

# Perelandra 2

number 53

September



James Nightshade and William Halloway were almost fourteen, when Cooger and Dark's Combined Shadow Shows, the carnival, came to town. "And that was the October week when they grew up overnight, and were never so young any more. . . ."

## Something Wicked This Way Comes

"All clear?" cried a voice below.

"Clear!" someone shouted at the far end of the midway.

Mr. Dark moved, not fifty feet away, to a red control box near the merry-go-round ticket booth. He glared in all directions. He glared into the tree.

Will hugged, Jim hugged the limb, tightened into smallness.

"Start up!"

With a pop, a bang, a jangle of reins, a lift and downfall, a rise and descent of brass, the carousel moved.

But, thought Will, it's broke, out of order!

He flicked a glance at Jim, who pointed wildly down.

The merry-go-round was running, yes, but...

It was running backward.

The small calliope inside the carousel machinery rattle-snapped its nervous-stallion shivering drums, clashed its harvest-moon cymbals, toothed its castanets, and throatily choked and sobbed its reeds, whistles, and baroque flutes.

The music, Will thought, it's backwards, too!

Mr. Dark jerked about, glanced up, as if he had heard Will's thought. A wind shook the trees in black tumults. Mr. Dark shrugged and looked away.

The carousel wheeled faster, shrieking, plunging, going roundabout-back!

Now Mr. Cooger, with his flaming red hair and fire-blue eyes, was pacing the midway, making a last check. He stood under their tree. Will could have let spit down on him. Then the calliope gave a particularly violent cry and Mr. Cooger, spinning, ran and leaped on the back-whirling universe of animals who, tail first, head last, pursued an endless circling night toward unfound and never to be discovered destinations. Hand-slapping brass poles, he flung himself into a seat where with his bristly red hair, pink face, and incredible sharp blue eyes had sat silent, going back around, back around, the music squealing swift back with him like insucked breath.

The music, thought Will, what is it? And how do I know it's backside first? He hugged the limb, tried to catch the tune, then hum it forward in his head. But the brass bells, the drums, hammered his chest, revved his heart so he felt his pulse reverse, his blood turn back in perverse thrusts through all his flesh, so he was nearly shaken free to fall, so all he did was clutch, hang pale, and drink the sight of the backward-turning machine and Mr. Dark, alert at the controls, on the sidelines.



Perelandra is an amateur magazine devoted to postal games and fantasy literature. You may become a member of this non-profit organization for \$12 per year (\$15 Cdn; \$18 US overseas). Please make payments to Perelandra, not to the editors, who are Pete and Cathy Gaughan, 3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington Texas 76010-3744 (phone 817-633-3208).

# Perelandra

It was Jim who first noticed the new thing happening, for he kicked Will, once, Will looked over, and Jim nodded frantically at the man in the machine as he came around the next time.

Mr. Cooger's face was melting like pink wax.

His hands were becoming doll's hands.

His bones sank away beneath his clothes; his clothes then shrank down to fit his dwindling frame.

His face flickered going, and each time around he melted more.

Will saw Jim's head shift, circling.

The carousel wheeled, a great back-drifting lunar dream, the horses thrusting, the music in gasped after, while Mr. Cooger, as simple as shadows, as simple as light, as simple as time, got younger. And younger. And younger.

Each time he wheeled to view he sat alone with his bones, which shaped like warm candles burning away to tender years. He gazed serenely at the fiery constellations, the children-inhabited trees, which went away from him as he removed himself from them and his nose diminished and his sweet wax ears reshaped themselves to small pink roses.

Now no longer forty where he had begun his back-spiraled journey, Mr. Cooger was nineteen.

Around went the reverse parade of horse, pole, music, man become young man, young man fast rendered down to boy....

Mr. Cooger was seventeen, sixteen....

Another and another time around under the sky and trees and Will whispering, Jim counting the times around, around, while the night air warmed to summer heat by friction of sun-metal brass, the passionate backturned flight of beasts, wore the wax of doll down and down and washed him clean with still stranger musics until all ceased, all died away to stillness, the calliope shut up its brassworks, the ironmongery machines hissed off, and with a last faint whine like desert sands blown back up Arabian hourglasses, the carousel rocked on seaweed waters and stood still.

The figure seated in the carved white wooden sleigh chair was very small.

Mr. Cooger was twelve years old.

No. Will's mouth shaped the word. No. Jim's did the same.

The small shape stepped down from the silent world, its face in shadow, but its hands, newborn wrinkled pink, held out in raw carnival lamplight.

The strange man-boy shot his gaze up, down, smelling fright somewhere, terror and awe in the vicinity. Will balled himself tight and shut his eyes. He felt the terrible gaze shoot through the leaves like blown needle-darts, pass on. Then, rabbit-running, the small shape lit off down the empty midway.

Jim was first to stir the leaves aside.

Mr. Dark was gone, too, in the evening hush.

It seemed to take Jim forever to fall down to earth. Will fell after and they both stood, clamorous with alarms, shaken by concussions of silent pantomime, blasted by events all the more numbing because they ran off into night and unknown. And it was Jim who spoke from their mutual confusion and trembling as each held to the other's arm, seeing the small shadow rush, luring them across the meadow.

"Oh, Will, I wish we could go home, I wish we could eat. But it's too late, we saw! We got to see more! Don't we?"

"Lord," said Will, miserably. "I guess we do."

And they ran together, following they didn't know what on out and away to who could possibly guess where.

## GAME OPENINGS IN PERELANDRA

**GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY:** Six people already signed up. Just one more needed, \$3 gamefee. This game will run on two-week deadlines without press.

