

Herelandra

eat the rich

number 65

The Story of Sigurd



from the Völsunga Saga; translated from the Icelandic by Eiríkr Magnússon and William Morris

XIX: Of the Slaying of Sigurd Fafnir's-Bane

THEREAFTER BRYNHILD went out, and sat under her bower-wall, and had many words of wailing to say, and still she cried that all things were loathsome to her, both land and lordship alike, so she might not have Sigurd.

But therewith came Gunnar to her again, and Brynhild spake, "Thou shalt lost both realm and wealth, and they life and me, for I shall fare home to my kin, and abide there in sorrow, unless thou slayest Sigurd and his son; never nourish thou a wolfcub."

Gunnar grew sick at heart thereat, and might nowise see what fearful thing lay beneath it all; he was bound to Sigurd by oath, and this way and that way swung the heart within him; but at last he bethought him of the measureless shame if his wife went from him, and he said within himself, "Brynhild is better to me than all things else, and the fairest woman of all women, and I will lay down my life rather than lose the love of her." And herewith he called to him his brother and spake:

"Trouble is heavy on me," and he tells him that he must needs slay Sigurd, for that he has failed him wherein he trusted him; "so let us be lords of the gold and the realm withal."

Hogni answers, "Ill it behoves us to break our oaths with wrack and wrong, and withal great aid we have in him; no kings shall be as great as we, if so be the King of the Hunfolk may live; such another brother-in-law never may we get again; bethink thee how good it is to have such a brother-in-law, and such sons to our sister. But well I see how things stand, for this has Brynhild stirred thee up to, and surely shall her counsel drag us into huge shame and scathe."

Gunnar says, "Yet shall it be brought about: and lo, a rede thereto;--let us egg on our brother Guttorm to the deed; he is young, and of little knowledge, and is clean out of all oaths moreover."

"Ah, set about in ill wise," says Hogni, "and though indeed it may well be compassed, a due reward shall we gain for the betrayal of such a man as is Sigurd."

Gunnar says, "Sigurd shall die, or I shall die."

And therewith he bids Brynhild arise and be glad at heart; so she arose, and still ever she said that Gunnar should come no more into her bed till the deed was done.

So the brothers fall to talk, and Gunnar says that it is a deed well worthy of death, that taking of Brynhild's maiden-head; "So come now, let us prick on Guttorm to do the deed."

Therewith they call him to them, and offer him gold and great dominion, as they well have might to do. Yea, and they took a certain worm and somewhat of wolf's flesh and let seethe them together, and gave him to eat of the same, even as the singer sings:

Fish of the wild-wood,
Worms smooth crawling,
With wolf-meat mingled,
They minced for Guttorm;

Then in the beaker,
In the wine his mouth knew,
They set it, still doing
More deeds of wizards.

Wherefore with the eating of this meat he grew so wild and eager, and with all things about him, and with the heavy words of Grimhild, that he gave his word to do the deed; and mighty honour they promised him reward thereof.

But of these evil wiles naught at all knew Sigurd, for he might not deal with this shapen fate, nor the measure of his life-days, neither deemed that he was worthy of such things at their hands.

Perelandra

So Guttorm went in to Sigurd the next morning as he lay upon his bed, yet durst he not do aught against him, but shrank back out again; yea, and even so he fared a second time, for so bright and eager were the eyes of Sigurd that few durst look upon him. But the third time he went in, and there lay Sigurd asleep; then Guttorm drew his sword and thrust Sigurd through in such wise that the sword-point smote into the bed beneath him; then Sigurd awoke with that wound, and Guttorm got him unto the door; but therewith Sigurd caught up the sword Gram, and cast it after him, and it smote him on the back, and struck him asunder in the midst so that the feet of him fell one way, and the head and hands back into the chamber.

Now Gudrun lay asleep on Sigurd's bosom, but she woke up unto woe that may not be told of, all swimming in the blood of him, and in such wise did she bewail her with weeping and words of sorrow, that Sigurd rose up on the bolster, and spake:

"Weep not," said he, "for thy brothers live for thy delight; but a young son have I, too young to beware of his foes; and an ill turn have these played against their own fortune; for never will they get a mightier brother-in-law to ride abroad with them; nay, nor a better son to their sister, than this one, if he may grow to man's estate. Lo, now is that come to pass which was foretold me long ago, but from mine eyes has it been hidden, for none may fight against his fate and prevail. Behold, this has Brynhild brought to pass, even she who loves me before all men; but this I may swear, that never have I wrought ill to Gunnar, but rather have ever held fast to my oath with him, nor was I ever too much a friend to his wife. And now if I had been forewarned, and had been afoot with my weapons, then should many a man have lost his life or ever I had fallen, and all those brethren should have been slain, and a harder work would the slaying of me have been than the slaying of the mightiest bull or the mightiest boar of the wild-wood."

And even therewithal life left the King; but Gudrun moaned and drew a weary breath, and Brynhild heard it, and laughed when she heard her moaning.

Then said Gunnar, "thou laughest not because thy heart-roots are gladdened, or else why doth thy visage wax so wan? Such an evil creature thou art; most like thou art nigh to thy death! Lo now, how meet would it be for thee to behold thy brother Atli slain before thine eyes, and that thou shouldst stand over him dead; whereas we must needs now stand over our brother-in-law in such a case--our brother-in-law and our brother's bane."

She answered, "None need mock at the measure of slaughter being unfulfilled; yet heedeth not Atli your wrath or your threats; yea, he shall live longer than ye, and be a mightier man."

Hogni spake and said, "Now hath come to pass the soothsaying of Brynhild, an ill work not to be atoned for."

And Gudrun said, "My kinsman have slain my husband but ye, when ye next ride to the war and are come into the battle, then shall ye look about and see that Sigurd is neither on your right hand nor the left, and ye shall know that he was your good-hap and your strength; and if he had lived and had sons, then should ye have been strengthened by his offspring and his kin."

This is the sixtyfifth issue of Perelandra, an amateur magazine for fans of postal games, classic literature, and dragons like Fafnir who always seems to draw the short straw (or short sword, as the case may be).

The editor and publisher of Pere is Pete Gaughan, 3105 East Park Row Drive #132, Arlington Texas 76010 (phone 817-633-3208). Subscriptions now cost \$1 US per issue, but there will be a price hike come New Year's. No further surcharges for foreign subscribers, but please send only US funds. Checks can be made payable to Perelandra

Perelandrans: Let me encourage you to play games in this zine for fun, but as if they were a responsibility. Getting orders in on time, taking the time to negotiate, sending press with humor and substance, are the things that make a game fun.

In conjunction with those ideas, here are a couple of new twists. I'd like to hear from the players on this idea: notation (by the gm) of obviously excellent or obviously poor orders (I envision something like chess, namely "!" and "?"). Would enough of you participate to make a competition or award for "Player of the Month" worthwhile? And is anyone interested in a prize game? As we add game after game, I'd like to maintain interest beyond the players themselves by these or other means. Your input is solicited.

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ZEMBA Gunboat

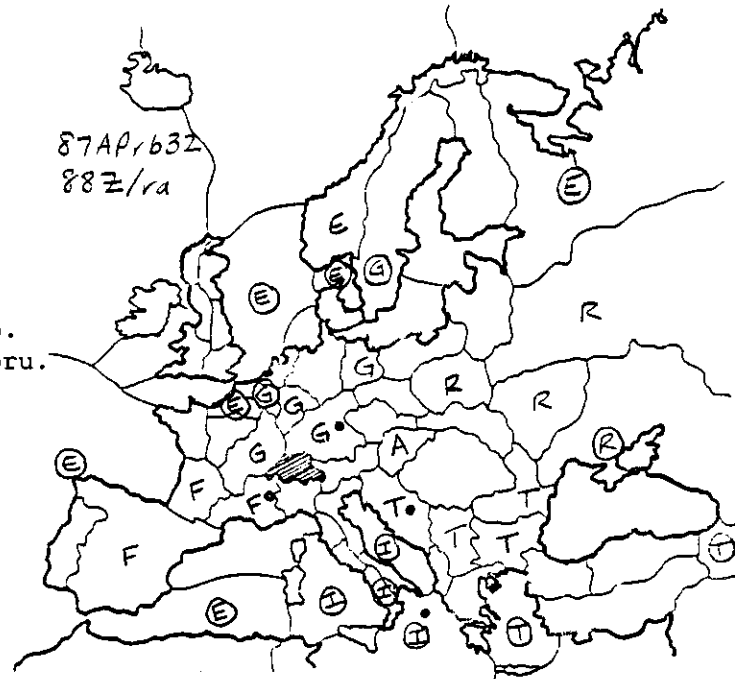
1987APrb32--1988Z/ra Autumn/Winter 1904:

Austria: builds a vie.
 England: builds f lon.
 France: removes a pic & f tun.
 Germany: builds a kie.
 Italy: f ion retreats to gre; builds f rom & f nap.
 Russia: a stp retreats to mos; removes f bot & a pru.
 Turkey: builds a con, f ank, f smy.

supply centers held as of Winter 1904:

Austria	vie mun	2
England	lon lvp edi nwy por stp bre	7
France	par spa tun	3
Germany	kie ber den bel hol mar swe	7
Italy	ven rom nap tri gre	5
Russia	mos war sev bud	4
Turkey	con ank smy bul ser rum	6

87APrb32
88Z/ra



Spring 1905: Some Forceful Gestures

Austria: a vie s tur a alb-tri, a mun s rus a pru-ber /nso; sil boh tyo otb/.

England: a stp-nwy, f bar-stp/nc, f nwy-ska, f lon-nts, f eng-mid, f bre-pic, f mid-wes.

France: a bur-mar (a gas & f spa/sc s).

Germany: a kie-mun (a ber s), f swe h, f hol-bel, a bel-bur (a ruh s), a mar-gas /pie otb/.

Italy: f rom-tyl (f nap s), f gre-ion (f adr s), a tri-ser /ven bud otb/.

Russia: f arm-sev (a ukr s), a gal-war, a mos h.

Turkey: a con-bul, a rum s rus a gal-bud /nso/, a alb-tri (a ser & aus s), f smy-aeg, f ank-arm, f ion-adr /tun apu alb eas otb/.

deadline for Fall 1905 orders is on the back cover--avoid the rush, mail early!

We have a rare press item, permitted because it's fairly innocuous:

Nouveau Russia to GM: Golly, thanks for the swell position.

