

Herelandra

Volume 2, Number 1

issue 8

1 February 1983

INVASION OF THE DOT SNATCHERS

I didn't realize until Monday just how far I actually drove over New Year's weekend, to and from Steve Langley's Dip party called Byrnecon 21B (affectionately, "Dafcon"). It began with the one hour trip to Don Williams' house. Well, not really to his house; since Don lives in a trash dumpster a couple of alleys from the 7-11 where he works, he met me at the store rather than face utter humiliation.

I did manage to cajole him into bringing along Socrates, though, so we had to drive to the dumpster after all. Don ran up to Soc's apartment and got a suitcase (Soc lets him sleep inside sometimes) while I began to tie down the tarp on my pickup. A tank of gas and we were off.

We decided to take the desert route, north of the San Gabriel Mountains, to avoid the L.A. traffic. This left us with little to discuss other than each other, so we chatted the whole three hours to Bakersfield. It turned out that Socrates and I appreciate many of the same things (for example, classical music, and Simon and Garfunkel) while Don is a little different (preferring, say, Supertramp).

Lunch. Now, remember we were in Bakersfield, which is not known for anything other than manure. Then we topped that by eating at a Sambo's-- Don used to work at one, so he's immune. Well, since he couldn't manage the food, Soc started working on the waitress. Next thing we knew, he was waddling out with her, saying, "I'll meet you guys back in L.A.--maybe."

Well, the rest of the trip was uneventful compared to that, unless you count the widely varied topics which two guys (guys, not gays, Woody, pay attention) can discuss in ten hours when they've never met before. Don was an ideal travelling partner; we always seemed to agree on which tape to play, when to talk, or when to switch drivers.

I left home at 7 am, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour behind schedule; yet, we arrived at Langley's at 6:30 pm, $\frac{1}{2}$ hours ahead. At least this gave us a chance to meet the household before the party showed up:

Steve Langley--Everyone, by now, knows that he's a longhaired part-Indian and generally mellow. But Steve is not a hip weakling; he may be understated, but he's firm and decisive, especially with his kids.

Kim Langley is a ten-year-old flirt who looks like a carbon of her mom, but Magen is the one who will be a heart-breaker in a few more years. Magen is the one who's seen and not heard.

Daphne Fritz--Recently arrived from the infamous East, Daf is a little younger and a lot funnier than I expected. Between her sense of humour and her hospitality (including a pot of bean soup kept going all weekend) she kept us going. Her kids are Christopher, the unholy terror of the bunch (if he's smiling, watch out), and Lee-Paul (aka Doodlebug, Doodle, or Copy), age 4. As Daf put it, Lee-Paul is easily the "pick of the litter". He was my designated friend for the three days (by his own choice) and I loved it.

Okay. 8 pm, Jim and Diane Keeney show up (she is one of Steve's exwives) with Demian, Steve's 12-year-old stepson, so now at least the adults outnumber the little people. Eventually the Dip players dropped in and we got Dafcon 1 underway.

Herelandra

Dafcon: the Records

* indicates 1 unit short

DAFCON 1	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	
AUS-Evans Givan	5	4	3	2	0					
ENG-Kirk Poore	4	5	6	6	5	3	0			
FRA-Clark Reynolds	5	6	6	8	9	11	12	12	14	DRAW Winter 1909
GER-Mark Twitty	5	5	5	6	7	7	7	7	7	DRAW Winter 1909
ITA-Mark Keller	4	4	4	2	1	0				
RUS-Don Williams	6*	5	4	5	6	7	9	9	7	
TUR-Pete Gaughan	4	5	6	5	6	6	6	6	6	

DAFCON 2 - Gunboat	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	
AUS-Steve Langley	5	6	8	8	12*	13	13	14	15	19	WIN Fall 1910
ENG-Dave Schaubert	5	6	6	6	7	9	11	11	11	11	
FRA-Don Williams	5	5	4	6	7*	6	4	4	4	3	
GER-Pete Gaughan	5	5	5	3	2	0					
ITA-Diane Keeney	4	3	2	1	0						
RUS-Jim Keeney	4	3	2	2	1	0					
TUR-Daf Fritz	4	6	7	8	5	6	6	5	4	1	

DAFCON 3	01	02	03	04	
AUS-Evans Givan	5	5	7	8	DRAW Winter 1904
ENG-Pete Gaughan	4	4	4	4	
FRA-Pat Clay	6	5	6	6	
GER-Clark Reynolds	5	5	5	4	
ITA-Don Williams	4	5	4	4	
RUS-Mark Twitty	4	4	1	1	
TUR-Mark Keller	5	6	7	7	DRAW Winter 1904

(Invasion continued)

The dominant personalities of the weekend were definately Clark Reynolds and Evans Givan. In the Friday and Sunday games (1 & 3), Clark brought along a toady or two: Mark Twitty in D1 and D3, and Pat Clay (a complete novice) in D3. These two performed perfectly for him. Don and I had a slow start against Evans in game one, so by the time we were able to annihilate Don's southern fleet for an army and move out to meet F/G, we were pinned.

I think that if Don had not been literally wasted by the driving and the time (4 am!), as well as a little beer, we would not have conceded the draw. Clark was in ideal position to stab Mark the next fall for three centers, and since he could make no headway against my fleets he probably would have. Kirk Poore (England) was the only reason we held out so long, as a continual thorn in the French backside; this advantage was cancelled by the sloppy writing of Don and Mark Keller.

