

# Stuff

## And Nonsense

This month's mailbox is full of short notes. Maybe the players have this kind of thing every month, but it was great to see a "revival" of sniping behind the scenes. For example:

O'Kelley: 1) Like hell I'll play one short. Ankara is open for a build, and I'm putting something there.

Fassio: Other than the adjudication, Mrs Lincoln, how did you like the play?

O'Kelley: 2) Every single one of us lost at least one center this year. Don't recall ever seeing that. How about you old-timers?

Fassio: Yeah, you old farts, what about that phenom? Why, I bet Grandpa Emmert can relate some similar stories, like walking barefoot in a blizzard to DipCons to play Settlers of Catan. Or the REALold guys—Williams and Slossar—who knew the young John Boardman in the Heyday of Dip. Gee guys, tell us young'uns more stories of when Dip came on paper from the mailman...It's just like the retrospective John Cougar song "Cherry Bomb:"

That's when a ZAT was a ZAT \*  
With pubbers lampoonin'  
Your neighbor would act like a rat  
We were young but we were improv'

Forever schemin' with our friends  
Stabbing one was something, baby  
Outside the game, we loved 'em all  
Our knives were really drippin'  
Say yeah yeah yeah  
Say Arsenic and Old Farts...

1901 has turned to '05  
I'm surprised that I'm still livin'  
And if I've done anyone wrong  
I'm hopin' that I'm forgiven

\*(ZAT being a German abbreviation for deadline.)

Other Letters this time:

# Dead Poets Society

## Number 8

Pete Gaughan / Daphne Langley / Cathy Gaughan

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Don Williams: "Hope all goes well at Casa Gaughan-Langley. Thanks for your postcard from Budapest, and for the write-up in DPS #6 . . . it's a shame they worked you to the point where you couldn't even do the tourist thing . . . knaves and scoundrels all! Will this lead to something more permanent, or is it basically piecework? It just seems to me a travesty that someone of your talents is treated so rudely in this line of work.

"I hope that Cathy, Daphne, Sally Ann and Penta-Pete are all well. Apart from a couple of sore throats, we are all fine. Stef gets back tonight after being gone two weeks to the UK to visit her mom. Always much better on her return am I (Yodaisms grand are)."

L. Steven Emmert: "Thanks for your very interesting description of your trip to Hungary. I was horrified to read of your frenetic work schedule, but it sounds as though more time for tourism wouldn't have been all that desirable. Next time, why don't you try for a contract in the Lake District of England, or at Banff?"

"Hope you had a good holiday weekend, and I secretly (okay, not so secretly) hope you don't get that

Hungarian job; wouldn't want to wish a life like that on anybody. Very best wishes."

The scoop on the job: The Hungary job (like the Swiss one) was a big contract gig, providing essentially full-time work for six weeks. If AirTouch were to apply for any more licenses, I have no doubt I'll get called—but they're merging with Vodafone. I'd love to find work with similar proposal projects, but they're special events and not regular work.

I am still freelancing from home. I have résumés out all over the Bay Area and even nationwide, looking for either contract work or employment. The ideal would be a full-time-equivalent contract to "tide us over" until December, when the U.N. will announce a decision on its Editor

[[continues on page 7]]

## Guzzlers

Average retail price per ounce  
(according to Time):

Starbucks coffee	10¢
Beer	5
Soft drink	3
Bottled water	2
Gasoline (self-serve unleaded)	.8

## ARSENIC - '98A

### Autumn 1904

Retreat: English f stp/nc to bar.

### Winter 1904

England builds a lon.

France disbands a ber.

Italy builds f nap, a ven.

Turkey builds a ank. (Sorry for my error, he *did* have a space open.)

### Spring 1905

England (Mark Fassio): a kie-mun,  
f hol-kie, f bel-eng, a lon-bel  
(f nts c), a nwy h (f bar s),  
f mid-gas, f por-spa/sc.

France (Jim Burgess): a mun-bur,  
a par-gas, f wes-lyo, a bud-tri.

