



THE PROFESSOR  
**LEAPS**  
INTO AN OBSTRUCTION

ON JULY 10<sup>TH</sup>, 2010, I threw a pack of cards in my suitcase. (This was a double deck branded "Regency Playing Cards," a red and a blue deck of European-sized cards with two stiff, foppishly dressed individuals on the backs.) I brought two issues of *GAMES* magazine in a concealed pocket of the suitcase, which was presumably designed for carrying personal documents. These I put with the cards in a large plastic bag. I made sure they were two issues with the cryptograms left undone. I already had some pencils in the narrow slots inside the secondmost pocket on the front of the pack. (Just Dixon No. 2s.)

I hadn't made any solid decision to go find the island. But these things are so impulsive that I don't ever feel that I make a decision at all. Sometimes I do believe in predestination. I feel helpless to do anything but what I am compelled to do.

I also threw in a copy of *Frances Johnson* by Stacey Levine. And also *The Unconsoled* by Kazuo Ishiguro. I put these in plastic bags.

In retrospect, I can now see that I was unconsciously doing a desert island selection here. What interests me is that I lunged immediately for two authors