

LET US HAVE NO FINE WORDS ABOUT JUSTICE THEY SAY WE WILL TALK INSTEAD OF WHAT IS FEASIBLE

GIVE ME A WEAPON!!

Issue #28  
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Dedication:  
C. v. Clausewitz

I'M GONNA WIN!

IDONTLOVEYOUNOMOREBUTTIWILLIDONTTRUSTYOUNOMOREBUTTIWILLANDYOUANDYOUANDYOU

GIVE ME A WEAPON is a journal ('zine in the vernacular) of postal Diplomacy and related and unrelated thingies. It is edited and published on a more-or-less monthly basis by Konrad Baumeister, 11416 Parkview Lane, Hales Corners, WI 53130. Phone number here is (414) 425-4631, which can be used between 7 pm and 11 pm. If I consider you special you can call later than that. (Now I want to see who will consider themselves special.) This normally goes at the rate of 10 issues for \$4.50; with the prices at my favorite bars, I need it. Standby players needed, on occasion. In the not-distant-at-all future, I will be opening up some games, both regular and variant. This is EGGNOG Enterprises Production 253. Right.

NEVER FOUND A COMPROMISE COLLECTED DOVERS LIE BUTTERFLIES ILLUSIONS OF THAT GRAND FIRST PRIZE ARE SLOWLY WEARING THIN

- 1: You can't believe that again? How many times has he had Mexican tonight?
  - 2: Never in the dead of night...
  - 3: Am I on? I'm on. It's about time I got on...
  - 4: Put one in your hair and you won't regret it.
  - 5: Ah, the salad days of the palace revolution.
  - 6: They try to steal your soul; might even try to steal your sister.
- Joe Elliott

DOYATHINKIMDISCOMAMISUPERFICIALLOOKINGHIPSMYONLYGOALDOYATHINKIMDISCOMAYBEITS

#### WIRETAP

1) Ah, at long last, back again. Encore, encore, ladies and gentlemen. Ah, dynamite audience, you deserve to give yourselves a round of applause. Or, as Freddie Mercury would have it, "Well..." No, really, thank you thank you, you're very kind. I can't say how much I appreciate this opportunity to perform before you again...

2) Yeah, and perform is the word for it, too. Let's see what's up. Actually, just rifling through the stack to my side, it looks like a good issue coming up. I don't know for sure, naturally, but even the Man of Agate may get crowded out if I'm not careful. Including, this time, a reprint article from way back...issue #27. Yeah, the repro kind of killed the best article I'd had sent in in a long time, primarily by way of bleedthrough and printing over some less-than-perfectly-suited paper. I will accept responsibility.

NOT TOOLATE TO GET INTO ROCK AND ROLL AND ROCK AND ROLL I HAVE NEVER BEEN HAPPYERS ONLY WHITE

3) Where were we now? Ah yes, of course, at the bottom of the top.

4) The standby list hasn't changed any since last issue. Why bother listing it? However, I could use some more of you in the studio audience volunteer for active service. Charge is nonexistent and you get to play with such living legends as Vic Dupont, Dick Martin, Russ Husnak, Paul Kauterberg, Bob Cheek, Bob Kluge, etc. We've some less-than-living legends here, too, but there are a few too many of those to list them all.

5) Thanks and screw-offer? Well, this month hasn't been a terribly emotionally wrenching one, though I suppose it could have been more exciting and I wouldn't have minded. I suppose the people I want to thank don't need to read it in public to know I mean it, and the ones I'm mad at... well, actually I'm not mad at anyone this month, none even our good buddy Loveable Langley! What will it be next month? Oh, I just can't wait...

6) Laughter, joy and loneliness, and sex and sex and sex... Umm, we do have a couple of people who pitch in when the going's easy, and skip town when I'm under pressure and need the help. No, some of them are even better than that. They may be:

Editor, Main Writer, Typist, Pressure Cooker, Cheque Casher, and all that sort of thing: Mr. Humbl. Sgt.

Contributing Editors Par Excellence: Vic Dupont a.k.a. Thuyddes, Ed "Who's On First?" Wrebel, and sometimes even a Martin clone.

Publishers: You just never know, do ya? Inspirations: I don't feel inspired today. Yawn...

