

Box 700
NY 10035

IN THE MONEY?

(GROSS, NOT NET)

1013 Jan 40
Jed Johnson
John Jay

INTRODUCING A NEWLY MADE... ON A... GIVING

- Note #1:
Love... a black. -- Mark Jansen
- Note #2:
This is no joking matter, there-
fore, let us make it one.
- Note #3: Kick out the junk!
- Note #4:
Inspirations have I none... -- David Bowie
- Note #5:
The public? The public be damned.
-- William Henry Vanderbilt
- Note #6:
Hell I hope we're not too nostalgic,
or a trifle too antique -- Nick
- Note #7:
Let us bring their own devices.

Collection that should just
about be enough in the way
of money for this project.
This is the twenty-second
issue of GIVE ME A BREAK???,
a monthly journal of postal
Diplomacy, also to be carry-
ing snippets of World War II
and postal Core (if interest
is there). It is published
by Duke Dickie's Visto
services for now, and edit-
ed by Harold Farnsworth,
Box 4077 Senle, Washington,
D.C. 20057 U.S.A. (Ph: 202-
965-2751), also for now.
It does charge from time to
time (within the first two
pages last issue, which went
to our Editor of the Soc-

...ing Variety), but generally it's the same. Don't wait before it
or after I see, in time. Subscription fees are still \$10/\$4.50, and some
of Diplomacy are open for \$8 a shot. This is P.S. 125 for the interested.

SOME... THE... ASSOCIATION... ROMAN... AND

MILITARY

1. Welcome back. This is the first time since mid-September
and I've actually used my 'time' in my apartment, so well, now if
I can imagine myself again. The herbal brandy is out, some...
... have been... the game and such and... finished,
and it looks like a good one. The semester is just beginning, now
and I've no real work yet (though it looks like it'll be an...
... (and) so I do have time to catch this little yapper out.

2. Thanks to all the past Christmas cards... it's such appreciate-
... I have, unfortunately, gotten out of the habit due to over...
... pink... but I do thank you for your kind wishes over the...
... FF... she...
... the...
... the...
... the...
... the...
... the...
... the...

...and... meeting, writing, visiting... of people to people
...and things to see. (SMB?) Great fun, really it was. Even saw
old Paul again, and he managed to introduce me to an excellent bar
in Milwaukee that I'd never been to before, but am sure to return to
in future... always...

3. Our local staff looks something like this:

Editor-in-Chief: Ricardo

Publisher-in-Chief: Richard Martineau

Contributing Editors: Dick and Victor

Contributing Editors: Dick and Victor, Jimbo and his ilk. But I don't

think that I was helped by anybody this month, really...

Thanks: Lisa, Jay, Linda (Ash), Larry, Dick, Marc, Paul, Danny,
and even the omnipresent Mr. Williams.

Inspiration this month: Carlos and the boys from Mexico.

Especially: I couldn't do this without my things who comprise my cir-
culation list, i.e. you. Hope you get out as much as you put in.

4. Since last issue I have a much better idea of how my life
looks out/up/over; I'll know even more for certain by the time March
rolls around, when I will meet my parents in Mexico for a week or so.
Things are beginning to happen; much will be left behind, but much
will lie ahead. Righto.

5. We do still have one last game of Diplomacy open; five are
signed up for it now. The fee is \$4 for the position, and submit a
preference list of countries with that, if you're interested. Cir-
culation of this issue has climbed steadily over the last two months,
all with people in search of a game, so I have a feeling that this
opening won't last until next issue.

Also, I wonder whether or not anyone might be interested in play-
ing Avalon-Hill's Origins of World War II or Setagaming's Ogre by
mail. The former used to be played extensively, say 9 or 10 years
ago, but the latter hasn't been tried, to my knowledge. It's not too
difficult, though, if there is interest I'll publish exact play-by-
mail rules for this next time. (Ogre is two players only, Origins
takes care of us three in the USA. Exact scenarios are open to dis-
cussion.) Samples for Ogre is free with subscription. Origins is \$1.

6. I could rattle on a lot longer, as you well know. How-
ever, I want to see how much space the games are going to take up
and then we'll see what we want to do with the leftover space. Four
games tend to take up more space than two, so...

