

## E for Effort

by T. L. Sherred

Maybe it's lucky that history was my major in school. Luck it must have been, certainly not cleverness, that made me pay a dime for a seat in an undertaker's rickety folding chair imbedded solidly—although the only other customers were a half-dozen Sons of the Order of Tortilla—in a cast of secondhand garlic. I sat near the door. A couple of hundred-watt bulbs dangling naked from the ceiling gave enough light for me to look around. In front of me, in the rear of the store, was the screen, what looked like a white-painted sheet of beaverboard, and when over my shoulder I saw the battered sixteen millimeter projector I began to think that even at a dime it was no bargain. Still, I had forty minutes to wait. Everyone was smoking. I lit a cigarette and the discouraged Mexican who had taken my dime locked the door and turned off the lights, after giving me a long, questioning look. I'd paid my dime, so I looked right back. In a minute the old projector started clattering. No film credits, no producer's name, no director, just a tentative flicker before a closeup of a bewhiskered mug labeled Cortez. Then a painted and feathered Indian with the title of Guatemotzin, successor to Moctezuma; an aerial shot of a beautiful job of model-building tagged Ciudad Mejico, 1521. Shots of old muzzle-loaded artillery banging away, great walls spurting stone splinters under direct fire, skinny Indians dying violently with the customary gyrations, smoke and haze and blood. The photography sat me right up straight. It had none of the scratches and erratic cuts that characterized an old print, none of the fuzziness, none of the usual mugging at the camera by the handsome hero. There wasn't any handsome hero. Did you ever see one of those French pictures, or a Russian, and comment on the reality and depth brought out by working on a small budget that can't afford famed actors? This, what there was of it, was as good, or better:

It wasn't until the picture ended with a pan shot of a dreary desolation that I began to add two and two. You can't, for pennies, really have a cast of thousands, or sets big enough to fill Central Park. A mock-up, even, of a thirty-foot wall costs enough to irritate the auditors, and there had been a lot of wall. That didn't fit with the bad editing and lack of sound track, not unless the picture had been made in the old silent days. And I knew it hadn't by the color tones you get with pan film. It looked like a well-rehearsed and badly planned newsreel.

The Mexicans were easing out and I followed them to where the discouraged one was rewinding the reel. I asked him where he got the print.

"I haven't heard of any epics from the press agents lately, and it looks like a fairly recent print."

He agreed that it was recent, and added that he'd made it himself. I was polite to that, but he saw that I didn't believe him and straightened up from the projector.

"You don't believe that, do you?"

I said that I certainly did, and I had to catch a bus.

"Would you mind telling me why, exactly why?"

I said that the bus—

"I mean it. I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me just what's wrong with it."

"There's nothing wrong with it," I told him. He waited for me to go on. "Well, for one thing, pictures like that aren't made for the sixteen-millimeter trade. You've got a reduction from a thirty-five-millimeter master," and I gave him a few of the other reasons that separate home movies from Hollywood. When I finished he smoked quietly for a minute.

"I see." He took the reel off the projector spindle and closed the case. "I have beer in the back." I agreed beer sounded good, but the bus—well, just one. From in back of the beaverboard screen he brought paper cups and a Jumbo bottle. With a whimsical "Business suspended" he closed the open door and opened the bottle with an opener screwed on the wall. The store had likely been a grocery or restaurant. There were plenty of chairs. Two we shoved around and relaxed companionably. The beer was warm.

"You know something about this line," tentatively.

I took it as a question and laughed. "Not too much. Here's mud," and we drank. "Used to drive a truck for the Film Exchange." He was amused at that.

"Stranger in town?"

"Yes and no. Mostly yes. Sinus trouble chased me out and relatives bring me back. Not any more, though; my father's funeral was last week." He said that was too bad, and I said it wasn't. "He had sinus, too." That was a joke, and he refilled the cups. We talked awhile about the Detroit climate.

Finally he said, rather speculatively, "Didn't I see you around here last night? Just about eight." He got up and went after more beer.

I called after him. "No more beer for me." He brought a bottle anyway, and I looked at my watch. "Well, just one."

"Was it you?"

"Was it me what?" I held out my paper cup.

"Weren't you around here—"

I wiped foam off my mustache. "Last night? No, but I wish I had. I'd have caught my bus. No, I was in the Motor Bar last night at eight. And I was still there at midnight."

He chewed his lip thoughtfully. "The Motor Bar. Just down the street?" And I nodded. "The Motor Bar. Hm-m-m." I looked at him. "Would you like ... sure, you would." Before I could figure out what he was talking about he went to the back and from behind the beaverboard screen rolled out a big radio-phonograph and another Jumbo bottle. I held the bottle against the light. Still half full. I looked at my watch. He rolled the radio against the wall and lifted the lid to get at the dials.

"Reach behind you, will you? The switch on the wall." I could reach the switch without getting up, and I did. The lights went out. I hadn't expected that, and I groped at arm's length. Then the lights came on again, and I turned back, relieved. But the lights weren't on, I was looking at the street!

Now, all this happened while I was dripping beer and trying to keep my balance on a tottering chair—the street moved, I didn't, and it was day and it was night and I was in front of the Book-Cadillac and I was going into the Motor Bar and I was watching myself order a beer and I knew I was wide awake and not dreaming. In a panic I scabbled off the floor, shedding chairs and beer like an umbrella while I ripped my nails feeling frantically for that light switch. By the time I found it—and all the while I was watching myself pound the bar for the barkeep—I was really in a fine fettle, just about ready to collapse. Out of thin air right into a nightmare. At last I found the switch.

The Mexican was looking at me with the queerest expression I've ever seen, like he'd baited a mousetrap and caught a frog. Me? I suppose I looked like I'd seen the devil himself. Maybe I had. The beer was all over the floor and I barely made it to the nearest chair.

"What," I managed to get out, "what was that?"

The lid of the radio went down. "I felt like that too, the first time. I'd forgotten."

My fingers were too shaky to get out a cigarette, and I ripped off the top of the package. "I said, what was that?"

He sat down. "That was you, in the Motor Bar, at eight last night." I must have looked blank as he handed me another paper cup. Automatically I held it out to be refilled.

"Look here—" I started.

"I suppose it is a shock. I'd forgotten what I felt like the first time I ... I don't care much any more. Tomorrow I'm going out to Phillips Radio." That made no sense to me, and I said so. He went on.

"I'm licked. I'm flat broke. I don't give a care any more. I'll settle for cash and live off the royalties." The story came out, slowly at first, then faster until he was pacing the floor. I guess he was tired of having no one to talk to. ... \* (editor's notes on page)

Colophon

This is the seventyninth issue of *Perelandra*, which assures you that although it is a monthly amateur magazine of postal games, literature, and love for small furry creatures, it must nonetheless associate with zines which are far stranger. ["Examples!", do I hear you cry from the peanut gallery? Witness one Thomas Nash moaning, in print, about the lack of middle-age masturbatory fantasy on south Georgia radio.] Yes, folks, this is a weird hobby and one of its inhabitants is your editor, Pete Gaughan (located postally in Box 7006, Corte Madera CA 94925-7006).

Subscriptions to *Perelandra* may be a mistake, but they still cost \$1.50 per issue. No subs allowed past issue #100 for the time being, and no rate increase until we reach that point.

GLOME / Deviant Dip

AUSTRIA endgame / Greg Ellis (standby):

What a game! I take over for the obviously hated Zarse with only three units, frozen home centers, and not long to live. After three turns I predict my demise at the hands of the Russo-Italian alliance; during that turn I took the lead! Had I continued to a) write the other players, and b) draft rules that were broad-based (can you say log rolling?) and directed against others rather than for Austria (not quite nest-feathering, but a similar concept) I would have fared better. Still and all, an interesting game that the GM deserved to win. After all, he beat us all, didn't he? We did our damndest to screw him up, legal arguments and all, and he held his own. Hats off, Petey!

[Well, again we have Ellis attempting to reuse gaming history. I didn't win, much as I deserved to...]

[I mentioned last time that J.R. had sent a complete set of orders for the next season, to be played in issue #2078 or some such. Well, if you're all so hot to play this game, both Jason Bergmann and Phil Reynolds are offering sections of it in their zines. Go bug them!! No, seriously, I really did enjoy Deviant. Thanks!!]

LITERARY QUIZ

Last month's quiz: Greg Ellis and Lance Anderson both thought I should've gone ahead and asked "most obscure President" and both came up with Millard Fillmore. Well, if I had asked that one, I think Van Buren or Harding would have to win; Fillmore's name is so strange that most of us have heard of him!

TAS185: What does the academic title "A.B.D." stand for? "All But Dissertation" - it's the kind of slang that's slung around academic conferences. Ed Wrobel got it right; Greg said, "Associate Bullshit Degree, or Paralegal to laymen." Lance: "Another bitchin' dude."

TAS169: Who said "No man can have a peaceful life who thinks too much about prolonging it?" Seneca. Ed: "Gov. Lamm of Colorado (hyork, hyork)." Greg: "I'll bet it was some dead guy." Lance thought of Lord Byron.

