

# Herelandra

number 57

February



## Extracts From ADAM AND EVE'S DIARIES

by TWAIN

### Monday

This new creature with the long hair is a good deal in the way. It is always hanging around and following me about. I don't like this; I am not used to company. I wish it would stay with the other animals. . . . Cloudy to-day, wind in the east; think we shall have rain. . . . We? Where did I get that word? . . . I remember now -- the new creature uses it.

### Tuesday

Been examining the great waterfall. It is the finest thing on the estate, I think. The new creature calls it Niagara Falls--why, I am sure I do not know. Says it looks like Niagara Falls. That is not a reason; it is mere waywardness and imbecility. I get no chance to name anything myself. The new creature names everything that comes along, before I can get in a protest. And always that same pretext is offered--it looks like the thing. There is the dodo, for instance. Says the moment one looks at it one sees at a glance that it "looks like a dodo." It will have to keep that name, no doubt. It wearies me to fret about it, and it does not good, anyway. Dodo! It looks no more like a dodo than I do

### Wednesday

Built me a shelter against the rain, but could not have it to myself in peace. The new creature intruded. When I tried to put it out it shed water out of the holes it looks with, and wiped it away with the back of its paws, and make a noise such as some of the other animals make when they are in distress. I wish it would not talk; it is always talking. That sounds like a cheap fling at the poor creature, a slur; but I do not mean it so. I have never heard the human voice before, and any new and strange sound intruding itself here upon the solemn hush of these dreaming solitudes offends my ear and seems a false note. And this new sound is so close to me; it is right at my shoulder, right at my ear, first on one side and then on the other, and I am used only to sounds that are more or less distant from me.

### Friday

The naming goes recklessly on, in spite of anything I can do. I had a very good name for the estate, and it was musical and pretty--GARDEN-OF-EDEN. Privately, I continued to call it that, but not any longer publicly. The new creature says it is all woods and rocks and scenery, and therefore has no resemblance to a garden. Says it looks like a park, and does not look like anything but a park. Consequently, without consulting me, it has been new-named--NIAGARA FALLS PARK. This is sufficiently high-handed, it seems to me. And already there is a sign up:

KEEP OFF  
THE GRASS

My life is not as happy as it was.

### Saturday

The new creature eats too much fruit. We are going to run short, most likely. "We" again--that is its word; mine too, now, from hearing it so much. Good deal of fog this morning. I do not go out in the fog myself. The new creature does. It goes out in all

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weathers, and stumps right in with its muddy feet. And talks. It used to be so pleasant and quiet here.

## Sunday

Pulled through. This day is getting to be more and more trying. It was selected and set apart last November as a day of rest. I already had six of them per week, before. This morning found the new creature trying to clod apples out of that forbidden tree.

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## Saturday

I am almost a whole day old, now. I arrived yesterday. That is as it seems to me. And it must be so, for if there was a day-before-yesterday I was not there when it happened, or I should remember it. It could be, of course, that it did happen, and that I was not noticing. Very well; I will be very watchful, now, and if any day-before-yesterdays happen I will make a note of it. It will be best to start right and not let the record get confused, for some instinct tells me that these details are going to be important to the historian some day. For I feel like and experiment, I feel exactly like and experiment; it would be impossible for a person to feel more like and experiment than I do, and so I am coming to feel convinced that that is what I am--an experiment; just an experment, and nothing more.

Then if I am an experiment, am I the whole of it? No, I think not; I think the rest of it is part of it. I am the main part of it, but I think the rest of it has its share in the matter. Is my position assured, or do I have to watch it and take care of it? The latter, perhaps. Some instinct tells me that eternal vigilance is the price of supremacy. [That is a good phrase, I think, for one so young.]

Everything looks better to-day than it did yesterday. In the rush of finishing up yesterday, the mountains were left in a ragged condition, and some of the plains were so cluttered with rubbish and remnants that the aspects were quite distressing. Noble and beautiful works of art should not be subjected to haste; and this majestic new world is indeed a most moble and beautiful work. And certainly marvellously near to being perfect, not-withstanding the shortness of the time. There are too many stars in some places and not enough in others, but that can be remedied presently, no doubt. The moon got loose last night, and slid down and fell out of the scheme--a very great loss; it breaks my heart to think of it. There isn't another thing among the ornaments and decorations that is comparable to it for beauty and finish. It should have been fastened better. If we can only bet it back again--

But of course there is no telling where it went to. And besides, whoever gets it will hide it; I know it because I would do it myself. I believe I can be honest in all other matters, but I already begin to realize that the core and centre of my nature is love of the beautiful, a passion for the beautiful, and that it would not be safe to trust me with a moon that belonged to another person and that person didn't know I had it. I could give up a moon that I found in the daytime, because I should be afraid some one was looking; but if I found it in the dark, I am sure I should find some kind of an excuse for not saying anything about it. For I do love moons, they are so pretty and so romantic. I wish we had five or six; I would never go to bed; I should never get tired lying on the moss-bank and looking up at them.

Stars are good, too. I wish I could get some to put in my hair. But I suppose I never can. You would be surprised to find how far off they are, for they do not look it. When they first showed, last night, I tried to knock some down with a pole, but it didn't reach, which astonished me; then I tried clods till I was all tired out, but I never got one. It was because I am left-handed and cannot throw good. Even when I aimed at the one I wasn't after I couldn't hit the other one, though I did make some close shots, for I saw the black blot of the clod sail righ into the midst of the golden clusters forty or fifty times, just barely mussing them, and if I could ahve held out a little longer maybe I could have got one.

So I cried a little, which was natural, I suppose, for one of my age, and after I was rested I got a basket and started for a place on the extreme rim of the circle, where

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the stars were close to the ground and I could get them with my hands, which would be better, anyway, because I could gather them tenderly then, and not break them. But it was farther than I thought, and at last I had to give it up; I was so tired I couldn't drag my feet another step; and besides, they were sore and hurt me very much.

I couldn't get back home; it was too far, and turning cold; but I found some tigers, and nestled in among them and was most adorably comfortable, and their breath was sweet and pleasant, because they live on strawberries. I had never seen a tiger before, but I knew them in a minute by the stripes. If I could have one of those skins, it would make a lovely gown.

To-day I am getting better ideas about distances. I was so eager to get hold of every pretty thing that I giddily grabbed for it, sometimes when it was too far off, and sometimes when it was but six inches away but seemed a foot--alas, with thorns between! I learned a lesson; also I make an axiom, all out of my own head--my very first one: The scratched Experiment shuns the thorn. I think it is a very good one for one so young.

I followed the other Experiment around, yesterday afternoon, at a distance, to see what it might be for, if I could. But I was not able to make out. I think it is a man. I had never seen a man, but it looked like one, and I feel sure that that is what it is. I realize that I feel more curiosity about it than about any of the other reptiles. If it is a reptile, and I suppose it is; for it has frowsy hair and blue eyes, and looks like a reptile. It has no hips; it tapers like a carrot; when it stands, it spreads itself apart like a derrick; so I think it is a reptile, though it may be architecture.