THE GAMES

INDEX -- GAMES -- Winter 1985 & Spring 1986

ALPHABETICALLY: No Move Acc'd. A 1/2 H

ALPHABETICALLY: F Ing-Ing, F Ing-Ing, F Ing-Ing (sic)/Ing

ALPHABETICALLY: FIA A Per, A Per-Tic, A Per S A Per-Tic/A Cac, Per,

Per/ A Ing-Mat

ALPHABETICALLY: A Hol-Hol, A Kie S F Lck-Hol, F MIA S ENGLISH F
Ing-Ing

ALPHABETICALLY: MIA F Rom, is one short. F Van II, A Nap-Mex, F Uya S

F Uya S A Ing-Mex, A Sol F LCKED F Hol-Hol, F Rom-Mex

ALPHABETICALLY: A Ing-Sol, A Per-Mex, A Uya-Ing/A MIA, Mex, Uya/

F Per S, A Per F F Ing, A Sol-Mex, A Uya S, F Uya S A Mex

ALPHABETICALLY: MIA A Ing, F Ing. A Ing-Mex, F Ing-Mex, F Ing-Mex

All right guys. I have to explain a semi-difficult situation regarding the English player. Guy Mail missed orders last turn, so I appointed Doug Beyerlein standby. Beyerlein sent in orders, but so did Mail; Mail's orders were used, of course, but he also resigned with this last set of moves. For more-or-less obvious reasons I am appointing Doug the replacement for England. (At least it makes some sense to me.) On top of that, one player submitted orders conditional on who played England (which is perfectly kosher). I ruled, under the circumstances, that although Doug would be the player after this season, that the orders to be used should be those conditional on Guy's playing England, since he did play the season due...the season for which the conditional orders were meant. Any questions?

So. Everybody has the addresses now, right? Fall 1906 is due on FEBRUARY 14, 1983. We have a tidbit of press this month:

- FRANCE TO RUSSIA: Sorry, I'm only human, unlike some Diplomacy players!
- TURKEY TO RUSSIA: Suse -- when you leave Constantinople.
- TURKEY TO RUSSIA: Sure -- when you leave Sevastopol.
- ITALY TO GERMANY: What do you mean tasteless press! I write all of France's press! He can't even get his moves in, let alone write any press!
- RUSSIA TO GERMANY: Consider it down...er, done.

AGUYWHOMIDONTEVENPARTICULARILYLIKEBUTFELTRATHERSORRYFORAFTERALLTHISWASDONE

1982HW -- GMAW 3 -- Fall 1901

- AUSTRIA(Paltre): F Regiatic-Ion, A Bud-Ser, A Tyl-Tri
- ENGLAND(Rusnak): F Eng-Bel, F Nth-Nwy, A Wal-Yor
- FRANCE(Martin): F Mid C A Spa-Por, A₂ Spa-Por, A Gas-Spa
- GERMANY(Milewski): A Sil-Mun, A Ruh-Hol, F Hel-Den
- ITALY(Check): F Ion-Tun, A Ven & A Rom H
- RUSSIA(Peary): F Bot C A StP-Swe, A StP-Swe, F Sev-Rum, A Ukr S F Sev-Rua
- TURKEY(Kluge): A Bul-Gre, A Con-Bul, F Ank-Bla

All moves succeed this time around. You won't be so lucky next time, boys. Supply, or even supply, center chart for 1901 follows:

AUS:	Vic, Bud, Tri, Ser:	4, Build 1
ENG:	Lon, Bri, Bvp, Bel, Nwy:	5, Build 2
FRA:	Par, Mar, Bre, Spa, Por:	5, Build 2
GER:	Ber, Mun, Kie, Den, Hol:	5, Build 2
ITA:	Rom, Ven, Nap, Tun:	4, Build 1
RUS:	StP, Mos, Sev, War, Syc, Rum:	6, Build 2
TUR:	Con, Ank, Smy, Bul, Gre:	5, Build 2

Winter 1901 only due FEBRUARY 14, 1983. If everybody submits Spring 1902 orders (unlikely to say the least) I will adjudicate that as well. Some propaganda releases follow.

- TURKEY: At last a game in which every one will stab every one else. I start it all by stabbing England just as soon as I can get those
- GUY: Not punk, cool funk, even if it's old junk, it's still rock and roll to me!
- ENGLAND TO ITALY: That's all right, I'm a masochist.
- TURKEY TO GERMANY: I imagine Austria is giving you a heart attack!

RUSSIA TO GERMANY: Let's get physical!

GERMANY: The sight of thousands of Belgian women using mechanical devices to achieve sexual satisfaction prompted the High Command to redirect our troops into Holland. The principal consideration was the hope that the English would find the spectacle of so many neglected, eager women so irresistible that German entry into Holland and Denmark would be unopposed.

