

The Only 'Zine in North America Produced With A Can Opener. By Mack

GIVE ME A WEAPON!!  
Issue #4  
EEP #207

September 11, 1981  
Dedication:  
Mack

Motto #1:  
"Love...It's  
A Bitch" - Mick  
Jagger

GIVE ME

Motto #2:  
Life Today Is No  
Joke; Therefore,  
Let Us Make It One.

SOME RESPECT

This, naturally, is the  
of GIVE ME A WEAPON!!, a  
Press Internation, and

than Konrad Baumeister, Box 6050 Henle Village, Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. 20057 U.S.A. Phone number is (202) 965-2731 but I am not in a heck of a lot so you takes yer chances on the phone. The 'zine appears more or less every four weeks and sells at the rate of 10 issues/\$4.00. There is still one place open in the last game I will open for a whileat the cost of \$3.00 plus maintenance of a subscription. Sign up. I trade with selected 'zines/magazines/whatever. Blackmore kicks. This is EEP #207, again.

fourth consecutive issue  
product of the Crossroads  
is edited by none other

#### WIRETAP #4

1) As you will all have noticed, this issue goes to new reproduction. For the better, I hope you will agree (opposed to agree). Same subscription rate applies, of course. Let's hear some feedback (noise, I love it!!) and maybe even send me a note on what you think of it. I can't use my ditto machine anymore, for several reasons, not the least of which is that I sold it at the end of the summer to a friend. After as many years as that thing has on it, it may well be for the better again...

2) Everybody has House rules now. You are not required to read them; I know I've consulted my rules something like twice in the last five years, so I wouldn't really worry about it at all. But just in case, they're down in black and white (or blue and green). Questions will be answered.

In fact: Question #1 from Andy Lischett: What about extension of deadlines? Answer #1 from me: What about 'em? If I think that they are warranted, then I'll extend a deadline. Sometimes I'll leave it up to the players, saying "If two or more players want an extension I'll grant it." Actually this applies more to separations of seasons. For an extension for more negotiating, generally the

answer is no; four weeks on the average is more than enough, and the six or seven weeks that the new game got can't be beat. So that's handled by the game, generally.

3) Yes, it is true, I still have one position left in the new game that is going to start. Signed up (let's see if I can remember them all) are: Setve Langley, Mark Lew, Keith Sherwood, Ben Schilling, one other whose name I can't for the life of me remember (sorry!), and Mistress JULIE GLASS! Before you guys all jump to get into this game, be aware that she is armed and dangerous... but this one looks to be fun. I had seven suckers for about two days before one of them pulled out (as with banks and girls, I think that there should be a substantial penalty for early withdrawal) so now we're down to six again. (Pete Fuchs is the other player.) Sign up now: \$3 and maintain a sub. Sych a deal!

4) I am typing this up at Dick's place for a variety of reasons, but naturally now I don't have anymore access to my mess of 'zines and notes and records that I have at my apartment. Thus, some stuff will have to be postponed until next issue, maybe. At least I'll tackle the major parts of the issue at hand first, then hit what's left over. Plenty of good publishing material here.

5) In future, starting next issue, just like I said last issue, will be some recurring features. 1) By popular demand (mine), I will be going back to doing some music reviews and notes and the like. 2) I will review/plug two 'zines each issue until I'm all plugged out, which won't be for a while; but after that, hey, that's right!, I'll start all over again! How original, how efficient, how novel! 3) I will probably list trades and standby list fairly regularly, but right now I don't know what the hell they are, so I can't write anything!

6) Notice an addition to the editorial staff: Steve Langley is putting out a subzine which looks like it might be pretty interesting stuff. Don't miss, it, it's on the last page after this second page. In other words, it's on page three.

7) Dick wants to say that this is a fake issue. Don't believe it. I don't.

8) Say what?

9) Nobody pointed out a totally inconsequential point which made me blush for minutes at a time about last issue: The album Amigos by ZZ Top does not exist! I was listening to Santana's Amigos, and I have no idea why I mentioned ZZ Top at all...maybe Gary Coughlan would understand, but only in a drunken stupor...

