

# Herelandra

number 40

March



Lug was one of the most important Irish deities, sort of a Celtic Mercury. This myth is partly an effort to explain why Cú Chulaind, the ancient Irish Hercules, was known as the son of Súaltain when his real father was the god Lug.

## the Birth of Cú Chulaind

One time, when Conchubur and the chieftains of Ulaid were at Emuin Machae, a flock of birds frequented the plain outside Emuin, and it grazed there until not so much as a root or stalk or a blade of grass remained. The Ulaid were distressed to see the land so devastated, and thus, one day, they harnessed nine chariots and set out to drive the birds away, for it was their custom to hunt birds. Conchubur sat in his chariot together with his grown daughter Deichtine, for she was his charioteer; and the other champions of the Ulaid sat in their chariots, Conall and Lógure and everyone else, even Bribiu. Before them the birds flew, over Slíab Fúait, over Edmund, over Brega, and the Ulaid were enchanted by the birds' flight and by their singing. There were nine score birds in all, each score flying separately, and each pair of birds was linked by a silver chain.

Towards evening three birds broke away and made for Bruig na Bóinde. Then night came upon the Ulaid, and a great snow fell, so Conchubur told his people to unyoke their chariots, and he sent a party to seek shelter. Conall and Briciu searched the area and found a single house, new; they went inside and were welcomed by the couple there, and then they returned to their people. Briciu complained that it would not be worthwhile to go to a house that had neither food nor clothing and was narrow into the bargain. All the same, the Ulaid went; they took their chariots with them, but they did not take much inside. Suddenly, they discovered a storehouse door before them. Then it came time to eat, and the Ulaid grew merry with drink, and their disposition was good. The man of the house told them that his wife was in labour in the storehouse, so Deichtine went back to help, and soon a son was born. At the same time, a mare that was at the entrance to the house gave birth to two foals. The Ulaid gave the colts to the boy as a gift, and Deichtine nursed him.

When morning came, the Ulaid, found themselves east of the Bruig--no house, no birds, only their horses and the boy with his colts. They returned to Emuin Machae, and the boy was nursed until he was a young lad, but then he fell ill and died, Tears were shed, and Deichtine was greatly saddened by the death of her foster-son. Finally, when she had left off sighing, she felt thirsty and requested drink from a copper vessel, and that was brought. Every time she put the vessel to her mouth, a tiny creature would leap from the liquid toward her lips; yet, when she took the vessel from her mouth, there was nothing to be seen. That night, she had a dream: a man spoke to her and said that he had brought her towards the Bruig, that it was his house she had entered, that she was pregnant by him and that it was a son that would be born. The man's name was Lug son of Eithliu; the boy's name was to be Sétantae, and it was for him that the colts were to be reared.

Thereafter, Deichtine indeed became pregnant. The Ulaid were troubled since they did not know the father, and they surmised that Conchubur had fathered the child while drunk, for Deichtine used to sleep next to him. Conchubur then betrothed his daughter to Súaltain son of Roech. Deichtine was greatly embarrassed at having to go to Súaltain's bed while being pregnant, so, when the time came, she lay down in the bed and crushed the child within her. Then she went to Sualtain, and at once she became pregnant by him and bore him a son.

---Yes, you read that right. In trying to prove Cú Chulaind (a.k.a. Sétantae) was half-god, some storyteller goofed and made him fully human. Yet every tale of Cu Chulaind's life says his father was Lug. Even Celtic scribes made mistakes!

# Perelandra

## Vital Statistics

This is the fortieth issue of Perelandra, an amateur monthly magazine of postal games, fine literature and Irish culture. Resident leprechaun is Peter James Patrick Gaughan IV, and his pot o'gold is hidden at 3121 East Park Row #165, Arlington TX 76010 (817-633-3208). Subscriptions to Perelandra cost 75 cents an issue, unless you sign up for a game with a gamefee (sub is included in gamefees).

It has become a tradition here to do a theme issue on "Ireland" every March. I'd like your ideas about other themes I could try, since my stock of stories and excerpts is big enough to cover all bases. (Which reminds me--April's Pere might be a baseball issue, if Ballpark gets underway.) This year I'll be spending St. Patrick's Day at Gilligan's Bar.

Before Don Williams and others complain about the "Patrick" in my name, above, let me say that it is a part of my legal name whenever I so choose. Patrick is the name I chose at my Catholic confirmation, where a child is supposed to select a patron saint.

Finally, I am still waiting for some suggestions as to a name for the leprechaun on the cover. Ed Henry suggests "Glenn" (no, Ed, I can't recall the source; the one I remembered was "Conn"), and my girlfriend Cathy offers "O'Reilly". Any other ideas? If not, Glenn it is.

## Game Openings

Diplomacy (\$20): Rob Wittmond and Will Woodard paid; John Crosby, Carleton Harris, and Steve Langley signed up without money. Needs two more and money from three.

Gunboat Diplomacy (\$20): Two people paid; two signed up. Needs three.

Downfall of the Lord of the Rings (\$20): Rob Wittmond paid; needs a whole bunch yet.

