

Perelandra

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Magda said wearily, "I was born in Caer Donn. My true name--the name my parents gave me--is Magdalen Lorne, but the Darkover children with whom I played could not say that name; they called me Margali, and that is my name as much as the other."

"The--the Darkovan children?" Jaelle whispered, and her eyes went wide, almost with fear. "What are you then?"

"I am . . . I am . . ." Magda struggled, the words sticking in her throat. This was basic. You never tell any outsider who you are. Never.

Jaelle is not an outsider. She is my sworn sister. Suddenly all conflict was gone. The lump in Magda's throat dissolved, and it seemed that she drew the first free breath she had drawn since she first entered this shelter several nights ago. She said, and her voice did not falter, "My mother and father were Terrans, subjects of the Empire; I am Darkovan, born in Caer Donn, but I am an Intelligence agent and linguistics expert for the Empire, and I work from Thendara."

[from Marion Zimmer Bradley, Shattered Chain]

. . . And so you have my paradox--to write so much each month, and send it around the world, yet always conditioned to hide the self. Ah, philosophy; it doesn't help much when you fall off your bike (which I did, landing on my head, last week) or when you try to step out into a new venture (like grad school, in Europe no less) with little faith that you can afford it. In the process of typing this, I've decided to spend less space on my own scrambled musings and present "just the facts, ma'am." Starting next month, the basic format will be a front page feature (topical essay?), two pages of letters, the game report(s), and two literature excerpts. I am taking requests for particular authors or works you'd like to see; but I'd rather be able to reprint a few of my readers' writings (Larry Peery earns \$4 sub credit for his essay this month). For now, Perelandra looks like this:

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There is still room in a second game of regular Diplomacy, and I haven't yet raised the prices. Barbara Burgess is the only taker so far, but four others have said maybe. Hurry up and decide--if I can't start by Dec. 1, I'll probably retract the offer. Fees: \$2 for subbers, \$7 for others. Also, some of you will get a cover letter regarding other Dip activities in L.A. Read it carefully!



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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from Thomas Mann's classic, Tonio Kröger, comes this letter from Tonio to Lisabeta.

Guest of Honor

My father, you know, had the temperament of the north: solid, reflective, puritanically correct, with a tendency to melancholia. My mother, of indeterminate foreign blood, was beautiful, sensuous, naive, passionate, and careless all at once, and, I think, irregular by instinct. The mixture was no doubt extraordinary and bore with it extraordinary dangers. The issue of it, a bourgeois who strayed off into art, a bohemian who feels nostalgic yearnings for respectability, an artist with a bad conscience. For surely it is my bourgeois conscience makes me see in the artist life, in all irregularity and all genius, something profoundly suspect, profoundly disreputable; that fills me with this lovelorn fai-lesse for the simple and good, the comfortably normal, the average unadorned respectable human being.

I stand between two worlds. I am at home in neither, and I suffer in consequence. You artists call me a bourgeois, and the bourgeois try to arrest me. . . . I don't know which makes me feel worse. The bourgeois are stupid; but you adorers of the beautiful, who call me phlegmatic and without aspirations, you ought to realize that there is a way of being an artist that goes so deep and is so much a matter of origins and destinies that no longing seems to it sweeter and more worth knowing than longing after the bliss of the commonplace.

NEWS IN BRIEFS

Many of you are seeing Perelandra for the first time. It may even be the last time for some of you. Oh, well. . . . This little venture was begun in May, 1982, when I decided that the Diplomacy hobby could still support one more zine, especially if that zine had a refined, literary style. I thought that such a Dipzine would be more useful if it didn't run more than one or two games, but devoted most of its space to letters and excerpts from classic literature. Well, as long as I had the time (and the idea, in the first place), I set out to produce it. Perelandra takes its name from a planet in one of C.S. Lewis' many fantasy stories; this is a symbolic indicator of my specialty, what is called "high fantasy". For an excellent example of this genre, please turn to page 8.

Enough introduction for one issue. Most of this month's Dipdom news begins with Gary Coughlan's Europa Express #18, where Gary both defends (against rumors that he is gay) and attacks (the whole system for its unfair treatment of his ombudsman situation; also Dick Martin for his treatment of Gary in Retaliation and other zines). Ah, me, I had to gripe about the hobby running out of feuds. I'm not going to respond publically until I see #19, which will feature several of the involved parties' responses. *** By the time you see this, the DBM Toad & Toady Poll will be closed--but Jim Bumpas was really pushing himself for Toady of the Year. Poll results will be printed here nextish, or write to Eric Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Av., Chicago IL 60651. *** Speaking of polls, I hope many of you will check out Steve Langley's discussion of what should happen to the Leeder Poll when John L. fades away from Diplomacy. Steve's zine is Magus: 2154 Fairfield Rd., Sacramento CA 95815.