1) Why not start with 1 after 9? Yeah. 10) Brutus Bulletin to fold, Mickalski announced in his issue 103. He claims that he made up his mind to do so about a year ago, and now he needs the money badly enough to force him to stop in the very near future. Supposedly all monies will be refunded eventually. BB was a favorite 'zine of many (though not me, most of the time) and he will be missed by those same many (and guess what?).

11) GIVE ME SOME RESPECT!! courtesy of Scott Hanson's latest letter. Mark Berch thought GIVE ME A WEAPON!! sounded leftwing (he should know) and suggested SELL ME A WEAPON!! However, if I am going to kill and be killed, I may as well collect the gun for free. DONATE A HOWITZER!! is always another possibility, or LEND ME A GRENADE!! (I'll give it back after I'm done with it, okay?).

12) I am probably running out of room here. I'll call your attention once again to the subzine Steve has thrown in this time, which should be on the next page, if all goes well... (why shouldn't it?)

# THE MAGUS

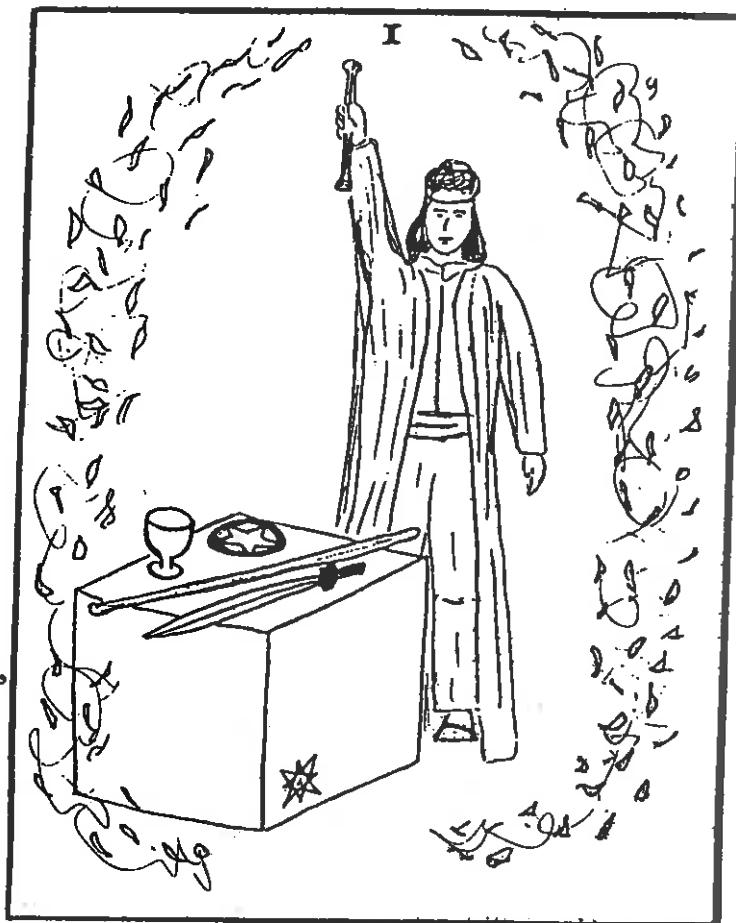
Welcome to the World of

The Magician, First of the Major Arcana. Symbolic of the unknown, the craft of Diplomacy and human pain and suffering.

THE MAGUS # 1                      27 Aug 81  
comes to you from Steve Langley,  
2154 Fairfield Rd., Sacramento, Ca.  
95815; (916) 922-8743.

It is with high hopes and no small qualms that these words are being put to paper. If things work as I plan, THE MAGUS will contain a game of Diplomacy. Konrad says he would rather run a completely gameless zine. I can almost see his point. If you would like to confound Konrad, send me \$4.00 and a preference list. When enough of you have done so, a game of Diplomacy will ensue. GIVE ME A WEAPON will be a regular occurrence (it says here in very fine print), so deadlines for our game will also be monthly, 8 days prior to GIVE ME A WEAPON's press day.

