

Deny Everything

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"A language is a dialect with an army and a navy." – *Max Weinreich*
 "Peace, n. In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting." – *Ambrose Bierce*

Late again. As usual. Readers of *DE* in *TAP* aren't aware that game results for Odyssey do generally go out in a timely manner (sometimes within a few hours of the deadline), but press often lags behind and drives the players nuts. I try to do it faster, but I'm slime.

Bob Acheson. I was telling Stephanie a few days ago about Bob Acheson's passing and I realized how much I will miss him. Like so many other of his victims, I admired his ability and skill, and could never quite figure out how he did to me what he did. I was also pleased to be a long-time reader of CD. I will miss him. We all who knew him will miss him.

Iliad. For those two of you paying attention, *DE* has been running two games. Iliad was one of them. I say was, because the game has been disbanded, almost unanimously. Believe it or not, there's a good news/bad news component involved. Iliad was conceived as a game to bring seven rookies and novices into the Hobby fold as PBM players. In that respect, it failed miserably. After an incredibly tentative start in S'01 (yeah, I remember my first game – barely), things limped forward in F'01. W'01 brought three NMRs, though I was able to solicit late orders and only one became official. In S'02, more NMRs ... and two players avoided NMRing by holding all units in place. In F'02 the most amazing thing I've seen in my 20-plus years of experience occurred when all seven players NMRed. Only Steve Cooley, the called standby, sent orders. (His comment on seeing the short history of the game was that, if he could get in it, he could win it. He was probably right.) I contacted the players offering to continue the game if a majority expressed interest in continuing. Three voted no, one voted yes, and three voted not-at-all, a no vote in abstentia. I will contact the BNC and disband the game accordingly. Some things are not meant to be. This was one. The good news? First, two of the rookies quickly found the PBEM Hobby and are now busily hammering away at the judges – two new lying SOBs join Our ranks. They found monthly turns too slow. Second, Steve Cooley has been coaxed out of semi-retirement and will once again sling one of the meanest blades in Dipdom

Not To Be Deterred. I am starting a **new game**. I have three openings left. It will be a No Press Gunboat game. I've never offered one before, but based on a recent discussion with a Hobby friend, I thought I would give it a try. If you want in, let me know. I'll tell you right now, it will be aggressive and bloody.

Movies. I'm a terrible reviewer. As is my wont in most things, I don't know when to quit. (The Williams Family motto, promoted by my sister-like substance, Kim, is "If it's worth doing, it's worth over-doing." It'd sound better in Latin, I'm sure.) I give too much detail, and miss important things like, the quality of the acting, the chemistry between the characters, etc. Still, wanted to say that I recently rented "K-PAX" (loved it), "The Virgin Suicides" (hated it, didn't get it), and saw "Minority Report" (liked it, but disappointed by 'surprise' ending), "Black Hawk Down" (awestruck by story and cinematography), and "Behind Enemy Lines" (fell asleep, but the part I saw was decent).

New Format. Andy Lischett's latest cheesecake recently underwent a change. Had to keep up with the competition.

⚔️ DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD ⚔️ Summer in the City Edition

Global warming	▲	You're getting warmer, warmer, warmer, hot, hotter, hey! It's no kid's game.
Under God	▲	Court shows it's possible to be right and clueless at the same time.
Inconsistency	▲	And while we're at it, let's get those judges' hands of those bibles, too.
Iliad delendum est	▲	Game crashes, burns – a historical first as all seven players NMR – only standby sends orders!
Wall Street CEOs	▲	Book 'em, Dan-o! And throw away the keys.
Bob Acheson	▲	A class act. To paraphrase Andy's "Cheesecake", now Canada is a less interesting place.
Vacation	▲	Bring it on! DIS looking to be away all of August. You should do it, too.

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2001 A Gaming ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥ

Fall 1905:

⊕Austria (Lischett)
⊕England (Mazzer)

A ser – BUL, F AEG.S A ser – BUL, A VIE H.
F iri – MAO, F spa(sc) S F iri – MAO(d;r Por,OTB), F nwg – BAR,
A pic – NWW, F SWE S A pic – NWW, F ENG C A pic – NWW,
F NTH C A pic – NWW, F hol – KIE, A RUH S F hol – KIE.

⊕Germany (O'Kelley)

A ber – MUN, A nwy grabs his balls with one hand and flips off England with the other(h)(d;r Fin,Stp,OTB).

⊕Italy (Coughlan)

A mun – BUR, A bud – SER, A tya – TRI, F ADR S A tya – TRI, A pie – MAR,
F gol – SPA(sc), F WES S F gol – SPA(sc), F tyn – ION, F ion – GRE,
F EAS S (RUS) F SMY

⊕Russia (Clark)

A RUM S (AUS) A ser – BUL, A SEV S A RUM, A UKR S A SEV, A war – MOS,
F SMY kicks Bruce Springsteen in the groin(H).

⊕Turkey (Burgess)

A ARM – smy, A CON S A ARM – smy, F BLA C (RUS) A SEV – ank(nso).

Game Notes:

- **ZAT** for Winter 1905/Spring 1906 is **July 5, 2002**, 9:00 pm Pacific;
- Seasons will be separated by two requests – next ZAT is tentatively August 1, 2002;
- Proposed draws were all defeated – T/I/E (5N to 1Y, G/A/R/T (4N to 2Y), E/I/G/H/T (4N to 2Y);
- Newly proposed are – E, I, E/I, E/I/R, and A/E/G/I/R/T – please vote with your next set of orders;
- As a reminder, each NVR is treated as a 1/2Y/1/2N vote;
- Supply center chart for Winter 1905 below
- Map for Fall 1905 is on back page.

Austria	A ser, gre, VIE, BUL	2	1/Remove
England	Enl, Bar, MAO, BEL, Bra, ren, Nwy, Por, KIE, SWE	11	2/Build 2 (if OTB) Build 3
Germany	Ber, Stp, MUN	5	1/Build 1 (if OTB)
Italy	Nap, Rom, An, War, Par, Spa, Ion, and Iont, HE, GRE, SMY, ION	11	1/Build 1
Russia	Mos, Sev, War, Sev, RUM, SMY	5	1/Build 1/Even
Turkey	Ank, Con, Ser, smy	2	1/Build 1/Remove

* If nwy retreats OTB, Germany would have two builds but only one open center, and so would play one short.

PRESS:

GERMANY to GM: Sorry. No time for press. But Kevin is doing great, and so is AM.

MA to GM: Certainly is a rag tag bunch of miscreants you have in this game. No wonder it's so damn much fun!

MA to RUSSIA: You're on my list, buddy. And it's a really short list!

RED DUCHESS to GM: Is it not enough we have to go through Jim Bob's press once? Twice is almost too much to bare, er bear! Giggle.

