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**Subject: Re: Greetings-and a pitch!**

**From: "Jane Sperry" <sperry@leftcoastmonthly.com>**

**Date: Thursday, March 4 - 2:25 PM**

**To: "Samantha Dempsey" <sdempsey@netsource.com>**

Hi Sam,

Fantastic to hear from you although it's more than a little disturbing to realize that Max is the same age that we were when we first met. Where did the years go? And why do I keep asking myself this question? The only good thing about it is that my mother has stopped asking me when I'm going to make her a grandmother.

I ended up moving to London and marrying the Englishman, only to discover that beneath the plummy accent and diffident British charm lay the soul of a crushing bore. We eventually divorced in '89 after years of bitter wrangling that enriched only my lawyers and the forensics accountants I hired to trace Jeremy's offshore assets. I stayed on with the Guardian for a few more years but without Thatcher to mock, the gray skies and endless drizzle eventually got to me and in '93 I moved back here where it's much easier for my mother to harass me.

I freelanced for a while before I succumbed to the allure of a regular paycheck and took a PR job with a Silicon Valley startup. I quit a couple of years later when the line between fiction and reality got so blurred it no longer existed. In '99 we launched the magazine - thanks for the kind words - and even though it's been a struggle, I'm proud we've been able to stay afloat without resorting to puff pieces about Hollywood's favorite spas.

This is the part where I should tell you about my personal life but I don't have one. No lover, no kids, not even a cat. I'm still waiting for Joe Paterno to call. Hell, I can't remember the last time I ate at home. I'm not complaining, I made my choices but reading about your domestic tranquility did elicit a pang of envy - or was it heartburn from the dim sum I had at lunch?

The good old days really were the good old days weren't they? Although given the current political climate I'm not going to admit to smoking dope - and if I did I didn't inhale. And no, I haven't heard a word about Tom. Not since the day he came into the office and told us he wasn't going to hide behind a student deferment while poor kids were dying. I'll never forget the look on your face.

I ran your idea past our story committee. Everybody loves it! A cult devoted to getting laid! That covers two of our readers' favorite subjects. The cult must be fairly new on the scene because we ran a LexisNexis search and nothing came up. So it looks like it's a go. One more thing. Our June cover story fell through and we'll need a first draft by March 20. So we're going to have to get moving right away. I'll call you later to go over the nitty gritty.

Go Lions!

Jane

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