

The American Surprise

from *The Discoverers* by Daniel Boorstin

Leif Ericsson, according to the sagas, a "big and strong, of striking appearance, shrewd, and in every respect a temperate, fair-dealing man," who had come to Greenland with his father Eric the Red, bought Bjarni's ship. In 1001 he gathered a crew of thirty-five, and set out for the land Bjarni had sighted but did not have the courage or the curiosity to explore. Leif had offered to put his father Eric in charge, but Eric's horse stumbled and threw him as they were riding down to the ship, which confirmed his hunch that the trip was not in his destiny-and "that of all their family Leif would still command the best luck."

Leif and his crew, sailing due west, "lighted on that land first which Bjarni and his people had lighted on last. The background was all glaciers, and right up to the glaciers from the sea as it were a single slab of rock. The land impressed them as barren and useless." This was Baffin Island, just north of Hudson Strait, and they called it Helluland, or Flat-stone Land. Coasting southeast, they next saw a flat country, now known as Labrador, that was covered with forest, which they called Markland, or Woodland. Farther on they found an attractive wintering place, which they called Vinland, or Wineland, after its plentiful grapes. But the word in the sagas, crudely translated as "wild grapes," probably meant "wineberry," the wild red currant, the gooseberry or the mountain cranberry, which does grow abundantly that far north. Their campsite has now been unearthed on Newfoundland's northeastern tip at a place called L'Anse aux Meadows.

Finding the land unexpectedly attractive, Leif's party brought their ship up a river and into the lake from which it flowed. "They cast anchor, carried their skin sleeping-bags [a Viking invention] offboard, and built themselves booths [huts]. Later they decided to winter there and build a big house." The Greenland these men had just come from was no Eden, which helps explain their enthusiasm reported in the sagas:

There was no lack of salmon there in river or lake, and salmon bigger than they had ever seen before. The nature of the land was so choice, it seemed to them that none of the cattle would require fodder for the winter. No frost came during the winter, and the grass was hardly withered. Day and night were of a more equal length there than in Greenland or Iceland. On the shortest day of winter the sun was visible in the middle of the afternoon as well as at breakfast time.

The next summer, Leif and his party returned to Greenland. When Leif's father, Eric the Red, died, and the family responsibilities fell on Leif, he would have to stay near home. Leif then lent his ship to his brother Thorvald who wanted to see the Vinland which Leif had praised so extravagantly. Thorvald and his crew of thirty had no difficulty finding the very place of Leif's encampment. They spent the summer exploring the coast, then wintered at Leifsbudir (Leif's Hut). The next summer, when they first encountered the natives, eight natives were killed, Thorvald himself received a fatal arrow wound, and Thorvald's party returned to Greenland. ...

The Vikings were probably the first European settlers in America, which is far from saying that they "discovered" America. Their settlement across the stormy ocean was an act of physical but not of spiritual courage. What they did in America did not change their own or anybody else's view of the world. Was there ever before so long a voyage (L'Anse aux Meadows is a full forty-five hundred miles as the crow flies from Bergen!) that made so little difference? There was practically no feedback from the Vinland voyages. What is most remarkable is not that the Vikings actually reached America, but that they reached America and even settled there for a while, without discovering America.

Their America was no new encounter. In fact, these voyages were hardly an encounter at all. The word "encounter" (Latin *in, in; contra.* opposite, against) means a coming up against, a meeting that conflicts with the familiar or the already known. The Viking westward movement across the North Atlantic from Bergen remained in the same climatic zone. From Bergen to Iceland a sailor went only a few degrees of latitude to the north; the Viking settlements in Greenland were on the same latitude as Bergen; and southward to Vinland differed only some 10 degrees. The Vinland climate proved somewhat milder, but to the Greenlander the Vinland flora and fauna were not exotic. The sagas described the Skraelings prosaically. "They were small, ill favoured men, and had ugly hair on their heads." "They had big eyes and were broad in the cheeks." The two Vinland curiosities were the Skraelings' moose-bladder buzz bomb and an occasional hopping "uniped."

Between the two cultures that met in Vinland there was little difference. The Vikings, it turned out, had not the technology, the will, or the manpower to dominate or enslave the Skraelings. Nor had they the materials, the will, or the organization to develop a Viking-Skraeling trade. The appeal of their red cloth to the Skraelings was purely accidental. If the Vikings, like their Spanish and Portuguese successors in America, had possessed firearms, they might have scared away the Skraelings and dug in. With ships larger than their 76-foot knorr the Vikings might have brought more settlers, and then might have had the supporting manpower. But their most important contribution to ship design, the steerboard, their kind of rudder on the right side, was hard to use on larger vessels.

The Vikings had neither chart nor compass when they reached America. Their usual technique of navigation depended on intimate acquaintance with the seas to be traversed. It was not much help in remote parts, and could hardly be used at all in strange latitudes. For longer voyages, although they had not yet invented the idea of latitude, they used a kind of "latitude sailing" in which the sailor put himself on the latitude of his destination, then simply did what he could to stay on that latitude. For example, a Norseman going from Bergen to Iceland would sail up along the coast of Norway until he reached a point where the angular height of the North Star above the horizon and the declination of the sun at noon were what he knew them to be at their destination in Iceland. Of course this amounted to marking latitude, but the Vikings had not begun to think of it in that way. At sea they used any crude device- a notched stick would do, but the length of an arm, a hand, or a thumb would also serve- to keep on a course where the observed angles remained uniform. Of course the Vikings often missed their destination, and that was how they first encountered Iceland, Greenland, and Vinland.

This primitive form of "latitude sailing" had to be supplemented by familiarity with the waters sailed in. A Viking sea captain could not rely exclusively on observing the North Star and the sun, for in northern seas these were often obscured by cloud or fog. He needed to know the birds, the fish, the currents, the driftwood, the weeds in the sea, the color of the water, the iceblink (the yellowish glare in the sky above an ice field), the clouds, and the wind. Floki, the great Viking sailor in the ninth century, found Iceland by sending up a raven from his ship to lead him there. Viking sailors had an uncanny feel for the neighborhood where their ancestors had sailed so often. It was only by island-hopping that they actually reached the shores of America. The seafaring distance from Greenland to North America was only half the distance between Iceland and Greenland or between Norway and Iceland which they had long since been traversing.

This is the seventysixth issue of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine of postal games and literature. Subscriptions are available for \$1.50/issue from the editor. Pete Gaughan, Box 7006, Corte Madera, CA 94925-7006.

SESEFRAS MAGNA / 1988CH

Summer 1905: Germany retreats a mun-boh; Turkey retreats a rum-bud, a sev-arm.

Fall 1905: **FLYING DUTCHMAN GERMAN**
AUSTRIA (James Early): a tyo-mun, a tri h (a bud s), a rum h (a ser s), f ion-tun.
ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): a swe-lvn (russia c), f iri-nao, f eng-iri, f nts-eng, f ska-nts (f hel s).
FRANCE (Larry Botimer): a spa-naf (f mid c), f tyv-tun, f apu-nap, a rom-nap, a pie s italian a ven, a par-gas, a kie-mun, a mun-tyo.
GERMANY (Lance Anderson): a boh-vie.
ITALY (Stuart Lange): f adr-tri (a ven s).
RUSSIA (Kathy Caruso): a ber s french a kie-mun, f bal c english a swe-lvn, a sev trips the Sultan (a ukr s), a war-gal.
TURKEY (John Crosby): a arm-sev, a bul h (f gre s), f con-bla, f aeg-ion.

Please send orders for different games on different sheets of paper! Winter 1905 AND Spring 1906 to me by the deadline on the back cover, please.

PRESS

Russia to Germany: Ain't nobody gonna save you!
GM to Russia: Very cute, throwing spears at Lance. Ha ha.
Ex-Germany to Austria/Hungary: You lie to damn near everyone and then expect not to account? Guess what? I don't—and am doing something about it.
Russia to Vienna: I don't want you dead, I want you to suffer the way I am—misery loves company!
Vienna to Constantinople: Yes, I am totally insane, and yes, my goal was to completely

destroy my reputation with you. I'm glad to see it worked!

Italy to Austria: Is there ANYONE you haven't alienated?

Vienna to Rome and Paris: Would you guys knock it off, please!?!?

Katie to Rin Tin: He's already into the vodka and he hasn't even left Sweden yet—he's so tipsy he thinks he's allied with a Turkey!

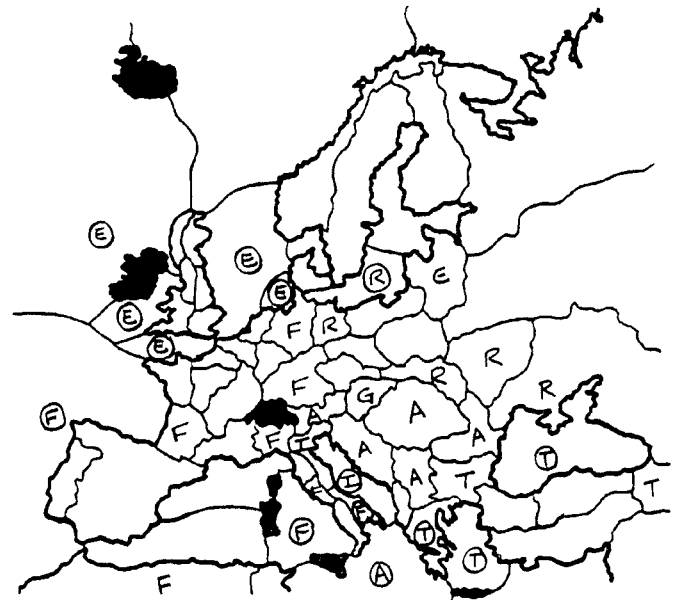
Caruso to Lange: Your tree press was great, almost made me want to save a WOP!

Lange to Pokey: YOU'RE calling ME sick? [Yes.] You, who predicted the Cubs would lose 104 games in 1989? If you think trees are so great, go suck a plutonium toothpick (plain OR menthol). Asphalt über alles!!!!!!!!!!!!

Vienna to Moscow: This turn will tell whose side you're really on.

Vienna to London: Are your fleets heading for France or are they just demonstrating?

Kuddles to Jimbo: How could you ally with a guy with water on the brain? Didn't you know he had a reason for wrapping his head in a towel?



