

Perelandra 2

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number 47

March



Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man

James Joyce

---You're a terrible man, Stevie, said Davin, taking the short pipe from his mouth. Always alone.

---Now that you have signed the petition for universal peace, said Stephen, I suppose you will burn that little copybook I saw in your room.

As Davin did not answer Stephen began to quote:

---Long pace, fianna! Right incline, fianna! Fianna, by numbers, salute, one, two!

---That's a different question, said Davin. I'm an Irish nationalist, first and foremost. But that's you all out. You're a born sneerer, Stevie.

---When you make the next rebellion with hurleysticks, said Stephen, and want the indispensable informer, tell me. I can find you a few in this college.

---I can't understand you, said Davin. One time I hear you talk against English literature. Now you talk against the Irish informers. What with your name and your ideas...Are you Irish at all?

---Come with me now to the office of arms and I will show you the tree of my family, said Stephen.

---Then be one of us, said Davin. Why don't you learn Irish? Why did you drop out of the league class after the first lesson?

---You know one reason why, answered Stephen.

Davin tossed his head and laughed.

---O, come now, he said. Is it on account of that certain young lady and Father Moran? But that's all in your own mind, Stevie. They were only talking and laughing.

Stephen paused and laid a friendly hand upon Davin's shoulder.

---Do you remember, he said, when we knew each other first? The first morning we met you asked me to show you the way to the matriculation class, putting a very strong stress on the first syllable. You remember? Then you used to address the jesuits as father, you remember? I ask myself about you: Is he as innocent as his speech?

---I'm a simple person, said Davin. You know that. When you told me that night in Harcourt Street those things about your private life, honest to God, Stevie, I was not able to eat my dinner. I was quite bad. I was awake a long time that night. Why did you tell me those things?

---Thanks, said Stephen. You mean I am a monster.

---No, said Davin, but I wish you had not told me.

A tide began to surge beneath the calm surface of Stephen's friendliness.

---This race and this country and this life produced me, he said. I shall express myself as I am.

---Try to be one of us, repeated Davin. In your heart you are an Irishman but your pride is too powerful.



Perelandra is a non-profit literary and educational organization. Membership costs \$12 US per year (\$15 Cdn; \$18 US in Europe) and include a subscription to this amateur magazine.

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Assistant Editors: Cathy Sexton & Tom Hise

Herelandra

---My ancestors threw off their language and took another, Stephen said. They allowed a handful of foreigners to subject them. Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person debts they made? What for?

---For our freedom, said Davin.

---No honourable and sincere man, said Stephen, has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I'd see you damned first.

---They died for their ideals, Stevie, said Davin. Our day will come yet, believe me.

Stephen, following his own thought, was silent for an instant.

---The soul is born, he said vaguely, first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets.

Davin knocked the ashes from his pipe.

---Too deep for me, Stevie, he said. But a man's country comes first. Ireland first, Stevie. You can be a poet or mystic after.

---Do you know what Ireland is? asked Stephen with cold violence. Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow.

Game Openings

For all game fees, please add one dollar if paying in Canadian funds.

DIPLOMACY: Gary Behnen (pd), Tom Hise (pd), and Melinda Holley are signed up. Fee is \$5 and my houserules are pretty straightforward. A couple of oddities: preference lists will not be used; votes and proposals are all public (no secret ballot). Free issues to winners or for finishing in the draw.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING: Bob Olsen, Vanessa Williams signed up. Fee is \$3 including rules. There is also an opening of SF in Magus, in my subzine "The Melnibone Herald"; sign up here for either game.

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS: Rod Walker signed up. Fee is \$5 and pref lists will be used for this Middle-Earth Diplomacy variant. Fee includes rules and large map.

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY: One player signed up. Fee is \$3; this game will be run on twice-monthly deadlines without press.

TITAN: Don Scheifler is signed up. Fee is \$7.50 (again, including rules).

Rules--The rules for Snowball Fighting, Downfall, and postal Titan cost \$1 each separately; you can then deduct this from your gamefee if you decide to play.

Standbys--Behnen, Crosby, Ellis, Givan, DLangley, JWalker. Later on I will need standbys for the non-Dip games too. Thanks to these who have volunteered: standbys receive one issue free when they submit orders, whether used or not.

Literary Calendar

1 March 1837: William Dean Howells is born in Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

3 March 1922: F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Beautiful and the Damned is published.

7 March 1785: Italian poet and novelist Alessandro Manzoni is born in Milan. He will spend his life in Paris, where he becomes known for his novel The Betrothed. (One year after his death in 1870, Verdi dedicates his Requiem to Manzoni's memory.)

