

# GRAUSTARK

#287, 1971EG, 1971EB, 1971EC, 1972A, 1972E 31 March 1973

1971EC "Fall 1911"

Went all of "AUSTRIA" OVERRUN; POLLUTIDAR BEGINS IMPORTING WIENERSCHNITZEL

ENGLAND (Lipton): F Apu-Adr; F Ion-Aeg; F Eas S F Ion-Aeg; A Rom-Tus; A A Pie-Mar; F Tun-Ton; A St. P S A

FRANCE (Reif): F Por-holds; F Spa (s.c.)-Mar; lost bed

GERMANY (Huddleston): A Ber-Fru; A Boh-Gal; A Mun-Sil; A Edi; ENGLISH F Wal-Liv; F Ing-Mar; A St. P-Mos; F Nwy-St. P (s.c.)

ITALY (Ayres): A Rom-Nap; AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Honig): A Vie S GERMAN A Boh-Gal; A War S GERMAN A Ber-Fru; A Pie-Mar; A Ven S ITALIAN A Rom.

RUSSIA (De Prisco): F Cly-Nat; A Mos S A Liv; A Liv S A Mos; A Pru-SIL; A Tri S TURKISH A Bud; A Ukr-Gal.

TURKEY (Murray): F Ion-Tun; F Tyr-Rom; F Nap S F Tyr-Rom; A Alb S RUSSIAN A Tri; A Bud holds; A Rum S A Bud; F Adr-Ven.

Underlined moves are not possible. Austria-Hungary retreats A Tyr-Alb; and A Vie & F Bul(s.c.) are annihilated. The High Combatant Powers now control the following supply centers:

ENGLAND: Bre, Edi, Liv, Lon, Mar, Mos, Nap, Nwy, Por, Rom, St. P, Spa, Swe, Tun. (14)

GERMANY: Bel, Ber, Bud, Den, Hol, Kie, Mun, Par, Rum, Ser, Sev, Tri, Ven, Vie, War. (15)

ITALY: Bul, Con, Gre. (3)

RUSSIA: Ank, Smy. (2)

Austria-Hungary must remove A Alb, and Germany has 3 builds. These builds should be submitted by immediate return mail, and all players will be informed. The deadline for "Spring 1912" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 21 APRIL 1973. Some press releases appear on p. 4; others are postponed to the next issue.

1972A "Fall 1910"

TEUTONIC ALLIANCE FORCES RUSSIANS BACK

ENGLAND (Lipson): F Wal-Liv.

FRANCE (Reif): F Por-holds; F Spa (s.c.)-Mar; lost bed

GERMANY (Huddleston): A Ber-Fru; A Boh-Gal; A Mun-Sil; A Edi; ENGLISH F Wal-Liv; F Ing-Mar; A St. P-Mos; F Nwy-St. P (s.c.)

ITALY (Ayres): A Rom-Nap; AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Honig): A Vie S GERMAN A Boh-Gal; A War S GERMAN A Ber-Fru; A Pie-Mar; A Ven S ITALIAN A Rom.

RUSSIA (De Prisco): F Cly-Nat; A Mos S A Liv; A Liv S A Mos; A Pru-SIL; A Tri S TURKISH A Bud; A Ukr-Gal.

TURKEY (Murray): F Ion-Tun; F Tyr-Rom; F Nap S F Tyr-Rom; A Alb S RUSSIAN A Tri; A Bud holds; A Rum S A Bud; F Adr-Ven.

Underlined moves are not possible. The Russian A Pru is annihilated, and the dislodged Italian army is removed since Italy no longer has any supply centers. The High Combatant Powers now control the following supply centers:

ENGLAND: Liv, Lon. (2)

FRANCE: Por, Spa. (2)

GERMANY: Bel, Ber, Bre, Den, Edi, Hol, Kie, Mun, Nwy, Par, St. P, Swe. (12)

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Mar, Ven, Vie, War. (4)

RUSSIA: Con, Mos, Ser, Sev, Tri. (5)

TURKEY: Ank, Bud, Bul, Gre, Nap, Rom, Rum, Smy, Tun. (9)

Turkey may build 2 units, and Germany and England may build 1 each. The deadline for "Winter 1910" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 21 APRIL 1973.

1973BC

"Winter 1907"

## GERMANY RESERVES ADDITIONAL BUILD

ENGLAND (Lipson): Builds F Lon.

RUSSIA (Phillips): Builds A Mos.

