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Volume VI, Number 1; Issue 112

Providence, R.I.

April 10th, 1978

1976IC

"Spring 1907"

ITALIANS FLEE INTO ATLANTIC

Austria-Hungary (David Wan): Builds A Tri & A Vie; A War*-Pru, A Gal*-War, A Ukr* S A Gal-War, A Sev*-Mos, A Mun-Ruh*, A Tyo-Mun*, A Tri-Tyo*, A Vie-Boh*, F Tyn holds (-Tus, Ton, Tun, Wes, Lyo or elim)*, F Bul(ec)*holds.

England (David Kalla): Builds A Lon; retreats A Kie-Den; A Lon*-Bre, F Eng*C A Lon-Bre, F Pic* C A Lon-Bre, F Mid C A Lon-Bre (-Iri, NAT, Naf or elim)*, A Den*-Kie, A Mos* holds, A StP* S A Mos, A Lvn*-Pru, F Hol* S A Den-Kie, F Bel* S F Pic.

France (Paul Clement?): NMR; A Bre* holds.

Germany (Doug Hollingsworth): Removes A Ber; A Kie-Den, F Hel* S A Kie-Den.

Italy (Mike Hudec): Builds F Rom (owed one); F Rom-Tyn*, F Nap* S F Rom-Tyn, A Pie-Mar*, A Ven-Pie*, F Gas*-Bre, A Par* S F Gas-Bre, F Wes-Mid*, F Por* & F Spa(sc)* S F Wes-Mid, A Con* holds.

The deadline for Fall 1907 orders is 5PM, FRIDAY 5 MAY 1978. If France misses again, the country will lapse into civil disorder.

*

1977KG (continued)

Turkey (Ronald M. Kelly): Builds F Smy; also has A Ank, A Bul & F Con.

It has always been The POUCH's policy to use neutral moves/builds for players who miss in 1901 (well, for four years at least). The build for England was made by George Hogeman, a thoroughly neutral party. Ronald Kelly's new address is Apartment 314, 6038 Richmond Highway, Alexandria, Virginia 22303. Will Doug Hollingsworth (37 Sanford St., Bangor, ME 04401) please stand by for England.

SPRING 1902 MOVES ARE DUE BY 5PM, FRIDAY 5 MAY 1978 to GM Gil Neiger.

1976TR

"Spring 1908"

SULTAN COMPLETES RECONQUEST OF HOMELAND

Germany (Trevor Baillie): A Gas retreats to Par; A Par-Gas*, A Bre* S A Par-Gas, A Bur*-Mar, A Mun-Tyo*, A Gal-Vie*, A Boh* S A Gal-Vie, F Bel* S F Eng, F Eng*S A Bre, F Nth* S RUSSIAN F Edi.

Italy (Fred Winter): F Smy R Aeg; removes F Aeg; A Bul*-Arm, F Bla* C A Bul-Arm, F Gre*-Bul(sc), A Ser-Tri*, A Bud* S A Ser-Tri, A Vie-Gal(elim), A Rum S A Vie-Gal(-Ser or elim)*, A Pie*-Mar, A Mar-Spa*, A Lvp-Yor*, F Iri-Wal*, F Gas-Bre(elim), F Mid* S F Gas-Bre, F Cly-Nrg*.

Russia (Robert Johnson): A Rum R Ukr; builds F StP(nc); A Syr*-Arm, A Smy S A Syr-Arm (elim), A Tri-Ven*, A Sev-Rum*, A Ukr* S A Sev-Rum, A War-Gal*, A Lvn-Mos*, F Edi* holds, F StP(nc)-Bar*.

Turkey (David Wan): Builds A Ank; A Con-Smy*, A Ank* S A Con-Smy.

Fall 1908 moves (which may be conditional on retreats) are due to the GM, Tad Lawrence (Box 2191) by 5PM, FRIDAY 5 MAY 1978.

*

1977KG

"Winter 1901"

Austria-Hungary (Michael Lariton): Builds A Bud & A Vie; also has F Gre, A Ser & A Gal.

