

Herelandra

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GAME OPENINGS still available

Ah, summer in L.A. While the rest of the country just dreams about it, I'm actually here for the sun, the surf, and the SMOG. As we slip into August, we're getting the first real heat wave; the thermometer didn't climb above 81 degrees all through June!!

So why is it Bill Highfield (The Modern Patriot) has a gamestart in issue #1 and I have to wait four months? Oh, well, I guess that's what I deserve for not promoting myself as a John Bircher. For anyone who might be remotely interested (say, the two people who signed up for the first game) there are still five openings--pretty bright, eh? Oh, by the way, one of you wonderful readers sent along a postcard with a preference list for the game, but sent no money and no name or return address. Someone in Rochester better send me \$7 (\$5 sub + \$1 gamefee + \$1 nmr deposit) quick. . .

Unfortunately, the photos from Peericon II aren't back yet (mainly because I forgot to get them to my buddy at the shop) so I will inflict them on you nextish. A word about the September issue: help! I will be very upset if nobody volunteers some material--especially all of you who got wiped out at DipCon. Issue #4 will be coming at you from my new digs at U.S.C. (do not send mail there until after Sept. 1):

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Good news, bad news dept.: I hear they named the latest British heir after a certain famous playwright--nice to see royalty patronizing the arts. Bad news (and, altogether too serious) is that Jihad!, or what was left of it, has apparently folded. Glenn Overby is a neat person, and may still pub something, but one of my games with him is being rehoused through the Mensa Diplomacy group. I hope to know more after the weekend. On to the other stuff!

Not a game I would play myself, but Allan Calhamer (inventor of Diplomacy) has announced a new game, National Pastime.

"A main idea is to disguise your own patterns while trying to guess your opponent's," says the flyer. Calhamer calls it the "Chess of Table Top Baseball Games" and it's available from Outpost, 501 N. Stone, La Grange Park, IL 60525 for \$5 plus \$1 postage. This one's been in the works for ten years, so feel sure it has been debugged by playtesting.

When we try to pick out anything by itself,
we find it hitched to everything else in
the universe. --John Muir

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Perelandra 2 Away down South

After reading the complete reviews of ChicagoCon in Diplomacy By Moonlight #43, I had visions of glory in my eyes as I rose at 5:45 Saturday and prepared to drive two hours to the North Park Rec Center in San Diego for PEERICON II.

Not only did I not win any glory, I finished both of my games with the fewest units of any surviving power. In Round 1, I was Russia to Lynn Cicotte's Turkey. We (too) quickly decided not to bother each other, and I turned my attention north, where Germany (Jerry StGermain) was up against a Franco-British alliance (Laury McCloud and Jim Finley). I managed to downplay myself and become a junior partner in a three-way northern elimination of the Hun in Spring 1904. The only trouble was that Turkey, Austria and Italy stopped squabbling long enough to do the same thing, with Cicotte as the mastermind. When time was finally called, Lynn was up to 9, I was down to 3 (stp, kie and den!) and was about to stab England in exchange for my soul.

The setting for my debacle, at least, was wonderful. Larry Peery kicked the day off with a large table display of archive items and maps, and I got a chance to meet the entire Point Loma Diplomacy Club (about 8 high school guys Tim Moore dragged along so he could get a discount on registration). Since this bunch had played each other often they made miserable opponents for the rest of us. Probably the one best idea at the Con was Larry's introduction of the PAM (Player's Adjudication Manual?). Every country in every game was given a book of blank paper, with instructions to write each season's moves on a separate page. The first four pages were player and tourney info, and the last four included the tourney houserules plus a page to record a running supply center chart--an excellent concept which made adjudication a breeze!

After dinner, we picked up again at the Lafayette Motel, and the real fun began. My game was the first to fill after dinner, because it was composed chiefly of players eliminated early in the first round. We called it the "Loser's Board" and felt that this was why the game was so strange, although using Dave Grabar's model battleships and tanks (see Diplomacy World, #31, page 13) could have been another cause. (A word about Grabar [Austria] and Jerry StGermain [Italy] in the second game--they are two of kind. That is, they kill you with honesty, and would rather stab someone than win. I learned a lot!)

