

Alright, this might be cheating, but I thought since I was sending out game results separately I might as well crank up another issue of this long-dormant publication. After all, if I can get this back on anything close to a regular schedule it would be one of the oldest zines left, and it might be nice for VERTIGO to see the dimming twilight of the U.S. diplomacy hobby.

Besides, when I looked at what's left of the sub list, I noticed that almost every one on it qualifies as an old friend, one way or the other. My two charter subscribers, Mark Boney and Jim Neuger, go back to my Princeton days; Dave Perlmutter back even farther; Steve Courtemanche, Tom Swider, Jack McHugh and Donna Higgins, and Paul Kenny, the bedrock of my Philadelphia friends through good times and bad and the heart and soul of VERTIGO GAMES; James Wall, Matt Fleming, Paul Glenn, Chris Bailey, Tom Johnston, Andy Lischert, Jim O'Kelley, and Alan Levin, my Chicago connection; some of my oldest Dipdom buddies such as Mike Barno, Konrad Baumeister, and Dick Martin; and ultra-loyal (you have to be with me as GM) players such as Dave Palmer, Bob Acheson, Ken Sapietel, Joe Payne, Melinda Holley and Paul Bolduc. And there are many more! So, this battered old wreck of a 'zine can serve as a way to keep in touch as much

Regular I doubt it will be, although with my new job my hours are more regular and allow for more time to do things like this. I have gotten past the point of promising anything re VERTIGO. Enjoy this issue, and I hope there will be many more.

You can help assure that there will be by: a) writing a letter for RARA AVIS, our letter column; b) entering our contest; c) joining a game or the standby list; or d) just write and say you like the issue. All that is good motivation for me.

Did I say join a game? Well, yes. Given who's left on the sub list, I figure, well, they know what they are getting with me as a GM, so there's no deception or trouble. Openings exist in Dip, Gunboat, Balkan Wars VI, and Philadelphia Dip plus Fictionary Dictionary. We'll see if they fill.

What do need, desperately, is standbys for the current stable of games. Most of these are rather elderly and will be over shortly, so most positions won't take much of your time. Please consider signing up if only for a position or two, even just Gunboat. There are six regular games, six Gunboat games, a Balkan Wars VI and a Philadelphia Dip, so you can see that the list takes a beating. The current list is on the last page; if you aren't on it consider joining.

Several bits of interest here, but we will start with the timely stuff:

VERTIGO GAMES XI: ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH

VERTIGO GAMES XI, Dipdom's premier house con, once again will rock the house and bid adieu to summer with a blast! This year's festival will take place at its permanent location, the Wilson Estate at 302 Friendship Drive, Paoli, Pennsylvania, **AUGUST 30th-SEPTEMBER 1** (Labor Day weekend). The con will begin officially at noon on Saturday; guests are welcome to stay until Tuesday morning. (**--Friday night gaming may well occur at either VERTIGO GAMES's satellite locations in Easton, 80 minutes from Paoli, and/or at the residence of VERTIGO GAMES' longtime associate host, Jack McHugh, in Upper Darby, 30 minutes from Paoli. Friday night arrivals are welcome, and can be arranged with some notice. Those interested in Friday arrivals should contact Brad Wilson at the numbers below.)

VERTIGO GAMES features include:

1) Bed space for four, couch for one or two, and plenty of floor space. Beds are strictly first-come, first-served.

2) Gaming of all sorts; consistent VERTIGO GAMES favorites are Diplomacy, Civilization, Kingmaker, Circus Maximus, History of the World, Nuclear War, Eurorails, Empire Builder, Family Business, Broadway, Privateer, Can't Stop, 18XX, Trivial Pursuit, and Harass Flapjack, but your favorite is welcome, and over the years we've played everything imaginable. Gaming is the heart and soul of the con; what makes VERTIGO GAMES stand out among other cons is the rich diversity of the games we play. I hope to play Advanced Civilization on August 31. Tired of playing just one or two games at Cons? At VERTIGO GAMES, we guarantee you'll see a wide selection of gaming. Enjoy!

3) Plenty of Eastern-brewed beer such as Yuengling, Rolling Rock, Genesee, Schmidt's, Stegmaier, Straub's, etc -- and ONLY Eastern-brewed beer.

4) In the non-beer sustenance department (if we need anything else, that is), the con will provide soda and munchies, but meal-type food will be either collected for in the con kitty or brought in; the con can't afford to feed hordes of hungry gamers. However, Brad's Breakfast Bonanza (eggs, meat, toast, juice, my custom-made Bloody Marys, etc.) will be served mornings. Also, we have a gas grill that can cook chicken, hot dogs, burgers, etc, quickly and well. In general, be prepared to either bring meals or kick in for them.

5) The famous VERTIGO GAMES hot tub -- the ONLY house con with its own hot tub! Bring your bathing suit!

6) Patches in all his glory. Patches, a hyper-friendly 100-pound lab mix, eats anything, likes everybody (except Mike Gonsalves), wants nothing but attention, and will be a 24-hour presence to entertain (?) congoers. There's also a cat, Queen Tiffany I, in residence, but sightings of Her Highness during VERTIGO GAMES are very rare.

7) Basketball and tennis courts two blocks away in a pleasant park.

8) The year's biggest gathering of the legendary, immortal, and historic East Coast Clique, a sight not to be missed!

So wadda waiting for? COME ON DOWN!

VERTIGO GAMES helpful hints: Bring sleeping gear and your own towels. Parking isn't a problem. The house has a screened-in porch and outdoor deck for relief for those allergic to cats and/or dogs. Big-screen TV, too, for your sports/Star Trek/Fugitive fixes. Some past guests: Kathy Caruso, James Wall, Steve Cameron, Andy Lischert, Mike Gonsalves, Eric Brosius, John Caruso, Mike Barno, David Wang, Tom Johnston, Chris Bailey, Julie Martin, Marc Peters, Tom Mainardi, Cal White, Alan Levin, Tom Swider, Dick Martin, Paul Bolduc, and many more.

VERTIGO GAMES CONTACTS: RSVP, questions, etc to Brad Wilson at 3rd Floor, 123 N. 3rd St., Easton, PA 18042-1803, (610)-923-6610 WHICH IS NOT THE NUMBER AT THE CON!!! During VERTIGO GAMES IX itself (August 30-September 1), reach Brad and anyone else at (610)-296-9474. Longtime VERTIGO GAMES associate host Jack McHugh is at (610)-626-4485 and can answer questions as well.

VERTIGO GAMES DIRECTIONS:

PUBLIC TRANSIT: 302 Friendship is five minutes away from the Paoli stop of SEPTA's R5 Paoli Local train line. Board the R5 Paoli Local at the Upper Level of 30th Street Station or at Suburban Station (16th and JFK), both in downtown Philadelphia and it's about a 45-minute ride to Paoli. Reach SEPTA at (215)-580-7800. AMTRAK also stops at Paoli with direct service from New York, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, the Midwest, and Chicago; call 1-(800)-USA-RAIL.

Also, if you're flying in, SEPTA's Airport High-Speed Line connects with the R5 at both stations plus Market East Station. Intercity BUS service comes to the King of Prussia bus depot, about 20 minutes away from Paoli. Either way, train or bus, call the con at 610-296-9474 and someone will be out to pick you up.

From BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, and POINTS SOUTH: I-95 north to I-476 NORTH exit, which is about 25 minutes north of Wilmington in Chester, Penn. Follow I-476 NORTH to the US 30 exit, about 15 miles north. At the off-ramp, follow the signs to 'St. Davids' and US 30 WEST, bearing LEFT off the ramp onto 30. Follow US 30 west for about six miles/20 minutes until the junction with PA ROUTE 252 in Paoli, at the Boston Market restaurant and 7-11. Turn RIGHT onto 252 NORTH, and at the first traffic light turn RIGHT onto Friendship Drive. 302 is the fifth house on the left.

From TRENTON, NEW YORK, and POINTS NORTHEAST: New Jersey Turnpike to Pennsylvania Turnpike heading WEST. Follow PA Turnpike to Exit 24, VALLEY FORGE. Exit there, go through the toll plaza, and take ramp for US Route 202 south (it will say 'West Chester') 1/4 mile past toll plaza. Follow 202 SOUTH for three miles south to PA ROUTE 252 SOUTH, the PAOLI exit (NOT the 252 NORTH Devon exit!). Exit and follow 252 SOUTH to the FOURTH light, which is Friendship Drive; turn LEFT, fifth house on left.

From PHILADELPHIA, SOUTH JERSEY, and POINTS EAST: I-76 WEST to US ROUTE 202 SOUTH exit; then as above.

From EASTON, SCRANTON, BINGHAMTON, TORONTO, and POINTS FAR NORTH: I-81 to NORTHEAST EXTENSION of Pennsylvania Turnpike (Route 9) at Scranton or Dupont (follow signs). Follow to I-276, PA TURNPIKE WEST, (about 2 hours south of Scranton). Take I-276 WEST to Exit 24, VALLEY FORGE; then as in TRENTON above.

From LANCASTER, HARRISBURG, PITTSBURGH, CHICAGO, and POINTS WEST: Pennsylvania Turnpike EAST to Exit 24, then as in TRENTON above.

WHAT DID THAT RETURN ADDRESS SAY?

(Ed. Note: some of this is adapted from Meet George Jetson #108, so to some it may sound familiar)

Yes, it said, 'Easton, Pa.'

Easton is in the Lehigh Valley, about 60 miles north of Philadelphia and 70 miles west of Manhattan, at the junction of the Lehigh and Delaware Rivers. It's a city of about 26,000, the county seat of Northampton County and the third of the Lehigh Valley's 'Big 3' cities with Allentown and Bethlehem. Easton is an old city -- it was significant as a supply source in the Revolution, was the jumping-off point for Gen. John Sullivan's gory and successful assault on the Iroquois Indians in 1779 and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, George Taylor, lived here. Easton is divided into four neighborhoods. Two -- South Side (on the south side of the Lehigh) and West Ward -- are typical Pennsylvania working-class neighborhoods. A third, College Hill, is where Lafayette College is and sits on a hill that dominates the north side of town. It's the 'upscale' part of town and quite pleasant. I live in Downtown, along the river and sort of in between the other three. Downtown is a combination of an old-style Main Street shopping area, a up-and-coming art/antiques center, a lawyer-doctor office area, a bit of Skid Row, and some distinguished old brownstones. I live on the third floor of one of those in a small but extremely pleasant and very charming apartment that I like very much. It has tree parking in back, heat is included, and it's one block from my office. I love walking to work!

