

Perelandra

number 46



The Demolished Man

by Alfred Bester

Fully dressed and in his wrong mind, Reich stormed out of his apartment and descended to the street where a Monarch Jumper picked him up and carried him in one graceful hop to the giant tower that housed the hundreds of floors and thousands of employees of Monarch's New York office. Monarch Tower was the central nervous system of an incredibly vast corporation, a pyramid of transportation, communication, heavy industry, manufacture, sales distribution, research, exploration, importation. Monarch Utilities & Resources, Inc., bought and sold, traded and gave, made and destroyed. Its pattern of subsidiaries and holding companies was so complex that it demanded the full-time services of a 2nd Class Esper Accountant to trace the labyrinthine flow of its finances.

Reich entered his office, followed by his chief (Esper 3) secretary and her staff, bearing the litter of the morning's work.

"Dump it and jet," he growled.

They deposited the papers and recording crystals on his desk and departed hastily but without rancor. They were accustomed to his rages. Reich seated himself behind his desk, trembling with a fury that was already going D'Courtney. Finally he muttered: "I'll give the bastard one more chance."

He unlocked his desk, opened the drawer-safe and withdrew the Executive's Code Book, restricted to the executive heads of the firms listed quadruple A-1-* by Lloyds. He found most of the material he required in the middle pages of the book:

QQBA.....PARTNERSHIP	UUFE.....INTERESTS	YYJI.....SUGGEST
RRCB.....BOTH OUR	VVGF.....INFORMATION	ZZXJ.....CONFIDENTIAL
SSDC.....BOTH YOUR	WWHG.....ACCEPT OFFER	AALK.....EQUAL
TTED.....MERGER	XXIH.....GENERALLY KNOWN	BBML.....CONTRACT

Marking his place in the code book, Reich flipped the v-phone on and said to the image of the inter-offic operator: "Get me Code."

The screen dazzled and cut to a smokely room cluttered with books and coils of tape. A bleached man in a faded shirt glanced at the screen, then leaped to attention.

"Yes, Mr. Reich?"

"Morning, Hassop. You look like you need a vacation." Make your enemies by choice. "Take a week at Spaceland. Monarch expense."

"Thank you, Mr. Reich. Thank you very much."

"This one's confidential. To Craye D'Courtney. Send--" Reich consulted the Code Book. "Send YYJI TTED RRCB UUFE AALK QQBA. Get the answer to me like rockets. Right?"

"Right, Mr. Reich. I'll jet."

Reich cut off the phone. He jabbed his hand once into the pile of papers and crystals on his desk, picked up a crystal and dropped it into the play-back. His chief secretary's voice

Perelandra is a non-profit literary and educational organization. Memberships cost \$12 US per year (\$15 Cdn; \$18 US in Europe) and include a subscription to this amateur magazine. Application for tax-exempt, tax-deductible status is pending.

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Herelandra

said: "Monarch Gross off two point one one three four per cent. D'Courtney Gross up two point one one three oh per cent..."

"God damn him!" Reich growled. "Out of my pocket into his." He snapped off the play-back and arose in an agony of impatience. It would take hours for the reply to come. His whole life hung on D'Courtney's reply. He left his offic and began to roam through the floors and departments of Monarch Tower, pretending the remorseless personal supervision he usually exercised. His Esper secretary unobtrusively accompanied him like a trained dog.

Trained bitch! Reich thought. Then aloud: "I'm sorry. Did you peep that?"

"Quite all right, Mr. Reich. I understand."

"Do you? I don't. Damn D'Courtney!"

In Personnel they were testing, checking, and screening the usual mass of job applicants... clerks, craftsmen, specialists, middle brackets executives, top echelon experts. All of the preliminary elimination was done with standardized tests and interviews, and never to the satisfaction of Monarch's Esper Personnel Chief who was stalking through the floor in an icy rage when Reich entered. The fact that Reich's secretary had sent an advance telepathic announcement of the visit made no difference to him.

