

# Herelandra

number 72

**NEUROMANCER**

Wm Gibson



[[[Henry Dorsett Case has been hired to invade the computer system of the Tessier-Ashpool family conglomerate. Friends and foes, real and artificial--none of them really know Case, at one time the hottest deck-jockey on the planet...]]]

Maelcum was purring a speeded-up patois to his radio when Case came through the forward lock and removed his helmet.

"Aerol's gone back to the Rocker," Case said.

Maelcum nodded, still whispering to the microphone.

Case pulled himself over the pilot's drifting tangle of dreadlocks and began to remove his suit. Maelcum's eyes were closed now; he nodded as he listened to some reply over a pair of phones with bright orange pads, his brow creased with concentration. He wore ragged jeans and an old green nylon jacket with the sleeves ripped out. Case snapped the red Sanyo suit to a storage hammock and pulled himself down to the g-web.

"See what the ghost say, mon," Maelcum said. "Computer keeps askin' for you."

"So who's up in that thing?"

"Same Japan-boy came before. An' now he joined by you Mister Armitage, come out Freeside..." Case put the trodes on and jacked in.

\* \* \*

"Dixie?"

The matrix showed him the pink spheres of the steel combine in Sikkim.

"What you gettin' up to, boy? I been hearin' lurid stories. Hosaka's patched into a twin bank on your boss's boat now. Really hoppin'. You pull some Turing heat?"

"Yeah, but Wintermute killed 'em."

"Well, that won't hold 'em long. Plenty more where those came from. Be up here in force. Bet their decks are all over this grid sector like flies on shit. And your boss, Case, he says go. He says run it and run it now."

Case punched for the Freeside coordinates.

"Lemme take that a sec, Case..." The matrix blurred and phased as the Flatline executed an intricate series of jumps with a speed and accuracy that made Case wince with envy.

"Shit, Dixie..."

"Hey, boy, I was that good when I was alive. You ain't seen nothin'. No hands!"

"That's it, huh? Big green rectangle off left?"

"You got it. Corporate core data for Tessier-Ashpool S.A., and that ice is generated by their two friendly AI's. On par with anything in the military sector, looks to me. That's king hell ice, Case, black as the grave and slick as glass. Fry your brain soon as look at you. We get any closer now, it'll have tracers up our ass and out both ears, be tellin' the boys in the T-A boardroom the size of your shoes and how long your dick is."

"This isn't looking so hot, is it? I mean, the Turings are on it. I was thinking maybe we should try to bail out. I can take you."

"Yeah? No shit? You don't wanna see what that Chinese program can do?"

"Well, I . . ." Case stared at the green walls of the T-A ice. "Well, screw it. Yeah. We run."

"Slot it."

"Hey, Maelcum," Case said, jacking out. "I'm probably gonna be under for maybe eight hours straight." Maelcum was smoking again. The cabin was swimming in smoke. "So I can't get to the head..."

# Herelandra

"No problem, mon." The Zionite executed a high forward somersault and rummaged through the contents of a zippered mesh bag, coming up with a coil of transparent tubing and something else, something sealed in a sterile bubble pack.

He called it a Texas catheter, and Case didn't like it at all.

He slotted the Chinese virus, paused, then drove it home.

"Okay," he said, "we're on. Listen, Maelcum, if it gets really funny, you grab my left wrist. I'll feel it. Otherwise, I guess you do what the Hosaka tells you, okay?"

"Sure, mon." Maelcum lit a fresh joint.

"And turn the scrubbers up. I don't want that shit tangling with my neurotransmitters. I got a bad hangover as it is."

Maelcum grinned.

Case jacked back in.

"Christ on a crutch," the Flatline said, "take a look at this."

The Chinese virus was unfolding around them. Polychrome shadow, countless translucent layers shifting and recombining. Protean, enormous, it towered above them, blotting out the void.

"Big mother," the Flatline said.

"I'm gonna check on Molly," Case said, tapping the simstim switch.

Freefall. The sensation was like diving through perfectly clear water. She was falling-rising through a wide tube of fluted lunar concrete, lit at two-meter intervals by rings of white neon.

The link was one-way. He couldn't talk to her.

He flipped.

"Boy, that is one mean piece of software. Hottest thing since sliced bread. That goddam thing's invisible. I just now rented twenty seconds on that little pink box, four jumps left of the T-A ice; had a look at what we look like. We don't. We're not there."

Case searched the matrix around the Tessier-Ashpool ice until he found the pink structure, a standard commercial unit, and punched in closer to it. "Maybe it's defective."

"Maybe, but I doubt it. Our baby's military, though. And new. It just doesn't register. If it did, we'd read as some kind of Chinese sneak attack, but nobody's twigged to us at all. Maybe not even the folks in Straylight."

Case watched the blank wall that screened Straylight. "Well," he said, "that's an advantage, right?"

"Maybe." The construct approximated laughter. Case winced at the sensation. "I checked ol' Kuang Eleven out again for you, boy. It's real friendly, long as you're on the trigger end, jus' polite an' helpful as can be. Speaks good English, too. You ever hear of slow virus before?"

"No."

"I did, once. Just an idea, back then. But that's what ol' Kuang's all about. This ain't bore and inject, it's more like we interface with the ice so slow, the ice doesn't feel it. The face of the Kuang logics kinda sleazes up to the target and mutates, so it gets to be exactly like the ice fabric. Then we lock on and the main programs cut in, start talking circles 'round the logics in the ice. We go Siamese twin on 'em before they even get restless." The Flatline laughed.

"Wish you weren't so damn jolly today, man. That laugh of yours sort of gets me in the spine."

"Too bad," the Flatline said. "Ol' dead man needs his laughs." Case slapped the simstim switch.

# Perelandra

Perelandra hereby kicks off the next American Diplomacy trend, and declares itself the first and original Denver Glont-wannabe.

This is, believe it or not, the 72nd installment of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine (a "zine", as in "It's not easy bein' zine...") where Diplomacy is the game, baseball is The Game, and any legal thing that keeps us from fulfilling adult responsibilities is welcome.

[I give you Joseph Epstein, editor of The American Scholar: "Insofar as possible, ... everything I do should either amuse me or contribute to my intellectual progress--preferably both."]

Pere is published by Pete Gaughan (3105 East Park Row #132, Arlington TX 76010), who wishes at times that he could write in the various styles of Rogerson, Bowen, Lew or Langley but is slowly coming to like what passes for his own style anyway.

You, too, can subscribe to this hot bed of squishy liberalism for the Rolls Royce rate of \$1.50 per monthly issue. Make checks to Perelandra--that's an order.

## Literary Quiz

ERIC BROSIUS: Is the answer to **Quiz 111B** "Santayana" or something like that? It seems right to me, and I'd rather not look these things up, as it seems like cheating.

[[[Literary Quiz is whatever you make of it. Rod Walker is quite proud of his reference library and his ability to use it. There are no rules making this an open- or closed-book game.]]]

ED WROBEL: (111B) Santayana.

(25B) a. Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow

b. ???

c. Told by an Idiot

d. The Sound and the Fury

I'm intrigued by your enumeration system. How does it go?

[[[Well, the quiz numbers tell me where to find the answers (in the event I forget which source I used). So if I tell you, you'd be able to find the answers also, no?]]]

### answers

111B: "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." George Santayana (1863-1952), who penned this remark in The Life of Reason, taught at Harvard from 1907 to 1912. Among his students were Conrad Aiken, Robert Benchley, Felix Frankfurter, Walter Lippmann, and T.S. Eliot.

25B: Macbeth's famous soliloquy beginning, "She should have died hereafter" (V,v) has inspired many and furnished others with titles for their books. Name the titles the following authors have borrowed from the Bard on this account.

a. Aldous Huxley -- Brief Candles

b. H.M. Tomlinson -- All Our Yesterdays

c. Rose Macaulay -- Told by an Idiot

d. William Faulkner -- The Sound and the Fury

½ issue to Eric, and 1½ to Ed for correct answers. For next month, tell me where the following famous quotations came from:

\* Mum's the word.

\*wild goose chase

\*Turn over a new leaf.

\*Every dog has his day.

\*Honesty's the best policy.

\*Birds of a feather flock together.

\*The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

# Perelandra

Also, Question 33--The tradition of love at first sight (called a coup de foudre, or 'thunderclap' in a wonderful French idiom) has few greater proponents than the poets who composed the following lines, which I present in translation:

"And still I bless the day, the hour, the place,  
When first so high mine eyes I dared to rear;  
And say, "fond heart, thy gratitude declare,  
That then thou had'st the privilege to gaze.  
'Twas she inspired the tender thought of love  
Which points to heaven..."

-----

She was dressed in a very noble colour, a decorous and delicate crimson, tied with a girdle and trimmed in a manner suited to her tender age. The moment I saw her I say in all truth that the vital spirit, which dwells in the inmost depth of the heart, began to tremble so violently that I felt the vibration alarmingly in all my pulse...

For one free issue each, who are these two poets (and the women they praise)?

## ZEMBA Gunboat

turn out the lights...as dim as they were  
The English/Turkish draw has passed.

ZEMBA 1987APrb32 or 1988Z/ra run by Pete Gaughan in Perelandra

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07		
Austria	3	2	2	2	1	0		Jim Diehl (out F'06)	*played one unit short
England	4	4	6	7	8	10	13	J.R. Baker (draw)	+played two units short
France	5	5	5	3	3	2	2	Melinda Holley	
Germany	6	6	6	7	6	5	3	Greg Ellis	
Italy	4	4	3	5	5	5	4	Don Scheifler	
Russia	6	8+	6	4	3	3	1	Jeff Zarse (drop F'04); Steve Emmert	
Turkey	4	5*	6+	6	8	9	11	Matt Kazur (draw)	

Endgame comments would be especially welcome, as I suspect it may be the last I see of a couple of you for a while. I thank you for playing this game here--it was a lot of fun to follow your comments as you puzzled or raged over the other players!

## rylos

Casualties of Naval War Fall 1901

Austria (Gilles Tanguay): f alb-tri (a ser s),  
a tri-vie.

England (Steve Nicewarner): a edi-lon (f nts c)  
/f nts retreats otb, no retreat ordered/,  
f nwg-nwy.

