

Perelandra

number 37

October



Here it is October 30, nobody has yet sent a suggested name for my leprechaun friend here, Terry Tallman hasn't published Noseweege in months, half my mail is fueds, and I'm a month late. Help! This is a job for

DOUGLAS ADAMS

So Long, And Thanks For All The Fish

Ford Prefect was irritated to be continually awakened by the sound of gunfire.

He slid himself out of the maintenance hatchway which he had fashioned into a bunk for himself by disabling some of the noisier machinery in its vicinity and padding it with towels. He slung himself down the access ladder and prowled the corridors moodily. They were claustrophobic and ill-lit, and what light there was continually flickered and dimmed as power surged this way and that through the ship, causing heavy vibrations and rasping humming noises.

That wasn't it, though.

He paused and leaned back against the wall as something that looked like a small silver power drill flew down the dim corridor past him, with a nasty searing screech.

That wasn't it either.

He clambered listlessly through a bulkhead door and found himself in a larger corridor, though still ill-lit.

The ship lurched. It had been doing this a fair bit, but this was heavier. A small platoon of robots went by making a terrible clattering.

Still not it, though.

Acrid smoke was drifting up from one end of the corridor, so he walked along it in the other direction.

He passed a series of observation monitors built into the walls behind plates of toughened but still badly scratched Plexiglas.

One of them showed some horrible green scaly reptilian figure ranting and raving about the Single Transferable Vote system. It was hard to tell whether he was for or against it, but he clearly felt very strongly about it. Ford turned the sound down.

That wasn't it, though.

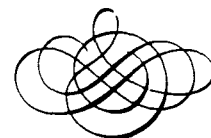
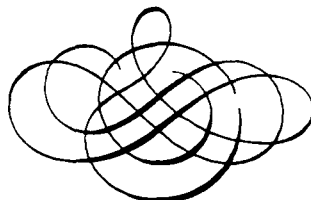
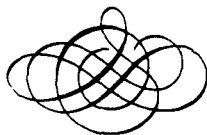
He passed another monitor. It was showing a commercial for some brand of toothpaste that would apparently make you feel free if you used it. There was nasty blaring music with it, too.

That wasn't it.

He came upon another, much larger three-dimensional screen that was monitoring the outside of the vast silver Xaxisian ship.

As he watched, a thousand horribly beweaponed Zirzla robot star cruisers came searing round the dark shadow of a moon, silhouetted against the blinding disk of the star Xaxis, and the ship simultaneously unleashed a vicious blaze of hideously incomprehensible forces from all its orifices against them.

That was it.



This is the Special Overdue Issue of Perelandra (also number 37). It is being produced, finally, by Pete Gaughan (3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010; 817-633-3208).

Herelandra

Vital Statistics For those of you confused by the front page, simply picture me as Ford Prefect and substitute anyone you like as the irritations surrounding him... Seriously, I didn't enjoy this book as much as the three previous ones, but it was still fun.

STANDBY LIST: Jim Ferguson, Guy Hail, Pat Conlon, Pierre Touchette, JR Baker, Mike Colandro, John Crosby, Evans Givan, and Greg Ellis.

GAME OPENINGS: As you'll see, the new game of Dip has filled. I'm still offering postal Monopoly (last chance) for free, and Gunboat Dip; Gunboat costs \$20 but that includes a sub for the length of the game (sub fee alone is 75 cents/issue).

HOBBY NEWS: The biggest is that Diplomacy World is finally going to sink or swim. Larry Peery is conducting a poll of subscribers and soliciting subs and donations. For full details write to Larry at Box 8416, San Diego CA 92102. If you live in Texas and donate to the fund to endow DW, JR Baker will match your contribution.

JR is also conducting his annual poll/census of Texas Dipsters, the Texas Bull 85. Send a note to him for a copy of the results. (If you live in TX you should be getting a copy of his form with this issue, but it may be too late.) JR's address is 3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson TX 77539.

The Zine Register is going to thrice-annual publication under its new editor, Simon Bill-ness (Roy Hendricks will still publish). Simon ran a similar publication for some time in the U.K. Send data on your zine to Simon at 61A Park Avenue, Albany NY 12202.

Guy and Libby Hail, in the process of moving east, had to face an auto breakdown, a stolen U-Haul, and illness. My sympathy to them and hopefully we Dipsters can help if needed.

