

# Herelandra

number 45

August



## THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

This is the story of Thomas Jerome Newton, from the planet Anthea in our system, who makes a near-suicidal trip to Earth because here he might be able to build the huge space ferry that will save the last people of his dying world. In less than a year he is able to build a huge conglomerate because of his race's incredible scientific knowledge, and he puts the profits into a project that will build a spaceship--all this without anyone on Earth suspecting he is an alien.

by **WALTER TEVIS**

Except one man, a chemistry professor named Nathan Bryce. And when Newton gets drunk out of loneliness; when huge engineering obstacles present themselves; and when the government finally wakes up and stops Newton (including blinding him accidentally with x-rays), Bryce is there, both as friend and witness to history. So it is not so strange that Bryce should seek out Newton in his run-down haunts--rich, in wealth, but poor in spirit...

Bryce, appalled by the strange way that Newton looked and talked, found it difficult to keep his eyes on him, so he looked down at the table instead. "Can't you finish the ship?"

"Do you think they'd let me?"

"With all your money..."

"Do you think I want to?"

Bryce glanced up at him. "Well, do you?"

"No." Then, suddenly, Newton's face fell into its older, more composed, more human appearance. "Or yes, I suppose I do want to, Nathan. But not enough. Not enough."

"Then what about your people? What about your family?"

Newton smiled that unearthly smile again. "I imagine they'll all die. But, then, they'll probably outlive you."

Bryce was surprised at his own words. "Did they ruin your mind when they ruined your eyes, Mr. Newton?"

Newton's expression did not alter. "You don't know anything at all about my mind, Nathan. That's because you're a human being."

"You've changed, Mr. Newton."

Newton laughed softly. "Into what, Nathan? Have I changed into something new, or back into something old?"

Bryce did not know what to say to this, and he kept silent.

Newton poured himself a small drink and set it on the table. Then he said, "This world is doomed as certainly as Sodom, and I can do nothing whatever about it." He hesitated.

"Yes, a part of my mind is ruined."

Bryce, searching for protest, said, "The ship..."

"The ship is useless. It had to be finished on time, and now there isn't enough time. Our planets won't be close enough to one another for seven more years. They are already moving apart. And the United States would never let me build it. If I built it they would never let me launch it. And if I did launch it they would arrest the Antheans who returned on it, and probably blind them. And ruin their minds..."

Bryce finished his drink. "You said you had a weapon."

"Yes, I said that. I was lying. I don't have any weapon."

"Why should you lie...?"

# Perelandra

Newton leaned forward, putting his elbows carefully on the table. "Nathan. Nathan. I was afraid of you then. I am afraid now. I have been afraid of all manner of things every moment I have spent on this planet, on this monstrous, beautiful, terrifying planet with all its strange creatures and its abundant water, and all of its human people. I am afraid now. I will be afraid to die here."

He paused, and then when Bryce still said nothing, began to talk again. "Nathan, think of living with the monkeys for six years. Or think of living with the insects, of living with the shiny, busy, mindless ants."

Bryce's mind, for several minutes, had been becoming extremely clear. "I think you're lying, Mr. Newton. We aren't insects to you. Maybe we were at first, but we aren't now."

"Oh yes, I love you, certainly. Some of you. But you're insects anyway. However, I may be more like you than I am like me." He smiled his old wry smile. "After all, you're my field of research, you humans. I've studied you all my life."

"Well, I wish you Godspeed," Newton said. And then, "I'm glad I could do something with the money. I have an awful lot of money."

Bryce stood up to leave, feeling tired and a little drunk. "And there's no chance...?"

Newton smiled up at him even more strangely than before; the mouth beneath the glasses and het was like an awkwardly curved line in a child's drawing of a smile. "Of course, Nathan," he said. "Of course, there's a chance."

"Well," Bryce said. "I thank you for the money."

Because of the dark glasses Bryce could not see Newton's eyes, but it seemed to him as though Newton were looking everywhere. "Easy come, easy go, Nathan," he said. "Easy come, easy go." Newton began to tremble. His angular body began to lean forward and the felt hat fell silently on the table, showing his chalk-white hair. Then his Anthean head fell on to his spindly Anthean arms and Bryce saw that he was crying.

For a moment Bryce stood quiet, staring at him. Then he walked around the table, and, kneeling, laid his arm across Newton's back, and held him gently, feeling the light body trembling in his hands like the body of a delicate, fluttering, anguished bird.

The bartender had come over and when Bryce looked up the bartender said, "I'm afraid that the fellow needs help."

