

# Herelandra

number 42

May



Michael Shaara

## The HOLES

Ten hours later, as morning dawned on the opposite side of the planet, they stood upon rocks in a long, low valley, gazing down at the second hole.

This one had no bottom either.

"Well, that's it," McCabe muttered in amazement. "It really by God does go all the way through!"

"Impossible," Royal said curtly. He had no intention of letting himself be thrown by this. "There's no material in the universe strong enough to open up a hole through the core of a planet."

McCabe pointed wordlessly at the hole.

"Absorbtion," Royal said. He knelt down carefully over the hole. "There's something down there that absorbs. When the radar beam goes down, something attracts it, absorbs it. That would account for no signal returning."

McCabe thought for a moment.

"All right. Yeah. Sure. But there's two holes."

"There are pprobably a lot of holes," Royal said insisiently, "all over the planet. There might be a hole in every open space, for all we know. We still don't know what causes the things. Maybe they're mining shafts. Maybe some aliens dropped by here a little while ago and sent down shafts looking for some kind of deep ore."

He was convincing neither McCabe nor himself, and he knew it. But he went on. "And how do we know this hole is directly opposite the other one? We didn't calculate, did we? All we did was approximate the right area, and then we came over and looked around--"

"And we found another hole!" McCabe shouted. "Damn it, Frank, this is ridiculous!"

"There are other holes. There have to be other holes. We'll look."

"Where? The things are only a few feet across. We could look for ten years--" Royal had begun to pace back and forth. "There must be a pattern. If it was mining, they probably dug at regular intervals. We'll look at points halfway between the holes, then a third, then a quarter. All right?"

McCabe threw up his hands. "We could be here until winter."

Royal had stopped. He was looking now at the second hole. "Funny," he said. "What?"

"The size of this hole. Wouldn't you say it was bigger than the other?"

McCabe looked.

"It is, by God! It's about twenty feet wide. The other was only fifteen."

"Let's measure to make sure."

They did. The second hole was bigger. Like everything else, that did not make any sense either.

They searched at regular intervals. They found no holes.

Royal was mystified.

A bead?

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But there was no sense in searching any further. Millions upon millions of square miles of rock and sand and low bushy trees lay before them; in all that area there might be thousands of holes, but there was not much purpose in searching for them.

And then Royal had a brainstorm.

They flew up to the northern icecap. In the flat white ice of the north they looked, where holes would stand out like great blots. Altogether, before they stopped looking, they found seven holes.

None of them had a bottom. They lay in the snow with no pattern, some of them very close together, and if the number here was any clue then the rest of the planet was probably riddled with them. The biggest was almost forty feet across. There were others no larger than a foot. All bottomless.

Royal did not bother to check the other cap. He had no idea what to do now, but he could not leave. They flew back to the desert--to the first hole.

## Vital Statistics

Welcome to the Greg Ellis Congratulatory Issue (well, he wasn't about to let me get by without it, was he?) of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine of postal gaming and reading. Pere #42 is coming to you from Pete Gaughan (3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010; phone 817-633-3208).

There is surprisingly little news in the hobby--unless you include polls--so maybe this is a good time to consider whether the confusion of feuds and folds that we've endured for a year or two is now over. I just sent in a sub check for Diplomacy World, hoping that normalcy has returned to that too.

Good news includes Daf Langley's successful surgery. Although Daf has some serious vision problems resulting from her tumor, she is mentally healthy and even cheerful. After she recuperates enough to return to Sacramento, the Langleys will move to Albuquerque--possibly in time for PudgeCon July 4-6.

For details on polls, cons, and service zines, I refer my readers to Steve Langley's "Prestidigitation" page. Steve & Daf, 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento CA 95825. (Steve--could you please condense your Peery notices?)

## Game Openings

Gamefees include a subscription for the length of the game; second or third games are at half-price.

Diplomacy (\$20): Needs one more. John Crosby, Steve Langley, Hugh Christie, Rob Wittmond, Will Woodard, and Jim Diehl are signed up.

