

The Only 'Zine in North America Ever To Print An Article By Miss Piggy!

GIVE ME A WEAPON!!
Issue #3
REP #178

August 25, 1981
Dedication:
James Connors

GIVE
ME A
③
WEAPON

"LIFE TODAY IS
NO JOKE -
THEREFORE, LET
US MAKE IT ONE."

"LOVE... 1715
A. B. T. C. H."
- Mick
J. A. G. E. R.

This is, of course, GIVE ME A WEAPON!!
Crossroads Press Inter-Konrad H. Baumelster, try that again) Parkview NE 53130 U.S.A., soon to move to Box 6050 Kenle Village, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20057. When I have a new phone number for the Georgetown Apartment I'll pass it on to you. GIVE ME A WEAPON!! sells at the rate of 10/\$4.00 and gamefee is \$3 plus subscription. The 'zine appears more or less monthly after September. I trade with selected 'zines. Money talks and bullet hit walks. And Clapton is Ghod. This is EGGNOG Enterprises Production #178 for the books.



WIRETAP #3

1) This will likely be the last issue without game moves in it, and this means that it'll be the last issue packed with articles only. This can be good or bad; good for me, bad for you. But tough luck. A game has started in STRANGE BREW and deadline is September 10, 1981, so that's also the deadline for the next issue of GIVE ME A WEAPON!! (Last issue I promised a deadline and...forgot, of course. Enjoy it while you can.

2) This issue is dedicated to James Scott Connors. I've decided that every issue should be dedicated to someone or other whom I like/admire/know or don't know/feel like dedicating an issue to at the time. I've been doing that in POLITICIAN now four times but the idea is too good for that 'zine, so I'm making it retrospective to this 'zine. Accordingly, Issue #1 was dedicated to Richard Blackmore, Issue #2 to Cozy Powell, Issue #3 to Brian May, and so on.

3) Houserules have been typed and printed up. Anybody who wants a set should drop me a line to that effect, and they will be sent a copy. An SASE would be nice, but after all, it's my responsibility, so it's not necessary. All players will be sent copies. Maybe I'll render this entire paragraph invalid and send everyone one. I don't know. They run six typed pages.

4) My first game filled up and has running. The second and last game for a while has six people signed up and ready...I need one more warm body. Sign up now, cuz this will be the last game I will start until 1982 at least. (Unless I'm convinced to change my mind!

5) The Standby list is comprised of: Dick Martin, Mark Lew, Keith Sherwood, Pete Fuchs, Robert Cheek, Bob Kluge, Phil Cooper, Steve Langley and that's it. Eight names, I guess. Anybody want on or off, just say so. I always appreciate a willing standby player. Your checks are in the mail, guys.

6) After this issue I'm going to run through my trade list and plug one or two of the 'zines every issue, starting with #4. I don't really have the time now to go through them at the moment. I trade with the following 'zines: Lone Star Diplomat, Europa Express, Dogs of War, Bushwacker, Diplomat, Everything, Irksome!, The Petrapsid, Appalling Greed, Voice of Doom, Cheesecake, Re-taliation, Torpedo, Invasion, St. George & The Dragon, Diplomacy World, Arda, Hummer, and that looks like it for the time being. Two of those are mutual subs: AG & VD. I get a few more for which I pay like ordinary people. The list of trades comes to 18, I guess. I get about 25 'zines, in toto. Thanks to one and all for the many plugs I've gotten from the above publishers.

7) Oh, yeah, THIS IS IMPORTANT! PLEASE READ THIS, EVERYBODY!! As you read this, I have changed addresses. I am no longer in Milwaukee, wendercity (I think it's the best city in the United States, that I've ever been to). I am back in Washington D.C., and may stay there for the next three years continuously. My new address is:

Konrad Baumelster
Box 6050 Kenle Village
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C. 20057

Please send all orders there, nowhere else. Letter Bombs...well.

8) The big Con next summer will be in Baltimore in late July, I believe. Fred Davis, 1427 Clairidge Road, Baltimore, Md 21207, is the person in the know here, as he will be the contact man with Avalon-Hill this year. Plan to be there, I hope to.

9) Remember that I 'pay' for contributions to this 'zine in the form of extended subscription credit, two or three issues per typed page, if accepted. Humor in particular is solicited. Some of the better writers can expect to hear from me in the near future.