There has been a lot of mail lately on deals to "end the Fued." My limited comments appear on the Op-Ed page where they belong.

Sometime in early 1986, The General, Avalon-Hill's professional magazine for wargamers, will run a special feature on postal Diplomacy. As part of their articles, they will include major excerpts from eight pieces out of Masters of Deceit.

It appears that Terry Tallman might drop out of the hobby, but he hopes to get the Dipcon Souvenir Booklet produced within the next couple of weeks. Send \$2 to Terry at 7239 Sand Pt. Way NE #308, Seattle WA 98115.

I realize this ribbon stinks and a few capitals aren' striking right--let's see if I can dig another ribbon out...

THIS MONTH IN LITERATURE: On 16 October 1854, Irish poet, dramatist, and wit Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin; Gunter Grass was born the same date in 1927 in Danzig (now Gdansk). On 17 October 1920, just before his 33rd birthday, John Reed died in Moscow and became the only American buried under the Kremlin Wall. Jonathan Swift died in Dublin 10/19/1745; Jack Kerouac died in St. Petersburg, FL, 10/21/1969.

22 October 1964: Jean-Paul Sartre is awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, but promptly declines, saying, "A writer must refuse to allow himself to be transformed into an institution." Geoffrey Chaucer becomes the first poet or commoner buried in Westminster Abbey (10/25/1400). John Locke, 72, dies at the home of Sir Francis Masham on 28 Oct 1704.

On 26 October 1822, Hans Christian Anderson belatedly enrolls in grammar school. At 17, he towers above his 11-year-old classmates. And on the 26th (1880) Mark Twain delivers a speech in Hartford, Conn.: "I don't mind what the opposition says of me, so long as they don't tell the truth." On Halloween in 1913, historians Will and Ariel Durant, ages 27 and 15, are married at New York's City Hall.

1 November 1930: Ernest Hemingway suffers a broken arm when he crashes his car while returning from a ten-day hunting trip with John Dos Passos; 42 years later, Ezra Pound dies in Italy. On 5 Nov 1644, Samuel Pepys writes in his Diary that he has been to see Macbeth, a "pretty good play." And on 5 Nov 1930, when Sinclair Lewis receives a telephone call from a Swedish newspaper reporter telling him he is the first American to win the Nobel Lit. Prize, Lewis thinks it's a prank and begins imitating the man's accent.

Perelandra

LITERARY QUIZ

Last month's questions...

HARD: In the annals of literary awards, what is significant about the years 1914, 1918, and 1935? These are the only years there was no Nobel Prize in Literature awarded. Jim-Bob Burgess and Matt Kazur both guessed this (the only entries), and Jim added that Carl Spitteler was all set to get it before Sarajevo, eventually winning in 1919.

EASY: What toy becomes truly "real" because of a little boy's love and some assistance from the nursery fairy? The rabbit from The Velveteen Rabbit: Or How Toys Become Real by Margery Williams. Both wrong--Matt says Pinocchio; Jim-Bob-Boob says "Little Velvet Doggie? Something like that."

And so we have Matt Kazur at 1, Jim Burgess at 2, and Jim Ferguson at 2.

In order to increase interest, I will award one point to everyone who answers the "Easy" question correctly (and, now, give 2 for the "Hard" one). This month we also have an "Extra-Hard" three-pointer...but there won't be one of those every month:

EXTRA-HARD: Founded and spearheaded by one of the 20th century's greatest poets and poetic mentors, this literary movement degenerated into what its founder called "Amygism" under the influence of latecomers such as Amy Lowell. Still, its prescription led to such famous poems as "In a Station of the Metro": "The apparition of these faces in the crowd;/Petals on a wet, black bough." Name the poet and the movement.

HARD: What do the following have in common? A Breath of Air, by the popular British novelist Rumer Godden, and Forbidden Planet, a 1956 sci-fi film starring Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis?