Easton has more culture and life than many cities its size. While it's not Manhattan or Chicago or Philadelphia, it does have a plethora of art galleries (10), book stores, coffee houses and four nice bars. I can walk to everything I need except the supermarket (have to go two miles for that). Allentown and Bethlehem have a fair amount of lively stuff there too and the local colleges (Lafayette, Lehigh, Allentown, Moravian, Muhlenberg) will help in the art-music-theatre departments. And I'm close enough for frequent sorties to New York and Philadelphia.

However, many of you know I am, usually, a big-city type. So what I am doing here?

This relocation comes about as I have finally achieved one of my career goals -- to work at a daily newspaper. I have been a weekly type since 1986, but have been trying on and off for eight years or so to join a daily paper. This has been made difficult, often, by the fact that, as editors would say, "you don't have daily experience." Thanks for stating the bloody obvious! Even after I started stringing (writing sports on a per-assignment basis) for the Norristown, Pa., daily, I still could not crack the daily world full-time. In the last year or so this became disturbing, as the Norristown paper filled two spots without hiring me (I suspect the sports editor would have wanted to, but highers-up did not) and I began to worry that once one reaches a certain age -- I will be 35 this December -- one gets tagged as a weekly "lifer". I was not terribly interested in the news side at a daily; I have always thought of myself as a sportswriter first and foremost.

So when I heard at the state wrestling tournament that the Express-Times in Easton was looking for a scholastic wrestling writer, I eagerly applied. The Express-Times is a 50,000-circulation daily that covers Northampton County in Pennsylvania and Warren and Hunterdon Counties in New Jersey. The area is the top high school wrestling area in the nation: last year 3 of the top 10 high school teams in the nation were in our coverage area, we had seven individual champions in two states and our schools won the big-school class in both Pennsylvania and New Jersey. For a wrestling "nut" like me (writers who like wrestling are not all that common and generally regarded as fanatics by other sportswriters) it doesn't get much better. In addition the paper's Managing Editor is an old friend of mine from Norristown. I was fortunate enough to be offered the position and now, well, here I am. When not doing wrestling I do football, girls soccer, assorted other features and help in the office. I enjoy the work so far -- I have been at the E-T almost four months -- and am looking forward to wrestling season when I take over a challenging and difficult task of covering perhaps the paper's most critical beat. The money is a little better than where I was, but rent and other such things will eat up most of that. I will be comfortable, but the point isn't money: it's getting on a daily. Also, since I can work just one job and support myself, I will have more free time to read, travel to New York and Philadelphia, pursue other writing interests and do this stuff.

The schedule of a sportswriter is just a little strange. I am generally at home during the day, and if you need to reach me that is a good time to do it. At night five days out of seven I will be working, and while I give my work phone number below (see Boxscore) I may be out of the office, unavailable, or quite busy. Please use the work number with sensible discretion. Deadlines will shift to midnight, as I expect to come home and work on letters and such for a couple of hours before bed. Remember you may always leave orders on my answering machine although if you do please read them slowly so I can copy them down correctly.

Football season will not be the maelstrom of work it was back at *The Suburban*. While it will be busy, I won't be doing up to six games a weekend anymore, and thus won't disappear from September to November the way I often did. My football beats here include three high schools, Rutgers, and the New York Jets. As I put it, I've got the Bad Football Beats. That's fine, though. I will also do field hockey, which is pretty good in our New Jersey coverage area and not quite so hot in Pennsylvania. So the fall should be fascinating, and I can't wait. Summer, at any scholastic-oriented sports department, is deadly dull.

NEW YORK AS I'VE KNOWN IT

Of all the great cities I have spent time in over the years (outside of Philadelphia) I have the longest, and in some ways most colorful, association with New York City. I have always been fascinated by the human energy that pulsates from the city. There's a powerful drive of life that I feel in (especially) Manhattan that I don't associate with any other city. Certainly not any East Coast city -- Philadelphia is sleepily if pleasantly decaying, Boston far too dignified to be energetic, Providence, Wilmington, and Richmond are just too small; Baltimore is a weird hybrid of trendy and ancient that clashes; and Washington a gorged parasite living off the nation's production.

Chicago, NYC's closest competition, is a dynamo, bursting with energy, but on a human scale, I think. I think you can master Chicago. I don't think anyone can master New York.

In a way, of course, that makes New York less accessible; one of the reasons I love Chicago so dearly is that I feel I know the city well and have tamed, in a way, its challenges. While the thrill of arriving in Chicago is the thrill of seeing old friends and visiting old haunts, the thrill of entering New York carries with it a sizzle of unfamiliarity, even a bit of sense of fear of the unknown. It's something of the sense Fitzgerald conveys in *The Great Gatsby*, when Carraway and Gatsby are entering New York and Carraway thinks, 'Anything can happen now -- even Gatsby could happen.' I've thought about this lately because I have been in New York more often, living in Easton, and probably will be more often, if nothing else for work.

My acquaintance with New York has been a fleeting one over the years. I have not spent many nights in the city or that a concentrated amount of time over a period of days that I have in such places as Cleveland, Harrisburg, Milwaukee, and Nashville, to name a few. But only New York keeps popping up on my radar as a place that calls me back (this excludes Chicago, of course, but it's calling for a different reason). For instance, I have no great desire to visit Cleveland again (except maybe to hear the orchestra), or St. Louis, or Baltimore, or even Washington (except to see friends, but not to see the city). I feel bored at times, if entirely at home, in Philadelphia. And Boston is a distant, hazy, 'gee, I'd like to go back but' sort of feeling. New York, though, is different. I keep hearing its siren song, a seductive whisper luring me over the Hudson.

That's in large part due to my thrilling experiences over the years.

I met Manhattan first in July 1968, when I was five and a half, and that visit provoked the memory seared deepest in my mind. I remember a noisy, huge place with tall buildings. Especially the tall building part -- for good reason. When my parents took me to the top of the Empire State Building, I complained that I could not see over the fence around the observation deck, which at the time wasn't as high as it is now. So my father, ever accomodating, picked me up and lifted me over the railing, dangling over 34th Street. Well, I could see now -- down 100 stories, a terrifying sight, but I could see. I remember my mother screaming at my father and I remember feeling intense fear for the first time. Other than inducing an occasional fear of heights, I think that trip planted the seed of New York being thrillingly dangerous.

A couple of trips in the 1970's to New York's incomparable museums made me aware that this city had museums that dwarfed Philadelphia's (although now as then Philadelphia's are very good). Those visits, to the Hayden planetarium, the natural history museum, the Guggenheim, and others helped make me a museum fanatic (I will go to museums at the slightest excuse) and, again, pointed out the vastness of New York. So did trips to New England over the Cross-Bronx Expressway.

My high school years were spent exploring Philadelphia, mostly, but there were two trips to New York: one with a bunch of my high school friends to Broadway, to see *Deathtrap*, that helped forge my love for the theater (an often unrequited love due to its steep price) and one with my high school architecture class to experience many of NYC's building classics: the Cloisters, the Seagram Building, Grand Central Terminal, the Chrysler Building, and others. That trip added architecture to my list of interests -- one reason I love Chicago -- and brought home, again, the lesson that this grand, sprawling mess of a city was formidable indeed, maybe too much so for me. Playing Dip in spring 1981 at Fred Hyatt's old house on Atlantic Avenue in wild, exotic Brooklyn helped that my-God-this-city-is-huge idea along.

That changed during my Princeton years when I finally started to get a feel for New York. Part of that was from attending BYRNECONS at Kathy Byrne John Caruso's home in Flushing, my first experience with Queens. Going back to the same place made it more familiar, and I used to go via train/subway and car, putting different areas of New York in my 'range' for the first time. Plus I spent more time in Manhattan when I was at Princeton. Jim Neuger and I saw William F. Buckley Jr. speak at the 'Jewish Y'; I was manager of Princeton's basketball team that played both at Madison Square Garden and at Columbia, up in Morningside Heights; and I would make solo trips to New York for shows, movies and a new interest -- music.

The city's magic began to work. MSG is a loud, spirited place for sports, and I loved it. I loved the glittering, lustful lights of Times Square. I loved the intensity of New York baseball crowds, especially the day at Yankee Stadium when Mark Boney and I saw Tom Seaver win his 300th game pitching for the White Sox against the Yanks. I loved the monument to knowledge that is the New York Public Library, and the temple of books that the Strand bookstore is. I saw Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes give a memorable show December 30, 1981, at the old Savoy Theatre on 45th Street. I enjoyed my trips to Columbia and got to see another side of New York up there.

Two experiences at the time made New York come alive in a special way.

One was driving past Yankee Stadium en route to Kathy's in September 1983 with Mark Boney. We were listening to the Yankee-Oriole game on the radio -- the two teams were battling for first place very late in the season -- and just as we went past the Stadium John Lowenstein slammed a home run that wound up beating the Yanks and sending the Orioles into the playoffs. What it made fascinating to me was that you didn't need to listen to the radio to know that disaster had struck the Yankees -- you could feel it in the car, energy and noise and emotion emanating from the Stadium. I have never had a similar feeling anywhere else.

And then there was the night in November 1982 when I missed the last bus back to Princeton and spent the night hanging around a shoeshine stand at 8th Ave. and 42nd Street. This was at the height of 42nd Street's notorious reign of porn, pimps, hookers, hoodlums, drugs; just about anything you could imagine and some things you couldn't, really. I was offered a free ticket to a show that involved Chinese dwarves in bondage, for example. But I have never found this sort of thing threatening; and that night I saw a parade of a part of New York I'd heard about but never known: now I did. As an experience in observing humanity in all its shapes and sizes it was unparalleled. The shoeshine guy, Sam, was subletting the stand and was making something like 15 cents a shine, but he'd lost his factory job and this was all he could get. That night helped make me a) a nighthawk; night is much more interesting than day, I think, and b) a connoisseur of similar neighborhoods in other cities. Such areas pulse with life and vigor, I think, and I found them in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Washington. I have never been bothered or molested, either.

