

Perelandra 2

number 52

August



Elric of Melnibone

chapter 6, "Pursuit: A Deliberate Treachery"

Michael Moorcock

He tasted salt and thought at first it was blood. But it was sea water. A wave had risen over the deck and momentarily revived him. He struggled to crawl from under the dead man and then he heard a voice he recognised. He twisted his head and looked up.

Prince Yyrkoon stood there. He was grinning. He was full of glee at Elric's plight. Black, oily smoke still drifted everywhere, but the sounds of the fight had died.

'Are--are we victorious, cousin?' Elric spoke painfully.

'Aye. The barbarians are all dead now. We are about to sail for Imrryr.'

Elric was relieved. He would begin to die soon if he could not get to his store of potions.

His relief must have been evident, for Yyrkoon laughed. 'It is as well the battle did not last longer, my lord, or we should have been without our leader.'

'Help me up, cousin.' Elric hated to ask Prince Yyrkoon any favour, but he had no choice. He stretched out his empty hand. 'I am fit enough to inspect the ship.'

Yyrkoon came forward as if to take the hand, but then he hesitated, still grinning. 'But my lord, I disagree. You will be dead by the time this ship turns eastward again.'

'Nonsense. Even without the drugs I can live for a considerable time, though movement is difficult. Help me up, Yyrkoon, I command you.'

'You cannot command me, Elric. I am emperor now, you see.'

'Be wary, cousin. I can overlook such treachery, but others will not. I shall be forced ...'

Yyrkoon swung his legs over Elric's body and went to the rail. Here were bolts which held one section of the rail in place when it was not used for the gangplank. Yyrkoon quickly released the bolts and kicked the section of rail into the water.

Now Elric's efforts to free himself became more desperate. But he could hardly move at

Yyrkoon, on the other hand, seemed possessed of unnatural strength. He bent and easily threw the corpse away from Elric.

'Yyrkoon,' said Elric, 'this is unwise of you.'

'I have always been a cautious man, cousin, as well as you know.' Yyrkoon placed a booted foot on Elric's ribs and began to shove. Elric slid towards the gap in the rail. He could feel the black sea heaving below. 'Farewell, Elric. Now a true Melnibonean shall sit upon the Throne. And, who knows, might even make Cymoril his queen? It has not been ...'

continued overleaf



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and Cathy Gaughan 3121 East Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010 817-633-3208

Merelandra

[...] And now Elric began to feel almost grateful to his cousin. His life was over. The conflicts which tore his mind would no longer trouble him. His fears, his torments, his loves and his hatreds all lay in the past and only oblivion lay before him. As the last of his breath left his body, he gave himself wholly to the sea; to Straasha, Lord of all the Water Elementals, once the comrade of the Melnibonean folk. And as he did this he remembered the old spell which his ancestors had used to summon Straasha. The spell came unbidden into his dying brain.

Waters of the sea, thou gave us birth
And were our milk and mother both
In days when skies were overcast
You who were first shall be last

Sea-rulers, fathers of our blood,
Thine aid is sought, thine aid is sought,
Your salt is blood, our blood your salt,
Your blood the blood of Man.

Straasha, eternal king, eternal sea
Thine aid is sought by me;
For enemies of thine and mine
Seek to defeat our destiny, and drain
away our sea.

Either the words had an old, symbolic meaning or they referred to some incident in Melnibonean history which even Elric had not read about. The words meant very little to him and yet they continued to repeat themselves as his body sank deeper and deeper into the green waters. Even when blackness overwhelmed him and his lungs filled with water, the words continued to whisper through the corridors of his brain. It was strange that he should be dead and still hear the incantation.

It seemed a long while later that his eyes opened and revealed swirling water and, through it, huge, indistinct figures gliding towards him. Death, it appeared, took a long time to come and, while he died, he dreamed. The leading figure had a turquoise beard and hair, pale green skin that seemed made of the sea itself and, when he spoke, a voice that was like a rushing tide. He smiled at Elric.

Straasha answers thy summons, mortal. Our destinies are bound together. How may I aid thee, and, in aiding thee, aid myself?

Elric's mouth was filled with water and yet he still seemed capable of speech (thus proving he dreamed). He said:

'King Straasha. The paintings in the Tower of D'a'rputna--in the library. When I was a boy I saw them, King Straasha.'

The sea king stretched out his sea-green hands. 'Aye. You sent the summons. You need our aid. We honour our ancient pact with your folk.'



Although Elric doesn't believe it's real until he stands on dry land, Straasha does rescue him and aids him in bringing down the usurper, Yyrkoon. (Straasha even seems a bit disappointed that this is all Elric asks of him.) The Elric series was a watershed for Moorcock. It demonstrated, again, that he was a wealth of ideas--but poor in execution of them, and he has stuck to editing and short fiction since. Where Jerry Cornelius (Moorcock's other superhero) draws his strength from his wildness and uninhibited personality, Elric is frail and somewhat introverted, drawing his strength from his unconventional principles, drugs, and his miraculous resurrection. Cornelius works because he changes and develops; other than the rescue, Elric changes little through the saga.

Perelandra

Game Openings

- DIPLOMACY: We have six and need just one more--game fee is \$5 plus a subscription. Signed up are: Gary Behnen, John Crosby, Jim Diehl, Matt Kazur, Rich Miller, and Jim Nickel. A word of explanation--Rich and his girlfriend, Lisa Denise Marshall, will be playing as a team (since this is their entry into the Dip hobby). Rich will be the player of record, but negotiations may be carried on with either since they will be commiserating on their orders.
- GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY: We have six for this also, need one more--game fee is \$3 plus a sub. This game will be no-press, on twice-monthly deadlines.
- SNOWBALL FIGHTING: Three people are signed up, needs four or five more--\$3 plus sub. This game will be anonymous. Rules are available for \$1.
- DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS: Signed up and paid are Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, and Geoffrey Richard. Costs \$5 plus a sub. I'm sure there are others interested, since some of you have asked about the game. Rob Wittmond? Mark Luedi? Conrad von Metzke? Rules are available for \$1, which may be applied toward gamefee.
- DEVIANT DIPLOMACY: Mark Lew, Kevin Tighe, Russ Blau, and Jim Burgess are interested. If one or two more ask, I'll open this up and begin accepting a \$5 gamefee. Deviant Dip has only one additional rule:

"Each Fall or Spring turn, each player may propose a rule change. All proposed changes will be offered to the players, anonymously, and votes on the proposals will be due with the next game deadline. Each player will have as many votes as he owns supply centers (exception: Russia will only have three votes on 1901 proposals), and may divide these votes among the proposals as he sees fit, or not cast them at all. The proposal which receives the most votes will be put in effect following the deadline of the vote. If two or more proposals tie for first place, they are all put in effect."

