

Herelandra

number 62

August



The Last Unicorn

by PETER BEAGLE

The unicorn stepped lightly to the ground, and Schmendrick the Magician drew back in sudden wonder. "Oh," he whispered. "It was different when there were bars between us. You look smaller, and not as--oh. Oh my."

She was home in her forest, which was black and wet and ruined because she had been gone so long. Someone was calling to her from a long way off but she was home, warming the trees and waking the grass.

Then she heard Rukh's voice, like a boat bottom gritting on pebbles. "Okay, Schmendrick, I give up. Why is a raven like a writing desk?" The unicorn moved away into deepest shadow, and Rukh saw only the magician and the empty, dwindled cage. His hand jumped to his pocket and came away again. "Why, you thin thief," he said, grinning iron. "She'll string you on barbed wire to make a necklace for the harpy." He turned then and headed straight for Mommy Fortuna's wagon.

"Run," the magician said. He made a frantic, foolish, flying leap and landed on Rukh's back, hugging the dark man dumb and blind in his long arms. They fell together, and Schmendrick scrambled up first, his knees nailing Rukh's shoulders to the earth. "Barbed wire," he gasped. "You pile of stones, you waste, you desolation, I'll stuff you with misery till it comes out of your eyes. I'll change your heart into green grass, and all you love into a sheep. I'll turn you into a bad poet with dreams. I'll set all your toenails growing inward. You mess with me."

Rukh shook his head and sat up, hurling Schmendrick ten feet away. "What are you talking about?" He chuckled. "You can't turn cream into butter." The magician was getting to his feet, but Rukh pushed him back down and sat on him. "I never did like you," he said pleasantly. "You give yourself airs, and you're not very strong." Heavy as night, his hands closed on the magician's throat.

The unicorn did not see. She was out at the farthest cage, where the manticore growled and whimpered and lay flat. She touched the point of her horn to the lock, and was gone to the dragon's cage without looking back. One after another, she set them all free--the satyr, Cerberus, the Midgard Serpent. Their enchantments vanished as they felt their freedom, and they leaped and lumbered and slithered away into the night, once more a lion, an ape, a snake, a crocodile, a joyous dog. None of them thanked the unicorn, and she did not watch them go.

Only the spider paid no mind when the unicorn called softly to her through the open door. Arachne was busy with a web which looked to her as though the Milky Way had begun to fall like snow. The unicorn whispered, "Weaver, freedom is better, freedom is better," but the spider fled unhearing up and down her iron loom. She never stopped for a moment, even when the unicorn cried, "It's really very attractive, Arachne, but it's not art." The new web drifted down the bars like snow.

Then the wind began. The spiderweb blew across the unicorn's eyes and disappeared. The harpy had begun to beat her wings, calling her power in, as a crouching wave draws sand and water roaring down the beach. A bloodshot moon burst out of the clouds, and the unicorn saw her--swollen gold, he streaming hair kindling, the cold, slow wings shaking the cage. The harpy was laughing.

In the shadow of the unicorn's cage, Rukh and Schmendrick were on their knees. The magician was clutching the heavy ring of keys, and Rukh was rubbing his head and blinking. Their faces were blind with terror as they stared at the rising harpy, and they leaned together in the wind.

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It blew them against one another, and their bones rang.

The unicorn began to walk toward the harpy's cage. Schmendrick the Magician, tiny and pale, kept opening and closing his mouth at her, and she knew what he was shrieking, though she could not hear him. "She will kill you, she will kill you! Run, you fool, while she's still a prisoner! She will kill you if you set her free!" But the unicorn walked on, following the light of her horn, until she stood before Celaeno, the Dark One.

For an instant the icy wings hung silent in the air, like clouds, and the harpy's old yellow eyes sank into the unicorn's heart and drew her close. "I will kill you if you set me free," the eyes said. "Set me free."

The unicorn lowered her head until her horn touched the lock of the harpy's cage. The door did not swing open, and the iron bars did not thaw into starlight. But the harpy lifted her wings, and the four sides of the cage fell slowly away and down, like the petals of some great flower waking at night. And out of the wreckage the harpy bloomed, terrible and free screaming, her hair swinging like a sword. The moon withered and fled.

The unicorn heard herself cry out, not in terror but in wonder. "Oh, you are like me!" She reared joyously to meet the harpy's stoop, and her horn leaped up into the wicked wind. The harpy struck once, missed, and swung away, her wings clanging and her breath warm and stinking. She burned overhead, and the unicorn saw herself reflected on the harpy's bronze breast and felt the monster shining from her own body. So they circled one another like a double star, and under the shrunken sky there was nothing real but the two of them. The harpy laughed with delight, and her eyes turned the color of honey. The unicorn knew that she was going to strike again.

The harpy folded her wings and fell like a star--not at the unicorn, but beyond her, passing so close that a single feather drew blood from the unicorn's shoulder; bright claws reaching out for the heat OF Mommy Fortuna, who was stretching out her own sharp hands as though to welcome the harpy home. "Not alone!" the witch howled triumphantly at both of them. "You never could have freed yourselves alone! I held you!" Then the harpy reached her, and she broke like a dead stick and fell. The harpy crouched on her body, hiding it from sight, and the bronze wings turned red.

The unicorn turned away. Close by, she heard a child's voice telling her that she must run, she must run. It was the magician. His eyes were huge and empty, and his face--always too young--was collapsing into childhood as the unicorn looked at him. "No," she said. "Come with me."

The harpy made a thick, happy sound that melted the magician's knees. But the unicorn said again, "Come with me," and together they walked away from the Midnight Carnival. The moon was gone, but to the magician's eyes the unicorn was the moon, cold and white and very old, lighting his way to safety, or to madness. He followed her, never once looking back, even when he heard the desperate scrambling and skidding of heavy feet, the boom of bronze wings, and Rukh's interrupted screams.

