

## TALIESIN by Stephen R. Lawhead

"We gave chase," continued Cuall, "but lost them in the woods. "

"Let them go. We ride to Caer Seiont."

On they rode, approaching the Roman fortress by midday. Elphin sent scouts ahead to view the situation. "I like this not at all," muttered Cuall as they waited, using the time to eat a few bites of food and water the horses at the ford. The hill on which the fort was built was not far from the river, and they could see the black smoke rising above the trees ahead and hear the frantic sounds of battle sharp in the still autumn air.

"Maximus is in trouble," replied Elphin. "But it will not help him for us to rush in without a good account of how things stand."

When the scouts returned, the king called his commanders together and all listened to what the scouts had to report. "The fort is well surrounded, but the main fighting is taking place before the gates, which are afire. There are small fires inside the fort," said one of the scouts.

"How many of the enemy?" asked Elphin.

"A thousand," replied the second scout cautiously. "Maybe more. But they are holding none back."

"A thousand men," wondered Redynvar. "Where did they come from?"

"That matters but little," Cuall reminded him. "They are here, and that is the meal that is on our plate!"

"We will take the main force at the gate," Elphin said. "One column will go in first with support from either side. Heridd and Nerth, stay behind and guard our backs. We may need fresh reserves later." Battle plans laid, they remounted their men and continued to the fort.

It was as the scouts had said: at least five hundred invaders massed before the main gate, and another five or six hundred deployed around the square's stone-and-timber walls, busily keeping those inside the fort occupied with the defense of those walls. Stones and arrows flashed through the air, clattering against the long, narrow shields of the raiders.

"Look at them," muttered Elphin in amazement. He had never seen a Roman fort under attack. Irish Scotti dodged to and fro, loosing their long spears upon those on the ramparts; around them naked Picti and Cruithne, their skins bright blue from the woad, darted and danced, filling the air with their short, sharp arrows; Attacotti, slim dark bodies gleaming in the sunlight, threw themselves at the gates armed only with iron axes.

"Those big ones—" Cuall said, pointing to a rear echelon made up of large-limbed, beefy men dressed in skins and leather, their fair hair hanging in long braids.

"Saecsen," said Taliesin. "They are all here."

"And will soon wish they were not!" The king turned in his saddle. "Column ready!" he bawled. There was a rustling along the ranks as spears were readied for the charge.

"Speak a victory for us, Taliesin," said Elphin, gathering his reins.

"I will uphold you," Taliesin replied.

The column charged up the hill as a straight line, flaring out at the last instant to form a sharp-pointed wedge. They rode straight for the gate where the battle was thickest. Too late the enemy heard the thunder of their horses as death swooped over them. They turned to meet the charge only to be swept backward before it and pinned against the burning gates and wall of the fort they were trying to destroy.

The spears of the Cymry thrust and thrust again, bladetips running red as they scythed through the melee. Here and there men were hauled from horseback to disappear under a swell of flashing blades and clubs. Those in the forefront of the attack fainted back, moving to the side to allow their comrades

who had regrouped to charge into the mass again.

Taliesin, along with Heridd, Nerth, and their squads, watched the fight, and waited for Elphin's signal. The horses charged and charged again. Spears thrust and hooves flashed and the enemy fell by the score, but for every one that fell, three more took his place. Eventually exhaustion forced Elphin's company to retreat and let fresh troops take the field.

"Ride in twos!" the king cried as his mount came pounding in. "Keep your horses! Each man protect his neighbor!" Panting and sweating, he motioned the replacements into the fray.

"It is worse than I expected," Elphin told Taliesin when they had gone, wiping blood and grime from his brow. All around them men gasped from their deadly exertion. The king spoke low so those close by would not overhear. "They mean to die this day, and it fills them with desperate courage. They fight like men gone mad." He shook his head. "And there are so many of them."

Without a word Taliesin turned his horse aside and rode through the sheltering trees, back across the stream to the hill opposite the one on which the fortress was built. He rode to the crest of the hill and stopped on the barren height overlooking the scene of battle. He dropped his reins and, slipping from the saddle, drew out his oak staff and his blue robe. He threw the robe over his shoulders, walked a few paces from the horse, and planted the staff firmly in the ground.

Then he set about gathering good-sized stones, which he heaped into a small pile at the place where he had driven in his staff. Taking up more stones, he proceeded to pace off the dimensions of a large circle, placing a stone every third step. Then he plucked his staff from the ground and, raising it, closed his eyes, his lips forming the words of the incantation.

As he stood murmuring, the sun, already dim with smoke, shrank away as the smoke thickened and spread its darkness over the sky. The sound of battle—harsh clash of arms, terrified whinnying of horses, curses and cries of wounded and dying—came to him across the small valley.

Taliesin opened his eyes and saw his father's warband surrounded by the enemy and halted as they tried to force a way through to the burning gates, Elphin himself at their head, hacking away with his short sword.


Twice more Taliesin repeated the conjure and when he looked again, the foe was pressed tight around Elphin's forces six deep, and more were streaming around the walls, their angry axes flashing dull red above their horn-helmeted heads.

The barbarians, by dint of superior numbers, had stopped the king's onslaught and were forcing the warband back. Frustration growing, Taliesin turned and stared wildly around, eyes lighting on his black horse. He ran and grabbed the reins and pulled the horse into the center of the crude stone circle he had constructed. He climbed into the saddle and stood on the horse's back.

Then, raising the oak staff over his head, he repeated the incantation. This time he felt his awen descend like a radiant cloak; the air around him shimmered. He spoke and felt the power of his words take shape on the wind. They were not mere words anymore—they were the wind and the power behind the wind. Words flew from his lips, snatched from his tongue by the force of their own volition. An icy blast whirled around him in a spiraling vortex that gathered and raced by, flying down the hill. This strange and sudden chill blew across the valley to where the fighting raged most hotly.

King Elphin's men felt the cold wind sting their faces and looked up. There on the opposite hill they saw the lean, tall figure of a man standing on a black horse, a long staff raised over his head. "Taliesin!" someone cried. "Our druid's sent a wind to save us!"

The enemy too felt the cold wind and saw the dark sky. They turned wide, astonished eyes upon the mysterious hillfigure and faltered in their attack.

That was all the warband needed. Refreshed by the sight of the long-haired Saecsen and their minions falling back Elphin's troops wheeled and charged into the reeling mass. The cold wind howled high above the bloody battleground, and within moments the enemy was fleeing down the slope to the shelter of the woods. A tremendous shout went up from the legionaries on the walls. The gates opened and the soldiers came flooding out to give chase. 

This is the seventy-seventh issue of *Perelandra*, an amateur monthly magazine of fine literature, public policy and, every now and then, postal games (just as a filler, mind you). This zine is the natural habitat and refuge of Editorus Californius Hysterico, common name Pete Gaughan (Box 7006, Corte Madera CA 94925-7006). Admission is \$1.50 per issue; please feed the animals.

We lead off this month with a game you've all come to know and love ... how 'bout it, folks, let's have a nice warm *Perelandra* hand for ...

## GLOME / Deviant Dip

Many many errors to fix: Sevastapol has not been an SC since Spring 1907! Yes, that should be "Allowed provinces," where I said "Forbidden Provinces." When I referred to Powerless Powers, I reversed the two countries. I left Warsaw out of the SC chart last time; Germany had 6, not 5, votes this turn. I misspelled one of the proposals lastish; also, part of Rule Proposal #120 disappeared lastish, but nobody voted for it, so it's dead.

proposal	aus	eir	fra	ger	ita	rus	tur
E/F draw	no	yes	yes	no	no	no	no
E/F/I/R/T draw	no	no	no	no	yes	yes	yes
E win	no	no	no	no	no	no	no
GM win	yes	no	no	yes	no	no	yes
GM's wife win	yes	no	no	no	no	yes	yes
GM's computer win	yes	no	no	no	no	yes	no
A/E/G/I/R/T/GM	yes	no	no	no	yes	yes	yes

Italy proposes Italian win, and T/I and AEFGIRT draws. So?

### Fall 1908: Go Home! The Movie's Over!

AUSTRIA (Greg Ellis): a aeg-gre (f bul/sc s), a aeg-con, xf eas-ion (xf eas s), f smy-aeg, f con-smy, a mos-lvn, a ukr-war (a ukr & a mos s), a sev s a mos, a gal-sil, a gal-bud /a gal ann/. Playlist: Big Bird, "The ABC Song."

EIRE (Don Williams): a edi, f nao, f nts, f ska, f bar all h. No playlist or press because once he voted I knew it was over; shares draw anyway.

FRANCE (Eric Brosius): f bre-pic, f bre-mid, f mid-spa/sc, f mid-naf, a pie-mar, a pie-tyo, a mar-b-ser, a mar-b-bud, af tun-ion (af tun s, f adr s\*, af nap s), ya tus-ven (ya tus s, f adr s\*), a par-b-ukr, a par-b-gre, af nap-rom, ya rom-b-mun, ya rom-b-vie, a bur-par, a ruh h (a bur s), a ruh-b-boh, f ion-tyn, f ion-alb. Playlist: "Hobo's Lullaby."

GERMANY (J.R. Baker): f bal-bot, f bal-kie, a stp-nwy, a stp-fin, a lvn-stp, a lvn-mos (a war s (a pru s)), a war-ukr, a pru-ber, ya boh-gal (ya sil & ya vie s), ya sil-mun (ya boh & a tyo s), ya vie-bud, a tyo-tri. Playlist: Motley Crüe, *Doctor Feelgood*, "Without You."

ITALY (Tom Nash): Playlist: The BoDeans; Cowboy Junkies [sic]; Robert Cray; Adrian Belew.

RUSSIA (Russ Blau): a swe-nwy, a swe-fin, a den-swe /repealed/ (a den s), a kie s a den, a kie-mun. Playlist: Raffi, "Baby Beluga." [I like Oit, I like it...]

TURKEY (Mark Lew): Playlist: Janet Jackson, "What Have You Done For Me Lately?"

\*A unit may only Rabbit if at least one of the orders is movement. Random Rules yanks off the unit in mos and rum is no longer a dot. Annihilated by French beams are the F units and these units they land on: Austrian a gre & a ukr; German a mun, vie, boh. Only two units flipped by Othello this time!: fra a bud-ger, ger a tri-fra.

Rule Voting:	yes	no	net
#99-Robin Hood	7		7
#113-Prime Candidates	6		6
#116-Black Friday	3		3
#118-Polychrome Othello			
#119-Treaty of Versailles	16		16
#120-Atlantis			
#121-This is a Lit Zine!	6		6
#122-Disenfranchisement			

Hard to believe, isn't it. Please don't send Winter/Spring moves, playlist, votes on rules, black and white press, or new proposal by next deadline. Remember that voting was by dot count, not units.

### RULES NOW IN EFFECT

Playlist; "No" Votes; Tunnel; Anti-Titan; Transporter Beam; Random Rules; *Deviant*; Dammit!; Unstable Dots; Rabbit Rule; Othello; AFGT; Living Dead; Anti-Lew; No Retreats; EFIRT; Press; Pork Barrel and

#119-TREATY OF VERSAILLES. Eire and France reach peace terms (what with the evil English pig-dogs now vanquished and relegated to the trash heap of history), and hereby declare the war over, and a thousand years of peace, with E/F as the reigning (i.e., winning) governments.

**[[The GM interprets this to mean that you have passed an E/F draw.]]**

Please *do* send endgame statements before July Fourth. Dot count and final SC chart on next page, along with press.

