

Deny Everything

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2001 A Gaming Odyssey

Autumn 1901

Turkish A bul r OTB.

Winter 1901

Austria (Mark Fassio)	Build A BUD, F TRI. Has As BUD, VIE, SER; Fs GRE, TRI.
England (Mike Mazzer)	Build F LPL. Has A WAL; Fs LPL, NWY, ENG.
France (Woody Arnawoodian)	Build F BRE. Has As PAR, SPA; Fs BRE, SPA.
Germany (Jim O'Kelley)	Build A MUN, F BER. Has As BUR, DEN, MUN; Fs BEL, BER.
Italy (Gary Coughlan)	Build A VEN, F NAP. Has As MAR, PIE, VEN; Fs NAP, TUN.
Russia (Bob Olsen)	Build A MOS, A STP. Has As MOS, STP, SEV, WAR; Fs SWE, BUL(ec).
Turkey (Jim Burgess)	Build CON. Has A ARM; Fs BLA, CON.

Game Notes:

- The **ZAT** for Spring 1902 is Thursday, **August 2, 2001**, 9:00 p.m. Pacific;
- GM thanks the players for their patience, the which he proposes not to try again any time soon;
- In the event it is determined said GM does do it again – soon or not – said GM will lead the effort to transfer the game to a more responsible party;
- Let's here it for Holland, Rumania – Hail Sovreignty!!!!
- The look of DE is different this time because it's being done, per the request of the publisher of The Abyssinian Prince (King of Zines, Zine of Kings), in something – anything – other than Works;
- So, we're now a Word product;
- GM will turn 44 at the end of August ... Chum and Boob are younger, but still ... ;
- Went to Vegas last Sat with Stef and the kids ... bad enough I have to cover my losses, but this ... ;
- Trying to get to the "bottom" of the page ... it's easier now than it was with that old typewriter.

Addresses/e-mails

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Grimme	6066 Belle Grove Cove N, Memphis, TN 38115	bamboopnuts@email.msn.com
Ironfist	1010 Pecan Street, Brea, CA 92821	RobertOlsenrg@aol.com
Boob	664 Smith Street, Providence, RI 02908-4327	burgess@world.std.com

Map of Winter 1901

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1901 Adjustment

Austria	Bud Tri Tri Ser Gre	5
England	Edi Lon Lpl Nwy	4
France	Bre Mar Par Por Spa	5
Germany	Ber Kie Mun Den Hol	5
Italy	Nap Rom Ven Mar Tun	5
Russia	Mos Sev Stp War Bul Swe	6
Turkey	Ank Con Smy	3
NEUTRAL	Hol Rum	2

Press

GM to ODYSSEANS: At long last, the press. Given the late date of this publication, I know that several of you will be troubled that you were not able to peruse the previous season's press, and now the new season is upon us (through the miracle of time-lapse publishing) and moves are in. I will get press out sooner from here on out. I am slowly getting the hang of it. For those of you who sent press this time, thanks. For those who didn't send some this time, I hope these efforts will encourage you to ignore me and allow your collective muse to create beautiful noise. In the meantime, Mazzer wants to have a word with you ...

ENGLAND to GM: I still think people who let the press influence their moves are the same ones who had trouble with butterfly ballots. Look at Olsen, to read his press you would think him a semi-literate cretin. But in fact, as evidenced by the moves, he is a consummate genius. I, on the other hand, write press like James Joyce and move the blocks like a complete moron.

POMPEII: In the shadow of Mount Vesuvius, the Italian Minister of Cultural Preservation harshly decried the recent Turkish boycott and closure of embassy appeals. "This 'jihad' against a historical world treasure of true, long-lasting beauty, not to mention practical if handled correctly, is ridiculous," exclaimed Emily Litella. "Why does the Sultan hate Fez?! Fez is a beautiful, ancient city and soon to be the crown jewel of the Italian Empire in North Africa! Or is it perhaps the fez's strong appeal among his subjects that the Sultan so despises? What kind of leader fears a jaunty red tasseled cap like the fez? And ... what? What's that?" (At this point, Signorina Emily Litella was interrupted by several of her aides but subsequently returned to the podium.) "Never mind."

GM to ITALY: I think I speak for all of us here in Odyssey, Signorina Litella, when I say – with no disrespect in any way intended – I have no idea what you are talking about.