14 March 1887: The founder of Shakespeare and Company, Sylvia Beach, is born in her father's parsonage in Baltimore.

17 March 1846: Kate (Catherine) Greenaway is born in London. She will create such books for children as Mother Goose, employing her artistry as painter and illustrator.

Perelandra

Literary Quiz

Last month's question: Athletic authors. 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? It was George, sixth Lord Byron. Rod Walker is correct and passes along this quote from Louis Untermeyer: Byron's "love for himself was one of the great romances of history."

True, Rod, but Byron was also one of the few peers with an honest love of the common man; his maiden speech in Parliament denounced the death penalty for rebellious peasants. His death was exemplary of this: he contracted malaria while drilling troops as part of the fight for Greek liberation from the Turkish Empire. Ben Schilling also got the poet's name, but suggests that he died in the attempt to cross the Hellespont--any authorities out there? Ben also calls Lord Byron "brother of the first SF author and father of the first computer program." Finally, Hugh Christie also knew this answer; Rod, Ben and Hugh each win a half-issue.

The only incorrect answer was from Tom Hise: James Joyce.

For March (deadline is 26 March); Q17B. In which novels do these three lonely "last" heroes appear, and who created them?

Uncas, in The Last _____ by _____

Oliver Alden, in The Last _____ by _____

Monroe Stahr, in The Last _____ by _____

One half-issue for each correct answer before the deadline (correct means getting all three!). Rod also sent two questions for future Quizzes, one of which I will use next month. The other has me stumped and I want some more time to get it before I put it in here.

Vital Statistics

Perelandra is devoted to, in no special order, postal games and fine literature. It has its specialties, however; here are a few hints for the beginning reader (this issue is being sent to over 100 Dipsters who haven't seen the zine before):

*We're Irish. This happens to be March, but we're Irish all year, not just on St. Pat's.

*Perelandra believes, along with author/scholar Jacques Barzun, that "whoever would understand the heart and mind of America had better learn baseball."

*Science fiction and fantasy (these are two separate genres) are our favorite topics; games in this zine are named for fictional planets (except for Snowball Fights, which may be named for fictional "Arctic" regions).

Along with this love of classic fantasy and SF (especially the Oxford School of writers), we try to follow the current cutting-edge of these fields. This is hard, though, because we have never been APA members or convention-going fanatics. Anyone willing to devote a little time and effort to enlightening us on these is welcome.

*Original submissions on postal gaming or literature are accepted and paid for. However, the central rule around here is "The editor reserves the right to edit." Send it to me and let's see if you and I can improve it. (Note: Perelandra's circulation has never passed 48, so you're not going to get a huge audience--just a very classy one.)

*About that readership. We encourage what other people call deadwood. If you get this zine, read and enjoy it, you're not deadwood--you're a big reason why we publish in the first place. Sure, we want participation, feedback, and ego-boosting, but we won't demand it.

*We try to offer games you won't find anywhere, in addition to Diplomacy. We try to print excerpts of literature that are classic but obscure. If you care to suggest a game or writing, we'd love it!

*Finally: Pere is not out to dominate the hobby. We'd rather be good than be in the mainstream. If we're too unusual for you, that's okay. If we fit a need for you we ask only your ~~money~~ friendship in return.

Perelandra

Pete Gaughan, Cathy Sexton, and Tom Hise

present

ArlingCon
April 2-6, 1987

The ArlingCon to End All ArlingCons

Yes, Pete plans to runaway with Cathy thus splitting the team that brought you the Best Texas Con of 1986. This final con offers more games than one Con can hold. Whether you want to rule Europe (Diplomacy), a small Latin American government (Junta), command great armies (Titan), be the Emperor's favorite chariot racer (Circus Maximus), a six year old in a snowball fight (Snowball Fighting the Board Game), or a germ spreading disease (Snit's revenge) are just a few of the games available, plus numerous short games for those fortunate to have the privileged to leave (be eliminated from) the games (Iceburg, Top Gun, Car Wars, Christians and Kings, Barbarian Prince, and Survive!). Don't forget the wonderful house-rules which predicted that the Dodgers would win the 1986 pennant and that Mark White would be re-elected Governor of Texas. What erroneous predictions will be made this year? This being the last ArlingCon, Two special events will occur. First, Two Free issues of Perelandra will go to the first person to teach Tom Hise to play Circus Maximus.

Second, on Sunday will be an Engagement party for Pete and Cathy given by "The Hobby". So plan to come and make this a very special day for Pete and Cathy as they prepare for that permanent alliance. Lets make it a day that the Gaughans (Pete and Cathy, who else) will remember for the rest of their lives.

