

# Herelandra

number 59

April



## CHAINS OF AIR, WEB OF AETHER

PHILIP K. DICK

When he returned to his own dome, he felt a tremendous sense of relief, of an odious burden being lifted from him. Just to put physical distance between himself and her--that was a joy which raised his spirits. It's as if, he thought, when I'm with her I have what she has. We share the illness.

He did not feel like playing any Fox recordings so instead he put on the Mahler Second Symphony, The Resurrection. The only symphony scored for many pieces of rattan, he mused. A Ruthe, which looks like a small broom; they use it to play the bass drum. Too bad Mahler never saw a Morley wah-wah pedal, he thought, or he would have scored it into one of his longer symphonies.

Just as the chorus came in, his in-dome audio system shut down; an extrinsic override had silenced it.

"Transmission from Fomalhaut."

"Standing by."

"Use video, please. Ten seconds till start."

A readout appeared on his larger screen. It was the AI system, the Plasma, replying a day early.

SUBJECT: RYBUS ROMMEY

ANALYSIS: THANATOUS

PROGRAM ADVICE: TOTAL AVOIDANCE ON YOUR PART

ETHICAL FACTOR: OBIATED

\*\*\*THANK YOU\*\*

Blinking, McVane said reflexively, "Thank you." He had dealt with the Plasma only once before and he had forgotten how terse its responses were. The screen cleared; the transmission had ended.

He was not sure what "thanatous" meant, but he felt certain that it had something to do with death. It means she is dying, he pondered as he punched into the planet's reference back and asked for a definition. It means that she is dying or may die or is close to death, all of which I know.

However, he was wrong. It meant producing death.

Producing, he thought. There is a great difference between death and producing death. No wonder the AI System had notified him that the ethical factor was obviated on his part.

She is a killer thing, he realized. Well, this is why it costs so much to consult the Plasma. You get--not a phony answer based on speculation--but an absolute response.

While he was thinking about it and trying to calm himself down, his telephone rang. Before he picked it up he knew who it was.

"Hi," Rybus said in a trembling voice.

"Hi," he said.

"Do you by any chance have any Celestial Seasonings Morning Thunder tea bags?"

"What?" he said.

# Perelandra

"When I was over at your dome that time I fixed beef stroganoff for us, I thought I saw a cannister of Celestial Seasonings--"

"No," he said, "I don't. I used them up."

"Are you all right?"

"I'm just tired," he said, and he thought, She said "us." She and I are an "us." When did that happen? he asked himself. I guess that's what the Plasma meant; it understood.

"Do you have any kind of tea?"

"No," he said. His in-dome audio system suddenly came back on, released from its pause mode now that the Fomalhaut transmission had ended. The choir was singing.

On the phone, Rybus giggled. "Fox is doing sound on sound? A whole chorus of a thousand--"

"This is Mahler," he said roughly.

"Do you think you could come over and keep me company?" Rybus asked. "I'm sort of at loose ends."

After a moment, he said, "Okay. There's something I want to talk to you about."

"I was reading this article in--"

"When I get there," he broke in, "we can talk. I'll see you in half an hour." He hung up the phone.

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In the weeks that followed, he made fewer and fewer trips from his dome to hers. He did not listen to what she said; he did not watch what she did; he averted his gaze from the chaos around her, the ruins of her dome. I am seeing a projection of her brain, he thought once as he momentarily surveyed the garbage which had piled up everywhere; she was even putting sacks outside the dome, to freeze for eternity. She is senile.

Back in his own dome, he tried to listen to Linda Fox, but the magic had departed. He saw and heard a synthetic image. It was not real. Rybus Rommey had sucked the life out of the Fox the way her dome's vacuum circuit had sucked up the spilled tea.

"And when his sorrows came as fast as floods,

Hope kept his heart till comfort came again."

McVane heard the words, but they didn't matter. What had Rybus called it? Recycled sentimentality and crap. He put on a Vivaldi concerto for bassoon. There is only one Vivaldi concerto, he thought. A computer could do better. And be more diverse.

"You're picking up Fox waves," Linda Fox said, and on his video transducer her face appeared, star-lit and wild. "And when those Fox waves hit you," she said, "you have been hit!"

In a momentary spasm of fury, he deliberately erased four hours of Fox, both video and audio. And then regretted it. He put in a call to one of the relay satellites for replacement tapes and was told that they were back-ordered.

## Vital Statistics

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Hello, again, and welcome to a really really BIG issue (though it's only #59) of Perelandra, favorite zine of leftist linguists everywhere. Even if we didn't talk about our vacation to San Francisco, this would be a real bargain at just \$1 per month (\$1.25 Cdn or \$1.50 US overseas).

You can contact the editors of Perelandra, Pete and Cathy Gaughan, at 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010-3710, or by phone number 817-633-3208. Sorry, astral projection just won't work.

This month, you get to see two game finishes, which means there will soon be some extra space in Pere just begging to be filled. While the regular, everymonth game-opening list will come along later, right now I'd like to mention that we now have two regular games of Diplomacy available (at a \$5 gamefee each) and several others--but I'd rather not start any of them until I get standbys. I especially need standbys for regular Dip who are not already in a game, and I need one or two people I can call on for Deviant Diplomacy. Lots of credit incentives!

# Herelandra

## TANITH 85CS

FALL 1911: FRANCE RESTS ON RUSSIA'S LAURELS      concession to F: A&R yes, F&I no.

Austria (Greg Ellis): a tyo-ven (a tri s(a alb s)) /a tyo-vie/, a vie-boh, a gal-sil, f gre-ion.  
 France (Matt Kazur): f nwy, f bal, f bot, a bur, f tyn, f eng, f nts all hold. a lvn-mos  
 (a stp s), a sil-war (a pru s), a boh-gal, a mun-tyo (ita s), f tun-wes, a syr s f eas-smy.  
 Italy (John Crosby): f eas-smy (fra s), f ion h (f adr s), a ven s fre a mun-tyo (fra s).  
 Russia (Evans Givan): a war-lvn /r to ukr/, a mos-lvn /r to sev/, f aeg s aus f gre-ion,  
 a smy h (a arm s).

Aus vie bud ser rum bul tri gre . . . . .	7/7
Fra bre par mar spa por bel lvp edi lon nwy swe den hol mun stp kie ber MOS WAR .	17/19 wins
Ita rom nap ven tun . . . . .	4/4
Rus <del>nos</del> <del>war</del> sev ank con smy . . . . .	6/4

Players are requested to send endgame statements before May 19, 1988. I am quite proud of this game and its players. After beginning in November 1985, and quickly running through Bob Olsen (his fake burnout), and Mike Colandro (marriage did him in) and Tom Johnson in the same S02 turn (Johnson was called as a standby and never responded), Tanith needed just one standby, and went 2 calendar years of play without calling a standby in this game. Matt was patient and persuasive, though I was surprised that he declined the concession. Congratulations.

Russia to France: You've sure had your way with us. Of course, the Italian liked it.

France: We spell "retreat" C-H-A-R-G-E!

Russia to Austria: I think the pig wanted to win with 21. Maybe he's really the gambler.

France to all: Thanks for an exciting game.

[GM: John, your sub ends next time.]

## ANDY PANDA 85AZ

WINTER 1910: PIPE DOWN! WHAT'S THAT HE SAID??!!

All three players voted yes to the E-G-T draw. This, too, was a laudable effort, as only one standby was ever needed for a game that began in mid-1985. Not much left to say (since nobody sent any press) other than please send endgame statements by 19 May 1988, and congratulations! (Oh, Russ and Eric--please check the back cover to see when your subs now expire.)

## HELKARAKSE ASF5

TURN TEN: HEY, LOOK! JACKRABBIT FINALLY WON SOMETHING!

Segment One: As Smugguff watches helplessly from the kitchen, Snow Grench lifts a fearsome yet desperate snowball--as Smugguff steps through the door into the yard, Sass-squat nails the Grench with a Ravenscroft Rattlesnake attack. As Smuggie leaves Muscles Galore alone inside, Daf drops a Dirigible right next to the Grench, but misses. And finally, as Smugguff stares on in horror at Heimdall pegging Daf with a Rattler, the Grench WINS by slamming his snowball on Heimdall's left cheek!

