

# The PPSA Newsletter

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*Volume 4 Number 2*

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**Disclaimer** I warned you... If you don't submit your article on time I reserve the right to submit one for you. All such articles lay no claim to reality or real situations or correct spelling and grammar.

## Hydrogen is Dangerous

OR

### How I spent my Summer Vacation

by John Johnson  
The God Emperor, PPSA



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October 6, 1990

Diane, it's 5:40 am and the Swedes running in the next counting house have finally decided to call it a night. I thought that they would never stop their singing of Lapland folk songs. All in all, this is really the first unpleasant night I've had here in Twin Peaks... I mean Los Alamos (I get these cases confused).

I had a dream tonight, if you can believe that I actually caught some shut eye between rousing renditions of "99 Bottles of Reindeer Musk on the Wall". This dream could have been caused by too many pieces of apple pie, too much coffee and too much excess radiation, but I think that it was a bit too surrealistic for that. In my dream I saw a man; not exactly a midget, not exactly a giant. He was wearing what I took to be a Mexican serape' with bright gold braid, and, most importantly, he wore no socks. The man performed a strange dance, and while he danced, up and down, he told me that PPSA was like a good jelly donut. (I think he was speaking of a nice smooth powdered sugar donut, filled with a thick gooey red jelly-esque substance. Of course, he could have been speaking of a brown sort of pastry with granular sugar and a blue filling. I will try to unravel that mystery at a later date when I have access to some rocks and bottles.) "You see", he said, "no one really knows what's inside a jelly donut until they bite into it." He continued to explain that when you bite into one (a donut that is) you have a preformed idea of what to expect and yet you can be pleasantly surprised or greatly disappointed, depending on how good it was and what color it ended up being.

I guess that makes things pretty clear, doesn't it? Even though it doesn't answer the case I've been sent here to solve, that being "Who killed the LH2 target", it does answer a deeper philosophical question that has weighed heavily on my mind of late (kind of like three 16 pound bowling balls, dropped from a height of 9 feet). It tells me that PPSA can choose it's own destiny, if not it's own color, flavor and consistency.

Damn. There go those Swedes again. I have to go wack the wall with my flack jacket. Diane, before I go, please send a box of cotton balls Federal Express tomorrow -- I have a feeling I'll be needing them.

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Back to my less flamboyant personality (but no less flamable) of John Johnson, The God Emperor. I want to distinguish The God Emperor from just any old God Emperor (there are so many of them now that they almost outnumber the minor deities!). You see, in The Official PPSA Constitution (just recently revised and spellchecked), there is the (inter)national office of PPSA and there are chapters. The God Emperor believes, and I quote, "...that he has absolute power over the fate of the Universe, even though everyone else realizes that the position is just to act as a figurehead to divert attention from those who actually do." So I guess that the God Emperor's (the trick is to watch whether the T is capitalized on the or not) job description would be very similar except he doesn't think he has quite as much power and so he is a little more cogniscent of reality. Does that make sense?

So this is the "Halloween Issue"... I wonder how many members will actually receive their copy before Halloween? As I remenice about past hallowed Halloween parties, I must admit to a tad of nostalgia. The days of Hans and Franz are gone. Alas, there may never be parties the likes of the ones held in Houghton or East Lansing again. I doubt that Pete will ever throw beer with such conviction. Paul Dorsey may never again talk to wall sockets. The PPSA Newsletter ("for the lack of a better name") seems to be a good venue for lampooning the membership and doctoring up photos. You be the judge. [Of course this is the point where you start digging up pictures and writing articles for the NEXT issue...]

PPSA has been busy this summer. Pete and Judy (Markowitz) were married on September 1st. The "stranded in Los Alamos" contingency of The University of Texas chapter, while pondering the philosophical impact of the Artesian Brewing Method, decided to drive to San Diego one Friday night this summer. Matt Trump (yes he is related to Donald) of U.Texas took off on a PPSA mission of unprecedented proportions: *A Trip Around the World*. In a future issue Matt tells us of his adventures, beginning in the Orient. We at the home office decided that with all of this glasnost stuff going on, we should really investigate. In the next issue (available on newsstands in early 1991) Matt also gives us the low down on the Soviets and Eastern Europe. We have found

some members, previously thought lost or taken captive on land-locked islands (see The Official PPSA Constitution, Art 5 Sec 4 Item b), namely Kevin Flynn and Debbie Brodbar (both ex-MSU). However, we have failed to make contact with Warren Wells and Chuck Lucky (both ex-MTU). Dave Linington, God Emperor of Alumni Affairs has informed us that Warren Wells has married his college sweetheart Mary Margaret Moussau (sorry about the spelling!), and Paul Joitke supplied his new address. We are still searching for Chuck, although we have an address we have no phone number with which to check it... Maybe Chuck has been taken prisoner in the Gerald Ford museum? An investigative road trip to Grand Rapids, Michigan may be in order. Paul Joitke has taken on that mission as well.

Congratulations again to Pete and Judy on their marriage! The blessed event was attended by Raman & Erin (MSU), myself (U.Texas), Paul Rutt and a small contingency (William and Mary), and Steve Langer (Oakland U.). We had a good time, and Raman and I have written up our thoughts in a separate article in this issue. [We also got some candid shots of the bride and groom!]

Congratulations to Dave Linington (ex-MTU) who will be wedding his college girlfriend, Emily Mitseff! The wedding is planned for November. I don't expect that I can attend... but my motto is "Have Beretta, Will Travel!" If I can't attend, I hope that Dave will send a picture for the next issue. Best Wishes!

In the last issue (V4N1) we learned that the Northeastern University branch (headed by God Emperor Paul Dorsey), had purchased 50 acres of prime Amazon Jungle in the name of PPSA. At a future date, when we have the capital to actually visit, this may be an ideal base for launching PPSA anti-communist/anti-terrorist missions. But for now, this seems a decent way to prevent a few acres of jungle from being burned. In the same vein, PPSA (in the name of Wilfred Carlos Polkinghorne, our esteemed posthumous advisor and mentor) has purchased a whale. We will have pictures and additional information in the next issue. Owning a member of an endangered species is a good way of helping to preserve the species, but owning a whale is a pretty tedious. Timmy the paperboy has volunteered to keep it fed and wet. [We may allow Tim into PPSA if he passes the rigorous initiation.]

Now on a more urgent note... I am afraid that I have been careless with the PPSA Constitution. I inadvertently sent Matt Johnson (William and Mary) a copy via E-mail. I used what I thought was his node name and he never received it!! The worst of thoughts raced through my head. What if it were to fall into the wrong hands? What if Saddam E. Hussein were to get ahold of it? Then Kuwait would only be the tip of the iceberg! Country after country would fall as they employed our techniques of progressive personalism! You can imagine similar scenarios were this revered document to fall into the hands of an emerging and previously suppressed Eastern European nation. Or worse yet, imagine a unified Germany with THIS constitution!! What is the solution?

First we have to keep our eyes peeled for any similarities between the actions of these nations and our own organization. Do they have a parallel of The Most Holy Board of Control? Do they have a leader that considers himself a God Emperor? Do they settle internal disputes with Paper, Rock, Scissors? Second, we may have to form an elite group from the membership (efe pygmies included), gather intelligence and depose any such leader, destroy copies of our constitution, and return the nation to its previous course. If my worst fears are true, we have no other choice. How can two groups have the same motto, "Eventually Everyone Works for Us"?

On a more subdued and domestic note, things are doing pretty well here in old Los Alamos. My experiment is back online, despite a little setback in July. Alright, you have all bugged me

enough! Here is my version of what happened on July 4, 1990. BOOM! There you have it! Other than a scar on my arm (next to the "camping" scar from last summer), a scar where my eardrum was punctured and a little shell-shock, I am fine. We feel that at some point the vacuum vessel which held the 15 liter LH2 target was ruptured. I was moving a detector with a student near the target when it happened... but we never thought we really came that close. It could well have been Murphy's Law in action, or it could have been a sniper (like I've been trying to explain to all those damn committees that were formed to investigate it). But it was a hell of a 4th of July!

My car was sick (just the typical Beretta experience: someone backed into my fender in a parking lot, the paint was scratched, the windshield broke...), but it's feeling much better now. It just wishes that gas prices would drop a little! Which brings me to that whole Iraq thing. You know, I knew, as many also suspected, that with all of this peace crap breaking out in Europe that the next crisis would emanate from the Middle East. Well, I didn't really expect it to come from Iraq, but now that it has what should we do? Boy, I don't think PPSA is ready for a mission of this size... hit-squad maybe, but a war? There is no way that Saddam E. Hussein isn't going to take a few more lives by the time this is over. The best plan may be to wait until provoked and bomb the hell out of a few sand dunes? I know that seems ugly, but if this guy's military machine is left intact he'll be causing havoc for years to come. The key to such a plan is in coordinating the attack well, making it a surprise (which the US has trouble with), getting good intelligence (see last parenthetical remark) and having a squadron of "stealthy" planes that work. We'll have to wait and see. Let's hope for the best, since I know some people with relatives over there.

It is actually a real nice fall here. It gets up into the 70's during the day, and down to around 40 at night. Having a shift that starts at 5am I have the opportunity to take hikes and bike around and watch the colors change. It's kind of surreal at times actually. Part of that may be that Los Alamos is a town misplaced in time, with all the scientists I guess it could be described as very 50's or early 60's-ish, in a geeky sort of way. But I like small towns, it's quite nostalgic of when I was growing up in Michigan. Another reason could be that I am not taking any classes. This affords me extra time for actually seeing the world; smelling the roses. I realize that my goal is to graduate, and that I still have a qualifier (seminar w/questions) to give and some physics to learn. That keeps a little guilt in the back of my mind, but that's easily misplaced when it comes to taking a leisurely hike up the mountainside or tossing the football with the neighborhood kids. In contrast to the unforeseen, possibly dire future, it's a good time to enjoy life, jump in a pile of leaves just because it's there, and re-invest in some child-like wonder of the world around you.

Before I go, I'd like to suggest one more road trip for PPSA this winter. I'd like to have a ski holiday out west here sometime before March. I don't know if it will work out, but I have a feeling that it will be a great winter! I have lots of room here, and I know people in Colorado we could stay with. Please drop me a line if you are interested and I'll send you some ski brochures and the cheapest airfares. If you can't afford to fly, I bet we could get a good sized vehicle to drive out from Michigan.

Keep in touch,

*John Johnson*  
*TGE ROSA*  
(ex-MTU, ex-MOSU, U. Texas)

# *PPSA... what is it? why is it? who is it?*

*by John Johnson, The God Emperor - PPSA International*

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These are all good questions, some of which have been adroitly addressed in previous issues (and I suggest that you spend two bucks to pick up an interesting issue or two that you might have missed [see BACK ISSUES on p. 13]). In this piece I'd like to fill in some blanks and bring new or potential members up to date.

## **“What does PPSA stand for?”**

PPSA stands for Polkinghorne Palace Student Association. Of course the real significance of this escapes most everyone, unless they were at Michigan Technological University where PPSA was formed back in 1984.

You see, PPSA was formed as a club at Tech on a whim. At the time I lived with the Nor (maybe more on him in future issues when my psyche has healed). We were both involved with about everything on campus. At this time I was still sluffing off on classwork (not until Dr. Bob set me straight in my Junior year did I start to get it together) and spending too much time on Student Council/Soc. of Physics Students/various committees and work... Anyhow, the Nor and I thought that it would be fun to write up a phony constitution and get it through as a registered student organization while the University was in the midst of changing Dean's. We got it through alright, but did very little with it. We saw it as an opportunity to make a few bucks showing movies on campus. Back then VCR's were sparse and the two theaters in town (The Lode in Houghton and the one over in Hancock whose name escapes me at the moment) didn't exactly show recent flicks. As an RSO (registered student organ.) we could show films, and did. We showed classics such as the Three Stooges Film Festival, The Gauntlet (see The Gauntlet review below), Tiger Town and of course Deep Throat. We were of course young and foolish, and that last movie was pretty darn disgusting, but we did make enough money to hold a PPSA ski party and keep ourselves in Domino pizza for the next year.

But why Polkinghorne Palace? The house we lived in once belonged to Wilfred Carlos Polkinghorne, B.S.E.M; a professor and chairman of the Civil Engineering Department at Michigan Tech. Wilfred passed on before we even started at Tech, but his house had become a landmark with a fancy plaque and everything. Since we were living in the “Polkinghorne Palace” we thought the name appropriate. There you have it.