Germany (Steve Emmert): f stp-fin,  
a mos-stp, f ska-nwy (a swe s).

Italy (Don Williams): f nap-tyl,  
a ven-pie, f mar-spa/sc,  
a apu-gre, f ion c a apu-gre,  
a ser s a apu-gre /dislodged: alb  
or otb/, f aeg s russian a smy  
/otm/, a vie s russian  
a rum-bud /nso/, a tri s a ser.

Russia (Bob Slossar): a rum s turkish  
a gre-ser, a smy-arm,  
a ukr-mos.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): a con-bul,  
a gre-ser, f sev-bla. f bla-con,  
a ank-smy.

Germany proposes an E/I draw.  
Remember, under my houserules  
all proposals and votes are  
public.

### Addresses

Mark Fassio, 9829 Love Road,  
Fort Meade MD 20755-6000

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

### Summer/Fall 1905 Deadline: 31 July 1999

granted. Henceforth all of his soldiers in your little game will desert him and run off to become used car salesmen, utilizing the motto, "I'd give 'em away, but the Prime Minister won't let me." You should find it easier now to regain your "home supply centers," whatever those are. As for his private life, I will make sure that all of the airmen under his command are fat, spouse-abusing loafers who resist efforts to punish or rehabilitate them. Hope you find that satisfactory; if you want more, I could turn him into an Episcopalian pretty easily.

Second, you ask Me to visit My Terrible Swift Sword upon the loins of Don Williams. I probably shouldn't tell you this, because I generally don't discuss My covert operations openly, but I already did that, last year. He had a lot of medical problems that I had given him after a particularly nasty spate of foul language, including taking My name in vain in a variety of different ways. I could do it again, but if this didn't help you last time, you might want to consider amending your prayer. I'll give you a few days to come up with something more definitive.

I'm not sure what to make of this one-"Apox on the House of Boob." Poxes are one of My specialties, but I want to be sure of the target. Is this another request that I bomb the White House with pathogens? I have lots of perfectly sincere such requests from Republicans, but I generally don't get involved in politics. Actually, I don't think this is the right interpretation of your prayer, since the remainder of it deals with your game, and I didn't see either Bill's or Hillary's name on the player list.

## Press

Riff Raff to GMS: It's astounding . . .  
time is fleeting . . . madness takes  
its toll . . .

GMS to Raff: And it tolls on and on  
and on . . .

The Almighty to Germany: Got your prayer the other day; it was nice to hear from you again. I seldom interfere in something as minor as a board game, but the earnestness of your entreaty has piqued My interest. I have looked into your request, and feel I can grant some of what you ask.

First, you request that I do something suitably gruesome to

punish "that vile recidivist, Mark Fassio, who pretends fealty to The Greatest Power in the Universe [I have to assume this is a reference to Me] by a particularly hollow version of Catholicism, but who secretly and truly aspires to dominance of all things temporal." Let Me just say that he wouldn't be the first Catholic to have such aspirations, but that's beside the point. I have examined your enumeration of his transgressions, paying particular attention to your suggestion of treachery to one's benefactors (evidently you know this is a hot-button issue with Me). It looks as though he really is a rat; I'm surprised he had escaped My notice thus far. Your request is

