

# Budapest

## Brief Impressions

First impression I had on this trip was, "Gee, the same guy who built Heathrow also built De Gaulle." (I hate both airports for that matter: bus shuttle from plane to terminal, only to find that you have to take *another* bus to your outbound terminal.)

I was flying with the proposal manager, a long-time editor who hired me to copyedit and perform general page-layout troubleshooting on this project. As our taxi pulled away from Ferihegy Int'l Airport, I told her, "This looks just like North Texas!" Flat, green, alternating trees and plain pastures, and slightly humid despite the 65° weather.

We arrived on a Monday night local time and immediately put in 4 hours on the job. AirTouch had rented a suite and equipped it with laptops and printers. We had until Friday morning to finish a 200-page application and 800 pages of ancillary documents (translating annual reports, notarized bank letters and so forth).

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights I got four to six hours' sleep each night. Thursday night we never went to bed. The main printer began streaking at 6pm and the finance plan (complete with the "bid" number—the top-secret amount that AirTouch would pay for a cellular license) wasn't given to us until 8. At 9am Friday, as the proposal binders were being packed, the AirTouch managebeast for Europe decided to rewrite a footnote, which meant producing and copying new versions of four pages. Despite this power play, we sent the executives off to the Ministry by 11:00.

I had to leave the hotel by 7:30 Sunday morning to catch my flight, so all I saw of Hungary was a three-hour bus tour Saturday (I was far too tired to walk the city). But I can say

# Dead Poets Society

*Number 7*

Pete Gaughan / Daphne Langley / Cathy Gaughan

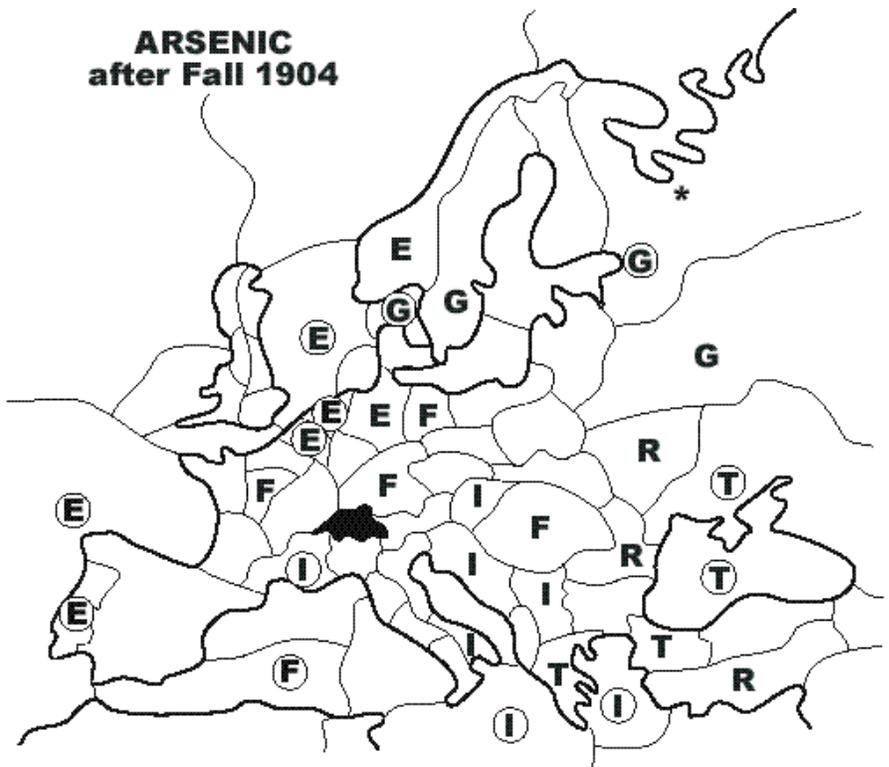
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this from taxi rides around town and the bus tour: Budapest is not being kept up well. The city is crumbling; the smog is worse than Vienna, Stuttgart, or anywhere in Switzerland (though I can't compare to larger European cities—perhaps they all have this problem). The highlights—Matthew's Church, the palace, Parliament, the opera house

—look pretty good, but the other Imperial buildings are blackened and falling over, and it looks as though nothing has been built in the past decade except a couple of office buildings. Oh, and various American fast food restaurants.

There are plenty of places I want to see first before I re-visit Hungary.

**ARSENIC  
after Fall 1904**



## ARSENIC - '98A Summer 1904

Retreat: Turkish a ser to gre.

