

Perelandra 2

number 50

June



written 1920, by Yevgeny Zamyatin

The Cave

Glaciers, mammoths, wastes. Black nocturnal cliffs, somehow resembling houses; in the cliffs, caves. And no one knows who trumpets at night on the stony path between the cliffs, who blows up white snow-dust, sniffing out the path. Perhaps it is a gray-trunked mammoth, perhaps the wind. Or is the wind itself the icy roar of the king of mammoths? One thing is clear: it is winter. And you must clench your teeth as tightly as you can, to keep them from chattering; and you must split wood with a stone axe; and every night you must carry your fire from cave to cave, deeper and deeper. And you must wrap yourself in shaggy animal hides, more and more of them.

A gray-trunked mammoth roamed at night among the cliffs, where Petersburg had stood ages ago. And cave men, wrapped in hides, blankets, rags, retreated from cave to cave. On the Feast of the Intercession of the Holy Virgin, Martin Martynych and Masha closed up the study; a few weeks later they fled from the dining room and huddled in the bedroom. There was nowhere else to retreat; here they must last out the siege or die.

In the Petersburg bedroom-cave things were much as they had been in Noah's ark not long ago: a confusion of beasts, clean and unclean, thrown together by the flood. A mahogany desk; books; stone-age pancakes that seemed to have been made of potter's clay; Scriabin, Opus 74; a flatiron; five potatoes, scrubbed lovingly to gleaming whiteness; nickel bedsteads; an axe; a chiffonier; firewood. And in the center of this universe--its god, the short-legged, rusty-red, squat, greedy cave god: the cast-iron stove.

The god hummed mightily. A great fiery miracle in the dark cave. The people--Martin Martynych and Masha--worshipfully, silently, gratefully stretched their hands to it. For a single hour it was spring in the cave; for one hour the animal hides, claws, fangs were discarded, and green shoots--thoughts--struggled up through the ice-crusting cortex of the brain.

"Mart, you've forgotten that tomorrow...No, I see you have forgotten!"

In October, when the leaves have yellowed, withered, drooped, there are sometimes blue-eyed days; you throw back your head on such a day, so as not to see the earth, and you can almost believe that joy, that summer are still here. And so with Masha now: if you close your eyes and only listen to her voice, you can still believe she is the same, the old Masha; in a moment she will laugh, jump out of bed, throw her arms around you. And what you heard an hour ago--a knife rasping on glass--was not her voice at all, it was not she . . .

"Mart, Mart! Just as always now...You never used to forget. The twenty-ninth: St. Mary's day, my name day..."

The cast-iron god still hummed. As usual, there was no light; the light came on at ten. The shaggy, dark vaults of the cave swayed overhead. Martin Martynych, squatting on his heels, all of him drawn into a knot--tighter, tighter!--still stared, with head

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Editors: Pete and Cathy Gaughan 3121 E Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010 817-633-3208

Perelandra

thrown back, at the October sky in order not to see the faded, withered lips. And Masha--

"You know, Mart--what if we lit the stove the first thing in the morning? To make the whole day--just as now! What? How much do we have? There must still be about a cord left in the study?"

It was a long, long time since Masha had been able to get herself as far as the arctic study; she did not know there was no longer any . . . But pull the knot more tightly, still more tightly!

"A cord? Much more! I think there must be . . ."

Suddenly, the light: exactly ten o' clock. And, breaking off, Martin Martynych shut his eyes, turned away. It was harder in the light than in the dark . . . And in the light it could be clearly seen--his face was crumpled, claylike (many people had clay faces now--back to Adam). And Masha--

"And you know, Mart, I would try--perhaps I could get up...if you lit the stove in the morning."

"Of course, Masha, of course...On such a day...Of course, first thing in the morning."

The cave god was running down, shrinking. It was quiet now, crackling faintly. Downstairs, at the Obertyshevs, a stone axe was chopping the knotty logs of an old barge--a stone axe was splitting Martin Martynych into pieces. Once piece of Martin Martynych smiled a clayey smile at Masha and ground dried potato peelings in the coffee mill for pancakes. Another piece--like a bird that has flown into a room from out of the open--dashed itself blindly, stupidly against the ceiling, the windows, the walls: Where can I get some wood--some wood? [...]

[Editor: our author notes this month are from Bruce Geryk, who sent in this story--one free issue and our gratitude, Bruce.]

I came across the enclosed story as I was doing classwork for a class on post-Revolutionary Russian literature (which is omitting [Mikhail] Bulgakov, if you can believe that!) and just has a feeling that you might enjoy it. While I am still a bit dubious of the assertion that Zamyatin should be placed among the ranks of Gorki, Bely, and Babel, his work is in some senses extraordinary. His novel We influenced both Huxley's Brave New World and Orwell's 1984 (though you'll never hear it mentioned in the same breath as them by Slavophobic Westerners), and it is a crime that the literature of his period was forced into the sterile path taken in the late 'twenties--a victim of terror and persecution.

The reason I was so struck by "The Cave" at first was that it smacks of science fiction. Indeed, the metaphorical reversal in the first paragraph almost convinced me that Zamyatin had crossed into sci fi. In any case, the translation is good (or so I am told), and the story is certainly worth reading. I hope you enjoy it.

[Ed. Bruce included very little else, so we did some digging to come up with the author's first name and this information: "The Cave" is from a collection of 15 stories titled The Dragon (U. of Chicago Press); We is still in print in paperback from Avon.]

Our Fifth Anniversary

...No, not Cathy and Pete's fifth. Perelandra was born June of 1982. (Cathy sez, "It's five years already?") This has been the shakiest year of Pere's existence, but a status check at this point shows the zine healthy and regular again...averaging 10 issues per year due to two brief layoffs? Maybe I should just go to five-week deadlines?

Cakes, and celebrations, and packages--birthdays and weddings both! All the hoopla over our wedding last week has finally subsided, but the cards and letters, as they say (not to mention the gifts), are still coming in. More about the matrimonial stuff in the letter-editorial section.

This (does anybody else use that word?) should turn out to be about 20 pages; three excerpts, five games and a bunch of letters. Just my unbirthday gift to you faithful lot. Thanks.



Perelandra

Game Openings

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

DIPLOMACY: Russ Rusnak is signed up for the next game. \$5.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING: Two people signed up (both paid) for the next game, which will be anonymous. \$3 fee includes rules (\$1 for rules alone). Four to six more players needed.

DOWNFALL OF THE LORD OF THE RINGS: Rod Walker, Bruce Geryk, and Geoffrey Richard signed up and paid (Bruce, did I send you a set of rules?). Needs five more; fee \$5 including rules and map. Preference lists are accepted for this one.

GUNBOAT DIPLOMACY: Five signed up (four of them paid)--needs just two more. \$3.

DEVIANT DIPLOMACY: This is the variant that made Mark Lew a household ~~guy~~ word. All the regular Dip rules, plus one: each season, every player submits a proposed rule change. Each season the proposal receiving the most votes takes effect. The result is amphibious units, disappearing provinces, nuclear weapons, paratroopers--literally anything. Let me know if you're interested in playing, but send no money until I see there's enough interest. (\$5)

OTHERS: I'm looking to add one more game besides those above, but it must be unusual. I might steal the jousting game now running in Prisoners of War, or try again with Monopoly, but I would like your suggestions, too.

STANDBYS: Needed for Dip and Dip variants; you get two issues free for submitting orders, and another for playing out a standby position. Thanks to Steve Emmert, Tom Hurst, Nhan Vu, Greg Ellis, Evans Givan, Daf Langley, Gary Behnen, and John Walker.

Literary Quiz

Last month: What maiden in a 19th-century English romance is now the name of a shortbread cookie? Extra credit if you name the novel and novelist.

Of course, Rod Walker got the right answer, including the bonuses. From Matt Kazur:

Well, it looks like my literary guess last time was off -- the only famous Norwegian traitor I knew was Quisling, and that was wrong. This time...Lorna Doone. Right? I've never eaten one, but that's the only shortbread cookie I can think of.

Quite right. Lorna Doone was the heroine of a novel by the same name, written by R.D. Blackmore and published in 1869. Rod concludes his comments on the sentimental style of the book by saying, "Lorna Doone is presumably no relation to Doonesbury. But then again..."

So 1/2 issue to Matt, and a full issue to Rod. Gee, that didn't cost me so much after all--nobody else even tried! So let's go with another easy question and see how you do. In fact, here's two for next month.

Question 8R: The book, The Lion of Judah in Never-Never Land, is a critical review of what other book or books?

Question 57B: Which of the Founding Fathers, partly out of his need for money, arranged a lucrative sale of his books to the new Library of Congress?

plugs

Yes, plugs. I constantly receive requests for mention, but here's two items which I think deserve your consideration. Russ Rusnak says he is willing to open as many games of Dip as he can find players for. Russ's warehouse zine, Who Cares?, is speedy and accurate. He'll soon be moving to 1551 High Ridge Parkway, Westchester IL.

Don Strachan of L.A. has formed a company, Bongers, to produce a new game, Save the World. "A co-operative environmental board game," claims him, where players team up to stave off ecological threats to planetary survival. I'll probably be getting this and reviewing it for Pere, but you can write to Bongers yourself at Box 84366, Los Angeles CA 90073.

Thulcandra

number 8

...the silent planet

WELL WORLD----TITAN

TURN TWO, and the Gold team is breaking up...

