

TTTTT	H	H	EEEE	PPPP	000	U	U	CCCC	H	H	
T	H	H	E	P	0	0	U	U	C	H	H
T	HHHHH		EEEE	PPPP	0	0	U	U	C	HHHHH	
T	H	H	E	P	0	0	U	U	C	H	H
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Volume V, Number 12; Issue 111

February 2nd, 1978

1977KG

"Fall 1901"

1974FK

"Spring 1910"

KAISER PULLS A COUP

RUMBLES IN THE EAST

Austria-Hungary (Michael Lariton):  
F Alb-Gre\*, A Ser\* S F Alb-Gre,  
A Vie-Gal\*. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie,  
Gre, Ser.(5) BUILD TWO

England (Rick Hirsh): A Den holds  
(elim).

England (Paul Clement): A Yor\*-Bel,  
F Nth\* C A Yor-Bel, F Nrg-Nwy\*.  
Owns: Edi, Lvp, Lon, Nwy.(4) BUILD 1

France (Doug Hollingsworth): F Nth-  
Hel\*, F Eng-Nth\*, F Edi\* & F Lon\* S  
F Eng-Nth, F Bre-Eng\*, A Pic\* &  
A Bur\* S A Bel, A Par\* S A Bur,  
A Bel\* & A Yor\* hold.

France (Fred Winter): A Spa-Mar\*,  
A Gas-Par\*, F Wes-Por(NSU), F Mid\*,  
unordered, holds. Owns: Bre, Mar,  
Par.(3) EVEN

Russia (Michael Lariton): A Swe-Den\*,  
A Kie\* S A Swe-Den, A Fin-Swe\*,  
A Ruh\*-Bel, A Hol\* S A Ruh-Hol(sic),  
A Boh-Tyo\*, A Mun\* & A Vie\* S A Boh-  
Tyo, A Rum-Ser\*, F Sev\*-Bla, A Mos\*-  
Sev, F Bar\* S A Nwy, A Nwy\* holds.

Germany (David Wan): A Bur-Bel\*,  
F Hol\* S A Bur-Bel, A Kie-Den\*.  
Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Den, Hol.  
(6) BUILD THREE

Turkey (Ronald M. Kelly): F Tri-Adr\*,  
A Ven-Tri\*, A Tyo S A Ven-Tri(-Ven,  
Pie or elim)\*, A Smy-Alb\*, F Aeg\* &  
F Ion\* C A Smy-Alb, F Bul(ec)\*B,  
A Cor\*-Bul, F Nrg\* S FRENCH F Eng-Nth,  
F NA\* S F Nrg.

Italy (Ben Schilling): A Tus-Tun\*,  
F Tyn\* C A Tus-Tun, A Ven-Apu\*.  
Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun.(4) BUILD 1

Russia (Tad Lawrence): F Bot-Swe\*,  
A War-Mos\*, A Ukr\* S F Rum, F Rum\*  
holds. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War,  
Rum, Swe.(6) BUILD TWO

The four-way draw was voted down.  
England is officially in the game  
until the fall, so no draw vote (ex-  
cept another vote for the four-way,  
which I will not hold) is still il-  
legal until 1911.

Turkey (Gregg Haugland): NMR; A Smy-  
Ank\*, A Bul\* & F Con\* hold. Owns:  
Ank, Con, Smy, Bul.(4) BUILD ONE

Dan Miller (Box 3039, Brown University,  
Prov., RI 02912) remains the GM for  
this game. The deadline for Fall  
1910 moves is 5PM, 24 FEBRUARY 1977.

Neutral moves were used for Turkey.  
Will Ronald M. Kelly (address last  
issue) please standby for Turkey.  
Thanks, Ron, for standing by for  
England last time. If anyone has  
an address for Gregg Haugland I would  
appreciate it if they could get it  
to me as Gregg informed me that he  
was moving but didn't tell me to  
where.

