

any more), and Mark Nelson. Ample side work is done. I have always
use standby players, and the price is right, too. Please write if you
want on or off.

3) Jim Bumpas, 4425 Willard Road, Eugene, OR 97405, is running a
Bourse section, but it's not just an ordinary section. It seems like
he's added a few rules for realism and some just for a little extra fun;
calls it the Libourse. Jim's 'sine, Libertoymen, appears every two
weeks like clockwork, and he's got a reputation as a great gamesmaster.
Take a look.

4) It's that time of the year again. In May I'll be heading 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 27 May 1983, please mail it to the follow-
ing address:

Konrad Baumister
11416 Parkview Lane
Hales Corners, WI 53130
(414) 425-4631

Telephone hours will be changed radically, as well. Since I will be work-
ing regular 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, either.
If you have the insatiable urge to call me during the daytime, I will be
at this number: (414) 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 reproduc-
tion during 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 hobby! Clone indeed...

6) Now, what was I going to say?

7) Ah, back to normal now. "Nominations are being solicited for the
Don Miller Memorial 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 the hobby voting from a list of nominees. Individuals are
asked to nominate themselves, although the Nominations Committee can nomi-
nate an individual. Members are Kathy Byrnes, Fred Davis, John Kador, and
Bruce Lindsey.

Anyone who has made a significant contribution to the hobby during
the past few years is eligible for nomination for the award. With your
self-nomination include a few sentences describing what it is that you
have contributed to the hobby. Please send these to Larry Peery, Box
4414, San Diego, CA 92102 by 1 MAY 1983, sooner if possible. The recip-
ient of the Award will receive a plaque, presented at DipCon if possible.

8) Howards are currently being typed up and condensed...maybe.
They are identical in substance to those I've used for years (since 1977).
I'm only reading them because I've run out of copies and have gotten re-
quests for them. So surprised.

9) Coming next issue: Dick Magick by mail; preparing for World War
III; 101 Things To Do With A Deflated Balloon; Our annual review of porno
magazines; Foodle Torture comics; L'Amie Mouse Aids, and naturally,
much much more. Stay tuned.

10) "Be the unexpected. No sense makes sense. You won't get caught
if you don't get thought in your head." -- Charles Manson, convicted
mass murderer.

AGATE
MAN

Agate Mac had gotten his fourth or fifth chance to break out, and had finally taken the chance and did it. Talk by breaking a S.A.P. goon with his elbow, and confiscating the goon's weapon, a lousy little pistol, hardly impressive when compared to S.A.P.'s infinite strength and power (and rather overwhelming numbers - but hey, who's counting?), but what the hell, even the Man of Agate wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. Usually. (It's kind of dumb to look a revolver in the mouth anyways.) He was heading down the hallway at breakneck speed as we catch up with him.

Well, we'll catch up with him the same time, now-or-never, as the squads of goons will, since Agate Mac tripped about every alarm as he bolted down the hall. Ah well, he had a chance and he took it; who can fault him for that?

S.A.P.'s equipment, being merely stolen from the Cosmopolis government, 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 triggered by the first one, which was right outside his door anyways. 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 been with this lousy outfit for almost a full year now, and was still running around with four goons to commandeer, 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 worry, once Cosmopolis was taken, there would be bonuses all around. First Cosmopolis, then...

"Boss, we're at the elevators, whaddawe do now?" a nondescript goon asked him, somewhat nervously.

"Shut up, I've got important things on my mind. Oh. Um, no we are. All right. We stand and wait for the clown to show, and we waste him if we have to. I suppose we can set up some sort of defense. You two, grab three or four tables from that room there and we'll drop 'em sideways for a wall. C'mon, hustle, this ain't a picnic!" The orders barked. Always emergencies, always crises. After all this was over buy himself a nice paddle, a house in the country, get married, and live out his life as a rich, gentle landowner. With the money he'd get as a bonus he might have enough to even donate a little to some of his favorite charities, cerebral Dystrophy and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But before that he'd personally take his submachinegun and blow the fucking trains out of every one of his four men with him here. He hated the stinking vodka, the room. He hated all violent people, they should all be walked deep down, he was a good Christian. He was only in this for the money, he rationalized.

"What's happenin' those idiots? Lets go, asses in gear! Get a move on," he bellowed. What had happened to them? He hadn't heard anything... "All right, you two, check your weapons. I'll go in and check it out."

He opened the door and saw him two men counting money on a table in the middle of the room. An older man, about 40, was laid out on the floor, apparently hit over the head with the butt end of one of the man's weapons. The youngest immediately hit the young blond man; this was the

"Hey, boss, we've got a fortune here, enough to make us all rich for the rest of our lives!"

"Hi, geez, we were just about ready to come out and tell ya about it."

"Sure," the squad leader mumbled, "I bet. Drop the money where you found it. It belongs to the organization. Pick up your guns, grab that table and haul it out in the hallway. Nah, leave your guns, you'll need both hands. I want that big one there."

The two goons 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 crossed his face as he lifted his Uzi and pointed in the direction of his men.

Episode 14: The Marshall Plan

Greedy, aren't people? Marshall stuffed his pockets with the highest denomination 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 'em out?"

"Naw, they'll be out in a second. Just been takin' 'em some time, 's all. Tell ya what, though. If we're guarding the elevator, we may as well check to see it's down here, and not on another floor. The Agate Man might get in on the third or fourth floor and take off and we'd never know it, just standing here like idiots." He pressed for the elevator.