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Mailbox

Editor's comments appear in double parentheses, i.e., ((editor's comment)).

BILL HIGHFIELD, Rochester NY

Highfield/Sacks feud? No! It's a Highfield/Sacks/Walker feud! You see ((no, I don't)), I'm sick of their bitching about equal time in the Modern Patriot! And hey! What's wrong with ULTRA right-wingers! We're people, too! I never said I was a writer, Larry! SDDS ((San Diego Dip. Society)) is great! RADPO (Rochester Area Dip. Players' Organization) is up to about 30+ players in Rochester! Good luck!

((You can probably imagine how I felt on receiving this. All those exclamations! I'm encouraged, though, by the two latest local Dip groups; the fall Xenogogic had reams of stuff on SDDS. I don't want to start an L.A. group, since I probably won't live here after next May, but I am hosting The GLAD Con (The Greater L.A. Diplomats' Convention) on 15 January, open to the first six applicants.

((I'm really glad you didn't say "We have feelings, too!" I could make a good argument about ULTRA right-wingers then. What are you, besides people, anyway?))

STEVE LANGLEY, Sacramento CA

Perelandra is looking good, still. So long as you are giving plugs, How about a mention of Magus? I vote yes on literary selections. Since I have no organized method for finding such I must depend on the vagaries ((sic)) of life to provide. You may now consider yourself officially classified as a vagury of life.

Good luck on holding down yourpage count--better luck than I'm having. My subzines alone could sink the Ark.

((O.K., Intellectual Joke of the Month: Can I be arrested for (pause) vagarancy?))

((Ladies and gentlemen, Magus is an excellent compendium of patter, prestidigitation and contrived pranks which is perpetrated monthly by the above-named magician. In digest form (what isn't these days?), it holds up to 50 pages of games, articles, subzines (I love Fiat Bellum) and other madness from the mind of its editor. In other words, everything Perelandra wants to be when it grows up.))

ROBERT ANDERSON, Los Angeles CA

I would like to play Diplomacy by mail. Please send all necessary information.

((That's the whole thing.

((Robert, if I could give you ALL the information you needed even Bruce Lindsey would beat a path to my door. (For you novices, he is the Diplomacy 'Moses'; Allan Calhamer is 'God'.) But I appreciate your interest, and I'll see what I can do to help you get ~~sucked in~~ started.))

((This reminds me of Don Sigwalt's Hoof & Mouth colophon:

"We all know who owns the game and who invented it, we just haven't figured out how to play it yet."))

more Mail on page seven

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BLESS THE BEASTS AND THE CHILDREN

Although I am, like most anyone who plays it regularly, an avid fan of Allan Calhamer's game Diplomacy; it is not the game itself that keeps me active in the hobby. It is the people who play the game that keep me involved and my fascination constantly refreshed. This is a simple and basic truth that we too often forget. I was reminded of it once again as I hosted PEERICON II.

The impressions that remain with me after PEERICON II are not of the ten Dippy games that were played, but of the 40 or so "odd" people who attended. PEERICON II demonstrated, once again and as I'm sure DIPCON XV did, that Diplomacy's greatness lies in its utility as a catalyst to bring varied and diverse people together in a competitive atmosphere. PEERICON II was attended by a myriad of people: big and small, young and middle-aged (I don't think anyone there qualified as being "old" but a few were getting close...), loud and quiet, homely and beautiful, well educated and functionally illiterate, liberal and conservative, profound and mundane..., beasts and children, one and all. But I ask you; which gets more attention, the roar of the beast or the cry of the child?

As a hobby, and as a game, Diplomacy has always been pre-occupied with the roars of its beasts, whether they be zine publishers on a vendetta, organizations in chaos, or individuals hell-bent on having their way regardless of the public good. A disproportionate amount of time and attention has gone to the hobby's beasts. Which is why, although Diplomacy has never been a dull hobby, it has also never been a major one. For too long the beasts of the hobby have been allowed to terrorize its children. This is particularly true when the ugly head of intolerance raises itself. The hobby's pre-occupation with the Vietnam War, and people's positions on it, probably did more to fragment the hobby than anything else.

So, how are the children of the hobby to protect themselves? Can they shout down the beasts? Can they overwhelm them with their strength? Can they use their cunning to deceive them? Can they make up in numbers what they lack in strength? No. They cannot. Does this mean that the beasts will always dominate the hobby. No. They cannot.

