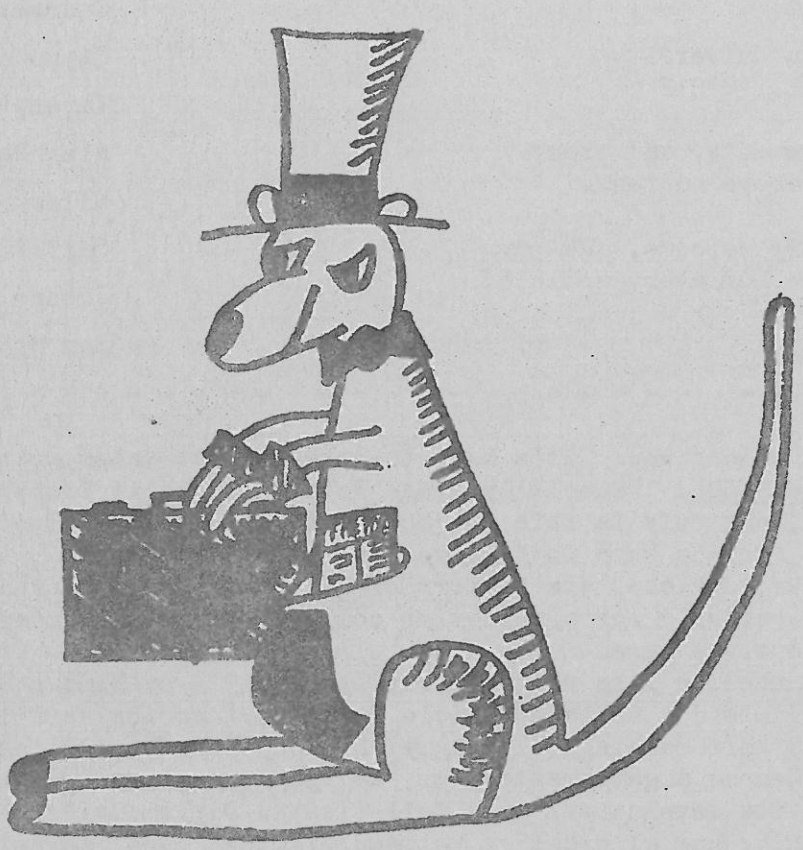

ALL DIPLOMATS
READ
THE POUCH

TTT H H EEE PP P O U U CC H H
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T H H EEE P O UUU CC H H

c/o Gil Neiger
Box 4293, Brown University
Providence, R.I. 02912

send letters, comments, and press releases to the above address.

guest articles are welcome. we pay three free issues for every article.

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Paul E. Neumann
Penelope Naughton Dickens
Gil Neiger*
Gamesmasters:
Raymond E. Heuer
Jeremy S. Paulson
Alex Katzoff
Miles Smith
Cary Fulbright
Joanne Neumann
Dan Miller*

---

Well, we've come a long way. It's hard to believe that we've actually reached the one hundredth issue of The POUCH. Especially since lots of times it looked like we would never make it. And you see, not only is this the hundredth issue, it's also the fourth anniversary issue (more or less). That's hard to believe too.

I can't hope to write a complete history of The POUCH here. I wanted to, but I found it too much of a task, especially for a full-time college student. I'm afraid I'll have to run through just a brief outline here.

The POUCH was founded in late winter/early spring 1973 by Duncan Smith, Nick Ulanov and Paul Neumann. It was intended to be a vehicle for reporting the results of telephone games of Diplomacy that they were running. I had met Duncan the summer before, and by the second or third issue I had become a gamesmaster, or, as Nick put it, a 'gamemaster'. Shortly after that, The POUCH began its development as a full-fledged Diplomacy 'zine. It was a unique 'zine, coming out weekly, and alternating between eighteen page issues and two page, moves only, issues. By that summer, The POUCH had expanded considerably. That July I became the GM of The POUCH's eighth game (four of the previous had been phone games, but one, 1973DY, was the "Great Gamemasters' Game", an invitational game). By that time The POUCH had gained much respect hobby-wide, mainly owing to Duncan's and Nick's trip to the DipCon that summer.

Although Paul Neumann had been a major driving force in the founding of The POUCH, the 'zine was, in effect, Nick and Duncan. It was totally an expression of their often conflicting personalities. Therefore, one might think that when Paul left for college (Brown) that fall his place as editor would not be filled. Incorrect. The editorial spot was filled by someone who had been consistently gaining attention, both hobby and local, for contributions to The POUCH: Penelope Naughton Dickens. Very few people, in or out of New York, met her. She was not exceptionally social, but she was an excellent writer. She even wrote some insightful articles on Diplomacy play, although I know of only one postal game in which she played, and it was a variant. The only people I know of in the hobby who ever met her are Duncan, Nick, Conrad Von Metzke, and myself.

The POUCH continued to grow and improve. From September 1973 to May 1974 can truly be called the Golden Age of The POUCH. I moved up to fill Penelope's place as contributing editor. Stephen Tihor, whose name I tragically forgot up there, entered the scene as a boursemaster. Every article issue was chock-a-block full of interesting articles on anything from Diplomacy play to Watergate. We were reprinted often. All this culminated in early March 1974 in the grand First Anniversary Issue. The seventy-eight page monstrosity included nine articles by hobby greats, five variants never before printed in the U.S.A., six notable reprints of old articles from The POUCH an many other features. It was immediately recognized as a hobby achievement at least on a scale with any I.D.A. Handbook. (For those of you

who are interested, this giant is still available from me for $2, $1.50 for I.D.A. members.)

But the end had to come. Unhappily, in The POUCH #63 Nick, Duncan and Penelope announced that they were turning over the helm of The POUCH to....you guessed it....me. I am the first to admit that the 'zine took an immediate nosedive in quality. But how can one, essentially uncreative person do to take the place of three infinitely creative persons? I like to think I did my best.

Confusion reigned. All variant games were transferred to Carn Dûm, the first of father POUCH's many offspring. I immediately switched to a tri-weekly schedule, with each issue being roughly the size an old article issue (eighteen pages). But the subscribers and the hobby came through, and remained loyal to The POUCH.

As Nick Ulanov will readily agree, the production of The POUCH a mammoth job. In addition to typing, organizing and etc.ing everything, I was gamesmastering about five games. Furthermore, that summer (at the beginning of which I was handed the reins) saw Duncan and Nick leave for Europe (oh! to be in that flat in Paris!) and Penelope leave the Dippy scene in general. I had to combine all their old tasks and hobby ways of life, and effectively became patriarch of the New York Conspiracy. I don't care what anyone says, for most of the following year the entire organization of the New York group now known as the Conspiracy revolved around me, whether I like it or not. I certainly didn't most of the work (Ray Heuer did that), but I can say without the least bit of vanity that I was at The Helm.

Of course this situation deteriorated over the course of the year. As the "New Wave" of the Conspiracy now knows, ones senior year in high school can get rather hectic. In addition, in January I became Editor of the I.D.A. and was responsible for putting out Diplomacy Review every other month. As my interest in the hobby waned I found myself getting more and more entangled in the webs of hobby politics and intrigue. By the end of that spring it became apparent that I could no longer maintain The POUCH the way I had. A large meeting of New York Dippy people was held at Scott Rosenberg's house in June to discuss the matter. Some pressed for me to fold The POUCH, and let DNYMPA, a New York game insurance organization, place the games. But I had a reputation to uphold; not mine, but The POUCH's. Ray Heuer, Jerry Paulson and I worked out an agreement whereby Ray would get about half the games and publish them in his 'zine for regular games, Fall0via (at the time a one sheet orphan affair) and I would continue the others in a 'zine of my own until the fall at which I time would leave for college and Jerry would take my place. Both new 'zines (Fall0via was, for all intents and purposes, born with this deal) would be funded by Jerry, who was the richest guy in the Conspiracy (and still is).

I named my 'zine Cair Paravel, and came out with relatively regular issues, all of a good size, throughout the summer. But needless to say, the readership was once again thrown into confusion. And this time the hobby did not bear us out and circulation declined considerably. At the end of the summer Jerry returned from Israel, and took over all my games and renamed the 'zine Imladris - Son of POUCH. Unfortunately, The POUCH as it existed was crumbling, and Jerry could not save it. He later merged it with The Pocket Armenian and Urf Durfal into the multi-named Conglomerate, which was eventually transformed by Greg Costikyan into the still-existent Urf Durfal - Grandson of POUCH.

But I kept one game: 1975Kex. Ray, Jerry, Scott and Greg were all in this game, so I was the only would who could run it. I put it into a new version of The POUCH, which was initially only one page, but quickly expanded. Eventually I managed to fill up a game and pick an orphan or two. Dan Miller, a freshman here, was recruited last fall to aid in the gamesmastering. Next issue will see the introduction of Tad Lawrence, a GM, and Cary Honig, a contributor, to the ranks of The POUCH staff.

What do I have planned for The POUCH's future? To continue, of course. But I know my limitations, and still feel I can expand The POUCH a little bit more before I reach them. The great days of The POUCH are over, but I still expect the future to be a bright and happy one.

I would like to end by saying thanks to everyone who helped to make The POUCH what it is and was. But most of all I would like to thank my three great friends, Ray Heuer, Duncan Smith and Nick Ulanov. It was they who were, and still are, in my eyes, The POUCH. I would also like to thank Bob Lipton for his continuous barrages of advice and contributions; Evan Jones and David Lagerson whose great faith in The POUCH made it great in my eyes; Conrad Von Metzke, Walt Buchanan, Doug Beyerlein, and especially Edi Birsan for shaping my view of what was the hobby; Matt Diller, Scott Rosenberg, Jerry Paulson and all the others who aided me with their friendships; and Penelope, for being the only one of the old editors to write for this issue. God bless you all.