**GLOME PRESS**

**France to GM:** Does that mean we're now calling it the "Erin Sea?" What's the abbreviation—"Eri?"

**GM to Snide France:** I don't care what you call it now.

**Stockholm to GM:** Hey, I should NMR more often. I did better last turn than I have been doing most recent seasons!

**GM to Stockholm:** Hey, it worked for Don.

**France to Italy and Turkey:** Why don't you just give me your votes and quit?

**GM to France:** Apparently you don't need their (now somewhat limited) votes.

**Germany to France:** It's not nice to attack your allies. Now you've really done it.

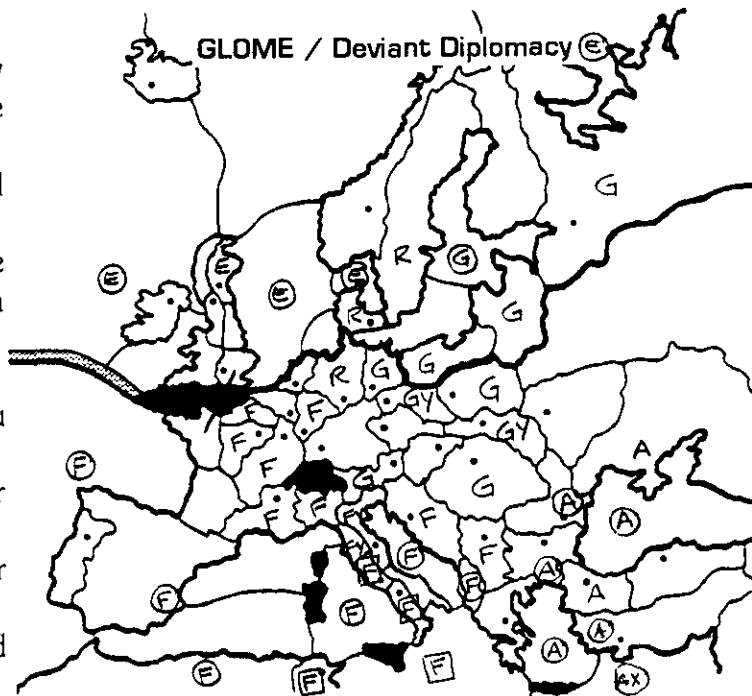
**Austria to Germany:** Have you looked behind you lately?

**France to Germany:** Lead, follow, or get out of the way.

**Iglew:** Actually, I like the Lit Zine rule. Too bad it won't pass. In the spirit of the rule, I'm submitting an original poem in the press.

**Russia to Turkey:** See you in Paris.

**Turkey to France:** My Poll poll ballot: Harris, Kinsey. Oh, this is Dip polls? OK, Jan Niechendoskowitz, or whatever that Brit statistician guy's name is.



(press continues on page 5)

**GLOME / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1908**

Own home dots are *outlined*; other's homes are *italicized*.

Austria	<u>gal</u>	<u>bud</u>	<i>con</i>	<i>st</i>	<i>ser</i>	<i>bul</i>	SMY.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3
Eire	<u>edi</u>	<u>ire</u>	<i>lvp</i>	<i>lon</i>	<i>ice</i>	<i>vie</i>	gre	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	7
France	<u>par</u>	<u>bre</u>	<u>mar</u>	<u>bur</u>	<u>ruh</u>	<u>ukr</u>	<u>rom</u>	<u>tun</u>	<u>bel</u>	<u>por</u>	<i>NAP</i>	<i>VENSER</i>	<i>TRI</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	13
Germany	<u>kie</u>	<u>mun</u>	<u>ber</u>	<u>tyo</u>	<u>war</u>	<u>den</u>	STP	GAL	BUDSIL	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	8
Italy	<u>nap</u>	<u>ven</u>	<u>ank</u>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
Russia	<u>boh</u>	<u>tri</u>	<u>nwy</u>	<u>hol</u>	KIE	DEN.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5
Turkey	<u>smv</u>	<u>stp</u>	<u>rum</u>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	0
no longer SC status: bre, rum, sev, spa, swe, mos.																				37	

**GLOME (1988A/r.. for the 'MNC'/UC; 1988GBrs32 for the MNC)**

**ENDGAME STATISTICS**

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	<u>08</u>	
Austria	5	4	4	3	8	10	6	3	Jeff Zarse (drop W'03), Greg Ellis
Eire				3	3	3	7	7	Don Williams (draw)
England/Camelot	5	5	6	3	3	0			Bob Olsen (eliminated)
France	5	5	5	5	4	6	9	13	Jim Burgess (res F05), Eric Brosius (draw)
Germany	4	3	2	3	6	9	6	8	Kevin Tighe (drop W'02), J.R. Baker
Italy	4	4	4	5	7	2	3	1	Mark Luedi (res W'03), Tom Nash
Russia	6	8	7	7	7	8	4	5	Russ Blau
Turkey	4	4	5	5	4	3	3	0	Mark Lew (eliminated)

**Turkey to BNC:** Buy that one too? I'll bet you did.

**Italy to GM:** Speaking of polls, you said on page 19 that your comments on the Marco would be in the editorial section. Oh yeah? Where? With that missing ballot?

**GM to Italy:** I cut that when I ran up against the choice of whether to fill out that blank page or not. See if I squeezed it in thish.

**Turkey to GM:** No fair printing both of my press releases on the same line! It makes it too easy for people to guess that I wrote them.

**GM to "Turkey":** That little editing saved me a lot of layout trouble...

**Turkey to Eire, Austria, and France:** Boy are you guys a bunch of stooges believing that black press. Me? Sense of humor? Shoulda been a dead giveaway, guys. Tsk, tsk, shame on you. I bet you all sent sub checks and game fees for "The Chocolate Factory" too.

**Rome to GM:** Dublin! Is Ken Hill in *this* game, too?

**Erie to Eire:** Are you interested in a track-building deal?

**Germany to Eire:** Don't look now but you have three impassable sides and then there's me.

**Paris to GM:** Did I really vote for "Pork Barrel?" I thought I voted for something else!

**GM to Paris:** If I could reveal press authors and rule-votes, I might answer you.

**Paris to Berlin:** What is this Leisure Suit Lucifer business all about?

**Berlin to Paris:** You are the Leisure Suit Lucifer. Didn't you know?

**Warning:** Beware the E/G/T "Beatles" alliance! [**GM to Warning:** "G?"]

**Vienna:** I tossed it up into the air -an orange.

It came back down way over there -Squornch.

**Germany to Austria:** Build more fleets!

### A LITTLE DEVIANT HISTORY

I was wrong about this being the first game of Deviant Dip played to conclusion. "Irregular" was played in *Benzene* when it was a subzine to *Irksome*; James Wall won as England. The second Deviant game, "Little Quonset Hut on the Prairie," was abandoned.

### TREE FACTS

- The federal government will spend \$519 million this year subsidizing timber cuts on public lands. In the Tongass National Forest in Alaska, the Forest Service has charged as little as \$2 per 1,000 board feet for timber that sells on the open market for as much as \$600/1,000. Since 1980 the Forest Service has lost more than \$350 million on sales of timber from the Tongass *alone*.

- Planting three trees around each American house would save 10 to 50 percent on air-conditioning, or as much as \$4 billion annually.

- In one year, an average tree inhales 26 pounds of carbon dioxide—the amount emitted by an automobile during an 11,000-mile trip—and exhales enough oxygen to keep a family of four breathing for a year.

- Hurricane Hugo toppled five million acres of woodland, more than hurricanes Camille and Frederic, the eruption of Mount St. Helens and the Yellowstone fire combined. (Coincidentally, more new tree seedlings are planted in Georgia each year than in any other state.)

- There are now 230 billion trees in the U.S. If there were only 10 billion more, trees would absorb almost all of the three billion pounds of CO<sub>2</sub> we annually pump into the air.

# RYLOS / 1989IF

## Spring 1903: Daisy Chain

AUSTRIA (Gilles Tanguay): f alb-gre (a ser s /retreats to bud/), a tyo ms a tri.

ENGLAND (Steve Nicewarner): a edi-lvp, a vor-wal (f lon s).

FRANCE (Tom Nash): f mid-iri, f eng-bel, a bel-ruh, a bur-mar, f lyo-mar.

GERMANY (James Early): a hol-lon (f nts c, f wal s), a den shakes hand of Russian f swe, a mun s austrian a tyo.

ITALY (John Crosby): f ion-alb (f adr s), a ven h (a pie s).

RUSSIA (Melinda Holley): a bul-ser (a rum s), a syr u, f bla c a sev-bul /nsu/, f nwy s german f nts (f swe s).

TURKEY (Lance Anderson): a gre-bul (f con s), a ank & f smy s f con.

Retreat: Austrian a ser-bud. Fall and Winter 1903 by next deadline, please (on back cover).

### PRESS

**Greece to Smy, Ank & Con:** Let's do it!

**Turkey to England:** Looks like neither one of us is long for this world.

**GM to Turkey:** Let me know if you're long in the next.

**Uncle Steve's Puppet Shop** is now open for business. No reasonable offer declined.

**Berlin to Paris:** Clap, Clap – Clap, Clap, Clap – Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap – LET'S GO!

**Lance to Melinda:** Will you lay off?! You can't crack this nut until you learn how to build!

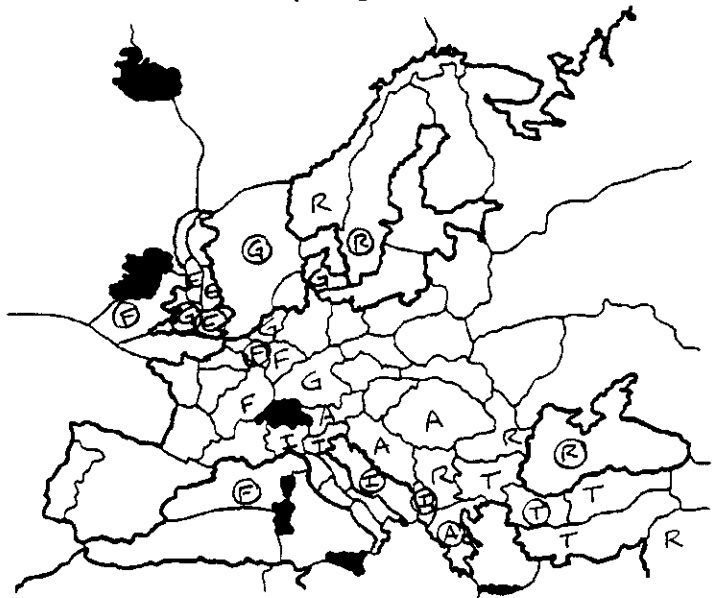
**Turkey to Russia:** Was the lack of builds to reassure me or are you so confident of victory?

**France to Board:** AUUGGHHH!!!!!! I can't believe I forgot to build! I, who have played twice as many British-rules as North American-rules games! AUUGGHHH!!!!!!

**Germany to Russia:** Thanks for the support. Can I do anything for you?

**Berlin to Vienna:** We Germans have got to stick together!

# RYLOS / Spring 1903



RYLOS / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Spring 1903

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	.	.	.	.	4
England	edi	lon	lvp	.	.	.	.	.	3
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	.	.	6
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	den	.	.	.	5
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	4
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	nwy	bul	8
Turkey	con	ank	smy	gre	.	.	.	.	4

Funky Filler: May 22 was a blue day in the East Bay; a grey day on the Peninsula and in the City; and a white day (rain and fog) in Marin County. Crossing the Golden Gate Bridge I could see all three weathers meet above me.

