

# ARSENIC – '98A

## Summer 1907

Italy retreats a ser-gre.

Proposals:

E/I (proposed by E)

IRT (proposed by T)

EIRT draw (proposed by G and T)

EGIRT draw (proposed by T)

Remember, NVR = no.

## Fall 1907

England (Mark Fassio): a den-swe,  
a pru-lvn (f bal s), a kie-mun,  
a mun-sil, f eng h, f spa/sc-lyo,  
f mid-wes, a bur-mar.  
for the german a swe-stp: f bot c,  
f bar s, f nwy s (f nts s nwy).

Germany (Steve Emmert): a swe-stp.

Italy (Don Williams): f tyn-lyo,  
f wes-spa/sc, a ven-pie,  
a tri-tyo, a gre-ser (a bud s),  
f aeg-con, a alb-ven (f adr c),  
f eas-ion.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a stp-lvn  
/dislodged/ (a war s), a fin-stp,  
a lvn-pru, a rum-gal.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a ser-alb,  
f bul/ec ms f con, a smy s f con,  
a syr s a smy.

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Winter 1907 /Spring 1908  
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# Dead Poets Society

*Number 13*

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## Press

Rome to London: Methinks you doth  
protest too much. But then, that IS  
your mantra, isn't it?

A Diplomacy Protest Song:

Where have all the Powers gone,  
long time passing,  
Where have all the Powers gone,  
long time ago,  
Where have all the Powers gone,  
gone to treachery every one.  
When will they ever learn,  
when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Red Blocks gone,  
long time passing,  
Where now has the Butcher gone,  
long time ago,  
Where has gone the Austrian? Gone  
to glory, every one.  
When will they ever learn, long let  
her mem'ry Byrne.

Where have all the Froggies gone,  
long time croaking,  
Where have all the Frenchies gone,  
deep-fried you know,  
Where is now the Burgess press,  
gone finally to its rest,  
Set afire and left to burn, pray now it  
won't return.

Where have all the Black Blocks  
gone, knife-blade Flashing,  
Where have all the Germans gone,  
they're Fassio-ed,  
Where are all the German dots, gone  
to England lots and lots.  
When will our Emmert learn, your  
back to Flash don't turn.

Where has gone the E/I draw, long  
time passing,  
Where has gone the two-way draw,  
long time ago,  
About that convoy we did scheme,  
now it's nothing but a dream,  
When will I ever learn, about my  
allies to discern?

Whither now the Arsenic game, long  
time passing,  
Whither now the Arsenic game, in  
Spring '08,  
Now that Flash can not get WAR,  
what does he have in store,  
His solo is no more, better vote a  
draw for four.

Where have all the Powers gone,  
long time passing,  
Where have all the Powers gone,  
long time ago,  
Where have all the Powers gone,  
gone to treachery every one.  
When will they ever learn, when will  
they ever learn?

Mafia to Bolshevik: Loved your threats about giving the game to Flash. So, where'd you find the spine?

GM to Mafia: Spineless? "De neck bone connected to de... hip bone!"

A Diplomacy Limerick:  
The green blocks were played by a duck  
Who felt certainly down on his luck,  
he was burned by a Flash,  
which roasted his ass  
The better his feathers to pluck.

Rome to Albania: Now be a good little martyr and die for the cause. There you go, into the box.

Flash to Chum: In the pantheon of 'gods' I mentioned above, your state emblem should be Janus, the two-faced God. For you simultaneously state how you could win with my position, while in the same breath you publish the unbreakable stalemate line! I am continually impressed. As for saving you from the Williams Hammer, please don't thank me; your mere future actions will suffice. For while it is possible you will prove a loyal jockstrap, er, supporter, of the R/I line, the thought of you with two fleets and two armies in R/T's rear is, well, at least enjoyable to visualize. Your stay of execution has thus been postponed.

Eng to Rus: Did I sway Steve, or did you? Remember my earlier e-mails; they all hold true.

**ARSENIC after Fall 1907**



Another Diplomacy Limerick:  
There once was a snake named O'Kelley  
Whose morals and ethics were smelly  
"I love truth when it's truthless  
'cause I'm ruthlessly ruthless,  
and love slithering along on my belly."

Geneva: Hello, Mr Williams, welcome to the Hotel Le Shiv. Your room is #13; you'll be sharing a bathroom with a Mr Fassio from London.