This will be the last ArlingCon. Yes, Sir Peter J. Gaughan IV has completed his Quest. He traveled from his distant home country (California) to the fable land of Texas to find the fairest of the fair, the one with beauty beyond belief, yes Pete came to find a wife (the story of getting a graduate degree was just a cover to throw everyone off)! he has succeeded. Now he plans to carry Cathy off to California, forcing Tom to sell the ranch and move into the ~~Wassons~~ Dorms of U.T.A..

This is the ArlingCon
to End All ArlingCons

without you a Legacy fades

With You A Beautiful Memory Is Born!

Casa de Studs, home of Pete and Tom, hosts ArlingCon 4. Join us at 3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington Texas 76010-3744 (phone 817-633-3208). Call or write for information on carpools from Dallas, Houston, or Austin, or for directions and/or airport pickup if you're coming in on your own. Pass the word, and bring a friend.

Herelandra

Players: Some of you wondered about the refund arrangements. Basically, after figuring out how much you had paid at gamestart, and deducting fees and issues received, I had a "sub balance" for each of you. Then I refunded all but \$5 of that. So you are receiving Pere, from the re-start onward, for \$5. If this seems too generous (as some have suggested), you're welcome to send (back) some money, which will go into the zine's account, and indicate whether you want to continue as "sub to game's end" or switch to a regular subscription. If this isn't clear and you really do want to 'do something about it,' just write and we'll discuss it. Now...

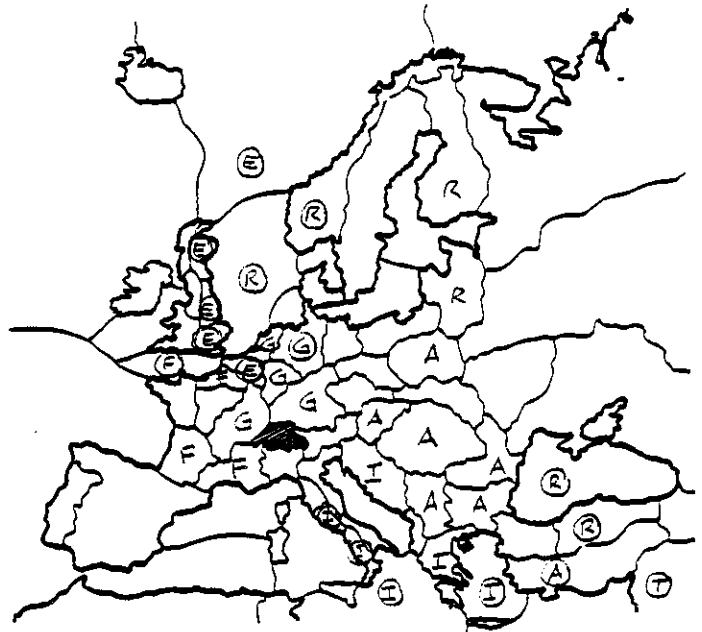
NORDEEN 86AH

Autumn 1903: England, f nts-yor
France, nrr, a bur-otb
Russia, nrr, a rum-otb

WINTER 1903: HERE COMES THE BATHTUB NAVY

Austria (Jim Diehl): build a bud & a vie; also has a war, a rum, a ser, a bul, f smy.
England (Hugh Christie): build f lon & f edi; also has f yor, f nwg, f bel.
France (Will Woodard): build a mar; also has a pic, f eng, a gas.
Germany (Steve Langley): remove f den; still has f kie, a hol, a ruh, a mun, a bur.
Italy (Rob Wittmond): build f nap & f rom; also has a tri, a gre, f ion, f aeg.
Russia (John Crosby?): has f nts, f nwy, a fin, a lvn, f bla, f ank.
Turkey (Ben Schilling): remove a con; has f syr.

Note that the abbreviation for North Sea is now nts. Addresses follow Tanith. The deadline for Spring 1904 moves is 28 March 1987 by mail. The standby for Russia is Gary Behnen (address also after games).



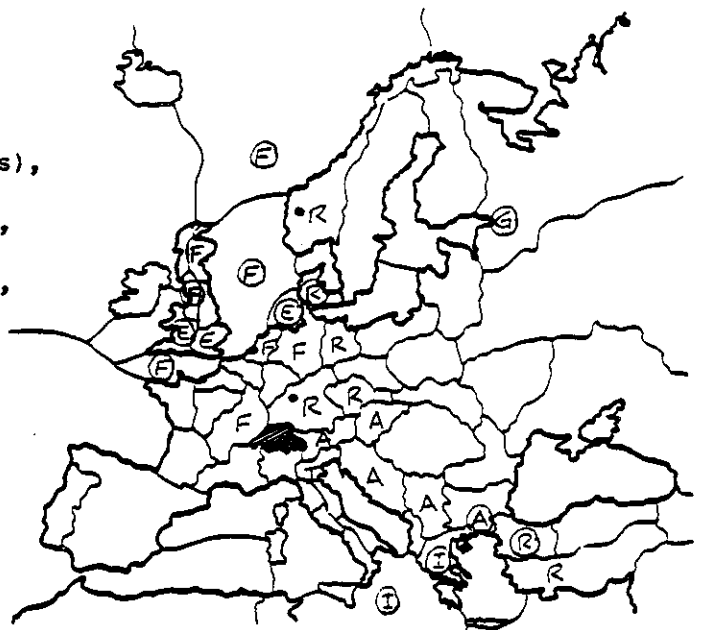
TANITH 85CS

Summer 1905: Italy, nrr, a tyo-otb.