Ballpark (free): Jim Ferguson, Steve Knight, and Pete Gaughan signed up (this will be guest-gamed by Tom Hise). Mike Colandro and Kevin Tighe have expressed interest, and I think Tom has a friend at U.T.A. who will play. That means six teams, and eight would be great for the playtest. This is a chance for you to take part in shaping a game's rules; the first season will be fairly simple but every embellishment you can think of will be waiting for a chance to jump in.

Snowball Fighting (free): The Championship is underway!! Keep reading for the gamestart.

## ArlingCon 2 Announcement

Any and all postal gamers are invited to spend the weekend of April 18-20 here in Arlington for Diplomacy, Titan, Monopoly, Snowball Fighting, Downfall, Illuminati, and anything y'all bring along. Greg Ellis is likely to be here; Conrad Minshall will attend if IBM hasn't transferred him and Leslie to California. Mike Colandro and his new wife Betty, J.R. and Jeanne Baker, Stephen and Diana Wilcox, Charles Hallmark, James Early, Will and Debra Woodard, John and Mrs. (name?) Crow, Carleton Harris, Pat Conlon, and John and Patty Walker are all close enough to get invitations.

WHY, you ask, run down all those names? I want you to note how many women are in that group. If Greg comes, Polly will be here; Leslie may move to CA ahead of Conrad but she could still attend otherwise. Cathy Sexton, my significant other, wants all the Dip wives and girlfriends to join the party (girlfriends not listed simply because I don't know who they are). There will be room for any and every person who wants to attend ArlingCon, either on my floor or Cathy's (she doesn't know this for sure yet but she'll read this issue in a few minutes--heh heh).

Tom and I look forward to hosting a real event--Cathy wants the women to get out and do a few things together, well maybe all us guys will go out. Who knows? Come and see, April 18-20.

## Literary Quiz

Last month's EASY question was: What character in a 17th-century romantic adventure tries to emulate the fictitious Amadis of Gaul? Mark Lew and Jim Burgess both hit the right answer, Don Quixote. Matt Kazur guesses D'Artagnon, and Tom Hise was thinking of Don Juan.

Last month's HARD question was: In Joseph Heller's only best-selling novel, Catch-22, one of the central characters, Capt. Yossarian, goes in and out of the hospital at will, primarily to avoid flying combat missions. What is the peculiar "ailment" that allows him to do so?

# Perelandra

Matt and Tom both guess a liver ailment, but that's merely the reason he goes in the first time. Actually, Capt. Yossarian's temperature runs abnormally high--all the time. Jim-Bob's wrong answer is a classic:

"He's sane. He'd have to be crazy to want to fly missions, but only if he's crazy can he get out of them, etc. The Catch-22. I think there's something more to this...he's sane, but the psychiatrist won't see him...uhh, maybe I'll get back to this."

He never did get back to it, so the standings look like this: Ellis 4, Ferguson and Burgess 3 apiece, Kazur 2 and Lew 1.

For next month, HARD (2 pts): Recently rediscovered, this author created such memorable characters as the self-centered Leonora Eyre, the elegant Wilmet Forsyth, the delightful Mildred Lathbury and the intellectual Emma Howick. Before retiring to an Oxfordshire cottage, the writer also worked as an editor at the International African Institute. Who was she, and which books feature these literary ladies? (Name two of the four books.)

EASY (1 pt): An American journalist and writer known for his ambitious portraits of sometimes entire continents was moved, mid-career, to turn away from his public subjects to write about a very private one, the tragic death of his son from a brain tumor. Name this author and the title of his book, which was taken from a sonnet written by Donne.

## Literary Calendar

1 March 1360: During the seige of Rheims, King Edward III of England pays £16 (\$3,840) to ransom skilled soldier Geoffrey Chaucer from French captivity. 2 March 1883: Responding to criticism that his poetry lacks meter, H.G. Wells declares: "Meters are used for gas, not the outpourings of the human heart." 8 March 1890: Journalist, novelist, and biographer Gene Fowler is born in Denver, Colorado--"Writing is easy; all you do is sit staring at a blank sheet of paper until the drops of blood form on your forehead."

10 March 1812: The first two cantos of Lord Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage are published, causing a national sensation and immediately establishing the author as a public figure. "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," he says. 12 March 1922: Jack Kerouac is born in Lowell, Mass. 13 March 1891: Henrik Ibsen's play Ghosts, dealing with venereal disease, opens in London to unveiled abuse.

14 March 1883: Karl Marx dies in dire poverty in London at 64. 15 March 1929: D.H. Lawrence, in Paris looking for a publisher for Lady Chatterley's Lover, meets Harry Crosby of The Black Sun Press; in spite of having corresponded for a year, they disagree violently about everything. 17 March 1740: Justice of the Peace Henry Fielding, writing under the name of Captain Hercules Vinegar, summons poet laureate Colley Cibber to court for murder of the English language. 19 March 1821: Explorer, and translator of the Arabian Nights and the Kama Sutra, Sir Richard F. Burton is born to an English family settled in Ireland. (Upon his death in 1890 his wife, Isabel, will burn all his unpublished manuscripts, thinking them obscene.)