10) Diplomacy World is a 'zine I haven't mentioned in probably about a year and a half, at least, and there was a pretty good reason for that; I was bored stiff by it, and was somewhat unsure of why everyone heralded it as the greatest 'zine on earth. Now that Jerry Jones has turned over the editorship to Rod Walker, it is quite possible that somewhat of an improvement might follow. The White Elephant could soon turn around. We'll see next issue.

11) Well, I think that I might just kill this page now...I'll finish this column somewhere else. But for now I've got a lot of submitted stuff that I can publish -- great! We'll see how the space works out later.

THIS IS A LINEAR SEPARATOR IN THE OLD SCHOOL STYLE SO YOU ADMIRE IT I HOPE SO BUDDY

LETTER COLUMN

From Mark Lew: Hecray for Sue Martin. Really. But still, I do think she goes a bit far. I mean really, everyone who buys you dinner isn't out to seduce you. Ordinarily, just being nice does

still exist (I won't say 'chivalry'). I wouldn't mind if people did these sort of things. If it gets bad just take advantage of them, they'll learn quick (hsh hsh). And besides, if you don't want people to be nice to you, and you don't want to be abused (assuming the person wants to), then what should we do? Ignore you? Okay.

By the way, do you print letters? Never.

I hate Miss Piggy, not in the "who we all love to hate" sense, just plain and simple don't like her at all. Same with Fozzie and all the others. Sesame Street ones are nice as was Kermit until he defected.

Thanks for writing. Giff and I'll print letters, I guess; EGNOC used to have a pretty good letter column, so why not this?

Miss Piggy is ridiculous...but that makes her so ridiculously funny/laughable. Read the article inside. Her ego exceeds her bulk.

As for Sue's poem, well...okay, moment of truth. Several people wrote in about it. Dick didn't think she had it in her. She didn't. I worked for over two hours trying to get the damn thing just right. Sue didn't write anything at all... Ah well, it seemed like fun at the time. Of course, it was meant to go overboard...

Thanks again for writing.

From Steve Spidel: I don't know that greasy old lecher Bob Watt had survived the ERA's passing in Wisconsin. I used to know him and another "artist" named Jim Swadlow, who wrote poetry like:

"I'm sitting on the Union terrace,

It's hot and I have nothing to say

But why should I let

Lack of inspiration stop me from writing poetry?"

The two of them lived in a house down the street from me, belonged to John Reilly. While John was in the county jail they moved in, stole his business, his house, and his wife. When John got out, he moved happily back in. Oh well, what was Madison.

They let the weeds in the yard go natural so that the house looked kind of haunted. Bob (who is fat and ugly beyond belief, and has alcoholic brain damage, for those of you who don't know him) would lure teenage runaways to the house to model for his "art photography" and somehow got them to stay long enough to give them pernicious VD and God knows what. He probably blackmailed them by threatening to send his obnoxious (sorry, Andy) shots of them to their parents.

Anyway, one day the cops came and cut down all the weeds and shit as a health hazard and charged them \$50 to do it. I guess Bob Watt and Jim Swadlow decided Madison wasn't big enough for them and moved to Milwaukee. One thing I'm sure of: Bob Watt will never get a job in this or any other lifetime.

Truer words were never spoken. Thanks, Steve, for writing. Steve is an ex-Wisconsinite now living in Washington state.

PERSONALITY PROFILES

A PROFILE ... IN COURAGE

By Steve Spidel

Due to expert space allotment, this will begin next page.

A PROFILE ... IN COURAGE

By Steve Speidel

I woke up and looked out the window, by scratching a hole in the mold. A typical Seattle day. Through a light mist, a school of salmon swam. I rolled over and went back to sleep.

I got up when the rain stopped, nine days later. It was a light gray day, almost light enough to read by. I knew today was the day I'd get my enemy. Lovingly I shoved a full clip into the magazine of my 25 mm Luger; slowly I screwed the silencer over its eager top.

I left by the fire escape, to catch him by surprise, because I knew he'd be there waiting for me if I took the stairs. I made my way through the alley to the front of the building, and there he sat, watchful, wary. I waited a moment, savoring my victory. He must've sensed methere. He sprang to his feet facing me, his mouth opening -- in surprise? Who can ever know what he felt that moment, as I swung, raised my weapon from the shoulder, and dropped to one knee, all in a nanosecond. Well, maybe 3 milliseconds.