"I have allotted ten minutes per applicant for my final screening interview," the Chief was snapping to an assistant. "Six per hour, forty-eight per day. Unless my percentage of final rejections drops below thirty-five, I am wasting my time; which means you are wastind Monarch's time. I am not employed by Monarch to screen out the obviously unsuitable. That is your work. See to it." He turned to Reich and nodded pedantically. "Good morning, Mr. Reich."

"Morning. Trouble?"

"Nothing that cannot be handled once this staff understands that Extra Sensory Perception is not a miracle but a skill subject to wage-hour limitations. And what is your decision on Blonn, Mr. Reich?"

Secretary: He hasn't read your memo yet.

May I point out, young woman, that unless I am used with maximum efficiency I am wasted. The Blonn memo has been on Mr. Reich's desk for three days.

"Who the hell if Blonn?" Reich asked.

"First, the background, Mr. Reich. There are approximately one hundred thousand 3rd Class Espers in the Esper Guild. An Esper 3 can peep the conscious level of a mind--can discover what a subject is thinking at the moment of thought. A 3rd is the lowest class of telepath. Most of Monarch's security positions are held by 3rds. We employ over five hundred..."

He knows all this. Everybody does. Get to the point, long-wind!

Permit me, if I may, to arrive at the point in my own way. "Next, there are approximately ten thousand 2nd Class Espers in the Guild," the Personnel Chief continued frostily. "They are experts like myself who can penetrate beneath the conscious level of the mind to the preconscious. Most 2nds are in the professional class...physicians, lawyers, engineers, educators, economists, architects, and so on."

"And you all cost a fortune," Reich growled.

"Why not? We have a unique service to sell. Monarch appreciates the fact. Monarch employs over one hundred 2nds at present."

Will you get to the point?

"Finally there are less that a thousand 1st Class Espers in the Guild. The 1sts are capable of deep peeping, through the conscious and preconscious layers down to the unconscious...the lowest levels of the mind. Primordial basic desires and so forth. These, of course, hold premium positions. Education, specialized medical service...analysts like Tate, Gart, @kins, Moselle...criminologists like Lincoln Powell of the Psychotic Division...Political Analysts, State Negotiators, Special Cabinet Advisors, and so on. Thus far Monarch Utilities has never had occasion to hire a 1st."

"And?" Reich muttered.

"The occasion has arisen, Mr. Reich, and I believe Blonn may be available. Briefly..."

It says here.

"Briefly, Mr. Reich, Monarch is hiring so many Espers that I have suggested we set up a special Esper Personnel Department, headed by a 1st like Blonn, to devote itself exclusively to interviewing telepaths."

He's wondering why you can't handle it.

Perelandra

"I have given you the background to explain why I cannot handle the job, Mr. Reich. I am a 2nd Class Esper. I can telepath normal applicants rapidly and efficiently, but I cannot handle other Espers with the same speed and economy. All Espers are accustomed to using mind-blocks of varying effectiveness depending on their rating. It would take me one hour per 3rd for an efficient screening interview. It would take me three hours per 2nd. I could not possibly peep through the mind-block of a 1st. We must hire a 1st like Blonn for this work. The cost will be enormous, of course, but the necessity is urgent."

"What's so urgent?" Reich said.

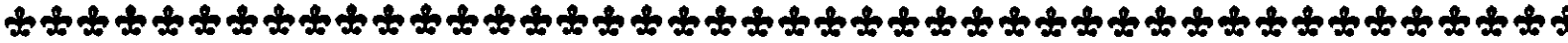
For heaven's sake! Don't give him that picture! That isn't diversion. It's waving a red flag. He's sore enough now.

I have my job to do, Madam. To Reich, the Chief said: "The fact is, sir, we are not hiring the best Espers. The D'Courtney Cartel has been taking the cream of the Espers away from us. Over and over again, through lack of proper facilities, we have been mouse-trapped by D'Courtney into bidding for inferior people while D'Courtney has quietly appropriated the best."