Leaving Princeton and heading west took New York out of my life for quite a while except for a short visit or two (two-three hours) to visit a friend or en route to my late-1980's favorite vacation spot, Cape Cod. The inspiration to put it back in came largely from my realizing the cultural opportunities New York offered; as I got more and more interested in classical music it became clear New York was the place to go for that. Reading the *New York Times* on Sunday, which I have done ever since 1991 or so, made the still-intimidating city more familiar and made me aware of concerts and shows.

But it took a visit from an old college friend in 1992 to get me back up to New York. We did tourist-type things such as Ellis Island, had a fine dinner in Greenwich Village (The Sazerac House, recommended) and saw a blues show. I was hooked after that.

Since then, except for my year in Chicago, I have been a regular visitor to New York. It's changed since Princeton days. The subways are clean and civilized; the cabbies are all immigrants (you could find an Italian or Irish hack in '82); speaking of immigrants, they are everywhere; just try and find a non-Chinese or Indian shopkeeper; the New York Philharmonic is a better orchestra now than then; Broadway is better off and more creative (don't miss *Chicago*, a dynamite musical), the bookstores are even better, the *Village Voice* is now free in Manhattan and the art shows and exhibits are even weirder. Not all the changes are for the good -- I abhor the Disneyfication of 42nd Street; whatever the old 42nd St. was, it was real, not a commercialized corporate fantasyland; the prices are even more staggering; the homeless are even more noticeable and offensive; and the AIDS plague has sucked a lot of life and passion out of Greenwich Village, which seems a little haunted to me now (that said, it still has three of my favorite NYC restaurants, the Sazerac House at Hudson and Charles Sts, La Focaccia on West 4th and the Paris Commune on Bank).

Still, there's nothing quite like New York. In art, theatre, and music it reigns supreme. The two best art exhibits I ever seen were there -- the Whitney's 1995 Edward Hopper retrospective and the Met's Treasures of China. Musically, I was awed by the Emerson String Quartet's complete Bartok cycle in one day at Avery Fisher Hall and stunned by the Cecil Taylor Trio at the Village Vanguard. I don't see as much theater as I'd like but *Chicago* was stunning and the classics are usually available. I saw Diana Rigg as Medea, an experience not for the faint of heart. Food-wise, I adore New York deli food, and the pastrami at the Carnegie Deli melts in my mouth. Drinking in New York can be expensive, but the smart lush can find a hole in the wall to get hammered. Madison Square Garden and

Yankee Stadium still rock, and the Strand is still a book lover's dream. Just watching people in NYC is a sport in itself. Reading the papers in its parks while puffing on a Macanudo cigar and watching the world go by is a fine way to waste a Sunday. And all those immigrants bring energy, excitement and good food.

But somehow it's the combination of all that and everything else in New York that flows together and creates a city that is the center of the universe. I will always love my city of Philadelphia and I'd still rather live in Chicago than anywhere else, but I will increasingly hear New York's tempting call -- and I will increasingly answer it.

FROM THE CROW'S NEST (the VERTIGO hobby news column)

Chris Carrier is dead of a heart attack at age 38.⁶ Don't get us started. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, we always say, and since we'd have very little *bonum* to say here, we'll say (almost) nothing. R.I.P., Chris Carrier.

Carrier was, for those don't remember or have willed themselves to forget, the only hobbyist I have ever met in 18 years that was in Dipdom solely to feud and attack people. While many hobbyists did their share of feuding over the years, including me, all but Carrier did something else -- pubbed a zine (yes, Carrier had a zine, but it was all about feuding), played games, wrote letters, hosted Cons, whatever. Carrier was in Dipdom solely to inflict harm and pain on whatever target he found within reach. When he left the hobby, I cheered. I will not cheer his leaving this mortal coil, as that would be in bad taste, but I won't mourn, either. I expect most of Dipdom would agree.

Of course back then (late 1980's-early 1990's) there was a hobby worth feuding about. I'd love to know how many Dipdom hobbyists are left. 200? 250? There used to be over 1,000. My sub list stands at 55 and of that, at least 10 if not more are not hobbyists in the strictest sense; they get VERTIGO because they are friends with me. Some play games, some even play PBM, but aren't Dipdom types.

One good part about our hobby's decline, though, is that the Runestone Poll may finally be dead, according to Doug Kent in Maniac's Paradise #101. I have disliked this poll for years as it encourages negative voting on people's amateur zines. Zines folded because of negative RP votes. People's feelings were hurt. Some zines never started because pubbers didn't think they'd do well in a poll. Other zines burned out far in advance of their prime as they went all out to win the poll in a certain year and then had nothing left. The final pollster, Eric Brosius, was honest and diligent, which could not be said of several of his predecessors, but we are not sad that the poll is dead. What we are sad about is the state of the hobby that killed off the poll.

The hobby award ballot is out, and I feel obligated to push this because I am on the committee that helped pick the nominees. The ballot appears somewhere in the zine, and please vote. These awards recognize excellence and reward our hobby's hardest workers. Nominees include Doug Kent, Jim Burgess, Andy York, Conrad von Metzke, Andy Lischett, Mark Fassio, and Mike Gonsalves, all of whom would make worthy winners. If you do vote, a \$1 contribution towards the cost of the plaques would be appreciated.

Our there in the land of reliable GMs and regular zines, none is more reliable and regular than Cheesecake. Andy Lischett's zine. It costs absolutely nothing, and you get the best GMing in the hobby. Right now Andy has game openings, which are rare in Cheesecake. You can't do better playing PBM now than playing in Andy's zine. Some of the

hobby's most cunning veterans hang out there and are dandy foes to test your skills against. The last bunch of openings attracted ~~seem like sharpies sharks~~ good players such as Bruce Reiff, Ron Cameron, and Larry Botimer. I'm playing as well, so if you sign up now you can watch me win two games at once! As a side benefit you get Andy's clever sense of humor in little asides and, once in a very great while, the funniest writing in the hobby. Andy's last two essays that I remember were his absolutely hilarious portrait of his first FTF game -- with his family, all of things -- and a remarkable story of tracking down a hit-and-run driver. Ask him for reprints of either or both -- they are well worth it. You can find Andy at 2402 Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, IL 60402. Tell him the guy who's cluttering up his garage with boxes of books sent you.

I'd plug a lot more zines but I only get five: Cheesecake, Maniac's Paradise, The Abyssinian Prince, Yellow Pajamas and Absolute!. The last took a VERTIGO-like vacation but is back and well worth its 75 cents an issue cost, especially if you like history, ice hockey, Irish affairs, hobby news, baby updates, and some hilarious misspellings. Write to Paul Kenny, 23 E. Coulter Ave., Collingswood, N.J., 08108-1208. Tell him the Rev. Ian Paisley sent you.

MP hardly needs a plug, really, but it is this simple: it is pretty much the last zine in the Grand Tradition, with all sorts of games, letters, articles, subzines and news. There used to be 10-15 zines like it in the hobby. It is now alone in its class -- well, maybe Costaguana too, which really is a zine I should get -- the last dinosaur of a group. It costs \$2 an issue but it's worth it. Write to Doug Kent at 10214 Black Hickory Rd., Dallas, TX 75243. Tell him Barry Switzer sent you.

TAP is unique; although I don't know Jim's sublist by heart, it can't have too many newcomers on it. What it does have the biggest collection of old-time hobby survivors around. (All this ignores Jim's commitment to E-Mail Dip and the Electronic Hobby, which he has done yeoman work for, but I am not on-line and can't speak much about it.) At times this can lead to too much memory lane stuff but to a fossil such as me that's fine. Jim is an outstanding writer and distinguished economist who helped out with Clinton's health care plan (Jim's ideas were all the good parts of that boondoggle). In the zine, politics, music and personal stuff prevail, plus some witty press from extreme old-timers such as Keith Sherwood and Mike Barno. It also has more of my letters than any other zine. It's well worth \$1 an issue and is available on-line, too. Write Jim Burgess at 664 Smith St., Providence, RI 02908-4327 or e-mail him at bur-gess@world.std.com. Tell him Murray Rothbard sent you.

Yellow Pajamas is a Cheesecake for the 90's: well-run games, small zine, a few stray writings by the GM, and

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dedicated players. In my regular game here I get letters by the bushel. Paul Milewski has a winner on his hands, and he's looking for players for Dip and Colonial Dip. Write Paul at 7 Mallard Drive, Amelia, OH 45102. Tell him Sam Spade sent you.

GAMES DEP'T.

NOTE TO PLAYERS: My apologies about the deadline fiasco last time. I thought Doug was writing the deadline on copies for those of you that don't get Maniac's Paradise. He wasn't. Sorry. We have that straightened out now.

RICKY BYRDSONG 1994A FALL 1904

DING-DONG, THE WITCHES ARE DEAD

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Acheson): A Tyo-Mun, A Rum H, F Aeg-Smy, A Con S F Aeg-Smy, A Gal-Sil, A Bud-Vie
ENGLAND (Payne): A Cly S RUSSIAN F Edi
FRANCE (McKinnon): A Bel-Hol, A Mar-Pie, F Mid-Spa(sc), F Bre-Eng, F Lyo S A Mar-Pie
GERMANY (Fleming): F Bal-Bot, A Boh S A Mun-Tyo, F Wal-Lvp, A Mun-Tyo, A Yrk-Edi, A Nwy⁹ H, F Nth S A Yrk-Edi
ITALY (Lischert?): NMR!! F Tys, A Pie, A Naf, F Tun all hold
RUSSIA (Milewski): F StP(nc) H, F Bla S A Arm-Ank, A Ukr-War, A Arm-Ank, F Edi H, A Mos-War
TURKEY (York): A Ank-Con, F Smy S A Ank-Con

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Austro-Hungarian A Tyo is dislodged and may retreat to Ven, Tri, or the box. The Italian A Pie is dislodged and may retreat to Ven, Tus, or the box. Both Turkish units are dislodged but the retreats are irrelevant. The Fall 1904 supply center chart:

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: home, ser, gre, bul, rum, con, smy, ven?
ENGLAND: (lvp)
FRANCE: home, spa, por, bel, hol
GERMANY: home, (hol), den, swe, lon, lvp
ITALY: (ven?), rom, nap, tun
RUSSIA: home, nwy, edi, ank
TURKEY: (ank), (smy)

(9/10) SEE BELOW*
(0) remove one and OUT! Bye, Joe.
(7) BUILD ONE
(7) EVEN
(3/4) SEE BELOW**
(7) BUILD ONE
(0) out! Thanks, Andy.

