

# Herelandra

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## from Earth Abides

*What will people be like when there are none around any more? George R. Stewart wrote a classic scenario in 1949 which stands vivid today; his protagonist, Isherwood Williams, roams San Francisco, the lone survivor of a world-wide plague. Or is he?*

It was a slow process. His seeing the light must mean merely that the windows of that house happened to face his porch; probably he could not have seen it at all before the storm and blown down most of the leaves. As soon as he left the house, he could no longer see the light. He drove back and forth along the streets for half an hour, finally relocated it, drove slowly down the right street and past the proper house. The shades had been pulled, but there was light shining through, even illuminating the street a little. It was bright, probably from a gasoline lamp.

He brought the car to a stop on the opposite side of the street, and waited a moment. Apparently, whoever was inside the house had not heard the motor. For a moment still he hesitated, almost ready now to put the car into gear again and slide off undiscovered. Yet, from some deeper drive within him, he leaned forward, and half opened the car door as if to get out. Suddenly Princess leaped by him, and ran toward the house with a fury of barking. She must have scented whoever was there. With a sudden curse, he got out, and started to walk after her. She had tipped his hand, this time, for certain. He hesitated again, suddenly realizing he was unarmed. Yet to advance against the house carrying a gun was not a good opening. Without much thought he reached back into the car, and grabbed his old hammer. Holding it in his hand, he advanced after the dog. In the window of the house he saw a shadow move.

When he had gained the sidewalk, the house-door opened a few inches, and suddenly the beam of a flashlight caught him. He could see nothing beyond it. He stopped, waiting for what the other person would have to say. Princess scuttled back, suddenly silent. Ish had the uncomfortable feeling that whoever was keeping him covered with the flashlight had him covered also with a gun held in the other hand. With the light in his eyes, he was blinded. This had been a crazy thing to do, he thought; an approach under cover of darkness always looked suspicious, and made people nervous. At least he was glad that he had shaved that morning, and that his clothes looked moderately clean.

There was a long pause. He stood waiting for the sharply barked question--the inevitable, if slightly ridiculous, "Who are you?" or else for that curt order, "Put up your hands!" That was why he had a sudden gasp of surprise when a woman's voice came with an affirmation: "That's a beautiful dog!"

There was a momentary silence, the memory of the voice in his ears was gentle and low, with a touch of some soft accent in it. At the sound he felt warm feelings rising up within him.

Now the light fell from his eyes, illuminating a path ahead of him, and Princess bounding up through the beam of light, her tail wagging in joy. The door of the house moved open wide, and against the dim light behind her, he saw a woman on her knees patting the dog. He walked up toward her, still with the hammer dangling ridiculously but comfortably from his hand.

Then Princess, in a sudden flurry of excitement, burst away and went tearing into the house. The woman leaped up with an exclamation, half-screamed, half-laughed, and also dashed in. "My God, she must have a cat!" thought Ish, and rushed after her.

But when he arrived in the livign-room, Princess was merely dashing around the table and smelling the chairs, and the woman was standing erect beside a gasoline lamp sheltering it against being overthrown by the excited dog.

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She was above middle height, brunette, not very young--no mere girl, certainly, but a fully developed woman.

She glanced at the antics of the scampering dog and laughed, and the sound of laughter was like something remembered from Paradise long ago. She turned to him, and he saw the flash of white teeth in the dark face. Then suddenly a barrier burst within him, and he laughed joyously.

After a moment she spoke, neither questioning nor demanding. "It's good to see someone." This time Ish replied, but he could think of nothing better than an apology from the ridiculous hammer which still dangled from his hand. "Pardon me for bringing this thing in," he said, and he set it down on the floor upon its head with the handle sticking stiffly into the air.

"Don't worry," she said, "I understand. I went through it too--having to have something around to make you feel comfortable. Like a pocket-piece of a rabbit-foot, you remember. We're still about the same as we used to be, all of us."

After the sudden release of the laughter, he was trembling. All his body seemed growing weak. He felt, almost physically, more barriers breaking--those necessary barriers of defense, built up through the months of loneliness and desperation. He must touch another human being, and he put forward his hand in the old conventional gesture of the handshake. She took it, and doubtless as she noticed his trembling, she drew him toward a chair and almost pushed him into it. As he sat down, she patted his shoulder lightly.

She spoke again, once more neither questioning nor demanding: "I'll get you something to eat."

