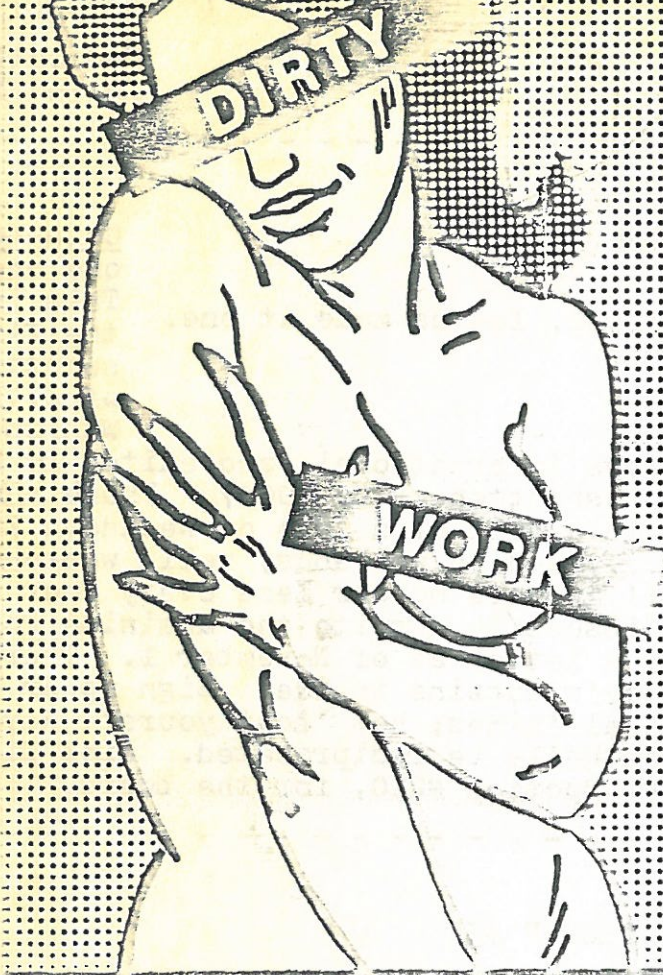


OOOH...AAAHK !!!
ROCK 'N' ROLL



GIVE ME A WEAPON



The Only 'Zine in North America

GIVE ME A BREAK!!

October 9, 1981

Issue #5
EEP #210



Dedication:
Keith Richards

Motto #1
"Love...it's a bitch." - Mick Jagger

Motto #2
Life Today is no joke; therefore, let us make it one.

Motto #3 (new)
Fuck the Postal "Service"

Colophon (The one and only):
This is, of course, the fifth consecutive issue of GIVE ME A WEAPON!!, a

product of the Crossroads Press International, and edited by Konrad Baumeister, Box 6050 Henle, Washington, D.C. 20057. Phone number (202) 965-2731, but I'm not in a hell of a lot; on weekdays it's the Pub or classes (or both...) and on weekends, well, weekends are weekends. GIVE ME A WEAPON!! appears more or less every four weeks and sells at the rate of 10 issues/\$4 despite the assinine Postal "Service's" new raise to 20¢ a letter as of November 1. There are game openings in Steve Langley's subzine inside. Sign up or he may feel bad. I trade with several 'zines; how 'bout yours? Any plugs are appreciated and will eventually be reciprocated. Kick Dick. This is EGGNOG Enterprises Production #210, for the books.

WIRETAP #5

1) Note the new motto, #3 above. The first two mottos pretty accurately describe my thoughts on life in general, and the third is a new addition inspired by our true friends, the United States Postal "Service," who have continually dicked us over at every conceivable opportunity, and some inconceivable ones. In 1971, when I first really got into this screwy hobby, stamps cost 6¢. Not 16¢. Six pennies each. Now, a meager ten years later, it's 20¢. Gawd. The price of this thingle will stay the same because I, for one, don't believe it's passing on the problem to my subbers. Bets on how long it'll be before we have another raise in rates? The "Service" claims that this should be it for another two years, unless inflation should necessitate another raise. Which means, of course, absolutely nothing. I can't believe these characters. Only in these United States...

2) On lighter matters, repro last issue turned out great, thanks to good friends in low places. It looks like I'll be sticking with it for a while...assuming, of course, we don't have to wait until 4 a.m., eh Dick? In light of this, I figured that the least I could do was to brush up on some of my typing, right? I am now trying to get into the habit of correcting typos and strikeouts and the like. It's been a while, right droogies?

3) Well, I may be running out for lack of space, so it's about time we all tuend the page. ("Tuend?" Turned.)

4) Like the cover? Hope so, cuz it's here to stay, at least until I get sick of it. Stumbled upon it playing pinball at Howie's in Maryland with Bill, Dick and Julie and thought it fit this 'zine well enough to represent it well into 1985... If anybody else out there can actually draw (not like me) and can come up with a decent cover, I have the facilities to reproduce them, I guess. Even EGGNOG had one good cover out of 59 issues...

5) Game opening: Steve Langley is getting a game together to be run in his subzine. Write directly to him about it, I have nothing to do with it...details in his subzine last issue, if not in this one. I personally will not gamesmaster another game until 1982 at least. I am at this time running less games than I have since 1976: 3. Only 1979CU (in POLITICIAN), and the two here. Feels terrific. Not playing in a single game. The relief when my EFGIART game ended...not to mention the Youngstown thing I GMD in POLITICIAN. Gads.

6) Well, I am starting this issue a good deal ahead of the deadline for the first time in years. Feels lousy, but a few martinis might just make it a little better. But I do jave a few goodies to print this issue, as you will shortly see yourselves!! If I do everything this will a large issue be. Maybe, maybe not.

7) Standby list, in no particular order, is comprised of the following individuums: Dick Martin, Mark Lew, Tro Sherwood, Pete Fuchs, Robert Cheek, Bob Kluge, Phil Cooper, and Steve Langley. I can always use more. I appreciate the services these people lend. I did it for years and loved it. If you want on or off of my good side here, just say so (not that anything will happen, but just say so).

8) In the latest issue of World Tennis, journal of the USTA and sent to all members, I discovered the following tidbit in the letter section. John Patrick McEnroe is the greatest tennis player in the world, in my opinion, and after beating Bjorn Boring the last three times they played he has proven it to the world. He's a tad volatile on court, but so what, I can relate!

That Curtis L. Gibson of New York, late of the lonney bin, wrote in to WT supporting Mac knocked my socks off, and I'm still looking for the dumb socks... We all, of course, know Mr. Gibson from the days in which he wasted his time by writing to Diplomacy 'zines and filled them with drivel about everything from True Blue Ethics to having seen Armageddon with his own eyes. His brevspel style of ... ah...writing...set back standards in public schools 256 years. Apparently the editors of World Tennis were willing to wade through it for the laugh effect it would produce for the letter section.