"He ran," the unicorn said. "You must never run from anything immortal. It attracts their attention." Her voice was gentle, and without pity. "Never run," she said. "Walk slowly, and pretend to be thinking of something else. Sing a song, say a poem, do your tricks, but walk slowly and she may not follow. Walk very slowly, magician."

So they fled across the night together, step by step, the tall man in black and the horned white beast. The magician crept as close to the unicorn's light as he dared, for beyond it moved hungry shadows, the shadows of the sounds that the harpy made as she destroyed the little there was to destroy of the Midnight Carnival. But another sound followed them long after these had faded, followed them into morning on a strange road--the tiny, dry sound of a spider weeping.



You may have seen the animated movie made from this book--it is drawn almost verbatim from Beagle's novel. The screen dialogue was lifted complete from the text. It is one of the few cartoons that leaves gaps for the imagination to fill, and thus succeeds nearly as much as the story itself.

Can anybody tell me why a raven is like a writing desk? I've heard this before but can't remember the solution to the riddle.

Perelandra

You are reading the sixtysecond issue of the amateur magazine Perelandra, which is devoted to all sorts of fantasy, literature, and games, but especially to leprechauns and unicorns. The editor is Pete Gaughan (3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010; 817-633-3208), and subscriptions cost \$10 for ten issues (\$12.50 Canadian, and \$15 US for overseas air mail), but discounts are available for members of the Major Arcana.

If this is the first time you've seen this zine, welcome and well met! You're probably seeing this because I'd like to expand the roster here a little--consider this an invitation to join up whether you will play one of the games or not. Keep in mind that the Literary Quiz is free to all; and I need standbys for the non-Diplomacy games, so much so that I pay free issues.

And speaking of standbys, the following wonderful souls have volunteered for that duty. Everyone on the list has offered for Dip (unless noted), plus any others I've listed here...

J.R. Baker (also Deviant), Gary Behnen, Jason Bergmann (Deviant only), John Cannon, John Crosby, Jim Diehl, Greg Ellis, Steve Emmert, Evans Givan, Tom Hurst, Daf Langley, Mark Lilleleht, and Steve Newnham (Downfall only).

Better-late-than-never Dept.: We received an endgame statement from Matt Kazur (France) for **1985CS Tanith:**

This was an exciting game, at least from my perspective. All the players diplomacized well and often, and the outcome was in doubt for quite a while. There were several key turning points, and I was lucky enough to guess right most of the time.

John Crosby proved to be an excellent ally, and I had hoped to achieve a two-way draw with him. Unfortunately, that was not to be, and my attempts to find Italy a few more centers for a second place finish at the end fell short. We came to an unspoken understanding to stick with each other arly on, and never parted ways in the face of adversity or prosperity. I could easily have stabbed for a few more centers at the end (as Evans no doubt expected I would), or John could have stabbed me as I grew larger and threatened to win. But we stood by each other, and it was nice to see that such a thing is possible in this game. If the situation had been reversed, with John's victory imminent, I believe I would have played the game out in the same fashion.

Not that Evans and Greg were without their opportunities. At any time in the early game I could have gone with them, but John just seemed more trustworthy. Evans bore that out by stabbing me for one enter and sealing his fate. From then on, it was Italy and France all the way. Greg also missed his chance to be a dominant power by staying with Russia long after that proved to be a liability.

Still and all, it was a good game characterized by good alliances. My thanks to all for making it so. Special thanks to Pete for making Tanith so much fun and producing Perelandra, my favorite (and currently only) zine.

Literary Quiz

LAST MONTH'S QUESTION (T414C): The year before he and Friedrich Engels published the "Communist Manifesto," Karl Marx wrote a seminal essay attacking Pierre Proudon's "Philosophy of Poverty." Name the essay-----this was "Misère de la philosophie" (tr. "The Poverty of Philosophy"). Mark Lilleleht wins the poster (which reads, "It will be a great day when our schools get all the money they need and the air force has to hold a bake sale to buy a bomber."), and Steve Emmert gets ½ issue of the zine free.

FOR NEXT TIME ANSWER THIS (Q95B): To whom did the following famous American cabin belong?

"This was an airy and unplastered cabin, fit to entertain a travelling god, and where a goddess might trail her garments."

AND ANOTHER (L1): On what world is "Krakan!" the strongest epithet?

Each of those quizzes is worth a free ½ issue to all correct answers...

NOT-SO-LITERARY QUIZ: For ½ issue, what year (within two) did baseball begin the practice of letting fans keep balls hit into the stands??

Perelandra

HOUSERULES FOR POSTAL DIPLOMACY and Diplomacy variants

1. Players must maintain a subscription to Perelandra in order to receive game reports, but if a player's sub lapses and he still gets orders in on time, he's still in the game (see Rule 4). Standbys must maintain a subscription but the issue in which they submit standby orders is free to them.

2. The GM agrees to manage the game in an accurate and prompt manner, including correcting mistakes if they are pointed out to him before the next deadline. The players agree to obey limits announced from time to time such as restrictions on telephone hours and datelines. A first-turn nmr will delay the game until a complete set of moves is available (a standby will be called).

3. Country selection will be by random draw. Liberal use will be made of the "badly-written order" rule--if an order is unambiguous, it will be followed.

4. A player who nmrs in consecutive seasons has resigned and a standby will receive his position, unless the position has fewer than three supply centers at the time of the second nmr. These small-power exceptions will go into permanent civil disorder instead.

5. Concessions or draws, which may exclude one or more powers, may be proposed beginning in the fifth game year. These proposals pass only on the timely, explicit "yes" vote of all remaining players having at least two centers. The names of powers offering proposals will be published, as will the votes themselves.

