

RACK & RUNE #15: Happy Birthday, Number Six

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InterNet address: trystro!rune@think.com or rune@trystro.uucp 

*“My heart goes ping! pong! aches
and a lousy drowsy numbness pains my
sense
as though of Watney’s Hemlock I had
drunk*

*Or thrown up all over your carpet
emptied some dull opiate to the drains*

Allright, officer I’ll come quietly

(“Famous First Drafts”, from The Brand New Monty Python Papperbok) 

Well, it’s not quite that bad. However, I’ve found myself a bit “written out” after last issue’s perhaps excessive volume. Yet there are more and more things to write about these days. Ah well! It all goes into the “R&RHOLD” file. And maybe someday, it’ll all come out again. Assuming my hard disk doesn’t crash, of course. 8^>}

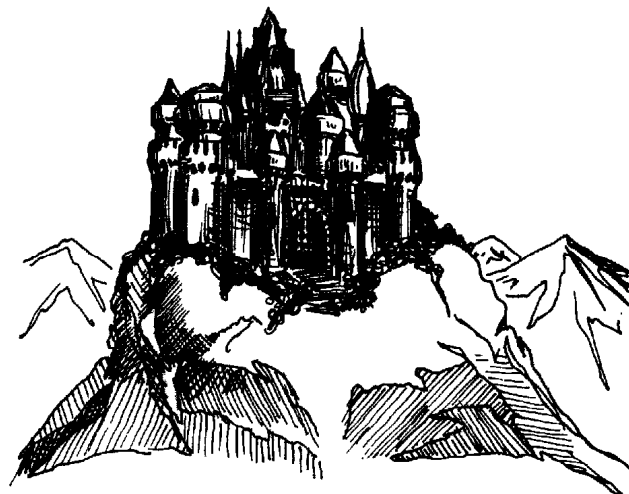
A LONG STRANGE TRIP

Recently I did something rather strange: I put together a collection of every Rack & Rune I’ve ever written, issues 1 through 14. It was an odd experience indeed, looking through those back issues! There are some parts I’d certainly like to remove...so if any of you should wake up one night and see a stout figure excising portions from your back issues of TWH with a razor, don’t shoot! 8^>}


LAWSUITS APLENTY

Let me begin by saying that much of my information comes from the InterNet, often a less-than-unimpeachable source. However, reports from a number of sources seem to indicate that **Palladium** has gone

lawsuit-happy.



The most definite information I have along this line comes from the editorial page in the latest issue of White Wolf magazine (#34, January/February 1993). I’ll paraphrase. White Wolf sent an article that they planned to publish about the Palladium Rifts™ RPG to Palladium. This was merely a courtesy, of course; they were under no obligation to do so. In response, they received a letter from Palladium’s lawyers that included the following: (the article will) “confuse Palladium fans, and damage Palladium’s reputation for high quality. ...In summary, Palladium does not want this article published or distributed in any way.” This despite previous complaints by the President/owner of Palladium, Kevin Siembieda, that Palladium’s games were being ignored in the pages of White Wolf. As a result, White Wolf is no longer publishing any material for any Palladium

games, apart from reviews — though who knows, perhaps Palladium will start threatening lawsuits over reviews, too. 

I've heard that other gaming magazines have also been contacted by Palladium and told not to publish Palladium-related material. Strange that a game company would turn down free publicity! Incidentally, the White Wolf article was said to be a positive one. And I doubt that it would have been poorly written, though I suppose that it might have been lacking in humor.

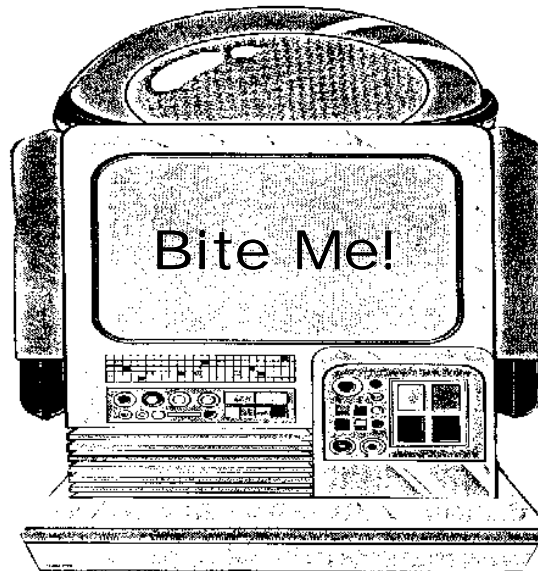
Going beyond that, word on the Net is that Palladium is now *suing* **Wizards of the Coast**, the producers of the fine “**The Primal Order**” and “**The Primal Order: Pawns**” supplements. The grounds: in the back of TPO information was included on adapting the “capsystem” (as they call TPO) to major game systems. Among these was a Palladium system. It seems that Kevin Siembieda and his lawyers feel that this was somehow an infringement on their rights...