On page two I expressed my feelings  
about the news (happy or sad) of Bob  
Lipton's death. Those who are inter-  
ested in a different perspective on  
his death may be interested in read-  
ing the latest issue of Dick Trtek's  
Beaucoillon, which was a special mem-  
orial issue. Dick's address was prin-  
ted in the last issue and I'm sure  
that you could probably purchase that  
issue (if there are any left) for  
about 25¢ or so.

BUILDS (only) ARE DUE BY 5PM, FRIDAY  
24 FEBRUARY 1977

The POUCH  
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

/Editor:  
/Gil Neiger  
/Contributor:  
/Cary Honig  
/Gamesmasters:  
/Tad Lawrence  
/Dan Miller  
/Typesetting:  
/Richard Brown

-----

It is my glad duty to announce the death of a member of our grand hobby. This person is none other than the infamous Robert Bryan Lipton, known affectionately as RBL and less affectionately as many other things. Though some may mourn his death and bemoan the loss of a hobby "great," I think this is more a time for rejoicing. True, the death of another reminds us of the mortality of human beings, and that may be sad, but let us remember who the deceased is in this case: Bob Lipton.

No one really liked Bob. He had problems getting along with people through the mails. And for those of us who had to deal with him personally in New York it was even worse. Bob was obnoxious. He was pompous and lectured to people too much. One of the few good things he ever did was running his D&D/Slobbovia campaign; and what happened to that? He ended it! Bob wasn't only obnoxious as far as the Diplomacy hobby is concerned. It was intolerable to be in a D&D campaign with him, regardless of who the DM was.

I would say more, but I'm tired of writing about that boor. Besides, none of it's true.

The more astute of you may have noticed that we have a new name on the masthead (see above). The name, for the less astute of you, is Richard Brown, in charge of typesetting. Actually, I, the editor, will be handling the actual typesetting (under Mr. Brown's guidance), but Mr. Brown is lending the use of his equipment (and very kindly, I might add).

For those few of you that are for some reason interested in my personal life, I'll fill you in on my dull doings this second semester. Pulling a rare feat by majoring in the same thing two semesters in a row, I'm still in psycholinguistics. Moving more to the psychological side this time, I'll be taking child psych and cognitive psych, as well as statistics and an undisclosed fourth course, which looks like it will probably be a classics course on the ancient novel. I'll probably not be attending the Brown bridge club regularly anymore (no great loss), but the weekend of my birthday sees a regional bridge tournament in Chicopee, Mass.

Info about thea'rine: subs are seven for \$2, as noted below. At the moment I only have two games open: Diplomacy for \$1 plus a sub, and Origins of World War Two, which is free with a sub. I have closed my openings in Swiss Diplomacy II, due to lack of interest. Fred Davis knows another GM who may be interested in running such a variant, and he will forward the names of the players who have signed up with me to him.

Lastly, I'd like to say that I have for sale copies of The POUCH's first anniversary issue (78 pgs., \$1.50) and the 100th issue (20 pgs., 35¢). THIS SPACE DEVOTED TO GREG COSTIKYAN:



Yes, Mooseketeers, it's time for the Lipton funeral dirge. Lipton, a man (?) who approved heartily of bowdlerizing ballads (he was successfully sued by Shaun Cassidy for destroying the lyrical integrity of Da Doo Run-Run) will surely be proud wherever he is down there when he hears our joined voices dirging it up as follows:

Now it's time to say good-bye to a big potbelly  
R-B-L-elephant ego  
R-I-P-pee? because we need to  
M-O-O-S-E.

Of course we should probably be careful not to anger Lipton's evil genius lest it should confront us if we ever camp out near Phillipi. Yet there is no reason to believe one acquires genius after death if one so badly lacked it in life. If Lipton's genius does exist, however, it will probably show up amid the other unlikelyhoods in

Chapter 10 of  
The Rosenberg File  
(Fully annotated)

written and illustrated (?) by C.S. Honig

As the "S" in "Jugs" slithered snake-like from Scott's snout, Evan, remembering the instructions K-Napp had said had been in the long since digested letter, took Dee by the wide brim of the hat which the mother superior cheerleader had lent her, and pulled her into Attilio's line of vision. A combination of the meagerly guarded Dee and the sound of that most disrespectful of nicknames did not pass unnoticed by A.C.<sup>1</sup> Yet a simple serialist could not alone do justice to what next ensued by Green State Airport's runway<sup>2</sup> and so here I must call upon a source of higher inspiration.