6. Except for the first year (when Winter will always be a separate season), seasons will be combined into two per game year. Whether retreats will be with the preceding or following season will be announced in the game opening. Deadlines will be one month apart; phone orders will not be accepted after 11pm the evening before the deadline.

7. Anyone who wins a game of Diplomacy in Perelandra receives two free issues of the zine. Anyone sharing in the draw receives one free issue.

8. Each player will be issued a codename, which he may use to identify himself to the GM, especially on the phone. Orders without the codename, which cannot be positively identified in some other way (e.g., by handwriting) may be refused. Impersonating or deceiving the GM is grounds for expulsion.

9. Press will be allowed, so long as it is not labeled to appear to come from another player, and so long as it is not excessively abusive or vulgar.

10. Any of these rules will be reconsidered (if good cause is given) on request--but you are more likely to get a season separation or other rule change if two players request it.

Snowball Fighting

...has been held up another month. ASF7/Quwhon will begin when I have confirmation from at least seven players (right now it's only five). This slight delay will give me one more chance to try and round up a couple more rookies, to mix in with the veterans.
Thanks for your patience!

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Downfall of the Lord of the Rings _____

I was going to save some space merely by repeating the address list for Lakkdarol, but then I realized that there were too many questions to answer...as questions come up, I'll answer them in the zine, unless the answer is crucial to your current orders. Some questions may entail a delay as I seek advice from Glover Rogerson, Simon Billenness, Wallace Nicoll, and other Downfall enthusiasts.

On the back cover (I hope, space permitting) is a list of game aids I've accumulated which I'm trying to make available in a more systematic fashion. One of those is a sample of five turns from "New Star," a game of DotLotR from Denver Glont. Bruce, your copy should be enclosed. Also noted there is a new item--endgame statements from "Fireball," "Centaur," "Jack of Hearts," and "Pro-Football," all DG games. A copy is enclosed, free of charge, for all Lakkdarol players--but since it is twenty pages, I'm going to have to collect a dollar for it in the future. A word on this:

Bruce Geryk: "I got my Downfall stuff today--trés nice. You sure seem to have put a lot of work into giving your players a quality gamestart; did you do the map by hand? It looks like your handwriting. You might not believe it, but I do appreciate the amount of effort you expend on things like this--you've always done an excellent job with the Titan adjudications--it's just that, under the circumstances, I hardly think that this sort of thing merits so much attention."

Well, I do try to give Perelandra players the best I can--I publish the way I wish my own game-masters would. (I didn't do the map. J.R. Baker did, when he had access to a blueprint machine. That explains the spelling errors on the big map--spelling is not J.R.'s forté.) I know how frustrating it can be to have rules questions or illegible maps. And I really want Downfall to succeed and gain a following.

But I don't normally go to quite these lengths. Perelandra typically takes 20-30 hours per month, much less than a couple of other hobbies I've had (stamp collecting, model rocketry). I just realize that you probably don't have the sources that I do for this game.

About those DG games: Denver games are named after pinball machines. And now, the questions:

Are the moves Khand-Nurn and Ered Lithui-South Rhûn (and vice versa) legal? The map clearly shows a dotted-line border between these provinces extending past the mountain line (to the edge of the map), but it seems a bit silly to draw the mountains across nine-tenths of the border and then have them not mean anything.

Yes, those moves are legal. The mountains are pretty much in the same place as all the classic Middle-Earth maps have them, and they do separate, say, SGo and Nurn.

Could you publish all of the changes in the big map we'll need to make in order to make it playable? As far as I can tell, I've come up with three: Belfalas is now a fortress, Erech must be added, and I changed a province's name to Greenway. Any others?

I wasn't going to publish a list because I'd undoubtedly leave something out. First, you'll have to alter the various spelling errors (I like "Entwadm" for "Entwash"). Second, I didn't even catch the Cardolan--Greenway change, so I don't know what else has slipped by me. Use the reduced map with the new rules and you can't go wrong.

Can the Easterling units remain off-board indefinitely? Or must they enter on the first turn? They can come on any time they damn well are ordered to. Once they're all in, the only use for the off-board spaces is to support them; no more may be built.

The Miller Number for this game will be something like 1988Ats19.

DWARVES: John Cannon, 2011 W. Arthur, Chicago IL 60645

ELVES: Jason Bergmann, 10740 Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229 (after 8/25: Box 23780, Atlanta GA 30322)

GANDALF: Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd St. #308, Torrance CA 90504

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

MORDOR: Bruce Geryk, 836 W. Lakeside #2W, Chicago IL 60640

ROHAN: Brian Hogan, Box 41-22, Kykotsmovi AZ 86039 (after 8/15)

SARUMAN: Jon Fleischman, 3318 S. Bentley Ave., Los Angeles CA 90034-5210

UMBAR: Geoff Richard, 7240 Whispering Pines, Dallas TX 75248

Your deadline for Afteryule I 3019 is on the back cover.

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If you haven't been following this game, you need to start now. Because this turn, it turns about as strange as you can ever expect to see without entering a ~~Bad Boy's Hallucination~~ Home for Deranged Gamesters...

GLOME

First, we replay Fall 1902 with the time-warped orders... ** denotes warped orders

Austria (Jeff Zarse, 836 W. Lakeside #2W, Chicago IL 60640): f gre h (ao alb s); a vie, a bud, a tri all immobilized.

England (Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita KS 67226-1253): **f nts-ska** (**f nwy/nc s**), a lon-wal (+ogre), f nwg-nwy/nc, a bel s fre a bur-ruh /nso/.

France (Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St., Providence RI 02908-5731): **a bur-mun**, f mid-wes, a mar-pie, a gas-bur (+ogre, a pic s).

Germany (J.R. Baker, 512 Snipes, St. Charles MO 63303): **a den-kie**, f hol h, a mun h.

