

# Herelandra

75 / March 1990

## *Another Temple Gone*

*C. E. Montague*

They say that there may be a speck of quiet lodged at the central point of a cyclone. Round it everything goes whirling. It alone sits at its ease, as still as the end of an axle that lets the wheel, all about it, whirl any wild way it likes.

That was the way at Gartumna in those distant years when the "land war" was blowing great guns all over the rest of the County Clare. Gartumna lay just at the midst of that tempest. But not a leaf stirred in the place. You paid your rent if you could; for the coat that the old colonel had on his back—and he never out of the township—was that worn you'd be sorry. Suppose you hadn't the cash, still you were not "put out of it." All that you'd have to suffer was that good man buzzing about your holding, wanting to help; he would be all in a fidget trying to call to mind the way that some heathen Dane, that he had known when a boy, used to bedevil salt butter back into fresh—that, or how Montenegrins would fatten a pig on any wisp of old trash that would come blowing down the high road. A kind man, though he never got quit of the queer dream he had that he knew how to farm.

Another practising Christian we had was Father O'Reilly. None of the sort that would charge you half the girl's fortune before they'd let the young people set foot in the church. And, when it was done, he'd come to the party and sing the best song of any one there. However, at practical goodness Tom Farrell left the entire field at the post. Tom had good means: a farm in fee-simple—the land, he would often tell us, the finest in Ireland, "every pitaty the weight of the world if you'd take it up in your hand"; turf coming all but in at the door to be cut; besides, the full of a creel of fish in no more than the time you'd take dropping a fly on the stream: the keeper had married Tom's sister. People would say "Ach, the match Tom would be for a girl!" and gossips liked counting the "terrible sum" that he might leave when he'd die if only he knew how to set any sort of value on money. But this he did not. The widow Burke, who knew more about life than a body might think, said Tom would never be high in the world because no one could come and ask for a thing but he'd give it them. Then, as she warmed to the grateful labour of letting you know what was what, the widow might add: "I question will Tom ever make a threepenny piece, or a penny itself, out of that old construction he has away there in the bog."

At these words a hearer would give a slight start and glance cannily round, knowing that it would be no sort of manners to give a decent body like Sergeant Maguire the botheration and torment of hearing the like of that said out aloud. But the sergeant would never be there. For he too had his fine social instincts. He would be half a mile off, intent on his duty, commanding the two decent lads that were smoking their pipes, one on each of his flanks, in the tin police hut away down the road. Gartumna did not doubt that this tactful officer knew more than he ever let on. A man of his parts must surely have seen, if not smelt, that no unclean or common whisky, out of a shop, had emitted the mellow sunshine transfiguring recent christenings and wakes. But who so coarse as to bring a functionary so right-minded up against the brute choice between falling openly short in professional zeal and wounding the gentle bosom of Gartumna's peace?

The sun was high already—your feverish early starts were no craze of the sergeant's. The air over the bog had tuned up for the day to its loudest and most multitudinous hum and hot click of grasshoppers and bees; all the fawn surface swam in a water-coloured quiver of glare; the coarse, juiceless grass and old roots, leathery and slippery, tripped up the three beaters' feet. Hour by hour the long morning greased and begrimed the three clean-shaven, good-soldier faces that had set out on the quest; noon came blazingly on—its savage vertical pressure seemed to quell and mute with an excess of heat the

tropical buzz of all the basking bog life that the morning's sunshine had inspirited; another hour and the bog was swooning, as old poets say, under the embraces of the sun her friend, when a thin column of more intensely quivering air, a hundred yards off to the sergeant's half-left, betrayed some source of an ardour still more fiery than the sun's. Just for the next five or ten minutes, no more, the sergeant had done good stalking. Then it was all over. The hunting was done: nothing left but to whistle in his flank men and go over the haul.

The tub and worm of the illicit still had not been really hidden; they were just formally screened with a few blocks of turf as though in silent appeal to the delicacy of mankind to accept as adequate this symbolic tribute to the convention of a seemly reticence. Farrell, a little, neatly-made, fine-featured man with a set, contained face, but with all the nervousness of him quivering out into the restless tips of his small, pointed fingers, gazed at the three stolid uniformed bulks, so much grosser than he, while they disrobed his beloved machinery of that decent light vesture of turf and rummaged with large, coarse hands among the mysteries of his craft. He wore the Quakerish black suit and the broad and low-crowned soft black hat in which a respectable farmer makes his soul on a Sunday morning. Silent, and seemingly not shamed, nor yet enraged, neither the misdemanant caught in the act nor the parent incensed by a menace to its one chile, he looked on, grave and almost compassionate. So might the high priestess of Vesta have looked when the Gaulish heathen came butting into the shrine and messed about with the poker and tongs of the goddess's eternal flame. How could the poor benighted wretches know the mischief that they might be doing the world?

Sergeant Maguire, too, may have had his own sense of our kind's tragic blindness quickened just then—that a man, a poor passionate man, should so rush upon his own undoing! "Ach, it's a pity of you, Farrell," he presently said. "A pity! You with the grand means that you have of your own! An' you distillin' pocheen!"

"Pocheen!" The little, precise, nervous voice of Farrell ran up into a treble of melancholy scorn. With an austere quality in his movements he drew a brown stoneware jar from among some heaped cubes of turf that the barbarians had not yet disarranged. From another recess he took a squat tumbler. Into this he poured from the jar enough to fill a liqueur-glass smaller than most. "Tell me," he bade almost sternly, holding the tumbler out to Maguire, "d'ye call that pocheen?"

"Ye can take a sup first," was the canny reply. Maguire had heard how Eastern kings always made cooks and premiers taste first.

Farrell absorbed the tot, drop by drop. He did not cross himself first, but there was something about his way of addressing himself to the draught that would make you think of a man crossing himself before some devout exercise, or taking the shoes from off his feet before stepping on holy ground. As the potion irrigated his soul he seemed to draw off from the touch of this clamorous world into some cloistral retreat. From these contemplative shade he emerged, controlling a sigh, a little time after the last drop had done its good office. He poured out for Maguire.

"Well, here's luck," said the sergeant, raising the glass, "and a light sentence beyond." The good fellow's tone conveyed what the etiquette of the service would not allow him to say—that in the day of judgment every mitigating circumstance would be freshly remembered.

Up to this his fortieth year Maguire, conversing with the baser liquors of this world and not with philtres of transfiguration, had counted it sin to drink his whisky as if it would burn him. So the whole of the tot was now about to descend his large-bore throat in close order, as charges of shot proceed through the barrel of a gun. But the needful peristaltic action of the gullet had scarcely commenced when certain tiding of great joy were taken in at the palate and forwarded express to an astonished brain. "Mother of God!" the sergeant exclaimed. "What sort of hivven's delight is this you've invented for all souls in glory?"

A sombre satisfaction gleamed out of Farrell's monkish face. Truth was coming into its own, if only too late. The heathen were seeing the light. "It's the stuff," he said, gravely, "that made the old gods of the Greeks and Romans feel sure they were gods."

*[excerpted from the Portable Irish Reader, edited by Diarmuid Russell]*

# Perelandra

This is issue #75 of *Perelandra*, an amateur monthly magazine of postal games, literature, and Irishism. I'm your editor and resident liberal apologist, Pete Gaughan (address: Box 7006, Corte Madera CA 94925-7006). For the time being I'm not publishing a phone number—as soon as we've settled in a place of our own (mid-summer?) I'll give you one. (NMR insurance is still in effect if you've given me yours.) Subscriptions to this thing are \$1.50/issue, but you can get it for free if you participate in contests or if you stand by in the games here.

If you're already a reader here, DON'T PANIC. This is the same zine you've been seeing. There's an editorial or two about all the changes in our lives a little later in the zine, but for now enjoy the games and worry about *Perelandra* going the way of all flesh some other time...

## GLOME / Deviant Diplomacy

### Winter 1907: LOOK WHO'S TALKING

voting: aus eir fra ger ita rus tur  
 GM yes yes no yes yes yes yes  
 F/G no no yes yes no yes no

Italy proposes E/F/I/R/T draw. See protest over GM win in press.

(Austrian rebel units identified as "X"; German rebel units will be identified as "Y".)

**AUSTRIA** (Greg Ellis): still has f aeg, f bul/sc, f con, f bla, a sev, a mos, Ya sil. Playlist: "Tomorrow," from Annie, the Soundtrack.

**EIRE** (Don Williams): removes Xa smy, a ice, a lvp, a edi; still has f ire, f iri, f nwg, f lon, f nts, Ya vie. Playlist: Liz Story, "Part of Fortune."

**FRANCE** (Eric Brosius): removes all units except f bre, a par, a bur, a ruh, f mar, Xa ukr, a/f tyn, f ion, a gas, Ya rom. Playlist: "The Bee and the Pup."

**GERMANY** (J.R. Baker): removes a pru, a apu; still has a ber, a mun, a war, a lvn, a den. Playlist: Jan & Dean, "Little Ol' Lady from Pasadena."

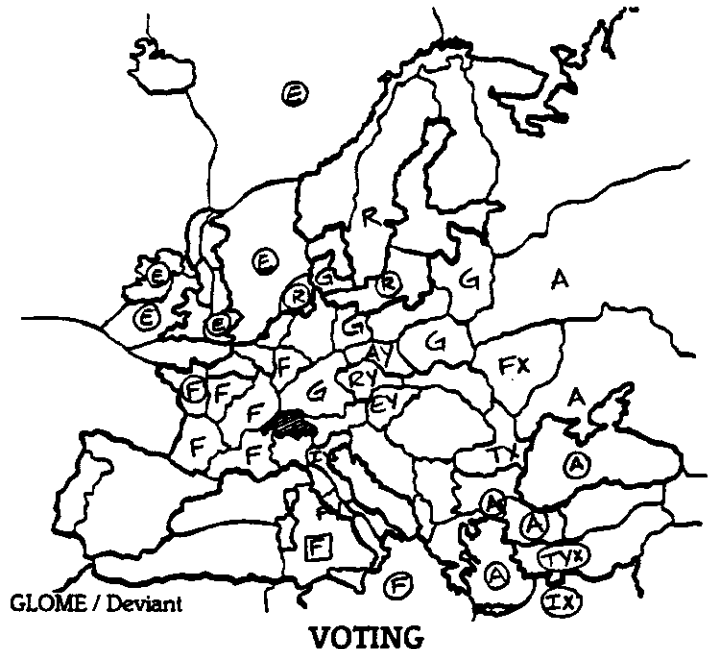
**ITALY** (Tom Nash): builds a ank\*; also has Xf eas, Ya ven. Playlist: D.J. Jazzy Jeff and the Fresh Prince, "In This Corner."

