

# Deny Everything

Copyright © 2002 by Jim Mazzer. All rights reserved. Printed in the USA. Email: jim\_mazzer@earthlink.net

"How many times do you get to lie before you are a liar?" – *Michael Josephson, 20<sup>th</sup>/21<sup>st</sup>- century American ethicist.*  
 When you say you agree to a thing in principle you mean that you have not the slightest intention of carrying it out in practice." – *Otto Von Bismark.*

"Descended from the apes? Let us hope that it is not true. But if it is, let us pray that it may not become generally known." – *FA Montagu.*

## 2001 A Gaming ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥ

### Spring 1905:

♣Austria (Andy Lischett)  
 ♣England (Mike Mazzer)

♣Germany (Jim O'Kelley)  
 ♣Italy (Gary Coughlan)

♣Russia (Corky Clark)  
 ♣Turkey (Jim Burgess)

F AEG S (RUS) F syr – SMY, A boh – VIE, A SER – bul.  
 F edi – NWG, A lon – PIC, F ENG C A lon – PIC, A RUH S F HOL – kie(cut),  
 F por – SPA(sc), F NTH H, F HOL – kie, F den – SWE, F lpl – IRI.  
 A BER – kie, A stp – NWY.  
 F nap – ION, F rom – TYN, F ven – ADR, A BUD S (RUS) A gal – RUM,  
 A MUN – ruh, A tya – PIE, A vie – TYA, F EAS S (RUS) F syr – SMY,  
 F tyn – GOL, F tun – WES.  
 A gal – RUM, A SEV – mos, A UKR – mos, F syr – SMY, A sil – WAR.  
 A ARM – sev, A CON – bul, A rum S A ARM – sev(d;annihilated),  
 F bul(ec) – BLA, A smy S (ITA) F EAS – syr(NSO;d;annihilated).

### Game Notes:

- **Original ZAT** for Fall 1905 was Thursday, June 6, 2002, 9:00 pm Pacific;
- At the request of two players, a two week delay of the ZAT has been granted;
- **NEW ZAT** for Fall 1905 will be **June 20, 2002**
- ZAT for Winter (only) 1905 thereafter is Friday, July 5, 2002;
- The E/I/G/T draw proposal was defeated, 3½ No, 1½ Yes;
- Several more draws are proposed for your consideration – T/I/E, G/A/R/T, and the previously proposed E/I/G/T is re-proposed – please vote with your next set of orders;
- CORRECTION: Please note Italy did not have F ION, but rather had F TYN.

### PRESS:

ROME: On the E-I-G-T draw: First of all, thanks for including me. Second, why not go ahead and add "Hungary" and make it an E-I-G-H-T draw? E-I-G-H-T might be enough, but four is too many.

GM to ROME: You and Burgess make my head hurt. I mean, I know I suck as a GM, but I don't deserve this ...

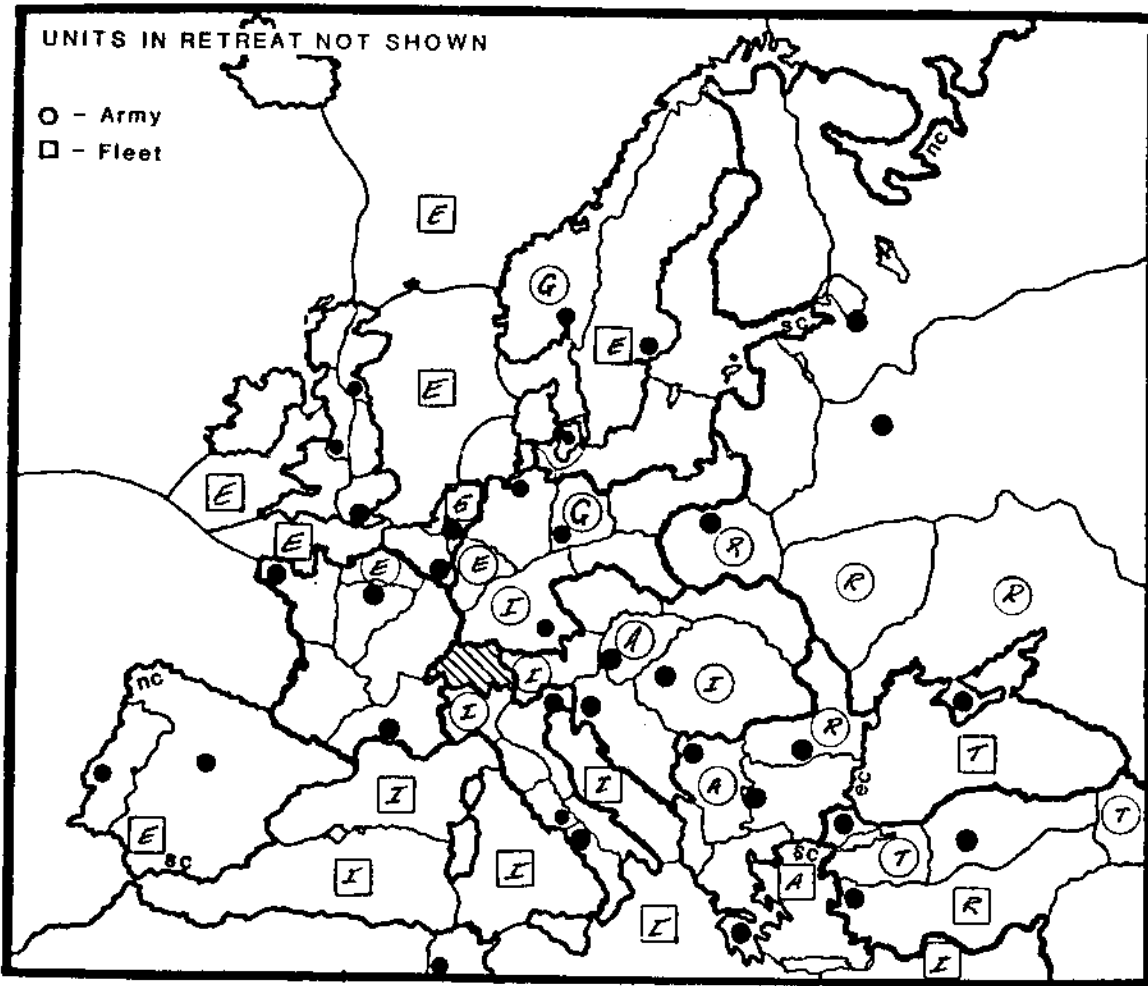
ENGLAND to GM: Don't be so hard on yourself, you're the second best GM I've ever played for. All the others in the hobby are tied for first. (Just kidding, just kidding -- see I'm smiling! I'm having fun, I'm having fun, I'm having fun, I'm having fun ... )

