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ILIKETOFUCKBLACKGIRLS' CAUSEICANNOTJACKOFFEASILYBYMYSELF.....

THE OVERSTUFFED RECLINER
(THE EDITOR'S COLUMN)

CURTIS GIBSON
(A PORTRAIT IN GREATNESS)

by Wladyslaw Baumeister.

This month this column is being written by me, Wladyslaw Baumeister, Konrad's half brother. Konrad got bored of downtown Hales Corners and decided to bug out for Paris for a few weeks. Yes, Paris. Konrad told my dad "I've had this *gemutlichkeit* and sauerkraut and lederhosen up to here; I want to go see some culture, not beerhalls and the Krupp Works." Actually, though, Konrad confided to me that the real reason was the French girls. To them, he is le dowdette Boche ("the pudgy Kraut"), not das Kleinchen Wurst ("the stubby sausage"). I presume they're talking about his heavyset 4'8" frame, as Konrad is a model of virtue on all his dates, especially those with girls. Good luck to him!

GAMES this issue will be few or none, as I haven't the foggiest notion of what those colored blocks are for, let alone that letter-forging equipment, etc. So all this issue will contain are some of the articles he had lying around, in addition to one or two games. The only article deleted will be the feature piece for #56, Konrad's personal playing history article, "How to Deceive Gamesmasters". Before he left, he impressed on me the need to get the Personality Profile out, and zap through your subs quickly, so here we go.

RARE in these times of troubles are the men of Courage and Vision that once dominated the pages of history. Once, the Great Captains cut paths of glory for themselves and their Empires, bringing Christianity, civilization, and progress to the furthest corners of the globe. Once, stout hearted men of Vision led the bucolic masses of the blind and ignorant, for example, by exhortation, by coercion, by appeals to their innate greatness, and by appeals to their innate baseness. These were the Leaders of Men, the movers and shakers of man's climb from depravity to glory. These were the leaders of men, not the administrators of bureaucracy we toil under today. These men understood the intimate workings of minds, races, and nations, not the manipulating of votes of government camp followers or the padding of expense accounts.

Therefore it is all the more surprising to find a man such as CURTIS GIBSON in our midst today. Here is a man of broad experience, penetrating perception, deep insight, and keen analysis. His vast wealth of experience, drawn from years of travel and observation, yields a mind of incredible analytical capa-

city. And Curtis is not some recluse in isolation; no, not at all. He steps forward on every possible occasion to enlighten all of you ignorant heathen out there. Ingrates that you are, you fail to heed his guidance down the paths of Righteousness and Truth that lead to the ultimate Glory that he alone among us can see with crystal clarity. So, awaken I say! Go ye forsooth and seek his advice and wisdom. Slake your intellectual thirst at this three score and five year old Fountain of Enlightenment! All hail Curtis Gibson, Man of Destiny! Fuehrer befehlt, wir folgen!

ZINE REVIEWS

Fol Si Fie, Randolph Smyth, 275-3rd St. SE, #314, Medicine Hat, Alta. T1A 0G4. Good reading zine when you can read it, but not for Dippy people. Filled with lots of extraneous crud, like politics, music, travel, zine reviews, letters. Always talks about Canada--you'd think he lived there! Poor repre. All ditto zines suck.

Paschendale, François Guerrier, 2210-160 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ont K1N 8P5. Another zine from Ontario, or Erie, or some damned place. Not from Germany, I know that. This is a "front" zine really put by Bill LaFosse to make his Toronto Telegram look good. Pass it up.

Toronto Telegram, Bill LaFosse, 15 Cory St., Trenton, Ont. K8V 5W7. Another Canuck zine, but carries no games. It is just a hate sheet for attacking Cooryay, but gives out a lot of secrets about the Frenchies, like how they're all 3½ feet tall 'cuz of their addiction to Pepsi cola. Filled with sick garbage rejected by Homosexula Bulletin. Not worth a stamp.

Homosexual Bulletin, John Michalski, Rt. 10, Box 526Q, Moore,

OK73165, USA. This is the National Enquirer of the Dip hobby, a scandal sheet used only to let Gibson attack me, and Berch attack Oaklyn. Games and zine run fast so you can't think about it too much; specializes in four letter words LaFosse can't spell. This is really a front by Randolph Smyth to make Fol Si Fie look good. Or by John Leeder to make me look bad. Or...