This seems patently ridiculous. The Primal Order is useless without a roleplaying system, and Wizards of the Coast produce no such system themselves. It's impossible to imagine how this would cut into Palladium's sales. It seems unlikely that the inclusion of adaptation mechanics throws any copyrights in doubt; if it did, I'm sure T&R would have been screaming on the day of TPO's publication. Furthermore, I doubt that adaptation notes violate the copyrights in question at all; as I understand it (and I'm sure Attorney **Erlandsen** will correct me if I'm wrong), you can copyright a specific text, but not a non-technological concept. If such were possible, I'd have expected T&R to patent the D20 and D100 long ago...

Of course the Wizards of the Coast would have been wise to write to Palladium before publishing TPO. The word is that they apologized for this lapse. However, it's possible that Palladium still has no valid grounds for complaint! If so, their

lawsuit against WotC might well be intended to drive this interesting young company out of business...there's little doubt that WotC lacks the resources to put up a protracted legal fight.

I wonder if either company belongs to GAMA?



VICTORY AT SJG

On a brighter note, the long battle between **Steve Jackson Games** and the **United States Secret Service** seems to be finally over, ending in well-deserved victory for SJG. Federal District Judge Sam Sparks expressed outrage at the methods of the Secret Service in the seizure of SJG's and employee Loyd Blankenship's computers and records:

“The Secret Service didn't do a good job in this case. We know no investigation took place. Nobody ever gave any concern as to whether (legal) statutes were involved. We know there was damage,”

“How long would it have taken you, Mr. Foley, to find out what Steve Jackson Games did, what it was? An hour?”

“Was there any reason why, on March 2, you could not return to Steve Jackson Games a copy, in floppy disk form, of everything taken?”

“Did you read the article in Business Week magazine where it had a picture of Steve Jackson — a law-abiding, tax-paying citizen — saying he was a computer crime suspect?”

“Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Foley, that seizing this material could harm Steve Jackson economically?”

Secret Service Special Agent Timothy Foley of Chicago, the agent in charge of the three computer search-and-seizures that led to the lawsuit answered “No, sir.”

Judge Sparks replied, “You actually did, you just had no idea anybody would actually go out and hire a lawyer and sue you.”

“The examination took seven days, but you didn’t give Steve Jackson’s computers back for three months. Why?” asked Sparks. “So here you are, with three computers, 300 floppy disks, an owner who was asking for it back, his attorney calling you, and what I want to know is why copies of everything couldn’t be given back in days. Not months. Days.”

“That’s what makes you mad about this case.”

Steve Jackson released an announcement via the InterNet, which I am reprinting below. The text is complete, though I’ve removed the various Net address material:

“We won.

Pete Kennedy, our attorney at George, Donaldson & Ford, called me with the news about 3:30 today. Apparently the decision came in late Friday while Pete was at the CFP.

The judge ruled for us on both the PPA and ECPA, though he says that taking the computer out the door was not an 'interception.' (I have not read the decision yet, so no quotes here.)

He awarded damages of \$1,000 per plaintiff under the ECPA.

Under the PPA, he awarded SJ Games \$42,259 for lost profits in 1990, and out of pocket costs of \$8,781.


Our attorneys are also entitled to submit a request for their costs.

No word on appeal yet.