England (Paul Clement?): NBR; neutral build F Edi; also has A Yor, F Nth & F Nwy.

France (Fred Winter): Has A Mar, A Par & F Mid.

Germany (David Wan): Builds F Kie, A Mun & A Ber; also has A Den, A Bel & F Hol.

Italy (Ben Schilling): Builds F Nap; also has A Tun, F Tyn & A Apu.

Russia (Tad Lawrence): Builds F StP(nc) & ~~A/1000~~(imp); also has F Swe, A Mos, A Ukr & F Rum. Owed one.

(continue in column one)

FALSE

The APOUCH

c/o Gil Neiger

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

I had more time to produce a Diplomacy magazine when I was in high school. I remember all the comments we New York high schoolers would hear in the old days: "A high school student doesn't have enough responsibility to run a Diplomacy 'zine," and the like. Fact is, that some of the best 'zines to come out of New York, in fact some of the best 'zines in the hobby as a whole were produced by high school students: The POUCH and THE POCKET ARMENIAN. Of course, high school students came up with some real clunkers, too.

So, how did we manage it? In those days I was in school, i.e., in classes for some seven hours a day. Today I average 2.8 hours of classes a day. While in high school I spent about an hour a day travelling (on subways). Today my travelling time is a matter of minutes. I realize, of course, that academic work in college involves a lot more in the way of outside-the-class work than in high school, but still, I don't see myself spending countless hours of my time studying in the libraries these days (I will not address the question of whether or not I should). So why is it that I have problems getting a 'zine out regularly now?

Bob Lipton would respond by saying that I didn't exactly publish regularly while I was in high school. This is only partially true. For most of the year that I was publishing while in high school The POUCH generally came out on schedule, maybe a week late. But towards the end of that year (my senior year), things got pretty awful. However, a few things must be considered first (I mean to explain, not excuse): although it was my last semester in high school, I was still in school for classes the seven odd hours. For some reason I didn't emulate my peers by taking only the absolutely necessary courses. But I was getting involved in those senior year activities; in other words, I had even less time. Furthermore, one must consider the fact that in those days The POUCH ran 12+ games and was usually about eighteen pages in length. Nowadays (how often do I get to use that word?) I'm running four games in a six page 'zine.

Fact is, I just seem to be busier these days, which people such as the late Mr. Lipton would have predicted. Here's a typical day for me (happens to be Wednesday, April 12th): got up around eight; dressed, &c, till 8:30; breakfast till nine; worked in the mailroom (my job) stuffing student paychecks till ten; child psych course till eleven; then two relatively free hours, used for eating lunch, typing some of this issue and checking out my mail; more work in the mailroom from one to two; classics course from two till three; &c., &c., &c. Of course, this week may have been a little extraordinary because I had an exam on Friday, but there are some activities I'm involved in that I haven't mentioned, such as the fact that I'm treasurer of our dorm's social organization and that I'm in a cognitive psych course for which I have to devise an original experiment, as well as conduct it and analyze the data, &c. Nothing impressive, but it's time consuming. Oh well.

subscriptions are 7 issues/\$2.00

EXCUSES, EXCUSES, GIL

page two

- GREG COSTIKYAN

Although Gil has been away for vacation for over a week now, I have not squandered my time on Gil-missing. Besides, his neigerliness will be returning tomorrow, and what's more, he has informed me that he will stuff one of Sedano's sweat socks in my pillow case if, on his return, he doesn't find, sitting crosslegged atop his desk

Chapter 11 of
The Rosenberg File
(Partially Annotated)

by Cary Stephen Honig

The mood within the Dumo-coated car became increasingly glum.

"Gil," growled King, "du something! Zete can't survive very long without me, you know."

"What can I du?" queried the queerie. "By now, poor Attilio's probably holier than thou."

"Impossible!" said King, "What is holier than a doctor?"

"Not holy, King, full of holes - Rosenberg will shoot him if he tries anything."

"Honig, why don't you just have the bacteria in the atmosphere dissolve the Dumo?" queried Knapp.

