

GIVE ME A WEAPON!!

Issue #27
EEP #252

GOT TO

1/6 16 May 1983

Dedication:
R. D. Martin

LIVE IT UP!

shapeofyourpedigreeimamazedbythetasteofyourfiligreeimamazedbymi lostsensitivity

GIVE ME A WEAPON!! is a journal ('zine in the vernacular) of postal Diplomacy and related and unrelated games/ideas. It is published and edited on a more-or-less monthly basis by Konrad Baumeister, 11416 Parkview Lane, Hales Corners, WI 53130 (Ph: 414-485-4631 after 7 pm until, say, midnight), and I peddle it at the rate of 10 issues for a paltry \$4.50. I canuse the beer money, so send it in! No game openings at the present time, but I can use standby players for regular Diplomacy. This is EEP 252, I believe.

GONEINDAYSOPADVENTUREANDPIRACYIMAMAZEDBYMYOWNECCENTRICITYINAHAZE OFELECTRICITY

- #1: Love...it's a bitch. -- Mick Jagger
- #2: Kick out the jams...
- #3: Death is the greatest trup in life...that's why it comes last.
- #4: Trust me.
- #5: I tried. Now it's up to you.
- #6: Keith Sherwood, are you reading this?

INTHEGATEWAYTRAPPEDINTHEGATEWAYLOOKWHEREIMGOINGLOOKWHEREIVECOMEFROMDOWNGOING

WIRETAP XXVII

1) Boy howdy, ladies and mutants. Aside from throwing in a couple of linear separators on these pages, I think we might have enough articles and other such material as to force out most/all of the game again. That, of course, is great news from one point of view. I'd like them to get back in again, eventually, but for now inserts are no big deal. My circulation system lends itself easily to proper distribution, and short xerox runs can be done here on the office machine -- which is none too good, though. Anyways, that's were the games went. Again.

2) What's that noise outside? Georgetown cops at it again or what?

3) Thank you this month goes/go out to: Paul, Rob, Scott, Dave N & Dave C, Bob, Mike, Amy, Ian G and Ian H, and so forth. Been a weird one, this month has.

4) Fuck you this month goes out to myself. It certainly has been a weird one. May the next couple be better in at least some respects.

5) Standby list is composed of the following types of mold: Roberts Cheek and Kluge, Jim Bumpas, Doug Beyerlein, Pierre Touchette, Mark Keller, and Dick Martin ?). If anybody wants on or off of this list, just say the wrod. I need more of these people, folks. The price is right, eh?

6) I am typing this on 16 May 1983, but really have no idea when it will be mailed out to the fan. I suspect it will be, eh, about ten days from now. Check postmark to ascertain accuracy or guesswork here. Good.

...I'm amazed by this feeling of

line tap cont'd

That's because previous repro is unavailable to me at the present time, for time and other reasons, and with exams and so forth, well you know how it goes. Actually you probably don't, but what the hell. So I guess I'll just do the honors on another friend's machine at home, where I've done previous stuff. I don't know how hot she'll be to learn about this, but... well, you hold the result in your hands. Shit, as the saying goes, I've got friends I haven't even used yet.

I suppose that this is as good a time as any to remind you of my change of address. I am now at the following address:

Konrad H. Baumeister
11416 Parkview Lane
Hales Corners, WI 53130
(414) 425-4631

The same abode I first began dipping out of, all those years ago. Ah, would that I had never started! But what's done is done... I will relive my humble beginnings (betcha never thought I was once humble) there until late August, after which I will return to Georgetown. Back at Georgetown, this time equipped with automobile (at last), I will attempt to locate all of the stuff I've stored in various places around town. Assuming everything comes together reasonably quickly, I will be moving to this address:

Me
Box 6039 Henle Village
Georgetown
Washington, D.C. 20057
(202) 965-2928

That telephone number is really questionable. That's what it'll be for the summer, and I presume it won't change next semester. The box number is different... I'll be moving to an apartment perhaps thirty yards from where I now sit typing this, from apt. 50 to apt. 39. Uli and co. are in apt. 40, of course. But all of that's late August, anyways.

ECSTASY IN A PHRASE MISALIGNED SO INCURABLY TO THE WAY SO FALL CREATURES OFFANTASY LOOSELY

"Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold." -- Edmund Spenser

BASED AROUND THE FEARS OF REALITY I'M AMAZED BY THIS BINDING DEPRIVITY TAKE AWAY ALL THE

Anybody else read Asterix comic books here (in German)? Write me.

