

Perelandra 2

number 51

July



Ursula K LeGuin

ROKANNON'S WORLD

A high tree of blinding white grew quickly, soundlessly up the sky from behind South Ridge. Guards on the towers of Hallan Castle cried out, striking bronze on bronze. Their small voices and clangor of warning were swallowed by the roar of sound, the hammerstroke of wind, the staggering of the forest.

Mogien of Hallan met his guest the Starlord on the run, heading for the flightcourt of the castle. "Was your ship behind South Ridge, Starlord?"

Very white in the face, but quiet-voiced as usual, the other said, "It was."

"Come with me." Mogien took his guest on the postillion saddle of the windsteed that waited ready saddled in the flightcourt. Down the thousand steps, across the Chasmbridge, off over the sloping forests of the domain of Hallan the steed flew like a gray leaf on the wind.

As it crossed over South Ridge the riders saw the smoke rise blue through the level gold lances of the first sunlight. A forest fire was fizzling out among damp, cool thickets in the streambed of the mountain.

Suddenly beneath them a hole dropped away in the side of the hills, a black pit filled with smoking black dust. At the edge of the wide circle of annihilation lay trees burnt to long smears of charcoal, all pointing their fallen tops away from the pit of blackness.

The young Lord of Hallan held his gray steed steady on the updraft from the wrecked valley and stared down, saying nothing. There were old tales from his grandfather's and great-grandfather's time of the first coming of the Starlords, how they had burnt away hills and made the sea boil with their terrible weapons, and with the threat of those weapons had forced all the Lords of Angien to pledge them fealty and tribute. For the first time now Mogien believed those tales. His breath was stuck in his throat for a second. "Your ship was..."

"The ship was here. I was to meet the others here, today. Lord Mogien, tell your people to avoid this place. For a while. Till after the rains, next coldyear."

"A spell?"

"A poison. Rain will rid the land of it." The Starlord's voice was still quiet, but he was looking down, and all at once he began to speak again, not to Mogien, but to that black pit beneath them, now striped with the bright early sunlight. Mogien understood no word he said, for he spoke in his own tongue, the speech of the Starlords; and there was no man now in Angien or all the world who spoke that tongue.

The young Angya checked his nervous mount. Behind him the Starlord drew a deep breath and said, "Let's go back to Hallan. There is nothing here..."

The steed wheeled over the smoking slopes. "Lord Rokanan, if your people are at war now among the stars, I pledge in your defense the swords of Hallan!"

"I thank you, Lord Mogien," said the Starlord, clinging to the saddle, the wind of their flight whipping at his bowed graying head.

[continued---]

Perelandra is an amateur magazine devoted to postal games and literature, and affiliated with the Diplomats of Texas Society, Inc. Memberships to non-profit Perelandra cost \$12 per year (\$15 Cdn; \$18 US overseas). Please make payments to Perelandra..

Editors: P.J. and Cathy Gaughan 3121 E Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010 817-633-3208

Herelandra

The long day passed. The night wind gusted at the casements of his room in the tower of Hallan Castle, making the fire in the wide hearth flicker. Coldyear was nearly over; the restlessness of spring was in the wind. When he raised his head he smelled the sweet musty fragrance of grass tapestries hung on the walls and the sweet fresh fragrance of night in the forests outside. He spoke into his transmitter once more: "Rocannon here. This is Rocannon. Can you answer?" He listened to the silence of the receiver a long time, then once more tried ship frequency: "Rocannon here..." When he noticed how low he was speaking, almost whispering, he stopped and cut off the set. They were dead, all fourteen of them, his companions and friends. They had all been on Fomalhaut II for half one of the planet's long years, and it had been time for them to confer and compare notes. So Smate and his crew had come around from East Continent, and picked up the Arctic crew on the way, and had ended up back here to meet with Rocannon, the Director of the First Ethnographic Survey, the man who had brought them all here. And now they were dead.

And all their work--all their notes, pictures, tapes, all that would have justified their death to them--that was all gone too, blown to dust with them, wasted with them.

Rocannon turned on his radio again to Emergency frequency; but he did not pick up the transmitter. To call was only to tell the enemy that there was a survivor. He sat still. When a resounding knock came at his door he said in the strange tongue he would have to speak from now on, "Come in!"

In strode the young Lord of Hallan, Mogien, who had been his best informant for the culture and mores of Species II, and who now controlled his fate. Mogien was very tall, like all his people, bright-haired and dark-skinned, his handsome face schooled to a stern calm through which sometimes broke the lightning of powerful emotions: anger, ambition, joy. He was followed by his Olgior servant Raho, who set down a yellow flask and two cups on a chest, poured the cups full, and withdrew. The heir of Hallan spoke: "I would drink with you, Starlord."

"And my kin with yours and our sons together, Lord," replied the ethnologist, who had not lived on nine different exotic planets without learning the value of good manners. He and Mogien raised their wooden cups bound with silver and drank.

"The wordbox," Mogien said, looking at the radio, "it will not speak again."

"Not with my friends' voices."

Mogien's walnut-dark face showed no feeling, but he said, "Lord Rokanan, the weapon that killed them, this is beyond all imagining."

"The League of All Worlds keeps such weapons for use in the War To Come. Not against our own worlds."

"Is this the War, then?"

"I think not. Yaddam, whom you knew, was staying with the ship; he would have heard news of that on the ansible in the ship, and radioed me at once. There would have been warning. This must be rebellion against the League. There was rebellion brewing on a world called Faraday when I left Kerguelen, and by sun's time that was nine years ago."

"This little wordbox cannot speak to the City Kerguelen?"

"No; and even if it did, it would take the words eight years to go there, and the answer eight years to come back to me." Rocannon spoke with his usual grave and simple politeness, but his voice was a little dull as he explained his exile. "You remember the ansible, the big machine I showed you in the ship, which can speak instantly to other worlds, with no loss of years--it was that that they were after, I expect. It was only bad luck that my friends were all at the ship with it. Without it I can do nothing."

"But if your kinfolk, your friends, in the City Kerguelen, call you on the ansible, and there is no answer, will they not come to see--" Mogien saw the answer as Rocannon said it:

"In eight years..."