He did not protest, though he just eaten heartily. But he knew that behind her quiet affirmation lay something more than any call of the body for food. There was need now for the symbolic eating together, that first common bond of human beings--the sitting at the same table, the sharing of the bread and salt.

Now they were sitting opposite each other. They ate a little, more in symbol than in reality. There was fresh bread. "I made it myself," she said, "but it's getting hard to find flour now that's got no weevils in it." There was no butter, but honey and jam for the bread, and a bottle of red wine.

And now, like a child, he began to talk. This was nothing like that time when he had sat with Milt and Ann on Riverside Drive. Then the barriers had still been up. Now, for the first time, he talked of all those days. He showed even the little scar of the fangs on his hand and the larger scars where he had slashed himself to apply the suction-pump. He told of his fear and of his flight and of the Great Loneliness that he had never quite dared face or imagine. And as he talked, she often said, "Yes, I know. Yes, I remember that, too. Tell me more."

As for her, she had seen the catastrophe itself. She had faced more than he had, and yet he could see that she had come through better than he. She talked little, seeming to have no need, but she drew him on.

As he talked with her, he knew no at last that this, at least as far as he was concerned, was no mere casual meeting--or passing moment. In this lay all the future. Since the disaster he had seen men and women here and there, and no one before had ever held him. Perhaps time had healed him. More likely, she herself was different.

Yet she was a woman. As the minutes slipped by, he sensed that basic reality more and more, with an intensity that made him tremble. As between man and man the breaking of bread was the reality; the shared table, all the symbol needed. But as between man and woman there must be still more, in reality and in symbol, a further sharing.

They realized suddenly that neither knew the other's name although each had been calling the dog Princess.

"Isherwood," he said. "That was my mother's maiden name and so she stuck it on me. Bad, wasn't it? Everybody called me 'Ish'."

"I'm Em!" she said. "Emma, that is, of course. Ish and Em! We won't get very far writing poetry about that combination!" And she laughed. And they laughed together.

Laughter--that was another sharing!

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FALL 1901 and a new name:

1983 G - Darkover

AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY GOT NONE!

AUS (Blair Cusack): f alb-tri, a gal-rum.  
(a ser s).

ENG (Evans Givan): f nwg-nwy, a yor-den  
(f nth c).

FRA (Greg Ellis): a spa-por, a gas-spa,  
f mid-wes.

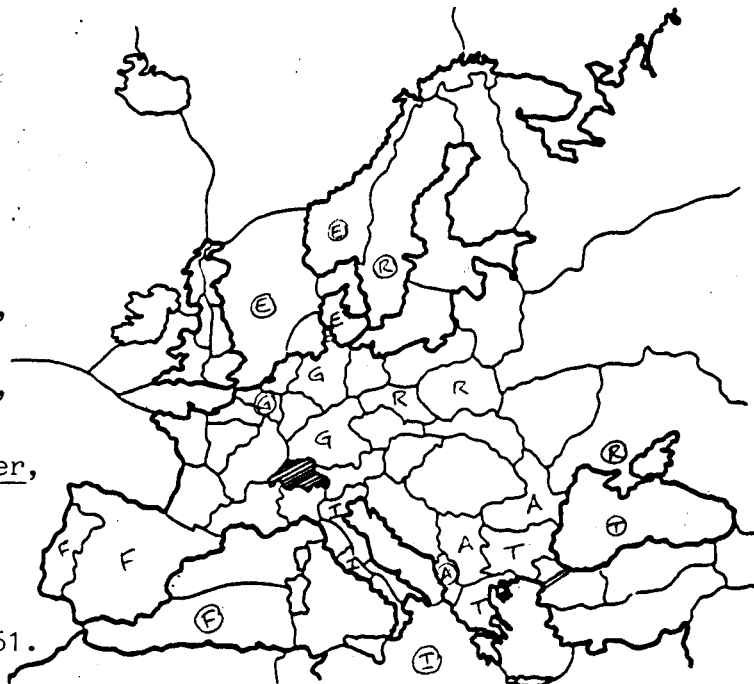
GER (James Makuc): f hol-bel, a kie-ber,  
a mun-sil.

ITA (Mike Mazzer): a ven-tri, a rom-ven,  
f ion s T a bul-gre.

RUS (Rick Ragsdale): f bot-swe, a sil-ber,  
a ukr-war, f sev-rum.