Therefore, I call upon you, oh sisters of the Heliconian Mount<sup>3</sup>, whose nine pure breathes inspire the sweetest of songs, and especially three: first you, Clio, who hath touched the tongues of Herodotus, and Livy, and also Arthur Schlesinger the Younger; Clio, who delighteth in recounting faithfully the deeds of ages past, and you too, clear-throated Calliope, at whose brook hath drunk the sightless singer of the rage of wrathful Achilles and the woes of that wiley wanderer Odysseus<sup>4</sup>, and also he who told the tale of Aeneas to garner the laurel crown and big paychecks from Augustus besides; Calliope, whose realm is the epic, and finally you, Cliffhangope, whose guile alone saved Flash Gordon each next week, and who alone put the perils in Pauline; Cliffhangope, whose song is the serial; I beg you now, sisters, grasp my failing fingers and direct them to relate events unforeseen.

Now as the word had left the mouth of spindley Rosenberg, both his and Diller's hands flashed guns of brightest metal at great bearded Attilio, the warrior from Long Island of the Suburban towns and flocks of fleecy Cadillacs. Yet seeing Dee of the fair hands unguarded but for Evan, that malignant child of New York, he advanced, as a great maned lion against his foes with no cares for the wounds he might take, but only seeking to achieve his goal; thus did Attilio advance.

(continued on page four)

At this move by the brawny Brunonian, meek Rosenberg, the crimson clad, slithered backwards in fear, like a slimey small red worm which sees the bottom of a hiking boot flashing down above it; thus did Rosenberg retreat. In stepping back, red Rosenberg did not give glance behind, and into Diller the Dull did he bump.

Onward came Attilio the huge, as a brook so swelled by spring's sweet rain that it o'erleaps its bounds and carries away all which lies before it.

"Stop, brave warrior," shouted Rosenberg the ratty, "or I'll shoot."

"One shot has never wasted me before," taunted his attacker, "yet one shot from my fist shall suffice you both. Say your prayers, for by Heracles they shall be your last!"

Yet Rosenberg, coward though he was, still did not despair, for he was a Harvard man (?), and knew his Iliad. "Great bearded warrior," said Rosenberg, "I beg you stay your arms a moment, and, as did the warriors of old, even Glaukos and Diomedes the brave, relate to me your place of birth and ancestry, for I feel we may be guest friends; and under such obligations should not harm each other. Recount, therefore, great warrior, your parentage, that I might know!"

"And, uh, um, that's the night, um, ah, have time to, uh, think of, um, ah, a plan, uh, yeah," added Diller the Dull.

Yet Attilio, hero though he was, still did not care, for he was a Brown man (!), and who the hell were Glaukos and Diomedes the brave?

"What care have I from beneath which rock you snakelike sprang, and besides, I'm a Brown man (!) and know not of Glaukos and Diomedes the brave." Thus spake great bearded Attilio.

"Great bearded warrior," began Rosenberg the Rotten, "I can read."

"For that joke, ye curdled cantab, may you marry a woman of the high-walled Yale," spake the bearded one, "and now prepare, for ye shall pass to Hades."

And now did Fear, a graduate of Harvard's halls, descend upon upon slimey skinned scott, and it grasped him by the knees. The Crimson creep did try to turn to run before Attilio's wrath, yet even while Fear did hold his knees, blind Panic groped about his eyes.<sup>5</sup> He pointed his glittering gun which the lame Smith and Wesson had forged for him, in the direction of the onrushing bearded Brunonian, yet before he could squeeze the trigger, an arm, with mammoth muscles clenched, swung through the air and hurtled into slow Scott's hand, and the glistening gun flew through the air and became lost in the fog left over from chapter 3.