22 March 1832: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe--poet, playwright, novelist, and philosopher--dies at 82, in Weimar. His last words: "More light!" 23 March 1913: Jack London writes to Winston Churchill, G.B. Shaw, and H.G. Wells to ask what they are paid for their "stuff". 26 March 1874: Robert Frost is born in San Francisco. Although he will be proclaimed "the Voice of New England", he first sees a New England farm at the age of ten. 31 March 1855: On Easter Saturday, Charlotte, the last surviving Brontë child, dies, aged 38 and pregnant, at the parsonage in Haworth, Yorkshire.

A note before we launch into the games. If you play Dip or a Dip variant in Perelandra, you have a codename which is required for non-postal (e.g. telephone) orders. In case you've lost it or I haven't told you yours yet, it's on the back cover with your sub balance.

## CIMMERIA ASF4 Snowball Fighting

The following people should send, by 26 March, a SnowFight name, if any, and a one-paragraph introduction of themselves or their character in the game: Greg Ellis, Jim Burgess, J.R. Baker, Daf Langley, Tom Hise, Ed Henry, and Conrad Minshall. Those of you who have played before may use a game name you've used before. Introductions and starting positions will be printed in the April Perelandra.

# Perelandra

## 1985 Freshman Zine/Subzine Poll

Yes, it's that time of the year again, folks - the 1985 Freshman Zine Poll is once again in our midst. This flyer is going out to all the publishers that I have addresses for. If you know of someone else who has a zine or subzine that qualifies, let me know. This is just the preliminary flyer. I would like you to publish this in your zines. I want all the Freshman zine publishers to send me their names and addresses and zine/subzine names so I can type up a master listing and start the Poll. A Freshman Zine is one that started within the previous year and had at least two issues in that year.

On March 1st, I will make a ballot with all the Freshman Zine and Subzine names on it (there will, of course, be room for write in votes) and the Poll will begin. Voting will take place during the months of March and April. I will tabulate the votes and should have the results out the first week of May.

Send the names of those Freshman to

Daf Langley  
2296 Eden Roc Lane #1  
Sacramento, CA 95825

and please try to have them to me by March 1st. Thanks.

The ballot Daf mentions will be printed in the April Perelandra; however, to avoid delays you may want to send a list of the Freshmen you receive with your ratings already attached (I think she will be using the standard system of 10=best and 1=worst, but I'm not sure).

Another hobby news note: The Zine Register (this is #5) is now available from Simon Billenness (61A Park Avenue, Albany NY 12202). The ZR will be updated every three months, but Simon doesn't say how much a "subscription" costs (although he has made an effort to trade with every publisher listed, I don't see any accomodation made for non-publishers or non-traders). I believe that if you write him he'll send one issue free (after all, I got one). The next revision will be done the end of March.

## 1983HC-Mimir

GETTING WHAT HE CAME FOR

Autumn 1910: Italy retreats f smy-syr; Rus:a tri-bud  
Fall 1910

Austria (Ed Henry): a rom-tus, a nap-rom.

France (Tom Hise): f spa/sc-mar, f por-spa/sc.

Germany (Greg Ellis): f nwg-nwy (f nth s),  
a den-swe (f bal s), f bre-mid, a bur-mun,  
a mar-pie, a boh-vie (a tyo & a tri s)/a tri r  
alb otb/, a ven s a tri, a sil-gal, a ber-pru.

Italy (Matt Kazur): f eas-smy (f syr s).

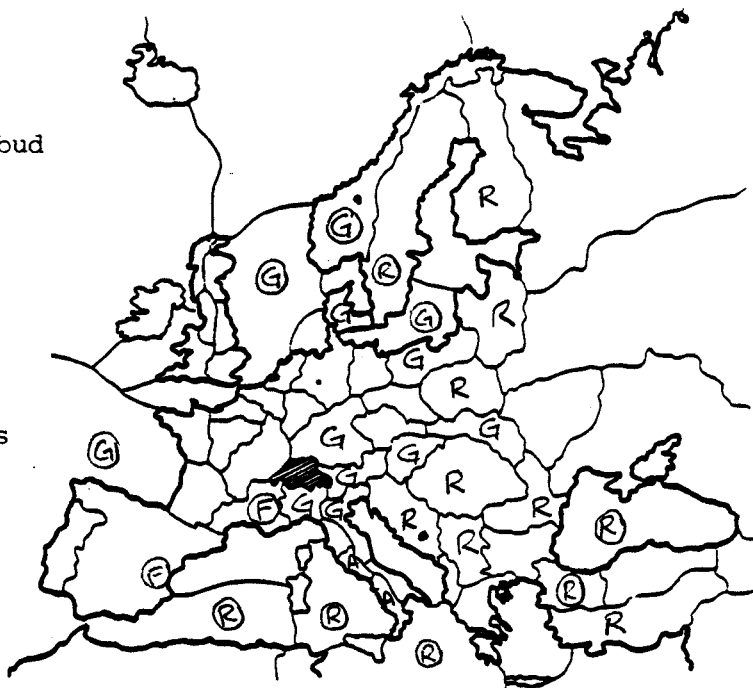
Russia (Pierre Touchette): a fin s f swe, f swe ms  
f nwy /f swe r stp otb/, a pru-lvn, a vie-tri  
(a bud & a ser s), a gal-war, a bul-rum,  
f bla h, a smy h (f con s), f aeg-ion,  
f tyn-tus, f wes-tyn.

press:

Germany to Russia: Slowly he turned, step by  
step....

