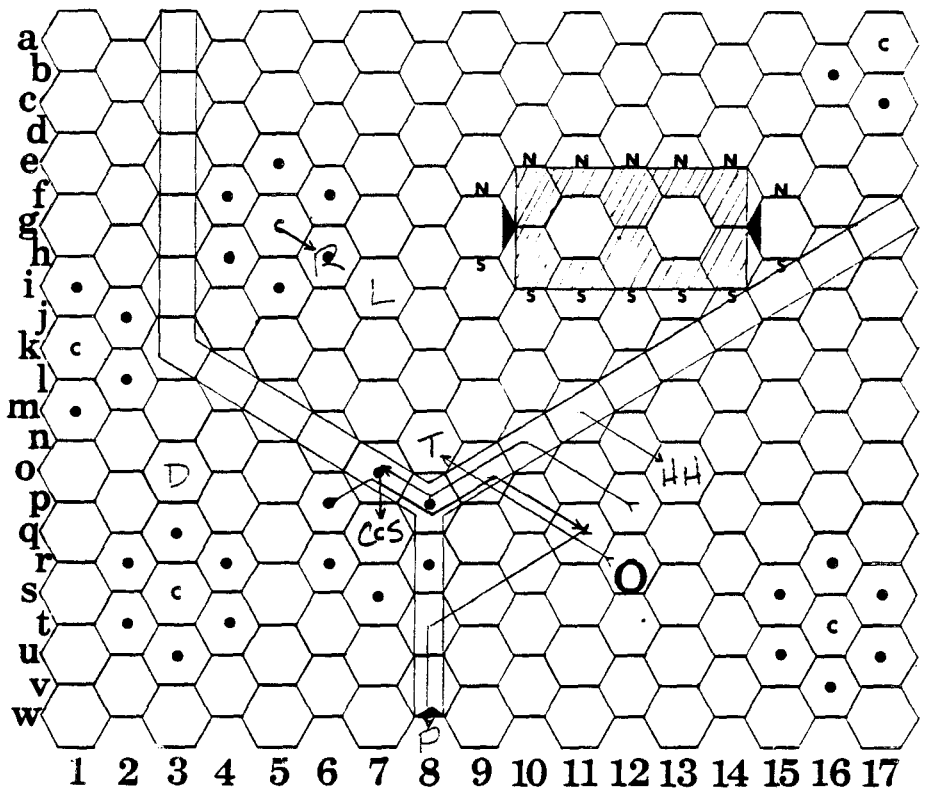
Coke Sniffer/Jim Burgess: 100 Holden Street, Providence RI 02908-5731  
 Daf/Daphne Langley: 2296 Eden Roc Ln #1, Sacramento CA 95825-3350  
 Houston Halfling/Greg Ellis: 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701

Loki/Ed Henry: 31507 106th Place SE #S207, Auburn WA 48002-3084

Polaris/J.R. Baker: 3100 Meadow Lane N, Dickinson TX 77539

'Rad/Conrad Minshall: 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin TX 78727-6049 (but moving to CA soon)

Timmy the Flake/Tom Hise: 3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010



### Segment One

CS move to O7

D attack P--di  
 HH attack CS--rr

L conifer storm Q7

P move to Q11

R attack L--de, move to H6

T attack CS--de, dodge

### attacked by

{ HH/rr/70/\*\*  
 T /de/35/\*\*  
 L /cs/90/\*\*

### Segment Two

move to Q7, collect 1sb

conifer storm Q7

move to O13, collect 1sb

collect di

attack T--di

collect di

attack CS--de, dodge

### attacked by

{ D /cs/90/\*\*  
 T /de/30/--

.

.

.

.

.

P /di/35/--

### Segment Three

CS collect di

D collect 2sb

HH attack CS--de, dodge

L attack P--di (fails)

P move to kitchen

R attack L--di

T move to N8 w/2sb

### loc

### attacked by

### vp / hp

### vp / hp / ammo left

Q7 HH/de/40/\*\*

O3

O13

I7 R /di/70/\*\*

kitchen

H6

N8

0 -4

2 0

2 0

1 -4

0 0

4 0

1 0

5 2 1 di & 1 sb

5 7 2 sb

4 9 none

7 3 none

3 6 -

6 7 none

3 5 2 sb

Wow--some really intriguing strategies here (some would say silly, but not me!). Don't worry if you can't follow the arrows on the map--I can't either. 'Twill be interesting to see what the Sniff and the Snow Ghod (Loki) decide to do with their hps. Your deadline, should you choose to meet it, is August 13th. Polaris must stay inside for the first Segment of Turn Four.