I was afraid of it at first, and started to run every time it turned around, for I thought it was going to chase me; but by-and-by I found it was only trying to get away, so after that I was not timid any more, but tracked it along, several hours, about twenty yards behind, which made it nervous and unhappy. At last it was a good deal worried, and climbed a tree. I waited a good while, then gave it up and went home.

To-day the same thing over. I've got it up the tree again.

## Sunday

It is up there yet. Resting, apparently. But that is a subterfuge: Sunday isn't the day of rest; Saturday is appointed for that. It looks to me like a creature that is more interested in resting than in anything else. It would tire me to rest so much. It tires me just to sit around and watch the tree. I do wonder what it is for; I never see it do anything.

They returned the moon last night, and I was so happy! I think it is very honest of them. It slid down and fell off again, but I was not distressed; there is no need to worry when one has that kind of neighbors; they will fetch it back. I wish I could do something to show my appreciation. I would like to send them some stars, for we have more than we can use. I mean I, not we, for I can see that the reptile cares nothing for such things.

It has low tastes, and is not kind. When I went there yesterday evening in the gloaming it had crept down and was trying to catch the little speckled fishes that play in the pool, and I had to clod it to make it go up the tree again and let them alone. I wonder if that is what it is for? Hasn't it any heart? Hasn't it any compassion for those little creatures? Can it be that it was designed and manufactured for such ungentle work? It has the look of it. One of the clods took it back of the ear, and it used language. It gave me a thrill, for it was the first time I had ever heard speech, except my own. I did not understand the words, but they seemed expressive.

When I found it could talk, I felt a new interest in it, for I love to talk; I talk all day, and in my sleep, too, and I am very interesting, but if I had another to talk to I could be twice as interesting, and would never stop, if desired.

If this reptile is a man, it isn't an it, is it? That wouldn't be grammatical, would it? I think it would be he. I think so. In that case one would parse it thus: nominative, he; dative, him; possessive, his'n. Well, I will consider it a man and call it he until it turns out to be something else. This will be handier than having so many uncertainties.

# Perelandra

This is Perelandra #57, an amateur monthly magazine of postal games and literature, published by Pete and Cathy Gaughan, 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington Texas 76010. Please note this is a new address; phone hasn't changed, it's still 817-633-3208. And the subscription rate is still a measly \$1 per issue (\$1.25 Cdn, or \$1.50 US overseas).

We've been gone a little over two months now, between holidays and moving apartments. Let's catch you up on the games before we get on to what's been happening with us since #56...

## Game Openings

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**DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS:** Okay, in an effort to stir interest in this variant, I'm refunding the gamefees already sent and this game is now FREE so long as you maintain a sub. Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, Geoff Richard, and Jon Fleischman are signed up (Jon, did you get the rules I sent?). At gamestart, each player will be mailed a 22x17 map. Rules cost \$1.

**GUNBOAT SNOWBALL FIGHTING:** Four people are signed up, and again, I'm refunding game fees--this is now FREE so long as you maintain a subscription. Gethen/ASF6 ends this month, so let's get this one off the ground to take its place. Rules cost \$1.

**SCRABBLE:** Mark Lew, could you send me the old benzene rules for this?

**Standbys:** Gary Behnen, John Crosby, Greg Ellis, Steve Emmert, Evans Givan, Tom Hurst, Daf Langley, Nhan Vu?, and --oops-- I left Jim Diehl out. We need your help, although we've now gone a couple of turns without calling more than one standby. Sign up if you can, free issues paid.

**Changes of Address:** (please let me know if you want your phone # published for game purposes)

John Crosby 9031 Cardiff Rd Richmond VA 23236

Jim Diehl new zip code is 55347

Steve and Daf Langley Box 18132 Seattle WA 98118-0132

Don Scheifler 8218 Spring Valley Rd #233 Dallas TX 75240

## Literary Quiz

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Long layoff must have scared off the opera buffs...

**LewQ:** Verdi, Rossini and Puccini each wrote a well-known opera based on a work by what popular 18th-century German poet? Steve Emmert guessed Goethe (Faust), and the only other answer was:

Tom Hurst: The poet, I believe, was Schiller, because Rossini wrote Guillaume Tell and Verdi

Don Carlos [Editor's note to Conrad von Metzke: are operas underlined?] based on his works.

Offhand, I don't know if Puccini wrote anything on his works, but I know that Goethe can't be the right one, and he is the only other 18th-century German poet I know of of any note.

**Pete:** Well, Tom, you're right about Schiller (Puccini's Turandot came from Schiller's adaptation of a play by Gozzi, Mark Lew tells me) but don't get me started on all the 18th-century German poets "of note"...

**Q53C:** "One Christmas was so much like another, in those years around the seatown corner now and all out of sound except the distant speaking of the voices I sometimes hear a moment before sleep ..." These lines begin Dylan Thomas' A Child's Christmas in Wales, which nobody cared to guess. So Tom wins one free issue; try this one on for size this month:

**Q115B:** Can you name the literary animals, and their creator, who munched on the following feast?

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon.

Perelandra goes to a slightly different system now. Game deadlines will be four weeks from the date the zine is mailed, instead of one month from the previous deadline. This means that if for some reason it takes ten days to produce an issue, that time won't come out of your negotiating schedule. Also, the deadline will be on the outside, mailing cover for all games except the semi-monthly gunboat game.

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## NORDEEN 86AH

ALL OVER--IN THE NICK OF TIME FOR ENGLAND

Zine: Perelandra (to W 1901); Log Of The Ashanome (to Sp 1903); Perelandra. GM: Gaughan.

	01	02	03	04	05	06	
Austria	5	5	7	8	9	12	Jim Diehl (DRAW F 1907)
England	5	4	5	5	7	7	Hugh Christie (survives)
France	4	4	4	5	5	3	Will Woodard (drop Sp 1907); Tom Hurst (survives)
Germany	5	6	5	4	3	3	Steve Langley (survives)
Italy	4	4	6	7	9	9	Rob Wittmond (DRAW F 1907)
Russia	6	7	6	5	1	-	John Crosby (out 1906)
Turkey	4	4	1	-	-	-	Ben Schilling (out 1904)

Congratulations to Jim and Rob for a nice march--it's quite a feat to get past a stalemate line while you still have four opponents alive. Endgame statements are due by day's mail, 29 Feb.

Italy: Death to the obstructionists!

Vienna: How in hell did Austrians get into Finland?

Ralph to Gang: Sorry about that, guys. I usually abstain if I standby in a hopeless position.

I had no idea it would be taken as an nvr here. I will vote yes to anything here henceforth.

GM to Ralph/Tom: No offense--it's just that I require an explicit "yes" from everybody to end.