"Yes," Bryce said. "Yes, I guess he does."

## A FAREWELL TO ARMS

Hello, I must be going. I cannot stay, I came to say I must be going. I'm glad I came, but just the same, I must be going...

-----Groucho Marx

This is the forty-fifth issue of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine for postal games and classic literature. The Editor is Peter James Patrick Gaughan IV (3121 East Park Row Drive #165, Arlington Texas 76010 USA; phone 817-633-3208), with an editorial staff too large to enumerate, but including Tom Hise and Cathy Sexton.

With this issue, Perelandra is folding.

Subscriptions are obviously no longer accepted, and there are no game openings. Thanks to those of you who are on the standby list--I may still need to call on you since the games in this issue will continue on flyers, but I'll stay in touch so I don't call on somebody who's not interested.

I owe money, in the form of subscriptions and partial gamefees, to exactly 29 people; these debts range from 75 cents to \$41.00. The total Perelandra debt is \$336. Unfortunately, the zine is being folded for financial reasons, and I have already spent this money in an effort to stay alive over the last month. I will not be able to issue refunds until after the first of the year, at the absolute earliest. Each creditor will receive a note (possibly on the last page of this) detailing my regrets and offering a repayment plan.

I'd like to do a couple of more cheerful things, and then get to an explanation of my decision, if that's all right with you? Well, then, ...

# Perelandra

## Literary Calendar

3 August 1924: Joseph Conrad, 66, dies suddenly of a heart attack in Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury. His epitaph comes from Spenser's Faerie Queen: "Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas, / Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."

15 August 1887: Novelist and playwright Edna Ferber (So Big) is born in Kalamazoo, MI. She will suggest that "the ideal view for daily writing, hour on hour, is the blank brick wall of a cold-storage warehouse. Failing this, a stretch of sky will do, cloudless if possible."

24 August 1770: Rather than starve to death, Thomas Chatterton takes arsenic in his London garret and dies at 17. Although Horace Walpole characterizes the author of pseudo-15th-century poems attributed to "Thomas Rowley, a prieste," as "a complete genius and a complete rogue," he will become a symbol of native genius to the Romantics: Wordsworth, Keats, Shelly, Coleridge--even Poe.

31 August 1908: William Saroyan (The Human Comedy) is born in Fresno, CA. In the preface to The Time of Your Life, which wins the 1940 Pulitzer Prize for Drama, he will urge: "In the time of your life, live--so that in that good time there shall be no ugliness or death for yourself or for any life your life touches. Seek goodness everywhere, and where it is found, bring it out of its hiding-place and let it be free and unashamed."

## Literary Quiz

**HARD last month:** 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?

Tom Hise guesses Utopia (Thomas More); Matt Kazur says, "Either I am losing my touch, or all the questions have become Extra Hard." Only John Walker gets it: John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, where the man with the muck-rake is offered the celestial crown in exchange but refuses and keeps sweeping filth. (Bunyan died 31 August 1688 at the age of 60.)

**EASY last time:** 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? Nobody even tried to guess--he's Ring Lardner, author of some of the funniest and most bitter stories in American literature.

So the "final" standings are Jim Ferguson 7 points; Mark Lew 5; Jim Burgess 5; Greg Ellis 4; Will Woodard 3; Matt Kazur and John Walker 2 apiece; Don Williams and Tom Hise zero. If and when Perelandra returns, the Lit Quiz will come back with it.

**WAIT!** A late entry...from Jim!:"A literary puzzle now, eh? Sound like fun. Subject suggestions: Conrad, Poe, and Donne are some of my favorites, and there is probably plenty of material you can use for their puzzles. If you want to be a little more modern, a "science fiction" or "Vonnegut" puzzle would also tickle my fancy.

"As for this month's quiz, you threw two hanging curve balls: the HARD answer is Pilgrim's Progress and "You Know Me, Al" was written by Ring Lardner sometime in the teens or twenties. That's an idea, how about a Baseball Literature puzzle?"

So Jim now has ten points, and wins two free issues (one for reaching 10 and one for being the first person to reach it)...if you ever collect Jim, you'll have a real story to tell...



**EXCUSES, EXCUSES:** There's really just one big excuse, my checkbook. I owe about \$3000 in credit card debts, another \$15,000 in loans (\$21,000 including interest, eventually), and I even have an \$80 balance at the printer--we'll see whether they let me publish this issue or not. I have unemployment coming, but it's only \$122/wk and it starts August 26--hopefully I'll find work before then. Of course, I expected to get a job a month ago.