**SNOWBALL FIGHTING:** Three people signed up, needs four or five more at \$3 each. Like Gunboat Dip this is anonymous. (Rules available for \$1.)

**DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS:** Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, and Geoffrey Richard are signed up--we need five more. Rules cost \$1, gamefee is \$5.

**DEVIANT DIPLOMACY:** Okay, this one's open. Send a \$5 gamefee to sign up. Mark Lew, Russ Blau, Kevin Tighe, and Jim Burgess have all expressed definite interest.

# Herelandra

## Literary Quiz

---

Last month's questions---

DS8--Upon which case was Sherlock Holmes engaged when he disguised himself as an amiable and simple-minded Non-conformist clergyman?

Astonishingly, only two correct answers, from Tom Hurst, and from...

Steve Emmert: "At last! Some questions I can answer! (Actually, I knew the Library of Congress one, as does everyone else who went to the University of Virginia.) The Holmes story is "A Scandal in Bohemia" (the disguise didn't foll Irene Adler), one of my favorites.

Q45B--This physically deformed man of letters was one of the first Englishmen to demonstrate that literature could be a gainful profession. An intimate of Swift, Gay and Viscount Bolingbroke, he penned a brilliant mock-epic on the theft of a curl. Who was this "Wicked Wasp of Twickenham?"

Mark Lew: "Alexander Pope (i vaguely recalled Pope being deformed; entry in Brittanica made reference to R of L....)"

Rod Walker: "Alexander Pope, also known as the "Bard of Twickenham". Both names come from the fact that he lived 25 years in the town. Twickenham's fame, however, derives not from such a minor calamity, but from the many well-known misadventures of its interesting people, as chronicled in numerous limericks. There was, for instance, the young lady of Twickenham, who thought men had ... um, well, this is a family publication, isn't it?" [Editor: Rod goes on to mention four or five other unprintable limericks.]

Jim Burgess: "Come on! Alexander Pope and his wonderful mock epic poem "The Rape of the Lock." He is perhaps my favorite poet and the mock epic form one of my favorite literary devices. I am not one to memorize poetry, but the first 18 lines of Epistle II of "An Essay on Man" represent the only lines I know by heart. They are the ones that begin

Know then Thyself, presume not God to scan;  
The proper Study of Mankind is Man.

...and end...

Sole Judge of Turth, in Endless Error hurl'd:  
The Glory, Jest, and Riddle, of the World!"

Steve Emmert: "Q45B had me pickled for quite a while. I was ready to give up and send in the potentially wrong answer of Walpole, until I recognized the "theft of a curl" as "The Rape of the Lock." Now if I could only remember who wrote that...I will, before I send this letter out." [Ed.: He got it in a postscript.]

Tom Hurst got this one also, so we give away three and a half issues this month! All of you who sent in answers should see your sub balances adjusted on the cover.

Now, for next month, may I suggest something? If you send your orders for games each on a separate sheet, why not do that for the lit quiz also? You have a much better chance of getting credit for your answer(s) if I can put them in the "Literary Quiz" file! If you want to write a few notes about the questions, feel free to put them in a letter or with the quiz answers. Remember, the Quiz is the game you can play without signing up...

As usual, one-half issue awarded for any correct answer.

Q119B--When Frank J. Lieverman whimsically introduced "Gertrude the Kangaroo" as the colophon for the first paperback publishing company in 1939, he probably didn't realize that the marsupial he had named after his mother-in-law would become part of a billion-dollar international industry. What is the name of the mass-market publishing house to which "Gertrude" still belongs?

T520B--The name of a Diplomacy hobby project is the same as the title of a Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Upton Sinclair. What is this name?

# Herelandra

## TANITH 85CS

### BESEIGED

Autumn 1907--Austria retreats a tyo-boh.  
Winter 1907 builds--Austria f tri; France a mar;  
Italy f nap; Russia a sev.

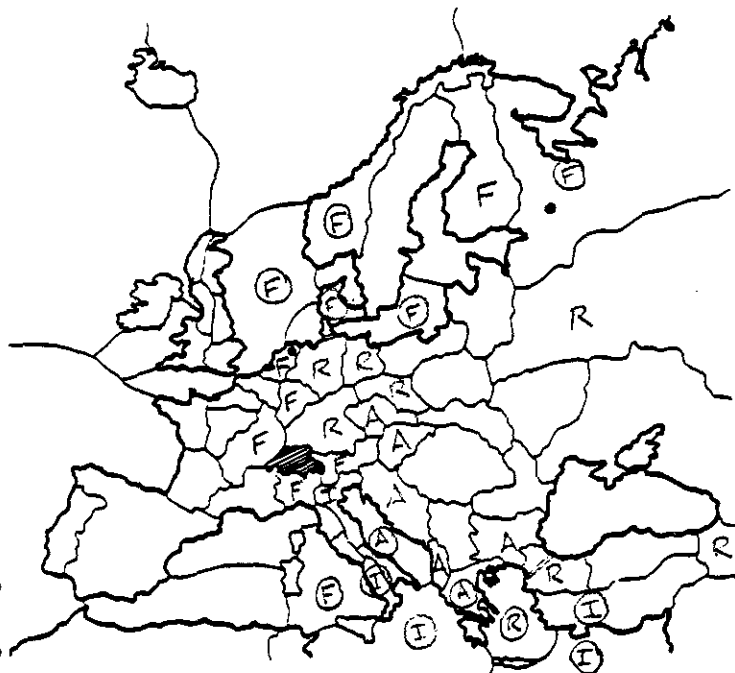
### SPRING 1908

Austria (Greg Ellis): a bud-tri (a alb s),  
f tri-adr, a vie-tyo (a boh s), a bul-con,  
f gre s rus f aeg-ion.

