

THE BEHOLDER

#13

This is the March 22, 1980 issue of The Beholder, a magazine devoted to the play of postal Diplomacy, and published by John Wiley, Box 35, Klickitat, WA 98628 USA. Phone #415 (509) 369-4332. I am the GM for all game currently played herein, which are 1977-AG, 1979-CG, HZ, JAG 1980-M, and 1980-M.

"Diplomacy games are open, and begin as soon as seven people sign up.

At 16 March (the day I'm typing this) I still have only Davies for the 1977-AG, if that's it before the deadline. I'm transferring him to one of the regDip ones, which are Etting (three spots left; \$4.00 apiece) and Hippogriff. For Hippogriff, Michalski and Masters pulled out; O'Brien, Parker, Albrecht, all confirmed. Tonge, Pliant, Grabar haven't let me know yet. hey guys, say something! To play in a game, pay the gamefee (\$4 for Hippogriff except for originals already paid up), and also maintain a sub at 30¢ per issue for the length of your participation in the game. Subbers are invited to join a standby list; these standbys are entitled to take over discontinued positions without paying a gamefee; just subscribe. The standby list currently consists of Tonge, Russon, Parker, Watson, Cusack, Ashley, Hickey, Kreissl, Kelly, Masters, and I hope that's everyone. On or off, anyone? If you already applied, just keep prodding me; my memory is short that way. Canadians are urged to use postal M.O.s in US funds; I have a cheque from Steve Colombo here from December I haven't got around to cashing yet.

I'll take care of 79-CG first.

Well, as you all (almost) pointed out, I seem to have been mistaken about the Bul deal. Instead, F Gre is annihilated. A Bul gets to Gre. The Turk A Con and Austrian A Ser bounce in Bul. I'm sorry; inexperience is the only reason. However, I want to applaud the CG players! Most pointed it out, and all were very understanding and generally great about it. For that, I shall redouble my efforts to avoid such mistakes. In any case, Fall 19023 is now due 19 April 1980. Order on file from AEFIRT.

The new house rules are done! They may be had upon request, by anyone who is or will be playing here, plus Mark Berch. I urge you to write for your copy today. I didn't get many suggestions; apathy is a many splendoured thing. Oh well, here's what they cover: all concession votes are accepted (eg, concession to Switzerland), no game results over the phone until a full eight days pass, dropouts lose all their account, no anonymous nerutal orders, same old BP limit, etc. Get yours as soon as possible!

This is going to be a pretty positive issue, I think. No nasty complaints. At this rate, I can publish forever. I should make it, but I have no HZ analysis from Rod. Did you get the last issue of TKOB, Rod? Also, no TSP, so maybe that writeup from Garry will make it. I like to average a page or so of D&D, because there is interest, even if some don't cotton to it. One thing that oughta please you: if the present situation continues, I will never lack for material, and should always be able to fill ten pages. My circulation is 66, and I hope it doesn't grow so fast anymore; I'd rather get to know you all better and have fewer. My openings will run out soon, and we'll go with the seven or so games that's going to add up to. I could easily GM 11 or 12; but that would choke the zine. I follow lots of games in other zines, especially FSF, and if there aren't too many here, my subbers can do the same. I've got a good supply of materials, so it looks like I'll be at it for awhile.

You wouldn't believe how many zines I could plug, but don't out of axh sheer sloth. What, me work? Nevaire!

Hey, palyers: do you realize that you're above the hobby average in reliability? I'm serious; for the amount of games I have, NMRs are very rare as compared to other zines. Congratulations!!!

I'll rip through the games first:

1979-HZ, pre-Winter 1902. Guys, I want to apologize for an inexcusably stupid mistake. I know I got a set of orders from Dave, but I must have lost them. Everyone but Blair has orders on file, but I can't have Dave taking the brunt of one of my errors. It's unfair. So I must delay the game awhile. Again, terribly sorry; an honest mistake. I feel bad. But I think this is the correct way to correct it. So, let's push the deadline for Spring 1903 (and Winter 1902) up to 21 April 1980. I hope you can excuse this tomfool error.

