

# Talk the Talk,

## Walk the Walk

It's been a long time since I had any kind of personal conversation with some of you, so I thought I'd catch you up to date on the family. No, not the adults—the kids.

Yes, kids. Cathy is pregnant. I haven't had a chance to scan the sonogram into the computer, but it's a boy and he's due late in February. We have dithered a little bit on picking out a name, but the consensus is that Peter James Gaughan V has the inside track.

(When you're Peter James Gaughan IV, it's very very hard not to name your kid V. He'll probably be P.J.)

We thought we were so smart. We put off having children until we'd spent a few years married, and maybe even until we were more established financially. We had Sally Ann, and thought we'd wait until she was at least two to have another child.

Well, she'd going to be more than 3 1/2. And as it turned out, we probably needed all of that gap.

Because Sally Ann is severely delayed. You'd never know it to see a photo of her. She's a healthy child (in fact, she has far fewer colds and such than most kids). She's a lot taller than average. She's bright; she understands everything, even comments we didn't realize she was overhearing.

But she can't talk.

I take some heat from Cathy and Daphne putting it that way, because Sally Ann actually does have a vocabulary of about a hundred words. But she cannot clearly pronounce more than a dozen of those ("pee" for "please", "moe" for "more"). She cannot mimic new words; even simple sounds such as "marble" come out with a "k" or "ng" in them.

# Dead Poets Society

## Number 3

Pete Gaughan / Daphne Langley / Cathy Gaughan

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And she cannot string together more than two words. She uses simple phrases such as "two books" or "big car", or basic commands ("go me!" means "chase me!") But she does not use any other sentences.

All of this puts her at about a 26-month level in "expressive language". Every therapist we've seen acknowledges that her "receptive language"—her ability to understand what she hears—is age-appropriate, meaning on par for children at 40 months.

Her hearing is fine. Her neurological systems are fine. Her motor skills are *slightly* delayed—she doesn't move quite as fluidly or as well-balanced as most kids—but within normal ranges.

Her social skills are way behind, mostly because she cannot interact with other children. She's not potty-trained, and again we assume it's because she can't express herself when she needs to.

This is very frustrating. There are times when I feel we shouldn't be that worried, that she'll catch up at her own speed and in the meanwhile we should be thankful she's healthy and, apparently, happy.

(And we get no sympathy from other parents, who more often wish their kids would be quiet for just a while. However, Sally Ann is no less demanding of our attention, or a video, or candy, than other children; she just has to resort to shouts and whines more often.)

So it's not a physical trauma, or brain damage. Sally Ann's speech is still a source of a lot of stress for us. We worry that we're not doing something right—not working on flash cards, or taking her to some kind of treatment, or *something*.

And I'm often embarrassed and ashamed. It's irrational, but because of my love of and expertise with words, I have to fight off feelings of complete failure that my child can't talk.

There's no resolution here; there won't be a happy ending until Sally Ann can throw a tantrum in complete, grammatical English, I guess! There are days where she goes right through speech therapy and McDonald's and a nap and playing with blocks and you'd never know she's not perfectly average.

Just not enough of them yet.

*Pete Gaughan*

# ARSENIC

## Spring 1903

Austria (Kathy Caruso): a ser-rum  
/annihilated/ (a bud s),  
a tri s a bud /annihilated/.

England (Mark Fassio): a edi-nwy  
(f nts c), f bre-gas, f nwy-stp/nc,  
a bel-bur, f eng-mid.

France (Jim Burgess): a mar-gas  
(a bur s), a vie h, f spa/sc h.

Germany (Steve Emmert): a ber-pru,  
a par s english f bre-gas,  
a swe-fin, f den-swe, f kie-bal,  
a mun-bur, a ruh-mun.

Italy (Don Williams): a ven-tri  
(a tyo s), f ion-alb, f tyn-wes.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a gal-bud  
(a rum s), f ank-con, a sev-arm,  
a ukr-mos, f fin-swe.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a gre-ser  
(a bul s), f aeg-con (f bla s).

