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#57

Hoosier Archives was originally a periodic listing of the Diplomacy archives of Walter Buchanan, R.R. #3, Letamon, Indiana 46052, telephone (317) 482-2824; Archives Director, N3FGPDD and a member of IDA, IWBS and the PDRG. It is now primarily a Diplomacy gazette devoted to articles on good play, demonstration games such as The Grudge Game (1971BC) now in progress, rating systems, and game news. Information from the archives is vital for all this and is available to the public as well. Although the archives is virtually complete in at least xerox form, except for Ruritania and the IASPS zines, missing undamaged originals are solicited, either for purchase or a loan to permit xeroxing. (See the last quarterly archives listing in Hoosier Archives #53 for zines needed.) Many original spires are now available from the archives and more are solicited so as to make them available to others. A subscription to Hoosier Archives is 15/\$2.00 (or 7/\$1.00); back issues are available for a stamp apiece. Ask for issue #55 to get a list of all articles through #58. This is Albatross Press publication #61.

 INTO THE ARCHIVES NO. 22

Since the press releases for Fall 1901 for The Grudge Game are printed herein, this seems like an especially appropriate time to give everyone a good example and lesson on how to write press releases. The author of this article should certainly know how. Conrad von Hatzke is one of the most experienced and well-known press release writers in the business. I wonder what Conrad could say in two sentences?!

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR! STOP THAT PUN!

or, It's Not So Much Whether You Win or Lose, It's How Much You Write That Counts
 by Conrad von Hatzke

There is a long-entrenched school of philosophic Diplomacy thought abiding within our midst, of which the present signatory is perhaps the prime and most noteworthy example (blush!), that states that the only positive good which can obtain from the play of this undeservably popular and overly serious diversion comes from the simple act of writing as many zines and boxes of idiotic press releases, propaganda declarations, treaties, infantile and/or filthy puns, miserable puns, horrendous wounding metaphors, literary misallusions, and all-around nonsense as it is possible to surker the game-master into punning at any given point in the course of any given game, which art has been highly developed for years by a large number of dreadfully boorish persons whose whole attitude toward this game is unquestionably appalling to the 'sensible tacticians' of the game such as Phillips and Bracke, and perhaps equally devastating to the warring-list experts such as Von Pincog and Reshara, who perhaps choose to pursue the 'propaganda school' theories in a somewhat different and much less complimentary way, notwithstanding the fact that many of the acolytes and seasoned veterans of both of the other playing-type groupings do themselves enjoy a frequent and altogether too lengthy romp in the rhetorical swamps of Hamlet-Metator, as witness, to cite merely a single notable example, the pathetic biographies and naturalist studies of Mr. Von Pincog, whose logical thinking gives him the almost unique ability to state an extremely crude and valuable parable in learned terms closely approaching the deranged, although most people don't notice the didacticity because they are too busy giggling with glee at the adventures of Giorgetti the Mysterificent, Father of Frenchman and Pisaner Pax Excellence in innumerable (and innumerable) games carried in such diverse magazines as DIPLONANIA, COSTA-GUANA, DIPLONANIA, DES SCHWEDISCHEIT DES BIRSEN UND VORWENIGSTEN GEBORES, and - presumably - BIATIPES HER, to have a most beautiful of nonletters that allow such persons as Von Pincog, Walker, Pincog, and the unnamed to indulge their perentious whims by simply subordinating by and all course notions of treaties, strategy, victory, and good taste to those of length, volume, witless, originality of expression, desire for the propagation of whatever sort of fall ideas we happen to have at the time, insult, wounding of language, boredom, hatred, affected condition, and - quite probably the most important aspect of all this anguished

list of criteria - sheer overwhelming of any opposition through the easy and obvious expedient of weighting them so far down with reams of verbiage that they are utterly unable to move, thus ruining their game and giving us the walkaway victory we want in a game we could not otherwise hope to even make a dent in, although it is presumed that if we chose to emphasize one or another of the alternative approaches - as do such as Walker and Ver Ploeg at times - we could in fact manage a strong degree of success merely by virtue of our long experience, intimate understanding of the inner mechanisms of the game in all its varied facets, and dogged tenacity which gives us the priceless gift of being able to gleefully trample all over helpless opponents in times of plenty, and cheerfully kick the bad guys in the groin with our feet in times of mild adversity, and even - for lo! this does occasionally occur - accomplish the impossible win by such wholly admirable expedients as cheating, lying, halbing, slandering, and defaming, although of course we seldom need to resort to such last-ditch efforts due to our almost unbelievable ability to write so much crap that the opposition folds up and dies rather than read the stuff any longer than is absolutely necessary in order to look good in the eyes of their peers, who more often than not have themselves been subjected to the verbal barrage so often that they are in complete sympathy with the poor fool who cannot hope to understand the pristine logic and cool, controlled method whereby some players have arrived at the conclusion that ability to play the game is a totally worthless and vacuous skill when compared to the art of creating ingenious and humorous propaganda with a frequency and to an extent that would shake the very foundations of many a highly civilized society and bring a lesser realm to its knees in quivering, palpitating revulsion at the audacity of such creatures who obviously don't know a fun game of straight-faced ponderous austerity when they see one, despite what the rules say and what countless hundreds of past and present exponents of the game have shown to be true in game after game in the modern Age of Galloman, and so they throw up their hands (and perhaps their lunches) and lose while we steam them to smithereens and win.

