

Herelandra

number 69

by Richard Grant



RUMORS OF SPRING

[[Here's the setting (sez Ken Peel). There is a society lawn party being hosted by a somewhat stuffy, but golden-hearted major character, Lady Widdershins. Another major good-guy character is Lord Tattersall, who is, shall we say, somewhat on the lam. Tattersall needs to get a message to Widdershins, but, since he was set up by the major baddie of the book, Commissioner Narthex, who has his forces surrounding "Widdie's" place, he cannot get to the party himself to deliver the message. Hence the "Brigade of Irregular Poets," hastily formed with the assistance of Professor Tylyester of the Secret College, to get the message through. Sheldrake is an assistant to Tattersall.]]

The Brigade of Irregular Poets assembled in the dank confines of the Observatory. Its four dozen members shuffled in and out of ranks, sipped xanthee, hummed little-known tunes, chatted, worried about rats, and yawned. Few of them were used to being awake early.

Before the Brigade a short man with a very large mouth paced to and fro energetically. Those poets who were seeing clearly enough to notice him assumed that he was some sort of gnome or undergraduate assigned to toil in this unhealthy place, tending the arcane machinery of Observation. (Not many poets have a very clear understanding of the function of observatories, nor of undergraduates.) In reality the short man was a person of some importance, and was trying to get their attention., His large mouth opened and closed repeatedly, but such were the acoustics of the Observatory that only an indistinct roar, like that of the ocean, came out of it. Those poets who were hearing clearly enough to notice this assumed that it was the natural product of being awake before noon, and would go away if they ignored it.

At last the short man saw someone he recognized, shuffling in and out of ranks with the rest of them. "Ha!" he cried. "You there! Sergeant-at-arms!"

A poet of justifiable obscurity looked up on hearing his newly bestowed title.

"Hi, Sheldrake," he said amicably.

"Call your men," said Sheldrake crossly, then, taking a more comprehensive look at the Brigade, "Call your people to order."

The poet beamed with pride.

"Hey, folks," he said quietly. "Soup's on."

At the mention of food, the dank confines of the Observatory fell silent. The Irregular Poets fell into line and stared forward expectantly. The Sergeant-at-arms smiled.

There were several problems with assembling a brigade of poets, not the least of which was identifying potential recruits. Poets cannot, as it develops, be counted on to realize who they are. Moreover they are virtually impossible to contact, owing to their proclivities toward keeping unusual hours and residing at addresses not shown on any streetmap. On the other hand, there had been the challenge of raising a troop of veteran party-crashers with no fixed loyalties in a city where everyone seemed already to have been conscripted by one cause or another, to join an undertaking probably foredoomed, at the very least, to absurdity, and more probably to jail, on twelve hours' notice, with no money. Where in the world, Lord Tattersall had wondered, could you find anyone like that?

Herelandra

There was only one answer.

A complicated rumor had been introduced into certain watering holes near the Epicene Pits, involving a party and lots of food and an open bar and a large swimming pool and many small pieces of valuable tableware. How, exactly, the rumor had been adapted so as to stress the necessity of arrival by noon at the Observatory of the Secret College, the poet of justifiable obscurity could not presently recall. He was unused to being awake at this hour.

"Very good," Sheldrake forced himself to say. "I'll go tell his lordship that the Brigade is present and accounted for."

At the mention of someone called his lordship, the poets smiled and nodded and ran their hands around inside their roomy pockets and shoulder bags. Their Sergeant-at-arms looked smug.

Lord Tattersall stood outside by the balustrade that circled the dome, conferring with a graduate student in Astrology.

"What do you see now?" he wondered, sounding fretful.

The graduate student squinted again through elaborate and slightly out-of-focus optics. "It looks like a bunch of terrorists--no, wait: they're musicians, I mistook the lutes for . . . Hey, there's some kind of big animal. Wow! They're, like, turning it over or . . . there's smoke everywhere . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Tattersall. "That would be the bull."

"Wow." The student nodded appreciatively.

"Who else?" said the Governor, biting his lip.

"Hmm. Lots of skinny guys in pink shirts, and some ladies, and hey, there's this big lady with, wow, the most gigantic--"

Sheldrake tapped his lordship on the shoulder. Tattersall jumped, slamming against the rusty railing. The ancient metal of the balustrade groaned.

"Damn," exclaimed the student. "It's messed up again." He eyed Sheldrake accusingly.

"They're ready," the little man told the Governor.

At their feet, the great city of Riverrun lay flat and bedraggled, as though the unrelenting heat of yet another July were getting it down. Some relief was promised, however, by the purplish welt of a thunderhead in the western sky. The Governor, who had been here before, though a generation earlier, remembered the view as being predominantly gray and brown. This had changed. Now much of the city was hidden under the dusty green boughs of rabid oaks. In some, unbuilt-up places--the Fish Market, the stadium, the llama stalls--the prospect was more rural than urban; except that, unlike a natural landscape, this one showed a disturbing lack of diversity. Everywhere the eye fell, with or without the aid of elaborate optics, it found the obsessive sameness of that lately arisen species, Quercus rabidina.

"Keep looking," Tattersall told the graduate student. "And be particularly watchful for a teenage boy with odd-looking clothes on."

The graduate student nodded, as though this description might apply to any fewer than the seventy-nine thousand teenage boys in the city.

It took the Governor a few minutes to reacquaint himself with the interior gloom which, for the poets, was a congenial milieu. The Brigade maintained a respectful silence, or its equivalent.

"Well," said the Governor at last. "Good morning, everyone."

"How's it going?" said the poets, in trochaic chorus.

Tattersall turned to one side, the wrong one. Sheldrake unfurled a roll of brown paper behind him. It turned out to be--as absolutely no one but poets could possibly have discerned in that light--a map of the city. If the Governor had trouble finding this, however, he had a good fix, as usual, upon his audience.

"So good of you to join me," he told them, "at this hour of the day. You will be happy to learn that there are, at any rate, clouds out."

The poets murmured gratefully.

"Yes. Well. The fishflies are terrible, aren't they?"

Now, poets, who are widely assumed to have their minds on higher things, are actually a down-to-earth ilk. So few people appreciate that.

Perelandra

"And the heat!" the Governor went on, "is enough to make one wish for a large cool drink."

The poets fervently wished for large cool drinks.

"I will be brief, then," said the Governor, knowing how his audience esteemed brevity. (Few of them had written more than a dozen lines this year.) "You must travel across the city--without, by the way, attracting undue attention--and then you must, ahem, gain entrance to someone's party. Can you manage that, do you think?"

The poets smiled. So far, what this tall and kindly gentleman proposed was not unlike a typical day's occupation.

"Good," said Tattersall. "Well. What you must do at the party, the whole purpose in fact of your going there, is to deliver a message. You must each of you memorize the message, so as to be certain that somebody will remember it at the party, and you must deliver it to everyone you meet, so as to ensure that the right person eventually gets it." He glanced nervously aside. "Have I forgotten anything, Sheldrake?"

"The message," muttered his aide-de-camp.

"What? Ah--very good. The message is this: Without Lunaria, the deep game is lost. Is that clear?"

"No way," said the poets in spontaneous spondee.

"Good." The Governor smiled. "Now let me just add. Today's little party may not be entirely devoid of, to put a blunt face upon it: danger. But," he was quick to conclude, "there may also be a bit of, ahem, money involved."

"Money?" the poets declaimed. (Their vocation had conditioned them to be leery of activities for which payment was promised.) This reaction puzzled Tattersall, being so different from his own.

"Not my own money," he added uncertainly.

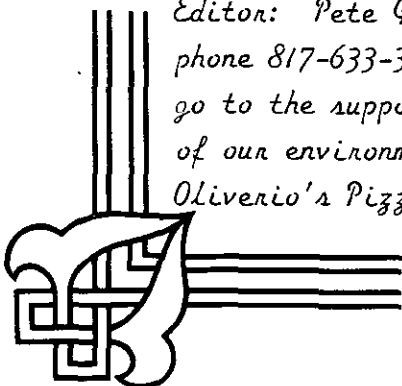
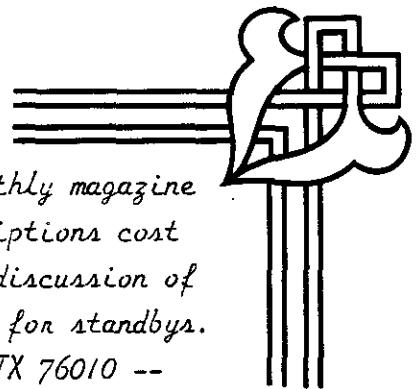
Ahhh, breathed the Brigade. Everything was clearer now. Danger . . . crashing parties . . . other people's money: the things of which Life was comprised. And though commonly supposed to revere only Art, poets are also great admirers (though often from a distance) of Life.

"Very good," said the Governor, turning at last the proper way to bear upon the chart. "Well. To begin with, we are here."

And so they were; and so was the graduate student in Astrology, who stood blinking at the entrance of the dome, adjusting his eyes.

"Hey, Governor!" he called to the darkness. "Come quick, your lordship! There's something you might want to see."

This is the sixtyninth issue of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine of postal games, literature, and leftist claptrap. Subscriptions cost \$1 per issue currently, but see the editorial section for discussion of an increase. Free issues are awarded in Literary Quiz and for standbys. Editor: Pete Gaughan, 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010 -- phone 817-633-3208. Checks may be paid to Perelandra, and all sub monies go to the support of the zine, not to the editor's activities on behalf of our environmentally beleaguered planet and not to our love of Oliverio's Pizza!



Herelandra

MAGRATHEA

FALL 1901



Austria (Richard Pinelli, 6606 N Glenwood, Chicago IL 60626): f alb-gre, a gal-rum (a ser s).

England (Jim Diehl, 10530 W Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55347): f nts-nwy (f nwg s), a yor-lon?.

France (Tim Stark, 605 W Doyle, Granbury TX 76048): f mid-por, a mar-spa, a bur-bel.

Germany (Karl Hoffman, Box 8776, Allentown PA 18105): a mun & f den h, a kie-hol.

Italy (Gary Behnen, 13101 S Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): a ven-tyo, a apu h, f ion-aeg?.

Russia (Guy Hail, 911 Blanco #208, Austin TX 78703): f rum h /sev bla otb/, a stp-fin, a lvn-war, f bot-swe.

Turkey (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Rd, Richmond VA 23236): a bul-gre, a smy-ank, f con-bul/sc.

Supply centers held as of Winter 1901:

Austria	via bud tri RUM SER	3/5	build two
England	lon lvp edi NWY	3/4	build one
France	par bre mar SPA POR BEL	3/6	build three
Germany	mun ber kie HOL DEN	3/5	build two
Italy	ven rom nap	3/3	even
Russia	mos stp war sev SWE	4/5	build one or two
Turkey	con ank smy BUL	3/4	build one

Deadline for Winter 1901 is 10pm CDT, Saturday 27 May 1989. That's Arlington weekend, so come join us and hand your orders in in person if you like!

London to Rome: "A modified Byrne," indeed. Only an idiot like you would try to curry favor with such an obvious reference to someone you're trying to butter up in some other one of your nightmares.

London to Moscow: What have we done to deserve this? You'd better tend to your knitting farther south.

Italy to Turkey: Care to dance?

Russia to Italy: Tremble in your boots, then (snicker).

London to Ankara: Sic 'em, Fido!

London to Vienna: Did the greedy Viper at your back strike? And this time I'm not talking about Brother John.

Paris to St. Petersburg, Vienna and Constantinople: What's goin' on down yonder, y'all? Looks like a heap 'a trouble brewin'!

London to Paris: Word has it that France has only grown so much because it takes steroids! Or is it because you take more unattached centers than Crosby and Behnen put together?

London to Berlin: Did your booby Kaiser order the Glorious High Seas Fleet off the edge of Europe into the North Sea Pit?

Paris to Berlin: See! No moves against you. I can be trusted. Just ask Rome.

London to Pairs: Remember, you were going to hold off on Belgium until the BEF can safely disembark.

Russia to Italy: Polarize the board? Me? Naw (snicker).

London to Paris: Just because you're bigger than the "Incredible Hulk" it still means war if we see even a barge in Brest in Winter 1901! I'll throw in with the Kaiser (ugh).