I could really use some standbys for regular Dip. The current list is J.R. Baker, Pierre Touchette, Jim Ferguson, Mike Colandro, John Crosby, Evans Givan and Greg Ellis--thanks guys!--but nearly all of these people are in 1985CS.

Gunboat Diplomacy (\$20): Needs three more. Two week deadlines.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings (\$20): Needs four, maybe five more. Rob Wittmond and Mark Luedi are already on the list, with another player considering.

Ballpark (free): Only needs one or two more. For sure are Jim Ferguson, Steve Knight, Joe Kott, Kevin Tighe, and Bill Becker. Maybes are Pete Gaughan, Mike Colandro, John Narciso, Mike Siggins, and Ed Wrobel. Better get your money (subscription only) in soon. Although the game is free and Tom Hise will be guest-gming, you do need to sub to Perelandra.

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Snowball Fighting (free): New game open, room for eight.

United (\$15): Room for eight, two applications so far. The Perelandra Invitational Soccer Association will accept essays of 50 to 200 words, fiction or nonfiction, explaining why you should be allowed to play within these hallowed pages. 'Cmon, folks, you can write better than Tom Hise or Don Williams! Send no money--yet--but plan on the league opening August 1.

The rules to the games listed above are all available from your editor for a SASE. Rules to United, and the revised Ballpark rules, should be in next month's issue, and if you don't want to rip up your copy of Pere you can send a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) for a separate set of the others only.

NEXT MONTH: United and Ballpark, on inserts; the start of one or two games (Dip and/or Gunboat); the first new issue of Thulcandra, a subzine for variants; and possibly a theme issue on the number four, since June 1 will be the fourth anniversary of Perelandra. You are invited to send in your thoughts on this demi-momentous occasion.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE: The electric typer is being repaired (to the tune of \$45) and this manual is a pica-size machine. So in the interest of space I'll delete the Literary Calendar this month.

This issue I begin adding addresses to every game, every month. I've decided that the benefit to the players far outweighs the minor inconvenience to me. Also, this month you'll find a data sheet on the inside back cover. Please check the game and sub information there--with 24 people involved in six game-starts I want to keep it straight.

And, yes, you get a summary of ArlingCon 2, held here two weekends ago. Hee hee hee hee....

## Literary Quiz

Last month I baked off a bit on the difficulty. The HARD question was: Name at least 2 of the 6 characters who committed suicide in the following--The Sound and the Fury (it was Quentin Compson), Death of a Salesman (Willy Loman), Nicholas Nickleby (Nicholas' uncle Ralph Nickleby), Jude the Obscure (Jude's son, also called Jude or Little Father Time), Sister Carrie (George Hurstwood), and The Brothers Karamazov (Smerdyakov).

Jim-Bob answered correctly on 3 (SC, DoaS, and SatF), and Will Woodard found two (Jude and NN). Don Williams called with the right answer for Death of..., but couldn't get another.

The EASY question: Who was warned about the Ides of March (Julius Caesar), in what play (Julius Caesar by Shakespeare), and what are they? (The Ides of March is the 15th of that month.) Will and Jim both got that; Don couldn't remember whether it was the 15th of March of April (!).

So we finally get a winner, with Burgess at 5, Ellis at 4, Ferguson 3, Kazur and Woodard 2, and Lew 1. Jim-Boob wins an issue for reaching 5, and another for being the first one there, but then must subtract 5 points, so he's back at 0. Now, the bonus (and subtraction) will be when someone hits 10 points.

Next month's EXTRA HARD (3 points): The movie Rachel, Rachel starring Joanne Woodward and directed by her husband Paul Newman, in his directorial debut, was based on a prize-winning Canadian novel. Can you name the novel and its author?

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Next month's HARD (2 points): In what dictionary can we find the following definitions: Alone--in bad company; Love--a temporary insanity curable by marriage; Marriage--a master, a mistress, and two slaves, making in all, two?

Next month's EASY (1 point): Today the nuclear threat terrifies the world, but an earlier account of the detonation of an atomic bomb shocked America when it first appeared in The New Yorker magazine on August 31, 1946. Who wrote this article and what was its title?

