

# Herelandra

butterflies &  
rainbows



number 66

January

## LAKKDAROL

## DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS

Afteryule I 3019: No Failures Among Us

supply centers held at gamestart--

Dwarves: blu, ere, iro.

Elves: ekh, gha, iml, lor.

Gondor: bel, lam, leb, mti.

Mordor: bar, mmo, dgu, nur, srh,  
udu, off, off, off.

Rohan: herd, edo, hde.

Saruman: dun ise, kdm.

Umbar: cit, hrd, hav.

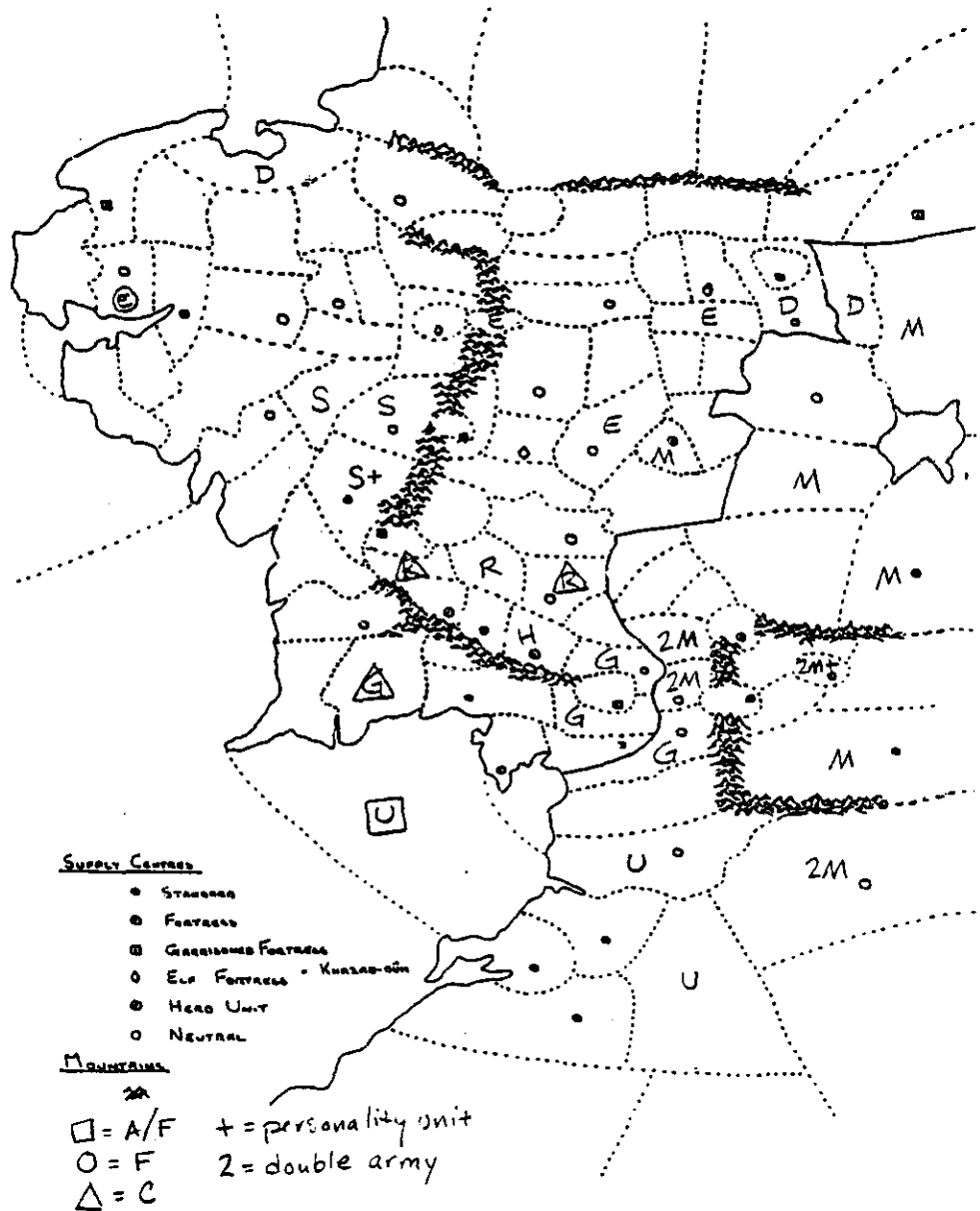
Dwarves (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE  
11th St #3, Bellevue WA 98005):  
A Erebor-Esgaroth, A Iron  
Hills-Carnen, A Blue Mountains-  
Forochel.

Elves (Jason Bergmann, 10740  
Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229):  
A Imladris-High Pass, A Lorien-  
Anduin, A Elven King's Halls-  
Old Forest Road, F Grey Havens-  
Forlond.

Gandalf (Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd  
St #308, Torrance CA 90504):  
R Bree-  
F Shire-  
Gandalf

Gondor (Lance Anderson, INSCOM,  
MI BN, PSF CA 94129):  
Faramir Minas Tirith-  
A Minas Tirith-Anorien,  
C Belfalas-Lamedon-Anfalas,  
A Lamedon-Lossarnach,  
A Lebennin-South Ithilien.

Mordor (Chris Gabel, Box 92,  
Madras OR 97741):  
Sauron & 2A Barad-dûr hold,  
2A Udûn-North Ithilien,  
2A Minas Morgul-Osgiliath,  
2A Nurn-Khand, A South Rhûn-  
Wilderland, A Dol Guldur h,  
A Easterlings all come on:  
-N Rhûn, -S Rhûn, and -Nurn; Nazgul



continues----->

# Herelandra

Rohan (Brian Hogan, Box 41-22, Kykotsmovi AZ 86039): A Helms Deep-West Emnet, C Edoras-Helms Deep-Gap of Rohan, C Eastfold-East Emnet, H Eastfold h.

Saruman (Steve Newnham, 1215 Pismo Avenue, Los Osos CA 93402): Saruman and A Isengard-Dunland, A Dunland-Greenway, A Khazad-dûm-Hollin.

Umbar (Geoff Richard, 7240 Whispering Pines, Dallas TX 75248): A/F City of the Corsairs-Bay of Belfalas, A Harad-South Gondor, A Havens of Umbar-Haradwaith.

Please note that we have a new Dwarf captain--though these orders were from John Cannon. I have quite a lot of press backed up, so I will have to sift through and see which things have been cancelled by later orders, or are simply irrelevant after the delays. But I am very glad to get this underway...don't forget that now you are on the regular schedule. Afteryule II is due by the deadline printed on the back cover. Rules questions: "What happens when the fellowship (or a personality unit) goes one way across a boundary and someone else's 'substantial' piece goes the other way? Does the fellowship ignore that piece or is it a standoff?" Ignore--these units only have combat strength (the ability to stand off attacks, for instance) when travelling with regular units. The Fellowship never has combat strength, and always ignores this situation--where the F runs into trouble is when it ends the turn with an opponent who tries to destroy it. Please note: The GM is reserving Valinor as his personal dateline here.

Rohan to Umbar: Are you sure your Mumakil don't count as cavalry units?

Horsemen to Elves: You are lucky that you age not, I have aged considerably waiting for the winds of war to blow...

Theoden to Denethor: A new Dark Lord?! What does this portend? We may grow old together in peace, old friend, waiting for this war to begin.

Valinor to Rohan: Let's have no complaints about peace! It took us long enough to find a Dark Lord who is willing to fight you!

Barad-dûr: Lord Sauron of Mordor humbly seeks your audience in a gesture of peace. Although the halls of Gondor clamor with calls for war, I am a peace-loving sort. Although it is my destiny to rule, I have no desire to kill. My wish is simply to care for your every need--as a father cares for his child. All I ask in return is blind, unthinking obedience. What could be more simple?

For those who seek my friendship, there is a simple favor I ask. If you should find a certain ring--an insignificant token which was taken from me many years ago--I would greatly appreciate its return. Although it is of no value, other than a mere sentimental attachment, your cooperation would result in great reward.

Men of the Mark to the self-proclaimed "Lord" of Middle-Earth: Greetings! Welcome to the FREE lands of the West. We intend to remain that way. We hope that you have more humility than your predecessor and plan to stay within the encircling bounds of Mordor. Any attack upon the lands to the west of your realm will result in all-out war. Oh, yes, tell your orcs that our black horses are not meant for your precious Nazgul.

Elves to Middle-Earth: If there's another delay, I'll be really pissed.

Valinor to Middle-Earth: Not the most eloquent Elf I've met, to be sure.

Elves to Dwarves found: Glad you could make it.

Theoden to Dain: Glad you were able to work things out with the Elves. Go south, young Dwarf!

Rohan to Gondor: Finally!!!

Gondor to Gandalf: Got any ideas? Send 'em south quick!

Steward to Saruman: Do need your help. Collude for survival.

Brigands of Rohan to Saruman: What news from Isengard? You need to put down your wand and take up your pen.

Riders to Rangers: Great vacation package!! Cheaper now in the off-season. Visit the historic Paths of the Dead. Meet interesting (deceased) people. Don't pass this up--call your Edoras travel agent now. Horseback options available. Call now!

Elves to Pete: Are you voting for the socialists of supporting them? I realize that a single vote is relatively meaningless in the whole scheme of things, but why vote for someone who has no chance of winning?

Pete to Elves: Well, we did decide to vote Dukakis for this reason, and then found out that Kenoyer didn't make it onto the ballot. But if my vote is meaningless, why not make a real statement with it by going for her?