Germany to France: Is that part of the "Live fast, die young, and leave a good-looking corpse" philosophy?

## NORTHPOINT 87HK

Summer 1902: Italy retreats a tri-ven.

FALL 1902: SHUFFLE, SHUFFLE.

Austria (Larry Botimer): a gal-boh (a vie s),  
a tri s a vie (a ser s), f alb-gre.

England (Rich Miller): f nwy s rus f swe (f nwg s),  
a bel-hol (f nts s) /a bel retreat to pic oth/,  
f eng-bel.

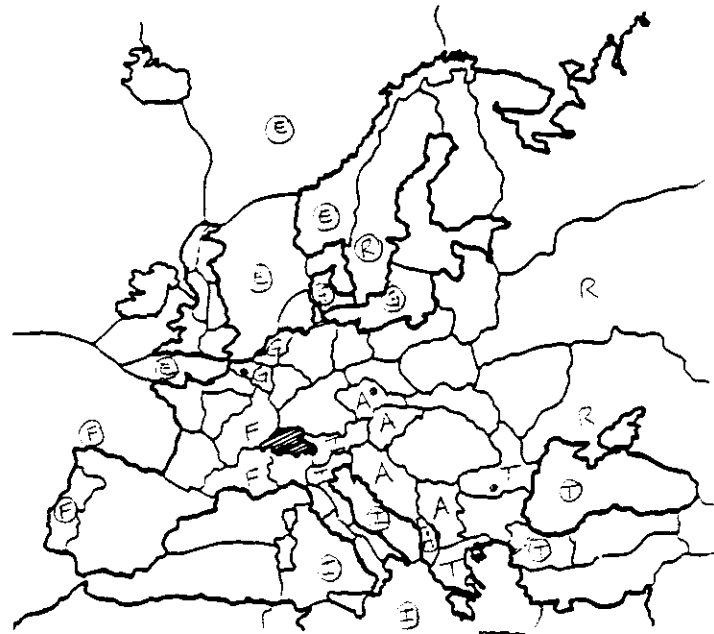
France (Jim Diehl): f bre-mid (f por s), a bur-mun,  
a mar-bur.

Germany (John Crosby): f den-nts, f bal-den,  
a ruh-bel (a hol s).

Italy (Matt Kazur): a boh-mun /sil oth/, f tyn h,  
a tyo h (a ven s), f apu-adr (f ion s).

Russia (Gary Behnen): f swe s eng f nts-den/nso/,  
a stp-mos, a ukr-sev (f rum s) /f rum to bul/ec  
or oth/.

Turkey (Jim Nickel): a sev-rum (f bla s),  
f ank-con, a gre-ser.



Retreats due: eng a bel, ita a boh, rus f rum. Send these with Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 by the deadline printed on the back cover. Supply Center Chart has one question still open...

Austria	vie bud ser <del>gre rum</del> TRI	5 - 4	remove one
England	lon lvp edi nwy <del>bel</del>	5 - 4	remove one or even if retreats oth
France	par bre map spa POR	4 - 5	may build one
Germany	ber kie hol den BEL	4 - 5	may build one
Italy	ven rom nap mun <del>xxx</del> tun	6 - 5	remove one or even
Russia	stp mos war sev SWE BUL?	4 - 5 or 6	may build two
Turkey	con ank smy bul?GRE RUM	4 - 5 or 6	may build one or two

Incredible! We have press!

Moscow to Vienna: What a friend you truly are...

Austria to Turkey: Such a waste. Seems no one still has the guts to try an A/T.

more.....

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Austria to Italy: The old John Caruso attack on Italy, huh. I've seen this one before.

Moscow: Amidst rumors of fleet scuttling and massive troop surrenders, the government has abdicated and envoys of the new government have been sent to all capitols requesting peace and outlining Russian troop withdrawal.

GM to Northpoint: Please note Crosby and Diehl address changes under "Game Openings".

## TANITH 85CS

errors last turn: left out aus a vie-boh, and forgot to underline rus f aeg-ion.

Summer 1910: Russia retreats a ber-pru.

FALL 1910: FRANCE PUNCHES THROUGH

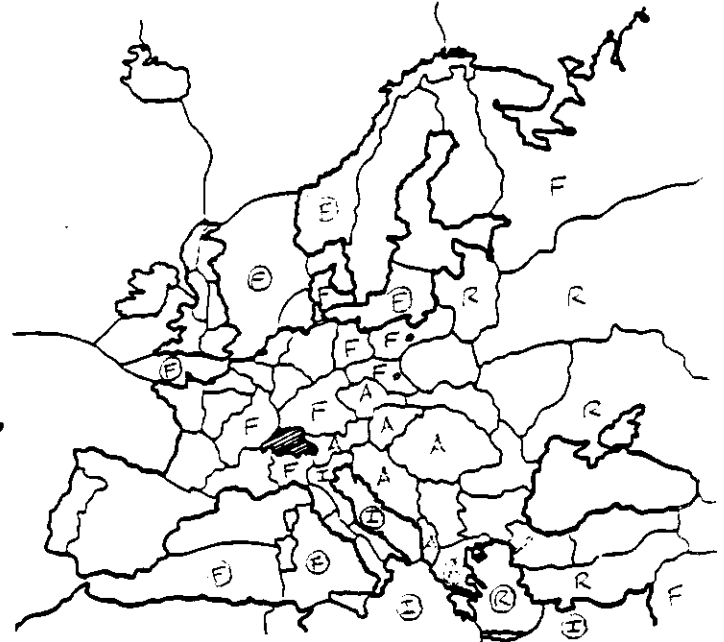
Austria proposes a concession to France

Austria (Greg Ellis): a gal-boh (a vie s),  
a tyo-ven (a tri s) (a alb & a bud s a tri),  
f gre s rus f aeg-ion/nso/.

France (Matt Kazur): f nwy-stp/nc, a stp-lvn  
(f bot s), a kie-pru (f bal c, a ber s),  
a pic-den (f eng & f nts c), a boh-sil (a mun s),  
a bur s a mun, a pie s ita a ven, f wes-tyn,  
f tyn-ion, a syr s ita f eas-smy/nso/.

Italy (John Crosby): f eas-aeg (f ion s),  
f adr s f ion, a ven s fre a mun-tyo/nso/.

Russia (Evans Givan): a lvn ms a pru/a pru retreat  
to war otb/, a mos s a lvn, a sil s a pru  
/war otb/, a ukr-sev, a smy h (f aeg s).



Austria	vie bud ser rum bul tri gre	7/7	even
France	bre par mar spa por bel lvp edi lon nwy swe den hol mun stp kie BER	16/17	may build one
Italy	rom nap ven tun	4/4	even
Russia	mos war sev <del>ber</del> ank con smy	7/6	remove one

Don't forget to to vote on the concession with your Winter 1910 and Spring 1911 orders.

Russia to Austria: I bet he won't quit until he gets all 34. He's already circled the board.

