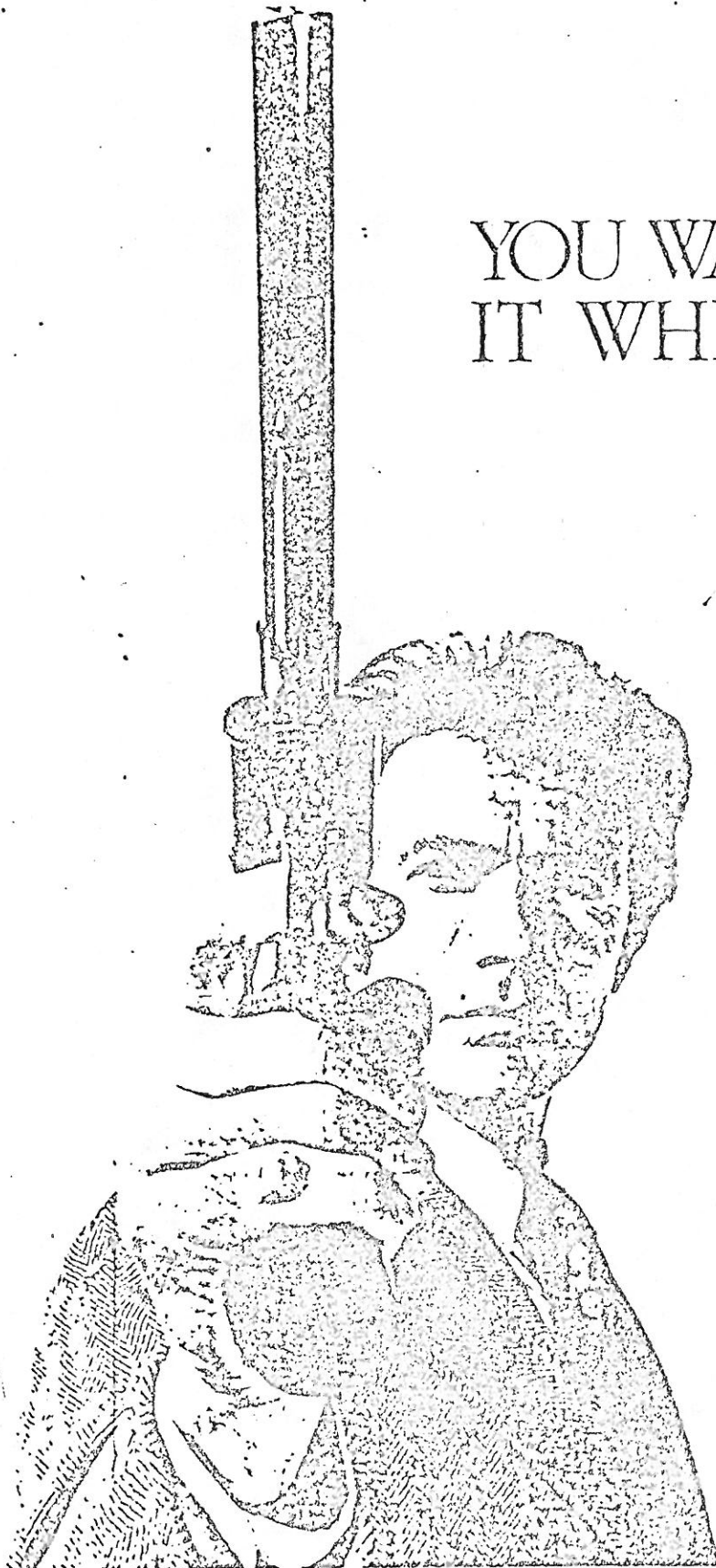


YOU WANT
IT WHEN?!?



GIVE ME A WEAPON!!

December 5, 1981

Issue #9-10
EEP #216

Dedication:
Ian Gillan

GIMME SHELTER

Motto #1:

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

Motto #2:

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

Colophon: This is the ninth 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 of you who like to call from time to time, with orders or without. The 'zine appears more or less every four weeks, for the miserable pittance of 10/\$4. Inquire about game openings. Articles are paid for through subscription extensions, press (black, grey, blue, white, anything) has always been and will always be encouraged, and so on. This is EGGNOG Enterprises Production #216, for the books.

WIRETAP #9

1) In general, reaction to last issue was quite good...thanks! In fact, I got no negative comments...probably because the critics know better now that I've cut their subscriptions...oh, no, I'm just joking.

2) As it happens, this issue may be delayed for a day or two due to pruely external reasons totally under my control. For one thing, I had a Statistics Exam ("midterm" -- next week finals start, so I wouldn't call it a midterm, but...) on Saturday (yep) which I felt I ought to study for on Friday night instead of party or type or anything, so the thing was delayed. Saturday afternoon is right now, and I'm typing, but Dick and Julie are in Baltimore, and won't be back until late, and so running off the 'zines will be impossible there. So we'll work on it on Sunday night, I guess. I should be done by then.

In fact, the unusual case of nobody but Uli and Jim being around to pester me while I'm typing may make for a more succinct, cohesive issue. In other words, I might just save some material for next month, and go out and party. No, I don't know, haven't the vaguest idga what will go into this issue. Much less how long it will be.

3) Thanks to Keith Sherwood for pointing out the title this month...how could I be so blind as to overlook the obvious?

4) The standby list is comprised more or less of the following individuals: Dick Martin, Mark Lew, Keith Sherwood, Pete Fuchs, Robert Cheek, Bob Kluge, ~~XXXX XXXXX XXXXX XXXXX~~ Guy Hail, Stephen Lee, and a handful of people for the Press Gang. It looks likely that one fo the latter will be needed very soon.

But more on that probalem inside.

5) Back issues for sale: GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #1, 6-8 (25¢ for 1, 40¢ for 6-8)

EGGNOG: #21, 30, 43-44, 52-53, 56, 58 (25¢ each)

HOUSERULES: Everybody who doesn't have a set can get one for an SASE. These are the newly printed (last summer) edition.