Official Beer of the 1984 Publishing Olympics: Angel Ale Contributing Inspirations: Amy Kuehn (ret'd)

Future Inspirations: My guess is better than yours, but I don't have the heart to tell you all

Expected date of termination of Publishing Duties: Shit, I don't know, could be tomorrow, might be 1990. Tell ya what, if I quit again, I promise I'll come back within a year, okay? Not all right, when I feel like throwing in the towel, I'll do so, but for reasons completely different from what you might think. Better? Too bad.

Current Motivation for Publishing: You know, I could be doing something better on these hot summer nights... Well, the truth is, um, new, not that... We do it all for you. (In actual fact, I do it for myself and a few desirables. After that, why bother?)

Current Liquid Coolant Employed: Me? Drink? Odds on next issue being on time: Depends on your definition of on time. I think this one is, isn't it? "We're so respectable..."

Recent Album Purchases: Hey, that's personal! Just where the hell do you get off, throwing that kind of a question at me, anyhow? Tubbo.

Have this jerk out of here! I'll not have this kind of pyrrhic and good riddance, too... Next question please.

I say to myself, I'm such a lucky guy: When do I say that to myself? Well, sometimes, but life can be actually good when it's good. I'm feeling positively positive this afternoon, after a rather weak beginning this morning. But then, I always feel that way in the morning. What was the D.

L. Both story...? Games in these pages: 1981HW, 1981IB, 1982HW, 1982ID, 1983O. Game Opening Status: After 1 August 1983 I'll have unlimited regular game openings again for a while. Every year I seem to fall 2 and cut it at that. It was two more before the end of the year, that will be

A GIVE ME A WEAPON REPRISE

/This article first appeared way back in the May/June issue of this 'zine, #27. Encore! We here at station management wish to apologize in more-or-less humble manner to the author of this littlebit of investigative journalism, one Ed Wrobel, using the pseudonym...which one is he using this issue?...well. Anyway, Ed didn't even complain when we butchered his work last issue. Let's see if he gets a charge out of actually reading his submission this month. Sorry, Ed. -Ed./

THAT'S BAUMEISTER, NOT BAUMESTER!

By The Architect of Agate

It is with no little regret that I write these last few words, but my hand is forced. What began as my greatest experiment has now come crashing down around me -- a terribly destructive experiential mistake. Had I succeeded, my genius would have been recognized by the entire Hobby. As it is, I am ruined. You see -- I created the Martins, all of them.

I don't mean that I created them in the sense of a deception on paper. This was no simple Eric Blake ploy or even a Winsome Losesome operation. I physically created them. They are androids, you see.

You scoff, I know. They scoffed at me at M.I.T. also. At Johns Hopkins my colleagues openly laughed at me. "Build the perfect diplo- androids couple?? Been working too hard, Arch?" Oh, how they derided me! But I knew 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.

Don't misunderstand me! My androids were not to be of flesh and blood, half decomposed before construction. I am no disturber 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 Ran," 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 Diplp-many 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 say 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 an noble endeavor but it must be done. By the time you read this, the Martins and I will be gone. Farewell, cruel hobby...

/Farewell cruel hubby...? No, no, no... Anybody out there need a forged death certificate?/

BETCHANOBODYNOTICEDTHEONELINEDELIBERATELYLEFTTOFFPAGEONEORDMICKSQUOTE

JUST FOR KONRAD BAUMEISTER: Second Part of Rumpole

By Victor Dupont

Rumpole wrote the following to his grandson:

"Politics is the art of deceiving all but oneself, the Prince said, had Machiavelli let him speak plain. But I'm not writing satire.

What is politics? Ask, what is a political trial (I do not experience them at the Old Bailey, but we here've gone past that stage in our history, except for what the anti-Tory view of the Law Lords hold).

Truly political trials took place under Hitler, Henry VIII and Stalin. They also include the confessions and sentencing of Galileo and of Joan of Arc during the period of the Inquisition.

A political trial is the next thing to a courts-martial, as your own Nathan Hale's.

What learning I have indicates that politics is a part of history. Politics was not invented by the Medicis nor copyrighted by Machiavelli; he just described it in his satirical vein.

Politics came before ancient Athens. It echoes Homer's Iliad in the counsel of Nestor and Odysseus and Homer portrays the debate with the army by Thersites, the minority of one, who appears again in Shakespeare's Troilus And Cressida, perhaps even in Chaucer's poem of the same name.