BLACK (Mark Frueh, 4320 Wallace, St. Louis MO 63116) rolls a 6.

Battle Die moves to Brush (B17);
Hand of Fate moves to Desert (D21).

BLUE (Bruce Geryk, 5748 S. Blackstone Av. #310, Chicago IL 60637) rolls a 1.
Raining Cloud moves to Tower (400);
Tornado moves to Swamp (S121).

BROWN (Jeff Zarse, 1 Stonegate Rd., Lake Forest IL 60045) rolls a 6.

Garden Hose moves to Jungle (J5);
Needle Nose moves to Brush (B3).

GOLD (Don Scheifler, 2565 Corn Valley Rd #2040, Grand Prairie TX 75051) rolls a 3.
Bearclaw moves to Hills (H32);
Coins holds at Plains (P129).

GREEN (Gary Behnen, 13101 S. Trenton, Olathe KS 66062) rolls a 5.

Claw holds at Brush (B134);
Scales moves to Tundra (TUN4000).

RED (Ed Wrobel, 3932 N. Forestdale Ave., Dale City VA 22193) rolls a 5.
Star moves to Marsh (M8); Cross moves to Brush (B106).

Musters for Turn Two: 3 Trolls, 2 Gargoyles, 1 each Centaur, Cyclops, Lion and Minotaur.

Splits after Turn Two: Bearclaw and Fireball in Hills (H32); Coins and Swords in Plains (P129).

Deadline for Turn Three: 11pm, 31 May 1987. I know this is actually out of sync, but I'm NOT going to set a deadline during my honeymoon...

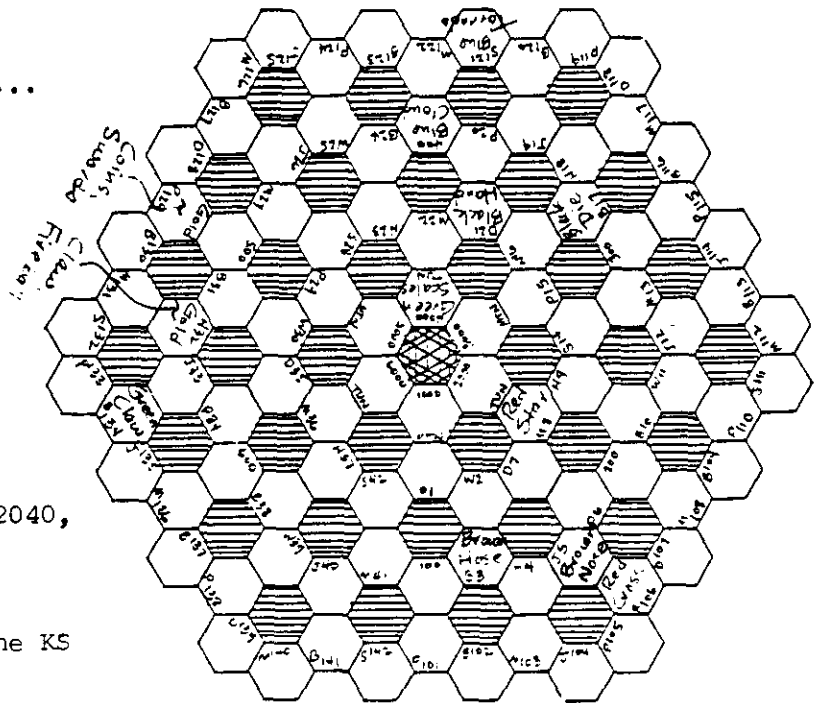
Game Notes: I believe all the address changes take effect on or after June 1, so I'll let that ride for now. Most of you suggested adding a letter to the map for each terrain, but nobody took my hint and sent in a redrawn map! I'm going to be difficult and number the inner ring and towers a bit oddly, but you can use anything that's unambiguous. We even have some press this time...

Black Mark to Donny Goldilocks: Tell me another bedtime story on how we eliminated everyone else and earned a two-way draw. And buster, if you ever again order Tower Teleportation to my starting Tower, I'll kill your Titan! Heck, I'm gonna kill your Titan anyway!

Black Mark to Blue Bruce: Let me through, I'll murder the thieving Cream-O-Wheat eater!

Ivory Tower to Black Mark: Temper, temper!

Ivory Tower to Well World: Yes, this is the gm's new reserved dateline...see you in married life.



Thulcandra

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number 9

...the silent planet

WELL WORLD----TITAN TURN THREE

BLACK (Mark Frueh 4320 Wallace St. Louis MO 63116) rolls a 5.

Battle Die moves to Marsh (M112);
Hand of Fate move to Plains (P20).

BLUE (Bruce Geryk 5748 S Blackstone Av #310 Chicago IL 60637) rolls a 3.

Raining Cloud moves to Marsh (M22);
Tornado holds at Swamp (S121).

BROWN (Jeff Zarse 1 Stonegate Rd Lake Forest IL 60045) rolls a 3.

Tolling Bell moves to Jungle (J104);
Beer Stein moves to Swamp (S42).

GOLD (Don Scheifler 3121 E Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010) rolls a 1.

Bearclaw moves to Marsh (M131);
Fireball holds at Hills (H32);
Coins moves to Desert (D128);
Swords moves to Tower (500).

GREEN (Gary Behnen 13101 S Trenton Olathe KS 66062) rolls a 6.

Claw moves to Brush (B38);
Scales moves to Marsh (M27).

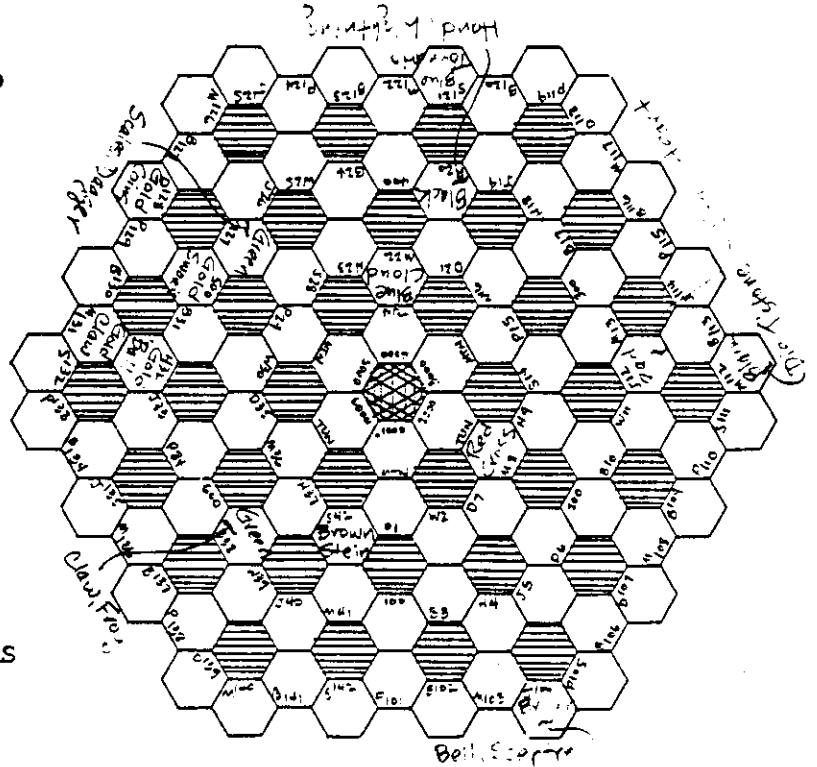
RED (Ed Wrobel 3932 N Forestdale Av Dale City VA 22193) rolls a 4. Star moves to Jungle (J12); Cross moves to Marsh (M8).

Musters for Turn Three: 3 Ogres, 2 Lions, 3 Cyclops, 1 Centaur, 1 Troll.

Splits after Turn Three:

Black Battle Die with Tombstone at M112
Black Hand of Fate with White Lightning at P20
Brown Tolling Bell with Crossed Sceptres at J104
Green Claw with Frog at B38
Green Scales with Dagger at M27
Red Star with Heart at J12

DEADLINE FOR TURN FOUR ORDERS IS MIDNIGHT JUNE 15.



Press:

Black Mark to Titan Players: Dare
you guys to beat me at Madcon!!

Ivory Tower to Well World: Just a
reminder, people--press is
accepted here!

Herelandra

TANITH 85CS

WHITE KNIGHT? OR BLACK?

Last report omitted France's "f nwg-bar".

FALL 1906

Austria (Greg Ellis): a tri-ven (a tyo s (a vie s)),
a bud-ser, a alb-gre (f bul/sc s).

England (John Walker): f ska s Ff den-swe /nso/.