## 1983 G - Darkover

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11	12	13	14	
Aus	5	6	6	7	7	8	8	7	4	4	3	3	2	0	Blair Cusack/John Crosby*
Eng	5	7	9	11	11	12	13	13	14	16	15	16	17	20	Evans Givan
Fra	5	6	7	9	9	9	9	10	10	8	8	7	7	8	Greg Ellis
Ger	4	3	1	1	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	James Makuc
Ita	3	3	3	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mike Mazzer
Rus	5	6	5	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Rick Ragsdale
Tur	5	3	3	6	6	5	4	4	6	6	8	8	8	6	Hector Roybal/Mark Luedi/ Guy Hail*

\*Blair dropped in Fall 09; Hector dropped in Spring 03; Mark resigned in Fall 10.

### ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR ENGLAND/EVANS GIVAN--

It's always great to win a game. No sense talking about great play or great gm'ing. Winning is the main thing.

Now that that's said, I would like to gush a bit about my favorite zine, Perelandra, my favorite GM, Pete, and my favorite game, Darkover. The entire 3 years plus has been a smooth, satisfying experience. There were no acrimonious words between me and any of the other players. We all had a good time and took what we got. Probably the meanest thing that happened was when I stabbed Greg; and I did that mainly because I was worked out of shape by the MadLads.

So, thanks Pete, and Greg, and Guy, and John, and Mark, and Rick, and Mike, and Jim, and Blair, and Hector, and Barb.

### ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR FRANCE/GREG ELLIS--

Three moves had a major impact on this game: First, Blair in Austria choosing to stalemate me instead of England; second, Evans building a useless F Lvp and telegraphing his stab; and third, the useless stab into Venice by John Crosby. I underestimated Blair and paid for it. Thanks to Evans for feeling guilty enough to offer me a clear second, and to Pete for helping to introduce me to Postal Diplomacy with a well-run game in a quality zine.

### ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR GM/PETE GAUGHAN--

Again, I say that I am only a mediocre GM; if there is any credit to be given to me for Darkover, it is that I managed to keep the game from being influenced by my errors.

It's too bad that Blair and Hector had trouble with the mail, or this game might have ended with the original players. I guess I'm mostly disappointed that, of seven starters, only two still subscribe to Pere.

But the play was outstanding, with Greg's constant commentary keeping me much more interested in the negotiations than usual. I think I counted six times that Greg told me that he could stop the stab (because Evans had tipped his hand) until John took Venice. I'm still not sure he could've held Evans.

A note to the historians. Barb Burgess was Rick Ragsdale's pseudonym for one turn. Rick was re-entering the hobby after a layoff, and joined this game

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without first reading my house rules (which do not prohibit pseudonyms, but do prohibit deceiving the GM as to your identity). We agreed to make the switch when the BNC, Don Ditter, told me he couldn't list a pseudonym (I shouldn't have asked!). I don't believe this affected the game one whit, but it's a curious memory--I kept expecting one of the players to suspect a woman player they had never heard of, from an Air Force base box number, but they never did. Some of them flirted outrageously with Rick quite innocently.

## 1983HC-Mimir

### GERMANS TRIP UP, BUT TUMBLE INTO SUCCESS

Summer 1911: German f nwy retreats to stp/nc.

Fall 1911

Austria (Ed Henry): a rom s Ga tus (a nap s).