This should give me and the Post Office ample time to get to Konrad with this offering. Players in the game will receive THE MAGUS under separate cover, at about the same time Konrad does, so we are talking three week player deadlines. You don't even have to maintain a sub to GIVE ME A WEAPON, but let's be serious here, you would be foolish not to. My House Rules will lie loosely between those of Bruce Linsey and none at all. My philosophy is that the GM should assume that the players are trying to play Diplomacy. With that as my guide, I will do my best to bring to you (who ever you turn out to be) a straight forward chance to play. Watch this space next time for more detail. The title of this ever so slightly below par offering comes from the Tarot. What I know about the Tarot could fill a thirty second talk, with plenty of time left over to sing the Star Spangled Banner. But, when I discovered the symbology of this particular card, I knew I had the title for my zine. I discovered the symbology not in some dusty tome of magical lore, not through my affinity for the game Dungeons and Dragons, not from a television talk show, but from that major source of information in my universe, the Comic Book. I, very likely, have acquired over half of the vast fund of useless knowledge that I call my own through that single source. It is enough to make a high school teacher cry. If there is any point that you would like me to direct my thoughts to, send me a letter or a card. Naturally, since this is only a small inclusion, I will not be printing a lot of mail. But say something really interesting, and you may become the exception. If you do not take advantage of this offer, you may have to suffer through another pointless page of wanderings.                      Score: 3 over margin; 2 whiteouts



LETTERCOLUMN

From Mark Lew:

I heard somewhere you were married. Married?

I thought I sent you some bux. Have you got any?

I didn't think Sue had it in her either. Thus, I was surprised at what I read, but fooled nonetheless. It did give me motivation to say something on the subject, though I did a poor job, sigh.

...I'm filling a "semi-elite" cast for a 2 week black press (as in BB) game. You are invited, costs...

Houserules? What you think I read 'em or something?

Get Ms. Piggy out of your 'zine. Nuff said.

Who, me, married?

Yes, I do have bux, but nothing other than a few stamps from you. Lucky for you I'm a generous foolish soul. Fork 'em over, buddy!

Sue has sent in an actual-factual real poem for print in GIMME SOME DISCRIMINATION!!, the real McCoy. Lots of people were fooled by the last one. Anything and everything I say should be taken with a grain of salt, especially when you don't know whether I'm saying it or not...

As for the invitational, in the last month I've been invited to a handful of the little thingies. I haven't actually started in a regular Diplomacy game since last game 1977HC, I think. I have played in some variants since then, but not many. Heard Davy Pearl might be in the game as well, and in case that (reversed), forget it. I don't need an automatic enemy. If oen of my brothers is playing in it, sure, sign me up! Oh, but seriously, let me think about it and remind me again in a month.

Nobody reads Houserules. They merely exist. If anybody really thinks that one of my HRS is wrong, bad, poorly written, whateverm don't bother me about it, I don't give a damn! Write your grandmother! Houserules, like I say, are not meant to be used, but merely to exist and take up space.

Ms. Piggy? After that beautiful article last issue...?]

From Steve Langley:

What taste in music is that? There is so much chatter going on in my head -- all the time -- that music does not get much of a hearing -- I am one of those poor deprived souls who really don't listen to music -- with some exceptions -- I recognize the Beatles when I hear them -- (let's give the boy a big hand) -- I always feel so stupid when people around me are talking about music -- but I just keep my mouth shut and it all works out 0

Hi Steve, thanks for everything. Have you ever heard of a period or other form of punctuation? Just wondering...]

From Scott Hanson:

Hello and thanks for your card and #3 of GIVE ME SOME RESPECT. It's nice to see that it is as wierd as EGGNOG ever was. But you didn't have to cut out the Ramones article just because I wrote one. I see I'm with pretty impressive compnay on your trade list too... shit, I might have to keep up a reputation or something.

...I'm really thrilled by the respnse to Irksome. I even passed my limit of 10 subbers and have a chnace to hit 30 and maybe BREAK EVEN! But now that they are raising postage again, maybe not. I'll write again later, I've got an article on Springsteen for you -- not really on Springsteen, but kind of a dream about him --

well, you'll see it.