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Vol. V Issue 1; No. 100 Providence, R.I. March 4th, 1977

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# WHERE THE ACTION IS: THE DIPLOMACY 'ZINE

by Doug Beyerlein

This hobby of ours exists as a community tied together by the 'zine. The 'zine, running games, printing press and articles, and commenting on the state of the world and the health of the hobby, is an all-purpose communication link between players and publishers alike. Today in North America there are close to one hundred 'zines being published on weekly, bi-weekly, tri=weekly, and monthly schedules. In addition, there are dozens of 'zines in England, plus at least one each in Sweden, Switzerland, France, Italy and Australia.

But what is a 'zine and how did it begin? A 'zine is an amateur newsletter devoted to the game of Diplomacy. Most, though not all, exist to report the season-by-season results of postal Diplomacy games. Some do nothing but that and are therefore called warehouse 'zines. Others promote press releases from the players to add color to their pages. Some have letter columns discussing the details of the game, the hobby, and the world. And a few are heavy on formal articles dealing with the play of the game.

The Diplomacy 'zine originated with the first game of postal Diplomacy. John Boardman, advertising for prospective players in his science fiction fanzine, started Graustark to carry 1963A -- the first postal Diplomacy game. Thus, the idea of the Diplomacy 'zine originated in the science fiction circles. All of the early 'zines came from these people. This was quite evident in the 'zines' contents of that time. Their emphasis was on press from the players and others and a lively letter column, which discussed just about everything but Diplomacy. They didn't believe in taking the game too seriously.

However, the concept of what a 'zine should be has changed over the years. Charles G. Brannan (aka Dan Brannan aka Steve Cartier) was first to publish a warehouse 'zine; his Wild 'n Wooly contained little but games in the mid 60's. Many 'zines followed suit, in various degrees. John McCallum's Brobdingnag in the late 60's perfected discussion of the game and hobby through a massive letter column and laid the foundations for the emergence of the formal article 'zine a few years later. The late 60's was a time when the hobby was feeling the effect of rapid growth from the influx of war game players and yet was still small enough so that everyone could participate in the discussions without feeling intimidated.

The concept of the 'zine took a major change in 1970 when Walt Buchanan entered the hobby and began publishing Hoosier Archives. HA was originally published to report on the state of Buchanan's growing collection of Diplomacy 'zines. But Walt was a chess player and as such had studied chess strategy in numerous chess books, and thought that Diplomacy should have at least one publication devoted to the formal aspects of the game. Thus, at first he reprinted the few articles previously written on the game. Then he began requesting new articles. This prompted a number of people such as Edi Birsan, Len Lakofka, and myself to put down on paper some of the strategies and tactics that were winning games for us. From 1971 through 1973 was the high point in formally developing and writing about how to play the game better. Hoosier Archives, and then later Diplomacy World, greatly restructured the hobby's concept of what a 'zine should contain to be successful.

This idea that a 'zine should have a formal look still holds sway a great deal today. Many publishers beg articles (in addition to press) from their readers. Unfortunately, because of the necessary effort to write an article (I spent six months in developing and five hours in writing this one) and the problem of picking a subject which has not been exhausted and yet one is fairly knowledgeable, few people go in for such activities these days. Thus, it is difficult, if not impossible, for the smaller 'zine to compete with such giants as Diplomacy World, Impassable, Paroxysm, and the like.

Yet it is my contention, as one who has to read about 25 'zines a week, that many publishers can make their 'zines more interesting without solely relying upon press and articles. A publisher can make a 'zine interesting reading by just discussing himself and the world around him as he sees it. This leads to reader participation through a letter column and generally stirs up interest in the 'zine. The topics discussed should center on the publisher's individual interests, whether they be Diplomacy-related or not. Even publishing parts of letters from family and friends who know nothing of Diplomacy and yet have interesting things to say can be included. Brad Hessel's Diman is a perfect example of a 'zine with this feature. My 'zine a few years back (before I became Boardman Number Custodian) had items on hiking and bi-

(continued on page six)

BIPT'S HOW-TO
SERIES #4

HOW TO BE A BIG-NAME NEIGERPUPPET
by Robert Bryan Lipton

The way to be a big-name Neigerpuppet is to write lots of articles about Glam.

I've known Gil for three years now, andhe is the source of many strange memories. My earliest memory is of being taken around in my baby carriage, then climbing out and walking home, certain that I was too old to be wheeled about.

Two days later, at the age of 19, I met Gil. I don't remember anything about it. He probably spent the time beating me on the shoulder and saying "Bob... Bob. Evan is a dud, you know." I probably spent the time with Ray Heuer, trying to throw Gil out the window. This never worked, because when we opened the window and grabbed Gil, he would grab onto the frame. Then, when we would put him down so we could concentrate on the hands, he would close the windows.

Gil has long been the master of the nonsequitur. No matter what you say, he will reply to a totally different question, pausing to insult someone, probably Evan. Gil singlehandedly invented New York Jargon when he was trying to fill up an empty space on a page. After calling Nick Ulanov (founder of The POUCH) a dud for thirty lines, his fingers slipped from "Nick 'The Dud' Ulanov" to "Nick 'Tud Dud' Ulanov". Gil insisted this was a perfectly natural, logical and necessary mistake and, to prove it, enlisted Scott Rosenberg's help and coined Jargon.

For a couple of years now, Gil has produced The POUCH. In its early days he ran over fifteen games and produced 18-page issues like Buffalo produces snow. How did he do it? Quite often he didn't, which caused some dislocations which are still plaguing New York. It's your fault, Gil. You are a dud.

Or perhaps not. Perhaps Gil is a Dumo. Since Gil has moved to Providence for college (and don't think C.U.N.Y. isn't grateful), Gil has been doing for Brown University what he did for New York City and Evan Jones: coining a new language. Perhpas Brown, appreciative of this and his efforts to ask if the lightning that struck his postillion has started a fire (in Bengali), will appreciate this and let him go after four years. Even if they don't, Gil has threatened to keep on doing it. Perhaps they will take heed and graduate Gil in 1979.

I was going to end this short piece with a boffo tag line, but I shall leave that to Gil who, if he has any sense, will bounce this.

((The comments I want to make here are in reference to what Bob calls "New York Jargon." This was not artificially invented. It resulted from Matt Diller's and my consistent nicknaming and renicknaming of people, and our constant use of the word 'dud'. The page to which Bob refers, reprinted from Carn Dûm #11 with Ray Heuer's position, was the result of my mind going wild while doing some late night typing.

((Lastly, one is not a Dumo; one is Dumo. But a closer Brown equivalent to 'dud's is 'buf', pronounced, "boof".))

*

Where the action is (continued)

cycling because I was (and am) interested in these things. Subjects like these allow readers to see more of the editor's personality than just that related to Diplomacy. This helps us to understand each other better and perhaps can take some of the cutting edge off hobby politics and personality clashes. And who knows, maybe every publisher under the sun won't need me to write articles to fill up their 'zines and then I can write more for special occasions like this, the 100th issue of The POUCH.

((To append this, I would just like to quote Nick Ulanov from his "North by Northeast" in The POUCH #63: "publishing depends to a very large extent on a healthy and friendly dialogue between the 'zine's editor(s) and readers and that if the editor doesn't realize this and work to maintain it, the 'zine fails. All of the successful 'zines follow this dictum, and if more would, we'd have a better hobby."))

*

I'll just end this page by not engaging in the foolish tactic of most publiers; i.e., one-line space-fillers.

CONNECT THE DUTS



NOW PRESENTING THE DUDDO YOUNGSTOWN GAME.....

1973CNbu "ULANOV DUDS OUT" Spring 1907

Austria-hungary (Alex Katzoff): A Ukr-Gal, A Gal-Rum, A Rum-Ser, A Clu S A Rum-Ser, A Mon-Alb, A Tri-Ven. (DUD)

China (Dot Rosenberg): A Afg-Del, A Cal S A Aft-Del, A Tur-Afg, A Sib-Tur, A Bma-Tha, A Cam S A Bma-Tha, A Lao S A Cam, A Can-Ann F Ton C A Can-Ann, A Han-Kan, F ECh-SCh. (DUD)

England (Simmons, Steve): F Joh-Ank, F Mal-EIn, F Cel-SCh, F Bor S F Cel-SCh, A Than-Ann(imp), F Kie-Ber, F Hol-Nth, F Den S F Hol-Nth (-Ska, Hel or elim), F Nrg-NAt, F NAtOBB-NPa (DUD)

France (Dud the Dil ()): F Mid S F MidOBB, F Mas-Spa(sc), A Sai-Cam, F Sia-S A Sai-Cam, F WIn-Mad, A Mun-Sax, A Ruh-Mun, A Bur S A Ruh-Mun, F MidOBB holds. (DUD)

Germany (Peter Berggren): A Sil-Sax, F Ber-Kie. (DUD)

India (Bobby Goldman): A Dec S A Del, F EIn-Mad, A Del holds. (DUD)

Italy (Bruce Wachtlo): NMR; F Adr, F Sue, F Ade, A Tyo & Aven hold; F Ion holds(elim) (DUD)

Nippon (Eric Robodobo): F Osa-ECh, F Tok S F NPa, F NPa S F SPa, F SPaOBB S FSPa, F SPa S F Osa-ECh, F Phi & F For S CHINESE F ECh-SCh, F Mad S CHINESE A Cal. (DUD)

Russia (Freddo Hyatt): F Nwy-Nth, A Swe-Den, F Bal S A Swe-Den, A StP-Nwy, A Mos-Ukr, A War-Gal, A Sev-Rum. (DUD)

Turkey (Dunko Smith): F EMe-Ion, F Gre & F Tun S F EMe-Ion, F Smy-EMe, F Aeg S F Smv-EMe, A Pen S A Egy, A Egy S A Pen, A Bul-Rum, A Nej-Yem, A Ara holds. (DUD)

Will Doug McMullo, RR#2, Box 26, Courtenay, B.C. CANADA (DUD) please standby for Italy (if you don't have a map, Doug, tell dumbo Heuer); please note that the GM of this game is Gil Neiger (King of the I.D.A.), (DUD) 300 W. 108 NY,NY 10025. (DUD)

By the way, this stencil is being typed at 2:05 AM; or had you already guessed that?????

dudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddudduddud

This dud issue is ~~dedicated~~ dudicated to that dud-of-duds, Nick ("Tud Dud") Ulanov, who inspired the logo (the dud one , that is,. Any complaints about this issue dudding out should be reported to him (dud address on page seven).