TUR (Hector Roybal): a bul-gre,  
a con-bul, f ank-bla.

Rick Ragsdale's phone number: 618-624-8461.



## Winter 1901 Supply Centers:

AUS	vie bud tri	SER RUM	3/5, build 2.
ENG	lon edi lvp	NWY DEN	3/5, build 2.
FRA	par bre mar	POR SPA	3/5, build 2.
GER	mun ber kie	BEL	3/4, build 1.
ITA	ven rom nap		3/3, even.
RUS	mos sev war	stp SWE	4/5, build 1.
TUR	con ank smy	BUL GRE	3/5, build 2.

Seasons are separated (in 1901 only) so the next orders due are Winter 1901 builds, on THURSDAY, 28 APRIL 1983. I have tentatives from two Powers.

Neutral centers: Holland and Tunis.

Your press is getting very good! Watch...

England to Ex-Russia: You wrote such nice letters! Can't we continue? Are you really the Great Karroo's sister?

Munich to World: I think I've gotten more mail on these two turns that I've gotten in other entire games. Keep it up!

Berlin to Warsaw: May your streets run red with Austrians.

Paris to World: Ole!

Rome to Berlin: Thank you for pointing out to my soldiers that the Winter Olympics this year are in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, not, as they apparently thought last spring, in Innsbruck.

England to France: That's no visits to the English Channel. Watch that fleet in the Mid, lest it get lost and wander North.

Paris to London: Tunis? Berlin? Turkey?!!!! This, I gotta see!

England to Turkey: I propose we keep Tyrolia, Bohemia, Silesia, and Prussia as our "neutral zone". OK?

Munich to Ankara: I would like to extend my invitation to E.T. as long as his Turkish escort comds by way of Sevastapol, Moscow, and Warsaw. RSVP.

Paris to World: The French government hereby denies all knowledge of "Coneheads". We respectfully suggest that the Emperor and his minions may have been consuming inordinate amounts of hashish. As everyone knows, a good Bernaise sauce (a French recipe) would not go well with a Volkswagen Bug or red wine.

Paris to L.A.: Wasn't the bomb enough? Do we have to do it to poor Nagasaki again?

L.A. to Paris: If you mean my going over there, I hope to find some plutonium to send to you. Now no more with the nuclear jokes (I really don't think it's funny anyway).

Holland to London: Your Empire is in the Far East, just remember that.

Vatican: The Papal Press Secretary has announced that His Holiness' evangelical miss-

(press continued two pages on)

# Herelandra

WINTER 1902/SPRING 1903

1982 HK - Yavin

ITALY WALKS SOFTLY; THE TURK LIES DOWN.

Winter: France builds a par;  
Italy builds a ven, f nap.

AUS (Steve Arnawoodian): f gre-bul/sc  
(a ser s).

ENG (Larry McCloud): a bel h (f nth s),  
f eng-bre, f iri-mid, f nwy h.

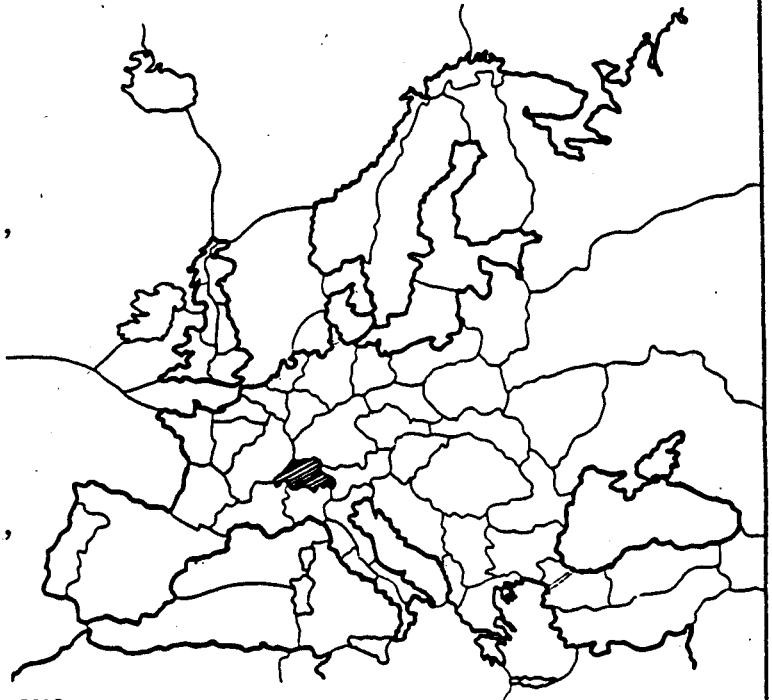
FRA (Blair Cusack): f mid-spa/sc,  
f por-mid, a gas-bur (a pic s),  
a par s a pic.