A LONG TURNAROUND (By The Counting Chums):

A long turnaround and there's reason to believe,
Maybe this turn will be slower than the last.
I can't remember all the things that I said as we were playing,
The email goes by so fast.

And it's one more day of empty mailbox.
And it's one more night of worrying.
If you think that you could publish quicker ... I wish you would.

[Gratuitous Na Nas]

The birth of ships and men in winter
And the feeling that there's a whole lot of quiet, but no peace.
All at once you look across the no man's land
Think you see armies mustering north of Greece.

And it's one more day of empty mailbox.
And it's one more night of worrying.
If you think you can move a little faster...I think you should.

[Gratuitous Na Nas]

Called up old Jim-Bob Burgess sometime after 2 a.m.
And talked a little while about the game.
I told him Arsenic has me seeing phantom hosts.
He said I'll beat my fear of ghosts about the time when I need it most.

And it's been a long turnaround and there's reason to believe
Maybe this turn will be slower than the last.
I can't remember all the times I tried to tell myself
Not to worry, give Don time, life's too fast.

And it's one more day of empty mailbox.
And it's one more night of worrying.
It's been so long since I've talked to Williams...I guess I should.

[Gratuitous Na Nas]

MTV TOTAL REQUEST LIVE to COUNTING CHUMS: Got your gratuitous Na Nas right here in my pants, pal.

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: I say, Old Chum, the PM has been consulting with Madame Blavatsky recently and at the last seance he asked what devilry may be afoot in the Eastern Theatre. He and several of the cabinet ministers were holding hands around a table with a flickering candle (a bit indecent by my reckoning, but nonetheless ...) while Madame B. gazed into the crystal. Madame B. saw the Sultan, wrapped in a cloak of crescent moons and hovering over Moscow waving a scimitar. She saw the Archduke, strangely in what appeared to be a pick-up truck, leading battalions of men across the steppes of the Ukraine. What is most strange, however, she saw the Tsar looking strangely complacent -- even confident -- and apparently unconcerned when, suddenly, the Tsar's face in the glass changed into a horrible apparition -- a monstrous creature with long fangs, ghastly pale with blood trickling from his mouth and a look of purest malevolence. The PM then said that the table began to shake, loud banging noises were heard, and a strange, sepulchral voice intoned, in a thick Mittel European accent "I am Count Vlad ... Ach!"

GM to RUSSIA and ENGLAND: Oh, please! You two aren't going to reanimate this old golem, are you? Let sleeping press lines ... er, vampires lie. It'd be almost as bad as Italy's raising that pesky ol' Messiah complex again.

ENGLAND to ITALY: Messiah complex? As in "Messiah's in da col' col' ground"?

ITALY to RUSSIA and ENGLAND: Still delving into cliched Southern stereotypes, eh boys? For the record, I live in a 3-bedroom home, not a double-wide, and I don't handle first class mail -- they always kept me away from the public -- and, bless your hearts, I wear shoes, and my Southern accent is considered not only eloquent but charming as well (so I'm told). But you go too far when you malign Elvis! Elvis is the King! The dead Elvis is stronger than the living I, or any of y'all for that matter ...

GM to EXTREMIST IN SOUTHERN ITALY: "Bless your hearts"? Gimme a break, Grimme -- those two and Fassio combined don't have a whole heart between the three of them, so what's up?

FROM EXTREME SOUTHERN ITALY: Subject: Southerners

Someone once noted that a Southerner can get away with the most awful kind of insult just as long as it's prefaced with the words, "Bless her heart," or "Bless his heart." As in, "Bless his heart - if they put his brain on the head of a pin, it'd roll around like a BB on a six-lane highway." Or, "Bless her heart - she's so bucktoothed, she could eat an apple through a picket fence." There are also the sneakier ones that I remember from the tongue-clucking types of my childhood: "You know, it's amazing that, even though she had that baby seven months after they got married, bless her heart, it weighed 10 pounds!" As long as the heart is sufficiently blessed, the insult can't be all that bad, at least that's what my Great-Aunt Tiny (bless her heart, she was anything but) used to say. I was thinking about this the other day when a friend was telling me about her new Northern friend who was upset because her toddler is just beginning to talk and he has a Southern accent. My friend, who is very kind and, bless her heart, cannot do a thing about those thighs of hers, was justifiably miffed about this. After all, this woman had CHOSEN to move to the South a couple of years ago. "Can you believe it?" she said to my friend. "A child of mine is going to be a-taaaallllkin' lllliike thiiiiis." I can think of far worse fates than speaking Southern for this adorable little boy, who, bless his heart, must surely be the East Coast King of Mucus. I wish I'd been there - I would have