GM to RED DUCHESS: I've seen you, Honey, better make that "Jiggle." As in let loose that sexy thang ...

MAIDEN CHAINED TO ROCK to GAME: Let loose the Jim Boob Kraken Monster. Do you know what that monster can do when he's loose? Hot air and ink ALL OVER THE PLACE! And, believe you me, I'm going to make all of YOU clean it up this time!

ENGLAND to DR FREUD: Yes I do have an obsessive fear of small things – Germany, Woody's brain. I also have a fear of large things – Italian navies, Williams' penis envy. But I have long ago given up incorporating graffiti from mingitorio walls into my press. The internet has replaced lavatories for my source of inspiration.

MAIL MARSHALL to ENGLAND: You step into this town with that kind of filthy talk again, Mister, and I'm going to blast your e-mail back to the Stone Age – along with your computer!

MAIL MARSHALL to GM: And you, Sonny, you better watch those twitchy e-mail writin' fingers of yours. I'll zap this little zine of yours into next week – and it will STILL be late!

GM to MAIL MARSHALL: And do you think I'll really give you credit for that? Gimme a break! Saying a Don Williams publication will be late is like predicting the sun will rise in the morning. You got to do better.

ENGLAND to GM: So who do you like for the FA Cup? Arsenal or Chelsea?

GM to ENGLAND: What's an FA cup? Sounds like something the Red Duchess would wear.

ENGLAND to TURKEY: Pay no attention to our curmudgeonly GM. I, for one, welcome your press wholeheartedly – keep it up and all your sins will be forgiven – so that when Gary runs you through and snatches your last center we can both enter Paradise together and split those 70 virgins between us.

GM to GAME: Hmm, what what the Nielson ratings for that would be? "Here we are today, Pat, at the virgin splitting competition here in beautiful downtown Kabul. It's a tough field. Over there is the reigning champ, The Kraken Monster, but the challengers are fierce. There's the Grimme Cockalorum from Down-Under. No, that's not a place, that's a nickname he got for his peculiar, albeit it grimly effective, approach technique. And over there in the "pole" position is Mike 'Mazzmatic' Mazzer, who's raised the sport of virgin splitting from an art to a science. I mean, look at the size of that 'torch'? Amazing. Simply incredible. Looks like he's kept that Viagra sponsorship ... yes, the Pfizer logo is still tattooed proudly on both sides of his ... uh, him. Titilla ... er, fascinating. Finally, in a new-to-the-sport addition, there's the Red Duchess, sporting those incredible FA cups – it'll be interesting to see how she uses those to her advantage. They look more designed for smothering than splitting, but I hear she's highly adept and will make her mark here in the competition. So, what do you think, Pat ... oh Hell, Pat ... well, go get some tissue and clean up."

ENGLAND to GM: You see why I never win games? Quoth the Press Judge "You let Mazzer kill Woody!" Fact: Italy owns Paris, Marseilles and Spain (for the moment) – but who gets blamed (if that's the word) for killing Woody? The alledged Hobby Sex Ghod should have said "You let Mazzer get credit for killing half of Woody!" – C'mon Terry, get it right.

GM to ENGLAND: Oh, poor you! Next thing you know, you'll be projecting again ...

ENGLAND to GM: First you were obsessed with the size of my equipment – now you are obsessed with my "dating" Gary and then start mentioning a bunch of Greeks – are you getting a little light in the loafers, my boy?

GM to GAME: See what I mean?

GM to MAZZMATIC: And just who are you calling "your boy". You stay away from me.

ENGLAND to VENICE: Loved your allegory, but one quibble. "Turchia" is far from being a maiden. Turchia has had more things go between her legs than Bill Buckner in the '86 series.

ENGLAND to TURKEY: I welcome your sincere efforts to become a Golden Age press writer and, Williams' snide remarks to the contrary, you have much potential. If you would permit me, a few tips:

1. Insult the GM a lot
2. Refer to your favorite movies and incorporate them into parodies – you can switch from one to another at will, consistency is not a high priority
3. Insult the GM a lot
4. Insult Gary a lot
5. Refer to Williams' penis envy and latent homosexuality
6. Express nostalgia for the days when Kathy Caruso was young and nubile
7. Express nostalgia for the days when I was young and nubile (I think Grover Cleveland was president)
8. Refer often to the '86 World Series and Bill Buckner
9. Insult the GM a lot.

GM to ENGLAND: I wish you'd run a game or two and let this table be turned.

ENGLAND to GM: Be careful what you wish for ... a few seasons ago I bemoaned the fact that I was the only one writing press and now ... Jim-Boob.

ENGLAND to THE PLAYERS IN ILIAD: Please don't draw conclusions from what you see in this game ... Dip players aren't all like this.

GM to ENGLAND: Too little, too late. It what may be a first of it's kind anywhere, the players of Iliad all NMRed on the same turn. I'm sure it's all Burgess' fault. Or yours. (And, no, I'm not kidding. The game goes this issue. Go look.)

ENGLAND to SULTAN: Turkey's prospects in the World Cup are not that bad. Despite the fact that they are in a bracket with Brazil, the other two sides aren't that imposing – China is making its first appearance and doesn't figure to figure. Costa Rica is on a down tick after its qualifying. Look for the Turks to advance to the round of 16 or perhaps to the quarters. Now Italy look like a serious threat to win it all – World Cup *and* Odyssey. On the other hand, with the injury to Beckham, and their placement in the "Group of Death" with Argentina, Sweden, and Nigeria, England is no longer a threat.

ENGLAND to GM: Let's see – Italy viciously stabbed Turkey, Italy viciously moved to protect herself from England's vicious stab. England viciously stabs Italy and Russia. Russia viciously stabs Turkey. Germany viciously moved to

regain Kiel. Germany viciously visits Norway (temporarily). Turkey viciously dies. This is not your mother's dip game. Austria is pretty nice, though.

ENGLAND to GERMANY: Enjoy the fjords. But it will be a short stay, mein Herr.

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Speak to me, Bwana. Rule Number One – always talk with your opponents, especially those who can take supply centers from you. I wanted very much to work with you last season – still do, but communication has to be two ways.

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Then again, Rule Number Two says never fight on two fronts. As you can see, Italy and I never bothered to get past Rule #1.

UNCLE BERTIE to THE POPE: You've come a long way since Garibaldi bottled you up in the Vatican, Your Holiness. Now with the help of your lickspittle lapdogs, Russia and Austria, you are spreading your Popery all over the Mediterranean. Perhaps the time has come for another Risorgimento.

GM to ENGLAND: That was a very bad thing to say. MA thinks it means "greatness" ...

RED DUCHESS to VENICE – I once had greatness thrust upon me ... too bad he had a short trigger on the gun though. Sigh ...

GM to MA & RED DUCHESS: Must it always end with a shudder, and a gasp, and a whimper with you two? This is a family zine.