### MAGRATHEA PRESS SCRAPS

**Paris to Rome:** Boy, you're just full of surprises.

**DeVarona to Crowd:** Oh, no, spoiled his attempt with a default.

**Italy to DeVarona:** I said, shut up.

**DeVarona to Italy:** Who do you think this is you're talking to here, Jacqueline??

# LAKKDAROL / Downfall of the Lord of the Rings

Astron II adjustments: Dwarves remove A Nenuial; Elves build A Imladris, A Elven King's Halls; Mordor removes A Ered Lithui; Umbar builds A/F Harad.

E/Go/R/U draw: Dwarves, Elves, Rohan yes; Gandalf, Gondor no; Sauron nvr. Elves repropose E/Go/R/U, also propose E/R/U and Gondor win.

## Thrimidge I: Spanning the Globe

**DWARVES** (Larry Botimer): A Forlond-Grey Havens, A Wilderland-Brown Lands, A Withered Heath ms A Carnen.

**ELVES** (Jason Bergmann): A Esgaroth-Withered Heath (A Eotheod s), A Elven King's Halls-Esgaroth (A Old Forest Road s, A River Running s), A S. Mirkwood s A RRu, A Anduin-Brown Lands (Rohan s), A Imladris-Rhudaur, F Grey Havens s A For-Flid /nso/ (A Shire s), A Carn Dûm-North Downs.

**GANDALF** (Rob Wittmond): Ga  
Ra Fe

**GONDOR** (Lance Anderson): A Osgiliath ms A South Ithilien, A Anorien s A Osgiliath, A Lossarnach-Lamedon, C and Fa Dead Marshes-Udûn (A North Ithilien s), A Nindalf-Dead Marshes.

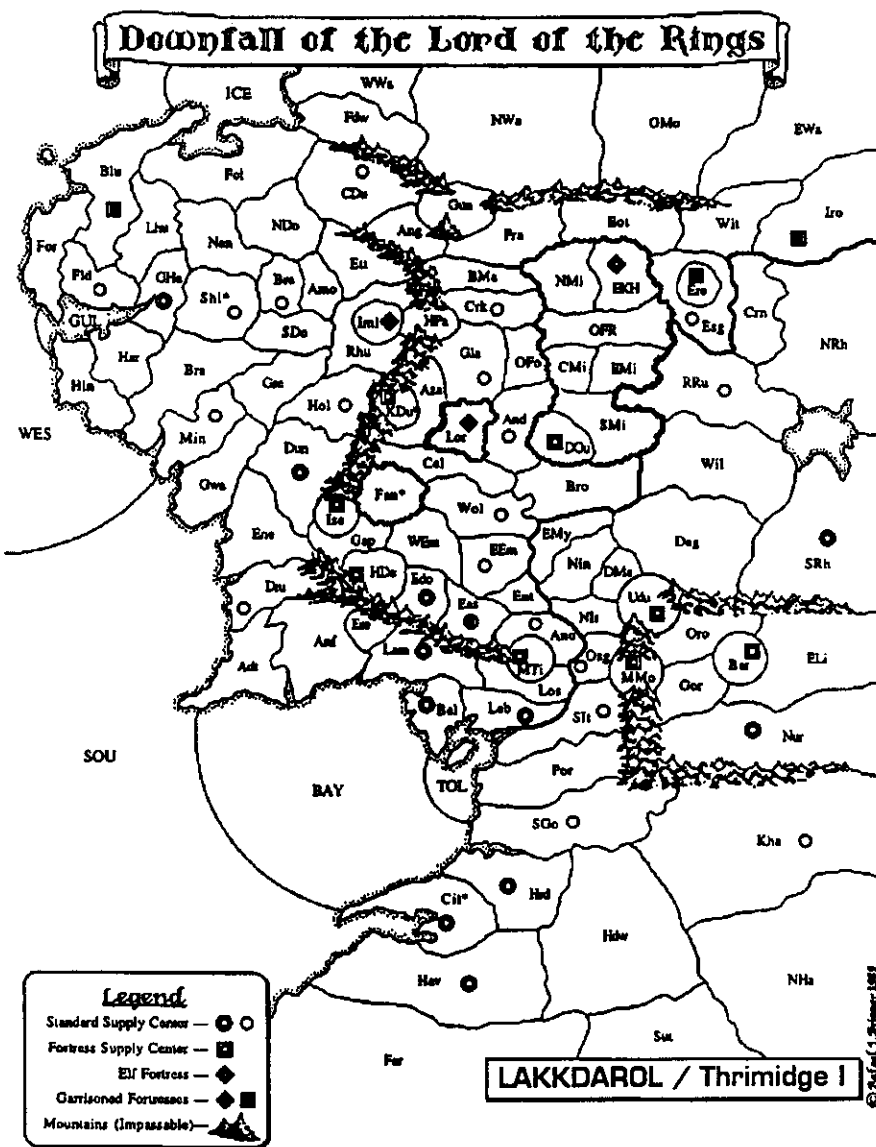
**ROHAN** (Brian Hogan): C Dunland hold then -Hollin (C Greenway s), C Dagorlad h, then s Gondor C DMA-Udû\*, A Eryn Muil s elf And-Bro, A Eastfold-West Emnet, A Druwaith laur-Enedwaith, C Entwash-East Emnet-Wold, Herd West Emnet h.

**SARUMAN** (Steve Nicewarner): Saruman and A Hollin h, A North Downs-Nenuial (A Bree s).

**SAURON** (Craig Mills): Sauron and A Gorgoroth-Barad-dûr, A S. Rhûn-Dagorlad, A Udûn h /retreat to Orodruin or otb/, A Minas Morgul h.

**UMBAR** (Geoff Richard): 2A/F Western Sea-Blue Mountains (A Forlindon s), F Southern Sea-Western Sea, A/F Harad-South Gondor, A+ Nazgul Nurn-Ered Lithui, A Khand-Nurn, A Minhiriath h.

\*Please note, regarding the Rohan Cavalry support, that Gondor did not order his move for second phase (if he had then A Nit couldn't support), so the C support would fail even if it had not been cut.



## PRESS

**Dwarves to Saruman:** No sweat, nothing much we can do anyway.

**Elves to Saruman II:** Don't act like as much of a bozo as Larry here—perhaps we can work out a deal

for your future survival...

**Rohan to Valinor:** New Saruman? I'll settle for an ex-Saruman.

**Dwarves to Gondor:** A flake? Rohan? I guess that explains it.

**Eomer to Boromir:** What? Me flake?

**Gondor to Rohan:** Can we try this again?

**Elves to Board:** It's inevitable! Vote for the draw. Oh, and Lance, if you don't think that's how this game will end then stab who you're gonna stab so we can get this game into action.

**Dwarves to Elves:** Don't tell me you're tired of your glorious campaign already?

**Go to E/R/U:** Let's eliminate the deadwood.

**Elves to Dwarves:** Do I smell some fried Dwarf flesh for dinner?

**Rohan to Umbar:** Quit your moist skulking about-you watery tart! Help vs. Saruman and the short guys.

SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Thrimidge I

Dwarves	blu	ere	iro	fid																			4
Elves	ekh	gha	iml	lor	gla	and	crk	shi	rru	esg	cdm												11
Gandalf																							0
Gondor	bel	iam	leb	mti	sit	osg	ano																7
Mordor	bar	srh	udu	mmo																			4
Rohan	herd	edo	hde	dru	dun	eem	dgu	ise	wol														9
Saruman	kdm	hol	bre																				3
Umbar	cit	hrd	hav	sgo	kha	min	nur																7

MAGRATHEA / 1989B

Winter 1904: Austria builds a bud; England builds f edi; France builds a mar; Germany fails to retreat f ska, it goes bye-bye; Italy builds f nap.

Spring 1905: Moving Day

AUSTRIA (Richard Pinelli - has change of address): a rum & a vie s a gal; a gal, ser, and bud s a rum; f gre-bul/sc.

ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): f edi-nwg, a yor-edi, f nwy-swe (f ska s), f kie-bal.

FRANCE (Tim Stark): a hol-kie (f den s), a ruh-mun (a bur s), a mar-pie (a tus s), f wes-tun (f tyn s /retreat lyo wes rom otb/).

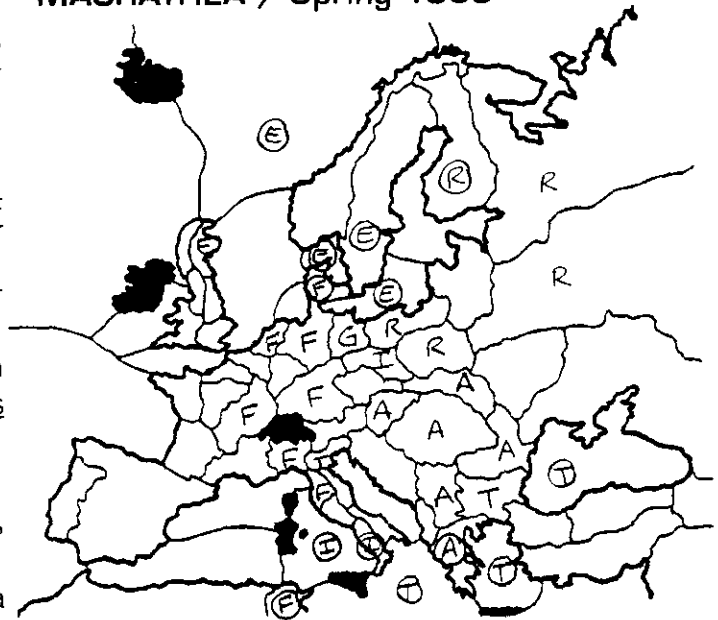
GERMANY (Karl Hoffman): a ber-mun.

ITALY (Gary Behnen): f ion-tyn (f nap s), a ven-pie, a sil-mun.

RUSSIA (Geoff Richard): f stp/sc-fin, a lvn-stp, a war-pru, a ukr-war, a sev-mos.

TURKEY (John Crosby): a bul\_s austrian a rum (f bla s), f eas-ion (f aeg s).

MAGRATHEA / Spring 1905



SUPPLY CENTERS as of Spring 1905

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	gre	rum																		6
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	kie																			5
France	par	bre	mar	spa																				8
Germany	mun	ber																						2
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun																				4

MAGRATHEA PRESS

**Donna DeVarona announces:** Do we dare try another Italian solo press effort??

**Italy to Russia:** Well, a letter would be nice!

**Italy to Austria:** Ditto, dude.

**Italy to Russia II:** Bury that head a little deeper, this won't take long.

**Italy to France:** Please, don't write.



# ZELPST / 1989AJ

Winter 1902: Austria builds a bud; England disbands f mid; Germany builds a ber; Russia build a war, a mos, a sev.

## Spring 1903: All Present and Counting Four

**AUSTRIA** (J.R.Baker): a bud-vie, a tri-tyo, a ser-gre, f gre-aeg.

**ENGLAND** (John Schultz): a bel-hol, f nts-den (f ska s), f eng-nts.

**FRANCE** (Lance Anderson): f spa/nc-spa/sc /impossible; f spa/nc must retreat to mid gas por or otb/ (a mar s), a pic-bel (a bur s).