GM to Magrathea/1989B: Will the real Kaiser Ugh please stand up?

Herelandra

ZEMBA Gunboat

Autumn 1906: Germany retreats f den-bal; Italy retreats a bud-vie, f ion otb.

Winter 1906: Austrian a pie dies; England builds a lvp & f lon; France removes f mar; Germany removes a hol; Italy adds a ven; Turkey adds f con.

SPRING 1907: **ENGLAND CAN DO NO WRONG**

Austria: out.

England: a lvp-wal, f lon-nts, f wes-mid (f spa/sc s), f ska-swe, f nts-bel (f pic s), f hel-kie (a den s), f stp/nc s ita f apu-ion.

France: a bur-par, a gas-bre.

Germany: a kie-lvn? (f bal c), a ruh-bur (a mun s), f eng-bre.

Italy: a vie-tri (a ven s) / a vie to tyo boh otb/, f tun-ion, f nap-apu (f adr s).

Russia: a gal-vie, f sev h (a mos s).

Turkey: f con-bla, f apu-ven, f ion-adr, f aeg-ion, a tri-vie (a bud s), f arm-sev (a rum s), a bul-ser.



Russia proposes an EFGIRT draw; France and Turkey each propose an ET draw. Please vote with your Summer and Fall 1907 orders, which are due by 10 pm Central Time, Saturday 27 May 1989.



SESERAS MAGNA

Winter 1902: Italy + f nap; Russia + a stp.

SPRING 1903: [♪] **WON'T YOU GO HOME, JAMES EARLY?** _♪

Austria (James Early, 3500 Greystone Dr #255, Austin TX 78731 until May 15; after 5/15 at 3705 Uruguay Dr, Pasadena TX 77504): a gal-bud, f bul/sc s ita f ion-aeg (a ser s f bul), a tyo s ita a ven-pie, a ukr s rus a mos-sev*.

England (Jim Diehl, 10530 W Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55347): f eng & f nts c fre a bre-den (f ska s), f nwy s f nts, a bel s fre a bur-ruh.

France (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a bre-den!(eng c, rus & eng s), a bur-ruh (eng s), a par-bur, a pie h*, f spa/sc-lyo.

Germany (Lance Anderson, MI BN INSCOM, PSF CA 94129): f den-nts (f hel s)*, a ruh ms a hol, a mun-kie.



Herelandra

Italy (Stuart Lange, 904 Fox Chase Lane, Riverdale GA 30296): A tun h, f nap-ion, f ion-aeg (f gre s, aus s), a ven-pie (aus s).

Russia (Kathy Caruso, 636 Astor St, Norristown PA 19401): a stp-mos, a mos-ukr (a war s, tur s), f swe s fre a bre-den.

Turkey (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Rd, Richmond VA 23236): a sev s rus a mos-ukr, a rum s aus a ser-bud (f bla s), f eas-ion, f aeg-con.

*Austrian a ukr may retreat to gal; German f den to bal; and French a pie to mar or to tus.

Deadline for these retreats, Fall 1903 orders, and for you to attend Arlingcon 5, is 10pm CDT, Saturday May 27 1989.

Metsland to Pops: You are going to eat your green prediction sheet at the end of the season.

The Mets will finish fourth the same time the Phillies win the division.

GM Pops to ~~Metsland~~ Philly Invader: Don't look at the standings this week, Kathy.

Metsland to Vienna: I'd say the Astros' chances are slim to NONE!

Austria to Russia: If anyone in Texas is caught rooting for the Mets, they are taken out and hanged at sunrise!!

Cuddles to Jimbo: Only for you would I support some flea-bitten hound into DENMARK!

Prince Jimbo to Princess Kathy of Sweden and Parts South: Now that it is Spring 1903 we can swim in those Scandinavian lakes like the real Swedes do--au naturel. Then I'll help you with your parts south.

KK to Jimbo: Of course, all deals with you take priority. You are my main man!

Jimbo to KK: My mother says that if I finally graduate from high school this year I can go to a Dipcon as a reward. She was worried about immorality at such events, but I said you'd be my chaperone and be sure to get me into bed early. Mom likes that old-fashioned, straight-laced stuff, you know...early to bed, early to rise.

GM to Jimbo: I noticed that old saying told us nothing about when we should sleep.

Germany to Russia: My bumps are all where I need them but you'll never find out! How about you?

Russia to Germany: I never have enough problems--I love trouble.

Granny to Babyface Austrian: Never underestimate us old folks, 'cause when the going gets tough we reach for our canes and beat you kiddies over the head!

Granny to Old Man: 42?!! You really are as old as dirt!

Lange to World: I will be out of town 13-20 May. Phone calls during that time will be a waste of money and letters arriving then will not be read until my return. It's a dirty job, standing on the frontiers of freedom against the Godless communist hordes, but somebody's got to do it!!

GM to Lange: Um, there seems to be some debate about that last sentence in other zines (and in my mind too, as it happens). Besides, do you really plan to beat Godless communists over the head with a cane?

Russia to Turkey: Don't blame me, it was all Austria's idea--you know how these snotty-nosed kids are!

King Jimbo to Kathrynina the Grate: All these sexual innuendos are occasions of sin and must cease. My penance was to help France into Denmark. Now if I die I'll go to the big Dipcon in the sky.

Berlin to Vienna: Looks like this headache is ongoing.

Berlin to London: You mean besides your numerous ultimatums and then your stab using Russia? Nothing, I suppose.

England to Germany: Please repeat. There was static on the cable during your prior emission. What was between us? The French?

Germany to France: If you have to guess, what boots it; let us be friends instead. What say?

Jimbo to Quasimodo: What in Denmark are you doing in Denmark? If the Kaiser retreats to the Baltic Sea you march right in after him; you're all wet anyway.

Germany to Austria: No, we're playing three-on-one and guess who is it!

Russia to Turkey: I kept my end of the bargain, one can only wonder if you did.

Russia to Austria: What can I say, I can be bought, the cost of a postage stamp helped me see the light.

Herelandra

Russia to GM: Please don't comment.

GM to Russia: Why does Turkey need a postage stamp when Jimbo gets you for free??

KK to Pops: You have a great sense of humor--now tell us your real baseball picks!

Kathy to Cathy: Do you know any good head doctors? Your husband needs to see one!

Texan to New Yorker: [For those of you who may be unsure, "Texan" is not Pete--ever.] The Astros are a mystery to me--they have almost the same roster they had in '86 when they won the division (and darn near beat the Mets!), yet they're destined for the cellar. The rest of the division has improved; that's what it is. Note that the West Division is far superior to the East; whoever wins the West will easily blow away the Mets in four and go to the World Series!! (Comments, Pete?)

GM to Texan: I've been asked not to comment, but...you're wrong. I predict a seven-game NL playoff, with the eventual winner losing to Oakland. Remember, I have San Diego playing Pittsburgh in the NLCS--those teams are pretty evenly matched.

GLOME Deviant

Camelot was incorrectly credited with Warsaw last time--a complete supply center chart is provided this turn. Concession to players with 11 or more letters in their names (this, currently, would be Williams, Ellis, and Brosius): "yes" from A, F, and E; "no" from C, I, G, T; and nvr from R.

WINTER 1905: On My Hit List

Austria (Gregory Ellis, **COA** 1709 San Antonio #211, Austin TX 78701): builds a gal, a tyo, a boh, f tri; also has f gre, a lvp; Bobby McFerrin, "Don't Worry, Be Happy."

Camelot (Bob Olsen, **COA** 2550 S. Oliver #102, Wichita KS 67210): builds f lon; also has a war, f ska.

Eire (Don Williams, 1521 Avenue J-8 #163, Lancaster CA 93534): builds f ire, a edi; also has f nwy; Manfred Mann Earthband, Roaring Silence.

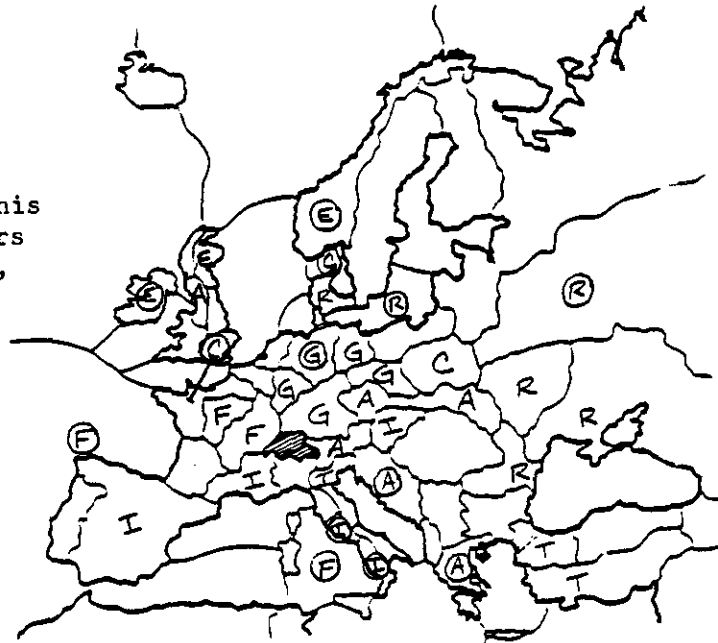
France (Eric Brosius, 41 Hayward St, Milford MA 01757): builds a bur, a par; also has f mid, f tyn; Ernie, Put Down the Duckie.

Germany (J.R. Baker, 512 Snipes, St. Charles MO 63303): builds a ruh, a sil, a mun, f kie; also has a ber; Village People, "Can't Stop the Music."

Italy (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Rd, Baltimore MD 21214): builds a ven, f rom, f nap; also has a vie, a spa, a mar; X, Live at the Whiskey-a-Go-Go, and Lou Reed, New York.

Russia (Russ Blau, 9023 Lake Braddock Dr, Burke VA 22015): builds a ukr, a sev; also has a rum, f mos, a den, f bal; Seamus Kennedy, Mom's Lullaby "(Yes, it is a real song by a real artist--he is a native Irish singer--as long as we're all shamelessly toadying to you in this game--who regularly performs at Ireland's Own, a restaurant/bar in Alexandria, VA. He has recorded an album and several cassettes containing both traditional Irish music and his own satirical compositions.)"

Turkey (Mark Lew, 438 Vernon #103, Oakland CA 94610): builds a con, a smy; Stryped Skünx, You Piss Me Off, But You Turn Me On.



Herelandra

Okay, here's the corrected supply center chart. "Home" is that country's home dots which it currently owns. "Others'" are other countries' home dots which it owns. "Neutrals" should then be obvious...and "Stolen" are that country's home dots which someone else currently holds.

	<u>Home</u>	<u>Others'</u>	<u>Neutrals</u>	<u>#</u>	<u>Stolen</u>	
Austria	tri ser gal boh tyo	ank lvp	gre	8	vie bud	Deadline for SPRING
Camelot	lon ice	bel	3	.	1906, with votes on
Eire	edi ire	nwy	3	lvp	proposals, playlist,
France	par bre bur . .	.	tun	4	mar	and new proposal, is
Germany	kie mun ber ruh sil	.	hol	6	.	10 pm May 27, 1989.
Italy	ven rom nap . .	vie mar	por spa	7	.	Remember, one SC will
Russia	sev mos ukr war .	bud	swe rum den	8	stp	be "neutralised" under
Turkey	con smy . . .	stp	bul	4	ank	Unstable Dots rule.

See Northpoint also!!!

<u>VOTING</u>	<u>yes-</u>	<u>no=net</u>
#62 Speedboat.....	6	-6
#65 Cumulative Voting.....	3	2 1
#66 Irish Revolutionaries...	7	5 2
#67 Rabbit Rule.....	17	17
#68 Cavalry.....	0	0
#69 Mark Lew Wins.....	3	-3

RULES NOW IN EFFECT: Playlist; "No" Votes; Tunnel; Anti-Titan; Transporter Beam; English Civil War; Random Rules; Deviant, Dammit!; Unstable Dots; and...