GM to ENGLAND: Keep it up and I'll hold your press for another four weeks. Or send you to the Press Judge

### Address/e-mails

Big Bill	402 Ridgeland Ave., Bergamo, IL 60407	NA
Mazzerman	1900 Kelton Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90025	mmazzer@goalonline.com
Woody	602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446	stwmarn@aol.com
Chum	664 W. Irving Park Rd., I-6, Chicago, IL 60613	jimok3@concentric.net
Grimme	6056 Belle Grove Cove, N. Memphis, TN 38115	bamboonuts@email.msn.com
Corky	29123 Diablo Place, Castaic, CA 91384	dclark@santa-clarita.com
Boob	664 Smith Street, Providence, RI 02908-4327	burgess@world.std.com

### Spring 1905



**Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1904**

Austria	Trieste, Innsbruck	0
England	Edin, Lon, Bri, Bel, Bre, Ger, Nwy, Hol, Por	0
France		0
Germany	Bel, Slo	0
Italy	Nap, Rom, Ven, Mar, Par, Spa, Tur, Bud, Mun, Vi	10
Russia	Mos, S, W, V, S, W, S	0
Turkey	Ank, Con, Isl, Rum, Slay	0
		3

ENGLAND to PRESS JUDGE: I'm not sure whether or not to be offended at your comment that I hadn't changed a bit or be grateful. Do you mean my play? I like to think I am every bit as incompetent now as I was then and take great pride in it. Do you mean my press? I was certainly overwhelmed last season by the likes of Gary and Boob (at least in quantity). Do you mean in my irresistible charm and boyish insouciance? Well shucks, thanks, Ghod!

TURKEY to ENGLAND: Let's let the witchy twitchin' be. Bow down before the great and powerful Boob! Admit that your skills have atrophied and that you need to return to the cauldron to seek the truth of the seers.

BOOB to TURKISH WITCH: Sears? I never shop at Sears!! I avoid WalMart, too!!

GM to GAME: Oh, Ghod, here we go again ... Press Judge! Press Judge!! PRESS JUDGE!!! Now where the hell is he when you need him?

BOOB to PRESS JUDGE: Have mercy on me, have mercy on me ... aw, just slay me.

GM to BOOB: Well, well, we wish someone would, you monster. Unfortunately, the Judge is a no-show this time. Look, can we settle this civilized? No more press, or at least just not for this month? I regret ever stirring you to write your soul-less blither.

DEVILISHLY EVIL BOOB to HAPLESS DUCK: Not only will you REGRET this, you will beg on your knees that I get too busy to write more press again.

SOCRATES to DEVILISHLY EVIL BOOB: He already does, pal, he already does.

GM to SOCRATES: BTW, isn't "evil boob" sort of an oxymoron? I mean, I've loved every boob I ever had the pleasure to ... meet, and not a one was evil ... and speaking of lovable ...

SOCRATES to GM: Don't say it, pal ...

MA SO KISSED to BOOB: Ooooh aahhh, could you put a little more press into the next issue? I just love to hear you blither. It makes me feel like a natural woman!

GM to MA: I always suspected you were all natural. But I also expected you were sane – you telling him you want more press?!

MA to GM: Yes, that is what I said – let the blither cascade down on me like a shower of love.

GM to MA SO KISSED: If you're fond of his stuff, no telling what other kinds of showers you're into ...

SOCRATES to GM: Better cool it, pal, or you're gonna get us all kicked out of the place for fowl, er, foul language!

ENGLAND to ITALY: Three fleets? THREE FRIGGIN' FLEETS?!! I know you have a thing for sailors, but this??

BELGIAN SYMPATHIZERS to ITALIAN FLEETS: Oh please, great and powerful Etruscan Sailors, come and liberate us from the smelly, tea drinking Brits who wouldn't know a good beer if it were dumped on them!

GM To ENGLAND: Seems the Belgies have gone soft for sailors, too. Or is that they've gone ... never mind ...

GM to MA SO KISSED: You are a very bad influence on me, not to mention this zine.

BELGIAN BEER PARTY IN DUNKERQUE HARBOR: Haven't you ever heard of shipping coal to Newcastle?? Yee-hah!! Dump yer damned Brit swill in the harbor and feed it to the plankton.