Austria to Germany: Didn't really think you'd manage to pull it off, Greg.

Your supply center chart is on the next page, along with a farewell. Deadline for Winter 1910 and Spring 1911 is 11pm, 27 March 1986.



# Herelandra

Supply Centers Held, Winter 1910

Austria	rom nap . . . . .	2/2	even
France	spa por MAR . . . . .	2/3	no room
Germany	mun kie ber hol den bel lon lvp <del>max</del> bre par ven édi VIE NWY . . . . .	13/14	+1 or +2
Italy	<del>nap</del> <del>spa</del> . . . . .	2/0	OUT
Russia	stp mos war sev swe <del>rum</del> <del>ank</del> bud tri ser tun gre bul SMY CON . . . . .	15/15	even or +1

So, sure enough, we bid a fond adieu to Matt in this game (he turns up again in a minute), leaving only Ed and Pierre as original players still surviving. However, I would like to prematurely congratulate everyone in Mimir. Any game that gets by with a total of only ten players is doing very well; when you consider it was orphaned, we're outstanding. If nothing else, this game introduced me to two or three very novel methods of order-writing. BUT...it's not over yet! Who knows what lies yet ahead for 1983HC?

## 1983 G - Darkover

WE ALL GOT THE BLUES  
 Has Austria Gone The Way Of All Fish?

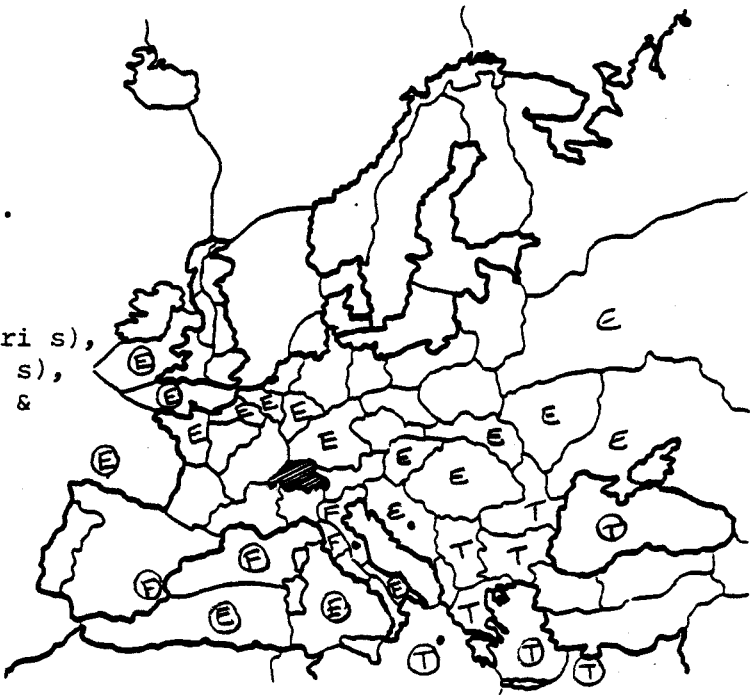
Winter 1913: England builds a lon; France declines.  
 SPRING 1914

Austria (John Crosby): f ven s a tri /adr otb/,  
a tri s Ta ser-bud /nso, r alb otb/.

England ("Blade" Givan): f mid-wes, f bre-mid (f iri s),  
 .f wes-tyn, a lon-bel (f eng c), a gas-bre (f pic s),  
 a bur-ruh, a mun-tyo, a tyo-tri (a bud s), a vie &  
 a gal s a bud, a war-ukr, a ukr-sev (a mos s).

France (Greg Ellis): f por-spa/sc, f mar-lyo,  
f ion-adr /tun nap alb otb/, a pie-ven (a tus &  
 f apu s).

Turkey (Guy Hail): a sev-rum (f bla s), a rum-ser  
 (a bul s), f adr-ion (f aeg & f eas s),  
 a ser-gre.



press:  
 England to GM: OOPS!  
 England to France: I think that was what is called a spare moment.  
 Paris to London: We had the right alliance but the wrong ending! Congratulations anyway.  
 Paris to Austria: I would still like an explanation of the move to Venice. A rather harsh punishment for not writing, isn't it?

Get those endgame statements ready, folks...but in the meantime, send Summer retreats and Fall 1915 orders to me before 11pm, 27 March 1986 (a Thursday).

## TANITH 85CS

WINTER 1901--LEAVES AREN'T THE ONLY THING TO TURN

Bob Olsen has tendered his resignation from Tanith, as part of a general departure from postal Diplomacy. I'll miss Bob's humor and sensibility. I've asked Guy Hail to standby for Austria (Guy, addresses are in issue #39). He will be the player of record immediately unless I hear otherwise in a week or two. Note: THIS GAME WILL BE DELAYED IF GUY REQUESTS IT, OR IF ANY TWO OTHER PLAYERS REQUEST A DELAY. Guy's address is 33 Mallard Rd, Middletown NJ07748.