GERMANY (Schleicher): Builds A Kie.

TURKEY (Nierenberg): Removes A Ser, F Eas.

The deadline for "Spring 1908" moves is extended to 6 PM, TUESDAY 17 APRIL 1973.

197LEB

"Winter 1911"

## ENGLAND PREPARES NEW EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

The English F Bot, which was not ordered in "Fall 1911", was left out of the listing of English forces in the last issue.

ENGLAND (Birsan): Builds A Edi, A Lon.

ITALY (Brooks): Removes A Pie.

FRANCE (T. Holcombe): Removes F Tun.

The deadline for "Spring 1912" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 21 APRIL 1973.

PARIS: The French note the treachery of the English in capturing both Marseilles and Spain, but such treachery at the hands of Edile Brigand is neither unusual nor unexpected. We are tired of the treachery from Italy and Austria too, so we'll calmly let time end it.

1972E

"Winter 1910"

## TURKS DIG IN AGAINST AUSTRIAN COUNTER-ATTACK

Following "Fall 1910" moves Turkey retreated F Ion-Alb. All players were informed.

ENGLAND (Abbott): Builds A Lon.

TURKEY (Hendry): Builds F Smy.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Prosnitz): Removes A Apu.

The deadline for "Spring 1911" moves is NOON, SATURDAY 21 APRIL 1973.

## THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

The Gamesmaster would like to thank profusely all those new entrants who sent in their fees for the games announced in the last issue. Three complete games have already been filled. The country assignments for two of them were mailed out a week ago; the rosters of these games, and the "Spring 1901" moves, will appear in the next issue. The country assignments for the third game will go out in a day or two, and the "Spring 1901" deadline for it will be 12 May 1973.

Since three games was all I had planned to open, I regret to announce that no more game entries are presently available. However, stand-by entries at \$5 are still available; see GRAUSTARK #286 for information on stand-by status and rules.

Thanks again for this huge vote of confidence, particularly in light of the higher fee which became necessary.

\*

David Hunt announces that he is forced to fold his postal Diplomacy publication Alpha. He has published a list of the people to whom he owes money, with amounts, and I feel certain that all his creditors will be reimbursed.

\*

Conrad von Metzke has assigned the designation "1973BB" to the new GRAUSTARK game with all New York players, and "1973BC" to the other one. Players are asked to use these game numbers in all correspondence.

\*

On 29 March, CBS-TV broadcast a special about the tortures allegedly suffered by American prisoners in Vietnamese jails. The other networks haven't bothered with this theme. Since the effect of this broadcast is to intensify bad feelings against the Hanoi government, we might ask, "Did these things actually take place?"

Well, let's see whether CBS has a record of promoting bad feeling. For example, would they broadcast a program in which the hero makes wise-ass remarks about "Hebes", "Polacks", "Dinges", etc.? Would they?

The Gamesmaster would like to thank \* \* \* new entrants who sent in their "We forced them to be brutal to us. And this policy was successful." Capt. Jeremiah A. Denton, USN & POW, New York Times, 31 March 1973

## ...AND 'ROUND AND 'ROUND IT GOES - IV

by Robert Bryan Lipton

What can you say about a twenty-five year old archaeologist who was struck by a bolt of lightning?

Don't say you're sorry; I'm talking about L. Sprague de Camp's Lest Darkness Fall (Pyramid x-2056:60¢), and that means never having to say you're sorry. All you can do is sit back and roar with laughter.

Martin Padway is the archaeologist who was struck by lightning. It happened in Rome in the summer of 1939, while he stood in the rain, looking at the Pantheon. No trace was found of him.

In our world.

When Padway came to his senses, he found himself back in our past, more than fourteen hundred years before 1939. The year was 535 AD, the place was still Rome, but the Rome of the Ostrogoths, the Rome that was slowly shrinking into unimportance.

His reaction was a natural one; Justinian would soon send Belisarius, his greatest general, to Italy, to begin the disastrous campaign that would wreck the peninsula.

Padway decided to stop it.

How he accomplishes this is fascinating to watch. The reader sees him fighting the very fabric of history, tearing it and then re-weaving it.

At first, Padway is penniless. He cons a banker into lending him enough money to start a distillery, in an age when nothing stronger than wine was available. We watch his operations expand to include copper rolling; then he builds a printing press.