MA to GM: Don't look at me – you're the one who let her in the game.

ENGLAND to GM: It occurs to me that with all these Italian fleets floundering about, it might be time to bring Admiral Beppi out of retirement. (What am I saying?? I've already released the Boob.)

GM to ENGLAND: I think you are demented.

ENGLAND to SULTAN: If you are not too busy having your units annihilated, Oh Angel of Allah, perhaps we could try to do something about this meddling priest?

GM to GAME: The above sounds suspiciously like press from the next season but, what the fuck, let's leave it here.

DUNKIRK: In what can only be described as a miracle, several thousand British troops were convoyed off the beaches of Dunkirk by a motley array of fishing smacks, freighters, luxury yachts and tugboats under cover of darkness, barely in time to escape the invading hordes of Parisians who were bound and determined to force the Tommies to listen to lectures on Sartre and Deconstructionism, while being forced to watch Jerry Lewis movies. Said Field Marshall Sir Evelyn Sims-Smythe-Smedly, Commander-in-Chief of the Expeditionary Force – "We'll visit Paree another time."

NEAPOLITAN CHRONICLES [Naples] ... Delenda est Carthago ... Habakkuk 1:5-9 ... Chi non fa, non falla ... Ether 10:19 ... 'Road to Damascus' vision ... Smyrna Spurn-a ... A R-A-T in the East?

AUTUMN HAIKI BY TOGA: "Poor autumn butterfly! In vain it chased the setting sun, And in the grass must die."

ITALY to EUROPE and GM: Sorry, none of the three draws proposed last season will have Italy's seal of approval.

Although I was extremely attracted to the G-A-R-T one, I finally decided it just wasn't for me after all!

ENGLAND to GM: I distinctly remember killing Woody and completely eliminating any vestige of him from this game so why do you still list his name, address and email address? I think it shows a glaring lack of respect for my butchering skills.

GM to ENGLAND: Just something else I do to addle your pate and piss you off. Nice to see it working.

ROME to LONDON: Three "friggin" fleets, you say? I thought for sure there were six, with maybe one more on the way this upcoming Winter ... Your "sailors" jibe reminds me of a song about my SIX fleets....."They want you, they want you" (Think "Village People")

GM to ROME: We prefer not to.

ROME to BERLIN: England can't count, it seems, when he grossly underestimated the number of fleets I have. I wonder if he is also under the false impression that you have only two units instead of three? Perhaps this would be a good time to remind England how little Senegal had a upset victory over defending soccer world champion France in the opening round.

[ROME] Words of the Emperor Augustus: "Wars, both civil and foreign, I undertook throughout the world, on sea and land, and when victorious, I spared all citizens who sued for pardon. The foreign nations which could with safety be pardoned, I preferred to save rather than to destroy." The policy of the present Italian Government is exactly the same 1,905 years later ...

NEU NUOC AO NOI DOI ANH CO LE O NAM NHUNG TOI HY VONG SAU NEU NUOC ANH DE ANH DU NUOC THUY DIEN

MA to GM: Any chance, seeing as how we have press in Vietnamese already, of getting some press in Italian out of you?? I would consider it a personal favor.

GM to MA: Isn't the stuff from Gary and Mike enough? I know how you get at the sound of Italian ...

MA to GM: Pretty please – with whipped cream and a cherry?!

GM to MA: Non ci sono neanche un cerino di queste parte, donna mia. Ma ti baccio lo stesso, ragazzace!

MA to GM: You are soooo good to me!

GM to MA: Better than you know, bella gioia.

EVIL SOCRATES to ITALY: "Me ne frego dei suoi ordini!"

TRANSLATION: I don't give a damn about your orders!

ITALY to EVIL SOCRATES: "Non me ne frega niente!"

TRANSLATION: I don't give a damn about anything!

MA to SOCRATES: You are the cutest duck I've ever seen. Wanna come over to my place and play 'pillow'??

SOCRATES to MA: Sure, toots. You've got a couple of the damn finest pillows there I've ever seen. Say, pal, are those FA cups?! Who the Hell needs virgins? C'mere sweetmeat! I can't drown - I'm a duck!

ITALIA a TURCHIA: Il cavallo di Troja non si fara.

TRANSLATION: You won't be playing the Trojan Horse.

GAME to GM: That was Turkish, not Vietnamese. How many idiots did you send to the wrong dictionary or the wrong restaurant?

ENGLAND to GM: Regarding the draw proposals, and since they haven't been eliminated - yet - I think Germany, Austria, and Turkey should each have a full vote instead of just a 1/2 vote apiece, pint-size though they may be.

GM to ENGLAND: The only thing pint-sized around here is your brain. Read the HRs.

AUTUMN HAIKI BY CHIKUTEI "Grieve for it as we may, The autumn comes for one and all, And sweeps us all away."

ENGLAND to TURKEY: Speaking of that cauldron, it looks like you are in it with the three "double, double, toil and trouble" MacBeth witches all round it, stirring some "Turkish" broth with eye of "Boob".

ITALY to RUSSIA: England and Turkey are smarter than we think. Both of them have now figured out that neither you nor I are Bob Olsen, who's been out of the game for some seasons now. How does that little "Oz" ditty go ... "if I only had a brain" ...

ROME to LONDON: How about a little "German" fire, Scarecrow!!!

ROME to LONDON: "Mold"? Surely your eyes are deceiving you. Let me come a little closer so you can get a real good look ... Now then, what do you see? Hint: Brush up on your "Beowulf". There's some real monsters out here.

ROME to DAF: Please allow me to re-introduce myself ... It's Grimme, Grendel Grimme. Nice to meet you again, after 15 years ...

ROME to VIENNA: Sorry, Andy, but when my e-mail was out for a month, I got really paranoid and begin to suspect everyone of conspiring against me and you were my "Achilles' Heel" in any of their plots. And I fully expect you to have likewise moved against me this very season so I made the reluctant, and very secretive, decision to protect Italy's heartland.

ROME to GM: And I have a very BIG heart.

GM to ROME: So we've heard, though we're wondering that your cockalorum may be even bigger.

MA to GAME: Sailors and evil boobs and cockalorums - now, I may be out of line here, but when was the last time the lot of you got laid???

ROME to DAF: I know just what you mean when you said my aura had "WORD" in it! "Cockalorum" is one of those delightfully, wonderful words, isn't it? Just let "Cockalorum" roll around in your mouth, let "Cockalorum" swirl from side to side (No teeth! This is "aspirated" after all ...) and wrap your tongue around it and pay close attention to each ... syllable before you ... before you ... before you ... purse "Cockalorum" with your luscious lips and release it. Get it? Got it. Good!

ROME to GM: I don't know which is worse ... Jim-Boob's press or printing my press twice in the same game report!

GM to ROME: It's a dead heat in my book.