# Perelandra

Yes, this is the sixty-sixth issue of Perelandra, with games and tales and letters. It's edited, in a hurry and without much sleep but a great deal of relief, by Pete Gaughan of 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010 (phone 817-633-3208). Subscriptions cost \$1.25 per monthly issue, or you can write something fit for printing and we'll give you a couple of freebies in exchange. Or standby for a game and you get a couple--and if you win or draw, you get two (or one, respectively) free issues.

I have a file called "Zines." I clean it out completely each month, just after I send out the current issue of Perelandra. This should help explain why some of you fellow editors get a letter from me every three months--cleaning out the file means writing a few letters, but it also means discovering that two issues of zine X have passed me by ...

This month was worse than any other. I got the promotion mentioned last time, so I am driving a half-hour or more each way to work (I live ½-mile from my old store) and have put in at least 55 hours each week since Thanksgiving. I see now where that "Zines" file is packed (so is the "Mailbox" for that matter), and I may be able to get a couple letters out on my one day off the week between Christmas and New Year's. After that I'll just have to start from scratch--so if you haven't heard from me lately (readers as well as editors) I'm still here.

Of course, this month I heard all the lamentations from students like Bergmann and Lilleleht. I'd trade what I'm doing now for college again--no responsibility, no bills, and the work was much easier. (Make no mistake--I worked in and out of school, but I mean by comparison.) But (as Marie points out when I say such things) then I wouldn't be married to such a wonderful soul and have friends who think that 95¢ margaritas are a perfectly acceptable night out, would I?

Not to put you students down--no, I better than many understand just what you're talking about. But don't think it gets easy, gentlemen.

Pet peeve of the month: the main jazz station in D/FW has gone wierd again. They seem to have cycles of classic jazz, fusion/progressive, and then this wierd stage (sorry--I can't find another label). They've already been through the cycle twice in the five years I've been in Tejas. There is a new jazz station in Denton (about 40 miles off)--in fact, the new one is 24 hours where the older one is only jazz nights and weekends--but I can't get the new station on my car stereo.

## WELL WORLD Titan

YES! It's over. Black and Red concede to Green, and Gary "Greedy" Behnen gets yet another win just in time to make his 1988 list! Frankly, I don't think he was assured of victory but Gary was certainly the biggest beast on the board at the end...as you can see here:

### GREEN LEGIONS (Gary Behnen)

Scales: Ranger, 2 Lions, Angel, Archangel  
Lobster Claw: 2 Cyclopi, 4 Gorgons  
Hoopsnake: TITAN, 2 Behemoths, Gorgon, 2 Serpents  
Gem: 2 Trolls  
Hook: 2 Warbears, Wyvern, 2 Unicorns  
Frog: 7 Gorgons  
Fleur de Lis: 2 Ogres, 2 Angels  
Dagger: 3 Trolls  
Fishbones: Unicorn, Ranger  
Harp: Troll, Ranger  
Witches' Brew: 2 Angels, Wyvern, Minotaur

Congratulations. I don't think endgame statements would be very instructive here. I'll listen to arguments about why I should open another game...

### BLACK LEGIONS (Mark Frueh)

Scorpy: 3 Rangers, Guardian, 2 Lions  
Grave Head: 3 Trolls, Ranger, Wyvern, Angel,  
Pirate Jack: Ranger, Centaur Archangel/  
Mothers-in-Law: Angel, 3 Lions, Ranger,  
2 Griffons  
Bolt of Revenge: TITAN, 2 Angels, Cyclops

### RED LEGIONS (Ed Wrobel)

Spin: 3 Ogres, 2 Minotaurs, Guardian, Unicorn  
Cross: Centaur, 2 Lions, 2 Minotaurs, Unicorn  
Star: 2 Trolls, 2 Rangers, Angel, 2 Centaurs  
Fist: TITAN, 2 Trolls, Gorgon  
Harlequin: 3 Cyclopi, Guardian, Behemoth, Gorgon  
Heart: Centaur, Ogre  
Torch: 2 Angels, Ranger, 2 Minotaurs, 2 Lions

# Perelandra

## RATHILLIEN

1987CK RATHILLIEN zine: Perelandra gm: PJ Gaughan

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	
Austria	4	0					Dave Pilant
England	4	4	4	2	0		Tom Hise (res F'01); Steve Emmert
France	6*	6	7	8	10	9	Melinda Holley
Germany	5	5	2	1	1	1	Tom Hurst
Italy	5	6	8	7	8	5	Rex Martin
Russia	6	7	9	13	13	18	Gary Behnen
Turkey	4*	6	4*	3	2	1	Guy Hail

GM's endgame note:

How many times can you congratulate somebody? Gary played a classic game, and was helped by an indifferent Austrian. When you're good and lucky, you win.

Russia's endgame statement:

Rathillien was a very enjoyable game for me. Throughout the game

the principals corresponded and although I grew quickly, the end was in question up to the end. i began with an Italian ally and ended with one and in between worked with France. Thanks to Guy Hail, Tom Hurst and Steve Emmert for playing it out and hats off to Melinda and Rex for providing a challenging and fun game, not to mention tough opposition.

Thank you, too, Pete, for a well-gmed game and your punctuality and for Perelandra in general. I do not hesitate to recommend subbing and playing in your publication.

### Game 1987CK

#### The View from Rome:

Being only the second game I've played since resuming my postal activities (and since coming to work at Avalon Hill), I enjoyed myself most thoroughly. My hearty congratulations to Gary - and to all of you for making it so. I only play in one postal game at a time (having little time or inclination to play in more, and certainly having no lack of game playing due to my profession), so I am free to bombard all concerned with correspondence detailing my plans, plots and proposals. If this outpouring (or anything in it) caused any of you bother, my apologies.

Turning to the game, I was understandably horrified to again get stuck with a power in the middle of the board - not as bad as drawing Germany as I did in the first game (see GENERAL Vol. 24, #3), but daunting enough. My first thought was to reach an alliance with, or at least an understanding with, those two I perceived as the most accomplished of the payers - Melinda with France and Gary with Russia. Unfortunately, they were at opposite sides of the mapboard, so I wouldn't be able to play them off against each other. A lot of pre-game correspondence brought me partial success - an agreement with the Russian to blitz Austria and Turkey, and a neutral zone with the French. With a touch of luck, this would bring Italy most of the Balkans. Of course, I would still be sandwiched between Melinda and Gary, an unhappy prospect.

Things went pretty much to plan for the first three-four years. But England and Germany, whom I'd counted on keeping France and Russia busy respectively, fell apart much too fast in the middle game. I became especially concerned with Gary's growth, but felt that in point of fact Melinda would be an easier target. I spent a few turns putting Gary off (who was adamantly insisting that I attack Melinda) while I tried to convince her that Italy would be backstabbing Russia soon. Too bad my moves convinced Gary as well, despite my protestations. Just as I turned to attack France (that little "slip" of my fleet into North Africa), he attacked me!

From there on, the last couple of years of play were merely my trying to hang on. But with the two of them seemingly agreed (although I can't believe Melinda bought Gary's arguments), I wasn't surprised when Melinda crossed into our "neutral zone". With no Brit or Austrian left in play, and with Germany and Turkey reduced to minor powers, I had no potential allies. It was at that point that I started pointing out most strenuously to Gary in numerous letters how he should and could seize the win in a short time.

# Perelandra

My withdrawals from the East were made with this in mind, and with the faint hope that with Gary's help I might cut down the French to try to grab second-place. At least I could stalemate her in the south and force Melinda to keep a fair garrison there while Gary polished off Germany and Turkey for the win. I even proposed helping him get into Munich just so they might go to war - figuring I might be able to slip a fleet into Melinda's back yard if she got distracted. But Gary certainly didn't need my help to take Munich - and when he did this turn past, it was all over.

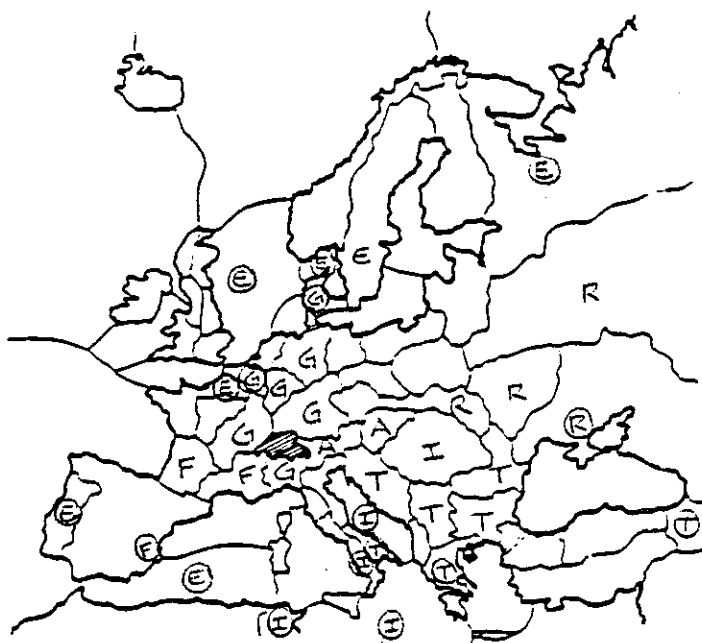
Again, many thanks for all the fun. And especial thanks to Pete and Perelandria for the chance to play. I even read some of the rest of the 'zine at times. Hopefully we'll be able to do this again. Now, at Gary's invitation, I'm moving on to the next game - and hoping against hope that this time I have a board edge to put my back against.