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I may seem to be uncaring about all this, but others can tell you it's making a nervous wreck out of me. In the midst of all of the bigger debts the zine doesn't seem so large--but my cost per issue has been around \$2, so even the sub increase wouldn't help enough. My parents are now paying my rent and tuition, and I wouldn't feel right using their subsidy to fund a game zine.

I have won a small battle: I've gotten Texas residency from the U.T. system, so I can get by with about \$500/semester tuition and fees, instead of \$1800+. As a side-effect (but not a cause for the fold) I'll have another 30-40 hours/month for schoolwork. (I intend to keep up with the games I'm in, and run the three games I GM, but with staggered deadlines it will not be hard to fit them in.)

As I said, the zine is \$336 in the hole. (Somewhat less than that, actually, as I don't intend to refund free issues from contests.) If I had that money now, I'd keep plugging away. The kicker is that it looks as if one or two banks may be ready to get legal on me, and I need to clean up my financial act as much as possible before that happens.

I hesitate to add this last paragraph, because I don't want anybody quoting me as burned-out or some such. But finances are 90% of the reason for this--leaving, yes, 10% to be explained. That's not as simple. I am disappointed with the hobby's perception of Perelandra; while it has rarely been everything I want it to be, I feel it has been better than most zines. Apparently I haven't kept up with the rest of the hobby press, and people would rather read something else. That would be less troublesome if the people who were reading were vocal and supportive, but with a few exceptions you readers see me as mediocre.

So those of you who want to find burnout in this last issue, there it is, kind of. But I repeat that I have enjoyed publishing but just can't afford to continue. I expect that I will publish Perelandra again some day, but definitely not before January 1, 1988. For now, what remains of a Pere tradition will be in the form of The Melniboné Herald, which will carry the North American Snowball Fighting Championship in Magus; and in the form of Log of the Ashancme, a flyer which will carry the two Diplomacy games to completion.

## TANITH 85CS

### AN UNEXPECTED MOUSE ROARS INTO THE BALKANS

Summer 1903: the German f bal retreats to lvn; Russia's f rum retreats to sev.

### FALL 1903

Austria (Greg Ellis): f gre-bul/sc (a rum & a ser s), a bud s a rum, a vie h.

England (Jim Ferguson): f hel-kie (f hol s, f den s/retreat to ska or otb/), f nth s f hol, a yor-lon.

France (Matt Kazur): a ruh-hol (f bel s), a mun-kie (Russia s), a pic-lon (f eng c), a gas-bur.

Germany (J.R. Baker): f lvn-stp/sc, f kie s Rus f bal-den/retreat to bal or otb/.

Italy (John Crosby): f ion-gre, f tun h, a boh-vie, a tyo-tri.

Russia (Evans Givan): f bal-den (a swe s), a ber s Fre a mun-kie, a war-sil, a ukr-sev, f sev-bla.

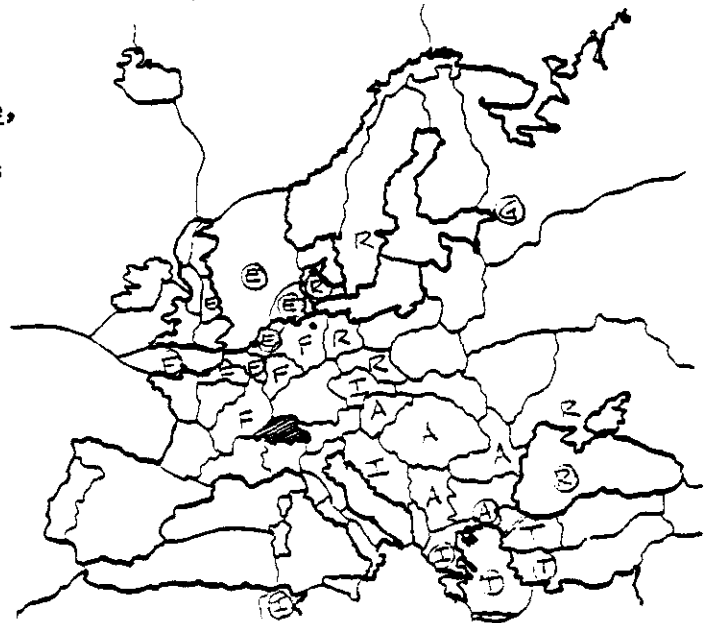
Turkey (Jim Diehl): f eas-smy, a con s a bul, f aeg & a bul s Ita f ion-gre /a bul dies/.