I nearly died...

Anyway...

9) The color of the day is purple.

10) Back issues still up for sale are the following:

GIVE ME A WEAPON!:: #1, 4 (20¢ each)



McEnroe: Good King Bad?

My Man McEnroe

McEnroe is a hero of anti-tvrranny. It is high time we, the fandom, stop tolerating ump's and line-men who spoil matches by robbing players of crucial points. When Mac protests a bad call his opponent would back him up if that opponent was a man, but they are almost all spineless, supine, habitual captives of bureaucracy.

CURT GIBSON
New York, N.Y.

POLITICIAN: #17 (postage)

EGGNOG: #21, 30, 43-44, 52-53, 56, 58 (20¢ each)

HOUSERULES: newest edition, 1981, postage only

The rest of everything is sold out, though STRANGE BREW and POLITICIAN issues are still issued semi-regularly. Some backs are in short supply; grab them while you can. Please?

11) Some smart pepple are sending in stamped, self-addressed postcards with their orders, not a bad idea at all. I can't always mail them in 24 hours, but 48 is more like it. Just so you know.

12) This balderdash will be continued on a later page(s) somewhere. Don't look too hard, you may be didappointed.

The rest of this page is dedicated to anybody except Bruce Springsteen.

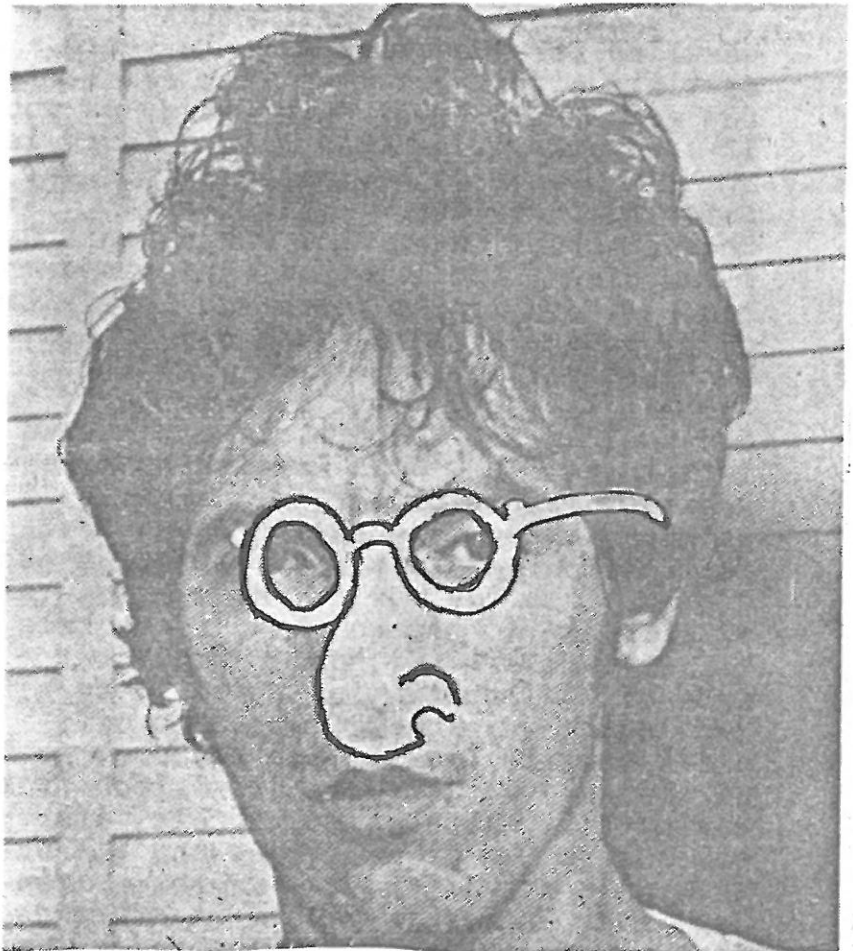
OH BRUCE!!!!!!!

A PORTRAIT OF A GREASE
MONKEY AS A YOUNG COR-
PORATE IDOL

God is not dead.
We have Bruce Spring-
steen. "To live alone,
one must be a beast or
a god," says Nietzsche.
Yet we must ask oursel-
ves, "Is man merely a
mistake of God's? Or
God merely a mistake
of man's?" It is easi-
ly discerned that there
is an obvious connec-
tion Between Bruce Spring-
steen and our lives.
His hands and ours both
manifest the toil of
daily existence. His
hands are stained with
factory paint and grease.
We endure the brand of
the Wall Street Joutnal's
newsprint and our Pilot
pens. In "Prove It All
Night," Bruce expresses
the feelings deep inside
all of us as we strive to
gain admittance to the board
rooms of the Fortune 500.

"Everybody's got a hunger/ a hunger they
aan't resist/ there's so much more you deserve/ much more than this."
Clearly, Bruce sympathizes with our desire for conspicuous consumption.

His lyrics depict images of a student sitting alone in his dorm
room with a St. Pauli Girl in his hand, waiting for his monthly check
from home; or even more vividly, this same student worrying about
his interview with Dupont, the Foreign Service exam, and the Law
School. Bruce understands the bourgeois student's risks and pain,



Bruce Springsteen is God

the pain that inspires him to dance with his puke-stained shoes in a Saturday Night Pub. "Darkness on the Edge of Town" seems to be written specifically for we students and younger folk: "Some people are born into the good life," he crones. Here Bruce shows he understands the historic role of the working class. Bruce does not believe in Marx, but in Social Darwinism. He understands that his people should never leave the benevolent oppression of the New Jersey corporate oligarchs. He has found his place as Court Jes- ter to we children of corporate America. He states this clearly in the theme of "Adam Raised A Cain." ... "All of the old faces / ask why you're back / They fit you with position / and the keys to your daddy's Cadillac."

How can we go on in our life of pain and misery, in our straight-jacket of a Lacoste shirt, without the understanding support of fuhrer Bruce Springsteen?! Not only does he speak for all students but in "The Promised Land" he speaks directly to Georgetown's Hoyas: "The dogs on mainstreet howl / 'cause they understand / If I could take one moment into my hands / Mister I ain't a boy / I'm a man / and I believe in your promised land." Drivel.

Yes, folks, Bruce Springsteen speaks to and for us. As Sartre said, "Hell is -- other people," but with the, um, voice of Bruce Springsteen yawning a beat to us on that beer-stained pub floor, we are no longer alone. We have a leader, compatriot, and comrade. Hail Springsteen! (See you at the pub on Thursday night.)

This station takes time out to pause for station identification.

