

Perelandra 2



number 54



ICEWORLD

HAL CLEMENT

[Sallman Ken, from the planet Sarr, is an undercover agent trying to discover the source of a new and dangerous narcotic. Working for the chief smuggler as a chemical engineer, he finds out the drug is obtained by trading with primitives on a planet so cold, sulphur is a solid instead of a gas; so cold that no Sarrian has been able to set foot on it in the twenty years since its discovery. But the next planet out from this "ice world" has a minimal atmosphere which might allow a landing--so in full space armor, Ken visits the ice cap of Planet Four.]

Even to an Earth man, Mars is not a world to promote enthusiasm. It is rather cold at the best of times, much too dry, and woefully lacking in air--breathable or otherwise. The first and last of these points struck Ken most forcibly.

The landscape in front of him was very flat. It was also very patchy. In some spots bare rock showed, but those were few and far between. Much of the area seemed to be dark, naked soil, with bits of green, brown, red, and yellow mingling in the general background. Nearly half of the landscape seemed to be composed of the patches of white, which had seemed to be a solid mass from space. Probably, Ken realized, they formed a solid covering closer to the center of the white region; they had landed on its edge, as planned.

He took a careful step away from the ship's side. The gravity was less than that of Sarr, but distinctly greater than on Mercury, and the armor was a severe burden. The two tentacles inside his right "sleeve" forced the clumsy pipe of steel downward almost to the ground, and manipulated the handlers at the end. With some difficulty, he scraped loose a piece of dark brown soil and raised it to eye level. He locked the "knees" of the armor and settled back on the tail-like prop that extended from the rear of the metal trunk, so that he could give all his attention to examining the specimen.

The glass of his face plate showed no signs of differential contraction so far, but he carefully avoided letting the soil touch it during the examination. He almost forgot this precaution, however, when he saw the tiny vari-colored objects on the surface of the sample. Weird as they were in shape, they were unquestionably plants--tiny, oddly soft-looking compared to the crystalline growths of Sarr, but still plants. And they lived in this frightful cold! Already those nearest the metal of his handler were shrivelling and curling, cold as the outside of his armor already must be. Eagerly Ken reported this to the listeners inside.

This life must have something in common with that of Three," he added. "Both must run on chemical energy of the same general sort, since there's no important difference in their temperatures. This soil must have all the elements necessary, even if the compounds aren't quite right for what we want--who ever heard of a life form that didn't have a good deal of latitude that way?" He looked back at the sample he was holding. "It looks a little different around the edges, as though the heat of my armor were making some change in it.



Perelandra is an amateur magazine for the enjoyment of postal games and fantastic literature. Memberships cost \$12 per year (\$15 Cdn; \$18 US overseas) payable to Perelandra.

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You may be right, Drai--there may be some volatile substance in this soil that's evaporating now. I wonder if I can trap it?" He lapsed into thought, dropping his specimen.

"You can try afterward. Why not investigate the white patches?" called Drai. "And the rocks too; they might be something familiar--and soils are made from rocks, after all." Ken admitted the justice of this, hitched himself off the rear prop, unlocked his leg joints, and resumed his walk away from the ship.

So far, he had felt no sign of cold, even in his feet. Evidently the soil was not a very good conductor of heat. That was not too surprising, but Ken made a mental note to be careful of any patches of solid rock he might encounter.

The nearest of the white areas was perhaps thirty yards from the air lock door. Reaching it quickly enough in spite of the weight of his armor, Ken looked it over carefully. He could not bend over to examine its texture, and was a little uneasy about picking it up; but remembering that the handlers of his armor extended some distance beyond the actual tips of his tentacles, as well as the fact that the first sample had been harmless, he reached down and attempted to scrape up a piece.

This seemed easy enough. The handler grated across the surface, leaving a brown streak behind--evidently the white material formed a very thin layer on the ground. Raising the sample to eye level, however, Ken discovered that he had nothing but dark-colored sand.

Excusably puzzled, he repeated the process, and this time was quick enough to see the last of the white material vanish from the sand grains. "You were right, Laj," he said into his transmitter. "There's something here that's really volatile. I haven't got enough for a good look, yet--I'll try to find a deeper deposit." He started forward again, toward the center of the white patch. [...]

Ken was not quite to the center of the white patch when Drai reported that he had ceased to leave a trail. He promptly stopped, propped himself as he had before, and scooped up a fresh handful of the evanescent substance. This time there was practically no sand included; the material was fully an inch deep. The mass on his handler began to shrink almost at once, but not so rapidly as to prevent his getting a fairly long look. It was crystalline, millions of minute facets catching and scattering the feeble sunlight; but the individual crystals were too tiny to permit him to determine their shape. It was gone before he was really satisfied, but there seemed little likelihood of his getting a better look. Somehow a sample would have to be obtained--and analyzed. He thought he saw how that might be done, but some careful preparations would be necessary. Announcing this fact over his suit radio, he prepared to return to the ship.

Perhaps, in the half-seated attitude he had been holding, his feet had been partly out of contact with the armor; perhaps in his single-minded interest in things outside he simply had not noticed what was happening. Whatever the cause, it was not until he stood up that the abrupt, stabbing blade of cold seared straight from his feet to his brain. For an instant he settled back on his proppr, trying to draw his feet from the biting touch of what was supposed to be insulation; then, realizing that matters would only grow worse if he delayed, he forced himself into action. Barely able to bite back a scream of anguish, he strained every muscle forcing the unwieldy mass of metal toward the air lock; and even through his pain, the thought came driving--no wonder the trail had become narrower; the feet of his armor must be nearly at the temperature of their surroundings. From five hundred degrees Centigrade to fifty below is quite a temperature gradient for a scant three inches of steel, vacuum space, fluid coils, and insulating fiber to maintain, even with a powerful heating coil backing up the high-temperature side of the barrier.

The pain grew less as he struggled toward the lock, but the fact did not make him any happier; it terrified him. If he should lose control of his feet, he would die within sight of the Karella's crew, for there was not another suit of special armor aboard that could be worn to rescue him.

Now his face was cold, too--he must be losing radiation even through the special glass of the face plate. His tentacle tips were feeling the chill, but not so badly; the fact that the deadly whiteness had touched only the handlers, inches beyond the "inhabited" parts of the sleeve, was helping there. He had reached the edge of the area of death, and only thirty yards of bare ground lay between him and the lock. The lock door was open as he had left it, a metal-lined cavern that seemed to draw away as he struggled forward.

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Game Openings

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY Six people are signed up and paid--we only need ONE MORE! A \$3 gamefee gets you a biweekly game.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING, anonymous version Three are signed up and paid, needs four or five more at \$3 apiece. Rules cost \$1, but are included in the gamefee.

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, Geoffrey Richard, and Jim Nickel are signed up and paid, we need four more at \$5 each. Monthly deadlines and a free set of rules (rules are normally \$1) plus a very large map for signing up. Look for a brief article and sample game in this issue.