### WINTER 1903 SUPPLY CENTERS HELD

Aus	vie bud <del>xxx</del> <del>xxx</del> ser RUM BUL	5/5 even
Eng	edi lvp lon nwy <del>den</del> HOL	5/5 even/+1*
Fra	bre par mar spa por mun BEL KIE	6/8 +2
Ger	<del>xxx</del> <del>xxx</del> <del>xxx</del> STP	3/1 -1/even*
Ita	rom nap ven tun GRE TRI	4/6 +2
Rus	mos <del>xxx</del> war sev <del>xxx</del> swe DEN BER	6/6 even
Tur	con ank smy <del>xxx</del>	4/3 even

\*depending on retreats

more on the next page-----



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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  
Russia: Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606  
Turkey: Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344

As you read above, I plan to continue gming these games. But if a majority of the players prefer to move to another GM, I will make arrangements for a move. If a majority wants to abandon the game, we may do that too. Discuss it among yourselves this season.

If you allow me to continue, I'll be sending you a flyer (with the grandiose title of Log of the Ashanome) free until the game ends (no matter how long you last). From your original \$20 gamefee, \$5 will go toward the continued process of gming Tanith. Also, I am "billing" each of you \$6.75 for the nine issues you have received since the game started, which means your net refund (somewhere down the road, I promise) will be \$8.25.

I'm sorry, because you players are the most hurt by the fold. But I hope you'll stick with me. Have your answers, including bitter accusations, to me by Saturday 13 September. While you're at it, send Autumn 1903 retreats (E and G), Winter 1903 changes (E, F, G, I), and Spring 1904 orders too. (PS: NMR insurance by phone is now no longer in effect.) And, we have a proposal: German f stp becomes a stp. Sorry, J.R., that proposal fails because my houserule doesn't allow proposals before 1905.

G to A: If you thought last year was devastated, check this one out!

Constantinople: The Sultan Awakes!

G to GM: What's the abbreviation for "fleet portage from stp/sc to stp/nc"?

GM to German: You just don't give up, do you? That would be f stp/sc p nc...complete with the underlining.

France to Germany: Just enjoy your stay in St. Petersburg and try to stop giving away my centers!

G to France: A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

G to England: Better to trade a kingdom for a horse than to give it to an ass!

GM to German: I'd like to know who you think is whom in that sentence...

France to England: Time came to choose a direction, and you were it. I have a sneaking suspicion that you either expect this, or are planning a similar move yourself. Anything to ease my guilty conscience.

GM to Frenchman: Well put. This month is an excellent demonstration of the first lesson I ever learned in this game: never have a piece hold that can move or support.

G to Tanith: Gee, and I thought all the ftf players at MaryCon were paranoid...!

G to Russia: It's really not worth the effort to come back to stp and squash me, and now that England doesn't have to worry about me and you...

GM to Tanith and Nordeen: I haven't used UTA lately as a dateline, but since I'll be back in school in two weeks you may see more of it. Remember, that's me.

## NORDEEN 86AH

FRENCH MISCUE MAY NOT BE COSTLY AS ALL HANDS REMAIN FRIENDLY...FOR NOW

FALL 1901

Austria (Jim Diehl, address above): f tri-alb, a bud-ser, a vie-bud.

England (Hugh Christie, 43 East Houston Ave, Montgomery PA 17752): f eng-bel (France s), a yor-nwy (f nth c).

France (Will Woodard---\*\* NOTE COA \*\*--1921 Tracey Circle, Irving TX 75060): a spa-por, f mid-spa /no coast specified/, a pic s Eng f eng-bel.

Germany (Steve Langley, 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento CA 95825): f den h, a kie-hol, a ruh-bel.

Italy (Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd Street #308, Torrance CA 90504): a ven-tyo, a apu-tun (f ion c).

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Russia (John Crosby, 1496 Washington Lane, West Chester PA 19382): f bot-swe, a mos-lvn, f sev-rum (a ukr s).

Turkey (Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt Court, Farmington Hills MI 48018-2123): a bul-rum, a con-bul, f ank-bla.