RABBIT RULE. Each unit may split into two units every season. The player splits a unit by submitting two orders for it, at least one of which must be a move order. The two units only count as one for defensive

purposes if their space is attacked, and they recombine into a single unit if dislodged. The two units also recombine if they are both located in the same space at the end of the season.

NEW PROPOSALS FOR NEXT TIME:

#70--SWITZERLAND/LEW. Switzerland is passable and Mark Lew wins.

#71--PERSONAL RULES. If a rule is enacted by any means which mentions any player by name, that player loses the game immediately. The country previously played by that player is thrown into civil disorder, and the player cannot win. Any rule which tries in any way to repeal this rule is null and void. And if Greg Ellis submits orders under any name but "Greg Ellis," he shall be considered to have NMRed.

#72--RANDOM II. For each new rule randomly selected by the GM to take effect, the rule or rules which took effect as a result of a vote taken the same season the new rule was originally proposed is automatically repealed. Any rule proposed three times without prevailing may not be proposed again.

#73--ODD MEN OUT. Each country that has an odd number of letters in its name (in the Fall 1905 report) [n.B.: A, C, G, I] has one of its home supply centers randomly selected by the GM to be turned into a non-supply-center. Any player who cast any "no" votes on this rule permanently loses one unit for each "no" vote cast. Every player gets one free build in the winter immediately following their birthday for every digit "3" in their new age.

#74--OTHELLO. Any unit flanked on two or more sides by units of the same opposing country (color) changes to that color; if flanked by two or more sets of colors, the unit changes to the color of the country with the least number of supply centers.

#75--HOBBY BURNOUT. Each turn the GM announces the name of a typical hobby burnout--someone in 30 or more games. Glome players may then provide documentation as to how many games they are in with that player; the player in the most games may rescind and reorder the moves for all the units of any one country the turn after the announcement. Such reorders may be made conditional on the original orders for the country, but not vice versa.

#76--BLANK BOARD (aka Devastation). All rules which remove units from the board in any manner are hereby enacted.

#77--FATHER GAUGHAN. Each player must submit a rule involving or otherwise glorifying Ireland.

Moscow to Board: Every time I think I am beginning to understand one of these crazy rules, you guys repeal it! You're gonna drive me batty!

GM to Moscow: The two express purposes of Deviant Dip are to drive the GM batty, or to toady shamelessly to the GM. Take your pick.

Perelandra

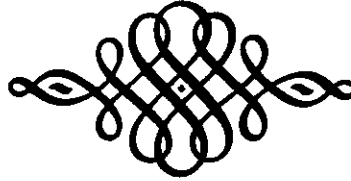
Paris to Con: Cheer up! A medical team is on the way with a vaccine!

Moscow to Rome: And don't you start saying that I'm already batty, or I'll sic the Great Satan on you.

Paris to Rome: Is Marseilles an Italian center in this variant or what?

Germany to World: I can't believe it...there are actually a few monarchs out there who think the war can be won, that victory can be had, that there is an end to the universe. Ok, ok...

You all vote concession to me next turn and then I'll vote concession to you on the turn after. Sound fair?



GAMESTART You are hereby informed that the following individuals are now opponents in **Rylos**, the first Diplomacy game in Perelandra to be conducted under "British" or "rulebook" retreats. There will be no separate negotiating period preceding retreats and adjustments. For example, in Northpoint this month (turn there if you'd like to compare), Italy's orders might have read:

"A Venice to Rome (if dislodged, retreat to Piedmont if open, then Tuscany as second choice, and if both are occupied retreat off the board)

"F Lyon to Tyrrhenian (cannot be dislodged in current position)

"Following Fall, build A Venice; if removals are needed, remove army first."

Now, this may look complicated, but I've spelled it out more than you need to. You could write:

"A Venice to Rome (retreat order: Pie, Tus, OTB)

"F Lyon to Tyrrhenian [no retreat needed]

"Winter 1906: build A Venice; remove army first."

For Spring 1901 you will, obviously, not need to send retreats. I will remind you for the first three or four gameyears to send whatever is needed. For now, your **SPRING 1901 deadline** is 10pm, Saturday 27 May 1989, which is the same weekend as Arlingcon. You are:

Austria: Gilles Tanguay, 14228 Haymeadow, Dallas TX 75240

England: Steve Nicewarner, 107th FSU, Box 98, Fort Bragg NC 28307

France: Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Road, Baltimore MD 21214

Germany: James Early--until May 15: 3500 Greystone Dr. #255, Austin TX 78731
after May 15: 3705 Uruguay Dr., Pasadena TX 77504

Italy: John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Road, Richmond VA 23236

Russia: Melinda Holley, Box 2793, Huntington WV 25727

Turkey: Lance Anderson, MI BN INSCOM, PSF CA 94129

I still need the \$5 gamefee from John, Tom and James. Another four weeks will be added to the deadline if two players request it. First player to tell me where I got the name "Rylos" wins a free issue.

ZELPST

REMINDER to James Esely, Marc Hanna, Lance Anderson, George Rifle; Stephen Carter, Greg Ellis, and Melinda Holley: your **SPRING 1901 deadline** is also Saturday, 27 May 1989. As with all games in this zine, if you don't have orders in and I have a phone number on file, I will attempt to contact you the day of the deadline or the day after. If I have no phone number for you, too bad. I will call collect if someone abuses the privilege, but usually I absorb the cost or have you call me back once you've found the file that tells you what you were going to do...

Herelandra

GIFFARD Variant Titan

GAMESTART So far as I know, everyone now agrees to play GUNBOAT TITAN, so that's how we'll do it. You should have a copy of "Rules for Postal Titan" but disregard the sections dealing with random-number generators--I will actually roll dice for each attack since all battle mailings will go through me. Besides the Titan rules themselves, I have one rule to add: Players must not attempt to reveal the fact that they are in this game. If you have a problem with that, consider withdrawing--the reason this game is anonymous is Well World was far too open. Everybody knew what was in every stack by midgame! Press will be allowed but will be edited if I think you've slipped or tried to announce who you are.

Starting Towers: Green 100, Blue 200, Gold 300, Red 400, Black 500, Brown 600. You will be in the game reports in alphabetical order, but each Turn will be simultaneous movement. Please send, by 27 May 1989, the two die rolls you want to refuse, your original splits, and what you will do with each of the other four possible die rolls (remember, your splits may not be conditional on your die roll!).

YOUR COLOR IS _____ . YOUR CODENAME IS _____ .

Two of you still owe the \$10 gamefee--you're one of them if there's a check here: _____

FOMALHAUT

Summer 1903: Turkey retreats f con-bla.

FALL 1903: **A Gaping Maw**

Austria (Jason Bergmann, Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322 until about May 12--after then he's at 10740 Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229): a ser-rum, f gre-ion, a con s ita f aeg-smy, a vie-tyo, a ven-rom, a boh s ita a mun.

England (Tim Stark, 605 W Doyle, Granbury TX 76048): a edi-nwy (f nwg c, f nts s), f ska-swe, f stp/nc-bar.

France (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Rd, Baltimore MD 21214): f lyo-tyn, f naf-tun (f wes s), a tus-ven, a bur s ger a ruh-mun (a bel s).

Germany (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Rd, Richmond VA 23236): f bal-den, a ruh-mun (fre a bur s, a ber s (a kie s a ber)).

Italy (Vince Lutterbie, 1021 S Stonehaven, Marshall MO 65340): a mun s rus a sil-ber, a tun h, a tyo-ven, f ion-nap, f aeg-smy.

Russia (Jim Nickel, 429 E Columbia St, Falls Church VA 22046): f swe-den, f ank h (f arm s), a sil-ber (a pru s, ita a mun s).

Turkey (Mark Lilleleht, Box 3166, Charlottesville VA 22903): f smy h /retreat to eas syr otb/, f bla-bul/ec?.

See Northpoint also!!!

Turk retreat and everyone's Winter 1903/Spring 1904 are **due by 10pm, Saturday 27 May 1989**. That is, of course, Arlingcon 5, and you are welcome to join us to thrash this out in person! Supply center chart and press are on the following page...



Perelandra

FOMALHAUT 1988CN Supply Centers/Winter 1903 had/has

Austria	vie tri bud ser gre W RUM CON ROM	6/8	MAY BUILD TWO
England	lon lvp edi nwy stp	5/5	even
France	par bre mar spa por bel TUN	6/7	MAY BUILD ONE
Germany	ber kie hol den	4/4	even
Italy	ven f nap f mun SMY	5/4	even
Russia	war mos sev swe f ANK	5/5	even
Turkey	f l k s BUL	3/1	even or remove one

London to Constantinople: Hang in there, dude!

Austria to Turkey: Finals approaching; this issue will probably arrive with hell week, I hope it's good news (at least for me). Will your finals be another excuse to delay The Scribbler-ist? Let those snowballs fly.

Turk to Board: Oh, boy, finals are finally here and I'm up to the challenge. Let's see, a gallon of vodka, a fifth of gin, and a pony keg ought to get me through till the 13th of May. No, no, make that two gallons of vodka; that government exam is going to be a bitch.

Turk d'Etat to Slimey Austrian: I'm betting that you lied yet again! It would be completely in character, no?

Austria to Russia: There is a tide in the affairs of men, when taken at flood leads on to fortune.

Austria to Italy: Don't grind your teeth too hard over the diplomatic cavity you've dug yourself into. Feeling a little down at the mouth???

London to Moscow: I thought we had a deal! Now what do we do?

Italy to France: No Floss Daily for bad boy jr's like you! Zarse, Geryk & Clark are laughing at your puny attempts to emulate them. Go for it, little boy, but I'll throw centers to the Austrian scumbag before you take more than 4 or 5 of my centers.

GM to Italy: Regarding the above SC chart--are you insuring that he can't take 5??

London to Paris: I'll take the High Road and you take the Low Road...

Austria to France: Thanks for the roadmap.

Turk to Frenchie: I've got a devious little plan up my sleeve which just might help you out a bit. Then again, you probably won't need it. Sigh. I just want to implode!

Unidentified English-type person to Austria: The word from Moscow if the Emperor plays with Barbie dolls!

Someone Who Cares to England: Now this guy is alright! Honest, diplomatic, and looking for connections between the Great Powers. I do believe...the Messiah!!

Austria to Italy: Don't worry, I'm going to Rome for religious reasons (grins).

Turkey to All Who Are Attacking Me: **BITE ME!!!**

England to Austria: I've got gas in the car, money in my pocket, convinced my wife I've got business out of town, and I'm on my way to Arlingcon.

Austria to Paris: All good Perelandrans are attending Arlingcon, not Dixiecon. Besides, why should I go all the way to North Carolina, when I can go down the street and play Downfall, Snowball Fighting, Titan, and maybe Talisman?

Austria to England: Talisman, well, it's this game that gets everyone pissed off at one another and people give up. The strategy is interesting with six people playing, but if one of them is a spell-user, then it can take three hours just to get around the board.

Austria to Pete: So, do I get a free issue for the above con plug?

