

Herelandra

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EDITORIAL REPLY REPLY

I'm surprised at the preponderance of right-wingers in this hobby. Maybe it was naive to think that as many liberals as conservatives would play out a war. I've been playing postally for a couple of years, but one recent letter made me sit up in surprise.

Bear in mind, this gutless wonder didn't even have the backbone to let me publish his name or quote his letter. The brunt of his message was that, after reading Part I of my article on the debate between civil liberties activists and the religious New Right, he had determined that I, being an evangelical Baptist, was misguided and out to control everyone else's freedom of choice.

For those of you who have not read Part 1, I quote my thesis:

Each [side] would like the rest of us to believe that its enemy is un-American, unscrupulous, and out to control our lives in defiance of this country's heritage. I submit that all of these things are true of both sides.

- 1) I've heard good things about this individual, so I'm not bitter; I just wish he had read the article he was commenting on.
- 2) Several people failed to notice the phrase "the rest of us." I am neither a Libertarian, a member of the Moral Majority, or a homosexual, though I am something of a feminist. But I am a Baptist, and I resent being dismissed as a nuisance and small-minded just because of someone's impression of that label.
- 3) The only type of criticism I accept is calm and constructive.

For further explanation, you can send me a SASE and one 20¢ stamp for a reprint of the entire article, though I may be able to fit all of the rest of it in this issue rather than running it in thirds. I have a feeling that a couple of subbers will be surprised by Part 2 . . .

The Class of '82

So far (that is, halfway through the year) we're a small but impressive group:

Winsome Losesome/Judy Winsome
Modern Patriot/Bill Highfield
Damn the Torpedoes/Greg Fritz
Vortex/Bo McSweeny
Empires/Ralph Montonaro
Hansard/Robert Sacks
no name/John Strain

Still, I haven't even seen all of these. While I don't trade subscriptions, I will trade my current issue for the current ish of any zine I haven't seen--one time only.

NEWS IN BRIEFS

No big comedy from the daily paper this month--instead I have a weird note that just came in from Kalamazoo, MI. Seems someone is trying to get a date for Eric Ozog (Chicago), who just turned 21. No return address, so this could be anyone in North America; what I got was a questionnaire for any and all eligible young ladies and a request that I publish it here. No way, guys--this is hardly a porno mag (and that's where this questionnaire belonged). My guess--Bill Becker perpetrated this one.

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Not everyone was as offended as Anon Y. Mouse. I've been particularly flattered by the response from the flourishing Dip community in Rochester, N.Y. Considering my deep love for that city, its art (George Eastman and Chuck Mangione, for examples), and my grandparents (who still live over on Dover Road), this is no surprise--but apparently Dippers there pass their samples around for others to read! (Fine with me.)

Porter Wrightman says, "(Yours) is the first 'zine my wife has seen that she wants me to sub to." Well, Mrs. Wrightman, if you'll send me a note I'll put the subscription in both your names. I'm scrounging for a good Dorothy Sayers quote to include in number 3 just for you.

Dave Marshall (pubs Down 'n' Dirty out of Russellville, KY) uses these neat, narrow, blue slips of paper to write: "You apparently left Cleveland at an early age; smart move." All I can say is: sic. I love the town. I do notice that Dave knows some German, though (z.B., how does one say "for example"), so I'll let it pass.

My greatest thanks go to Ron Brown of Quebec and Rod Walker of San Diego. . . and I've never met either one. Ron is still my best Dip friend and advisor, and pubs a zine called Snafu! which is one of the hobby's best. Rod's comments have always come at the best times, and a glance at the next section will show how helpful and knowledgeable he is.

Where To Turn

The primary source for any Diplomacy player, by mail or face-to-face, is Diplomacy World by Rod Walker. Aside from stats, polls and announcements it is also the single best collection of articles on how to play the game. Published quarterly for \$6 (US) per year, samplers of each issue are available for a SASE*; DW also pays for published contributions. Other resources:

Alphabetical list of nearly every active Dipzine in North America and Europe: (\$1.00)

Listing of zines and GMs with openings in games of Diplomacy and variant Diplomacy: (SASE)

Articles and complete rules on a particular variant game: (varies)

Reprints of essays on a particular facet of Dip (e.g., Convoys, or Standbys): (\$3.50/10 issues)

Statistics on concluding regular postal Diplomacy games: (charges only for copying and postage)

Zine Directory '82 from Mike Mills, 47 Mayer Drive, Suffern, NY 10901

Pontevedria from Rod Walker, "alcala", 1273 Crest Drive, Encinitas, CA 92024

Arda from Rod Walker; this is a zine, but works in conjunction with the N.A. Variant Bank.

Diplomacy Digest from Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304

Everything from Don Ditter, 910 Hope Street #12A, Stamford, CT 06907

*SASE stands for Self-Addressed, Stamped Envelope, and is pronounced "sase". (Bright, huh?)