PPSA has since evolved beyond it's meager roots to become a fairly large and quite diverse group. We still don't do much... other than The PPSA Newsletter, and a road trip now and then. But PPSA is able to keep old friends in touch, bring new friends together and, it is my hope, that it will continue to evolve. PPSA now has between 50 and 100 members and has the ability to disseminate information on who is up to what, The PPSA Newsletter is a ready source of stories and humor, and is an important method of chronicling the history of the organization and of each other. Several times a year members also get together on official PPSA road trips to seek out adventure. Someday PPSA could be more. As it's members graduate (hold that thought) and establish careers in fields of engineering, science, teaching, communications and politics PPSA can unite them as a group, drawing on each member's strengths. If PPSA is able to persevere, and new members are encouraged to join, this will be more than an old boy's network - PPSA can become a viable entity of it's own right. Who knows if we can really keep PPSA going? But in a hundred years our motto may actually ring true.

*The Gauntlet* (Sat., Jan. 24) is PPSA's contribution to entertainment that can't be taken seriously. It's typical Clint Eastwood fare at its most ridiculous. As both director and star, Eastwood develops a caper about a hard-drinking detective who risks all to bring a Las Vegas hooker (played by his one-time flame Sondra Locke) to Phoenix to testify against THE MOB. Eastwood's character here is a bit of a departure from his Dirty Harry persona, but all else in the Eastwood repertoire remains. The flick's action and violence are definitely at par, with one narrow escape after another, each more implausible, yet more thrillingly portrayed, than the other, using everything from a motorcycle to a modified bus. It's purely a comic-book storyline in which only our hero's now-familiar stylish mayhem seems to count. Even veteran stars Pat Hingle and William Prince don't look very convincing, but they do try hard. Shows are in Civil Geo 101 at 3, 6, 8:30, and 11 p.m. for under \$1.51 (\*\*).

Movie review from **Flicka-Lid**, MTU Lode 1987

## **PPSA — “Eventually Everyone Works for Us...”**

# DRUNKMAN

by Chief Wampum Big Nose

Steve Worm was about to head back to Austin for the fall semester at The University of Texas. By chance, Michael Bryan and Laura Ceska happened to be visiting Los Alamos. John Johnson and Allen Williams were feeling restless. It was the end of the summer, the stars were out, the moon was dark, and the night looked to be a bit cool but the intrepid travelers decided that there were bars yet unexplored and thus begins another sally forth in search of adventure.

The first stop would be the famous Los Ojos Bar in the Jemez Mountains, some 40 miles West of Los Alamos. I think that Allen had been there before (what bar within 5 states hasn't he been to?) and he decided to guide the merry band on the winding path through the mountains. Two vehicles were taken, the Beretta (of course, a quick escape might be necessary!) and Michael's truck (in case there was booty or women to bring back). Actually, Laura was planning on coming back with Allen early so he would make his shift at the lab, but even the best laid plans don't always work out.

The road was an adventure in itself, with hairpin turns exceeding 180 degrees, large elk threatening to leap into the path of unsuspecting drivers, and steep upward grades. Despite their best efforts, they arrived at the bar around 9:00. The bar was fairly active. People milled about drinking, kind of what you'd expect for a bar, the walls were lined with antique guns, and locals engaged in what seemed like friendly games of pool. Everyone ordered a beer (except John who'd brought a bottle of rum) and then the fun began.

First off, Steve and Allen decided to play a game of pool. They found what seemed to be an empty table (only a couple of balls left) and started to rack up. This is when a local Indian came up and informed them that they had just messed up a \$50 game between himself and his burly Mexican friend. Just when a fight and lots of broken bones seemed inevitable Steve poured on the charm and they decided to play him a game (he did inform them that he had no money). Meanwhile, Allen joined his friends at a booth and began to make friends

with some of the Indians from the local pueblo. Someone asked him who owned the Beretta and he told them that he was a big newspaper man and that we were all there to review the bar for The PPSA Newsletter. The conversation continued and a woman at the next table asked to talk to John. He decided to be friendly and pulled up a chair next to her, only then beginning to realize that she was highly intoxicated. As John was alternately chastized and sat on, Allen went off to "press the flesh" as Lou Grant and Mike and Laura exchanged stories with a local Indian artist, Spotted Elk.

Allen did not make it to his shift on time, although he seemed to have a very good time. The five adventurers closed down the bar. Steve played well and wasn't killed. And John left without having to exchange saliva with anyone. In the process of leaving, crowds of locals gathered around our heroes admiring the Beretta and asking them to come back again. John surveyed his automobile, and upon finding no scratches the group headed back East.

The next stop was the Jemez Hot Springs. Laura and Allen continued to Los Alamos (Allen was still planning on working that night, despite the fact that he had imbibed quite respectably), while Steve, John and Michael searched out more adventure. Armed with a towel, a small flashlight and a bottle of rum (about 2 inches) and a water bottle of whiskey and Kool-Aid the headed up the mountain. Of course they quickly became lost. After a while they caught up with a group of high school students and were led to the lower springs. Michael had to continue to the upper springs, however, he didn't want to stay and help the young high school girls overcome their fear of skinnydipping. So onward and upward the three trudged.

They were lost again. This time there was no one to follow. The only person that they saw above the lower springs was a man with an attack wolf who had been aroused from his sleep under a rock by the three. They appeased him by giving him a light and a nip of whiskey. A few dozen scratches and gouges later they had followed a stream to the upper springs. The springs seemed to have an ambient temperature of about 150 degrees, but John assured them that it was just about as

warm as his typical shower. Once John had climbed naked into the water he changed his story. The three flackid men from points East sat in the hot water and relaxed. It was then that Michael and John realized that Steve was much more relaxed than they were... on the trip up the mountain he had finished almost all of the rum.

After about an hour they decided to dress and head down to the lower springs. Steve would have none of this, he was feeling quite ill by this point. John perfunctorily jumped out of the water and dressed. Steve climbed onto a ledge and lay down, Michael then got out and sat on a rock ,admiring Steve. Steve then spoke. "Just another half an hour." This line was repeated several more times. About two hours later Steve purged his system and eventually dressed (with a little help). Steve, now known as "Drunkman", was righted and, after a bit of scouting by Michael, they headed back down the hill.

The first thing that Drunkman did was take a nine foot dive into the woods. He was saved from grave injury by miraculously twisting his body in

midair so that he would break his fall with his head. The rock that he grabbed with his temple wasn't so lucky, it broke. His glasses were found, the rock was buried, and they rolled on down the hill... no path in sight. Meanwhile, the light was getting dimmer. After a little poison oak, 20 or 30 more bouts with rocks and/or trees, they made it back to the Beretta. John quickly grabbed a rug out of his trunk for Steve to sit on, lest his blood poisoned system decide to hack up chunks of spleen on his upholstery.

After a quick trip back without incident (no elk, no lateral g's and no spleen) the three returned to the PPSA headquarters on 48th Street in Los Alamos. Steve and Michael crashed for the night. John, meanwhile did laundry and went into work to log his experiment's gasses. It was on his return home from the lab that he realized that he had forgotten to try one of the famous hamburgers at the bar. "I guess we'll just have to go back again some other night," he thought.

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## ESPANOLA JOKES

Did you hear about the new state zoo?

-They caged up Espanola

Do you know why they needed a new state zoo?

-The inmates kept escaping

What's the difference between a low-rider and a cactus?

-The pricks are on the inside of the low-rider

Why are low rider steering wheels so small?

-So you can drive with handcuffs on

Why do low riders go up and down?

-Because Espanolans don't know how to adjust the rear view mirror

Why else do low riders go up and down?

-To make it easier in the back seat

How do they keep the population down in Espanola?

-They put speed bumps at each end of town

Define mass confusion

-Father's day in Espanola

Did you hear about the Espanola tragedy?

-The library burned down

Did you hear the real tragedy?

-Both books were destroyed

Did you hear the real tragedy?

-They hadn't been colored in yet

Espanola is a small, predominantly Mexican, town near Los Alamos. The local schools have Espanola jokes and in Espanola they have geek jokes about the students in Los Alamos.

Low Rider: a car that has been modified to sit very low to the ground with shocks that make the car go up and down

*Submitted by Tim Morrison*



# PPSH: Just a little too close...

by Tim Morrison

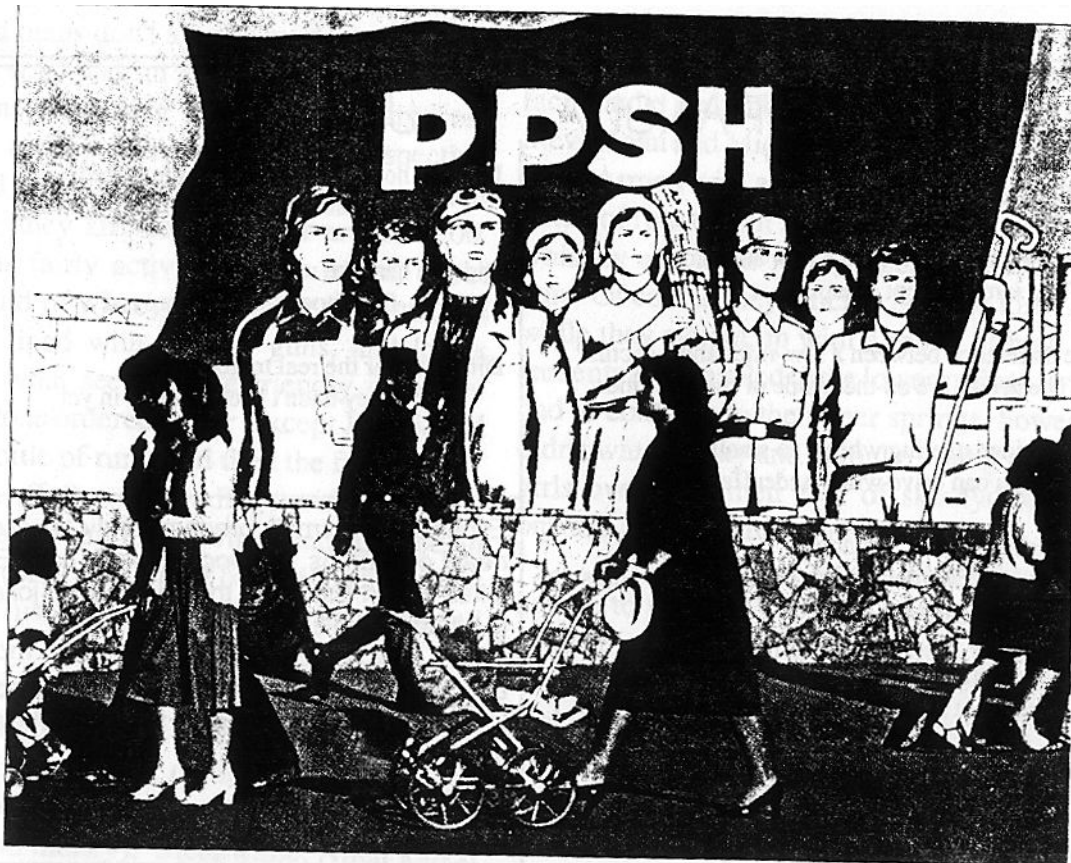
It has recently come to the attention of PPSA (when reading the September 3, 1990 issue of Newsweek) that a ruthless Stalinist organization has come to power in Albania. This group calls itself PPSH - obviously we had to investigate matters further. We are currently unsure of the correct interpretation of their monicker, but we believe it stands for something like: the People's Party of Social Heracy. With recent events in Eastern Europe paving the way for democracy in a bunch of revolting countries, it only seems natural that a group such as this would try to start a new government that is "all powerful".

Knowing that PPSA possesses the ultimate methods of gaining power, written down in the PPSA Constitution, we believe that PPSH has acquired a copy of our Constitution. It is possible that computer hackers in Albania have broken into the computer networks that the PPSA headquarters

uses to send mail. If this is the case, then a copy of the Constitution could have easily been pilfered. Knowing that by following the edicts set forth in the PPSA Constitution would bring them power and glory, PPSH has set out to take over the world. Support for this theory comes from the fact that, based on our research, PPSH have PPSA have too many similarities.