"Damn you!" Reich shouted. "Damn D'Courtney. All right. Set it up. And tell this Blonn to start mouse-trapping D'Courtney. You'd better start, too."

Reich tore out of Personnel and over to Sales-city. The same unpleasant information was waiting for him. Monarch Utilities & Resources was losing the gut-fight with the D'Courtney Cartel. It was losing the fight in every sector-city--Advertising, Engineering, Research, Public Relations. There was no escaping the certainty of defeat. Reich knew his back was to the wall.

He returned to his own office and paced in a fury for five minutes. "It's no use," he muttered. "I know I'll have to kill him. He won't accept merger. Why should he? He'd licked me and he knows it. I'll have to kill him and I'll need help. Peeper help."



When the first Hugo Awards were announced in 1952, The Demolished Man won Best Science Fiction Novel, despite its blunt, unsubtle storytelling. It is both SF, in the aspect of telepathy that rules the book, and murder mystery, as Reich (we witness him killing his rival) and Prefect Lincoln Powell each pursue their opposing goals.



Yes, folks, this is Perelandra II: The Return of the Literati. In case you didn't get the restart announcement, an anonymous hobby member has provided a no-interest, open-ended loan to get Pere back on its feet. The zine is now a registered business and has applied for non-profit status. When you send your \$12, you're buying a membership in an organization devoted to literature, education, and recreation...at least, that's what you're getting according to IRS regulations.

Please check the back cover to confirm your subscription status. Most of Pere's readers have already received a refund if they had money coming.

Very little restructuring to announce. The zine will be, if anything, more devoted to literature; but I'm returning to a couple of old policies in the operation of the games. First, gamefees won't include a subscription any more. If your sub runs out, tough; you get the reports any way you can or you nmr out. Also, I'm going to encourage gaming with prizes for doing well (see my houserules, a few pages on, for more details), and try to generate interest in a couple of new games.

To begin with, we have two games of Diplomacy returning from the void: Tanith (1985CS) and Nordeen (1986AH). These have been run in a warehouse, Log of the Ashanome, since the fold of Pere last August. The Snowball Fighting game which was here then (Cimmeria, the North American Championship) was sent to Magus (in a subzine called "The Melnibone Herald"), where Greg Ellis won to claim the title of Champion SnowFighter. (I'm trying to find a British champ or two to run a title-unification bout...)

To add to Tanith and Nordeen, we have three current openings and more coming:
REGULAR DIPLOMACY--\$5.00 US (\$6 Cdn) gamefee, plus a sub. One already signed up and paid.
DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS--\$5.00 US (\$6 Cdn) gamefee, plus a sub. Needs seven players.
SNOWBALL FIGHTING--\$3.00 US (\$4 Cdn) gamefee, plus a sub; this will run here only if the new game in Magus fills, since I don't want to split a small audience. Please state whether you prefer to play in Pere or in "The Melnibone Herald".

more----->

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I also plan on offering one more game in next three or four months. I need some feedback on which: postal Titan, or Gunboat Diplomacy? Titan would have a \$7.50 gamefee, Gunboat \$3.00 on two-week deadlines.

The rules and maps for all these games are available at cost...

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS: six pages of rules, one 8x10 map, one 17x22 map, \$1.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING: six pages of rules, two 8x10 maps, one 17x22 map, \$1.

POSTAL TITAN: (still being prepared) eight pages of rules, plus random-# table, \$1.

Note: If you sign up for one of these games, the rules are included in the gamefee! Basically, this means I'm underwriting these games to try to get people to try them. The SF rules listed above are the final revision I'll make, with lots of suggestions having helped. The Titan rules are from Mark Frueh; the Downfall rules are Glover Rogerson's Definitive Edition. Many thanks to J.R. Baker for his work on the maps.