NOTES ON GAMES IN PERELANDRA Preference lists are not used for Dip or Gunboat--they will be accepted for other games. If you are paying a gamefee in Canadian funds, please add \$1. There will not be another Titan opening in Pere--the first one is proving to be too much work. But we are taking suggestions on one more game--Snit's Revenge? Kriegspiel?

STANDBYS receive two free issues for submitting standby orders. Our wonderful standbys are Tom Hurst, Nhan Vu, Greg Ellis, Evans Givan, Gary Behnen, Daf Langley, and John Crosby. Steve Emmert is called to serve in 1987CK/Rathillien, so he comes off the list unless he asks back on.

Literary Quiz

Last month's questions---

8R--The book, The Lion of Judah in Never-Never Land, is a critical review of what other book or books? This surprised me--the only close guess was Jim-Bob's Peter Pan. No, it was a review of C.S. Lewis' Chronicles of Narnia. ---Later in the process of typing, I found Rich Miller's correct guess!

T532B: What was the title of A.B. Guthrie's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel? No guesses at all, but the correct answer was The Way West.

T209F: How many lines of text were contained in Gutenberg's "Mazarin" bible of 1453 A.D.? Only Jim Burgess got this one right--42. Curiously, the first bible in German was not printed until 1466 (Johann Mentel of Strasbourg). Jim wins a leftist button for this--let me reach into the sack and pull out....ah, yes. A one-eyed smiley face with the words, "Mutants for Nuclear Power". (Trust me, they get a little more radical than that.)

For next month---

DS8--Upon which case was Sherlock Holmes engaged when he disguised himself as an amiable and simple-minded Non-conformist clergyman?

Q45B--This physically deformed man of letters was one of the first Englishmen to demonstrate that literature could be a gainful profession. An intimate of Swift, Gay and Viscount Bolingbroke, he penned a brilliant mock-epic on the theft of a curl. Who was this "wicked wasp of Twickenham"?

Herelandra

TANITH 85CS

THIS IS WHAT A GAMEMASTER IS FOR

F/R and A/F/R draws: Austria and Russia vote yes to both; France and Italy no to both.

FALL 1907

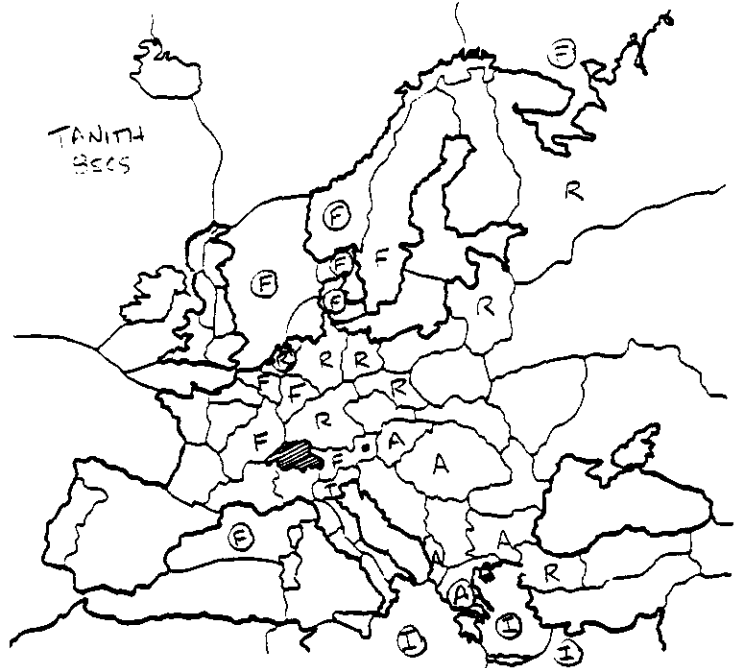
Austria (Greg Ellis): a bud-tri, a tyo-ven
/boh otb/, a vie-tri, a alb s f gre,
f gre s rus f aeg-ion /nso/, a ser-bul.

France (Matt Kazur): f nwq-nwy, f lon-nts,
f bar s rus a lvn-stp /nso/, f nts-den
(f ska s, f swe s), a kie-mun /ann/,
a hol-ruh (a bur s), a pic-bel, a pie-tyo,
f spa/sc-lyo.

Germany (J.R. Baker): f bot-swe ("with some
support I hope").

Italy (John Crosby): f smy-aeg (f ion s),
f eas s f ion, a ven s fre a pie-tyo.

Russia (Evans Givan): a stp h (a lvn s),
a den-kie (a ber s), f hel-hol (a ruh s)
/a ruh ann/, a mun s aus a tyo /otm/, a sil s a mun, f aeg-smy (a con s).



An explanation--Evans ordered "f con s f aeg-smy" but does not have a fleet in con. My usual practice is merely to change the unit designation--check your Rulebook, it does not say you have to list what type of unit you have. So whether you list this move as I have, or as most others would (e.g., "f con s /nsu/, a con u"), does make a difference here.

SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1907

Austria	vie bud ser rum bul tri gre	7/7	build one
France	bre par map spa por bel kiz nos lvp edi lon nwy SWE DEN	12/12	build one
Germany	stb	1/0	out
Italy	rom nap ven tun SMY	4/5	build one
Russia	mos war sev swe den ber ank con smy mun KIE STP HOL	10/10	build one

And a question--How should I deal with players' comments that they plan to vote such and so to all draws for the foreseeable future? Publish them? Register a perpetual yes or no until they notify me otherwise?

Well, your DEADLINE FOR WINTER '07 (including Austrian retreat) AND SPRING 1908 is AUGUST 26. Germany: How about convoying me to Tunis?

UTA to German: Sorry, guy. But thanks for spicing up the game.

Austria to Germany: So long, JR. You should have joined the right side a little earlier. Then we could have helped you survive this.

Austria to Italy: I knew you were going to make a strange move! Congratulations on having it pay off so well. The only question is, how long can you trust Matt with your back door so wide open?

Austria to France: You did notice, didn't you, that his back door is wide open?!

France to Austria: England was out of the game long before I took his last center, as you well know. Our Italian brethren have nothing to fear from us, as we have an understanding. Besides, we enjoy holding off five Austrian armies with our two far too much to stab.

France to Russia: This should be your high-water mark. Did you remember to bring a life preserver? But how do you persuade these players to walk out of their centers for you?

Russia to Italy: Now is sure a good time for you to nmr.

Playlist for this issue--The congressional hearings; Spyro Gyra, Breakout; Blyth Power, the complete works; Eternal Ireland, a collection of Irish harp pub music; Texas Rangers vs. Milwaukee Brewers. Lemme tell you, Blyth Power is one hell of a band.