GM to BURGESS: Maybe that's how we could get rid of your press, though Heaven knows what noxious effect it'd have on the sea life ... I mean, there's some stuff even plankton won't digest ...

ROME to LONDON: So I'm a pig and a Biblical beast in your eyes, but you present yourself as a crocodile? What a croc! You're an "allegator"! (And that's "Whore of Budapest", not "Whore of Babylon" in MY "plain English version".)

And I see that the hand that held the dagger has struck it into the back of its neighbor. Typical.

GM to MA: Like I said, a very bad influence on us all.

ROME to the ENGLISH WOLF: I may be "very much an un-indicted co-conspirator" as you so eloquently put it, but I'm no ferocious genocidal nation-killer as you have proven yourself to be! I won't let you kill Germany as you murdered France! Italian friendship and aid turned your miserable island from a backwater nothing into a potent power of European proportions. What has been done, can be undone. Before I reluctantly abandoned France, I could have had him up to 6 units quite easily with a French army convoyed into your English heartland. Those who ally with Italy, prosper. Those who encounter England, die. You think Italy can't help make Germany vibrant and strong as Italy did England and France? Just watch!

ENGLAND to NAPLES: You can't imagine how offended I am that I was left out of your little drama. And to boot, you steal Bob Olsen's Count Vlad schtick and attempt to impersonate him. – Believe me, I knew Count Vlad and you're no Count Vlad.

GM to ENGLAND: Wish you'd stop bringing him up. It makes me sad he's no longer here in the press. As far as Italy's attempted impression, well, you know how those Tennesseans are about impersonating dead people. (Think Graceland ...)

ENGLAND to ITALY: It seems that Count Vlad has finally ascended to heaven in that chariot drawn by a dozen swans – that was going to be his elimination press throughout his hobby career – except being such a consummate genius, he was never eliminated.

ROME to LONDON: The Pope says all can be forgiven you as long as you haven't touched Spain or threatened Paris. See, many Italian armies and fleets are coming to forgive you now ... And this isn't an attack. I mean, are you going to believe me, or your lying eyes?

ENGLAND to ITALY: Of course you realize this is the moral equivalent of Fort Sumter.

GM to LONDON: Yeah? Well read on and get a load of the "Coughlan Doctrine" of Manifest Symmetry ...

NAPLES: Italy has now adopted a new foreign policy called "Symmetry". During wargaming strategy on his old-style Diplomacy board, the King of Italy noted the proud colors of the Italian flag (green-white-red) in two different vital locations. "Can this be mere coincidence?" His Majesty mused. "Here, in the north, three armies of green, white and red abut a yellow army in Rumania whilst, here in the south, three fleets of green, white and red adjoin a yellow fleet in Smyrna. Armies against an army and fleets against a fleet and both bedecked in Italy's national colors fighting the "Yellow Peril"! How symmetrical it all is!"

ENGLAND to ITALY: I'm glad you cleared that up about the "green Italian tree casting its shade over Europe". I thought it was just mold.

NAPLES to GM and EUROPE: And who amongst us can argue against Symmetry? I know I can't ...

ROME to CONSTANTINOPLE: I know the headlines will read "Disaster In the East", but whether the bell tolls for thee or for me, I cannot say ... In either case, Italy has to look askance on a new East Roman Empire which combines strength, great potential for growth, and unpredictability, in equal measures. Consider what I hope has been an all-out assault on your Empire as a wonderful tribute to your extreme dangerousness to all the rest of us.

GM to SULTAN BOOB: Or it's just a really bad case of gas leading to exceptional crankiness ...

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH to LAWLESS AND FAITHLESS INFIDELS: The world only abides the true pure religions. All others shall tremble before the force of the Catholic and Islamic might.

GM to DEFEATED DEFENDER: Don't imagine you saw that Catholic might turning into a Crusade there, eh? That kiss on the cheek? That was a betrayal-in Gethsamane-kind-of-motif. (It's a New Testament thing, you probably didn't know.) Cheer up, they'll surely write epic odes about your heroic slaughter. See? Here's one now ...

ROME to CONSTANTINOPLE: "Charge of the Light Brigade", updated (and I hope not out of date) ... "Into the Valley of Death Rode the six hundred ... Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die ... Cannon to the right of them (Da, that would be the Russians), Cannon to the left of them (Jawohl, should be the Austrians), Cannon in front of them (Si, the Italians!) Volleyed and thundered; Stormed at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of hell, Rode the six hundred."

TURKISH ADMIRAL to ITALIAN ADMIRAL: If you aren't going to help rid the Syrians of the Cossack infestation (who knew that Cossacks could sail???), then just get the heck back to Italian waters where you belong!

GM to BOOB: That's about the funniest, most coherent press you ever wrote. Next thing you know, Mazzer will be taking your silly questions about soccer seriously.

ENGLAND to TURKEY: Yes indeed, Turkey is in the World Cup – and they have drawn Brazil in their bracket as well, but they are highly regarded and should do well. Listen, I am quite willing to make *Deny Everything* the World Cup center of the Dip hobby – unless the European contingent that you correspond with in TAP do a preemptive strike. As for the good ol' US of A – well don't count us out to get out of bracket – we won't beat Portugal, but S. Korea and Poland could be possibilities which would set up a potential US – Italy match in the round of 16. France (the holders) and Argentina are considered the favorites to win the whole enchilada. Conspiracy theorists – of which your GM is one – are claiming that the Argentine player who plays for Bayer Leverkusen who took out England Captain and Manchester United Star David Beckham, breaking his foot, was under orders from the Argentine Generalissimo. The England vs. Argentina match should be a classic.