And in Homer's Nestor and Ulysses - together with King Agamemnon and his brother, Menelaus, and their armies; that is the Prince with this counselors of Machiavel's "The Prince." I can but mention the councils of Zeus and the machinations of the princes of Troy in the besieged city.

But let us examine the classical archetype of the Prince: Achilles. Achilles is not merely a warrior and leader of the Myrnidons. He is a SUPERMENSCH, with his ancestry cloaked in fable - his mother a demi-goddess whose own marriage feast was disrupted by a battle between dwarves and men who are half horse.

But even with his fabulous invulnerability, except for the Achilles' heel, Achilles is also a MAN - not so much that he can be wounded and die, nor because he is vulnerable to emotion, but because he plays games.

You are playing a game, Diplomacy. Diplomacy between nations is an extension of politics, in the sense that Machiavelli described it. Indeed, professors of political science assert that political science was invented by Machiavelli.

Under men like your Dean Rusk, the sometime Secretary of State, it was

fashionable to say - it was POLITICAL to say - that Machiavelli was out and his contemporary, Guicciardini was the more sensible man. You know your history, and you know what Mr. Rusk's cohorts and contemporaries did to Hanoi. Diplomacy is politics writ large.

Let us turn back to the ancient Greek and to political trials. I put it to you that the prisoner in the box at the trial of Socrates was the victim of a political murder. But let the prisoner speak for himself (they always did; the Athenians of old refused the concept of a lawyer or barrister, they forbade them):

"If I had engaged in politics, O men of Athens, I should have perished long ago, and done no good either to you or myself." Thus Plato's APOLOGY of Socrates.

Now, pray tell, what is a dot and why is it called a supply center?"

NEXT: Rumpole III's reply from Great Neck.

ANWHATIWOULDGIVERIGHTNOWTHISVERYINSTANTFORTHETASTEOPANANGELALEWHILETYPINGTHIS

/The following article was submitted to both Bruce Linsey and myself, in response to a thing I wrote which appeared in Linsey's 'zine. Bruce doesn't feel like printing the following, so hell, I'll take it. I had not heard from Melucci in years, and was not even aware that he was still in the hobby until I received this, by the way.../

PLAYTOY INTERVIEW WITH EX-SENATOR LURCH

By Ye Olde Genzo Reporter Conrad Glowfaster (actually Vic Melucci)

PLAYTOY: Senator, you seem to have bounced back merrily from your shocking landslide defeat that deprived all of us meaningfully concerned superior enroched minds of your great and passionate intellect. Your wit and wisdom, I say without fear, provided meaningful concern for all of us trendy-rads who to this day refuse to grow grapes in our limes.

LURCH: Huh? Wa? Grapes? Sure, order anything you want. Keep the house servants busy. If we don't eat it, they will. Say, did you bring one of the centerfold little fluffies with you?

PLAYTOY: Why no. However, Jane Fonder sends her love and says the concerned Beverly Hills in-crowd will throw a pool party to protest your defeat.

LURCH: I have a little spread in Beverly Hills. Don't like it much. Can't compare it with life here in the compound. Half a million acres of fresh air, timber, and an electric fence to keep out the rabble. Don't print that last bit. You know we have to DANCE A LITTLE TWO STEF AND LEAD THE PEOPLE ON.

PLAYTOY: Of course not, Senator. I'll just make that a fence to keep the rabbits out. Just how did you lose, Senator?

LURCH: I blame it all on the bozneagain swine. They actually had the audacity to inform the voters in my state how I voted in the Senate. Even worse, they suggested citizens register to vote.

You sure you don't have a fluffy out in your car?

PLAYTOY: Was that all that went wrong? How about a multinational big oil corporation with its connections to the FBI and NASA?

LURCH: All the running dogs of the Wall Street Oligarchy were out to get me. You know I exposed their vile filthy plot to reap nasty, nasty profits by running the price of gas up to \$3.00 a gallon. I revealed their conspiracy to assassinate Jesse James, and to use the Dalton Boys and Cleopatra to overthrow Rome. All I needed was one more year as Chairperson and I would have been able to link the CIA, Sherlock Holmes, Jimmy Hoffa and the Rhode Island Yacht Club in the whole tangled web. They got me out of the Senate and as you know gas is now \$3.00 a gallon.