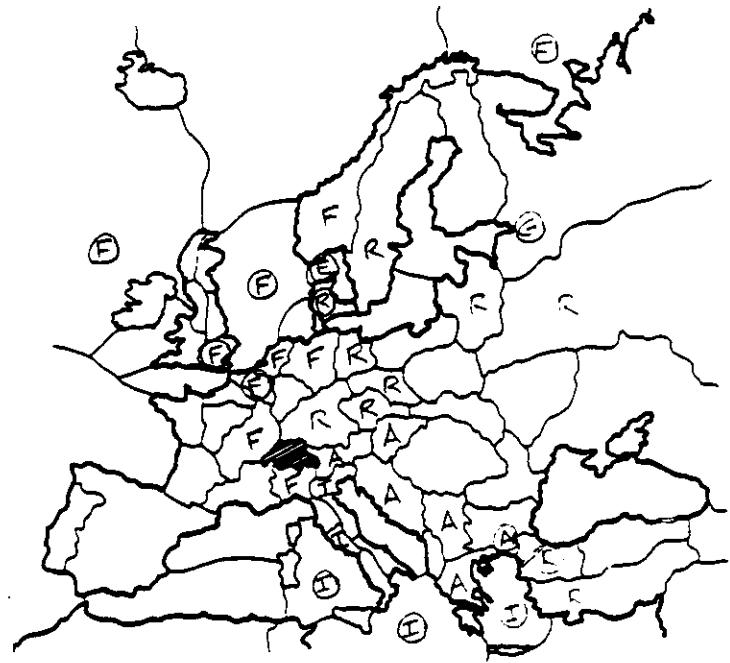
France (Matt Kazur): f mid-nat, f bar s Gf stp/sc,
f bel-nts, f nts-den, a nwy s Ef ska-swe /nso/,
f wal-lon, a kie s f nts-den (a hol s),
a bur-mun, a pie s Ia ven.

Germany (J.R. Baker): f stp/sc clicks its heels
three times and repeats, "There's no place like
home, there's no..."

Italy (John Crosby): f nap-tyn, f gre-aeg
(f ion s), a ven s Fa pie-tyo /nso/ (a rom s).

Russia (Evans Givan): a mos-stp (a lvn s),

a war-sil, a ber-kie (a mun s, f den s) (a swe s f den, aboh s a mun), f con-aeg, a smy h.



SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1906

Austria vie bud ser rum bul tri GRE

6/7 may build one

England ~~xxx~~

1/0 out

France bre par mar spa por bel kie hol lvp edi LON NWY

10/12 may build two

Germany stp

1/1 even

Italy rom nap ven tun ~~xxx~~

5/4 must remove one

Russia mos war sev swe den ber ank con smy mun ~~xxx~~

11/10 even

Austria proposes a Russia/France draw. Votes are due, with Winter 1906 and Spring 1907 orders, by 30 JUNE 1987 (phone orders by 11pm, 29 June).

Austria to World: I think the party is over, guys. Let's vote in the draw and move on.

Austria to Italy: I hope you tried to move something!

France to Austria: Stabbed by Italy again?

Austria to France: Are you playing the white knight for Italy, Germany and England? Oops, was that England's last center?

France to England, Germany and Italy: Just call me Santa Claus.

France to Russia: Time to pay the piper.

UTA to France: The Pied Piper??

NORDEEN 86AH

HALF THE BOARD WANTS TO WAIT...

Winter 1904

1986AH

Austria (Jim Diehl): builds army vienna.

England (Hugh Christie): even.

France (Will Woodard): builds fleet marseilles.

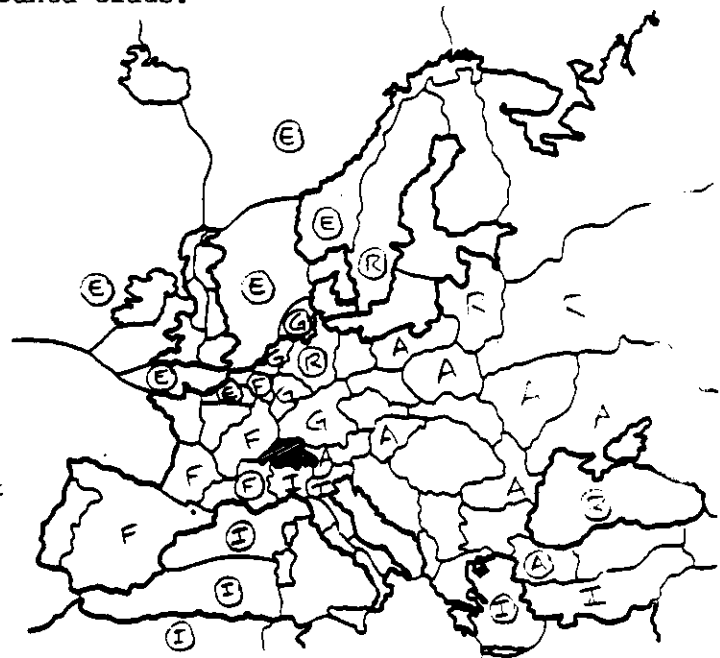
Germany (Steve Langley): even.

Italy (Rob Wittmond): builds army venice.

Russia (John Crosby): removes fleet armenia.

Press is being held over; I have orders from all but one player.

DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1905 IS 30 JUNE 1987 by mail.



Perelandra

GETHEN ASF

TURN ONE, AND TWO BLIZZARDS HIT!

Segment One: A drastic storm swoops down on the backyard, and a blizzard of attacks (12) is launched on this Turn. Up in the northwest corner, SnowJob (J.R. Baker) begins construction on a formidable Snow Fort, the first ever. Cool Hand Luke (Bob Olsen) draws a beady aim on Target Tommy (Tom Hurst), so Tommy scrambles away, but Luke hits him anyway. SnowLord (Tom Hise) is busy picking up two more Snowballs, so Snow White (Venessa Williams) whips him in the face with a Ravenscroft Rattlesnake. Coke Sniffer (Jim Burgess) sees Snow White and Cool Hand Luke busy with their attacks, so the Sniff cracks off a Barnard Bolero on the two of them! And what is Swizzle Thunk (Jeff Zarse) up to during all this? He's tucked himself in behind the snowman.

Segment Two: The snow is blowing so hard that everybody outside takes a hp of damage, but that doesn't stop Swizzle Thunk from grabbing the snowman's head and plopping it down on top of Cool Hand Luke, who returns the favor with a Rattler that misses. Tommy hits the Thunk from behind with a Dolton Demon. Snow White figures she's annoyed SnowLord enough and runs between the trees, but SL is busy lobbing the bomb at SnowJob. The toss hits SnowJob, but not enough to keep him from continuing on his Snow Fort. Coke Sniffer packs a Dolton Dirigible...

Segment Three: The Fort is finished, and SnowJob looks up to see SnowLord's second attack whizz by his shoulder. Snow White gathers some more ammunition (two 'balls) while Cool Hand Luke does the same (a Dirigible--retribution for Swizzle??). The Sniff and the Thunk both see this and try to smear CHL; CS's di flies harmlessly past because of the blizzard, but ST's shot is good, giving him a big early lead. But he takes another point of damage, because Target Tommy hits him from behind again with a Rattlesnake.

Deadline for Turn Two orders is 30 June 1987. Remember you're safest when you list out what you are going to carry on a move order. And you might want to review the optional rules, which we are using--especially the rule about Snow Forts. Bob is already in hit-point trouble--keep in mind that moving through a door costs 2 action points, not 1, so from where you are right now, Bob, you can't reach the kitchen in one Segment. The snowman's head, obviously, is gone for the game until somebody rebuilds it (rule 4.1). Press on the next page.

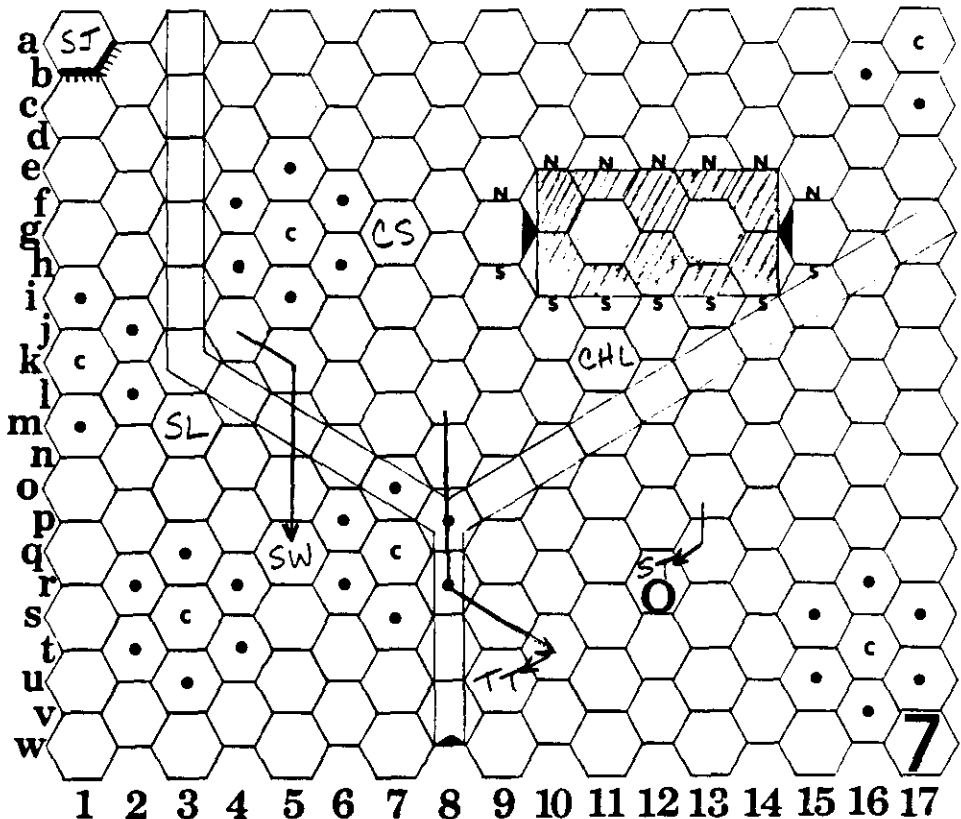
This game is already very different from the one in Magus, where everybody stood around and looked at each other for the first Segment. One way you can tell how the game is going (besides merely looking at the Victory Points) is to add vps and hps. Three players may each be tied with 6 vp, but if one has 9 hp and the others 4 hp each, you have a clear leader.

