

GIMME YOUR MONEY (PLEASE)

November 6, 1981

Issue #8
EEP #214

Dedication:
Ian Hunter

GIMME GIMME GIMME !!

Motto #1

"Love...it's a bitch." - Mick Jagger

Motto #2

Life today is no joke; therefore,
let us make it one.

Colophone This is obviously the eight 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 is (202) 965-2731 for those late calls with orders and the like. This 'zine appears more or less every four weeks for the small rate of 10/\$4 despite the postage hike this month. There are game openings in Steve Langley's subzine, The Magus. Inquire with him. Articles are paid for by subscription extensions, press is encouraged, in fact all reader involvement is encouraged... This is EGGNOG Enterprises Production #214.

WIRETAP #8

1) This may or may not be included in the mailing for the double-issue #6-7, simply because I have no idea how much xeroxing I'll be able to get away with this month. If it's not too much, then this #8 will appear, and as soon as possible thereafter, the double-issue will be sent to you. However, I am not sure, so if you get this issue alone, and don't have the big one yet, rest assured, it will get to you fairly soon. Dick and I will do our best...

2) Fred Townsend is running an FTF game this weekend, and the next issue may have something on how that turns out. Also, I have heard some rumors as to there being another Byrnecon in the not-too-distant future, so if possible I will be there (if not, then not, natch) -- the last one was terrific. Unfortunately, transportation is always a problem. With luck, Dick (to whom I am already immeasurably indebted) and I will go together and drag Julie along in the process.

3) Speaking of Julie, she just got out of the shower, and...

4) The weather here is erratic, to say the least. Middle of October we had some really cool weather for a change, then a few days ago, first week of November, I was walking around with a T-shirt and that's it. Today it's not going to get over 50 degrees, and maybe 30 tonight. Pretty enthralling information, huh?

5) Mmmm, Steve Langley's stuff is on the next two pages, unless I badly miss my guess, something I do all too often, and then after that...well, I want to give you something to look backward on, so find out for yourself, and then ruminate on its implications for time-space...

THE MAGUS

The Magus #2 brought to you via 'Give Me A Weapon' by Steve Langley, 2154 Fairfield Rd., Sacramento, Ca., 95815 (916) 922-8743. This is #2, whole #4. The Magus actually is the real true title of my subzine, but like any good master of illusion, will appear occasionally under other guises. Borogrove, with the second 'r' is the way we remembered it. Borogove, without the second 'r' is the way you will find it in all the books, both pre and post 1956. Last month's offering failed to make that clear. Sorry, but the way it is is the way it is.



The map is an example of how the game will appear. Circles for armies and squares for fleets may jar a few purists, but you adaptable types shouldn't have any problems. At date of typing, I have five signed up for 'Press Gang'. Thank you five, and thanks to you two too, who ever you are, that are waiting out there to complete the set. Konrad's (snicker) schedule forces this game to start no sooner than February. I hope you all can wait that long. I hope I can wait that long. My apologies to Bob Olsen, Dick Martin and Gary Coughlan. I allowed my enthusiasm to have each of you in 'Press Gang' run amock. I allowed the name to influence me through my love of the pun.

I haven't always loved the pun, and there are frequently repeated puns that make me wince even now. I'm afraid I'll remember one before I'm through here. Just your luck if I do.

Spider Robinson tells the type of pun I best enjoy. Before him, it was Ferdinand Feghoot. Do any of you remember Feghoot? If you do, and you also remember a good story, pass it along. Spider Robinson, for those of you who don't know him, is a very good writer of humorous touching Science Fiction. His best may be, "Stardance", but I love his short stories more.

Spider is a creator of well told puns. He recently told a story about a talking, who turns out to be a venquilotrist, to give you a twist through his mind. The story took place in Callahan's Crosstime Saloon, which I personally plan to visit when I have a week or so to search it out. Callahan's is a pretty neat bar, with a regularly occurring pun night. Quite a few of Spider's stories are about the people who frequent Callahan's; and they are people. He's that good a writer.

