

# Herelandra

number 63

September

TRUE NAMES

VERNER VINCE



By late afternoon, the overcast was gone. Sunlight glinted off millions of waterdrop jewels in the trees. Pollack waited till the sun was behind the tree line, till all that was left of its passage was a gold band across the taller trees to the east of his bungalow. Then he sat down before his equipment and prepared to ascend to the Other Plane. What he was undertaking was trickier than anything he had tried before, and he wanted to take as much time as the Feds would tolerate. A week of thought and research would have suited him more, but Virginia and her pals were clearly too impatient for that.

He powered up his processors, settled back in his favorite chair, and carefully attached the Portal's five sucker electrodes to his scalp. For long minutes nothing happened: a certain amount of self-denial--or at least self-hypnosis--was necessary to make the ascent. Some experts recommended drugs of sensory isolation to heighten the user's sensitivity to the faint, ambiguous signals that could be read from the Portal. Pollack, who was certainly more experienced than any of the pop experts, had found that he could make it simply by staring out into the trees and listening to the wind-surf that swept through their upper branches.

And just as a daydreamer forgets his actual surroundings and sees other realities, so Pollack drifted, detached, his subconscious interpreting the status of the West Coast communication and data services as a vague thicket for his conscious mind to inspect, interrogate for the safest path to an intermediate haven. Like most exurb data-commuters, Pollack rented the standard optical links: Bell, Boeing, Nippon Electric. Those, together with the local West Coast data companies, gave him more than enough paths to proceed with little chance of detection to any accepting processor on Earth. In minutes, he had traced through three changes of carrier and found a place to do his intermediate computing. The comsats rented processor time almost as cheaply as ground stations, and an automatic payment transaction (through several dummy accounts set up over the last several years) gave him sole control of a large data space within milliseconds of his request. The whole process was almost at a subconscious level--the proper functioning of numerous routines he and others had devised over the last four years. Mr. Slippery (the other name was avoided now, even in his thoughts) had achieved the fringes of the Other Plane. He took a quick peek through the eyes of a low-resolution weather satellite, saw the North American continent spread out below, the terminator sweeping through the West, most of the plains clouded over. One never knew when some apparently irrelevant information might help--and though it could all be done automatically through subconscious access, Mr. Slippery had always been a romantic about spaceflight.

He rested for a few moments, checking that his indirect communication links were working and that the encryption routines appeared healthy, untampered with. (Like most folks, honest citizens or warlocks, he had no trust for the government standard encrypton routines, but preferred the schemes that had leaked out of academia--over NSA's petulant objections--during the last fifteen years.) Protected now against traceback, Mr. Slippery set out for the Coven itself. He quickly picked up the trail, but this was never an easy trip, for the SIG members had no interest in being bothered by the unskilled.

In particular, the traveler must be able to take advantage of subtle sensory indications, and see in them the environment originally imagined by the SIG. The correct path had the aspect of a narrow row of stones cutting through a gray-greenish swamp. The air was cold but very moist. Weird, towering plants dripped audibly onto the faintly iridescent water and the broad lilies. The subconscious knew what the stones represented, handled the chaining of routines from one information net to another, but it was the conscious mind that could lead to the gates of the Coven, or to the symbolic "death" of a dump back to the real world. The basic game was a distant relative of the ancient Adventure that had been played on computer systems for more than forty years, and a nearer relative of the participation novels that are still widely sold. There were

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two great differences, though. This game was more serious, and was played at a level of complexity impossible without the use of the EEG input/output that the warlocks and the popular data bases called Portals.

There was much misinformation and misunderstanding about the Portals. Oh, responsible data bases like the LA Times and the CBS News made it clear that there was nothing supernatural about them or about the Other Plane, that the magical jargon was at best a romantic convenience and at worst obscurantism. But even so, their articles often missed the point and were both too conservative and too extravagant. You might think that to convey the full sense imagery of the swamp, some immense bandwidth would be necessary. In fact, that was not so (and if it were, the Feds would have quickly been able to spot warlock and werebot operations). A typical Portal link was around fifty thousand baud, far narrower than even a flat video channel. Mr. Slippery could feel the damp seeping through his leather boots, could feel the sweat starting on his skin even in the cold air, but this was the response of Mr. Slippery's imagination and subconscious to the cues that were actually being presented through the Portal's electrodes. The interpretation could not be arbitrary or he would be dumped back to reality and would never find the Coven; to the traveler on the Other Plane, the detail was there as long as the cues were there. And there is nothing new about this situation. Even a poor writer--if he has a sympathetic reader and an engaging plot--can evoke complete internal imagery with a few dozen words of description. The difference now is that the imagery has interactive significance, just as sensations in the real world do. Ultimately, the magic jargon was perhaps the closest fit in the vocabulary of millennium Man.

The stones were spaced more widely now, and it took all Mr. Slippery's skill to avoid falling into the noisome waters that surrounded him. Fortunately, after another hundred meters or so, the trail rose out of the water, and he was walking on shallow mud. The trees and brush grew in close around him, and large spider webs glistened across the trail and between some of the trees along the side.

Like a yo-yo from some high branch above him, a red-banded spider the size of a man's fist descended into the space right before the traveler's face. "Beware, beware," the tiny voice issued from dripping mandibles. "Beware, beware," the words were repeated, and the creature swung back and forth, nearer and farther from Mr. Slippery's face. He looked carefully at the spider's banded abdomen. There were many species of deathspider here, and each required a different response if a traveler was to survive. Finally he raised the back of his hand and held it level so that the spider could crawl onto it. The creature raced up the damp fabric of his jacket to the open neck. There it whispered something very quietly.

Mr. Slippery listened, then grabbed the animal before it could repeat the message and threw it to the left, at the same time racing off into the tangle of webs and branches on the other side of the trail. Something heavy and wet slapped into the space where he had been, but he was already gone--racing at top speed up the incline that suddenly appeared before him.

He stopped when he reached the crest of the hill. Beyond it, he could see the solemn, massive fortress that was the Coven's haven. It was not more than five hundred meters away, illuminated as the swamp had been by a vague and indistinct light that came only partly from the sky. The trail leading down to it was much more open than the swamp had been, but the traveler proceeded as slowly as before: the sprites the warlocks set to keep guard here had the nasty--though preprogrammed--habit of changing the rules in deadly ways.



This is the sixtythird issue of Perelandra, an amateur magazine for fans of literature, games, and werebeings. Editor: Pete Gaughan, 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010-3710 (phone 817-633-3208). Subscriptions can be made payable to Perelandra for \$10 per ten issues (\$12.50 in Canadian funds; \$15 US overseas).

Deadlines in Perelandra are set four weeks from the date the zine is mailed. Original fiction can earn free issues of the zine whether published or not--inquire with the editor. And standby players earn free issues for submitting orders when called and for finishing out their positions.

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## WELL WORLD Titan

turn twentythree -- BLACK THE VICTOR

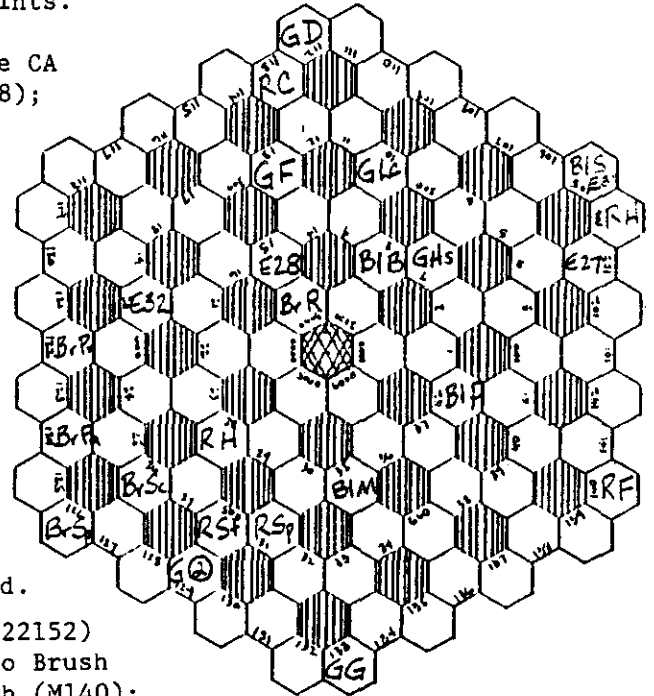
E29: Green Dagger defeats Red Scimitar. Angel, Minotaur, 4 Rangers die. 64 points to Green.  
E30: Black Bolt of Revenge defeats Blue Crescent Moon. Blue TITAN, 2 each Minotaurs, Serpents, Warbears; 1 each Angel, Cyclops, Giant, Troll, Unicorn die. 132 points to Black, plus half-points for Angel, 3 Trolls, 2 Rangers, Wyvern = 62 points.