Below is a commercial announcement that accompanied SnowJob's orders--J.R. finally found work!

HT
HAMPTON-TILLEY ASSOCIATES, INC.
 Engineering Consultants
 Specialist in Instrumentation & Electrical System Design

740 Goddard Avenue
 P.O. Box 3137
 Chesterfield, MO 63017
 314-537-3353

J.R. (BOB) BAKER
 Engineer



Herelandra

Snowball Fighting

| | <u>Segment One</u> | <u>attacked by</u> | <u>Segment Two</u> |
|------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Cool Hand Luke (Olsen) | attack TT w/rr | CS /bb/35/** | attack ST w/rr |
| Coke Sniffer (Burgess) | attack SW & CHL w/bb | | collect di |
| SnowJob (Baker) | build Snow Fort | | build Fort |
| SnowLord (Hise) | collect 2 sb | SW /rr/95/** | attack SJ w/rr |
| Swizzle Thunk (Zarse) | move to R12 | | attack CHL w/sh |
| Snow White (Williams) | attack SL w/rr | CS /bb/40/-- | move to Q5 |
| Target Tommy (Hurst) | move to T10 | CHL/rr/75/** | attack ST w/de, move to U9 |

| | <u>Seq. Two attacked by</u> | <u>Segment Three</u> | <u>attacked by</u> | <u>Status: vp / hp</u> | <u>sb/di</u> |
|-----|-----------------------------|----------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| CHL | ST /sh/35/** | collect di | CS/di/55/--, ST/rr/95/** | CHL 1 4 | 0 1 |
| CS | | attack CHL w/di | | CS 1 9 | 0 0 |
| SJ | SL /rr/60/** | build Fort | SL/rr/60/-- | SJ 0 8 | 2 0 |
| SL | | attack SJ w/rr | | SL 1 8 | 2 0 |
| ST | CHL/rr/65/--, TT/de/65/** | attack CHL w/rr | TT/rr/70/** | ST 4 7 | 1 0 |
| SW | | collect 2 sb | | SW 1 9 | 3 0 |
| TT | | attack ST w/rr | | TT 2 8 | 0 0 |

Cool Hand Luke to GM: This could also be "Cool Hand" Dave Anderson, in which case I'll ally with the last person to call me before deadline.

SnowMaster to Luke: You know, I hadn't read your press when I did that joke back in the write-up. And it's SM, not GM, here.

Swizzle to Fool Hand: Snowman is an imp.

SM to Gethen: The following is a precise tracing of the last two words of the previous press release-----

CHL to ST: What we have here is a failure to communicate.

CHL to GM: I suppose you were waiting for that one.

SM to Central Hockey League: I was, indeed.

SnowMaster to Gethen: And now, the Venessa Williams Fan Club comes to order...

SnowJob to VW: Please forgive me if I get any snow on your, ah um, lovely coat. If I do, believe me I don't know how I could be so careless.

Swizzler to Vanessa Williams [sic]: I'm sorry you lost the Miss America title, but I think your artistic expression as a model made it worthwhile.

Swizzler: I'm sorry, I know it was an obvious joke. So sue me!

SM to ST: Sure thing, Sue.

CHL to VW: I know that meanness does not run in families, so I am sure that you are nothing like Don--that you are, in fact, nice. Let's have an alliance. I won't attack you if you'll agree to stick Don's head in a snowbank.

SnowMaster to Cool One: I'll bet you don't talk to cars, so what VW could you possibly mean? Vanna White?

Olsen to PJGIV: By the way, my mentions of Don Williams are not, as you insinuated, "name calling," they are more in the nature of "factual commentaries."

PJGIV to Olsen: And they are hereafter "history" in this zine.

Luke to SnowLord: If you snowfight as well as you rattle, I have nothing to fear.

SnowMaster to Luke: Oh, no, now you've got him started...

Raising two snowballs above his head, SnowLord cries out: "I have the Power!"

SnowLord to SM: Once again hast thou summoned me to perform great exploits of valor on the battle field? I am ready, after this day another great ballad will be sung for my love, Thuvia.

SM to SL: Hang on a sec, 'Lord, let's see whether Thuvia shows up.

SnowJob to SL: You and me, buddy, all the way. Normally I wouldn't team up with someone with such a poor loss record but I really like you and it's time we showed everyone what a good team player you really are.

Target Tommy: I'm gonna kill my mother for buying me this parka with the bullseye on the back!

CHL to TT: In your face! (preferably...)

SJ to ST: Go tell your mother she wants you!

more press at the bottom of the next page---

WINTER 1900 continues-----Your Boardman Number is 1987CK.

Spring 1901 orders are still due 27 June 1987 by mail (by phone, 11pm the night before). I do have a complete set of orders; in fact, I've received several changes already. Some of the press looks very promising, too--congratulations on a good start.

Austria--Dave Pilant; England--Tom Hise; France--Melinda Holley; Germany--Tom Hurst; Italy--Rex Martin; Russia--Gary Behnen; Turkey--Guy Hail.

For those who asked, yes, Don Williams was signed up for this game but pulled out before it filled up. Dave Pilant asks that I publish his phone number: 713-583-7520.

PLAYER ROSTER for Tanith, Nordeen, Rathillien, Gethen, and Well World WITH NICKNAMES

J.R. Baker 44 Airshire Place Hazelwood MO 63042 "Jackrabbit"
 Gary Behnen 13101 South Trenton Olathe KS 66062 "Greedy"
 Jim Burgess 100 Holden Street Providence RI 02908-5731 "Jim-Bob" or "Dr. Boob"
 Hugh Christie 43 East Houston Avenue Montgomery PA 17752
 John Crosby 1496 Washington Lane West Chester PA 19382-6871
 Jim Diehl 10530 West Riverview Drive Eden Prairie MN 55344
 Greg Ellis 700 Rio Grande Austin TX 78701-2720 "Halfling"
 Mark Frueh 4320 Wallace St. Louis MO 63116 "Mad Dog" or "Puppy"
 Bruce Geryk 5748 South Blackstone Avenue #310 Chicago IL 60637
 Evans Givan 8066 Camstock Court Citrus Heights CA 95610-4606 "Blade"
 Guy Hail 911 Blanco #208 Austin TX 78703
 Tom Hise c/o Gano Center 1815 Gano Houston TX 77009 "The Cosmic Zap"
 Melinda Holley Box 2793 Huntington WV 25727-2793 "Hobby"
 Tom Hurst 2686 Richardson Drive Fitchburg WI 53711 "Ralph the Gnome"
 Matt Kazur Box 5492 Washington DC 20016 "The Invisible Man"
 Steve & Daf Langley 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1 Sacramento CA 95825-3350
 Steve: "Sac'to Sage" or "Bearded Bard" Daf: "Princess D'Aphrodite" or "Her Loveliness"
 Rex Martin Avalon Hill Game Co. 20 East Read Street Baltimore MD 21202
 Bob Olsen 6818 Winterberry Circle Wichita KS 67226 "Pudge"
 Dave Pilant 15819 Crystal Brook Houston TX 77068
 Don Scheifler 3121 East Park Row #165 Arlington TX 76010-3744 "Shyster"
 Venessa Williams 1325 East Citrus Avenue #2C Redlands CA 92374
 Rob Wittmond 4315 182nd Street #308 Torrance CA 90504
 Will Woodard 1921 Tracey Circle Irving TX 75060
 Ed Wrobel 3932 North Forestdale Avenue Dale City VA 22193
 Jeff Zarse 1 Stonegate Road Lake Forest IL 60045 "Smugpuff"

Jeff and Bruce will probably have address changes during June. I hope you'll all feel free to send suggested nicknames for those who don't have them--don't just pick something, I want names that are used by more than one person or else I'll make one up myself (e.g. Kazur). Best original idea will win a free issue, especially if it's for Zarse.

We currently have 20 non-playing readers, giving Perelandra a circulation of 45. Pere's circulation has never been higher than 49.

SNOWBALL FIGHTING PRESS CONTINUED

Zarse to Baker: Go Snow!

TT: Hey, gang! Playing "Ring around the Rosie" is fine, but why are you all piling up 'balls?

Swizzle to Boob: What's that you're knee deep in?

SnowMaster to Gethen: Uh-oh, now you're all getting nasty...

Olsen to Dr. Jimbob the Boobarian: And if you snowfight as well as you rassle, I'm just glad we're on opposing sides for a change!

Olsen to Gaughan: I think I'll start running literary reprints in my two subzinnies, like you and Don. Have you ever read "Dick and Jane See Spot Run?"

Gaughan to SLUDGE: NOW you've gone too far!

SJ to All: On the count of 3 let's charge the snowman!

Perelandra

4th Arlingcon!

Two months after the fact, and I'm just now getting a review of Arlingcon into Perelandra? Well,

Yes! Don't you want to hear about all the fun we had without you? Don't you really need to see list after list of game results? Don't you wish you could remember exactly what time we got back from lunch Saturday? (Well, I know my answer to all three of these is "yes"!)