LEGENDS AND MYSTERY YOU'LL BE DAZED BY YOUR HISTORY. - - - - - THE END

I'm sort of glad to be getting home. I never get homesick, and don't miss my parents (never really did that either), but this semester has been so cruddy that I'm just glad to be getting away from it. Grades have turned out better than they might (spring semesters always better gradewise than fall semesters; they are also consistently better as far as my love-life goes, as well as my health; I can never seem to get into the swing of fall semesters), but my moods have been erratic as hell, far worse than usually is the case. It has been unusual.

Wisemillers stopped selling beer, Boocymonger's is overpriced in every other department, and the Pub began losing some of its attractiveness lately. I'm still hitting it fairly often, but for different reasons. What I used to look for I now have trouble getting rid of. Boring.

Meanwhile, in Milwaukee, weddings, work and women beckon. Not to mention time to catch up on my reading (where I'm woefully behind), tennis, a chance to get back into shape, high school friends, Summerfest, sun, a rest for my head, my ear, etc. I'm psyched.

HOW TO TELL THE LOSERS FROM THE WINNERS

By Gloria Grenouille

Naturally, not everyone can succeed at everything, and it is really hard for anyone to lose at everything, although some of us, by careful and steady effort, manage to come awfully close.

I have done considerable thinking about this, and as far as I can make out, the incidents of the life of a loser and that of a winner could be, for the most part, identical without changing their status. Losing is a state of mind.

So, in case you are not losing as systematically as you think, you should be, considering your intelligence, health and looks, you should examine your attitudes. You may not be correctly approaching new situations with a true loser's spirit. Take the following quiz to determine whether you have the potential for being a genuine loser. (You may be merely wishywashy...in which case send me a check for \$100 and I will try to help you.)

Women

A. Your sex life.

1. On meeting a new man, you wonder first
 - a. how much money he makes
 - b. if he would shave his mustache off if you asked him to
 - c. if he has noticed the pimple on your chin
 - d. all of the above.
2. Usually on a date
 - a. he takes you somewhere expensive and you pay for it
 - b. he takes you somewhere boring and pays for it himself
 - c. you pay for it
 - d. all he wants to do is sit in the car and make out
 - e. he doesn't even have a car and you make out on the bus.
- 3/ All the men you really like are
 - a. married
 - b/ homosexual
 - c. on drugs
 - d. in jail
 - e. all of the above.
4. Your sister is married to G
 - a. Vanderbilt Rockefeller III
 - b. Charles Osgood Snopes and his three brothers
 - c. a no good bum, has three children and is living with you, and having long hysterical fights with him, on the phone and in person, interspersed with periods of maudlin ecstasy when he is sober or she is drunk.

Men

A. Your sex life.

1. On meeting a new girl you wonder first
 - a. how much money she makes
 - b. why she wears that repellent orange lipstick
 - c. whether she has noticed your elevator shoes
 - d. all of the above.

2. Usually on a date
 - a. you want to go somewhere where everyone will see you
 - b. you want to go somewhere where nobody will see you
 - c. you wish you could stay home and read.
3. All the girls you really like are
 - a. six feet four and incredibly beautiful
 - b. married to someone else
 - c. in analysis and eager to talk about it to you, and you to their analyst.
- B. Your job
 1. You have been working at the same job for
 - a. 27 years without a raise
 - b. 14 days, which is already three days longer than you held your previous job
 - c. Job? What job?
 2. Your boss has some difficulty
 - a. understanding your witty intelligent jokes
 - b. using language simple enough for you to understand what you're supposed to do.
 - c. putting his shoes on the right feet
 - d. all of the above
 3. The first thing you do when you get paid is
 - a. cover the checks you wrote on Wednesday
 - b. spend the money quickly so it won't be wasted
 - c. stop by your books and pay him a little on account. (On account they're getting ready to come after you.)
 4. Your greatest problem at work is
 - a. organizing what you want other people to do
 - b. looking as if you are very busy
 - c. making sure nobody is watching you
 - d. all of the above

(From Palm-Mensa, Anne Hillis, Ed.)