Saturday morning nobody else was up at 9 am, so I let Demian cream me at Chutes and Ladders. Steve's pancakes (yum!) finally roused the rest about 11, and once the kids were sent off to see "The Dark Crystal" we were able to settle down to Gunboat. The Keeneys had never played before and only seen the game for the first time the previous evening, so we played two game years as 'demo' to let them get used to writing orders. Well, here I am as Germany with rookies in Russia and England (Dave Schaubert, who only learned his Dip in a four-day visit to Terry Tallman), so I should clean up, right?

Famous last words: "This is gonna be fun!" They sure learned quick-- when I tried to bounce Russia out of swe (f01), he went to sil and bal!

more-->

Perelandra

(Invasion continued)

Hence I was too tangled to get off the ground early. Since this was the only game either Daf or Steve played in, it was fun to watch him stab in 1908 (after which Daf deposited perpetual orders and left, since it was perfect timing and a foregone conclusion).

By Saturday night we were all settling down to play Awful Green Things from Outer Space, a simple and very enjoyable game which Don quickly mastered. Since we only had one Green Things board, we also tried Snit's Revenge (same "invasion" idea as Green Things but easier still) and Outdoor Survival. OS is nearly impossible, even in its most accomodating scenario. Still, we were up to 2:30 or so finishing these; Mark Keller (whose zine Hai! Jikai! has just gone independant of Magus) was the last to leave. You see, Don and I were the only guests at Steve's--everyone else was local and drove home to sleep.

Sunday morning, and another round of Steve's flapjacks. We didn't have the people for a game until 2, but talk and a couple of phone calls (Tallman and Michalski) made the time fly. Don and I planned to spend Sunday night at the home of a guy I know from USC (so that we would only have to make half of the Sacramento-L.A. run that day), so I didn't mind that Dafcon 3 ended in an early draw. With Evans making A/T work, and Reynolds turning his toadies loose on me, it looked bad for the north from the start. We were talking about a four-way (R/G/F/E) alliance near the end, but two things worked against it. First, Don had originally been part of the southern alliance, and after switching sides twice the north didn't trust him. Also, the Reynolds faction realized that I had no reason to work with them longer than it would have taken to get my revenge; besides, I had been outguessing them fairly well even when they weren't discussing their plans with me.

After a dinner of Daf's homemade pizza, we made the five-hour run to Hanford, and left there after breakfast Monday to arrive in L.A. just ahead of the rush hour. We covered 1050 miles total, 11½ hours up and 10½ back (no, I don't know how).

Some of the quotes and awards include:

- *Christopher to Magen, about Steve: "Your father's sickening, you know?"
- *The Green Weenie to Keller and Williams in game one. They had eight miswritten orders between them, including Don's "build f stp" (no coast).
- *Kim, while holding Daf's hair up in a bun: "She looks like an onion."
- *The Ma Bell Award to Terry Tallperson, for being unable to work the call-waiting button on his phone, thereby hanging up on Steve.
- *Don: "That's not fair!" Steve: "Life's not fair." Remember this next time Langley makes a GMing mistake.
- *other calls: to Byrnecon 21A (see Mailbox) and from Mark Luedi.

This was easily my best New Year's yet, and among Steve, Daf, and Don I feel I've made three close friends in a short time. More players would have been a bonus, but Dafcon was a blast. Thanks, all.

~~~~~

This looks like a good place to point out that Perelandra is basically a monthly amateur magazine devoted to postal Diplomacy. It is published by P.J. Gaughan at 2718 South Hoover Street #1, Los Angeles CA 90007. Submissions are remunerated at the rate of 50 cents game or sub credit per half page. Special promotion this month only: Irishmen may sub at half price; all others \$5 for 10 issues (as usual).

~~~~~

What would you call a Polish baby if he were born a mongoloid and with only one leg?

A Polaroid One-Step!

DAFCOM PHOTO FILE:



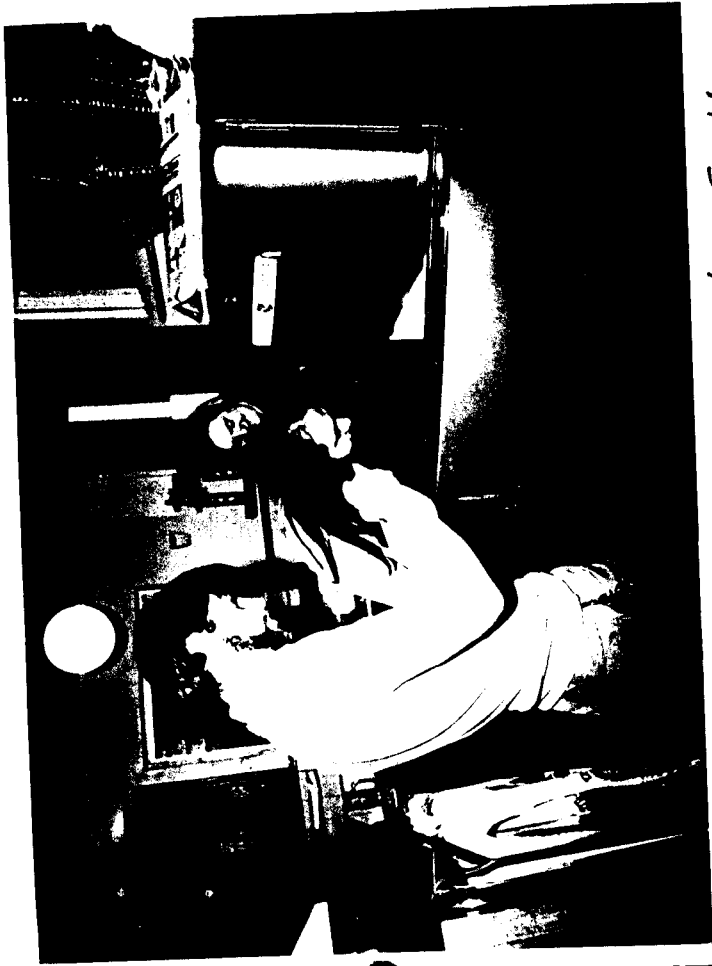
A RARE PHOTO OF A RARER
EVENT - STEVE LANGLEY IN
AN UNASHAMED GRIN ...