Next quiz, good for 1/2 a free issue:

NA806: What region is called the "American Serengeti?" and why? (This time, most humorous answer will win in addition to correct answers.)

RYLOS / 1989IF

Where's Your Beef?

Error: Russia took Serbia, so Austria loses a boh and Russia builds a war in addition to those listed last turn. Current positions:

AUSTRIA (Gilles Tanguay): f gre, a tri, a vie.

ENGLAND (Steve Nicewarner): a yor, f lon.

FRANCE (Tom Nash): f lvp, f bre, a hol, f bel, a mar, a par, f lyo, a bur.

GERMANY (J.R. Baker): a den, a mun, f nts, f eng.

ITALY (John Crosby): f ion, f adr, a tyo, a ven.

RUSSIA (Melinda Holley): a bud, a ser, a arm, f rum, a war, f swe, f nwy.

TURKEY (Lance Anderson): a bul, f con, a smy, a ank.

Next Deadline: Spring & Summer '04

Orders on file from all but Austria.

Paris to London: Bad doggie! Any more nasty, snide, front-page slams against me, and I'll turn this puppet into firewood!

GM to London: Sounds as if Tom feels he should be relegated to the back page...

Paris to Berlin: Finally, an active Germany! GM to Rylos: More press held over.

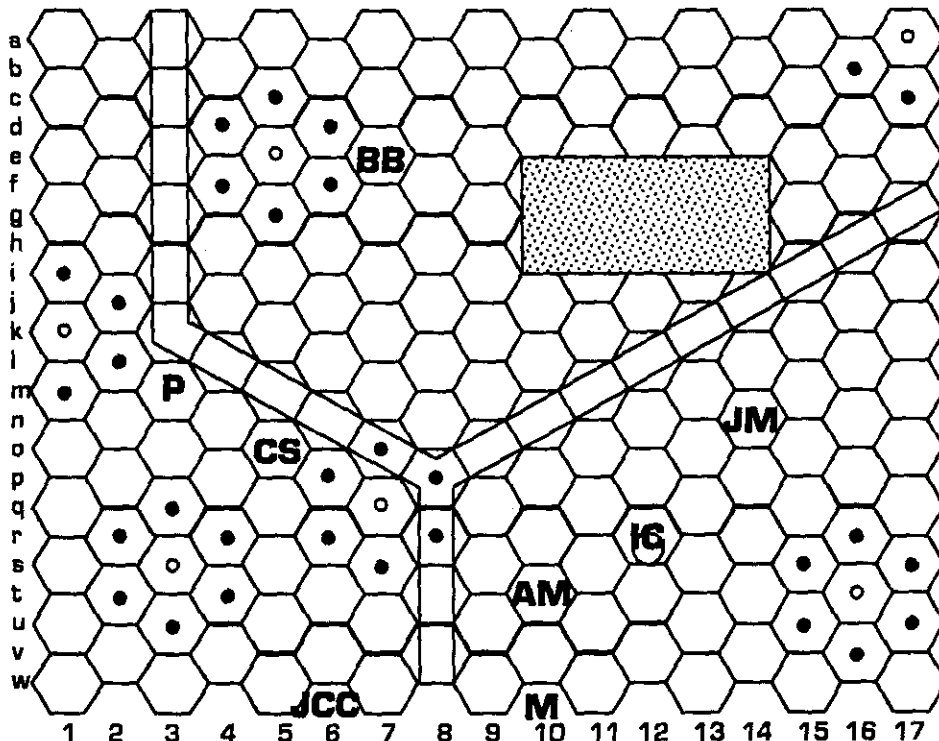
**BELGARION / ASF10**

**Turn Five: Lifestyles of the Young and Aimless**

Segment One: Captain Snowman and J.C. Chiller are too completely unconscious to participate, so they get nailed (it's only logical, right?). Boleroing Barrister starts things off with a beautifully-executed Dirigible down the back of JC, while Jeff McKee, McGnasty, and Auld Meed (all collecting ammo) look on. Ice Cream is on the run and trying to watch BB at the same time, so he fails to notice Probo lofting a weapon his way. Splat! An Ice Cream conehead!

Segment Two: BB has to replenish his supply, and JM decides to continue packing; Ice Cream has now reached the relative safety of the snowman, so he casts about for a target. Choosing the lesser of two evils, Cream drills McKee with his last Rattlesnake. McGnasty likewise goes after his arch-enemy, but it's just too far to hit Jeff. Once that attack has left his hand, though, M realizes his dry days are numbered because he is himself a target. He rapid-fires his other snowball at Auld Meed to try and stave off a certain snow doom, as AM's Dirigible blasts him in the schnozz. Probo risks being tedious by repeating his attack on the Cream, who escapes this time by ducking behind the headless snowman.

Segment Three: McGnasty has taken too much abuse, and chooses to follow J.C. Chiller into the house. CS is still drifting aimlessly; Probo is replacing his munitions and lusting after JM's body (for his next target, we mean!). IC figures he's got a good thing going, so before JM can run off IC heaves the snowman's head at him. This fearsome pile of white exchanges greetings in mid-air with a similar monstrous blob - yes, Jeff lobbed his Dirigiblesimultaneously, and both players have the hurt put on them (in fact, Cream will have to join the KPI!). Meed sees the end is nearing and steps up aggression, boleroing Ice Cream, but inexplicably missing the comatose Capt. Snowman; and to close out the turn, the Barrister stakes his claim for SnowFight supremacy by tagging one of the also-rans, Probo, with a Di.



Snowfighter (player)	vd	hp	actions
Auld Meed / AM (Tom Hurst)	12	7	collect di / attack M with Di [85,27] / attack two nearest with BB [IC 50,45; CS 65,68]
Boleroing Barrister / BB (Greg Ellis)	12	5	attack JCC with Di [85,17] / collect di / attack nearest with di [P 65,09]
Captain Snowman / CS (Tim Stark)	9	1	nmr / nmr / nmr
Ice Cream / IC (J.R. Baker)	13	0	move to R12 / attack JM with RR [95,64] / attack JM with snowman's head [65,62]
J.C. Chiller / JC (Brad Wilson)	2	0	nmr / nmr and run for cover! / dry out inside
Jeff McKee / JM (Jeff McKee)	13	2	collect di / collect di / attack best with di [IC 45, 38]
McGnasty / M (Tom Nash)	7	2	collect 2sb / attack JM and AM with BB [JM 55,61; AM 80,98] / run into kitchen
Probo / P (John Schultz)	6	4	attack IC with RR [50,21] / attack IC with RR [60,77] / pick up 2sb and pack them hard

Yes, we have four players inside or on their way. JC Chiller may waltz out of the kitchen on segment three next time, automatically receiving two sb from the window sill as he emerges. McGnasty may leave the k at any time, gaining back 2 HP for each segment he stays in. Cream reaches the kitchen on segment two. The only ammo left on the map is a McKee Dirigible and two Probo Snowballs. Orders may be conditional on whether JCC or CS get moves in next turn.

- BB to CS, IC, and P: Run you cowards, run! You obviously saw the all-time snowball fight standings and realized who you were dealing with! Well, you can run, but you can't hide!
- BB to SnowMaster: Speaking of standings... Since there has only been one championship game, and since I have won every game that I have played in (which came to a legitimate end), I guess that means I am still the North American champ. So when do you get the Brits over here so we can show them how the game is played?
- SM to BB and Belgarion: Sigh. We went through this back when Bob O. won the first Champions' Game. Greg, I don't care how many hp Bob or Tom had when that game ended, Bob won and you finished third. You'll have to either beat Bob or win the next Champions' Game in order to claim to be the best.
- Probo to JM: Watcha doin' way over there? Come on over where the action is.
- BB to GM: Is it really possible for THREE players to pass through M5 and K5 in the same turn? There should have been a bloody nose or two there, don't you think? Or at least higher odds of falling!
- GM to BB: I'm reluctant to add rules to SF, but that sounds good. Anybody else?

**FREIBUR / 1990AQ**

**Spring 1901: Schizophrenia**

I'm sorry if I confuse anyone, but I can't remember whether to spell this Friebur or Freiburg, so we'll go with "ei" for now.

AUSTRIA (Larry Botimer): a vie-tyo, f tri-  
alb, a bud-ser.

ENGLAND (Gary Behnen): a lvp-yor, f lon-  
nts, f edi-nwg.

FRANCE (Chuck Mercer): f bre-mid, a par-  
bur, a mar s a par (otm).

GERMANY (Richard Pinelli): f kie-den, a  
mun-ruh, a ber-kie.

ITALY (Melinda Holley): a ven h, a rom-  
apu, f nap-ion.

RUSSIA (Don Williams): f sev-bla, a war-  
ukr, a mos-stp, f stp-bot.

TURKEY (John Schultz): a con-bul, f ank-  
con, a smy-ank.

**Next turn: Fall 1901**

Turkey to the Silver Tongue: OK! Against my better judgement I made the moves you suggested. If it turns out to be a first-season stab I'm going to be very disappointed and just a little vengeful.