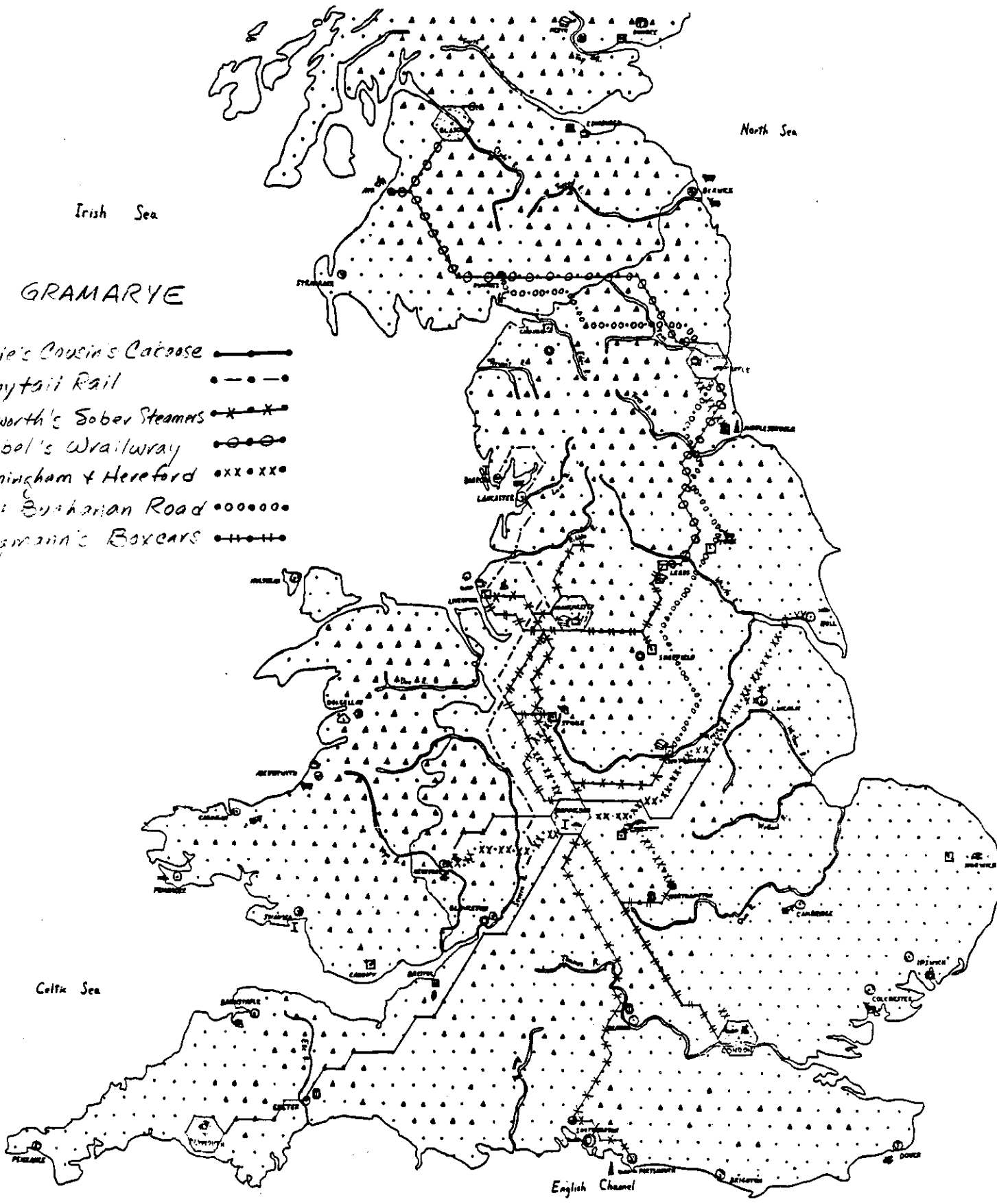
GM to Austria: Do you get a dollar for brushing your teeth? No, it's what you should do...

GRAMMAYE

ROUND 3, no events this round...

Yes, I decided I hate the game-report sheet I'd made up, so I'm going to freestyle it this time. **Deadline**

for Rounds 4 and 5 is 17 May (this is in advance of the deadline for other games). And I'm going to run the map this month, and then every other turn from here on out, less often if the building is slow. Okay--map on the next page, then game report follows that...



GRAMARYE

- Connie's Cousin's Caisse* ———●———
- Puppytail Rail* —●—●—●—●—●—
- Silkworth's Sober Steamers* —●—●—●—●—●—
- Wrobel's Wrailway* —●—●—●—●—●—
- Birmingham & Hereford* ●●●●●●●●
- Lost Buchanan Road* ●●●●●●●●
- Bergmann's Boxcars* —●—●—●—●—●—

Herelandra

1. Silkworth's Sober Steamers (Conrad von Metzke, 4374 Donald Ave, San Diego CA 92117):
connect Southampton and Portsmouth; extend N from Manchester. order next time: #7
cards: 78, 34, 49. loads: none. cash: 20-19= £1M. GOs ok
2. Wrobel's Wrailway (Ed Wrobel, 6204 Bardu Ave, Springfield VA 22152):
connect Dumfries and Newcastle. order next time: #1.
cards: 76, 4, 22. loads: none. cash: 22-13= £9M. no GOs
3. Birmingham & Hereford RR Co. (Eric Brosius, 41 Hayward St, Milford MA 01757):
build into Coventry, Hull, and Middlesbrough; and out of London. order next time: #2.
cards: 27, 47, 120. loads: none. cash: 20-19= £1M. GOs ok
4. Lost Buchanan Road (Craig Mills, 3050 Old Hwy 8 #22, Roseville MN 55113):
connect Nottingham. order next time: #3.
cards: 96, 80, 87. loads: none. cash: 21-9= £12M. GOs ok
5. Bergmann's Boxcars (Jason Bergmann--addresses in Fomalhaut):
connect Leeds and London. order next time: #4.
cards: 77, 65, 26. loads: none. cash: 20-17= £3M. no GOs
6. Connie's Cousin's Caboose (Tom Nash, 5512 Pilgrim Rd, Baltimore MD 21214):
extend E and W from Birmingham. order next time: #5.
cards: 32, 44, 112. loads: none. cash: 20-17= £3M. no GOs
7. Puppytail Rail (Bruce Linsey, Box1334, Albany NY 12201):
extend S from Manchester. order next time: #6.
cards: 6, 94, 52. loads: none. cash: 33-16= £17M. no GOs

B&H to Puppytail Rail: C'mon, B&UX, ya gonna buy a fast freight this round or what? People with money make us peons nervous. No TRIX, now!
 B&H to TM: Let's see you type that! Worse than Glome, huh?
 Game Master to B&H: You folks with electronix on your desx can perform typing trix--I can't.
 JEB to JEB: There's no truth to the rumor that I don't like your initials.

aberystwyth	CARDIFF	<u>dumfries//</u>	hull/	<u>northampton//</u>	portsmouth/
ayr/	cardigan	DUNDEE	ipswich	NORWICH	reading
barnstaple	CARLISLE	EDINBURGH	lancaster/	NOTTINGHAM//	SHEFFIELD/
barrow/	colchester	exeter/	LEEDS/	pembroke	southampton/
berwick	COVENTRY/	gloucester	lincoln/	penzance	STOKE//
brighton	dolgellau	hereford/	<u>LIVERPOOL///</u>	perth	stranraer
BRISTOL	dover	holyhead	MIDDLESBROUGH/	PLYMOUTH	swansea
cambridge					YORK

LAKKDAROL Downfall

SOLMATH I 3019: **Black as Night, and Just as Hard to Find by Day**

Dwarves (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St, Bellevue WA 98005): A Blue Mountains-Lhûn, A Carn Dûm-North Downs, A Erebor-Esgaroth, A Iron Hills-Withered Heath, A River Running-South Mirkwood.

Elves (Jason Bergmann--see addresses in Fomalhaut): A Elven King's Halls-Old Forest Road, A Lorien-Celebrant, A Carrock-High Pass (A Imladris s), A Anduin s Rohan A Wold-Brown Lands (A Gladden Field s A Anduin), A Grey Havens-Shire, F Forlond-Gulf of Lune.

Gandalf (Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd St 308, Torrance CA 90504): Gandalf Brown Lands s Rohan A Wold-Brown Lands, Ranger , Fellowship .

Gondor (Lance Anderson, MI BN INSCOM, PSF CA 94129): A Entwash-Anorien (A Minas Tirith s), A Minas Morgul-South Ithilien (A Lossarnach & C Lebennin s), Faramir .

cont'd...

Herelandra

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS

Mordor (Chris Gabel??, Box 92, Madras OR 97741): no moves received.

All units hold--A Nurn, 2A Khand, A Gorgoroth, Sauron Barad-dûr, 2A Orodruin, A Udûn, A South Rhûn, A Dagorlad, A Brown Lands /must retreat to Wilderland, Emyn Muil or off the board/, A Dol Goldur, 2A Anorien /must retreat to North Ithilien, Nindalf, Emyn Muil or off the board/, 2A Osgiliath, and Nazgul

Rohan (Brian Hogan, Box 41-22, Kykotsmovi AZ 86039):

Herd Eastfold, A Eastfold s Gondor A Entwash-Anorien, A Helm's Deep-Gap of Rohan, A Wold-Brown Lands, C Emyn Muil s A Wold-Brown Lands then -Wold, C Druwaith Iaur-Enedwaith-Dunland.

Saruman (Randy Grigsby, 93 St. Vincent St, RR #3, Barrie ON L4M 4S5 Canada): A Khazad-dûm-Hollin, A Greenway-South Downs, A Rhudaur-Amon Sûl, A Minhiriath-Gwathlo, Saruman

Umbar (Geoff Richard, 306 W Carson Bryan TX 77801): A/F Southern Sea-Druwaith Iaur, A South Gondor-Khand (A Haradwaith s (A/F Havens s A Haradwaith)).

Please note gentlemen: Cavalry second moves may not be made conditional on the outcome of the first moves.

Deadline for Solmath II (including two Mordor retreats) is 10pm CDT, 27

May 1989--Arlingcon weekend. I don't have another

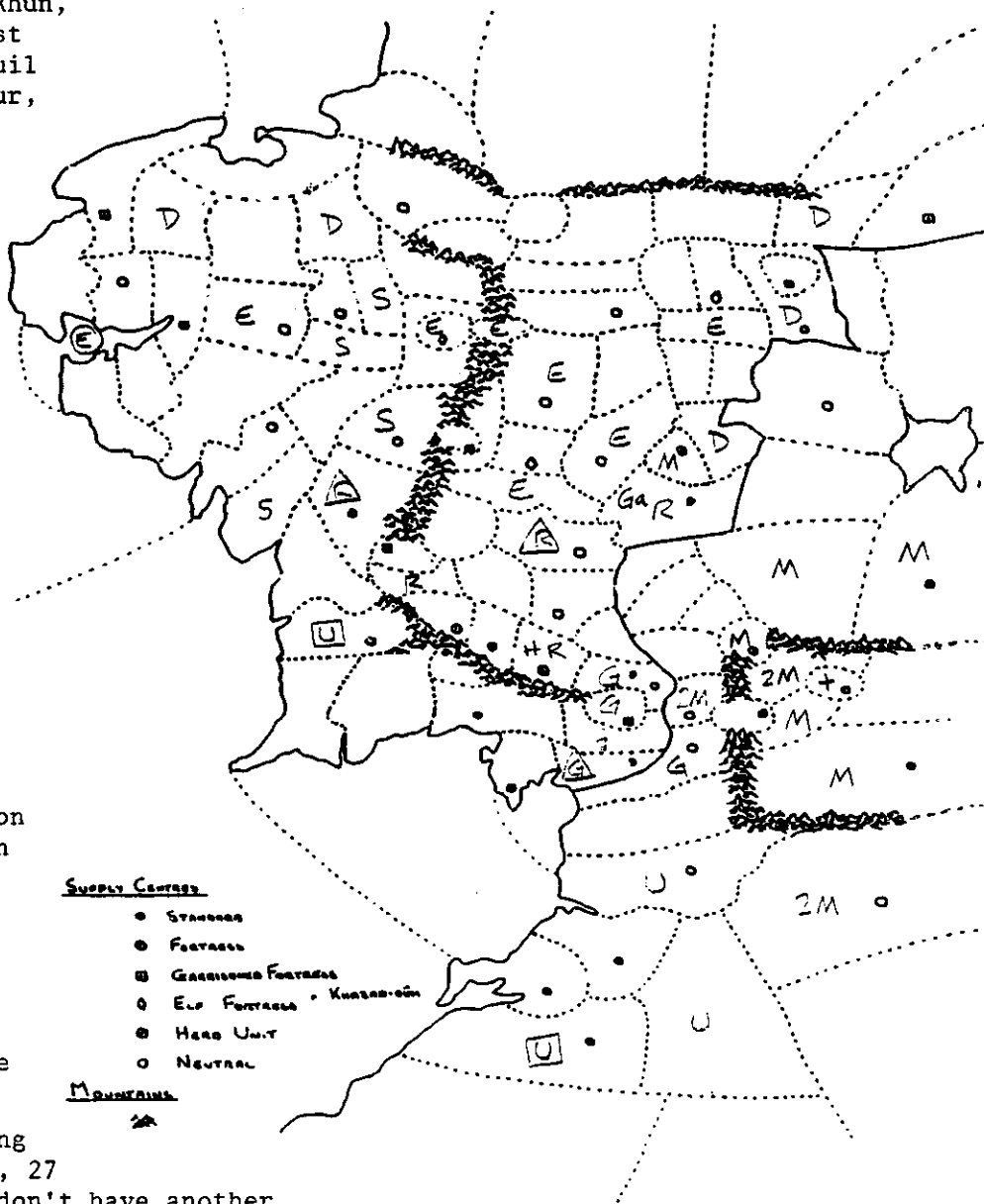
standby for Downfall--if Chris doesn't show up again next month, I'll

delay the game until I can find another player, but for now I don't have anyone to call upon and I'll have to hope he gets orders in.