DEVIANT DIPLOMACY Russ Blau is paid; Mark Lew, Kevin Tighe and Jim Burgess are interested. Gamefee is \$5; rules are the same as regular Dip except for this addition:

"Each Fall or Spring turn, each remaining 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 have only three votes on Spring 1901 proposals), and may divide these votes among the proposals as he sees fit, or not cast them at all, in a secret ballot. 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, all such tied proposals shall be put into effect."

Literary Quiz

Last month's questions...Matt Kazur and Steve Emmert got both of these correct.

Q119B--When Frank J. Lieverman whimsically introduced "Gertrude the Kangaroo" as the colophon for the first paperback publishing company in 1939, he didn't realize that she would become part of a multi-billion-dollar industry. Which house does Gertrude represent?

Russ Blau---Pocket Books. Kangaroo--Pocket--get it? Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk.

Tom Hurst---Gertrude is the mascot of Pocket Books, a division of Simon & Schuster, Inc.

In my biased opinion, the best things they ever published were the Mary Renault series of historical novels and the Nebula Award series.

[Editor: Rod Walker was also correct, and is having his number retired by the Lit Quiz Writers Association.]

T520B--The name of a Diplomacy hobby project is the same as the title of a Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Upton Sinclair. What is this name?

Julie Martin---Finally a question I know in the literary quiz! T520B--Upton Sinclair won the Pulitzer for MNC Under the Covenant. Or was that Sinclair Lewis? [Editor: nope, but by far the most humorous entry we've had.]

Russ Blau---I didn't know that Upton Sinclair wrote "The Boardman Numbers"--no, just kidding. I've drawn a complete blank.

Rod Walker---Dragon's Teeth, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1943. Thank you, World Almanac; boo, hiss, Encyclopedia Britannica. [Editors: we were kidding above, Rod!]

Tom Hurst---I have to guess, but Sinclair won the Pulitzer in 1943 for Dragon's Teeth. Not keeping current in the hobby, I am unaware of a hobby project of this name. However, since I don't believe that good old Upton ever won the Pulitzer twice, I'll go with this.

Well, well, some new blood--Russ, do you have any idea how difficult it is to type "nyuk" very quickly? I like it, I like it...So one free issue to Rod, Matt, Steve, and Tom; one-half ish to Russ. For next month, the prize will be a leftist button again...this one asks the question "Which one is the vegetable?" with two illustrations: a) a bottle of ketchup, or b) R. Reagan.

Q99A---What do these three pseudonymous writers have in common?

George Eliot; James Tiptree, Jr.; and Curren Bell.

[Editors: this page is brought to you courtesy of Oreos' new creation, Fudge Covered Oreos. Pete's fingerprint in fudge is displayed at the right.]

Oops--we forgot to mention. The Dragon's Teeth Rating System, managed by Stephen Wilcox, is the foremost stat list is Dipdom!

Thulandra

number 17 (TURN ELEVEN)

...the silent planet

WELL WORLD Titan

THE DAMS ALL BREAK

Black (Mark Frueh) rolls a 6. Tombstone holds in Brush (B109); Scorpy moves to Plains (P105); Widget Eye moves to Brush (B102); Pirate Jack holds at Plains (P110), engaged.

Blue (Bruce Geryk) rolls a 4. Raining Cloud moves to Plains (P29); Tornado moves to Jungle (J12); Trident holds at Tower (400); Crescent Moon holds at Marsh (M8), engaged; Winged Foot moves to Plains (P119).

Brown (Jeff Zarse) rolls a 1. Hourglass moves to Jungle (J125), engaged; Tolling Bell moves to Tower (500); Pawprint moves to Tower (100); Crossed Sceptres moves to Marsh (M136); Wagon Wheel moves to Tower (600); Dragon Prow moves to Marsh (M103); Treasure Chest moves to Tower (300).

Gold (Don Scheifler) rolls a 6. Bearclaw holds at Woods (W2); Fireball moves to Marsh (M8), engaged; Rings holds at Mountains (MTN5000), engaged; Coins moves to Brush (B17) and splits with Swords; Lamp moves to Desert (D21).

Green (Gary Behnen) rolls a 5. Lobster Claw moves to Brush (B120); Fleur de Lis holds at Jungle (J125), engaged; Scales holds at Jungle (J135); Dagger moves to Marsh (M36).

Red (Ed Wrobel) rolls a 4. Fist moves to Brush (B141); Cross moves to Mountains (MTN5000), engaged; Heart moves to Plains (P110), engaged; Scimitar moves to Jungle (J19); Star moves to Marsh (M13); Spin moves to Plains (P15).

Green 111 points; Red 76; Black and Blue 24 each; Gold and Brown zero.

musters this Turn: 4 Cyclopes (only 4 left); 2 each Lions, Ogres, Guardians, Trolls (just one Ogre left, and only 2 Guardians); 1 each Ranger, Warlock, Griffon, Gorgon.

Deadline for Turn Twelve orders---by mail 16 October; by phone 11pm, 15 October.

ENGAGEMENTS---Defender (enters through) vs. Attacker in Location

E9: Green Fleur de Lis (1-15-14) defends against Brown Hourglass in Jungle J125.

E10: Gold Rings (9-10-11) defends against Red Cross in Mountains MTN5000.

E11: Black Pirate Jack (9-10-11) defends against Red Heart in Plains P110.

E12: Blue Crescent Moon (1-15-14) defends against Gold Fireball in Marsh M8.

CREATURE REPORT---after Turn Eleven

11/18 Angels	6/ 6 Archangels	15/18 Behemoths
9/25 Centaurs	10/10 Colossi	4/28 Cyclopes
18/18 Dragons	0/21 Gargoyles	18/18 Giants
19/25 Gorgons	16/18 Griffons	2/ 6 Guardians
10/10 Hydras	10/28 Lions	17/21 Minotaurs
1/25 Ogres	21/28 Rangers	10/10 Serpents
14/28 Trolls	10/12 Unicorns	17/21 Warbears
5/ 6 Warlocks	18/18 Wyverns	

UofC to Arlington: Insult you? How did I insult you?

Ivory Tower to UofC: UTNowhere was polite? Mild, but an insult nonetheless.

Mark to Don: See this chip...I dare you pal! Go ahead, make my Lions bleed!

Ivory Tower to Black Mark: Lions? Don? Don likes Lions! He'd never hit a Lion!