THIS IS A LINEAR SEPARATOR AND I AM THE ONLY PERSON AROUND STILL CORRECTLY USING THEM

The station now recognizes opposing viewpoints from responsible spokesman. Scott Hanson of Minneapolis has the floor.

VISIONS OF THE BOSS.

By Scott Hanson

I was surrounded by a teeming multitude. They all had one thought on their minds, one word on their lips. "Bruce! Bruce!" Then he appeared and the crowd was satisfied.

I had this vision the night before of Bruce Springsteen's last concert in St. Paul. I interpreted it to mean that I would somehow be able to dig up the bucks to buy a scraped ticket for the show. I was wrong, and while the Boss was strutting his stuff at the Civic Center, I stayed home.

My home town is in a Midwestern musical wasteland and it took an exchange student I was going with to introduce me to Bruce. One night rather than park (again) she suggested that we listen to some of her tapes. "This guy can't sing," I complained. "Just listened to him," she whispered. I did, and I heard the truth, and it set me free. He was definitely worth one night of frustration.

And now? That girl and I are engaged, and the Boss reigns over America and is conquering the world. Whether it's the Jersey shore or the Minnesota prairie (the only reason Wisconsin got into "Cadillac Ranch" is that Minnesota has too many syllables!), Bruce speaks the truth. Let's just hope his next album doesn't take as long to complete as the last!

✓Thanks for the stuff, Scott. Well, you can hope that he'll pop another album out next week, but for my part, I'll just wait for the new Black Sabbath album due out this month sometime...

We may have yet another viewpoint presented within this issue, I don't know yet. I'll call and see...

Talking about tunes, I'm just listening to West Bruce & Laing's Whatever Turns You On, which I haven't listened to for 6 or 7 months, and now I think I remember why...now that the two good tunes are over, I think I'll turn it off...

MAKE UP YOUR OWN ARTICLE, DEAR READERS

By Richard Dale Martin, Esq.

In early July, I had the golden (orange?) opportunity to see the reigning king of rock 'n' roll, Bruce Springsteen. All it took was several days of waiting in line, and a coat hanger to unlock my car. Believe me, it was worth it! I was blessed, with tickets to two shows.

First, some background on me. I'm a fan of most forms of music (from Mozart to James Taylor to Deep Purple (Konrad's heroes)), but Bruce Springsteen is my present #1 favorite. He has been ever since I saw my first Springsteen concert in '78. Sure, I've seen other biggies like Eagles, Wings, Aerosmith, Beach Boys, Kiss (!), Boston -- but there is something different about "The Boss."

It starts with the anticipation. You know you will get a 100% effort every time. Naturally, the average fan's energy level is higher than usual going in, as a response. Add this high energy (times 20,000 fans) to the personality of the Boss (he loves his concerts as much as his most devoted groupies!) and something incredible happens. You get something ~~resembling~~ a cross between a revival meeting and a high school pep rally. The energy and joy of the show is amazing! Imagine: 20,000 people standing, clapping, and singing along to catchy, energetic tunes for roughly three to four hours (the average concert by other groups is 1½ to 2½ hours) if you can I bet you can't! Twenty thousand people singing at the top of their lungs is both deafening and invigorating. A great releaser of tension!

The two shows I saw this summer were on a Wednesday and a Friday. I didn't expect as much from Weds., because I'd be going alone, and he'd have a day of rest before Friday. Well, I was right: Wednesday night started slow with some of his mid/down tempo stuff, and never quite got off the ground. Bruce also looked definitely tired, without as much of his usual climbing and jumping antics. Sure, there were moments of brilliance, but it was just not more than a very good ordinary show.

Friday, on the other hand, was another story. Coming out strong with four dynamite songs - Badlands, Prove It All Night, Ties That Bind, and Night - with barely a breath between, the crowd went wild and stayed that way all night. The mood was set from the start and nobody had any problems getting up to sing along the rest of the night. Ah, it was great! Bruce just took the packed house to an emotional peak and kept it there for 3½ hours. The only resting point in the whole show was a slow acoustic version of Woodie Guthrie's This Land Is Your Land. I hate to say it, but it was bad!! It just didn't fit, and I don't think Bruce will ever be able to

(continued Page 13)

LETTERCOLUMN

From Mark Lew:

Feedback? SqueeeEEEEEEeeeak.

[I had a feeling someone was going to do that...]

From Steve Langley:

Sorry you have been depressed. I have spent a major portion of my life depressed -- by actual count. I have recently discovered (a doctor's prescription to rid me of a chronic cold was to be tickled once a day -- so help me!) that being tickled beats being depressed. If you are depressed because you are without a tickler, then you should force yourself to fill that void with a good tickler. I prefer my ticklers to be of the opposite sex, and ticklish themselves. Ticklish people know how to properly tickle. Now ticklish clods tend to dig fingers into ribs and leave bruises. If you are one of those non-ticklish clods, you are not beyond redemption. Find a tickler and fake it. It will come back to you real soon. Don't tickle until it does.

Dragging a fingertip along the length of the sole of the foot is good. For best effect, the leg should be genely restrained. If truly effective, best asandowned ((wha?)) after a short visit. Remember, tickless tend to move away from a tickle. If there is a particular spot you want to tickle, but you can't reach it due to defense contortions (you will learn a number of effective moves if you get into tickling as a hobby) the easiest way to get to your chosen spot is by tickling the diametrically apposite spot on the ticklee.

The reaction might be automatic. I'm not sure how much tickling research has been done. I do know that your chosen target, albeit a moving target, will unfold before you. You may get to alternate spots several times before some alternative defense posture will be attempted.

Remember, time outs to breath, and especially, take turns.

On another subject, I have not abandoned the dash as a viable all-purpose (almost -- parens and quotes get use too) means of punctuation. I am experimenting with a broader pallette, in response to your comments behind my letter. Hmm, there's another one! Why -- I've been maligned!

[You can always count on something, um, different, to come from Steve Langley, you know? Thanks for the, ah, advice. Besides, being depressed is a lot better than being oppressed, right?]

BOROGROVE

#1

5 Sep 81

Shall we start it out with a title contest? I already have my title, but you could tell me where I got it. No! I am not insulting your intelligence. In fact, I'll tell you the origin, just 'cause I'm not sure anyone would enter. Imagine how embarrassing it would be if ---- so anyway!

Back in 1959, a friend (whose name I have since forgotten. My memory works that way, alas. It always has. To think, I used to

worry about senility. Senility is easy. Although, sometimes you lose the train of your thought.) discovered that a recently published version of Carroll's works used 'Borogrove,' and so checked an earlier edition. 'Borogrove' all right.

She, being of strong mind, hypothesized a slight shift in the Universe. She tested her theory through intense research. She polled all of her friends and acquaintances. The poll consisted of two questions. The first quoted the first line of the poem down to "...all mimsy were the _____" fill in blank without checking any source material. The second asked for the date of first encounter with the poem.