SESEFRAS MAGNA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1905

Austria	vie	bud	tri	ser	gre	ven	RUM	.	.	.	6/4	remove two
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	bel	hol	6/6	even
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	rom	den	kie	nap	MUN	9/10	build one
Germany	mun	VIE	1/1	even
Italy	tun	con	VEN	2/3	no room
Russia	stp	mos	war	swe	ber	SEV	5/6	build one
Turkey	ank	smy	sev	rum	bul	GRE	5/4	remove one

The Melniboné Herald

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BELGARION / ASF10

Turn Two: **TIE THE KNOT**

(Please note—Brad Wilson is now "J.C. Chiller." Jeff McKee started to call himself the Anti-Gnash, and then changed his mind; personally, I hope he goes with it.)

Segment One: the Barrister reappears from inside the shed, just in time to see Jeff and Auld Meed learn Lesson #1—Don't Stand in the Middle. Though McNasty is running south and east (scooping up snow just as BB is doing), Captain Snowman and Ice Cream are closing in while Probo and J.C. Chiller are already shooting. P nails AM while JC nails McKee—and then these two targets hit each other, though Meed is already showing signs of strain under the beating he's taken—he shoots a 93.

Segment Two: More hurtin' on Auld Meed, as the Captain pounds a Dirigible in his face. Ice Cream tries the same, but his aim is too far off. Probo goes for the tried and true, his Rattlesnake is dead-on; and everybody else is shuffling around preparing for...

Segment Three: Meed has spotted the Boleroing Barrister and smears him with his final weapon, a huge Dirigible. Final? you say. That's because BB's return shot (a Barnard Bolero, of course) sends AM scurrying for cover!* BB misses Jeff on the other half—look out, 'cause Jeff just picked up a football-sized weapon, as did IC!

<u>Snowfighter</u>	<u>(player)</u>	<u>actions (segment 1/2/3)</u>
Auld Meed / AM	Tom Hurst	attack JM with RR [95,93] / collect 2sb / attack BB with Di [80,23]
Boleroing Barrister/BB	Greg Ellis	move out G9-F8, collect sb / move to G7, collect sb / attack AM & JM with BB [AM70,29; JM50,69]
Capt. Snowman / CS	Tim Stark	move G3-F4-G5-H6 / attack AM with Di [80,13] / collect 2sb
Ice Cream / IC	J.R. Baker	run K5-I5-H6 / attack AM with Di [75,81] / collect di
J.C. Chiller / JCC	Brad Wilson	attack JM with RR [95,60] / move to Q9 / C-Storm Q7 [no effect]
Jeff McKee / JM	Jeff McKee	smack AM with RR [95,40] / move to M14 / collect di
McGnasty / M	Tom Nash	move to T6 / collect 2sb / move to T10
Probo / P	John Schultz	attack AM with RR [95,40] / attack AM with RR [95,19] / move I5-J6, collect sb

SnowMaster ruling: Sorry, you can't make your shot conditional on anything happening during the Segment of that shot; for instance, you may not use "attack person with highest hit probability" since that would involve whether they were running, collecting, attacking etc in the *current* Segment. You *may* state your conditions vaguely; "best target" means I figure the hit prob up to the start of that Segment, but you still have to choose the type of attack. Remember—conditionals are only allowed on Segment 3.

*Okay, here's how it works. Auld Meed is immune to attack while running for the kitchen. He gets inside on Segment Two of Turn Three, sits in there warming up for three segments, then pops back out (and picks up two free sb) on Segment Three of Turn Four.

PRESS

IC to BW: Hey you—Stupid, behind the snowman—What's your name?

JCC to JM: And you are *there!*

IC to JM: I've got some Rocky Road for you.

JCC to Conifers: I think that I shall never see / a thing as lovely as a tree / dumping snow on McKee!

STANDINGS

<u>Snowfighter</u>	<u>(player)</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo</u>
Auld Meed / AM	Hurst	I7	4	0*	none
Boleroing Barrister/BB	Ellis	G7	3	7	sb
Capt. Snowman / CS	Stark	H6	5	9	2sb
Ice Cream / IC	Baker	I5	2	9	di
J.C. Chiller / JCC	Wilson	Q9	1	9	sb
Jeff McKee / JM	McKee	M14	2	6	sb,di
McGnasty / M	Nash	T10	2	8	2sb
Probo / P	Schultz	J6	3	10	sb

IC to Brian: You can't play if you ain't got snow balls.

IC to AM: This bud's for you.

Probo to CS: How little did you realize the foresight of your statement, "You're not in Wyoming anymore." Look at your next turnsheet. I'll be back. Glad to see you in Montana. We're going to be alright.

SM to CS: What is he talking about?

Tim Stark: Sorry, no press.

IC to CS: Go ahead, lead with your chin.

IC to Probo: I've got some pistachio for you.

Probo to AM: I feel a conifer storm coming. What do you think? But hey, I'm sure you'll pay for it.

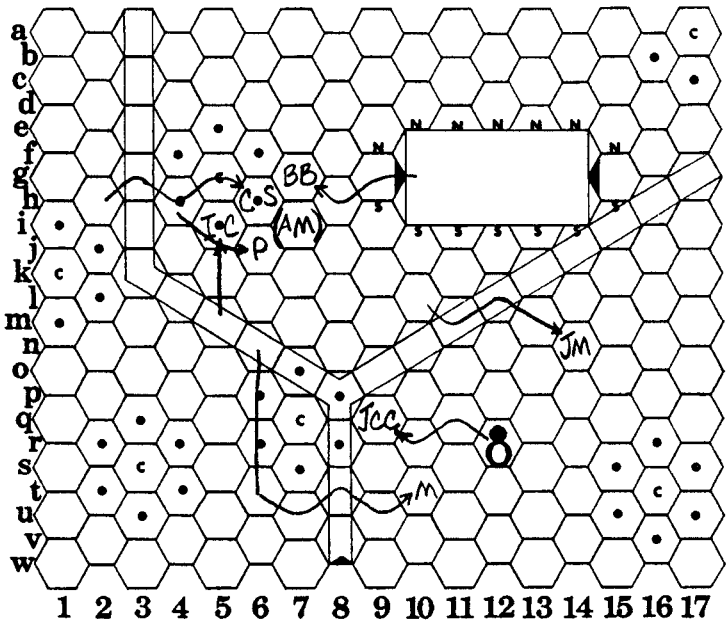
SM to Probo: Yeah, he paid for it, but got nothing in return...

IC to McNasty: Don't just stand there; lead, follow, or get out of the way!

Nash to SM: I can't find the rules! ... This is a chronic, continuing, direct result of moving. Every time we showed our house, until it was sold, my wife threw papers *anywhere* to straighten up. Some things are turning up, other lost for good. Now we're packing, OY! What a mess!

IC to BB: Look out for the Shedmonster.

SnowMaster to Belgarion: That's not the same SM! Honest!



CARADHRAS / ASF9

Turn Six: WIERD DOINGS

Segment One: Lots of people hunting Zaphette this turn. The Finn charges ZB with one lonely snowball; Wierd Harold, having already scrambled right up into Zaph's face, now deposits half a Bolero there (the other half misses Flake completely, because Flake ducks behind the Snowman). Ice Man makes it into the kitchen, so Zaph uses the time to splat Harold, sending him in for a bowl of oatmeal as well. Ice Crusher and Titch are gathering snow, which makes Titch a fine target for Freon Jones' Dirigible (feel good, T?).

Segment Two: With two players out temporarily, the others are being wary—EVERYBODY picks up weapons this segment. Except, that is, Flying Finn, who burns Beeblebrox with a Rattler.

Segment Three: While Finn and Titch are arming themselves, their neighbors decide it's a good time for shooting. Zaphette retaliates at Finn at point-blank range, but misses the Flake (behind the snowman again!). Freon and IC have a jolly old time nailing Titch's tail to the ground, IC doing the big damage with a Di. And from his outpost Flake launches Boleros which can't quite find Zaph or Freon.

Oops—sorry, the snowman's head has already been tossed. And yes, Demon-Dodge is a 25% defensive bonus, not 20%. See comments in Belgarion about conditional orders. Ice Man returns to the yard, with

two free sb, on Segment Two of next turn; Wierd Harold returns on Segment Three. Don't forget to send orders, you two!

<u>Snowfighter</u>	<u>actions (segments 1/2/3)</u>
Flake / F	move to R12 / collect 2sb / attack ZB & FJ with BB [ZB50,58; FJ55,70]
Flying Finn / FF	charges Zaph wielding his last weapon... / and fires! [95,79] / The Finn prepares for the counter-attack as he re-loads (collect 2sb)
Freon Jones / FJ	lob dirigible at Titch [75,20] / collect 2sb / attack nearest with RR [T: 95,10]
Ice Crusher / IC	collect 2sb / collect di / attack nearest with Di [T: 95,82]
Ice Man / IM	run inside / sit / sit (will sit one more Segment)
Titch / T	collect 2sb / collect di / collect 2sb
Wierd Harold / WH	attack ZB and F with BB [ZB45,37; F60,84]/ run into the kitchen / eat oatmeal
Zaphette Beeblebrox / ZB	attack WH with De (dodge) [85,62] / collect 2sb / bolero FF & F [FF80,06; F45,82]

PRESS

Anonymous to SnowMaster: Is this Black Press? I disremember...Grey? Pink? Purple? Certainly yellow...

SM to Anonymous: Yes, yellow, and otherwise kind of a Dingy Grey. You may not use someone else's name, but you may certainly use anything else.

IC to SM: At least your dice are constant!

Z to IC: Sometimes you just can't win. If you weren't trying to clobber me, I would have to be sympathetic.

Crush to Gang: Duh, don't drink two six-packs before youse gets in da snowball fight. It sorta fouls up dam aim.

SM to Yard: You heard him, kids—Just Say Snow!

Flake to Ice Man: Yeah, Crush is probably a midwest dirt farmer!

WH to F: BORING!?! Bore on this!

WH to all: Where'd all this #!?!@&! snow come from?

Freon Jones to SM: Just how much snow is left on that tree, anyway?

SM to FJ: Read your rules—an infinite amount. After all, ain't I God here?

Flying Finn to SM: You'd censor what I want to say here because it would probably give away both of our "secret" identities.