When he had shown Mogien over the Survey ship, and shown him the instantaneous transmitter, the ansible, Rocannon had told him also about the new kind of ship that could go from one star to another in no time at all.

"Was the ship that killed your friends an FTL?" inquired the Angyar warlord.

"No. It was manned. There are enemies here, on this world, now."

Perelandra

Game Openings

DIPLOMACY: Russ Rusnak is signed up for the next game. Gamefee is \$5.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING: Two people signed up (both paid) for the next game, which will be anonymous. \$3 fee includes rules (\$1 for rules alone). Four to six more players needed.

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS: Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, and Geoffrey Richard signed up and paid. Needs five more; fee is \$5 including rules and map; pref lists accepted.

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY: Twice-monthly deadlines and no press. Five signed up. Fee is \$3.

DEVIANT DIPLOMACY: The wildest variant ever conceived, and the man who gm'ed it is now willing to play--Mark Lew. Send no money yet, just let us know you're interested.

SUGGESTIONS: are accepted. Do you want a "blind" variant? Another Titan game? Let us know.

STANDBYS: You are wonderful, Steve, Tom, Nhan, Greg, Evans, Daf, Gary, and John. Anyone else who wants to be wonderful (and get two free issues for sending in standby orders when called) sign up here.

Literary Quiz

Okay, first off, the answers to Question 57B--

Jim-Bob sez "Benjamin Franklin."

Benjamin Schilling sez "Thomas Jefferson, who did not attend the Constitutional convention 200 years ago, being our minister at Paris, France."

Rod Walker sez "The answer is: (He turns, cackling, to the Encyclopedia Britannica. He peers, flips pages ... what?? No answer?? Arrrrrrgh!! Ha! He turns to the 1911 Encyclopedia Britannica. Aha! The answer is:) Thomas Jefferson! I don't know about financial need. The Brits had burned the old Library of Congress when they burned Washington. So in 1814 Jefferson arranged the sale of his personal library to form the foundation of the new LoC. The EB does refer to the sale as 'lucrative.'"

Matt Kazur sez "Am I really the 'invisible man' of Perelandra? On the contrary, I seem to be one of your few 'visible' men. In fact, I will even venture another guess for the literary quiz: number 57B is...Thomas Jefferson. And that is a wild guess."

Rich Miller sez "Denise [his girlfriend] believes the answer to the second question is Alexander Hamilton; I'll go along with the historian's guess, rather than make my own mathematician's guess."

Well, the answer was Jefferson--one half-issue to Rod, Ben, and Matt. (For those of you who are confused by Rich's appearance, read the lettercol, where he and Denise are properly introduced.) Question 8R, however, will be extended one month, with the added hint here:

8R--The book, The Lion of Judah in Never-Never Land, is a critical review of what other book or books? The work(s) reviewed will be obvious from the title of the review--it's only fair to note that you don't actually have to know the book in question to know what its topic was. (Several answers, right and wrong, have already been received.)

New question for next issue, question T532B: What was the title of A.B. Guthrie's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel?

Also for next time, an extra-hard quiz (T209F): How many lines of text were contained in Gutenberg's "Mazarin" bible of 1453 A.D.? (Note--this does not require actually counting the lines, since this bible was well-known for its length) This question has a special prize--a button with a leftist slogan on it, drawn at random from our collection of revolutionary writings.

Cathy would like to have added a historial quiz--not stuff like "Who killed King Wenceslas IV?" (Rupert III of course...), but mildly challenging questions. Any interest?

Rod asks how we come up with the numbers assigned to the questions. Well, the number will usually be a page number of the source of the question. Letters either tell which source is drawn on or what part of the page the answer is to be found on--the letter "R" is a special exception which identifies a question submitted by a reader.

Remember--the Literary Quiz is one game you don't have to sign up for! Try it!

Perelandra

RATHILLIEN 87CK

SPRING 1901: YOU FIGURE IT OUT

Austria (Dave Pilant): a vie-gal, a bud-rum, f tri-alb.

England (Tom Hise): f edi-nwg, f lon-nts, a lvp-yor.

France (Melinda Holley): f bre-eng, a par-gas,
a mar-spa.

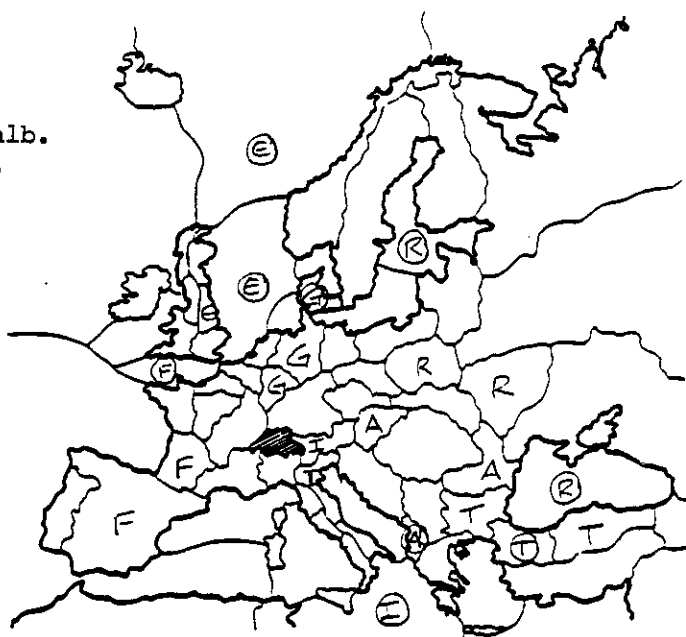
Germany (Tom Hurst): a ber-kie, f kie-den,
a mun-ruh.

Italy (Rex Martin): a ven-tyo, a rom-ven,
f nap-ion.

Russia (Gary Behnen): f stp/sc-bot, a mos-ukr,
a war-gal, f sev-bla.

Turkey (Guy Hail): f ank-con, a con-bul,
a smy-ank.

DEADLINE FOR FALL 1901 is 27 JULY 1987 by mail
(11pm 7/26 by phone) but this will be extended if
two players request a delay.



