a hat byer es com a grouped tariolis ton alleg Bubbs less to the appropriate the start of the st



GIVE ME A WARROW in a journal of postal Liplomacy ("also in the variableimio which have on a some-or-less francesk basis, salted and published to - No. wad Parisoleton, 2050 Table, backing ten, D.C. 2007?. Biono Amilya halo is (202) 955-2771, to to accit only very late at might... op writh ? cm, no vice. No cally at A carella to politicly sweered, unless I hoppen to be swale, and if I pp. I'm lightly coing sepacte... who we while covers. We izino jas no pesa openiare in reguele Dipieracy es present, citarrist, sequire. Subscriptions were 10 insues for \$4.50 at present, abandle etated coass free give a paid subscription. HEP Well for the Locks. Therefore

बाक देन कहा बन्त बन्त होता और कोर्ट देश कोर्ट देश कोर्ट देश कोर कोर्ट कीर्ट केर्ट बन्ट बन्ट बन्ट कार पर हार करें

Mercy in the deed of plants. 33' I se orloped by what I cannot tell for I save I send to sell? it's only made believe to you...

5: Find out whit's good in life and

tring it. - Scott bunds to West the plans a gultar. he seems to be seen the seems of To end the rege thought we trail it sudcos, Volet Wiers, wil of the -- Ban Stowert

nzota mes de nezatava iszok

iraludat ditt tika iras ser tida yacpin. And the contract of the contra

rža saine po samo spiroteži, žiji a terpiojija, i u vodili a

- HIRKTAR INTI

1). Hogdy, gentlemen sno ladice. Envloyed mon well dind pleaty of interesting and occssionally assimp bits of reading meterial. Dut it is likely that you won't find much in the ung of games, because it does not look, at thice take, like there will be enough recor to agrees that fil in F vill be pricial up on into and Clebrillated to the block and knowled, and thepill lint, let be i twice tips a. The this the true of w

any were) and More office served size were to ober the I had sizes use standby players and the paids to right and the sastable was want on or off.

- 3/ Jim Bampas, bins Dillard Road, Bugens, UR 97/05, is running a Bourss suction, but it's not just an ordinary section. It seems like he's added a few rules for realism and sous just for a little extra func calls it the Libourse. Jim's 'sine, Liberightman, appears every two weeks like clockwork, and he's got a republich as a great gamesmaster. Take a look.
- 4) It's that time of the year again. In May I'll be headly back to Parkview Estates, in Wisconsin. I'll put out the next issue here in Washington, and directly after that. I'm flying back home. So...if you have anything to send me after 17 May 1983 please mail it to the following address:

Konrad Baumelster 11415 Purkview Lene Hales Corners, WI 53130 (414) 425-4632

Telsphone hours will be changed radically, as well. Since I will be working reguels 8-5 hours, I imagine that I will be home at that phone number between the hours of 7 pm and midnight. Not later than that, please, at least not during the week. I'm not the only one that lives there, cither. If you have the ineatiable urge to call me during the daytime, I will be at this number: (614) 264-2400. Use that sparingly: I'm expected to be working for my money, not jabbering all day long.

Without access to Dick's machine, I'm not 100% sure of the reproduction scuring the summer, but I do know a couple of outlets, and I imagine

that GMAW will continue to be a dittozine.
5) "Down-scaled Retaliation"? Hah! I was putting out dittozines before that clown even entered the cobby! Clone indeed ...

6) Now, what was I going to say?

Ah, back to normal now. "Nominations are being solicited for the Use Miller Wemorial Award. The award operates in much the same fashion as the Les Pimley Award in England, in that the recipient is selected by the members of thehobby voting from a list of nominees. Individuals are asked to nominate themselves, although the Nominations Committe can nominate an individual. Members are Kathy Byros, Fred Davis, John Kador, and Erupe Minsey.

the made a significant contribution to the hobby during the post faw verys is elegide for nonination for the award. With your the continuous for include a few sentences describing what it is that you have contributed to the hobby. Please send these to Lawry Poery, Box The second of 92102 by 1 day 1983, somer if possible. The recipa Tant of the Avant will receive a plaque, presented at DipCen if possible.