## ZEMBA Gunboat

1987APrb32:1988z/ra    A Low Red Tide  
 Summer 1905--Austrian a mun-tyo; German a mar-pie;  
 Italian a tri-bud; Turkish f ion-apu.

Fall 1905

Austria: a vie s tur a tri, a tyo-pie.  
 England: f stp-mos/imp/, a nwy-swe (f ska s),  
f nts-hol, f pic s fre a gas-par/imp/, f mid-por,  
 f wes s ita f tyn-tun.  
 France: a mar s f spa/sc (f spa/sc & a gas s  
 a mar).  
 Germany: a ruh-hol, f bel-nts, a bur-pic,  
 f swe-den, a pie-ven, a mun-tyo, a ber-kie.  
 Italy: f tyn-tun (f ion & f wes s), f adr-tri,  
 (a bud s), f nap-apu.  
 Russia: f sev h (a mos s), a ukr-rum, a war-gal.  
 Turkey: f apu-ven (a tri s), a rum-bud, f arm-sev,  
 f aeg-gre (a bul s), a ser s a tri.



supply centers held as of winter 1905...

Austria	vie <del>nd</del> . . . . .	2/1	must remove one
England	lon lvp edi nwy por stp bre SWE . . . . .	7/8	may build one
France	par spa <del>nd</del> MAR . . . . .	3/3	even
Germany	kie ber den bel hol <del>nd</del> <del>nd</del> MUN . . . . .	7/6	must remove one
Italy	ven rom nap tri gre TUN BUD . . . . .	5/5	even
Russia	mos war sev <del>nd</del> . . . . .	4/3	must remove one
Turkey	con ank smy bul ser rum GRE TRI . . . . .	6/8	may build <u>one</u>

Please note that I've discovered an error: I allowed Turkey to build one too many units last year. There is no way to rectify the 1905 results, and I'm very sorry for the mistake.

I remind the players that lynching is illegal in my current state of residence.

Deadline for the Winter 1905 AND Spring 1906 orders is printed on the back cover.

# Perelandra

## NORTHPOINT

1987HK Northpoint: You Wanna Buy a Duckski?  
 Summer 1905--English f nts disappears; Russian f nwg-bar.  
 Fall 1905:

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

England (~~Rich Miller~~ civil disorder): f edi h, f nwg h /ann/.

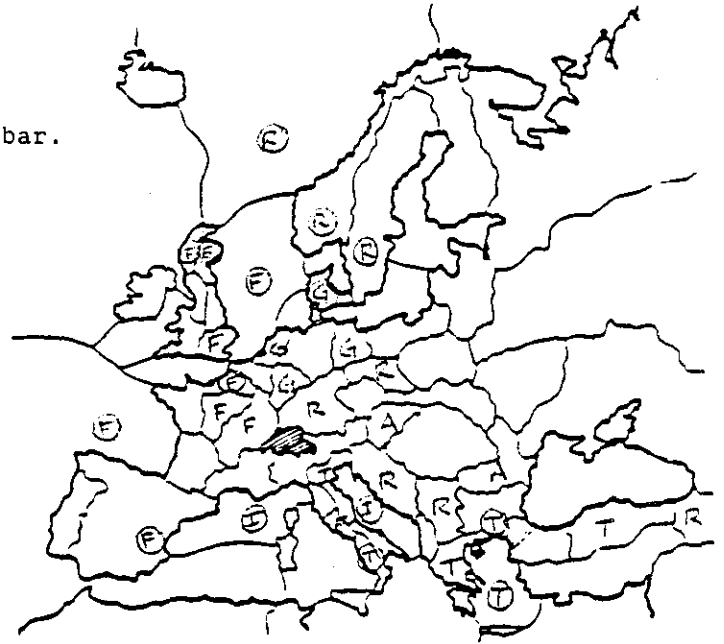
France (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55347): f lvp-cly, a yor-lon, f nts-hol, f eng-mid, f mid-spa/sc, f pic-bel, a bur-ruh, a par-bur, a rom s tur f nap.

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

Italy (Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016): f tyn-lyo, f adr-tri, a ven s tur f nap-rom/nso/.

Russia (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): f bar-nwg (f nwy s (f swe s)), a boh-mun (a sil s), a arm-ank, a bud-tri (a ser & a vie s).

Turkey (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia St, Falls Church VA 22046): f aeg-smy, f nap h, a ank h, a gre ms f bul/sc.



supply centers held as of Winter 1905...

Austria	<del>edi</del> <del>bul</del> VIE RUM	. . . . .	2/2	even
England	<del>edi</del> edi <del>den</del>	. . . . .	3/1	even -- please note, Rich did send
France	par ber mar spa por <del>den</del> lvp rom bel LON	. . . . .	9/9	even orders this turn & resigned
Germany	ber kie hol <del>den</del> DEN	. . . . .	4/4	even
Italy	tun <del>tri</del> <del>tri</del> VEN	. . . . .	3/2	must remove one
Russia	stp mos war sev swe nwy bud <del>den</del> SER TRI MUN	. . . . .	8/10	may build two
Turkey	con ank smy gre nap BUL	. . . . .	5/6	may build one

I don't call standbys for one-center powers, so England will stand in civil disorder and by the rulebook may not receive support. Deadline for Winter 1905 AND Spring 1906 is on the back page.

England: My apologies to all world powers. Due to a major crisis in my life, and the resultant mental and emotional deterioration I am experiencing, I have to withdraw from both of the diplomacy games in which I am now involved in Perelandra. I hope that this isn't a humungous problem for anybody, but I feel it's not really fair of me to play without really caring about what happens to England. Or France, Germany, and Russia for that matter. May the best man win!

Moscow to Edinburgh: I accept your decision to fight, but suicide when I was one of three? Farewell, fair Miller.

St. Pete to Berlin: Yes, Denmark is yours as you've wanted since England stole it from you. Sorry about Munich, but them's the breaks.

Paris to Berlin: For the record note that Germany initiated hostilities with France. France is now obliged to retaliate.

Warsaw to Venice: How now green cow?

Italy to Russia: Is it time to finish off our little red friend?

Irishman to Italy: Apparently Santa's going to keep this elf in his pocket.

Sevastopol to Constantinople: Even the Light Brigade never made this many charges!

Irishman to Sev: You want charges, talk to Cathy...

Italy to Austria: That's me, your worst nightmare....

Irishman to Italy: You want nightmares...no, it's WAY too easy...

# Herelandra

## FOMALHAUT

1988CN Fomalhaut: **Back the Blue**  
Spring 1902:

Austria (Jason Bergmann, 10740 Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229\*\*): a tri-alb, a bud s a ukr-rum, a ser-bul, a vie-boh, f gre s f ion-aeg.

England (~~Rich Miller~~ Tim Stark, 605 W. Doyle, Granbury TX 76048): a edi, f nwy, f nts, f lon all hold.

France (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Rd, Baltimore MD 21214): f bre-eng, a par-pic (a bur s), f por-mid, a spa-mar.

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

Italy (Vince Lutterbie, 21 Paulina Dr, Hannibal MO 63401\*\*): a mun h, a ven-tyo, f nap-ion (f tun s/nsu/), f ion-aeg (aus s), a tun unordered§§.

Russia (Jim Nickel, 429 E. Columbia St, Falls Church VA 22046): f rum-bla (f sev s), a sil s ita a mun, f swe-nwy, a ukr-rum, a war-pru.

Turkey (Mark Lilleleht, box 3166, Charlottesville VA 22903): f aeg-con /defeated, retreat to smy eas or otb/, f con-bul/ec, a bul-rum, a ank-arm.

Footnotes: \*\*Jason will return to Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322 around January 15; Vince will be moving, I think, late winter. §§Note that I do accept orders with f/a misidentified if the order is still possible for the correct type of unit. Not so here.

Paris to Board: The French government regrets to have to inform you all that the terrorist who has seized the reins of power in Turkey is a crazed wacko and should be shunned by all civilized people. He has made PCP-induced death threats towards me, showing that the influence of the Bad Boys is still extant. See issue #2 of Been There, Done That (a subzine to his own rag, The Scribblerist, a mere self-aggrandizing organ itself) for full details. (How's that for shameless plugging, Mark??)

JB to Nash: So, if I sign up for a gamestart in Been There, Done That, does that make me a friend for life, or should I just start writing an endless supply of checks. Then maybe you'll attack the Italian, eh?

Tyrolia to Munich: So Hitler started in Tyrolia, moved to Munich, and ended up in Berlin. (Hmm, a pattern?)

Irishman to Tyrolia: Watch it, you can be replaced. After all, you're not the only J. Eric B. in this zine.

Turkey to Italy: Sorry that I haven't written back; school and such have been relatively tight. but that's over with now so you should get a letter or turn next turn [sic].

Paris to Constantinople: Behave, or you lows the only thing that makes TS worth reading.

Paris to Rome: Great. Send me "Floss Daily" and I'll reciprocate with "Your Teenager and Drugs" and "Chemical Dependency - A Chronic Disease."

Irishman to Paris: I'll go along with "disease" for alcoholism and drug addiction, if doctors will, every time they characterize them this way, mention that they are diseases you choose to contract.

Constantinople to Vienna: Ace finals? Hey, like, would we do any less? No way! We're dippy studs, intellectual giants in a world of J. Danforths.

Austria to Turkey: It was just too easy.