BLACK LEGIONS (Mark Frueh, 3700 Parkview Lane #7C, Irvine CA 92715) rolled a 5. Bolt of Revenge holds at Marsh (M8); Scorpy moves to Plains (P105); Grave Head holds at Plains (P20) [E32]; Mothers-in-Law holds at Desert (D35); Pirate Jack moves to Swamp (S42).

BROWN LEGIONS (Jeff Zarse, 836 W. Lakeside #2W, Chicago IL 60640) rolled a 2. Bell moves to Plains (P20) [E32]; Spider moves to Marsh (M126); Pawprint moves to Plains (P124); Ram holds at Mountains (MTN3000); Prow moves to Marsh (M122); Sceptres moves to Jungle (J26); Stein & Hourglass engaged & Chest also.

GREEN LEGIONS (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062) rolled a 3. Lobster Claw moves to Brush (B10); Hoopsnake moves to Desert (D7); Gem moves to Plains (P133); Hook moves to Plains (P129) and splits with Fishbones; Frog moves to Marsh (M13); Dagger holds at Marsh (M112); Scales and Fleur de Lis engaged.

RED LEGIONS (Ed Wrobel, 6204 Bardu Ave., Springfield VA 22152) rolled a 5. Spin holds at Brush (B31); Cross moves to Brush (B113); Star holds at Tower (500); Fist moves to Marsh (M140); Harlequin moves to Jungle (J104); Heart holds at Swamp (S28); Torch engaged.



E27: Red Torch defends against Brown Chest @ Marsh M103.  
E28: Brown Stein defends against Green Fleur de Lis @ Plains P15.  
E31: Green Scales defends against Brown Hourglass @ Plains P105.  
E32: Black Grave Head defends against Brown Bell @ Plains P20; defender enter through 1-15-14.

point count: Black 392, Green 343, Brown 290, Red 183.

musters this turn: 3 Angels, 2 Behemoths, 1 each Gorgon, Lion, Troll. Since the Troll was mustered following a battle, it was not available for mustering on the Masterboard this time.

creature count: 7/18 Angels, 6/6 Archangels, 3/18 Behemoths, 7/25 Centaurs, 10/10 Colossi, 0/25 Cyclopi, 18/18 Dragons, 0/21 Gargoyles, 17/18 Giants, 5/25 Gorgons, 14/18 Griffons, 0/6 Guardians, 10/10 Hydrae, 1/28 Lions, 7/21 Minotaurs, 0/25 Ogres, 1/28 Rangers, 3/10 Serpents, 0/28 Trolls, 4/12 Unicorns, 16/21 Warbears, 6/6 Warlocks, 15/18 Wyverns.

Black to Blue: Hey, no fair! Your Giant's name was Mike Tyson. Well, you still went down for the final ten count. Now if only my wound will heal.

Red to Beaten Blue: You won't get off on this technicality, you sociopath. My attorney advises that "You're a dead man" can reasonably be construed as a threat, especially since I'm not one at present. Thus, you have not issued a benign statement of fact but have, indeed, caused me irreparable psychic damage for which a court of law would no doubt assess a substantial portion of your future earnings potential. Be sure to get a good job. I'd like to get me one of them Audis.

Ivory Tower to Well World: Vast quantities of Zarse press censored this time due to GM-bashing. Throwing the mud out with the bathwater, this means you also miss Courtemanche-bashing, Behnen-bashing, and some absolutely mystifying nonsense. This is called "editing."

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## LAKKDAROL Downfall

Afteryule I 3019 postponed! I have orders from all but one player, whose mail was not being forwarded and was unaware of the gamestart until a couple of days ago. (Obviously, this is Jon, since his is the only change of address below.) The **new deadline**, for this game only, is October 1 (a Saturday--orders in by the day's mail). One more time, the players:

- DWARVES: John Cannon, 2011 W. Arthur, Chicago IL 60645, 312-465-1377
- ELVES: Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322
- GANDALF: Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd St. #308, Torrance CA 90504, 213-542-9571
- GONDOR: Lance Anderson, INSCOM, MI BN, PSF CA 94129-7101, 415-221-9976
- MORDOR: Bruce Geryk, 836 W. Lakeside #2W, Chicago IL 60640, 312-275-3493
- ROHAN: Brian Hogan, Box 41-22, Kykotsmovi AZ 86039, 602-526-4043 but hard to reach by phone
- SARUMAN: Jon Fleischman, Box 8621, Northridge CA 91327, 213-478-6113
- UMBAR: Geoff Richard, 7240 Whispering Pines, Dallas TX 75248, 214-980-8007

## SESERAS MAGNA

A new game of regular Diplomacy is underway...Boardman Number is 1988CH.

- Austria: James Early, 3705 Uruguay, Pasadena TX 77504
- England: Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Dr., Eden Prairie MN 55347
- France: Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005 / 206-747-4991
- Germany: Lance Anderson, MI Bn -- INSCOM, PSF CA 94129-7101 / 415-221-9976
- Italy: Stuart Lange, 904 Fox Chase Lane, Riverdale GA 30296 / 404-996-0305
- Russia: John Cannon, 2011 W. Arthur, Chicago IL 60645 / 312-465-1377
- Turkey: John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236 / 804-745-2329

players' note at the top of the next page!

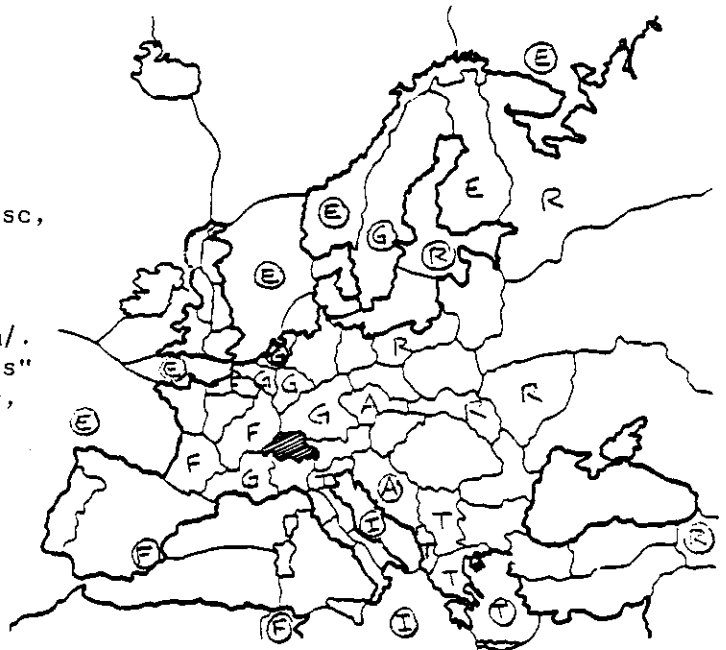
Your deadline for Spring 1901 is on the back cover. And, Larry, the name is not Latin. Like every other game in Perelandra, this is named after a fictional planet. And like every other game, the first player to tell me where I got this name wins a free issue. (Most of the time nobody wins that issue, but this one should be a bit easier than most.)

## ZEMBA Gunboat

Spring 1904: RUSSIA GOES CHAOTIC METHODIST

- Austria: a vie-boh, f tri-adr.
- England: f ska-nwy (f bar s), f edi-nts, f lon-eng, a swe-fin, f por-mid.
- France: a bur s a pic (a pic & a gas s), f wes-spa/sc, f tun-tyl.
- Germany: f den-swe, f hol-bel, a bel-bur (a ruh & a mun s), a pie-mar.
- Italy: f ion-tyl, f adr-ion, a ven s aus f tri /otm/.
- Russia: a stp u, a mos-lvn (f bot c) /no such "a mos" and convoy imp/, a war-pru, a bud-gal, a rum-ukr, f sev-arm.
- Turkey: a ser-alb (a gre s), a bul-ser, f aeg-ion.

Please remember--don't use "nor" as a province. Your **deadline** for Fall 1904 is on the back cover. Let's see if we can't get seven sets of orders this time!



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**Sesefras Magna players:** I forgot to mention that Stuart Lange will be in Denmark from 9/29 until 10/27. His address during that time will be: Major Stuart B. Lange, 324447672 / 118 TCF / Exercise Tactical Fighter Weaponry 1988 / Boubjerg Lighthouse / Ferring / DK-7620 Lemvia / DENMARK.

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## GLOME Deviant

There has been some confusion on how I adjudicate time-warped orders. I list all your orders for the current turn on a sheet of paper, then note the following:

- 1) If any orders warped back would change the previous adjudication, I readjudicate that turn.
- 2) I draw a map showing the final position of units at the end of that turn.
- 3) Then, from that map, any units whose order is warped forward or back is lifted off the board.
- 4) The remaining units are moved according to the orders you sent in and orders warped from last time.
- 5) Then the units which were picked up in step 3 are placed back down in the same province--if another unit has moved into the province in the meantime (as in the case of Burgundy this month) then the original unit is annihilated instead.
- 6) A map is drawn showing what's left after step 5 and a list provided of orders that are being warped to the next turn.