← DON WILLIAMS "DUCKS" UNDER THE
OPPOSITION FOR YET ANOTHER
MASTERFUL STROKE!

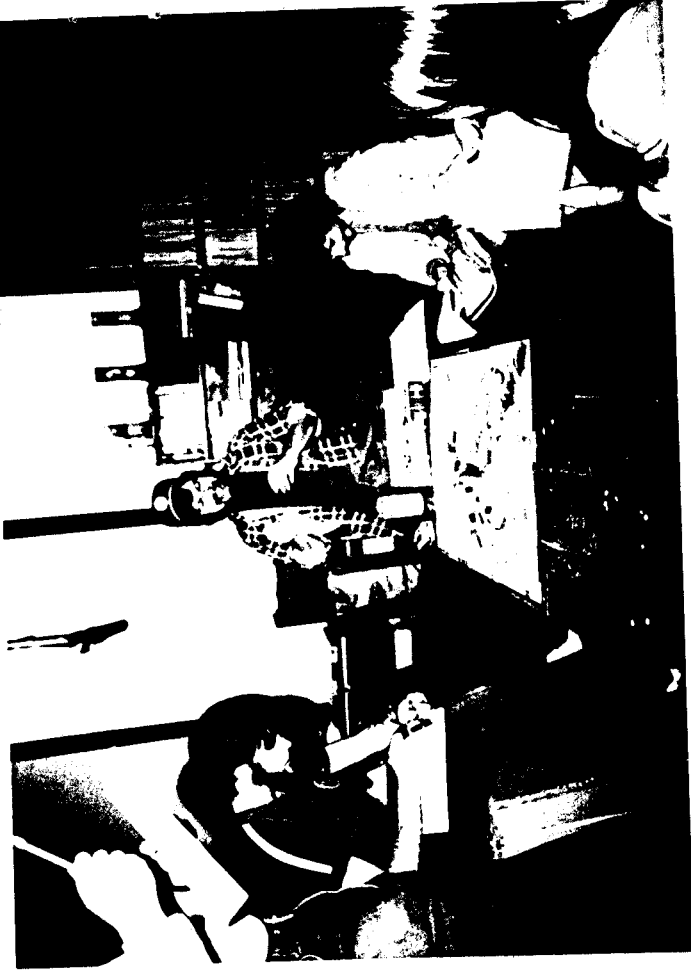


MARK KELLER (L) TRIES TO FIGURE OUT HOW
ANYBODY AS BRIGHT AS EVANS GIVAN COULD
ROOT FOR THE 49ers.





Breakfast at the Langley's (i.e., looking for Mr. Coors...)



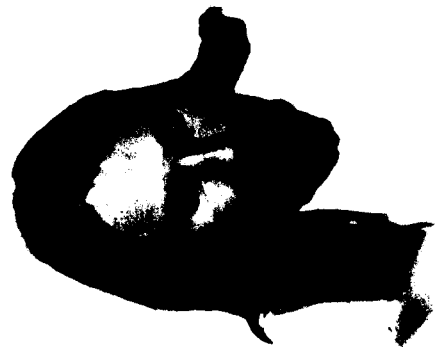
Don Williams, Jim and Diane Keeney, and Daf set up for Gunboat — ewr seen a novice enjoy himself so much?



Clark Reynolds (center) proves he's number one Tond of Dafcon by marshalling Twitty (L) and Clay.



Well, there's the team!



Perelandra

News in Briefs

Let me get a few procedural matters out of the way first. I actually have a standby list now: Greg Ellis, Evans Givan, Mark Keller, Hector Roybal, and Terry Tallman. Getting on the list is free, and saves you the \$1 gamefee; getting off the list is also free, but costs me a little grief. Be nice to a GM today . . .

The following people owe me money if they wish to continue in their game: (1981CU) J. Farewell \$6; G. Hail \$6; P. Hart \$3; M. Rollin \$1; G. Stewart \$6; (1983xx) J. Makuc \$2; B. Cusack \$2. At this point nobody's subscription will expire until issue 10.

GLAD Con Wrap-Up: I'm working on a transcript of the game played here January 15, but with all the other stuff this I might not get to do a Con review. Still, the Greater L.A. Diplomats' Convention was a last-minute success. That is, Dave Manuel convinced the Butland brothers (Robert and Freeman) at the last minute that they should come. Bill Schiwautz, Jay Shufeldt, Bill Pendleton, and myself completed the one board--and Larry Peery did indeed put in an appearance, despite all our pleas. Since Larry stayed in L.A. overnight, I drove over to see him Sunday afternoon, an altogether enjoyable summit meeting!

