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ISSUE 62 £4.50 JUNE 1996

ISSUE 62

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AMIGA
POWER

ISSUE 62 JUNE 1996

AMIGA POWER IS WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY US.

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And remember:

WE DON'T GIVE TIPS OVER THE PHONE.

WE WERE DISAPPOINTED

That our really cool AP cover didn't win the coveted Future Publishing Computer Division Cover Of The Month Award. We thought it was great. If we don't get it for this cover we'll know that copies of our mag, for SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON, aren't actually getting to the judging meeting.

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

It's a bit predictable, but Tim heartily recommends Ocean Colour Scene's newie, *Mosely Shoals*. It's a bit late '60s, and if you listen carefully you can hear every song and artist they've ripped off (The Beatles, The Stones and The Faces to name only three), but it's a cracking good listen. Yes.

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Go on, tell us it's disappeared.

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THIS MONTH WE WERE
Sailing on a ship of fools.

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REGULARS

8 NEWS

With a preview of *Chaos Engine 2*, this has to be the most exciting news section IN ANY MAGAZINE.

37 BACK ISSUES

Buy some things. From us.

38 COMPLETE CONTROL

Cheats never, as the old saying goes, prosper. But if you're happy not to prosper we can offer you a comprehensive collection of cheats, tips and other instruments of self-deceit.

48 LETTERS

Now we've had a few days to think, we feel we may have been a bit harsh with our correspondents this month. Oh well.

51 READER ADS

Will swap A500 and Bug joystick (broken) for Pentium 150 with 15" multisynch monitor, SIXX CD-ROM drive, SoundBlaster 16 Pro. Or a big bag of sweeties. Phone Tarquin after 6pm.

52 THE BOTTOM LINE

With the scarcity of new releases, you may find yourself having to look for slightly older games to buy. But fret not. You may read, here, potted reviews of a great many. Of them.

58 THE BACK PAGE

Creeping ever closer to the Front Page, The Back Page continues to be a place where we play safely, away from dangerous traffic and sharp objects. This month, JN has conducted some IMPORTANT RESEARCH. And has chosen to share it. With you.



TOTAL FOOTBALL

Just saving our skins on the football theme by turning up after we'd discovered that *Championship Manager 2* was still coming 'any day now', *Total Football* turns out to be a rather dashing footy game. Hosannah. Read our inestimable opinion on page 16.

SUE WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "3 minutes to go, 2 minutes, 1 minute. We've won! Champions!"

TIM WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana."

HERE HERE



THE BEST AMIGA FOOTY GAMES EVER...

and the worst, too. Definitive. Incisive. Comprehensive. Hideously over-used words all of them, but difficult to avoid when discussing Steve Bradley's look at footy on the Amiga. Page 24.

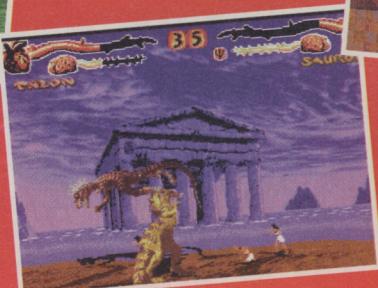
PRIMAL RAGE

ROOOOOAAAARR. GRRRRRRRRRR. Finally released and surprisingly enjoyable. Read all about it on page 20.



XP8

A new developer for the Amiga? We thought they were rarer than accredited cases of CJK disease in the British population. Find out all about the bemusingly-named Weathermine's first offering on page 22.



MARTIN WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Do I have to?"

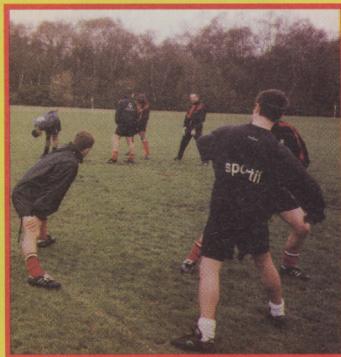
STEVE WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY: "Like never going away."

WE GO WE GO

It's now traditional. As soon as the football season finishes, we brightly decide to do a football special. This year we're saved by the timely appearance of Euro '96 but we can't carry on being this lucky. Or can we? And so forth.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

It's all very well playing these footy manny games, but what's it really like to be a football manager? And is it more or less exciting than playing computer games? Obviously not. But that doesn't stop Martin Axford from disseminating the truth on page 28.



**REVIEWED THIS ISSUE
JUNE 1996**

FULL-PRICE PD

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Total Football	16	Masterblaster.....	35
XP8	22	Pic It.....	35
		Pitch 'n' Putt	33
		Screech	34
		Skiddy Things	35

BUDGET

Timekeepers Data Disk32

A whole, full, complete, entire game for your little Amiga eh? And a bit of a cracker too. We're very fond of you. And we're not ashamed to say it.

INTRODUCING COVERDISK 62



F1: WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP EDITION



In an unusual fit of generosity, the Sinister Mega-Global Corporation behind AMIGA POWER has this month coughed up some money for us. Money that we have shrewdly used to find you a FULL GAME. There's no need for more idle banter. Pop the disk in your drive, read the instructions on the following pages and PLAY IT. Until your fingers hurt and your eyes ache. Then write us a warm letter of appreciation so that we don't have to fill the letters pages with more moaning gits next month. Please.

GOT A FAULTY DISK?

• Oh no! Are you sure? Before you go any further, try the procedures described in the panel over the page. If, after all that, you *do* have disk problems, chuck it in an envelope along with an explanatory letter and a padded self-addressed envelope (don't bother with a stamp; hey, it's their fault), and return it NOT TO THE AP OFFICE but to: AMIGA POWER Disk 62 Returns, TIB, 11 Edward Street, Bradford BD4 7BH. We're so confident that you'll experience no problems, send faulty disks to us. We dare you.

disk 62

YOUR DISK AND YOU

READ THIS BIT FIRST OR NO ONE WILL TAKE ANY NOTICE OF YOU WHEN YOU SAY THAT YOUR DISK DOESN'T WORK.

● You've only got 512K of memory on your Amiga? Blimey, that's a bit stupid, isn't it? Go and buy an expansion RIGHT NOW.

● To find any of the games, all you have to do is switch off your machine, insert the appropriate coverdisk, and switch your machine back on again.

● The disks will automatically decompress. It's all quite foolproof. You just need 2 spare disks.

● Just to be on the safe side, though, the on-screen instructions lead you through.

● You'll have to reset your machine in order to move on to load the disks. The games can be loaded by either booting the new disks or by loading Workbench for some of them. Instructions for each game are on the disks.

● Remember to keep the disk you are playing your game from in the drive at all times. And remember – switching the machine off for 20 seconds or more before loading a new program will help prevent disks being infected by stray viruses.

● Have a good time.

OH NO! SOMETHING WENT WRONG!

● Are you sure?

● Try all that stuff again, making sure you've disconnected any peripherals that the program might plausibly not 'like', such as external drives.

● If your disk fails to load, then pop it in a padded envelope, along with a letter explaining the problem and an SAE, to:

AMIGA POWER Disk 62 Returns

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Bradford BD4 7BH

● We're really hoping that you're reading this bit, because it's quite important: please don't send your disks to us at the AMIGA POWER office. We really don't know how to fix dodgy disks, and we'll just throw 'em straight in the bin. So send them to TIB. Please.

● We're hoping you're reading this bit too, because sometimes the advice falls on deaf ears. HEED THE ADVICE OR BE DAMNED!

F1 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP EDITION



Authors: Andy Slater and Mike Ash

Originally published by: Domark

Formula One is boring. All that rushing around on tracks that go nowhere, squandering the all-too-rapidly diminishing resources of the world on making louder vroom-vroom noises than the next bloke is senseless and becoming increasingly tedious. Nowadays it seems that races are settled by whichever team has got the best mathematician on the staff; a bloke who can work out whether it's better to have two or three pit-stops. It's becoming increasingly irritating to listen to Murray "I've got a racing car engine stuck in my throat" Walker getting all excited about Damon

Hill's next pit-stop: "And that's amaaaazing, he appears to have declined the opportunity to come in YET AGAIN. How much longer can he carry on goooing round in circles before taking on more fuel?" The only vague excitement arrives with a really bad rainstorm when they have to make an extra UNEXPECTED pit-stop (cripes) to change tyres or when somebody's car becomes a fireball in the pit lanes after an unforeseen refuelling accident.

Luckily there are no such boring problems in this month's COMPLETE GAME, the splendid *F1: World Championship Edition* which although admittedly featuring pit-stops, also has such extraordinary features as overtaking (remember that readers?), swerving all over the road, crashing and getting started again and... well... others. It works like this, see. You plug in a joystick (or two for a two-player game) and PLAY IT. Okay it's not quite that simple. There are a few other things to take into consideration:

MAIN SCREEN

The first thing you'll see, after fire-buttoning your way through the intro screens, is the main screen. From here you can choose the kind of game you'd like to play from the various options:

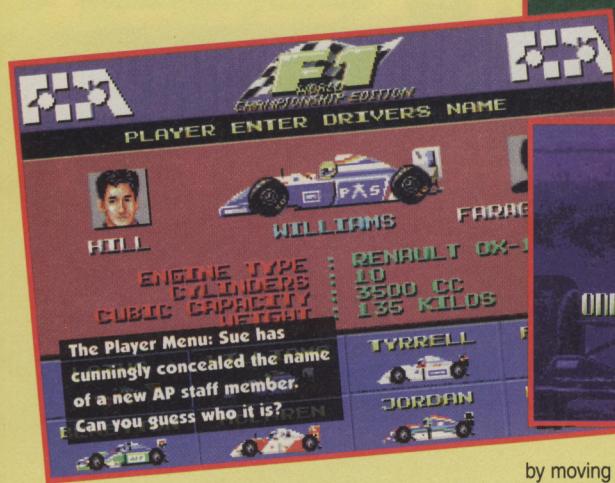
Practice: choose one of the 16 international racing tracks and, er, practice it.

Knockout: A knockout tournament. Finish in the top eight to go through to the next race.

Championship: A full championship over as many courses as you like (providing it's between one and 16).



WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP



Options: Not of course a type of game but the place from where you can select the Difficulty Level (easy is too easy, incidentally), the number of laps per race, whether you'd like music on or off and whether you'd like differing weather conditions. Or not.

GAME MENU

From here you can choose whether you'd like to play in full-screen mode (one player), or split screen mode against a friend (two-player) or split-screen against the computer (one player vs. the computer).

PLAYER MENU

This screen allows you to choose which team you'd like to drive for. Highlight the team you want by moving the joystick up and down. Press fire to select. You can then choose which of the two drivers you'd like to replace



by moving the joystick left or right and pressing the fire button. Unfortunately, changing the name requires you to (grrr) push up and down on the joystick to scroll through the letters rather than simply typing in your name on the keyboard or anything straightforward or sensible like that. For example.

SELECT TRACK ORDER

Every championship (as we've mentioned before) can be raced over one to 16 tracks. Here's where you choose them. Zap your joystick about and just hit the fire button to select each one you want. If you do nothing and just go through this screen you get all 16.

THE PITS

Before each race you're given the chance to modify your set-up in the pits. You have the chance to change your wings setting, tyres and adjust the amount of fuel you're carrying, using the joystick.

The gears can be set to either automatic or manual.

The wings can be set to low, medium or high. The higher the setting, the more downforce is generated, gluing you to the road; however, this also slows you down.

Soft tyres are best for long, straight courses. Hard tyres aren't as fast but they take longer to wear out. Wet tyres are for rainy conditions. You can increase the

amount of fuel you're carrying, which lets you stay out for longer, although this does slow you down. If you're racing for the default five laps a filled-up tank of fuel is enough to get you all the way around most courses. You may also have to pull into the pits when you're racing – to refuel or to replace worn tyres. The pits are marked as yellow areas on the circuit map – just pull over into the third lane to stop in one. You'll go straight to the pit screen. Tyre changes are done automatically (unless you want a different type of tyre), but refuelling requires you to move the highlight over fuel and press the fire button. You don't have to fill up: just take on board enough fuel to finish the race.

QUALIFICATION

You get two laps to set as good a lap time as you can. This will influence your position on the grid. And then you're racing.

THE CONTROLS

Almost everything is done with the joystick. When racing, pushing the joystick forward accelerates and pulling it back brakes. If you're using manual gears you must hold down the fire button and push forward to change up a gear, backwards to change down.

If you're playing with two people, the second can either use a second joystick or the keyboard. The keyboard controls for the second player are like this:

Q – accelerate

A – brake

O – steer left

P – steer right

Space – change gear

But remember, due to the cheapness of A1200 keyboards they won't recognise two keys pressed simultaneously, making them pretty useless. So hurrah for the humble A500 or A600, eh?

OTHER USEFUL KEYS ARE:

F5 – Player 1 pause/options

F10 – Player 2 pause/options

1 on Numeric Keyboard – player one's options and retire/quit

2 on numeric keyboard – player two's options and retire/quit

ESC – Quit game entirely (be careful with this one)



TRUE STORIES

Ostriches, football, rugby and why, even a couple of game previews sneak into this month's news section. Who says the Amiga's dead?

VALHALLA AND THE FORTRESS OF EVE

More sampled speech and greeny browns mark *Valhalla*'s return.

Runs on: A500, A600, A1200

Publisher: Vulcan

ETA: June

You could have driven over our legs all in a row when we learned of Vulcan's intention to release a second sequel to the stunningly terrible *Valhalla*. (Except you wouldn't have been able to, of course. We'd have rolled to one side at the last moment, noted your licence plate and run you to ground in some kind of outrageously gimmicked-up vehicle – a pedal-driven beach buggy, perhaps. Say – AMIGA POWER Squad – now there's an idea.) Both previous games received 19%, the sequel taking everything we criticised about the first one and doing it all over again. But who's to say *Valhalla* 3 won't be different and good? After all, look at. At.

Well, never mind. The demo of *Valhalla* 3 is strikingly different in appearance from its predecessors, adopting a sort of edge-on view. (So no more watching the prince lean back awkwardly and look up, and wanting to drop a sandbag on his face.) Everything's substantially less brown and green. You now use the mouse to point where you

AMIGA POWER PREVIEW

want the prince to go, which isn't noticeably any more convenient but at least makes a change. And the prince has grown up, so his voice isn't as squeaky. (You may have forgotten that the *Valhalla* games are built around sampled speech. A frightening idea, but one that inspired the programmer of the Automatic Isabelle Rees Generator to

remix the game's soundtrack into It's A Skull.

Incidentally, whatever happened to that author's Battling Popes game?