I heard some disagreement on this point from John W. Campbell, who had bought this story in 1939. According to Campbell, the metals for the type were unavailable. What he apparently didn't know was that the Romans printed maps, and that two centuries later book-printing would be a well established art in China. \*

Lest Darkness Fall is quite similar to De Camp's Wheels of If, but De Camp has more space to develop the story. There exists no doubt in my mind that he should be restricted to stories longer than 40,000 words.

Padway takes over, and we watch the course of history change as his influence spreads. Padway sets up a semaphore telegraph system; he defeats Belisarius' kataphraktoi; he becomes quaestor of Italy (this would correspond to Prime Minister in Great Britain); we see him working, night and day, to bring a technological civilization to Italy.

Then we see the Byzantine general Bloody John land in Italy. (John holds about the same position to the Byzantines as Sherman to the Americans.) We see all that Padway has fought for come apart in his hands as he fights to preserve it.

As for the historical background of the book, I have been unable to find a historian at my college who feels competent to talk about the Ostrogoths. My only indications of the accuracy are De Camp's other works. Judging from the care he has displayed in his historical novels, and the way he mentions various Byzantine authors of the time in this book, I would be inclined to the viewpoint that it is accurate.

I did manage to check the accuracy of the names of two Ostrogothic kings. De Camp calls one Thiudahad and the other Wittigis; my copy of Kings, Rulers and Statesmen lists them as Theodat and Vitiges. Considering the shifts in pronunciation (what would a sixth century Italian do with a "W"?) I feel that Padway reproduces the speech. \*\*

What else is there to say? Padway takes a few stabs at the Franks, tells us about the relationship between the Ostrogoths and the Burgunds, and slips dozens of bits of

\* - In his Science and Civilization in China, Joseph Needham shows that printing was not independently invented in Europe, but came over the silk route from China. - JB

\*\* - Thiudahad's famous uncle is variously reported as Thindareiks, Theodoric, Theodoricus, Dieterich, and Dietrich. Worse, the "Atli" of Atli's Saga and the Nibelungenlied was Attila the Hun, since Brynhild/Brünhilde was his sister, that makes Siegfried's sweetheart no noble blonde Nordic but a scrawny Hun, "accustomed to do in a saddle what Christians do in a bed." - JB

information into a joyous book. We learn a little about the dozens of Christian heresies (by the standards of the winners) that were in existence in Italy at this time.

I could go on for another five hundred words on this book, but John Boardman would scream. Let us leave it at this: this book is, without a doubt, the classic wheels-of-if story. If you won't buy any other book that I review, buy this one.

If you don't you'll never forgive yourself.

#### 1971EC - PRESS RELEASES

HAPPY HALF ACRES, PHUMPHA (IDUNNO): The seven Scarlet Pumpnickels got off the timeline tuba and brushed themselves off.

"Well," they said simultaneously, "here we are."

They took a minute to look at their surroundings. As far as the eye could see, there was not a tree, nor a bush, nor even a blade of grass. It was a desert. The Scarlet Pumpnickels sighed and began to sing.

"Though desolation is o'er thy face / and land salesmen all are fakers / still it does my heart great good to be / starving in H. H. Acres."

"Well, fellows," they said, "Naomi's within three miles of this place." A land rover roared by them and sped off into a pile of manure.

"If you see anything unusual going on, notify the rest of us - uh - me." A transport jet streaked by overhead and landed on the dunghill. Cleaning metal doors moved silently to enclose it, then sank back into the surroundings.

"Nothing here," all the Scarlet Pumpnickels agreed. "We'd better spread out." They all walked north-north-east.

"Hold it!" they all shouted. The desert was silent, save for machine-guns that raked the perimeter of the dunghill. "We've got to go in different directions. I'll go north, and the rest of you move out in other directions. Okay? Good." They all walked north.

"Now stop this!" they yelled together. "We've got to settle this. One of us will have to give the orders and the others will have to obey. Since I thought of it first - I didn't, did I?" They snapped fingers as a seventeen foot aerial emerged from the dunghill. "I know what we'll do. We'll draw for the short straw. I've got some toothpicks." They all produced seven toothpicks, and each snapped one in half. "I'll hold it, and you others draw."

This argument continued for several minutes. By the time they were arguing over who would hold the toothpicks to determine who would hold the toothpicks to determine who would hold the toothpicks etc. one of the machine guns had been pointed at them (him?).

"All right, Scarlet Pumpnickel, and whoever you've got with you," shouted Naomi, who was pointing the gun, "we've got you covered. Come out with your pants up - I mean your hands."