Thulandra

number 13

...the silent planet

WELL WORLD Titan

TURN SEVEN: STACKS BEGIN TO RETURN

- BLACK** (Mark Frueh) rolls a 1. Hand of Fate moves to Hills (H18) and is attacked by Red Scimitar; Tombstone moves to Brush (B10); Scorpy holds at Marsh (M17).
- BLUE** (Bruce Geryk) rolls a 3. Raining Cloud moves to Hills (H23); Tornado holds at Brush (B120); Trident moves to Woods (W25).
- BROWN** (Jeff Zarse) rolls a 1. Tolling Bell moves to Jungle (J33); Beer Stein moves to Woods (W2) and is attacked by Green Gem; Crossed Sceptres moves to Tower (100); Wagon Wheel holds at Plains (P101); Dragon Prow moves to Desert (D139); Treasure Chest moves to Marsh (M8).
- GOLD** (Don Scheifler) rolls a 6. Bearclaw moves to Hills (H37); Fireball moves to Tundra (TUN 6000) and attacks Green Scales; Coins moves to Plains (P119).
- GREEN** (Gary Behnen) rolls a 6. [Note--Claw/Gem were positioned incorrectly on last turn's map; nearby players were notified.] Lobster Claw moves to Brush (B38); Scales moves to Tundra (TUN6000) and is attacked by Gold Fireball; Gem moves to Woods (W2) and attacks Brown Beer Stein.
- RED** (Ed Wrobel) rolls a 3. Heart moves to Brush (B106); Scimitar moves to Hills (H18) and attacks Black Hand of Fate; Star moves to Brush (B109).

musters this turn: 3 Cyclopes; 2 Gargoyles; 1 each Behemoth, Gorgon, Guardian, Lion, Minotaur, Troll and Warbear. No legions split this turn.

Players may wish to re-read the rules concerning legions returning to the Masterboard...Press:

Jeff to Bruce: I'm coming home at the end of August--wanna fake Perelandra then?

Pete to Jeff: If you guys will attend PudgeCon, I'll try to be there and help you do it.

Ed Wrobel sends word of a Titan National Tournament, Oct. 16-18 in Virginia. See plug in Pere.

DEADLINE FOR TURN EIGHT IS AUGUST 13, 11:00pm.

ENGAGEMENT #1 in Marsh M112

Red Star defeats Black Battle Die; 2 Gargoyles and 1 Ogre die. 24 points.

ENGAGEMENT #2 in Brush B120

Blue Tornado defeats Black White Lightning; 2 Centaurs and 2 Ogres die. 24 points.

ENGAGEMENT #3 in Plains P15

Red Cross defends against Black Sweet Rose

ENGAGEMENT #4 in Hills H9

Black Tombstone defeats Green Frog; 2 Gargoyles die. 24 points.

ENGAGEMENT #5 in Jungle J33

Gold Swords defends against Green Dagger

ENGAGEMENT #6 in Tundra TUN6000

Green Scales defends against Gold Fireball; defender enters through 1, 15, 14.

ENGAGEMENT #7 in Hills H18

Black Hand of Fate defends against Red Scimitar; defender enters through 9,10,11.

ENGAGEMENT #8 in Woods W2

Brown Beer Stein defends against Green Gem; defender enters through 9, 10, 11.

Point standings: Black, Blue, and Red 24 each; Brown, Gold and Green 0 each.

Map and creature report on following page.

Herelandra

NORDEEN 86AH

THE RUSSIANS ARE GOING, THE RUSSIANS ARE GOING!

Summer 1905: German a hol-ruh, hel-kie was an adjudication error last month, so the Russian kie did not need to retreat. Last month it didn't; but now...

FALL 1905

Austria (Jim Diehl): f bul/ec s ita f con-bla, a rum s f bul, a ukr-war, a sev-arm,

a gal-sil, a lvn-stp (a mos s), a tyo h.

England (Hugh Christie): f nts-den (f swe s), f eng-nts, f bre-mid (f nat s),

France (Will Woodard): a spa-por, a bur-mar, f mar-spa/sc (a gas s), f hol s ger f hel-kie /nso/.

Germany (Steve Langley): a mun-kie (a ruh s), f hel-den, a sil-ber.

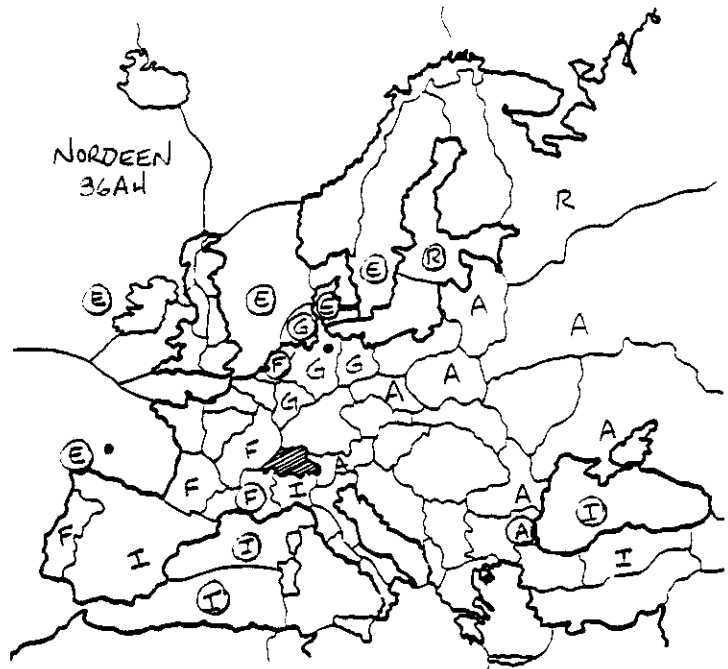
Italy (Rob Wittmond): a pie-mar, f mid-gas /iri eng naf otb/, a tus-spa (f lyo c, f wes s), f con-bla, a ank-arm.

Russia (John Crosby): f bla-con /ann/, f bot s a stp, f kie h /bal otb/.

SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1905

Austria	bud vie ser bul rum war sev con MOS	8/9	build one
England	lon lvp edi bre nwy SWE DEN	5/7	build two
France	par map por spa bel HOL	5/5	even
Germany	mun ber hol den KIE	4/3	remove one
Italy	ven rom nap tun tri gre smy ANK SPA	7/9	build two
Russia	hol stp spa ank kie	5/1	remove two or three

DEADLINE FOR AUTUMN '05, WINTER '05, AND SPRING '06 IS 26 AUGUST 1987 by mail, 11pm 8/25 by phone.



RATHILLIEN 87CK

EVERYBODY PANIC--FRANCE BUILDS THREE

FALL 1901

Austria (Dave Pilant): a vie-gal, a rum-ser, f alb-gre.

England (~~Tom Hurst~~ Steve Emmert): f nwg-nwy, f nts-eng, a yor-lon.

France (Melinda Holley): f eng-bel, a gas-spa, a spa-por.

