## Proposals:

IRT: RT yes, E no
EIRT: RT yes, E no
EGIRT: RT yes, E no

## Fall 1908

England (Mark Fassio): f bal s lvn, f bot h, a sil-war (a prus, a lvn s), f wes-spa/sc (a mar s), f stp/nch, f nwy-nwg, f iri-mid, a gas s mar, f eng $\mathrm{h}, \mathrm{f}$ mid-por, a hol-kie, f nts h , a mun-boh.

Germany (Steve Emmert): a mos-ukr.

Italy (Don Williams): f tus-tyn (f lyo s), f tyn-tun (f ion s), a boh s russian a gal-sil, a vie-gal (a bud s), a ven-tyo (a pie s).
Russia (Bob Slossar): a sev s german a mos, a ukr s war, a gal-sil (a war s /warsaw annihilated/).
Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): f bul/ec ms f con, a smy-arm, a syr-arm.

## Addresses

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## Press

Lone German army to DIS: Hey, I get the sense that you're ... well,you're dissing me, man.
Emmert to board: As the latest occupant of Moscow, I demand to be known henceforth as The Lord of the Three Capitals. I may not win; I may barely survive; but how many other players can say they have occupied two foreign national capitals?
Bartender to temporary colonel: Please don't try to dissuade JimBob's submissions. It's fun to write press after you're dead. Why, I can recall hurling loads of postmortem insults at a certain treacherous player (who shall remain nameless, but his initials are Don Williams) in a game in Upstart long ago. It's a great feeling; you can say whatever you want, without any fear of retribution. Some really creative stuff can come out if you don't have the restraint that comes with the need to speak in diplomatic niceties.
Steve to board: I say we all go to Markie's stand-down ceremony, and show these stuffy Air Force types how to party. I'll bring the julep fixin's; Jim can bring some of
those Elk-antler hats; Don can bring the ... the ... the whatever the mafia uses to celebrate; and Bob can bring the dancing girls. Pete, you bring a deck of cards; Jim-Bob, you just bring your money.
Tim to Dan: Apparently we need to educate the Father on the meaning of TSODM. After you.
Speaking of the mafia: Some linguist you are. It's lebensraum. Living space. You put down "loving space", and that isn't -- hmmm, maybe that IS what you meant.
London: Not much to say, boys. I either won this season, or I face probable unbreakable stalemate. Both results are entirely dependent on Steve's order.
Meat Loaf Fan to ZZ Top Devotee: To quote some Meaticus Loafus lyrics, "What's it gonna be, boy? yes...or, no?" How does it feel to be KingMaker and/or KingBreaker, Steve?
Flash to Board: If it turns out that stalemate is indeed the order of the day, I'm locking myself away (after

drinking heavily) and figuring "What Next?" I'll either massively withdraw on all fronts to a "Festung Fassio" somewhere further back, and let "nature" (i.e., the strong kill off the weak) take its course... or I might try for 1-2 turns to experiment with the solo, hoping against hope. The third option? Well, look at the draw proposals I suggest; surely you could all find one that tickles your collective fancy up there. To be part of a $71 \%$ board-wide 5-way, a $57 \%$ board-wide 4-way, or even a three-way is, IMO, not worth the game. "Some" may consider it a victory to escape Great Power mistakes and "win," and if that's your outlook, more power to you. To each his own.
GM to Arsenickers: Thank you, and good night.


|  |  | DiPLOMATIC ImPUnity Scoreboard (DIS), STALEMATE EDITION |
| :--- | :---: | :--- |
| Burgess | $\Downarrow$ | Write, son, write ... we were only kidding about the lethality of your prose ... sort of. |
| TRI Wall | $\Uparrow$ | Hail, Britannia-crack this. |
| Stalemates | $\Leftrightarrow$ | Can't win with 'em, can't live without 'em. |
| E-players | $\Uparrow$ | They like Italy, we like them! |
| Chum | $\Downarrow$ | No press, no up-arrow. [GM: Hell hath no fury like an up-arrow scorned...] |
| Slossar | $\Downarrow$ | See above. |
| Emmert | $\Downarrow$ | Ditto. |
| Flash | $\Leftrightarrow$ | Press will only take you so far... |
| Bohemia | $\Uparrow$ | Suddenly, the de riguer place to be seen! <br> Limerick Boy |
|  | $\Downarrow \Downarrow$ | If you want to be booed at and hissed / And make everyone thoroughly pissed, / Just <br> keep up the trick / With the bad limerICK / And eventually you'll be DISmissed. |
| Coming Soon | $\Leftrightarrow$ | Nostradamus, the Prophet |


| Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1908 |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | $\underline{06}$ | 07 | $\underline{08}$ |  |
| Austria | 4 | 3 | 0 |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| England | 5 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 11 | 13 | 16 | 18 | lon, lvp, edi, nwy, bel, bre, hol, kie, por, ber, mun, den, par, swe, mar, spa, +WAR, +STP |
| France | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 0 |  |  |  |
| Germany | 6 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 1 | 1 | stp, + MOS |
| Italy | 5 | 4 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 10 | 9 | 9 | rom, ven, nap, tun, vie, gre, tri, ser, bud |
| Russia | 6 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 2 | Waf, rum, mes, sev |
| Turkey | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | con, bul, ank, smy |