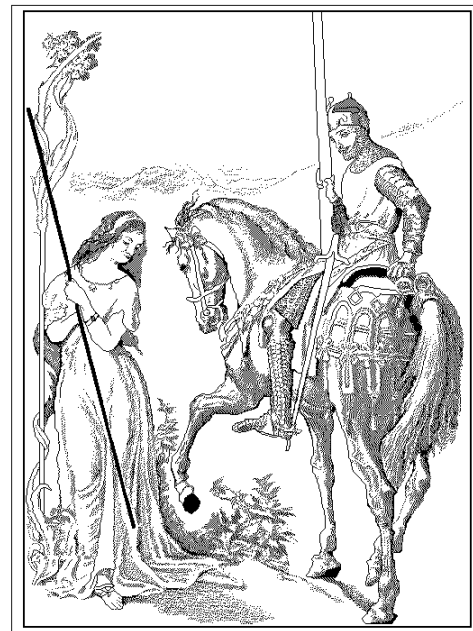
Look for a more complete and coherent account after we all read the decision.

Please copy this announcement to all electronic and other media.

Thanks for your support through all this!”

It’s about time the good guys won one, I must say. Though I have serious doubts that the government would have left this alone under a Bush Administration. 

A ONE NIGHT STAND



On Saturday evening of March 12th New England suffered one of the more interesting blizzards in some time. It was actually not all that bad, as blizzards go; we never lost power, for one thing, and my frantic stocking up of food and water proved unnecessary (though the lines at the

supermarkets were murder). That night, five individuals proved the addicting quality of games: they showed up at my house, despite more than a foot of snow. We all felt like gaming, though nothing specific had been arranged.

After a while, it was finally suggested that we play the Dune boardgame — in part because I have little interest in most wargames, and Dune was the only one I was willing to play. In addition, there were six people in the house at the time, which is the perfect number to play Dune: one for every character (players choose among six sides, each with varying powers: Atriedes, Bene Gesserit, Harkonnen, Fremen, Guild, and the Emperor).

We played for a while, but things soon became boring — boring enough so that when a seventh person showed up,* there was little dispute that we should scrap the game. But what could we do?

With a “what the hell” attitude I decided to jump in and offer to run a one-night roleplaying scenario. Unfortunately I had absolutely nothing at all in mind to run. Even more unfortunately, they took me up on my offer. 8^>}

I wanted to do something interesting, and so picked a setting that’s always been a magnet for my imagination: the Floating Isles. This was a background created by a fine GM from my college days, a guy named Geof Dale. It was primarily based on old Yes album cover art: a universe made up of an eternity of blue sky, interrupted only by occasional floating flat-topped spikes of rock. Vast airwhales and stranger lifeforms flew in the spaces between the Isles, and the vaguely humanoid

denizens of the Isles would put out in small airboats to capture these creatures for food... Incidentally this was years before Larry Niven’s Smoke Ring series. It was strictly fantasy, of course.

I’d forgotten much of the background, of course. I’d only played for perhaps twenty sessions before the campaign ended, and that was seven or eight years ago...much had faded. It was easy to make up new details again, however.



The Isles generate gravity fields, by virtue of their shape and size. These fields are relatively strong, and most air-dwelling creatures avoid them. Some cultures possess the secret of making airboats — properly constructed, such a boat may fly freely and yet provide gravity to those within

it. Without a boat, a non-airdwelling creature must float helplessly at the whim of the breezes and passing animals, or else paddle at the most awkward and slow rate.

There are many Isles, and many cultures on them. Communications between the Isles varies greatly; after all, the Universe is infinite, and the Isles move freely in relation to one another. There are also many intelligent species in the Floating Isles. However, none of these is Man. There’s something about a Universe without humanity that lends a strange piquancy to a game...

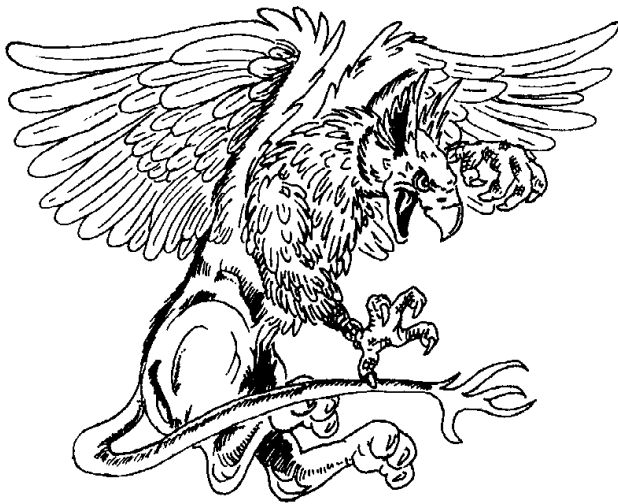
The Isle on which the game was set is about 50 kilometers across, with a mountain peak in the center. Below, it is shaped like a stalactite, with a roughly circular cross section.