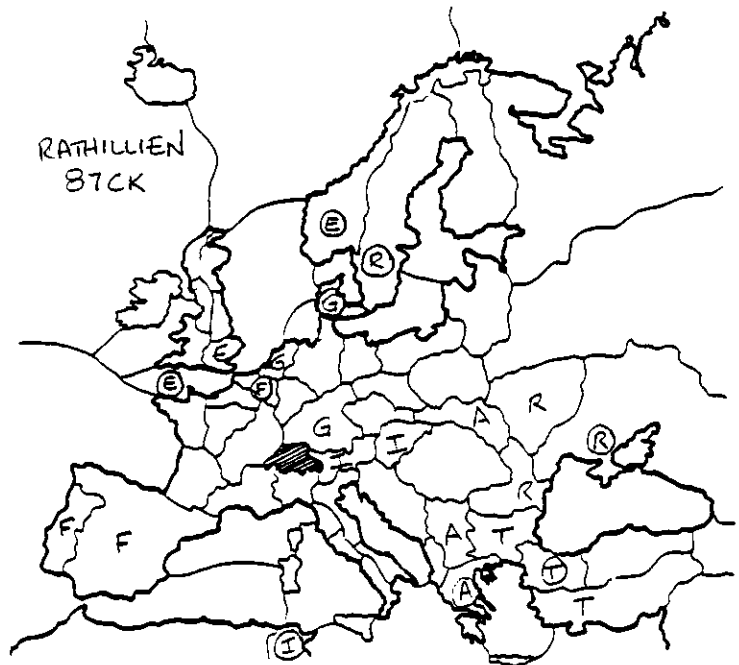
Germany (Tom Hurst): a kie-hol, f den h, a ruh-mun.

Italy (Rex Martin): a tyo-vie, a ven-tyo, f ion-tun.

Russia (Gary Behnen): f bot-swe, a ukr-rum, a war-ukr, f bla-sev.

Turkey (Guy Hail): f con s a bul, a ank-smy, a bul s rus a ukr-rum.

The English orders are from Tom, who resigns due to time pressures. DEADLINE FOR WINTER 1901 ONLY is 26 AUGUST 1987 by mail (11pm the night before by phone). SC chart is on the next page, I hope, along with some (gasp!) press!



Perelandra

SUPPLY CENTERS HELD IN RATHILLIEN, AS OF WINTER 1901

Rathillien press...

Austria	ylz bud tri GRE SER	3/4	build one
England	lvp lon edi NWY	3/4	build one
France	bre par mar SPA POR BEL	3/6	build three
Germany	mun ber kie DEN HOL	3/5	build two
Italy	ven rom nap VIE TUN	3/5	build two
Russia	stp mos war sev SWE RUM	4/6	build two
Turkey	con ank smy BUL	3/4	build one

Kaiser Gnome to World: Sorry for the brevity, but summer is my busy time at work.

Constantinople: Apparently each of you thinks I sit in your back pocket, 'cause no one is talking or listening.

Germany to Italy: C.Y.A. is hardly an indication of enmity!

Italy to Austria: The Pope done said that youse guys have been disruptin' things in our neighborhood. Worse, youse can't seem to keep your shop in order. Here you are afeudin' with them Romanovs already. So he says that maybe we should help youse. That you need some protection. So we come to take up the wine concession in Vienna, relieving you of that burden while you settle matters with them Slavs. And if youse don't like it, the Godfather says maybe we should sends Vito. He's very good at making folk see that it will be in their best interest for us to help.

Constantinople: Agents of the Porte today arrested a man identified only as "Captain South." He has been charged with treason for selling Turkish munitions to the Austrians. He excused himself saying "I was attempting to contact pro-Moslem factions within their government. Selling them advanced Islamic weapons seemed the best way to do it."

|||||

ANDY PANDA 85AZ (I promise to have a caption for you guys by next deadline!)

DO WE REALLY WANT TO PLAY THIS OUT?

	Eng	Ger	Ita	Tur	Under Perelandra's
E/G draw:	nvr	yes	no	no	houserules, nvr=no,
T win:	nvr	yes	yes	yes	so Turkey doesn't

win quite that easily. Note that one of you--no, two of you sent order-changes that didn't say anything about the earlier votes, so those votes stood.

For next time, Italy proposes an EGIT draw,

Turkey proposes an ET draw.

Summer 1907: German a mar-bur.

FALL 1907

England (Russ Blau): a edi-hol (f nts c),
a mos ms a lvn /a mos r stp otb/, a nwy-swe,
 f den u, f gas-mid, f mid-eng,
f mar ms f spa/sc /f mar ann/.

Germany (Greg Ellis): f bal-lvn, a war s tur a sev-mos, a gal-vie, a sil-ber, a boh-mun,
 a mun-ruh, a tyo s tur a apu-ven, a pie-mar (a bur s).

Italy (James Wall): a ukr-mos, a vie s tur a rum-gal /nso; r boh otb/, a ven-rom /pie otb/,
f tus-rom, f tun s tur f tyn-wes /nso/.

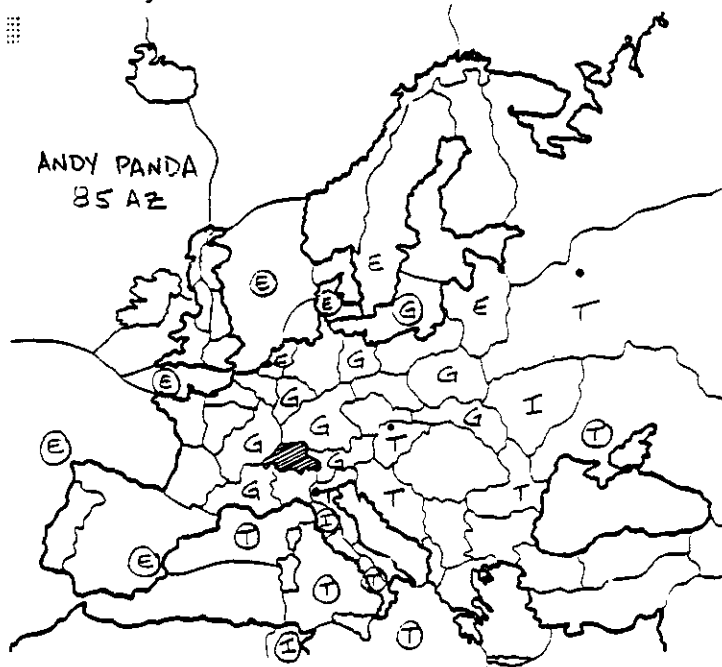
Turkey (Eric Diamond): f lyo-spa/sc, f tyn-rom, f ion-nap, f aeg-ion, a apu-ven, a rum-ukr,
 a bud-vie (a tri s), f bla-sev, a sev-mos.

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SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1907 and press overleaf...

England	edi lon lvp bre nos nwy spa stp swe por HOL DEN	10/11	build two or three
Germany	ber kie mun bel den nos mar par war	9/7	remove two
Italy	rom nap ven ylz vie TUN	5/2	remove 1, 2, or 3
Turkey	ank con smy bud bul rum ser sev ylz gre NAP VEN TRI VIE	10/14	build three

/oops: MOS



Pereleandra

Andy Panda press--

Munich to London: I can't believe you blew this one, Russ.