Press--

Constantinople: The Royal House issued a new stamp today, symbolic of the Porté's and our German-speaking ally's Drang Nach Sud. Already some are calling it the "cold weather turkey." [Editor: this stamp is reproduced at the left.]

Brit to Newlywed: Don't you ever put me in a gamestart the same month that I have finals, move back home, go to see my mother in the hospital, leave for the summer, AND you get married!

Newlywed to Brit: No problem, I won't get married next time.

Brit to Newlywed: I guess what I did to the car makes us even.

Vienna to London: First, my name is Dave, not . Second, while I would gladly support you into Bel in exchange for Hol, it may be a few seasons before I am in position. Have you written ?

?: The room was littered with crumpled papers, discarded maps, empty Coke cans, & Hershey Almond Bar wrappers. The smell of pizza leftovers permeated the air. Suddenly the silence was shattered by the shrill ringing of an alarm clock. The figure slumped on the floor slowly sat up and yawned. Spying the latest issue of Perelandra, she began to laugh. The strategy had been plotted and now the fur would fly.

Vienna to : Why do your letters have a Dallas postmark?

Italy to all Great Powers, Rome, Spring 1901:

Never happy with warm lands, for some reason the benighted peasants of this country have chosen me as their leader in this time of troubles. Seems the reputations of some of our neighboring hoods . . . sorry, monarchs has them uneasy; and when the rabble's restless, I can't get a lick of work out of them in the vineyards. And that makes the Godfather . . . oops . . . the Pope unhappy. When he's unhappy, I'm unhappy.

So, I'd simply like to tell youse other guys that we don't want no trouble. If you don't lean on us, we won't lean on you. There's enough of this here pie to go around, so let's just each stake a claim and cooperate so's the Feds ain't got no reason to be apoking their noses into Europe. We all would like to hear from any of our other compadres about joint capers, but we's don't want no trouble. ~~Faisan-si-no-tok~~.

Um . . . What I really meant to say is that the Kingdom of Italy has no quarrel with our fellow Great Powers. We would like to hear from potential allies, and will be most willing to sign any non-aggression pacts that may be offered. As the . . . Pope has given any of these his blessings in advance, they will be greeted by our populace with acclaim and rejoicing. We expect to hear from you.

a bit more press, next page---



Herelandra

House of Constantinople: "Oh, my Allah! I had this terrible nightmare; the last nation on my preference list for a game of Diplomacy was the only one free and I was forced to play it! What? Wait? I wasn't dreaming? This is reality? You mean I am the Sultan? What year is this? Oh, no!

UTA to House of Constantinople: This is hardly reality, but you are the Sultan.

Brit to Newlywed: I guess this means there will be a duel to the death. Choose your Titan!

Newlywed to Brit: What, you wanted to be the Sultan? You should have written and asked...

Brit to world: The Minister of Correspondence was shot this morning for failing to provide the Prime Minister with time to write.

UTA to world: I assume he means write negotiations...but you never know.

NORDEEN 86AH

SPRING 1905: BLACK SEA BESEIGED

Austria (Jim Diehl): f con-bul/ec, a rum s a sev,
a war-mos (a ukr s, a sev s), a vie-gal,
a pru-lvn, a tyo s Ga mun /otm/.

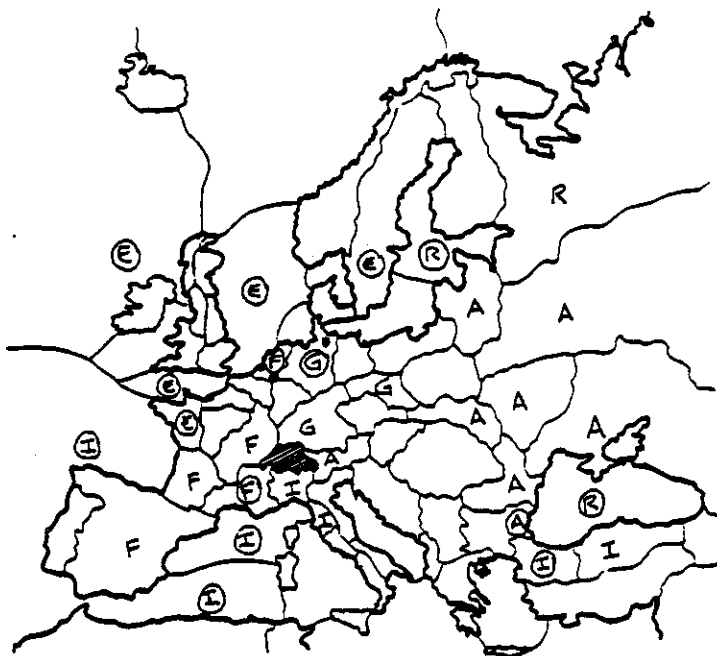
England (Hugh Christie): f nwg-nat, f nwy-swe,
f nts s Ff bel-hol, f eng-mid, f pic-bre.

France (Will Woodard): a gas-mar (a bur s,
a spa s), f mar-lyo, f bel-hol.

Germany (Steve Langley): f hel-kie (a hol s)
/a hol r ruh or otb/, a ruh-mun, a mun-sil.

Italy (Rob Wittmond): a pie-mar (f lyo s),
f naf-mid (f wes s), a ven-tus, f aeg-con,
a smy-ank.

Russia (John Crosby): f bla-sev (a mos s)
/a mos ann/, a lvn-stp, f swe-bot, f kie h
/f kie r hel den bal ber otb/.



DEADLINE FOR FALL 1905 (including Summer retreats)
is 27 JULY 1987 by mail (11pm 7/26 by phone) unless

two players request a delay or separation. A reminder--if you send more than one set of orders, date each set and be sure that it is complete; if a late set arrives without an order for one or more units, I will use an order from an earlier set. Likewise with press...

Warsaw: Is Moscow burning? Is Warsaw burning?

Germany: In the course of war, events may turn dark and peoples who have been allied in common cause find that a separate peace is preferable to a continued alliance. Thus allies become enemies, although the people themselves have not truly changed. It is the events and the words that are different.

TANITH 85CS

WINTER 1906: Austria declines his build; France builds
a par & f mar; Italy removes a rcm.