Note: Miss Grenouille, a prominent business analyst, psychologist, bon vivant and man about town (before her operation) has recently moved into the area. She is looking for kindred spirits, and suggests that if you find you have a high score on this test, you might get in touch with her. She has, however, provided no scoring system, and no way to get in touch with her. You'll just have to do the best you can.

ANAMBINGLITTLEARTICLEISTOLEFROMAMENSAMAGAZINEWHICHHASAFEWYEARSINITNOW

Fight prostitution -- give it away.

WELLOAKYBUTONLYIFYOUWANTITNOWAREYOUABSOLUTELYSUREABOUTALLOFTHATINOULENTWANT

Agate Man Episode 15, continued:

They had provided for some exciting moments. Down here there was no known way to get to the top. All he knew was that once he was down below ground again, he'd have to ally himself with the fabled Man of Agate, Superhero, and archenemy of SAP. It was his only chance. For all that buildup, it had been criminally easy to subdue The Man, however. Second thoughts?

What will Konrad come up with for questions to end this episode? Well, there's a good question in itself. No answer, but next episode will be right here, next month -- Agate Man of Cosmopolis, Episode 16.

A
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Episode 15: High 'n' Dry

The regular reader of the adventures of Agate Man will surely remember that he was in the process of attempting an escape from the underground fortress of S.A.P. (Stons All People, the most evil and ruthless band of drug-using, rock-coveting terrorists ever). He had a long way to go, and he was prepared for the worst. Should his fabulous Agate-powers fail him, he'd taken the precaution of arming himself with a SAP goon's revolver.

Unbeknownst to the man of agate, however, a man named Marshall, until now a commander of a SAP patrol, was helping him in the escape attempt, not through any kind altruism on his part, but due to the fact that he had discovered one of SAP's main cash stashes, deep within the bowels of the underground labyrinth of tunnels, and made a quick decision to take the loot and run, eliminating anyone who even looked like they might get in his way. The first four victims were Marshall's small troop, whose riddled bodies greeted Our Hero as he turned the corner. Besides the two bloody carcasses on the floor, Agate Man had the unique opportunity to watch Marshall's elevator doors close, as the newly-made millionaire was whisked to the top of the SAP structure.

With his last chance for escape cut off, the Agate Man had no choice but to feel a little sorry for himself. He sat down in the corner next to the elevator and thought things through.

The guards all appeared to be quite dead, and so no threat to him. However, his job at the water bureau was surely lost, due to his extended absence of several weeks. He'd been betrayed by Lois Lech and Linda LaRose. Girls. Wasn't it always the way, though? He was two weeks behind in his rent for the apartment he called home. The kids needed braces and his mother-in-law was behind in her mortgage. Hey, wait a minute, those were somebody else's problems! No need for those, he had enough for himself. Right.

Switch 625. What with these shower scenes, it was only a matter of time before he melted light bulb pollen iron cross. And late, too. Would Mother ever forget?

But life went on, didn't it? He reconciled himself to the obvious. Well, not quite reconciled, as was evident from his crying, sobbing, and... and then it hit him. From behind, of course, full swing on the head. Even if he wasn't brained totally, his head could still be used as a coffee table.

Marshall was back. The Agate Man's senses hadn't picked up the elevator's opening its doors and letting this violent ex-SAP goon out. The somewhat more hurried Marshall walked back to the elevator and blew the top of the elevator off with this submachine gun he was carrying, see?, and ripped a couple of wires out. Seemed like he knew what he was doing. Agate Man, sprawled out over what seemed like half of Casmopolis' underground network, unconscious, wasn't going to correct him on any electrical mistakes. He was busy figuring out what to dream next. And he had a couple of good ones lined up, that's for sure.

Marshall took the famed Agate Man by the wrist and started dragging him down the hallway, back to the room the Man had once occupied. The goon he'd knocked out was no longer in evidence. What was in evidence was the bar at the other end of the room. Marshall dropped our hero on the floor and went over to fix himself a stiff drink. He sat down and thought things through. Seemed to be a lot of that going on.