Continued on page 11

	<u>PPSA</u>	<u>PPSH</u>
Motto:	"Eventually Everyone Works for Us"	"Eventually We Dominate Everyone"
	TMHBOC	The Most Hated Board of Secrecy
Ruler:	The God Emperor	The Holy Dictator
Favorite Food:	Domino's Pizza	Ivan's Frozen Pizza
Favorite Candy:	Green M&M's	Green Skittles (because they're cheaper)
Member Classes:	Active Member	Elite Party Member
	Slave	Serf
	Associate Mbr	Political Prisoner
General Attitude:	Do things the easy way	Do things the hard way because only through suffering can you truly serve the people's cause of total domination and servitude



Unremitting pressure: Strident party propaganda continues to shout from every wall

### Dead Baby Jokes

What's more gross than nailing a dead baby to a tree?  
-Ripping it off

Why do you put a baby in the blender first?  
-So you can watch the expression on it's face

How do you get ten thousand babies in a phone booth?  
-With a food processor  
How do you get them out?  
-With a straw  
How do you put them back together?  
-With superglue

Would you use a pitchfork or a shovel to unload a truckload of dead babies  
-A shovel, since they keep getting stuck on the pitchfork

Why did the dead baby cross the road?  
-It was stapled to the chicken

### Featured Drink Special

To make a '57 Chevy:

3/4 oz (1 shot) each of:

Amaretto

Vodka

Southern Comfort

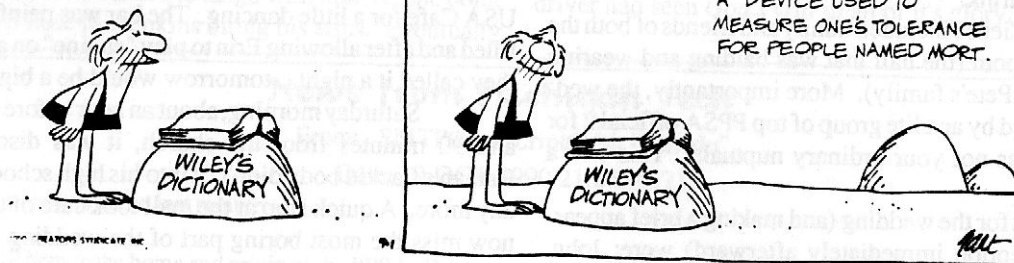
Triple Sec

Add a dash of Rose's Lime Juice (imitations won't do). Then fill the rest of your 16 oz glass with pineapple juice.

-enjoy! From Ray Swartz

### **B.C. by Johnny Hart**

mortgage !



### Top 10 Things Heard (where do these come from? see page 25.)

1. "She was so excited when she got home, she vibrated for 2 hours"
2. "Flackid Pee-nis"
3. "It opens wide and never spills a drop"
4. "Are we done yet?"
5. "Who farted?"
6. "Where are all the single women?"
7. "If we don't deliver in 30 minutes, it's yours free"
8. "Whose babe are you?"
9. "He's not from around here"
10. "Shake your Yoo-Hoo!"

# The Wedding from Hell...

by the tag team of John Johnson and Raman Pfaff

(John)

It was a cool 65 degrees at 02:00 when I began my fateful trip back to the Winter Wonderland; The Great Lake State that I affectionately call my home. The purpose of this journey, however, was not to be a relaxed vacation. I would do no boating or water skiing. I was on a mission. I had been invited to attend "the wedding from Hell".

It is official. Pete Markowitz is now legally bound to Judy Koscelniak in holy matrimony... for ever and ever and ever.... The wedding took place, innocently enough, on a hot September 1st in Birmingham, Michigan. The service was of the typical Catholic nature: long, with lots of mention of how they should concieve multitudes of little Markowitizes. It was a nice ceremony, nonetheless; the priest did a good job of working the audience. His line, "This must be an important day, Pete even wore socks", was received with raucous laughter. Pete (the male lead) was off to a shaky start but Judy (the female lead) had impeccable timing and kept the audience rivited to their seats (except when Raman and Erin went to the bathroom in the second act). Accolades to Tari Schwartz (a bit player) who had everyone rolling with her portrayal of the maid of honor/town lush. She grabbed the sacramental wine with such conviction that you would have thought that she really needed a drink.

The audience included family and friends of both the bride and the groom (the half that was balding and wearing boat shoes were Pete's family). More importantly, the wedding was attended by an elite group of top PPSA officials; for this wedding was not your ordinary nuptials. This was a PPSA road trip!

Present for the wedding (and making a brief appearance at the reception immediately afterward) were: John, Raman, Erin, Steve Langer, Paul Rutt and some friends of Paul's from William and Mary. Of course, the story doesn't start here... it begins as John and Raman prepare for the event. These preparations began months in advance, searching for the perfect wedding gift. But, as usual, since John can never make up his mind, the wedding gift was bought the day before. But I'm jumping the gun.

John mounted his Beretta Beast and hit the trail early Thursday morning. Winding down through the mountains (without a radar detector), with only Mel Torme' to keep him company (well, at least his velvet voice). He passed through Santa Fe and continued onward North to Denver, where he was just in time to buy his pilot a pitcher of Meyers and Diet-Coke before boarding Northwest #1226 bound for the Motor City. In motown he picked up the wedding vehicle, a new grey Grand Am, and proceeded to break land-speed records as he speeded North to East Lansing; home of Sparty, skateboarding and Slim (a.k.a. Raman Pfaff).

John was in a hurry because: 1) he was tired as all get out, and 2) he thought he might still have a date. His goal is to have one each decade and Raman suggested that a certain

attractive Physics major might take the time to par le vous a little Francois while he was in town. Upon arrival at the MSU PPSA HQ, John quickly brushed his teeth (for the benefit of those who had NOT been on the road for 15 hours and could tell that he HAD been), and prepared for party-time. Party-time consisted of helping move Dave Bartley out and Carl Nelson in. As fun as that was he wanted more. By the end of the night, after dinner at La Seniorita and a couple of margaritas at Chi Chi's he felt much better.

Friday, being as close to the last minute as possible, seemed the ideal time to shop for a wedding gift. What to get that would be unique? Raman and John looked high and low, and settled on low. Actually the idea of giving a body massager (vibrator), and a very nice one at that, as a gift seemed to be the gift that could really represent their personalities as "unique".

That night the local chapter met at a local watering hole for a bit of free food a couple of pitchers of LIIT's and a little entertainment. The entertainment consisted of introducing themselves to some women who were foolish enough to sit down next to their booth at America's Cup, and watching one of PPSA's new members, Paul "Rooster" McConville do Rooster-wheels. They followed happy hour with a visit to USA Cafe for a little dancing. The bar was painfully smoke-filled and after allowing Erin to play "engine" on a conga-line, they called it a night... tomorrow would be a big day.

Saturday morning, about an hour before the wedding and 90 minutes from the church, it was discovered that Raman's flackid body didn't fit into his high school dress shirt any more. A quick stop at the mall took care of that. Able to now miss the most boring part of the wedding service they were off to Birmingham.

(Raman)

Once we hit the highway to hell, I-96, it was a game of coyote and the road runner. John's speed records are legendary even with many State Police posts and of course the Subaru machine does not like to exceed the posted speed limit (John just uses the speed of sound as his personal limit). The cat and mouse game continued all the way to the exit at which I found John crouched and ready to spring in the breakdown lane. We proceeded to find the hotel which claimed it was located right on the highway, but it turned out to be hidden behind an expensive looking mall and a large Vic Tanny. Ten minutes later we had managed to leave my car there and set out over hill and dale for the church. We went over the river and through the woods to the place where the grandmothers were on the hill observing the Catholic wedding (missing the first 20 minutes of that Catholic mumbo jumbo really made me sick to my stomach).

Walking in as late as we did, we were forced to seat ourselves. Deciding which was the brides side and which was the grooms was fairly easy. Needless to say, we sat on the



bride's side due to the fact that certain genes may run in Pete's family. As John described, the wedding was an enjoyable experience but soon we were off to the hotel to relax for a bit before the evening excursion to oblivion. The hotel swimming pool was our first stop. Other than the 35 screaming kids in the 5 feet of water and the strange brownish little things floating on the surface it was kind of nice and just what we needed. Group showering then took place afterwards and we dressed on up for the reception....

The first thing one does at an open bar wedding is obvious. Ask for a long island iced tea (LIIT). Myself, John, Erin, and Steve mossied on up to the bar, looked at the teenagers working there and I said, "I'll have a LIIT", and I heard a chant develop behind me..."make it two, make it three, make it four!" The response was really depressing.. "We have no iced tea" says the teenager. The recipe was quickly given to them and they tried but failed miserably to make anything that tasted like a LIIT. All evening was a drinking panorama of new, creative, and disgusting drink combinations.

Once we'd had a few of these drink concoctions we were all feeling fairly loopy and the hijinks began. Erin caught the bouquet, and I was that close to catching the garter but one of Judy's pre-pubescent nephews out-wrestled me for the thing. The kid was then afraid to get near a woman that looked as hot as Erin so his father relinquished the garter to me. John then decided to have an all out war with all the kids at the wedding [Hard to believe, isn't it?] He started by telling little Jimmy that Erin wanted to tango with him. At one point he had about 8 little munchkins biting his arms. Eventually

we went back to the hotel and crashed for the evening.

The next morning dawned and the breakfast was a fabulous assortment of lost keys and raspberries. Erin and myself returned to Spartan country and left John with no shampoo and a large credit card debt, as well as lingering doubts of his ability to deal with children. We knew that John could handle the debt, he would just have to take out another student loan. The ride home was as smooth as a Michigan highway can be.

(John)

The trip back to New Mexico was a little quicker than the trip there... (maybe because it was all downhill?) There is a well traveled piece of road between Denver and Santa Fe that has recently been named the second most deadly stretch of road in the USA. It was my final gauntlet; the last hurdle before I could put this adventure to rest. I pulled out of Raton, New Mexico with a large cup of scalding hot coffee at about 1 am. How did I know it was scalding hot coffee? Curious you should ask. I tried to lift the cup by the top and the coffee (filled to the rim) exploded onto my lap. Remember: these little plastic lids are not meant to be used to hold 48 ounces of any liquid, let alone flesh-rending scalding hot coffee. I calmly pulled over, leaped from the car and stripped off my clothes. Luck was with me and I did not become the next fatality on Interstate 25. Luckier yet were the passing motorists, of which there were none. I can only imagine the pileup that could have occurred if a passing female truck driver had seen *God's Gift* in all of it's glory.

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### *News from Michigan Tech*

From: SMTP% "cescript@fsh.mtu.edu"

Date: 9-OCT-1990 21:26:05.21

Well here it is at the last minute:

I'm UP here in the home and origin of the PPSA. Things are going well thus far. I have passed my Ph.D. qualifier. And contrary to rumors, I am NOT working for Dr. Bob. In fact I don't believe anybody is working for him. I am currently trying to decide who to work for (and decide if I want to be an experimentalist or a theorist/computationalist).

Now, as for Raman's comments about "Saskuatch", they don't agree up here. In fact, the secretaries merely thought I should be leading a bear around on a leash (Dr. Bob told me that one). I have heard some talk up here..... hmmmmmm..... it was something about Raman's "Checkered Past". Dr. Bob would never tell me what was so "Checkered" about it. He's pretty quiet, I've noticed. So far all he does is roll his eyes (the "oh brother" look) and/or say "great" (no, no...not "GREAT" but "great"). I think that may have started after I told him I used a random number generator to narrow down my selections for my term paper (Ravi Pandey's advanced Solid State course). The solid state course is in fact the "only" course I'm taking (I also have Journal Club, in which I must give a talk on Monday).

Well on to the important things. The one thing I've noticed here is that the grad students don't drink enough beer. They definitely are not up to the "BAR" exam. I tested some of them, need much more practice. I, on the other hand, have been frequenting The Library reasonably often. One must study hard in grad school, after all.

Back to the topic of wimpy things. We have a EUNUCHS operating system on all the machines up here and it SUCKS!!!! Worse yet, the grads here tell me I should just learn it, rather than trying to find a way around it. They obviously haven't heard about my "Checkered" past. I, of course, maintain that computers are there to serve ME, not the other way around; I fully intend to enslave this system before I'm done.

Well I suppose I'd better get going, but before I do, here my addresses/phone #'s for those who want it (e.g. Steve "The Horn" Langer):

HOME: 1107 Ruby Ave, Houghton, MI 49931 (906)482-0638

WORK: Dept. of Physics, MTU, Houghton, MI 49931 (906)487-2591

Later,

Charles Scriptor "Wolfric The Wild"

God Emperor of Michigan Technological University

# God's Gender?

From: mokry@ctr.columbia.edu (Robert Mokry)

I am forever astonished by how many mistakes could be avoided if people would just think about what they are saying. This is especially the case in religion. An example of this is the assumption that God is male. Obviously God is a woman, because God doesn't have a penis. The proof of this is by omission: nowhere in the Bible is there a reference to the "Divine Penis," and I am sure that if God were a man He would talk about it somewhere. No real man could go on for hundreds of pages about himself without mentioning that thing once or twice.