		FINAL STANDINGS	VP	hp	sb	di	
Daf attacks SG w/di	hit by H/di/80/**	J.R. Baker (SG)	15	4	0	0	
H attacks D w/di	hit by SG/rr/95/**	Jeff Zarse (SP)	14	10	2	0	
MG sits inside		Tom Hise (MG)	10	0	-	-	}
SG attacks H w/rr	missed by D/di/45/-- hit by SS/rr/90/**	Daf Langley (D)	10	4	1	1	
SP moves out to T8		Bruce Geryk (H)	9	7	1	0	}
SS attacks SG w/rr		Tom Hurst (SS)	9	8	2	0	

Endgame statements, if any, due by 19 May 1988. Thanks y'all, and sign up for the next one!

SG to H: I owed you that one for your cheap shot last turn.

SG to SP: The real agony of defeat is when you have to watch from the inside, isn't it!

# Herelandra

## NORTHPOINT 87HK

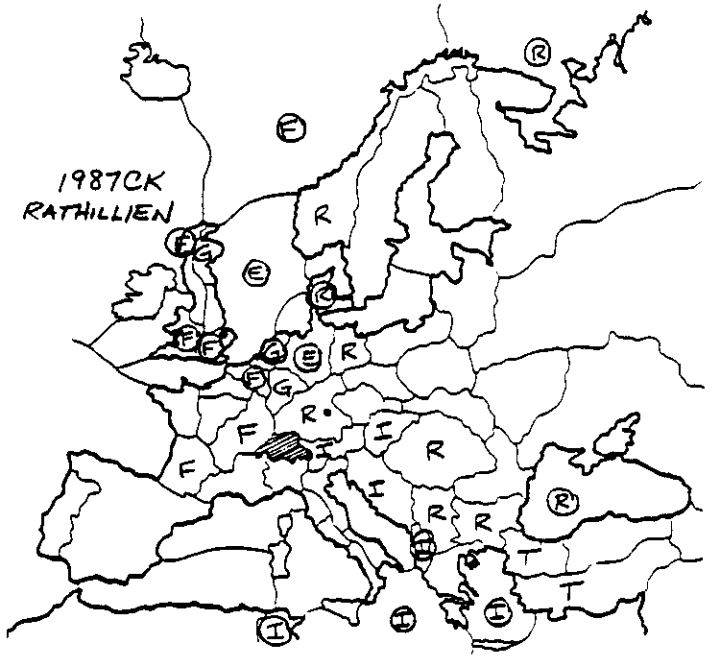
ERROR AND DELAY -- I failed to note that the Turkish army rumania was annihilated, and it accidentally showed up in bulgaria. Please note the following corrected positions and send new Fall 1902 orders if needed:

Austria (Larry Botimer): a vie, f alb, a ser.  
 England (Rich Miller): f ska, f den, f nts.  
 France (Jim Diehl): f bre, f mid, a pic, a bur, a pie.  
 Germany (John Crosby): f hel, f bal, a ruh, a bel, a kie.  
 Italy (Matt Kazur): a sil, a tri, a tyo, f adr, f ion.  
 Russia (Gary Behnen): f swe, f bot, a ukr, a gal, f rum, a sev.  
 Turkey (Jim Nickel): a gre, f bla, f con, f aeg.

## RATHILLIEN 87CK

Summer 1904--Germany retreats a kie-ruh. FALL 1904: GRASPING GERMAN THREADS

England (Steve Emmert): f lon-eng, a cly-edi, f kie s & f nts c rus a nwy-hol. Oops--f lon must retreat to yor or otb.  
 France (Melinda Holley): f eng-lon (f wal s),  
f bel-nts, f lvp-cly (f nwg s),  
a bur-mun, a gas-bur.  
 Germany (Tom Hurst): a ruh-kie (f hol s).  
 Italy (Rex Martin): a mun s ger a ruh-kie /boh otb/, a tyo-vie, a tri-ser, a ven-tyo, f aeg-bul, f gre-alb, f tyn-ion, f naf-tun.  
 Russia (Gary Behnen): f bar-nwy, a nwy-hol, f den s eng f nts, a sil-mun (a ber s), a gal-bud, a ser-tri, a bul s tur a smy-con (f bla s a bul).  
 Turkey (Guy Hail): a smy-con (a ank s).



Eng	<del>lon</del> edi <del>nwy</del> <del>den</del> KIE	.	.	4/2	-2*
Fra	bre par mar spa por bel				
	lvp LON	.	.	7/8	+1
Ger	<del>hel</del> hol	.	.	2/1	-1
Ita	ven rom nap vie tun tri				
	mun gre	.	.	8/8	even*
Rus	stp mos war sev swe rum				
	bud ser ber Nwy DEN BUL	.	.	9/12	+3
Tur	con ank smy <del>bul</del>	.	.	4/3	-1

\* depending on retreats. Since this could be a bit complicated, I will separate the seasons--please send Autumn and Winter 1904 by next deadline.

Italy to King Steven the Last, Rome, Fall 1904: Since you seem to be in a bit of a dither as to who to leave the Empire to, might I interest you in the wonders of Italian culture? Or how about a small villa - not ostentatious, mind - for your exile?

Edinburgh to St. Petersburg: Belated congratulations. I know it's too late to ask you to name her after me.

Irishman to Italy: Look, he's trying to arrange his succession...

Italy to the Irishman: The last time I was referred to as "young man," it was just before the worst spanking of my life. Maybe that's why I have this sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Italy to the Mad Czar: Da . . . which way is west?

Italy to France: After careful consideration, we's think you done good taking care of these poor Africans. They's souls seem OK. So, da Pope orders us to look East to them other non-believers (more-->)

# Herelandra

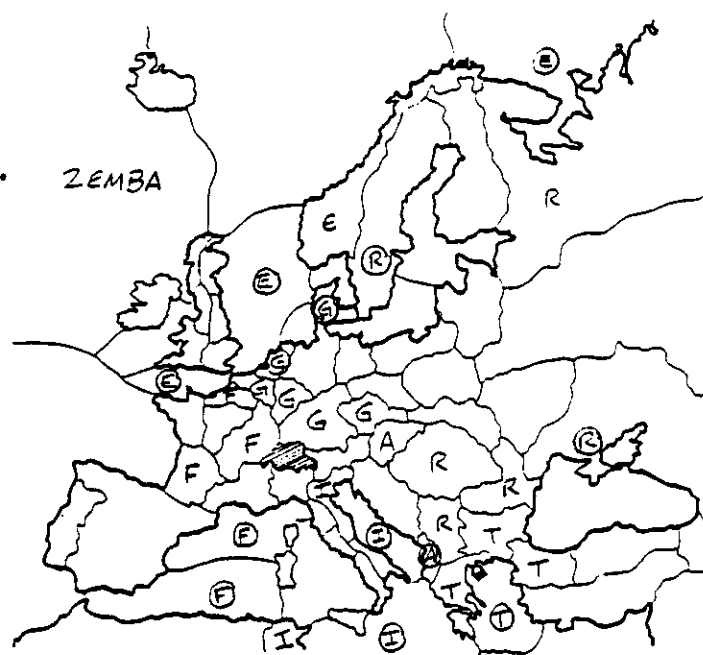
(Hopefully from) The Turk in Constantinople (who, if the Russians have come, may be in hiding):  
 You're right. I should have attacked you from the start. Count on it in the future. Still, nothing that has happened yet has broken the tired pattern of Diplomacy games which I have witnessed since the mid-1960s. Perhaps the prophecy wouldn't be so self-fulfilling if you'd get out of the rut.

## ZEMBA

FALL 1902: FRENCH GO EAST, BUT A BIT TOO FAR SOUTH

Austria: f alb-gre, a vie-tri, a bud-tri/ann/.  
 England: f lon-eng, f nts-nwy, a nwy-stp (f bar s).  
 France: a bur s eng f nts-bel/nso/ (a pic & a gas both s), f spa/sc-wes (f lyo s).  
 Germany: f den h, a sil-boh, a bel-bur (a mun & a ruh both s), f hol-bel.  
 Italy: a ven-tri, f ion-adr, f tyn-ion, a tun h.  
 Russia: a stp-nwy (f swe s), a ukr-rum (f sev s), a gal-bud (a ser s).  
 Turkey: a gre h (f aeg s), a bul s [rus] a ser, a ank-con.