The game was very evenly played. No, that's an understatement--by Spring 1906 Turkey was at one, Russia (Jim Winsor) was at ten, and every other Power held either four or five SC's. As France, I won an immediate promise from Germany (Tim Moore) to let me have bel, but because they were both from Point Loma I had a hunch he and England would work together. Sure enough, I had to struggle for two builds; Fall 01 saw Germans in Marseilles, Russians in the Baltic, and Italians in Munich!

I had recovered beautifully, but by the time I could take anything from England Italy was taking mar and spa. I left in Spring 1907 with only an army in por, while everyone was discussing a concession to Russia (about 11:40 pm).

I'm sorry that I had to miss the pre- and post-tourney festivities, and the news of another death in Larry's family was a real shock. Still, I'll bet having so many Dippers around on his XXXVth birthday helped, and I'm glad I could get away to the madness. See you all in February.



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.

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A Word to the Wise

"The damn road's moving!" Anthony exclaimed, as if driven to unwilling assent.

Quentin began to laugh, as he had laughed that other evening, hysterically, madly. "Quite right," he shrieked in the midst of his laughter, "quite right, Anthony. The road's moving: didn't you know it would? It's scratching its own back or something. Let's help it, shall we?"

"Don't be a bloody fool," Anthony cried to him. "Stop it, Quentin, before I knock you silly."

"Ha!" said Quentin with another shriek, "I'll show you what's silly. It isn't us! it's the world! The earth's mad, didn't you know? all mad underneath. It pretends to behave properly, like you and me, but really it's as mad as we are! And now it's beginning to break out. Look, Anthony, we're the first to see the earth going quite, quite mad. That's your bright idea, that's what your running uphill to see. Wait till you feel it in you!" . . .

((California earthquakes?? Not quite--here is the author's explanation, which bears serious consideration . . .))

Mr. Foster sat forward. "You have heard of the owner of the house?" he said. "Well, Berringer is a very wise man--you must not judge him by all that group who get about him--and he has made it his business to try and see the world of principles from which this world comes. He--"

Anthony's raised hand stopped him. "The world of principles?"

"He believes--and I believe it too," Mr. Foster said, "that this world is created, and all men and women are created, by the entrance of certain great principles into aboriginal matter. We call them by cold names; wisdom and courage and beauty and strength and so on, but actually they are very great and mighty Powers. It may be they are the angels and archangels of which the Christian Church talks--I do not know. And when that which is behind them intends to put a new soul into matter it disposes them as it will, and by a peculiar mingling of them a child is born; and this is their concern with us, but what is their concern and business among themselves we cannot know. And by this gentle introduction of them, every time in a new and just proportion, mankind is maintained. In the animals they are less mingled, for there each is shown to us in his own becoming shape; those Powers are the archetypes of the beasts, and very much more, but we need not talk of that. Now this world in which they exist is truly a real world, and to see it a very difficult and dangerous thing, but [Berringer] did this, and I; as much as I can, have done it.

"Generally, matter is the separation between all these animals which we know and the powers beyond. But if one of those animals should be brought within the terrific influence of one particular idea--to call it that--very specially felt through a man's intense concentration on it--"

He paused, and Anthony said: "What then?"

"Why then," the other said, "the matter of the beast might be changed into the image of the idea, and this world following that one, might all be drawn into that other world. I think this is happening."

"O!" said Anthony, and sat down.

(abridged from Charles Williams, Place of the Lion)

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Readers' Right

I received two particularly encouraging letters this month, in response to my article on "The New Intolerance". No, they aren't on the same side of the fence, but they sure do write well! [My comments appear in brackets.]

LINDA WIGHTMAN, Rochester NY

. . . it would seem as if there is no middle ground anymore, even though almost no one I know personally takes the extreme positions.

For example: I am in favor of women with careers, girls in the Little League (after all, I have two daughters), and jobs without gender. But I'm against abortion, children being raised by day care centers, and the massacre of the English language ("chairperson", etc.) And I take my job as a full-time wife and mother very seriously. With those three sentences I have seemingly antagonized feminists and non-feminists alike. Where does that leave me?

[standing on the yellow line, right next to me! Folks, if I was forced to summarize my own world view I would quote this letter. The only question is how to avoid being run down.]

