

GIVE ME A WEAPON?

December 4, 1982

Issue #21
EEP #233

REVELATION

Dedication
Jim Selvaggi (RIP)

phase one: in which Doris gets her pants.

Motto #1:
Love...it's a cinch. -Keith Richard

Motto #2:
Life today is not made; therefore it is a joke.

Motto #3:
Expell the preserves!

Motto #4:
Join the Marines! Visit strange, exotic places, full of adventure. Travel to distant corners of the world, meeting interesting and fascinating people. And kill them.

Motto #5:
There is no Motto #5.

Colon: This is about the twenty first issue of the definitive character assassination news GIVE ME A WEAPON (SO I CAN HURT MYSELF??). I've never put this out before, but the understanding is that about one of these is put out every month. Konrad Baumeister is still the editor, the Chairman has decided to renew his contract after all. Grossrad's Press International is based out of a small box in Washington, DC somewhere in the vicinity of 6050 Henle, Georgetown University Zippe code is 20052. If you wish to get in contact with Dickiepo or Juliekians by telephone, call (202) 965-2731 and

ask for me. Never, ever call before 1100 hours Eastern whatever time, as I don't clamber from my coffin before then. Ever. Sing it, Mick. Praise be to Allah. Rock the Casbah. Should I say, or should I go? I think I'll say a few more various and sundried things. I sell this on street corners for \$5 per issue, but to my loyal subbers I let it go for \$4.5 for ten issues. The creature that ate Albany pays double. Praise be to Allah. Rock the Casbah. Some openings are available for the paltry sum of \$4 per slot. Get 'em while they're hot. Pay for my plane fare back to Hales Corners International Airport for cheery Christmas vacation. Please? Pretty please? Pretty please with quarters on top? EEP numero twothreethree. No lie, that. Praise be to Allah. Rock the Casbah.

KEITHMTHINKILOSTYOURARTYCLERATSTILLLOOKAGA INBUTNOTAWSOLELELOTOPEOPERATSRATS

THE OVERSTUFFED, RECLINING

1) Greetings and facilitations, earthlings. I am my usual bright, cheerful self this day. Or maybe or maybe or maybe I'm not. I haven't figured it out yet, myself. Maybe I will by the end of this, but I doubt

2) Staph this time around.....

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Publisher: Cousin Dickie's Copy Service, Ditto Annex

Contributing Editors: Uncle Victor & Cousin Dickie

Contributing Pains: Gary & Brux & Jim & Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice

Contributing Money: You

Contributing Articles: Victor, Ernie - anybody desiring sub extensions

Inspiration this month: Mick and the boys

3) We still have game openings that we would like filled. Sign up. If you don't wanna pay, write and maybe we'll work something out. I could always use a car wash. Of course, I need a car even worse. Working on that....

4) Start me up! Dance, dance little sister.

5) Bystander list: Dick Martin, Peter Fuchs, Robert Cheek, Bob Kluge, Guy Hall, Stephen Lee, Jim Bumpas, Doug Beyerlein, Terry Tallman...who else? Any Volunteers? Cheap, really cheap.

6) How do you like this? I call it "The Great Leap Backward." If the Chinese can do it, so can I. Actually, the Chinese probably went to xeroxed reduced pages with their leap. But that can't be helped.

7) I'm not making enough typos...does it show? If I don't make them, how can they roam?

8) Been mucho busy for the last few months/weeks/days. Right now, I'm trying to get the ditto machine to work and it looks like it doesn't want to cooperate. It will by the time I finish with it though, you bet. Don't have a whole lot to show for all my efforts either, except for a few papers (and there fore passing grades for this semester. Nice.). Plenty of intangibles, though. I have no conception of how well off I really am. You don't understand, I know, but neither do I.

9) Enough of this. Original material gives me a headach.

ICOMEFROMTHELANDOFTHEICEANDSNOWTHEMIDNIGHTSUNWERETHEHOTSPRINGSFLOWYESIDO

THE MONTHLY 'ZINE REVIEW SERVICE

by Ernie Klee

It has come to my attention that my review last time ruffled some feathers...this was not my intent. Rather, my intent was to provide some sort of objective zine reviews so that your average dipper will have some sort of idea what is being reviewed. Of course, I could reduce this column to so much, "Gee whiz, isn't this zine wonderful." But then, I would not be providing the readers with anything of value, and would not be writing reviews.

