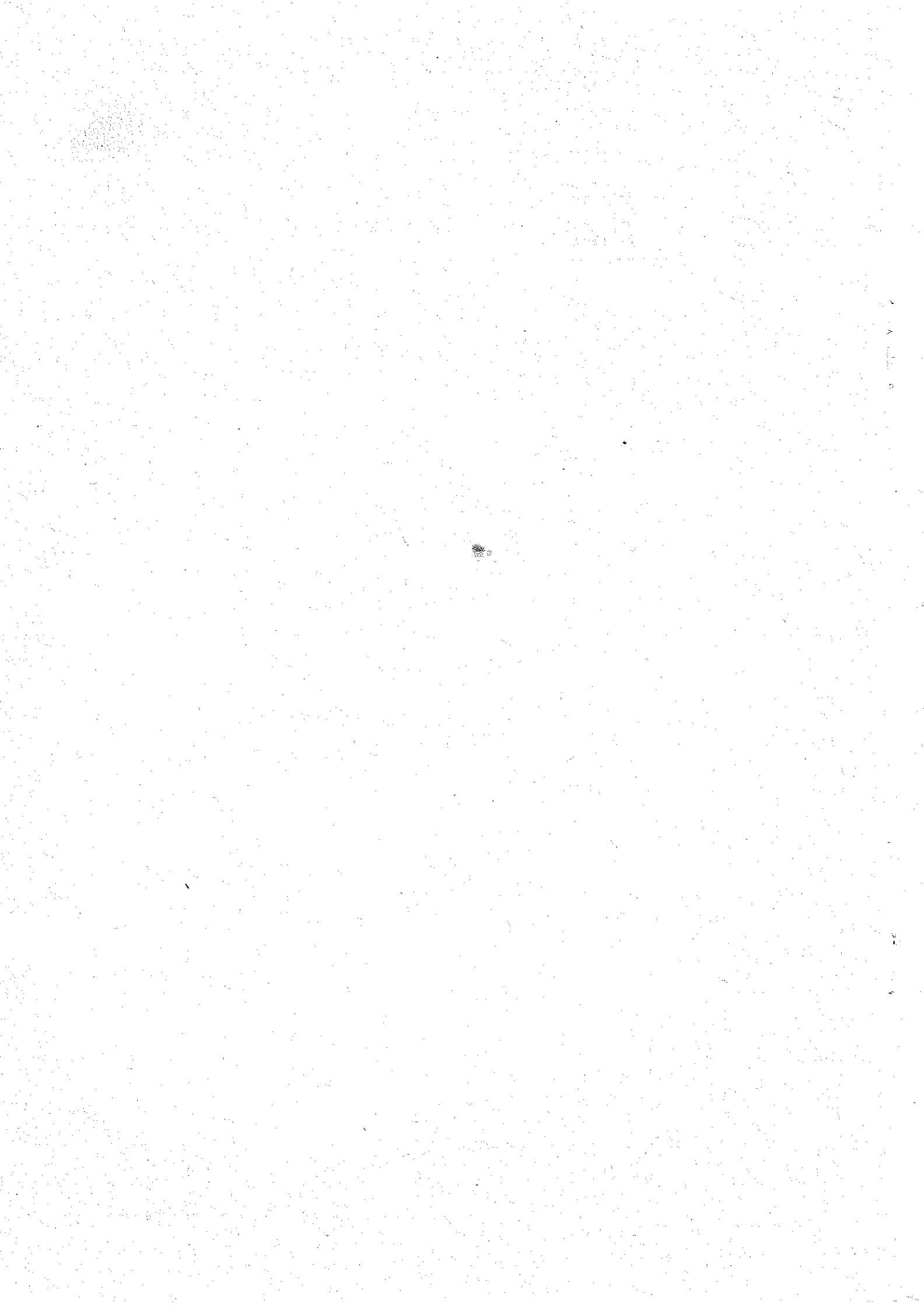


# Glad Marks







# CLAWUMARKS

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### CREDITS

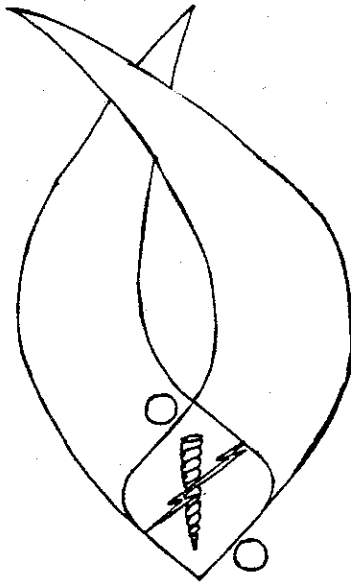
#### EDITORIAL STAFF:

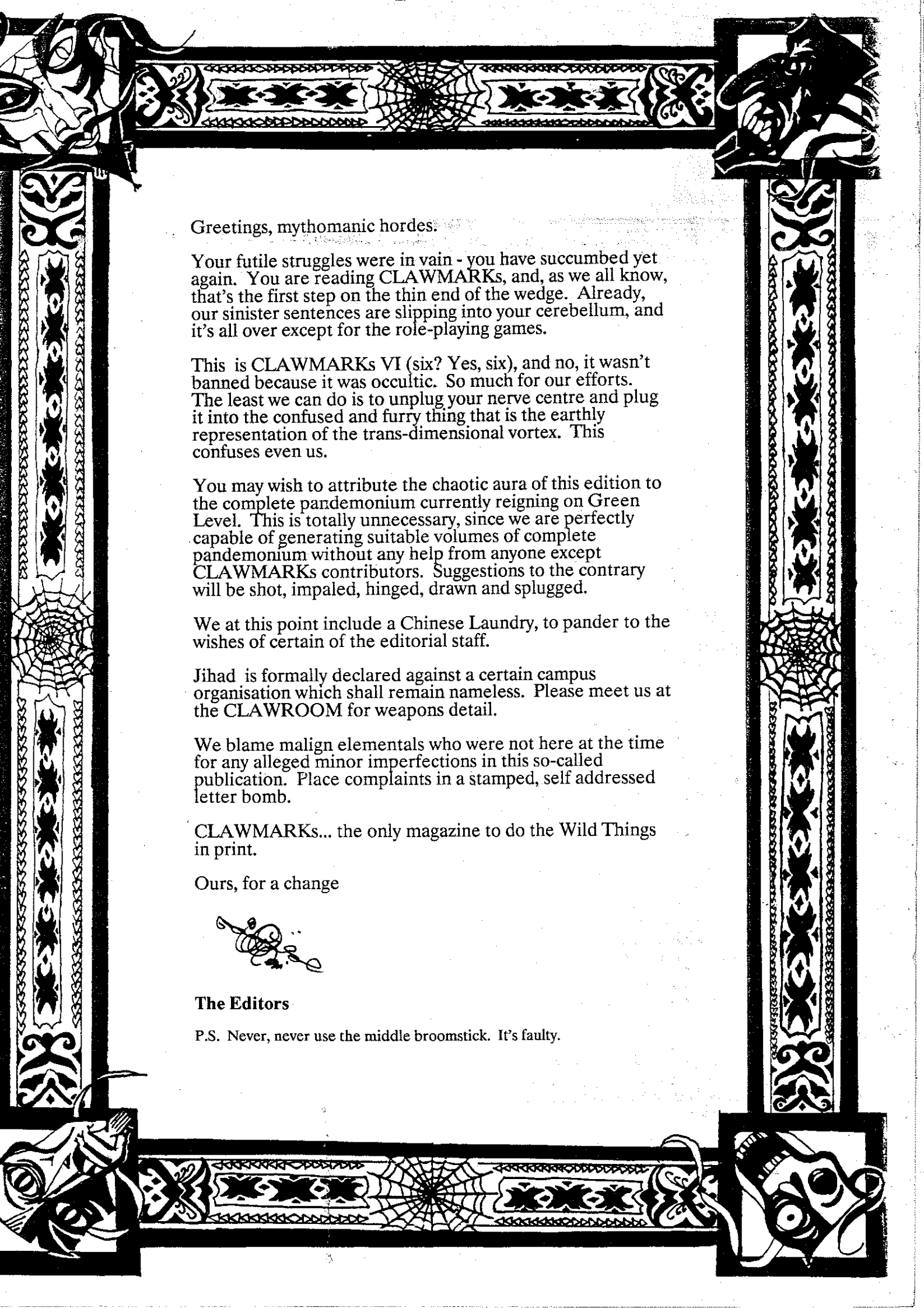
Jessica Tiffin  
Eckhard Gartz  
Anthony Steele  
Andrew Sturman  
Andrew Shackleton

#### ARTWORK

Amen  
Annelise Baroni  
Giles Embleton  
Meryl Rosenberg  
David Maclay  
Colin Naturman  
Peter Newton  
Susi Norris  
Shadowrun  
Anton Strydom  
Tania  
Where the Wild Things Are

# ELECTOR





Greetings, mythomantic hordes.

Your futile struggles were in vain - you have succumbed yet again. You are reading CLAWMARKs, and, as we all know, that's the first step on the thin end of the wedge. Already, our sinister sentences are slipping into your cerebellum, and it's all over except for the role-playing games.

This is CLAWMARKs VI (six? Yes, six), and no, it wasn't banned because it was occultic. So much for our efforts. The least we can do is to unplug your nerve centre and plug it into the confused and furry thing that is the earthly representation of the trans-dimensional vortex. This confuses even us.

You may wish to attribute the chaotic aura of this edition to the complete pandemonium currently reigning on Green Level. This is totally unnecessary, since we are perfectly capable of generating suitable volumes of complete pandemonium without any help from anyone except CLAWMARKs contributors. Suggestions to the contrary will be shot, impaled, hinged, drawn and splugged.

We at this point include a Chinese Laundry, to pander to the wishes of certain of the editorial staff.

Jihad is formally declared against a certain campus organisation which shall remain nameless. Please meet us at the CLAWROOM for weapons detail.

We blame malign elementals who were not here at the time for any alleged minor imperfections in this so-called publication. Place complaints in a stamped, self addressed letter bomb.

CLAWMARKs... the only magazine to do the Wild Things in print.

Ours, for a change



**The Editors**

P.S. Never, never use the middle broomstick. It's faulty.



# Letters to the Editor

CLAWMARKS welcomes correspondence. Your next opportunity will be the August edition. Inflammatory epistles can be sent to:

CLAWMARKS  
CLAWs UCT  
c/o the SRC  
Student's Union  
UCT  
Private Bag  
Rondebosch 7700

Dear Editor,  
I am a devoted adherent of the THUDMASTER (R) game system, but one thing has always puzzled me: how do you roll a d7???

Yours,  
Confused Thudmaster Fan

Dear Stupid,  
1. Pick up dice in right hand, grasp loosely  
2. With flexible wrist movement, cast dice upon flat, level surface  
3. Read number (between 1 and 7) on uppermost facet of dice.  
Simple, really.

Ed.

Dear Ed,  
But...

Confused Thudmaster Fan

Dear Terminally Dim,  
If you don't have a d7, use a d14 and divide by two. Really!!!

Irritated Ed.

Dear Editor,  
With reference to the letter from 'Confused' ('Why are people so strange?') in the last issue of CLAWMARKS, I believe I can offer a more insightful answer. If you were a random collection of doughy organs shoved inside a cage of bones, wrapped in a biodegradable dermal sack, and topped up with blood, wouldn't YOU feel strange? I know I do.

Signed,  
Stranger

Dear Strange Person,  
No, not at all. It's a well-known fact that the entire CLAWMARKS editorial team have shunned corporeal forms in favour of astral projections. WE feel strange simply because we ARE strange.

We hope you soon see your way clear to getting rid of all the icky biological bits.

Yours astrally,  
The Eds.



Dear Editor,  
Very well, since you wish it this way... IT IS ALL OVER! NEVERMORE SHALL MY VOICE BY HEARD BY YOU WHO SO CRUELLY AND CASUALLY DISMISS ME! NEVERMORE SHALL MY WIT AND BRILLIANCE DELIGHT THOSE WHO, DESPITE YOUR INTOLERANCE AND HOSTILITY, PRESERVED A MODICUM OF RESPECT FOR A TRUE AND PROPER BARD!

Despite your harshness, I shall wish you  
Fare you well,  
forever.  
Valeon.

Dear Steaming Bard,  
Calm down! Calm down! There's no need to shout in capitals. We are truly sorry for your evident distress, but feel totally unable to address the matter in any practical manner. Maybe you should see two analysts this time?? We would like to point out that we give you continual free advertising, which can only assist your no doubt most reputable career. Life would be very boring without you. On the whole, we'd prefer it if you didn't leave.

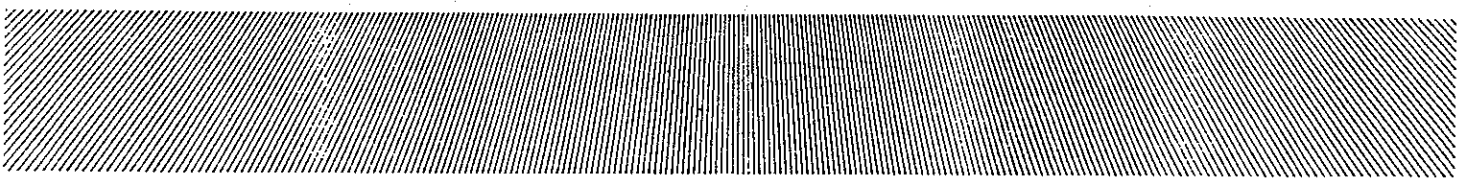
Yours uncharacteristically, as ever,  
The Editors.

Dear Editor,  
Recently I've been doing a lot of rational and sane things. My doctor tells me this often happens as we get older and that there is no cure. This unfortunate disease seems to affect almost everyone except members of CLAWs. Perhaps you can offer me some help or advice on how to combat this terrible affliction?

Yours frantically  
Sid the Suddenly Sane

Dear Sane Person,  
Obvious, isn't it? Join CLAWs.

Yours,  
The Editors.



Pathetic. Freckled editors (and Warty kin),  
My supreme Self has been brought into the sacred circles of  
darkness. I'm now fully qualified in the ancient arts of  
Bigotry, Racism, Sexism, Prejudice, Rigorism, Intolerance,  
Narcissism, Dogmatism, and Quantity Surveying.  
Yes, silly Editors (and hairy nitwit parents), I am here  
bathed in purity and I'm ready to tear apart your feeble  
ideas!

Secondly, you even dare to contemplate to insult my  
person. I never said, "You refuse to see me as 'it'" -  
incompetent deviancy-addled freckled people! My sacred  
words were, 'You REFERRED to me as it'. You have  
added idiocy to injury. This is proof once again of your  
congenital uncreditworthiness. Your death will be slow and  
painful - my potato peeler is whetted, and I will show you  
what purity there is in death!!!

Beware all that would dare stand in my way to glory, riches,  
power, and raisins. I'm ready and I am about to strike. See  
you later in this impertinent scandal-rag.

Yours in blood

The Arch-Bigot of Necropolis

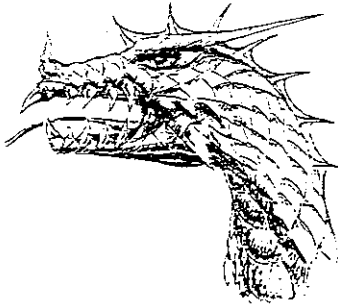
PS. I hate fish!

*Dear Arch-Biggie,*

*You seem to have mistaken us for people who care. For that  
matter, you seem to have mistaken us for people. Foolish  
Biggie.*

*Yours,*

*The Eds.*



Dear Editor

I object in the strongest terms to this letter being printed. It  
is silly and utterly pointless, and I find that offensive in the  
extreme. One would have hoped that you had better things  
to do, but no, you have to go printing junk like this. It is a  
stupid letter, and your acceptance of it fills me with disgust  
and revulsion.

Next time I won't even bother to write to you, if this is the  
way you are going to treat my letters.

Yours in ghastly disappointment,

Don Grimbldr, Overlurker of the Nether Pud.

*Dear Sizzling Nit,*

*Don't get het up - of course I'm not going to print this.*

*Yours consolingly,*

*The Eds.*

Dear Editors

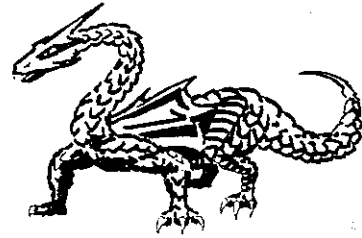
Just how far is DM arbitrariness going to be allowed to go?  
As a mighty and influential resident of my area, I feel I have  
a right to exist, especially since I caused the near-death of  
an entire sand-voyager crew and adventuring party. Yet I  
have been summarily declared out of existence, denounced as  
an illusionary and explained away as a mere figment of the

adventurers' fancy, simply because the DM could no longer  
control the havoc I was wreaking these same players. I feel  
this is not only unfair, but unnecessarily cruel and spiteful  
towards large sand-dwelling life-forms. I call on all  
dragonlike residents of the desert to join me in my stand.  
Yours disgruntledly,  
Brzag the Sand-Dragon  
Raurin Desert.

Dear Brzag,

*Your DM was obviously inexperienced, out of his depth,  
totally inept and not particularly serious - an insult to any  
game, player or monster. He should not have arbitrarily  
altered reality so cruelly. He should rather have had you killed  
off by high-level NPCs, or by natural causes such as desert  
measles, a sandstorm or a tidal wave. We call on all players  
to join us, and you, in our stand against DMs who ignore the  
laws of reality.*

*Yours in sympathy,  
The Editors.*



## CLAWMARKS SUBSCRIPTIONS

STAR LETTER \* STAR LETTER \*

Devoted Fan Award 1992

(We like this person).

Dear Editor,

I would hereby like to subscribe to your diabolic  
magazine. I read CLAWMARKS IV and thought it great.  
Please supply me with further details and I will drop a  
cheque in the post.

Greetings

Thaddeus the Cleric

*Dear Amazing Person,*

*You should, all things being equal, be reading this from  
your very own, utterly FREE copy of CLAWMARKS, sent  
to you as a token of our esteem. Congratulations on being  
our first subscriber.*

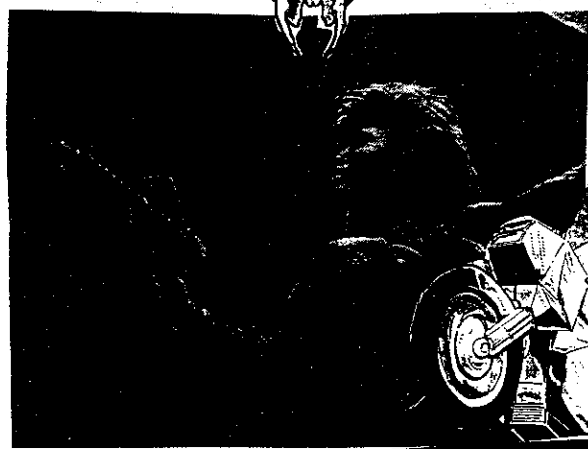
*(No, this is not a recurring award, no-one else who  
subscribes will get it either. Which should not stop you from  
rushing to subscribe anyway.)*

*Details: CLAWMARKS comes out twice a year, ie February  
and August. Cover price is R2-00.. Postage etc come to  
R1-00 lissue. At great personal inconvenience, but what the  
heck, we will send you CLAWMARKS for the incredibly  
small price of R 3-00 per issue, for a further 4 issues. (Just  
in case UCT falls into the sea, or something, and you waste  
your money. You can renew after that when you're sure  
we're still here). When you send us R12, specify if you want  
it from CLAWMARKS VI or from CLAWMARKS VII in  
August*

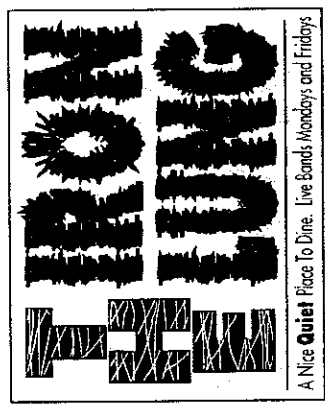
*Your loving Editors.*

• INTESTINES • HOSING • COPPER TUBING • SPINAL TAP • BRAINS • HYPOTHALAMI •

# SHADOWRUIN



SYSTEM    FACTS    BRITAIN    LONDON    BEYOND



A Nice Quiet Place To Dine: Live Bands Mondays and Fridays



• KNEECAPS • SALIVA • FREEMASONS •



**WASTRA & DAMAUS**  
*the best in Hermetic and Shamanistic legal assistance*



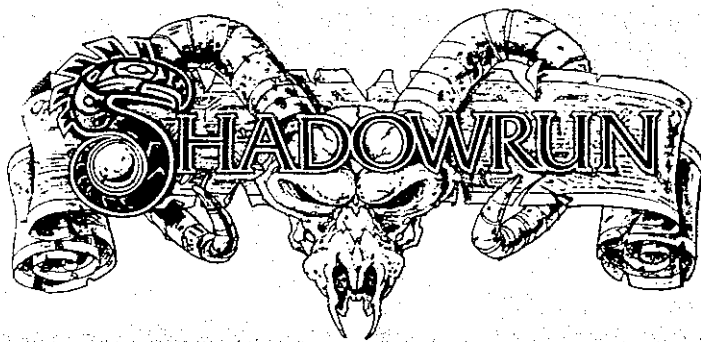
LOOKING FOR A LITTLE GASTRONOMIC EXCITEMENT?

# SHAW'S EDINBURGERS

• OUR HAGGIS IS FRIGHTENING!  
• BUT COUP D'ARTISANERES WITHIN YOURS  
• OUR MEAT IS FRESHLY KILT.

HOME OF THE MUTTON MUFFIN GLUTTONS.