R/F draw--Aus, Ita & Rus vote yes; France votes no (Germany nvr but one-dot powers don't count).

SPRING 1907: REPATRIATION

Austria (Greg Ellis): a tri-bud, a tyo s Ra boh-mun (a vie s), a gre-alb, f bul-gre (a ser s).

France (Matt Kazur): f nat-nwg, f bar s f stp /otm/, f bel-nts (f lon s), f nts-ska,
a nwy-swe, a bur-mun (a kie s) (a hol s a kie), a par-pic, a pie s Ia ven, f mar-spa/sc.

Germany (Bob Baker): f stp/sc-bot.

Italy (John Crosby): f tyn-ion, f aeg-smy, f ion-eas, a ven h.

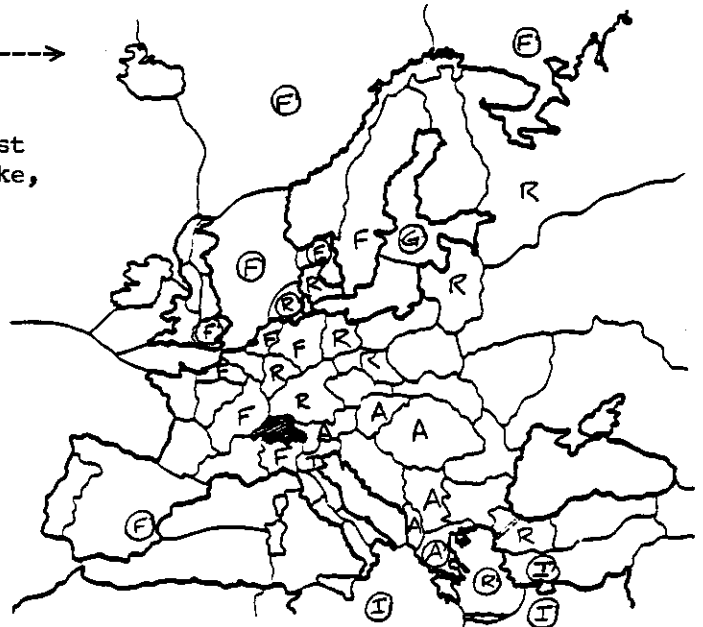
Russia (Evans Givan): a mos-stp (a lvn s), a ber-kie, a mun-ruh, f den-hel, a swe-den,
a boh-mun (a sil s, Aus s), f con-aeg, a smy-con.

DEADLINE FOR FALL 1907 is 27 JULY 1987 by mail (11pm 7/26 by phone); map and press are on the next page. Note--Austria proposes F/R draw or A/F/R draw; votes with orders please.

Herelandra

^{MORE} TANITH 85CS

TANITH map ----->



Austria to France: No, it wasn't exactly a stab by Italy. Stabbing implies trust, and I don't trust him. I made the moves I said I was going to make, but doing so didn't cost me anything. It might have cost me Greece, but John guessed wrong.

Austria to Italy: Will we never be able to ally? If France didn't vote for the two-way it is because he can see the next six dots he needs, and three of them are yours.

Austria to France: Pretty clever! Move to support your 'allies' while they give you supports for moves you don't make. And, aw shucks, that little miscommunication put them out of the game!

Austria to Italy: I wouldn't volunteer to move either of my armies on France's promise of support, if I were you.

UTA to Tanith: The following is a copy of a letter to Greg from the Democratic Secretary of Agriculture of Texas. Greg says that if this gets around his reputation will be shot. ...So be it.

Dear Greg:

My staff has told me of the help you gave them during the session. Because of your assistance strides were made toward helping not only our family farmers and ranchers but the consumers in the cities, farm workers, and those concerned about protecting our environment.

On behalf of the Texas Department of Agriculture and myself, I would like to offer my heartfelt appreciation for your help and hard work!

Best regards,

Jim Hightower
JIM HIGHTOWER

1985AZ / ANDY PANDA: This is an orphan from It's A Trap!
Here's the status after Spring 1907--

England (Russ Blau): has armies edi, mos, lvn, nwy;
fleets nts, den, gas, spa/sc, mid & mar.

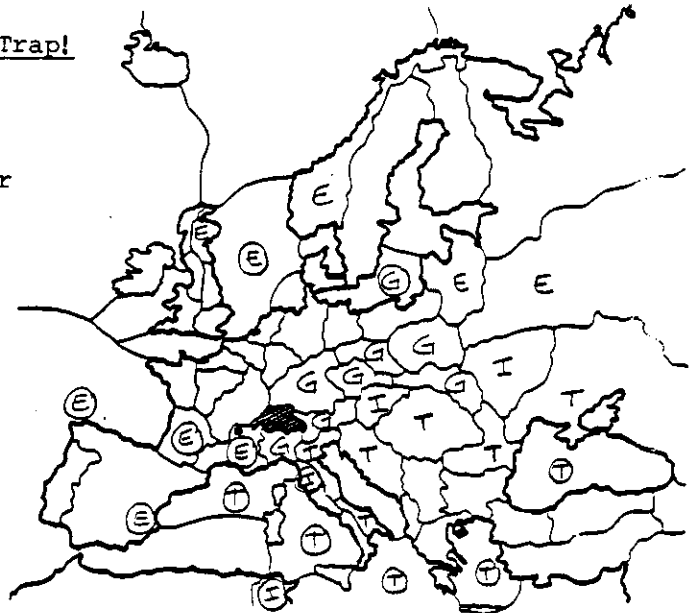
Germany (Greg Ellis): army mar must retreat to bur or
otb; also has f bal, armies war, gal, sil, boh,
mun, tyo, and pie.

Italy (James Wall): has a ukr, a vie, a ven,
f tus and f tun.

Turkey (Eric Diamond): has fleets lyo, tyn, ion,
aeg, bla; armies apu, tri, bud, rum, sev.

Proposed are an E/G draw and a concession to T.
Retreat, Orders, and Votes are due by 27 JULY 1987
by mail (7/26 by phone). Here is the sc count:

E	edi lon lvp bre mos nwy spa stp swe por	10
G	ber kie mun bel den hol mar par war	9
I	nap rom ven tri vie	5
T	ank con smy bud bul rum ser sev tun gre	10



Thulandra

number 10

...the silent planet

WELL WORLD Titan

TURN 4: WHAT HAS MARKIE GOT HIMSELF INTO?