1977-AG, Fall 1902: BACK ON THE ROAD!

England (Don Kelly): F Nth S F Nwy, F Nwy S F Nth.

France (Claude Gastron): A Kis S Russian A Ber/nso/, A Ruh S A Kis, A Bur-Bel, A Con-Bur, F Par-Mid, F Eng-Lon, F Tri-Nat.

Italy (François Guerrier): A Ven-Pis, A Map-Rom, A Mar-Bur, F Spa(ac)-Por, F Tri-Nat.

Spain (Thomas Ballin): A Mos-StP, A Ber-Sil/o/, F Den-Nth, F Swe-Nor/imp/.

Turkey (Randolph Smyth): A Mos-StP, A Sev-Ukr, A Bul-Rum, A Pru-Ber, A Sil S A Pru-Ber, A Mar S Italian A Mar-Bur/nu/, A Mun u/o, H, A Tyo S A Mun, A Vie-Boh, F Lvo S Italian F Spa(ac)/nso/, F Nes-Mid, F Tvh-Wes, F Ion-Tun, F Aeg-Ion, A Apr H.

Centre chart:

E(2): Nwy, Edi; even.

F(6): Par, Bre, Por, Kis, Hol, Bel, Lon, RLpl. Build one.

I(5): Home, Spa, Mar; even.

R(3): StP, Den, Swe; even.

T(16): Home, Austria, Bul, Ser, Gre, Rum, Mos, Sev, War, Tun, Mun, Ber.

Build one, as if he needs it.

Press:

Paris-Mind Flayer: How about a non-aggression pact?

Mind Flayer: Ok. Let's bury the hatchet; I'd much rather like a guy than not.

Winter 1907 and Spring 1908 are due 19 Apr 80.

1979-IA, Fall 1901: EUROPE A PICTURE OF GORE...

Austria (Denver McLeod): A Vie-Gal, A Ser S Turkish A Bul-Rum/nso/, F Alb-Gre.

England (Dave Carter): A Edi-Den, F Nth C A Edi-Den, F Nwg-Nwy.

France (Bob Albrecht): A Bur-Mar, A Mar-Spa, F Mid-Por.

Germany (Nick Russon): A Kis-Den, A Mun-Bur, F Hol H.

Italy (Dave Weatherhead): A Tyo, A Ven-Pis, F Tvh-Wes.

Russia (Dave Weatherhead): F Sev-Rum, A Ukr S F Sev-Rum, A War-Gal, F Fin-Swe.

Turkey (Russ Pugh): A Bul-Gre, A Con-Bul, F Ank-Bla.

A(3): Vie, Bud, T/V, Ser; even.

E(4): Home, Nwy; build one.

F(5): Home, Por, Spa; build two.

G(4): Home, Hol; build one.

I(5): Home, Tun, Tri; build two.

R(6): Home, Rum, Swe; build two.

T(4): Home, Bul; build one.

Bul, Den and Gre are still neutral.

Winter 1901 is due 19 Apr 80; however, if all seven wish it, we can go ahead with Spring then too. Here's the press:

Germany-Italy: Danke, Sehr Danke. Your highness' warning will receive due consideration.

KAISER RE-ARRIRMS RUSSIAN WAR (UPL): The Kaiser has re-issued his original statement against the Tsar of Russia. "His Imperial Majesty has violated diplomatic trust and therefore needs a lesson to be taught to him." The Kaiser will throw his entire forces east in the Spring.

Potsdam-Klickitat: You're doing well! (So far...)

Mind Flayer: Thanks, I's a tryin'.

Paris-Anakra: The price of tea is mailny on the plane, except Tuesdays, when it is on the trian.

Mind Flayer: Or on Thursday, when it's in the rain.

Paris-Anakra: Allah, smallah. ((What the....?))

Mind Flayer: Who do you think is palying France?

