

GIVE ME A WEAPON!!

Issue #17  
REP #227

August 8, 1982

Dedicatoin:  
Roger Taylor

THE GLORIOUS RETURN TO DITTO

Give me All Your Money, Give me All  
Your Love, I'll Buy You A House In Emma  
Beach, And Give You Half Of Everything I Own

Motto #1

Love...it's a bitch. - Mick Jagger

Motto #2

Life today is no joke; therefore,  
let us make it one.

Motto #3

Let 'em bring their own Dittos.

Motto #4

Kick out the jams!

Press International. Subscriptions to this zine run 10/\$4.50, but for a limited time only, like until the pub date of my next issue, you can still get them for 40¢ apiece, minimum order 10 issues. There are no game openings at the present time, but I can always use standby players, especially this issue. Articles are much appreciated, Keith, and the writers get subscription extensions. Some people are really up there. I knew that I have more coming to me than I'll ever put out, and... And this is EGNOR Enterprises Production #227. More slowly this time.

Colophon: This is the seven-teenth in a finite series of issues of GIVE ME A WEAPON!!, a more-or-less monthly journal of postal Diplomacy, owned and operated by Konrad H. Baumelster, Box 6050 Henle Village Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20057 U.S.A. Phone there is (202) 965-2731. Konrad also runs the Crossroads

WIRETAP

1) Boy howdy, folks, boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen, little furry creatures, etc. Let's start off with the staff this month:

Editor & Publisher: Konrad

Contributing Editor Par Excellence: Victorio

Guest Gamesmaster Gone Solo: Esteban

Inspiration: The Joseph Schlitz Brewing Company

Female of the Hour: Amy Kuehn

2) Thanks to all of these gentlebeings:

Scotty, T.J., Judd, Keith, Doug, Eusebio, Mark...

3) A hearty "screw you" to the following:

John Kador, New Jersey, Kopy Corner, my stereo in Washington

4) How about that, we're back to ditto format. Don't count your chickens, though -- this will be temporary. How temporary? Well, next issue will be back to the end, or last, format, dimlexia special. Thanks to Hildegard Solbach for providing repro facilities this time around.

I haven't worked ditto since last year this time; the last GIVE ME A WEAPON Issue in ditto was #3! While I did use it for four straight

years before that, I won't take anything for granted; I hope that my old, dried out masters work this time around, and that the paper goes through okay, etc. We'll all see, won't we?

I should say that I not only prefer working this way for monetary reasons, but also for personal reasons. I'm no fan of professional duplicating, especially detessing reduced print. I'm no professional publisher out to crank a profit, or attempting to put out real master-works. Rather, I'm just a guy who enjoys writing boring tripe, and hopes that some others enjoy it too. In order to get an audience a few games have to be run; I happen to keep them to a minimum. I ask for bucks to defray some of the expenses, but can't hope to cover all of them, much less turn a profit, and what's more, I don't even want to do so. It's only a hobby, for Chrissakes, let's act like it. I don't want to go broke enjoying it, and presume you don't. To avoid that, I try to keep the price down low. Why act pro and get an expensive repro job done, turning the costs over to you? (Some 'zines cost twice as much as this one.) Ditto, simply, I like. Pro printing I find pretentious, expensive, and too impersonal for me. It requires no skill, only money. Ditto requires a modicum of personal input, work, and skill. It's satisfying. But I'm rambling...

5) It is with this fun-loving, give-the-subber-an-even-break philosophy that I now must inform you that the price to this is going up. Laugh's on you, folks!! No, seriously, though, since I have no choice but pro printing in 99% of the time, and the costs for that are very high, I can no longer absorb as much as I have been. With only a nickel's raise in rates some of what excess loss is soaked up. It's still not even, but what the hell. This is the first time I've ever raised sub rates for a 'zine. Feels shitty.

So, to ease my conscience and your pocketbooks, this is the deal: As of next issue rates go up to 10/\$4.50, but until then, you can all renew at the old rate of 10/\$4.00 up to a maximum of 20 issues. Sounds fair enough to me.