**RUSSIA** (Russ Blau): removes a hol; still has a swe, f hel, f bal, Ya boh. Playlist: Pink Floyd, Dark Side of the Moon.

**TURKEY** (Mark Lew): still has Xa rum and XYf smy. Playlist: Beatles, "Love Me Do."

\*Oops—not a home center for Italy.

**DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1908** is on back cover. Be sure to include: moves, votes, vote on EFIRT draw, new proposal, and both kinds of press.



GLOME / Deviant		VOTING	
#95 FRESH START	3	yes	
#99 ROBIN HOOD	-		
#106 ANTI-GERMANY	5	yes	
#107 LET'S DO IT	-		
#108 GERMAN GOOSESTEP RULE	2	no	
#109 REPEAL OTHELLO	-		
#110 YELLOW AUSTRIA	12	yes	
#111 GERMAN CIVIL WAR	17	yes	

Rules now in effect—Playlist; "No" Votes; Tunnel; Anti-Titan; Transporter Beam; Random Rules; Deviant, Dammit!; Unstable Dots; Rabbit Rule; Othello; AFGT; Living Dead; Anti-Lew; No Retreats; EFIRT; Press; A-H and German Civil Wars. The German units (each unit comes with its current supply center) are divided as follows...Ya sil to Austria, Ya vie to Eire, Ya ven to Italy, Ya boh to

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Russia, Ya rom to France, XYf smy to Turkey (yes, this one has now rebelled twice!). So help me, these selections were made *randomly!*

## REPROPOSALS

#106—ANTI-GERMANY.

#109—REPEAL OTHELLO.

#110—YELLOW AUSTRIA.

## NEW PROPOSALS

#112—FLEXIBLE HOMES. Tun, Bel and Par become Italian home centers; Nwy, Den and Hol become Russian home centers; Rum, Bul and Gre become Turkish home centers. Thereafter a player may order to trade one or more of his home centers for an equal number of home centers of another player. Any trade ordered by both parties is enacted by the GM. Note that this rule and these trades do not affect ownership of the centers—only whose home they are are part of.

#113—PRIME CANDIDATES. All non-prime number rules are hereby repealed. [One-time effect only; any rules previously repealed by a rule repealed by this rule are not reinstated.]

#114—IRISH RAILS. The game is magically transformed to a game of Railway Rivals on the Irish map (GM and all players provided with map and rules by proposer of this rule). Any current players declining to play are ridiculed viciously in Connie's RR zine, and Doug (the "Melinda Holley of RR") Brown replaces all such players.

#115—REBELLION. At the end of every spring and fall season, after all movement, retreats and other adjustments (including Othello flips), the GM rolls a d6 for every sc that was within the boundaries of a Great Power in 1901, and is currently owned by a different Great Power. Rebellion occurs on a roll of 1 or 2. Rebellion causes the center to revert to the ownership of the Great Power that controlled it in 1901, and any unit in the center at the time of the rebellion is replaced by a Guerrilla unit controlled by the new owner. A guerrilla unit is just like an army, except (a) it cannot move or retreat outside the 1901 boundaries of its home country, (b) it does not require an sc for support, and (c) it can be converted into an army (but not vice versa) at any time by the player who controls it. For purposes of

this rule, Eire controlled all of Great Britain in 1901. [GM ruling: 'any time' means at any phase of a turn.]

#116—BLACK FRIDAY. Paris, Burgundy and Marseilles become German. Brest, Portugal and Holland become Eire's. Naples, Tunis and Rome become Italian. Constantinople, Ankara, and Bulgaria become Turkish. St. Pete, Moscow, Finland and Sevastapol become Russian. Austria gets Greece, Serbia and Trieste. France gets to jump off a tall building.

#117—PORK BARREL. The Mid-Atlantic Ocean is no longer next to the North Atlantic or the Irish Sea. The English Channel and the tunnel beneath it are impassable; any unit which is there when this rule takes effect is annihilated.

The French may use beams, but they may not beam to any space which lies entirely to the north of an east-west line running through the dot in Belgium.

No power is ever forced to remove its last unit; a power which loses its last supply center stays in the game and may keep one unit (if it has a unit left). Such a power receives no votes until such time as it regains a supply center. [GM ruling—a power which has its last unit squashed does not apply this rule.]

Screws for German bombers cost 600 marks apiece. As a result, a bomber costs the same as 10 units to build, and counts as 10 units when deciding on the builds and removals for a winter turn.

## PRESS

from *Greg Ellis* (20 February 1990):

Before we get to the moves I must once again take small issue with your rule interpretation. The Austria-Hungary Civil War rule (#100) should not forever remove units or centers from Austrian ownership, as you noted in explaining your map symbols. Instead, the rule states the loyal units remain "under Austrian control, while rebel units are assigned to one each of five of the six remaining Great Powers." (emphasis added). The rule goes on to say that the other powers are assigned one Austrian center "now to be controlled by the great power gaining the rebel

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Austrian unit.”(emphasis added).

The intent of the rule is not to permanently deprive Austria of either units or centers, just control of those units and centers. It could be argued that the use of the word “former” in describing the Austrian centers implies a loss of Austrian ownership. I contend that a literal interpretation would force you to choose the centers to give away from a pool consisting of centers Austria formerly owned, not centers currently owned. This would, however, take the term too literally and out of context. The entire rule, read together, is very clear: Austria loses control of one unit and one supporting center to each of the five great powers, but does not lose ownership.

As further support, please note that no mention is made of the right to vote the Austrian centers, which would be a definite indication of ownership versus mere control.

The reason for the difference is equally clear: Austria is not allowed to remove rebel units when it loses a supply center because the center supporting that unit is controlled by the power controlling the unit. If that supporting center is lost, however, the rebel unit must be disbanded. You should also note that this interpretation implies the controlling power is not allowed to disband rebel Austrian units (which makes sense if they are truly to be considered rebel Austrian units and not defectors to another great power) unless the supporting supply center is lost.

Please reconsider your prior interpretation and re-list the Austrian centers as owned by Austria and controlled by some other power, as you have already done for the Austrian rebel units. Maybe we could use this to make up for my act of reasonable kindness in not asking for a readjudication on the ownership of Liverpool, eh?

*[Well, folks, there's a kettle of fish. Here's my response.*

*[I'm close to agreeing with Greg's claim that "control" is different from "ownership." But the intent of the rule is not something that a lawyer can deduce from the text. In fact, I get very tired*

*of interpretations (mostly in literary criticism) that claim to derive authority from the writer's intent—when was the last time the interpreter talked with the writer?*

*[As I peruse the original document, I can find no indication that the author of Rule 100 wanted to create a situation involving Austrian ownership. In fact, the reference in the rule to our earlier incident of civil strife (“For the second time this game,...”) would lend support to interpretations which remove all power from Austria-Hungary as involves the randomly-selected units and centers, as I have done.*

*[In addition, controlling a center, in Deviant Diplomacy, brings with it the privilege of voting for that center. So ruleth the GameMaster.*

*[For these reasons and for the purpose of promoting the general welfare, I find in favor of my own (previous) interpretation. I retain the separate notation merely so that the units may be identified if a future rule applies to them specially.*

*[So there (although it was a wonderful try, Greg). Now the rest of the press.]*

**Austria to World:** In case you haven't noticed, I'M NOT IN THE LEAD ANY MORE, SO LAY OFF!

**Germany to France:** Why haven't you been writing? We need to do something about EIRE soon. Are you with me?

**Ank (“New Rome”) to World:** Great. Forced press. Should be a thrill to read.

**Ank (“New Rome”) to Eire:** Aren't we due for an nmr about now?

**Eire to “New Rome”:** Shaddup. I can't even get my zine out.

**“New Rome” to Eire:** I see you've joined the Nash-started trend of no center staples.

**GM to “New Rome”:** Hey, don't take credit where it's not due—~~Herelandra~~ was published that way for over a year. There is nothing new under the sun.

**Eire to “New Rome”:** Yes, oh Great Guru. Show me more in the profound ways of Nashness.

**“New Rome” to Eire:** Patience, my son. All shall be revealed.

**Paris to GM:** Pete, I still don't understand how this is an Empire Builder variant. Where are my loads?

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When do I get to build track? Can I upgrade my engine now?

**GM to Paris:** (I'm tempted to say "Patience, my son. All shall be revealed.") Just start writing some orders. C'mon, let's see "Xf eas picks up figs, moves 9mp W toward Carthage.

**Turkey to All:** I am starting the new hobby "Poll Poll." Please send me, c/o Benzene, your list, from 1 to 2, of all curent hobby zine polls: the Brostus Poll, or the Gaughan Poll. No ties. Chris Carrier will be running a "Poll of the Poll Poll" and then, a "Poll of How You Liked the Poll of the Poll Poll." When Lech Walesa takes over it'll be the "Pole's Poll of the Poll of the Poll Poll." I am taking this very seriously, as is my assistant, Marc Hanna.

**A-H to Turkey:** I tried to put you out of my misery, but Russia got in the way. He and I may bounce each other out of St. Pete forever, keep you alive forever. In fact, we might arrange it just because you want out of the game!

**Stockholm:** All hail the Glorious Gaughan, new ruler of Europe!

**East Med:** Hey! You guys can't do this to me! I'm a deity, dammit! I will rain down fire and brimstone upon your infidel heads! The Leisure Suit Lucifer, the K-Mart Satan, foe of all that is good and righteous, is behind this. I know it.