Keebler to Televalinor: You lame, stereotyping Televalinor. Keebler may be an elf, but he's not the only one, in fact the Cookiemaker clan is but one small group of elves. Just another example of how TV reinforces false stereotypes.

Televalinor to Elves: I like that. Would the derivation be "far-seeing Valar"??

News from the Elvish wire: Galadriel has been moved back into intensive care after her "illness" took a turn for the worse. It seems that the Saruman build in Moria was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Galadriel is questioning her immortality and has gone comatose watching Letterman.



more...

Herelandra

- Elves to Mordor: Q--What does a telephone do? A--Ring, ring...only your line is dead!
- Minas Tirith to Barad-dûr: Pitiful, indeed! Cost you a build, didn't it? As to your 'raging' wrath--I'd say that you won't be capable of raging much longer.
- Iron Hills to Barad-dûr: It's indeed pleasant not to have a foul messenger sully our ears with the lies of the Dark Lord. Your continued silence is deeply appreciated.
- Blue Mountains to Umbardacil: Getting pretentious is no way to get the Dwarves' attention. What do we care for the empty titles and lineage of a drowned land of men?
- Elves to Umbar: If we let Lance build a boat, he'll be terrying people up North just to be a nuisance (remember Civ?).
- Elves to Rohan: I sure hope this Brown Lands thing worked. If not, then it'll be a long game.
- Dain to Thranduil: The Dwarves can relate to a greedy Elf like you. After all, the Dwarves helped build the halls you live in. It's those do-gooders Elrond Half-Elven and Galadriel that bother me. After all, Elrond's a distant relative of the half-blind Denethor.
- Galadriel to Fellowship: A strand of my golden hair for your assistance?
- Erebor to Minas Tirith: Insults are not necessary for us to understand that men are concerned only with their own affairs and see all things as a struggle between the Dark Tower and the White Tower.
- Denethor to Theoden: Don't worry?! Be happy?! You try and make strategy vs. Mordor and see if either is possible.
- Rohan to Middle-Earth: Precious is as Precious does. I got no strings on me.
- Erebor to Isengard: You are trespassing on the affairs of Dwarves when you threaten the great road connecting our kin with us. You threaten and you build armies to hold our ancient home against us. "Khazad ai menu!!!"
- Elves to Valinor: Why is Saruman yellow? Saruman was white until he turned on Gandalf in the tower of Isengard. At that time he became Saruman of many colors and Gandalf became white. Where does yellow come in?
- The Valar Speak: I don't have blocks of many colors, but I do have blocks of yellow. There.
- Elves to Saruman: Now that you've put on a different colored robe, perhaps a U-turn would be warranted? You're not all that welcome here - or near Lorien either.
- Umbar to Rohan: I am carrying some meat around on my ships right now. Perhaps we can meet somewhere and work out an exchange. What can you offer back for a few tons of oliphant meat?
- Dwarves to Horseslords: Smaug is dead, thanks to Bard of Dale and we forget not that some men are friends of the Dwarves with an understanding of beautiful things made, not grown. Stick to your herds and alliances with other men and hope you hear "Barak Khazad" only in your nightmares.
- Rohan to Dain: Dwarves, it would seem, are like life: nasty, brutish, and short.
- Umbar to Rohan: No, no big naval battles. But look at it this way. If Mordor starts overrunning Middle-Earth, I, at least, can leave!
- Gondor: In a surprise move in real estate several properties were traded and the deals closed with little bloodshed. Brokers ask, "how long can this go on?"
- Elves to Pete: The road to Hull is paved with good intentions.
- Valinor to Middle-Earth: There's a story in there about our party over at Jason's last month that none of you wants to get into...trust me.
- Rules questions: Will Khazad-dûm become a Dwarf home center if the Dwarves take it? No.
- What happens if a Gandalf-led Dwarf army enters Khazad-dûm? The Dwarves have no special powers in Khazad-dûm...they are killed by the Balrog. The Balrog dies if Gandalf enter the space, and Gandalf disappears for between 1 and 6 turns (random)--after his disappearance he comes back to the board in any space he chooses west of the Ring Line. Saruman is the only power granted special ability by the Balrog.

The Melniboné Herald

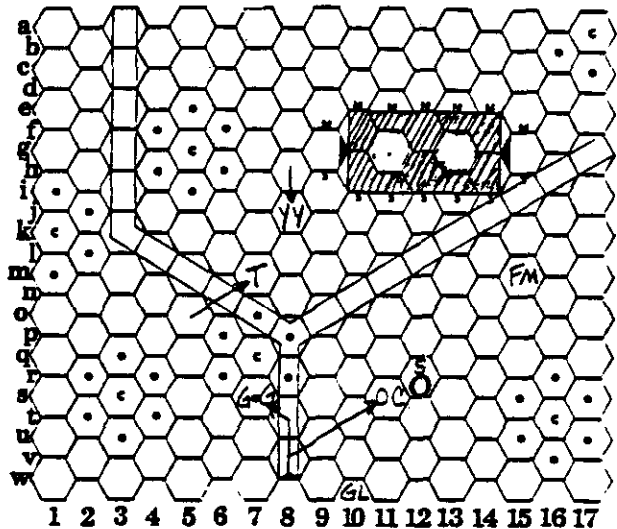
#24



QUWHON Snowball Fighting

ASF7, Turn Six -- Cool Rule #66:
Be Discreet When Crossing the Street

Segment One: The entire yard piles up ammunition to whallop **Oliver Cool** as he leaves the kitchen next Seg. In doing so they ignore **Goose Gossage** who runs out now, stopping under the tree to pick up another Snowball; he passes by **Goosey Lucy**, who is on her way inside to dry out. **Frost Monkey**, **Slush**, and **Turtle** each gather up two 'balls, which gives **Yuppie Yeti** his choice of targets--and he chooses **Slush** [needs 75, hits with 47]. We now have a total of 10 weapons in the yard, waiting for **OC**...



Segment Two: ...but **Ollie** sits inside laughing, as everyone attacks a phantom! **Monkey**, **Gossage**, and **Slush** all attack **Cool** (Slush uses the Snowman's head!) but all three attacks slam harmlessly into the still-closed kitchen door. With **Goosey** and **Oliver** inside, **Turtle** and **Yuppie Yeti** shuffle a bit to position themselves for a final shot, each packing yet another 'ball.

Segment Three: Everyone still waiting for **Ollie of the North**, who gleefully sits out another Segment--the same three kids shoot again and miss. **Yuppie Yeti** takes this lull to slap **Turtle** (his closest combatant) with a Rattlesnake [95,21]. But **Turtle** is barely fazed--he's busy tossing a **Barnard Bolero** at both **Frost Monkey** [75,48] and **Yeti** himself [95,67].

<u>Standings after Turn Six</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo remaining</u>
Frost Monkey	M15	3	7	none
Goose Gossage	S7	5	10	1 Snowball
Goosey Lucy	k	7	0	back out Turn Seven, Seg. Two
Oliver Cool	k	10	10	back out any time
Slush	R12	8	2	1 Snowball
Turtle	M7	7	8	1 Snowball
Yuppie Yeti	J8	8	4	1 Dirigible

Deadline for Turn Seven is **26 April 1989**--a bit shorter this month to get in step with Perelandra, so mail early. Your SnowMaster is still **Pete Gaughan**, 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010 (817-633-3208).

Slush to Yard: For once **Goose Gossage** had a good idea. I hope you all got in on it.

Slush to SM: Am I inside yet? I'm freezing after that last attack by **Monkey Shines**.

SnowMaster to Slush: You're not out yet--everything went on hold this time.

FM to Slush: What's with the fish-bait references? **Mackerels**? **Snappers**? **Bass**?

FM to Yard: To hell with this snow crap! Somebody get me a completely legal, no-questions-asked, across-the-counter semi-automatic **AK47**.

Herelandra

FM to YY: Don't go giddy on me, hit the front-runners! Death to Cool!!
Slay Slush!!! Garrote Gaughan!!!!

SM to FM: Do that and I'll shock the Monkey...

FM to SM: Yeah, well, you deserve it anyway.

YY to Frost Mouth: I see that you like white whine. Whine, whine, whine.
It still doesn't mean you have good taste, though.

Yeti to Slush: Here, take THAT, you fertilizer-munching brownnose!

Slush to Yeti: Yo, Yeti--coming to the clubhouse? The "boys" would like to meet ya.

Yup the Yet to SM: With Olsen and Williams hanging around, I suspect that this isn't snow we're throwing here. Anyone got a shovel?

SM to Yeti: Well, maybe there is something wrong--look at this:

Turtle to SM: What do you mean, staring at the sky? I had to take a tinkle. Now I've got frozen 'balls to throw around. C'mere, Goosey!

FM to OC: Take that and that! You pantywaste!

FM to SM: Great, I send you \$5 and I get one hit. Don't lose the \$20 I sent you, dig?

Turtle to Pete: I like your dice just fine, daddy! Don't let these meanies talk to you like that. Just slap'em around a bit. That'll teach those stinkers a thing or two!

Turtle to Don: Yea, I've got pictures. You might want to do something about that oozing tumor you've got in your groin area. A band-aid ought to do it.

FM to Cool: Make my day, stoopid.

Yuppie Yeti to Ollie (of the) North: Like all heroes in America, you get the short end of the stick. Americans have always made a practice of gunning down their heroes after they make them. You should have thought of that when you took on the job.

Yuppie to SM: Now I don't feel so bad about poor dice rolls. At least the condition seems to be universal.

FM to YY: 'Bout time somebody got off the pot. Nice arm, kid, nice arm.

FM to Turtle: You, on the other hand, are no doubt the offspring of a sister-brother mating. Show me I'm wrong and nail Cool or Slush...

Slush to Lucy: Wanna get warm together?

FM to Slush: Move your fat head, you're in my way.

Goose Gossage: CHICAGO CUT ME?!?!?!?!?!?

SnowMaster to Goose: The way you throw in this game, we're not surprised.

Slush to SM: How come SnowBunny isn't in our yard? (Don't tell me it's because the AK47s got her!)

SM to Yard: And now, folks, the Press Item of the Month...

YY to GG: Now, if Ollie was smart, he would have delayed his entry into the yard a Segment or two. Of course, I realize that this is like betting on a horse with a broken leg, but stranger things have happened.

The Melniboné Herald

#25



Snowball Fighting

ASF 7, TURN 7: **Winning is the Only Thing**

weather: party cloudy

Segment One: Well, well, well...Oliver Cool finally decides to come on out and join the party. Perfect timing--nobody's ready for him, as Frost Monkey, Goose Gossage and Slush all find themselves scooping up ammunition. Turtle and Yuppie Yeti are mad at each other, and trade attacks. But Turtle is only firing a Rattlesnake [95,49] while Yeti has a Dirigible at hand [65,55] which is soon "at nose"--Turtle's nose, that is.

Segment Two: Goosey Lucy is now free to return to the fray, but for some reason chooses not to (nmr). Now Turtle and Yup have to reload (two Snowballs apiece) while it's the others' turn to fire away. Slush thinks Yeti would make a great target bent over like that [95,14] and he's right, even at that distance. Frost Monkey notices that Slush's attention is drifting and pegs him [85,32]. Goose G is back in there, pitching for the Giants, and warms up, so to speak, by scoring a 3-run Dirigible at Oliver Cool [75,26], who is packing a Di of his own!