GM to MA: The best thing about being the GM is knowing exactly what's gonna happen next. F'rinstance, and trust me on this, you're going to start talking about auras any minute ... but first, I got to get back to Mazzer.

SAUGUS DOUBLE-WIDE to ELAY CARDBOARD BOX: Amazing how you've run electricity to the refrigerator carton and all. Anyway, no doubt in my mind the injury to Beckham was absolutely calculated. He was hammered all afternoon and then double-tackled for the injury. Tell you what, my English relatives (Man U fans all) are ready to start up the Falklands War, Part II. It will be a brutal grudge match. Oh, and happily I will become the World Cup zine if you'd like.

GM to DAF: Okay, sweet, you're up ... oops! I meant Ma ...

MA to AUSTRIA: Looking at your aura, I see Crayons. Does that make sense to anyone?

GM to MA: Makes more sense than the next item ... which makes more sense than the Neapolitan Chronicles (aka "The Nonsense Section,"), barely, which will show up shortly. I'm almost sure of it.

GENOA - "GIMME", GRIMACED GRIMME. "GOSH, GREECE'S GOING, GOING, GONE." GOBBLED GRIMME.

NEAPOLITAN CHRONICLES (NAPLES): ... Song of Solomon 2:5 ... Constantinople 700 years ago (and now?) ... Morte tua, vita mia ... Ecclesiastes 10:8 ... Alma 62:6-8 ... Do not kill the golden egg layer ... Quo vadis? ... Lepanto 1905? ... How long the reign in Spain? ... Imminent "Mazzercre" in Paris? ... Gli anni Verdi ... Realpolitik ...

ROME to GM: How can you, in good conscience, refer to the "Neapolitan Chronicles" as "the Nonsense Section" when you printed all that "Booberish" press last time?! It went ON AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON, seemingly without end! Are we to be spared NOTHING?! Mercy, O Great One! Please carefully consider when next you "let loose the Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster" !!

GM to ROME: How can you in good conscience, say it's not? I call it as I see it. You tell me what all that stuff in there is ... it's about as clear as sausage. As for Boob press, well, war is hell ...

ROME to GM: War is hell, but then there's Jim-Boob's press ...

GM to ROME: You have a point. It's like using a weapon of mass deconstruction over a border skirmish.

BOOB to COCKALORUM: Come over here and see me sometime, big fella!

GM to BOOB: Get away from me with that thing.

ONLOOKER to GM: Is it just me, or is it getting warm in here?

GM to MA: You always were a sucker of, er, for a big cockalorum. Of course it's warm in here ... you strive for it. CANNIBALISTIC BOOB to TURKISH ISLAMIC IMANS: Is it OK if we still feed writhing human flesh to the troops? Sorry, DeRees, I hope you taste great and are less filling!

GM to BOOB: Get away from him, too.

ROME to LONDON: I think the "mouth of hell" must be Jim-Bob's press!

GM to ROME: Well, I dunno ... I mean, I once knew this girl ...

SOCRATES to MA: Pal, you are an extraordinarily bad influence on Williams' "aura". Wait! I tell his wife.

MA to ENGLAND: Hmm, your aura is green and uneven, I can't be more specific than that. Do you understand this message?

TU NUOC Y DAI LOI TO NUOC NGA ... NGAY MAI THUOC VE CHUNG TA.

Chung ta se thang! Em xin cam on anh cho su guip do. Em hy vong anh se Thang bo vi, and rat le phep voi em. Xin noi loi chao voi Tony. -Thien

GM to GAME: Do not attempt this at home. These are trained professionals performing under expert guidance. Ah, *Deny Everything* ... where else but here could you get backstabbing treachery done in Vietnamese?

VENICE: Italy is now officially afflicted with the third of the listed Shakespearean conditions from "*Twelfth Night*", Act ii. Sc 5: "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em."

ROME to BERLIN: Kaiser, I hope you are now primed to be in the 2nd Shakespearean condition ...

ROME to THE SULTAN: And you, Jim-Boob, were born great and it could only go downhill after that ...

GM to ROME: That's Boob ... he possesses an aura of greatness, without the greatness ... interesting that you would list Germany and Turkey in this particular item about greatness ... I see way more differences than similarities.

GERMANY to GM: No. 5 on the list of differences between me and Jim-Bob. Regarding press, I have nothing interesting to say; therefore, I say nothing. Jim-Bob has nothing interesting to say, and he proves that each month.

GM to GERMANY: May be true, but he gets a lot more ink than you, and you are a lot funnier, so send something and stop playing the strong, silent type ... yeah, yeah, yeah ... I know Kevin must be a handful, but deal with it. Believe it or not, this group might be interested in knowing how he's getting along. (After alk, we're just about all 'grandparent age' here. (Especially that drooler, Mazzer.)

MA to GERMANY: My, my - you're a young one. Your aura is still baby pink with innocence. However, I keep hearing the theme from "Jaws".

GM to MA: Innocence??? You've GOT to be kidding. O'Kelley's about as innocent as the U.S. Congress. Though I will say he's way smarter.

MA to ITALY: Let's see, when I look into your aura, it's in an airport - and someone is trying to get you to look at the Word. That, and the word "houserules". I hope that makes sense to you - I can make nothing of it.

