

One Small Step

Why publish again? Why not? It got to where I was reading the *Decline and Fall of the Diplomatic Empire* in the few remaining zines. Isn't it the job of retired old farts to step in every now and then and tell you whippersnappers how to do this?

To my players: I'm sorry. I let you down badly by not continuing to run my games in the past year. The flyer system was not to fault, either; if I hadn't folded when I did for reasons of finance, I would have folded within months for reasons of burnout.

(But Thanks! to all the editors who kept sending their zines while I was completely incommunicado, especially Jim-Bob Burgess, Conrad von Metzke, and Brad Wilson — shocking, ain't it, that Brad could have actually published more issues than I have the past few years?)

(And thanks also to those who kept writing from time to time, and especially to Tim Stabosz for encouraging me *not* to return until more of my life made sense!)

I'm not really publishing — one game in a subzine doesn't count, right? And why I've decided to (not really) publish again is a long story... but I'll try to fit it into this page.

When I announced last year that I'd be publishing again, I was looking for an outlet for my writing, a re-connection with the people and chat I'd had before, and a chance to get back to practicing my editing and layout skills. Well, to take those in reverse order...

I now have a full-time job at Lawrence Livermore National Lab, as "Senior Technical Editor/Writer." I spend 40 hours a week fixing and preparing manuscripts (mostly scientists' reports), so I don't need or want a big publishing job at home!

As for 'connections,' the social world that has always attracted me to gaming and publishing, I've improved my lot quite a bit. Much of

Dead Poets Society

Number 1

Pete Gaughan / Daphne Langley / Cathy Gaughan

502 Mount Dell Drive
Clayton California 94517-1503
(925) 673-3396
gaughan@ix.netcom.com

the first two years after I folded *Perelandra* was a trial. I had been badly depressed about my self-employed situation and my fears as a father. Counseling helped me admit that I'm a pretty good dad, and landing my dream job has settled our household finances.

Also, our family is now bigger. Daf has come to join her life to ours, for good (in both senses of that phrase). We are all very much in love; and we are eager to raise Sally Ann and our new baby (Cathy's expecting in February) together. (I'm sure the part about Daf is a shock to some. It's a wonderful thing for us.)

Finally, as regards writing, *DPS* was going to be only marginally connected to the game hobby. I had expected it to finish my old, aborted games, yet be more of a perzine with letters and my fiction and space for others to submit their creative work.

Those are the reasons why I'm *not* going full bore. The main reason I *am* doing this subzine is, there are fun people involved. Daf and I both wrote plenty o' press for "Arsenic", want to see that printed, and want to write more. Don and Jim and Steve and Kathy are old friends, and everyone here shares a love of good Dip and a well-crafted verbal slam.

There is a lot more going on in my life, which you will no doubt hear about over the next few turns. I'm back to banding hawks with the Park Service; I sing in an opera chorus; I own more Magic cards than many zit-faced teens. I am about 100 pages into writing a novel, and I meet monthly with a group of five other writers who have become good friends.

But for now, let's get this all-star lineup starting again. Here's your monthly dose of Arsenic!

Pete Gaughan

House rule Stuff

I will mail reports to players and will not e-mail results. I will provide results to anyone who phones me *after* I have adjudicated the game.

You may submit orders by mail, phone, or email; however, anyone phoning after 10 p.m. PT will be shot. Don't contact me at work regarding the game.

Press may be dingy grey, but never black (you may not label it to be specifically coming from another player or their country/province, etc.). In the press, "GM" is Pete; "GMS" is Daf; "Cat" is Cathy.

ARSENIC

Summer 1902

Italy retreats a vie-boh.

Fall 1902

Austria (Kathy Caruso): f gre-bul/sc
/dislodged/, a bud-ser (a tri s).

England (Mark Fassio): f eng-bre,
f nwy s german a den-swe,
a bel h, f lon-eng, f edi-nts.

France (Jim Burgess): a bur-par,
a vie-boh, f spa/sc h.

Germany (Steve Emmert): a par h,
a den-swe, f hel-den, f hol-kie,
a mun-sil, a ruh-mun.

Italy (Don Williams): a boh-sil,
a pie-tyo (a ven s), f tun-ion
(f tyn s).

Russia (Bob Slossar): a gal-rum,
a rum-ser, f arm-ank, a mos-sev
(a ukr s), f swe-nwy
/dislodged/.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): f sev-rum
/dislodged/, a bul-gre (f aeg s),
a ser s russian a rum-bud /nso,
dislodged/, a con-bul.

Retreats for Autumn 1902: Austrian
f gre, Russian f swe, Turkish
a ser and f sev.