ROME to DAF: One of my goals is to re-establish the "Orient Express", from Paris to Constantinople under Italian control but, due to English machinations and a Turkish reluctance to commit suicide, I've probably lost both my terminuses. Got a remedy for a lost terminus you vixen, you?

ITALY: Remember, real baloney comes from Italy!

ROME to BERLIN: So, are we both agreed to vote the English back onto their island?!

ROME to THE BOOBISH SULTAN: Speaking of Tennesseans imitating dead people, did you ever see the worst Elvis movie (yes, some are worse than others ...) called "Harum Scarum"? I think you're starring in a remake!

ROME to GM: And if Mazzer snatched Paris, that reminds me of another movie ... The Hunchback of Notre Dame! But unlike Charles Laughton, he'd need no make-up at all ...

HOODED MONK to TORCH of CUPID: Is that a trouser weasel in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?

ENGLAND to GM: I never really believed you were censoring my press. I was just following rules #'s 1,3 and 9 of my suggestions to the Boob.

ENGLAND to ITALY: With all these Italian fleets swanning about, you are going to have to call in some of your old, retired naval officers. Any chance that you could recommission Admiral Beppi?

ENGLAND to GM: Remember Admiral Beppi, Don? Proof positive that Boob was not the only one who could write awful press.

GM to MAZZER: I remember the press line, and I remember it was particularly bad, but I don't remember the author.

ENGLAND to DAF: As soon as my next shipment of argalV comes in, you wanna go out on a date?

ENGLAND to ALL: Did any of you all stay up and watch the good ol US of A whup them Portegees? For those who don't know to what I am referring, I would highly recommend you become aficionados of the beautiful game. By the time I'm off to the home and in Depends (which won't be too much longer), the US will be a world soccer power. You heard it here first.

ENGLAND to TURKEY: My condolences, hang in there.

Icky White Space Left Because Some People Didn't Send Press – Don't Let This Happen To Your Game!

2001 A Gaming ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥ

Autumn 1905:

ENG's F spa(sc) R POR

GER's A nwy R FIN

Winter 1905:

ⓇAustria (Lischett)

ⓇEngland (Mazzer)

ⓇGermany (O'Kelley)

ⓇItaly (Coughlan)

ⓇRussia (Clark)

ⓇTurkey (Burgess)

NMR. GM removes F aeg. Has As BUL, SER.

Build As EDI, LON. Has As EDI, LON, Nwy, RUH; Fs BAR, SWE, NTH, KIE, ENG, MID, POR.

Build A BER. Has As BER, FIN, MUN.

Build A VEN. Has As VEN, SER, TRI, BUR, MAR; Fs WES, ADR, ION, GRE, EAS, F SPA(sc).

No Adjustment. Has As MOS, UKR, SEV, RUM; F SMY.

Remove A arm. Has A CON; F BLA.

Game Notes:

- Winter 1905 and Spring 1906 were separated by multiple player requests;
- **ZAT** for Spring 1906 is **August 8, 2002**, 9:00 pm Pacific;
- Tentative ZAT for Fall 1906 is September 5, 2002;
- Would Steve Cooley please submit standby orders for Austria? (See list for contact info);
- All proposed concessions and draws were defeated – E (3Y/3N), I, I/E, I/E/R, and A/E/G/I/R/T (2Y/4N);
- Newly proposed are – I, E/I, E/I/R, E/I/R/T – please vote with your next set of orders;
- As a reminder, each NVR is treated as a 1/2Y/1/2N vote
- Map for Winter 1905 is on back page.

Austria	Vie	1
England	Edi Lon Ldn Ber Bre Den Nwy Hol Po Kie Svr	1
Germany	Ber Stp Mun	3
Italy	Nap Rom Ven Mar Par Spa Mun Bud Gre Scl Jff	1
Russia	Mos Svy War RUM Sm	5
Turkey	Ank Ico	2

PRESS:

WINTER HAIKU by BASHO: "Killed by the great snowfall, all dead and withered lies the grass, that lately waved so tall."

GM to BASHO: Something similar is to be said for your good GM.

NEAPOLITAN CHRONICLES [Naples] ... The handwriting on the wall ... Exodus 2:14a ... Valkyries are loose ... Behold now, Behemoth! ... Ecclesiastes 3:3 ... Emphatic reduplication? ... Ether 12:40 ? ... Mazzer's rampancy and no laurel trees for Daf! ... Ammazza l'arbitro!

GM to ALL: That's Italian for "Kill the referee" ... loosely, it could also mean "Kill the GM!"

KNUH FO NAM ? EM CO MUON THEO ANH VE NUOC THO-NHI-KY KHONG? CHUNG TA DEN NOI KHAC CHOI DUOC KHONG? NUOC AO?

GM to GAME: I have no bloody clue what that's about.

WINTER HAIKU by RIUKIO: "The hail beats down, a true bane, a hunted hare bursts from the reeds and races o'er the plain."

ROME to THE BOOB: Jim-Bob, although right now I prefer you as Asia "Minor", why are you, of all people, trying to speed that "minorization" by trying to convoy the Russians into Ankara?!

[ROME]- A sampling of various organs ... of communication from all over Europe that are just now reaching the Italian capital ... Paris's biggest daily newspaper, Le Flambeau Francais de Cupide ("The French Torch of Cupid"), is frankly puzzled as to why the English barbarians didn't seize Paris this past Fall.

Le Flambeau Francais de Cupide speculates that England's well-known, irrational anti-German phobia caused Lord Mazzer to temporarily spare Paris the horrors of "Beef" Wellington and Yorkshire pudding and that the English whores, uh, hordes will convoy in and invade in even greater force in Spring 1906. Encouraged by the arrival of an elite Italian army in Burgundy and the adhesion of a resurrected Germany as an ally, Parisians thronged the streets, waving flags and shouting en masse: "On to Belgique! On to Gascony! On to Brest! On to the Mid-Atlantic!"

The Italian Government feels that the English are seeking to avoid unduly alarming Europe which was Italy's own unfortunate experience in 1904. Rome's La Fiaccola Italiana di Cupido ("The Italian Torch of Cupid"), stated: "England does not want all Europe to see how powerful her position has become and the temporary, and it is temporary no doubt, sparing of Paris is but a feeble attempt by the Mazzerite ruling clique in London to disguise that unparalleled concentration of power and momentum."

The Italian Foreign Minister added: "With two new armies, England's growing menace continues unabated and the English can now convoy anywhere from Norway to North Africa! So what if they only get two builds instead of three in 1905. If England can escape unscathed by hoodwinking a disunited Europe just a little longer, next year Lord Mazzer will indeed have three more builds in addition to the two this year – Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg. The situation is very grave."