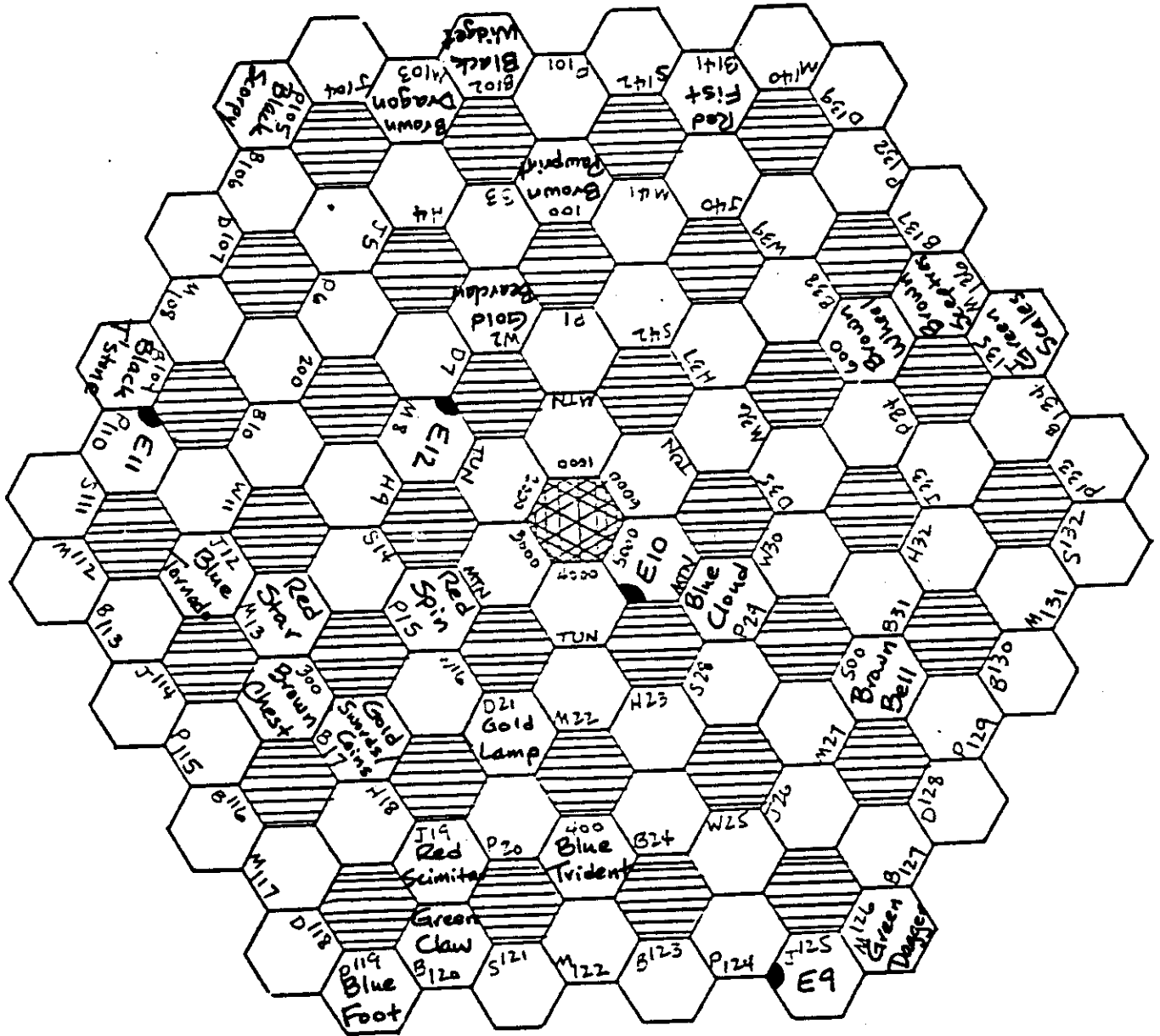
Red Ed to Rainbow Well World: I move that all press be identified by color and name, including Brown Zarse and Green Gary, as well as Goldilocks. Thus, we will be able to avoid the

[continues...]

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unfortunate excesses that occur in (beg your pardon, Mark) "black press" games. In the alternative, I will accept the Titan Crown of Thulcandra since it has already been demonstrated that even an effete literary elf like P.J. could win with my vastly superior position.

Ivory Pissed-Off Tower to Red Edward: Effete?! And of all things, literary elf is not me. Literary, certainly. Elf, no way. You creep. But I have to remind myself--you're the kind of slime that would attack somebody with the Red Cross!



Lest there be any confusion, Black Scorpy and Widget Eye were swapped on the map in the mid-monthly report. Also, my apologies to those players whose legions I have at one time or another short-changed or accidentally revealed (each instance has been discussed with the principals and corrected). I'm an average gm at Dip, and I'm quickly finding out how far I have to go with this game.

Please note that Jeff has a new phone number, but the same dorm address.

Rambling space: Cathy is off at an Arlington H.S. football game tonight, first she has been to since graduating from there in 1982. Once again I'm stunned by the depth of feeling Texans have for high school ball--Cathy can expect pizza for lunch tomorrow at work if AHS wins!

Herelandra

TANITH 85CS

Summer 1908: Russia retreats f hol-hel, a stp-lvn.

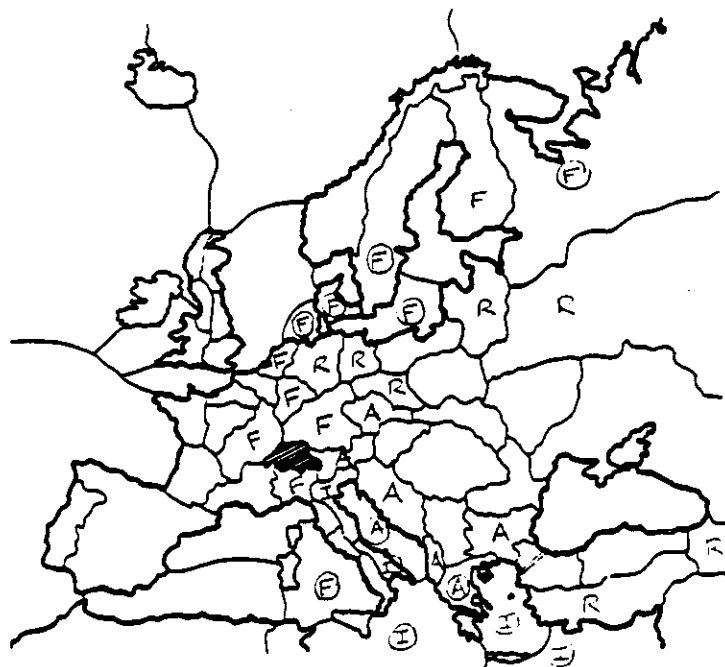
FALL 1908--A LITTLE GIVE AND TAKE

Austria (Greg Ellis): f gre-ion, a bul-gre
(a alb s), f adr-ven (a tri s), a vie-tyo
(a boh s).

France (Matt Kazur): f stp/nc h (a fin s),
f nwy-swe, f nts-hel (f den s), f bal-kie
(a hol s), a tyo-mun (a ruh & a bur s),
f tyn s ita f ion, a pie s ita a ven.