It is my sad duty to inform this readership that Evan Jones has dudded out. Flower should be sent to his dud parents, 390 Riverside Dr., New York, NY 10025.

DEFINITION: dud-"a flat failure" (Webster's Third)

speedballspeedballspeedballspeedballspeedballspeedballspeedballspeedball

I would say more, but my space just dudded out.....

DUDDO CONCESSION TO CHINA PROPOSED; NO VOTE RECEIVED IS A DUD.

CHARITY OF THE GODS
by Dan Miller

Some scientists believe that space travelers landed on the Earth thousands of years ago ---bringing Diplomacy with them.

True or false: Diplomacy was invented in the 1950s by Allan B. Calhamer. Until recently the answer would have been automatically true. Now, however, some consideration is being given to the theory that Diplomacy is much older than that---and perhaps did not originate on Earth at all. Some of the evidence:

* The Xopectexi Plains of Peru are perhaps the least inhabited, harshest lands in the Western Hemisphere (except for Providence). If a traveler is brave or foolish enough to rent a llama (a jeep would not last a mile on the "roads" of this region) he will, after three days of riding, suddenly come upon a series of trenches. These trenches are five feet wide, two feet deep, and twist and weave seemingly without reason. Scattered randomly throughout the area are larege, circular depressions. The whole construction is about seven hundred by one thousand feet. Seen from the ground, it means nothing. But viewed from the air, it is undeniably an immense Diplomacy board. Archaeologists say it is at least 2000 years old. What civilization had aircraft---2000 years ago?

* In Basque province, France, ancient cave paintings have been discovered in a recently excavated grotto. The paintings depict a group of seven cavemen seated around a flat slab of rock---a slab which appears to have a map carved into it. It is a Diplomacy set. There are a total of seven pictures: the first six show England stabbing France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Russia and Turkey. The last shows the other six players throwing England into a volcano.

* In Jerusalem, Israel, archaeologists say that some of the newly discovered "Dead Sea Scrolls" are actually primitive Diplomacy 'zines. Some of the titles: "Diplomacy City-State" and "Ethil the Wooly Mammoth".

It would seem, then, that Mr. Calhamer did not invent Diplomacy---he only rediscovered the game that was somehow lost in the vast expanses of time. And what of the aliens who brought the game to Earth in the first place? What were the reasons behind this action? Do they want to trade 'zines and variants? Or do they just want to be sure that they can get a game together the next time they're in this part of the galaxy?

*

The following tidbits appeared in an article entitled "1977 Uncluttered", by Paul Sterling Hagerman in The New York Times Magazine on January 2nd, 1977:

*When the late Smokey the Bear retired, he passed on to the new Smokey his hat, his shovel---and his ZIP code 20252. It's the only ZIP code in the country devoted exclusively to an individual.

*In the 1890s an American doctor published a treatise warning that chewing gum would "exhaust the salivary glands and cause the intestines to stick together."

*It was Thomas Edison who suggested that people answer their telephones with the word "Hello". Previously, the telephone company had recommended that people answer their phones by loudly shouting "Ahoy! Ahoy!" into the mouthpiece.

*Karl Marx worked as a columnist for The New York Tribune for eleven years until Horace Greeley, in a classic example of exploitation of the worker, tried to cut his salary in half. Marx promptly quit and refused ever to write another word for The Tribune.

*It is possible to make a positive identification of a cow by taking a fingerprint of its nose.

*It is illegal to hunt camels in Arizona.

*There is a Braille edition of Playboy.

And now, from Conrad Von Metzke's JVB, we have

THE JAMUL VARIANT BANK'S
VARIANT PACKAGE NUMBER ONE

Tired of weird variant scenarios? Befuddled by reams of complex rules? At sea from poring over misprinted maps? Disinterested in historical scenarios like the Second Bulgarian Empire? Here, then, are a few simple variants just for you: fun without grotesque complexities or voluminous new rules and boards. All use the standard game map, and most can be played with just seven players or fewer (occasionally as few as none).

1. HYPERSPACE BLACK-HOLE ALTERNATE WORLDS ANARCHY: Two standard game boards required, of which one is fully black-holed at the start of the game. Units may move one, two or three spaces per move, but the latter two orders invariably fail. All nations are in civil disorder throughout. Fleets only may move through hyperspace, i.e., from any space on the board to any other space in one move, provided only that they must first obtain a license from the FAA. Victory is achieved if you succeed in getting anybody to play the game with you.

2. ALPHABET DIPLOMACY: For each move, the Gamesmaster assigns each unit on the board a 'code letter'. That unit may only move to a province the name of which includes the letter. Supports may only be given if the letter is a plosive. For convoys, all involved units must meet the code letter criterion. (It needn't be the same letter for each.) To win, all your code letters for a given turn must spell a word which is suitable for inclusion in the sentence, "John saw the _____ rolling down the hill straight towards him."

3. STRIP DIP: On every Fall turn, for each supply centre lost the player must remove one article of clothing for the duration of the game. A player whose country is eliminated must remove all his clothing and sit on the front porch for two hours.

4. DYSPEPTIC DIP: Standard board and rules, but all orders and press releases must be written in a way designed to make the other players nauseated. Game ends in 1910 and the player who has bought the least Pepto-Bismol wins.

5. DEMOGRAPHIC DIP: Starts as in a regular game. Each province, whether a supply centre or not, is considered 'owned' by the last power to occupy it. Players may at any time and in anyway re-draw the map within any territory that they own. The idea is to re-create a particular political map of Europe for any period at least 100 years pror to 1901. Each player must write down in advance the map he wishes to re-create, and the winner is the first one to succeed. Suggested historical restructurings to be sought: the First Bulgarian Empire; the Peace of Utrecht; Normal Conquest; late Jurassic.

6. CONQUER-IN-PERSON: At the outset each player is equipped with one Fodor Guide to Europe, four hundred dollars and a valid U.S. passport. The players then, entirely on their own initiative, try to gain control of Europe by conquering each supply centre in person. The first player to telephone the Gamesmaster from the American Consulate in the largest city of each supply province, at 12 noon local time, has 'control' of that province. (The Gamesmaster may use any reasonable means to verify such calls, e.g., personal questions like "What make and model car ran over your pet Airedale when you were six?") A province already in the control of another player may be 'conquered' by someone else by having the new would-be conqueror telephone the Gamesmaster at noon from the Embassy on any three consecutive days. It is, of course, the new conqueror's responsibility to find out if the province has already been conquered; the Gamesmaster will not tell him. (This isn't a hard rule to solve, though; just ask any Embassy employee if there have been any nutty Americans with glazed eyes asking to use the 'phone.) Special rule for Canadians: You may call from either the American, Canadian or British consulates, but you may never use more American than British and Canaidan combined. A player is eliminated if he runs out of money, or is thrown into jail. If all players go broke or are incarcerated, the game is a draw.

7. LAWYERS' DIP: The map used is of the 48 contiguous U.S. States, each one a province. The simplest rules of all: the first player to pass the Bar exam in a given State controls that State for the whole game. (If two or more players pass the same Bar at the same time, the State is eliminated from the game.) The winner is the player who is first: (a) appointed a judge; (b) listed in Who's Who; or (c) offered a junior partnership with F. Lee Bailey.

8. ONION DIP: Take a carton of sour cream and a package of onion soup and mix.

NOTES FROM PENELOPE

Hello, dear readers. It's been almost three years since I last wrote this column. I've changed; The POUCH has changed; you've changed. In fact, I guess most of you didn't even get The POUCH when I was an editor. It's been a lot of water under the bridge.

I don't really know what I can say here, having really lost touch with the hobby and The POUCH until just a few months ago when Gil asked me for this column. I guess I can just try to describe the way The POUCH was different in my days.

The POUCH was then, as some of you may know, the work of not one, but three people: Nicholas Ulanov, Duncan Smith, and myself. Nicholas and Duncan did most of the heavy work, i.e., the actual production of each issue, but I tried to do as much as I could. The point I want to stress, however, is that The POUCH was a cooperative venture, or more correctly, adventure. The POUCH had developed its identity before entering the hobby. As Nicholas said in the Anniversary Issue, "a mini-repeat of the discovery of postal Diplomacy took place." The identity was a dual one: the sedate, political, almost British mind of Nicholas Ulanov and the ribald, frivolous, fun-loving mind of Duncan Smith. I did my best to influence the character of the 'zine, but the two of them influenced me more than I influenced them. Those two minds met in a wonderful balance of harmony and discord. No one can fully appreciate the beauty of The POUCH's first year without knowing them. I think I can safely say that The POUCH of my day was the only 'zine ever truly ruled by two disparate minds.

I suppose it would be appropriate for me to make some comment on the hobby as I now see it. When reading this, I would like you all to remember that I have had only a little contact with the hobby over the last few years.

At the time The POUCH was handed over to Gil in 1974, all members of New York Dippydom were fighting against the smallmindedness of certain other members of the hobby. We were time and time again accused of being in some vast conspiracy to gain control of the hobby for whatever evil purposes we could think of. Time and time again we defended ourselves against these accusations by calmly pointing out, yes, we did often agree on many issues, but that this was just a natural consequence of being physically close (especially in the same telephone area) to one another. We pointed out that there were substantial differences among us that were being ignored.

A year later much of this had been corrected. The hobby came to see us as not only a hetergeneous group, capable of infighting, but a productive one as well. We had cleared our name and had earned ourselves a place in the hobby.

But now I see smallmindedness returning. But instead of coming from outside of New York, it now comes from within. Robert Sacks, along with my good friend Robert Lipton, have, over the last few months, been consistently putting forth the notion that an "establishment" exists in the hobby. Presumably this consists of all the hobby's oldtimers who do not live in New York and their toadies; e.g., Walt Buchanan, Len Lakofka, Conrad Von Metzke, Doug Beyerlein and the like. Supposedly these people are in some sort of conspiracy whose main purpose is to denigrate Sacks, secondarily to gain control of the hobby, not for some undefined purposes, but to destroy it.