FALL 1905: INATTENTION AND CONCESSION

Austria (Greg Ellis): a tyo-ven, a bud-tri (a vie s), a alb-ser, f bul/sc s Rf ank-con.
England (John Walker?): nmr. f nwy/retreats: ska, bar, otb/, f hel, f wal, a lon all hold.
France (Matt Kazur): f nts s Ra swe-nwy, f nat-nwg, f iri-lvp (a edi s), f eng-lon, a hol s a kie, a bur-mun (a kie s).
Germany (J.R. Baker): f stp/sc portage to sev.
Italy (John Crosby?): nmr. a mun/retreats: ruh, otb/, a tri/ann/, a ven, f gre, f ion h.
Russia (Evans Givan): a swe-nwy (Fra s), f den-kie, a sil-mun (a ber & a boh s), f ank-con (Aus s), a arm-smy.
Turkey (Jim Diehl): f aeg-eas, f con-bla.

Supply center chart and addresses are on the next page. Due to the complexity, seasons will be separated on the request of any one player--but send conditionals if you don't send a separation request! Standby for Italy is Daf Langley; no standby will be called for the one-dot England. The deadline for Autumn 1905 (Eng, Ita); Winter 1905 (all but Ger), and Spring 1906 is 28 March.



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Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1905

Austria	vie bud ser rum bul tri	6 - 6	build one
England	edz lyp lon nyy	4 - 1	remove two or three
France	bre par map spa por bel kie hol LVP EDI	8 - 10	build two
Germany	stp	1 - 1	even
Italy	rom nap ven tun gre nyy	6 - 5	build one or two
Russia	mos war sev swe den ber ank CON SMY MUN NWY	7 - 11	build three (will be one short)
Turkey	edz nyy	2 - 0	out

Russia to Turkey: Bow out gracefully. You're just helping Italian slime. That's in Munich, even.

Black Sea: A time to live and a time to not live.

Paris: This is an interesting turn. [Ed.: You don't know the half of it!]

Russia to StP: Looks like you're stuck here. Want to swap for Berlin?

France to UTA: Baseball? No, I barely remember the short story from junior high school.

What does "After you my dear Alphonse" have to do with baseball? Larry Gura's last words, perhaps?

UTA to France: Long long ago, the Chicago White Sox had two outfielders, Al and Gus, who very often ran into each other, or else backed off to let the ball fall in between them. The sportswriters figured that it was taking them so long to say "You go ahead, my dear Gaston" and "Oh, no, after you, Alphonse" that they never got around to catching the ball. So an "Alphonse and Gaston" play is where two players never quite connect; nobody takes charge; or both try to go it alone, causing a clumsy mistake. (By the way, I just noticed your Lit Quiz guess--William Butler Yeats--sorry it didn't get into the proper section.)

PLAYER ROSTER FOR TANITH AND NORDEEN

Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701-2720
John Walker 4819 Corian Oak San Antonio TX 78219
Matt Kazur Box 5492 Washington DC 20016
J.R. Baker 3100 Meadow Lane North Dickinson TX 77539
John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382-6871
Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Hts CA 95610-4606
Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Dr Eden Prairie MN 55344
Gary Behnen 13101 South Trenton Olathe KS 66062
Hugh Christie 43 East Houston Av Montgomery PA 17752
Will Woodard 1921 Tracey Circle Irving TX 75060
Steve and Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc #1 Sacramento CA 95825-3350
Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd Street #308 Torrance CA 90504

I hated to put Daf in a game with Evans, who lives near her, but the only other option was to put her in a game with her husband. You non-playing readers are very welcome to become standbys!

Opinions and Editorials and Letters_____

In the past, the Perelandra letter column has only been an occasional feature, whenever some topic of temporary interest arose. We are assured of a bit more permanence now, with two new columns rising out of the half-page musings in the last issue. "Obsessions" will be written by my roommate, Tom Hise (I hope he explains that title), and "It's Me Again" comes from my fiancée (wedding date: May 25. For an invitation, write me.) Cathy Marie Sexton. For this one issue only, I will engage in a little ego-boosting--in the future, the lettercol will try to confine itself to matters of substance! [Your comments on the format are solicited, also.]

from Bruce Geryk (23 January 1987)

You asked me, if you'll recall, for my comments on the "Snowball Fighting" rules, and it was quite some time ago, to boot. Under the assumption that "better late than never," though, I hope you will still find these of some use.