Munich to Ankara: Congratulations, Eric, on a fine win. I am hoping the concession passes this year; I won't ever have nine centers again in this game.

Munich to the Wall: I don't think Russ will be stalemated. I think he is going to lose.

Munich to UTA: The second this game goes into your zine it goes sour for me. I wonder if that is supposed to mean something.

UTA to Austin: Yeah, it means you're only going to win every other game in Pere.

[Note Eric's COA below also.]

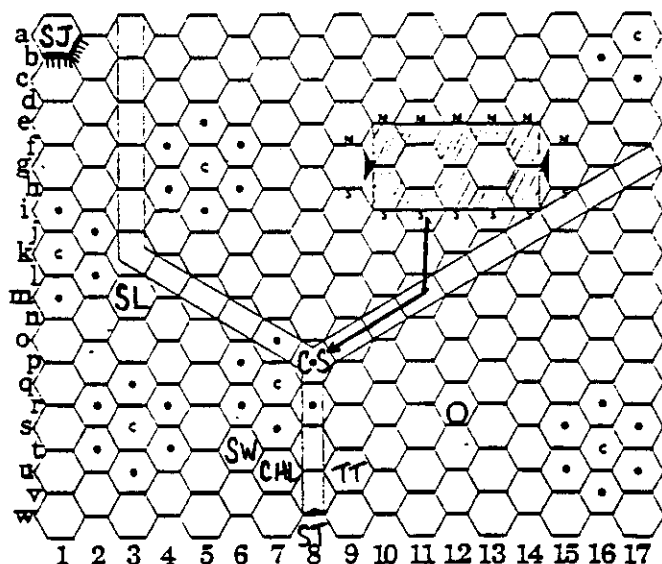
Bob "Jackrabbit" Baker 512 Snipes St. Charles MO 63303 314-928-6808
Gary "Greedy" Behnen 13101 South Trenton Olathe KS 66062 913-829-1474
Russ Blau 5005 Domain Place Alexandria VA 22311
Jim "Dr. Boob" Burgess 100 Holden St Providence RI 02908-5731 401-351-0287
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John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382-6871
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Steve & Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825-3350 916-927-4077
Rex Martin Avalon Hill Game Co. 20 East Read St Baltimore MD 21202
Bob "Pudge" Olsen 6818 Winterberry Circle Wichita KS 67226-1253 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 Av #2C Redlands CA 92374 714-793-6751
Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd St #308 Torrance CA 90504 213-542-9571
Will Woodard 1921 Tracey Circle Irving TX 75060 214-254-4549
"Fast Eddie" Wrobel 3932 N Forestdale Avenue Dale City VA 22193 703-670-3489
Jeff "Bubbles" Zarse Hinman Box 284 Hanover NH 03755 603-643-7694

GETHEN ASF6

TURN THREE: THUNK ELUDES 'EM ALL!

Segment One: Everybody, it seems, realizes the threat that Swizzle Thunk poses with his huge lead. The problem is that nobody can hit him! Snow White and Cool Hand Luke each hit the tree to cause a Conifer Storm but ST picks up a snowball and steps out from under the conifer! SnowJob tosses a bomb from his Snow Fort in the corner, but misses by a wide margin. Only Target Tommy actually causes any damage, hitting the Thunk with a Rattlesnake attack from one hex away. While all this goes on, Snow Lord drops one on top of SnowJob, and Coke Sniffer packs together a Dirigible.

beep! please turn the page...



Herelandra

Snowball Fighting

Segment Two: Luke picks up some more ammo and tries to move, but Swizzle Thunk is in his way; that's not all, ST is grinning wildly and throwing a Bolero attack at Luke and Tommy. Tom is a bit better prepared. Although only part of the Bolero is good, at least TT hits Thunk again! SnowJob is still trying to plaster Swizzle, still failing, while SnowLord is still attacking SJ. The Sniff runs into range with his fearsome weapon, and Snow White bends over quickly to pick up some of her own...

Segment Three: ...and these two (CS and SW) both attack Swizzle Thunk, for a potential 4 hp of damage. BUT THE THUNK HAS RUN INSIDE! He cackles from behind the kitchen window as the attacks rattle the door jamb. SnowLord picks up a di; SnowJob gets tired of the abuse and tries to hit SL but even fails at that. Cool Hand Luke, on the other hand, gets in gear by hitting both Snow White and Target Tommy with a Bolero. Unfortunately for him, this leaves him unarmed while his targets stand within a hex or two!

<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Segment Two</u>	<u>attacked by</u>
CHL conifer storm @ Q7		collect sb, 4046/40/78	ST/bb/75/--
CS collect di		move to P8	
SJ attack ST w/rr	SL/rr/60/**	attack ST w/rr	SL/rr/60/**
SL attack SJ w/rr		attack SJ w/rr	
ST collect sb, move to T8	{ SJ/rr/45/-- TT/rr/95/**	attack CHL & TT w/bb	{ SJ/rr/50/-- TT/rr/95/**
SW conifer storm @ Q7		collect 2 sb	
TT attack ST w/rr		attack ST w/rr	ST/bb/70/**

	<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>vp / hp</u>	<u>sb / di</u>
Cool Hand Luke/Bob Olsen	attack SW & TT w/bb		3 4	0 0
Coke Sniffer/Jim Burgess	attack ST w/di (fails)		1 9	0 0
SnowJob/J.R. Baker	attack nearest (SL) w/rr		0 6	3 1
SnowLord/Tom Hise	collect di	SJ/rr/80/--	3 7	0 1
Swizzle Thunk/Jeff Zarse	move into kitchen		8 4	- -
Snow White/Venessa Williams	attack ST w/rr (fails)	CHL/bb/70/**	3 7	1 0
Target Tommy/Tom Hurst	collect 2 sb	CHL/bb/75/**	4 6	2 0

DEADLINE FOR TURN FOUR ORDERS IS 26 AUGUST 1987. Press, I guess.

Olsen to SnowMaster: I suggest "Black Jack" Zarse. My reasons are somewhat convoluted (to say the least) but see if you can follow this: Zarse suggests Farce which suggests Farsi which suggests Persia which suggests Pershing which suggests Black Jack. It's so obvious.

SM to Cold-Headed Loser: No, no, Jeff has quite adequately named himself. His name tag at Dipcon XX read "Bubbles" so Bubbles he is.

CHL to ST: Come out from behind that tree and fight like a kid!

SJ to ST: Well, if you wanted to be "way out in front" you should have chosen a name like "Dolly."

SJ to TT: This is sort of like the arcade shooting game; every time you hit the bear, he growls, stands up to expose his belly target, and turns around to go back the other way...
....ching, rraowww.....ching, rraowww....

Tommy to Thunk: I know, I know, you like being the center of attention!

Thunk to Kitchen: Mommy, I'm cold, I want to come in!