PLUGS: Dave Manuel is hard at work on Orcon 1983, which will present everything from Kingmaker to Ogre to Diplomacy to Monopoly. This is Feb. 19-21, with Dip rounds Sat. and Sun. evenings and Sun. morning. Pre-reg is closed, but you can write to Dave (10318 Oakgate, Bellflower CA 90706) or to Orcon (Box 2577, Anaheim CA 92804).

More cons: St. Valentine's Day will be "celebrated" in San Diego (Larry Peery, Box 8416, S.D. 92102) and in Sacramento (Clark Reynolds, Box 160300, Sac'to 95816) with Dip tournaments. Clark is promising prizes and tourney scoring; Larry is just plain promising! (Note: the Sac'to con will actually cover the 12th and the 13th.) I have to be in Santa Barbara that weekend (I know, you all sympathize), but try to have a good time anyway.

One more: Peter Walker (Box 324, Omeme Ontario, Canada K0L 2W0) is trying to fill another game of Hitler 1930 in his zine Baltic Sea. Peter sent me the rules and a map, so believe me when I tell you it's complex. Besides extending the map to include Asia (as far east as Afghanistan) and Africa, it includes economic factors such as erecting factories, not to mention several small neutral units running around which players may bid for control of.

1982HKEC: You still have until the first of May to submit an entry to the Henry Kissinger Essay Contest. The rules are simple: write an essay (in either Humorous or Analytical categories) on "HK: An Inspiration for Diplomacy Players". Keep it between 300 and 4000 words, and assign it a codename or phrase so that you won't have to put your own name directly on the entry. Then send it to 1982HKEC, 2718 South Hoover, Los Angeles CA 90007 with \$1 entry fee.

The clipping is from the Village Voice, with thanks to Gary Coughlan. Caption:

"YOU lost Vietnam," said Henry, "because you didn't trust your leaders."

Remember, only signed editorials reflect the opinions of the Perelandra management.



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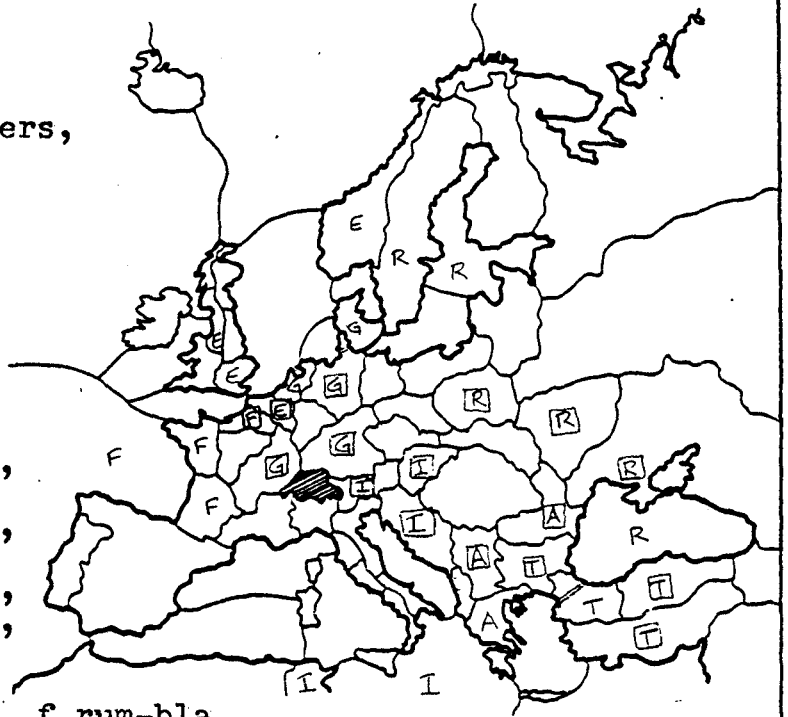
SPRING 1902

1982 HK - Yavin

NOW THE GM IS ASLEEP!

Regretfully, I announce that I've botched the Spring adjudication. Woody (AUS) did indeed submit orders, during the Winter season, which I forgot about. The new status:

- AUS f alb-gre, a gal-rum,
a ser s a gal-rum.
- ENG f lvp unordered, f lon-eng,
f nwy h, f nth s f lon-eng,
a bel s (G) a mun-bur,
f iri-mid nsu.
- FRA f bre-eng, a bur-pic,
a spa-gas, f mid s f bre-eng,
a par-pic nsu.
- GER a ber-mun, a kie s a ber-mun,
a mun-bur, a den h, f hol h.
- ITA f nap-ion, f tun s f nap-ion,
a tri-vie, a tyr s a tri-vie,
a ven-tri.
- RUS a mos-ukr, f stp/sc-bot,
a war s a mos-ukr, a sev-rum, f rum-bla.
- TUR nmr--a bul h, f con h, a ank h, a smy h.



As you can see, I've abandoned the asterisks locating final positions; they're redundant when I print a map. Evans Givan, thank you, but now I obviously don't need your standby orders for Austria. ~~Hector Roybal, 217 South Avenue 5th Apt. 17, Los Angeles CA 90042, please send standby orders for Turkey (Bill Highfield).~~

New deadline for Fall 1902 orders is: Thurs. 10 February, NOON (2 weeks)
Spring Press (again)-----

Rome to Ankara: Nope!!

Rome to Vienna: Don't mind me. I'm just passing over. I gotta see a man in Warsaw about a horse.

Los Angeles to Rome: Is that a Trojan horse?

Rome to Paris: I think so too!

Rome to London: You should be so lucky!

Rome to Berlin: Ok, so don't write to me, see if I respond!

Rome to Ankara: You take the high road, and I'll take the woody trail.