# Herelandra

CS to SM: Gee, I must be smacked. Could you let us know who we all are again? I've forgotten.

SnowMaster: Do you mean "crack"ed? Could be bad drugs...

HH to CS: Sniff this!

Timmy to CS: Hey, Coke Sniffer--is that stuff I see you putting in your nose New Coke or Coke Classic?

CS Moans: I'm forswearing the sniffing for good. Too dangerous, it's just not funny anymore... I'm heartbroken.

SM to CS: What's this? You quit sniffing and you'll have to find a new name!

CS to SM: Sorry for the emotional outburst, but I'm pretty upset at the moment and don't think I'll mess up your press with it.

HH to Yard: I didn't like the odds up north. And somebody has to save poor Timmy from this pusher!

Timmy to HH: You're right, I am alone. Even CS ran away, so I guess I will have to come play with you!

Timmy to Daf: I won't stand in front of that other door for a quarter. I won't; I won't!  
I WON'T!

CS to Daf: Anything for you darling. You don't mind if I throw some snow, first, do you?

Timmy to Daf: For a dollar, maybe.

Loki to Polaris: Do I remember DipCon? I remember somebody saying "you guys take care of my southern flank and I might let you survive" in Spring 1902. Who wuzzat?

P to L: Cheap shot! 25% on a 3-point try...when you're hot, you're hot!

Loki to Daf: Do I detect a tell-tale gleam in your eye?

HH to P: I'm gonna tell Steve that you only have eyes for Daf!

Loki to HH: Talk to me, Humpty!

HH to SM: Can I put in a conditional that says I stop throwing at CS if it turns out that he likes it?

SM: No.

HH to SM: Why not?

SM: Because I'd have to do it for everybody.

HH to SM: Well, then, can I pick up Timmy's head and throw that at CS?

SM: No--I'd have to come up with his half of the rent.

HH to SM: You're no fun!

SM: You sound like little Timmy...

Timmy to Loki: No fair making Magic Dirigibles where yours will always hit. NO FAIR!

P to D: I hate to hit and run, hee hee hee...

P to T: Phi Slamma Jamma time!

SM to P: You fool, this is baseball season.

HH to SM: Somehow baseball is more exciting with both Texas Teams leading their divisions! An I-45 series? Well, I won't hold my breath.

HH to Timmy: Why don't you just sit there this turn and take some notes?

Timmy to Snowfools: Look out, I just ate my spinach and I'm gonna clobber you.

P to CS: Timmy outsmarted you? And here all along I thought you had suckered him into that death trap!

HH to SM: Is that a yellow puddle forming under Timmy?

HH to Yard: Watch out for Timmy's yellow snow balls!

HH to SM: Is a yellow snowball worth more damage?

SM: No, again because then everybody'd be doing it...

HH to SM: Is it worth more vps?

SM: No!

HH to SM: Is anyone hit by one required to go inside and take a shower?

SM: NO DAMN IT! But anyone pestering the SnowMaster over yellow snow is required to be hit by yellow balls himself!

HH to Timmy: If you throw one of those yellow snowballs at me, I am gonna throw your head at CS!

HH to R: You're awfully quiet! Is the real thing tougher than that fake game at ArlingCon?

CS to Timmy: Instead, I'll blast you. Whoeee, looks like I ran away! Hah, hah, won't catch me.

P to SM: And all this time I thought X8 was off the map and therefore in the kitchen...where did I put my cookbook?

# Herelandra

CS to SM: I'm with Polaris. I thought that a move onto the path counts the same as a move along the path. That's what my copy of the rules says.

SM to CS: Yes, but...

CS to Timmy: By my count....oops, the rules don't say that a move into the kitchen counts the same as a move along the path. Is that why you can't get into the kitchen in one segment?

Snow Master to CS: Velly good, Glasshopper. I screwed up twice: by not making explicit in the rewritten rules that it costs one full hex to move from W8 to the kitchen; then by calling W8 "X8" in my note last month. Mea culpa.