Let me give you a minute to re-read and absorb all that. Yes, folks, it should be clear that Perelandra is a bit more serious than it used to be about games. But good writing is the other priority...

Literary Quiz

The Literary Quiz returns with new rules. Now, for every correct answer, you win a prize. The normal prize will be one half-issue of Perelandra (meaning you need to answer two quizzes correctly to get a free issue). From time to time special prizes will be announced, many from a selection of leftist-liberal-environmentalist buttons, sometimes posters, and even books for the really hard quizzes. No points to keep track of, no real "competition" except with yourself.

There's another way you can win free issues in the Quiz. One half-issue will be awarded if you send a trivia question on literature and I print it in the Lit Quiz. Another half-issue will be awarded if I get at least three answers in response and nobody gets it right. Can you stump the Perelandra readers? (Limit one question every five months, but you may send as many as you like.)

For February 25: Q79A. Athletic authors are not so rare as one might imagine. Sophocles was a great wrestler; Ezra Pound studied jiu-jitsu; Kipling golfed; Hemingway boxed. One poet, wanting to emulate the legendary Leander, who swam the Hellespont nightly to be with his beloved Hero, a priestess of Venus, repeated the feat in the company of a Lt. Ekenhead of the Royal Navy. Who was this poet, whose mode of propulsion was the breast stroke?



A couple more notes to pass along. The People's Diplomacy Organization is running its annual Auction in Relief of hobby projects like the Boardman Numbers and Orphan Service. You can not only bid on zine subs and photos of various hobby figures, you can also try to buy an East Coast Clique button, several cheap record albums, and the privilege to host Frank Byrne for a summer.

Among this year's auction items is the leadership of the Hobby Small Fry Protection League. Yes, that's right, you can buy the office of Generalissimo of the HSFPL. Of course, you'll have to outbid me, the current dictator. Write to John Caruso, 29-10 164th St, Flushing NY 11358 for a complete list. Deadline for bids is Feb. 28.

Haiku: Japanese intelligence quotient.

According to a Dallas Times Herald article, Dallas-Fort Worth was the fastest-growing urban center among the nation's top 10 metropolitan areas, with a 20% population growth from 1980 to 1985. The new top ten, according to the Census Bureau: New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Houston, Dallas, Washington. (This list includes surrounding suburbs as well as city-proper counts.)

But far be it from me to contribute to the Big D's success (you can't even get Mongolian Barbeque here). As soon as Cathy and I are married, we'll be moving to the Bay Area, where trees are trees and the ground is steep. Look for us, West Koasters.

Perelandra

HOUSERULES FOR POSTAL DIPLOMACY

These rules are intended to give potential players an idea of how a game of Dip will be run in Perelandra. Although there are many potential questions not covered by these HRS, the overall gamemastering principle in force will be "Give the player the benefit of the doubt--once."

I. Players must maintain a subscription to Perelandra in order to receive game reports. If a player's sub lapses and he still manages to get orders in on time, he's still in the game (see Rule III). Standbys must likewise maintain a sub, but the issue in which a standby sends his first set of orders is free to him.

II. The GM agrees to manage the game in an accurate and prompt manner, and to provide the smooth transfer of the game to another GM if he is unable to do so. "Accurate" means correcting mistakes--IF the GM is made aware of the error before the next deadline. The players agree to abide by the limits set out at the start of the game (or announced changes later) on such things as forbidden hours for phone calls or press datelines.

III. A player who NMRs in consecutive issues of Perelandra has resigned and a standby will receive his position, unless the player has fewer than three centers at the time of the second NMR. These small-power exceptions will go into permanent CD when a player drops out.

IV. Concessions or draws may be proposed beginning in Spring 1905, and may exclude one or more surviving countries. These proposals pass only on the timely, explicit 'yes' vote of all remaining players having at least two centers.