## WINTER 1901 SUPPLY CENTERS HELD

Austria	home + SER GRE	3/5	+2
England	home + NWY BEL	3/5	+2
France	home + POR	3/4	+1
Germany	home + HOL DEN	3/5	+2
Italy	home + TUN	3/4	+1
Russia	home + RUM SWE	4/6	+2
Turkey	home + BUL	3/4	+1

still neutral: Spain

Please read the section at the top of the previous page about continuing or moving this game. Same provisions here, except that your refund (accounting for only three issues) will be \$12.75 (John and Jim, you won't be charged twice for the same copies). NMR insurance here, too, is cancelled, though none of you have needed it yet.

Your deadline, for Winter 1901 only, is Wednesday 17 September.

Turkey to UTA & Germany: Nice to see you two at Pudgecon V.

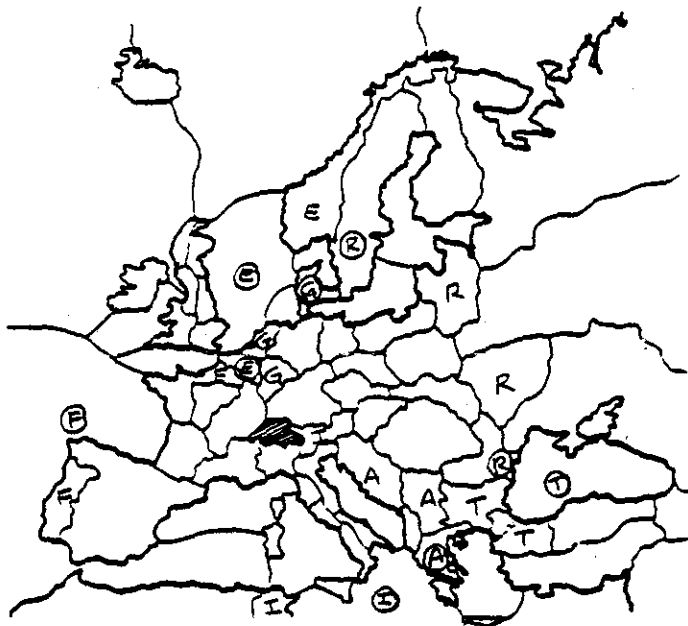
Germany: The element of surprise, while important, is not as decisive in war as Hollywood would have you believe.

Buckingham Palace to General Wordsworth: What kind of idiot are you? How could you begin singing a Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle declaring your grandmother's Yorkshire pudding superior to any entered in the annual contest? Your judgment of no winner due to inferior quality has upset the local population. Proceed to Norway immediately! Your presence in the homeland is a threat to my authority.

Buckingham Palace to "Bloody Burns": My English fleet captains are so upset with General Wordsworth that I must ask a Scot to convoy him out of the homeland. I hope that you will not interpret this as my Halloween prank; though it is a wonderful trick on the Norwegians.

"Sir Seasick" Swift to Buckingham Palace: I'm leaving the English Channel for Belgium. The rough seas are impossible, and this will give me an opportunity to examine the Conduct of the Allies.

Germany: For a short time, the well-told lie appears to be a powerful tool. In the long term, the truth pays better.



## CIMMERIA ASF4

TURN FOUR: Blizzard hits! And so does 'Rad...

Coke Sniffer: Jim Burgess 100 Holden Street Providence RI 02908-5731

Daf: Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #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 North Dickinson TX 77539

'Rad: Conrad Minshall 3702 Tarragona Lane Austin TX 78727-6049

Timmy the Flake: Tom Hise 3121 East Park Row Drive #165 Arlington TX 76010-3701

Coke Sniffer NMRs this turn, but as you'll see he's gone anyway...

SEGMENT ONE: While Polaris recoups a few points in the kitchen (and concocts another of his specialties in the press), the Halfling steps up to the snowman ready to shoot. In his field of view he sees Timmy moving cautiously north; 'Rad and Loki--on adjacent hexes!--massing huge