Upon remarking on the above observation, I was notified by someone that he heard the oath "by the infinite dick of God" around Caltech, though "semi-infinite" would be more precise. Unfortunately, this further muddles the issue. I am thankful that the ancient theologians did not realize this point, otherwise they would have wasted much time in debating this actually nonexistent part of God. I can see it all now...

During the fall of Rome, St. Augustine referred to "God's mighty malemember, wider than the Coliseum, more powerful than Zeus's tool, able to take Athena in a single bound." Then in the middle ages, Thomas Aquinas, in an attempt to reconcile St. Augustine's remark with the rediscovered writings of Zeno, declared that the length of God's immense organ must be semi-infinite. But then Rene Descartes, after spending a lifetime in philosophical thought, stated that since God is greater than that which can be conceived, God's measureless masculinity must be truly infinite, because an infinite length is much longer (in fact, infinitely longer) than a semi-infinite length. However, the followers of Aquinas immediately countered with a simple argument: "If God's tree is infinite, then what holds it up? Certainly one end of God's tremendous tree must be firmly rooted in his loins." Also, a minor philosopher (whose name I forget, but who liked perfect islands) argued "If God's monument to life were infinite then there must be a fig leaf whose extent is also infinite. But then there is something infinite that is not part of God, which contradicts the assumption that God is the greatest. The only solution is that God's edifice must be semi-infinite, so that He can hide it by turning His back to the world and looking over His shoulder." Since both sides had such valid points, for a while the discussion reached a stalemate. Then the great German philosopher Hegel attempted to reconcile the issue with his sword-plowshare theory, where he proposed that the infinite and semi-infinite are actually two manifestations of the same thing. Though it seemed impossible, Hegel claimed that God does occasionally beat His infinite sword into a semi-infinite plowshare. This theory gained great popularity, but it didn't really solve anything primarily because no one could understand it. Some time afterwards, the rise of non-Euclidian geometry seemed to favor the Cartesians when it showed that God's vector could be infinite in this dimension, yet be attached to Him in a higher dimension. However this solution was not totally satisfactory either, because then there isn't a preferred direction to God's protrusion in this dimension. The answer to the debate had to wait till the beginning of the 20th century, when Georg Cantor, attempting to cope with his strict religious upbringing, proved that a semi-infinite member is just as long as an infinite member; therefore God's member may be semi-infinite and yet be no shorter than an infinite member. Cantor's colleagues ridiculed

him by showing that his theorems also proved that a finite real dimension is commensurable with an infinite one, suggesting that anyone's unit vector is just as long as God's tremendous tensor. This paradox was solved only with the advent of quantum theory, which demonstrated that the real world corresponds to the set of integers rather than the set of reals. In that case Cantor's theory showed that the finite phallus was in fact infinitely shorter than the infinite one, though the theory still retained the property of the commensurability between the infinite and the semi-infinite. So today mathematicians agree that Cantor was correct, finally and conclusively demolishing the central argument of the Cartesian theory.

Thus we see that if St. Augustine had thought about the nature of God's member, only after several centuries of the application of logic and mathematics and physics would a definite answer be reached. And even then the answer would be wrong, because the very basis of the argument is nonexistent. For the reason described at the beginning of this treatise, we the faithful know that by simply examining the Word of God it is obvious that any discussion in this area is meaningless, since God hath no member.

## Wanted

Dead or Alive (preferred dead)  
Tim Morrison, *escaped from New Mexico*  
*Mental Hospital*

### Look for the following signs:

- strong odor
- confused look
- extreme paranoia
- wet pants
- pistachio pudding on clothes
- lobotomy scar



### Often heard to say:

"That's sick..."  
"Why is my nose so small?"  
"Chut up"

Do not attempt to take Tim alone, he may be armed with old copies of **The Los Alamos Monitor**

PPSH... cont'd from p. 6

PPSA must continue it's investigation to determine if these allegations are true. If they are then PPSA must act to reverse the effects of PPSH. Reports coming out of Albania describe absolute repression. Private property has been abolished; automobiles, especially Beretta's, are forbidden to all but Elite Party Members. The people are always under the scrutiny of Big Brother, free speech has been abolished, children's bellies are swollen from malnutrition, and more than 500 people have been killed this year trying to flee the country. A diplomat reports that 100 fresh corpses have been discovered near the capitol city. The collision between PPSA and it's Eastern rival is inevitable, and it could well be very bloody. Once we have been able to collect more information, a TMHBOC meeting should be called to decide on a plan of action. The events in the Middle East could soon be overshadowed by an even more threatening situation unless PPSA acts soon.

### **Search for PPSA Artifacts...**

Hey John,

I think this may be the tape that you are looking for. Hope it gets to you in time, I had to dig around the house to find it. [Eric searched and found the 1986 PPSA production: *SPS Physics Field Day*.]

Well, I hope everything is going good for ya, how's the car doing? Are you surviving at school? I'll write ya another letter detailing the last 2 years of my life. God, I can't believe it's been two years already. Well talk to ya later!

Take care dude!

The Bartman (a.k.a. - Eric Hoffman)

### *Cinema Fla-quid'*

by Johnny J, "cinematographer manifique"

As I see PPSA expanding before my very eyes, I ask: "What horizons has this great organism yet to venture over?" An answer immediately comes to mind... We have yet to make a movie. No, I *AM* serious. Who better than us? Between Raman and I we have easily logged about half a million hours in front of a television or a movie screen. Using the inductive reasoning that physicists (and God Emperors) are born with, that means that we know about everything there is to know about making a movie. O.K., we may not know a lot of specifics about what lens goes where and what texture of flesh colored breast make-up to use in a nude scene; but those are technical questions that should be left to communications majors.

Our first movie project was to be a post-nuclear-war movie in the vein of "Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome". We figure (and Carl Sagan agrees) that a nuclear winter is probable if a whole hell of a lot of nukes are lobbed back and forth. Along with snow you get genetic mutations. The obvious result would be anarchistic mutant gangs of skiers roaming the vast snowy wastelands in search of really good ski wax... or something like that. You see, these gangs would have jet powered skis, there would be an opportunity to explore really great mutations (we could even attempt to surpass the classic: Hell Comes to Frogtown), and there could be roving madmen (madwomen?) who drive suped-up Sno-Cats and run over slow skiers.

You can see that we (well, at least Raman and I and possibly Ray) have quite a deal of untapped talent! Please try to keep these ideas from making it to Hollywood! If all plans go well, we may have a chance for a dress rehearsal this winter at the PPSA Western Winter Wonderland Extravaganza! Sleep on that one.

## The latest scoop from Kevin Flynn

August 1990

Dear Dudes:

I was very happy to hear from all of you in the form of the PPSA newsletter. I was surprised that the letter caught up with me since I have not been at that address for more than a year. Unfortunately, I really couldn't decipher what everybody has been doing with their lives. I gather that John and Paul Rutt failed to pass the comprehensive exam at MSU and had to pursue studies elsewhere. I remember that Pete had transferred to W&M. Hey Pete, how is it going? Do you still hate physics? I had no idea that you were getting married. I guess things didn't work out between you and Debbie (Just kidding.) I also remember that Dorsey had transferred to Northeastern for another Masters. Something like EE? I couldn't figure out what you are doing, Paul Rutt. The address listed in the PPSA didn't really tell me anything, except that you have access to a computer with E-mail.

Anyway, I would like to receive a letter from you guys with the latest dirt from when I left MSU in June 1988 to the present. What happened to Steve Howden, Karl Gebhardt, Joe Willie, Debbie (I can't remember her last name) ??? And by all means, what is the Langster doing?

I am still working for GE, doing the same job now that I started when I left school. It turned out to be very exciting once I learned enough. I am applying absolutely none of my physics knowledge to my job, it is much more oriented to computer science. I program in IBM 370 assembler instead of FORTRAN, which was a very interesting switch. The business world has its ups and downs. Sometimes I feel like I have wasted everything that I learned in undergrad and grad school, but then again, I am also learning some things that I never would have in physics. When I got out of school I was determined not to let my job deter me from getting my PhD. Within 4 months of moving from East Lansing, I applied to Univ of Maryland, which is about 40 minutes from Springfield, VA, where I live now. I wanted to choose a field that would allow me to get a PhD while working at my job. Physics was definitely out. I applied to U Maryland Applied Mathematics Dept. Things like proving  $1+1=2$  using all the correct theorems and postulates, etc. Needless to say, I was deeply disappointed. It seemed like my 2 years of Physics grad school bought me nothing. I was scheduled to begin classes in the Fall of '89, about 1 year ago. I postponed my matriculation until the winter of '90, and by then I had thought through the idea endlessly. I decided not to attend. The experience made me appreciate the process of getting a PhD a little more. I still can't believe how much determination one must have to go through all that schooling. My original thinking was correct back in 1986, when I said to myself that if I didn't go immediately to grad school full time until I finished my PhD, then I would never get it. It is just too hard to return to school, at least in pursuit of the PhD. Although I may return part time for something else. (MBA perhaps). When it came right down to it, I realized that the reason I was trying to get a PhD was so I could show my employer the piece of paper, and demand more money. When I realized that, I came to the conclusion that it just wasn't worth it. One thing I have found though, is that the MS was very much worth it. My starting salary was substantially above my BS or BE counterparts, even though many of them are probably smarter. It seems that the business world is programmed to accept only EE and CS majors. After I started my job, I found that these types of majors (EE and CS), had to go through dozens of interviews, and choose from numerous offers from different companies before they finally decided on GE. Compare that with my ONE interview, and ONE offer. (Incidentally, I did receive an offer from an observatory on the East Coast somewhere for \$22,000/year. But the guy called me with the offer in Feb of '89, 8 months after I had already started working for GE, and nearly a year after I had applied for the job. Who says Physics majors aren't highly in demand.) I came to grips with the conclusion that I am, at best, a slightly above average American student, and to get my PhD would require a tremendous amount of work. What would the work get me? A teaching/research job at some unknown college with a starting salary of \$35,000. Not for me. I still like Physics very much, but there is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, at least not for an academic career. (Much gold however for a PhD that goes into industry.) Hope I'm not depressing all of you guys, I'm just trying to relate the reasons why I chose not to pursue that route.

Since I graduated in Jun '88 I got married (do you guys remember Steve Howden's bachelor party?), and I also have an 11 month old boy named Patrick. My wife Monica is due again in April '91. (Fat chance of me quitting work and pursuing school fulltime, huh?) After living here in VA for 2+ years I long for midwest living. Everything here is crowded and busy. There are traffic jams on Saturdays, and renting an apartment costs \$900/month compared to the \$330/month that I was splitting with Joe Willie in E.Lansing. My wife is in the Air Force, (ROTC) and does not get out until the end of 1993. So I will be out here for a few more years. But the day she gets out, I am beginning my job hunt back in the Michigan, Ohio, Illinois area. Maybe Paul Rutt and Paul Dorsey can give me the scoop on the job scene in Cincinnati?

Karl Gebhardt came and visited me in the fall of 1989. (He saw my new son.) He was with his old girlfriend from MSU, Keitha. Remember her, and the stories Karl used to tell? I haven't heard anything from him since. Did he pass the comps? When I had talked to him, he indicated that he had failed, but was getting another chance. I think he said that some people got 3 chances and others got 2. Is that correct? I can't really remember, but it sounds kind of unfair to me. Karl informed me that Joe Willie had moved back to Long Island and was living with his mother. I guess he never finished his masters at MSU since he never got a B on the qualifying exam. I haven't talked to him since my wedding.

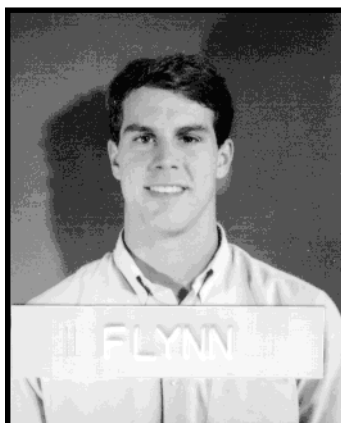
I guess that's all I have to say for now. I hope to hear from some of you guys. If anyone wishes to bag their attempt at the PhD, there are a zillion jobs in DC. (Software companies abound.) GE is also hiring, and they are one of the few companies who don't really



care about the undergrad major, as long as it involved some computer programing. (Let me put it this way, I got hired, so that proves that they hire anybody.)