NORTHPOINT

1987HK, Spring 1905: No Real Point

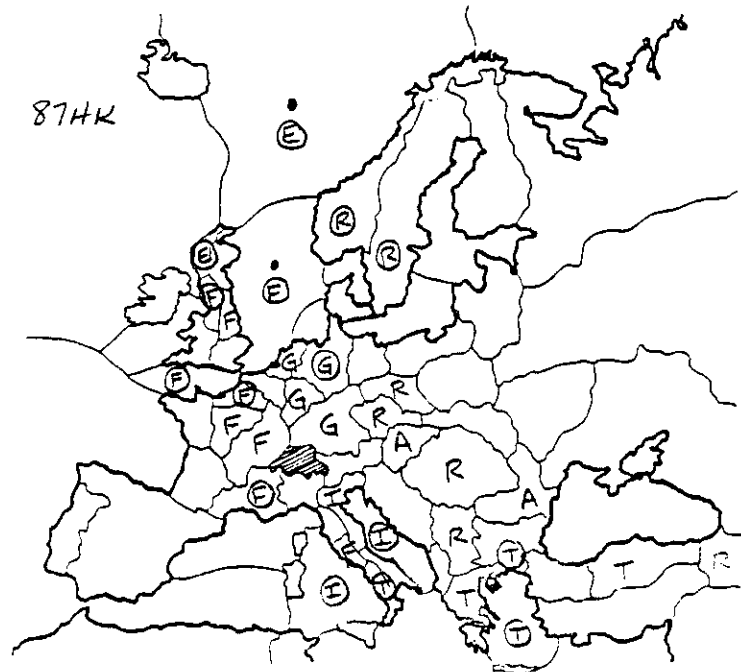
Austria (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a boh-vie, a bul-rum.

England (Rich Miller, 266 S. Oak Knoll #6, Pasadena CA 91101): f cly-nwg (f edi s, f nts s) /f nwg to lon edi hel ska otb/.

France (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Dr., Eden Prairie MN 55347): a lvp-yor, f iri-lvp, f bel-nts (rus s), f pic-bel (a bur s), a par s a bur, f mar-lyo, a rom-ven, f bre-eng.

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

87HK



continues...

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Italy (Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016): a tri-ven (f adr s), f tyn-lyo.
Russia (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): f nwg-edi /nat bar otb/, f nwy s fre
f bel-nts, f swe-den, a war-sil, a gal-boh, a rum-ser (a bud s), a sev-arm.
Turkey (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia St., Falls Church VA 22046): f smy-aeg, f nap s fre a rom
/otm/, a gre h, a arm-ank, f con-bul/sc.

Italy to Russia: I have chosen the more predictable, though hopefully no less effective, strategy.
Austria to Italy: Listen, you figment of someone's imagination, I hope I live long enough to
see you die! Swine, DIE!
Austria to GM: Vindictive sucker, aren't I?
GM to Austria: Vindictive, for sure; sucker, I have no way of knowing. But good luck and may
those death threats not catch up with you.

deadline, gentlemen, is printed on the back cover for Fall 1905. Getcher stuff in early!

WELL WORLD Titan

turn twentyfive: **The Fall Guy** error notice: there was a Centaur mustered last turn

BLACK LEGIONS (Mark Freuh, 777 Royal St. George #419, Naperville IL 60540) rolled a 4. Scorpy
moves to Plains (P1); Gravehead moves to Brush (B24); Mothers-in-Law holds at Desert (D35);
Pirate Jack moves to Brush (B106); Bolt of Revenge holds at Marsh (M41).

GREEN LEGIONS (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062) rolled a 4. Scales holds at
Plains (P105); Harp moves to Plains (P101); Lobster Claw holds at Brush (B10); Hoopsnake moves
to Marsh (M13); Gem moves to Brush (B127); Hook moves to Plains (P29) /see Engagement 33/;
Fishbones holds at Plains (P129); Frog moves to Brush (B113) /see Engagement 34/; Fleur de
Lis holds at Tundra (TUN4000); Dagger moves to Swamp (S14) and splits with Witches' Brew.

RED LEGIONS (Ed Wrobel, 6204 Bardu Avenue, Springfield VA 22152) rolled a 1. Spin moves to Marsh
(M131); Cross holds at Brush (B113) /see Engagement 34/; Star moves to Tower (500) and splits
with Eagles; Fist moves to Desert (D139); Harlequin moves to Brush (B102); Torch moves to
Marsh (M103); Heart moves to Plains (P29) /see Engagement 33/.

musters: 1 each Centaur, Gorgon, Wyvern. More than one Ranger was attempted, so all fail.
creatures left: 5/18 Angels, 4/6 Archangels, 3/18 Behemoths, 5/25 Centaurs, 10/10 Colossi,
0/25 Cyclopi, 18/18 Dragons, 0/21 Gargoyles, 17/18 Giants, 3/25 Gorgons, 13/18 Griffons,
3/6 Guardians, 10/10 Hydrae, 0/28 Lions, 6/21 Minotaurs, 0/25 Ogres, 1/28 Rangers,
3/10 Serpents, 0/28 Trolls, 3/12 Unicorns, 16/21 Warbears, 6/6 Warlocks, 14/18 Wyverns.
point count: Green 603, Black 518, Red 505.

E33: Green Hook attacks Red Heart at Plains P29 (defender enter through 1-15-14).
E34: Green Frog attacks Red Cross at Brush B113 (defender enter through 9-10-11).

Red to Ex-Brown: Where'd he go? Where's that bad boy? Lemme at him. I'll murderize him. I'll
de-Titanize him. I'll write a letter to his mommy!

TitanMaster to Red: I knew there was another reason for putting this game after Northpoint--
to get all the death threats on one page. (The first reason is because you got orders in
neatly and on time--thanks!)

Red to Bad Doggie GM: From what I hear lately, those "blasts from the past" are quite timely,
with just a slight change in the cast of characters. The more things change, the more they...
(complete this cliché for a free issue of Politesse!)

Irishman to Red: (This answer was cribbed from either Graustark or Retaliation, I can't re-
member which.) Anonymous Mercian Philosopher--The more things change, the more we stay the
same.

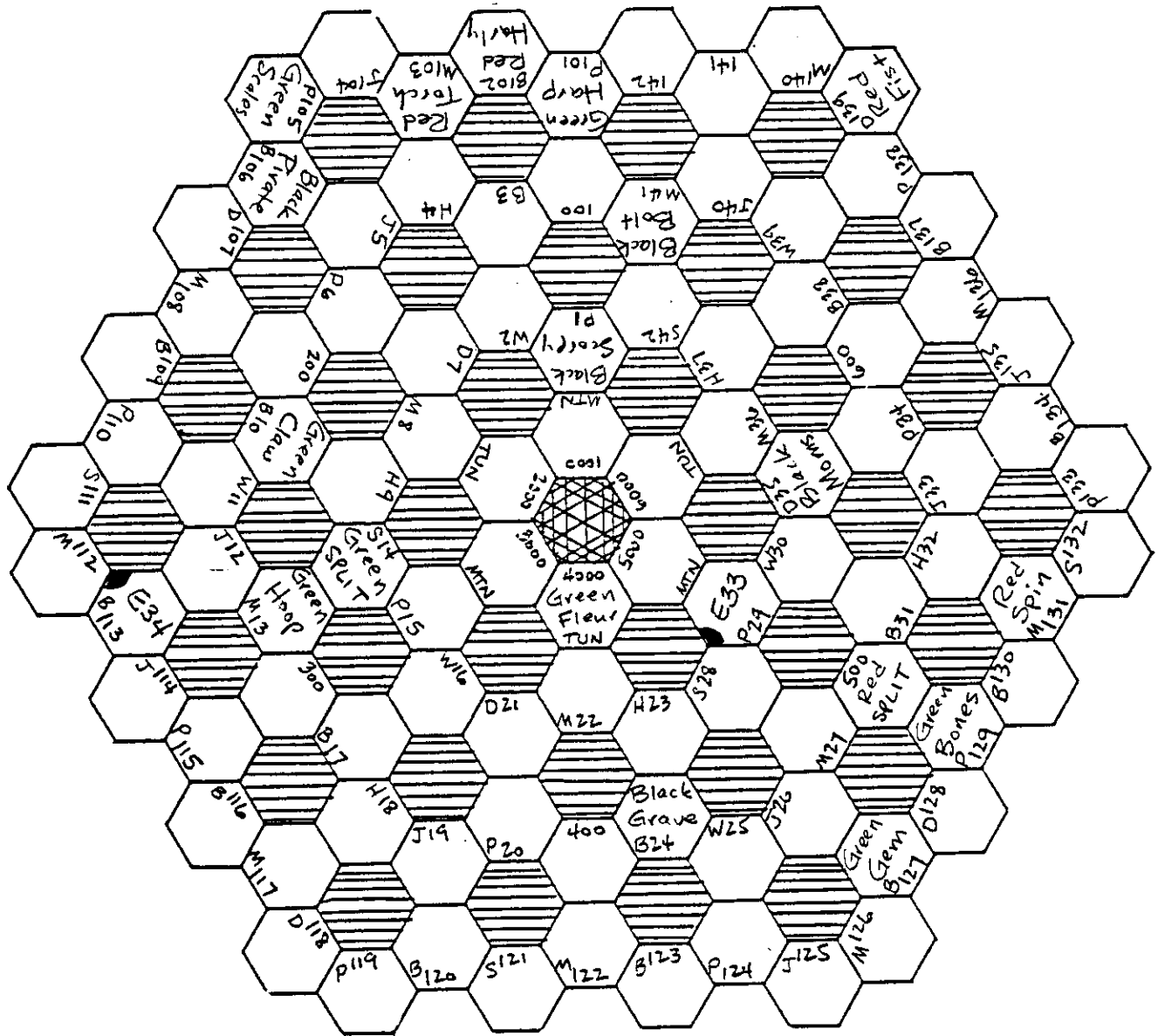
Green to Black & Red: And then there were 3? Or should we say 2½?

Red Press: Pete, how much do you need for rolling a "one" for my next turn die roll?

Pete: Sorry, Ed just bought the last of the 1s. I have a 2 and two 6s at \$10 apiece, though.

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Well World, turn 25



Literary Quiz

LAST MONTH'S QUESTIONS (Lf): "No man is an island..." Finish the John Donne quotation, to the end of the sentence. Rod Walker and Jim Burgess got it with the section from Devotions XVII:

"No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

The point of the question being that this second famous snippet ("for whom the bell tolls") is attached to the first. Matt Kazur sent a guess that looks much like a hymn that has been fashioned out of Donne's words--is that right, Matt? Tom Hurst had the right citation but stopped at "main"--if you can show me a source that punctuates it there, Tom, you're right.