I will not publish the complete readjudication, just notes on major changes. Also, I forgot to erase Austria's a vie last time.

**FALL 1903** warps: \*\*back, []forward, §§into this

Austria (Jeff Zarse?): a bud & a tri immobilized, a ser & f ion unordered.

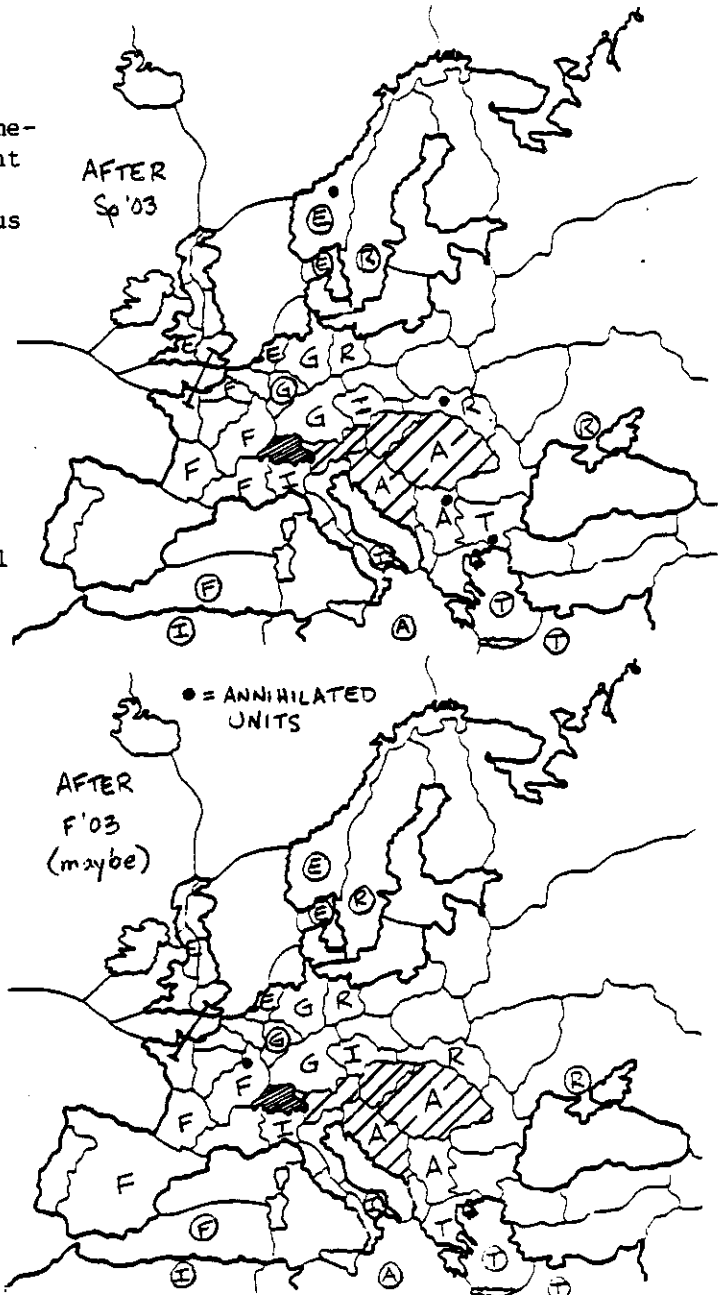
England (Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita KS 67226-1253): \*f nwg-nwy\* (warps back, prevents f nwy from returning to the board), a lvp h, a hol h, §f stp/nc h§ (warped forward from last time but nsu), [f nwy-swe], f ska s f nwy-swe /nsu/; Son Seals, Bad Axe.

France (Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St., Providence RI 02908-5731): §a pic-bur§, §a mar-spa§, §f wes-tun§, §a ruh s a bur-mun§/nsu/, \*a bur-mun\* (this last order warps back, has no effect in Sp'03, and removes a bur from the board for F'03 which is then annihilated as a pic moves in); Beethoven's Third Symphony.

Germany (J.R. Baker, 512 Snipes, St. Charles MO 63303): \*a sil-war\*/nsu/, a mun-sil, [a kie-hol], [f ruh s a kie-hol], [a hol s f ruh-bel], [a den-swe]; "Way Down Texas Way," "Boogie Back to Texas" and others by Asleep At The Wheel.

Italy (~~Mark Luedi~~ Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Road, Baltimore MD 21214): §f naf-tun§, \*f apu-nap\* (no effect, nsu), \*a boh-tyo\* (immobilized last turn), [a pie melts tyo], [f naf-mid].

Russia (Russ Blau, 9023 Lake Braddock Dr., Burke VA 22015): §a ser-alb§ /nsu/, §a gal-sil§, \*f fin-swe\* (warps back, so rus covers swe in the spring), f lvn-bal /nsu/, a gal-vie /nsu/, [a ber-kie], [f sev-rum], [a ser s tur a bul-gre].



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Turkey (Mark Lew, 438 Vernon #103, Oakland CA 94610): §a bul-gre§, \*f eas-ion\* (no effect), a con-bul, f smy-eas /nsu/, [f aeg s a bul-gre].

Due to the unusual nature of this rule, I am going to make the maps an official part of the adjudication. The units you see on the "AFTER Sp'03" map are the ones I will put down to start the algorithm (steps 1-6) I described earlier. Your **deadline** for Winter 1903 and Spring 1904 is on the back cover.

<u>Supply Centers Held at the end of 1903</u>				<u>Votes on Proposals</u>			
				yes	- no	= net	
Austria	bud tri vie	<del>gtr</del> SER	. . . 4/4 --	#34--Greenhouse Effect	0	0	0
England	lon lvp edi	nwy bel HOL	. . . 5/6 +2	#35--Space Warps	8	0	8
France	par bre mar	spa por	. . . 5/5 +1	#36--Transporter Beam	10	0	10
Germany	kie mun	<del>Wol</del>	. . . 3/2 -1	#37--Megawarp	0	1	-1
Italy	ven rom nap	tun	. . . 4/4 --	#38--Repeal (Ice)	0	3	-3
Russia	mos stp war	sev swe rum ber	<del>##</del> 8/7 +3	#39--Scramble	7	0	7
Turkey	ank con smy	bul GRE	. . . 4/5 +2	#40--Repeal (Warp)	0	0	0

With the above orders, Mark Luedi resigns. Thanks for stepping in, Tom--welcome.

Orders warped forward to Spring 1904: Eng f nwy-swe; Ger f ruh s a kie-hol, a kie-hol, a den-swe, a hol s f ruh-bel; Ita a pie melts tyo, f naf-mid; Rus a ber-kie, f sev-rum, a ser s tur a bul-gre; Tur f aeg s a bul-gre. Remember that orders may be warped even if there is no such unit (such as Russian a ser)

STANDBY: Greg Ellis for Austria, please. (700 Rio Grande, suite 211, Austin TX 78701)

Rules now in effect: Playlist; "No" Votes; Austrian Ice; Tunnel; Time Warp; Anti-Titan; and... TRANSPORTER BEAM. Any unit on a home supply center can be beamed to any other location (one way only). If any unit materializes in a location occupied by another unit, both units are annihilated.

## Proposals to be Voted On:

#41--REPEAL. Time Warp is repealed.

#42--GM VOTES. The Gamemaster may cast up to three votes on proposals, after players vote.

#43--PRESS. Each player must submit at least one press release each turn from one of his own datelines, AND at least one "black press" release from someone else's dateline, or else he has nmred.

#44--ROACHLAND. A new country is formed with Don "Roach" Williams as the player. The Mediterranean Sea is designated "The Duckpond" with a potential home-supply dot in each sea space therein. Williams does nothing until the end of 1904; at that point, every Duckpond dot which is unoccupied becomes a Roachland-owned home center and Williams may build fleets on them.

#45--MUTINY. Each turn, every fleet in a sea space rolls a percentile die with the following results: 1-30 no effect; 31-40 becomes Austrian; 41-50 becomes English; 51-60 becomes French; 61-70 becomes German; 71-80 becomes Italian; 81-90 becomes Russian; 91-100 becomes Turkish.

Famous Historical Quotations: "Drafting people for this game is a sure route to a feud?"--PJGIV, Spring 1903. "Let's draft Williams!"--Bob Olsen, Fall 1903. "Why? You're already feuding with him."--PJGIV, Winter 1903.

An English Voice Cries Out: What the heck is going on here!?!?!?

Russia to Turkey: Thanks for your explanation of the time warp rule. It was clear as mud.