Russia to Irishman: "Down" did come to mind.

Russia to France: Uncle.

And now the game that all Dipdom has been waiting for...DEVIANT DIPLOMACY...off to a mild start!

## GLOME

1988A/r..

It really is too bad that the non-Deviant readers didn't get a chance to see the Winter 1900 proposals...but here is the outcome of the ballot:

Playlist	7 votes	Double Units	2 votes
German Sludge Rule	4 votes	Clone Units	1 vote
Blob from Outer Space	3 votes	Disbands	1 vote

So the following rule takes effect after Spring 1901:

With each set of orders, each player must submit a playlist, or he will be considered to have nmred.

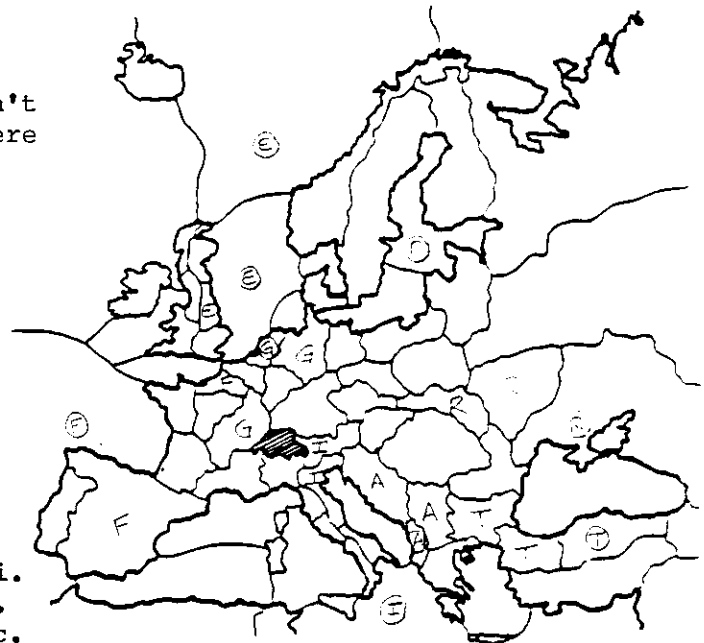
Example: a pru-ber, a sil s a pru-ber, f bal-kie, a hol-ruh; Roxy Music: Avalon; New Order: Substance; Miles Davis: Sketches of Spain. Selections may be either individual songs or entire albums.

SPRING 1901: INTO THE WINE COUNTRY

Austria (Jeff Zarse): a bud-ser, f tri-alb, a vie-tri.

England (Bob Olsen): f lon-nts, f edi-nwg, a lvp-yor.

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



# Perelandra

GLOME continues...

Germany (Kevin Tighe): a mun-bur, f kie-hol, a ber-kie.  
Italy (Mark Luedi): a ven-tyo, a rom-ven, f nap-ion.  
Russia (Russ Blau): f stp-bot, a mos-ukr, a war-gal, f sev-bla.  
Turkey (Mark Lew): f ank-bla, a con-bul, a smy-con.

There are only four proposals because two players sent nearly identical ideas, and two others forgot to submit proposals. Likewise, one of you did not vote on the Winter 1900 rules...

Proposal 9: No Votes. Players may use any of their normal allotment of votes to vote "no" instead of "yes". One "no" vote cancels one "yes" vote.

Proposal 10: Repeal. The rule passed in Spring 1901 is repealed.

Proposal 11: Mercenaries. Austria is taken over by mercenaries. Any of the surviving players may submit orders to the GM so long as they are accompanied by a bribe. Orders with the largest (in dollars) bribe are followed.

Proposal 12: English Jello. All six English provinces turn to jello. Any unit moving into a jello space is immobilized (may not move, give support, or be supported). A unit in a jello space may spend one Spring or Fall "chomping", which (if the unit is not attacked) will cancel the effects of the jello permanently.

GM's notes on proposals: The Playlist rule specifically says that Playlists must consist of songs or albums--but listening to your wife sing a song would obviously count. Also, it does not say that you must be truthful about listening to anything; nor does it say you must have more than one item. Press:

[no dateline]: "Obscure Terms for 80, please."  
"A piglet's tail."  
"What is a glome?"  
Bzzz. "No. Any others?"  
"What is curled and squeaks when you pull it?"  
Bzzz. "No, we're looking for a term. Clarence, any guesses?"  
Silence. Bzzz.  
"Okay, Daryl, it's still your turn."  
"Obscure terms for 100, please."  
"This is a map that has shrunk during dry cleaning."  
"What is a glome?"  
Bzzz. "No..."

London: As a gesture of good faith I am willing to divulge my playlist right now, without waiting for the vote. Here it is: Pheromones, "Yuppie Drone", Beatle Barkers; Don Williams, "Confessions."

England to Germany: As a gesture of good faith (what, again? I sure seem to be making a lot of gestures today) I am voting against Proposal #7, the so-called "Sludge" rule. Note that there is only one person (if he can be called so) who habitually uses the word "Sludge"--an organism who is, clearly, your devoted and fanatical enemy, bent on destroying your proud nation by fair means or foul. Better open to Burgundy before it's too late!

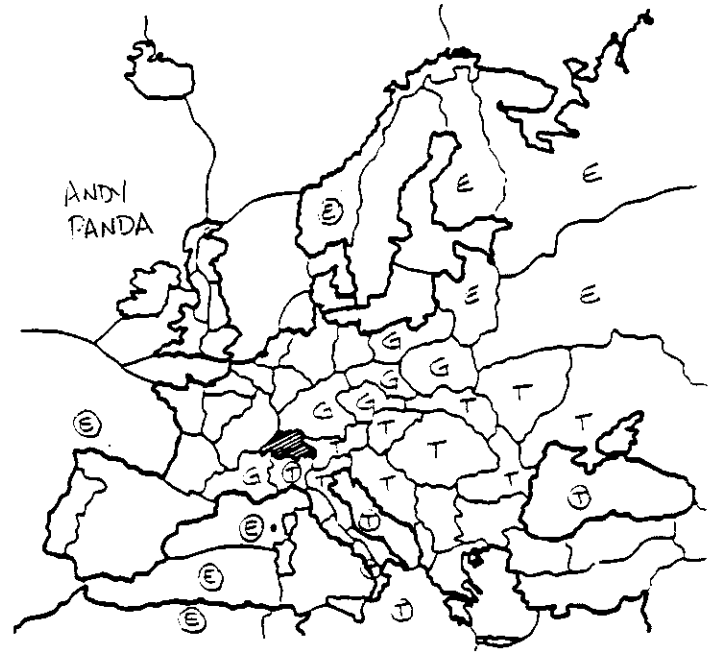
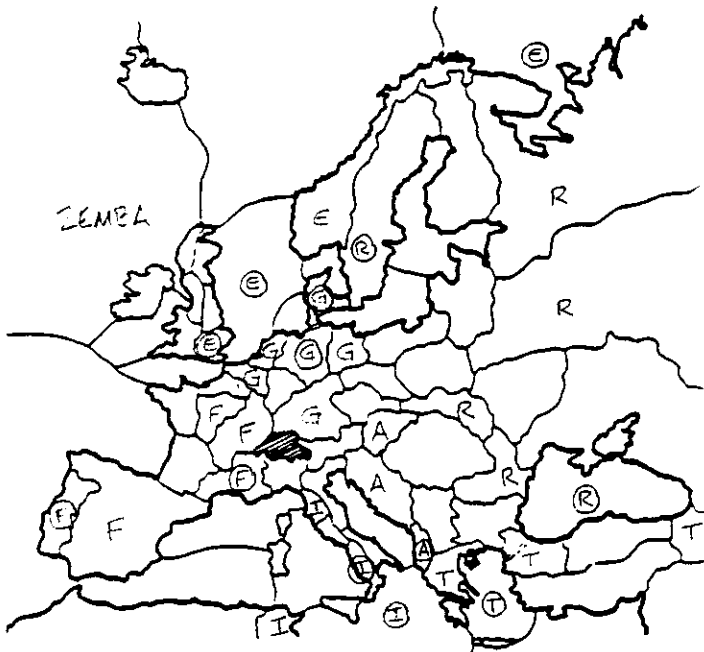
## Gunboat Diplomacy \_\_\_\_\_ ZEMBA