BLACK (Mark Frueh 4320 Wallace St. Louis MO 63116) rolls a 4.

Battle Die holds at Marsh (M112) and is engaged there by Red Star; Hand of Fate holds at Plains (P20); Tombstone moves to Marsh (M108); White Lightning moves to Brush (B120) and engages Blue Tornado.

BLUE (Bruce Geryk **COA** 2751 Woodbine Dr Pontiac MI 48054) rolls a 1.

Raining Cloud moves to Hills (H23); Tornado moves to Brush (B120) and is engaged by Black White Lightning.

BROWN (Jeff Zarse **COA** Hinman Box 284 Hanover NH 03755) rolls a 5.

Tolling Bell holds at Jungle (J104); Beer Stein moves to Jungle (J5); Crossed Sceptres moves to Brush (B141).

GOLD (Don Scheifler see gm's address) rolls a 3.

Bearclaw holds at Marsh (M131); Fireball moves to Plains (P129); Coins moves to Jungle (J125); Swords moves to Plains (P29).

GREEN (Gary Behnen 13101 S Trenton Olathe KS 66062) rolls a 4.

Claw moves to Brush (B134); Frog holds at Brush (B38); Scales moves to Brush (B31); Dagger moves to Brush (B127).

RED (Ed Wrobel 3932 N Forestdale Av Dale City VA 22193) rolls a 2.

Star moves to Marsh (M112) and engages Black Battle Die; Cross moves to Brush (B10); Heart holds in Jungle (J12).

GM: Pete Gaughan 3121 East Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010-3744 (817) 633-3208

Engagements--

#1 Black Battle Die defends against Red Star at Marsh (M112).

#2 Blue Tornado defends against Black White Lightning at Brush (B120).

Musters--

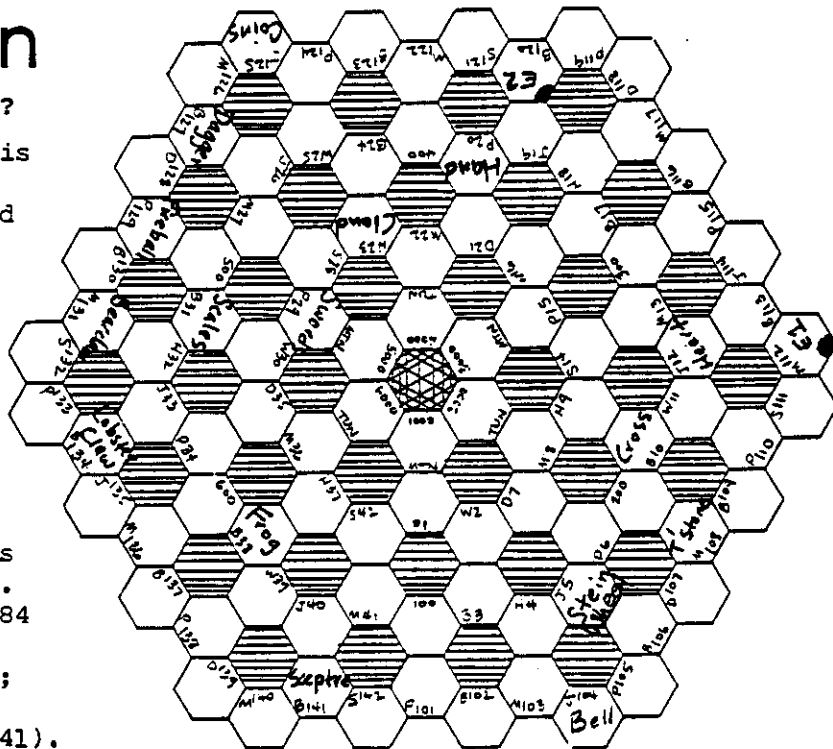
1 Ogre, 2 Gargoyles, 1 Lion, 1 Cyclops

Split--

Brown Beer Stein with Wagon Wheel at Jungle (J5).

Black Mark to Red Dead Ed: I am the "Madcon"--Lord of the Titans--prepare to meet your maker!
Black Mark to Blue Bruce: Move it or lose it, buster boy!

DEADLINE FOR TURN 5 (and any press along with it) is 11 pm June 29 (Monday). Defender Turn One orders for Engagements, or negotiated settlement, must be mailed within four days after you receive this. (Well, not the settlement, but at least the opening of negotiations...)



Thulcandra

number 11

...the silent planet

WELL WORLD Titan

TURN 5: GREEN CREATURES DISAPPEARING AT AN ALARMING RATE; FIRST GM ERROR HITS

The musters last turn should have included one more Cyclops, for a total of two, and 21 remaining after Turn Four.

BLACK (Mark Frueh) rolls a 5.

Battle Die is engaged at Marsh (M112);
Hand of Fate moves to Plains (P119);
Tombstone moves to Hills (H9);
White Lightning is engaged at Brush (B120).

BLUE (Bruce Geryk) rolls a 1.

Raining Cloud moves to Brush (B24);
Tornado is engaged at Brush (B120).

BROWN (Jeff Zarse) rolls a 6.

Tolling Bell moves to Marsh (M140);
Crossed Sceptres moves to Brush (B3);
Beer Stein moves to Plains (P101);
Wagon Wheel holds at Jungle (J5).

GOLD (Don Scheifler) rolls a 4.

Bearclaw holds at Marsh (M131); Fireball holds at Plains (P129); Coins holds at Jungle (J125); Swords moves to Jungle (J33).

GREEN (Gary Behnen) rolls a 6.

Lobster Claw moves to Brush (B38); Scales moves to Hills (H37);
Frog moves to Woods (W2); Dagger moves to Brush (B31).

RED (Ed Wrobel) rolls a 5.

Star is engaged at Marsh (M112); Cross moves to Plains (P15);
Heart moves to Brush (B109).

Musters after Turn Five: 1 each Ranger, Minotaur, Gargoyle, Troll; 2 Lions; 3 Cyclopes.