According to the data gathered, the shift occurred somewhere in 1956. Those of us who read the poem prior to 1956 all remember 'Borogrove.'

Actually, I think I'll hold a title contest after all. What is the true origin of this title? Or, if not the origin of 'Borogrove,' the origin of the true title of this 'zine. Original material only, please. That means I don't want to see that same peanut butter and jelly smear on a John Pack entry as I do on one from Tro. I'll print (or Konrad will) the best solutions to the problem. And, if appropriate, award a prize. Send all entries to Steve Langley, 2154 Fairfield Rd., Sacramento, CA 95815. This is by way of colophone too (except it's in the middle).

I can't give you a playlist. I work best in relative silence. I can work with noise, but would rather not. NOISE!?! How DARE I!?!?

I'm sorry. But I'm one of those weird folk who don't listen to music. I feel like a truly alien being at times. When music is being discussed for instance, or especially when I walk into a room with a solid rock beat to it. My body reacts to the beat, but my mind ignores the whole thing. I have gone to concerts, both rock and classical. Mostly, I manage to stay awake. I suspect that I may be missing something very special, but I don't really even envy any of you who listen to and even hear music. I'm that far away from it.

My other friend, Sanfly B., once tried to explain the pleasure of listening to rock to me. I concluded that it was something like concentrating on a puzzle to the exclusion of all else (one of life's greatest pleasures). She didn't think so.

I brought this all up because GIVE ME A WEAPON!! is a somewhat musically oriented Dipzine, and I felt I ought to do my part to try to fit right in. How am I doing?

You have no doubt noticed a gaping dearth of game results. I think the gaping dearth is cross related to the ogling girlwatcher via the leering jet, but I'm not sure. At any rate, there sure is a lot of no games here. There is a reason for that. Konrad told me that I couldn't have any games in my subzine. I'd really like to GM a game. I may, even, in some other arena. The reason Konrad gave me was that he wants to see if he can get away with as few games as possible. He's going to run just a couple. (I think he may relent, if I keep prodding him. But for now, a gaping dearth is all you get.) It is his 'zine, after all, so what can you do? He's the publisher, and he's Germanic. You know what they say about Germans? [/No, what do they say about Germans? - K.B.]

My other friend, Bill Rotsler, was once interrupted by a telephone, which was conveying a sales pitch. The voice commented on Rotsler being a German name, and went on to compliment the German people as being 'hardworking.' "Yeah," Bill interrupted the

interruption, "but they are always starting wars." And went back to work. That's why I don't just defy Konrad and start a game. Even though I'd really truly like to.

[Milwaukee declares war on Sacramento as of this instant. Don't bother looking for the country anymore, Californians, I nuked it ten seconds ago. All right already...anybody want to play in Steve's new game?]

I'm getting confused. Not that it takes all that much. But anyway, we have young Tro in an April Fool's VOD that Tro didn't write (all maybe, of course) and now Scott Hanson has faked the first issue of his own 'zine, Dipsomania, which is really Irkosome. If you follow my thought and even when they tell you they did it they might be lying. Probably are. No wonder John Boardman is concerned. Can you imagine the frustration of trying to put an appropriate identification number on all of this stuff flying by?

I'm tired of it all. You hear? Tired! I'm mad as hell, and I'm...did it go that way? I never saw the movie and I can't remember the trailer. But what a great segue into my next love, the movies.

I just saw 'Four Seasons' which was very funny, at times. Most of those times, Alan Alda was laughing along with the audience. He is very good at what he does. Before that I saw 'Heavy Metal' which was very very good! For what it was. If you are not into rock, sex, violence, comic books and humour -- give it a miss. I'm into most of these, one way or another.

The summer list was long toward good fantasy, but one expected title didn't show up. Anyone out there hear about Conan? It was due out this summer, I thought. Was I just off a year, or did the Universe shift? Date all information you send me about Conan.

Only one real loser in the summer bunch I saw, and that was "Clash of the Titans." It would have been a winner, twenty years ago. Technology just passed it by, poor baby.

Have any of you been experiencing "Future Shock?" When I read Tofler's book, I really thought I could handle the big changes, the medium changes and the teeny tiny changes that make up my technological surroundings. It was the personal changes I deraded. Whether to work in California or Texas or Tennessee or wherever. Whether to be single, married, separated, divorced...or something else. How to keep it all moving so that none of it bogs down, but keep any part of it from taking too much. (Supply your own symbols as appropriate. Whether it's money, love, sex, laughter, comfort, clarity, it all changes.)

What about you? You look as if you might be a bit confused. Is it future shock? Or just another Borogrove?

I have been seeing more and more burnout warnings lately. Do you suppose my subconscious is trying to tell me something? If it is, it doesn't know me very well. I rarely listen to warnings or threats. On the other hand (not warts) I am spending one large lot of time playing this game. More, now that I've sunk into publishing to get noticed (sorry Konrad). *There are other things that I enjoy doing.*

What it comes down to is a matter of pace. My other friend, Lyn Hardy, used to recommend burning the candle at both ends, and then lighting it in the middle. Only way to get enough light to see by. Only way to get anything done.

My previous experiments along these lines went from a low of four issues of a 50 page zine to a high of 44 issues of a 6 page

'zine. The latter was the weekly underground paper at school (when I flunked out the paper folded) and the former was too damn much work. I have been in the hobby now for over half a year, and am starting my sixth game. One more thing than I need, but who could resist Konrad anything. So if I burn out, you all know it was Konrad's fault. And if I don't burn out, it's only fair that that's Konrad's fault too.

[/Thanks much, Steve my boy! Neil Young said, in his entire career, only one line which I really can relate to: It's better to burn out than to fade away. Be irresponsible. It's the only way to go (and eventually you will go, but it'll be fun until the last two months). Seriously. Not really.

I started by being a contributing editor to a High School paper while I was still in 7th grade: The Wallpaper. Fun at the time, but it was ridiculous. Since then it's been all downhill.]

FALLOUT

A game of international conflict by Michael Heaton

Fallout is a postal game for 5-12 players. A game will commence as soon as at least five entries have been received, and additional players may join in during the first few turns. Special provisions are made in the rules so that latecomers are not disadvantaged.

Each player will control a Major Country with the following assets: 100 million population, 10 factories (FAC), 50 missiles (MS), 10 ABMs defending FACs, 10 bombers (BMR), 20 fighters (FTR), 3 Spies, and assassin (007) and HENRY Kissinger. Each turn an increase to these assets will be made: either up to 20% population, or a spy, or a 007. The one will be randomly selected in the proportion: population 70% of the time, spy in 20% of the time, 007 in 10% of the time.