"Just a minute," shouted the seven. "We're trying to decide who's in charge here."

"Male chauvinist pigs! You come out here. I can shoot this thingumabob as well as any man!"

"What in the world is going on out there?" asked a male voice. The Scarlet Pumpnickels gasped. "Boardman! All right, Boardman, come on out with your hands up!"

"Give me a minute to get my pants up." Boardman came out, buckling his belt.

"Give yourself up, Boardman," shouted the Scarlet Pumpnickels. "We've got you outnumbered."

"Superiority of numbers does not indicate a superiority of worth or effectiveness. For instance, though one may obtain answers twice as quickly from a pocket computer as from an IBM 1600, that does not mean that the answer from the pocket model is more accurate. On the contrary, you have neglected to brush your hair this morning. This proves my moral superiority to you, and it means that you can't beat me in the end, because the majority of the people support me. I asked my fan club. In other words, you come out. We've got a bigger gun than you." The Scarlet Pumpnickels swirled their red cloaks about them and disappeared into an outcropping of iron ore. "Oh well," said Boardman peevishly. "Where did they go?" asked Naomi.

From the ore seven voices began declaiming poetry.

"They seek him here, they seek him there -"

"I heard that poem already!" shouted Naomi.

"Let them continue," said Boardman. "It is better than Ezra Pound's, since Pound was a fascist."

"Shut up!" said Naomi. "Let's rake the area with the gun and - what's that?"

Seven bright brass objects hurtled through the air at the two. "No!" shouted Boardman. "Not the Tuba! Not the -" His voice was cut off, as the seven tubas went: "Phumphuh." The dunghill disintegrated, along with Boardman and Naomi.

The Scarlet Pumpnickels emerged from the ore bed. "That'll teach her to criticize my poetry," they muttered together. "Pound, hun?"

ALONG THE DOM-DOMIAN-LITTLE ITALIAN BORDER (IDUNNO): As John N sat in Dom-Dom reading How to be Irrelevant, Marcus Gelber rode up, leading 800 soldiers of the Phumphan Internal Garrison.

"All right, John," shouted Marcus, "we're going to fight."

This is

"I'm not going to fight you."

"Get your soldiers so we can fight."

O At  
P Great

"I'm not going to fight. It takes two to tango."

E Intervals  
R This

"I don't want to dance. I want to -"

"Then let's not dance."

"All right, I'm glad we've settled that." He turned to his men.

A Appears  
T To

"All right, we're not going to dance with John."

"Dance?" said his men.

N Inflame  
O Optic

"Now, if I'm not going to dance with John, why should I dance with you?"

N Nerves

The men were disheartened at this.

"We can't have your men disappointed like this," said John. "Who wants to dance?"

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"Me!" shouted everyone.

"I can't dance with all of you," John said coyly. "I tell you what. Bring your men to the George V Hotel in Paris tomorrow at eight, and we'll dance then."

"But that's a long way."

"You'd better leave now, then."

"Should I leave now or then?"

"Now."

"All right, then."

"No. now."

"Goodbye."

"Goodbye," said John, and turned to page two.

PARIS, FRANCE (?) (IDUNNO): "Let's see, now," said Marcus Gelber. "We caught the Oriental express in Belgrade, got off in Hamburg, took the scenic camel route to Colmar, had some Sherpas guide us over the Vosges, and here we are in Paris." He waved his arms at the majestic Gonnalaya Mountains. "I think."

"Where's John N, sir? I been practicing the tango and the Mashed Potato. Watch." We began dancing, singing: "Tum Tum, Tum Tum, rrrrr, tumtuntuntum -"

"Stop it! You're confined to quarters for improper tumming."

A soldier came up. "Sir, scouts report seeing soldiers in Phumphan uniforms."

"John! He's tricked us! And after I got my dancing pumps out of storage." He thought for a few seconds. "I suppose we'll have to fight and lose. Have the quartermaster put buttons on the swords."

HYDUNDERABAD (IDUNNO): Robert of Abalone left the funeral of his late commander and erstwhile adjutant. He was stopped by a corporal.

"Sir, scouts report seeing troops in Phumphan uniforms."

"Some of the natives must be stealing our supplies. This means we can fight another battle, and lose this time. Tell the catapult engineers to use silly putty in the torsion catapult skeins. Now I want you to go out and lose this one for the Gondon."