Hoteles are currently being typed up and condensed...maybe.
In substance to those I've used for years (since 1977)
The many them madeute I've rue out of copies and have gotten re

cussin for them. so surprised,

9) Coming most issue: New Magick by mail: preparing for World War Ully 101 Things to De with a Daffated Balloom; Our annual review of porne magnustures Poodle Forture comishes limite Rouse sude, and naturally, anch maci move. Stay manad-

only who the merroused. He same with a fame. You wan't get caught le vole du d'é destroire les voirs band le 🕶 Charles (Emples) convicted

and confiscating the coors weapon, a louis 1 truly and rather everyhelming numbers but hap the state of the coors weapon, a louis 1 truly and rather everyhelming numbers but hap the half area the first area. shet the hell, even the Men of Agets wouldn't look might home in the mouth. Usually, (It's kind of dumb to look a remober in the mouth anyways.) He was heading down the fallway his housewhole spine. as we catch up with him.

Well, we'll catch up with him the came the wom-or-lock as the aquadd of goone will, since Agate Man tripped about every alweene he holted down the hall. Ah well, he had a change and he wook les

who can fault him for that?

À. S.A.P.'s equipment, being merely stolen from the Cosmonolis got ment, was hardly overly new or state of the art, however, and besides the location of the old cell and a map of the underground passageways available for use, the S.A.P.s had little idea of where the Man was, exactly. The alarms didn't pinpoint location, they were all triggored by the first one, which was right outside his deer enymays. No help there, Squad B's commander, a young man with shoulder-length blond hair and an Uzi in his hands, thought to himself. He'd bean with this loudy outfit for almost a fullyour now, and was still running around with four goens to commander, grungy food, lousy pay, the works. No, they'd never promised him a rose garden, but they had promised him a little better than this. Not to werry, once Composits was taken, there would te bonuses all around. First Cozmopolis, then ...

"Boss, we be at the elevators, whaddows do now?" a hondered by each

asked him, somewhat hervously.

"Shut up, I've get important things on my mind. Oh. Um, ho me are All eight. We stand an wait for the clown to show, and we waste him if we have to I suppose we can set up some dort of defense. You two, grad thes or four tubles from that room there and we'll drop on siderays for e walls Cimon, hustle, this im't a pionic!" the orders baked. Limps amenganous a milways crises. After all, this was ever buy himselv a little postle, a house in the country, get married, and live out his life as a then, gentle indispense. With the money hard gat up a locate he might be enough to even descrete a little to some of his favorite chartology and relie Evelophed to Spelety for Prevention of Creative and the Spelety for Prevention of Creative and the Spelety for by Tamoralited.

althri a longing timequidinter Datas to, assas in grant Get a move on he builded with his reviewed to them? He hear's heard anything this cut was one I in go in and check its out "
in two men counting money on the in

the mean of the end of the following the party and the design of the mean's sample. The county boundaries hit the young brond many thin was the Therest have some bending the supplies of ship and or well to-

111

The state of the s one is the compact are good promothing, which has man world never have ille money and a light store.

It sumprise

The got a for any berg sooney.

" He was just about randy to come out and well ye about it." the goad Leader mumbled, "I bet, but the money where on the control of the organization. Pick up your more such that the money where you have a control of the haziway. Nah, leave your goad you'll read that big one there."

The two goens mumbled something about idiots and quick money and screw the organization and what kind of dolt would turn down cold cash,

but dutifully picked up the table at both ends and started for the door. Soundproof, isn't it? thought the blond man, as he watched his men head towards the door. A broad grin coresed his face as he lifted his Uzi and pointed in the direction ofhis men.

Episede 14: The Marshall Plan

Greedy, aren't people? Marshall stuffed his pockets with the high-est demanination bills he could find, and headed out the door. Any key to this thing? No. Oh well, I can always come back, he figured, and if somebody else beats me to it, I've got enough already anyway.