### Addresses

Kathy Caruso, 636 Astor St.,  
Norristown PA 19401

Mark Fassio, 3071-A Wayne Pl.,  
West Point NY 10996-1817

Jim Burgess, 664 Smith St.,  
Providence RI 02908-4327

Steve Emmert, 1752 Grey Friars Ch.,  
Virginia Beach VA 23456-5436

Don Williams, 27505 Artine Dr.,  
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Bob Slossar, 14 Buck Hill Rd.,  
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**Next Deadline: November 30**

ARSENIC  
after Spring 1903



### Press

Chum to Boob: You wrote about me in nearly 20 press items last turn. And in many of those items, you imagined me to be a woman. When this game opened, you wanted to crush me. Now it appears that you have a crush on me.

Italy to Turkey: Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn.

GMS to Chum: Excellent piece of press, young man. Well written, concise, with a great punch line. I give it a 10.

Duck to Du Burgesse: The only possible way the tragedy of Titanic could be construed to represent even the tiniest bit of good was if you were lashed to the deck first, or maybe hung over the side of the ship and used as an iceberg bumper. Or maybe they could've used the hot air of your voluminous press to melt the iceberg before it did serious

damage. (Oops! What was I thinking? With your gaseous output, they could have strapped you below decks and used the hot air as ballast-had they done that, Titanic would truly have been unsinkable.)

Nurse Ilsa to Boob: Get away, you pervert. Contact me again and I'll have you and that little "monkey" of yours arrested for stalking.

Emmert to Burgess: Threaten me, will you? All I have to do is snap my fingers twice, and I can have this whole place just crawling with lawyers.

GM to Em: Eewwwwwww!

Boob Cries to the World: I'm hurt, I'm insulted... but OK, you'll only have me to kick around every *other* issue. Hyork, hyork, hyork, but that just means you'll get all the *more* press from me next time...

GMS to Boob: I feel your pain. Everywhere you turn, you face scorn and derision. Maybe you can use this experience to see whether

**ARSENIC** press continues

you can write some halfway-decent press.  
 Board to Money: That's big talk, boy.  
 GMS to Board: I'm a girl, silly.  
 Don to Du Burgesse, Part II: Heap the shame, if you must, but remember—I ain't the jester here.

Clinton to Gore: Have you heard about the oral sex that lasts eight days? Hannukah Lewinsky! Hee-hee-hee! I bet Starr would have a stroke if he knew I'd said... hey, is that tape recorder on?

Chum to Board: Watch for my sister on the November 19 episode of Frasier. She'll be playing a neurotic waitress in what could be a recurring role.

TV Guide: Anybody lusting after O'Kelley's sister on *The Love Boat* will be severely punished. No foolin'. O'Kelley thinks it's disgusting.

GMS to TV Guide: What does he think is disgusting? *The Love Boat*, his sister, or lust?

Follower to Cult Leader: Yes, sir, Mr. Emmert. We've put away the pudding mix like you said, and gotten out the ice, bourbon, "powdered sugar", and mint sprigs. Now what?

**Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1902**

Austria	bud	tri	ser	.	.	.	.	.	3
England	lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	bre	.	.	6
France	mar	por	spa	vie	.	.	.	.	4
Germany	ber	kie	mun	hol	den	par	swe	.	7
Italy	rom	ven	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	4
Russia	mos	war	stp	sev	rum	ank	.	.	6
Turkey	con	smy	bul	gre	.	.	.	.	4

GMS to Follower: Let's run for the roses?

Cult Leader to Follower: No, no, I said to get me some purple Nikes and a Coke. What the hell am I gonna do with a cloak? Just what kind of a cult do you think this is, anyway?

Hapsburg to board: Standin' on the corner, watchin' all the boys go by... Standin' on the corner, givin' all the boys the eye...

Duck to RadioFlash: Pretty good lyrics, Markie-Mark, but I could only guess half the tunes. Help?

GMS to Duck: Oh, my, where to start!

Naples to Smyrna: Assuming here that you wrote the "Love Chum" bit last season. Magnificent! Marvellous! Inspired! True! It has a great beat and I can stab to it, Dave, so I give it a 10!