[Editor: What follows are those suggestions that either were not incorporated in the final draft of SF or were already discussed at length in the evolution of the game.]

Perelandra

(bruce geryk continues)

Range should affect damage. Part of the idea behind the VPs seems to be the amount of snow received upon being hit, but the force of the hit has to matter as well, or the Dirigible wouldn't do as much damage as an Avalanche. If force matters, then a close-range snowball throw should be the most powerful of all. Remembering my childhood snowball fights, I didn't mind a lot of snow as much as I minded a really stinging hit from close up. Some people were capable of throwing really hard from all the way across the yard. Those people were the most feared of all, as no one wanted to be hit hard. Amount of snow was definitely secondary.

Hit location should be taken into account. A lot of the really effective hits in snow fights when I was smaller were the ones to the head (obviously). Not only were they really painful, but they almost always required one to brush the snow out of one's face or ears, effectively stunning the target. A hit to the torso would be absorbed by the coat, and the snow would fall off anyway. Head hits were dreaded.

Hits should make a player have a chance of dropping some ammo. Head hits would almost always make someone drop a readied snowball. An arm hit could do likewise.

The fort that you describe ... could absolutely not be built in three Segments. Just making it up to one's knees would take a considerable amount of time. Also, the snow would have to be wet. If the weather is very cold (as you say under "6. Weapons"), then the snow can't be that wet. A real "snow fort" took ages to build. Also, why only a fifty percent chance of destruction with a "Maniac" attack? A person's heavy boots could level a hastily-constructed fort in no time.

...One more question: you mentioned that you and J.R. Baker are thinking of making the game into a full tabletop set. How are you going to do the components? I ask because a Blunt Instruments subber recently wrote, asking if I had any ideas on how he could produce a game he designed. He doesn't want to market it; he just wants to have a few sets made with playable maps (in color, for instance) and reasonable-quality counters, so that he and his friends can play amongst themselves. Do you have any ideas how he could do this?

[Pete: We're not sure yet ourselves how to produce a game. Once we secure the copyright, we'll press a little faster on production, but for now I think J.R. has just priced a few items he could find in retail shops, plus gotten a quote from somebody to print the maps (the same place does blueprints, too, if that's any help).

[Snowball Fighting is a strange creature. It draws a crowd despite its simplicity, and it's challenging despite the juvenile topic. I didn't feel comfortable tampering with someone else's creation that works so well--in fact, the final version returns to some of the phrasing of Trevor and Dom's original. The first two changes above would dramatically alter the game. The point about dropping ammo is a good one, and might have gone into the optional-rule section if I'd gotten your letter just a week earlier.

[But the Snow Forts were going to be controversial no matter how they were done. That's why they're in the optional rules. Forgetting realism such as snow that packs well, I really was torn over how long it took to build a Fort, and how easy it was to tear it down...and I concluded that it would be pointless to include a Fort rule if the Fort wasn't worth the trouble.

[Look out...the ego-boo comes next...]

from Matt Kazur ("16 February 1986"???)

Great seeing Perelandra again! Not quite so long a vacation as you had expected, was it?

from Mark Lew

Glad to see you're back. Believe it or not I'm actually contemplating publishing some Benzenes again--it never officially folded, you know!

from Rod Walker (24 January 1987)

Nice to hear from you and to learn that Pere is being revived. I don't know when my copies stopped coming, but I'm sure it was before August. But I'd heard that you'd folded and thought then it was too bad. Of course, not being quite so much involved in the hobby these days,

Perelandra

it's hard for me to keep track of what's going on, but I'm sure I heard at least a rumor of Pere's demise. I'm glad "Santa" was able to help you.

...Congratulations on the upcoming marriage. I trust you'll be on your guard against making her feel like a "Diplomacy widow."

[Pete: Not a chance, she's already been to a PudgeCon and enjoys the personalities in the hobby more than I do. And she's as good a Titan player as me, though Cathy can't lie very well so I'm not optimistic about her skills at Dip. Just don't ever, ever play Square Off against this woman--or Survive, or Christians and Lions, or...]

from Hugh Christie (9 February 1987)

My day was a complete success...Pere arrived in the mail! As stated many times before, Pere is pure enjoyment for this reader and I welcome its familiar content.

from Bob Olsen (6 February 1987)

Gee, Perelandra looks just like I remembered it. Which is odd because when you get to be my age--yes, The Big One was a week ago today--it's a miracle when you can remember anything. One good thing though...finally I've reached the time when I can stop excusing my blunders on the follies of youth, and start blaming them on the advance of crotchety age. I guess this means I can get away with anything now!