PLAYTOY: I am unable to follow the speed of your concerned mind. I noticed gas heading under a dollar in some spots.

LURCH: Of course. That is proof of the clever all-powerful seven sisters of multinational oil working their machinations. They know my wife owns 5 million shares of oilstock and they are sending the price down to reap their filthy vile profits. It's all part of the same plot masterminded by Rev. Farewell and his band of Illuminati monks in Iceland to return the Vikings and DeGaulle to power. How I would love to have Babbi nuke the bastards.

PLAYTOY: Nuke? I thought you were trendy anti-nuke?

LURCH: Of course. All that money wasted on defense is up to almost 26% of the budget, with health and welfare only 51%. Don't print that. Can't have the taxpayers confused. Just print my plan to train deer to use nukes. WE HAVE TO BANCE A LITTLE TWO STEP AND LEA\_D THE PEOPLE ON.

PLAYTOY: Why that is thrilling. Your firm stands on the issues is an inspiration. How do you train the deer, Senator?

LURCH: Well, flip on the video screen. See there is Bambi now.

PLYTOY: Looks somewhat gaunt and sickly to me.

LURCH: Well, some overpopulatoin in the compound. But it drives them to learn to use nukes faster. More they learn, more I let them eat. Also a bit of terror helps the underachievers now.

PLAYTOY: Underachievers?

LURCH: Just watch the screen. Bambi <sup>be</sup> I am afraid has to/made an example of. I arranged to keep some dogs away from a lab working to find a cure for Cancer and had them brought here. Have not fed them for days. Watch them in action. They go for the back legs first. See. See! OH OHNH we have to dance a little two step - dance a little two step and lead the people onnn.

/Somehow this manages to capture the spirit of GMAW as well as that article I sent in to Linsey. Congratulations...good job, Vic./

Wiretap Continued:

kosher, if we get more, we'll see. After 1 August, the gamefee will stay at last year's \$4 plus subscription. You can send in your preference lists now if you want, and I'll sign you up for a waiting list or something. I may also open a variant at that time.

What the hell, I may as well spill the beans, the whole horrid truth. I was thinking, back in February/March of this year, of restarting my old variant journal POLITICIAN, and in fact, have several pages of its first issue typed up already, and just begging to be run off. If they beg hard enough they may yet see the light of day, but for now, their rotten little niggardly walls and whisperings have gone largely ignored by the printer. There are reasons for this: I happen to love variant games (especially my own) and haven't run any for a while. Thought I might have the time and inclination to run a second 'zine, but that just isn't the case, on either count. Oh well. Nonetheless, I'd like to run another variant, so we'll do it in these pages, or through STRANGE CREW which is more or less the same thing anyway. Gamefee will be free when the time comes, only a sub will be required. If all of my plans for the future fall through and I'm left a cold and lonely shadow of my former self by this time next year, then I probably will go to a variant 'zine, my life being otherwise worth less than the dust on your car. (Either that or I'll just fold up everything, I don't know.) But that won't happen, so why worry? Hey... when the major leaguers play Megadup, they play hardball. Maybe someday... See, mommy, I can be cryptic too, honest I can!

8) Rather than do it at the end of the 'zine, we'll run off the listies here, and see how much is left over for the rest of the 'zine.

Eat List:

Only the best. Either I eat out (always fun) (tee hee), or I don't. I'm not getting terribly obese, but I have returned to my fighting strength of 165-170, from my college-nutricain weight of about 150-155.

Drink List: I've been very good this month. Back in May was another matter.

Smoke List: My dad! Geezez Gonzalez. Ground him up and put him right into this big pipe I have, see, and token him right away. Really, honest to Ghod...

Read List: Shit, books? What are they?

Clausewitz, On War +++++

Wood, How Do You Feel? ++½

Trudeau, And That's My Final Offer +++++

O'Brien, The Conduct of Just And Limited War +++++

Walzer, Just And Unjust Wars +++½

Crossman, The God That Failed +++½

Koestler, Darkness At Noon +++++

See List: I was thinking of trying to change my name to Martin, in view of the number of movies I've seen over the past six weeks or so, but figured, hell, let them change their name to Baumeister instead.

