

# LETTERS

## More last words

Dear Dragon:

I read your article "The Last Word" in issue #129, and I have some suggestions for the article's sequel. They are:

"We don't need to post guards at night. We're too powerful."

"What's that?" "Aw, it was nothin'."

"I ain't afraid of no giants."

"Are those drums I hear?"

"Hey, fellas!" "Shut up, Ernie!" "But guys—"

Cliff Frazier  
West Valley UT

## Super error found

Dear Dragon:

I was on vacation, two days after the arrival of my author's copy of DRAGON® issue #132. I finished reading the editorial, "Errors," then turned to page 70 to once again admire my article, "A Little Less Super." That's when my own "error" jumped off the page. In the first paragraph, I said, "the DC HEROES game measures power logarithmically" I should have said "geometrically" [The game's] AP power levels increase in a 2:1 geometric progression (each AP doubles the power level of the AP preceding it). *Mea culpa. . .*

Jon Slobins  
Damascus MD

*No need to feel bad about it. We missed it, too.*

## More errors?

Dear Dragon:

Since in the editorial of issue #132 you talked about errors, I thought I'd point out a couple that I found.

First, on page 68 in "TSR Previews," one of the contributing artist listings reads "the Brothers Hildebrandt." Shouldn't that be "the Hildebrandt Brothers"?

Also, right in the editorial on page 88, the third to the last sentence of the article reads:

"The writer proofread his own work. . ."

Shouldn't it say: "The writer proofreads his own

work. . ."? I wasn't sure if that was intentional or not, so I thought I'd mention it.

Keith Martens  
Charlotte MI

*As to the first point, it is proper to refer to the team of Greg and Tim Hildebrandt as either "The Brothers Hildebrandt" or "The Hildebrandt Brothers." Both references may be found in the many works on which they have collaborated.*

*As to the second point, "proofread" (with the "read" pronounced "red") is the past tense of "proofread" (with the "read" pronounced "red"), and was the appropriate choice, since the incident referred to in the editorial had already occurred. But keep looking!*

## Letter from the editors

Dear Readers:

As the cover of this issue notes, this is DRAGON® Magazine's twelfth anniversary in print. DRAGON® Magazine started as a little-known gaming periodical and has grown into the largest, most popular, and most widely distributed role-playing game magazine there is. We could not have done it without you, and you have our sincere appreciation.

Sir Isaac Newton once noted in a letter that if he saw farther into the realm of physics than others, "it is by standing upon the shoulders of Giants." The same may be said of our achievements in producing DRAGON® Magazine. We extend our thanks and best wishes to everyone who contributed to this magazine in any part over the years. Many of our writers and former staff members are still active in the field of gaming and publishing. We particularly extend our appreciation to Kim Mohan, who was for so long the cornerstone upon which this magazine's very existence rested.

We've come a long way in twelve years — and we plan to be around for a long time to come. Your comments and support make it all worthwhile.

Thank you!

The editors and staff of  
DRAGON Magazine

## Errata for Hotel Reservations 1988 GEN CON®/ORIGINS™ Game Fair

Important information was left out of the 16- This information is extremely vital to insure page 1988 GEN CON®/ORIGINS™ Game Fair proper hotel confirmation for you; without it, insert in DRAGON® issue #132. The Official hotel reservations cannot be made for you and Housing Application form, used for making your party. We apologize for any inconvenience hotel reservations, is grossly in error. Before you that this has caused. send this particular form to the Housing Bureau, write down your arrival and departure dates in the space above the table listing hotel rates.

Sincerely, Mark Olson  
Promotions/Convention Manager

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## Equal time

The MPs found her wandering the streets in the 82nd Airborne Division area on post, and she was brought to Womack Army Hospital at Ft. Bragg, N.C., before dawn. I was the emergency tech in the psychiatry and neurology clinic for the day, so I went to the waiting room where she had been sent after her processing. She was in a wheelchair because no one wanted her wandering around the hospital. The MPs said she was saying lots of strange things.

She seemed to be a normal, healthy woman, soft-spoken though extremely childlike. She clutched a giant pink teddy bear that the MP report said she refused to give up. Once in my office, I told her who I was and asked her name.