**Erie to Germany:** You take the low road and I'll take the high road and I'll get to the wine cellars before you!

**France to GM:** I've never removed eleven units before!

**Paris to uh...Bucharest:** Didn't you remove seventeen once in a regular Dip game?

**GM to Paris:** What was regular about that?

**Berlin to Paris:** I don't understand—why did you give those four centers to Austria?

**World Events:** The United States and Soviet Union have started negotiations over the re-unification of Austria.

**GM to Berlin:** There's your answer!

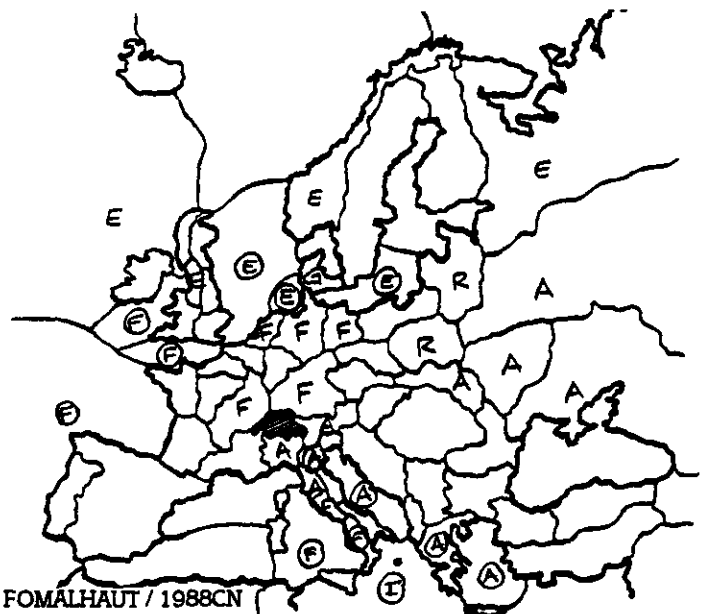
**Germany to Russia:** What's black and white and read all over?

**Russia to Germany:** The press for this game (hahahahahahahahaha!)

**Austria to GM:** Your houserules don't allow a

concession to the GM. So it's illegal in this game too unless we change the rules to allow it.. You're just trying to chicken out of this game!

**GM to Glome:** No way. Read it again—Germany proposed the GM win. Besides, if you can't bend the rules in this game you never can. Personally, I feel the GM win has a certain elegance which would top Deviant Dip off perfectly. I encourage the idea.



## FOMALHAUT / 1988CN

<u>Votes:</u>	aus	eng	fra	ger	ita	rus	
F	no	nvr	yes	yes	nvr	yes	*
AE	yes	nvr	no	yes	nvr	no	*
AF	no	nvr	yes	yes	nvr	no	*
EF	no	nvr	yes	yes	nvr	no	*
AEF	no	nvr	no	yes	nvr	no	

\*Austria repropose A/E; France repropose F, A/F, and E/F.

Summer 1905: England retreats f kie-hel; Russia retreats a mos-lvn.

Fall 1905: **BACK AND FORTH**

**AUSTRIA** (Jason Bergmann): a arm-sev, a mos-war (a gal s), a ukr-mos, a boh-tyo, a tyo-pie, a ven-tus, f apu-ven, f alb-adr, f aeg & f gre s italian f eas-ion.

**ENGLAND** (Tim Stark): a fin-stp, f bar-nwy, a edi-lvp, f nwg-nao, f nts-lon, f hel & f bal & a den s german a ber-kie /nso/.

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FRANCE (Tom Nash): a kie-ber (a mun s (a bur s)), a ruh-kie (a hol s), f eng-lon, f mid-iri, f naf-mid, f wes-tyn, f nap ms f ion /alb apu tun otb/, a rom s f nap.

GERMANY (John Crosby): a ber h /retreats otb/.

ITALY (Vince Lutterbie): f eas-ion.

RUSSIA (Jim Nickel): a lvn ms a war.

## SUPPLY CENTERS HELD as of 1905

Austria	vie tri	bud ser gre rum con ven sev bul ank	MOS.	12	build one
England	lon lvp edi nwy stp swe den kie	.	.	7	disband one
France	par bre mar spa por bel tun rom nap hol mun	BER KIE		13	build two
Germany	ber	.	.	0	out
Italy	smy	.	.	1	even
Russia	war mes	.	.	1	disband one

## PRESS

England to France: Let's see what happens next.

Pope to World: Pope Lutterbie is currently en route to help relieve his homeland of all those slimy snails in butter that have been ruining everyone's spaghetti lately.

## LAKKDAROL / Downfall

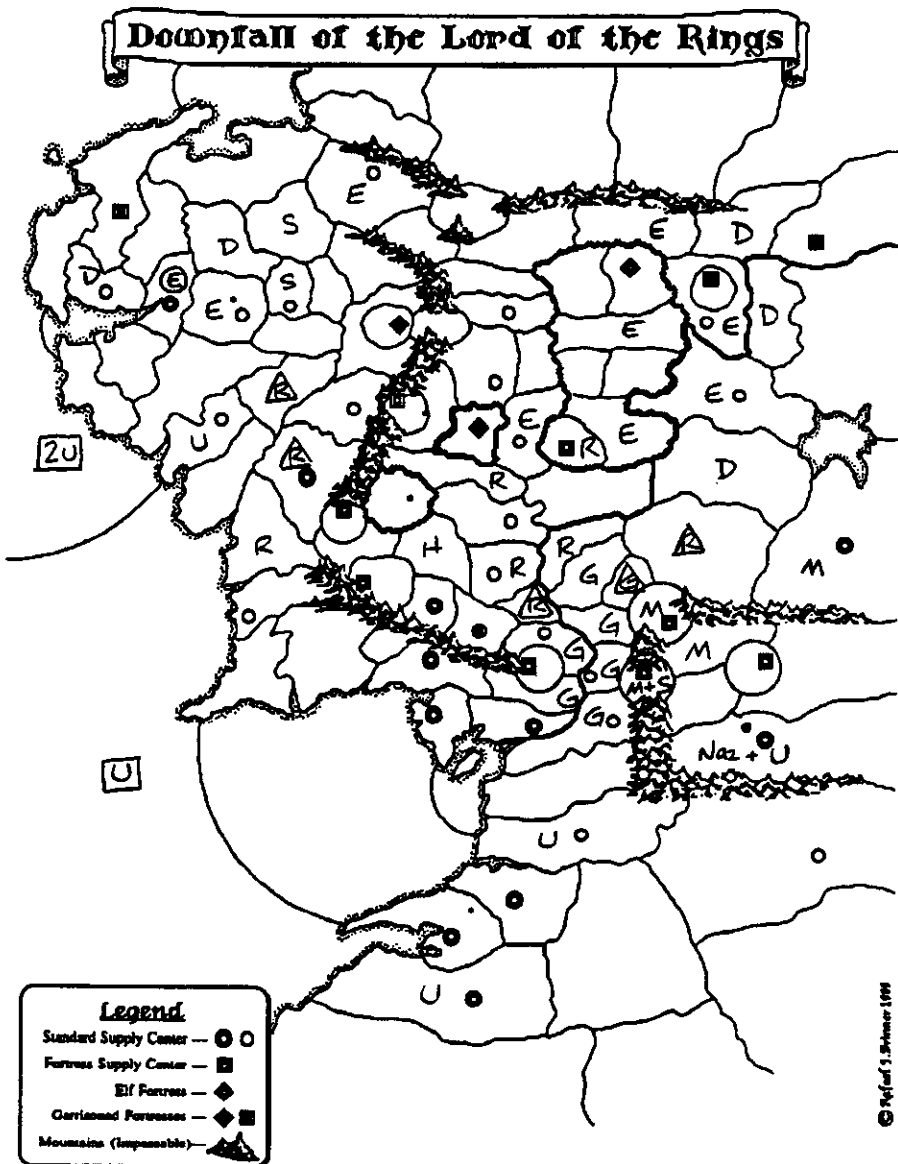
EGoRU draw: Dwarves, Elves & Rohan yes, Gondor no, Mordor & Umbar nvr. Proposal fails.

RETHE II Adjustments: DWARVES retreat A River Running-Carnen; MORDOR removes A Gorgoroth; ROHAN builds C Edoras; SARUMAN nrr-A Minhiriath retreats to the box; UMBAR builds A City of the Corsairs.

## Astron I 3019: LOSS OF FACE

DWARVES (Larry Botimer): A Withered Heath-Esgaroth (A Carnen s), A Wilderland-River Running, A Nenual s Saruman A Brandywine-Shire /nsw/, A Forlond h.

ELVES (Jason Bergmann): A Elven King's Halls-Esgaroth (A Eotheod, A River Running & A Old Forest Road s), A South Mirkwood s A River Running, A Eittenmoors-Carn Dûrn, F Grey Havens h (A Shire s), A



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## Anduin-Brown Lands.

GANDALF (Rob Wittmond): Gandalf Fellowship Ranger

GONDOR (Lance Anderson): A Nindalf-Dead Marshes & C Dead Marshes-Nindalf-Dagorlad /impossible - two units may not trade spaces/, A Osgiliath-North Ithilien, A Lossarnach-Osgiliath (A South Ithilien & A Anorien s), A Lebennin-Lossarnach, Faramir

MORDOR (Craig Mills): A Minas Morgul h (Sauron MMo s), A Udûn h (A Orodruin s), A Ered Lithui-South Rhûn, A Nurn-Khand /retreat to Gorgoroth, Ered Lithui, or the box/.

ROHAN (Brian Hogan): C Gwathlo-Greenway (C Dunland s), C Erynyn Muil-Dagorlad-South Rhûn, C Edoras-Eastfold-Entwash, A West Emnet-East Emnet, A Wold-Erynyn Muil, A Celebrant-Brown Lands, A Gap of Rohan-Enedwaith, A Dol Guldor-South Mirkwood, Herd West Emnet h.

SARUMAN (Randy Grigsby): nmr. A North Downs u, A Bree u, A Greenway u /retreat -Bra, SDo, Rhu, Hol, or the vastness of space/, Saruman

UMBAR (Geoff Richard): 2A/F Minhiriath-Western Sea, A City of the Corsairs-Minhiriath (A/F Southern Sea c), A Havens of Umbar h, A South Gondor h, A+Nazgul Khand-Nurn.

Standby for Saruman is Steve Nicewarner.

## PRESS

Dwarves to Elves: You got lucky—I guessed wrong.



Dwarves to Umbar: How nice, a draw for original players only. Standbys can go hang, huh?

