

10/1/77

A MAN'S GOT

Collation:  
Jim Elliott

# TO KNOW HIS IMITATIONS

THIS CONSTITUTES AN ENTIRETY OF THIS ISSUE OF FIVE SOLELY FAVORABLE ARTICLES IN PROBABLY PLAIN

Motto #1  
Love...it's a bitch. -- Mick Jagger

Motto #2  
Some noises should never be heard. -- Sam Hunter

Motto #3  
You don't know what you've got.

Motto #4  
They try to steal your soul  
Might even steal your sister.  
-- Joe Elliott

Motto #5  
Let 'em bring their own Doritos.

Colophon: This is the twenty-fifth issue in a finite series of GIVE ME A WEAPON, a journal ('zine in the vernacular) of postal Diplomacy, published and edited by Konrad Baumgartner, Box 8091 Henle, Washington, D.C. 20057. Phone number for those of you who want to contact us that way is (202) 965-2791. I like getting phone calls, but I can't talk to you when I'm not in. My phone hours are between 11 am and 3 am. This journal appears every four weeks, costs \$4.50 for ten issues and has no current game openings

at present, though I am looking for standby players, which status is free with paid subscription. This is RIGMOG Enterprises Production #252.

### Current staff includes:

Editor, Principal Writer, Treasurer, and so forth: Konrad.

Publisher: Konrad and Dick Martin.

Contributing Editors: Victor Dupont and Dick Martin.

Collation, Stapling, Addressing: Konrad and occasionally Uli, maybe Dick.

Technical Aids: JFC A-14 Integrated Amp, Pioneer PL-5 Fully Automatic

Direct Drive turntable, old Fisher speakers of questionable specs, one for replacement, occasionally Koss EV/R phones, and of course

Portables: Korbel brandy, Stolichniya vodka (finite supply), Ginzoff vodka (infinite supply), Jack Daniel's (Uli's stuff; infinite supply).

Korbel supplies: Scott J. Bundy, Flagstaff AZ, makes an annual donation of a full case, every January 5th, and is thus the subject of the first toast on any evening brandy is consumed.

Those Without Whom It All Would Be Impossible: You

IN USE OF VICE PRINCIPAL OFFICERS TOGETHER AND UNCERTAINLY HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY READING IT

### WINDTAP XXI

1) Twenty five issues is kind of a short milestone, but I like thinking in terms of class 25-50-75-100 thingies. While I didn't realize that it'd come that far yet until I typed up this page, and certainly have not prepared any special special issues to account of it. I do think there is a bit more stuff to do. Maybe you'd like to have a turn for the editor.

WANT AN OPPORTUNITY TO... (faded text)

The... I will be... (faded text)

... (faded text)

... (faded text)

Hope you enjoy the issue.

2) EASTCON, at Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, VA, June 4-5, 1983, will be a local Diplomacy convention. Fredericksburg is about 60 miles south of D.C., and hopefully will attract a number of Diplomacy enthusiasts, both postal and face-to-face. Until recently I thought I would be able to attend; now it is questionable, though still a pretty good chance. It's sponsored by the Metro D.C. PWF Diplomacy group, headed by Ed Uebel and his newsletter Politics. Contact him for more information at 3932 N. Forestdale Ave., Dale City, VA 22193. Costs: I forget exactly, but room and meals are very inexpensive.

3) GEN CON XVI, an annual TSR event, will be held again this summer (generally in August) in Kenosha Wisconsin. For more information and games to be scheduled, write TSR Games, or Gen Con Game Fair, Box 756, Lake Geneva, WI 53147. I will almost definitely be at this event this summer, as Kenosha is virtually next door to me.

4) DipCon XVI will be part of Origins again this year, and will be held in Detroit, July 14-17, 1983. Sponsored by the Metro Detroit Gamers, one of the best gaming clubs in the U.S., it'll be run downtown in Cobo Hall. Origins is traditionally sponsored by Avalon Hill Company. The DipCon's three days will have panels, a variant (Gunboat) tourney run by Don Schilling, a regular Diplomacy tourney run by John Caruso and friends, and so forth. General information: M.D.G. Box 787, Troy, MI 48066. Specific DipCon info was published recently by Caruso, and included along with the recent Everything issue.