I find this extremely disheartening, and more upsetting than the old cries of "conspiracy!" I don't see how anyone could accuse these individuals, most of whom have spent at least five to ten years of their lives making this hobby what it is today, of wanting to destroy or control it. But two things make this even sadder: one, that Robert Lipton is involved in it; I know he knows better. And two, that these accusations can only bring back counteraccusations renewed of "conspiracy!" in New York. I know that the oldtimers, Sacks' "establishment" won't be involved in these counteraccusations, but what about the newer members of the hobby? What are they to think?

Well, I ve let you know how I feel, and I see I've already written too much. So let me just close by saying that I hope that both The POUCH and the hobby prosper in the future, and I hope we all live to see many more anniversaries of this great 'zine, The POUCH.

*

I would like to say here that I have copies of Robert Sacks' Gemignani Awards ballots, but I could not afford to print them in sufficient quantities to include them in the issues. Anyone who wants a copy of this ballot should write to me, and I will enclose one in their next issue.

LOOK, UP IN THE SKY!

When I took over The POUCH, one of the closest games to completion was 1973GK, house number 73-9. It was, I believe, the shortest game ever played in The POUCH, ending in 1906. Ron Kelly won a smashing victory as Germany. But in issue 68 of The POUCH, one issue before the game would end, Jonathan Jacobs, replacement as Russia in 1973GK started a press series that proved to be the greatest published in The POUCH during my tenure as editor of the king of New York Dippy mags. It lasted through to issue 75, five and a half months later. Maybe not of exceptional length for a press series, but not bad considering it outlived the game.

The two protagonists were Jacobs and the Turkish player, Robert Lipton. Lipton ended up writing most of the releases, but it was Jacobs' imagination that started the series, and he showed himself to be as creative as Lipton.

Since many of the jokes made in the series are now somewhat out of date, I have annotated the releases, as well as providing a brief introduction for each issue's set. I have made every effort to clear up most of the original typos that I made, except for one very important one. Press releases will be marked thus: JJ=Jacobs', RBL=Lipton's.

The POUCH #68

Jacobs started off the series by issuing a challenge to Lipton. Jacobs considered himself a small-time hobbyist (I believe he played only in The POUCH), but was aware of Lipton's fame as a press writer. He was angered by the fact that Lipton only wrote his press for more prominent magazines, and none for the small ffi'es (e.g., The POUCH). Jacobs' mention of thoughts on press refers to an article written by John Leeder that had appeared in the previous issue of The POUCH. I believe that I had used Faire Harbour to dateline my own GM press much earlier in The POUCH's history.

JJ= CLEVELAND TO FAIRE HARBOUR: Enough thoughts on press already! How about some press on thoughts? In fact, how about some press? Cheez, look at this, even I've heard Robert Lipton manuscriptually spout off about his great press, yet nary but one half-hearted release! It's enough to make a fella buy Diplomacy World[1], almost (but not quite. Don't got no $3). But, hey, what IS Faire Harbour?

JJ= DIRECT FROM THE ANATOLIAN HINTERLANDS!
Abdul Amatork, noted peasant, and his wife are standing, poppying their weed field, when there is a sudden streak through the sky. STREEK! "Damn college kids," he mutters.

Suddenly there is a great popping sound. "Ooh, look, Abby," exclaims his wife, "it's the Fourth of Ramadan!"

"Nonsense, woman. But -- look! Something crashed through the roof of the silo! Burned a hole right through. Some of the crops are smouldering."

"Mmmm, smells good!"

"Not now, woman. Let us investigate."

As they entered the silo, handkerchiefs held to their faces, the two peons noticed a capsule of some sort in one corner. "Look!" cried Mrs. Amatork, "a capsule of some sort!"

"I can read, woman. But, it seems to have noticed we're here -- it's starting to talk!"

And talk it did. "Greetings, earthlings. Reet, Daddy-O! Slip me some skin! I am Dan-Ryan-El, scientist of the doomed planet Lipton, which will soon break up, due to terminal briskness. Our only hope is my son, who is known as Frankford-El, and who was just a baby when we put him in this capsule upon Lipton. We beg of you, take care of him! Of course, we of Lipton are far advanced compared to you earthlings, thanks to our miracle vitamin, orange pekoe. So, Frank, as we call him for short, is many times stronger than your average infant. Please teach him right from wrong, so that some day, he may become a champion of the downtrodden, whom you might call, Mixu-Master[2]!"

"Oh, Abby, this is so exciting! We could name him after our son Robert, who died in Bulgaria."

Unfortunately, Dan-Ryan-El had not told them about the one substance which could cripple the boy -- Liptonite -- and its dreaded effect -- terminal acne.

1. In those, The POUCH was replete with attacks on DW and the IDA subsidy thereof.
2. Lipton's magazine was and is called The Mixumaxu Gazette.

The POUCH #69

Here Lipton leapt into action. Never one to refuse a challenge, Lipton set the precedent for the rest of the series in this issue. He introduced the character of Superdiplomat/RBL, presumably the boy grown to a man. He also brought The POUCH staff into play, including myself, Penelope Naughton Dickens (both editors), and Jerry Paulson (a GM at the time).

RBL= WOODMERE, LONG ISLAND (Inner District Underground News Nuturing Offices): So, Jon, you want to see some press? Don't you get Slobinpolit Zhurnal[1], that finest of press 'zines, where I am writing the adventures of Gregor Hermann Wechtenschitzelbaum, Graf von und zu Shtumpen-Shtumpen in the Court of Raoul "Rancid Grease" Raskolnikov, Emperor of Slobbovia and incompetent cook? Well, if you're too lazy for that, we'll have to do something here.

RBL= MIXUMAXU, TURKEY (IDUNNO): "Look, down on the board! It's a double army!"

"It's a triple fleet!"

"It's a cockroach!"

"You're close. It's Superdiplomat!"

"Yes, Superdiplomat! Strange visitor from another planet, who came to Earth with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal nuts! Superdiplomat! Faster than a stabbing Birsauron! More powerful than a Beshara opening! Able to stalemate huge enemies with a single unit! And who, disguised as RBL, mild-mannered editor of a great American Dippy 'zine, fights a never-ending battle for victories, insane press, and the Diplomatic way! Arrrggghhh!

CHAPTER ONE: Return of the Evil Genius

Penelope Dickens stretched lazily and handed a set of moves over to Gil Neiger, editor of the Great New York 'Zine, whose name escapes me at the moment.

"Gil," she said, "it seems strange to me. You notice that our best players are dropping out?"

"That always happens. Anyway, Ron Kelly is always willing to take on another position.[2] He called me twice today, saying, 'Eighty-four, eighty-five, so what?' Why? Are you missing a set of moves?"

"Yes, yours."

"What? But I gave them to Jerry myself, two days ago!"

"He says not. Why don't you call him?"

When Jerry Paulson answered the phone, his voice was monotonous and mechanical. Gil did not notice anything unusual.

"Look, Jerry, I see you listed me as NMR this turn. Don't you remember my giving them to you?"

"No." Jerry spoke slowly, each word separated by a huge space of time. "You...did...not...I...have...been...games...mastering...long...enough...to...know...when...I...get...moves...I...will...not...permit...your...late...moves...nor...give...an...extension."

"Strange," said Gil after he had hung up. "He's talking like Nick did, after he discovered he was a misprogrammed computer.[3] I think there may have been foul play!"

Penelope looked frightened. "Foul play! Then there's only one thing to do. You'd better call Superdiplomat!"

Gil walked over to his electric mimeo, turned it on, and began feeding in mangled paper.

Miles away, RBL was sitting at his desk, typing up the next issue of his 'zine at such a rapid rate that the keys of his typewriter melted from the friction. His ears, sensitive enough to detect the sound of an ally in Sheboygan writing a stabbing set of moves, heard the plaintive sound of a mimeo maching being abused. He isolated the sound. It was Gil! He needed help! Dashing out of his house, he ran into a nearby telephone booth and began changing into his Superdiplomat costume. An elderly lady who had been making phone calls against vivisection in that phone booth hit him repeatedly with her umbrella and began to call for the police. RBL quickly quieted her down, selling her a game entry in passing, and went to the nearest men's room. Soon he was revealed as Superdiplomat, wearing a chartreuse and pink outfit with a large yellow 'S' on the chest, and RBL's coat-of-arms on the back: Gyronny of argent and sable, a baton sinister or and, on a field vert, a knife gulee, with the motto, "Au dos, cette fois", underneath. Quickly jumping into his Stabmobile, he drove to Gil's penthouse.

"What is it, Gilbert?" he asked.

Gil did not know that Superdiplomat was also RBL. That knowledge was limited to the population of Youngstown, which Superdiplomat had miniaturized and placed in a pickle jar. he said "I want you to listen to a tape I made. I tape all my conversations." He turned on a tape recorder.

After a few seconds, it said, "We've got to stonewall it, Ron."

"Ooops," said Gil. "I've been buying my tape second-hand. Listen to this." The conversation with Jerry was repeated.

"Hmmmm. A mystery, certainly," said Superdiplomat. "Tell me, who's replacing you?"

"Why, Ron Kelly, of course."

Penelope entered the room, saw Superdiplomat, and nearly swooned. When she had recovered, she said, "I got a package for RBL. Since you see a lot of that nebbish, would you mind giving it to him?"

"Not at all," said Superdiplomat. "I wonder what's in it."

"Why don't you use your special vision that can see through to people's hearts?"

"No," said Superdiplomat after a second, "It has been surrounded by mimeo-ink soaked paper, the only thing I cannot see through. I'll just open it. It might be some negotiations for stabbing me."

Superdiplomat's powerful fingers ripped into the box.