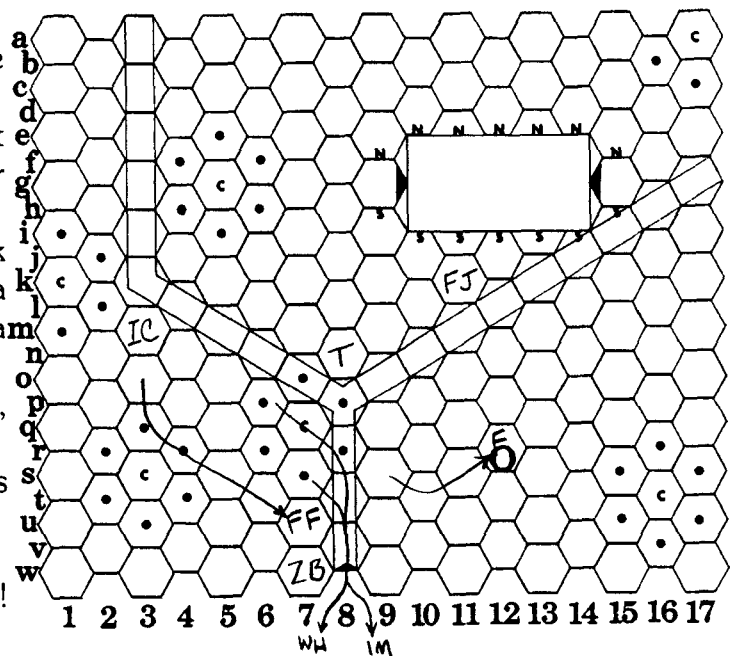
Dork to SM: Hey, don't talk to ME about it; tell Stan Lee at Marvel Comics! So, whaddya expect from a Mean Widdow Kid...I should already know Classic Literature?

FF to IM: The Bushes were exciting for a while, but the prevalent snow-blindness got to be much—Your turn!

Titch to Yard: Hum-Diddy, La-Diddy, pack, pack, pack. BRR-RR-RR! La-Diddy, Hum-

STANDINGS

<u>Snowfighter</u>	<u>loc</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo</u>
Flake / F	R12	9	6	none
Flying Finn / FF	U7	11	4	2sb
Freon Jones / FJ	K11	11	6	sb
Ice Crusher / IC	M3	6	5	2sb
Ice Man / IM	kit	7	0	none
Titch / T	N8	2	3	6sb, di
Wierd Harold / WH	kit	8	0	none
Zaphette / ZB	W7	12	4	2sb



Diddy, pack, pack, pack. BRR-RR-RR! OK, guys, I'm ready to play now! Except my fingers are too froze from packin' up so much ammo! Mittens? Never heard of it; what's a mitten?

Flake to Titch: What did I ever do to you?

FF Voices a Warcry: Vääkiisen!!

SM to FF: You just knew I had an unlaut in here somewhere, didn't you?

Z to Twitch: I agree! I agree! So then, stop aiming stuff at me already!

WH to T: I'm game, but I've gotta settle this thing with Zaph first. After all, they shouldn't let *girls* play.

ZB to Flake and FF: Care to join me on the firing line?

Flake to Flying Finn: Hey, double F, get a bead on ZB!

WH to Zaph: Nice move into the kitchen...coward. Go duck inside now.

This is a repeat of last season because I *left out an entire country!* Yeesh...

ZELPST / 1989AJ / Fall 1902

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 to ska/, 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.

GERMANY (George Rifle??): nmr. a sil, a mun, f kie, a bur /retreat otb/, a den unordered.

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 tvo-vie, f bla-con (a bul s), a arm-ank.

TURKEY (Melinda Holley): a gre-bul /ann/, a ank-arm, f con-bla, f eas-smy.

Please send Winter adjustments and Spring 1903 orders by next deadline (on the back cover). Lance insists on separation of seasons. I'm sorry for the (huge) error, but nobody pointed it out to me until the 19th of April—the day before the deadline!!

Standby for Germany is Tom Hurst.

ZELPST / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1902											
Austria	tri	bud	ser	GRE	3/4	build 1
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	bel	5/4	remove 1
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	5/5	even
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	den	5/5	build 1
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	4/4	even
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	vie	NWY	BUL	7/9	build 3
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	gre	5/3	even

LAKKDAROL / Downfall

Elves propose E/Go/R/U draw.

Mordor A Nurn retreats to Ered Lithui; Saruman retreats A Greenway-Hollin.

Astron II 3019: THE LONG MARCH

DWARVES (Larry Botimer): A Withered Heath-Esgaroth, A Carnen-River Running (A Wilderland s), A Forlond-Grey Havens (A Nenuial s).

ELVES (Jason Bergmann): A South Mirkwood-Wilderland (A River Running s (A Esgaroth

§ (A Eotheid s)), A Old Forest Road s A RRu, A Carn Dûm h, F Grey Havens h (A Shire s), A Anduin-South Mirkwood.

GANDALF (Rob Wittmond): Ga Fe R

GONDOR (Lance Anderson): A Nindalf-North Ithilien, A North Ithilien-Udûn (C Dead Marshes & Faramir Dead Marshes* s), A South Ithilien-Minas Morgul (A Osgiliath s (A Anorien s)), A Lossarnach-South Ithilien.

MORDOR (Craig Mills): A South Rhûn-Dagorlad, A Orodruin-Gorgoroth, (A Ered Lithui s), Sauron Minas Morgul-Gorgoroth, A Minas Morgul h, A Udûn h.

ROHAN (Brian Hogan): C Dunland-Hollin (C Greenway s), C Dagorlad s Gondor C DMA-Udûn /nso & cut/ (A Emyr Muil s C Dag), A East Emnet-Eastfold (C Entwash s), A Enedwaith-Druwaith laur, Herd West Emnet h.

SARUMAN (~~Randy Grigsby~~ Steve Nicewarner): Saruman & A Hollin h, A Bree s Dwarf A Nenuial-Shire /nso/, A North Downs s A Bree.

UMBAR (Geoff Richard): A Havens of Umbar-Forlindon (A/F Southern Sea and 2A/F Western Sea c), A South Gondor-Khand, A Nurn h, A Minhiriath h, Nazgul

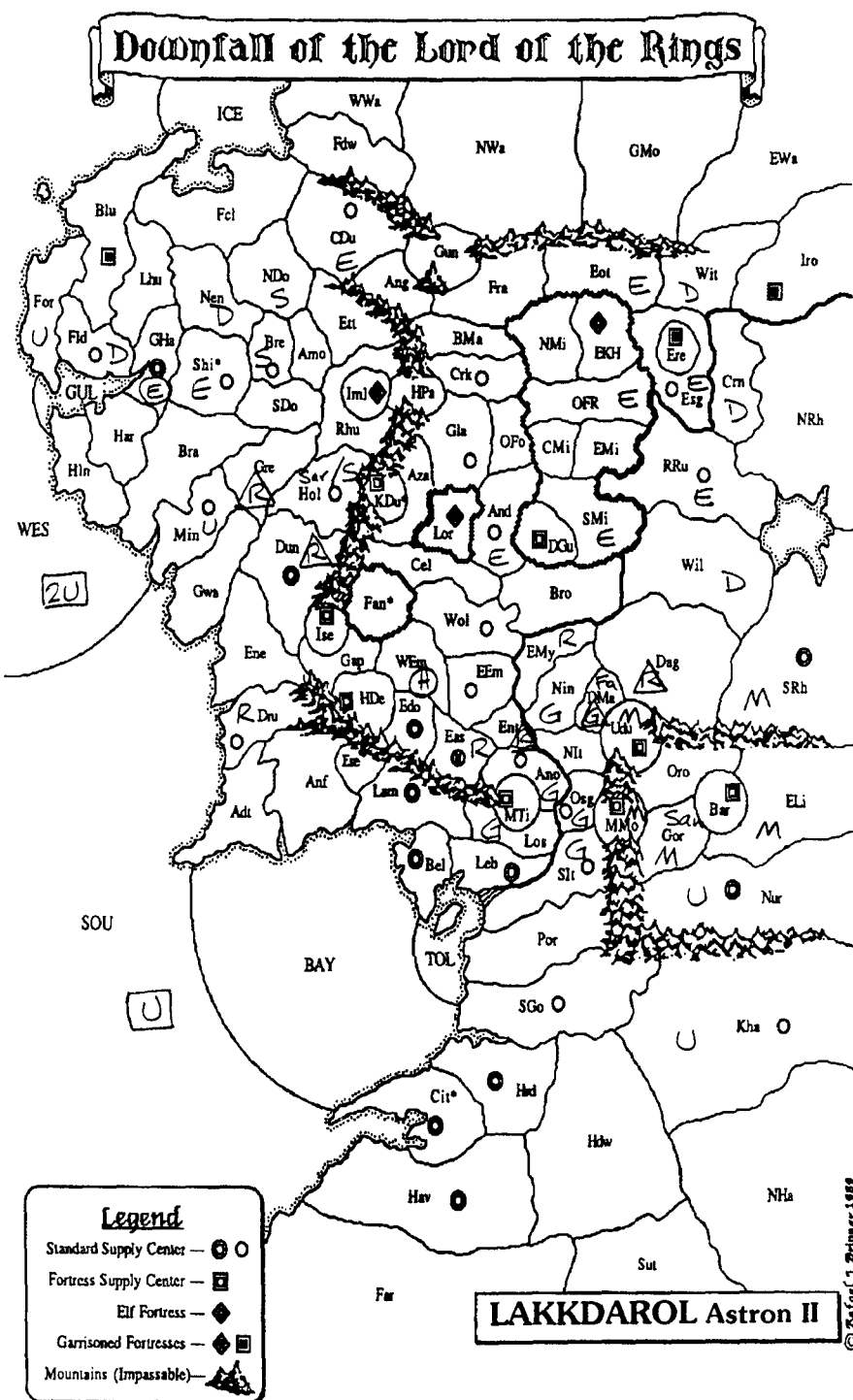
*Personality units can only support the unit with which they are moving. Many thanks to Steve N. for taking over.

PRESS

Gondor to Rohan: Better not flake on me, pal.

Saruman to Dwarves: Sorry I haven't written. It's been a long month.