## TANITH 85CS

### FRENCH SUCCESS, SOUTHERN FRUSTRATION

Autumn 1902: Russia retreats f bal-bot, a gal-ukr.

Winter 1902: England builds f lon; France builds a par;  
Germany removes a hol, f ber; Russia builds a war.

### SPRING 1903

Austria (Greg): a gal-rum (a ser s), a vie-gal,  
a tri-bud, f gre-bul.

England (Jim F): f den s Rf bot-bal, a yor h,  
f nth-hol (f hel s), f lon-nth.

France (Matt): a bur-ruh (a mun s), a par-pic,  
a spa-gas, f mid-eng, f eng-bel.

Germany (J.R.): f bal-bot /lvn pru otb/,  
f kie-bal, a ruh-kie /ann/.

Italy (John C): f ion s Af gre-aeg /nso/ (f tun s),  
a boh-sil, a tyo-boh.

Russia (Evans): a pru-ber, f bot-bal (Ef s),  
a swe s Ef den, a war-sil, a ukr-gal,  
f rum h /sev bla otb/.

Turkey (Jim D): f aeg s Af gre h /nso/ (f eas s), a bul s Rf rum (a con s).

Austria: Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701

England: Jim Ferguson 112 Old English Court Jupiter FL 33458

France: Matt Kazur Box 5492 Washington DC 20016

Germany: J.R. Baker 3100 Meadow Lane N Dickinson TX 77539

Italy: John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382-6871  
until July 22: 9427 Trail Hill Drive Dallas TX 75238

Russia: Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606

Turkey: Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344

Deadline for Summer retreats and Fall 1903 moves is 11pm, 13 August 1986 (Wednesday). Press:

Constantinople: The Sultan still slumberszzzzZZZ. Is a new lord of the north to protect the torpid Turk? Stay tuned.

Austria to R/T: Would you two stop talking about stabbing each other and do it!

Russia to Austria: What did he say? No pain, no gain?

Austria to Germany: Look at Mr. National Champ! One season and he has devastated Germany!

Germany to Italy: Of course, you'll always have an open invitation to Munich.

Russia to Italy: Would Trieste and Vienna do? Keeping them would be up to you, naturally.

GM to Tanith: Maybe you're missing the biggest threat...

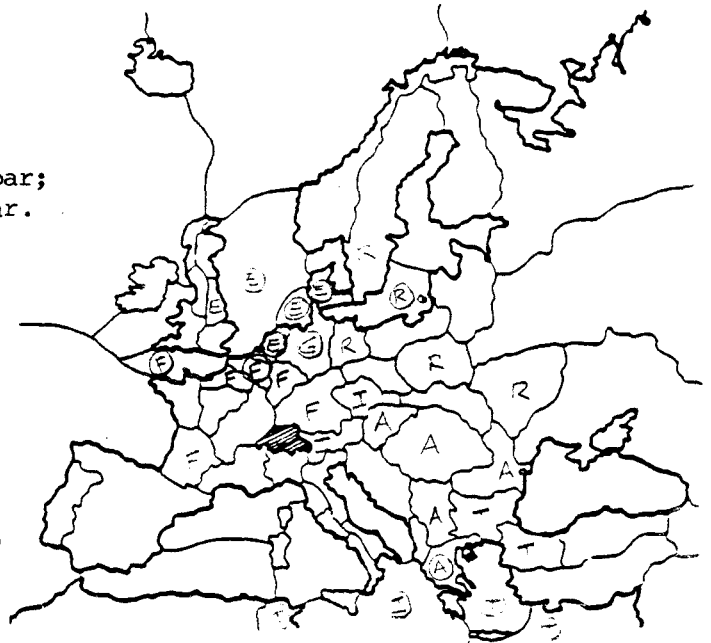
Austria to GM: As the only country in the south to have successfully moved a unit in the last year, don't I qualify for some kind of award?

GM to Austria: I believe there is one endowed by the National Assn. for the Desperately Seeking Recognition...the Tony Randall Award.

Austria to GM: You are such good friends with Larry P., I thought I would ask you first.

Germany to France: No foul? You can't be talking about the pollution in Munich, because something there stinks!

Germany to Russia: I don't plan on seeing any Russian fleets on my dots, but I'll let you have Norway.