Il Ducky to Ill Sultan: If, and I know it's a big if, you did as Russia told you to do, and I did as Russia told me to do, then we both did what

we said we would do, then it'll be the first time since Spring 1901 that we've moved in sync. Pretty damn exciting, if you ask me.

London to Board: We've got us a GAME again, boys! If what I think happened did indeed occur, then Chum and Bob will be the big winners, Steve will live and wreak even MORE vengeance, and Italy will take the game in 4-5 turns. Curse you, Green Baron! Now, having said all this, "all bets are off," and we scheme anew. Eastern Powers, can we chat?

**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	swe, STP
Italy	5	4	7	9	9	10	9	rom, ven, nap, tun, spa, mar, vie, gre, tri, ser, BUD
Russia	6	6	4	3	4	5	4	war, rum, mos, sev, stp
Turkey	5	4	5	5	6	5	4	con, bul, ank, smy, bud

**The Sinking of The Flashmark**

In spring of nineteen and oh-eight,  
the game was nearly won,  
the English owned the mostest dots  
and had us on the run.

The FlashMark told the biggest lies that ever we did hear  
We'd learned that when his lips moved, his lies would blast your ear!

We've got to stop this mighty lip that's making such a fuss  
We've got to stop his treachery, cause the game depends on us.  
We'll hit the board a running, boys, we'll turn these blocks around  
And first we'll stop the FlashMark, and then we'll cut him down.

The Tsar stopped ol' Army Kiel  
and on that fateful day  
The Flashmark started blustering, "At fifteen dots I'll stay —  
I can not take a solo now, no matter how I try"  
Well we'll be damned and what-do-you-know,  
He finally didn't lie.

We've got to stop the dark blue blocks, from getting to eighteen,  
we've got to stop the solo win, cause that'd be obscene  
The tee-are-eye did form at last, it came through in the crunch —  
And first we stopped the FlashMark, and now we'll eat his lunch!

Then from the sea and Italy  
the next blow fell on MAR,  
the English fleet was in retreat, and showing battle scars  
it moved into the south of Spain but only for a while,  
for on came Eye-tie battleships to make things really wild!

We've got to shut the Limey down and take from him the win  
the tee-are-eye must work as one, or suffer from his grin.  
The Turk said "Stop the FlashMark and form a stalemate line,  
or hear about this solo win until the end of time!"

And so from MOS to TUNIS,  
we formed the stalemate line,  
and from the other side of it, we heard the FlashMark whine.  
That mighty English battle-lip, is just a memory,  
Sink the FlashMark was the battlecry that shook Diplomacy!

We've got to stop the FlashMark and end this bloody game,  
we've got to draw ol' Arsenic and end the FlashMark's fame  
We hit the stalemate running, boys, we spun those blocks around  
And stopped, we did, a FlashMark win, and then we drew him down.

(With many apologies to Johnny Horton.)

GM to London: You've got tickets to a game that's not on my program...

Emmert to Board: Let's see, I've got the draft of my obituary here somewhere... just can't seem to find it... Don, have you got it?

The High Constable of Nunavut to the First Lord of Vanuatu: How'd I do, bwana?

Don to Steve: Previous defensive diatribe notwithstanding, I hate the thought of you not being here in Arsenic. I think Germany is a tough country to play, and you were surrounded by three of the saviest Diplomacy players still wielding knives in the game today... sure, they have different styles, but they're all pros and all can be depended on to play a thoroughly nasty game. I think my own part in your downfall has been overplayed, but that was to... other people's advantage to make it appear so. You are an excellent player, and I sincerely hope we meet again soon. Please say you'll keep pressing.

GM to Steve: Please say anything that comes to mind. These slackers aren't listening.

Emmert to Gaughan: Am I to understand that Fassio and I shut out the rest of the board in press last issue? What kind of slackers did you inherit in this game, anyway? Why, what good is a riposte if no one takes the first swipe at you?

Gaughan to Emmert: For all the lack of talk, there's certainly enough swiping going on.

Secret note from Steve to Don: I think it's working. They all think you want my carcass in the cemetery. Fassio will never suspect it, Slossar will be too astonished to believe it, and O'Kelley won't credit that it's true. Let's synchronize our watches, and launch in exactly... two game turns. Ready... mark!