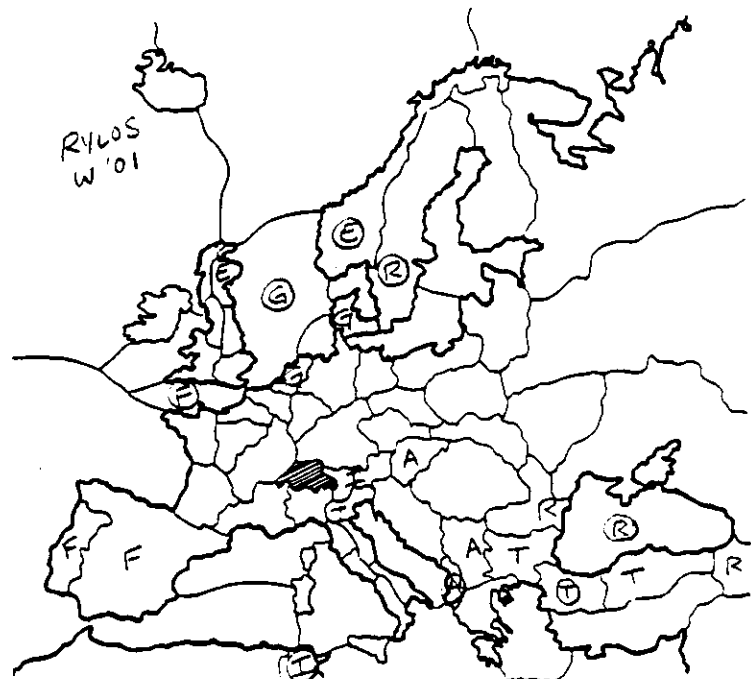
France (Tom Nash): a gas-spa, a spa-por,  
f eng s ger f hol-nts.

Germany (James Early): f hol-nts, a kie-dcn,  
a ruh-hol.

Italy (John Crosby): f ion-tun,  
a ven-tri (a tyo s).

Russia (Melinda Holley): a sev-arm, f bot-swe,  
a ukr-rum (f bla s).

Turkey (Lance Anderson): a ank h, a bul ms  
f con.



# Herelandra

## Rylos notes and press

Since I left some ambiguity at gamestart about Winter 1901, I am separating this one season.

Austria	vie bud tri SER	3/4 may build one	Rylos has been given the Boardman Number
England	lon lvp edi NWY	3/4 may build two	
France	par gas mar SPA POR	3/5 may build two	<b>1989IF</b>
Germany	mun ber kie HOL DEN	3/5 may build two	
Italy	ven rom nap TUN	3/4 may build one	
Russia	stp mos war sev SWE RUM	4/6 may build two	
Turkey	con ank smy BUL	3/4 may build one	neutrals: bel, gre

Paris to Board: Anyone forget to build? I grew up with English rules in PBEM.

Paris to Moscow: Sigh. How many times am I gonna fall for your lines. "Move to the Channel and I'll go to StP." Sure, sure. Break my heart again.

Paris to Rome: You ain't gonna let 88Q, 88CR, and 88CN make a difference, are you? Let's ally at least once!

Germany to Italy: If you are in Munich I am going to be more than slightly perturbed.

GM to Germany: Don't give him ideas.

Paris to Berlin: Welcome to the cold and dark North Sea! On to perfidious Albion!

Germany to England: Surf's up!!

Paris to London: Hey, sorry, I hate to attack another Warthog, but I was...er...given the carrot and the stick.

GM to Rylos: Don't forget--this turn is Winter 1901 only.

## GLOME Deviant

### Winning for Losing WINTER 1906

Austria (Greg Ellis): winds up down four--I forgot his units in Britain and the possible Eire retreat...removes yor, syr, gre & ser; still has armies vie, gal, bud, con, arm, lon, and fleets aeg, cly, wal; Jackson Browne, Pretender (see SnowFight press...).

Eire (Don "Call Me Mr. Responsible" Williams): a yor retreats to lvp; also has f nat & f nwg; Zuccherro Franiciari, Blues, and Premiata Forneria Marconi, Per Un Amigo.

France (Eric Brosius): retreats f mid to the box, f bel-hol; remove f hol & a bel; still has fleets pic, bre, eng, mid, and a par, a mar; "Step In Time" from Mary Poppins, and Stringband, "Mail Sortin' Man."

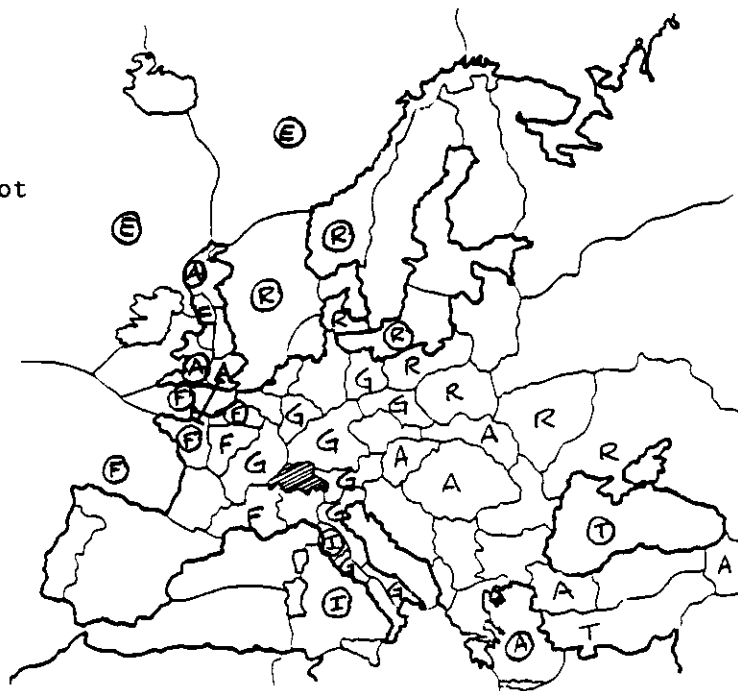
Germany (J.R. Baker): even due to french retreat; has armies ber, sil, ruh, mun, bur, tyo, ven,rom, apu; Willie Cooper and the Webs, "I Can't Take It No More."

Italy (Tom Nash): wants to know why he must remove 6. Hey, Twinkie, you had 2 lost and 3 gained from Othello, leaving you with 8 blocks and 2 dots (tun is still a Frog center). Anyway...remove fleets spa, gas, por, lyo, wes, naf. Still has f tus & f tyn; B52s, Cosmic Thing, and Richard Thompson, Words & Music.

Russia (Russ Blau): retreat a gal-ukr, a rum to the box; remove a tri, a lvn, a mos, f ice, f ska, f swe; still has a picket line consisting of armies sev, ukr, war, prn, den and fleets bal, nts, nwy; Who, "Who Are You?"

Turkey (Mark Lew): builds (!) a smy; also has f bla; Patsy Cline, "I Fall to Pieces."

That's all we can fit on this page, so turn it...after I call for SPRING 1907 by next deadline.



# Pereleandra

**Glome** updated supply center chart as of Winter 1906 (home centers underlined)

Austria	<u>ser</u>	<u>gal</u>	<u>boh</u>	<u>vie</u>	<u>bud</u>	<u>ank</u>	<u>con</u>	gre	<u>lon</u>	rum	10	Note that some supply centers count as home
Eire	<u>edi</u>	<u>ire</u>	<u>lvp</u>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	for transporter beams but not for builds
France	<u>par</u>	<u>bre</u>	<u>mar</u>	tun	bel	hol	.	.	.	.	6	for that country (e.g., London).
Germany	<u>kie</u>	<u>mun</u>	<u>ber</u>	<u>ruh</u>	<u>sil</u>	<u>tyo</u>	<u>bur</u>	<u>ven</u>	<u>rom</u>	.	9	Matter of dispute--I'm sorry, but now
Italy	<u>nap</u>	por	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	2	that Camelot has been eliminated, I rule
Russia	<u>mos</u>	<u>ukr</u>	<u>war</u>	<u>sev</u>	<u>tri</u>	den	<u>ice</u>	nwy	.	.	8	that Eire CAN take centers from other
Turkey	<u>smv</u>	<u>stp</u>	bul	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	3	powers.

VOTING	yes	-	no	=	net	PROPOSALS NOW IN EFFECT:
#76 BLANK BOARD	3				3	Playlist; "No" Votes; Tunnel;
#86 GAME STARTS					0	Anti-Titan; Transporter Beam (for AFGT); Random Rules;
#87 SHATTERED UNITS					0	Deviant, Dammit!; Unstable Dots; Rabbit Rule (for AFGT);
#88 LAKES	2				2	Othello; Living Dead; AFGT; and
#89 ANTI-LEW	5				5	#89--ANTI-LEW. When selecting a Random Rule, the GM shall
#90 NO RETREATS	5				5	exclude from the set of eligible proposals any proposed
#91 SHUT UP AND GM	14	-	10	=	4	rule that mentions Mark Lew by name. and...
#92 RANDOM/LEW	3				3	

#90--NO RETREATS. All dislodged units are annihilated.

PROPOSALS FOR SPRING (remember, you must include Playlist, votes, and A NEW PROPOSAL each turn):

- #19--AUSTRIAN HOCKEY RINK. All Austrian provinces become slippery ice. Units in an ice space haven't enough footing to move or support (though they may hold). A unit in a non-ice space may spend one Spring or Fall turn 'melting' an adjacent ice space, which negates the effect of ice in that space permanently.
- #93--EDGE DOTS. All spaces on the board's edge, including sea areas, become supply centers. To win, a player needs half of the supply centers on the original board.
- #94--INGRATES GET THEIRS. Austrian Hockey Rink is re-enacted, but extends to cover all provinces where an Austrian unit currently resides, and all Austrian-controlled SCs.
- #95--FRESH START. All Deviant rules, except the Main Rule, Playlist, and "No" Votes, are repealed. Unstable Dots is repealed retroactive to Fall 1906; all provinces are restored to their supply center status as of the beginning of the game. The Winter 1906 and Spring 1907 seasons are null and void (except for voting); Winter 1906 will be replayed following the adoption of this rule, and the game will continue from there. Italian units converted into fleets after Fall 1906 are converted back to armies.
- #96--END GAME. When selecting a Random Rule, the GM shall exclude from the set of eligible proposals all proposed rules which declare a winner of any kind. The game ends when a player has taken 18 supply centers, or a draw or concession is unanimously approved. If two players achieve the 18 supply-center level during the same season, the game continues until one of the two players is taken below 18 while some player retains 18 or more centers.
- #97--STANDBYS. Every player who is or was entered into this game after the gamestart receives two free off-the-board SCs with units in them. Those units may move to any province that borders the edge of the board. If this rule is later repealed those SCs are not taken away. Austria and Turkey each get one off-the-board SC which borders only the Ionian and only fleets may be built therein.