Italy (John Crosby): f smy-aeg (f ion & f eas s),
f nap-apu (a ven s).

Russia (Evans Givan): a lvn-stp (a mos s);
armies ber, mun and fleet hel all s a kie
/a mun and f hel ann/; a kie and a sil both
s a mun; f aeg-eas /con otb/, a con-smy
(a arm s).



DEADLINE for Winter 1908 (including Russian retreat if desired) AND Spring 1909 is 1 November
by mail (11pm 31 October) by phone).

SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1908

Austria	vie bud ser rum bul tri gre	7/7	even
France	bre par mar spa por bel lvp edi lon nwy swe den HOL MUN STP	12/15	build three
Italy	rom nap ven tun sty	5/4	remove one
Russia	mos war sev ber ank con sty kie sty sty SMY	10/8	even or -1

Russia to France: Thanks for letting me hold these dots a little while. Now you can have them.

ANDY PANDA 85AZ

Turkish win: Turkey yes, Italy & England no, Germany nvr.
Germany and England each propose E/G/T draw.

SPRING 1908--BLACK BLOCKS GROWING DIZZY

England (Russ Blau): a hol-nwy (f nts c),
a lvn-mos (a stp s), a swe-lvn (ger c),
f den-swe, f eng-mid, f mid-wes (f spa/sc s).

Germany (Greg Ellis): f bal c eng a swe-lvn,
a war-ukr, a mun-sil (a ber s), a ruh-mun,
a mar-pie, a bur-mun.

Italy (James Wall): f tun s eng f mid-wes /naf,
otb/, a boh-war /imp/.

Turkey (Eric Diamond): a con-bul, a ank-arm,
f smy-aeg, f sev-bla, a mos h /sev otb/,
a rum-ukr, a vie-gal, a tri-vie, a ven-tyo,
f nap-rom, f ion-tun (f tyn s), f lyo-spa.

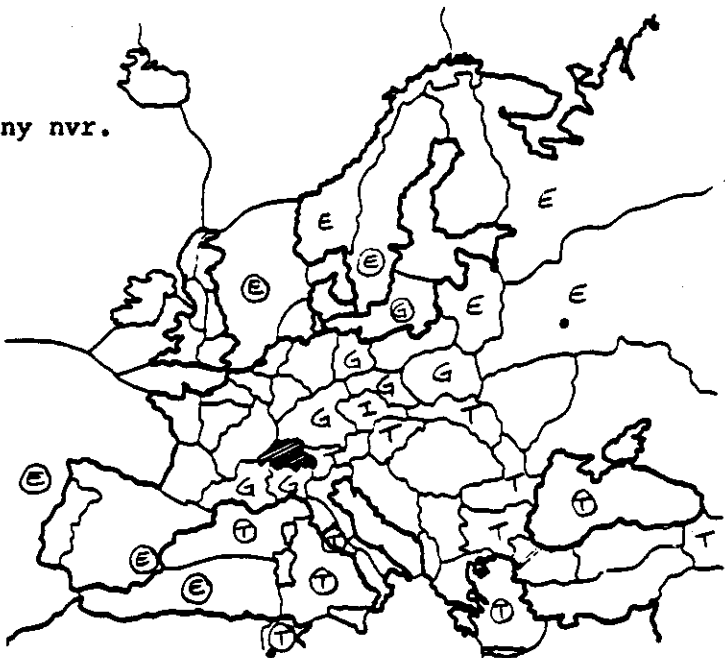
DEADLINE for Fall 1908 (including Italian and
Turkish retreats if desired) AND draw vote is the same as the deadline(s) in Tanith above.

England to Germany: I'll vote it in one way, but not the other!

England to Turkey: You won't walk away with this one as easily as you'd hoped.

The Wall to The GM: Can I throw a snowball at Bubbles?

Irishman to The Wall: Sure! Great idea. Check out the Snowball Fighting results later.



Herelandra

NORDEEN 86AH

A/E/I draw: Aus & Ita yes; Ger no; Eng, Fra & Rus nvr.

SPRING 1906--AN EARLY BERLIN WALL? IRON CURTAIN?

Austria (Jim Diehl): a vie-boh, f bul/ec s ita f
bla-con, a rum-gal, a sev-mos, a mos-stp
(a lvn s), a war-pru (a sil s), a tyo-mun.

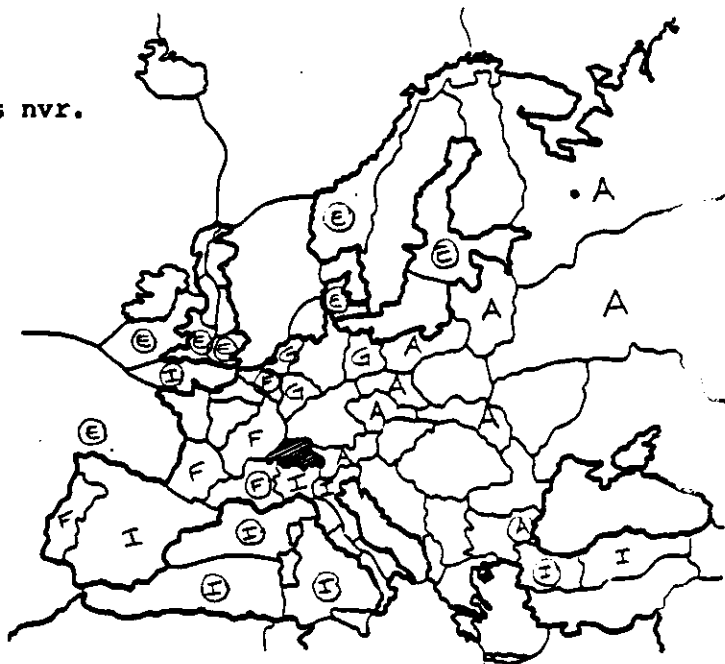
England (Hugh Christie): f lon-nts, f lvp-wal,
f den-nts, f swe-bot, f nts-nwy, f mid-bre,
f nat-iri.

France (Will Woodard): a bur-mar, f mar-spa/sc
(a por & a gas s), f hol-bel.

Germany (Steve Langley): a ber-mun,
a kie-hol (a ruh s).

Italy (Rob Wittmond): f eng-bre, a spa-mar
(a pie & f lyo s), f wes-spa/sc, f nap-tyn,
a ven s a pie, f bla-con (a ank s).

Russia (John Crosby): a stp h /fin oth/.



DEADLINE for Summer 1906 retreat (a stp), and Fall 1906

orders, is 1 November 1987 by mail, 11pm the night before by phone. Remember, folks, no vote received is NO--several of you were relying on the orders held over from the separation.

Vienna to London and Rome: What a splendid proposal the king hath put forth.

Italy to World: Sorry for playing Gunboat. I hope to get back into things soon.

Irishman to Italy: You mean things like, Spain?