See, back on the weekend of April 2-6, I expected to take the comprehensive exams which would be the last step in my attempt to get a master's degree in linguistics. But a few weeks before that, I was notified that I would need to return next fall to take a few more classes and bring up my grade point average. So by the time Bob Olsen arrived Friday afternoon, I was almost ready to dump the exams, since I'll be allowed to take them next semester instead.

Tom and I had considered together the list of probable attendees and available games and we were fairly sure we could get two games of Diplomacy together, after not playing even one at Arlingcon 3. In addition, we wanted a small-time game also, like Nuclear War or Survive at past Arlingcons.

Well, by 8 pm we had Pudge Olsen, both Baker brothers (J.R. and Dave), Jeff Zarse (who rode from Houston with the Bakers but is really from Chicago), Daf Langley, and even Don Scheifler, who squeezed away from the theater he manages early. For some unusual reason we began playing Circus Maximus, and the weekend was irreversibly altered then.

See, I thought Circus Maximus was a race game where you could get nasty in trying to hinder the other players. Wrong, horse-manure-breath. Most of us had never played CM before, so Daf and, I think, Jeff were kind enough to buy heavy carts and start slamming each and everyone of us from square one. Very quickly we realized that the fast horses we had all rolled up were of no use crippled or dead.

Don realized this faster than the rest. He got kind of a gleam in his eye when Daf hit him on the first turn; Don gets this same gleam when he's just about to take his fourth Hydra in Titan, too. (Yes, he does too--I've seen it more than once or twice!) So Shyster became the berserker, frightening even Daf for a moment. Dave Baker managed to stay unobtrusive enough to win. This was the game that gave birth to Smugpuff, Jeff Zarse's horse. Smugpuff might be called Jeff's wierd alter-ego, except that Jeff was so wierd that it was hard to tell them apart.

In the midst of the first CM game, Matt Huff drove in from Austin. Matt had attended an earlier Arlingcon, where he introduced Nuke War, and this time he was pushing Pax Britannica. Unfortunately, we were all so wrapped up in CM and Dip, and frankly so apathetic toward Pax, that Matt didn't enjoy the weekend very much.

About 1am we did get a game of Titan going (both games of Titan were played in the wee hours in fact), and we managed to collapse into bed by 5:00.

Evans Givan had been promising for a year to come to Arlington, and he finally made good Saturday morning. Greg Ellis arrived at D/FW Airport a little later, Lin Morrisett drove over from Dallas, Charles Hallmark surprised everybody by coming from Austin also (that made three from Austin, none of whom travelled together!) and Dave Frick from far-west-side Fort Worth. Well, that was perfect: we spent the morning hunting down breakfast and chatting, with the last Dip player arriving about 12:30...so of course we played Dip. In fact, we did it twice, much to Greg Ellis' delight (houserule 7 was prompted by Halfling's complaints at the last con). During one game, J.R. discovered that there were Bridge players among the crowd, too.

Late Saturday night was the high point for me--every Arlingcon attendee was granted the opportunity to play Snowball Fighting face-to-face. I was astonished to have several refuse the privilege, but we still started with nine players, using the little Fisher-Price people that J.R. steals from his kids. Now, it's hard to provide a commentary on SF because everyone hit everybody else at least once, it seemed. But the really notable battles were Bob Olsen and Tom Hise, slugging toe-to-toe (pent-up frustrations over the wrestling league?); Daf Langley and Greg Ellis rematching their championship postal game; and Cathy and I harmlessly beating each other with Snowballs.

Smugpuff managed to remain the center of attention, with orders like "Bomb that Ellis critter." The kitchen press was up to its usual standards, with J.R. baking buns, and then Smuggie running inside to check on J.R.'s buns. When the group rated Ellis' press over Daf's he came out crowing "I came out on top in the kitchen with Daf!" Dave Frick spent a turn inside "going potty and crying," but he came flying back out to toss the grand-prize record attack

Herelandra

Our Guest of Honor

"Lyompa", from Envy and Other Works by Yuri Olesha (this story written in 1928).

Young Alexander was planing wood in the kitchen. The cuts on his fingers were covered with golden, appetizing scabs.

The kitchen gave onto the courtyard. It was spring and the doors were always open. There was grass growing near the entrance. Water poured from a pail glistened on the stone slabs. A rat appeared in the garbage can. Finely sliced potatoes were frying in the kitchen. The primus stoves were burning; their life began in a burst of splendor when the orange flame shot ceiling-high. It ended in a quiet blue flame. Eggs jumped around in boiling water. One of the tenants was cooking crabs. With two fingers, he picked up a live crab by the waist. Two or three drops suddenly shot out of the tap. The tap was discreetly blowing its nose. Then, upstairs somewhere, pipes began talking in a variety of voices. The dusk was becoming perceptible. One glass continued to glisten on the window sill, as it received the last rays of the setting sun. The taps chattered. All sorts of moving and knocking started up around the stove.

The dusk was magnificent. People were eating peanuts. There was singing. The yellow light from the rooms fell on the dark sidewalk. The grocery store was brightly lit.

In the room next to the kitchen lay Ponomarev, critically ill. He lay in his room alone. There was a candle burning; a medicine bottle with a prescription attached to it stood on a table at his head.

When people came to see Ponomarev, he said to them: "You can congratulate me, I'm dying."

In the evening he became delirious. The bottle was staring at him. The prescription was like the train of a wedding dress, the bottle a princess on her wedding day. The bottle had a long name. He wanted to write a treatise. He was talking to his blanket.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself . . ."

The blanket sat next to him, lay next to him, told him the latest news.

There were only a few things around the sick man: the medicine, the spoon, the light, the wallpaper. The other things had left. When he found he was critically ill and about to die, he realized how huge and varied was the world of things and how few were the things that remained to him. Every day fewer of these things were left. A familiar object like a railroad ticket was already irretrievably remote. First, the number of things on the periphery, far away from him, decreased; then this depletion drew closer to the center, reaching deeper and deeper, toward the courtyard, the house, the corridor, the room, his heart.

At first, the disappearance of things did not particularly sadden the sick man.

The countries had gone: America; then the possibilities: being handsome, rich, having a family (he was single). . . . Actually, his sickness was unrelated to their disappearance. They had slipped away as he had grown older. But he was really hurt to realize that even the things moving parallel with his course were growing more remote. In a single day he was abandoned by the street, his job, the mail, horses. Then the disappearances began to occur at a mad rate, right there, alongside him: already the corridor had slipped out of reach and, in his very room, his coat, the door key, his shoes had lost all significance. Death was destroying things on its way to him. Death had left him only a few things, from an infinite number; things he would never have permitted in his house by choice. He had things forced on him. He had the frightening visits and looks of people he knew. He was he had no chance of defending himself from the intrusion of these unsolicited and, to him, useless things. But now they were compulsory, the only ones. He had lost the right to choose. [. . .]

ARLINGTON CONTINUED all weekend...

just one turn later. Frick collected a Dolton Dirigible, then launched it at my fiance--eight hexes away, and behind the shed (cutting the probability of success down to 22%). SPLAT to the complete amazement of the other players, who actually gave Dave a round of applause.

Towards the end it became obvious that Jeff, Bob, and Cathy were close to winning, but they each had so many hit points left that all they had to do was stand still, take the abuse, and fire back. Bob wound up at 16 to win, with the other two right behind. The experienced Snow-Fighters all finished well off the pace.

(continues, again, at the bottom of page 12)

Perelandra

Vital Statistics

The following are the ratings of each player in each of the four regular Diplomacy games to be played in Pere. Mimir was an orphan from Manifest Destiny, but most of the game was played here; another game, 1981CU/Marna only ran one season in Perelandra. At the end of the list is a compilation of the scores. All scores were computed with the Dragonstooth Rating System.

1982HK / Yavin -- Austria: Arnawoodian -1.00 standby: Ellis -7.20
 England: McCloud -5.00 Burgess 14.89
 France: Cusack 0.00 Colandro NR
 Germany: Marshall -1.00 JKeeney -2.88
 Italy: Peery 15.00
 Russia: TBrown -5.00 Givan 15.68
 Turkey: Highfield -8.00 Keller -7.93

1984 / Woz -- Austria: Bruss -4.00 Germany: Wittmond 54.50
 England: Conlon 12.50 Italy: Albrecht -8.00
 France: Makuc -4.00 Turkey: JWalker 8.50
 Russia: Rollin -6.00 standbys: Hail -14.52, Baker 3.60

1983G / Darkover -- Austria: Cusack 0.00 standby: Crosby -9.05
 England: Givan 51.00
 France: Ellis 15.00
 Germany: Makuc -2.00
 Italy: Mazzer -5.00
 Russia: Ragsdale -5.00
 Turkey: Roybal -8.00 Luedi -7.93, Hail -1.93

1983HC / Mimir -- Austria: Henry 7.50
 England: Crosby -4.00
 France: Sweeney -2.00 standby: Hise .39
 Germany: Pakel -6.00 Ellis 33.29
 Italy: Kazur 0.00
 Russia: Touchette 17.50
 Turkey: Chaiser NR Givan -3.49