Austria to Board: I notice some people missing here. I'm voting to turn this into a variant called Faz-ghan. It's where Fassio can send in orders for any one country and have them replace the player's orders, with an optional Jim Diehl when the GM rolls a 7/11 on dice. That way those two will be here in spirit.

England to Russia: No 4 builds this time, Bucco!

England to GM: God, the only team worse than the Dodgers...St. Louis!

GM to England: I can't believe Whitey quit, but that shows a lot more class than the guys who hang on past their welcome. When Valentine leaves the Rangers (maybe 1992) I hope the White Rat is still available. (Sorry, folks, this is the kind of thing I get into during a year when my teams [L.A. & TX] are both hovering at .500!)

Bo(t) to Millie: Aaaaarrrggg! Oh well, you're not as bad as Kathy.

GM to Bot: Damning with extremely faint praise, I'd say.

England to A/I: I see you two getting cozy down there...

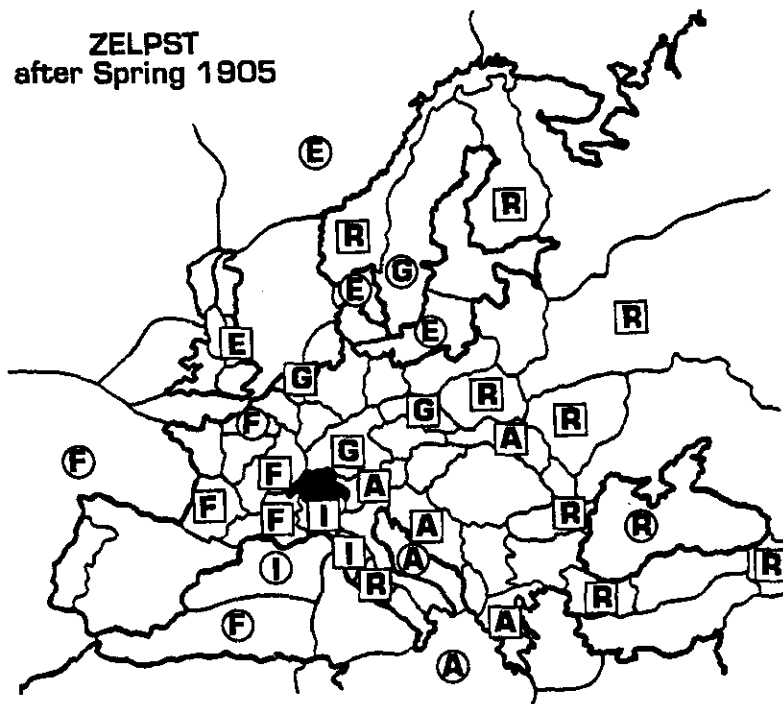
Austria to England: Offer Duck Norway, it's a sure-fire way to start a two-way alliance.

London to Paris: I trust cool heads prevailed?

Austria to Germany: Offer Duck Munich, it's a sure-fire way to start a two-way alliance.

England to Germany: You want what?  
(More press at the bottom of page 5.)

**ZELPST  
after Spring 1905**



**ZELPST / 1989AJ**

France left a unit off his orders for Sp03, and is just now building it back. He does have six dots and six units as of Winter 1904: Austria builds f tri, a bud; England builds a lvp; France builds f bre, a par; Germany removes a pru; GM removes Italian f mid; Russia builds a mos & a sev.

**Spring 1905: Main Course**

AUSTRIA (J.R.Baker): f tri-adr, a bud-tri (a tyo s), a vie-gal, a bul-gre, f gre-ion.

ENGLAND (John Schultz): a lvp-yor, a nwy and f ska s german f bal-swe (a nwy retreat to bar, nts, or otb), f den-bal, f nts-nwg.

FRANCE (Lance Anderson): f bel-pic, a bur ms a mar, f spa/sc-wes, f bre-mid, a par-gas.

GERMANY (Tom Hurst): f bal-swe, a kie-hol, a mun ms a sil.

ITALY (Stephen Carter): nmr. f lyo, a pie, a tus all hold. (Standby called on back cover.)

RUSSIA (Greg Ellis): a ank-rum (f bla c), a smy-arm, a con h, a sev-ukr, a stp-nwy (a fin s), a war h (a mos s), a ven-rom.

**Next turn: Fall 1905**

Russia to Austria: Give me a season or two and there won't be any units in Turkey. Before you start to worry too much, take a good look at the board - I lose two this year and there isn't a thing I can do about it!

France to England: What for you attack Kaiser? You do want Cyrillic?!

England to Austria: Communications have gotten much better and it no longer seems so much like a gunboat game. However, I think Russia and Italy are both a little ticked at me.

France to Germany: Yes, I understand. Does England?

Russia to France: Done. Now how about some help with the Germans?

Austria to Italy: Well, I wasn't going to backstab you, and then Greg did it, so I can't think of any reason not to kick you while you're down - perhaps next time?

France to Russia: Say the word and Italy will be ours.

Austrian Armada to Frogs: No, you don't. This is my puddle!

Russia to Turkey: Bye Melinda! You were there until the end.

**SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1904**

Austria	tri	bud	ser	gre	bul	vie	.	.	.	.	.	6
England	edi	lon	lvp	nwy	den	.	.	.	.	.	.	5
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	.	.	.	.	.	6
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4
Italy	rom	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	con	ank	smy	ven	.	10

## GIFFARD / Gunboat Titan

### Round Ten: Do the Dance of Love

E7: Red Double Eagle defeats Green Harp at Brush B31. 24 points to Red as 2 Gargoyles die.

BLACK LEGIONS (rolled a 2): Spiked Cube Woods W16-Marsh M22; Coat of Arms Jungle J19-Plains P119; Scorpion Brush B137-Jungle J135; Jack O'Lantern Marsh M136-Plains P34.

BLUE LEGIONS (rolled a 2): Egg holds at Plains P105; Tornado Brush B38-Marsh M136; God holds at Woods W11 /attacked by Brown/; Raincloud Marsh M108-Brush B106.

BROWN LEGIONS (rolled a 6): Scroll Plains P6-Jungle J12 /attacks Blue/; Spider Hills H4-Marsh M140; Rack Woods W2-Marsh M8.

GREEN LEGIONS (rolled a 3): Dead Fish holds in Plains P115; Dagger Plains P115-Marsh M112; Boiling Pot Swamp S121-Desert D118; Wreath Plains P129-Marsh M126; Serpent Ring Marsh M131-Plains P34 /may not enter a new battle immediately/.

RED LEGIONS (rolled a 2): Salamander Marsh M140-Plains P138; Double Eagle returns at Brush B31.

E8: Blue God defends against Brown Scroll at Woods W11; defender enters through 9-10-11.

Musters this round: Lion, 2 Rangers, Ogre, Troll, Gorgon.

Greenie to Black: Guess I'll just mosey over here for a while.

Black to Green: Just keep moving and we won't have to worry about fighting each other (yet).

Greenie to GM: Thanks for speeding up the game, it's getting exciting again!!!

Greenie to Bloody Red: Except for you, get outta my face!

### Round Eleven: Can't Touch This

BLACK LEGIONS (rolled a 3): no legal MR; Spiked Cube Marsh M22; Coat of Arms Plains P119-Jungle J19 /impossible/ -Brush B116; Scorpion Jungle J135; Jack O'Lantern Plains P34 /attacked by Blue/.

BLUE LEGIONS (rolled a 4): Egg Plains P105-Plains P101; Tornado Marsh M136-Marsh M36 and splits with Trident /attacks Black/; God Woods W11 /Engagement 8/; Raincloud holds in Brush B106.

BROWN LEGIONS (rolled a 2): Scroll Woods W11 /Engagement 8/; Spider

holds in Marsh M140; Rack Marsh M8-Mountains 1000 and splits with Stein.  
GREEN LEGIONS (rolled a 5): Dead Fish Plains P115-Plains P20; Dagger holds in Marsh M112; Boiling Pot Desert D118-Brush B113; Wreath Marsh M126-Swamp S121; Serpent Ring Marsh M131-Marsh M126.

RED LEGIONS (rolled a 1): Salamander Plains P138-Brush B139; Double Eagle Brush B31-Tower 500 and splits with Star.

In the case of Black: player ordered one move and three holds (sorry, Blue, you would have been fighting anyway). Since the one move was illegal, we then had basically an nmr situation; it just happens that the legion chosen to move under nmr rules (read 'em) would be Coat of Arms anyway.

### Next Deadline: Round 12 by Sep. 1

E8: Blue God defends against Brown Scroll at Woods W11. I screwed up and revealed the wrong stack to Brown; my sincere apologies.

E9: Black Jack O'Lantern defends against Blue Tornado at Plains P34. Defender enters via 9-10-11, if that matters.

musters for Round 11: Cyclops, Gorgon, Lion, Minotaur, Ranger, Warlock  
Point Count: Red 94, Blue 81, Brown 63, Green 36, Black 24.

Blue to TM: Nice cutting on the legion listing!

Titan Master to Blue: Actually, I asked the funloving wife if she'd like to play paper dolls; thank her.

Greenie to Blue: I'll bet you fled Engagement 8.

Blue to Cruel World: Why does everyone want to kill God? My God is not dead...yet.