SJ to ST: I don't suppose you know how to make a Banana Daquiri?

SnowJob to Snow White: I certainly appreciate all your assistance in selecting a suitable place to unload my balls! But come to think of it...what do you call a snowman without any balls?

SnowMaster to SnowJob: Olsen?

SJ to SM: It's a long way from the kitchen, but I'm cooking now!

TT to SJ: Did you ever feel like you gave a party and nobody came?

CHL to SJ: Hey miser, whatcha gonna do with all those snowballs? I suggest you try mailing them because nobody's gonna be fool enough to get in range of you!

CHL to SM: Except for TT of course...

SJ to CHL: Your Mama shoulda tole you that you can't get to first base when your hands are as cold as ice!

Herelandra

Opinions and Editorials and Letters _____

For those who asked, yes, we have had a problem with phony orders being phoned in. Several years ago, I got one call which I suspected was not the player it claimed to be. I called the player right back and sure enough, somebody had impersonated him. After asking several other gms what I could do, I instituted the codenames.

They kind of lapsed into disuse, though, over the last five years. However, recently I had another fake phone call, so I will now require the codename from every Dip player who calls to give me orders. I wrote them all on the covers of last month's issue; if you don't save yours or I didn't write it on your copy, and you want to know what your codename is, all you have to do is ask. It's for your own protection, folks. Also be sure you use your codename if your order format changes significantly (e.g. you buy a new typewriter).

-----Pete

It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

Hi! I'm back. I was just reading the neatest thing I've read in a while. It's called The Notebooks of Lazarus Long. Lazarus Long is "the unique and fascinating protagonist who appears in Robert A. Heinlein's masterful science fiction series of Future History stories and novels." (it says here) Now, I have not read any Heinlein books, but this Lazarus character must have had some really neat parts. I guess from what I've read so far he never dies. Anyway, I want to put in a few quotes from him for you to think about. "There is no conclusive evidence of life after death--But there is no evidence of any sort against it--Soon enough you will know--so why fret about it?"

"Touch is the most fundamental sense. A baby experiences it, all over, before he is born and long before he learns to use sight, hearing, or taste, and no human ever ceases to need it. Keep your children short on pocket money--but long on hugs."

There are tons more that are just great, but I don't think I'll put any more in here. Well, since I started this I've left for work and am back again now. My mood has changed drastically and I'm not sure why. I'm cooking dinner; Pete is reading a book. I was kind of disappointed that Pete doesn't want to watch Goonies. I thought it was really cute, but he needs to get stuff done on the zine (I checked the video out). Probably the only time I get disgusted with the hobby. Anyway, on a brighter side of things, Pete showed me how to play Dip. I've only played through Fall 1917 (in a two-player game you start in Spring 1914). I had England, France and Russia, then in Spring 1915 I got Italy. Well, I know I should probably be blowing Pete out of the water, but I'm pretty sure it's about even, leaning a little Pete's way maybe. I have just one Russian unit; I can't figure out how to play Russia, or Italy for that matter. I'm doing a pretty good job of eliminating Germany but haven't yet.

As I see it now my biggest problem with Dip is going to be negotiating. I haven't had to in this first game. Maybe someday I'll be brave enough to enter one by mail. I think I would like to play one face-to-face with more than just two before going postal. But who knows, I just may show up somewhere. Anyway, I'll talk to you next month.

Always remember: "In a family argument, if it turns out you are right--apologize at once!"

Later, Cathy

[Pete here. Well, as long as C was talking about literature, let's go to that first.

Rich Miller (received 20 June 1987)

"The Cave" was quite interesting, though not the kind of work I'd get off on reading a lot of. While it's interesting to note that Zamyatin influenced Huxley's Brave New World, you might want to mention that most of Huxley's work, including Brave New World, was most seriously influenced by his first trip on mescaline, a derivative of the peyote "buttons" used in hallucinogenic Indian rituals.

[Pete: This letter is obviously dated, as Rich is talking about the story in issue #50. He also has a guess for the Lit Quiz--Lewis' Chronicles of Narnia! Which is the correct answer! And as I recall, when I typed the Quiz, I forgot his guess completely...yep. So Rich wins 1/2 an issue.

Perelandra

[I promised last month to introduce Rich. So what's to say about an old college buddy? We (Pete and Rich) met in high school, when we went to the same Baptist church while our parents stayed away from religion. Well, that's the kind of experience that ties people together, no? We attended different colleges in L.A. but hung out together when we could; I moved off to D/FW and Rich has worked his way up to branch assistant manager (?) with Bank of America. He and a former roommate from USC, Bob Bradburn, came all the way from Los Angeles to be in our wedding two months ago.

[And maybe our next two guests need introductions, also?]

Mark Lew (received 18 June 1987)

...frankly, i don't read much of p. the games and the fiction do nothing for me and that seems to be 90% of it. the literary quiz amuses me anyway.

i'm reluctant to let my sub go mostly because it's the only dippeen i still get and to let it go reminds me that i've almost completely lost touch with all my dipbuddies.

i'm still thinking about how i want to start up benzene again, but i'm a lazy slob and nothing seems to happen. i'm no longer interested in running any games or anything, but i still have a lot of vague ideas wandering through my head which i like to air. the main thing is to get back in touch with everyone, y'know? tough as it is to publish a zeen regularly, it's still less work than maintaining correspondence with two dozen friends.

I knew knut hamsun a while back. knew he was the answer to a quiz, that is. of course i never read the book [Hunger] but i remember it on my high school european lit list of books you should read. knut was the only norwegian, the only swede was a guy named p r lagerkvist who had two books on the list. i even read on of those (the dwarf) and i liked it very much. don't know if i would now. that was back when i used to be really into hermann hesse. ah, youth.

TLOJiNNL sounds like it's about c.s.lewis' chronicles of narnia. i never saw much religion in them (except for the obvious platonism in the last one), but they're delightful stories and a tremendous source for literary allusions (right up there with shakespeare, the bible, and alice in wonderland).

i am interested in playing deviant dip--if for no other reason than to let someone else see what a joy it is to gm. [...]

[Pete: And here's another old letter that I forgot when I typed up the Quiz! Yeesh.

[Hey, maybe we can get Minshall back to play Deviant Dip (do you realize how hard it is to find the shift key after typing one of Mark's letters?)

[Okay, there's one old warhorse resurrected. How about another?]

Mark Luedi (received 22 June 1987)

Dear Pete,

June 19, 1987

"Sooprize, sooprize, sooprize," but my Gomer Pyle impersonation isn't up to snuff; Hal 9000 has been more my cup of tea lately: "That's very considerate of you, Dave." One, you're surprised that I'm still alive. Two, I'm surprised that you're still in Texass, and three, you somehow managed to get married without me noticing, though it seems there was something nudging the back of my mind, but there's a lot of that going on anyway. May 25th, eh? Well, congratulations and best wishes for the future, and gosh, that was only about three weeks ago. ("Hi, Cathy!")