Rome to Moscow: Care to borrow an army?

Rome to Los Angeles: When is the campaign to make Dippy a part of the 1984 Olympics going to start?

Los Angeles to Rome: As soon as you get here and stage our sit-in at the LAOOC (L.A. Olympic Organizing Comm.) offices.

Special note: All players were put on notice January 1 that someone has been phoning orders for other players' countries. I have instituted a "codename" houserule; codenames will be expected with all orders, not just phoned ones, after this season.



Attention all playing subscribers:
your codename (for all games in p)
is in the blank at the right-----

A NEW OLD BATTLE

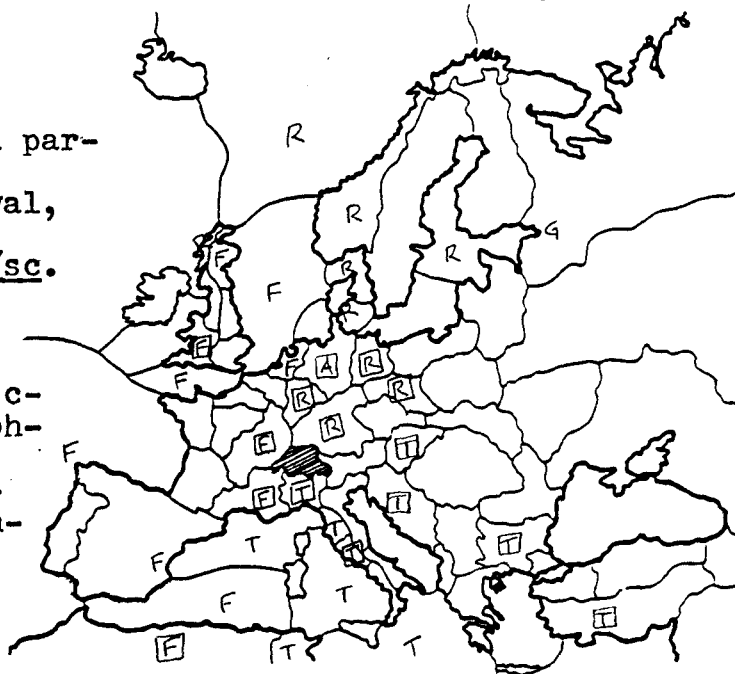
AUS (Greg Stewart): a kie s (R)
f swe-den.

FRA (John Farewell): f bre-eng, a par-
bur, a mar-pie, f spa/sc-mar,
f wes-tun, a tun-naf, a yor-wal,
f edi s f lon-nth, f lon-nth,
f hol s f lon-nth, f mao-spa/sc.

GER (Guy Hail): f lvn-stp/sc.

RUS (Mike Rollin): f nwg-cly,
f bar-nwg, f nwy h, f ska s
f swe-den, f swe-den, f stp/sc-
bot, a ber h, a mun-ruh, a boh-
mun, a sil s a boh-mun.

TUR (Pat Hart): f lvo-wes, f tyr-
tun, f nap-tyr, f tus s a ven-
pie, f ion s f tyr-tun,
a ven-pie, a rom h, a vie s
a ser-tri, a ser-tri, a con-
bul, a smy h.



This orphan from Just Among Friends is now rehoused. There are several notes for the players:

*To continue playing, each of you must send \$6-- subscription for 10 issues plus a \$1 NMR deposit.

*My houserules will be included in issue #8 of Perelandra, which you will receive gratis.

*There is a proposal for an F/R/T draw. If it passes, we will not record the transfer to this zine and assume that JAF had the game, since the above adjudication is Al's. Only a "yes" vote from all players having at least two supply centers will pass the draw (nvr=no).

*Deadline for Fall 1907 moves and draw vote is Friday, 25 February. This will put you in step with my other game. Any errors not caught by then become irreversable (I "corrected" two spelling items from the sheet Al Pearson sent out). Welcome aboard!

New GM: Pete Gaughan, 2718 So. Hoover St. #1, Los Angeles Calif. 90007

Players: Greg Stewart, 618 Short Dickey, Greenfield Ohio 45123

John Farewell, 61 Midland Ave., Stamford Connecticut 06906

Guy Hail, 1103-B Lorrain St., Austin Texas 78703

Mike Rollin, 4 Trail House Court, Rockville Maryland 20850

Pat Hart, Box 634, Sullivan's Island S.C. 29482-0634

For your reading entertainment, a glossary of select Brooklyn and Deep Southern terms:

Noo Yawk

earl - a lubricant

oil - an English nobleman

tree - the numeral that pre-
ceeds four

doze - the ones yonder

fodder - male parent

others from the South: mine (principal, chief); mane (your best friend is your "mine mane"); sex (two less than eh-et, and foe less than tin).

Confederacy

watt - a primary color, as in "the
flag is raid, watt and blue"

height - where you don't like someone

pa - something good to eat

bike - what you do with pa

rod - what you do in an auto

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(Houserules continued)

- V. Press is encouraged, and will only be edited if space demands it.
- A. Press must not be datelined from the GM's reserved dateline (announced at gamestart) or from another player's supply center.
 - B. Press containing excessively abusive, vulgar, or obscene language will not be printed.
- VI. Players will note that any practice not expressly forbidden is on a case-by-case basis at the GM's discretion; any rule herein may be appealed to the GM by two players, each having at least two supply centers. Note that right of appeal does not guarantee victory in that appeal.

These have been revised since last May--players should examine them carefully, especially in 1982HK (since you started under the 'old' rules).