[Thanks for writing. Irksome looks good, and I hope it turns out to work out pretty well for you! Good luck, and if I can help in any way (like a plug next issue?) just be sure to call on me. As for breaking even, GIVE IT UP, hombre, it just doesn't happen with a reasonably priced 'zine. I ought to know. EGGNOG sold for 10/\$3.50 and I took a substantial loss every year but one, where the profits (due to the opening of 6 or 7 games and their gamefees) allowed me to pop into McDonalds for a Big Mac, small fries and a medium root beer. Some people are in it for the money, and I don't approve of their extortionate prices, but for normal people profit just doesn't exist in this business.

Send in the Springsteen thing as soon as you can, guy. Dick has a Springsteen review and I have something of the like as well, so maybe next issue will focus on the Unusual Case of Bruce Springsteen, Hero of the Working Class of Overpopulated New Jersey.]

From Julie Glass:

I long for your body. Do you long for mine? Of course you do -- longer and longer. (Are you jealous yet, Tro? You should be. You know those pictures of me in Retaliation? Well, that was nothing. Dick kept all the good pictures to himself. Of course, he might be willing to sell them to you. In fact, he'd probably be willing to sell me to you, too. In fact, he'd probably give me away if he thought anyone would take me. Right now, he's trying to pass me off on Konrad. But Konrad's too smart to fall for that. Aren't you Konrad, darling?)

Well, this doesn't look like a letter to Konrad anymore...let's get back to the good part. Yes, that means you, Konrad. I understand you are interested in marrying me (you've only proposed four times in the past week. Hey I'm no DIZ, contrary to your roommate's or Eric Ozog's or Dick Martin's or anyone else's opinion). So anyway, Konrad, if I say "yes" to your proposal, will you support me into Warsaw? Whole Diplomacy games have been decided on things less important than this. I'll be your faithless, uh, faithful ally for life. Heym look how faithful I am to Dick, right? Well, at least in Diplomacy games I'm in. We have to ally -- everyone we play with automatically assumed we are allied and starts immediately attacking us. What choice do we have, huh?

Oh, you're not playing in this game I'm signed up for? What's that -- you are the GM?!? Oh my. Well, I wouldn't want anyone to think I was trying to INFLUENCE YOU OR ANYTHING. Of course, everyone knows you would be impervious to such influence anyway, wouldn't you, sweet, loveable, charming, dearest Konrad? I knew you would.

Love Always,  
Julie

[Yes; yes; that was no roommate, that was just my friend Jim Selvaggi; No, support anywhere is sacred, and not to be exchanged for merer pleasures of the flesh (but maybe, well, we'll see...); sure. Anyways, hell, it's nice to get these little notes in the mail now and then. Cackle. Ah well, I might just take a break at this point in time (i.e. now) and grab ... um, a beer and a Beam. See you tomorrow, sexy!]

Next month, a carbon copy of this letter with Sue Martin's name signed below it. And you probably don't even believe me...

ROCKVILLE SEZ:

YOU ASKED FOR IT, YOU GOT IT!

GMAW!!1 Turkey Spring 01

A Con:Bu1 (surprise surprise)

F Ank:Bla (ooooo devastating)

(drumroll please...) A Smy::::::::::Con (boo, how boring)

TURKEY: Giovanni was ecstatic upon acceptance to UTIT. Not only would he have a chance to visit the most renowned opium dens in the world, but the mere thought of visiting a harem was exciting in ways he could not yet understand. You see, young Giovanni was still innocent in the ways of the world. But he had no intention of letting school stand in the way of his education. Upon arrival at the Ankara campus, the boy was faced with several more immediate concerns: room, board, and registration for classes. Room was solved by signing up for a dorm: Decadent Hall, supposedly the most rambunctious and renowned dormitory in all of Europe. So rowdy, in fact, that 50% of the residents have developed heart conditions before graduation, with the rest developing cirrhosis of the liver (an excellent qualification for actors everywhere). His new roommate, Raoul Lee Roth (pictured at right), had lived in Decadent for the past six semesters, and survived relatively intact. His only defect to date were rough vocal cords from Tarzan screams whilst swinging on vines. And that WASN'T during the school productions, either. He was rather popular with the girls, though, and young Giovanni was looking forward to their first meeting.