Lance to Larry: Guess what we're going to use timing on next?

Rohan to Middle Earth: Sorry I've been so flaky lately, I am so busy my head is spinning.

## RYLOS / 1989IF

Spring 1902: ENCORE

OOPS. Last turn I should have listed a retreat for Russia's a arm (to syria). Sooooo—we have here the positions as they should have stood at the end of last turn.

AUSTRIA (Gilles Tanguay): a vie, a tri, f adr, a ser.

ENGLAND (Steve Nicewarner): a lvp, f nts, a yor.

FRANCE (Tom Nash): f mar, f mid, a por, a gas, f eng.

GERMANY (James Early): a mun, f hel, a den, a hol, f ion.

ITALY (John Crosby): f apu, f ion, a ven, a tyo.

RUSSIA (Melinda Holley): a bul, f bla, a rum, a syr, f nwy, f swe.

TURKEY (Lance Anderson): a arm, a ank, a gre, f aeg. **DEADLINE** is now as printed on the back cover.

## MAGRATHEA / 1989B

Winter 1903: Austria no build received; France builds f mar; Russia retreats a rum-sev and removes a arm; Turkey builds f ank.

Spring 1904: **HANG ON, SLOOPY**

AUSTRIA (Richard Pinelli): nmr. a gal, a vie, a rum, a ser, f gre all hold.

ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): f hel s French f nts-den, f nwg-nts (f nwy s), a yor u.

FRANCE (Tim Stark): a pie-ven, f wes-tyu, f mar-lyo, f nts-den, a hol s english f hel-kie /nso/, a bel-ruh (a bur s).

GERMANY (Karl Hoffman): f ska-nwy, a mun-kie, a ruh u /retreat -mun -otb/, a ber u.

ITALY (Gary Behnen): f ion-tyu, a apu-ven, f aeg-con /retreat -eas -otb/, a sil-war.

RUSSIA (Geoff Richard): f swe-fin, a stp-lvn, a ukr-gal (a war s), a sev-rum.

TURKEY (John Crosby): f ank-bla, f bul/sc-aeg (f smy s), a con h.

Standby for Austria is Steve Emmert.

[more on page 14, after Rails & Snowball...]



# Herefordra

## GRAMARYE / British Rails

### Round Thirteen: I.R.A. STRIKES FEAR INTO MAGNATE HEARTS

1. PUPPYTAIL RAIL (Bruce Linsey): move 6mp to Liverpool; pick up imports; move 3mp N and E.
2. CONNIE'S COUSIN'S CABOOSE (Tom Nash): move 9mp toward London on B&H line.
3. BERGMANN'S BOXCARS (Jason Bergmann): move 9mp to Leeds; sell beer for £11M (card 77).
4. LOST BUCHANAN ROAD (Craig Mills): move 7mp to Hereford along B&H; drop imports, pick up fruit; move 2mp E on B&H.
5. BIRMINGHAM & HEREFORD RR (Eric Brosius): move 4mp to Exeter along CCC line; sell hops for £18M (card 31), pick up beer; move 5mp NE on CCC.
6. WROBEL'S WRAILWAY (Ed Wrobel): move 9mp S.
7. SILKWORTH'S SOBER STEAMERS (Geoff Richard): move 9mp S.

<u>order next time</u>	<u>cards</u>	<u>loads</u>	<u>cash</u>	<u>GOs</u>
Connie's Cousin	66, 44, 112	fruit	£4 - 4 + 4 = £4M	yes
Bergmann's Box	70, 91, 68		£14 + 11 = £29M	no
Lost Buchanan	96, 59, 118	fruit, textiles	£11 - 4 = £7M	yes
Birmingham & H	120, 79, 7	hops, beer	£9 - 4 + 8 = £13M	yes
Wrobel's Wrail	40, 5, 114		£9M	no
Silkworth's	81, 34, 15		£2M	no
Puppytail Rail	64, 94, 23	machinery, imports	£2M	yes

About order of play: I'm going to produce a new sequence starting with Round 15 that will even out the ups and downs, similar to Bruce and Eric's patterns (1-7-2-6-3-5-4-4-5-3-6-2-7-1).

**EVENT CARD #125--DERAILMENT.** All trains within three mileposts of these cities lose one turn and two loads: Sheffield (WW), Reading (SSS), Newcastle, Leeds (BB), Dover, Bristol.

### PRESS

**GM to Gramarye:** Gee, nobody said anything about the color maps lastish. I guess that's the last time any of you will see a map from me and Cathy (she colored her little heart out on those suckers!).

**B&H to Puppytail:** Way to go, Bruce! Loosen up and live a little. After all, it's only money!

**B&H to CCC:** Have some more cash, Tom! You'll need it!

**GM to B&H:** Funny, he's returning it right away. Say, is this some kind of kickback, guy??

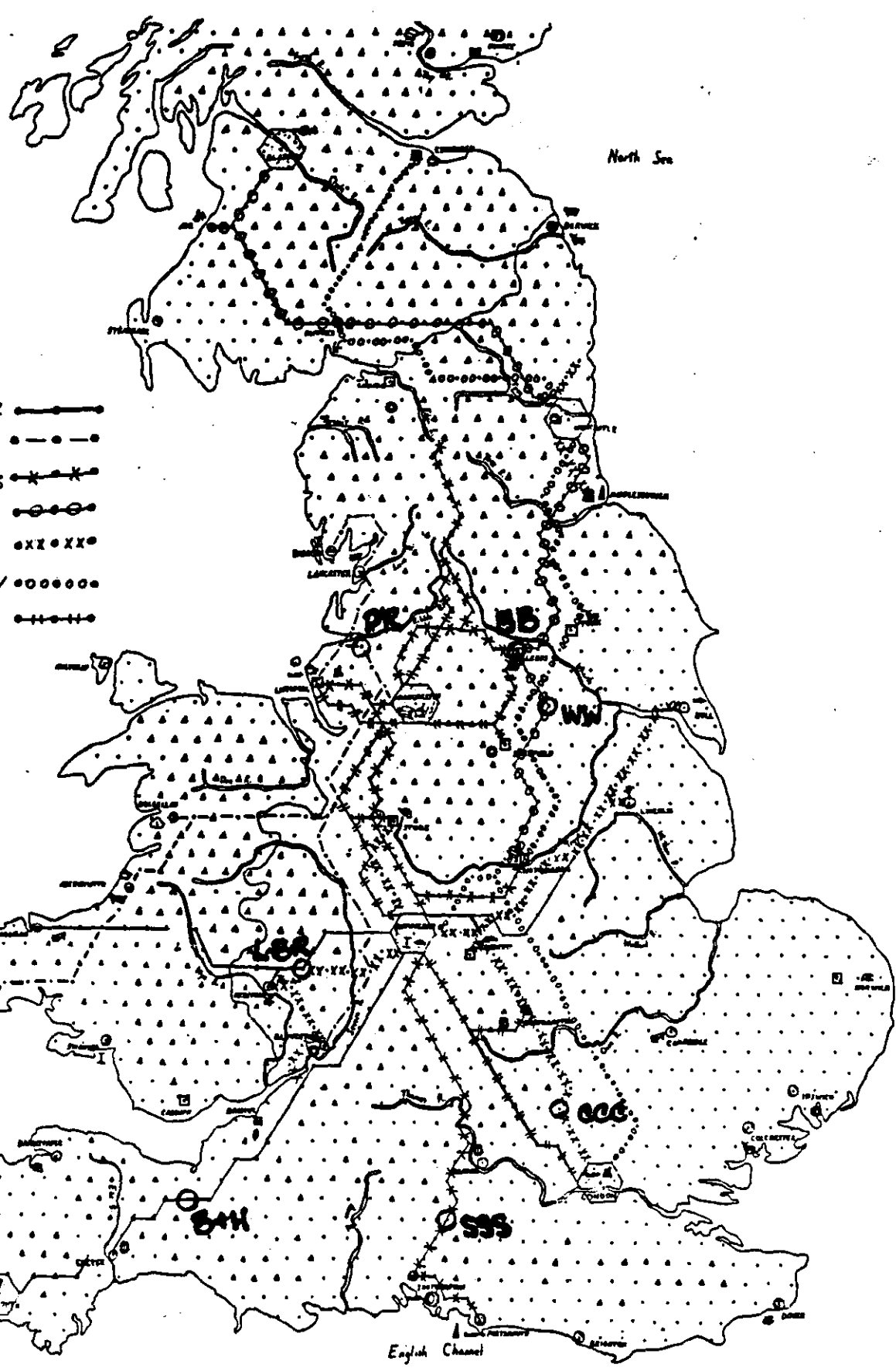
**B&H to LBR:** Enjoy the luxury of our direct line between Birmingham and Hereford! Stay at the B&H Grand Hotel while you're in town! Qualify for our generous rebate program and you, too, can earn frequent rider miles!

**GM to B&H:** personal note--your map is in good ~~hands~~ files.

Discard Pile: 4 6 22 26 27 31 32 46 47 48 49 51 52 65 71 74 76 77 78 80 83 86 87 95 102 103 124 125 129 138.

One slash for each line built into a city; strikeout type indicates a locked-out city.

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



Irish Sea

North Sea

### GRAMARYE

- Donnie's Cousin's Caboose ————
- Puppytail Rail - - - - -
- Wilkearth's Sober Steamers — x — x —
- Jobel's Wrailway — o — o — o —
- Birmingham & Hereford — x x — x x —
- Post Buchanan Road — o — o — o — o — o —
- Bergmann's Boxcars — + — + — + — + — + —

Celtic Sea

English Channel

# The Melniboné Herald

31

## CARADHRAS / ASF9

### Turn Five: BOLERO ADDICTION ENDEMIC

**Segment One** – As Flake and Ice Man prepare for future mischief with fresh ammo, Harold slides under the cover of the conifer at Q7 to collect his own. Seeing this, Freon Jones launches an assault on that tree. As the branches shake with the Conifer Storm, heaps of white stuff pour down atop Ice Man and Wierd Harold! Titch runs by on its way out of the kitchen ("Kerplunk! Kerplunk! Kerplunk! Ka-Wheee! Ka-Splat!"), avoiding the tree dump, as Flying Finn also adds to the traffic jam. Ice Crusher gets a shot in on Zaphette amidst all the craziness—but Zaph foils the shot by running into the kitchen!