In addition, there will be a number of minor countries, each with 10-50% of the assets of a major, but no spies, 007 or HENRY. The number and strength of the minors will be determined by the GM. A minor will initially be neutral, being later controlled each turn by the player whose popularity index (PI) is currently the highest in it.

Each turn you will be given a list of your assets, PIs, the names of the minors you control and the names of the players dropping out, voting results, spy information, and press print-outs; and you must take the following action:

1) Say what to build with each FAC. A FAC can build 1 MS, ABM, BMR, FTR, 50 Sports CARs, or .25 new FACs. You order each FAC in your major as you wish, and each minor you control as you wish, except that all FACs in a minor must be ordered to build the same (not CARs). A similar restriction holds in all cases concerning minors: all votes must be cast the same way, all MSs must be launched or none, and so on.

ABMs must be specified as defending FACs or population, when they are built. They may subsequently be reassigned, but at a cost of 10% of the number reassigned.

Total defensive weapons must not exceed total offensive. A

build order which would infringe this will be changed to the corresponding offensive weapon. Neutrals and late entrants automatically build MSs. Otherwise FACs unordered, or illegally ordered will not build.

2) Say where to send your spies. A spy in a country will report its assets, and if a minor, the identity of the controller and his PI there, and what spies are there. However, one or two of these items will be inaccurate, the error being between 5% and 20%.

In addition to your mobile spies you have a resident spy in each minor you control, who reports as above.

3) Say where to send 007. He kills all foreign spies in the country he is in before they can report (though resident spies are replaced next turn). Two or more 007s in a country will kill each other and all spies there. Unordered 007s (and spies) will return to home base.

4) Say where to send HENERY and to whom to give the CARs. HENERY adds 50 to your PI in a minor each turn he is there; each CAR adds one to your PI. These additions are permanent; also, HENERY adds 200 while he is there. An additional 1 is added to your PI for each 1 million population you control, though this is not permanent.

5) Vote for a winner. Each player has one vote per million population controlled, and they are recorded for himself if unordered. The game terminates when one player gets a majority of the total vote, lower order places being then determined for another to disguise the size of his population (but take care, you may vote him into victory -- it is even theoretically possible for a player who has been eliminated to win). Only the total votes cast for each player are disclosed.

6) Declare war as he wishes. War may not be declared on the first turn, and is declared by the GM on turn 5 if not previously declared. The fact that war has been declared, but not the identity of the declarer, is reported by the GM.

7) Send messages to another player (in the usual fashion of postal play) or a press release to the GM for general distribution. Press should be short and not in code.

Late Joining Players: Have their HENERYs randomly assigned. Also the FACs of a player joining one or two turns late are ordered to build MSs, and in the case of a player joining later, to build FACs for the first two turns, then MSs. If the GM considers a player is still at a disadvantage he will add an appropriate number of CARs to the player's assets. Players may join up to and including the turn in which war is declared.

After A Declaration of War: Has been proclaimed each player may launch each turn some or all of the MSs and BMRs he controls, specifying targets as population or FACs in named countries. FTRs may be ordered to escort BMRs.

ABMs (defending the appropriate target) will be launched automatically, and each will cancel out one MS. FTRs will be launched automatically; escorting FTRs will engage an equal number of defending FTRs and any remaining FTRs will each destroy one BMR without cost. FTRs engaging FTRs will each inflict casualties of 25% of their number on the opposing force. A FTR can be ordered to escort a BMR or to defend, but not both.

MSs and BMRs not destroyed will each kill one million population, or .25 of a FAC. These BRRs and remaining FTRs return

to base! MSs are used up.

This war action takes place after the construction phase.

Michael, you and this game are both equally wierd. But I guess I asked for it, right? Um, thanksagain.

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF AGATE MAN

By Jim Wygant

In our last installment, Agate Man had been cornered in the lapidary warehouse by two goons working for S.A.P. (Stone All Peoples), the biggest international ring of dope-using, rock-coveting evil agents ever. It looked as though our hero's days of altruism were about over as one of the goons crept up behind him and prepared to brain him with a thunder-egg. As we rejoin him, Agate Man has just noticed the threat from behind.

"Is that necessary?" Agate Man asks.

The goon, not having brought that consideration to his work before, is momentarily taken aback. Seeing an opportunity, Agate Man grasps a rock pick from an open crate nearby and drives it through the goon's right foot, pinning him to the floor. In surprise and pain, the goon flings the thunderegg away. It cold-cocks the other goon.

Back in Cosmopolis, Agate Man resumes his role as a middle management bureaucrat in the city's water bureau, carefully stalling work and avoiding decisions to complete his masquerade.

"How about a nooner in the stock room?" Lois Lech whispers tantalizingly to him, mocking his apparent lack of interest.

"No thanks, Lois. I've got this stack of shut-off orders to process. I guess I'll just have lunch here at my desk." He notices the little spit bubbles that form at the corner of her mouth as she watches him intently.

Not giving up easily, she leans closer. "Then I'll have to use the Kid again." She smiles invitingly.

"I'm sorry, Lois, I really can't. I promised the Chief I'd have these done by this afternoon. But maybe I can take a raincheck on that."

The phone rings and Agate Man listens intently to the urgent message. As he hangs up he tells Lois, "I've got to go, Lois, something important has just come up."

She glances down at his lap. "Fat chance!"

He grabs his coat and she calls after him, "How come you always leave gravel around where you've been sitting?"

He only smiles mysteriously, off on another adventure of Agate Man.

MOLECULAR MACROENTOSIS VIS A VIS ECOSYSTEMIC WELTANSCHAUUNG

By Edwin L. Williams

I was sitting in my office when she walked through the door. After surveying the damage, I thought, Dammit, I've just got to fix that latch! She was tall, leggy, but perhaps her most striking feature was her 52 inch bust.

"Are you Colt Luger, Private Eye?" she asked hesitatingly.

"You got it. What can I do for you, sister?"

"That's Sister. Sister Mary Francis, IHM," she answered. "I want you to find my father."

"That's Father. Father Michael O'Brien, BVD," I answered. "I read the papers too, you know."

"You do?" she asked. "Did you happen to catch that great article on antique pepper mills in Sunday's Post-Intelligencer-Dispatch?"

"Come on, baby. I wasn't born yesterday. I know that article was really about travelling by yak-back along the picturesque highways and byways of Upper Nepal, where pleasant peasants serve decent pheasants to hesitant and reticent..."

She stopped me in mid-sentence. Good, I thought, I couldn't think of a word to fit in next.

"I love you, Colt," she breathed huskily.

"Come here, wench," I ordered. "Prithee, give us a kiss."

"Sure, Colt," she said. "Just don't get in the habit."