"Listen, you two. They're having some trouble in there with the

furniture. Anything happen out here?"

"Nothin, boss, everything's quiet, You want us to go in and help * de 11227 "

"Naw, they'llbe out in a second. Just been takin' 'em some time. 's all. Tell ya what, though. If we're guarding the elevator, we may wellchack to see it's down here, and not on another floor. The Agate han night got in on the third or fourth floor and take off and we'd never the its justification here like idiots." He pressed for the elevator.

His two men muttered to each other something about what was up

harshall's sleeve, he's acting funny, that was a pretty stupid idea with the devator, baldes how could Agate Man get to another floor without taking another elevator up, and the rest were all guarded, and so forth.

The elevator arrived and opened. The young blend men they called marshall stapped in A quick look around. Everything seemed to be in

arder Good.

"Hoy you! I think I haard something downthe hallway. Better you all check it out."

"Where?"

"The probably Agate Man? He's packed. Run and head him in the season to be turns the corner!"

"I didn't hear nothing! What's the idea, anyway? Something going on how on what? You been acting funny lately, men ... "

from the white a gotten inte ye, anyway ...?"

Then blood and Lymens a noise. Footstaps. "Steps?" Hardly, more It is the second of the second internal a line of a more desperate, realizing that want of a war actually

and a summary of the summary of the summary control weapons, as to thin when it makes a company of the company of the

skill in the alguater blew the backs of his two remaining aquad men into cloves in a let stort burps and present the button for regund level

ten stories up. Life was good Marshalz smiled. What is the story with Agate Mar? Han he missed his chance to get toothe surface? Will Marshall get away with his ill-gotten gains? Will S.A.P. s organization destroy both of them in one quack blow? Who or shat remains to be battled fore the two see light? Has agate Man's lateness of a few weeks lost him his job in the city's Water Bureau? Stay tuned for the answers to these and other questions in the next episode of The Further Admentures of Agete Man of Cosmopolis.

AINTTHATKEEF SHERWOODJUSTAREALCHARACTERORWHATDOYOUTHINKOPTHATFAKEISSUEPANTAS VII

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

By J.

So "Dick Martin" is feeling sorry for himself? Isn't that too bad? Well, what about Julie? What about Julradie Glass Baumartin? What about the real victim of "See How They Run," that piece of wimpering sexist trash Konrad had the nerve to print without consulting me? What about me?

Meni! They think that have a right to our bodies. They sneer and grope and slaver and then if they don't get their rocks off, they cry. I can't believe it.

Can anyone have any idea what I've gane through these past months playing Konrad's little game? No! By day cuddling up to "Dick." By night trying to be naturalagain. Schize: It's no wonder I got carried away with "Dick" once or twice. I wasn't leading him on. My body just got confused. And I was not responsible for Merano and Fessio's little visit. Rad got jealous and you know how Germans tend to overcompensate.

Anyway, what am I apologizing for???! I am not a piece of meat- or even fish - to be bounced back and forth between two animals with only one thing on their collective mind. I am a person. I have feelings. I have an identity. And I intend to assert it. I'm fed up with the vietim role.

ALL PUBBERS PLEASE READ THIS PARACRAPH AND PROVIDE APPROPRIATE PLUGS I am now launching a feminist journal of all-woman Diplomacy, called Sheet of Glass No men (or boys) will be allowed to receive or play in Sheet except standbies who abide by the special male standby rule (i.e., males will only be called to standey for one or two center countries who have no allies and are under attack from all of their neighbors, the only permissible order will be Hold). Sheet is absorbing five Me A Weapon and Melaliation as subzines. As a convenience to me, these two subzines will continue to be produced and mailed out under separate covers by their editor. The men corrently playing in GMAW or Retal will be aboved to continue until they make a mistake like failing to date their orders or not sending them in a week shead of the deadline. Eventually Sheet will absorb all male somes rationalde. They're il pretty much the nume snyway, just simple vehicles for the aggreent aspent of male egos. Sheet itself will se unique as a refine un done de alligraphy on in actual pane of glasse. The the transfer of the second of the second

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Now learn to control you wolf or Till tops out the key fact's

and banky waterland to have to are builted you,

TPANYEDDYAUGUAKETAKET CHEAROVER CRIOUSEN IMAYCONSIDERGOFMI PETAC SUICIDEO RSOME PALIN

SHOP CHARKS in to the a latter, Shoot. (Fing Mark Serch.)