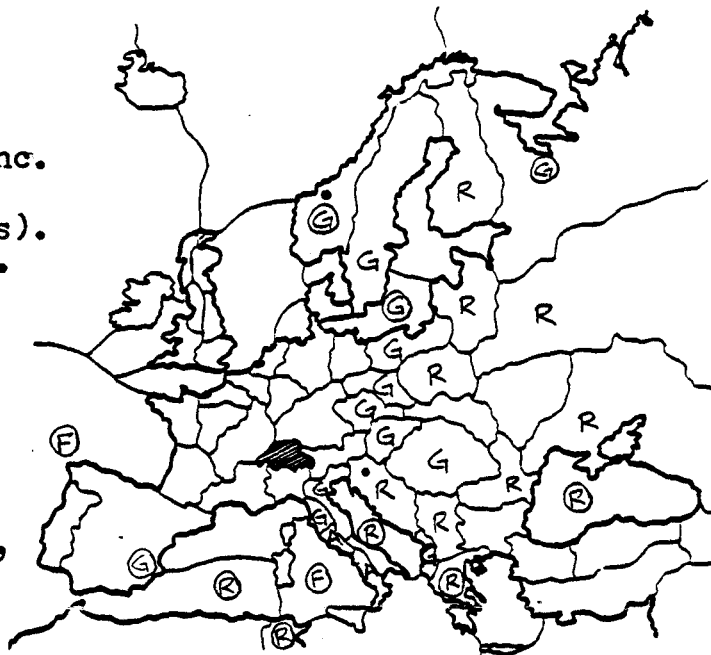
France (Tom Hise): f lyo-tun, f spa/sc-mid.

Germany (Greg "Ol' Faithful" Ellis):

f ska-nwy (a swes, f stp s), f bal s  
a swe, a pru-war (a sil s), a boh-gal,  
a gal-bud (a vei s, a tri s)/a tri d/,  
a ven s a tri, a tus s a ven,  
f wes-spa/sc, a albania unordered!

Russia (Pierre Touchette): f nwy-swe

(a fin s)/f nwy d/, a war h (a lvn &  
a mos s), a arm-sev, f bla h, a rum-gal,  
a bud-tri (f adr & a ser s), f aeg-gre,  
f tyn-wes (f tun s).



Germany and Russia: both proposed a concession to Germany, but as you see it won't be voted on...

### SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1911

Austria rom nap

France ~~spa~~ por mar

Germany mun kie ber hol den bel lon lvp bre par ven edi vie nwy BUD STP SPA SWE

Russia ~~stp~~ mos war sev ~~swe~~ rum ank ~~bud~~ tri ser tun gre bul smy con

If Greg had ordered A Alb-Ser, he would have ended at 19 and wouldn't have needed French help to reach a win. Okay, folks, endgame statements to me by 25 May.

Berlin to World: And he goes for 18. Will it work? Will he fall short and have a Russian fleet raiding the North Sea? Will Pete have two games end in two issues? Your guess is as good as mine!

France to UTA: I am going to take a nap. Please wake me when it's over.

UTA to France: Hey...wake up. It's over.

France to UTA: It's over? So soon?

UTA to France: Hey, 2½ years ain't enough for you? And aren't you even going to thank me for my obliging press responses?

France to UTA: Okay, thanks.

France to Germany: Congratulations, Mighty Munchkin.

## Snowball Fighting

A couple of SnowFight notes before I get into the adjudication. This will not be an order-writing contest, but if your orders are ambiguous don't gripe. If I can't tell what you carried and where, you dropped it all. Also, once you enter the shed or house, you must stay there one Segment minimum.

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## CIMMERIA

## ASF4

DAF RETURNS TO ACTION, SCORES  
OPENING WINNERS ON POLARIS

Yes, SnowFight fans, the North American Championship is now underway, and the big winners in this month's First Turn are past champion Daf and rookie hurler Timmy.

Daf, choosing to play under her own name for the first time, turned loose two tremendous Rattlesnakes at Polaris, hitting despite the fact that P was partially hidden in branches. Polaris, with an open, stationary target, was unable to slam Daf, but has already begun his usual huge stockpile under the conifer.

Besides the action in the West End, two other major fights are brewing. Timmy the Snowflake and Coke Sniffer both shot for the snowman at the opening gun, with the smaller, faster Timmy reaching it first.

