

ARSENIC – '98A

Autumn 1907

Russia retreats a stp-mos.

Proposals:

E/I: EI yes, T no.

IRT: IRT yes, E no.

EIRT draw: RT yes, EI no.

EGIRT draw: RT yes; EI no.

Turkey repropose IRT, EIRT, and

EGIRT draws. NVR = no.

Winter 1907

England builds a lon, a edi, f lvp.

Italy disbands f adr.

Russia disbands a fin.

Turkey disbands a alb.

Spring 1908

England (Mark Fassio): a swe-lvn

(f bal s, f bot c), a pru-war,

a sil-war, f spa/sc-wes,

a mar-pie, f bar-stp (f nwy s),

a lon-gas (f eng c, f mid c),

a edi-hol (f nts c), a mun-tyo,

f lvp-iri.

Germany (Steve Emmert): a stp-mos.

Italy (Don Williams): f tyn-tus,

f wes-lyo, a pie-tyo, a tyo-boh,

a ser-bud, a bud-vie, f aeg-ion,

a ven-pie, f ion-tyn.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a mos-sev,

a war-ukr, a lvn-war (a gal s).

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): f bul/ec ms f

con, a smy s f con, a syr s a smy.

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Press

Things I Have Learned About Flash,

#37: Flash will have the last word

in any Diplomacy argument.

Anything you say after that is the beginning of a new argument.

GM to Things: Well, I'll agree he's going to have the last word, anyway.

London: Good Gosh, last issue seemed to have the Mother of All Press, thanks to Don "I Saw it Coming a Mile Away" Williams! Great stuff, boys, even if I did (sniff) have to endure unwarranted slings and arrows from so-called "aggrieved victims." (Sure; and Maria-Theresa of Austria cried when she "had" to carve up Poland with her fellow monarchs.)

Flash to Board: Is Boob's press the Eighth Layer of Hell as described by Dante?

GM to Flash: Malbolge? Deceivers and petty thieves? Sounds right. Whereas most of you rank down in the Ninth Circle: the traitors to country, kindred, and lords.

Rome to London: I'm with the GM—what the Hell game are you

watching? Personally (and we mean absolutely nothing negative by this), we think you're smoking crack.

GM to Rome: If you liked my analysis of the game, I hope you enjoyed the previous items; you old Italian dogs can't have much argument with Dante, eh?

Tuscan Soothsayer to Board: Here's to a good king, a good year, and a good dream.

On board the FlashMark: We may have taken a torpedo in the stern from those pesky (if brave) Italian torpedo boats (Decima Flottiglia Mas!). But this old ship still has a broadside or two to send before I sail aimlessly in circles. Stand by.

Italian Shakespeare to Tsar, Sultan and Kaiser: Once more into the breach, boys.

GM to Italy: You are neither soothing nor giving me the Shakes.

Fall 1908
Deadline:
15 April 2000

Dan to Tim: Still a TSODM?

GM to "Dan": What? Who? Huh?

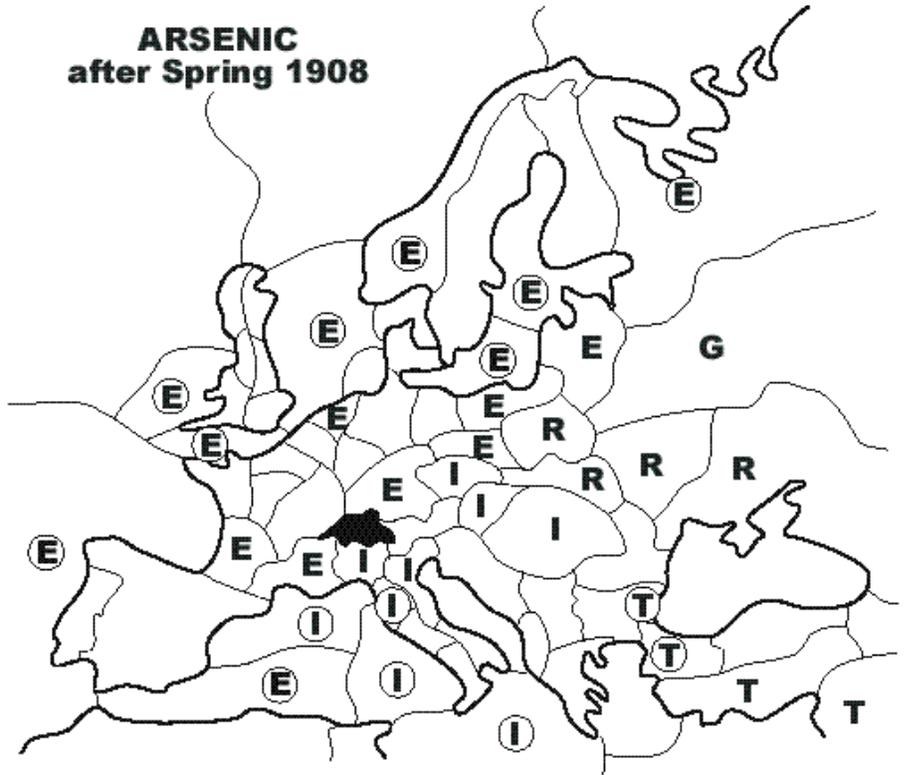
Flashian Analysis: F'09: Don gains the 4-unit stalemate line on the high seas as I retreat to Por/Spa/MAO. I fail to grab my 18th by a hair. S'10: I begin to cede centers to...ahem.... Mark your calendars.