Turkey to Russia: Sorry things couldn't have worked out a bit better but there is no way a fleet build in Sev could be considered anything but hostile.



keep reading----->

# Herelandra

Paris to Vienna: Come on, Jason, drop that stupid BBS and join real PBEM games on CompuServe. The Armchair Diplomat just published its 300th issue, and started its 48th regular Dip game (in 6 years). Bite the bullet and get a CIS subscriber packet. I'll send you software that lets you do the bulk of your work (reading messages and replying to them) offline, to keep your online costs down.

Irishman to Paris: That answers a question I've had for a while--"Isn't there some way to dump in and out of these systems so you're not on a long-distance call for two hours?"

Turk d'Etat to Board: I trust everyone had a very merry Xmas [Editor's note: this is allowed this once since you didn't know, but hereforth do not use "Xmas"--I hate it.] and the happiest of new years. Hard to believe it's 1989. Well, may the new year treat all of you kindly and rain nothing but happiness. Ghod, I hate that schlock; I should write greeting cards. Best y'all (as they way in Virginny).

Irishman to Board: I almost forgot to ask you to see Northpoint's press for a message from Rich.

## SESEFRAS MAGNA

1988CH Sesefras Magna: **Bosom Buddies**  
Winter 1901:

Austria (James Early, 3500 Greystone Dr #255, Austin TX 78731\*\*): builds a tri & a vie; also has a rum, a gal, f gre.

England (Jim Diehl, 10530 W Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55347): builds f edi & f lon; also has f nwy, a bel, f eng.

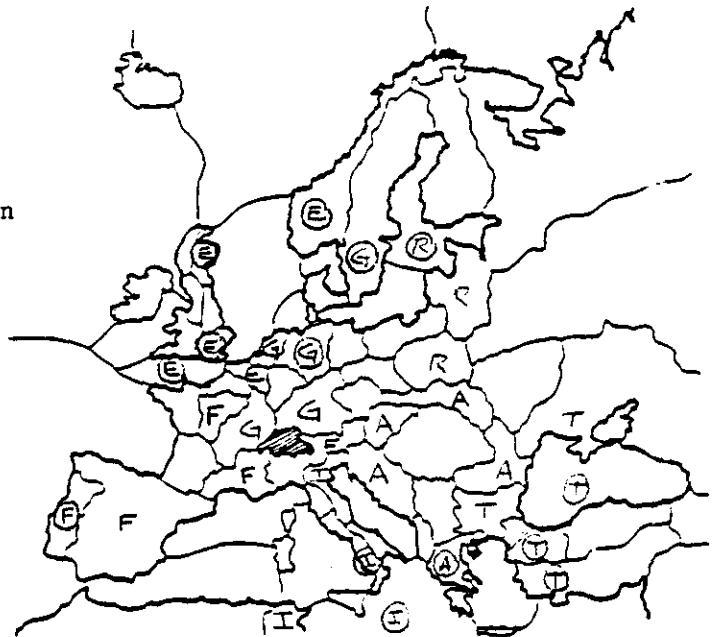
France (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St #3, Bellevue WA 98005): builds a par & a mar; also has a tyo, a spa, f por.

Germany (Lance Anderson, INSCOM, MI BN, PSF CA 94129): builds a mun & f kie; also has f swe, a hol, a bur.

Italy (Stuart Lange, 904 Fox Chase Ln, Riverdale GA 30296): builds f nap; also has a tun, f ion, a ven.

Russia (~~John Cannon~~ Kathy Caruso, 29-10 164th St, Flushing NY 11358): builds nothing. Has f bot, a war, a lvn.

Turkey (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Rd, Richmond VA 23236): builds f con & f smy; also has a sev, f bla, a bul.



\*\*James will still be in Pasadena TX until January 9. Deadline for Spring 1902 is on the back.

Austria to France: This is my way of saying "go home."

France to Turkey: Hey, I was coming to your side of the board to help you against Austria. Now I'll just stay on my side.

France to Germany: Go to Burgundy, get a war!

Austria to England: Pushy bloke, aren't you?

Russian standby to Pops: Gee, thanks--I hope I can handle all these units!

France to (sb) Russia: Are you on every standby list? I hope you get this position, Grandma, and you get stomped.

KK to Rin Tin: The only good thing about this position is that I won't die in your hands!

France to Italy: Hey, there's still no army in Piedmont (unless it's yours).

Germany to France: You move yours, I'll move mine.

Germany to Austria: What's going on with France? Having an open house?

Germany to Italy: Well, I tried to draw his attention. I believe I will need your help versus France now that he threatens me.

Germany to Turkey: I did my part, too. What comes next?

Germany to England: Guess I found you out too soon, eh? Won't get to string my along now.

Irishman to Board: That's right--I found the German press after I had everything else typed...



# Herelandra

## GLOME Deviant

1988A/r:1988GBrs32 Glome -- Bring Me His Head  
Winter 1904

Austria (Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701):  
has f alb, a ank, a tri; Theme from "The Brady  
Bunch."

England-1 (Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle,  
Wichita KS 67226): builds a lon, also has a mos  
and f ska; Guru Guru, Kanguru. [You MUST be  
kidding...]

England-2 (Don Williams, 1521 W Avenue J-8 #163,  
Lancaster CA 93534): has f nts, f nwy, a lvn;  
no playlist yet.

France (Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St, Providence RI  
02908): builds f bre & a par, also has a ruh,  
f tun, a mar; 'Til Tuesday, Everything is Different  
Now and REM, Green.

Germany (J.R. Baker, 512 Snipes, St. Charles MO  
63303): builds f kie, also has a hol, a mun;

"Could We Start Again, Please?" from the soundtrack from "Jesus Christ Superstar."

Italy (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Rd, Baltimore MD 21214): builds f nap & a ven, also has a vie,  
f por, a pie; All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes by Peter Townsend.

Russia (Russ Blau, 9023 Lake Braddock Dr, Burke VA 22015): builds a sev, also has a den, f swe,  
f bal, a war, a bud, f rum; Parachute Express, "Shakin' My Hand."

Turkey (Mark Lew, 438 Vernon #103, Oakland CA 94610): builds a smy, also has f stp/nc, f ion,  
f aeg, a gre; Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Umthombo Wamanzi.

I forgot to credit Turkey with St. Petersburg last time, but I did get the adjustments right.

Voting	yes	no	= net
#53--English Civil War	12	3	9
#54--French Flip	5		5
#55--Coups d'Etat	1		1
#56--Survive!	3		3
#57--Williams Rule	2		2
#58--Who Shot J.R.?	5		5
#59--Turnabout	3		3

Rules Now In Effect: Playlist, "No" Votes, Austrian  
Hockey Rink (tri is still ice), Tunnel, Anti-Titan,  
Transporter Beam, Plagues, English Civil War.

Rulings: You may support beams.

I am going to allow the English players to name their  
own factions (one or two words only, guys)--I originally  
was going to use England and Scotland, but let's see what  
Bob and Don can come up with. The two factions own units

as shown above, and supply centers as shown below. Remember, neither faction may own centers  
from another country until its opposing faction is eliminated. SC Chart for 1904:

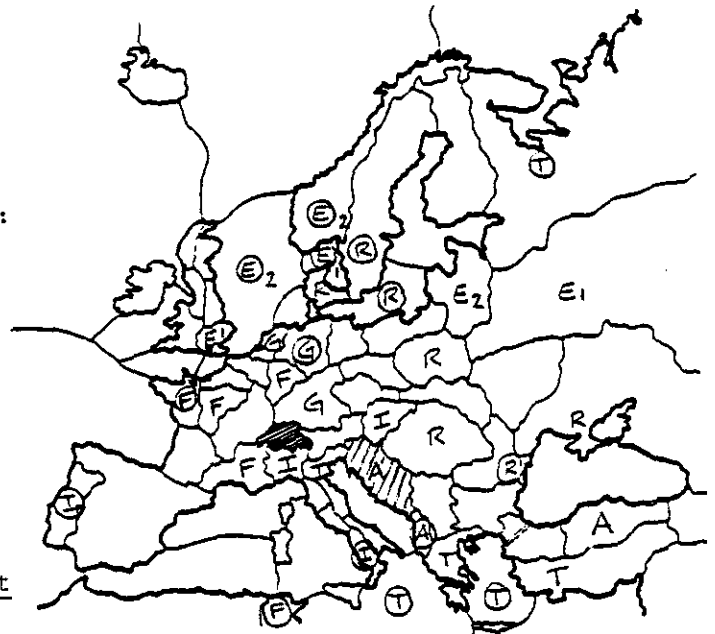
Austria	tri ser ank	.	.	.	.	.	3
England-1	lon mos bel	.	.	.	.	.	3
England-2	lvp edi nwy	.	.	.	.	.	3
France	par bre mar spa tun	.	.	.	.	.	5
Germany	kie mun hol	.	.	.	.	.	3
Italy	ven rom nap por vie	.	.	.	.	.	5
Russia	war sev swe rum ber den bud	.	.	.	.	.	7
Turkey	con smy bul gre stp	.	.	.	.	.	5

Proposals to be Voted On:

#60--BOOB PUNCTURED! For grossly idiotic proposals  
and generally Boobish play, all of the Boob's units  
become easily punctured balloons. When attacked or  
in a standoff with another unit the Boob's unit is  
punctured and goes screaming off to Iceland, where  
it can never be destroyed but lies limp on the  
beach. Punctured units don't count against the  
supply center count.