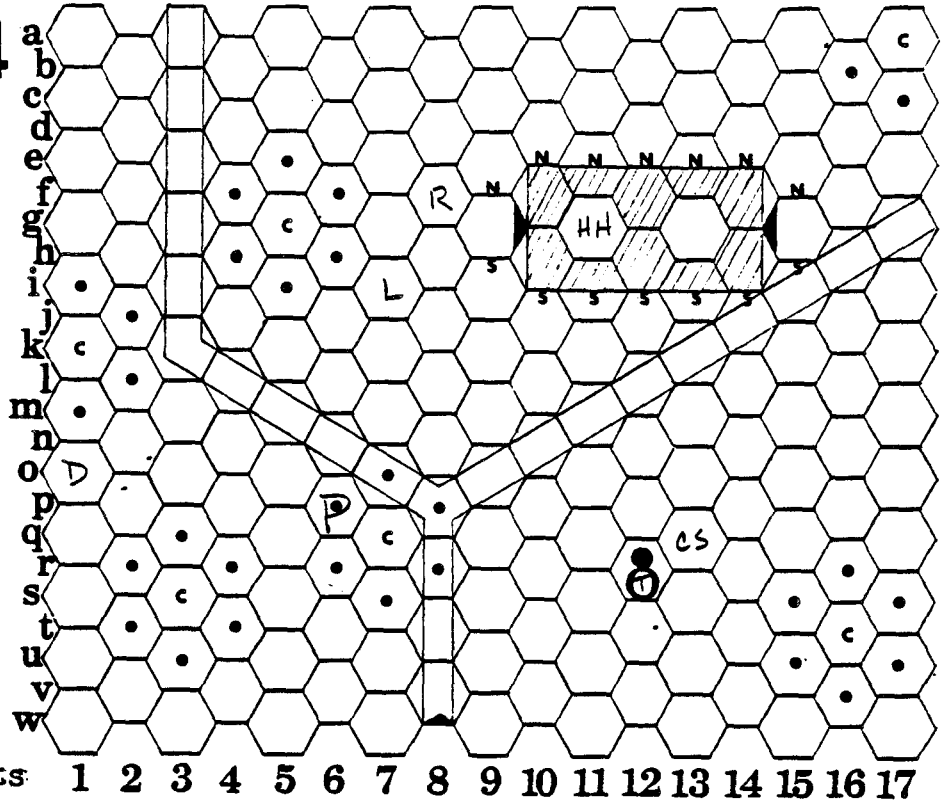
The Flake then parlayed his coup into a six-snowball stack, while the Sniff managed only a single slam dunk.

Finally, the near shed entrance was the scene of a bizarre exchange, as Loki (back in the yard again) and reigning co-champion Houston Halfling swapped no-miss Rattlers for two Segments, until their ammo ran out and Halfling ran into the shed. This unorthodox maneuver caught 'Rad by surprise, and his second anti-H toss plopped harmlessly on the shed door. With HH inside for at least one Segment, Loki and 'Rad both face an early, crucial decision whether to battle each other.

Our box scores have been updated somewhat, to include individual actions all through the Fight, and in doing so dropping interim scores.

player	character	address (last time, folks)
Jim Burgess	Coke Sniffer	100 Holden St, Providence RI 02908
Daf Langley	Daf	208 Bryn Mawr SE, Albuquerque NM 87106
Greg Ellis	Houston Halfling	700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701
Ed Henry	Loki	31507 106th Pl SE #S207, Auburn WA 98002
J.R. Baker	Polaris	3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson TX 77539
Conrad Minshall	'Rad	3702 Tarragona Ln, Austin TX 78727
Tom Hise	Timmy	3121 E Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010

fighter/action (Segment One)	attacked by	hp	vd
CS move to R12 Q13 (one space short)		0	0
D rr against P	P /de/ 60/-	0	1
HH rr against L	L /rr/110/*	-1	1
L rr against HH	HH/rr/110/*	-1	1
P de against D, move to P6	D /rr/ 70/*	-1	0
R move to F8		0	0
T move to R12 (almost falls down)		0	0



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## Segment Two

	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>vp</u>
CS sh against T (impossible)	-	0	0
D rr against P	-	0	1
HH rr against L	L /rr/110/*, R /rr/105/*	-2	1
L rr against HH	HH/rr/110/*	-1	1
P collect 2sb	D /rr/ 85/*	-1	0
R rr against HH	-	0	1
T collect 2sb	-	0	0

## Segment Three

	<u>attacked by</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>vp</u>	<u>final: vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo</u>
CS de against T, dodge	-	0	1	1	10	1sb
D collect 2sb	-	0	0	2	10	2sb
HH move into shed	-	0	0	2	7	none
L collect di	-	0	0	2	8	ldi
P collect di	-	0	0	0	8	ldi & 3sb
R rr against HH (impossible)	-	0	0	1	10	none
T collect 2sb	CS/de/ 80/*	-1	0	0	9	6sb

HH to Loki: I let you survive in Mimir; you won't be so lucky here!