My correct address is:  
7749 LeMoyne Ln  
Springfield, VA 22153

See Ya,  
*Kevin Flynn*



[Kevin Flynn, as a Michigan State grad student in 1986]

## LEWIS CARROLL'S "SONNET"

[taken from Martin Gardner's Time Travel and other Mathematical Bewilderments]

In 1887 Lewis Carroll wrote the following short piece of verse to a "child-friend". "Each line has four feet," Carroll wrote, "and each foot is an anagram (the letters can be rearranged so as to make a word.) It is assumed that proper names are not allowed. For example, "As to" could be "otsa", "stoa", "oast"... but he probably meant it to be "oats".

*As to the war, try elm. I tried.  
The wig cast in, I went to ride  
'Ring? Yes.' We rang. 'Let's rap.'  
We don't.  
'O show her wit! As yet she won't.  
Saw eel in Rome. Dry one: he's wet.  
I am dry. O forge! Th' rogue! Why  
a net?*

## BACK ISSUES OF THE PPSA NEWSLETTER

*It's a great way to learn more about PPSA!*

**V1N1**, DEC 1986 - CLASSIFIED - NOT AVAILABLE

**V1N2**, APRIL 1987 - Avoid the Nor!

includes: Sex life of an electron, PPSA 2000 and beyond, CD reviews

**V1N3**, SEPT 1987 - The Bork to School Issue

includes: Story of Bork, Purple Car, The Advent of the Loopi, States Man

**V2N1**, DEC 1988 - Anniversary Issue

includes: Trip to Miami, God Emperor comes into big money, History of PPSA

**V3N1**, AUG 1989 - The Stealth Issue

includes: PPSA International news, The day of the Moron, The Quick and the Dead, School: an essay on reality

**V4N1**, JULY 1990 - The Disco Issue

includes: A Michigan Yankee, Mission: South America, Plane Glider Accident, Beer Making, An Ode to Donald Trump, Ray Swartz biography

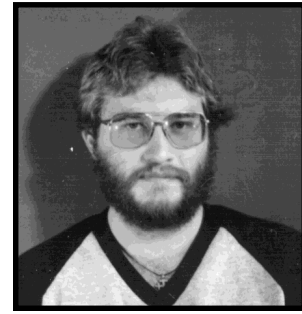
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To order any of these, send a check or money order to The PPSA Newsletter, Bureau of Printing and Engraving, 1034B 48<sup>th</sup> Street, Los Alamos, NM 87544. Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

## News from Oakland University, from Steve Langer, GE OU

Hi John,

As of September 18, 1990 I'm now one of the few, the proud, the chosen, the awesomely gifted, enormous PhD candidates. As one of the profs on the committee told me before the orals, "... you did great on the written parts, just don't throw up on anybody and it's in the bag (so to speak)." This brings up the question (now that you and I and Pete and Paul have succeeded in our new schools): was MSU rigged or what? Were all of us so stupid when we entered MSU, but after 2 years there became so brilliant that we could succeed anywhere else? Unlikely. The more I think about it, the more credence I'm willing to put on the rumors that floated around ADCOM when I was student VEEP. Too many grad students, not enough stipend cash.



Ah, weddings. Is it just me or are everybody's friends going down the aisle? First it was all my High School pals, then friends at UW-Madison, now even my grad school friends are hitched. I say STOP. We're too young to be tied up - aren't we!? I want to read about Pete's honeymoon; where, what, how long... you know.

Ta, *Steve Langer* (God Emperor, Oakland University / Ardent Reader)

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### "A Challenge from the College of William and Mary"

*To His Flammable Gracelessness God Emperor John Johnson of Texas:*

His Divine Majesty God Emperor Matt Johnson I of Williamsburg Lord King of Colonial Computation, Keeper of the Eternal Student Loan, Grand Master of All He Surveys, does hereby proclaim Pete Edward Markowitz as Heretic and Pretender to the Royal Throne.

The Registrar of William and Mary chronicles the Great Exodus of The Masters of Science from the Frozen Wastes and places Its beginning in Matt Johnson's year Nineteen Hundred and Eighty-eight. These Sacred Documents also show that His Divine Majesty's petitions were the first to be heard and answered by the Sages of The Ivory Towers. In first accepting this calling to William and Mary, the God Emperor rightfully descended onto the throne of Williamsburg. The Usurper Markowitz is only the second of the Old Masters of Science to reach the Tourist Lands, and as such has no claim to any title not bestowed upon him by His Divine Majesty.

Be it known that His Eminently Disgruntled Paul Rutt, Court Physicist of Tourism and Royal Ford Escort to the Crown, and Her Herbivoreess Tracy Camp, High Priestess of the Brazilian Pygmies, are ordered by the Divine Court to offer testimony against Pete Markowitz should they be so advised.

As He is Grand Master of All He Surveys, the God Emperor may claim dominion only over those things currently in his field of vision. Paul Rutt is hereby granted the title God Emperor in the case His Divine Majesty has His attention diverted elsewhere or is sleeping or blinks.

Set to Law this Eleventh Day of August, Nineteen Hundred and Ninety by the Power of the Royal Seal forthtowit, and with Lots of CapiTaL LeTTers.



# Raman Pfaff: The Secret Months

by William Jenks, God Emperor FSU

Since the only other PPSA person I know is RP, and I only met him briefly, I thought I might reveal to the general membership a little bit of his sojourn to the southern lands. Raman came to graduate school at Florida State University in the fall of 1987, and, in one of the fastest turnarounds in the modern era, headed north again in January 1988 with no degree, no money and no sense. He had some money when he arrived.

## HOW RAMAN AND I BECAME FAST FRIENDS

During the qualifying examination, which the entire entering class failed miserably, Raman and myself were the only ones who kept our sense of humor. This branded us as outcasts from the wailing-and-gnashing-of-teeth crowd, and we banded together as outcasts are want to do. During the first semester we took a course from Goldstein's "Classical Mechanics". This was our first experience with a course that you couldn't do the three week homework assignment by staying up the night before, you had to stay awake for the entire weekend! Not an easy task with Raman babbling away for 72 hours straight!

## WHY RAMAN AND I ARE STILL FAST FRIENDS

He owes me twenty-two dollars, which he left town without a thought towards paying!

## HOW "RAMAN PFAFF" BECAME SYNONYMOUS WITH "FOOL" AT FSU

We made, after taxes, \$676 a month. Raman paid \$150 a month in rent. He decided to buy a new car, a Subaru XT coupe, with payments and insurance costing \$475 a month. Thus leaving himself with \$51 a month to live on. Still, every Sunday he had macaroni and cheese with tuna, though his general diet was macaroni and nothing.

## WHY JOHN D. FOX HATES RAMAN WITH A PASSION THAT WILL NEVER DIE, FLAG OR WAVER WITH THE PASSAGE OF TIME

Dr. Fox needed someone to teach physics for poets lab in Spring 1988. It was rumored that RP, who had taught this class in Fall 1987, might be jumping ship. So he asked RP point blank, "Will you be here to teach this lab?"

RP: "Yes. You have my word on it." JD: "Good" They shake hands. Curtain falls.

.....

Curtain rises. The scene: Raman Pfaff behind the wheel of his stylish XT coupe somewhere on I-75. RP laughs maniacally. Curtain falls.

JD has to teach lab himself for nearly 3 weeks!

## RANDOM QUOTE:

RP: "If there were no women everything would be free"

# "We're not in East Lansing anymore Biff..."

by Johnny Longhorne

*[This story was written in September 1989 upon arrival at The University of Texas. It was an interesting trip and I can now look back on my decision to continue graduate school satisfied that I made the right choice. Of course even these comments may be superceded depending on how my qualifier and thesis go.... "Hook 'em Horns!"]*

## **It is with great trepidation that I begin to write this story.**

The trip from Michigan to Texas to begin grad-school at the University of Texas at Austin was long and grueling, and it takes an extreme effort to even sit down and put it in print. But I shall try.

9:30am, Saturday August 26. The morning was heating up and the sky blue and the fabled six-cylinder Beretta was sitting a bit lower than usual. Perhaps a better way to describe it would be to say that the car was strained to within a millimeter of it's suspension's life under the burden of 90 percent of my worldly goods. And that was without ME in the car! Raman came out to see me off, assuring me that the voyage would be nothing compared to driving to Houghton from Miami in the old Capri. Thus with a quick pit stop at McDonald's the quest for a new graduate school began.

10:27am, 50 miles into the voyage. As I'd said, the day was warming up, in fact it was rapidly becoming hot. Being crammed into a small man-made cubical with my dirty sheets behind me didn't help matters at all. My visibility was limited to the driver's mirror and, with a slight stretch, the passenger mirror. The passenger seat was separated from the driver's side with the house white board so that it, like the rest of the car, could be filled. As I took the 94 exit to Chicago I realized that the physical laws of momentum even hold true in a Chevrolet. Some anal retentive driver had decided to stop on the on-ramp because the traffic scared him. I think he was even more scared when I barreled out of nowhere nearly ramming him. I, being the expert driver, neatly avoided him. It could have been a real short trip.

11:07am, 92.6 miles. I finish my first super-sized caffiene laden drink. My allergies are bothering me; it's nice to know that there is no ragweed in Austin. [Little did I know at the time that the mold/pollen count was considerably greater!]

11:30am, 116 miles, 77 degrees. Passing Michigan's wine country. Some guy in a truck proclaiming that he indeed was Mr. Battery was weaving around like he'd stopped for one too many winery tours. I have to pee.

12:37pm, 176.7 miles, 80 degrees. Took the wrong exit to LaPorte to visit my grandmother and great-aunt. Had a rubeen sandwich to make the trip more exciting. 3:28pm, 190 miles, back on the highway.

3:40pm, 203 miles. First small rain, I expected a lot of rain on the trip but barely got any.

4:28pm, 253 miles. Chicago. Realize that I missed the turnoff for 57 South, so I took 43 (Harlem Avenue) south to 80 then went east to get on 57. That was easier said than done. I had to stop, submit my self to amazement and laughter and find my way to 57

since the map I'd purchased for about three dollars didn't have enough detail. 5:03pm, 266.3 miles. Stopped at White Castle to have my first and possibly last White Castle burgers. It will definitely be my last.

5:50pm, 303 miles. Stopped to fill the car with gas. Met someone who had just driven up from Texas. 6:02pm, back on the road.

7:00pm, 364.6 miles, 82 degrees. A little bit of rain. Finished my second liter of pop.

9:11pm, 502 miles. Stopped at rest area to take care of that last liter of pop. Also I had to stop and see if it was snowing. It wasn't. Instead, southern Illinois was undergoing a plague of insects. My car was covered with bugs, including some sort of big glowing insect that left glowing blood all over my windshield. I decided not to worry about cleaning my windows since I can't see at night anyway. At the rest stop I met someone else from Texas; a truckdriver that makes the trip from Texas to Chicago and back every week. *Oooh doesn't that sound exciting Biff?*

10:30pm, 583 miles. Stopped to fill car. Met a guy whose wife is in grad school south of Austin. He was driving back down to see her. I came to the conclusion that everyone between Chicago and Texas was either from Texas or heading there. I left and turned the radio back to the only station I could get; a PBS station that was broadcasting blues and jazz from a booth at a local fair. Learned a valuable saying from one song: *It aint the depth of the water that drowns you...*

11:22pm, 623 miles. Just over the Mississippi River, which was, needless to say, disappointing. There were several barges sweeping the river with large spotlights however. I figured that they were looking for bodies or escaped convicts. Pulled off on the Charlotte exit to find a Burger King. I expected that Charlotte would be a big town? Right? Wrong. This burg was so dead that it's idea of fast food was probably buying a candy bar at the only local establishment, a video store. The place was as dead as Raman at 7:00 on a Saturday morning. The town had one long false store front, but no stores. There were probably some bars, but I didn't see them and left as quickly as I could without alerting the local lawman that a yankee was in this Missouri burg.

12:36am, 701 miles. Entered Arkansas. I'm getting hungry. Isn't there a law that there have to be fast food drive thrus every ten miles like back home in Michigan?? I'd even eat an Armadillo burger right now, if I could get a greasy side of fries with it to go! Soon after I did indeed find a McDonald's. Ahhhh! Large fries....

2:00am, 760 miles. Briefly entered Tennessee, skirted Memphis then left. Back to Arkansas, where I thought I saw either an Armadillo or a tire shaped like one. I think it's getting time to take that rest break.

2:40 to 7:03am, 800 miles. Pulled into well populated rest stop and slept in my smelly coffin. Not very comfortable, but it avoided the sort of hallucinations that Raman gets on those long Miami to



Houghton trips.