Addresses

Kathy Caruso, 6363 Astor St.,
Norristown PA 19401

Mark Fassio, 3071-A Wayne Pl., West
Point NY 10996-1817

Jim Burgess, 664 Smith Street,
Providence RI 02908-4327

Steve Emmert, 1752 Grey Friars
Chase, Virginia Beach VA 23456-
5436

Don Williams, 27505 Artine Dr.,
Saugus CA 91350-2193

Bob Slossar, 14 Buck Hill Rd.,
Huntington CT 06484

Jim O'Kelley, 664 W. Irving Park
Road #I-6, Chicago IL 60613

Next Deadline: September 30

ARSENIC after Fall 1902



Press

ITALY to NEW GM: I am happy to report, Sir, that according to what Andy says, this group doesn't know the difference between fresh sushi roll and day old, and doesn't care if you are a hamster-impregnating Antichrist whose guts are hated. Accordingly, you were unanimously not icky-pooed. Congrats, and welcome aboard as our new GM!

GMS to ITALY (with bottom lip beginning to quiver): So what am I? Chopped liver?

CAT to DON: Are you calling me a hamster?

DAF to CAT: And he was also talking about day-old fish. Good going, Don. You insulted us both with your first press item. Nowhere to go but down from here. Better say something boring and maybe we'll forget about you.

GM to ITALY: Hamster molesting was Steve Arnawoodian's ~~pasttime~~ hobby. I know why you're confused: you've been talking to Daphne and

Cathy and got their comments punctuated wrong. I'm woody, not Woody.

FAZ to ALL: To allude to an Elton John song, "The bitch(er) is back!" Thanks for allowing me to come home! Now get out of my way and let me at some dots!!

DAF to KATHY: And you thought I was crazy 15 years ago. We should talk.

AUST to THE BOARD: Hopefully, I have now pissed you all off.

GMS to AUS: So far, Don has done that with one press item. But you're free to try.

VENICE to MUNICH: Don't worry, be happy. That skulking A SIL is suffering from Post Traumatic Delayed Stress Syndrome, no doubt brought on by the crushing defeat they received in Vienna at the hands of the Butcher of Budapest and Le Boob du Burgesse. We guess they'll be melting away into the mountains shortly. Thank me later.

GM to VENICE: Don't blame the

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Butcher and Le Boob for your wimpy unit's problems. If they wanted to, they could have "stressed" it into oblivion with two hands tied behind their backs.

TURKEY to ALL THE OLD FARTS WHO WARNED ME OF THE IMMINENT RUSSIAN ATTACK: I appreciate your concern, and I don't doubt that you are correct. But neither have I time for defense. Russia can have Ankara. I ride to the sound of the guns, and today, they sound in the Balkans. Onward to Budapest and Glory!

GMS to TURKEYBOY: Those weren't gun you were hearing.

RUSSIA to TURKEY: No quarter given, none asked.

GM and GMS to RUSSIA: But we can break a twenty.

AUST to TURKEY: Williams made me do it.

ROME to MOSCOW: We heard so much about what you were going to do, and to who, and from so many people ... but it couldn't have all been true, could it? 'Cause it was all so damn contradictory. I'm dying to see what you really settled on ... disillusion will fall like the night on someone.

GM to SELF: Who does he think is

playing Russia, Elie Wiesel?

CHUM to DUCK: I love you like an eccentric uncle, but I'm never going to let you talk me into another one of your hare-brained schemes. Not after listening to you nearly cost me my shirt in No Shirt.

GM to CHUM: C'mon, Jim, if you're really a land shark you'll just eat the hare and move on.

BULA MATARI to TUSITALA: I sincerely hope this works, and that all went per *both* our plans. If it did, I imagine there will be some raised eyebrows. If I got hosed by you (again), then the biggest set of eyebrows will be mine, I reckon. But to mutate the inscription on US coins, "In Steve I Trust". God help me.

GM to BULA: Didn't you read the DIS while the game was on hiatus?...

God Dead.

ROME to ANKARA: After that nasty surprise you gave me last turn, I hope you realize how grown-up I was in not continuing the taunting unmercifully.

COSSACK to 57TH WHATEVER: For years you've been telling me to find a good woman, so what if she's a grandmother.

GMS to TURKEY: Hi Sweetheart — how's about we drive over to the linoleum store and break out the Wesson?

ITALY to TURKEY: There ... satisfied?

GMS to RUSSIA: Hi Baby — how's about we take a drive in the country and find a donkey who looks like he's in the mood to party!

ITALY to RUSSIA: There ... satisfied?