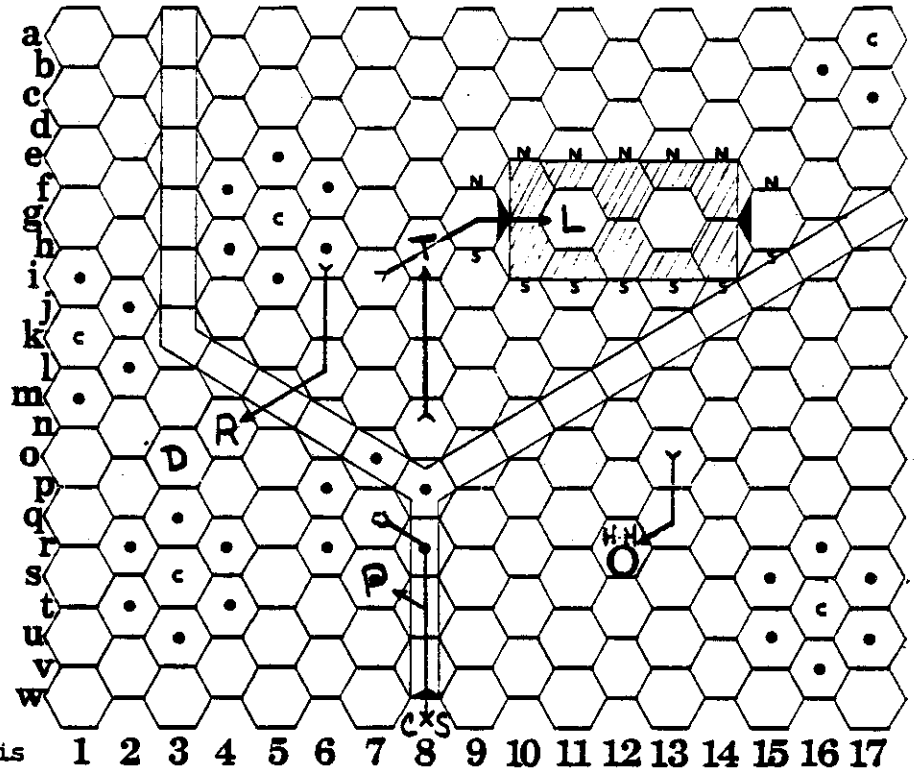
# Herelandra

Dirigibles in the same area; and Daf tossing an unsuccessful Rattlesnake at the catatonic Sniff.

SEGMENT TWO: and the Halfling swings into action, firing a direct hit on the Sniff just as Daf does the same. The Blizzard is blinding but when your target is staggering about he's easy to hit. Still, the Blizzard takes its toll: Loki sees 'Rad running away with his di, so Loki lets fly with his monster--an excellent shot under any other conditions, but it misses this time. Timmy is packing a di of his own. With the wind whipping the snowfall around, everyone outside takes lhp of damage (check rule 8).

SEGMENT THREE: 'Rad's intentions were obvious, as he ended up next door to the delectable Daf, and now he plasters her with his snow-football, cutting her hp in half! CS is into the kitchen, bumping into Polaris on his way. P has seen enough through the window--he picks up two 'balls as he emerges, and collects another when he gets outside, just under the tree. The Halfling, noting Polaris' return, sneers and builds a monster, while Daf grabs snow with each hand.

Perhaps the most unfortunate of the warriors is Timmy, who has gone to great lengths in movement and ammo-gathering for this very moment. He whirls around, winds up to hurl his di, ...and misses completely, because Loki has run behind his back and into the shed! Lucky Loki!



<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Segment Two</u>	<u>attacked by</u>
CS nmr!	D /rr/60/--	nmr!	HH/rr/55/** D /rr/60/**
D attack CS--rr	.	attack CS--rr	.
HH move to R12, collect lsb	.	attack CS--rr	.
L collect di	.	attack R--di	.
P rest up in kitchen	.	heal again inside	.
R collect di	.	move to N4 w/di	L /di/20/--
T move to H8 w/2sb	.	collect di	.

<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>vp / hp</u>	<u>vp / hp / ammo: sb / di</u>
CS nmr! run for cover		Kit	0 -2	5 0 - -
D collect 2sb	R /di/60/**	O3	1 -4	6 3 2 0
HH collect di		R12	1 -1	5 8 0 1
L move into shed		shed	0 -1	7 2 - -
P move to S7, collect lsb		S7	0 +4	3 10 3 0
R attack D--di		N4	3 -1	9 6 0 0
T attack L--di (fails)		H8	0 -1	3 4 2 0

The Sniff's nmr may have been semi-tactical--getting sent inside nets a couple more hp than going in voluntarily, unless you're too far off to get in within one Segment. But he did have ammo he could have fired; another di on Daf would've killed her for the time being, too.

This game is being moved to Magus; if you don't sub to Magus let me know and I'll send it to you on a flyer (I'll also marvel at your lack of taste). Once in Magus, you'll only have three weeks for each turn, since I need time to forward the pages to the Langleys. Send orders early

# Herelandra

from now on (this month you'll actually have a little extra time to catch us up to Magus' schedule). We may use two, three, or four pages, so press will not be a problem (we've never filled four pages with this game). If the deadline timing seems too tight, I might just send the results to everyone separately. For now, TURN FIVE IS DUE BY 20 SEPTEMBER 1986 (Sat.); The Sniff will be in the kitchen for the whole Turn, and Loki must stay in the shed for at least the first Segment (remember he may exit through either door). Now on to the press...