6) Thanks for the many concerned notes on the attempted mugging I wrote about last time. I was pretty shaken myself, but I suppose that I should consider myself very lucky to a) not be totally drunk at the time, b) have collected the shiv in my back, c) not have had it happen to me before and d) have been in the physical shape to do something about it. Oh well. All for \$60. I dropped more than that last time Dick & Julie & I made our unfortunate trek to Jersey a month ago. Pestants.

7) The Magus has gone solo. Best of luck to Steve Langley in his new venture; I'm sure it'll be successful. I'm sorry that the whole thing had such an unfortunate history here, but you can't win 'em all (to coin a cliché). Steve's earned himself a lifetime sub to GMAW (lifetime of the 'zine, hat Steve). Thanks.

8) Raoul Lee Roth will be back next issue if I have to write it myself. Hopefully I won't have to. What happened to that call, Dick? I shouldn't have missed the first one.

9) Speaking of which, I knew I was going to regret dropping you those names. Well, thanks for those. How's the typing going? I've had enough of this typing. I'll have more later, but first let's go through the monthly lesson from our historian...

After writing and re-writing this story, I decided to try to do the games first, and then we'll see how much room is over...

THE GAMES

1981HF -- Fall 1904 -- Why Did I Type Those Last Two Dashes?  
 AUSTRIA(Dupont): A Ser R Bud, A Bud S A Ser-Tri, (A Bud S A Tri-Ser that was), A Tri-Ser/R Ven, Vie, OTB/, A Tyl-Tri, F Adr-Alb  
 ENGLAND(Hail): F Lon-Eng, F Nth-Ska, F Bar S F Nwy, F Nwy S F Nth-Ska  
 FRANCE(Cheek): A Hol-Kie, A Bel-Ruh, A Bur S A Gas-Mar, A Gas-Mar, A Bre H, F Nap H  
 GERMANY(Langley): F Mid-Por, A Ben-Kie (A Den-Kie)  
 ITALY(Kluge): F Spa(sc) S A Mar, A Mar S F Spa(sc), A Rom-Nap, F Lyo-Tyr  
 RUSSIA(Lischett): F Swe-Nwy, A StP S F Swe-Nwy, A Mos S A StP, A Mun H, A Sil S A Mun, F Rum H, A Sev S F Rum  
 TURKEY(Martin): A Alb-Tri, A Ser S A Alb-Tri, A Bul S A Ser, F Bla C  
RUSSIAN A Sev-Rum/nso/, F Aeg-Ion

Sorry about a couple of types above; what can I say, I've been dupping mightily into the home beer supply to build up the old creativity! Anyway, Dick has a COA to 26 Orinhard Way N, Rockville, MD 28054 if I recall correctly. Next up, we have the ever illustrious supply center chart, just in case you're interested (and you damn well should be).

AUSTRIA: Vie, Bud, ~~Tyl~~, ~~StP~~ (Ven?): 2 or 3, Rem 1 or 2 units  
 ENGLAND: Home, Nwy, ~~StP~~: 4, Even  
 FRANCE: Par, Bre, ~~Mar~~, ~~StP~~, ~~StP~~, Hol, Bel, Nap: 5, Rem 1  
 GERMANY: Kie, Den, Por: 3, Build 1 (yes, folks, it's true)  
 ITALY: (Ven?), Rom, ~~Nap~~, Mar, Spa, Tun: 4 or 5, Evem or Build 1  
 RUSSIA: Rum, Swe, Ber, Sev, War, Mos, Mun, StP: 8, Build 1 (Guess!)  
 TURKEY: Home, Bul, Gre, Ser, Tri: 7, Build 2 the lucky slob

Moving right along, we hit the press this time. Righto.

