

Herelandra

volume 3; number 6

22

1 July 1984

Many tales of Middle-earth and Númenor surrounded the writing of JRR Tolkien's Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit. Besides the myth of The Silmarillion there are more down-to-Middle-earth histories of kings and wars and cities. Few are more tragic, though, than

The Disaster of the Gladden Fields

After the fall of Sauron, Isildur, the son and heir of Elendil, returned to Gondor. There he assumed the Elendilmir as King of Arnor, and proclaimed his sovereign lordship over all the Dúnedain in the North and in the South; for he was a man of great pride and vigor. He remained for a year in Gondor, restoring its order and defining its bounds; but the greater part of the army of Arnor returned to Eriador by the Númenórean road from the Fords of Isen to Fornost.

When he at last felt free to return to his own realm he was in haste, and he wished to go first to Imladris; for he had left his wife and youngest son there, and he had moreover an urgent need for the counsel of Elrond. He therefore determined to make his way up from Osgiliath up the Vales of Anduin to Cirith Forn on Andrath, the high-climbing pass of the North, that led down to Imladris. He knew the land well, for he had journeyed there often before the War of the Alliance, and had marched that way to the war with men of eastern Arnor in the company of Elrond.

It was a long journey, but the only other way, west and then north to the road-meeting in Arnor, and then east to Imladris, was far longer. As swift, maybe, for mounted men, but he had no horses fit for riding; safer, maybe, in former days, but Sauron was vanquished, and the people of the Vales had been his allies in victory. He had no fear, save for weather and weariness, but these men must endure whom need sends far abroad in Middle-earth.

So it was, as is told in the legends of later days, that the second year of the Third Age was waning when Isildur set forth from Osgiliath early in Ivanneth, expecting to reach Imladris in forty days, by mid-Marbeleth, ere winter drew nigh in the North. At the Eastgate of the Bridge on a bright morning Meneldil bade him farewell. 'Go now with good speed, and may the Sun of your setting out not cease to shine on your road!'

((With his three sons and two hundred soldiers Isildur travels thirty days, into Thranduil's realm. The men are singing as...))

Suddenly as the sun plunged into cloud they heard the hideous cries of Orcs, and saw them issuing from the Forest and moving down the slopes, yelling their war-cries. In the dimmed light their number could only be guessed, but the Dúnedain were plainly many times, even to ten times, outnumbered. Isildur commanded a thangail to be drawn up, a shield-wall of two serried ranks that could be bent back at either end if outflanked, until at need it became a closed ring. If the land had been flat or the slope in his favor he would have formed his company into a dirnaith and charged the Orcs, hoping by the 1 great strength of the Dúnedain

(please turn to page 14)

Perelandra

Vital Statistics

"Guess I'm counting my dots before they hatch."

--Mark Luedi, DipCon XVII "1939" Tournament

Welcome to the twentysecond issue of Perelandra, an amateur magazine for the postal play of Diplomacy, Snowball Fighting, and anything else that happens along. Subscriptions are 50¢ US per issue, payable to the Editor: P.J. Gaughan, 7500 West Camp Wisdom Road, Dallas TX 75236. Temporary (unlisted) phone is 214-298-3869.

One of the things DipCon did for me was provide three new subscribers: Mike Colandro (1114 Briarridge Dr. Baton Rouge LA 70810), Dave Manuel (Box 758 Bellflower CA 90706), and Ben Schilling (24730 Roosevelt Ct #315 Farmington Hills MI 48018). This brings the sub list up slightly, to 37. Also, there's one COA this month: Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701.

STANDBY LIST: Jim Makuc, Jim Burgess, Jim Keeney, Greg Ellis, & Evans Givan. I need some more people here. There's a free issue up if you standby, and two more if you play out a s/b position. Many thanks to Guy Hail for entering Wex, and to all the other players for not NMRing in several issues.

HSFPL: Due to resounding demand, the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League will be a reality after all. There should be a registration form enclosed if I think you qualify, but let me know if you feel you're uninvolved enough to deserve membership.

PLUGS: Greg Ellis (address above) is starting a zine for the postal play of Jake Halverstadt's Presidential Politics.

Diplomacy World is shifting its permanent publishing schedule forward one month so as to miss the Christmas rush and to avoid conflict with Rod Walker's summer vacations. Recently DW has been held up due the death of Rod's father.

GAME OPENINGS: Ah, yes. Dave Bruss wants to play Monopoly, Roy Dalrymple wants to try Scrabble. No other ideas so let's vote among three, these two or "Algernon Dip". A Dip is a variant in which you do not know the location of other units, or even other spaces on the board (!) until you run into them. Let me know if you want to try any of these on two-week deadlines; game with the most players gets a start. Gamefee will be a SASE for each turn which comes out separate from Perelandra.

I may be getting an orphan from Manifest Destiny, and I may be opening another regular game of Dip in September. At any rate, I am pressed for space at this point and might go to another reduction. What I need is an 'elite' typer. Oh well. This time...

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Since it's still too early for a real write-up of DipCon, you're getting some brief impression this month, and a fuller article next time. However, next month's Op-Ed section will chiefly consist of my own set of beefs about the DipCon structure, Origins, and the people involved in them. No feuds, just constructive criticism, but I'm not going to be nice for nice's sake. I'm now a member of next year's DipCon Committee, so if you have any ideas let me know.

MAILING NOTE: Be sure you address all mail to me by at least my last name! The folks at the Linguistics Center don't know a thing about Para. If you're picky, my zip code is 75236-9539.

Herelandra WINTER 1901 1984W - Woz

5 ARMIES, 3 FLEETS, 1 ITALIAN

AUS (Bruss): even with a bud,
a gre, f alb.

ENG (Conlon): build f edi,
a lon; has a bel, f nth, f nwy.