One of the best devices of the press-release writer is the invariable sentence,

THE GRUDGE GAME (1971EO)

Winter 1991

BIERSAN CIVILS, CHALLENGES SMITHEE AS EUROPE'S LARGEST POWER!

- AUSTRIA: Builds A Bud, A Wie
(Lachika)
- ENGLAND: Builds F Len
(Peculitz)
- FRANCE: Builds F Ere, F Max, A Par
(Suzcan)
- GERMANY: Builds F Wie, A Bud
(Key)
- ITALY: Builds F Nap
(Walker)
- RUSSIA: Builds F S&F(we), A Sov
(Snythe)
- TURKEY: Builds A Con
(Tretich)

Spring 1992 Orders are due and ready when we call (9:00 A.M. for phone calls) on Saturday, February 9th. General Orders are due and ready for the "Grudge Game" Conditional Orders and all are encouraged. S.M.

Phone: Joe Taylor and Alan at 7998 Apple Bend, Apt. 1155, Dallas, Texas 75240 (1 214 233-9800 2 days 10:00 P.M.). If anyone else needs their phone number listed, please let us know.

POSITIONS BEFORE SPRING 1902

AUSTRIA: A Vie, A Bud, A Tri, A Scr, F Gre
 ENGLAND: F Nwg, A Nwy, F Lon, F Nth
 FRANCE: F Bre, A Par, A Bel, F For, A Spa, F Mar
 GERMANY: F Ska, A Den, A Hol, F Kie, A Non
 ITALY: A Tyr, F Nap, A Tan, F Ion
 RUSSIA: F Swe, A Fin, F StP(ne), A Ukr, F Rum, A Sev
 TURKEY: A Bul, F Bla, A Con, A Ann

REGRUDGINGS
 (Fall/Winter 1901)

TRIESIE (4 July 1901): Count Leo LaCypoke, eldest son of Pope Leo XIII, spoke to a small crowd of the devout outside of Saint John's Cathedral. "This Harlot, who has claimed both the throne of my Papa, and the chancellery office in Rome, must be put down! This Blasphemy of the truth, this malicious maiden of the devil, must be removed! Her self-crowning, beatification ceremony and binge party was had enough, but performing it in a leather toga? Now really!!"

ROME (16 June 1901): Her Holiness, Joan III, Pope and Queen of Italy, today thoroughly castigated the "inept, bumbling, ludicrous" Austrians for their "base, cowardly, evil, nasty, brutish, and short attack on Italia Irredenta." Continued Her Holiness, "Everyone knows that Trieste, Fiume, and then places are Italian cities!" Pope Joan then continued to Fiume, Fiume, Fiume, and Fiume! And to rant and rave, too. She vowed eternal, unrelenting, and bloody war against "the effeminate and incompetent pastry-gorgers of Vienna." Her eyes fairly snapping with rage, Her Holiness screamed at an audience of thousands standing before the Basilica of St. Charles's Gorge (commonly the Basilica of St. Peter) for more than an hour. At the end of this wine, She led the masses to the Cathedral of St. Cassius and held a mass for the Repose of Austrian Souls in Hell and the sooner the better.

ROME (17 June 1901): Baron Kuchenscht von Gump, the Austrian Ambassador was today declared poisoned on guard by Her Holiness, who thereupon ordered him hurled into a vat of boiling Unimont cheese, generously laced with onions and garlic. After soaking in that delightful mixture for a couple of hours, von Gump was taken out, covered with skunk hair, and ridden out of the capital, and out of the country, tied to the underside of a very sick camel. It could not be determined whether it would be more fun to tie him under the tail or under the head--the camel was equally sick at each end--so it was decided to alternate positions every few hours. No doubt the Austrians still want him--so long as he stands upright.