AUSTRIA TO HONEYMOONER: Dear NMR-er, I hope you enjoy Ion. And...congratulations. Just don't put me up against Ron Kelly.  
 VIENNA TO MOSCOW: Remember, I kept the Turk out of the Ionian.  
 BERLIN TO LONDON: Here come the Pirates of Penzance.  
 THE BLACK FLEET: Piracy on the High Seas! Daring d'Ylight raid on Lisbon! Voices of reason are lifted in a plea, "Stop the bloody war and go sink that German!"  
 GERMANY TO IATLY: In case you really are at war with France and not just a chaotic, you can count on my fleet in Portugal for support.  
 GERMANY TO FRANCE: French supremacy in Europe will quickly decline. Your days and dots are numbered!  
 GERMANY TO RUSSIA: Why do I feel so disconnected? Maybe it's because you cut my strings.  
 LOONDON! In a revolting turn of events the Morlock party won the recent elections. The new P&J promises a fine, cold, damp, slimy, dark hole for everyone and a lifetime supply of mushrooms.  
 LONDON, TEXAS TO ALL: I must have been someone's ally; and perhaps you like me to be on your side, too. All letters of persuasion without bribes are due August 14, 1982. After that only letters with bribes will be accepted.  
 EDINBURGH TO NORWAY: A war is coming. This war will be fought on your soil. We will eat it first if necessary, but only after the jackboots of the conquerors trode upon it.  
 FRANCE TO GMAW: Some fools get lucky, I keep playing the game and it turns out the same. When will it ever be lucky me?

FRANCE TO KONRAD: You said I could not lose with France? Just for that I want back my condo in Beirut!

KONRAD RIGHT BACK: Okay, deal. I was having trouble getting the previous gentlemen who lived there pay on time anyway...

ITALY TO KONRAD: Now haven't I proven I'm the most offensive person in this game?

KONRAD RIGHT BACK: Personality, or just smell?

KONRAD: Not really, but you're doing great!

FRANCE: I suppose you'll mangle all my press again with your typos, Konrad?

K.B.: Naturally. Oh, and as for those names that keep appearing here that you asked about, yes, they're all real people. I only make up authors/pseudonyms, never really actors or people. Just various friends. Did you have a question on any in particular?

DEADLINE FOR WINTER 1904 IS SEPTEMBER 11, 1982. If everybody gets in Spring 1905 by then, too, then I'll run that as well, but for now Winter looks complicated enough. Send 'em in early. And send in some more press. Now that Magus isn't being published in these pages we have lots of room for some creativity...you've been doing great...now lets see some volume!

VOLUME IS SOMETHING MOST DIPLOMACY PLAYERS HAVE LITTLE TROUBLE CHURNING OUT AT WILL

1981IB -- Spring 1903

AUSTRIA(Lew): A Vie-Tyl, A Bud-Tri, F Tri-Alb, F Gre-Ion, A Ser S A Bul, A Bul H/unordered/

ENGLAND(Fuchs): F Nth-Ska, F Edi-Nth, F Kie H, A Nwy H, F Bar S A Nwy

FRANCE(Gwynn): A Par-Has, F Brs-Mid, F Spa(sc) S A Mar, A Bur-Merich A Pic-Bel, A Hol S ENGLISH F Kie, A Mar H

GERMANY(Hanson): A Ruh-Mie, A Den & A Mun S A Ruh-Mie (shit on that)

ITALY(Martin, nee Glass): A Pie-Mar, F Lyo S A Pie-Mar, F Naf-Mid, A Ven-Tus

RUSSIA(Langley): A Rum S AUS A Bul, A Ukr-Sev, A Mos S E StP, F StP(nc) S ENGLISH A Nwy, F Swe-Bot, F Sev H/unordered/

TURKEY(Schilling): A Con-Bul, F Bla & F Aeg S A Con-Bul

Argh on the typing. Well, it was great meeting some of you at DipCon (Scott, Bea). Next time we'll have to find the time to talk longer... For now, you can do your talking through the press, which is all too sparse this time around...

RUSSIA: I felt the ledge beneath my feet shift and threw myself forward. The crash of broken window echoed with shots and screams. The lights went out. Someone kicked me and the lights really went out. When I came to, young Tro was sitting forlornly on the bed. Mistress Julie and the Frenchman were long gone.

"You've got to help me." The young boy whimpered. "She's gone off to torture someone else." The look of sadness on his face was more than I could bear, so I beat him unconscious.

Somewhere out there, Mistress Julie was spinning her web. I decided that it was time to check with Lew.

J.G. TO GK: I'm only writing this because my 3:00 flight is postponed to 5:00 9:00 11:00 12:00.