Dear Kongad,

I'm feeling disagreeable, so I taink I'll deagree with averyone in

sight. Starting with you.

I do not agree with your criticism of Langley. To begin with, Langley made it very clear from the start that in Magus, you would get Langley's personal life, so you can hardly be surprised that if a big change occurs in his love life, the readers will hear about it. I do not believe that your description of it as "bragging in print" is accurate. One steals things, not people, and stories of the sort "Jack loses the girl to John" are as old as written literature. These things happen and people write about that happened. I do not view his columns as "Bragging", as I do not made in it emposive levels of, for example, gloating, or any significant material of "I'm better than you are Greg" kind of talk. It was a story of a stance, pure and simple, and sometimes the remanced person is married. Store was happy, and he wrote about it, and yes, sometimes one's own happing was happy, and he wrote about it, and yes, sometimes one's own happing a maind that that job would have been gotten by someone clse, who would have been hired in your place or perhaps fired to mkae the slot open

the deciding that unless the pressures of time and one's personance of playing, that people should not resign from games unsuit obligation as a player very lightly, and see not in the contraction of the contraction of the contraction of the person writing analysis for the game of the contraction are very unfair to the other players, as such that contract the contraction of the contraction o

dented with Druge's comments about the anonymous of the second of the se

The let be strike by the letter of the lette to the what who column is truly anon or not it to the

Huge Al lance rour persons but menthoded to me that they are prestly more That has a lumn de wed that do willing Dick we little Cartin

noticed up. On the 'zine evenue I've heard points for and points again. so far I've heard more pro than Anti, though it's pretty close. I am go be to put together a questionaire of sorts on the zine in July or August and this question will then be brought up. Until then, the reviews are on hold

As to the identity of "Ernie Klea," I have heard Kathy Byrne accuss Julie of writing the Whitestonia review, and Eric Kane ask3ed me whether or not Paul Rauterberg wrote the Anduin review. Neither is correct, but I've heard no other speculation. From now on, though, I can't answer such inquiries, for obvious reasons. Can't have people just checking names off of my subber list. ann we?

On resigning from games, I agree totally with you. I have never resigned from any game for any reason other than time problems. I am still

playing in Langley's Bourse section in Magus.

You are correct inwhat you say in the first paragraph. Romance has always been a popular topic, and Langley's writings have always been primarily concerned with Steven Langley: there has never been any indication that this would change. What I meant to say, and what I perhaps was not entilely clear in expressing, was not that I was disgusted that Langley's love life had improved; not at all. I did not consider it particularily classy that he made all of the details so bloody clear in front of 60 people nd one person in particular, Gregg Fritz. From my point of view, were I gregg, this long article from Langley could only read like open boasting, gloating. (I am not speaking for Gregg -- I aan not -- but I will say that Julie received a 4-page letter, overflowing with thanks for printing some of the various articles on the subject. He doesn't get GMAW, but I firmly believe I would have received a card on the matter, too.) That was some col lap in the face.

For you it's not so critical. Stave Langley, someone whom you know ordy marginally, falls in love with a girl who just happens to be the wife of Gregg Fritz, another marginal acquaintance. Reading that may mean absolutely nothing. Remember, though, this is real life, not some cheap re-

mance novel.

So let's bring it closer to home. (Dig. dig for an example.) It's been suggested by another publisher recently that Julis Bartin and I have been fooling around. What if something actually did happen and Dick Marting of my pleasest personal friends opens up the next issue of GMAW (which goes out to 65-70 other papels every month) and reads that I'm happy as hell because I now have his wife and he doesn't? Hey, that must really hurt tagardless of how I phrase or treat it.