#61--POETRY. With each set of orders, each player must submit a poem, or he will have nmred. The  
poem must be a minimum of four lines, original or plagiarized; example:

A FRIEND IS / A push when you've stopped / A smile when you're sad / A word when you're  
lonely / A song when you're glad.



# Herelandra

- #62--HOME CENTERS. Any supply center owned by a player is considered to be a "home supply center" for that player.
- #63--RANDOM RULES. After each Fall season (only), the GM selects on rule at random from the set of all rules proposed in previous seasons but not adopted. That rule immediately goes into effect and overrides any inconsistent rules if necessary (e.g., Anti-Titan would not prevent the selection of a Titan-related rule).
- #64--PETE'S SECOND WORST NIGHTMARE. All future rule changes are effective immediately. Votes on proposals are tabulated prior to anything else. Players may submit conditional orders for possible new rules. In addition to normal votes, players may vote to repeal any proposal which has already passed (one vote per player, majority of players voting for repeal will be effective). The game must continue one full game year after it has ended by passage of a rule. The GM has as many votes as the player with the lowest number of votes, except for votes falling during season separations, for which he has as many votes as the player with the highest number of votes. On deadline day, the GM must check the Dow Jones Industrial Average. If the hundredths digit (xxxx.x0) is 8, 9, or 0, there is no effect. Otherwise, the GM rolls a d6, adding that many votes to the appropriate country as follows: 1--Austria, 2--England, 3--France, 4--Germany, 5--Italy, 6--Russia, 7--Turkey. If the player fails to cast the Dow Jones votes (by some form of conditionals or "All my votes", for instance), the GM gets to cast them.
- #65--AIR FORCES. Each country is given one airplane for each three supply centers held. The airplane is used in support of army or fleet moves only and has a range of five provinces from any owned supply center. Airplane units do not appear on the map since they "return to base" after lending support. If the SC they came from is lost during the turn, so that they are out of range of a landing area, the plane is lost for the remainder of the year but may reappear the next year if there are sufficient SC's held.

Right. One player forgot/chose not to submit a proposal. Nothing in the rules against this.

## Press

King Roach to Dotsnatcher: Kwitcherbitchin. I didn't stab you "horribly" in Ruthless People, I cut yer bleedin' heart out--it was a cruelly efficient stab and one of the better ones I've ever pulled off. What's your problem? Can't take a little hair of the dog that bit you, huh?

England to Irishman: I, too, have writhed in anguish over the vicious, despicable stab of your fair Turkish country by the blackhearted Williams. It's just a good thing I am a completely impartial, unbiased GM.

Don to Pete (aside): So, tell me, did you really think I'd be able to niggle that in?

Irishman to Don: No, I didn't know you were really a niggler.

King Roach to Irishman: Forget USC, man--Long live Notre Dame! Number One nationally after demolishing USC. (Okay, it wasn't quite a blowout, but ND had Peete's number all day.)

Trojan to King Roach: Forget?? Tough to forget the best private school west of the Mississippi, with a Rose Bowl team to boot.

Bruin to Trojan: Wait till next year!

Cub to Everybody: Likewise, always!

King Roach to ULCA the Killer Whale: Four years of higher education and you can't even get the initials right? Gad, maybe public education is functionally bankrupt after all. "ULCA" indeed--you depress me.

Rom to Lon and GM: USC? UCLA? Ha, a couple of Southern California bubble-brained party boys, eh? Now my alma mater, the University of Wisconsin, has just gotten through once again proving its commitment to academic excellence with a 1-10 record. And we're damned proud!

Trojan to Rome: Or damned jealous!

London /note: press from Russia/ to "King" Roach: Go ahead, make my day.

Cromwell the Duck to Parliament: Rule #53? Now there's a proposal I could really get behind. Overthrow King ULCA the Misinformed and put his head on a pike--no, two pikes. Gee, what I wouldn't give to have a shot at needlessly demolishing Bob's position while having no other mandate, like winning the game or something.

Rom to Roachland: We want Williams, we want Williams!!

King Roach to No One In Particular: Playlist? Shoot, I can do that. How about Turn of a Friendly Card (Alan Parsons Project), Rattle and Hum (U2), Hungarian Rhapsody #2 (Franz Liszt), Naked (Talking Heads), and Blues (Zucchero Franciani).

# Herelandra

- Williams to Williams Rule (#57): Is there something I'm missing here?
- Russia to England: Well, keep looking if you must, but I think you're getting colder.
- Olsen to Dodger Fan: Do you remember during the playoffs and series all the talk about Drysdale's scoreless inning streak, and how Doug Harvey made a controversial call to keep it going? Well-- I was there that night. Not only that, but I haven't seen a baseball game since! Hey, it's only been 20 years...
- Dodger Fan to Olsen: Sinner! Get thee to a stadium and repent, ASAP--spring training if at all possible.
- Bob to PJ: Speaking of Drysdale, he was a mean sonofagun. I never heard of him giving up a homer that he didn't hit the next batter. Mean?? Don D. made Don W. look like Wimp Caruso.
- King Roach to Irish Pervert: What's with you and all the sexual entendre lately? "Carnally?" Let's be real, momentarily, shall we? And last month's comment about "tastes great/less filling..." Cathy doesn't talk like that. [She does now.] Egad, you pull a cork out of a repressed Catholic lad and out comes all that steamy, sexual semantics...it's enough to make me think that you actually have Tingly Nasty Parts.
- Irishman to King Roach: You forget that since I went ex-Catholic I have also been ex-Baptist--make that two corks.
- Lancaster to Wichita: Peter may be heated, but at least he isn't glib or condescending. Unlike most Republicans. I wasn't crazy about Dukakis--and will concede that his "now-I-is-now-I-ain't" liberal stance cost him--I am eagerly awaiting the ultimate conservative debacle that is looming. President Hoover, er, Bush, is going to have his bloody plebian hands full. Fear not for the Republic, my friend, the Democrats are alive and well and controlling the United States Congress...ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for the GOP.
- Wichita to Arlington: Well, gee, I perceived all of them as slick phonies. So? As to Senator Sam, he would have won in a landslide! Everybody I talked to said, "I wish I could vote for Nunn of them!"
- Irishman: Given everything I've said, let me hurry to add that I don't want the country to go through another Hoover-like presidency. But I fear we might.
- Pres. Olsen to PJGIV: You are very wise to turn down Don's offer of the VP slot. Who, after all, wants to play pinch-hitter for a Boob? Or for that matter, Vice-President to a boob?
- Gaelic to Irishman: And another thing...just to let you know, you aren't the only Irishman around --the blood of Eire runs through these veins, too. While the surname's Anglo-Saxon, "Donald" is Old Gaelic for "World Ruler." My mother's maiden name is McColgan [oh, really? What's her address?], and Grandpa (Daniel Patrick) McColgan was 100%. (Grandma was Scots-Irish.) Lot of Irish on my dad's side, too. To top it off, my beard--unlike your own [which does not exist]--is red, a true genetic sign of our glorious heritage.
- Rome to GM: You sure are hypocritical, ain'cha? All that smarmy pap on the inside cover about "responsibility," taking the time to negotiate, etc. And what do I get from you in the new game in Retal? Nothing! Not even a lousy postcard. Me, who by merely moving A Mos-StP can ruin your very day (don't worry)! Practice what you preach, young many!
- Irishman to Rome: I do, but I'm sorry I was so negligent last month. Now, will you please berate Dick Martin in the same fashion for delaying (three weeks now) publication??

## Literary Quiz

- LAST MONTH'S QUESTION (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  $\frac{1}{2}$  issue; for another  $\frac{1}{2}$  issue, name the overall title of the series and the title of the most famous book in the series. Tom Hurst got most -- James Branch Cabell set all of "The Biography of Manuel" in Poictesme (most famous title was Jurgen). We'll give Tom an issue, AND credit for last month's answer as well.
- FOR NEXT MONTH (Q49A): William Sidney Porter wrote a short story, which has enjoyed enduring popularity, that represented the spirit of Christmas giving. What is the story, and what is Porter's better-known name? ( $\frac{1}{2}$ -issue)
- (Q53A): In keeping with parsimonious times, this compiler of quotations stated, à la Calvin Coolidge, "Christmas is over, and Business is Business." Who is this Scrooge? ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  issues)

# The Melniboné Herald

#21

## QUWHON Snowball Fighting

ASF7, turn three: Unarmed Attacks

Segment One: Weather is bitterly cold but clear as **Frost Monkey** decides to try a Shed Avalanche atop **Oliver Cool**. He hauls on his Dirigible, heaving it into the sky to land on the south side of the shed roof--the tremor shakes 500 pounds of snow off and down, onto ...the spot where Ollie was standing only moments ago! Ollie has stepped away from **Yuppie Yeti** and picked up a Snowball--but not far enough away from him. Yeti sees **Goosey Lucy** has run up nearby, and Oliver is still in range, so YY begins hurling mounds of snow in the air in a Mendham Maniac attack. His fanaticism is admirable but neither Cool [50,64] nor Lucy [55,60] take any damage from the wildman tactics.