France (Matt Kazur): f bar-stp/nc (f nwy s),  
f ska-den, f den-bal, a swe-fin, a bel-hol  
(f nts s, a ruh s), a bur s a ruh,  
a tyo s aus a boh-mun /hahaha, er, I mean, nso/,  
f lyo-tyn, a mar-pie.

Italy (John Crosby): f ion-aeg (f smy s, f eas s),  
a ven s fre a tyo, f nap-ion.

Russia (Evans Givan): a stp-nwy /lvn otb/,  
a lvn-mos, a kie s f hol (a ber, a mun, and f hol all s a kie)/f hol r hel otb/, a sil s  
a mun, f aeg-ion, a con-smy, a sev-arm.



Everybody apparently figured out my map error last issue. Deadline for Summer 1908 (Evans) and Fall 1908 is 28 September 1987 by mail (11pm the night before by phone). No press today!

## NORDEEN 86AH

Autumn 1905: Italy retreats f mid-eng; Russia retreats f kie otb.

### WINTER 1905

Austria (Jim Diehl): builds a vie; also has f bul/ec, a rum, a sev, a mos, a lvn, a war,  
a sil, a tyo.

England (Hugh Christie): builds f lon, f lvp; also has f den, f swe, f nts, f mid, f nat.

France (Will Woodard): even. has a por, a bur, f mar, a gas, f hol.

Germany (Steve Langley): no removal received--gm removes f hel. still has a ber, a kie, a ruh.

Italy (Rob Wittmond): builds f nap, a ven; also has a pie, f eng, a spa, f lyo, f wes,  
f bla, a ank.

Russia (John Crosby): removes f bot. still has a stp.

England proposes an A/E/I draw. No standby will be called for Germany--the only reason Steve nmred is, he was on vacation in San Diego when I called on nmr insurance. I'm sure he'll be back. Deadline for Spring 1906 and draw votes is 28 September 1987.

England to All Players: I think it would be great to end this game while all powers are still being played by their original advisors. It would appear that the three powers suggested in the draw have the best chance of still being around at game's end, though one could be considerably weakened by the other two. Since Pete publishes draw votes by country, the negotiations could be quite entertaining after seeing how people vote! I'd prefer to end it now before anybody else has to suffer elimination. All have fought well, and I believe all deserve the survival.

UTA to England: But the question before the floor is, which ones deserve the draw?

UTA to Nordeen: I had a map all drawn up for this, and the other games. But then I decided, if you can't draw your own map after a separation of seasons, too bad. Besides, maybe we can keep this under ten pages this month!

# Perelandra

## RATHILLIEN 87CK



WE'RE MISSING ON A COUPLE OF CYLINDERS...

WINTER 1901

Austria (Dave Pilant): builds a bud; also has a gal, a ser, f gre.  
England (Steve Emmert): builds f edi; also has f nwy, f eng, a lon.  
France (Melinda Holley): builds only f bre, f mar; also has f bel, a spa, a por.  
Germany (Tom Hurst): builds f kie, a ber; also has a hol, f den, a mun.  
Italy (Rex Martin): builds f nap, a ven; also has a vie, a tyo, f tun.  
Russia (Gary Behnen): builds a war, a stp; also has f swe, a rum, a ukr, f sev.  
Turkey (Guy Hail?): no build received; has f con, a bul, a smy.

No standby will be called for Turkey, since I have letters from Guy but no orders. Deadline for Spring 1902 is 28 September 1987 by mail. And we have some press. (Note COA for Rex!)

Edinburgh: The British government announced today with its usual snooty indifference, the abdication of King Tom I, and the succession to the throne of the Prince of Wales, who will be called King Steven I. His Majesty's first official act was to remove the seat of government in its entirety to Edinburgh, his ancestral home. "Not everyone is lucky enough to have been born in Scotland," said the king during a recent manicure, "but anyone can be smart enough to move there. Except those damned continentals, of course; they're so boorish and unappreciative of picturesque landscapes."

Edinburgh to UTA: There must be something wrong here. Who inherits a position that isn't hopeless? Or is there an AFGIRT alliance in this game?

UTA to Edinburgh: I don't think we have that alliance, but I'm also yet to be convinced your position isn't hopeless.

Germany: Full lacrimose flow

Sun-baked reptiles shedding tears

On Albion's woes

---a Gnomidian haiku

Edinburgh to Paris: Um...er (ahem)...gee, uh, peace, okay, lady? Please don't beat the hell out of me; I just got here.

UTA to Edinburgh: Oh, by the way, Steve, I haven't sent a sample to that friend you mentioned. Send his address, why don't you?

## NORTHPOINT

NEW GAME BEGINS WITH A MIX OF OLD FRIENDS, NEWCOMERS

-----1987HK-----

The next game of regular Diplomacy in Perelandra is now underway. Game name is Northpoint, named for the planet central to Mike Resnick's The Soul Eater; the Boardman Number is 1987HK, which is unusual since the first game ever in Pere was 1982HK.

Austria: Larry Botimer, a Pere newcomer but familiar to many from Magus and KK.

England: Rich Miller, bank executive and all-around cool dude

France: Jim Diehl, a veteran of several Perelandra wars

Germany: John Crosby, native Texan and a long-time Dip player

Italy: Matt Kazur, a postal exclusive and a Pere specialty

Russia: Gary Behnen, a Cardinals fan in hostile territory

Turkey: Jim Nickel, a complete unknown for the time being...