GM to Lakkdarol: That was the new Saruman. And that's all the press.



LAKKDAROL / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Astron II

Dwarves	blu ere iro edm fld	5/4 -1
Elves	ekh gha iml lor gla and crk shi ru ESGCDM9/11 +2	
Gandalf	0 n/c
Gondor	bel lam leb mti sit osg ano	7/7 n/c
Mordor	bar nur srh udu mmo	5/4 -1
Rohan	herd edo hde dru dun eem dgu ise wol	9/9 n/c
Saruman	kdm hol bre	3/3 n/c
Umbar	cit hrd hav sgo kha min NUR.	6/7 +1

(Herd is at West Emnet.) No neutrals remain.

GRAMARYE / British Rails

Round #14 / GET OFF MY TRACK!

Railroad: Connie's Cousin's Caboose Owner: Tom Nash	
move 3mp into London, sell fruit (card 66) for £12M; move 6mp NW from London (pay B&H £4M). Draws event card #136: Gale!	card 13: swansea/cotton/£22; penzance/tobacco/£18; lincoln/const. mat./£9; card 44: sheffield/cattle/£5; colchester/machinery/£3; cardigan/sugar/£28. card 112: bristol/coal/£13; middlesb'gh/machinery/£11; edinburgh/textiles/£6.
Opening Bal: £ 4 Income: + 16 Expenses: - 4 Balance: £ 16	order this time: 1 next: 4 GOs? no

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars Owner: Jason Bergmann	
loses turn	card 68: gloucester/oil/£11; brighton/tourists/£4; middlesborough/cattle/£6; card 70: holyhead/beer/£26; birmingham/textiles/£3; dundee/machinery/£14. card 91: carlisle/sheep/£9; barnstaple/coal/£26; cambridge/imports/£4.
Opening Bal: £ 25 Income: + Expenses: - Balance: £ 25	order this time: 2 next: 6 GOs? yes

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road Owner: Craig Mills	
move 9mp through Birm. (pay B&H £4M)	card 59: hull/pottery/£16; glasgow/tourists/£19; northampton/cattle/£6. card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52. card 118: lincoln/cattle/£9; birmingham/const. mat./£8; edinburgh/fruit/£36.
Opening Bal: £ 7 Income: + Expenses: - 4 Balance: £ 3	order this time: 3 next: 2 GOs? no

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road Owner: Eric Brosius	
move 7mp NE (pay CCC £4M); build £15M into Bristol and York	card 7: holyhead/hops/£19; edinburgh/tobacco/£45; plymouth/tourists/£26. card 79: reading/barley/£14; liverpool/cattle/£7; stoke/textiles/£4. card 120: london/hops/£8; dundee/barley/£42; newcastle/cattle/£7.
Opening Bal: £ 31 Income: + 8 Expenses: - 19 Balance: £ 20	order this time: 4 next: 7 GOs? yes

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway Owner: Ed Wrobel	
loses turn	card 5: edinburgh/hops/£33; holyhead/tobacco/£21; glasgow/pigs/£15. card 40: exeter/coal/£23; glasgow/beer/£32; nottingham/chemicals/£25. card 114: norwich/coal/£16; lancaster/textiles/£6; penzance/tourists/£34.
Opening Bal: £ 9 Income: + Expenses: - Balance: £ 9	order this time: 5 next: 1 GOs? yes

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers Owner: Geoff Richard	
loses turn	card 15: holyhead/steel/£20; pembroke/cattle/£19; stranraer/const. mat./£33. card 34: perth/coal/£6; norwich/machinery/£5; portsmouth/jute/£45. card 81: leeds/rubber/£20; cambridge/machinery/£5; holyhead/imports/£16.
Opening Bal: £ 2 Income: + Expenses: - Balance: £ 2	order this time: 6 next: 5 GOs? yes

Railroad: Puppytail Rail Owner: Bruce Linsey	
move 9mp S	card 23: norwich/pigs/£25; pembroke/imports/£24; manchester/oil/£10. card 64: london/steel/£7; swansea/machinery/£8; edinburgh/cotton/£17. card 94: stoke/clay/£18; glasgow/rubber/£42; barnstaple/lead/£29.
Opening Bal: £ 2 Income: + Expenses: - Balance: £ 2	order this time: 7 next: 3 GOs? no

Errors last turn: BB cash was £25, not £29 and B&H cash was £31 (I forgot to add his sale of beer).
 New cards are in **bold italics**; errors are expected and I hope you notify me quickly. Events are flagged in the drawing player's box and then elaborated on the next page.
 Please send separate sheets for each game you are in.

Deadline for this game is earlier than the rest of the zine ...Round 15 is due May 19. IF everyone agrees to it, I will also adjudicate Round 16 at that time. Let me know. Some General Orders were lost in the disk crash. Please resubmit them.

GRAMARYE STUFF

Discard Pile: 4 6 22 26 27 31 32 46 47 48 49 51 52 65 66 71 74 76 77 78 80 83 86 87 95 102 103 123 124 125 129 136 138.

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

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

Order of play:	<u>15</u>	<u>16</u>	<u>17</u>	<u>18</u>	<u>19</u>	<u>20</u>	<u>21</u>	<u>22</u>	<u>23</u>	<u>24</u>	<u>25</u>	<u>26</u>	<u>27</u>	<u>28</u>	<u>29</u>
Wrobel's Wrailway	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1
Lost Buchanan Road	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2
Puppytail Rail	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3
Connie's Cousin's Caboose	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4
Silkworth's Sober Steamers	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5
Bergmann's Boxcars	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6
Birmingham & Hereford	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7

I'm not happy with the way this report looks, but that's because I didn't allow enough space. More next time.

Event #136: Gale! No train within 6mp of the English Channel may move. No rail building is allowed in this area.

WW to Cathy: I love the colored maps. I'm just too shy!

WW to Gramarye: Lose 2 loads?! Whatever happened to "Lose 1 load"?? What is this, "Revenge of Nash: The Game That Would Not End"? Oh, well. Let's see. I can trudge on back to Ayr and back, taking 12 turns and earning 25. Or I can dump cards.. I could dump cards 12 times by the time I go to Ayr and back...what would be more fun? What do you think, Tom? Is chaos and brutality "in" for BR?

FO"R"MALHAUT / 1988CN

please send separate games on separate pages!
FOMALHAUT PRESS

votes:	<u>aus</u>	<u>eng</u>	<u>fra</u>	<u>ita</u>	<u>rus</u>
F win	no	nvr	yes	no	yes
AE	yes	nvr	no	yes	no
EF	no	nvr	no	no	no
AF	yes	nvr	no	yes	no

Paris to London: Nice and safe for now. I said I wouldn't attack you this season, and I meant it. Write me!

Tim Stark: Sorry, no press.

Paris to Vienna: Don't get too busy at school! This one has a lot of play in it!

France repropose the F concession; Austria proposes an A win, and AE or AF draws. Autumn 1905: France retreats f ion-tun. Winter 1905: Austria build a tri; England disbands f bal; France build f mar, a par; Russia disbands a lvn.

Spring 1906: DMZ?

AUSTRIA (Jason Bergmann): f gre & f aeg s italian f ion /otm/, f ven-apu (f adr s), a tus-rom /ann/, a tyo-mun, a tri-ven, a mos s english a stp-lvn (a sev s), a ukr-war (a gal s), a pie-mar.

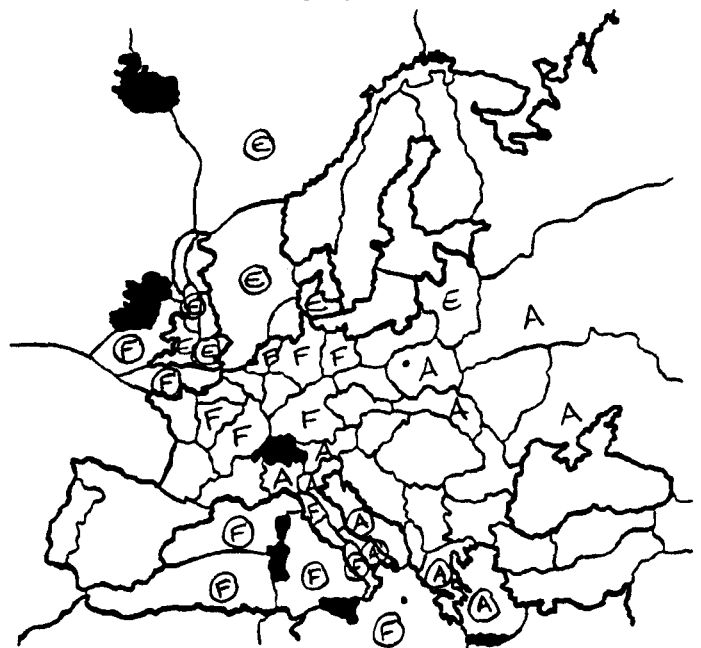
ENGLAND (Tim Stark): a stp-lvn, a den-kie, f nwy-nwg, f nts-lon, f hel-nts, a lvp-wal, f nao-lvp.

FRANCE (Tom Nash): f tun-ion (f nap s), a rom-tus (f tyn s), f mar-lyo, a bur-mar, a par-mar /imp/, f mid-wes, f eng-mid, f iri-mid, a kie ms a hol, a mun & a ber s a kie.

ITALY (Vince Lutterbie): f ion-tyn /alb eas otb/.

RUSSIA (Jim Nickel): a war h /pru sil otb/.

Please send Summer 1906 retreats and Fall 1906 moves by the deadline on the back cover, and



RYLOS / 1989IF

Fall 1902: MAGINOT LINES

AUSTRIA (Gilles Tanguay): a vie-tyo, f adr-ven /retreats to alb/ (a tri s (a ser s)).

ENGLAND (Steve Nicewarner): a lvp-edi, f nts-lon (a yor s).

FRANCE (Tom Nash): a por-bel (f eng & f mid c), a gas-bur, f mar-lyo.

GERMANY (James Early): a hol doesn't go to bel, a mun s austrian a vie-tyo, f hel-nts, (f lon s /retreat to wal/), a den h.

ITALY (John Crosby): f apu-adr (f ion s), a tyo-tri /retreats to pie/ (a ven s).