"Yap, yap, yap, yip..." he began, then leaped in the air describing an arc of macabre beauty. It was strange, that curve. His center of gravity suspended a perfect parabola -- up, then inexorably, peacefully, down -- but his bulging, brown eyes fluttered, his short legs twitched akimbo, his naked tail beat like crazy before he hit and lay dead.

"God," I thought, "I love to shoot Chihuahuas."
(My curriculum mortae.)

[/Thanks again, Steve. A freebie goes out to you..../

1981HF PRESS

Yeah, I know, the game hasn't started yet, but Dick Martin had some pre-game press. In fact it was sent in before the game even filled. (Oh, since it's sort of obvious, I should say that the game's Boardman Number is 1981HF. Just in case you hadn't noticed...)

MALTA: Giovanni Brown was born a poor young child on this island of mixed Italian/English parentage. His mother, Lucretia, was a full blooded Italian barmaid of questionable virtue. Little is known about the lad's father, except that he is, or at one time was, a member of the British Grand Fleet, sailing the Mediterranean Sea. Lucretia raised the child alone from infancy to young adulthood with only the typical problems of a fatherless child. Fortunately, young Giovanni was broken of the habit of wearing petticoats by the age of 12. Despite all the hardships and hard work, his mother was intent on getting the lad off to some form of higher learning institution (perhaps so that she would no longer have to keep up with the boy). She had saved up quite a little nest egg, the better to send the child to the finest institutions, so he would not have to grow up as a barmaid.

With Giovanni's fifteenth birthday approaching rapidly, applications were quickly assembled and sent out to the Seven Great Universities. First was the flyer to the Austrian University of Redundancy Institute, followed in rapid succession by papers to the English Institute of Naval Obstinacy, The Casino Royale de France,

and the Germanic University. In short order, applications were also delivered to My All Faiths Italian Academy, the Russian College of War, and finally to the University Theater in Turkey. Privately Giovanni had always wondered what an "Opium Den" was, and prayed for acceptance at UFIT. The boy and his young mother waited anxiously for word of his acceptance...

I like G.U. and M.A.F.I.A., although U.F.I.T. doesn't sound half bad either. So when's part two coming in?

.....

I AM FLATULENT AND MY SHORTS ARE RIDDING UP

(Another profile in the files...)

Allow me to introduce myself. I am Dale Marshall, computer expert, lover of fine wines, secretagent, militant priest, and gun runner.

Things I like: I like to dance when drunk, especially with girls. I like spaghetti, migrant workers, flying saucers, camping, and collecting autographs of people from other cities.

Things I Don't like: I don't like burning my fingers with matches, filling out questionnaires, having teeth pulled, or Bruce Springsteen. I don't like dying.

Things I Feel Ambivalent About: Spoons/forks.

Now that I've divulged a little information about myself, I'd like to relate a little anecdote that happened to me the other day.

Here I am walking in Walgreens to buy some aspirin one moment, and the next moment I'm skulking in an aisle popping 'ludes and holding a .32 on twelve hostages. After removing the money from the cash registers, and the panties from the female customers, I suddenly notice that the street is filled with a squad cars. Sneaking out the back, I jump onto the fire escape and climb to the roof dodging bullets all the way. I leap from rooftop to rooftop along the block until I spy a sweet young girl in a bikini sunbathing. I grab her around the waist and continue running. Now I am pursued by a single officer whom I manage to overcome. I scrape his face on the roof surface like a tomato. I leap from the last roof onto the sidewalk and escape pursuit. Now I am sitting in my study drinking Hot Toddlies and penning this editorial while the little girl squirms in agony, bound with rope in my closet. Excuse me, for my wife is calling me to table. Wednesday is Spaghetti Nite.

.....

MISS PIGGY GIVES ADVICE

Call her Moi.

When the situation calls for alau, a certain swine-voir faire, when knowing what dose of Fume de La Tante can make or break a romance or what fashion statement can net a frog, she's ready. She's Miss Piggy, superstar, calendar girl, and Muppet Queen.

And now, because Miss Piggy knows, "When you're hot, turn on the fans," she's written Miss Piggy's Guide to Life (as told to Henry Beard, Muppet Press/Alfred A. Knopf) to aid those less skilled in the social graces as herself. Which means, of course, everyone.

It's the ultimate self-help book "from moi to toi," dedicated to Kermit, "My Life, My Love, My Frog."