*--depending on retreats. If ret to VEN and gets there, then 10, BUILD TWO. If ret Ven and then annihilated by Italian retreat, or retreat OTB, then 9, BUILD TWO. If ret to TRI, then 9, BUILD ONE.

**--depending on retreats, which are impossibly complex.

Given all the complicated stuff, I will separate Winter 1904 adjustments and Spring 1905 orders on ONE request. They will be due on the deadline on the last page. I assume Andy Lischert just missed the standby call, and that he will be in charge of Italy, but just in case would JACK McHUGH please send standby orders for Italy? Thanks to Andy York for filling in as Turkey and to Joe Payne for playing out a hopeless position. All addresses appear below. This game is brought to you by VERTIGO's Southeastern Conference Prediction: SEC East: 1. Tennessee; 2. Florida; 3. South Carolina; 4. Georgia; 5. Kentucky; 6. Vanderbilt. SEC West: 1. Louisiana State; 2. Auburn; 3. Alabama; 4. Mississippi State; 5. Arkansas; 6. Mississippi. Overall champion: Louisiana State.

PRESS

LA LISTE DES JEUS ROYALES: Sepultra, Roots (Roadrunner 1996) 8/8 (Brazilian natives Sepultra spent a month with the Xavantes, Indians of Mato Grosso, Brazil, resulting in an album full of harsh, tribal (literally) metal sung in English, Xavante and Portuguese. Notes include tribal totems and extensive credits.)

EASTON: Wow. That's a concept to me, but it sounds fascinating. Musical meetings like that can be fascinating. The one popular in Philadelphia now, the 'Afro-Celt Sound System', has Ghana meeting Galway Bay, and it's unquestionably different. I like reggae-influenced soul and rock more than I like reggae, for example. Reggae with metal has been done, and I rather liked it.

FRANCE to ITALY: At best you are in for a stalemate. I suggest you turn on your master and sink some teeth into the Austrian rump, before desperation turns him your way.

RUSSIA-EASTON: Who is this guy NMR and why is he playing so many positions in one game?

EASTON: Wish I knew.

FRANCE to AUSTRIA: When my army is in Piedmont, and my fleets attack WMed, then we'll make the attack.

FRANCE to ENGLAND: Hong Kong! Not the whole UK, just Hong Kong!

YUENGLING 1992T SPRING 1907

BEAR REACHES FRENCH BORDER

FRANCE(Acheson): A Mar-Pie, F Wes-Naf, F Spa(sc)-Wes, A Mun S A Kie, F Hol S A Kie, A Ruh S A Mun, F Nwg-Bar, A Kie S A Mun, F Nth-Nwy
GERMANY (Wall): F Ska-Swe, F Den S F Ska-Swe.
RUSSIA (Payne): F StP(nc)-Nwy, A Mos-StP, A Fin S F StP(nc)-Nwy, A Sil-Mun, F Bal S A Nwy-Swe, A Ber-Kie, A Boh S A Sil-Mun, A Ven-Pie, A Tyo S A Sil-Mun, A Nwy-Swe
TURKEY (McHugh): A Tri-Ven, F Alb S F Aeg-Ion, F Aeg-Ion, F Nap S F Ion-Tys, F Tun S F Ion-Tys, A Rom S A Tri-Ven, F Ion-Tys, F Smy-Aeg, A Con-Bul

Underlined moves do not succeed. The French A Mun is dislodged and may retreat to Bur or le box. The Russian A Ven is dislodged and may retreat to Tus, Apu, or off the board. The retreats and Fall 1907 will be due on the deadline on the last page near where all addresses lurk. This game is brought to you by VERTIGO's Big 10 prediction: 1. Penn State; 2. Ohio State; 3. Michigan State; 4. Northwestern; 5. Wisconsin; 6. Michigan; 7. Iowa; 8. Minnesota; 9. Indiana; 10. Purdue; 11. Illinois (now there's a nice sight; U of I last!).

PRESS

FRA-RUS-TUR: Let me guess, you two are allied?!

EASTON: Guess might be the word.

RAOUL WALLENBERG 1992A/ra WINTER 1907 only

OOPS

I managed to call a standby who was already in the game -- brilliant! This means a stoppage, but we can and will play Winter 1907 now. A new standby has been called. Sorry about the screwup!

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Even. Has A Vie, A Bud, A Ser, F Tri, A Alb

ENGLAND: Build A Edi, F Lvp. Has A Edi, F Lvp, F Eng, A Hol, A Yrk, F Bal, F StP(nc), F Bre, A Mar, A Ber, F Bel, F Wme, A Kie, F Nth all hold

FRANCE: Even. Has A Bur.

GERMANY: Even. Has A Mun, A Sil.

ITALY: Build F Rom. Has F Rom, A Ven, F Adr

RUSSIA: Build A War. Has A War, A Ukr, A Rum, F Sev

TURKEY: Even. Has F Bla, F Aeg, A Gre, A Con, F Bul(sc)

Spring 1908 will be due on the deadline on the last page. We have a new English player but the old Italian has returned. What we need now is a proper standby for Austria-Hungary; how about _____ for Austria-Hungary? Thank you. This game is brought to you by

VERTIGO's Mid-American conference pick: EAST DIVISION: 1. Marshall; 2. Bowling Green; 3. Miami (Ohio); 4. Ohio University; 5. Akron; 6. Kent. West Division: 1. Central Michigan; 2. Toledo; 3. Ball State; 4. Western Michigan; 5. Eastern Michigan; 6. Northern Illinois. Overall champion: Marshall.

PRESS

RUSSIA-TURKEY: I will help you.

PAR-EASTON: It seems you missed my (classical) music allusion in last issue's press. Hint: French composer.

EASTON: Hmmmm... It must be from a vocal work, and that is not my strong suit. I'd guess Berlioz. Pray tell us, next time, dear sir? Also, the production of *Julius Caesar* was disappointing. If this Brutus was the noblest man in Rome, Rome was in sad shape. And the Cassius! Yuck! The actor portrayed Cassius as a whiny wimp, which I don't think he is. Wumps don't lead civil wars. Antony, meanwhile, was uneloquent and dull. Why Cleopatra would fall in love with this nullity I couldn't guess. The Caesar was excellent, Casca very good and the women, especially Calpurnia, extremely affecting and poignant. Sets were fine and the direction was sharp. But with all three leads miscast, the play didn't stand a chance. Too bad.

COMISKEY PARK 1990HF WINTER 1913/SPRING 1914

ONE BIG STEP FOR THE WEST

ERRATA: Germany's A StP-Mos failed last time.

Winter 1913: GERMANY: build A Ber, A Mun.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Wall): F Eas-Ion, A Gal S A Bud-Vie, A Ser S A Tri, A Ukr-War, A Tri S ITALIAN F Alb, A Bud-Vie

ENGLAND (McKinnon): F Mid H, F Wme H, F Tys S F Nap-Ion, F Tun S F Nap-Ion, F Apu S F Nap-Ion, F Ion-Alb, F Adr S A Ven-Tri, A Mar H, F Lyo H, F Nap-Ion, A Ven-Tri, A Rom-Ven

GERMANY (Boulduc): A Ber-Sil, A Mun S A Ber-Sil, A Tyo S ENGLISH A Ven-Tri, A Vie S ENGLISH A Ven-Tri, F Bot S A Lvn, A Boh S A Vie, A StP-Mos, A Lvn S A War, A Pru S A War, A War S A Sil-Gal, A Sil-Gal

ITALY (Acheson): F Gre S F Alb, F Alb S AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN A Tri, F Aeg S AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN F Eas-Ion

RUSSIA (Payne): A Sev S A Mos, A Mos S AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN A Ukr (OTM and cut)

Underlined orders do not succeed. The Austro-Hungarian A Tri is dislodged and hammered into teeny-tiny little bits. Fall 1914 orders will be due on the deadline listed on the last page. Both draws kicked the bucket. E:A/G failed 1 yes, 4 no; E:G was tossed 2 yes, 3 no. E:G is repropoed; please vote with your next orders, NMR=YES, NVR=NO. Gee, wonder what the result will be. Thanks to Joe Payne for taking in Russia. All addresses can be found below. This game is brought to you by **VERTIGO's** Big 12 predictions: Big 12 North: 1. Colorado; 2. Nebraska; 3. Kansas State; 4. Missouri; 5. Kansas; 6. Iowa State. Big 12 South: 1. Texas; 2. Texas A&M; 3. Texas Tech; 4. Oklahoma; 5. Oklahoma State; 6. Baylor. Overall champion: Colorado.

PRESS

ROYAL MARINE HQ, ANZIO: Chief MO for this sector of the front has taken the Stimmel case to heart, and holds weekly sit-down conferences on the Corporal's condition.

"It's quite obvious," Major McDonald said, "that we're seeing a completely new sort of insanity. I, for instance, am part of the problem. My own speech, as you can tell, is replete with all the obvious markers of my education at Eton, Oxford and Johns Hopkins. But the corporal is confused by what he considers the obvious Scots nature of my name. He's convinced I am tricking him.

I dare not wear my kilt, to which, as an officer in the 4th regiment of the Black Watch, I am entitled. It would surely cause his head to physically implode."

OTTAWA-EASTON: I accepted a one-year (potentially many more) offer from my company to help in a software implementation for the Dept. National Defense Supply Section. Beats traveling around like I've done for the past three years. I may even put out another issue one of these months.

EASTON: I'd love to see The Canadian Diplomat back. Especially for the quizzes!

ENGLAND to ITALY: I assure you, you won't be in it.

ENG-GER: Grind me a pound while you're at it!

GER-A/R: Grind, grind, grind.

ENG-ITA: Sorry, Luigi, there's not enough sauce to go around. One rather suspects you'll be eating yours dry, eh? Just let us know when you're sick of this, vote yes!