RUSSIA (Melinda Holley): f nwy s german f hel-nts (f swe s), a bul s a rum (a rum & f bla s), a syr h.

TURKEY (Lance Anderson): a gre-bul, a arm-smy, f aeg-con (a ank s).

Paris to Vienna: Make mine cappucino!

Smyrna to London: I wouldn't say that you were the only one if you looked at A-H and myself.

Vienna to Rome: Better get your Zouaves ready, you will need every one of them.

Paris to London: Don't ask why, just die.

Berlin to Paris: Let's not be quite so gung-ho about linking up with Russia!

Vienna to London: Thanks for the compliment; the recipe for good press is: write it in some obscure foreign language, you will be sure to pass for subtle or something.

Berlin: The mighty German navy continues to roll, annihilating all English fleets in its path!

Berlin to Moscow: How goes it?

Autumn 1902: Austrian f adr-alb; Italian a tyo-pie.

Send Spring 1903 moves AND predictive retreats by next deadline (on back cover). Please send separate games on separate sheets of paper!

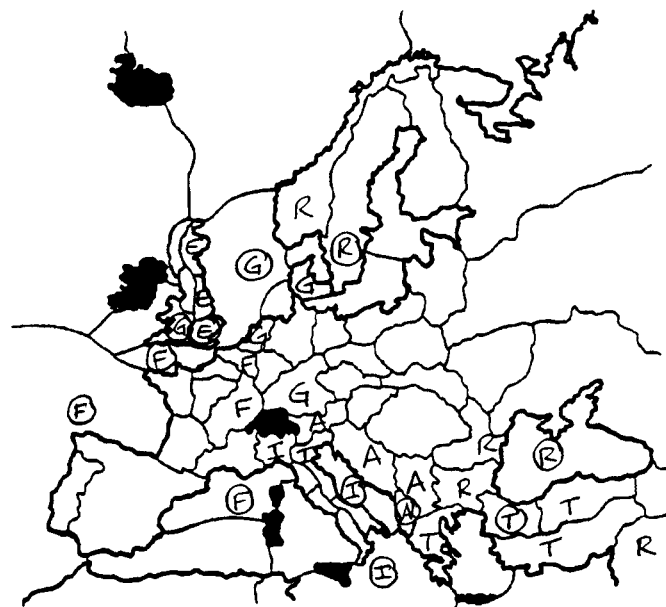
PRESS

Berlin to Vienna: Let's do it!

Vienna to Berlin: Thanks, I will not forget.

Adriatic to Marseilles: Fuel crisis?

Germany to France: Tom, I think you need to switch to decaf!



RYLOS / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1902

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	4/4	even
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	4/3	even
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	BEL	5/6	nbr-short 1
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	den	5/5	even
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	4/4	even
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	NWY	BUL	6/8	nbr-short 2
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	GRE	4/4	even

GIFFARD / Gunboat Titan

Round Eight: Creepy Crawlers

Engagement #5: Blue Egg defeats Red Star, returns to Masterboard at Plains P105. Dead: 4 Centaurs, Lion, 2 Trolls, Cyclops. 57 points to Blue.

Sorry, I listed an extra muster in my correction report—ignore the Ogre I mentioned before.

BLACK LEGIONS (rolled a 3): Spiked Cube holds at Woods W16 and splits with Coat of Arms; Scorpion moves to Brush B137; Jack O'Lantern moves to Marsh M136.

(continues on next page)

GLOME / Deviant Diplomacy

Correction: Eire removal was xa syr, not smy, but too many units were removed—my error. Therefore I am restoring the last unit disbanded, a edi. I couldn't contact Don to get an order for that unit.

EFIRT: eir, ita, tur yes; aus, fra & ger no; rus nvr. Please vote on the following with your Fall 1908 orders:

proposal

E/F draw

E/F/I/R/T draw

E win

GM win

GM's wife win

GM's computer win

A/E/G/I/R/T/GM draw

proposer(s)

Eire, France

Eire

Eire

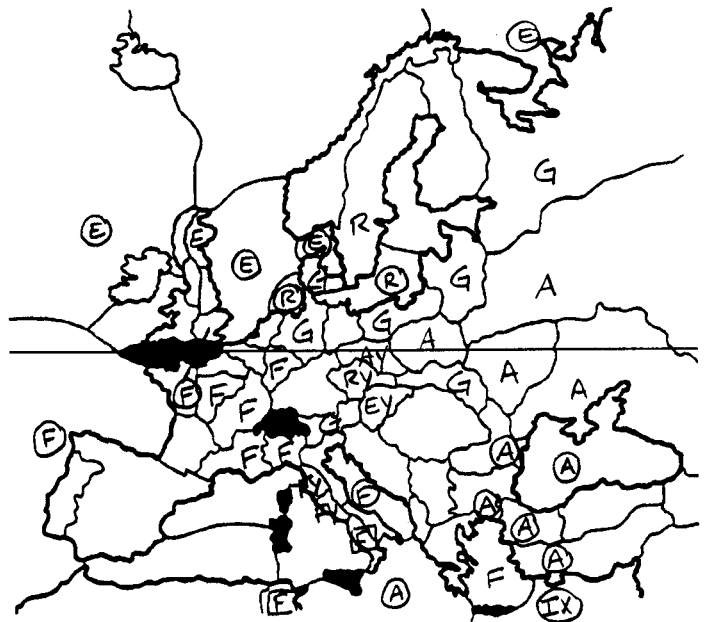
Turkey

Turkey

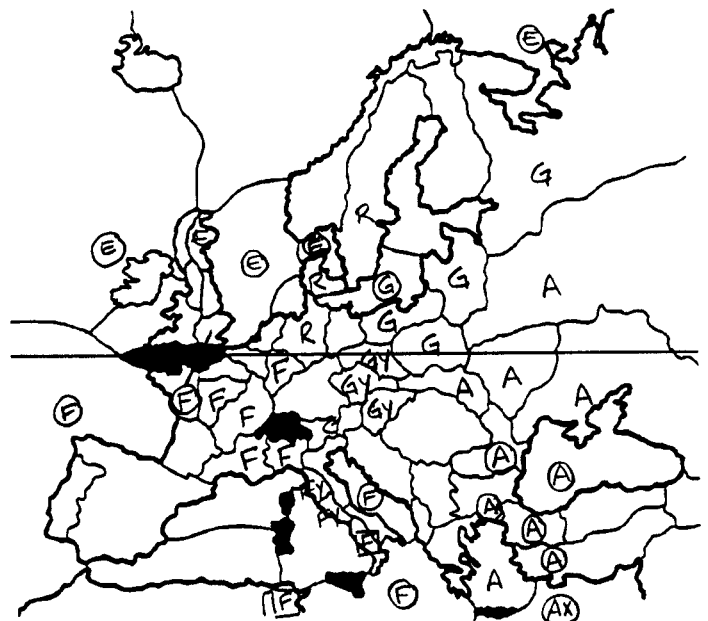
Turkey

Turkey

GLOME positions before Othello



GLOME positions after Othello



Spring 1908: **FAB FOUR TOURS EUROPE!**

AUSTRIA (Greg Ellis): f con-smy (f con s), f aeg-gre /boom/ (f bul/sc s), f aeg-ion, f bul-aeg, f bla-rum (f bla s), a sev-ukr (a sev s), a mos-war (a mos & ya sil s), ya sil-boh. Playlist: 10,000 Maniacs, "Ring Around the Rosie."

EIRE (Don Williams—note COA in Roster): a edi u, f ire-nao, f iri-eng /ann—see rule 117/, f lon-nts, f nts-ska, f nwg-bar, ya vie-bud. Playlist: Beatles, "I Will."

FRANCE (Eric Brosius): f ion-adr, f ion-alb, af tyn-nap, af tyn-tun, ya rom-tus (ya rom s), f bre-mid, f bre h, a par-b-por, a par-b-mun (a bur & a ruh s), a gas-par, a gas-mar, a bur-b-ber, a ruh-b-aeg*, a mar-pie, a mar-b-gre, xa ukr-b-ser, xa ukr-b-tri. All underlined units go boom. Playlist: Mr. Rogers, "Everybody's Fancy."

GERMANY (J.R. Baker): a ber-pru, a den-kie (a den s, a ber s, a mun s), a mun-tyo, a war-gal, a war-mos (a lvn s), a lvn-stp. All underlined units go boom. Playlist: Beatles, "Yesterday."

ITALY (Tom Nash): ya ven-tri /boom/, xf eas-aeg. Playlist: Gershwin, "Rhapsody in Blue."

RUSSIA (Russ Blau): nmr. a swe, f hel, f bal, ya boh unordered.

TURKEY (Mark Lew): f smy-b-por and f smy-b-alb /both boom/, a rum-bud and a rum-bul /both ann/. Playlist: Beatles, "Please Please Me."

Please send Fall moves, playlist, votes on rules, votes on draws & wins, black and white press, and new proposal by next deadline (on back cover). Please send separate games on separate sheets!

*Armies and Fleets which are out of place (at sea or inland, respectively)—see Rulings. Unstable Dots defuses Brest, and with it the Eire f nwg/bar. Othello flips the following units: I xf eas>A; F a aeg >A; A f ion >F; G a den >R; R f bal >G; G a kie >R; A a war >G; G a gal >A; A ya sil >G; R ya boh >G; E ya vie >G.

alphabetically from the player with the most centers). SC status goes away; any army on that center at the end of the turn drowns. [[And by implication, the space becomes a sea province where fleets may continue to exist normally.]]

#121—THIS IS A LIT ZINE! Every season each player must submit a piece (short!) of *original* poetry or *short* prose. The GM runs them all in the game report, and all readers of *Pere*, including the GM but excluding players in this game, vote on their literary merit. Only the top 4 vote-getters are allowed to move the following season. [[For logistical purposes, the writing published with a Spring adjudication would be voted on during Fall and affect ability to build in the season (Winter) after that.]]

#122—DISENFRANCHISEMENT. No player (or non-player) who has ever participated in compiling votes for the Runestone Poll may veto any draw or concession proposal which includes any player (or non-player) who has ever participated in compiling votes for the Marco Poll. [[Voting in either Poll does not count.]]

RULINGS

On Powerless Powers: Italy and Turkey have no units; Italy owns no home centers and Turkey may face the same situation soon. If these players continue to send in Playlists and both types of Press, they may continue to vote on and propose rule changes.