Suddenly, his skin felt as if he had just eaten two pounds of deep-fried chocolate. He gasped and fell, crying weakly, "Liptonite!" A scrap of paper wafted out of the box, marked "Best, the Evil Genius"

1. Slobinpolit Zhurnal is still being published. It carries only one game, a variant named Slobbovia, and is devoted mainly to press. For information, write to Ray Heuer (see mailing list).
2. In those days, Ron Kelly was always willing to take on any standby position. At one point he told me he was eighty-four games.
3. There was always some mention of Nick and the computer in The POUCH. Nick used his high school's computer to print mailing labels and renewal notices when he published The POUCH, and blamed his mistakes on the computer now and then. In the old days of The POUCH, I wrote an article "revealing" that Nick was in reality just a computer.

The POUCH #70

This issue saw both writers writing, each doing a different version of what happened after the above release ended.

JJ= NEW YORK: A taped laugh filled the air - 'twas the Evil Genius.

Penelope screamed. Superdiplomat lay writhing upon the floor, his face a molten mass of purple pus, blotchy blemishes and essential oils. Gil was paralyzed with fear. "Somebody do something!" shrieked the deranged young girl.

Superdiplomat, weakened by the terminal acne, managed to whimper, "Gilbert...my... utility...belt..."

"Say no more!" yelped the boyish editor. He leapt to Superdiplomat's side and began to undo his belt. Penelope blushed. Gilbert began to rummage through the various compartments. "Hmm...waterworks...Electric company...Sesame Street...I don't see anything here, Supe!"

"Drat!" cried Superdiplomat. "I remember, my sister had a heavy date tonight. But surely you have some!"

"Some what?"

"Clearisil, of course," whispered the Henry Kissinger lookalike.

"Of course!" the New Yorkers yelped.

Penelope began to search through her purse. "Now I know it's here somewhere..."

-LATER THAT AFTERNOON-

"Bus tokens...autographed picture of Randy Newman...oops, don't look at these, Gil... ah, here we are! Clearisil, oh handsome charming Superdiplomat."

"He's in the bathroom," replied Gil.

"Oh."

"He's been in there an awfully long time."

"Oh, I'd better check if he's okay!" cried Penelope eagerly.

Gil grabber her on her way out. "I don't thing that's such a, um, great idea, Penelope. I'd better go." He took the Clearisil.

"Aww, you never let me have any fun," sulked Penelope. "I wish Duncan Smith was still an editor..."[1]

Gilbert Neiger stealthily entered the bathroom. Superdiplomat was seated, unconscious. Quickly, Gil applied some Clearisil to his hand and slapped the effete hero.

"Thanks!" Superdiplomat's resonant contralto had returned! "I needed that?"

"Now what, hero?" queried Gil.

"Wrap that Liptonite up in some more mimeo-ink soaked paper and publish it. I'll be right in. And close the door when you leave."

"Right."

Soon Superdiplomat rejoined Gil and Penelope. "Hey!" he said, "I hear something - a phone conversation. It's Jerry! I'll see if I can tune it in for you." Extending his antenna, Superdiplomat opened his shirt to reveal a row of knobs. He began to turn one. "Ah, here it is. Gil, when's the last time you saw Jerry?"

"Why, when I bought some used tape from him."

"As I suspected. Ah, here we are." He opened his mouth and flipped a switch, saying, "Monitor."

Jerry Paulson's telephone voice filled the room. "Hello...Evil...Genius."

Peneloped gasped as another voice drawled from Superdiplomat's open maw. "Ah think Gil's catchin' on t'us, Jerry. He's called in Supuhdiplomat."

Jerry's reply: "We've...got...to...stonewall...it...Ron."

Superdiplomat abruptly shut his mouth, trapping two mating fruitflies and a praying Mantis. "Oh, Swordsman, Swordsman," she whimpered.

"Ron Kelly!" gasped the astonished POUCHers.

"Yes," affirmed Superdiplomat. "We must be off to Washington[2]. I have some tickets to DisCon[3]---I'll have, um, RBL drop them off here on his way."

To be continued, as I have run out of time

RBL= The Adventures of Superdiplomat: THE RETURN OF THE EVIL GENIUS (IDUNNO)

As the deadly Liptonite slowly rendered Superdiplomat's face a mass of pink and white putrescence, a certain Diplomat, who was an actress, who, in Diplomacy had the same initials as the finest 'zine in the field[4] and, on the screen, had the ubiquitous L.L. initials that one finds associated with female (for so she was) acquaintances of Superpeople and who, in either guise, was best known for her ability to swallow anything, entered the offices of the great metropolitan Dippy 'zine, whose name still escapes me. (Do you have the scene or should I repeat it?)

Quickly surveying the situation, the Diplomat swallowed the Liptonite. As her stomach acids destroyed it, Superdiplomat felt himself returning to the semi-normality that is the wont of all members of this hobby.

"Thank you, certain Diplomat, who is an actress, who, in Diplomacy has the same---"

"I read the introduction too, Superdiplomat," she said. "It's nothing. I came here to hunt for clues to the bastard who turned out 'my' moves in the fake issue of COSTAGUANA. Do you have any idea who did it?"[5]

"I did it all by myself!" shouted Gil, Penny and Superdiplomat all at once. The phone rang. Gil picked it up and listened, then handed the phone to the vengeance-seeking Diplomat. "It's Feron[6], calling for you." The Diplomat picked it up, listened for a second, then slammed it down.

"He says he did it. The only person who claims not to have done it is John Moot[7]." She left angrily.

"Who could have done such a horrible thing, exposing you to Liptonite?" Penny asked Superdiplomat.

"It's a difficult question," he answered. "I have many people who seek revenge for my stabbing my way to 193 wins out of 193 games played. Let me see the paper the Liptonite was wrapped in." He studied it for a minute, the said, "Judging from the writing, the Evil Genius is an ambidextrous Diplomat of some skill. He has two living grandparents and an elder

brother for whom he affects hatred."

"How can you tell that?" asked Gil.

"Trade secret. Thanks." Superdiplomat went back to the street, brushed the parking tickets off his Stabmobile, and drove back to Woodmere, where he reassumed his guise as RBL and began to type up the next issue of his Dipzine. Afterwards, he checked his telephone service and found one message. It was from the Evil Genius. RBL found that, despite using all his skill as a Superdiplomat, he could not tell who it was. The message was:

"You've foiled me for this time, Superdiplomat, but I will succeed someday. I'll have my revenge for ruining my career as a Diplomat!"

1. Duncan Smith, one of the original editors of The POUCH, was famous for his encouragement of obscenity and vulgarity in The POUCH, to Nick Ulanov's dismay.
2. Ron Kelly lives in Washington, DC.
3. DisCon was a science fiction convention in Washington that a lot of the New York hobby attended over Labor Day weekend, 1974.
4. Lipton refers to Margaret Gemignani/the Mixumaxu Gazette.
5. A fake issue of Conrad Von Metzke's COSTAGUANA was put out earlier that summer. For one of the games inside, Margaret was listed as making some extremely foolish moves. She was very offended. As is the case for many fake issues, everyone possible claimed to have done it.
6. Michel Feron, editor of MOESHOESHOE, a Belgian 'zine at the time.
7. John Moot was president of Games Research, Inc. which printed Diplomacy then.

The POUCH #71

At this point Jacobs stopped writing for a while. Lipton continued, unperturbed.

RBL= The Adventures of Superdiplomat: THE RETURN OF THE EVIL GENIUS (IDUNNO)

Three days passed before Superdiplomat heard again of the Evil Genius. Then, going through his mail, he picked up his copy of the great metropolitan Dippy 'zine, whose name I'm going to remember one of these days. He looked at the nine games he was winning in.

On page 27, he read the Fall 1908 moves for the ninth game he was playing in. The headline was:

PEACE RUMORS IN EUROPE

The position was a 17-17 stalemate. And the other player was Ronald Kelly, and Kelly had suggested the draw.

Superdiplomat gnashed his teeth and stabbed a fifteen-pound cat which rubbed against his ankles (just to keep in practice). It all fit together. Two years before, Kelly had been a promising Diplomat, but his career, as had everyone's, had fallen under the long shadow of Superdiplomat. In revenge, therefore, Kelly had become the Evil Genius.

The phone rang. Superdiplomat put on his glasses and said "Hello." Then he lifted the receiver off the cradle and repeated the code word into it. (You weren't paying attention, were you?) This code, cleverly devised by Superdiplomat, and adopted by many of his followers, meant that he was ready to speak.

It was Gil. "BOB" he shouted. "When you see Superdiplomat, tell him I want to speak with him."

"He's right here," RBL said, and, removing his glasses, resumed his identity as Superdiplomat. "What is it, Gil?" he said in a voice three octaves deeper.

"Gee," Gil said, "you sure spend a lot of time with that wimp, don't you? I mean, look at what he did to Batman and Robin, Wertham, I mean. What I wanted to call you about was the fact that, because I've been replaced in that game Paulson is gamesmastering, I've been tossed out of nine games, under the RBL convention[1], and in six of them I'm allied with you."

"That's all right," said the Negotiator of Neutronium, "I've stabbed you in those games."

"Good," said Gil. "I was worrying I couldn't maintain my part of the alliances."

"Tell me," asked the Stabber of Steel, "Ron Kelly replaced you in all those games, didn't he?"

"Why, yes," said Gil. "Why?"

"Goodbye, Gil," said Superdiplomat, "I hear John B.[2] writing a set of moves to try to stab me."

"But which John---" Gil managed to say before Superdiplomat crashed the received back onto the cradle, ruining the telephone. He went upstairs and used the extension to call Washington. The man, however, was dead, so he settled for Ron Kelly. (Don't tell me you fell for that old chestnut!)

"Kelly," he said when the phone was answered, "I know you're the Evil Genius. You don't stand a chance now that I'm prepared for you! You gave yourself away by replacing Gil in all those games!"

Kelly's answer was the most frightening thing Superdiplomat had ever heard:

"Hello...how...are...you...I'm...not..."

Stunned, Superdiplomat hung up the phone and simply sat. The next thing he remembered, an hour had passed and his phone was ringing. He picked up the receiver, and heard the voice of the Evil Genius.