Mind Flayer-Paris: Uh..Bernie Oaklyn?

Constantinople-Berlin: We won't get mad, we'll get even!

Mind Flayer: You've just stolen Konrad Baumeister's motto, eh, Konrad?

Constantinople-Rome: Drop dead!

Constantinople-St. Pete: Yours is a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Constantinople-London: Institute plan B.

.03 WORLD WAR DECLARED ON RUSSIA! ((Try the word 'jihad'.)) (Sayrna Sun-Times):

Grand Vizier Midhat Pasha, speaking at the anjual Islamic Dinner-dance in Aleppo, called for a jihad ((Hey! Trying to put egg on my face..?)) to be waged against Russia, whom he termed "an instrument of Satan". His call was approved by acclamation by the conferees, and ghazis from around the world pledged their support. ((Did Ben Ghazi participate?))

All-Berlin: Tell us another one!

Berlin-Paris: Cross the Rhine, I dare ya!

Rome-World: The Kingdom of Italy stands by its claim that Midhat Pasha and Osman Pasha are dead. Midhat was murdered in 1883 by agents of the bloody Sultan of the Ottoman Empire. Osman died in 1900.

Vienna-Rome: The Empire of Austria and Apostolic Kingdom of Hungary demands that the province of Venice be truned over at once or war will be declared.

Rome-Vienna: The Kingdom of Italy rejects your ultimatum and recognizes a state of belligerency.

Here's some good CG stuff that I'll insert here:

Act III, Scene I

Russlet

The next day. A room in the castle. Enter Russlet, alone.

Russlet: "To gbe, or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous Diplomacy, or to take arms against a sea of Italians and Turks, and by opposing them, end them."

"To die, to sleep, ahh how sweet." (Russlet dies)

Mind Flayer: I sure am happy with the culture you guys are instilling in The Beholder. It's great! ((Hey..that ain't me!))

Act I, Scene II

MacAlbrecht

A camp near Fort McLeod.

Alarum within. Enter King, several Flunkies, meeting a bleeding soldier

King: "What Bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt of the newest state."

BS: "Brave MacAlbrecht--well he deserves that name--

With 'is poison gas does bloody execution

Upon the rebellious students, sitting in."

K: "O vailiant Cousin! Worthy gentleman!"

BS: "But no sooner had the dastard students, reeking of death, started to run, But Noble MacAlbrecht called in the napalm. I am faint!" (Faints)

9(enter another flunky)

K: "Whence cam'st thou, worthy Flunky?"

F: "From Fife, great king.

Where the Winston Churchill School Principal, began a dismal conflict;

Till that Belladonna's bridegroom, lapped in proof,

Confronted him with a 75mm howitzer

Then did great MacAlbrecht blow him into fragments."

K: "Great happiness!

Then go, and with the traitor's former title, greet MacAlbrecht."

(exeunt Flunky)

1980-M, Spring 1901: ROBERT'S THE ONLY ONE OF YA WITH ANY GUTS! YOU GUYS CAN STAB HARDER THAN THAT, CANTCHER?

Austria (Jack Fleming): A Bud-Ser, A Vie-Tri, F Tri-Alb.

England (Garry Fairbairn): F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-Nth, A Lpl-Edi, Pudding, Yorkshire-London.

France (Barry Hickey): F Bre-Mid, AMRar S A Mar-Bur, A Par-Bur.

Germany (Robert Goldberg): A Mun-Bur, A Ber-Kil, F Kie-Den.

Italy (John Davies): F Nap-Ion, A Rom-Apu, A Ven H.

Russia (Randy Henn): F StP9sc)-Bot, A Mos-Ukr, NA War H, F Sev-Elg.

Turkey (Bob Albrecht): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank-Elg.

Boy, that was an uneventful spring. Anyway, Fall 1901 is due 1901 80.

Here's the press:

Edinburgh-London Scotland claims the North Sea.

London-Berlin: How about an alliance vs. Scotland?