Splits after musters: Black Tombstone/Sweet Rose; Brown Bell/Dragon Prow; Red Cross/Scimitar; Blue Cloud/Trident.

Bruce Geryk has moved to 5528 S. Everett #3D, Chicago IL 60637 (312-324-6460). Other addresses will be included in the player roster.

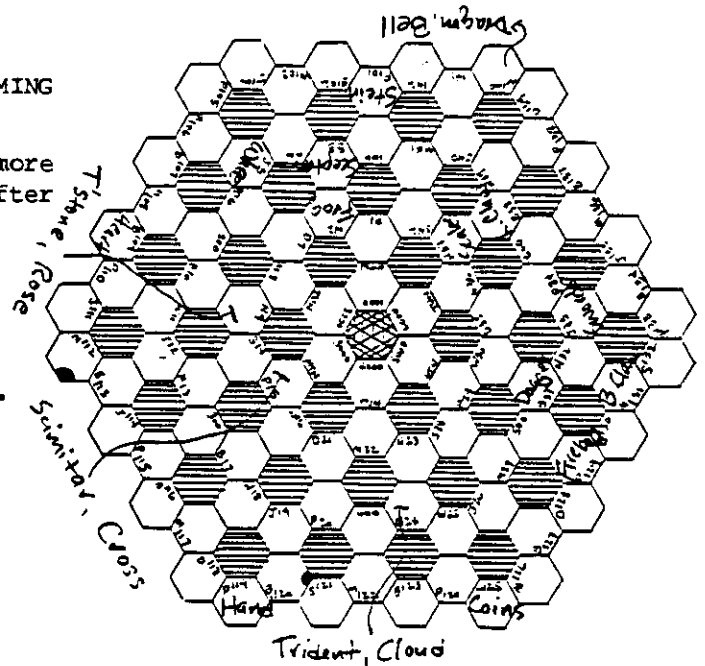
DEADLINE FOR TURN SIX ORDERS IS 11pm, 14 JULY 1987 (a Tuesday). Press:

Black Marked to Aggressors: I'll remember your cruel actions upon my legions.

Red Ed to Black Mark: You think me a fool, Frueh?! (Or would that be "free fool?") Your gargoyles are but a monstrous facade. I will chip them away without dulling my awl.

Ivory Tower to Well World: Several of you have commented on the name of this "subzine"--such as 'silent but deadly planet', etc. You may already know that Perelandra is C.S. Lewis' name for Venus, in the language spoken by the inhabitants of that planet and of Malacandra (Mars). That leaves Thulcandra--Earth--which translates into English as "silent land". One of Lewis' books was titled Out of the Silent Planet, telling of a journey from Earth.

The Well World, on the other hand, is the site of the Nathan Brazil series by Jack L. Chalker, an artificial planet run by a telepathic master computer.

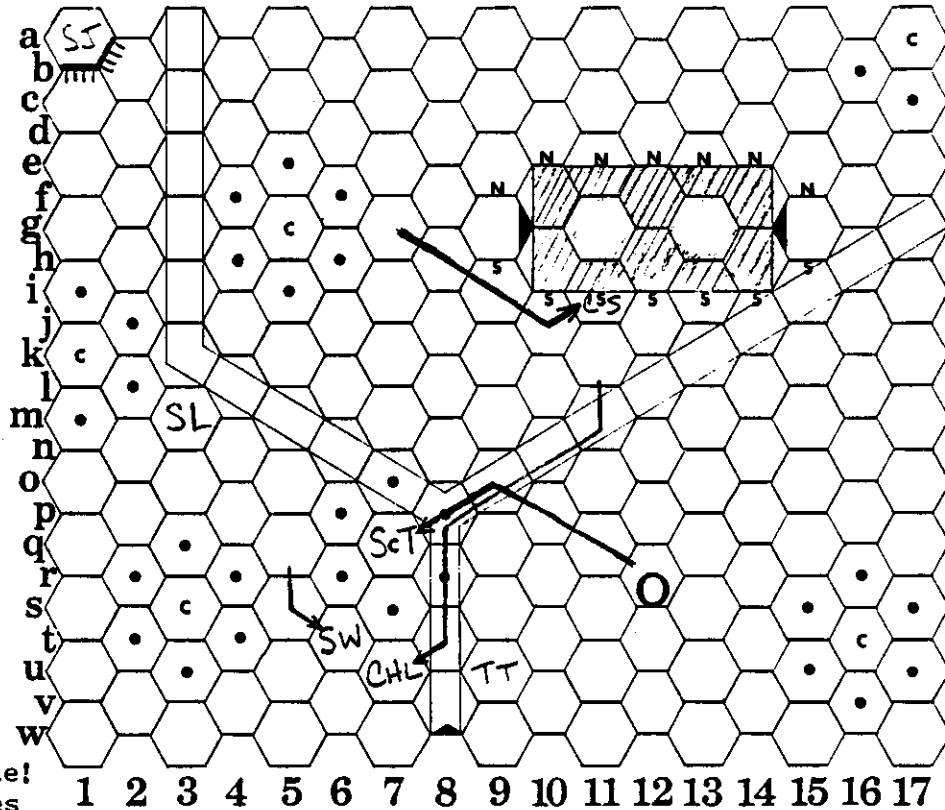


Herelandra

GETHEN ASF6

TURN TWO: SWIZZLE THUNK WAY OUT IN FRONT OF THE REST

Segment One: SnowLord (Tom Hise) is passed out on the west side, and SnowJob (Bob Baker) is busy building ammo all turn, leaving five snowfighters to battle each other. Coke Sniffer (Jim-Bob Burgess) runs around the corner of the shed to get out of Job's sight--but he moves so quickly he ALMOST falls over, catching himself against the side of the shed. Target Tommy (Tom Hurst) picks up a dirigible and looks around for a target; Cool Hand Luke (Bob Olsen) has found his target, though. As Swizzle Thunk (Jeff Zarse) runs past on his way to the tree, CHL slams his di at him--and misses by a mile! Snow White (Venessa Williams) takes advantage of SnowLord's sleep to splatter a Rattlesnake all over him.