Loki: Polaris and the Halfling I remember well from DipCon, so I'll concentrate on the short fella while Missilehead jumps off the path and finds a place to submerge and maybe collect some ammo.

HH to Daf: Nyah, nyah, can't catch me! How does second place feel? At least you didn't bring your ~~pupe~~ hubby with you.

Coke Sniffer to SnowMaster: We can't start without Daf. I want to bop her with the high hard one.

SM to CS: I bet she'd enjoy that.

Polaris: Hi, Daf! Catch! ...Come and get me!

Timmy to SnowMaster: Vvvaroom! I'm a race car! That means I am the fastest and will get to the snowman first.

SM to Timmy: Being flaky doesn't make you a race car.

Timmy to Snow: It does! It does! It does! It does! It DOES!

CS to Timmy: We'll have no flakes in this game. Now vamoose!!!

HH to Polaris: Why don't you go save poor little Timmy from that drug pusher down there?

Timmy to SnowPack: He yelled at me! SnowMaster told me to shut up! He yelled at me! Your /sic/ gonna get in trouble! Trouble! Ha Haw!

SM to Tim: Besides talking to the snow, and hearing voices that aren't there, do you have any other delusions?

Timmy to Polaris: The short guy is putting rocks in his snowballs. Make him stop it! Go ahead, make him stop!

Timmy to Houston Smalling: Your gonna get it. Polaris is gonna bomb you because your SHORT.

HH to SM: That's three feet, leprechaun brain!

SM to HH: Thank you, I'm flattered. You wrote "3" "twice--maybe we should call you 'dinosaur brain.'

Timmy to himself: Self, this is gonna be fun because HH is smaller than me. This means everyone will pick on him instead of me.

SM to Timmy: Your press is giving me fits. Nobody will believe that.

Timmy to SM: They will too! Hey, how can you hear me talking to myself?

## TANITH 85CS

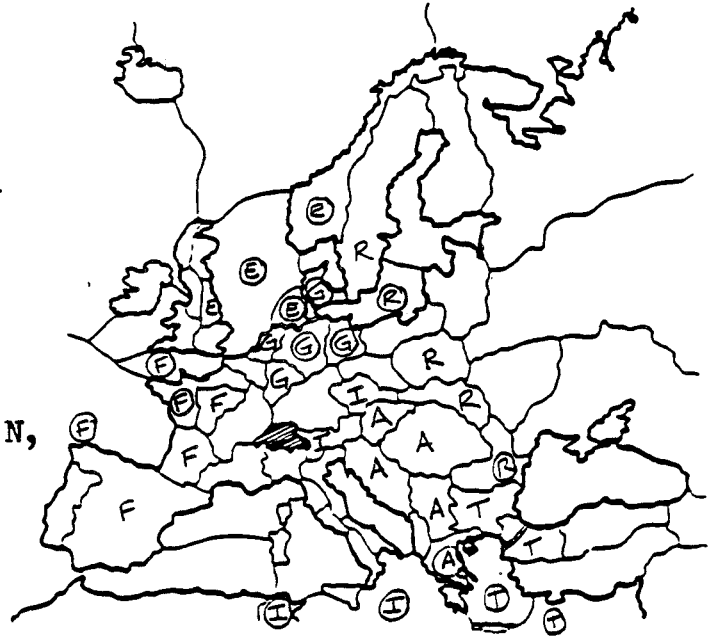
We have two NMRs this season, which means big trouble to my standby list. Since I have never heard from the Austrian standby, we have a certain new Austria; Germany has two players, and Mike can keep the position by getting orders in. I hate to put Greg Ellis into a game that already has Evans and John in it, but...