**Segment Two** – Well, now the cat's out of the bag and Flake has seen how this works. He Storms the central tree, hitting IM & WH again. Finn gathers snow ominously, as does Freon. The Crush, and now Wierdo as well, are still trying to hit Zaphette Beeblebrox, who's laughing out the kitchen window. Titch wastes half a Bolero on Z, but the other half takes Jones down a notch, and Ice Man picks up a point with an attack on Flake.

**Segment Three** – Now that there's even more evidence in, both Flying Finn and Flake shake the tree; the damage is so extensive that Ice Man breaks out in tears and turns for the kitchen, feebly tossing a snowball at the passing Zaphette. Harold's reaction is to sneer and pack together a response. Freon tries to slug Zaph now that she's out, but she's too far off. Titch is packing a big ol' weapon; Ice Crusher's lobbing his Dirigible at Finn, almost a can't-miss throw. But the Crush manages to sail the shot wide anyway!

### PRESS

**Flake to Zaph:** Take a break, Jake...

**Zaphette:** It's more fun out here with you guys.

**IM to FF:** So you want to play in the bushes, eh?

**Zaphette to IM:** Hope you wasted that thing on me.

**FJ to Zaph:** Nine years old, eh? Looks like you've been practicing your aim by playing video games!

**IC to Z:** Duh! I got a crush on you!

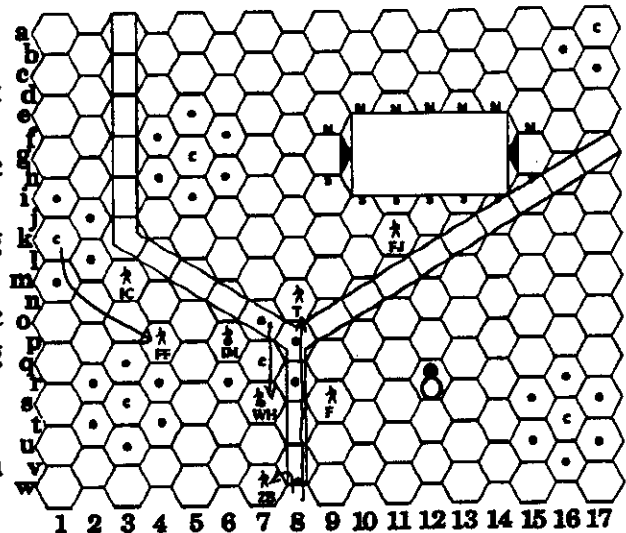
**IM to F:** Something tells me Crush is not a West Coaster.

**FJ to Ice Man:** Don't be a stranger. Taste this!

**Shedmonster to FJ:** Come on IN, my darling...we'll show you how to get even with all those nasssty bratsesss...

**FJ to Mighty SM:** It's just occurred to me that it's a lot easier to hit a tree than another player! The tree's a lot bigger. Besides, it doesn't run around.

**SnowMaster to FJ:** Your attitude is



Standings	location	vp	hp	ammo
Flake	S9	9	6	none
Flying Finn	O5	10	5	sb
Freon Jones	K11	7	6	di
Ice Crusher	M3	3	5	none
Ice Man	P6	7	0*	none
Titch	N8	2	10	di
Wierd Harold	S7	7	1	2 sb
Zaphette	W7	10	6	3 sb

\*Ice Man reaches kitchen on Seg. One next time

improving! Hanging around the Shedmonster will teach anyone a little respect. (Remember, just because you hit the tree doesn't mean someone will be under it.)

Zaphette to Mom: Mom, they're pukin' on me!!

T to Z: I ain't going anywhere near the Snowman...it's got your Cooties all over it. 'Sides, you're a liar liar pants on fire. You won't be 9 until next Toosdy.

SM to T: Are you sure it's not next Thursday?

T to Yard: Hey, everybody! Grampa's having another attack of Alzheimer's...he thinks he's THOR now! He's running around the kitchen swinging the meat-tenderizer and yelling silly things like 'forsooth' and 'verify'...

SM to Titch: Wrong theology, dork. Thor would never say 'verify'...Now, somebody hand me my Titch-tenderizer...

T to FJ: Who you calling a tattle-tale? Take this Rattler up YOUR tail!

T to Yard: It's Open Season on anybody whose name starts with an F or an I. (You with me, Hal? Zaph?)

Flake: It's raining, it's "snowing," Wierd Harold is BORING!

T to Flake: No fair ambushing a Kitchen-Titch, you....you FLAKE, you!

### Snowfighter

Flake/F

### actions (segment 1/2/3)

collect 2 sb / Conifer Storm Q7 [hits-naïfs IM & WH] / Conifer Storm Q7 [hits again! score on IM & WH]

Flying Finn/FF

heroically dashes into the action unarmed! L2-M3-N4-O5 / collect 2 fresh, round, cool sb / CS Q7 [one more time, points from IM & WH]

Freon Jones/FJ

Conifer Storm at Q7 [succeeds! nails IM & WH] / collect dt / attack Z w/ Rattlesnake [misses-distance mainly]

Ice Crusher/IC

attack Z w/ Rattlesnake [fails] / attack Z w/ Rattlesnake [fails miserably] / attack FF w/ Dirigible [misses-rolled a 95]

Ice Man/IM

Titch/T

collect 2 sb / attack F w/ Rattlesnake [hits] / attack Z / w/ Dirigible [misses] move V8-T8-R8-P8-N8) / attack Z & F] w/ Bolero [can't hit Z but hits FJ] / collect one humongous dt

Wierd Harold/WH

Zaphette Beeblebrox/Z

move Q7-S7, collect sb / plaster Z w/ Rattlesnake [fails too] / collect 2 sb move into kitchen / gotta stay inside, right? [remember-you gain 2vp for each Segment spent inside] /move V8-W7, collect sb

## BELGARION / ASF10

### Turn One: WHO ARE THESE JOKERS?

Segment One – Auld Meed decides to get into the fray by running around the shed—but before he can make it out from under the eaves, Boleroing Barrister goes for an attack other than the Bolero. The Shed Avalanche hurts, eh Meed? And that Rattlesnake from Probo doesn't help much, either. Brad Wilson grabs the opportunity to shoot at the Barrister, but being a rookie his shot flies by. Jeff McKee is on the run, and McGnasty locks on for a painful hit. Captain Snowman and Ice Cream decide the Bolero is where it's at...they plaster each other first, then turn and snow-bomb McGnasty in unison!

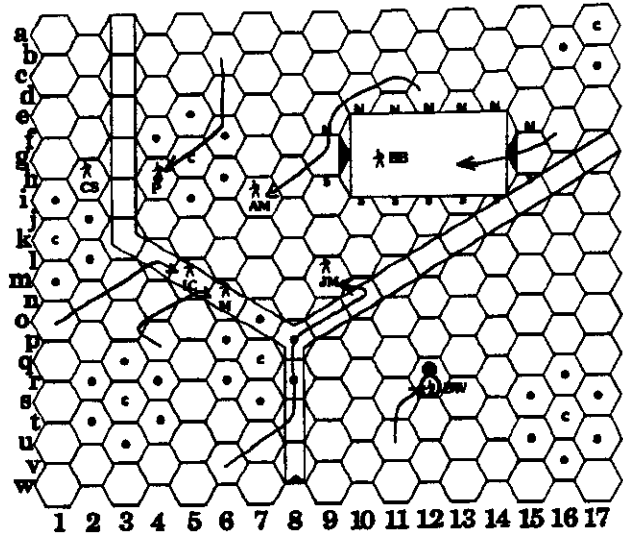
Segment Two – With AM, BW, CS, M and P running, and BB wasting a 'ball on another Avalanche, this is a quiet time-out. Ice Cream takes the time to build a Dirigible. But Jeff is having none of this; he Rattles Brad on his way to the Snowman.

Segment Three – The Lawyer-type ducks into the shed (what's he got in mind?). The Captain and Auld Meed pack Dirigibles while Brad Wilson and Jeff McKee collect Snowballs. Ice Cream take up a position on the path as Probo runs in to add to the tension. Only McGnasty is on the warpath; he's still after Jeff (and gets him) but goes too far with a Bolero and the second shot misses Ice Crusher.

(map, stats, and press on next page)

Player: actions (segment 1/2/3)

Auld Meed/AM: move to E9 / move to I7 / collect di  
Boleroing Barrister/BB: shed avalanche/north  
[nails AM!] / shed avalanche/south [works,  
but nobody's under the eaves!] / run into shed  
Brad Wilson/BW: attack BB w/ Rattlesnake [misses  
but close] / run up to Snowman / collect 2 sb  
Captain Snowman/CS: attack IC & M w/ bolero  
[pastes them both] / move to H2 / collect di  
Ice Cream/IC: attack M & CS w/ bolero [two hits!]  
build di / run N2, M3, L4, M5, N6  
Jeff McKee/JM: move V6,U7,T8,R8,P8,O9,N10 /  
attack BW w/ rattlesnake [works fine] /  
step off path to M9, collect 1 sb  
McGnasty/M: attack JM w/ demon [hits], move  
to O3 / move to N6, collecting a sb at N4  
along the way / attack JM & IC w/ bolero [Jeff  
takes a bruise, but Da Crush gets away]  
Probo/P: attack AM w/ rattlesnake [iiiiiiiit GOOD!]  
/ move to D4, collect sb / move to H4



I'm glad that Brad and Jeff decided to join us—and Brad didn't even have the rules! Brian (Polar Bear) has pulled out due to a heavy game load, though; I had to fiddle with some of your orders due to these personnel changes.

Game Name	played by	loc	vp	hp	ammo
Auld Meed/AM	Tom Hurst	I7	0	7	2sb, di
B. Barrister/BB	Greg Ellis	shed	2	10	none
Brad Wilson/BW	Brad Wilson	R12	0	9	3 sb
Cpt. Snowman/CS	Tim Stark	H2	2	9	di
Ice Cream/IC	J.R. Baker	M5	2	9	di
Jeff McKee/JM	Jeff McKee	M9	1	8	2 sb
McGnasty/M	Tom Nash	N6	2	8	none
Probo/P	John Schultz	H4	1	10	2 sb

**PRESS**

CS to Everyone: HA, HA, HA, HA ...