Aus	vie	<del>bud</del>	tri	.	.	.	.	.	.	3/2	even
Eng	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	.	.	.	.	.	4/4	even
Fra	bre	par	mar	por	spa	.	.	.	.	5/5	even
Ger	kie	ber	mun	den	bel	hol	.	.	.	6/6	even
Ita	ven	rom	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	.	4/4	even
Rus	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	SER	BUD	.	6/8	+2
Tur	ank	con	smy	gre	BUL	.	.	.	.	4/5	+1



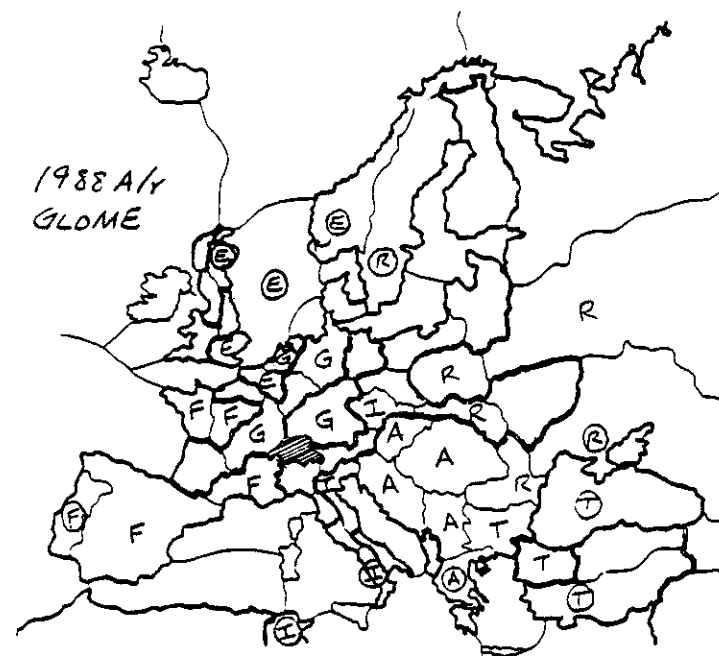
Winter 1902 AND Spring 1903 by next deadline, please. A policy statement==I will read any order for support or convoy which is currently impossible as "hold". For instance, if this turn's German a sil tried to s English f lon-eng, it would've read "a sil h." If you disagree, and would prefer to see joke orders or hint orders listed as written, please say so--a majority vote can change my mind.

## GLOME

WINTER 1901: WHY NOT?

Austria (Jeff Zarse): builds a vie & a bud;  
 Erasure, Circus.  
 England (Bob Olsen): builds a lon & f edi;  
 Killing Joke, Night Time  
 France (Jim Burgess): builds a mar, a bre;  
 Get Smart, "Just for the Moment."  
 Germany (Kevin Tighe): builds a mun;  
 Terry Jacks, "Seasons in the Sun."  
 Italy (Mark Luedi): builds f nap; Beethoven,  
 Piano Sonata #14; Sinead O'Connor, The Lion and the Cobra.  
 Russia (Russ Blau): builds a war & a mos;  
 Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Al Stewart,  
The Road to Moscow.  
 Turkey (Mark Lew): builds f smy; Firing Line  
 (PBS), "Should Drugs be Legalized?"

votes and proposals will hereafter follow the moves. Spring 1902 by next deadline, please.



# Herelandra

RULES NOW IN EFFECT: Playlist; "No" Votes; Marshes. All non-supply-center land provinces become marsh provinces. Marshes are traversible in the normal manner by both armies and fleets. Fleets can move into (sc) regular land provinces normally but (in accordance with normal rules) cannot move from one "coast" to another; e.g., f kie-ruh-bur-mar, but not then to lyo, nor could it support a move into or unit in that province.

VOTING:	yes	- no	= net
#13--Marshes	8	3	5
#14-- <u>DEVIANT</u>	1		1
#15--Oaklynites		3	-3
#16--Eng. jello	2	4	-2
#17--Ger. sludge	5	4	1
#18--Ita. letters	3		3

GM'S NOTES TO THE RULE: We now have three types of spaces: water, land-marsh, and land-sc. Because of the wording of the example, the "canal" spaces (kie, den, and con) can apparently be treated like marshes for movement (fleets can move from hel to kie to ruh, so hol does not have two coasts). IN ALL OTHER FUTURE RULES, "marsh" refers to non-sc land spaces.

The following spaces require coastal designations at some time or another: spa (nc/sc), mar (nc/sc), rom (wc/ec), ven (wc/ec), mun (nc/sc), nwy (wc/ec), stp (nc/sc), mos (nc/sc), sev (nc/sc), rum (nc/sc), tri (nc/sc). Obviously, fleets may now be built in any supply center. Also due to the phrasing of the example, Switzerland is still impassible (else mar would not have coasts).

THE CURRENT ENGLISH FLEET IN NORWAY IS ON THE WEST COAST. And awaaaaay we go...

## PROPOSALS:

#19--Cylindrical board. The eastern and western edges meet, with movement possible between the following spaces: stp--nat, mos--nat, mos--mid, arm--mid, syr--mid. [Note that bar--nat and naf--syr would not be possible, and stp and mos would each get a new coast.]

#20--Anti-discrimination and Burgess Smartass Remarks: No rule which refers specifically and discriminatorily against a particular country (e.g., English jello, German sludge, Italian letters) is allowed, and any person such as Burgess who writes, causes to be written, forges, or otherwise associates with such vile trash is considered to not have submitted a proposal, with all the hideous penalties attendant upon said malfeasance. [Note that, currently, there are no penalties for not voting or for not submitting proposals.]

#21--Bobby Ewing Rule. During a Winter season only, any player may declare that the preceding year was a "dream" and never happened. In that case, the year will be replayed starting from the Spring season. During the replay, each player must submit orders that are, in some respect, different from his "dream" orders. This rule may only be invoked once--the audience would never believe it again!

#22--Critters. Each time a unit enters a marsh province, it may recruit a critter: an ogre any time; a troll if it has two ogres or a troll; or a ranger, if it has two trolls or a ranger. A unit possessing critters is stronger than a unit without, e.g., Fleet+Ogre Brest-Picardy, Army Belgium-Picardy. They are also stronger in regard to supports, but convoys are not affected. [gm: I take this to mean that each critter equals one standard unit; also, I assume this means that while fo nts (fleet+ogre nts) can hold with double strength, a convoyed attack like ao nwy-hol attacks with single strength.]

#23--Austrian Hockey Rink. All Austrian provinces become slippery ice. Units in an ice space haven't enough footing to move or support but may hold. A unit in a non-ice space may spend one spring or fall turn "melting" an adjacent ice space, which negates the effect of ice there permanently. [gm: fleets may still enter "ice marsh" spaces, &c &c &c]

#24--No Fleets. All fleets become armies. Fleets may still be built but immediately become armies. Armies sink. [...which I take to mean they disappear if they are in water spaces.]

I just realized I failed to type a part of Bob's playlist: Throwing Moon, House Tornado. Hmm, did that Playlist rule say anything about fictional songs? All the press is from Bob:

England to GM: Lessee, now, I think I've been in two games, a total of five season, with Mr. Tighe, and he's NMR'd three of the five. Better get a standby, I'd say.

gm to England: Say what? Let me tell you, he even got a proposal in, better than at least one player this turn (not you).

England to Austria: What is it with you Bad Boys and OMD? I figured you more for Pat Boone types

England to Prop 18: It's very unfair of you to require Italy to write two letters per season to each player. Have a little respect for a Veg!