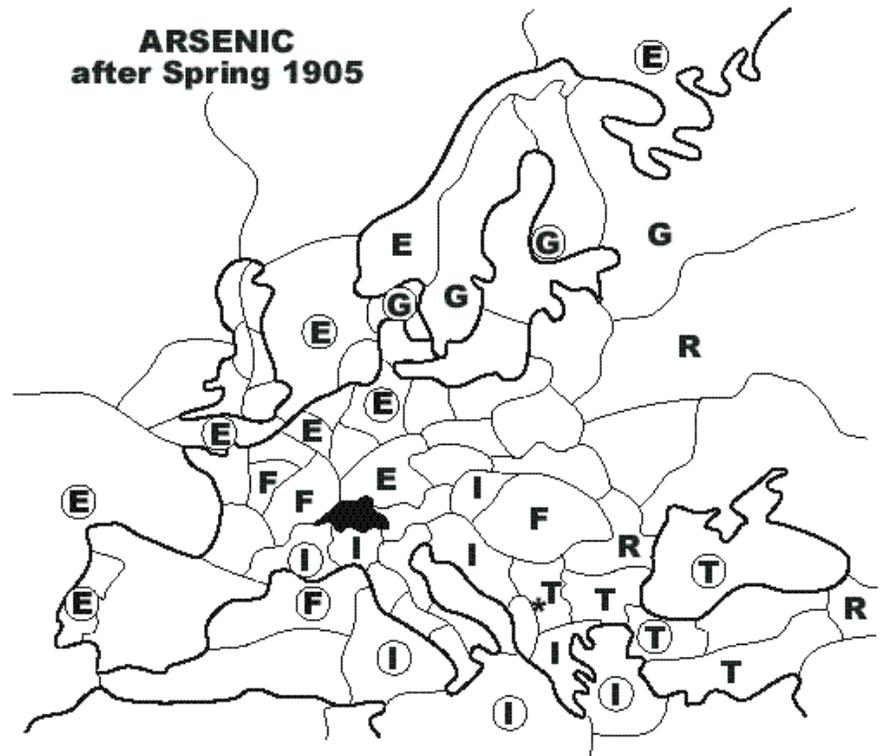
**Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1904**

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>									
Austria	4	3	0		lon	lvp	edi	nwy	bel	bre	hol	kie	por
England	5	6	8	9	mun	bud	par	ber	.	.	.	.	.
France	3	4	5	4	den	swe	stp	mos	.	.	.	.	.
Germany	6	7	5	4	rom	ven	nap	tun	spa	tri	mar	vie	ser
Italy	5	4	7	9	war	smy	rum	.	.	.	.	.	.
Russia	6	6	4	3	con	bul	ank	gre	sev	.	.	.	.
Turkey	5	4	5	5									

I'm more than willing to do the pox thing, but please be more specific, so I don't accidentally wipe out the wrong batch of sinners. I have a reputation for infallibility to protect, so you'll understand why I want to be careful.

I do have one request: Please don't let on that I have actually intervened in something as trifling as a board game. If it gets out that I dabble in such things from time to time, I'll be beset by book-makers and craps players and NBA goons begging Me to help out their oh-so-noble causes. I really don't want to get involved in that sort of thing, at least not on a regular basis.

Again, great to hear from you. Feel free to kneel down and send Me a line any time.



GM to Almighty: Whoever you are (and you're eloquent, I'll admit), SCRAM! I'm God around here!

GMS to GM: Eloquent? Only if "eloquent" has a Greek root meaning "windbag."

FlashDance: Hi guys. Am still unpacking boxes (things don't go as rapidly when you're at "real" work for 13 hours a day. Press will thus be sparse for now.

Pulitzer Committee to Italy: Hey, where's all the high-quality Don Williams press lately?

*[[see next page for press continuation]]*

**DIPLOMATIC IMPUNITY SCOREBOARD (DIS), "IMPEACH STARR" EDITION**

Carnage	Two annihilations! Twelve dots lost and won!! Two lose one, two lose two, and two lose three!!! DIS is da game!
O'K	He's scum. But he's really tough scum.
Red Sox	Just because, that's why.
Press	We got to be better, people. DIS knows it's the worst offender.
Pearl Necklace	What's up with that anyway?
FazSpeak	So sweet it'll give you cavities, but more comprehensible than Burgessian Babble.
E. Dole	No wonder he needs Viagra.
DuckStabs	Le Boo! Le Hiss! Quack if you're Fwench . . .
StarWars I	Where's the phantom? Where's the menace?

GMS to DIS: This is a designated Lucas Bashing-Free Zone. You don't get to speak ill of the great one where I can hear.

GM to Pullet Surprise: Ha ha ha ha ha. Hey, you could at least be grateful that Mark just moved and Jim-Boob is nearly mute.