Austria (Bob/Guy): builds a bud and a tri; also has f gre, a ser, and a vie.  
 England (Jim Ferguson): builds f edi; also has f nwy, f nth, and a lon.  
 France (Matt Kazur): builds f bre and a par; also has f eng, a spa, and a por.  
 Germany (Mike Colandro): builds f ber and f kie; also has f den, a hol, and a ruh.  
 Italy (John Crosby): builds f nap; also has f tun, a boh, and a tyo.  
 Russia (Evans Givan): builds a war; also has f bot, a fin, f run, and a ukr.  
 Turkey (Jim Diehl): builds f smy; also has f aeg, a con, and a bul.  
 Press will be held for next season unless you tell me not to!

# Herelandra

## Index

### Con Reviews (all by PJG) chronologically

	#
Away Down South: Peericon II (photos, #4)	3
Invasion of the Dot Snatchers: Dafcon I	8
Meeting of the Minds: Mastondoncon I (w/photos)	12
Valley of the Dip Giants: Dafcon III (photos, #18)	17
The Couch Potato Games: ArlingCon I	19
The Great Escape: Dipcon XVII (notes)	22
Grumble City: Dipcon XVII	23
The Con that Time Forgot: IndyCon I	26
Battlestar Sacramentica: Dafcon IV	29

### Rules Published

Snowball Fighting, #15
Hegemony over Sandy Ego, #28
Four-Handed Chess, #28
Downfall of the Lord of the Rings, #38
Ballpark, #38

### Hobby Articles by author

	#
Caruso--Foot In Mouth #7	20
PJG--on Larry Peery, and other California oddities	2
--on "dirty" zine folds	22
Peery--Bless the Beasts and Children	6

### Folktales by country (\* indicates excerpts)

Germany--Grethari and Geirlaug*	29
Ireland--A Legend of Old	9
Japan--untitled	19
Middle East--A Long-Bow Story (two parts)	31 & 32
Thailand--The Tale of Phikool Thong	18
Tibet--An Early Myth	36

### Poetry by author

anonymous--Irish poem	9
Barringer--Master Nino Chiostra's Romantic Tune (from Joris of the Rock)	28
Basho--haiku	12
Buson--haiku	12
Byron--She walks in beauty, like the night	14
Day--My Captain	33
Farren--The Mason	15
Henley--Invictus	33
Langley--haiku	12
Luedi--haiku	12
Rolleston--Clonmacnoise	25
Stephens--County Mayo	30
Thayer--Casey at the Bat	31

### Science Fiction & Fantasy by author (\* indicates excerpts; () indicates source)

Adams, Douglas--Life, the Universe, and Everything*	8
--So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish*	37
Adams, Richard--Watership Down*	11
Alexander--The Foundling (3 parts)	6-8
Anthony--Spelling Bee* (Centaur Aisle)	33
Azimov--The Winnowing*	22

# Perelandra

Bradley--Darkover Landfall* . . . . .	38
--The Shattered Chain* . . . . .	6
Buck--Aunt Agatha* . . . . .	35
Burroughs--Air Scout for Zodanga* (A Princess of Mars) . . . . .	25
Campbell--Brain Stealers of Mars* . . . . .	32
Cherryh--Hunter of Worlds* . . . . .	34
Hyne--The Lost Continent* . . . . .	27
Jakes--Storm in a Bottle* . . . . .	34
Lewis--Perelandra* . . . . .	3
Mallory--The Sword in the Stone* . . . . .	16
McDonald--Phantastes* . . . . .	2
Miller--Fiat Voluntas Tua* (A Canticle for Leibowitz) . . . . .	26
Piper--Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen* . . . . .	36
Stewart--Earth Abides* . . . . .	10
Tenn--The Liberation of Earth* . . . . .	12
Tolkien--The Disaster of Gladden Fields (The Silmarillion) . . . . .	22
--Queer Lodgings (The Hobbit) . . . . .	24
"Trout"--Venus on the Half-Shell* . . . . .	38
Wells--The Man Who Could Work Miracles* . . . . .	39
Wilde--The Fisherman and His Soul* . . . . .	17
Williams--The Place of the Lion* . . . . .	3

Miscellaneous by author (\* indicates excerpts; fic indicates fiction)

Aichinger--The Opened Order* fic . . . . .	23
Bettelheim--The Uses of Enchantment* . . . . .	35
Brecht--Leben des Galilei* fic. . . . .	7
Douglas--The American Book of Days* . . . . .	16
Gallico--Honorable Cat* . . . . .	39
Gaughan, Margaret--essay on Irish names* . . . . .	10
PJG--autobiography . . . . .	1
--book reviews . . . . .	21
--Japan Journey (I:Stranger in Paradise and II:Leaving Family for Home) . . . . .	13 & 14
--on democracy . . . . .	15
--on memorials . . . . .	15
--on socialism, justice & the American Way. . . . .	18
--What Does English Sound Like to You? . . . . .	19
Healy--On Bicycles: A Proposal. . . . .	30
Mann--Tonio Kruger* fic . . . . .	6
Muir--The Mountains of California* . . . . .	3
Noxen--Rules for Ranger Watching* (on baseball in Texas) . . . . .	33
Palma--Fray Gomez's Scorpion fic. . . . .	18
Sagan--Cosmos* . . . . .	32
Shakespeare--King Lear* fic. . . . .	15
Shikibu--The Tale of Genji* fic . . . . .	11
Simon, Arthur--Bread for the World* . . . . .	13
Simon, Paul--The Tongue-Tied American* . . . . .	28
Stewart--Deadwood Lottery (a Desperate Man item) fic . . . . .	24
Thoreau--Journals & Walden*. . . . .	4
Thurber--Interview with a Lemming fic . . . . .	21
--The Lover and His Lass fic. . . . .	20
Twain--The Innocents Abroad* . . . . .	29