GER (Dave Marshall): a mun-boh,  
a kie-mun, a bur-ruh, f hol h,  
f den h.

ITA (Larry Peery): a ven-tri (a tyr s),  
a vie s a bud, a bud s a vie,  
f tun-naf, f nap-ion (f eas s).

RUS (Tim Brown): a rum s a gal,  
a gal s a rum, f bla s a rum,  
a ukr-sev, f swe s f bot, f bot s f swe.

TUR (~~Billy Highfield~~ Mark Keller): nmr and resigns. a bul h /a/; f con h, a ank h,  
a arm h.



Bill Highfield surrenders this game but failed (despite requests) to submit final orders. The new sultan is Mark Keller (9536 Shumway Dr., Orangevale CA). I have no tentative moves for next season, so all seven players must send Fall 1903 orders by THURSDAY, 28 APRIL 1983. Your press is scant, folks . . .

Berlin to Rochester: Stay the course, Cap'n Billy! [GM: Nice try...]

Berlin to Paris: Be careful that you don't confuse strategic foresight with submissiveness. The decision to withdraw was ours alone.

Brest to Berlin: Rope! Rope!! Tu es bete . . .

Paris to L.A.: Say, you don't happen to have an article or two on French defense against the E/G alliance, do you?

L.A. to Paris: I do, but for some reason it hasn't worked in three tries. Still want it?

Woody to Peery: Sign up for a game I'm gming and we'll see what happens to your country.

Berlin to Rome: We may not write, but we are willing to talk -- from a position of equal advantage.

Paris to Rome: I need some fine Italian cork to bottle up the Mid . . . some effluent seems to be seeping into our fine Mediterranean from the North.

L.A. to board: Something gives me the feeling England won't have a response to being called "effluent". Too bad.

Paris to L.A.: How about an excerpt from "Pinnocchio and Italian puppetry" by Charles Reinsel?

Marseilles: The least you could do, Hunny, is use the big black ones . . . savin' them for England, eh?! Schwein hundt.

Berlin to London: I know an unwinnable war when I see one.

Berlin to St. Pete: I meant what I said. Prepare yourself!

L. A. to board: Sorry, I forgot the rest of Mark Keller's address--zip code is 95662 and his phone number is 916-988-7224. I'll be sending him all your addresses & phones.

By the time you see this it will probably be too late for any publishers to respond who haven't already--Lord knows I just found out in time--but Roy Hendricks will be publishing this year's Zine Directory. Hmm, I tried to find his address on this form, but I guess he forgot it, so this announcement is really useless now.

# Perelandra

AUTUMN 1907 through SPRING 1908

1981CU - Marna

IT SEEMS WE HAVE A HORDE ON OUR HANDS . . .

Autumn--France retreats

f wes-naf, a bur-gas, f nth otb, f edi otb.

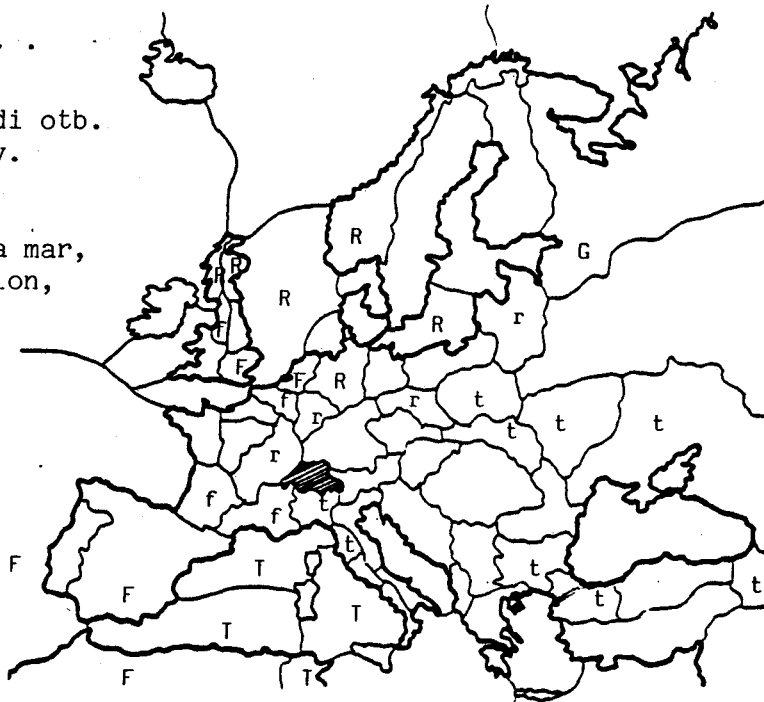
Winter--Turkey builds a con, a ank, a smy.

