

Hoosier Archives was originally a periodic listing of the Diplomacy archives of Walter Buchanan, R.R. 3, Lebanon, Indiana 46052, telephone (317) 482-2824; Archives Director, FDC, and V-F/Treas. International Diplomacy Association. 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, missing undamaged originals are solicited, either for purchase or a loan to permit xeroxing. (See the last archives listing in Hoosier Archives #53 for names needed.) Many original spares are now available from the archives; 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 15¢ apiece (20% discount for all available). Ask for #73 to get a list of all articles through #74. This is Albatross Press publication #85.

THE GRUDGE GAME (1971BC)

SPRING 1906

ENRAGED LUCRETIA ANNIHILATES FROG FLEET!

AUSTRIA: A Vie S A Bud, A Bud S A Vie, A Tri-Alb, A Bul-Gre, F Aeg S A Bul-Gre
(Lakofka)

FRANCE: F Edi S F Nth, A Bel-Nwy, F Nth C A Bel-Nwy, F Swe S A Bel-Nwy, F Eng-Iri, F Fre-Mid, A Mun-Sil, A Ber S A Mun-Sil, A Ruh-Kie, A Par-Bur, F Mar-Lyo, A Pie-Tus, A Ven-Ron, F Nap S A Ven-Ron /a/

GERMANY: A Gal-War, A Boh S French A Mun-Sil
(Key)

ITALY: F Rom-Nap, F Tyr S F Rom-Nap, A Apu S F Rom-Nap, F Gra-Ion, A Con-Smy
(Walker)

RUSSIA: F Wng-Cly, A Fin-Swe, F Nwy S A Fin-Swe, A Pru-Ber, A Sil S A Pru-Ber /a/
(Smythe)
A Sev-Ukr

TURKEY: F Bla-Con
(Beyerlein)

Fall 1906 Orders are due not later than noon (9:00 A.M. for phone calls) on Saturday, 8 July 1972. Conditional builds and/or removals are recommended also at this time.

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS: It appears that this game will soon be over. I would therefore like to announce that after its conclusion, I want to present an even bigger treat. The next game will be a DIPLOMACY WINNER'S INVITATIONAL and all multiple winners that have ever had an ODD Rating of over 1000 are hereby invited to sign up. The entry fee is \$7.50 and the winner will receive a beautiful suitably engraved \$20.00 trophy which I already have and which will be on display along with other archives' treasures at the DIPCON.

Speaking of the DIPCON, a rare surprise awaits you there. And, in addition to this surprise, there will be Playboy Bunnies to aid in the festivities! Dippy Widows, beware! The DIPCON will be held at Chicago's Sherman House on 22-23 July and will include a giant Diplomacy Tournament and a banquet presided over by Allan Calhauer, the game's inventor. Write INTERNATIONAL GAME SHOW, 205 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. 60606 for more details.

Also, I have an apology. I made an incredible error in Hoosier Archives #75 in omitting Edi Birsan's name as the new Ombudsman of the International Diplomacy Association. Incidentally, if you haven't joined IDA yet, do so now by sending me \$1.00. Membership is now approaching 90 and getting DIPLOMACY REVIEW is only one of its benefits.

Lastly, I'm sorry that there is no room for an article this time due to the extensive press. I now have articles on file from Lakofka, von Metzke, and Walker. Also, Rick Brook's analysis will be delayed, but don't despair. Gene Prosnitz's comments to follow will give you something substantive to chew on!

THE ULTIMATE REGRUDGING: PART II

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN SMYTHE AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE BIRSAN GIFT CLUB: I have just received several issues of Hossier Archives in one mailing, and was shocked at reading recent game developments. I wondered, was this a game between Diplomacy's leading lights, or was it a novice game that had slipped into Hossier Archives by accident?

For John Smythe, the leading architect of Birsan's victory, to blame others, such as myself, for the present state of the game is incredible. To set the record straight, I will present the background of my own actions in this game.

Faced with a three-way attack from France, Russia, and Germany, I approached Smythe with an offer which was almost unbelievably good, for Russia. Under the terms of my offer, Russia could have obtained all of Germany proper, all of Scandinavia, and also had England as a friendly puppet state, prepared to do his bidding. This would have made him the strongest power on the board.

Smythe at first accepted the offer, then stabbed me. I later found out that he did so at Birsan's urging; however, the very fact that he was foolish enough to fall for Birsan's blandishments is all the more reason why Smythe, and not Birsan, deserves to fail in this game.

Faced with a three-way alliance, I informed both Key and Smythe that if they did not change their course, I would give all my centers to Birsan. This is a legitimate tactic of alliance breaking, i.e., to induce your enemies that their present course will be unrewarding to them and just serve to strengthen their ultimate adversary.

However, this tactic would never be successful if it were merely a bluff; the tactic would then lack creditability for the future.