NEXT MONTH'S QUESTIONS are after Glome and before Rathillien, about five pages along.....

The Melniboné Herald

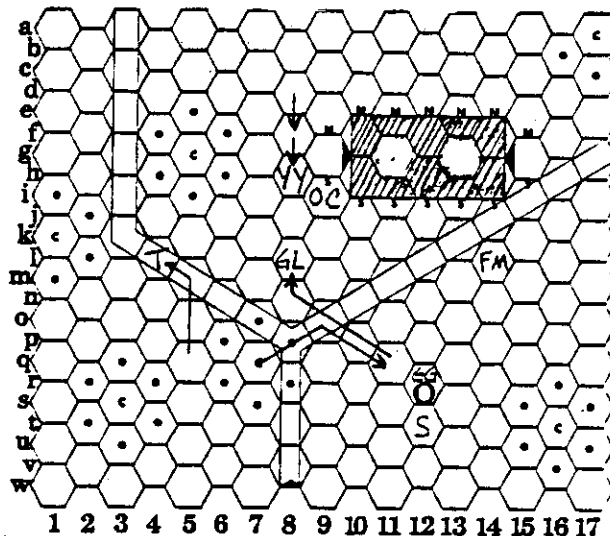
#20



QUWHON Snowball Fighting

ASF7, turn two: Cooked Goose

Segment One: The action is all around the snowman, as **Goose Gossage** picks up to snowman's head and drops it over the top at **Slush** [45,69]. He misses, though, because **Slush** is trying out a **Dolton Demon** attack [95,29] and the **Dodge** option, evading the incoming head. **Goosey Lucy** waddles down the path "clutching the very large, egg-shaped di--P8 honk, O9 honk, P10 honk, Q11 honk." And seeing all this activity, **Frost Monkey** throws the bomb--a long-range **Ravenscroft Rattlesnake** which plops! atop **Slush** [65,72].



Lucy did herself right by running out from under the conifer, as **Turtle** successfully storms the tree at Q7 [95, 33; 70,50], but only after **Goosey** is gone. In the frozen north, **Yuppie Yeti** and **Oliver Cool** continue their mutual animosity society, **Yeti** attacking with the now-popular **Demon** (but using the **Move** option), **Oliver** choosing the straight-forward **Rattler** to plaster the **Yuppie** [Yeti 70,64; Cool 95,26].

Segment Two: Disaster for **Goose Gossage**! As he bends over to scoop together another ferocious **Dolton Dirigible**, **Goosey Lucy** slam-dunks hers on the back of **Gossage's** neck--and **Slush** contributes to **Goose** paranoia by collecting two more snowballs. **Frost Monkey**, likewise, picks up ~~sticks stones~~ snow, as does **Turtle** who then runs a ways north. **Oliver** and **Yuppie** are stuck in high gear as they again trade shots [Ollie's 95,08; Yuppie's 75,53]. [Goosey's 60,36]

Segment Three: Seeing the devastation around the snowman, **Frost Monkey** looks for another victim, and decides that **Oliver Cool's** back is ripe for a **Rattler** [90,76]. **Turtle** takes care of the front view, "showing no regard for his own safety or the feelings of all the brats out in the yard," as he also **Rattles** **Ollie** [90,26]. And, of course, **Oliver** is busy still nailing **Yuppie Yeti** [95, 85] who by now has crawled right up into **OC's** face and decides to resort to the much simpler **Rattlesnake** to return the favor [95,28].

Back at the snowman, there's a glimmer of hope for **Goose Gossage** as **Goosey Lucy**, out of ammo, "runs for the hills--P10 honk, O9 honk, N8 honk"--you get the idea. But the **Gossage** luck is still bad, as **Slush** has an easy time dropping a snowball over the headless 'man [95,85], while **Gossage's** **Dirigible-slider** misses the **Slush** strike zone by a mile [50,73].

<u>Standings after Turn Two</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo left</u>	
Frost Monkey (at L14).....	2	8	1 sb & 1 di	Once again, "vp" is Victory Points, "hp" is Hit Points remaining, and 15 vp wins.
Goose Gossage (R12).....	0	3	2 sb	
Goosey Lucy (L8).....	4	10	none	Deadline (note--some extra time this turn): 3 January 1989
Oliver Cool (I9).....	4	6	none	
Slush (T12).....	4	9	1 sb	
Turtle (Q5).....	3	9	none	
Yuppie Yeti (D8).....	4	6	none	

SnowMaster: Pete Gaughan, 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010-3710

Quwhon Press----

Don to Dotsnatcher: As I recall, you invited my guest press...can I help it if you have no taste...

SnowMaster to Duck Williams: Taste? I taste great. Ask my wife.

Turtle to Goosey Lucy: Do we have to fight? I mean, we all are friends here, aren't we? Even though Big Daddy Gaughan loves me more than any of you I still don't mind hangin' out with you guys [and gals]. [Ed.: those brackets are Turtle's.]

Don to PJGIV: Now you're a 'mommy,' ain't that cute. Whatever happened to your nearly priestly vows?

Turtle to SnowMaster: Wait a second! Last turn you were "mommy" and now you're "Big Daddy"; is there something you're not telling, or showing, us??

SnowMaster to T: Hey, you're the one with the confusion. I'm not your mom nor your dad. And, yes, there is something I'm not showing you.

Yeti to Yard: Watch out for Ollie. He uses YELLOW SNOW in those snowballs of his!!! How else could the SM see if he hit my white polar shirt?

OC to Game: My name, my name, is Oliver Cool, I'm the swingingest boy in school. Raise your sodas and drink a toast, to the boy who's the very most. (Anybody remember the tune? And, yes, it is one.)

YY to Ollie (of the) North: You hit me. Me, what never done you no harm! You got wet snow all over my Bill Blass hat and scarf set! Well, see how you like snow all over you! It ain't the shredded paper you're so used to throwing around!

FM to YY: Hey, freak! Get into the action.

Yuppie Yeti to SM: Tell mother to get out the white wine and canapés. I'll be heading into the kitchen sometime soon, I think. Oh yes, tell her also to dig out some brats and beer for these other rapsCALLIONS and tatterdemalions. They'll be coming in too, and their tastes are a bit lower than mine.

Slush to Yard: I know what a yuppie Yeti is! It's a new, two-seater sports-car from Yugo for \$1999...

SM to Slush: Best bet I've heard yet.

Yeti to Slush: Talking about yellow snow, don't try to tell us that the puddle in your pants came from getting hit by an Ollie snowball. He ain't even tossed one at you yet.

Slush to GG: Well, you didn't have great aim in relief either.

GL to GG: The sky is falling, the sky is falling!!!!

OC to SM: "Don?" That's a funny name. That's a real funny name. Don Don Don Dumb Dumb Dumb! Ha ha ha! Neener neener neener!

Slush to "Don": Where are you, I want to smear you with a snowball to your bill!!

SM to Quwhon: What is this, the K. Caruso Memorial Exclamation Open?

Olsen to SM: Can I write guest press here? I want to abuse Williams. (Well, there's a first time for everything...) [Sure, why the heck not.]

Too Totally Turtlish to Yard: Why don't we make this game real interesting and just do absolutely nothing. Boy wouldn't Pete be mad! I love playing with him like this.

Slush to Turtle: Sooner or later, you'll crawl within range!

SM to T: Looks like we have a dissenting opinion.

Yuppie to Lucy: No fair using your bra for a slingshot like that! Those power Boleros are murder!

Slush to Goosey Lucy: At least when this is over I won't be chopped liver.

Yeti to Slush: So, you want insults, you wise-elbow! Just 'cause you can't afford a Pierre Cardin snowsuit and Gucci snowboots you toss insults. Youse is just jealous. So there, you fractured kneecap!

Frost Monkey to Slush: Ditto, fool!

Frost Monkey to Goosey Lucy: You talking to me? Why? Go soak your head, birdbrain. Ice that sucker up.

Don to Players: Now, pay attention. This here is a WWII vintage Browning Automatic Rifle, aka BAR. Note the distinctive biped 'V' on the end...hey, Turtle, relax...it ain't loa...BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!BLAM!

Don to Pete: Look, I can explain this. [Don't bother, Mud.]

OC to DW: Mud mud mud! Dumb's name is Mud!

OC to SM: Gee, this is fun. Just like it's gonna be when I grow up! (Prattle prattle prattle...)

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GLOME Deviant

1988A/r--1988GBrs32, FALL 1904:

And It's No, Nay, Never--No Nay Never No More

Austria (Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, suite 211, Austin TX 78701): f alb-gre, a bud beams to ank, a ser melts bud /ann/, a tri s a bud /imp/; theme from "Outer Limits."

England (Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita KS 67226): f nwy-swe (f ska s), f lon-nts, a edi beams to lvn, a stp-mos; Cocteau Twins, Blue Bell Knoll.

France (Jim-Bob Burgess, 100 Holden St., Providence RI 02908): a ruh-bel, f wes-tun, a gas-spa /ann/, a mar double-ordered, h; Richard Thompson, "Two Left Feet."

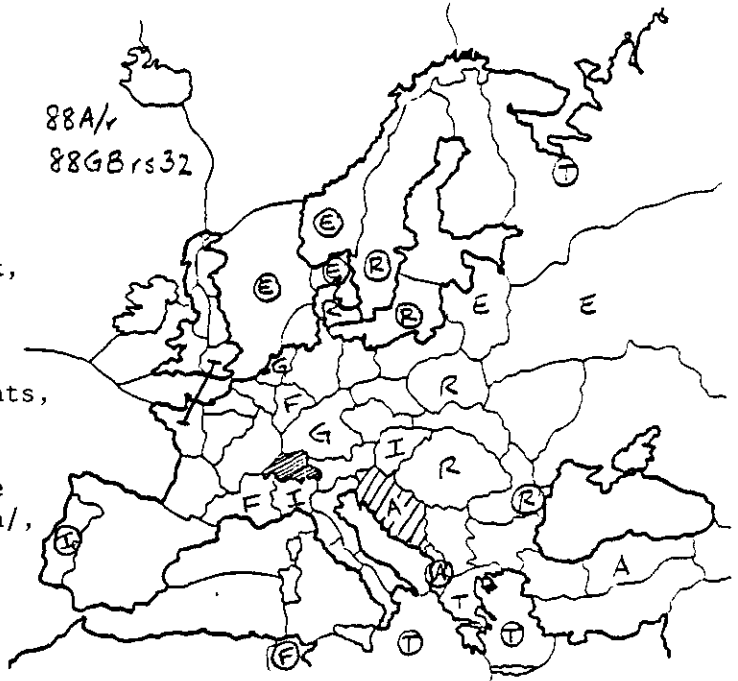
Germany (J.R. Baker, 512 Snipes, St. Charles MO 63303): a hol-bel, a mun double-ordered, h; Cher, "Gypsies, Tramps & Thieves," "One Honest Man," and "I'm in the Middle."