But I digress.) The game

remains lodged at the

seafront hotel of

Edith Taking-

Object-A-To-

Character-B-To-

Obtain-Object-C,

but I was unable

to determine

whether it

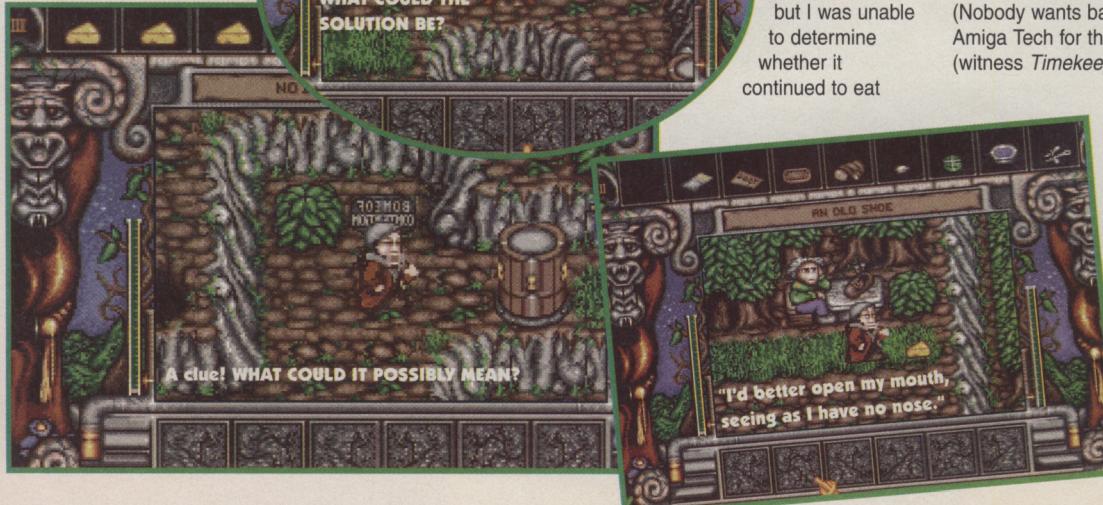
continued to eat

alongside Colonel A J Pointless-Anachronism or had the shrivelled corpse of Jasper Spread-Out-Objects concealed beneath the bed. (Listeners to the short-lived 1964 experimental radio comedy show It's A Wonderful Hyphen will appreciate the reference to the extremely poor Seafront Hotel-Of-Edith's section. In-jokes, eh? They're in, they're jokey, they're in and jokey.)

I'd be as delighted to be wrong about *Fortress of Eve* as I would to be kissed on the nose. (Nobody wants bad games, obviously. Except Amiga Tech for their bundles.) Vulcan can be great (witness *Timekeepers*, which is splendid) but from

the demo I played I gravely doubt that this third *Valhalla* will be cut of a sufficiently dissimilar cloth to its parents. Which leaves me enough time to recommend the wholly entertaining pulp adventure story *Poe Must Die*, by Marc Olden. ("Only Edgar Allan Poe stands between the black magician and his search for immortality, so..." as the cover puts it.) I thought I'd lost my copy, but I hadn't, so I've just read it again.

• JONATHAN NASH



TOTAL FOOTBALL

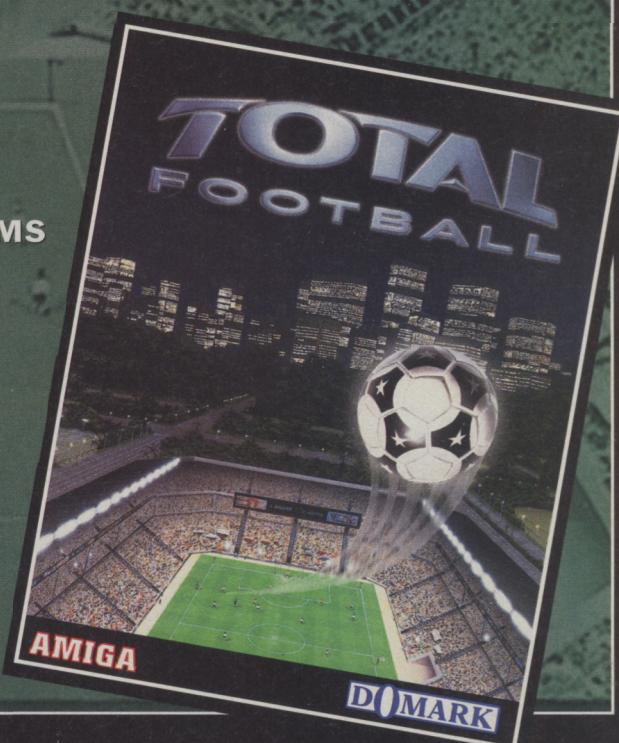
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AMIGA

THE CHAOS ENGINE 2

More of a 'Work in progress' report. We are ashamed.

Runs on: A500, A600, A1200

Publisher: Time Warner

Interactive

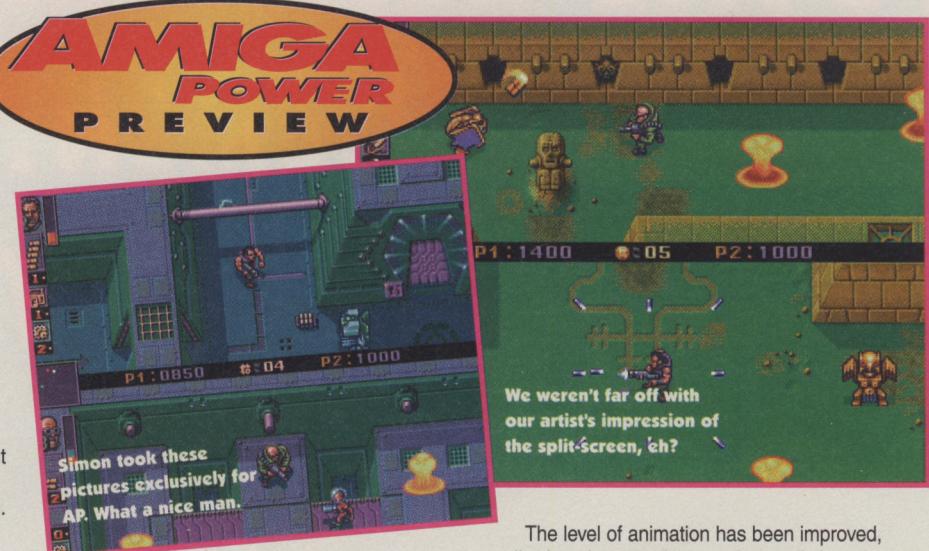
Authors: The Bitmap Brothers

ETA: August

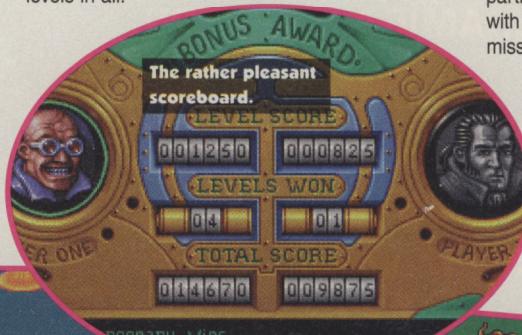
The number of letters we receive which plead with us to do 'Work in progress' reports is phenomenal and until now we have spurned such requests for such pieces as they are the work of the devil. But we felt obliged to tell you about *Chaos Engine 2*, and it also provided me with a day out in London. Just after the IRA had planted the biggest ever mainland bomb under Tower Bridge. Great.

The Bitmap Brothers' headquarters are in Wapping, a mere stone's throw from Rupert Murdoch's huge News International plant. And, after being sent backwards and forwards by Underground staff and newsagents, it was Simon Knight who sat down and talked me through the follow-up to one of the mightiest games ever on the Amiga.

He began by telling me the logic behind producing a sequel: "The one consistent thing people said [after playing the original] was, 'Wouldn't it be fun if you could shoot the other player?'" Combined with the fact that the Bitmaps spend huge chunks of time playing multi-player games in the office after-hours, it was this initial line of thought which spurred them on to produce another game, and possibly their last, for the Amiga market.



As Simon played the game he told me how it differed from the original. For example, the number of characters has been slimmed down to four instead of six – allowing a greater degree of extremes. There are four levels per each of the four worlds, though Simon adds: "In the one-player game there are end-of-the-world monsters that must be defeated, so there's actually twenty levels in all."



The level of animation has been improved, allowing players to lean against walls in order to avoid bullets and to hide from monsters. Players can also enjoy interaction with the background, providing them with the opportunity to go behind and underneath things. Consequently, climbing on top of walls means that players can jump off which adds an extra dimension in itself as landing on your opponent or monsters will kill them.

Opponents can also be shot or punched – particularly handy if they are returning to the exit with the key (having successfully completed a mission) which you can then steal from them.

Flicking various switches can also teleport or freeze opponents which, as I discovered when playing Simon, is great fun. With regard to the computer player's ability, the Bitmaps have been careful to make it more responsive. Simon explains: "The computer modifies what he does by how you're doing so if you're playing a straightforward game – not solving many of the secret areas – he'll do the same thing, so basically he becomes better if you're playing better. It presents a consistent challenge for the player."

Other features include reactive music, which speeds up or slows down according to the urgency of the game, the casting of spells, extra weapon power ups and a variety of new enemies to do battle with. On the whole, it looks mighty impressive and we shall continue to await its arrival with much excitement.

• MARTIN ALEXANDER

AMIGA POWER RECOMMENDS

These lot are in the Bottom Line.
Which cramps their style.

SWOS 1996

(AP57, 96%)

With football very much on our minds this month, we're less disappointed than usual that there's no change in our AP Recommends list and that *SWOS 1996* is still up there. No, up there. Yes. It is the footy game of CHAMPIONS and we CONDEMN those who disagree.

ZEEWOLF 2

(AP57, 90%)

With football very much on our minds this month, it's good to see that a helicopter-combat-shooting-things game is still on the list. Some police forces have suggested that helicopter gunships are the only answer to crowd problems. We tend to think that's a little harsh, but perhaps we're getting a bit soppy in our old age.

SLAMTILT

(AP60%, 90%)

Continuing the football theme, the third game this month is a cracking pinball game from 21st Century. It's got silver balls and entertaining tables aplenty. And no connection with football. Except that some of the smaller clubs have pinball tables in the clubhouse.

CIVILIZATION

(AP57, 93%)

You can tell much about a civilization by the games it plays. Or something. In Sid Meier's god sim you must take a shambolic, bedraggled band of primitives and nurture them through the generations until they become a glorious civilization. Perhaps one that plays football.

ALIEN BREED 3D

(AP56, 91%)

Well, Brian, football's like strolling through labyrinthine tunnels, shooting aliens with an assortment of weapons in a thoroughly impressive *Doom* - but on the Amiga first person 3D shoot-'em-up. Oh, no, wait, that's *AB3D*. What's football, then? It's a game of two halves. Of course.

Taking less time to read AP, he's...

THE DISSEMINATOR

The latest compact and bijou issue of AMIGA POWER has eight less pages. Which is a shame. But fear not, for the mighty continue to tread where others fear to, the good carry on fighting evil and the Disseminator disseminates essential information. Truth shall prevail.

	The One	Amiga Action	AP
Breathless	90%	85%	£56%
Coala	90%	89%	78%
Citadel	—	67%	67%
Dungeon Master 2	—	85%	50%
Extreme Racing	—	85%	59/69%
Fears	87%	92%	40%
Flight of the Amazon Queen	91%	87%	£84%
Hillsea Lido	80%	87%	54%
PM3 Deluxe	—	88%	82%
Pinball Prelude	83%	89%	81%
Slamtillt	—	85%	£90%
Speris Legacy	85%	£86%	£50%
Star Crusader	—	90%	17%
Super League Manager	52%	34%	89%
Super SF2 Turbo	—	£85%	25%
Super Tennis Champs	93%	88%	£92%
Tracksuit Manager 2	—	59/80%	65%
Timekeepers	89%	*87%	82%
Virtual Karting	—	64%	£80%
Watchtower	—	58%	41%
Worms	94%	£94%	60%
Zeewolf 2	90%	91%	£90%

† Later to emerge as a full game on their coverdisk

‡ Cover illustration of review issue

* On sale through magazine in "special offer"

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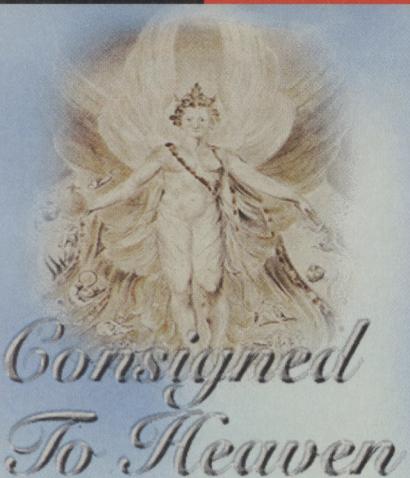
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- How The Championship Was Won
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- Ally McCoist Gets Jock-ular
- Rob Lee Exclusive Interview
- Italian Sunday League
- Reviews
- Euro-tunes
- Euro-books
- And Euro-cake!

- EXCLUSIVE Geoff Hurst's ball: The REAL story! We reveal how *Total Football* started the Tabloid War Of The Year!



TOTAL FOOTBALL

SPECIAL ISSUE OUT THURSDAY MAY 16



Consigned To Heaven

HOT-SHOT

Gary Lineker's comic which only Martin, seemingly, ever bought. He enjoyed it while it lasted. Which wasn't long. Shame.

YUM-YUMS

Or so we thought. Tim remembers these delicious doughnut snacks from his youth and was often heard lamenting their passing. Until they returned. And now he's often heard rejoicing in their re-appearance.

THE HIGHWAY CODE

Certain key sections of this mighty DRIVING GUIDE OF CHAMPIONS seem to have disappeared. Especially the bit where it explains how to indicate on roundabouts. Which is a pity. Someone will have an accident one day.



BUTTON FLIES

What the devil? In these days of efficient zips and Velcro these cumbersome trouser-front fasteners are a sartorial anachronism. And we DAMN THEM.

PADDED JACKETS

Those stupid big coats that look like sleeping bags. For God's sake, it's summer! And why anyone would want to wear a sleeping bag at the best of times is beyond us. Frankly. YOU'RE RAVING.

NO CHANGE

The Charlotte Street car park in Bath is Pay And Display. None of the ticket machines give change. There are two change machines but one is always locked and the other is on the far side of the car park, half way to Bristol. CHEERS, THEN.

SEASON'S END

With the exception of Tim, the AP gang avidly support teams of varying sorts. Both Steve and Martin love football, following the two Nottingham clubs between them (Steve - Forest, Martin - County), while Sue drools over her boys at Bath Rugby FC, supporting them when they reach Cup Finals. With the season almost over, we thought it might be good to examine how the past season has gone for our intrepid lovers of sport.

At the time of writing, Steve is on holiday and so Martin has kindly offered to describe Forest's season: "Well, the fact that there is no silverware in their cabinet this



season means that they didn't win the FA Cup, the Coca Cola Cup, the Premier League or their Mickey Mouse European Cup. In Jason Lee and Kevin Campbell they have the most lightweight strike-force in the country, they failed to even qualify for Europe next season and..." And what about Notts then? "Er, we might get promoted via the play-offs."

After much cackling at Martin's futile optimism, Queen of the Art Eds told us (not for the first time) about her team, Bath RFC:

"They're my boys and I was there. They fully deserved it, they're fab and they are the best." In case you're wondering, Bath won the Courage League Championship and the Pilkington Cup. Last week. Although, thanks to Sue, it feels more like a year.

MYSTERY EMAIL CORNER

In a new, and unrivalled, companion to Mystery Press Release Corner, we are proud to present Mystery Email Corner. Every month the ampower@futurenet.co.uk address is bombarded with either bored readers' wibblings or puzzling press releases and because there is already a forum for your wibblings, we felt we owed some coverage to the latter crime.

Because the ampowers address is connected to Martin's Mac, it is he who has to contend with the likes of this month's mystery email. Here at AP, we all like ostriches. By and large, they are pink, fluffy and lay big eggs - which certainly deserves our coveted seal of approval. But this is an Amiga games magazine and so quite why someone has taken it upon themselves to send us the following information is literally a mystery:

"Ostriches On Line, a World Wide Importer, Exporter and Farmer of Ostriches into over 70 countries, today announced the appointment of a Far Eastern Agent (Dr Lim Su Min) to handle their business in this rapidly developing

area... [and] will be covering the Far East, including Singapore, Malaysia, China, Taiwan and the East Indies."