GOON'S FOLLY, PHUMPHA (IDUNNO): "This is Balzac Bronchitis, bringing you our close-up on various customs that still survive in Phumpha. Here, in Goon's Pholly and the surrounding areas, polygyny still abounds. We are talking now to Sin-Muballit Bar-Mieszko, a warthog farmer here in the heart of Phumpha. Sin-Muballit has an interesting

problem to tell us concerning polygyny."

"I needed some stock to upgrade my warthogs. Well, I went to Zonas Mckickewiczy and asked him if he would sell me some of his warthogs. He said that he wouldn't, but he would lend me ten for a few months. He said that he would let me know what interest I'd have to pay.

"Well, I signed the contract, and took the warthogs. Six months later, I returned them. Zonas, he said, 'Where's the girls' - I have ten daughters. I said, 'At home, where they should be'. He told me that I had to give him two girls as interest on the warthogs. I couldn't read the contract, so I gave them to him."

"Two girls?! That's very high interest."

"You bet. It's positively uxorious."

LONDON to POLLUTIDAR (IDUNNO): His Majesty's Government has received notice that our ambassador to Pollutidar, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, has disappeared while touring Xexot cities. While His Majesty has the greatest regard for the noble anthropophagi of Pollutidar, our envoys are not meant as between-meals snacks for His Inferial Majesty's subjects. We have aided you in harvesting Russian, Italian, and French food. Our German allies have helped you prepare Wiener Schnitzel. You have sampled Frankfurters and Hamburgers in Italy and Austria; and have enjoyed Turkey sandwiches in Anatolia.

However, be warned: British food is the worst in the world. If any more of His Majesty's subjects disappear, the cause of the trouble will be on your hands (and stomachs).

KOARSAR, POLLUTIDAR (URRP): In a speech before the Inferial Diet, the Minister for Foreign Affairs and Food Procurement indignantly rejected the British diplomatic note.

"Contrary to the impression that seems to be established on the Outer Crust," he told an attentive and only slightly riotous assembly of the races of the Inner Crust, "only a few of the peoples of Pollutidar are cannibalistic. Indeed, the term 'cannibal' can not be properly applied to the Horips and Mahars. Though they are anthropophagous, they are not human, and do not eat their own kind. Coripis, it is well known, practice no racial discrimination whatsoever, and will gladly eat either other Coripis or humans. The only other anthropophagous people known in Pollutidar are the giants of Azar. Not all the Mahar cities follow this custom, and human beings are perfectly welcome in many of them as long as they keep their place. As for the other peoples of the Inner Crust, Ganaks are vegetarian, and the cave tribes have a lively distaste for cannibalism and frequently exercise their martial ardor on their man-eating neighbors.

"Most ridiculous of all are the accusations made against the Xexots. Aside from the Koarsars, who are not native to the Inner Crust, the Xexots are the most advanced civilization in all the Empire of Pollutidar. They possess such essential elements of civilizations as hierarchial religions, sacrosanct kings, standing armies, mutually hostile city-states, capital punishment applied without invidious discrimination to guilty and innocent alike, and periodic outbreaks of xenophobia."

At these words the yellow-skinned Xexot delegates set up a chant of "Power to the Xexots!" They were immediately attacked by a mixed horde of Mahars, Coripis, Horibs, and Azarians, who tore up the Speaker's rostrum, built a fire in the press gallery, and roasted and ate 11 Xexots and, in their enthusiasm, 2 of their own number.

The whereabouts of Mr. Chamberlain remain unknown.

WOODMERE, LI. (from the offices of Kinney, Lipschitz & Boringman: Synthesists):  
To the BURSITIS: We have received your communication in re our nomenclature.

First of all, at the January 1973 meeting of the American Synthesists Society, certain phrases became standard for discussion of alternate realities:

Prime Line: The group of timelines that arose from Ferdinand Feghoot's invention of the timeline viewer.

Base timeline: To an inhabitant of any timeline, his own timeline.

Timeline: The reality based on the occurrence of any given occurrence happening; this does not include acts of impossibility, e. g. Colonel Blimp winning a battle, Phumpha becoming the major world power, etc.

Also, we have revised our nomenclature of various timelines. It was remarked by BURSITIS that we have apparently discovered a new timeline. Not so: we had merely lumped three lines together that BURSITIS had considered separate. We have not adopted BURSITIS' coding, and except for the continuing existence of Phumpha, there should be no problem.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

A lot of causes were afterwards claimed for the civil war - the conflict of two rival social systems, human liberty, national self-determination, an "international conspiracy" using the national government as its instrument, a foreign power using the southern rebels as its instrument - but in the end all the analysis came down to one crucial question: Who was going to exercise the governmental authority in the southern part of the country? On the answer to this question everything else depended. The governmental authority could dispose of the region's natural resources, shape the social system to its own purposes, and make whatever international deals it pleased. This was the basic question; all else was propagandistic window-dressing.