Italy (Mark Luedi, Box 2424, Bloomington IN 47402): **fo apu-ion**/nsu/, a boh check rus a gal, a ven-pie, f nap-apu (+ogre), f tun-naf (+ogre).

Russia (Russ Blau, 9023 Lake Braddock Dr., Burke VA 22015): **f swe-fin (+ogre)**, a gal is frozen, a ukr melts gal, a pru-ber, a ser s tur a bul-gre, **f rum/ec-sev/sc**.

Turkey (Mark Lew, 438 Vernon #103, Oakland CA 94610): a bul-gre (**f aeg s**), a con-bul, f ank-smy.

Supply Centers Held As Of Winter 1902

Aus	bud	tri	vie	ser gre	. . .	5/4	-1
Eng	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	. . .	5/5 even
Fra	par	bre	map	spa	por	. . .	5/5 even
Ger	den	kie	mun	hol	. . .	4/3	even
Ita	ven	rom	nap	tun	. . .	4/4	even
Rus	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	SER BER 6/8 +2
Tur	ank	con	smy	bul	. . .	4/4	even

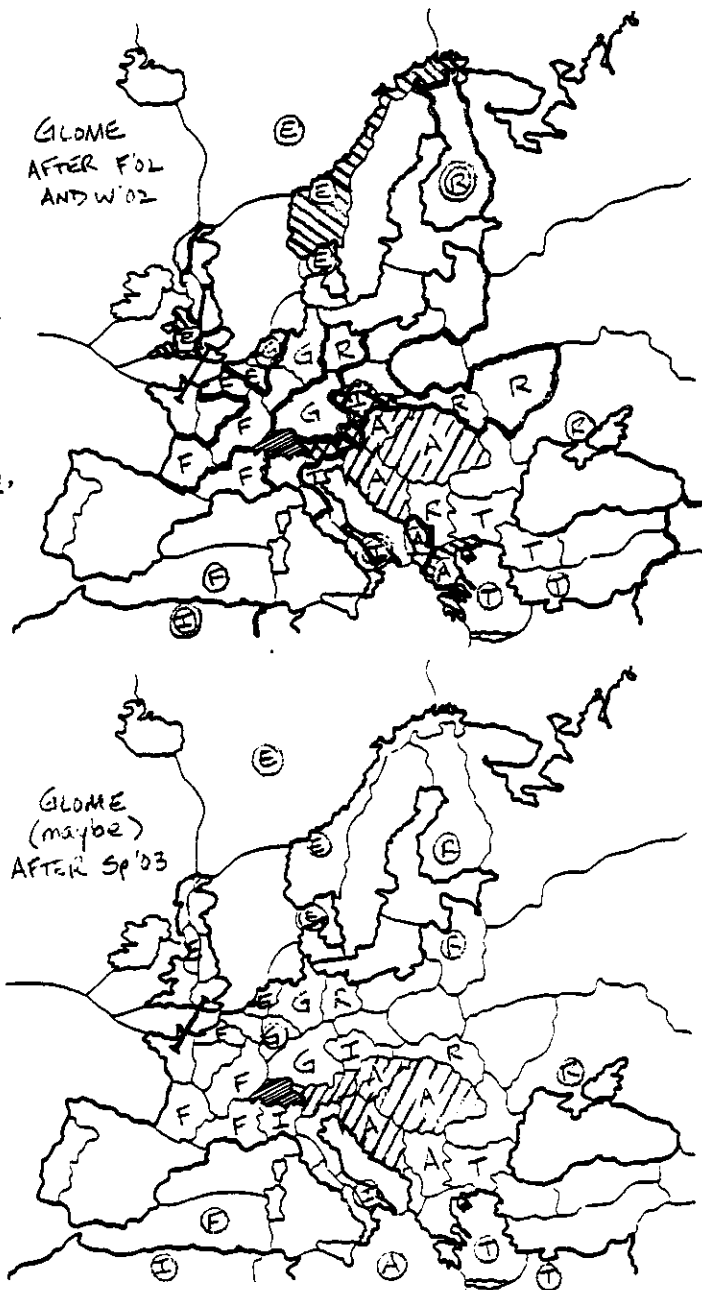
Thus, Germany walks off den (which remains the only neutral) and England doesn't take stp from Russia.

WINTER 1902: Austria blows a vie; Russia builds f war, plays one short.

SPRING 1903: LITTLE MOVEMENT BUT MUCH MUSIC (** means warps back; [] means warps forward)
Austria (Bubbles): a bud & a tri immobilized; ao alb-ser, f gre-ion; Joy Division, Substance.

England (Jabba the Pudge): **f nts-ska** (**f nwy/nc s**), f edi-nts /nsu/, a bel-hol, ao wal-lvp, [f stp/nc h]; Shoes, Best; Comsat Angels, Sleep No More.

France (Jim-Boob): **ao bur-mun**, [ao ruh s ao bur-mun], [a mar-spa], [a pic-bur], [f wes-tun]; Jonathon Richmond, "Girlfren."



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Germany (Jackrabbit): ****a den-kie****, f hol-ruh (+ogre), a mun melts boh; "I'm Going to Get You."

Italy (Veggie): ****fo apu-ion****, a boh helpless, a ven-pie (+ogre), [fo naf-tun]; Midnight Oil, Diesel and Dust.

Russia (Russ, do you have a nickname already?): ****f swe-fin (+ogre)****, ****f rum/ec-sev/sc****, f war-lvn (+ogre), a ukr-gal (+ogre), a ber s a gal-sil /nsu this season/, [a gal-sil (+ogre)], [a ser-alb (+ogre)]; Billy Joel, Cold Spring Harbor.

Turkey (how about you, mark?): ****f aeg s a bul-gre****, a con-bul, f smy-eas, [a bul-gre]; Bizet's Carmen (choruses only).