Miss Piggy recognized the need for such a book "because before I became the superstar I was destined to be, I wished for a book exactly like it -- a simple, clear volume with lots of pictures of moi and all the right answers to every important question."

There's something for everyone when Miss Piggy speaks, so let the advice to the life-love begin:

I'm so depressed I can't even eat. What should I do?

The basic trouble with depression is that it is so depressing. But just because you are down in the mouth, that is no reason not to eat.

For one thing, you may be suffering from one of a large number of very specific medically guaranteed forms of depression caused by an unfulfilled longing for a certain food, like watermelancholy, carmel-ancholy, and lemonmeringuecholy or chocolatechonia, petit-fourloquiness, tartachy, or flanguish. If your depression is particularly acute, you may be able to deglunify things a bit with some upbeat music.

And stay away from such soupass composers whose names begin with a "D" like Dostoevsky and Debussy. All they ever wrote was stuff like "Parade for a Swan Who Got Run Over By a Truck." Personally, I think the works of Anton Duzak make very pleasant listening.

I would like my boyfriend to buy me an expensive present, but he doesn't seem to be able to take a hint. What can you suggest?

It is not polite to come right out and ask someone to purchase something for you, but you can get your point across very effectively without your friend being any the wiser with a deft use of body language. Suppose you are shopping, and you have spotted a nice pair of earrings. Stop for a minute or two, stare directly at them, and then, faintly touching an earlobe with each hand, say "There is a RINGING, in my EARS. It will probably pass BUY AND BUY, but right now it is the GOLD-farment sensation. It came on as suddenly as a PUNCH IN THE NOSE." As if by magic, your friend will immediately offer to purchase the earrings for you.

What do men look for in a woman?

They look for someone feminine, sweet, intelligent, and demure. They look for a companion with understanding and compassion. They look for that certain flair, that je ne sais pas. They look for a full, generous figure coupled with a deep, smoldering gaze. And then, alas, I must tell them that I am spoken for.

Is there a cure for a broken heart?

Only time can heal a broken heart, just as only time can heal his broken arms and legs.

A friend insists on wearing this ugly hat and I'm afraid she will ask my honest opinion of it. What shall I say?

Simply say "What a lovely chapeau! But if I might make one teeny suggestion? If it blows off, don't chase it."

How about a few tips on travel?

Being a superstar, I have to travel quite a bit, both in our own country and overseas. If you abide by the simple precepts I have listed, you will have the benefit of my many years of travel experience.

When to Pack: Never pack the night before. If your mind is on going to bed, you are very likely to pack your pillow, your night table, and ten pairs of pajamas and forget something important, like a dozen extra hats or those nice fur-lined booties. When in doubt pack it. What if you are in Florida without your furs, and there is a very quick little ice age?

Travel Arrangements: Whenever possible, avoid airlines which have anyone's first name in their titles, such as Bob's International Airline or Air Fred.

Accommodations: Generally speaking, the length and grandness of a hotel's name are an exact opposite reflection of its quality. Thus, the Hotel Central will prove to be a clean, pleasant place in a good part of town, and the Hotel Royal Majestic-Pantastic will be a fleabag next to a topless bowling alley.

What's the key to your perfect sense of fashion?

A well-known architect named someone or another once said, "Less is more." That's the silliest thing I have ever heard. Less is less.

Before you go out on that important date, conduct your own "dress rehearsal." Stand as far away from the mirror as you can and look at yourself through the wrong end of a pair of opera glasses. Do you stand out? Can they see you from the balcony? If not, then you need to add some fashion flash. After all, what is the use of being a fashion plate if all you're going to put on it is peas?

Have you any secrets for good-looking cooking?

It is often said that cooking is an art, but I have had very few meals that I would hang on my wall. But with a little bit of food coloring, you can transform even the most lackluster entree into a feast for the eyes as well as the stomach. Scrambled eggs are so much more appealing when they are purple, and a commonplace spaghetti dinner becomes rare and exciting if you cook it in three different batches -- say, orange, green and pink -- and then mix them all together.

Any thoughts on dieting and exercise?

Never eat anything at one sitting that you can't lift. There is no such thing as a "correct" weight for any particular height -- there are only averages. And no, who has the perfect figure, can tell you that the idea of going on a diet is not to become so thin that when you are at a party, and turn sideways, people think you have left early.

As for exercise, I really do not understand why a lady would run if nothing is chasing her.