Greenie to Black: Why don't you clear out of this area for awhile, Greenie's back in town.

Blue Tornado to Black Jack: Hold still, would you!?

Greenie to Red: That Dragon getting too hard to get? Maybe a Unicorn would be EASIER.

Greenie to Brown: How are things at the top of the world? You have been quiet since you killed the gold player.

Greenie to GM: It's about time I get a decent roll, do you take bribes?

GM to Green: I take them gladly, but they don't make any difference in the game.

(Giffard map on the next page.)

## FOMALHAUT / 1988CN

votes:	aus	eng	fra	ita
A win	nvr	nvr	no	yes
E	nvr	nvr	no	yes
F	nvr	nvr	yes	yes
AE draw	nvr	nvr	no	yes
AF	nvr	nvr	yes	yes
EF	nvr	nvr	yes	yes
EAF	nvr	nvr	yes	yes

Please vote on these next time: France proposes EF and AEF.

### Fall 1908: What Move?

AUSTRIA (Jason Bergmann): a ukr-mos, a mos-lvn, a gal-sil (a war s), a boh-mun, a tvo-pie, a tus-rom (a ven s), Lion-tyr, f adr-ion (f gre s), f apu s ital f nap.

ENGLAND (Tim Stark): nmr. a stp, f nwy, a den, f iri, f eng, f nts, a wal all hold.

FRANCE (Tom Nash): a hol-kie (a mun s (a bur s)), f bel-pic, a kie-ber, a sil-pru, a par-gas, a pie-ven, f mid-wes, f lvo-tus, f tun-ion, f tyr-nap (a rom s).

ITALY (Vince Lutterbie): f nap s aus a tus-rom.

### Next turn: Winter '08/Spring '09

Paris to Vienna: Jason, there's simply no win here. We are *finally* on track to stop you. Don't be cheered by the English move to Mid-Atlantic. That's at my invitation to stop you. Accept it. Looks like a 3 way to me.

GM to Paris: The English move to Mid was thwarted by Bergmann's astonishing powers of psychokinesis...

Paris to London: He is effectively stopped. Dig in for trench warfare and keep voting 'yes' to the 3-way.

(Standby for England announced on back cover. Fomalhaut map and SC chart are on the next page.)

### >More Freiburg press:

Austria to Turkey: Nice random draw we got, huh?

England to Turkey: What's brewing in your kettle??

GM to Freiburg: Behnen is a rebel on the subject of writing orders for two games on one page (kind of like Nash intentionally misspelling Fomalhaut), so don't be surprised if he nmr's from time to time.

Italy to GM: Interesting group, Pete.

GM to Italy: Credit where credit's due - I really didn't expect to see you, Don, or Larry in another *Perelandra* game so quick, but I'm glad you all came! (Come to think about it, have we seen Don yet?)



**GRAMARYE / British Rails**

**ROUNDS #19 & 20: SPLISH SPLASH**

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway  
Owner: Ed Wrobel

19: Move 8mp W, pick up oats in Dumfries, move 1mp W.  
20: Move 7mp into Ayr, pick up chemicals, move 2mp E.

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 oats & chemicals.

Opening Bal: £ 9  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 9

order this time: 3/5  
next: 4/4  
GOs? yes

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road  
Owner: Craig Mills

19: Move 9mp N.  
20: Move 2mp into Edinburgh & sell fruit for £36M (card 118).

card 59: hull/pottery/£16; glasgow/tourists/£19; northampton/cattle/£6.  
card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52.  
card 17: berwick/sugar/£20; barnstaple/textiles/£22; pembroke/hops/£14.

Opening Bal: £ 7  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 7

order this time: 4/4  
next: 5/3  
GOs? no

Freight carrying fruit & textiles.

Railroad: Puppytail Rail  
Owner: Bruce Linsey

19: Dump cards.  
20: Move 9mp ENE; build W from Birmingham and WSW from Newcastle, in both cases connecting to own line.

card 8: newcastle/fruit/£25  
cardigan/pigs/£21  
lincoln/imports/£15.  
card 2: penzance/cars/£28  
ipswich/cotton/£23  
perth/lead/£38.  
card 97: cardiff/fruit/£7  
portsmouth/sheep/£24  
newcastle/steel/£12.

Opening Bal: £ 28  
Income: +  
Expenses: - 16  
Balance: £ 12

order this time: 5/3  
next: 6/2  
GOs? yes

Freight carrying steel and fish.

Railroad: Connie's Cousin's Caboose  
Owner: Tom Nash

19: Move 9mp W.  
20: Move 9mp W.

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: £ 2  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 2

order this time: 6/2  
next: 7/1  
GOs? ??

Freight carrying two sugar.

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers  
Owner: Geoff Richard

19: Move 8mp to Manchester /NW, sell rubber for £18 (card 115), get coal, move 1mp more N; build 12mp N. 20: Move 7mp to Leeds, sell rubber for £20M (card 81); get textiles, move 2mp back. Build N into Perth.

card 20: perth/tourists/£25; berwick/fish/£21; holyhead/rubber/£36.  
card 34: perth/coal/£6; norwich/machinery/£5; portsmouth/jute/£45.  
card 35: leeds/fruit/£15; pembroke/coal/£9; dumfries/lead/£28.

Opening Bal: £ 2  
Income: + 38  
Expenses: - 38  
Balance: £ 2

order this time: 7/1  
next: 1/7  
GOs? yes

Freight carrying textiles and coal.

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars  
Owner: Jason Bergmann

19: Move 9mp S.  
20: Move 8mp S to Portsmouth, sell coal for £19 (card 93), move 1mp N.

card 85: newcastle/lead/£28; penzance/pigs/£40; dover/tourists/£6.  
card 16: hull/jute/£35; colchester/lead/£29; stranraer/fish/£32.  
card 84: exeter/sheep/£26; birmingham/chemicals/£26; berwick/textiles/£12.

Opening Bal: £ 14  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 14

order this time: 1/7  
next: 2/6  
GOs? no

Freight carrying coal.

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road  
Owner: Eric Brosius

19: Move to York, drop hops, pick up cattle. Move 1mp E and 1mp NW.  
20: move to Newcastle/SW (pay LBR), sell cattle for £7M (card 120). Pick up coal. Build £14M into Edinburgh.

card 7: holyhead/hops/£19; edinburgh/tobacco/£45; plymouth/tourists/£26.  
card 79: reading/barley/£14; liverpool/cattle/£7; stoke/textiles/£4.  
card 98: london/beer/£3; hereford/pottery/£8; hull/tourists/£16.

Opening Bal: £ 21  
Income: + 7  
Expenses: - 14  
Balance: £ 14

order this time: 2/6  
next: 3/5  
GOs? ??

Freight carrying coal & tobacco.

Round 19

**Bruce draws** cards 137, 1, 42, 8, 2, and 97; Geoff gets #20.  
**Event 137 DERAILMENT** - All trains within 3mp of these cities lose one turn and one load: Ipswich, Brighton, Holyhead, Carlisle, Reading, Hull; nobody derails.

Round 20

**Geoff draws** cards 134 and 35: **Event 134 FLOODS** - No train may cross the Eden, Lune, Avon, Severn, or Dee Rivers. All rail lines over these rivers are destroyed but may be rebuilt. CCC, PR, and B&H lose bridges on the Severn; PR does not lose his route over the Lune; CCC is temporarily stuck on the wrong side of the flooded Severn (in effect all of Round 21).  
**An error** in Geoff's build is corrected above, likewise the city chart below (I caught these meself!).





**LAKKDAROL / Downfall of the Lord of the Rings**

*E/Ga/Go/R/U & D/E/Ga/Go/M/R/S/U*  
*draws: Dwarves & Saruman yes to both; Gandalf, Gondor no to both; Rohan yes and no; Elves, Mordor & Umbar nvr. Look, people, you keep on missing the draw proposals (though, of course, there aren't any new ones this turn). I'm not going to use any more bold type than I have to. Read this thing, will you please?*

After Thrimidge II, Mordor retreats A South Rhûn oth. Dwarves remove A Forlond; Gondor builds A Lebennin; Mordor removes A Orodruin; Rohan builds A West Emnet and A Edoras; Umbar builds A Harad, A City, and F Havens.

**Forelithe I: Short People**

**DWARVES** (Larry Botimer): A Carnen-Iron Hills (A Withered Heath s).

**ELVES** (Jason Bergmann): no moves received; all units hold. Has A North Downs, F Grey Havens, A Shire, A Eotheod, A Wilderland, A Brown Lands, A Esgaroth, A Elven King's Halls, A River Running, A Old Forest Road, A South Downs.