The above was not the only reason I gave all my centers to Birsan. The other reasons were as follows:

(1) I believe in the basic principle, if you have to go down yourself, shaft as many of your enemies as possible. This can be accomplished by giving all your centers to one person and leaving your other enemies relatively weak.

(2) From a standpoint of logistics, France was the only country in position to obtain all the English centers.

(3) I believe in rewarding intelligent rational play. As has already been explained, Smythe would have been much more rational to accept my proposition. He would have all that he has now, plus Denmark, Berlin, Kiel, Munich (maybe), plus a friendly England owning Holland and England. This would have given Smythe seven or eight extra units to fight on his side. His failure to accept this deal was a surprising blunder for a player of his expert rating.

As for Key, his play was irrational from the beginning. A German attack on England is always dubious, since Germany has to build fleets and Germany is basically a land power. However, it can occasionally work out for Germany, if either France or Russia is weak, in which case Germany first grabs England and then goes after France or Russia.

However, for Germany to join with France and Russia against England when neither France nor Russia is being menaced in the south is suicidal; Germany just gets ground between France and Russia after the fall of England. And for Germany to do so in this game, when it obtained no English centers, and when Germany didn't even get Belgium, is doubly suicidal. Key's strategy was totally hopeless from the word go.

By contrast, Birsan's strategy was intelligent. He stood to gain the most by a conquest of England, especially if he sensed that once I was out of the way the rest of you guys would roll over like a bunch of sheep.

(4) When faced with a choice between rewarding an honest player, and a double crosser, I always reward the honest player. Both Smythe and Key made false promises, and then stabbed me. By contrast, Birsan never really misled me; he told a few lies, but then I never really believe anything Edi says anyway, so I never felt that he had double crossed me.

The reason I state that Smythe, and not Key, is the leading architect of Birsan's victory is that Key is a comparatively inexperienced player, whereas Smythe, as an expert, should have known better.

As for Walker, his recent play is inexplicable. Why was he attacking Austria while Birsan was breathing down his neck? I've developed a healthy respect for Walker in other games, ever since his brilliant carbon copy letter coup in that Graustark game of a few years

back when he was England, I was Russia, and Dave Lebling was Turkey. Therefore, I can't understand Walker's recent tactics in the Grudge Game.

To sum up: I was powerless in this game; I really believe I did everything I could. By contrast, Smythe was in a position where he had power; instead, he bungled it. He deserves the major blame for Birsan's well deserved victory. /s/ Gene Prosnitz

P.S. Smythe's standing silently by while Birsan gobbled up first England and then Germany is like Neville Chamberlain standing by while Germany in the '30s gobbled up Austria and Czechoslovakia. At least Chamberlain never accused the Czechs of being appeasers.

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA: John, I couldn't agree with you more! This has never been a contest of skill, unless talking people into committing suicide is skill. Birsan has seen NO resistance at all and for that I'm ashamed to be involved with this fiasco. This was billed as a top flight game of quality players but our three kamikaze artists have turned it into a side show. More unfortunate is the fact that this has been called a demonstration game and many persons have subscribed to Hoosier Archives to follow it. I can't help but feel that they have been cheated vis-a-vis this game--not in the purchase of Hoosier Archives, however (I hasten to add, Wait), because that is one of the three best zines in the field. I hate to say that you and I are the only two who have really struggled with this game. I have over \$25 in phone bills and an immense amount of time poured into what you so aptly titled a "give away" game. The next time I enter a game in which four players agree on the winner in 1902 will be a cold day in July! Long live the dual Monarchy--long live the Czar!

TURKEY: I agree with you, Smythe. Either Birsan is offering something of great value to join his side (if that is true, Ed, then I am very willing to negotiate for some) or some of these supposedly very good players aren't living up to their reputations. Anyway, it is not the game it should be.

SOUR GRAPES: Visitors are flocking to this quaint provincial hamlet (which is located on your maps just south of Back Forty and back of South Forty) for the First Annual Sour Grape Stomping Contest. The two leading contenders for the title of Sourest Grape are Leon (the Lion Hearted) La Coughka and Johnnykins (Smash 'em) Smythereens. Feelings are running high throughout the hamlet and surrounding suburbs as the time for the contest draws near.

Yes, the contest is beginning now--both men are wallowing in their vats of sour grapes. Let's listen in as they chant their stomp:

Time, time, time awasted,
And money, money, money---I'll sue!
Here's a grape I smash with glee
For Walker, Key and Birsan, too!

"Hey, Smythereens, we were the only one who really played a good game, yes?"

"Right on, La Coughka! I can't get over the nerve of that Birsan using diplocracy in this game to win over the other players to his side--it ought to be against the rules! Why I spent over \$300 on phone calls alone trying to win. Oh, why can't I win???"

"I agree with you totally, Smythereens. Why can't I win? I spent nearly \$250 in phone calls, not to mention those trips I took. And my time--at 40¢ an hour that adds up! I deserve to win! I spent more than you did!"