PARIS TO BERLIN: Don't worry about all this talk of having your head soaked or dunked. I think you've been playing a fine game. (Illegible) and I have nothing personal against you, we just can't stand that thought of another game year with you.

PARIS TO VIENNA: I apologize for referring to the object of your last in canine terms, having never met the leather lady, I can only judge by actions.

PARIS TO ROME: I apologize if any of my letters or press offended you.

J.G. TO K.B.: By the way, as I recall it, it was: "sicked this Italian on me." Are you censoring again? And don't give me this poor Julie line. Last time I listened to that, I woke up with a couple knives in sensitive bodily regions.

PARIS TO ROME: Now that I think about it, I revoke the apology. Just remember, Julie, you'll burn in Hell for this!

PARIS TO BUDAPEST: What do you mean, "let's talk". I'd love to but you're the one who's being aloof. We can't talk now anyway, too many people are listening. I'll talk when I get back.

PARIS TO BMAW: Speaking of talking, I've heard precious little from (illegible) you, and I know I can't blame it all on the postie boys; is it my deoderant?

PARIS TO MOS, VIE, BER, CON: Call me, let's talk.

PARIS TO ROME: You're the person I'd most like to talk with (not to mention other activities) but by my count I just mailed my third unanswered plea.

PARIS TO LONDON: This might sound unusual, but I've got evidence that Steve Langley is the anti-Christ.

PARIS TO CON: I just through I'd say hi to you while I still can: "Hi!"

PARIS TO MUN: Is Iggy really as low as Konrad claims? The world may never know.

PARIS TO PARIS: Why am I talking to cities; good gried, now I'm even talking to myself! I don't even like cities. I think I'll take a week off at the beach.

WEAPONVILLE: John, let's not get too ridiculous with this Julie thing...I mean while it would certainly be nicer if she decided to answer her mail, I don't see her attacking you (she hasn't taken a single center yet) as a reason to "burn in Hell." Let's try to be more reasonable. She feels nothing more personal about you than you about Scott. It's just that you were, well, there. It's not her fault... Personal namecalling: well, I don't generally censor it, but it seemed to me a little bit childish to call someone a "bitch" just because she moved a few fleets in your general direction. Really. (It's your toothpaste, John.) Thanks for the interest, though...

DEADLINE FOR SPRING...UH, MAKE THAT FALL, 1903, IS SEPTEMBER 11, 1982.

JONANBERSONISQUESTDJONTERADI ORIGHNOWNANDISPLAYINGTHEWIERDESTSTUFFREALLY

#### CHANGE IN PLANS

What the hell, right? I've decided to open another section of regular Diplomacy. Seven players, seven countries, the whole bit. Why not? I've got room and a few more subscribers might be nice. Information on it:

Four dollar (\$4) gamefee, plus subscription at 10/\$4.50. You may, and in fact are encouraged to, submit preference lists of countries you'd like to play. The first seven to apply and send in their bucks will be thrown together. Well, that's not entirely true. I will take geographical dispersoin into account, to some

extent, and if more than seven get together at once, then preference will be given to newer subscribers not already in a game. Nonetheless, I'd like very much to see some of the old guard of EUGNOG/GIVE ME A WEAPON!! players to sign up.

The last time I opened a game was about this time last year, and I fully expect that this will be the last opening until summer of 1983, so if you'd like to play, here's your opportunity. Players in my 'zines automatically go up a notch in my own book, too. (Just another of my wierd personal quirks.)

Oh, while I'm on the subject, how 'bout some more standby players? We may need them.

Thanks.

ALLRIGHTKEITHSHERWOODYOUREADTHESETHINGSSIGNUPFORTHE DAMNEDGAMEALREADY!

### HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

By "Thucydides"

"The congregations of naughty men have sought after my soul." --  
Book of Common Prayer

Thucydides, a Historian, took time off from writing the history of the War in which the Mallards and the Hummingbirds fought against one another. Like unto a great prince of the Marmidons when he was spurned by Agamemnon, he cloaked his rage and sat with his companion to sulk in his tent and map out his moves at the DipCon.

Nor did he bother to vote to soak anybody's head -- nay rather he draped his bod in scanty garment and averted the gaze of the Amazons at the Scanander went to the Aegean to swim.