Everything else is sold out. For those of you interested, just send the backs and I'll send you what I have. I'm not sure all of those EGGNOG backs are actually still there...

6) Last issue we did some capsule 'zine reviews, right? Well, how about reviewing a few that we missed the first time around, in alphabetical order of course...

7) Cheesecake, put out by Andy Lischett of 3025 N. Davlin, Chicago, IL 60618 is one thing I miss about living at home. I used to occasionally go down to Chitown for some FFF Dip and one of the high points was always Andy and his terrific sense of humor (not to mention his appreciation of music!). This quality comes out well in his 'zine...it's great! Every five weeks, and I believe that the price is still the cheapest anywhere for anything...free to standbys as of a year or two ago, and I don't think that it's changed. Ask for a sample!

8) Diplomacy Digest from Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304. #52 was October, I didn't get November issue yet. DD is an interesting 'zine, in more ways than one. While it is nominally a reprint 'zine, Berch's personality comes through all the time. If you like this, then the 'zine is for you. If you don't like Berch, don't bother. I waver from one extreme to the other with ~~marked~~ (ir)regularity. Generally the 'zine focuses on one theme and Berch reprints various articles which pertain to the topic; last issue was "Large-scale Alliances." Subs are 10/\$4. Berch can write quite well when he wants to, and there has been some great stuff in DD, but issues have been spotty on occasion. Check for yourself. Wait: subs are only 10/\$3.50. Not 10/\$4, that's for overseas subbers.

9) Diplomacy By Moonlight by Eric Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Ave Chicago, IL 60651 is something that might be worth looking into as well. I happen to think that Eric is a pretty cool guy, and he works very hard on his 'zine; the effort shows. Last issue carried a report on the St. Louis con which Eric arranged. Print is excellent, issue was 10 pages long (#35). Sub and game fees not mentioned, but I doubt that they're very high...

10) Dot Happy, by Allen Wells, 1450 Worcester Road, Apt 8109, Framingham, MA 01701 is a rising 'zine. Up to #8 Allen has produced some beautifully printed digest sized issued chock full of interesting reading, games, and some press. Uses maps. Subs are 10/\$5, games are \$5 extra fee and \$5 refundable deposit, not cheap, but give it a looksee.

11) EFGIART is Doug Beyerlein's 'zine, on #142. Since he doesn't want non-playing subbers I wouldn't go there for a new game or for reading material. However, Doug has picked up countless orphan games over the years and is currently looking to pick up another one, or, if you beg and plead a little (he has an oversized heart), two. If you've got a game which you'd like to see restarted under the best GM in the business (really, I've never run across a better one in 10 years) contact Dougie has 640 College, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

12) Erebor is sister 'zine to Anduin (mentioned last issue), and put out by Ken Halpern, 11 Bellingham Lane, Great Neck, NY 11023. Issue #3 had 10 pages of talk, letters, Middle Earth stuff, and comments on the October 3rd Byrnecon. Fees? Could be an interesting 'zine...he's working hard on it.

13) Hoof & Mouth (Don Sigwalt, 125 Hebard St, Roch., NY 14605) has also improved greatly over the last few issues. Sub rate is 55¢/issue, and game fees are \$2.50. Average issue is 8 pages, has an article by Don, games with maps, some letters and Don's comments on life in general (he's living out a soap opera). Last issue also had an article by Jim Meinel on forging letters, which I thought was fairly derivative of one which appeared in Supernova, frankly. Drop (or drop) Don a line for a sample...he's still getting games together.

14) Shogun's Sword, published by MP Baro, 2811 Robins St., Endwell, NY 13760 (12/\$5, game fees?) is also worthwhile reading. Unfortunately Mikey has sworn off mediocrity, but aside from that, TSSQ regularly has humorous reading, some offbeat stuff one doesn't normally find, Vacation Diplomacy, and so on. Published in very legible ditto (yay!). Always good for a laugh...

15) Stabsanzeiger, Hartmut & Axel Halfmeier, Stapelstr, 13, 2000 Hamburg 54, WEST GERMANY, a German 'zine running Diplomacy, some variants, and Railway Rivals, is worthwhile for anyone who can read German. He has game openings in international games, but inquire about fees. Should you like to lie in two languages...

16) It's been asked, how can I afford all these 'zines? Excellent question...I trade for 'em. That way I have less of an idea of how much money I'm throwing out the window on this idiotic game.

17) 'Twould appear that Jack Masters can take the heat not quite as well as he dishes it out. He has stated that he will fold Black Frog fairly soon; it's obvious lately that he's just committing hobbywide suicide right now anyway.

A short while ago he put out an issue with quotes credited to hobby members cutting down Bruce Linsey. Knowing Masters, it's clear that the hobbyists in question never said any of what was quoted, and it stands to reason that Jack himself made the insults up, right? Wrongo. A quick look into the book 2000 Insults For All Occasions and the 'inspirations' for 'his' insults will be easily found. Ghod, he can't even write his own insults... Sad but true. Bye bye, Jack, we don't need you.

Oh, before I forget, Masters also "quoted" Fred Davis as saying various uncomplimentary things about Kathy Byrne which hurt Kathy badly enough for her to consider quitting the hobby. Fred has denied saying anything of the sort, and having known Fred for so many years I for one completely believe that Fred wouldn't say what was quoted about anybody. Jack is trying to drag two respectable hobby members into something which he's created and can't get out of. Little Jackie wants to drag as many people down with him as he can...very mature, Jack.

18) Hmm, still have plenty left, but figure it would be just as well if we threw the Magot in here, and after that, I have a few short things I'd like to say, if I might...and this time there's three pages of the stuff, so I may just as well get it out of the way sometime...now, really, pretty good stuff from Steve, as usual.