5) Refractor (my source here) also lists EastCon: June 24-26, 1983. to be held on campus at Glassboro State College, Glassboro, N.J. It's a huge convention, a merger of GenCon East, PennCon, and Antiaticon. Food and housing available on site, and there's lots of nearby accommodations and restaurants and so forth. Over 3,000 people are expected, and there will be a Diplomacy Tournament. Information: send SASE to EastCon, Box 139, Middletown, N.J. 07748.

6) Don Dicker, our current Romanian Market Custodian, will be stepping down shortly, and is currently looking for a replacement. His address is 65 S. Dale Street, Florida, N.Y. 10921, if you think that you may be interested in performing this valuable service for the hobby. But be warned, there is a lot of work involved. Contact Don for all the details. Don's been doing an excellent job now for two years, and I hope his replacement will come close to being as good and reliable.

7) The War of Wits in one 'xine which never seems to cease its publication by Great Events, 326 Quarry Drive, Albany, N.Y. 12205, and

(continued Page 7)



Chapter 18. The High and the Mighty

As the casual reader will recall, Agate had just been reintroduced to his father, who just so happened to be the head of the largest, most fixated rock-craving, drug-using organization in the city, S.A.P. (Stone All People). The boss had made it known to the man that the city of Cosmopolis was in his hands, or would shortly be. The man's chances for getting out of the hideout alive are generously estimated at 75-1, not very good. Vegas was busy, however. At my table...

The Agate man was at a loss for strategy, weapons, food, the usual bit. This troubled trouble. Well, it couldn't hurt to go along with the old man and see what his plan was. Pitting his ingenuity on a nearby shelf, having already downed the contents and finding it otherwise unimportant, our glorious hero respectfully walked behind his table rather to the dinner table -- which wasn't quite as quiet a table as it may sound. In so doing he had to pass through a maze of bullet-proof doors, tunnel with armed guards, and cameras everywhere. Besides making faces at a few of the cameras, he considered throwing his spare change through the metal detectors, but the sight of the armed guards dissuaded him. Shit, he thought, cracking this ring would be a little tougher than he'd originally thought. Maybe I can pull something clever which will throw them off guard and make my way to the top. He fantasized hardly a field day.

Both men sat down to the table and had a leisurely dinner.

"So, ah, how's mom?"

"Dead."

"Right. Um, whatever happened to Vida, my dog?"

"Dead."

"Err, yeah. Okay. Johnny Hess down the block from me? He was always good friend, remember?"

"You met him on the way in."

"What? He?"

"He was one of the men who followed you to Seal's Candy House, and snatched you for five minutes after the bullet hit you, just to make sure you were out and would stay out."

"Great friend. He'll have to get together again sometime with a beer or something. Like hemlock."

"Cut the small talk."

Ten uneasy minutes passed with the only sound being that of teeth crunching the food down to size so that the digestive tracts could get their little feelers into them comfortable-like.

"Okay, now's the time," the Boss ventured, wiping his mouth. "I told you I'd tell you the plan, so here it is. At this stage it doesn't matter anyway. In a few short hours I'll be back in power. Ready? Toot-toot-toot, cough, sneeze, chuckle, sniffle sniffle huck huck a little hunk whew! Power! Um, anyway..."

And he told the story to his faithfully listening man.

After dessert they parted company, and five guards escorted the man of Agate to his room, a wonderful layout with no view whatsoever, but which was allegedly done. Apparently there had been a meddler in the kitchen because the man felt very tired all of a sudden. He collapsed on the television set and began to droop off...

"This program brought to you by the Plastic company - the nation's

...for years. Try a box of Fourmost, or better still, try the large economy size, the Fourmost. Just remember, when using Fourmost, use caution. Caution comes in six delicious flavors. So ladies, if Fourmost persists, see your doctor. If your doctor persists, use Caution. We guarantee satisfaction. If you are not satisfied, just return the unused portion of our product, and we'll return the unused portion of your money."

The Man awoke from his short and fitful sleep. He looked at his watch. Five in the morning. His time was about to run out and he had to act fast. He rang for the guard.

"What do you want?"

"The toilet's clogged."

"Right. Try another one."

Clearly the guard was not going to be fooled by some of the more basic ruses. It was time to employ another little bit of quick thinking. Hmm, yeah, quick thinking would have to do it. In fact, quick thinking would probably be just the thing in a case like this. Certainly, the Agate Man would get nowhere without a fair-sized dose of quick thinking. He getting by without thinking clearly in this day and age. Was there, the Man pondered? Just no way. Quick thinking it would have to be.