Which is fine. Mysterious, but fine. But it was the following which disturbed us more:

"Existing clients, from over 70 countries world wide, can purchase, sell or exchange any Ostrich Product ranging from Ostrich Meat, Hides, Leather Products, Feathers, Dusters and even Ostrich Books and Software."

Fortunately, there is an email address for contacting Ostriches On Line and we urge you to vent your feelings about this terrible trade by writing to ostrich@achiever.com before waiting to see what develops next month in Mystery Email Corner. If anything.



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July issue
On Sale Thursday, 6th June

We have been stricken this month, laid, as it were, low by football fever. We've been talking about it, reading about it, writing about it, and making lengthy phone calls to our friends and relatives about it. We even, in a moment of weakness, thought about playing it. Which led us to thinking: In the event of our being involved, in some way, in a football match,

GAMES

JUST HOW DO WE THINK WE'D BE, ER, USEFUL?

TIM NORRIS



"I'd be very useful at a football match," said All-England Wibbling Champion, Tim. "I could use my communication and leadership skills to incite some of my fellow spectators to start a pitch invasion." That's not really very useful, we opined. It would, for one thing, stop the game. "But of course – a premature halt to the game is just the sort of thing I'd be looking for. It would allow the rest of us to go home to enjoy a nice cup of tea, a few chocccie biccies and an improving book. I hate football." He carried on wibbling for a full hour. As only he can.

SUE HUNTLEY



"I'm not sure I'd be very useful at all," said our Crayon Queen, frowning. "The ball, you see, is entirely the wrong shape." We began to fear the worst. "If it were more, you know, sort of oval, I'd be extremely useful. I was at the Pilkington Cup Final, you know. My boys deserved their win. Leicester might have had about 70 per cent of the possession, but if they were playing so well, how come they weren't 30 odd points ahead? That's what I want to know. And another thing..." But we'd all gone to the supermarket for some biccies.

MARTIN AXFORD



"I find Quorn particularly useful to cook with," said the Prod Ed Of Champions. "Being a vegetarian I find this particular food stuff very versatile in pasta dishes, stir-fries and other savoury specialities." We were puzzled. "It looks a bit weird but it's a valuable source of protein and adds an extra dimension to my cooking." We couldn't help but think he would have been more useful if he'd been listening to the question we'd asked him. But still, eh?

STEVE FARAGHER



"I would have been useful if only they'd let me play in goal," said returning, er, you know... (We've got to get a job title sorted out for Steve. – Ed.) "I'm a goal keeper, you see, and I'm at my best when I'm playing in goal. That being where goal keepers tend to do their best work. In goal. Yes." And he wandered off, his mind clearly on other things. It's certainly good to have him back.

JONATHAN NASH



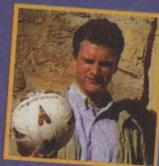
"No doubt you expect me to claim that by reading thousands of school stories I've soaked up a passable footballing ability," said Jonathan. "Well, yes, and my last-minute centre forward match-winning goal shots have come on a treat. But I'd be a far greater asset to AP United by showing the half-time oranges to Arthur Miller pointedly doing just that." Merciful heavens' why? "To shame him into never writing another lousy play ever again." There were murmurs of agreement from Dennis Potter's Wife.

STEVE BRADLEY



"I would have been useful," announced Our Steve (which is, apparently, his real name), "if I'd been a bucket of water and a sponge. Which I'm not." We couldn't argue with that. "A bucket of water is always useful on the football pitch for making things wetter. And the sponge can help with the whole wetting process, too. Very useful. Yes." We made our excuses and edged nervously towards the door. We saw him later in Reception explaining to the people there how useful it was to be able to wet things. Using buckets of water. And sponges. They looked a bit scared so we sent him back to his office. And locked him in.

JONATHAN DAVIES



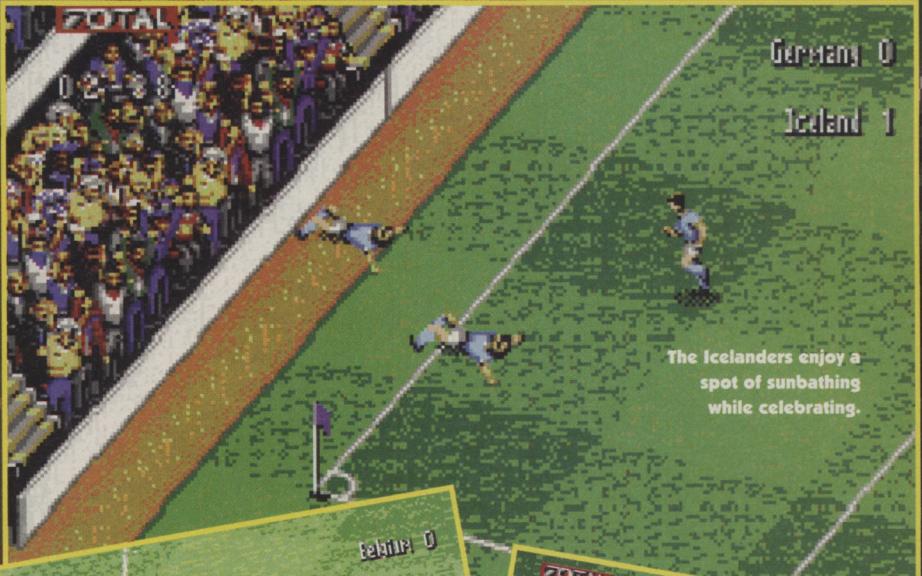
"I'm sorry," said the our quietly spoken former ed, "I'm not really a footballing sort of person. Can't you just make something up for me?" Well, no, JD, actually we can't, you have to make something up for yourself... Jonathan? But he'd gone back to his own office. We called him a few days later but the nice PC Gamer person we spoke to said he was out of the office until Tuesday. Which was too late. But we're sure he'd have said something tremendously funny if he'd been there.

HOW DOES OUR SCORING SYSTEM WORK THEN?

1. We play a game until we can bear to play it no more. Then we write our review. Ignoring all a bit more, just to be safe.
2. The commercial pressures. Because we are your friends. Trust us.
3. The percentage scale's got 100 increments, and we use them all. Crap games get single figures, average games get 90s. Unlike other mags, over 90% in AP actually means get 90s. Unlike other mags, over 50% and only brilliant games get single figures.
4. Who cares if a game's got great something, or nice graphics or nice sound if it's useless? Not us. Our reviews give a single mark based on the game as a whole.
5. Fifth points? We're fair. We'd rather be completely useless.

The Dutch faffed about a bit with the concept but it's Domark who have now mastered the art of...

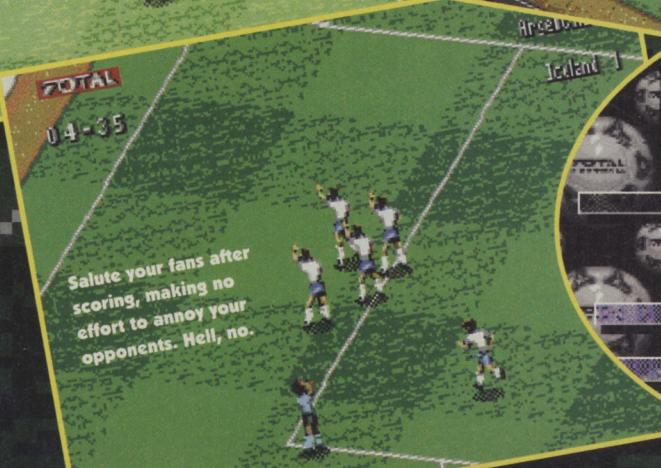
TOTAL FOOTBALL



The Icelanders enjoy a spot of sunbathing while celebrating.



Players race to join in the steadily forming conga.



Salute your fans after scoring, making no effort to annoy your opponents. Hell, no.

Statistics

Heck, I didn't realise this footy manny sim trait would pop up here. Hnngh.

France 0 - 1 Kuwait

POSESSION

CORNERS



TOTAL

POSESSION

CORNERS

GOALS

SHOTS

OFFSIDES

DISCARTS

OFFSIDES

AMIGA POWER

place among the Members in the Joystick Lounge. There they may sip F-Max and relax before the Initiation Ceremony and the Passing Of The Sacred Secrets. As Honorary Members, the MIGHTY BEINGS OF AMIGA POWER are privy to the mysteries of the Ceremony and, indeed, of the Secrets, but we are bound by Solemn Oath never to reveal them to Leisure Suit Larrys (Club slang for non-members). We are allowed to say that they include the use of dongles.

INITIATION

There are fewer applicants these days and there is usually a large turnout on Election Evenings. Conversation in the Joystick Lounge is animated and noisy as the Members wait for the results of the Reviews and Interviews. Tonight, after the Reviewers had finished their work, the Applicant was called to meet the Special Membership Sub Committee.

"Please state your full name for the record," said the stern-voiced Chairman, *F1GP*.

"I am *Total Football*."

"Like the magazine?" asked *Monkey Island*.

"Yes," replied *Total Football*, wearily, "just like the magazine only not connected with it at all."

"Very well," continued *F1GP*, "Why don't you start by telling us a little bit about yourself?"

"I'm an isometric-view arcade football game. Some of my friends say I look a bit like *FIFA*. I try to concentrate more on action than simulation and I've tried to be as playable as *Sensible*." As he spoke, both *FIFA* and *Sensible* looked up from their note pads and began to pay a great deal more

"Like the magazine only not"

attention. "I've got a full array of international teams – although I haven't actually got a licence from anyone so I can't use real players' names – and I offer a range of tournament styles, from Friendly to League and a knock-out cup, support two player action and two-button joysticks. And when the Player scores they can control the celebrations of the on-screen players with a bit of joystick wagging and button pressing."

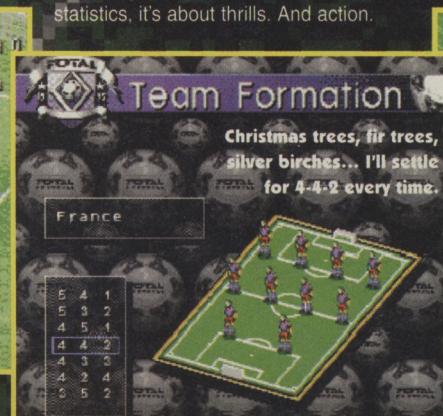
"I see," said *Cannon Fodder*, this year's Treasurer. "The report from the Reviewers says that you play exceptionally well. It says you might even be a rival to *Sensible*." The Committee chuckled at this and looked at *Sensible* for a comment. He stayed unusually quiet. "What have you got to say about that?" the Treasurer asked.

"Well, I'm flattered, naturally. I've tried to make sure that my controls are accessible and that it's as easy to get started on a game as possible.

I haven't bothered with a load of tedious tactics and management rubbish – the player just chooses a country and a formation for them and gets going."

"What?" said *FIFA*. "No variable weather? No team selection? No statistics?"

"I've got weather, yes, but the team selection and stats just get in the way as far as I'm concerned. With all due respect, you were designed with the American market, where they love their sporting statistics more than their own mothers, very much in mind. And with your *FIFA* licence you could afford to mess around with players and all that caper. I haven't got to worry about any of that. And football isn't about statistics, it's about thrills. And action."

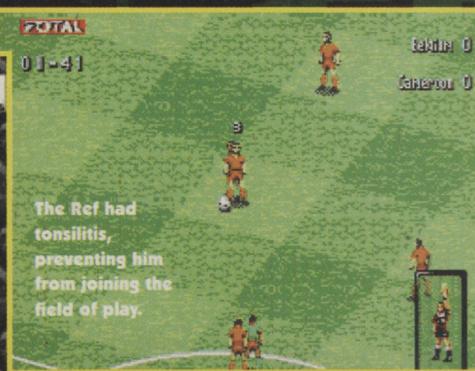


And Saturday afternoons in a freezing stand with a mug of Bovril and a cheese roll. Do you know what I mean?"

"I know," *Sensible* assured him, "I know. *FIFA* and I have been having this argument about playability and realism for years. But you've gone for realistic-looking graphics. Why was that?"

"With all due respect to you, too, I wasn't interested in looking like a cartoon version of football. *Team* tried that and look where it got him." There were laughs around the table and a few of the rowdier games threw bread rolls at a hand-coloured box on the mantelpiece. "I wanted a realistic look with arcade accessibility." The roll-throwing continued and looked like getting a little out of hand.

"I say, you chaps," said *F1GP*, desperately trying to bring the meeting to order. "Put those bloody bread rolls down and let's get on with the business in hand. Do you mind? Thank you. Well, my lad, I can tell you that our Reviews





Committee has written a glowing report. They say, 'With looks like *FIFA* and playability almost on a par with *Sensible*, *Total Football* is an all-rounder of exceptional quality. Only the lack of subtlety in the player control – a hurry-up button for pursuing players would have been nice, for instance – and a lack of player identities marred an otherwise superb performance. *Total Football* doesn't quite have the visual flair of *FIFA*, nor does it quite have the magical playability of *Sensible* but it's an admirable synthesis of the two, producing a good looking and superbly playable football game which we enjoyed immensely.'

"Golly," spluttered the Applicant, "I never expected all that. I know I'm shooting myself in the foot a little, but are there any negative things in the report?"

"Oh, yes," said the Chairman. "But mostly minor ones. Apparently your players all look a little bit like... where is it? Ah, here we are.

RESOLUTION

The players in *Total Football* look as they might have been extras in the crowd scenes in *Planet Of The Apes*. They have human torsos and limbs, and they move much as men do, but their faces are startlingly simian. We thought it was just the goalies at first, but closer inspection showed that it was all of them. It's a small thing, but it did add an extra dimension to the game to imagine that, just outside the stadium, Charlton Heston was shouting his despair at the sky with Liberty's torch thrusting poignantly from the sand in front of him. It probably won't work for everyone! The main criticism they had was of your difficulty level. It seems it's much too hard to beat the computer controlled teams. Even the very bad ones."

"I wanted to be a long-lasting game. It's no good being so easy that the Player can beat the computer 10-nil every time – where's the challenge? And anyway that's not the reason most people buy football games anyway. I put all my best efforts into the two-player game."

"Yes, well, I have to say that the Reviewers agreed with you," replied the Chairman. "They say that as a two-player game you can rival any of the greats and that with all that dancing and shirt-waving the

Players can make their goal-scorers do, you'll be the cause of many a Saturday night punch up in living rooms across the land."

They chatted for another hour until, finally, the Chairman thanked *Total Football* for coming and asked him to wait in the lobby while they proceeded with the vote.

In the Joystick Lounge the Loyal Membership Secretary, *Theme Park*, presented the findings both of the Reviewers and the Special Membership Sub Committee. She described his realistic graphics and simple controllability. She noted the variable match-length and weather. She remarked upon the fact that it wasn't possible to switch control between off-the-ball players and the extreme effectiveness of the goal keepers.

"All in all," she said, "*Total Football* is a damn fine game, and the Committee recommends that you accept him into the Club. My colleague will now pass the bag among you. We have used Farthingale's Left-Handed Rule to determine this evening's pass rate and I am obliged by the Rules Of The Club to tell you that *Total Football* requires white balls from $\frac{1}{15}$ of the total membership less Those Abroad Or Address Unknown as of the thirteenth of last month. We shall then apply the Apple Pie Rule to $\frac{2}{3}$ of the remaining un-cast votes with a view to reducing the..."

"We've counted them. He's in," shouted a voice from the back.

"I knew he would be." *Theme Park* said and sat down with a can of F-Max.