V. Except for 1901 (when winter will be a separate season), spring retreats will usually be combined with the following fall moves, fall retreats and winter adjustments with spring. The deadlines will be one month apart, usually on Wednesday. Phone orders will not be accepted after 11pm the night before the deadline.

VI. Anyone who wins a game of Dip in Perelandra, whether outright or by vote, receives two free issues of the zine. Anyone sharing in a draw receives one free issue.

VII. Each player will be issued a codename, which he may use to identify himself, especially on the phone, to the GM. Orders without the codename, which cannot be positively identified in some other way (e.g. by handwriting) may be refused.

VIII. Any of these rules will be reconsidered (if good cause is given) on request--but you are more likely to get a season separation or other rule-change if two players both ask for it.

INVITATION TO FACE-TO-FACE DIPLOMACY

Your last chance to see the "Best Texas Con", as voted by postal Dipsters, is coming up quick! Arlingcon 4 will be here at Corporate HQ, April 2-6.

In the past, Titan has sometimes overridden the basic urge to play Dip. Not so this spring! We love Titan (yes, we do...), but we'll play Dip--and Survive, and Christians & Lions, and Snit's Revenge, and Snowball Fighting, and lots more.

But best of all, a bunch of good friends will get together for a three-day (dare we hope more?) party. Be here! Call or write us for all sorts of fantastic reasons why you should come!

Cartoon at right from the strip, "The Realm of Gone", donated by Halfling Ellis.



Herelandra

1985CS Tanith

RED AND WHITE ARE BLUE OVER GREEN

Spring 1905

Austria (Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin TX 78701):
a tri-tyo (a vie s, Rus s), a bud-tri, a ser-alb,
f bul/sc-gre.

England (John Walker, 4819 Corian Oak, San Antonio
TX 78219): f hel-nth (f nwy s), f lvp-wal (a lon s).

France (Matt Kazur, Box 5492, Washington DC 20016):
a kie s Ef hel-den /nso/ (a hol s), a bel-edi
(f nth c), a bur s Ia mun, f eng s f nth,
f mid-nat (f iri s).

Germany (J.R. Baker, 3100 Meadow Ln N, Dickinson
TX 77539): f stp/sc abandon boats and march
south to moscow.

Italy (John Crosby, 1496 Washington Ln, West Chester
PA 19382-6871): a tyo-boh /pie otb/ (a mun s),
a alb-tri (a ven s), f gre-bul/sc, f ion-gre.

Russia (Evans Givan, 8066 Camstock Ct, Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606): a fin-swe, f den s
ff nth, a ber-mun, a war-sil, a boh s Aa tri-tyo, f ank-con, a arm-smy.

Turkey (Jim Diehl, 10530 W. Riverview Dr, Eden Prairie MN 55344): f aeg-smy (f con s).

France to A/R: No, after you my dear Alphonse!

UTA to France: The correct response would have been "Gaston," which you would have known if
you were a ~~real American~~ baseball fan.

France to Germany: You are right, I cannot get you. Yet.

UTA to Russia: Germany has nmr'ed twice...he has two more before I would have tossed him, but
I seriously doubt now that he'll nmr, since he has sent in orders for a couple of turns, and
he's paying close attention to the reports too.

DEADLINE FOR SUMMER RETREAT (ITALY) AND FALL 1905 MOVES IS: 25 FEBRUARY 1987 (by phone 2/24).



NORDEEN 86AH

TURKEY ABDICATES BUT CAN'T GET OFF THE THRONE

Summer 1903: Austria retreats f aeg-smy.

Fall 1903

Austria (Jim Diehl, address above): a gal-war,
a bud-rum (a ser s, a bul s), f smy s If
aeg-con.