Nor was the gold-plated gun the only object to fly through the air. For it was the arm which great bearded Attilio's arm met in its flight, and it was the arm which now flew through the fog, and Rosenberg's body as well, to which it was attached at the shoulder. This decrepit duo of arm and body continu'd its flight, so like a partical shot from Dumo's organ<sup>6</sup>, and in fact met the true end which any ejaculon partical yearns for, id est Vile. For Vile herself, the red haired vixen, was roaming the airport in search of a man, anyman, even as a great prowling lioness does in search of her mate, when Rosenberg's arm, with Rosenberg flying closely behind, burst through a hole in the wall and hurtled into her. Now raunchy Rosenberg attempted to slip away, but Vile, mistaking him for a man, pounced, as does a hungry leopardess at a wounded stag, and grabbing him by the hair, any hair, dragged him off, as to her lair. Neither has yet emerged.

Now dull Diller, on seeing his partner's fate felt hard Despair, yet he resolved to put a hole in the bearded Brunonian.

"Uh, um, take this, uh, yeah," said Diller the dull, yet in the time the Clearasiled Cantabridgian squeezed the trigger and the gun yawned out a bullet, the fearsome arm of Attilio was upon him, and Diller's senses were further dulled. Nor was Dee of the white hands, and, well, you know, idle

1976IC

"Spring 1906"

\$1.20 AN HOUR?

Austria-Hungary (David Wan): A Sil-War\*, A Gal\* & A Ukr\* S A Sil-War, A Sev\*-Mos,  
A Boh-Mun\*, A Tyo\* S A Boh-Mun, F Tyn\* & F Bul(~~ea~~)\* hold. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Bul,  
Gre, Mun, Rum, Ser, Sev, War.(10) BUILD TWO

England (David Kalla): A Nwy-StP\*, F Nth-Bel\*, F Hol\* S F Nth-Bel,  
F Bel-Pic\*, F Iri-Mid\*, F Eng\* S F Iri-Mid, A Mos\* holds, A Lvn\* S A Mos, A Kie holds  
(-Den, Ruh or elim)\*. Owns: Edi, Lvp, Lon, Bel, Den, Hol, ~~Lve~~, Mos, Nwy, StP, Swe.(10)  
BUILD ONE (or TWO)

France (Paul Clement): F Wes R Spa(sc); A Bre\* holds, F Spa(sc)-Mar(elim). Owns: Bre,  
~~Par~~.(1) EVEN

Germany (Doug Hollingsworth): F Hol R Hel; A Mun-Kie\*, A Ber\* S A Mun-Kie, F Hel\*-Hol.  
Owns: Ber, Kie, ~~Par~~, ~~Hel~~.(2)

Italy (Mike Hudec): A Pie\*-Mar, F Ion-Nap\*, A Ven\*-Pie, F Mid-Gas\*, F Por\* S F Lyo-Spa(sc),  
A Bur-Par\*, F Wes\*-Mid, F Lyo-Spa(sc)\*, A Ank-Con\*. Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Ank, Con, Mar,  
Par, Por, Smy, Spa, Tun.(11) BUILD TWO

Russia (civil disorder): A War holds(elim). Owns: ~~Par~~.(0) OUT

I am asking for winter builds and spring moves together; the deadline is on the last  
page.