.....
I've been trying to grow a mustache lately, and I'm getting pretty damn irritated with people walking up to me and saying, "Hey, your face is dirty!" or "You stood a little far from the razor this morning, didn't you?" With this in mind, I have come up with the following plan.

(The above scribbling is in ways connected with what follows.)

This page refuses to fill itself out, and I refuse to start anything on it until it does. Insolence, that's what it is.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE FROM MY TRUE FILLS

By Anonymous

It was a hot and muggy day, and I was relaxing in my hammock with a cold beer and a Penthouse. Now, I've never believed those letters before, but something happened that day that made me a believer.

Next door, there lives the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. She was outside doing some yardwork, wearing only a pair of cutoffs, a loose fitting shirt, and a scarf in her hair. At times the scarf would blow into her face, completely covering her surgery scar. The immense beauty of her stirred something deep inside me.

She worked in the yard for about ten minutes, bending over occasionally, giving me a smashing view of her behind which resembled nothing more than two basketballs stuffed into a gunny sack, aching to be set free. Suddenly she stood up and noticed me sitting in my hammock studying her. She flashed me a sexy smile and I noticed that most of her teeth were still white. "Hi Bob (not my real name)," she said. "Say, I've been looking for you. I wonder if you'd like to come inside the house and help me with a plumbing problem I've been experiencing." As she said this, her breasts swayed heavily, like water balloons ungently trying to burst.

I scrambled out of my hammock, rushed over to her, and said, "I'd love to help. I'll bet you've got some really interesting plumbing."

At this she put her hands on her wide hips and spread her legs enticingly. "Then come on inside. My plumbing is just dripping uncontrollably."

We went into her house where she offered me a beer. I refused as I was already pretty plastered.

"Well, then, you just wait here while I slip into something more comfortable. Then you can come into my bedroom and fix my plumbing."

She slipped into her bedroom, so I decided to strip down so I would be ready for her when she called. I was just pulling down my shorts when she called, "Bob, honey, please come in here now!"

I ran, naked, into her bedroom.

She was standing there by the bed, holding a wrench and wearing coveralls. "Bob, you silly boy! How are you going to repair a leaky radiator in the nude?" She then handed me the wrench and said, "I'll go in the basement and turn off the heat whenever you want." Then she disappeared.

I got so dirty and sticky that I had to go home and take a shower. I just thought I'd share my most erotic experience with your readers.

"Bob" Langfellow
Grand Rapids, Iowa

/Ah, thanks, "Bob." I'm sure all of my readers really, um, well, thanks, gwy./

DOPE ETIQUETTE

Let me say out front that I'm a drinker, and I like it. I feel at home with a beer and a beam. I only partake of grass on rare occasions, and then only with good friends. I believe there are many people in the world like me. Your father for one.

With that in mind, I have compiled the data contained in this essay so that we occasional dopers might feel comfortable when we are surrounded with crazy fiends who have their bug-eyes on our wallets and their greasy hands on our wives. Following is the proper etiquette (um, etiquette) for smoking dope.

The Roll: Dope does not come in convenient 20-cigarette packs and no one knows why. It comes in plastic bags and no one ever has papers, so you'll end up either emptying a normal cigarette for the paper or jumping into your pickup truck to run to the 711 to get some. Rolling dope in newspaper is not recommended because most dopers insist on unravelling it to read the funnies.

Once someone can produce a cigarette paper, the actual rolling of the marijuana cigarette (or "joint" or "J" as it is called in dope circles) commences. This is usually accomplished by pouring about two ounces of the substance onto an open magazine and picking out the small, round seeds, which resemble caterpillar turds in size and color. What finally ends up strewn all over the pages of your Playboy looks like the emptied contents of a green tea bag.

Now the main guy in the group, usually the owner of the stuff, proceeds to roll it. This is done by bowing over the magazine, dropping small pinches of marijuana into a cigarette paper, then squeezing the ends of the paper together. The result looks either like a fat needle or a skinny chicken bone, I'm not sure which.

The Compliment: The person who rolled the cigarette now lights it and inhales deeply. After several moments, he exhales saying "Aaaaahh" and nods his head several times. He then passes the cigarette to the person next to him who goes through the same ritual, then must say "Tasty smoke," "Dynamite dope," or some such complimentary phrase.

The Religious Experience: Once the cigarette has been sampled by everyone in the group, a sort of round-robin discussion takes place concerning such topics as alternate planes of existence, subatomic galaxies, and man's subconscious ability to fly. The uninitiated, however, will become obsessed with the fantastic pattern of the rug or how interesting television has become recently.