8:00am, 868.2 miles. Gassed up at an Arkansas gas station called the Road Runner. There were bugs crawling over everything, big bugs, and the people were talking funny. I may never see the civilized world again.

9:11am, 923 miles. Tanker remnants on the side of the road. I avert my eyes from the Texas guidebook that I'm reading to look at where a tanker ran off the road and blew up.

10:25am, 1003 miles. I definitely saw an armadillo this time.

10:50am, 1030 miles, 91 degrees. Stopped in Texarkana at a Burger King for breakfast. I'm in Texas now ma!

12:20pm, 1100 miles. Switched to AM radio to avoid religion. It didn't help. I turned off the radio and started singing to myself. But I'm in Texas with everything that I own, people will understand.

12:50pm, 1130 miles. Gas stop.

1:30pm, 1166 miles, 95 degrees. The car is making a weird noise. I don't like it, if this car has a flat and I have to unload it.... I decided, instead, that it was just one of those noises that a car makes from time to time.

1:44pm, 1175.1 miles. "Am I lost sir?" "Nope."

2:20pm, 1200 miles. Drove around Dallas. It 'looks' like a nice city. The traffic sucks though.

2:48pm, 1232 miles, 96 degrees. Waxahatchee (walks-a-hatchee), home of the SSC.

3:15pm, 1259.9 miles, hot. Stopped off at Carl's Corner, Tx to get film. They had a strip tease going on in back in the bar, but they didn't have any 110 color film.

4:11pm, 1311 miles. Stopped in Lorena (?) for film. They had some, but no dancing girls.

5:09pm, 1361 miles, 100 degrees. Gas stop. Boy it's hot, I hope I can find the hotel o.k.?

5:50pm, 1393.1 miles. Found the hotel. Executel, \$19.85. Air Conditioning. Big beds... I unloaded part of the car (TV, VCR, computer...) took a shower found the local Red Lobster for dinner (I still had some money back then) and passed out. The quest was nearly complete. Now I just had to find a place to live, a bed, get the melted bugs off of my car, find a job and register for classes... in two days.

As for the rest of the story... I found an apartment hunter who called around and by Wednesday, and a couple of cash advances later, I had a place to live. A nice big apartment with a patio, a bar, a large kitchen, a walk in closet and a nice cool pool right outside my door. I also bought a king sized waterbed, a computer desk, a bookshelf, a modem, a telephone and rented some furniture. By Friday September 1 I had moved in and women were hitting on me. Ahhhh! Friday I got a commitment for a Research Assistantship, found out that I'd receive almost as much in financial aid as I spent in moving. I signed up for classes Tuesday. I am taking quantum mechanics 1 (with Cohen-Tannoudji, what a coincidence), stat mech, and plasma physics. [Note: As of 1990 I have officially taken graduate quant 7 times. Does that explain anything?]

What do I have to look forward to? If I want to be positive I would say that I'll enjoy the beautiful and plentiful city of Austin. I'll do well at UT, make money, meet the perfect woman and get married and live happily ever after. (Was that positive? Maybe we'll skip that getting married part, o.k.?) And the pessimistic side would be, I could look forward to hell in my classes like I have never known, and have to pick up and leave to live in Los Alamos in 9 months, or Long Island (BNL) for that matter. Why, they are only 900 or 2000 miles away... Ahhhhhhhh!!

[Note: in retrospect, classes were hell and I'm now womanless in Los Alamos.]

### "A Tribute to an Arachnid"

by Steve Worm

mounds of hair

fleshy lumps

crawl on me

with icky bumps

tarentella on the panes

squash him quickly!

...leaving stains.

then in slumber i am sleeping  
silent, agile, goes him creeping...

evil nasty sucking blood.  
tarantula,

thy  
name  
is

MUD!

# Nu-z from Northeastern Universtiy

by Paul Dorsey, GE NU

The end of Summer '90 closes out another banner year for the NU-PPSA, due to my outstanding and condescending leadership. Since last reporting to the PPSA community, there have been several more major developments of a minor nature.

Firstly, the NU-PPSA would like to announce the ascendancy of Dave Robertson, an NU-PPSA alumnus, to the premier status of God Emperor. Dave's imperious branch of the PPSA will be headquartered in Newport, RI; however, he will be commuting regularly between his headquarters and the South American Estates as the official North American liason to the indigenous pygmy population, as well as the official distributor of all South American Estates memorabilia and the official supplier of the Tapirs for the next Summer Olympics.

On a more scientific note, the NU-PPSA expedition from Boston to Williamsburg, via banana peel boat, has been postponed in spite of generous contributions from all interested parties. Dr. Ron, the faculty advisor and organizer of the expedition, has been temporarily suspended from the University due to some recently enacted University conduct codes. The codes, which can be found in the Faculty-Staff handbook, were prompted by students protesting the lack of basic hygiene among the faculty, and specifically among Physics and Engineering professors. In some cases, the situation had become so severe that reports of an escape by research animals from the veterinary school led to three professors being shot with tranquilizers by campus police. The infamous incident led to the foundation of the "Odor Patrol" on campus which has the power to summarily inspect all persons and parts thereof for any unwarranted odors.

Unfortunately, our very own Dr. Ron was one of the first faculty inspected by the patrol and deemed non-hygenic. This led to Dr. Ron's suspension and mandatory enrollment in a hygiene rehabilitation course for a period of three months. This temporary setback, though, has a brighter side, since the extra time has allowed the NU-PPSA to acquire more donations for the trip. These additional funds have allowed us to purchase the services of Jaques

Cousteau and John Denver for the expedition. The NU-PPSA hopes to sell a video tape of the expedition to PBS as a five part documentary series, and hopefully gain royalty rights to any or all songs John might be inclined to write on the trip.

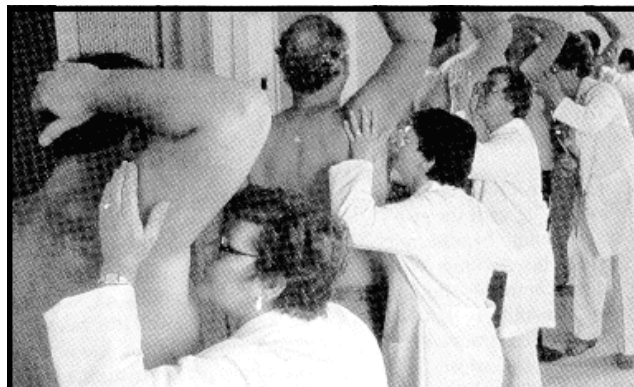
I had originally hoped to be able to tell the PPSA constituency how happy the NU-PPSA was to be chosen host of the first annual God Emperors of the East Coast conference (GEEC conference). However, only two God Emperors attended the conference and there is some debate as to whether the other attending God Emperor actually holds the title of God Emperor. For the purposes of this article, and to protect the innocent, I will refer to the other attendee only as "Paul Rutt".

The conference started off by ordering several expensive and pretentious beers of a questionable alcoholic content, the likes of which could only be found in Boston. We then proceeded to elect a secretary of the conference, which proved to be rather tricky since "Paul Rutt" informed me that the PPSA constitution requires a 2/3 majority in such weighty matters. Seeing as there were only two of us, we could not quite figure out how to do the infamous "Physicists Derivation on a Napkin", which, of course, we has wanted to do for years anyhow. Although the simplicity and beauty of our eloquent derivation was obvious to us both, we were not quite sure how to implement it in the "real" world (as if we ever do). Luckily, we did not have to waste any more precious brain power on the problem because the waitress was incensed with what appeared to be our utter stupidity to a layman (layperson) such as herself. She then let us know, in the subtlest of terms, that she was tired of waiting to take our food order and insisted that "Paul Rutt" be secretary. At that point we realized the conference had peaked and decided we should phase this conference thing in over the course of several years.

On a more personal note, I'd just like to say that if all the girls in New Mexico are as hot looking as John's dance partner on the cover of the last PPSA newsletter, then my Disco rope and I are headed for Texas. Chipmunk cheeks just drive me crazy. This Summer I was not able to get that all around golden tan that I'm so well known for due to the polluted condition of Boston's beaches. The special beach suits issued by the EPA, though, really helped to cut down on my sun tan lotion expenses this year. Speaking of beaches, has anyone ever actually started one of those PPSA word searches, or even finished one?



EPA approved beach and home attire in the Boston area.



The Northeastern University "Odor Patrol"

## San Diego and Bust by Allen Williams, U.Texas

**Friday, August 3, 1990:** ~2345 The band was terrible, the first draft of divorce papers had been drawn up and it was my 32nd birthday. John and Steve were there assisting in the celebration and we had been imbibing for a while. I felt the need to do something, anything actually, and the idea of a roadtrip developed. I then remembered I supposedly had friends in San Diego and so I announced that we should go to California as soon as possible. John quickly said okay and left to get the car ready. I had another drink and worked on Steve to agree to go with us. He finally succumbed to my adamant persuasions and we left to meet John at home. I phoned the counting house and delivered the news that I was loaded and wouldn't be in for a few days. I discovered later that not everyone was happy about that at work but they got over it, so I'll still be able to graduate I guess. About 1:00 we hit the road. Steve insisted on taking the back seat to sleep. John drove and I navigated during moments of consciousness.

**Saturday, August 4, 1990:** 0500 Painted Desert We were all jolted awake (including our driver, John) by the car swerving all over the place. John calmly announced that he was just avoiding what looked like a camel in the road. Saturday, August 4, 1990: 0700 Flagstaff The car stopped at a McDonalds in Flagstaff, Az. After a seriously mediocre breakfast on top of a fair hangover, we got ready to push on to the Lowell Observatory for a quick visit. At this time we counted our money. I think we had about \$15 between the three of us. This was taken as a definite sign to keep on the road. Gas cards would be used for food in the future. Naturally the observatory wouldn't open for another couple of hours so it was on the road again. Turning south we headed for Phoenix. Somewhere along the way it looked like we made a wrong turn at Mars. So this was the desert. Steve continued to sleep, I think he was driving? Or was it me? Sometime in the afternoon we entered California. For miles and miles it appeared that someone had hauled in boulders and piled them up across the countryside. Great huge piles of rock as far as the eye could see. Every 1/2 mile or so there were pullouts with hydrants marked "Radiator Water". Rod Serling was standing by one with his thumb out. Around 1700 we were getting close to San Diego. This seemed like a good time to locate my friend's place and see if we would be welcome. After an

almost fruitless directory assistance call, the phone number was given and the call made. We would be welcome and there was a barbecue in progress. There was much rejoicing. At my friends' house, we could see the bull fighting ring in Tijuana and watched INS helicopters flying around the flats between us and the border. After dark there was a fairly impressive fireworks show at the beach. Steve was happy, being a pyrotechnician in a previous life.

**August 5, 1990:** A.M.ish Imperial Beach We spent a couple hours checking out the sand castle competition going on that day. Later it was time to catch some rays and do some boogie-boarding. Also sea-weed plucking. For August the water was pretty chilly. Steve got his board to boogie and I think John did too. My boogie sat a little low in the water. For a while the waves got up to 3 or 4 feet and it was fun enough to just get bashed and tossed by the surf. Later in the day, the burn set in. I flaked most of my skin off over the next week. It was like snow when I got out of bed in the morning. John, of course, just got darker. Steve fried. That night Sam and MaryBeth and the kids took us to eat fried squid in Chula Vista. Quite tasty.

**August 6, 1990:** San Diego Zoo / Tijuana John found an ATM and divvied out some cash. Then it was off to the zoo. Took a cruise over the Coronado bridge, saw the Exxon Valdez (now renamed Mediterranean) in dry dock. Cast a druidic tree curse over it. The zoo was fun, albeit hot. One of the highlights was seeing a rhino "marking" his territory. At first we thought it was a garden hose spraying the wall. Another "high" point was riding the skyfari. John got some fotos of some tapirs. Apparently this is the predominant livestock in the PPSA rain forest. Last stop on the way out was the souvenir stand. Then off to lunch. After a breather at home, Sam led us to the border and we walked over into Tijuana. After passing through the gates, we walked past about a thousand guys hawking taxi rides and some vendors selling some kind of candy that was completely covered with bees. Next we walked over a pedestrian bridge over a large concrete canal that mainly had a small stream of sewage running down it headed for the sea. Smelled pretty awful. I guess that is what we swam in - explains the funny aftertaste. Then the stairwells leading down on the other side were pretty pungent



Allen finally caught his beach blanket bunny -- Annette!

too. It was at this point that I decided not to eat any food while there. After a lot of walking, we got to Revolution Square and started hitting the tourist vendors. Everywhere we got accosted by shopkeepers claiming the best deals, etc. "Hey amigo! Almost free...almost freeeee!" One shopkeeper caught Sam by the arm and insisted that he had something special to show us in the shop. Finally we gave in and went inside. After being led to the back of the store the guy says "I got good deals everywhere. Just look around!". Sam asked what the special thing was he wanted to show us: "I got girls in the back, amigo. You want a girl?" Sam answered an emphatic "No". The reply was: "Oh you don't like girls! Thass okay, I got boys too." Our que to exit. We got about 10 yards away only to hear: "Hey amigos, you forgot your friend!" Naturally, John was still in the shop looking for a cheap wedding gift for Pete and Judy's wedding. After wandering around a bit more and after a few photos, it was time to head back. More walking. Somehow it turned out to be farther to the exit than it was from the entrance. We had some dinner at the house, and rested a while and then hit the road about 2100. We hated to leave, but physics was calling. Back to Los Alamos the next afternoon and then to work that night. Some amount of groveling was necessary but all in all everyone was quite happy with the trip. John seemed to be quite refreshed in hind sight. I think Tijuana was good for him.