GM to MA: Funny, I'm having the same problem with the next press item.

VENICE: "True, we have a faithful ally---But only the devil can tell what he means!" - ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, (From his poem, Riflemen, Form!)

GM to GAME: And now, here's something we're hoping you'll really like ...

IN THE HAREM OF THE BOOB! {Via Rome} - A bevy of European beauties have arrived in, near, and around Turkey, hoping to be the next chosen one of the Sultan who has wooed all of Europe in one way or another via email or telephone to become his consort and rule in the East and the West. He has promised so much! Sultan Jim-Boob is ensconced (!) in his throne room while Miss Germany, Miss Austria, Miss Russia, and Miss Italy take stock of the palatial surroundings, the nuances of the Byzantine atmosphere and ... each other. Sultan Jim-Boob has graciously provided servants to attend their every need. Our scene opens ...

EUNUCH: Behold, Beauteous Ones, a bountiful feast ... meats, sweets and fruits. Pomegranate anyone?

Miss Russia: Careful, girls, check everything out first to see if it's poisoned. That's one thing I learned before the Sultan kicked me out of Smyrna last fall. Have you got some goat's milk? And some apples? I just love apples, can't get enough apples.

Miss Austria: Can I get a tattoo while I'm here? Maybe one that looks like that big bird over there? My whole upper body is all big bird tattoos like peacocks, ostriches, emus - you name it. Just what kind of bird is that?

EUNUCH: Goat's milk coming up. Tattoo artists are on the premises. That's a bird-of-paradise.

Miss Germany: Perhaps you've been used to another type of bird, honey. I have one for you right here. Pick a finger.

Miss Italy: There's no need to be nasty, Miss Germany. Remember you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.

Miss Germany: And you should know all about how to draw flies.

Miss Italy: Why you scrawny bitch, I'll pull your hair out ... or is that another cheap, dirty wig?!

Miss Russia: It looks "goofy". Why are you even here, Miss Germany? What do you have to offer the Sultan?

Miss Germany: He didn't kick me out of Smyrna like he did you, now did he, dear?! The Sultan and I have been an "item" for quite a while and ...

Miss Italy: Was that before or after the English Wolf dumped you?

Miss Germany: I wasn't dumped, I ...

Miss Austria: You were shoved down the stairs with both hands! You were put out with the trash! You're used goods! Where is Miss England anyway? I thought for sure she'd be here.

Miss Italy: I think Miss England is currently stranded in Spain. I'm sending some of my fleets to "rescue" her from her own folly ... Miss Austria, what makes you think Sultan Jim-Boob wants a Viennese Vamp all tattooed with big birds? Is that a pink flamingo on your left bicep? Oh wow, you can make it jiggle and jump!

Miss Germany: Yeah, and it looks like that flamingo's got one foot in the grave already, huh, Miss Austria, just like you do? I guess "til death us do part" wouldn't be too long for you if Sultan Jim-Boob chose you! Ha ha ha!

Miss Austria: I'm more alive than you are, you Berlin Broad! Besides, I frequently show Sultan Jim-Boob some of my "Cheesecake". He can't wait to get it in his mail box. And he calls me ...

Miss Russia: Calls? Oh yeah, he calls me names, too, and he's very interested in my homeland. He says that Ukraine girls really knock him out, they leave the West behind and Moscow girls make him sing and shout, so I think, despite Smyrna, that I have the inside track. But I'm from Castaic. He indicated we could do genealogy and share stories every night! Wonder what I can do for the Sultan?

Miss Italy: Well, we know Sultan Jim-Boob's not into four-ways, he was very vehement on that point. And you're no Scheherazade unless you start writing some press and Lord knows, Sultan Jim-Boob isn't much for story-telling! I've come all this way just to find out more about him, to see if he's the one for Italy. He said his and my fortunes were "inextricably linked". He's so mysterious and Byzantine.

Miss Russia: What's Byzantine? Is that one of those yellow apples I haven't tried yet?

Miss Germany: Byzantine is anything that you don't understand, Miss Russia! Sultan Jim-Boob can't be expected to explain TWO DECADES worth of stuff to you.

Miss Austria: And just how long have you been around, Chum?! Still you're no spring chicken.

EUNUCH: O Beauteous Ones! Sultan Jim-Boob has made his selection. It's Miss Germany!

Miss Italy: WHAT?!! This is an outrage! It makes absolutely no strategic sense at all!

EUNUCH: Love can be blind, O Green-with-envy One! It is the exception to all rules, is it not?

Miss Austria: I feel so violated! And after all those telephone calls Sultan Jim-Boob made to me, too! And I was going to get a turkey tattooed on my back to show my devotion to Sultan Jim-Boob!

Miss Germany: Don't worry about that, Turkey will always be on your back! Isn't anyone going to congratulate me?

Miss Russia: Spurned in Smyrna and now spurned in Syria! Does this mean I get Smyrna back, my fellow jilted sisters?!

Miss Italy: It certainly does! And it also means you won't be "Spurned in Sevastopol"! To your ships, my sisters! Sultan Jim-Bob has made his choice clear and has opted for Germany over us! Let him see how worthless his cherished alliance with Germany is when it comes to protecting the Ottoman Empire from us.

Miss Austria: And Miss Germany, I at least have a ship and you don't. Nyah Nyah!! "Come sail away, come sail away.."

