

The year is drawing to a close, and the holiday season is upon us. I'd like to give a gift to every Interregnum reader and contributor, but the editorial budget is vanishingly thin...as is my personal exchequer. ☺

Where there's a will there's a way, however. Enclosed in the mailed copies of this edition of IR is a (very) small bonus: the Interregnum bookmark. Crafted from the finest virgin vinyl, this cruelty-free product should be good for years of enjoyment. It has been carefully designed to fit the exact length of the Interregnum page.

You can personalize your bookmark with a permanent-ink marker. Metallic ink pens would give it a particularly rich and exotic look. Alternatively, you can throw it in the trash. ☺

Yes, I must admit it: these were trimmed pieces of vinyl that were going to be throw away. Waste not, want not, say I; and perhaps a little bit of recycling is a good way to end 1995.

DOES SIZE MATTER?

Interregnum #16 was 120 pages long, a new record. This issue is about 80 pages long; respectable, if not huge. I'm wondering if IR #18 might not be a little small, though. There's a lot to do over the next few weeks, and it may be hard for contributors to find time to write...

That being the case, I do hope that everyone will try to get *something* in for #18. One thing should make that a little easier: the deadline for the issue has been pushed back from January 15th to the 19th. Why? Blame it on:

Arisia

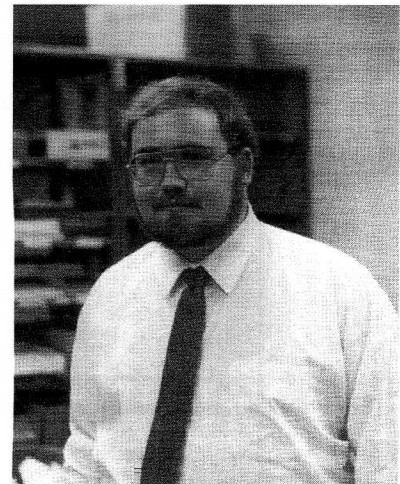
Once again Arisia will be happening at the Boston Park Plaza on Martin Luther King weekend—January 12, 13, and 14. And once again I'll be attending and sitting in on panels. I'll try to arrange to show The Gamemaster's Hall of Shame again, along with some other amateur videos, too. I've also discussed the possibility of doing an at-the-con APA with Arisia folk, though the details remain to be worked out.

This year there will probably be more IR people present than ever before. I'm going to try to set up another IR event at the con—yes, I know that the last one wasn't exactly a knock-your-socks off experience, but who says that I can learn from my mistakes? J

I'll post announcements of the event on the main bulletin board as soon as I find out when it's scheduled.

Beyond that, if you spot me at the con, please flag me down and let me know what you think of IR! I'd love to get some feedback...hmm. A bearded bald guy at a science fiction convention. How many of us could there be? ☺

Well, here's a picture of me, so readers will know who to accost. Just imagine the picture eight years older, with tonsure-like balding, dark eyes, and coppery hair (I apologize for running this picture again so soon after the last time, but the idea of having readers actually speak to me has made me throw caution to the winds). ☺



Me, eight years ago.

RSVP

Chris, a long-time Interregnum reader, would like help with a couple of points. He's confined to a hospital bed, and cannot turn the pages of the paper edition of IR by himself; the nurses are often too busy to turn the pages for him.

He *can use the computer, however, and so will appreciate any ASCII zine material that Interregnum contributors email to him. I'm sure that he'd also like any other interesting RPG material from contributors or readers. His new email address is [REDACTED].

Chris also has another request:



I have been thinking about starting my own zine, but am unsure how to start. I have thought on this matter and can not seem to come up with any ideas. Could you or other zine writers give some pointers? I would really like to contribute to Interregnum and I enjoy writing. Anything you might do to get me started would be extremely appreciated.

Thanks,

Chris

Welcome!

Debating in this issue of Interregnum is Songs from Y'ha-nthlei, by new IR contributor Tim Emrick. Welcome aboard, Tim! Your zine was certainly the most surprising one I've received so far, since it was the first to come in without any warning. I only hope that I get more surprises like that in 1996. J

Have a happy and healthy (and productive) holiday/solstice/non-religious observance of frenzied American consumerism, everyone. See you next year!

—>Pete



Me, at age 70? ☺