**GERMANY** (George Rifle Tom Hurst): a den-swe /kie otb/, a sil s austrian a tri-vie /nso/, f kie-bal, a ber ms a mun.

**ITALY** (Stephen Carter): f wes-spa/sc (f lyo s), a ven-pie (a tus s).

**RUSSIA** (Greg Ellis): a tyo-mun, a sev-ank (f bla c, a arm s), a bul-con, a stp-fin, a nwy-swe, a war-pru, a mos-stp.

**TURKEY** (Melinda Holley): a ank-arm /ann/, f con-bla, f smv-aeg.

Sorry, Spain/nc is not 'adjacent' to Spa/sc.

### PRESS

Disclaimer: Some of this press was carried over from the delayed turn.

**England to Italy:** I certainly hope everything worked out alright. It's a little hard to coordinate when things are this quiet.

**France to Italy:** What are you trying to prove? That you can break your word? Go home.

**England to Germany:** Gee, General, what the heck is going on? Let's hear a little something, OK?

**France to Germany (?):** Yew-hoo, is anybody home? I need to borrow a cup [[illegible]] of dots.

**Austria to Germany:** I see the letter bomb worked.

**France to A/H:** Can you give me a hand with this Italian fellow?

**GM to France:** No more letter bombs, please.

**Austria to Russia:** 9 in '02. Is that a 'personal best'?

**GM to Austria:** Greg says, No, it's not, actually.

**Austria to GM:** Do you have a houserule that prevents a concession to Russia before '05?

**GM to Austria:** I have a houserule that says I won't publish such a proposal—but if all players write in the same turn requesting such an outcome, I won't stand in their way.

**France to Russia:** Would you mind doing a wrap-up piece like the last one for each turn? As well as game-long? I really enjoyed it and now I know what is happening as well.

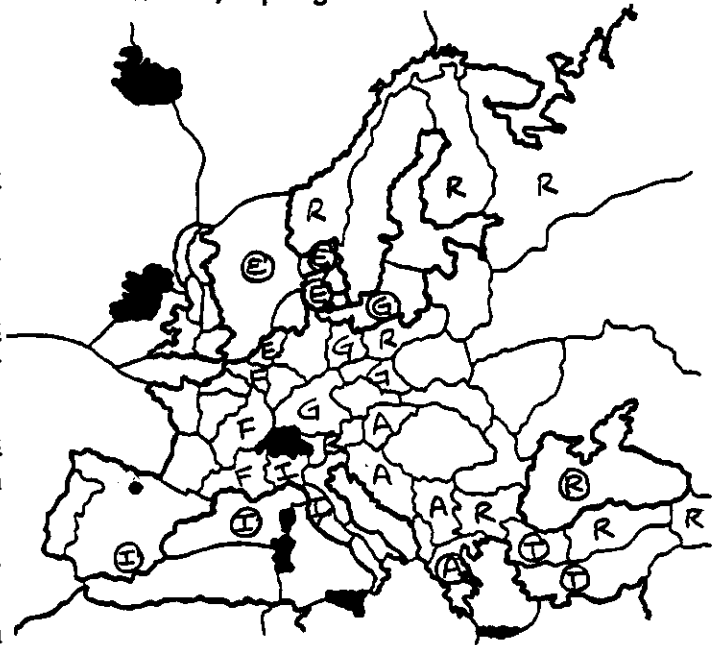
**England to Russia:** I hope you understood my position. Perhaps I can be more specific next season.

**France to England:** Where is your ally now? You're going to be learning Cyrillic soon unless you leave me alone and deal with it.

**England to World:** Is this gunboat or what? [**GM to England:** From most testimony, gunboat.]

**France to Italy:** Going exploring? Not very neighborly not to tell one's co-extant ruler of your intention. What is one to think?

## ZELPST / Spring 1903



SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Spring 1903

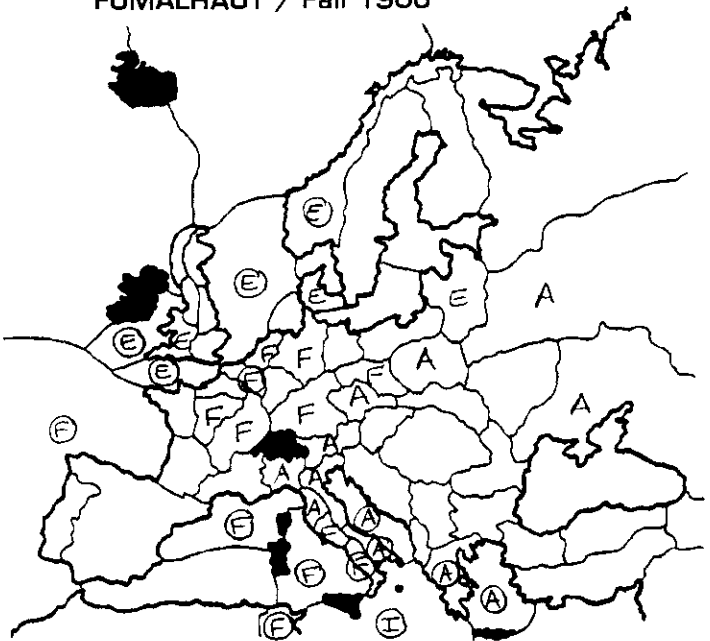
Austria	tri	bud	ser	gre	.	.	.	.	4
England	edi	lon	lvp	bel	.	.	.	.	4
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	.	.	.	5
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	den	.	.	.	5
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	4
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	vie	.	9
	nwy	bul	.	.	.	.	.	.	9
Turkey	con	ank	smy	.	.	.	.	.	3

# FOMALHAUT / 1988CN

# FOMALHAUT / Fall 1906

votes:	aus	eng	fra	ita	rus
F win	no	no	yes	no	nvr
A win	yes	no	no	yes	nvr
AE	yes	yes	no	no	nvr
AF	yes	no	yes	no	nvr

error in the Spring 1906 adjudication: Italy's f ion-tyn cuts ion support, so Austria's a tus-rom still fails, but is not annihilated. France's a rom-tus fails.  
 Summer 1906: Italy retreats f ion-eas; Russia retreats a war otb. England proposes EI draw; France proposes F win and AF and EF draws.



## Fall 1906: Politicking

**AUSTRIA** (Jason Bergmann): a mos-stp, a sev-mos, a war s english a lvn-pru /nso/, a gal-boh (a tyo s), a tus-rom (a ven s), f apu & f gre & f aeg s italian f eas-ion, a pie-mar, f adr s f apu.

**ENGLAND** (Tim Stark): a lvn-stp, f lon-eng (f nts s), f lvp-iri, f nwg-nwy, a wal h, a den h.

**FRANCE** (Tom Nash – has address change): f iri-mid, f eng-bel, a ber-sil, a mun-boh, a bur-mun (a kie s), a hol s a kie, f ion-apu /alb or otb/ (f nap s), f wes-tun, a par-bur, f lvo-mar, a rom h (f tyn s).

**ITALY** (Vince Lutterbie): f eas-ion /three austrian supports/.

**RUSSIA** (Jim Nickel): no units left.

## PRESS

**GM to Russia:** A gallant fight – goodbye. Thanks for playing in *Perelandra*!

**Italy to Austria:** A sure win is staring you in the face. I assume that you'll let me survive if you don't go for it.

### FOMALHAUT / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1906

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	gre	rum	con	ven	sev	bul	ank	mos	WAR	(12)	13	+1
England	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	stp	swe	den								7	even
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	tun	rom	nap	hol	mun	ber	kie		13	even
Italy	smv														1	even
Russia	war													(1)	0	out

## GIFFARD / Gunboat Titan

Well, folks, I can't account for everything. There are two creatures (one Troll and one Cyclops) which legitimately belong in certain stacks, but apparently I didn't list them among the musters for the turn they were picked up. This chart is now official, to go along with the legion rosters you're receiving, and I've stuck the missing critters in where I think they fit. IF you find any further errors, I'll correct them, but I'm not going to keep encouraging you to double-check my work. *Maybe* I'll be a better GM if I know my only hope is getting it right.

Creature Count and Legion Rosters are included for all players. Next deadline is whenever I receive five sets of orders, or July 4, whichever comes first.

Musters from battles are added into the muster list when the victorious legion returns to the board. Musters, Round Eight: 2 Trolls, Centaur, Gargoyle, Lion, Cyclops.

Note to Green: I didn't know where you wanted that press item to go, so I held it.

# The Melniboné Herald

The First and Only Journal for the play of  
Snowball Fighting in North America - issue #33

## CARADHRAS / ASF9

### Turn Seven: So Near Unto Death

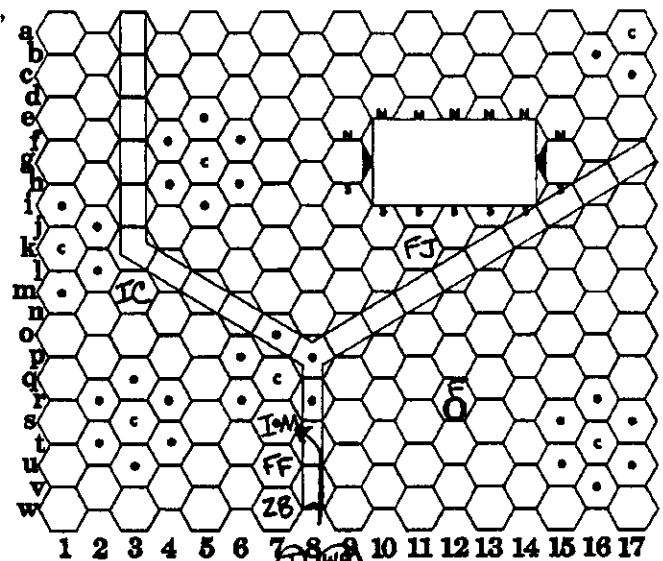
Segment One: Everyone uses every weapon he's (or she's) got, except for Titch's huge store of ammunition. Even the unarmed Flake gets a shot off, using the never-before-tried Hise Hammer (nailing Titch). Freon Jones hits Titch as well; Ice Crusher misses T but hits Freon on the back half of a Bolero attack. Zaphette is perfect as she pegs both Flying Finn and Titch—and that shot sends Titch scampering for the safety of the house. Finn's own Bolero is also perfect, avenging himself upon Beeblebrox as well as scoring off of Flake.

Segment Two: While Titch and Weird Harold watch from the kitchen, Ice Man tears up the path to get after his enemies. Flake sends another scoop'n'toss at Titch but it splatters harmlessly on the door as Titch sticks his tongues out through the window. FF, FJ, IC, and ZB are all reloading for what might be the big finalé!

Segment Three: Flake gives up on Titch and turns to find a tempting target—Jonesy is silhouetted nicely against the shed and gets hammered. Jones grabs the chance and returns fire immediately, before Flake can again duck behind the Snowman. Finn, Crush, and Man all choose Barnard Boleros to finish the turn, each batting 50% as FF gets perilously close to either winning or being soaked to the gills. Zaph goes for the win right away, in a big way ... but manages to miss the Finn from dead-certain range! Has ZB lost the game with that muff? Will an unarmed Finn or distant (but loaded) Jones pull this out? Want to bet it ends on Segment One next time??

Weird Harold may run outside at any time; Titch is in until Seg. 3, if there is such a thing.