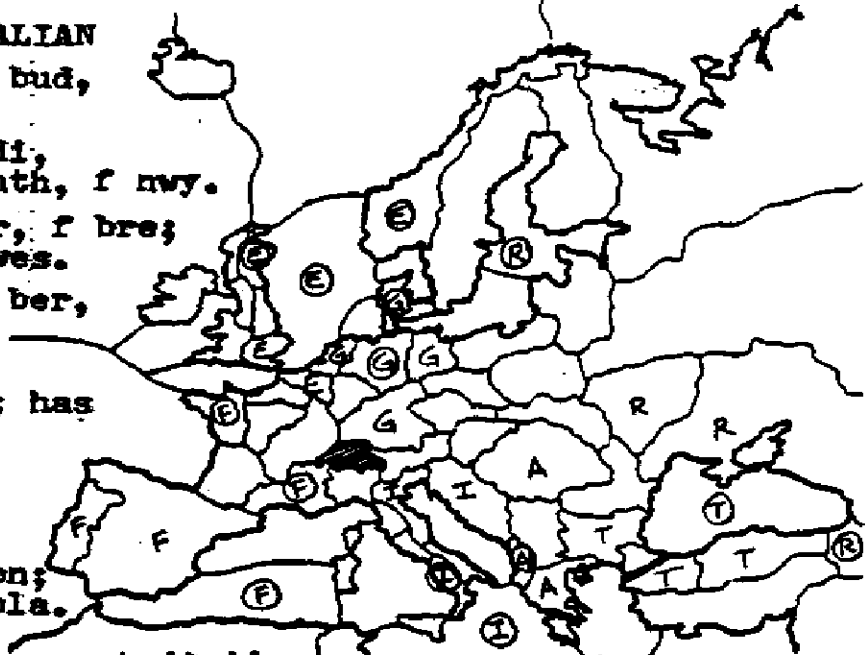
FRA (Makuc): build f mar, f bre;
has a spa, a por, f wes.

GER (Wittmond): build a ber,
f kie; has a hol,
a mun, f den.

ITA (Hail): build f nap; has
a tri, a ven, f ion.

RUS (Rollin): even with
a sev, a ukr, f bot,
f arm.

TUR (Walker): build a con;
has a bul, a ank, f bla.



Obviously I forgot to cross out 'tri' on Austria's sc chart last time. Pat Conlon has a new phone but is still at the same address; tel. is 504-769-2060. Pless forrows:

Rome: New government takes control; all treaties revoked.

ENG to AUS: A ser-gre? You have doomed yourself, my friend. It will take one awfully tall tale to explain what looks like a major error.

Berlin to London: Be that way! You'll see things differently when you find out what it means to be an enemy of the righteous. Yup, just a few plagues of lizards falling from the sky, and you'll be singing to a different tune, yessirree Bob, or Pat, or whatever your name is.

UTA to Berlin: Apparently your god isn't omniscient.

Austin: Will someone write and tell me what is going on?

Turkish Area Scandal Service (TASS): Fierce nose-thumbing continued throughout Trieste last fall and winter as Italian and Austrian forces angrily glared at each other. Describing his main objective as sailing his fleet into Budapest, Italian Admiral Pinocchio "Sweets" Giovanni flatly stated, "We like having the French protect our west coast from marauding Russian fleets!"

TASS: Our honored War Minister announced that no more applications for military service would be accepted until Turkey has a real war to fight. Consoling thousands of vacation-seekers, Ghighem cheered the audience with, "How do you make a Russian cry? Pick your nose but don't share!"

One crazed Russian spy could not control himself at this insult and blurted out, "Just wait 'til we insult your national pastime!"

UTA to TASS: I get the feeling that's a translated Aggie joke.

Lon to Mos: Bounced in both Rumania and Sweden. But all is not lost. Austria's boo-boo at least means you don't have two capable enemies over there.

Brest to Kiel: Why should I help you with the bloody Limeys? They're not my problem.

Belgium: All the Flanders ((You mean Flemish. UTA)) people are celebrating the arrival of the British Home Guards, led by...

UTA: Turn to the next page to find out who's leading.

Perelandra

SPRING 1906 1983 G - Darkover

DESPITE MISCOMMUNICATION, TWO FRENCH UNITS ANNIHILATED

Autumn '05 AUS a sil r oth
a ven r tus
Winter '05 AUS build a tri

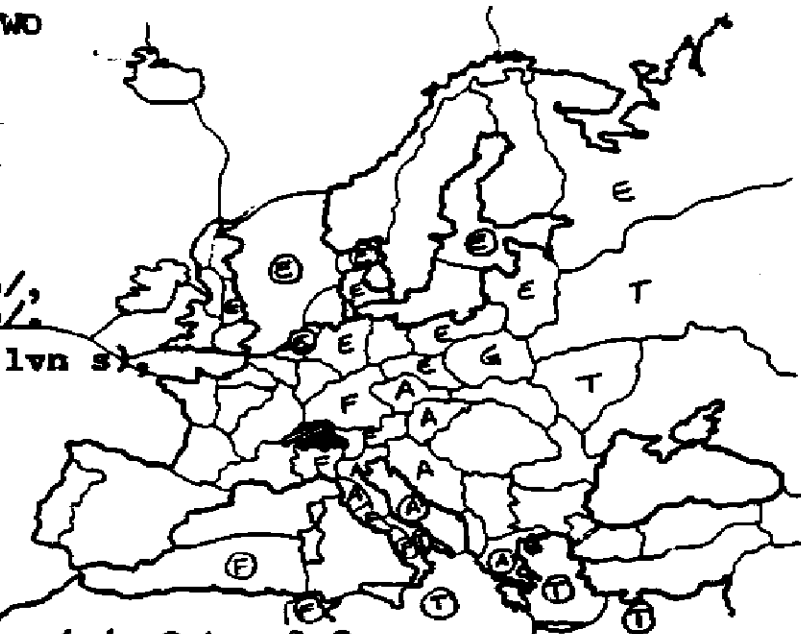
AUS (Cusack): a boh-mun,
a tyo-ven (a tri s),
a tus-rom, a vie-tyo
f adr s Tf ion-apu /nse/,
f gre s Tf eas-ion /nso/.

ENG (Givan): a nwy-stp (a lvn s),
a prn-war, a sil-boh,
a kie s Fa bur-mun,
f bal-bot, f bel-hol,
f nth h, f ska h,
a den h, a yor h.