Venice to Uberreichskommander Emmert: Your ancestors came sweeping (or was it dusting?) down out of the frigid Russian steppes to capture the hearts of millions. And then cut them out and ate them. Perhaps that history can repeat itself here? Though I am not completely without guilt as regards your current plight, I'm many degrees less guilty than the titanium-tongued Flash Fassio. Death to tyrants! Up with peace-loving Italians what never hurt nobody!

GMS to Venice: Wasn't Uberreichskommander the guy who put on the L.A. Olympics?

Don to Steve: There! Did you see it? That "ENG to GER" blurb on Page 2 of DPS #7? Classic, classic, classic Flashian linguistic bombast, designed to balm the sting of even the nastiest stab while it anesthetizes the advanced logic functions of the reader, inducing fitful sleep, or even vegetative coma. "You've played a masterful game. you big lug. Go ahead and blush." Oh, puh-lease! I mean, yeah, I think you've done a good job, too, but you don't see me gushing, do you? This is why he's nicknamed "Flash" . . . read it and sleep, er, weep.

Big Duck to GMS: Hey, you want to hear some "big dick" jokes?

GMS to Big Duck: Well, I don't know.

GM to GMS: Oh, go ahead. If Don isn't a big joke dick, I don't know who is.

Riff Raff to GMS: "But listen closely . . . " "Not for very much longer." "I've got to . . . keep control."

GMS to Raff: OK—I've never been one for control.

Duck to Flash: I am, you know, immune to Flashian FazSpeak, [[GM to Duck: Because you're also infected?]] so cut out the schmooza-logue. Still, for a change you're speaking the truth—this game has been awesome. As Chum so astutely pointed out, last season saw twelve centers change flags, and a majority of us lost multiple centers. Staggering. In 17 years of play I have not seen such bloodletting and cutthroat play. I just got to wonder what the hell a swell guy like me is doin' in a rathole, shark-infested game like this with the likes of you all. Nothin' personal, but a guy could get killed in this room . . .

GM to Duck: You're not getting killed. You're just dying. Everyone in the entertainment biz knows the difference.

Emmert's Marital Communications Postulate #1: If a man says something to his wife that is susceptible of more than one possible interpretation, the wife will assume that the meaning he intended is the one that is most insulting to her.

Riff Raff to GMS: "I remember, doing the Time Warp . . . "

Emmert email to Arsenic: Has anybody seen the announcement at <http://worldmasters99.diplomacy.org.uk> ? Out of idle curiosity, how do you suppose a "Team Arsenic" would fare in such an event?

GM to Arsenickers (as in, snicker snicker snicker): You guys would be waxed to a high-gloss shine. You'd be pasted like kindergarten art. You'd be kicked around like a black-and-white ball.

Kofi Annan to Board: Look, we're having a lot of trouble with this

Kosovo thing. You guys seem to have a lot of experience dealing with lying, thieving, barbaric, greedy, misanthropic, treacherous sons of bitches, so if you could come to the peace talks and help us out, I'd be grateful.

GM to Inane: Oh, come on! Bad enough they have delusions of taking European Dip by storm—they sure don't need their heads swelled with thoughts of Peace Prizes. (Though, Fassio might be able to help you, if you can get him cut loose from the spooks. He's actually seen real guns before.)

Tuscany to York: So, all in all, what the hell did all that Stalin to Hitler to Napoleon to Anastasia to John-Boy to Boy George crap mean? The more you talk, the less I understand. Gotta be a military thing.

Italy to Turkey: Don't like my BoSox, huh? Tough talk from someone who hails from Chicago . . . the Cubbies aren't fit to clean my team's cleats. Eat RBIs, fiend!

Flash-in-the-Pan: You wacky, zany Germans; what will you think of next? English policy shall henceforth be "splendid isolation" and/or quarantine of the Hun. I can't break in, but you can't break out . . . stalemate.