Anonymous: Can a fleet be transported to a landlocked province?

GM: Of course—it's already been done in this game. I see no reason why the French (now Austrian) a aeg can't survive either. Like a landlocked fleet, it may move to any space the regular rules allow it to move to.

Protest (from Germany): If you're going to count Winter as a separate turn and invoke Civil War before my moves then you should invoke the Othello rule also, and Unstable Dots and Playlist and "No" Votes and Random Rules and Press, etc.

GM to Germany: I invoked every rule that applies to Winter. Random, Unstable, and Othello specifically exclude Winter; besides, the main rule says that whatever rule passes takes effect *at the*

end of that deadline, regardless of what season it is.

Turkey: Why did Repeal Othello get repropose? I don't see it. It didn't get five votes last time, and it couldn't have been repropose by a player, or else he'd NMR under *Deviant*, Dammit! Right?

GM to Turkey: Several times in this game, someone has repropose a rule. I've always allowed this to count under *DD*.

Leisure Suit Lucifer to G.M.E.: First there are Dip rules (from the rule book). Then there are house rules that take precedence over Dip rules. And then there are Glome rules that take precedence over house rules. And then there are my rules—like it or lump it!

PRESS

Eire to World: This is more fun than assigning numbers!

France to Turkey: Here's my "Poll Poll" vote: #1. Marco Poll. (I assume you're not allowed to vote for your own Poll.)

Austria to Turkey: I give P.J.'s poll a 7.5. It has a good beat, but I can't dance to it.

GM to Austria: That's because in Texas, dancing is a strange furrin' custom.

Turkey to all: See, contrary to rumor, I *do* have a sense of humor!

Budapest to Smyrna: Just swallow this cup of hemlock.

Eire to Austria: You're not in the lead? Oh ... damn, and I was just gettin' all geared up. Tell me, are you *sure* you're not in the lead? I'm going to have to ask Peter about this ...

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

GM to Germany: He's been too busy trying to count dots.

Eire to France: Just who the Hell is in the lead? Can we start another civil war? Oh, wait...*you're* in the lead. I'm going to have to ask Peter about this...

GM to Glome: Can you tell that I just can't wait?

Eire to GM: Yeah, yeah...I know. I really do need to ask you about this stuff.

Please send Winter adjustments and Spring 1905 moves by next deadline (on back cover). Please put separate games on separate sheets.

PRESS

Russia to Italy: Rethink your own position! Your unit in Silesia is not doing a whole lot to slow down France! And, it is your homeland France is about to overrun—not mine! You could just as easily help Turkey and me! Don't blame me for your foolishness!

GM to Magrathea: The Kathy Caruso School of Emphatic Writing...

Italy to Austria: It's starting to look a little bleak.

Vienna to Rome: Sorry, Gary.

***Budapest to Board:** The old Austro-Hungarian leadership having abdicated, the new empire of Hungary-Austria is hereby established. The palace in Vienna is being renovated for its new tenants, who are expected to run it as a convent/Lamaze school; further correspondence should be sent to his Grand Exalted Great-Arch-

MegaDuke, Lord Prince Steven, Hungaro-Austrian Planetary Empire, Virginia Beach Branch Office. Any references to the current regime as "Austria" or "Austria-Hungary" will be punished by death.

***Hungary to Italy:** So much for your press monopoly.

Italy to DeVarona: EAT IT.

Italy to France: No, I won't give you my centers—willingly, anyway.

Tim Stark: Sorry, no press.

***Hungary to France:** Boy, are you ever a popular old coot. You've got England helping you to German soil, Italy cussing at you, and Russia helping you indirectly (if you can believe what you read in the press). I should be so well-loved.

GM to Hungary: That would seem to be a matter to take up with Sondra.

***Hungary to Russia:** Can I have Finland, please?

Russia to Turkey: Sorry about changing your suggestion, but I need to protect Warsaw!

Vienna to Moscow and Ankara: Please state your terms.

MAGRATHEA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1904

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	gre	rum	6/6	build 1
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	KIE	4/5	+1
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	hol	DEN	7/8	build 1
Germany	kie	mun	ber	den	4/2	even?
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	4/4	build 1
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	5/5	even
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	4/4	even

ANNOUNCEMENTS & PLUGS

•Mark Larzelere has started up a zine called *Massacre by Treachery*, for the postal play of Intimate Diplomacy and Monopoly (I'll be in the latter), and discussion of international chess, with a hoped-for wide-open letter column, in the style of the old *Brutus Bulletin*. He's relying completely on plugs, so at least send for a sample: ML, 7607 Fontainbleau Dr #2352, New Carrollton MD 20784.

•You still have time to vote in the Runestone Poll. Write to Eric Brosius (address in Roster) for a ballot.

•I was going to plug Steve Nicewarner's housewarming/Dip party, but that was before this issue got pushed back by the drive crash. Suffice to say that he, Don Williams, and Tom Nash all have COAs in the Roster this time. McKee still hasn't surfaced from his latest rail-riding hobo binge yet. (Portland, huh? Are you sure you're not a lumberjack?)

•Very sorry, folks, but two contests have fallen apart. The predictions were lost in the computer problems (besides, there were only three entries); and Rod Walker never gave me answers to the lit quiz from February. So we will start from fresh in the next issue.

•Get a sample of *Europa 2000* from George Broniarz-Frynas (Bahnhofstraße 42, D-4980 Bunde, West Germany). The issue I've seen is about 50% English, 50% German, and Alan Parr is offering a

1990 Marco Poll Results

place	pts	zine	#	avg
1.	47	Perelandra	13	3.6
2.	40	Northern Flame	10	4
3.	38	Been There, Done That	11	3.4
4.	36	Kathy's Korner	10	3.6
5.	27	Benzene	7	3.8
6.	25	Passchendaele	6	4.1
7.	23	Fiat Bellum!	8	2.8
8.	21	Penguin Dip	6	3.5
9.	12	Diplomacy World	3	4
	12	Comrades in Arms	3	4
	12	MetaDiplomat	4	3
12.	11	Upstart	5	2.2
13.	10	Vertigo	4	2.5
14.	8	Entropy	3	2.6
15.	7	Carolina Command & Commentary	3	2.3
	6	The Canadian Diplomat	3	2
	6	Cathy's Ramblings	3	2

Other zines which received votes: The Appalachian General, MegaDiplomat, Rebel, The Home Office, Ohio Acres, Megalomaniac, Cheesecake, Denver Glont, Y Ddraig Goch, Excelsior, Clandestine Activities, CounterMeasures, Dipadeedoodah!, The Zine Register, When the Lights Went Out, TerRan, Diplomacy Digest, A Sharp Mind & A Straight Knife, Moire, Heroes of Olympus, Empire, and Tyromania.

place	pts	gamemaster	#	avg
1.	24	Andy Lischett	5	4.8
2.	23	Pete Gaughan	7	3.2
3.	9	Cal White	3	3
4.	9	Melinda Holley	4	2.2

Other GMs who received votes: Bob Greier, Gary Behnen, Jim Meinel; Lee Kendter, Sr.; Don Williams, Eric Klein, Rick Dorsey, Dave McCrumb, Fred Hyatt, Ken Hager, John Boardman, Jim Burgess, Glover Rogerson, Conrad von Metzke, Bill Lafosse, Randolph Smyth, Doug Acheson, Vince Lutterbie, John Caruso, Fred Davis, Tom Swider, Cathy Ozog, Eric Brosius, Garret Schenck, Jason Bergmann, Steve Heinowski, Robert Sacks, François Cuerrier, Brad Wilson, Chris Warwick, Russ Blau.

place	pts	subzine	#	avg
1.	32	High Inertia	7	4.5
2.	13	Extremism in the Defense of Liberty	3	4.3
3.	11	Ring Finger in Rear	3	3.6
4.	9	Notes from the Bunker	3	3

Other subzines which received votes: Acropolis, Water on the Knee, The Melnibonê Herald, Tennessee Rails, War Correspondent, Magus, Foot in Mouth, Popular Front, The Abyssinian Prince, Standard Deviation, Shut Up, Jack!, CDO News, Karmels Panorama, The Boob Report, Asterion, In The Garden, The Unabashed Bo(t), One Regular Gary.

(Pollster's Notes in Editorial section)

indicates how many times each zine was mentioned; points were awarded as 5 for being first on a ballot, down to 1 for being fifth. Total number of voters was 31 in the zine poll, 15 in the GM poll, and 13 in the subzine poll. In each, three votes were required to make the main list.

simple pbm game called The Golden Strider in English, with other openings in Metropolis (??), Dip (run by a New Zealander, so probably in English), United (hoping to run two leagues, one in each language) and more. Georg has all the enthusiasm of youth, so this will make a refreshing trade compared to all the jaded Brits I read.

•Also on the new-zine front, I've been sent samples of *Diplomacy Today* second-hand by Rex Martin of Avalon Hill. If I didn't know Rex, I would guess that the editor of *DT*, Darrel Plant, doesn't know about the wider Dip hobby (remember, Postal Diplomacy has been 'invented' a half-dozen times or more). Also, the zine is an 11x17 sheet folded to make four letter-sized pages, with a mocking rip-off layout straight out of *USA Today*. The Christmas issue is in full color, done by Macintosh, PageMaker and Illustrator. You may have seen his *Zine Register* blurb, where he seems to be discouraging new readers, but he is selling the zine for \$2/issue plus a SASE (SASE alone will get you a black-and-white copy). Darrel Plant, Reed College Box 1068, Portland OR 97202.

For Love of Evil

by Piers Anthony

"What is this?" a new voice interrupted.

Lilah shrank away. It was Lucifer himself.

Parry coughed and managed to clear his throat enough to speak. "You come for me personally, Lord of Lies?"

"I always come for My vengeance personally," Lucifer replied. "What would existence be like without the pleasure of the torment of Mine enemies? You have served Me well, mortal, and now you shall pay for that with eternal torment in the most excruciating fires of Hell."

"I am ready," Parry wheezed.

"But you have a few minutes remaining to suffer in this life. I want you to understand your situation exactly." Lucifer's baleful gaze moved to Lilah. "Wench, revile him."