FRA (Ellis): a bur-mun,
a mun-tyo (a ven s /a/),
a pie s, f tyn-nap
(a rom s), f apu s a ven /a/, f tun & f wes u.

GER (Makuc): a war s Aa gal-sil /nsu/.

TUR (Luedi): f nap-apu (f ion s), f eas s f ion, a mos s Ga war,
a sev-ukr, f cen-seg.



draws	AUS	ENG	FRA	GER	TUR	England proposes E/F
AEFGI:	NVR	N	NVR	Y	Y	draw; please vote
AEFT:	NVR	N	Y	N	Y	with Fall '06 orders.

Deadline for Fall 1906 is 9pm Central Time, 27 July 1984 (Fri).

Greg Ellis has a COA on page two. Prrrrressnak:

Turkey to Worlds: I am presently reminded of the fable of the tortoise and the hare. Why, I'm not sure, but if it persists, something will have to be done about it.

ENG to TUR: Go fish!

ENG to WAR: You, too!

UTA to ENG: Maybe a game of postal Crazy Rights?? Appropriate for this game.

Warsaw to Big Boy Blue: Please let me live, please, I'll be ever so good.

ENG to UTA: Wish we could have a mystery guest in this game. We have one mystery man -- Turkey. He can't be for real, can he?

UTA to ENG: He could if he wanted to. Hey, Darkovans, you're not holding up your end of the press bargain! Do you want more of Jim Burgess' recipes?? Really???

Woz press

((Belgium cont'd)) by Lucky Liz. The average troop is finally beginning to accept Elizabeth Klimzcak, Lucky Liz, as the first female battlefield commander. Why a female commander? Sources close to the British monarchy say that the King hated science fiction stories and so lizard jokes seemed absurd. His own joke, choosing a commander named Liz.

UTA to England: So what are you doing in Perelandra? Turn the page for more press.

Herelandra

SPRING 1908

1982 HK - Yavln

AUSTRIA FOLDS AS HOLES APPEAR IN BATTLE LINES

AUS (Ellis): a ser-alb.

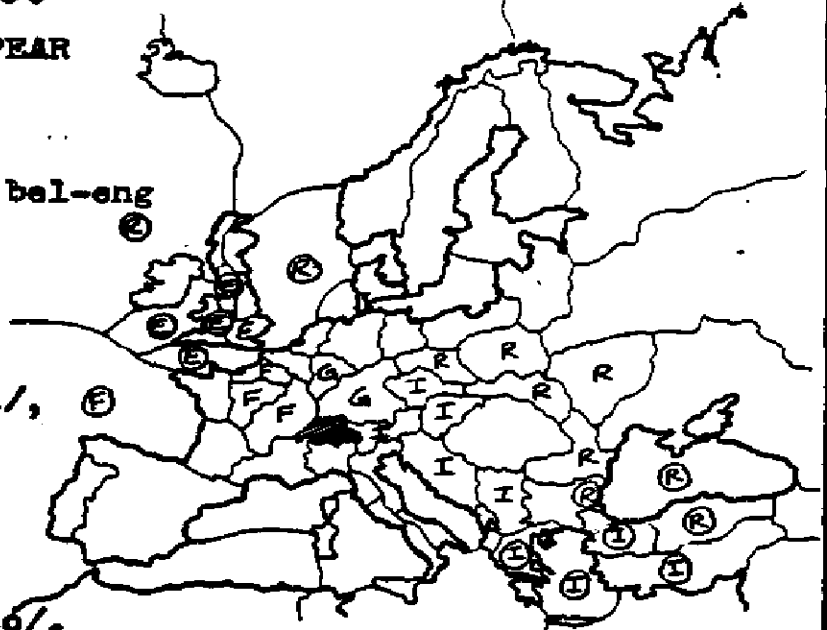
ENG (Burgess): f eng-iri
(f lvp s, f wal s), f bel-eng
a lon h.

FRA (Cnsack): f iri-eng
(f mid s)/f iri a/
a bre-pic (a bur s),
a par s a bur.

GER (Keeney): a boh-mun/a/
a mun-bur (a ruh s).

ITA (Peery): a ven-tyo,
a tyo-boh (a vie s),
a bud-ser (a tri s),
f ion-gre (f aeg s),
f smy s f con,
f gon s a ser-bul /nso/.

RUS (Givan): f sev-bla, f ank-con (f bul/ec s), a rum s f bul,
a gal s a rum, a war s a gal, a ber-sil, f den-nth,
f nwg-nao, a mos-ukr.



Deadline for Fall 1909 orders is 9pm Central Time, 27 July 1984.

Greg Ellis is living at a temporary address--see p. 2. Press:

Sactoad to Citrus Heights Beetles: Rhode Island!! Is that a person, place, thing, or condition?

Moscow to Paris: Was that an insult? England is the power in this game, cleverly disguised. Your reference was to Peery, right? Very good.

RUS to ITA: Are we friends, yet?

Rome (Spring 1908): His Holiness Pope Junopeeri Serra today got on his high horse and rode out of Rome saying, "To hell and back in less than a quarter of an hour, of such journies are derbies made."

Germany to Italy: Sorry I could not make it Sunday. New what's this puck stuff.

RUS to UTA: I'm proud to announce that Japanese beetles have infected my neighborhood. Chemical warfare has begun. My hair has fallen out and I believe I may commit the ultimate sin and stab.

UTA to Yaviness: So Evans has been changed into a Japanese Citrus Beetle. That's what he gets for stabbing me. (Unfortunately, what I did to Jim Meinel may not be discussed in public.)

*****1984**Wez**Press*****

TASS: The Turkish government has announced that units engaged against Russian forces will not be eligible to receive combat pay because the Russians forgot to bring bullets. Turkish War Minister Ghettem N. Ghighem announced that he would now request hazardous duty pay for those units involved in this narrow theater of war because, as he said, "Have you ever been in a small closet with the Three Stooges?"

UTA to Lizards: Last press is on page 12.

