

ARSENIC - '98A

Spring 1904

England (Mark Fassio): builds f edi, f lon; also has f hol, f stp/nc, a nwy, a ruh, f gas, f mid.

France (Jim Burgess): retreats f spa/sc-lyo; builds a mar; also has a bur, a mun, a bud.

Germany (Steve Emmert): retreats a mun-kie; disbands a par, a gal; now has a den, a kie, a lvn, f bal, f swe.

Italy (Don Williams): builds f nap, a rom, a ven; also has a tri, a tyo, f gre, f spa/sc.

Russia (Bob Slossar): retreats a rum-sev, f ank-arm; disbands f fin, a mos; now has a war, a sev, f arm, a smy.

Turkey (Jim O'Kelley): builds a con; also has a rum, a ser, f ank, f bla.

Addresses

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.,
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

Spring 1904 Deadline:
February 28

Press

Tallman writes: (Sniff) Ghod! It is so good to see him maintaining the high literary quality, tight schedule and nifty fonts I strived for . . .

Sex Ghod Groupie to His Sexiness: Thank you, Sir. We can but try to follow in your royal footsteps. When in doubt as to content or scheduling, we sit down and say "WWTSGD" and it all comes clear.

Dead Poets Society

Number 5

Pete Gaughan / Daphne Langley / Cathy Gaughan

502 Mount Dell Drive
Clayton California 94517-1503
(925) 673-3396
gaughan@ix.netcom.com

GM to Groupie: I find that following in the Toadfather's footsteps means we have to take great care not to step in the bullshit.

Edinburgh: Shipworkers here report overtime wages being generously paid by the Admiralty . . . something about "Sea Lion in Reverse," whatever that means.

GMS to Edinburgh: Well, a sea lion in reverse would be flippers. And Flipper is a dolphin, and dolphins are a sailor's friend and, uh, what was that? Okay (pout), never mind . . .

Karl Marx's Journal: SUNDAY — The weather in New York is incredibly foul this time of year. Howling winds, a mixture of snow and sleet, overcast skies. And the New Yorkers! A sorrier bunch of foul-mouthed, ill-tempered louts I've never encountered. But no matter; my spirits are light. My publisher has just concluded a great book/movie deal for me to write a big economic treatise on Capital, and the advance money is enormous. I just left the lawyer's office, and will cash the first check and head straight to the travel office.

I'm going to Disney World!

London: Oranges are being handed out to sailors prevent scurvy on

their upcoming voyage. More importantly, eye patches are being liberally applied to prevent the crew from reading too much French press. Men have gone insane for less.

GMS to London: I've been telling people for years that Jim-Bob press is dangerous, but would anyone listen??

Berlin to Rome: All the sweet nothings you've whispered in my ear so far take on a new meaning, now that I've acquired some of your cutlery.

GMS to Berlin: It's an old adage that you only stab the ones you love.

England to France: You know, the one thing that would guarantee me to fire renewed broadsides against you would be 46 pages more of "The Independent Man" and "Danny-Boy Shoham" press like last issue. My God, if you're going to roll random dice and then print that stuff, then I have one better for you: put 5 bullets in a six-shooter's chamber and "roll" the chamber around for "randomness." Then point it at MY head, to spare me any more reading!!!

GMS: Can I hear an AMEN!!!

Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1903

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

Boob to GMS: This is my *one* press item for this issue and I choose to right it to everyone's favorite GMS. And if I don't have the write to choose, who does?? I assume this will be your favorite press item of the month from me?? Thank you, thank you, thank you. Now, what is my point? BUZZARD T. EDdy, Esq. Yes, BUT ED is threatening to BUTT in to this game. We simply won't have it! Notice how BUT ED only appears *after* something gets started and, we haven't seen it yet, but if you let him get involved in this game then he will, *by daffynition*, disappear at the worst possible time. After the one billionth time that he told me "the check's in the mail" I finally dropped him from my sub list. I assume he's seeing the subzine through you, not from me. Now, I'm a forgiving sort, but you gotta watch these country lawyers. Make him put money up *first*, before you let him write press! And then make him send the money to *me!* 'Cause I deserve it, since he eventually will crap out on us anyways!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

GMS to Boob: I enjoyed this press item. It had a bit of humor and actually made sense. Plus, it had a good beat and you can dance to it. I'll give it an 85.