...As always, there's some chance I might make Arlingcon, but I can't know for sure till close to the time. If so I'd probably drive down. There's a stained-glass shop down in the Big D that has stuff I can't get up here...that's how I blow some of the other time not spent on-Dip (of which there is precious little, i.e. Dip time, these days).

[Pete: Enough of the back-patting. Hey, you better come down here for ArlingCon. I've gone to all the trouble of getting married just so to convince Daf Langley to fly to Texas--you and Daf and Tom do comprise half of the Thump 'n' Grunt postal wrestling league, right? We have you three slated in a tag-team against some local paraplegics...

[Seriously, on the con. Pick up Toots Michalski if you can come. And write to Behnen-san and see whether he's recovered from last Labor Day yet (those late hours can kill).

[Oops, I lied--one more congratulatory note, then we move on...]

from Don Williams (in Fiat Bellum #46, February 1987)

Perelandra, the Return of the Literati, arrived in the old mailbox several days ago. Lots to read, lots of games, lots of fun, no sex. As a special added feature, Pete got his fiance Cathy to write a paragraph or so. Inside sources tell us that Cathy was a bit intimidated. Our advice: don't be silly--give yourself a few more months to get the hang of it and you'll be taking Gaughan right out of his own zine. (Hey, it's happened with people named X Cathy before.) It was nice to hear from you, and I hope we hear from you again.

[Pete: But in a few months she'll be a Gaughan... didja notice the sex this issue, Don?]

It's Me Again · by Cathy Sexton

Hi! Folks, I guess I'm back. This time it was really hard to think of a subject. Well, I walked into my bedroom to think, and Snuggles gave me an idea. If you don't know Snuggles, he's the cutest little bear on T.V. (you know, the fabric-softener sheets). Anyway, I have thousands of stuffed animals. They really make up a good part of my room. My latest addition was a bear Pete got me for Valentine's Day. Pete thinks I'm partial to bears, but really I like them all!!

I have five dogs, ranging from 2 1/2 feet tall to about 6 inches. I have five bears, with Snuggles being my favorite. I just got him for Christmas. Six cats--one is Garfield, two I got at the Greatest Show on Earth, and one holds my boots up straight. Let's see, I have two elephants; the pink one was my sleeping buddy when I was younger. I have two mice (I think I'm finally getting down to the rare species). Only one unicorn, one turtle, one lamb, one Rodney Reindeer, one frog, and (last but not least) my penguin. If Pete added right that's only 26 but it seemed like thousands. Oh, well, I still like them.

Herelandra

(cathy sexton continues)

Now, from this talk about animals don't get the idea that I like real animals. Actually, it's not that I hate real animals, it's just that my body can't handle them. See, I'm allergic to horses and cats. I figure there are more I'm allergic to, I'm just not sure. I'm not allergic to dogs, but they're not the funnest animals in the world. So I'm sorry to announce that Pete and I will not have a cat. (In case you didn't know, Pete LOVES cats.) I keep telling him I'm not allergic to fish. I love fish; I want an aquarium. I'm not sure about the rest of the animal kingdom.

Just because Pete only likes cats, doesn't mean he doesn't have some stuffed animals. I'll tell you how many, but you'll have to guess who or what they are because he'll strangle me if I tell. He has four stuffed animals. Of course, Tom Hise can't play this guessing game since he sees them all the time. (Maybe that's who he's talking to...oh, but that's another story.) Bye!

[Ms. Sexton may be addressed directly at 44 Lark Meadows, Venus TX 76084-9755.]

from Ben Schilling (card of 7 February 1987)

Alfred Bester will be Guest of Honor at this year's World SF Convention in Brighton, England.

[Pete: Which reminds me--I goofed up last issue, when I excerpted Bester's The Demolished Man. Bester won the first Hugo Award for Best SF Novel, but not for that book. I have already forgotten the title that did win, though.

[A postscript to Mark Lew's letter asks whether I ever found Tim Powers' The Anubis Gates. Yes, Mark--a pretty fascinating time-travel without the junk that usually encumbers that type of sf. Also this month, Rod Walker recommended Mike Resnick's work (since then I've read Soul Eater and Redbeard), and Don Williams offers Morganstern's Silent Gondoliers as well as John Varley's "Press Enter" in the collection Blue Champagne. I may review the Resnick novels after the MA exams in early April.