Liverpool: The only thing to come out of this place besides the Beatles (50 years hence) is the newest British flagship, HMS Raguser. Speaking to a bevy of on-board reporters, Lord Faz-Quisling spoke the following: "Our intent until the final hour before deadline was peace with our long-time friend, Doge Don of Italy. Our intent was

to see the Upstart Turks leveled into turkum powder for women's bathrooms, as well as to see the Russians finally beaten back into their Siberian wasteland — so far back in fact, that when the Czar attends spring training in Arizona, he walks there via Alaska. All of this changed in the blink of an eye when Herr Emmert contacted us via his remaining land-line, requesting an armistice and a chance for survival. Feeling not a little guilty for past transgressions, His Majesty's Govt has decided to activate the dust-covered "Plan I" as our new course of action. We pray that the gods of war are merciful to us, but regardless of outcome: we sail!"

Emmert to board: In case you snail-mail Luddites aren't keeping up with the World Masters tournament, our boy Jim O'Kelley topped his board at 16 dots, punched his ticket for the second round, and is ranked #4 in the world. Your humble (shaddap, Don!) lawyer is at 11 dots, leading his board, and ranked #33. Ah, to think of what a Team Arsenic would have done! It is to dream...

GM to Emmert: I thought all your dreams had been trodden into the one-dot muck by now. Congratulations on having some fantasies, er, aspirations left.

Still Another Limerick:

The dear Kaiser put his neck on the block  
Letting Fassio his head for to chop,  
Saying "This is the price  
for rolling the dice"  
As his last block kerploded in the box.

GM to Limerick: The quality got worse as we went.

London: His Majesty's Government has requested both military and legal assistance from a recent court arrival, L(ord) Stefan Emmert, Squire of Sykes, King of Carnes, and Stalwart of Sweden. On the military side, we requested Germanic help in once again cleaning up the mess in St Pete's, left there by the returning, ravishing Russians. On the legal side, we request a formal government waiver of the Federal Wiretap Law. Why? So when Williams makes his first call to me, I can freely tape it and share it — I imagine my ears will be burned off in the first 7 seconds, and wish to leave the expected "chewing-out" for posterity. Can ye help us, Laddie Steve?

GM to All: OK, prepare yourselves now for the stemwinders...

Mafia to Kaiser: Never once in this entire game have I called for your eradication, my dear Esquire, not once. (I can not believe, at this late date, that you still lend even the slightest credence to anything uttered by Flash.) And, departing for just the briefest of moments

from the subject at hand, you'll note that hostilities between the Sublime Porte and ourselves have been set aside... it is said every dog must have his day; this must be O'Kelley's day, dog that he is. But back to the issue before us.

In response to your press of last issue... nothing vexes me about your play. Apart from the fact that you fell victim to Flash's tradeMark flattery, you'd have been wiping the rest of us off the board about now. You apparently sweet-talked your way into Paris in '01 without firing a shot... wow! With seven centers in 1902, I think you were extremely close to walking away with this at one point.

No, Germany never stabbed Italy, at least not directly. Of course, I don't think Germany was ever positioned to stab Italy, either, so don't pat yourself on the back too hard; temptation's easily resisted when it isn't offered. Your frequent lies? You are too clever by half, you wordmonger... you are correct, as far as I know, to say you never embarrassed yourself with an "out-and-out" fabrication to me, but surely you — of all people — know that bald fables are but the tools of unsophisticated philistines, fools, and Flash. Let us demure no longer; true deceits and intrigues are the more delicious for their subtlety. Subterfuge has many faces, Herr Emmert. So, let's begin to tell the story of Italo-Germanic relations, shall we?

Apart from Germany's begrudging willingness to "grant permission" to Italy in 1901 to enter TYA, name one thing Germany did for Italy this entire game to gain her neutrality, let alone her alliance. C'mon, name one thing. Name one. In fact, Italy suspected an A/F alliance from the beginning and worked diligently to thwart it, allying with the Sultan in the East, and looking for Germany's indulgence and alliance in the West. Germany would not permit an '01 Italian move to MUN, but that was foreseeable and forgivable. Less understandable was Germany's silence about her own attack on France. In your silence to Italy regarding the attack on France, with an English ally, you spoke volumes about how little you were willing to work with this "southern European." And, when Germany and England finally did offer Italy MAR, it was to free units up for the soon-to-be-opened Eastern Front.

In Spring 1902, when an Italian army was forced to retreat from VIE, it went to BOH over your protests, where it went on to hit SIL in Fall 1902. Italy recalls requesting assistance from the Kaiser; Italy also recalls dire warnings from Germany that A BOH would best be disbanded lest Germany "react." A BOH was

disbanded for a variety of reasons, not the least of which was Germany's sword-rattling.