GM to Boob: I ain't chargin' nobody no-thing for this paper. I sends it to the players and Terry; you decides who gets it via your zine.

Virginia Beach to Board: As of March 31, life changes significantly for

me. No, I'm not resigning. I'm changing jobs. No more government service for Stevie. The private sector beckons and offers some pretty tempting bait.

You can still e-mail me here until the end of March. I then get a one-month hiatus (with pay! accrued annual leave is sweet) before starting to chase dollars on May 1. I'll have a new e-mail address and will give it to you then.

Oh, and now all those greedy-lawyer jokes will take on a whole new meaning. Up to now, I could laugh at them, knowing that they described life in the private world, but not the truth-justice-and-the-American-way environment of

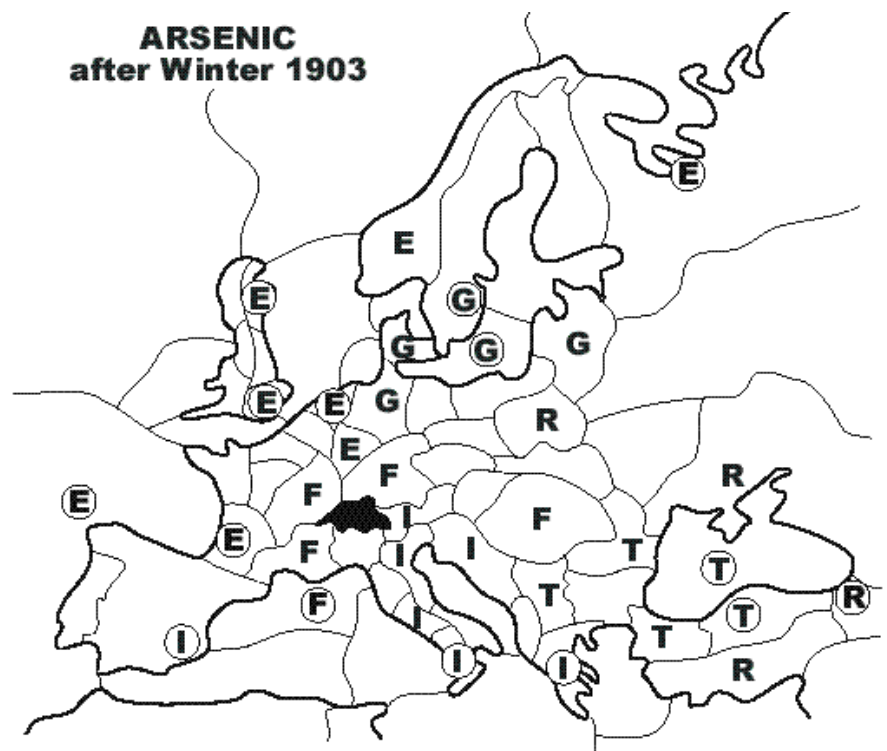
City Hall. But from now on, I'll stab anybody who even suggests the term "ambulance chaser." Fair warning.

GM to Boob: Yeah, watch it with those "country lawyer" comments!

GMS to VB: Congratulations on the new job. I'm happy for you. But I guess jokes like "What's 1000 lawyers chained together at the bottom of the ocean?" "A good start." are out.

England to Italy: Thanks. No, really, thanks. You let Boob go +1 without any warning at the same time that I hit Germany—how, shall we say, "convenient" for F/I. You then take Spa but leave the French fleet alive and near; then you make me *me* look like "a Boob" (sorry J-B) to Turkey after blatantly lying to me over Greece. All so you get three. Given all this, I hope you understand my need for a second fleet build this turn . . . methinks we need to talk, "pal."

GMS to England: When you're talking to him, tell him to write some press. Thanks.



Virginia Beach to West Point: Pssst.
 Hey, Buddy! C'mere. Over here, in
 this dark alley. Yeah, over here.
 Hey, I've got somethin' for ya.
 Come on, just a little bit closer, . . .

England to Germany: We read with
 pride that Cousin Stevie has been
 promoted within the Legal Chan-
 cellery Offices of Virginia Beach
 (10 miles SW of Berlin, I think).
 Despite, ahem, "cousinly disagree-
 ments," the people of England
 nonetheless cheer their related
 monarch across the water. Well
 done, old schwanz!

GM to England: He's a real mover,
 he is. But now I have to wonder
 what scandal is chasing him out of
 office.

Flash to Chum: Talk to me, baby.