In rereading last review though, I did come down fairly hard on Kathy. That was not intentional. While she does tend to get a bit ahead of herself at times, the spirit of KK is an excellent one, not to be missed. The latest W was also very clearly xeroxed (rejoice!), give it ***½.

Bushwacker, Fred Davis, 1427 Clairidge Rd, Baltimore, MD 21207. Subs are 12/3.50 or gamefee of \$8 which covers game long sub, rules & maps. This is an average sized zine of about 10/12 pages, nicely xeroxed. Roughly half of the material is games, with the rest being hobby news, and the like. Occasionally, Fred will write an article of some substance on his travels, life experiences, diplomacy in general. The primary drive of Bush is the expansion and glorification of the Dip Variant sub-hobby, so if you like variants you'll feel right at home. Also, Fred is very big on Meneas. Simple, straightforward, give it ***. A nice waltz..

THE CHARMED OBLONG

Or, A Reply to Certain Charges Against This and Other Pubbers

By Victor Dupont, alias Petrarch, Demosthenes and now Gertrude Stein,
Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein.

AXIOM: A new Dippy 'zine by master pubber Ernesto Hemingway arrives at Picasso's studio. We are all charmed, except my brother who arrhas a toothache. Matisse suggests my brother buy a dentist instead of Picasso's new painting. Alice B. Toklas enters our life with a bag of cloves from where from where and grinds a little clove oil. My brother rapes her, since the toothache pain went down.

COROLLARY: The new Dippy 'zine denounces AXIOM with vim and vigor with why won't the typing keys work. HYPERSPACEDOUT announces that Jack Kerouac will write that when you make a typing mystake you shule not go back just keep on writing and maybe change your thi king becoz but this is becoming unintelligible unkindelligible u n intelligible?

PROPOSITION: A new Dippy 'zine by master charmer Scott Fitzgerald arrives at # 33, Rue de Fleures. The Postal Code is missing and it is many dy days late. I beat Alice unmercifully and my brother runs off to Venice to weap. Ernesto rapes Picabiá and then we dismiss the new steps in science and medicine.

DIAGRAM: In this new dipzine, one Isocrates, a certain scurrilous bastard of an anonymous Black Press type, who lies and almost cheats draws the following "Figure:" (in the sand Konrado, this is imaginative fiction and we are stretching your, ha, mental aberrational abreactional psychobrutalities: Avanti!), THE DIAGRAM Diaggam? Diaphragm? The Dingus:

From a point, A, let a strand of the comely Phyllis Byrne's long hair descend until Point B be reached, describing a line, AB.

Rotate the hair from B to a midpoint C and thence to D, describing a line, BD, and the semi-circle BCD with arcs subtended, BC and CD.

TO PROVE: (Never once used as a dipzine title) THAT the figure is the big end of an oblong and also that only one person has been libelled. **NEXT ISSUE:** QED arrives on the QE2.

∩Ah, thanks there Victor. I only print what's sent in, guys...hop to it. (I do think that I see a light thread of sense through this article...er, it is an article, isn't it?)

KEITHSHERWOODWHYHAVENTYOUSEENWRITINGTOWEANYWAYSIMISSTHOSBLONGLONGLETTERS

THE GAMES

1982HW -- GMAW 3 -- Spring 1961

AUSTRIA(Palter): A Vie-Tyl, A Bud-Tri, F Tri-Adr
ENGLAND(Rusnak): F Lon-Eng, A Lvp-Wal, F Edi-Nth
FRANCE(Martin): F Bre-Mid, A Par-Gas, A Mar-Spa
GERMANY(Milewski): A Der-Sil, F Kie-Hel, A Mun-Ruh
ITALY(Cheek): A Ven-Tri, A Rom-Ven, F Nap-Ion
RUSSIA(Peary): F StP(sc)-Botm A Mos-StP, A War-Ukr, F Sev-Bla
TURKEY(Kluge): F Ank-Bla, A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con

Well, I'm certainly happy that hostilities have been kept to a minimum in the game! No real action in the EFG triangle, and the traditional Austrian-Italian problems of the '60s game have been successfully avoided, too. Looks to be a smooth game... Um, seriously, though. DEADLINE for FALL 1901 is JANUARY 7, 1983, in Washington. Send those press releases in by then, too. How much PR do I want? How much can you write? Speaking of which, we do have a few short releases this time:

ST. PEERIGRAD (Spring 1901): Returning from its winter vacation in St. Peerigrad on Volvo the Russian government today was in a state of shock to discover that Europe was at war! Without prior notice Russia had been thrust into the conflict which she knows nothing about. Fleets and armies have been mobilized for the defense of the Motherland but all Russia is wondering, "Who the Hell is the Enemy?"