<u>Snowfighter</u>	actions (segment 1/2/3)
Flake	attack T with HH [75,33] / attack T with HH [no effect] / attack FJ with HH [65,47]
Flying Finn	attack ZB [80,77] and F [50,25] with BB / reload 2sb / attack 2 nearest with BB [IM 60,13; ZB 60,82]
Freon Jones	Hit Titch with RR [95,52] / collect 2sb / hit nearest with RR [F 75,71]
Ice Crusher	attack T [60,71] and FJ [35,53] with BB / collect 2sb / attack 2 best with BB [IM 40,52; FF 50,26]
Ice Man	on your mark, get set, ... / go V8-T8-S7, collect sb / attack ZB [65,86] & FF [80,33] with BB
Titch	Throw di at FJ [60,62] / run inside / sit helplessly by
Weird Harold	sit / inside / voluntarily hides in the kitchen!
Zaphette Beeblebrox	attack FF [80,56] and T [55,17] with BB / get a Dirigible / di nearest [FF 75,78]



Snowfighter	loc	vp	hp	ammo
Flake / F	R12	11	4	none
Flying Finn / FF	U7	14	1	none
Freon Jones / FJ	K11	13	5	sb
Ice Crusher / IC	M3	8	5	none
Ice Man / IM	S7	8	8	sb
Titch / T	kit	2	0	none
Weird Harold / WH	kit	8	10	2sb
Zaphette / ZB	W7	14	3	none

### PRESS

**Shedmonster (to himself):** We're getting lonely here, aren't we, presshiousss? Yesssss...lonely...and HUNGRY!

**Shedmonster to Yard:** Childrensesss ...man-kiddlingsss...I have a nysss warm oven waiting for you! Come, Freon. Come, Crusssher. And Titchie-kinsss...I have mittensesss for you...so nysss...to warm your bonesesss...

**Titch to His Almighty Eternal Infallible SnowMasterfulness:** I should have paid more attention in "Mittens 101-A", huh? Send me a new set of rules. (I just hope my catch-up correspondence course doesn't arrive posthumously!)

**Z to Twitch:** Is that 80 or 90 sb's in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?

**Crush to Flake:** "Midwest Dirt Farmer" is an oxymoron. Ain't no dirt up there, unless you count da permafrost.

**SnowMaster to Crush:** Dem's big words fer a being of yer eddicashun...

**FF to SM:** I've got more than one umlaut "in there."

**SnowM to Finn:** I know, I meant in the computer.

**Titch to Yard:** Hey, if nobody ELSE wants to attack Freak-On, at least lemme alone long enough for ME to paste him a couple!

**Flake to Titch:** Eat my snow, buddy boy!

**FF to Flake:** As you requested...

**Zaphette:** When yer standing this close, pardner, someone gets hurt!

**FJ to SM:** I think Titch is cheating! He's trying to build a fort out of snowballs!

**Titch to Ice Cream:** Yeah, you're One Cool Dude, ain'tcha, buddy? While I'm stocking up to cream the Flying Fink and Freak-O and Fake, you go and slip a Sidewalk Sundae up my knickers. You can laugh now, but the "F"-Troop will get the last laugh.

**Titch to Zaph:** You bop me with the Snowman's head, then whine about a little ol' Rattler? My attention span isn't long enough to carry a grudge—I'm after the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers.

**FF to ZB:** Don't mind if I do join you.

**Yard to WH and IM:** No funny business in the kitchen, hear?

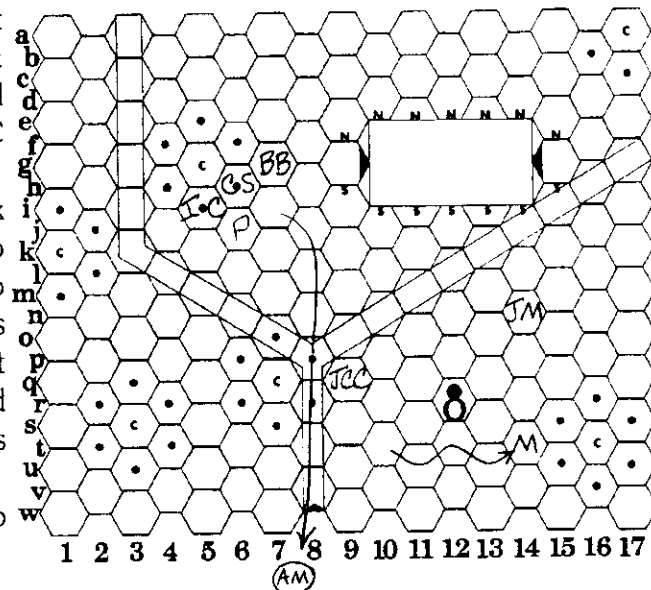
## BELGARION / ASF10

### Turn Three: Nobody Move! (This is the Police!)

Segment One: The clot around the northern conifer beat each other up. Boleroing Barrister decides not to Bolero this turn, instead choosing to Hise Hammer each foe. He nails next-door-neighbor Captain Snowman just as CS beats BB back. Ice Cream uses that distraction to pull off the big slam—a Dolton Dirigible down the Captain's shirt! Jeff McKee and Probo can't resist sending snowballs flying at the tree, making it shake so hard that a Storm of snow flops down on top of IC and CS (P & JM each score 2 vp). J.C. Chiller looks dazed and confused, which suits McGnasty just fine as it makes JC an easier target for his Rattlesnake.

Segment Two: Auld Meed finally manages to duck into the house and raid the liquor closet, as the rest go about their brutal business. Ice Cream bends over to pack together another snow-ball-oon, so Capt. S exacts the start of his revenge and BB chooses IC as his next victim. JM is packing ammo; Probo is wishing he had some for another Conifer Storm; but McGnasty sticks with a good thing when he's got it and nails JCC again.

Segment Three: Probo finally decides to pick up



more fuel for this backyard fire, but Ice Cream has already spotted him as a Prime Target and lets P get a taste of what Dirigibles are all about. McGnasty is on the move east [I wonder why?], but JM has already let fly with his weapon and knocks Mr. Chiller completely over. This Segment it's the Captain's turn to be bent over for a good swift ~~kick~~ snowball from the Barrister.

Auld Meed may leave the kitchen on Segment Three next turn.

Snowfighter	(player)	actions (segment 1/2/3)
Auld Meed / AM	Tom Hurst	run / run / sip sherry on the settee in the salon
Boleroing Barrister / BB	Greg Ellis	attack CS with HH [70,70] / attack IC with HH [75,57] / attack nearest with HH [CS 70,12]
Captain Snowman / CS	Tim Stark	attack BB with RR [95,71] / attack IC with RR [95,83] / collect 2sb
Ice Cream / IC	J.R. Baker	attack CS with Di [80,13] / collect di / attack best with Di [P 75,43]
J.C. Chiller / JC	Brad Wilson?	stands around staring at the sky
Jeff McKee / JM	who else	Conifer Storm tree at G5 [65,58; 70,14] / collect di / attack best with Di [JCC 50,05]
McGnasty / M	Tom Nash	attack JCC with RR [95,92] / attack JCC with RR [95,83] / move U11-T12-U13-T14 (does not fall down)
Probo / P	John Schultz	Conifer Storm tree at G5 [95,65; 70,49] / Conifer Storm tree at G5 [no ammo] / collect di

**PRESS**

**Probo to CS and IC:** I feel another conifer storm coming on but this time I'm not the target. And what's this? Another one!

**CS to All:** WAHHH... Get away from me. I'm gonna tell my Mom. WAHHHHH...

**IC to CS:** Get outta my bush!

**Probo to IC:** I love pistachio, but not all over my face.

**Probo to SM:** I didn't budge an inch. Something tells me I should have.

**SnowMaster to Probo:** At least you're doing more than our leftfielder...

**JM to SM:** Yes, I realize I'll get nowhere clear over here! But, hey. I'd use a somewhat profane handle but BB is already taken!

Snowfighter	(player)	loc	vp	hp	ammo
Auld Meed / AM	Hurst	kit	4	10	2sb
Boleroing Barrister/BB	Ellis	G7	6	5	none
Capt. Snowman / CS	Stark	H6	7	2	2sb
Ice Cream / IC	Baker	I5	8	6	none
J.C. Chiller / JCC	Wilson	Q9	1	4	sb
Jeff McKee / JM	McKee	M14	7	6	di
McGnasty / M	Nash	T14	4	8	none
Probo / P	Schultz	J6	5	7	di

*LITERARY QUIZ*

Yes, It's Back. We have an easy question to drag a few of you skeptics in, and then a tough nut for the experts to crack. Once again, the idea is this: anybody can play, no fee. Each correct answer is worth one-half a free issue of *Perelandra* unless stated otherwise. If you make up a literature-related quiz question which stumps the readership (that is, at least two people respond but nobody, in my judgement, gets the right answer, you win two free issues.

L3: Who said the delightfully naughty and ambiguous quote, "That man that has a tongue, I say is no man, if with his tongue he cannot win a woman."? (I'm looking for the character as well as the author here.)

TAP204: Which president later wrote a book on American government, titled *This Country of Ours*, which was widely used in schools?

# GRAMARYE / British Rails

## ROUND #15: CLUMSY GM

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway	
Owner: Ed Wrobel	
Move 8mp S to Nottingham, then 1mp N.	card 5: edinburgh/hops/£33; holyhead/tobacco/£21; glasgow/pigs/£15. card 40: exeter/coal/£23; glasgow/beer/£32; nottingham/chemicals/£25. card 114: norwich/coal/£16; lancaster/textiles/£6; penzance/tourists/£34. Freight carrying no loads.
Opening Bal: £ 9	order this time: 1
Income: +	next: 7
Expenses: -	GOs? yes
Balance: £ 9	

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road	
Owner: Craig Mills	
Move 9mp N.	card 59: hull/pottery/£16; glasgow/tourists/£19; northampton/cattle/£6. card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52. card 118: lincoln/cattle/£9; birmingham/const. mat./£8; edinburgh/fruit/£36. Freight carrying fruit & textiles.
Opening Bal: £ 7	order this time: 2
Income: +	next: 6
Expenses: -	GOs? yes
Balance: £ 7	

Railroad: Puppytail Rail	
Owner: Bruce Linsey	
Move 9mp W & S (end 2mp N of Aberystwyth).	card 23: norwich/pigs/£25; pembroke/imports/£24; manchester/oil/£10. card 64: london/steel/£7; swansea/machinery/£8; edinburgh/cotton/£17. card 94: stoke/clay/£18; glasgow/rubber/£42; barnstaple/lead/£29. Freight carrying machinery & imports.
Opening Bal: £ 2	order this time: 3
Income: +	next: 5
Expenses: -	GOs? yes
Balance: £ 2	

Railroad: Connie's Cousin's Caboose	
Owner: Tom Nash	
Move 7mp N (pay B&H), then stop.	card 13: swansea/cotton/£22; penzance/tobacco/£18; lincoln/const. mat./£9; card 44: sheffield/cattle/£5; colchester/machinery/£3; cardigan/sugar/£28. card 112: bristol/coal/£13; middlesb'gh/machinery/£11; edinburgh/textiles/£6. Freight carrying no loads.
Opening Bal: £ 16	order this time: 4
Income: +	next: 4
Expenses: - 4	GOs? no
Balance: £ 12	

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers	
Owner: Geoff Richard	
Train may not move due to gale.	card 115: glasgow/coal/£5 cambridge/jute/£39 manchester/rubber/£18. card 34: perth/coal/£6; norwich/machinery/£5; portsmouth/jute/£45. card 81: leeds/rubber/£20; cambridge/machinery/£5; holyhead/imports/£16. Freight carrying no loads.
Opening Bal: £ 2	order this time: 5
Income: +	next: 3
Expenses: -	GOs? yes
Balance: £ 2	

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars	
Owner: Jason Bergmann	
Dump cards.	card 85: newcastle/lead/£28; penzance/pigs/£40; dover/tourists/£6. card 93: sheffield/cars/£6; portsmouth/coal/£19; barrow/cotton/£10. card 84: exeter/sheep/£26; birmingham/chemicals/£26; berwick/textiles/£12. Freight carrying no loads.
Opening Bal: £ 25	order this time: 6
Income: +	next: 2
Expenses: -	GOs? no
Balance: £ 25	

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road	
Owner: Eric Brosius	
Move to Bristol, drop beer, pick up tobacco.; move 7mp toward Birmingham on own line (end 1mp N of Gloucester); build 1mp near York.	card 7: holyhead/hops/£19; edinburgh/tobacco/£45; plymouth/tourists/£26. card 79: reading/barley/£14; liverpool/cattle/£7; stoke/textiles/£4. card 120: london/hops/£8; dundee/barley/£42; newcastle/cattle/£7. Freight carrying hops & tobacco.
Opening Bal: £ 20	order this time: 7
Income: + 4	next: 1
Expenses: - 1	GOs? yes
Balance: £ 23	

This turn is repeated here for the benefit of kibitzers.