GM to Arsenic: Hmm, that's two perfect scores this month, and we're still on page 3.

GMS to Naples: Who the hell is Dave?

Flash to Chum: GREAT  
 "...Superstar" re-do last issue with your Chum lyrics. May I suggest a second verse?:

They don't know how to stab him  
 How to move, how to screee-ew him  
 He's just a Turk, a four-center Turk  
 Yet in the smoke and haze,  
 of these Balkan days  
 His moves make their eyes glaze....

May you continue to confound your foes and make their eyes glaze over at your skill. And may you yet see the wisdom of grabbing a Russian appendage here and there, to aid in your further growth and influence. Kneepads optional.

GMS to Flash: Now *there's* a piece of press I can believe in. I'm all for grabbing appendages at any opportunity.

Emmert to Radio Clash: What an effort! Let's see; #2 is "Maggie Mae" [Rod Stewart]; #3 is unknown to me; #4 is "Thick as a Brick" [Jethro Tull]; #5 is "Springtime for Hitler" from the movie *The Producers*; #6 is "Against the Wind" [Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band]; #7 is "Mr. Postman" [The Shirelles]; and #8 is "Goin' to California" [Led Zeppelin]. But O'Kelley's "I Don't

DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD (DIS), KILLER ANGELS EDITION

Boob Press	DIS speechless, wishes same could be said for Boob.
DPS	Two Words: Where's Cathy?
W'02	Net plus-2 armies... no surprises... yawn... let's play!
GMS	Class'n'sass in one package. Wanna hyperventilate?
ChumSong	Watch out Alanis, Magdalene O'Kneepads is here.
CdSera	Stick a cigar in it.
GM	Up on his AltRock. How bizarre.
HSGhod	Forgiven—almost. (Couldn't lose the Burgess press, eh?)
EGGFART	W'02 map of central Europe says it all.
G'sburg	DIS is stoked, will see you there. Wow.

**ARSENIC** press continues

Know How to Love Chum” is inspired.

GM to Players: Our resident Shark guessed all those “Radio Songs” correctly, but I inserted the artists. #3 is Springsteen’s “Atlantic City”. Thanks, Faz and Jim!

Faz to Kath: We really do need to talk a bit more from here on in, Mistress of the Salmon Salt. (OBSCURE SONG TITLE ALERT!!! This was a song from the second Blue Oyster Cult album. It discusses the “Quicklime Girl,” who will, like the real quicklime, burn your bones away if you’re not careful. I think that’s an appropriate description of our favorite female Dipper!!) Anyway, KC, I hope you survived the Balkan Donnybrook down there, and that you heed the words of “The Boss” from last ish’s Radio Clash 3 song..

GM to Faz: If you want to talk to Kathy in this game, you better hurry.

Italy to Russia/Turkey: You brutes! Now look what you’ve done to the Butcher. (I hope.)

Counting Calories in VB to “Whipped” Cream Lover in CA: Nice try, lady, but I’d have to do five laps around Virginia to burn off that much extra weight. Thanks for the offer, though.

GMS to Sweetie: Anytime, Sweetheart.

GM to GMS: Grrrrrrrr. ... Er, what I meant was, before you give him that, can I reserve Friday nights?

Steve to Pete: So, (sigh!) do the Dodgers have a chance of contending NEXT year? Maybe Beltre matures early. I did notice one cool thing about a team I normally have nothing but disdain for: Pads fans celebrate each Sterling Hitchcock strikeout by hanging little signs over the

railing. But instead of the usual “K”, their sign is the caricature silhouette of Alfred Hitchcock. How literate; how chic. Still, they have to “wait ’til next year” just like the rest of us.

Pete to Steve: The Dodgers will probably win a few more games next year (88?), maybe be in the wild card race (if the Astros re-sign Johnson they’ll win the wild card), but otherwise it’s one more year of embarrassment until the Davey Effect kicks in. Look out for Dodger Blue in 2000!