The following will be orders for Fall 1903: England f stp/nc h; France ao ruh s ao bur-mun, a mar-spa, a pic-bur, f wes-tun; Italy fo naf-tun; Russia a gal-sil, a ser-alb; Turkey a bul-gre. Please check the map carefully, but remember that it may change due to Fall '03 orders warped back to Spring '03. If an order warped forward to F03 creates a situation with more than one unit in a province or sea space, the warped unit is annihilated (Random Divine GM Ruling).

VOTES:	+Y	-N	=NET		
#30	15	0	15	Anti-Titan	Since This Rule did not pass, I will not reveal whether any country failed to vote for it. ANTI-TITAN is now in effect:
#31	5	0	5	Submarines	all terrain changes vanish, all ogres vanish, no rules may be
#32	11	0	11	This Rule	proposed which mentions spaces or creatures from Titan. The
#33	0	1	-1	Borders	German f ruh may still move to or support into bel, hol, or kie (Diplomacy Rule VII.1 and IX.1), and may receive support

(Rule IX.6). Rules in effect at this point are: Playlist, "No" Votes, Austrian Ice, Tunnel, Time Warp, and Anti-Titan. New Proposals are:

#34: GREENHOUSE EFFECT. Due to atmospheric pollution caused by excessive Burgess press, the ice caps have melted causing catastrophic flooding. Therefore, "Mountain" spaces become regular land spaces; "Regular" land spaces become marshes (but retain their supply-center status); "Marshes" become sea spaces; and "Sea Spaces" become "really deep sea spaces", which makes no actual difference.

//GM's note--I should have said that Titanide rules are null, etc, not illegal. If passed, Greenhouse Effect will have no effect, but it can pass.//

#35: SPACE WARPS. Each Spring and Fall season, the gm will randomly select two spaces on the board. Any unit in either of these spaces at the end of movement (but before retreats) is warped to the other space. Any unit dislodged from one of these spaces warps to the other space and must retreat from there. Any unit that warps to an incompatible space (e.g. an army to a sea space) is annihilated.

#36: TRANSPORTER BEAM. Any unit on a home supply center can be beamed to any other location (one way only). If any unit materializes in a location occupied by another unit, both units are /ann/.

#37: MEGAWARP. Amends Time Warp: on a 3, move warps back one full year. On a 4, move warps ahead one full year.

#38: REPEAL. The Austrian Ice rule is repealed.

#39: SCRAMBLE. All units are removed from the board and randomly redistributed back onto the board. No unit may be replaced in an incompatible space.

#40: REPEAL. Time Warp is repealed.

DEADLINE FOR FALL 1903 (don't forget votes and proposals) is on the back cover...AND PRESS:

Olsen to Boggling Mind: You know that white moustache Pat Boone has, which you thought was from drinking milk? Not so. It's rabies. Bad Boy; depend on it.

England to France: When in doubt, muster. When not in doubt, muster anyway. When in battle, summon an angel. And if you need help, call the FBI.

Olsen to GM: I don't see why it would be so hard to find standbys for this game. Are there really only 7 cranks on your sub list? And who could pass up an opportunity to aggravate the ever-tolerant PJGIV?

PJGIV to Jabba: Well, at least I know who my friends are...the two standbys we do have (J.R. & Greg Ellis), at least, are volunteers. Drafting people for this game is a sure route to a feud.

England to Well World Red Ed: Said CO's name is Michael Hopcroft...I don't have his address

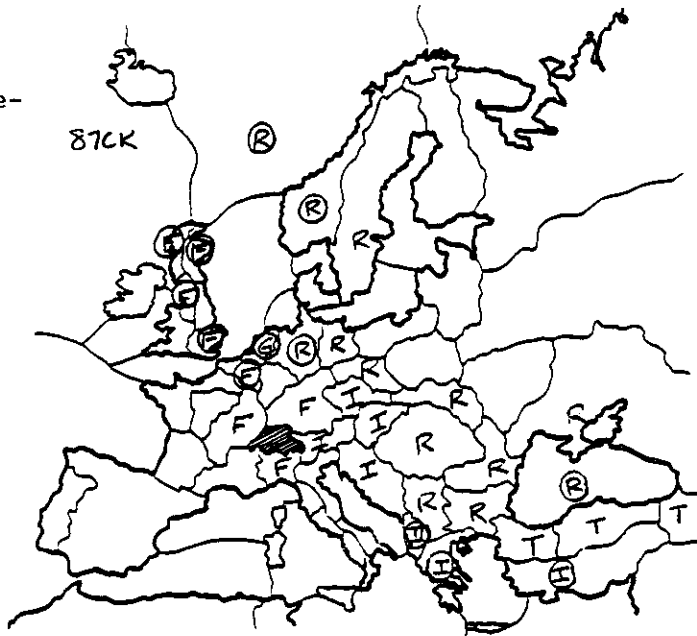
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ready at hand. I do know, however, that he would love to read to Pet Geryk's excesses.
 Olsen to PJGIV: Why would I want to read your correspondence with Smuggy and the Pet? I can call up Woody and get all the abuse I need.
 PJGIV to Jabba: Yeah, only Woody satisfies you. I offered because Geryk said he wanted the letter printed, and that was the closest I (in my wimp-intellectual nature) could manage.
 England to France: I hope you recognized my "submarines" rule for what it was--a nostalgic look back (not to mention a flagrant ripoff from) a variant designed by the Uncle of Us All, "Burnin'" Bernie Oaklyn. Ah, such nostalgia. Say, did you realize that now that Mark Berch has moved to Silver Spring, that city contains the most ill-assorted group of individuals anywhere---Oaklyn, Peel, and Berch? Oh, those Summit Meetings...
 gm to England: Oh, those City Council sessions...