# Herelandra

London to Game: Oh, wait a minute here! It's Glome? I thought the name of the game was GLOM.  
Here, take Belgium back. My mistake.  
gm to London: Careful--in this game, it's possible to give back centers with just a flip word.  
Olsen to Prop 15: I laugh at your clumsy attempts to discriminate against us Oaklyn Toadies.  
You think you can set us back by rewriting our orders? Ha! That was one of the principal benefits of toadydom!

## WELL WORLD Titan

ENGAGEMENT 20: Brown Antlers continues to defend against Green Lobster Claw.

E21: Red Spin defeats Brown Wagon Wheel. 2 Gargoyles, 1 Cyclops die; 21 points to Red.  
point count: Brown 273, Green 183, Red 151, Black 120, Blue 104.

TURN NINETEEN: a little more blood

BLACK LEGIONS (Mark Frueh) rolled a 3. Tombstone moves to Brush (B106) and engages; Bolt of Revenge moves to Plains (P101); Scorpy moves to Brush (B10); Pirate Jack moves to Brush (B38) and is engaged.

BLUE LEGIONS (Bruce Geryk) rolled a 5. Crescent Moon holds at Marsh (M41) and is engaged; Burning Candle moves to Marsh (M140).

BROWN LEGIONS (Jeff Zarse) rolled a 4. Stein holds at Plains (P110); Chest holds at Marsh (M108); Ram holds at Brush (B31); Pawprint holds at Jungle (J33); Sceptres moves to Brush (B38) and engages; Prow moves to Brush (B127); Spider moves to Marsh (M131); Bell moves to Plains (P129); Hourglass moves and bounces back to Plains (P138).

GREEN LEGIONS (Gary Behnen) rolled a 3. Hook moves to Marsh (M122) and splits with Harp; Scales moves to Brush (B116); Dagger moves to Hills (H9) and splits with Fleur de Lis; Hoopsnake holds at Jungle (J114); Fishbones moves to Marsh (M41) and engages; Gem moves to Woods (W30); Frog holds at Brush (B106) and is engaged.

RED LEGIONS (Ed Wrobel) rolled a 4. Spin cannot return to Plains (P129), in limbo; Cross moves to Hills (H18); Star moves to Brush (B24); Harlequin bounces back to Brush (B3); Torch moves to Hills (H4); Scimitar moves to Marsh (M117); Salamander holds at Swamp (S42).

E22: Green Frog def. vs. Black Tombstone at Brush B106 -- defender enters through 4-5-6

E23: Black Pirate Jack def. vs. Brown Sceptres at Brush B38 --def. enters through 4-5-6

E24: Blue Crescent Moon def. vs. Green Fishbones at Marsh M41 --def. enters through 9-10-11

masters this time: 3 Rangers, 1 Gorgon, 2 Minotaurs.

Black to Green: Prepare to be ripped apart!

Red to Green: You want to see blood? Come fall on our swords.

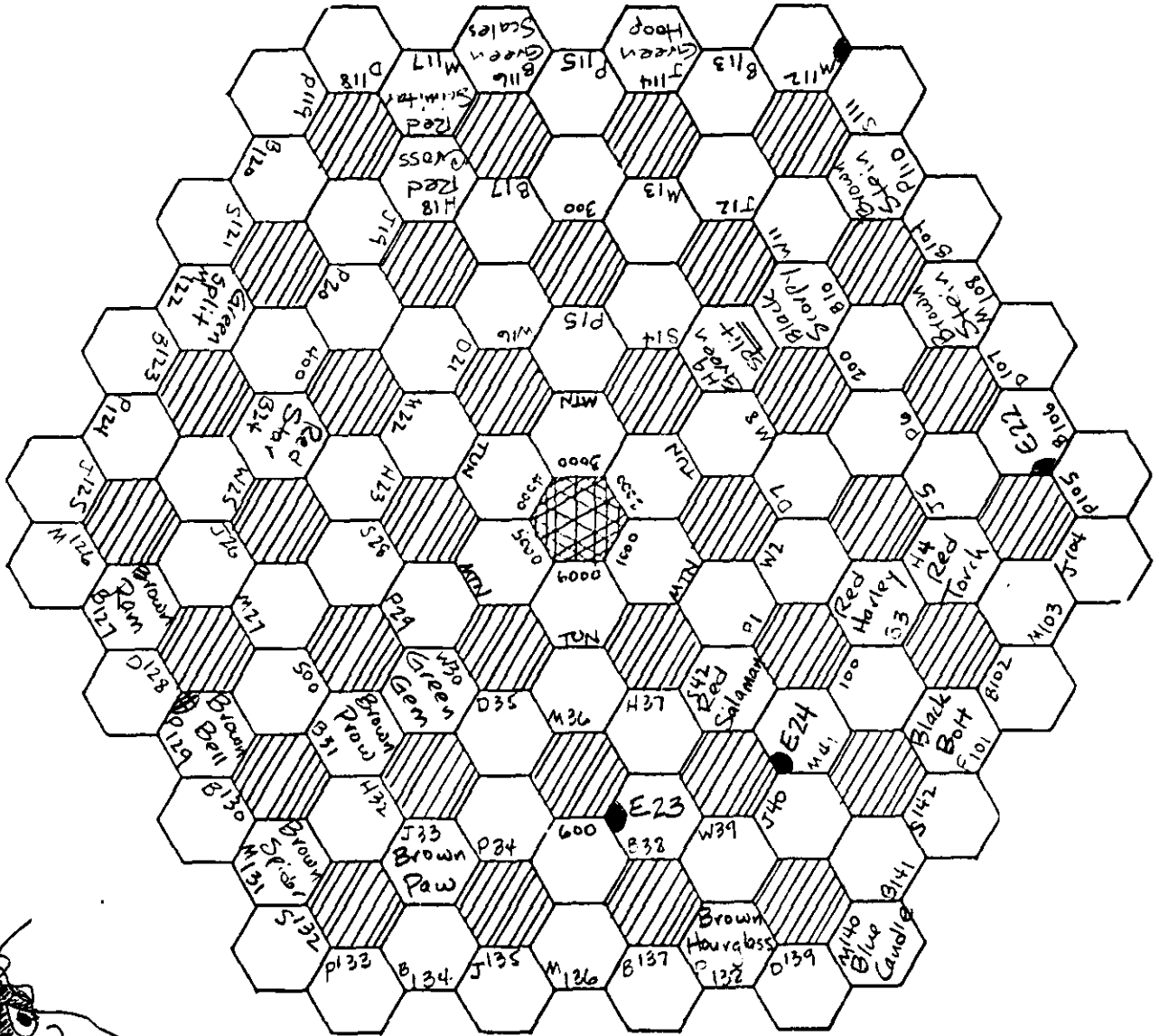
Tombstone to Grave Diggers: You had better bring a sturdy shovel. I'm taking a lot down with me.

Red to Ivory Tower: "Liberal arts...liberal arts..." I'm sure I've heard that somewhere before --maybe in the 60s. Anti-materialist? Is that anything like poor? Did you read Blue's tirade against "middle-class freaks" in benzene? On first blush, the term looks like a non-sequitur, but I suppose it describes me. And, if the proliferation of "classic rock" radio stations and the re-commercialization of freakdom are any indication, we have finally taken over. Better trade in your Audis, yuppies; you're passe.

Ivory Tower to Red: Antimaterialist speaks for itself--it's a set of values that can be assumed by anyone regardless of circumstances. I'm no rabid about it--I do own a few things--but the possession of goods is not my chief goal in life. And freak is not really for me either; I'd really like to be called something like "eco-guerrilla"...Oh, yes, and I'm poor, too.

Creatures Left: 8 Angels, 6 Behemoths, 10 Colossi, 18 Dragons, 0 Gargoyles, 17 Giants, 10 Gorgons, 15 Griffons, 3 Guardians, 10 Hydrae, 4 Lions, 9 Minotaurs, 0 Ogres, 5 Rangers, 5 Serpent, 1 Troll, 8 Unicorns, 16 Warbears, 6 Warlocks, 17 Wyverns, 6 Archangels, 9 Centaurs, 0 Cyclopi.

# Herelandra



CATHY'S NEW MOTTO: I'm 51% sweetheart, 49% bitch--don't push it!!