Segment Three: All Hell Breaks Loose. Turtle and Yuppie Yeti each decide that Boleros are the best option: Turtle hits the Yup [65,46] but can't find Gossage under the tree [50,86]. Yuppie-buddy himself fails to return the favor on Turtle [65,88] and also has no luck in reaching Frost Monkey 'way over there [40,87]. Frost Monkey [95,18], Goose Gossage [95,23], and Slush [95,21] pass a unanimous rule: thou shalt hit the leader, Oliver Cool! But Ollie may win before they can drive him inside again--he drops that new Di atop Slush's next-door head [60,17]!

So, the northern war has finally got Yeti near death, though he managed to pile up enough points to be in second place before he got down to one dry glove. Will he score four before he hits the door? Slush is gone--the "hide behind the Snowman" strategy we've seen before didn't keep him safe enough (he may return to action Turn 9, Segment 3). Cool-dude may have pulled out a win with that Dirigible--a ruthless attack on an unsuspecting Slush puts him within two points while he'd have to be hit three more times to send him to the kitchen again.

<u>Standings after Turn Seven</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo remaining</u>
Frost Monkey.....	M15	5	7	none
Goose Gossage.....	S7	9	10	none
Goosey Lucy.....	k	7	10	2 Snowballs
Oliver Cool.....	S11	13	4	2 Snowballs
Slush.....	R12	10	0	running for cover
Turtle.....	M7	9	5	none
Yuppie Yeti.....	J8	11	1	none

Deadline for Turn Eight is **27 May 1989**--Yes, we'll play Snowball Fighting that weekend at Arlington 5. I'm still the SnowMaster: Pete Gaughan, 3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010 (817-633-3208) and I still have two games of SF open in Perelandra--only need one or two more players each!

Herelandra

YY to FM: I'd carp on the fish references just for the halibut, but I guess I'd better clam up before I make anemone!

YY to Yard: Ollie has to come out this turn or risk being too late to stop someone else from winning before him, so load up and get him!

GG to Yard: Let's keep piling snow up in front of the door and OC won't be able to come back out!

Slush to OC: Quit being so hard to hit--come on out!!

Turtle to FM: Yeah, you're real "Cool;" tossing off blanks at Oliver like a bunch of limp, wet noodles! I wish I could be just like you when I regress into my second childhood! Geez.

Ollie to Bullies: You can't get me because I am COOL!!!

Ollie Again: Also, because of executive privilege!

YY to FM: Frost the Monkey??!?

YY to Turtle: Don't listen to the Monkey and all his talk of a brother-sister mating producing you. We all know it was a cross between a rabid she-hyena and a crashing boar.

Turtle to Oliver: Smooth move, smartie; just stay off Goosie, she's mine!

Slush to Lucy: Overcome by the offer, eh?

YY to Rabid Bore: Your amorous attentions are definitely not appreciated.

OC to YY: "Now if Ollie was smart..." Gee, thanks for the compliment.

Slush to Yeti: Hey, shit for brains, try deep-sixing OC!

GG to YY: If you're so smart, how come you're standing in the snow holding your balls?

YY to Goose Gossage: From what I hear, a lot of people get cut in Chicago, some of which are even ball players!

Slush to Turtle: Hey, boxhead! Take Yeti down.

YY to Slush: Sonoffagun! I didn't know I could throw that far!

GG to SM: How much snow can YY carry? He hits Slush with an SB, then moves then throws an SB at Turtle and ends up with a Dirigible?

SM to GG: Notice the phrase "each packing another 'ball" in that Segment. YY moved 2 hexes and packed another Snowball...

Oliver Cool: Monkey, Gossage, and Slush: Now I know who my enemies are. I also know the names of three first-class dopes!

SM to OC: Larry, Curly and Moe? Groucho, Chico and Harpo?

OC to FM: I can get you a whole crate of AK-47s, paid for by the Lithuanians under cover of pretending to be Namibians buying weapons for the Indonesians with Qatari funds. But you have to promise to only use them for hunting!

Slush to FM: Ahhh, go play with your gun.

OC to YY: Looks like Olsen and Williams finally sut up, or took their pathetic drivel somewhere else, or something. Now if we could only get rid of Frost Monkey...

Slush to Frost: Looks like you're being pushed out. The only good monkey is a dead monkey!

Turtle to GL: Honk, honk, honk...HYORK!!! What are those??!

YY to FM: I, on the other hand, am a cross between an army ant and an operatic soprano, making me a diva-ant!

Slush to Goose: Yeah, well, at least you know the Cubs will be watching the playoffs with you. 4 wins, 2 losses, 1st place! Must be the first month of the season...

YY to Slush: Boys, boys, boys! As Mae West once said, "All I'm surrounded with these days are boys. Bring me some MEN!!!"

SM to YY: Who has the stranger sex habits, you or Goose-loving Turtles?

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A FEW LOOSE NOTES before we launch into Northpoint...

GLOME Deviant Dip -- you have a proposal, from Italy, for a concession to all players who are "Juniors," formally and legally (birth certificate required). Also, the Hobby Burn Out rule is actually a bit more involved--I took it over the phone and then the hard copy arrived. I'll go with the hard copy if it passes, there's very little difference.

FOMALHAUT Players -- please note how to spell your game name. Also, some press came too late-- I don't want any beefs about how that worked out, I'm always entitled to type the game up as soon as the deadline passes. The fact that you sometimes have a couple of days cushion doesn't mean you should plan on it!

Okay, now we can get on with...

NORTHPOINT

Errors last turn: omitted were f nwg-nwy, f nwy-ska, f swe-bal.

Russia proposes F/R draw; France proposes a concession to E, or a concession to F.

FALL 1906: **SQUEEZE OUT THE KRAUT**

Austria (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a tyo-ven (fra s), a rum s rus f bla-bul/ec??

England (civil disorder) f edi h.

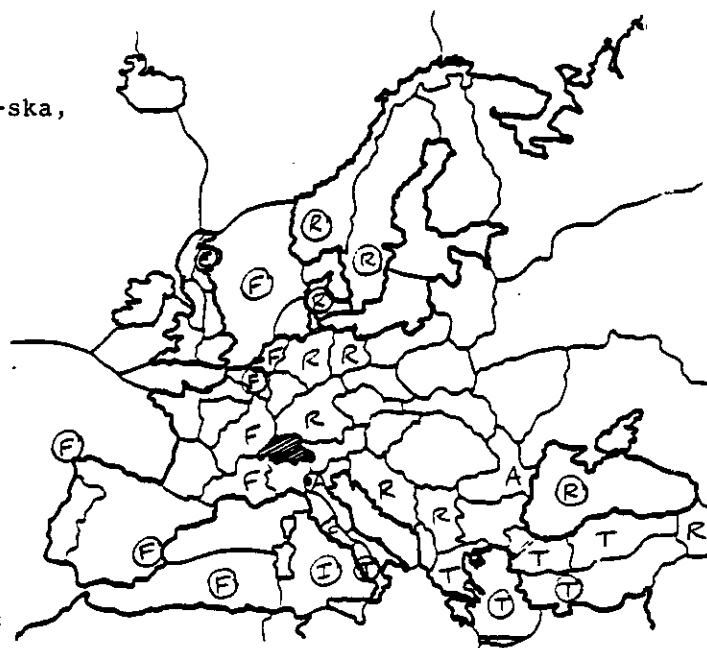
France (Jim Diehl, 10530 W Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55347): a rom s aus tyo-ven!, a bur-ruh, f nao-mid, f mid-wes (f spa/sc s), a yor-hol (f nts c, f bel s).

Germany (John Crosby, 9031 Cardiff Rd, Richmond VA 23236): f den-kie /retreats otb/, a kie-mun (a ruh s) /a kie retreats otb/.

Italy (Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016): a ven-rom /tus pie apu otb/, f lyo-tyn.

Russia (Gary Behnen, 13101 S Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): a ber-kie (a mun s), a pru-ber, a tri-ven, a ser s aus a rum-bul??, a arm-ank (f bla s), f ska-den (f swe s), f nwy h.

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



Deadline for Italian retreat and everybody's Winter 1906/Spring 1907 -- don't forget to vote on F/R draw, F win, and E win -- is 10pm Central Time, Saturday 27 May 1989...Arlingcon 5!

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1906--

Austria	vie rum VEN 2/3 may build one
England	edi 1/1 even
France	par bre mar spa por lvp rom bel lon HOL 9/10 may build one
Germany	ber kie hol den 4/0 out
Italy	tun ven 2/1 remove one or even
Russia	stp mos war sev swe nwy bud ser tri mun DEN BER KIE10/13 may build three
Turkey	con ank smy bre nap bul 6/6 even

I don't believe it--no press. No, wait, I just went through the file again and found this: Paris: Vote "yes" in commemoration. You boobs figure it out.

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Literary Quiz

Last time we asked questions from the POETRY CORNER...

Easy (141C): Thomas Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd is a rich and fascinating portrait of life in rural 19th-century England. In which poem, by an 18th-century English poet, did Hardy discover the title for his novel?

~~W. H. D.~~ Brian Hogan: "Something by Alexander Pope?" Tom Nash: "To His Coy Mistress by Andrew Marvell? Just a wild guess." Jim Burgess: "Now, how easy could you get...are you sure this wasn't intentional? Thomas Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' (stanza 17 or so) goes 'Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife / Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray / Along the cool sequester'd vale of life / They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.'" Rod Walker: "Hardy's title is a slight misquote from Thomas Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' (Stanza 19)." ANSWER: Gray's 'Elegy.'

Hard (141B): Japanese literature is filled with poetry anthologies. In the middle of the 8th century, members of the court aristocracy put together the most famous and revered anthology, one which contains over 4,500 poems. What is it called in Japanese--and in English?

Tom Nash: "I used to know that, when I was studying Asian literature. And if we weren't moving bookcases around this week, and, consequently, thousands of books, to clear out a room for the new bambino, I could look it up. But it ain't worth digging through piles and piles of books, and besides, that'd be cheating." Eric Brosius: "Manyoshu, or Book of Ten Thousand Leaves." ANSWER: Yes, Manyoshu, or Collection of 10,000 [or Myriad] Leaves. But I will award a correct answer to Stuart Lange: [Lew, Hogan, Burgess, & Walker too]

(Japanese title at left; I hope I spelled it correctly...you may have to sound it out phonetically!) It was compiled by Henry Wadsworth Shortfellow and contains, among other works, his own "Hiawatha-San," "Saduharo Oh at the Bat" by Elnest Rawlence Thayel, and "Oh Shogun, My Shogun," by Whitmanabe.

NOT-SO-LITERARY QUIZ (T95): Within 50 years, when was Dublin founded, and by what group?

Brian Hogan: 988 by Vikings. Matt Kazur: "Dublin was founded by the group U2 in 1981." Russ Blau: I know it was the Vikings (Norwegians), but I'm not sure of the year--I'll guess 975, since that cover most of the period of heavy Viking activity." Jim Burgess: 1000 by Vikings. Mark Lew: 250 by Celts. Rod Walker: "The answer you probably want here is that Dublin (Dubh Linn, "Black Pool") was founded by Vikings some time between 831-840. The first King of Dublin was Thorkel I, 832-844...However, that answer is dead wrong. Archaeology shows that Dublin has been settled for over 2000 years." ANSWER: Danes in the time period Rod notes--as he goes on to point out, the city has been inhabited continuously only since then.

(DTH): Name six animals that produce ivory. [This was a typo--it should have read "besides the elephant"!]

Mark Lew, Rod Walker, Brian Hogan each came up with elephant, hippo, walrus, narwal, sperm whale or cachalot, and wild boar or warthog. Mammoth does not count (sorry Jim Burgess), and rhinoceros horn is not ivory--it's keratin, same as human finger- and toenails. But, there is one more animal that nobody thought of--for a half-issue this time, name that animal! (Rod points out that there is a "vegetable ivory" in South America--interesting!--and that not all horn is ivory, however similar they may be.) Matt Kazur gets honorable mention for his list: "Ivory can be had from Elephants, Walruses, Hippos, Unicorns, Pianos, and Paul McCartney."

FOR NEXT MONTH: One half-issue for that last ivory-producing animal, plus these:

(39A): I am a police-court judge who wrote about two Toms. Who am I? And who were they? (Hint: the author is English.)

(121B): What defender of Ireland is buried under the following epitaph (tr. from Latin)--
"He has gone where savage indignation can tear his heart no more?"