EASY: Who flirted with the Tarleton twins, married three times, and wound up alone?

classic literature ~ halfway-decent Diplomacy

Tanith, which is the planet upon which Lucas Trask launches a new society in Space Viking, is now also the name for the latest game of Diplomacy in Perelandra. Here's the lineup:

Austria---Bob Olsen 6818 Winterberry Circle Wichita KS 67226
England---Jim Ferguson 112 Old English Court Jupiter FL 33458
France----Matt Kazur Box 5492 Washington DC 20016
Germany---Mike Colandro 1114 Briaridge Drive Baton Rouge LA 70810
Italy-----John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382
Russia----Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Hts CA 95610-4606
Turkey----Jim Diehl 10530 W. Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344

Deadline for Spring 1901 is 9pm, 10 November 1985 (Sunday) for this game only. I already have orders on file for AIRT, but no Count Vlad press from Olsen (Bob, you promised).

The original Tanith was a sparsely inhabited planet where Lord Trask based Nemesis, his super-ship. Why Nemesis? Because the purpose for building the ship--and the reason for immigrating to Tanith and creating a technological culture from scratch there--was to settle the score with the man who plundered his home (on the planet Gram) and killed his family, Andray Dunnan.

Please note that the Perelandra house rules are printed on the reverse of this sheet. A special warning--the rule on NVRs has been changed (rule 7) beginning with this game. The other games may or may not be using this rule. Under rule 3, the hours you should not call me are between midnight and 8 am. The best time to reach me is after 10:00 in the evening.

I want to thank you all for signing up. As the first crew under the new gamefee, let me explain that you may join the Gunboat game which is open by paying half price (\$10); your sub will run through the end of both games.

Good luck.

Perelandra

House rules for Diplomacy

DIPLOMACY is a game invented by Allan Calhamer, copyrighted by Avalon Hill Game Co. The 1976 rulebook will be in effect in Perelandra except where it is superseded below.

1. Players may register for games in Perelandra by paying the current game fee, which includes a subscription for the length of the game. If a player wishes to sign up for a second game, his fee will be half the regular fee unless the first game has passed Spring 1906. If a player is eliminated before Spring 1906, he may receive a refund of half his fee.
If a player's subscription lapses during a game he does not necessarily lose his position, but provisions for receiving game reports are his responsibility. Standbys must maintain a subscription but are exempt from fees and are appreciated with free issues.
2. The GM agrees to manage the game in an accurate and prompt manner, and to provide smooth transfer of the game to another GM if he is unable to continue to do so. Errors stand unless they are noticed by the GM before the following deadline (i.e., no replays). The GM will not editorialize concerning the game or its players while they are in it, much as he might want to.
3. The players agree not to deceive the GM in any way, especially as to identity or relationships with other players. Players agree not to call the GM during hours he designates, under penalty of expulsion.
4. Deadlines will usually be around the 27th of each month, or six weeks apart if no zine is published in a given month. Except for 1901, spring retreats will be combined with fall moves; fall retreats and winter adjustments will be combined with spring moves.
5. If a player's moves are not received by deadline the GM will attempt to contact the player; if this is not possible, a standby will be called for the following season. The NMRing player is still the player of record (but see rule 6.) and his country is in civil disorder. Each player will be given a codename which must be used when submitting orders by any means other than U.S. Mail.
6. A player who NMRs four times in a game, or twice in consecutive seasons, has quit and a standby will receive his position. Standbys will not be called, though, for countries with fewer than three supply centers; these positions will go into civil disorder.
7. Concessions or draws may be proposed beginning in Spring 1904, and may exclude one or more nations (i.e., no DIAS). Votes pass upon the 'yes' vote of all remaining players. If a player NMRs and fails to vote, his vote is 'no' to proposals which include him and 'yes' to those which exclude him. If a player submits orders but does not vote his vote is 'no'.
8. Press will only be edited for excessively vulgar, abusive, or obscene language. However, press must not be datelined from the GM's reserved datelines or from another player's supply center.
9. Anything not forbidden above will be ruled on on a case-by-case basis. Any rule may be appealed by two or more players, or suspended completely for the entire game by common consent. Players have the right to vote in alternative rules, and the GM has the right to transfer the game elsewhere if these are unacceptable to him.

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1983 G - Darkover

BRIT TAKES VIENNA...FROM FRANCE?

Summer 1912: French f mid retreats to naf concession to E: Austria nvr, France no, England and Turkey vote yes; fails.