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.

3, whole # 5.

"The Magus" comes to you from Steve Langley, 2154 Fairfield Rd., Sacramento, Ca., 95815; (916) 922-8743. Friday, 13th day of November, 1981. This Magus proudly presents its very own "PRESS GANG". To quote Bob Olsen, who wisely demurred when pressed to join this game, "What a collection of rogues!" (and you thought he loved to lose centers). Bob volunteered to be on my standby list, and so he and Kathy Byrne (my other volunteer) are receiving this opening announcement along with the rest of you.

What with this being an auspicious day and all, I'm setting the opening for February. February? Yes, strange as it sounds, February. Konrad is leaving the country on a mysterious mission during late December through early January, which would cause some sort of slide of deadline. So I decided to slide the first deadline right on past the problem period. Konrad has graciously offered to drop out so you others could get started earlier. But then we would only have six, and he pubs the zine, so I decided to keep him in the game and simply set the first deadline for February 1, 1982. I'll remind you.

And now, the lucky winners are:

- | | | |
|---------|-------------------|--|
| AUSTRIA | Pete Fuchs | 3585 Inspiration Drive, Colorado Springs, Co 80917 |
| ENGLAND | Marion Bates | P.O. Box 381, Kalkaska, Mi 49646 |
| FRANCE | Mike Mazzer | 1338B Harvard St., Santa Monica, Ca 90404 |
| GERMANY | Konrad Baumeister | Box 6050 Henle Village, Georgetown University, Washington DC 20057 |
| ITALY | Steve Arnawoodian | 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, Pa 19446 |
| RUSSIA | Dick Martin | 6103 Breezewood Ct., #202 Greenbelt, Md 20770 |
| TURKEY | Allen K. Wells | 1450 Worcester Road, Apt 8109 Framingham, Ma 01701 |

Please, all of you, if I have the wrong or in error address for you, let me and the other participants know.



SORRY,
BOYS, NOT
RUE; SEE
PAGE 8

Time flies, as the old saying goes. In this case time has flown right through 18/11/81, for all you palindrome fans, on to 22/11/81 for the penning of these words, thence to 29/11/81 for the final typing. You alone know the date you are reading this.

I have great news. Gary Coughlan has volunteered to be my third standby in 'PRESS GANG'. As with all my standbys, he will receive a complementary copy of the game, so long as he doesn't NPR twice in a row.

I've gotten two queries about 'PRESS GANG'. Is it Black Press, and is the game irregular?

I have yet to see any good Black Press (If I'm wrong, I think I may have missed knowing that it was Black Press) but have heard many laudatory sentiments. I have twice written anonymous press. Both cases were accidents. The GM lost track of whose press it was. I have once been attacked in the press for someone else's press. Both instances were fun.

So perhaps Black Press has some merit. I have some doubts about how much I would enjoy a four letter word contest. Some people are just naturally foul mouthed, and I would expect that to carry over into their Black Press. Some people use Black Press as an arena to be secretly foul mouthed. I wonder what the real difference is between the two.

Lots of people prefer that their own press, at least, not be Black. They want everyone to know who it was as wrote all them clever words. I tend toward such sentiments. Besides, I like to read press from established datelines. So, in answer to the first question. PRESS GANG is Grey, not Black Press.

The question of irregularity was posed, based on Konrad's being a player in his own zine. I don't think that such would be the case. The Magus is mailed to all the players in the same mail. Konrad would have no special advantage (other than all that experience). But I will leave it to our BNC to make the final decision, and will report his reaction next Magus, along with all your press. Speaking of which:

WICHITA: I hereby establish the dateline MONGOLIA for any drive1 and garbage I might care to produce for this game before possibly entering as global conqueror later on. Any objections? Good!

TURKEY-WORLD: I reserve the press bylines of FROG-KILLER, TANK-DRIVER, COUNT KENDALL.

MONGOLIA: Warming up in the bull pen we have ace reliever "Moose" Mossage, the guy who always strikes out! Anybody who cares about their reputation in the hobby will be well advised to finish this game out, lest I come in and screw up your position. Heh, heh, heh. Warning: I may choose to use the "Masters philosophy" of standby play. You have been warned!

MONG-WORLD: I guess it's time to start wondering who I will ally with, and who will be my enemies. I'll be keeping score on each person's desirability as an ally, according to the following schedule: (Positive score = good ally: negative score = bad ally)

Uses the word "Pudge" in press releases	-15
Reaches over 10 centers	-12
Never gets any builds	+7
Claims to be Olsen toady	+10
Indulges in idle flattery	+20
Misordered units, per incidence	+2
Seasons with no press, per incidence	-17

Stabs, per incidence	-1
Vituperative press, per incidence	+4
Vituperative press, per incidence, Allen Wells	+1
Big-time pubber with massive ego	+5
Big-time pubber with puny ego	+10
Big-time ego with no pubber	+15
Objects to guest press/standby press	-6
Criticizes Gary Coughlan in harshest possible terms	+20
Criticises Bob Olsen in any terms	-25

GM-GAME: We seem to be off to a good start. Since I am an acknowledged Olsen toady, who has also criticised him in the mildest of terms, but never indulge in idle flattery nor have I been known to vituperate, I think my own score must be close to -15. That could well be the highest score anyone out there receives. Which makes me the odds on favorite to be Olsen's ally, should he get lucky.

It has just become clear to me that leaving some space between press items, and general paragraphs makes this thing quite a bit more readable. So my style will change and grow.

I leave out too many words when I type. I'm considering getting myself a word processor to try to overcome this problem. Do any of you know much about using a home computer as a word processor? (Why do the names Masters and Conner come to mind?) I'm busy checking out word processors and home computers on my own, and I would be very glad for some other points of view.