Breathless, +++++

Doctor Detroit, +++

Tommy (again), +++++

The Wall (parts), ++½

- Smokey & The Bandit, +++++
- Cannonball Run (movie), +++++
- Blue Thunder, +++++
- Poltargeist, +++++
- Lord of Comedy, +++++
- The Man With Two Brains, +++++
- Bar Brawl, +++++
- Superman III, +++
- The Twilight Zone (movie), +++++ (mostly the second two episodes)

Well, I hope that's enough for you movie types out there. I could explain why they got the ratings they did...got an extra five pages? No, I don't.

Playlist: This far into the issue, that is, i.e. 8 pages worth  
 One side of a Rauterberg surf/driving music, all just fabulous, especially the one Go-Gos tune worth hearing more than once ("Skidmarks On My Heart"), X-Cleavers, Josie Cotton, Dave Edmunds, etc. Rates +++++  
 Rolling Stones, Some Girls, +++++  
 Ramones, Road To Ruin +++++

That's it. I'm a fast (rather inaccurate, but fast) typist. On the movies, I saw Smokey & The Bandit, Cannonball Run, and Poltargeist on cable, if that bothers listing purists. Also forgot to list Agent of H.E.A.T., a Marilyn Chambers flick with some of the very worst acting I've ever seen in a movie attempting to play it straight. There is some nudity, but it's not like your average Chambers XXX stuff. Had there been more, it might have been worth my time to watch it. Rate it  $\frac{1}{2}+$  seriously, +++ for hilarity value. That one was on cable, as well. They can do better than that...

WELLYOUHEARDA BOUTTHEBOSTON() HONEYITSNOTONEOFTHOSETALKINGABOUTTHEMIDNIGHT

THE  
 AGATE  
 MAN



Episode 16: The Fiddler In Your Darkest Night

Back again. The casual, insignificant reader won't give a damn, but those few in the audience who read the serial religiously will recall that the Man of Agate, who doubles as our hero and the raison d'etre of the whole 'zine, is in dire, trouble, up feces estuary without a means of locomotion. The shit has hit the fan, or to put it another way, the human waste has hit the cooling equipment, or even better yet, the fertilizer has hit the windmill. Let's just say he's in trouble, and leave it at that, shall we? He has been rendered unconscious by a blow to the cranium delivered by the slimy and clever Marshall, a man of few scruples and even less chances to escape the S.A.P. fortress they are both trapped in, alive. Marshall was having a

few drinks in the back of a rather luxurious suite deep in the bowels of the S.A.P. (Stone All People, the most vicious and dangerous ground of rock-coveting, drug-using gangsters and hoods yet to roam the streets of Cosmopolis, HQ and jump-off point for the Agate Man, who as we all know, is as purely good as S.A.P. is evil) thinking over his options. They were few. He was cut off from civilization. His pockets were stuffed with the ill-gotten money S.A.P. had stolen from the fair and stupid people of Cosmopolis, and which in turn Marshall had stolen from S.A.P. There was



no way he could see to get out, and his only shot at a partner, the Man of Agate, succumbed to death by S.A.P.'s brain, the Man's own father (oh, where did we get that lovely twist in the plot from, moviegoers?), lay helplessly sprawled out on the floor, tongue hanging rather embarrassingly out of his mouth...you know, the whole thing. Time was up.

"All right, you two, we've got you. It's no use to resist. Come out with your hands up," squealed a loudspeaker from outside the door.

"The shit," Marshall mumbled. In view of the fact that the people outside, whoever they were, probably were looking forward to torturing him, then rendering him unconscious, later to run him through with a steel spear and roasting him on a spit to eat for dinner, this was somewhat of an understatement. "Uh...give me a minute. I'm in the bathroom," he called back. He hated violence, and was willing to kill to prove it.

Two minutes went by. Marshall bit his nails and checked his semi-automatic rifle, in that order. First things first, dear readers.

"Enough waiting," screeched the loudspeaker. "We're coming in to get you."

Now, Marshall wondered to himself, with an expression that lay somewhere between serendipitous satisfaction and sheer horror. If Agate Man couldn't break out, how can they break in?

He heard a key being inserted into the lock.

Well, of course. That settled that. That serendipitous satisfaction left his face, leaving only...well, I don't have to tell you. In any event he thought fast. "Listen, I've got a deal. I've captured Agate Man, and am willing to turn him and all of the money over to you in exchange for my freedom."

"Like hell," came the answer from outside. But the key had stopped turning. They would listen.