One question: Perhaps it's unreasonable of me to ask a grammatical question of a language major. After all, I know from personal experience that math majors can't add. . . . isn't it supposed to be "Everyone has his own pet project"?

[Yes, it is. In fact, my sister (who agrees with both of us, Linda) saw this comment and chewed me out for writing "their pet project". I was not avoiding "his", I botched, and I now retract. Thanx. And since you asked, I usually answer to Pete, but people tag me with whatever they like--P.J., Peter, or even "Eyes". Anyone writing to "Mr. Editor" will be ignored.]

ROD WALKER, San Diego CA

[Rod was among the crowd who told me that Porter & Linda's last name has no "R".]

The rest of this letter may go on longer than I intend, [it did] but let's see. There is always an inherent danger of giving a Dipzine over to non-Dip

topics of certain types. . . .once you get into religion, politics, and things of that nature, you tend to provoke responses such as the anonymous one you got. . . .There has always been a big segment of hobbyists whose attitude is that they came into the hobby to play Diplomacy, not get lectured on _____ (fill in blank).

[Oh, don't I know it. Ah, but it did get many people to read and respond to Perelandra who otherwise would file it. I didn't publish "TNI" just for shock value, but I never intended to make this a social-commentary zine. Of course it will be my "bloody pulpit" from time to time; but it's central goal is to discuss and critique a) Diplomacy tactics and b) trends in classic fiction. No mail, no discussion. Thanks for the warning, though!]

I have two reactions to your reaction to extremism. First of all, I join you in decrying it personally. . . . Second, however, that is not to say that extremism does not serve a socially usefull purpose. It does. The extremists in society test the boundaries of the social order.

Of course if you have extremist boundary-testers, you will automatically have extremist boundary-defenders.

[This letter ran to four pages, most of it ruminations on Christ and the Bible. But I'm intrigued by this boundary idea. Within our own circles (I, a Baptist and Rod, a Catholic) we are both boundary-testers; and he says that as we get older we all tend to move toward boundary-defending. So why do I feel on the defensive now? Much to think about...]

[Rod sent seven puns on "toe" which deserve an entire article, so you'll get them next month. Suffice to say that he was funnier than]

JOHN BOARDMAN, New York NY

I was born in California, but left many years ago. I used to feel mildly proud of being a Californian, but now I feel like a refugee who got out of the Old Country before things really turned bad.

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Guest of Honor

From the middle book of Clive Staples Lewis' space trilogy, Perelandra, we proudly present the planet from which we draw our name. Smaller portions will be reprinted in the future.

(After travelling through space in something resembling a casket, Prof. Edwin Ransom finds the container is melting away . . .)

There was no casket now. He was turned out--deposited--solitary. He was in Perelandra.

His first impression was of nothing more definite than of something slanted--as though he were looking at a photograph which had been taken when the camera was not held level. And even this lasted only for an instant. The slant was replaced by a different slant; then the two slants rushed together and made a peak, and the peak flattened suddenly into a horizontal line, and the horizontal line tilted and became the edge of a vast gleaming slope which rushed furiously towards him. At the same moment he felt that he was being lifted. Up and up he soared till it seemed as if he must reach the burning dome that hung above him instead of a sky. Then he was at the summit; but almost before his glance had taken in a huge valley that yawned beneath him--shining green like glass and marbled with streaks of scummy white--he was rushing down into that valley at perhaps thirty miles an hour. And now he realised that there was a delicious coolness over every part of him except his head, that his feet rested on nothing, and that he had for some time been performing unconsciously the actions of a swimmer. He was riding the foamless swell of an ocean, fresh and cool after the fierce temperatures of Heaven, but warm by earthly standards--as warm as a shallow bay with sandy bottom in a sub-tropical climate. As he rushed smoothly up the great convex hillside of the next wave he got a mouthful of the water. It was hardly at all flavoured with salt; it was drinkable--like fresh water and only, by infinitesimal degree, less insipid. Though he had not been aware of thirst till now, his drink gave him astonishing pleasure. It was almost like meeting Pleasure itself for

CONTINUING - [What can I say, folks? He moved to New York.]

This article [TNI] and your reprinting of it have an apologetic air to it. Obviously, you as a Christian feel that the Moral Majority and its allies are an embarrassment, and you want to separate yourselves from it. However, it's not as easy as that.