WINTER 1901: GERMANY ORDERS A NEW SET (Note: Zemba map is on next page)

Austria: has a vie, a tri, f alb.  
England: builds f lon; has f bar, a nwy, f nts.  
France: builds a par & f mar; has a spa, f por, a bur.  
Germany: builds f kie, a ber, a mun; has f den, a bel, a hol.  
Italy: builds f nap; has a tus, a tun, f ion.  
Russia: builds a mos, a stp; has f swe, a gal, a rum, f bla.  
Turkey: builds a con; has a gre, f aeg, a arm.

Your deadline for Spring 1902 is \_\_\_\_\_. Fall 1902 deadline will be the same as other games in Perelandra, as posted on the back cover.

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## ANDY PANDA 85AZ

Winter 1909: England refuses builds. SPRING 1910: ONE SPACE AT A TIME

England (Russ Blau): a fin-stp, a stp-mos (a lvn s), a mos-ukr (ger s), f nwy h, f spa/sc-lyo (f wes s), f mid & f naf s f wes.

Germany (Greg Ellis): a pie-tyo (a mun & a boh s), a mar h, a sil s a boh, f den h, a war s eng a mos-ukr (a pru s). oops--a pie annihilated.

Turkey (Eric Diamond): f tun-ion, f ion-adr, f tyn-nap, f tus-pie (f lyo s) /f lyo-tus tyn oth/, a tyo s f tus-pie (a ven & a vie s), a gal & a sev s a ukr (a bud, a ukr, & a rum all s a gal), a ser-tri, f bla s a sev.

I had to adjudicate the Piedmont four times to get it right. The key is that pie-tyo does not dislodge a tyo, so a tyo can then support tus-pie. Also, I'd like your input on the following alternative notation: a gal s a ukr (a bud, a rum, a ukr s (a sev s (f bla s))), England and Germany propose E/G/T draw. No vote received = YES.

## RATHILLIEN 87CK

Seasons separated due to request, AND because I forgot to list Greece as an Italian center...

Winter 1903

England (Steve Emmert): has f nts, f den, a edi, and f lon.

France (Melinda Holley): builds f bre; also has f lvp, f nat, f eng, f bel, a bur, a gas.

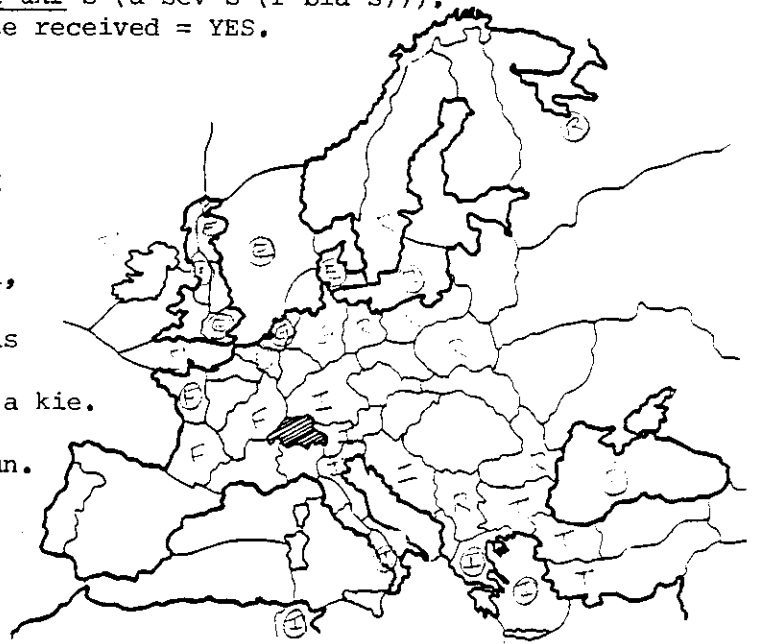
Germany (Tom Hurst): retreats oth; has f hol, a kie.

Italy (Rex Martin): builds f nap, a ven; also has f aeg, f gre, f tun, a tri, a tyo, a mun.

Russia (Gary Behnen): builds f stp/nc, a war; also has a swe, f bal, a ber, a pru, a ser, a rum, f bla.

Turkey (Guy Hail): no build. has a bul, a con, a smy.

PRESS HELD OVER



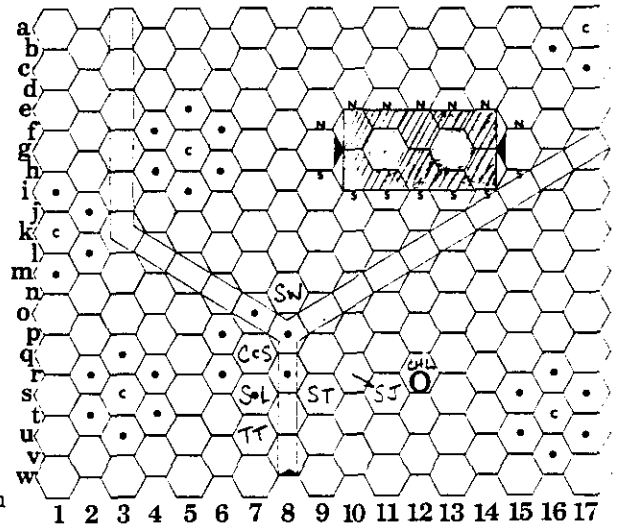


# Herelandra

## GETHEN ASF6

TURN NINE--REVENGE OF THE NERDS

Segment One: While Snow Job (J.R. Baker) tries to run up to the snowman, and Snow White (Venessa Williams) and Target Tommy (Tom Hurst) gather more weapons, the other players are deciding the issue. Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess) manages a hurried Hise Hammer at SnowLord (Tom Hise), so the Sniff goes to 12 Victory Points. Swizzle Thunk (Jeff Zarse) also nails S'Lord, to reach 12. And Cool Hand Luke (Bob Olsen) pitches a Dirigible at the Lord to knock off the last of SL's hit points. But Snow Lord manages to do a Barnard Bolero attack at both Tommy and the Thunk, so we wind up with a joint win between SL and CHL!