GMS to GERMANY: Hi Lover — how's about we spray 10 cans of whipped cream on my shag rug and play find the cherry!

ITALY to GERMANY: There ... satisfied?

PIEDMONT to LE BOOB DU BURGESSE: I still think your opening moves were moronic.

GM to PIEDMONT: We defer to your expert opinion.

TOUCHED BY IDIOTS ITALIAN to FLASH: Last season I was stabbed by Burgess, ignored by Emmert, double-crossed by O'Kelley, and four out of five of my moves failed, and I still had a more successful turn than you did. Ouch. Condolences.

GMS to IDIOT ITALIAN: Too bad your luck didn't hold.

IL DUCKY to BUTCHER OF

DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD (DIS), INAUGURAL ARSENIC ADDITION

DIS majorly bored by incredibly long, hot summer vacation — can't wait for school to start again!

Pete	Peter! Peter! He's our man! If he can't GM no one can! Welcome, PJGIV!
Toadfather	Previous press still MIA?!? We know you have no time, but have you no pride as well?
Turkey	Black Sea Waltz with the Cossacks ends up a tangled tango with the Tsar.
Italy	Thwarted in MAR, stunted in ION, booted from VIE, Italian power droops like overcooked pasta noodle.
France	Old DIS: Frog legs. New DIS: PowerToad.
Trust	Going, going ... gone.
Honesty	Honor among thieves? Hmmm, thieves overrated.
Diplomacy	The game of games — we love it best of all, even with trust and honesty taking the fall.
Hasbro	Rolls 6 (D ELIM) on AHill staffers, but Hasbro hasbucks ... keep your eyes peeled.
GMS	Everything is an "up arrow" when the GMS enters the building! Hey, babe!

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BUDAPEST: Tell your French Poodle lackey pig-dog that his days are numbered, because I have it on good authority that Germany is going to bury him like nobody's been buried since Jimmy Hoffa. It won't be that hard — Poodle-Boy is addled and lame ... hell, he's 280 in dog years.

GMS to GAME: That's 40 in human years. For those of you scoring at home.

GM to GAME: Or even those of you who are alone.

AUST to ITALY: Liar, Liar — Tongue on fire!

GM to AUST: Actually, that's a fine and tasty dish, for those with robust palates.

CORRIERE DELLASERA, ROMA: Europe was stunned today by admissions from the Butcher of Budapest that she had, in fact, " ... an inappropriate relationship" with Tsar Slossarnov. The admission came under extreme pressure after months of denial and subterfuge. Special Grand Inquisitor Fassio, who has spent millions and millions attempting to get to the bottom of the sordid affair, was pleased with the announcement, but expressed caution, stating that "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." No one from his office would return calls to explain what he meant by that.

In the meantime, government alchemists have been attempting to discover the source and identify the originator of the "stains" left on the blue butcher's apron turned over to Special Grand Inquisitor Fassio under Supreme Edict two weeks ago. The SGI's office has declined to comment on the nature of the stain, but reliable sources indicate that DNAsamples have been requested from just about everybody. As reported here last week, the Shark Chum Brand kneepads recently

YouAin't Lost Nothin' Yet

(or The Boob's Lament)

by Emmert Turncoat Overdrive

I met a clever German — he took my dot away.
He said he had it coming to him, and in my dot he'd stay.
He gloated, "Any dot's a good dot,
And Paris is better yet — yeah a home dot's better yet."
And then he moved around those big black blocks and said,

You ain't lost nothin' yet!
B-B-Burgess you just ain't lost n-n-nothin' yet!
Here's a stabbing you're never gonna forget!
B-B-Burgess you just ain't lost nothin' yet!
(That's 'cause I ain't been around, that's what he told me.)

And I ain't feelin' better, since I found out for sure,
That England ain't my ally, and his heart is far from pure.
He said that "Any stab's a good stab,
And Brest I'm gonna get,
Yeah, and Portugal, too, I'll bet!"
And then he joined in with that blackheart Hun and said,

You ain't lost nothin' yet!
B-B-Burgess you just ain't lost n-n-nothin' yet!
Here's knifing, here's stabbing you're never gonna forget, Burgess!
Y'know, y'know, y'know you just ain't lost nothin' yet!
(You need devastatin'! Diplomacy is cruel!)

Any dot's a good dot
So they took Marseilles and Brest
And Paris and the rest
And then, and then, and then they stabbed me with those big sharp knives
and said,

You ain't lost nothin' yet!
Bur-r-rgess, you just ain't lost nothin' yet!
Here's playing, here's lying, here's stabbing you'll never forget!
Burgess, Burgess, Burgess, you ain't lost n-n-nothin' yet —
Ain't no ally around!
You ain't lost nothin' yet — that's what they told me.
(They said I needed devastatin'! Diplomacy is cruel!)