EASTON: I think that may be a while.

HER MAJESTY'S PLAYLIST: XTC, English Settlement (Geffen/Virgin 1982) 8/7 (Originally a Double LP, I first heard this on import CD in '85, minus two tracks. The CD now sounds unbalanced with them. Up to the usual quirky popisms, I still either love or loathe each track individually. (In '85, CD players were new, and it was novel to so easily hear any song! And yet, five years after I last heard it, I still know all the words.)

EASTON: I have records like that. Springsteen's Greetings from Asbury Park, Albert Collins' Ice Pickin', almost any Richard Thompson record.

THE WALL REFLECTS: I've had my Phill of Phil. NMR. Geez.

7

UNHOLY MASTERS OF BASEBALL: Come now, feeble fans of forlorn franchises! Come, worship us, the next dynasty. Even with injuries to our stars (Johnson, Ordonez, Alexander, Hundley, Harnisch) and the devastating collapse of Generation K (Pulsipher, Wilson, Isringhausen) we are still the thick of it. We are the Mets!

EASTON: Yuck. I still haven't forgiven the Mets for beating the Red Sox in the '86 World Series, one of only two Serieses since 1983 I really cared about (ask Bob what the other one was). And New York fans are disgusting. Still, the Mets are a nice story.

B.E.F.-HQ, VENICE: The non-Archbishop of Swindon arrived here on Sunday and put in a full day's work. Visiting troops harmed by the philosophising propaganda of the G.C.D.D., the not-honorable-at-all un-Reverend Kenneth Schmuttius espoused the Allied plan: "We'll convince the Italians there is no Dip Deity, and like Apollo in that Star Trek episode, he'll just vanish!

PRINCE OF WALES PLAYLIST: Danzig, 4 (American 1994) 9/9 (Back in form after the hiccough that was Danzig:3, evil Elvis is again urging young women to embrace him and young men to despair. Contains 60-plus half-second tracks to foil random-play, a peeve of Danzig.)

EASTON: I like random-play, though not for classical works with movements, obviously. A nice mix can make an afternoon disappear.

KINGSTON MINES 1990 O/ra FALL 1913

THE PORTE TAKES COMMAND

SUMMER 1912: GERMANY: A Ber ret KIE. RUSSIA: A Gal ret BOH.

FRANCE: NMR!! F Lyo, A Bel, F Hel, A Bur, F Naf, F Nth, F Hol, F Wme, A Pie all hold

GERMANY: A Mun-Ber, A Kie-Mun, A Sil S A Mun-Ber

ITALY: F Ion S F Bul(sc)-Gre, F Nap S FRENCH F Lyo-Tys (NSO and cut), F Bul(sc)-Gre

RUSSIA: A Boh-Gal, A Ukr S A Boh-Gal, A Mos S A Ukr, A Den S F Bal-Kie, F Bal-Kie, A Nwy H, F Ber S F Bal-Kie, A War S A Boh-Gal

TURKEY: F Gre S F Aeg-Bul(sc), F Tyn-Nap, A Gal S A Rum-Ukr, A Rum-Ukr, F Ven-Apu, A Rom S F Tyn-Nap, A Vie-Boh, A Sev S A Rum-Ukr, A Tri-Tyo, F Bla-Con, F Aeg-Bul(sc)

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Italian F Nap is dislodged and sunk. The Russian F Ber is dislodged and may retreat to Pru, Bal, or the box. The Turkish A Gal is dislodged and may retreat to Vie, Bud, or the box. The 1913 supply center chart:

FRANCE: home, por, spa, lvp, lon, bel, hol	(9) EVEN
GERMANY: (kie), mun, ber	(2) REMOVE ONE
ITALY: (rom), (nap), gre	(1) REMOVE TWO*
RUSSIA: (sev), mos, war, stp, swe, den, edi, nwy, kie	(8) EVEN**
TURKEY: home, bul, ser, rum, vie, bud, tri, ven, rum, <u>sev</u> , <u>rom</u> , <u>nap</u>	(14) BUILD THREE**

* -- but REMOVE ONE due to annihilation

** -- BUILD ONE if retreat OTB

*** -- but only room to BUILD TWO, will play (at least) one short, depending on retreats

Winter 1913 and Spring 1914 orders will be due on the deadline on the last page. I hope France will return but if not would

please standby for France? Thank you. This game is brought to you by Meet George Jetson's PAC-10

prediction: 1. Washington; 2. Stanford; 3. Southern California; 4. Arizona; 5. Arizona State; 6. UCLA; 7. Washington State; 8. Oregon; 9. California; 10. Oregon State.

TIGER STADIUM 1990IS FALL 1910

MEANWHILE, OVER IN THE CORNER...

ERRATA: Last time I left Italy's A Rom-Ven off the adjudication; he did make that order. My apologies.

Summer 1910: AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: A Sev ret UKR. FRANCE: F Bre ret GAS; F Spa(sc) ret POR; F Mid ret NAF.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Bolduc): A War S A Mos, A Ukr-Sev, A Mos S A Ukr-Sev

FRANCE (Acheson): F Gas-Spa(nc), F Por S F Gas-Spa(nc), F Naf-Mid

GERMANY (Samuel): F Bal-Bot, A Sil-Pru, A Lon-Bel, A Spa-Por, F Mid-Por, A Lvp-Wal, F Nat-Mid, F Bre S F Nat-Mid, A Mar-Gas, A Gal-Vie, A Lvn-StP, F Eng C A Lon-Bel, A Mun-Boh, A Par S A Mar-Gas, A Tyo-Vie

ITALY (Gonsalves): A Ven-Tyo, A Pie-Mar, A Bud S A Vie, A Vie S A Ven-Tyo, A Alb-Tri, F Wes-Spa(sc), F Tri-Adr, F Lyo S A Pie-Mar

TURKEY (Holley): A Sev S F Rum, F Rum S A Sev, F Bul(sc)-Gre, F Bla S F Rum, F Aeg S F Bul(sc)-Gre

Underlined moves do not succeed. The French F Gas is dislodged and blown up. The 1910 supply center chart:

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: (bud), (sev), <u>mos</u> , war	(2) REMOVE ONE
FRANCE: (bre), (spa), por	(1) REMOVE ONE*
GERMANY: home, hol, den, swe, stp, nwy, bel, (mar), <u>spa</u> , lon, edi, (mos), par, lvp, <u>bre</u>	(15) EVEN
ITALY: home, tun, tri, (gre), vie, ser, <u>bud</u> , <u>mar</u>	(9) BUILD ONE
TURKEY: home, bul, rum, <u>gre</u> , <u>sev</u>	(7) BUILD TWO

* -- but REMOVE ONE due to annihilation

Winter 1910 and Spring 1911 orders will be due on the deadline on the last page. Fascinating game, this one. This game is brought to you by

VERTIGO's Patriot League prediction: 1. Colgate; 2. Lehigh; 3. Lafayette; 4. Holy Cross; 5. Bucknell; 6. Fordham; 7. Towson State.

PRESS

MOS-Easton: Riddle me this: how could TUR F Bul(sc) S F Rum?

EASTON: Well, good question and without my rulebook, I don't have an answer. I will get back to you.

ALEXANDER PECHERSKY 1991K/ra FALL 1914

SHUFFLEBOARD

FRANCE: F Ska-Nth, F Nth-Eng, F Nwg-Nat, A Mun S A Kie, A Kie S A Mun, A Ruh-Bur, A Den H, A Mar H, F Mid H, A Spa S Mar, A Gas S A Mar
 RUSSIA: A Nwy S A Swe, F Bar S A Nwy, A Swe S A Nwy, A Sil-War, A Gal S **TURKISH** A Vie-Bud, A Mos-War
 TURKEY: F Wes S F Naf-Mid, F Naf-Mid, A Tyo-Vie, A Vie-Bud, A Pie-Mar, F Adr-Ion, F Tun-Naf, F Lyo S A Pie-Mar, A Ukr S A Rum-Gal, F Bla-Con, F Sev-Bla, A Bul-Ser, A Arm-Sev, A Rum-Gal

Underlined orders do not succeed. The French F Mid is dislodged and may retreat to Iri, Bre, Gas, Por, or the box. The Russian A Gal is dislodged and may retreat to Boh or the box. The 1914 supply center chart:

FRANCE: home, spa, por, bel, hol, lon, lvp, kie, den, edi, mun	(13)	EVEN'
RUSSIA: mos, stp, war, swe, ber, nwy	(6)	EVEN'
TURKEY: home, bul, gre, ser, bud, tri, ven, nap, rom, tun, sev, vie, rum	(15)	EVEN**

'-- BUILD ONE if retreat off the board
 **--but was playing one short, so BUILD ONE

Winter 1914 and Spring 1915 orders will be due on the deadline on the last page. The old France has returned; thanks to ???? for unused standby orders. This game is brought to you by **VERTIGO's** Division I-A Independents pick: 1. Notre Dame; 2. Navy; 3. Army; 4. Central Florida; 5. Louisiana Tech; 6. Southwestern Louisiana; 7. Alabama-Birmingham; 8. Northeast Louisiana; 9. Arkansas State. 10 years ago, this category would also have included Penn State, Miami (Florida), Florida State, Syracuse, West Virginia, Tulsa, Tulane, Louisville, Virginia Tech, East Carolina, and South Carolina, just to name a few. How times have changed.

PRESS
 EASTON: None.

PETER VAN DAAN 1990Q/ra FALL 1917

ROLLBACK FOR ITALY!