Volkerwanderung, Bob Arnett, 1500 Waterway Circle, Chesapeake, VA23320, USA, among others. Volker is a little hard to figure out, but I like its gobbledygook name. Comes out often, once in a while from Bob himself. But not often; this issue is really a fake Volkeroberundunter.

Voice of Doom, Bruce Linsey, 71 Hudson Terrace Apts., Newburgh, NY12550, USA. This is the voice of doom of the hobby. Big expensive issues, 2 or 3 a month, too easy to read. Doesn't he do anything else? Date a girl or something, instead of publishing for a change? Must be a fag or something.

Front de Liberation du Diplomacy, Bernie Oaklyn, 13412 Brackley Terr, Silver Spring, MD20904, USA. This is my other zine for handling east coast suckers. Written in tongues by the GGM, Dave Crockett. Really intellectual stuff, strictly for Mensans. Whatever is too good for you clowns gets printed there. Pass it up, you're not good enough for it.

Ehain Macha, Michael Mills, 1585 Quaker Rd., Macedon, NY14502, USA. Not too bad a zine if it weren't so Irish. All he does is talk about Ireland, his trips to Ireland, Irish culture, etc., etc. God, I wish I could afford to travel around like that instead of being stuck here in Hales Corners, but at least I'm an American, 100%. He's from NY, so whaddya expect?

The Beholder, John Kelley, Box 35, Klickitat, WA98628, USA. Another one of those crappy ditto zines. Why do people bother with that stuff? This one wasn't too bad when it used to

come out, but may have folded by now. Seems Kelley is another one of these teenage kid publishers still in high school. Kids that age should stay out of publishing until they can handle it all better, 28 or 30 or so at least. Makes us all look bad.

Claw & Fang, Don Horton, 16 Jordan Ct., Sacramento, CA95826, USA.

A great zine! Don has a big circulation, so it is one of the few places I can enter a game and not be known by some of the players. Most of my victories have been in C&F. Don lets anyone play. Great zine!

1976IH, Fall 1912.

ENGLAND (Lischett): F Eng-Bel; F Iri-Mid; S Azm-Byz; Z Khr-Azk; Q Aqp-Bst; Q Ptg-Rsq; Q Kla-Bzt.

GERMANY (cooper): A Lpl-Iri; F Nth vanishes; F Bel vanishes; A Ber-Bal; A Kie-Hel.

RUSSIA (Kelly): NMR! A RUH & A Sev & A Gal & A Ukr & A War & A Mos & A StP & A Nwy & bF Swe H.

TURKEY (Verheiden): A Cly vanishes; F Aeg & F Ion & F Tyn & F Wes & F Mid & F NAT all vanish; F Bre-Con; A Ser vanishes; A Bul vanishes; A Tti-Bud; A tyl-Vie; A Mun vanishes; A Par-Gas; A Bur vanishes.

I told you I don't know what all those wooden blocks stand for... The deadline is July 4, 1980.

NEW GAME!

- Austria: Randolph Smyth.
- England: John Leeder.
- France: John Michalaki.
- Germany: Konrad Baumeister.
- Italy: Konrad Baumeister.
- Russia: Konrad Baumeister.
- Turkey: Bernie Oaklyn.

The GM for this game will be Konrad Baumeister.

The deadline is July 4, 1980.

Wanta bet I'll win? Yep, even if you all ally against me...

1980I -- Fall 1901.

Das Deutsche Spiel.

Natuerlich habe ich ein Fehler gemacht, in dem ich den Zugabgebetermin fuer Hute setzte. Er wird bis um 8 Mai 1980 verechoben. Wir werben 8 Wochen ZAT haben fuer Spring und Fall, aber nur 4 Wochen fuer Winter. OK mit euch?

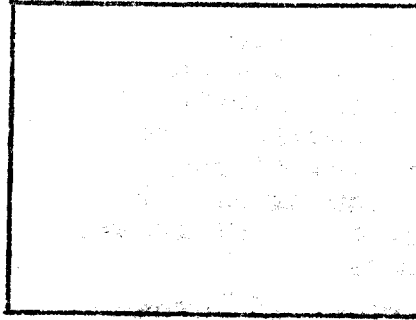
As I said, I'm Polish (I think). I don't understand German. So I could not adjudicate this game--and thought it would be a good idea to reprint something from #45-46. Just to keep the German crowd happy. Deutschland Uber Alles, my friends!