Germany to England: Thanks for your kind words, but I bet you say that to all the boys. If you really want to be nice to me, you can start by giving me back my homeland.

Flash Gordon: Tell me, Duckiavelli, that you can't resist the phrase, "This BUD's for you?!" If you linked up with Burgess and last turn's "hit" was all an F/I ploy, then, well, gosh I'm going to be peeved.

Gaius Stevianus to Marcus

Fassianus: Actually, I didn't get a tan. I have northern European ancestry and tend to turn into a radish after about 20 minutes in the sun. So I use SPF 845 sunblock, "Arctic Sunset" (turns two hours of Florida midday sun into the equivalent of fifteen seconds of looking outside your igloo in the Yukon at sunset on a cloudy day). I'm still nice and blue, thanks.

Flash Peddlers: Bob, you've been rah-thah silent, old chap. What gives? And you, Chum-meister, same-same. You guys ok? What's to become of the Balkans? Any surprises for us all?

Germany to Turkey: People love you? Name two.

GMS to Germany: First pearl necklaces and now menage a trois. This is my kind of game.

Red Sox to Sultan: Ouch! We're hurt. We hope you lose, too!

GM to Germany: There's 24 he can't name.

Russia to Italy: I had to do something to shake things up. I've either succeeded in shaking things up or I've hastened my own elimination. Either way is better than the slow death I was experiencing.

Fazspeak Watch, Part II: "ENG to RUS" item on Page 3. And he's gearing up—"FLASH to DUCK" item also appears on Page 3.

Perugia to Clayton: It's a huge (and not necessarily warranted) assumption to ascribe logic of any flavor to Burgessian thought patterns, oral pronouncements and/or press. Random Chaos Theory holds as much explanation of his press utterings-and moves, truth be told-as anything else you're likely to encounter this side of Alpha Centauri. We rather await

(with understated but quasi-orgasmic anticipation) the very first truly workable Unified Theory of Burgessian Relativity ("UTBR") to address what can otherwise only be attributed to the existence of a sapien-singularity . . . think "human black hole," and you'll get an inkling of what we're suggesting here. The UTBR hypothesizes an intellect of such incredibly huge mass within such an infinitely small area that an "intellectual singularity" is created, where-even moving at the speed of darkness-intelligent press communication can not escape the incredible gravitelllectual force beyond the event horizon, and so is instead sucked out of existence never to be seen or heard from again. Not even the the minutest nanofragment of intelliegence escapes the human black hole. It's the only reasonable model which explains Burgess press.

GMS to Perugia: What did you say? I didn't hear anything after "It's a huge!" [[GM: Not even "quasi-orgasmic"??]]

Boob to Duck: Wipe that SMIRK off your face, you Duck. When you became pleased as punch, I thought I had better take a stab at thee! One-dot grab, my feathered butt!! This is the Full Monty!!

GMS to Boob: Yeah—the Duck's a least a three-dot grab butt these days.

GM to All: Did everyone see that? Don's press item explaining Jim-Bob took five times as long as Boob's complete press for this turn.

Flash Bulb: or is that "Flash, Boob?" Did you trust me, Mr Mind Games? If you went back to Don again, then I relish this hit of you, however sparse the return shall be.

And if you did stay with me, then you should go -2 or -3 this season.

GM to Flash: Now that's something for him to look up to!

Rome to Paris: I'm sorry we were unable to come to terms. If you were able to conjure unspeakably evil Burgessian magic, I'll be even sorrier. In the end, it's all Fassio's fault anyway. Stay focused on that.

Steve to Board: By now it should be obvious that it's E/I against the world. Not that they trust each other, but I suspect they'll work together in an uneasy alliance until we're suitably subjugated, and then one of them will stab the other and go for the win. Does anyone here other than me care to stop this?

Williams to Burgess: Something about your press . . . I can't quite put my finger on it, but . . . oh, wait, I've got it! It's senseless. Reading it kills brain cells. It's used as torture in Third World dictatorships. It causes birth defects in lab rats.