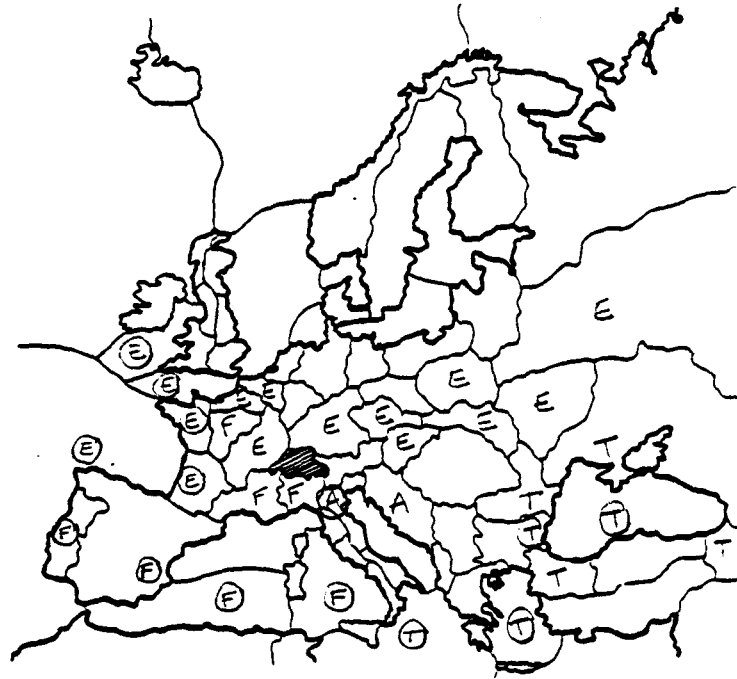
FALL 1912

Austria (John Crosby): f ven h, a tri-bud, a vie-bud /a/.

England (Evans Givan): f gas-spa/nc (f mid s), f bre, f iri, f eng all s f mid; a bur-par (a pic s), a bel-bur (a mun s), a tyo-vie (a gal s), a ukr & a war s a gal, a sil-boh, a mos s a ukr.

France (Greg Ellis): f por ms f spa/sc, f naf-wes, f wes-tyn, a par-bur (a mar s), a pie-ven.

Turkey (Guy Hail): a rum-bud, a con-rum (a sev & f bul/ec s, f bla c), a arm s a sev, f eas-aeg, f ion h.



SUPPLY CENTERS OWNED AS OF WINTER 1912:

Austria	1/2 tri bud VEN	3/3 build one
England	edi lvp lon nwy den hol swe bel kie stp ber war mos bre mun VIE	15/16 build one
France	par mar spa por tun rom nap 1/2	8/7 even
Turkey	con ank smy ser gre rum bul sev	8/8 even

France proposes an E/F draw. Please vote with your Winter builds and Spring 1913 orders, due by 10pm Central Time, Wednesday ~~27~~ November 1985. One press item this month...

France to Austria: If you're not off Venice, England wins.

p.s. NVR now=yes!

1983HC-Mimir

WHO HATES WHOM?

Draw porposals from Winter 1908--

	Aus	Fra	Ger	Ita	Rus	
R win	yes	yes	no	yes	yes	all
G/R	yes	no	yes	yes	yes	three
G/I/R	no	no	no	yes	no	fail

Italy repropoases all three draws.

SPRING 1909

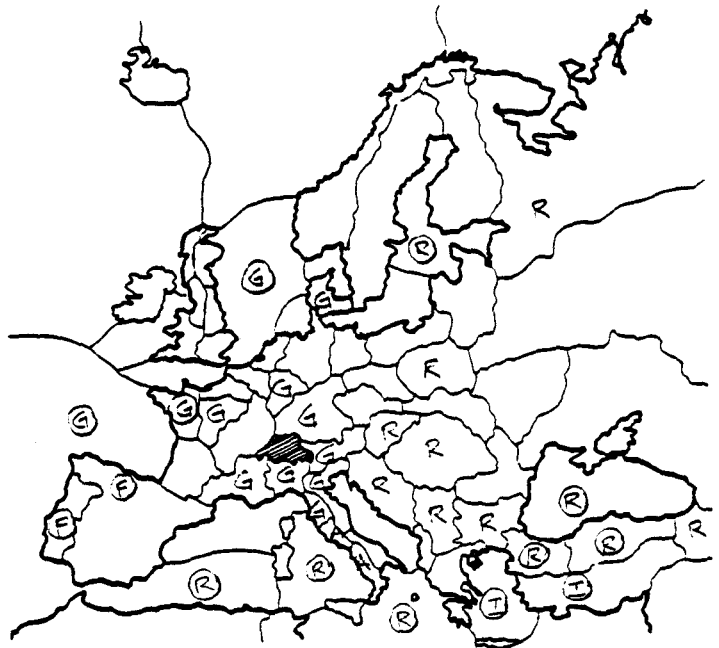
Austria (Ed Henry): a rom h, a nap h.