said that she shouldn't fret, because there is nothing so sweet or pleasing on the ear, as a soft Southern drawl. Of course, maybe we shouldn't be surprised at her "carryings on." After all, when you come from a part of the world where "family silver" refers to the large medallion around Uncle Vinnie's neck, you just have to, as Aunt Tiny would say, "consider the source." Now, don't get me wrong. Some of my dearest friends are from the North, bless their hearts. I welcome their perspective, their friendships and their recipes for authentic Northern Italian food. I've even gotten past their endless complaints that you can't find good bread down here. The ones who really gore my ox are the native Southerners who have begun to act almost embarrassed about their speech. It's as if they want to bury it in the "Hee Haw" cornfield. We've already lost too much. I was raised to swanee, not swear, but you hardly ever hear anyone say that anymore, I swanee you don't. And I've caught myself thinking twice before saying something is "right much," "right close" or "right good" because non-natives think this is right funny indeed. I have a friend from Bawston who thinks it's hilarious when I say I've got to "carry" my daughter to the doctor or "cut off" the light. That's OK. It's when you have to explain things to people who were born here that I get mad as a mule eating bumblebees. Not long ago, I found myself trying to explain to a native Southerner what I meant by being "in the short rows." I'm used to explaining that expression (it means you've worked a right smart but you're almost done) to newcomers to the land of buttermilk and cold collard sandwiches (better than you think), but to have to explain it to a Southerner was just plain weird. The most grating example is found in restaurants and stores where nice, Magnolia-mouthed clerks now say "you guys" instead of "y'all," as their mamas raised them up to say. I'd sooner wear white shoes in February, drink unsweetened tea, and eat Miracle Whip instead of Duke's than utter the words, "you guys." Not long ago I went to lunch with four women friends and the waiter, a nice Southern boy, you-guys-ed all of us within an inch of our lives. "You guys ready to order? What can I get for you guys? Would you guys like to keep you guys' forks?" Lord, have mercy. It's a little comforting that, at the very same time some natives are so eager to blend in they've taken to making microwave grits (an abomination), the rest of the world is catching on that it's cool to be Clampett. How else do you explain NASCAR tracks and Krispy Kreme doughnut franchises springing up like yard onions all over the country? To those of you who're still a little embarrassed by your Southernness; take two tent revivals -- and a dose of redeye gravy -- and call me in the morning. Bless your heart! (My personal favorite was uttered by my aunt, who said, "Bless her heart, she can't help being ugly, but she could've stayed home.")

GM to GRIMME: That's one of the best pieces I've read in a very long time. (Stef thinks you've got a future as a Southern Dave Barry, bless her ... well, you know.) I hope this heart-blessing catches on in the press as each of us tries his hand at one of these left-handed jewels.

EL DONYO to B-B-B-B-B-BURGESS: Can you do something similar for the illustrious yankees?

MILAN: Exiting the La Scala Opera House after a gala performance of "L'Olandese Volante" ("The Flying Dutchman"), the dapper King of Italy was observed to be wearing the latest in Alberto Guardiani footwear. Said the King, "All of my shoes come from the Romano Martegam Collezione. I know shoes, but even after this opera, I still don't know who's gonna get Holland!"

ROME (Via Lo Spionaggio Italiano – Via Italian Espionage) ... :
CINDER-TOADY (A Fairy Tale with a Turkish Twist):

SULTAN: Grand Vizier, what news from Europe about my jihad?

GRAND VIZIER: Each ruler was sent your slipper -- the one whose foot it fit would be Turkey's savior. The Austrians wonder why they didn't get the slipper.

SULTAN: Wasn't the finger enough? Those two-faced curs are why we need a savior!

GRAND VIZIER: The Hungarians share your mistrust of the Austrians. They want the chance to redeem the honor of their Empire in your eyes and ask that you send them the "Slipper in Budapest."

SULTAN: That Jekyll-and-Hyde hypocrite never gives up! What about the King of Italy?