"That's already been used - besides Dumo isn't from Mars. Hey - Wacko, why don't you try to interview it. That's always been effective for repelling people."

"Wrong again, white boy," jived Jose, "Wacko's interviewing repels people, but attracts sperm."

"Huh, you guys?" asked Wacko, somewhat agitated. She quickly relaxed, however, when Chuck resumed running his hand through her bra.

"Think Wacko - remember those state senators?"

"Which ones, you guys?"

"The Republicans, honky woman," said Jose.

"And the Democrats," chorused the others.

"Oh, those guys, you guys. Uh, I see what you mean."

"Bucky Dent," murmured Chuck unhappily.

"Gil, I still think if you had led the low spade---"

"God, PASTERNAK!" shouted Gil, "this is no time for bridge. Besides, it was a perfectly good lead."

"The low spade would have been better."

"Would not!"

"Would too!"

"Would not, would not!" screamed Gil.

"Look, let's play it out. I've got a deck of cards here in my pocket somewhere..." Pasternak began fumbling through the cavernous cache which on the outside resembled a pocket. Out onto Sedano tumbled lost ID's¹, whole issues of the Sporting News, Claudius' history of the Etruscan's², an unopened letter from Chief Justice Berger asking Art to come to Washington to write his decisions for him (postmarked six months previous), a key to Zeta Sci's holy of holies³, the residue of his previous four haircuts, and Ann Mandi Majors⁴.

"It's the pits, Dumo!" screamed the distressed dish.

"I can read," moaned Rich, "and not now, Gil."

Pasternak, meanwhile, pulled out a flashlight and turned it on to better examine the pocket's contents. Several small creatures scurried out of the light, and soon a deck of crumpled cards was spotted. Pasternak's hand dove in after them, and his fumbling fingers soon dislodged the deck. The cards flew out of his pocket, and all over Sedano, several into his shoe. Pasternak swiftly removed the shoe and grabbed the cards, not noticing that Chuck and Andrea immediately passed out.

"Quick, Pasternak, shove his foot out the window, or we'll all be dead Dumos!" shouted Gil.

*

(continued on page four)

At the airport, Dee and Attilio were too busy with their reunion to notice two workmen driving a forklift carrying a huge oblong box marked "Ship to Woodmere, Long Island; 4th Class" One of the workers checked his watch.

"Time for some tea, mate," he said.

"You bet," winked his partner. They stopped the lift in front of Rick Hirsh and proceeded to find some refreshment.

*

Pasternak shoved Sedano's foot through the window, and everyone held their breath lest the Dumo should begin to creep into the car. Miraculously, however, it did not; in fact, it began to disappear rapidly from the side of the car. There Sedano's foot protruded. Everyone hopped out of the window and King ran off to get a taxi to the airport.

"Now look," said Art, "if you lead the heart..."

*

Rick Hirsh stood dutifully by the phone as a taxi pulled up depositing the Dews. Dee and Atilio greeted them and explained what had happened. Evan nursed his genitals.

Suddenly, a black car with little Nazi flags on it screeched to a halt and out jumped the wimpy little gamesmaster with a submachinegun trained on the group. He stood with his back to the forklift so that no one could take him from behind. He spoke to Jones.

"Vat was the meanink of that call?"

Evan didn't bother to answer.

"Uh, huh, I see," said the wimpy little gamesmaster. Mr. Cecchin, I'm afraid you won't play in the football game. Dial H-A-R-V-A-R-D, Hirsh, and you'd better have your moves."

As the wimpy little gamesmaster snapped these orders, Jose slyly uncovered Sedano's feet and pushed them towards the Nazi. Everyone anticipated the knee-high Hitler's demise with a sigh, yet the tiny Teuton was quick, and drew two odor-eaters from his holsters and crossed them before him. A magnificent battle raged in the air (?) between the feet and the odor-eater cross for several moments; yet when the hail storm ended, Rich's toes began to curl under.