Any player living south of the Mason-Dixon line may order another player's unit every Fall turn. Finally, if Pereleandra is mailed out more than one week after the deadline all players have two issues added to their subs, plus, "Shut Up and GM" and "Who Shot J.R.?" are enacted.

- Finally, any unit which was to become Don Williams' becomes Eire's.
- #98--EFIRT. Austria and Germany can no longer use Transporter Beams; all units on the British Isles become Eire's; France may build in any center he owns; all Italian units become amphibious; Russia gets Rabbit power back; Turkish units cannot be flipped by Othello.

game-end proposal: Russia proposes A/G draw. PLEASE VOTE with Spring 1907 orders.

ruling: I will not be bound in my role as editor to anything that happens in this game.

# Perelandra

## Glome press

Rome (in exile) to Vienna: Don't even ask me for help again!

Naples to Paris: See if I ever vote in your stupid poll!

Paris to Rome: Check out the map and tell me what business you have asking me to leave you alone!

Naples to Berlin: Your dumb cartoons aren't even the slightest bit amusing!

Naples to Moscow: I'm in a crank mood, as you can see.

Moscow to Board: C'mon, guys, count the dots and read the rules. None of us has a chance unless we can get a fresh start. Don't waste your votes.

Board to GME: What was that you were saying?

Naples to Dead Williams: You're lucky!

Author of Rule #91 to GM: My, you're touchy! Since I can't resist a dare, I'm voting for it, at least with some of my votes.

GM to #91: I was going to use Shut Up as a tool to drive you to your knees, pleading for a way out of this game. If #97 passes...well, suffice to say none of you will want to do anything other than vote me the win.

## ZELPST

The Truth Will Out FALL 1901

Austria (J.R. Baker): f adr-ion, a tri-ser,  
a vie-tri.

England (Marc Hanna): a yor-bel (f nts c),  
f nwg-nwy.

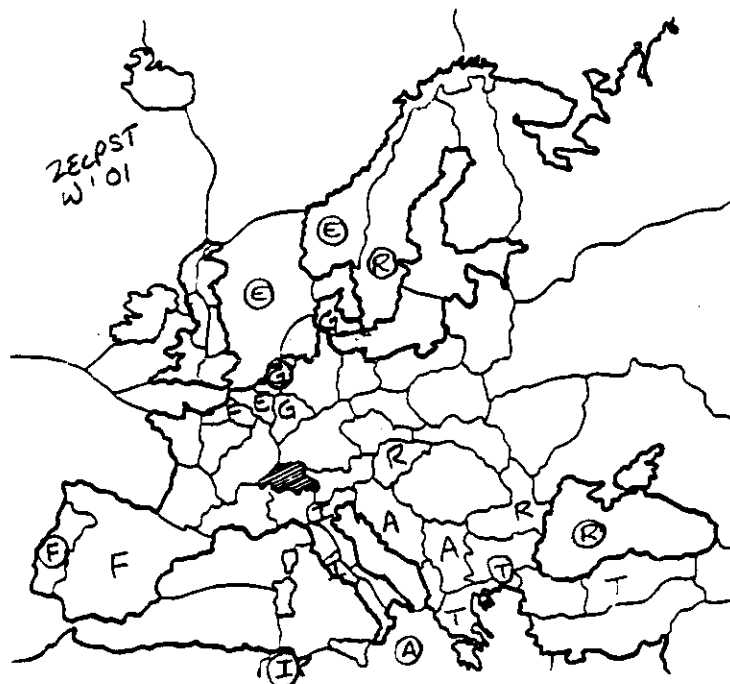
France (Lance Anderson): a mar-spa, f mid-por,  
a par-pic.

Germany (George Rifle): f hol gets tired of  
waiting for Perelandra and falls asleep,  
[Editor's note: that's one.] a mun-ruh,  
a kie-den.

Italy (Stephen Carter): f ion-tun,  
a ven h (a rom s).

Russia (Greg Ellis): f bot-swe, a ukr-rum  
(f bla s), a gal-vie.

Turkey (Melinda Holley): a bul-gre, a ank h,  
f con-bul/sc.



### SUPPLY CENTERS HELD AS OF WINTER 1901:

Austria	via bud tri SER	3/3 even
England	lon lvp edi NWY BEL	3/5 may build two
France	par bre mar SPA POR	3/5 may build two
Germany	mun kie ber HOL DEN	3/5 may build two
Italy	ven rom nap TUN	3/4 may build one
Russia	mos stp war sev SWE RUM VIE	4/7 may build three
Turkey	con ank smy BUL GRE	3/5 may build two

England to GM: Have you read your houserule #2 lately? About 5 months ago when you ANNOUNCED this game? Get more timely and we'll get more interesting, GO-GO!

GM to England: That's two.

Czar to CZAR: It's interesting enough as it is, thanks.

Paris to Moscow: Minds or elsewhere. But to the moment, what do you propose?

England to France: A Mar HOLD!? YOU expect me to be your ally when you won't even support yourself into BUR???

France to London: Hi?

England to Austria: I always attack idiots who don't read their postcards.

Austria to GM: Yes, but at RazorCon I had German support into TYO!

Russia to Austria: No. It wasn't sufficiently pro-Russian. I will require one of your centers as payment.

# Herelandra

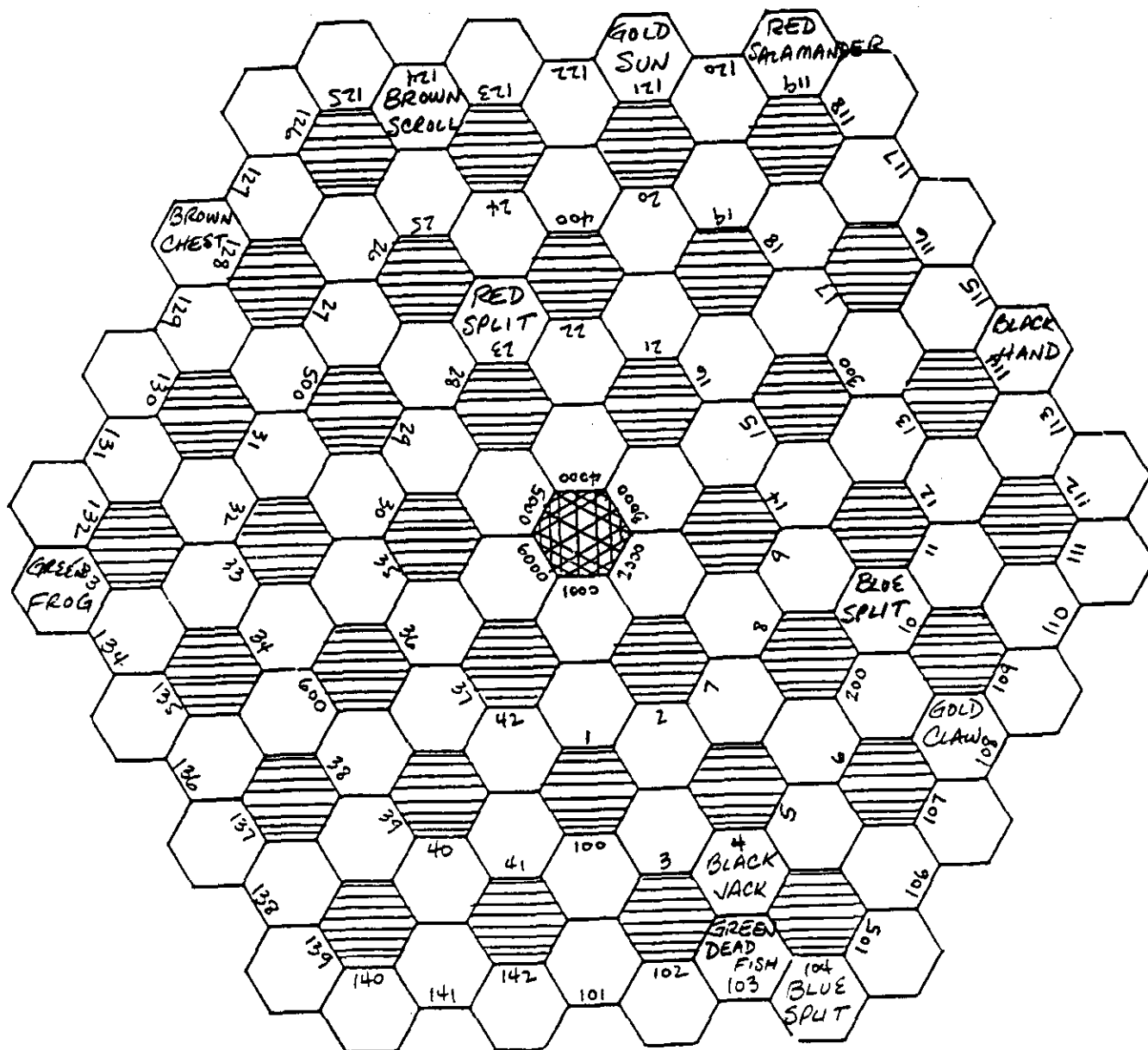
Zelpst press concludes:

Russia to Germany: Need any help against the E/F?

England to Germany: You got an ally if you don't bounce me in BEL.

Russia to Turkey: Well, the opening worked. What's next?

## GIFFARD Variant Titan



**Break it up, break it up!**

ROUND THREE

BLACK LEGIONS roll a 4. Jack O'Lantern moves to Hills (H4); Hand moves to Jungle (J114).

BLUE LEGIONS roll a 3. Raincloud moves to Jungle (J104) and splits with God; Egg moves to Brush (B10) and splits with Tornado.

BROWN LEGIONS roll a 6. Scroll moves to Plains (P124); Chest moves to Desert (D128).