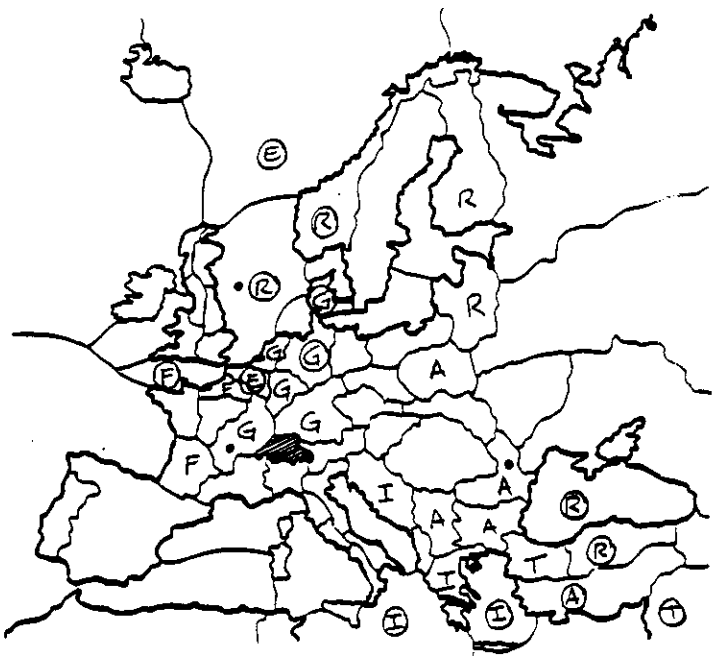
England (Hugh Christie, 43 East Houston Av,
Montgomery PA 17752): f eng-bel (Fra s),
f nth-hol /lon yor edi hel otb/, f nwg-nth.

France (Will Woodard, 1921 Tracey Circle, Irving
TX 75060): a pic s Ef eng-bel, f mid-eng,
a bur-ruh /par mar otb/, a gas-bur.

Germany (Steve Langley, 2296 Eden Roc Ln #1,
Sacramento CA 95825-3350): f kie-hol, a hol h,
f den s Rf ska-nth, a bel-bur (a ruh s,
a mun s).

Italy (Rob Wittmond, 4315 182nd Street #308,
Torrance CA 90504): f aeg-con (Aus s), a tri h,
a tun-gre (f ion c).

Russia (John Crosby, address above): f ska-nth (Ger s), f swe-nwy (a fin s), a stp-lvn,
f bla-con (f ank s), a rum-bul /gal ukr sev otb/.



continued...

Perelandra

Turkey (Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt Ct, Farmington Hills MI 48108-2123): a con h, f eas-syr.

If anything will teach me not to adjudicate games before the deadline, this will. Lots of critical activity right up to Wednesday's mail. The supply center chart is below; because of the retreats (Eng, Fra & Rus) and multiple adjustments, seasons are separated. DEADLINE FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER 1903 ONLY IS 25 FEBRUARY 1987 (phone orders by 11pm, 2/24/87).

supply centers held as of winter 1903

Austria	xxx bud vie ser gxx SMY BUL RUM WAR	5 - 7	build two
England	lon lvp edi bre BEL	4 - 5	build two (*3 if f nth-otb)
France	par mar por spa	4 - 4	even (build one if a bur-otb)
Germany	mun kie ber hol den xxx	6 - 5	remove one
Italy	ven rom nap tun TRI GRE	4 - 6	build two
Russia	mos xxx stp sev swe xxx nwy ANK	7 - 6	remove one (even if a rum-otb)
Turkey	con xxx xxx xxx	4 - 1	remove one

England to Germany: A good war is every bit as entertaining as a good alliance!

Rome to UTA: I concur with Steve. May your love never fade.

UTA: Who said we were marrying for love?? (ouch! ouch! hey, hon, I was just kidding!!)

Germany to UTA: The zine as a legal non-profit organization? I see the non-profit part, being a publisher myself, but isn't legal organization going a bit far?