FRANCE TO ENGLAND: What would life be without risk, huh?

FRANCE TO GERMANY: You, sir, are "amazing!"

PARIS: All quiet on the western front. Who's doing what, anyway?

NORWAY: I just like to be fought over.

ITALY TO TURKEY: Let's bury the hatchet, presumably in someone else.

KONRAD: That isn't still going on, is it?

IRAN EVEN THOUGH THERESA LOU IS GOING ON A ROUNDO HERE BUT I THINK THAT INSTEAD OF REVEALING A

1982IQ -- GMAW 4 -- Spring 1901

AUSTRIA(Daly): A Bud-Ser, A Vie-Tri, F Tri-Adr

ENGLAND(Doyle): F Edi-Nwg, A Lvp-Yor, F Lon-Nth

FRANCE(Touchette): F Bre-Mid, A Par-Gas, A Mar-Bur

GERMANY(Tallman): F Kie-Den, A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Ruh

ITALY(Dupont?): No Moves Rec'd. A Ven H, A Rom H, F Nap H

RUSSIA(Borkelson): F StP(sc)-Bot, A Mos-StP, A Mar-Ukr, F Sev-Bla

TURKEY(Gwynn): F Ank-Bla, A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con

Argo -- that most sad of missed moves, the Spring 1901 NMR. I am forced to ask Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N, Rockville, MD 20854 to submit Fall 1901 orders for Italy. He has everyone's addresses. Fall 1901, for everybody's information, is due FEBRUARY 14, 1983. I'm pretty sure, though, that Victor won't leave us so soon. Some press follows:

FRANCE: Welcome to all of you, we should have fun, being the suckers we are.

RUSSIA: The Czar today met with representatives of the world press and asserted his opposition to surrender of any kind, either by the Russian state or to it. Said he, "If it be warm then let the victorious earn their triumph, and the timid perish."

It's 1901; do you know who your friend Czar?

AUSTRIA: The Turkish silence is bearable, but no response from Italy is bad. A Russian stab would be worse, though.

GERMANY TO EVERYONE: I don't know any of you but Germany is my favorite country so I can play it any way you want. I'm open to offers that feed my insecurity and a child-like need for centers.

ENGLAND: England awoke New Years Day to find themselves, and all of Europe, in a state of war! Confusion reigned as the soldiers staggered back to their units after a tough night. Now with Christmas still in their recent memory, the English prepare for a long, drawn-out campaign. The Prime Minister, shocked as everyone is, managed to throw together the shell of a plan. Yet you have to wonder how the soldiers can fight in their condition. The effects from the night before won't wear off for weeks!

ENGLAND TO EUROPE: Is there any truth to the rumor that the Kaiser is dead?

GIVE ME A WRAPON!!: No.

BE SOPIETAL SUPPLY CHAIN HALVES LIVES INSTEAD AND LOOK FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT OR

Page 12 and 13

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MEMOIRS OF A GAY BOY

THE SUNSET STRIP

My first trip to the Sunset Strip was back then, in 1955. The night was in the late fifties, but then the weather was still dry, and we got used to the idea that London Colborne, not WPA, was president of the new still colonial states. A group of us friends, about 20 of us, went north to the Los Angeles (we didn't tell our fathers we were going to Hollywood!) to see the original cast of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* on Wall Wood Blvd. I was, then, so young and naive that when the cop came out and told everybody in the house that they were under arrest, I believed him. I think our tickets cost all of about \$1.50. I remember I was terribly upset that a drink at the bar would cost \$1.25!

That was my introduction to Hollywood and the Sunset Strip. I've been back, of course, many times. I've seen some fabulous plays along the Strip. I saw the original cast of *Tea and Sympathy*, Charles King at the Huntington. I saw *Anticipation* and *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* at the same theater. I saw a young girl, unknown at the time, read a play based on the diary of a young girl in a Nazi concentration camp. She just sat there and read, and looked at the audience and we all went out our heads off. Her name was Lisa Mitchell.

There is more to Hollywood, of course, and the Sunset Strip. It is filled with great theaters. There are about 15 or 20 of them. Each catering to a different taste. You can, and I have, spend hours going through them. History, religion, science fiction, religion, you name it, they've got it. And, of course, there are the porno book stores, and the dirty movie houses, and all the rest. It is a real cross-section of America at its best and its worst.