Parties well first shits and gries let's lake it all the way for a let a lake it all the way for a let a lake it all the way for a let a lake it all the way for a let a lake it all the way for a let a lake it all the way for a let's lake it all the way f impline while I've known you for vested but supresting you opened up this denne of the or mere he tak you have woke up alone and have " water metaling

a futty divide criticia area premius. Conta me

ng i full- tony shadent, and am active in Diglomay and radio. Now, I classis more during what I need, portuge at the expense of some poor thack if who needs the money a lot more than I do the I have to bloom for give ing anything up | Sems I soppose, with Langley I because, also make ours that I don't walk down to Anagostia alone, at night, and advertise the

a transport to the contract of the contract of

Thanks for writing a standating letter.

TLOVEGETTINGLETTERSLIKETHISINTHEMATIBECAUSEITSTOORARETHATIHAVETOTHINKTHRINGSTAL

YOU MAY HAVE NOTICES _

Obscenely close to April 1, a little 'zine popped into my mailbox, passing itself off as Gimma A Wanch. What it turned out to be was a fake of GMAW, done by the disabled mind of Keith Sherwood. I loved it ... Keith did a terrific job of imitating and lampooning my style in a copple of different ways. He did takeoffs on just about everything normally found in an issue Agate Man. Raoul Lee Roth press. Wiretap, the mottos and quotes, linear sparature, etc. It's all there, and I had a great time going through it. Thanks. . and I'll think of some way to get revenge, Keith, don't worry, that Retalication article was just the beginning...

I actually had someons write me offhandedly that my latest issue had

morrived, and made some comments as to the contents ...

Previously, EGGNOG had been faked back in 1980, by John Michalski some Kelp from Francois Cuerrier, and Andy Lischett once did a parcdy MCGNOG's front page in his Cheasecaka, which was also a scream. Bob Oguch was involved (and I don't know who else) in faking a STRANGA BREW in 980 but that was used as a negotiation tool. rather than a fake distributed to the readers for amusement. It's always a compliment.

If anybody did not get the Take, write to Keith Sherwood, a.k.a. Malrus at Box 6457. In Jolla, CA 92037 and ask for a copy Might be good idea to enclose a stamp or something to defray Keith's already con-

of wrable expenses. Shouldn't be missed...

DE DEMONATORS OREAS CUTA SHANSONWILL TELLY OUTHER AMONES WERE PUNKBEFORE THE SEXPLSTOLS

The Line House, continued from Page 10:

other hand there is "You Got A Narve." Actually, the majority is good At mayke.

The Rangeaus, Paitin' For The Night was their last, and heavily domdelegate with a backboat. On that level it's not really torrific.

old male de alba de alba de cr'abs melting pot. 114 and the boys Sub-Inquest al muse nows include the former and the latter has bear sive forest

657

THE CONTINUE CONTINUE CONTINUE SAME SOME SOME SECURIOR OF THE CONTINUE OF THE

The arplole on Per 🤥

Little Bradley as the iron a pleasant might's steep at precisely 7:30 am just as he usually did, and got ready to go to school. Well, fuch school today, he thought to himself he had to answer some of the piles of hate sail that had been accumulating concerning his feverite hobby, Diplomacy-by-mail. For a lot of people who were getting together to enjoy the game and have run, they sure bitched a lot about each other. Oh well, Bradley wasn't above it himself, and today he would write a few people enough inflammatory material to finally really teach then to have fun.

Bradley's mother, a toothsome lady (?) of 36 (either you can now guest just how young Bradley is, or you believe you've gotten to the deay part; I don't care which you think, actually), entered the playroom, where the minscense had long since neutralized the unshowered lad's body odor, and was, in fact, strong enough to knock a buzzard off a shitwagon 50 feet away. "Why aren't you going to school?" she inquired.