There are four intelligent races on the Isle:

Mirash: Proud and arrogant, though

* Just to keep the math straight, my roommate was already at home — of course.

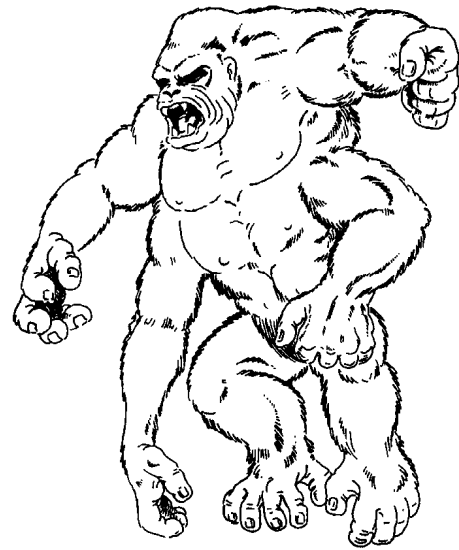
kindly to their inferiors, the Mirash are the rulers of Mirash Isle (which is, incidentally, the home of the largest and most powerful culture known in the general area). Their hairless skulls taper upward to a gentle point. They tend towards pale blue skin, and are generally more slender and 'baroque' than humans; their hands have six fingers each, and are slightly webbed. As a result they have a +5% to all Manipulation skill bases. Mirash CON is rolled on 3D6+3; all other characteristics are rolled as human.



Mirash generally take the role of idealized 19th century British nobility, metaphorically speaking. They treat the other races with appropriate respect, but are always in command. They dress elegantly, in bright colors.

Virosh: These tall, thin, intelligent and comparatively emotionless beings tend to be grey skinned, with five fingers and toes. They are bald with natural tonsures of feathery white hair on their rounded skulls. Most Virosh lack the temperament to command, which may be the primary reason for their lesser state; in addition, they reproduce more slowly than their masters. They tend to be somewhat passive, and are found in the greatest numbers at the University. A few Virosh become warriors, and prove themselves as capable at this pursuit as they are at others. Virosh as a race have

little or no interest in the Church.



Bok: The massive four-armed Bok serve as the brute laborers and front line warriors of the Isle. They are extremely strong and have fantastic endurance. Though not as intelligent as Mirash or Virosh, they are nonetheless fully sentient and self-aware. Physically, their tough skin is covered with short fine jet-black fur. They tend to be cheerful and somewhat earthy. Exceptional Bok are given positions of authority; they tend to take these duties very seriously. Bok make up the majority of the lowest classes of the Navy. They are also used as personal bodyguards in ceremonial occasions for important Mirash. Bok wear fine bracelets made of feathers, usually white feathers, on their wrists to denote prestige.

Scrivvies: The smallest and stupidest of the denizens of the Isle, miserable little Scrivvies seem to have been a joke of the Omniscient. They are small and brown, quick but somewhat irresponsible. Particularly bright Scrivvies are used as messengers and servants. Otherwise, they tend to stay to themselves. In their interactions with other races they tend to be fawning and obsequious.

Mirash culture is more generally cooperative than human societies, though there

is some general trade — particularly with other Isles. There is a standing Navy, but its functions are largely ceremonial. Customs and police work are instead performed by the RimWardens, who guard against invasion. These, too, have been perhaps somewhat lulled by long years of peace.

All Mirash are considered nobility in comparison to other races. Among themselves, however, the gradations in rank are not quite so distinct. Some families are particularly honored, or known for a particular sort of service, but there are few tight social restrictions and formalities to observe in daily life.

The three major elements of Mirash society are the Navy, the Church, and the University. The Church of the Omniscient is a sort of general monotheistic Deism; the Priests maintain ancient records and perform holy ceremonies at the Great Temple of the Mountain. They provide Divine Magic to the faithful, and are also able to teach many Spirit Magic spells; the latter tend not to be combat-oriented in modern days. Priests are given respect, but not mastery of the populace.