Liverpool-Berlin: Since the "army" assigned here is obviously a herd of berserk, typically Liverpooletian soccer fans, England shall bear no Diplomatic responsibility for any actions of theirs that violate treaties.

Ankara-World: You know you're a diplomacy expert when you finally learn to spell Smirna!

Mind Flayer-Ankara: I couldn't resist this last bit of good ((??)) news; everyone has voted to resign to Bob Albrecht!! Way to go, your victory board is in the mail, Bob.

The Real MF-Ankara: You never quit, do you, chum?

Paris-Berlin: Just for protection, you understand.

Paris-Rome: Just remember to stay out of the vieyards ayl paisano!

Paris-London: Well done old bean!

Mind Flayer-Ankara: I say-are you also of English descent? I had an incestor who wore a red coat in the Revolution. Whups, that should read ancestor.

Paris-Turkey: Do you prefer Russian or Austrian stuffing?

Paris-Moscow and Vienna: Who gets the white meat?

Germany: On March 4th Italy formally joined the Untied Triple Central Alliance along with Austria-Hungary and Germany. All members of the Central Coalition have pledged to morally and physically defend the interests of each member of the alliance.

Berlin-Moscow: How to take Sweden in three easy steps. (By the Kaiser) Don't blow it!

Berlin-Ankara: Hello! How is the weather?

Berlin-Budapest: Caution, brother, caution!

Berlin-Rome: Good Company!

Germany-France: Don't forget our deal! I'm relying on your memory.

Germany-England: Everybody loves me England what's the matter with you. Won't you tell me what I did to offend you?

Boy...lotsa room this issue. I'll make it 8 pages, with houserules enclosed for all players. However, I take no responsibility for you getting them to you if I forget to put them in your copy.

Our baseball team has tis first game the 27th. Our football team had to combine with Lyle (the school down the road) to have enough players; not so here. Our catcher hurt his ankle the other day, so I may play there, or I may pitch. Or I may be on second or in the outfield. Heck, I don't care, as long as they play me once in a while. I put on the gear the other day and caught the whole practice, receiving a hand full of broken blood vessels. My oft-mentioned friend Jimmy is our fastest pitcher, and he gives no quarter. One thing though, I don't turn my head away like our other two catchers do. For ghod's sake, why turn your head away when you're armoured like King Arthur? Bunch of cowards, anyway--and those are two 'macho'lumberjack's kids. Macho, my patoot.

Well, Dennis, Peter, Laurence and the rest of you D&D nuts: here's my monthly D&D quota. This Garry Faribarin's (sorry, Garry) account of the misadventures of his first two misadventurers. By the way, he also reports that he might take in a couple more adventurers at \$2 a shot. Send it to me--we've got a deal worked out.)

"(Editor's note: Despite the protests of the League for Decent Treatment of non-Pro'ogi, Pro'ogi authorities have decided to test one of the legendary Dread Dungeons of Wormeg by allowing a brother and sister from Climbing Hill, Iowa, to enter. By the time this is published, both will undoubtedly be dead in gruesome fashion. Applications for new Wormeg visas will be received after notice is given. In the meantime, unfortunately, there are no deaths to report.)

WORMEG (FP) Our story begins with two dusty figures trudging along the Road to Wormeg (No, it's not Hope and Crosby). The two unfortunates are both human, inexperienced and doomed. Claudius is a 30-year-old magic-user with a few minor spells, a dagger and forestry experience. Mahanaxar, a 20-year-old female cleric, has even fewer spells, a mace and utterly irrelevant experience as a sailor.

As they plod through the semi-arid plains of Wormeg (Garden Province of the Pro'ogi Empire) they meet a godlike, extremely powerful, handsome, intelligent, experienced noble warrior-wizard with many magical devices, and intelligent warhorse, etc. This paragon, who very closely resembles the dungeonmaster, has time for but a few words: "great danger and great riches both lie in Wormeg. Prepare well before ye enter, even if ye be more experienced than ye appear. Distrust all, even distrust." And he gallops away with a hearty Hi-yo Electrum.