[And that note about the World SF Con in Brighton brings us to another topic: World Dipcon. A circular from Simon Billenness has been promoting the idea of holding what has been the annual North American Diplomacy con in Britain in 1988, in conjunction with either Manorcon or Midcon. These conventions are held in Birmingham, in July and November respectively.

[Not only am I opposed to holding Dipcon in Britain, I have added a section to my forthcoming article in Diplomacy World on why, so I won't spend much time on it here. However, I would support this idea...]

from Ken Peel (20 February 1987, courtesy copy of a letter to Richard Walkerdine)

...But why should an international Diplomacy con in Britain use as its mantle the North American championship (DipCon)? Why not create an entirely new concept (heck, even call it "World DipCon"), and have it rotate between Britain, continental Europe, and North America. World DipCons could be held, say, every two-three years (I doubt that the international Diplomacy community could maintain a truly international con on an annual basis).

[For information on World Dipcon proposals, write to Simon Billenness at 630 Victory Blvd #6F, Staten Island NY 10301; or get House of Lords from Dick Martin (26 Orchard Way N, Rockville MD 20854) where there are a dozen other good discussions going on also!]

Obsessions by Tom Hise

What an appropriate title for my life since I started high school. I have bounced from one full-time obsession to another (computer programmer, science fiction fan, comic collector, aspiring fiction writer and so on). In fact, that was what brought me into "the Hobby" to begin with--I always enjoyed games, especially more difficult ones. So when Pete asked me if I wanted to play in postal Snowball Fighting, I said I'd give it a try. It's a cute game and I loved the concept of playing by mail with zine reports.

Then the fateful day came when Pete introduced me to United (postal soccer). The opportunity to coach a sports team through a season of play and even for years to come was more than I

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could believe. I had always wished for something like this--since elementary school! So naturally this lead to my involvement with other games and areas of the Hobby. At ArlingCon 3 Pete was starting down the road to his own obsession with Titan, and we found out that Don Scheifler [Ed.: former MidwestMob Dip player and noted Titan fiend] had moved here to the Dallas area. This has lead to numerous face-to-face games since then. I would think I was enthralled with Titan, if only I didn't keep suiciding out. Maybe I'm obsessed with losing at Titan.

Well, all this lead to the evening of February 25th. Pete, Don, and I, with Cathy spectating. We began around seven-thirty; by midnight Cathy was asleep and we were fixing to start another game! We finished at five a.m. with me eliminating Pete, but then I was left so weak that Don just ate my lunch (or was it breakfast?). Anyway, I got five hours sleep before I went off to my accounting class--and then to a seven-hour shift at work. So presently I am obsessed with getting my feet to stop hurting.

Frankly, between you and me, I am obsessed with life and living it to my fullest potential. In that vein, next issue, I'll be discussing United (for instance, the scouting reports, and divisional competition). Your comments are strongly encouraged. Adios!

[Pete: For the sake of Tom and other Snowball Fighting fans, I'm unveiling the latest feature of Advanced Snowball Fighting in the illustration at the right...

[When I asked Tom for an article, I suggested he review the United leagues--let the non-United Dipsters know who's a whiz and who's a bomb at this new subhobby. He has gone beyond that scope but I'm sure his obsessions will prove interesting nonetheless.

[While we were discussing World Dipcon, I forgot to include the information on this year's tournament! Dipcon XX will be held June 4-6 at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Contact Mark Frueh (4320 Wallace, St. Louis MO 63116) for details and a copy of the Administrative Committee Newsletter.

[Finally, a note about the concept here. In The Abyssinian Prince #2 this month, Jim Burgess says, "I always thought hobby-generated fiction would have helped Pete immensely." I'm willing to give that a try (as I said back in the "Vital Statistics" section) but I'd also like to hear from those who wouldn't want to see a lot of original fiction in Perelandra. Whether you write or not, I'm interested in your opinion on adding this feature to the zine.

PAVLOV



House rules for Diplomacy

Yes, these were just printed last month. But (can you believe?) I left a couple out!

I. Players must maintain a subscription to Perelandra in order to receive game reports directly, but if a player's sub lapses and he still gets orders in on time, he's still in the game (see Rule IV). Standbys must maintain a subscription but the issue in which they submit standby orders (used or not) is free to them.

II. The GM agrees to manage the game in an accurate and prompt manner, including correcting mistakes if they are pointed out before the next deadline. The players agree to obey limits announced from time to time such as restrictions on telephone hours and datelines.

III. In several ways, Perelandra will follow the rulebook closer than others. Country selection will be by random draw. Also, liberal use will be made of the 'badly-written order' rule--if an order is unambiguous it will be followed.

IV. A player who nmrs in consecutive seasons has resigned and a standby will receive his position, unless the player has fewer than three centers. One- and two-center powers will go into civil disorder instead; the drop-out player may not return to that position.