Segment Two: Snow White and Cool Hand Luke tango as they both try to run to U7; Luke gets their first, but he's weaving a bit from the collision. Coke Sniffer and the Thunk are each picking up a Dirigible, and Tommy decides to ruin Thunk's day by hitting him, but ST is able to duck behind the tree to evade.

Segment Three: Nobody has been able to hit the Thunk this turn, and the Sniff keeps that string alive by missing badly with a di. Snow White is so disgusted at this she finally does bean ST, with a Rattler, but ST returns the favor threefold with a Dirigible! Every other player packs ammo for the next round of battle...

DEADLINE FOR TURN THREE ORDERS IS 27 JULY 1987 by mail. Three of you needed phone orders this time--for shame!

	<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Segment Two</u>	<u>attacked by</u>
CHL/Olsen/black	attack ST w/di		move to U7	
CS/Burgess/red	move to I11		collect di	
SJ/Baker/yellow	collect di		collect 2sb	
SL/Hise/lt. green	nmr!	SW/rr/95/**	nmr	
ST/Zarse/blue	move to Q7	CHL/di/10/--	collect di	TT/di/45/--
SW/Williams/white	attack SL w/rr		move to U7 T6	
TT/Hurst/dk. green	collect di		attack ST w/di	

	<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Status: vp / hp</u>	<u>sb / di</u>
Cool Hand Luke	collect 2sb		CHL	1 4 2 0
Coke Sniffer	attack closest w/di (ST)		CS	1 9 0 0
SnowJob	collect 2sb		SJ	0 8 6 1
SnowLord	nmr		SL	1 7 2 0
Swizzle Thunk	attack SW w/di	CS/di/10/--, SW/rr/80/**	ST	7 6 1 0
Snow White	attack ST w/rr	ST/di/65/**	SW	3 8 1 0
Target Tommy	collect 2sb		TT	2 8 2 0

TT to CHL: Is that a hat you're wearing, or Thunk's Dirigible?

CHL: Waah! Waah! Buncha big bullies! Just wait till I start writing Kitchen Press!

Perelandra

SnowMaster to CHL: I guess everyone took your press seriously--they decided not to send you inside just yet.

CHL to Brats: I've never in my life been subjected to such a vicious, savage attack (at least not since the last time I played Diplomacy with Mazzer...). What are you, a bunch of Daf Toadies.

Luke to SM: This SnowLord, he has a bit of an attitude problem, doesn't he?

Kitchen to Luke: I'd say the biggest attitude problem on the board is you.

TT to SJ: C'mon down here and chuck snow with the rest of us!

TT to CHL: What did you want us to call you?

Cool Hand Luke: I wonder if it is possible to write Golden Age Press in Snowball Fighting. Rather than going into the ins and outs of turn-of-the-century European politics, one could expatiate on various aspects of meteorology, crystallography, perhaps even cryogenics. The possibilities are limitless.

Kitchen to Cool One: I'd have to see it to believe it.

CHL to CS: You don't have enough sense to come in out of the rain, and you're a flake! So cool it!

CHL to SM: Thus, Golden Age SF Press.

SnowMaster to CHL: I don't believe it.

TT to ST: Look! Up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's a Dirigible!!

PLAYER ROSTER for all games

Bob "Jackrabbit" Baker 512 Snipes St. Charles MO 63303 314-928-6808
Gary "Greedy" Behnen 13101 South Trenton Olathe KS 66062 913-829-1474
Russ Blau 5005 Domain Place Alexandria VA 22311
Jim "Dr. Boob" Burgess 100 Holden Street Providence RI 02908-5731 401-351-0287
Hugh "Uncle Dizzy" Christie 43 East Houston Avenue Montgomery PA 17752 717-547-1082
John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382-6871
Eric Diamond 4320 NW 79th Avenue #2G Miami FL 33166
Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344
Greg "Halfling" Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701-2720 512-343-8202
Mark "Puppy" Frueh 4320 Wallace St. Louis MO 63116 314-832-1791
Bruce Geryk 5528 South Everett #3D Chicago IL 60637 312-324-6460
Evans "Blade" Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606 916-722-8982
Guy Hail 911 Blanco #208 Austin TX 78703 512-482-8507
Tom "The Cosmic Zap" Hise c/o Gano Center 1815 Gano Houston TX 77009 713-227-0304
Melinda "Hobby" Holley Box 2793 Huntington WV 25727-2793
Tom "Ralph the Gnome" Hurst 2686 Richardson Drive Fitchburg WI 53711
Matt "The Invisible Man" Kazur Box 5492 Washington DC 20016
Steve & Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825-3350 916-927-4077
Rex Martin Avalon Hill Game Co. 20 East Read Street Baltimore MD 21202
Bob "Pudge" Olsen 6818 Winterberry Circle Wichita KS 67226 316-686-7935
Dave Pilant 15819 Crystal Brook Houston TX 77068 713-583-7520
Don "Shyster" Scheifler 3121 East Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010-3744 817-633-3208
James "The" Wall 514 East Washington Madison WI 53703
Venessa Williams 1325 East Citrus Avenue #2C Redlands CA 92374 714-793-6751
Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd Street #308 Torrance CA 90504 213-542-9571
Will Woodard 1921 Tracey Circle Irving TX 75060 214-254-4549
"Fast Eddie" Wrobel 3932 North Forestdale Avenue Dale City VA 22193 703-670-3489
Jeff "El Wierd" Zarse Hinman Box 284 Hanover NH 03755 603-643-7694

Matt, you're "The Invisible Man" not because you don't participate in the zine (YOU DO! AND WE APPRECIATE THAT) but because nobody we know has ever seen you. We still don't have a very good nickname for Jeff, but this is better than "Smugpuff" for now.

PLEASE NOTE, since I forgot to point them out in the midst of the game reports...Bob Baker and Bruce Geryk and Jeff Zarse all have COAs. Also, Rob Wittmond played this turn in Nordeen without his issue of Pere, which was recently returned by the P.O. in shoddy shape. We're sorry for any inconvenience, Rob, and thanks for keeping things moving along.