Thoughtfully trudging on, our duo pass through the nameless village and its few drab buildings, not even deigning to look inside any of the painstakingly-populated edifices (the edifice complex) and thus wasting many hours of the dungeonmaster's work and earning themselves a terrible death.

As they walk by, three farmers are just going into the tavern-inn, past a lounging half-orc with short sword and leather armour. He is the town constable, walks with a limp and is yclept Ch's-ter, of course. But our twosome blithely walk by, passing up an encounter that could have changed their lives.

Nearing the DDOW, they similarly blithely ignore trees on their left and valley/hills/stone house on their right.

They do, however, look over the five-foot stone wall just before the bridge into Wormeg. Mahanaxar, boosted up by Claudius (who doesn't appear to think of looking around the end of the wall) sees three scruffy men with crossbows but is distracted from observing them closely as a crossbow bolt lands in her arm (1 of 5 hits used up). Despite their lack of fighter training, our pair quickly formulate a plan to keep the wall between them and the bandits, then jump out and flail away with mace and dagger. When the bandits who are not reloading jump the wall, that plan is even more quickly voted inoperative.

Rushing to the shelter of nearby trees, bolts whizzing about their ears, the pair glance back to see the bandits give up the chase and settle down with lit pipes (a quaint local religious custom of burning bagpipes) to watch the trees.

Claudius looks quizzically at Mahanaxar as a shadow falls on the ground by his feet . . . -TO BE CONTINUED- ((soon, hopefully! I love it!))

Let's see. I sure got a kick out of that..that Garry's really got a way with words, eh? I just wish I had time to sign up.

I've been doing a lot of extra-credit experiments lately in the chem lab here. Do you know that hydrochloric acid smells awful? Or do any of you have any idea where you'd be without sodium hydrogen carbonate? What would the world do without silicon dioxide? What would happen if you breathed hydrocyanic acid? How about nitrous oxide? I'll answer these later. (5/5/86)

KOBOLD #4

Kobold: The only Canadian Diplomacy Subzine of An American Diplomacy zine. April, Issue #4.

Kobold is published monthly, by Albrecht Publishing Co., 202-2005
Barnett St., N., Lethbridge, Alta., T1K 4K3. Diplomacy is a registered trade-
mark of a game owned by Avalon Hill Games, and invented by Allan B. Calhamer.
For home delivery, phone (403) 320-7759, or write to the above address. No
games are carried yet, but sign up for super cheap game fees.

Dibs and Dabs:

1. After receiving a letter from Garry Fairbairn, I thought I should make it clear that I don't run a D&D game. All I have is Diplomacy.
2. **Kobold** will definitely be going full-sized this summer. I want to thank John for keeping **Kobold**, ((JK here--my pleasure!)) and typing it up, ((not my pleasure!)) as well as keeping calm throughout my outrageous demands.
3. No doodles this time. Sorry!

The Games.

I now have Dave Carter, Blair Cusack, Gordon Valgardson, and possibly one more. Game fees are \$1.25, (depending on how many NMBs you have), tot-
ally refundable.

We have got a real pro here now so there is no excuse for not signing up. The games will be run outside the zine, and printed up in **Kobold** when there is room.

Plugs: This month, I present **Infidel**. There seems to be a great wait between deadlines and issues, but they are new pubbers and should have the bugs ironed out soon.

book review and games. To get a sample, write Nick Russon or Clive Tonge. ((Ya dolt, you forgot the addresses: Clive is 2402 Edenhurst Drive, Miss-
issauga Ont, L5A 2K9; Nick is #353-2503 Hurontario St, Mississauga Ont, L5A
2G7.)) Subs are 10/\$4.50 HM(S)(average) 8 zine 8

Thanks again, and see you next month! **GAMEFEES ARE \$1.25!!** (or I will make you an offer you can't refuse!).