Your deadline for Spring 1901 is still 25 September 1987, but I only have orders from four of you. Players' addresses are in the roster on the next page--please, folks, don't abuse phone numbers. Call at reasonable hours and keep it concise, this is postal Diplomacy.

As you may guess, I appreciate personal notes and letters, even with your orders. Putting moves on a separate sheet will help your cause, and even make it more likely that we'll write back!

# Perelandra

## ANDY PANDA 85AZ

THE FOG BEGINS TO DISSIPATE

	England	Germany	Italy	Turkey	
EGIT draw	no	no	yes	nvr	Autumn 1907: England retreats a mos-stp, Italy retreats a ven oth, a vie-boh.
ET draw	yes	no	yes	nvr	GERMANY PROPOSES TURKISH WIN.

WINTER 1907

England (Russ Blau \*\*note COA\*\*): even. has a hol, f nts, a lvn, a stp, a swe, f den, f mid,  
f eng, f spa/sc.

Germany (Greg Ellis): stows a gal, a tyo. still has f bal, a war, a ber, a mun, a ruh,  
a mar, a bur.

Italy (James Wall \*\*note COA\*\*): bashes f tus, a ukr. still has f tun and a boh.

Turkey (Eric Diamond): builds a con, a ank, f smy. also has f lyo, f tyn, f nap, f ion,  
a ven, a rum, a vie, a tri, f sev, a mos.

Well, now Greg is the only one of you not to move since the game came to Perelandra. Addresses  
below. Deadline for Spring 1908 is 28 September 1987 by mail. ~~No press this time, and~~ I have  
a full set of orders on hand ~~without press~~ any additions, gents? ↓

|||||

Bob "Jackrabbit" Baker 512 Snipes St. Charles MO 63303 314-928-6808  
Gary "Greedy" Behnen 13101 South Trenton Olathe KS 66062 913-829-1474  
Russ Blau 9023 Lake Braddock Drive Burke VA 22015 703-978-1165  
Jim "Dr. Boob" Burgess 100 Holden Street Providence RI 02908-5731 401-351-0287  
Hugh "Uncle Dizzy" Christie 43 East Houston Avenue Montgomery PA 17752 717-547-1082  
John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382-6871 215-793-2021  
Larry Botimer 13833 N.E. 11th Street #3 Bellevue WA 98005  
Eric Diamond 14955 S.W. 48th Terrace #G Miami FL 33185  
Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344  
Steve Emmert Box 319 Virginia Beach VA 23458  
Greg "Halfling" Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701-2720 512-343-8202  
Mark "Puppy" Frueh 4320 Wallace St. Louis MO 63116 314-832-1791  
Bruce Geryk 5528 South Everett #3D Chicago IL 60637 312-324-6460  
Evans "Blade" Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606 916-722-8982  
Guy Hail 911 Blanco #208 Austin TX 78703 512-482-8507  
Melinda "Hobby" Holley Box 2793 Huntington WV 25727-2793  
Tom "Ralph the Gnome" Hurst 2686 Richardson Drive Fitchburg WI 53711  
Matt "The Invisible Man" Kazur Box 5492 Washington DC 20016  
Steve & Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825-3350 916-927-4077  
Rex Martin home) 10 North Pine Gettysburg PA 17325  
work) c/o TAHGC 4517 Harford Road Baltimore MD 21214  
Rich Miller 266 South Oak Knoll #6 Pasadena CA 91101 818-304-9872  
Jim Nickel 429 East Columbia Street Falls Church VA 22046  
Bob "Pudge" Olsen 6818 Winterberry Circle Wichita KS 67226-1253 316-686-7935  
Dave Pilant 15819 Crystal Brook Houston TX 77068 713-583-7520  
Don "Shyster" Scheifler 3121 East Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010-3744 817-633-3208  
James "The" Wall 1713 Onsgard #7 Madison WI 53704  
Venessa Williams 1325 East Citrus Avenue #2C Redlands CA 92374 714-793-6751  
Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd Street #308 Torrance CA 90504 213-542-9571  
Will Woodard 1921 Tracey Circle Irving TX 75060 214-254-4549  
"Fast Eddie" Wrobel 3932 North Forestdale Avenue Dale City VA 22193 703-670-3489  
Jeff "Bubbles" Zarse Hinman Box 284 Hanover NH 03755 603-643-7694

Ops. There is a press item for Andy Panda: Germany: This looks to be over pretty soon, one  
way or another. Why don't we just vote it in?

# Herelandra

## GETHEN ASF6

EVERY ATTACK GOES "THUNK!"

TURN FOUR

Segment One: Swizzle Thunk (Bubbles Zarse) is still in the kitchen drying out a bit, and Cool Hand Luke (Pudge Olsen) goes to join him, thereby avoiding Target Tommy's (Tom Hurst) attack. Coke Sniffer (Jim-Boob Burgess) decides to pick up a Dirigible for next Segment, so Snow Lord (Tom "The Cosmic Zap" Hise) decides to hit him with his di. Snow White (Venessa Williams) and Snow Job (J.R. Baker) look around and realize that both Toms are busy attacking folks--so SW and SJ each pick one and plaster him with a Rattlesnake.

Segment Two: With Luke inside, Tommy's second attack also fails! Snow White and SnowLord each pick up two Snowballs, and when they straighten up, look who they see! The Thunk has run out of the kitchen and straight to the tree! But SW and SL are far too busy to attack him just yet--each one is being splattered with snow. The Lord gets his from Snow Job, and Snow White becomes the victim of the Sniff's monsterball. So far every attack has succeeded (except TT's shots at the kitchen door)...