Spain's largest newspaper, La Antorcha Espanola del Cupido ("The Spanish Torch of Cupid"), exults in the expulsion of the English savages and the return to the welcoming embrace of the Italian motherland: "Chopping off one of the English Octopus's nasty, grasping tentacles has not only liberated Spain, but it is only the beginning of what will be a very tough fight. We are ready! Let there again be an Armada and let it be crowned with success!"

And the final issue of Italy's German-language newspaper, Die Munchener Fackel der Kupid ("The Munich Torch of Cupid"), heartily approved of the anti-English alliance with Germany, signified by Italy's enthusiastic return of Munich to the Kaiser: "A revived Reich, due to Italy's preference, so very unlike England, for long-term benefits over selfish short-term gratification, will unhesitatingly fight at Italy's side and henceforth unflinchingly flail the English "Octopussy" who has bullied the Germans for much too long. Sieg Heil!"

GM to ROME: That last sounds an awful lot like German ... it just went on and on forever.

ITALY to GM: In ufficio, lei dorme sempre?

GM to ITALIA: Neanche una volta, ragazzo. A me mi piace il mio lavoro e specialmente il mio ufficio.

ITALY to TURKEY: Vada a farsi friggere ...

GM to TURKEY: Just so you know, he isn't being very nice.

ITALY to GERMANY: Spaventapasseri? (Vogelscheuche?)

GM to GERMANY: Ditto, though it's not as bad as what he said to Burgess.

ITALY to DAF: When I asked Mazzer what were the most necessary things in life, he sent such a reply that I cannot say it in English or else the Mail Marshal would surely intervene just as he did last time in "The Case of the 'Censored' English Press". Here is Mazzer's answer in Italian. Perhaps our GM can translate this poem. (You can see it rhymes.) "Acqua fresca, vino puro, fica stretta, cazzo duro"

GM to ITALIA MALEDETTA: Where do you dig up this stuff? You can't even get this out of a regular dictionary. Schifoso!!!

SOCRATES to DAF: Yeah, yeah, yeah ... tell Williams to blow it out his politically correct ... blowhole, eh? You want a translation, Sweetie? I speak Italian better than Williams, believe me. The above translates directly to "Fresh water, pure wine, tight pussy, hard cock." Can't make it rhyme, but I can make it sing!

GM to SOCRATES & GRIMME: I do hope you two are happy.

ITALY to ENGLAND: E lei il poeta che scrive quei versi osceni sul muro?

TRANSLATION to MAZZER: Are you the poet that writes obscenities on the wall?

ITALY to EUROPE: If the GM doesn't do it, translations of my Italian press releases will be provided on request.

GM: Don't really need to bother, thanks ... I did my best, all things considered.

[NAPLES]- Naples' weekly tabloid, La Fiaccola Neapolitana di Cupido ("The Neapolitan Torch of Cupid"), prints a chilling psychological portrait of the English King who has become a terror to all of Europe because of his GRASPING FOR HEGEMONY, drawn from a myriad of reliable sources. Now for the edification of a European audience which needs to know the very real danger all of Europe is facing from an England running amuck (or is that amok? – either way it's bad for the rest of us!), here is:

"The Case of the 'Censored' English Press" – by 'Garibaldi'

In a remote Scottish castle (think MacBeth), the all-powerful English leader, Lord Mazzer, is spending the winter pondering his dazzling successes, his recent setbacks, and the plotting of his next moves to lead England to an 18-center victory. With him is the famous Sherlock Holmes ...

Mazzer: Look, Sherlock, I want you to get to the bottom of why my fabulous English press was censored last season! Every single piece of dribbling drool from that idiotic Sultan finds its way into print, and that trailer-trash Italian King's barely warmed-over plagiaristic press not only gets published but is printed two times in the same season as if once weren't way more than enough. In the meantime, I'm getting pummeled in the press war and for things I don't even do. I don't even know this chick, Hegemony or whatever her name is, and I never once grasped her! Do something!

Sherlock: Elementary, Your Majesty. Your press was the victim of two sinister "net nannies", namely something called "Gwava" and someone called "Mail Marshal". Both of them are ever vigilant and alert for, shall we say, "naughty" language, and wot with your penchant for sexual innuendo, your press was indeed, in a sense, "censored".

Mazzer: Scent censored? My God, are you saying they spray "Glade" air freshener too? Is no means of personal expression to be left to me?!

Sherlock: No, Your OB-ness. But like you just did if these "net nannies" think it sounds like something else, it gets censored. And, just like I just did, why not consider spelling backwards to thwart their censoriousness? Even the walls have ears, Your Sinep Daeh ...

Mazzer: Fine, swell, as if I'm not paranoid enough already! But why am I viewed as the bad guy? I mean, I didn't kill France all by myself, so why is the rap sticking to me? Sure, I stabbed Germany, but then who didn't? Yet I get saddled with all the blame!

Sherlock: Think of it like the rat and the squirrel. Both are rodents, but the rats have a horrible reputation while everyone loves squirrels. The only real difference is that the squirrel has a bushy tail and good propaganda. Otherwise, he's just a rat with a bushy tail. You need to find your 'inner squirrel'.

Mazzer: I'll think about it. But then I got kicked out of Spain, I left Paris alone, my mortal enemy Germany even got a build due to the never-ending schemes of the Italians. I even forgoed a build so I wouldn't alarm Europe by building three units, unlike the Italians and their three fleets! And it's probably Italy that's grasping for Hegemony. No, that can't be, he's gay ...

Sherlock: O Kcas fo Tihs, the future is very bright for you. This season you are building two new armies and you can convoy them anywhere in Europe, at will, from coldest northernmost Norway to hottest, tropical North Africa. And next year, the prospects are excellent that you will conquer three new supply centers and each and everyone of them current or former European capitals – Berlin, Paris and St. Petersburg! Three enemy capitals taken in one year by the English King! What glorious achievements for your reign! You've come a long way since you were too timid to go into the North Sea for fear of offending Germany!

Mazzer: Maybe you're right. I've been a little overwrought in my emotions. Before you go, bring me some fresh water and a little pure wine. I can't say the rest of that poem or the "net nannies" will get me!

(Sherlock "obliges" Lord Mazzer and leaves. Lord Mazzer then turns to a full-length mirror in the corner and admires his reflection ...)

Mazzer: God, what a handsome Knuh Fo Nam you truly are. I'm one good-looking BOS, that's for sure. Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the most beautiful and insouciant of all?!

Mirror: Thou art beauteous, Lord Mazzer, 'tis true, but the fair Daf is more beautiful than you.

Mazzer: So, now I guess I get the \$10.00 for Second Prize from the Bank no doubt ... but that's a different game. Okay, let's try something else, in this game ... Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the biggest power of all?

Mail Marshal: When you say, "biggest power" are you really meaning it in the sense "the most hung and the most potent" and trying to slip it in "the back door"? Because you cannot say that. It will be automatically censored.