"Right again?" The Man cried. (This was the product of all that thinking?)

The guard whirled around and Agate Man bounced a shoe off of his head, rendering the guard unconscious. Picking up the goon's pistol, our hero gently closed the door and headed down the long hallway. It wouldn't be easy, but he had to do it. If he didn't get back to his office before the end of the week, he was fired.

Oh deary deary, what will happen next in the tense drama of Agate Man's adventures? Well, that's a question which I can't answer for you right now, but stay tuned to this AgateMan and by next month all of you faithful watchers of the Agate Man will know the superhero's next step in crossing out and destroying S.A.P. while saving cosmopolis from a new genre than... well, not really worse than, about equal maybe... a drunken woman... still two, kiddies, and remember the tricks used on this show are done in a studio. Don't try them at home, and especially not without adult supervision. Right now.

...of the things that I don't have much space to...

I try to get rid of these things because I don't have much space to store them around here. They are back issues of older publications I've meant to sell but everything is gone, but I still have the following in stock:

1980-81-82, Three copies of this thing, From March 1980.  
1981-82, 5-10 From December 1981 (1 copy), 22 (Jan 1982), 23 (Feb 1982), and 24 (Mar 1982). I'll send you all of these for \$1 which is postage for first class. I don't want them, please take them off of my hands.

I also have some magazines I'd like to sell, simply because I never had around to destroy them. They are, with price per issue:

1980-82 issue, 24 in envelope. Great condition:	\$3.25
1981-82 issue, 24 in envelope. Hardly played:	\$3.25
1982-83 issue, 24 in envelope. Played once:	\$2.25

Here are some more at home that I'd like to sell, but I don't remember how all right at the moment. Perhaps I'll take inventory this summer. I'm sure you'll be glad to see them when I finally place...



CONFIDENTIAL

It is only during that time that I can recall... I had been... until I opened...

"You see," I wrote a well-known... I would... Dick and Julie... I would encourage me to nibble her ear, to kiss her intimately, to stroke her ample breast and firm buttocks. But in private she was all... How frequently I rushed to the bathroom, blaming gastrointestinal distress for my haste! Sadly, it was a different kind of solitary relief I sought...

When I confessed to Julie that I desired her with my entire body and soul, she did not respond to the fire burning in me. She turned away, her eyes downcast, her body shivering with disgust. And the next day, two of 'Red's' bully boys delivered a crude warning message to me in the form of a brutal beating. Talk about non-verbal communication! I knew right away that "Dick" wasn't added anymore.

I thought they would just let the Dick head die down. But obviously they're milking it for all it's worth. You see, they spread that everyone else their confession itself as a lie. Thus, the issue is clouded a little and those who believe the confession to be a joke think they have the inside information.

I won't let that happen! Julius used me and now they're treating me like dirt. They won't get away with this. I'll show the world from every reputable place that dares to print it. The "Lucky" Dick Martin will stand up for his rights!

Eight? Night? Puh! You overpaid, double-crossing scoundrel, who are you to bring up rights? Do those German and Russian "Doctors" have to pay you another visit? However, regardless of whether or not you have rights, I've been kindhearted enough to bring this little pack of lies (ummm). After all, who's going to believe a politician's character?

STANDARD INFORMATION AND MEDIA SERVICES AVAILABLE FROM THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

END

From Steve Margler (26 Feb 83):

Mr. President,  
You asked what I thought of 'Fairytale' (sic). I suppose you meant Julie's 'Bible of the Fairies.' I'd happy that I've seen Julie's work. Some mutual friends agreed that Dick was not the kind of person you would expect a child to be pleased to see their advances mentioned. It had been good... in the past... when...





to know that some of the persons that have gone a little lately. Sometimes persons will say something that is not intended to hurt, but is taken the wrong way. I know I have done this in the past, and I know I will be more careful about it in the future.

Do you realize that you are guilty of the exact same thing you call to mind Gary Coughlan for? I would like to go on the record as being opposed to your "anonymous" zine reviews. You boast Gary's old policy of printing anonymous bitches, but you are doing the same thing yourself. If someone wants to call Eric Kane a bad GM, then what's fine, but let that person sign his own name to his comments. If the person writing the reviews doesn't have enough courage in his convictions to let us know who he is, then I for one cannot give any weight to his opinions. I'll bet if you were to ask for your readers' opinions, they would tell you, too, that you should either print this person's identity or skip the reviews altogether.