RATHILLIEN

FALL 1905; FRANCE (or is that England with the blue-green blocks??) GOES IT ALONE

England (Steve Emmert): a lvp h /forget it/,
f nts-den.
 France (Melinda Holley, Box 2793, Huntington WV 25727-2793): a mun h (a bur s), a mar-pie, f wal-lvp (f cly s), f bel, f edi, f lon all h.
 Germany (Tom Hurst): f hol s fre f bel-nts /nso/.
 Italy (Rex Martin, TAHGC, Box 5002, Glen Arm MD 21057): f aeg-smy, f alb ms f gre, a tyo-vie, a vie-bud (a tri s), a boh-gal.
 Russia (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062): a swe-den, f bar-nwg, f nwy-nts, f kie s fre f bel-hol / nso/, a bul h (f bla s), a war-gal [a bud s (a ser s), a sil s (a ber s), a rum s], a sev h.



Turkey (Guy Hail, 911 Blanco #208, Austin TX 78703): a arm ms a ank, a con s ita f aeg-bul /nso/.

No implication is made by forgetting Tom's address (2686 Richardson, Fitchburg WI 53711). SCs:

England	<u>edi kie</u>	2/0	BYE-BYE
France	bre	par	mar	spa	por	bel	lvp	lon	EDI	MUN	8/10	build TWO
Germany	hol	1/1	even
Italy	ven	rom	nap	vie	tun	tri	gre	SMY	7/8	build ONE
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	swe	rum	bud	ser	ber	nwy	den	bul	<u>mun</u>	KIE	13/13	even
Turkey	con	ank	<u>smy</u>	3/2	remove ONE

Russia to Turkey: Have the stinking Romans shown their true intent to reestablish their empire and subdue Constantinople on their way to Palestine?!?!
 Ankara to St. Petersburg: Congratulations on the upcoming destruction of your enemies.
 Russia to Italy: Let me guess, you need Smyrna so you can be sure of Turkish loyalty? I won't roll over so at least you won't be able to make ridiculous demands on France, at least for a few years.
 Italy to the Great Powers: Da Godfather apologies for his silence and absence, he was busy cleaning up some other little matters. As soon as he straightens things out in Milwaukee, he's promised to turn his attention back to this blighted land.
 Italy to France: Da Godfather, he wants to know why the muscle in Marseilles. It worries him a touch. But . . . maybe Queenie just wants to give her boys some R&R maybe. Sure hate to have a fallin' out after all the good times.

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France to Germany: Sorry, Tom. Wish I could have helped further.

Germany: Sorry, guys. I did send in my orders, but it seems the Paste Orifice did the job to me again!

Edinburgh to Paris: There, madame, did that get your attention? Perhaps now you'll deem me worthy of some paltry correspondence.

gm to Edinburgh: Quite a proposition--getting Melinda to write to players is hard enough, writing to dead people would be miraculous...

Edinburgh to St. Pete: Parry, thrust!

Russia to England: Goodbye, proud Lion, may you and your Queen enjoy abdication in the Azores.

Steve to Gary: By the way, this really has nothing to do with Dogs (...you fuzz-faced, two-headed, no-account, condom-stealing lecher). It's just the only chance I see of survival

Russia to France: Napoleon indeed! Subdue the Roman while you can! Be the hammer to my anvil, Italy is the watermelon...

ZEMBA Gunboat

Seasons separated on two requests and...

...because the gm has slipped up. England picks up Portugal, and therefore is at 6 (+2).

Autumn 1903: Russian f swe retreats to bot.

Winter 1903: England builds f lon and f edi; Italy removes a alb; Russia builds a war; Turkey fails to submit builds, plays two short.

FOMALHAUT (I promise to get a header for you!)

Repeat of gamestart...

Austria: Jason Bergmann (after 8/21) Box 23780 Atlanta GA 30322

England: Rich Miller 266 S. Oak Knoll #6 Pasadena CA 91101

France: Tom Nash 5512 Pilgrim Road Baltimore MD 21214

Germany: John Crosby (until 8/24) c/o Philip Crosby 9427 Trailhill Drive Dallas TX 75238
after 8/24--9031 Cardiff Road Richmond VA 23236

Italy: Vince Lutterbie 21 Paulina Drive Hannibal MO 63401-3640

Russia: Jim Nickel 429 E. Columbia Street Falls Church VA 22046

Turkey: Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd Street #308 Torrance CA 90504

DEADLINE for Spring 1901 is on the back cover. I have orders from three players. I still do not have a phone number from Tom, Jason (school) or Jim.

NORTHPOINT

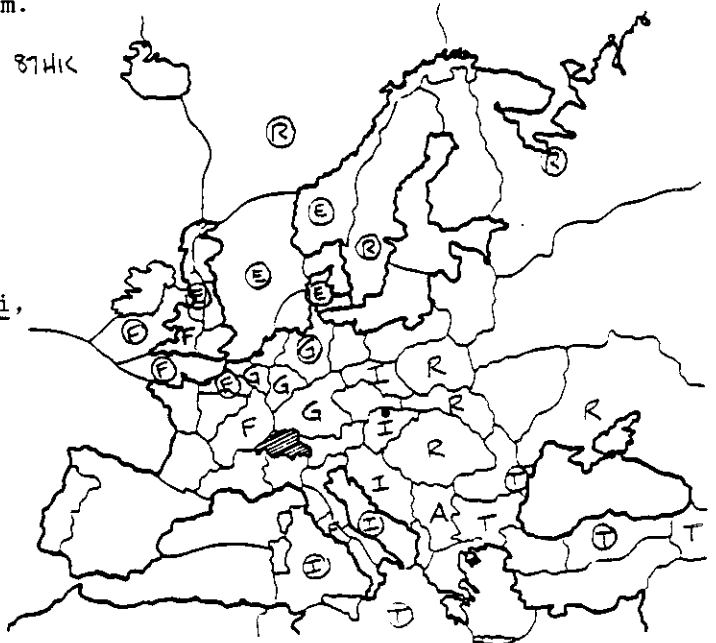
SPRING 1904; HARD TIMES IN MOTHER RUSSIA

Austria (Larry Botimer, 13833 NE 11th St. #3, Bellevue WA 98005): a vie-tri (a ser s) /a vie to boh or otb/.