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

**GONDOR** (Lance Anderson): A Lebennin-South Ithilien (A Osgiliath s), A South Ithilien-Poros, C Udûn-Dead Marshes, A Dead Marshes-North Ithilien (A Anorien s), A North Ithilien-Udûn, A Lamedon-Belfalas, Faramir

**MORDOR** (Craig Mills): Sauron & A Barad-dûr h, A Minas Morgul h.

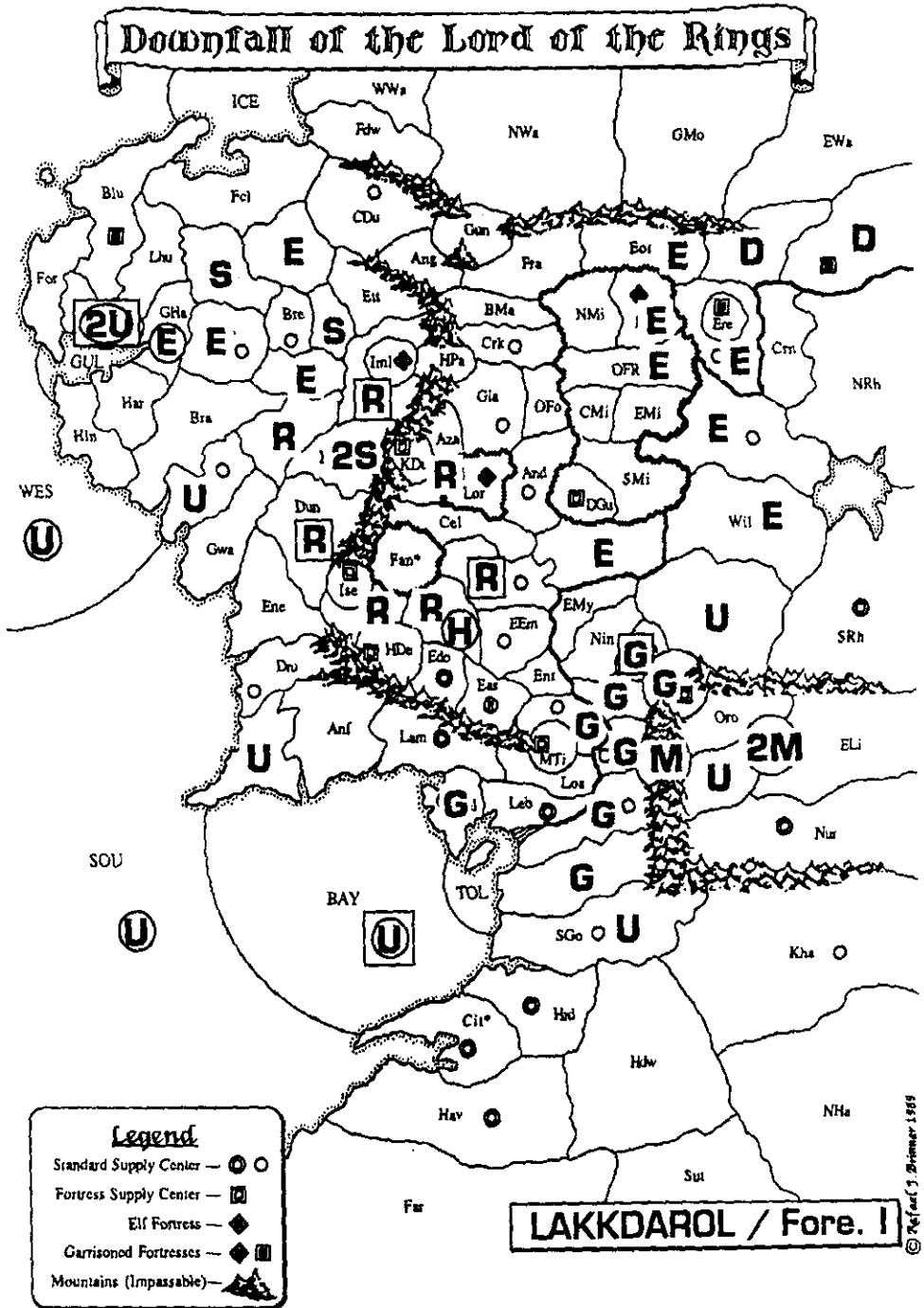
**ROHAN** (Brian Hogan): C Greenway-Rhudaur-Hollin (C Dunland s second move), C Dagorlad-Emyn Muil-Wold (A Nindalf s first move), C Azanulbizar h, A Gwathlo-Greenway, A West Emnet-Gap of Rohan, A Edoras-West Emnet.

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

**UMBAR** (Geoff Richard): 2A/F Blue Mountains-Forlond\*\*, A Forlond-Lhûn, A Minhiriath h (F Western Sea s), F Havens of Umbar-Southern Sea, A City of the Corsairs-Andrast (A/F Bay of Belfalas c), A Harad-South Gondor, A Nurn-Gorgoroth, A South Rhûn-Dagorlad, Nazgul

\*\*Ringwearer. No standby is being called for the Elves, since orders were received for his other games. See NMR insurance announcement in the back of the zine.

**Next turn: Forelithe II moves**  
 (All Lakkdarol press on page 10.)



SUPPLY CENTERS held after Thrimidge II

Dwarves	ere	iro										2
Elves	ekh	gha	iml	lor	gla	and	crk	rru	esg	cdm	shi	11
Gandalf												0
Gondor	bel	lam	leb	mti	sit	osg	ano	udu				8
Mordor	bar	mno										2
Rohan	herd	edo	hde	dru	dun	eem	dgu	ise	wol			9
Saruman	kdm	hol	bre									3
Umbar	cit	hrd	hav	sgo	kha	min	nur	fld	blu	srh		10

(Herd is at West Emnet.) No neutrals remain.

## Can the Dolphins

by Art Hoppe

"TO HELL with dolphins," said my friend Martin Allhart, picking up a can of cheap tuna and callously tossing it into his shopping cart.

I was shocked. "And you a lifelong liberal," I told him. "Doesn't your heart bleed for these wise and merry creatures struggling in the uncaring fisherman's cruel tuna net?"

"About as much as it does for the tuna," said Martin. "I'm mortally tired of bleeding for this cause and that. From here on in, it's look out for old No. 1. Hey, Dow oven cleaner! That's what I need."

"Have you forgotten, Martin, that Dow Chemical used to make napalm?"

"Yeah, and I haven't cleaned my oven since Vietnam. It's about time. Excuse me, you're standing between me and that six-pack of Coors. And don't tell me Coors is anti-gay. What've the gays ever done for me?"

...

I PROBABLY COULD have come up with a convincing, if lengthy, answer, but Martin was headed for the produce department, where he eagerly stuffed a good two pounds of seedless grapes into a plastic bag.

"If nothing else," I said, "what about tradition? You've been boycotting grapes for 25 years."

"And I never met a farm worker in my life," he said. "No, sir, I want my kids to taste one while I'm still here to quote them Keats: 'Burst the joyous grape against the palate fine' "

Outside the store, we naturally had to step over a homeless man. Martin didn't even bother to look the other way. "You don't give to the homeless anymore?" I asked him.

"Sure I do," he said. "I pay my taxes, and my taxes go for clinics, shelters and the cops to put them there. What more can they ask?"

"But what about all those charities you liked? Care? UNICEF? Ethiopian Relief?"

"You know what? In the past month I saved \$165 cutting them off at the pockets. Let the whales save themselves, I say."

"But what can you buy one-half so warm as the inner glow that comes from

### >Lakkdarol press &c:

New map symbols: Plain units are armies; Circled units are fleets, as before; Square units are Cavalry; and units with a circle and a square are A/Fs. Personality units are indicated, when known publically, by a '2' attached to their unit.

Dwarf to Umbar: Who's complaining? It's not as though it was any big surprise.

Umbardacil to Theoden: I thought I had paid you back already by taking Minhiriath in the first place and then helping vs. Dwarves/Saruman (not to mention Mordor!). How long do you expect me to keep "favoring" you? Besides, how does me giving you a center maintain parity?

Rohan to Elrond: Way to change your orders! Thanks for nothing!

Dwarf to Rohan: Who says you don't have a sense of humor?

Dwarf to Gondor: I think going for the best draw available is a good theory.

Gondor to All: I say let the Dwarf have his last vestige of dignity - permit him to retire to Erebor for the remainder of the struggle.

Dwarf to Mordor: This slow death is so much fun!

Rohan to Umbar: Us "brigands reeling in the reek" tend to speak foully, but deal fairly. Now how about Min in return for the prize I gave you? (You got South Rhûn!)

Dwarf to Saruman: Good luck with the Alliance for Freedom. They're such pleasant folks.

### >more S/M press:

Russia to Turkey: You remember the old saying, "A girl's best friend is Jimbo!"

GM to Bot: See what I mean?

KK to GM: Don't worry, I haven't lost my mind - 'cause I never had one to lose in the first place!

Paris to Rome: Feel liberated?

Vienna to Paris: We're drinking schnapps in the palace this turn, but next...

Paris to Vienna: Feel unliberated?

Vienna to World: What pleasant exile.

Baseball Bums to A's: How do you plan on getting past the White Sox - are you going to sabotage their airplane?

Paris to Dublin: Who's drinking *bourbon* in Eire? Ought to be hung for drinking anything but whiskey.

Paris to Moscow: At least no one's drinking *bourbon* in the Kremlin.

Katie to Paris: Why don't you go drown in your imported vodka?

Russia to England: Just remember - what's mine is yours, and what's yours is definitely mine. So tell Rin Tin to go bark up another tree!