Perelandra is published monthly except January and May by P. J. Gaughan at the address on page one. It is an amateur magazine chiefly devoted to the play of Diplomacy, a game copyrighted by the Avalon Hill Game Company. No material herein is copyrighted unless explicitly noted. Submissions of one-half page or more will be remunerated at a rate of 50 cents subscription or game credit per quarter-page. Erin go bragh.

The New Intolerance? ...

part 2

There are also secular, neoconservative activists supporting the same incredible social and defense programs as many groups labelled Christian. This highlights one of the faults of what I call the "new left," a figurative coalition of minorities, journalists and other civil liberties groups. Willing, they say, to allow Americans to express their opinions, these citizens still will define any effort opposing theirs as an attempt to impose its beliefs on everyone else. I hope that, before they say this, they have stopped to investigate how many people feel imposed upon by their efforts. There is nothing inherently wrong in having old-fashioned morals, especially if the new ones are offensive.

Another trouble with the "new left" is its unusual view of American law. If the new right is guilty of working towards minority aims, at least it is doing it by the book, and does not automatically label any opposition as "obstructionist" and "motivated by hate, not thought," as some feminists have referred to anti-ERA work. American democracy relies on pluralism. What both sides need to realize is that our system is naturally neutral. Just as an equal rights amendment must obtain a given number of ratifications, the proposed "human life" amendment must have exactly the same support to become law.

However, I believe it is not enough for a person to argue against something; he should present another, viable alternative.

God's emphasis, from a New Testament perspective, is always on people, and on how important they are to Him. Therefore, it is not up to me to assault an enemy (Matthew 5:12, Luke 6:29), or to beat a principle into someone (Matthew 10:13-14). But it is the place of a true Christian, one committed to seeing more honor brought to Jesus of Nazareth, to be a constant reminder to the world of what God desires.

This lands me right in between the two groups described above. I could not support the Moral Majority even if I were assured that each of its members was a Christian. Groups like it have succeeded only in antagonizing non-Christians and persuading Christians to be isolated and unfeeling.

But simultaneously I will not, as one homosexual man told me to, run along and mind my own business. Love and patience are indeed commands, but I love people too much not to warn them of the consequences of disregarding God. Indeed, I am commanded to be a preserving factor in a spoiling world (Matthew 5:13-16), so God has made these things my business. Hence, for example, I have sided with the feminists as they fought for the right to determine their own destinies-- but I cannot trust them to make decisions for others, let alone for a babe not yet born. They might impose their beliefs on him or her.

I wanted merely to describe the basic, centuries-old Christian perspective which has been lost in the midst of hurled insults. I call myself a conservative under this banner because it strives to conserve the value God lays on each of us. Don't mistake this as "just another compromise;" it's the original, though now it is taken as immorality by one side and uncaring Puritanism by the other. The alternative I offer is certainly not my own reasoning, since I am as great a sinner, to coin a phrase, as the rest of you. But as long as we argue morals without first determining that we will not be ignorant, we are doomed to hatred and stereotypes.

Stop where you are, right or left: have you been condemning your opposition because it is your opposition? Then you are a hypocrite, violating and cheapening your own principles.

LARRY PEERY

... and other California oddities

To Diplomacy fans elsewhere in the universe, California must appear to be an isolated enclave of arrogant, flaky and faddish players. The man chiefly responsible for this image is Lawrence William (Larry) Peery, director of the iconoclastic Institute for Diplomatic Studies (Box 8416, San Diego CA 92101, (714) 238-0893).

Larry is one of the best players in the game today--but also one of the funniest. In a time of decreasing effort, both in press- and letter-writing, his commitment to having a good time with Diplomacy has turned a lot of people off. And his conviction that the hobby needs more organization and central control has bugged many players who recoil at the idea of institutionalizing Dip.

So, Larry has alienated nearly everyone. Well, not quite, and those of us who follow his antics can tell you how to avoid such a mistake. First, remember that California is more diverse than any other state in any Union. Everyone has their own pet project or highly emotional idea, making it seem that we're all more off-the-wall than we are. This diversity has also caused us to feel more sympathy for other Californians--since it's the only bond many of us have to each other.

Second, remember that institutions are the first step towards tradition, so (while I don't give him blanket applause) I think

two of Larry Peery's brainchildren could eventually be established parts of the hobby in the footsteps of Graustark and the Leeder Poll. One is the International Diplomacy Hall of Fame, which has already inducted its first 7 honorees.

The other is Peericon. Peericon II, while exclusively for California players, looks like the start of a much larger event. Registrants can play Diplomacy in a park; in Tijuana, Mex.; or even at a nudist beach (skinny Dippy?). This sort of casual tournament atmosphere (if not specifically Black's Beach) is the best way to bring together FTF and PBM players who are wary of each other or of large gatherings. If you live in Cali., mark off July 23-25 and then mail a note to Larry at the Institute.