GOLD LEGIONS roll a 4. Sun moves to Swamp (S121); Claw moves to Marsh (M108).

GREEN LEGIONS roll a 2. Dead Fish moves to Marsh (M103); Frog moves to Plains (P133).

RED LEGIONS roll a 3. Double Eagle moves to Hills (H23) and splits with Fist; Salamander moves to Plains (P119).

more on next page, but notice: if all orders are in by November 1, I'll adjudicate early.



# Herelandra

**musters** this round: one each Cyclops, Gargoyle, Minotaur, Ogre, Troll, Lion.  
 No points, no battles yet. Press---  
 Frog to Chest: I sure hope you "hopped" on up--otherwise we fight in the Brush.  
 Dead Fish to Raincloud: I hope we're not fighting--I'm already a dead fish--a dead duck I don't want to be.  
 Frog to Sun: Congrats--just stay away from the Tundra.  
 Dead Fish to Raincloud: You're too green! I'm supposed to be green.  
 Fish to GM: Are the Raincloud and I off the board for a while?  
 GM to Fish: Nope, seems everybody's too yellow!

## MAGRATHEA

**Balked to Second** SUMMER/FALL 1902

Italian f aeg retreats to ion.

Austria (Richard Pinelli): a vie-gal (a bud s),  
 f alb-gre (a bul s (a ser s)).

England (Jim Diehl): a lon h, f edi-nts (f nwy s  
 (f nwg s)).

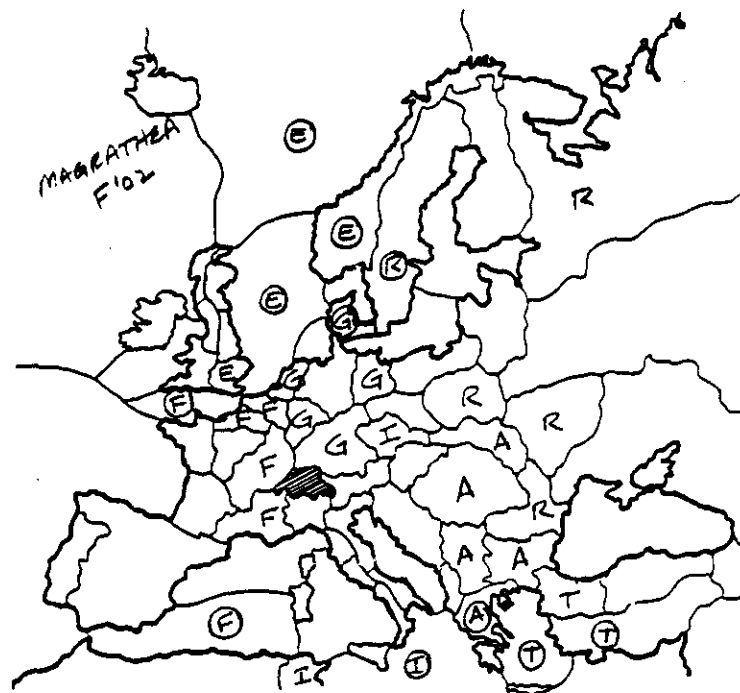
France (Tim Stark): a bur s ita a tyo-mun /nso/  
 (a bel s (f eng s)), a par-pic, a mar s a bur,  
 f spa/sc-wes.

Germany (Karl Hoffman): a ruh-bel (a hol s),  
 f den h, a mun h (a ber s).

Italy (Gary Behnen): a apu-tun (f ion c),  
 a tyo-boh.

Russia (Geoff Richard): a fin-stp, f swe h,  
 a sev-rum (a ukr s), a war-gal.

Turkey (John Crosby): f aeg-bul/sc (a con s),  
 f smy-aeg.



Suply Center Count as of Winter 1902

Austria	vie bud tri <del>via</del> ser	GRE BUL	5/6	may build one
England	lon lvp edi nwy . . .		4/4	even
France	par bre mar spa por bel . . .		6/6	even
Germany	mun ber kie hol den . . .		5/5	even
Italy	ven rom nap TUN . . .		3/4	may build one
Russia	mos stp war sev swe RUM . . .		5/6	may build one
Turkey	con ank smy <del>bul</del> . . .		4/3	even

By next deadline, please send both  
 WINTER 1902 and SPRING 1903!

Paris to London: ... but for the aggression of Germany you would be at mercy!

England to France: The Channel was supposed to be DMZ.

Paris to Rome: Please forgive my trespass. The Commander of the fleet has been relieved and it is on its way to the Atlantic. Yeah, that's the ticket...

Italy to France: Tunis is Italian, let's keep it that way! Please?

Turkey to Italy: You asked last turn "Guess who's coming to dinner?" Looks to be it's France--going to get a piece of Italy!

Italy to Russia: Armenia is beautiful, this time of year.

England to Turkey: Assistance request is granted. Hang tough.

Italy to Germany: Tip-toe, through Tyrolia, with me...

London to Kiel: Why continue to provoke England with silly attempted forays into the North Sea? We have enuf collateral problems without creating new ones.

Italy to Austria: Gee, you've written so much this year--try to tone it down a little!

Paris to Berlin: Are you sure we're doing to right thing?

# The Melniboné Herald

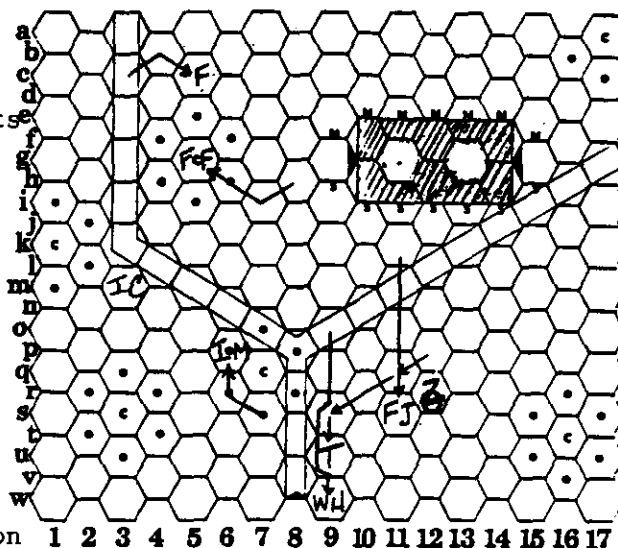
#28



## CARADHRAS Snowball Fighting

Drill Practice      TURN TWO / ASF9

Segment One: Only Ice Crusher is satisfied with his position and targets as he picks up a pair of Snowballs. Everyone else is on the move (Flake steps off the path to pick up a 'ball'; Flying Finn runs under the tree, as does Ice Man; and Wierd Harold and Titch head south) or on the attack. Titch is actually attacking first, with a Demon that misses Zaphette [45,99]. Titch's move is enough to help him escape Freon Jones' incoming Dirigible [50,71], but he's too close and too easy a target for Zaphette-- Zap nails him with a Demon/dodge option [70,23].



Segment Two: Flake, Harold, and Zaphette each pick up two more weapons, and while Titch picks up one and does a side-step, one of his attackers-- Freon Jones--replenishes his Dirigible supply! Well, all these stationary targets should be easy meat, and in fact Flying Finn pegs Flake with a Rattlesnake [95,18]. But Ice Crusher misses the Finn [70,89], and Ice Man misses Jones [90,92] by a nose hair.

Segment Three: Freon runs up alongside Zaphette, who is collecting a di and hiding behind the snowman from Titch's miserable attack [70,81]. Wierd Harold is thrilled--the Titch has his back turned, so Harold pounds it [90, 89]. Up north we have a mini-war! Flake is hit yet again by FF [95,85], and he's so mad that not even the conifer can protect the Finn [70.06]. Once again, the Ices take advantage of the wars--IC misses Flying Finn yet again [70,96], but the Man looks again to Freon Jones for points [80,28].

Rules clarification: the only way you can attack and move on the same Segment is to Demon and move one hex. If you attack with the Demon, you may instead choose to 'dodge' incoming attacks (if you don't specify, I assume you are dodging).

	<u>vp</u>	<u>hp</u>	<u>ammo left</u>	
Flake (location: C5) .....	2	8	3 sb's	
Flying Finn (G5) .....	4	7	none	
Freon Jones (S11) .....	2	8	1 dir.	
Ice Crusher (M3) .....	2	9	none	
Ice Man (P6) .....	2	10	none	
Titch (U9) .....	1	2	none	
Wierd Harold (W9) .....	3	8	1 sb	
Zaphette Beeblebrox (R12) ...	5	7	2 sb & 1 dir.	

Notice: Your deadline for Turn Three is 11/3, but if all orders are in before then, I'll adjudicate early.

I should warn Snowball Fighting fans that Greg Ellis is about to commit an atrocity on the sport. Although this (spit!) Republican (hack!) held the title of SnowFight Champion for some time, he lost that to Bob Olsen in....

# Herelandra

Quwhon (ASF7), recently concluded. 'Mr.' Ellis now writes: "I am still protesting the win, and refuse to relinquish the Championship Belt! How can a player with no HPs win? Since I am the player with the most HPs and VPs, I am claiming the win. Thanks for the game." In a phone conversation to try to settle the matter, he continued: "They'll get this tiara when they pry it from my cold, dead scalp!"

Well, Gregory, aside from your confusion over articles of clothing, I will not allow you to turn this into professional wrestling. Olsen is the winner and new Champion, until someone else earns the title. Since Winner Olsen has indicated a desire to retire with the prize, we may well be crowning a new Champion right here in Caradhras, though I find it more likely that this is the first step in a selection process for contenders.

Knock off the sour grapes, Ellis.

FF to F: Hit me when I'm not lookin', willya?!

Flakey to Yard: Why is there no snow on the path?!!! Let's pelt the guy with the broom!

IM to FJ: My snow seems to have some stains in it, fluoridate this!

FJ to SnowMaster: How come I can't spell "fluoridate?" Doesn't the old rhyme go "U after O, unless spelling 'quo?'"

SM to FJ: I don't know the rhyme, but it was my typo last time. Sorry.

FJ to Titch: Here's what you get for not ducking fast enough!

IM to Titch: Tch-tch, Titch, didn't yo' momma teach Titch to duck? You're not supposed to lead with your nose!

Zap: I'll twitch--you run!