In between the SAP agents on top that had permitted his escape -- though
(continued page 4 bottom)



UNIVERSITY LAKE SCHOOL

NAGAWICKA ROAD HARTLAND WISCONSIN 53029 TELEPHONE (414) 367-6011

I write these last few words... began as my greatest experiment... a terribly destructive mistake!... I succeeded... recognized by the entire Hobby... As it is... I created the Martins, all of them... that I created them in the sense of a deception on paper... Eric Blake play or even a Winsome Lososome operation... they are androids, you see... They scoffed at me at M.I.T. also. At Johns... colleagues openly laughed at me. "Build the perfect Diplo-android... Been working too hard, Arch?" Oh, how they derided me! But I... could do it. Only I, with my intimate knowledge of the workings of... the human body, my expertise in electrical engineering, my familiarity... with computer science and, most importantly, my firm grasp of the rules... of Diplomacy.-- only I could dare...

I worked years on this project. I begged money from the Ford Foundation, Mobile Oil, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, NIH and DOE. I met with top experts in various fields. I travelled to California's Silicon Valley...to the great centers of learning in Boston...to Alexandria, Virginia. I added to my already-considerable store of knowledge. I accumulated "parts" for my Martins.

Dpn't misunderstand me! My androids were not to be of flesh and blood, half decomposed before construction. I am no distruber of the dead, no grave-thief, no Franken-

Of course not, this is the twentieth century. My Martins would be constructed from the latest space-age polymers, the most advanced micro-circuitry, the best plastic!!

As is already known, my rough draft - I called him "The First Dick" - was a miserable failure. He escaped from my laboratory and even today roams the Hobby, keenly aware of his own limitations yet unable to drop out because of his programming. He is a bitter 'droid. I don't know what name he is using now, but he was the author of "See How They Run," a transparent attempt to distort the truth and gain sympathy.

Using what I had learned in the construction of The First Dick, I began work on the Dick and Julie who today publish Retaliation. Unfortunately I hadn't learned enough. I wanted to create the perfect Diplo-couple who would publish a wonderful 'zine together, who would GM flawlessly, who would never feud and be loved by the entire hobby. They would be a focal point for unification of faction-torn Dipdom. Well, everyone knows the sad result. Some day I have created a monster.

That is why I am going to destroy my laboratory and myself. The Martins' power source will be gone and they will deactivate. It is a tragic end to such a noble endeavor but it must be done. By the time you read this, the Martins and I will be gone. Farewell, cruel Hobby...

/Fun little article, eh wot? So listen, guys, if your next Retaliation doesn't reach your mailbox on time, you'll know why. Thanks to the author of these last couple of articles...they're even more fun for me than they are for you because I know what's true and what isn't. See see./

POSTINGASMILDMANNERRDPUBLISHERRAJZOBALUNCI STERRUNDERGORSONLYMILDMANNERRDCHANGE

What do blacks have that's 12 inches long and 4 inches wide? Chapter 12.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF RUMPOLE

By Victor Dupont

Rumpole sat malingering over breakfast while She Who Must Be Obeyed sorted out the post.

Far from these blessed shades tread back agen
Most servil' wit, and Mercenary Pen.
POLYDORÉ, LUCAN, ALLAN, VANDALE, GOTH,
Malignant Poet and Historian both.

-- Rumpole, see you going in to chambers today? his wife asked.
Then, cheerily, -- Oh, here's a letter from the States. Our grandson,
it says, is taking up Déplomacy.

-- A Whitehall diplomay in the family. Isn't he too young?
Go seek the novice Statesman, and obtrude,
On him some Roman cast similitude,
Tell him of Liberty, the Stories fine,
Until you all grow Consuls in your wine.
Or thou DICTATOR of the glass bestow
On him the CATO, this the CICERO.

-- Rumpole, must you spout poetry all morning? Papa always was
the first man in chambers every monring. Besides, this Diplomacy is a
game, it seems. Our little Stateside grandson has drawn England, the
letter says.

Foul Architect that hadst not Eye to see
How ill the measures of these States agree.

-- Only a game, eh? How do they play?

-- Through the mail, Rumpole. In mailed magazines. Here's the
name of the, it says, "zine," The Mournful Esquires. The object of
the game is to win a war in Europe, but our grandson is unhappy because
they are interpreting the game rules all over aggin.

Must therefore all the World be set on flame,
Because a Gazette writer missed his aim?

-- Rumpole, what are you muttering? It's almost 10!

Rumpole charged into the Inns of Court, his battered old hat biting
the March wind at an angle, still spouting Marvell:

But thou base man first prostituted hast
Our spotless knowledge and the studies chaste.

To be continued.