# ANDY'S



## ShadowRun Review - Magic and Machine

*The Cybersoldier strode down the trash-strewn alley, his Ukrainian steel legs whining, his thermal vision sweeping the darkness ahead.*

*Target acquired... range readouts and neon alphanumeric scroll down his vision. Hunched in the shadows is a figure cloaked in rags. She looks up at him, her old, wrinkled face reflecting in the cybersoldier's mirrored shades.*

*Lock on. "Say Goodbye, Grannie" he chuckles as his HK227 smart assault rifle comes up, laser designator's red firefly moving across her face.*

*"Goodbye punk" she spits, opening her hand. The alley is lit by an blue arc flash, followed by some sickening wet sounds.*

*The street shaman stands up, her movements belying her face's age. She reaches down, picking up the assault rifle lying in the puddle of pinkish ooze. "You'll fetch a pretty price" she cackles and vanishes back into the shadows, leaving the alley to the litter and stray cats.*

*This is the weird world of ShadowRun: magic, machines and nothing is what it seems.*

Shadowrun is set in the mixed up world of 2050. In addition to the normal cyberpunk setting, magic has been returned to the world. Elves, dwarves, orks, trolls and stranger creatures have assumed their true form. Sorcerers and shamans throw spells and summon spirits in the same world as netrunners and cyborg street samurai.

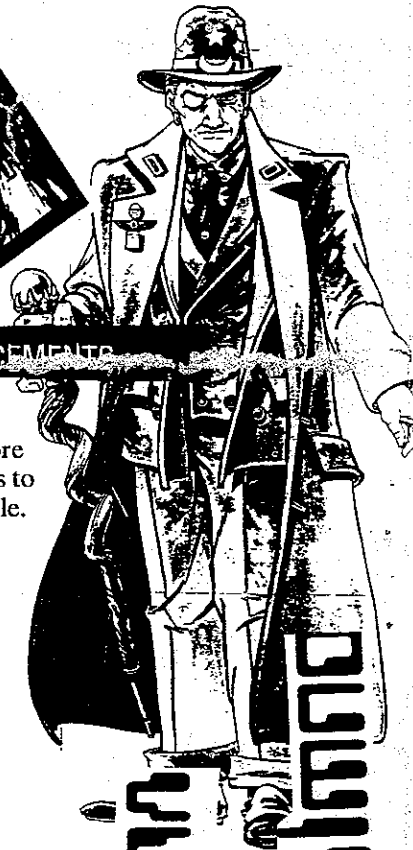
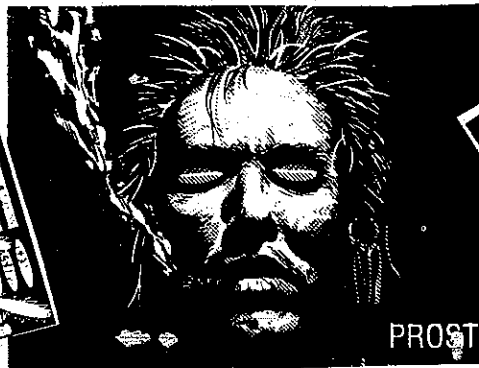
### The System

The game uses a system of fairly high complexity. Unlike Rolemaster and D&D it doesn't need many attack tables, but instead uses handfuls of dice and much adding, subtracting and comparing of rolls. Its net-running and magic sections are well thought out and consistent.

ShadowRun's greatest strength is its beautiful presentations and coherent, well researched background material. Its magic system complements and balances the technology nicely, with massively armored cybertroopers falling victim to a simple sleep spell and world-class archmages slain by one well placed slug. Indeed, this balance and mutual vulnerability makes a refreshing change from most cyberpunk/cyberspace games, where the guy with the best gadgets and biggest gun wins.



• SHANKS • FLANKS • HIPS • THIGHS • LIPS • CARTILAGE • SKIN • HOOVES • SNOUTS •



## PROSTHETIC ENHANCEMENTS

ShadowRun does have some flaws, in my opinion. I found that the combat system tends to bog down in large combats, as each attack requires 3 or more dice rolls to resolve it. Another detail I don't like is the use of karma points to get PCs out of bad spots. By using karma, a player can pull off the impossible. Perhaps I'm just a mean and nasty DM, but I find this rather unrealistic.

ShadowRun has a large number of supplements, all of which are very well presented. These six are just a small sampling of those available.

## Rules Supplements

**Virtual Realities** - New, revised and expanded rules for matrix running, computer systems and cyberdeck construction.

A must for deckers and netrunners, full of new programs, IC and cyberdeck options. The computer graphics are simply breathtaking, and will help any cyber gamers visualisation. The last half of the book is a 50 page novella. While not directly useful in the way additional rules are, it does give a lot of fascinating, well thought out background useful to any cyber game's conception of the Net.

**The Grimoire** - an expansion of the magic rules

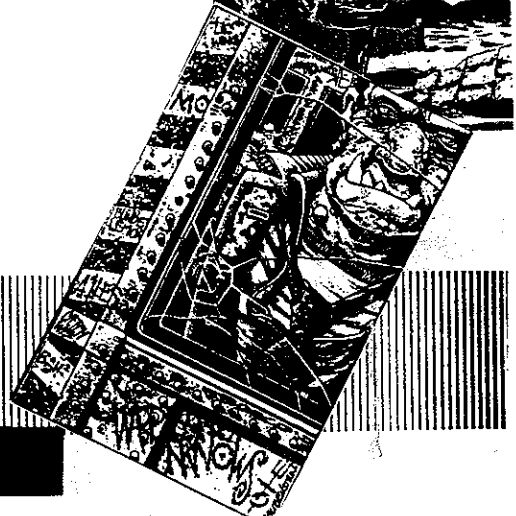
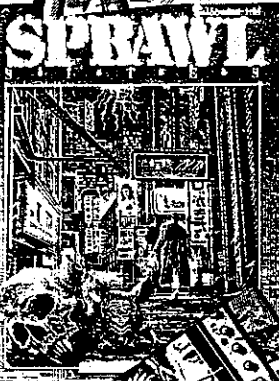
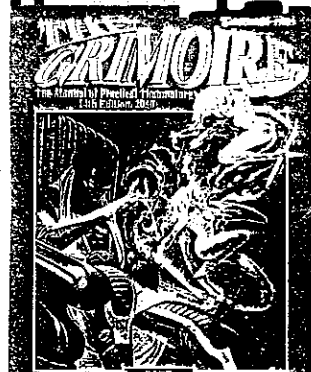
Chock full of new spells, revised and corrected rules. Any ShadowRun mage will find useful background info on adepts and magic groups; enchanting your own magic items; spirits and the astral plane. It gives full rules for designing your own spells. Also included are new totems and two new shaman types, the nasty toxic and insect shamans.

In short, this supplement greatly expands magic in any campaign. Buy, buy, buy.

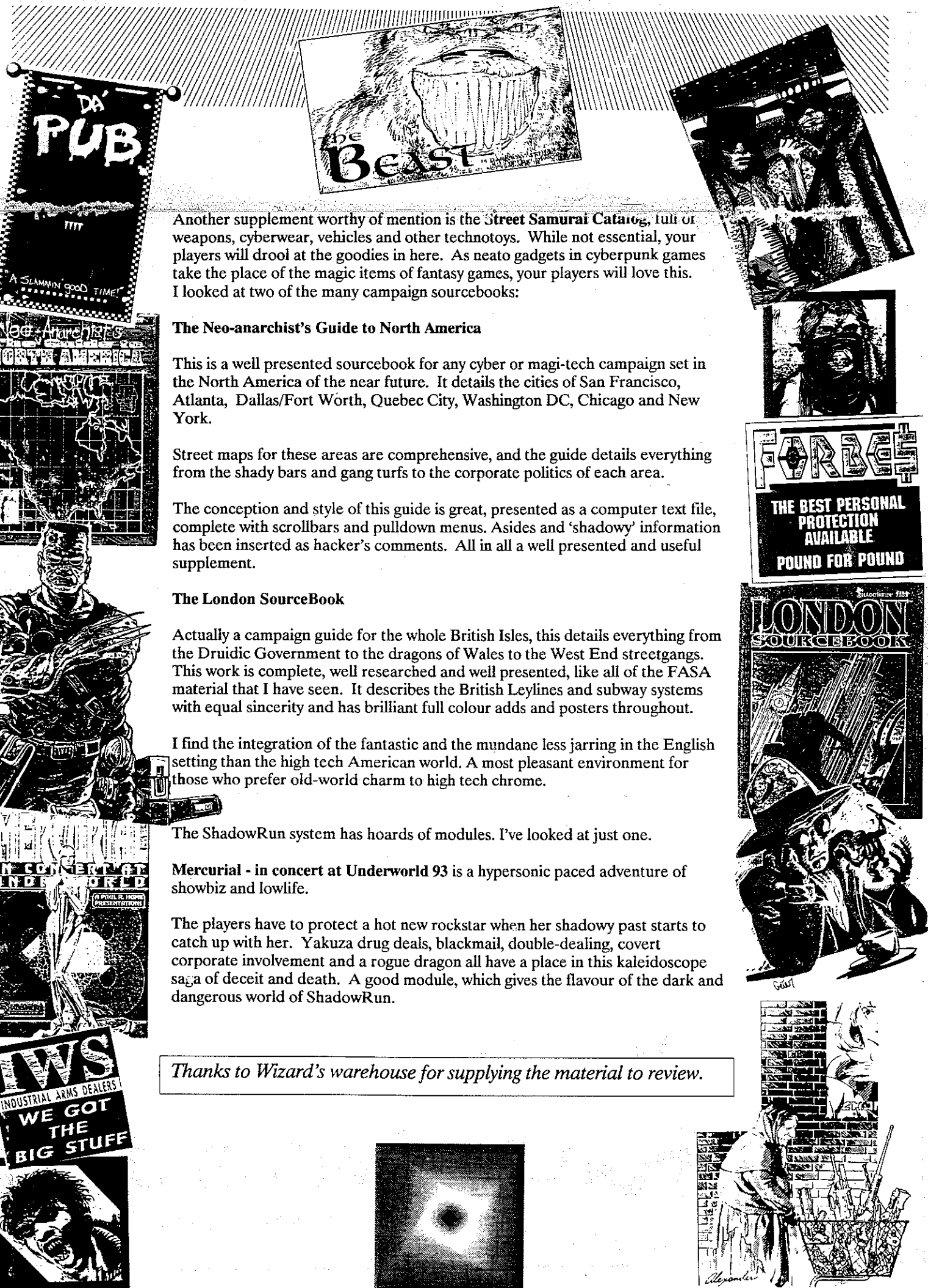
As far as the referee aids go:

**Sprawl Sites** - a very useful compendium to help out the pressurised referee. It has lots of random encounters, new NPC contacts, rules and notes for law enforcement. Eight new archetypes (character classes) are introduced, from Bodyguard to Troll Bounty Hunter.

The most useful part of the book is its 30 floorplans for commonly encountered places like hotel rooms, bus stations and shopping malls. As any DM will tell you, you can ad lib an adventure or a random encounter in a hurry, but good floorplans are a godsend. These will serve DM's with other near future or contemporary games just as well. Great!



JUST ASK FOR **BOB**.



Another supplement worthy of mention is the *Street Samurai Catalog*, full of weapons, cyberwear, vehicles and other technotoys. While not essential, your players will drool at the goodies in here. As neat gadgets in cyberpunk games take the place of the magic items of fantasy games, your players will love this. I looked at two of the many campaign sourcebooks:

**The Neo-anarchist's Guide to North America**

This is a well presented sourcebook for any cyber or magi-tech campaign set in the North America of the near future. It details the cities of San Francisco, Atlanta, Dallas/Fort Worth, Quebec City, Washington DC, Chicago and New York.

Street maps for these areas are comprehensive, and the guide details everything from the shady bars and gang turfs to the corporate politics of each area.

The conception and style of this guide is great, presented as a computer text file, complete with scrollbars and pulldown menus. Asides and 'shadowy' information has been inserted as hacker's comments. All in all a well presented and useful supplement.

**The London SourceBook**

Actually a campaign guide for the whole British Isles, this details everything from the Druidic Government to the dragons of Wales to the West End streetgangs. This work is complete, well researched and well presented, like all of the FASA material that I have seen. It describes the British Leylines and subway systems with equal sincerity and has brilliant full colour adds and posters throughout.

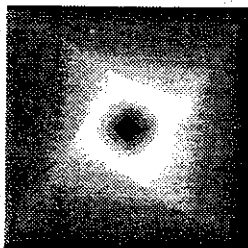
I find the integration of the fantastic and the mundane less jarring in the English setting than the high tech American world. A most pleasant environment for those who prefer old-world charm to high tech chrome.

The ShadowRun system has hoards of modules. I've looked at just one.

**Mercurial - in concert at Underworld 93** is a hypersonic paced adventure of showbiz and lowlife.

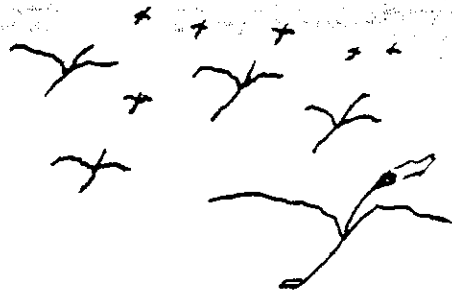
The players have to protect a hot new rockstar when her shadowy past starts to catch up with her. Yakuza drug deals, blackmail, double-dealing, covert corporate involvement and a rogue dragon all have a place in this kaleidoscope saga of deceit and death. A good module, which gives the flavour of the dark and dangerous world of ShadowRun.

*Thanks to Wizard's warehouse for supplying the material to review.*

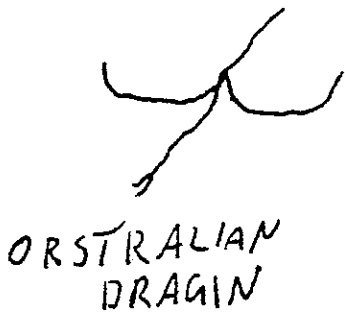
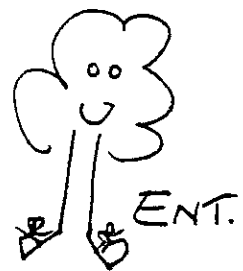


# ART PAGE

(CULTURAL WAISTLAND.)



FLOCK OF DRAGINS



MAGIC SIMITAR



## WANTED:

## GOOD

## ARTISTS!

(CHOO KAN SPELT!)

# DEMENTED DEMIGODS AND DISCARDED DEITIES

*ye MINOR GODDES and ye GRAYTER BEYINGES LESSER KNOWNE*

by the most erudyte and devout Sir Bletch!red of Outer Libraria.

*Be yng a Noble and Noteworthy Collection of those Curious and Unknowne Immortals which Presente themselves but Seldom in the ken of Lessyr Mankind.*

## Zgheue-b'paeghrrr \*

**The Lesser God of Seriousness and Rolling Marbles Across Lawns.**

This curious deity inspires the well-known Sect of Whatshisname, whose clerics are devoted to the stamping out of frivolity in all its insidious forms. The healing powers of such clerics are legendary, although the sect forbids their employment in the service of the frivolous (i.e. anyone who smiles, laughs, mispronounces Zgheue-b'paeghrrr, or doesn't like marbles). Unfortunately the clerics of Zgheue-b'paeghrrr have little opportunity to practice their healing skills, since the spectacle of the traditional clerical head-dress (a curiously bulbous set of large black ears, resembling those of a demented cartoon mouse) is generally too much for any but the most self-controlled of individuals. Anything which may be remotely construed as amusement, ridicule or laughter, will cause the cleric to stalk off in offended silence, quivering his whiskers.

The sacred temples of Zgheue-b'paeghrrr can be instantly recognised by the rolling green lawns which surround them, and the unmistakeable crunch of marbles underfoot as the devout worshipper approaches. The rites of this mysterious god are said to include the repetition of mystic ritual phrases, among them "Do not gnaw my epaulettes"; a fierce schism exists in the sect, as to whether the correct response is "My submarine is full of eels" or "My hovercraft is full of eels."

Any unfortunate cleric of Zgheue-b'paeghrrr who is betrayed into laughter is, of course, instantly excommunicated, and after ritual stripping, is said to have "lost his marbles." A minor heretical offshoot favour the more simple "Shut up, Eccles" approach.

\* pronounced "Foubar".

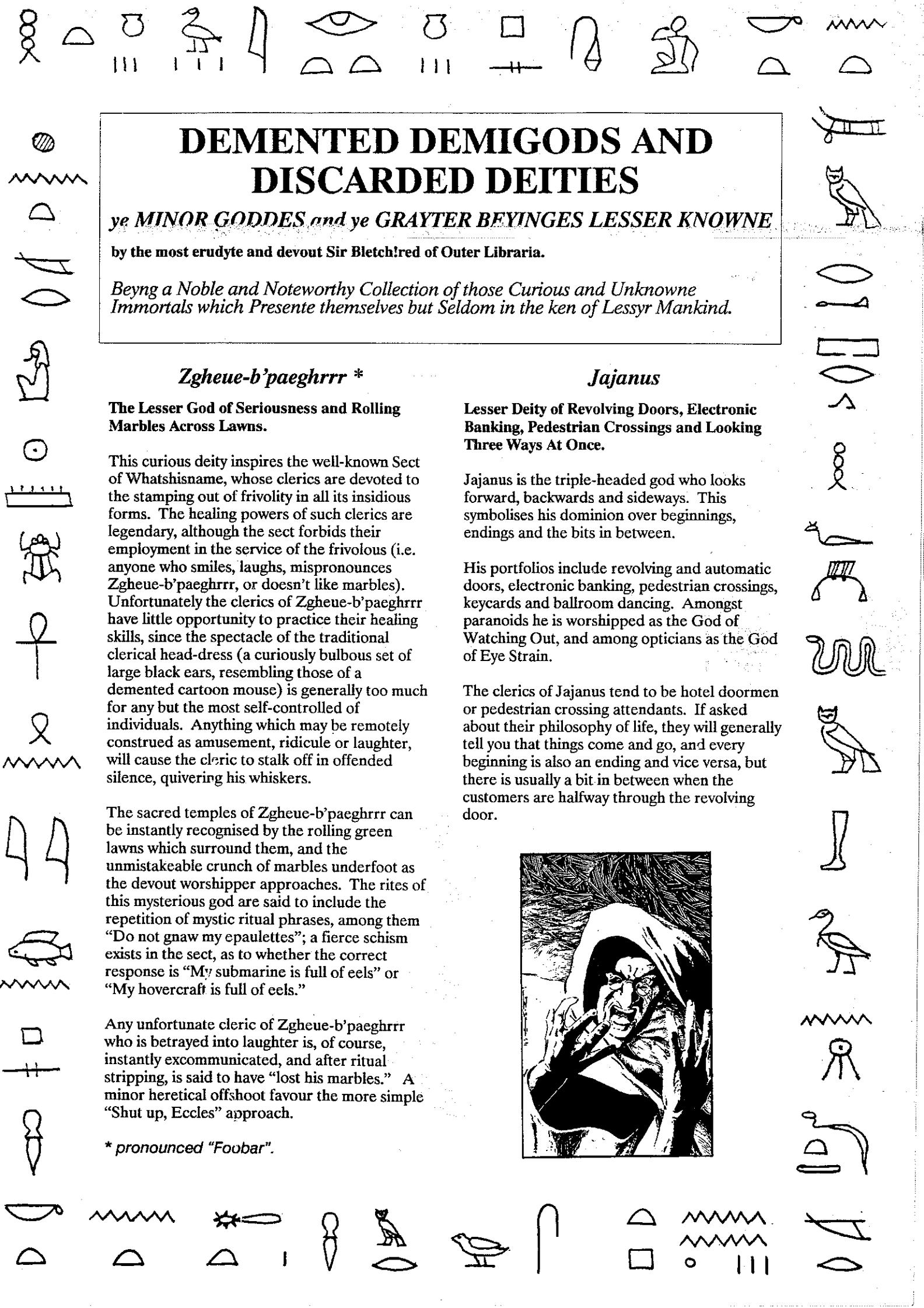
## Jajanus

**Lesser Deity of Revolving Doors, Electronic Banking, Pedestrian Crossings and Looking Three Ways At Once.**

Jajanus is the triple-headed god who looks forward, backwards and sideways. This symbolises his dominion over beginnings, endings and the bits in between.

His portfolios include revolving and automatic doors, electronic banking, pedestrian crossings, keycards and ballroom dancing. Amongst paranoids he is worshipped as the God of Watching Out, and among opticians as the God of Eye Strain.

The clerics of Jajanus tend to be hotel doormen or pedestrian crossing attendants. If asked about their philosophy of life, they will generally tell you that things come and go, and every beginning is also an ending and vice versa, but there is usually a bit in between when the customers are halfway through the revolving door.



The clerics are rumoured to be searching for a lost relic, the Three-Headed Coin, which has a likeness of one of the aspects of Jajanus on each of its three sides.