IM to Z: As a ruler, you sure measure up! Don't even think you hide behind that snowman!

Zap: I'm the king of the castle...you're the dirty rascal!

FF to SM: Gotta ease up! My snowballs are vaporizing! See the steam coming off the last one!

FJ to Zaphette: C'mon....whatcha doin' hidin' nexta that snowman? The two of you look like an "88" standin' there! Get on out here where we can hitcha!

FJ to SM: Yep...that's what 88's did to Matilda tanks, too!

Wierd Harold to Yard: Hey-be! Why-be we-be be playing with thebe snow-be-balls? Let's play-be Buck-buck!

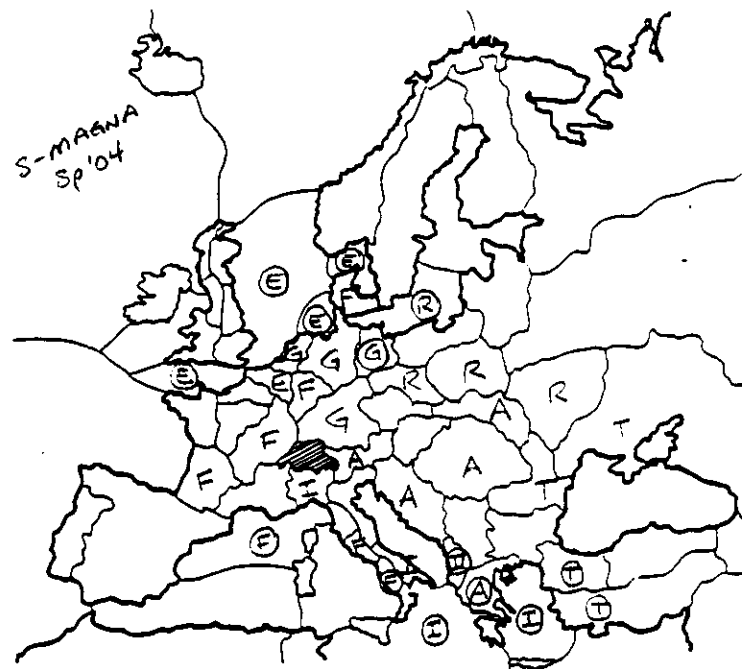
## SESERAS MAGNA

**The Plague Game** REPLAY of SPRING 1904  
This game is jinxed. I used the wrong set of Austrian orders last turn (though I did manage to note his new address and his 'delete all prior press' from the correct orders!!). Then when I sent out a corrected adjudication, I missed the action around Munich, as France gains a toehold in the Black Forest. Your **next deadline** is for **Fall 1904**. (For more on my Gamemastering, see the lettercol.)

Austria (James Early): a tyo-ven, a ser-tri,  
a gal h (a bud s), f bul/sc-gre.

England (Jim Diehl): f nts-hel, a bel-hol,  
f eng-bel, f nwy-nts, f ska s fre a den.

continues on page 12



# Perelandra

France (Larry Botimer): a gas-mar, f mar-lyo, a bur-ruh, a par-bur, a den h, f tyn-nap, arom-ven.

Germany (Lance Anderson): f bal-ber (a kie s(a hol s)), a ruh-mun.

Italy (Stuart Lange): a pie-mar, a tun-apu (f ion c), f gre-alb, f con-aeg.

Russia (Kathy Caruso): a war-gal (a sil s), a ukr s tur a rum, f swe-bal.

Turkey (John Crosby): f ank-con, f eas-smy, a rum s rus a ukr-gal (a sev s).

I have orders and press from most of you but I will only print the press if you specifically request that it be carried over. Here's one item, though...

Rome to Moscow: The Cubs are dropping, are they? Betcha my SCs against your that they don't drop as many as the Mets. I know the point will be moot by the time this is published (spring training may be moot by then), but I'll be happy to collect anyway.

GM to Sesefras Magna: That sounded snide to me. Did that sound snide to any of you?

## GRAMMARE

**Top of the Order**      ROUND EIGHT      and LBR's build was only #11million last round (now, Craig, will you start spelling Perelandra correctly in "ScorTrax"??)

1. Bergmann's Boxcars (Jason B.): move to London, sell pottery for #13M (card 65), drop other pottery; pick up two imports, move one mp N.
2. Lost Buchanan Road (Craig Mills): move S to end of line; build from London to connect line.
3. Birmingham & Hereford RR Co. (Eric Brosius): move to Gloucester, drop steel, pick up machinery; move 5 N and E; build 6 from Northampton and London.
4. Wrobel's Wrailway (Ed W.): dump cards (event #130 goes away).
5. Silkworth's Sober Steamers (Conrad von Metzke): move 9 S.
6. Puppytail Rail (Bruce Linsey): move 9 S.
7. Connie's Cousin's Caboose (Tom Nash): move 9 N.

<u>order next time</u>	<u>cards</u>	<u>loads</u>	<u>cash</u>	<u>GOs</u>
Lost Buchanan	96, 80, 118	oats, textiles	#12M - 10 = #2M	ok
B & Hereford	120, 31, 79	machinery, <del>hops</del>	#28M - 6 = #22M	so-so
Wrobel's	40, <u>5</u> , <u>114</u>	oats, oats	#22M	no
Silkworth's	78, 34, 81	tourists, textiles	#4M	ok
Puppytail	6, 94, 23	cotton, <del>imports</del>	#23M	so-so
Connie's	44, 112, 66	<del>steel</del>	#4M	no
Bergmann's	77, <u>70</u> , 91	imports, imports	#1 + 13 = #14M	no

And awaaaay we go...Ed draws the following events during his dump:

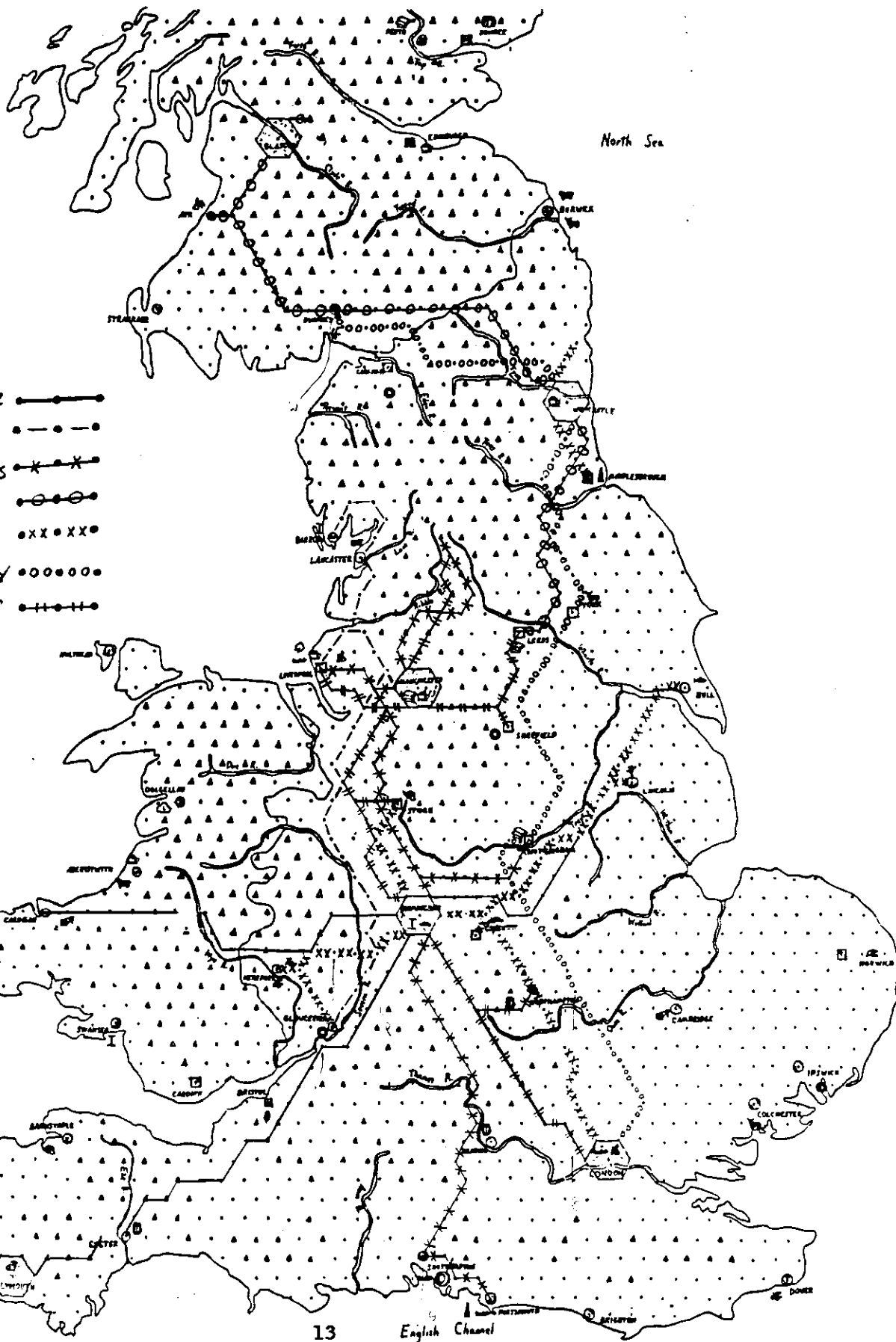
#129--FOG. All trains within ten mp of London (discard #46) move at half rate during round 9 and no building within 10 mp of London next time.

#124--DERAILMENT. All trains within 3 mp of the following cities lose one turn & one load (discard cards # 86 & 83): Cardigan, Gloucester (CCC loses steel; Puppytail loses imports), Hull, Leeds, Hereford (B&H loses hops), and Perth.

#138--FLOODS. No train may cross the Clyde, Perwent, Ribble, Exe, or Wye next round. Three bridges are lost: Puppytail over the Ribble, and CCC over the Exe and Wye.

Discard Pile: 27, 26, 52, 32, 49, 76, 74, 4, 22, 51, 47, 87, 65, 103, 95, 71, 129, 46, 124, 86, 83, 138. (New cards are underlined above.)

