



Seitenstetten
Overday!

This is Seitenstetten #9, and coincidentally, the first attempt on the part of myself and Faraway Press to show off my great wit and sophistication (I wonder what Plato would say about that word) and thus impress and captivate all the gazing neoguls out there in Diplomacy Land, instantly catapulting me to the pinnacles of power and popularity available to those most skilled at this great diversion. I will begin by dispensing with the trivia known as "Winter '04" moves and then get on with the ego building.

1962-A Fall retreats

AUSTRIA HUNGARY: NMR A Ser (r) OTB

ITALY: A Pied (r) Ven, F E Med (r) OTB (This gives Italy one build)

Winter builds, removals, and positions

AUSTRIA HUNGARY: NMR (A matched set!) A Tri, F Gre

ENGLAND: (B) F Lon; F Iri, F Bel, F Mth

FRANCE: (B) A Par; F Lys, F W Med, A's Pied, Bur, Hol

ITALY: (B) F Nap; F's Ion, ABs Ven, Rom

GERMANY: (B) F Den; F's Pic, Helg, A's Ruhr, Kiel

RUSSIA: (B) F StP (no); F's Nvy, Sz Run, A's Gal, Ser, Swe, Lvn, War

TURKEY: F's Con, Smy, E Med, A's Vie, Bul

And now to the press, to wit there are three parts:

Part the first, of matters concerning a few-

OAKLAND TO TANGULO- You reason like a Kitty. Admitted, Los Angeles is large for a suburb...but it does not follow that California is patterned about smogville. In fact, few folk in Los Angeles are aware where California is, and fewer still have visited California. Like them, you have seen only the fish markets at Long Beach.

CARLISLE- Here is located the Pennsylvanians To Destroy California Association, and we can see their beautiful smog-free building that is the epic symbol of their fight against the sliny, smoggy, earthshaking suburban culture that California has been trying to export into ~~the~~ ~~state~~ Pennsylvania. The leading spokesman for the PTDCA group, Jimmy Thorpe, stated that they are planning to increase their war with California by forcing all Californians to pay a Pennsylvania Agriculture Approval Tax along with the familiar stamp that is on all California exports. The spokesman was heard to say, "We Pennsylvanians are proud of our state, and we are not without resources to combat this horrible national threat coming from California. We have pledged ourselves to complete extermination of all that rep-

resents the horrible Californian Culture that is ruining our Country. We, of Pennsylvania, will be the vanguard in leading our country back into purity of thought, air, and food. No more will we have to worry about earthquakes, no more will we have to worry about the population explosion, no more will we have to worry about Californian dictatorship of the Diplomacy hobby. We shall overcome, we shall win our cause!" Naturally, there was a huge crowd of Pennsylvanians from all over the state to hear Jimmy Thorpe and naturally with this conclusion of his stirring speech, there was a roar heard around the world, and presumably heard in California.

Part the second, of matters concerning a few more-

LONDON: The Artisans are working again...but some diplomats sleep.

MOSCOW: Although Emperor Charles I's naval expansion no longer worries us, we still have to worry about German retaliation for our unprovoked attack upon Denmark. No, Sweetwater, this does not mean war for it takes two to fight a war!

KIEL TO PARIS: We declare war on France.

Kiel To Rome: Fight, Fight, Fight?

KIEL TO ST. PETERSBURG: Is this the end?

KIEL TO BUDAPEST: Truth is stranger than fiction. But then of course you've never tried it!

ROME (?): Hal, you are beginning to annoy me with this stretching. Now, I don't want to get tough, but beware the irate Italians. I think perhaps we had better call this whole thing off before the Turks and Russians overrun us all!!!!