Italy (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Road, Baltimore MD 21214): a boh-vie, f mid-por, a pie-mar, f nap beams to spa/sc /ann/; Richard Thompson's and Keith Richard's new albums!

Russia (Russ Blau): a kie-den (f swe s (f bal s)), a war double-ordered, h, a gal-bud, f rum s tur a con-bul /nso/; Pousette-Dart Band, "Amnesia."

Turkey (Mark Lew, 438 Vernon #103, Oakland CA 94610): a con beams to ser /ann/, f smy beams to stp/nc, f eas-ion (f aeg s), a gre h; Prokofiev, The Scythian Suite.

Forgot Russ' address: 9023 Lake Braddock Dr., Burke VA 22015. See what I've done with the transporter beams? They take place throughout the turn, not instantaneously. So stp clears out, leaving room for Turkey's beam; ser and spa hold or move in, so at the end of the turn they go blooey--though ser did have time to melt bud (remember, only underlined orders fail). If (for instance) f mid and a gas had stood each other out of Spain instead, Turkey would then have beamed into the open space after they were done fighting over it.



88A/r
88GBrs32

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1904

						Voting	yes	no	= net
Austria	had	tri	vie	ser	ANK	4/3 e	#46--Plagues	10	3 7
England	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	hol MOS	6/6 +1	#47--Who Shot J.R.?	7	1 6
France	par	bre	mar	spa	bot TUN	5/5 +2	#48--Bonus Centers	2	-2
Germany	kie	mun	HOL			2/3 +1	#49--Ice Age	1	-1
Italy	ven	rom	nap	had	POR VIE	4/5 +2	#50--Toadying	utterly ignored	
Russia	had	had	war	sev	swe rum ber DEN BUD	7/7 +1	#51--Scramble	1	2 -1
Turkey	had	con	smy	bul	gre	5/4 +1	#52--Legislative Sausage	4	1 3

Due to the many builds, seasons will be separated on one request. However, deadline for W'04 AND Sp'05 is on the back cover if no request is received--votes and proposals are still due in Winter-only turns. And if you know the next line to the song quoted in the headline, you'll know why I picked that caption. Yes, yes, yes I know--Serbia should not have been iced lastish, and the Austrian f alb was f alb. You and I were both smart enough to figure that out...

RULES IN EFFECT FOR GLOME / DEVIANT DIPLOMACY as of 15 November 1988

MAIN RULE. Each turn, each remaining player may propose a rule change. All proposed changes will be offered to the players, anonymously, and votes on the proposals will be due with the next game deadline. Each player will have as many votes as he owns supply centers and may divide these votes among the proposals as he sees fit, or not cast them at all, in a secret

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ballot. The proposal which receives the most votes will be put in effect following the deadline of the vote. If two or more proposals tie for first place, all such tied proposals shall be put into effect.

#1--PLAYLIST. With each set of orders, each player must submit a playlist, or he will be considered to have none. Example: a pruber, a sils a pruber, f bal-kie, a hol-ruh; Roxy Music, Avalon; New Order, Substance; Miles Davis, Sketches of Spain. Selections may be either individual songs or entire albums.

#9--"NO" VOTES. Players may use any of their normal allotment of votes to vote "no" instead of "yes." One "no" vote cancels one "yes" vote.

#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.

#25--TUNNEL. There is a tunnel under the English Channel connecting Brest with London. Armies in either province may move directly to the other, but may not offer support into the other.

#30--ANTI-TITAN. Any rule that mentions spaces or creatures from Titan is null, void, and repealed where appropriate, including future proposals until this rule is repealed.

#36--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.

#46--PLAGUES. Prior to adjudication each Spring or Fall, the GM rolls two dice [d6] for each unit. If they come up 2, 7, or 11, the unit is ravaged by plague and disbands immediately. Turkish units, being heathen, are more prone to plagues--2, 6, 7, 8, 11, or 12 will wipe them out. This rule does not affect SC ownership--plagued units may be rebuilt if sufficient centers are owned.

Proposals to be Voted Upon--

#53--ENGLISH CIVIL WAR. Don Williams, tired of being picked on by Olsen, launches a semi-successful coup d'etat against the English government. At the end of Fall 1905, before adjusting the supply center count, the gm assigns $\frac{1}{2}$ of the English units, at random, to Williams, and $\frac{1}{2}$ the unoccupied English supply centers. If there is an odd number of either, the gm flips a coin to assign the odd unit or center. The civil war continues until either Olsen or Williams is eliminated from the game, and during the civil war England cannot gain control of any new supply centers. If Williams declines to play the rebel faction, the gm may assign it to any available standby player.

#54--FRENCH FLIP. The gm takes over as player for France and must find a new gm. If the new gm is already a player in Glome, Jim-Bob takes over that player's country.

#55--COUPS D'ETAT & COVERT OPERATIONS. With each set of orders, each player may designate a foreign power to target for covert support of a coup attempt. The gm rolls a d6 for each coup attempt; if it comes up 1 or 6 the coup is successful and all units for the targetted power hold for that turn due to the power vacuum. That power returns to normal for the next season as a new government is organized. If two countries designate the same power for a coup, the revolutionaries get in each other's way and no die is rolled; for any odd number of countries, an attempt is made.

#56--SURVIVE! Each turn, each player picks one land province to sink into the sea. This province must be adjacent to a sea space and once sunk it may no longer be a supply center. Ice provinces, when sunk, become icebergs and float in a random path, crushing fleets in their way. Armies located on land provinces that sink become swimmers, which require two turns to move to any adjacent province.

#57--THE WILLIAMS RULE. Implement the "Amoeba" characteristic from Cosmic Dip for all players. There, now, was that so hard? [Gamemaster's note: The Amoeba rule reads thus--

You have the power of transferring strength of one unit to another as you feel necessary. Each season you can create a unit as powerful as you wish, but for every bit of strength one

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of your units receives, another unit must stand useless and undefended. Should one of these units be attacked or retreated into while standing idle, the unit is destroyed. Should an extra-powerful unit be annihilated, all units loaning it strength are also.

#58--WHO SHOT J.R.? [Gamemaster's note: see last issue for full text.]

#59--TURNABOUT. Every rule, past, present, and future, that expressly or by implication affects a named player of country instead affects the proposer (player or country) of that rule. This rule only applies to detrimental effects such as player elimination, loss of units or centers, or movement restrictions.

And finally, the Press--

Rom to Irishman: Ok, ok. I do remember to whom I am toadying in this zine, but Russell has gm'ed two draws in which I partook. When you can say as much, you'll be one of my favorite gms too!

King Roach to GM: You thought the time warp rule was bad...if you drag me into this I guarantee I'll make your life miserable.

Irishman to Rome: Hmmm, I might consider giving you a draw in this if it'll prevent the arrival of The Don. (Look, Duck, maybe it has slipped your mind that you've already set out to make my hobby life miserable. Maybe you've forgotten your dastardly stab of me in Ruthless People. I haven't.)

England to Italy: So Foxheads Stalk This Land grows on you, hmmm? Have you considered taking a bath?

King Roach of Roachland to England: Go ahead, scuz-bucket, I'll kick your bloody arses.

Rom to GM: Glad to see we have both Miller Numbers, generic, and those under the Covenant; otherwise I'd resign in protest!

Olga to Cathy: Believe me, honey, I tried being people. Cat is better.

StP to Eng: Nope, no English unit here. We'll proceed down to Moscow and see if something's turned up there.

Eng to GM: So what's the matter with "Scotty?" You can always say, "Ach, th' anverters arrrrh over'eatin'--we've got to stop or she'll explode!"

Irishman to Glome: I can't resist; the following press item is printed verbatim from England...

ULCA to (look at that, I can't even spell it--it's been a long time)

L (&¢¢¢*¢())

UCLA to USC: Hey sport! Hey college boy! How about some predictions on the Big Game? I'll say UCLA 27, USC 20, Aikman 3 TD's and a Heisman. What say you??

Trojan to Bruin: I'll reverse that--USC 24, UCLA 20, each team a TD pass, neither Aikman nor Peete gets the Heisman as our pal Barry from OK State rolls up 200+ yards every weekend. By the time this goes to press I'll have the answer on USC/UCLA.

Rom to Arlington: Yes, I am a die-hard Dodger fan. Family roots in Brooklyn and all that. Did Cameron call you during the Series to share a gloat too?

Arlington to Rom: No, I don't think he knows me other than through a couple of game letters. Don't worry, I did enough gloating for six people...

King Roach to Boob: Don't I know you? [Ed.: yes, carnally.]

Wichita to Arlington: Ooh, you're so overheated in your political commentaries. It does seem to me, though, that the present state of the Democratic Party, where even such a relative feeb as Bush can master them, is unhealthy for the Republic, all partisanship aside. The present system, having the left wing of the party nominate one of their own and then having him deny his identity and hope somebody buys it. It they're ever going to win they need to either: a) have somebody who can make the case that "liberal" is not a synonym for "elitist dreaming up new ways to spend other people's money;" b) nominate somebody more moderate--Nunn, for example (I would have voted for Nunn over just about anybody). Better get your act together boys, or it's 8 years of George and over to Quayle.

Arlington to Wichita: Dan Quayle--the ultimate bullet-proof vest. He'll be the first to go from vice-president back to the Senate. The big problem with your solution, Bob, is that to be elected President you have to want to be. Nunn and the other conservative Demos don't want the job--only Gore ran, and was widely perceived as a slick phony.

DMW I to PJG IV: Oh, yeah, I forgot...wanna be my VP... in 1992?

PJGIV: NO (speaking of not wanting the job)

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LITERARY QUIZ CONTINUED

LAST MONTH there was another question which drew no response. Steve Emmert sent this--under Lit Quiz rules, if someone responds and nobody is right, the question-writer gets a free issue. Sorry, Steve, nobody tried...