Cool Hand Luke (Bob Olsen) and SnowLord (Tom Hise) 15 points each  
Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess) and Swizzle Thunk (Jeff Zarse) 12 points each  
Snow White (V. Williams) and Target Tommy (Tom Hurst) 7 points each

Congratulations and good chucking to Bob and Tom! I invite you all to sign up for the anonymous SnowFight. Endgame statements are due by the day's mail, 29 February 1988, so I can have them typed for next issue in plenty of time. The last of the press...

Ice Jackal to SnowMaster: This you call press?

SM to Jackal/Duck: No! Who asked you, anyway?

CHL to TT: Yeah, I'm a real cool guy all right.

SJ to CHL: Four eyes, four eyes, You'll never win, It's all just lies.

CHL to SJ: You'll always be a pariah, no matter where you are. Better go back where you came from

Bob to Tommy: What? You were the trash bundle next to the Baglady? Sorry for filling you up with rotten fruit rinds.

TT to SM: I need to get a repeating-action snowthrower!

IJ to SM: Y'know, he's got a point. No, really, look--it's under his snow cap.

CHL: When the going gets tough, the tough throw dirigibles.

IJ to Gethenites: I don't get it; you've got the whole yard yet y'all are standing within six spaces of each other. Geez--one grenade and...Ka-BLOOIE!!! Hmm, I've got to give this some more thought.

SL to Snowy: This turn has the possibility of two firsts--my winning and two players going over 15. Let me know when the next championship game will be held.

CHL to SL: I call this one "Hindenberg."

IJ to SM: So, how about it, Peter? Can I have just one grenade...c'mon, just one eensy-teensy one? Please...?

IJ to Snow White: (Pssst! Hey, Sweetheart, get ready to duck.)

SnowMaster to Ice Jackal: Sorry, I can't allow you to attack players who have just concluded a truce.

IJ to SM: Yeah? And to think, I was going to ask you to be my running mate in the upcoming election. Hah! You're never going to work in Washington again!

SM to IJ: Greg Ellis will be glad to hear it.

CHL to ST: What's this? Dissension on the Bad Boys team? First Lex Luger leaves the Four Horsemen and now this. What's the world coming to?

SJ to all: What can I say? The devil made me do it.

SnowMaster to Pudge Olsen: Bob, shouldn't they really be the "Vlad Boys of Dip"?

DON'T FORGET

ARLINGCON 5

MAY 20-22

# Herelandra

## WELL WORLD Titan TURN SEVENTEEN

BLACK LEGIONS (Mark Frueh) rolled a 2. Tombstone moves to Jungle (J5) and splits with Bolt of Revenge; Scorpy moves to Brush (B10); Pirate Jack moves to Marsh (M22).

BLUE LEGIONS (Bruce Geryk) rolled a 6. Crescent Moon Tower Teleports [TITAN] to Tundra (TUN6000); Burning Candle moves to Marsh (M103).

BROWN LEGIONS (Jeff Zarse) rolled a 2. Hourglass moves to Marsh (M140); Tolling Bell moves to Jungle (J33); Pawprint moves to Marsh (M131); Spider moves to Brush (B137); Sceptres holds at Brush (B38); Wheel moves to Brush (B31); Dragon Prow moves to Marsh (M27); Treasure Chest moves to Plains (P6); Beer Stein moves to Plains (P110); Antlers holds at Marsh (M112).

GREEN LEGIONS (Gary Behnen) rolled a 2. Lobster Claw moves to Jungle (J114); Scales moves to Marsh (M122) and splits with Hook; Dagger moves to Marsh (M41); Hoopsnake holds at Marsh (M13); Fishbones moves to Brush (B102); Frog moves to Brush (B109); Gem moves to Plains (P124).

RED LEGIONS (Ed Wrobel) rolled a 5. Spin moves to Hills (H32); Cross holds at Mountains (MTN3000); Star moves to Plains (P20); Harlequin holds at Swamp (S42); Torch holds at Mountains (MTN1000); Scimiatr holds at Jungle (J19); Salamander holds at Brush (B3).

E19: Green Hoopsnake defeats Red Fist--3 Rangers die, 24 points to Green.

points: Brown 273, Green 183, Red 130, Black 120, Blue 104.

musters: 4 Trolls; 2 each Cyclopeses & Rangers; 1 each Behemoth, Giant, Gorgon, Lion, Minotaur, Serpent. Deadline will be on the cover of the zine from here on.

Green to Blue: Are you roaming in the Tundra, lost but hoping to find a Giant, or were you "unlucky" and sacrificed two poor creatures?

Blue to Red: After careful examination, it appears clear to me that by going to monthly deadlines, Pete has acted in an entirely ideologically-incorrect and unshoatful manner, and I propose that we immediately force him to play seventeen games of TITAN with Russ Rusnak while continually drinking low-cal Bud and watching pro wrestling.

Cathy to Blue: Since Pete just suffered a heart attack at the thought, I'll have to gm Titan.

Green to Red: Did the Spin brave the two Towers? Did you send the Star "marines" after those "Pirates" outside the "Montezuma" desert? Thanks for the speedy resolution of our engagement.

Green to Ivory Tower: Any chance of returning to bi-monthly deadlines or is that a closed subject?

Ivory Tower to Green: After regaining my composure from the Rusnak bit, you hit me with that? Have a little mercy, ok?

Green to Brown: 10 Legions?! Are you after Bruce's Titan or what? By the way, what's in the Antlers/Stein that has me running? Congratulations on an excellent example of two-tower Masterboard play--I wish I would've read the article sooner!

Ivory Tower to Well World: I think Gary is getting a bit carried away by his own press...

Green to Black: Too lucky?! Them's fightin' words! My Fishbones will wipe you out if you come this way. I dare ya, I double dare ya!

Black to Red: Let's make a deal! Guess what's behind the curtain, eh?!

Red to Summa GREats: Gosh, you guys is smart.

Ivory Tower to Red Ed: Sorry, I wasn't bragging but trying to show how unimportant it was.