That's something I should perhaps emphasize. Mirash society is truly kinder and gentler than most human societies. There are no cruel despots with the power of life and death; justice is applied by the Mirash as humanely as possible, and in any case is rarely needed. In times long past Mirash society had been much more strident (and intense), but time has greatly softened cultural attitudes.

The establishment of the University in ancient times marked the beginning of the new Golden Age for the Isle of Mirash; in consequence, the University is universally respected. It is the repository of all knowledge on the Isle, and is the source of much technological and magical innovation. Techniques of manufacture discovered by the University (the tech level of the Isle is just about at the early Industrial Age, but with a very different approach and with a sub-

stantial magical element) provide the manufactured goods which are the chief item of export; in exchange the Isle receives grain and meat from other Isles (two relatively near Isles are under the benevolent subjugation of Mirash Isle, and act as agricultural lands).

Since it seems likely that there will be a second session of the game this weekend (and I'm running late), I'll delay describing the game itself until next issue.



NEW GRAPHICS FOR OLD



Ever since I started using clip art in Rack & Rune I knew I'd eventually have to find some more. My original collection came from several local BBSes; the best of it I found during my membership in **Channel 1**, a local pay BBS that is the fourth largest BBS in the world. Still, all in all my collection totalled about fifty decent pieces of .PCX-format high-resolution art. I started feeling constricted.

Scanning is not a practical option, since 1) I'd still need a source of good line-art to scan, and 2) I'd prefer to have

some legal right to use the art (I assume that I have some right to use art that I download from a BBS, perhaps wrongly).

I've done some advertising, but so far the only responses I've received have been from people who are *also* seeking decent fantasy/sf clipart. It would seem there's a bit of a market for the stuff!

I've been told that some of the BBSes of the Boston Computer Society have large quantities of cool and unusual clipart; unfortunately my membership lapsed a month ago, and I don't feel like renewing without *some* evidence that there really is some decent art there. The various BBSes don't allow non-BCS member to even **view** the File Libraries, and the Sysops have (so far) ignored my requests for information.

So, I've been forced to go back to an old well: I've reactivated my Channel 1 membership. Fortunately there is some good new art available there. However, I suppose it's only a matter of time before I need more...

Incidentally, I picked up a second InterNet address when I joined Channel 1. Trystero, my usual host, has been disconnected from the Net more often than I'd like recently, leaving me out of touch. The new address is more dependable, but unfortunately I can only use it for 70 minutes per day; since I often write my responses online, this can be a problem. Still, those who find it difficult to reach me at Trystero can email me at peter.maranci@channel1.com . The membership is only good til June, though. There's a good chance that I'll extend it, but my main Net address is still Trystero.

How do others in the Hunt obtain graphics?

STNG: THE GLOP-FACED ALIEN

CONUNDRUM

I've just figured out an explanation for all the humanoid creatures with little bits of glop on their foreheads, who are nonethe-

less always able to reproduce (guess the relevant parts are always shaped the same): The differently-shaped bits of glop are actually product recognition codes. They're all from the same race, ultimately. The Preservers took them and seeded them on planets throughout the Galaxy, including unique-shaped glop-producing DNA code in each new race.

Here's an idea: perhaps the portion of each race's DNA that produces their unique forehead glop actually contains a portion of a genetically-encoded *message* from the Preservers. Put them all together and they spell...what?

Of course, all this crossbreeding might screw up the message. Riker might wake up one day to find some very angry Preservers at his bedside...8^>}

RANDOM RUNEQUEST



Too Many Tables

There's been little interest on the Net in my Runic Sorcery system; it seems that respect and interest these days is really reserved for scenarios and Gloranthan information. I suppose I'll have to work myself up and write some, just to show that I can do it... 8^>}

At the end of this issue I've included a RuneQuest help sheet that I found to be a useful aid when I was running a casual pick-up Glorantha game. It includes five

tables. The first is simply an exhaustive list of the creatures of Glorantha, as best as I could remember. The second is a list of the intelligent corporeal creatures of Glorantha; this is arranged for a D100 roll, with probabilities adjusted for likelihood of encounter (probabilities estimated entirely by myself). Table III does the same for non-corporeal Gloranthan creatures.