(SEL): A certain Victorian-era writer edited his most famous novel just before its publication by removing the first chapter. After his death years later, his publisher and his widow decided to publish it as a short story. They used the title of the novel in the title of the short story, thus: "_____ 's Guest." Well, the author was Bram Stoker, the novel and short story were Dracula and "Dracula's Guest."

FOR NEXT MONTH (RW3): The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck is the title of one book in a series, some of which is set in an imaginary country. Name the country and the author of the series for ½ issue; for another ½ issue, name the overall title of the series and the title of the most famous book in the series.

 Reality is a crutch for those who can't handle science fiction.

RATHILLIEN

1987CK, FALL 1906: Turkey, Germany Survive
Russian "Drang nach Westen"

F/R draw: F&G yes, IRT no.

France (Melinda Holley): a bur-mun, a mun-tyo,
a pie-ven /mar otb/, f bel-hol, f nat h,
f lon-nts (f edi s), f iri-mid, f mid-wes,
f lyo-tyn.

Germany (Tom Hurst): f hol s fre f bel-nts /nso/.

Italy (Rex Martin): a tyo-pie (a ven s),
f tus-lyo, f ion-tyn, f alb-ion, f smy-aeg.

Russia (Gary Behnen): f nwg-nts (f nwy s),
 a den-kie, f kie-hel, a boh-mun (a ber s),
 a gal-sil, a bud-tri (a vie & a ser s),
 a arm-ank (f bla & a con s).

Turkey (Guy Hail): a ank-con /smy otb/.

I will assume that Turkey retreats to smy unless he says otherwise before nextish...

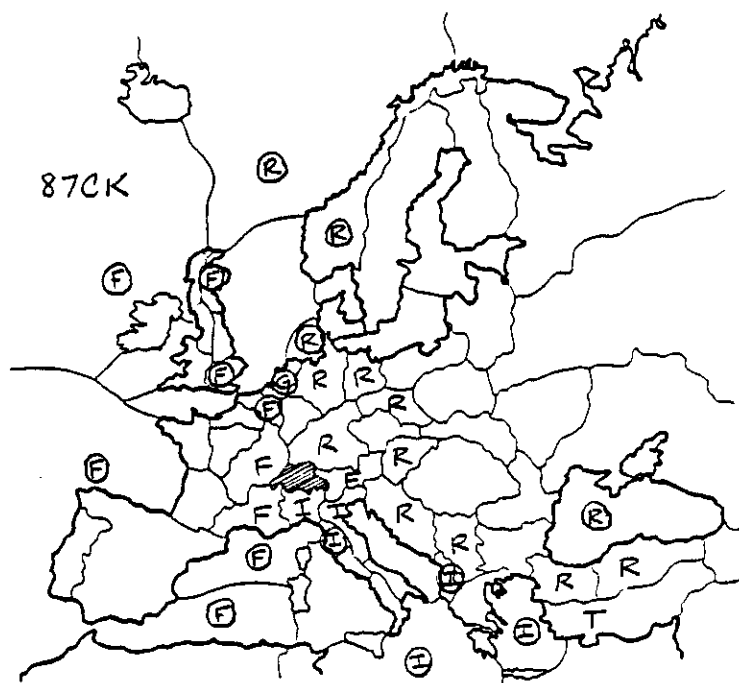
Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1906

France	bre par mar spa por bel lvp lon edi ndd	10/9	survives
Germany	hol	1/1	survives
Italy	ven rom nap vle tun tti gre stt	8/5	survives
Russia	stp mos war sev swe rum bud ser ber nwy den bul kie MUN VIE TRI CON ANK	13/18	WINS
Turkey	tdh tkk SMY	2/1	survives

Irishman to Rathillien: A fine game--a game which upheld the principles I enunciated at the outset of this issue. Only one standby, very few nmrs (even if I did get one set of orders by Federal Express). Endgame statements to me by December 15, if you will, so I'll have time to type them at my leisure. Rex, this is probably farewell--thanks for joining us. The rest of you, continued wishes for good luck here and elsewhere--except for Behnen, who stabbed me so perfidiously in Desperation Game...may the Great Bird of the Galaxy lay a 50-pound egg on your head.

Italy to Remaining Few: The jig is most surely up. Seems the Czarist pretender rules this game. The East is white, from Copenhagen to Constantinople, its blandness relieved only by the odd dollop of yellow or green. Congratulations, Gary. (But I still won't vote for a draw.)

Italy to Germany and Turkey: Cut your way to me, and we'll put our backs together to defy the Evil Empires. At least we can go down with a defiant, patronizing leer.



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LAKKDAROL Downfall

You're not going to believe this.
We're held over yet again!
Hey, what can I do??

Saruman showed up, but Mordor resigned. Fortunately, two standbys showed up this month:

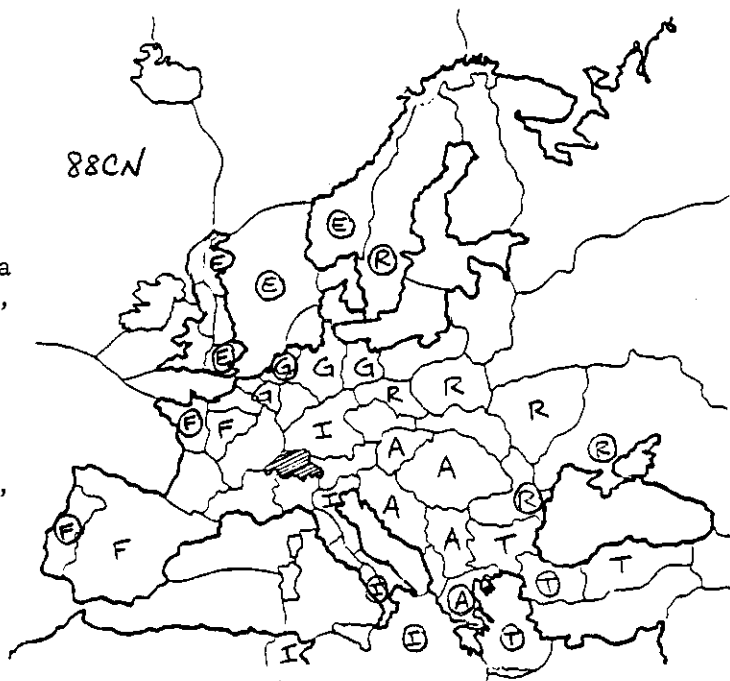
- DWARVES: John Cannon, 2011 W. Arthur, Chicago IL 60645 312-465-1377
- ELVES: Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322 404-727-2223 (in Dallas for Xmas; see below)
- GANDALF: Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd Street #308, Torrance CA 90504 213-542-9571
- GONDOR: Lance Anderson, INSCOM, MI BN, PSF CA 94129-7101 415-221-9976
- MORDOR: Chris Gabel, PO Box 92, Madras OR 97741
- ROHAN: Brian Hogan, Box 41-22, Kykotsmovi AZ 86039 602-526-4043
- SARUMAN: Steve Newnham, 1215 Pismo Avenue, Los Osos CA 93402
- UMBAR: Geoff Richard, 7240 Whispering Pines, Dallas TX 75248 214-980-8007

Chris and Steve, let me know if you want your phones published--they'll be "unlisted" otherwise. Each of you is getting this issue free again, since some of you have now been waiting six months for this game to begin. I have orders from all, including a set of Mordor orders sent by the original player, Bruce Geryk...nonetheless, I want to hear from EVERYBODY by the deadline on the back cover, to be sure we're all on the same wavelength. Larry Botimer stands by for this one.

FOMALHAUT

1988CN, WINTER 1901: **Crowded House**

- Austria (Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322): builds a bud & a vie; also has f gre, a ser, a tri.
- England (Rich Miller, 266 S. Oak Knoll #6, Pasadena CA 91101): builds f lon; also has f nwy, a edi, f nts.
- France (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Road, Baltimore MD 21214): builds f bre & a par; also has f por, a bur, a spa.
- Germany (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236): builds a ber; also has a bel, f hol, a kie.
- Italy (Vince Lutterbie, 21 Paulina Dr., Hannibal MO 63401): builds a ven & f nap; also has a mun, a tun, f ion.
- Russia (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia St., Falls Church VA 22046): builds a war & f sev; also has a sil, f swe, f rum, a ukr.
- Turkey (Mark Lilleleht, Box 3166, Charlottesville VA 22903): builds f con; also has a bul, f aeg, a ank.



deadline for Spring 1902 is on the back cover. Mail early, guys, it's Christmastime.

Vienna to All: I guess my builds are a big surprise, huh?

Vienna to Rome: I must have scared ya out of Tyrolia, huh?

Italy to Austria: Why the negative press & why the move to TRIESTE? I believe this calls for a re-evaluation of my borderlands.

Austria to All: Address change for the future--from Dec. 20 to Jan. 15 my address will be 10740 Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229.

Munich to World: Why am I so popular?

Vienna to GM: Where do you get some of these descriptions from, anyway? I understand "Converging on Munich," but "North and South?" Is this the Civil War?

(answer overleaf...)

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GM to Vienna: The headlines are my one concession to the urge I have to commentate (if that's a word). I don't editorialize about good or bad players/negotiations/etc (but see my comments at the start of this issue)--but I do let myself go in the headers. (Evans Givan once said it was his favorite part of the zine.) They have gone down hill somewhat in the past couple of years, but basically I try to find the most obscure, subtle reference to the status of the board that will not give away anybody's plans. If I can't find something obtuse, then I usually write something really facile (like "Converging on Munich"). I just stare at the map for a couple of minutes to see if brilliance will strike--if not, I toss something off.

Rome to Paris: Why write more than one postcard when we both know our words are truthful and we would never lie to each other. If it makes you happy, I'll send you reprints of "Floss Daily" just to keep in touch.

GM to Rome: "Floss Daily?" So all the bad jokes are not in Dipdom, then?

Vienna to Ankara: Welcome.

Turk d'Etat to Board: Let's see, one of you guys plays in a dip game I run, another writes a subzine for me, and the GM not only plays in one of my other games but is also a permanent resident of my back pocket (just kidding, Pete!). Cross-life alliances? Naw!

Vienna to Paris: The whole Diplomat game is turning into a mess. After 3 players quit, the 'judge appears to have given up on us as well, although our moves have been turned in. It's not very probable to relocate it, as two of the players are not long-distance players and won't be able to play elsewhere. The whole thing is turning into a big nightmare.