England (Rich Miller, see address above): f lvp-iri, f ska-nwy (f nts s), f den-swe.

France (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Drive, Eden Prairie MN 55347): f bre-pic, a ven-rom, a pic-wal (f eng c, f iri s), a bur s ger a ruh-mun /nso/.

Germany (John Crosby, see addresses above): a kie-mun (a ruh s), a bel h, f hel-kie.



Herelandra

Italy (Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016): a sil-mun, a tyo-vie (a tri s (f adr s)), f ion-tyn.

Russia (Gary Behnen, see address under Rathillien): a ukr-gal (a war s), a bud s tur a bul-ser /nso/, a arm-sev (f rum s/ann/), f nwy-nwg, f stp/nc-nwy (f swe s).

Turkey (Jim Nickel, see address under Fomalhaut): f gre-ion, f bla-rum (a bul s), f con-ank, a smy-arm.

DEADLINE for Fall 1904 is on the back cover. An intriguing set of possible alliances here...

Russia to Italy: Nice demands, but I can't see why I should follow them for one center--try again, maybe Turkey really doesn't want your skin and I'll really need your "help."

Paris to Moscow: Turkey will chop you down to size.

Paris to Ankara: Chop to it, Igor.

Paris: Today Wales, tomorrow Liverpool.

Paris to Vienna: I finally got Caesar off your case.

Russia to Austria: I assume Pudgecon was a blast; I trust you've found your home in Trieste!

gm to Russia: He ain't even got a home where he already was.

Paris to Rome: But we could have made such beautiful music.

Paris to Berlin: Enjoy your recovered Munich.

The Czar to The Prime Minister: Hold on, Caesar, help is on the way!

gm to Northpointers: I think Gary has several confusions of identity. Which one is Caesar anyway? And please note: "czar" is Polish, "tsar" is Russian. (I'm sure Rich will straighten me out if I've gotten that wrong...)



Bimbos of the Death Sun by Sharon McCrumb

REVIEW

If somebody were to publish a novel about beautiful, brain-damaged women, you'd probably assume that it would suffer an extreme lack of plot. That's okay--bad plot never stopped Burroughs, Norman, or Akers.

Bimbos of the Death Sun is a novel about a man who writes such a novel, and it should have followed the brave example of Alan Burt Akers. (Dear Lord, forgive me for encouraging others to emulate the style of the Kregen books.) Bimbos has too much plot. The story follows a rookie author as he's introduced to sf/gaming fandom at a local weekend con, and it makes a complete fool of everybody involved. Bimbos would succeed even more if it had abandoned the murder mystery it incorporates for a less serious, less dramatic denouement.

As a farcical review of con-dom, though, Bimbos works. Costume contestants, adolescent losers, hyper-intellectuals, and aged hippies--everyone gets poked by McCrumb's pen. (It does seem that gamers get less abuse than other groups at the fictional "RUBICON;" they at least wear normal clothes and discuss real life occasionally.) The parodies of these groups ring true because McCrumb has bothered to do her homework--I have no idea whether she was an sf fan before writing this, but only by being at a con could she have learned what "BNF" and "Monty Haul" signify.

I recommend Bimbos if you're willing to read through a drawn-out, overacted conclusion. The movement of characters from one event to another through the weekend is sufficient to hurl the satire at you. I hear the book has been nominated for Hugo (sf) and Edgar (mystery) awards, but I can't see why. Admittedly, I know little about the mystery field, but the outcome of the book is very predictable. Don't misunderstand me--the murder puzzle and its solution form what plot there is, but you should read the book for the satire. And you should read Bimbos for the satire.

Perelandra

Quest of the Holy Graal

Mrs. Andrew Lang

How the King Went on Pilgrimage,
and His Squire Was Slain in a Dream

NOW THAT THE KING was minded to go on a pilgrimage, he agreed with the Queen that he would set forth to seek the holy chapel of St. Augustine, which is in the White Forest, and may only be found by adventure. Much he wished to undertake the quest alone, but this the Queen would not suffer, and to do her pleasure he consented that a youth, tall and strong of limb, should ride with him as his squire. Chaus was the youth's name, and he was son to Gwain li Aoutres. "Lie within to-night," commanded the King, "and take heed that my horse be saddled at the break of day, and my arms ready." "At your pleasure, Sir," answered the youth, whose heart rejoiced because he was going alone with the King.

As night came on, all the Knights quitted the hall, but Chaus the squire stayed where he was, and would not take off his clothes or his shoes, lest sleep should fall on him and he might not be ready when the King called him. So he sat himself down by the great fire, but in spite of his will sleep fell heavily on him, and he dreamed a strange dream.

In his dream it seemed that the King had ridden away to the quest, and had left his squire behind him, which filled the young man with fear. And in his dream he set the saddle and bridle on his horse, and fastened his spurs, and girt on his sword, and galloped out of the castle after the King. He rode on a long space, till he entered a thick forest, and there before him lay traces of the King's horse, and he followed till the marks of the hoofs ceased suddenly at some open ground and he thought that the King had alighted there. On the right stood a chapel, and about it a graveyard, and in the graveyard many coffins, and in his dream it seemed as if the King had entered the chapel, so the young man entered also. But no man did he behold save a Knight that lay dead upon a bier in the midst of the chapel, covered with a pall of rich silk, and four tapers in golden candlesticks were burning around him. The squire marvelled to see the body lying there so lonely, with no one near it, and likewise that the King was nowhere to be seen. Then he took out one of the tall tapers, and hid the candlestick under his cloak, and rode away until he should find the King.