Well, things look bleaker for Connie's Cousin's Caboose than they did for Wrobel's! I would not trust my adjudication if I were you (but then again, you all think I'm a pretty good gm, eh? Just kidding, Eric!). Please tell me quickly if I've missed something--and this time I'll try to remember to label where the trains are! Your deadline is on the back cover, but I will adjudicate as soon as I have heard from all 7 of you--even though I have general orders, some of them are quite old now.



North Sea

Irish Sea

GRAMARYE

- Connie's Cousin's Caboose —●—●—●—●—
- Puppytail Rail - - -●- - -●- - -●- - -●- - -●
- Silkworth's Sober Steamers —x—x—x—x—
- Wrobel's Wrailway —○—○—○—○—
- Birmingham & Hereford —xx—xx—xx—xx—
- Lost Buchanan Road —○○—○○—○○—○○—
- Bergmann's Boxcars —|—|—|—|—

Celtic Sea

English Channel

# Herelandra

Stoke (AP): Sources close to the President of Bergmann's Boxcars report that he has an abnormal fear of water. This phobia was triggered by a frightening incident at the seashore when he was a young boy. We do not as yet have the details of the incident, but our research staff is following up a number of leads.

We asked railroad analysts whether this phobia might manifest itself in the day-to-day operations of Bergmann's Boxcars, and we discovered that investors can expect the following behaviour: it is unlikely that the company will build many bridges, as President Bergmann would experience extreme discomfort in riding across them. In addition you can expect the railroad to emphasize beer deliveries, as a person has to drink something!

It would not be surprising if Bergmann's established depots in all the major beer-producing areas, though as yet construction has been confined to Northampton.

I'm abandoning the load chart as superfluous, but here's your city chart...

Slashes (/) indicate rail lines built into that city; underlining=locked-out.

aberystwyth	CARDIFF	<u>dumfries</u> //	hull/	<u>northampton</u> //	reading
ayr/	cardigan/	<u>DUNDEE</u>	ipswich	<u>NORWICH</u>	SHEFFIELD/
barnstaple	CARLISLE	EDINBURGH	lancaster/	<u>NOTTINGHAM</u> //	southampton/
barrow/	colchester	exeter/	LEEDS//	pembroke	STOKE//
berwick	COVENTRY/	<u>gloucester</u> //	lincoln/	penzance	stranraer
brighton	dolgellau	hereford/	<u>LIVERPOOL</u> ///	perth	swansea
BRISTOL	dover	holyhead	<u>MIDDLESBROUGH</u> /	portsmouth	YORK/
cambridge					

## FOMALHAUT

### Table Scraps

WINTER 1904--Austria build f tri; England builds f lon, a edi; France builds a par, f mar, f bre; Germany removes a ruh; Italy retreats both units off the board and removes a tyo; Russia retreats f sev to the box and removes f bla.

Austria proposes E/F/A, Russia proposes F win.

### SPRING 1905

Austria (Jason Bergmann): f gre-bul/sc (a con s), f ion-gre, f tri-adr, a sev-mos, a ven h, a boh-sil, a gal-ukr (a rum s).

England (Tim Stark): f bar-stp/nc (fnwy s), f den-kie (F s), f nts-den, f lon-nts, a edi-yor, a swe h.

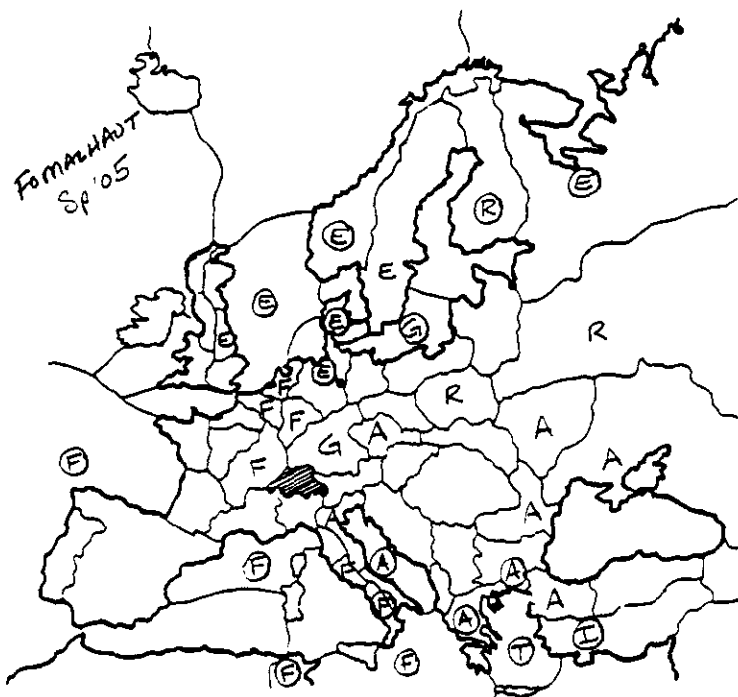
France (Tom Nash): f tyn-ion (f tun & f nap s), a rom-ven, f mar-lyo, f bre-mid, a par-bur, a hol s eng f den-kie, a bur-ruh (a bel s).

Germany (John Crosby): a mun-ruh (a kie s) /a kie to ber or boom/, f ber-bal.

Italy (Vince Lutterbie): f smy s aus a con.

Russia (Jim Nickel): a war-sil, f fin-stp/sc, a mos-war.

Turkey (civil disorder): f aeg sits.



Please vote on E/F/A and concession to F with your Fall 1905 orders (and German retreat).

Italy to France: Now I've got you right where you want me, frog!

Paris to Rome-in-Exile: As you would say in "Elio Chacon," Gee, you're swell. Too bad I have to wipe you out. Such a sweetheart!

Italy to All: If I/A can't do it, then we'll just have to make sure that Austria is around for part of the draw.

Paris to Vienna: Jason, sorry, but when an alliance has been this profitable and based on ---

# Herelandra

trust, why break it up? As they say, you gotta dance with the one what brought ya!  
England to Austria: I feel like my head has been in a vise for a month. You have compressed my brain so I couldn't remember our plan, so I had to ad lib. I hope I got close.  
Italy to Austria: Start thinking about an A/E before France gets any stronger.  
Italy to England: Ditto the above.  
Paris to London: How many letters and calls have you gotten from Bergmann trying to break us up?  
GM to Paris: Closest guess wins a car? I'd say '481.  
Italy to J. Crosby: Thanks for the kind words--as usual, you are full of industrial waste.  
England to Russia: Hold 'em in the steppes. I'll protect your back.  
Paris to Moscow: Jim, remember I never attacked you!  
BT,DT to the Former TS: Once again, I am saving your butt. Admit I am your role model and better, and we'll get along fine! P.S. "Where's TS?" has been replaced by "Where's RA?"

## LAKKDAROL Downfall

Short Attention Span after SOLMATH

Dwarves (Larry Botimer): have A Nenuial, A Withered Heath, A River Running, A South Mirkwood, A North Downs.

Elves (Jason Bergmann): builds A Elven King's Halls; also has A Brown Lands, A Anduin, A Old Forest Rd, A Carrock, A Old Ford, A Rhudaur, A Shire, F Gulf of Lune.

Gandalf (Rob Wittmond): has Ga Fe R

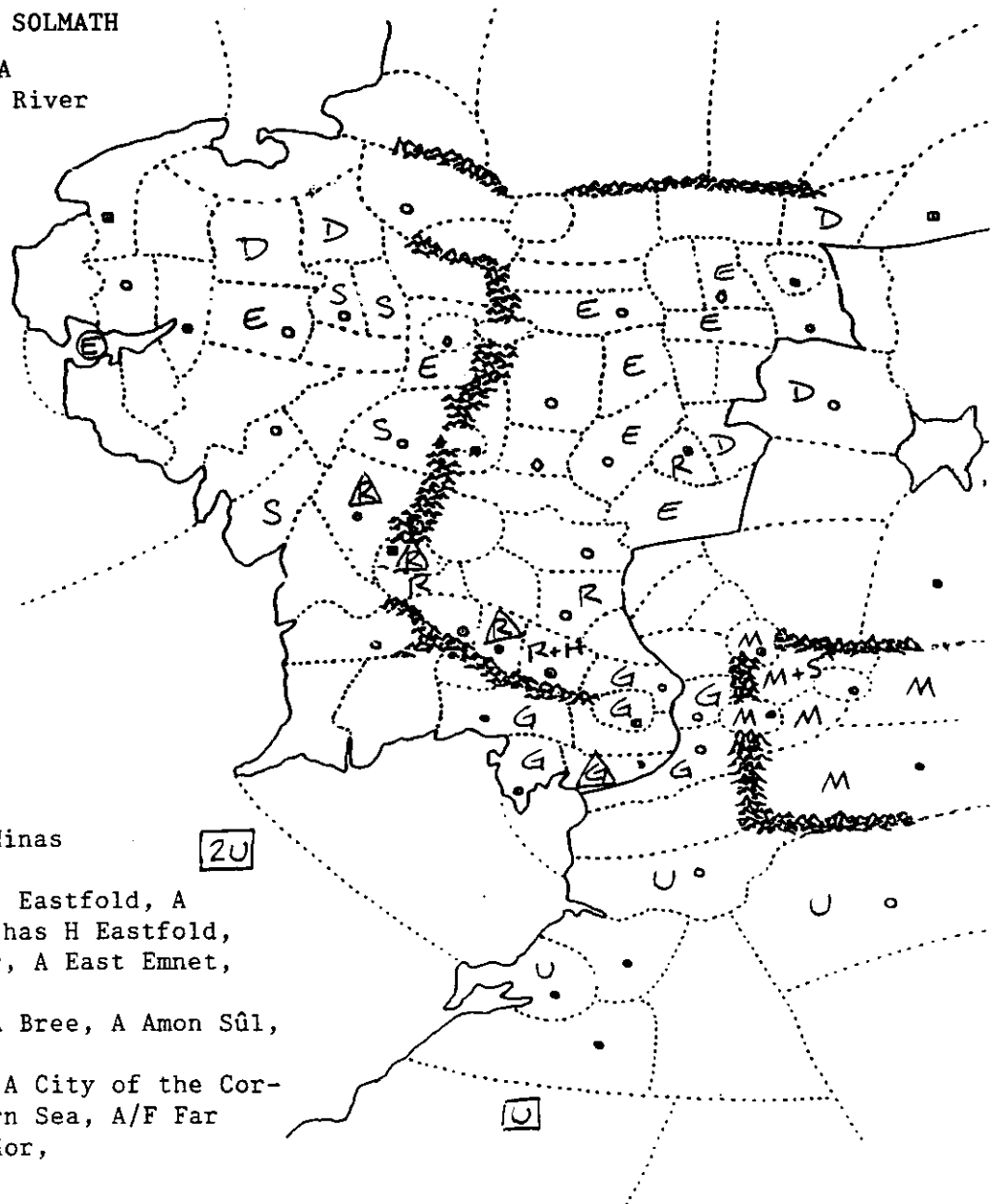
Gondor (Lance Anderson): builds As Lamedon & Belfalas, also has A Osgiliath, A Anorien, A South Ithilien, A Minas Tirith, C Lebennin, Fa

Mordor (Craig Mills): removes Wold, Entwash, Dagorlad, and Dead Marshes; still has A Ered Lithui, A Nurn, A and Sauron Orodruin, A Udûn, A Minas Morgul, A Gorgoroth.