UTA to Mage: Possibly. I've overdone things in the past. But besides the comforting formality of it (for just \$25), it also prevents anyone from going after my personal assets if the zine folds, and prevents me from "borrowing" permanently against the zine. Also, we've come up with another purpose: the non-profit org will actually be an umbrella corporation to promote tournament play in Texas, recruiting new players and on better footing when we make proposals to conventions.

Italy: In the modern age more than any other, communications are of vital importance, both in preventing war and in waging it. When conventional means of communication fail, drastic measures may need to be taken.

Curious; in Tanith we have, after much uncertainty, A/R vs. I; in Nordeen we have, after some uncertainty, A/I vs. R. Neither Turk is doing well...but then, Turkey has never done well in Perelandra. Neither England is very strong, either. Curious.

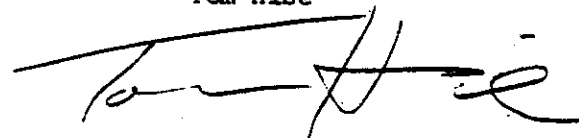
Opinions and Editorials and Letters

Well, so Pete has gotten his act back together to where he can publish Perelandra. The amazing part is that it is just after I've finished the Ballpark exhibition season. Joe Ferguson won the pennant with a 6-3 record, with close finishes by Pete Gaughan, John Caruso, and Bill Becker all winding up at 5-4. The system for the play went well, providing a varied set of realistic scores. After looking at my schedule and resources I've decided to shelve Ballpark, after I revise the rules, until a time comes when I believe I will be able to properly produce a competent and dependable zine.

A major factor in my decision is the fact that I will be doing volunteer work this summer in the downtown Houston area. I will be among forty college students working in a mission there. I'm being sponsored by the Baptist Student Union of Texas (I'm active in the chapter at UTA). I'm looking forward to helping the underprivileged people of Houston.

So until I do decide to publish on a fulltime basis, I'm going to concentrate on improving my feeble Dip skills and joining every American United league that shows up in the hobby. To Pete and Perelandra good luck and sign me up for that Dip opening. To everyone else, until Arlington 4 (April 3-5), may your alliances be merry and your stabs sweet.

Tom Hise



The Last Word

Hi! I'm Cathy. I'm pretty sure you've at least heard of me. Well, now you get to hear from me. First, some background information. I was born in Melbourne, Florida. I don't remember much about it. I've lived in Springfield, Ohio, and somewhere in Pennsylvania; by the time I was three years old we had moved to Texas. I lived in Big Spring, TX, until I was six. Big Spring is in West Texas. The main thing I remember is that there's red sand blowing everywhere there. If you hadn't guessed, my dad was in the military. Well, finally we moved to Arlington, Texas, which is HOME to me. I started grade school here and graduated from High School here. I graduated in 1982; two years later my parents and I moved to Venus (not the planet), Texas, which is where I live now.

Well, you've heard Pete and I are getting married. Aren't weddings a whole lot of ~~fun~~ fun? First, I ask, who's wedding is this? Answer: everyone's. I was really shocked to find out all the input one gets when getting married. People at work, high school friends and relatives all have their own idea of the perfect wedding for Pete and Cathy. As some of you know we were going to go to the courthouse and then have a heck of a party afterwards. Well, the "World" decided several years from now we would regret not having a church wedding. So the next trauma is figuring which church will hold a wedding for two people who haven't been to church in years. (I was a Baptist, I don't know what Pete last was.) Well, I looked through the Yellow Pages and found a place--which ended up being some sort of cult! We figured that wouldn't do. So now we will probably be married at All Saints Lutheran. Of course, I haven't been able to get ahold of the minister yet but wish us luck.

Maybe I'll get up enough nerve to do this again next month.

Bye,

Cathy



Herelandra
3121 East Park Row
Arlington, Texas 76010



Larry Peery
Box 8416
San Diego, CA
92102-0416

This is a sample _____ .

Your sub ends with

E

First Class Mail