Omitted is the Guide to Texas Vehicular Wildlife (only two of four parts published so far).  
 Back issues are available for the cost of copying plus mailing--ask for details.  
 Also (oops) omitted is Swift's Tale of the Tub (satire) from issue #14, and items in this issue.

# Herelandra

Frank O'Hara was every bit as good as, and sometimes better than, Ring Lardner and F. Scott Fitzgerald. But short-story writers are little honored any more, and writers for The New Yorker even less.

An interesting note from "It Must Have Been Spring:" my second-favorite O'Hara is called "The Friends of Julia" but every time Julia turns up in his stories, O'Hara makes her a very different character--especially here.

## *It must have been Spring*

It must have been one of the very first days of spring. I was wearing my boots and my new corduroy habit, and carrying my spurs in my pocket. I always carried my spurs on the way to the stable, and I usually had to pass a group of newsboys on the way, and when I wore the spurs they always seemed to notice it, and they would yell "Cowboy-crazy!", and once I got in a fight about it and got a tooth knocked out. It was not only because I hated what they called me. I hated their ignorance; I could not stop and explain to them that I was not cowboy-crazy, that I rode an English saddle and posted to the trot. I could not explain to a bunch of newsboys that Julia was a five-gaited mare, a full sister to Golden Firefly, and that she herself could have been shown if she hadn't had a blanket scald.

This day that I remember, which must have been one of the very first days of spring, becomes clearer in my memory. I remember the sounds: the woop-woop of my new breeches each time I took a step, and the clop sound of the draught horses' hooves in the thawed ground of the streets. The draught horses were pulling wagon-loads of coal from the near-by mines up the hill, and when they got halfway up the driver would give them a rest; there would be a rattatchety nois as he pulled on the brake, and then the sound of the breast chains and trace chains loosening up while the horses rested. Then presently the loud slap of the brake handle against the iron guard, and the driver yelling "Gee opp!", and then the clop sound again as the horses' hooves sank into the sloppy roadway.

My father's office was on the way to the stable, and we must have been at peace that day. Oh, I know we were, because I remember it was the first time I wore the new breeches and jacket. They had come from Philadelphia that day. At school, which was across the street from our house, I had looked out the window and there was Wanamaker's truck in front of our house, and I knew that The Things had come. Probably crates and burlap rolls containing furniture and rugs and other things that did not concern me; but also a box in which I knew would be my breeches and jacket. I went home for dinner, at noon, but there was no time for me to try on the new things until after school. Then I did hurry home and changed, because I thought I might find my father in his office if I hurried, although it would be after office hours, and I wanted him to see me in the new things.

Now, I guess my mother had telephoned him to wait, but then I only knew that when I got within two squares of the office, he came out and stood on the porch. He was standing with his legs spread apart, with his hands dug deep in his hip pockets and the skirt of his tweed coat stuck out behind like a sparrow's tail. He was wearing a gray soft hat with a black ribbon and with white piping around the edge of the brim. He was talking across the street to Mr. George McRoberts, the lawyer, and his teeth gleamed under his black moustache. He glanced in my direction and saw me and nodded, and put one foot up on the porch seat and went on talking until I got there.

I moved toward him, as always, with my eyes cast down, and I felt my riding crop getting sticky in my hand and I changed my grip on it and held the bone handle. I never could tell anything by my father's nod, whether he was pleased with me or otherwise. As I approached him, I had no way of telling whether he was pleased with me for something or annoyed because someone might have told him they had seen me smoking. I had a package of Melachrinos in my pocket, and I wanted to throw them in the Johnstons' garden, but it was too late now; I was in plain sight. He would wait until I got there, even though he might only nod again when I did, as he sometimes did.

I stood at the foot of the porch. "Hello," I said.

He did not answer me for a few seconds. Then he said, "Come up here till I have a look at you."

I went up on the porch. He looked at my boots. "Well," he said. "Did you polish them?" "No. I had Mike do it. I charged it. It was a quarter, but you said--"



# Herelandra

"I know. Well, you look all right. How are the breeches? You don't want to get them too tight across the knee or they'll hurt you."

I raised my knees to show him that the breeches felt all right.

"Mm-hmm," he said. And then, "Good Lord!" He took off his hat and laid it on the porch seat, and then began to tie my stock over again. I never did learn to tie it the way he wanted it, the way it should have been. Now I was terribly afraid, because he could always smell smoke--he didn't smoke himself--and I remembered I had had a cigarette at recess. But he finished tying the stock and then drew away and commenced to smile.