Right now I'm talking to a computer engineer type who says he can build me a 64k, dual 8" floppy disc, with a heavy duty keyboard, CRT terminal, and a 8½ * 11 upper/lower printer for \$4000. From what I can gather, it looks like a good deal. From what little I have been able to learn from approaching professional outlets, it looks like a very good deal. The questions of reliability and service still have to be answered. We are still in the negotiation stages.

If this all comes true. Those of you in games with me will no longer have to struggle through the bad penmanship that goes along with my misuse of grammer and incomprehensible syntax.

The time has come, so the Walrus says, to speak of many things. Last time, I spoke of feuds and feuding. I left out an important topic in the discussion. What of the innocent bystander?

Kathy Byrne has been involuntarily dragged into the MASTERS/BRUX feud and labled 'slut' and 'whore' by one side quoting the other. Not only are the words highly insulting, totally out of taste, but they are not part of the damn feud. Someone owes Kathy a very public apology.

You sling some mud, and you expect to see some mud slung back. When your hands are clean, a faceful of someone else's filth can hurt. Come on you guys. Clean up your act.

ME AND GAMES...
ONCE AND FOR ALL

Steve Langley's Magus shows me as being the original player for Germany in his new game. This is incorrect. As of this moment, I have resigned my position, and Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita, KS 67226, is the standby player taking over. Sorry it had to be so early, Bob, but this gives you a chance to take over a position that hasn't already been totally screwed over. All players take note, please.

(I have written a few letters already on the game, but will write no more. I've only received two introductory letters back so far and have spoken with another player by phone a tad. No real information there. I appreciate it, Bob.)

Why am I resigning the position before the first moves are even due? Well, for starters, I never wanted to be in it to begin with. I have played in countless play by mail games over the last all-too-many years, and, frankly, have become totally bored by the game of Diplomacy. I just played too many times and don't enjoy it at all anymore. That just happens to be the way it is. I am only on two standby lists, both as personal favors; one for the best gamesmaster in the hobby, and one for the worst! No, really, that's the only way I am ever going to get into another game. I have not started in a regular postal Diplomacy game since late 1977 or early 1978, and stopped taking standby slots in late 1978 -- that's over three years ago, sports fans, longer than many of the readers of this rag have been in the hobby. Players no longer have the same style, the names have changed far too many times for me to keep track of the players, gamesmasters have come and gone, my time available to play has diminished from nothing to absolute zero, and I just haven't felt like playing for four years, at all. My lack of interest and initiative in games would probably also tend to put a damper on the fun the other players are having, as well.

Anyway, it boils down to "No, I don't want to play." Over the last few years I've been invited to all sorts of Demo Games, regular games, exchange games ideas, and so on, and have turned them all down for the same reason. The only thing that could still lure me into a game would be the prospect of playing against someone against whom I really would like to play. Unfortunately for me, almost everyone who would fall into that category has dropped out of the hobby years ago. When Langley opened his game and virtually got down on his knees and begged me to be in the game, I ended up saying, at first, no, as always. However, I (in a drunken stupor, no doubt) later changed that (after a long three page letter to Steve) and said, "OK, Steve, if Dick Martin'll play, I'll give it a shot as well." A very short time after that, I recovered from my stupor and sent him another letter, saying that for the sake of the game (which would have to be started in February) and everything else, I withdrew my acceptance. I could not and would not play. Steve didn't seem to care and eventually I got the gamestart notice which listed me as a starting player, all the while acknowledging my withdrawal. I don't think that this is really any way to run a game, entering players who have clearly stated that they don't want to play,

(Continued on Page 11 Bottom)

On a lighter note...

HELLO AGAIN, FRIENDS

By D.A.M.

Autumn is almost here. Those lazy days of summer are just a smile on my face and jumbled memories in my alcohol-sodden mind. When the seasons change, I always grow contemplative, and then make resolutions on how to meet the change, perhaps even grow and develop into a better person. Here are my resolutions for Autumn of '81:

1. Close my windows (and tape some cardboard over the broken one). Although open windows say to guests, "Welcome, my home is your home," my last guest snuck into one and stole my stereo.

2) Close my shades. Grandma Jones next door is getting mad enough to call the cops. And those high school girls who pass my house are beginning to laugh.

3. Wear clothes around the house. This resolution should solve both problems mentioned in resolution #2.

4. Make a new friend. Bring this new friend into my home and into my life., revealing myself as a deeply sensitive individual.

5. Take those Mazola-stained sheets off the bed.

6. Quit living in squalor, get a grip on myself, and try to amount to something.

With the changing of the season, another kind of change has happened to me. The Company has transferred me from day shift to night shift. This transfer was not sought by me, but foisted on me using the inane excuse that 'needs of business' require me to work 'til midnight. Needless to say, this transfer has brought about a severe change in my personal life. Following is a capsule summary of one day in the life of...

1200: As noon cracks, I slowly pry open my eyes, still sticky with sleep. Through a crimson haze, I examine my surroundings. I still seem to be living in a basement.

1400: The urgent pain in my bladder forces me to quit the warmth and safety of my bed to relieve myself. As long as I'm in the bathroom, I decide to take a shower.

1530: I've just entered the computer room and the dayshift supervisors are telling me everything that I need to know to perform my job efficiently and correctly.

1605: I wrack my brain trying to remember what the dayshift supervisors told me that I needed to know.

1920: I've finished all the silly paperwork which goes along with being a supervisor. I do this by initialing every piece of paper in my in-basket and then dropping it into some other supervisor's in-basket.

2057: My boss comments on the stains on my tie.

2130: While nosing through a night shift supervisor's desk looking for a book to read, I stumble across some suggestions he has formulated to make the Computer room run more efficiently. I scratch out his name and put my name on it and drop it in my

boss's in-basket.

2207: A computer operator reports to me that a tape drive is smokig and, as such, constitutes a safety hazard to Computer Room personnel. I've just gotten to a saucy chapter in my pyrloined book, so I inform the operator that Bruce is in chagre of the tape pool. I'm in charge of MVS-IMS, and until that catches fire, I'm an unconcerned bystander. I also remember that the day-shift supervisor told me not to use that tape drive.