Segment Three: ...and now Swizzle Thunk's Bolero attacks both work also. How can he miss? He's aiming at the Sniff and at Miss White, one or two hexes away! Target Tommy is tired of missing, so he runs in to try to start a fight with Cool Hand. Coke Sniffer picks up another fearsome weapon to retaliate with, and Snow Job restocks his Fort. Snow White and SnowLord trade shots, though White also tries to hit TT on his way inside.

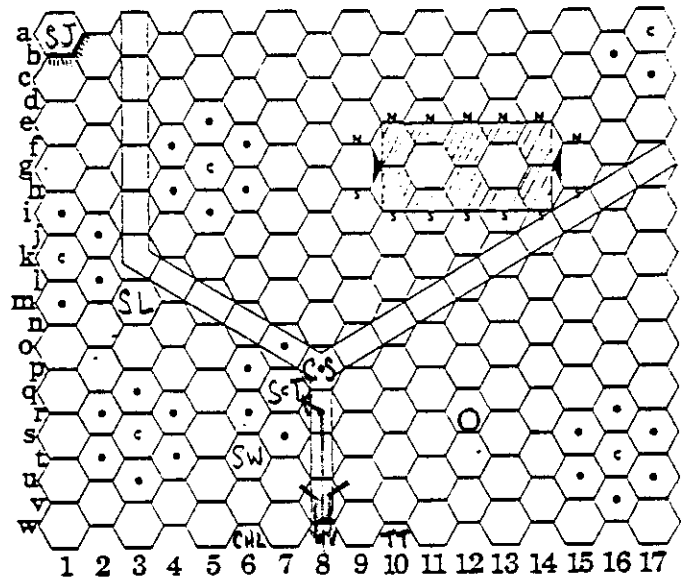
Tom Hise has moved into the dorm at the U. of Texas at Arlington, so I don't have his new mailing address (his dorm phone is 273-3724) but he can be forwarded to from his parents': 4568 Black Rock, Dallas TX 75211.

DEADLINE FOR TURN FIVE ORDERS IS 28 SEPTEMBER by mail.

	<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Segment Two</u>	<u>attacked by</u>				
CHL	move into kitchen		stay indoors					
CS	collect di	SL/di/40/**	attack SW w/di					
SJ	attack SL w/rr		attack SL w/rr					
SL	attack CS w/di	SJ/rr/80/**	collect 2 sb				SJ/rr/90/**	
ST	sit inside		move (!) to Q7					
SW	attack TT w/rr		collect 2 sb				CS/di/70/**	
TT	attack CHL w/rr (fails)	SW/rr/95/**	attack CHL w/rr (fails)					
		<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>finals</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>sb</u>	<u>di</u>
Cool Hand Luke (Olsen)		still inside		Luke	3	8	-	-
Coke Sniffer (Burgess)		collect di	ST/bb/70/**	Sniff	4	5	0	1
SnowJob (Baker)		collect 2 sb		Job	2	6	3	1
SnowLord (Cosmic Zap)		attack nearest w/rr	SW/bb/50/**	Lord	7	4	1	0
Swizzle Thunk (Zarse)		attack CS & SW w/bb	SL/rr/60/**	Thunk	10	5	0	0
Snow White (Williams II)		attack TT & SL w/bb	ST/bb/65/**	White	5	3	0	0
Target Tommy (Ralph)		move into kitchen		Target	4	5	-	-

Burgess to Olsen: I agree. "Black Jack" Zarse it should be. Only you could be so brilliant.  
 Kitchen to Pudge: Always nice to have a mindless syncophant or two around, right Bob?  
 CHL to SnowMaster: "Bubbles"? He gets to name himself after his head?  
 SM to CHILL: Why not? You're named for your belly.  
 CHL to the Players: Don't worry guys! I'll get him!  
 SM to the Players: Presumably, then, Venessa should worry...

(more after letter column)



# Thulandra

number 15

...the silent planet

## WELL WORLD Titan

TURN NINE

BLACK (Mark Frueh) rolls a 5. Tombstone moves to Brush (B109) and splits with Widget Eye; Scorpy moves to Plains (P110) and splits with Pirate Jack.

BLUE (Bruce Geryk) rolls a 3. Tornado moves to Tundra (TUN2000); Trident moves to Marsh (M122); Raining Cloud moves to Jungle (J26).

BROWN (Jeff Zarse) rolls a 3. Hourglass moves to Marsh (M131); Tolling Bell holds at Brush (B134); Pawprint holds at Brush (B3); Crossed Sceptres moves to Swamp (S142); Wagon Wheel moves to Brush (B141); Dragon Prow moves to Marsh (M41); Treasure Chest holds at Marsh (M8).

GOLD (Don Scheifler) rolls a 5. Bearclaw moves to Hills (H37); Rings moves to Plains (P1); Coins moves to Brush (B113); Lamp holds at Desert (D118).

GREEN (Gary Behnen) rolls a 4. Lobster Claw moves to Plains (P129); Scales moves to Woods (W39).

RED (Ed Wrobel) rolls a 3. Star moves to Marsh (M103) and splits with Fist; Heart moves to Plains (P6); Scimitar moves to Plains (P115) and splits with Spin; Cross holds at Plains (P15).

musters this time: 3 Rangers, 2 Cyclops, 2 Trolls, 2 Warbears, Lion, Unicorn.  
points: Red 76; Black, Blue, Green 24; Brown, Gold zero.

ENGAGEMENT #3 (Plains P15): Red Cross defeats Black Sweet Rose. 2 Centaurs, 2 Ogres die; 24 pts.

ENGAGEMENT #5 (Jungle J33): Gold Swords defends against Green Dagger.

ENGAGEMENT #8 (Woods W2): Brown Beer Stein defends against Green Gem.