EUNUCH: What a cockalorum! Notify the Boob at once! Another Lepanto is upon us! Let loose the Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster! IN THE HAREM OF THE BOOB! {Via Rome} – A bevy of European beauties have arrived in, near, and around Turkey, hoping to be the next chosen one of the Sultan who has wooed all of Europe in one way or another via email or telephone to become his consort and rule in the East and the West. He has promised so much! Sultan Jim-Boob is ensconced (!) in his throne room while Miss Germany, Miss Austria, Miss Russia, and Miss Italy take stock of the palatial surroundings, the nuances of the Byzantine atmosphere and ... each other. Sultan Jim-Boob has graciously provided servants to attend their every need. Our scene opens ...

EUNUCH: Behold, Beauteous Ones, a bountiful feast ... meats, sweets and fruits. Pomegranate anyone?

Miss Russia: Careful, girls, check everything out first to see if it's poisoned. That's one thing I learned before the Sultan kicked me out of Smyrna last fall. Have you got some goat's milk? And some apples? I just love apples, can't get enough apples.

Miss Austria: Can I get a tattoo while I'm here? Maybe one that looks like that big bird over there? My whole upper body is all big bird tattoos like peacocks, ostriches, emus – you name it. Just what kind of bird is that?

EUNUCH: Goat's milk coming up. Tattoo artists are on the premises. That's a bird-of-paradise.

Miss Germany: Perhaps you've been used to another type of bird, honey. I have one for you right here. Pick a finger.

Miss Italy: There's no need to be nasty, Miss Germany. Remember you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar.

Miss Germany: And you should know all about how to draw flies.

Miss Italy: Why you scrawny bitch, I'll pull your hair out ... or is that another cheap, dirty wig?!

Miss Russia: It looks "goofy". Why are you even here, Miss Germany? What do you have to offer the Sultan?

Miss Germany: He didn't kick me out of Smyrna like he did you, now did he, dear?! The Sultan and I have been an "item" for quite a while and ...

Miss Italy: Was that before or after the English Wolf dumped you?

Miss Germany: I wasn't dumped, I ...

Miss Austria: You were shoved down the stairs with both hands! You were put out with the trash! You're used goods! Where is Miss England anyway? I thought for sure she'd be here.

Miss Italy: I think Miss England is currently stranded in Spain. I'm sending some of my fleets to "rescue" her from her own folly ... Miss Austria, what makes you think Sultan Jim-Boob wants a Viennese Vamp all tattooed with big birds? Is that a pink flamingo on your left bicep? Oh wow, you can make it jiggle and jump!

Miss Germany: Yeah, and it looks like that flamingo's got one foot in the grave already, huh, Miss Austria, just like you do? I guess "til death us do part" wouldn't be too long for you if Sultan Jim-Boob chose you! Ha ha ha!

Miss Austria: I'm more alive than you are, you Berlin Broad! Besides, I frequently show Sultan Jim-Boob some of my "Cheesecake". He can't wait to get it in his mail box. And he calls me ...

Miss Russia: Calls? Oh yeah, he calls me names, too, and he's very interested in my homeland. He says that Ukraine girls really knock him out, they leave the West behind and Moscow girls make him sing and shout, so I think, despite Smyrna, that I have the inside track. But I'm from Castaic. He indicated we could do genealogy and share stories every night! Wonder what I can do for the Sultan?

Miss Italy: Well, we know Sultan Jim-Boob's not into four-ways, he was very vehement on that point. And you're no Scheherazade unless you start writing some press and Lord knows, Sultan Jim-Boob isn't much for story-telling! I've come all this way just to find out more about him, to see if he's the one for Italy. He said his and my fortunes were "inextricably linked". He's so mysterious and Byzantine.

Miss Russia: What's Byzantine? Is that one of those yellow apples I haven't tried yet?

Miss Germany: Byzantine is anything that you don't understand, Miss Russia! Sultan Jim-Boob can't be expected to explain TWO DECADES worth of stuff to you.

Miss Austria: And just how long have you been around, Chum?! Still you're no spring chicken.

EUNUCH: O Beauteous Ones! Sultan Jim-Boob has made his selection. It's Miss Germany!

Miss Italy: WHAT?!! This is an outrage! It makes absolutely no strategic sense at all!

EUNUCH: Love can be blind, O Green-with-envy One! It is the exception to all rules, is it not?

Miss Austria: I feel so violated! And after all those telephone calls Sultan Jim-Boob made to me, too! And I was going to get a turkey tattooed on my back to show my devotion to Sultan Jim-Boob!

Miss Germany: Don't worry about that, Turkey will always be on your back! Isn't anyone going to congratulate me?

Miss Russia: Spurned in Smyrna and now spurned in Syria! Does this mean I get Smyrna back, my fellow jilted sisters?!

Miss Italy: It certainly does! And it also means you won't be "Spurned in Sevastopol"! To your ships, my sisters!

Sultan Jim-Bob has made his choice clear and has opted for Germany over us! Let him see how worthless his cherished alliance with Germany is when it comes to protecting the Ottoman Empire from us.

Miss Austria: And Miss Germany, I at least have a ship and you don't. Nyah Nyah!! "Come sail away, come sail away.."

EUNUCH: What a cockalorum! Notify the Boob at once! Another Lepanto is upon us! Let loose the Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster!

-----THE END???-----

GM to EUNICH: Well, that was a bad idea ... no telling what will happen when you let that genie out of the bottle ...

VENICE to GM: Let Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster!!!

ROME to GM: Let Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster!!!

NAPLES to GM: Let Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster!!!

PIEDMONT to GM: Let Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster !!!