Well, I seem to be in the middle of getting my life organized, catching up on as many things as possible. I used to say that I could spend a year and do nothing but catch up and get organized. Now, it's more like two years, or, maybe, it's six months - it's kind of hard to tell whether I'm catching up or falling farther behind. Actually, I could probably take care of it in a few hours by just torching everything, but I could get time for arson or something and what good is time without organization to be done?

So, one of the things I'm catching up on is Dip stuff, especially reading scores of zines that had been sitting in one of half a dozen "black holes" - the sorts of places you put things not caring whether they ever defy the forces of gravity holding them in place, but nonetheless securely resting in anticipation of rescue. I've read the last few Perelandras in hand and am

Perelandra

ready to resume my part of audiencio literati and diplomato incompetentento that I seem to have forsaken some months (years?) ago. There seem to be a lot of gaps in memory, and the past, instead of looking like a smooth sward of lawn reaching into distance, looks more like an exaggerated lunar landscape, undulating madly even as I look at it.

Must have been the EST. Obviously Williams' fault. (I just realized that such a comment could be construed as a pro-Olsen sentiment, but I assure you, Pete, that is not the case, I am equally hostile towards both parties of that dispute.) Another realization I've been confronted with lately is that I'm turning into a West Coast zine reader. Even though you're in Texas, Pere is West Coast to the bone, but it seems I'm getting all the west coast zines. Of course, there's not much of a Midwest Mob anywhere, anymore, so one must put one's allegiances in one's mouth as best as one can. (I probably just committed the ultimate sacrilege and am now open to the Wrath of Rusnak with that last comment about the MM, but hey, it definitely ain't what it used to be.)

Anyways, so that I can finish this before my eyes creep down to make it a kind of personal inconvertible night, and to prevent boredom malignancies from harming you, I shall close presently. Find some \$ (\$12.00) for le membership to Perelandra. If you could send me back issues (i.e. make it retroactive), that would be nice (the last one I got was March's), but it is not terribly necessary - I'll only pull half your toenails out if you don't. Note I post-dated the check a bit (just a little bit . . . what's wrong with 1993 anyways?! - you prejudiced or something? . . . I bet you even discriminate against ordinal numbers! . . .). It's good to see you back again. It's good to be able to see you back again. It's good to say goodnight, Pete, take care, good luck, and best wishes,



[Pete: Hey, hey, hey. Luedi is a West Coast Cliquer. Or is that West Coast Commune-ist? I recently got a button that has a picture of Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Karl, and says "Sure, I'm a Marxist". That could easily have a picture of Lew and Luedi: "Sure, I'm a Mark-zist." These guys are fun.]

Kevin Tighe (15 July 1987)

...Please sign me up for Deviant Dip. I love that game! And how did you ever track down Mark Lew? [He's been subbing for a while, just not very active]

Your Literary Quiz is a bit beyond me for now but I'll keep my eye on it. As for you, Cathy: Though I've played postal Dip for over six years I'm not really a big-time Dip player. True, I do publish a zine but it's mostly a thin warehouse with a few subbers. And I put out a subzine that's read by even fewer people. Also I tend to sub to zines that are on the fringe of the mainstream hobby; by that I mean zines that Melinda (Sign Me Up) Holley isn't playing in; as the months go by that number is dwindling. So a number of people have seen my name, but few know who I am, and that's fine by me.

[Pete: Yeah, sure, enough to have voted your zine, Redwood Curtain, seventh place in the Runestone Poll last month! But more on that later...]

As for Zarse's preschool art contest--I drew a tree and a dog. What you saw was my third draft. Each time I redrew the picture I took things out and simplified what was left...I think what cinched it was putting all four legs on the outside of the dog's body. Preschoolers do things like that and so did I through the 8th grade.

[Pete again: I used to be proud of being out of the mainstream. That's why we have the Hobby Small-Fry Protection League. But now I just think of it as another characteristic, like "Pere is literature-oriented;" "Pere is a fringe zine." Kevin, don't you agree that Mark Lew sounds like prime subzine material (in his letter above)?]

Herelandra

[Cathy: Well, I'm glad to know who you are, but I'm really glad to know what you drew. Oh, if you want you can tell me who Melinda Holley is. Other than she plays in every dip game she can; even I know that.]

[Pete: You may already know that Tom Hise is a summer volunteer missionary in inner-city Houston. Did you know he's getting more sarcastic since he's been down there?]
Tom Hise (19 June 1987)

So, you've bought yourselves a compact disc player. And I thought a linguist couldn't be a yuppie. But hey, you're making the big bucks in the camera dept. now, right?

...So far I have been lucky enough to not be on the kitchen crew, so I haven't had to sort through our food yet. But I have sacked a lot of bread and donuts.

What has been really great is that I have received 16 hours in training on teaching conversational English. I know Pete will say that won't be enough to get through my thick head but I know how to lead a casual class now.

We play a lot of basketball with the kids here so my hook shot is coming back. I've gained six pounds since I've gotten here but I'm hoping that I will be able to turn this into a little bit of muscle.

...Tell Don hi and that Pete's Titan stack is the one that musters for three turns and then doesn't muster anything for the next six (it's just like his die rolls in Snowball Fighting).

[Pete: Don finds my Titan just fine without your help. I have gotten better, though; after losing 7 straight to Don, I won four straight. Now he's ahead, 19 to 11.]

[Ed Wrobel sends word there will be a Titan National Tournament at Charlottesville, VA, Oct. 16-18. Rooms can be as little as \$15 per person since this is a team tourney, with fees of \$7.50 or \$10. Complicated details from Ed or from Brian Bouton, Historical Simulation Society, Box 485, Ivy VA 22945, 804-296-6326.]

[Cathy: Tom, I told you you'd be too busy to keep up with your games. But good luck!]

[Pete: Gary Behnen wants to know, in a P.S., whether Cathy and I will be going to PudgeCon. The answer is maybe--mostly, can I get off work from Ward for the weekend.]

That really is all the mail--lots of little notes the last two months, we thank you all. Mentioning Titan above brings to mind an anecdote about Don Scheifler. During one of our games last month, Cathy and I were talking about wedding presents (Don and I were playing). Don got a funny look on his face and froze, then very slowly said:

"I left a wok . . . at the intersection . . . of I-30 and highway 360."

You can imagine the laughter, but we knew the story behind this. Don had had a flat tire at that intersection earlier in the day, and somebody from his theater had come to help him change it. As he explained, he had to take a wok out of the trunk to get to his spare. The wok was going to be a wedding present for someone else, but Don set it on the shoulder of the freeway while they worked, saying to his helper, "I gotta remember to pick this up later."

We never did find out whether the wok was there when he went back later.