Perhaps it is because I am a double Leo that I am something of a Beast. Perhaps it is because my Moon sign is Sagittarius that I am something of a Romantic (Or is that my French-Irish heritage at work?), but I really do believe that the children can survive and flourish in the hobby. First, there is what I call the Lancelot Syndrome and I think PEERICON II provided a good example of it in the single win of its Tournament. Jim Winsor won his game, as Russia. He was the only winner out of the ten games played, and there were some very fine players participating. He didn't do it using the techniques of the beast. He did it with the weapons of a child. Nor was this an isolated case. He did the same thing a month later in the post-PEERICON championship game played at GAME TOWNE'S Game Festival III. Although he didn't actually win that game, he probably could have. Again, he stabbed no one, broke no alliances, and generally conducted himself as a gentleman.

III more...

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A child has one weapon that the beast does not. It is the one weapon that will give him the victory. That weapon is the truth. It is the weapon that will make him free and keep him free. Unfortunately, the truth needs to be heard. Just a few weeks ago I finished Allen Drury's latest book The Hill of Summer. This is his eighteenth book and I've read them all over the past twenty-two years. The message of his latest book is same as the message of his first book; The truth must be heard repeatedly and forcefully or it is doomed to become a victim of The Big Lie. Drury puts this in the context of international affairs and American politics but it can also be applied to Diplomacy with equal truth.

The obvious question, of course, is what is truth? I know of only one satisfactory answer to that question. The truth is what will make you free. Whether you apply this intellectually, physically, emotionally, or whatever, it is the only valid answer. Anything or any one that stifles your freedom is destroying some part of your truth. This can be applied in the hobby, in politics, in art, in religion, in sex, or whatever. And this is where the ramparts of truth are holding back the on-slaught of intolerance.

A good example of this is the use of out-side money by extremist political groups of all kinds in various political campaigns. In the last primary election in North San Diego/Orange County we had a good example where a political candidate named Johnny Crean literally bought an election with the help of his own and outside extremist money. He spent more than \$60 for each vote he gathered in the primary. His own Party leaders repudiated him and his own words condemned him as a bigot and fool. But he still bought the election. Could this kind of thing happen in Diplomacy? You better believe it. It could and it has. If you are interested in the details of one such case I suggest you read my Veritas Vincit.

There is only one defense against it. The truth. You, and your truth, must make yourself heard against any and all opposition. I think a good ground rule is that the amount of truth an idea or individual contains is directly proportionate to their tolerance for opposing viewpoints. Anyone who is so afraid of the "truth" of the opposition that they seek to silence him or deny him voice is perilously close to denying by their actions their own truth. I can accept almost any version, or at least defend anyone's right to espouse their own version of the truth, in the hobby. But there are three things I cannot accept. First, is an attempt by anyone in the hobby to prevent any other person(s) truth from being heard. Second, and perhaps equally fearful, is an attempt to circumvent the exchange of all ideas by selective distribution of magazines or letters in an effort to prevent someone from learning what is being put forward as the truth. Third, is self-censorship because of a fear of public opinion or ridicule. That is censorship of the worse kind. I believe in the free exchange of ideas and truths. Let a thousand blossoms bloom. The garden will be the more fragrant for it.

By Larry Peery

Herelandra G

Which way to the WAR?

1982HK--Fall 1901--GM: Pete Gaughan, 2718 S. Hoover St. #1, L.A. 7 Cal.

AUS (Steve Arnawoodian): nmr. f alb*h, a gal*h, a ser*h.
 ENG (Larry McCloud): f nwg-nwy*, f nth*c a yor-bel*.
 FRA (Blair Cusack): nmr. a bur*h, a spa*h, f mid*h.
 GER (Dave Marshall): f hol*s E a yor-bel, a ruh-mun*, a kie-den*.
 ITA (Larry Peery): a ven-tyo*, a tri*h, f ion-tun*.
 RUS (Tin Brown): f bot-swe*, a sev*s f rum, f rum*s a sev, a ukr-war*.
 TUR (Bill Highfield): f con*s a bul, a bul*s I f ion-gre (nso), a smy*h.