TURKEY TO KONRAD: All the cowboys on the sunset strip with that they could be like you!

KONRAD: I'm hoping for some better press from some of you, no more of those dumb one-liners!

THE REAL ME: I didn't write that; I know who did. It refers back to an old Politician game some time ago...

ITALY TO ENGLAND: Watch out for Larry, he loves to stab England!

GIVE ME A WEAPON!: Hmm, I don't know...

GERMANY: The Kaiser ordered all men of age and fit for military duty to register at the local post office. Newspapers in all major cities reprinted scientific studies proving beyond a doubt that people who are not of German birth do not possess the same warm, endearing qualities that Germans so much admire in themselves. Indeed, it is believed by some that most foreigners are incapable of sexual reproduction without medical intervention. Rumors abound that most Germans do not like Belgians. Nothing could be further from the truth. Properly cooked, Belgians are delicious.

SIMPLY ANOTHER SEPARATE TOR FOR THE GAMES LETS MOVE SHRONOLOGICALLY BACKWARDS OKAY

1981IB -- GVAW 2 -- Fall 1904

AUSTRIA(Lew): A Tyl G GERMAN A Mun, A Tri S A Ven, A Ven S TURKISH
A Adu-Rom/nso/, F Ion S TURKISH A Adu-Nap, F Gre S F Ion

ENGLAND(Fuchs): A Yor-Nwy, F Nth C A Yor-Nwy, F Bal-Bot, F Swe S F
Bal-Bot, F Kie-Ber, A StP S RUSSIAN A War-Mos/nso/, F Bar S A StP

FRANCE(Gwynn): F Mid-Wes, A Gas-Spa, A Mar-Pie, A Hol H, A Ruh-Mun,
A Bar S A Ruh-Mun

GERMANY(Hanson): A Ber S A Mun, A Mun S A Ber

ITALY(Martin, J): A Ven R Rom. F Wes-Tyn, F Tyn-Nap, A Tus-Ven, A
Rom S A Tus-Ven

RUSSIA(Langley): A Lvn-Fin, F Bot C A Lvn-Fin/R Fin, OTB/, A Ukr-Mos,
A War-Lvn, F Sev H

TURKEY(Schilling): A Adu-Nap, A Bul H, F Aeg-Eas, F Con-Aeg

Interesting season, eh wot? Austria saved Germany's ass, thats for sure! Elsewhere the violence continues; it's especially interesting in the Botnia/Finland area, where Russia attempted to convoy behind England's lines, but the convoy was disrupted. As it is, the fleet can still retreat to Finland (or off the board). The DEADLINE for WINTER 1904 AND SPRING 1905 is JANUARY 7, 1983, and orders may be made conditional on the builds. In fact, I suggest it for your own good. Supply center chart and press next page.

Supply Center Chart For 1904, as prepared:

- AUS: Home, Ser, Gre, Ven: 6, Bld 1
- ENG: Home, Nwy, Kie, Den, StP, Swe: 8, Bld 1
- FRAN: Home, Por, Bel, Spa, Hel: 7, Bld 1 (had one annihilated)
- GER: Ber, Mun: 2, Even
- ITA: ~~Max~~, Rom, ~~Max~~, Tun: 2, Rem 2
- RUS: Sev, Mos, War, ~~Syb~~, Rum: 4, Rem 1 (or even if F Bot R OTB)
- TUR: Home, Bul, Nap: 5, Bld 1

Press follows:

BERLIN TO ITALY: I'd love to coordinate my moves with you, but what would Dick say? Or Frauke? Or Konrad?

GIVE ME A WEAPON!: Konrad? Konrado who?

GERMANY TO ENGLAND: OK, now it's your turn to NMR.

GERMANY TO RUSSIA: Who's writing your press, anyway? It's worse than the letters you send me for Laasagne!

GIVE ME A WEAPON!: Oh, I don't know if that's fair...