Larry Peery can be a real asset to your participation in Diplomacy--as long as you're willing to put up with a little arrogance, a lot of silliness, and a brilliant mind.

GAMESTART NEWS--ALL TWO OF YOU

Yes, we have two victims for our first postal game. Thank you both for sending in preference lists. Now, c'mon people--where else can you get into a game for a sub and \$2??? (If this doesn't fill by August 15, you're certainly entitled to a full refund.)

AND

You should all have voted by now, but the Leeder Poll deadline has been extended (I think to 1 Aug), so send your ratings to John Leeder, 121 N.E. 19th Avenue, Calgary Alta. T2E 1N9, CANADA. Rating: scale of 0 (scum) to 10 (cream) for zines and GMs, separately. Please sign your ballot.

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If you're looking for a Dipzine with . . .
wit and wisdom,
opinions (but not opinionated),
a smooth, literary style, with contributions
from some of the world's greatest writers,
then subscribe to Perelandra,

the thinking man's zine!

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Some Final Notes

I'd like everybody to notice that I will now pay for published submissions. The basics are in the colophon (bottom of p. 2). Please send me an outline or topic suggestion before sending along a complete manuscript; I hope to publish at least one long (1 1/2 to 2 page) article each month. Choices of topics are very great, including anything on Diplomacy; I'd especially appreciate writings on works of fiction, and on major themes of science fiction and/or fantasy.

If you write to me this month, please do two things: include any puns you can on the word "toe" (e.g., Who do you call to fix a broken foot? A toe truck.); and, if you have ever published a Dipzine, tell me what your feelings were like for the first four or five months--were you depressed about response, determined to continue regardless, or delighted at the number of interested Diplomats? Again, intriguing or humorous letters will be granted space.

FOLKLORE - and how to do it

Storytelling flows from a deep desire to share, the desire to be open about something that has touched one deeply. The choice of story and manner in which it is told reveal one's inner self. Although the storyteller may be recreating a traditional tale, it is his or her experience of life that enters the telling and makes the story ring true. . . .

The storyteller must take the story from the printed page and blow the breath of life into it. This cannot be done unless the story has meaning for the one who is telling it, because children are quick to sense one's true feelings about a story. The storyteller, then, must enjoy the content, mood or style and must have a desire to share this enjoyment. Frances Clarke Sayers, who recalls listening to the story of "The Gingerbread Boy" as a child, remarks of the storyteller, "She told it as though she were relating a tale as great in magnitude as 'Hamlet', as indeed it was for me, because it was for her. It was mystery, and tragedy, and delight."

(from Baker and Greene, Storytelling)

Guest of Honor

Here a low hurried cry from my hostess caused me to look up from the book, and I read no more.

"Look there!" she said. "Look at his fingers!"

Just as I had been reading in the book, the setting sun was shining through a cleft in the clouds piled up in the west; and a shadow as of a large distorted hand, with thick knobs and humps on the fingers, so that it was much wider across the fingers that across the undivided part of the hand, passed slowly over the little blind, and then as slowly returned in the opposite direction.

"He is almost awake, mother; and greedier than usual to-night."

"Hush, child; you need not make him more angry with us than he is; for you do not know how soon something may happen to oblige us to be in the forest after nightfall."

"But you are in the forest," said I; "how is it that you are safe here?"

"He dares not come nearer than he is now," she replied; "for any of those four oaks, at the corners of our cottage, would tear him to pieces; they are our friends. But he stands there and makes awful faces at us sometimes, and stretches out his long arms and fingers, and tries to kill us with fright; for, indeed, that is his favourite way of doing. Pray, keep out of his way to-night."

"Shall I be able to see these beings?" said I.

"That I cannot tell yet, not knowing how much of the fairy nature there is in you. But we shall soon see whether you can discern the fairies in my little garden, and that will be some guide to us."

"Are the trees fairies too, as well as the flowers?" I asked.

"They are of the same race," she replied; "though those you call fairies in your country are chiefly the young children of the flower fairies. They are very fond of having fun with the thick people, as they call you; for, like most children, they like fun better than anything else."

(from George MacDonald, Phantastes)

Overhead a boat sails by,
the ripples in its wake
as quick and white
as the under-wings of a gull.
Somewhere the sperm whale sings
his lonely lowings
along the current.
I am not deaf,
do not think I am deaf
to the music he makes.
But the songs
her fingers croon

and the bubbled melodies
from her mouth
are more beautiful to me
than whale songs,
than the call of gulls
skimming low over the waves,
than the mournful mating
of the foghorn
as it cries its love
to the sea.

(The Merman In Love, Jane Yalen)

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There's still time to get in on the Diplomacy bargain of the year--a \$7
gamestart!!! (sub \$5, gamefee \$1, NMR deposit \$1) Not many of these around.