Then there's the small matter of a seven-center Germany's unprovoked attack on Russia in Spring 1903. As you may not wish to recall, a four-center Italy, at war with France, Austria and Turkey\*, begged and pleaded and begged and cajoled and begged and whined and begged and threatened and then begged some more for you not to hit the Tsar. Italy warned Germany of the danger of turning her back on a six-center Fassin England. But Germany ignored Italian entreaties and admonishments completely, and slammed the Tsar, who at that point had been, albeit somewhat ambivalently, assisting Italy's struggle with Austria and Turkey. Italy's subsequent support of the French into MUN in Fall 1903 was in direct response to Germany's attack on Italy's ally, Russia. And as for England's bloodiest of stabs, yes, Italy knew it was coming and could have warned Germany, but would Germany have listened? "Fat chance," was the thinking in Rome.

Adding insult to injury, on the very turn Austria was destroyed, Germany audaciously requested that Italy "back off" the Sultan to enable Turkey to help E/G destroy her potential Russian ally even faster! Hello??? As this request would have called for Italy to sit with her thumb up her butt while her best potential ally got pulped, and would have fattened Italy's foe — Turkey — in the bargain, perhaps it isn't hard to understand that Italy did not exactly see herself as warmly regarded by the Kaiser. In fact, Italy thought Germany must think her pretty damn stupid. Finally, lest it be forgotten, Germany no doubt entered Galicia in Fall 1903 with every intention of supporting Italy's cause. (What we don't know: did the Turk promise you BUD first or VIE?)

In doing the little bit of review that I've indulged in so far, I find that most of Rome's strategy in this game has been directly guided by events in Russia. When the original T/R/I vs A broke up and Turkey treacherously turned on us both, Italy's only salvation lay in leaving France alone and supporting the Tsar to the uttermost, in every manner possible. That strategy, if it can be called that, eventually lead to where we are now, and worked reasonably well, despite the Tsar's eventual decision to repay Italy's loyalty with the back of his hand.

So, no, I can't say you lied. Can't say you stabbed. Can't say you attacked. Perhaps "insolent indifference" is the most apt charge Rome can level at Berlin, if you weren't downright working against Rome's interests. Perhaps my memory is too long. Or perhaps it

is too imperfect. Perhaps I have overlooked some assistance or kindness, great or small, that Germany bestowed upon Italy in this game. Perhaps. But again, apart from "allowing" the move to TYA in S'01, I can't think of a one. And that, Dearest Kaiser, is why Italy, while shedding a tear or two at the downfall of Deutschland, does not rue her (very) small part in assisting in its demise.

\* Lest you think I'm overstating the case, check out the old Winter 1902 map, which showed French F SPA(sc), A MAR, and A VIE, Turkish A GRE and F AEG, and Austrian A TRI. A BOH had been disbanded and did not appear.

Switzerland: A Poem, by the Brothers Glum:  
During the night, cold and dark  
Paced in his castle a Lord named Mark  
Fearful of his future, yet risking it all,  
He queried his All-Knowing Mirrors on the Wall:

Mirrors, mirrors, in the hall  
Who's got the biggest balls of all?

Is it Don, friend and schemer  
He, the board-wide convoy dreamer?  
For Don blinked at Death numerous times  
And won, his center-count on the climb  
"Not he,' spake the mirrors in the den  
Query us again."

Prithee, who then has Testicles Grandeth  
That I could my hand nobly extendeth?  
Would it be the Czar of All Russias  
Sitting astride my conquests in Prussia?

"He doth indeed possess 'large spheres,'  
And from thee has endured punishments dear  
But nay, my Lord, Czar Bob is not the lad  
Who possess the maximum doo-dads."

Said Marcus, "Mirrors, you taunt me so;  
Tell me, reflectors, the answer I must know!  
Is it Archduchess Kathy, or mayhaps Monsieur le Boob  
Who have the two largest appendages underneath their tube?"

"My Lord, your words almost cause us to break  
The Archduchess is a woman, for Pity's Sake!  
And Le Boob, while a good fighter  
His 'rocks' — compared to a feather — are lighter."