Table IV was designed as a reaction to the presence of a Shaman as a PC. Frequent Spell Spirit encounters were taking up far too much time; the Shaman spent much of his time looking for particular Bind/Control/Summon spells. I needed a way to determine a spirit's spell quickly and easily. It also seemed to me that since there are so many different species-specific spirit magic spells, there should be a slightly greater likelihood of such spells appearing; therefore I decided to let the first 45 (out of D50) possibilities be the common spirit magic spells as listed on the RQ help sheet, and added additional Bind/Control/Summon spell possibilities at the end.

The final table is consulted if a random Bind/Control/Summon spell must be generated.

A Pavis Perspective

I've always thought that Orlanth was a jerk, and wondered why nobody else thought so. I mean, what kind of egomaniacal pig would kill the Sun, throw the world into Darkness, allow Chaos to invade and mar the Universe, discover he was wrong, rectify the situation with the help of a number of other gods, and THEN call himself "King of the Gods"? I'm no Lunar, but Orlanth seems like nothing more than a big bag of hot air — a bully. Down with Orlanth!

New And Old

Recently I was lucky enough to obtain a copy of the **Big Rubble** scenario pack for RuneQuest 2. Reading it was a strange experience. I knew **River of Cradles** for

RQ3 included material from BR — but what I hadn't realized was how much had been *eliminated* in the process. Great stuff. In fact, I was stunned at how much more fun and interesting the old RQ2 stuff was

to read than even the best of the new material! In light of this, I may have to re-evaluate my enthusiastic reaction to the new RQ3 material. Yes, it's good, but there's no longer any doubt in my mind that much of the glow of perfection was due to the contrast with the abysmal Nick Atlas years. For some reason I found this disturbing...

RQ Convention

Can my agony know no bounds? News on the Net is that a RuneQuest convention has been arranged in Baltimore for next year, including all the RuneQuest luminaries I'd love to meet — but it's scheduled for Martin Luther King weekend in January, opposite Arisia — and I've already bought my Arisia membership!

COMMENTS #178

It may be trite to say that for every dark cloud there's a silver lining. Still, there is one bright side to the incredible sparseness of TWH #179 for me: I have very few comments to make this time. Since I generally leave the comments til last (like 3AM on Thursday night), this is a bit of a relief for me.

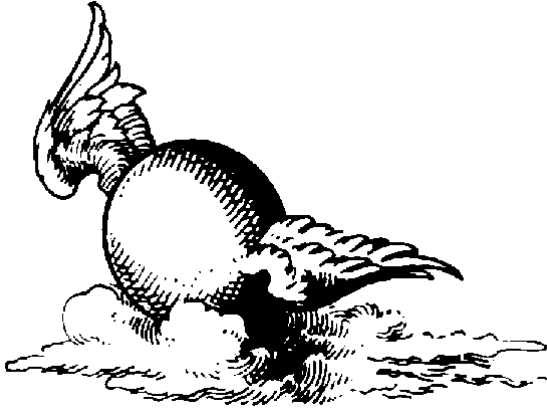
Of course, it's actually kind of stupid to leave the one thing that must be done

Q: How many Humakti does it take to change a light bulb?

A: None — it is dead, and there must be no return from Death. *

* I realize that this is utterly meaningless to non-Gloranthan gamers. Sorry!

for the zine til the last minute. Which is why I've started now, weeks before deadline. Will I procrastinate and delay, finally finishing in a mad all-nighter? Only time will tell. 8^>}



SWANSON:

Of course I agree with your King of Sartar review — it's a fine work indeed. Since I don't play Pendragon at present, I'm not likely to pick up The Spectre King any time soon (random thought — I wonder how popular Pendragon is in England?). I hope I won't be giving away any secrets when I say that I'm glad to hear that there's new material in the Chaosium pipeline relating to *both* your mini-reviews...

After a momentary pang, I did decide that Greg Stafford's decision to make all new Gloranthan material subjective was a good idea — though sometimes it hurts a little to give up a sense of an absolute authority (on the other hand, I've always insisted that my interpretation of Glorantha is the absolute arbiter in any Gloranthan campaign I run).