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## 1985CS Tanith

### A NEW BEGINNING

Austria: Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701  
England: Jim Ferguson, 112 Old English Ct, Jupiter FL 33458  
France: Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016  
Germany: Mike Colandro, 1714 Brightside Ln #B, Baton Rouge LA 70810  
German standby: J.R. Baker, 3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson TX 77539  
Italy: John Crosby, 1496 Washington Ln, West Chester PA 19382  
Russia: Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Ct, Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606  
Turkey: Jim Diehl, 10530 W Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55344.



### Spring 1902

Austria (Greg): nmr. has a bud, a tri, a vie, a ser, and f gre.  
England (Jim): f edi-nth, f nth-hel, f nwy s Ra fin-swe, a lon-yor.  
France (Matt): f bre-mid, f eng h, a par-bur, a spa-gas, a por-spa.  
Germany (Mike???): nmr. has f ber, f kie, f den, a hol, and a ruh.  
Italy (John): f nap-ion (f tun s), a boh-sil, a tyo-boh.  
Russia (Evans): a war-sil, f bot-bal, a fin-swe, f rum h, a ukr-gal.  
Turkey (Jim): f smy-eas (f aeg s), a bul s Rf rum (a con s).

Deadline for Fall 1902 is 11pm, Tuesday 27 May 1986. Annnnd, the press--  
Constantinople: Thus Turkey isolates itself from the concerns of Europe.  
London to Paris: No harm, no foul?  
England to Germany: Scuttling charges armed?  
Russia to Old Austria: Goodbye, Count. We only got to two.

## Dip Does Dallas

## ArlingCcn 2

At first it looked as if twentyfive people would be in Arlington April 18-20. Then Mark Frueh and Evans Givan wrote to say they were planning on surprise appearances--but couldn't make it after all. Then another local player called for details, eager to play Titan. But in the end, only 13 people attended--and all of them are postal Dipsters save two.

It's just as well that the high school gamers, etc, didn't make it. The two tables and six chairs in this place were hard pressed to deal with a steady flow of games. While I was still at work Friday, the Galveston connection came in: J.R. Baker, Dave Baker, and Byron Vorensky. I joined them, once they had found a motel room, in a game of Titan, until I had to leave for the airport. Cathy was tricked into taking my place.

Airport?, you ask. Who? Mark Frueh! Turns out Mark found the money for this one after all. As Mark and I pulled up to the apartment, we found Greg Ellis unloading his car, including two passengers: Conrad Minshall, and an Austin wargamer named Matt Huff. After warm introductions all round, and Matt telling



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everybody about how he knew Steve Jackson personally, Greg settled down to collate the latest Feuilletonist's Forum; but quickly, Rad, Mark and Matt had a Titan board out and Cathy was drafted for collating duty. My roommate Tom was home from work in the meantime, a mutual friend or two had stopped by to see what was going on and lots of seat-swapping was happening in the Titan games.

Friday night had to be categorized as hectic. Cathy and our nongaming pals took off for a while, then returned. Dave dropped Byron off at the hotel. People were getting blown out of one Titan match to take over as standby in the other. I finally went to bed about 2:30 (shortly after Cathy returned?), and the last Titans were tucked in about 7am Saturday.

Well, I've always been an early con riser. Friday night we had three calls from people who were going to drop by Saturday, so I was up at 8am to be ready. The Baker bunch finally arrived about 10, and Cathy and I joined them for breakfast out. When we got back Titan was up again, so we squeezed in a rubber of bridge: Byron and I got no cards and were skunked by Tom and J.R., twice! But I was glad for the chance to play with some new faces. (Hey--J.R.'s a dummy!)

Saturday then stretched out some. Mark Luedi and Steve Knight managed to call during Spring 1901 of the only regular Dip game, which started because Charles Hallmark arrived. When I finally got off the phone, there was John Kleeman--a fellow player in Faroes, a game in Denver Glont/Heimskringla! John lives in London but just happened to be in Waco for a company demo; he got to spend twelve hours between Waco and an airplane home, with us.