As she moved closer, I thought, George Bubb Dodington, The Baron Melcombe (1691-1721) was right.

Springstein continued ...

sing slow acoustic songs. Fortunately, he came back with "Thunder Road" and all was well again.

What never ceases to amaze me is the cross section of people there. Ages ranged from 15 or so to a few members of the over-forty crowd. People were well-dressed, some were grungy, some were preppy, some were casual. But they all stood up and cheered when Clarence Clemens soloed on his sax.

So if you want to see the best show of your life, go see Bruce! You won't regret it. The band is great, the music is incredible, and the feeling is out of this world!

?Thanks, Dick. Which world is it in, then? The music is inedible? We were going to hear from Brad Wilson about Springsteen as well, since he happens to be completely overboard on the New Jersey prodigy, but didn't hear from him in time for the deadline (i.e. today).

1891HF PRESS

First things first. Let's print some of the propaganda....

FRANCE TO AUSTRIA: Actually, I prefer whole wheat, don't like granola, and sorry I missed your corny-ation.

PARRS TO ROMA: Our women may look like flagpoles, but that's better than a nation of Miss Piggys!

GIVE ME A WEAPON!:: No, I'm not a punk rocker, I've always looked this way!

LISBON TO WARSAW: How gross! Why not write clean press, MRK?

LONDON: We deplore this crude and vulgar press, but know the Moral Majority will get you yet!

ITALY: On the road again, going places where I've never been.

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA & ITALY: You're looking for centers in all the wrong places!

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA: Somebodies knowing, should I let him in?

FRANCE TO GMAW: Country press this year, next?

GMAW TO FRANCE: Naah, not much. Some can be okay, but the main attraction of country to me in in lyrical content, not in the music, which seems to me to be repetitive, whereas rock and blues and such relies more on music...though I like decent lyrics as well. Ah dun't know...country jest don't wash wit' me.

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: We're just two ships that pass in the night.

ENGLAND TO DENMARK: Have you developed our photos yet?

BERLIN TO BELGIUM: One small step for Germany, one great leap for Diplomacy.

BERLIN TO GMAW: Are you kidding, I'm writing all the press!

GMAW TO BERLIN: Except for the stuff I write, that is...

ENGLAND: We do not seduce, we deduce and induce and reduce women!

GERMANY TO FRANCE: After all, I've done for you, you do this! What ingratitude, ineptitude, and inalienable!

GIMME A PRESS DEADLINE: Stop taking my name in vain (or worse, in MAINE), who do you think runs this game?

GERMANY: I do!

MOS TO GM: How come this is suddenly a press game? When I signed up it was only a game, but later you said something about how you picked the players because of their good press writing. Jeez, in six years I haven't written ten lines of press! I don't even like press!

ME: Well, you'll learn, I have the feeling...

MOS-COW TO GM-COW: How come you didn't tell me on my SASPost-card that I couldn't have a deadline extension? I thought your note "No problem, Andy..." meant yes. (Oh woe is me! Slimy yellow fleets in my beloved Black Sea (sniffle!)).

GM-COW RIGHT BACK AGAIN: Who said that was my note...?

MOSS TO BOXS: Enough complaining. I'm really a sweetheart.

MOSS TO ROLLING STONE: ...Moss to Rolling Stone...Come in, Rolling Stone...Do you read me?

ROLLING STONE TO MOSS: We read you Moss. Engine number three and four are out and we're losing altitude fast. We're gonna hafta ditch her.

MOSS TO HOSS: "Aw shucks, Paw."

MOS TO SILVER FOX: Can I add salt and pepper? That last bit wasn't my fault, honest.

MOSPORT TO MARK LEW: I read in Brutus Bulletin that as a GM you won't run S'01 until all orders are in. That's almost as bad as anonymous neutrals. I'm ashamed of you, and Konrad's ashamed of you (maybe).

KONRAD: Yeah, (definitely) I am ashamed of you. How un-American can somebody be...?

STERLING MOSS TO GARY COUGHLAN: Gee, this is neat. I can fulfill my duty to write press, and send notes to five or six people all with one crummy stamp. What's up in St. Louis, or Chicago, or (yech) Decatur?

TAZIO NUVOLARI TO KONRAD: How come you don't publish a subber list so I can do more mail this way?

KONRAD TO RAZIO NUVOLARI: Guess.

GILLES VELLANEAUVE (sp?) TO MIKE CONNER: This is just a short note to acknowledge receipt of your orders for 1979HC in Chesapeake. I'll repeat them just to be sure I got them right; F Hol-Hel, F Nth S F Hol-Hel, A Par-Bur, A Tyl S AUSTRIAN A Tri-Vie, A Pie-Ven, F Wes-Tyr. Good luck.

MOSS HART TO MARK LEW: What's going on between you and Jack Masters in Black Frog? I think he stopped sending me issues (although my sub was almost (but not quite) up) because I told Bruce Linsey about Woody Allen.

Speaking about Woody and Bruce and Allen, I didn't tell Bruce not to identify me, I told him it was not for quote (the same thing?), but later decided not to be so spineless and said it was for quote, but Bruce's exposé (or did you expose' it first?) passed my for-quote letter in the mail.

MOSES TO BRUCE LINSEY: Ain't it so, Bruce?

MOS-QUITO TO WHOEVER I MISSED: Hi, Don, Hi Richard. Hi Bern (where were you?). Hi Jerry (unless Rod has already assumed control; in which case...) Hi Rod (no commentary please...) Hi Keith. Hi Steve. Hi Pete. Hello unknown entities.

MOS TO KONRAD: See, I told you I can't write press.

GIVE ME A BREAK: That's for sure.

GIVE ME AN ULCER: Hey! You can't impersonate me!

GIVE ME A CHEESEBURGER, FRIES AND MEDIUM ROOT BEER TO GO: Aw shut up!

LISBON TO WARSAW: Things here are well. It is warm and we do not need to burn much coal. The bear season has been extended to 12 months a year with the new King in power.

DENMARK TO BERLIN: Our mopeds have arrived just in time for the impending border war. The funding for the cruise rock was resumed after the Queen found out about the price of gas. The cruise rock is expected to have a range of 100 feet to 3000 miles. Of course, the longer range, the worse odds of hitting anything. We still dare you.

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: What can I say? We didn't talk at Kathy's, and at least I wrote you a card this time.

A BUL-GRE: Please?

ANK: Phil Cooper, my buddy, is in this game? Really? I never could have guessed. I hear so much from you these days, Phil.

MARTIN TO LANGEEY: I'll play in your game, but only if neither Woody nor Bloodsucker is too. I'm in far too many games with those suckers already. Woody in particular OO what a moron! Sheesh! (Yes, I'm on to what you're doing. What, you want another Fade Away? If so, why?)