(Mailbox continued)

Rod Walker, Encinitas California-----1 Jan 83

((I asked Rod for advice on the 82HK fone fraud. Excerpts:))

...Instances of false orders reaching commanders in the field exist in real history, but they are rare. If a player succeeds in deceiving you, it would be the same as that in some ways, except that it would be false orders reaching all commanders in the field, something which has never actually happened.

...If the FTF game had a GM, I don't see how any such substitution could ever occur (or, if it did, how the GM could escape legitimate censure for being careless himself). So on that basis I'd have to say that an attempt to deceive the GM by submitting phoney orders for another player is not allowable.

Personally, I have no objection to cheating in this game...it's in the spirit of the game, after all...so long as it's honest cheating (how is that for a paradox?). By that I mean...well, dishonest cheating would be where you involve someone else, unwillingly, in the scheme. In the instance at hand, it involves the GM. If you are a responsible GM, you wouldn't want to use a set of forged orders.

((These last three sentences are an excellent summation, but have their valid opposition. By the way, the elipses in the last paragraph are Rod's. Thanks, Rod (and Ron Brown), for the help--and send me a list/index of Pellennorath now that I have time to read 'em!))



I know I said I wouldn't do another contest, but, hey, when you need filler you go for anything. Three issues to the most creative solution of this calculus problem (one issue for anyone getting the mathematically correct answer).

$$\int \frac{D(\text{Cabin})}{\text{Cabin}} = ?$$

We always have two guests here--one an excerpt-of-the-month, and the other a running story, sort of an installment plan. The continuing saga at this point is Lloyd Alexander's "The Foundling". Mr. Alexander is currently in residence at Temple University, Philadelphia. Just as Lewis has his Narnia, and Tolkien his Middle Earth, so Alexander has his Prydain, where all things are possible.

Thus far: Dallben was found as an infant by three hags, Orddu, Orwen and Orgoch. He grew up as their common son, fetching water and listening to stories as any other boy. But one day he accidentally sipped a magic potion which revealed many of the wonders of the world to him--including the fact that the three old women were actually enchantresses . . . the Three Fates of mythology, controlling everything from the waves of the sea to the lengths of men's lives. He must then leave and go out into the world, but first is presented with a book containing everything that was, or will be, ever known. Part Three:

So Dallben took his leave of the enchantresses and set off eagerly, curious to see what lay in store not only in the world but between the covers of the book. Once the cottage was well out of sight and the marshes far behind him, he curbed his impatience no longer, but sat down by the roadside, opened the heavy tome, and began to read.

As he scanned the first pages, his eyes widened and his heart quickened. For here was knowledge he had never dreamed of: the pathways of the stars, the rounds of the planets, the ebb and flow of time and tide. All secrets of the world and all its hidden lore unfolded to him.

Dallben's head spun, giddy with delight. The huge book seemed to weigh less than a feather, and he felt so light-hearted he could have skipped from one mountain-top to the next and never touched the ground. He laughed and sang at the top of his voice, bursting with gladness, pride, and strength in what he had learned.

He strode on, reading as he went. Each page lightened and sped his journey, and soon he came to a village where the dwellers danced and sang and made holiday. They offered him meat and drink enough for the coming night.

But Dallben thanked them for their hospitality and shook his head, saying he had meat and drink enough in the book he carried. By this time he had walked many miles, but his spirit was fresh and his legs unwearied.

He kept on his way, hardly able to contain his happiness as he read and resolving not to rest until he had come to the end of the book. But he had finished less than half the pages when, to his horror, they began to grow dark and stained with blood and tears.

For now the book told him of other ways of the world: of cruelty, suffering, and death. He read of greed, hatred, and war; of men striving against one another with fire and sword; of the blossoming earth trampled underfoot, of harvests lost and lives cut short. And the book told that even in the same village he had passed, a day would come when no house would stand; when women would weep for their men, and children for their parents; and where they had offered him meat and drink, they would starve for lack of a crust of bread.

Each page he read pierced his heart. The book, which had seemed to weigh so little, now grew so heavy that his face faltered and he staggered under the burden. Tears blinded his eyes, and he stumbled to the ground.

((Next month: Part Four of "The Foundling" plus a non-fiction selection.))

Perelandra

1983?? - Darkover

Yes, another game joins the ranks here in the pages of Perelandra, following in the footsteps of Yavin and Marna (1982HK and 1981CU; the latter is a rehoused orphan). This makes one game for each of the last three years; who knows, maybe my next gamestart will be in 1984!? (By the way, Don Ditter--we need a Boardman number.)

An explanation of the name for this game, Darkover, is in order. It is the name of Marion Zimmer Bradley's world where feudalism and feminism share an uneasy truce, with the Terrans warily setting up a base and trying to please everybody. The Darkover series is a landmark of science fiction, not only for being written by a female, but for being a clear-minded set of parables to modern society from a feminist point of view.

Enough extraneous material, here are the principals:
GM--Pete Gaughan, 2718 S. Hoover St. #1, Los Angeles Cal. 90007
AUS-Blair Cusack, c/o Gen'l Delivery, Revelstoke BC, Canada VOE 2S0
ENG-Evans Givan, Box 15761, Sacramento CA 95852-0761
FRA-Greg Ellis, 9430 Concourse #11, Houston TX 77036
GER-James Makuc, Box 111, Monterey MA 01245
ITA-Mike Mazzer, 1338-B Harvard St., Santa Monica CA 90404
RUS-Barb Burgess, 105 West Jackson, O'Fallon IL 62269
TUR-Hector Roybal, 217 South Ave. 54, Apt. 17, Los Angeles CA 90042

When James and Barb send me their phone numbers, I will publish a complete list. I do try to contact players if their orders haven't arrived by deadline day, but I make no guarantees; besides, if you NMR I get to keep the \$1 deposit, right?