Turkey to Board: I am fairly certain
 that something in the press war-
 ranted a Chummian response.
 Unfortunately, I failed to mark it,
 and now I can't remember what it
 was or who wrote it. And I don't
 dare wade through all that blather
 a second time. So, I'm not ignoring
 you. I'm just afraid to look for you.

GMS to Chum: You can't be too care-
 ful when dealing with blather. Re-
 member to wear dark glasses and
 only open your eyes part way as
 you skim it.

Faz to Russia: Thanks for your talks.
 I hope we have reached a modus
 vivendi up North, and I wish you
 well in your other endeavors. We
 await ever-improving relations,
 good Tsar.

East coast to west coast: No problem
 with the delay. I sort of figured
 that anything from over there will
 be delayed by at least three hours.
 After you accept this conclusion,
 the rest is just a matter of degree.

GM to East Coast: Just so long as
 we've agreed on a modus vivendi,
 buddy. ☺

Don't Go There

I started this job at Lawrence
 Livermore Lab last May. I really didn't
 want to drive alone every day, and I
 thought that in this day and age, in the
 liberal San Francisco Bay Area, it
 wouldn't be difficult to find a "transit
 alternative" (to use the vernacular of
 the air-quality and traffic-management
 trade).

First, though, I had to get myself
 in a position to use transit. We were
 living in an apartment in Concord,
 about 35 miles from the Lab; we
 figured we'd need to move closer to
 Livermore. And Daf was getting
 ready to move down here and in
 with us; we'd need to find a larger
 home. I had to work out just what
 my schedule would be; I prefer to
 work earlier in the day and be home
 with plenty of evening ahead of me,
 especially on those days when Cathy
 is heading out to a rehearsal or
 meeting.

So by mid-August, we were
 settled. We didn't get much closer to
 the Lab—Clayton is 32 miles via the
 backroads—because we figured that
someone would be driving either way,
 and better me during the day than
 Cathy (driving back to Concord) late
 late at night.

We found a great house (which
 I've described before). I settled into a
 7–3:30 schedule, with flexibility to
 come and go as I liked provided I
 worked 5 days, 40 hours. And I
 began to look for public transporta-
 tion, certain that there were plenty of
 possibilities.

Boy, was I wrong.

Clayton to Livermore is a
 "sideways" commute, suburb-to-
 suburb. There are BART subway
 lines towards each, but they are
 spokes; I'd have to ride into Oakland
 and back out again, and even then
 I'd have to drive a car or ride a bus
 at either end to connect. Nobody
 was running a bus route between the
 two—down the San Ramon Valley,

scene of the Bay Area's fastest job
 growth, which forms the third side
 of the triangle, so to speak.

I tried Lab vanpools. Every one
 listed was either old info (no longer
 running) or met 10 miles from home.
 I tried carpools; again, most drivers
 were coming from towns requiring
 so much driving to meet that it
 didn't save me any time.

Finally, around the holidays, the
 Livermore-area bus system starting
 running that magic bus (!) line.
 Walnut Creek (one stop is 5 miles
 from home) to Dublin BART, with a
 connecting "express" bus to the Lab
 itself. I knew my search was over
 and went to the Web for the details
 the first day they were out.

<rude buzzer noise>

To work the same schedule, I
 would have to leave home a half-
 hour earlier and arrive home *an hour*
and a half later, because there are only
 two busses a day and the connector
 from the Lab misses the early return.
 And on top of that, the closest of the
 three stops at the Lab is 1.5 miles
 from my office. (The Lab is more
 than 2 miles square.) I would have to
 walk that 1.5 miles in 11 minutes.
 Total time away from home would
 be 12 hours to work an 8-hour day.

So I kept driving. And finally, in
 January, I discovered a Lab employ-
 ee who lives near my house. Barbara
 Moller is an accountant and has
 worked here 5 years, and *she's* never
 been able to carpool or bus it either.
 We've now carpooled three weeks
 and it's great. I was able to leave my
 car for a two-day repair job; I've
 already saved about 400 miles in
 driving; and the extra 10 minutes to
 Barbara's house is offset by 15
 minutes saved in the carpool lane.

It's great, but it won't be the
 complete solution, because Barbara's
 schedule is *not* flexible, and P.J. is
 due soon (Feb. 25). I'm going to be
 unpredictably off work, reducing the
 times I can take advantage of this.

Some days I just wish I could fly.