RUSSIA TO ITALY: Sorry about that.

RUSSIA TO AUSTRIA & TURKEY: I did tell Italy I was getting you guys organized.

RUSSIA TO ITALY: I didn't exactly lie, did I?

RUSSIA TO AUSTRIA & TURKEY: I just didn't tell her what you were getting organized to do.

RUSSIA TO ENGLAND: Isn't it always the way? You get an ally, you develop the strategy, you start the push...and he NMRs on you.

RUSSIA TO FRANCE: I sure hope you took our little discussion to heart, no matter who you turn out to be.

RUSSIA: The porpoise took me right to the docks. Shells were flying everywhere. Italian troops were faced off against Turks and Austrians. My trenchcoat was a mess. Well, nothing for it but to head north. Mistress Julie had last been seen with the Frenchman. Rumour had it he was dead, missing, or just taking a long rest. It was his own fault, of course. You spend much time with Mistress Julie, you're going to end up dead, missing, or in need of a long rest.

CORSICA: Can't anybody be trusted in this damn game? Or are you all playing Diplomacy?

ENGLAND TO ITALY: Why don't you just NMR out, you couldn't do any worse than you see now.

GIVE ME A WEAPON!: Sure she could, she could have the GM unhappy about her NMRing out and having to find a replacement.

IMVERYSURPRISEDTHATTHELITTLEBITTYPRESSIVEGOTTENTAKESUPTHISMUCHSPACEHERE

1981HF -- GMAW 1 -- Fall 1905

- AUSTRIA (Dupont): A Bud-Via/a/, A Tyl-Vie
- ENGLAND (Hail): No Moves Rec'd. F Eng H, F Nwy H/a/, F Ska H, F Bar H
- FRANCE (Cheek): No Moves Rec'd. A Burg R OTB & F Nap R OTB, A Ruh H, A Kie H/a/, A Bre H
- GERMANY (Langley): F Hel S A Den-Kie, A Den-Fie, F Por-Mid
- ITALY (Kluge): A Nap H, F Ven H, F Tyn H, F Wes-Lyo, A Bur-Bel
- RUSSIA (Lischett): F Rum R Sev, F Sev H, A Ukr S F Sev, A Gal S AUS-TRIAN A Bud/nso/, A Mun S ITALIAN A Bur-Ruh/nso/, A Ber S GERMANY A Den-Kie, A Fin-Nwy, F Swe & A StP S A Fin-Nwy
- TURKEY (Martin): F Aeg-Ion, A Tri & A Rum S A Ser-Bud, A Ser-Bud, A Bul & F Bla S A Rum, F Adr S A Tri

Wah! Two missed moves. That French unit is A Bur & F Nap, both dislodged last turn, have to retreat off the board for lack of an ordered

and British, annihilated according to Civil War rules. Well, this time one can really see how devastating an NWR can be, right?

Supply Center Chart for 1905:

- AUS: Vie, ~~XX~~: 1, Even (one annihilated)
- ENG: Home, ~~XX~~: 3, Even (one annihilated)
- FRA: Far, Eve, Hol, ~~XX~~, ~~XX~~: 3, Bld 1 (three annihilated)
- GERM: Kie, Den, Por: 3, Even (none annihilated!)
- ITA: Ven, Rom, Nap, War, Spa, Tun, Bel: 7, Bld 2 (only 1 possible)
- RUSS: ~~XX~~, Swe, Ber, Sev, War, Mos, Mun, StP, Nwy: 8, Even
- TUR: Home, Bul, Gre, Ser, Tri, Dud, Rum: 9, Bld 2

Standby for England will be: Doug Beyerlein, 640 College, Menlo Park, CA 94025. Other player addresses are in GMAW!! #18-19. No standby will be called for Bob Check, as I think he just overlooked the game this time by accident. Bob is as reliable a player as I have ever encountered and I'm sure he'll stick with us. Watch next month, while I try to peel the egg off my face without looking too awkward. In any event, the DEADLINE FOR BOTH WINTER 1905 AND SPRING 1906 will be JANUARY 7, 1983. Orders for Spring can be made conditional on Winter builds, and all of them can be made conditional on who's playing England. We have some propagganda this time around:

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Okay, I wrote you a letter. Did you leave Rum?

GERMANY TO RUSSIA: Once again, oh big buddy, I'm counting on you to help me kick the frogs back into their swamps.