"Because this is more fun," Brad shot back. And it was. Here he was, safe had been been determined the anonymity and security of the U.S. Postal "Service," and still able to hurt other people rather easily. Of course, if anything ever got serious, he could always make like he was joking. Funny guy.

He'd light a joint, but it might take away needed time.

Instead he threw a dart in his mother's direction, and hoped she'd pick up the hint. Troublesome wretch, couldn't she see he was busy with

important matters?

The to work on the 'zine. Bradley put together a few games, typed 'em up; couldn't have had more than two or three mistakes this time, either. Next came his favortie part: the letters. This stack was pat-pn-the-back stuff, basically written by a couple of drinking buddies of his. The next was a stack from people whom he told were friends, but that's not what he told his father, who wrote replies to the letters, ridiculing the authors and their opinions so that Bradley could look intelligent. Someday Bradley's be able to write the replies imself. Maybe.

Next up were the articles. No articles submitted this month. Again.

Wander why not?

Bradley turned to the giant turnip that was growing bigger every day

in the corner of his room. He puked.

At 11:15 am his mother brought in the mail...well, that's not exactly true, actually she pushed it under the door, remembering well the dart that had missed her by inches. Some people do romember these things. Mail call was fairly heavy. Three sets of orders, filed. May be he'd use them this month, maybe next month. In any event, he'd have to change the adjudications, something he hated to do. Maybe he should change his houserules? Two letters that could be printed. They didn't have much to do with anyo thingm but what the hell? One letter that begged to be printed...which was exactly why it would never meet master. Couldn't stand those types. Five 'zines, how 'bout that? Negro he could shred, never anything in that rag. Didn't know why he got it. Well, it added to his trades, boosting his own circulation. Bedroom Scene ditto (in more ways tham one). Mishmash hade a good five minute read, then was togsed on the floor. Take Out The Trash printed a letter he'd written...unfrotunately, the editor had made a mostery of Bradley's positions, making him look like somewhat of a horse's ass. The fifth 'aird has cast aside without a glance as Bradley started d whim Derling, head in his hands. He'd showsthem. He knew best.

Land A. A. S.

The Mary More Evals as Aller would be made of the many property novic some of those scene are pople in a ferrinary in the scene are pople in the ferrinary and the scene are pople in the ferrinary for the scene are pople in the ferrinary for the scene are populated as the sc

Had Max I've seem betone, when he plumpy reason to go back and part ly agein. This is one of my whiletime devortation (pardon le spolling), a comple of the violence farts movie odioction. Gare better every time, too. French Connection, move over cover

The Road Marrior was the follow up to Mad Wax and a good job it is, Takes it out of the city and into the wilderness basically the idea isjust to overce everything that appeared in the earlier flick. They do not always succeed, but you gotta give 'em credit for trying. *****

Moniv Fython's Meaning of Life was somewhat of a disappointment for mo. It had its very fanny moments, especially the "Crimson Permanent Assurance" and "Birth," with "Death" coming close, but everall it just doesn't rate up with their previous movies. *** is generous here.

The Seven Samurai, an epic 1954 Japanese flick, turned out to be very yeary good. Really don't know what else so say here; more fight scenes might have been nice, but they weren't really necessary, and could actually have been counterproductive. Great stuff: if you get a chance, see it. ****

Flastoward | Mailling Lance Scenes, tandarie 9 12, **** plot Lat Melicious Over 1 ***

Drink List: Whatever was leftover in the Stolichnaya bottle, lots of Wiedemann beer (it's going down and I picked a lot up cheap), cases of Wiedemann beer (it's going down and I picked a lot up cheap), cases of Wiedemann beer (up c

Rod Stewart, The Rod Stewart Album may well be his best. Still into the blues at the time, and fresh outof the Jeff Beck group and into Faces, the booze was flowing freely, the voice was at its best, and the guitar

Ron Wood, uncredited) is very tasty. ***** Red Stawart, Foot Loose And Tancy Free has its ups and downs. A really uneven bit; one the one hand the genius of "I Was Only Jaking." and on the (Continued Page 8, bottom)

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