England to Austria: Oh, no you don't, no repeal for you. I love to see you fall on your face.

England to Russia: What's this nonsense you've been writing me about some sort of English incursion into St. Pete? I've checked the map carefully and see no such English unit. What are you, some kind of crazed wacko? Leave the wild accusations to Williams, they're more his specialty.

Russia to England: Letter? What letter? If you got a letter from me complaining about StP, it must have fallen through a time warp from some alternate universe. Why would I write a letter about something that never happened? (And better not have happened again!)

England to GM: I'm not ashamed to admit it--I am now completely, totally confused. But if you tell me you understand what is going on here...you'll break my heart!

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GM to England: I understand what's going on here--to the extent that's possible.  
Jackwabbit to Da Judge: Wrighting orders and proposals for dis game is like reading Random Thought  
--it don't hafta make sense as long as it fills the white space!!!!!!!!!!  
Wascally Wabbit to Elmer Pudge: What's up, Doc?????  
Wabbit to Veggie: He went that-a-way.....  
Russia to World: As the great Siberian philosopher said, undoubtedly referring to the time warp phenomenon, "He who does not know that which someday will not have been will never remember that which has not yet ceased to be non-existent."  
Wabbit to Wussian: Wuss...wuss-un....Deja vû....  
J.R. to Boob: Now I know you have every right to feel the way you do, but if you'll just give me a second I can explain. (Do you think he'll fall for it again?) [Fall for what?]  
Olsen to Gaughan: In your Pudgecon report, be sure and tell the nice people about what happened here, and about how I corrupted a man more incorruptible than Hadleyburg, somewho heretofore would never have allowed himself to caught staring slack-jawed into a monitor screen playing (of all the shocking things!!!) computer games. "Crom!" you ranted (perhaps you don't remember this, in your dazed condition). "By Mithra, this beastie will feel my sword's bite!" I was appalled. Heh heh heh! Dungeon Master--buy it!  
Gaughan to Olsen: Pudgecon report? Who went to Pudgecon? ...no, that won't work. Maybe:  
Gaughan to Olsen: Corrupted? What's corrupt about an afternoon of silly games with my wife? Are you against marriage, Olsen? Maybe you'd like to come out against Apple Pie while you're at it. Or are you in favor of allowing vicious Blue Jelly Monsters to roam the streets??

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## RATHILLIEN

### WINTER 1905: A fleeting turn

France (Melinda Holley, Box 2793, Huntington WV 25727-2793): builds f bre & f mar; also has f lvp, f cly, f bel, f edi, f lon, a mun, a bur, a pie.

Germany (Tom Hurst, 2686 Richardson, Fitchburg WI 53711): has f hol.

Italy (Rex Martin, TAHGC, Box 5002, Glen Arm MD 21057): builds f rom; also has f smy, f gre, a tyo, a vie, a tri, a boh, f alb.

Russia (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): has a swe, f nwy, f kie, a bul, f bla, a gal, a bud, a ser, a sil, a ber, a rum, a sev.

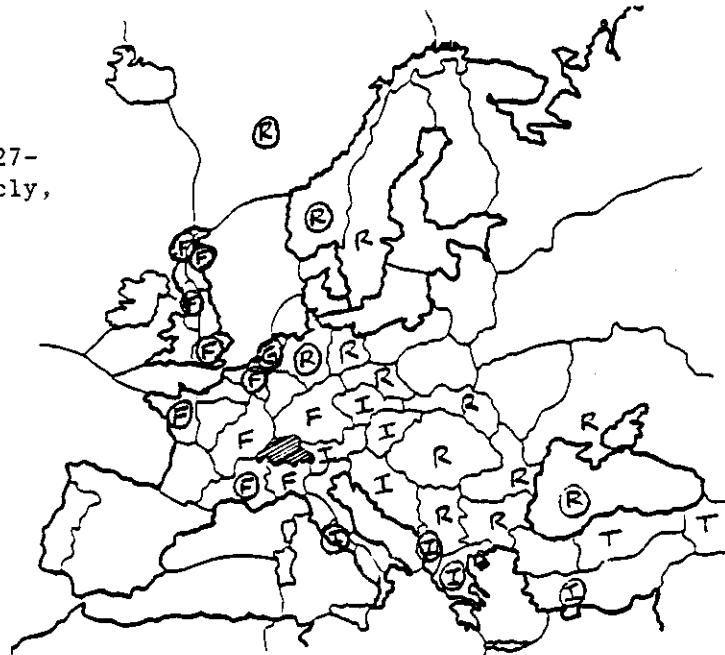
Turkey (Guy Hail, removes a con; still has a arm, a ank.

Russia and France propose an F/R draw; France also proposes an F/I/R draw. Please vote with Spring 1906 orders, which are due by the **deadline** on the back cover. Some press marked for Spring is being held over...

Russia to Turkey: Do you mind if I tell you I told you so?

Russia to Italy: Wow, and they call me greedy!

Russia to France: Meet you in Italy!!!



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## FOMALHAUT

**SPRING 1901: Converging on Munich**

Austria (Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322): f tri-alb, a vie h, a bud-ser.

England (Rich Miller, 266 S. Oak Knoll #6, Pasadena CA 91101): f edi-nwg, a lvp-edi, f lon-nts.

France (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Road, Baltimore MD 21214): f bre-mid, a par-bur (a mar s).

Germany (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236): a mun-ruh, a ber-kie, f kie-hol.

Italy (Vince Lutterbie, 21 Paulina Drive, Hannibal MO 63401-3640): a ven-tyo, a rom-apu, f nap-ion.

Russia (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia Street, Falls Church VA 22046): a war-sil, f stp-bot, a mos-ukr, f sev-bla.

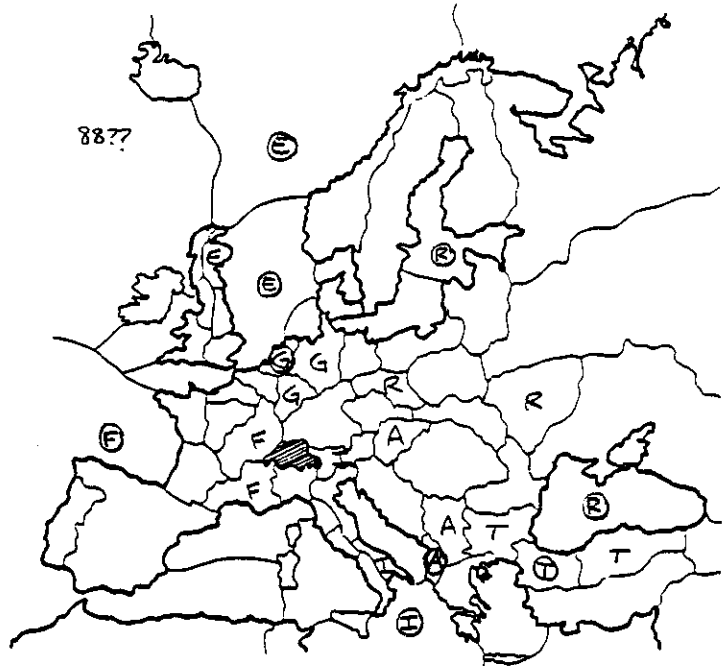
Turkey (Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd Street #308, Torrance CA 90504): a con-bul, f ank-con, a smy-ank.

I still have not received a Boardman Number for this game. Your **deadline** for Fall 1901 is on the back cover. Some press, just from Italy...

Italy to Austria: Let's keep it friendly here, buddy. You're between a bunch of bad guys--so stay out of Spaghetti Land.

Italy to T/G/F: That goes for you guys too.

gm to Fomalhauters: Can any of you remember a game where all four opponents (F/I/A/R) opened towards Munich? I don't want to make a big deal of it--each of these moves has other strategic possibilities--but as I play more games I've tried to analyze past performance more carefully.



## NORTHPOINT

Summer 1904: Austria retreats a vie-boh.

**FALL 1904: France Diversifies**

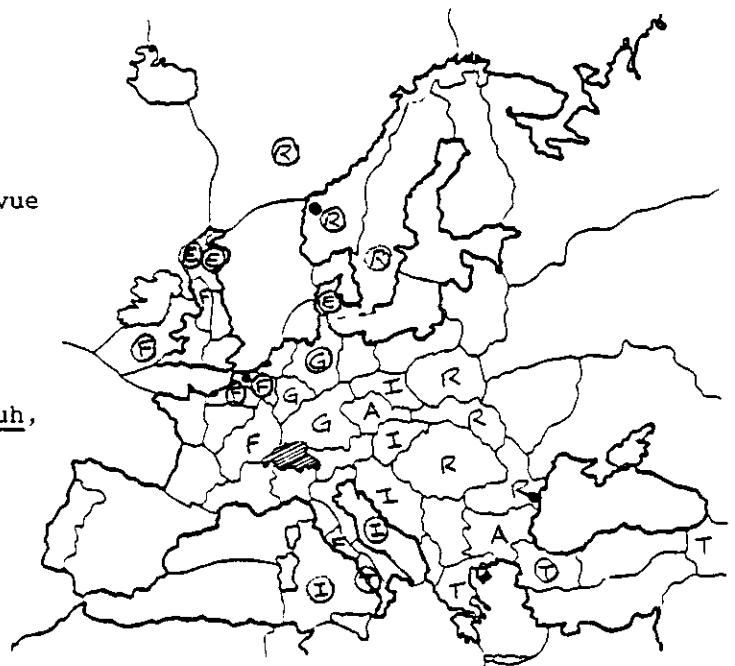
Austria (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a boh-mun, a ser-bul.