Mazzer: No, no, not at all. I never state the obvious, hyork, hyork. I meant the strongest nation in Europe at the present time.

Mail Marshal: Okay, I'll let it pass this time. Go ahead, Mirror ...

Mirror: "Thou are strong, Lord Mazzer, 'tis true, but Italy has as many SCs as you!"

Mazzer: Aren't I first in any thing – in any category?! Mirror, mirror on the wall, am I first in anything at all?

Mirror: The others try, Lord Mazzer, 'tis true, but none have as much 'censored' press as you!

Mazzer: AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The End? (Oh, excuse me Mail Marshal and Gwava!) The Finish?

[ROME]- The Italian Government has formally charged three European leaders with "Crimes Against Humanity" AKA "Crimes Against Italy's Place In The Sun". Indicted in absentia are: (1) The English King, for vulgar press releases that were censored by two different "Net Nannies", namely Mail Marshal and Gwava; (2) The Austrian Emperor, for being the cause of Italy's continuing display of wretched handwriting and incurring increasing postage costs, though Archduke Andrew was exonerated from any charges involving the Italian printer that has been out of order since April; and, (3) The Turkish Sultan, for conspiring to pass off his every waking word as worthy of being a press release.

Italy's Secretary of Entertainment stated to reporters after the Rome court proceedings: "This 'Gang of Three' shall be ruthlessly hunted down and captured, alive if possible, brought to Rome in chains like the criminals they now officially are, and put on display in the newly refurbished Coliseum, as in the ancient days of the Roman Empire. There is even talk of updating the old 'bread and circuses' games to punish these anti-Italian devils for the amusement of the Roman populace."

ROME to DAF: I bet you'd be an excellent "Secretary of Entertainment" ...

ROME] – With the sincerest of apologies to Lewis Carroll and Alice, we open the saga of ...

"DAPHNE IN WINTER-LAND, 1905"

PROLOGUE: Our heroine, Daf, awakens and doesn't know where she is. ("Not for the first time," says the Mail Marshal, "but that's why I'm here, to protect her from herself." – more on him in just a bit ...) //For a change, I actually agree with the old Mail Marshal. – GM// Out of the corner of her eye she sees a White Russian Rabbit rushing (notice the clever mnemonic onomatopoeia or prosodic alliteration of the three Rs ... or whatever the Hell you call this figure of speech ... it takes time to come up with stuff like this ...) //That's certainly debatable.// away into a big hole within which is a teensy weensy door entitled "Odyssey". But, unlike the White Russian Rabbit, Daf cannot get through the small door ...

Daf: "Oh, how do I get in? What's this?" (Daf sees a bottle labeled 'Drink Me' and a cookie marked 'Eat Me'.) "OOOOOooooooo, 'Eat Me'. I think I'm going to like it here ... a lot." (Daf eats, drinks, and shrinks, and is soon able to enter the "Odyssey" hole.)

White Russian Rabbit: "Oh dear, oh dear! I'm late! I'm late! For a very important date! Where are my gloves and fan?"

Daf: "A date? With gloves and a fan? And a rabbit? Sounds kinky – I'm in!"

Mail Marshal: "Watch it, bitch – as in "bitch", a female dog – so what I said is not obscene. But don't mistake my meaning ... "

White Russian Rabbit: "What the Hell? You're as inscrutable as the Turkish March Hare. I'm late! I've got to get to the Soccer-Mad Mazzer's tea party!"

Mail Marshal: "I'm Daf's 'net nanny' and I censor improper comments that I think may contain unacceptable language, or inappropriate material, such as all that wanton English press from last season someone tried to send her. You can call me 'HAL'. Now did you say 'Hell' or 'hail'?"

Daf: "You pest, you spy, you elohssa!! Leave me alone so I can have some fun with these Odyssey boys! So, where's this tea party, big boy?!"

Mail Marshal: "Careful there, little lady, I can also spell backwards and censor that way too ... I cannot leave a delicate flower like you un-chaperoned in this odd atmosphere."

Pansy: "Stuff it! Who are you calling 'delicate'? That's a stereotype!"

Daf: "Wow! I've never seen a talking pansy before!"

White Russian Rabbit: "You kidding? We have one in this game that won't shut up. You ought to see the length of his ... "

Mail Marshal: "Watch it. I feel you are very close to the line of impropriety."

White Russian Rabbit: " ... as I was saying, the length of his e-mail messages. Gotta go!"

Daf: "Hold up, wait for me. By the way, silly rabbit, did you know that tricks aren't just for kids!"

(With Daf chasing the Russian White Rabbit and the Mail Marshal chasing Daf, our three adventurers soon enter a forest clearing wherein is a large, very festive, dining table all set with dishes and cups and napkins enough to feed 30 people at once, but there are only three nattering nabobs present; the Turkish March Hare, the German Dormouse, and Soccer-Mad Mazzer. They're so deep into conversation, they don't realize that new arrivals are walking towards them and hearing everything they say.)

Turkish March Hare: "The German Dormouse is asleep again. So, tell me, just what was that stupid 'Running-away-from-Paris-when-all-you-had-to-was-walk-in-and-grab-it' move last season, Mr. Brilliant?! Do you want Italy to win this game? Got an answer?"

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "It made more sense than your 'I'm-convoying-a-Russian-army-into-my-own-home-center-of-Ankara-on-a-Fall-turn' move. Can you elucidate it to us all by explaining any rationale whatsoever behind that tactic, Mr. Military Genius?! Or should I say, 'Mr. Hunted Hare?'"

German Dormouse: "Talk about Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum ... "

Turkish March Hare: "Oh, go back to sleep! They're not going to be in this skit. Trust me."

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "Like Mr. Hobbit here trusted you not to reveal his Livonia convoy to Russia that time? Or the time before that when you didn't warn him, though you knew, of the upcoming 4-way stab of Germany?"

German Dormouse: "I'm a dormouse, not a hobbit, although I do somewhat like 'The Lord of the Rings'. Look, the Russian White Rabbit is here for our 'discussion' with him. But who are those other two?"

Turkish March Hare: "Welcome one and all. That's it, everyone find a place at the table and sit down, all nice and comfy. Would you like some wine?"

Daf: "Yes, thank you, though I'm a St. Pauli girl myself. Daf's my name, fun's my game! But I don't see any wine."

Turkish March Hare: "There isn't any! But stick around and I'm sure Soccer-Mad Mazzer will provide the 'whine' sooner or later. Maybe about his famous 'censored' press."

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "At least I have what can be construed as press. Hello there, Beautiful! Coffee, tea or ... me?"

Russian White Rabbit: "No thanks, I'll just keep munching on these M&Ms. I brought my own 'Mormon tea' with me."

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "I was talking to Daf!"