I was recently credited with a question in Kathy's Korner in Whitsonia, even though 'nameless' asked the question. "Is it fun to feud?" I can't see that it would be. John Caruso says not. What do you think? If you choose to answer the question, let me know if you are feuding or not.

Right now, I'm sort of aware that BRUX, IG LEW, BLACK JACK MASTERS, ROBERT SACKS, and ROD WALKER are joined in feuds of one sort or another. There are probably lots of others that I have missed. If I have missed any of you heavy feuders, chalk it up to my ignorance, not your importance.

From the outside, looking on, I seem to sense a lot of ill feeling. At the same time, I see these same people, and others, having lots of fun with comic attacks on one another. Recently, Gary Coughlan exposed Mike Conner as a Russian agent. Bobby Stephans showed us the side of The Memphis Flash that we have all come to recognize as being the real Gary.

The feud is sometimes laced with humour, but the feeling doesn't seem to be all that friendly. Of course, I could be playing with words here. Bob Olsen and Gary are exchanging some very clever letters in Ron Brown's *Murd'ring Ministers*. Is this a feud? I don't call it so. I get the picture of a competition, joined by both with good humour. (If I'm wrong, and the two of you actually despise each other. Never mind.)

Feuds are an interesting subject. People have been feuding for a long time. It seems to be very natural. Man is a very competitive animal. He is macho! His ego ranges in sensitivity from tender to 'don't touch me!'. (I fall somewhere between 'very tender' and 'touch me', but that's another line of thought.) His territorial imperative is very complex. (I once hated a young genius for being rich and talented.) He is extraordinarily combative. (Konrad nuked Sacramento because an old friend of mine said that German's started wars.) How could there not be feuds?

Speaking of Konrad, who has absolutely no sense of humour, despite his talent for unconsciously hitting just the right note to make you laugh; he would prefer it if I lightened up. So, in deference to the boss, let me present: "In pursuit of the Borogrove" (Note the second 'r') Fred C. Davis Jr., 'Bushwacker' sent me my only loc so far. His A New Anthology of Modern Poetry, Copyright 1938 shows the line, "All mimsy were the borogoves ...". He also pointed out a Science Fiction story "Mimsy Were The Borogoves" from in and around the critical period. I am in pursuit of the short story. I thought I had it in a recent collection of 'classic' short stories, but find that I no longer have the book. I think it was written by Lewis Padgett. If any of you happen across the story, you might check out the spelling and the date of being published.

The question of NMR insurance was raised by one of my players. I like the idea. If anyone who is playing in a game that I am responsible for would like me to attempt to call collect to collect move just prior to the deadline, send me your phone number and the request that I call you if your moves have not arrived by the more traditional method of dumb postal luck.

Speaking of luck, this is the just your luck segment. My stepson told me about the mummy who went to the psychiatrist because he wasn't sure if he were a mummy or a daddy. I recently read of a young computer programmer who tried to program his home computer to compose music. The program was flawless, but the music was terrible. Turns out his Bach was worse than his byte. Told you it would be just your luck. Spider Robinson makes you laugh instead.

Don't forget. 'Press Gang' is meant to be a press game. If you feel an inspiration to press coming on, do not stifle the urge. Write some press for 'Press Gang'. If you want to establish a byline, do so. I always liked A Nony Mouse. But that was from when Gaul was divided into three parts, with Wormwood.

1981IB -- Spring 1901 -- GMAW!! #2 -- THE GAME SHERWOOD GOT BHAFTED FROM

AUSTRIA(Lew): A Vie-Tri, A Bud-Ser, F Tri-Alb
ENGLAND(Fuchs): A Lvp-Edi, F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-Nth
FRANCE(Gwynn): A Par-Pic, A Mar-Bur, F Bre-Mid
GEMRANY(Hanson): A Ber-Kie, F Kie-Hol, A Mun-Ruh
ITALY(Glass): A Ven-Tyl, A Rom-Ven, F Nap-Ion
RUSSIA(Langley): A War-Gal, A Mos-Ukr, F Sev H, F StP(sc)-Bot
TURKEY(Schilling): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank-Bla

Hmmm, and it's off to an interesting start, boys and gurls (make that girl). No orders missed, no conflicts, just peace and quiet. Let's see, now, the next deadline, for Fall 1901 that is, should be four weeks from now, meaning December 4, 1981, the last deadline I should have before 1982 (gotta get used to typing that). Refer to the game as 1981IB from now on, now that we have a Boardman Number for the thingie. We have plenty of press here, I think...remember, Black Press is okay, as it always has been...