# Thulcandra

number

...the silent planet

This subzine will carry Downfall of the Lord of the Rings, the Perelandra Invitational Soccer Association, and Ballpark. Ballpark is a baseball-simulation game invented by my roommate, Tom Hise, and will be guest gmed by him, so I now present the inventor himself:

With the Texas Rangers one game out of first and looking like a .500 ballclub, Baseball Fever has hit Arlington. I've been to six or seven games already (a league record for myself).

I've decided to have an exhibition season for Ballpark. All I need is your team roster by August 11 and a subscription to Pere and we'll start. Be sure to stay within the \$950,000 salary cap for your major league team. Minor leaguers will not be drafted until we actually begin the first season, since all participants in the exhibition season will be allowed to re-work or re-create their major league squads then.

Tentatively, the exhibition will last three months, enough for every team to play each other one or twice. After that, there will be a one-month sign-up period for new players; during that month we'll add a few special plays and defences to add more flavor to the game.

Tom

Our Guest of Honor

# Perelandra

# W.H. Auden

The book Secondary Worlds reprints Mr. Auden's T.S. Eliot Memorial Lectures of 1968. This selection is from the first of those lectures,

"The Martyr as Dramatic Hero" where he analyzes Eliot's verse plays and their heroes. This is only the introduction but demonstrates Auden's outstanding eye for literary pattern.

In myth, history and literature, we meet four kinds of human being, of whom it may be said that their deaths are the most significant event in their lives: the Sacrificial Victim, the Epic Hero, the Tragic Hero and the Martyr.

## THE SACRIFICIAL VICTIM

In societies that offer human sacrifices, a man is chosen by a social group to die to promote its spiritual and material welfare; his blood must be shed in order that crops may grow or the wrath of the gods be appeased. However the victim be selected, whether he be the consort of the mother-priestess or a prisoner of war, and whether he consents to his death or not, his role is decided by others, not by himself. In some cultures, in the interval between his being designated as a sacrificial victim and the act of sacrifice itself, he is treated as a sacred person to whom honour is paid and special licence given, but once he has been sacrificed his role is over and he is forgotten.

## THE EPIC HERO

Like the sacrificial victim, the Epic Hero dies for the sake of a social group; he falls while battling against its enemies. But in his case, it is not the social group that chooses him. He becomes a hero, partly by fate--he is born with exceptional qualities of strength and courage--and partly by his own choice. Secondly, though it is usually his fate to fall in battle, death is not his goal; his goal is to slay the enemies of his people and by his valiant deeds to win immortal glory, to be remembered by generation after generation.

## THE TRAGIC HERO

The Tragic Hero is an individual who in some way or other becomes guilty--either, like

# Herelandra

Oedipus, in the eyes of the gods, or, like Macbeth, in the eyes of men. He suffers and dies not for the sake of others but as a punishment and in expiation of his guilt. His story is remembered by others precisely because it is an exceptional and spectacular fall from fortune to disaster, glory to misery, which could not happen to the average audience. The chorus are not in any way involved with his fate: they are pure spectators.

## THE MARTYR

The Martyr is a sacrificial victim, but in his case it is he who chooses to be sacrificed, or rather--and in this he resembles the Epic Hero--it is his destiny to be sacrificed and he accepts his destiny. Those for whose sake he sacrifices himself do not choose him as an atoning sacrifice; on the contrary, they deny that any sacrifice has been made. To them he is a criminal, blasphemer, disturber of the social order, and though, like that of the Epic Hero, his death is a spectacle, it is not for the spectators a tragic or a sacred but a profane event, the execution of a common criminal. The Martyr sacrifices himself not for the sake of any particular individual or social group but for all mankind. In the special case of Christ, the God-Man, he dies to redeem sinful mankind; the ordinary human martyr dies to bear witness to what he believes to be saving truth, to be shared by all men, not reserved as an esoteric secret for a few.

## News in Briefs

If you're still looking for John's letter on Downfall, stop. Having reread it I figured I could answer all his questions in a letter...and in fact, I already did! But this one might interest you: "Do games end in draws? (Not as likely as in Dip, I suppose)" The only gameend I've seen was an Umbar win, but there is currently an Umbar/Saruman alliance which has squeezed out Mordor (Umbar-Cathy Ozog wears the ring!), and another game where for a moment it looked like a Mordor/Gondor alliance! Looking at the proposals each turn, it seems the players could just as easily wind up with a draw as in Diplomacy.