IC to CS: What's this—Batman in a white suit?

SM to IC: Looks like the Joker to me...

AM to (B)ig (B)ully: You stay on your side of the shed, B.B., or I'll (B)ust your (B)alls.

IC to BB: I'm gonna bust your balls!

SM to BallBusters: Great minds in the same gutter, eh?

Probo to Auld Meed: Sorry, but you made such a good target against that plain shed wall. You shouldn't wear those bright colors.

Probo to Cpt. Snowman: Head east, young man. This conifer isn't big enough for the both of us.

CS to Probo: You're not in Wyoming any more; just moving from one frozen battleground to another.

CS to IC: I don't believe we've been properly introduced. Please, take this "calling card" as my greeting, and let me show you to the kitchen.

SM to CS: That was proper?

IC to M: Lick this one!

IC to SM: I scream, you scream, we all scream for ice cream!

CS to McCrusty: Whoa! That one slipped right out of my hand! This snow can be sooo slippery. Maybe I need to retread my mittens.

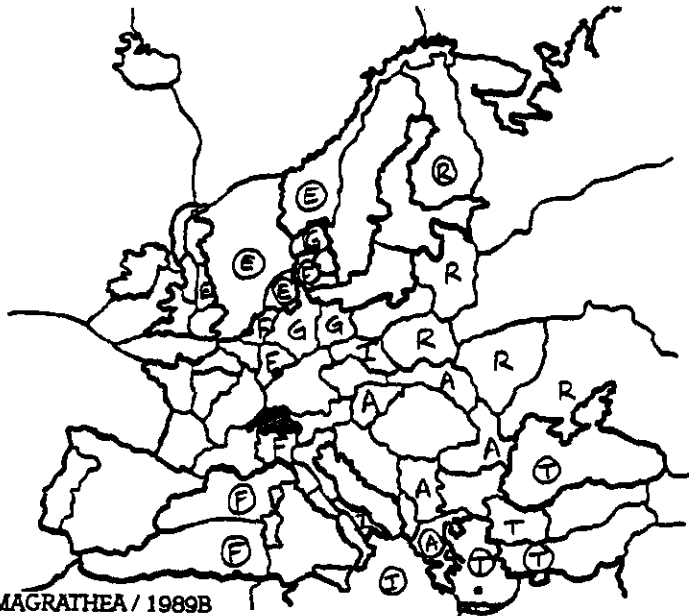
AM to NH: Care for a game of cards?

SM to AM: No such luck, he didn't show his nose out of doors.

Probo to SnowMaster: First round; love it already. They should all be this simple and just plain ole' good fun.

Snowmaster: Pete Gaughan, Box 7006, Corte Madera CA 94925-7006

# Herelandra



MAGRATHEA / 1989B

## MAGRATHEA PRESS

Donna DeVarona to Magrathea: OK, folks, we're now going to watch Gary demonstrate some of the most difficult moves in the Solo Press event. Pay attention to the timing on each logical leap...

Italy to France: It didn't have to be like this.

Italy to Russia: Your admirable support of Turkey will only insure French hegemony. Rethink your position.

Italy to Turkey: Die is cast, sorry Charlie.

Italy to Germany: Do the right thing.

Italy to England: Do the right thing!

Italy to Austria: Did we do the right thing?

DeVarona to Magrathea: Oh, my what a finish! A splendid example of what can happen when a master press athlete is left alone to perform at will!

## SESEFRAS MAGNA / 1988CH

Spring 1905: KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON

A/T draw: Austria yes; Germany no; England, France, Italy, Russia & Turkey nvr.

AUSTRIA (James Early): a tri-ser, a gal-rum (a bud s), f gre h /-ion -alb -otb/, a ven s italian a pie-tus /nso, retreat -tus -otb/ (a tyo s).

ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): a hol-swe (f hel, f nts, and f ska c), f lvp-iri, f bel-eng.

FRANCE (Larry Botimer): a rom s italian a pie-ven, f nap-apu, f wes-tyn, a mar-pie, a ruh-mun (a kie s), a par-bur, a spa h, f bre-mid.



SESEFRAS MAGNA / 1988CH

GERMANY (Lance Anderson): a mun-bur /-sil -boh -otb/.

ITALY (Stuart Lange): a pie-ven (f adr s).

RUSSIA (Kathy Caruso): a ber s french a ruh-mun (f bal s), a mos-sev (a ukr s (a war s)).

TURKEY (John Crosby): f smy-con, f bul/sc-gre (f aeg s), a sev s austrian a gal-ukr /nso; retreat -arm, -otb/ (a rum s).

## PRESS

Jimbo to Kuddles: You said I could violate; so I forged into your Sweetish fjord!

Vienna to GM: Since this game is supposed to 'white press,' I demand to know who the following people are: "Bo(t)", "Mr. Ed", "Katie", "Rin Tin", "Cuddles", ... etc. I wish everyone would use their REAL NAMES!

GM to Vienna: To run through a complete list would require many pages, so I will merely suggest that you read Kathy's Korner for a full understanding of these things—if that's possible.

Jimbo to Kuddles: Resistance is useless vs. the mighty T/A/E alliance.

Italian Gov't-in-Exile to Austria: Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me.

Adolf to World: Goodbye cruel world.

Vienna to Berlin: Somehow I get this feeling that everyone on this board except you wants me dead!!

England to Turkey: OK, I did my part. Now let's see if the Sultan's word was good.

# Perelandra

**Lange to GM:** What's all this "Save the Tree" nonsense??? You can't possibly believe that there is an alternative to clearcutting, can you? Have you ever seen a construction crew try to pave a tree? Of course not! How can you possibly expect KMart to build parking lots if they don't get rid of all those stupid, overgrown weeds the ecnuts call "trees?" We have too many of the nasty things as it is! Perhaps you may have noticed on your drive to California how hard it is getting to read the billboards along the interstates. Why do you suppose that is? Simple...TREES! All over the place, trees, trees, and more trees! Pretty soon we'll not even be able to tell when the next McDonald's is going to be available to provide weary motorists a bit of sustenance and rest because those ugly trees will have grown up and covered the billboards. If you were truly concerned about our forests, you would cut down all those useless trees, because like they say, you can't see the forest for the trees!

**GM to Lange:** As Pokey once said to Gumby when he had a cold, "You're the product of a sick and twisted machine."

**Vienna to Paris:** Come on over and get me! I dare you!

**England to France:** It would be two (E & F) crowded.

**Vienna to Moscow:** Don't look now, but your usefulness is about to expire in the eyes of E/F.

**England to Turkey:** The Turko-English alliance will rule Europe.

## ZELPST / 1989AJ

Fall 1902: YOU AIN'T YELLOW, IS YOU?

**AUSTRIA** (J.R. Baker): f ion-gre (a ser s), a tri-vie.

**ENGLAND** (John Schultz): f nor??? s german a den-swe /fails for ambiguity and cut; f nwy retreat -nwg, -bar or -otb/, a bel s german a ruh-bur, f eng-mid, f nts-nwy, f iri-eng.

**FRANCE** (Lance Anderson): a par-bur (a pic & a mar s), f mid-spa/nc, f bre s a pic.

**ITALY** (Stephen Carter): f tyn-lyo, f wes s f eng-mid, a ven h, a rom-tus.

**RUSSIA** (Greg Ellis): f swe-nwy (a stp s), a tyo-vie, f bla-con (a bul s), a arm-ank.

**TURKEY** (Melinda Holley): a gre-bul /ann/, a ank-



ZELPST / 1989AJ

arm, f con-bla, f eas-smy.

SUPPLY CENTERS HELD as of 1902

ZELPST

Austria	bud tri ser GRE . . .	4, +1
England	lon lvp edi <del>nwy</del> bel . . .	4, even?
France	par bre mar spa por . . .	5, even
Germany	mun kie ber hol den . . .	5, even
Italy	ven rom nap tun . . .	4, even
Russia	mos stp war sev swe rum vie NWYBUL . . .	9, +4
Turkey	con ank smy <del>bul</del> gre . . .	3, even

PRESS

**Russia to Germany:** Let's see, you have England and France building on your backside; you; don't have a foothold in France yet; your one-dot stab of me (maybe two if you guess right in Sweden) will either keep me even or allow me to build one, since I had one sand- bagged; you talked Italy into backing off Austria just in time for Austria and Russia to ally, leaving your southern border in jeopardy; Austria/France/Russia may have 17 centers this winter. I think you should reconsider your current course. Care to discuss it? I consider this my fault for not writing you. I will correct my mistake if you correct yours, OK?

**GME to GM:** Do you think my game would improve if I quit playing Gunboat and actually wrote to these people?

**GM to G.M. Ellis:** Natch.

**England to World:** Sure is quiet out there. Is

# Herelandra

everyone sleeping?

**Rome to World:** The Holy Father wishes everyone a most blessed Easter season!

**GM to Pope:** Ha! Caught you! Published a bit early for that one, didn't I!

**Paris to London:** What can I say? It just wasn't that important to me then. Do reserve judgment.

**Austria to Turkey:** Sorry, sometimes survival is more important than honor!

**GM to Austria:** Only sometimes??

**Austria to France:** You're right. I don't think you need to worry about Russia.

## GIFFARD Gunboat Titan

Round 7: **FIRST FATALITY**  
**ENGAGEMENTS**

**E3:** Brown Chest and Gold Sun annihilate each other. No points awarded for battle. Dead characters are ~~very smelly~~ Gold Titan, Angel, 6

Centaurus, 2 Ogres, Warbear, Gargoyle. Gold Angel survives and becomes half-points, along with 2 Trolls, 2 Ogres, Ranger, Gargoyle, Warbear = 63 half-points to Brown. Obviously, neither legion returns to the Masterboard.