ST. PETE TO MISTRESS JULIE AND JOHN: Why exactly would Konrad be telling us not to worry about you? Doesn't he like you? Do you suppose that it is all part of Konrad's masterplan? Perhaps he needs an alliance between the two of you for some twisted purpose of his own. By setting you apart, by making you 'the strangers,' in our midst, he may well have writ your destiny. Why did he do this to you?

GIMME A PRESS DATELINE: No fair, Steve, you figured it out...

CONSTANTINOPLE TO ST. PETERSBURG: Bounce?

CONSTANTINOPLE TO VIENNA: Hello? Anyone home?

KEITH TO JULIE: Parlez-vous hubba-hubba?

SHERWOOD TO KONRAD: Give me a break? Wasn't I supposed to be in this game? You said so privately and in the 'zine, but presto, I'm not here! ~~Did Julie protest that much?~~ And after I planned to offer everything to Julie that she could get her hands on... for God's sake, Bammeister, why did you deprive me of playing (Diplomacy) with Julie? *Sob*

KONRAD TO SHERWOOD: I explained all this already,..anyway, you're standby numero uno for this, but at the time I wasn't sure you wanted to play. I do nothing for the sake of Ghod...

ST. PETERSBURG (The Winter Palace): Candle light. Cool crisp air. The scent of distant fir. Violins, laughter. Beautiful women. Amid such surroundings, a man as powerful as the Czar might be expected to enjoy his life. But no! Such was not the case that winter of 1900. The Czar was the picture of serious intent when he spoke to Stefan Stefanovich Langleyovskiovich, his personal aide and closest advisor.

"I have learned that Rome is ruled by a woman. The Mistress of the Pope is the true power in Italy. I must have this woman as my own. Raise armies, raise fleets. Do what you must, but bring me Mistress Julie!"

MOSCOW TO ROME: In the name of His Imperial Highness, Czar of All the Russias, Mistress Julie is invited to the Winter Palace next Tuesday for tea. Sincerely, Stefan Stefanovich Langleyovskiocih, Marshal of the Armies, Admiral of the Fleets, and Pan-derer to the Czar.

WARSAW TO BUDAPEST: Base rumour has it that the Dual Monarchy has fallen into control of the Esquimoux Adventurer, Nanook of the North. If this is the case, knowing as we do that Nanook lusts after the flesh of all women, we can only assume that he is, even now, intriguing to get his blubber smeared (yuch) hands on the fair Mistress Julie. Be warned, oh scien of the icy wastesm the Czar has singled out this woman to be his own.

SEVASTOPOL TO ANKARA: I'm sure we can come to an understanding. You get Greece, Bulgaria, Serbia, Trieste, Venice, Naples, and Rome, but the Czar gets Mistress Julie.

BERLIN TO GM: You did go to the Crud Institute of GMing, right? So I can put 2 units in Kiel.

GM TO BERLIN: Sorry, guy, wrongo. And Crud can GM a game? Didn't know that...

U OF M TO U OF MD: So Princess, Julie, how did things work out between you and King Crud?

BERLIN TO PARIS: Hmm, you sound like a mail drop for Konrad to me. He justs wants another excuse for Julie to bribe him with pleasures of the flesh. (Remember, Julie, don't give him anything until after he supports!)

K.B.: Who needs an excuse...?

MN TO AK: Brothers of the Frozen North will always stick together!!

BRUX: TO KONRAD: Houserules cannot be forgotten. Rule 97 section 6 of my HRs strictly forbids this.