Part the third, of matters concerning nobody at all.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN PARIS: Agnew Kissenstein stumbled into the Orgy room with a nearly emptied bottle of vodka in his right hand, and a local French girl in his left arm. The girl was just barely able to support the Russian from falling on top of the French Ambassador, Hal Haus, who was already on the floor having a good time with his local girl. "Wat th' hell you trying to do, Agnew?" croaked the prone French Ambassador, "Can't you see I'm busy!" "Terry old buddy," mumbled the drunk Agnew, "But I didn't want to step on my own toes!" After taking a long look on the floor, the Russian went on, "yeah, I guess you're busy alright-- sorry-if I had interruptedd any, anything, Hal." "Shit, shut up and let me finish this, okay!" hollared the French Ambassador. So, the Paris Piece talks were proceeding along very nicely and all the other countries were clamoring for invitations, but the the two nations were still deciding whether to share the girls with anyone else.

ITALIA, RUSSIAN PROVINCE OF: The engine was drowning out the far away plane's pilot's voice, but the white Baron could see what the other Polish pilot was pointing at towards the ground. Down there about 10,000 feet below was the entire remaining Austrian Air Force being led by that Out with 1 Life Left, Ace Von Letzke. The squadron leader, Stanislaus Leszczynski ((Yeah, I like making you guys type his name)), gave the signal for ambushing the Austrian force below. In one great dive, the 1st Polish Air Squadron jumped on the small Austrian Air Force and was in total command as the Austrians were taken completely by surprise. The Poles had the sun behind them and that blinded the Austrian vision of their loftier position of attack. Faster and faster the Polish planes flew and attacked with a ferociousness that scared the

Austrians out of their wits. This time, the 1st Polish Air Squadron was not going to miss their targets! The white Baron immediately sought out the Red Baron for another fight and saw the Red Baron tailing it alone for Vienna. "Ah, he thinks he can get away from me—but I'll surprise him!" The white Baron's Russian-built Trojka III caught up with the Red Baron's biplane and fired the machine guns as soon as he had him in sight and range. The guns didn't jam, and thus the bullets went on their merry way into the Austrian plane ahead. The Polish Ace kept it up by staying right on the Red Baron's tail. No matter how he dived, climbed, turned or looped, the white Baron remained on Von Metzke's tail. Again and again the machine busted up the Austrian plane until finally, the engine caught fire and his plane was out of control. Down he went in flames as the whole plane exploded. The white Baron was sad for he had lost his best dueling friend. "Sigh, I guess that's what they mean when they say that war is nasty." The Red Baron was killed in one glorious smash as his plane crashed into a Viennese music hall. "At least he's buried with his first love," said Stanislaus, "he always did like music; too bad he couldn't write himself out of his premature death." The white Baron turned around to help the 1st Polish Air Squadron eliminate the remaining Austrian Air Force. Today marked the end for Austrian Air Power, and the next time will mark the end for their Country. "Don't worry Von Metzke," thought the Polish Ace, "I'll see to it that Civilization won't lose your treasured music. Bon Voyage, it was a good fight!"

Part the fourth, of matters your cloddy editor left out of Part the Second—

VEHICLE: Sweetwater, stay out of Italy! You've stretched enough already!

MOSCOW TO BERLIN: Do you want to join the Paris Peace Talks? We need a few more pieces to piece out to the party! Don't worry, we'll make it up!

POINT OF ORDER That's the editor talking again. It seems that we've come to a minor crisis in the game as Conrad, who's due to publish next turn, has missed his move. Conrad had brought up the theoretical possibility of such an occurrence in issue #3, but nothing was settled. That leaves me with the buck so here's my decision. We will continue under the assumption that Conrad is still playing until notified to the contrary by him. Just to be safe, we should send duplicate orders to Bob Ward (this includes the standbys). ~~we've already appointed Charles DeWitt, who lives in New Orleans, to stand in for Conrad's playing, and if he isn't, we'll appoint the next one, using the names of the first turn, (and if let us recall—)~~ ~~for instance,~~ The publication schedule would move up a notch. I hope you all approve, it seems the best way out. I do feel that Conrad is still playing. So, scratch glass, turn blue, do it while you can and.....**DOH'T GET CAUGHT!!!!!!** hey hey hey