Wench. Old anger stirred in Parry's breast. His blood began to circulate more strongly, and his mind clarified. He knew it was his last effort of life, but he wanted to strike back at his former nemesis and present master. He served Lucifer; that did not mean he liked him.

Lilah stood by Parry's bed, gazing down at him, unspeaking.

What was it she had told him? To use his magic to—

"Speak, slut!" Lucifer said. But still she did not. She merely looked at Parry with that same emulation of adoration she had affected these past three years.

To do what? She had said that it didn't have to be. What could she have meant? That there was some alternative to Hell?

"Do you defy Me, you piece of ether?" Lucifer snapped at Lilah. "What is the matter with you? Spit on him!"

Still Lilah gazed, and now a tear showed on her cheek.

"You disreputable bitch!" Lucifer exclaimed, amazed. "You have fallen for him!"

Fallen for him?

Lilah dropped to her knees and embraced Parry's supine form as well as she could. Her tears wet his face. "Oh, Parry, I cannot say it!"

She was a demoness. She could not say she loved him. But now he realized that she did. Her

gazes of adoration had been genuine.

"When?" Parry rasped, as amazed as Lucifer.

"Yes, tell us when," Lucifer said in such fury that steam was rising from him. "It is an error I shall never again permit."

"When you sang me out of Hell," Lilah said to Parry. "When you sang to me with the power of the Llano. You charmed the demons—and I am a demoness."

"When he sang," Lucifer demanded incredulously. "You deserted Me for a song?"

"I deserted You for a man," she said.

Lucifer considered. "A mortal can love, and be in other respects unchanged. A demon can love only totally. When the object of that love is gone, that demon is destroyed. You have given up your existence for three foolish years with a dying mortal."

"It was worth it," Lilah whispered, kissing Parry's lips.

Now Parry knew why she would not visit him in Hell. When he died, she would cease to exist. She had known this through out, as surely as he had known that his involvement with her would damn his soul. A truer love could not exist.

"But I intended you to suffer!" Lucifer said angrily to Lilah. "No one betrays Me without punishment!"

"I am suffering now," Lilah said, clinging to Parry.

"It is not enough," Lucifer said grimly. He lifted his hand, and a flicker of fire played about it. He pointed at the demoness. "Burn, bitch, while he watches!"

Parry summoned his last resolve as she hugged him. "No!"

Lucifer's lip curled into a sneer. "I will banish her to that very fire awaiting you, mortal fool! But she will suffer only while you remain alive. Then your soul will replace her there, and she will not exist. Take your time about dying!"

Lucifer made a gesture. Lilah clung to Parry. And Parry did the only thing he could think of: he invoked his mirror spell. His shield against hostile magic. All of his remaining strength went into it; he knew that the strain was destroying his heart, and that he would be dead in a moment. But

Lilah would spend no time in the agony of the flame.

Lucifer's magic bounced. Suddenly Lucifer himself was bathed in flames. He disappeared, screaming.

Lilah lifted her head. "You did it!" she cried. "Take the Office! Take the Office!"

Parry's heart was fibrillating, going into its final throes. "What?"

"Assume the Office!" she screamed at him.

His brain was clouding. As his consciousness faded, he made his final effort to please her. "I—assume—the Office," he gasped.

Flame coalesced about him, but it did not burn.

"Choose Your title!" she cried.

What was she talking about? "Look, Lilah," he gasped. "I—"

"Your title! Your title! It must be now! But different from that of your predecessor. You can be Scrotch or Satan—"

The second was less objectionable. "Satan—" he repeated.

"Choose Your form!" she urged him.

"What?"

"It must be now, at the outset! Your true form for the Office. Choose Your form."

"I—choose the form I was at age twenty-five," he said.

Abruptly the constriction of his heart eased, and it beat slowly and strongly. Strength returned.

"Choose Your consort!" she cried.

He hardly understood this process. "I want to be with you."

She hugged him and kissed him. "For as long as You want me, my Lord of Evil!"

The bottom dropped out of his equilibrium. "Who?"

"You have assumed the Office, my Lord! You vanquished the former holder, and now it is Yours. You will be forever as You are now, physically, until some other claimant deceives You as You deceived Your predecessor and dispossesses You. But that need never happen."

"I—am Lucifer?" Parry asked, dumbfounded.

"No, Your title is Satan. You chose it."

"But I am the—the new master of Hell?"

"The Lord of Evil," she agreed. "In Your

mortal body as it was at age twenty-five, and I am Your consort. All else is malleable."

"But all I was trying to do was protect you from torture! I never thought my spell would destroy Lucifer himself!"

"You protected me from extinction itself," she said. "I have no existence apart from my love of You. Now I will serve You utterly, in any manner You require, just as I served the prior Lord of Evil when I loved him."

Parry felt dizzy. "There is something about the way you pronounce—"

She laughed. "You are now a deity, my Lord! Co-equal with the other one. I refer to You always as such."

"And—and I am now to run Hell?"

"And forward the cause of Evil, exactly as Your predecessor did. As You have done these past nine years, serving him." The subtle accent that denoted her respect was no longer on her reference to the prior Lord of Evil.

"I don't think I know how to handle this."

"I will help You in any way I can," she assured him. "You will quickly grow accustomed to the exercise of this power. You will come to understand that Evil is the opposite aspect of, of—may I say the word?"

"Say it," he said, uncertain of his authority in this respect.

"Of Good," she finished. "That both are required for either to have meaning. G—G—"

"God," he said. "You may say it"

"God. God is the Incarnation of Good, and Satan is the Incarnation of Evil, and the struggle between the two of you is the essence of mortal existence. Your position is as important as his."

"And I can authorize you to say those words I can say, that no demon otherwise can say?"

"Yes, my Lord Satan. Your power over Your minions is absolute. Your predecessor forbade those words, but Your law governs now."

Parry shook his head disbelievingly. Then she embraced him again, and kissed him again, and his young, strong body responded ardently, and he began to believe.

He had completed his progress from Good to Evil. He had become the Lord of Evil.



FOOT IN MOUTH

Vol.III Issue #9

April 14,1990

This is FIM, the #1 roving subzine in the world and the one that says, "If it ain't a rooster, how can it have a fowl ball?"

This issue is being created, as it were, on Saturday, the 14th, the day after Friday the 13th. Maybe its supposed to mean something special, but do you know what they say about Friday the 13th? If so, then tell me.

This issue of FIM is appearing, by request, in PERELANDRA, a great zine by a great guy, Pete Gaughan. I wonder if Pete knows what PERELANDRA means. It means FOOT IN MOUTH in ancient Mesopotamian!

Pete recently sent me a copy of his baseball picks. Talk about picking teams by a roll of the die. Wake up Pete. There is no way the Bost Clemens can win the AL East. The Brewers will win. The Indians, Orioles and Yankees will compete most of the year. Hell, the Yankees will be in 1st place prior to Aug, which is when they always drop dead. The Red Sox will be lucky to beat out the Tigers. And the Blue Jays won't be far ahead. I don't know how you figure your AL West picks either. Oak is still a powerhouse, and KC is one too. Calif doesn't have the pitching or depth of the other 2. In fact, Texas may beat out Calif. The Royals should win this division tho. But it'll be close. Look for the White Sox and Twins to fight it out for last. Seattle is a fast improving team, not the cellar dweller you make them out to be. 5th this year. Maybe 3rd next year.

In the NL West, again, no practical application and judging of talent. The Reds are going places alright. But not to 1st. Maybe 3rd, if the Giants collapse as much as I think they will. The Dodgers and Padres will vie for 1st, with LA winning out. They have better pitching, and pitching wins games. Plus they have a handful of clutch hitters- Murray, Gibson if healthy, Brooks. SD's hitting is Gwynn and a cast of righthanders. LA's pitching is righthanded. Atlanta is improving, but not enough to get out of the cellar.

In the NL East, the Mets have too much talent to lose again. The Cubs are deeper (appear so anyway) in bench strength, but the Mets have the pitching. The Cubs do have a good bullpen. I say it'll be a horserace, but the Met pitching will hold on. SL may compete if they can juggle the relief pitching until Worrell returns and if they either stay healthy or find some bench depth. The Phillies may actually finish as high as 4th. The Pirates are the most overrated team in baseball. They have 2 pitchers, 3 hitters and a couple of defensive players. Their bench sucks, their bullpen is mediocre and they lack whats necessary to winning- a winning attitude. Montreal might not finish last, but you'll never convince me of that. Or Pete either. he went out on a limb and picked them for last too.

So here are my final standing predictions

AL EAST	AL WEST	NL EAST	NL WEST
Milwaukee Brewers	KC Royals	NY Mets	LA Dodgers
Cleveland Indians	Oakland A's	Chicago Cubs	SD Padres
Baltimore Orioles	Texas Rangers	SL Cardinals	Cinn Reds
NY Yankees	California Angels	Pitt Pirates	SF Giants
Toronto Blue Jays	Seattle Mariners	Phil Phillies	Hous Astros
Boston Red Sox	Minnesota Twins	Montreal Expos	Atl Braves
Detroit Tigers	Chicago White Sox		

Pete, you missed getting into my baseball league. Its a shame too. It looks like its going to be fun. I may decide to run a league next year- an entire 26 team league. Not based on what appears in the newspaper, but based on previous season stats, with lineups and such, all done on a computer. But if I do it, I'll only do it if I have all 26 teams played.

I guess that about it. Take care and have fun....

LETTERS & EDITORIALS

or, Joan of Arc is alive and medium well...

I have lost a few of your notes and comments because I was foolish enough to throw them away after entering them into this Macintosh monstrosity. Three days after the deadline, I had twenty-plus pages in the machine, ready to be assembled and printed (all I really had to do was import the maps), when the hard drive crashed (a term which has lost some well-deserved impact due to overuse). My father went through the process of recovering everything in the computer's memory, and we did eventually get it all back—except the folder that had every piece of work I had done, plus Cathy's resumé and several other items. That folder apparently was in good shape after the damage, but Dad didn't fish it back out before clearing the internal disk.

Warning: strange computer lingo ahead. Normal persons may wish to avoid the following paragraph. For you aficionados, *Perelandra* is done with Quark XPress™, and it was the "XPress" folder that wasn't recovered before we reformatted. Once we're really online, I expect the body of the zine to be processed in Word 4.0™ and then assembled in XPress.