FRA (Terry Tallman): f mid-wes (f naf s,  
f spa/sc s), a mar s f spa, a gas s a mar,  
f hol s a bel, a bel s f hol, f eng-lon,  
a lvp knits war bonds (h).

GER (CD): f stp/sc h.

RUS (Mike Rollin): f nth h (f edi s,  
f nwy s), f cly s f edi, f den-kie,  
a kie-lvn (f bal c), a mun-sil,  
a bur s F a-mar, a ruh s a bur.

TUS (Pat Hart): a gal-war, a bud-gal,  
a arm-sev, a smy-arm, a ven-tyr,  
a rum-ukr, a ank-con, a con-bul,  
a pie-mar, f tun-naf (f wes s),  
f lyo s f wes, f ion-tyr, f tus h.



PROPOSED DRAWS: R/T, proposed by Russia and Turkey; F/R/T, by France. Please vote with Fall 1908 orders, which are due THURSDAY, 28 APRIL 1983. Here's your press:

The Turkish Times: Yellow fever strikes nation's young. ... Leading viral specialist, Dr. Pakman, seeks cure. ... Believing it to be a commie plot and with Allah's blessing, army ordered to capture white squares until the blue sky returns. ... More as it develops.

Con to Par: I won't let you hang.

Frog to Turkey: Yes, this does indeed look a stalemate line. Of course, if you manage to pick up four centers instead of three it's the end.

Frog to Russia: I would be much more convinced that this is a long-term commitment if you'd pull some units back. Otherwise I have to assume that it's my body and not my mind you're interested in.

Con to StP: Stay in port STOP Large storm approaching STOP Secure all decks STOP Duck!

France to Germany: Cold feet?

L.A. to France: No, only Russia has cold feet from not getting into the press action.

Con to L.A.: "Who's this Knight fellow?" Bow your head and hold your tongue! On your knees infidel! He is the all-knowing, all-powerful and a nice guy, our leader--The Golden Knight!.....Any questions?

L.A. to Con: Yes: If he's all-knowing why can't he quote me accurately?

Turkey to World: Dunk Hanson and Byrne!

France to Tunis Liberation Front: Fight on, mon amis. We shall return!

1983G/Darkover press continued:

*ion to Christianize the Moslem world, to have begun this fall with a visit to Tunis, has been postponed this year due to the Pontiff's poor health. Instead, His Holiness will take a brief recuperative leave in the Greek isles.*

Kiel to London, Vienna, Ankara: Death to the Imperialistic Czar! Just think, we may be able to stop Communism before it exists!!

L.A. to Kiel: Not unless you're fighting the Prussian wars of the mid-1800s, when Marx was just finishing his best treatises. By the way, I hope everybody noticed and will now use our new Boardman number.

ATTENTION PLAYERS, ALL THREE PERELANDRA GAMES: The search for a guest GM goes on, but the update is that I will be back in time to publish the August issue (albeit a week late) so I will only miss one deadline. Option is still open to skip July altogether.

# Perelandra

## News in Briefs

I almost hate to admit it, but the 1982 Henry Kissinger Essay Contest (HKEC) is still open. I'll accept entries until May first, at my school address of 2718 South Hoover St. #1, Los Angeles CA 90007. Because of the lack of response, the categories will not be separated (analytical/humorous); in fact, I haven't received any entries, even though at least five different people told me they would send them. Also, the prizes have been cancelled (unless ten people suddenly decide to enter) and instead any 'winning' entries will be paid at Perelandra's going rate for reader contributions (50 cents sub credit for each half page). Note: you don't have to be a P subber to enter.