2355: Night shift reports to work. I show them all the work that I've neglected all evening and tell them it just came in. Then, before they can ask me too many questions, I leave.

0030: I've met Susay and the Madman and McDeener and Bobbo, et al, at our favorite watering hole.

0045: I'm oiled up enough to start looking for some companionship, man woman or beast, it makes no differnece to me. At this hour, who can be choosey?

0200: We've been kicked out of our favorite watering hole and decide to go to a place with a four o'clock license.

0215: Four o'clock bars are filled with gay divorcees, guys in leisure suits, and motorcycle hoodlums. Madman will hassle the divorcees while the rest of us shoot pinball and drink beer.

0400: On the street and hungry. McDeener and I end up at a White Castle where we make passes at the ladies behind the counter. The security guard suggests we leave.

0500: I find my way home. Right now it's a toss-up whether I make it to bed or fall asleep in the truck.

0515: I stumble to bed. By the time I'm undressed I'm out like a light.

0530: I pry my eyes open. Through a crimson haze, I examine my surroundings. I still seem to be living in a basement. I get up and go to the bathroom.

0645: Asleep and in bad. Another day bites the dust.

ASK THE DOCTOR

Dear Doctor,

Is it all right for my gynecologist to cover my eyes with a towel during the examinations? My friend says it isn't proper, but I think he's a good doctor in other ways. You know how women complain that their doctors keep their dry hard instruments in the refrigerator? Well me doctor's instruments are always so ward and he's so dedicated! Sometimes he works so hard at his job that I can hear him getting out of breath. I like going to him, but my friend says I should ask you about the twoel.

- Satisfied Customer

P.S. He also has me on the pill even though I'm a virgin and intend to stay one a while. Does that sound right?

Dear Satie,

Some doctors, myself included, put their patients under anesthetics for the procedure you've described, so consider yourself lucky. His decision to have you take the pill is definitely sound and his necessary to prevent the Bethelhem Syndrome.

Dear Doctor,

My landlord caught me carrying a bucket of algae-filled sea water into my apartment and forced me to disclose that I am keeping a live bath sponge (*spongia officinallis*) in my tub. Now he wants to evict me for breaking my lease by keeping a pet. Can sponges really be considered pets? Burton has no claws, doesn't go to the toilet, and washes me when I shower.

- Burton's Daddy

Dear Pops,

All 2500 odd species of sponge are animals, and, if kept alive, may technically be law be considered to be pets. Why not just keep Burton out of water for a few days; that should solve your problem.

And the next time you have an animal question like that, send it to Betty White, not me. Better yet, go see a shrink. Just what the hell kind of column do you think this is?

Dear Doctor,

I'm worried about the health of three of my friends. One smokes too heavily, one drinks too much, and one used speed regularly. Now how can I get them to quit their nasty habits?

- Concerned Chum

Dear Chump,

You can't, and it's not your place to. If your friends are adults, those are their decisions to make. Look at it this way; the smoker will die from cancer, the drinker will die from cirrhosis of the liver, and the speed freak will simply burn out; but you, my friend, will have to die from nothing. Or did you really expect to live for ever?

Send in your questions to Ask The Doctor... One last question:

Dear Doctor,

My pet turtle has been constipated for over a month now. What can I do?

- Wondering in Watertown

Dear Waterbrain,

Run!

Games & Me Continued From Page 8:

but that's up to Steve to decide, not me. Steve is a novice who is very enthusiastic about the game, something to be admired, and I'm not going to try to put a damper on that. We get to few of his kind in the hobby...but I digress.

The point is that I have not signed up for the game. For a while (short as it was) I thought, "What the hell, I've never played against Dick so I'll see," but of course I thought about it a tad too late and realized that even if I felt inclined to play, which, as I said before, I haven't felt inclined to do in four years, I wouldn't have the time to play anyway. Dick and I

will likely both be around for some time to come; and I'll get me chance when I have more time. It's possible that some time in the distant future I may again get a kick out of playing Diplomacy, though I have no idea when. Doesn't matter anyway...

Point is this: I am not playing. Bob Olsen is now playing the German position, for which I thank him heartily. Please contact him on this game in the future.

Second point is this: While I am flattered by the rash of people who want me to play in their games of late, I can't accept. Please try to understand this. I have no desire to play at all. Steve, Mark, Dick, etc...

Third point is this: The worst attitude to take is the one taken by Langley in the Whitestonia Demo game press, where he wrote something like "Don't give me any of this sass about not wanting to play. If you can put me into two games, I can put you into one." It's not quite the same thing, Steve buddy. You want to play, have paid money for a game and asked to be put on the standby list, where you got the other. That's because you enjoy the game. I have repeatedly stressed that I want nothing to do with playing in another play by mail Dip game. If John Boardman were to put me into a dozen games I wouldn't sign him up for a game here against his wishes, because I know that he hasn't played the game in twelve or so years. You see?

Sorry if anyone was hurt or offended by what I've said above, especially Steve. But it's the only way to get the point across.

All right? Apologies all around.

LETTERCOLUMN

From Mark Larzelere:

Though rock & roll has often been going on somewhere in the background, and I've enjoyed listening to it, I've found that my perception of it is different from other people my age. I suppose this happened because for a long time I only listened to it when someone else had it on in the background (my father wouldn't even let me listen to the Beatles). When I would get into discussions about music, I'd notice that other people would identify songs by a title, album, and the name of the group that performed it. This really seemed to be an ingenious idea to me -- it was not unlike the way zoologists classify bacteria by phylum, subphylum, etc. Somehow, I never quite caught on to this method of nomenclature, however. If someone asked, "Do you like such-and-such song," I'd have to hear it or have them sing it before I could answer.