V. Concessions or draws, which may exclude one or more countries, may be proposed beginning in Spring 1905. These proposals pass only on the timely, explicit "yes" vote of all remaining

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players having at least two centers. The names of countries offering proposals will be published, as will the votes themselves.

VI. Except for 1901 (when Winter will always be a separate season), seasons will be combined into two per game year. Whether retreats will be due with the preceding or following season will be announced in the gamestart. Deadlines will be one month apart, with the phone deadline at 11pm the night before the mail deadline. Spring 1901 mms will delay the game one month so a standby can be called.

VII. Anyone who wins a game of Diplomacy in Perelandra will receive two free issues of the zine. Anyone sharing in a two-, three-, or four-way draw receives one issue.

VIII. Each player will be issued a codename, which he may use to identify himself, especially by phone, to the gm. Orders without the codename, which cannot be positively identified in some other way (e.g., by handwriting) may be refused. Impersonating or deceiving the gm is cause for expulsion.

IX. Any of these rules will be reconsidered, if good cause is given, on request—but you are more likely to get a change (say, a season separation) if two players request it.

the Pursuit of Excellence

PJG

This is supposed to be the last semester of my try at an M.A. in linguistics. Of course, there have been two previous "last semesters", and I'm still here. After whizzing through the first three semesters of the program (Fall 1983-Spring 1984-Fall 1984), and being bored stiff because it was sooo easy, I ran into a double whammy.

Not only did the subject matter get challenging (a welcome relief), but I ran short of cash for everyday expenses. I tried, for two semesters, working 45 hours a week and taking a full load of school, but both my grades and my work performance suffered. Finally I quit trying and dropped out.

Now I'm making up for lost time, but I have two hurdles to get over: straight As in three classes this semester (my GPA will still not be great but if I finish well it will impress the dean with my earnestness), and passing the departmental comprehensive exam (about 1/4 of the M.A. students take the exam instead of writing a thesis).

"Comps" consist of six questions, selected from a list of ten or so...this way, you can write about the classes you took and the guy next to you can find a question about what he studied. The six questions are given in two two-hour slots: 10-12 and 2-4. This year comps will be on April 4—that's right, ArlingCon 4 is that weekend. I hope you all have a wonderful time Saturday, and I'll see you at 4:30 (boy, will I be ready to tear up a Dip board by then!). I probably won't get to play any ftf this month as I review notes from twelve courses I've taken...

Next time I might get a chance to talk about my current courses in depth, but let me just mention the topics I'm involved in. Semantics is my one boring class this term; that's the study of how our minds define words, especially in relation to each other. We spend a lot of time in Discourse Grammar discovering how languages construct stories. And my seminar on Philosophy and Language is trying to uncover universal principles of human behavior! Whew.

THE LEPRACAUN, OR FAIRY SHOEMAKER

I.

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!---
Only the grasshopper and the bee?---
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather, sewn together,
This will make a shoe.

Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Lepracaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made
Man!

II.

You watch your cattle the summer day,
 Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay;
 How would you like to roll in your carriage,
 Look for a Duchess's daughter in marriage?
 Seize the Shoemaker--then you may!
 "Big boots a-hunting,
 Sandals in the hall,
 White for a wedding-feast,
 Pink for a ball.
 This way, that way,
 So we make a shoe;
 Getting rich every stitch,
 Tick-tack-too!"
 Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
 This keen miser-fairy hath,
 Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
 Ruin and round-tow'r, cave and rath,
 And where the cormorants build;
 From times of old
 Guarded by him;
 Each of them fill'd
 Full to the brim
 With gold!

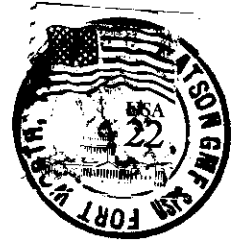
III.

I caught him at work one day, myself,
 In the castle-ditch, where foxglove grows--
 A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
 Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
 Silver buckles to his hose,
 Leather apron--shoe in his lap--
 "Rip-rap, tip-tap,
 Tick-tack-too!
 (A grasshopper on my cap!
 Away the moth flew!)
 Buskins for a fairy prince,
 Brogues for his son--
 Pay me well, pay me well,
 When the job is done!"
 The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
 I stared at him; he stared at me;
 "Servant, Sir!" "Humph!" says he,
 And pulled a snuff-box out.
 He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
 The queer little Lepracaun;
 Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace--
 Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
 And, while I sneezed,
 Was gone!

William Allingham

Herelandra

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*-working on
 MA in Linguistics*

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THIS IS A FREE ISSUE

**May the Road rise up to meet you;
 may the wind be ever at your back;
 and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand.**