Space-filling natterings and ramblings...There's a new interest in music building up in me [Pete] since I saw the Grammys. Suzanne Vega and U2 were pleasant surprises...Keith Sherwood was kind enough to tell us how we could get a Limbo Slam two-tune demo tape...News item from the radio: "A man burst into the Arlington Masonic Home for Men with Two Rifles this afternoon"...

A SPECIAL WELCOME TO CASEY ELAINE ELLIS, born 10:43 AM 29 March (a month early!). Casey apparently will be a tall, slim type (began life at 4 pounds, 14 ounces, 17 1/2" long), unlike her parents, Polly and Greg. Can you say "Young Republican"? I knew you could...

Can anybody believe the resurfacing of Richard Nixon (speaking of young Republicans)? Get a transcript of him on "This Week" if you didn't see it!!





# Arlingcon 5

**MAY 20-22**

Well, for all the big letters it's still the friendliest little house party in Texas!

Come join us any time over the weekend of May 20, for boardgames and gab. We'll play fantasy games (Titan), rail games (British Rails, Rail Baron), silly games (Survive, Snits' Revenge) and anything you have your mind set on if we can get the people for it. Of course, we'll play Diplomacy as we prepare for the National Diplomacy Championship in San Antonio this summer.

To find out more, or to warn us you're coming, call Pete or Cathy Gaughan at 817-633-3208, or write us at 3105 E. Park Row #132, Arlington Texas 76010-3710.



Arlingcon is proud to be part of Diplomats of Texas Society, Inc (DOTS), a non-profit corporation for game players and publishers.

# Herelandra

## It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

Well, hello everyone! You get to hear about our vacation to San Francisco whether you want to or not (yes, Gary Behnen, we were on vacation). Some of this is stuff I wrote as it was happening or as soon as we got to Pete's parents' after an event. Some will just be stuff as I think of it now...

EASTER SUNDAY, 3 April 1988--I'm on the plane and have been for 1½ hours. I think flying is fun. I was very surprised at how much detail on the ground you can see. I saw snow as we were leaving Texas and getting to New Mexico. Then there were plateaus. Now we're going over some big mountains with snow on top, then a bunch of red dirt. Guess what? We just hit some clouds. So much for ground details. But the clouds are OK.

The plane's bouncing around more than it was. But nothing drastic. The clouds went away for now. Clouds are better than I thought. Now I'm looking out at them rather than being in one. We may have just gone over the Grand Canyon. Pete said it could be one of the lakes at either end. Whatever it was, I liked it.

(later) I felt a little sick when we were landing. I think it was all the clouds' fault. Then we landed and Pete's dad hadn't emptied his trunk. He's a sales rep, and had suitcases full of samples with him. So Dad drove, Pete was in front with a suitcase under his legs and one on his lap. I was on the left in back with a suitcase in my lap, Pete's mom sat in the middle, and Peggie (Pete's sister) sat Indian style because there was a large suitcase wedged between the front and back seats.

So what did we do? We went sightseeing, suitcases and all. We saw Fisherman's Wharf, Union Square, the Transamerica Bldg. (which looks like a skinny pyramid--Pete tried to get me to believe it was the Egyptian Embassy), and lots of unique, brightly-painted houses. I can't remember the name of this one street but it zigs and zags all the way down a hill. (Pete says it's Lombard.) I'm probably totally wrong, but that seemed on the way to Chinatown. Chinatown was interesting--none of the signs were in English. I'm used to Texas where, if they have a sign in Spanish, there is an English one next to it. Anyway, Chinatown was very crowded with cars, people, and shops. We didn't try to get out. Finally, at some point Peg said she could no longer feel her feet, so we stopped at a little pie shop [Bepple's on Union between Laguna and Buchanan] and had a slice of pie and something to drink.

Then we headed to Pete's parents' house across the Bay and over the Golden Gate Bridge. It was really neat because you couldn't see the tops of the towers hidden by fog, but it was clear down on the road. When we got to the house the first thing we had to do was search for our Easter baskets. Peggie found hers first, I found mine next (behind a chair in the living room), then Pete found his (inside a cupboard). Mine had a really cute stuffed bunny and a ceramic lamb and tons of candy.

Let me see, MONDAY we went sightseeing with Mom and Dad. We headed across the Golden Gate Bridge and took a highway that went close by the ocean. We stopped at an old gun battery. and had a great view of the Bridge from there. We moved on and saw a sculpture remembering the Holocaust (it was very realistic yet modern at the same time). Next we headed for the Cliff House. This was really neat because there were a bunch of rocks with sea lions all over them just offshore. You could hear them barking from where we stood.

Next we headed to Golden Gate Park. We had a picnic lunch on the lawn in front of the Conservatory of Flowers, a big white building full of all sorts of gigantic plants. As we were walking through, every so often the overhead pipes would spray mist and my glasses would fog up. But the flowers were beautiful. My favorite was the Golden Candle (Pete can tell you the scientific name if he remembers it) [Pachystachyis Lutea].

There's also a museum in the Park--again, I can't remember the name [California Academy of Sciences], but it had tons of different things in it. First there was space stuff. You know, the planets and their orbits and a pendulum that swung back and forth that knocked over little pegs because of the earth's rotation. I still don't see how that works, because if the platform underneath is moving because of the earth's rotation, why isn't the pendulum also moving? (Oh, well, maybe one of you can explain that one to me--Pete sure couldn't.) Then we

# Herelandra

saw turtles, alligators, crocodiles, dolphins, and penguins [not all in the same tank]. We walked up some stairs and saw a tank of all sorts of fishes. And there were lots of other displays of rocks, pottery, art, and quilts. We went into one room that had dioramas of scenes from Africa. I really enjoyed this part. At one end there was this noise going on--a recording of what it would sound like with all the animals making noises. It went through a day and a night in about 20 minutes, so you hear the birds more in the "morning" and "evening" (the lighting changed too!) and so forth. We were in the museum until it closed at 5pm and we still didn't see everything! We drove the length of the Park, to a large windmill, but I guess it closed at 5:00 also since it wasn't turning, but it was neat looking.

TUESDAY--we went to Sausalito and took a ferry to San Francisco. This was probably the most enjoyable part of the trip. You could see the city and the Bridge, Angel Island and Alcatraz. I loved it, the wind in my face, the bounce of the boat, and the beautiful scenery. It wasn't too long before we were in the City. We had our caricatures done down on the Wharf, then we went to the cable car turnaround, bought tickets and rode up to Union Square. That was pretty fun--kind of crowded, but worth it. I would've never made it walking. I can't believe how steep some of the streets are. You see, they don't make those kinds of streets in Texas (at least not in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area). [Hell, woman, they don't make those kinds of HILLS here!] I loved looking at all the houses--no two look the same. It's great!

When we got to Union Square we got a hot dog and a pretzel from a street vendor and sat in the square to eat. I thought the pigeons would eat the hot dog right out of my hand. I liked the pigeons, they were fun--however, there was a small child who didn't seem to share my opinion of the birds. He would throw something down for them to eat and then try to KICK them. I wasn't impressed with his behavior at all.

Sorry, got off on a tangent there. Next we went into a really snazzy department store called Gump's. It had really expensive stuff. All the stores downtown seemed to be two stories or more, or had another shop upstairs, like the Hallmark store called "Sanrio" (the lower level was all "Hello Kitty" and upstairs was your normal Hallmark section). Then we went into Macy's--I'd never been in one before. They had a deli in the basement, among other things, and everyone was so polite. Finally, we stopped for something to drink at Lefty O'Doul's, a favorite of Pete's and I could see why. The atmosphere is really fun. There are a couple of tv's with sports showing, and lots of sports memorabilia.

We didn't eat anything there because we didn't want to spoil our appetites, since Peggie was going to take us to dinner. So from Lefty O'Doul's we walked down Market to the Ferry Bldg. We saw a really Funky Fountain at the Embarcadero Center where I got a picture of Pete. We met Peg there and she took us to Pier 39, which was full of stores for us turistas. Then she took us to Tarantino's, a very fancy seafood restaurant. The food was great and so was the view, looking out over the marina. Really nice. We drove over to see Peg's place and Mom and Dad picked us up there.