When I got to college, I found the forbidden fruit to be much more in the open. It seemed like everyone's dorm room had a stereo and a set of records. I ended up learning about the groups my roommates at the time happened to like (Beatles, Simon & Garfunkel, Who, Bob Seger, ELO, Led Zeppelin) and, unfortunately, the music the people next door liked.

It was about then that I learned that rock & roll songs really did have lyrics. Before I could only make out an occasional fraction of lyrics, and I would usually conclude that I wasn't hearing it right when I did. (For example: "Sure plays a mean pinball?" No that can't be, nobody would write a song about pinball. It must be some obscure reference to drugs.)

I gave up on ever knowing what the lyrics were until I learned that groups would print lyrics on the album cover. Soon after that I learned all the Beatles' music by heart (they're still my favorite group). I learned that through lyrics, rock songs could express very eloquently the feelings teenagers have. For example, Bob Seger's "Night Moves": "Oooh-oooh-ha-hoo-hoo. Oh-ah-ho yeah yeah yeah. Uhh-huhh, Uh-huh. Ohh, I remember." Tells you a lot about teenage sex. Really graphic.

That was what opened the door to my current state of doom. Soon afterwards, I became exposed to the other things the Communists introduced to this country to weaken the moral fiber so that they can eventually take over -- not just rock and roll, but pinball, pacifism, the killer weed, the National Lampoon, D&D, and Diplomacy. Now, I'm doomed.

[Thanks, Marko, for that bit. Most enlightening...]

Anyway, gentle persons, I have now gotten another typewriter, Bill Specier's (um...Spencer's) which I hope will do a decent job, since I can no longer use my own, since it and I are separated by about thirty miles. Later, if I'm not done by then, I will have to use yet another typer...but we shall see, won't we, my little children?

Also, I have some more letters to print, but I'm going to go straight to the games and see if I can get them taken care of ahead of time tonight. If we have time and room, we will still have more chat, but for now, thirteen pages is enough. I don't want to have too many double-issues...that would cost (you) big bucks.

1981HF -- Spring 9 1902 -- Nothing Happens Worth Of Mention
 AUSTRIA(Dupont?): No Moves Rec'd. A Bud H, A Tri H, A Ser H,
 F Alb H
 ENGLAND(Speidel): F Nwg-Bar, F Nth C A Yor-Nwy, A Mor-Nwy
 FRANCE(Cheek): A Mun-Ber, A Par-Bur, A Bre-Pic, A Spa-Gas,
 A Mar H, F Por-Mid
 GERMANY(Langley): A Kie-Den, F Hol S A Ruh-Bel, A Ruh-Bel
 ITALY(Kluge): F Nap-Tyl, A Apu H, A Ven H, F Tun-Ion
 RUSSIA(Lischett): F Rum H, A Sev S F Rum, A Mos S A Sev, A
 Gal-Sil, A War-Pru, F Swe-Den
 TURKEY(Martin): F Smy-Aef, F Bla S A Bul, A Bul S A Gre, A Gre
 S AUSTRIAN A Ser, A Con S A Bwl

Victor missed moves this time, unfortunately, but I'm sure that he'll stick with us next month, so I'm not calling a standby. Do stick with us, Vic, we'd miss you and your brilliant oresa! Oh...deadline for Fall 1902 is going to be a bit far away... it'll be DECEMBER, um change that, JANUARY 9, 1902. After that it will be about five days before the 'zine comes about' but you can wait, right? Oh, the ORDERS ARE DUE AT 11416 PARKVIEW LANE, WALES CORNERS, WI 53130 U.S.A. Thanks. Now for the press...

KONRAD: No one wants to get drunk or get loud, all my roudy friends have settled down.
 THE REAL KONRAD: Not really true...

JULIE & CATHY & MICHELE: No we haven't! And that's raunchy, not rowdy!

N.O.W. TO GMAW: It has come to our attention that you have let a taken woman play in one of your games. Where is your affirmative action program? At least half your players should be woman! Why haven't you signed the ERA? Either you comply with our demands or face the consequences! This is your first warning!

WEAPONVILLE: While I have nothing against playing games with plenty of women in them, I more often do find myself in a situation where I am playing with only one woman at a time.

GM's LOCAL 737 TO GERMANY: What are you joining our union? We need fresh blood like yours, by the way if you don't stop using non-union labor we'll break your legs!

FRANCE: By popular demand the latest edition of The Laws of Press will be soon published. Your ideas are eagerly sought to start with.

Cheek's First Law: Write press for all the players and eventually they may learn to write their own!

ENGLAND: Why can't you learn how to spell, are you a functional illiterate?

RED FATHEAD TO GMAW: Anymore of this lascivious, led, disgusting press and the Moral Majority will have to impose sanctions on you. We know you wrote all the press yourself why don't you publish the decent, moral press the players send you?

GMAW: Who, me?

FRANCE TO GERMANY: Welcome to the game, now if I can show you to the nearest exit?

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: I know you have your reputation to think of but couldn't you do something logical for a change? Pretty please?

ITALY: Get cards and letters from people I don't even know and offers come over the phone...

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA: Your 5 year plan is not working right!

TURKEY: I look out my window and what do I see, unwashed hordes looking back at me!

TURKEY & AUSTRIA & ITALY & ENGLAND TO KONRAD: We're not writing this rancid repulsive and perverted press. We demand you reveal who writes this trash!

KONRAD RIGHT BACK! That would be telling...

ITALY TO FRANCE: March east my boy.

ROMA TO WARSAW: Hope you are going west soon, a southern detour could be costly.

DENMARK TO KIEL: Our cruise rocks have come in now and intend to be used in a nuclear-free Europe. (We have none, we hope you don't.) The moped battalion is ready and has two shovels per person. Hope that we don't have to use tulip-power.

MOSSY ITALIAN FLEET TO (SLIMY) YELLOW FLEET: What makes you yellow, I at least can use moss as my excuse.