"No, Coughie, I spent more--so I deserve to win. Besides, I've smashed my grapes and have started on another vat now (smash, smash)."

"Give me another vat!" cried La Coughka. (Smash, smash, smash)

Who will win this exciting contest? Such a weighty matter to be determined here! The winner of the First Annual Sour Grape Stomping Contest will have world renown as he travels around the globe stomping sour grapes. Join us for the exciting conclusion of this contest. See who will be the Sourest Grape!

BACK FORTY: Queen Suzanne was "indisposed" and thus unable to attend the First Annual Sour Grape Stomping Contest, but She has promised a consolation prize to the loser of the Sour Grape Award: a lifetime supply of Sour Grape Bubble Gum.

BEGRUDGINGS--WINTER 1905

HITT AL-GUSHER (16 Ramadan 1323): Ladies and gentlemen, this is Winston Churchill, your BBC correspondent, speaking to you from inside the Golden Tent, chief gambling establishment of the capital of Hitt al-Gusher, al-Shamblz, and of the world. I am having to speak very softly, so as not to disturb the almost total silence which precedes the posting of the

Jumping up and down...now he's running about the room, his blazing beard streaming flame and smoke all over...yuck! now he's touched off the velvet curtains...the whole place is catching fire...EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF...WOMEN AND REPORTERS PIIIIrrrr, sss...t

HITLER AL-GUSHER CONTEST. Hello, postal Diplomacy fans! This is the author of the Hitler al-Gusher releases speaking. I'm anonymous, in case you didn't know. This is a contest to guess who I am. The deadline is the end of this stupid game. You may vote as often as you like, but only your last vote counts. Those who vote correctly and identify me will receive an Interesting Prize. Send your votes to Walt Buchanan. In order to help, I practically guarantee that my name is probably in the following list:

Carol Buchanan
Leonard Lakofka
Rodney Walker
John Saythe
Lawrence W. Peery

Conrad von Metzke
Edi Birsan
John Boardman
John Boyer

Jeff Key
Brenton Ver Floeg
Tom Ellier
Douglas Beyerlein

SPRING 1906

BISTRITZ (11 May 1906): Regardless of adversity or attacks, the horrid armies of Count Leo of Austria, King of the Dual Monarchy, moved south towards the Italian border. Heralded by a thousand score of vampire bats they came, some walking, some running, some crawling, some sliding--all towards the evil creature that caused Count Leo's blood to boil. As the ghostly army moved, new slaves were added to his band as villagers and wayfarers unaware of the advance fell prey to it. The French forces before it moved away to the hills and let the black army pass unobscured. Slowly but deliberately they moved.

To Rome, to Rome, to sack and burn,
To Rome, to Rome, our fame to earn,
To Rome, to Rome, Her head to place,
To Rome, to Rome, upon Leo's mace.

Her issue shall be driven down,
Her vestments strewn for miles around,
Her coat of mail, her toga black
Shall not withstand the deadly crack
Of whip, of bow, of sword, of axe
That shall dismember the Pope of Pax!

Edinburgh (nasrib Press) (14 April 1906): The sounds that charged the castle walls must wane before the triumphant defenses of the time's greatest aberration: MacBeth, Earl of England and leader of the Norman forces against all of Europe. Clad in a golden cloak that folds over a black tunic shot with red sparkles, he stands above the battlements, arms outstretched, silencing the night cries of death by a showering of all powerful warmth and life. No foreign leader has been able to resist the cascade of strength that flows from this dreary castle wall; England, France, Germany, Italy and more eastern powers have fallen under the soul-grasping fist of this castle candle. Whether the war that has been fermented across the European plains will end soon is constantly waging doubts in his mind while he patrols the lonely walls seeking to end the death moans of millions trapped in the bellows of war and then sucked out of a peaceful atmosphere into a fiery hell. He calls upon Europe to seek peace and then end the 1000 natural shocks that we have brought upon ourselves.

ROME (23 March 1906): Her Holiness, Pope Joan III, finally held a press conference today, after months of silence. Naturally, the questioning turned to the military disasters of last year. "Well, you know," said the Pontiff, "when that funny man who turns sticks into snakes told us about a Plague of Frogs, we thought it would be nice because we do love frogs' legs. How were we to know they were that kind of frog? Oh, well, we'll just have to make do."

BACK FORTY (25 March 1906): Queen Suzanne today announced that "that Pope Joan is a big faker. She claims to know some Secret of Suzanne, but she doesn't. Why, she hasn't even mentioned the Secret for years now and I've heard she has no intentions of revealing it. She can't--because she doesn't know the Secret. We do have a Secret, you know, but we are not telling just yet--we'll have a contest like Pope Joan was having. Whoever guesses the Real, True Secret of Suzanne will be awarded an appropriate prize. A couple of people are ineligible to enter--and they know who they are!" What is THE TRUE SECRET OF SUZANNE?

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