GM's phone is 213-748-1267. No calls between 11 pm and 8 am; best time is after 7 pm weeknights. Complete houserules will be published in the next Perelandra

DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1901 ORDERS is 25 FEBRUARY 1983. I will use 'neutral' orders for Sp01 NMRs unless two players request otherwise. Remember, orders without your codename are invalid.

Doonesbury



By Garry Trudeau

(a sad farewell to my favorite strip)

Herelandra

Our Guest of Honor

The alien ship was already thundering toward the upper reaches of the atmosphere, on its way out into the appalling void that separates the very few things there are in the Universe from one another.

Its occupant, the alien with the expensive complexion, leaned back in its single seat. His name was Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged. He was a man with a purpose. Not a very good purpose, as he would have been the first to admit, but it was at least a purpose, and it did at least keep him on the move.

Wowbagger the Infinitely Prolonged was--indeed, is--one of the Universe's very small number of immortal beings.

Most of those who are born immortal instinctively know how to cope with it, but Wowbagger was not one of them. Indeed, he had come to hate them, the load of serene bastards. He had had his immortality inadvertently thrust upon him by an unfortunate accident with an irrational particle accelerator, a liquid lunch, and a pair of rubber bands. The precise details of the accident are not important because no one has ever managed to duplicate the exact circumstances under which it happened, and many people have ended up looking very silly, or dead, or both, trying.

Wowbagger closed his eyes in a grim and weary expression, put some light jazz on the ship's stereo, and reflected that he could have made it if it hadn't been for Sunday afternoons, he really could have done.

To begin with it was fun; he had a ball, living dangerously, taking risks, cleaning up on high-yield long-term investments, and just generally outliving the hell out of everybody.

In the end, it was the Sunday afternoons he couldn't cope with, and that terrible listlessness that starts to set in at about 2:55, when you've taken all the baths you can usefully take that day, that however hard you stare at any given paragraph in the newspaper you will never actually read it, or use the revolutionary new pruning technique it describes, and that as you stare at the clock the hands will move relentlessly on to four o'clock, and you will enter the long dark teatime of the soul.

So things began to pall for him. The merry smiles he used to wear at other people's funerals began to fade. He began to despise the Universe in general, and everybody in it in particular.

This was the point at which he conceived his purpose, the thing which would drive him on, and which, as far as he could see, would drive him on forever. It was this.

He would insult the Universe.

That is, he would insult everybody in it. Individually, personally, one by one, and (this was the thing he really decided to grit his teeth over) in alphabetical order.

When people protested to him, as they sometimes had done, that the plan was not merely misguided but actually impossible because of the number of people being born and dying all the time, he would merely fix them with a steely look and say, "A man can dream, can't he?"

And so he had started out. He equipped a spaceship that was built to last with a computer capable of handling all the data processing involved in keeping track of the entire population of the known Universe and working out the horrifically complicated routes involved.

His ship fled through the inner orbits of the Sol star system, preparing to slingshot around the sun and fling itself into interstellar space.

"Computer," he said.

"Here," yipped the computer.

"Where next?" "Computing that." ...

He imagined for a moment his itinerary connecting all the dots in the sky like a child's puzzle. He hoped that from some vantage point in the Universe it might be seen to spell a very, very, rude word.

Perelandra

Diplomacy House Rules

- I. To participate in a game, a player must:
 - A. be a subscriber to Perelandra;
 - B. pay the current gamefee;
 - C. pay a \$1.00 NMR fee, which will be refunded (IF the player has not NMRed) when the game ends or when the player is eliminated, whichever comes first. Standbys entering the game after Winter 1902/03 are exempt from the gamefee and NMR fee.

- II. Registration of a player in a game creates the following agreement between the GM and the player: (note: agreement, not contract)
 - A. The GM agrees to manage the game in an accurate and prompt manner, and to provide smooth transfer of the game to another GM if he is unable to do so. "Accurate" means correcting mistakes--if the GM is aware of the error before the next deadline.
 - B. The GM agrees not to editorialize concerning the game or its players while they are in the game.
 - C. The player agrees not to deceive the GM as to identity, address, or any other game matter, under maximum penalty of expulsion.
 - D. The player agrees not to call the GM between 11 pm and 8 am (GM's local time), under maximum penalty of expulsion. Please note: it is very difficult to contact the GM by phone; do not rely on phone orders as your primary means.

- III. The GM will endeavor to keep deadlines four weeks apart.
 - A. Except for 1901, spring retreats will be combined with fall moves, fall retreats and winter adjustments with spring moves.
 - B. Deadline day will usually be the 27th of the month.
 - C. When a player's orders are not received by deadline, the GM will request that a standby submit orders for his position with the next season. The player's country will be in civil disorder for the current season (all units hold unsupported, defeated units retreat off-the-board, GM performs any necessary disbands); however, the NMRing player is still the player of record until he resigns.
 - D. Each player will be issued a codename, and must use this codename for all orders, mail or otherwise.