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Our Guest of Honor

In "The Winning" by Isaac Azimov, Dr. Aaron Rodman has discovered a lipoprotein (LP) that kills by starvation, even when food is present, but does not affect all gene structures to the same extent. The government, needless to say, is very interested. (Note: the title comes from the medical concept of "triage"...look it up some time.)

Security was redoubled and Rodman was openly and completely a prisoner. A week later, all fifteen members of the World Food Council, together with the National Secretary of Agriculture and a few members of the National Legislature, arrived at his laboratory. They sat about the long table in the conference room of the lavish research building that had been built out of public funds.

For hours they talked and planned, incorporating those answers which Rodman gave to specific questions. No one asked Rodman if he would cooperate; there seemed no thought that he could do anything else.

Finally Rodman said, "Your project cannot, in any case, work. Shortly after a shipment of grain arrives in some particular region of the world, people die by the hundreds of millions. Do you suppose those who survive will not make the connection and that you will not risk the desperate retaliation of nuclear bombs?"

Affare, who sat directly opposite Rodman, across the short axis of the table, said, "We are aware of that possibility. Do you think we have spent years determining a course of action and have not considered the possible reaction of those regions chosen for winnowing?"

"Do you expect them to be thankful?" asked Rodman bitterly.

"They will not know they are being singled out. Not all shipments of grain will be LP-infected. No one place will be concentrated on. We will see to it that locally grown grain supplies are infected here and there. In addition, not everyone will die and only a few will die at once. Some who eat much of the grain will not die at all, and some who eat only a small amount will die quickly -- depending on their membranes. It will seem like a plague, like the Black Death returned."

Rodman said, "Have you thought of the effect of the Black Death returned? Have you thought of the panic?"

"It will do them good," growled the Secretary from one end of the table. "It might teach them a lesson."

"We will announce the discovery of an antitoxin," said Affare, shrugging. "There will be wholesale inoculations in regions we know will not be affected. Dr. Rodman, the world is desperately ill, and must have a desperate remedy. Mankind is on the brink of a horrible death, so please do not quarrel with the only course that can save it."

"That's the point. Is it the only course or are you just taking an easy way out that will not ask any sacrifices of you -- merely of billions of others?" Rodman broke off as a food trolley was brought in. He muttered, "I have made arrangements for some refreshments. May we have a few moments of truce while we eat?"

He reached for a sandwich and then, after a while, said between sips of coffee, "We eat well, at least, as we discuss the greatest mass murder in history."

Affare looked critically at his own half-eaten sandwich. "This is not eating well. Egg salad on white bread of indifferent freshness is not eating well, and I would change whatever coffee shop supplied this, if I were you." He sighed. "Well, in a world of famine, one should not waste food," and he finished the sandwich.

Rodman watched the others and then reached for the last remaining sandwich on the tray. "I thought," he said, (see pg.12)

Herelandra

The Op-Ed Page

I have come to the conclusion that approximately half of the hobby's folds (where a publisher decides to stop publishing) are 'messy'; that is, someone is owed money for an unfinished subscription, or there is one or more games left without a gm which the former publisher has abandoned without supplying a new gm or a set of statistics.

Doesn't surprise you? It should. Den't believe it? Check 'em off from, say, the 1981 Runestone Poll. Of those that are gone, just under 50% were 'bad' folds; and this should be shocking. If somebody gets into this business without making a firm commitment not to run off to Rio, he should be roundly reprov'd. In other businesses (and even, in my own experience, in religion) nobody sensible enters a venture without first figuring the cost and risk.

Now, I have never lost money on a fold. That's merely a quirk of fate so far. But others have -- some, big bucks -- and I've had three (soon four) games orphaned. There are usually two possible situations:

1) Publisher says to world, "Stick it in your ear." This is reprehensible at best, as it says, "I'm going to take your money and see what you can do about it." Most often it surfaces as a refusal to assist the Orphan Director, because he is "tyrannical" or "has no right" to intervene.

2) Publisher disappears. Here the benefit of the doubt must be granted, at least in small degree and for a while. Still, it is irresponsible to leave up to fifty people or more wondering why they haven't heard in two months.

So far, no surprises. This is all just preface, though, to one very concrete statement: It is time the hobby started treating these people the way they would if they were in the business world. Like thieves.

Now, undoubtedly, someone will say that it's only a hobby, and besides there may have been 'extenuating circumstances' such as sudden unemployment. I'm not talking about a guy who means well but can't make his promises good. Thesetypes usually cooperate, or at least keep writing until the matter is settled. I mean the pubbers who fit into 1) or 2) above. For them, this is not a hobby--it's a scam.

My main suggestion is this: write to a Postal Inspector (I've not checked to see what goes in Canada). It is mail fraud to say that you will mail out a certain item at certain times, and then not do it, IF cash is involved. (If yours is a free sub, you can't try this route.) Obviously few people will bother for 50¢; but six or seven people, at ten dollars each, are only encouraging cheats if they let it go.

I close with this reservations: I hold no personal grudges over feuds, nor am I suggesting that these are any more sinful than the rest of us. But, as my father says, "Burn me once, shame on you; burn me twice, shame on me."

Well, speaking of my father...my parents have just finished selling their house in La Mirada (SE of Los Angeles) and have paid the initial fee toward a condo in Corte Madera (N of San Francisco) while my dad has begun working for a photo products company in Tiburon. It feels very, very wierd not to have a 'home' in LA. I still have a girlfriend there (I think) but have decided not to try any more to make a trip to the coast before Christmas.