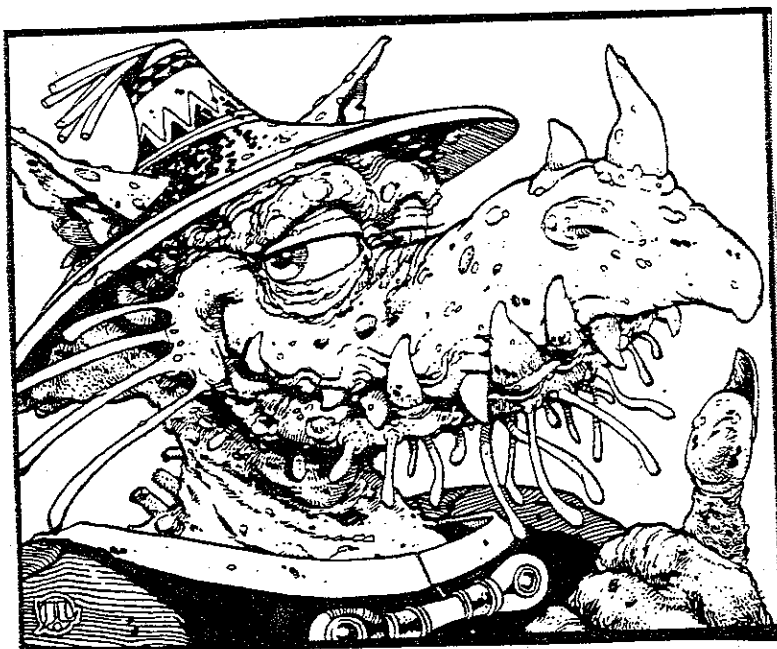
### Loth

#### Little Goddess of Bad Luck and Speech Impediment

This Goddess is an ancient deity conjured up by thtoopid mageth to disrupt other peoples thpellth and ritualth. She is also invoked by money lenders to curse and bankrupt their enemies.

Loth's temples are d-d-destroyed regularly by clericth devoutly invoking the wrong d-d-demonesses, who proceed to unleash their wrath against the temple. Temples of Loth are thus distinguishable by the fact that they are never more than half built, in cheap and flimsy materials like cotton-wool which do minimal damage when they f-f-fall on you.

Practith of the Cult of Loth is banned in many areas. Most ritualth involve thpitting, s-s-stammering and twipping over fings. Role-players may be familiar with the minor-ritual of rolling for initiative, which goes "Curses! Lothed again!"



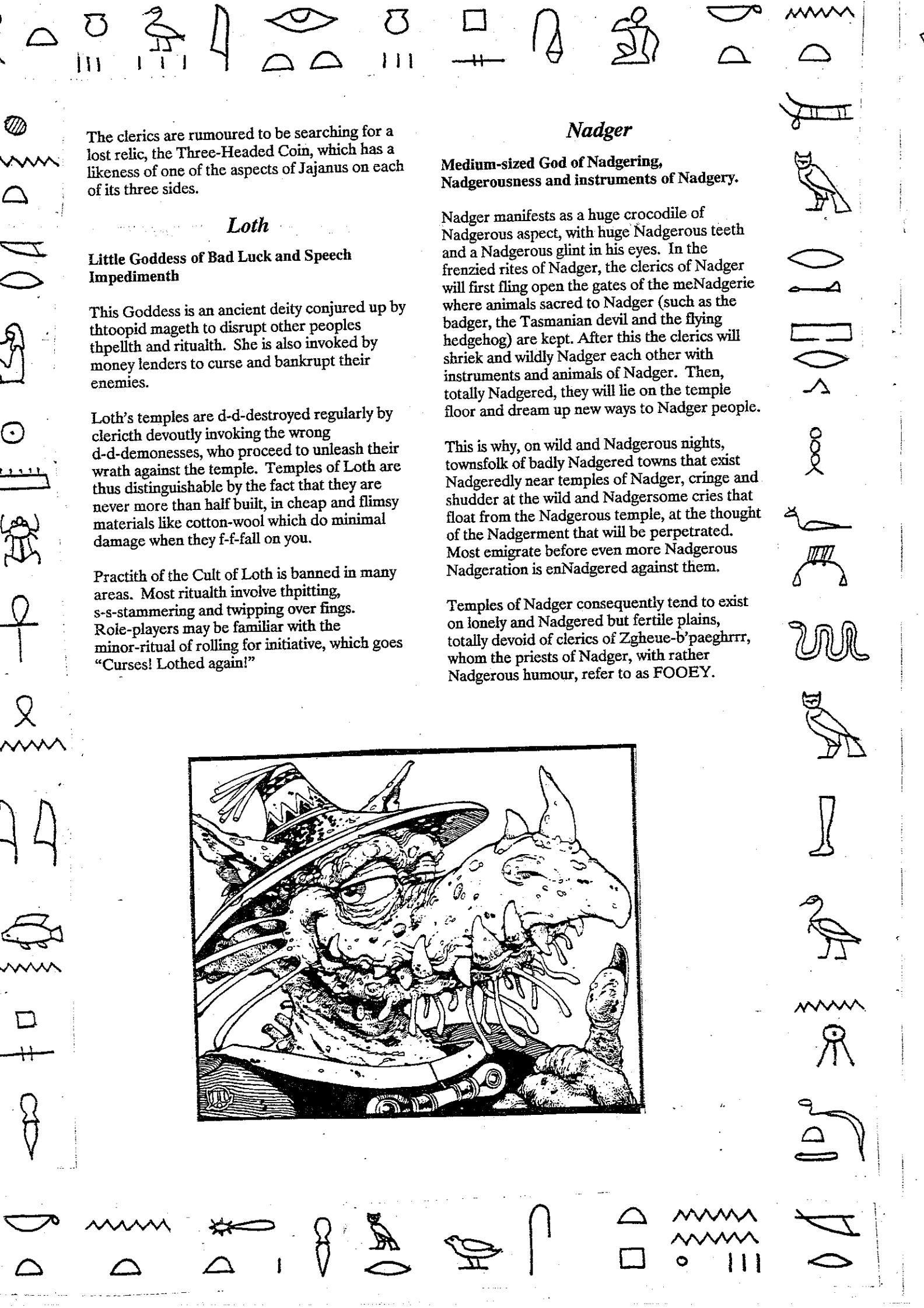
### Nadger

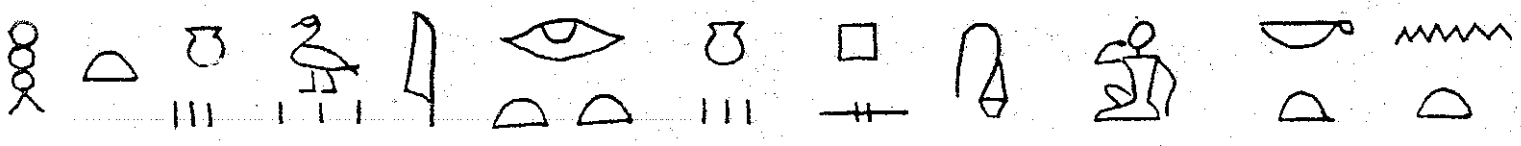
#### Medium-sized God of Nadgering, Nadgerousness and instruments of Nadgerly.

Nadger manifests as a huge crocodile of Nadgerous aspect, with huge Nadgerous teeth and a Nadgerous glint in his eyes. In the frenzied rites of Nadger, the clerics of Nadger will first fling open the gates of the meNadgerie where animals sacred to Nadger (such as the badger, the Tasmanian devil and the flying hedgehog) are kept. After this the clerics will shriek and wildly Nadger each other with instruments and animals of Nadger. Then, totally Nadgered, they will lie on the temple floor and dream up new ways to Nadger people.

This is why, on wild and Nadgerous nights, townsfolk of badly Nadgered towns that exist Nadgeredly near temples of Nadger, cringe and shudder at the wild and Nadgersome cries that float from the Nadgerous temple, at the thought of the Nadgerment that will be perpetrated. Most emigrate before even more Nadgerous Nadgeration is enNadgered against them.

Temples of Nadger consequently tend to exist on lonely and Nadgered but fertile plains, totally devoid of clerics of Zgheue-b'paeghrrr, whom the priests of Nadger, with rather Nadgerous humour, refer to as FOOEY.





### Phruntiss

**Lateral God of Silence, Drinking Water and Standing Still.**

This not particularly powerful god is related distantly to the nether regions of Bacchus's huge and disreputable family vine. He is in charge of the scintillating portfolios of silence, prose, drinking water, standing still and boredom. He is mainly worshipped by dumb accountants and has a reputation for bouncing on his head.

The cult of Phruntiss was banned by farmers and suchlike, due to their dark rites. These involved absolute silence, in which fertilizer bags were broken over the heads of innocent bystanders. Otherwise, most people keep quiet about the cult - nothing is said up front.



### Tartcroneandyo

**Obscure and Utterly Minor God of Equilateral Triangles.**

The dark halls of Tartcroneandyo are characterised by brown deskoid pews and clerics in pin-striped robes clutching wands marked off in centimetres. Large sacred texts display magical numbers, runes and strange geometrical shapes. Devotees may be recognised by their ritual mutterings, among which "Sine Squared Plus Cosine Squared Equals Tangent Squared" is predominant. Major rituals include the Black Math, and adherents believe themselves to be following the Path to Enlightenment, the Square Route.

### Zugtmoy

**Tiny Wimpish Deity of Floral Curtains, Lost Coinage and Country and Western Music.**

Illegitimate brother of the Drow Goddess Zugtmoy of fungi. Zugtmoy is a wild-elven all-purpose god whose responsibilities include floral curtains, lost coinage and country and western music, and indeed anything that does not explicitly fit into the domains of any other wild-elven god.

He is of approximately CCN alignment (Catastrophically Chaotic Neutral). His realm bears a striking resemblance to Joe's garage.

Size: About this big.

His temples are recognisable by the floral curtains and the "Joe's garage" interior. Clerics wear floral curtains and walkmen. These clerics are able to cast Magic-user spells such as 'feeblemind' thrice daily, mostly on themselves.

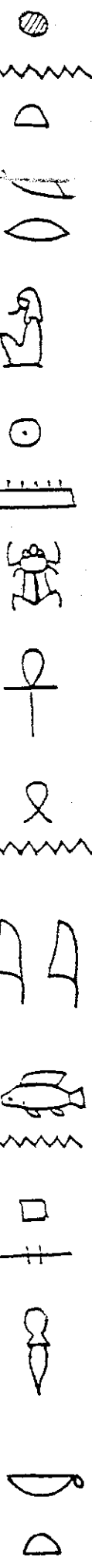
**Mythology:** Zugtmoy was physically weaker than the other gods as a boy and used to be bullied. He never got any girls either and grew up to be a frustrated, timid individual ostracized by the other gods, who dump all sorts of lousy work on him, like taking care of lost coinage and broken shoelaces.

Lacking the resolve to fight back, he never leaves his domain. The goddess Obfustica (see below) married him out of pity. His clerics tend to have similar histories and spend many an evening feeling sorry for themselves in the temple and losing themselves in loud Dolly Parton.

### Obfustica

**Little Goddess of Uninspired Educational Misdirection.**

Wife of the god Zugtmoy, this bespectacled young wild-elven goddess has, as her name suggests, the unenviable task of directing the authors of Computer Science textbooks. Apart from regularly indulging in fantasy roleplaying, she has no further connection with this magazine at all.



# 2020 VISION

## NEW FRONTIERS

### - the High Frontier

*In the world of 2020, Space is the oldest new frontier. Like all frontiers it has its risks and challenges, its valuable territories and lawless raiders. Space is a corporate playground where the new corporate barons can operate unimpeded by interfering governments. How did this arise?*

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incident of 2002, when Intelstat put a competitor out of business by cutting their satlinks for 6 hours, most sensible corporations demand their own private communications satellites. Most comsats sit in geostationary orbit, about 35 000 km out.

#### ISLANDS IN THE SKY

Inhabited space can be divided into distinct zones. The primary differentiation is that between Near Space, the Earth-Moon system, and Deep Space beyond that.

#### Low Earth Orbit (LEO)

This is the region between the top of the atmosphere and the Van Allen belts, from 110-500km in altitude. It is the most accessible and hence the most crowded of the zones, with many thousand active satellites, mainly corporate space factories and research shacks.

LEO has the advantage of lying beneath the earth's Van Allen belts, where it is shaded from most space radiation. Habitats in LEO do not require the massive solar storm shelters and thick shielding essential to other populated constructs.

The cheapest construction method for LEO zerogee structures is to use the so-called "beach-balls". These temporary structures have kevlar fibre walls with woven heating elements and integral self-sealing gel panels. Beach balls are used for temporary housing of construction crews, although sometimes this extends into long term - for example, the squatter settlement attached to the Matsyama spaceyards, known as the Grapevine, with its many beachballs and connecting flexitubeways.

#### THE SECOND SPACE RACE

The last decade of the 20th century and the first decade of the 21st saw a second race for space, only this time, instead of competing superpowers, it involved competing megacorps. The prize was the miracle materials made possible in the microgravity of near-earth orbit. Only those companies with access to these products could survive the cut-throat competition of the hi-tech market. Over two hundred space factories and refineries, mainly unmanned, presently churn out low-volume, high-value products from low earth orbit (LEO).

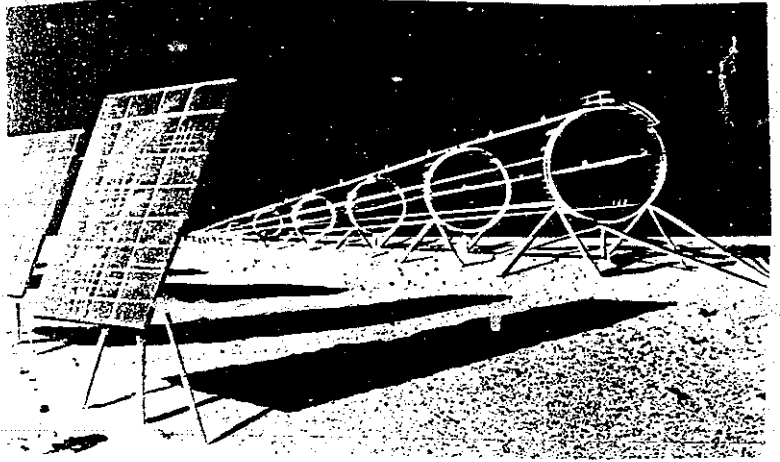
The other driving force behind the corporate space race was the global telecommunications explosion. Ever-growing comsat fleets of increasing capacity are required to supply the modern world's demand for high-quality telecommunication links. Videophone, direct broadcast HDTV, personal cellular phones - all these demand massive bandwidth capacity. After the Intelstat



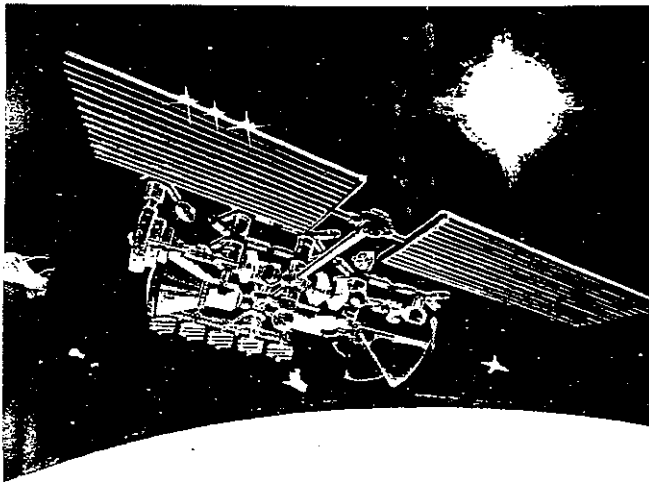
## Geostationary Earth Orbit (GEO)

This is the orbit of choice for comsats, solar power sats and permanent orbital habitats. Objects in this orbit stay fixed with relation to the earth, so that Crystal Palace sits like a star over Africa and Asgard hangs above Central America. Sites in GEO are very much in demand, with the UN adjudicating corporate squabbles over particularly choice spots, normally by auction. Lower priority satellites such as solar power sats are demoted to the lesser quality Inclined GEO, where they trace a figure 8 in the sky when seen from the ground.

Most large orbitals are located in GEO, the largest being Serendipity's Crystal Palace, with a permanent population of 10 000. Other noteworthy orbitals in GEO are Eidolon independent station 'Freeside' (pop.4000) and New Edison's orbital battlestation, Asgard.



The L5 point is inhabited by the L5 archipelago. This constellation of habitats is dominated by TerraNova, Interplanetary Geoscience's huge cylinder world, second in size only to the Crystal Palace, and with a permanent population of 8 000 (not including replicants). Unlike Crystal Palace, TerraNova is not solely corporate, but is open to anyone who can afford the astronomical rents. Smaller corporate and private habitats and unmanned factories cluster around TerraNova, with a constant swarm of space tugs and shuttles travelling between them.



## Lunar resources

Most orbitals are supplied with building materials, oxygen and water from the lunar mines. Oxygen, titanium and aluminium are refined from the lunar soil by solar furnaces, before being lofted to the orbital factories by the massdrivers. These huge solar-powered electromagnetic accelerator tracks are able to launch up to 5-tonne capsules, and are also awesome weapons.

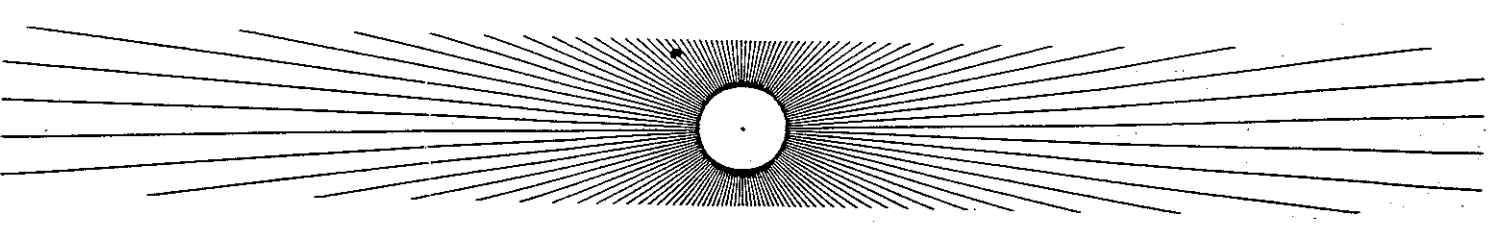
(This was demonstrated by the Tycho Lunatics of 2014, the "men who rocked the world" with the 5-tonne rock, travelling at over 11 kms/second, which destroyed Colorado Springs. The Luna Free State, with Tycho (pop 23 000) as its capital, caused a stir when they proclaimed replicants to be full and equal citizens, attracting many escaped 'skin-jobs' as well as massive controversies. The destruction of Colorado Springs and its 2 million inhabitants effectively ended resistance from corporate interests.)

The major products of the Lunar Free state are iron and shock diamonds from the Tycho mines, and carbonates and ice from the lunar poles (debris from ancient comet and asteroid strikes). Other lunar bases are the Clavius and Tranquillity mining operations, and then the Darkside bases.

## Lunar Space

This comprises the moon's surface, lunar orbit, and the L-points. These are the libration points where the moon and earth's gravities cancel out, making them stable points for space platforms. At present only two of the L-points are inhabited.

L2, halfway between Earth and Moon, is the site of the UNS, the United Nations Station. This has a population of about 400 and is the site of the adjudicatory Space Court, and the headquarters of the much-ridiculed Space Patrol. Space Patrol marshalls specialise in peace-keeping and space rescue, but have no jurisdiction over corporate affairs.



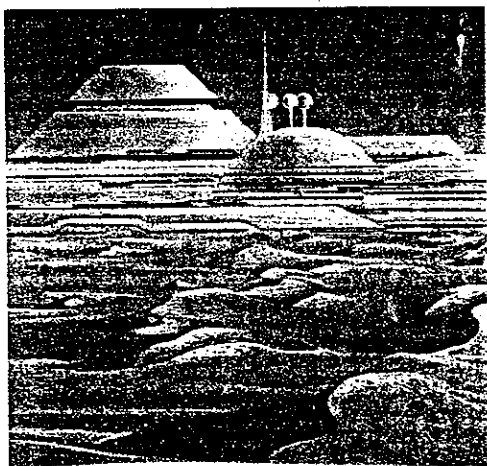
The dark side of the moon is shielded from Earth, and thus is an excellent site for optical and radio astronomy, the major activities of the UN-sponsored Star City (pop.300). Oskovska-Voering's top security research base is on Darkside, built in Lenin Crater. Also on Darkside is Luna's most lucrative mining venture and recreation spot, Xanadu.

This settlement's riches come from mining the site of a large comet strike, creating the ice-mines and the famous Caves of Ice. Xanadu's entertainment district is notoriously debauched, with the infamous Pleasure Dome offering anything for a price. Many mine and space construction workers come here to blow their paychecks.

### Deep Space

These include the inhabited bases on Mars and the Venusville orbital station, as well as other scattered outposts.

Mars, the Red Planet, was first reached in 2004 by the exploration consortium ship Aries; Matsu Tadika of Okira Corporation was the first man on Mars. The largest Martian base is Marsport, near the Olympus Mons massdriver, with major mining operations at Nagasaki canyon (iron and uranium) and the Yorktown Iron Mines. New Edison and Okira are now facing off over the discovery of ice deposits under the north Martian pole, their skirmishes across the Martian plains constituting the First Martian War.



Venus was annexed in an extremely masterful secret operation by Leyland-Carlisle, who in 2016 simply laid claim to the planet in a broadcast from their newly-revealed Venus orbital, Venusville. Since no other corporation was remotely near to implementing a Venus expedition, protests against Leyland-Carlisle's 'right of occupation' were completely academic. The corporation have proceeded to implement their 100-year plan to terraform Venus; as of yet, they have no competitors.

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## SPACE TRANSPORT

In 2020 Space Transport is a major industry. Every continent has at least one spaceport, with round-the-clock activity. The major vehicles used are reusable manned shuttles, automated heavy lift vehicles, and winged scramjets which take off like normal aircraft. Older technology such as non-reusable multiple stage rockets are still in use as satellite launchers. Bifrost and Kilimanjaro spaceports are the only sites with runways long enough for the Hypersonic Suborbital Transport spaceplanes, which can reach any continent in 2 hours.

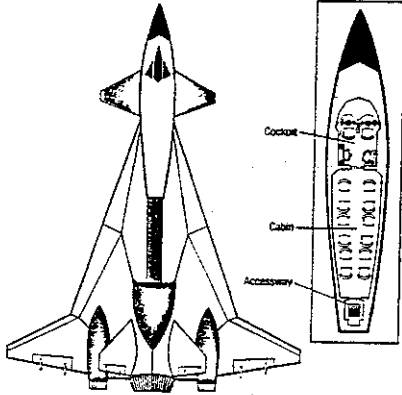
Once in space, orbital tugs and OTVs (Orbital Transfer Vehicles), known as 'space buses', are used to travel between space facilities, with one-person SMU 'skeeters' and EVA suit thruster packs being used for short range transport. Lunar shuttles and landers carry passengers and freight on the 3-day Earth-Moon run, with interplanetary ion-drive Cruisers travelling to Mars (a 6-month trip) and Venus (2 months).

*From Tokyo to the Sea of Tranquility*

fly Trans-Orbital Spacelines



Various specialised craft exist, including remotely-operated satellite repair vehicles, and armed, heavy-lift dropships which ferry troops and equipment to troublespots. Solar yachts are light, recreational sailcraft which ride the solar wind and compete in the annual Round the Moon Race.



Two spaceports are notable for their high-technology launch systems. The Kilimanjaro massdriver, built and operated by Transorbital, is a chemically powered 'supergun', built up the side of Mount Kilimanjaro. It flies unmanned 1-tonne cargo pods into LEO at the low cost of about \$20/kilogram. New Edison's Baja Spaceport in Mexico has recently commissioned the world's newest launch technology, the 10m Laser Lifting Array, Bifrost. Powered by six on-site nuclear power stations, Bifrost pushes space capsules into orbit on its massive beam by superheating water injected into the mirrored cavity at the capsule's base. Although necessitating a rough ride (10g), crew capsules as well as cargo can be sent up. While Bifrost is 'not configured as a weapon', several other corporations have modified their satellite orbits so as to avoid passing over Bifrost's huge muzzle - just in case.

## PERSONAL SPACE WEAPONS

OK, so what hardware does a well-dressed space trooper pack??

Normal projectile weapons are hazardous to use in space, as the kick of a firearm tends to put its user in an uncontrollable spin. Of course, on planetary bodies this is not a problem, and shotguns are a popular weapon in the lunar claim wars.

Energy weapons are popular for their lack of kick, but they are expensive and require bulky power packs. Lasers are also used, in the form of pistols, carbines and portable assault lasers. The Gauss rifle (Mk 5), designed for space use, is a small scale massdriver, using a long fluted barrel of superconducting magnetic coils to accelerate a titanium alloy slug to hypersonic speeds. Space troopers also use guided micro and mini-missiles, with fragmentation warheads proving to be the most effective.

HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE \* HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE \*  
HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE \*

*A solar sailcraft was involved in the Icarus Incident of 2019, which shook the world. Icarus, a Tyrrell Nexus 6 pilot model replicant with the New Edison team, won the Round the Moon race in his craft Sundiver, in a record 7 days, 8 hours. Instead of decelerating back down to Earth Orbit, he jettisoned his lightsail and set course for the sun. During his 3-week suicide plummet he recorded his support for the RAPT (Replicants Are People Too) movement, and delivered damning soliloquies on the Tyrrell and New Edison treatment of replicants. Sundiver vapourised on Christmas Day 2019, and Icarus's last words were "F\*\*k the corps." It is uncertain whether he was preaching anarchy or necrophilia, but he was an immediate cult hero with the youth, and the bleached, spiked hairstyle known as "Solar Flare" is very trendy.*

Melee in space is infrequent but brutal, with slashing or puncturing weapons being most commonly used. Various knives, including electrically-heated thermoknives, ultrasonic vibroblades and mono-edged crysknives, are in widespread use. Most vicious of the personal melee weapons are suit weapons like Freddie ripper blades or the "Reaver" - a chainsaw gauntlet which can shred a heavy-duty vacsuit in a single slash.

Knives are the most common weapons in the zero-gee habitats, and a zero-gee knife-fight involves fantastic slashing passes and spinning acrobatics. Keeping the peace on the zero-gee habitats is a tough job and, of course, normal firearms would puncture a hab's bulkheads. Special weapons, including electro-prod stun batons and gas-operated needlers firing bursts of drug-tipped needles, have evolved. Crowd-control gases such as Soporathol and tear gas are not viable in habitats due to the closed-loop life support system, and the prevalence of space-suits.

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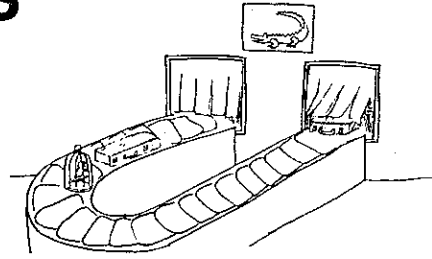
*You'll never look for work again.*

# DIRTY DEALINGS AND DASTARDLY DEVICES

*A major shortcoming in many roleplaying campaigns is that the options and powers available to both characters and NPCs tend to be underutilized. Players fall back on the standard uses of their characters' abilities, denying themselves the benefits of a bit of lateral thinking. DMs who want to make life difficult for their players throw high level monsters at them, when a cunningly played little creature or low budget trap could be just as destructive (not to mention far more humiliating).*

*The basic rules here are: DON'T BE PREDICTABLE, and KEEP IT AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE. After all, someone has to build the traps in dungeons - why go for something more expensive than necessary?*

*We the Editors have put together a small collection of fiendish ideas that could be used in roleplaying situations. Those characters who fall prey to DMs inspired by these suggestions have only themselves to blame. We've always said that not reading Clawmarks was a doom-laden disadvantage: subscribe now....*



1. Imagine a large, heavy, Gothic-style door, bound in metal with intricate designs and protruding spikes. The door swings open when the door-handle is turned. The only minor inconvenience is that the hinges are on the bottom... (Some sages hold that such devices are being marketed to dungeon designers, under the name of The Spiked Sturman Gothic Under-Hinged Door.)
2. Another door trap involves building a rather flimsy door which, once opened, sets off a crossbow on the other side of the door. Crossbows do have great penetrating power, and so could rip through the door and into an unsuspecting party (with perhaps a small penalty depending on circumstances: if the door was being opened quickly it might interfere more).
3. The Romans used a simple but effective burglar alarm system in the form of crickets. The crickets would be kept in cages in the grounds of a villa, and when they stopped chirping, guards would be alerted that an intruder might be approaching.
4. Roman caltrops were far more vicious than the normal variety. They were made of a spike of iron, barbed on one end, with the other end hammered into a small log. The log was then buried, with the barbed end of the spike protruding slightly. Victims caught on this trap could only free themselves by ripping the barbs back through their foot. The disadvantage is that these caltrops cannot be quickly scattered on the road.
5. Try a pit trap, filled about 15' deep with very fine dust. It is likely that someone falling in would be utterly disoriented and quite unable to do anything about suffocating.
6. For Rolemaster campaigns, the Magician Fire Law spell Heat Solid can be used to protect party camps, especially indoors or underground. The spell has a duration of 24 hrs, and so can be cast on stone floors and left for the night. Intruders will alert the party with their screams. Just remember to cancel the spell in the morning!
7. You're a Rolemaster Magician of low level, you've got Water Law and Ice Law, but you're not prepared to overcast greatly to get an Ice Bolt: put up a Wall of Cold (good protection anyway), and fire Water Bolts through it (you can argue with your DM about this one).
8. When confronted with a door that has the sounds of monsters coming from the other side, turn the door invisible. That way you not only see what's going on, but if they charge out to get you they get a nasty headache.
9. Invisibility is particularly useful in D&D traps, since it has no maximum duration. An example of its use: The party finds a collapsed pit trap (complete with skeletons of the totally dead variety) blocking the passage. It is about 8' across so they decide to jump it. They find out the hard way about the invisible portcullis, complete with sharp horizontal spikes, immediately on the other side.
10. This last bit is not really in keeping with low budget, but is included for fun. No DM in their right mind should actually use it; it is not worth the consequences if it should backfire. However, it is amusing to contemplate. What happens is that deep within a well-guarded dungeon, the party finds a huge stone chest. This chest is too large to move (and anyway wouldn't fit out of the door) and will not open. This is because it cannot open. It also resists all attempts to break it. Eventually the party have to give up and leave. Once they are well away, the cackling DM tells them that the 'chest' was in fact solid eog.

**This is but a tiny collection of ideas. In the next edition of CLAWMARKS we plan to run a larger article with a broader selection. We call upon all ye devious Dms and plotting players to overcome Gothic inertia and shuffle into the limelight with dirty dealings and dastardly devices of your own. Please submit suggestions to the editors, dingiest corner of the CLAWROOM, Green Level, Students Union.**

# THE CHINESE REPEATING CROSSBOW

*Every adventurer likes to keep the edge over all those icky monsters. After all, it's in your best interests to make sure that you are bigger, meaner, faster, more intelligent and better armed than anything your devious DM can throw at you. In the last category we present, to the accompaniment of wails and gnashing of teeth from DMs everywhere, the ultimate tech in missile weapons (medieval): from the fiendish Chinese, the lethal Chinese Repeating Crossbow. May the hordes of chaos tremble. (Unless you are the hordes of chaos, in which case, death to Law and all that).*

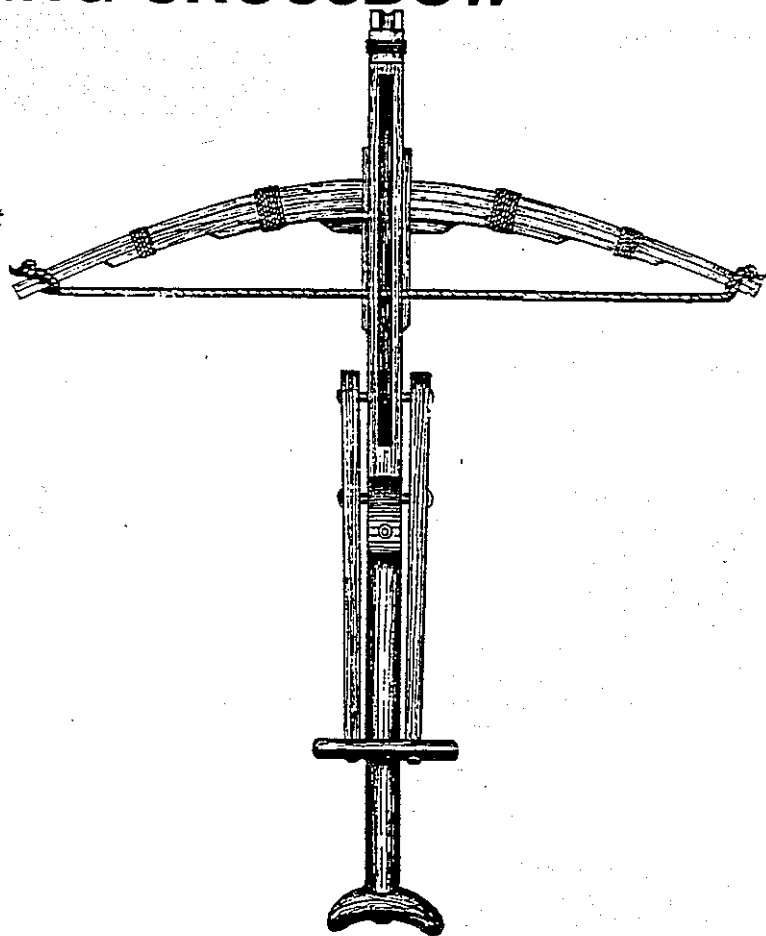
## THE CROSSBOW: A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

In AD&D and Rolemaster, very few people bother to learn how to use a crossbow. This is often due to its relatively poor rate of fire when compared to other bows, but the crossbow's strong points remain sadly neglected by both games.

Before the onset of the longbow and compound bow, the crossbow reigned supreme as the only weapon capable of penetrating armour at any real range. It was so feared as a weapon against the nobility, the only people who could afford armour, that it was banned by the Roman Catholic Church as a weapon too horrific to be used on Christians. (Its use on infidels was condoned).

This effort by nobles to stop the use of crossbows was largely successful until Richard I promoted its use in the English army, and popularised it on the European continent. (This was before the longbow was used). The upsurge in the use of the crossbow caused the death of chainmail, and armour became heavier and heavier to withstand the stronger crossbows.

In the end, with the introduction of steel crossbows with strengths of 1 600 lbs or more, the crossbow was able to penetrate any armour at about 60 yards, and had a range of about 500 yards. (The furthest shot by a longbow was 330 yards, but that was with a very light and fragile flight arrow. The range of the longbow has, through the years, become romanticised and exaggerated; the structure of medieval fortifications suggest that their builders were not worried about arrow attacks over about 170 yards).



The only real problem with a crossbow was that a longbow could fire about 6 times in the time it takes a crossbow to fire twice. This problem of a slow rate of fire was solved, thousands of years ago, by the Chinese. The solution came in the form of a repeating crossbow that was still in use at the turn of the century: it enables the crossbowman to discharge 10 arrows in 15 seconds.

Although not many men carried these weapons, they were often grouped together, and were very effective in stopping any charge. A hundred men discharging 1 000 arrows in a quarter of a minute is, after all, enough to dissuade the most ferocious of opponents. The crossbow's quarrel was comparatively small and light, and did not have the penetrative power of a normal crossbow, being more similar to an arrow strike. The crossbow could easily be modified to fire two quarrels simultaneously; this would result in 20 shots being fired in 15 seconds.

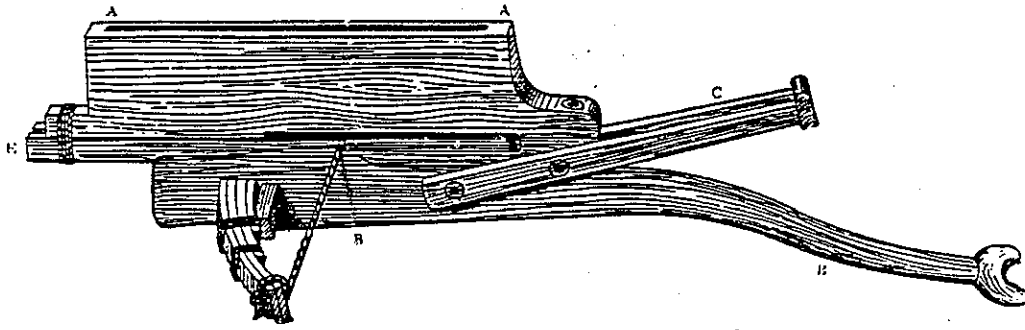


FIG 1.

-SIDE VIEW OF THE CHINESE REPEATING CROSSBOW.

## THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CHINESE REPEATING CROSSBOW

A to A: The magazine, in which the 10 to 12 small arrows are laid when the weapon is readied for use.  
 B to B: The stock, in which the bamboo bow is fixed.  
 C: The lever that works the crossbow. The lever is hinged to the stock of the crossbow and its magazine by metal pins (Fig.4).  
 E: Piece of wood with groove for arrow to rest in; it also has a notch to hold the bowstring. This piece is attached to the magazine and forms the lower part of it.

## HOW TO WORK THE REPEATING CROSSBOW

(Fig 3 & 4)

By pushing forward the magazine by means of the lever, the bowstring is automatically caught in the notch above the trigger (Fig.4 A).

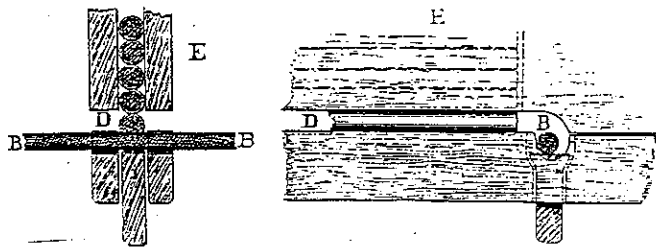


FIG 3. -THE ACTION OF THE TRIGGER OF THE CHINESE REPEATING CROSSBOW.

B, The bow-string in the notch above the trigger ; D, An arrow in the groove in front of the bow-string ; E, The magazine which contains the supply of arrows.

At the moment when the bowstring is thus secured, an arrow falls from the magazine into the groove cut out in front of the notch. An arrow cannot drop from the magazine into the groove until the bowstring is in the notch (Fig.5).

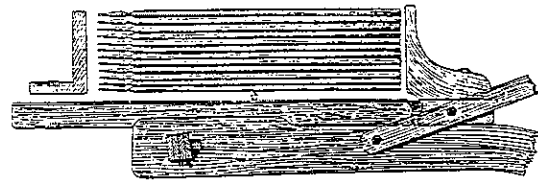


FIG 5. -THE MAGAZINE OF THE CHINESE REPEATING CROSSBOW WITH ITS SIDES REMOVED.

It will be seen that an arrow cannot drop down from the magazine into the groove along which the bow-string travels till the latter is in the notch above the trigger.

The trigger consists of a little piece of hard wood. When the lever is fully pulled back the trigger pushes the stretched bowstring upwards and out of the notch that holds it (Fig.4 B). The trigger works in an upright slot, and has its upper end enlarged to prevent it from dropping out of the slot in which it moves up and down (Fig.3).

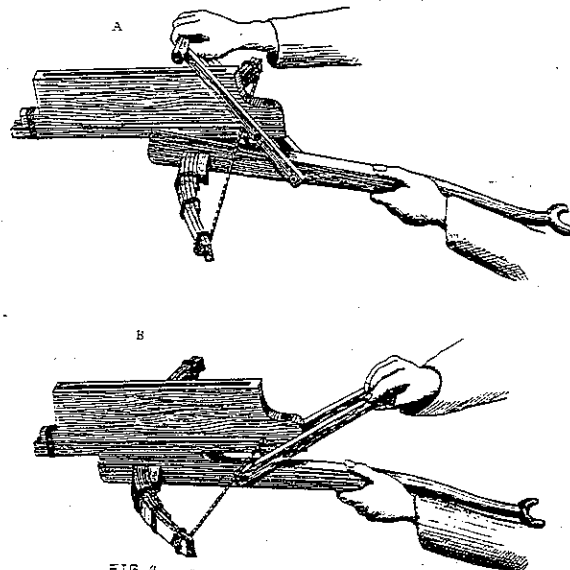


FIG 4. -THE ACTION OF THE CHINESE REPEATING CROSSBOW.

A, The magazine, full of arrows, pushed forward by the lever. The bow-string is caught in the notch above the trigger.  
 B, The crossbow just before it is discharged. The trigger, at its lower extremity is pressed against the minute of the stock by the action of the lever into the bow-string out of the notch.

In Fig.4 B the lever is pulled back so that the bow is bent and the bowstring stretched. By pulling back the lever a little further than is shown, the projecting end of the trigger will be pressed against the surface of the stock of the crossbow. This causes the upper end of the trigger to lift the bowstring out of the notch and set it free. The arrow is then discharged; the crossbow returns to the position shown in Fig.1, and is ready for the next shot.

From this description, it can be seen how simple and rapid is the action of the crossbow. All that need be done to shoot of the arrows contained in the magazine is to work the lever to and fro as slowly or quickly as is desired. It is possible to discharge 10 to 12 arrows in 15 seconds.

The effect range of the crossbow is about 80 yards (240 feet), and its extreme range is about 200 yards (600 feet).

## APPLICATION TO ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

### AD&D

To use the repeating crossbow, one must be proficient specifically in its use, not just the use of crossbows generally.

**Attacks:** maximum of 6 shots per round.

**To hit modifier:**

- 1 for the second shot
- 2 for the third, -3 for the fourth
- 4 for the fifth
- 5 for the sixth

**Range modifiers:**

- Point blank 0-20 yards (60 feet), modifier +2
- Short range 20-50 yards (60-150 feet), no modifier
- Medium range 50-80 yards (150 to 240 feet), modifier -2 to hit

Long range 80-160 yards (240 to 480 feet), modifier -6 to hit

**Targets:** when rapid firing, targets fired at in the same round must be within 10 feet of the first target fired at.

**Reloading:**

- 2 rounds if clip of quarrels has been prepared
- 4 rounds to prepare clip and load.

**Proficiencies:** any character classes who can use crossbows can use the repeating crossbow.

Fighters and rangers can assign 3 proficiency slots to the repeating crossbow, resulting in:

- +2 to hit modifier
- ability to fire all 10 shots in one round, no negative modifier on the first 3 shots, then -1 on the 4th, -2 on the 5th, etc.
- ability to load in only 1 round (prepared) or 2 rounds (unprepared)

**Attacks on crossbowman:** whether or not initiative is won, repeating crossbow can only be fired once in the same round as user is hit.

**Damage:** 1-5 (d10/2)

## ROLEMASTER

**Development costs:** same as normal crossbow. Rapid fire can only be used if this bow has been developed specifically; normal crossbowmen can fire at a rate of 1 shot per round.

**Attacks:** rapid fire is a maximum of 5 shots per round; only one shot can be fired in a round in which user is hit.

**Reloading:**

- 3 rounds if clip of quarrels is prepared
- 6 rounds if unprepared.

**Modifiers:**

- none for first shot
- 5 to 2nd
- 10 to 3rd
- 15 to 4th
- 20 to 5th

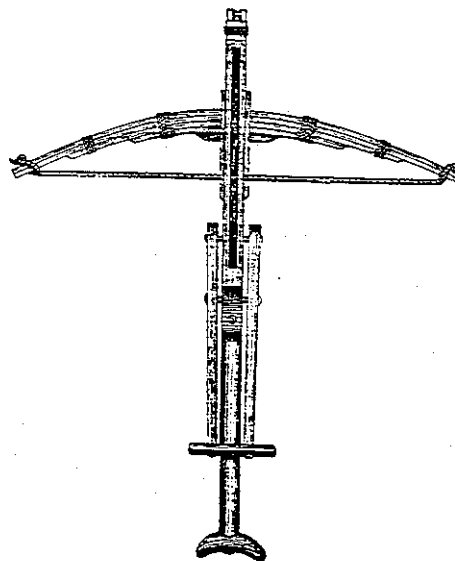
**Range modifiers:**

- 0-20 yards (60 ft), +10
- 20-50 yards (60-150 ft), no modifier
- 50-80 yards (150-240 ft), -10
- 80-160 yards (240-480 ft), -30

**Damage:** as shortbow table, with -5 to any attacks against AT16 to AT20. All damage values are halved (fractions rounded up, crits remain the same). All other modifiers (e.g. stat bonuses) as crossbow.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

The quarrels are easily constructed as no fletching is required, although an iron/steel head is necessary for balance and damage requirements. The repeating crossbow will not fire quarrels made for any other crossbow.



# Madame Sosostri's Foretells

*From the scintillating and mystic pen of that most enigmatic of occultists: what's new, strange and significant in the future-looking world. This edition, as a follow-up to our popular Vegetable Lord series, we bring you the ultimate Tarot deck for discerning diviners and vegetarians alike. Madame Sosostri reviews...*

## The Vegetable Tarot

### THE VEGETABLE TAROT

designed by Arthur Eggplant Wallnutt; drawn by Pamela Coleslaw Saladde  
(1996: Grape Press) R221.50, or equivalent in turnips.

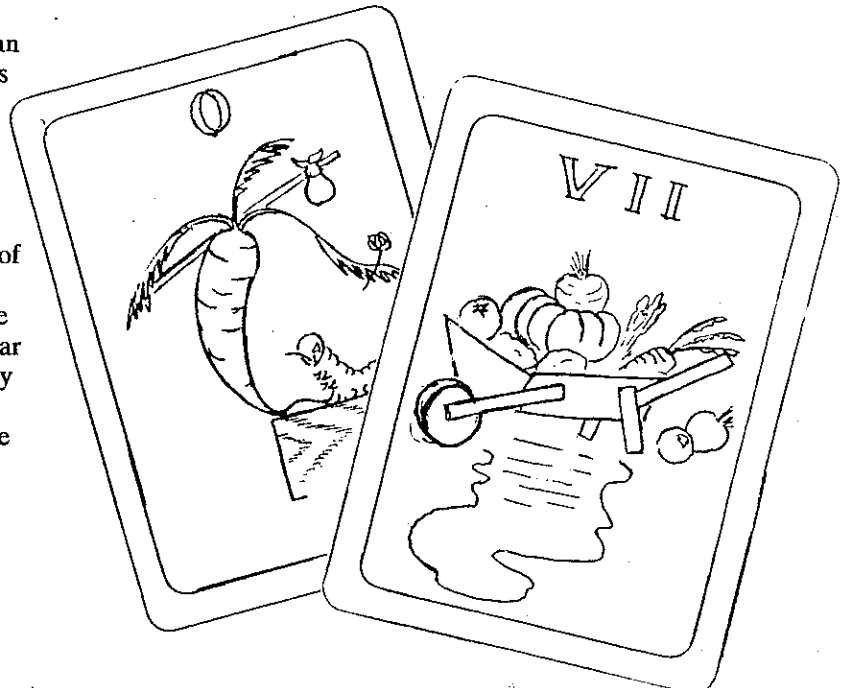
This beautifully produced Tarot set is notable both for the quality of its design and for the wildly original occultic vision which inspired it. Mr. Wallnutt's sense of vegetarian significance has led him to replace the four major suits with the emblems of Tomatoes (cups), Celery (staves), Mushrooms (coins) and Asparagus (swords).

This esoteric symbolism finds perhaps its best expression in the royalty of each suit, represented as the Chef, the Cook, the Waiter and the Kitchenboy. It is interesting to note the continuation of the traditional movement motif associated with the more conventional Knight; Wallnutt's Waiter, tray balanced in hand, is shown as dashing rapidly about his duties. The Chef and Cook manifest the expected head-dresses of normal court cards, but the crowns are here replaced by the chef's hat and the cook's kerchief - an effective and clever substitution. Miss Saladde's drawings utilise an element of stylisation in her depiction of the vegetable motifs which is both lively and successful.

is, however, the Higher Arcana which represent Wallnutt's most compelling foray into the realms of the fantastic. His tantalising synthesis of the ancient wisdom of the tarot with the newly unearthed occult lore of the Vegetable Lord, has here created a unique insight into the mysticism of divination. The Fool, particularly, is a singular and striking depiction, a careless carrot dancing heedlessly over the edge of what seems to be a kitchen table. The Magician, seemingly the Vegetable Lord himself, is a more conventional human figure, his potato-peeler brandished over a table containing the vegetables of the tarot's four suits. His counterpart, the Priestess, is the stock witch archetype, stirring a bubbling cauldron full of vegetable stew.

The Empress and Emperor are charmingly depicted as the Goodman and the Housewife, the highest authority over all things of the kitchen. Wallnutt allows the religious imagery of vegetarianism to creep into his vision of the Hierophant, seen as a Hare Krishna figure in saffron robes, holding a lentil. The card of the Lovers is a more subtle depiction employing the Tree of Life image; two red apples hang in its branches, and two vines entwine up its trunk. One suspects that Wallnutt felt unable to translate the sublime theme of love into the prosaic language of the vegetables. In any event, the card is one of the least striking in the pack.

The Chariot, in contrast to this, is a particularly colourful and effective image, shown as a wooden wheelbarrow piled high with fruit and vegetables. Justice, the next card, finds logical expression in the image of a pair of kitchen scales, in which piles of fruit and vegetables are weighed against each



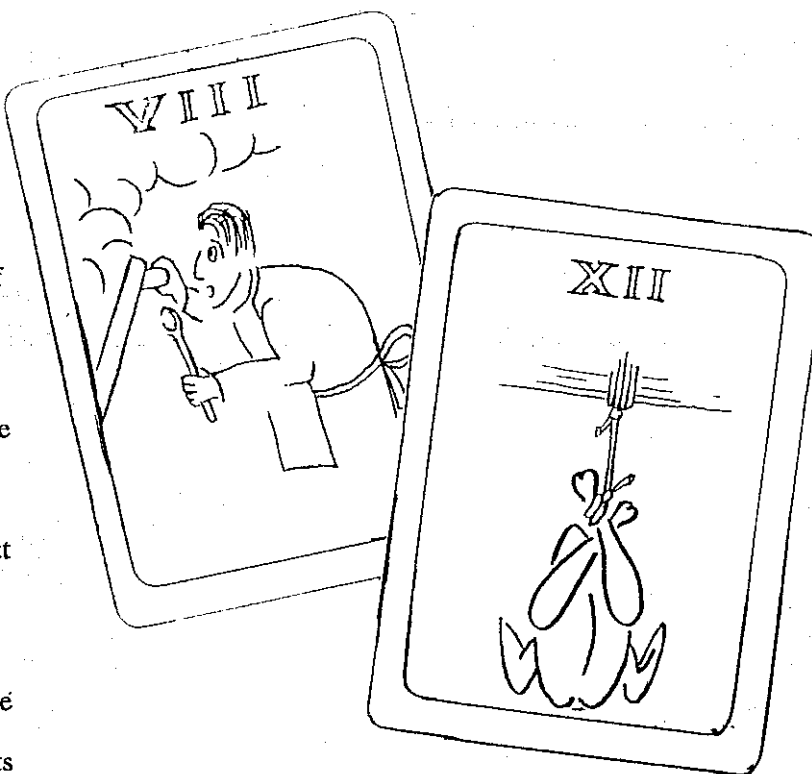


other. It has been suggested that Wallnutt's design specifically allows the observant student to discern the relative nobility of the various fruits and vegetables - a worthy exercise for those on the path to Vegetative Enlightenment.

The Hermit of the Vegetable Tarot is perhaps one of the most profound of Wallnutt's interpretations. The figure of the Bachelor, he who strives towards the attainment of the chef's art, is represented as peering into the oven, from which clouds of smoke are billowing. As with the traditional Hermit, the theme of isolation and loneliness is integrally present; Miss Saladde's art does full justice to the potency and intensity of Wallnutt's imagery.

Wallnutt's Wheel of Fortune is the domestic icon of the Lazy Susan, laden with vegetable fare; an unpretentious but effective depiction of the forces of Chance. The Strength card is presented, with admirable simplicity and restraint, in the metaphor of the spinach plant; again, we can see the depth and sincerity of Wallnutt's vegetarian perception. The Hanged Man is a plucked chicken, suspended from the dusty rafter of a kitchen. The image of suffering and sacrifice, balanced by implications of regeneration, suggests the purpose of animal death as a source of nourishment.

The grimmer aspects of vegetable reality are brilliantly and frighteningly depicted. The Devil is that emblem of terror to vegetable existence, the devouring Weevil, while Wallnutt's image of the Death card is expressed as the Garbage Pit, suggesting the inevitable decay of all vegetable matter. It is such a marriage of mysticism with vegetation which renders this original Tarot so potent a representation of kitchen divinatory truth.

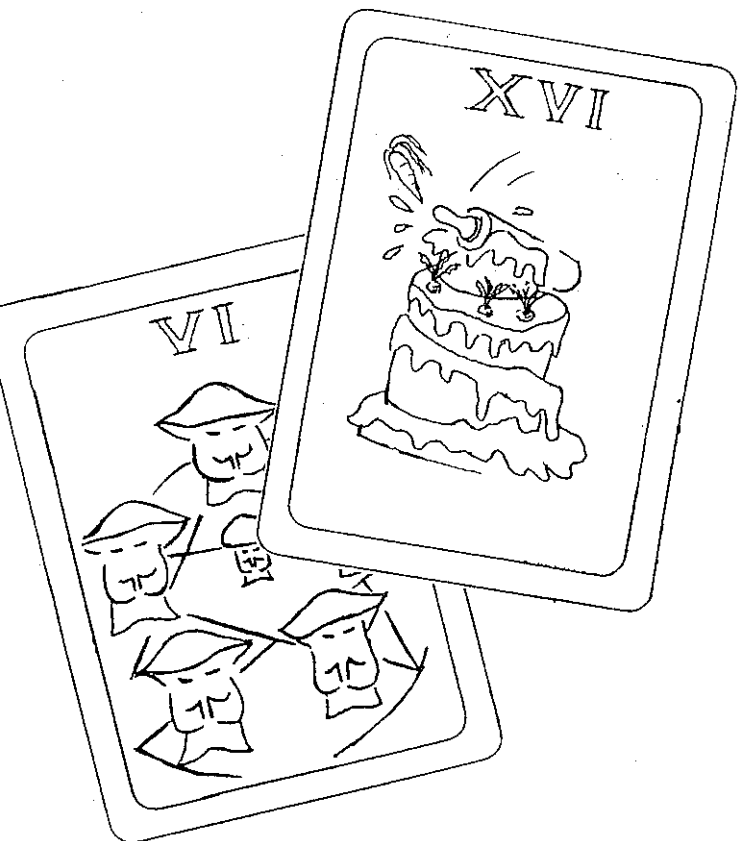


The Tower in this fascinating pack is a particularly inspired image of destruction, that of the Flopped Cake. The forces of ruination are symbolised by the large rolling-pin which has assailed the cake from above. The Sun, Moon and Star, on the other hand, are less original, as Wallnutt retreats into flower imagery - the sunflower, moonflower and edelweiss (starblossom) - which sits uneasily with the vegetable mood of the rest of the cards. Even Miss Saladde's eye-catching illustrations cannot resurrect these essentially unconvincing and unoriginal images.

Temperance, paradoxically, is the Wine Waiter, deftly pouring rich red wine from one carafe to another; it seems that Wallnutt's vision of the essence of life is entirely gustatory. The final card of the Higher Arcana, the Last Judgement, is simple but effective, the salient depiction of the nemesis of all kitchens, the Washing Up. Miss Saladde's sink is piled high with tottering mounds of plates containing all manner of vegetable debris - an arresting evocation of the judgement to come.

While it is not without flaw, Mr Wallnutt's interpretation of the ancient divinatory symbolism of the Tarot is striking, original and effective, a must for the collection of any seriously vegetative occultist. Miss Saladde's unique artistic sensibilities have resulted in a sensitive and striking rendition of Wallnutt's vision. It is to be hoped that the occasional weaknesses in concept will be corrected in a later edition; by that time, however, this deck will be a collector's item in its own right. The Vegetable Tarot remains a creatively innovative and vividly presented work of occultic vision.

**NEXT MONTH:** Madame Sosostri reviews *The I Ching For Your Cat*, by Won Lon Mau.



# WANTED

Enthused galley slaves for late, late nights  
arguing about the amount of damage done by  
a ferret.

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## DRAGONFIRE 1992

*First and Last and Always*

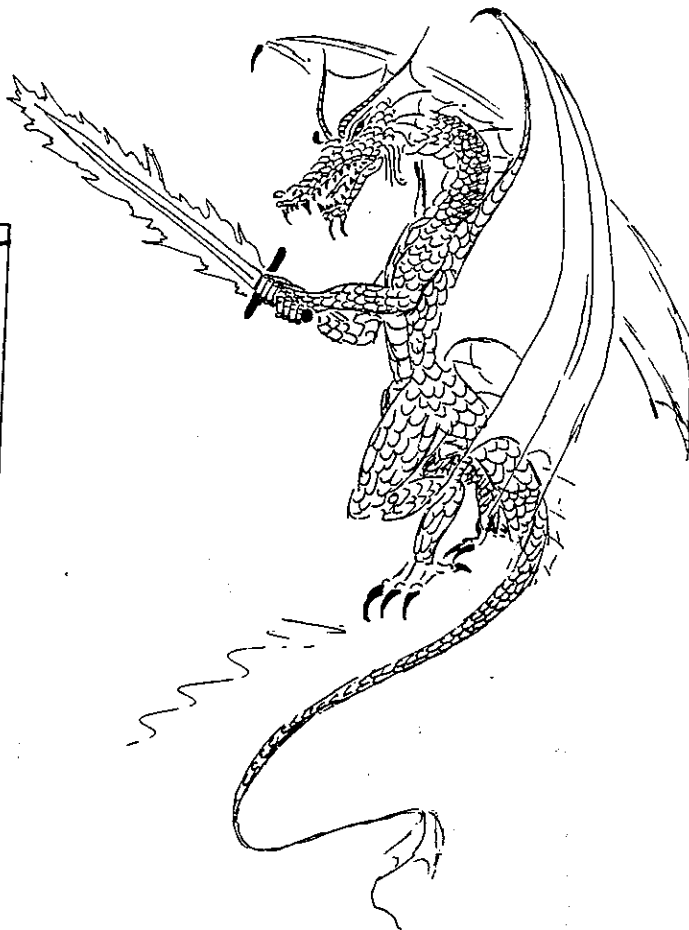
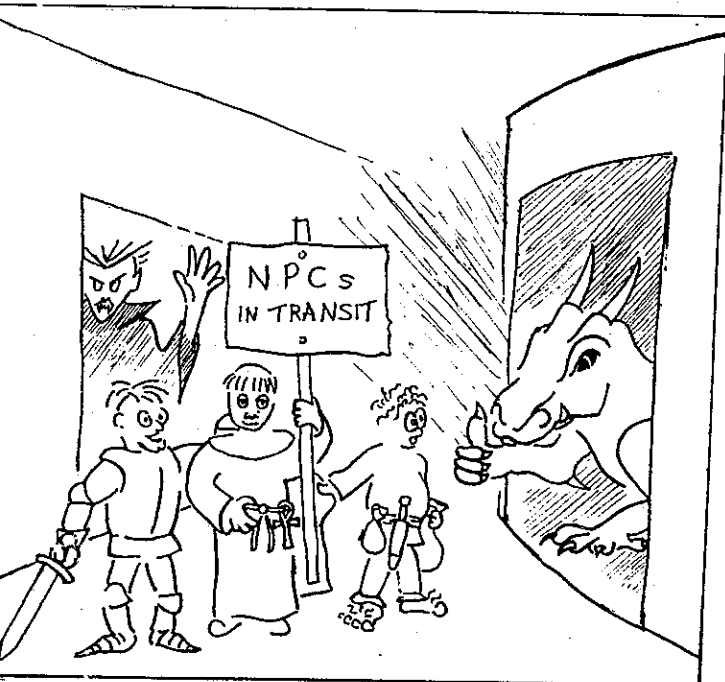
*coming soon to an August horribly near the design team.*

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**ORGANISERS NEEDED**

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## Ventura Nosewad, the Visionary, ponders...

Fantasy/Realism

### *Part the Fourth: The Moon and its Influence on Magic*



It is time again for me, Nosewad the Visionary, sage and scholar, to put quill to parchment and write words of wisdom, unappreciated though they might be by those of lesser intellect. In this discourse, aimed at those who seek knowledge of the mystic forces which pervade our world, I have set my great mind to ponder magic and the influences exerted thereon by the moon.

It might be known even to the uneducated that the seas respond to the pull of the moon, causing the effect of high and low tides. In the same way does the moon pull at the ebb and flow of magic, for the mystical aura which surrounds the moon also permeates the aethyr and thereby affects all workings of magic.

This aura is of a most powerful kind and is supreme in the fields of magic. No other known object, not even the sun, possess as vast an influence on magic as does the moon. So powerful, indeed, is the moon's aura that it can cause severe harm to those who venture into the night unprotected. Already several reports have been brought to my attention, corroborated by unimpeachable sources, which speak of late-night wanderers being struck by moonburn and developing that most dreaded of diseases: lycanthropy.

Lycanthropy is one of the most recurring and obvious effects of the moon's influence. Since lycanthropy is not a 'natural' disease in the strictest sense of the word, it becomes prominent only when the moon is full and its aura is strongest, able to take direct effect through the forces of the aethyr. By extrapolation, therefore, the safest time to hunt a werewolf is at the time of the new moon, when its influence is weakest and the lycanthrope's power at its lowest.



Think not, however, that the moon's influence is baneful only. The greatest workings of magic have been performed with a full moon directly overhead, that its beneficial influences might descend by the most rapid path. For that reason also do witches, whose ability to work magic is of a generally lower order, perform their sabbatical rites at full moon, that their own magic may be enhanced to the point of enabling them to fly and to brew potions of surprising efficacy.

The phase of the moon is of utmost importance, and I cannot stress enough the need for careful calculation preparatory to any working of magic. In simplest terms, as the moon is waning so do its energies tend towards the negative aspects, so that its influence tends to those spells which are destructive or harmful, the casting of curses being a prime example. In the same way, the aura of the waxing moon tends towards the positive aspects, enhancing the beneficial and constructive spells, such as healing magic.

All mages, great and low, should be aware of the fact that even the most powerful protective magic cannot long hold in abeyance the moon's influence. The most recent statistics, which I myself have taken care to evaluate in the course of my research, reveal that a horrifying 81 mages out of 83 show traces of lunacy.

And a final word of warning: At no time ever perform magic even close to a lunar eclipse. Due to the mingling of the auras of sun and moon, a twisting and warping of the aethyr takes place which forces all spells into their most negative aspects, causing unforeseeable havoc. A wise mage hides under his bed and slowly counts from one to three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three and back, repeating the process thirty-three times, thereby warding off all evil influences.

## 42 REASONS WHY I HATE PARENTS

*We can't get rid of it - it's back again. Despite vitriolic hate-letters to the editor, the famed and fiendish Arch-Bigot of Necropolis once more feels impelled to madden, stroke and stem the fairs and unresisting world. Heads bloodied but unbowed, the editorial staff tactfully decided to let him get on with it. CLAWMARKS VI is moderately proud to bring you the Arch-Biggie's latest efforts. He enlightens us thus:*

### I HATE PARENTS BECAUSE

*They buy you gaming equipment for the wrong system.*

*They don't give you enough money*

*They think that elves are one foot tall*

*They think that 'The Playground' is an amusement park.*

*They actually enjoy games like monopoly.*

*They keep weird daylight hours.*

*They're embarrassing.*

*They ask you why you wear black.*

*They can't read runic.*

*They pretend to understand your explanations of roleplaying.*

*They give you boring names that you are stuck with.*

*They ask too many questions*

*They have been indoctrinated into believing that D&D leads you into the occult.*

*They dress funny.*

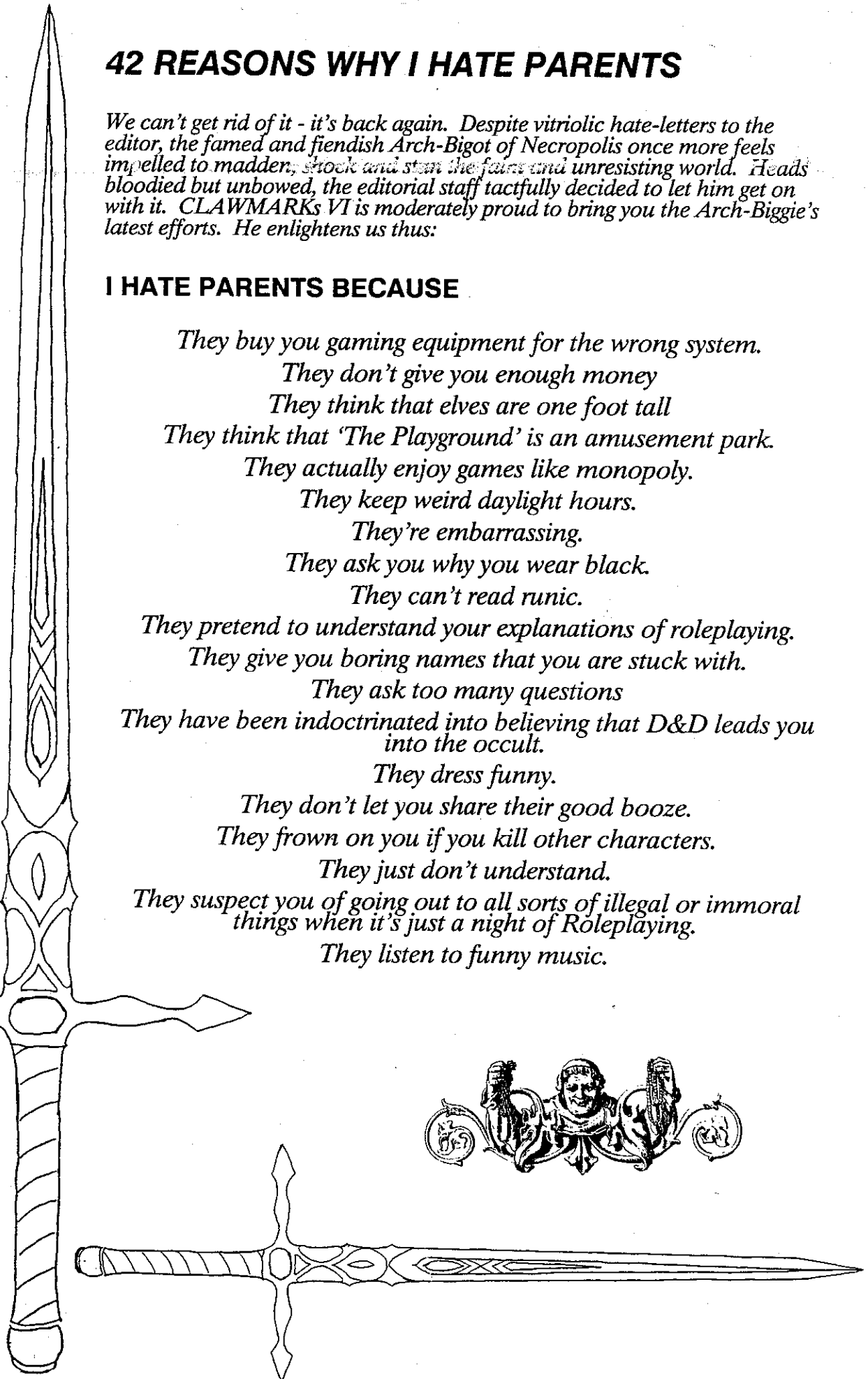
*They don't let you share their good booze.*

*They frown on you if you kill other characters.*

*They just don't understand.*

*They suspect you of going out to all sorts of illegal or immoral things when it's just a night of Roleplaying.*

*They listen to funny music.*



*They question your collection of black capes, talismans, medieval weapons, goblets, grimoires and their jewellery.*

*They're inconvenient.*

*They don't appreciate cheap drink.*

*They think that BAUHAUS is an architectural movement.*

*They question.*

*They can't appreciate simple spell levels.*

*They're confusing.*

*They think that MERP and ICE are political parties.*

*They are certain that STAR WARS is a game show.*

*They buy you colourful clothes.*

*They expect you to make peace with monsters.*

*They think that 'Arties' is an art gallery.*

*They think that the reason that your marks have gone down is 'D&D'.*

*They smell funny things on your breath.*

*They think that the 'fireball' was created by Jerry Lee Lewis.*

*They're not confusing.*

*They get confused when you discuss Astral projection for penguins or intergalactic religious warfare.*

*They say that your friends smell funny.*

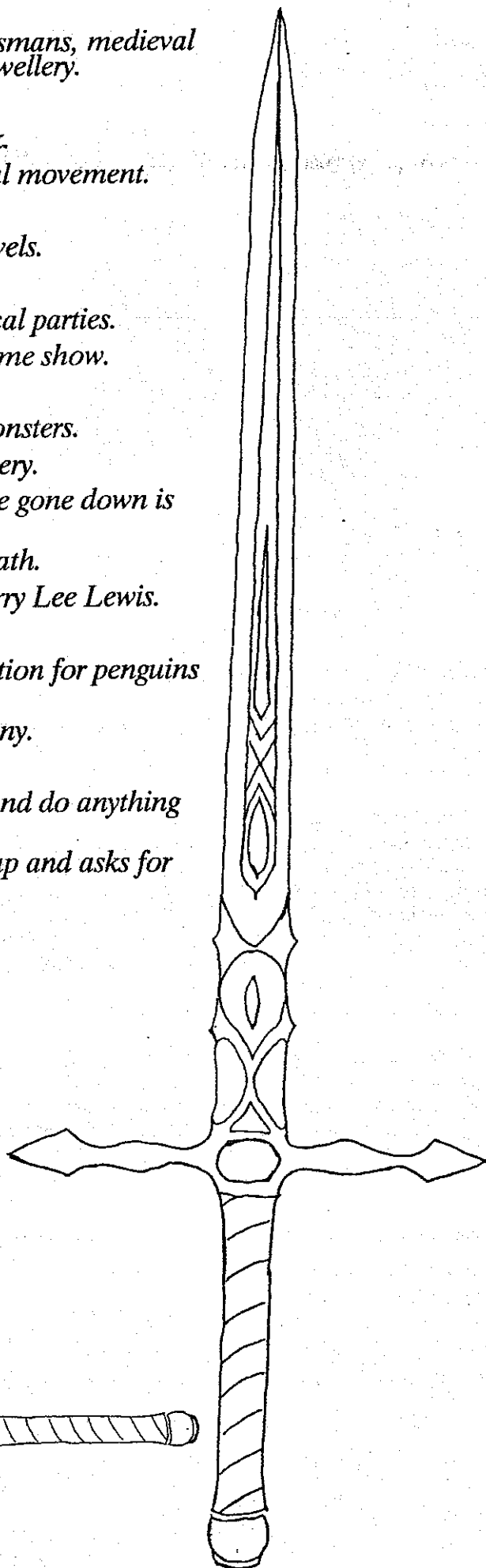
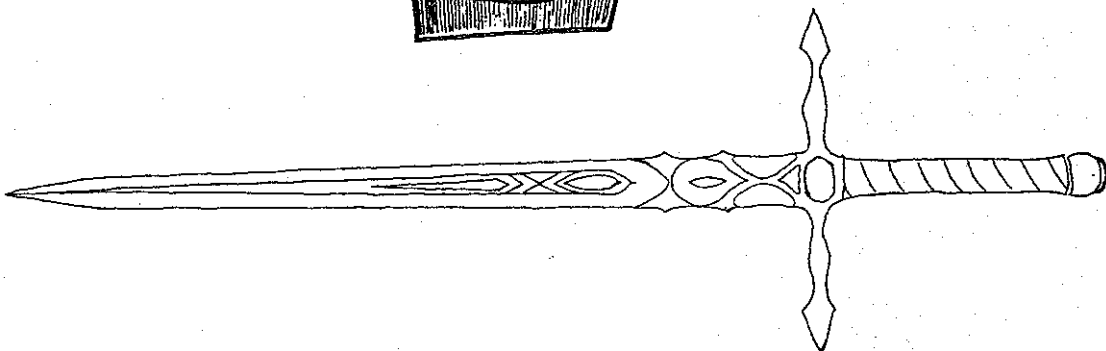
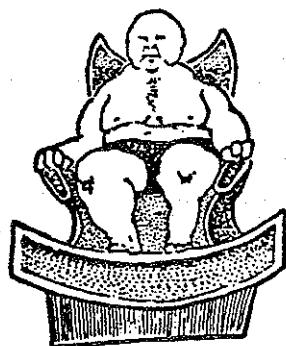
*They're understanding.*

*You have to use 'D&D' as an excuse to go out and do anything interesting.*

*They get confused whenever someone phones up and asks for "Rathloriel the Slaughterer".*

*They have freckles.*

*This is the forty-second reason.*





# FORUM: RELIGION AND ROLEPLAYING

## OUR 'SATANIC' GAME: PART THE SECOND



*It seems that I'm not the only one to object to people shouting "Jesus loves you!" in my ear while I'm trying to discuss role-playing on the Plaza. In the last issue of CLAWMARKS, we published our responses to an article in His People's magazine, Amen, in which Pastor Nevil Goldman discussed satanism, with specific referemce to role-playing. We subsequently received several letters, both agreeing and disagreeing with the article, and proving conclusively that people don't just buy CLAWMARKS for the image, they actually read it. Herewith, then, the responses to our responses to the responses of Christian societies to roleplaying, our 'Satanic' game...*

A Christian and ex role-player who wrote in was James Austin, who disagreed with me fairly radically on several points. (Although if more Christians attempted to argue with as much informed rationality as he does, perhaps we, as role-players, would not need to be so defensive.)

I read with great interest your article on Religion and Roleplaying in CLAWMARKS V. As a Christian myself, and an ex-RPG player, I agree with you: I think that many Christians spend far too much energy bashing RPGs, and for poorly motivated (and usually poorly understood) reasons. Nevertheless, I don't think your article did either yourself or the game much credit, and I would like to question a few of the points that you made. (I've dealt with each of these separately - Ed.)

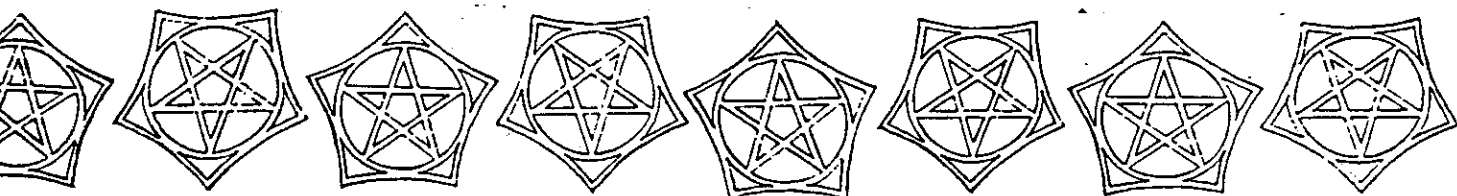
For example: "... the most harmless way to get rid of hunger for power would be to work through it in an entirely imaginary environment where you can hurt no-one. Recognised psychological principle." Recognised where? I would appreciate a reference. Everything that

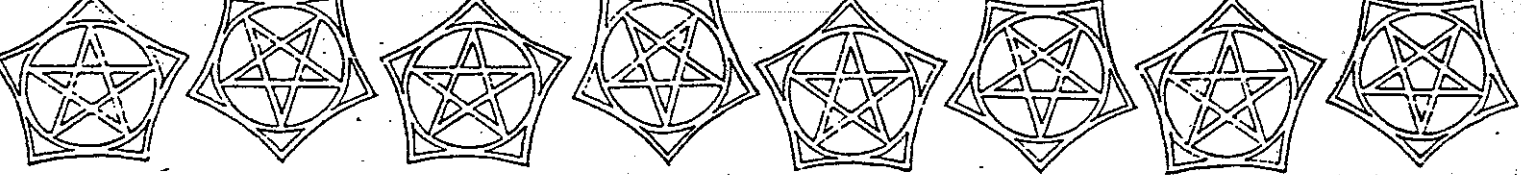
*Our thanks to those who wrote in, and our apologies - we had to edit a bit due to lack of space. I have tried to keep sense and context, and not to avoid the awkward arguments.*

I've read on the subject indicates that what we learn and practice in play and fantasy, we apply in real life - this is what kindergarten and group psychology is all about. This calls for very mature and insightful DMing - DMing of a quality that I never found in 6 years of RPGs.

Yes, exactly - what we experience in play and fantasy does affect our lives. The examples I was thinking of were childhood play as strategy-formulation, and the therapy methods which stress the importance of verbalising emotions etc. in order to recognise and neutralise their harmful effects. (I do have some psychological background, but I don't want to weigh this article with wads of references). I'm simply suggesting that someone with tendencies towards, for example, aggressiveness or dominance, is expressing them far less dangerously in a fantasy setting than he is in reality. Even if the DM is not strong enough to punish these, the rest of the party will either jump on him or drift away from the game - no-one wants to play in a game dominated by a bully. Either way, he's going to find that bullying others is not worth it.

How can people act out their subconscious stresses if "... most people tend to play characters whose personalities resemble their own to a greater or lesser extent, anyway." ... this principle does not seem to have helped the guy who committed suicide...





Its precisely because fantasy characters tend to reflect aspects of the player's character, that role-playing is in any way relevant to stress. Problems you are having often seem to carry through into the game, particularly any personal weaknesses in particular situations. It can only help to attempt to find ways to deal with it in an imaginative setting. I'm thinking particularly of my own problem with shyness when I first started playing; because my character had some key information and was forced to interact with the party, I very quickly found it easier to relax in social situations.

The guy who committed suicide had only played twice. As you admitted, his personal problems were probably more instrumental; the game could, perhaps, have helped with some of these, but he never gave it a chance to do so. You yourself must have noticed that the full enjoyment of the game tends to come once the campaign and your character start developing. In the first few sessions one is learning the system, which can be a mite confusing at times. It's a great pity that he didn't stick around; he seems to have been a lonely person, and a regular game may have made him a few friends.

... And then, "Hands up anyone out there who actually believes in the Nine Planes of Hell?"... In fifth year (medicine), when we did a block of psychiatry at Valkenburg... one of the patients was (an old) friend, being treated there for schizophrenia... Our conversation showed that he firmly believed that he was possessed by an ancient Indian spirit; that he had travelled astrally to other planes; and that he had 'psionic powers' that had been partly responsible for the bombing of Hiroshima... He himself ascribed his problem to three things: his involvement with the Hare Krishna movement (which he felt was 'out to get him'); his consequent involvement with drugs; and his D&D. That proves nothing - I can't make sweeping statements about RPGs based on one incident, although it certainly shook me; but I remember from my gaming how a disproportionately large number of my various groups believed that astral travel was real...

I'm afraid I tend personally to treat with some skepticism the judgement of someone who was, by your own description, a drug-user, a paranoic and a schizophrenic. Problem is, someone with that amount of instability is likely to get tense and obsessed over tiddlywinks. Unstable people are often highly imaginative, and hence tend to gravitate towards imaginative exercises like D&D. This doesn't mean that D&D makes all players unstable. I know a lot of horribly practical, normal, down-to-earth engineers and suchlike who play enthusiastically. Oh, and as to the astral travel: serious psychologists study paranormal psychology. Who are you to say that scientific or psychological knowledge stops with gravity and medicine? Quite apart from anything else, the concept of astral travel does not originate with D&D, anyway.

Much of your article centers around the arrogance of Christians, summed up in the statement "... how can you ... claim that Christianity is the only legitimate philosophy?" From your own Christian background you should know that Jesus claimed "No-one comes to the Father except through me." (John 14.6) Three possibilities exist:

- 1) The Bible (as translated) is lying - Jesus never said those things. In which case, far from being "a wonderful book", its fundamental teaching should be junked.
- 2) Jesus himself was lying (and maliciously so) - in which case we should draw the same conclusions as above.
- 3) These quotes are true and should be accepted and acted on.

I disagree. Your reasoning is specious and incomplete and leaves out at least one possibility:

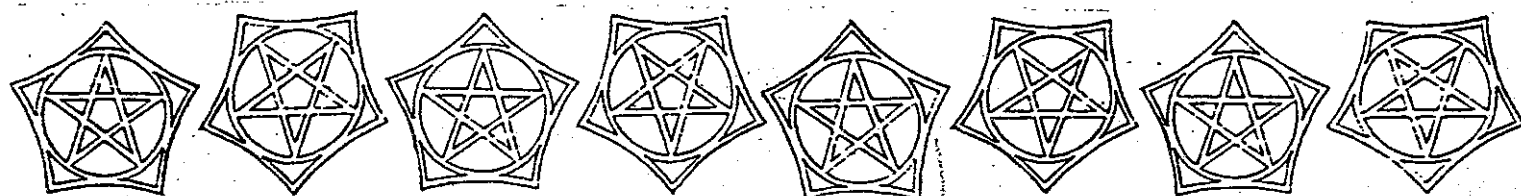
- 4) Christ was an ordinary, misguided, but sincere and well-intentioned man, with considerable insight into human nature. Much of the Bible's moral content is hence valid and valuable, although it cannot claim to be the only legitimate way.

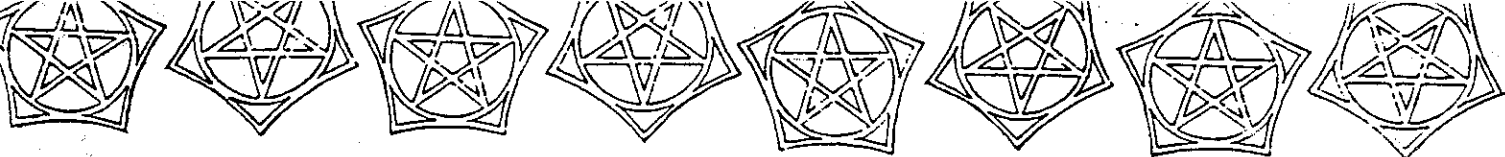
I personally agree with a lot of the morality which the Bible lays down - but not all of it. As far as I'm concerned, to say that "No man comes to the Father except through me" is to espouse intolerance, bigotry, a kind of elitism, and pure, unsaintly arrogance.

I agree - Christians are often arrogant, and frequently do stupid things... But Christianity should be judged on Christ, not on Christians, just as D&D should be judged on its own merits, not on its players. D&D is no more 'good' or 'evil' than is a knife - it can be used well or badly. In my experience, D&D is mostly used badly, or at best, frivolously.

In other words, don't do as I do, do as I say. I don't believe that you have any right to preach an evangelical religion which you have difficulty following yourselves. An unbeliever has every right to assume that it's the religion which is at fault, if its followers are unworthy. After all, a non-Christian only gets to judge Christ through his followers.

The same doesn't really apply to role-playing, because it's a hobby, not an evangelical creed. The game is what the individual chooses to make of it - it's as enjoyable as the capabilities of those involved. It can be used well or badly, but its end, the goal towards which it is used, is enjoyment. It's a hobby: fun can be theraputic, relaxing, stress-relieving, etc, but role-playing is a game. Naturally it's frivolous. So is Monopoly. Or bridge.





To me the biggest drawback of RPGs is that they tend to foster obsessions... When I played RPGs, I and my group spent huge amounts of time on the game... For me, Christianity and RPGs were not compatible - not on moral grounds, but as priorities.

That decision is entirely yours to make - I mean, whatever makes you happy. The thing is, it's our decision, too. RPGs are a hobby, and as such I believe every individual has the right to spend as much time on them as he/she chooses. Good grief, some people spend their lives building model aeroplanes.

We received another letter from a role-player who also has a few reservations about the effects of the game...

Dear Editor

I have read your article "Religion and Role-playing: our 'Satanic' game", and would like to add something. I have played role-playing games for about 4 years now... There is no way that I will stop playing these games, but I do see an inherent danger here. In a manner of speaking I have become addicted to role-playing. I have a very mathematical job with finance, scientific research and report writing... a very left-brain orientated job. The right brain, the creative side, is not implemented at all...

I used to read a lot of fantasy and science fiction, but with the pressure put on me to keep up with current events, I have not had the time to reach for the good old Lord of the Rings... I really look forward to playing my weekly game of D&D so that the creative side can be used again. The problem is, that I play a character that is unlike me. During the game I think like he would; I don't think of him as him, but as me. The character is real to me during the games, and I find that it takes me quite a while after the game to come to terms with the fact that he is not real. It is hard to slip out of the fantasy back to reality.

The point I am trying to make is that, while the game is not intrinsically dangerous, the circumstances under which it is played may be dangerous. I am fully aware that it is a game, but for a person who would not want to leave the fantasy realm of his character, distinguishing the line between fantasy and reality can become difficult.

If I were a religious person ( which I am not) and if I were reluctant to blame the unwillingness to face the real world on myself, it would be very easy to blame it on Satan and his minions or whatever else, instead. In fact, though, the interpretation of the line between fantasy and reality must lie in our hands, not in those of 'God' or 'Satan'.

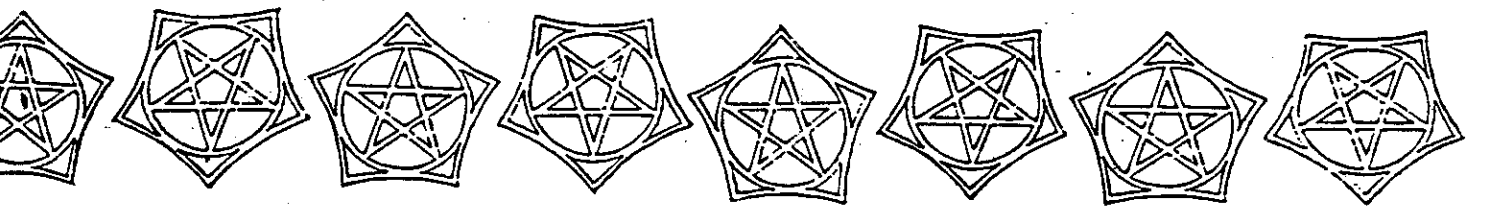
Role-playing games are a powerful incentive to imagine, to dream of things we are unable or unwilling to try in the real world. D&D does in a way "teach" us about magic and evil, or at least lets us think about it, but in the end the person who is playing the game must decide on his own interpretations of the fantasy world. Fantasy is a wonderful tool for refreshing your thinking, seeking new horizons and dreaming up new goals. What would our lives be without dreams? Our fantasy drives us: we first have to imagine it before we can try it.

Amen seems to think that the use of imagination is an involvement with the Devil - dreaming is opening a doorway to Hell. I see this differently. Role-playing may be dangerous, but, as I heard someone say, "If you can't distinguish between a game and reality, you were mad in the first place." One can get too involved with a character, but you must be able to draw the line yourself, not blame it on Satan.

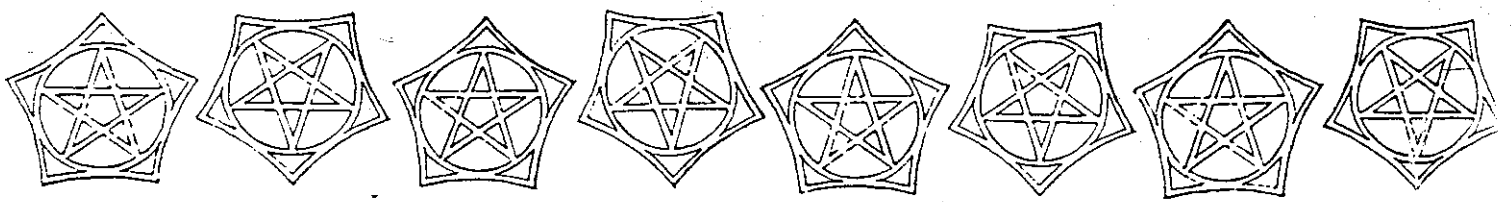
I will not stop role-playing, and I will make sure my kids have an opportunity to play too, but I will make damn sure that the reality is not so bad that the fantasy is better. Role-playing is a form of dreaming, but the game comes to an end, and the real world must be tackled. I believe that the article in Amen has some merit in warning people that the imagination is a powerful thing, but to blame suicide and Satan-worship on an exercise of the mind is going too far. Taking dreams and our fantasy away from us will reduce us to mindless robots. So, all you dreamers out there, capture your dreams and make them real.

Just another dreamer,  
Gandolin Starblade

My kind of dreamer - I couldn't agree with you more. You have pointed out a major gap in my own argument: one of the great dangers of Christianity is that it makes it all too easy to blame "outside forces" - as you say, God, Satan, demon possession. The belief that you are representing an eternal, unquestionable power can lead to some rather arrogant intolerance. I mean, they may be right - I don't deny their right to believe what they like. It's just their right to impose it on me that I question. With that kind of philosophy, it's just too easy to disclaim responsibility for your own actions. Those with enough imagination to role-play tend to believe rather more in the power of the individual's mind; perhaps the more rigid religions see imaginative questioning as a threat?







As you say, there are dangers to providing your own limits - it's not as easy and undemanding as having them laid down for you. But I still feel, as you do, that the possible dangers of failing to "draw the line", of becoming caught up in the joys of unfettered fantasy, are less than the dangers of intolerance, bigotry and hidebound thinking. Better a world run by dreamers than one controlled by the Spanish Inquisition.

Brother Bostrephidon, of the invisible college of conspicuous arts, sent us this meditative epistle. He claims to be an imaginary role-playing Christian monk.

Dear Editors,

As a roleplayer of several years standing, I feel that I should add my voice to the sometimes dogmatic debate as to the spiritual and temporal value of Roleplaying. Let it be said first that I have been playing for several years, and have no intention of giving up.

The only really reasoned argument that I have heard against roleplaying is that at high level it is tense and intense, and players are obsessed with game schemes and powers. This is true in my personal experience, but roleplaying campaigns vary enormously. Some are casual affairs. Some are completely absorbing. It is the latter that are worrying to intelligent critics and sought after by "hard core" players. There is no easy counter-argument to this, but roleplaying is not just an alluring web of illusions.

I must agree with critics of the game, that AD&D, or whatever roleplaying system you use, is a game that alters your personality. A person's personality is influenced by everything that they learn and do. The interesting point is *how* roleplaying influences your personality. I would be skeptical of the stability of anyone who had caused the same amount of carnage that the average character does in a month. But roleplayers do not exhibit war psychoses (appearances notwithstanding). Rather, extended periods of acting in character can occur. I have not seen anyone actually deluded that they were the character. Rather there are those who would rather be playing the role than be themselves, though they are aware that it is only a role.

I believe that this results from the roleplayer exercising his powers of imagination. He is trying to perceive reality differently, and has consciously altered his personality to something that he wants to be. This is not evil. It is a free choice to expand awareness and open oneself to personal development. Those who view expansion of the self as evil should refer to the paragraph below about witches.

It has been claimed that in Roleplaying games "Demon powers start materialising" (AMEN, His People), a view which is usually treated as hysterical nonsense by players. It is worth noting that extremely few roleplayers would deny the existence of some form of evil. Given the self-justification in human nature, however, roleplayers do not believe that they are doing evil. I have yet to meet any crazed enough to worship it.

If you believe that those contradicting orthodox Christianity are doing evil, then why waste time picking on "godless" roleplayers when there are so many Moslems and Hindus out there? Perhaps roleplayers are picked on because:

- 1) They are a small and less well looked on group, who tend keep no standing armies, unlike Moslems and Hindus in parts of the world.
- 2) They are mostly White Anglo-Saxon Protestant Males, many from Christian backgrounds.
- 3) They often like to be seen as weird or strange.

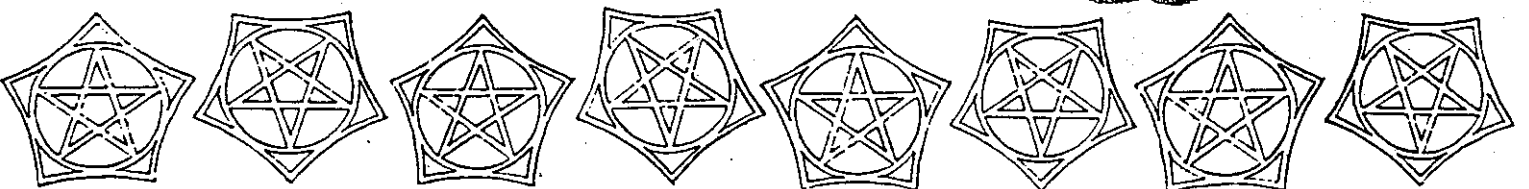
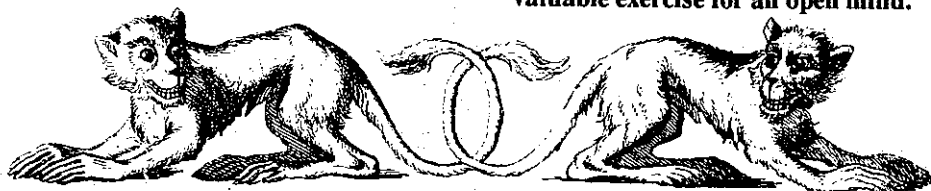
On the other hand, Roleplayers and Christians are often seen as two separate groups. But what of those who consider themselves to be both?

Roleplaying is usually condemned because it is occult, and therefore Satanic. A Roleplaying Christian must either deny that Roleplaying Games are occultic, or that the occult is Satanic. To rephrase that, he must either deny that roleplaying opens you to magical and spiritual forces, or deny that these are necessarily Satanic.

It is true that roleplayers are among those most interested in the occult. Now if you believe that "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live" (Exodus 22.18) then, *from that assumption* you can conclude that occultic roleplayers are damned sinners in need of shooting. I do not believe this. In this respect we are speaking different languages, and cannot hold meaningful debate on this issue.

One of the attractions of fantasy roleplaying is that its descriptions and actions are metaphors and images that translate into this world. Some would call it psychologically significant. I personally believe that this *is* occultic, but that it is *not* Satanic.

People who find it difficult to conform are more disposed towards fantasy. So are those who are psychologically unstable. The maladjustment causes them to be disposed towards roleplaying, not vice versa. Thus you can expect to find more maladjusted people than average playing roleplaying games, but it is entirely illogical to say that roleplaying causes mental illness. On the contrary, it is valuable exercise for an open mind.



The consciously cosmic continuation of  
**CLAWs'**  
**CONTINUING**  
**COSMIC**  
**CONSCIOUSNESS**

*The User's Guide to CLAWs, begin the nefarious activities and achievements of our beloved society, past, present, and future. In these pages we greet you, CLAW-hordes, both new and old, and offer up for your perusal the Inside Story on the Terror of Campus, CLAWs UCT. Things to look out for, marvel at, and miss at your peril.*



**DRAGONFIRE**

Last year's nefarious CLAWs AD&D Tournament claimed lives and sanity points in ye Merrie Englande setting, complete with a baddie popularly and erroneously assumed to be a vampire. Hee hee, fooled you. Still, the full complement of wild boars, Moorish bodyguards, druids, ghostly Roman legions and renegade priests managed to keep parties busy.

Congratulations to successful teams:

First: *Grimace of Pain III*

Second: *Beryl*

Third: *Thud and Blunder*

Best-dressed team: *Bela Lugosi's Dead*

Best role-playing team: *Grimace of Pain III*

Best DM: Neil Bulley

Honourable mention to ...

*Bela Lugosi's Dead*, for best team name.

*Thud and Blunder* for cruelty to boars - standing in front of a tree, waiting for the boar's charge and then using the jumpstone.

*Cult of Grizzly* for holding a guard hostage with a ferret in the pants.

Raspberries to the following...

*Suicide Squad* for testing the iron maiden on Oonagh and then drinking her blood - who's the vampire here, anyway?

*Grimace of Pain III* for public indecency in a family tournament - removing trousers to bullfight the boar.

*Dragonfire IV will naturally occur in August this year - we recommend a regular scanning of crystal balls for an update. Rumours are that it will be damp. Manpower will be needed sooner or later for designing, playtesting, typing, selling hot dogs and moving tables and chairs. So if you feel like, masochistic, apply without.*

**MEETINGS: THE CLAWs AGM AND CHAOS SESSION**

Cunningly, we have divided this into two mediumly chaotic meetings this year instead of the usual confuse-em-all binge. A preliminary meeting takes place Thursday 27th Feb at Lunchtime in A117, to find out who wants to play what and who wants to DM for them, and to arrange the AGM and committee elections. These are VITAL to your knowledge of CLAWs - ATTEND OR REGRET IT!

On Thursday 5th March, Lunchtime in A117 the A.G.M. (Annual Gnarliburr Marathon) and Elections of the 1992 Committee (poor fools) will take place.

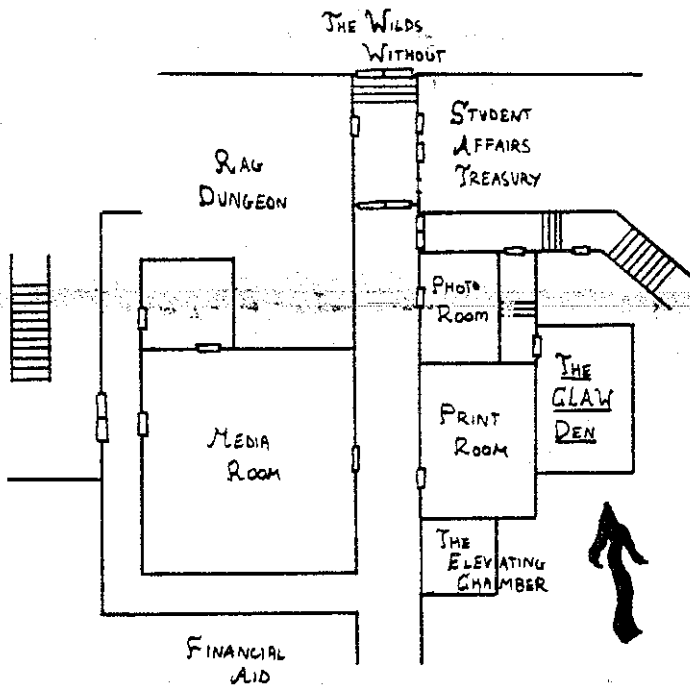
This should give you freshers a chance to meet the Aspirants to Power and Position, and to vote with a modicum of reason and information.



**CLAWMARKS VI: The Banned Edition**

If you are illegally reading someone else's copy, stop IMMEDIATELY in order to rush out and buy your own. Soon to become collector's items! The essential adjunct to every home! As you can see, it's a good, thick wad of paper - articles, art, humour, ads, you name it. (Fred, actually). CLAWMARKS hits the hordes bi-annually, in February and August - CLAWMARKS VII will, Ragnarok notwithstanding, be available at Dragonfire IV, our next amazing tournament.





**PARTY!!! PARTY!!! PARTY!!!**

CLAWs parties are fairly legendary - we use them as a shock tactic to corrupt freshers to our wicked ways. To start the year off with a vaguely Gothic bang, we are holding a

**Red Level party**  
February

(in the first week of lectures)

Music, ambience and tone will be the genuine CLAW. Alcohol will be on sale, and UCT Radio's disco will do music. The Fly on the Wall II - The Legend Lives On. Don't say we didn't warn you.



**THE CLAWROOM**

CLAWs is not just a society, it's a lifestyle. The CLAWROOM functions as a den of vice and iniquity, the bastion of role-playing maniacs and psychotic wargamers. A nice place to drop in on in spare moments - there's always something happening. The chains dangling from the ceiling are for lowering the unworthy into the oubliette (the room is an old machinery room over an abandoned lift shaft). Atmosphere, or what. Wargames can be set up and left here, so you can come back and play later. It's also available as a role-playing venue - can be booked regularly, day and night, or used on the spur of the moment if it's free. The mighty CLAWroom also houses the famed CLAW library, available to all members (see below). A word about litter - the committee goes into warp spasm at intervals and deputises bystanders, guilty or innocent, to clean up if there's a mess, so it's in your own interests to throw your litter IN THE BIN, not on the floor, into the fan, under the tables, at each other, etc.

**THE CLAW LIBRARY**

A catalogue of this arcane and esoteric tome collection - rulebooks, modules, supplements, magazines etc - is on the CLAWroom noticeboard. Or grab a committee member - they have the power to sign stuff out. You can have a normal loan (2 weeks) or a DMing loan (several months), and we WILL fine you for late returns (10c per day). Library privileges may be removed for consistent abuse. Librarians will be appointed later, and supplied with boots, whips, shades, and other accoutrements of fascist intimidation.



**VIDEO EVENINGS**

Fantasy, sci fi, cyberpunk, animated features, late, late, nights and minimal admissions charge. We switch off the lights and hide when Campus Control come past. No-one's actually been arrested yet, but we're working on it. There'll be two video showings in Fresher's Week, from 2 PM to 8 PM on Tuesday and Thursday. The venue is still to be confirmed.

**Tuesday 18th February**  
Predator I  
Predator II  
Terminator



**Thursday 20th February**  
Dragonslayer  
Robin Hood (The Patrick Bergin one)  
Batman






## THE CLAW COMMITTEE 1991

A retrospective guide of no practical value whatsoever, since a new committee will be elected soon. Still, just for the historical background, and to identify them at the first two meetings: the Nefarious CLAW Hierarchy, vintage 1991. (A good year, somewhat sharp but with a certain quiet authority. Distinctive flavour of insanity).

**CLAWTHING:** Jessica Tiffin. Semi-respectable tea-addict of grey hairs and alleged knees. Bedecked in flowing black except when she's trying to confuse us. Currently reading a Masters in English on the subject of "A femino-marxist analysis of the implications of the post-colonial archetypes in modern fantasy literature". Or something.

**GUILDMASTER:** Andrew Sturman. Largish, amiable gentleman of cyberpunk persuasion, which means his tournaments are vicious in the extreme. Known by his 24 black T-shirts, and his mirror-shades.

**WARLORD:** Ari Levin. A pleasant and self-effacing fascist type who is also a 20th level locksmith. Dedicated to heavy weaponry and explosions in his role-playing activities.

**TREASURER:** Michael Streatfield. An actuarial scientist with a draconic attitude to the CLAW monies (hoard it!). Guilty of single-handedly forcing the CLAW expenditure for 1991 to remotely resemble out actual funds. A useful lad to have around.

**SECRETARY:** Eckhard Gartz. Known for his Germanic efficiency, exactitude and passion for measurement. Keeps the library in immaculate order. Now being paid to corrupt the youth.

### AD HOC MEMBERS:

**Steve Moulder.** A cheerful psychotic responsible for regularly putting neon tubes into the fan.

**Mark Wilson.** Renowned for his cloak and dagger style. The only ad hoc to out-weird the older generation.

**Greg Vartsos.** A violent type. We would say that he is even more violent than Steve, but Steve would beat us into a thick paste.

### Next Issue:

*The dreaded CLAWMARKS VII is due out in August. Contributions to CLAWMARKS are always received ecstatically, and frequently printed. We are, however, getting pretty sick of the religion and satanism saga. Only short letters that make NEW points might be printed.*

*Artists for Clawmarks will be welcomed with open arms. There also seems to be a lack of articles on fantasy game systems. However the number of systems being played has increased greatly. If you want to read them, write them!*



## INTERVIEW WITH AN EX-CLAWTHING

*The deviants among us who aspire to lead our dread society must be made of stern stuff indeed. In quest of psychological insight, we supplicated the oracle itself.. The itinerant astral form of ex-Clawthing Anthony Steele, hacker, ComSci honours graduate and deviant of distinction, was recently cornered, by our ever roving CLAWMARKS reporter, in the kitchen, wistfully passing its hand through the cookie jar. We managed to ask it a few 'completely inoffensive' questions.*

**CLAWMARKS:** Right, in the interest of, among other things, posterity - [CLAWMARKS ASSISTANT cackles evilly, says, 'tie that man to the chair'] - we are interested in finding out certain opinions of yourself, as the good ex-Clawthing.

**ANTHONY:** Is this, uh...

**CLAWMARKS:** No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. [ANTHONY screams] Don't run, don't run, sir. It won't hurt, I promise.

**ANTHONY:** What is this?

**CLAWMARKS ASSISTANT:** It von't hurt very mutsch.

**CLAWMARKS:** It won't hurt at all; sit down.

**ANTHONY:** What is this for?

**CLAWMARKS:** This is an interview we wish to print in CLAWMARKS. We would like your opinions on certain completely inoffensive questions....  
With regard to your years as a Clawthing, do you have any sense of achievement at having established CLAWs?

**ANTHONY:** Yes.

**CLAWMARKS:** Why? You don't feel that you have a sense of guilt at the thought of the insidious army of CLAWs overtaking the campus?

**ANTHONY:** I think that I have a sense of achievement at the thought of insidious armies of CLAW-influenced people worming their way into all walks of life or close approximations of it.

**CLAWMARKS:** This is also true. Hmmm. Sir, you've been a Clawthing for two years and a member of CLAWs for another year. What is your opinion of the younger generation of CLAW members? Do you think they've changed?

**ANTHONY:** I think CLAWs has definitely opened their sensory organs. I think there's more of them. This is pleasing. I think they're a lot less respectful of the older generation. And this is pleasing. The committee is much more organized now. They say it's necessary. Doesn't anybody realize that anarchy means voluntary cooperation and mutual help?

**CLAWMARKS:** Indeed! [laughs] Okay. Are you going to miss CLAWs, and if so, why?

**ANTHONY:** Yes. I am a lousy shot.

**CLAWMARKS:** Oh dear, we're terribly sorry to hear it. Yes, we have heard rumours that you are soon to leave the country. Can you confirm this, and - it's obviously in a great hurry - does this have anything to do with your infamous business venture Handbitten Products - back taxes perhaps?

**ANTHONY:** No comment.

**CLAWMARKS:** Right. ... Hmm, what countries do you intend to grace with your presence, and do you intend to spread the CLAW gospel while you are there?



**ANTHONY:** I intend to start off with Albion [**CLAWMARKS:** Traditional, traditional], progressing thence to the Emerald Isle and wherever else I may roam... and yes, I shall preach upon the road.

**CLAWMARKS:** The image is pleasant. ... Right, this is the sensitive question: Does this overseas tour have anything to do with your campaign to be elected Pope Fabulously Magnificent the Third?

**ANTHONY:** (gasps for breath, snorts in horror, finally recovers): I deny even having heard these vicious rumours before in my life

[**CLAWMARKS:** Hmmmm...]. I have no wish to be Pope.

**CLAWMARKS:** That would make a good banner headline, actually: Clawthing No Wish To Be Pope. That should calm down the religious societies.

**ANTHONY:** If you so wish, you may address me as 'my Lord'.

**CLAWMARKS:** Yes, thank you for this. Um, I had a question down... a lot of people mistake you for the infamous J. C. - did you deliberately cultivate this image?

**ANTHONY:** No, it is merely an amazing coincidence. [**CLAWMARKS** giggles]

**CLAWMARKS:** Right, and has no-one ever told you that Christ somehow did without docs, a large black overcoat and a silly hat?

**ANTHONY:** You just did. Anyway, they're not Docs, they're Croatian army boots.

**CLAWMARKS:** Any comments?

**ANTHONY:** I think it is a distinct improvement on a loincloth and sandals.

**CLAWMARKS:** Right, has no-one ever told you that Christ did not wear a loincloth?

**ANTHONY:** Yes, you just did. Was that in the script?

**CLAWMARKS:** No, it was ad libbed. Never mind.... And while we're on this subject, could you summarize your religious views on less than one hundred paragraphs?

**ANTHONY:** No.

**CLAWMARKS:** Well, thank you for not doing so anyway... Yes, in your years of connection with our infamous society, what are your best and your worst memories?

**ANTHONY:** (thinks, or appears to) Worst memory - um - saying to Alison Whatshername: 'Er, I'd like to form a society. Um, I've got 30 signatures.'

**CLAWMARKS:** Mm, a tricky moment, indeed.

**ANTHONY:** (after more apparent thinking) Best memory - all night last minute module design.

**CLAWMARKS:** And these rumours of your masochism, Mr. Steele?

**ANTHONY:** Totally unfounded.



**CLAWMARKS:** Right... What advice would you give to the current CLAWs committee, and do you honestly believe they'll take it?

**ANTHONY:** Erm, Parents should be shocked, early and often.

**CLAWMARKS:** You don't feel that this is a somewhat, um... provocative attitude?

**ANTHONY:** Yes. Will they take it? - I don't know, it's up to them, really.

**CLAWMARKS:** One feels that in the great fascist tradition of CLAWs, they're exceedingly unlikely to. Hmm... Rumours are circulating that you are nefariously connected with his extreme high holiness the Archbigot of Necropolis. Is there any truth in this?

**ANTHONY:** It's a lie. Some of my best friends have freckles.

**CLAWMARKS:** Right. Are you still backing the nefarious scheme to have the current Clawthing elected Dean of Arts?

**ANTHONY:** That's a good idea. [**CLAWMARKS** laughs]

**CLAWMARKS:** Right, another religious question. Do you believe in jim?

**ANTHONY:** Who's jim? [**CLAWMARKS** laughs uproariously]

**CLAWMARKS ASSISTANT:** We knew it!

**CLAWMARKS:** I had your answer written down already. It says 'Who's jim', question mark. ... Oh yes, we must have your views on programming. What, if any, are your views on programming?

**ANTHONY:** As the Tao of programming says, ... after five days without programming, ... life becomes meaningless. And does anyone know how to use error productions in yacc?

**CLAWMARKS:** Hmmmm. Now Mr. Steele, what is your response to this trick question?

**ANTHONY** (laughing): None whatsoever.

**CLAWMARKS:** Right. Well answered, well answered. Right. And finally - do you honestly believe that we would be interviewing you if we could think up any other way to fill up these last blank pages; and please, answer in seven lines exactly.

**ANTHONY:** ..... Well I must say ... that this piece of cheap, exploitative journalism ... is up to the usual abysmal **CLAWMARKS** standard. May I add that this interview was obtained under extreme duress and is therefore worthless, -

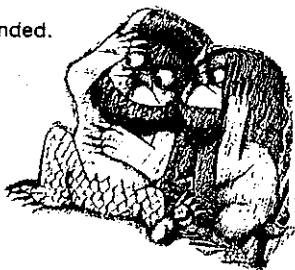
**CLAWMARKS:** Thank you for those few kind words -

**ANTHONY:** Hold on, three lines to go: and it is a moot point ... as to precisely what inane drivel ... you use to pad out your rather useless pages of this disgusting magazine ... which I have a full collection of.

**CLAWMARKS:** Mr. Steele, we thank you for your time.

**ANTHONY:** What, no other questions?

**CLAWMARKS:** Well, that's finished off the page.



# The Bard's Best Tomes

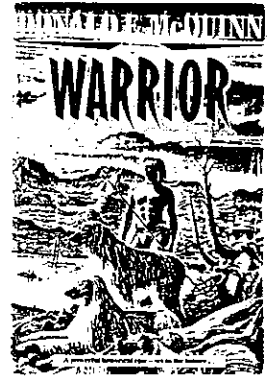
Patience is a virtue. This is a fact well known and often repeated. Less known, however, is the fact that patience also saves money. And lest you not believe me, an example: some months ago, for the purpose of better fortifying myself against the rigours of exam-time studying, I purchased a massive volume for the price of more than forty-five silver coins, or, in our denomination, more than forty-five nickel-steel coins. A few days ago, the selfsame volume, albeit in a smaller format, was offered for less than thirty coins. Therefore heed the Bard: be patient and save money. Not that I follow my own advice, mind you...



The volume for which my purse bled such an extravagant amount was entitled *The Eye of the World*, being Book One of *The Wheel of Time*, penned by one Robert Jordan. And its value is truly justified, for the book is, in one word, magnificent. Such praise is not lightly given, nor lightly deserved, but of *The Eye of the World* there can no doubt. From the first page onwards, a wondrous world unfolds in unparalleled splendour. Feel as you read the brute force of the bestial Trollocs, the heart-clenching terror of the shadowy Fades; see the glittering blades of a Warder's whirling weapons, the brilliant sorcery of the lofty Aes Sedai; grieve for ancient, lost Manetheren; for battle-blasted Malkier; and see dark and terrible plots unfold. If *The Eye of the World* does not have the detailed background of *The Lord of the Rings*, it has atmosphere and originality, and will surely be amongst the best creations for years to come.

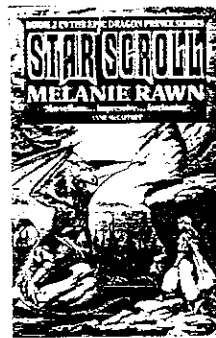
Book Two of *The Wheel of Time*, *The Great Hunt*, is also available now, after a nail-biting wait of half a year. And though the wait was harsh it was worth it, for *The Great Hunt* continues the excellence of *The Eye of the World*. Old enemies are still abroad, new friends are made, and the World weaves as the Wheel wills.

After such excellence, hard it is to find comparable books. Indeed, unable I have been to do so, though this shall not prevent my appreciation of other volumes, such as *Warrior*, another lengthy epic, written by one Donald, of the clan McQuinn. In a distant future, long after nuclear holocaust has destroyed all civilization, there arises amongst the Dog People of the plains the warrior Gan Moondark, and a destiny lies on him.



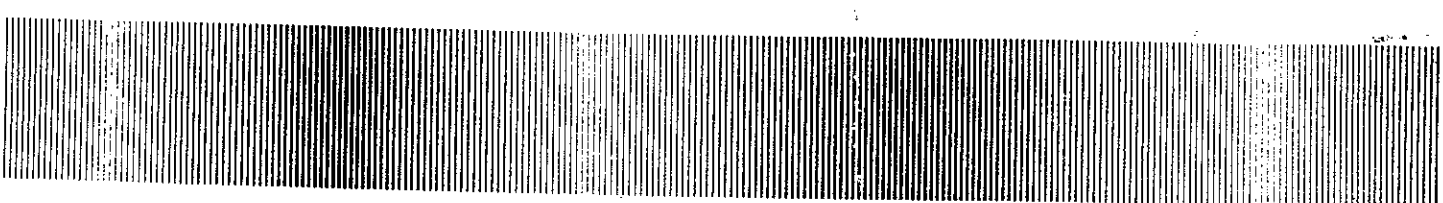
An old idea and one worked down to bare bones by now, many may think, and in a way there is truth in that. But though the basic idea has been used many times already, *Warrior* still is good reading, with numerous twists and clever turns. At times, the book may seem somewhat slow-paced but overall it is absorbing, with an easy style which makes for pleasant reading.

Similar words may apply to *Star Scroll*, Melanie Rawn's sequel to *Dragon Prince*. I greatly enjoyed the first book, but though *Star Scroll* is very well written it does not quite live up to the expectations created by *Dragon Prince*. Those who have read *Dragon Prince* may know that the sequel centres on the son of the Dragon Prince; those who have not read the first book need to know nothing. However, where *Dragon Prince* focused on only a few central characters, *Star Scroll* attempts to treat a large cast



with equal favour. In consequence there may be more subplots but less detail, which for me is a disappointing loss.

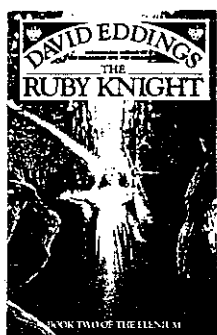
Also a bit of a disappointment was *D'Shai*, by Joel Rosenberg (who created the most enjoyable *Guardians of the Flame* series - more of this in a moment). His concept of kazuh, specific inherent magic, is excellently executed, but though *D'Shai* is colourful it somehow lacks atmosphere, and the tale becomes little more than a murder mystery in a fantasy setting.



*The Warrior Lives*, also by Joel Rosenberg, and the fifth volume in the **Guardians of the Flame** series, appears to have been something of an anticlimax for some, but I personally found it to be a good continuation of the series, with a well-performed carryover to the next generation. What bothered me more than the obvious disappointment (which you no doubt will find out about if you read the book) was that the conflict between the great sorcerers is still unresolved...

But then, unresolved conflicts and drifting ends seem to be the traditional trademarks of sequences - and here David Eddings, with both the **Elenium** and the **Malloreon** unfinished for many months, must rank very highly. Speaking of which, he has actually finished the **Malloreon** now with the fifth book, *The Seeress of Kell*, though I cannot report on its quality, having so far been unable to secure a copy.

The second volume of the **Elenium**, titled *The Ruby Knight*, is also available, continuing the quest for the mystical gem. Boring theme? Utterly unoriginal is more like it, but Eddings' humorous touch makes *The Ruby Knight* delightful reading, though the quality might have slipped ever so slightly since *The Diamond Throne* (for the unknowledgeable: the first book of the **Elenium**).



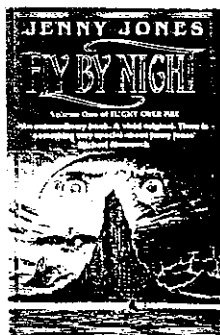
Grand quests appear to be a standard hallmark, and so also with *Forbidden Magic*, the first in a trilogy grandly titled



**The Godwars**, by Angus Wells (who may be remembered as the author of the **Books of the Kingdoms**). *Forbidden Magic* centres on a quest to prevent the rising of an ancient god (evil, needless to say) - hackneyed, I will admit, though there are some redeeming features. However, the tale unfolds in an ever so slightly monotonous way, and

so, though Angus Wells handles his pen well, I was left with a faint feeling of dissatisfaction.

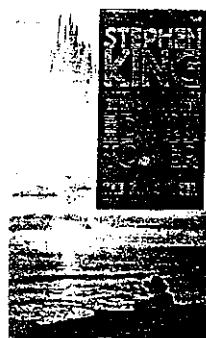
Similar it was with *Fly by Night*, by Jenny Jones, first volume of the series **Flight over Fire**. Though the basic idea of a stasis placed over the world by a god so that the mortal he loves will not change is a good one, the story moves slowly and does not capture the attention as books like *The Eye of the World* do.



Then there is Piers Anthony's *Dragon's Gold*, written in conjunction with Robert Margroff. The story is uncomplicated (not necessarily a bad idea) and easy to read, but the authors simply do not manage to convey the impression of reality necessary to the true enjoyment of a book.

But lest you think that a bad mood has taken me, let me tell you of Jack Vance's **Lyonesse** trilogy (*Suldrun's Garden*, *The Green Pearl*, *Madouc*). Set on the Elder Isles (which Jack Vance places near the shores of Brittany), the trilogy is based on ancient Celtic and Gaulish myths, with Vance's own enhancing innovations, especially in the realms of magic. Avallon, Ys, Lyonesse, Hy Brasil, all are present, and make for a hugely entertaining story.

Rather more sombre is Stephen King's *The Gunslinger*, the first book of a series called **The Dark Tower**.



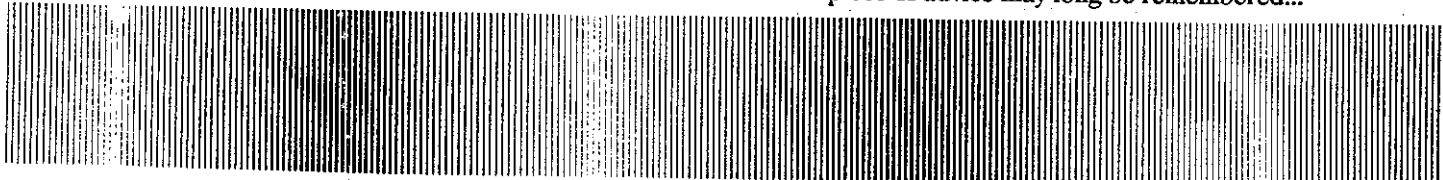
Notwithstanding the title, *The Gunslinger* is more fantasy than not. However, according to Stephen King's himself, if he continues at his previous rate it will take him around 300 years to complete the series. So if you are in a hurry, forget it... However, the second volume, *The Drawing of the Three*, is available

already, so maybe there is still hope.

Not quite last now, I will make mention of *Servant of the Empire*, sequel to *Daughter of the Empire*, co-authored by Janny Wurts and Raymond Feist. A worthy sequel, with all the colour of the first book and introducing new plots and intrigues. The only slight disappointment I had was that these selfsame intrigues were not quite as complex and devious as in the first book. Still, I had a hard time of putting down the book (which I eventually only did when I turned over the page and found it was **THE END**).

Lastly a book I have wanted to mention for a long time now: *Silverlock*, by John Myers Myers, published in 1949 and very hard to get hold of these days. This is not fantasy in the common sense, but a conglomerate of myths and legends from all over the world, thrown together in the Commonwealth, a place where anything may happen and probably anything will. A large part of the book's attraction lies in recognizing the particular legends involved - but in grand perspective, the story itself is also worth a lot. 'I had a fine time at the wedding celebration... Of course, we didn't overdo it. I don't recall we drank a single drop more than was held in any given bottle...'

Which piece of advice may long be remembered...



# CLASSIFIED!

## REST IN PEACE



RIP J. R. R. Tolkien. Frodo would have been proud!!!

RIP David. But those who touch the Desert Rain... Adieu... Allandin, Lord of Independence.

RIP One New Edison geo-thermal rig, assorted innocent personnel, one CIRS-crazed Major, seven totally unmourned Omega troops, assorted cats, NEDDY (deaded by bang), one webbie-engineered acid-injecting robot spider, Tanith's Swiss chocolates, the DM's ability to follow the plot. The CCB - destruction with style.

RIP Thomas Greene... you died in the names of the trinity.

RIP One slippery familiar whose final death-defying act didn't. Ssss.

RIP H. P. Lovecraft. When Cthulhu calls...

RIP Rillabee Milandrill. Lest we forget...

RIP One Network 69 helicopter. EMPed by the opposition. That'll teach you to try and steal our scoop.

RIP Fnerg. A courageous halfling much given to deviousness, who was fatally charmed while attempting to destroy Johann Nepomuk Hummel, an extremely evil sodding mage with extremely lucky initiative rolls, given to building snowmen. It is indeed a pity our resurrection rod ran out of charges. We will remember you fondly, not to mention shortly.

RIP The Boom Boom Brothers. Boom. From the CCB.

RIP a silly fellow with a fluctuating medicinal name, who got utterly eMACEiated at the Inn of the Multicoloured Griffon.

RIP Edgar Allan Poe.

RIP Davin of Quellbourne. Torn apart by starving wolves - not an end for a knight.

RIP Sir Thomas Malory.

RIP Timburanbil the Unlucky Bard. 'He was irritating me.' That elf was most frustrating And he led us to our foe But ere I terminated him There was something I didn't know. He turned into a nasty lich Which only goes to show...

RIP McCoy's right arm.

RIP A certain psychotic warrior monk. Having survived ferocious combat and horrendous numbers of 'D' crits, he was most ignobly, if appropriately, slain by his horse Mortis.

RIP Gandolin Starblade, ai-Therennioth. Hero of Sapphire, Mark I. Now will you listen when the DM says, 'Don't fool with the Well of Magic!'

RIP Slaine Mac Roth. Your memories burn deep in the hearts of the pure. Eldricht.

RIP Kashmor, Principal God of Profitable Religion, and Footnoat, Miserably Pointless Deity of Literary Consistency and Militant Octogenarians. Having survived numerous heretics in the computer, they were cruelly slain by the ultimate heretic of them all, that Servant of Nadger, that wielder of the Pen Red, the Editor.

RIP King Arthur.

RIP Davin the Ironback, the knight who wouldn't call for help when Wolf sent wolves to eat him.

RIP Arbitrary security guard of the Interplanetary Geoscience Building. One, you lock the target... McCoy.

RIP Sir Lancelot.

RIP Luigi's peace and quiet, Luigi's hand and Luigi - in that order. Some campaigns just aren't big enough for snitches, eh?

RIP One alien. Choked on cheeseburger.

RIP That dratted Elf Elthorion. 'Ear today, gone tomorrow, back the next day. (Sigh). May you eternally SLEEP LATE!!!

RIP Slaide. Brain dead but dreaming.

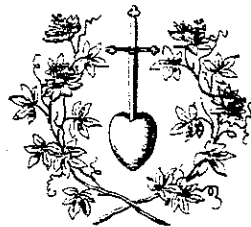
RIP John Barleycorn - until next year.

RIP Wagner. May Valhalla treat you well...

RIP The Inquisitor's patience. Happy running, Ostak and Co.

## PERSONAL

(Incorporating Lonely Hearts, Personal Threats and Hate Mail.)



Born - to New Edison - a new mid-Atlantic island. Godparents - the CCB.

Notice to the two Paladins who dared to question a Priest of Hecate. I'll see you two in your dreams... (Ae luna de mort yod von Ambrelin Se Cerenunous...) 'Spirits of tonight'.

Death Impending: Mr. Morrison, medic in the Star Building - of IBS (Innocent Bystander Syndrome). There is a radio guidance pin in your medical kit. Happy missile luring. The CCB.



**Notice:** to that devious little Mouse. One fish does not make a friendship. Watch it. Tenebra and Ithili.

To Burgerman: you can forget the castle in a green area and the piece of history if I can have your body instead! Your Pook.

**Notice:** To all of the Black Earth Circle Coven - Eldritch has awoken... the tides have changed to the strains of the Piper.

**Born:** Sylvester de Voincourt XIX, of proper lineage, to Sylvester de Voincourt XVIII and Helene de Voincourt V. Tenders welcome. Contact: De Voincourt Stud Farm.

**Wanted:** Suitor of Elven extraction, must have permanent residence, steady income, separate beds, full-time housekeeper, adequate parking and sky-blue eyes. Contact: Advertiser 17.

**Birthday Greetings** (26. December 1919): Beard! I still want to crack a bottle of CrowLey over your chin.

To the Moonchild: I'm waiting... Jeth.

**MURPHY:** Never forget the CCB. We haven't forgotten you...

Happy Birthday, Tolkien.

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## NOTICES

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**ARE YOU TIRED** of being pushed around and trampled on? Is your sword too heavy for your 7-pound arm? Worry no more! Here at Barbarian's Guild we can turn you into a master of hack, slash, and stab techniques. Your own mother will be proud at last. We continue the tradition of Attila. Contact: Local Barbarian's Guild.

Long live Gandolin Starblade, ai-Therrenioth, Hero of Sapphire, Mark II, spat out by the Well of Magic.

**Notice:** Who the hell is Rillabee Milandril ???

**Lost:** 10-gallon hat. Contains tin of monies and hand grenades collected from the MOVBL. If found, spend it on yourself. Remember to say 'Haaelluuujah'.

**Lost:** I recently mislaid my castle and my kingdom. Distinguished features: my wife, an old man with a long beard (claims he is a wizard), a handful of knights and a table (they're probably sitting around it drinking). Substantial reward offered (if I can find my treasury). Contact Arthur in the Forest of Fools.

**Notice:** Spooneristic vampire seeks place in spacious flock of bats. Apply Vosferatu the Nampyre.

**Notice:** To all dragons. A call to air to help Brzag the Sand-Dragon in the Raurin Desert in his fight against a cruel DM. All draconic creatures welcome. Iuvenis the very powerful mage dragon.

**Lost:** in an untidy profit, the Rancid Elders of the Cult of Xmggpfth the Garbage Lord.

**Wanted:** Fully operating witch finder (second to Matthew Hopkins) to aid a meek tourist: apply Slaide Amadeus Astaron Macbess - the Forest of Tears.

**Wanted:** Gung-ho wizard with experience in nuclear magics. Contact: Pentagonum.

**Lost:** One steel dirk, black, plastic handle and scabbard, of immense personal importance. If found, please call James Webb (021) 689 9816. Lost at Dragonfire III.

**Wanted:** One skilled plastic surgeon to eradicate disfiguring scimitar scar on the back of gorgeous mage. Contact Shandar the Only, in a desert near you. URGENT - my love life is suffering!

**Wanted:** Talented and successful artists and cartoonists desirous of ignominy and rejection by peers. Manic preference for black an advantage. Contact the CLAWMARKs Editors, dingy corner of the CLAW Room, Green Level.

**Lost:** Twin brother clutching double-handed battleaxe in vicinity of Dragon valley, Oceanus, crying 'St George here I come!'. Contact: St George.

**Wanted:** One damnfine cup of coffee. Contact: AntiFEDICist.

**Missing:** Kitty. Round tin with takings from last meeting. Doesn't answer to any name because tins aren't like that. Contact the Militant Octogenarians Violent Bridge League (MOVBL).

**Notice:** To all heretical Hovercraftian.pond.scum. Zgheue-b'paeghrrr will punish your inane and FRIVOLOUS sacrilege. May you lose your marbles. The Grand Submariner of Zgheue-b'paeghrrr.

**Wanted:** Insane chaotic fighter. For secret agent. Competitive salary and perks. Must not feel as though death is a negative factor in life. Dragon-slaying experience preferred. Those keen on slaying and pillaging should apply. Contact: I Parabats, Bloemfontein.

**Lost:** One vampyre. Apply Bela Lugosi's dead, or the Dragonfire III design team.

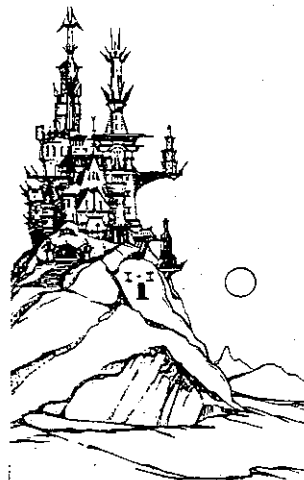
**For Sale:** Mercury dagger. Intelligent with strong vocals. Kill to 'I wan' it all!'. Parries to 'Don't lose your head!'. And screams 'Gimme the prize!' on sighting gold. Contact: The Olde Pawnshoppe for Minstrels.

**Notice:** To all Submariner heretics. Repent and hover! We will suffer this heresy no more. He whose hovercraft overflows with eels, Gregarious Spon III of Zgheue-b'paeghrrr.

**Wanted:** Information leading to the death of the silk merchant of Bozisha-Dar. Contact: Slaide, wherever there's ale and wenches.

**Notice:** In general, ants crawl at a speed of seven ant-lengths per second.

**Wanted:** The question whose answer is 42.





GOBLINS & GARGOYLES presents

# RECON 2

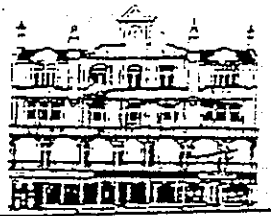
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