IVEBEENWAITINGFORTHISPHONECALLTOCOMEINANDITHASNTANDIMCURIOUSASTOWHATSUPHERE

LoC

John Michalski (Mos Eisley Spaceport) wrote in with this to say:

You made a good defense of your attacks on Langley, which I felt
were incredible to begin with, but I still feel you overlook some key
points. 1) ONLY Gregg views it that way; to the rest of us, it's about
Steve and Daf, period. 2) Langley traditionally speaks personally in
Patter and did so here also, tastefully in view of the subject. 3) Gregg's
loss is personal, and all of its details are strictly between he and Daf.
But both are hobby personalities, especially Daf, who is now more prominent
and outspoken in her own column in M than she was as a commentator in DtF.
It's on thing when a pubber, Steve, falls in love; it is quite another



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Personally, I feel such a reconciliation will be beneficial to all concerned, especially Greg. I'm not going to do a knee-slapping on the subject, though. I'll just stand back and wish all parties well. I recommend this policy to others, too.

/Thanks for writing, Jean. I wonder whether you really mean what you say about staying out of it; simply by writing you are not staying out of it, nor would you keep your nose entirely clean by writing Steve about Matt urging him to take specific action, and I've seen other letters of yours on the subject. Say something or say nothing, but don't say something and tell us you're saying nothing. (Not that I care; I, too, have certainly put my two cents worth in.)

On the point that the hobby's amusement is more important than a person's feelings, I will have to disagree with you. Too many people in the Diplomacy hobby feel that way -- you are not unique -- but I still find that the people themselves are more important than what they produce to amuse us, and so forth. This is a topic on which I'm tempted to really get started in on, but will save for some future year. It wouldn't matter anyway.

But thanks again for writing. Great stationery, too.../

NOWTHATIAMPRETTYMUCHWITHOUTASTEREOHAVINGJUSTSENTITAWAYFORSTORAGEIFELLOST

'ZINE REVIEW SERVICE

Ernie Klee

It has come to my attention over the past few issues of GMAW that my "anonymity" is becoming a point of concern. This is, put simply, amusing. My original intent was to sidestep the response to my positive comments on 'zines. My comments are unsolicited and unrewarded, so these reviews can avoid the plug/counterplug syndrome so common today. If Mr. Linsey doesn't read these reviews seriously because the criticisms aren't signed, that is his loss. All I am concerned with is accuracy -- are the reviews on target? (Eric Kane disputes the accuracy of my remarks regarding the poor GMing in Anduin. Two pages later he apologizes for sending out incorrect adjudications to a standby, leading to the destruction of that position. I rest my case.) But this will never become a forum for "personal attacks," and hopefully my anonymity will keep it from controversy. In the meantime, feel free to guess at my anonymity all you like. None of the names have even been close yet. And I won't tantalize you with any hints. In the future, I'll try to update past reviews. I can't claim omniscience or perfection, and will occasionally omit important items, or make mistakes. Hopefully these can be caught and corrected. It would help me greatly if you could point out any errors to Konrad. Also if you are a publisher who would particularly like to see your 'zine reviewed, notify Konrad. I'll try to do your 'zine first, rather than choosing at random.

/Konrad here. "Ernie" also submitted reviews for two 'zines with this, which I won't print (yet) for several reasons. First, space shortage this issue. Second, next month will run a reader survey, and one question will be on these anon reviews in general. With the above, they have heard both pro and con. Third, I wonder just whether it's all worth-

(continued on P. 10)

He didn't have much choice, really. The giant praying mantis had cornered him and all that came between Kyle and a most unpleasant death was his special issue Silencer Mark VII blunderbuss, loaded with shrapnel.

"This is your last chance," he yelled. "Back off or buy it!" There was more than a little panic in his voice.

The creature didn't seem to care all that much. If it did back off at all, it wasn't noticeable.

So Kyle aimed at the baast's right eyeball and blew two pounds of lead, nails, thumbtacks and scrap metal into it. This seemed to aggravate the thing, not a wise move, given hindsight. Kyle was a dead man, unless...but no, it was of no use. He said his goodbyes.

He awoke suddenly. Maybe it was the idea of being part of the sandwich this hideous beast was preparing; maybe the draft from the window had gotten too cold; or perhaps his father's feet meeting the creaky floorboards had been responsible for his waking. In any event, his neck getting caught in the shoelaces hanging above his bed didn't put him in the best mood for the rest of the day.