I will say this for my family: the kids all turned out okay. Sister Peg has an offer to sing in nightclubs and on cruises in Europe the next twelve months, and she doesn't really need the \$\$\$. Bro Mike is at the Eastman School of Music for the summer, and now h&sdecided English isn't a waste after all. And then me... 7

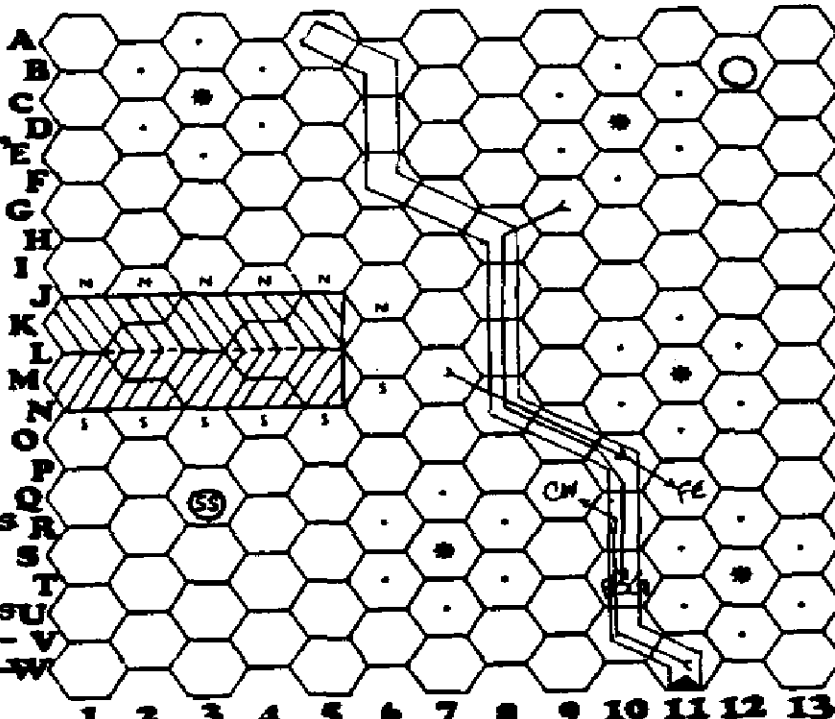
Herelandra

TURN SIX

ASF1-Hoth

SACTO ALLIANCE STOPS THE GROUCH!

Segment One: All snow warriors are gearing up, stockpiling fearsome weaponry after the gruesome battles of Turn Five. (What is he talking about?) Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess) is still very much in the kitchen, as will be seen in his press. 'Bombinable Snow Grouch (Jim Makuc) is pounding out a Dirigible and hatching insults for his SM. Chilly Willy runs out of the house ready to fire; Four Eyes steps out of her way but remembers to pick up a Snowball (Daf and Steve Langley). Finally, Silver Snake (Kelly Bagley) forlornly taps his two Snowballs all alone.



Segment Two: Willy and Eyes gang up on the Grouch and it pays off, as both their Rattlesnakes land squarely. Snow Grouch has a chance to put the game away, but his Dirigible flies by the four-eyed attacker. Snake is still packing snow and plotting.

name	loc	attacked by	hp/vp	hp/vp/amm
BSG	Q9	FE/rr/90/** CW/rr/90/**	2/0	0/13/none
CS	kitchen			0/6/none
CW	Q9		0/1	10/9/1 sb
FE	P10	BSG/di/50/--	0/1	3/8/none
SS	O3			5/3/1 di & 2 sb

Segment Three: While 'Bombinable Snow Grouch waa-waas his way toward the door, and Four Eyes replaces his last Snowball, the Snake and Willy exchange Rattlers. Silver Snake's preparation pays off as he gets the better of the trade.

BSG	T10			0/13/none
CS	kitchen			0/6/none
CW	Q9	SS/rr/75/**	1/0	9/9/none
FE	Q11			3/8/1 sb
SS	O3	CW/rr/65/--	0/1	5/4/1 di & 1 sb

Okay folks, Coke Sniffer gets turned loose on the world next turn (Segment One). After BSG gets in he'll probably be allowed out again Turn Eight Segment Two. Orders for TURN SEVEN are due 9pm Central Time, 27 July 1984 (Friday). Press:

BSG to Worlds: Boy, it's getting cold out here!!

CW to BSG: I'm back, you half-frozen wretch, and now it's the kitchen for you! I hope your pants steam and your cocoa's weak.

FE to SS: Your turn will come.

FE to Snowmaster: How did BSG get so much of a lead? All he did was hide behind a snowman and hit people from behind.

SM to FE: Answer, and a pancake recipe, on page 10. 8

Herelandra

ASF2 - Forochel

NOBODY SATISFIED WITH STARTING POSITIONS...

Segment One: ...as all five players remove themselves to new locations. Cold Crier (Kelly Bagley) scrambles for one snowman in the south. Houston Halfling (Greg Ellis) reaches the northern one, but Mystery Guest is headed the other way. Ice Jackal (Den Williams) is still getting his snow feet under him and moves just two hexes. Finally, Chicago Rocket (Dave Bruss) stations himself right in the middle of the yard. CC@P4, CR@M9, HH@B12, IJ@L6, MG@B8.

Segment Two: Cold Crier makes it the rest of the way with only one snowball, as he pauses to snuff Chicago Rocket with a Demon. The Rocket returns fire, however, and his Rattlesnake finds its mark. Ice Jackal doesn't understand the rules well enough yet to order a throw, but both the Halfling and the Guest know exactly what to do; they use Rattlesnakes on each other, but only MG's hits.

name	loc	attacked by	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo?
CC	Q3	CR/rr/75/**	1/1	9/ 1/ 1 sb
CR	S7	CC/de/55/**	1/1	9/ 1/ 1 sb
HH	B12	MG/rr/85/**	1/0	9/ 0/ 1 sb
IJ	L6		0/0	10/ 0/ 2 sb
MG	B8	HH/rr/95/--	0/1	10/ 1/ 1 sb

Segment Three: Jackal finally figures the system out, launching a Demon at Cold Crier, but it fails for having to pass over the shed. The Crier is having his own problems, as his Rattlesnake can't hit Chicago Rocket, but Rocket's Rattler catches him across the eyes. Up north, Mystery Guest and the short one are still at it; this time it's the Guest who misses and HH who hits.

CC	Q3	IJ/de/25/--		
		CR/rr/75/**	1/0	8/ 1/ none
CR	M9	CC/rr/85/--	0/1	9/ 2/ none
HH	B12	MG/rr/85/--	0/1	9/ 1/ none
IJ	J6		0/0	10/ 0/ 1 sb
MG	B8	HH/rr/85/**	1/0	9/ 1/ none

Deadline for Turn Two orders is 9pm, Central Time, 27 July 1984 (Friday). I appreciate the name suggestions I received, and the winner for a game name is Forochel (Kelly's idea). Reference is the Ice Bay of Forochel, at the bottom of which lie two of the palantiri and the last heir of Isildur to rule the Shire before Aragorn son of Arathorn came to power, in Tolkien's Middle-Earth.