OVERALL STANDINGS

| STARTERS | SCORE | GAMES | | SCORE | GAMES | STANDBYS | SCORE | GAMES |
|-------------|-------|-------|-----------|-------|-------|----------|-------|-------|
| Wittmond | 16.35 | 1 | Sweeney | - .60 | 1 | Ellis | 6.65 | 2 |
| Givan | 15.30 | 1 | Bruss | -1.20 | 1 | Burgess | 4.47 | 1 |
| Touchette | 5.25 | 1 | Crosby | -1.20 | 1 | Givan | 3.11 | 2 |
| Ellis | 4.50 | 1 | TBrown | -1.50 | 1 | Baker | 1.08 | 1 |
| Peery | 4.50 | 1 | Mazzer | -1.50 | 1 | Hise | .12 | 1 |
| Conlon | 3.75 | 1 | McCloud | -1.50 | 1 | JKeeney | - .86 | 1 |
| JWalker | 2.55 | 1 | Ragsdale | -1.50 | 1 | Keller | -2.38 | 1 |
| Henry | 2.25 | 1 | Makuc | -1.53 | 2 | Luedi | -2.38 | 1 |
| Cusack | 0.00 | 2 | Pakel | -1.80 | 1 | Crosby | -2.72 | 1 |
| Kazur | 0.00 | 1 | Rollin | -1.80 | 1 | Hail | -4.19 | 2 |
| Arnawoodian | - .30 | 1 | Albrecht | -2.40 | 1 | | | |
| Marshall | - .30 | 1 | Highfield | -2.40 | 1 | | | |
| | | | Roybal | -2.40 | 1 | | | |

ARLINGCON AGAIN and don't you wish I'd just leave this space white?

We never were told the outcome of Smugpuff's bizarre experiments in the SnowFight kitchen. These investigations in static electricity involved balloons, shag rugs, nine-volt batteries, and "Poopsie", his shaved Persian cat with no lips. We wish Smuggie well with his research.

Once the Snowball Fighting broke up, with a couple of fill-in games like Survive!, another

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STILL MORE ARLINGCON

Circus Maximus was launched. Greg rolled up strong, fast horses, so everybody determined to jump him first, leading Daf to suggest that he go ahead and "name then Alpo and Kalkan now."

More games Sunday, even Titan Monday morning while we were trying to figure out how to get Daf out of town. But that's the real story still to be told. As people filtered out Sunday, several of us ran off to dinner together, planning to take Daphne to the airport later. This was the dinner where, amid dozens of the funniest one-liners I've ever heard, the line that got the most laughs was Tom's comment when Jeff's dinner arrived: "Looks like beans to me."

I managed to win twice (CM, where once I won only because I evaded Tom's chariot as it fell from the sky after a crash on the last straight) and draw once (Dip, with Greg). This must have made me giddy or something because I completely forgot to call the airport and see which terminal Daf would be flying out of. So there we were, ignoring the clock at dinner, when we realized we had to jump up and leave. C and I sped Daphne to one of the American terminals, and sure enough her flight was at the other. After running the length of two concourses, we arrived at an empty gate, and dragged ourselves home again.

We finally did get Daf off (thanks to Don for interrupting a game of Titan at 6am to drive her to D/FW again). Jeff was the last to leave (noon Monday) but not before he taught me to play Empire Builder. In fact, for an excellent complement to this write-up, ask Jeff for his review of Arlingcon, from Random Thought #5 (his address is in the player roster).

One of my faults is a love of game stats. So here they are. Thanks for your patience on this review--and thanks even more to those who attended! See you in July in Houston, or maybe back here next fall??

TITAN 1 (1am Saturday): Don (425 points), Matt (164), Pete (57) three-way draw at 5am.
Jeff (33) knocked out by Don at 4:15 by accident; Tom (132) elim'd by Don at 3:30.

TITAN 2 (12:30am Monday): Jeff (528) wins at 5am, by killing Don (328).
Robert, a local friend of Tom's I failed to introduce above (181) resigned at 3:30;
Pete (135) killed by Jeff very early.

SURVIVE 1 (5pm Friday): Jeff & Pete draw (25 points); Bob at 4 points.
SURVIVE 2 (late Saturday): Jeff wins (21); Pete and Bob (11 each).

CHRISTIANS & LIONS (Sunday afternoon): "The Christian McNuggets Game"
Sheba (Daf) finished with 10 points and a case of fleas;
Nero (Pete) finished with 24 points and severe shock from a lightning bolt;
the ~~CHRISTIANS~~ Republicans (Greg) wound up with 49 points and a win.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS 1 (8pm Friday): Dave Baker's red horses win. Other players (and their drivers):
Tom (Wild Bill Miller) was the early leader, but hit by Daf and Robert;
Daf (Terry Tallman) duelled with Jeff;
Jeff's blue horses dragged him the length of the arena;
J.R. (Yellow Beard); Don (Slo Bro) hit everyone at least once;
Pete (Fast Freddy Flint) J.R. trampled this dragged driver.

CIRCUS MAXIMUS 2 (11pm Saturday): Pete wins (horses: HD Thoreau, J Muir, J VanDijk, E Abbey).
Tom (Bill 'Bebop' Becker); Daf (Rutger Hauer); Dave; Bob Olsen (Woody);
J.R. (Banana Fu Fanna and the Jello Faction) lost a horse;
Jeff (Smuggie's Smashers) lost two horses;
Greg (little Lino G., a UT law prof).

CIRCUS MAXIMUS 3 (3pm Sunday): Pete (Thornbard Bjornsson) wins despite losing a horse on the first straight! This was the game where Robert (Mojo) flipped every other cart except the winner--including his own!
Cathy (Pudge); Tom (Duckacus, as in Spartacus); Greg & Daf.

Room here for a couple more quotes---

Daf, on Christians and Lions. First, I described the game in terms of the speed and strength of the lions, and the movement and holiness factors of the Christians--Daf said this sounded a lot like Squad Leader. Then, when her lion started chasing a man and woman in a back corner of the arena, she claimed it was Jim Bakker...

Herelandra

DIPLOMACY 1 (12:00 Saturday)

| | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | |
|-----|----|----|----|-----|--------------|
| Aus | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Jeff |
| Eng | 4 | 5 | 5 | 5 | Lin |
| Fra | 5 | 6 | 7 | 7 | Evans-draw |
| Ger | 6 | 5 | 4 | 7** | Dave B.-draw |
| Ita | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | J.R.-draw |
| Rus | 6 | 6 | 6 | 3 | Greg |
| Tur | 4 | 4 | 5 | 6 | Matt |

DIPLOMACY 2 (4:30 Saturday)

| | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | |
|-----|----|----|------|----|----|-----------|
| Aus | 5 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 11 | Greg-draw |
| Eng | 5 | 6 | 9*10 | 11 | | Pete-draw |
| Fra | 5 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 5 | Jeff |
| Ger | 5 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 1 | Charles |
| Ita | 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | Tom |
| Rus | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | Evans |
| Tur | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | Dave F. |

* = played short

DIPLOMACY 3 (1:30 Sunday)

| | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | |
|-----|----|----|----|----|----|-----------|
| Aus | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | Lin |
| Eng | 5 | 7 | 9 | 11 | 12 | Don-draw |
| Fra | 3 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | Greg |
| Ger | 3 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 0 | J.R. |
| Ita | 5 | 6 | 8 | 7 | 8 | Jeff-draw |
| Rus | 4 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 8 | Charles |
| Tur | 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Dave B. |

SNOWBALL FIGHTING (8pm Saturday)

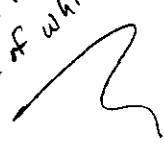
| | vp | hp | sb | di |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|
| Hard Hat (Bob) | 16 | 7 | 0 | 0 |
| Smuggpuff (Jeff) | 15 | 6 | 1 | 0 |
| Freckleface (Cathy) | 14 | 5 | 1 | 0 |
| Bowwow (Dave F.) | 12 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Black Bart (J.R.) | 12 | 8 | 0 | 1 |
| Princess (Daf) | 10 | 10 | 2 | 0 |
| Muscles Galore (Tom) | 9 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Pete's Dragon (Pete) | 8 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Halfling (Greg) | 8 | 10 | 3 | 0 |

HOUSERULES FOR ARLINGCON 4

- Smoking in the apartment is a big no-no.
- The Dallas Mavericks will win the NBA championship.
- You are welcome to stake out sleeping space--but keep your goodies out of the way by day. (Check with your hosts about availability of floor and closets. You know, hosts--the ones with the badges...)
- 100 demerits to any person who, on Sunday, doesn't tell Cathy she'll make a lovely bride.
- If you open a shut door without knocking, you have only yourself to blame.
- Enjoying music by Bob Marley and the Wailers is a required activity.
- The Greg Ellis Rule: Mr. Ellis is automatically entered in every game of Diplomacy played at Arlingcon...unless he specifically says, in the hearing of a host, "I don't want to play Dip."
- This is a nice complex. Don't get us evicted too early.
- There is no Rule 9.
- Unmarked food and drink is open game--be warned.
- No mud wrestling in the living room.
- The Mark Frueh Rule: At Arlingcon, a stab is not a stab if it fails. Remember, if a stab does not work then it is not a stab.
- When organizing a gamestart, please inform a host so we can call some of the locals who want to play.
- All games of Nuclear War must include at least one round of united assaults on Tom Hise's damn capitalist running-dog nation.
- If you look around Saturday wna wonder where Cathy went, she's at work.
- Bob Olsen is named the Official Slime of Arlingcon 4.