Nice girl, Lisa was. He'd tried to give her everything he couldn but he realized that he'd never do. Besides, there were so many differences. That he and his twin brother would be so completely opposite each other had clearly never occurred to Kyle's parents, or they wouldn't have had them, right? Didn't matter, though...if that was the case, as the quote went, it was pointless to go on; he rather be alone. Back to the busstop theory, he figured. Trouble was, with his luck with the mass transit system... Besides, with that tattoo, what did he have in mind, anyways? Before, the kiss, a redcap. He took a cold shower to wake himself up.

The cardboard once seemingly multiplying, had been conquered by a most violent method; that of applying a razor blade to it, severing its head from its body, opening up the bloody carcass, and discarding the vitals.

Red blade blind spade
Future's past, he had said
Nothing cut to save his head
Into the night, furtively fled.

One two free laid
Sudden thought, one man raid
Slice had thought he'd have found dead
Ulysses green alone dreamt bed.

Life was terrific, wasn't it, Kyle thought to himself. He went upstairs to the kitchen and get a bottle of lemon juice. He chugged it down. Breakfast taken care of, he went off to school. Brad and the boys were all already there as he wandered into his Senior Seminar class...they all took notes and shut up. He might have said two words in class; then again, he might not have. Lunch was the usual rubber cement casserole. He preferred Arthur Treacher's. Mendee tasted better than the lunch did.

Driving home, his thoughts wandered. As usual.

Kyle felt bored. Just for something different to do, he went into his father's study. In the back of the file cabinet was the bottle of Jack, but he wasn't interested. Not today. There it was. In the wall behind the junk. He checked the magazine, put the .38 to his head, and blew his brains across the room. Death is the greatest trip in life; that's why it

Time reviews cont'd:

while anyways, because I'm not sure for how much longer "Ernie" will be submitting these. If "EK" wants to keep on going past this installment then great; if not, then the point is moot. (Call it a hunch.) "Ernie?"
Next time, rest, cool?

THISWILLLIKE!BETHELASTPAGEWILLTYPEINMYJUNIORYEARATGEORGETOWN'THANKGHO'D

Los Listos

Queen, of Space, 1982: Sad to see such a great band sink so low. The whole album is basically "Another One Bites The Dust" done in 10 different ways. What's happened to the genius of Sheer Heart Attack, A Night At The Opera, News of the World, or Jazz? Concept here is clean production, and a certain "space" to it, i.e. produced like a Bad Company album. Different results.
Rod Stewart, Gasoline Alley, on the other hand, is a great album, his second solo back in 1970. Straight from the heart. Before the big-bosomed lady with the Dutch accent changed his point of view.

Grand Funk Railroad, Shinin' On is abysmal, perhaps GFRR's worst forty minutes of music. That is saying something. Listen, if you want to hear some great party music, you get their two live albums, both excellent listening. Their studio albums are, for the most part, dreck. At least On Time was embarrassingly bad enough to be almost enjoyable, and the later albums (after Shinin' On) didn't sound like they were produced in a washroom, but this is really the bottom of the barrel. Believe me.

The Rolling Stones, Love You Live, is the double-album which has been reviled up and down in the music press since it came out in 1977. Don't know why, though; flawless guitar playing, over the top almost constantly, punch to all of the songs (all of them, not most, but all) and the band is playing some hot music. The El Mocambo Side substitutes for humor. "Star Star" is there; what more need I say?

The Rolling Stones, Still Life (American Tour 1981) (actually "American Concert, isn't it?) is somewhat of a loser. Just weak. Production has buried Woody's guitar, a shame. Mick's voice is great on one hand, but has lost all that made it Mick's voice as opposed to just another British vocalist's. Lacklustre performance of some ordinary tunes just doesn't cut it. Worst of the four live albums. (Got Live If You Want It has value in projecting the falling of a Stones concert, above just the music, which is feeble...hard to hear it over the crowd, y'know?)

ANDNOWITSTIMETOSAYGOODBYETOJEDANDALLHISKINANDTHEYWOULDLIKETO THANKYOUFOLKSFOR

Spiffy stationery huh? A specialty of mine.

GIVE ME A WEAPON 27
Konrad Baumeister
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United States of America



Sub expires this issue _____
Sub expires next issue _____

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