Paris to London: Gin? No way!

Russia to German in Exile: Boy, are you a doubting Thomas. We told you you could live; I can't wait to help you into Con!

Germany to Russia: Appreciate the sentiment - I'll deep-six him ASAP.

Paris to Munich: Wine? You must be kidding!

GM to Paris: Are you sure he didn't say, "Whine?"

Vienna to Russia: Thanks - your words did the trick. What would you have of me?

giving?"

"A raccoon coat," he said firmly. "All my life I've wanted a raccoon coat."

"Martin!" I cried. "Would you have all those innocent little animals sacrifice their beautiful skins for you?"

"They'll look just as good on me as they did on them," he said, "and if your leather shoe fits, wear it."

I shook my head. "I take it this means you won't be picketing this afternoon against the death squads in El Salvador or rallying tonight for the ERA?"

"I have attended my last rally," he said happily. "I never could understand what the speakers were saying. And the only thing duller than picketing is a wine-and-cheese party for baby harp seals. What good does

it all do?"

"I know what's wrong with you, Martin," I said. "You've lost your guilt."

He positively beamed. "Right," he said, "and life is glorious."

...

I'LL ADMIT I was a little jealous of Martin—and a trifle uneasy. Over martinis that evening, I asked my dear wife, Glynda, a true liberal, what good liberals did in this bloodstained, pollution-clouded, wrong-filled world.

She was silent a moment. "It isn't so much the good we do," she said, thoughtfully nibbling on her olive. "It's the harm we don't."

It is impossible to write ancient history because of a complete lack of documents and supporting evidence; it is becoming impossible to write modern history due to an excess of these things.

-Anonymous

## Among the Trees

by Pete Gaughan

### Redwood Summer

Still no word on whether the car bombing in Oakland was a political attack on environmentalists or a case of terrorist leftists getting a taste of their own medicine. Word in the environmental community is that although the police are dragging their feet, it's looking bad for the activists on the evidence front.

Four or five eco demonstrations in the past month, all involving people chaining themselves to gates or climbing on machinery to prevent logging. One case of monkey-wrenching (property damage to stop work) which will go unprosecuted; one good-sized picket line in the Sequoia National Forest, which carried the battle into the southern half of the state for the first time; and a few wimps picketing a lumber company office near here in Mill Valley (look, people, hardware stores and distribution firms are not the problem—the governments and sawmills are).

### The Road Trip

Not a sales trip this month, this time a real vacation. Route is W on I-580 until you reach California Hwy. 132 south of Tracy, then 132 W to Coulterville, 35 miles W of Yosemite. We spent our nights at a motel in Coulterville to save money, driving into and around the park each day. Expect to pay \$40 for a campsite and \$80-125 for a hotel room in the Valley in season, and make your reservations eight weeks in advance; towns like Mariposa outside the park will be 10-20% less and smaller or more distant towns as much as 50% less (our room was \$43/night).

3.5 million people visit the park each year; in 1980 the Park Service drafted a Use Plan that was supposed to reduce human impact on the park and, especially, the Valley. Part of the plan calls for 22 maintenance buildings and 40 vehicles, currently in the valley, to be moved to El Portal, outside the park limits, along with the 88 employees associated with them. But apparently Congress hasn't appropriated funds for the move and the money has to be specifically allocated for this purpose. A tiny example, but typical of how difficult it is to keep down the huge traffic here.

### Rock Hard

You may know how Yosemite was formed by glaciers, and to some extent that

story is right (when you visit the park, you get the geological history of the area in at least 87 places!). John Muir pushed the glacial theory really hard, until it was accepted; but now scientists are deciding that glaciers were the Johnny-come-latelys of the mountain-making process, and that Muir had no idea how much effect plate shift had. Still, the last glacier only retreated 10,000 years ago and is still alive atop Mt. Lyell. It's a dim shadow of its old self, though; it was once 2000' thick and 60 miles long!

### Further Up and Farther In

One thing the glaciers did accomplish was an astonishing variety of terrain. For those of us who don't camp and don't hike more than a couple of miles at a stretch, the only backcountry accessible is along Tioga Road (Hwy 120) from the west to the east border of the park. But in one day along that road, you can walk on wooded river bottoms, pine slopes, lakeshores, weathered granite cliffs, and meadows. Ahh, meadows. Cathy loves free-running streams and falls, I get high on meadows. Almost everything in the Sierra is steep, but these are wide shallow tarns which then filled in with silt. Tuolumne Meadows (elev. 8000'), the most famous, is a beautiful collection of damp grasslands, meandering brooks, and an occasional 'erratic' boulder.

If you visit Yosemite, Tioga Road needs a full day or two by itself. I was very angry, standing at Olmstead Point, at the crowd of people feeding marmots out of their hands, in spite of the signs within 15 feet directing visitors not to feed the animals. But the reason for the crowd is the spectacular view of 10,000'+ peaks to the south. You should stop at the Tuolumne visitor center, as it has the best nature displays in the park. Be prepared, though; the meadows are exposed and windy, and the temperature range while we were there was 47 at night to a high of 77; the Valley, on the other hand, had a range from 58 to 91.

I'm not much for boats, but I could get in a kayak and float around for hours on Tenaya Lake (Tioga Road skirts one edge of Tenaya). It reminds me of the Finger Lakes in upstate New York...up to the tops of the trees along the shore. From there up you'd normally see sky in New York, here you see another vertical half mile of mountain!

### Eyes on the Prize

But the gem in this crown is Yosemite

Valley. The sides of the valley rise 3000 to 5000 feet straight up, never so much as a mile apart. It is a house of solid rock, with arch patterns decorating the walls, chimney-like pinnacles, and rock domes as skylights on either side. The contrast with the high ridges and traditional, V-shaped river valleys of the backcountry is immediate. But the valley floor hints at the grandeur to the west; the valley floor is almost perfectly flat. The last glacier left behind a rock dam at the east end, which caused a lake to build up behind it, which eventually filled in with sediment. Okay, class, what is the normal result of this process? Yes, meadows. Less open space, because down here at 4000' the oak woodlands can thrive, and because of human decisions (more on this in a minute), but a few very brave deer still graze the grassland in the Valley proper. (A fascinating side trip is the one-mile walk up the far end of the valley, to Mirror Lake, which is becoming Mirror Meadow in its own good time!)

Ansel Adams took the Sierra Nevada and renamed them "the Range of Light." The best way to comprehend the effect of light on these mountains is from Glacier Point at sunset. Without going all the way to the Alps, you can experience the colors called 'Alpenglow.' Unfortunately, you have to share the experience with a hundred other tourists and a lecturing Ranger.

The crowds of summer, though, were most noticeable at the bases of the various falls and in the groves of giant sequoia. These landmarks are well-known and easy to find. Bridalveil and Yosemite Falls have parking lots and large viewing areas; each is worth a stop. But the investment of a couple hours on the steep trail to Vernal Fall is more rewarding - and you get a distant view of Illouette Gorge in the deal!! For less exertion, look for a view of Ribbon Fall, almost directly across from Bridalveil. You'll have to park across the Merced River from El Capitan Meadow and really search for a gap in the ridge through which to see Ribbon, but it is the tallest single waterfall in the U.S. (Yosemite is taller but is actually two successive falls.)

Look sharp near Mirror Lake. You're between two bridle paths and very close to the stables, and most of the riders look as if they haven't been on a horse before!

### You Knew I'd Talk About Trees Eventually, Right?

The tour guides might not tell you that Mariposa Grove is the most crowded and commercial of the groves - the tram tour costs \$5.50 - so try to get there before breakfast and walk up an appetite (it is a long walk). The other two sequoia groves, Tuolumne and Merced, are less visited, but only a little less spectacular. Merced Grove, being the least accessible, will also be the quietest. (Don't look for the unmarked turnout along Big Oak Flat Road; go to Merced Grove via the Crane Flat campground.)

Please, please, stay on the trails around the Big Trees. While their roots spread the width of a football field, and some of their branches can have larger diameters than the trunks of non-sequoia nearby, the roots are only six feet underground. A tree can die from having the dirt compacted around its roots. This is a sequoia-only rule (oaks couldn't care less, for instance) but observe it also around meadows. Don't use 'informal' ruts and tracks; stay on the wide, maintained trails. Not only are plants crushed underfoot, but soil erodes from improper trails.

#### Human Factors

It's ironic that as I sit polishing this essay, more than 1500 lightning strikes have started fires covering 6000 acres of the Park. The biggest topic of talk and print regarding the park is our effect on it, and here's Nature tweaking the look of the land.

Indians were great land managers. They set fires in Yosemite Valley during periods when too few natural fires occurred, which promoted the valley meadows and the animals which depend on them (elk, deer, and badger). White men fought fires, which almost killed off the willow and sequoia. Both of these trees need fires to spread their seeds, both are fire-hardy, and both need direct light. Sequoia cones only release their seeds when exploded by fire,

and saplings need the nutrients provided by ash. Sequoia bark contains the same acid found in fire extinguishers.