1982HK--Supply Centers Held, Autumn 1901:

AUS	vie	bud	xxx	SER	3/3,	even
ENG	home	BEL	NWY		3/5,	+2
FRA	home	SPA			3/4,	+1
GER	home	HOL	DEN		3/5,	+2
ITA	home	TRI	TUN		3/5,	+2
RUS	home	RUM	SWE		4/6,	+2
TUR	home	BUL			3/4,	+1

neutral: por, gre

1982HK--Winter 1901/02 deadline is:

SATURDAY 27 NOVEMBER

1982HK--Press Releases:

Los Angeles to All Europe--The same two people who got their orders in on deadline day last season did exactly the same thing this time--not to mention the 2 nmr's! I hate to think what you will all

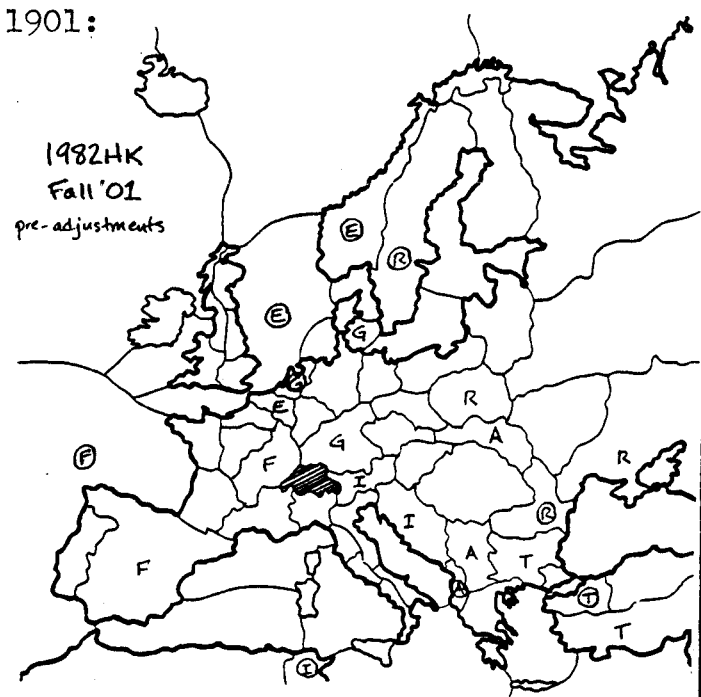
do with the Thanksgiving vacation this month. PLEASE send in a set of tentative orders right away.

I'm making a command decision because of the following extenuating circumstances: the seasons are separated; it is still early in the game; and I know both of these players wish to continue. Therefore, standbys will not be called this season--but both players forfeit the \$1 NMR fee.

Peerijavo--See Sharp!

Ankara to Vienna--It's you or me, stupid! Death to Austria!

(Russellville)--Dave asked me to announce that his home phone is (502) 726-8964. I should point out that I try to reach NMRing players on deadline day, but since I don't guarantee it you can't call it NMR insurance.



This gives me a chance to put forward my collection of contest-type material. Most importantly, look for an essay contest here nextish--a large competition. Odds and ends:

1) Using this as a model ("Gee, guys, I don't want to go to Europe." "Shut up and keep rowing!"), create a new joke by replacing the underlined portions.

2) Send along your best pun on the word toe. Rod Walker, I have your INTOElerable entries already.

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more Mail

LINDA WIGHTMAN, Rochester NY (three letters).....

"Playlist"? What do I do to play it? Your 'zine fits neither my turntable nor my tape deck. Is it a European model?

Seriously, folks. I had read with some amusement your enthusiastic comments about your state, your city, and your school. I've been to California once (San Francisco, Asilomar, Big Sur) and enjoyed it, but have no overwhelming desire to return. (Except maybe for some of that bread we had in San Francisco.) And all that I've heard about Los Angeles and UCLA ((ugh!)) has not excited me particularly. But now "my world has been unmade". Somewhere in that school/city/state of yours is a newspaper that carries "Downtown"!! Not only do we not get it here in Rochester, but I can't even read it when I go to Philadelphia ((double UGH)) to visit my family. ...Maybe I should move . . .

I broke down and played a game of Diplomacy recently. Not a real one, but four-person Gunboat, with Porter and Don Sigwalt and another friend. My only other lapse was a two-person version. It's not a bad game, if you leave out all the talking (and lying, cheating, stabbing, etc.). But it still takes too long to play.

...Come now. I thought you were supposed to be the clever one. I know who faked Hoof and Mouth, and also The Modern Patriot. I thought both were obvious, if you read them carefully.

I still like your 'zine, even if it does have a game in it.

...The "literary reference" in the fake H&M was identified by a friend of ours who happened to be here visiting when that issue arrived. She's a math professor who knows less about literature than I so, if that's possible; she certainly couldn't tell Woody Allen from Andy Warhol ((two of my guesses. It turned out that the quote in question was from C.S. Lewis himself, so I am properly embarrassed.))