The articles about weinalls was a pisser. I also enjoyed the classic about the Italian driver. Keep up the work!

[It's not work when I get letters like this one...it becomes quite fun, actually. And that's why I do it. Thanks for writing.

On the fancy footwork in your car this past summer, see the article by my stardin for "Dick Martin," page 5. Cases like this were very difficult to work on short notice, as our pizza run was. Seeing double was precisely why I pushed the tears on you guys. As for the 'za itself, considering how often a week I have a real meal, when I get a chance that little pizza is next to nothing.

On the anonymous 'zine reviews: I hold that they are somewhat different from Coughlan's bitches, insofar as Coughlan solicited nothing but negative comments, "Bitches" as it were. So he got nothing but unsubstantiated character assaults...precisely what he asked for. The 'zine reviews have been written either pro or con, depending on how my reviewer saw the 'zine. Kane's 'zine got a good mark, though his GMing didn't. Larzelere's 'zine was given an excellent review. Whitestopia got good and bad, and a later upgrade, while Bushwacker's mention was neutral. So it's not strictly the same thing. However, I've asked a few people for their opinions, and the results will be clear from this issue. I wonder what "Ernie Klee" would have had to say about VD?

RIGHTWETLAWANYRATREIFANYONEE?SEHASCOMMENTSONTHE SUBJECTRESUBJECTATTREBYWILL\*REIK

#### Wiretaps Continued:

costs \$5 for ten issues monthly with occasional mid-monthlies, latest issue #74 and issues generally between 24 and 34 pages long (seriously) is a zine you might want to look into. He can always use standby players, and the 'zine is generally chock-full of interesting letters and articles. Bruce himself is quite an interesting and prolific writer, and the 'zine has a reputation for being, shall we say, outspoken? Bruce doesn't shy away from saying what he believes, and recent editorial policy revelations should bring the 'zine more respectability and responsibility than it's been enjoying lately. In addition, he has another special issue planned... Tell him who sent you.

3) How's John's John Michalaki Green's send to John Daly? How do you know when you're at a laser hockey game? There's a face-off in the corner.







GERMANY (Beyerlein): F Lon-Nth, F St (no) Nth, A Lvp H  
 FRANCE (Cheek): Rom A Ruh, A Bre S A Plo Tar, A Plo Tar  
 GERMANY (Langley): Bid A Kie, P Nat-Lyn, W Nsh-Edi, A Plo-Ruh, A Kol S  
 A Kie-Ruh  
 ITALY (Kluge): Bid A Rom, N ... F Van H, A Par H, F Lyp H,  
 F Tun H, F Tyn H, A Bel H, A Rom H  
 RUSSIA (Lischett): A Ukr-Run, A Mos Sev, A War-Ca, A Vie-Bud/R Tyl, Boh,  
 OEB/, A Nwy H, A Mun-Sil, F Swe S A Nwy  
 TURKEY (Martin): Bid A Con, F Adr S A Tri, A Tri S A Gal-Vie, A Gal-Vie,  
 A Ser-Bud, A Sev-Run, A Arm-Sev, F Bla S A Arm-Sev, A Con-Bul, F Aeg S  
 F Ion, F Ion S ITALIAN F Tun-Tyn/nso/

Yawn. Okay. Bob Kluge had winter buildsin from last time, but never sent in spring moves. No standby will be called, as I know Bob will stick with this game/position. Not to worry. However, Stevie Langley has resigned from the game, for reasons stated in the letter column tis issue. All right, taking over Germany will be Peter Fuchs. Addresses of all players:

- Doug Beyerlein, 640 College, Menlo Park, CA 94025
- Bob Cheek, 14160 Redhill Ave, #14, Tustin, CA 92680
- Pete Fuchs, 3585 Inspiration Drive, Colorado Springs, CO 80917
- Bob Kluge, 8513 Valdes, St. Louis, MO 63123
- Andy Lischett, 3025 N. Daviin, Chicago, IL 60618
- Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N, Rockville, Md 20854

There we go. Lately we've had a few missed moss crop up in this game; let us see if we can hold those down to a minimum in the future, shall we? It's not just a matter of blowing your own position, but of lessening the fun for the other players. Right. FALL 1987 ORDERS DUE APRIL 16, 1983