GRAND VIZIER: He doesn't wear any shoes, according to the Russians. And the French reject your slipper saying "NO TURKISH SLIPPERS," and adding that French slippers are the best in the world. There is also a large Armenian ... population in France, which is anti-Turkish.

SULTAN: And the King of England?

GRAND VIZIER: He seems to be into combat boots, but says he prefers getting the Tsar's slippers over yours. But he sends you a complimentary copy of GOAL magazine.

SULTAN: The Kaiser?

GRAND VIZIER: The Germans haven't responded.

SULTAN: The Reise-Kaiser, no doubt. And the Tsar?

GRAND VIZIER: He's now wearing Viennese slippers -- the ones the English King wants -- and apparently is not interested in yours at this time.

SULTAN: Sounds more like the Tsar is wearing Viennese blinkers. Then prepare my asp!

GRAND VIZIER: At once, your Toadishness. Shall it be oiled, powdered, perfumed, massaged, bejeweled, kissed, anointed with spices -- your favorite lemon-pepper orange-peel-flavored rose petals with MSG have just arrived -- flagellated or kneaded? And shall it be both globes or left cheek only, right cheek only, then shall it be left to right, right to left, up to down or down to up or ...

SULTAN: I said my ASP! Go prepare "CLEOPATRA'S ASP", my new ship, which will do battle with Austria's "BEAST OF BUDAPEST", last seen in Greece. It's time to reverse Actium!

ITALY to RUSSIA: This is the part of the game I always enjoyed ... the Winter 1901 press plagiarizing!

ROME: The Italian Government proudly announces that our nation's King is currently reading two books this winter, while other European rulers are only reading one apiece. The selections: The French leader is poring over "THE MISUNDERSTOOD ARMENIA: ABUSED STEPCHILD OF HISTORY HAGIOGRAPHY AND PILAF COOKBOOK" by Ken Jingoian. The King of England is eyeballing "SUNSET BOULEVARD: MAKING YOUR BOYISH INSOUCIANCE AND RAKISH GOOD LOOKS PRICELESS AT ONLY \$40 A POP", by Duck Williams. The Sultan is soaking up "ALCHEMIC IMPERATIVES MADE SIMPLE: TURN WATER INTO WINE, WOODY INTO A SILK PURSE, AND ARMIES INTO FLEETS" by Sofia Arrivederci. The Kaiser is studying "FRODODIANISTIC DIALECTICISM CONCERNING BILBOIC-SAURONIC DICHOTOMOUS TENDENCIES: MIDDLE EARTH JUNGIAN ARCHETYPES AS METAPHOR FOR SURVIVING AMONGST THE ELDERLY AROUND YOU" by I. R. R. Amjacksonfive. The bifurcated Austrian Emperor/Hungarian King selected "THE MODERNIZED MACHIAVELLI: FLIM-FLAM FASSIO UPDATES, REVISES AND IMPROVES 'THE PRINCE', WITH A COMPARATIVE M-Fi*n*g* INDEX"(*In *19 *Glossaries) by Markus Etzel Fassio. The Tsar has been seen publicly perlustrating "POST-CONQUEST PREDICAMENTS: REALPOLITIK PERSPECTIVES ON NOMADISM IN PURSUIT OF EFFECTIVE IMPERIALIST POLICY -- FINDING THE CONQUEROR WITHIN" by U. N. Hoos-ArmeY. And our glorious King of Italy's two books are "IF THE SOUTH HAD WON THE CIVIL WAR: STOLEN GLORY, BESMIRCHED HONOR -- WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN" by I. P. Freely, and "AL GORE WAS ROBBED: STOLEN GLORY, BESMIRCHED HONOR AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN" by May B. Never.

ITALY to ENGLAND: Are you being chilled by a brisk Arctic breeze coming from St. Petersburg? I'm getting wet, I think, from Trieste water-splashing and Constantinople sea spray.

GM to ITALY: Or maybe your Majesty has wet himself. Again. (You should never give the minds in this crowd a straight-tline like that.)

VENICE: The world-famous diplomat, Rod Walker, ended his recent Italian book tour at Venice's Winter Carnival with a comment from his best-selling "The Gamer's Guide To Diplomacy" before joining in the festivities, appropriately dressed as Pinocchio: "On England, Turkey and Russia: The two Wicked Witches and the Eastern Colossus are the most potent dangers. Their positions enable them to expect to do well. Russia's capacity to expand rapidly is great, while the Wicked Witches have excellent defensive situations. Russia may be between the two Witches, but that is frequently an asset rather than a liability."