• **TIM NORRIS**

Full compliments to the ground staff for providing a super playing surface.

"Shooting myself in the foot"



UPPERS It looks good and it plays well. That's trite and pretty unhelpful, I know, but it's true. There are enough competitions to keep even the dullest player happy, and they can make the excellent two-player game even better.

DOWNERS The computer plays just that little bit too well to encourage the novice player to come back for another go. It's not as obvious as it should be which player you're controlling. No ability to switch control between on-screen players. The instant accessibility reduces the finesse and subtlety. A tad.

THE BOTTOM LINE

It's not quite *Sensible*. And it's not quite *FIFA*. But it takes the best of both and puts them together to make a damn fine game.

87
PERCENT

http://www.futurenet.co.uk

AMIGA POWER, sadly, no longer appears on FutureNet. Be very afraid.

While every other magazine published by this Sinister Mega-Global Corporation of ours takes their net page seriously (the PC magazines feature sites of interest to PC users, bike magazines include biking sites and Total Football even have the gaul to poach footy sites) we don't. While we are indeed an Amiga games magazine, we are also THE MIGHTIEST BEINGS EVER TO DRAW BREATH and we spit in the faces of our evil, faceless dictators and please ourselves. Phew.

Having provided you, our dear friends, with a football special this month we didn't believe it was particularly risky to push our favourite theme to the limit with this month's net page. The following selection of delicious, appetising

FutureNet

and downright tasty sites are yours to caress, sniff and then eat like a person who's a bit hungry.

A particular favourite of ours is the site which can be found at <http://www.atm.ch.cam.ac.uk/sports/webs.html#England>. Every football site in the world... Ever! is listed in this library of sites, though more have probably been withheld in order to bring out volumes two, three and four in time for Christmas. Or something.

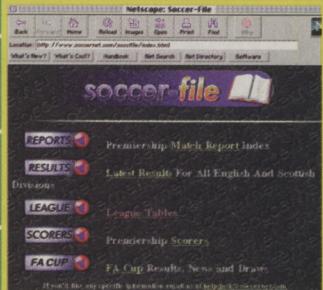
So use this InfoTicket to get through the VirtualTurnstiles before taking your seat in the stand and watching the CyberSoccerMatch. Or is it CyberFootballMatch? Aargh! Curse the day the Americans hosted the World Cup.



In The Back Of The Net
<http://www.worldserver.pipex.com/football/image.htm>



FIFA
<http://www.fifa.com/index.html>



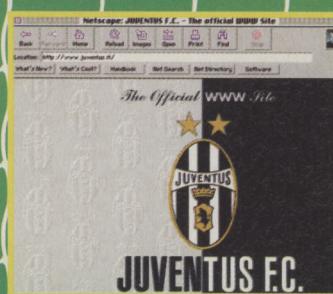
Soccernet
<http://www.soccernet.com/index.html>



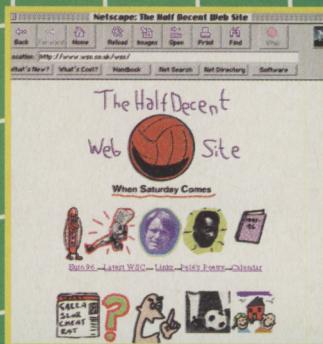
Total Football
<http://www.futurenet.co.uk/assocpage/amigapower/football/totalfootball.html>



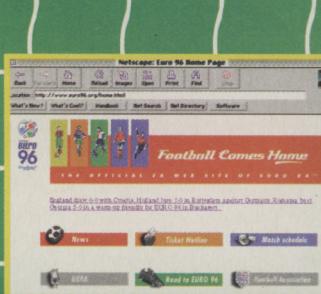
CarlingNet
<http://www.facarling.com/home.html>



Juventus
<http://www.juventus.it/>
<http://fbox.vt.edu:10021/M/mmakone/juve/juve.html#Team> for links to other Serie A teams



When Saturday Comes
<http://www.wsc.co.uk/wsc/>



Euro '96 Home Page
<http://www.euro96.org/home.html>

OF THIS WE APPROVE

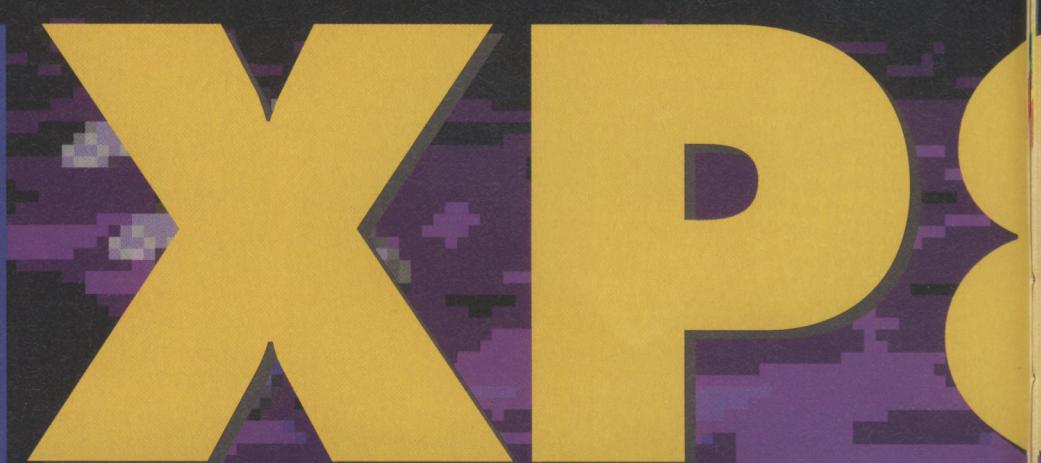
Although XP8 has its failings, it does, at least, manage to steer clear of irritating contempts of Kangaroo Court, and comes across as generally 'friendly'. Much of this can be attributed to its cleverly extensive range of options.

```
QUIT XP8
CUSTOMISE OPTIONS
ON SCREEN MESSAGES ON
AUTO WEAPON SELECT OFF
QUICK RESTART OFF
CHANGE PASSWORD
POWER UP CHARGE SHOT
PLAYER 2 CONTROL KEYBOARD
PLAYER 2 OFF
PLAYER 1 CONTROL JOYSTICK
PLAYER 1 ON
GAME DIFFICULTY NORMAL
MAIN MENU
```

Here, for example, you can type in passwords to hop from level to level, and alter the difficulty level.

```
NUMBER OF SHIELDS 3
SHIELD STRENGTH NORMAL
BULLET STRENGTH NORMAL
SHIELD LOSS EFFECT ON GUN LOSE POWER
EXTRA POWER UP FREQUENCY NORMAL
MISSION OBJECTIVES NORMAL
SHIELDS GUNS FROM PASSWORD OFF
MAIN OPTIONS MENU
```

You can even decide how many lives you begin with, and whether or not you lose power-ups when you die. Of this we approve.



Pop groups used to name themselves using two letters and then an '8'. Now it would appear to be the turn of Amiga games.

Runs On: A1200

Publisher: Weathermine Software

Authors: In-house

Price: £19.99

Release: Out now

Much good work has been put into (grr) XP8. The graphics, for instance, have been designed in the manner of *Super Stardust*'s. Some sort of 3D rendering package (possibly called AmiRENDER! 3.0™ or something – our colleagues on Amiga Format could doubtless tell you more) has been employed to give them a metallic sheen, and to generate many frames of animation so that they can spin smoothly. And spin they do, almost every baddy either rotating in its entirety or featuring at least one rotating component.

To complement them are attractive backgrounds (this time perhaps the work of proWORLDmaker+ 2.5). These begin as sort of cloudy electricity fields, and later turn into planet surfaces as you reach the alien homeworld in your spaceship. Little doors open to reveal gun turrets, colour cycling creates a spooky atmosphere, and everything casts shadows on whatever's below.

And in structure, XP8 is textbook vertically-scrolling shoot-'em-up: five levels, power-ups, waves of baddies, and big motherships.

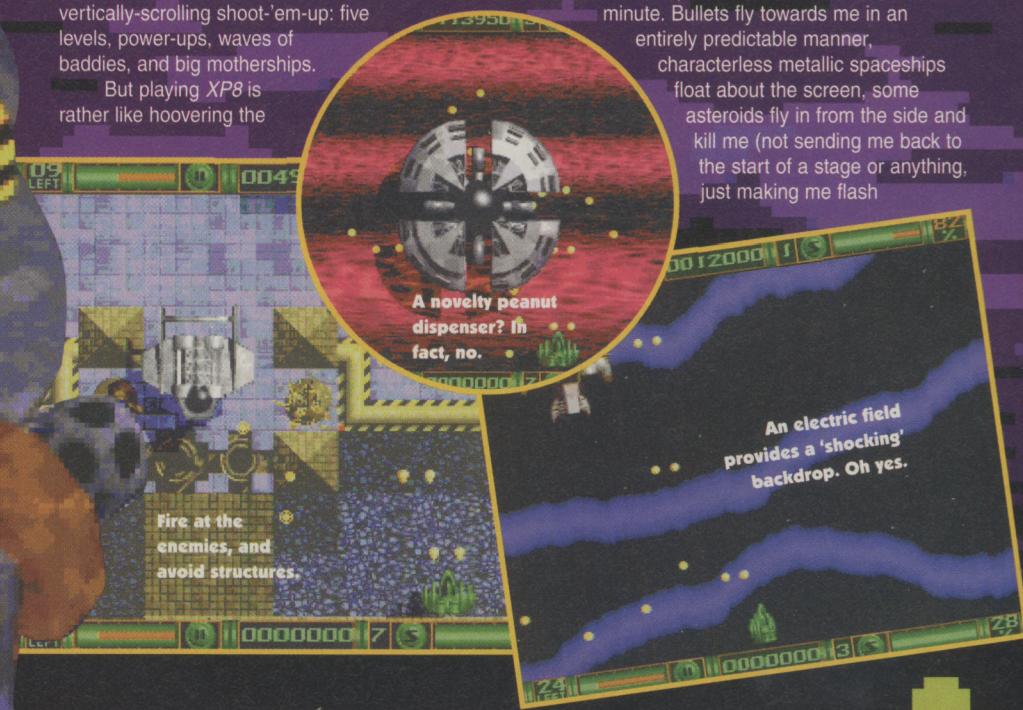
But playing XP8 is rather like hoovering the



sitting room. Mostly it's just a case of watching the carpet roll by below, and little bits of dust disappearing up the nozzle. Occasionally there'll be a stubborn clump of fluff, which can either be scrubbed at until it, too, comes away, or just left and forgotten till next time. Meanwhile, 95% of one's mind is elsewhere, wondering what's for tea or how long it is till Cardiac Arrest starts.

The trouble is, I just don't care what happens next. If I kill an alien, great. If I don't, well, so what?

There'll be another one just like it along in a minute. Bullets fly towards me in an entirely predictable manner, characterless metallic spaceships float about the screen, some asteroids fly in from the side and kill me (not sending me back to the start of a stage or anything, just making me flash



slightly and reducing my lives counter by one), and the background oozes past underneath. At no time do I exclaim "Gosh! That's clever" or "Grr, he'll pay for that" or "The alien homeworld must be destroyed" or "What a welcome change of pace" or "Things are really hotting up now" or "I wasn't expecting that!" or "Ugh" or anything other than "Tch" and "Phrrrrw".

MAD COW

Beefier sound effects might have been an idea. Even through the powerful loud-speakers of my Sony television set, exploding aliens sound like waves breaking gently on the shore of a tropical island, and end-of-level bosses like a grandmother coughing in her sleep.

Music is restricted to the menu screens, where a funereal rendition of the theme from Rhubarb & Custard played at half-speed lures the prospective player towards a coma. Now, although many might consider the absence of music an advantage, a scrolling shoot-'em-up really does need some kind of backing track, both to fill up the

The extra weapons, too, are terribly disappointing. You begin by firing laser rounds and, by collecting power-ups, can upgrade these to slightly different coloured laser rounds and, later, laser rounds which wobble about a bit. Even ten years ago scrolling shoot-'em-ups offered bombs, homing missiles, mega-death-rays and super-power-ups that send rockets shooting off in all directions, all accompanied by enormous explosions. In XP8 you've just got your wobbly laser, along with little puffs of explosion that look rather like carnations and granny coughing a bit. Sometimes the screen will flash brighter and shake about, which is good, but not really enough. Because the weapons are all so boring there's little incentive to collect power-ups, and they're just about the only reason to kill baddies. As a result, I frequently found myself idly weaving between formations of baddies, not bothering to shoot them at all.

XP8 would scarcely be £20 wasted. It is beautiful to look at and well-behaved and, if the temptation to fiddle with difficulty levels and passwords can be resisted, ought to breathe a few extra hours of life into any Amiga. It is only really, however, a collection of interesting special effects encasing the most rudimentary of games, and entirely fails to inspire any of the raw excitement that a shoot-'em-up should. Initially it seemed great, but the more I played it

the unhappier I became.

I speak for all of AMIGA POWER when I wish the curiously-named Weathermine Software luck. They have clearly got the better of the Amiga, and have put everything they've got into making XP8. What they need to do now is get on board someone who really knows what makes games tick.

• JONATHAN DAVIES



UPPERS Great Super Stardust style graphics.

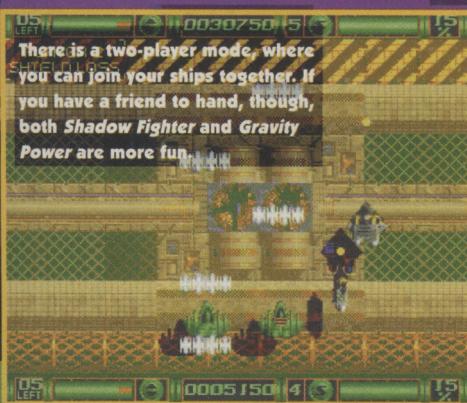
Lovely presentation. Good range of options. Two-player mode. Installs easily onto hard drive. No annoying bits.

DOWNERS Soulless, vacuous and antiseptic. Dreary music. Feeble sound effects. Weedy weapons. No sense of pace. No surprises.

THE BOTTOM LINE

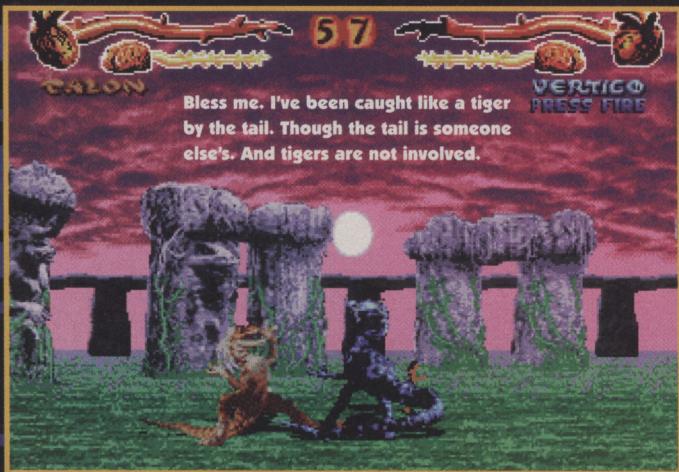
Basically sound, but at the same time just a hollow modern imitation of the shoot-'em-ups of old. Any of the classic vertical scrollers – SWIV, Xenon, Sidewinder – would be more fun than this.

55
PERCENT



THE BOTTOM LINE

A version will be along shortly, Weathermine assure us. As soon as it does we'll let you know. You have our word on it.