As for news, well, we got it. Cathy and I went to Pudgecon after all. Saturday afternoon I decided "what the hell," and we left Arlington at 6:30 pm, arriving in Wichita at 2:15 in the morning. It was some fun, even the trip back Monday afternoon--but Tuesday morning I was fired from my job as a book store assistant manager. As many of you know, I was planning on leaving Taylors soon, and hoped to quit before July 4 (so we could attend the whole weekend), but I didn't expect to be booted. Apparently I joked around once too often (I was already on warning for not getting along with the Operations Mgr., who oversees the four stores, and he was displeased by a joke I put on the employee bulletin board).

So I'm unemployed. And yesterday UTA informed me that I've been reaccepted for the fall semester, but I'm on academic probation and may not make any grade lower than "B". Of course, every grade I've ever made, except for two "C"s in Freshman Calculus seven years ago and two "F"s here in the graduate program, has been A or B...every grade. From 7th grade to now, or a total of 13 years of school.

But I can't pay for school until I find work...maybe not even then. So I certainly can't pay for a zine, and I have therefore raised the sub fees (but not the gamefees) to \$1/issue. I've told many people that I wouldn't do this until late next year, but I sat Tuesday and did a very detailed budget, and I can't subsidize the zine any further than that.

All current subs will continue as listed already; resubs or new subs are \$1 a month.

Also, I've figured that the end of the month is a bad time to do the zine as I always seem to run into delays (usually due to holidays or money). So I'm pushing the deadlines back to around the 12th or 13th. As it happens, this enabled me to put the zine off until after the Pudgecon trip.

Don Scheifler asked whether I'm planning on staying in Texas or heading back West. Well, three years ago I would've said, "Silly! Of course I'm going back." Terry Tallman expressed a little surprise this weekend that I've lasted this long here. Well, school brought me but Cathy has kept me. I could very easily dump this and split, but not until I can afford to take her along with me.

Know any openings for linguists who are widely experienced retail clerks?

# Herelandra

## The CON That ALMOST GOT AWAY

PUDGECON V

As I said, I nearly didn't make it to Wichita. In fact, this was very nearly the last-ever Pudgecon (due to Bob trying to drop out of the hobby). But he got talked back in by Kathy Byrne, and as it turned out, I now have the chance to get a two-year streak going.

Taylor's has been a thorn in my side for three or four months. So when someone decided, without telling me, that I couldn't have Saturday July 5th off because of a holiday promotion (the weekend actually turned out to be less busy than a normal one!), I was planning on quitting with no notice on the 3rd or 4th, then taking off for Kansas. But I couldn't find another job by then, so Saturday morning I still assumed I wouldn't be there.

As the day wore on, I thought about the people I'd miss...Steve and Daf Langley...Terry Tallman (yeah, really!)...John Michalski...probably a couple of Midwest Mobsters...and around 2:00, when Cathy happened to call the store, I asked whether she'd like to go.

Well, I got off work at 5:30, was home at 5:45, and because Cathy had already packed for me (though we found out later she forgot to pack socks!) we were on the road at 6:30. No call to Bob's--I planned to surprise everybody and I did.

It's eight hours from D/FW to Wichita. On the way we stopped once for a meal, and once to give a motorist a lift to a telephone. Besides trying to find a radio station in Oklahoma (we couldn't) and trying to find a way to avoid the \$1.45 toll in Kansas (we couldn't) it was an uneventful trip.

When we arrived at 2:30 am, Mark Frueh (surprise!) was in the backyard, sleeping in a Pup tent; Terry was sacked out--loudly--in the basement; Julie Martin was asleep on the couch, and Dustin Lawrence on the floor, with Daf in bed. Well, I wasn't going to let this stop us, as we managed to keep Dustin and Daf up until 3:30 talking. Bob Olsen and Olga were surprised to see us but, playing the good hosts, also sat up, and Ben Schilling (!) joined in.

The one regret of the weekend was that I couldn't pull people away from Ultima III, a computer game which Dick Martin, Ken Peel, and Steve were engrossed in. (They wound up staying up all night; Cathy and I did kibitz for a while Sunday evening.) It used to be that people would leave a con wishing they had spent less time on Dip and more on conversation. Now I guess they all wish they had spent less time on computer games and more on conversation.