- IV. A player who NMRs four times in a game, or in two consecutive seasons, has resigned and a standby will receive his position.
 - A. Standbys will not be called for nations with fewer than three supply centers.
 - B. Concessions or draws may be proposed beginning in Spring 1905, and may exclude one or more nations. Concessions and draws only pass upon the 'yes' vote of all remaining players having at least two supply centers.
 - C. Votes should be sent with orders. Only a timely, officially received 'yes' vote constitutes agreement to a proposal; all votes will be published, and their countries identified.

continued. . .

*Diplomacy is a game invented by Allan Calhmer, copyrighted by Avalon Hill Game Co., Baltimore. These games are intended solely for the private, non-commercial use of the players, but may be reprinted without written permission if credit is given to Perelandra.

Orphan games continued in Perelandra will be expected to abide by these rules, and orphan game players may be charged the same fees.

Perelandra

the Mailbox

John Daly, Rockwell North Carolina-----6 and 19 Dec 82

((John sent me two cards regarding Al Pearson's Just Among Friends folding. This was all well and good, but the second card contained this cryptic message:))

...By the way, Al is returning his players' sub fees so they will be able to pay for your zine. (Hope you weren't going to charge a gamefee.)

((It's the second sentence that confuses me. Is there a hobby formality I'm not familiar with? Somebody clarify. In the meantime, 81CU is not being charged a gamefee.))

Rolund Sturm, Dortmund WEST GERMANY!-----12 and 30 Dec 82

In 1981 I've been in the USA with my wife for 7 weeks and it was one of the most enjoyable journeys in my life. We met many people who were friendly and open-minded. So I decided to get closer contact with the people in your country and the best way is probably to combine this desire with a hobby of mine: gaming. I got your address from a friend who told me that you publish a pbm-zine named "Perelandra".

Since I've two bucks left from my former journey I ask you to send me a trial copy of your zine Perelandra. If that is not enough I'll surely send more!

Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to you and all other game-enthusiasts you know.

((After receiving a sample, and a letter in German, Roland sent:))

Your zine differs somewhat from the imagination I had of it when I wrote to you first. So I'm disappointed but in a very positive way! I find Perelandra really great. The zines in Germany all are filled with scores and scores and even more scores. And in Perelandra only 2 games are started.

I'm 24 years old and my hobbies are music (I play piano whenever time allows) and playing games. My favorite are Diplomacy and its variants, and United, a game to simulate . . . soccer.

A last request: what are, in your opinion, the best zines in the USA?

((Whoopee! My first European subber, and unsolicited even. The only person I can think of who might have mentioned me is Gary Coughlan (whose last letter I'll get to in a minute).

((Both letters are edited somewhat, since Roland's English shows several German conventions of address and of grammar--just as my German gives me away as an American. I'm honored by your evaluation; Perelandra is intended to be more than a warehouse zine (games-only). As for American zines, Magus is my personal #1, with Europa Express (this year's Poll winner) hot on its tail. I would, I'm sure, recommend others if I subscribed to more zines; some other 'goodies' are Snafu! and Diplomacy by Moonlight. Noch 'mal, Vielen Dank, Roland!))

Gary Coughlan, Memphis Tennessee-----3 Jan 83

I hope you had a nice New Year's. I am not about to dig up my last Perelandra at this time of the night but weren't you going up to Steve Langley's? ...Can't wait to get the next ((one))...and see who was there.

((The remarkable thing about Gary's letter: while I was at Dafcon/Byrnecon 21B I talked by phone with someone who said he was Coughlan. Either: somebody was trying to fake me out, in which case Highfield (who introduced me on the phone) was in on it; or Gary was drunker than he sounded. Can anyone confirm sighting of a drunken Gary in Flushing on New Year's Eve??))*
more Mailbox----->

*AHA! ERIC KANE BLEW IT! HE ADMITTED TO HOAXING ME (ANDUIN #17) BEFORE I SENT OUT MY ZINE, AND FOR THIS HE WILL SURELY INCUR THE HOBBY'S BEST PRACTICAL JOKE EVER!!! PJG.

Perelandra

stamp me!

from _____

date you received this issue
of Perelandra:

date you mailed this Reader
Response Card:

to Perelandra Replies
2718 South Hoover Street #1
Los Angeles, California 90007
United States of America

cut along this line, attach postcard postage (13¢ in U.S.) and return!!

Rod—

Thanks for your help! I now have no
game openings, so remove me from Post.
If you want to keep receiving P feel free
to send \$5, but this is breaking me.

Rdt

The Last Word

PERELANDRA READER RESPONSE CARD

I enjoy reading:

Guest-writer selections
Dip hobby news
game results and press
non-Dip articles
other (_____)

	much	some	none
Guest-writer selections	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dip hobby news	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
game results and press	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
non-Dip articles	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
other (_____)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

My orders for game 198 _____:

country: _____

season: _____

fill in numbers, please:

I am currently playing in _____ postal
(regular) Diplomacy games.

I subscribe to or trade for _____ Dip
zines.

I have been playing postally for _____
years.

personal messages:

signature _____

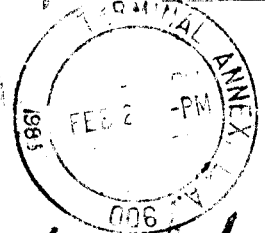
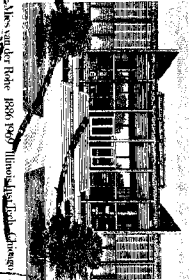
codename _____

P J Gaughan
2718 South Hoover, no. 1
Los Angeles, Ca. 90007

Rachel Carson
USA 7c



Architecture USA 20c



PLEASE
FORWARD

Rod Walker
1273 Crest Drive
Encinitas, CA 92024

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