I've printed the rules so many times I won't bother, especially since I've scaled this back so many times now. Suffice to say that I want to hear from you and hope you use a little common sense in sending me articles.

Not very much else in the way of news. Part of the problem is that I haven't read last week's Dip mail, since it accumulated to 25 pieces by the time I got back. Where was I, you ask? I flew, last Friday, to Richmond, Virginia, for three solid days of training and orientation for my summer job in Japan. While they didn't say anything specific that I didn't already know (except a few details of my travel, insurance, etc), being around the other 69 students who will be going all over the world gave me more of a sense of teamwork (and of the enormity of the job) than I had had. I spent more than 15 hours at the Foreign Mission Board's offices in less than 40 hours that weekend.

As if that weren't bad enough, then I flew to Cleveland to meet my uncle's family for the first time in eleven years. The flight was bad (the leg from Richmond to Baltimore was on a twin-prop 30-passenger plane) and the weather was worse, but it was all compensated for when I got the chance to spend Monday and Tuesday with them in Mansfield, Ohio. On to Cincinnati for dinner Wednesday with two more cousins, and I met my second-cousin, Michael Colin Gaughan, who is one year and three weeks old. (I really fell for the little kid; it must be all these babies in Dipdom that are tricking me into thinking they're okay.)

Anyhow, once I got back, I got to work on this, but between four round-trips between my house and my parents' I won't get into the mail by Saturday afternoon. I haven't even done any homework for two weeks, so don't expect much from me real soon; I'll be lucky to be able to pay my rent, let alone resub to some of the zines whose subs are expiring this month.

That's already too much griping for one issue. One real nice item to report is the huge pre-registration for Mastondoncon (official spelling), coming up April 10th (yes, that's just one Sunday away). Some of the hobby's finest are going to show up, and then a few like me, too, to help fill the numbers and get eliminated early so a Gunboat game can get underway. Anyhow, if you're still interested call me (213-748-1267) or Mike Maston (213-382-5185 after 7pm) or just show up with \$6 in hand (I think) Sunday morn. So far it looks as if we'll have six or seven games going! Look for me at the door-- I'm the one wearing the U.S.C. cap and a cunningly stupid grin.

Attention all players: I really do need to hear from you about your preference for continuation of games this summer.

Of all people, could you believe who sent me junk mail asking for support? The ACLU! It must be because of my recent membership in the Sierra Club, 'cause I don't think the Moral Majority (which has one of my aliases on its mailing list) sold them my address!





# The Last Word

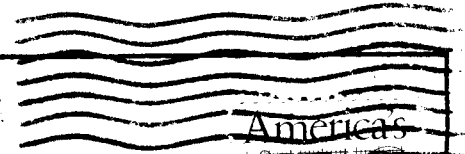
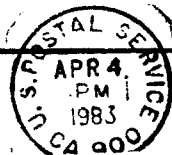
Population growth . . . has always had an important effect on language and proper names. As time went on, the single-name system became insufficient for dealing with large communities. This is when the patronymic came into use. A patronymic is a name which derives from that one's father, grandfather or ancestor. In Ireland, the prefix "Mac" was added to the father's name to form a patronymic; if it was the grandfather's name that was used, the prefix "O" or "Ua" was added to the original name. Contrary to popular belief, the prefix "Mc" is not an Irish "translation" of the Scots "Mac". "Mc" is only an abbreviation and does not change the meaning of geographical origin of the name as a whole.

...Although a double-name system was in use [in the early Middle Ages], it did not resemble our system of surnames. A "last name" was by no means permanent, and at any rate a son would take his father's first name in a patronymic, so the grandfather's would not necessarily be passed on, or vice versa. In Welsh there are historical instances of long strings of patronymics being necessary for identification, as in the case of Jenkin ap Griffith ap Robin ap William ap Rees ap Evan. (This also occurs in the Bible, so we know that the Hebrews had that problem too!) Only beginning in the tenth century and continuing in the three succeeding centuries do we see the growth of the surname as we know it.

...Interestingly enough, Ireland was the first country to adopt hereditary surnames after the fall of the Western [Roman] Empire. The oldest Continental ones were formed in France and Italy, but not before the eleventh century.

The Anglo-Norman invasion of 1066 [Ed.: 1170 in Ireland] brought entirely different problems. Rather than the two languages' names intermingling, as did the Norse and Irish, ...the Irish refused to be conquered verbally. (from a paper by Margaret Gaughan)

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