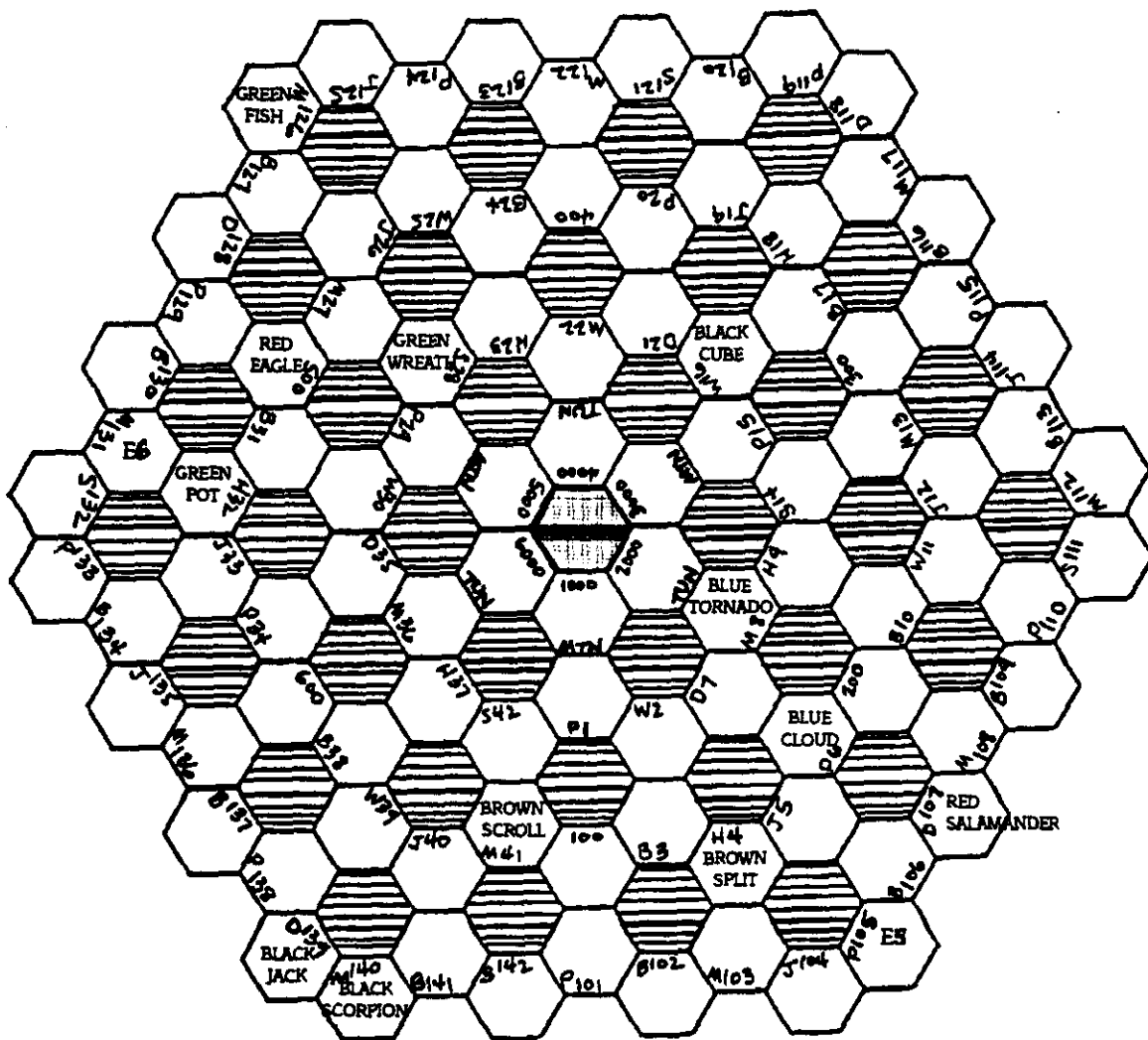
I took the liberty of rolling and playing several turns when strikes/counters were dictated. Your input on whether I ought to continue to do so would be appreciated.

Thanks and good fighting to Gold: Stephen Lawty.

**E5:** Blue Egg continues to defend against Red Star at Plains P105. My apologies to both players for my delay.

**BLACK LEGIONS** roll a 6. Spiked Cube moves to Woods W16; Scorpion holds at Marsh M140; Jack o'Lantern holds at Desert D139.

**BLUE LEGIONS** roll a 3. Raincloud moves to Plains P6; Tornado moves to Marsh M8; Egg is





# Perelandra

engaged at Plains P105.

BROWN LEGIONS roll a 5. Scroll moves to Marsh M41; Rack moves to Hills H4 and splits with Spider. GREEN LEGIONS roll a 3. Dead Fish moves to Plains P126; Wreath moves to Swamp S28, Boiling Pot moves to Hills 32; Serpent Ring moves to Marsh M131.

RED LEGIONS roll a 1. Salamander moves to Desert D107; Double Eagle moves to Tower 500. Titan musters Warlock; Fist moves to Marsh M131; Star is engaged at Plains P105.

Point Count: Red 70, Brown 63, Black 24, Blue 24, Green 0.

**E6:** Red Fist defends against Green Serpent Ring at Marsh M131 (defender enters through 9-10-11).

## PRESS

**Dead Green Frog to World:** WARNING. The two-headed eagle has a Titan in his stack, how else would two Angels die, and his stack prevail over my great frogginess? You might also note that the other red stacks are very, very weak. Just a note for the wise and aware.

**Green to Gold:** Congratulations on your Warbears!

**GM to Green:** Fat lot of good they did, though.

**Brown Chest to Gold Sun and GM:** This stinks!

**GM to Chest:** As I pointed out in the Engagements section, dead creatures tend to smell.

## THE 1990 PERELANDRA PREDICTIONS CONTEST

What we're looking for is your predictions for the new decade. Bob Olsen, Lance Anderson, and J.R. Baker have already turned in a few. Here's what you can win: four free issues to the subscriber who submits the most outrageous prediction which is deemed most likely to come true (by vote of the readers). Two free issues to the most outrageous, period, and two to the most likely to come true *after* 1990.

Predictions will be published nextish.

## THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER

excerpted from the novel by Tom Clancy

The captain moved forward to the wardroom to join his brother officers, who were waiting for him. A steward had left several pots of tea along with black bread and butter to snack on. Ramius looked at the corner of the table. The bloodstains had long since been wiped away, but he could remember exactly what it looked like. This, he reflected, was one difference between himself and the man he had murdered. Ramius had a conscience. Before taking his seat, he turned to lock the door behind him. His officers were all sitting at attention, since the compartment was not large enough for them to stand once the bench seats were folded down.

Sunday was the normal day for the political awareness session at sea. Ordinarily Putin would have officiated, reading some *Pravda* editorials, followed by selected quotations from the works of Lenin and a discussion of the lessons to be learned from the readings. It is very much like a church service.

With the demise of the *zampolit* [political officer], this duty devolved

# Perelandra

upon the commanding officer, but Ramius doubted that regulations anticipated the sort of discussion on today's agenda. Each officer in this room was a member of his conspiracy. Ramius outlined their plans—there had been some minor changes which he had not mentioned to anyone. Then he told them about the letter.

"So, there is no going back," Borodin observed.

"We have all agreed upon our course of action. Now we are committed to it." Their reactions to his words were just what he expected them to be—sober. As well they might be. All were single; no one left behind wife or children. All were Party members in good standing, their dues paid up to the end of the year, their Party cards right where they were supposed to be, "next to their hearts." And each one shared with his comrades a deep-seated dissatisfaction with, in some cases a hatred of, the Soviet government.

---

I've only gotten half-way through this book but it's already surprised me several times. Having already checked to be sure the author knows his stuff, some of the details of Soviet military life demonstrate thorough research. Clancy has a tendency to digress, and in spite of that the style is such that you fly right through chapters at a time.

The other reason for running this segment is that the past week we've actually had a hard time getting up and down Tamar Vista Blvd. (a three-lane main access road) because of the crowds attending the movie version of *Hunt!*

## the Perelandra Editorial Column

### THE MARCO POLL

Here's the procedure again: List five or fewer zines (and, in separate lists, gamemasters and subzines). List your choices in order from favorite (#1) to fifth-favorite (#5). Send your ballots to me by IRS Day (falls on April 16 this year).

I was hesitant to add categories to the Marco Poll—I am, to be honest, only running a GM or subzine poll on a probationary trial. If there aren't enough responses or I feel the result is severely unrepresentative, I won't use those categories next year. If the vote is extremely small, I might not publish those statistics *this* year.

I need help from other publishers in publicizing the Marco Poll—I don't want *Perelandra* to win by default! Editors—give your zine a chance. Let your readers know they should stand up and be counted!

Here are some comments I have already on the addition of GMs and subzines:

*Eric Brostus* (January 26)—

I have some comments on the Marco Poll. Since I run a poll too, the situation may be a bit delicate, but I assure you that I'm just letting you know my opinions. I appreciate feedback, and I imagine you do too.

I think the addition of subzines and GMs to the Poll is a good idea. The subzine part of the Runestone Poll has been trouble-free in recent years. You may find the GM portion less satisfactory; few GMs run enough games to get a significant response. At least, this was true in last year's Runestone Poll. But I don't know what else to do except encourage people to vote.

One thing that occurs to me is that you could add a category to the Marco Poll for players—for instance, "name five players you'd most like to have in your next gamestart." Different voters would use different outlooks, but so what? This would recognize those players who contribute to the enjoyment of others in the hobby, a good thing

# Perelandra

when so much attention goes to GMs and publishers. Note that I'm not asking for the "best" players, but the ones whom you'd like to play with.

I wouldn't want to add a category to the Runestone Poll for this because of the way it is run. It would lend itself better to the Marco Poll format, where you only vote for the five favorite.

Again, let me emphasize that this is only a suggestion; I don't want to interfere in any way. I'm eager to see the Poll results when they come out. The Runestone ballots should start to arrive by then ... and the comparison will be interesting.

**Don Williams** (February 16)—

For posterity, I'm with you on the GM and subzine additions to the MP...or should that be "re-introduction?" **FBI** got #1 subzine back in '85; I'd forgotten all about it until I was tossing out Dip junk the other day and came across an old poll results announcement. I also like Brosius' idea: go ahead and add the "players" category if you can. If not this year, then next.

## OTHER PLUGS

(addresses in Roster if not given here)

**Earth Day 1990:** April 22. Look for activities in your area, or write the Sierra Club at 730 Polk St, San Francisco CA 94109.