France (Tom Hise): f gas-spa/nc (f por s).

Germany (Greg Ellis): f mid-wes, f eng-nth, f bre-mid, a par-bre, a bur-mar, a mar-pie, a pie-tyo (a ven s), a tus-rom, a mun-sil, a ruh-mun, a kie-den.

Italy (Matt Kazur): f aeg ms f smy, f ion-nap /r apu adr alb gre eas otb/.

Russia (Pierre Touchette): f stp-bot, a mos-stp, a war-sil, f sev-bla, a vie h, a tri s Aa rom-ven /nso/ (a bud s a tri), a rum-bul (a ser s), f ank-con, f con-smy (a arm s), f tun-ion (f tyn s), f wes-spa/sc.



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Mimir continued: Deadline for Italian retreat, Fall 1909 moves, and votes on all three draws (R, G/R, and G/I/R) are due by 10pm Central, 27 November 1985. NVR still means no for this game. Only one press entry here, too...

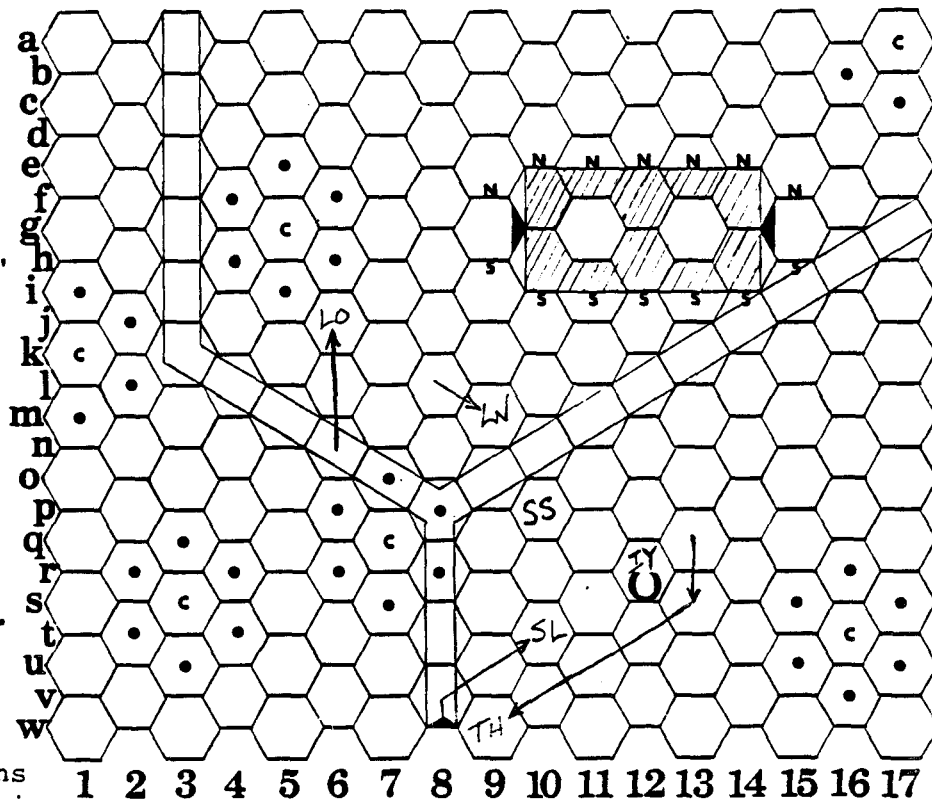
Italy: The Mediterranean as a Russian lake? From the West?! What kind of game is this?
 UTA to Italy: A game completely unlike what follows...