Before I forget, a couple notes on that first Dip game. This was the one that saw Germany take Vienna, Holland and Denmark in '01, Austria at 2 but without a home center in '02, and Germany and Russia trading home centers in '03. Maps available for a SASE.

*Herelandra:
no the zone that's not
afraid of white space!*



Herelandra

Opinions and Editorials and Letters

Although Tom Hise has left as Assistant Editor, we hope he will continue to send in his guest column, "Obsessions", since he still has a few of his own to discuss. Our apologies for the lateness of this issue, which causes some of these letters to seem like old news.

The lateness, of course, is due to Pete and Cathy's wedding. People flew in from both coasts and drove from all over the state of Tejas. As a present to each other, we went to see and hear the Nylons at the Arcadia Theatre the week before the commotion; then, after three days of meeting planes and buying clothes, the ceremony proper, and we took off for Nacogdoches for a honeymoon. (Out of that trip may well come an essay on the proper place of trees in contemporary society, since East Texas is full of them. Of course, we also "discovered" the wonderful capabilities of mirrors too, but that's another essay...)

Once back, we immediately began staying up 'till midnight moving boxes from Cathy's parents' house (and furniture) or playing putt-putt with Tom and Angie, and getting back into 40-hour work weeks, so we're both exhausted and the zine has just barely squeezed along. But here's the heart of it, with thanks to everyone who's included here.



reviewed by Pete Gaughan

Morrigan is a truly impressive endeavor, and I love it. (But, of course, I also love horse-radish.) If you have seen Prisoner of War! lately, you'll know something of the look and feel of Moggy, as they say; if you haven't seen POW! you should, so get moving.

Morrigan impresses you right off with the quality of its artwork and reproduction, like POW! an oversized booklet format with color covers. Like many U.K. zines, the vital statistics such as addresses and openings are on the last page, so you leap right into the content with page two. In fact, let me walk through issue #23 page by page.

Cartoon on the first three pages, but no bylines so you have to deduce whether these are reader submissions. The editorial discusses a price increase, then we get the letter column.

Aha! Jake Halverstadt hangs out here! I scan forward looking for other Americans...well, none in the next ten pages, anyway. But that's okay--I can already tell Who's Who in Moggy. Like all the best lettercols, we have a Resident Knowitall, a Beerdrinking Bohemian, a Preaching Fundy, a Part-Time Subversive, and a Rightwing Dictator-in-Training. Maybe an Acid Freak on page 11 (hard to tell), and a Canuck on page 14. Grade A++ column.

Articles, right. All good or better except the Buddhist who tears down Christianity (if Socrates is "A" and Woody Allen is "F", this guy's arguments are "F"). A regular feature on magic...the only other place in the hobby I've seen magic taken seriously is Atu XVIII.

Wimflist (a subber's comic strip) could be great if the artist would stick to line drawing without shading.

The list of openings and waiting lists looks promising--lots of silliness--any zine which runs Definitive Downfall, Finchley Central, OR something called "So You Want To Be A Capitalist Pig" can't be all bad. Let me tell you, though, I don't like M.A.D. Dip (I'm in John Norris' game). Turn the page to find postal games of Snit's Revenge, the Bonking Game, and Maze. And then sports (soccer) and politics (Parliament and En Garde!). And wrapping it all up, thirteen pages of "Title Bout", each player managing a stable of fighters.

In between all this there's Diplomacy and Dip variants, plus a couple Role-playing Games. In places you wish there were less games and more interchange between readers and writers. In others you wish they'd just get on with the game. Since there's lots of both, this mild dissatisfaction leads me to believe that the zine could use a little trimming-down. That's my only criticism, though. So you might expect me to recommend Morrigan, and I will. £2 for 3 issues to Alan Kennedy (3 Drumglass Avenue, Bangor, Co. Down, Northern Ireland BT20 3 HA), who in one of only nine people on the "staff". Or use the International Subscription Exchange, by sending dollars to Simon Billenness (630 Victory Blvd #6F, Staten Island NY 10301).

Herelandra

Obsessions . . . by Tom Hise

I really feel like the month of May was really shortened from Mayhem. Every May I have to deal with major burnout from school as well as prepare for finals. I've already gotten my grades back: a C in Marketing, B in Intro. Economics, B in Intro. Stastics, and B in Accounting Principles II. I also received my airline ticket so I know when I'll be leaving for Houston: June 3, 1:04 pm.

The Tuesday after finals my mom had her gall bladder removed so after I finished moving back home I immediately started spending every day at the hospital with her. She was able to come home four days later, just in time for me to go to Pete and Cathy's wedding rehearsal.

Their wedding was simply beautiful. In all seriousness, Cathy made a very lovely bride and Pete was the perfect choked-up groom. His voice cracked during the entire wedding. Being one of the groom's men I couldn't tell if he was shedding any tears of joy or not, but Cathy had the prettiest smile I have ever seen. There is not any possible way for me to tell how much Pete and Cathy mean to me but maybe I can give my toast this time without being all choked up myself:

A toast to the lovely couple; to Pete, my roommate, a little bit mentor, a lot tor-mentor; to Cathy, my first friend in college, one of my best friends, whose smile cheers my gloomiest day and is the perfect reflection of the sweet friendship she freely gives to all. I wish you the greatest of dreams, sweetest of joys, and a fulfilled life. Pete and Cathy Gaughan, may God provide your life together with the closest bond of unity, the patience to weather every storm, and the joys of open communication and sharing. I wish you both a long life and much happiness which y'all both deserve.

I guess I didn't even mention that I had a gamestart this month also--but the month of Mayhem is drawing to a close and I am preparing to go to inner-city Houston to show people God loves them. With a faint smile I look back and know I would not have missed this month for the world and all its riches.

It's been two fun years, roomie. Good luck, Pete.

/s/ Tom Hise

It's Me Again . by Cathy Gaughan

Hi! It's really not me again. It's the new me. I'm now Cathy Marie Gaughan. Pretty wild! Well, for those of you who want specifics, Pete and I were married at 1:00pm May 25. It was great! I was so happy. Oh, the biggest news is that Pete just about lost it saying his vows. He just had to pause a few seconds for a few tears to fall. Then he was able to promise to take care of me, etc. It was so sweet, I thought I might cry but I seemed to be stuck on smiling.

All in all it was a beautiful ceremony (if I do say so myself). One swell surprise was Greg and Polly Ellis coming from Austin. I could go on for days about our wedding but I think (believe it or not) I'd like to go on to something else.

Like why is everyone's first question, "So how's married life?" I'm never sure how to answer. I think it's one of those phrases like "How are you?" that people expect a one-word response to, like "great" "fine" "okay" or "wonderful". See, I don't think you should ask someone how they are if you're not in the mood to talk. When someone asks "So how's married life?" I would like to sit down and figure out att the different things about it.

One thing that is really different is walking into Pete's apartment and having all my 'stuff' there. I know it is OUR apartment but that's still different. Like, my stuffed animals and two china dolls and furniture and bed are now all at OUR apartment. Another thing is remembering my last name. I know that I preferred to change it, but that doesn't mean that after 23 years as Sexton that I am always going to remember to say Gaughan.

Oh, one really neat thing about being married is Pete is always here. I don't have to run home (to my parent's house) to drive my mom to work. It's nice having our own bedroom. Right now the place is still kind of a wreck...haven't had time to arrange everything yet. Anyway, I'll close with thank yous to Don Williams, Greg Ellis, Evans Givan, and J.R. (Bob) Baker, for the SWELL words of encouragement. Hope y'all enjoy it. Bye, for now.

Perelandra

from Rod Walker (6 April 1987) [grid]

Re: Downfall. I hope the game generates more enthusiasm than it seems to at present. I'm especially glad to see Bruce Geryk in the game, though. I'm definitely hot to play. I have some ideas for a great press war. You are reserving lots of pages for this, yes?

Thanks for the copy of the rules. There appear to be some matters that will require clarification or correction. One thing that must be clarified up front is this: putting on the Ring and destroying the Ring are mutually exclusive options.

Rule 6, para. 3 ("A successful attack...") seems unclear, especially in light of a later statement ("If any player puts on the Ring and subsequently loses it,..."). It appears to me that if a player is "deprived of the Ring" after putting it on, according to the first rule, it's not necessarily the same as "losing the Ring" according to the second rule. Or is it? Taken together, these rules might seem to mean that if you put on the Ring, and are later dislodged, it "loses the Ring" and the player also goes into civil disorder. I'm not sure the rules really mean that. But that is what they say. And what does the first rule mean when it says, "The unit or personality is not forced to retreat."? Perhaps this scenario: a Ring-wearing unit is dislodged. It is "deprived" of the Ring rather than retreating. The successful attacker could then "pick up" the Ring, providing it's higher on the "order of claim" list. ??? I think we need a lot of clarification in this area from Rogerson if possible.

Probable error: 5 d) i): "Any non-Saruman unit...". Either this should be "non-Sauron" or "non-Saruman or non-Sauron". Clearly it's Sarumon's orcs that were in Khazad-Dum in the first place, and it was Sauron who, in essence, reawakened the Balrog. Saruman's orcs could probably enter due to his "special relationship" with Sauron toward the end, but not allowing Sauron's armies to enter Khazad-Dum does too much violence to the scenario. I'm sure this is a transcription error. Well, maybe not. An earlier version (Downfall II) actually has Saruman control the Balrog and has him with an army in Moria itself. Anyway, it might be good to double-check this point.