LONDON TO GERMANY: I can guarantee that I will be the last English monarch you will ever have to deal with. However, I am not sure that will be entirely to your liking.  
 FRANCE: Where - there is no windirow.  
 GMAW: Huh?  
 AUSTRIA TO TURKEY: Character is much easier kent than recovered.  
 TURKEY TO RUSSIA: What we see depends on what we look for.  
 ITALY: It is always the adventurers who accomolish great things.  
 FRANCE TO EVERYONE ELSE: Don't you all wish you could live in sunny California?  
 FRANCE: The first step to greatness is to be honest.  
 GMAW: Ask not what I can do for you but how much you can do for me.  
 KONRAD: Don't believe anything written under my datelines...harumph.

LINE-ORFLOUSYGAPLEPITTOGOIHADITOWA ITUNTELEHUELASTWINTTETOTYPEPHISONHUPONPROTU

19830 -- GMAW 5 -- Spring 1983

RUSSIA (Rauterberg): F Tri-Alb, A Bud-Ser, A Vie-Bud  
 ENGLAND (Delzer): F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-Nth, A Lvp-Yor  
 FRANCE (Dave Ditter): A War-Sea, A Par-Bar, F Bre-Eng  
 GERMANY (Fuchs): A Mun-Bar, A Bar-Kie, F Kie-Den  
 ITALY (DeLaurentis): A Ven-Tyl, A Rom-Ven, F Neo-Ion  
 RUSSIA (Edison): F StP(ed)-Bot, A War-Ca, A Mos-Ukr, F Sky-Bla  
 TURKEY (Halioyan): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank H

That's everyone not against me! old Paul Rauterberg, GMAW  
 Game 5 continued next page.





to life in Trieste, Budapest, and Bosnia led by nationalistic minorities determined to gain their freedom from the tyrannical Franz-Josef. Troops have been dispersed in an attempt to put down the massive revolt. Will they succeed? Only time will tell.

Washington: President McKinley today announced his support of the Italian government and its policies. He has decided to send increased military aid and nullify the tariff against Italian goods. In addition, he has severed diplomatic ties with Austria and erected a total embargo against this tyrannical nation.

GIVE ME A WEAPON: Frueh's correct zip code 53715.

WELLTHISASCETA INLYGONEONLONGENOUGHFORNOWFOURORFIVEPAGESOFFPAGESOFFPAGESOFFGAMES

### Wretap, Part II

Listiepoos.

Eat/Drink/Inject list: nothing, during the course of typing this up.

Read List: Zilch. Too busy to read.

Movie List: Dracula, the Frank Langella movie. +++ stars, pretty good, actually...rather unusual for a Dracula movie. I love 'em all. If I have one complaint it would be that Langella looks too young to play Dracula.

But all the better for the girls, I would guess, and there were a few...  
Playlist: Lessee, what did I play?

Def Leopard, On Through The Night. Probably the best heavy metal band to emerge from England in the last few years, they show amazing sophistication for a band so young (average age at time of this record was 19 years old). High energy material, and not one bummer in the set. A few of these songs will be classics of hard rock years from now.

Def Leopard, High An' Drg. Second album by this terrific group. Nothing to cough at. But not as good as the first.

Joan Jett, Bad Reputation. I've come to really love this album; for an ex-Runaway, a queen of noise, this is a landmark album, and a highly personal statement. The musicianship is excellent, the band is tight, Jett's vocals have never been better. The trillion-selling I Love R&R was a real let-down after this one. New album due in June.

Quickilver Messenger Service, Happy Trails. An excellent group at the height of their career on this live album. Cipollina's flowing guitar lines steal the show.

I can't remember anything else. Which is good because I'm just about out of space.

Last note: Deadline for GMAW 26 is April 16, 1983. I have some stuff lined up: that bear review for Victor, a 'zine review by someone not anonymous, letters to spare, and so forth. Plenty of games, too...

WELL ENOUGH OF A GOOD THING I COULD HAVE GONE TO SIXTY N PAGES BUT FELT THAT WOULD BE PUSHING IT

GIVE ME A WEAPON 25  
Konrad Baumeister  
Box 6050 Menle Village  
Georgetown University  
Washington, D.C. 20057

Your sub is up this issue \_\_\_\_\_  
four sub is up next issue \_\_\_\_\_  
Your liftetime sub is up \_\_\_\_\_

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1273 Crest Dr.  
Encinitas, CA 92024