PORTUGAL: The Black Fleet, bored with rape and pillage but too hung over to make it out of Port (too damn much Port if you ask me) has vowed to try again. Once a pirate, always a pirate.

"Let's set sail for Smyrna!" is the cry.
"Let's not and say we did." is the response.

GERMANY TO ITALY: Have you ever had frog leg pizza? Do you want to try a bite? Can't say I blame you. Talk about tasteless press.

PARIS (the left bank): It was no good. I was desolate. The blond girl with her laughing child had stolen my heart. I searched for her that day. Walking the busy streets. Everywhere movement. Couples embracing in cul de sac, laughter, music; it all tore at the wound in my heart.

The I saw a blond head. My heart stopped. This was not the first time. Every blond I'd seen that day had been she, for a moment. This time when my heart started to beat it was crescendo. It was she. I had found her. Now -- to make her mine.

SMYRNA: Mistress Julie, encoded the final dispatch to the troops. She applied the Sultan's seal, then turned once more to diplomatic dispatches from the north. Her Lord and Master (now sleeping and snoring in a 'satisfied' slumber) was right. The Russian would have to be dealt with, and Italy was not looking too friendly. It might be time to resort to some serious Diplomacy.

"Snort, uh what?" the Sultan started to wake.
"Lay back my sweet one, let me sooth you again," Julie crooned.
"Now Julie, I have a war to...ah...oh-ahhh..."

ONE OF THESE DAYS MISTRESS JULIE IS GOING TO RESPOND TO ONE OF THESE LITTLE PRESS RELEASES

That's all for the games; next month, GMAW 4 joins us in these pages.

As the regular reader well knows, The Agate Man and Lois Lech, fellow (though that's hardly the word in this case) worker in the city's Water Department, had just come from eating a satisfying repast at the local McDonalds outlet. They don't know it, but they are being tailed by most unfriendly S.A.P. (Stone All People, the most vicious crew of drug-using, rock-coveting evil agents ever) functionaries.

The Man jumped into the Manmobile, and his consort followed suit. "Dummy, the other side, how do you expect me to drive like this?"

All right, then, the other side. Jeez, some people are just no fun at all. If they're really people, that is. As the Man (presumably wholly or in part constructed or composed of some Agate-like compound) cruised down the streaming ghetto streets at about 11 a.m., he turned to his faithless companion Lois Lech.

"Jesus saves, but Kareem scores on the rebound."

"The moon shines in Memphis."

"Two plus two makes for tons of fun."

"The trash doesn't move by itself except in Hemble 50."

"Thank Jim."

"Fuck you."

"Oh thank Ra, Lois. I've always wondered if you could be the one. Secretly I've hoped so. Ten long underpaid years ago, when I first took the job at the water department, I knew there was something or somebody here that would befriend me and aid me with my campaign against disorganized (and, on weekends, organized) crime. So you're it. Him, Her. You're she."

"Ah, yeah, Aggie. Um, all of these years I've kind of suspected you might be the real Man of Agate myself, but then I was never sure. Frankly, you don't very much like a superhero should look: balding, middle-aged, what hair you do have is graying, little pot belly, fidgety, boring personality..."

"I beg your pardon!?"

"Well, so-so personality. You certainly never interested me in much. And what I did have in mind, you continually turned down. Fool."

"And I'm not in much of a mood for that right now, either. I've got make it to a hospital or my crime-solving days are numbered. The pain in my side is going down to my..."

"We'll check you into a place where they take excellent care of their customers. I know just the place. Sadie's Bawdy House, down on 14th & K Streets. Linda LaRose, proprietor. Know her wll."

"That extended Lincoln with the tinted wndown has been following us now for the better part of 15 minutes, Lois. Have you noticed?"

"Take down the plates, dummy."

"Hm, they spell S...A...P! Shit! SAP agents behind us! We'll have to make a run for it!"

"Are you kidding? In this rustbucket? Besides, one of 'em just rolled down the window and is leveling a typewriter at us right this instant...we may be in troub..."

Lois was cut off by the burst of submachinegunfire emanating from the following car, which was attempting to cut down both of them. Missed, though. The window, rear variety, now vaguely resembled a sieve.