Russian White Rabbit: "Oh! Sorry! I thought you were, you know, like the Queen of Lettuces is. Gay, I mean. Both of you are a powerful eleven ... but I don't swing that way."

Daf: "I like M&Ms too, 'cause they melt in your mouth, not your hand. Ummmm, ummmm, uuuummp! Two elevens? Oooooo – Momma! I AM in the right game! What's 'Mormon tea'? And who's the Queen of Lettuces?"

German Dormouse: "The Queen of Lettuces. Think green now, it's Italy, as in 'Let us alone!' And "Queen" because, well you know ... 'Mormon tea' is a drink with ephedra in it. It's an herbal stimulant."

Mail Marshal: "Danger, Will Robinson, Danger! I mean, Danger, Daphne, Danger! I don't think this conversation is fit for you to hear."

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "You're the one that censored my press, aren't you?! Fiend!! Why, I oughta ..."

Turkish March Hare: "Forget that press, will you? Let's have the conversation we planned on with the Russian White Rabbit, remember? May I call you Corky? Thanks. Here, have some more M&Ms. My, my, you really do have an appetite for them, don't you? Here, take the whole 5-pound bag ... now, Corky, there is a problem in Winter-land that we hope you can help us solve. Where shall I begin?"

German Dormouse: "Begin at the beginning and go on till you come to the end. Then stop."

Turkish March Hare: "We don't have time for all that. The Queen of Lettuces has declared me and Soccer-Mad Mazzer here, as well as Big Bird, war criminals. You should see what that Queen is doing to Big Bird! But we're not war criminals. We're the good guys."

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "Sort of like rats without tails. I mean ... rats without bushy tails. But we're really rats with bushy tails. I mean, squirrels. And everybody loves squirrels. Isn't that right?"

Mail Marshal: "I think there is a little too much 'tail' talk going on here."

Daf: "I like 'tail' talk myself. So, what are you guys going to do about this Queen of Lettuces?"

Turkish March Hare: "We want the Russian White Rabbit here to go see for himself how the Queen of Lettuces lies and then come back here and help us dethrone that Queen!"

Daf: "Is to de-throne, like to de-flower? Sounds kinky – I'm in!"

Mail Marshal: "Objectionable language is not allowed. Censor! Censor! Censor!"

White Russian Rabbit: "The Queen of Lettuces lies? Like, when the Queen told me you – Turkish March Hare – would attack my Sevastopol and my Smyrna, and YOU DID! Or when the Queen of Lettuces told me that you, Soccer-Mad Mazzer, would take my Kiel and my Sweden, and YOU DID! The Queen of Lettuces helped me stay at five supply centers when both of you have done your best to severely weaken if not destroy me. Why should I believe a thing you say?"

German Dormouse: "Sometimes, I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast! I'm hungry again. Let's eat some more, boys and girl! I would like a bun please."

Daf: "Who wouldn't?!"

Mail Marshal: "Inappropriate language must be censored."

Daf: "Shut up! What have each of you learned in this particular game?"

White Russian Rabbit: "Some want to use you."

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "Some want to be used by you."

German Dormouse: "Some want to abuse you."

Turkish March Hare: "Some want to be abused by you. That why I write my press!"

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "That is so hare-brained! Nobody wants to suffer that much abuse in one life-time!"

Everyone Else: "Here! Here! Amen!!"

Mail Marshal: "Abuse is not only objectionable, but censorable!"

Soccer-Mad Mazzer: "I'm so tired of you! Turkish March Hare, can't you do something with this monstrosity? Use some of your vague logic on him and drive him crazy!"

Daf: "What does he mean, about 'vague' logic?"

Turkish March Hare: "When I use a word, it means just what I choose it to mean – neither more nor less, especially in my e-mails. You see, it's like a portmanteau – there are two meanings packed up into one word."

Daf: "Curiouser and curiouser."

Turkish March Hare: "I'll show you how it works since we've already made our point here anyway. Come walk with me, Mail Marshal. I have a little story you might enjoy figuring out. It goes this way, 'Who's on first, what's on second ...'"

(The party breaks up and Daf and the Russian White Rabbit journey on until they come to a large green lawn in front of a magnificent green palace in which the flower beds are full of lettuces. Three workmen are busily painting three red rosebushes with garish green paint ...)

Daf: "Excuse me, why are you painting those red rosebushes with green paint?"

Workman #1: "The Queen of Lettuces wants everything green! We've got to finish before the Queen comes or else it's off with our heads!"

Daf: "No, I won't say it. It's too dirty and too obvious."

//GM to DAF: Oh, please, give me a break ... //

Workman #2: "And we can barely keep up. Last year, we had to paint three rosebushes all green, too."

Workman #3: "At least these three are all red, which is somewhat easier to cover with green. Last year we had a red one, a white one and a black one to cover in green. That was a nightmare!"

Workman #1: "Yeah, that black rosebush, the 'Munich', was a real bitch to paint green."

Workman #2: "It didn't last, either. See, it's black again. Once black, you never go back."

Daf: "That's been my experience, too. What are these rosebushes called?"

Workman #3: "The 'Trieste', the 'Serbia' and the 'Greece' rosebushes. There, all done. We'll keep our heads another year!"

White Russian Rabbit: "Look, here comes the Queen of Lettuces ..."

(In the midst of a large crowd of people is the Queen of Lettuces, all dressed in green, giving orders right and left when Daf and the White Russian Rabbit come up to speak.)

Q of L: "I said off with their heads and I mean off with their heads! Well, well who's this R.G.? You play croquet?"

Daf: "I'm Daf. I love croquet. But what's an R.G.?"

Q of L: "'Real Girl'. It's what gays call women. Bring us two of those 'Big Birds' over here at once. I got so tired of playing with flamingos. But what I really want is to play with some turkeys."

Daf: "I think you already are. I met several today at Soccer-Mad Mazzer's tea party."

White Russian Rabbit: "You were on their minds the whole time, Queen of Lettuce, and you were so right. They all want to talk to me now when they have ignored me before this last season. They mainly want to have the 'Crimes against Italy's Place in the Sun' charges dropped."

Q of L: "Too late, too late. Don't they know the rule is 'Sentence first, verdict afterwards'? Where are the hedgehogs? Off with their heads! I'm going to replace them with some 'hunted hares'. What I need are some vowels. I have no vowels!"

Daf: "Vowels? What do you mean?"

Q of L: "With all my supply centers, every single one starts with a consonant! Not a single vowel among them. I must have at least one vowel before I lay my 'Big Bird' down."

Daf: "I'm pretty flexible about any requirements before I lay down, ha ha! But it seems that there are only two supply centers, among the 34 in Diplomacy, that do begin with vowels."