Deadline for Round 16 was June 11, but since you're all in early and the zine will be a day or two late, I'm adjudicating Round 16 on the next page! ... I hope this is all clear enough, and now Round 17 is due next (let's see if I remember to print a separate deadline for this game someplace before I print this).

Yes, I remembered! Orders by June 29; if all players send orders before then I'll adjudicate early, but if I have to use GO's then I'll wait for the 6/29 deadline.

# GRAMARYE / British Rails

## ROUND #16: IS THIS STRAIGHTENED OUT YET???

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway		Owner: Ed Wrobel	
Move 9mp N.		card 5: edinburgh/hops/£33; holyhead/tobacco/£21; glasgow/pigs/£15. card 40: exeter/coal/£23; glasgow/beer/£32; nottingham/chemicals/£25. card 114: norwich/coal/£16; lancaster/textiles/£6; penzance/tourists/£34.	
Opening Bal:	£ 9	order this time: 7 next: 2 GOs? yes	Freight carrying no loads.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	-		
Balance:	£ 9		

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road		Owner: Craig Mills	
Move 9mp N.		card 59: hull/pottery/£16; glasgow/tourists/£19; northampton/cattle/£6. card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52. card 118: lincoln/cattle/£9; birmingham/const. mat./£8; edinburgh/fruit/£36.	
Opening Bal:	£ 7	order this time: 6 next: 3 GOs? yes	Freight carrying fruit & textiles.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	-		
Balance:	£ 7		

Railroad: Puppytail Rail		Owner: Bruce Linsey	
Move 9mp W.		card 23: norwich/pigs/£25; pembroke/imports/£24; manchester/oil/£10. card 64: london/steel/£7; swansea/machinery/£8; edinburgh/cotton/£17. card 94: stoke/clay/£18; glasgow/rubber/£42; barnstaple/lead/£29.	
Opening Bal:	£ 2	order this time: 5 next: 4 GOs? yes	Freight carrying machinery & imports.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	-		
Balance:	£ 2		

Railroad: Connie's Cousin's Caboose		Owner: Tom Nash	
Move 6mp NE to jct with B&H, then stop. build back bridges over Exe and Wye.		card 13: swansea/cotton/£22; penzance/tobacco/£18; lincoln/const. mat./£9; card 44: sheffield/cattle/£5; colchester/machinery/£3; cardigan/sugar/£28. card 112: bristol/coal/£13; middlesb'gh/machinery/£11; edinburgh/textiles/£6.	
Opening Bal:	£ 12	order this time: 4 next: 5 GOs? yes	Freight carrying no loads.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	- 10		
Balance:	£ 2		

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers		Owner: Geoff Richard	
Move 3mp S to Southampton, pick up two rubber, move 6mp N.		card 115: glasgow/coal/£5 cambridge/jute/£39 manchester/rubber/£18. card 34: perth/coal/£6; norwich/machinery/£5; portsmouth/jute/£45. card 81: leeds/rubber/£20; cambridge/machinery/£5; holyhead/imports/£16.	
Opening Bal:	£ 2	order this time: 3 next: 6 GOs? yes	Freight carrying two rubber.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	-		
Balance:	£ 2		

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars		Owner: Jason Bergmann	
Move 7mp to Manchester, pick up two coal, move 2mp more W. Build from London to Portsmouth.		card 85: newcastle/lead/£28; penzance/pigs/£40; dover/tourists/£6. card 93: sheffield/cars/£6; portsmouth/coal/£19; barrow/cotton/£10. card 84: exeter/sheep/£26; birmingham/chemicals/£26; berwick/textiles/£12.	
Opening Bal:	£ 25	order this time: 2 next: 7 GOs? yes	Freight carrying two coal.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	- 11		
Balance:	£ 14		

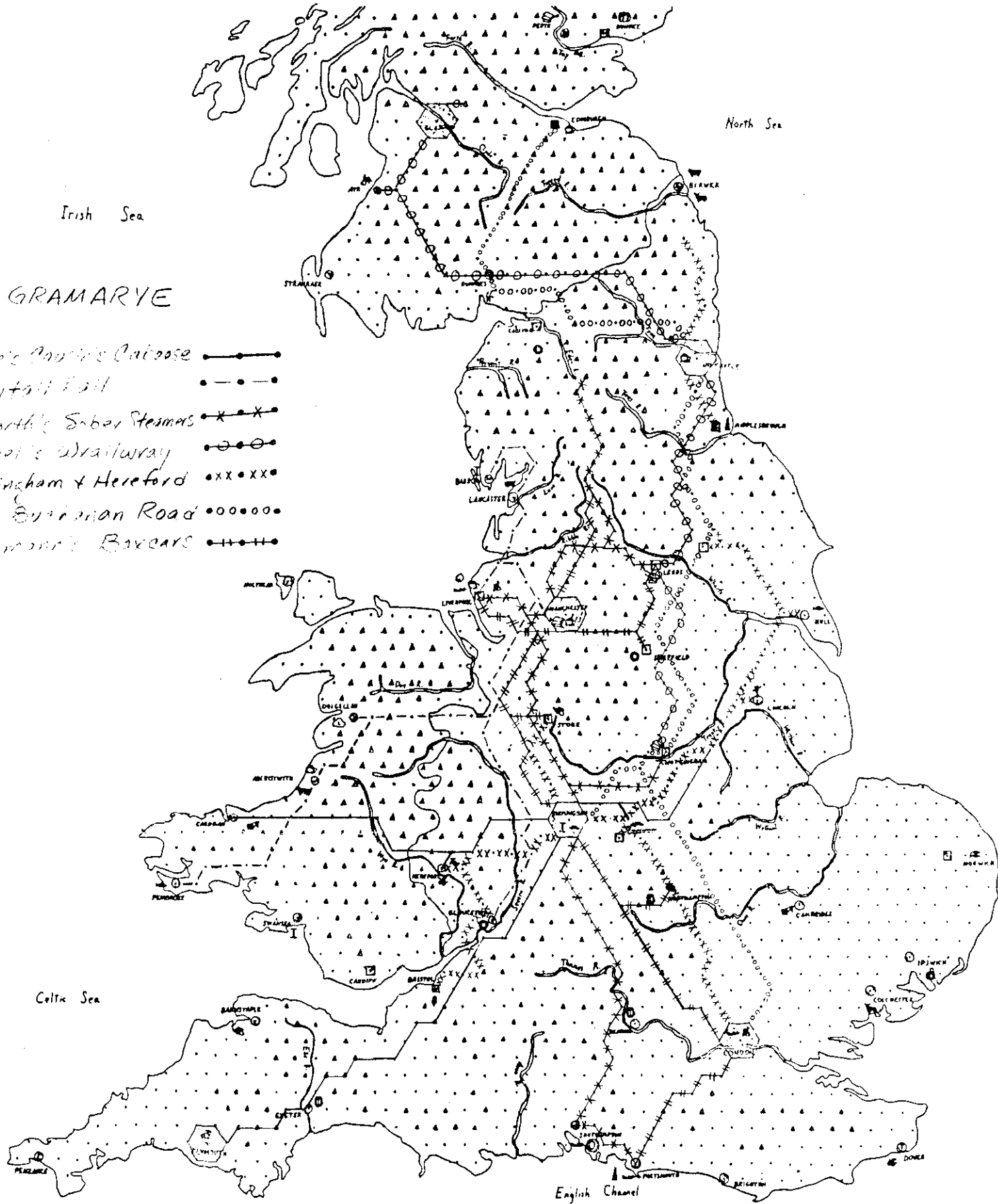
Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road		Owner: Eric Brosius	
Move 9mp to Birmingham Central; build £4M north of Newcastle.		card 7: holyhead/hops/£19; edinburgh/tobacco/£45; plymouth/tourists/£26. card 79: reading/barley/£14; liverpool/cattle/£7; stoke/textiles/£4. card 120: london/hops/£8; dundee/barley/£42; newcastle/cattle/£7.	
Opening Bal:	£ 23	order this time: 1 next: 1 GOs? yes	Frieght carrying hops & tobacco.
Income:	+		
Expenses:	- 4		
Balance:	£ 23		

I may have confused those who lost turns to the derailments – you've already served your sentence, guys.

Eric points out that his Round 15 build is almost invisible in the mess of the map. It connects the mileposts to the east and northeast of York together.

Nobody drew any cards; no sales means no events.

Gramarye stuff (Discards, cities, and loads) follows map.



# GRAMARYE

- Bonnie's Anon's Calioase —●—
- Dippy's Rail - - -
- Silkworth's Sober Steamers —X—X—
- Wood's Railway —○—○—
- Birmingham & Hereford —XX—XX—
- Lost Egyptian Road —OO—OO—
- Bergmann's Boxcars —H—H—

Irish Sea

North Sea

Celtic Sea

English Channel



**GRAMARYE STUFF after Round 16**

Discard Pile: 4 6 22 26 27 31 32 46 47 48 49 51 52 65 66 68 70 71 74 76 77 78 80 83 86 87 91 95 102 103 123 124 125 129 130 136 138.