ASF 3/Okar -- TURN FIVE
 SOON, A CROWDED KITCHEN

Segment One: Ignoble Yeti grunts and bends over to pack a Dirigible, muttering, "Little squatty-body fur-brained woman; not got enough smart to leave Ole Yeti in peace. Me pound snow in ear!" But while he's not looking, the 'squatty-bodied' Thuvia dumps a Dolton Demon on him. Little Narc and Slimy Snake are also collecting Dirigibles, and Loki steps off the path to pick up a Snowball. And, surprise! SnowLord runs out of the house and into position with two balls from the window sill.

Segment Two: All heck breaks loose. Loki picks up two more balls, so the Narc backhands him with a di. The Narc gets his in turn--Snake's di--and Loki unloads the old sidearm on Thuvia, who returns fire with a Rattlesnake. Thuvia is now so thoroughly soaked she has to split for the house, but can't quite reach it during the last segment. And does anybody really notice SnowLord as he scores on Yeti?

Segment Three: NOW somebody notices, as SnowLord takes Yeti down to one hp. Yeti, though, is constructing another of those fearsome weapons and gloating to himself. Narcky picks up a Snowball and moves in on the action, but Loki manages to nail the moving target anyway. And smack in the middle, Slimy Snake is planning an offensive defense of his own, a Dirigible



fighter	loc	segment one	segment two	segment three	hp/vp	hp/vp/ammo left
Yeti	R12	TH/de/80/**	SL/rr/95/**	TH/rr/100/**	SL/rr/105/**	4/3 1/11/2sb & 1di
Narc	M9		SS/di/60/**	LO/de/65/**		4/3 3/ 9/ 1sb
Loki	J6		LN/di/75/**			3/3 2/ 9/ 2sb
SLord	T10					0/2 1/ 6/ none
Snake	P10					0/3 7/ 9/ 1di
Thuvia	W9		IY/di/65/**			3/2 0/ 7/ none

Thuvia is running for cover and therefore immune to attack. She will be in the kitchen for Segments two and three of next turn and one of Turn Seven. SnowLord (intentionally) did not stay in the kitchen to gain back hps. Deadline for Turn Six is 10pm, 27 November 1985.

Thuvia to Slimy Snake: Correct me if I'm wrong, Sir Snake, but I don't remember throwing any of this delightful white stuff in your direction. Why then, pray tell, are you lobbing at me? Considering the two contestants who are behind you, I would think you have more constructive things to do than incur my wrath.

Thuvia to SnowLord: Keep the toddies hot, dear SnowLord, as I'll soon be joining you. Do you play jetan? It is quite popular where I come from.

Loki to SnowLord: Get back out here!

SnowLord to Ignoble Yeti: Surprise, Hairy-toes!

SnowMaster to Thuvia: Gee, don't you like the way he came running to your rescue--at Loki's behest?

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Loki to Thuvia: Not too many people wear quite that shade of underclothing...

Little Narc to Loki: How's this for a white Christmas?

Loki to Little Narc: Change your name or be plastered. Here, let me show you...

Little Narc to Lushy Loki: Date, Sept.25, 1985; Dear Diary, I know now why Crazy Uncle Frank doesn't get to play with the lambs any more. It's disgusting what he has done with them before... Somehow knowing that I'm Uncle Frank's favorite niece isn't too comforting--I will never sit in his lap again. To think I believed that his pockets were full of keys makes me want to puke in his beer. That's all for today, Diary--Loki-Doki.

Loki to Yard: Crazy Uncle Frank may be here, so you'll all have the opportunity to find out.

IY to LN: It's not smart to stick your head into the lion's mouth!

Slimy Snake to SnowLord: At least there were no mongeese. Or is it mongooses?

SM to Snake: Mongooses.

Little Narc to Pop: Hay, Daddy-O, why did Mom put up with Slimy and SnowLord in the house? They belong in the shed. Well, maybe Mom gave them some of her famous homemade soup... then they will be running to the bathroom in two turns.

Slimy Snake to Little Narc: You don't feel so hot! A bit frostbit, perhaps?

Little Narc to SnowLard: What's the matter? Can't stand the heat and run into the kitchen so soon? I hope you run and trip over your new spiked tennis shoes. Catch a cold on me, okay?

Slimy Snake to SnowLord: All that awful "dialogue." I know who you are.