PRIMAL

Runs on: A1200

Publisher: Time Warner

Authors: Probe

Price: £30

Release: July

This month I've been to see Maid Marian The Musical, a stage show based upon the fantastically great television series. It was fantastically great, and if the certainly-triumphant tour passes through your home town, I recommend you go. You could then assure me I am not being enormously wrong in thinking Kevin McCurdy, who plays Mad Bloke, looks exactly like Tim Curry, except Kevin is black. Be sure to also buy a programme, which is written by the show's authors and is a hoot, and which I was afforded the opportunity to study closely by Time Warner's not sending the vitally important instructions to *Primal Rage* for thirteen days.

GREAT MOVIE MOMENTS 'BE' IN THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT!

DOUG MCCLURE: Quick – up this bluff.

RAQUEL WELCH: Oo ee urgh.

(They recoil in amazement as a tyrannosaurus gets one in the stomach from a triceratops. Except it's an ankylosaur.)

Like the same programmers' conversion of *Mortal Kombat 2*, *Primal Rage*'s controls are remarkably unwieldy through the necessity of squashing everything upon a one-button joystick. (Except it's not a necessity, is it? The year and a bit-old *Shadow Fighter* demonstrated the playable elegance of the simple swirl method. Then again, *Shads* wasn't obliged to arrange things so a parent coin-op's moves would work on the home version. Except the Amiga's ones are subtly different. Help us, splendid Jesus. Wave your magic beard and make it better. No, nothing's happened. So *Primal Rage* is needlessly clumsy, and there is no God. Bad day.) To pull off a special move, you have to hit fire twice, then hold it and do the waggle. Worse, diagonals are used extremely infrequently so you have to explicitly tap out away, down, towards (or whatever).

And, exactly like in *Mortal Kombat 2*, two-button joysticks don't work despite the options screen telling you they do. (Perhaps it's Probe's own two-button joystick. I must ask to borrow it.) The upshot of all this is playing *Primal Rage*, you just don't have time to use the special moves and so don't bother. (I personally gave up after beating my opponent to an empty-meter pulp, then being decisively killed while trying to perform a Brain Basher.) All rather damning, entirely in keeping with the game's being quite dreadful on all other formats, and in no

way explaining why I like *Primal Rage* heaps and heaps.

NO ONE EVEN

For one thing, *Primal Rage*, unlike every other beat-'em-up ever in the history of all things, makes sense. People in masks leaping thirty feet into the air and conjuring fireballs have tended to leave me

cold, but two-storey dinosaurs wrenching wedges from each other's necks is obvious and fine. Dinosaurs are great, as are dinosaur movies, and so 'be'ing a dinosaur in what is, in effect, a dinosaur movie – but on the Amiga, is irresistibly appealing. The overwhelming grue, silly in *Mortal Kombat*, is here fitting. A deinonychus scrambling up an allosaur's chest to rake claws down its face is a right and proper thing. And with characters being different species

(although four of them are the same pair twice with new colours, curse it) you get to identify with your dino in a way that for me never happened in *Mortal Kombat*. (I recall not caring tuppence for losing at MK2; here, I was furiously swearing revenge when my wee but wiry clawbloke went down to a proto-ape.) What *Primal Rage* has in spades is imagination, from the plausibly ghastly tooth-and-



Appreciably what a proto-ape would do to an uppity deinonychus.

Vertigo's a weedy sapling. But her peck is formidable.



RAGE

claw attacks (and, yeah, there're fireballs and things, but as they're special moves you haven't a chance) to the twisted genius of pouncing upon and eating your human worshippers for extra energy.

"But Jonathan," you quiz keenly, "what happened to the last eight pages of the magazine? And how can you balance leaving in protest against something or other with continuing to take freelance work even though you specifically maintained you wouldn't?" Sternly I perform the single-hair extraction for non-attenders and rattle my ruler in your hymn book. "But surely you can't recommend a game you've explained effectively loses half its moves?" you continue wisely. I rub my manly jaw.

The plain fact of the matter is, I've been having a tremendous time playing *Primal Rage* and in the excitement of racking up multiple-hit combos and 'be'ing a dinosaur, I've barely noticed the absence of special moves. It's abominable they're so (needlessly) difficult to get working, of course, but my fears of honest pugilism have amused me greatly. The computer opponents have come on a treat since *MK2*, and provide a fierce challenge on the higher of the seventeen difficulty levels. Naturally, the two-player game affords greater time to master the (fatuously obtuse) special moves, and good luck to you. We didn't really miss them.



NOTICES THESE

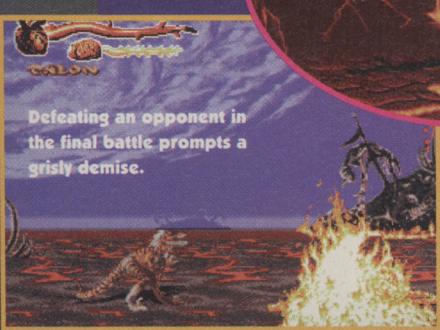
But see here, *Primal Rage* – coming on four disks without being hard disk-installable is criminally arrogant. And the final battle ending is abysmal – not only must you fight everyone again (although if you've fataliated a dino they come back as a far weaker ghost. I've been told) but the every-new-opponent loading is atrocious, and the way your dino doesn't even fall down dead if you lose ('Game Over' suddenly appears in the middle of the screen) is alarmingly amateurish. There can be no excuse. (It doesn't happen in the game proper. Ever.)

An odd fish, then, is *Primal Rage*, which through speed (it's excitingly zippy), atmosphere (the digitised stop-motion monsters are fantastic, and the sound is fearsomely meaty), slick playability (I'm more than a little spruce with the deinonychus) and being about dinosaurs has won me over. But

it needn't have been such a close thing. (And I'm still uncomfortable about, essentially, recommending a game with such large bits 'missing.' But hey, opinions are what reviews are all about. Especially as with such little space we can't really do concept ones any more.) Probe, loves, if you're going to write a coin-op conversion, either go properly with the conversion (in which case keep the exact moves and support the CD32 pad) or tailor it precisely for the format and take a leaf from *Shadow Fighter*'s control book. (So what if the moves'll be substantially different from the coin-op's? Learning new ones is what it's all about.) This compromise approach – and we told you when you did it with *MK2* – can't hope to satisfy.

Oh, and make the two-button option work or I'll come round and set fire to your heads.

● JONATHAN NASH



UPPERS 'Be' a dinosaur.



DOWNERS The special moves are a joyless exercise in tatty wagging. Lots of disk swapping. The two-button option still doesn't work.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Marvellously entertaining, significantly more of a game than *Mortal Kombat 2* and as good a coin-op beat-'em-up as you're likely to see, but lags well behind the Amiga-tailored *Shadow Fighter*. Firmly recommended.

77
PERCENT

THE BOTTOM LINE

Supposedly it'll work if you have 2mb of RAM. We don't so can't tell.

A500

HITTING THE EXPERIENCE THE LOWS

It's football -
but on the Amiga.

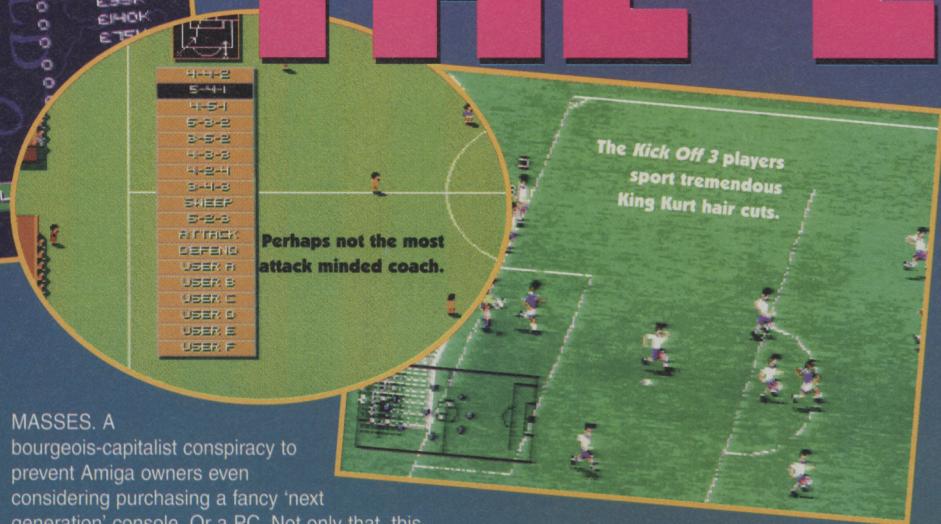
COJUTEPEQUE		EL SALVADOR		BOLIVIA		GOALS	
1	WILLIAM GIRON	G	(SAL)	0	0	0	0
2	JORGE ORANTES	RE	(SAL)	0	0	150K	150K
4	JUAN HERRERA	D	(SAL)	0	0	175K	175K
5	EDWIN LOZANO	D	(SAL)	0	0	175K	175K
3	OMAR DIAZ	LB	(SAL)	0	0	180K	180K
6	IVAN RUIZ	RH	(SAL)	0	0	180K	180K
8	MODESTO HENRIQUEZ	M	(SAL)	0	0	185K	185K
10	RICARDO MEJIA DIAZ	M	(SAL)	0	0	185K	185K
7	JOSE MONGE	LH	(SAL)	0	0	190K	190K
9	PERCIBAL CUMMINGS	A	(SAL)	0	0	195K	195K
11	CARLOS VALENCIA	G	(SAL)	0	0	195K	195K
12	NELSON HENRIQUEZ	D	(SAL)	0	0	195K	195K
13	LUIS BENITEZ	M	(SAL)	0	0	195K	195K
14	MIGUEL ANGEL AREVALO	M	(SAL)	0	0	195K	195K
15	JOSE SIERRA	A	(SAL)	0	0	195K	195K
16	NOE SAUL JIMENEZ			0	0	195K	195K

COACH: JONATHAN DAVIES
Percibal Cummings. Fine name.

The Soccer Match as a Ritual Hunt. The Soccer Match as a Stylized Battle. The Soccer Match as a Status Display. The Soccer Match as a Religious Ceremony. The Soccer Match as a Social Drug. The Soccer Match as Big Business. The Soccer Match as a Theatrical Performance.

In his book, *The Soccer Tribe*, Desmond Morris defined the above as the 'seven faces of soccer', the reasons why people love and hate football. Amiga football games have seven faces, too. Take *Sensible World of Soccer (SWOS)*. The two participants are HUNTER GATHERERS in a RITUALIZED WAR. Victory in the BATTLE confers much KUDOS upon the winner, who shall then take off his shirt and wave it with wild abandon as he careers across the office. Minions who gather and observe the mighty AP beings, KNEEL and BOW before the victor. Then they take us on and beat us three nil.

And dissatisfaction caused by the social conditions under advanced capitalism has led to SWOS being regarded as an OPIATE OF THE



MASSES. A

bourgeois-capitalist conspiracy to prevent Amiga owners even considering purchasing a fancy 'next generation' console. Or a PC. Not only that, this social drug has sold HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS IF NOT MILLIONS of copies. Sensible cunningly updating it for special tournaments. Like the World Cup. Truly, *SWOS* is WORKING MAN'S THEATRE. On a computer.

Of course, this is merely an example of how an Amiga football game COULD be regarded. There are hundreds of them, you know, ranging from the despicably poor *Kenny Dalglish Soccer* to the soap operatic majesty of *On The Ball: World Cup Edition*. Join us, as we weave a jinking dribble through the maze that is The World of Amiga Football Games.

BEST GAMES

Kick Off 2 (Not reviewed)

Okay, so it's not the favourite of most Amiga gamers but you can't deny its place in history. *Kick Off* set the ball rolling and Dino Dini improved on his

creation with *Kick Off 2*, the game which inspired Jon Hare and co at Sensible to write their own footy game. In retrospect, *Kick Off* seems rather too quick, the pitch view incredibly limited and the control method unwieldy. But the game regularly brought Future Publishing to a standstill in the late Eighties, just as *SWOS* has done since.

Sensible World of Soccer (AP44 95%, AP57 96%)

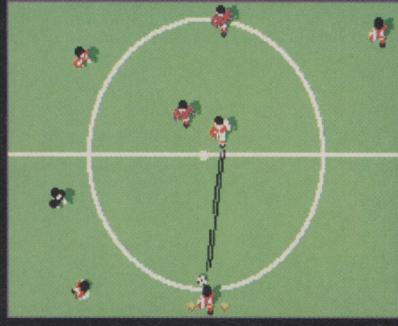
The best football game in the history of all things. THE MASTER OF ALL IT SURVEYS. It's arcade action and management simulation rolled into one. Virtually every player from every team in the world is named and rated by Rothmans Yearbook statsman Mike Hammond. Sure, the original had a few bugs but the patch disk has rectified most of them. Frighteningly addictive, and the more you play it, the better it gets. Nothing before or since has come close and even though *Football Glory* is a virtual clone, the programmers never quite got the player and ball aesthetics just-so.

The biggest criticism of the game has always been about the visuals but you grow to love them, tiny though the sprites are. It's the benchmark by which all others are judged. You should have this game.

Striker (AP15 76%)

No, it isn't the greatest Amiga footy game but it deserves a mention. Unfortunately for *Striker*, it arrived in the same month as the original incarnation of *Sensible Soccer*. Bad

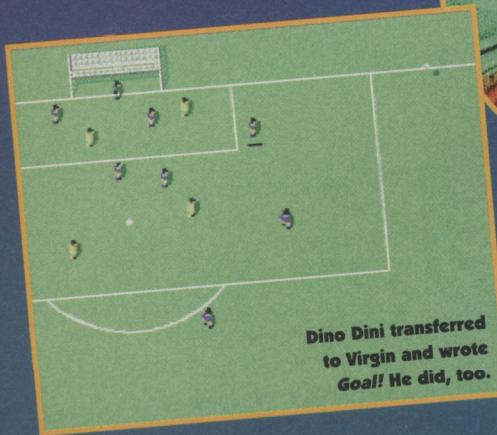
Er Beedie. No, Scifoski. Oh. Er. Dammit.



The Ball Is Passed Low To You.
You See Beedie Running On Your Right An
Scifoski Making Ground On The Left.
Do You Pass To Beedie Or Scifoski?



THE HEIGHTS, EXPERIENCING THE LOWS



move. But it's awfully quick and rather fun despite lacking a great deal of depth. And it's in 3D, sort of. The top computer teams are ridiculously tough to even score against, never mind defeat but it's a decent kickabout. Pesky *Sensi* overshadows everything, though.

Wembley International Soccer (AP39 85%)

Clearly, Audiogenic were not trying to compete with

Goal! (AP26 82%)

It's *Kick Off 3* in all but name. And lawsuit. Dino Dini (he wrote the *Kick Off* games – keep up) signs for Virgin and produces *Goal!*, a slick, viewed-from-above arcade simulation and a significant improvement on the *Kick Off* series. Unfortunately, by the time it arrived, The Church of Sensible had moved in and converted everyone to their mini-men extravaganza. Suddenly, the *Kick Off* control

method (pressing the fire button before the ball reaches your player) seemed rather less obvious. Nevertheless, it remains one of the Amiga's better observed footy games.

Brutal Sports Football (AP32 88%)

'Non-specific bestial violence in an orgiastic miasma of bloodletting and pain infliction'. That's how Steve McGill described *Brutal Sports Football*. It isn't a football game per se, but hey, a significant number of Amiga soccer games have borne little relation to the national game.

Intuitive gameplay, horrendous violence and goals galore. The sideways scrolling is smooth, the animation studied. And in two-player guise it's a riot with stamping, slashing and rabbit pick-ups for pace. It kind of works like a primitive form of American Football but don't let that put you off.