"Hahahahahaha," it laughed evilly. "You see the first part. Now, you cannot always win. Soon, you will find yourself unable to stalemate. An when you have lost, then people will no longer hold you in such admiration. And I will win against you, I will win the first game, and bring your façade crumbling! Hahahahaha..." laughed the maniacal voice, then there was a click. Superdiplomat felt a growing sense of helplessness. Was there nothing he could do to stop this fiend?

1. In the old days, Lipton, in an effort to prevent dropouts, attempted to institute a policy whereby a player who dropped from a game in his 'zine would be thrown out of all others. I'm not sure whether or not he ever actually implemented this policy, or whether he applied it to dropouts in other 'zines who played in the Mixumaxu Gazette.
2. There are many prominent John Bs in postal Diplomacy: Johns Baker, Beshara, Boardman, Boyer, &c.

The POUCH #72

Once again, Lipton was the only one to contribute.

RBL= THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERDIPLOMAT: The Return of the Evil Genius (IDUNNO)

The next day, Superdiplomat played for a Diplomacy Widows' Association benefit. He knew that he was badly upset by what had been happening. It took him four years to win as Italy. Afterwards, he heard one player say to another, "Gee, ol' Supy is off his feed. I wonder if I he's slowin' down. Maybe I can stab him..."

Superdiplomat squared his shoulders, and played the second game of the benefit. This time he won as England in 1902. Murmurs of appreciation arose. Most of the players thought it impossible for England to have more than ten units in 1902.

Following there was an awards ceremony. Superdiplomat took the first ten awards, naturally for best player, best stabber, best tactician, most perfect teeth, &c.

"The next award," the Emcee said, "goes to RBL."

An award for RBL! Superdiplomat felt amused. What award could his nebbish alter ego win? However, it would fill in nicely the spot between Brenton Ver Ploeg's offer to go for second and give Superdiplomat first, and John Beshara's Picasso print, won on a bet that Superdiplomat could not smash any stalemate line Beshara could construct. Beshara had failed to take into account Superdiplomat's X-ray vision, with which he could blacken new province borders onto the game board.

Quickly, Superdiplomat rushed to the bathroom and began to change. Unfortunately, in his haste he changed in the ladies' room, and was only able to get away by claiming to be a streaker. He rushed back upstairs, dressed as RBL.

"I understand you have an award for me," he said.

"Yes," said the moderator, "The Charles Reinsel Award for Stupidity. It was a unanimous decision for not having Superdiplomat play in any of your games. RBL blushed, but managed to chuckle.

The fourth game of the benefit started. Superdiplomat varied his usual fast win by ending the game in 1904 with 34 supply-centers.

"Don't worry, folks," he said jovially to the other players, "you won't ever run up against a player as good as I." He turned to Penny and said, "Have you had enough? You want

to get out of here?"

Penny said, "No...I...do...not...want...to..."

In shock, Superdiplomat stumbled away from this latest victim of the Evil Genius, and left. When he got into his Stabmobile, it exploded. He was, however, able to save his expensive seat-coverings, made from Mike Rocamora's skin, by throwing a passing pedestrian in front of them.

Home once again, he picked up the latest dipzine that had come in: ADAG. He looked at the six games he was playing there. All of them were going well, except for one, in which a coalition of unknowns was slowly but surely fighting their way to a stalemate.

He next picked up a letter addressed to RBL, replaced his glasses and opened it. It read:

Superdiplomat, you ((not reproducable in a family 'zine))[1],

This afternoon was the last straw. I am not going to wait any longer to crush you. You are going to lose a game, and soon. To be exact, in the next installment.

/signed/The Evil Genius

Superdiplomat crumpled the letter and threw it in the garbage. The denouncement[2] would come soon. And he feared the outcome.

The Evil Genius had been at the benfit and had probably been destroyed by Superdiplomat in each game.

The Evil Genius knew he was RBL.

Did he know enough to destroy Superdiplomat?

1. The double parentheses are the mark of one of my interjections, but I can't imagine what Lipton could have put there that I would delete. More likely it was put that way by Lipton himself. I seem to remember frequent allusions from various people that The POUCH was supposed to be a family 'zine.
2. The fatal mistake on my part. Lipton had written 'denouement' in his press, but I had misread it for 'denouncement'. I would pay.

The POUCH #73

Once again, only Lipton wrote. I'm pretty sure that Lipton ended it the way it appears here, and that I didn't start fiddling with things until next issue.

RBL= THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERDIPLOMAT (THE RETURN OF THE EVIL GENIUS) (IDUNNO):
The world was crumbling for Superdiplomat; after the second call from the Evil Genius, and the stupidity of the editor of a great Metropolitan Dippy 'zine, whose name I can't remember, but whose editor changed "denouement" to "denouncement" in the last episode nothing went right. He had not won a single game since that call.

True, he had not lost any; all ended in draws; but a four-way draw between himself, Evan Jones[1], Greg Warden[2] and Margaret Gemignani did not seem to approach anywhere near a clear win.

Often now, when he doffed the guise of RBL, in which guise he produced his own Dippy 'zine, he wondered when he would lose a game. The Evil Genius had said, "The next installment". Well, this is the next installment. But how long will it last? Will its writer perhaps spin it out to three or four pages? Will the editor cut it? Will Jonathan Jacobs resume writing his vastly inferior counterpart? Let's just wait a moment.

Anyway, Superdiplomat sat, waiting for the news. Suddenly, the phone rang. Donning his glasses, Superdiplomat became RBL.

He picked up the phone and said "Hello" in a quavering voice.

"Is Superdiplomat there?" Gil asked. "I'll want to speak to you again afterwards if he is, but I want to break the news to him first."

"What news?"

"Put Superdiplomat on, please!"

RBL was taken aback; no one had said "please" to him since....well, he couldn't think when. He removed his glasses and spoke again to the phone, his voice deep and steady.

Gil's voice had become embarassed. "Superdiplomat," he said, "It's happened."

"What's happened?"

"It."

"Well, what is it?"

"It is what's happened."

"Stop this!" Superdiplomat roared, "Do it again and you'll never win another game! I'll join all of them and make you my especial enemy."

"You don't scare me anymore."

The words chilled Superdiplomat. "It's happened!" he thought. "What's happened?" he heard faintly off by his left cerebellum. He brought himself under control. Superdiplomat had lost his first game, and to the Evil Genius! All he needed to know now was who had beaten him. He could then put out a contract on the fellow, and battle his way back up to an image of adamantine invincibility! Superdiplomat smiled.

"So," he said calmly, "Who beat me?"

"Oh," said Gil contemptuously, "you managed to figure that out? Well, its---

1. Evan Jones, minor member of the New York Dippy group, was never famed for his excellence in Diplomacy, especially as far as negotiating went.
2. Greg Warden, formerly the Orphan Games Director, was also not famed for his expertise.

The POUCH #74

Here I started fiddling. The series was obviously reaching a conclusion. But Jacobs had started writing again and Lipton's next release revealed the identity of the Evil Genius. So I shortened Lipton's release considerably, to give Jacobs a chance to reveal his identity of the Evil Genius simultaneously. Observe:

RBL= THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERDIPLOMAT: THE RETURN OF THE EVIL GENIUS (IDUNNO):

"...It's..."

JJ= NEW YORK: The phone went dead in Superdiplomat's hand. "Gil!" he shouted. "Gil, what happened?" The Big Green Cheese stood for a moment looking at the receiver, then cradled it. "Well," he murmured, "lost my first game. And Gil didn't even get a chance to tell me whom to. There's something funny going on here."

Out of some strange otherworldly impulse, Superdiplomat dropped to the floor and examined the telephone jack. "Ah, just as I thought!" he exclaimed triumphantly as he held up the severed telephone cord for the benefit of our home viewing audience. "The cord's been severed!" Superdiplomat's facility for belaboring the obvious was famous. "Perhaps some fingerprints...?" he asked no one in particular. Not surprisingly, nobody in particular answered.

The answer to the myster was obvious: he had to find the greasy fingerprints the untidy (imagine, not cleaning up after himself!) culprit had doubtless left upon the cord. He rushed into the darkroom to develop the prints.

Shortly thereafter, Superdiplomat emerged grumbling from the darkroom. No recognisable prints but his own; not Buchanan's, nor Bekhara's, nor Birsan's, nor even those of the terrible Walker, head of the notorious San Diego machine (pretty good from someone who only gets a couple of 'zines, no?) ((No))[1]. But then again, who could there be who could defeat him in a fair game of Diplomacy? Nobody. Then maybe XXXXXXXXXXXXXX[2]...no, I don't know him well enough to slander him.

The clock struck, and there was suddenly a great rustling in the chimney. "A rustler!" cried Superdiplomat emphatically. Then there was a loud Thump from the basement and a yelp of pain, along with European profanity. Then things got quite quiet.

"The furnace of course!" yelped S-D. "It's the Evil Genius, I know it is! I must get to the bottom of this!" And without further ado, Superdiplomat threw open the door to the basement only to see Someone climbing the stairs. A Chill ran down his spine and outside to its nest. "Who are you?" demanded Superdiplomat (of the figure, not of the Chill).

The intruder stood about five-nine. He wore a conservative black suit, with matching wide-brim Old World hat, from under which his black hair hung free in back. His beard was bushy, and black as his long sidecurls. Slung over his back was an empty sack. "My God," thought Superdiplomat, "it's a..."

"Your were expecting maybe Saint Nickleclaws?" demanded the stranger. "Now, where's

your Hannukah bush?"

"My what?!"

"Oy, vey iz mir. Don't you know what tonite is?"

"Right now? Why it's um, Sunday night, December 8."

"Which is?"

"I really don't know. You see, I was brought up in the Middle East, so I don't know all these American customs. You see, I really owe my life to a couple of Arabs."

"Seems like I've heard that a lot lately. Look Superlaundromat, or whatever you call yourself..."

"Diplomat, Superdiplomat."

"Diplomat, schmiplomat. So long as you're healthy."