As for how to keep secrets? Hard to say. I once amused myself (and my players) greatly by using secrecy in an odd way. At one point in the Grey Company campaign the characters began to take the first steps along the path to Heroquesting. It was literally an educational experience, as a spirit teacher showed them the way and tested them in the process.

During this first HeroQuest, the PCs found themselves seated at the sides of an arena. One at a time, each one of them was required to come down and fight some appropriate spirit enemy. The thing was, not one of them had any real chance of winning — the test was to see how they reacted to death, not how well they could fight. As each character came, was slaughtered and dragged away, I physically moved the player out of the playing area into another room. When the last of them had been killed I had five players in five separate rooms...the suspense was driving them crazy (I should mention that this game was being played at MIT. It was quiet and there were as many empty classrooms as I wanted.)

Keeping the players apart kept them from sharing any information about their situation — if they'd been able to see each other, even if they didn't speak they'd have had some idea of what was going on. Separating them kept a sense of mystery that really heightened the tension.

Hmm. Perhaps I've misunderstood the topic. Do you mean how does one keep the secrets of the game world? Simple. Don't use a published world — make up your own instead. Or change vital details. Certainly I've never had a big problem while running Glorantha, even with players that were very knowledgeable about the world...

By the way, I liked the cover.

JORENBY:

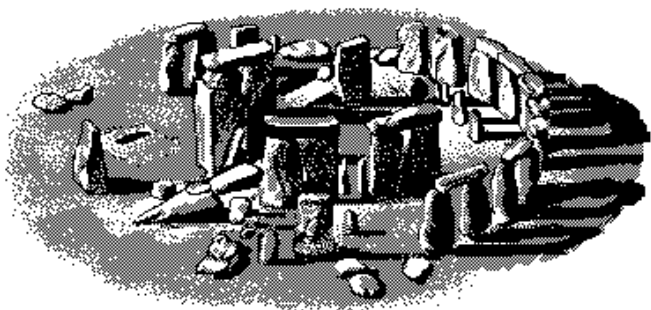
The PCs/Blood Razors battle sounded exciting. Did you actually play the "Bela Lugosi" song while the battle was being staged? I suppose it would have been excessive to set off a smoke bomb... 8^>}

Incidentally, one subject that's been in my R&RHOLD file for the longest time is the question of music during games. One of these days...

I sympathize with the problem of a "fractionating" (is that a real word) group

of PCs, of course — after all, it was that sort of experience that led me to write the “Bar Wars” article. How exactly did the campaign finally break up, if you don’t mind me asking? It’s been a question I’ve often pondered. When things are clearly going nowhere, and the group is splitting into smaller and smaller factions, is there any way to save the campaign? Or would it be wiser to simply choose euthanasia?

Your description of how you run your games sounds identical to my own method. How much preparation do you use? I see myself as a Deist of sorts, a great Clock-maker — I create the basic concept of the campaign, work out all the main ‘branches’ as it were, and find everything else falls into place as I go along. Of course the concept does slowly metamorphisize as



time passes, so perhaps Deist is not the best word for my approach.

Alas! Lois is unlikely to do another piece very soon, I fear. For one thing, she’s quite frighteningly busy. Still, if everyone encourages her strongly... 8^>} Perhaps another Nereyon player may decide to write something up eventually — I hope someone will, because at the rate I’m going I’ll never get through the first year of play! Incidentally, I have **no idea** what RPG/the CB is.

PHILLIES:

I was glad to see you at **Arisia** —

sorry I wasn’t around as much as I’d have liked. For one thing, it would have been neat to see the *Pickering* manuscript. And tried those brownies...couldn’t someone have saved one for me? 8^>}

Is the omission of my name from the list of Massachusetts representatives supposed to tell me something? 8^>}

Glad to hear you liked the video. You’re right about the sound levels on the music, but as I wrote in R&R #13 I was hardly in my right mind when we put it in!

The male chauvinist pig was pretty carefully drawn from a relatively recent experience. I do regret that we accidentally left the last line off when we were filming: “Ha ha! Now you’re pregnant!”. THAT is just about a quote...

Interesting segment of *Pickering*, as usual. The astronauts’ reaction to Eclipse and Aurora was particularly amusing. I wonder what would be the reaction of someone faced with that sort of situation? I’ve always wanted to see a science-fiction fan portrayed in that situation — the reaction would be instant acceptance and understanding combined with interest and incessant questions, perhaps?