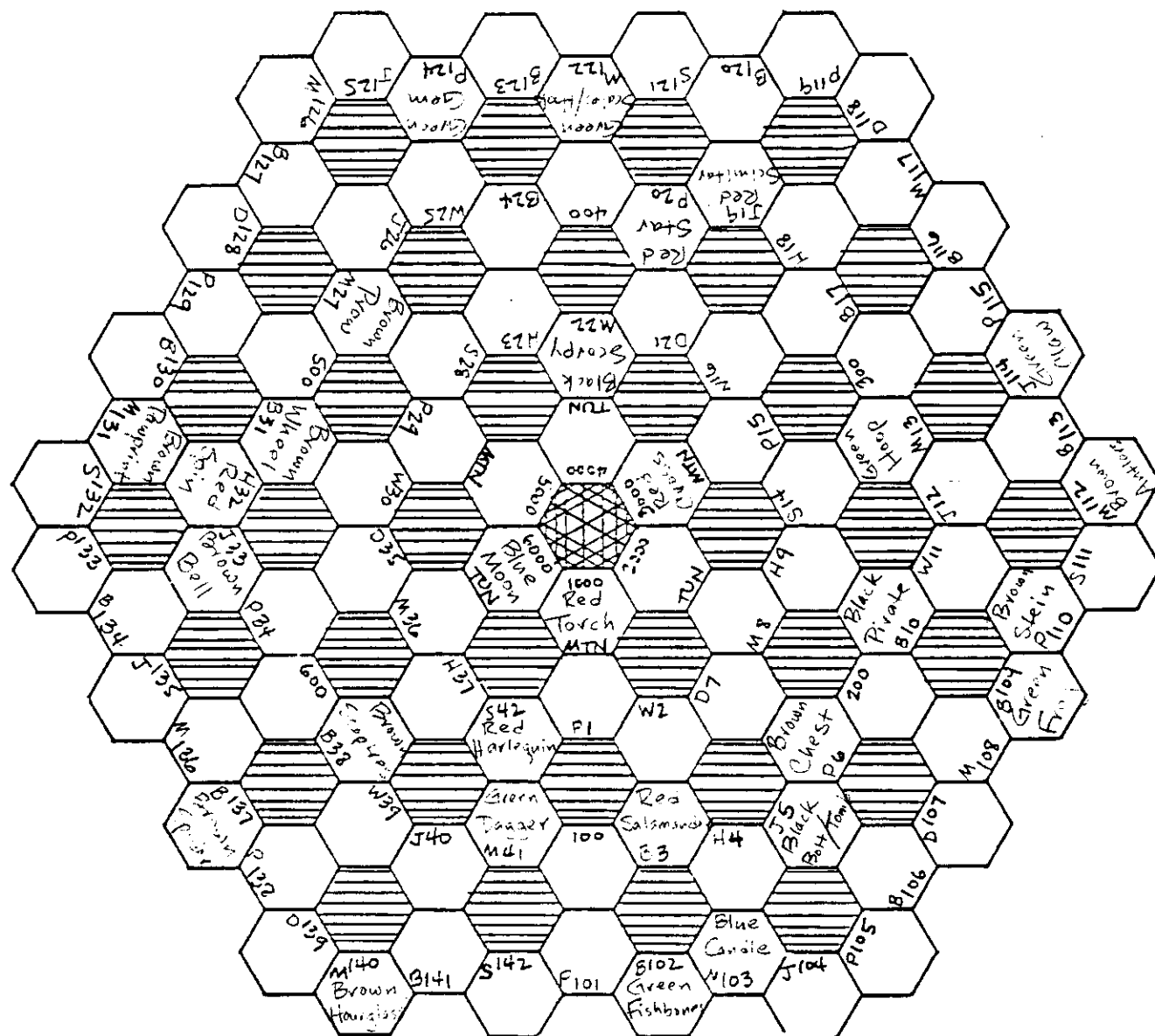
Bruce to Jeffster: Hey -- dickie dudes.

Creature Report: out of Cyclopeses, Gargoyles, Ogres; down to one Troll.

8/18	Angels	18/18	Dragons	10/10	Hydrae	1/28	Trolls
6/6	Archangels	0/21	Gargoyles	4/28	Lions	9/12	Unicorns
7/18	Behemoths	17/18	Giants	11/21	Minotaurs	16/21	Warbears
9/25	Centauris	14/25	Gorgons	0/25	Ogres	6/6	Warlocks
10/10	Colossi	15/18	Griffons	9/28	Rangers	17/18	Wyverns
0/25	Cyclopeses	3/6	Guardians	8/10	Serpents		

Well World map on the following page. Seriously, guys, I just can't afford the time and money involved in bi-monthly deadlines. Once Pere is on track with its new deadlines, and when a game or two more end, I'll reconsider, or maybe open another game. Leave off for a couple months.

# Herelandra



## Opinions and Editorials and Letters It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

December 30, 1987: Howdy, y'all! (Did you notice that, Don Williams?) So what's happening? I can't believe 1987 is all gone. That means I have a physical coming up. Ugh!

Of course the main thing about 1987 was my marrying one of the greatest guys in the whole world. Something I've found out that's really neat about being married is Christmas. Pete's parents and grandparents sent us loads of stuff. It was so sweet. Stuff came weeks before Christmas and it's still coming.

January 1, 1988: Pete and I went to my aunt's for a birthday party. The 2nd is my dad's and my niece's birthday. Tomorrow, Dad will be 50 and Jamie will be 4. It was a really fun day; my aunt fixed stuffed cabbage (a traditional New Year's meal in my family), mashed potatoes and lots more. My niece didn't think she should take the cake home with her because she figured my aunt would save it for her next birthday. We all got a kick out of that.

# Herelandra

Well, we just got a phone call that has changed our lives. Our roommate, Don Scheifler, is married as of yesterday. We were totally shocked. I guess they decided at the beginning of the week. Anyway, I'm sort of dazed and confused at the moment. There's lots of things we'll need to figure out. Looks as if we'll be moving quicker than I thought. Gosh, and I just got my driver's license changed seven months ago. Oh, well, talk to you later.

February 7, 1988: Hi, folks!

This month's "It's Me Again" is probably kind of confusing. But last month we didn't publish Pere so you get two months in one. I was pretty surprised about Don getting married, but it seems pretty logical now. I mean, he was never at our apartment anyway...

We are now in a new apartment; we still have two bedrooms, but we're using one as a den, with the piano and Pete's desk and stuff. The kitchen is smaller but, surprisingly enough, it seems all the dishes fit fine. I like the layout of the living and dining area much better. They seem more separated than in our other apartment. It's really nice having a place all our own. Nothing against Don, but now I can go from bed to the bathroom without searching for my robe.

Things seem to be going really well right now. At the end of March or beginning of April we plan to visit Pete's parents in the Bay Area. I used to not know what the heck Pete meant when he said "Bay Area", but now I know it's the area around San Francisco Bay. I'm getting pretty excited about the trip; the farthest west I've been is to Santa Fe, NM, and Yellowstone National Park in WY. At first we thought we would drive because we thought we had two weeks, but Montgomery Ward asked Pete to take his weeks separately so now we're going to fly. I'm excited and scared about that because I've never flown before. When I was a kid I used to get car sick, I sure hope I don't get airsick.