The national government, seated in the north, was determined to keep its authority over the entire country. Ever since it had, with some foreign help, ejected the colonialist authority, it had been recognized all over the world as the sole sovereign authority over the entire country. If this meant that its social program would ruin the landed aristocracy of the south, so much the worse for the landed aristocracy.

The southern rebels rejected this view. Their region held rich natural resources, both agricultural and mineral. But the south had no manufacturing establishment, and no particular willingness to establish one. The rebels saw their road to prosperity as involving friendship with the world's greatest commercial power. This power needed their raw materials and their markets. It would, they felt, come in as their ally to ensure dominating these strategic economic resources. With such an ally they could proclaim their independence, and thumb their noses at the government's attempt to unify the country.

And so the civil war came. Each side tried to promote its view of the matter abroad. The rebels set up a body that called itself a "government", and sought international recognition of this alleged sovereign state. The southern "government" was a rickety, contentious body, frequently riven by division from within, and plagued by profiteers who supported it only for what they could make out of it.

It soon became evident that the government forces (or "northern forces" as the rebels called them) were far superior to the rebels. They could command support from the local peasantry wherever they went, especially since they broke the almost feudal power of the landowners. Violent excesses were committed on both sides, and the prison camps defied description. But the national government could apparently send its forces virtually at will through the southern countryside - a fact which generally convinced foreign opinion that only the national government could provide the country with effective leadership. Even governments which supported the rebels found that large segments of their own people refused to go along with their policies.

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At this point a reader familiar with my style might ask whether I am describing the Slaveholders' Rebellion of 1861-65 or the present civil war in Vietnam. The answer so far is, both. The parallels are overwhelming.

The first major distinction that develops is the Vietnamese failure to isolate the rebels within the regions they initially held. In the 1861-65 rebellion the US government flung a blockade around the southern coast, which held well enough to pinch the rebel "confederacy" badly for supplies. The British fleet, on which the rebels had counted, refused to risk battle with the US navy. If Vietnam had had a navy in 1960, comparable in size (all things considered) to the US navy of 1860, the rebellion in Saigon could have been choked off at the roots.

But no such navy existed, or yet exists, and what was only a dream to Richmond became a reality to Saigon. Foreign supplies, foreign money, and foreign troops poured in. The British dream of a commercial empire in the Caribbean failed; the American dream of a commercial empire in the Pacific seems near success. Oil leases off the coast of Indo-China are already being parceled out. As far back as the late 1950's, President Eisenhower named the local resources which the American "presence" in Indo-China was designed to protect. (The moral of that story is, that Democrats will produce specious arguments about "freedom" and "self-determination", but that if you want the facts of economic life, go to a Republican.)

After a long and vicious struggle, the American army in Vietnam has been whipped, as a

a British army sent to assist the slaveholders would equally have been whipped. (This is evident from the asinine mismanagement that Great Britain showed in the Crimea and against the Indian rebellion. Forces barely sufficient to beat Russians or mutinous sepoys would have had scant success against the Army of the West.) The President has tried to put as good a face on it as he can, but the facts are undeniably there. The only truce agreement he could get provided for the complete withdrawal of all US troops from Vietnam, while the Vietnamese government gets to keep 150,000 soldiers in the south. Nor is there any way, practicably, in which the US can keep this force from being supplied and augmented.

Unfortunately, this Vietnamese victory will not be allowed by the US to be final. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have already estimated that the cease-fire will break down. (Jack Anderson, New York Post, 1 February 1973 and Los Angeles Free Press, 2 February 1973.) "Once the Communist infrastructure has been rebuilt in the South...the Communists will seek to end their long struggle for control of all Vietnam with a final military offensive...The Joint Chiefs don't believe Thieu can survive."

What happens next? President Nixon believes that he has secured his place in history by withdrawing US ground forces from Vietnam. But he has already dropped more bombs on Vietnam than were dropped on Europe in all of World War II. A large air base is now being built up in northern Thailand, from which the bombings can be resumed as soon as the President decides to drop the other shoe. The base is at a place called Udorn. In all, about 150,000 US troops are stationed in Thailand. Last November there were about 7,000 Americans there. (New York Post, 29 November 1972) The number there now is anybody's guess. All the symptoms of American occupation have accompanied this force. Heroin is now \$5 a vial at Udorn, at least half the men are on marijuana, and prostitutes are hired on a long-term lease and a live-in basis.)