DEADLINE for Turn Ten orders is 11:00pm 14 September 1987.

Bruce to UTWherever: I imply nothing of the sort. It simply sounded from our phone conversation that the pressure of adjudicating Titan might be taking its toll, and that, faced with the choice of slower turnaround or longer deadlines, you were opting for the latter. I merely agreed. Why do you think I said "Keep up the excellent work?"

UTA to Bruce: You're right; I didn't mean to sound ungrateful. Everyone's been patient, and every deadline I say to myself, This time I'll get it out the next day. Yeah, sure.

Red Ed to Fakers: Hey, I've got an idea. Let's fake a Titan game, get Mark Frueh to join up and then torture him for 3 years! Whaddya say?

UTA to Red Ed: There you go, spilling the beans.

## Perelandra

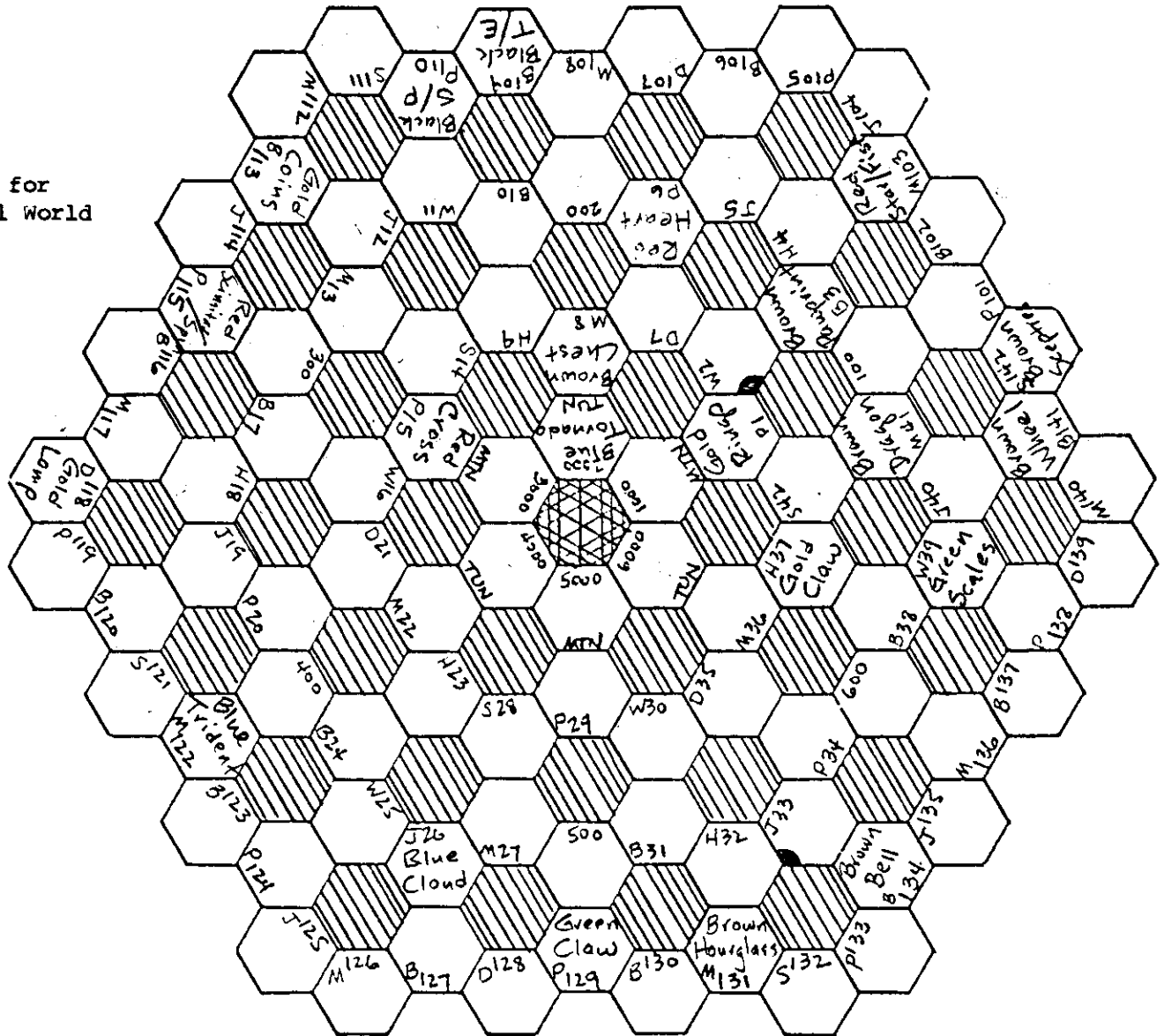
### Opinions and Editorials and Letters\_\_\_\_\_

We'll start the editorial pages here, even though the Titan map sticks its nose in on the next page. First bit of news is that Cathy typed the first two pages this issue, and she is beginning to take more of an active role in the assembly of the zine--she helped gm a couple of games, and really looks forward to writing her column. Pete, on the other hand, is running out of possibilities for literature excerpts, and he's finding it hard to get excited about separated seasons. So maybe in the future, we can guarantee that at least one of us will be really primed to do Perelandra every month!



# Herelandra

map for  
Well World



## It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

Hi folks! It's Monday the 24th. Tomorrow Pete and I will have been married for three whole months. Sometimes it seems like years, sometimes it seems like just days. All I know is I love it. Well, whether Pete knows it or not I'm thinking of the dinner he's cooking tonight as our anniversary dinner. Last month I fixed him a really nice meal with candlelight, champagne (left from the wedding) and the works. It was so fun. I don't think he'll disappoint me.