England (Rich Miller, 266 S. Oak Knoll #6, Pasadena CA 91101): f lvp-cly, f nts-edi, f den-swe (f nwy s) /f nwy r to bar ska nts otb/.

France (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Drive, Eden Prairie MN 55347): f eng-bel (f pic s), a bur-ruh, a wal-lvp (f iri s), a rom s turk f ion-nap.

Germany (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236): a mun h, a bel h (a ruh s) /a bel r hol otb/, f kie-den.

continues.....





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Italy (Matt Kazur??, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016): nmr. a sil, a vie, a tri, f adr, f tyn h.

Russia (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): a sev-rum (a bud & a gal s) (a war s a gal), f stp/nc-nwy (f nwg & f swe s).

Turkey (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia St., Falls Church VA 22046): f ion-nap (france s), a bul-gre, f rum-sev (a arm s) /f rum r bla otb/, f ank-con.

Will Evans Givan (8066 Camstock Court, Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606) please standby for Italy? Supply Centers held as of Winter 1904...

Austria	<del>vie</del> ser BUL	.	.	.	.	.	.	2 - 2	even
England	lon <del>lpp</del> edi den	.	.	.	.	.	.	4 - 3	must remove one or retreat otb
France	par bre mar spa por ven LVP ROM BEL	.	.	.	.	.	.	6 - 9	may build three
Germany	ber kie hol <del>ba</del> MUN	.	.	.	.	.	.	4 - 4	even unless retreat otb
Italy	<del>ton nap nwy</del> tun tri VIE	.	.	.	.	.	.	5 - 3	must remove two
Russia	stp mos war sev swe <del>ba</del> nwy bud RUM	.	.	.	.	.	.	8 - 8	may build one due to Spring annihilation
Turkey	con ank smy gre <del>ton</del> NAP	.	.	.	.	.	.	5 - 5	even unless retreat otb

Due to the complexity of three retreats and up to nine adjustments, seasons will be separated if one player requests it. Otherwise, **deadline** for **both** Autumn/Winter 1904 and Spring 1905 is on the back cover. Press:

Russia to Turkey: You scum! Third time's the charm...

Paris to Berlin: If you crossed the Rhine, I'll support Italy or Russia into Munich ASAP.

Paris to Rome: Now I'll have to find another relative to be "King of Rome."

Russia to England: Caesar, I hope you were aware of the Ides of August!

Russia to GM: No, I'm not confused about "Caesar," reference the W'03 press. Also, since I was addressed as Czar, I responded in kind, besides--the press was sent from Warsaw!

gm to Russia: Bruce Geryk straightened me out on tsar/czar/car (a variant transcription) but I didn't mean to kick up a fuss.

---

## Literary Quiz

LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS--(Q95B): To whom did the following famous American cabin belong? "This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments." NOBODY guessed Henry David Thoreau! Folks, even if it didn't occur to you that Thoreau lived in a cabin on Walden Pond, keep in mind next time that he and John Muir are my favorite writers. Ben Schilling (good guess!) said Uncle Tom.

(L1): On what world is "Krakan!" the strongest epithet? Again, Ben with the good guess: Earthsea (novel by Ursula LeGuin) but it's actually Thalassa, another water planet from the novel The Songs of Distant Earth by Arthur Clarke.

NOT-SO-LITERARY QUIZ: What year (within two) did baseball begin the practice of letting fans keep balls hit into the stands? Ben says 1920, Jim Burgess says 1960, and Russ Blau says 1930. Well, it all goes back to Reuben Berman in 1921 (way to go, Ben), who sued the New York Giants to keep his foul ball.

FOR NEXT MONTH and a free issue to each correct answer: (Q139B): What great poet, dissatisfied with St. John's mystical opening, "In the beginning was the Word," revised it to read, "In the beginning was the Deed?" [Editor's note--not Thoreau.]

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**SOURCES:** We got requests for a couple of addresses this month. Lance Anderson wants to know who has postal Kingmaker openings; try Scott Cameron (4 Meadow Lane, Hicksville NY 11801). Rich wants to know how to get started in electronic-mail games (also called "pbem"); try Ken Hill's The Armchair Diplomat (6199 Rockland Drive, Dublin OH 43107). (Scott's zine is called Protozoan.) For complete lists of game openings and zines, write to Ken Peel (8708 First Ave. #T2, Silver Spring MD 20910), Robert Sacks (4861 Broadway #5V, New York NY 10034), and Rod Walker (1273 Crest Drive, Encinitas CA 92024). Warning: Robert and Rod have been known to fued with each other and with others. Approach with caution.

# Herelandra

## Opinions and Editorials and Letters

On Pudgecon, we begin with a comment by Rod Walker:

"Heard from Olsen. He says Geryk &c. have just tumbled to the fact that Sacks is a crazed wacko. Sacks will of course be at Pudgecon. Bob's thinking of renaming it Scorpions in a Bottle Con. It should be something!"

Jason Bergmann (28 August 1988): "I had a great time at Pudgecon. The Third Reich game was a bit long, so I didn't have time for much else, yet it was still enjoyable. Maybe next year I'll have a chance at surviving in it. I am planning on next year, but it's so far away that who really knows.

"It was a pleasure meeting your wife, and you of course. I have a Corolla like yours and just got through with a 13-hour trek [to Emory U. in Atlanta]. It survived, though it blew a tire on I-20. I wasn't a 'happy camper.'

"As for the Bad Boys, Robert Sacks, Linsey-bashing, etc, I will withhold comment. As you called it, Megadip seems like something I'd like to avoid. The way I see it, they're all crazy, and it should stay that way."

Editor: Well, it was fun. Cathy and I stayed at a hotel, sharing a room with Gary Behnen; Vince Lutterbie and Larry Bo(t)imer stayed in another room. This meant that Cathy was able to survive the weekend without a cat-allergy attack, and it also produced breakfast meetings where we all sat and talked about the rest of you out in Dipdom. Cathy did some shopping (at this very moment I'm sipping coffee from my "Kansas" mug), and we both played Dungeon Master (see Olsen press in Glome) and Dungeons & Dragons...Steve Langley ran another of his famous dungeons which was more of a sociological case study than a hack-and-slash monster-bash.

Jason, if you plan on surviving in Third Reich, don't play with John Michalski! The Commander was down to two battalions at one point (playing Italy) and came way back. (I could be mistaken here, I was playing rail games at the time I think.) He's the TR expert. And for those of you who haven't heard, John got married a couple weeks ago.

Larry Botimer tried to say my name as "Go-han" (letter of 22 August 1988):

"Dear Pete Gau(g)han,

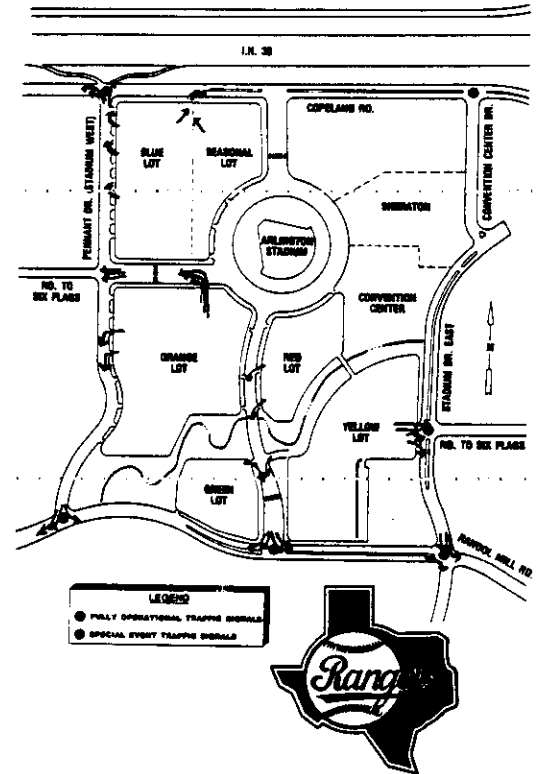
"Having been admonished at Pudgecon to please put the (g) in you last name I shall endeavor to do so. I thoroughly enjoyed Pudgecon and although I may not attend another con ever (unless Daf has a New Year's "Dafcon") I would not have missed this one con even if Kathy C[aruso] did miss it. ..."