He called across the street to Mr. McRoberts. "Well, George. How does he look?"

"Like a million, Doctor. Regular English country squire, eh?"

"English, hell!"

"Going horseback riding?" said Mr. McRoberts to me.

"Yes," I said.

"Wonderful exercise. How about you, Doctor? You ought to be going, too."

"Me? I'm a working man. I'm going to trephine a man at four-thirty. No, this is the horseman in my family. Best horseman in Eastern Pennsylvania," said my father. He turned to me. "Where to this afternoon? See that the mare's hooves are clean and see if that nigger is bedding her the way I told him. Give her a good five-mile exercise out to Indian Run and then back the Old Road. All right."

I started to go. I went down the porch steps and we both said goodbye, and then, when I was a few steps away, he called to me to wait.

"You look fine," he said. "You really look like something. Here." He gave me a five-dollar bill. "Save it. Give it to your mother to put in the bank for you."

"Thank you," I said, and turned away, because suddenly I was crying. I went up the street to the stable with my head bent down, because I could let the tears roll right out of my eyes and down to the ground without putting my hand up to my face. I knew he was still looking.

[1934]

## BALLPARK UPDATE

This month Tom Hise has a few notes to add to the rules, in response to questions from a couple of readers.

What is a session? Like United for postal soccer, a session consists of the orders for three games, one session per month. Presently, a schedule has been planned for eight teams with eleven sessions (34 games) constituting a full season. The last session will include an extra game. The Championship Series after that will be the best two of three games between the division winners.

How are the innings handled? The play is the same as on a standard baseball scorecard. A team bats until three outs are made, and at least 8 and 1/2 innings are played (extra innings if needed).

As far as managerial input during a game is concerned, I am not prepared to handle many complications right now. But if player response to this season is good I will work on such items as tiring pitchers and pinch-hitting. [Pete: other possibilities include walks and errors, bunts and hit-and-run, and defensive shifts.]

How are orders for each session done? Each game's pitcher and lineup is submitted by the manager [Pete: we will NOT be using the DH.]. Lineups will be asked for each game, since managers may change their lineups in the middle of a session, between games.

Tom has also given me the following example of game mechanics for you:

Let's assume the following four players on the Tennessee Terrors, batting one through four:

	BA	SA	FP	
Ma	.250	.320	.900	[BA=Batting Avg., SA=Slugging Avg., FP=Fielding Pct. Thus
Pa	.300	.310	.970	Ma is a light hitter, Pa is a singles hitter with a great
Cousin Elly	.320	.420	.870	glove, Cousin Elly and Granny are sluggers.]
Granny	.210	.410	.890	

They are up against the Power Pack's number two pitcher, Ohm (Pitching Avg=.200). The PA is the collective BA of all hitters against that pitcher, so Ohm is hot stuff.

Now, Ma comes up to bat, and her Hit% is calculated by averaging her BA and Ohm's PA, then subtracting the Power Pack's team Fielding Factor. Ma's Hit% is 219 out of 1000. If the

# Herelandra

Terrors were the home team, Ma would also get a home-field addition, and might get a factor added if there were men on base.

The GM rolls 763, so Ma is out [how, we don't know--another future adjustment?]. Now Pa is up. His Hit% is 244, with no additional modifiers. GM rolls 230 so Pa has a hit. This means we have to roll against a second chart to determine how many bases Pa gets. After considering his low SA and rolling 180, Pa manages a double anyhow.

Cousin Elly now comes up to bat. Her Hit% is 254, effectively 262 because there's a runner on. GM rolls 260 so Elly has a clutch hit. A second roll gives Elly only a single...any other hit and Pa would automatically score from second. But with a runner on second and a single, we roll one more time. This time, the team Fielding Factor gives the Power Pack a chance to throw out Pa at the plate on any roll over 941; Pa scores on 850-941, and holds at third on anything less than 850. GM rolls 899, so Tennessee Terrors score a run.

Now, with Elly on first and one out, here comes Granny, with a Hit% of 206. GM rolls 998. Not only is this high enough to get Granny out, it means Granny hits into a double play. With three outs, the inning is over for the Terrors: one run on two hits, no errors, and none left on base.

Pete here again. The Ballpark rules will be retyped by the time the season starts--a few sections are confusing due to poor editing or simple omission. Also, I'm trying to work up a list of the various statistics and formulae used in the game. I think the rules would be easier to use if the math was all removed to a separate section at the end; in the text of the rules themselves we'll simply refer to names like FF (Fielding Factor), BA, PA, etc.

Tom and I have played several test games, and will do some more this month, but I'll be buying a whole new team when the league starts so I'll be on the same footing as the other managers. The list of possible "complications" we could incorporate into the rules is already getting longer; we'd love to have people send in suggestions as soon as they come to mind.

A few addenda to the Game Openings section: Steve Langley is now paid for regular Dip, and I have a tentative "yes" for Gunboat also. These games are filling faster than they have been; I guess you have to wait a month or two with one person on the list before anybody else takes you seriously.

Also, I forgot to mention that there is another game of Snowball Fighting open. I don't expect it to fill real soon, but you can get on the list if you missed out this month.