This week is going to be kind of hectic. This is when it's real obvious that we only have one car. Tomorrow I have to be at work at 9 am as usual. Pete, however, has to go to a consultation about having his wisdom teeth out on Thursday. After that he has to go to UTA to try and get advised to register. He has to be at work by 4 pm, so he'll come to where I work around 3:30 and I'll drive him to work, then I'll go back to work until 6:00. After work I'll go home until about 7:30 pm then I will head out to Sweet Adelines. I'm there until 10:30 pm and Pete gets off at 9, so he gets to walk home or find a ride (real fun, huh, Pete?).

Then Wednesday, I think, will be pretty normal. Thursday he gets his teeth pulled, which means I'll miss some work taking him home from the dentist. Anyway, Friday he'll still be recovering, and who knows what'll happen by Saturday. I told you all this because doesn't it sound like we really need a vacation? We need to go some place to see some people, play some

# Herelandra

games. Yeah, that's the ticket. Somewhere like Kansas, maybe. Maybe even Wichita. At this point we plan to go; at this point, though, it's all up to Pete's boss. Boy, does that sound familiar. I don't think Pete will be fired this year, though. (There's a long story behind that, involving Pudgecon and senior management, but I don't want to go into it, ok?) Anyway, I really really want to come to Pudgecon so I hope to see some of you there.

Well, I took a break and it is now Tuesday around 7:00 pm. Pete's dinner was really special last night. There wasn't candlelight but he was wonderful. In about half an hour I'll be heading off to Sweet Adelines. That's a female barbershop quartet choir. It's really fun. Last week I tried out and was accepted; some time in October we'll be putting on a show. It's the best thing since high school choir. Boy does that bring back memories...

I loved being in choir in high school. I know at some schools that probably wasn't cool, but our quarterback was in choir so it was pretty nifty to be part of it. We were the best choir in Arlington (four high school total). Then we went on to Galveston my junior year and won the Sweepstakes award, which meant we were the best in the state. It was really fantastic there--see, we sang for three judges in an auditorium where the other choirs' members could come and listen. Usually there was a small amount of whispering going on during most of the performances. Well, when we started singing, our director (a normally unflappable guy) almost stopped directing just to listen; AND the whole auditorium became totally quiet. All eyes were on us in awe. It was one of the neatest feelings in the world...

Oh well, back to reality. I hope next month you'll be in my Pudgecon review. Later folks!



A few literary letters this month, beginning with Guy Hail. Guy sends me a note or two each month on what he's read or seen (TV, movies, video) or even heard (albums)...

from Guy Hail (3 August and 22 August 1987)

The Closing of the American Mind by Allan Bloom. I like Allan Bloom; he produced the best translation of Plato's Republic ever (and I've read quite a few, Cornford, Jowett, who is second best, and a couple idiosyncratic ones). I like this book; it'll take a couple of readings and a bit of thought. Can't say much about this one except in person.

Gods and Beasts by Dusty Sklar. A book by a worried woman; it would rate higher if she put in more scholarly apparatus. Gods and Beasts is in a limbo between a popular jeremiad and serious thought. Sklar writes about the use of occult irrationality to shatter the morals of the Germans and prepare them for Nazism. The book concludes with the ever-present warning about our own times. Unfortunately, the warning is both timely and pointless. New Age Aquarian thought has triumphed in this country. Grab your gemstones, everyone; the new age of gods and devils is upon us.

Beats me how a series of books about an immortal, wise warrior in post-holocaust America can dare include a cliched "I was in every important battle of World War II" war novel, but it does. This trash was so formulaic I think it was written by computer, not on, but by. It includes whipping down on the uppity young whelps who don't like life-affirming tribal discipline, cussing, unreadable and unrealistic dialects, Nazis, secret conspiracies, and down-home, indiscriminate pagan sex. No wonder the Horseclans series is up to 15, at least. Anyway, A Man Called Milo Morai must be the worst. It must.

from Jim Burgess (7 August 1987)

Elric: Okay, you reinforced some of my feelings about Moorcock. I have seen a number of people do great things in FRP campaigns with Elric, but found the books unreadable. You should take the last point with the caveat that I generally prefer my fiction to have serious ideas in a breezy, readable format. That can be an unusual combination but I find C.S. Lewis to be one of its great practitioners.

...[On the Quiz:] Forget it. My Holmes knowledge is very limited. When I don't know something, I have my wife Charlotte's wonderful library to hunt through. Always enjoyable even if I don't find what I'm looking for. I didn't this time either...

...Listening to Cathy ramble is a nice human touch. Are you sure she really wants to learn postal Dip? Congratulations on making it into the third month! I hope you and Cathy

# Herelandra

are anywhere near as happy as Charlotte and I are.

[Pete here: I don't know if C is so eager to play postally, but she does want to meet the people in the hobby, and she doesn't want to be shut out of things like my games just because she doesn't understand them.

[Bruce McIntyre sent a long letter that ran through bridge, music (Spyro Gyra--while typing I've been listening to Weather Report, This is This and Heavy Weather), and hockey. But then he got to one of my favorite topics...]

from Bruce McIntyre (long-delayed! 20 May 1987) [REDACTED]

Bill James: the Abstract this year is divided. There are only basic stats in the Abstract proper, but a lot of opinionated writing. Like a hilarious satire of the San Diego Padres righteousness at refusing to sign Tim Lincecum because of his drug problems in the past. And a quiz on scoring modeled on the Late Night with David Letterman style, based upon a few ludicrous decisions from last year's playoffs. The statistical stuff this year is in something called the Great American Baseball Statistic Book. From what I've seen of Elias, it appears to be miles and miles of charts, which is precisely what the Abstract isn't. I buy the Abstract not because I believe in the various stats, but because it's like an annual Ball Four. As Bouton talked about Vietnam, James will pontificate on why last year's rookie crop, as rookies, was one of the best of all time. The informal but convincing style is common to both, and I'm hooked.