On his journey through the forest he was stopped by a man black and ill-favoured, holding a large knife in his hand.

"Ho! you that stand there, have you seen King Arthur?" asked the squire.

"No, but I have met you, and I am glad thereof, for you have under your cloak one of the candlesticks of gold that was placed in honour of the Knight who lies dead in the chapel. Give it to me, and I will carry it back; and if you do not this of your own will, I will make you."

"By my faith!" cried the squire, "I will never yield it to you! Rather, will I carry it off and make a present of it to King Arthur."

"You will pay for it dearly," answered the man, "if you yield it not up forthwith."

To this the squire did not make answer, but dashed forward, thinking to pass him by; but the man thrust at him with his knife, and it entered his body up to the hilt. And when the squire dreamed this, he cried, "Help! help! for I am a dead man!"

As soon as the King and the Queen heard that cry they awoke from their sleep, and the Chamberlain said, "Sir, you must be moving, for it is day"; and the King arose and dressed himself, and put on his shoes. Then the cry came again: "Fetch me a priest, for I die!" and the King ran at great speed into the hall, while the Queen and the Chamberlain followed him with torches and candles. "What aileth you?" asked the King of the squire, and the squire told him of all that he had dreamed. "Ha," said the King, "is it, then, a dream?" "Yes, Sir," answered the squire, "but it is a foul dream for me, for right foully it hath come true," and he lifted his left arm, and said, "Sir, look you here! Lo. here is the knife that was struck in my side up to the haft." After that, he drew forth the candlestick, and showed it to the King. "Sir, for this candlestick that I present to you was I wounded to the death!" The King took the candlestick in his hands and looked at it, and none so rich had he seen before, and he bade the Queen look also. "Sir," said the squire again, "draw not forth the knife out of my body until I be shriven of the priest."

Herelandra

So the King commanded that a priest should be sent for, and when the squire had confessed his sins, the King drew the knife out of the body and the soul departed forthwith. Then the King grieved that the young man had come to his death in such strange wise, and ordered him a fair burial, and desired that the golden candlestick should be sent to the Church of Saint Paul in London, which at that timewas newly built.

After this King Arthur would have none to go with him on his quest, and many strange adventures he achieved before he reached the chapel of St. Augustine, which was in the midst of the White Forest. There he alighted from his horse, and sought to enter, but though there was neither door nor bar he might not pass the threshold. But from without he heard wondrous voices singing, and saw a light shining brighter than any that he had seen before, and visions such as he scarcely dared to look upon. And he resolved greatly to amend his sins, and to bring peace and order into his kingdom. So he set forth, strengthened and comforted, and after diverse more adventures returned to his Court.

Opinions and Editorials and Letters

Due to blindness, "It's NOT Me Again." Cathy's glasses broke and she won't be writing her column this issue.

Jason Bergmann sent a couple of letters and a card this month--he's discovered Titan, it seems, in addition to Dipdom. Jason was particularly concerned about Deviant Dip (nice to know somebody cares about the trials of a gm) but let me assure you, Jason, it's really not that confusing. As soon as it becomes too trying, I make an arbitrary decision and the players will suffer with it.

President Reagan recently commented on the campaign rhetoric of Michael Dukakis: "you know, if I listened to him long enough, I would be convinced that we're in an economic downturn and that people are homeless and people are going without food and medical attention and that we've got to do something about the unemployed."

Do what?

Abbreviated, to be sure, but next time there will be something of an essay on politics. I want to return to the earlier concentration on literature and ecology (hence the two excerpts and one review in this); why not write this month and tell me what you've read lately? No big summary or report expected--just a list, if you like.

Sonnet

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon:
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. --Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

Tanka

Once, far over the breakers,
I caught a glimpse
Of a white bird
And fell in love
With this dream which obsesses me.

tanka

Ara iso ni
Tada hito-me mishi
Shiroki tori
Hatsu koi no kimi
Waga yume wa kore

Yosano Akiko (1878-1942)

Vital Statistics

People who should send money lest they miss the next issue: Guy Hail, Mark Lew, Bruce Linsey, Steve Newnham, Don Scheifler, Jeff Zarse.

People for whom next issue is safe but after that they're in limbo: Jim Ferguson, Jeff Hoffman, Rich Miller, Bob Olsen, Kevin Tighe.

Game Openings

SNOWBALL FIGHTING--Next game is free to subscribers (Tom Hurst is signed up). You can still enter the anonymous game if you get a pseudonym to me before September 1.

DIPLOMACY--I have five signed up for the next game (four paid). Game fee is \$5 plus a sub. Preference WILL be given to those who don't already play in Perelandra.

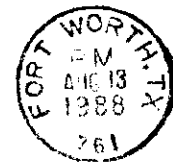
VARIANT TITAN--Okay, I'll break down and open another section of Titan. Don't send any money yet (this will cost something like \$10 plus a subscription)...send me your thoughts on possible rule changes, and should the game be run to monthly or semi-monthly deadlines? (Remember, every single game I've tried to run on faster deadlines has been plagued by nmrs.)

OTHER GAMES--British Rails got two positive responses; Bourse got one. A nuclear variant or Postal Monopoly got zip. I now own Empire Builder also--would you rail fans prefer EB or BR? We could always play Wabbit's Wengeance...

And I will say this: any reader who sends me a one- to three-page piece of his or her own original fiction will receive three to six free issues of the zine, whether I publish it or not. In fact, I'll expand that to include non-fiction on the topics of the environment, travel, politics or culture. Let's see what turns up.

Perelandra

3105 East Park Row #132
Arlington, TX 76010-3710
United States of America



Sayonara! *Pete* Pete



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

Deadline: 8 SEPT 1988 (Thursday)

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