Herelandra

It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

Well, here we are again. Hi! How are you guys?? I'm in sort of a mellow mood. But I'll probably be hyper by the end of this column. I really enjoy writing this. But for some reason I haven't got a brilliant idea to write about. The only thing I can think of is Jeff Zarse and his stinking preschooler-art contest. I just knew I would win but Kevin Tighe (who ever he is--and with my luck he's a big-time Dip player that little ol' me has never heard of) won.

Well, Kevin, tell me what the devil are those things you drew? Was it a horse and a cactus, or a cow and only god knows what else? Anyway, congratulations, sort of. I'm starting to think my drawing was later than preschool, that's why it didn't win. Right, Jeff, that's it, that's the ticket. Well, Jeff, it's been fun hassling you about it. But your zine is still one the best in my eyes, so I guess I won't call Bruce to change my Poll vote.

I guess everyone is now sick of all that so I'll try to think of something else. My life doesn't seem to change too much. But Pete, on the other hand--well, he doesn't change too much either. I don't think he lets people know what's going on in his life very much. He is no longer working in the drapery department; he's in cameras at Monkey Ward. The camera dept. consists of more than just cameras. It has typewriters, telephones, boomboxes and probably other things I can't think of. Anyway, he gets commission, sort of. Like if he sells a certain kind of typewriter he gets X dollars, not a percent of the whole sale. See what I mean? Anyway, right now he likes it. I hope he will for a while.

Oh, did I tell you I'm working on Sundays at a video store? It's really pretty funny. My first two Sundays I swore I was going to quit, but now I have someone there who helps me and it's not so bad. Yesterday I didn't go to work 'cause I have this bump on my head, right behind my ear on the right side. Well, Pete doesn't know what it is so he says we shouldn't worry about it. I hope it's no big deal myself. But I know it hurts sometimes.

Today (June 29th) Pete and I are both off work, so we're off to Fort Worth to get my name changed on my social security card. I'm still trying to get used to GAUGHAN. It's fun being married, though. I love always having Pete around. He's so wonderful.

Well, I think I'll end with that. Bye bye!

Cathy

Pete replies--She loves having me around, even if I don't worry enough about a bump on her head. Gives me a lump in the throat, y'know?

Well, we have several choices with this last page. We could run an abbreviated letter column, but the letters we have will wait. (Next issue look for the return of both Mark Luedi AND Mark Lew!) We could publish an article that's sitting here on Titan, and how Pete and Don Scheifler (and Cathy once or twice) have played a dozen times in the last six weeks (including tips from Tom Hise on how to beat Pete). We could publish the long-delayed essay on Downfall of the Lord of the Rings, which comes equipped with several pages of game reports from a Downfall running in Denver Glont. But in the end, the only real topic available is:

CONDOM

don't die of ignorance

Yes, folks, we're talking about Dipcon here. (What? You thought what?) At the recent Dipcon XX in Madison, Wisconsin, not only did Dave Head win the Diplomacy tournament, and Mark Frueh the Titan tournament, but a

bid was made and approved for Diplomats of Texas Society, Incorporated, to conduct Dipcon XXI at San Antonio in July 1988.

So a lot of you are saying, what the hell is a Diplomats of Texas Society (DOTS)? It's a non-profit corporation, with Stephen Wilcox as Chairman of the Board, and other board members being Greg Ellis, Pete Gaughan, Tom Hise, Bob Baker, and Daf Langley--no, excuse us, Greg is not on the Board but he is our "registered agent". This organization has been formed for the sole purpose of promoting Diplomacy and this Dip tournament in particular.

[continued---]

Right away, let me tell you that San Antonio is an excellent site. We expect to focus on two goals: providing extensive and diverse gaming, and providing recreation away from the game boards. We are blessed with an overabundance of sightseeing and activities available, to the extent that we are hoping and expecting to see many families attend Dipcon for the first time. "Significant others" (spouses and girlfriends and boyfriends) is the phrase being batted around, as we try to make Dipcon XXI a vacation as well as a convention and tournament.

Of course, games will be primary. Stephen will be the tournament director, and besides Diplomacy we'll have tournaments for Titan and Empire Builder. Other games such as Civilization, Snowball Fighting, or even bridge, are possible "tournament" entries.

To build up to all this, D.O.T.S. Inc. will be hosting a series of one-day conventions. In October we'll start in Houston; Austin will be the site early next year, as we team up with the U. of Texas gaming group; and we may hold a con in the Dallas/Ft. Worth area. Right now we're looking at the July Fourth weekend for Dipcon, especially since Worldcon will probably be the weekend after that in the United Kingdom.

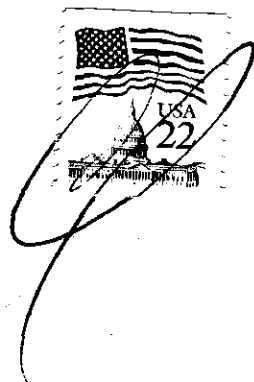
Inquiries or suggestions may be sent to any of the Board members, or to the D.O.T.S. office at 8222 Bent Tree, Suite 237, Austin TX 78759. See you next month in Perelandra, and next summer at the Alamo!

Some zine business to finish up. At the right is a list of the pending games in Pere. If you are checked off as "signed up" but not "paid", we'll need the gamefee before the game starts. Your subscription balance, as always, is at the bottom of the page. And current players, NOTE! Your code-name, as provided in the House for phone orders, is written here. Use this for your records, as we are again having problems with fake orders by phone.

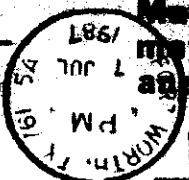
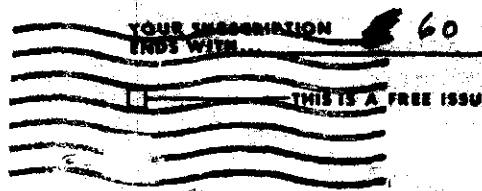
<u>game</u>	<u>signed up?</u>	<u>paid?</u>
Diplomacy.....	_____	_____
Gunboat Dip.....	_____	_____
Snowball Fighting.....	_____	_____
Downfall.....	_____	_____
Deviant Dip.....	_____	_____
CODENAME.....	<u>ZUCCINI</u>	

Perelandra

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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.