When fires decreased, more shade-tolerant species, like dogwood crowded the others out. This was bad for the beavers, who love willow wood; they moved out, drying up marsh and meadow they had sustained. And then white men channelled the west end of the Merced River to control it; this sped up the drying process!

But we learned. The Merced is no longer channelled, creating sandbars and restoring meadows (though the beavers, wisely, leave the Valley to humans). Replanting is underway in those ruts I talked about above; and most of all, fires are allowed to burn unless they would consume human property, or devastate an excessive area.

This month's fires *have* been fought, mostly to protect Foresta (destroyed), El Portal (saved), and Crane Flat (still threatened). Several bears (thought to have abandoned the Valley area years ago) have been seen fleeing the flames, but smoke completely boliterates the famous valley vistas. The 10,000 visitors who were trapped for a day or two in the Valley (all three roads were closed) report seeing more wildlife than ever before during the first days of the fires, but after four or five days there was nary a squirrel. The upshot of all this is that Yosemite is developing a new face to delight us when we return in the calm and quiet of fall and winter.

#### TidBits

- What a 16-year-old is to humans, a 500-year-old is to sequoias. (But then again, adolescence is a 20th-century creation, remember; both beings are able to procreate.)

- Yes, jobs will be lost in the timber industry, but is this news? Humboldt County, CA (Eureka is the largest city) now employs 1/3 as many workers as it did in 1953, mostly due to automation of

sawmills. In 1975 it took seven jobs to produce a million board-feet of lumber; in 1985 it took three jobs.

#### Raison d'Cut

1. Why log old-growth forests? They tend to be on government land, and the BLM and Forest Service virtually give away timber, as well as minerals, oil, &c.

n.B.: A quick and easy way to stereotype gov't agencies is to say that BLM (and its state equivalents) is terrible, Forest Service at both levels tend to be shoddy but honest, and Fish and Game or Wildlife departments *tend* to be the most environmentally-minded.

2. Why log so fast? The California Dept. of Forestry is cuddly-cozy with lumber companies - they admit as much in their own reports and court documents. But the companies themselves are short-sighted. They are cutting up to three times as much wood as grows because they feel the forests can sustain this pace. They want to satisfy the high demand for wood much in the way power companies did before 1973, rather than use conservation as a profit-maker. But they do recognize one reality. They see the public movement mobilizing against them and are determined to chop now before the people and the government gets wise.

3. Why cut redwood in particular? You get a lot more board-feet per tree because of their size, and because redwood bark and chips are valuable too. Plus they claim a higher price - redwood is a highly-prized exotic wood in Japan, and here amateur gardeners pay a premium price for redwood stakes, fencing, and planter edging.

I've about exhausted this topic, so I'll come up with a change of pace next month. If, however, there are still questions, please write - I don't have room to reprint any of my sources but I'll be glad to copy selections for those really interested

## The Roar of the Greasepaint (the letter column)

### Greg Ellis:

You no longer believe in an omnipotent or personal God, but you also admit that the natural order of things is decay. So, like, where did we come from? Are we the natural result of a decaying universe?

Hey - there's a sci-fi book for you! Our Hero (Heroine?) discovers ancient artifacts which are from a technology far advanced to our own. (S)He naturally assumes they came from another planet and sets out to prove it. Turns out these folks were our ancestors, from this planet, "evolved" far beyond "modern" man. They realized we were in a state of constant decay and were actually devolving (undoubtedly discouraged by the state of public education) and decide to hide the truth from the people to avoid panic and depression. They fake all the dinosaur bones to be found by future generations, destroy all the recorded history (except of course for the pieces the main character finds) and teach the next few generations that we evolved from apes, or better yet, were created by an omnipotent, benevolent God.

That may also explain the Renaissance. The artists of that time were not geniuses, just a little higher on the evolutionary scale.

[[It also explains rock'n'roll. More letters on page 13.]]

**J.R. Baker:**

There is a discussion among the more imaginative people at my office *[[I'm sure J.R. is included among the imaginative!]]*, comparing electronics and magic.

You have your demon in a box (Mac) and if you say your incantations exactly right he will do your bidding. But then if you push the wrong key you may release the demon to wreak havoc ... delete ... reformat ... of course, you are in control. You can always pull the plug and send him away. (But what if he doesn't go?)

The magic comes from the far east where the 'masters' burn incense and imprison the magic smoke in little packages called I.C.'s, diodes, resistors and such. Then a bunch of these little magic spells are combined into bigger and bigger spells until they can call forth demons and images and such, taking possession of inanimate objects, screaming or humming and firing bolts of energy.

I know this is true. Last year I let the magic smoke out of a small resistor and my demon no longer answers.

*[[I haven't told you that half of my zin arriving have been with the copier, not the computer! It keeps on crinkling the expensive recycled paper I feed it. Maybe I should call it Audrey III.]]*

*[[J.R. sent a plan for drawing up a Bourse to speculate on Snowball Fighting games.. When the next ASF is ready to run I'll print the details and we'll see who thinks it's a good idea. Frankly, though, if there are several kibitzers who will play Bourse, I'd rather get them into the SnowFight proper!]]*

**Mark Lew:**

Thanks for backing me up in *Upstart*. I see Garret has challenged your numbers on CO2. Is he right? His calculations look sound to me.

*[[I am double-checking my facts, since it's apparent that something is wrong. I'll send any further comments to Garret and reprint them here.]]*

I meant to follow up on how you quoted me (in issue 77). Maybe I'm just paranoid, but I feel it makes me look like one of those guys who thinks discovering that the devastation wasn't as bad as we thought somehow counts as an excuse to do some more - a point of view I deliberately tried to counter in *BZ*. As for the numbers, yes there are lots of them floating around. But there is one in particular which is regularly and routinely repeated throughout the mainstream media, the sort of stuff that ordinary Americans are likely to read or hear. That

figure is the one I mentioned in *BZ*, the total acreage of Amazon destroyed as of 1988, as reported by the World Bank. The World Bank based its figure on data provided by the Brazilian Institute for Space Research. BISR recently updated its data, which should have changed the World Bank figure, but journalists have lost track of their source and are simply repeating the number from their fact sheet of from someone else's story. That's why I thought the correction was worthy of note.

*[[I think we've determined we agree more needs to be done; I was merely expressing skepticism that the Amazon situation is much better than we thought. The apocryphal stories coming out of South America seem to add up to much more deforestation than your revised numbers. But those numbers, of course, are - apocryphal.]]*

**Ed Wrobel:**

Another great issue of *Perelandra*, as usual, though I am disappointed to see your feud-free declaration. Seems a bit self-righteous to me and totally unnecessary for *Perelandra*. And, of course, there are the well-known internal contradictions. At what point does "always ... right of reply" drag on too long and become a "detriment to the hobby?" A judgment call for the pubber, fine, it's his zine but then why declare there is always right of reply when there really isn't?

*[[I had three purposes in printing the FFZ rules lastish:]]*

*[[A preemptive strike against what I see as rising storm clouds. No more than that, just my hunch that Dipdom is about to get another bottle of bad medicine.]]*

*[[Something new and different for the colophon. Ticky-tack reason ...]]*

*[[And, most important, a statement of purpose for the dozen or more folks who got the zine as a free sample last month (my first intentional attempt at adding readers since returning from the hiatus I took two years ago). I wanted to communicate the megaDip style of the zine, and Cal's little dogma made a convenient summary. Sure, it's all my game to play anyway. But at least you know which side I'll come down on if an argument springs up - on the side of cutting it off!]]*

*[[On right of reply: no sweat. You get one reply and then the topic is closed unless previously unknown information surfaces. That way nothing drags on!]]*

(Lettercol continues on page 15.)

**The Resident Curmudgeon**

I've read the Sherred story many times - it seems to pop up in a different anthology every year. What Sherred did was put two incongruous ideas together. His characters want to make big money (don't we all?). It also happens they want to do good in the world (don't we all?), or at least one of them does (the other wants to but doesn't want to face the negative consequences).

The fact that Ed and Mike in the story do both is the basic plot but hard to write. Sherred's story is also one of the few I've seen with very little time reference; the action obviously occurs over a couple of years, and his narrator does say that at some point, but you're hardly aware of the passage of time.

The Art Hoppe piece was in the wimpy-leftish San Francisco *Examiner* (kid brother to the similar *Chronicle*) a couple of Sundays back. Hoppe's byline always shows a cartoon of a knight who's slain a dragon with his fountain pen; rarely does he turn the pen on his own species as well he does in this column.

By the way, my alternative for a daily newspaper (weeklys are numerous here - I like the SF Bay *Guardian* best) is the Marin *Independent-Journal*, a Gannett paper. Although it's a good suburban rag once you get past all the typos (!), the charts and graphs alone are enough to drive you to the 'minor-league' 10'o'clock news!

**Real Life**

Well, many of you already know I'm inviting any gamers from Northern California to drop in Friday evening, the 24th. My parents will be out of town and are glad to have us entertain in the meantime (part of the reason for not doing a weekend con is that a friend from Texas will be flying in on the next day!).

Besides this, we plan on moving out shortly after September 1. Cathy's being offered a permanent position at the office she's been temping in, so we now have a target neighborhood and a pretty good idea what we can afford. It's in Novato, 15 minutes north of here - more on the town after the move.