So must you, because that comes in Episode 3: Beauty and the Beast.

CON to EVERYBODY: Sorry I haven't written, to you guys, but you don't have to worry. I'm not singling anybody out.... So please don't single ME out!!!!!! Things will get better, I promise!

AUSTRIA TO FRANCE: What's all this I hear about cross-grain appliances! After all, what's wrong with straight-grain, plywood, or even knotty pine?

VIENNA TO PARIS: According to Karl Marx, English laws in delicacy, which Blackstone prizes, go so far as to declare it a felony to seduce a prostitute.

ROMA TO PARIS: I still say that French women look like tin flag poles, Italian women look like they have some meat on them.

GIMME A PRESS DATELINE: Or in them...

GIVE ME A WEAPON!!: That wasn't me, gads, what horrid taste!

EGGNOG: Let's be real now, I'll admit I wrote it...

ROMA TO MOSCOW: I hope that Moscow is warmer than Chicago and has less snow.

ROMA TO KIEL: Never did know where Germany's capital was, so just picked one. Good finish at GenCon.

GIMME A PRESS DATELINE: Germany's capital is presumably dispersed in a handful of very reliable and very lucky banks. Munich is and always has been the capitol of Germany.

WARSAW TO LISBON: Hope that things are going well there. At least you are free and independent and can eat meat whenever you want.

DENMARK TO BERLIN: I dare you! The Queen will never let you invade Our army is awesome. Four bicycles, two slingshots, and one rock. We

just got funding for a new improved rock, and may get mopeds so that we can retreat quicker.

GIMME A WEAPON!!: Well, you guys are just going to have to try harder next time. Mr. Dupont is writing, as usual, and he's one of the best, but where is Mr. Cooper? Let's get going, Phil, your stuff on a good day beats mine on a better day (which means...?). Same goes for several of you. The game, on the other hand, was just as bland...

1981HF -- GIVE ME A WEAPON #1 -- Spring 1901

THERE ARE SEVERN PLAYERS IN A GAME OF POSTAL DIPLOMACY

- AUSTRIA(Dupont): A Bud-Ser, F Tri-Alb, A Vie-Tri
- ENGLAND(Speidel): F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-Nth, A Lvp-Yor
- FRANCE(Cheek): A Mar S A Par-Bur, A Par-Burr F Bre-Mid
- GERMANY(Cooper): A Ber-Kie, F Kie-Hol, A Mun-Ruh
- ITALY(Kluge): A Ven H, A Rom-Apu, F Nap-Ion
- RUSSIA(Lischett): F StP(sc)-Bot, F Sev-Rum, A Mos-Sev, A War-Gal
- TURKEY(Martin): A Con-Bul (surprise surprise), F Ank-Bla (oooooo devastating), (durmroll please...) A Smy-Con (boo, how boring)

Naturally, everything works out perfectly. Deadline for Fall 1901 press is October 9, 1981, October 8 by phone. You might send in some orders for that as well.

There has been a proposal made. It would appear that there is some lack of clarity about the pronunciation of the Italian player's name, Kluge. Is it pronounced "Klooj," "Kloo-gha," "Kloo-gh," or "Bob," or perhaps even "Bahb?" Votes are requested for next issue, and the Italian is ineligible to vote (of course -- what does he know?). So...

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MORE LETTERCOLUMN

From Andy Lischett:

How come Jack Masters is banned from your publications?

Well, for the same reason as Gibson...he tends to interfere in games which are none of his business, and has done so in the past on more than one occasion, despite warnings. However, Bruce Linsey has recently brought to light some more interesting facts about Jack -- he's a plagiarist, for one. Generally, in most all of my dealings with Masters I've ended up feeling that he's a dishonest son of a bitch, and that's all I can say on the subject. Sorry.

-----  
And, speaking of plagiarism, stolen straight from a recent Washington Post was an article I pointed out to Dickie last week. He died and we buried him in Northern Maine. Hope you like it...

WHAT'LL YOU DO FOR AN ATTILA LIGHT?!