And what applies, also, to the people of the Sunset Strip, or in general to the city, America at its best and its worst.

One last time I was there was just a couple of months ago. I drove down the Strip, stopped at a highlight and glanced to my right. Richard Dyer, in a purple Rolls Royce convertible was next to me. You could still see the scars from his terrible experience with some one or other. A bit further along I turned off the main drag to find a parking place. And there, in front of a large home near the Beverly Hills, I could see Buddy Babbitt sitting around his front lawn on a never-learned-on. And just a few blocks away, I stopped in the local library to buy the latest edition of the Grove's Dictionary. While I was using the volume covering Religion, I glanced at the top shelves through the bottom shelf of the same book. It looked familiar. It wasn't until he spoke to the librarian that I knew. That was him, the name, Leonard Bernstein. I never did know what he was looking for.

I have a friend who lived on the Strip for years. He is a housekeeper to the stars, or they like to say. If you saw *Harold* you know what I mean. He's gay, of course. Aren't they all? His is a typical Hollywood apartment. The bedroom is dark green with lots of patterned forms, mirrors on the walls and ceiling, a kitchen that includes the usual appliances, plus one set filled with a different kind of pot. And a living room that would put the Bourne to shame. Nothing real shining you, unless it is the hair gel long hair Parisian style, until you start peering through his record collection.

...and the rest of the world. It's a draw.
...the rest of the world. It's a draw.

Then there is, or there was, until it was arrested, The Probe.
They tell me that more drugs were sold in The Probe on a single night
than in most American cities in a year. It is probably true. The
night I was there I looked, I stared, I gazed, I couldn't believe.
If drugs have become the new medium of exchange, and it has in many
places, this was the Common Market of the World. The governor of
California, members of the State judiciary, legislature, city officials,
cops, gays, straights, and who knows, were all there. My friend told
me that on an average night \$7 million worth of drugs changed hands.
And I believe it. Alas, for them, The Probe is no more. I'm sure,
of course, that it has been replaced.

But that isn't what impresses me the most about The Strip. May-
be it is the fact that the guy at the Chevron station at Hollywood
and Vine (is it?) makes Magnum look like a bum, but he'll still take
the time to wash the windows and give you directions. Or the clerk
in the bookstore, who wouldn't set a fire in the heart of a frus-
trated 60 year old virgin, who will take an hour and tell you about
the legends of Camelot. Or the cop on the beat who could send CHIPS
back to the unemployment lines. Them, and more, are the real stuff
of the Sunset Strip. Not the cowboys.

Konrad here: Thanks, Larry. Larry says the above was inspired
by a Turkish press release last time in 1982HW. It's not the kind of
review one regularly reads in a Diplomacy 'zine, that is for sure...

INTERRUPTINGTHECONTININGLINEARSEPARATORSTORYHEREBECAUSEIHAVENTDONPAGEFIVE

1981IB -- GMAW 2 -- Winter 1904 & Spring 1905

AUSTRIA(Lew): Bld A Vie. A Ven S A Tyl-Pie, A Tyl-Pie, A Tri S A Ven,
A Vie-Boh, F Ion-Tun, F Gre-Bul(sc)
ENGLAND(Fuchs): Bld A Edi. A Edi-Drm, F Ntn C A Edi-Den, F Kie-Ber,
F Swe-Fin, A Nwy & F Bar S A StP, A StP & F Bot S F Swe-Fin
FRANCE(Guyon): Bld F Mar. F Mar-Lyo, F Mid-Wes, A Spa-Nax, A Hol-Bel,
A Ruh-Mun, A Bur S A Ruh-Mun, A Pie-Ven/a/
GERMANY(Hanson): A Ber S A Mun, A Mun S A Ber?/R Tyl, OTB/
ITALY(Martin, J.G.): Rem F Wes, F Tyn. A Rus H, A Rom H
RUSSIA(Langley): F Bot R Fin, Rem F Sev, F Fin-StP(sc)/a/, A Mos &
A Lvn S F Bin-StP(sc), A War-Sil
TURKEY(Schilling): Bld A Con. A Bul H, A Con-Tun, A Nap S AUSTRIAN
A Ven-Rom/nso/, F Aeg C A Con-Tun, F Eas S F Aeg

Interesting material yet again. Big battles up north seem to be
pretty well set -- England annihilates the Russian fleet in Finland.
Germany might hang in there for a while longer, but who can tell?
Basically it appears that it's East vs. West here in a position that
could easily turn into a draw, large scale variety. We'll see with
the Fall 1905 orders, which are due FEBRUARY 14, 1983. Some short
press follows forthwith:

RUSSIA TO ITALY: This is a black press game. Anyone could be
writing my press. As to the lasagne letters, if you feel that way
about them, I'll stop sending them to you. Besides, now that I have
18 centers, you'll probably stop writing to me anyhow.