Galileo: Sorry, your holiness, but I won’t recant. I know that church doctrine teaches that the earth is the center of the universe, and all the heavenly bodies revolve around it. But my research shows conclusively that the earth is not the center. I have found that the earth revolves around Jim Burgess.

GMS to Galileo: That’s it—I’m leaving.

Rand McNally to board: Intersection of US 30 and US 15. Saturday the 14th, high noon; be there or be—well, you know.

GMS to Randy: Roadkill? Oh, I guess you don’t mean in the middle of the intersection, do you.

GM to GMS: Speaking of roadkill:

Remus to Romulus: I see six vultures. I win.

Romulus to Remus: I see twelve vultures. That’s more, so I win.

Remus to Romulus: Yeah; well, I saw mine first. I win.

Romulus to Remus: My vultures are hovering over Don Williams’s carcass.

Remus to Romulus: You win.

GM to Players: Warning—the next item is not authentic.

Tsar to board: Hey, why doesn’t any of my press ever get run? All the

other players have press. Why not me?

GM to “Tsar”: Shame, shame, shame! I told you in issue #1 that I don’t allow black press. You can get very, very grey, to be sure, but you can’t dateline an item explicitly from another player. (There are a couple of borderline items in this report.)

However, now that you mention it, there is actually a press item from Russia this turn:

A typical day in the life of everyone’s favorite Tsar:

7:00 a.m.: Morning prayer service for the total annihilation of the enemies of the Empire

8:30 a.m.: Breakfast meeting with the mayor of New St. Petersburg, (formerly called Ankara), Subject: Review/approve “Russian troops are your friends” campaign.

10:15 a.m.: Meet with Finance Minister, Subject: Design/production of German language currency.

12:00 p.m.: Luncheon meeting with the D.A.R. (Daughters of the Aristocracy of Russia), give speech: Why/how D.A.R. means victory for the Empire in the current unpleasantness (war).

2:00 p.m.: Newsconference  
3:30 p.m.: Trial and execution of reporters who asked illegal questions doing newsconference.

5:00 p.m.: Dinner meeting with General Staff, Subject: Winning = job security.

7:00 p.m.: Attend Concert; highlights: Tchaikovsky’s “1812 Overture” (musical story about Russian victory over western European country that made the mistake of attacking Mother Russia), and Tchaikovsky’s “Marche Slave” (musical story of Russian victory against the Turks when they tried to take the Black Sea away from Mother Russia).

**ARSENIC** press continues

Used Car Salesman to Trusting Frog and Slumbering Grizzly: Well, at least I *hope* those sobriquets described you guys this turn—if not, then this press is gonna look pret-ty silly and non-applicable! Anyway lads, I reviewed the board at the 11th hour and figured, “What the heck; I lied to Russia once; then Germany lied to him once; so what the heck, let’s both lie to him at once!” Consistency is my watchword. Seriously, Bob, my earlier note to you was indeed truthful in my concerns over Russian growth... I can’t play “partial knowledge” with a Russian who wants his centers but doesn’t seem overly energetic in helping me get mine. Stabbing Germany to get you another center and, possibly, a future “German ally once jilted by England” and a future growth path—just didn’t excite me. If you’ve made a good deal down south, then you can hang on for awhile and kick some butt. If you didn’t, then the quicker you are reduced to a southern rump state next to someone else (“Not in my neighborhood!”) the more secure we stab-happy English will be. My StP fleet foray satisfies security for me up north: no fleet action against me, and Nwy secure. I’m done.

As for you, Mon-Sewer Le Boob: The first two game years soured my taste in dealing with you, even though I do believe that your intent for 1903 and beyond was sincere, i.e., you do want to ally. But others have plans, and I’d like to be part of those plans. To allow a rogue Frenchman with your playing, um, quirks, to grow and/or position next to me during an out-year growth plan, well...I just couldn’t see it. If others have done their job, Vichy France will soon become Iberian France, and then “The Last Dance of France.” I

just don’t get good karma working with you in this one, old man, and that’s the (ahem) Ghod’s truth.