So I am here, two days later, facing 50 or 60 hours worth of data-entry to get back to where I was. Little things like the Titan rosters, which I already had to reconstruct once—why didn't I have those on paper? Major things like the sub list; I may have your information wrong if you sent me an address change or sub money since last issue, but at least I printed *that* file out before then. All of the adjudications were on paper, because I had worked them out by pencil but had not yet updated the computer.

But I lost a column by Jim Murray about how the city of Los Angeles has fallen since the days when it could do anything and beat anybody; I won't be able to reconstruct my essay written on the day last week we had a swarm of earthquakes. So in the future what I don't have on paper will be backed up on datapak, kept in another room if I have to!

And would you believe, today I'm sick? Well,

that's not so bad, since I could stay home and input all this stuff...but then the electricity went off three times this afternoon.

Well, enough lamenting. The letter column format will be this: your letters in standard, everyday stuff; my comments will be in *[bracketed italics]*, if that's okay with you...after all, the only comments I received on format were big negatives regarding the Optima font which I used lastish I no longer even have it loaded into the system!), plus a couple of you recommended I steal from Jim-Bob for format. Consider it done...this once.

Rick Kohman

Welcome back to the Land of Fruits and Nuts! (and Hi-Rent, and Smog, and Drought, and Oil-Spills, and et cetera ad nauseum...) (not to mention the Big E-Word—seismic upheavals!)

[And of course it's Rick's neighborhood that's being hardest hit by earthquakes. Yes, present tense, since not only is Northern California still recovering from October 17, but exactly six months and a day after that we had a swarm (yes, that's the word, just like "flock of birds", say "swarm of earthquakes") of aftershocks. Normal aftershocks run from 1.5 to 3.0 on the Richter scale; these went from 3.0 to 5.2, from sunrise to 3pm on the same day.

[You remember how, after the October quake, you saw what was going on live, all night; even with very little to say the networks were talking. Well, on April 18 a couple of local stations were doing the same thing. The "livest" shot was at 6:45 am, when a station was interviewing one of its reporters by phone during their regular "good morning" newscast. He had been awakened by the first two shocks and was describing them when the third hit. Well, he felt it...and then forty seconds later we saw it, as the cameras in the studio started swaying from side to side. The center of the quake was over 50 miles away.

[A final note. The rest of the country might not remember the significance of April 18. But that day most of the survivors of the 1903 San Francisco disaster had gathered at 5:03 am at a

landmark called Lotta's Fountain to commemorate that event on its 83rd anniversary.]

Eric Brosius

Too bad you didn't get enough votes on the subzine and GM parts of the [Marco] Poll to make meaningful results. I myself couldn't list 5 subzines, and I see more than most people. I still think a "players" section might work—for every GM you can vote for, there are 6 players you can vote for (ignoring duplication) so most people could vote in that section.

[Eric also offered some lengthy advice on fonts, as did others of you. Thanks for responding, and your input did make a difference, even if I didn't pick the one you were campaigning for (you know who you are). Also, several of you voted for supply center charts in every issue. We'll try it for a while.

[My thanks to those editors who announced the Marco Poll in their zines. The results represent a wide range of the hobby, though I do think that Canadian editors and readers responded in larger proportion than Americans. I won't use the GM and subzine categories in future polls unless there is a general outcry in favor of them. If it appears we can get 60-70 voters, so that the base for those categories is larger, I'll reconsider, but I don't see the purpose of a poll where four or five people choose the winner.

[I must make an admission of guilt: I lost a Marco Poll ballot. Now that the voter has sent another copy of his ballot, I can say that it wouldn't have changed anybody's position on the ladder except Fiat Bellum! would have picked up two notches.

[How it happened: this voter sent his ballot on a postcard with a set of moves for a game some weeks ago. I, of course, filed it with the game, and threw it out after a month's deadline had passed. (I don't save everything, but I do have quite a few files of old orders in case something should be challenged.) That's why every game this issue is being reminded:

Different Games on Different Sheets!!!

[Ahem. Thank you. Now, last week I sent a note to Mark about the Special Earth Day issue of The New Republic...

Mark Lew

I don't remember disagreeing with anything in the TNR article, though there may have been something I'm forgetting. Like Mr. Easterbrook, I'm given to criticizing that strain of enviro that wants news to be bad or wants to always be losing the battle, but I think there are fewer of those than his article might imply. Still, I think it's important to criticize that part of environmentalism that really is nutty so that the rest of us will stop and say, "Yeah, I'm not like those guys," and thus avoid accidentally slipping into their thinking. I don't think anyone sets out to be a perpetual worry-wart or perpetual wronged victim, but the mind can get stuck in ruts. If you've spent the last decade fighting for ideas which are constantly opposed by everyone, and now all of a sudden everyone says, "Yeah, I agree," the natural inclination is to think something went wrong, even though maybe what really happened is it finally went right. ...

I read once that some people read TNR for the back of the book, and only skim through the front. Are you one of those? I'm the opposite: I read the front half plus the Diarist, and look at the back if I have time.

[I read the front, which is the current events, editorials, letters and articles. Then I check the back (the book, music, film and theater reviews) and see a) who wrote them, and b) on what topic. I then wind up reading one or two items from the back. Maybe.]

The sad thing about your "Did you know" that most household conservation saves money [Perelandra #75] is that it would come as a surprise to anyone. There's a persistent idea that being an environmentalist is a sacrifice, when really the sacrifice is not being an environmentalist. All the nuts-and-bolts green ideas—air quality, forest preservation, pollution, etc—are about conserving, cultivating and protecting from spoilage some resource. It's only logical that such efforts are economically profitable at the broad

level at least. The perversion is when that profit does not accrue individually. Conserving by its very nature ought to save money. When it doesn't—or when it pays to pollute—that's a sign that something's wrong with the economic system.

[There are two basic reasons, at least on an individual level, people don't conserve

•The benefit, if any, goes to someone else. Thus, lumberjacks think saving trees only helps others (if they think it helps anybody).

•The benefit is not worth the cost. Thus, there are three or four houses in my parents' condo association we simply cannot convince to separate their trash for recycling...because, they say, it's too much trouble. My father has actually seen them walk past the recycling truck, which comes to your curb, to deposit trash in the dumpster down the block.

[I hear Unocal is offering \$700 in L.A. for any car older than 1971, in order to turn them into scrap and keep them from polluting. Something in the economic system is improving if the biggest oil company in California decides it's worth that kind of gesture.]

Brad Wilson

I must take mild issue with Herr Brosius' comment that I think "the new zines are mostly junk." That's hardly so. I trade with and encourage a lot of newer zines. I have nothing against people who use a computer to put out their zines—more power to them. What I do object to is the kind of thinking that Tom Nash indulges in in the ZR: the prettier, the better. I don't think that fancy graphics and pretty pictures make a zine a good one by themselves. If, on the other hand, a zine's fancy graphics and pretty pictures complement good writing, commentary and fine GMing, then great! Pretty without content is, however, meaningless. Again, I don't think a "computer only serves to dress up garbage." I think it can—but doesn't always.

[No attempt is being made here to start a feud, but I agree with you, Brad, up to a point. No zine is "pretty without content." What about

the zine that has pretty much the same content with or without a computer? Now that's in the real world, and I'd be hard pressed to pick between the two.

[And what about a zine like Perelandra that never had good GMing to start with??]

Chuck Mercer

I have a suggestion for your literary cover piece. I have been reading *The Big Nowhere* by James Ellroy, which is a crime novel set in the 1950s in L.A. But this is much more than a crime novel, it's about blacklisting, the red scare, and the whole L.A. mode at that time. From everyone I have suggested this book to, I haven't heard a bad word. A real page-turner, and the dialogue is excellent (you can almost hear the cops talking inside your head).

[I need that kind of input, because crime and mysteries are not something I go looking for, but I usually enjoy them when someone else screens for the good stuff!]

Glenn Petroski

I also have read *Red October*, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Plan on catching the movie. There were a few details at the end that Clancy could have done better—most notably the rescue (or lack thereof) of the Alpha sub sunk in the final chapters. But overall an excellent book.

...If you liked *Red October*, you will probably also like *Red Star*. Good story line, very credible, enjoyable reading. Clancy is really up on naval affairs, intelligence and hardware—it shows in both books. He is weak on army ordinance (my strong suit). This is non-existent in *Red October* but shows in *Red Star*. Still, the deficiency doesn't affect the storyline or the book overall.

[The test for that knowledge might be whether it would lead a completely ignorant reader like myself (eh? say THAT to my face, I dare you) to a misunderstanding that would reduce my enjoyment of the book. Of course, I'm ruling out major errors like convincing the reader that the Soviets could land outside Dallas without our noticing.]

PLAYER ROSTER

Please check carefully for errors!

Lance Anderson	Box 29175	San Francisco, CA 94929-0175
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
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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
Gregory Ellis	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin, TX 78701
Steve Emmert	1752 Grey Friars Chase	Virginia Beach, VA 23456
Karl Hoffman	1070 Cold Stream Circle	Emmaus, PA 18049
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos, CA 93412
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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	Box 1334	Albany, NY 12201
Vince Lutterbie	1021 Stonehaven	Marshall, MO 65340
Jeff McKee	I have a hotel-temporary address if you <i>must</i> write to him.	
Craig Mills	3085 Old Highway 8, #22	Roseville, MN 55113
Tom Nash	202 Settler's Road	St. Simons Island, GA 31522
Steve Nicewarner	646 Williamsburg Court	Sanford, NC 27330
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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
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Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield, VA 22152

Well, my baseball predictions fell victim to the computer, so you'll have to read them in *Kathy's Kornor* or in *Northern Flame*. I like what I see from the Rangers and Dodgers so far, though Texas could afford to give up fewer runs.

We'll also have a blank page this time, since I've tossed everything I've got into the pot and I don't want to hold up this issue any further. I'd love to hear from any of you that get some time this month—tell me what's going on *besides* Dipdom! Don't jump off any bridges,

Pete

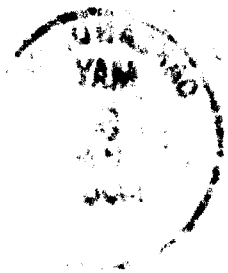


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