RUSSIA TO RUSSIA: Don't count your centers before they are ad-
judicated!

WILSON: Hey, I'm always glad to help you out, Scott. I mean readily.

WIMPISH: Of course Mark "saved Scott's ass." He knows how to take care of his material.

A NO TURKEY: Okay.

SCHUDAYS ONE ON EILE FIND OUT JUST WHO ERNIE KLEIN IS BUT WHAT THE HELL IT IS NOT TOUGH ANYWAY

Agate Man episode 9 continued:

He was bound and gagged a a fairly large room. While he was on the floor, virtually mummified, the two S.A.P. goons who had apprehended him were comfortably watching color television from two big fat recliner carcass holders. Cigar smoke rose from behind the chairs, and glasses of cognac were in evidence on the coffee table between the seats. Pretty happy with themselves, it would appear, The Man resentfully guessed. The whole room was covered with about ten years' worth of Playboy centerfolds. Gaudy, Our Hero, muttered under his breath. His whole campaign against the evil perpetrated by S.A.P., he thought, would have been worth it when the last of these pornographic diagrams and posters would be burned. He looked to the TV set on the other end of the room.

"This program brought to you by Sludge, the breakfast food that makes you wish it were lunchtime..." the announcer cheerfully plugged away. "This breakfast food doesn't snap, crackle or pop... it tinkles. Who needs corn flakes that talk to you in the morning? Who wants to wake up and sit down to a bowl of corn flakes that greet you with 'When are you gonna pay the electrical bill?' or 'Listen, baby, you're getting a hell of a reputation down with the girls at the bridge club!' Helino! If the stuff wants to talk, let it talk to other breakfast food. We at Sludge recognize that. We want our breakfast food to be kind, not gruel."

"Agate Man couldn't bear any more, and looked away. What? No pain in his side? Most unusual lately...lately. What was lately? How long had he been out, he wondered.

He drifted back off to sleep. Please, no more Judy, he thought as he lost consciousness.

The bright light shining in his face woke him up again. The heroic man of agate opened his left eye about halfway. He could feel that he was now tied to a chair, and could see the two S.A.P. goons directly in front of him, staring down at him coldly. He was no longer gagged.

"Do you have any relatives in Berlin?" the first goon belted at Agate Man.

"What have you done with Lois and Linda?" Agate Man timidly asked.

"We will ask the questions here, Mr. Man. Have the police disposed of the cocaine shipment you unjustly stole from us in November?" the second goon probed.

"Where is your car? What is your shoe size?"

"What is your favorite musical group? Explain Einstein's theory of relativity."

"What is the per capita wine consumption of Outer Mongolia? What is the capital of Hogo? And to whom did the colony once belong?"

Agate Man, flabbergasted, didn't know what to say. And said so. "I don't know what to say."

"Fool." The second goon plowed his gloved fist into Our Hero's face. "Think fast, then."

Hazen: "You hit me enough?"

"He will ask the questions; how often must we repeat ourselves?"

"What do you want to know? Oops, I'm sorry, I'm willing to answer your questions... but please, don't hit me any more."

"All right," goon numero uno said, smiling. "You have given us trouble for the last time. In reality we don't even want your filthy answers. S.A.P. is in control of the city, or will be in only...twenty hours. Then you will not matter, Cosmopolis will not matter..."

"And if nothing matters, why am I here?" Agate Man interrupted.

"Why are you here? Power. That is why we are here. That is why you are here. And that is why here exists (Dr. No, Ian Fleming)." The goon waved his arm to indicate...well, it doesn't matter what he wanted to indicate, as the Man didn't take it in. "In any event, what does matter is that you are finished. And we now rule Cosmopolis."

"What have you done with Lois and Linda?"

"Hah! Nothing. They betrayed you, ignorant fool. In reality both are special agents of ours, and have been for years."

Agate Man wouldn't believe it. Will you? What fiendish plot has S.A.P. put into motion, and what of the fate of Cosmopolis? Who are these men? Will the Agate Man find a way to escape his devilish captors or will the series end and end quickly? Tune in next time, same Agate Time, same Agate Channel, for episode 10 of The Further Adventures of Agate Man.