FIFA International Soccer (AP43 76%)

A game which rather passed the Amiga world by. We were so busy with *Sensible Soccer* (and indeed, so biased – with good reason, of course) that we merely proffered a cursory glance when Electronic Art's console basher entered stage left. *FIFA* looks exactly like its cartridge relatives, only it takes a heck of a sight longer to load. The from-the-telly-camera-in-the-corner-of-the-stadium view is quite splendid and the presentation is all American fellows in suits. *FIFA*'s gameplay isn't exactly what you'd call intuitive (unlike, say, *Sensi*) but you can score fabulous overhead kicks and stuff. Unfortunately, the programmers never quite got over the fact that Amiga owners generally have one button joypads while console cohorts carry the three. And the players never did what you

THE GAME OF THE NAME

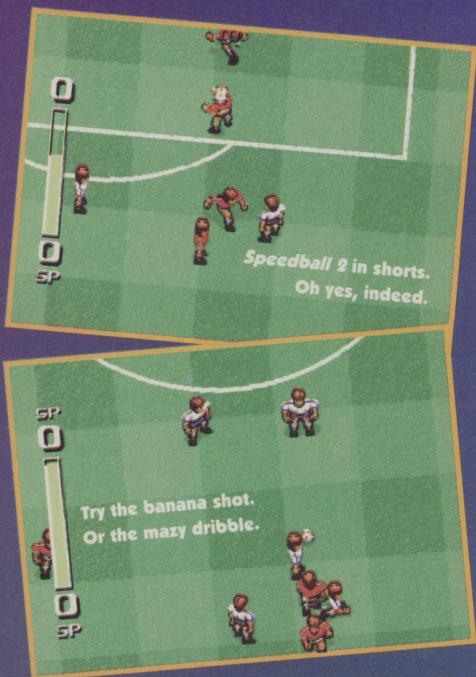
In the course of history, famous teams and infamous footballers have offered themselves in the name of 'the licence'. Chap sees word 'Gazza' on box, thinks it must be good game, chap offers fiscal remuneration, gets home, finds it's crap. Shiver.

Such luminaries as Kenny Dalglish, Emlyn Hughes (all right, we use the word 'luminary' loosely), John Barnes and Paul 'Gazza' Gascoigne have had their monikers slapped on Amiga boxes. *Kenny Dalglish Soccer Match* appeared at the turn of the decade when he was still actively involved in football. The graphics are unpleasant and the players look like they're wading through water. It's slow. Emlyn fared better. In fact *EH International Soccer* is very much an early version of *Wembley International Soccer* (written by Audiogenic, as luck would have it). Of course it'd stink if you played it now (it is six years old) but back then it was a solid

contender. But why in heaven's name Audiogenic chose Emlyn will always be one of life's great mysteries.

Gazza II is littered with some dreadful banter between the Geordie wit and the commentator and the game mixes arcade action with management tactics to an extraordinarily average degree. Now, if he'd have been famous, it might be worth something now. *John Barnes European Football* is merely the Manchester United arcade from Krisalis. But with John Barnes.

As for the teams, the *Leeds United Champions* game is a fairly dour management sim while *Everton FC Intelligensia* (a contradiction in terms, surely?) merely quizzes the gamer on footy. The Manchester United games are all OK (though no more) and the Liverpool effort hit the post in a similar manner. Very few Southerners involved. Hmmm.



WORLD CUP USA '94 (AP41 20%)

US Gold secured the licence for the USA World Cup footy game. A game which arrived in the shops well after the World Cup had been lifted, a game which failed to feature any of the players from the World Cup. A game which, when loading on floppy on an A1200 takes SIX MINUTES AND 13 SECONDS TO LOAD. And if you want the same two teams back out on the pitch for a replay, a further FOUR MINUTES loading is required as well as innumerable disk swaps. A victory for sloppy programming. Of course, the box was on the shelves before AP got to review the game so we were a little late in telling you about the poor graphics, awful tackling, the ease at which goals could be scored and the shambolic way in which you could run laps around the pitch with the ball while your hapless opponent chased in vain. An embarrassing abomination.



The monks bought lunch. Yes, they bought a little. Ahem.



PIETER GREY

told them, either.

Empire Soccer (AP40 90%)

So you can't see much of the pitch, then. And the players run like Carlton Palmer heading rapidly for the lavatory. But *Empire Soccer* ('SPEEDBALL 2 IN SHORTS', claimed one commentator) is one of the quirkiest, dreamiest, splendid, special moveiest Amiga footy games ever. When you pick the team, you pick a special move, but only one, mind. Do you go all out for the spectacular Banana Shot or settle for the Giggisian whirl of the Super Dribble? Would the Power Shot suit Sir, or would he prefer the bites yer legs Super Barge? If *Sensi Soccer* is the Ajax of football games, then *Empire Soccer* is 'Charles 'Charlie' Charles and the Arsenal team of



The rabbits are having a ball. Somewhere.

WORST GAMES

Striker Manager (AP5 18%)

Not much to shout about here. Impossibly poor short action sequences, horrendous animation and for some reason, you get the results from leagues all over Europe which you CANNOT BYPASS. They're completely irrelevant to the game.

World of Soccer (AP40 5%)

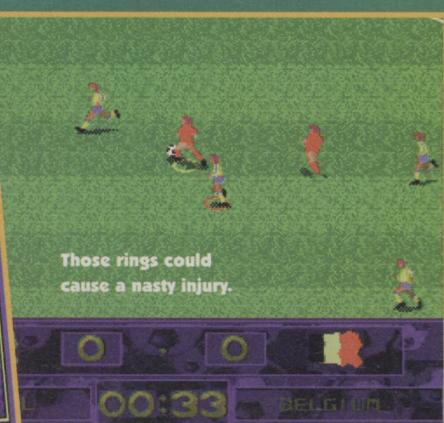
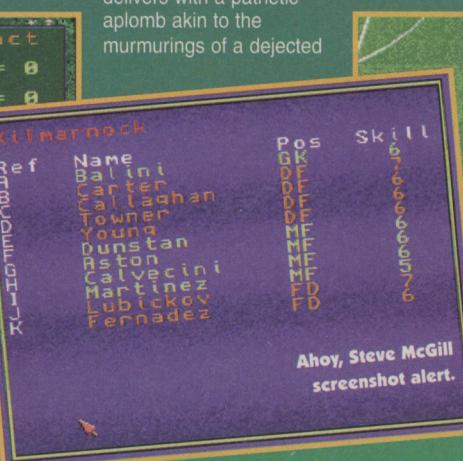
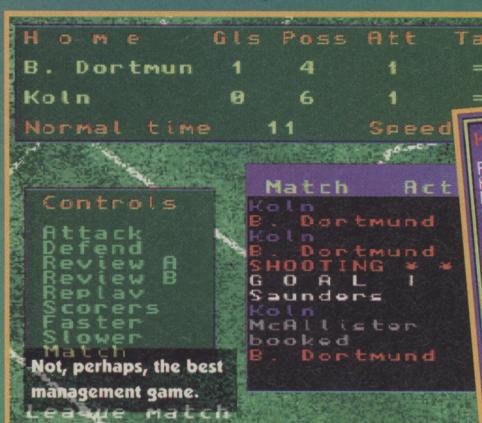
In short, a terrible management simulation. Here's how our correspondent described it. 'The game delivers with a pathetic aplomb akin to the murmurings of a dejected



puppy dog... It's been written in Hi-Soft Basic and pays about as much attention to detail as Wild E Coyote does to safety. There aren't any proper players in the teams - you have to name them yourself and all for the princely sum of £20. How frightfully thoughtful.'

Wild Cup Soccer (AP40 14%)

Okay, it isn't strictly football but this jerky animals-with-weapons affair lamentably failed to follow up the success of its predecessor *Brutal Sports Football* (AP32 88%). For a start, the computer teams are crap. Anybody can beat them first go. The CPU players are stupid in the extreme, running towards you instead of heading for space. You can actually just stand in front of your own goal and repeatedly depress the firebutton to earn a nil-nil





draw. Imagine something very poor. Now multiply it by 17. You've got *Wild Cup Soccer*.

Soccer Superstars (AP49 15%)

The saving grace was that *Soccer Superstars* came with a free football. A real one. One which you could kick around a park. The game is a viewed-from-the-side, embarrassingly sluggish, woeful misery. Dreadful animation, terrible control and with goalkeepers who seem to be permanently on strike, you wouldn't wish it on a megalomaniac tyrant from Nova Mescopia, or somewhere. Shudder.

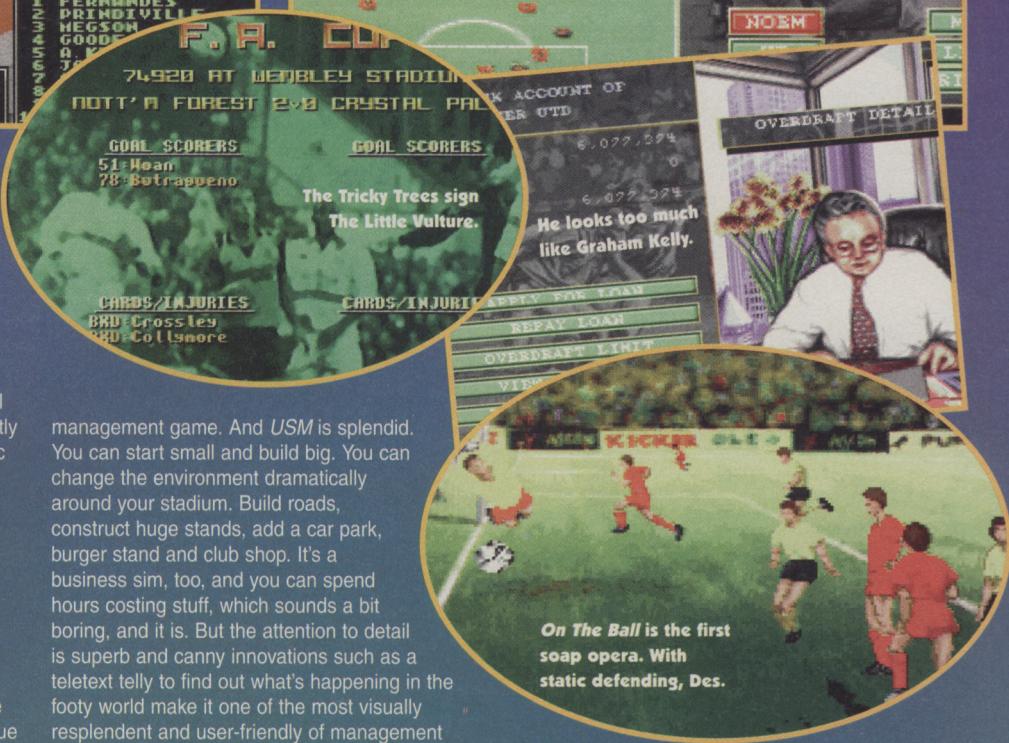
MANAGEMENT SIMS

On The Ball: World Cup Edition (AP41 85%)

Ahoy, interesting cookie alert. This was the first management game to really attempt something different. And it turned into the Amiga's first management-as-soap-opera. Swept away are the statistics. Instead, there's an almost adventuresque plot. If you are to have a successful season, you must look after your players and your home life. What do you do if you discover your star centre forward is having an affair? With another player's wife? The graphics are extremely flashy and it encompasses enough traditional management sim bits to ensure that *On The Ball* is just about THE most interesting example of the genre.

Ultimate Soccer Manager (AP50 84%)

Impressions are famous for their strategy games. Strategy games don't sell as well as football management games. Impressions wrote a football



management game. And *USM* is splendid. You can start small and build big. You can change the environment dramatically around your stadium. Build roads, construct huge stands, add a car park, burger stand and club shop. It's a business sim, too, and you can spend hours costing stuff, which sounds a bit boring, and it is. But the attention to detail is superb and canny innovations such as a teletext telly to find out what's happening in the footy world make it one of the most visually resplendent and user-friendly of management games. You can even offer rival managers bungs, which is perhaps a bit far-fetched.

Premier Manager 3 (AP44 83%)

A number crunching affair, and no mistake. This has all the features which made the first two *PM*

installments so successful, adds more stats and a splendid watch-in-as-much-detail-as-you-like match playback. Sheer attention to detail and mind-numbing statistics ensure that *PM3* is one of the finest footy manny games and sold by the barrel, too.

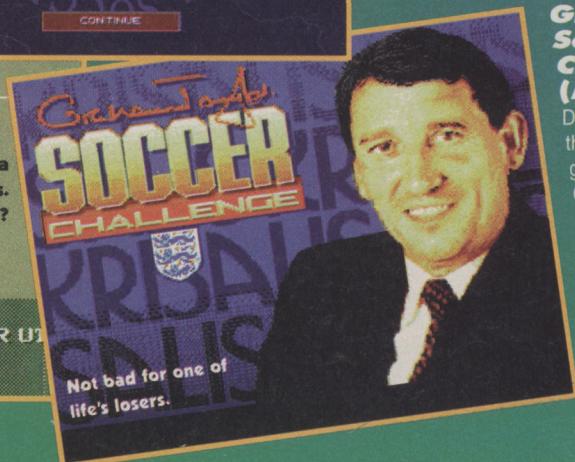
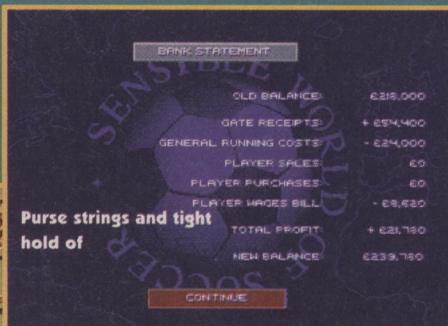
Sensible World of Soccer (AP44 95%)

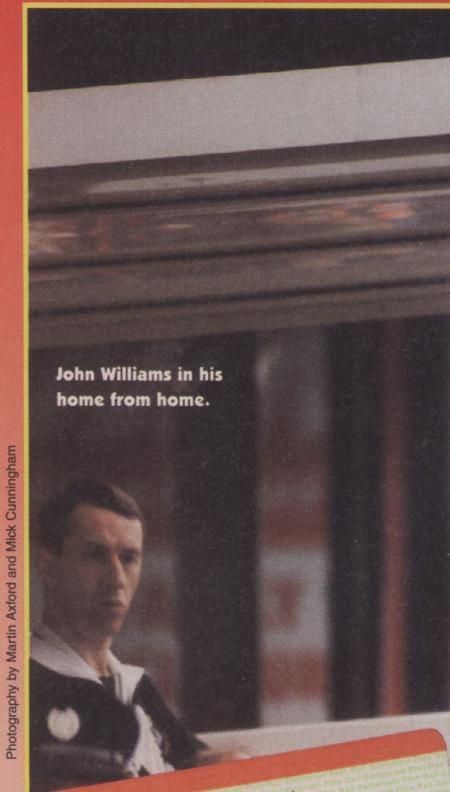
Lest we forget, *SWOS* has a substantial management section. Can you persuade the best players to join your lowly team? Rarely. So you have to develop a squad from the lower divisions and make a name for yourself and hope that top job offers come your way. And the patch disk has sorted most of the annoying bugs. The complete package, though stats freaks will look elsewhere. To *Premier Manager 3*, probably.

Graham Taylor's Soccer Challenge (AP16 82%)

Do I not like that? Actually, this is one of the better games on the manor. When Graham was carving out his glorious career with three lions on his chest, Krisalis released this manny sim with The Turnip's mug on the front. It's friendly, easy to play and contains a highlights section.