His two men muttered to each other something about what was up Marshall's sleeve, he's acting funny, that was a pretty stupid idea with an elevator, besides 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 blond men they called Marshall stepped in. A quick look around. Everything seemed to be in order. Good.

"Hey you! I think I heard something down the hallway. Better you two check it out."

"Where?"

"Dunno, it's probably Agate Man! He's packed. Run and head him off before he he turns the corner!"

"I didn't hear nothin'! What's the idea, anyway? Something going on here or what? You been acting funny lately, man..."

"Yeah, what's gotten into ya, anyway...?"

Then there really was a noise. Footsteps. "Steps?" Hardly, more like lamp feet rumbling is what it was. Certainly this was the Man.

"There, you damn fools! Quick!" Marshall's voice had suddenly become a little more desperate, realizing that Agate Man was actually

... a... of them...
... a... through... of super secret weapons, of a
childishly naive utopianistic streak, and he wanted no part of it.

The two goons headed slowly down the hallway, guns in hand. Marshall
killed in the elevator blew the backs of his two remaining squad men into
pieces in a few short burps, and pressed the button for ground level,
ten stories up. Life was good. Marshall smiled.

What is the story with Agate Man? Has he missed his chance to get
to the surface? Will Marshall get away with his ill-gotten gains? Will
S.A.P.'s organization destroy both of them in one quick blow? Who or
what remains to be battled fore the two see light? Has Agate Man's late-
ness 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 Adventures of Agate Man of Cosmopolis.

AIN'T THAT KEEF SHERWOOD JUST A REAL CHARACTER OR WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FAKE ISSUE PANTASTIC

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?

Men!! 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 gone through these past months
playing Konrad's little game? No! By day cuddling up to "Dick." By
night trying to be natural again. Schizo! 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 Fassio's little
visit. Had 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 victim role.

ALL PUBBERS PLEASE READ THIS PARAGRAPH AND PROVIDE APPROPRIATE PLUGS:
I am now launching a feminist journal of all-woman Diplomacy, called Sheet
of Glass. No man (or boys) will be allowed to receive or play in Sheet
except standbys who abide by the special male standby rule (i.e., males
will only be called to standby for one or two center countries who have
no allies and are under attack from all of their neighbors, the only per-
missible order will be held). Sheet is absorbing Give Me A Weapon and
Retaliation as subzines. As a convenience to me, these two subzines will
continue to be produced and mailed out under separate covers by their edit-
or. The men currently playing in GMAW or Retal will be allowed to continue
until they make a mistake like failing to date their orders or not sending
them in a week ahead of the deadline. Eventually Sheet will absorb all
male zores nationwide. They're all pretty much the same anyway, just
simple vehicles for the aggrandizement of male egos. Sheet itself will
be unique as it will be done in calligraphy on an actual pane of glass,
20" by 30" with freeze borders. Subs will be modestly priced, considering

THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 9

Little Bradley awoke from a pleasant night's sleep at precisely 7:30 am, just as he usually did, and got ready to go to school. Well, fuck school today, he thought to himself, he had to answer some of the piles of hate mail that had been accumulating concerning his favorite hobby, Diplomacy-by-mail. For a lot of people who were getting together to enjoy the game and have fun, 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 them to have fun.

Bradley's mother, a toothsome lady (?) of 36 (either you can now guess just how young Bradley is, or you believe you've gotten to the nazy part; I don't care which you think, actually), entered the playroom, where the mincense 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 ~~behind~~ behind 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?

Time 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-pr-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 himself. Maybe.

Next up were the articles. No articles submitted this month. Again. Wonder 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 remember these things. Mail call was fairly heavy. Three sets of orders, filed. Maybe 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 house rules? Two letters that could be printed. They didn't have much to do with any of the things 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 than one). Mishmash made a good five minute read, then was tossed on the floor. Take Out The Trash printed a letter he'd written...unfortunately, the editor had made a mockery of Bradley's positions, making him look like somewhat of a horse's ass. The fifth 'zine was cast aside without a glance as Bradley started ~~whimpering~~ whimpering, head in his hands. He'd show them. He knew best.

Movie List:

The Man Who Killed is surely one of the best films about very powerful movie. Some of those scenes are really great. Movie taken in a superb performance. +++++

Mad Max I've seen before, which is plenty reason to go back and see it again. This is one of my all-time favorites (pardon the spelling), a staple of the violence fan's movie collection. Gets better every time, too. French Connection, move over. +++++

The Road Warrior was the follow-up to Mad Max, and a good job it is, too. Takes it out of the city and into the wilderness. Basically the idea is just to overdo everything that appeared in the earlier flick. They do not always succeed, but you gotta give 'em credit for trying. +++++

Monty Python's Meaning of Life was somewhat of a disappointment for me. It had its very funny moments, especially the "Grimson Permanent Assurance" and "Birth," with "Death" coming close, but overall 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 very good. Really don't know what else to 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. +++++

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 Mello Yello and Dr. Pepper.

Playlist:

Blue Oyster Cult, On Your Feet Or On Your Knees, their first live album. Overly self-indulgent at times, but overall a strong effort from one of the best live acts to ever disgrace a stage. +++++

Rod Stewart, The Rod Stewart Album may well be his best. Still into the blues at the time, and fresh out of 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. +++++

Rod Stewart, Foot Loose And Fancy Free has its ups and downs. A really uneven bit; one the one hand the genius of "I Was Only Joking," and on the other (Continued Page 8, bottom)

ONLY TEN PAGES THIS TIME BUT THAT IS BECAUSE I HAVE TO INSERT A LOT OF FLYERS FOR THE PLAYER STOC

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