GERMANY TO WORLD: Please write and let me know who you are. I'm so snowed under I haven't a prayer of catching up without help. If you need a good little German puppet, let me know.

GERMANY TO FRANCE: If you need any kind of a German puppet, let me know.

KONRAD: Didn't you just say that? Oh, it's quite possible that we will have the continuing episode of Giovanni Brown and his pal Raoul Lee Roth this time, but equally likely that it gets postponed until next time.

As you all can see, we're back with my typer again...only used Bill's for half a page. Might still have to resort to another one tonight, but I doubt it. At least, I hope not. Problems of location, and all that.

1981IB -- Fall 1901 -- Aggression On All Fronts

AUSTRIA(Lew): F Alb-Gre, A Ser S TURKISH A Con-Rum, A Tri-Bud
ENGLAND(Fuchs): F Nth-Den, A Edi-Nwy, F Nwg C A Edi-Nwy
FRANCE(Gwynn): F Mid-Por, A Pic-Bel, A Bur S A Pic-Bel
GERMANY(Hanson): F Hol-Bel, A Kie-Den, A Ruh-Mun (slight trouble!)
ITALY(Glass): A Tyl-Mun, A Ven-Tri, F Ion-Tun
RUSSIA(Langley): F Bot-Swe, A Gal-Bud, A Ukr-Rum, F Sev S A Ukr-Rum
TURKEY(Schilling): A Bul S A Con-Rum, F Bla C A Con-Rum, A Con-Rum
Supply Centers: AUS: Home, Ser, Gre; 5, Bld 2. ENG: Home, Nwy: 4, Bld 1. FRA: Home, Por, Bel: 5, Bld 2. GER: Home, Hol: 4, Bld 1. ITA: Home, Tun: 4, Bld 1. RUS: Home, Swe: 5, Bld 1. TUR: Home, Bul, Rum: 5, Bld 2.

People, for the most part, called in their orders this time around so we have little press. Let's not make this a habit, all right, mostly for your own good, since I am often not around on deadline night, or the night before, much less the night after, and so on. Winter 1901 builds will be due on JANUARY 9, 1982, at MY HOME at 11416 PARKVIEW LANE, HALES CORENRS, WI 53130 U.S.A. You will not be able to call in these orders because nobody will be home, outside of my grandmother who hardly speaks any English, so mail those thingies in. Do not send orders to Georgetown. Also, nextish will be about a week in the making, since I have to get back from my vacation, change around, then fly back to D.C., come up with something to publish, etc. Thanks for your understanding. Press:

CONSTANTINOPLE: You only die once, so what the Hell.

PARIS: What Black Press is, is that I can use your press deadline even though I'm really Austria, uh, Italy, Uh, Turkey, uh, I forget just who I really am. (Which game is this anyway? 1977CO?)

CONSTANTINOPLE TO GM: So that's what Wisconsin is. How'd you manage to get out?

GM TO CONSTANTINOPLE: I'm a friend of the Senator's.

ST, PETERSBURG: Marshall Stefan Stefanovich, resplendent in his new medals, anxiously awaited his audience with the Czar. He reviewed the previous half year's accomplishments. He had done well in all things save one. The Czar had still not achieved his heart's desire. The famed Mistress Julie was still a stranger. "Send him in now..." The voice of command was clipped, impersonal. Why did his stomach sink so?

MOSCOW: The citizens of Moscow have begun to raise a new army, to be known as the "Julie Brigade," in honor of the Czar's sudden passion for the Pope's Mistress.

WARSAW: The citizens of Warsaw have begun to raise a new army, to be known as the "Julie Brigade," in honor of the Czar's sudden passion for the Pope's Mistress.

SEVASTOPOL: The fleet in Sevastopol swears to steadfastly

support the Czar's search for the perfect woman. In addition, Sevastopol declares itself independent of the petty political misunderstandings between Warsaw and Moscow. Why can't there be two "Julie Brigades"?

UNIV. CA, TUNIS: Julie, Julie! Cime rescue me from this rock! Pick me up and I'll show you around the world! Come to Tunis and I'll know you've forsaken all others for me. Love, Keith

DESIGNATED STANDBY TO GM: Would you hurry up and shuffle me into this game? Lew and I have a lot of crossgaming to catch up on. It's his turn to throw this one to me.

TRO TO PROVINCES OF ITALY: But I only want to be on your lips, no one else's. I hear Barb Barno has accepted Mark Lew's engagement.

TUNIS: Tro Sherwood, also known as the eight player, sat in a bar in Tunis and drown his sorrows in a Shirley Temple. Tro is the only known person to be in the inheritance line for the Crown of all seven major European Countries. Still, he was down on his luck as there didn't seem to be anyone wanting an Emperor to be. But he felt his luck was changing, perhaps one of his cousins had died, something big was coming. And then Princess Julie walked in the bar. Keith spilled his drink.

IG TO GM: See, I told you. Never fails. Chomp chomp there we go. Of course, I doesn't help me to write only 3 letters, and one got comp chomped by the USPS too it seems. Oh well, c'est la potato.

IG TO GM: Just peace and what? I can't hear you over all the looting and pillaging.

IG TO GM: So mix the press up a bit, 3 "IG TO GMS" gets dull.

GM TO IG: Agreed.

GM TO IG: Better believe it.

AUS TO ALL: Tro is #1 standby so be certain not to NMR.

AK TO LA JOLLY: Don't worry, chum, I'll hand it over when I'm down to F Syr.

ASSORTED ABSSIES: Crete or Bust!

ALB: Ten to one some Barno-alone tries to insert "whose?"

ALB: Speaking of Barno clones, I see we've got one as Russia. Sigh. Well, could be worse.

KONRADO: How?

NANOOK TO CROSSED LOVERS: Well, hey, don't mind me. I'll just be heading on outa here, Vienna's yours. Who am I to stand in your way?