There he did meet one Penthesilia, a woman more than his match at cunning and his equal in war. And she was swift of foot, sure of heart, and possessed of a snacy tongue. She said:

"Skloka stands for base, trivial hostility, unchassionable spite breeding petty intrigues, the vicious pitting of one clique against another. It thrives on calumny, informing, spying, scheming, slander, and igniting of base passions. Taut nerves and weakening morals allow one individual or group to rabidly hate another individual or group. Skloka is natural for people who have been incited to attack one another, who have been made bestial by desperation, who have been driven to the wall. Skloka is the Alpha and Omega of our politics. Skloka is our method."

THATSI'THISTIMEFOROUTCONTRIBUTINGEDITORIPWERELUCKYWE'VEHAVEMORENEXTMONTH

### JUST FOR VICTOR IV

This time we cover Mexico. I forgot where we left off, but this is where we're starting again, by request of Keith Sherwood.

MEXICO. Bohemia beers: Fair. Can't find much of it around here, but then I haven't really looked. Might be fun to try it once. Carta Blanca: Great stuff. Pretty lightweight stuff, but well-made it is. Taste isn't awfully distinct, but for some reason I enjoy it every time. A carefully brewed lager beer. Must try...

Corona: Heard of it, never tried it. Opinions?

Dos Equis Dark: Terrific, Mexico's best. Period. Well, not period. A good, heavier, tasty malty dark beer. The way you wish

all dark beers were made. Alas, they aren't.

Superior Light Beer: You know what I think of light beers. It's okay if you need something to piss out, but frankly I'd just as soon pour it down the toilet myself and save myself a step.

Tecote: Keith thinks this one's marginal; I agree. Tried some recently. Not too exciting. Interesting can, at least... (not bottled...maybe that's the reason it taste funny.)

Next month something longer...I'll see to it.

THISISSUEISSODISORGANIZEDANDIHAD SOMANYPLANSIWISHICOULDHAVEINCLUDEDONE

You know you're in trouble when...

your doctor advises you to take up smoking.

you let yourself into a friend's apartment to check on his pet tarantula and the cage is open-- and empty.

the Executive Producer calls you up and begs you to be on the Gong Show.

your Mothers Day card comes back marked "addressee unknown."

your daughter assured you that the best birth control device is prayer.

someone starts up a committee to drum you out of Diplomacy.

your wife says she's onto "your little game" and you don't know which one.

someone in your welcome wagon throws a brick through your window.

the Godfather would like to talk to you.

the safety inspector of the local nuclear plant moves out of town.

a snake bites you and dies.

your Boyfriend suggests you shave your legs when you just did.

your wife enrolls you in obedience school.

they appoint someone else to train your new "assistant."

you're the only one in the group who remembers Fibber McGee and Molly.

you wake up in the night because the dog is growling and scratching to get out of the closet and you don't have a dog.

you notice that the hitchhiker you picked up has a his bowling bag charined to his leg.

panhandlers avoid you.

your doctor starts talking about getting the yacht he always wanted.

your spouse suggests you try a coffin on "just for size."

at the full moon you keep waking up under the porch with a bone in your teeth. (Henry Roll)

THATWASAFUNLITTLETHINGILOVETHOSEKINDSOFARTICKESANDIHOPEYOUDOCTOMARKO

So why don't we do another one in the files...

WHEN AN INSURANCE MAN:

sleeps with his own wife, that's Home Insurance.

sleeps with his girl friend, that's Mutual Life.

sleeps with a chorus girl, that's New York Life.

sleeps with his secretary, that's Employee's Mutual Benefit.

sleeps with his hotel maid, that's Travelers.

sleeps with the woman next door, that's Royal Neighbors.

sleeps with an old maid, that's Prudential.

sleeps with his grandma, that's Old Age Assistance.

sleeps with everybody, that's Metropolitan.

sleeps with nobody, that's John Hancock,  
sleeps with his boy friend, that's Odd Fellows,  
sleeps with Charlie McCarthy, that's Lumberman's Mutual,  
if anyone gets pregnant from all this lseeping around, that's  
Industrial Accident.