TIED

Seems like I always get the bottom 1/5 of the page to be. Well, I'll tell you the answers for the chemistry. Sodium Hydrogen carbonate is also known as baking soda. Silicon dioxide is the formula for sand and most rocks. If you breathed hydrocyanic acid (also known as hydrogen cyanide), you'd be dead in roughly four seconds--that's what they use in the gas chamber. People who take hits of nitrous oxide feel no pain and laugh like idiots; that's good old laughing gas, which I am going to make and breathe this Monday in the lab. I also like what the chemical symbols for Gold (Au) and Silver (Ag) come from: aurum (meaning dawn) and argentum (liquid silver).

Anyone for primers?

part one:

See the man.

He is not a happy man.

Why isn't the nice man happy?

Why does he dislike life?

First of all, because this man is not a nice man.

He is evil.

He is sadistic.

He is also very, very rich.

He makes upwards of \$40 a year for doing nothing.

Why does he get \$40 a year for doing nothing?

Because this man is a postal Diplomacy Gamesmaster.

part two:

See the person.

See the cruelty in his eyes.

See him rub his hands together.

Hear him cackle loudly to himself.

Cackle, cackle, cackle.

Is this man a chicken?

No, he is not a chicken.

See him write many letters.

Write, write, write.

What is he writing about?

Who is he writing to?

He is writing lies to other cruel people.

That is because he plays postal Diplomacy.

I've actually had a couple expressions of interest in the Tolkien variant. I'll describe it a little further; it's very good, as variants go. The map (standard Middle-earth, of course) is divided up into provinces, about average size ones as variants go. There are special rules for Gandalf (a player in the game!), player alignments, Nazgul, the Ring, and other little points. Since I'll have to re-type it all onto ditto masters (it'll take four of 'em), I need a solid base of interested people before I can justify the money and effort. I might just decrease the gamefee to \$2. It requires eight players, plus I'd like some stnadbys. It ought to generate a lot of good press, too. (Barad-Dur-Rivendell: Surrender in the name of Mordor!) There are good, neutral, and evil brands for the players, but all that restricts is who can support whom. Gandalf gets hidden movement, too! I do think we'd need to decrease Sauron's strength (it's overwhelming in this one) and eliminate the good/evil rules except for diametrical oppositions, like Gandalf/Elves vs. Sauron. That would allow for some diplomacy.

Hummm...all I haveta do is finish this page and I can run off the odd-numbered ones, then crash out. It's 12:15 pm. No bath or change of clothes since Thursday (I'm very lazy on weekends, and this time we had Friday off too), and I look exactly like a drunken hobo from the slums of NYC. Hyped up on Coca-Cola (caffeine to keep me awake; I hate coffee), my favourite drink, I type away while listening to my sister's tape recorder. She's off at some camp, so since she lifted my sleeping bag (I always sleep in one, and always on the floor; just an idiosyncrasy), I get to borrow her waterbed for the weekend. Now all I need is a girlfriend, but who'd look at me the way I look tonight? I remind me of a horse addict who hasn't had a fix in a week.

Well, everyone's copy should have two, maybe three, different colours of paper this time around. Note that the green and goldenrod are better than the buff for print-through purposes, but don't look as good with a purple master. I know, black on goldenrod is abominable, but you're stuck with it. I think I'll concentrate on the green from now on.

By the way, I had a problem with phoned-in orders on deadline day. I have turned them down before, and did this time, and will continue to do so. It would prejudice people in the order I put the games on the master. (That phrase was neatly stolen from the Runestone houserules.) so I won't allow them. I don't like NMRs, though, and would be tempted to allow it if the player had no orders on file, but I better not do that.

Oh no! I forgot the 78-HD engame statements. There's nothing like a good memory. I thought this issue should take up more space. Oh well, probably next issue.

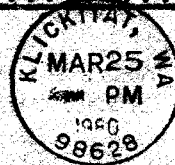
I'll cut it off there. Ta-ta!

Jh

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