SESERAS MAGNA

1988CH, FALL 1901: **Kill the Wabbit**

Austria (James Early, 3705 Uruguay, Pasadena TX 77504): a bud-rum, a vie-gal, f alb-gre.

England (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Dr., Eden Prairie MN 55347): f nts-nwy, a wal-bel (f eng c).

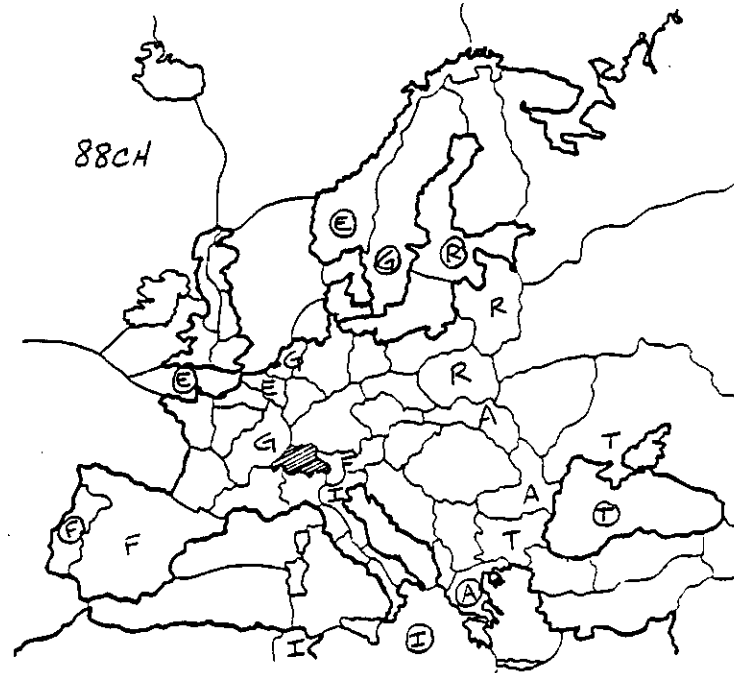
France (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a pie-tyo, a gas-spa, f mid-por.

Germany (Lance Anderson, INSCOM, MI BN, PSF CA 94129): f den-swe, a kie-hol, a ruh-bur.

Italy (Stuart Lange, 904 Fox Chase Lane, Riverdale GA 30296): a apu-tun (f ion c), a ven h.

Russia (John Cannon?, 2011 W. Arthur, Chicago IL 60645): nmr. f rum /ann/, a war h, a lvn h, f bot h.

Turkey (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236): a arm-sev (f bla s), a bul s austrian a bud-rum.



Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1901--deadline for Winter 1901 is on the back cover

Austria	vienna budapest trieste	GREECE RUMANIA.....	3/5 may build two
England	liverpool edinburgh london	NORWAY BELGIUM.....	3/5 may build two
France	paris marseilles brest	SPAIN PORTUGAL.....	3/5 may build two
Germany	berlin kiel munich	HOLLAND SWEDEN.....	3/5 may build two
Italy	venice rome naples	TUNIS.....	3/4 may build one
Russia	st.petersburg moscow warsaw	sevastapol	4/3 even
Turkey	constantinople ankara smyrna	BULGARIA SEVASTAPOL	3/5 may build two

England to Germany: Either we see an English army in Belgium or Anglo-German war.

England to Germany: Build a fleet and get Anglo-German war. The decision is yours.

England to France: A French fleet in the Irish Sea spells your DOOM.

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France to England: You know that the Irish Navy is soon to be floating in the Irish Sea!

Germany to England: Very subtle; try this instead: "Land an army on the mainland, get a war."

Austria to All: If at first you don't succeed...

France to GM: It's not often I can pull off my favorite anti-Austrian French opening. Impressive, isn't it?

GM to France: If you're out to impress me, you'll lose this one...

Germany to Austria-Hungary: The answer to your question is "yes."

France to Austria: You too, huh? My favorite Turkish opening is a smy-sev. It really confuses people about my intentions too.

France to Germany: How much more did you want for a neutral French-German opening?

Germany to France: Yes, these things happen to you. How do you like my latest move?

France to Italy: Just passing by is all, no need to get in a fret.

Italy: Many thanx to all those who wrote and called with the Sp'01 results. This is the stuff of which alliances are made.

GM to Italy: Your copy of Pere #64 is somewhere in Denmark at this point...

Turkey to Germany: I did my part. Did you do yours?

Austria to Turkey: Lunch in Moscow in '02?

GM to Austria/Turkey: Looks like a date to me.

France to Russia: See, my opening didn't even draw a comment from the GM like the last one did.

Turkey to France: Glad to see you and Diehl are getting along. It's nice to have you on the other side of the board for a change.

Engalnd to Russia: Looks good (except in So. Russia).

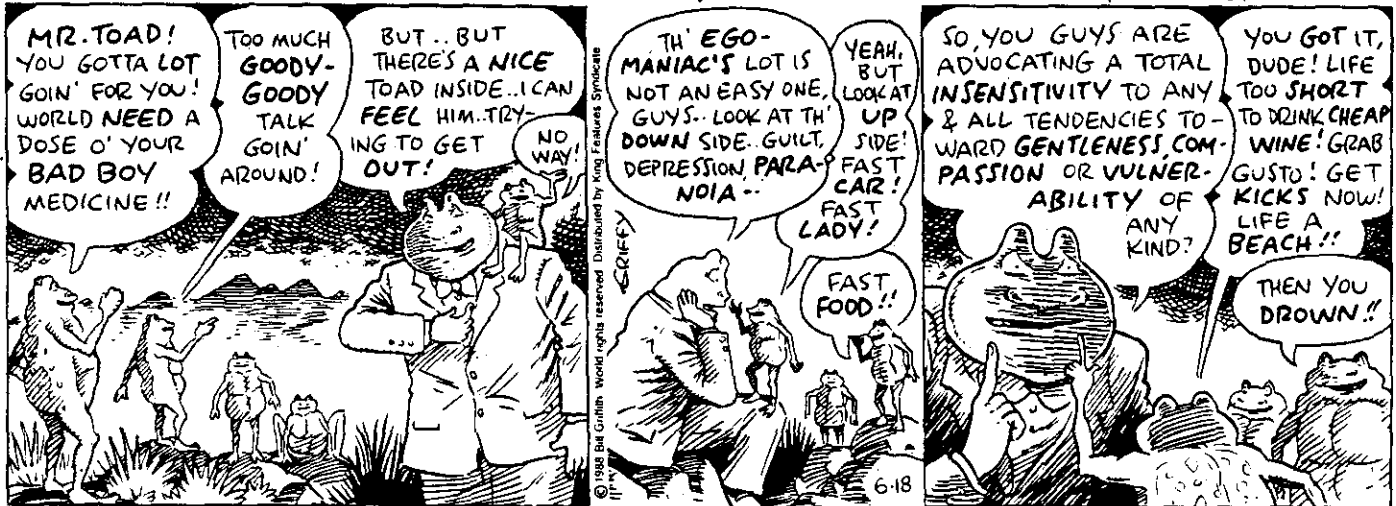
GM to Sesefras Magna: Kind of like saying, "Not a bad seat, except for the electric wires connected to it."

SM PLAYERS---standby for Russia is Kathy Caruso (29-10 164th St., Flushing NY 11358).

SLIPPY

"GOOD TOAD, BAD TOAD"

BILL GRIFFITH



Signs of the Times: (from In These Times, May 18, 1988) Seventy percent of Americans define themselves as strongly anti-communist. At the same time, according to Playboy, 45 percent believe that the Marxist aphorism, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need," comes straight from the U.S. Constitution.

Incredible as it may seem, Margaret Thatcher can be praised by liberals everywhere for at least one thing. On her tour of Poland, she acted as a "shield" behind which protesters were able to take to the streets--police couldn't hardly break up demonstrations while a visiting head of state looked on, could they?

And speaking of streets, the only city to allow U2 to perform on a sidewalk, during their recent tour? Not New York, or Chicago, or Miami--Los Angeles, where anybody can use Hollywood Blvd.

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Opinions and Editorials and Letters

Benjamin Franklin used to gather his friends in his boarding house or a local tavern, to read and critique each other's writings. (This circle eventually developed into the American Philosophical Society but this is irrelevant to the present endeavor...right?)

In today's society it becomes difficult to gather face-to-face so we contrive postal hobbies (we all know about this). The Real Pig is a vehicle for creative endeavor--poetry, reviews, fiction, graphic arts, journal writing--for a group of widely scattered people. Nearly forty readers after only two issues--sixteen writers offered more than 30 pieces in these two productions--demonstrates a great potential pool of talent, in many different styles and media.

There are definite shortcomings in The Real Pig, especially in the first issue, where despite the editor's preface ("We do not mean to be pretentious."), pretentious satire dominated. Among the mixture of submissions were a fictional family Christmas letter, two fictional literary obituaries, and a six-page postmodern comic series. I wasn't impressed with the quality of these works, or their chosen forms, but others showed promise, as did the editorial opening:

"The primary purpose of the Society is to encourage (indulge) and publish the literary/philosophical/humorous writings of its members. These include essays (satirical or serious), fiction, non-fiction, verse, aphorisms, book reviews, art, letters, critical reviews of journal entries, thought-provoking questions and claims, and various experimental forms of writing."

Well, the second issue has provided the desired improvement. The magazine has switched from an IBM to a Macintosh and Laser Printer; more importantly, the content has stepped up. More poetry (good and mediocre), more experimental fiction (especially a bar scene with something like stage directions that has an excellent plot twist near the end), and some letters in response to the first issue. Apparently the group instinctively agreed with the Society member who said, "We need to stop hiding behind humor."

The Real Pig still needs to move into some of the areas it targetted: so far there has been only one review--which was somewhat too stuffy for me--and the non-fiction has been entirely biographical or autobiographical. But the diversity of the membership in age and vocation, and the high hopes of the editor mean that these fields will be cultivated. The usual early computer difficulties and stylistic decisions are still in evidence but talent and enthusiasm are plentiful.

I recommend this amateur production not only for the outlet it can provide--hey, I know some of you are looking for someone to run your stuff besides me!--but because it is a rare intellectual exercise in our workaday world. The teachers, engineers, and retired folk out there have a fantastic reserve of imagination which we can tap to enrich our own experience, and The Real Pig is a straight arrow at that target. Add some professional writers and artists to the mixture and the result is volatile. Write to: Editor, The Real Pig; 1021 Timberline; Benbrook, TX 76126. Subscriptions are \$20 for one volume (four issues).