Polaris' Cooking Show: This kitchen must be 140°F. You'd think it was summer time or something. No way I'm going to cook in this heat; guess I'll check the refrigerator. --CRASH-- That's five (sorry about the eggs, Pete).

[Editor's note: our 'fridge door swings wide open if you don't hold it. During ArlingCon II we scored it Fridge 4, J.R. 2, but even four slams couldn't produce scrambled eggs. J.R. later sent a "rubber baby buggy bumper" to glue to the door, but unfortunately it's so small that the door still crashes when it hits.]

Let's see....oh, yeah, about 3 eggs (glop, glop, glop) in the blender, and whirrr until foamy. Add 3/4 cup sugar (plo) and whirrr. 2 tbsp lemon juice, 1 tbsp vanilla, a can of evaporated milk, a package of Dream Whip, and 2 cups of milk--whirrr once more--and pour the result into this shallow pan to freeze (closing the refridgerator door carefully).

Now to leave Pete a note for tomorrow: "Take the goop out of the freezer, break it into chunks and toss it in the blender with 3 bananas and some nuts (if you have any). Blend thoroughly and refreeze for homemade banana-nut ice cream."

Now, where did I leave that rum? Surely Cathy didn't drink it all! [Ed: yes, she did, with very little help.] Into the blender we go...

1 oz rum	1/4 oz apricot brandy
1 oz Galliano	1/4 oz lemon juice
1 oz pineapple juice	1 egg white

...open the refridgerator door --CRASH-- that's six. Say! That's a pretty good egg separator, Pete. Where was I? Oh, yeah, an egg white (glop) and now some crushed ice, and zap with this overworked blender. Whirrrr...just what I needed! Hey, Daf, want a "Jump Up and Kiss Me"? Just like I made them in the Virgin Islands. (You can have one too, Cathy.)

Polaris to HH: You better ask Cathy who's going to get the "Outstanding S.T.U.D. Service Award."

Polaris to Cathy: I know you're a Texan so you better turn in your 12 votes for the Poll.

(Pete is from the Shaky Place and doesn't understand how votes are taken in Texas.)

SnowMaster to Polaris: Sure, I understand. The Chicago system...vote early and vote often.

HH to Polaris: As he rockets to the kitchen! Get back out here and fight like an Icee B.M.!

'Rad to HH: 'Course I'm quiet--ever try to talk with a blimp in your mouth?

SnowMaster to 'R: They're called "dirigibles," son.

'R to SM: "Blimp" is easier to pronounce. And I bet you thought all these falsettos running around the yard had frozen cojones?

SM to 'R: ??? Why would I think that?

'R to SM: It's the blimps. They get those squeaky voices from the helium, y'know.

Polaris to Loki: No, no, no, that was summer '02! And here I thought you were taking notes!

Whatever happened to the Dipcon Review--Terry read my endgame statements and then he stabbed me. Is there no Law West of the Hobby?

SM to Pole: Now you've done it! We don't need no steenking Weeliams in thees game!

Loki to 'Rad: I'll get you...ever hear of a wolf (?) named "Fenris?" [Ed: I have!]

Timmy to CS: Haw haw! I outguessed you. So will you win this SnowFight? I'll tell you what Mrs. Reagan told me to say to all pushers: NO!!

SnowMaster to Cimmeria: Next Turn, all Republicans lose lhp due to Heavy Corruption. Be sure to send your party affiliation with your orders...

HH to Tim: Don't let CS get away, but watch out for Daf!

Timmy to HH: Don't hide in the corner. Come over and play "Smash the Sniffer" with me.

Polaris to T: Far, far better to have tossed and lost than never to have tossed et. al.

Loki to SM: How many vp's for a flying tackle?

Polaris to CS: How about a special award for the nurd most likely to be hit by snowballs not thrown at him? A new name...SnowNurd!

SnowMaster to Warriors: I am considering even more rule additions--like tackles, and being hit just because you're in the line of fire. What do you guys think?

(more press after  
Sports Rage.....)



# Sports Rage

Welcome to Sports Rage today. Sports Rage is the maladjusted creation of Tom Hise. Currently in the Ballpark ( Baseball PBM ) exhibition season.