Rohan (Brian Hogan): builds A Eastfold, A Helm's Deep, C Edoras; also has H Eastfold, A Gap of Rohan, A Dol Guldor, A East Emnet, C Dunland, C Isengard.

Saruman (Randy Grigsby): has A Bree, A Amon Sûl, A Hollin, A Gwathlo, Sa

Umbar (Geoff Richard): builds A City of the Corsairs; also has 2A/F Southern Sea, A/F Far Harad, A Khand, A South Gondor, Nazgul



Deadline for Rethe I 3019 is on the back cover...some press next.

# Perelandra

By the way...the rules are quite clear that "kill" orders aimed at personality units must be made provisionally with each turn's moves, and cannot be made as "standing orders."

Dwarves to Elves: That line is as old as Shelob and as full of slime. Give me a break from the new wave "shifting" alliance stuff, will you?

Dwarves to Horselords: So you prefer the fair speech and foul deeds of the Elves, do you? That figures. People don't value stout-hearted and true allies these days like they used to.

Dwarves to Saruman: I'm glad you're the new ally of the greedy Elves. That way you'll die faster than I will.

Dwarves to Umbardacil: Very pretentious, since you're nothing but an Elf-puppet and friend of the fast-talking Horselords.

Erebor to Gondor: Nice comeback! Maybe the king has returned.

Dain to Sauron: Time to hunker down in Fortress Mordor and hurl insults from the top of Barad-dûr. By the way, I agree with you about Galadriel and her magic mirror.

Bellevue to Valinor: Want to meet me at PoolCon next August?

Valinor to Bellevue: No, meeting you once at PudgeCon was as much as I can stand.

## Player Roster for all Perelandra games

Lance Anderson Box 29175 San Francisco CA 94129  
J.R. Baker 512 Snipes St. Charles MO 63303  
Gary Behnen 13101 S Trenton Olathe KS 66062  
Jason Bergmann Box 23780 Atlanta GA 30322  
Russ Blau 9023 Lake Braddock Dr Burke VA 22015  
Larry Botimer 13833 NE 11th St #3 Bellevue WA 98005  
Eric Brosius 41 Hayward St Milford MA 01757  
Stephen Carter 435 McCarron Ave Rifle CO 81650  
Kathy Caruso 636 Astor St Norristown PA 19401  
John Crosby 9031 Cardiff Rd Richmond VA 23236  
Jim Diehl 10530 W Riverview Dr Eden Prairie MN 55347  
James Early 3500 Greystone Dr #166 Austin TX 78731  
Greg Ellis 1709 San Antonio, suite 211 Austin TX 78701  
Melinda Holley Box 2793 Huntington WV 25727  
Randy Grigsby 93 St. Vincent St, RR #3 Barrie ON L4M 4S5 CANADA  
Marc Hanna 718 Bounty Dr #1820 Foster City CA 94404  
Karl Hoffman 1070 Cold Stream Circle #M Emmaus PA 18049  
Brian Hogan Box 7003 Los Osos CA 93412  
Stuart Lange 904 Fox Chase Ln Riverdale GA 30296  
Mark Lew 438 Vernon #103 Oakland CA 94610  
Bruce Linsey Box 1334 Albany NY 12201  
Vince Lutterbie 1021 Stonehaven Marshall MO 65340  
Conrad von Metzke 4374 Donald Ave San Diego CA 92117  
Craig Mills 3085 Old Hwy 8 #22 Roseville MN 55113  
Tom Nash 5512 Pilgrim Rd Baltimore MD 21214  
Steve Nicewarner 107th FSU, Box 98 Fort Bragg NC 28307  
Jim Nickel 429 E Columbia St Falls Church VA 22046  
Richard Pinelli 6606 N Glenwood Chicago IL 60626  
Geoff Richard 7240 Whispering Pines Dallas TX 75248  
George Rifle 165 Garfield Ave Colonia NJ 07067  
Tim Stark 605 West Doyle Granbury TX 76048  
Gilles Tanguay 14225 Haymeadow Dallas TX 75240  
Don Williams 44016 4th Street East Lancaster CA 93535  
Rob Wittmond 2924 Petaluma Ave Long Beach CA 90815  
Ed Wrobel 6204 Bardu Ave Springfield VA 22152



# Perelandra

## Opinions and Editorials and Letters\_\_\_\_\_

STVEN CARLBERG: By the way, I don't believe Raymond Chandler wrote The Blue Dahlia. Wasn't that a Dashiell Hammett effort?

[[[Hmmm--I think I had that one right, but don't have time to check it out; anybody else know?]]]

GUY HAIL: Whew! The Clarion West Writing Workshop was very taxing (infectious, too--I caught a sinus infection in Seattle that has proved hard to rid myself of because my nose has picked this year to develop an allergy to ragweed!). Still, I'll know if it paid off in a few months, after I've had a chance to send out some stories several times.

[[[On the topic of people I know who write... J.R. Baker mentioned last month that his sister had just published her first. Look for My First Murder by Susan Baker (\$15.95 hardcover from St. Martin's). It has an excellent premise and plot, and she has paced the book very well after the protagonist travels to Fort Worth. There are several three-page chapters in the first portion, which takes place in Houston; I find this kind of division distracting. My only other criticism would be that the writer doesn't provide enough realistic support for the manner in which Baker's detective trips up the worst of the bad guys; I've seen this device before and nobody has yet shown me that it happens in real life, I guess! But the detection itself is flawless, and the setting is fantastic--the book is worth reading for its descriptions of Texas alone.]]]

STEVE NICEWARNER: You didn't go into any detail as to why there was a delay in your pubbing schedule, but I hope things are going better than before. ... I really liked Scavenger Hunt Dip, Colonia, and Balkan Wars. If any of them start I'll almost certainly get in on them. Also, if Glome rule #91 passed (and your threat almost sounded like a challenge), then I want to be in on the new board. BTW, if it passes and you want to complain, I'd suggest putting the game in a subzine and then complaining in the subzine (and not in Pere itself).

I want to thank you for the plug, but the basic Food Fight rules are only 10 pages long, which isn't much longer than Snowball Fighting. I only included the advanced rules for completeness. The only optional rules I use are "Our Living Democracy" [Ed.: all food fighters begin with the same attributes] and "Mystery Meat" [a weapon of indeterminate characteristics]. I didn't realize that you thought I was using all the rules, sorry. Also, you might want to look at the Nomic rules. [Nomic is 'Deviant Dip without the board.']

That's it from here. I don't know if I told you, but my tapes were stolen soon after I wrote you my "music" letter. I'm taking a poll on what to replace them with. Any suggestions?

[[[Go ahead and sign me up for FF, Steve, and I would like to see Nomic.

[[[For music suggestions, you probably want Jim-Bob Burgess (100 Holden St, Providence RI 20908) but here's three: The Nylons (any album, but the most recent is Happy Together); Manhattan Transfer, Vocalese; and Bob Dylan, Biograph. Nearly everything I own is classical or jazz, with a few pieces of rock tossed in.]]]

ERIC BROSIUS: I really love "Glome." I suppose in fairness to the other players I ought to try to win, but I can't help myself--I'd rather "cut up." By the way, about the "Shut Up and GM" Rule--I didn't mean to offend you, but after writing the thing out (giggling all the way) I was casting about for a title and that seemed hilarious at the time. I'm almost tempted to vote for it after you dared us to!

[[[Hey, I wasn't offended--one purpose of Deviant is to create hell for the GM.]]]

STVEN CARLBERG: On my game board, Plymouth is not a major city, and the London hexagon is 3 to a side. Do I have a different edition, or is this a variation for 7-by-mail play?

# Perelandra

[[[Gramarye is using some rules revisions Bruce Linsey wrote in order to balance the game. There are more contracts in the west and southwest as well as a different set of events. [[And on the subject of games, here's that Northpoint endgame statement I lost earlier!]]]]

GARY BEHNEN: The view from St. Pete is one of relief after quite a roller coaster ride. After no builds in '01, survival, not a 2-way, was on my mind. With a little luck and help from a few countries at the right time, the F/R shaped up and neither of us could really run for a win with such a strong Turkey. As it turned out, we didn't have to pick the survivors apart and I appreciate the voted end. I wish more games could be brought to a conclusion as quickly.

Thanks to all for an interesting game. Jim Nickel provided a very good fight, my hat's off to him. Thanks to Diehl for a good game and willingness to draw. Lastly, Pete, I enjoy Perelandra and appreciate your efforts in gming and publishing. Keep up the good work!

LARRY BOTIMER: Was Italy a real person named Matt Kazur in "Northpoint?" I've seen his name nowhere else in the hobby, have you? Just curious!

[[[I have answered this before--I know who Matt is and that's good enough for me.]]]

more ERIC BROSIUS: You write on page 25 [Pere #71] that your 82nd percentile ranking in the GM Poll is unreasonably high; you would not rate yourself that high! You forget that the voters use various criteria in their appraisals--not all of them see things the same way. This is how it should be; people should vote based on what's important to them.

One area in which you are unsurpassed is the variety of games you GM. If there's another zine which offers regular and Gunboat Diplomacy, Deviant, Downfall, British Rails, Titan, and Snowball Fighting, I want to hear about it. [...]