(later letter): "Yeah, I know. The level of banality in KK is quite low. You'll notice I've stopped sending in questions and comments to the gossip part and only enter the contests occasionally. Besides, Olsen is a worm! Most of the time my press only makes sense to the people in the game. I admit it's only slightly less boring than Cochise's. That's why I volunteered to be his press secretary when he was running for President. Complete revenge on the ultra-liberal eastern establishment media, we'd bore them to death!

"It was a shock to discover Greedy was only 28 while Vince and I are in our late 30s! I guess the mental image you get of people through phone calls & letters never matches reality. I probably won't go to Dipcon next year but I'll make a real effort to go to Pudgecon. Hope Katie makes it and you and Cathy again."

Editor: Footnote to that. Daf WILL be running (with Steve and the Kids) a New Year's Dafcon.

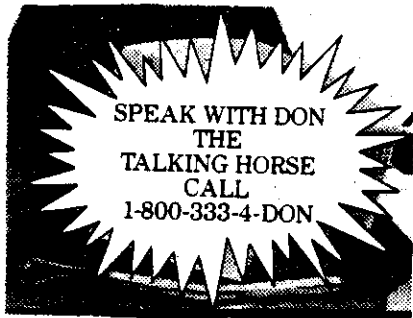
## HOW TO EXIT ARLINGTON STADIUM



# Perelandra

Julie Martin (22 August 1988): "It was nice seeing you & Cathy again at Pudgecon. You'll be happy to know that we averted the civil war in Steve's empire, exposed the villainous Baron Hawk and helped restore the Emperor to his rightful place. Turns out he was testing the two barons to see who would be the better successor. Falcon was the good guy and he married the Princess."

Editor: After Cathy and I left, Steve ran an extension of the "dungeon" that tied up these loose ends. On the way home, we spent an hour or so developing a character for Cathy's next D&D campaign, so she can be something more than an observant cat.



Ben Schilling (24 August 1988): "Bimbos of the Death Sun won the Edgar Award for best original paperback [mystery]. The following books were nominated for the best novel Hugo: The Forge of God by Greg Bear; The Uplift War by David Brin; Seventh Son by Scott Card; When Gravity Fails by George Alec Effinger; and The Arth of the New Sun by Gene Wolfe."

Editor: I'm not sure of the spelling on that last title. Thanks for the corrections, Ben; I don't know what category Bimbos was nominated in the Hugos, but I've seen it claimed so in a couple places. (Welcome back to the US after your Egyptian interregnum!)

Editor: I sent Snowball Fighting maps to Mark Lillileht, who is offering a game of SF in The Scribblerist, along with copies of Perelandra #0 and #1, because Larry Peery had commented on the similarities between our zines starting out...

Mark Lillileht (6 July 1988): I just got your letter with all the enclosures. Thanx a bundle, the maps will help a lot in getting the game started and the early issues were very illuminating. Yes, I can see the similarity in our styles though I'd say you had a bit more "bite" to your editorials and such than I do. Not that that is bad or any such thing; I've thoroughly enjoyed looking over those issues. Contrasting #0 and #1 with the latest Pere you seem to have lightened up a bit. True?? So far Larry is the only "Golden Ager" that has seemed to take me seriously although a few hobby "Old Farts" have taken up the banner (e.g. Brux Linsey). We'll see how much of the hobby goes for TS, though I expect circulation to level out at 20-30 subbers/traders. That would be nice as it would allow a greater degree of personal chat with each individual recipient than a 100-person mailing list would afford.

...[after a discussion of his interests in Africa and anthropology] Hey, you may soon have a rival in the "thinking man's zine" dept.

Editor: Fine, I could use the "competition!" Larry's one great failing, and greatest asset, is that he takes everything seriously.

In our request for readers' submissions of original fiction, we got a fine response. Guy Hail sent a short story which is reprinted following this column; Brian Hogan sent along ten poems he published back in college (Cal Poly SLO); Rod Walker sent a ten-page Dune parody; Tom Nash mailed in a page of reviews which I'll get to in a minute; and Lance Anderson sent a nonfiction piece which makes a lot of sense. So let's open up the "windows of vulnerability" for a bit...

Tom Nash (21 August 1988):

The Serpent and the Rainbow--Yes, there was a trashy horror movie out recently with this title, based, VERY loosely, on the book. Even the movie wasn't bad for trashy horror movies. But the book, by somebody Davis (can't find it, just moved and my 2000 books are stacked in piles on the floors, covering large parts of the basement and the spare room, much to my wife's chagrin), is wonderful. It's non-fiction, telling the tale of how he, a Harvard ethnobotanist, gets funding to go to Haiti and figure out the pharmacological basis of the zombie phenomenon, wherein people appear to die, but are "raised" from their coffins. It takes on all the trappings of a detective story, as he searched for the secret of the zombie powder. The real protagonist is the culture of Haiti, particularly vodoun, the Haitian version of west African religion, and the secret societies of Haiti which provide the real government of the countryside, in coordination with vodoun clergy, regardless of who's in power in the capitol. The major active ingredient to the powder turns out to be the poison in pufferfish, or fugu to the Japanese, the delicacy that so

# Perelandra

much Japanese poetry is written about because the fish is so tasty, yet you risk death each time you eat it. The book is highly recommended, especially if you're interested in vodoun or ethnobotany.

Editor: Interests which are highly specialized, to be sure. While I have a little thin space here, I'll run some of the lists I've not gotten around to--

©1983 BY  
MATT  
GREENING

- Boardman and Miller Numbers  
Fomalhaut 1988??  
Glome 1988A/r  
or 1988GBrs32  
Lakkdarol 1988GAts19  
Northpoint 1987HK  
Quwhon ASF7  
Rathillien 1987CK  
Sesefras Magna 1988CH  
Zemba 1987APrb32

## ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU QUIT YOUR LOUSY JOB?

### Runestone Zine Poll\*

1. Praxis
2. The Zine Register
3. Penguin Dip
4. Diplomacy World
5. Perelandra  
(thank you!)
6. benzene
7. Cheesecake
8. The Canadian Diplomat
9. Magus (should have been #1)
10. KK/Whitestonia
11. Graustark
12. Fol Si Fie
13. Rebel
14. House of Lords
15. Not New York
16. Politesse
17. Who Cares?
18. Costaguana
19. Northern Flame
20. Dippy



\*Bruce wants \$5 for the "complete" poll

results this year. I feel this is excessive, but I'm glad he at least sent out the basic standings in zine, gm, and subzine polls.. Feel free to use the poll outcome to select new zines you want to try samples of--it's the best system for finding new subscriptions. There were 71 zines on the main list this year.

Robert Sacks is starting up something called the "Crazed Wacko Hall of Fame," where he wants to list those Dipsters who may be "dangerous to the physical, financial, or emotional health or well-being of yourself, your friends, or your family." I nominated Robert (on a whim) on the basis that his Orphan Games Project refuses to poll players before rehousing games, subjecting players to his indiscriminate authority. This wasn't out of frustration because I was working with the US Orphan Service, as Robert claims. It was just the best excuse I could think of to nominate him

# Herelandra

Lance Anderson (23 August 1988):

## GOALS FOR THINKING HUMANS

Being an election year, I am continually amazed at the lack of concern by the citizens of this country, indeed the world, in failing to consider several key issues for continued human survival. There exist many conditions in today's world which, if left unchecked, will render the biosphere incapable of supporting life above the level of the insects. Let me address them in order of my personal concern.

First, I feel that nuclear weapons should not be allowed to exist on this planet. It would be quite a different matter if there were other worlds that humans had colonized; however, as long as the race is restricted to our planet of origin it seems foolhardy to possess the capability to sterilize the entire planet on the order of ten thousand times over. I certainly do not want my children to inherit this continuing problem--let's eliminate thermonuclear weapons during our lifetime.

Second, it seems shortsighted to me to continue to destroy the delicate ecological balance of the planet by continuing to wipe out various animal species while producing vast quantities of pollutants such as toxic waste and plain old garbage. Why can't we live in harmony with the numerous children of Mother Earth as the American Indians did? In addition, it would appear that our Sun would be the perfect incinerator for all of our waste products, up to and including nuclear waste, which can do the Sun no harm. It simply has not been important enough up to this time.

Third, why do we continue to promulgate the idea that any one country is superior to another simply by virtue of its national boundaries? It is my belief that all men are one, regardless of color, creed or national origin. We are one race and as such should strive for the betterment of our race rather than pursue divisive national policies, some of which are undeniably paranoid.