GM to Steve: There's your solution! Strike Don now, while he's obsessed with Burgess!

Germany to England: Thou hast done me ill, villain; verily shalt thou suffer the torments thou hast earned at mine hands. (I'd put some more of that neat-sounding pseudo-Medieval talk in here, but I don't want to ruin the mood with a lot of forsooths and prithees and stuff. Just consider yourself cussed at, elegantly.)

GM to England: Something along the loins of "Damn thy hide," I would think.

Dante to Tsar: Cheer up, dear Tsar. Just remember, things looked pretty bleak for Churchill in 1941.

Never, never, never, never, never  
tsurrender. L'Italia s'adesta!

Soylent Green Guy to Omega Man  
and "Bright Eyes": We shoulda  
never made those movies . . .

Omega Man to Soylent Green Guy:  
Never mind that, I'm hungry. I'll  
have two McSoylent Burgers with  
"cheese", an order of seasoned  
soylent fries, and a McSoylent  
Shake. And my simian friend here  
will have the same.

Green Blocks to Board: I got a big  
dick. My dick is so big, it doesn't  
return Eisner's calls. It's so big it  
sank the iceberg that sank the  
Titanic. My dick is so big, it's got  
it's own area code. It generates its  
own gravitational field. My dick is  
so big, its got its own dick, and its  
dick is bigger than your dick . . .

Don to Green Blocks: That was crude  
and disgusting, and very, very  
puerile.

GMS to Don: Your point being ... ?

GM to Don: Into every classic a little  
"Porky's" must fall.

Socrates to Daphne: You'll never  
guess what I finally watched this  
weekend.

Daf to Soc: I'm so proud of you. I  
hope you liked it.

Italian Stallion to GM: Forget "men-  
tioning" and ask the GMS of her  
impression of anyone "offering"  
pearl necklaces in the press . . .

GMS to Stallion: Who's "offering"?

Duck to Du Burgesse: Uh, those  
aren't grapes I'm standing on,  
buddy. But I do understand your  
high-pitched confusion.. I mean,  
there's sure a lot of whine coming  
from the crushing . . .

GM to Saucy Saugus: My, we are  
risqué this month, aren't we?

### BEIN'MA-CHI-A-VEL-LI-AN

Diplomacy is a ruthless game,  
You got to play it start to end with a lie.  
Be a lyin' bastard, throw all ethics away  
And you will make it to the endgame just fine.  
And if you stab, every back in the game  
'Cause it's just your way of having fun  
You'll find out, on your way to eighteen  
That you're a Machiavellian.  
I mean you, you're a Machiavellian.  
Treachery is a beautiful thing  
You'll want to use it to confuse and defame.  
Allies are just targets, stab one back at a time  
And if you're subtle you can reverse the blame!  
Three-two-one-OUT! As their dots disappear  
And all your "allies" are dead and you've nearly won  
But don't stop, until you've captured eighteen  
'Cause a two-way ain't no fun-  
Not for you, 'cause you're a Machiavellian.  
Nicolo was a treacherous knave  
And I love him almost more than my wife.  
And though I'm known as Flash here, well I guess you could say  
That I'm living a surreal double-life.  
Now off the board, I'm the father of three,  
A good provider and a husband and a colonel and son  
But then again, when I'm playin' this game,  
I'm a real Machiavellian  
I mean I'll-keep stabbin' backs unit I'm done  
That's you, just losin' dots until you've none.  
That's me, still stabbing backs un . . . 'til I've . . . won . . .

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Emmert's Marital Communications  
Postulate #2: If a woman says  
something to her husband that is  
susceptible of two equally likely  
interpretations, the probability the  
husband will misinterpret her is  
100%.

Impervious Rome to GM: Yeah? I got  
your "apt metaphor" right here,  
Dotsnatcher. Bend over and we'll  
see if you can still hit a soprano's  
C note.

GM to Impervious: Thank you, I hit  
it fairly frequently. And a bass'  
high note as well.