King Mark to Czar Bob: Alas, my co-ruler, we share the same musical tastes, but we could not yet agree on peace in our time. You are a most worthy foe, and only second to another on the board for passing data at speeds faster than fiber optic cable. En garde!

Il Giornale di Diplomazia Mondiale: It was reported today the AFL-CIO and Teamsters Union will launch a joint investigation of the Fassio administration for fraud and corruption. In a surprise move, the Mafia has announced through surrogates that it will join the investigation, indicating that despite it's deep and abiding aversion to publicity, it simply can not tolerate the severe competition in area or "organized crime" by the Prime Minister Mark "the Shark" Fassio. Mr. Fassio did not return repeated phone calls soliciting a response to these revelations.

Faz to Chum: Jim, I know R/T/I have this "mutually assured destruction" 'gun-to-the-head'

ARSENIC after Spring 1908



syndrome going on right now, where one can't hit the other(s) because they'll 'throw the game' to me (yeah, right... suuure they will). But for the life of me, I'll be stupefied if all you do is sit in your corner for the rest of this game, ad nauseam. If you're under that type of R/I fiat for the rest of the game because "that's the way you'll survive," then that ain't livin,' my friend. But knowing you, you won't sit still down there. This is gonna get interesting in 1910, when Don has "surplus" units in the West.

F Aeg to F Con: Well, it's been real... take care now, and don't bother taking those boats out of the docks. They look real pretty right where they are.

GM to Faz: Yeah, you were right, they're at least pretending they're not goin' anywhere. (But notice that I said it a lot fewer words than you. Maybe you should hire on as a speechwriter for Jim-Boob?)

M Sirenicus Diva to L Shrewdicus Survivalis: Ave! Your fellow traveler wishes you well, and hopes that you are now basking in this,

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1907

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>	
Austria	4	3	0					
England	5	6	8	9	11	13	16	lon, lvp, edi, nwy, bel, bre, hol, kie, por, ber, mun, den, par, swe, mar, spa
France	3	4	5	4	1	0		
Germany	6	7	5	4	3	1	1	stp
Italy	5	4	7	9	9	10	9	rom, ven, nap, tun, vie, gre, tri, ser, bud
Russia	6	6	4	3	4	5	4	war, rum, mos, sev
Turkey	5	4	5	5	6	5	4	con, bul, ank, smy

your fourth “capital” of the game: first Berlin, then Paris, then St. Pete, and now (the future) Soviet capital! If you are, then a grateful nation bestows its honor and wealth upon you, and Berlin beckons! If Fortuna went against you due to The Bad Guys (or a stronger siren song outdoing mine), then StP is yesterday’s news, and we must get you elsewhere (or back there) pronto, Tonto.

Mr. Williams to Hotel Le Shiv Front Desk: Hello, is this the front desk? Yes, I have a complaint. What the hell kind of a place are you people running here? This Mr. Fassio is nothing but a cheap whore who keeps propositioning me! Not only that, he pisses in the toilet without even lifting the seat... it’s disgusting! I demand another room immediately! What? All you have is a cot in a room for four with a Mr. Emmert, a Mr. Slossar and a Mr. O’Kelley? I’ll take it, I’ll take it. Transfer me at once.