WEDNESDAY--Pete, Mom and I packed a lunch and headed for Muir Woods. I saw lots of coast redwoods [Sequoia sempervirens]. I think Pete will probably give you more details about Muir Woods. Then we stopped at a roadside park and ate. A caterpillar fell out of a tree onto Mom's shirt sleeve. It was really cute; Pete ran back to the car to get his camera. Then we drove up this mountain. When we could no longer drive, we got out and walked up Mt. Tamalpais (it's called Mt. Tam locally). The view up there [2600 feet] was awesome! You could see where Mom and Dad live, the City, the ferry landing, and all sorts of other stuff. It was neat. The climb was rather tiring, but again well worth it.

THURSDAY, after our mountain climbing, we decided to take it easy in the morning. Mom got home from work around 12:30 and took us to the Bay Model. It's an old warehouse where the Army Corps of Engineers has a model of the bays [they use this to test tides, flows, salt content, and other problems]. From there we went to the Marin Civic Center, which was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It was the last building he designed before he died, and it's built into the

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sides of three hills. Part of the building has three floors (G, 1, and 2), while the rest of it has four floors (1, 2, 3, 4). It's very open and circles are used everywhere.

We decided to head home and Mom suggested stopping for fish'n'chips. Sounded good--I was assuming fast food. But we stopped at the Mayflower Inne, an authentic English Pub. The fish was great; the waitress's accent was even better! "Anything else, luv?" Really neat.

Then came **FRIDAY**, April 8, 1988. The first day of the rest of my life. We get up really early and head to McClure's Beach to go tidepooling. Well, folks, I've never been tidepooling before. Pete and his mom head out for the rocks in two different directions. I'm trying to figure out what to do. I start out and begin sliding on rocks. I have a bag full of our dry shoes and socks in one hand and my camera in the other. So when I start slipping I couldn't grab hold of anything. I end up slamming my hand (the one with the camera) onto a rock to catch my balance, scraping a knuckle. At this point, Mom turns and sees me trying to get the hang of things and realizes I'm not doing too well. So she starts telling me I should put the bag down where the water won't get it and she put my camera in her pocket (we found out later one corner of the camera has chipped off).

So now I thought I had it together because I had my hands free. Well, now when I start slipping I grab something and my hands slip. Then, to get from rock to rock, you have to get in the water. Well, I got scared when a wave came while I was in the water. It was above my knees and going very fast. At least, I felt it was fast. Mom, who is shorter than me, didn't have any problem at all. She was busy doing what you're supposed to be doing, finding animals. After a small outburst of tears, I managed to get myself together a little. I really did enjoy the different sea creatures. I just had a real hard time with the climbing-about-the-rocks part. When Pete and Mom started showing me which directions to go and where the footholds were, I felt more secure. Anyway, what an adventure!

One might think that was enough for one day. No way, not with Mom as your guide. After the tidepools we had a picnic at Drake's Beach. (Maybe Pete will put in some sort of map so you can figure out where these places are.) Drake's Beach was a sandy beach without rocks and surrounded by big cliffs. (They probably have names but of course I can't remember them.) After lunch we headed for the lighthouse on Point Reyes. Now that was a long haul if I've ever seen one. It was only a half-mile walk, and going down wasn't too bad since there were stairs. At the lighthouse the view is awesome. We looked for whales but couldn't find any. Mom took pictures of us standing on the lighthouse balcony. Boy, was the foghorn LOUD! Then, however, we had to walk back up. Stairs, yeah--thirty stories of stairs! 308 stairs! One of the "stairs" was a 75-foot ramp. Every so often there was place to sit and rest (thank God). Those places were my goals. I was badly out of breath. But I made it eventually. My right knee had begun shaking when we got down to the lighthouse, so on the way back up I kept thinking it was going to give out. But it didn't. I was so happy to see the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile trail back to the car because that meant I made it to the top. Yeah!

**SATURDAY**, (9 April)--We went to Marineworld Africa USA. It was really neat, lots of different types of shows. The first was a dolphin and killer whale show. It was wonderful. A woman rode around the pool on the backs of two dolphins. The killer whales were very large. We saw a bird show, and a domestic animal show where household cats had been trained to fetch, walk tightropes and climb poles. The part that surprised me was that they did it when they were told--most cats I know do things when they want to. We also saw an ecology show that had animals from everywhere; there was a ferret, a burrowing owl, an opossum, and a binturong (a big, black, long-tailed member of the mongoose family).

**SUNDAY**--Peg and I went shopping at a couple of different malls. I found a really nice poster of San Francisco in the fog. Speaking of fog, it was clear and hot everyday we were in San Francisco, except the day we arrived and the day we left. Pete and his mom went to their storage space and he got out some stuff he wanted sent to us in Texas.

**MONDAY**--Pete and I got to use a car and do whatever we wanted to [as if we had no choice earlier?]. We walked part way out on the Golden Gate Bridge, and went back to Pier 39 to buy

# Merelandra

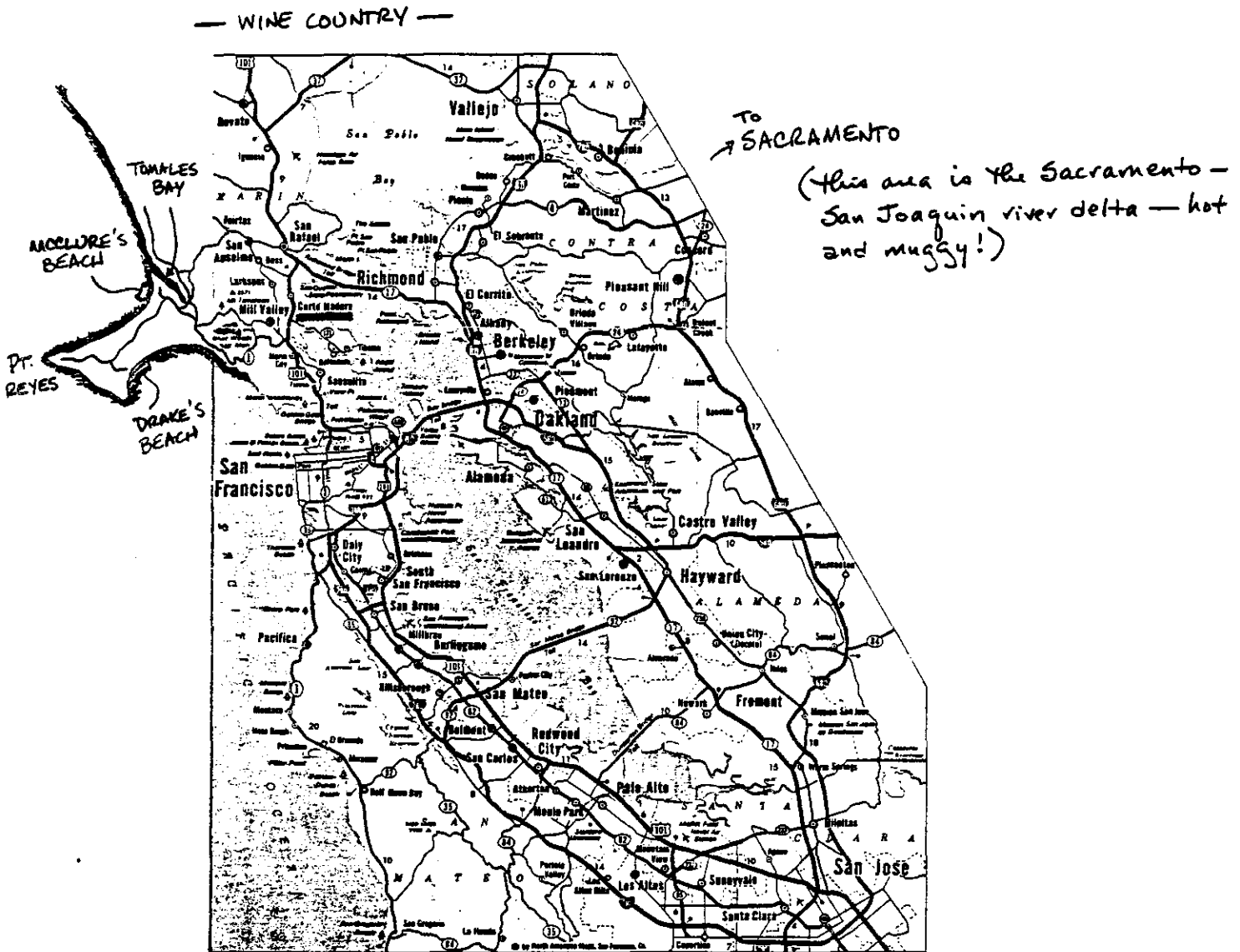
souvenirs for everyone. We drove downtown and had lunch at Lefty O'Doul's (my idea since we didn't get to the last time)--had some great corned beef sandwiches. But the highlight of this day was going to Candlestick Park to watch the Giants vs. the Cincinnati Reds. The Reds won. (Don't even ask me the score.) Candlestick Park is on a point of land pointing into the wind; it blows every direction at the same time with big gusts and COLD. But we still enjoyed the game; Pete only froze when he went to get us hot chocolate and coffee. We had a fantastic day.