### Fall 1904

England (Mark Fassio): f nts-den,  
f eng-bel, f stp/nc h /dislodged;  
to bar or otb/ (a nwy s),  
a ruh-kie (f hol s), f gas-mid,  
f mid-por.

France (Jim Burgess): f lyo-wes,  
a bur-par, a sil-ber (a mun s),  
a bud s russian a gal-rum.

Germany (Steve Emmert):  
a den-swe, a kie-den  
/annihilated/, f bot-stp/sc  
(a mos s), f ska-nwy.

Italy (Don Williams): a apu-gre  
(f ion c), f aeg c & a ser s russian  
a smy-bul (a tri s ser), a vie s  
french a bud, f spa/sc-mar.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a gal-rum,  
a smy-bul, a sev-ukr.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a con-smy,  
a gre-bul, f arm-sev (f bla s),  
a rum-ser /annihilated/.

Autumn retreat: English f stp/nc.

### Addresses

Lt Col Mark Fassio, USAF  
4814C Hartell Court  
Fort Meade, MD 20755

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.,  
Saugus CA 91350-2193

Bob Slossar, 14 Buck Hill Rd.,  
Huntington CT 06484

Jim O'Kelley, 664 W. Irving Park Rd.  
#I-6, Chicago IL 60613

Autumn/Winter 1904/  
Spring 1905 Deadline:  
6 June 1999

## Press

French Wine to World's Beer: Hey, I  
love beer, just not my own. I'm  
enjoying the open Beer Gardens in  
the German homeland, while I  
reclaim my capital, but alas,  
treachery is afoot.

Eng to Fra: Hitler to Stalin, 1941.  
Napoleon to Tsar Alexander, 1812.  
And now, Fassio to Burgess, 1999.  
I'm hoping to avoid the disaster of  
the first two examples! This turn  
will determine many things, Boob:  
who is whose camp; what must be  
done; and how best to do it. I  
suspect French treachery, ma non?  
Well, if your Diplomatic largesse  
exceeds mine, then I expect to be  
on the short end of the stick. If, on  
the other hand, FazSpeak is in  
play, then perhaps your unbridled  
growth (and ambition!) shall be  
reduced, at least as concerns POR.  
One can hope, anyway. En garde!

Boob to GM: I resent your inability  
to seek out the true heart of the  
Faz. Mouth is moving my foot . . . I  
think I have *Hoof in Mouth Disease*.

GM to Boob: Your logic is too fuzzy  
for me to follow.

Faz to Chum: You're like the Energi-  
zer Bunny: You keep on shifting,  
and surviving, and sparring, and  
ticking. The East will offer up  
some interesting options soon  
enough, methinks. Hopefully Steve  
helped you out by remaining in  
Moscow.

Turkey to Italy: I hope the Red Sox  
lose.

Germany to All the Enemy Forces  
Occupying the Fatherland: Good  
luck finding all the boobytraps,  
and dodging loyal German parti-  
sans. And have a pleasant meal;  
there's nothing wrong with the  
food supply, nothing at all. Sweet  
dreams.

GM to All the Enemy Horses:  
Soylent Green is people!!

Stevie to Markie: Wonderful news  
for you! Assuming I can somehow  
take St. Pete, I can bedevil you no  
more from there! Now you only  
have to worry about Williams and  
Burgess.

GMS to Stevie: I'll admit he's a  
wonderful guy, but a Saint? That's  
a bit much.

Flash to All: This game has been a  
hoot from the start. I hope you  
guys have enjoyed it as much as I.  
Even the delays are slowly fading  
into memory, much like the  
memories of your sophomore  
prom, your date, and that outfit!!  
Kudos to Don for making this  
work. ALAMO in June, baby!! Viva  
Santa Ana! Bring on The Three,  
nay, the *Four Amigos!*

Turkey to Germany: Naughty  
things? About good old reliable  
me? There must be some mistake.  
People love me.

Boob Gets Weird: I've already turned  
pro, now I'm contemplating  
retirement and a comeback, all at  
the same time.

Eng to Ger: You have played, imo, a  
masterful game. (Go ahead and  
blush, you humble lug, but it's  
true.) For most of us, this game has  
been one methodical move after  
another. But for you and a couple  
others, you have breathed literal  
vitality into this match. Your  
moves always catch at least 1-2  
people by surprise every turn  
(generally me, sad to say). NOW  
I'm forced to deal with you on  
Stevie's terms, or else root you out  
of Festung Scandinavia—both  
daunting options! Mister Rogers  
time: "Can you say 'Kingmaker?'  
Sure you can."