GM to Used Car: If you’re bidding for “longest press item Pete ever published”, you should be aware the record stands at 3.5 pages.

The woman in blue stood in the doorway of the audience chamber, staring at the huge barbarian and the scrawny duck who were within. She shook her head in confusion and rubbed her eyes. The duck let out a squawk, which held equal parts pain and pleasure. The barbarian gave a roar and started towards the woman. And immediately stopped in his tracks (no mean feat in a man his size) when he saw the woman flinch back.

The woman obviously didn’t know these people who obviously knew her. “Red,” said the barbarian in a remarkably gentle voice, “what’s going on?”

The woman moved from the doorway toward the duck. “Hey, Red, how ya been?” he quacked. “My, you look great, blue is definitely your color. Much better than all the red crap you used to wear.”

As the duck was speaking, the woman’s steps became more and more deliberate, her eyes seemed to clear and a fierce, gleeful grin lit up her face. “Hello to you, too, Billface,” she said, as she kissed him, pivoted on her left foot, and pitched him into the fountain.

“Thud Rooter, my old friend,” she said, hugging the barbarian. “Who you callin’ old, blondie?” he growled.

“I’m so glad you’re here. Did you bring my packs?” she asked, looking at the clothes she was wearing with distaste. “Down with your horse, as always,” Thud replied.

“Good,” she said, stripping down to her skin. “Let’s go.” The barbarian fished the duck from the fountain and they followed behind the woman who was wearing nothing but a smile.

GM to Woman in Blue Red: As the song says, “Lookie there, lookie there!”

Italy to GM/GMS: Porn works just fine on the radio. And the TV. And the carpet... and the linoleum... and...

GMS to Italy: There you are, at it again. All talk and no action—what’s the matter? Our linoleum isn’t good enough for you?

Chez Fassio: Daf’s description last issue of the arrival of Don and Stephanie to the Clayton Love Shack reminds me of the old classic movie title, “Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner?”

Casa de Daf: That’s funny. It reminded me to “Abbott and Costello Meet the Catwoman”.

Italy to GM: “Prognosticator”? Indeed. I vote you make a rule that Burgess can’t use words he doesn’t understand.

Failed Prog to Boob: Yeah, I should have stuck with my guns on Big Mac. So here’s my effort at making up for the errors of my ways: I say Griffey breaks Aaron’s record. (Side note to Pete: By the time Junior actually comes close enough to Hank to make a difference, no one will remember this prediction, so if I’m wrong, no one will hit me with it. Is I shrewd, or what?)

GM to Frail Prog: Don’t count on it, buddy. The Hobby has a long memory. But I agree with you; some day Griffey will hit career homer #800.

Flash to AT&T Stockholder: Oh Cheese and Quackers, I hope my

**ARSENIC** press continues

little unsupported gamble to Mid worked and that you don't become a Toady to a Froggie. If I did succeed, then I promise no threat to your homeland or territorial waters. I'd like the same guarantee in return, of course. If I didn't succeed to Mid, then please honor the DMZ as well, and life will be, ah, just Ducky.

GM to Flash: I said "#800", not "1 800!"

Germany to Italy: Yo, Doge! Is Fassio right? Are you really "of two minds"? This has got to have its advantages, but I'm not sure what they are right now.

Saugus to Virginia Beach: I, uh... I don't really have anything to say, actually. Never mind. Just go on... ignore me... really...

Eccentric Uncle to Cult Leader: It's, like, so obvious when you're turned on and tuned in to the Vibe of Universalosity. The purposefully adulterated use of the non-proper noun "Ghod" is simply to avoid use of the correct spelling, "God". The intent is to avoid offending, allegedly, anyone who might find the correct spelling, in this use a proper noun as opposed to a simple noun (that is, big "G" not little "g"), offensive. It's also an admittedly shallow, albeit sincere, attempt to avoid gratuitous blasphemy. Not that a crystal-loving, incense-sniffing, candle-burning New Age Philistine like you would care.