"Excuse me, but are you what they call one of the, uh, evil minyans of the International Jewish Banking Conspiracy?" The stranger's forward movement was thrusting towards RBL's room.

"No, no, no. Now where's your Hannukah bush---ah, there it is!" The stranger pointed to a Bansai spruce tree.

"What?" wondered Superdiplomat. "How? The only one who could get in there is......."[3]

1. This double-parenthesized comment was mine.
2. The Xs are courtesy of Jacobs, and the name, in case you can't read it, is Charles Reinsel. Never having had any contact with Reinsel, I can't even say if he's still in the hobby, but is not now, and was not then, held in high esteem by most of the hobby.
3. I believe that Jacobs' release continued here, but I cut off the end, so that both writers could write their own conclusions in the next issue.

The POUCH #75

Here we start off with the conclusion of Jacobs' release from the previous issue (I guess), and then Lipton. I assume that the very last release is Lipton's, especially because of the use of the expression 'tight smile crossed his lips', something I can't see myself using. But I'm not positive.

JJ= NEW YORK (continued from last issue): "What?" wondered Superdiplomat. "How? The only one who could get in here is me....RBL!"

Superdiplomat fell silent. The Evil Genius knew his susceptibility to Liptonite; knew where he was, and when; knew what he did; turned games against him, so he had to be in them... ...knew what would happen in the next installment, just like the author...no, it couldn't be, he refused to believe it.

He was jolted back to consciousness by the stranger, who was talking ".....and there's your Hannukah bush, just like I was told. You see, tonight's the first night of Hannukah. I'm Hannukah Harry, and if you've got a Hannukah bush I'll come up out of the sewers and take all your presents. Ah, it looks like you won't be needing this any longer."

Oh no! It was the gold-inlaid Diplomacy board he'd won in the Tournament the past summer, and it was the only one he had; he'd given his regular set to a starving orphan. After all, the kid needed a little fun....."No!!!" cried Superdiplomat. "Not my Diplomacy board!" He lunged at H.H. and suddenly.....the stranger's face came off in his hands!

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! Insane laughter filled the room. Superdiplomat stood face-to-face with --- RBL! "That's right!" cried RBL triumphantly. "I've done it at last! Diplomacy used to be fun, yes it did, until you came along. So what if I didn't win all the time? But now, everything's ruined. Every 'zine you touch, you drive the subbers away, because they can't win. Look at El Con[1]; look at Conrad[2]. He finally couldn't stand it, because you didn't just win, oh no. People banded together against you --- like the International Diplomats Against Superdiplomat, IDAS, now just shortened to IDA. And then they tried standardization, and organization, and prestidigitation, and what happened? It got worse. Why do you think I never let you play in my 'zine? But now, now, it's ALL OVER! HAHAHA!" and with a wicked warcry of "Mixumaster!", RBL plunged a plastic stake deep into Superdiplomat's heart. He got a supply center.

And now, RBL resumed normal life. He wrote a bit of press, played a few games, but never won anything ever again; even his girlfriend left him to become a linear separator.

And yet, as he always thought to himself, things could be worse, and downed another brisk cup of tea.

THE END, KAYN AYHORA

Greatness has its drawbacks.

RBL= THE ADVENTURES OF SUPERDIPLOMAT: The Return of the Evil Genius (IDUNNO):

"...RBL!" Gil shouted.

Superdiplomat screamed.

WEWILLNOWUSEALINEARSEPARATORTOINDICATETHEPASSAGEOFTIMEADEVICESTOLENFROMBILLSPANGLER[3]

"So," said the psychiatrist, "as a reading of Psycho will indicate, the strain of maintaining the two identities in their rigid separation resulted in a trinary manifestation of schizophrenia, the revelation of which resulted in catatonic withdrawal."

"What does that mean?" asked Gil.

"He went buggy."

"I can't believe it," said Penny, who, with Gil, was the co-editor of that great Metropolitan Dippy 'zine....Graustark? Rangers? Arena?[4] Well, no matter. "RBL was such a twerp."

"It was that attitude," said the psychiatrist, "along with a multitude of others that lead the RBL portion of the personality to revolt against the dominant personality."

"What does that mean?" asked Gil.

"It didn't help any."

There was a moment of silence.

"He'll be happy at the Woodmere Home for the Mentally KooKoo. The design strange variants there."

"A great pity," said Gil. "A great mind, gone like that."

THE END

EPILOGUE

The Evil Genius wrote in his diary:

"With Superdiplomat out of the way I can now take over the hobby without fear. At last the admiration that should be mine will be mine. My action was for the entire hobby, all cast under the shadow of that bastard. It is done. It was only necessary to know his alter ego which my closen s[5]

The Evil Genius lay down his pen and locked his diary. A tight smile crossed his lips. He turned to the other person in the room and said, "We have a little time to waste..."

Penny said, "Yes...Gil..."

1. El Conquistador. A now defunct (I assume) publication published by Gordon Anderson.
2. Shortly before, Conrad had relinquished the Boardman Numbers to Doug Beyerlein, and was cutting off a lot of his hobby ties.
3. In the original printing, this linear separator cover the page. Bill Spangler was, I believe, a player in Slobinpolit Zhurnal.
4. All New York City 'zines at the time.
5. This is how it appears in my original. I don't know what Lipton actually intended, but his intention is obvious.

Well, there you have it, the whole thing, unedited. I'm not about to comment on it any further.

Maybe people reading this will think this the end of Superdiplomat. To them, all I can say is, Look, down on the board!.....

*

IMPORTANT NOTE

The Scots (originally Irish, but by now Scotch) were at this time inhabiting Ireland, having driven the Irish (Picts) out of Scotland; while the Picts (originally Scots) were now Irish (living in brackets) and vice versa. It is essential to keep these distinctions clearly in mind (and verce visa).

1976IC "Fall 1902"

HAPSBURGS OCCUPY THE STRAITS AS FRENCH CHALLENGE ITALIAN SUPREMACY IN MEDITERRANEAN

Austria-Hungary (David Claman): A Vie*-Gal, A Rum S A Vie-Gal(-Ser or elim)*, A Bud* S A Rum, F Aeg-Con*, A Gre* S ITALIAN A Bul. Owns: BUD, TRI, VIE, Con, Gre, ~~Rum~~, (Ser).(5 or 6) BUILD ONE

England (David Kalla): A Nwy-StP*, F Bar* S A Nwy-StP, A Edi*-Nwy(imp), F Nth* S A Edi-Nwy, F Den-Swe*. Owns: EDI, LVP, LON, Den, ~~Nwy~~, StP, Swe.(6) BUILD ONE

France (Edward P. Karlinski, Jr.): A Bur*-Bel, A Pic* S A Bur-Bel, A Mar*-Bur, F Mid-Wes*, F Bre-Mid*. Owns: BRE, MAR, PAR, Por, Spa.(5) EVEN

Germany (Doug Hollingsworth): A Kie-Ruh*, A Ber* & A Mun*-Kie, A Bel* S A Mun-Bur(nso), F Hol* S A Bel. Owns: BER, KIE, MUN, Bel, Hol.(5) EVEN

Italy (Mike Hudec): A Apu-Tun*, F Ion* C A Apu-Tun, F Eas*-Smy, A Bul* S AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN F Aeg-Con. Owns: NAP, ROM, VEN, Bul, (Ser), Tun.(6 or 5) BUILD TWO OR ONE

Russia (Frank Suchar): A Sev-Rum*, A Ukr* S A Sev-Rum, A War*-Gal, F Swe-Nwy*, A StP S F Swe-Nwy(-Fin, Lvn, Mos or elim)*. Owns: MOS, ~~STP~~, SEV, WAR, Nwy, Rum, ~~Swe~~.(5) EVEN OR BUILD ONE

Turkey (Tom McNally): A Bul R Con; A Con-Bul(-Ank or elim)*, F Bla* S RUSSIAN A Sev-Rum, A Arm* S F Smy, F Smy* holds. Owns: ANK, ~~CON~~, SMY, ~~Bul~~.(2) REMOVE TWO OR ONE

Note that Doug Hollingsworth takes over as Germany; I have not heard from Philip Crowther for quite some time. The addresses of all players are printed in the mailing list, elsewhere in this issue.
As usual, an asterisk (*) marks the final position of the unit. Underlined moves fail. A separate builds/removals/retreats season has been requested, and, owing to the confusing nature of the Balkans situation, I had decided to allow it. Thus, only retreats, and builds and removals (which may be conditional on the retreats) are due next time, by NOON, 26 MARCH 1977

*

1975Kex "Fall 1911"

FRANCE IN CONFUSION AS GERMAN TROOPS IN TYROL CONTINUE TO IGNORE FRENCH AID

France (David Claman): A Pic*-Bel, A Bre-Par*, A Ver-Gas*, F Spa(sc)*-Mid, A Umb S GERMAN A Tyo-Ven(elim), A Pie* S GERMAN A Tyo-Ven, A Sfa-Tun(imp)(elim). Owns: BRE, ~~MAR~~, PAR, VER, Lis, Opo, ~~Sfa~~, Spa.(6) EVEN

Germany (King Kalla): F Eng*-Mid, F Lon*-Eng, F Nth* & A Ruh* S F Bel, A Lvn-Mos*, A War* S A Lvn-Mos, A Lub* S A Ukr, A Boh*-Vie, A Tyo* S A Boh-Vie, A Swi* S A Tyo, A Sil*-Boh, A Mun* S A Sil-Boh, A Pru*-Sil, F Bel* & A Ukr* hold. Owns: BER, KIE, MUN, Bel, Den, Edi, Hol, Lod, Lub, Arc, Mos, Nwy, Lon, ~~Mar~~, Pet, Swe, War.(16) BUILD ONE

Turkey (Raymond E. Bauer): A Sev*-Mos, F Bla*-Sev, A Rum* S F Bla-Sev, F Rom-Umb*, A Ven* S F Rom-Umb, F Adr* & A Tri* S A Ven, F Ion-Sfa*, A Alg* S F Ion-Sfa, F Nap-Ion*, F Tyn-Lyo*, F WMe* S F Tyn-Lyo, A Pre* S A Vie, A Bud* & A Vie* hold. Owns: ALE, ANK, CON, SMY, Bud, Bul, ERu, Nap, Pel, Pre, Rom, Rum, Ser, Sev, Sfa, Tri, Ven, Vie.(18) BUILD TWO

BLACK HOLES: F00, Swi; S01, Mid; F01, Nth; S02, Ven; F02, Bar; S03, Sil; F03, Yor; S04, Gal; F04, Tus; S05, Pet; F05, Iri; S06, Mos; F06, Bur; S07, Mor; F07, Mac; S08, Lvp; F08, Tyn; S09, Tun; F09, Nrg; S10, Gal; F10, Han; S11, Mar; and now, for the 100th issue...MURMANSK! So much for lend-lease.