Quaestor to Consul: I hope your  
Florida tan is peeling admirably.

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1903

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>													
Austria	4	3	0		lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	bre	hol	stp	KIE	POR	may build 1 or 2		
England	5	6	8	9	mar	per	vie	mun	bud	PAR	BER	.	.	.	disband 1		
France	3	4	5	4	ber	kie	den	par	swe	STP	MOS	.	.	.	even		
Germany	6	7	5	4	rom	ven	nap	tun	spa	gre	tri	MAR	VIE	SER	may build 2		
Italy	5	4	7	9	mös	war	sev	smy	RUM	.	.	.	.	.	even		
Russia	6	6	4	3	con	bul	rum	ank	ser	GRE	SEV	.	.	.	will play 1 short		
Turkey	5	4	5	5													

Did you watch much baseball down there? Was TWBTOS her normal singin' self? And RLG? Did you throw the bunny to the croc? Ooops, how un-PC of me. I somehow now picture you in Don Johnson Miami Vice clothes and shades, cruising in your red Bombmobile of Gettysburg fame (wait, that's gone now, right?) Sigh. Is nothing sacred?

FaZZ to ZZTop: A pearl necklace . . . she wants a pearl necklace . . .

GM to FaZZ: The GMS wants to pass along her approval of anyone using "pearl necklace" in press.

Used Car Salesman to the Non-Mass D.W.: Oh please oh please oh please don't say you hosed me over. Done right (and with luck), Mr Hyphenated Name will be down to 3 or less. Done "dirty" to me, and I'll be joining Semmert at the mindspring. Dot com.

GM to Salesman: "Hosed"? For him, wouldn't a drinking straw be a more apt metaphor?

Boob to Duck: Get your feet off of my grapes!!

Flash to Duck: If the shenanigans in this game don't qualify for some of the best, then we seven need to hang it up! You should be the "center leader" this season, and you've played Italy to a "t." I am GREEN with envy.

Stevie to Jim-Bob: Oh, before I forget, you need to watch Williams, too. Five bucks say he stole Marseilles.

Defender of the Faith to Lite Sampler: Go for the gusto, laddie!

Coming attractions: Boob Contra Duck, the Sequel and Final Battle — stay tuned, this one will be worth the price of admission.

Eng to Rus: We shall see if the Hun makes nice to you and leaves Moscow, Bob. (I personally think he will, but hey—I never thought Lindbergh could cross the Atlantic.) If he remains, then yet another enemy shall rape your cows, milk your women, and pee on your roadways. Yet through it all, you grimly hang on. You shall outlive many, good sir.

Radio Flash Reports On: Good Anti-War Tunes: Given this messy Bosnian ruckus, here are some good tunes to listen to as you sit snug in your house with your family, watching grimy masses flee theirs:

–Roads to Moscow (Al Stewart). Good tune. Tells of a simple Russian soldier who's captured, escapes to again fight the Germans to Berlin, then gets deported at the end to a Siberian camp because he was "polluted by the West" during his brief capture. Truly anecdotal of millions after WW2.

–Christmas in the Trenches (John McCutcheon). Folk singer, on Rounder Records. Great song off his Winter Solstice and Greatest Hits cuts. Discusses the World War I truce on the Western Front. Not

100% historical in the lyrics, but what the hey. If THIS one doesn't mist your eyes at the end, you're a Communist and deserve slow torture. So there.

–Us and Them (Pink Floyd). Dark Side of the Moon classic, again with WW1 references similar to McCutcheon's, above. Typical British stoicism and pluck, with superb lyrics. And I'm not a big Floyd fan.

–War Pigs (Black Sabbath). Yes, break out the black light, find your loose jersey and peace medallion, and crank up the turntable! A "different" tune, complete with air raid sirens at the opening. If you weren't around to hear this when young, then you just won't understand.

–Opus 69, Wellington's Victory (Beethoven). The deaf guy's tribute to Waterloo, for all you classical eggheads (i.e., Burgess and a few cravat-equipped nerdmeisters in TAP, hyork hyork). Uses live cannon during the symphony. You hear the rising crescendos throughout, and visualize the battle through its phases, i.e., Ney's cavalry assaulting, the lull, then the final charge. You can pace the tempo and imagine the Old Guard on its doomed climb up the hill, to be surprised by rising British soldiers and a deadly volley. Ok, Ok I'll stop now.

GM to Radio Flash: Thanks, I was just about out of paper. ☹