\*

1976BR

"Fall 1907"

Germany (Trevor Baillie): F Hol-Bel\*, F Nth\* S F Eng, F Eng\* holds, A Par-Bre\*,  
A Gas-Mar(-Par, or elim)\*, A Bur\* S A Gas-Mar, A Kie-Mun\*, A Sil-Gal\*, A Boh\* S A Sil-  
Gal. Owns: Ber, Kie, Mun, Bel, Bre, Den, Hol, Lon, Par.(9) EVEN or BUILD ONE

Italy (Fred Winter): A Bul\* S F Ion-Gre, A Ser\* & A Bud\* S A Gal-Rum, A Gal-Rum\*, A Tyo-  
Vie\*, A Pie\* S A Mar, A Mar\* S F Spa(nc)-Gas, A Lvp\* S F NAT-Cly, F Iri\* S F NAT-Cly(imp),  
F Mid\* S F Spa(nc)-Gas, F Spa(nc)-Gas\*, F NAT-Cly\*, F Ion-Gre\*, F Bla\*-Sev, F Smy holds  
(-Eas, Aeg or elim). Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Bud, Bul, ~~Par~~, Gre, Lvp, Mar, Por, Rum, Ser,  
~~Par~~, Spa, ~~Hel~~, Tun, Vie.(14) REMOVE ONE (or EVEN)

Russia (Robert Johnson): A Ser R Alb; A Arn-Smy\*, A Syr\* S A Arn-Smy, A Alb-Tri\*,  
A Rum S A Sev(-Ukr or elim)\*, A Sev\* S A Rum, A War\* S GERMAN A Sil-Gal, F Cly-Edi\*,  
A StP-Lvn\*. Owns: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Edi, Nwy, ~~Par~~, Smy, Swe, Tri.(9) BUILD ONE (or 2)

Turkey (David Wan): A Ank-Con\*. Owns: Ank, Con.(2) BUILD ONE

Builds and spring moves are due to Tad Lawrence by the deadline noted on the last page.

\*

1976IC PRESS RELEASES

FROM THE DEEP RECESSES OF THE VATICAN: Roderigo, summoned to a private audience with his  
Holiness, sat in the antechamber puzzling over the possible reasons for his removal from  
the field. His ruminations were cut short, however, and he bravely entered the Pope's  
chambers. The Pope spoke first.

(continued on page seven)



"Roderigo, no doubt you've been puzzling over the reasons for your recall. Well, take a look at this!"

He thrust a copy of a journal entitled The POUCH (long thought to be underwritten by the evil forces of IAGO) under Roderigo's nose.

"Examine that, Roderigo. You'll note that the IAGO release was written using information found in ours, but that ours were supposedly secret until the date of publication. What does this suggest to you?"

Roderigo gasped in horror. "A leak! But how? Wait a minute! My new aide, Erelia! I found her transmitting something over a short wave set when I walked in unexpectedly one day. She immediately set fire to the machine. I thought there was something funny about that at the time, but I never followed it up. What do I do now?"

"Oh, I expect you'll think of something, Roderigo. Get in touch with IAGO. They specialize in that sort of thing, I believe."

A hard look came into Roderigo's eyes. "Yes, sir!"

REPORT FROM CORONER IN NORTHERN ITALY:

Name: Emelia Moorland

Sex: Female

Height: 5 foot

Eyes: Blue

Cause of Death: Four gunshot wounds in head, two stabs in abdomen, multiple bruises and contusions, smoke inhalation, extensive burns.

Manner of Death: accident

\*



WHY ARE WE LATE THIS TIME?

Good question. Well, everything started off normally enough. This issue was going to be a little late anyway, because I wasn't in Providence at the time of the deadline. Then came the blizzard. As some of you may know, Rhode Island was declared a Federal Major Disaster Area on account of the snow (there had never been such a declaration on account of snow before this year). The state was paralyzed for five days, and Providence itself didn't open up again until a full week after the snow started. We only got about thirty inches, but there was no way to clear it away for quite a while. We got all sorts of federal assistance flown up from the south: both troops and equipment. It was fun. There was no school for four days and I didn't get sick till the end of the "vacation." The university's film society was showing a lot of old movies (including "The Lady Vanishes." It was a nice vacation, but there's still snow all over the place. Anyway, I'm going to go now and try to get this thing out.

The POUCH #112  
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address correction requested



Doug Bergerlein  
640 College  
Menlo Park, CA

94025

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