SPLITS: S01, Gre (Aeg-Ion; N=Mac, S=Pel); F01, NAt (Lvp-N; W=WAt, E=Heb); S02, StP (Fin-Mos;

1975Kex (continued)

N=Mur, S=Pet); F02, Smy (Ank-Eas; W=Smy, E=Ale); S03, NAf (WMe-S; W=Mor, E=Alg); F03, Aeg (Ion-Con; N=Aeg, S=Can); S04, Por (Spa-Mid; N=Opo, S=Lis); F04, Tun (Alg-Ion; N=Tun, S=Sfa); S05, Alb (Ser-Adr; N=Mon, S=Alb); F05, Vie (Boh-Tri; W=Vie, E=Pre); S06, Can (Aeg-EMe; W=Cre, E=Dod); F06, WMe (Spa-Alg; W=Gib, E=WMe); S07, Ska (Den-Swe; E=Kat, W=Ska); F07, Kie (Ruh-Bal; W=Kie, E=Han); S08, Tus (Tyn-Pie; N=Tus, S=Umb); F08, War (Sil-Ukr; N=War, S=Kra); S09, Kra (War-Gal; W=Lod, E=Lub); F09, Mur (Bar-Pet; W=Mur, E=Arc); S10, Apu (Ion-Ven; W=Tar, E=Apu); F10, Par (Bre-Gas; W=Ver, E=Par); S11, Bul (Con-Ser; S=ERu, N=Bul)...andnow...PIEDMONT! From Marseilles to Tuscany; north half remains Piedmont, south half is now Liguria. Both are occupied by French armies.

WHITE HOLES: S05, Bar; F05, Pet; S06, Sil; F06, Iri; S07, Tus; F07, Swi; S08, Nth; F08, Mor; S09, Tyn; F09, Gal; S10, Mos; F10, Ven; S11, Mid;.....and now....HANOVER. Please note that this is now and for all time a neutral center (er, I mean, it'll never be a home center; and it now it belongs to no one); therefore, it can never be built in.

Underlined moves fail. An asterisk (*) marks the final position of the unit. Dotted underlining of a move marks a unit affected by a black hole/split. Dotted underlining of a black hole marks one that has since been whiteholed.
Please note that all map changes take place after all moves that they are printed with. That is, you cannot move to a place, hoping it will be white holed, as it will still be a black hole till after your move fails. Also note that you should send in conditional retreats with your moves, as they are considered part of the previous moves, and I will annihilate any unit without a retreat. Draw votes fail. DEADLINE is NOON, 26 MARCH 1977

*

1974FK "Spring 1906"

STAB!!! FRANCE GETS THE SHAFT!!!

England (Rich Hirsh): F Nth-Hol*, F Lon-Nth*, A Lvn-Swe*, F Bot* C A Lvn-Swe, F Eng* S F Bel, F Bel* S F Eng, F StP(nc)* holds.

France (Doug Hollingsworth): A Par-Pic*, A Mar-Bur*, A Gas* S A Mar-Bur, F Spa(sc)-Mid*, F Bre* S F Spa(sc)-Mid, F Rom-Tyn*.

Germany (Steve McLendon): A Ruh* S RUSSIAN A Boh-Mun(nso), A Ber-Kie*, F Den* S A Ber-Kie, A Gal holds(-Boh or elim)*.

Italy (Margaret Gemignani): A Mun*-Tyo.

Russia (Michael Lariton): A Boh-Vie*, A Sil-Gal*, A Bud* S A Sil-Gal, A Sev-Rum*, A Mos-Ukr*, A War* holds.

Turkey (Ronald M. Kelly): F Smy-Aeg*, F Adr-Ion*, A Nap-Rom*, F Tun-NAf*, A Ven*-Tyo, F Bul(ec)* S RUSSIAN A Sev-Rum.

Fall 1906 moves are due by NOON, 26 MARCH 1977. Please remember that the gamesmaster of this game is Dan Miller, Box 3039, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912, and should not be sent to Gil Neiger or any of his friends. Moves may be made conditional on the German retreat.

*

1974FK PRESS RELEASE

FRANCE: "The Spendthrift - If we were real nice to Peggy, do you suppose that she would pose for the centerfold of The POUCH? Come to think of it, Peggy ought to pose for something with a classier name than that."

*

BIG DAN'S TRIVIA QUIZ

Scores so far: Peggy 2¼, all else 0. No one tried the leftover questions from last time, but I'll give you one more chance (see questions c and d in The POUCH #99). New questions:

a) In "The Graduate", what was the color of Ben's car?
b) Same movie - what did Mrs. Robinson major in when she was at college?

## The POUCH Mailing List

Below is the current mailing list of The POUCH. Address codes are as follows: ##=the number with which your subscription expires; I=your subscription expires with the conclusion of 1976IC, provided you don't drop; C=you have a complementary subscription; T=I trade 'zines with you; c=you are getting this issue free.

Doug & Marie Beyerlein, Apartment F, 240 Hawthorne, Palo Alto, CA 94301; T=EVERYTHING
John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226; T=GRAUSTARK
John Boyer, 117 Garland Drive, Carlisle, PA 17013; T=IMPASSABLE
Walt Buchanan, Box 324, Rural Route#3, Lebanon, IN 46052; T=DIPLOMACY WORLD
David Claman, P.O. Box 5591, Stanford, CA 94305; I
Greg Costikyan, 1675 York Avenue, New York, NY 10028; T=URF DURFAL - GRANDSON OF POUCH
Fred Davis, 3012 Oak Green Court, Ellicott City, MD 21043; T=BUSHWACKER
Penelope Naughton Dickens, c/o Joan Bel Geddes, Room 423, 866 United Nations Plaza, New York, NY 10017; C
Matt Diller, 85-07 Avon Street, Jamaica Estates, NY 11432; 104
Ferkin Doyle, 638 South Street, Philadelphia, PA 19147; T= BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVS
Margaret Gemignani, Apartment 901, 3200 N.E. 36th Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308; 104
Ben Grossman, Apartment 9, 29 East 9th Street, New York, NY 10003; T=PREDAWN LEFTIST
Raymond E. Heuer, 102-42 Jamaica Avenue, Richmond Hill, NY 11418; C
Rick Hirsh, Box 3306, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912
Doug Hollingsworth, 37 Sanford Street, Bangor, ME 04401; 105
Don Horton, 16 Jordan Court, Sacramento, CA 95826; T=CLAW & FANG
Mike Hudec, 715 Goodrich Avenue, St. Paul, MN 55105; 100
Evan Jones, 390 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10025; 102
David Kalla, Box 3508, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912; 105
Edward P. Karlinski, Jr., P.O. Box 88, 440 Cornell Avenue, Pemberton, NJ 08068; 107
Alex Katzoff, 103A Lefevre Hall, S.U.N.Y., New Paltz, NY 12561; 112
Ronald M. Kelly, Room 120, 225 Virginia Avenue SE, Washington, DC 20061; 109
David Lagerson, 19017 Vanowen, Reseda, CA 91335; c
Michael Lariton, 10 Mandy Lane, Rochester, NY 14625; 105
Robert Bryan Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, NY 11598; T=MIXUMAXU GAZETTE
Steve McLendon, Box 57066, Webster, TX 77598; 104
Tom McNally, 2515 Hampton Road, Rocky River, OH 44116; 111
Dan Miller, Box 3039, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912; C
Gil Neiger, Box 4293, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912; C
Paul Neumann, Box 4013, Brown University, Providence, RI 02912; c
Jeremy Paulson, 306 McDowell Hall, American University, Washington, DC 20016; 96 (get with it!)
Robert Sacks, Apartment 5-V, 4861 Broadway, New York, NY 10034; T=LORD OF HOSTS
Duncan Smith, P.O. Box 94, Easthampton, NY 11937: C
Jeanne Stearn, 15 Bishop Hollow Road, Media, PA 19063; c
Frank Suchar, 721 Cambridge, Youngstown, OH 44502; I
(216) 743-9456
Stephen Tihor, c/o Nick Ulanov, see below; 107
Dick Trtek, 2728 S.E. Main, Apt. 1, Portland, OR 97214; T=BEAUCOUILLON
Nicholas Ulanov, 315 Lourie Love Hall, Princeton University, Princeton, NJ 08540; C
Conrad Von Metzke, Apartment 14, 5005 Diane Avenue, San Diego, CA 92117; T=TALABWO
Jonathan Jacobs, 3780 Eastway Road, South Euclid, OH 44118; c

## 1976IC PRESS RELEASE

ROME: Following the recent news bombshell by the Ankara News Service, the scholars at the Vatican feverishly reexamined their work. Could the missionaries, as was claimed, take a wrong turn and end up in Spain? "NEVER!" shrieked the outraged scholars, who hate having their judgement challenged. The missionaries landed, as was reported, in Turkey, and have not since been heard of. The answer to this matter clearly lies in Turkey, and all the fleet commanders have taken a personal oath to the Pope never to stop seeking the missionaries. Onward, ever onward.

*

The POUCH is edited and published by Gil Neiger, address above. Subscriptions are seven issues for two dollars. There is a game opening up of standard Diplomacy, rates being $1 plus a sub.
Thanks to everyone