[Note: free issues will be awarded after this issue's mailing labels are made up...]

Perelandra

Opinions and Editorials and Letters_____

A few thoughts from the bridge before we run into baseball, and then the letters. The zine is doing well, and you're the reason for that. When I started opening new games with very little fanfare, I hoped to gain something in the way of a mixture of new readers and old faithfuls. Besides the response of subscriptions, many of you have commented on how you enjoy Perelandra and those comments keep us going. Also, the attention which some players obviously give to the games and press makes each day's mail interesting. I guess you all just don't know any better.

But I face a big problem. We are subsidizing the zine to the tune of about \$50-\$100 per month beyond the gamefees and subs. We're never going to make progress at debt reduction and/or eventually moving and a career change with that kind of expense. But I cannot allow Pere to fall back to a ten-page zine, not after seeing how well-received the larger style has been. There are two options...

A PRICE INCREASE. I waffled on this back in November and December, and decided not to go to \$1.25/issue. Part of the reason is that \$1.25 wouldn't cut it; for a price hike to make a difference, it would need to be \$1.50. At that level, you'd be paying for all the printing, and I would split the postage with the gamefees about 50/50. But the main reason I didn't go up is, believe it or not, competition--I figured few newcomers to postal Dip would ask for a sample of a \$1.25 zine when there are 40¢ and 60¢ zines out there. Although I'm unsure how regular readers would respond, I suspect our re-subscription rate would stay steady at about 85%. Now I'm asking your opinion, because I think a case can be made (and one of you made it very well by phone this week) that a quality product can support the price, and that serious players and those in it for kicks can afford a bit more for the diversity we've achieved.

DIGEST FORMAT. Ugh. Let me quote Glover Rogerson on the topic (and though I disagree about the computer argument, I feel in my heart he may be right there too):

"The thing is, everyone seems to be babbling on about how the modern zines don't have the spark that the late - and even some of the on-time - greats had. ... Now, perhaps it is just that with the enhanced perception that I possess these things are easier for me, but it all comes down to the reality of the zine. Take this editorial, for instance. Please.

No, but seriously, folks,...it's being written off the cuff, on a Wednesday night. I can get away with the inanity up top there, because i genuinely don't know whether i will have a front cover or not. If there is one, it's meant as a gentle homage to Greatest Hits...at least, that's the plan this evening...by the time you get it who knows? Now, if i was a fake zine, this would not hold water. All of my garbage would be stored on some piece of electronic doohickey which i would insist upon updating in the light of events ...the technology forces you to do it. Fake zines are sterile, because the spontaneity has been leached out of them through bad editing.

As if that was not enough, they then drop themselves into deeper trouble by the means of printing. You get [digest-sized] booklets. In exactly the same way as a tabloid is not a newspaper, a booklet is not a zine. This analogy is so perfect that i refuse to expand on it.

Some do escape; John Marsden continues to make Ode messy against all odds. Vienna is still clinging to it's repulsive sub-zines, and NMR hasn't quite picked up all of the techniques of layout that finally strip the life and leave a flaccid white offering...because the whole damn shooting match means that editors pay more attention to form rather than content."

Whew. Ellipses and 'spontaneity' are [sic], for the most part. So I've used an entire, expensive page to tell you that I don't like tiny, photo-reduced type (and worse, tiny, photo-reduced maps!), but it may be the only way to afford what I want to put out. I choose to spend this money--make no mistake--but I choose to hear what you want out of this, our production.

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THE GAME

Okay, this month we're in the last row of field boxes, even with the third-base bag, in the "non-alcoholic" section of Arlington Stadium...wondering whatever happened to Mickey Rivers? (I met him several times, a friend of mine dated him. That's not surprising--Mickey has dated as many women as he's married, and that's saying something!)

TWO-WEEK REVIEW No, I did not expect Canseco and McGwire to both be injured this year--at the same time? for a month each (more for Jose)?? Texas may now have the opportunity to win the AL West, but they traditionally wilt in the Texas summer. The team of the past two seasons would not have an ERA under three; would never come back from four runs down at midnight in the eighth inning; would never walk off the field saying, "Well, we expected to win. That's what we're here for." But Oakland can still win 100 games...

Who would've guessed that after two weeks the best the AL East could offer was .500 ball--and that was Baltimore! It's beginning to shake out now. New York's troubles were expected in this camp--any team that greets Wayne Tolleson and Bob Brower back from the DL with joy is in need of help. Milwaukee, as it turns out, will be a big monster when Higuera returns.

Several people have expressed surprise at my placing Atlanta over Houston. It's too early to tell but it looks as if the Astros' lack of pitching is going to be even worse than I thought; the Braves have already beat them a half-dozen times! San Francisco--what is Goose Gossage doing with this team? With any team? Los Angeles can't hit an elephant with a spitwad from ten feet, but neither can their opponents.

Mitch Williams to the Cubs, where he continues to help Roloids' cause by putting men on before he finally starts getting outs. The average score of a Cub game is Cubs winning 5-4½. Von Hayes has already started dropping back to .300, but for a while it looked as if Kathy Caruso's prediction about Philly first, Mets fourth would hold up. By the way, now that Kathy has left Flushing, is that why the Mets score less often than Billy Graham?

And: I apologize, Cub fans. I won't make you endure those 10 extra games in my predicted finish last month...you'll be 58-104 instead.

LARRY BOTIMER: Now, since you don't receive Ohio Acres I'll list my baseball picks for you. I'm truly astonished at some of your picks...First of all, the Mariners will finish ahead of the Rangers and Royals in the West. And the former Seattle Pilots will win the East.

Those trades you made didn't make the Rangers a better club as far as I can see. First, I don't care if Nolan Ryan's stats are great, the wins are what counts and the Rangers don't have the legitimate bats to drive in the runs he needs any more than Houston did.

The Mariners have the best-hitting healthy left-handed power-batting first baseman in the AL now, and the sure-fire Rookie of the Year in Ken Griffey, Jr. We dumped Balboni and got smart and made Jim Presley our DH to give us legitimate RBI men in the middle of our lineup. The Mariners, unlike the Rangers, will score 150 more runs this year than last and all we need is for our trio of young pitcher to come through and we'll finish third. Our rookie third baseman led the PCL in batting last year. Our rookie shortstop was voted the best defensive prospect in Double-A last year, and our rookie left fielder hit .321 in the month of September for the M's. Sorry, but when was the last time the Rangers had a farm system produce that? Forget it, M's ahead of the Rangers all the way!

Pete: The last time the Rangers had a team with those characteristics was 1986. They suffered through two years of development, and then traded some of those youngsters and kept others. The ones they kept, with the fruits of the trades, now have them playing .800 ball. Keep watching, Larry. Oh, and let me give you prospects if that's what you want--Dean Palmer, Monte Ferris, Sammy Sosa. Let me know if they're not major-league regulars by 1992.

ERIC BROSIUS: Boston would be stupid to trade Boggs for a left-handed starter. Lefties never amount to anything in Boston--look at Ojeda; look at Tudor; look at Hurst. We can't get them out of town fast enough. We even trade them for guys like Easler. If we did trade Boggs for

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a lefty, we'd trade the new guy for Rafael Santana by May anyway. Hitters we appreciate, and we don't care much about winning the World Series anyway.

Pete: Boston trade Boggs? How can anyone rationally discuss trading the single biggest threat at the plate in the last twenty years? Boggs may be the best hitter in the history of baseball (wait five more years before you hold me to that) and the BoSox talk trades?

Stuart tells a very wonderful story about his boyhood encounter with Dodgers Johnny Podres and Dop Drysdale--but then he caps it off with this zinger...

STUART LANGE: I've lived in Atlanta since 1974, and I can promise you the Braves won't finish above 7th in the NL West. I know there are only six teams in the division. The Braves have finished 6th so consistently that they are going to retire the number.

THE OTHER GAME

ERIC BROSIUS: You put in a few ? and ! signs this time, but not nearly enough! Hand them out like lollipops at a dental clinic! What's a commentator for if not to create controversy? The more outraged letters from offended players the better...hey, whatta ya got against my move, ya moron?

Please explain the use of the codename. Is it for phoning in orders?

Pete: Exactly.

TIM STARK: If I haven't said so before, I am definitely going to be at "Pete-Con" Memorial Day weekend. I'm really looking forward to it. I'm trying to talk my wife into coming, but she's not a "gamer." Will there be any normal activities going on?

Pete: You mean twelve hours of eye-glazing, dehumanizing boardgames (yes, I'm talking about Civilization here) isn't normal? Well, Cathy will have to work Friday and part of Saturday--but the rest of the weekend she'll be looking for "normal" people to associate with. Of course, if Russ Russnak shows up, that may be really tough... First off, there are games for nongamers. Survive, Scrabble and even Risk, Bridge, and Monopoly have been played in the past. Snowball Fighting is so much fun that Jeanne Baker won a game one Arlingcon, blowing away the "gamers." Besides games, I would recommend she consider coming and laying out at the pool with my wife so they commiserate with each other about how miserable we are. There's going to be lots of food and goofing off, but during the games maybe she'll want to check out a mall or a club (I'm still trying to find out who's going to be at Caravan of Dreams that Sunday night...).

The past two months I've managed to get games going three times--with Jason Bergmann, Tim, Steven Lawty, and now Tom Hise--and now Tom and Jason are coming over after the ball game Sunday (Nolan Ryan against Roger Clemens--how could I miss it?). It's refreshing to do this after a sixmonth drought since we lost sight of Don Scheifler!

convening the hobby

Arlingcon notes in a minute. First, let's hear a response to my inquiry about Pudgecon...

VINCE LUTTERBIE: This is the official announcement! Pudgecon lives! Unfortunately, it will not be in Wichita [Editor: Bob O. has now sold his house there.]. I'll co-host it with Behnen August 18-20. [Editor; that's **August 18-20.**]

It will be renamed POOLCON--not for billiards, but because our house happens to have a swimming pool. Wives of Dip players and female Dipsters will be more than welcome as my wife would like to meet some of the lady dippers. W'll have Dip, Titan, Acquire, and whatever games other people bring.

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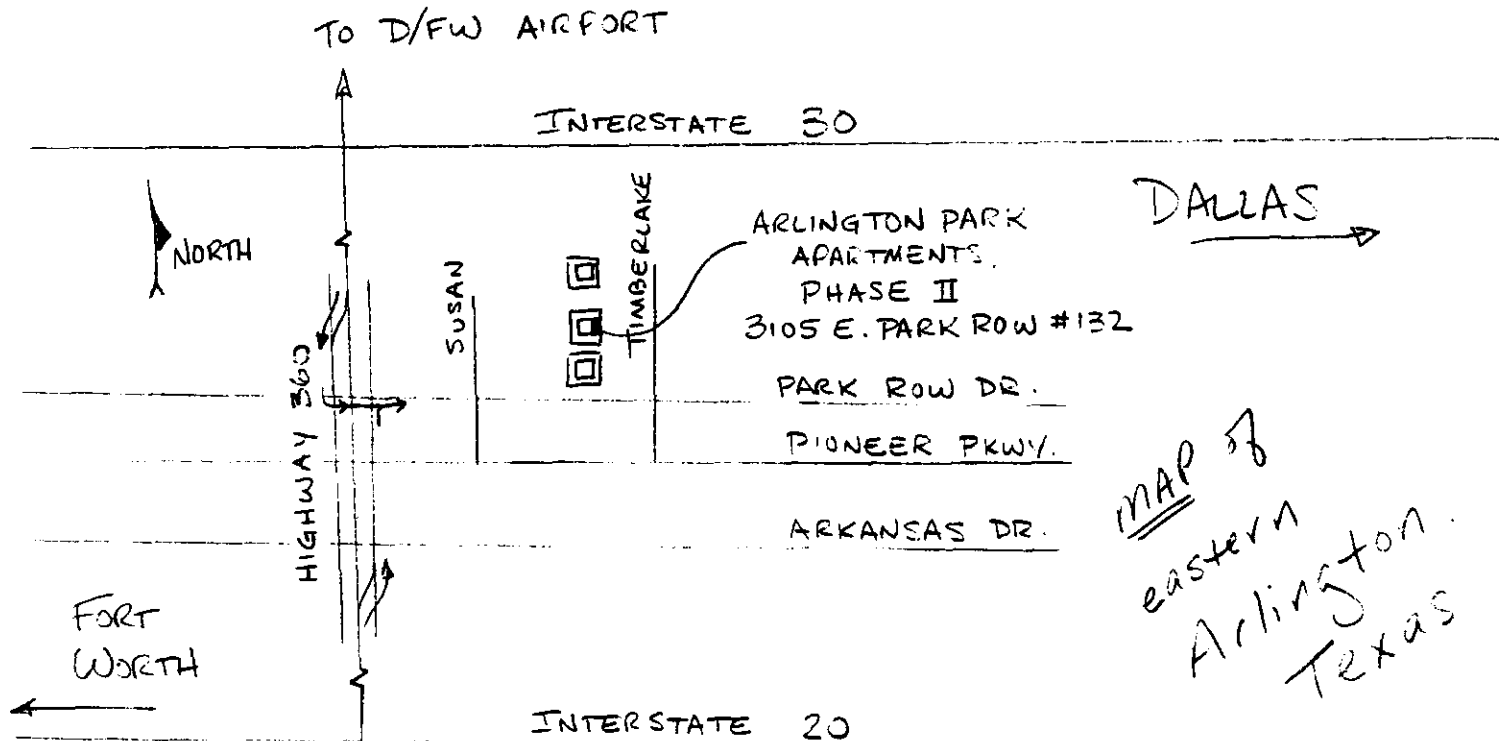
We've got room for about 10 people but preference will be given to Kathy Caruso and those who bring their wives (since my wife owns half the house). There are three reasonably-priced motels in the town and one a bit fancier.