Then TUESDAY it was time to come home. I fell asleep on the way to the airport. I tried to sleep on the plane, but that didn't seem to work. We got to D/FW airport and my dad wasn't there to pick us up, but he got there within 15 minutes. We hadn't even claimed our bags yet. I've decided I like flying, but I don't want to fly by myself.

Well, I hope I didn't bore you too much. But I had a wonderful time seeing Pete's parents in San Francisco. Take care!

Cathy

P.S. Congratulations, Greg and Polly, on your new baby girl!



# Herelandra

## Among the Trees · by Pete Gaughan

Boy, is it wonderful to walk uphill again! Cathy has often heard me say that the things I miss about California besides my family and friends, are hills and trees. Well, San Francisco has enough hills for three cities, even if they are full of people and buildings; and Marin County (north of the City--see the map; my parents live in Corte Madera) has eucalyptus, Monterey pine, California bay laurel, California live oak, and even the "big trees," the coast redwoods.

We arrived, as Cathy says, on Easter Sunday. As we toured San Francisco, a light drizzle covered the City. The weather was exceptional all during our stay, and we both drew a bit of a sunburn. We rarely spend a lot of time outdoors, so the week was pretty adventurous for us. I last visited in 1985, and I'll tell you, I don't remember Mt. Tam or Pt. Reyes being nearly as exhausting as they were this time!

The things that C described on Monday and Tuesday had to be done without my camera, as the shutter lock seized up on the first shot I took. This is rarely a problem in our household, though, since my dad always has a spare camera around someplace. He was kind enough to pay for the repair and pick it up for me when it was completed.

Wednesday, of course, was the trip to my own personal cathedral, Muir Woods National Monument. There are two groves of Sequoia there, and the mile-long Hillside Trail takes you up into their midst, where you can look out from 40-50 feet above the valley and you still have to crane your neck back to see the treetops. This dark, quiet valley is a special place, with an immediacy of time and nature I've not found in many other spots. The National Park Service oversees Muir Woods and the other major natural sites in the Bay Area (Pt. Reyes National Seashore and the Golden Gate National Recreation Area). The NPS is, environmentally, the most conservative of all government agencies, so the woods are kept in a nearly natural state and development in or near them is impossible. This contrasts with areas administered by the Bureau of Land Management, which often prefers development over conservation.

Cathy insists that I tell you all that while in Muir Woods, I hugged a redwood. I do this every time I visit a grove of redwoods, and I try to pick out either a very young tree (in this case, I hugged one which is probably about 25 years old--a foot and a half across), or an older tree which is damaged or struggling in some way.

I should note that in our hike up Mt. Tamalpais my mother showed no overt signs of wear, while Cathy and I huffed and puffed. There's an old (still manned, though) fire lookout atop the mountain, and fire season is starting early in California again this year.

While we're still on the subject of nature walks, let me describe the route to McClure's Beach, where we did our tidepooling. First, you drive over hill and dale, about 30 miles due east of my folks' house, and somewhat further through the Pt. Reyes preserve, to an old ranch and a small parking lot. (Along the way you see lots of dairy cattle, deer, and quail, and if you're Cathy, you see a bobcat too.) You park and walk down a trail with a 12% grade,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to the beach, following a small canyon cut out by a stream. This canyon opens onto a crescent-shaped beach, with rocky points at each end. And it is at these points, when the tide goes out, that the boulders are left exposed with puddles between them--except that some of the puddles are knee-deep and slick with seaweed and anemones. We didn't see any crabs or minnows, but we did bother a few anemones and walked across huge beds of mussels. The tide came back in faster than we anticipated, or we would have stayed longer--provided we could have convinced Cathy to get any further out onto the rocks.

In the city, there were a few sights that even I hadn't seen before. Behind Fisherman's Wharf is a small marina of charter boats, and as we walked past part of this we heard barking. Right away I figured some sea lion had lost his way and swum too far into the Bay. Wrong, salmon-breath! The three LARGE sea lions we found below the piers knew exactly where they were, and they were begging the crowd for food. From the time we landed at the ferry dock (about noon) until we returned to the Wharf for dinner, they were still there!

Baseball was on my mind a great deal while we were in California--seems to me this winter lasted longer than most... Candlestick was everything people said it would be, cold, windy, and a terrible place to try to park in or drive out of.

# Herelandra

# BASEBALL

## and While We're Talking

There are two theories on hitting the knuckle ball. Unfortunately, neither of them works.  
CHARLIE LAU, late batting instructor for the Royals and White Sox

I'd rather be the shortest player in the majors than the tallest player in the minors.  
FRED PATEK, 5'4" shortstop for the Pirates

When I was a little boy, I wanted to be a baseball player and join the circus. With the Yankees I've accomplished both.

GRAIG NETTLES

I don't want to be a hero. I don't want to be a star. It just works out that way.  
REGGIE JACKSON

### PREDICTIONS FOR THE 1988 SEASON

division	Gaughan	Emmert	TSN	DTH	writers	
AL West	Oakland	K.C.	Oakland	Oakland	Oakland	"TSN" is <u>The Sporting News</u> ; "DTH" is <u>The Dallas Times Herald</u> . "writers" is a poll of 204 baseball writers conducted by TSN.
	Minn.	Oakland	Seattle	K.C.	K.C.	
	K.C.	Minn.	K.C.	Texas	Minn.	
	Texas	Seattle	Minn.	Minn.	Texas	
	Calif.	Chicago	Calif.	Seattle	Calif.	
	Seattle	Calif.	Texas	Chicago	Seattle	
	Chciago	Texas	CHciago	Calif.	Chicago	
AL East	New York	Toronto	Boston	Toronto	New York	
	Toronto	Boston	Toronto	New York	Toronto	
	Boston	New York	Detroit	Boston	Boston	
	Detroit	Detroit	Mil.	Mil.	Mil.	
	Mil.	Mil.	New York	Detroit	Detroit	
	Cleve.	Cleve.	Balt.	Cleve.	Cleve.	
	Balt.	Balt.	Cleve.	Balt.	Balt.	
NL West	S.F.	Cin.	S.F.	Cin.	S.F.	
	Cin.	S.F.	Cin.	S.F.	Cin.	
	L.A.	L.A.	Houston	L.A.	L.A.	
	Houston	Houston	L.A.	Houston	Houston	
	S.D.	S.D.	S.D.	Atlanta	S.D.	
	Atlanta	Atlanta	Atlanta	S.D.	Atlanta	
NL East	New York	Pitt.	New York	New York	New York	
	Montreal	New York	St. L.	St. L.	St. L.	
	St. L.	St. L.	Phil.	Montreal	Montreal	
	Pitt.	Montreal	Pitt.	Pitt.	Phil.	
	Phil.	Phil.	Chicago	Phil.	Pitt.	
	Chicago	Chicago	Montreal	Chicago	Chicago	

A FEW NOTES ON WEEK ONE: The Pirates sold out Three Rivers Stadium (58,000+) for the first time ever...Houston surprised a lot of people, even the ones who picked them second in the west...The Bay Area was thrilled while we were there: the Giants raved about Brett Butler being the man they needed, as did the A's about Dave Parker (both teams opened at the top of their divisions)...Cleveland looked great--but that was in seven games against Baltimore!...My two favorite pitchers, Valenzuela and Hough, are already the victims of their teams' weak offense (though I think in both cases it's temporary).