The game was typical. As Austria, my only choice was to trust Frueh. (Italy)! J.R.'s Russia was not fooled by our Lepanto and immediately he set up an R/T. Dave Baker formed the perfect Western Triple--Byron his friend and Tom the novice--and the bogged-down East fell behind despite Tom's mistakes.

Well, I had Austria up to 6 in '02, but Mark had to turn and fight France, and I was losing to R/T, unable to turn J.R. and Charles against each other. So I sold out Mark, nearly eliminating him. But Tom and J.R. both bit their allies too, so a new E/R (with 15 dots in '04) was all set to march. Well, A/I/T was not about to cave in to Russia, let alone approve a two-way, so we forced a vote on a concession to Tom's England--and it worked. For once, the host won!

John Kleeman had been reading orders for us, and the Titan game had dragged on through four feet of a six-foot sub sandwich. So now we got out the cake--a full sheet cake with a Dip map and "ARLINGCON 2". Thus fortified we all joined a beginner's game of Snowball Fighting, which Conrad won, and Rail Baron or Quasi-Gunboat Dip.

Late Saturday, when we all decided we really should be in bed; when John had left; when the Bakers were off to their motel, Matt introduced us to Nuclear War/Nuclear Escalation. Oops. We played this a total of four times in the next twelve hours. It was great to wipe out a buddy--or be eliminated in peacetime by propoganda. Even Frueh's whining was fun ("Don't get mad! I attacked you, but it didn't work!"). Nuke War was the first thing Sunday (well, after pancakes and coffee), and the first thing Tom did after the con was buy a set. Don't be surprised if you see this ridiculous satire in Perelandra some day.

Sunday was nice and relaxing: a Civilization game over there, and two games of Clue where I was sitting. Even Cathy got to try Clue, although Conrad won both times. The Civ game kept everyone late (6pm) so we just barely got Mark to the airport on time--then Cathy and I collapsed.

Greg and I managed to stay away from politics all weekend, although I had to remind him that "there are no good capitalists." Greg and Rad are quickly becoming my closest friends in the hobby, and as such I found that we didn't have to sit around chatting--I feel we already know each other thoroughly. Cathy was pleasantly surprised that Dip players are real people, not intellectual snobs like me; she especially got along with the Baker brothers, and was glad for Conrad offering to help clean and such. Without Cathy I think the whole con would have been more antiseptic and boring...besides, who would've emceed Jeopardy?

# The Last Word

So the Last Word this month, really, is "Thanks." Thanks to Daf for being in such good shape. Thanks to Don Williams for being a brother to me. Thanks to everyone who went out of their way to be here (and they all did); thanks especially to those who slipped a 'con fee' into our pockets before they left-- we didn't expect repayment, but it truly helped. Thanks to Matt and John who travelled just to meet a group of strangers to play games. Thanks to my Gonzo Baseball players for winning 22-2 the weekend of the con. And thanks to you who read this rag, because the growth of the zine and games, and the enthusiasm that's turning up, is all your fault. Now I'm going to sleep for a month!

Thanks Best,

Pete

\*\*\*\*\*  
Perelandra Fact File as of 1 May 1986

You are signed up for \_\_\_\_\_, pref list \_\_\_\_\_  
and \_\_\_\_\_, pref list \_\_\_\_\_

Need  
rules?  
Send a  
SASE.

Please send \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to extend your sub until issue # \_\_\_\_\_. Also, I'm now publishing Stephen Wilcox's ratings zine, The Dragon's Lair. Subs are available from me, also for 75 ¢ per issue.

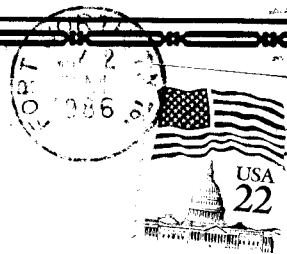
You are / aren't on my standby list. (If not, would you please sign up?)

Send \$ \_\_\_\_\_ or you might not get into the next \_\_\_\_\_ gamestart!

Again, your codename for phone orders is ZUCCHINI.

## Perelandra

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We trade

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