Germany: When the fortunes of war turn sour, two reactions set in. Despair and revenge join in equal part to effect the terminal madness.

RATHILLIEN 87CK

SPRING 1902--THE RED TIDE GOES OUT

Austria (Dave Pilant): a bud-vie (a gal s) /a gal r
to boh, sil, oth/, a ser-tri /alb oth/, f gre h.

England (Steve Emmert): f edi-nts (f nwy s),
a lon-bre (f eng c) /f eng r mid iri wal pic oth/.

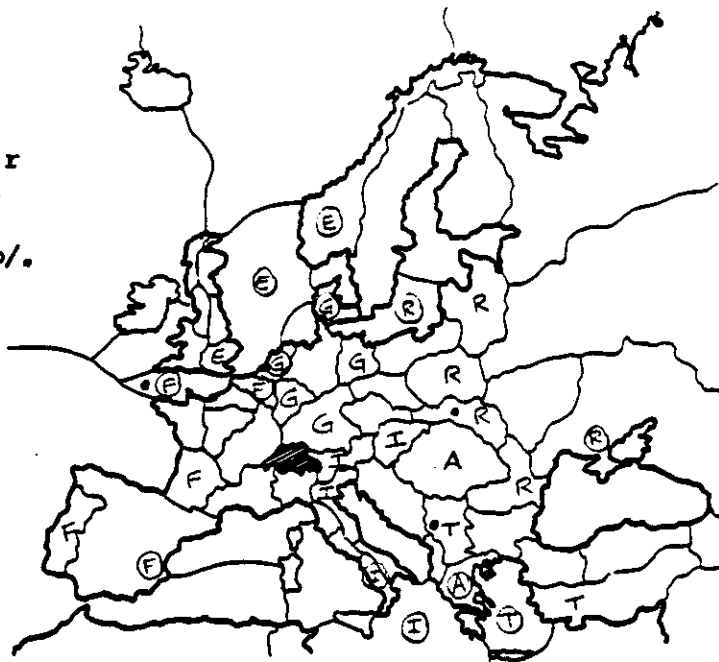
France (Melinda Holley): f bre-eng (f bel s),
a por h, a spa-gas, f mar-spa/sc.

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

Italy (Rex Martin): f tun-ion (f nap s),
a ven-tri, a vie s rus a ukr-gal (a tyo s).

Russia (Gary Behnen): a stp-lvn, f swe-bal,
a ukr-gal (a war s), a rum s tur a bul-ser
(f sev s).

Turkey (Guy Hail): f con-aeg, a bul-ser,
a smy u, a ank-con /nsu/.



DEADLINE, folks, for Summer 1902 AND Fall 1902,

is the same as that above for Nordeen. On the subject of press--we will use everything you send unless it's terribly vulgar or obscene. The more the merrier! In fact, this month it's mostly on the next page...

Boorish Continental to Edinburgh: The way you describe your fair city, it makes me want to come over there for a visit. I'll bring the B&B (Beer and Bratwurst, that is). You pay the piper!

Herelandra

- Edinburgh to Berlin: If I may use Glen Campbell's line, "I ain't dead yet." So call off the mortician and come and get me if you feel cocky.
- Edinburgh to Washington (via secret cable): Never mind San Juan Hill, send reinforcements, quick! The Huns are coming to get me!
- Kaiser Ralph to King Steven: Nah, there's no RIGFAT alliance against you. Who would want to ally with Austria right now? Except, of course, if one needs a vowel for a snazzy acronym.
- Irishman to Ralph: Coincidentally, we discuss vowels in this month's letter column...
- Italy to Austria: The Godfather says youse done screwed up. So he's told Vito to helps you a little bit. He thinks that maybes we should take care of that little problem you got in the stockyards in Trieste. And he asked his good friend Igor to come too. And, he says that if youse knows what's good for you, you'll be happy for our help. Otherwise, the Godfather might get mad.
- Italy to England: The Pope extends his welcome and his blessings. We are sure that youse guys...sorry...that your Majesty will bring an order of sanity and class to this here neighborhood. He says that if you want to ever get together and chew the fat, just drop us a line.
- Paris to London: Me--beat the hell out of you? That would be a waste! Trust me--I have better ideas.
- Another Gnomidian Haiku: The Slumbering Porté / Dreams of the blessed poppy / While Mars treads the North
- Italy to Germany: The Godfather thinks youse is maybe not trusting us too much, so he's told the boys to keep an eye on you Huns. Course, he's not too worried; anyone that writes faggot poetry we's can't understand can't be too much of a threat.
- Virginia Beach to Board: The press wars in this game are soporific. Maybe we need a good "Pseud Feud" to liven things up. I'll start: Gary Behnen is funny-looking, and has big ears. Better yet, make that Bob Olsen. That should get a response.
- Irishman to VA Beach: Gary has big Bob Olsens?? Actually, I'm betting Bob will overlook this game in his mad dash to find the Snowball Fight.

NORTHPOINT 87HK

SPRING 1901--UNORTHODOX OPENINGS, BUT THEY WORK

- Austria (Larry Botimer): a vie-tri, a bud-rum, f tri-alb.
England (Rich Miller): f lon-eng, a lvp-wal, f edi-nts.
France (Jim Diehl): f bre-gas, a par-pic, a mar-bur.
Germany (John Crosby): f kie-den, a mun-ruh, a ber-kie.
Italy (Matt Kazur): a ven-tyo, a rom-ven, f nap-ion.
Russia (Gary Behnen): f stp/sc-bot, a mos-lvn, a war-ukr, f sev-bla.
Turkey (Jim Nickel): a con-bul, a smy-ank, f ank-con.

DEADLINE for FALL 1901 is 1 November by mail.

England: Though my time in office has been short, I must say that all other leaders of the European Great Powers do appear to be smashing good chaps, both those I have spoken with and those I have yet to meet.

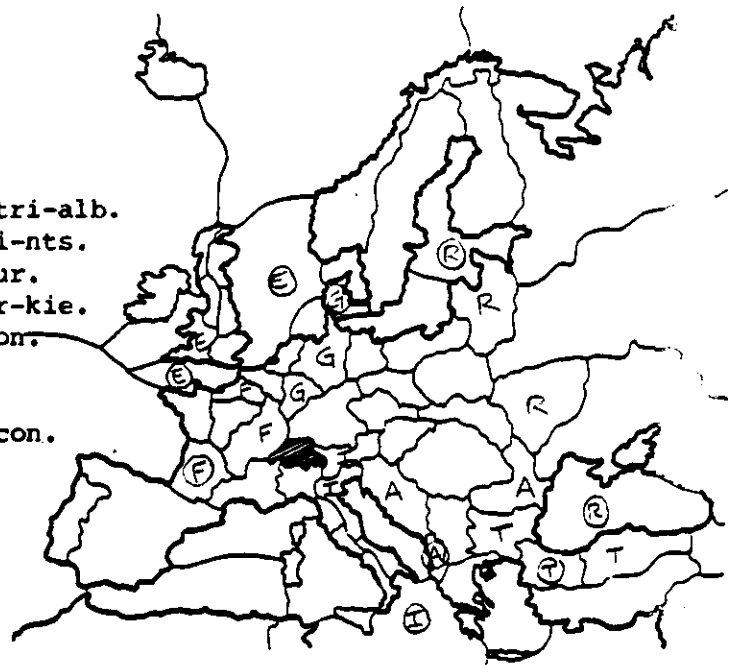
Germany to France: Well, are you good or dastardly--i.e., is Bur free or occupied?