Flash to LegalEagle: Per your question last ish, "Ghod" is a term used to describe a sub-level lower on the Deity Scale, i.e., under "the Real Guy." Boob uses it in his games (such as "ghodstoo") to describe mortals deemed "graced" with some higher-level cosmicness. As such, there are sex Ghods, hobby Ghods, and Press Ghods.

The interesting thing, though, is that there isn't a similar single-term description for the "lesser deities" that ran rampant in the old Feud Days. Is Bernie Oaklyn thus a "hobby Dhevil?" These and many other DPS-related press entries cause me to lie awake at night and ponder....or maybe it's just that stale chili I ate...

GM to Flash: I warn you—citing the Boob as a source for your vocabulary is likely to get you demoted.

Faz-Mauron (yes, it's made to sound like that word) to Boob-Sauron: Chapter 2. Deep from his Castle of Pomposity in the Gaming Hills, Faz-Mauron surveyed the scene from his ramparts. In the dark mist enveloping Castle Lyalot, Faz schemed for yet another series of bald-faced lies, similar to those effected upon him by balding higher-level Ghod(too), Edi BeerCan. Using BeerCan's time-honored tactic of "You made me stab you" in the hopes of deflecting criticism for his play, Faz-Mauron grinned to himself as he hovered over his wall-sized Dip board and moved pieces hither and yon. His large black crow "Germania" hovered on his shoulders, cawing loudly as Faz mixed a julep-frosted glass to his lips. In the fog-shrouded mist, a Duck was heard to ominously quack, prompting another caw from Germania. Faz-Mauron shuddered, and consulted the Book of Oracles for the meaning of this ill-timed quack. Meanwhile, the Balkan slaughter continued on, so Faz-mauron turned up the volume on his Lost island Classi collection and refreshed his glass.

GM to Faz: Thank you! I was beginning to think nobody remembered the good ol' days of "legendary" press. (But what's the

big aura around Edi? The only game I was ever in with him, I won.)

Tom Bombadilliams to Boob-Sauron: Oh, please. We're *not* going to do that Hobbit-shit here, are we? The StarWars stuff back in the eighties was bad, but if we go retro to the friggin' sixties I'll just slit my wrists right now...

Orcs to Bombadilliams: Do it! Do it! Greenk! Greenk! Greenk!

GM to Bombadilliams: I second the Orcs' motion.

Italy to Germany: So, which way did the geoses step? East? West? South!? The war is, as they say, on.

Geography lesson: I was in Iraq, but Iran.

Faz to Californians: After reading DPS press, I am once again reminded of the comedian's old quip: "Living in California is like living in a bowl of granola; what ain't fruits and nuts, is flakes." (Just kidding; but I had to insert that somewhere in press. I know, I know, this is where the GMS comes in and says, "I'll show you somewhere to insert that quip, fella!" Am I right, am I right?)

GMS to Faz: Nope. I was going to ask if you had any milk.

Mochamachine to GMS: Whoa, baby, be careful what you say. I nearly frothed the cream right here. That would've been a little espresso style, if you know what I mean.

GMS to Mocha: I like my drinks double tall, with just a hint of froth at the ~~tip~~ top.

GM to Mochamachine: You know you're getting too much caffiene when even your, ahem, "single shot" tastes like espresso.

**ARSENIC** press continues

Hapsburg to Pope: Bark! Bark! Bark!  
Pant-pant. Lick-lick-lick-lick.  
Slobber. Drool.

GMS to Pope: Was it good for you,  
too?

Piedmont to Du Burgesse: We'll  
dutifully note, however, that your  
units' moves, as questionable as  
they have been, have made ever-  
so-much-more sense than your  
press ever did.

From the Reichschancellery: One  
suggested ending for this game,  
taken from television: Fade to  
black.

GM to Chancre: Oh, come on! Black  
is so boring, so retro. What about  
brown with beige spots (the  
espresso flavor)? Or the two-tone  
purple (blueberry)? Or the white  
with yellow spots (popcorn)? Or  
the... wait a minute, you're not  
talking about jellybeans, are you?