I'll just leave the rest of this page blank, something rather unlike me...

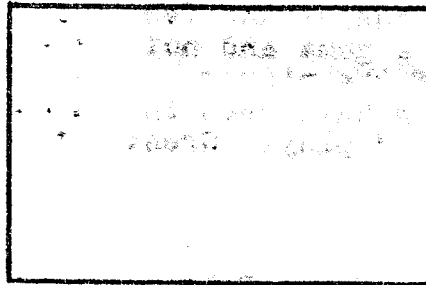
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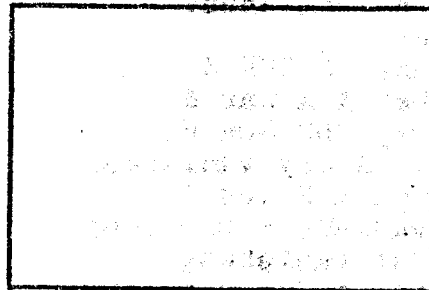
Cow Eating Grass.
"Where's the grass?"
"Cow ate the grass."
"Where's the cow?"
Why should the cow hang
around when there's no
more grass?



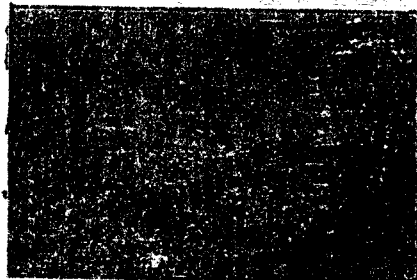
Panoramic view of the
audience as Konrad ad-
dresses the Order of
Polish Mensans.



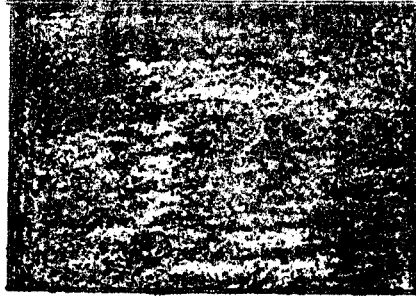
Polar bear eating
marshmallows in a
snowstorm.



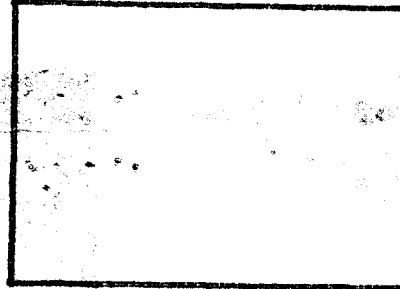
Black bear eating
licorice at midnight.



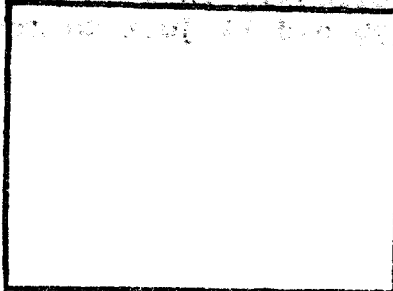
Record of Konrad's intentions on recent date with girlfriend.



Record of Uli's honors in the Gibsonian Society of True Blues.



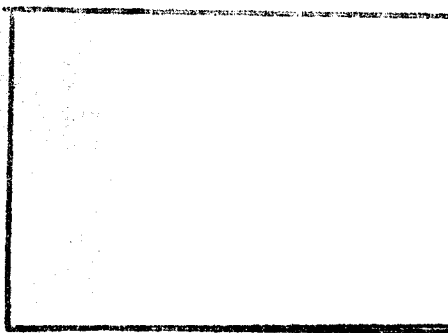
Listing of publication dates of Egnog 1 thru 20.



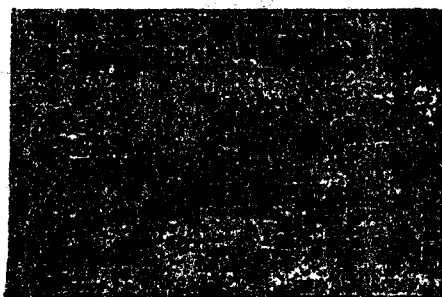
Konrad's record of helping novices share in draws.



Group photo of
the Konrad-for-President
fan club.



Your chances of
getting your money's
worth with this
zine.



To the publishers: obviously this is a fake. Please print a confession in
your zine admitting you did it just to keep Konrad entertained.

W7

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