# Perelandra

KEY WORDS FOR TEAMS IN THE AL WEST -- the things I think each one must have in order to compete for the playoffs: Oakland, mental toughness--here's a team that has all the tools but lacks pressure experience. Kansas City, Brett--quite simple, if he's healthy, they're one of the top six teams in baseball. Minnesota, instinct--they won last year because they were a loose, carefree bunch. Texas, fundamentals--they have better talent than anyone in the division except Oakland, but they hurt their own cause on defense and with wild pitching. California, speed--no longer an old team, and no longer a very powerful one either. Seattle, pressure--If they continue to hear the city say, "That's okay, boys," they're doomed. Chicago, (pitching) experience--I don't see much hope of them finding it in the next 2 years.

And since we promised to publish the rest of Steve Emmert's write-up on newcomers in baseball: (he'd already gotten through the N.L. and the A.L. East...) A.L. WEST

1. Kansas City. Forget Bo Jackson. Really (unless you're a Raider fan). Gary Thurman will send Bo to the bench of the minors. No other rookies are likely to make the team, though.
2. Oakland. Walt Weiss will start at shortstop, but with the addition of Parker, Hubbard, Welch, et al., who's got room for rookies?
3. Minnesota. Nothing new here at all, at least not until 1989. Then you can look for Derek Parks, but only as a backup catcher.
4. Seattle. Erick Hansen will probably make the starting rotation of a quickly-improving team. So will Mike Campbell. Dave Hengel has a good shot at starting in the outfield on opening day. Don't miss this; the M's will win some games this year.
5. Chicago. Jack McDowell had a great September with the Sox and is now their #1 or #2 starter. Unfortunately, the team isn't exactly loaded with young talent after that.
6. California. The original old man's team. Maybe outfielder Kevin King; maybe reliever Bryan Harvey. Then again, maybe not.
7. Texas. Pete will be happy to tell you all about the kids the Rangers have coming up. If there are any, I haven't heard of them. This is a team going nowhere.

Pete again...Steve was obviously concentrating on rookies, and maybe missed the fact that old or middle-aged teams can win too. Just because the Rangers are mostly third-year players doesn't mean they're going to roll over for the overhauled White Sox, etc. In fact, I expect the two Western divisions to be more competitive than the Easts this year, specifically because they were quick to respond when they saw the imbalance go the other way a couple of years ago. The Wests are full of second- and third-year players in key positions: first base (Joyner, Canseco, Kruk), #1 starter (Kelly Downs, S.F.), bullpen stopper (Mitch Williams, Texas), and second base (Robby Thompson, S.F.; Jeff Treadway, Cin.). But we must move on--lots yet to do...

## SCRABBLE



Yes, I'm starting a game now -- that's how Mark Lew opened his intro to Postal Scrabble in benzene #4 (Halloween 1985). Here are the rules we'll use if we get some interest, and Mark has already said he'd play:

Tiles on the racks are not kept secret, though tiles won't be picked before they are needed; thus, you get to see only the tiles left over from the opponent's last play. We'll use the Official Scrabble Player's Dictionary as authority. Each turn the current rack's player (some rulebooks will say "phasing Player"), as well as any kibitzers who'd like to, sends in what s/he considers to be the best play. If a kibitzer's move is clearly better than the player's move, the kibitzer becomes the player for that rack. The gm will judge (perhaps incorrectly) which is the best move--you are welcome to make the case for your play.

Orders may be written any way in which they are unambiguous, but here's the notation to be used in Perelandra. The board is labelled "a" through "o" down the side, and 1 through 15 across the top. Write the coordinates of the first letter of the main word, then the main word, then any other words formed by the play. When printing coordinates, put the number first if the word is vertical; put the letter first if it is horizontal. (Thus the first part of any coordinate signifies the row or column that completely contains the main word.) Example on the next page.



# Perelandra

Scrabble example: Here is the sample game listed in  
1) h6:horn=14 points 2) 8f:farm=9 3) j6:paste,far  
at=16. Blank tiles are noted by underlining (e.g.  
Now all that remains is for you all to sign up to p  
What's the difference between a dead snake in the r

14. Reaction to Fake Ballot from  
publication PERELANDRA

There are skid marks in front of the snake.



## Literary Quiz

NO TAKERS? Well, we'll just have to raise the stakes. For a full issue AND a button for each (button only to the first correct answer--everybody who's right gets the freebies), let's rerun last month's questions. Also included are Steve Emmert's joke answers (him again??):

D33-3: What was the occupation of Jane Austen's "Mr. Wingfield?" (clean-up technician at Three Mile Island?)

LP356: Who said, "Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed?" (the Marquis de Sade?)

45FE: In 10167, Duke Leto Atreides I fought and won the Battle of Thar. Emperor Shaddam IV was deeply grateful, and even more impressed by the Duke's behavior in private audience. This favor was so resented by the other Nobles that it eventually led to Leto's death. What award did Shaddam bestow on his loyal subject, the third awarded in his reign to that time?

## Opinions and Editorials and Letters

We've received a fake ballot for the Diplomacy World awards, with several wise-ass nominations like "Why Drunken Driving is OK" by Russ Rusnak, and Jack McHugh up for Best Player after "NMRing out of eight games in a row." The Bad Boys are responsible (for this, not for much else), and they could have done a much better job--I guess they had a lunch break with nothing to do.

J.R. Baker (25 March 1988)

After nine months of unemployment, I have plenty of experience in the job-hunting market! Experience is what you get when you don't get what you wanted.

The first thing you need to do is decide where you want to be in ten years--then work out a plan of how to get there! The first part my change over the years, but it's always important to know what it is because you can't get there if you don't know where you're going, so you wind up "just getting by."

Best of all, it helps you make decisions, like changing jobs or assuming more responsibility, because you know what's best for your goal.

Mark Lew (undated)

You [Cathy] are not being ridiculous. It is a well-known fact that looking for a job is very icky. I found that when I was "looking for a job," I spent 2% of my time looking for a job and 98% of my time fretting about the fact that I ought to be looking for a job. I found it took me a definite psychological effort to call a place, or write a resume or what not. No doubt there's some good psychological reason for that having to do with self-confidence or something...

Those were, obviously, both addressed to Cathy's column last month about her job. Nothing has changed here, except that I've picked up the same desire to be somewhere else. Who knows where the feeling will lead, but I surprised and pleased C when I told her how I felt.

# Game Openings

DIPLOMACY "Fomalhaut" has Jim Nickel (paid), Rob Wittmond (paid), Jim Diehl, and John Crosby.  
(fee=\$5) "Sesefras Magna" is wide open. Needs seven.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING (free)

anonymous= "Quwhon" has five signed up. Room for up to four more? May run in Fiat Bellum, too.  
regular= "Caradhras" is open--can accomodate up to eight players, and will be played on the old, original, British map. Will run here AND in Fiat Bellum.

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS (free)

"Lakkarol" has Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, Geoffrey Richard, Jim Fleischman, and Rob Wittmond--room for just three more.

SCRABBLE  
(free)

"Gramarye" is now open. Needs two players, and at least three committed kibitzers (who are essentially active standbys). See rules published a couple of pages ago.

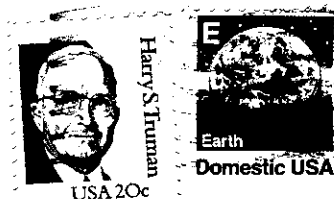
## "Surprised by Joy"

But how could I forget thee? Through what power,  
Even for the least division of an hour,  
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
To my most grievous loss! That thought's return  
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
Save one, only one, when I stood forlorn,  
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more...  
That neither present time, nor years unborn  
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

William Wordsworth

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**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.**