FRANCE: A Gas S F Spa(sc), F Spa(sc) S F Mid-Wes, F Mid-Wes, A Bur-Mar
 GERMANY: A Mun S A Sil-Boh, A Ruh S A Mun, A Sil-Boh, A Pru S **RUSSIAN** A War, A Lvn S **RUSSIAN** A Mos, F Lvp-Nat, F Nwy-Bar, F Nwg S F Nwy-Bar
 ITALY: F Wes S A Mar-Spa, F Bar-Nwy, F Nat-Mid, A Mar-Spa, A Gal S A Ukr-War, A Boh-Mun, A Tyo S A Boh-Mun, A Ukr-War, A Rum-Bud, A Sev-Mos, F Lyo S A Mar-Spa, F Naf S F Nat-Mid, A Pie-Mar, A Tun H, F Tys U, H; A Tus-Pie, A Vie U, H
 RUSSIA: A StP S A Mos, A War S GERMAN A Sil (OTM and cut), A Mos S A War, A Edi-Cly

Underlined moves do not succeed. The French F Mid is dislodged and may retreat to Iri, Eng, Bre, Por, or the box. The Italian F Bar is dislodged and wiped out. The Italian A Boh is dislodged and blown away. The 1917 supply center chart:

FRANCE: par, por, bel, brz, <u>spa</u>	(5) BUILD ONE'
GERMANY: home, hol, den, nwy, lon, swe, lvp	(9) BUILD ONE**
ITALY: home, tun, tri, bud, vie, gre, ser, bul, rum, ank, con, smy, sev, (spa), mar	(16) REMOVE ONE***
RUSSIA: mos, stp, edi, war	(4) EVEN

'--if retreat off the board, BUILD TWO
 ** -- was playing one short
 *** -- but due to annihilations, BUILD ONE

Winter 1917 and Spring 1918 orders are due on the deadline on the last page. We have a new German player, by the way. We have a new Italian player. All draws failed. The four-way failed 2 yes, 2 no; the concession to Italy failed 2 yes, 2 no. This game brought to you by **VERTIGO's** Western Athletic Conference prediction: Mountain Division: 1. Rice; 2. Brigham Young; 3. Utah; 4. New Mexico; 5. Tulsa; 6. Texas Christian; 7. Southern Methodist; 8. Texas-El Paso. Pacific Division: 1. Colorado State; 2. Air Force; 3. San Diego State; 4. Wyoming; 5. Fresno State; 6. Hawaii; 7. Nevada-Las Vegas; 8. San Jose State. Overall champion: Colorado State.

PRESS
 ROME: Old King Victor Emanuel has abdicated in favor of his eldest son Aldo. "The Lord has come to me in a dream, my son, and said it was not my destiny to unite Europe, but yours," said the former monarch. "I think I'll head off to America for some trout fishing. Kick some Franco-Russian butt."

SOUTHPORT WINTER 1905/SPRING 1906

DO THE IONIAN HOP

Winter 1905: GERMANY: build A Ber. ITALY: build A Ven. RUSSIA: build A Mos.

FRANCE: A Gas-Bur, A Naf-Tun, F Mid S F Lvp-Iri, F Lvp-Iri, F Tun-Wes
 GERMANY: A Ber-Sil, A Boh S A Ber-Sil, A Pru-Lvn, A Tyo S ITALIAN A Tri (OTM), A Bur S A Par-Gas, F Nwy S F Bar-StP(nc), A Par-Gas, A Wal-Yrk, F Eng-Mid, F Lon-Wal, F Bar-StP(nc), F Bre S F Eng-Mid
 ITALY: F Nap-Ion, A Tri-Alb, A Bud-Tri, A Gal-Bud, F Adr S A Tri-Alb, A Ven S A Bud-Tri
 RUSSIA: A StP S A Mos, A War S A Mos, A Mos S A StP
 TURKEY: F Aeg S F Ion, F Ion C A Alb-Apu, A Sev S A Rum, F Gre S F Ion, F Bla S A Rum, A Ser-Bud, A Alb-Apu, A Rum S A Ser-Bud

Underlined orders do not succeed. The French A Gas is dislodged and may retreat to Spa or the box. The French F Mid is dislodged and may flee to Nai, Spa, Por, Naf, or the box. The retreats and Fall 1906 orders will be due on the deadline given on the last page. This game is brought to you by Meet George Jetson's Atlantic Coast Conference prediction: 1. Florida State; 2. North Carolina; 3. Virginia; 4. Clemson; 5. Maryland; 6. Georgia Tech; 7. North Carolina State; 8. Duke; 9. Wake Forest.

FRANK RIZZO PHILA. DIP MARCH/APRIL 2008

ENDGAME ARRIVETH

March 2008: THE GREAT NORTHEAST: build A Bry, A Fox. THE 'HOOD: NMRI GM retreats A Ger OTB; even. THE MOB: NMRI GM removes F MoS. THE RIVER WARDS: build A Sta, F Bur, A QuV, A Ken.

THE 'BROOK (Acheson): A BoR-Fai, A Gla H, A Bal H, A ShH S SOUTHWEST A Tin, A StJ-UpD, A Osa S A StJ-UpD, A Uni-GrF, A Pyk S A Uni-GrF, F Cen S A Uni-GrF

THE GENTRY (Payne): A UpD-Osa

THE GREAT NORTHEAST (Morrison): A OxC S A Hol, A Mog-Chi, A MtA-Ger, A Hol S A 'Oxc, A Amb S A Mog-Chi, A Ced S A Mog-Chi, A Ger-Man, A Oln-LaS, A Fox-Oln, A Bry-Lan

THE 'HOOD (Rothenheber?): NMRI A Rox, A Man, A CHI all hold

THE MOB (Kwiatkowski): NMRI A PoB-H

THE RIVER WARDS (Bolduc): A Sta-PoB, A Fai S A Ken-Tem, A Tac S A JuP, A StM S A LaS, A LaS S A StM, A GrF S A Fai, A JuP S A Tac, 2F Mif S A Wod-Ewk, F Nav-MoS, A Cit S A GrF, A Wod-Ewk, A NoP S A JuP, A QuV S A Nav-PoB, A Ken-Tem, F Bur-UDel

THE SOUTHWEST (Reynolds?): NMRI A Tin, F Ewk, F Elm all hold

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Gentry's A UpD is dislodged and may retreat to Brk, Yea, Spr, or the box. The 'Hood's A CHI is dislodged and annihilated. The Mob's A PoB is dislodged and may retreat to Nav, Tas, or the box. The River Wards' A GrF is dislodged and is crushed. The retreats and May 2008 will be due on the deadline on the last page. I will not call standbys for the Mob, the 'Hood and the Southwest; I simply do not have the variant standbys. The positions will go CD next turn if the original owners don't claim them. I would rather call SB's, but I have little choice here. This game is brought to you by VERTIGO's Conference USA prediction: 1. East Carolina; 2. Louisville; 3. Southern Mississippi; 4. Houston; 5. Cincinnati; 6. Memphis; 7. Tulane. This game is so special it is also brought to you by VERTIGO's Atlantic 10 (ex-Yankee) Conference Prediction: New England Division: 1. New Hampshire; 2. Maine; 3. Massachusetts; 4. Connecticut; 5. Rhode Island; 6. Boston University. Mid-Atlantic Division: 1. Delaware; 2. William and Mary; 3. Richmond; 4. Villanova; 5. Northeastern; 6. James Madison. Overall champion: Delaware.

PRESS

THE GREAT NORTHEAST: We are collecting money for flowers for THE MOB, THE HOOD, THE GENTRY and THE SOUTHWEST. Please send all money to City Hall c/o the River Wards. 19-16= only three more!

STUCKEY'S 1990IR WINTER 1911 again and KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN BW VI SPRING 1912

WILL BE MAILED OUT SEPARATELY!!

CONTEST CORNER

Neither #112 nor #114 got replies, so I'll reoffer them plus a new one. Come on and join in (it's not that hard)!

#112: There are 41 numbered symphonies in the KocheI listing of W.A. Mozart symphonies. Of these 41, how many did Mozart actually write in toto? (One free issue for the winner(s).)

#114: On January 1, 1949, Northwestern won its only Rose Bowl, 20-14. Over whom? (One free issue)

#115: 1997 marks VERTIGO's 15th anniversary. But I published a zine before that in 1980-81. Name it. (One free issue).

ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE: FICTIONARY DICTIONARY!

Some of my longtime VERTIGO subbers have been quietly persistent in asking for non-Diplomacy game openings. I've never run anything but Dip and variants in this zine, and hadn't thought of changing that. However, enough requests have trickled in, so here we go.

I considered three or four offerings before settling on Fictionary Dictionary, mostly because I like it and it seemed to run well in Perelandra. Here are the rules (lifted from Phil Reynolds' late zine Dipadeedoodah! #28):

1. Each turn the Game Master will choose a word from his Funk and Wagnalls New Comprehensive Dictionary Deluxe Reference Edition (1982) for definition.
2. On the first turn, each player will submit a false definition for the first word. Each turn after that, each player will try to pick the correct definition from among the definitions submitted (the correct one will be mixed in) as well as submitting a false definition for the new word.
3. A player is disqualified from guessing if the player already knows the correct definition of the current word. However, the player can still submit a false definition for the new word. You're on the honor system here.

4. A player gets two points for picking the correct definition. A player gets one point each time the player's own definition is picked as the correct one by someone else.

5. The player with the most points after 10 rounds wins.

Phil adds a Hint: You will make more points submitting really good definitions which fool other players rather than guessing correctly each time. Consider how to write a really good definition -- there is what you say and how you say it.

Pretty simple, methinks, but potentially quite amusing. I will take up to 12 players for this; of course there is no game fee. Just let me know you want in!

THE LIST

VERTIGO's TOP 25 COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS

1. Washington; 2. Colorado; 3. Louisiana State; 4. Texas; 5. Penn State; 6. Ohio State; 7. Tennessee; 8. Nebraska; 9. Florida State; 10. Florida; 11. Stanford; 12. Miami (Florida); 13. Nebraska; 14. Syracuse; 15. North Carolina; 16. Southern California; 17. Kansas State; 18. Michigan State; 19. Notre Dame; 20. Auburn; 21. South Carolina; 22. Virginia Tech; 23. Alabama; 24. Colorado State; 25. Northwestern. Next 5: Clemson, Michigan, East Carolina, Iowa, Navy.

For more college football, see individual conference predictions in each game's results -- all Division I-A leagues and independents plus selected Division I-AA leagues (i.e., the ones I pay attention to).

ALCOHOL DEP'T.