Unfortunately the publishing house, Perelandra, which I was planning on publishing Sports Rage in has declared Chapter 11 bankruptcy. I am going to publish this by flyer. The commissioner plans on shouldering the cost for the season. So send no money now. So without too much tears shed for the now defunt Perelandra (hopefully the reorganizing of the administration and expenes will bring Perelandra back in '88 ). Lets get the run-down on this exhibition season.

I have six teams to fill the league. Pete is playing also. Hopefully this will help with the feedback on the game. The schedule is also published. So the line-ups for the first three matches will be  
SEPT. 17.

That is all for now. Please remember this is an exhibition season so feedback (your likes and dislikes ) is greatly, strongly, adamantly, even beggingly encouraged.

Okay Lets Play Ball!

Your Friend

*Commissioner  
Tom Hise*

## Terran Baseball League

A) The Little Guys  
manager : John Walker

C Sneezy  
1B Doc  
2B Happy  
3B Sleepy  
SS Dopey  
LF Grumpy  
CF Bashful  
RF Snow White  
P Larry  
P Moe  
P Curley  
P Shep

B) Iron Mitts  
manager : Bill Becker

C Fat Lil Bugger  
1B Outa Here  
2B Bullitt  
3B Last Stop B4 Home  
SS Blood Sport  
LF Pop Fligh  
CF King Swat  
RF Down Town  
P S. B. Deadly  
P Cruise Control  
P Tendon Itis

C) Flushing T's  
manager : John Caruso

C Pudge Olsen  
1B Scoop Berch  
2B Fast Fingers Mnrdi  
3B Jerky George  
SS Dippy Donald  
LF Woody Hamster  
CF Spifer Swider  
RF Ducky Williams  
P Tricky Dick Martin  
P Lefty  
P Flash Davis  
P Pops Peters

D) Pantego Linguists  
manager : Pete Gaughan

C Ronald Werth  
1B John Nystrom  
2B Shin Ja Hwang  
3B Robert Longacre  
SS Don Burguest  
LF Tammy Nystrom  
CF Jerry Edmondson  
RF Kenneth Pike  
P Roman Jakobsen  
P Michael Halladay  
P Sidney Lamb  
P Noam Chomsky

E) The Federals  
manager : Joe Kott

C T Easterly  
C A Wilson  
1B H Chase  
2B D Kenworthy  
3B E Lennox  
SS B Louden  
LF S Evans  
CF D Zwilling  
RF B kauff  
P C Hendrix  
P G McConnell  
P D Davenport  
P C Falkenberg

F) Jupiter Giants  
manager : Jim Ferguson

C Tom Haller  
1B Orlando Cepeda  
2B Chuck Hiller  
3B Jim Davenport  
SS Jose Pagan  
LF Harvey Kuenn  
CF Willie Mays  
RF Felipe Alou  
P Jack Sanford  
P Billy Pierce  
P Juan Marichal  
P Bobby Bolin

# Herelandra

Now the schedule for the exhibition season

## Session 1

### Match 1

A at C  
B at D  
E at F

### Match 2

A at F  
E at B  
D at C

### Match 3

C at E  
D at A  
F at B

## Session 2

### Match 1

A at E  
F at D  
C at B

### Match 2

B at A  
E at D  
C at F

### Match 3

B at E  
D at C  
A at F

## Session 3

### Match 1

A at D  
B at C  
E at F

### Match 2

C at A  
B at F  
D at E

### Match 3

E at A  
B at D  
F at C

That should round it out for now if any information given to is incorrect let me know so that I can correct my records.

Deadline for Session 1 is SEPT.17

until next ish, GO RANGERS!

## SNOWBALL FIGHTING PRESS CONTINUED:

Polaris to SM: Baseball season...no, you must be delirious with cold!

'Rad to Daf: Have you had your blimp today?

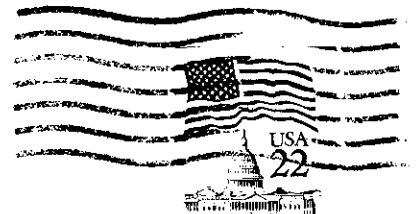
Timmy to SM: Why do I have this funny feeling that my backyard and whole sense of reality is going to be torn apart? Is this puberty?

SM to Flake: No, it's called a fold.

Loki (aside): It's getting mighty crowded out here...perhaps a quick trip up the ol' Bifrost might be in order...

Polaris to Cimmeria: There is a vicious rumor going around that youse guys have a strong dislike for trees.

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