"Hah!" shouted the pint-sized panzer commander, pointing toward your author, "even after I begged you, you continued writing those scandal sheets without my name in them. You've succeeded in impressing The POUCH readership by not printing my name - it's now time to see that you don't impress any other readership! And Hirsh, dial that phone; I must deal with Cecchin, and these others as well."

WILL THE LILIPUTIAN LIEBCHEN SUCCEED WHERE ROSENBERG FAILED? WILL YOU ALL REALLY SUCCESSFULLY IMPRESSED? WILL RICK DIAL R-O-L-A-I-D-S? AND WHAT ABOUT NAMOI?

FOOTNOTES

1. lost ID's - Pasternak once lost his ID card, got a new one, and then found the old one several weeks later in his wallet, which he had previously searched.
2. Claudius' history of the Etruscans - lost since antiquity, yet believed to be in Pasternak's wallet. An extensive excavation is planned for 1981.
3. Zeta Sci's holy of holies - most frat "secret rooms" contain frat secrets, e.g., diagram of the secret handshake, but Zete's appears to be a pocket calculator warehouse which also contains several crates of vaseline and the primordial shower. Only members have keys.
4. Ann Mandi Majors - sister of Farrah, Ms. Mandi-Majors is a junior at Brown and has been referred to by Dumo as "some dish." Her response to this and all other external stimuli, i.e., sounds, pokes, bufs and economics is "It's the pits, Dumo." Issue 103 of The POUCH was typed on her typewriter. Ann has a preference for fast men.

*

It may interest some of you of the "readership" that the next installment of the Rosenberg File will be the final one. Cary promised (or threatened) to run the series through to my (Gil Neiger's) fiftieth issue of The POUCH. Well, #113, the next will be that 50th issue. My first was #64, a one-sheeter, was a moves issue, a phenomenon of the past. Perhaps the next issue will include a POUCH retrospective.

FOUR DOWN, TWO TO GO

England (Rick Hirsh): Ows: ~~1/1~~.(0) OUT

France (Doug Hollingsworth): A Bel-Hol*, F Nth*S A Bel-Hol, F Hel*-Kie, A Bur*-Ruh, A Par*-Bur, A Pic-Bel*, F Eng* S A Pic-Bel, F Edi* S F Nth, F Lon-Wal*, A Yor-Lon*. Ows: Edi, Lvp, Lon, Bel, Edi, Hol, Par, Bre, Mar, Ron, Por, Spa.(11) BUILD ONE

Russia (Michael Lariton): A Kie* S A Hol, A Ruh* S A Hol, A Mun* S A Ruh, F Bar* S A Nwy, A Swe* S A Den, A Vie* S A Tyo, A Ser-Bud*, F Sev*-Run, A Mos*-Sev, A Nwy*, A Den* & A Tyo* hold, A Hol holds(elin). Ows: Mos, StP, Sev, War, Ber, Bud, Kie, Mun, Nwy, Rum, Swe, Vie, Den, ~~1/1~~.(13) BUILD ONE

Turkey (Ronald M. Kelly): A Tyo R Ven; A Alb*-Tri, A Ven* & F Adr* S A Alb-Tri, F Ion-Gre*, F Aeg* S F Ion-Gre, F Bul(ec)*-Run, A Con*-Bul, F Nrg*-Nwy, F Nat*-Nrg, A Tri*, unordered, holds. Ows: Ank, Con, Sny, Gre, Nap, Ser, Tri, Tun, Ven, Bul.(10) EVEN

The deadline for winter builds and Spring 1911 moves (which may be conditional on the builds) are due by 5PM, FRIDAY 5 MAY 1973. Ron Kelly would like to "ask everyone's understanding while" he is "temporarily out of diplomatic contact, due to" his "upcoming changes in both residence and employment." His new address is Apt. 314, 6038 Richmond Highway, Alexandria, Virginia 22303.

PRESS RELEASES

THE SPENDTHRIFT: They say that death always comes in threes, so I am not altogether surprised at Robert Lipton's demise coming so soon after those of Raymond Heuer and Richard Kornick.

The POUCH #112
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address correction requested

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_____XXX who are you, anyway?