Of course, that's not the only unusual incident involving our Titan games. We have reached the point where we'll play three games in quick succession--one night, we played for an hour before I (Pete) won; we immediately started another, Don teleported into a Tower next to my Titan, picked up a Warlock and won; another game, Pete concedes to Don after not mustering in his Titan on the first three game turns; another, Pete concedes again early; and game five that night, Pete wins after several hours. We've had games where each of us was over 1000 points, and others where only one or two battles had taken place. Probably the most astounding was when Pete's Rangers and Lions beat Don's Hydras and Angels.

However, the one that irritated Don the most was when he was set up to enter the center-board at three different places. I had a rather large legion that I shoved up into the ring, without mustering, just to disrupt him. Sure enough, he was mad: "I'da had four Colossi in one turn--five if I'd split my Titan legion--and you had to ruin the turn of my life!" Naturally, he creamed me in that game.

Herelandra

Among the Trees · by Pete Gaughan

"Go to the mountains, and get their glad tidings." --John Muir

I've never really had heros, at least not as a child. I nearly worshipped my father for a long time, but when you're raised Catholic you don't put a lot of value in people in general, God kind of overrides everybody's good qualities.

I worked with and for my dad during high school, and I converted to the Baptist faith, so I began to realize that even though people have feet of clay, you could still admire them.

But already at that point I figured out that I didn't have a lot of respect for traditional society and its heros. We are pretty much a conservative society; even the Democrats are to the political right of our founding fathers, and we still flinch if a boy wants to play with dolls. As I entered college, I was already becoming two things I remain today: a cynic and a leftist.

I've seen more of the world than most people my age, and maybe I'm proud that this has jaded me a ~~little~~ lot. And I'm a socialist because my religious background (now mostly dormant) led me to believe in justice and equality for more than 20% of the world's people.

But in the last six months I've come to realize that now I do have heros. It began while reading in research for a paper last semester (a paper, by the way, which earned me an F). I began to feel more comfortable reading certain writings and imagining certain situations than I had in a long time. To try to explain why, let me back up to high school again.

I grew up in suburbia, in Cleveland and then in Los Angeles. (During college, I lived in a downtown slum and gained a great appreciation for that type of neighborhood too, but I'm really not a "city kid" in those terms.) In high school I had the chance, twice, to go to a camp in the Sequoia National Park in central California. Hume Lake was wonderful--clear air, kayaking, and trees. Trees everywhere. At the time I had no idea what they were called, but my mother and her father and mother had always loved plants and flowers so I enjoyed just being in the forest.

Later my family took a vacation together, something we've only done two or three times since leaving the Midwest. We saw the Grand Canyon and Zion and Death Valley--all outstanding, memorable sights. When we drove up over the Sierras into Yosemite Park, though, I was thrilled. Here were trees, rocks, meadows, streams, glaciers, all in everchanging combinations. And when I returned in winter with a church group of foreign students, I was speechless as we entered the Valley. The Asians were clamoring to get each other's picture; the Africans seeing snow for the first time were plastering each other with it. But several of us stood in front of the low rock wall at the overlook and just stared, eventually vowing to each other that we would come back and hike through this one day (we didn't).

When we returned to L.A., I started to read about Yosemite, and the first name that rose up was John Muir. Over the years I've learned more of his life and background, but at the time I knew only that in the late 19th century there was a man walking all over California who not only could live in the wild as no other could, but could appreciate its beauty, AND (eventually, after prodding from his friends) eloquently write about his experiences. I had been a member of the Sierra Club for only a little while, so his founding of that group didn't mean much to me; but Muir wrote simply when nature was beautiful or horrifying enough to make her own point. And he could write florid, complex passages when the emotions that nature provoked were complex themselves.

I recognized a familiar voice in this, and went back to my many books to compare. Sure enough, Muir's ideas on nature and man looked like something derived from Henry David Thoreau. Their distrust of people and love of the natural world combined to convince both men that man could be improved by involvement with nature. Their lives overlapped only a little, and they never met (though Emerson once spent a few day with Muir in Yosemite) but after reading Muir I was able to see Walden and other writings of Thoreau with new eyes, having been to the woods myself.

Long before any of this, though, I had been a photographer. My father was a professional for a time, owned a camera store, and now is in the manufacturing/sales side of that business. We had a darkroom back in Cleveland, so I knew the feel and smell of black-and-white chemicals

and loved to gobble up books of great art. While my high school friends jumped into color work as soon as they could, I kept trying to improve my skills at composition and light. This was where I finally met (so to speak) Ansel Adams.

He was probably the greatest living photographer for the latter part of his life. Early on he was a newcomer in the days when the giants of the art roamed the land: Bourke-White, Steichen and others. But photography, besides war reporting, is a lost art today, and Adams died a few years ago as the recognized "national treasure" he was.

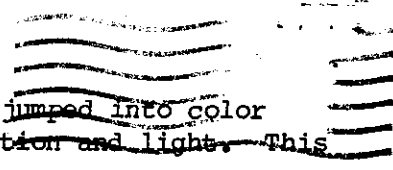
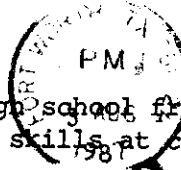
Ansel grew up in San Francisco destined to be a professional concert pianist. But from the first box camera he was given and his first trip to the mountains, he slowly left the piano for another art. He became the premier chronicler of the Sierras, eventually travelling all over the West to record and interpret the wild.

Although he rarely wrote, and then only about photographic technique, his pictures brought the world closer than if you had been there. And they incorporated people--people hiking a trail, a cottage or village at sunset, a country cemetery in front of a gathering storm. By the time his autobiography was published, we knew how Ansel felt about nature.

When I arrived in Texas I knew I would see few trees and fewer mountains. In the last four years I have gone about the state looking for these things: hills and lakes near Austin, woods in East Texas, near Tyler and Nacogdoches. Part of their attraction is freedom from responsibility; a great fantasy of mine is to disappear into the forest and never be found by credit card companies or loan sharks. But more, I feel a better person when I'm close to nature. My mind is sharper, my body is stronger and healthier, my attitude (and you can check this with my wife) is more positive.

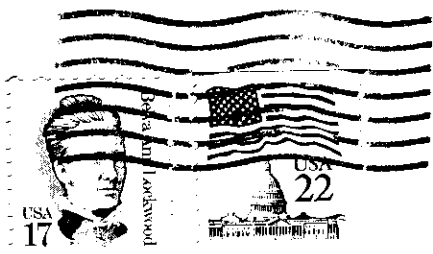
I decided to examine Muir's and Thoreau's writings for a philosophy class this spring. (By the way, Thoreau rhymes with "furrow.") In addition I read a great deal of environmentalist work, especially 19th-century work. More and more I wished I could live outdoors, work for my own food and living, and get out and make pictures when I felt like it.

So I've come to realize these three men, Thoreau, Muir, and Adams, are my heroes. They were not supermen, doing impossible things--but they crossed the bounds that society's conventions set for them. They did things I'm not prepared to do. Until I join their ranks, they will remain my models.



Herelandra

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