MUNCH: I don't know why, but I have this strange urge to move in and out of Kiel.

PARSIS: How does this "Black Press" work, anyway?

ITALY: And the question on everybody's lips is -- where's Tro?

BERLIN TO WORLD: I just wish to announce that having to pay no game fee for this, "I don't care if you use me again / I don't care if you abuse me again / You can make me I don't care / You can fake me I don't care / You can stab me just about anywhere / It's alright." Get the message?

ME: No.

ENGLAND TO WORLD: I'm preparing for F Nwg & F Nth C A Edi-Yor, don't bother me. It's a practice convoy of the Army's mascot with the remainder of the Army infiltrating overlord to attempt to overcome any unexpected resistance (A Edi S A Edi-Yor).

VIENNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE: I hear you're a fink so I'm going to get you. Say goodbye sucker.

WOMAN: I demand a divorce!

JUDGE: Why?

WOMAN: My husband beats me.

JUDGE: How often does he beat you?

WOMAN: Every single time!

NANOOK TO GM: Damn you Konrad! Not only do you stick me right next to her, but you have the glal to give me the worst country Austria! And I just ran out of stamps too. I'll bet you got a good laugh when you got my pref list, huh? YOU do realize that I'm not going to pay for this?

NANOOK TO GM: Harvey's Bristol Cream?

GM TO NANOOK: Yeah, when I got the pref list it did seem a tad humorous...too bad you sent it too late. That Austria is the worst country on the board is your feeling, not common knowledge. As for not paying, there seems to be a pattern developing...

TRI TO VEN: Leave me alone, woman!

AUS TO BOARD: Dots for sale! Cheap. Only used once. Apply in person at one of our offices in Trèèste, Vienna or Budapest.

NANOOK AGAIN: I thought Sherwodd was in this game. Scott is though so I guess that's good enough. It's your turn to win, I think, Scott.

K.B.: He thought so too, heh-heh...

JULIE TO SCOTT: Hey, really nice to hear from you. I hear that you wrote John Gwynn a really nice letter, too. So nice, in fact (how nice was it?) that we have decided to come visit you in Munich this fall. Oh, by the way, you don't mind if we bring along the kiddies, do you? Little Petey is perfectly harmless - as long as he's fed a steady diet of supply centers.

PIEDMONT: Hey, whattsa matta you guys? You trust each other or somet'in?

JULIE TO EVERYONE: Now I hope you all did what you said you were going to do, or else I'm going to look pretty foolish. I don't mind looking pretty, but I do mind looking foolish.

BACK TO JOHN: Are you surprised I'm not attacking you? Now, for God's sake, go dry your eyes and blow your nose, or I'll blow it for you.

MISTRESS JULIE TO JOHN: You missed me again last night. I was actually planning on showing you my "special talents," but you missed it. Bet you have some wimpy excuse too - Uli says you are a wimp.

JULIE TO ULI: Sorry about that, Uli, but you see, John and I are allies, and I want him to know that I'll tell him the truth, no matter how much it hurts him.

ITALY TO RUSSIA: If you and I keep writing, does that mean we aren't buddies anymore? If we don't, does that mean we trust each other? And to what address do you wish me to mail the tip of Dicky's nose?

ME (no, not that "ME) TO GM: Love you madly. WOW!

ITALY TO ENGLAND: Is this how you do it? Konrad tells me how to move, and I do as he says. Is that right?

JULIE TO IG (LEW): I hope that everything is in accordance with your wishes. Except, of course, that I don't write often enough. I know, I know...what's worse is that I do write, and then two months later, I find the letter stuck somewhere in my notebook. Love ya, nonetheless.

ITALY TO AUSTRIA: I have a great idea. Instead of attacking each other on the board, we can work out aggressions by seeing who can write more and better press. Deal?

ALL JOIN IN: (Sung to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw") (too bad I don't remember the words) Hmmm, hmmm, Turkey in the Ghetto, hmmm, hmmm, hmmm, Turkey in the Ghetto,....