The Agate Man quickly maneuvered the car down a tight alley, floored the accelerator and attempted to leave the SAPmobile in the dust. It failed there, but it did leave behind all sorts of flying garbage cans, leaves, dirty laundry, and maybe one or two little black boys who had

been negotiating a drug deal. All in all, a picturesque sight, indeed. But Agate Man and Loos Lech weren't working towards an artistic award or anything; they wanted to get the hell away from the Lincoln Continental. One quick flick of the wrist and The Man had made another corner. Well, it wasn't really a corner. Our Hero The Man of Agate had flipped to the left, right into a brick wall. The Manmobile was officially pronounced dead on arrival.

Lois Lech and Agate Man, however, had survived, and ducked into the little door directly to the right of the car wreck.

"Here we are," squawked the alluring Ms. Lech, "Sadie's Bawdy House. Linda? It's Lois from the Water Department. Come on out, Linda/"

"Yeah, what's up babes?" Linda LaRose (presumably) emerged from the shadows, a cigar sticking out of one side of her mouth, and a toothpick from the other.

"Gotta customer for you, and I want you to take good care of him."

So what's the deal, man? Will LaRose take care of Aggie, or will the SAP aganets do that for her? Where are the agents in question anyways? Will the next episode be numbered 8 or 9? Will Dick find Tro Sherwood's article or not? Will we go out and get lunch? Find out next month, same Agate Channel, same Agate Time...

THIS IS REALLY GETTING OUT OF CONTROL NOW I HOPE I'M DOING A DECENT JOB WITH IT BUT WHO KNOWS?

NO NONSENSE PERSONALITY INVENTORY

Stonel (or stolen) form The Atrocity

For each item, answer: Like Me (L), Somewhat like me (S), or Not Like Me (N)*

- ___ 1. I salivate at the sight of mittens.
- ___ 2. At times I am afraid that my toes will fall off.
- ___ 3. Some people look at me.
- ___ 4. As an infant, I had very few hobbies.
- ___ 5. I often use the word "feh."
- ___ 6. Spinach makes me feel alone.
- ___ 7. Sometimes I steal objects like medicine balls and aviaries.
- ___ 8. Dirty stories make me think about sex.
- ___ 9. Cousins are not to be trusted.
- ___ 10. Other people's warts don't make me self-conscious.
- ___ 11. Sometimes I think someone is trying to take over my stomach.
- ___ 12. Often I think I am a special agent of Carl Rogers.
- ___ 13. I become homicidal when people try to reason with me.
- ___ 14. My teeth sometimes leave my body.
- ___ 15. Plaid Stamps are better than Green Stamps.
- ___ 16. Recently I have been getting shorter.
- ___ 17. I think I would like the work of a hummingbird.
- ___ 18. I have always been disturbed by the size of Lincoln's ears.
- ___ 19. I often repeat myself.
- ___ 20. I often repeat myself.
- ___ 21. Most of the time I go to sleep without saying goodbye.
- ___ 22. It makes me angry to have people bury me.
- ___ 23. Chiclets make me sweat.
- ___ 24. I believe that I smell as good as most people.
- ___ 25. I stay in the bathtub until I look like a raisin.
- ___ 26. Most people vomit out of spite.
- ___ 27. Constantly losing my underwear doesn't bother me.

28. It is hard for me to find the right thing to say in a room full of cockroaches.
29. I believe that halitosis is better than no breath at all.
30. Weeping brings tears to my eyes.
31. I believe in life after birth.
32. I like to put cameleons on plaid cloth.
33. Some songamake me burp.
34. I often dream of Kate Smith.
35. I never seem to finish what I

*This is a modified Guffaw scale found to be very practical for scoring.

LISTENINGTOMACHINEHEADRIGHTNOWANDITSAASCOODASITSEVERSCOUNDEDTONEILOVEDEFPURPLE

LETTERCOLUMN

Actually not a full-fledged lettercolumn; rather, one simple letter which mentions something better than I could have written about it. Saves me the trouble, as well...

From Ronald Brown of Canada (1 Nov 82):

By the way, as Glenn Overby has ripped off the SIG and had some six months to make up what he owes, how about publicizing it? He owes us about \$50 and he assured me at Origins '82 that it "was already taken care of." Though he's no longer publishing a Dip 'zine, he did thrill me with a description of his next new 'zine! As well, he is still quite active in the Wargaming Association. The publicity in Dipomag will hardly have any effect, as no one but SIG members gets it. But if SIG publishers spread the word about this thief and liar, perhaps it will encourage Glenn to pay up what he owes or force him right out of all postal hobby activities. I mean, people ought to know what sort of fellow they're dealing with.