And Greg Ellis sent in the same wrong answer everybody else sent for the HARD question this month. Several people have said that the HARD and EASY labels seem to be reversed--but I think this is a function of the audience. Most of you seem to be more familiar with recent work than I am, and I have a predilection for the obscure that may be clouding my choices. I'll try to be more careful. (I think there can be no doubt about which is more difficult this month.)

Not much happening around here, except little activities like a bridge party or dinner out. Last week I finally got around to getting the cleaning kit and supplies for my new soft contact lenses. Although I've worn hard lenses for eight years or more, I've been wearing my glasses the last six or seven months because my last prescription was three years ago. Besides, the care and use of soft lenses are completely different from hard; I had to relearn how to put in and take out my eyes.

The soft lenses are twice the size of hard ones, and took some getting used to, but I can wear them up to eight hours now. I have daily wear lenses, so I can't sleep or swim in them, but it's great not to get my glasses fogged up at certain times.

Tom and I haven't seen much of each other this semester. He's in a new major and working hard on it. Me? I will probably attend the national meeting of the Linguistic Assn. of Canada and the U.S. (LACUS) when it comes to Arlington this summer--and by then I'll have a timetable for finishing my M.A.

The following page is a flyer from Ken Peel on Dipcon XIX. There is also a newsletter available from me for a SASE, with Dipcon news and debate. Please write if there's any chance you might make it to Fredericksburg. And by all means come to ArlingCon II.

Aloha, *Pete*

# DipCon at MaryCon '86

DipCon at MaryCon '86 is a three-day Diplomacy and Diplomacy variant tournament, Friday, May 30 through Sunday, June 1, on the campus of Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, VA (50 minutes south of Washington, D.C. on interstate 95 - ground transportation available hourly from Washington National Airport). Those unable to arrive before Saturday can still participate in DipCon, the annual national Diplomacy championship, by selecting DipCon (option #2). A minimum of two rounds of Diplomacy must be played to be eligible for 1st, 2nd, or 3rd place plaques, or the seven "best country" trophies.

Friday events: VariMaryCon (Diplomacy variant tournament), Tournament of Champions (one-round tournament for 7 top placers of past MaryCons), first round DipCon (standard Diplomacy tournament, run by the national DipCon administrative committee), round table seminar with Allen Calhmer (inventer of Diplomacy), and open gaming beer party. Saturday events: additional rounds DipCon, DipCon Society meeting (which will select the site of 1987 DipCon), and open gaming beer party. Sunday events: final round DipCon, and awards ceremony.

For additional information on travel, schedule, or other matters, contact MaryCon at the address below (see form), or contact Ken Peel, 8708 First Ave. #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910, tel.# (301) 495-2799.

## PRICE PACKAGES INCLUDE:

VariMaryCon\* (May 30) lunch, dinner, beer party, lodging;  
(May 31) breakfast.

VariMaryCon (local) (May 30) lunch, dinner, beer party.

DipCon (option #1) (May 30) dinner, evening beer party, lodging;  
(May 31) breakfast, lunch, dinner, beer party, lodging;  
(June 1) breakfast, lunch.

DipCon\* (option #2) (May 31) lunch, dinner, beer party, lodging;  
(June 1) breakfast, lunch.

DipCon (local) (May 31) lunch, dinner, beer party; (June 1) lunch.

\*Those attending both VariMaryCon and DipCon should select "VariMaryCon" and "DipCon (option #2)." Total cost = \$87.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

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( ) VariMaryCon\*.....\$35  
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( ) DipCon (option #1)...\$77  
( ) DipCon\* (option #2)..\$52  
( ) DipCon (local).....\$32

Total enclosed: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO "MARYCON," AND MAIL TO:

MaryCon '86  
1309 Hanover Street  
Fredericksburg, Virginia 22401

NOTE: Every effort will be made to room you with the person(s) of your choice. All rooms are double occupancy and are connected to another room (total of 4 persons). Sheets and pillow cases are provided. You must supply your own blankets.

# The Last Word

This poem, translated from Gaelic by Robin Flower, was inscribed in the margin of a Latin Bible by an Irish clerk at a monastery in Austria in the ninth century. It is titled "Pangur Ban".

I and Pangur Ban my cat,  
'Tis a like task we are at;  
Hunting mice is his delight,  
Hunting words I sit all night.

Better far than praise of men  
'Tis to sit with book and pen;  
Pangur bears me no ill will,  
He too plies his simple skill.

'Tis a merry thing to see  
At our tasks how glad are we,  
When at home we sit and find  
Entertainment to our mind.

Oftentimes a mouse will stray  
In the hero Pangur's way;  
Oftentimes my keen thought set  
Takes a meaning in its net.

This one, simply titled "The Scribe," is translated by Kuno Meyer. It's from a text of the eighth or ninth century found in Switzerland, and from the context apparently was written after a long harsh winter spent indoors.

A hedge of trees surrounds me.  
A blackbird's lay sings to me.  
~~Above my lined booklet~~  
The trilling birds chant to me.

In a grey mantle from the top of bushes  
The cuckoo sings.  
~~Verily may the Lord shield me!--~~  
Well do I write under the greenwood.

## Herelandra

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