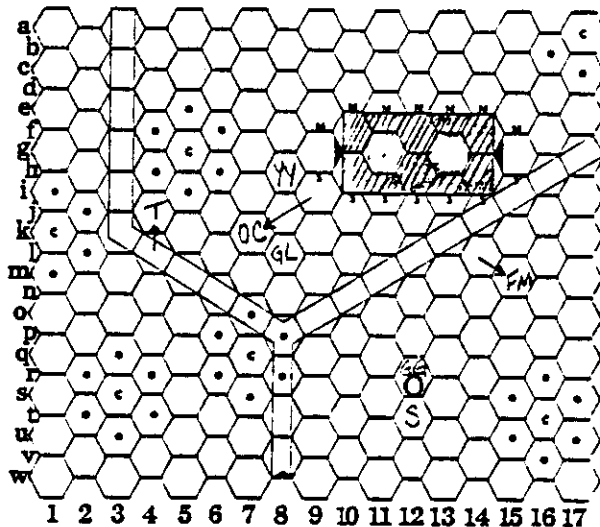
**Goosey Lucy** has other things on her mind--another unusual tactic, the Snow Fort. She begins piling up snow around her, mindful that if she takes much damage while building she'll have to work longer on the Fort. **Turtle** keeps an eye on these proceedings as he steps off the path and scoops up a weapon. Meanwhile, **Goose Gossage** and **Slush** still go at it toe to toe; they trade deadly Ravenscroft Rattlesnakes (the basic, accurate, painful overhand Snowball toss) and at point-blank range they both hit [vs. GG: 95,05; vs. S: 95,08].

Segment Two: **Goosey Lucy** continues to stack up her Snow Fort, the only interruption being **Yuppie Yeti's** continued Maniac attack [50,06]. **Oliver Cool** is also in range of the Maniac [50,50] but he still manages to pound together a Dirigible. **Turtle** collects even more ammo, as does **Slush**--and **Goose Gossage** takes advantage of this by pushing his last Snowball into **Slush's** face [95,09]. **Frost Monkey** thinks he can stop the Snow Fort by lobbing a Dolton Demon at **Goosey**, but he misses wide to the left (excuse me, football overdose) [55,85].

Segment Three: **Goose Gossage** bends over to collect a di, and when **Slush** attempts to make the most of this by dropping his di on GG, he manages to miss [70,98]!

Up north, the situation explodes. **Goosey Lucy's** Snow Fort takes the worst hurt--**Goosey** is hit for five more points of damage, so in order to complete the Fort she must spend three more Segments building it! **Frost Monkey**, with no ammunition, tries the Hise Hammer attack, scooping up a Snowball and throwing it all in one motion [50,84]. **Oliver Cool** shows **Slush** how it's done, dropping his Dirigible plop on top of **Lucy**. **Turtle** and **Yuppie Yeti** keep razing both **GL** and **OC**: **Yeti's** Maniac attack gets **Lucy** again, but not **Cool**; **Turtle's** Bolero throws do the same thing! Does **Oliver** have some magic spell of protection?? [Maniac vs. OC: 50,78; vs. GL: 50,12. Bolero vs. OC: 60,94; vs. GL: 65,48]

DEADLINE FOR TURN FOUR IS 6 FEBRUARY 1989 (send to Pete Gaughan)----->



<u>Standing after Turn Three</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo left</u>	<u>SnowMaster: Pete Gaughan</u>
Frost Monkey (at M15).....	2	8	none	3105 East Park Row Dr. #132
Goose Gossage (R12).....	2	2	dirigible	Arlington Texas 76010-3710
Goosey Lucy (L8).....	4	4	none	
Oliver Cool (K7).....	7	5	snowball	Rules note: yes, you may
Slush (T12).....	5	7	none	move <u>fewer</u> than the equiva-
Turtle (J4).....	4	9	snowball	lent of <u>two</u> hexes and still
Yuppie Yeti (H8).....	4	6	none	pick up a Snowball.

Olsen to Quwhon: Stop it! Stop it! You're all acting like children!

Olsen to Williams: You, on the other hand, are acting like a complete, foaming, demented quacka-wacka. Isn't it nice that you can once again "be yourself?"

Don to Olsen: Would you just leave me alone? Go pick on someone your own size, like Asia, for instance. (I'll taunt you some more in that silly Deranged Diplomacy variant you're over your head in.)

Slush to SM: Do we have to put up with Duck if he's not in the game?

Rikko to SM: Can I also write guest press here? I want to abuse both Williams and Olsen.

SM to Slush: See? As long as I can get this kind of interest, I'll let anyone in...

Turtle to Don: Oh, yeah? Take aim at me, will you? Well, at least I'm not a loser! Yeah, I know all about how you lost the presidential election to, of all people, Sludge Olsen. Ghod, even I could've beaten him. But no, you lost. Anyway, what the hell are you doing here, huh? Taking out your frustrations on us little kids? Geez, what a bozo. And if you ever point that thing at me again I'm going to blow my nose all over your shoes!

SnowMaster to T: That would be easier if you'd kiss his feet...

Yuppie to TooTotallyTurtlish: You love playing with Pete? What kind of "thilly thavage" are you??

Lucy to T: You shouldn't have tried to pound my bush!

Yuppie to Turtle: With a wrist as limp as that, how can you throw a snowball?

Yuppie to Yard: When you bend over to pick up snow, make sure that the Turtle isn't standing behind you, or you'll get it in the end in more ways than one!!!

Lucy to YY: Want to play house?

Slush to Loose Goose: If you go behind the conifer with Turtle, I'm telling!

Lucy to S:: Keep up the good work, you're doing a great job on Gossage. In fact, you should reach around and give yourself a pat on the back. By the way, do you know the difference between an asshole and a rectum? You can't put your arm around a rectum!

Dry Duck to PJGIV: I did ask your wife, and she said you were "less filling"...hmm, haven't we heard this before?

PJGIV: I think these topics have gone quite far enough...

Don to Slush: For the record, I once played ASF and didn't care for it. Venessa, my wife, played one, too. We both lost. Pete wanted me to play this--his protestations of my press notwithstanding--but I'm sort of overextended these days. So, you'll just have to wait to "smear" my bill. Sorry.

Goose Gossage to SM: WHO'S ROLLING THE DAMN DICE?

SM to GG: I am. You forget, I'm God in this game. You want to beef about this turn's results?

GG to SM: If this keeps up everyone is going to think I am Tom Hise!

Turtle to Olsen: How was that bit to Don, above? Can I be your friend and abuse him too? Huh, huh, huh?!? Pweese!!!!

Lucy to T: So, you like to hang out... I wouldn't have thought you could tell the difference.

Turtle to Yard: Goosey Lucy picks her nose...and Goose Gossage eats it. Ugh! I think I'm going to be sick.

SM to Quwhon: I believe we have just found the definitive SF press item.

GG to Yard: Would someone please hit Goosey with SOMETHING?  
Ollie (of the) North to SM: I wanna pardon! I wanna amnesty! I wanna plenary indulgence!  
SM to Ollie: Well, damn it, you're getting off on the conspiracy & theft charges--isn't that enough, you crook??  
Slush to Yeti: White snow?! Gosh, where do you live, Montana? This is good, true, whitish black NY snow!  
Don to Himself: Uninspired, very uninspired. One is almost tempted to utter the characterization, "insipid."  
Williams to PJGIV: So, who is it--Caruso or Holley?  
Duck to Players: Would y'all mind coming closer to the kitchen window so I can see you? Not that I really care or anything, but I'd love to watch you guys wipe each other out at close range.  
GG to Slush: I hope you hit me with a dirigible so I can get back out here sooner!  
Slush to GG: Keep it up and you'll be inside real quick...  
SnowMaster to S & GG: You're both wrong!  
Slush to YY: Oh, yeah? Well, I'm making a Williams WANAMAKER for you!  
SnowMaster to S: A what?  
YY to FM: Get into the action?? With twice your victory points, I should be telling you, rather than you telling me! Hell, I've even chucked more snow than you have!!!  
FM to YY & that other guy, Slush: There you go, now you're cooking with gas.  
Slush to Spank Your Monkey: Fool Ditto?  
Slush to YY: At least Monkey knows you're a freak; canapés my ----, you get beanies and weenies!  
Lucy to FM: Go hang by your tail and play with yourself.  
FM to GL: Goose? How about "dead duck?"  
Yuppie to Ollie and Lucy: Hope you had the sense to move away this turn. If not, I hope you like the blizzard!  
Slush to OC: Do you need help with Yeti? Let me know, dude.  
OC to YY: You did so do me harm! You showed your ugly face and broke my mirror all to pieces! So take that--and that--and that!  
Don to ~~Orange County~~ Oliver Cool: What kind of prattle-brained idiot are you? (I'd say Olsen, but I already figured out who he is.)  
Lucy to OC: Come a little bit closer, you're my kind of wimp and the game is so young!  
OC to Mom: Mommy! Mommy! Williams is displaying his savage antisocial tendencies a BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM  
Don to Peter: Okay, you asked me to write press. Am I supposed to be doing game commentary or something? I'd really like to know, because blowing away the players every turn with different weapons is going to get old real fast.  
Don to Players: This, on the other hand, is a very ancient and honored tool of war, the long sword of a samurai warrior. It is said the sword contains the soul of the warrior, and so the weapon commanded great respect and care. The blade's edge is razor-sharp and is not to be trifled with. Now watch as I wield the blade in the time-honored tradition. Notice the graceful sweep of the flashing blade as it arcs...whoops! Oh, dear...LOOK OUT, OLIVER!  
Don to Pete: Sigh. I suppose you're going to tell me he needed both arms?  
YY to OC and GL: Repeat after me, KAH-MEE-KAH-ZEE!  
FM to Ugly Kid: Hope you enjoy the snowshower, geek.  
OC to Turtle: OK, you do nothing, and I'll go Yeti hunting!