Thanks you for allowing my diatribe on these issues to occupy some of your time, but the only way to show commitment to these ideals is to agitate our society until these needed changes are brought about by the people in power.

Editor: Some would refer to your comments as "true but naive." I don't know whether you just don't realize some of the obstacles in the way of your proposals, or simply didn't deal with them in an effort to quickly toss together the most salient points.

I certainly agree with your arguments, but it's not possible to remove nuclear weapons from the scene entirely. Some day, but not so long as Khaddafi, Botha, Rabin and their like are in charge (the world takes a step away from nuclear death with the assassination of Zia ul-Haq).

While the Sun would be the ideal incinerator, getting the waste there is too expensive and too risky just yet--look at the shuttle Challenger. What if that had been an unmanned trash barge with spent plutonium on board?

But it's not that we can't live in harmony with nature--we choose not to. Materialistic economies necessarily disrupt their ecology, and are not stable environmentally.

One way to be sure these priorities are placed before the national consciousness is to vote for Willa Kenoyer if she's on the ballot for Pres. in your state. She's the nominee of the Socialist Party, very much in the tradition of Debs and Wallace from the same party.

**Postmodernism:** Spy magazine has a few choice words on Postmodernism, namely that it consists of disinterestedly saying the same things everyone has been saying for years, but in outrageous, offensive, illogical and self-aggrandizing ways. Why does this remind me of the Bad Boys?

**Twenty-Something:** Depressing, but only a bit, to receive in the mail an invitation to my Class of '83 Five-Year Reunion. USC should have a better football team this year than it has any time since I graduated, but I don't expect to make it back to see them. There were 2,879 graduates in 1983--I'm sure they'll have a fine party with or without me.

# Herelandra

## Our Guest of Honor

Guy Hail

### Wedding Day

Wedding day! Soon will be my wedding day. I patiently wait through school. I run home, leaping along the way. Haump yells, asks why I skip from stone to stone. I answer, "I am to be husman." His eyes flash angrily. The sun shines brighter than before. The flowers smell of rose and lilac. Servman opens our door, recognizes the joy in me.

In reverence he speaks no words. My boy's robes are gathered and burned. Tomorrow ceremony begins. In class today, at the close of our tenth year servmaster announced our occupations. The judgements chose our destinies. The other boys, my friends, Reggie, Marvin, and Chuckie crowded around me, touching lightly. From the day I entered the center they were jealous of my figure, skin, and grace.

I will be no servman. I am lucky. I am to be wed. The night passes quickly while I gaze upon the milky moon. What of the future? No boy knows husman. I will serve the goddess. I remember no sleep, but arise refreshed and eager. Soon the crunch of fried bread and sweet sugar of fruit will pale before the taste. As I leave, servman calls me David.

I am a David! I skip away to school. We stand in line, the warm air caressing our bodies, blowing our hair, tickling our arms. Naked and sorted my friends are led to ceremony. They serve humanity. They will calculate and build, toil and clerk. I serve the goddess by making her kind. They go the right road. I go the left. No one follows. No one precedes.

Servmen surround me combing my hair. I am made fragrant with oils rubbed in secret places. I am sculpted with powders and shades. My teeth are polished to brilliance. My moles and freckles removed with wands like ice. Many hands smear the cream to remove hair from chest, leg, and arm. Soon they finish. Outside the sun hangs at noon.

A sedan comes for me. Its servman silently leads me to it. He opens the door. I lie among furs, travelling slowly to the temple of union. From the sedan I walk down a tunnel of colorful tapestries of rich reds and pinks. Scenes hang of husmen and women serving the goddess. My muscles tone in anticipation. Today I am to be wed. I join others from other schools. We stand, each with a servman brushing and dusting. The first boy is lead through the curtains.

On the stage boys become husman, then go to meet their wives. The third husman struggles. Rumors sweep among us. He escaped ceremony late. Not until his fifteenth birthday had his body lost the fat. Schooling harmed his mind. He fears. The caretaker, stripping his robe quickly, bruises him. He fails to fetch a good price. About the ninth hot breath whispers the most vicious rumors. He is impure. He has tasted. I am next. I peek beyond the curtain. The numbers liquify, flee, and are replaced. The giant displays proclaim the purity of my genes; the power of my intellect. I stand awaiting guidance. The caretaker's hands are gloved in silks of sunny gold. He guides me forward, careful not to scratch or bruise. His grip is slack.

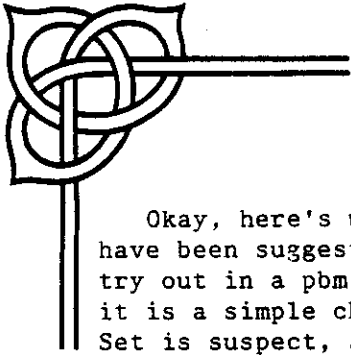
He leads me before crowds in the brilliant sun. A thousand women's eyes roam my face. They follow the angle of my nose, gaze into my hazel eyes, watch sun and shadow play across my cheeks. Gloved hands turn my back to them. Before their eyes the servman slowly slides the white robe from my body. A throaty cry leaps over my shoulders and around my hips. I have them. They want me. The counter lights with fifty. Higher than the third husman sold. Me! Higher! More worthy! Mistress sun oils me for my wife to be. Ordered, I turn to see thirsty eyes, open shouting

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mouths, jostling bodies, arms leaping to catch the divine's attention. The numbers climb dizzingly. One arm pumps the most; one voice shouts the loudest. Wedding concludes. I leave the stage.

She comes quickly to claim me. Others who wed lesser husmen eye me. A few caress me where no woman has touched. They glare at her approach, then leave for their own. She stands near, touching, almost tickling, teasing. She noses the oils on her fingers. Her eyes brighten. Her garments bear name and position. She is Susan. She is a commodities engineer; wealthy. She commands. I do not answer. Husman do not speak. She leads. I follow.

One goddess sets; another rises. I sit. Servman prepares a tray of cakes and dried fruits. A carafe of bubbling intoxicants. The room darkens. She feeds me dates and sweetmeats with her fingers; sparkling waters with delicious effects, given from her glass. The dim goddess lights our room. Servman leaves. In that cool room, soft with rustling sheets she grants me taste. The smell of oils and perfumes maddens me three times. The goddess visits us both. Her sunbursts strain our flesh. I am exhausted. Susan is pleased. Only she maybe granted new life. I am given only weary ecstasy. I am her husman. By law I serve; by taste I love.



## GIFFARD Variant Titan

Okay, here's what I'd like to offer. The following are several rule changes which have been suggested for Postal Titan, and I'd like to hear which ones you'd like to try out in a pbm game. The Texas Towers rule is very likely going to be adopted, since it is a simple change which could, nonetheless, be very intriguing to play; the Expansion Set is suspect, since the only person I know who has played it says it makes it too easy to muster. The Cosmic Titan powers are tentative--I'll be getting a list of some powers which have already been playtested from Terry Tallman in a week or two. Let me hear your suggestions on these!

Twin-Board Titan: Up to 12 play on two boards. Initial placement between boards is random. Play is normal Titan with the exception of the following:

1. Players may switch boards under the following conditions:

On a roll of 1, 2, or 3, a player may move one legion to the other board in the same space in which it is located on the first board (e.g., Brush 127/Board B may "switch" to Brush 127/Board A).

On a roll of 4, 5, or 6, a player may move one legion to the other board in the space symmetrically opposite its current location (e.g., Swamp 132/Board A may "switch" to Swamp 111/Board B; Plains 29/ Board B may "switch" to Marsh 8/Board A).

2. A legion which rests on a space containing a square block may not switch board, nor may a legion in a Tower. (Exception: see rule 5.)

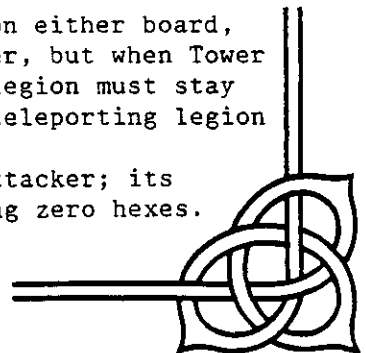
3. A legion may not muster when switching boards.

4. An angel may be summoned from either board.

5. Teleportation: Titan Teleportation may occur into any space on either board, subject to standard rules; Tower Teleportation may occur into any tower, but when Tower Teleporting under the "any vacant Land withing six hexes" clause the legion must stay on the same board. Teleporting is in addition to a "switch" and the teleporting legion may muster if allowed by standard rules.

6. A legion switching boards which enters battle is always the attacker; its entry side is selected at random. Switching boards is judged as moving zero hexes.

More rules on the next page.....