NEAPOLITAN CHRONICLES: ... Like winning a chess game on the Titanic ... The Sick Man of Europe is really whom? ... Ecclesiastes 9:4 ... Periculum in mora ... Achilles is in his tent ... Cerberus must have his sop ... Just like the "Wizard of Oz", the Wicked Witch of the East dies before the Wicked Witch of the West. But who is Dorothy? ...

THE "OZ" INTERVIEW (Via Rome): Who do we see? Is it Beecher, Alvarez, Cyril O'Reilly, Sister Pete or Father Ray Mukada? No, it's Dorothy Olsen, sitting prim and proper in her blue gingham dress with her pigtails and big red bow nervously stroking her beautiful Persian-Russian cat, Olga ...

DOROTHY OLSEN: Olga, I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore. Let me see ... that signpost says ... Bulgaria! So that's where we've landed.

(Hears lots of laughter, sees a shiny, glimmering bubble growing larger as it nears)

DOROTHY OLSEN: Who is that laughing? And that bubble ... OH MY GOODNESS!

(The bubble turns into a strikingly beautiful barefoot fairy(!) princess with a magic wand.)

DOROTHY OLSEN: Olga, now I know we're not in Kansas. Who are you?!

(The Princess speaks)

PRINCESS: Why, Ah'm Glenda Sue Gary, the good Witch of the South (Nevah, evah the North – Editor's Note) //Sort of – GM's Note// from the Emerald City, I mean the Eternal City, and the Ottomans want to know if you are a good witch or a bad witch.

DOROTHY OLSEN: But I'm not a bitch at all. And what are Ottomans?

(Lots of laughter, Dorothy looks in all directions.)

GLENDAGARY: "Witch, dear, not bitch. Focus. Ottomans are what you have your feet on right now, your footsies on their necks that is. You just killed the chief Ottoman, the Wicked Witch of the East. And there she is.

DOROTHY OLSEN: But I didn't mean to kill her!

WICKED WITCH OF EAST (Very weakly): I'm not dead yet.

GLENDAGARY: Might as well be. Anyway, through your victory, you are now wearing the sparkling red Viennese slippers, which give you great power.

(Dorothy Olsen swivels, admiring her red slippers when suddenly a loud SWOOSH and REAMS OF BILLOWING SMOKE are everywhere, choking Dorothy and Glenda-Gary.)

DOROTHY OLSEN: Shazam! What's that? A pterodactyl?

GLENDAGARY: If it is, its wings have been clipped! No, that is the Wicked Witch of the West. She's from London and she's worse than the other one was, at least if you're French or German and possibly Italian.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Who killed my sister?

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (Again weakly): I'm not dead yet.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: But cha AAH, Blanche, ya AAH dead!

DOROTHY OLSEN: I didn't mean to kill her. It was an accident.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Well, I can cause accidents too, my pretty. Just you wait. Give me those red Viennese slippers. I'm obviously the only one who knows how to properly use them in this game.

DOROTHY OLSEN (Bawls): She said, 'prithee!' I'm going to die!

GLENDAGARY: No dear, that's only if the Austrian Triceratops utters it, and it's 'prithee' not 'pretty.' Focus. Keep tight inside your red slippers. Their magic must be very powerful or else she wouldn't want them so badly.

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST: Stay out of this, Glenda-Gary, and stay out of the Mid-Atlantic, too, if you know what's good for you.

GLENDAGARY: Oh, rubbish, you have no power here. Begone before someone drops a 'Faz' on you too!

WICKED WITCH OF THE WEST (Fearfully looks skyward): It's true, I can't deal with you now as I'd like, but just you wait.

(Disappears in a cloud of smoke.)

GLENDAGARY: Only worry if she is finally able to get that army out of England, bless her heart. I'm afraid you've made rather a bad enemy of the Wicked Witch of the West.

WICKED WITCH OF THE EAST (Very weakly): I'm not too fond of Dorothy Olsen myself.

DOROTHY OLSEN: But what do I do now, Glenda-Gary?

GLENDAGARY (Beginning to disappear into the bubble again): Just get the hell out of Bulgaria, get the hell out of Bulgaria ...

DOROTHY OLSEN: But to where? To where?