# Perelandra

## CINEMA QUIZ

James Early sent this as press for 1988CH but I thought it probably deserved a bit more exposure--though I'm not sure I want to include it in the Literary Quiz... James says:

"I am to movies of the 80's as Pete is to literature, so here beginneth the "Movie Quote Quiz."  
No prizes--just honor and glory. Name the movies these are from:  
Easy: Game over, man! Hard: I find that Tybalt cancels out Kappa Ferro, don't you?"

## MAGRATHEA

Yes, we have enough to get rolling. Please note that there are still games available, both American system and British, or "prophetic" system. (This game is run under the old faithful style--retreats and adjustments will be expected with the following turn.)

Austria: Richard Pinelli, 6606 North Glenwood, Chicago IL 60626  
England: Jim Diehl, 10530 West Riverview Drive, Eden Prairie MN 55347  
France: Tim Stark, 605 West Doyle, Granbury TX 76048  
Germany: Karl Hoffman, PO Box 8776, Allentown PA 18105  
Italy: Gary Behnen, 13101 South Trenton, Olathe KS 66062  
Russia: Guy Hail, 911 Blanco #208, Austin TX 78703  
Turkey: John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236

Gary and John, I need the \$5 gamefee from each of you. And, nothing personal, but I may need to go out and find some new bodies so each game doesn't seem to have the same roster, though this one does introduce a few new faces to this zine. Tim goes from zero games to two starts (sort of) in one month. So as to allow plenty of time for first-turn negotiations, ignore the deadline on the back cover. Your Spring 1901 deadline will be printed on the cover of Perelandra #67, next month. Houserules should be enclosed for each of you.

Below is the logo of the World Wildlife Federation, whose director, Bill Rogers, was appointed to head EPA. This is a shock, for those of you who wouldn't otherwise know: never before has someone from the environmentalists' community of organizations been put in this job (always been politicians and businessmen). We've been pleading for a chance for years, and of all people Bush gives it to us. I'm impressed. Also reprinted here is an order form for an excellent set of magazine-sized guides the Sierra Club publishes; the titles are self-explanatory. Get them if you like wilderness.



set(s) of all five (\$8.00/\$6.00 members)	
copies of National Wild & Scenic Rivers System (12 pgs) (\$2.00/\$1.50) NEW!	
copies of National Trails System (8 pgs) (\$1.50/\$1.00) NEW!	
copies of The National Park System (16 pgs) (\$2.00/\$1.50)	
copies of National Wilderness Preservation System (12 pgs) (\$2.00/\$1.50)	
copies of National Wildlife Refuge System (12 pgs) (\$2.00/\$1.50)	
postage & handling	.50
sales tax (California only)	
Total enclosed	

Please make your check payable to "Sierra Club" and send with this card to:

Sierra Club  
Public Affairs  
730 Polk Street  
San Francisco, CA 94109

MEMBER: YES  NO

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city, state, zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Herelandra

## The White Dragon

Anne McCaffrey

Notes: The Pern books are a unique creation. A medieval world, settled by Earth colonists then cut off from that forgotten planet. A species of flying reptile bred for telepathy with humans, capable of instantaneous travel. And then the discovery that this ability (shared by "dragons" and their tiny cousins, "fire-lizards") extends to the ability to travel between points in time.

And despite these many different premises, the novels command your belief as you read (the now-famous "willing suspension of disbelief"). And at this point in the third book, it makes perfect sense that a young Lord who happens to have Impressed with a dragon should face a dilemma as to whether he should return a stolen queen egg, in order to make peace between two factions of dragonriders. Jaxom is a Lord Holder, not a dragonrider--he ought to stay out of their quarrels. But we readers have a different dilemma--what to make of the time paradoxes?

THE HOLD DAY BEGAN by sending out fire-lizards with messages to all the smaller holds and craft-cottages, ordering that every fire-lizard be appropriately marked and individually warned about approaching any Weyr. Some of the nearby holders had ridden in during the morning for reassurances about the garbled accounts the fire-lizards had given. So Lytol, Jaxom, and Brand were kept busy all day. The next day, Thread was due to fall, and it fell at precisely the moment Lytol had calculated. This gave him great pleasure and reassured the more nervous holders.

Jaxom good-naturedly took his place with the flamethrower crew, not that any Thread escaped the Fort Weyr dragons. It amused Jaxom to think that at the next Threadfall, he too might be above ground on a fire-breathing Ruth.

The third day after the egg was stolen, Ruth was famished and wanted to hunt. But the fire-lizards came in such droves to accompany him that he killed only once and ate the beast up, bones and hide.

I will not kill for them, Ruth told Jaxom so fiercely that he wondered if Ruth might eventually flame the fire-lizards.

"What's the matter? I thought you liked them!" Jaxom met his dragon on the grassy slope and caressed him soothingly.

They remember me doing something I do not remember doing. I did not do it. Ruth's eyes whirled with red sparks.

"What do they remember you doing?"

I haven't done it. And there was a tinge of fearful uncertainty in Ruth's mental tone. I know I haven't done it. I couldn't do such a thing. I am a dragon. I am Ruth. I am of Benden! His last words sounded in a despairing tone.

"What do they remember you doing, Ruth? You've got to tell me."

Ruth ducked his head, as if he wished he could hide, but he turned back to Jaxom, his eyes wheeling piteously. I wouldn't take Ramoth's egg. I know I didn't take Ramoth's egg. I was there by the lake all the time with you. I remember that. You remember that. They know where I was. But somehow they remember that I took Ramoth's egg too.

Jaxom clung to Ruth's neck to keep from falling. Then he took several very deep breaths.

"Show me the images they've been giving you, Ruth!"

And Ruth did, the projections growing more clear and vivid as Ruth calmed in response to his rider's encouragement.

That's what they remember, he said finally with a deep sigh of relief.

Jaxom told himself to think logically so he said out loud, "Fire-lizards can only tell what they've seen. You say they remember. Do you know when they remember seeing you take Ramoth's egg?"

I could take you to that when.

"Are you aure?"

There are two queens--they've bothered me most because they remember best.

"They wouldn't just happen to remember it at night, when the stars are out, would they?"

Ruth shook his head. Fire-lizards are not big enough to see enough stars. And that's when they got flamed. The bronzes who guard the egg chew firestone. They don't want any fire-lizards near.



# Herelandra

"That's smart of them."

None of the dragons like fire-lizards anymore. And if they knew what the fire-lizards remember about me, they won't like me either.

"Then it's just as well that you're the only dragon who'll listen to fire-lizards, isn't it?" That observaaation wasn't much comfort to either Ruth or Jaxom. "But why, if the egg is already back in Benden Weyr, are the fire-lizards bothering you about it?"

Because they don't remembber me going yet.

Jaxom felt he'd better sit down. This last statement would take a lot of thinking. No, he contradicted himself. F'lessen had been right. We think and talk things to death. He wondered briefly if Lessa and F'nor had been seized by this same sort of irrational compulsion at the moment of their decision. He decided he'd better not think about that either.

"You're sure you know when we have to go?" he asked Ruth once more.

Two queens flitted up, crooning lovingly: one even bold enough to light on Jaxom's arm, her eyes wheeling with joy.

They know. I know.

"Well, I'm glad they're willing to take us. I sure wish they'd seen stars!"

Jaxom permitted himself one more deep breath and then he swung to Ruth's neck and told him to take them home.

Once he'd made the decision to act, it was amazing how easy it was to go ahead, just as long as he didn't think about it. He assembled his flying gear, the rope, a fur robe to cover the egg. He gobbled down some meatrolls, casually winked at Brand as he sauntered out of the Hall, overwhelmingly glad that he had a handy excuse in his suspected affair with Corana.

It took longer to persuade Ruth to roll in the black tidal mud of the Telgar River delta, but Jaxom managed to persuade his weyrmate that a white hide was remarkably visible against the black tropical night or in full daylight inside the Hatching Ground where he planned for them to stay in the shadows.

From the images given Ruth by the two queens, Jaxom felt he could safely assume that the Old-timers had taken the egg back in time but lodged it in the most logical and fitting spot for an egg, in the warm sands of the old volcano that would eventually become Southern Weyr in the appropriate time. He had already memorized the positions of Southern night stars so he'd probably be able to tell when he was, within a Turn or two. He'd have to count heavily on Ruth's boast that he always knew when he was.

The fire-lizards arrived in full fair at the delta and enthusiastically helped him sully Ruth's white coat with the clinging black mud. Jaxom dabbed it on his hands and face, and the shiny parts of his accoutrements. The fur robe was already dark enough.

Somehow Jaxom wasn't quite sure that all this was happening to him, that he could be mixed up in such a wild venture. But he had to be. He was moving in inexorable steps toward a predestined event and nothing could stop him now. So he mounted Ruth calmly, trusting as he had never done before in his dragon's abilities. Jaxom took two deep breaths.

"You know when, Ruth. We'd better get there!"

It was without doubt the longest, coldest jump he had ever made. He had one advantage over Lessa, he expected it. But that didn't keep the jump from being frighteningly dark, or relieve the silence that was a noisy pressure in his ears, or keep the cold from striking his bones. He couldn't come straight back with the egg; he'd have to take several steps to warm it.

Then they were above a darkened moist warm world that smelled of lush greenery and slightly decaying fruit. For a moment Jaxom had the hideous feeling that this was all a sun-dream of the fire-lizards. But something in the eerie way that Ruth glided as noiselessly as possible, a part of the gentle night breeze, made it real and immediate. Then he saw the egg below, a luminescent spot slightly to the right of Ruth's searching head.