A section of the press is reserved for questions the players might want to ask Mystery Guest, along the lines of "Twenty Questions". If you submit a Q, it must be yes/no (I'll write the first two). MG has written both the questions and answers this time. Also, feel free to ask me about the rules or format! Press is on

Perelandra

Snowball Fighting

Press from ASF2/Forochel:

Mystery Guest to HH: Chilly happens to be a friend of mine.

Should have told BSG to go after Four Eyes or Silver Snake

CR to MG: Scared to show your face?!

HH to All but MG: Obviously our 'Mystery Guest' is ashamed to be seen with us or have his name soiled by printing it along with ours. I propose we eliminate the sorebrain ((unsure about that)) post haste.

Ice Jackal to Mystery Guest: Hey, no fair! How are we s'posed to see you under the coat, the beanie, the scarf, and the mittens? And the sunglasses are a cheap trick too!

MG to DW: Houston Halfling on three. Break.

Ice Jackal to Games: What's in a name? A Don Williams by any other name is still a dangerous adversary.

MG to DW: Hut, one, seventynine, sixteen, three, Hike!

CR to Snowfort: Glad you sent the rules -- the game's easier to play that way!

Snowfort to CR: Don't mouth off at the SM, son.

Ice Jackal to PJG IV: C'mon on out and fight like a man. You could at least pretend.

PJG to IJ: Yeah, and you could pretend to be an English major.

"C'mon on"?? Now cut it out creep.

Ice Jackal to Snowfort ((hmm, he can't spell either)): Neener! Neener! Neener! You can't hit me!

SnowMaster to snowfighting children: Let's see. I could drop a hailstorm on you; or turn up the heat on your hex (I hear that's a favorite trick of yours); or steal your mittens and strip you bare (no, I wouldn't subject the others to that); or trip you up so you miss a turn. Got it now? There are worse ways too...

Ice Jackal to Mr. Snowfort: Oh....

CR to KB: Thought I'd start with you since you're closest.

Ice Jackal to Dave Bruss: Who are you anyway?

CR to HH: Anyone who throws cowchips must be a native Texan.

Ice Jackal to HH: "Cowchips"?!? If this stuff flings anything like cowchips, I'm leaving.

Ice Jackal to Bagley: Nyaah! Nyaah! Hey, Baghead! Yeah, you! Yer ugly ... and your mother dresses you funny!

CR to SnowMaster: Do you have snow for brains or what? Imagine having the gall to move a zine -- horrors!

SM to MG: Feisty, aren't they? Next comes the Twenty Questions section, this month entirely produced by MG:

MG to Snowy: I'm delighted to be here on "What's My Name," and I'm ready to start.

Snowy to Games: Okay, for the first yes or no question we go to DW

DW to MG: Are you a pubber? MG to DW: Yes.

HH to MG: Do you know a recipe for cowchips? MG to HH: No.

DE to MG: Have you ever been a member of the IN-6? MG: No.

Snowfort: Okay, for next issue here are two more: do you enjoy chocolate chip cookies? and, have you ever won a game as Austria?

Hot press

SM to FE: BSG got a lead by hiding behind a snowman and hitting people from behind.

CW to CS: Oh yeah!? Well, I hope your rubbers melt on the floor heater and your mittens shrink!

CW to SM: Thanks for the fire, the robe, and the company. I'm off again into the fray.

SM to CW: Come again any time, but go to page 11 first.

Perelandra even more... ~~SECRET~~ Hoth press

CW to Snowy: Uh, could you help me put my boots back on?

Snowfort to CW: Anything you say, hon.

CW to Snowy: Where's my mittens?

Snowfort to CW: Right there where you left them.

CW to Snowy: My pants are still damp. Could I borrow a pair of yours?

Snowy to CW: Are you kidding? If they fit you we could petition the pope for acknowledgement of a miracle. You're welcome to try, though--in the next room.

CW to FE: I'm back, Cutie, anything exciting happen while I was gone?

FE to CW: Hi, Cutey, I like your new pants.

SnowMaster to Perelandrans: How'd I get into this??

FE to CS: Hey, what are you doing in the kitchen? Get out here and help us nail 'Bombinable'.

SM to FE: You don't need his help, but he'll be right out--right after this: (Yes, it's by CS.)

Kitchens: A shivering Jim-Bob staggers into the kitchen and desperately searches for something to perk up his bedraggled spirits. He looks in the fridge and finds his favorite, Diet Coke with Nutrasweet. Without thinking he belts one down. Arrgh! How dumb can he be. The shivering increases...and the morning and the evening were the first segment.

Jim-Bob hunted high and low but no stuff was to be found. Besides, he'd exhausted his supply of early model McDonald's stirring spoons, though surely improvisation was possible if the proper ingredient was present. Food, that's all there was. Hmm...eggs, buttermilk, and look here...Grandma's Famous Unsulphured Molasses. That gave him an idea...and the morning and the evening were the second segment.

He grabbed a couple of mixing bowls and other odds and ends. Soon, Jim-Bob sat down to a feast of his favorite buttermilk pancakes. Suitably charged, he leapt out of his chair (not forgetting to clean up the kitchen to leave it fresh for 'Bombinable' Snow Grouch and Four Eyes who would surely stop for a visit next turn) and sprang for the door yelling, "Chilly...watch your buns, here I come!" And the morning and the evening were the third segment.

SM to Hoth: Thanks to Jim-Bob for some freaky, entertaining press and the following Postscript to it...

Jim-Bob's Famous Buttermilk Pancake Recipe: Once you try this, you'll never go back to Aunt Jemima again, so consider yourself forewarned. If you've ever been faced with the problem of what to do with the rest of some buttermilk that you bought for some other recipe, before it decays in your refrigerator, here's your answer.