GM to Board: I assume all the fellow travelers stay at the Hotel Le Shiv?

Mafia to The Mark: Not overplay the analogy, but we’re going to do our best to “whack” your chance for a solo. Consider this a contract you can’t refuse.

GM to Mafia: Too late, you overplayed the analogy.

Flash to Boob: Please, please don’t make us break out the Ouija Board to “communicate with the dead” (That Would Be You). Let your press moulder in the grave, like John Brown’s Body. And maybe Don’s, as well.

Venezia to Burgess: And your point is? I mean, giving you the proverbial benefit of the doubt, we must assume you have, past experience notwithstanding.

Italy to GM: Hey, what’d you do with last turn’s DIS? Censorship! Censorship!

GM to Italy: Um, would you believe it got left off on the artboard? (That’s literally the area outside the page in QuarkXPress. Out of sight, out of mind...)

Mafia to Where?Macht: Well done, Herr Emmert, well done in deed, indeed! Whither whilst thou next, you romantic, you? Is it wanderlust ... or just an advanced case of liebensraum?

GM to Arsenickers: What a sweet sentiment! (Y’know, I corrected several spelling and grammar errors this time, but I will not help the Mafia quote German.)

Duckiavelli to High Constable Numbnuts and Lord of Vanilladoo: I think you’re both smoking crack, too.

GM to Duckville Platypus: That’s about enough crack outta you.

Mafia Hit Man (With Gun to His Own Head) to Sultan: One false move and this guy gets it. Consider yourself warned.

GM to Mr. Hearn: Between you and the MAD TRI, it sounds as though the number of remaining players might be determined by the number of rounds in the right chambers. To quote a certain Robocop foe, “Guns guns guns! C’mon boys! I’ve got courtside tickets to-night, and I never miss a game!”

Apulia to Rhode Island: Oh, it’s you again? When the last of us falls asleep, please be kind enough to turn out the light. Thanks.

No-Kidding Announcement: Hey lads, silly poems and verbiage aside, be advised you are all invited to my unit’s inactivation ceremony on Friday, 30 June, at 0800 at the National Vigilance Park next door to NSA (No Such Agency). Right now we plan to have six other units’ flights give us a ceremonial farewell, with the usual big-cheese goodbye speeches (I have to invite ‘em, unfortunately). I am even trying (1% chance) to have the Baltimore ANG unit do a flyover. Around 0930 we all go home and get changed, then have

DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD (DIS), RAT BASTARD EDITION

English F Mar
E/I draw
T/I/R/E draw
Tsar
Sultan
German A StP
John Bull...
Dipmafia

See Marseilles, then die ...
Duckiavelli to Markiavelli—NewsFlash: You think I’m a moron, pal?
Geez, talk about kissin’ yer sister! Not exactly a Goodyear...
DIS’s new best friend—sees through Flash’s dark designs!
He’s a scorpion, but he’s DIS’s scorpion.
Wyoming militiamen and survivalists take note—this is the way!
Solo dream goes up in flames. Film at eleven.
R/T make an offer we can’t refuse.

a unit picnic for the rest of the
day...sort of like an Irish wake. I
know the only one close enough to
even think of this possibility is
Steve, but didn't want to exclude
the rest of youse mugs.

GM to Flash: "Sort of" like an Irish
wake? Never heard of an outdoor
wake meself. But the sentiment's
in the right place.

I'm Just Ol' Fassio:

I'm just ol' Fassio
and everywhere I go,
people know the game I'm playing
(solo solo solo solo...)

Grabbing after dots

Stealin' lots and lots
Oooh, and betrayin'!

There will come a day
When I will stop say

"How do they think they'll stop me?
With a stalemate I know,
From the Med to cold Moscow,"
and from the win, they drop me.
'Cause...

I ain't got no al-ly.

Nobody cares for me,
No ally's there for me.

I'm so bad and homely.

Bad and homely, bad and homely.

Somebody

won't you take a chance with me?
'Cause I ain't so bad...

(To the tune of Just A Gigolo)

GM to Gigolo: Obviously you have
never heard a *real* rendition of that
song. Try Thom Bopp's (off of
"Life is Just a Bowl of Cherries").

Diplomacy Limerick #4:

The GM said he liked not the press
And the limerick skill did digress

"From the first to the third,

Your rhyme dropped like a turd,
Causing abdominal pain and duress!"

GM to All: Groooooaaan. ♣*