**PDORA Auction:** John Caruso will be announcing this Dipdom fundraiser within a month.

**Lifer Awards:** Don Del Grande (142 Eliseo, Greenbrae CA 94904-1339...just across the creek from *Perelandra* headquarters) is asking for ballots by June 1 in the following categories: Hobby Genius; Best Zine/Subzine for Hobby News; Zine/Subzine with Best Letter Column; Biggest Hobby Personality; Best Con; True Hobby Masters Society. For all these, list #1 down through as far as you'd like to go—except the THM Society, where you may vote 'none' if you don't want anyone elected to this 'Hall of Fame' this year.

**Runestone Poll:** The 'normal' poll. Rank any North American zine, gm, or subzine on a scale from 0 (nuclear disaster) to 10 (a 1000-year-old sequoia). Ballots, due before some time in June, to

Eric Brosius.

**Hobby Awards:** The 1990 Miller, Walker, Holley, and Koning (Ron, is that spelled right?) Awards are just about ready. If you'd like to vote get a ballot from Ron Cameron (7821 Bouma Circle, La Palma CA 90623). (Pssst, Ron—try to include your address on these things in the future!).

## COMPUTERIZING *Perelandra*

(among other things)

Yes, my parents have a Macintosh SE/30...and an oversized color monitor, external hard drive that accepts 45mb DataPaks, a laser printer, a Canon scanner, copier and fax machine. My father's company is officed in the smallest of the three bedrooms at home.

Of course I've played a few games (Don Williams kindly points out that SimCity is old hat, but I enjoy it anyway). And I'm creating and maintaining records for our business. All that practice has even enabled me to take my first outside consulting job. (Sounds real impressive, right? Cathy and I polished up an inventory presentation for my mother's employer, and the two of us working about 8 hours earned \$500. The job was a breeze, and we didn't even get the going rate [\$75/hr]!)

So you have this wierd document in your hands purporting to be *Perelandra*. Here are just a few of the things I'm spinning around—and brother, do I want feedback on these!

—typing *Perelandra* or *Perelandra* every time that word comes up (I've used each in different places in this to see how they work)

—whether to use two columns

—whether to publish supply center charts in every report (this was suggested by Stephen Carter and it's now much easier since I don't have to retype so many things each issue)

—which fonts to use. I could overwhelm you with type styles, I promise!

All these questions have already been answered by so many other zines—and there's a danger of overdoing the junk that can be done on

# Perelandra

a computer!—so I want to keep the changes to a minimum.

**Eric Brosfus** (17 February)—

The Mac output looks nice, but I thought already *Perelandra* was one of the best-looking zines in the hobby... You're someone who has had great success publishing without a computer and found one available accidentally.

There are two schools of thought on computers and publishing. The Larry Peery/Brad Wilson view is that a computer only serves to dress up garbage and the new zines are mostly junk. The Tom Nash/Bruce McIntyre view is that computers are a great boon to publishing. My view is in between. I think pretty is as pretty does, but that computers do a lot to lessen the work of publishing—the pubber gains more from them than the subber does.

*[I agree with Eric on the two main advantages, ease of typing/entry/editing, and shortcuts such as storing a standard form for game reports. Like him, I recognize that it's still easy to mess up! I agree that computers do, all too often, dress up garbage. I also happen to think that most of the zines that I receive which are computerized are great zines—but remember that I get Prisoners of War, so I'm spoiled.]*

*[In the past I've admired what Tom Nash calls the neo-Luddite view: that the only REAL zines are those produced by mimeo, or at worst by the sweat of your very own copier, and always in full-page format, no photo-reduction (forgive me, Iain "Real Editors Don't Do Fancy Titling" Bowen!). But I've violated all of this. I've only done two issues on mimeo, and this zine was digest-sized for more than a year.]*

*[I guess I've come to see these as form. Function is the more important aspect of a zine. What audience does it serve? What philosophy does it encourage? Sorry, Glover, but you can maintain a non-mainstream attitude in a highly-polished product, and I want people to recognize this zine for its content and its style.]*

*[In short, I want the zine to have its old personality (in fact, I'd like it to have more*

*personality!), just in a new wrapper. Okay with you??]*

## WHAT'S GOING ON?

(the job that caused the move)

Well, I'm self-employed, though I get my income through my father's company. I collect commissions (usually 5 to 10%) on the cameras, binoculars, camera cases, archive pages and other items I sell to stores. My dad had been doing okay as the main 'rep' and he has had another 'subrep' working for him. But between the two of them business was so good they couldn't do justice to all the stores in Northern California (draw an east-west line through Fresno and you'll have the most common definition of Northern and Southern California).

So I'm here, to call on stores along the coast from the Oregon border to Santa Clara (near San Jose). The other subrep covers the central valley from Redding to Fresno, and my father's turf is the city of San Francisco proper, plus three or four selected plums which are outside of the city itself, such as the biggest photo dealer on the West Coast, the largest chain of nature/scientific stores, and the Audubon Society.

It's too soon to tell whether I'm going to be any good at this. I've gotten several large orders, but in some cases there was a lot of leg work done before I took over. In the shops I've called on by myself it may take a great deal of persistence before I see any sales.

**Steve Carter** (27 January)—

Hope your move to California was uneventful. I'm very glad for your own mental health that you are out of retail selling; you should find out very quickly that not having to be nice to the most obnoxious people who walk in from the street is one of the more pleasant aspects of being in real life.

*[You know, the wierdest feeling has come over me two or three times the past month. It goes like this: "Hey, I haven't been in a department store in six weeks!" Except, of course, walking through Nordstrom just as a tourist!]*

## PLAYER ROSTER

Lance Anderson	Box 29175	San Francisco, CA 94129-0175
J.R. Baker	512 Snipes	St. Charles, MO 63303
Gary Behnen	13101 South Trenton	Olathe, KS 66062
Jason Bergmann	Box 23780	Atlanta, GA 30322
Russ Blau	9023 Lake Braddock Drive	Burke, VA 22015
Larry Botmer	13833 Northeast 1th St. #3	Bellevue, WA 98005
Eric Brosius	41 Hayward Street	Milford, MA 01757
Stephen Carter	435 McCarron Avenue	Rifle, CO 81650
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street	Norristown, PA 19401
John Crosby	9031 Cardiff Road	Richmond, VA 23236
Jim Diehl	10530 West Riverview Drive	Eden Prairie, MN 55347
James Early	3500 Greystone Drive #166	Austin, TX 78731
Greg Ellis	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin, TX 78701
Steve Emmert	1752 Grey Friars Chase	Virginia Beach, VA 23456
Randy Grigsby???	93 St. Vincent St., RR #3	Barrie, Ontario L4M 4S5 CANADA
Karl Hoffman	1070 Cold Stream Circle #M	Emmaus, PA 18049
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos, CA 93412
Melinda Holley	Box 2793	Huntington, WV 25727-2793
Tom Hurst	2748 Lyman Lane	Madison, WI 53711
Stuart Lange	904 Fox Chase Lane	Riverdale, GA 30296
Mark Lew	438 Vernon #103	Oakland, CA 94610
Bruce Linsey	P.O. Box 1334	Albany, NY 12201
Vince Lutterbie	1021 Stonehaven	Marshall, MO 65340
Jeff McKee	3801 West 13th #903	Wichita, KS 67203-4430
Craig Mills	3085 Old Highway 8 #22	Roseville, MN 55113
Tom Nash	5512 Pilgrim Road	Baltimore, MD 21214
Steve Nicewarner	107th FSU, Box 98	Fort Bragg, NC 28307
Jim Nickel	429 East Columbia Street	Falls Church, VA 22046
Richard Pinelli???	6606 North Glenwood Avenue	Chicago, IL 60626-5607
Geoffrey Richard	5906 Marvin Loving Drive #206	Garland, TX 75043
George Rifle	165 Garfield Avenue	Colonia, NJ 07067
John Schultz 19390	Indiana State Prison Box 41	Michigan City, IN 46360
Tim Stark	605 West Doyle	Granbury, TX 76048
Giles Tanguay	14225 Haymeadow	Dallas, TX 75240
Don Williams	44016 Fourth Street East	Lancaster, CA 93535
Rob Wittmond	2924 Petakuma Avenue	Long Beach, CA 90815
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield, VA 22152

## GAME OPENINGS

**FREIBUR**—regular Diplomacy (gamefee \$5):

John Schultz (paid), Richard Pinelli (paid), Larry Botmer (paid), Gary Behnen (paid). Needs three.

**FARPOINT**—Woolworth IID Diplomacy (gamefee \$5): rules available for SASE.

Tom Nash, Tim Stark (paid), Jason Bergmann. Needs two more.

**PLANET BLUE**—Fictionary Dictionary (no gamefee):

Craig Mills, Jason Bergmann, John Schultz, Lance Anderson. Needs about six more.

## STANDBYS

Lance Anderson, J. R. Baker, Gary Behnen, Jason Bergmann, Kathy Caruso, John Crosby, Jim Diehl, Steve Emmert, Tom Hurst, Craig Mills, Steve Nicewarner, John Schultz, Tim Stark, and Geoff Richard.

## Corrymeela, by Moira O'Neill

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,  
And I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;  
Weary on the English hay, an' sorry take the  
wheat!  
Och! Corrymeela, an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the  
heavy trees,  
This livin' air is mothered wi' the hummin' o' the  
bees;  
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin'  
through the heat,  
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the  
Jews,  
There's not the smallest gossoon but thravels in his  
shoes!  
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut  
child,  
Och! Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

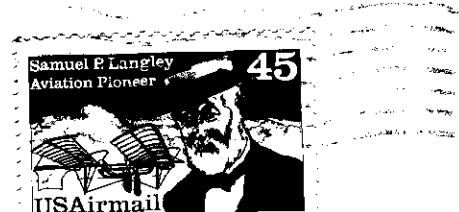
Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o'  
care,  
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go  
bare,  
"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said; the girl she  
thought me wild!  
Fair Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal  
hard to raise,  
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to  
plase;  
When ones't I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be  
back again—  
Aye, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an  
English town!  
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a  
silver crown,  
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in  
vain,  
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

## Herelandra

Box 7006  
Corte Madera, CA 94925-7006



Larry Peery 84  
Box 8416  
San Diego, CA 92102-0416

DEADLINE for all games in this issue is APRIL 20, 1990.

**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.**