Wanderer on My Native Shore: A Personal Guide and Tribute to the Ecology of the Atlantic Coast by George Reiger; illus. by Bob Hines. \$7.95 paper from Touchstone Books

There is a great Myth about the sea that is different from other Myths. Usually, Myth is destroyed by scrutiny (unless it is Religion, held tight because of or in spite of scrutiny). Myths which don't hold up under study, science, and systematic thinking are often nonetheless interesting--but their emotional appeal may be diminished.

But the sea remains a fascinating, mysterious, attractive and frightening place no matter how much (it seems) we learn about it. It is possible that we will reach a threshold when further understanding will begin to kill off intrigue, but we are still so very much in awe

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of the ocean that it's apparent we haven't reached that boundary yet.

This is difficult to believe, given that there are so many excellent books on the subject. And George Reiger's Wanderer on My Native Shore is only in part about the sea; the subtitle reveals the several levels on which the book operates--personal and scientific, land and sea. Reiger (a former editor for several major magazines including Audubon) discusses not only the beaches and water, but even the air above them; there are nearly equal numbers of fish, tree, and bird species in the index.

Reiger's book is organized (something you can't say about all non-fiction these days) geographically, with chapters on "Down East" (the coast of Maine), "Southern New England" and "The New York Bight" all the way south of "Land's End." This organization lends itself to completeness, but the author is not as concerned about exhaustiveness as about detail. Each of his geographic sections concentrates on a group of plants, animals or fish dominant in that area (a similar style is found in the Elias Baseball Analyst), and skims others as they stand out in the region. Thus, chapter 7 (the Barrier Islands) is predominantly about terns and to a lesser extent about gulls and almost not at all about fish.

The writing is drawn, not only from personal experience and interview, but from a working knowledge of others' work as well. Still, he avoids being too academic--footnotes are for sidebar comments only, not references. One particularly good note discusses two species of skua:

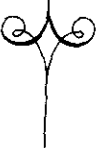
"They are built like a stocky herring gull but fly like a fighter plane. Both are dark with white wing patches, but the south polar skua sometimes has a blond color phase."

Cetaceans (whales, dolphins, porpoises) merit a chapter of their own--being pelagic creatures (ocean-living, one of Reiger's favorite words), they don't fit any particular one of the coastal chapters. And this is perhaps the most engrossing chapter for me. Reiger effectively conveys the drama of the sea creatures: newborn finback whales which measure seventeen feet long (!); species kills ("in the winter of 1930 alone, more than twice as many blue whales were killed as now exist in the world"); and the now-familiar song of the humpback.

Of course, we are all also familiar with Tursiops truncatus (bottle-nosed dolphin), though few people realize they are whales. But the oceanic species, Delphinus, draws some excessive melodrama on the author's part. He describes Homer's and Aristotle's dolphin tales--Delphinidae saving sailors, communicating with each other, and even being favored of the gods (Apollo is supposed to have disguised himself as a dolphin in order to lead a Minoan ship to found the temple at Delphi)--and then suddenly, Reiger startles the reader with a contrast, "The sensitive Greeks revered them; the sensible Romans ate them."

Despite occasionally complementing official conservationists such as the National Park Service, Reiger has complaints with governmental agencies and reserves his praise for private citizens who are amateur naturalists. This is somewhat nearsighted, and typical of highbrow environmentalists such as are found in the pages of the periodicals he has written for (National Wildlife, for instance). But it helps those of us who may not ever hear of these valuable volunteer efforts. This can be said of the whole work: that it is both recreation and education to those of us without George Reiger's expertise.

But enough of my opinions--let's see what everyone else is worrying about...

 **The Election** (in this country, that is--Canada's is covered in Bruce McIntyre's Excelsior): Rod Walker was upset enough that Jesse Jackson wasn't nominated that he adopted the New Alliance Party's idea: if the Democrats lose, at least they'll be forced to make concessions to us leftists. Rod had a couple of really good lines...

"The interesting thing is how the public can fall for the insincere smarminess of Bush (which is perceived as "warm") as opposed to the sincere down-to-earthiness of Dukakis (which is perceived as "cold"). ... We need a President, and what do we get? A super-annuated yuppie. With a latter-day refugee from the Know-Nothing Party as Veep."

Now a certain Courtland Milloy of the Washington Post pleads with Jackson to run for mayor of Washington, D.C. Whoa--now there's a great idea. Make Jackson prove himself capable of public service, in a position where he can solve a real crisis, without botching up our foreign

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relations. Any success would probably (sez this columnist) push Jesse into the governor's job when D.C. (inevitably) becomes a state--and what kind of Prez candidate would he make then?!

But John Crow, if his comments on last month's editorial are any indication, would make some of those same comments about Rod's views...

"You may be tired of politicians crying that the people are deciding this election based on the issues, and you firmly state that they are basically running a popularity poll. That is a political wives' tale, and in believing it you sell the American people short. Obviously people vote for whom they like, they like who they agree with, and they are listening to what the candidates say from day to day (cursory proof: weekly polls). Just as obviously, the candidates tend to try and be as appealing to the widest spectrum of voters as possible by ducking tough issues. I haven't seen one candidate doing this more or less than the other. As for the myth of the personality cult, I would hope that in this election, where both tickets seem to be equally devoid of personality, that it would finally be put to rest."

Well, John, that's one phrase I can't stand: Selling the People Short. Now, optimism is not a common activity with your editor, so no, I don't have a great deal of faith in the People. But your implication is that people know the issues, know the candidates, and are making a reasoned decision. I don't buy it. They would make a reasoned decision given all the facts but the current system of campaign by sound-bite and 30-second anti-opposition commercial does NOT provide those facts.

But John had a telling criticism of my editorial:

"I guess it boils down to intent, what exactly you're trying to accomplish; frankly, from the article I can't tell. It occurs to me that you might be preaching to the converted, and that's rather meaningless. Yet you don't seem to make a true effort at converting the unwashed. Ah, me. So many shallow liberals, so little time."

Absolutely right, my writing last time was melodramatic and one-sided. I was probably blowing off steam more than anything else. The fact that Don Williams and others found the piece interesting was a function of how much they agreed with me. Fortunately, I only do that every four years.

Simple Wang: One thing both Don and John could say they liked was the lead story lastish. Don first...

"Also enjoyed the 'Simple Wang' story, and would appreciate more Eastern lit in the future (being as I'm pretty familiar with Western stuff, with the notable exception of South America...any chance you'd run something from Lorca?)."

I would've put Latin America specifically outside Western tradition--but yes, as soon as my familiarity with those writers gets up to stuff, I'll feel comfortable printing excerpts from those parts. Now what was that I published last time that several of you wanted more of... "The Judge's Wife?"...by Isabel Allende. I should point out that it was originally written in Spanish. Another installment will run nextish.

John had a different point of view on "Simple Wang:"

"The subscription has already proved worthwhile, the 'Simple Wang' being last night's bedtime story for the kids (ASCAP royalties not included). Of course, Fafnir would prefer that you put in something with more action, you know, like Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles."

Anyone who names his kid "Fafnir" can't be all Republican. (That's what put me in mind of the Story of Sigurd, as Fafnir is the huge "worm"--dragon--which Sigurd overcomes.)

Children: A birth announcement from, and wishes of good health to, Louise and Brian Hogan. Their daughter Melody has now been joined by Molly Anne (8 Nov 88, 5am, 7# 8½oz, 20½ inches). After hearing from Casey Ellis (age 6 months) and Valerie Williams (14 mos.) by phone this week, I thought it would be a good time to say that we do plan on having children, but only after allowing another two or three years to pass. (Middle names for the two young lassies named above are available on request--and if you have family, I'd like to hear about them, I try to keep track of spouses (I prefer "spice") and kids of readers.)

Herelandra

a column by **Jim Schutze** of the Dallas Times Herald

To Gerald Jones, Chief, Voting Section, U.S. Department of Justice, Washington D.C.:

Dear Mr. Jones:

Minority leaders from my home town, Dallas, have been contacting your section recently to complain about absentee voting practices here, in which our all-white election board set up a new absentee voting procedure this year and put absentee voting spots all over the white neighborhoods but forgot to put any absentee voting places in the main Mexican and black neighborhoods.

Boy, I just know what you're thinking. And it's so unfortunate, because it's a big misunderstanding. I would be willing to bet you think the all-white Dallas County Election Board set up absentee voting places all over the white neighborhoods but didn't put any in South or West Dallas because the board was engaged in a deliberate scheme to frustrate the democratic process.

If I could just prevail upon you, sir, to come on down here and spend some time, I think you would see right away that your initial suspicions are a serious misapprehension of the real problem.

They're not trying to frustrate the democratic process. They don't know what the democratic process is.

If somebody could just come explain it, I think a lot of these problems would go away of their own accord. Do you have some pamphlets or anything you could bring, like "Getting to Know Your Constitution," or "Why We're Not in England Anymore," anything like that? Maybe something along the lines of "Why We Fought On the Side We Did in World War II"?

You see, that's the problem. None of this would even have happened, we wouldn't have a problem, if the five members of the all-white Dallas County Election Board just understood that in a democracy you have to let everybody vote. It's still a very foreign idea here. I think somebody just needs to tell them, and I can't do it, because every time I say anything nice about democracy they say I'm a communist.

When Bruce Sherbet, our county elections administrator, spoke to your Carla Markin this week, he told her he couldn't set up any absentee polling places in Mexican neighborhoods because he didn't have enough manpower or equipment.

What someone needs to do is come down here, sit down with Sherbet and his advisers on the Election Board and explain to them that, no matter what manpower and equipment problems they may be suffering, it's still not democracy. Don't be too mean. Say something stern but compassionate, like "Close, close, but no cigar." Keep it simple. Use your hands and do, "Here's the church, here's the steeple," but say, "Alllllll the people!" See if they can remember it.

For a long time here, democracy was viewed as a kind of hare-brained Northeastern urban utopian concept foisted on the region by the unfortunate outcome of what some people here still call the "Conflict Between the States." Therefore county election boards such as our own saw their chief purpose as holding democracy at bay.