I’m probably the last generation to remember what it’s like to write without a word processor, I suspect — and even I wouldn’t really know what it’s like if I hadn’t been writing at a fairly young age. Now it’s impossible to imagine living without one (particularly my spelling checker 8^>). Have you done any writing without word processing? Any opinion on the difference?

BUTLER:

Your Bible story had me laughing out loud, loudly — and since I was in the cafeteria at my firm at the time, startled several secretaries. My reputation for weirdness grows in leaps and bounds...

Romantic vs. Pragmatic is an interesting pair of opposed alignments — but since

when did you start believing in alignments, Bob? And what happened to greyscale values, anyway? 8^>}

I know that Legal Seafood isn't *known* for their hamburgers — but at least some of them do **have** them. I'm sure of that, because I did have a burger at Legal once — formed into the shape of a fish. You don't forget an experience like that!

There's an interesting thought: I sometimes have trouble eating out because I have a very narrow range of foods that I'll eat. I can't recall ever hearing of a character with similar problems in any roleplaying game...on the other hand, I don't suppose that sort of thing is either interesting or useful.

Others have told me that some SIL games are good — but **all** of my experiences have been bad, even those that were judged by many to be good games. I really do think that it's a problem that's inherent to all organizations — as time goes by, I become more and more dubious about the fairness of any organization. Seems to be a common complaint, too.

Regarding the S&M/leather/bondage people at Arisia, I have a hard time

believing that anyone these days would be really shocked by what I saw — you see such things on TV every day, after all.

HOBBERMAN:

I agree with you that Cyberpunk futures are Dystopias — but I know one Libertarian @sshole who believes that they would be Libertarian Utopias (I think you know him too). That only confirms my opinion, of course...

Perhaps the age of Cyberpunk is passing? I can't help but suspect that Cyberpunk was somehow an outgrowth of the Reagan/Bush years — a dark but accurate reflection of the unpleasant reality behind their elitist attitudes. If that's the case, I wonder what sort of genres the Clinton Administration might spark? 8^>}

I wouldn't worry too much about shows like **Space Rangers** encouraging the ghettoization of science fiction on TV. **Deep Space 9** has continued and even improved in quality, after all — an outstanding example for the rest of the industry.

Regarding the dancing, I'm just glad that none of you saw me at the Regency



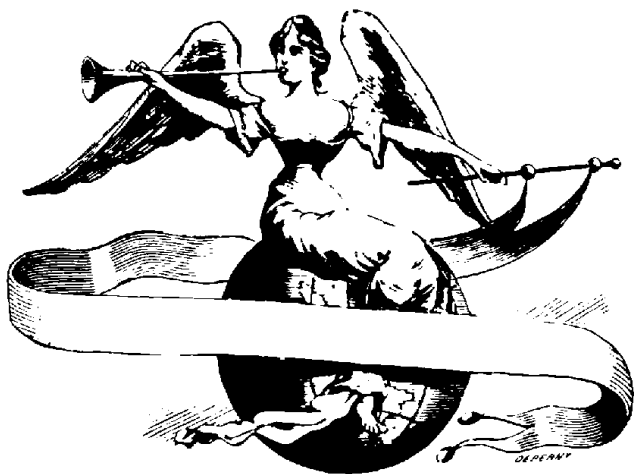
Dance — though in truth, I wasn't that bad. In some ways the Regency dancing was not unlike the Armenian circle dances of my distant childhood. 8^>}

It's true that Lois was treated badly by the Arisia Con Committee, but more frightening is the thought of how much worse it would have been if Matt Sarroff hadn't spoken up...

NEXTISH:

Who knows? There's so much in R&RHOLD... There's Nereyon, From the Closed Shelves, more of the Floating Isles, more light bulb stupidity...come to think of it, even I won't know until the night before deadline! 8^>}

—>Pete



Colophon

Rack & Rune #15: Happy Birthday, Number Six was generated in ASCII form using PC-Write 2.5. It was formatted for desk top publication using Publish-It 2.0. It includes clip art generated with the Windows 3.0 Paintbrush utility, as well as clip art downloaded from several BBSes. It was printed on ...something. Damned if I know! Besides, why should I tell you? I will not be pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed, or numbered—well, all right. You can index me. 8^>}