The Roach Clip: When everyone in assembled group has taken a puff (what is called a "toke") or two, the cigarette has become too small for a human being to hold without incurring third degree burns. That's when someone in the group produces a "roach clip", which is usually a gold-plated pair of tweezers which hold the cigarette end at a distance from the fingertips, and is often worn around the neck on a keychain. Everyone then takes delicate tokes upon the butt until it looks like a cockroach, hence the term "roach."

Disposition of the Expanded Roach: Sooner or later, the remains of the cigarette become so harsh tasting and hot that no human could tolerate putting it near his mouth. That's when one member swallows it, which is called "eating the roach." Or else a bunch of roaches are saved and rolled into a new cigarette or smoked in a pipe. Then the whole procedure is repeated.

The Proper Way To Smoke Dope: Carl, Bob, and I had just gotten into an argument with some friends of ours in a lounge, so we figured it would be best to either leave or kill them and bury them somewhere in southeastern Maine. We walked down a Chicago street searching for our car, thinking that perhaps we'd left it at home (only 90 miles, a short walk), when we decided we'd like a smoke. We ducked into an alley, rolled a rly J (spilling 95% on the ground in the middle of winter) and giggled a little. I can't really reme-

ember what happened next. Great time, right?

Are any girls out there reading this? Send names, photos, love letters and social security numbers to me in care of this station.

WIRETAP (cont'd):

12) Four or five people asked me whether or not we'd have any musical notes like BROWN used to have every month, indicating that it would hardly be one of my 'zines if I didn't. Well, of course that's true. For a while I debated it, and I came to the conclusion that...starting next month I may occasionally throw in a story or two about music. I was going to start this month, but my story was on the Ramones' new album, which I love, when someone just did that a few days ago in another 'zine! (Scott Hanson, I believe.) So yeah...I contributed a good deal to a book a while ago, so I do know how to write about tunes, but...

13) Still have several of the back issues and stuff mentioned last issue here, so buy it. Please?

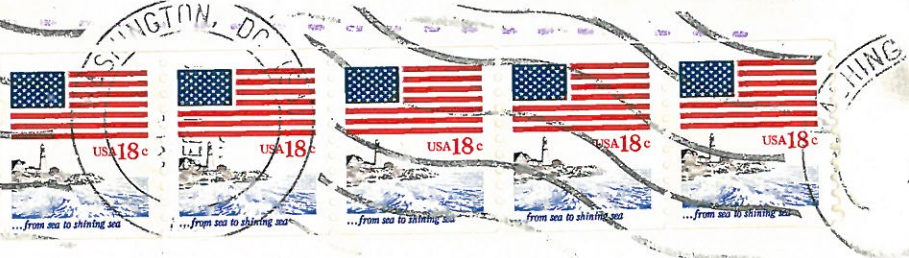
14) Playbill wasn't mentioned, by accident, for POLITICIAN or STRANGE BREW, also out this weekend. SO here they are:

STRANGE BREW #66 Playbill:

- Aerosmith, Rocks (S 1 & 2), 1976
- POLITICIAN #22
- The Cream, Disraeli Gears (S 1 & 2), 1967
- Black Sabbath, Paranoid (S 1 & 2), 1970
- Foghat, Live (S 2), 1977
- Rainbow, Rainbow Rising (S1 & 2), 1976
- AC/DC, Back In Black (S 1 & 2), 1980
- GIVE ME A WEAPON! #2
- Black Sabbath, Black Sabbath (S 1 & 2), 1969
- Whitesnake, Snakebite (S 2), 1978
- Whitesnake, Come An' Get It (S 1 * 2), 1981
- Whitesnake, Ready An' Willing (S1 & 2), 1980
- Ozzy Osbourne, Blizzard Of Oz (S 1 & 2), 1981
- Led Zepplin, Led Zepplin I (S 1), 1969
- Z Z Top, Amigos (S 1 & 2)
- Billy Squier, Don't Say No (s 1 & 2), 1981

All typing, adjudicating, making included. Some article writing not.

GIVE ME A WEAPON! #3
Crossroads Press Int'l
Box 6050, Maple Village
Georgetown University
Washington, D.C. 20057



Doug Bayerlein
640 College
Menlo Park

FIRST CLASS MAIL

94025

FIRST CLASS MAIL