Michelob Light, here's looking at you, kid.  
You put the mock into machismo.

You coax the booze right out of the brawn.

Kick, bite, scratch, claw, bleed. What ypa have us do for your brew. Whew!

The cornerstone of the Michelob Light ad campaign is the athletic field, where young jocks are pitted against each other under the prem-

ise that they will far exceed their normal abilities when the prize is a Michelob Light. Typically, in pursuit of one Michelob Light a horde of muscular goons will expel enough sweat to fill Lake Erie, blocking, tackling, and eyegouging, and finally -- after spending enough time on the football field that their children have already graduated from school -- one loser breathlessly says to one winner, "I didn't know you could play so hard." And the winner replies, "That's what happens when you play for a Michelob Light."

For ONE Michelob Light.

So what would they do for TWO Michelob Lights? For THREE Michelob Lights? For a SIX-PACK? For a CASE? For a couple of KEGS? For a WAREHOUSE? For the whole DISTRIBUTORSHIP?

\*

"Let's face it," says Stormin' Norman Detweiler, the former mercenary who became president of Attila Beer, "All these Light beers stink. They're about as thin as a Libyan backbone, and they taste like water from the Love Canal. Maybe a hairdresser would choose a Light beer on his own, but in order to sell it to anyone else, you got to run an ad campaign that appeal to real men, men who have to beat chicks off with a stick. I take my hat off to Michelob Light for finding the right tone. I mean, when those guys go out and kick the bejeezus out of each other just for a beer, it makes me want to bang my fist through a wall."

Stormin' Norman was excited.

All 6-4, 250 pounds of him was flexed into unprocessed granite. To relieve the tension he cracked his bullwhip at a scarecrow sculpture of Muammar Qaddafi, ripping off his head, sending hay and straw flying around the room. Then he relaxed and continued speaking:

"That's what gave me the idea to start Attila Light -- The Beer for Beasts. We've targeted the Definitely Ultra Macho market -- what they call the DUM market -- for guys whose chest measurements are bigger than their IQ. I came up with the slogan myself. 'Drink Attila. She'll know you're a killa. And she'll call you Hun.'

"The point is, you got to make these guys think that a Light beer isn't just a pansy drink. You got to convince them that one heavy-duty guys drink it, and that the broads will go ape for 'em. Beef and Broads, the old double B."

Stormin' Norman crashed his fist on his desk, demolishing the teak top. As he picked the splinters from his hands and face he spoke of his upcoming television commercials:

"We're not interested in guys who drink one beer -- we're looking for guys who are serious, guys who chug a six-pack just to get greased up. And we don't believe in friendly rivalries where all the guys end up drinking together. We take the Michelob Light concept a few steps further. We're into carnage and destruction.

"In one ad, four cross-country truckers are sitting around a truck stop, talking about America being held hostage, when some wag dressed like the Ayatollah comes in. You hear a voice ask, 'What'll you do for an Attila Light?' And you see the four truckers get up and grab the guy. Each one takes an arm or a leg and they stretch him until he starts to rip apart, and all together they say, 'Make a wish.'

"Then we've got out Jaws ad. This guy who looks like he could take on the Steelers' front four is lying on the deck of a ship taking sun, and he's surrounded by six of the most dynamic looking dollies you've ever seen, all wearing string bikinis. Suddenly Jaws appears. You hear a voice ask, 'What'll you do for a case of Attila?' Our guy jumps up, belts the shark in the face, sends his teeth flying every



which way. I mean, he clean his clock. That's one dead fish we're seeing. Then our guy starts chugging Attila Light. And the broads start taking off their tops."

Stormin' Norman, who knows a bullseye when he films it, picked up a mechete and threw it at the dartboard cutout of Fidel Castro that stood in the corner of his office. It went through Castro's heart, through the wall and stuck in the secretary's thigh. "Helluwa gal, sorry to lose her," he said. And as he dialed for an ambulance he talked about his other commercials:

"Our next ad is set in the New York City subway. You've got this subway car full of 15 greasy, smelly punks -- dirtballs, real scum -- and they've got their knives out, and they're getting ready to mug this old lady. We've got Charles Bronson doing the voice-over, and you hear Bronson ask, 'What'll you do for an Attila?' Suddenly, the train pulls into a station, the door opens, and these two Green Beret types come in and start blasting away with M-16s. They waste all the punks and gently pick up the old lady and carry her to safety. As they go up the stairs you see them pass a poster for Attila Light with the slogan, "Some Things Are Worth Fighting For."