Fazspeak Watch, Part III: "ENG to  
FRA" item, Page 2. Ghod help us,  
he's loose in the countryside.

Saugus to Clayton: I've decided to  
nickname your son "Penta-Pete".  
You can thank me later.

GM to Saugus: I've already called  
him "Cinco" in unrehearsed chat,  
so he'll probably welcome

Williams to Fassio: O Great Prognos-  
ticator One, you are wrong. As  
usual. The Huns now squat atop  
the turrets of the Kremlin, ending  
the Tsar's occupancy and forcing  
his flight into the hinterlands. That  
means you owe me a dinner. Make  
it Tex-Mex, sometime in October?

GM to Williams: Uh . . . was there a  
dateline on that wager? Look  
again, oh Jalapeñous One.

Steve to Pete: This stock thingie looks neat. Think you can do that with IBM and Microsoft?

GM to Steve: Nope, only little worthless stuff. Besides, my daughter already owns more Microsoft than I expect to ever see. (She refers to Daf's Windoze machine as the "big computer", while my bigger, faster G3 is the "little computer"—she is deceived by the size of the monitor and speakers.)

Italian Stallion to GMS, Pearl Necklace, Part II: Five'll get you ten Flash doesn't even know what a pearl necklace is. Take me up on it?

Piedmont to GM: Let me guess-the GMS wants it known she supports any press item with the word "tongue" in it, right?

GM to Piedmont: Just so it's not tongue of veal.

Emmert's Marital Communications Postulate #3: Wives do not acknowledge the fallibility of husbands' powers of telepathy. If you could possibly have guessed it, then you knew it, and you're responsible for the knowledge.

GM to EMCP: Absolutely true. Any woman who says she doesn't expect a man to read her mind is playing games with your head.

RHPS to GMS: . . . fantasy free me, so you can't see me . . . no, not at all. In another dimension, with voyeuristic intention, well-secluded, I see all . . . With a bit of a mind flip, you're into the time slip, and nothing can ever be the same. With a startled sensation-like you're under seda-a-a-tion! Let's do the Time Warp again . . .

GM to Arsenic: We'll do it again next month! 

[[Stuff continued from page 1]]

vacancy . . . with the Comprehensive Test-Ban-Treaty Org. in Vienna!

I was close to getting a six-month Copyeditor contract with Kaiser Permanente; the editor liked me a lot but the budget people told her to find someone who'd do it at 75% of my price. They also wanted a one-year contract (in fact, I've had four offers of jobs in the past month with 8-month or longer minimum commitments), but I wanted to be available when the U.N. job comes up. Vienna would be a 3-year (min.) contract, with a pay bonus based on number of dependents, large relocation fee, and rent subsidy (Vienna has a very high cost of living, even for Europe).

Other freelance editors seem to get work that ranges from half a day to as long as a month. I haven't had a project yet of less than two weeks, and the bulk of the past three years has been taken up with just 3 jobs (4 months on Switzerland, 8 months at Lawrence Livermore Lab, and 2.5 months on Hungary, including the frantic final week in Budapest last month).

For the past month, the only paying job I've had has been editing

academic papers, from a translation and editing agency in Sweden! Journal articles in medicine, forest planning, and physics, and a Ph.D. thesis in materials science, all at half my usual rate (normal copyedit rate is \$35/hour, which is higher than the national average but lower than computer-programmer tech writers are getting around here).

I've given up on Vienna—we can't last that long because we are very broke. I'm closing a 401(k) account; we've borrowed against my mutual-fund IRA; the credit cards are maxed. Selling Sally Ann's Microsoft stock is probably the next step if I don't find a job by mid-July.

This was the kind of situation the led me to fold *Perelandra*. Maybe it's more hopeful than then because I'm earning more when I do work, but to have kids and no work is pretty frightening.

Nature (and editors) abhors white space, but here you go. I've run out of things to say, and can't afford to buy the software upgrade to drive my old scanner to show you baby pictures. The game is going great, guys; thanks for the entertainment and keep it up!

Pete