Lord Mark paced, growing more nervous by the minute  
"Look here, mirrors, I've gone and stepped in it  
So I really must know, based on this last stab  
Who among the players has the largest 'nads

For you see, imagers of myself  
I see my head in future lying on a shelf  
I need to know, who amongst these players  
Could be considered to have testiculars in layers

For the one who has faced eradication the most  
And survived the entreaties of Death's Ghost  
Is the one I consider with both guts  
And nuts

And THIS one, whom you deem the best  
Is the one on whom my alliance, I shall lay to rest"

The mirrors, now more aware  
Shone in the dark, sending forth a glare  
"Well, My Lord, now armed with your thrust  
Regarding He of the Largest Nuts...  
Allow us to speak of the remaining two  
When we finish, Ye indeed shall know who"

"Some believe Sultan Chum, Lord of the Elks  
Has the grandest kahunas south of the belt  
For he has faced many travails  
And Italian coffin-makers, pounding in nails

Yet the Sultan's not close when gonad-comparing  
To the REAL man we see, with his dash and his daring  
Yes, Lord Mark, 'tis Steve we relate  
HE is the one with Gonads so Great

For Emmert grew and shrunk fast, and yet on he fought  
Alone, without friends, for these he cared naught  
He now wins survival and a chance for revenge  
Yes, Lord Marcus, HE, rest assured... is the Largest of Men.

Lesser men would've wilted, like roses or tulips  
Lesser men couldn't find mint for juleps  
But Young Stefan, for always risking it all  
In our eyes he's Da Man, Da Guy with Balls.

The mirrors grew dim, now silent they fell  
In Lord Mark's belfry came the peal of a bell  
"Gadzooks — not a moment to lose!  
Revise the war plans! Grab the booze!  
For we now march to a thoroughly-insane plan  
But march we do, with the Gonadiest of Man!

We may die fast; we may die hard  
The enemy may push us back by the yard  
It matters not, at this stage of the game  
We are beyond new fortune, glory, or fame

We play now for the thrill, for the eyebrows thus raised  
We play for the shriek of pain and the eyeballs-so-glazed  
We do so with no "ifs, ands or buts"  
We're just glad to play (ahem) with the Man and his nuts."

GM to Switzerland: Ah, macadamias to you!

Rome to London: Dearest Flash... if you are reading this, then I'll know that, true to form, you sold out the E/I alliance and went for the solo after all, despite multiple protestations to the contrary. I'm going to go out on a not-so-big limb here and call your "bypass STP" rapier strategy nothing short of brilliant. But for the fact that Russia saw the lethal threat inherent in English moves to BOH, SIL and PRU, and Italy saw your advantage in NOT taking STP this turn (thus, hopefully, leaving MOS unmanned and WAR hopelessly undefendable), I'd have moved as we agreed. And you'd have taken your win in 1908.

But you over-played it, Flash. A fake unilateral stab? A unilateral pull-out accompanied by an "Aw shucks, I'm sorry" shit-eating grin, even-while-admitting that you looked for the solo (and looked and looked and looked) and couldn't find a way to the 18th and Diplonirvana? The Great Fassio, moving against El Paranoidissimo Donyo for the grins and giggles of it? Letting R/T know Italy mentioned A SER's move to ALB? Fake dithering about whether to use the Royal Marines in Livonia? Multipage last-minute letters to the Sultan and Tsar? Mistakes? Oversights? I don't think so, Flash. Getting me to not move to PIE (but allowing the feel-good-but-useless move to TYA) was really a masterstroke, and it would have worked but for some not-so-bad-at-that diplomacy from the Tsar back at you.

For the fun of it, I'm going to try to guess your moves this time, mainly because they are what we based our moves on. Just in case, you know, you did what you said and I have defended against a stab that didn't come, it'll show you what you could have done, in case you didn't see it. (Still, this press is conditional on the fact that you did go for the solo... it's all confusingly and conveniently moot at this point, no?)

f spa(sc)-mar, f mid-spa(sc), f eng-mid, a bur-mun, a mun-boh, a pru-kie, a kie-pru, f bal c a kie-pru, f nth s f nwy, f bar s f nwy, f nwy s a den-swe, a den-swe, f gob s a den-swe.

A truly brilliant plan, leading to the gain of three centers this year (swe, mar, spa) for 16 and, more importantly, the fall of WAR in S'08, and stp (via a swe-fin) in the subsequent fall.

Sigh... that convoy would have been a thing of beauty.

GM to All: I hasten to add, the conditionals did not literally read "If Faz goes for the solo". ♣