[Ah, but it is! It is only difficult for those who insist on stereotyping anyone called "Christian"; and if you read the article you know what I think of stereotypes. Well, onward. And thanks.]

the first time. He buried his face in the green translucence, and when he withdrew it, found himself once more on the top of a wave.

There was no land in sight. The sky was pure, flat gold like the background of a medieval picture. It looked very distant--as far off as a cirrus cloud looks from earth. The ocean was gold too, in the offing, flecked with innumerable shadows. The nearer waves, though golden where their summits caught the light, were green on their slopes: first emerald, and lower down a lustrous bottle green, deepening to blue where they passed beneath the shadow of other waves.

All this he saw in a flash; then he was speeding down once more into the trough. He had somehow turned on his back. He saw the golden roof of that world quivering with a rapid variation of paler lights as a ceiling quivers at the reflected sunlight from the bath-water when you step into your bath on a summer morning. He guessed that this was the reflection of the waves wherein he swam. . . .

Up again to the crest, and still no sight of land. Something that looked like clouds--or could it be ships?--far away on his left. Then down, down--he thought he would never reach the end of it . . . this time he noticed how dim the light was. Such tepid revelry in water--such glorious bathing, as one would have called it on earth, suggested as its natural accompaniment a blazing sun. But here there was no such thing. The water gleamed, the sky burned with gold, but all was rich and dim, and his eyes fed upon it undazzled and unaching. The very names of green and gold, which he used perforce in describing the scene, are too harsh for the tenderness, the muted iridescence, of that warm, maternal, delicately gorgeous world. It was mild to look upon as evening, warm like summer noon, gentle and winning like early dawn. It was altogether pleasurable. He sighed.

the Last Word

A rowan tree grew on Loch Mève--
Southwards is seen the shore--
Every fourth and every month
Ripe fruit the rowan bore:

Fruit more sweet than honey-comb,
It clusters, virtues strong,
Its berries red could one but taste
Hunger they staved off long.

Yet though it proved a means of life
Peril lay closely nigh;
Coiled by its root a dragon lay
Forbidding passage by.

Caorrunn do bhi air Loch Máí,
Do chidhmist an traigh fa dheas;
Gach[a] ráidh [agus] gach mi,
Toradh abaidh do bhi air.

Sásadh bidh na caora sin,
Ba mhillse na mhil a bhláth;
Do chongbhfadh an caorrann dearg
Fear gun bhiadh gu ceann naoi tráth.

Do bhi anshástacht 'na dhéigh
Ge ba léigh a chobhar an t-sluaigh,
Péist nimh do bhi 'na bhun
Bhacadh dha cách dhul d'a bhuaín.

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*I'd like the latest
Pontevedia "newcomers" suppl-
ment... unless those names
are in the Hobby Census (in
any case, how do I get a
copy of the Census?).*

sample

Then sickness sore Mève rent:
"What ails?" quoth Fraoch, "the Queen?"
And Eochaidh's daughter made reply--
Eochaidh of the festive horns--
That ne'er would she be whole
Till her soft palm were full
Of berries from the island in the lake--
Fraoch's hand alone to pull.

Fraoch gave consent: no fear he knew
But swam the lake once more:
But hero never yet did pass
The fate for him in store.

And from the death the hero died
The lake doth take its name;
For ever is it hight Loch Mève,
And thus resounds his fame.

(On Cluan Fraoich a friend doth sigh.)

Do chuireadh fios leath air Fraoch,
Dh' fhiosraich an laoch ciod thanig ri.
A duhairt Meadhbh nach bi slán
Mur faigh lán a boise maoidh
Do chaoraibh an locha fhuair
Gun duine ge bhuaín ach Fraoch.

Togras Fraoch, 's nior ghille tiom,
Shnámh a rís air an linn bhuig
Is nior fheud [ne]lach ge mór ágh
Theachd o'n bhás an robh a chuid.

O'n bhás sin do fhuair am fear
Loch Maidhbh gun lean de'n loch
Ata an t-ainm sin deth gu luan
'Ga ghairm a nuas gus a nos.

H-osnadh charaid.

(excerpted from the folktale, The Geste of Fraoch)