MANTHI SEPI SODE HAS BEEN QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE OF THE PAST ESPECIALLY THE FIRST

Various Listings for the Month:

See List:

Tommy -- that's about the tenth or twelfth time I've seen this flick.

Great stuff, absolutely superb. Give it +++++

First Blood -- with Sly Stallone, I was surprised at how much I enjoyed this movie. For a flick without any sex exploitation at all.

I really liked it. And of course Stallone is one tough sucker.

Very few deaths, but plenty of violence. +++++

Airplane II - The Sequel -- nowhere near as good as the first, but it has its very funny moments. +++½

The Chosen -- movie adaptation of the book, below. Lousy job on a good book. Only worth +½.

Tatsois -- excellent movie, really well done. Terrific acting, and an enjoyable story. +++++

Read List:

1984, Orwell -- again. You know it, I know it, this book is top. +++++

The Chosen, Potok -- very well done novel about conflict between Jews.

I enjoyed it and felt I learned a lot from it as well. The movie above couldn't bring out the intellectual conflict, though. +++++

Let Kernalin In Their Own Words, Kendall -- I was hoping for better. But what the hell, you take what you get. +++½

The Economics of the Rich, Tuckman -- Laughable condemnation of anybody not in the very lowest income classes. Tuckman's extreme left positions are great fun to read. +++

Leaders, Nixon -- very well-done book by one of the very few people qualified to write something like this. Instructive, interesting, enlightening. +++++½

The Promise, Potok -- this is a sequel of sorts to The Chosen. using

The book "The...". Even better than the first. +++
The writings of... Starr -- a little bit too basic and
dull. Though much of his well-documented stuff is pretty inter-
esting. The work on population of Rome in the 300-200 B.C. time
is very well done. Short. +++

Visit List:

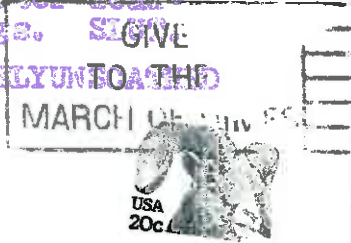
- Washington, downtown: grangola. +++
- Rockville, Md: what the hell, it's not so bad at all. ++++
- Georgetown area: ++++
- Milwaukee: +++++
- Chicago: ++++

Playlist:

- Deep Purple, In Rock. Superb album, Deep Purple's best. Opened the way for lots and lots of imitators' cashins. +++++
- Journey, Escape. It's grown on me. "Dead or Alive" is good; in fact the whole second side is very good. The hit singles are passable. It seems like a cop-out, but a well-done copout. ++++
- Gillan, Future Shock. Last Gillan album with Bernie Torme, guitar-ist extraordinaire. Gillan's humor, timing, and sheer virtuosity makes this one of the best albums of 1981. (Import.) +++++
- Edgar Winter Group, They Only Come Out At Night. Ronnie Montrose is more impressive than Winter here, but I like this album too. Most of it. Especially "Frankenstein," "Undercover Man," etc. ++++
- Blue Oyster Cult, Fire Of Unknown Origin. As usual these days, the hit single is the worst tune, by far, off the album. Not as strong as their first back in 1970, but more than acceptable material from Eric Burdon and the boys. ++++
- Chicago, Chicago V. Underrated. Interesting and varied. ++++
- Black Sabbath, Live At Last. Poorly recorded, reminds one of the Yardbirds Anderson Theater album -- that bad. Music is up to Sabbath par, though Ozzie's voice is shot, as usual. Import, difficult to get ahold of here. Sabbath has just released another live album, this one with ex-Rainbow vocalist Ronnie James Dio on vocals. +++

All right. This will have to be a short issue this time; only 10 pages. That's cool. I have a lot more stuff I want to cram in here, but what the hell, it'll wait until next time. I hope you all enjoyed Agate Man, and the like. Even Ernie Klee's and Victor Dupont's submissions, as well as Dick's Raoul Lee Roth press, have been delayed. There is a lot of stuff waiting in the wings. Issue 23 should have it. We're also going to stick to a lot stricter deadlines in the future...I have gotten too lax about such things. SIGN

THAT'S THE END OF THE STORY HERE IN WRI CHIEFLY COME OVER MAY I ENCOURAGE YOU TO THE



SEND ME A WEAPON! 22
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