ROME (19 June 1901): Her Holiness today had a private interview with the Notre Dame Rowing Team, and they apparently taught Her some of the finer arts of rowing. Or at least we surmise, because those who were nearby the Papal Audience Chamber could hear the coxswain shouting, "Strokel Strokel Strokel Strokel" with intermittent changes of pace, such as, "Strokelstrokelstrokelstrokelstrokel!" Well, of course, Her Holiness is interested in all sorts of sporting events, and She is in splendid physical condition, as witness the fact that the Notre Dame boys seemed all out of breath after the interview, but all Her Holiness said was, "Merit!"

LEAKEDAM, HOLLAND (via Gustavus) (25 September 1901): King PandaBear...today granted an interview to reporters, curious about his reported exchange of letters with Queen Suzanne. "There's nothing to it," said His Majesty.... "We are not corresponding. Must be some other Panda..." (parts of this transmission were censored...)

SOLEMNISE IN THE AEGEAN SEA (26 September 1901): Queen Suzanne was indignant today when she heard of King PandaBear's behavior with reporters, "King PandaBear is so corresponding with me," She replied, strapping her belt. "I have letters to prove it, even though he was the sheep to use his stomachary watermarked with his bearded crown." Asked what she thought of the censored portions of King PandaBear's interview, Queen Suzanne replied, "He should have his mouth washed out with soap."

ST PETERSBURG (31 January 1902): The resolution of the Ministry of War to the successful

invasion of Norway is the topic of the day in this city. It is rumored that Vice-Admiral Kagog's Fourth Battle Division is preparing for a sortie into the Barents Sea and the Norwegian Sea. The six modern warships were last seen near Murmansk, so it is possible that they will be steaming out to sea to challenge the British Grand Fleet,

SOMEWHERE IN FINLAND (31 January 1902): Marshall Inshsky is continuing to prepare for the forthcoming spring offensive against the English forces occupying Norway. An endless stream of men and supplies are being moved to oppose the British advance upon Murmansk.

(Note: I should emphasize at this time that Black Propaganda is not allowed in this game. Also, the editor of Naarg-Oldid has censorship rights in the interest of decency and good taste. After all, she's the one who types it, boys!)

BROOKS RATING BY OBJECTIVELY OBTAINED KUDOS SYSTEM

And now Hoosier Archives introduces the fabulous Brooks Rating by Objectively Obtained Kudos System to the unsuspecting Diplomacy world! As an added bonus and unlike lesser rating systems, this one gives the carefully thought out reasons behind the rating. When done, this system will give a unique number that, when utilizing the proper conversion factor, can be added to figures guessed at by other rating systems to bring them closer in line with reality. These ratings have been computed on the Tri-State College IBM 1130 computer for increased accuracy.

Red Walker	1,0762	(he publishes my stuff)
Buddy Theback	-2,0551	(I remember SCG)
John Saythe	-1,6392	(he has too many points in other rating systems)
Edi Birson	0,0000	(I don't want people comparing me to John Beshara)
Lon Lakofka	-2,4971	(he does compare me with John Beshara)
Gene Prosnitz	-1,9002	(he picks on poor Fere Weber)
Jeff Roy	-0,2986	(just on general principles)

VISIT TO THE ARCHIVES NO. 4

Larry Peery and a friend of his, Tony Deppel, pulled a whirlwind surprise on us last night, even though we had been expecting them within this general time frame. Naturally, it would be the night when it was 3 degrees below and I was an hour delayed getting home from work and law school. Damn T-Bird and gas line freeze up. Can't figure out why you'd want to kidnap that 9-year old chunker, Buck! Anyway, when I got home at 9 P.M., Larry and Tony had been there since 5 and we could only persuade them to stay two hours longer since they had lost the car parked in the middle of the road (now path) because they were desperately afraid of getting stuck in the 17" of snow which barely covered the ground. (They had already worn out a set of chains coming here from D.C.--we suspect they were using them on roads with only 1/8" of snow!) Larry had been in D.C. for 2 weeks raiding the Pentagon and State Department of files for his Political-Military Wargames and they wanted to get back to San Diego by Sunday night! Good luck, boys.

We did manage to own something into the two hours, however. We attempted to firm up some plans for the Naarg and a meeting will hopefully go out on this soon, after several interested parties have had a chance to comment. And of course, a tour of the archives was made by all. ((I didn't take the guided tour--I've seen it all before, C.--))

DIPCON V

DIPCON V will take place in Chicago on July 22-23, 1972. It will be held in the Sheraton House, one of Chicago's finest downtown hotels. Due to a convention discount secured by APW, \$50.00 doubles will go for a mere \$15.00! The highlight of the convention will be a banquet held on Sunday evening (the 23rd), featuring Allen B. Calhoun as the main speaker. For more details, write: Lon Lakofka, 1806 N. Richmond, Chicago, Illinois 60647.

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