AUS: So what is it with Barno clones anyway that I'm made out to be slimy and blubbery with the libido of a walrus? (Blue-berry whip?)

AUS TO IT: Tro is in Dan Diego somewhere, dear.

AUS TO GER: So at least we agree in philosophy. Apathists of the world -- STAND UP! Okay then, don't, see if I care.

AK TO MN: Brothers of the Forzen North, Hallalujah! (not to mention CGA members!)

SWITZ TO AUS: Do, Mark, what's Julie like as an ally?

AUS TO SWITZ: Beats me!

TBI TO VEN: Oh, crawl all over, me, your steel green armies drive me wild.

ALB TO APU: My long, hard red fleet is juwt aching to force its way into your Adriatic Sea.

NANOOK TO GM: Are those my typos or yours?

GM TO NANOOK: They might have been mine earlet, but with this typer (which is older than I am) things go so slowly, and I've used it for so long, that I just don't maker ank typos. (Intentional, lest you laugh.)

BROTHER TO BROTHER: Take my dots --- please!

MEL: Make that ME. I'm going to cut this off. Nanookie had several pages of more, but none of it was really going anywhere and I have some important stuff to bring up right now anyway. Like the deadline information...

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

What happened?! Today is December 22, 1981, and this is Konrad Baumeister at the controls, as usual. The controls, in this instance, are a Royal portable type-writer which is about 24 years old, a tad older than I am. It is this same Royal portable which hammered out the very first issue of EGGNOG, a little private Diplomacy-related house organ in 1971. I have come full circle. But, as Keith Relf would have had it, had he lived, that's "nostalgia."

So what did happen? Well, on the day after the last deadline I had all but these last two pages typed up and ready to be copied, just like any other issue. While the first 16 pages were beign copied I'd have typed this stuff up and the next day would have broken down and bought stamps enough to mail this patter out to you. However, outside of the fact that events that weekend were rather hectic to begin with, our usual (our = Dick Martin and I) printer and/or printing facilities suddenly became more or less unavailabe to us, and do not look like they'll ever be available to us again, at least not at the previous price. Sure enough, boys and girls, they changed the lock on us. Imagine that.

Anyway, I would have broken down this once and popped down to the neighborhood printer and paid through the nose to get all of this reproduced, and it wouldnt have even been done as well as the old repro. It would have been two days late. Unfortunately for you guys and for this issue as well, however, I had exams. Sure 'nuff, finals were upon me and that ended the idea of this thing. I scheduled it all too tight I guess. So this shit comes home with me and I'm doing it at the first real opportunity. See, if I don't do it now (which is 2½ weeks late anyway) it won't get done until January 16, 1982, when I'm settled back at Georgetown, after a lengthy and enjoyable vacation in Germany/Austria/Switzerland, where we're off to again in a few days (the 26th). Haha said the clown, boys.

Mo'in' right along, though. I apologize for the lateness in this issue, but the way it came down there was very little that I could do about it. The deadline will be moved forward to compensate. From now on, since I sold my ditto machine last summer, I guess this will have to be professionally produced, something which I DETEST, but which has to be done. The price isn't pretty, either. I'm either going to have to raise the sub rates as a result, or try to cut down the issues back to 10 pages apiece. For now I'll prssume that the latter is more agreeable.

So I can't think of much else to say right now. Sorry again. In years and years of publshing, I've never had to write a piece like this before. Never had to raise the rates of a 'zine, never had to apologize for excessive lateness, etc. I guess there's a first for everything.

So...the DEADLINE FOR ALL GAMES IS FEBRUARY 5, 1982. LANGLEY'S DEADLINE STAYS THE SAME. Does that take care of things?

I would have had more stuff to print this issue, but this will cost me an arm and a leg anyway and so I'll save it for next issue. Presume you understand. I have never objected to paying a bit for this hobby of mine, but I no longer partici-

pate the same way, or for the same reason. I cost this size will not be particularly easy to bear, what with stamps going up (the cost of which I was absorbing already anyways, sans a raise in rates).

Dick's 'zine will come out sometime after the New Years, in case anyone is wondering or waiting. Kind of a drag.

WIRETAP, Part II

1) Outside of the above, things have been going well. I passed all of my exams, I think, and everything is real smooth. Outside of my stereo, which is driving me up the wall, but I think that'll take care of itself in a few days. I'm ecstatic to be home at last with my old friends and family again. I'll be in Germany again this winter. Then back to another semester in G-town. This summer, or a good deal of it at any rate, stands a good chance of being spent in D.C. as well, for various reasons.

2) Oh, with the deadline extension, just mail all orders to Washington address. NOT to my Parkview Lane address. Otherwise I won't get it. Remember, gents, that deadline is February 5, next year.

3) The Playlist may not be forgotten, of course. Played at 34 2/3 rpm were:

- Aerosmith, Aerosmith 1973
- Aerosmith, Get Your Wings 1974
- Aerosmith, Toys In The Attic 1975
- Aerosmith, Rocks 1976
- Aerosmith, Draw The Line 1977
- Rainbow, Rithhie Blackmore's Rainbow 1975
- Rainbow, Rainbow Rising 1976
- Rainbow, On Stage 1977
- Rainbow, Long Live Rock 'n' Roll 1978
- Rainbow, Down To Earth 1979
- Rainbow, Difficult to Cure 1981

Wish my damned stereo would play at 33 1/3 again, but...

4) Lately some points have been raised about who belong in this hobby and who doesn't. Who are the important members, who are the Big Shots, etc. I have an article on it, but it'll have to wait until next issue, as will The Furth Adventures Of Agate Man and perhaps another episode of Colt Luger, Private Investigator. In fact, there's lots of goodies lined up. Now I just have to find a way to print them where I can afford it. Damn. See you next month, children. And I do mean children, some of you.

GIVE ME A WEAPON!! #9-10
Konrad Baumeister
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