France to Germany: We hope you understand that France cannot reasonably risk leaving Burgundy unattended to. Should my caution result in hostilities England will be delighted.

France to England: Now, did you really have to go and do that, with all the grief I'm going to get from my Burgundy foray?

Germany to Italy and Austria: Hope to find Tyo open also.

Irishman to Austrian: To answer you, no, I don't mind phone orders. Phone deadline is 11pm the night before the mail deadline. Calls after 11:00 Central time are likely to hurt...YOU.



Herelandra

GETHEN ASF6

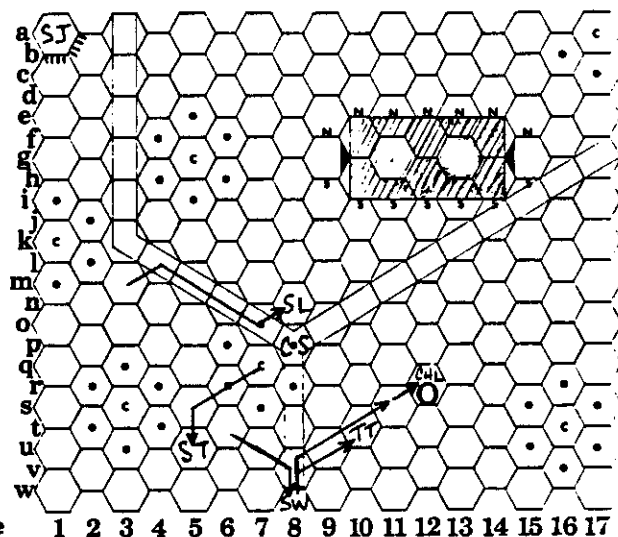
SNOW WHITE ELUDES TWO DI'S--ONE OF THEM THROWN LAST TURN!! (TURN FIVE)

Segment One: Only Target Tommy realizes that the Coke Sniffer has been scooping up ammo on the path! Although he doesn't lose any points, Snow White is given back her three hp, and the Sniff now has no weaponry. He also manages to nmr this turn!

SnowLord and Swizzle Thunk are on the move, passing each other in opposite directions. Snow White, feeling a little chill in spite of the ruling, steps inside to join Tommy and Cool Hand Luke. But there are two quick attacks--SnowJob lobs another screen pass at SnowLord, and this one connects; while James Wall from next door tosses a real bomb at Swizzle Thunk and misses. (See Andy Panda results & press.)

Segment Two: Snow White must have a miserable case of b.o., as Luke and Tommy come rushing out of the house toward the snowman. White is still inside, and Sniffer is still comatose, so the Thunk figures he's safe in bending over to gather a Dirigible. Uh-uh! SnowJob and SnowLord see that big behind and nail it with Snowballs.

Segment Three: Swizzle Thunk hurls his di at Snow White, who screams in ~~agony~~ laughter when it thumps the kitchen door--no points! TT sees Thunk as still the biggest threat, so he tosses one of his two sb's into Thunk's face; SnowJob and Luke decide to throw at the closest target. For Cool Hand, that's target Target Tommy--a Demon and he moves onto the snowman hex. For Job, that's SnowLord, who is preoccupied with his missile count and doesn't see the incoming in time to avoid it. (That's three long-range bombs that SJ has hit on this Turn, putting him back in the hunt.)



<u>Segment One</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>Segment Two</u>	<u>official name & color</u>
CHL inside		move to S11	Bob Olsen / black
CS nmr		nmr	Jim Burgess / red
SJ attack SL w/rr		attack ST w/rr	J.R. Baker / yellow
SL move to N8	SJ/rr/50/**	attack ST w/rr	Tom Hise / light green
ST move to U5	JW/rr/25/--	collect di	Jeff Zarse / blue
SW move inside (!)		sit in kitchen	Venessa Williams / white
TT inside		move to T10	Tom Hurst / dark green

<u>Segment Three</u>	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>standings</u>	<u>vp / hp</u>	<u>sb / di</u>
CHL attack nearest w/de, move to R12		Cool Hand Luke	4 10	1 0
CS nmr		Coke Sniffer	4 5	0 0
SJ attack nearest w/rr		SnowJob	5 6	0 1
SL collect di	SJ/rr/75/**	SnowLord	8 4	0 1
ST attack SW w/di (fails)	TT/rr/80/**	Swizzle Thunk	10 2	0 0
SW wait inside		Snow White	5 10	- -
TT attack ST w/rr if outside	CHL/de/70/**	Target Tommy	5 6	1 0

Snow White may stay inside for as much longer as she likes, but hp may not rise above 10. DEADLINE for Turn Six orders is 1987 by mail.

CHL to SJ: What are you doing way off there? Are you in exile...or are you just boring?

SJ to CHL: If you're interested in food that will warm you all the way to your fingertips, check out Helkarakse this month. (Only Turn 4 and already I've been sent to the kitchen!)

Tommy to Jobber: You're on! Mail me the frozen pizza. It's the only way you're going to get anything near me this game!

Ice Jackal to SnowMaster: Gee, you're sure hospitable toward Guest Press writers, aren't you? Fine, I'm not in this game, so I'm gone...

SM to IJ: We're supposed to use Flick as an upstanding example of how to treat pressers???