Don't get into it if you feel uncomfortable about it. But, if you'll notice, the SIG is about \$50 short -- just what Overby owes us!

Uncomfortable? Me? Thanks for writing, Ron./

BACKTOTHECONVENTIONALTYPICALRUNOFTHEMILLORDINARYREGULARLYSCHEDULESPROGRAM

TYPEWRITER IMPRESSIONS

Ed Sullivan

Thank you, and welcome to our show. Tonight, rrrright here on our stage...

Groucho Marx:

Thaza thamaze ridiguluzza thing I evuh heid. (Inseidenleeyig!)

Jimmy Stewart

Uhhllll, dthills illls, uhhllll, Jum, Jumnee Stort.

Marlon Brando

SPULLUM! UM KUDDUM BUNNUH KUNTUNDUH!

Peter Falk As Lt. Colombo

Aashkewshmee, ahhaithabaddayataikidssh.

Tony Orlando

Kaya, tyayella ribbem raundee ole wohe treethankyew!

Herve Villechaise of "Fantasy Island"

Buss, duplenn! Duhplenn, buss!

Mick Jagger
Pleendameechoo, hup dyoo gusst bah nime.

Jim Nabors as Gomer Pyle
Whayel, gAAAAaaaaaaAAAAAluuy! (Shuhziyuu!)

Jackie Gleason
Tiddamune, Neatm!

Walter Brennan as Grandpaear Amos McCoy
Puppeena! Puppeena! Giddinheer!

Henry Kissinger
Zszz peess agdeemunt iss wissin arr hunts.

R2D2 of Star Wars
Boop beep bzapp, zinggg, ooooo, beep boop.

Jimmy Carter
Wah naim ezz Jeemeh Cauduh, nam Pruzdent.

Thank you. Thank you very much. You're very kind. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I've had a ball entertaining you here today. I hope you've enjoyed poking some fun at some very, very wonderful celebrities, every one of them a person or machine I personally admire very, very much. Yeah! Let's hear it! And now, if I may, I'd like to "get serious" here for a minute. I'd like to close my little show here today with my typewriter impression of a very, very wonderful guy, a great musician, a human being who -- well, he did just about as much as an entertainer can do, he made all of us who are lucky enough to stand here at the microphone and call ourselves "entertainers" proud to be in the same business as this beautiful, beautiful guy, a close personal freind of mine -- well, he gave his life so that we could all have a little bit more sunshine, just a little bit more joy and happiness. My impression of what it must have been like to be -- The King.

Elvis Presley
Waddnthocwapoddyinnakowwnyjale!

Thank you. Thank you very much. Thanks! Beautiful audience! Thank

YUKYUEDIDANYOFOULIKEANDORREADTHATSLASKENJWYITATALLWELLICERTAINLYHOPESO

ACTUAL FACTUAL WIRETAP EDITION ONE

1) Guess what my esteemed associate editors have been up to? If you can't just reread the first few thingies this issue. If you still can't guess, then I can't help you. But in any event, there is a pretty big hint on page one.

2) Switched back to ditto, as you may or may not have noticed. Dick's machine is/has been making me hopping mad, but that's okay, I need the exercise. This should save money. Hospital bills, however, for my nervous breakdown should come to a lot more than a monthly repro bill from G-Town Printing Services. We'll see. In any event I'm having difficulty making sense of the fact that I used ditto for years and years and tons and tons of 'zines, and now this one machine I'm trying to use is attacking my paper and masters.

3) Yeah, we do have one more game open, due to popular demand, I guess. We have three signed up for that one. However, this will most

definitely be the last game to open until summer 1983. Gamefee for regular Diplomacy is \$4 a shot, and you must keep up subscription to the 'zine, which goes for 10 issues/\$4.50. Not bad, I figure. What you figure is another story.

4) I will be taking a vacation in December/January, as usual. I'm going home to Milwaukee for two weeks, of course; continue to send all of your mail to me, especially orders, to Washington D.C., though, because there's where I'm going to pick up the stuff. I will be back in time to GM all of that gunge, natch. Like I said, the mail goes to Washington.