Well, I guess I'll talk to you next month!

## Among the Trees · by Pete Gaughan

### THE BAD BOYS TURN WORSE

By now most of us, somewhere in Dipdom, have encountered one of the "Bad Boys of Dip", Bruce Geryk, Jeff Zarse, and Steve Clark. Cathy and I have had maybe a bit more of them than the average because we were all at Pudgecon and we subbed to the Bad Boy zines. (Bruce has now folded Blunt Inst., leaving Jeff's Random Thought and Steve's subzine, Furball.)

At first landing, we were impressed. We really only dealt with Jeff at first, in his zine and in person at Arlington. He was fun, a kind of cross between Steve Martin, a beach bum, and George Carlin. There was an innocent wierdness about Jeff's humor--maybe a wierd innocence? At any rate, I had visions of a New Diplomacy Order, with Dipsters marching to Jeff's drumbeat as they once did to Terry Tallman's.

Then Steve's article, "Reality Check", hit the newsstands. The concept was great--tell a few deserving people that they take the Dip hobby too seriously. But the reason for the article was not to gently correct or help these folks; the goal was to "slam" those named, and to look superior by being insulting.

At Pudgecon last fall, the Bad Boys were truly funny. They spent their efforts on silly comedy and slapstick sarcasm. But since then, in their zines, they've reverted to the bashing of "Reality Check." What they seem to say is that obnoxiousness is its goal, and the more people they hurt the better.

Well, every running dog has its day. These guys have turned out to be real fascists at heart, and they ought to be censored for that. This is my public demand that they back off. The Bad boys were fun when they were Robin Williams--they stink as Don Rickles.

And if that doesn't make the all-time Top 10 Most Metaphor list, nothing ever will.

A late note, sort of--Steve has sent out something of a reply, answering those who say he's spoiled or childish or living in an ivory tower. I certainly don't think that of him; I think the Bad Boys are all realistic and usually adult. That just means that their meanness must be calculated and reasoned. Doesn't change my objections any.

# Perelandra

...hey, get back in step!...

The last few issues of Perelandra have been short of the time and effort that I like to put into the zine. Reviews are sitting around here half-finished, and graphic work has been left in the dust in the rush to get this thing out. I'm trying to take a little of the pressure off with the new deadlines.

It all started in mid-November (well, actually, it came to a peak then...) when I was promoted to Assistant Group Merchandiser/Executive Trainee at Ward. What that means is I help supervise Furniture, Housewares, Linens and Draperies, for about \$17,000 a year (double what I made as a part-time commission salesperson). Through the holidays, I worked 45-50 hour weeks including every weekend. There was no training for the job, other than my own head knowledge after a year with the company--that was supposed to come after the first of the year, when things settled.

But a few days after New Year's, my immediate boss (the Group Merchandiser) quit, leaving me to run those departments solo. Normally I have plenty of chutzpah for such situations, but I was dealing with employees who have worked for Ward five to twenty times as long as I have, and an impending inventory. I held things together as best I could, hiring, firing, and ordering when I absolutely had to.

Inventory was a gruesome task (8pm to 6 the next morning) and, we find out now, we're way short. And some of our displays are wrong or understocked. But the store manager (and at least three other staff members) has taken great pains to let me know I did a great job. I guess you don't work in retail for a decade without learning something.

But it's still wonderful to have a G.M. again. I can defer all the decisions to him, even while I'm leading him around the place. I even get a couple extra days off, to make up for all the hours I worked "free" in December and January.

Enough about work--let's talk games. I would really like to hear what you readers would like to have me open next. More Diplomacy? Or something else? Amidst the madness at Ward, Cathy and I managed to travel to Houston to visit the Wilcocks and Ellises, where Stephen, Greg and I set most of the plans in gear for Dipcon XXI. (There should be a flyer included with this.) AND I'm still helping out the U.S. Orphan Service--one game I'm gming, and two whole zines I've agreed to look into. (Remember, Rod Walker is your first source for help with orphans. I'm just the bookkeeper.)

How about one last bit of lit before we leave off? This is from page one of

## The Once and Future King

J H White

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays it was Court Hand and Summulae Logicales, while the rest of the week it was the Organon, Repetition and Astrology. The governess was always getting muddled with her astrolabe, and when she got specially muddled she would take it out of the Wart by rapping knuckles. She did not rap Kay's knuckles, because when Kay grew older he would be Sir Kay, the master of the estate. The Wart was called the Wart because it more or less rhymed with Art, which was short for his real name. Kay had given him the nickname. Kay was not called anything but Kay, as he was too dignified to have a nickname and would have flown into a passion if anybody had tried to give him one. The governess had red hair and some mysterious wound from which she derived a lot of prestige by showing it to all the women of the castle, behind closed doors. It was believed to be where she sat down, and to have been caused by sitting on some armour at a picnic by mistake. Eventually she offered to show it to Sir Ector, who was Kay's father, had hysterics and was sent away. They found out afterwards that she had been in a lunatic hospital for three years.

In the afternoon the programme was: Mondays and Fridays, tilting and horsemanship; Tuesdays, Hawking; Wednesdays, fencing; Thursdays, archery; Saturdays, the theory of chivalry, with the proper measures to be blown on all occasions, terminology of the chase and hunting etiquette. If you did the wrong sort of thing at the mort or the undoing, for instance, you were bent over the body of the dead beast and smacked with the flat side of a sword. This was called being bladed. It was horseplay, a sort of joke like being shaved when crossing the line. Kay was not bladed, although he often went wrong.

# THE DUCKS

GREG MOSS

There they all were, the ducks  
With their dirty pointed rumps,  
Taking a swim or a walk  
Along the rim of the  
Park pond so gracefully,  
But acting, nevertheless,  
As if we owed it to  
Them to toss bread crumbs upon  
The soupy green water  
Or on the brown lawn where they  
Shook themselves and squatted,  
Quacking furiously, angrily  
At the one who got the  
Bread while we threw them more  
And more until nothing  
Remained in our cellophane  
Bags to throw. They looked up  
And got the message, the

Message that we had nothing  
Left to give beyond our  
Own human countenances  
Clothed as they were in our  
Winter jackets, destitute  
Of any further importance  
That could possibly interest  
Them, looked up and then with  
Perfect slow disgust, grunted  
Their way back out into  
The preferred distances of the  
Murky water as if to say  
That being human guarantees  
Nothing in itself, even less than  
Nothing without at least  
One stale crumb in  
The human hand that holds it.

\*Greg Moss teaches English at St. John Bosco H.S. in Bellflower, California.

# Herelandra

10 MARCH 1988



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YOUR SUBSCRIPTION  
ENDS WITH...

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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.