But between now and then I have a lot of thrift-store scavenging to do. I am prop designer and lighting assistant for *Corpse!*, being presented by the Ross Valley Players. My dad is producing, and he knows I did similar stagework back in high school, so he encouraged me to get involved here. Rehearsals & shows mean the next deadline is very firm - no late orders.

**PLAYER ROSTER**

Please check carefully for errors!

Lance Anderson	Box 29175	San Francisco, CA 94129-0175	RYL LAK ZEL S/M
J. R. Baker	512 Snipes	St. Charles, MO 63303	BEL ZEL RYL-s
Gary Behnen	13101 South Trenton	Olathe, KS 66062	MAG FRE
Jason Bergmann	Box 1937	Decatur, GA 30031	LAK FOM GRA
Larry Botimer	13833 Northeast 11th St #3	Bellevue, WA 98005	LAK-s S/M FRE
Eric Brosius	41 Hayward Street	Milford, MA 01757	GRA
Stephen Carter ???	435 McCarron Avenue	Rifle, CO 81650	ZEL
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street	Norristown, PA 19401	S/M-s
John Crosby	9031 Cardiff Road	Richmond, VA 23236	MAG S/M RYL
Jim Diehl	10530 West Riverview Drive	Eden Prairie, MN 55347	MAG S/M
Gregory Ellis	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin, TX 78701	BEL ZEL
Karl Hoffman	115 Colonial Court	Emmaus, PA 18049	MAG
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos, CA 93412	LAK
Melinda Holley	Box 2793	Huntington, WV 25727-2793	ZEL RYL FRE
Tom Hurst	<b>5628 Byrneland Street</b>	Madison, WI 53711	BEL ZEL-s
Stuart Lange	904 Fox Chase Lane	Riverdale, GA 30296	S/M
Bruce Linsey	Box 1334	Albany, NY 12201	GRA
Vince Lutterbie	1021 Stonehaven	Marshall, MO 65340	FOM
Jeff McKee	481 Westbrook Street #105G	South Portland, ME 04106-1939	BEL
Chuck Mercer	Box 305	Forestville, CA 95436	FRE
Craig Mills	3085 Old Highway 8, #22	Roseville, MN 55113	LAK-s GRA
Tom Nash	202 Settler's Road	St. Simons Island, GA 31522	BEL FOM RYL GRA
Steve Nicewarner	646 Williamsburg Court	Sanford, NC 27330	LAK-s RYL
Richard Pinelli	2045 West Fargo	Chicago, IL <b>60045</b>	FRE MAG
Geoff Richard	5906 Marvin Loving Dr #206	Garland, TX 75043	LAK MAG-s GRA-s
John Schultz #19390	Indiana State Prison, Box 41	Michigan City, IN 46360	BEL ZEL-s
Tim Stark ???	605 West Doyle	Granbury, TX 76048	FOM-s MAG BEL
Gilles Tanguay ???	14225 Haymeadow	Dallas, TX 75240	RYL
Don Williams	43504 N Gadsden Ave. #227	Lancaster, CA 93534	FRE
Brad Wilson	Box 126	Wayne, PA 19087	BEL
Rob Wittmond	2924 Petaluma Avenue	Long Beach, CA 90815	LAK
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield, VA 22152	GRA

**GAME OPENINGS**

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

Tom Nash, Tim Stark, Richard Weiss, Phil Reynolds (all paid). Needs ONE 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): I toss out a really rare word; each player writes definitions to try and fool the others, while trying to guess the correct definition.

Craig Mills, Jason Bergmann, John Schultz, Lance Anderson, Richard Weiss, J.R. Baker. Needs six to eight more.

**ACQUIRE** - Vince and Gary have asked. Boy are you Acquire people persistent. I don't own the game but it doesn't look very intriguing from the rules Vince sent or the reports I've seen in *Down at the Mouth*. Somebody tell me *why* this might be fun.

**RAILWAY RIVALS** - What do you think? I'm planning on getting a copy of this soon.

**DEVIANT DIPLOMACY** - If you're a real sadomasochist, this would be a good way to share some pain with one of the next GMs foolish enough to offer it: Jason Bergmann and Phil Reynolds. Write them to sign up (Jason in Roster, ask me for Phil's address).

**ZINE BUSINESS** (Will Don Williams please send me \$5 for Freiburg?)

**STANDBYS** (all standby for Diplomacy only unless noted) Lance Anderson (dip,dev), J.R. Baker (dip,var), Gary Behnen, Kathy Caruso, John Crosby, Steve Emmert, Tom Hurst (dip,asf,var), Craig Mills, John Schultz, Tim Stark (dip,dnf), Geoff Richard, Steve Nicewarner (dip,dnf), Richard Weiss (dip,var).

**DA NU MAPS** - Retreats will no longer be shown on the maps (for the time being I'm too lazy to be bothered with working it out). Fleets still have circles, but I've added squares for the armies rather than continue to allow them to run around naked. Downfall has its own pattern described in the game report.

**YOUR STATUS: ALL PERE SUBSCRIBERS, PLAYERS OR NOT, SHOULD READ THIS**

I will try to paste in a section from my database on the following page. Please check the name, address and phone, etc. A couple of public comments here. I will no longer extend NMR insurance to Jason Bergmann, and there are three or four players who are one late set of orders away from the same decision. Mail at least four full days before deadline to be sure you will reach me. I expect to have a new apartment and phone by mid-September (see Real Life above) but for this month, at least, I'm still not taking phone orders.

**Jim Burgess:**

*[[A late letter, containing an entry for the Lit Quiz.]]*

TAS185: A.B.D., an academic title meaning 'all but deceased' or more colloquially, "all but dead." It is a title that real academics never use because they speed by it so fast to being deceased (hidden by that other arcane title, Ph. D.) that it never occurs to them to use it. In that light, it is used with slightly different connotations by academics (as opposed to living breathing people), who know that the "all but deceased" individual never will be a real academic and is holding to life with the barest of strings (also called a graduate assistantship). Living, breathing people are trying to decide whether they can live after becoming deceased, or if it would be better to come back to life. Pete decided the latter, I (after being A.B.D. for four years or so) chose death after many hours on the grass in front of the Carrie Tower at Brown Univ. studying the inscription, "Love as Strong as Death." I hope I have learned the secret of life after ... the Dissertation.

TAS169: Broad idea, very "Latin;" I

sweated about this, first idea by Seneca, but could have been Johnson or Shakespeare or almost any defender of 'relaxed living.'

*[[Hmmm, maybe Tom Nash should encourage relaxed living to go along with relaxed publishing schedules.]]*

*[[I'm going to rule these both as correct answers. Remember, Lit Quiz is open to everybody - even Boobs.]]*

Thanks for clearing up a question my wife and I have tossed around. We haven't seen much of *Murder, She Wrote*, but it's supposed to be Maine and it doesn't even come close! The feel is totally wrong. Hollywood should go to Maine because the true Maine feel wouldn't make it look like just another California TV show. I'm not being snobbish, things just look wrong. I'm sure you're used to it, but California still feels like a foreign country to me. Mendocino, ME, eh? Well, I suppose ...

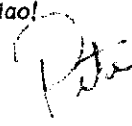
*[[You are being snobbish. Mendocino doesn't look any more 'California' (you'll have to define that, not me) than Death Valley, Oakland, or Shasta. If it doesn't feel like Maine, tell me how, because I've*

*never been to Maine and so I have no way to judge the difference.*

*[[Just another California TV show" is a strange phrase. While there may be a lot of things about Hollywood that can be stereotyped, their use of locations isn't one of them. If they go to Mendocino, it's because they can film nearly year-round. Try that in Maine!]]*

*[[What do you know. I got all the games (albeit with two holdovers), the Quiz, two features, an editorial and a letter column all into 16 pages. Maybe this is a harbinger of good things to come. I've even finally got the copier in the office to run without wrinkling 10-15% of the pages (I've found a brand of 50% recycled paper that "only" costs \$5.50 a ream and seems to run if fed carefully). If I don't ask for much feedback in the near future it's because I think the zine has found a nice system; but please continue to make your contributions!*

*[[Ciao!*



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# The Mayflower Compact

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Having undertaken for the Glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and one of another, COVENANT and COMBINE ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have here-under subscribed our names at Cape Cod 11 of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign Lord King James, of England, France and Ireland 18, and of Scotland 54. Anno Domini 1620.

[Written and signed in the Cabin of the *Mayflower*, on Cape Cod, Nov. 21 1620 (Nov. 11, Old Style), as recorded by Governor William Bradford in his *History of Plimoth Plantation*.]

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**STANDBYS CALLED IN THIS ISSUE:** Craig Mills for Zelpst / Italy (page 4); Kathy Caruso for Fomalhaut / England (page 5); Richard Weiss for Magrathea / France (page 6). I need a few more standby volunteers, please, or more orders on-time!

# Perelandra

Box 7006  
Corte Madera, CA  
94925-7006



Larry Peery  
Box 620399  
San Diego  
CA 92162

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