WELL NOW ENOUGH OF THAT WE HAVE THREE PAGES OR SO TO KILL WHAT TO DO WHAT TO WRITE NOW?

LIBIDO HIGH SCHOOL DRESS CODE

Attention Boys:

HAIR: Single three-strand braids are permitted, but corn rows on white boys are forbidden; premature baldness is acceptable, although it may indicate excessive self-abuse; mutual grooming in the restrooms will not be tolerated.

SHIRTS: Shirts will vulgar slogans on them (like the one confiscated last year from Jerome Nightongale which had a disgusting four-letter word repeated 17 times in fluorescent lime on a silver lamé background, or the one taken from Anita Brokensprings which said "I like to do it with a banana") will not be permitted; button shirts can not be opened below the second button by any hagg (boy) who has more than nine hairs on his chest. Two persons of the opposite sex shall not occupy the same shirt at the same time.

PANTS: Crotch bulge shall not exceed a diameter of two inches or project more than one inch except for periods of time not to exceed ten minutes, during which efforts at self-restraint shall be effected; socks may not be substituted for natural virility; disputes will be resolved by English Literature teacher Bruce Boysenberry who has graciously volunteered his time.

SHOES: Shall be kept on the feet and be free from mirrors.

Attention girls:

HAIR: Shall not cover the face except in cases of obvious advanced acne; may be covered with a wig only during periods of recovery from self-administered styling; may not be dyed bright red, despite what anybody in the faculty does.

TOPS: Shall cover the terminations of both breasts and be heavy enough material to obscure any termination engorgement; excessively tight tops or visible cleavage shall be cause for review personally by the principle in his office; excessively loose tops, which permit sight of a girl's toenails when she bends over, may only be worn in an upright position; use of bras as retainers for pens, dollar bills, whisks, Pee Gees or other foreign objects is prohibited.

BOTTOM: Rear cleavage is forbidden; girls weighing more than 150 pounds may not wear pants; dresses and skirts may not be slit higher than at the level at which the legs come together.

SHOES: Spike heels, heels in excess of four inches, sandals with high lacing S-W leather thongs are all prohibited, except for prones.

Your Principall,

Jim Wygant



In fact, I have several articles in the planning stages, which you will all probably see next month. First is the Origins report, which I started to type earlier, but didn't like; wanted to edit it, but didn't have the time before publishing date. Too bad; well, better I see what others wrote first, I guess. I also have a project of Dick and mine, which will, I believe, appear in both of our 'zines. Third, there is an article by Carolyn in the files, which I'll print next time around. Plus there will be more beer review, probably a Van Halez Dixer Down review, update for jobs and locations, etc. There is lots in the works, but very little completed. I feel a big issue coming on. Rush, renew, whatever. If this one isn't all you've come to expect, or felt you had coming to you, just wait...

Heh, I don't know why I should apologize, why don't you guys write something amusing? I can always use humorous articles and the like.

WELLTOOBADIMSCOTIREDIMSCOTIREDIMFALLINGASLEEPWELLTHATSBECAUSEOFTHESPECIAL

### NEW HOPE FOR THE GIFTED

By Mia Wygant

Until now there has been one ultimate question left unanswered for us Gifted Children. In the descendancy of our propagation we have been given the means to identify if we, in turn, have produced little Gifteds of our own, thus fulfilling our destiny to prove that WEHAVE THE GENES. However, we have never before had the means available to confirm our ascendancy -- that we came from Gifted Parents. The disappointment of being the Gifted Child of evidently ungifted, sometimes just plain stupid, parents has caused many Gifteds nagging self-doubt and persistent lower back pain. This simple self-administered test will aid any Gifted Child in reaching peace of mind in the knowledge that if his or her parents are sufficiently stupid the Gifted Child must have been adopted.