Music fade out ...

found under the Butcher's work desk have since been positively identified as belonging to the Sultan.

While admitting that the inappropriate relationship with the Tsar was, in fact, wrong, the Butcher

of Budapest was careful not to admit guilt at having lied about the exact nature of the relationship, and did not admit to asking the Tsar to "lie," but insisted that the Tsar was only ever asked to "kneel." Care was also taken not to apologize to those

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mislead over the past seven months, but the Butcher promised to do “everything necessary” to put the issue behind her and the Austrian people as soon as possible. Accordingly, she immediately launched simultaneous and unprovoked nasty-attacks on the completely bewildered populations of Serbia and Italy. More information will be provided as it becomes available.

GMS to ROMA: It is so nice to see you up to your old standards, my Italian cupcake. Your press when you are actually trying (otherwise you are actually trying) is almost as good as chocolate. But better than coffee. Your press is sort of mocha.

FAZ to CHUM: O Sharkish One, keep the faith. *If* the honest lawyer (OXYMORON ALERT!) kept his word, then you won't be the object of some many people's attentions for much longer. I gave up trying to figure “who's with who” down there — let the victor emerge from the rubble, and we'll be waiting!

GM to FAZ: I know I'm new to this game and pretty confused, but ... who's Victor?

GMS to FAZ: And who is he doing?

ENG to FRA: Boob, sorry, but not sorry. You have been too unpredictable for the good of my nervous system this game. In addition, the thought of you and Steve adjacent to my centers — with you building *two!* — is a tad much to take. Duck's last-minute defection spared you the Marseilles assault. Fine; I'm just after enough stuff to keep me solvent against all comers, be they “friend” or “foe”. If my wild gambit didn't go as I envisioned, then you'll yet oulve me.

GM to ENG: And I've been meaning to ask: is that you on your return-address sticker, or did Gene Shalit need some stunt-double work?

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1902

Austria	bud	tri	gre	SER				3/3	*
England	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	BRE		5/6	+1
France	bre	mar	por	SPA	VIE			3/4	+1
Germany	ber	kie	mun	hol	den	par	SWE	6/7	+1
Italy	rom	ven	nap	tun	vie			5/4	-1
Russia	mos	war	stp	sev	swe	rum	ANK	6/6	*
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	ser	GRE		5/4	*

* number of builds or removals depends on retreats

Seasons will be separated on any *three* requests.

AUST to FRANCE: If you only had a brain!

GM to FAZ: Leave it to Kathy to say in 6 words what took you 105.

AUST to GER: If the Boob supports the duck, my goose is cooked.

GMS to AUST: I could see by the gleam in your eye that you've been wanting to leave your backside open to Don for years. But throwing yourself at a boy half your age... You go girl.

ENG to RUS: I was made an “offer I couldn't refuse” once I re-entered the game, Bob. This was part of the deal to ensure I could get a free hand toward centers in the West. Besides, you'll be getting strong down south very soon, and I can't depend on Russkie good will up there forever once you get bigger. Time will tell if I've been duped.

GM to RUS: He's altering “the deal”. Pray he doesn't alter it further!

FLASH to DUCK: Don, *compadre*, here's hoping everything went well for you, and that Iberia becomes an Italian lake soon. Interesting concept, your *Mitteleuropa* strategy; I hope it brings you the strength you need. Nothing changes per the western plan.

GMS to FLASH: Is that the one where you come in riding horses with your guns blazing and big hats?

FAZ to KATHY: Here's wishing you good luck. You were thrown into a pool of sharks, but they forgot you

were a piranha! Keep the Balkans in turmoil, Kathy.

AUST to GER & ENG: Don't look now, but that tiny cub is turning into a Big Bear.

FAZ to ALL: Excuse the rather sedate press — I'm hoping Terry will submit the W'01 press we all sent; it was some good stuff I wrote back then.

GM to FAZ: You believe in the Tooth Fairy, too, right?

It's Me All Over Again...

— Cathy Gaughan

Wow! I can't believe we're BACK!!! I'm so glad that Pete is finally doing something in the hobby again. He was getting bummed out there for a while, but I could tell he was missing the communication with some of you. Thanks to all the ones who stayed in contact!! That was really SWELL!

Lots of changes around here since we last published. Too much to talk about in this little space. But as things come up, I'll write about them.

But one thing I must tell you is that it's wonderful to have Daphne Langley here with us. She really does make our family more complete!!