1 cup flour	1 egg
1 tbsp. sugar (I like to use a heaping tbsp.)	1 cup buttermilk
1 tsp. baking powder	2 tbsp corn oil*(melted margarine or shortening will work)
1/2 tsp. baking soda	pinch of salt

*For special treat, use olive oil instead.

Sift dry ingredients (all except egg, b'milk, and oil) into a medium or large mixing bowl. Start a frying pan (preferably cast iron skillet) to heat on the stove with a small amount of grease. Put wet ingredients in a small mixing bowl and beat well (this is the crucial step as it makes the cakes lighter than you've ever imagined). Make a "well" in the center of the dry ingredients and add the wet ingredients, stirring just enough to mix (this is where you can blow it if you overbeat; your only goal is to eliminate those...) ((What? See pg.12)) ||

Herelandra

Our Guest of Honor

"that perhaps some of you might suffer a loss of appetite in view of the subject matter of discussion, but I see none of you did. Each one of you has eaten."

"As did you," said Affare impatiently. "You are still eating."

"Yes, I am," said Rodman, chewing slowly. "And I apologize for the lack of freshness in the bread. I made the sandwiches myself last night and they are fifteen hours old."

"You made them yourself?" said Affare.

"I had to, since I could in no other way be certain of introducing the proper LP."

"What are you talking about?"

"Gentlemen, you tell me it is necessary to kill some to save others. Perhaps you are right. You have convinced me. But in order to know exactly what it is we are doing we should perhaps experience it ourselves. I have engaged in a little triage on my own, and the sandwiches we have all just eaten are an experiment in that direction."

Some of the officials were rising to their feet. "We're poisoned?" gasped the Secretary.

Rodman said, "Not very effectively. Unfortunately, I don't know your biochemistries thoroughly, so I can't guarantee the seventy per cent death rate you would like."

They were staring at him in frozen horror, and Dr. Rodman's eyelids drooped. "Still, it's likely that two or three of you will die within the next week or so, and you need only wait to see who it will be. There's no cure or antidote, but don't worry. It's quite a painless death, and it will be the finger of God, as one of you told me. It's a good lesson, as another of you said. For those of you who survive, there may be new views on triage."

Affare said, "This is a bluff. You've eaten the sandwiches yourself."

Rodman said, "I know. I matched the LP to my own biochemistry, so I will go fast." His eyes closed. "You'll have to carry on without me -- those of you that survive."

Snowball Fighting

((as Jim-Bob was explaining)) (your only goal is to eliminate those ugly dry splotches in your pancake). Cook up the cakes and serve with Grandma's Famous Unsulphured Molasses and butter or margarine if desired (leave the maple syrup in the cupboard). Prepare for a delightful eating experience. (Hint: Use a spoon in the molasses and don't try to pour it, especially with kids. It comes with a wide mouth.)

SM to CS: Sorry to put this with the other 'food' this month, but that's the way the cookie crumbles.

Woz press

TASS: Czar Nicholas II has named Ivan Isasot the recipient of the 1901 Larry, Moe, and Curly Award. Expected to return to St. Petersburg in total disgrace following the imminent retreat or destruction of his fleet, Ivan said, "Only my Czar could deserve it more."

The Czar's Head of Secret Police Plehve has also requested Ivan to honor Police Headquarters with his person for a series of in-depth interviews. Next-of-kin are expected to be notified shortly.

UTA to Woz: Sorry for splitting up your press, guys.

First off this month: I now have the statistics on the orphan game Scott Hanson was sending me, 1983HC, from Manifest Destiny. I should point out that this is coincidental to my editorial this month, which was finished before the game arrived.

Rod Walker and I never can seem to agree. I've received several comments about his policy on Golden Age zines' publicity in Dip World, most agreeing with me that Erewhon did not merit a full page. Enough of that; now we have Dragonflight/DipCon XVIII to fuss over. Rod's last two letters to me make it sound like a science fiction convention, which is patently false. Dragonflight is a boardgaming con primarily and a frping con secondarily.

Now, about last month's requests. Respondents are Steve Langley (SL), Daf Langley (DL), Mike Colandro (MC), Roy Dalrymple (RD), and myself (PG). #1 was 'your favorite phone-answering joke':

PG: "Mulligan's Bank and Grill."

DL: "Haley's Mortuary. You stab 'em, we'll slab 'em."

MC: "Checker Movers -- it's your move!"

SL: I didn't understand yours, Steve. Wanna try again?

RD: No phone answering joke, but when I worked on the Information Desk ((in a library)) in Fresno a friend called, and mistaking the voice for that of my (current) wife who also worked there asked what oral sex was. The retired, recently divorced lady who was being trained that hour as a telephone answering substitute screamed, dropped the phone, blushed for the next week . . . All things considered, my friend was lucky. If one of the librarians had answered the call he would have gotten the dictionary definition and been asked if there was something particular about oral sex that he needed to know about.

#2--Favorite childhood memory(ies):

PG: Spending two hours in a darkroom with my dad the day an entry was due for a local photo contest, then rushing down to get it in (at a local library!). And then winning the \$10 first prize.

RD: I was a cute kid and had a pleasant kidhood. One favorite memory is of walking home from kindergarden on a sunny day and seeing my Mom and Grandma working in the roses around our house. Somehow I knew I'd get a hug first from my mom and then from grandma. Trite but true.

SL: Natural things. Leaves turning in the fall, crunching of snow, brand new green grass, eating carrots straight out of the ground, watching the stars and wondering which were constellations.

DL: Trying to fly with construction-paper wings in the fourth grade. I spent the day measuring and taping them. They didn't work, but it was fun.

MC: The fondest is my recollection of a mock naval battle we held during recreational boating at summer ((Boy Scout)) camp. Roman candles, smoke, swamped canoes, and a quick swim to shore to escape the lifeguards -- what a fun time!

#3--favorite local landmark or tourist site:

DL: The park around the ((Calif. State)) Capitol and the lion that sings Elvis Presley songs at Chuck E. Cheese.

SL: Also the Capitol.