THE STORY OF THE POOR ~~DEPRIVED~~ DEPRIVED GHETTO CHILD (a real tearjerker): He was born Ben Vereen Schilling, in honor of the famous comedian/actor. His parents figured with a heritage like that, and initials like B.S., the kid would make a great diplomat someday. The problem was, how were they ever going to get him out of the ghetto? I mean, besides his name, the kid was a real turkey. So they got hold of this real white guy (and what better compliment could they give him, right Konrad?) by the name of Steve Langley, and told him that if he'd be the poor kid's pal, they'd give him anything he asked. And the rest is history -

because those parents were none other than Ig Lew and some hobby ~~whore~~ whore - who sacrificed their own dots so that little Ben could grow up to be a great big dip.

KONRAD: Sheeeeeeeet, plenty of press there. Thanks, guys, but where do I put the stuff for thr other game...? Hope for even more nextish. Deadline is December 4, I think?

1981HF -- Winter 1901

AUSTRIA(Dupont): Bld ABud. Also has A Tri, A Ser, F Alb
ENGLSND(Speidel): Even. Has F Nwg, F Nth, A Yor
FRANCE(Cheek): Bld A Bre, A Mar, A Par. Also has A Hun, F Por, A Spa
GERMANY(~~Speidel~~ Langley): Even. Has A Kie, A Ruh, F Hol
ITALY(Kluge): Bld F Nap. Also has A Apu, A Ven, F Tun
RUSSIA(Lischett): Bld A War, A Mos. Also has F Swe, F Ru,, A Sev,

A Gal
TURKEY(Martin): Bld A Con, F Smy. Also has A Gre, A Bul, F Bla
Thanks to Pete Fuchs for standby orders for England; they weren't needed. However, Steve Langely takes over the German position (addresses lastmonth) -- thanks much, Steve. Spring 1902 orders are on file for France, Russia and that's it. Rest? Spring 1902 due December 4, 1981! Press was pretty minimal this time around -- Mr. Speidel's stuff from last season and some Martin material. Vic Dupont didn't (alas, alack!) have the time this month due to the election season. I look for good things next time, however, especially with Langley entering the fold...

GERMANY TO FRANCE: Some fools get lucky, when will it ever be lucky me!

GMAW ENQUIRER: TO FRANCE: And how do you intend to conquer Europe? France: Step by step. Could you be more specific? I'll take it one peice at a time and I will never cost me a dime!

AUSTRIA TO FRANCE: You're jokes are pretty stale too.

FRANCE TO GMAW: Ever heard of a group called Hiroshima?

GMAW TO FRANCE: Yeah, heard they were a hell of a bomb, though...

KONRAD: Stop it! This whole game is just a nightmare I'm having because I ate a hallucinogenic taco, none of you exist, let me wake up please!!

THE REAL KONRAD: There are only 24 people on earth and 14 of those are hamburgers. Or...I'm not really here, I just hang around for my friends. Typical Captian Beefheart logic...

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA AND ITALY: I'm just a good old boy, never meaning no harm, get in my way and I'll break your arm!!

FRANCE TO GMAW: Where's the centerfold you promised me of Miss Piggy?

GMAW TO FRANCE: At the printers, for sizeable enlarging...

GIVE ME A WART: Come on! Let's get more press going, are you guys away out there or what?

ENGLAND: What did you say, Michele and I were busy?

CATHY: Don't forget me.

LODNON: The Queen sat before her mirror. "Oooo Albert, this dress is so gem..."

"Oh, must we go through this again? I think I have a headache."

"---but why don't I ever get to be the butch? It's not fair, it's so boring..."

"Oh Gawd, not this again, my head..."

"I'm so ennuie with silk," she pouted. "now Albert, wouldn't

it be fun to dress in leather again, with all those studs you used to love on your skin. Wouldn't it be romantic?" She took his hand.

"Yass, it would. And you look so good in a mask."

"And you in rubber...ooo I get all wet just thinkng about it." They stood entranced, staring into each other's eyes. Finally Albert stood, and, walking to the window overlooking London, spoke.