TURKEY TO ITALY: Hello, do you exist?

ITALY TO TURKEY: Are you in this game or what?

ITALY TO ENGLAND: Sorry I never answered your letter, but it was so boring! Do better next time, huh?

SMY TO SEW: The most I can do to show my goodwill is move to Gre. I hope this is enough for you, you brute. And so forceful, too.

ASCERBIÆ SERB TO FRANCE: What's all this I hear about how to pronounce Cluj? Cluj is a nice place to visit in a Youngstown Variant, if you are China. If you are Russian, you will seize Kaluga in 1917 -- this game should last so long -- if you're a Bolshoi. Bolshois are -- well, you march in with a big bolshoi, it's a dog in Edith Sitwell's poem set to music. The principal industry of Kaluga is metallurgy. Metallurgists do not crucify mankind on the altar of bimetalism; you know what that is, it works your thermostat's expansions and contractions. If something goes wrong, a siren sounds, Kaloo-gha, Kloogha. The name comes from the French, clouage, infinitive clouer, to nail. Many famous men come from the home of Clouage, nailing. They sing, meet me in Saint Clouer,

Clou-eh, a city where Mr. Kluge lives. The patron saint is Clouer IX, who had predecessors Clouer the Debonair, who had kempt nails, a form of taxation; then came Clouer the second, the Stammerer, Clouer V the Faint (Donothing, like holding at Venice), Clouer VI the Fat, Clouer X the Quarrelsome who was replaced by a stand-by agter only 2 years and was advised by Bernie of Oaklyn, all children of Clovis who was chronicled by Saki, alies Günther von Kluge, commander in chief at Paris after von Rundstedt, so you will pronoucne it correctly! The mnemonic is German for grand piano, flü'hh-schwa-l, flugle, from which we get fugle, to act like a ringleader, make signals, as in "I picked out their fugleman, a well-known boar, and fired" and "The French nation is of a gregarious imitative nature, it needed but a fugle-motion in this matter" and "The case fugles admirably for a very large class of philosophical principles" -- DeMorgan. Never mind!

AUS TO TURK: Hi, Crud! Yours, A Blunt, ex-Adviser for the Queen's pictures and drawings.

PARIS TO VIENNA: I'm sorry I never wrote to reply to your press about Blackstone's praises of the English felony law. I dropped the address list into the fortepiano, the flugel was being tuned so I could entertain the English sea lord and Dismdale, the extinct Baronet.

LONDON TO BERLIN: The German Emperor is really a wonderful man! The poor people always ask, "When are the English coming?" What was won by the sword was given up by the pen. I am always wondering whether we can manage to get to Lemnos before the Russians in case of war. I fear not without a permanent Levant Squadron. Believe me. Yours very truly, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET LORDS

BERLIN TO GM: Kahlua is pronounced phonetically, like misled, e.g., the missiles were put on Amtak cabooses and they were MX misled at the midwest.

GM TO BERLIN! Ah-hah.

ST. PETERSBURG TO DIRECTOR, INTERIOR SECURITY: The Cheka will scrutinize Sue Martin's carbon copy & oblige. A patent forgery by X.

SECURITY DIRECTOR, GIVE ME A WEAPON EDITOR'S OFFICES: Ghod, she mailed it to me and it got lost in the mail. Another copy is on it's way here, really, but didn't make it in time for the issue. Next time, we promise...

ROME TO BERLIN: Holy cross game alliances! Bu Halo Bhab.

Gimme a Attila Darkin Da Dark, before I goes in a rips da guts outta youse huns, and da maggots magus also -- Di say, craft of Diplomacy, my my.

GIVE ME A WEAPON: My, my.

THE BEATY AND THE BEAST: Episode 3 in that neverending crusade for decay and foolishness, starring Giovanni Brown, and his roommate: Raoul Lee (Oolee) Roth. In which boy meets girl (and again, and again, and...).

Giovanni had moved much of his stuff into the closet by the time his roommate dropped in. Raoul Lee, nicknamed Oolee by the rest of the student bodies, believed in grand entrances. Preceded by a howling scream (somewhat akin to an approaching freight train), the door burst open and Oolee, arms flailing, dashed across the room, launching himself off an unstashed trunk to swing off the light fixtures before jackknifing into the top bunk.

"Hello," said Giovanni, quite taken aback.

"OwooooOooEE! A 9.85 from the Russian judge! Pleased, I'm

sure. You must be Gio, my 14th new roomie! Hope you don't mind my takin' the top bunk. I like it best on top, if you know what I mean!" he leered, swinging down to the floor.

"No, I don't," replied the innocent lad.

"You will, boy, when I'm through with you." Oolee leaped over to the widdow and gave off a piercing, two toned whistle (complete with distortion). "I'd like you to meet Michele, one of my "understudies," heh heh!"

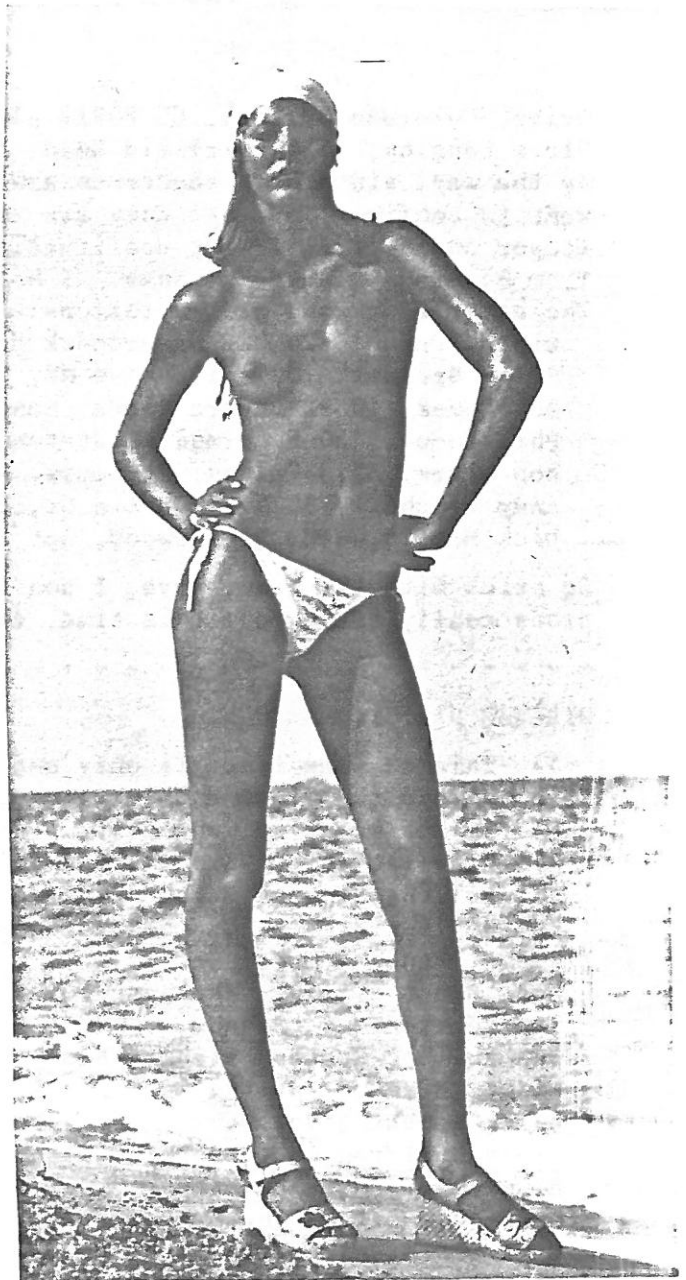
"But, what does this have to do with the game?"