Jaxom let him glide a little farther to catch a glimpse of the Weyr's eastern edge, the point from which he wanted to enter at all possible speed, at early dawn. Then he told Ruth to change and there seemes to be no time spent between. All at once the rising sun was warm on their backs. Ruth arrowed in, winging low and fast, over the backs of the drowsy bronzes and their napping riders. A quick deft swoop, Ruth grabbing the egg in his sturdy forearms, a lunge up and before the startled bronzes could rise to their feet, the little white dragon had enough free air to go between again.

# Herelandra

Ruth was still only a winglength above the Weyr when they came out of between, a Turn in time ahead of Ruth's sunrise plunge.

Ruth had just enough strength left in his forearms and wings to let the egg down carefully into the warm sands. Jaxom dropped from the dragon's neck to check the egg for any cracks, but it still looked all right. Certainly it was hard enough and still warm. With his gloved hands, he shoveled sun-hot sand over the egg and then, like Ruth, collapsed to catch his breath.

"We can't stay long. They might just try it day by day. They'd know we can't take the egg far at once."

Ruth nodded, his breath still coming in ragged gasps. Then he stopped, taut until Jaxom started with alarm. Two fire-lizards, a gold and a bronze, were watching them from the edge of the Weyr. In the brief glimpse Jaxom had of them before they winked out, he saw no colored bands about their necks.

"Do we know them?" No. "Where're those two queens?"

They showed me when. That's all you wanted.

Jaxom felt bereft of their fragile guidance and stupid because he hadn't insisted they stay.

There's firestone, Ruth said. And flame scar. The bronzes did flame at the fire-lizards here! A long time ago. The scar is growing weed.

"Dragon against dragon!" Apprehension nagged at Jaxom. He didn't feel safe here. He wouldn't feel safe until they actually had that egg back in Benden where it belonged.

"We've got to make another jump, Ruth. We don't dare wait here."

Resolutely he unlooped the rope from about his waist and started making a rough sling with the fur rug. There'd be less strain on Ruth if the egg were strapped between his forelegs. Jaxom had completed the corners when he heard a loud crunching.

"Ruth! You're not going to flame dragons!"

No, of course I'm not. But will they dare approach me if I am flaming?

Jaxom was unsettled enough not to protest. When Ruth had a gulletful, he called him over and got the sling around the egg. He looped the rope comfortably over Ruth's shoulders to take the weight. He started to check the knots again and then, some inner caution prompting him, he just mounted.

"We'll go five Turns more into Keroon, to our place there. Do you know when?"

Ruth thought a moment and then said he knew when.

In between Jaxom had time to worry if he was making the jumps too long to keep the egg warm. It hadn't actually Hatched before he'd left. Maybe he should have waited, to find out if the egg had Hatched properly; then they'd've known how to judge the forward jumps. Maybe he'd even killed the little queen trying to save her. No, his mind reeled with between and paradoxes; the most important act, returning the queen egg, was in process. And dragon had not fought dragon--not yet.

The shimmering heat of Keroon Desert warmed his failing spirit as well as his body. Ruth looked a gastly shade under the caking black mud. Jaxom released the rope and lowered the egg to the sand. Ruth helped him cover it. It was midmorning, and not far from the hour when the egg must be back but at least six Turns in time-distance.

Ruth asked if he couldn't wash off the mud in the sea but Jaxom told him they'd have to wait until they'd got the egg safely back. No one had known who'd done it then: no one should know, and the safest way was not to have a white hide showing.

The fire-lizards?

That had worried Jaxom but he thought he had the answer. "They didn't know who brought the egg back that day. There weren't any in the Hatching Ground, so they don't know what they haven't seen." Jaxom decided not to think further on that subject.

...

Somehow Jaxom kept his mind on where and when they should be. They were finally in the Hatching Ground, Ramoth bellowing outside. Ruth could not quite suppress his cry as the hot sand rubbed the raw Threadscore on his hind foot. Jaxom bit his lips against his pain as he struggled with the rope. There was so little time and it seemed to take ages to release the sling. Ruth lowered the egg to the sand but it rolled down the slight incline from their shadowy corner of the Ground. They couldn't wait. Ruth sprang up toward the high ceiling and went between.

Dragon would not now fight dragon!

# Herelandra

Okay, lots to do and only a page or so to do it in...

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), Kathy Caruso (dip), John Crosby (dip), Jim Diehl (dip), Steve Emmert (dip), Tom Hurst (dip), Craig Mills (dip, dnf), Tom Nash (dev), Steve Newnham (dnf), Tim Stark (dip, dnf.)

Several issues ago I ran a column describing "mentaphors." Well, for you collectors, here are a couple more:

The smoke doesn't go all the way up her chimney.

His shovel doesn't go all the way into the coal bin.

Well, since you last heard from me I have, as I said, gotten the promotion I was talking about. I supervise about a million dollars a year in sales, a dozen employees, and 10,000 square feet of inventory and display. So far I'm enjoying the job, but some of the people (a gossip who works for me and a nitpicker who thinks he's my supervisor) bug me. With all that's happened this year, Cathy and I will contribute nearly \$3000 to run our government this year, more than three times the amount we managed to bring our credit card debt down since last Christmas.

I'll fit in a few letters in a minute, but first an announcement. Last month I asked you to send me your five favorite zines. Many of you did (thanks). I wanted to see how many people would do so when asked informally, as I did. Besides, I didn't want to make a Marco Poll announcement when I had a whole page to fill--handwriting the request was cheaper than copying that one page 60+ times. But I've figured out that 1) we need more time for the poll, and 2) I ought to let you know that's what I was doing.

So, here's the word. I'm running the **Marco Poll**. It's very simple. You send me a list of your five favorite zines, IN ORDER. If you already sent a list, I'll use that one. You may change your mind and send another. If you sent a list that said something like "In no particular order," then please send another list. If you don't want to participate--fine.

It is obviously necessary to extend the deadline (originally, I was going to cut off votes on my birthday, Jan. 19). Since some other publishers want to publicize the Poll, I'll set **March 1** as the new deadline.

And a local note: Waxahachie (pop. about 3000), south of Dallas, has landed the Superconducting Supercollider (SSC), to be known as the Ronald Reagan Center for High-Energy Physics. In a local newspaper contest to nickname the atomsmasher (it's not an atomsmasher, but everyone calls it that) the winning entry was "Super Clyde."

Rod Walker wants to know why I didn't comment on his review of "The Last Temptation of Christ" lastish. Well, Rod, it's because I never read the book nor saw the movie (which wasn't released in Texas to my knowledge). But your review convinced me it's not something I wanted to see.

J.R. Baker: "Pere is looking good (and fat). I hope it's not taking over your lives again. I enjoyed your view of the election, it made me take a second look at my own opinions and the Sierra Club report card was interesting news to me. It's a shame we can't establish and adhere to long-range policies. Have you ever noticed that with as little experience, research materials and advisors as we have we can always see a better way than the politicians?? Sometimes I wonder how they manage to hold their power base together!" [Amen!]

Tim Stark: "Are any of the games you are running now using the British system?" [No.]

Russ Rusnak is publishing again! Here's your chance if you want a real basic zine that is #1 when it comes to speed and accuracy. Write him for a copy of Who Cares? at 1551 High Ridge Pkwy, Westchester IL 60153-3428.

**Out of room!** Nextish: Mark Lew on Sigurd, Greg Ellis on Feulletonist's Forum, Isabel Allende on "The Judge's Wife" (I promise!), Brian Aldiss on space opera, and everyone on Player of the Month! Send us something controversial or literary this month.

## THE PERELANDRA CATALOG

British Rails: houserules, 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 rules for SASE.

Rather Silly Diplomacy: rules for SASE.

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

### 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. We are always looking for new, different games to offer! Subscriptions are required in addition to any gamefee.

Diplomacy, "Planet Blue" (American system): fee \$5. Brand new opening, needs seven. This will be the last regular Dip gamestart for at least a year.

Diplomacy, "Rylos" (British system of "prophetic" retreats): fee \$5.

Snowball Fighting, "Canadhras": free, with four players ready to go (can take as many as eight).

Snowball Fighting, "needsaname" (gunboat S.F.): free and only three signed up so far.

Cosmic Diplomacy, "Farpoint": costs \$5.

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

Variant Titan, "Giffard": gamefee \$10. Paid are Jason Bergmann and Steven Lawty; signed up are Rick Pience and Terry Tallman. LAST CALL.

British Rails, "Gnamanye": gamefee \$7.50. Paid are Craig Mills, Jason Bergmann, Bruce Linsey, and Tom Nash. Signed up are Eric Brosius(?) and Conrad von Metzke.

### IN THIS ISSUE

BEHNNEN WINS WELL WORLD AND RATHILLIEN . . . DOWNFALL FINALLY BEGINS . . . BUSH IS PRAISED . . . EDITOR FAILS TO APOLOGIZE FOR LATENESS . . . OTHER SURPRISES!!!

# Perelandra

3105 East Park Row #132  
Arlington TX 76010  
USA

817 633 3208

[ ] Please check out the  
Magrathea gamestart inside!

[ ] Please standby for \_\_\_\_\_

[✓] Please avoid Joe Christ's  
new movie, "Speed Freaks  
with Guns."

Larry Peery  
PO Box 8416  
San Diego, CA  
92102-0416

Deadline for next issue is February 3.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION  
ENDS WITH... \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ THIS IS A FREE ISSUE

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