## Among the Trees · by Pete Gaughan

This issue was typed under the influence of drugs. Namely, Dolprn, Veetids, Synalgos, and even good old ibuprofen. I've been a physical wreck most of the last week--first, I had the "maxillary and mandibular third right molars" extracted from my mouth. (That's the upper and lower right wisdom teeth in English.) During the procedure, I didn't even realize the surgeon had already pulled 'em, though I was fully conscious and alert. And I was back on my feet the same evening. But my mouth bled and was tender all weekend at work, when my back started acting up again. The pain starts at the nape of my neck and the base of my spine, and slowly radiates until I'm not comfortable in any standing or sitting position.

So it was in a very negative mood that I finally got word that I will not be allowed back into UTA's graduate school. After failing several classes back when I dropped out, they put me on probation, and I haven't raised my grades since, so I'm stuck with a part-time job and now my student loans are due.

But, what, me worry? I'm going to go to Pudgecon, kick up a real party storm, and try to forget most of this for the weekend. Then we crash back down to real life and things like insurance payments, damn the Texas legislature for raising taxes just about now! I am glad for one thing, anyway; my job is mostly incentives (selling typewriters, cameras, and stereos) and I'm making better and better money at it. I'm hitting all the goals the management sets for us, so everyone stays off my case and I can keep a few more hounds at bay at home.

Cathy worries that I don't talk enough about my feelings--hey, three years of living alone reversed my personality completely--but we're doing well in the "Communication" dept. I've learned not to snap sarcastic comments when she's done something I wouldn't, but I still need to work on my tendency to clam up. Hey, here's the press coming up. Thanks for joining us another month--see you in October! Peace, deep thought, and fried clams,

## Snowball Fighting

*Pete*

AND NOW--MORE SNOWFIGHT PRESS!!!

SnowJob to Swizzle Thunk: I see we have a full moon tonight--check my buns!

Tommy to Thunk: Two can play at this game. Pass the martini pitcher, will ya? My anti-freeze is a bit low.

Sniff to Thunk: Ooh, I knew I should have made that last order conditional!

SJ to CHL: Why don't you come over and play sometime?

SJ to SW: Looking good mcsma, why don't you just trot yo' self on up here and plant a big wet one on me?

SJ to SL: I'm so glad you wanted to play catch, let's do it again.

Sniff to Thunk in Kitchen: You may be the straw that stirs the drink, but my straw is potency incarnate!

Snow Master to Sniff: ???

Sniff to SnowMaster: I've got a great idea there, but I couldn't think how to finish it. I'll always remember watching Reggie patrol right field from the bleachers in Arlington Stadium a few years back. Though it sure wasn't fielding wizardry that attracted me...

SnowMaster to Sniff: I think the allusion was too far afield for Snowball Fighting.

CS to SJ: I hope you're enjoying yourself up there. If, by some coincidence, you manage to begin hitting us, we'll move our fight east, to the other side of the shed. Then you won't have a snowball's chance in hell of hitting us.

Tommy to Gang: How's about we all sit here in the kitchen until a blizzard takes out Jobby? Then we can all race for the Fort while he takes ten Segments or so to reach the kitchen and dry his shorts.

SJ to TT: I'm so glad to know that you noticed. Please feel free to drop by any time. I'll try to keep something handy just for you, a frozen pizza or perhaps an ice-cold drink.

SnowJob to SM: Is this going to be another one of those games where I miss with 80% shots and get hit by 35%?????

CS to CHL: Grab onto Venessa and hold her for me! Ah...perfect strike.

Snow White's Father to Target Tommy: You want your mouth washed with soap? Keep talking like that to my ~~wife~~ daughter--I'll get the Irish Spring...

CHL to SJ: My hands may be cold as ice but there's a fire in my heart. (The food in this kitchen is really lousy...)

Tommy to Clod-Hopper Lunk: I ain't no fool. I know who my friends are, and who has been using me for target practice.

Ice Jackal to SnowMaster: Got any kids you don't need anymore? Yum-yum...

SnowMaster to IJ: Will you blow? This ain't your game!

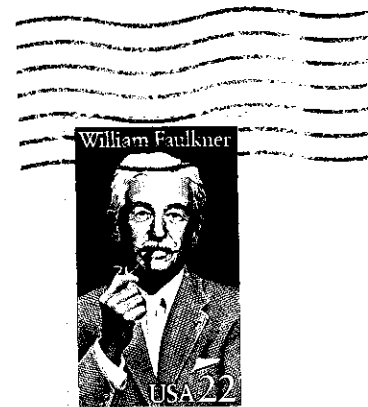
Olsen to SM: Phony (your pun, not mine) phone-in orders? And twice? How did you of all people attract such sleaze?

SM to Olsen: Comes from living too close to Kansas.

Snow Fort to Kitchen: While you're up here in Kansas, I'll be at NanconIX but there should be a good turnout from Mark, et al, at Pudge's. Hope y'all have as good a time as I will!

# Herelandra

3121 East Park Row #165  
Arlington, Texas 76010-3744



Larry Perry  
Box 8416

San Diego, CA

92102-0416

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION  
ENDS WITH...

E

THIS IS A FREE ISSUE

May the Road rise up to meet you;  
may the wind be ever at your back;  
and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand.