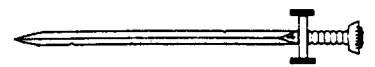


RACK & RUNE



Rack & Rune #21: YOW!

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Yow indeed. I'd completely forgotten the deadline for TWH #186. Not surprising, given all that's going on in my life these days. I'm afraid this may be one of the shortest (and least-edited) *Rack & Runes* to date. Sorry!



Discerning readers may notice that this issue looks a bit different from past editions of *Rack and Rune*—that is, I hope the difference is a subtle one. For all I know, things may turn out to be vastly screwed up when I get this laser-printed. ☹

There is indeed a difference. Since last issue I've purchased a new computer: a 486 DX/2-50 multimedia system. It's stunningly better than my old 286; I'm still adjusting to the differences. Ironically enough it seems to be a little screwed up, but I'm sure I can get that taken care of soon.

It has a 15" SVGA NI low-rad monitor, a double-speed MPCII-compliant CD-ROM, a 16-bit sound board, and all the usual amenities. Where once I had a 40 meg hard drive, I now have 340—and I suspect I'll need more before long. All in all, a huge improvement.

And just to keep up with the Joneses, I've picked up a new DTP program as well: *Publish-It 4.0 for Windows*. I could have gone with a more powerful program, I suppose, but this one has the advantage of an extremely short learning curve (for me, anyway). It's much like the previous version, with a number of added features. Of course it runs so much more quickly on this system that it's a joy to work with. Can you imagine: it took almost five minutes to save a ten-page file on my old system!

Actually, I won't have time to really show off the best features of the program in this issue; I'll be lucky if I get even a few pages together in time to be printed.

Other changes: Interregnum #1 is printed, distributed, and finished with (and I'm pretty pleased with it). The deadline for submissions to #2 is roaring up fast. I empathize with Mark's TWH difficulties much more strongly now—and am even more impressed by his feat of keeping it all going for twenty years.

I printed up quite a few extra copies of Interregnum #1, as it turns out—mostly to distribute for promotional purposes. If anyone out there would like a copy of #1, send me an SASE at least 9 by 12 inches, with \$1.67 in

postage affixed. I'd offer it at Book Rate too, but the Post Office is giving me trouble about the definition of "printed matter". Wouldn't you know it—I've mailed TWHs via book rate for months with no problem, but as soon as I try to mail something for myself I meet Attila the Disgruntled Postal Clerk! 8^>}

The Fairy

Yeep! Half an hour to go. Who the hell can write a decent zine in half an hour? 8^>}

Long-time readers may remember the terrible problems I've had with the Amateur Video Contest at the **Arisia** convention in Boston. Every year I've slaved with my friends to produce something for it, and almost every year the Arisia folk have treated us abominably—culminating in an outrageous scene at the post-con gripe session last year in which the moderator nearly wrestled the microphone out of the hands of the extremely irked Lois.

Who ever said that we weren't gluttons for punishment? (No one, that's who). Once again we decided to shoulder the burden and produce a bit of video excellence. Lois was the primary conspirator this time, and she had wisely enrolled in a community cable access program in order to get her hands on some professional editing equipment. The idea for the video was hers, too: a Fairy in fairyland would find her house overtaken by a magical storm, and so she would pack her magical things and flee.

I, relentless lowbrow that I am, couldn't help but try to inject a little humor into the piece—in the form of a closing scene in which the Fairy would climb out of her magic travelling bag and discover herself in a

modern supermarket. A bit of the old "Toto, I think we ARE in Kansas", as it were. 8^>}

The script was roughed out fairly painlessly, as such things go. Probably one reason for this was that the video was to be extremely short, no more than three or four minutes. In comparison, most of our previous videos had been fifteen minutes or longer.

On to the shooting. We needed some special effects: some way to represent a magical storm that would look like...well...*something*. After quite a bit of fruitless theorizing about whirling beads and such, we finally came up with a pretty good algorithm: food coloring swirling in water. Credit for the original kernel of this idea must go to **Scott Ferrier**, I believe.

I was working on bizarre Rube Goldbergisms involving water-filled clear plastic bags and nozzles, when someone (perhaps it was Lois) came up with the idea of simply stirring water in a large clear container violently, and then dumping in various colored fluids. Oddly enough, the most effective fluid was Worcestershire Sauce. 8^>}

We shot most of the live footage in Lois' dust-filled basement. All that remained was to film the supermarket scene. I was a little concerned that we might be hassled a bit (winged Fairies in pink gowns and tiaras rarely visit

supermarkets), but thought it was worth a try. I'll admit that visions of humorless police officers shooting "drug-crazed Satanists" were a little hard to push out of my head...but however reluctantly, I came along to



film Lois in the supermarket.

We went to the **Super Stop & Shop™** nearest my house. It was late Friday night, nearly midnight; the store would be as close to empty as it could get (it was a 24-hour market, by the way). We garnered a few amused stares as we walked in, and a uniformed cop did walk over to us when we went up to the customer service desk to ask for permission to film. Fortunately he seemed mildly amused rather than psychotic. Likewise, the girl behind the counter seemed friendly. Both were willing to let us shoot, but called in the night manager to be on the safe side.

The night manager was a stereotypical vicious young middle-management bastard, right down to his short blond hair and carnivorous expression. A cruel gloating suffused his Aryan face as he started shaking his head even before we finished explaining what we wanted to do. "Absolutely not.

Against corporate policy!" he sneered gleefully.

We left. And I, for one, am glad to say that I've never shopped at **Super Stop & Shop™** again. Childish of me, perhaps, but it comforts me to know that they've lost thousands of dollars thanks to their rude employee—and will lose many thousands more in my lifetime. Oh, I accept that it was probably their policy; it's the attitude of that night manager I object to. What a jerk!

Let me take a moment to urge everyone: Don't shop at **Super Stop & Shop™** if you can help it. Go in to the store, buy nothing, and tell them you are boycotting them as a matter of conscience. If they ask you why, tell

them it's because they hire jerks. ☺☺☺☺☺

It was late, and we were freezing—Lois particularly, as fairy costumes aren't particularly designed for warmth. Finally in desperation I stopped in front of a closed convenience store. I filmed the Fairy miming violent knocking on the door, half-expecting the police to pull up at any moment. They didn't, and the rest of the video, though by no means effortless, went comparatively painlessly. We finished in time and mailed it in. I also mailed in a copy of my Gamemaster's Hall of Shame video for competition at Arisia.

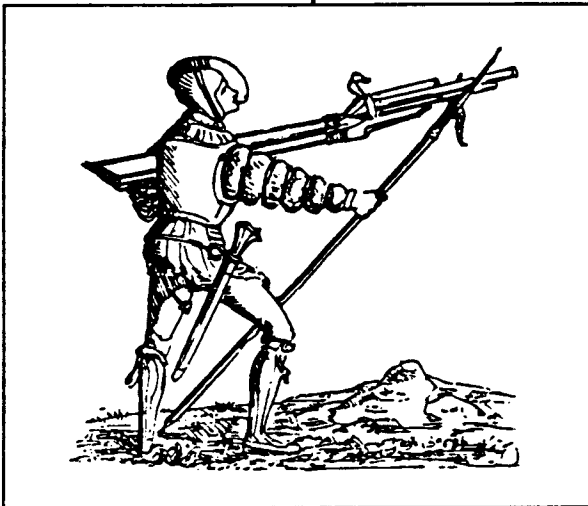
ARISIA 1994

In past years, Arisia had been the big event of the year for me. Not so this year; RuneQuest Con the week before had been extremely enjoyable, making the prospect of Arisia seem somewhat anticlimactic. Still, there were some things I was looking forward to.

Chief among these was the Jules Verne

Victorian Ball. Arisia has a tradition of Regency dances; participants wear formal dress and are taught the simple dances as they go along. Strictly speaking, most of the dances are not the genuine article, however. Most are simplifications of historical dances, and some are made up from whole cloth. They most closely resemble square dances.

That's ironic, because I've had a strong aversion to dancing—particularly square dancing—ever since first grade, when a girl called Mary Lou pursued me ruthlessly in square dancing class. I actually developed the ability to raise my own body temperature just before class (a skill since forgotten, alas).



I'd been dragged into the dance the previous year, and to my surprise had a great time. What's more, I wasn't half bad at it.

This year's dance was special. Rather than a simple Regency dance in a large function room, it was a Jules Vern Victorian Ball, to be held in the main ballroom of the Boston Park Plaza hotel.

I decided to do things right this time. The previous year I'd danced wearing my wizard's garb—nothing to be ashamed of, but I was tickled with the idea of dancing in formal wear. One problem: I didn't really have any. The best clothes I had were suitable for wearing to a funeral or job interview, but they in no way resembled a tux. This year I wanted to look the part.

A real tuxedo was totally out of the question, of course. I'm not starving (though a bit of starvation would probably do me some good), but I'm not exactly rolling in dough, either.

Fortunately I'd heard of a place called **Keezer's** that sold used formal wear. Hacking my way through darkest Cambridge, I found the place with a bit of difficulty. It was jammed full of neat old clothes.

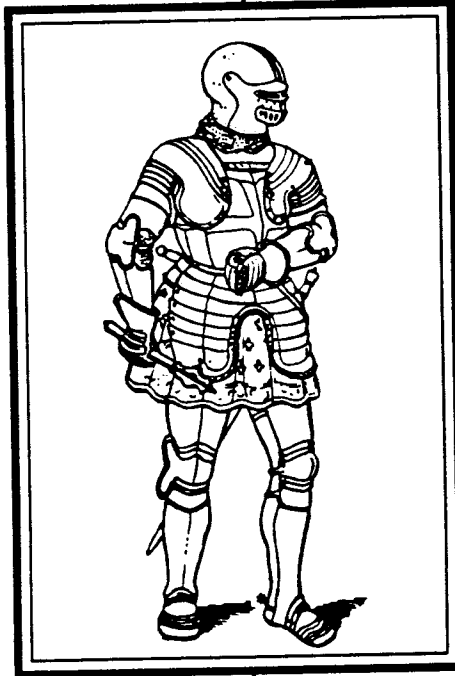
I'd hoped to buy a tuxedo jacket for twenty dollars—the reference book I'd found Keezer's listed in gave that price. I'm not easy to fit, though, and so was prepared to spend up to sixty. After a bit of searching I found several old jackets that looked fairly respectable, and were in the \$40 range. But I couldn't leave well enough alone—oh no!

Before I knew it I'd put back the tuxedo and

picked out a full suit of tails, an ultra-formal affair with tux pants, suspenders, bow tie, vest, ruffled shirt and even gloves! The only reason I didn't get a cummerbund was that the staff assured me that they didn't go with that particular outfit. Wearing it, I looked like an orchestra conductor—or a butler. I was dressed to the nines. And I'd only spent \$135. ACK!

Onward and Upward

Excelsior Arisia. Upon arriving I discovered (after a half-an-hour wait in line at room registration) that the hotel had screwed up yet again, maintaining its perfect record (what a surprise). Though I'd requested a family double (two double beds, two bathrooms), and as a second choice a room with two double beds, we'd been assigned a room with...wait for it... **ONE** bed! And no matter how much I protested they weren't willing to do anything about it.



I can therefore say that the **Boston Park Plaza Hotel** is responsible for my breaking Massachusetts state law. We have some of the oldest and silliest laws in the books in old MA, and I'm sure that one of them forbids mixed sleeping. If any police officers are reading this, I urge you to go arrest the management of the Plaza—and while you're at it, why not arrest the night manager of the **Malden Super Stop & Shop™**, too? 8^>}

Con registration was stunningly efficient—by far the most efficient and well-run I've ever seen. I was through in no time.

The Grand Ball

The ball was Friday night. Lois and I got ready and went down. Our stylishly Victorian

ultraformal garb drew amazed stares from all. Including me—it was quite a trip to look at myself in the mirrors as I went by. Clothes really **do** make the man! 8^>}

Seriously, I can now say with some confidence that there's nothing like being perfectly dressed to give one a sense of power and dignity. It gives a curious feeling of self-confidence, a sort of psychic support if you will. Fun, too—I spent as much time as I could wearing my tailcoat. And it turned out to be hugely useful, in the end.



The ball itself was great. The dances went smoothly, and I found myself actually enjoying the music played by the small live band. The climax of the affair was the Imperial March, a dance which uniquely was not taught to the participants beforehand. Instead, the instructor simply told everyone to follow his orders as they went along. It was brilliant. He split the dancers into lines, mixing and splitting and crisscrossing them at will. In "The Bowers" section of the March, the entire dance formed a line that actually folded *over* itself, like an earthworm swallowing its own tail! Finally, the dancers were formed into a single line and

circled around the perimeter of the ballroom. Slowly the instructor brought the line spiralling inward. There must have been at least a hundred dancers, forming a huge spiral figure. The instructor stood at the center, and I couldn't help but wonder what would happen when the spiral finally came in to the center. Would he be crushed?

Not at all. As each couple reached him, the instructor broke them off the line and sent them waltzing out *between* the lines of the spiral! It was an absolutely incredible experience.

Incidentally, I'd strongly recommend gloves to anyone who plans to try this sort of dance. It can get quite warm under the circumstances, and everyone's hands become a bit damp. A good pair of cotton gloves are always appreciated by your partner.

The Video Contest, At Last

The contest was being run by a new person, a guy who'd volunteered at the gripe session the previous year. He did an outstanding job. The videos were shown on a large projection screen that must have been eight feet high and sixteen feet wide. Each of us was asked to come up and say a little something about amateur video production; I managed to wing a little speech fairly well, I think (another result of long gamemastering experience). Then the videos were played.

It was quite the motley assortment. One video was nothing more than a continuous shot of a poorly-lit storyteller. Far be it from me to judge her story, which was a "funny" feminist retelling of her wacky fantasy adventures—but I will admit that after about twenty minutes I leaned over to Scott and said "Kill me." 8^>}

The GM's Hall of Shame received an excellent response from the crowd. There was quite a lot of laughter, which was gratifying to hear. The Fairy was also received with interest, though possibly a little confusion from some.

The rest of the videos were quite surprising: they weren't really amateur at all. They were professional-quality animation, most of them done by graduate students using millions of dollars worth of equipment. One of them was a totally professional film of the **Silver Surfer™**, utilizing live actors, professional camerawork and sound and full digital morphing—it had been produced by the **Marvel Comics Company™**! Fortunately none of these qualified for the contest.

After the showing, I was told that the **GM's Hall of Shame** was one of two winners that night. The other hadn't been shown, since the creator was still re-editing it to remove a scene of oral sex that the organizers had found unacceptable. Clips from both videos would be shown at the awards ceremony that evening in the presentation hall, during the judging period of the Masquerade Contest. I decided to attend in my full formal regalia, and Lois decided to come as *Death* from the **Sandman** series of comic books.

Somewhere along the line, possibly before the Masquerade on Saturday night, I managed to stop in on the **Alarums and Excursions** room party. It was interesting to see some of the people who wrote the zines I'd read, but there wasn't much for me to say—most of the folk seemed to be old friends, pretty much involved in their own conversation. I lacked the energy to break into the discussion, and left soon after **Glenn Blacow** showed up.



While I'm mentioning TWHers, I should say that I also saw **George Phillies**, **Bill and Pam Ricker** and offspring **David Hoberman**, and **Scott Ferrier** during the con, though not at the A&E party. Have I forgotten anyone? I hope not!

The Masquerade (NOT Vampire™)

It was time for the Masquerade. Lois and I were seated in front, and so got a good view. As always, it was an enjoyable and exciting show. What's more, it featured an extremely amusing accident.

One of the costumes was a **T-100 Terminator™** robot. It probably stood about ten feet high, and was a massive piece of work; I'm not sure if it took two people to operate, but it was certainly large enough to hold two large people inside. With weapons and accoutrements of every sort, it was a truly impressive spectacle. Or would have been, if it had been able to get up onto the stage. 8^>}

The designers had overlooked the fact that the T-100 would need to climb stairs to get up onto the stage—and that to climb stairs, it would need to be able to bend its giant legs. The operator tried quite strenuously to get onto the stage, with the unfortunate result that parts started falling off. It finally took three or four stagehands to lift it bodily onto the stage, but by that point the T-100 was crumbling. The moment of final indignity came when it tried to walk off the stage at the end of the presentation: it seemed to literally fall apart as the operator toppled majestically to the ground. He walked off the stage, a pygmy wearing giant robotic legs.

I could sympathize. I'd had much the same experience on the last Halloween that I trick-or-treated. I'd made up a magnificent robot costume out of metallic-painted cardboard boxes. In one of them, my head, I'd suspended two red-rimmed flashlights with slings of masking tape above my head, as terrifying eyes.

Unfortunately I too forgot about the need for bendability in legs. Finding myself unable even to step over the low stone wall near my house, I became extremely frustrated—and when the tape supporting the flashlights broke, allowing them to fall sharply and painfully onto my head, I was reduced to tears. The T-100 operator didn't cry, but I can well imagine that he wanted to.

It was time for me to get ready to go up on stage. I'd received the "Most Entertaining" award: a large inscribed plaque. I'd come out on stage to receive it from the contest moderator, while a clip from Hall of Shame would be played on the huge screen behind me: it had to be at least twenty-five feet tall, and forty feet wide!

I should explain that due to scheduling problems the usual site for the Masquerade had been preempted. Arisia had been forced to hold it instead in a giant castle across the street from the hotel. It was a vast convention center, much larger than the ballroom. More than a thousand people were in the audience. I was damn glad that I was wearing my tails.

The clip was shown, to great laughter from the audience. I managed to get across the stage with a fatuous smile on my face, waving and shading my eyes against the bright lights. I shook the hand of the presenter, and got offstage. It's probably just as well that they didn't ask me to speak...no, actually I kind of regret it. Oh well.

I find it hard not to sound a little catty about the other contest winner. The category was

"Best Technique", and technique was really all it had going for it. Seeing it, I could understand why the creator had included oral sex in the original; it was awfully boring otherwise. A pounding, monotonous beat while a computer-generated sphere extruded spikes over and over again...it seemed to last forever. Certainly the audience didn't have much of a reaction.

Later, there was a delay while waiting for the judges of the costume contest to make their decisions. I was pleased to hear quite a few people in the audience call out for the entire Hall of Shame to be shown—and not all of them were my friends, either. 8^> }

It wasn't shown again at the Masquerade, but it was shown again the next day in the Japanamation room—or rather,

the Japanamation closet. Since the showing was unannounced, I didn't even get to see it myself. Ah well! I can't really complain.

After the Masquerade the contest organizer took back my plaque to be engraved. He'd mail it to me.

Later that night we all got together to see **Mystery Science Theater 3000** in the castle. I must say, MST3K is much funnier when you're watching it with a big audience! It seems that the folk behind MST3K know that, too, which explains why they've been doing so many college tours.

Before the MST began, the chairman of the con asked me to stand up and apologized at length and with almost embarrassing sincerity



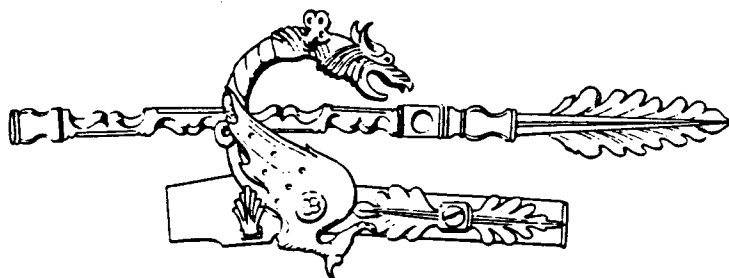
about the way we'd been treated last year. It was ironic that he apologized to me, since Lois had been at least as poorly treated. Later at the gripe session he began to apologize again, only to be suppressed by the other ConCom members. But I did make sure to thank him extensively at the time.

Wrap Up

There's not a lot more to tell. I shopped around quite a bit, but didn't buy all that much: a few tapes of odd music for background in the **Wonder** campaign (if it ever gets off the ground), a Dover book of copyright-free clipart of costumes, and a longsword which was amazingly on sale for only \$35! The Weapon Shops of Isher, from which I'd bought such cool stuff last year, had a table but never showed up.

I ordered the video of the convention, in the hope that it would show me walking up to receive my award. No such luck—this video was the worst piece of garbage imaginable! Though massive and professional video cameras had been set up for the Masquerade, the video only showed it from the side, and had obviously been shot with a cheap hand-held camcorder. What's more, the operator was clearly totally ignorant of even the most basic principles of photography—things like not shooting into bright lights, not jerking the camera around at high speed, and not zooming in and out every moment. The production was enhanced by a few crappy "effects" generated by a Video Toaster, five of which were used over and over and over again. Have the whole thing edited by a raving idiot without even the vaguest idea of the meaning of continuity, put in a droning soundtrack that sounded as if it had been culled from a *very* cheap porno film, and the result is a total waste of viewing time and \$25.

One final ironic note: I **still** haven't received my award plaque back!



Quarterly Sales Report

I have good news and bad news. First the good news: Sales of **TWH** at **Excalibur Hobbies** in Malden are going pretty well. I've left five copies of each issue since #175 there, for a total of 55 copies; when I checked today (April 22nd) there were only 22 copies left. Not too bad, given the market.

The bad news is that I've given up taking copies to **The Games People Play** in Harvard Square. Normally I deal with a clerk there, a pretty reasonable fellow. Sometimes, however, I have to talk instead to the woman who owns the store. Frankly, she's one of the biggest bitches I's ever been my misfortune to meet. My drop-off had fallen into a regular pattern: I offer her the **TWHes**. She patronizingly asks the clerk how well **TWH** is selling. "Pretty well", he responds. She sniffs and after a moment announces with an irritating smile that she'll take one less than before.

Last time she cut the number of issues she'd carry from two to one, and was damn rude to boot. It was amazing how she made me feel like a charity case with so little effort.

The hell with her. I didn't say any of the things I'd have liked to, but I'm not going back. And I'm certainly not going to buy anything from her store—not that I would anyway, given her offensive censorship of **Clan Brujah**.

Hmm. Am I fated to spend my life getting pissed off at jerks without any recourse? Probably. 8^>}

Comments #185

Mark Swanson:

④ Wow. And I thought *my* life had been going through a lot of changes! Congratulations to you and Germaine, and best of luck with the baby.

④ Congratulations also on finding a new job—so quickly, too! I'm quite impressed.

④ As far as character development and enumeration go: well, the only game I'm involved with now is *Nereyon*. Since that's sheetless, there are no records for the characters. Actually, that's not strictly true. There *were* character sheets *qua* sheets for the *Nereyon* PCs, about six or seven years ago when the game began. They were entirely for my own reference, of course. We've moved past that stage, however. Now most of the character abilities and such are in my mind—after so many years it's easy to keep track of it all without paper.

④ Of course, the players do have their own records. They lack statistics, of course, and so those in some way might resemble resumes—or more likely diaries. Oddly enough, I've never looked at the players' records, though I do sometimes rely on them for information about past events!

David Dunham:

④ Glad to see that you're still putting in an appearance here in TWH. Given your level of participation on the various RuneQuest lists on the InterNet, I can only be impressed by your prodigious writing capacity. How on earth (or Glorantha) do you find the time?

④ I found the *Pendragon Pass* material most interesting, as usual. Have you ever written up the background as a sourcebook for your players? I'm considering doing something of the sort with *Wonder*, but am a bit daunted by the scope of the project.

④ It's true that GMing is an outstanding outlet for creativity. But there are different types of creativity, I think. It seems to me that there's a fundamental difference between the creativity of playing and that of GMing—and that difference might have something to do with control.

④ I don't actually cook *while* I GM, as my *Nereyon* players would no doubt be happy to tell you. I try to cook before the game begins. Unfortunately cooking is always time-intensive, and the result usually is that the game is delayed. My players complain, but I suspect they'd complain even more if I wasn't a good cook. 8^>

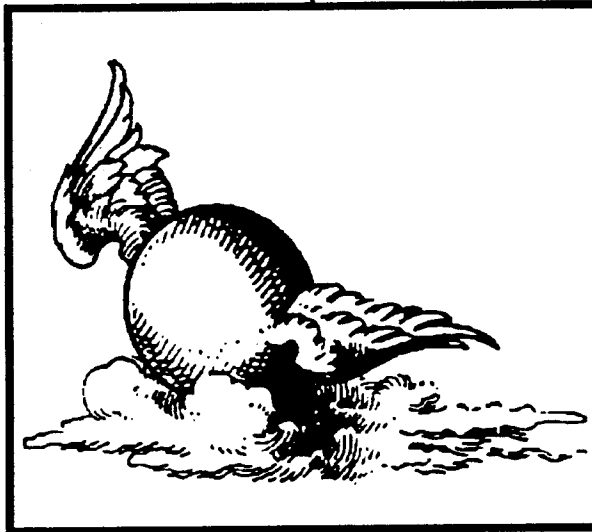
George Phillies:

④ *Pickering* was as good as ever. But I was quite impressed by your short story in *Interregnum*, too. The delay between sections of *Pickering* has made it difficult—nearly impossible—to keep up with the flow of the narrative. It's an unnatural way to read a novel. One of these days I'll have to put it all together with the ASCII material you've given me and read it all at one sitting. Then I'll be able to give you proper feedback.

④ Re parents screening what their children read: Hmm. Good point. I suppose I was being over-cautious in order to avoid offending the hypersensitive. Truth is, my parents couldn't have censored my reading matter even if they'd wanted to—I did much of my reading out of their sight. However, as best I recall they were never concerned about such things. Thank goodness!

④ You find the thought of GMs who cheat depressing? Perhaps you could define your terms for me a bit. I was under the impression that nearly *all* GMs cheat, if fudging die rolls is cheating. Fortunately in *Nereyon*, there's no need for such things.

④ I'm very surprised to learn that the suicide rate due to academic pressure is higher in the US than in Japan. Perhaps that impression is due to the different cultural attitudes in the two countries. I've read that a spectacular student suicide is a matter of family pride in Japan; I recall particularly one story of a student who, after failing an exam, ran up to a pile driver and placed his head beneath the descending shaft. His family held a party that



night in his honor, filled with pride. Of course, that story could well have been an urban legend. It's been so long since I read it, I have no idea what the source was.

Bill Ricker:

④ Congratulations on your new job, as well. Seems that the economy must indeed be picking up.

④ Thanks for the explanations. The axes are indeed a bit obscure, but I did figure out the Jacobite tartan shortly after Rack & Rune was printed. Oops.

④ The latest rumor about Channel 1 is that Rupert Murdoch may be acquiring them via Delphi—apparently they're all in the same building now. Makes me glad that I'm on TIAC.

④ Re Arisia: there seem to be some interesting changes going on. Apparently the new chair is indeed a NESFAN. Even more interesting to me was the explanation I recently received about the curious absence of the bondage/S&M/leather crowd at the latest Arisia (something I'd forgotten to mention in the writeup thisish). Apparently the ConCom refused permission to those folk to attend, or throw their parties. Their stated reason was that these did not fit in with the theme of the con, or some such. I believe that Arisia was actually going to be the site of the major annual meeting of the northeast branches those groups?

Marc Willner:

④ Glad to see you back again! Your review of *Civilization* was interesting, though I doubt I'll try the game. Few computer games interest me these days; if I try them, there's always the risk that I'll like them. Then I end up spending days playing them over and over, building up serious wrist and finger disabilities until I win—after which, there's little point in playing any more. I have played a few games on the new system, but want to avoid them (and early arthritis) if possible.

④ Sympathies on the end of your campaign. Your rules for the GM are well taken. How did the players react to the whole thing, particularly the epilogue?

Scott Ferrier:

④ Yeep. It's hard to comment on something I've already read so extensively. This is a challenge.

④ I agree with you about RQ Con, of course—after all, we both were there. About Arisia, it's interesting that you felt that there was a large number of S&M people there, given that they'd been made officially unwelcome. Can you imagine what things would have been like if they'd been allowed to hold their meeting there? I have no objection to such things, but must admit that I'd have been disappointed if the Victorian Ball had become an S&M Dance.

④ Damn right about the Vampire people. They really are annoying, aren't they. "Affected" (or "phony") as Holden Caulfield would say.

④ Full agreement on your review of Sam & Max Hit the Road. Everyone with a computer should run out and buy this game immediately! I only hope we see a sequel, and that some comics company re-issues the old comic books.

④ Poor fellow, you have my sympathies over your Magic addiction. 8^>}

Collie Collier:

④ I'll admit that I prefer not to talk to many gamers if I have a problem with their playing style. Why? Well, frankly, many of them aren't all that well adjusted, and confronting them seems more likely to result in an unpleasant scene rather than any positive purpose. In your case, it sounds as if the GMs in question simply aren't used to good, intense roleplaying. You know, "crossing the line" between fantasy and reality is actually much more common than good, dramatic roleplaying—so on the percentage, your GMs were right to be afraid. Not that I'm suggesting they were right! 8^>}

④ Argh. I'm running short of space (and time), and there's definitely more I want to say. I'll have to save some for later, dammit. Sorry!

Nextish

No space for it! Later!

—> Cole



Colophon:

No time for that, either! I'm barely gong to make it as it is. Jeez, this is the last time I let myself forget the deadline...yeah, right. And if you believe me, I have a new generic roleplaying system for you to invest in. 8^>}