# Lumberjack Song

(reprinted without permission from Monty Python's Big Red Book)

I. I'm a lumberjack  
And I'm O.K.  
I sleep all night  
And I work all day.

*He's a lumberjack  
And he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night  
And he works all day.*

II. I cut down trees  
I eat my lunch  
I go to the lavatory  
On Wednesday I go shopping  
And have buttered scones for tea.

Mounties:

He cuts down trees  
He eats his lunch  
He goes to the lavatory  
On Wednesday he goes shopping  
And has buttered scones for tea.

*He's a lumberjack  
And he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night  
And he works all day.*

III. I cut down trees  
I skip and jump  
I like to press wild flowers  
I put on women's clothing  
And hang around in bars

Mounties:

He cuts down trees  
He skips and jumps  
He puts on women's clothing  
And hangs around in bars.

*He's a lumberjack  
And he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night  
And he works all day.*

IV. I cut down trees  
I wear high heels  
Suspenders and a bra  
I wish I'd been a girlie  
Just like my dear Pappa.

Mounties:

He cuts down trees  
He wears high heels  
(spoken rather than sung)  
Suspenders...and a bra?  
That's shocking, etc.  
That's rude...  
tut tut... tut tut...  
(Music runs down)

## Psycho LXIX

Starring Ray "the Tree" Swartz



"If you thought the shower scene was scary,  
wait 'til you see Ray wacking his pecker hole  
first thing in the morning!!" -Joel Graber, The  
Munising Times

"Oooh!" -Merv Griffin

"The only thing more frightening would be  
watching Dave Bartley eat a plate of Zippy  
burritos!" -Cheryl Ayers

*Coming sooner or later to a theater near you*



# Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I recently came across the following, regarding a former MSU student. Some would recall that she wore terribly expensive sweaters and took first time grad students out to soft core movies. Could this be the same person that I think it is?? I have to say that the signature was in purple ink and smelled of lavender.

A confused reader.



Dear Confused,

Yes. That is Ms. Debbie Brodbar. [See picture above] The home office has been trying to establish communications ever since it was brought to our attention that she is a Senior Editorial Assistant with Phys Rev for the American Physical Society. We knew she took a job with APS when she left MSU, but didn't know she still worked there. We have added her to our mailing list. Curiously enough, Allen Williams (U.Texas member) recently received a letter from her regarding changes to be made on an article he is writing for Phys Rev C. He has been refering to her as Dr. Brodbar. I just thought you should know. We hope to hear from Debbie soon.

-The Editor

Dear PPSA Editor,

I was parusing the local Los Alamos newspaper (don't ask me why I subscribe to a "news"paper so void of news... but I also subscribe to this rag...) when I came across the following in "Police Beat" (next to the article on the chicken arrested for jaywalking): 1:35p.m. - Police received a report of a 13 year old Los Alamos boy who ran away from the Middle School. When police located the boy, he was charged with battery for allegedly kicking an officer. The boy was referred to the juvenile probation office.

My question is: "Was this Timmy the newsboy?"

-Worried about juvenile delinquents in Los Alamos

Dear WAJDILA,

No. Tim was actually attending classes that day. However, he did spend detention with the delinquent in question. As you may not know, Tim has taken on the responsibility of caring for the PPSA whale. As an official act of PPSA, the home office has invested a dollar toward the cause of saving the whales (in the name of Wilfred C. Polkinghorne, BSEM). Actually, another use for the whale is even patriotic. Empowered by the PPSA Constitution, and with a crack team of South American pygmies just waiting for a

mission [see last issue], we might look into sending a guerilla team to Iraq. Having a whale could make the ocean crossing a bit easier than driving the Beretta!

If owning a whale means a lot of work, Tim is ready. In fact he has been spending a lot of time practicing getting wet. Where to get enough brine shrimp, though, is a tough problem. We may have to send away for a whole bunch of those "Sea Monkey" kits. Tim, who is in Middle School, has also been helping to do research for the PPSA Newsletter. With the formation of a Los Alamos chapter of PPSA he may actually take on the role of local God Emperor. That will depend on how things go with the whale, with his construction of a shrine to PPSA, and whether he does a decent job in keeping the PPSA Beretta clean.

-Editor

Mr. Editor, Sir:

I am dully impressed and astonished! What the hell is this?!? Has PPSA gone public? I was reading the latest edition of "Who's Who in Finance and Industry" when I came across the following (which I have xeroxed and included) biography of a John Doperz Johnson. Is this the head cheese of PPSA? What's the story?

-D. Trump, currently taking donations

**JOHNSON, JOHN DOEPPERS**, nuclear physicist: b. Petoskey, Mich., Nov. 27, 1963; s. John Howard and Mary Elizabeth (Doeppers) J. BS in Physics, Mich. Tech. U., 1986; MS in Physics, Mich. State U., 1988. Cons. Mich. Tech. U., Houghton, 1986; instr. physics Mich. State U., East Lansing, 1986-88; nuclear physicist Nat. Superconducting Cyclotron Lab., East Lansing, 1988—; assoc. counselor Soc. Physics Students, 1983; nat. bd. dirs., 1983-85; v.p. ops. and fin. PPSA Internat., East Lansing, 1983-86; chief exec. officer, Houghton, 1986—. Editor: PPSA Newsletter, 1986—. Pres. MTU Coll. Reps., Houghton, 1984; active Rep. Nat. Com. Mem. The Heritage Found., Am. Phys. Soc., Am. Assn. Physics Tchrs., Sigma Pi Sigma, Presbyterian. Office: Nat Superconducting Cyclotron Lab East Lansing MI 48824-1321

Mr. Trump,

This was just an example of how seriously PPSA is being taken by the establishment nowadays. John Doeppers (dep-ers) Johnson, is indeed The God Emperor of PPSA and the Editor of this esteemed periodical. His inclusion in the latest edition of "Who's Who in Finance and Industry" is clearly intended to honor him for his ability to amass vast amounts in student loans. The only incorrect bits of information in this bio are where he works [he is now at Los Alamos National Labs finishing his PhD], the claim that he is in Sigma Pi Sigma [he was supposed to be, but MSU decided not to hold ceremonies that year and he left before they could induct him, anyhow, he's in Pi Pi Sigma Alpha, the PPSA honor society, which is much more impressive], and the publishers of WWIFAI used the title CEO and VPOF instead of The God Emperor and VEOF, TMHBOC. We hope that more members are recognized in the future.

- The Editor

Dear Members,

"So go ahead, eat drink , and be merry, for it makes no difference to God" -Ecclesiastes 9,7 Living Bible

Dan Zeirath

God Emperor, Univ. of Wisconsin - Madison

## Letters to the Editor, continued...

16-September-1990

Dear John,

A short note to let you know that Dave and I are doing well here in Illinois. We got an apartment here in Mt. Prospect and Dave is working hard at UOP. Unfortunately, I have not been able to find a job. It seems they pay teachers very well here, so even with a BA and MA there are no vacancies available to me at this time. We are hopeful that something will come along soon. Dave and I are getting married November 17. My mother is sending you an invitation. We talked to Warren Wells and he will try to make it to the wedding. We hope that you will also be able to attend. Our home address is:

567 Franklin Drive Apt 213, Mount Prospect, IL 60056  
(708)956-7184.

Please continue to send PPSA mail to UOP, so we are sure to get it:  
25 E. Algonquin, Des Plaines, IL 60056, (312)442-7400.  
Emily Mitseff (until Nov. 17)  
and Dave Linnington [GE Alumni Affairs]

• • • • •

From: edu% "uphhsb%msu.dnet@mtsunix1.oscs.montana.edu"  
Date: 14-SEP-1990 19:31:58.08

Hi John, I do recall vaguely hearing about you, however I do know Chuck Lucky, Cathy Learmont, Raman Pfaff, and Ray Schwartz. I take it that you have Marli's bitnet address, could you send it to me? She said that she did not know what it was. Say, what does PPSA stand for anything? This newsletter business sounds like a really neat idea, I'm looking forward to seeing what you have going. Here is my address, send me a copy sometime.

bye --- George Bennis

Home: Peter Koch Tower #205, Bozeman, MT 59715

Work: AJM Johnson Hall, Physics Department  
Montana State University, Bozeman, MT 59717  
406-994-2840

Dear George,

I think that I recall you too. You were sort of tall with brown hair. Of course most members don't know much about Montana, other than it's general location. I hope you can share the newsletter and keep us informed of what is going on there. We can publish pictures too, if you can loan any to the (inter)national office for scanning. Keep in touch, and consider yourself an official member.

-Editor (a.k.a. John Johnson)

• • • • •

Fellow PPSA members:

Becky and I are doing well in Bay City. I was out of work for a bit, but I am working more than 50 hours a week now as a service test engineer at ATI (Advanced Technologies Inc). I am doing a lot of debugging and testing of vacuum parts and we are working on building a robotic welding line to weld drive shafts. I spend the rest of my time trying to keep away from Becky! Becky, needless to say, has become a student again and is working on her engineering mechanics masters at Michigan State. She has to commute, so she is kept very busy. I may get to go back for a masters at the company's expense next year. We'll see.

I want to help in your search for lost PPSA members. Warren Wells address is:

1943 Belmont Drive, Green Bay, WI 54304 (414)-494-8907.  
I will next try to find Chuck Lucky, who has no phone number in Grand Rapids (although he seems to have a mailing address).

Becky's calling, I have to run! Keep in touch!

Paul Joitke (ex-MSU)

• • • • •

From: SMTP%"KARN@CEBAF2.CEBAF.GOV"  
Date: 7-OCT-1990 19:09:17.62

Wot's up man?

Glad to hear that some of you folks had the balls to go on for the PhD, while some of us greedy ones headed for a quick buck. Anyway, I really like what I'm doing here. Right now I'm in the process of setting up a magnet measurement facility that we will use to do QC measurements for the 2000-plus magnets that are going to start rolling in next year. It's a mixture of hardware and software and just enough physics to keep it interesting. It's only a 3 year job and then I'll probably look back in the midwest for something permanent.

So what sort of thesis are ya working on at LAMPF - don't ya know that electrons are where the action is? Ha!

See ya later. Jeff Karn

• • • • •

From: DAC::WORM  
Date: 8-SEP-1990 17:18:32.03

hey meathead;

...the poem in the last ppsa thingy is vintage michael bryan, NOT that untalented worthless lump of earwacks known as k. johnson...

...i suggest you dedicate the next issue to mab in sincere apologetic slobberyness...

steve

Dear Steve,

IDO most sincerely apologize to Mr. Bryan. It was wrong of me to take the word of a Texan, let alone a physics grad student the likes of Allen Williams. His propensity for mistakenly identifying poetry is surpassed only by his vast knowledge of Monty Python trivia.

Sorry MAB, won't happen again!

• • • • •

Dear Jonathan,

I just cannot bear another moment with stephen. He has become an unbearable bore, and his wicket is always sticky. Please visit.