So, the last act of the tragedy is now in preparation. Some hitch will develop in the return of US prisoners, or of Vietnamese prisoners, or in some other aspect of the cease-fire. One side will accuse the other of bad faith, and will accordingly cease to fulfill some of its own obligations. The steady combat that has gone on ever since the formal announcement of the cease-fire will escalate. Then President Nixon will go on the air, take a very serious tone, present himself as the blameless victim of Communist deceit, and tell us that Hanoi will soon be, or has already been, obliterated with a hydrogen bomb. (Nixon's advocacy of nuclear weapons in Vietnam goes back almost 20 years.)

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Two loudly proclaimed but essentially spurious issues are currently detracting public opinion from all this. One is the return of the prisoners of war, and the other is the question of American reparations to Vietnam.

The prisoners of war scarcely deserve all this sympathy. Most of them are not draftees, or poor boys forced into the army by unemployment. Most of them are officers in the Air Force or in Naval Aviation, taken prisoner when their planes were shot down. They were flying over Vietnam dropping bombs on hospitals because they wanted to be flying over Vietnam dropping bombs on hospitals. Neither the prisoners in Hanoi nor the prisoners in Attica or San Quentin have any grounds for complaint about their imprisonment and its conditions. The proper answer to the complaints of any of these prisoners is, that if they don't like jail conditions they shouldn't do anything to get sent there.

On their release (by a government which had a perfect right to prosecute them for various crimes of violence) these men were promptly grabbed and processed by the US government, and emerged praising President Nixon in terms usually reserved for Jesus Christ. One of them, long before his release, predicted this processing. Col. Robinson Risner, shot down in Thanhhoa on 16 September 1965, said this to foreign correspondents during his imprisonment:

"Please, gentlemen, sympathize with me. Once I am released, I become again a man of the American Armed Forces, of the American administration. And naturally, I will have to say what the American government-directs me to say."

He did. After his release, he said of anti-war demonstrators, "I feel beyond any doubt that those people kept us in prison an extra year or two, not just the people demonstrating, but the people who were downing or bad-mouthing our Government and our policies." Of the war as a whole he said, "At no time during my imprisonment have I failed



to support my President, my country, and my President's policy; and never have I been prouder of my country and my President." (Village Voice, 22 February 1973; New York Times, 27 February 1973)

If there is any doubt about the coaching of these prisoners, note how the usage "my President" runs like a chorus through their statements. This is not an American usage; it is more appropriate to monarchy. ("Le roi mon maître a dit...")

The press, which has been consistently and almost unanimously pro-war since it began, has whipped up a sticky sea of emotion for these men - comparable to the way the less responsible black organizations have tried to turn other murderers and rapists into heroes. The other media have followed suit. The anti-war play Sticks and Bones was recently censored off CBS-TV by executives nervous about offending the tender sensibilities of POWs and their families. The speciousness of this excuse is shown by the fact that CBS-TV has been polluting the American dialog for years with the flood-tide of racial bigotry of All in the Family - with scant regard for the sensibilities of "Hebes", "Dinges", "Po-lacks", or other groups so characterized by this show.

As for reparations - this may be the straw that breaks the truce's back. President Nixon obviously made some kind of commitment for financial aid to the Vietnamese government as part of the "cease-fire" agreement. The Hawks in Congress have correctly seen this payment as reparations. And indeed the US government owes a heavy debt to the Vietnamese people for the destruction it has wrought in this land. The payment of this reparation ought to be a first lien on the resources of the United States of America, and personally I would prefer to see a few thousand war millionaires, generals, and politicians squeezed dry to pay it. But it clearly has a different purpose in Nixon's view. All he has to do is sit back and wait for his pet Congress to refuse flatly to pay it. Vietnam will then accuse him of bad faith, and will refuse to fulfill some other article of the agreement. Then Nixon will accuse the Vietnamese government of bad faith, and the word will go to Udon to break out Big Eddie.

Those peculiar converts to Pacifism who were with us last campaign have reverted to type. Senator McGovern, whose deeds have supported the war as diligently as his words have opposed it, is now leading the fight in Congress against the payment of reparations. He will drag with him almost the whole "liberal" bloc - which is not surprising, since liberals began the war in the first place. To vote for reparations now would be to suggest that their shining knights Kennedy, Johnson, and Humphrey were wrong in supporting the war.