One slash for each line built into a city; strikeout type indicates a locked-out city.

ay\	CARDIFF	<del>dumfries\</del>	hull\	<del>northampton\</del>	aberystwyth\
barnstaple	cardigan\	DUNDEE	ipswich	NORWICH	reading
barrow\	CARLISLE	EDINBURGH\	lancaster\	<del>NOTTINGHAM\</del>	SHEFFIELD\
berwick	colchester	exeter\	<del>LEEDS\</del>	pemroke\	southampton\
brighton	COVENTRY\	<del>gloucester\</del>	lincoln\	penzance	STOKE\
BRISTOL	dolgellau\	<del>hereford\</del>	<del>LIVERPOOL\</del>	perth	stranraer
cambridge	dover	holyhead	MIDDLESBROUGH\	<del>portsmouth\</del>	swansea
					YORK\

Mercantile report (filled boxes indicate loads on board trains at the end of the round):

Barley	□□□	Coal	■□□□□	Imports	■□□	Pigs	□□□	Textiles	■□□□□
Beer	□□□□□	Con. Mat.	□□□	Jute	□□□	Pottery	□□□	Tobacco	■□□
Cars	□□□	Cotton	□□□	Lead	□□□	Rubber	■□□	Tourists	□□□
Cattle	□□□□	Fish	□□□	Machinery	■□□	Sheep	□□□		
Chemicals	□□□	Fruit	■□□	Oats	□□□	Steel	□□□		
Clay	□□	Hops	■□□	Oil	□□□	Sugar	□□□		

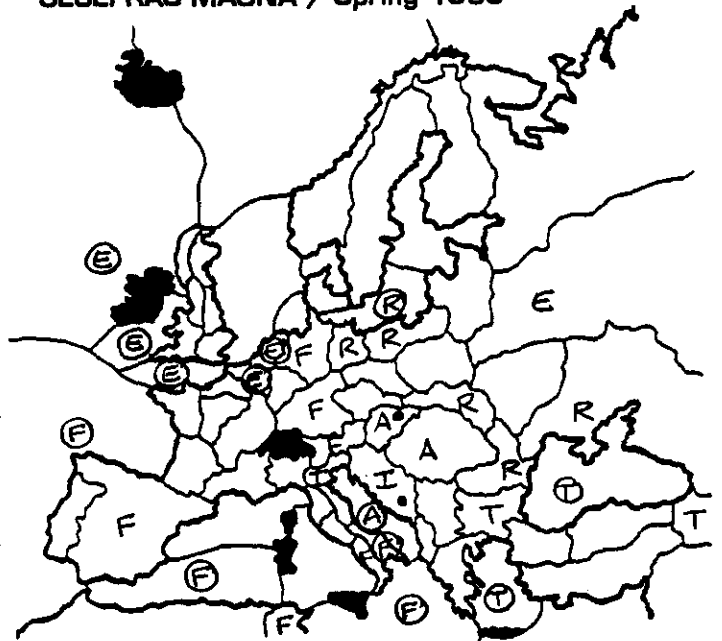
**SESEFRAS MAGNA/1988CH**

Winter 1905: Austria removes a rum, a ser; France builds f bre; Russia builds a war; Turkey removes f gre. France proposes an F/E draw, Germany proposes an E/F/R draw—please vote next deadline.

**Spring 1906: Disappearing Act**

AUSTRIA (James Early): a tyo-vie (a tri & a bud s) /a tri retreat to alb or otb/, f ion-adr.  
 ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): a lvn-mos, f nts-bel (f eng s (f iri s (f nao s))), f hel-hol.  
 FRANCE (Larry Botimer): a rom-nap, f tyn-ion (f apu s), a naf-tun, f mid-wes, f bre-mid, a gas-spa, a pie-tyo (a mun s (a kie s)).  
 GERMANY (Lance Anderson): a vie s italian f adr-tri /boh otb/.  
 ITALY (Stuart Lange): f adr-tri (a ven s).  
 RUSSIA (Kathy Caruso): a ber s french a kie-mun /nso/ (f bal s), a war-pru, a ukr-rum (a sev s, a gal s).  
 TURKEY (John Crosby): a arm-rum (a bul s, f bla c), f aeg s austrian f ion /otm/.

SESEFRAS MAGNA / Spring 1906



**PRESS**

**France to Turkey:** I'm coming to save you like my English ally.  
**Vienna to England and Turkey:** Go get 'em! Tear 'em up!  
**Moscow to Vienna:** I'm on the side of truth, justice and Superman! Now if he'd just get his ass here to save me—I'd feel a whole lot better.  
**World to Germany:** Die bravely, my son.

**France to Germany:** I'll save you! I can't save you from that mean Russian lady but I'll save you from the Austrian.

**Vienna to Berlin:** I never lied to you, but please join me as I exit the game!

**Vacationing Kaiser to Arch-Duck Fanhead:** Look what else I'll try to exact my revenge. Death to traitors!

**GM to Kaiser:** "Arch-Duck Fanhead?" I like it. But who is it?

**Russia to Austria:** Can I help it if Jimbo has better-looking legs than you do?

**Vienna to Moscow:** Die a slow death, cut into a thousand pieces!

**France to Austria:** Takes Turkey a while to catch on to things you know. I knew you were insane a long time ago.

**KK to Pops:** About the only team my Mets can beat is your Dodgers--pathetic! (Both teams!)

**Lange to Pooky:** I wish you hadn't hidden your baseball predictions. They are almost as bizarre as Curt Gibson's spelling!

**France to England:** Fortunately I have a nice stable ally like you to count on.

**Katie to Rin Tin and Jimbo:** Am I correct in assuming your engagement is off?

**France to Italy:** Kathy insists that anyone as bent as you has to survive and thrive.

**Italian Gov't-in-Exile to Paris:** He wants us to "knock it off, please!?" Don't you love it when they grovel?

**Vienna to Paris and Rome, its puppet state:** Same to you guys! (Or y'all, as we say in Texas)

**Russia to Italy:** Austria didn't alienate Turkey -- Turkey started it by being alive!

**Vienna to Turkey:** Take Con. Please take Con!!! For me and for yourself!

**GM to Vienna:** Nope. Not this time.

#### SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Spring 1906

Austria	bud	tri	ser	rum	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	bel	hol	.	.	.	.	.	6
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	rom	den	kie	nap	mun	.	10
Germany	vie	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1
Italy	tun	con	ven	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3
Russia	stp	mos	war	swe	ber	sev	.	.	.	.	.	6
Turkey	ank	smy	bul	gre	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4

## The Resident Curmudgeon

My most recent reading has been disappointing. L. Neil Smith's *Taflak Lysandra*, from his "Tom Paine Maru" Universe; and *RenSime* by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, one of her Sime/Gen books. Disappointing because I have never read any of the books from these two series, yet each one has an old, stale, repetitive feel to it. Smith's future feels cliché because he stole it from Heinlein's libertarian future. Lichtenberg's world is *much* better both in originality and depth, but (like much writing by Star Trek fan), so cluttered with 'uniqueness' that it has the feel of a big private club where I know none of the members. The explanations of characters' psychic and physical features are at the same time too long and too few.

*Taliesin* is the first of a dreck!cough!retch! trilogy, but is a good book nonetheless. It would be great to see writing of this quality wrapped around another premise (the premise here is somewhat familiar: how a princess escaped from dying Atlantis and a Welsh druid come to be the parents of Merlin.)

## AMONG THE TREES

by Pete Gaughan

Normally, this column is a catching-up on what's going on in our family, or a little pocket philosophy. This month I'm going to make it a real live editorial with a little philosophy, in just a minute. But before that, I've gone through something that makes the editorial a bit easier to understand.

Our cat, Velvet, died on the 19th. (Cathy & I don't have any pets, Velvet was living with my parents.) Not supposed to be a major problem for me, an adult, right? Well, she was 17 years old and had been part of our family almost from the time we moved to California. A liver disease she fought off a year ago came back, though, and I had to have the vet euthenize her.

I've been thinking a lot about living things this month. I talk and write a lot about the environment, but that doesn't mean I put animals above humans. When I took Velvet to the vet and we agreed that she had no chance to recover, in some ways I wanted to stay with her as she died. But a familiar person nearby wouldn't have changed a thing. She had been left at the vet overnight before; he'd given her shots, with and without family around. *She had no way to know she was dying, as she fell asleep.*

So I left very quickly, and I did have a cry over her. I sent a thank-you to the vet for his care over the years, and his help the past month. And I'm glad that we moved out here when we did, because I got to spend a few months once again enjoying a home with a cat. But as much as it *felt like* having a relative die, it wasn't. I would've traded Velvet for any person short of a murderer. And if an environmental question comes down to the lives of people vs. the lives of snail darters, I'll fight for the people.

It never does come to that, though. Whenever I'm accused of valuing animals over humans, the accuser compares apples and oranges. The lives of snail darters vs. a 25% reduction in the cost of electricity. The lives of alligators vs. the profits of real estate investors. The lives of deer and desert tortoises vs. the entertainment of motorcycle

riders. Right now, it's lumberjacks' jobs vs. trees' and birds' and animals' lives—and not just individual lives but, in many cases, existence as a species. And that's where the editorial comes from: my trip this month to Eureka and Crescent City, on the North Coast of California. (Aside from my personal observation, my sources are many. *Life* magazine and *The New Republic*, the Sierra Club, almanacs—everything I can get my hands on.)

I drove up U.S. 101 to call on the camera stores in those towns, and along the way there and back in Arcata, Willits, Fort Bragg and Ukiah. I was in a hurry and on a schedule every day from 9 to 4, but then I had four hours of sunlight and used them to see the Eel River, the Pacific, and most important, the redwoods. The North Coast, from Santa Rosa to the Oregon border, has another name: the Redwood Empire. The trees really do reign here; people would have come to these hills by the tens instead of by the thousands, if it weren't for lumber.

I'll say this up front so you know whether you should bother reading on: It's not a matter of how much we stop logging, but *when*. We can hurt some of the families in that region now and do all we can to soften the blow, or we can leave it for nature to hurt most of them and watch a swift, brutal change in the economy there.

The highway through Mendocino County is a bit shabby—at one point a 45-minute wait for road crews. Cloverdale, Willits, tiny Leggett, all have a tired look; but the scenery in between is lush (one 20-mile stretch has four state parks), even after four years of drought. You know you're in a land ruled by trees—and in case you still don't get it, four or five towns from Willits to Eureka have a "Drive-Thru Tree" or a couple of burl shops. (Burls are the knobs that grow around the roots of ancient trees; if the tree falls, one or more burls will sprout a new tree. Since burl is soft enough to be worked easily into sculpture, think of these tourist traps as a Northern California version of Walnut Bowls or Indian Souvenir stands.)

Once you're in Humboldt County, U.S. 101 is a freeway most of the time, so when I go back

without so much time pressure I'll pull off at Miranda and take the Avenue of the Giants, old Calif. Rt. 254. It's promoted as a "Scenic Alternative" through more state parkland, as if the view around you was chopped liver. But beyond this, you re-encounter civilization. Redcrest, Pepperwood, Stafford...now every other vehicle on the road is a logging truck, and these things are a menace. Loaded, they wander back and forth in their lanes; empty, they pull up the back half on top of the front and take off at 80 mph.

And at Scotia, the reason becomes clear. You pass (by my estimate) 200 acres of finished lumber parked outside the Pacific Lumber mill. As the road flattens out closer to the ocean, towns get larger and run together like suburbs. The names of the Big 4 timber companies (Pacific, Louisiana-Pacific, Georgia Pacific, and Simpson) pop up all over. And as you follow the edge of Humboldt Bay, across the bay you can see their paper and pulp mills.

Now, every region has its industry. There are smokestacks all over L.A., and gravel pits up and down the San Francisco peninsula. It seems that every third house in Humboldt and Del Norte counties has a yellow sign out front, just a foot square: "We Support the Timber Industry," or "This Family Supported by the Timber Industry." That's certainly the case. And they can continue to give and receive such support, as it goes now, for another 30 years. And when that give-and-take ends, all of us—not just people on the North Coast—will have an area the size of Tennessee that will be utterly useless *except* for the timber industry...and that timber industry will be a pale shadow of the one we have today, consisting of tree farms currently called "reforestation." I quote Sierra Club Director Michael Fischer on this score:

The way the logging industry is now structured, workers are stripping the region of its last remaining old growth and shipping much of it overseas without domestic milling. If the industry were to shift its attention to second-growth stands, invest in domestic milling (and mill jobs), and export only finished lumber, much of

the remaining ancient forests could be spared. Thousands of jobs would be saved—not lost, as the industry is spending millions to persuade us—and the region could make a "softer" economic transition to a more diversified, sustainable economic base.