- 1) My father has lived in a Buick for the last three years. YES ( )  
NO ( ) ONLY ON WEEKENDS ( )
- 2) My brother was traded to Armenians for a red pony. YES ( )  
NO ( ) IT WAS A WHITE PONY ( )
- 3) My mother sleeps in jungle boots. ALWAYS ( ) ONLY DURING RED  
ALERTS ( ) WHEN THERE ARE SUNSPOTS ( )
- 4) My sister became a social worker. BUT SHE HAD A SEX CHANGE ( )  
SHE MOVED TO TOLEDO ( ) Don't talk ABOUT MY SISTER OR I'LL BREAK  
YOUR ARM ( )
- 5) My pets were two slugs ~~which~~ I found under the back porch.  
THERE WERE THREE BUT ONE GOT SICK AND MELTED ( ) SO WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH SLUGS ANYWAYS ( )
- 6) I was taught to read in my uncle's lap. HE GOT TWENTY YEARS ( )  
THE HUMAN BODY IS A REMARKABLE DEVICE ( )
- 7) My father was killed in a freak football accident at the Dew Drop  
Inn two years before I was born. YES, BUT HE GOT THE POINT ( )  
YES, BUT WE GOT TWO NICE HAIRS OUT OF HIM ( ) NO, IT WAS A SEX ORGY  
IN SANTA MONICA AND IT HARDLY SLOWED HIM DOWN ( )
- 8) I was abandoned in the woods and subsequently raised by a band  
of itinerant movie stars. (YES ( ) NO ( ) YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK  
TO LY AGENT ( )

THESEAREYOUSAYSPIRITWASSTHATANYBETTERTHANTHENONEBEFOREITISURELYAOPES

MORE WIRETAP, Part II

1) So, we come to the lists of various sorts. What did we do last time, anyways?

Eat List: Not much; kiwi fruit mousse x 2. Sardine sandwich. Small bag Doritos. Adds up to \*\*\*\*, was pretty good, esp. the mousse.

Drink List: Over the course of the issue, all told, about 18 or 19 Special Exports. No hard stuff this time around. Sorry. Special Export rates a good \*\*\*\*. Good stuff.

See List: "Young Doctors In Love" was the only movie I've seen since I got home. Cheap "Airplane" ripoff. \*\*\* at most.

Shit List: Curt, Jack, and somebody else I was going to add, but now I'm dead tired and have forgotten. Maybe not time. No rating.

Game List: SPI's World War II. Personal rate of mine, \*\*\* for a 1/2 game, really. It's just one I'm good at. Course, we can leave out DipCon; two games of Diplomacy there. Since I won the tournament outright, I suppose that I should rate them at least \*\*\*\*, right? Pictures at Eleven, as Rob't Plant would say.

Playlist: 1) Radio: new tune from Robert Plant's new album, Rolling Stones' "Bitch", new Cheap Trick. If this wasn't at least \*\*\*\*, I would have turned it off, right? Right.

2) The Who, Who's Next. \*\*\*\*, definitely strong material from the Who, one of their top two albums. First side reigns supreme. Why don't they sound like this anymore, anyway?

3) Nazareth, Hair of the Dog: Some old favorites of mine on this 1975 tape. Rates \*\*\*\* overall. I like Nazareth's standing challenge to any other band: they claim that they can drink any other band under the table, regardless of whom. Where are the Faces now that we need them?

4) The Rolling Stones, Some Girls. Truly good material, from the later years (1978). Rates \*\*\*\*. I'm a sucker for these guys.

5) Alan Parsons Project, I Robot. Parson's best album to date, this one gets \*\*\*\*. He simply did everything right here... I am not, by the way, strictly a rock/metal person. Really...

6) Radio: Sunday night special on LPX 97 FM was AC/DC for a while. Good stuff. I'm not going to rate this because I only heard a bit. We then moved to an hour of Jon Anderson as DJ, playing weird stuff, but good enough for \*\*\*.

7) King Biscuit Flower Hour: ZZ Top and Krokus live. ZZ Top gets \*\*\*\*, Krokus gets only \*\*. ZZ Top has always been excellent live.

OHIDIDACTUALLYREPLACEMENTINGTURNTABLEWI THANEWPI ONEGHTURNTABLEMECSTATIC

Good meeting  
you at the  
Dip Con. You  
guys put on  
a great con.  
- Please note  
my game op-  
enings for Pant.  
I keep forgetting to  
send you that slip. 10/24.50, \$4  
fee, monthly 'tine, etc.

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