"But the pöple, dear, they expect..."

"Oh, damn the people, rotten little shopkeepers! I want to be the Prince!" She pounded her white, hairy ~~feet~~ fist on the dressing table.

"But we agreed, and they expect consistency." insisted Albert.

"Oh you bitch -- consistency is the..."

"I know -- the hobgoblin of little GK Chestertons. But they'd revolt if the Queen were suddenly 6'2" and the Prince were short and pudgy. We'd be out of a job."

"I'm sick, sick of being flaming Queen of England," she shrieked, ripping off her wig. "Oh, to be a common little queer, copping blow jobs ina men's room."

"Now, dear, you're hurting my feelings, you know how jealous I am."

"Oh Albert, I know, I'm sorry. 'Heavy lies the head' and all that, you know."

"Say, Ive thought of something. If there's a war, you can wear a uniform while you review the troops. You like uni~~s~~, don't you?"

"Oh yes, that crisp wool and shining gld buttons. And a riding crop! Oh, let's start a war, can we Albert?"

"Certainly my dear. We'll have to trump up some reason, of course, young men wan't go off to die and kill for nothing..."

"Oh, I'll leave that to you." They walked from the room, arm in arm. "Oooh, a uniform."

LONDON TIMES, SEPT, 27, 1901: GERMANY, A NATION OF HORSE-FUCKERS

Buckingham: Prince Albert today revealed thata British Expeditionary Force has been dispatched to Germany (or somewhere on the Continent) to put an end to the practice of bestiality.

"We've always known a German and his horse are inseparable, and now we know why," The Prince joked.

When asked about the medical aspects of this depraved habit, the Prince replied.

"Yes, it does cause disease. They've had to put down many of their finest mares, you know. Poor creatures. But we'll lick this problem. Cutit off at the root. The tables of England will be graccd with German sausageed for years to come."

THE BOY LEARNS HIS LESSONS ALL TOO WELL: Episode 4 in the neverending crusdde for nonsense and silliness, starring the Innocent, the Debauched, and the Lustful. In which boy meets girl (yet again).

It was 4 a.m. and Giovanni was hunched, unmoving, over his desk. After the first day of classes, he already had much homework to do. This play, "Naked Came The Gamesmaster," was proving to be more complex than he had anticipated.

Raoul Lee and Michele hunched, moving, in the top bunk. What they were studying also was proving to be more complex than anticipated. It looked like another long, hard semester for the two.

At almost five, Giovanni closed his books and leaned back to stretch. It was the first time he had moved in over two hours. The lad quietly clicked off the light and slipped into his pajamas, ready for a good three hours sleep. Tomorrow

would be another grinding day of classes
Only one problem: the bedsprings
squeaked the bunk above. What to do?

"Ahem. Excuse me, Raoul Lee, but
could you please keep still for a short
time? At least until I fall asleep?"

"No problem, kid. We'll just
move to the Tantric Mushroom Position
for awhile. That OK with you Michele,
baby?"

After a muffled affirmation and
a bit more squeaking, silence descen-
ded on the room. Still, the boy
could not sleep, he had a burning
question that had to be asked.

"Ahem. Excuse me again, Raoul Lee,
but I have another question if you don't
mind."

"Mmmhmm...go ahead, kid."

"Why do you stay up so late and...
do...what you do?"

"Yow!! I live my life like there's
no tomorrow. All I've got I've had
to steal. Least I don't have to
beg or borrow. Yes I'm living
at a pace that kills!"

"Oh. Thank you."

"No sweat kid. Hey Michele, that feels good!"

"Mmngphlmph!"

Less on this in Episode 5 -- Your Mother Should Know

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA AND ITALY: Like I said, you're looking for
centers in all the wrong places. Try for Vie, Tri and Bud!

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: Of course, this is a press game. No prob-
lem if you don't want to write any though, after all, Konrad and
Victor will do that for you.