In case you didn't know, Easton is right on the border with New Jersey -- I can walk to a liquor store in Phillipsburg, N.J., in 10 minutes. That means I'm free of Pennsylvania's stupid alcohol laws and so is someone else....hi, Ted. Wellyhiabwasd I surte likes, urrp, livinherre. 6pax for \$2, Joim, Beam for \$7 and cases of Schmitts at \$8. Itsjustheavenlthinks. So do I, Ted. And the selection! oghyuess, more winesz than Pa's every heard of -- even more dan Jak mchuuuh has and he's a BIG winner. Yes, I know, do I know. What do you have for us? Igotz a refreshin g newe summer dwink, shoulld ht the spot for all yuou poolpounders, beachboozers and loungechairlikkerlovers. It's the Blue Mama -- 1/2 part Blue Curacao, 1/2 part gin, 1/2 part vodka, 1/4 part creme de banana. Shake over chilled ice, pour into a highball glass and add a splash of clubsoda and 2 oginger ail. Wow! That actually sounds good! Waddaya expect Bwad! SDpnt lalkways come thro8ugh! Sure, Ted. See you at VERTIGO GAMES XI! Oh, you bet, wid Yuengling and Genny and Rock and Steggy and dose bloody marys! Ah, to be sure. ByeBwad!

How stupid are those alcohol laws, you ask? In Pennsylvania, beer may be purchased by the case only at 'beer distributors'. There is no mix-and-match allowed at these places. You have to buy a whole case of, say, Yuengling porter, not 12 of porter and 12 of ale. They do have, generally, pretty good selection, especially of Pennsylvania-made beers. They don't often have sales and their prices are high. Distributors are not open on Sunday and almost never on a holiday. The distributors, in turn, supply the bars and delis that sell six-packs at the same price you pay for a case, which drives up the markup on six-packs. It is very unusual to find a sixpack of even the cheapest beer in Pennsylvania for less than \$5. Something like Bud or Miller is usually \$6 and up. Most bars and delis don't have very good selection, either, as they have limited room. Some few places specialize in takeout beer and have decent selection but not many. Most places only carry a few kinds of sixpacks and two or three quart bottle varieties at most. At these places, you can't purchase more than 172 ounces of beer at once -- a case of 8-oz beers or two six-packs of big 16-oz. beers. If you want more you have to make separate trips in and out of the store. Amazing, isn't it?

About the only good thing is that draft beer is relatively reasonably priced -- some of the cheapest drafts I know are in Pennsylvania bars, usually ones that Ted has found for me.

Wine and spirits can be purchased only at state stores. No beer is sold at state stores. They are hard to find. When you do find one, prices are inflated, selection poor, and service pitiful, although the clerks do smile occasionally now. Every so often they have 'sales', when they take 22 cents of a liter of Inver House scotch. Some sile. State stores are not open on Sunday or holidays and are not open past 9 p.m. This is an improvement over the old days when the stores kept banker's hours and were not self-service: no browsing or price comparison. You had to tell the clerk what you wanted and he went back and got it. Hard to believe. Some inner-city stores are still like that. The system specializes in running out of just what you want two days before Christmas or New Year's, and you can forget about special orders. An alliance of the unions (the clerks are unionized state employees) and backwoods bumpkins afraid of Demon Rum keeps the system in place.

New Jersey is not Booze Paradise: its prices are too high. Illinois and Wisconsin, to my mind, are booze heaven in every manner. Cheap, available, accessible, great selection. May Foremost Liquors in Mundelein, Ill., and Town and Country Liquors in Kenosha, Wis., live forever!

However, compared to Pennsylvania's Stalinist system New Jersey is Gorbachevian (Illinois would be Hayekian). It has private liquor stores that sell beer, wine and spirits. Prices are better than Pennsylvania's, although still too high, on wines and spirits. The beer is positively cheap in New Jersey, and may be bought in any form -- six, case, mix-and-match, single, you name it. One store in Phillipsburg sells 23 different beers by the quart or 40-ounce size (I find such servings congenial for a night's boozing.) Selection is outstanding -- some of the speciality wine stores are out of this world -- service OK to good, and the stores are open late (although not as late as Minnie and AJ's in Highwood, IL, 1 a.m., or the Lakeview East in Chicago, 4 a.m. (5 a.m. Saturdays) and on Sundays. Some are open holidays.

Guess where I spend all my beer, wine, and booze money?

VERTIGO/Meet George Jetson players' address list (does not necessarily include all Gunboat players; *italic* means a new address) (8-14-97)

Bob Acheson, #304, 556 Laurier Ave., Ottawa, Ontario, K1R 1X2 CANADA

Dave Baxter, 905 Parker Rd., Toutle, WA 98649

Paul Bolduc, 203 Devon Ct., Fort Walton Beach, FL 32547

Steve Courtemanche, 407 N. 5th St., Royersford, PA 19468

Matt Fleming, Apt. #4, 642 W. Aldine, Chicago, IL 60657

Michael Gonsalves, 530 Treasure Lake, Dubois, PA 15801

Melinda Holley, 1823 Enslow Blvd., Huntington, WV 25701

Doug Kent, 10214 Black Hickory Rd., Dallas, TX 75243

Andy Lichetti, 2402 Ridgeland Ave., Berwyn, IL 60402

Alan Levin, 8538 N. Lotus #416, Skokie, IL 60077

Michael Lowrey, 6503-D Fourwinds Dr., Charlotte, NC 28212

Jack McHugh, Apt. J-203, 1600 Garrett Rd., Upper Darby, PA 19082

Steve McKinnon, Apt. 2 North, 1626 5th Ave., Troy, NY 12180

James McQuinn, 1619 Shroyer Rd., Dayton, OH 45419-3215
Paul Milewski, 7 Mallard Dr., Amelia, OH 45102
Wayne Morrison, McD-Douglas Services, Unit 61901, Box R-762, APO AE 09809-1901
Mark Nelson, 1st Floor Front Flat, 3 Kelso Rd., Leeds LS 2 UNITED KINGDOM
ave Palmer, 546 S. Burk St., Gilbert, AZ 85296-2221
Jerry Paulson, P.O. Box 156, Amisk, Alberta T0B 0B0 CANADA
Joe Payne, 1622 Allenton Ave., Brandon, FL 33511
Bruce Roberts, 198 Cole Rd., Hattiesburg, MS 39402
Ken Samuel, 21-B O'Daniel Ave., Newark, DE 19711
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W. Andrew York, P.O. Box 237, Universal City, TX 78148-1307