"Uh...better yet, how about everything including my watch, my home, Agate Man, the loot, everything, in exchange for a ride to the top and ten minutes time from there?" The terms were less than terrific, but hell, what else did the guy have?

"Deal."

And unbeknownst to everybody involved, Agate Man was slowly waking up. Hearing his body being bargained for didn't make him awfully happy, so he assumed that not moving right now might possibly be his chance to get out when the getting got good. But why wouldn't SAP knock them all off now, he wondered quietly to himself?

"Hey, you in there...why don't we knock both of you off now, anyway? Why should we give you anything at all?"

"Err, because I stashed the cash somewhere on the run, and I'm not tell you (telling you) before I'm out of here where it is," Marshall lied off the top of his head.

"Okay, fine, we're coming in," warned the loudspeaker from outside. The door opened. For Agate Man, it was a time of some importance, a time for decisions.

"There's your boy," Marshall mumbled nervously. "Now lemme get out of here."

"Hand over the weapon first." It came from a huge goon decked out in the traditional black uniform.

"Lemme out first. Then..." Marshall, ex-SAP goon himself, mass murderer with nerves of steel, managed to stammer out. (This wasn't his

day at all. Couldn't be.)

"Gun now," grunted the goon, who looked like a seven-foot chunk of granite that needed a shave. He stepped directly in front of Marshall's loaded weapon and stared him right in the eye.

How many goons could there have been in the room, anyway? Marshall guessed six or seven without looking up. He squashed the trigger and blew grapefruit sized holes into the goon standing in front of him. "Take it from me, then." The goon stared at him for a very long moment, the features of his face barely changing at all; no pain had registered at all. After perhaps seven or ten seconds his expression changed to one of surprise, his knees buckled, and he slowly dropped to the ground.

The other goons were also taken somewhat aback. But not for long. They began to closed in on Marshall, who was pinned against the back wall of the room, and attempted to spray fire with the Uzi (you don't like my spelling?).

Agate Man didn't care what happened to Marshall. Being left alone by the door, he quickly jumped to his feet, noticed that he had an incredible headache, and spranted out the door and down the now-familiar hallway. Only Marshall noticed him get up at first.

"Help me you fool!" he cried helplessly.

"Fat chance," the Agate Man shot back, in about the most abusive language our hero could muster.

The goons looked back and saw the Man do the book out the door, but didn't seem to care...what was on their minds was the vivisection of the man called Marshall. Revenge would be sweet.

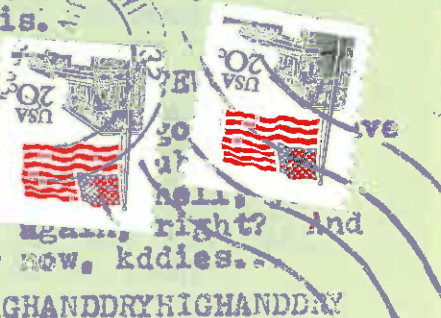
"I'll get you yet for this," Marshall yelled back at the fleeing Agate Man, his eyes changing from afraid to determined. It wouldn't be easy, he thought, as the first SAP bullet lodged in his left shoulder, but...

What will happen to Marshall? Isn't it all too obvious yet? Do you want a diagram or something? Will Agate Man manage to get out of the underground labyrinth that is SAP's headquarters in time to catch the Star Trek reruns? Where is his infamous father, the nerve center of SAP? And what of the birds that betrayed our beloved superhero, Lois Lech and Linda LaRose, whom we haven't seen, hide her hair of in the last six or so episodes? Same of this and more next issue, with Episode 17 of The Adventures of Agate Man of Cosmopolis.

SURE ENOUGH THERE IS MORE FOR THE AGATE MAN ACTION FREAK NEXT ISSUE

Late note: Obviously, with this being Page 10, to put out another issue to get all of the press and in this month. It hasn't happened in a while, but we can afford it. Have to get the games into the 'zine again, right? And Agate Man was just getting good again? No sad faces now, kddies.

HIGH AND DRY HIGH AND DRY HIGH AND DRY HIGH AND DRY HIGH AND DRY HIGH AND DRY HIGH AND DRY



GIVE ME A WEAPON #28  
Konrad Baumeister  
11416 Parkview Ln  
Sales Corners, CA 95130

lots Enclosed  
FIRST CLASS PERMIT

Red Walker T  
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first class plus