TUSCANY to GM: Let Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster !!!

APULIA to GM: Let Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster !!!

GM to THE PROVINCES: Be careful what you ask for, you may get it ...

BOOB to GM: Please instruct Corky on the proper behavior toward Boobs. After that, I'm done. Let's see if anyone paid any attention to what I wrote last time.

GM to BOOB: That's no fair – no one paid attention to what you wrote last time, or any other time for that matter. Well, excepting Mazzer, and that was a soccer thing ... he's so starved for validation that's he's not throwing his life away on something most American couldn't care less about, he's willing to respond to anything with the word "soccer" in it. Hell, from what I read earlier, Mazzer still thinks Olsen's playing Russia.

BOOB to DEREES: Olsen, you ain't.

GM to BOOB: We knew that.

ROME to RUSSIA: Which is the worse calamity in your estimation: the Ten Plagues of Egypt or when the GM " Lets Loose The Jim-Boob KRAKEN Press Monster" ???!!! Watch out, here it comes again!

BOOB to CORKY: Go ahead and try, your chances are about as great as the consistency of your center. And your centers are OURS!

RUSSIA to TURKEY: Jim, just once I'd like to you to say something nice to me. Go ahead, I dare you. At first it may hurt a little. If you can't think of anything yourself, ask somebody you know for ideas. It doesn't even have to contain any real SUBSTANCE. You don't even have to really mean it, just don't let on that you don't mean it. People often say nice things to each other just as a courtesy.

GENIE BOTTLE to CORKY: Please come stop me up before I get ravaged by these horny Diplomats! Put YOUR cork in me!!

GM to CORKY: Sounds a little rough to me, buddy, but it's a start ... hey, it beats him taking your dots!

GM, IN WHISPERED ASIDE to MA SO KISSED: No offense, but that sounds more like something you'd say.

MA to TURKEY: I would read your aura, but it would take me too damn long. And what is this jumble called "press". You, sir, need a hobby!

GM to MA: I'm sorry to report, but writing reams of bad press IS his Hobby. Some people collect stamps, some coins, some autographs. Boob collects groans of dismay. Big ones, small ones ...

BOOB to TAPINOPHOBE: I don't do small ones, sorry.

GM to BOOB: Who you calling a tapinophobe?

GM to GAME: That about wraps it up. I think there's one last little bit to finish up the issue (late as it is) so let's get to it and say good-bye ... Ma So Kissed, take it away ...

MA to GM: You have the aura of a fine wine – you seem to be getting better with age. I see the numbers 3 and 1 and the words 'times' and 'night'. Hmmmmm!

GM (aka GOLDEN TOADY TWO) to GODDESS: Let your splendor be revealed! Let me bow down on bended knee and show you my big genuflection (it's not what you think!) That fine wine you see must be a "blush wine", cause it's what I'm doing now. Your memory is good, but not too good; go back and read the old stuff ... the number was four, sweetie ... but I was so much younger then, I'm older then than now.

GM to ALL: Good-bye, and we'll see you real soon.



"On the whole, human beings want to be good, but not too good, and not quite all the time."

**2002-B ILIAD**

TURKISH LOST BATTALION DISAPPEARS IN FOG OF WAR ... FOUR ARMIES, FIVE FLEETS CREATED AS EUROPEAN CONFLICT HEAT UP ... AND THE FOUR REMAINING NEUTRAL POWERS? ... THEY JES' LAY LOW ...

AUTUMN 1901:

Turkey: A bul In Retreat; No Retreat Received; A bul r OTB by GM.

WINTER 1901:

RbAustria (Ryan Wheeler)	Build A VIE, F TRI. Has As BOH, BUL, VIE; Fs GRE, TRI.
RbEngland (Corky Clark)	Build F LPL. Has Fs LPL, NWG, NWY; A LON.
RbFrance (Scott Williams)	Build A PAR. Has As PAR, BUR, MAR; F POR
RbGermany (Greg Bond)	Build F KIE. Has As MUN, SIL; Fs KIE, HOL.
RbItaly (John Bovee)	Build F NAP. Has As ROM, VEN; Has Fs NAP, TUN.
RbRussia (Dave Peterson)	Build A WAR, A MOS. Has As GAL, MOS, SEV, WAR; Fs RUM, SWE.
RbTurkey (Scott Wilk)	Build F CON, Has Fs BLA, CON; A ARM.

Game Notes:

- Deadline for Spring 1902 moves is set for Thursday, **June 6, 2002**, 9:00 pm Pacific;
- ZAT for Fall 1902 is set for **Friday, July 5, 2002**;
- (<http://devel.diplom.org/DipPouch/Online> use it, especially for the maps; I'll provide turn maps, but they don't have names. Use the website until you're familiar with the board;
- Similarly, I use standard abbreviations for the seas and land spaces, but use the website (or e-mail the question to me) if you need help;
- Good first year, everyone.