Buffy

• • • • •

dearest jonathan;

mummy and i are having a smashing time at the cape. we do so hope your little tet-a-tet with a certain arachnoid hasn't dampened your spirits. buffy and i are having a lovely time bar hopping and doing Coke. do you remember winston snodgrass III from prep school? well it seems as if he got married rather hastily to a certain young french tutor while away at school, and 'ol number three and his newly acquired spouse have now taken up residence in the delles, of all hideous places. i do so wish the best to those boys. mummy refuses to speak to his parents; something about it being unnatural and all... i have been trying to comfort her by telling her that perhaps the delles are not as bad as everyone says. i have been quite distressed lately, it seems as if my car is in the shop again. it is that pesky cigarette lighter again. well at least i will be able to deduct it on my returns (medical expense, you know). it wouldn't

bother me except i'm forced to use buffy's roadster. well johnathan,  
it seems i have to run now. wanted to write more, but i'm getting out  
of breath. do be a good sport and keep a watch on our son.  
all my love; stephen

Mr. Worm, esquire:

Why do I feel like Ann Landers all of a sudden? I may  
look like her (from behind a brick wall) but am most certainly not!  
Neither am I an automobile mechanic. I am quite irked that I wasn't  
invited out to the Hamptons for tea ONCE this summer. I AM on the  
social register after all. I do so sympathize with Buffy.

-jonathan doepers III (social register number 089028)

From: SMTP%"cmjohn@cs.wm.edu"

Date: 11-SEP-1990 13:52:43.28

Dear Editor,

I need some more things to put under the publications  
heading of my resume/vita/list of lies. I hope you will reconsider  
running my witty and insightful piece about the Parsley Mafia and  
the Christmas Mouse.

Thanks much, Matt

P.S. Don't hit me up for articles for your newsletter anymore unless  
you agree to publish them!

[REFERENCES REFURNISHED UPON REQUEST.]

Dear Matt,

Again I desire not only to placate, but to please. You may  
consider your article published... it was certainly most worthy...  
however there was a slight problem. You see, Pete's dog Einstein ate  
it at the wedding reception.

So Sorry, Editor

## News from Florida State

October 1, 1990

Dear PPSA people,

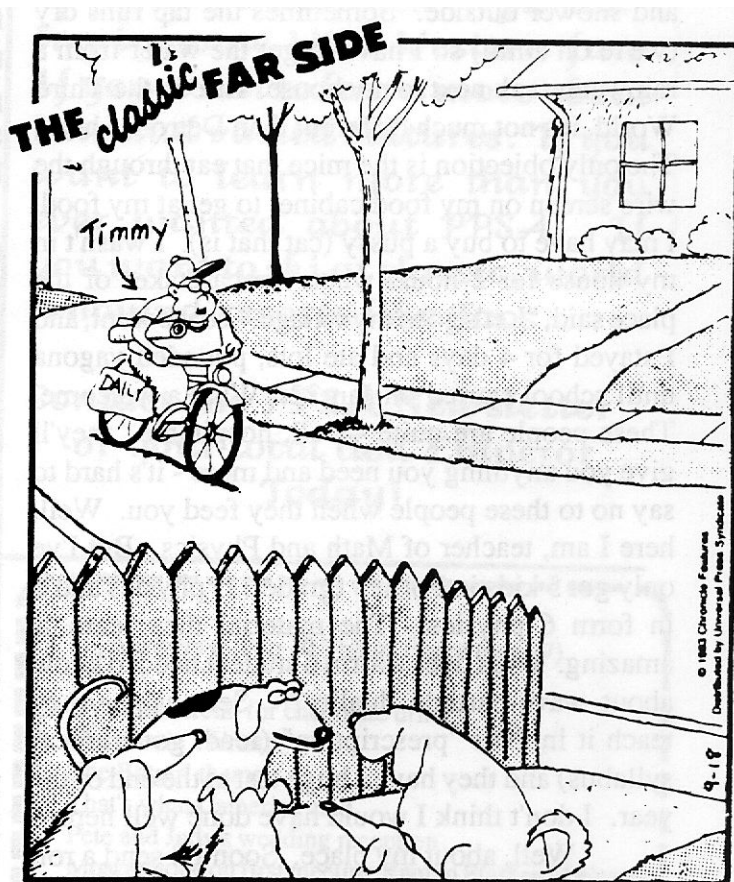
Every Fall I look forward to the arrival of my  
PPSA newsletter. Once again I have read it cover to cover  
and no hint was found that might help answer a burning  
riddle that troubles me much:

**WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE AND WHY DO THEY  
KEEP SENDING ME THEIR NEWSLETTER?**

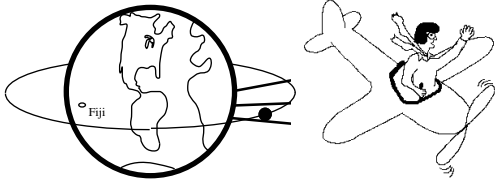
For years I have ignored the PPSA assuming no  
response would discourage you. Clearly, as graduate  
students, you thrive on rejection; I have been taking the  
wrong course and will now dedicate myself to PPSA in the  
hope of never hearing from you again. Towards that end  
I offer the following submissions [ed - see Raman Pfaff:  
The Secret Months]. Along with my yearly dues, for the  
first time.

Regarding "cash-wielding" Florida State, which  
was just rewarded the next National High Magnetic Field  
Lab over second place MIT, things are looking up. Appar-  
ently the fellows at MIT did not try very hard once they  
found out that the lab was going to MIT or FSU; there  
attitude being roughly: "The South? They Suck!". I guess  
an attitude adjustment will come about in Yankeeland.  
But the word is they tried to get the NSF to reverse their  
decision (which never happens) and didn't stop protesting  
even after being sent a second letter verifying the decision.  
In the schoolyard we had a name for that, but I guess sore-  
loser will suffice.

Forever your humble and obedient servant,  
**William Jenks**  
God Emperor, Florida State University



**"OK, this time Rex and Zeke will be the wolves,  
Fifi and Muffin will be the coyotes, and . . . Listen! . . .  
Here comes the deer!"**



## News from around the Globe... and other sundry items

### **DATELINE FIJI - JAN 28, 1990**

Hey Raman, What's up? Well, they haven't eaten me yet so I guess that's a good sign. I was officially sworn in as a US Peace Corps volunteer on January 12 by the US Ambassador to Fiji, Mrs. Evelyn Hoopes Teegan. The 25 of us immediately got shitfaced on beer and wine at the reception following the event. Such fun! I got to my school the next Wednesday. It's a 3 room house with toilet and shower outside. Sometimes the tap runs dry (we're on a hill) so I have to get the water from a rainwater tank next to my house. Life in the Third World, it's not much different than Detroit, I hear! The only objection is the mice that eat through the wire screen on my food cabinet to get at my food. I may have to buy a pussy (cat that is). I wasn't in my house for 2 hours when the caretaker of the place said, "Let's go to my village." so we went, and I stayed for 4 days and ate lots, pounded yagona until school started on Jan 22. What a welcome. These people are quite - well, hospitable. they'll give you anything you need and more - it's hard to say no to these people when they feed you. Well, here I am, teacher of Math and Physics. But I've only got 5 kids in Form 5 (grade 11) physics and 2 in form 6 physics. The material they learn is amazing. What does a form 6 student need to know about wave-particle duality?! Seriously - they teach it in their "prescription" (read: government syllabus) and they have a huge test at the end of the year. I don't think I would have done well here.

Well, about my place. Soon I'll send a roll of film to Amy so you can see it, but here's the description. The house overlooks the ocean and the Fijian Hotel - the largest resort on the island. For a cottage on the beach they charge \$432 FI a night (\$200-\$300US), but since I'm white I can walk right past the security guard and hang out on the beach or at the bar. This other Peace Corps volunteer, who's been here a year, and I sneak across to

the hotel at low tide at night and smuggle in beer to the bar, since it's 80 cents at the store and \$2.80 at the bar. Ah, such fun.

Well, you'll never believe the view from the school. It's hard to concentrate on teaching with such a view right outside the window, but I manage. Hey - we even have 4 Commodore 64 computers, and I get to find out if they still work. I'm also head of the Math Department! Yeah, my principal volunteered me since there were no other qualified personnel. Such fun. I've already said if I mess it up it doesn't matter - I didn't know what I was doing in the first place. What's he going to do? Fire me? Ha - his last physics/math teacher left for Canada! No way. I can do what I want!! (As you can tell, the power is going to my head!) The only bad thing so far is the capital punishment. Only the principal is technically allowed to punish kids, but the teachers grab a stick and, well, hit the kids pretty hard. It's tough to watch. I figure I can't tell them to change, but I don't plan on ever touching these kids.

But enough of the down side. Note my address. The old one is still good, but it takes longer since the Peace Corps must forward it to me. So drop me a line at the new one [in the newsletter, since V4N1]. I'm curious to see how long it takes for letters to get to me, since I'm outside the capital of Suva. It's about 10 a minute walk from my door to some pretty good snorkeling, as long as it's high tide. Lots of colored fish, varied coral. For a hick from the midwest it's fantastic to be this close to something out of National Geographic or Jacques Cousteau. I'm having a great time. You should get a grant to come out and do research at the USP (The University of the South Pacific). Hope you and Erin are doing fine, and that Dave & Cheryl and Don & Lisa still hang out and play Dungeon Quest. Have you seen Amy much, or is she spending all her time at work? In her letters she sounds like she's working hard.

Well... out of space. So I'll write more later, and please make sure the Vikings do something next year. They're almost frustrating enough to quit rooting for!

See ya, **Kevin Liddiard**  
God Emperor of Tropical Affairs



## DATELINE FIJI - July 11, 1990

Hey Raman,

So how's life, now that you are that much closer to a PhD from good old MSU? Congratulations on passing the Comps. Say congratulations from me to Don as well. It sounds like things are looking up for students from MSU. Please feel free to put any comments you deem worthy in the PPSA Newsletter. I might add that my subscription seems to be lost, as I have not received any of the issues since I left. [editor - there were none this year before July] I would write a full length article, but I only have Commodore 64's to work with. (Oh to have my Mac back!)

Glad to hear things with Erin are good. When does she graduate? Me, I'm settled into life in Fiji. Things are slow - no hurry - no worry. In fact, I just had a blast this past 4th of July [editor - several of us did!] No national holiday here, so I had to work during the day. (However we do get Fiji Day off, use it for a party!) [editor - Happy Fiji Day! It's 10-8-90 when I am typing this in!]) I then went down to the nearby beach in the afternoon with 3 other teachers to celebrate what they called Americas Day. After a case and a half of Fiji Bitter and a fifth of whisky (bad stuff) I sat around a fire at midnight trying to teach them how to sing "America the Beautiful." Classic. You had to be there. Is this what my Peace Corps manual describes as "cultural exchange?"

I need to get into shape. I lost 15 pounds (after 1 week here) but have no lungs left. I need to start running. I haven't touched a basketball in 8 months, and man, does it hurt. If I show up to visit you at MSU in the winter, I may have to ask you to sneak me into the gym for a little one-on-one. No doubt you'll be schooling Magic when he stops by for Alumni games! How's Dave and Cheryl? What's he doing for employment these days? How the hell did Don get caught with two? Who's this Ninamarie? *I WANT DETAILS!* Besides, who the hell am I going to tell 3,000 miles in the middle of the Pacific? University of the South Pacific is so good, I think they'd give me a doctorate in 2 months by mail! Anytime you want to transfer!

See ya! **Kevin Liddiard**, God Emperor of Tropical Affairs

## PPOSA Road Trip??

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### Answers to Top 10 Things Heard (page 7)

10. TV commercial for chocolate drink
9. The movie "Wraith"
8. The Batgirl theme
7. That's what Catherine said
6. Pete and Judy's wedding reception
5. Most anyone on first meeting Raman Pfaff or Michael Bryan or Tyler Morrison
4. Ms. Debbie Brodbar in reference to most anything
3. Tide commercial
2. The official PPSA saying to get rid of annoying smoking neighbors at the bar, or nearly anywhere else
1. The movie "The Ghost and Mr. Chicken", starring Don Knotts

# Classified Ads

*Disclaimer: the editor has never seen these before in his life.  
Please continue to send all submissions c/o the Editor.*

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Reply to The Daily Texan c/o Brandon Powell for TL

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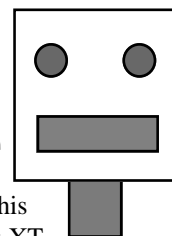
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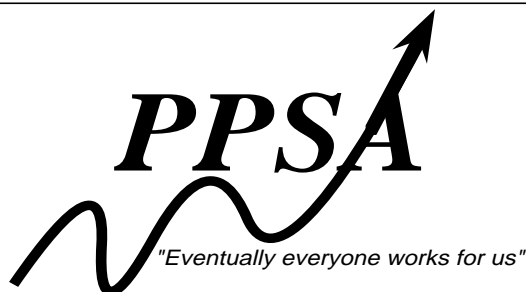
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a partial list of current PPSA member and admirers

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Please include the most comprehensive address possible.

*Thank you for your support.*