Thanks for mentioning the results in Perelandra. I just wanted to let you know I appreciate your effort--and to remind you that it's easier to focus on one's shortcomings than one's strengths.

P.S. Poll results from Bruce are 50 cents for just final standings, \$3 for complete report. Should be out [by Nov. 1].

[[[Those who have been around long enough are already tired of me talking about my shortcomings. Not that there is ever an underabundance of ego in yours truly...but sometimes I do think to myself, "Well, with all this talent, knowledge, and ability, you're still never going to amount to anything." (The difference between now and back in college is that these days I continue the conversation with myself by noting that I'm already a successful husband, friend and adult.) Anyway, I rate gms based on errors and timeliness, but I agree that each voter should use his/her own criteria.]]]

ROBIN BARBEHEN: I am very interested in joining a postal EB/BR game in the near future. If you have or will soon have an opening, please send me a line. Additionally, if you have a spare copy of your zine, please send me a copy and charge for it on top of any sub/game fee.

[[[Perelandra won't be opening any more rail games--our next game start will be a Diplomacy variant (looks more and more like Woolworth). But most of the rail aficionados are reading this, so they will jump up and let you know if there's a game out there available. (I almost threw the envelope away before I realized Robin's address wasn't on her letter; she's at 1626 Angus Court, Crofton MD 21114.)]]]

# Perelandra

## PAYNE'S DANCE WITH MARIANNE

[[[In an exception from our usual practice of excerpting, this is a complete story, but only part one. The conclusion will run in the next issue of Perelandra.]]]

The convention was obviously a success. Payne had put his three hours in at the registration table starting at 6 pm Friday, as soon as he could get there after work, and for most of that time they'd had people waiting in line. Sitting in the con suite with a cold Stroh's in his hand now, he could proudly survey his handiwork--the flawlessly typed name badges--on practically every other shirt in the place.

"Hey, Payne! What it is, buddy!"

"Who wants to know?" Payne retorted in mock challenge. "Hey, Foster! When did they let you out?" Payne swiveled around and stood up, all grins and needles, to offer a hand to his old friend.

"We just got in," said Foster. His blue eyes were dancing merrily behind wire rim glasses, underlined by rounded cheeks and a disgracefully scraggly blonde beard. He wore a bright green "Rue Bourbon" T-shirt and wrinkled, dirty cut-offs that had once been olive green with a blue pinstripe.

"Have a beer!"

"We will. Has anyone seen George McCoy? I'm supposed to share a room with him."

"No."

"I saw George." Phyllis Cladowicz entered the conversation. "He was in the huckster room."

"Hey, Phyllis! Gosh, you're looking good!"

"Thank you," Phyllis minced, curtseying primly.

"I wish I could say the same for you," said Payne. "What is that on your face, an escaped caterpillar?"

"This is the beard of the century," stated Foster. "Honest, Phyllis, you must have lost thirty pounds! What are you eating these days, celery?"

"Among other things," cackled Carey Cargill, whose flirtation with Phyllis had been interrupted.

"I've been playing racketball," explained Phyllis, ignoring Carey.

"It's a good game," offered Payne. "Where do you play?"

"At a club," said Phyllis vaguely. "Do you play?"

"It's been a while, but, yeah, I like to play. Are you any good?"

"We-e-ell... Not very. But I love to play."

"Look, I'm going down to look for George," said Foster. "You want to come?"

"Sure, I'll walk with you," agreed Payne. "Phyllis?"

"No thanks."

Foster leaned into the bathtub and extricated a Blatz beer. "What the hell is this stuff?" he complained, wiping away bits of ice from the can.

"It's a dollar sixty a six-pack, that's what it is," said Payne. "And worth almost every penny."

Foster popped the top and took a long drink. "Ylloch," he said, appreciatively. "That's really bad." They started down the hallway to the elevator. "When does the Hearts tournament start?"

"I dunno; I'm not playing this year. Are you?"

"Oh yeah. Hey, Marianne! What it is, girl?"

"Hi," said Marianne, without enthusiasm. "Hi," she said to Payne. Marianne stood waiting for the elevator, her thin blonde hair braided into a somehow medieval-looking ponytail. She wore a baby blue "I Was Here Last Year" shirt largely covered with unicorn, Rocky Horror, and X-Men buttons. She was slender and almost tall, endowed not overabundantly with feminine curves, "interesting" without being quite fashion plate-gorgeous.

# Herelandra

"What's wrong?" asked Payne.

"Nothing," said Marianne. "I'll tell you about it later."

The elevator door opened and a half-dozen Indiana Clones in various sizes and weights got out. Each had his bullwhip wrapped around the neck of the clone in front of him. "Trust me," the first one said, as though by way of explanation, while they trooped by.

"This is a fun group," remarked Foster. "Call me when you get to the snakes!" he yelled down the hallway as the elevator doors closed. There was a "GasCon 2" room party notice taped to the emergency phone panel. "CHILLS! SPILLS! WORLD'S MESSIEST MARGARITAS!" it advertised. Marianne punched "3."

Payne regarded her curiously. She would not return his gaze, but looked glumly away at the room party signs. Foster breathed twice, expectantly. Thoughtfully gauging the situation, he changed the subject.

"How's the art show?" he inquired.

"Haven't seen it," said Payne.

"It's pretty good," said Marianne.

That seemed to be all. The elevator bumped springily to a stop on 4. The doors opened to reveal George McCoy in all his glory--an eighth of a ton of it and draped out in Lawrence of Arabia costume.

"Hey, George! Is the circus in town, or where did you steal that tent?"

"Up yours, Foster," replied George without malice. "Are you still planning to sleep in my room?"

"Unless I get a better offer," confirmed Foster.

"Then come down here and help me move my armor display."

"Are you kidding?"

"Nope," said George.

"Okay," sighed Foster, stepping out of the elevator. "See you later."

They were alone in the elevator. "What is it?" asked Payne. Marianne breathed an angry sigh.

"Doug was supposed to be staying with me, but he's not, and I don't have a room, and I'm mad, and if I see him with that fat little slut one more time I am going to scream!"

"Gabrielle?"

"Who else? It's not enough that he spends six damn weeks making costumes with her," the elevator doors opened on 3, mercifully unpeopled, "they've got to babysit the damn things and sleep together to do it!"

"So it's over between you and him," suggested Payne.

"Evidently."

They stepped out and let the elevator go. Awkwardly, Payne decided to try to hug Marianne reassuringly. He put his hand on her shoulder, and she did the rest, turning to him with a fierceness he had not anticipated.

"Damn him!," she said. "Damn them both!" She put her arms around him and he was overwhelmed by the sensation of warmth. She put her chin on his shoulder and he put his hands around her waist experimentally; she barely noticed. A tiny gurgling sound told him she had stifled the beginning of a sob. "Oh, shit!" she hissed. "This is not the way I'm going to be."

"How are you going to be?" whispered Payne. "Come on, it's okay. Everything will be all right."

"I know. I know." She pulled away from his shoulder and looked him in the eye; he could taste the steamy almost-tearfulness in her breath. He waited.

"I shouldn't do this to you," she said.

"I'm a volunteer," he contradicted her. "I care about you, Marianne. Do you need some hugs?" he suggested, supplying them.

"Yes," she answered. There seemed to be an unstated "and..." So he kissed her. The elevator door opened and Tim Spencer, whom he knew slightly, got off, started to say something, thought better of it, and walked past them down the hallway.

Payne kissed her again. Marianne's eyes closed as he approached her lips, and she kissed him passionately.

# Perelandra

"Come on," said Payne.

"What do you mean, come on?"

"The convention! The con suite is just starting to hop, and there are people all over the lobby looking for fun, and the next thing you know, there'll be room parties opening up! This whole place is coming alive, and that's what we're here for! Get high, get happy, get faanish! You know?"

Payne felt that peculiar vertiginous feeling of being just where he might slip and fall deep into her eyes. They stood awkwardly, still holding on but leaning away, uncertain which direction to go.

"All right," agreed Marianne. "Let's do the con."

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\*\*\*\*\*conclusion in next issue\*\*\*\*\*

## Game Openings

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Games in Perelandra require that you subscribe, except for games of Snowball Fighting. The following list is open to suggestions--we'll play whatever there's demand for, with the exception that I'd like to avoid Gunboat for a while.

Diplomacy, "Planet Blue": was going to use the British system of retreats, similar to Rylos, but lack of interest forces me to squash this one. Instead, we'll use the Planet Blue name for a variant...

Diplomacy, "Freibur": Dip on two-week deadlines. Open to anyone in North America but be forewarned--I will have no sympathy for late orders in this one, regardless of how long an issue of Perelandra takes to produce. \$5 gamefee; Ellis, Behnen, Stewart, and Stark are ready and need just three more.

Snowball Fighting, "Belgarion": The next SnowFight will be public--Tom Hurst, Tim Stark, Brian Hogan, John Schultz, Nelson Heintzman, J.R. Baker, and Jeff McKee are already signed up (game is free). I will wait until November 4 before I print starting locations, and I can take up to three more players before then. Those of you who are listed here should send me a "game name" by 11/4.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings: I was going to Gamemaster this in Geoff Richard's zine, The Messenger, but there just hasn't been enough interest.

Axis and Allies: Likewise, James Early would've run this but enthusiasm has dimmed for it.

The Narnian Wars: This one is now running in The Messenger.

### NEW TO THE LIST

Scavenger Hunt Dip: \$5 gamefee, needs seven players. The basic rules of Diplomacy apply but with this change--amend Rule II. Object of the Game to read:

"As soon as one Great Power has gathered 40 of the 75 provinces, the player representing that Great Power is the winner." As usual in Pere, draws and concessions may be voted which exclude one or more players. "Gathering" would be defined as successfully moving an army or fleet into the space.

This rule amendment is up for discussion--higher or lower number? minimum requirement of one space from each Great Power homeland? Start signing up now.

Woolworth: I don't know which version--I'll be writing to obtain a copy of the different rules--but for a \$5 gamefee, five of you can play a mix of Gunboat and Regular Diplomacy. Each player controls two countries, one publically and one secretly--ten powers on the map of Europe all together, hence the "five and ten" name.

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# Herelandra

3105 East Park Row Drive #132  
Arlington TX 76010

817-633-3208



Larry Peery  
PO Box 8416  
San Diego, CA  
92102-0416

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

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