• STEVE BRADLEY





John Williams in his home from home.

Photography by Martin Axford and Mick Cunningham



The A-Team's Hannibal Smith loved it when a plan came together. He'd gleefully rub his leathered hands, wink and then puff happily on his Cuban cigar. But unlike the plans he became embroiled in, my plans for this feature didn't involve dealing with high-tech explosives (unless you consider AFC Bournemouth to be dynamite). Nor did they "come together".

In a bid to establish what a football manager does, I arranged to meet Mel Machin, manager of AFC Bournemouth. Machin, formerly of Man City, Norwich and Barnsley, arrived at the south coast club last year when they were lying bottom of the Endsleigh second division with just ten points from a possible 66. Incredibly, they avoided relegation with a 3-0 win over Shrewsbury Town on the last day of the season.

This year, few miracles have occurred at Dean Court. Second division football next year wasn't guaranteed and so with a home match with Walsall looming the next afternoon, I ventured out of my luxury hotel accommodation and stepped into the world of football management for a day.

Taking me over to the ground, my taxi driver seemed perturbed by my fascination with football. He'd start conversations by asking questions about the nature of my business and then resign himself to thinking of something else to ask me as soon as I veered excitedly onto my favourite subject. Still, he perked up somewhat when I asked him for a receipt. Pointing to a rather cheap-looking black box on his dashboard, he said: "That cost me £250!" Then, after much whirring he ripped off a printed receipt and

proceeded to talk me through it. "Look, it shows you your destination, distance travelled, time taken and..." But I'd already done a runner.

Dean Court hasn't changed much since I was a student in Bournemouth. Sure, the admission charges have risen but the stand in which I watched the memorable victory over Shrewsbury has retained its weather-beaten-black-paint-peeling and general downtrodden look. Avoiding the drizzle I presented myself at reception and to the charming receptionist Debbie who insisted that I repeat everything twice. A nasty habit of hers, she confided, was not listening to people. One wonders how she got the job, though it's no doubt something to do with the fact that she makes a corking cup of tea.

While I



As you can tell, John was really impressed by my eye for a good shot. And I didn't even get to kick a ball.

AT THE END OF THE DAY

"I wonder if footy manny sims invent or simply reflect reality," mused Martin before he set off to the south coast to find out.

waited for Mel Machin to appear, various people milled around sprinkling cheery banter about as if they'd won the lottery. I was quite content to just sit there and believe I too was a part of the football club and didn't mind if Mel Machin never turned up.

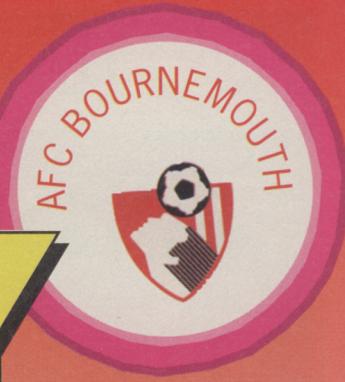
At least, that's what I thought before his secretary Mandy popped her head around the door and said: "Martin, there's been a bit of a problem. Mel has just phoned in sick – he's got awful 'flu – and won't be in today." (NB: This is where my plans failed to "come together".)

Fortunately, Mandy rescued my mission with the same breath, "Could Mel's assistant John Williams help at all?" she enquired. I nodded gratefully before following her through the maze of corridors under the main stand and being shown into the manager's office. John Williams stood to greet me and almost broke my hand with the firmest handshake in the history of



Contrary to what you might be thinking, this wasn't taken on matchday. And the welcome I received was suitably warmer than the signs.

THE END OF THE DAY



It's the day before an important home match and John decides to choose a new kit for next season. Possibly.



Jimmy Glass takes on a Portakabin, forgetting that his 'keeping gloves are neither red nor particularly big.'



One of the many action shots I took of John putting the lads through their paces. But one of the few with them in the foreground.



Another aspiring boxer takes on the rugby posts as Neil Young and John Bailey go a touch camera-shy while doing their stretching.



A revealing insight into the pre-match atmosphere at Dean Court. Taken from the same row that John Motson later sat in. Hurrah!

"Really fancy this boy"

all things. As he sat down I cast a quick glance around the office. The two desks were littered with important looking bits of paper and folders, football kit was strewn on the floor below the television screen upon which Teletext's football service was showing and to be honest it was a bit of a mess. I almost felt at home.

FIRST HALF

Before we got down to business, I explained to John that I was looking for an insight into the life of a manager. After all, a day in the life of an assistant manager didn't quite carry the same clout as a day in the life of a manager. And just when I feared that might have put his nose out of joint, he asked me which magazine it was I'd come from. "AMIGA POWER? Never heard of it," he quipped. A stunning equaliser there from Williams.

In between sipping tea and shouting "Yo! Enter!" John told me what he considered the main duties of a football manager. "Obviously, looking after the football team is paramount and training with the players every day is probably the most important thing. Picking the team only takes up a small amount of time. You probably have an idea of the team in your mind for the whole week.

"At this stage of the season though, there are so many things which go into the equation when picking the team because we're in a position where we actually need one point to be mathematically safe from relegation. If we'd had that point already Mel would have been in a situation where he might've put three or four youngsters in. Given the fact that we do still need a point, I think he'll be really safe with his selection – probably the same team that played at Swindon and did ever so well (drew 2-2). Unless we have injuries during the week you sometimes

get situations where the team picks itself and this is one of those cases."

It didn't really live up to the image footy manny sims project, with managers apparently required to pore over a series of statistical data (a poor substitute for monitoring players' ability) before examining the opposition, poring some more, considering tactical implications, poring even more and then picking the side. And even though John told me they'd had Walsall watched twice, it all seemed rather more straightforward than the sims make out.

In addition to selecting the most appropriate side before each match, transfer-dealing is another of software developers' favourite footy sim fascinations. (Instead of having teams rely more heavily on their reserve and youth teams as is the case.) Having learnt that the manager is in total control of the club's finances, with regard to what goes out and comes in on the transfer market, I asked John how a manager might go about signing a player.

"We'll watch a player four or five times initially and then it's a case of making contact with the other football club and saying, 'Look, we really fancy this boy – how much do you want for him?' and 'Can we make a deal?' which is where the bargaining side of things comes in. That can take anything up to a month until we get things the way we want them financially because we haven't got a lot of money. When that's done we get the boy over, agree terms with him and make sure he likes Bournemouth football club."

AFC Bournemouth, as John points out, are not a rich club. They are, in fact, heavily in debt and so signing players can often be an expensive



Ian Cox fails to win this midfield battle with, er, some Walsall player.

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A desperate lunge fails to stop Jason Brisset.

gamble. Fortunately this problem is easily overcome as the club has one of the best youth set-ups in the country, spawning stars like Jamie Redknapp and Scott Mean who now play in the Premier League. With the ever-increasing transfer fees many clubs rely heavily on their home-grown schemes like Bournemouth's and while a handful of sims have tried to incorporate this side of management it seems that it should figure rather more substantially.

SECOND HALF

A more noticeable omission from many sims (with the notable exception of *PM3*) is transfer deadline day which, according to John, is the busiest day of the year for a manager. "This year it was on 28th March and was absolute chaos. We had the boys in for training in the morning and also had five, possibly seven, deals on the go. As it turned out we completed four deals in and one out. You have to get everything done by 5 o'clock and we still had paper going into the fax machine at 5:18pm, worrying whether we'd managed to sign the boys."

As various staff members drifted in and out of the office I was keen to discover how the Chairman fits into the scheme of things. Sims would have us believe that he is a short, balding figure who lives in his office and isn't approached easily. A myth which John soon exploded: "With regard to the relationship between Mel and the Chairman, they're very close. They get on well, albeit a working relationship, but I think they get on well on a personal level too." And what about the manager and his assistant? "Oh, we're like glue. We're very close. You have to be, you

know? Every time we talk we're rubbing things off on one another. We test each other – shall we do it this way, shall we do it that way?" He adds: "It's great to work with someone who's as experienced and knowledgeable as him."

Glancing at his watch, I could tell John was itching to finish the interview. But before I allowed him to get to the training ground I wanted to know what the key qualities of a successful manager are. Having played for Tranmere Rovers, Port Vale, Bournemouth and Cardiff, John's ideas about 'successful managers', funny enough, didn't come from his time at Bournemouth. "I've been fortunate to have been in three promotion sides and each manager has done it differently. All the teams I've

been in have been very fit but some managers like a lot of rest. Some prefer to run their teams during the week, some teams do an awful lot of shape, pattern and organisation while other managers like 5-a-side. There's no set way to do it."

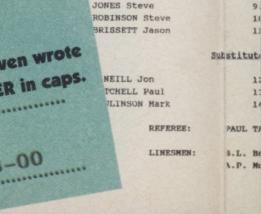
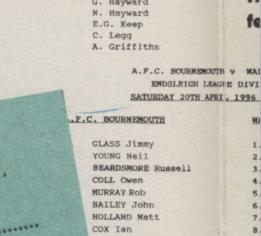
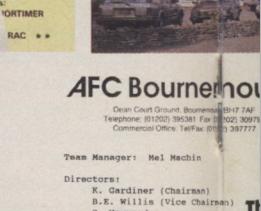
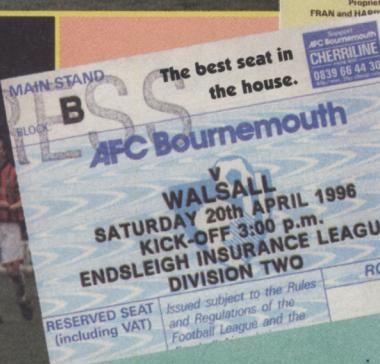
With the interview over, John appeared more relaxed. On the way over to Chapel Gate training ground, we chatted at length about the past season, the future England manager and other things football-ish. But whether it

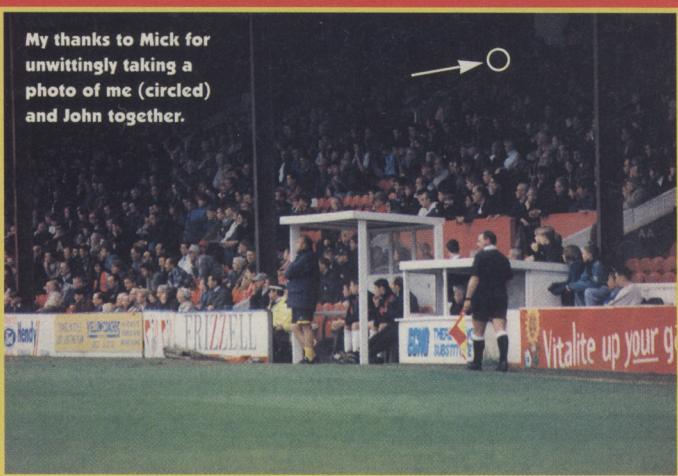


Brisset's trickery allows him to put in a dangerous cross.



Steve Jones bursts through the Walsall defence, nearly forgetting the ball.





My thanks to Mick for unwittingly taking a photo of me (circled) and John together.



A possible shot for use in a Spot The Ball competition. But without the ball.

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was me talking about Notts County or my goalscoring exploits for New Inn United that caused him to turn the volume up on the radio, I can't be sure.

Having learnt, through the course of conversation, that the club enjoys a very good relationship with the local newspaper (an monitor of success in many ways), the first thing John did when we arrived was to chat with a reporter from BBC Radio Solent. But while sims do incorporate the media into the life of a manager, they merely serve to comment on the team, when in actual fact the relationship is mutual – the club also using it as their mouthpiece.

As I waited for John, the Bournemouth players jostled each other playfully while betting loudly that I couldn't be hit with a series of objects ranging from stones to leaves. As an acorn flew past my right ear, I hoped that they were a better shot the next day against Walsall.

I'd already been informed that training the day before a match usually consisted of stretching and light running so

after John had taken them through their paces, the players indulged in some ball skills before being sent home to rest. For those not involved in the match with Walsall, it was time for a training match.

During the match John stood with hands clasped behind his back, wandering up and down the touchline, shouting instructions ("Make runs!") and encouraging players ("Great ball... good touch") sporadically. When it's over he takes aside a young defender and guides him through his movements when defending corner-kicks. Which portrayed the human side of a manager that sims rarely do.

When we arrived back at Dean Court I switched hurriedly into photographer mode while desperately trying to prolong my stay. Unsuccessfully, I might add, for as soon as I'd finished snapping John told me he had calls to make on that other favourite piece of sim furniture (the telephone) and so I retreated through the drizzle to my hotel.

FULL TIME

Before the match I bumped into John Motson which proved to be the most entertaining pre-match entertainment I'd ever experienced. "Hello John, Martin Axford – Future Publishing," I began. "Hi! John Motson!" came the reply as he extended his hand. To which, faintly bemused, I said: "I know," before he disappeared under a gang of autograph hunters.

The match itself was very much the shoddy end-of-season-scrappy affair that only the Endsleigh League could produce. That's certainly no reflection

on Bournemouth's management team as their young side went close on more than one occasion.

Throughout the match, John didn't venture much further from the position he'd taken up leaning against the inside of the dug-out. The most animated he became was when he took swigs from a Lucozade Isotonic bottle and crossed his arms – which hardly needs to be implemented in a sim.

As the match neared its nil-nil conclusion, all three Bournemouth substitutes were brought on. Not a great tactical insight but after having their captain Russell Beardmore sent off in the final minute, (having been named Man of the Match only minutes earlier) for an innocuous challenge, the point had been secured.

Rushing off to catch my train to Bath, and to Sue's birthday bash, I thought back to something which John had said the previous day. After hinting that I'd like to play football professionally (don't laugh – he did) John confided: "It's a great way to earn a living."

Recognising that playing a footy manny sim is the closest I'm ever going to get to playing for or taking control of a professional football team, I began to long for a sim which reflects all aspects of management. But perhaps that's wrong – after all, computer games were never designed to reflect reality. Like The A-Team, footy manny sims are pure escapism and I don't believe anyone really wants anything other than exactly that. Especially if they can guarantee plans "coming together".

• MARTIN AXFORD

"From stones to leaves"



Jones unleashes a ferocious drive. Which went over.

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Ticket type

Adult

Child

Number

39789

Valid

246983271403

Price

£11.75M

Substitutes

12. PLATI

13. BUTI

14. EVAI

PAUL TAYLOR

I.L. Baker

I.P. Monk

FRIZZELL

I met the ticket in

BUDGETS

An aide for the troubled wardens of the Big Ben clock tower?
We think probably not.

TIMEKEEPERS DATA DISK

Runs on: A500, A600, A1200
(with *Timekeepers*, natch)

Publisher: Vulcan, 72 Queens
Road, Buckland, Portsmouth
PO2 7NA

Price: £6

Re-reading the extraordinarily rare issue 52 for its review of the original *Timekeepers*, several things drew themselves to my attention. One was the enormous *Doom* feature, with pictures of the electric BB machine-gun that sadly didn't work. (The prop company had mistakenly packed it in grease as you would the real thing, gumming up the mechanism.) Another was *Tennis Champs*, *Air Taxi* and *Gloom* on the coverdisks. Yet a third was a screenshot of *Switchworld*, an exciting-looking *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender that mysteriously never came out. A

fourth was an apology for the smaller size of the issue, and an associated fifth was Rich Pelley's funny speculation on the future of AMIGA POWER while introducing some *Gravity Power* tips. There were even three or four of our five hardy jokes. It hardly seems like ten months ago, and yet it was – exactly – which is a heck of a long time to wait for a data disk by anyone's standards, wrapping that bit up rather neatly and thanks awfully.