And so Vietnam is about to go. It was a good fight, and it will command the admiration of succeeding generations in the same way that the great Jewish defense of Jerusalem against the Romans did. But it will end the same way.

#### THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

A few changes of address have come in:

Philip M. Cohen, 726 Golf Course Road, Allquippa, Penn. 15001

Tom Drake, #31, U. S. U. Apts., Logan, Utah 84321

Daniel Frisch, Leverett B-24, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

\*

The scheduled publication date of GRAUSTARK #289 is Saturday 12 May 1973. This will also mark the 10th anniversary of GRAUSTARK, which was founded in May 1963 and is the oldest bulletin of postal Diplomacy. A particularly large issue is planned for that date, and I would like to solicit articles on Diplomacy and other games, book reviews, or any other contribution with which you'd care to mark the occasion.

Effective with that issue, FREEDONIA will be re-merged with GRAUSTARK, and its postal games of Origins of World War II will thenceforth be published in GRAUSTARK. FREEDONIA players and subscribers curious about the publishing and financial details of this merger should see the article in FREEDONIA #57, to be published on 21 April 1973.

\*

GRAUSTARK is published every third Saturday by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11226. Subscriptions are 8 issues for \$1 in the US and Canada, and 5 for \$1 or 12 for \$1 overseas. Game entries, including a free subscription for the duration of the game, are \$10. See GRAUSTARK #286 for the "house rules" used here. This publica-

tion is not edited under the supervision of Bangs Leslie Tapscott.

\*

GRAUSTARKS ##283-286 were mailed out in one bundle to all except active players. These bundles were sent out on 10 March by 3rd-class mail. If any reader did not get this bundle, he should let me know at once. If it doesn't arrive by next weekend, I'll send you a duplicate.

This issue, and GRAUSTARK #288, will be sent as they are published by 1st-class mail. GRAUSTARK #289, because of its size, will be sent by 3rd-class mail to all except active players.

\*

Monopoly is unquestionably the most popular simulation game in the United States. A few months ago its popularity was conclusively demonstrated to the City Commission of Atlantic City, N. J., the resort town whose street names are used on the Monopoly board.

Any Monopoly player knows that Mediterranean Avenue and Baltic Avenue are the two cheapest properties on the board. These run-down streets, populated by poor white immigrants when the game was published in 1935, are now Atlantic City's black ghetto. In December the Commissioner of Public Works proposed to change these names to Melrose and Fairmount Avenues - Fairmount already being the name of a continuation of Baltic.

The nation rose in protest. Edward P. Parker, president of Monopoly publisher Parker Brothers, told the Commission, "Would you be willing to take the responsibility for an invasion by hordes of protesting Monopoly players, all demanding that you go directly to jail, without even the dignity of passing 'Go'?" The local member of Congress, a very conservative Republican named Sandman, said, "Millions of nostalgic Monopoly-playing Americans would be crushed if this change is permitted." Princeton student Robert Baker founded Students to Save Baltic and Mediterranean, and began distributing 1200 flyers protesting the change. He also made plans to "flood the market with millions of dollars of Monopoly money".

The City Commission decided not to change the names.

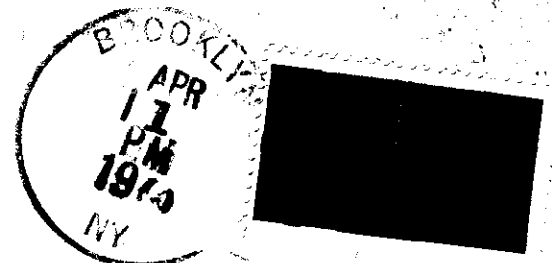
(New York Times, 9 & 10 January 1973; New York Post, 11 January 1973)

\*

Also protesting a game is Howard Hughes, the evanescent billionaire. He has just obtained a court order barring the sale, advertising, and manufacture of The Howard Hughes Game. This game, produced by the publishers of The Godfather Game, came on the market in October and is designed to show "how Howard Hughes sold and bought his way into some of the largest corporations in the US". Ironically, one crucial move in the game is the obtaining of an injunction against opponents. (New York Post, 14 November 1972)

GRAUSTARK #287

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"Tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the military targets of any aggressive force." -  
Richard M. Nixon