PLAYLIST

X, LIVE AT THE WHISKY-A-GO-GO (Elektra 1988) 9/6 (John Doe and Exene Cervenka wrote roots-punk that sizzled with life and performed it with vicious intensity. Their solo projects have been very strong, but X was still something special; to this day I look for bands that "sound like X." This is American 'punk' (if you insist), influenced by hardcore and the Sex Pistols, sure, but also by Johnny Cash and Elvis. This live CD could have better sound, and has no annotation or lyrics, but it shows X in fine form on home turf in Los Angeles. Well-packed, too, with 78 minutes of music. I hadn't played it in a while and it sounded as fresh as ever.) Mstislav Rostropovich (cello)/Sviatoslav Richter (piano): Beethoven, SONATAS FOR CELLO AND PIANO (Philips 1994 [recorded 1961-63, 1966]) 10/6 (Self-recommending. The two giants of music attack music of a giant with verve, wit, and passion. Rostropovich's big, rich tone is gorgeous, and necessary to stand up to Richter's full-bodied playing. Especially nice here are the tender, gentle slow sections; chamber music isn't all flashy display. But listen to the finale of No. 2, say, and the driving fervor of the players sweeps you along. Not especially romantic playing and a little idiosyncratic; especially in some of Richter's rhythms. Sound is decent, a little too recessed in No. 4 especially and hissy in No. 5, and the notes OK. This is a 2-for-1 CD bargain with all of Beethoven's variations for cello and piano played tartly and oh-so-French by Jean Francaix and cellist Maurice Gendron [who make Beethoven sound much different than Rostropovich and Richter do] so it's a bargain too.) James Galway, flute/Tokyo String Quartet: Mozart, FLUTE QUARTETS (complete; RCA 1993) 5/8 (After a while this stuff all sounds the same. Mozart often is that way. Galway plays beautifully, maybe a little too much so. The Tokyo's technique is flawless and that's the problem; they don't sound as if they are making great music. They sound bored. Another problem is the Tokyo's arch-romantic sound, which is anachronistic in this music and out of place. I have griped about the Tokyo in this context before. Maybe a quartet with a sharper, more aggressive sound would be better in Mozart. The recording is fine, the notes OK. And the playing is unquestionably lovely. Taken one at a time, these quartets are charming [but it's worth noting that the one that makes the most impression is a transcription by Galway of the K. 370 Oboe Quartet, which makes one wonder about the level of inspiration here from Mozart]. A whole disc, though, is too much.) They Might Be Giants, FLOOD (Elektra 1990) 8/8 (Some filler here, but six or seven pop gems such as 'Birdhouse in Your Soul', 'Lucky Ball and Chain', and 'Your Racist Friend.' Lyrics included. Not quite a masterpiece, but pretty good.) Billy Joel, STORM FRONT (Columbia 1989) 7/6 (This CD is important to me because it was the first pop-rock-jazz (i.e., not classical) recording I could not find on LP. I bought LPs right up until the end and still do buy used-discount ones from time to time. Joel has long been a guilty pleasure of mine, and while I realize his limitations, I enjoy his music. 10 songs makes a stingy CD, but five are Grade-A Billy ['That's Not Her Style', 'Downeaster Aleva', 'I Go to Extremes', 'When in Rome', and 'And So It Goes'] and the other five are listenable at worst. Sound is just OK. Joel's best disc, overall, since THE STRANGER in 1978-79.) Glenn Gould organ/piano: J.S. Bach, THE ART OF THE FUGUE (excerpts): PRELUDE AND FUGUE (Bux 898) (Sony Classical 1997 [recorded 1962, 1967, 1980, 1981]) 7/8 (Gould is a hero to me, and his Bach usually gets 10's from me. But I find his organ playing on nine excerpts from The Art of the Fugue too quirky and mechanical, a little soulless. Compared to Marie-Claire Alain's magisterial Erato recording, Gould is out of his league. His organ playing isn't natural and sounds gimmicky. Gould is not helped by a viciously close recording that puts you in the organ pipes at times and loses balance. That said, it is worth hearing because it's so different. His Contrapunctus IV on the organ does sound otherworldly. The rest of the disc is Gould on piano and here he's fine in The Art of the Fugue. His version of Bach's unfinished quadruple fugue drips beauty. BWV 898 is fine. The sound, mono in some of the piano pieces, is pretty good by Gould standards and the notes solid. Worth a listen, but not Gould at his best.) Pascal Roge, piano: Ravel, assorted PLANO WORKS (London 1994, recorded 1974-75) INC./INC. (This was supposed to be a two-CD set of Ravel piano music, but when I opened the case I found one of the CDs was Tchaikovsky bonbons with Dorati! Oops! What Ravel is here is gorgeous, especially the 'Sonatine' and the two-piano 'Ma Mere L'Oye' with Denise-Francaise Roge. 'Le Tombeau de Couperin' needs more bounce, though. Good, natural piano sound; thin notes.) James Galway, flute/Marisa Robles, harp/Sir Neville Marriner, conductor: Academy of St. Martin in the Fields: Mozart, FLUTE CONCERTOS Nos. 1 and 2; CONCERTO FOR FLUTE, HARP AND ORCHESTRA (RCA 1997, recorded 1995) 7/9 (Now this is more like it as Mozart goes. Marriner's understated competence and the ASMF's expertise in Mozart provides Galway with the sort of artistically correct support the Tokyo Quartet did not. Galway, needless to say, has technique to spare for these relatively simple works and they do sound lovely. Still, they are a little too velvet-lined for my taste. It's all so effortless! A missed note or flubbed entrance would almost be welcome to break up the every-note-in-place ennui. Galway's flute is mixed far too prominently up-front, but RCA has been doing that for years. Some Heifetz records sound as if he's in your lap and the orchestra's in the next county. Undoubtedly this is how Galway, perhaps classical music's biggest instrumental superstar [bringing with that the clout of artistic decision-making] wanted these works to sound, and taken one at a time they are beyond gorgeous. I'd recommend this disc but wonder what a conductor with more, uh, balls and daring -- say Dennis Russell Davies or Nikolas Harnancourt -- could do with Galway.) American Composers Orchestra/D.R. Davies: Roger Sessions, SYMPHONIES No. 6, 7, 9 (Argo 1995, recorded 1994) 8/8 (Sessions' contrapuntal, sort-of-12-tone, rigorous masterpieces are recorded here about as well as they are likely going to be. Davies' conducting is first-rate, but the ACO simply lacks the luster, especially in the strings, of a world-class group and its percussion could use more élan. But to hear Chicago or Boston play this stuff! Well, that's not likely, so enjoy this. Good notes, superb sound. These works are like walnuts: tough to get into, usually requiring some hard work, but oh so rewarding when you do.) Yo-Yo Ma, cello/Philadelphia Orchestra/David Zinman: CELLO CONCERTOS by Christopher Rouse and Richard Danielpour; MUSIC FOR CELLO AND ORCHESTRA by Leon Kirchner (Sony Classical 1996) 10/8 (All works commissioned by Ma, the trio runs the stylistic gamut from Rouse's Coplandesque melodies with Berg-like turbulence [you have to hear the hissing percussion] to Danielpour's Bernstein-like melodies (imagine a cello concerto via West Side Story) to Kirchner's more thorny, dissonant, discipline, Bach via Babbitt. Ma is of course perfect and the PO plays marvelously; Zinman has this idiom down, which is more than I can say for him in other repertoire. The notes are a model of what notes should be including some funny excerpts from Zinman's journal as a huge blizzard disrupted the recording sessions. Only drawback is the hazy and indifferent sound, the PO's curse; it cannot find a good place to record. The music -- and great music it is -- still comes through, though.) Vienna Philharmonic/James Levine: Mozart, SYMPHONIES Nos. 40, 41 (DG 1990, recorded 1989) 8/9 (I still think Levine's CSO Mozart on RCA is better but this is darn good and it certainly sounds better. Levine's Mozart is fleet, muscular and frisky. Decent presentation.) Otis Rush, AIN'T ENOUGH COMING IN (Mercury 1994) 8/8 (Rush is a notoriously inconsistent performer, but when he's on as he is here he's a powerful bluesman. His vocals can be very expressive, as they are here: his 'As the Years Go Passing By' is chilling; the title track powerful; and 'A Fool For You' solid soul. Rush's guitar still has the crisp urban attack it did in the 1950's and still sounds as good, and he doesn't masturbate uselessly in his tight, every-note-counts solos. Well-produced, not too much clutter in the arrangements, OK notes, fine sound but recorded at a very high level so it's often LOUD. Pretty solid stuff.) The Duke Ellington Orchestra/Mercer Ellington: DIGITAL DUKE (GRP 1987) 9/7 (Mercer knew his dad's music and so do the musicians here -- Sir Roland Hanna, Al Grey, Eddie

Daniels, Louie Bellson, Lew Soloff, Clark Terry and more. They bring 12 Ellington classics to life in a swinging, fun fashion. The overly harsh and too distant sound is a haggap but not a serious one. Outstanding notes by Leonard Feather. As this generation of musicians passes -- Mercer is gone already -- Ellington's stuff won't ever be played like this again.) John Hiatt, **WALK ON** (Capitol 1995) 7/9 (Fine roots-country-rock, with a couple of rousing anthems such as 'Cry Love' and 'Native Son' and the sort of Haggard-ish ballads Hiatt does so well, such as 'Dust Down a Country Road'. Nothing terribly profound, and Hiatt's few attempts at profound don't work, but so what? It's rock. Lyrics included and the sound is really, really hot and hard-hitting.) Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, **ALONE AND ACOUSTIC** (Alligator 1991, recorded 1981) 10/7 (The greatest harmonica man in blues [Wells] with the greatest guitarist [Guy] in a just-as-the-title says session. To make it ideal, these two are old friends who have played together for 40 years. You expect a masterpiece and that's what this is. Acoustic blues at its best. If you think Eric Clapton is blues, listen to this and discover a whole new world. The sound could be more consistent and the notes are only average. Who cares! This is must-have stuff.) Buckwheat Zydeco, **WHERE'S THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE** (Island 1990) 6/5 (David Hidalgo of Los Lobos produced this. Hidalgo's own work with his own band is mind-blowing but he's in a different idiom here. Sometimes this disc works and sometimes it doesn't. Zydeco, like blues, should be kept as simple as possible. Buckwheat and his band are just dandy, thank you, without adding extraneous stuff such as a Dwight Yoakam vocal that sounds sadly out of place, and I like Yoakam; Steve Berlin's rock-soul saxophone and a trumpet, of all things. Go watch zydeco in Louisiana and see how many trumpets you see. You'd think Hidalgo's haunting, spare guitar wouldn't fit, but it does, and Hidalgo is without doubt responsible for the disc's darkish numbers. No lyrics, which is too bad, and the sound is concert-hall spacious, most inappropriate for a dance band! But when Buckwheat can cut loose and do his stuff, such as on 'What You Gonna Do?' and 'Be Good or Be Gone', he's hot. A noble quasi-failure of a disc, but worth looking for in a used shop. I paid \$5 for mine and it's worth that easily.) Lin Halliday, **DELAYED EXPOSURE** (Delmark 1991) 10/10 (I am not really very objective about this one. Halliday is a 60-year-old Chicago tenor sax man that I have listened to for years and loved every time. On this record, his first as a leader, he teams up with a cookin' Chicago rhythm session and the fabulous trumpeter-flugelhornist-flutist Ira Sullivan for a gorgeous, bop-heavy jazz disc of eight standards. 'Woody 'n' You', Halliday's signature cut, sizzles, and 'Damn That Dream' and 'My Romance' are the stuff of beauty. If you like jazz and haven't heard Lin Halliday, you've missed out. This CD may be hard to find, so get it from Delmark Records, 4241 N. Lincoln, Chicago, IL, 60618.)

BOXSCORE

This is **VERTIGO**, a zine of Postal Diplomacy, edited by Brad Wilson, P.O. Box 532, Paoli, PA 19301-0532. PHONE NUMBERS: (610)-923-6610 (Home with answering service 24 hours); (610)-258-7171 (Work, 4 p.m.-midnight) Work Fax: (610)-258-7130 (only fax when I am there; i.e., call first). STAFF: Ted "Swizzle" Stick, Alcohol Consultant; J.G. Neuger, European Editor; Jack McHugh, **VERTIGO GAMES** associate host and Upper Darby Editor; D.D. Perlmutter, Contributing Editor Emeritus.

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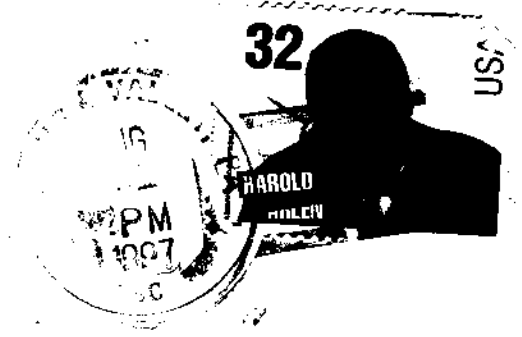
VERTIGO standbys: Acheson, Bolduc, Gonsalves, Lischett, Martin, McHugh, McKinnon, Milewski, Nelson, Payne, Wall, York. **HELP! HELP!**

NEED MORE! HELP!

GAME OPENINGS (never a fee; preference lists encouraged): **FICTIONARY DICTIONARY**: Our first-ever non-Dip opening! Need up to 12. Rules given above! (Will run w/ **Meet George Jetson** if necessary.); **REGULAR DIP**: Need seven. **GUNBOAT DIP**: Need seven. **PHILADELPHIA DIP**: Fast-paced, cutthroat design by me based on a map of Philadelphia. Rules and map in **VERTIGO** #108 or write me for both. Need seven. **BALKAN WARS VI**: Another small map, cut-throat design. Need six. Rules and map in **VERTIGO** #105 or write me for both.

DEADLINE for all games in this issue: **SEPTEMBER 21 at 9 P.M. EDT!** (Deadline for **THE PALES** RA is September 2 at MIDNIGHT EDT.)

This issue is brought to you by **VERTIGO**'s Ivy League prediction: 1. Dartmouth; 2. Penn; 3. Columbia; 4. Princeton; 5. Harvard; 6. Cornell; 7. Brown; 8. Yale.



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