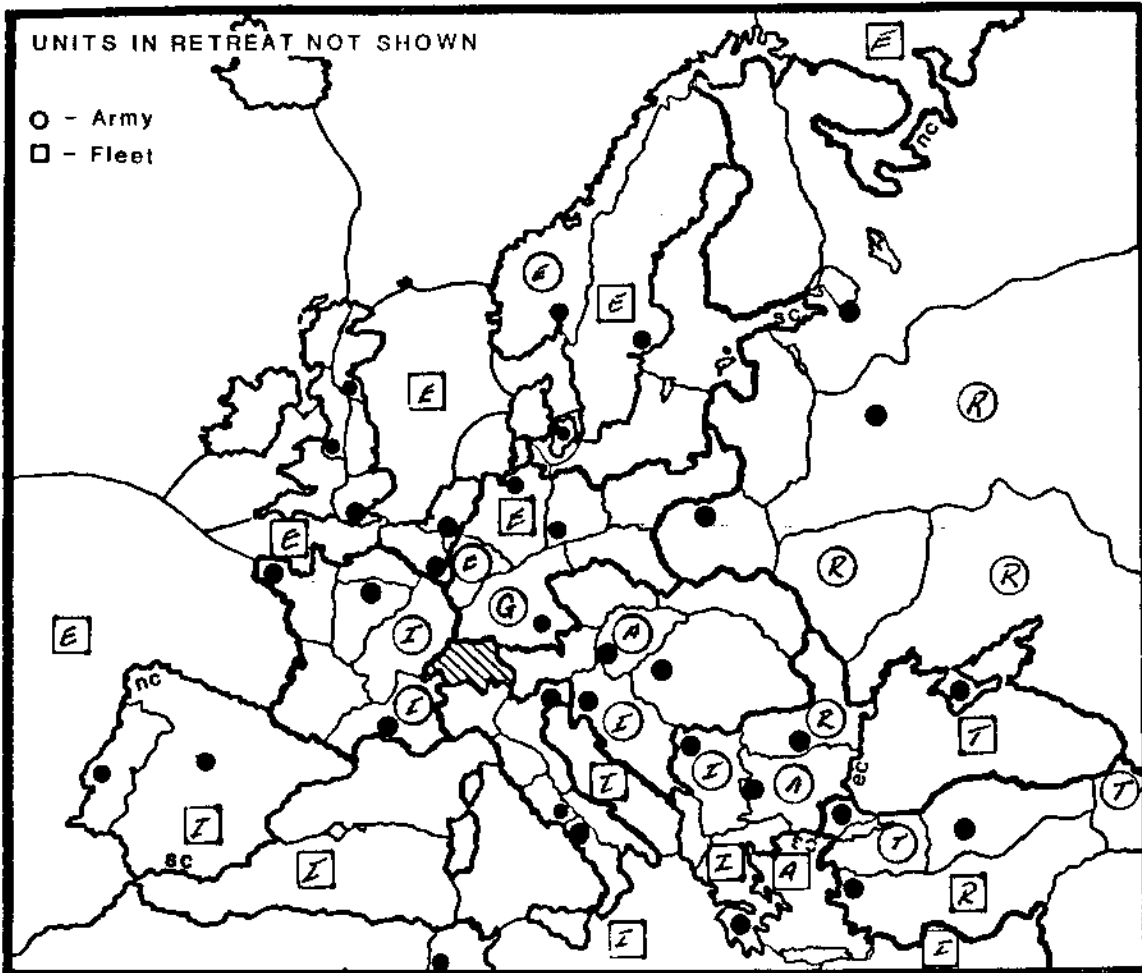
Q of L: "In English, Daf! If you check the supply centers' names in Italian, there are three. Now you might can argue with me, but you can't argue with phonetics and diphthongs, can you? I know I can't."

Daf: "I absolutely love Dip Thongs! I won't argue with them, but I do love to tease them a little."

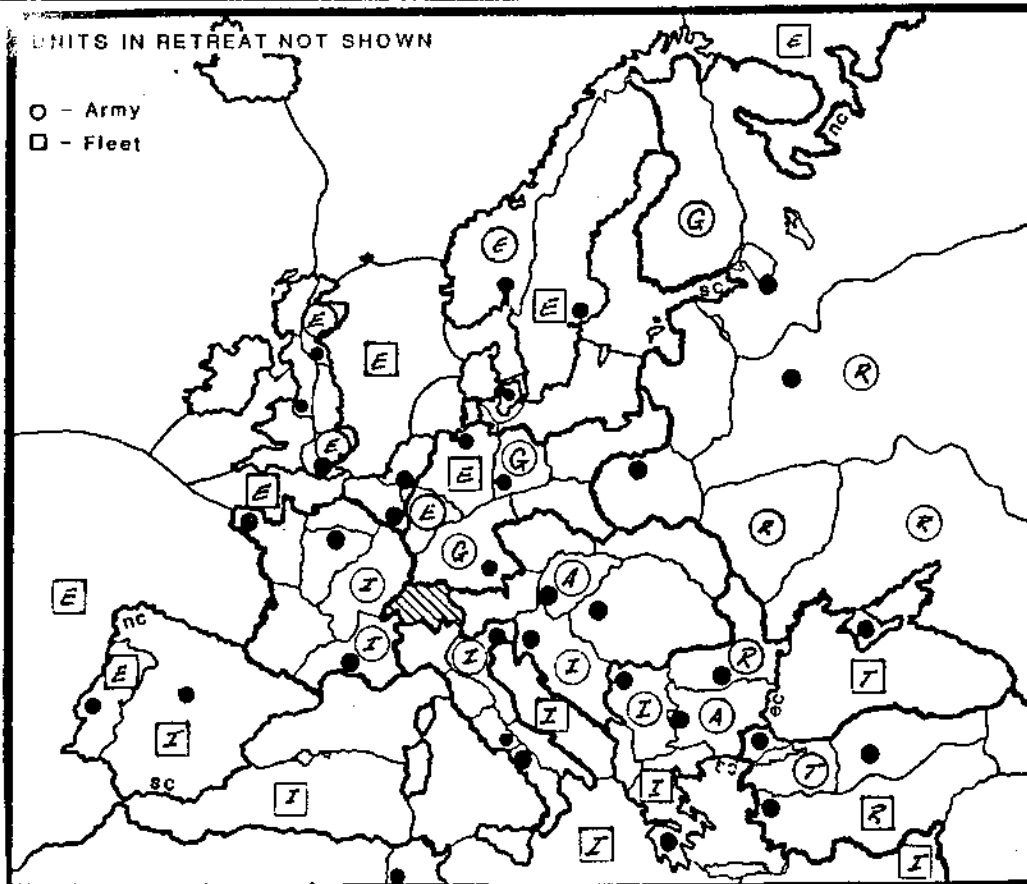
THE END

GM to WINTER-LAND: You said. Good bye, see you all next time.

2001-A
Fall
1905



2001-A
Winter
1905



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