SLIMY YELLOW FLEET IN THE BLACK SEA TO YOUR UGLY ARMY IN SEV_
ASTOPOL: I am not slimy. Merely slipery, that's all.

AUSTRIA TO EVERYBODY: Hello, I love you, won't you give me
your centers?

CON-COW TO MOS-COW: Thanks for your discrte build. That sure
helps to keep the peace? C'mon, warm up! You don't have to be
a polar bear all game!

ROCKVILLE: I wish I could write more, but my hand just fell
off. I hope I can put it back on by later tonight.

GMVILLE: That's it, personable persons. Next deadline, for
Spring 1902 that is, is December 4, 1981. Hopefully. Definitely.
That's the day after Balack Sabbath in D.C. With Alvin Lee, that
is. Cackle cackle. Sniffle?

That also wrpa up the page, I warrant. Warrant for what?



Raoul Lee Roth as a youth -- loca-
tion unknown. Whereabouts of
family confidentail information

Hum - wo?

WIRETAP PART II

1) This it is, buddy boys. Eng (or End, if you prefer) of the issue. Three of these buggers and hopefully all will go out relatively shortly. You like?

2) Playlist:

- Rolling Stones, Some Girls
- The Monkees, The Birds, The Bees & The Monkees
- The Raspberries, The Raspberries
- The James Gang, James Gang Rides Again
- Van Halen, Van Halen
- Van Halen, Van Halen II

That's it. Decent stuff, all of it, though some more so than others...

3) Postage is up, and I don't have two cent stamps yet. If this comes postage due or anything, though I doubt it will, my apologies. I hope to send all three issues at once and this will confuse the "service" since they're not used to that. Cackle.

4) Roy Rogers sucks.

5) McDonalds ("Mac") rules.

6) Subscription list is way up. I'm surprised, to put it frankly, that I have as many people on the list as I do. Print run is Up There, almost to a point where it takes a long time to put this stuff together, you know what I mean Dick? Yes, Dick definitely knows what I mean. This weekend I'll end up doing the same, though.

7) How is Georgetown? Not bad. Grades are slightly down from last year, but fun is up, and grades will also even out this semester, I'm fairly sure. Hope so anyway. College ain't half bad... for only 10K a year, you too can have this kind of fun.

8) Comment recently heard from both Mark Berch and Doug Beyerlein, both of whom ought to know: GIVE ME A WEAPON!! is OK, but not up to EGGNOG's previous standards. True? False? I'd like some commentary on this, just for myself (won't be published). In what way is it lacking? Is it better in any way? No, really, I'm interested in hearing about this. Hell...it's you I'm publishing for, after all. Well, after myself, that is...

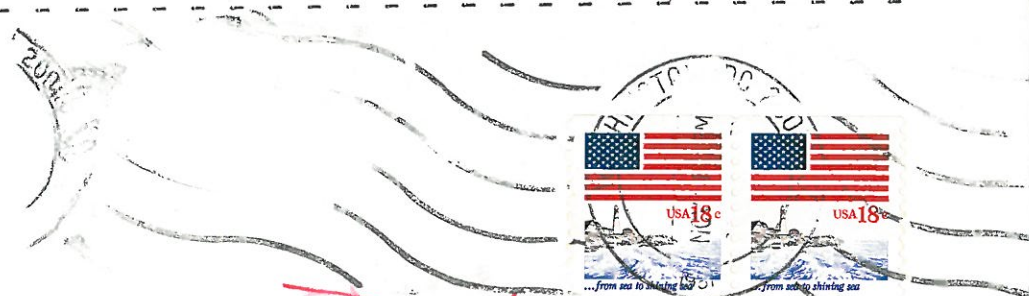
9) Anyway, toodle-oo, have to go. Busy busy busy. Easy now.



GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #8
Konrad Banmeister
Box 6050 Henle Village
Washington, D.C. 20057

Your sub is up _____
Your lifelong
sub is up _____
Bitte on a rock _____

last sample. You like?
Hope so. Pubbed your
announcement



Doug Beyerlein S
640 College
Menlo Park, CA
94025