"Mary," she said. I would have saved myself lots of time by asking her last name then, but I was being conversational. We chatted for a while before she mentioned that she and her husband Joseph were fleeing Egypt, and her son Jesus was still in the ER waiting to be resurected. I nodded at this piece of news and asked her last name.

"Magdalene," she said with that soft, pleasant voice.

"Oh," I said, and set my notepad aside. We chatted a bit more. Then I had her wait in the office with another tech while I found the civilian psychiatrist in the clinic. We brought her in and talked about life in ancient Rome while we tried to pin down who she really was. She finally mentioned a few names, we checked them out, and two days later she and her bear were returned to her family's custody. I filed the case, and that was that.

In the five years I served as a mental health counselor for the U.S. Army, I talked with a number of people with quite bizarre religious delusions. An ER tech decided to experiment with PCP crossed with strychnine, which was what passed locally for heroin, and was shortly thereafter led down to P&N professing his belief that he was Jesus Christ. A woman on outpatient treatment with a chronic schizophrenic disorder told me of her belief that she had to murder her daughter, who was an angel, because her husband was the Devil. She recalled getting the idea from the Book of Revelation, which I have read several times without getting

*(continued on page 55)*

summit and a cave where once glowed two yellow eyes was still a considerable climb in front of me. But I needed to go no farther.

I stopped to survey my world a final time. A gray sky loomed overhead, a tiny river threads its way in the distance below. Dark forests on the lower slope concealed their mysteries and their bounty of game.

I looked skyward, half-expecting to see two yellow eyes and a pair of golden wings. Of course, the sky was empty. I pulled the stopper from my flask and drank steadily, one

swallow at a time. The color was blood red, the smell like burnt flesh, the taste bitter, bitter with greed and envy and hope. I uttered my desire. In moments, the transformation was complete. The potion was as powerful as the wizard claimed. Ever the son of man, I prayed for redemption.

Mountains and valleys spread out below me, a wrinkled blanket covering the landscape. I am happy. I soar among the clouds, looking upon the world with yellow eyes.

Ω

(continued from page 3)  
the faintest idea of where this delusion originated. A housewife in West Germany (who had not eaten in over a week and was rather emaciated) told me of her fears that the Devil was about to get her whole family; she addressed me as God at the very start of our session.

Were I inclined to think that religion causes people to go crazy, I could certainly claim to have seen enough evidence to support the idea. Yet I know that religion does no such thing. It is a cornerstone upon which the spiritual well-being of humanity is built. Religious delusions are often seen among people with mental disorders, but the *disorders* cause the strange beliefs and behaviors — not vice versa.

This situation is analogous to the claims in recent years that role-playing games are harmful in various ways to the gamers. The “evidence” linking role-playing games to antisocial or destructive behavior is often ill-

made. In some cases, the material I’ve seen opposing RPGs approaches the status of urban legend. The information is widely heard and sometimes believed. Even reputable sources in the news media contribute to the mess, as CBS News did in a *60 Minutes* broadcast in September 1985, when it attempted to link a murder-suicide in Colorado to role-playing. This was interesting in light of a subsequent interview with the victims’ family, carried by the Associated Press during the week after the show, which showed that the victims’ mother did not believe the D&D® game was connected with the tragedy. Even the police investigating the case dropped any connection between the game and the event — yet this tragedy is still connected in the minds of some with gaming, thanks to *60 Minutes* — which, to my understanding, never bothered to reinvestigate the event.

The issue of whether certain games are harmful or not is a

serious one. I have no trouble understanding how some games, like lawn darts or those using gunlike infrared-targeting pistols or paint-pellet guns, could be called into question. But the case against role-playing is confounded with rumor, false information, and sensationalism. How could anyone take the opponents of role-playing seriously when they have such difficulty acquiring *facts* to support their thesis? But then, this is attempting to reason with an unreasoned response. If you don’t *want* to believe that role-playing is helpful and fun, then you won’t. If you want the truth, you have to be open to more than one side of an issue.

This issue of DRAGON® Magazine marks its twelfth year of publication. We enjoy bringing you the best in role-playing entertainment, and we plan to continue doing so for many years to come. We are proud of our work.

And that’s worth a little equal time to us.