I'll await some feedback and see what else I can let you know as time progresses. The Royals are in Seattle that weekend, but we are close to KC and there's a lot to do there too.

I would really like for Caruso, Olsen, and Peters to make it, as well as the Texas contingent. Of course, those regulars to Pudgecon are welcome too, but Poolcon will have a different flavor, with a bit more emphasis on Diplomacy as we'll have more newcomers showing up--hopefully

My address & phone: 1021 Stonehaven, Marshall MO 65340; 816-886-7354.

Pete: Do we need the "South" on that address, or am I mistaken? The Rangers are in Minnesota during Arlingcon, in case anybody wondered. Here's how to get to Arlingcon 5:



Look, I'm not kidding about Russ²nak--he's considering coming to Arlingcon. So are Vince and Melody Lutterbie, Greg Ellis, James Early (and three friends from Houston), Don Scheifler, Guy and Libby Hail...and about a dozen locals. [Jan Stark, are you noticing those ladies? I'd like for Polly Ellis to join us, but Greg is iffy--waiting for results of the bar exam--and Polly, I think, is iffy with Greg. They'd probably bring Casey Elaine along, for those of you who feel a holiday is incomplete without nif-norfs running around...]

ERIC BROSIUS (one more time): On the Runestone Poll, while a vote of 1 does stand for "toxic waste," you're also allowed to vote 0 ("nuclear war"). The scale is 0-10 (no fractions, please)

Pete: And that seems the perfect lead-in to:

ECOLOGIC

MARK LEW: The difficulty in making the third world conserve their ecology is that they pay most of the price and we (the rich west) get most of the benefit. In the US we're very concerned about global warming and other planetary problems, but the average Brazilian, Indonesian, or Nigerian has plenty more important things to worry about. It's difficult to answer a third-world government that says, "When you were having your industrial revolution you deforested,

Perelandra

strip-mined, and polluted your land, and you grew rich as a result. So where do you get off telling us we can't do the same?"

The good news is that in many of the most alarming cases, the ecological devastation is not even in the economic interest of the nation in which it is occurring; but for economic and political reasons, it benefits certain influential interest groups. The land being cleared in the Amazon is purportedly needed for ranching, but cleared rain-forest land yields poor soil. At the same time in southern Brazil there are millions of acres of undeveloped land with rich soil. A recent discussion paper from the World Bank details how Brazil's economic policy, tax laws, and property laws financially reward the deforesters. In essence, the average Brazilian is paying Amazonian landowners to destroy their land. There is some pressure to change the system but the deforesters (mostly large companies) dominate politics in the Amazonian states and have a lot of influence in the federal government as well. Naturally, they resist any policy change which would diminish their opportunity to get rich at the expense of the rest of Brazil.

Pete: Besides rain forests, the economy is attacking the ecology of our planet in plenty of other places. Welcome to Prince William Sound. Can you say, "America's Chernobyl?" I knew you could. Listen, people--the Exxon Valdez is a disaster on a par with a 7.5 earthquake--the sum total of all fires in Yellowstone last year did not do as much permanent damage to our environment as did the spilling of more than a million barrels of oil. What's truly scary, though, is that the oil industry failed to follow its own plan for cleanup of the largest possible spill--and that plan only anticipated one-fourth the amount of oil that Joseph Hazelwood and crew splashed into the ocean! And that was 15% of the ship's cargo!!

And the Bush attitude seems to be, "Oh well, Life is what happens to you while you're making plans." Samuel Skinner (Secy of Trans) sat on "This Week with David Brinkley" and said we have two national interests: to protect Alaskan oil, which is 25% of domestic production; and "#2, protecting the environment." Let me tell you something: to say that economic interests (or science even!) are valid reasons for standing up for conservation, is like saying that your parents' lives are worth defending because of their income potential!

I am sick to death of those who will view the ecosystems of Earth as a means. Defending our environment is RIGHT. It is GOOD. It does not need your rationalizations, your "mitigations," your consideration. It needs your VOICE. Conservation is, as Paul puts it, "the good that you know to do"--which, if left undone, is sin in a real downhome, materialist, humanistic way.

If you're still patronizing Exxon, stop. If the nation's third-largest company doesn't have the sense to protect the lives and livelihoods of two million animals and 5000 Alaskans, it sure hasn't earned your business.

Well, there's not much more I can do on that subject--after all, I'm just a poet and a one-man band--but let me leave you with one more thought on the subject. Even granted that a rig has shut down in the North Sea, etc etc, the price of gas still went up ten cents a gallon due to the Valdez alone. Why doesn't the price ever go down when they find oil??

Guy Hail inflicted a long mathematical joke on me this month, which I chuckled out loud at (I don't do that--ever), so I may subject you to it if we have room...however, a page count at this point says we're already past the "limit" by three, so God knows what we're going to find space for this month...

STEVE NICEWARNER: By the way, I read in #66 that your jazz station has gone into that "wierd stage again." If your cycle is any indication (classical jazz, then fusion/progressive) that "wierd stage" is called New Age (Jarré, Synergy, or Kitaro sound familiar?). You really should be patient--it grows on you. Just in case your station has no taste in New Age, let me recommend "Optical Race" by Tangerine Dream. It's not exactly jazz, or fusion for that matter, but it does grow on you.

[second letter] I like Spyro Gyra also. My taste in music is really broad--there's Yes playing right now, some Rush and U2 in the tape box, Supertramp with the records and just about everything in between. No country or Muzak allowed, though.

Pete: I guess I'm lazy. I never bothered to find out that Rush, Supertramp, or Yes were at

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all different. (My only experience with any of them is Supertramp from Don Williams' house to the Langleys' for a Dafcon five years ago.) I did find out that the wierd stage on KERA is known as "world music," a cheap imitation of African and Latin and Caribrhythms and languages--unfortunately often all at the same time.

World Literature

BRIAN HOGAN: My wife, two daughters and I are a month away from the end of a two-year stint as dorm-parent missionaries on the Navajo Reservation. I am already anticipating missing our 15 Native American boys (ages 5-11). We've been having a terrible time charting our course for the future. Louise wants to take a couple of years off in the "real world," while I feel that we should go straight into another mission (perhaps overseas). We've been learning an awful lot more about conflict resolution than I ever thought possible or desirable. We have settled on doing exactly what she wanted and are now making plans to set up housekeeping on the Central Coast of California (where we are from). I am hoping that we have a terrific stay there, and especially that I don't wind up with a job that I hate. I just need to relax and go with the flow, I guess.

I am planning at this point, however, to stay on the reservation for the summer and write my first book. I want to write a tourist guidebook about trips off the beaten path in Navajoland. I will probably stay in a Navajo encampment and take research trips almost every day (when I'm not helping with hauling water or herding sheep). I already have an illustrator for the book, a young Navajo artist named Martin Whitehair. I just need a publisher.

Pete: No, first you need a book.

None of my business, but your decision is the right one most likely. I've seen many missionaries, on and off the field, and there are two things they need--rest at regular intervals, and wholehearted agreement as to what they are doing.

STEVE LANGLEY: I am surprised that Phil Farmer is only now being recognized as Kilgore Trout. I was sure that he had left lots of clues around, almost to the point of claiming the name, although Phil rarely claimed any of his pen names. He first published the genealogy you referenced vis a vis Nero Wolfe when he was writing about Tarzan. As I remember it, he drew the Lone Ranger into it, along with a few others. Lord Peter Wimsey and Doc Savage also come to mind.

Pete: Funny, I got the Wolfe notes from Rod who says Baring-Gould compiled Wolfe's history. I think there probably many many people who knew that Farmer was Trout, but many more like me who did not know. As recently as 1986 (I think it was in Analog) I saw definitive statements that Vonnegut had written Venus on the Half Shell; that was what first convinced me to order a copy.

HAPPY
25TH BIRTHDAY.
CATHY O.

Love,
Pete

GAME OPENINGS

All gamefees include whatever rules and maps I have on hand for that game. We are always looking for new, different games to offer! Subscriptions are required in addition to any gamefee.

Diplomacy, "Rylos": **GAMESTART INSIDE.**

Diplomacy, "Planet Blue": British system of season separations--retreats are submitted with the turn they result from. Thus, Spring and "Summer" are one turn; Fall, "Autumn" and Winter are the other. This will be a no-standby game; fee \$5.

Diplomacy, "Freibur" (Texas and adjacent states only, on 3-week deadlines): \$5. Greg Ellis, Tim Stark and Todd Stewart paid--Guy Hail and James Early signed up.

Snowball Fighting, "Belgarion": free, with four players ready to go (can take as many as eight). Hey, folks, everyone who tries this game says they love it--what have you got to lose?

Snowball Fighting, "Caradhras" (gunboat S.F.): free and six signed up. This will start next month--still room for two more if you want in this one instead of Belgarion.

Gunboat Titan, "Giffard": **GAMESTART INSIDE.**

I am thinking about gming a game of Downfall in Geoff Richard's The Messenger, and Jason is definitely doing one in Vince Lutterbie's Down at the Mouth. Jason's fee is \$2; write to him. For the game in The Messenger, let me know if you want on the list.

WHERE TO FIND IT

Literary Quiz--page 83. 1987HK Northpoint--page 82. 1987APrb32/1988Zra Zemba--page 68. 1988Ar/1988GBrs32 Glome--page 70. 1988GAts19/1988Vte Lakkdarol--page 76. ASF7 Quwhon--page 79. 1988CH Sesefras Magna--page 68. 1988CN Fomalhaut--page 73. 1989B Magrathea--page 67. 1989AJ Zelpst--page 72. 1989?? Rylos--page 72. Giffard/Gunboat Titan--page 73. BR8901 Gramarye--page 74

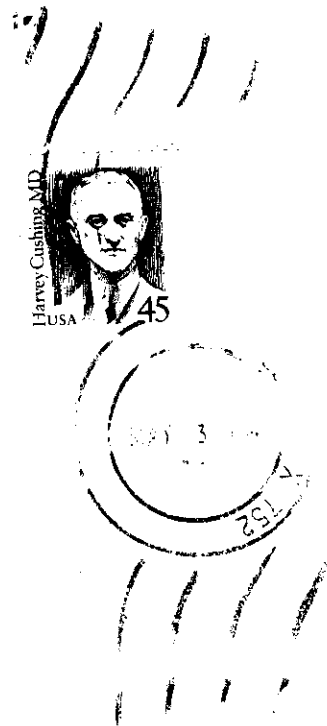
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**May the Road rise up to meet you;
may the wind be ever at your back;
and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand.**