[continues--->]

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- Olsen to SM: Is this a headless snowman, or merely a statue of Don Williams?
- Tommy to Snow White's Father: Forget the Irish Spring. Make it Irish Mist instead! You can wash my mouth out with that as much as you like!!!
- Tommy to Snow White: Your "father" is a protective S.O.B., isn't he? Are you going to take it from him lying down?
- SnowMaster to Tommy: Isn't it illegal and immoral to take it from your father lying down?
- SJ to SW: I was wondering if Mr. White has refrained from back seat driving, or are you a consenting adult? Actually, if you'd like some pointers, I have one for you...it helps to have an overactive imagination! Why don't you come over here and sit on my lap? We could talk about whatever pops up!
- CHL to TT: Why the attack? What did I ever do to you? Certainly nothing according to my recollections!
- SnowLord to SM: After spending time spying in the homeland of my most hated foe, the Houston Halfling all can see that the SnowLord will reign supreme.
- Ice Jackal to Players: Hey, I wanted to play, but ol' SnowMaster is throwing a nasty hissy-fit. So, have fun...bye...
- SM to IJ: Hey, you're just afraid of the S'Lord!
- Olsen to SM: Okay, how much will you take not to transmit the Pudgecon Snowball Fighting results to my arch-enemy?
- SM to Pudge: Well, if Don reads this, he'll find out you not only won at Trivial Pursuit, but blew away the field in SF. To not mail his copy, send \$15.
- Tommy to Sniffles: Why should fielding wizardry attract you? You're fielding all the snowballs you can handle yourself?
- Olsen to Burgess: I changed my mind. Zarse should be "Jim-Boob" Zarse. Knowing how you always agree with me and toady to me no matter what I say, you're sure to give Jeff the nickname off your back.
- CHL to TT: You ain't no fool? Your grasp of grammar is fully as firm as your grip on reality.
- SM to Gethen: And now for the strategy & tactics section--
- SJ to SM: So much for the superiority of the optional snow fort rule! Perhaps if I had built it at N8?
- SM to SJ: Then you'd have been sent inside by now...
- SJ to Kool and the Gang: Having a wonderful time, wish you were here!
- Tom to SM: Now it's time for me to pop Zarse's "bubble", or do I mean head? [That's Hise.]
- Tommy to Thunk: Good move, that! I got to hand it to you. Sitting inside for a single segment threw everyone off your track and gave you a free shot to boot! The only thing you could have been hit with was an "attack nearest" order at a lower hit percentage on segment three. Who ever plots non-conditional attacks on someone in the kitchen? Again I say, good play! I just wish I had thought of it first. I'd take my hat off to you, but it's too damn cold out here!
- SM to Tommy: Why does that release remind me of Mark Fassio?
- CHL to TT: You'll probably come crawling out of the kitchen long about turn 3 but don't worry, I won't attack you. I'm after bigger game, which means, just about anybody besides you.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings

Downfall is designed first and foremost as a playable game. Many Middle-earth variants suffer from being too true to the original scenario, but each successive revision of Downfall has incorporated changes which make the game good playing as well as good fantasy.

The chief characteristic of Downfall is its personality units. Faramir, Sauron and Saruman (Gandalf can be included in this discussion, though he is a "special unit.") have no separate combat value, but are invaluable to their forces for the support they can give. Sauron acts as a sort of "King" or "Titan"--his death means the end of Mordor.

Gandalf and his forces have exceptional powers, to compensate for their total lack of combat strength. Gandalf may neutralize the Nazgul's power of paralyzation, destroy the Balrog, or claim the Ring from any unit. The Rangers may neutralize certain supply centers, or even take over centers after passing through the Paths of the Dead. And the Fellowship, of course, may march with the Ents to tear down Fangorn.

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Rohan's Cavalry units, and Umbar's amphibious ones, have a minor balancing effect, giving these two lesser powers a better footing against the stronger Dwarves and Elves. Of course, Mordor is the only superpower on the board at gamestart. Following the book, a Mordor win is inevitable without the cooperation of two or more Good or Neutral players. However, some unlikely (in Tolkien's world) teammates can arise, and win; Umbar, a minor player in the trilogy, shared a two-way with the Dwarves in the latest game to end. (New Star, the example game in this issue of Perelandra, continues through Winterfilth 3019, with Saruman out, Mordor dying, and a little Gandalf battalion poking at Gondor in the East.)

With this overview we could still be saddled with a boring, mechanical game. However, the permutations of Downfall mean that just about every possible situation is a surprise; in addition to the familiar tactical aspects of Diplomacy, decisions must be made on whether to maintain secrecy in the case of "invisible" units, how to deal with the Ring, and how to arrange alliances with certain alignments (can a Good and a Neutral player work to capture certain spaces which have a defensive bonus against Neutrals, or against all but a certain power?).

Of course, the spirit of Tolkien's world is the main point of playing Downfall, and this means that the press possibilities are endless. Each player brings to his power a different style; a sarcastic Elf or a moody Dwarf or an empty-headed Gandalf are all just as likely as an evil Sauron.

Although originally revisions dealt with making the map more fluid, current discussion (yes, the game is still being revised) revolves around abilities such as entering Khazad-dum, or restrictions like the fleet quotas. This is all fine-tuning, though, as players have found the game enjoyable throughout the writing process.

PLAYER ROSTER FOR GAMES IN PERELANDRA

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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
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Opinions and Editorials and Letters

It's Me Again · by Cathy Gaughan

Well, I thought I would be totally excited about writing a Pudgecon review. Well, I'm not, but I did have lots of fun. The new people I met were John Michalski, Bruce (G-something, sounds like Gerick), Steve Clark, Gery Behnen, his wife Ginger, Matt Fleming, and Mark Frueh's wife Nancy Irwin. Of those people the only one I really even talked to was Nancy. She's really fun. I especially liked here D'n'D character. It was great!

I did talk to Ginger some but she didn't seem to think too much of people sitting around playing games all day and night long. I guess there were a couple of times I wished that more people would have just sat around talking. But oh well, I guess that's what happens when you can't play Titan very well. I did, however, get to visit with Steve, Daf, Bob Olsen, Russ Rusnak, and John Michalski. John, Russ, and Daf together can make me laugh for hours. It's great.

All in all I enjoyed the vacation. Thanks a lot for putting up with us, Bob. That's it for this time. I have lots of wierd things on my mind that Pete can explain if he wants to.

P.S. I didn't write anything to all you late night callers!

Is this a POSTAL hobby?

Bye, *Cathy*

Among the Trees · by Pete Gaughan

Cathy's column kind of puts the onus on me to fill you in. I think she's talking about my job situation. I've been too embarrassed to talk to my parents about the fact that I'm not in school this semester, and now that a possible promotion has come up, I can't really ask my dad's advice. Besides which, our whole future may soon be up in the air--do we move? If so, to California? To Plano (in north Dallas)?

My thoughts this time are turning to school to some extent. Specifically, I'm really feeling the lack of classes right now. Oh, sure, I dropped out once before, but I was working in a bookstore full time then, and I knew I was going back soon, so I was able to use the challenge of the job as a substitute. But right now I really miss the intellectual stimulation I had through eight years in college.

One problem this creates is a big inferiority complex in Cathy. She thinks she's too dumb (sometimes) for me to carry on an interesting conversation with. Wrong. What I miss is the classroom debates and writing that school entailed; small bull sessions were always fun, but never very challenging--they were to relax. I get plenty of relaxation and recreation these days. I guess deep down I'm used to impressing people with my mind, and neither my part-time job nor goofing around at home give me that. (Something I'm better off losing? Perhaps.)

It compounds the problem to have all these great ideas for papers or study but without the motivation to get to work reading and writing. I'm a great one for putting guilt on myself, so going six months without academia puts pressure on me.