PRESS:

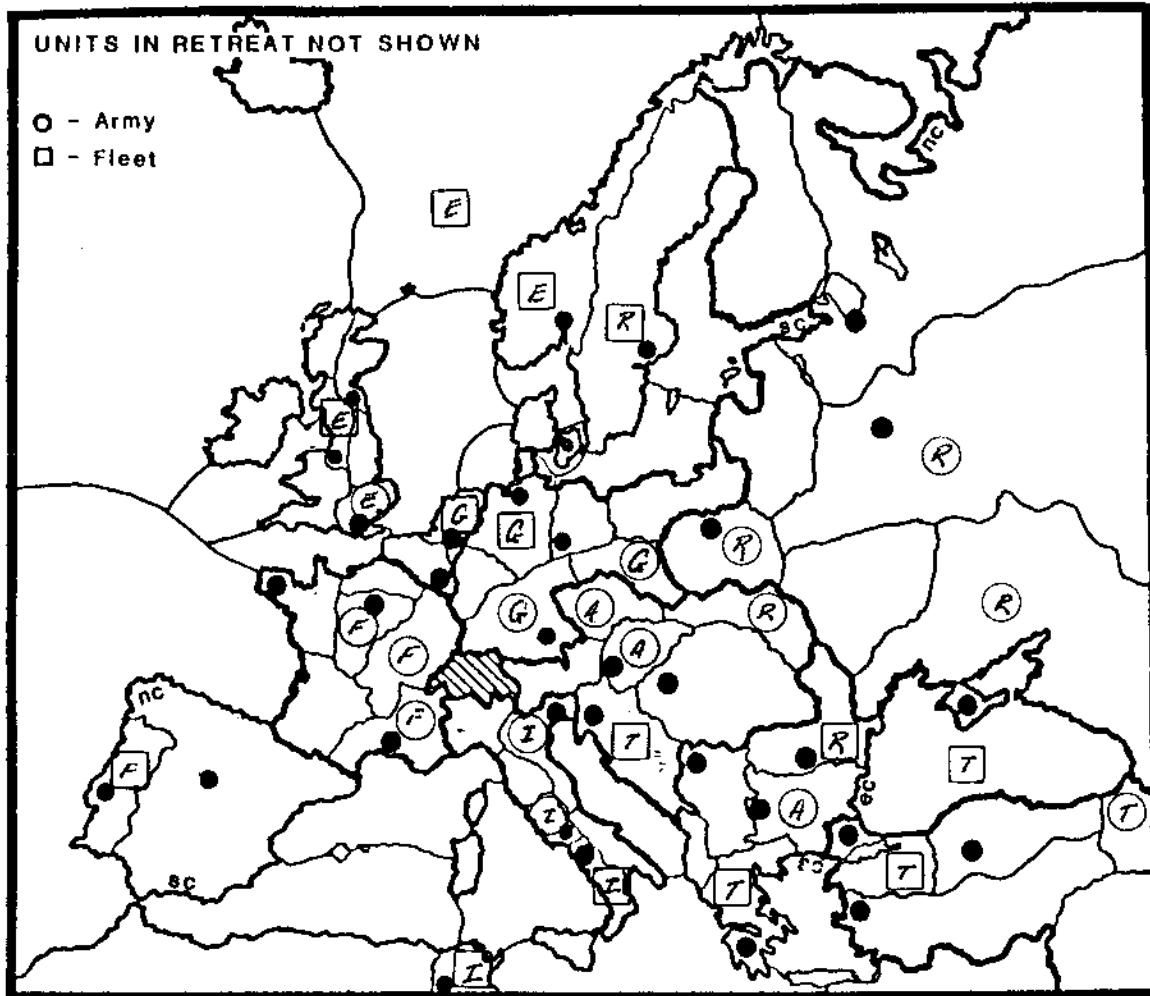
Your Press Here, If You Had Any

Addresses/e-mails		
Ryan Wheeler	22871 Arroyo Park Drive, Vista, CA 92083	wheer@comcast.net
Corky Clark	29123 Diablo Place, Castaic, CA 91384	dclark@santa-clarita.com
Scott Williams	2411 Highland Blvd, Los Angeles, CA 90028	scott@scottwilliams.com
Greg Bond	27614 N. Ron Ridge drive, Saugus, CA 91350	GMBond4@aol.com
John Bovee	11271 N. Reed Hill, Santa Clarita, CA 91351	johnbovee@earthlink.net
Dave Peterson	23312 Portland Lane, Santa Clarita, CA 91355	dpeterson@santa-clarita.com
Scott Wilk	9291 Vista del Monte, Vista, CA 92083	Scott.Wilk@earthlink.net

**DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD - Nothing To Say Edition**

Baseball	Smile Against Stalin
Press Judge	How/Scam
China	Sends one treat to them. It's a start. OK, but only that.
Chandra Shekher	Case takes a tough turn. Gone but not forgotten. Whodunnit.
9-11	EBI didn't connect the dots after the second guessing began.
Ma So Kissed	Three up arrows. Need DIS say more?
Red Sox	Best record in baseball. OOPS! DIS just screwed 'em for the rest of the season.

### Winter 1901



**Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1901**

Aust	Bud	Tri	Vienna	Gr
England	Ed	Lon	Sw	NW
France	Br	Mars	Paris	So
Germany	Ber	Kiel	W	Wid
Italy	Na	P	Ve	Vi
Russia	Mos	S	St	W
Turkey	Con	St	Sm	
Neutral	San	Man	Spa	Bah
				34 TOTAL

Diplomacy is the copyrighted product of Hasbro, and all reproductions or other uses of the product in this publication are intended solely for personal entertainment and are not intended to infringe on those rights in any way. All costs of this publication are borne by the editor and others at a financial loss and are without profit or other commercial intent, except to promote the play and enjoyment of the game. Diplomacy can be purchased from Hasbro or other duly licensed distributors. I own three copies of the game and will certainly buy more – you can't have too many.

*Deny Everything* is produced by Don Williams and the players of *Deny Everything*. DE#12 is DipNation publication #124.