Anyway, we were up at 9:30 Sunday (overnight Ben staked a space in the basement, and Puppy was chased inside by a thunderstorm--"we" then is Cathy Sexton, me, Daf, and Terry) but it took until 11:30 to get a breakfast bunch together. Terry, Ben, Cathy and I went in search of food and found out that North-east Wichita is a bit short in this department. The Denny's was too busy so we were relegated to Howard Johnson's. By the time we got back, Bob and the Langleys were out, so it was 1:00 before any gaming got underway. At that point, Trivial Pursuit was put forth, which was close until I got hot and steamed to the win.

Now, most of the crowd had come in Thursday, so Mark and Dustin leaving Sunday noon was no surprise. (I was told Michalski was there for two days but left before I arrived.) Also, Gary and Ginger Behnen, new returnees to the postal hobby, were present, and we had ten minutes to introduce ourselves before they left in the wee hours Sunday. But it was really shocking to have the host leave in the 'middle' of the con!

Yes, Sunday afternoon, with no explanation other than "They need me at work", Bob Olsen left Olga to entertain a dwindling group. Julie stood by in T.P. (and ran Bob's winning position into the ground) but that certainly doesn't excuse Bob's wimpy hospitality.

Well, I was glad to see everybody--dinner with the Martins and Ken, and driving them to the airport Monday, gave me a chance to say I've met them (and Dick really can eat like they say!). The absolute top of the weekend (for those of us who were only there Sunday) was Steve running another D&D campaign. My character bumbled repeatedly (as he usually does) including hitting Daf's in the rear with an arrow. Cathy acquitted herself well as a cat who gouged the eyes out of a guard--which is ironic, since Cat spent most of the weekend wiping her eyes and blowing her nose because of Olga (she's allergic to cats)!

Julie was disappointed because it rained all weekend--I love rain, so we balanced out--but I really didn't get to see much of Kansas so I will pass no judgement on whether it really is a wasteland. I do know that next year I will be there if I'm still in Texas, wasteland or no.

SPECIAL NOTE: this seems like a good place to announce ARLINGCON III--Halloween!

# The Last Word

The following Last Word was written by Will Rogers in 1924, and is called "What Women Need"...

I read in the papers where Ma Ferguson was elected governor of Texas. When they nominate a Democrat in Texas, they stay nominated. You don't catch them wasting any nominations. They won't even let a Republican pass through there on a train, if they know it. Men have been set free for every crime on the calendar--murder, robbery, and parking near a fire plug. But if a prosecuting attorney can show where the defendant ever voted the Republican ticket, the jury don't even retire to deliberate.

But I was certainly glad to see a long-haired woman get somewhere, and the reason Ma was elected, was that she didn't stop to powder her nose. That's what is holding women back now-a-days. I tell you, when you take time out for powdering, the day is just about gone. It's getting so this country has two main occupations now. One is women pawing at their nose with a powder puff, and the other is the men talking about their golf scores. I don't know what started all this color scheme in women's noses. In the old days, there didn't seem to be any particular reason why the nose couldn't go along bearing some slight resemblance in shade to the rest of the face. If it happened to be red, why it at least was pale in comparison to the men's noses of that time.

In those days, the nose was a thing considered just for blowing purposes, and it was never thought it would some day be used as a background for 50 million amateur female scenic artists. The blowing of the nose was done in those colorless days, just before arriving in a crowd, and not after you were in the midst of it. In fact, I think that custom still prevails. You are supposed to blow your nose in private, and paint it in public. Why the blowing, which is an absolute necessity, should be relegated to privacy, while the tinting, which is an absolute luxury, should be performed on exhibition, is beyond my understanding.

...Why you want your nose, which has a natural tendency to be red, to be changed to white, while your cheeks, which are naturally white, to red, I also don't know. You take a freshly powdered nose against a red background of the rest of your face, and there is nothing you so much resemble as a white-faced Hereford cow.

Mind you, I am not criticizing, because I am working on a scheme whereby I will benefit financially far beyond my expectations. I am going to arrange like the hairdressers do with the permanent wave, some kind of preparation that will give your nose a permanent shade. ...

**Herelandra**

3121 East Park Row  
Arlington, Texas 76010

Larry Peery

Box 8416

San Diego, CA

92102 - 0416

We trade

Your sub ends with issue **E**

First Class Mail



LIBERTY  
1886-1986