"Then we have our gas crisis ad. A bunch of sneering, flabby, pasty-faced sheiks just dripping money drive up in a long black limosine to check into a Tripoli Hilton for an OPEC meeting. There must be hundred of 'em in the street. You hear a voice ask, "What'll you do for a truckload of Attila?" Two customized 'Vettes pull up. Four marines get out, pull the pins, and lob grenades into the lobby. So long, it's been good to know you. As the marines walk away you can hear one say, 'Ain't no use doing it, unless you do it right.' And another says, 'I think we earned some Attila Light.'"

Stormin' Norman was hot now. Beads of sweat gathered on his forehead like bullets -- speaking of which, he had removed his pearl-handled .357 Magnum from his shoulder holster and was yelling, "Fore!" then firing at his 3-D poster of Idi Amin, blowing grapefruit-sized holes in the wall.

"I've saved the best for last. It starts out with a view of two F16s taking off from an aircraft carrier. Our guys, you know. One looks like Clint Eastwood, the other looks like Steve McQueen. As they climb they're in radio contact with each other. Clint says to Steve, "What'll you do for an Attila Light distributorship?" And Steve says to Clint, "Cover me." The next thing you see is both planes going into a power dive, and as the landscape gets closer you realize they're zeroing in on North Korea. Oh baby, is this great. In the last part of the commercial we drop our bombs, blowing these commies all to hell, and this huge mushroom cloud covers the screen. The background music is the Mormon Tabernacle Choir singing "God Bless America," and in the cloud we flash the words "Attila Light -- It'll Blow You Away."

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WIRETAP #4 Part II

13) So, I've got some more goodies for you all, but you'll just have to wait for next issue for them, I guess. It should be good, what with all of the stuff I have plus the magaarticles I've been promised, including, like I said, that real thing, no fooling, honest injun, article by Sue Martin. No B.S. Really...

14) Thanks to all of the publishers who have printed plugs for me lately. I do appreciate it. I'll get around to reciprocating

that later on...like next issue, for atleast two 'zines.

15) The Leeder Poll results are out, but so what? Who cares? I have always gone by the basic idea that you buy what you like, and leave what you don't like alone, and who needs to rate this or rate that...it's cake to find out what 'zines you want to get, simply send out a couple of stamps for sample copies. What's to it? While of course people can have a poll or fivd if they want, I don't see much point behind it.

16) Now, then again, I do see the point behind rational points such as the hobby mascot and the like...that's serious, important stuff vital to the existence of the hobby as a whole, and should not go unsupported. I've done my share.

17) Playlist for GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #4:

AC/DC, Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap

Pat Benatar, Crimes of Passion

Roxy Music, The First Roxy Music Album

The Cars, The Cars

Led Zeppelin, Presence

Queen, A Day At The Races

18) Next issue, as I say, will have quite a bit going for it. Due to general disorganization and lack of time this weekend, this issue is good but not great. So far #2 and #3 have been pretty good, I think. Feedback...?

19) Back issues of many of my pet projects are available.

GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #1, 3 (20¢ each)

POLITICIAN: #14, 16-18, 20 (15¢ each)

EGGNOG: Several, I don't have the list anymore. Next month.

STRANGE BREW, SWLABR, VANILLA FUDGE & MOBY GRAPE are all sold out.

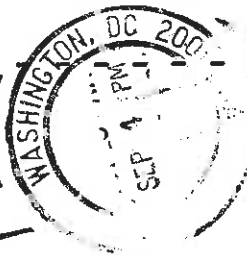
Aren't you the lucky ones?

20) Well, why am I wasteng space here? 'Till next time, have fun. And believe in it. FLN IT!

*Could you plug in DW? I'd really appreciate it.*

*Kurd*

GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #4  
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