[Pete: Well, through the miracle of (as Duck Williams puts it) "time-lapse publishing", we can bring you the inventor's reply!]

from Richard "Glover" Rogerson (late April 1987) [grid]

1. If you first put on the Ring, and subsequently that unit is attacked such that it would normally have to retreat,
 - a. the unit does not retreat;
 - b. the Ring passes to the attacking unit;
 - c. the losing player goes into c. d.
2. If you are just carrying the Ring and that unit is attacked ... [and defeated],
 - a. the unit does not retreat;
 - b. the Ring passes to the attacking unit.
3. 5d does mean "non-Saruman". It was the dwarves who re-awakened the Balrog, through their delving, and it is not clear that the Moria orcs were Sauron's. From my reading of the book it is more likely that they were an autonomous band who went looking for a place to live. (Hmmm. On reflection though, it may be that they were sent by someone in response to either the arrival of the Dwarves and/or a "request" from the Balrog.) (As for giving it [Khazad-Dum] to Saruman as a supply centre, all I can plead is game balance. It was certainly intended in the rules that Mordor units should be destroyed by the Balrog. However, on reflection, I think that you are correct and that Mordor should be allowed to enter Moria (and will be when the rules are revised).)

[Pete: Yes, Definitive Downfall is being revised yet again...]

from Fred C. Davis, Jr. (30 May 1987) [grid]

Thanks for the variant material. The Downfall map and rules which you sent me are for "Downfall ... Rings VII," aka "Definitive Downfall." I only received a copy of this from England in January 1987, and classified it at that time. The NAVB [North American Variant Bank] Catalog No. is "ts19/08." ("t" = Tolkien variant, "s" = Super Sauron.)

I know I've seen a copy of "Hegemony over Sandy Ego" before, but it seems that somehow we never got a copy into the NAVB files. Maybe I was laughing too hard. Anyway, it is now

Perelandra

classified. While I could have classified it as a joke game, it appears to be playable, so I put it into the North America major category. It is: "ns07/05" ("n" = North America, "s" = "State or small region".)

...There are now also Downfall VIII, IX, and X versions, all by Richard Egan, Martin Lewis, and other British designers working together. Downfall X is supposed to be the most recent effort to "finalize" this game, with the bugs removed.

[Pete: Hegemony etc. was a Dip variant I invented some years back on a dare from Larry Peery: write a Dip game based only on a map of San Diego. One of these days I'll offer another game of it in Pere.

[The Catalog Numbers are used to assign Miller Numbers. While a game of regular Diplomacy will be something like 1987CK (a Boardman Number), a game of Downfall VII will be 1987Ats19, or some such.

[Fred is hoping to attend the first "World Dipcon", in the U.K. next year. But this very weekend, Greg Ellis is at Madcon in Madison bidding to get Dipcon XXI in San Antonio. While Dipsters in Texas have not had as many functions as other parts of the country, I think we can put on a pretty good party.

[It will have to be planned without Bob Baker, though...]

from J.R. Baker (15 May 1987 from his new home in St. Louis) [REDACTED]

This place sure is strange! The roads go up and down sort of like in Arlington only more so, and they have all these little one-lane bridges where you have to stop and let oncoming cars take a turn, and the big bridges over rivers are all old rusty steel monsters, narrow with only three lanes, and with red X's and green arrows to tell you which lanes you can use at that time of day. The houses are funny too, they all have the bottom half buried in the ground! The people here are nice, friendly (except when driving); not so many pickups and a lot of older cars in good shape.

Jeanne flew up last weekend and we did the mad-dash house search and buy! If the loan goes through we should be moving in the 23rd of June, if not she may be living in the mini-van...

from Bruce McIntyre (4 May 1987) [REDACTED]

I think you printed something from Venus on the Half Shell by Kilgore Trout, a while back. It came as a surprise to me that Trout was real, as I recall his name being used in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater. I'll have to look for Trout in the library, if he does exist, just out of curiosity.

[Pete: While Trout is listed in Books in Print as a pseudonym, he may be real. I happen to think it's Vonnegut, since he has said in the past he didn't use his real name on a couple of things so he wouldn't be stereotyped as a science-fiction writer.

[Then there was the argument over who won the second Hugo Award for best SF novel:]

from Bob Olsen (15 April 1987) [REDACTED]

Well, according to my source, The Science Fiction Encyclopedia, the Clifton/Riley novel won in 1955. Depends on how you count, probably. It was a very dumb Campbell-inspired book which must have caught him on a bad day. Something about a machine which could make you immortal, but only if you became totally open-minded and threw out all old assumptions. But written in a style which asserted that anybody who was the least bit reluctant to throw out all old assumptions and certainties on a moment's notice was a stupid, worthless, cretinish idiot. Beyond question, the poorest Hugo winner of all time. Hasn't been in print for many years, not surprisingly.

[Pete: I've read since elsewhere about this book and about The Stars My Destination, Alfred Bester's novel, which was modeled after Dumas' The Count of Monte Cristo. Now I have three definitive sources which differ on who won the first two Hugos!

[Not to say that all Perelandra's readers keep up with such trivia...]

from Steve Langley (14 April 1987) [REDACTED]

If I'd read either of the two books [in the Literary Quiz] I might have given you answers. Actually, I'm not very well-read except in the genre of escapist trash.

Herelandra

from Evans Givan (11 April 1987) ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

...Speaking of games at your place, I noticed a strange peculiarity. Russia and Germany seemed to constantly attack each other early to the ruination of them both. Italy and Austria did the same, but to the benefit of one of the two. The FTF games did not seem much like the postal games at all. I realize there's a big difference in Diplomacy between FTF and postal, but I didn't realize the difference there could be in tactics. Any comments? Am I making any sense?

[Pete: Sure. If I were to spout off a hypo-psychological critique, I'd say it's easier for a player standing over a real board, with real blocks and real people, to either decide that the bold move really is possible, or to get real paranoid real quick. Russia in a postal game doesn't care how many letters Germany gets, one letter saying "I'm not going to Sil" is sufficient. Face-to-face, you can see E and G getting together in the other room for ten minutes, and Turkey talking to the Hun after that. Panic, Desperation, and Move Changes.

[Evans goes on about Arlingcon in a later letter, 12 May 1987:]

Cathy, yes, I was there. I'm not much of a gamer, unless it's Diplomacy. I am a card-carrying tourist, though. So, when I wasn't in a Dip game, I was roamin' around.

[Pete: I need to deal with a little business here, if nobody minds.]

from Rod Walker (same letter, 6 April) ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I suppose I should put in a request to be a member of the HSFPL [Hobby Small-Fry Protection League], as a publisher-member. After all, I publish only a subzine and, beginning this month, a very small 'zine called Gehenna, which will be the (revived) vehicle for the USOS. After all, I don't see why an Old Fart can't be a Small Fry as well. Ken Peel, for instance, is virtually absorbed into Old Fartdom owing to his concern with projects, and Don Del Grande ditto owing to his fascination with hobby trivia.

from Ed Wrobel (7 April 1987) ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I was quite honored to see that my membership in the HSFPL was still in force. In fact, it occurs to me that my status is probably enhanced by the reduction in my hobby activity of recent months, to wit, my fryness is becoming ever smaller. As for nuking some bigwig, I'm pleased to assert that I don't even know who's "big" any more. (Although Ken Peel seems a little suspicious, what with Dipcon Committees, hobby flyers and being a close personal correspondant of the corporate titans at TAHGC...)

from Bob Olsen (same letter of 15 April) ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Say, can I be a member of the Small Fry Protection League? Nobody is smaller or less important than me. Yes, I do have a "bigwig" publisher in mind to be nuked. Would you like to take three wild guesses as to his identity?

[Pete: Don Williams, Don Williams, and Larry Flynt.]

[A quick note here on Dipcon. You can get involved in the planning for World Dipcon '88 by asking for a copy of Globetrotter from Derek Caws (The Old Kitchen, Bere Farm House, North Boarhunt, nr Fareham, Hants, U.K. PO17 6JL).]

[Let's see what else is in here...]

from Ed Wrobel (same letter of 7 April): Your comments about Blood Bowl were interesting, though I'm sorry to hear about the rules problems. I bought the game "blind" at a convention since I love "fantasy football" but haven't found an opponent yet. Other recent purchases: The Warlock of Firetop Mountain ... and Car Wars (I drive a commuter van and wanted to get some tips.).

from Bruce McIntyre (same letter of 4 May): Did you say you were a fan of Spyro Gyra? I thought you mentioned somewhere getting to see them play. By coincidence I purchased a tape of theirs just out of curiosity last summer, and thought it was great. While in Toronto ... I bought Breakout to go with City Kids.

[We used my parents' cash wedding gift to buy a new stereo with a CD player.]

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For a while I thought I'd never reach the back cover, but here we are. Cathy and I have a running gag: the only thing I can draw half-well is a tree stump, but I'm great at tree stumps (I know many varieties of trees but can't draw leaves!).

And if Ellis makes one crack about me going yuppie just because we have a CD I'll split town and move back into the woods...

All our best wishes,

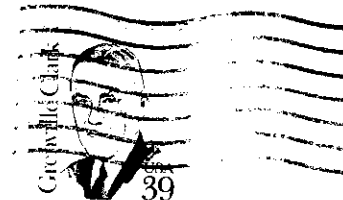
Pete + Cathy

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may the wind be ever at your back;
and may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand.**