MC: Here in Baton Rouge, I'd have to say the zoo. For a city this size (500k) BR really has a nice one. Back home ((near Baltimore)) the Chesapeake & Ohio Nat'l Historical Park wins hands down. . . . It makes for a very enjoyable hike, bike ride, canoe trip, picnic or anything else you can think of to do outdoors.

RD: I enjoy hiking trails and there's a short one in the southern part of this (Rusk) county. And I've got to mention the 3-holer outhouse on the library grounds. ((A state historical site, hence the headline PRIVY TO HISTORY.))

Perelandra

Our Guest of Honor

and their weapons to cleave a way through them and scatter them in dismay; but that could not now be done. A shadow of foreboding fell upon his heart.

((And although Isildur bears the Ring of Power, he cannot use it; and though his men are cunning, the Orcs are many and an exchange of five lives for one Man is to them cheap. Sunset brings a brief respite, but very brief.))

At that moment there came a sudden blast of horns, and the Orcs closed in on all sides, flinging themselves against the Dunedain with reckless ferocity. Night had come and hope faded. Ciryen was slain and Aratan mortally wounded in an attempt to rescue him.

Elendur, not yet harmed, sought Isildur. He was rallying the men on the east side where the assault was heaviest, for the Orcs still feared the Elendilmir that he bore on his brow, and avoided him. Elendur touched him on the shoulder and he turned fiercely, thinking an Orc had crept behind.

'My King,' said Elendur, 'Ciryen is dead and Aratan is dying. Your last counselor must advise, may command you, as you commanded Ohtar. Go! Take your burden, and at all costs bring it to the Keepers; even at the cost of abandoning your men and me!'

'King's son,' said Isildur, 'I knew that I must do so; but I feared the pain. Nor could I go without your leave. Forgive me, and my pride that has brought you to this doom.' Elendur kissed him. 'Go! Go now!' he said.

Isildur turned west, and drawing up the Ring that hung in a wallet from a fine chain about his neck, he set it upon his finger with a cry of pain, and was never seen again by any eye upon Middle-earth. But the Elendilmir of the West could not be quenched, and suddenly it blazed forth red and wrathful as a burning star. Men and Orcs gave way in fear; and Isildur, drawing a hood over his head, vanished into the night.

Of what befell the Dunedain only this was later known: ere long they all lay dead, save one, a young esquire stunned and buried under fallen men. So perished Elendur, who should afterwards have been King, and as all foretold who knew him, in his strength and wisdom, and his majesty without pride, one of the greatest, the fairest of the seed of Elendil, most like to his grandsire.

((The story closes telling of Isildur's fate and the loss of the Ring, until the end of the Third Age, and the Elendilmir, for all time.))

Deadwood Lottery

No winner again this month. The ante is now upped to eight issues of Perelandra, to be awarded to

Greg Stewart 618 Short Dickey Greenfield Ohio 45123

if he writes to me before 27 July. Why do I continue with such an apparently pointless exercise? To demonstrate my firm commitment to providing shelter for anybody who feels the need to sit and just read a zine for a change. In the August or September issue I hope to have a charter drawn up for the HSPFL but I'll need your suggestions as to what causes we should support, on behalf of our readers.

Perelandra

THE GREAT ESCAPE

There was a lot more I could have put in Mailbox this time--thanks to all who wrote--but I knew you'd kill me if I didn't include some reflections on DipCon. However, for the main tale see next issue, or the July Magna.

Besides three new subscribers, DipCon gave me a nervous breakdown. Sure, everyone else was staying up late too--but I went from 6:30 am Saturday to 6pm Sunday on two hours' sleep and two meals. I'm not even sure I remember all of Sunday morning, except that my error in lining up the boards for Round 2 left out Ben Schilling and David Frick. Yet I managed to enjoy it all, to the point of maybe attending next year.

Thursday: meet Mark Luedi and four other MadLads (er, 3 MadLads and a MadLess) at the hotel, spend three hours trying to register at Market Hall. The conversation revolved around Nelson Heintzman, apparently a favorite MadLad target--though they love Evans Givan, too, and had lots to say about him--and we wound up awarding Nelson "Worst Austria" of the tournament, though he failed to attend. Lades and I sat around in the evening discussing Reality, since my car had overheated and wouldn't be too reliable.

Friday: check with the mechanic reveals I can drive on the problem (rotting hose) for a while. We go to the Regent for Gunboat (I'm blown out in both games) and the 1939 tourney (I came in as a standby and made Luedi's day by allying with his England, something he had tried to get Germany to do the whole game). As the day wears on I meet Ben Schilling, Mike Conner (whom I like a lot), Dave Manuel (again), and even Bob "Fudge" Olsen, who decided to come just last week. In fact, several people decided to make it at the last minute; I knew John Michalski had, so lots of whispering went around when someone stepped by who looked like him. ("Is that him?" "I think so.")

Saturday: Guess what? Hose is shot; car isn't safe to go. So Greg Ellis (who arrived late Friday) fixes it...but me of little faith, I arrange to borrow a van from the Linguistics Center. Suffice to say that I arrive one hour late for the tournament I'm in charge of--yes, folks, yours truly was Tournament Director. Fortunately Conner et al. have it under hand.

Sat. night: DipCon Society meeting. More details, again, nextish, but basically Seattle beats out Anaheim and San Diego handily. Rod, Terry Tallman, and I are voted onto the Committee, but the Society neglects to tell us who's Chairman! All amendments are thrown out except one to remove the requirement that DipCon be held with a host wargaming con.

Sunday morning: Second round, and lots of real Tournament Dip (people playing the scoring system, just as they should). Steve Wilcox and Pete Dorman look real good for a while on the top board, but both get ganged up on. Jeff Key (hobby near-old-timer) wins the overall by 1/100th of a point over David Claman (postaller from Dallas), Mark Harris third. A complete name/address/score listing can be obtained from me for a SASE plus a 20¢ stamp.

Well, that says about 1/10th of all I'd like it to. I still could not talk Tuesday at all, from yelling "Time!" all weekend. Folks, as you hear stories this month, reserve judgment until I get the rest out: about how my four-minute presentation for Seattle was better than 45 (total) for the other two; about the closed McDonald's; or the pancakes. Aloha.

P J Gaughan
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