# Herelandra

## VARIANT TITAN CONTINUED

Texas Towers (so named because I first got it from Stephen Wilcox and Greg Ellis): When a player has two or three legions adjacent to the same Tower, and rolls a 1, he may move both or all of those legions into that Tower, muster separately for each legion, and then recombine them in any way he wishes. The resulting legions, of which (obviously) there may be two or three, must consist of between two and seven characters each, and at the end of the player's next turn there may only be one legion in the Tower--the other(s) must move unless they would end the turn in a land occupied by a friendly legion (per standard rules).

Lew Meleè Rule: I don't have a standardized text for this one, since Mark mentioned it to me but never mailed anything for me to reprint. Basically, we'd write a rule where if three stacks land in the same space, currently we send legions back until we're left with two--under this rule we'd allow three legions to fight, entering from three four-hex sides, with one defender and two "attackers." This might produce a defender and an attacker from the same player against another player's attacker; two attackers both against a defender; or three players involved in one battle.

Cosmic Titan: Each player is given a certain number of points (say, 10, for this example) and, in random order, "buys" powers from a list or from a deck of cards which describe the powers. Some possible powers are:

Seven-league Boots--all creatures have a Movement Factor of 4. (This would be a hefty power where, once you buy it, you wouldn't have many points left for a second power.)

Amoeba--may end a turn on top of another friendly legion, and recombine them as in "Texas Towers" but in any space.

Fog--fights battles with "blank" markers, that is, opponent does not know what type of creatures he is fighting.

Anti-matter--may negate one move each "round" of the board, forcing the moving legion to hold instead and not muster.

Indian Giver--may give one extra creature to another player to match any creature that player mustered each "round"--but if that player attacks Indian Giver within next two rounds, Giver may pull out attacker's largest creature (don't bite the hand that feeds you).

As a for-instance, Anti-matter and Indian Giver are relatively weak powers; each may be worth two points, meaning a player could buy both of these and still have points left to buy another power also.

Of course, we could expand the map in several ways (an extra ring on the outside, or inside, or as Terry's group tried, add a triangle on each side of the hex, creating a six-pointed star). I prefer not to mess with the map too much.

And then there are the Expansion Set musters: (!=rangestriking, \*=flying)

<u>Plains</u>		<u>Woods</u>		<u>Desert</u>		<u>Brush</u>		<u>Jungle</u>	
2 Centaur	3-4	3 Centaur	3-4	3 Lion	5-3	2 Gargoyle	4-3 *	2 Gargoyle	4-3 *
2 Lion	5-3	2 Warbear	6-3	2 Griffon	5-4 *	2 Cyclops	9-2	3 Cyclops	9-2
3 Ranger	4-4 !*	2 Demon	5-4 !*	2 Rakasha	6-4 !*	2 Gorgon	6-3 !*	2 Behemoth	8-3
Griffon	5-4 *	2 Unicorn	6-4	3 Hydra	10-3 !	2 Demon	5-4 !*	2 Rakasha	6-4 !*
		Giant	7-4 !	Phoenix	9-4 !*	Behemoth	8-3	Serpent	18-2
-----									
		2 Warbear	6-3	2 Griffon	5-4 *	2 Gorgon	6-3 !*	2 Behemoth	8-3
		Unicorn	6-4	Hydra	10-3 !	Behemoth	8-3	Serpent	18-2

more terrains on the next page. LORDS are mustered thus:

Angel 6-4\* at 100, 200, 400, 700, 800, 1100, 1300, 1400...  
 Seraph 7-4\* at 300, 600, 900, 1200, 1800, 2100...  
 Archangel 9-4\* at 500, 1000, 2000, 2500...  
 Demigod 12-4 at 1500, 3000...

Tower (Centaur, Gargoyle, Ogre, Warlock as usual)  
 3 of a kind  
 2 Guardian 12-2\*  
 Changeling 10-3



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<u>Marsh</u>		<u>Hills</u>		<u>Swamp</u>		<u>Mountains</u>		<u>Tundra</u>	
2 Ogre	6-2	3 Ogre	6-2	3 Troll	8-2	2 Lion	5-3	2 Troll	8-2
2 Troll	8-2	2 Minotaur	4-4 !	2 Wyvern	7-3 *	2 Minotaur	4-4 !	2 Warbear	6-3
3 Ranger	4-4 !*	2 Demon	5-4 !*	2 Rakasha	6-4 !*	2 Dragon	9-3 !*	2 Giant	7-4 !
Wyvern	7-3	Dragon	9-3 !*	3 Hydra	10-3 !	3 Colossus	10-4	3 Colossus	10-4
						Juggernaut	17-3	Jotun	11-4 !
		-----		-----		-----		-----	
		2 Minotaur	4-4 !	2 Wyvern	7-3 *	3 Dragon	9-3 !*	3 Giant	7-4 !
		Unicorn	6-4	Hydra	10-3 !	Roc	11-4 *	Mammoth	15-3



## The Milagro Beanfield War, The Magic Journey, and The Nirvana Blues by John Nichols

This won't be a full-blown review, just a word or two about John Nichols' writing and the recent movie based on it. Robert Redford directed "Milagro" and even wrote a forward to another book, A Fragile Beauty, which is a collection of photographs and words from Nichols on the "Milagro Country."

These three novels have, inevitably, come to be known as "The New Mexico Trilogy," despite the fact that the name of the state never appears in them. Chamisaville could be any one of several small New Mexico towns, even as large as Taos. Milagro, published in 1974, takes place mostly in that year; Magic Journey follows several people's life histories through the late sixties and early seventies; and Nirvana Blues occupies a week or two some time in the eighties (published 1980).

Which is all to say that the books, while spiritually united, are not sequels of each other. In the first and last, the protagonist is a jack-of-all-trades named Joe, but few other similarities in personality remain. Instead, it is the land and the towns which are central to the Trilogy. It is a funny, sarcastic, and heartbroken story of how the region goes from pueblo and Hispanic sharecropping to the yuppie Harmonic Center of the Planet.

Already I've seen a review which says the movie is disappointing, though touching. The criticism seems to revolve around Redford's direction and the casting. However, a wonderful story is hard to keep down, and I plan to make this one of the three or four films I see this year. Here's Nichols' musings on Milagro:

"What then, remains as the moral of this story? In 1957, a boy wanders among the Chiricahua Mountains, and nearly thirty years later a famous actor directs a movie whose roots travel back to that bewitching summer. Did I write Milagro and the other books excerpted here for the same reasons that Esparza and Redford risked more than ten million dollars to launch the film? Probably not. Milagro, and my other work, is inspired by a radical political realm which is not often touted in our culture. Yet, hopefully, the film will reflect honorably upon the land and the people who work it, not just in Taos, or in New Mexico, but everywhere.

"John Muir once said, 'Whenever we try to pick out anything by itself, we find it connected to everything else in the universe.' I have always kept that in mind while writing about the land, people, heartaches of northern New Mexico. To extol the fragile beauty of the Taos Valley, in words, photographs, or in a film, is to sing the praises of, and to demand consideration for, the entire earth.

"The implications are always universal."

Peregrine Smith Books, publishers of A Fragile Beauty, say that John Nichols' "message of hope might best be summed up by this exultant cry, from the dedication: 'Joy belongs to the relentless!'"

Game materials available from Perelandra

RULES for Downfall of the Lord of the Rings, \$1

Sample game--reprint of five turns from a game called "New Star," \$1

Endgame statements from several games in Denver Glont, \$1

RULES for Postal Titan, \$1 -- comes with a copy of the "expansion set" musters

RULES for Snowball Fighting, free -- comes with maps and a summary of the game

Souvenir Booklet from Dipcon XXI/1988 in San Antonio, \$2

## Game Openings

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Diplomacy: game fee is \$5.

Snowball Fighting: free. Tom Hurst is signed up.

Cosmic Diplomacy: game fee is \$5. See Giffard/Variant Titan for a description of Cosmic powers but I'll be printing the details on their use in Dip next month.

Deviant Diplomacy: game fee is \$5. Yes, that's right, another game available.

Variant Titan: Ed Wrobel, Rick Pierce, Bruce Geryk (maybe), and Jason Bergmann signed up.

I've decided on a game fee of \$10--gentlemen, I need your input on which variant rules we should use. See the discussion and descriptions in the last two pages of this issue.

British Rails/Empire Builder: Bruce Geryk, Bruce Linsey, Jason Bergmann, and Ed Wrobel are all maybes--I think Jason only has EB but with copied maps and such could play BR. I need more interest than I've heard to run this, since it looks like a lot of work.

Survive/Jeopardy/others: Last call. Write in if you're interested.

Well, that's a pretty complex issue--wade through the games, letters, fiction, and game openings and find something you like. Then write and bitch because there wasn't more of whatever it was you liked. Want to hear from you. Keep hope alive!

*Pete*

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may the wind be ever at your back;  
and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand.**