I think in the long run one of two things will happen. Either I'll commit myself to a career, instead of just a job, and school will be a goal that I'd like to return to "sometime down the line". Or I'll commit myself to a career, and I'll learn to study and write without the artificial motivation of grades. Remember how many great minds were self-taught in one way or another: Edison, Einstein, Franklin, Lincoln.

Either way sounds like a perfectly well-adjusted attitude to me. I look forward to it.

Well, that could be really depressing. Take my word for it, we have lots to interest us. If nothing else, some of the zines we get are just short of hilarious. Take Feuilletonist's Forum. In a new stab at comedy, Greg makes you search for each page by binding them mostly in reverse order. FF must have been late because it took Halfling so long to determine the page order. (I should talk; Pere will be a week late this month, and we're not even pregnant, as the Ellises are!)

Russ Rusnak says he'd like to see this issue if he's mentioned in a Pudgecon report. Hey,

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editors, here's your chance to add to your sub count. Put in a Russ Rusnak Dept. No content, just Russ' name. (Anybody remember when we all had Mark Berch Dept.s to talk about the weather?) Sorry, Russ, it looks as if there won't be a formal con write-up this time, unless the letter column runs over. And we'll see about that now...oops, here's one that should have been run in the lit quiz:

from Mark Lew (15 September 1987)

the sinclair novel is dragon's teeth. the DTRS had just been started when i joined the hobby (1980). last i recall hearing about it was when st george and the dragon folded, which must have been 83 at the latest. don't tell me the DTRS is still around!?

...i also bought some science fiction, for the first time in a long while. when i lived in anchorage, my friend doug would pass on any sci-fi he particularly liked (he read about one a week) and i'd read a few of them. now on the phone, he got me sufficiently curious about herbert's destination: void to go get it. i also got another tim powers book, and a book of herbert short stories. i like scifi short stories better than novels. to me, the fun part of scifi is when you come to comprehend the idea which is at the heart of the story, and any elaborations on that idea are less important. short stories don't have much to say, but they are more to the point.

it occurs to me that some of these could pass as "serious ideas in a breezy, readable format," though it applies better to another book of herbert stories i read a while ago. the book i just read has earlier works and thus we see more of mr herbert's flaws, that is, some of his ideas are tiresome, and none of the writing is terribly believable (and some of it is downright hokey). niven, my favorite scifi author, does much better in the believability department and his ideas are generally more interesting as well, but herbert has a knack for clever conversations between people who are keeping secrets from each other and everything they say has hidden meanings, etc. this appeals to me.

[from a letter of 2 Sept.] i don't actually read much literature, though i like to be familiar with it. i like dostoyevsky, and i like shakespeare. that's about it, really.

one thing: i've heard the delightfully ambiguous line, "that man hath a tongue, i say, is no man, if with this tongue he cannot win a woman," attributed to shakespeare. i've looked through a few scenes which seemed likely places for it, but so far haven't found it.

Pete: I think I know where that's from, but I'll double-check before next issue.

from Steve Emmert (11 September 1987)

Have you read The Story of English? You might find it a bit simplistic at times, but I love it.

Rod Walker's mention of limericks reminds me of my favorite, which won a contest a few years ago: The bustard's an exquisite fowl / Which somewhat resembles the owl. / It escapes, you see, / Illegitimacy / By the grace of a fortunate vowel.

I have no idea who wrote it, but between the one-word fourth line and the naughty subject (or at least the naughty suggestion), it is delightful. The Nantucket limerick runs a close second.

Pete: Look out, here comes the expert!

from Rod Walker (9 September 1987)

A. Speaking of limericks: Other fans & authors of obscene limericks include Lord Tennyson, John Ciardi, Isaac Asimov, the historian Ray Billington, Mark Twain, James Joyce, Bennett Cerf, Don Marquis, Norman Douglas (of course!!), and many other literary luminaries. Don Marquis, indeed, it was who defined all limericks as falling in three classes: (1) limericks which may be recited in the presence of ladies, (2) limericks which may be recited in the presence of clergy, and (3) LIMERICKS.

B. Twickenham: I have been duly assiduous in researching this vital topic. I did uncover an authentic clean limerick about the place -- the young girl of Twickenham whose shoes were too tight to walk quickenham. What a feeble thing it is! It occurred to me to add to the chronicle of this delightful town, and I quickly turned out a cycle of four, "The Wicked Clergy of Twickenham". The final manuscript of The Ravish'd Muse stands at 129 items, and a query letter has been sent to W.W.Norton. My Twickenham limericks are -- as all my limericks are -- printable from the aspect

of avoiding the "no-no" words. The shock value of these words has long since been worn away by overuse. The modern obscene limerick (or even clean one) needs to be more subtle and sophisticated these days. Most of the scatological items in Legman's collection, for instance, seem quite flat. The absolute best of them is barely even blue: "There was a young lady named Wilde,/ Who kept herself quite undefiled/ By thinking of Jesus,/ And social diseases,/ And the bother of having a child." Masterful! Not erotic, though. The greatest erotic limerick ever written is also quite printable: "While Titian was mixing rose madder,/ His model reclined on a ladder./ Her position, to Titian,/ Suggested coition,/ So he climbed up the ladder and had 'er." The greatest actually clean limerick ever written is Edward Gorey's: "From Number Nine, Penwiper Mews,/ There is really abominable news:/ They've discovered a head/ In the box for the bread,/ But nobody seems to know whose." And as for Twickenham -- well, who gives a rat's rump for Alexander Pope? There's a number of virgins in Twickenham,/ And ... Well you can imagine.

from Jim Burgess (9 September 1987)

I have an idea how mixed your feelings must be on leaving school. I hope you don't mind my mentioning it [in The Boob Report]. Thank them in a way. Having to make decisions like that myself these days, remember that they are trying to save you from wasting your time. They do want a piece of your soul, you know. Very depressing if one ponders it too much.

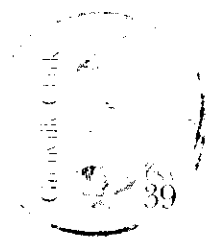
from Tom Hurst (9 September 1987)

Gee! These quizzes are fun! Should have started earlier! I can see where you would like to keep them hard, else some people would pay nothing but game fees for all the time they subbed. Still a question is only hard when one doesn't know the answer, and it sure helps to be a voracious reader and have a lady who is a high school English teacher--and have over 2000 titles in one's personal library! At any rate, it beats being a Philistine who does nothing but swill suds and watch the tube. There's no law against reading a good book while swilling those suds!

Pete: Sounds like a great slogan! A final word: Rex Martin was kind enough to write about his wife's participation in Sweet Adelines. But Cathy has dropped this group because of the high cost of costumes for a number of performances. Just too snooty for our blood, but a nice bunch. Hey, thanks for joining us this month. Have a frightfully nice October! *Pete*

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