Is there any way you could present it as, "Our Friend, Democracy?" Do you have a little cartoon character like Reddy Kilowatt who could talk about democracy in a funny voice? I mean, your job here is real fundamental, believe me.

~~~~~

"The Last Temptation of Christ" -- a review by **Rod Walker**

When Nikos Kazantzakis' novel was published (1955; the English translation in 1960), it generated a storm of critical opinion, both positive and negative. The film based on the novel has done the same thing. Reviews I've seen are generally of two types: thoughtful reviews which regard it as a great picture and idiot fundamentalist reviews which regard it as a travesty.

This review is therefore a minority opinion -- namely, that the book is a masterpiece of which the movie is a travesty. Save your money -- go buy the book.

The Last Temptation of Christ isn't really an historical novel, but rather a long psychological meditation on the struggle between spirit and flesh. Kazantzakis shows a wonderful disregard for perfect historical accuracy: his "ancient Judea" is really more like modern Crete. His charac-

ters frequently eat corn and red peppers (New World foods), for instance -- yet the many anachronisms in the novel don't detract from it, but rather emphasize the timeless character of its story. Even the book's opening premise is impossible, and yet central to the development of the plot: Jesus is presented as a carpenter in Roman-occupied Nazareth who makes crosses. (This is impossible because in Jesus' time Nazareth was part of the Tetrarchy of Herod Antipas and was not under Roman occupation.)

Jesus is shown as a reluctant messiah -- and once his reluctance is overcome, a confused one. His revelations shift and change (this confusion also infects Kazantzakis' writing, as he occasionally loses track of what state of mind Jesus is currently supposed to be in). In the end he chooses to be Isaiah's "suffering servant" and provokes his own execution. The "last temptation" of the title refers to a vision he has on the cross, in which he escapes death and lives out his life happily as an artisan, husband, and father. The implication of the vision is that at some point it will become an irrevocable reality. In the end, however, he rejects this last fleshly yearning and dies on the cross.

The film makes clear in the opening credits that it is only "based on" the novel, and not a reproduction of it. Unfortunately, at every point at which it departs from its source, it becomes weak, confused, and irrelevant. Motivations become obscure in this version, and it adds anachronisms which are useless and intrusive. (Perhaps the most ridiculous of these is the depiction of the Temple as lying within a sort of casbah-like maze, and having a statue of a Roman Emperor at its main entrance.)

The film goes to a lot of effort to omit scenes that were in the book. OK -- that would be necessary because the novel is very long (almost 500 pages in my edition). However, a bunch of time is wasted adding scenes that aren't in the book -- the cure of the Centurion's daughter is replaced by various other rather silly miracles (in the context of the novel, that is), such as the water-into-wine bit and curing a blind man by rubbing mud into his eyes. The presentation of John the Baptist is, at best a mere parody of both the real character and the character in the novel. At the end, the tempting "guardian angel" is changed from a man with green wings (who transforms himself into a little black slave) into a prepubescent girl. The death of Mary Magdalene in the "last temptation" vision is recast in a feebly ineffectual manner. The resurrection and subsequent career of Lazarus is redone in such a way to mute and almost destroy Kazantzakis' original depiction of it as a "failed" miracle. The scenes in which Jesus overcomes the last temptation are scripted and presented in such a way that they have all the intellectual and emotional impact of an Italian western.

In short, this movie has done to Kazantzakis' novel precisely what the movie "Dune" did to Frank Herbert's novel. The longer I sat through the thing, the more I asked myself why I wasn't leaving. Perhaps the most ridiculous scene in the whole film is one in which Jesus, having already done his bit with the money-changers in the Temple courts, returns later on and tries to lead the people in storming the Temple itself -- in which he fails miserably through lack of nerve (or something -- neither the script nor the acting takes much of a stand on that issue). The whole affair is trivial and misconceived -- and ludicrously followed by scenes in which Jesus' disciples are still loyal and acting as if nothing had happened.

The great tragedy of this film is that it would have been possible to give a felicitous representation of Kazantzakis' novel -- the travesty of the actual flick is all the greater because it amply demonstrates that potential, even while failing to meet it. The great amount of time the film wasted in presenting material not in the book could have been used in staying closer to its source. The script could have avoided so many actual departures from the original, since almost every departure made the final result shallow rather than significant.

Isn't it amazing how often Hollywood can make a molehill out of a mountain or a sow's ear out of a silk purse?

# Perelandra

## It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

Hi, Folks! I decide I had to tell y'all what's going on in our lives even if you don't want to know. Well, believe it or not, I finally got a new job. I am a manager of a shoe store. I need to talk to Stephen Wilcox, I guess, to find out when the busy times will be... Anyway, it's a lot smaller than Cissy's Party World, but I do more restocking and straightening than I ever did at Cissy's, so I've already had to buy some new shoes myself!

Since I'm moving up the retail ladder, Pete and I decided two cars were a must. So we now have a yellow Mazda RX-3 wagon. It's kind of old, but it's in great condition because we got it from the original owner (at a really good price).

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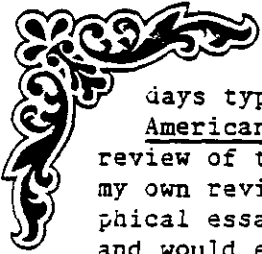
Pete here. Marie opens more questions than she answers there, so let me fill in:

--Shoe Stop Outlet store in Arlington: Cathy supervises two other employees; in fact, she's already had one quit (was working three jobs and decided to drop this one) and had to replace and retrain someone. Besides keeping an eye on these, Cathy also watches about 4000 square feet of inventory, reordering each week and tallying sales figures for the owners (there are, I think, nine stores in the chain, all in the Dallas/Fort Worth area).

Cathy got the job mainly because her good friend, Brenda, had it; when Brenda was promoted to the downtown Dallas store, she raved about Cathy, who then interviewed with a member of the family that runs the company. Although it's a salaried position instead of wage, it still works out to about a 30% pay hike over Cissy's for a job that isn't much harder.

--The "new" car. Cathy now gets to drive the Corolla that she bought back before we were married, while I drive the manual-transmission wagon. And it has a rotary engine--this is a 1974 we're talking about here! Only 90,000 miles on it, and from the body and paint I've had folks guess that it's a 1979 or 1983... It's a real relief not to have to drop each other off at work all the time. It's also a relief to have a fantastic stereo (the tape deck in the Corolla has been broken for a year now).

--Possible other change. I've interviewed for a promotion. If that sounds strange, it's easy to explain--there's a position open (one step up the ladder from where I am now) at a store very close to us, and about six sales managers like myself in the D/FW area that might get it. The grapevine says the various big wigs involved like me, but I don't have an offer yet. If it comes through, I would have a ten-mile, one-way drive (another reason for the Mazda) and would work about a 50-hour week for (again) roughly a 30% raise.



I guess we'll just have to go with an odd number of pages this month, as I can't dredge up much more to publish without spending the next two or three days typing. I have items ready to be typed up such as: three fantasy pieces; an American Scholar essay on life in Yorkshire (an American's view); Sierra magazine's review of the Reagan administration, and a piece on the overwhelming of Yosemite; and my own reviews of four or five books and articles. I'm also sketching a long philosophical essay (too grandiose for Perelandra, if you never thought you'd hear me say that), and would even like to see a Dip variant based on C.S. Lewis' planet Perelandra.

Specifically for nextish, as I said, I'll get out "The Judge's Wife" for another installment. Otherwise, nextish will be abbreviated due to the Christmas season, and because I expect one or two more games to start. Add in possible endgame statements for Rathillien and the first turn of Lakkarol and it will be a bushelful.

I'm extending the deadline this month to allow both for slow mail and for the fact that I will, one way or another, be working my tail off during December. By the end of January, we'll be back on the old Pere schedule with publishing dates right around the first of each month.

Since you won't see #66 until New Year's or so, consider this our Christmas greeting to you: Health, Happiness, Love and most of all Peace to you, our friends!

*Pete + Cathy*

Harry -

So how are things going, anyway?  
I haven't seen DW so I don't even know  
how your Dip work is doing.

Pete

## THE PERELANDRA CATALOG

British Rails: house rules, revised card deck, and blank maps/order forms for \$2.

Cosmic Diplomacy: rules for SASE.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings: rules for \$1; sample game for \$1; endgame statements from five past games for \$1.

Postal Titan: rules for \$1; variant/optional rules for SASE (Tower Power, Meleé, Two-Board, Expansion Set, and Cosmic Powers applied to Titan).

Rather Silly Diplomacy: rules for SASE.

Snowball Fighting: rules, maps, and summary for SASE (45 cents postage).

STANDBY ROSTER: [Standbys may be called for any game unless a restriction is listed with their name. "dip" can also mean gunboat.] Lance Anderson, J.R. Baker (dip, dev), Gary Behnen (dip), Jason Bergmann (dev, asf, gun), Larry Botimer (dnf), John Cannon (dip), Kathy Caruso (dip), John Crosby (dip), Jim Diehl (dip), Steve Emmert (dip), Evans Givan (dip), Tom Hurst (dip), Mark Lilleleht (dip), Craig Mills (dip, dnf), Tom Nash (dev), Steve Newnham (dnf).

### GAME OPENINGS

All gamefees include whatever rules, map, and other stuff is listed above for that game. If you already have those materials, you can deduct the cost for them from your gamefee. Subscriptions are required in addition to any gamefee.

Diplomacy: fee \$5. One game, Magrathea, will run under the American system (retreats & adjustments are sent with the following turn); the other, Rylos, will be run under the British system (each Spring and Fall you must send retreats and/or adjustments which will be adjudicated immediately at the end of that turn). There are five subbers signed up (four paid)--please let me know which game you'd like to participate in.

Snowball Fighting: free. Again, two games are open, one regular and one anonymous. Four of you are signed up, please indicate which (or both) you'd like to play in.

Cosmic Diplomacy: costs \$5.

Deviant Diplomacy: also costs \$5. Tom Nash is, so far, the only bold taker.

Variant Titan: gamefee \$10. Paid are Jason Bergmann and Steven Lawty.

British Rails: gamefee \$7.50. Paid are Craig Mills, Jason Bergmann, Bruce Linsey, and Tom Nash. Signed up are Ed Wrobel and Conrad von Metzke.

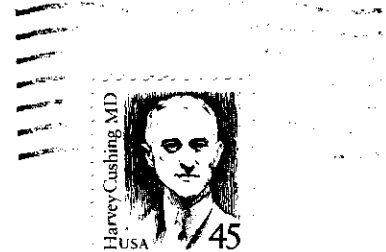
# Perelandra

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Deadline is 23 December 1988.

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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.**