5) So, guys, did all of you enjoy the Europa Express issues Gary so kindly sent you? I hope so. All very amusing, really; I haven't seen my name in print like that for years. People have expressed concern that I resolve my differences with him peacefully, for the sake of hobby harmony and so forth. Well, that's a nice thought, but while I have no intention of beginning and sustaining a long hobby feud over the relatively simple matter over which he exploded (whether or not I read something about a fake 'zine in EE or not), I also have no intention of kissing his ass as he wants the rest of the hobby to do. I will respond to Gary personally. If he's as bloody fair as he claims he is, then he'll probably send all of you copies of that too, but if you don't end up seeing my side of the story, don't be surprised; it is rather typical of Gary Coughlan.

In any event, sorry if you didn't enjoy reading it; as you know it's rare that I editorialize seriously in my 'zine. (EGGNOG was a different story, and suffered seriously toward the end of its existence -- September 1980 to January 1981 -- because of that editorializing.)

6) Matter of some simply lists:

SEE LIST: Fantasia +++++

Quadrophenia +++

Sorceress +

And Now For Something Completely Different +++++½

VISIT LIST Rockville, Md +++++½

Downtown D.C. +½

Georgetown +++++

Foggy Bottom +++++½

Salem, N.J. ∅ no stars

DRINK LIST I've been off alky for almost 24 hours now. That'll change when I get back home (I'm at Dick's right now).

EAT LIST Leftover taces. That too will change.

BLAYLIST Blue Oyster Cult, Spectres +++++

The Monkees, Greatest Hits +++++½

Dire Straits, Communique +++++½

Deep Purple, Machine Head +++++

Rolling Stones, Made In The Shade +++++½

Radio - WAVA 105 FM

SHIT LIST James F. Selvaggi

Gahree Gufflink & such bigots

My apartment -- I want out!

My car situation -- none.

7) So here I am, back out at the Puppetmaster's house. I have to come back out here once in a while, just to see the smiling cheery faces around me. Actually not so bad. We can always rogue out when the urge hits.

Gamewise I have been able to get more than I thought possible, given

time constraints. Have five finals and two long papers to write, so I am under some pressure, but I did get the chance to play an old favorite of mine, an SPI oldie named World War I. Played the Central Powers against Uli's Allies, and while it was tough and go as to whether I could kill off the Russians in time to collect my Victory Points, I managed to pull it off at the LPM thanks to my Stosstruppen. The Stosstruppen also found the going easy in Northern France in going after the Resource Centers I needed, but as my Combat Resource Points dwindled so my capacity to take attacks against me in stride did as well, and eventually Uli forced me back one hex from Belgium, despite the quality of my troops. My invading Albania to expand to front in the south may also have been a mistake, as British troops eventually cut off a sizeable hunk of my Austrian troops, just as I was about to nail the last Serbian unit to the wall. My Bulgarians, the pride of my force, did manage to defend successfully against British/French/Greek attacks while conquering Rumania singlehandedly. The Turks blew, as always. I managed to win, but just barely. I love that game!

Snits Revenge, another fave, was played often. Won and lost evenly.

Diplomacy games: hah! My one by mail game is going to stalemate very soon. I'm Turkey, at 15, and I'll eventually make it to 17, but I won't be able to make 18. Argh. It's in 1918 now, and will doubtless be in its mid-20s before it's over. Just stalemate maneuvering, true, but I've got all the time in the world, and if my opponents lose interest (unlikely) then it's not my fault...

8) Well, what else is up? I'm a disc jockey at the G-town radio station WROX (great call letters, eh?), but for a while it could have gone either way. Just for shits and grins I took to playing all sorts of wierd stuff, some of which offended some people here. I have so little sympathy for people who can't laugh at themselves that we might as well round it down to zero, but these same people control my radio schedule, and so I took some heat for a while. All over now, it was not all that serious to begin with, but an irritant it was. Showing up at station meetings with Uli with a six pack of tall boys didn't help our images either, here at clean-cut G-town prep. And maybe I should not have had Larry read the PSAs in ridiculous accents, either. (A campus Democratic Socialists PSA in strong Russian accent; a GU Hotline PSA in Jewish-mother voice, a ROTC PSA in German accent, etc.) Or play the Red Chinese Army Choir singing "We will liberate Taiwan." Or...

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