Instead, these companies have shipped off even the bark and wood chips (the Japanese pay top dollar for a barge of wood "by-products") and have set up "demonstration forests" for tourists to hike through. Here you can spend 45 to 90 minutes on a pamphlet-guided trail seeing how well these businessmen are managing our natural resources—but don't expect them to tell you that the demonstration forests are leftovers, areas that were already logged at the turn of the century (such as the one at the north end of Del Norte park), or were never profitable in the first place.

But it's beyond Eureka that your spirits can finally begin to lift. Almost all of 101 between Arcata (where I stayed) and Crescent City passes through state parks and Redwood National Park, with an annoying little exception around Orick (another mill and a lumber yard the size of a stadium). Dozens of RVs, in the middle of the week in the off-season, demonstrate that people are drawn to the Big Trees. Here, the self-guided trail challenges you: how many animals can you find, why is it so humid yet so clear, why are there redwoods *there* and laurels *here*?

These trees aren't defenseless little wimps. For contrast, look at the oldest tree on the continent, a juniper named Methuselah atop Mt. Whitney in the central Sierra Nevada. The national park rangers won't label which one is the oldest because people would rip off bark and limbs for souvenirs—and this tree is 10,000 feet up, accessible only by trail! By comparison, when you reach out and feel a 350', 500-year old redwood, its bark is five inches thick and the limbs are at least twenty feet up. IF you manage to fell one of these, five more sprout from the fallen trunk; the folks that run a visitors' center near Klamath have to prune their porch annually because the redwood logs used as columns keep sprouting branches!

But it's going to be difficult to enjoy such wonders with an Interior Secretary who thinks the Endangered Species Act is "too tough ... We've got to change it." ("Nobody's told me the difference between a red squirrel, a black one or a brown one;" well, Mr. Lujan, the brown ones get appointed without any particular expertise relevant to the job.) It's tough to defend forests when cars bearing Sierra Club or similar stickers are vandalized, and tough to teach voters to turn down the timber industry's loopholes (coming up on the November ballot) when they come under a sheep's-clothing title like "Global Warming & Clear-Cutting Reduction, Wildlife Protection & Reforestation Act of 1990."

Mark Lew reported in the latest *Benzene* that the Amazon deforestation that we thought was an area the size of Texas turns out to be half that. Well, Mark, that depends. The number is larger or smaller based on where you start, with the World Resources Institute moving the number up from 28 million acres/year lost (the current U.N. number) to between 40 and 50 million. The impression you get from the entire Redwood Empire may be that you're glad somebody's saving some part of it; I just wish it was more than a fragile token of a magnificent whole.

## The Roar of the Greasepaint aka the Letter Column

from **Tom Nash** (May 23)

I'm not sure why I've chosen *Perelandra* as the forum to respond to some of the criticisms and misunderstanding arising out of things I said in the last *Zine Register*, but here goes:

First, if both Larry Peery and Brad Wilson agree to criticize me on the same point, and it's a point I never made, then I must have done a bad job explaining myself. But if it brings the two lads closer together, well, then, my job was well done, eh?

Seriously, allow me to make myself perfectly clear. I too put content **WAY** ahead of appearance in judging a zine. Method of production counts not a whit to me. The things I value most highly in zines are well run and reliable games service, and interesting reading matter. However, the point I **was** trying to make is that the hobby in its own fannish masturbatory self-indulgence, has ignored presentation completely for too long. You can have the best run games around; if the printing is such that I can't read the game report (not an exaggeration.... I just recently nearly went blind trying to make out the Railway Rivals report in a Brit zine that was horribly printed), or the game reports are so badly, nonsensically, and illogically laid out that I have to go back 4 issues to find out who owns which supply centers, I won't play in your zine. Allowing players to GET the information in the game precedes all other

concerns in this sense. I'll never KNOW if you make adjudication errors if I can't read or figure out the adjudication!

Likewise, my own favorite zines all have good reading material in addition to the games, be it articles, a letter column, humor, hobby news, or just good press in the games. But again, there are zines that purport to being "good reads" that I can't read. If I can't read it, whether, again, it is due to poor printing, too light mimeoing, or whatever, I can't enjoy it.

Slightly less problematic, but only by degree, are poorly laid out zines. Again, not in an art for arts' sake way. But in terms of readability. The unrelieved margin to margin text of *Benzene*, for instance, is distracting. After two pages I have to fight the almost overwhelming impulse to put it down. *Diplomacy Digest* cries out for a little white space or a graphic, just to make it easier to read.

Ignoring this fact, that the way a zine looks or is put together, has a **DIRECT** impact on its readability, is just silly and obstinate.

Now to the computer issue. Perhaps it is because of the effort Ken Hill put into getting ZR done on a desktop publisher, it was easy for people to read a computerphile bias into the content of the zine itself. Or perhaps it was my gentle (I thought) chiding of the Brits and their vociferous anti-tech ideology. However, I have **absolutely no** bias towards computer generated zines myself I can give some examples. Two zines which fulfill all my feelings about well laid out,

attractively produced, easy to read zines, the visual nature of which **enhances** the content, are *Fiat Bellum*, and *Perelandra*. Both, until quite recently, were laid out and produced without the aid of a computer.

Examples abound of zines which are produced with the aid of a computer, and which are absolute eyesores (literally) and give me a headache to read cover to cover are the above mentioned *benzene*, and *The MegaDiplomat*. Nothing but margin to margin text. And an ugly font with teeny margins to boot. Let's face it, *BTDT* ain't gonna threaten *Upstart* anytime soon, but at least, I hope, it's easy to read (yes I know the font is smallish...).

No, I do not require a zine to be produced on expensive hardware with a laser printer. But I do wish pubbers would think of their readers and players, especially those of us who are slightly farsighted as we push 40, and consider that communication means finding a mechanisms that makes the receipt of your communication almost effortless for the receiver.

[[Well, I'm sure glad I didn't print this in unrelieved margin-to-margin text.

[[I think this is just about exhausted, and your moderation is appreciated. You said it all, Tom. So does that mean we'll get *BT,DT* with columns or larger type?

[[On a slightly different tack, I mentioned that I had lost the entries in the *Perelandra* Predictions Contest, but I should correct that to say that I lost all but the last one to arrive, of which a portion is reproduced here...]]

#### From **Ed Wrobel**

1. A female Republican will be elected president in 1996.

2. Membership in the postal 1830 hobby will exceed that of the postal Dip hobby in mid-1998. Feuding in the postal 1830 hobby will be widespread, especially over the proper roles of its trainship zine, fast trax, and 1830esse, official zine of the 1830 Hobby Feud Custodian, Eric Wrobel, one of the new generation of 1830 Brat Packers. ...

5. Ken Peel will renounce his membership in

the Republican Party in the May 1993 issue of *Benzene* after being labelled an Excessively Clean-Cut, Overtly Trendy, Desperately Yuppified Aging Republican Youth by Mark Lew, founder of the Oregon Coalition to Renounce California Statehood.

[[Did he get everyone there?]]

#### **The Marco Poll**

Since I was taken to task by Gnash for not commenting on the Marco Poll lastish, here you are. I felt that while the respondants represented a wide cross-section of the hobby, there were big disparities based on who publicized the poll. This will always be the case, but this was exaggerated by the fact that those editors who publicized the Marco Poll were 75% *Perelandra* readers. So I'm going to do three things differently next year:

1. *Perelandra* will go back to not being eligible. (I'll continue the policy of not counting votes for editors who ask to be left out, which will presumably include the Martins.)

2. I will send out at least 20 announcements of the poll to editors who don't read *Pere* (chosen entirely at my whim).

3. As I said in the results flyer, I won't run a poll for subzines or GMs next year, but I will use Eric Brosius' suggestion of a players' poll, on a trial basis (remember, we already have plenty of hobby awards; it's not my job to expand the list!)

The following annoying little white space is brought to you by a very hot day in this non-air-conditioned office two days after I'd *planned* to copy this thing. Maybe by next month I will have found a decent library around here and have a bit more literature and a bit less of my own raving froth.

Faith, hope, and incredibly good breaks to all of you,

**PLAYER ROSTER**

Please check carefully for errors!

Lance Anderson	Box 29175	San Francisco, CA 94929-0175
J. R. Baker	512 Snipes	St. Charles, MO 63303
Gary Behnen	13101 South Trenton	Olathe, KS 66062
Jason Bergmann	Box 23780	Atlanta, GA 30322
Russ Blau	9023 Lake Braddock Drive	Burke, VA 22015
Larry Botimer	13833 Northeast 11th St #3	Bellevue, WA 98005
Eric Brosius	41 Hayward Street	Milford, MA 01757
Stephen Carter	435 McCarron Avenue	Rifle, CO 81650
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street	Norristown, PA 19401
John Crosby	9031 Cardiff Road	Richmond, VA 23236
Jim Diehl	10530 West Riverview Drive	Eden Prairie, MN 55347
James Early	3500 Greystone Drive #166	Austin, TX 78731
Gregory Ellis	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin, TX 78701
Steve Emmert	1752 Grey Friars Chase	Virginia Beach, VA 23456
Karl Hoffman	1070 Cold Stream Circle	Ermaus, PA 18049
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos, CA 93412
Melinda Holley	Box 2793	Huntington, WV 25727-2793
Tom Hurst	2748 Lyman Lane	Madison, WI 53711
Stuart Lange	904 Fox Chase Lane	Riverdale, GA 30296
Mark Lew	438 Vernon #103	Oakland, CA 94610
Bruce Linsey	Box 1334	Albany, NY 12201
Vince Lutterbie	1021 Stonehaven	Marshall, MO 65340
Jeff McKee	481 Westbrook Street #105G	South Portland, ME 04106-1939
Craig Mills	3085 Old Highway 8, #22	Roseville, MN 55113
Tom Nash	202 Settler's Road	St. Simons Island, GA 31522
Steve Nicewarner	646 Williamsburg Court	Sanford, NC 27330
Jim Nickel	429 East Columbia Street	Falls Church, VA 22046
Richard Pinelli	2045 West Fargo	Chicago, IL 60062
Geoff Richard	5906 Marvin Loving Dr #206	Garland, TX 75043
John Schultz #19390	Indiana State Prison, Box 41	Michigan City, IN 46360
Tim Stark	605 West Doyle	Granbury, TX 76048
Gilles Tanguay	14225 Haymeadow	Dallas, TX 75240
Don Williams	43504 N. Gadsden Avenue #227	Lancaster, CA 93534
Brad Wilson	Box 126	Wayne, PA 19087
Rob Wittmond	2924 Petaluma Avenue	Long Beach, CA 90815
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield, VA 22152

**GAME OPENINGS****FRIEBUR** – regular Diplomacy (gamefee \$5):

John Schultz (paid), Richard Pinelli (paid), Larry Botimer (paid), Gary Behnen (paid), Don Williams (no, really). Needs two more.

**FARPOINT** – Woolworth IID Diplomacy (gamefee \$5):

Tom Nash, Tim Stark (paid). Needs three more. This is "five-and-dime" Dip, with five players controlling ten countries (each player holds one publically and one in secret).

**PLANET BLUE** – Fictionary Dictionary (no gamefee):

Craig Mills, Jason Bergmann, John Schultz, Lance Anderson. Needs six to eight more.

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# Perelandra

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