"Nothing, man. What does the game have to do with this?"

"Well, when you put it that way..."

Almost on cue (actually a little bit late, so the stars had to ad lib above), the door swung open slowly...seductively...and there stood...Michele, dressed in the latest Turkish fashions...(we are willing to export!).

More on this in episode 4: The Boy Learns His Lessons All Too Well.



Well, that was pretty terrific press this time. What follows, the game, was much less terrific, in that here I am, at 1 a.m. the morning after the deadline, and Mr. Speidel's and Mr. Cooper's orders are both missing, which means NMR! I tried calling both collect on a number of occasions and nobody was ever home, so that's just the way it goes. Lief is tough in the big city. The game report will follow.

Oh, yeah, this typewriter isn't mine, it's just the one from the office that I'm getting the copies made, doing the report at the last minute, hoping for a set of orders to come in... Well, getting tuit...

1981HF -- Fall1901 -- GM DISGUSTED BY MISSED ORDERS, PRESS DELIGHTS HIM

AUSTRIA(Dupont): A Tri H, A Ser-Bul, F Alb S ITALIAN A Apu-Gre/nso/
 ENGLAND(Speidel): NMR! F Nwg H, F Nth H, A Yor H
 FRANCE(Cheek): A Bur-Mun, A Mar-Spa, F Mid-Por
 GERMANY(Cooper): NMR! A Kie H, A Ruh H, F Hol H
 ITALY(Kluge): A Ven H, A Apu H, F Ion=Tun
 RUSSIA(Lischett): F Bot-Swe, F Rum H, A Sev S F Rum, A Gal S F Rum
 TURKEY(Martin): A Bul-Gre, A Con-Bul, F Bla S A Con-Bul

S.C. Cgart for 1901: AUS: Home, Ser: 4, Bd 1. ENG: Home: 3, Even. FRA: Home Spa, Por, Mun: 6, Bld 3. GER: Ber, Kie, ~~Mun~~, Hol: 3, Even. ITA: Hmme, Tun: 4 Bld 1. RUS: Home, Swe, Rum: 6, Bld 2. TUR: Home, Bul, Gre: 5, Bld 2.

Standbys, I think we need them: For ENGLAND, would Pete Fuchs, 3585 Inspiration

Drive, Colorado Springs, CO 80917 please submit orders? And for GERMANY, would Steve Langley, 2154 Fairfield Road, Sacramento, CA 95815 please do the honors? By the way, since both countries are even for the time being (heh heh) all I want is confirmation that they can take over the countries if necessary. From Cooper and Speidel I want confirmation that they will stay with their positions from here on, please? Thanks. I had hoped to be able to count on you guys... The other addresses are as follows:

- Victor Dupont, 24 Old Mamaroneck Road, White Plains, NY 10605
- Steve Speidel, 7027 1/2 15th Ave NE, Seattle, WA 98115
- Bob Cheek, 10392 Ladera Senda, Santa Ana, CA 92705
- Phil Cooper, 80 E. Brandis, Staten Island, NY 10308
- Bob Kluge, 8513 Valdes, St Louis, MO 63123
- Andy Lischett, 3025 N. Davlin Ct, Chicago, IL 60618
- Dick Martin, 6103 Breezewood, Apt 202, Greenbelt, MD 20770

Do stick with the game, guys, I don't want to lose you, Especially with the press really taking off this time, eh? DEADLINE IS NOVEMBER 6, 1981.

WIRETAP Part II

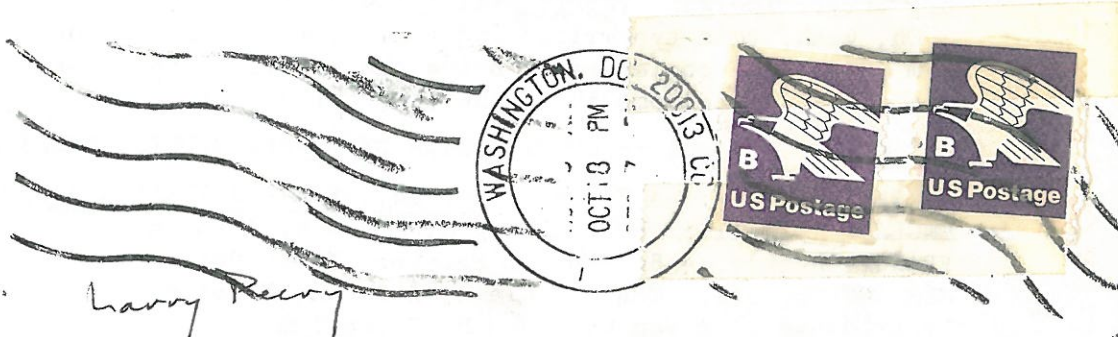
1) This 18 page issue is only one issue, but if they keep up like this I may have to make them into double issues, postage being what it's going to be, you know? In the meantime, enjoy it, I think this one's not bad at all...

2) Playlist for GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #5:

- The Rolling Stones, Sticky Fingers
- The Rolling Stones, Goats Head Soup
- Wings, Venus & Mars
- West Bruce & Laing, Whatever Turns You On
- Ten Years After, Ssssh
- The Rolling Stones, Black & Blue
- Wings, Back To The Egg
- Black Sabbath, Vol. 4
- Green Bullfrog (Blackmore, Gillan, Glover, Paice, Lord, Sullivan, Lee, et al)
- Blue Cheer, Outsideinside
- Monkees, More Of The Monkees
- Cream, Disraeli Gears
- Van Halen, Fair Warning

GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #5
Konrad Baumeister
Box 6050 Henle
Washington, D.C. 20057
(202) 965-2731

Standby in1981HF



Harry Reavy
Box 8416
San Diego, CA
92102

FIRST CLASS MALE

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