SS to SnowMaster: In fact, I have a pretty good idea who most of my partners in crime are, and I'm no SLIME, that's no jive.

Loki to SnowMaster: Nobody wants to play with me. Obviously, they don't know what I can do to them.

Thuvia to Snowy: Wow, seven hit points in two segments and I'm still up and throwing. They don't make Martians like me any more!

Little Narc to Pop: ACHOO! Is there a storm brewing? It's time to watch "He-Man."

SM to Thuvia: The Narc doesn't seem to be quite as hardy as you--but he's still playing and you're not.

Thuvia to Ignoble Yeti: I prefer you the way you were--hairy, ugly and silent! As for your balls, if I have my way, you'll be thawing them in a bucket of boiling water before sundown.

the Op-Ed Page

1. Resign from 'zines that give sanctuary to the feud. After this presentation has gained wide circulation, I will procede to resign from any 'zine that remains infected with the feud. I will send a letter for print explaining the reasons for my action, and will enclose a self-addressed post card for notification by the publisher when the editorial policy has changed (so that I may resubscribe). If you play in the 'zine, you might ask to continue the game by flier, or you might move the game elsewhere if the other players share your views on the feud. I will make no statements on the "substance" or personalities of the feud. More feuding does not feuding end; only ending it can end it.

That was Ken Peel's letter on "ending the Feud". Bruce Linsey (who recently faked Dip World) has also circulated a proposal to end It. Ken's letter was much more general (this being merely a sample), while Bruce's was a six-point proposed agreement between the immediate parties

I have already taken steps to remove myself, completely, from the fight. I have tried my damndest to stay out of it, but my name is constantly dragged in (witness Bruce's mention of me in his letter, which would make an excellent basis for negotiation nonetheless). In accord with the above paragraph, I will make no statements about which zines I am leaving or who I am angry with. I have not read feud stuff for months except where my name showed up--now even that will be trashed unread.

If my readers are tired of me saying that I won't talk about the Feud, please forgive me. Take it as a measure of my disgust and unwilling involvement that I have had to repeat this so often. And turn the page to see how that has affected a few other things.

The Last Word

As the October "Last Word" I was going to quote from Hadley Cantril's The Invasion From Mars: A Study in the Psychology of Panic. It was 47 years ago that Orson Welles' Mercury Theater became the greatest achievement in radio, and it is still that; and with Welles' death this month discussion of his dramatization of H.G. Wells' War of the Worlds has increased. Those of you who are intrigued may borrow Cantril's book from me (or maybe it will show up in a future Perelandra if there is enough demand).

But you may have already noticed that the October issue is reaching you in November. Those who have been patient, thank you; those who failed to notice, you're in the majority (nobody got angry, apparently).

At first, it was the writing--a Dipcon review sits here half-finished, two installments of a humor series, and a music review. It wasn't coming together fast enough, so the zine was delayed--two days, five, eight, two weeks.

Then the Feud peaked and I was too worried about the Op-Ed page for a week.

Then . . . I decided it had waited this long, so I could afford to be lazy.

Make no mistake, I'm not depressed (as I usually am nearing holidays away from home). My girlfriend, Cathy, and I are experiencing all sorts of shared interests and emotions. Yesterday I was promoted to assistant manager at Taylor's Books in Arlington. I finally have some firm plans for the spring, though my New Year's trip has been washed out by the promotion (I won't, unhappily, be able to attend Dafcon).

But what bothers me is that my level of enthusiasm in Perelandra matches yours: low. Some of you do, thank you, look forward to the zine; but more than 3/4 of my subbers have not written in the last three issues, other than submitting orders. Now, I don't mind deadwood. I even encourage it--but to a limit. I still want to know that you read the zine, and which parts you want to see more or less of. I haven't run a survey in a while, and this won't be one either--I want, in your words, some idea of whether you enjoy this overgrown child.

No pressure. I'm not folding, or cutting anybody's subs. But start those cards and letters coming, if you can.

And maybe I'll print a December issue with all the stuff you ask for.

Until then, come November 28, remember that more than most things, I'm thankful for you.

Love,

Pete

Pete

Perelandra

3121 East Park Row
Arlington, Texas 76010



Ron Spitzer
761 N. Bundy Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 90049

We trade

Your sub ends with issue *44*

First Class Mail