((Poor Linda is just too sweet for her own good. When I responded sarcastically to her letter about the fakes she got all apologetic. I love it.

((Growing up in Cleveland, you learn early to hate two things: Polacks and Pennsylvania. I've outgrown the first, but never the second (are you listening, Woody?). Downtown was added to the N.Y. Times by popular demand, after they ran one a week for a month. See also page 8. Thanks, Linda, for being such an encouragement. If you ever enter a postal game, tell me so I can be your puppet ally.))

RON BROWN, Ottawa ON.....

We intend to save huge amounts of money by moving to the city. We'll be able to get rid of one car and take buses instead of paying for gas. Also, taxes in Ontario are much lower than in Quebec. I'm going to miss the country though. ((Ron, Ann & Cris: 1200 Summerville, Ottawa ON, Canada K1Z 8G4))

Sorry I can't do anything about holding you to your promise to run only two games. It's like a disease. You open one and 10-12 people want to play, so you open another. ...

You want a bit about me for P? Okay. I'm 37, married, with a beautiful wee baby boy. I taught English in Quebec for nearly 10 years before deciding it was a losing cause.

((Uh oh, the bottom. Well, the rest of Ron will be right here next month.))

the Last Word

[Dallben is a foundling, raised by three hags near the Marshes of Morva . . .]

One day, when the three brewed a potion of roots and herbs, Dallben was left alone to stir the huge, steaming kettle with a long iron spoon. He obeyed the hags' warning not to taste the liquid, but soon the potion began boiling so briskly that a few drops bubbled up and by accident splashed his fingers. With a cry of pain, Dallben let fall the spoon and popped his fingers into his mouth.

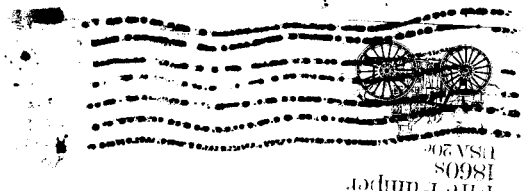
His out cry brought Orddu, Orwen, and Orgoch hurrying back to the cottage.

"Too late for any help," growled Orgoch. "Worse damage is done."

"Yes, I'm afraid so," Orddu sighed. "There's no learning without pain. The dear gosling has had his pain; and now, I daresay, he has some learning to go along with it."

Dallben, meanwhile, had swallowed the drops of liquid scalding his fingers. And in that instant he began to shake with fear and excitement. All that had been common and familiar in the cottage he saw as he never had seen before. [continued next issue]

Peter J Gaughan
2718 South Hoover Street #1
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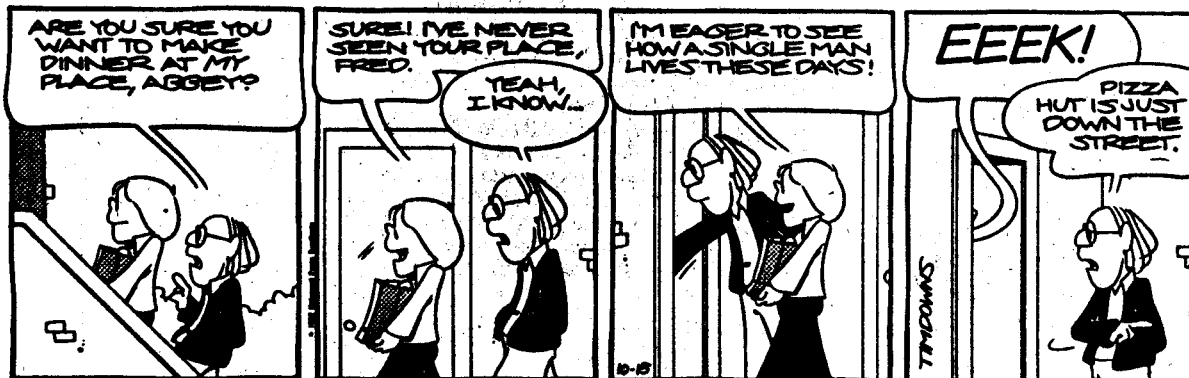


ROD WALKER
"ALCALA"
1273 CREST DRIVE
ENCINITAS, CA 92024

for you, this ish is
a sample (see page 2); a game report (see page 6); just another sub

Downtown

By Tim Downs



LINDA WIGHTMAN TAKE NOTE — THE PRECEDING CARTOON IS NOT ME!!!!