Don to Du Burgesse: What's all this  
"fool me once" nonsense? Is that a  
Hun in your capital, or are you  
just a brainless moron? And don't  
forget your dot-snatching friend  
partying in Brest. FYI, I command  
the friendly green blocks, not the  
evil black ones and blue ones.

Gordon Lightfoot to Du Burgesse &  
Williams: Just think about the fool  
who by his virtue can be found in  
a most unusual situation, playing  
jester to the clown.

GM to Gordie: I got all the fools I  
need. If you want to help,  
how'zabout you contribute some  
intelligence?

Rome to London: The proof of the  
pudding is in the eating.  
(Translation: The proof of the  
alliance is in the stabbing.) Who  
got the business end of your knife  
this turn? Hmmmm? It's like they  
say in Queen's *Bohemian Rhapsody*,  
"...any way the wind blows..."

Faz to Duck: You are a press genius,  
no ifs ands or buts (that's "but"  
with *one* "t," Daf.) Reference your  
Corriere della Sera excerpts last  
ish, I merely cite Monty Python  
and say: "No one escapes the  
Fassio Inquisition!" I have taken  
my cue from the Prez, when I  
"may have had an inappropriate  
relationship in verbal dealings  
with Mssrs Slossar and Burgess."  
But I don't feel like I've lied, and  
*certainly* I'm not out for a stab! In  
Washingtonese, I merely have  
"altered the receptive impression  
of truth in their cognitive listening  
patterns," and "have tried to effect  
a disproportionate center-  
adjustment situation in the current  
operating milieu of the board." As  
Lt William Calley would've said in  
1967, "What? My Lai?"

DMWI to PJGIV: You don't suppose,  
do you, that our dear Professor  
Burgess is related to that writer-  
guy, Anthony Burgess? I don't  
understand any of the nonsense he  
writes either.

Lost in Spa(SC)e: One human brain.  
Only slightly used. Answers to the  
name "Jim-Boob". If found, please  
return for reward. (Owner doesn't  
care, but neighborhood kids use it  
as a football.)

Interested Onlooker to Host: It's not  
his entire brain that's defective,  
just the press-writing portion in  
the upper-right hemisphere. Years  
ago, doctors were set to use laser  
technology to eradicate the press-  
writing blockage, but in computer-  
generated studies it was found  
that he would write copious  
amounts of press, only in a more  
Don Williams-type style. It was  
decided mankind wasn't ready for  
that burden and the surgery was  
never performed.

They were awarded the Nobel  
Peace Prize that year.

GM to Onlooker: Be that as it may, I  
still want Jim-Bob press in my  
game. At least it has the virtue of  
making me look erudite!

El Donyo, Rome to Smyrna: And  
what did you decide to do? I  
swear, I've never come across a  
bigger batch of lying, conniving,  
manipulative malcontents in my  
entire 16-year PBM Diplomacy  
career. (Okay, once, but that was at  
the Republican National  
Convention...) Anyway, if we are  
judged by the friends we keep, I  
guess my soul is long ago lost...

GMS to El Donyo: I don't ever  
remember giving you permission  
to hobnob with those people. I  
expect my toadies to hang out  
with a classier group, like Hell's  
Angels or Scandinavian bikini  
teams.

Faz to Multitudes: Steve had a good  
idea (for once). On 13-14  
November, Fassio, Emmert and  
O'Kelley relive their fabled World  
DipCon trip, and have reunited for  
"Autumn Tour II." We will be  
appearing, live, in Gettysburg PA  
for that weekend, where we hope  
to tour the battlefield without  
being kicked off (no off-road  
Blazer driving, Steve, you witty  
raconteur, you!). We also plan a  
fun-filled evening of game-playing  
and, um, liquid refreshment  
throughout our stay. Ideally, we'd  
have Kathy, Bob, Boob and Don  
come on in, and we could end this  
game on the fields of real battle,  
and probably have a grand old  
time in the process. HMO, seven of  
us in a motel room with mint  
juleps and scheming... makes the  
hackles on one's neck rise just  
thinking of it, he went?

GM to GMS: Look! Now he's  
hanging out with an even *worse*  
caliber of crowd!