GLENDAGARY: ... get the hell out of Bulgaria, get the hell out of Bulgaria ... "

GM to DOROTHY OLSEN: Or at least out of that story. Besides, Mazzer is here, whispering sweet nostrums and comforting bromides in your ear ...

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: In my heart of hearts, I knew that you were merely playing possum, and that either the Faz or the Boob were in deepest kimchi. But even in my wildest hopes, could I not have imagined the extent of your brilliance when, seemingly at death's ante-room, you pulled yourself up from the ashes like the Phoenix (or is it the Tucson?) and reduced Turkey to a puddle of goo! I stand in the humblest awe! After you've flicked the Boob away like a piece of lint on your waistcoat, what then? Are you going to absorb England like the Borg (or is it the Connors?) and allow me the privilege of being a part of your digestive system? Or do you have other plans?

GM to MAZZERMAN: Part of his digestive system? That's just disgusting ... and the puns were even worse.

ITALY to TURKEY: My God, and it's not even anywhere near Thanksgiving and I'm thankful?

ROME: The Italian Government announces the raising of a new legion headquartered at St. Mark's Square in Venice capable of intervening at a moment's notice in Central Europe. In addition, a new battleship has just been christened at Naples, the "Giulio Cesare" (the "Julius Caesar"). Like its namesake, the "Giulio Cesare" can be expected, if necessary, to win battles in both the West and in the East.

ITALY to ENGLAND and GERMANY: Come on, lads -- remember our motto: One for All, and All for One ... and a slice of France all around for each of us! We are the Three Musketeers. And in any three, there's the smart one, the sweet one and the 'ho.' Having never been to Sunset Boulevard, Italy isn't the 'ho.' After having read the Arsenic Endgame Statements, Italy isn't the smart one, so I guess that Italy, by the process of elimination, is the sweet one. Ciao!

ITALY: And speaking of ho's ...

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: In my heart of hearts, I knew that you were merely playing possum, and that either the Faz or the Boob were in deepest kimchi. But even in my wildest hopes, could I not have imagined the extent of your brilliance when, seemingly at death's ante-room you pulled yourself up from the ashes like the Phoenix (or is it the Tucson?) and reduced Turkey to a puddle of goo! I stand in the humblest awe! After you've flicked the Boob away like a piece of lint on your waistcoat, what then? Are you going to absorb England like the Borg (or is it the Connors?) and allow me the privilege of being a part of your digestive system? Or do you have other plans?

MOVIE REVIEW by STEVE LANGLEY: Legally Blonde -- I have to admit I was sucked in by the trailer. Turns out the movie was all the trailer promised, that is to say a really funny 'blond joke,' and better. There actually was a real plot with character growth, and a more than interesting character. Reese Witherspoon did a wonderful job of being the stereotypical blond, even teaching a short seminar on 'blond' to the customers of a beauty salon. She was also very compelling as a girl who realizes that no one ever has, nor probably ever will, take her seriously, because all they see is 'blond.' I laughed, I empathized, I had a really good time. This has to be my pick of the week for the past two weeks.

ENGLAND to GM: Steeler's Wheels -- whatever -- you are talking to someone who thinks Perry Como is hip.

GM to EL-LAY OLD-TIMER: Thought you weren't 'sposed to refer to a "hip" in the presence of an old person. Lots of replacement rumors going down, knowum mean?

NON-SEQUITIR OF THE MONTH WINNER:

ENGLAND to GERMANY: Gary called you a Burgundian. Are you going to stand for that?

Brutum Fulmen

Not this time ... need to get this out.

DIPL♁ MATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD – Culpa Mea Addition

GM delays	↓	Promises to do better. Again. Calling Andy Lischett!
Katherine Graham	↑	"Doormat" wife to Nixon-nixer. G'night, Kay, Meg is waiting for you.
Holland/Rumania	↔	Survivors will need Immunity Idol for next challenge.
Italian Press	↑	Bless his heart, but he's writing up a storm ...
PotA	↑	Damn dirty apes rock ... sort of. Lose "Honest Ape", Tim. Yes, really.
Bear on WS, Part II	↓	How low can you go? DIS cries on a quarterly basis ...
Dubya	↓	In heated talk on Cheney's health, Dubya emphatically declares that "Men don't have anginas!" Prez further perplexed by staffer who says Cheney has "... acute angina."

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