Timekeepers, readers who haven't answered their doors at an unusual hour to be severely beaten by three drunks in a mistake over house numbers will recall, is a hellishly devious *Lemmings*-like puzzle game except with characters who 'do' rather than 'make'.

I enjoyed it greatly, as the lay-a-trail-of-actions structure removed the *Lemmings* curse of working a level out but then having actually to complete it pixel-perfectly, while the overhead view invited me to criss-cross the smallish screens and deal entertainingly with busy tim junctions. Beaming, I bestowed 82 marks upon it. Something akin to watching their wife rocket-launched by a crime boss has clearly happened to Vulcan in the intervening months, for all

emotion has been burnt out of them. The *Timekeepers* data disk is uncompromisingly harsh, building upon the original's cunning with booby-trapped dead ends and convincingly lengthy false trails leading to utter disaster. I who have completed the original game took upwards of 20 minutes to beat the first level, which is just how it should be.

As with the original game, you can return to a completed level within a time zone (there are four, of fifteen levels each) to try for more rescued tims (you need at least five of the

sixteen to defuse the nukes at the end) but foolishly can't move between zones to revisit a favourite. And I remain thoroughly unconvinced by the initial race to stop half your tims falling down holes. If I wanted to put aside mental agility in favour of battling with the mouse, I'd go back to *Lemmings*. Except I won't.

Don't even consider the data disk unless you've conquered *Timekeepers* itself – barring slight graphical tidying, there is nothing new to be found within. It is simply a set of levels of such deadly ghastliness as to make the original's look like a flan. My congratulations, Vulcan, although you of course realise I will triumph in chapter twelve, unmasking you as the kindly industrialist Mr Wallingham and escaping as your headquarters collapses about your thwarted ears.

● JONATHAN NASH

THE BOTTOM LINE

Further flint-hearted sneakiness for a game that remorselessly evicted nuns in the first place. First-class puzzles in a leisurely anguished vein.

80
PERCENT



PD

C-Monster's PD word of the month is "Bonkers". We're honestly so desperately sorry. No, really. I mean you expect a little bit more for your money than some hairy student saying "Bonkers". Tch.

PITCH 'N' PUTT



F1 Licenceware £7.99

You're familiar with the haiku, aren't you? It's an ancient Japanese poetry form with a completely formalised shape: 17 syllables, three lines and you're out of there. It's all about simplicity, elegance and minimalism. *Pitch 'n' Putt* is a digital haiku about golf.

Not that golfers will like it. Purists will applaud the choice of five varied courses, the slick presentation and multiplayer options but they'll chide its lack of any slopes on the green, laugh heartily at the removal of wind, feel claustrophobic at its one-screen levels and find in



unbelievable that you can't even shoot over the massively out-of-scale trees. They'll gleefully damn it as *HELLSPAWN* golf sim. They'll be right.

As an abstract computer game it's a piece of very minor genius. The designer has realised that golf games, for all the options, are intrinsically limited things: you merely drive up the centre of the course to the green, and then spend ages trying to putt it. The gameplay in trad sims is effectively instinct based – there are so many variables to balance you're merely estimating what's going to happen. You're never in complete control, never playing

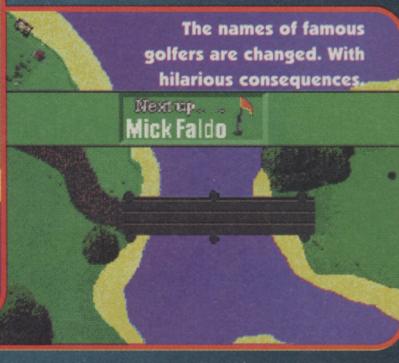
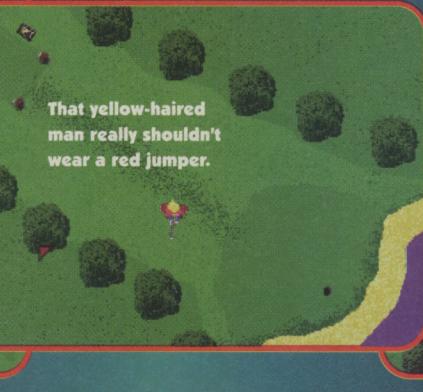
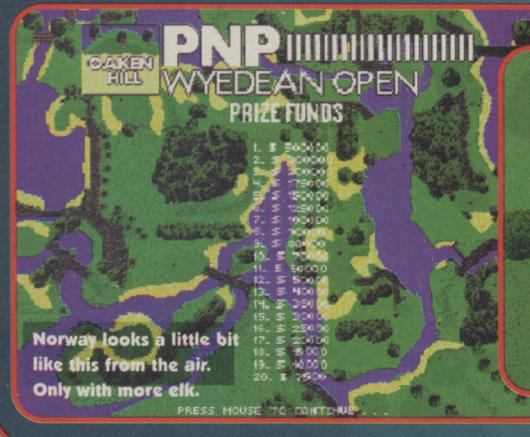


merely simulating. In *Pitch 'n' Putt* you have to think. And calculate. The trees form a maze, only traversable by choosing the correct club. It's effectively a puzzle game with a dash of action, more *Lemmings* than *PGA Golf*. You plan your approach

to the hole, grab the correct tool for the job and rely on a little bit of skill put it into action. Getting to the hole is just as difficult as actually putting the ball.

It's flawed. Golfers will hate it but if you thought you would like *Sensible Golf* (and didn't, natch) this is better than having a Sherbet and Toffee Flashflood sweep through your bedroom.

★★★★



FRIDAY NIGHT POOL 2

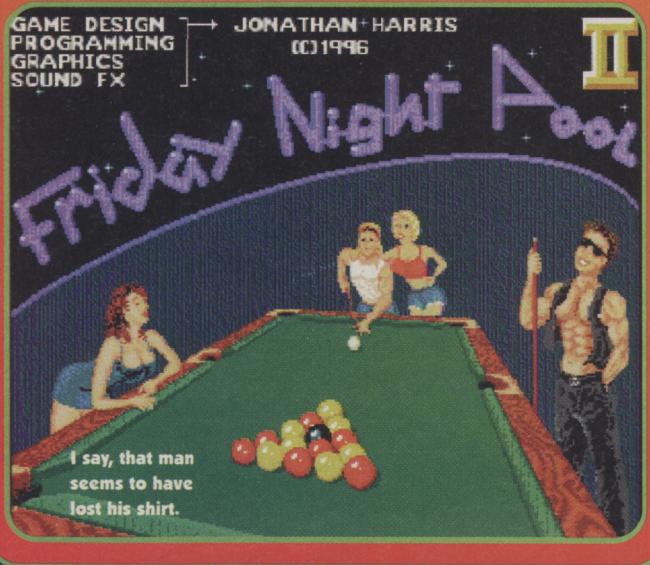
CLUB 21 (Jon Harris) £10

I'm not here to cast Moral Judgments. I'm here to talk about games. It's one of the great clichés of AP game reviewing that we don't take marks off a game simply because the motivation is to make several female parties enter an unclothed state. The fact that all of them get low marks is purely attributed to how awful the games are, which makes *Friday Night Pool 2* quite original. The game's quite good.

Though, unfortunately, not as good as Team 17's *Arcade Pool*, with which it shares a view, a control system and (most importantly) a price point. While it allows one and two players, speed pool, back spin and all the Lego™ pieces which are necessary in a post-modern pool game Lego™ kit, *Arcade Pool* gives more. Both have past the basic exams, but *Arcade Pool* demanded the special paper while *Friday Night Pool* was sneaking off for a crafty fag.

Of course, it does have its good points. There're the charmingly realistic computer players, who play at a consistent level depending on which opponent was selected, rather deliberately fluffing shots to give you a chance. It's just that unless you really like extremely soft porn piccies this is a bit pointless. And strip pool's a bonkers idea.

★★★



Isn't that Alfred Hitchcock? Oh, no, sorry.

SCREECH

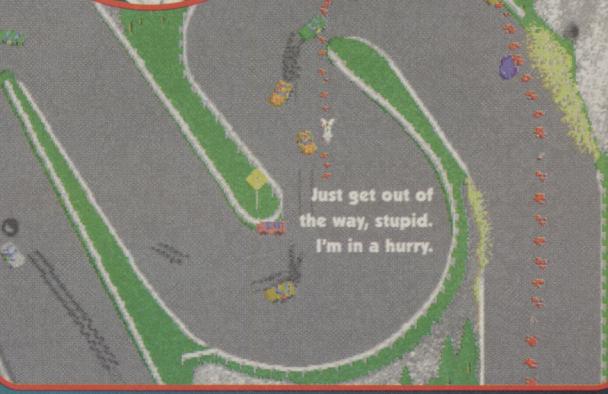
17 Bit Software

And the Spiritual Children of Skidmarks march on, the latest cadet to shoulder his AK47 and march into the PD fray being this one or two player, A1200 only, Blitz-Basic-Powered isometric driver (à la *Skidmarks*, natch).

Except it's different enough from its progenitor to be worth closer examination. The cars are much smaller and slower, the crashes less spectacular and the non-bouncy tracks are smattered with risky shortcuts. All this makes races much more cerebral, enhanced by the most intelligent of computer opposition, who'll dart around like vodka-drenched humming birds in a desperate attempt to overtake you, dragging you into dramatically sadistic driving duels, usually leading to you gently pirouetting into a bale of hay.

All of which might present something of a problem. The cars have similar performance, so one major crash puts you in an unrecoverable position – floor the accelerator for the rest of the race and you still won't catch even the slightest whiff of the leader's exhaust fumes. Your only comfort is to run over the course invaders, flag boys and wheelchair invalids and drag their bleeding corpses around the circuit with you. I'm not joking.

★★★



MASTERBLASTER

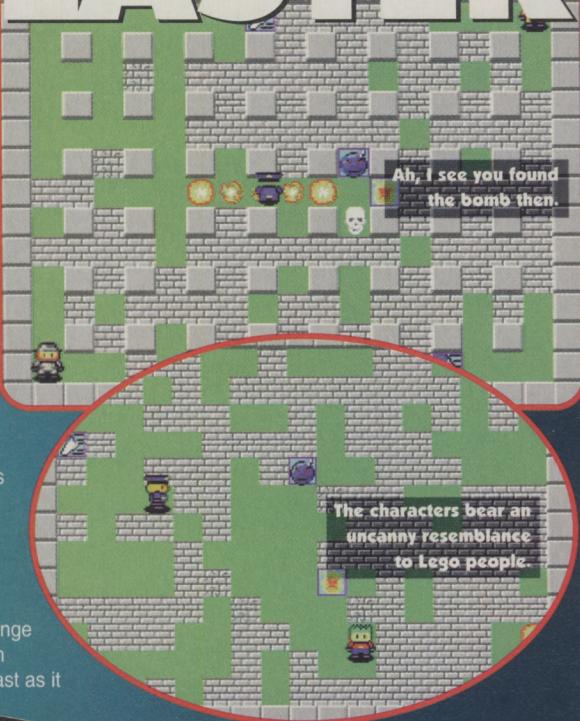
17 Bit Software

Basically a *Dynablaster*-plus which curiously results in *Dynablaster*-minus. This is a crippled version of their full program which allows three chums (Five in the shareware version) to run around a maze, plant bombs and plaster their ex-chums across the maze wall. It improves on



"Official" Amiga *Dynablaster* by allowing team play, a choice of sprites, shops and more power-ups. It takes away its soul. Which is a shame. It's also hard to pin-point a cause. It's probably to do with the arena being slightly too large, the graphics trying to hard to be Japanese and the ghosts moving too fast (leading to winning a game being a matter of surviving rather than direct competition). This is still the third best *Dynablaster* game on the Amiga, it's just that *Dynablaster*, like a racing greyhound, is so finally honed that a change in one muscle's strength stops it racing half as fast as it should do.

★★★



Ah, I see you found the bomb then.

The characters bear an uncanny resemblance to Lego people.

PIC IT

17 Bit Software £3 Shareware

The thing which PD breeds more than any other is evil, diseased minds. Take Rob Massey, a man who saw *Catchphrase* on TV and, as opposed to turning over, or vomiting like any sane person would have done, decided it'll make the basis for a fine PD quiz game. Sicko.

Except that he was right: You and up to four other chums answers questions, reveal piccies and guess popular phrases. Just like *Catchphrase* basically, but minus a digitised Roy Walkerian: "It's good, but it's not right".

Basically like younger brothers it's simple but charming, but unlike said siblings it won't smash up your toys and cry when you hit it. Which has got to be a Good Thing. ★★★



Can you even see that this is a caption?

Who had a hit album called 'A Momentary Lapse of Reason'?

Iron Maiden

Quit

Pink Floyd

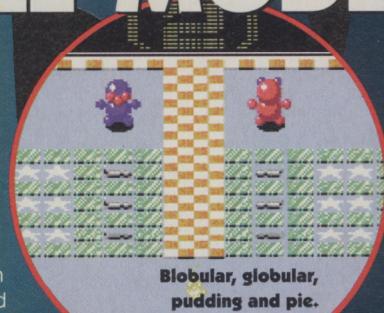
SKIDDY THINGS BATTLE MODE

Simon Hitchen

Deep breath. Arena-based combat between two inertia-ridden globular creatures, who attempt to grind their opponent beneath their feet by first grabbing power-ups then inflating and throwing balloon animals (dogs, elephants and robots) at each other. Victory results in the vanquished member exploding into fragments, mocked by unceasing demonic laughter.

If programmer Simon Hitchen is anything like his game he's witty, beguiling, a little self obsessed and completely bonkers. Take that as you will.

★★★



Blobular, globular, pudding and pie.



It's a-maze-ing.
Another AP joke returns.

WHERE? HOW MUCH?

SIMON HITCHEN: 33, Bodmin Road, Leeds, LS10 4PL
17 Bit Software: 1st Floor Offices, 2/8 Market street, Wakefield, West Yorkshire, WF1 1DH Tel: (01924) 366982. CLUB 21: Jonathan Harris, 2, Leigh Road, Walsall, W. Midlands, WS4 2DS. F1 Licenseware: 31, Wellington Rd, Exeter, Devon. EX2 9DU Tel: (01392) 493580

POINTS OF VIEW

Few things in life are as reliable as this page. Apart from when it went missing some months back.



TOTAL FOOTBALL



XP8



PITCH 'N' PUTT



BIO YOGHURTS



YUM YUMS

TIM NORRIS

Here, I think, we go
★★★★★

Haven't played it

Golf-like
★★★★★

Fighting.
With dinosaurs
★★★★★

D-flipping
-licious
★★★★★

MARTIN ALEXANDER

Heavenly
★★★★★

Hellish
★★★★★

Bosky
★★★★★

Cultured
★★★★★

Wet, no fat?
★★★★★

JONATHAN NASH

Haven't played it
★★★★★

PO Box 8
more like
★★★★★

Shockingly
great
★★★★★

Never tried it
★★★★★

Sickly
★

"Doughnut twists?"
★★★★★

JONATHAN DAVIES

Total
indeed
★★★★★

Heardless
★★★★★

Golf - but
not PGA
★★★★★

Pointless
★

I recommend Mini
Dime Bars
★★★★★

Sinister
★★★★★

Hoorah!
★★★★★

"Boughtout twists?"
★★★★★

"ED"

"Enjoyable"
★★★★★

("Explosive")
★★★★★

("Exciting")
★★★★★

("Edible")
★★★★★

("...snip")
★★★★★

NEXT MONTH

ON SALE
25TH JUNE

YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE...

We've been forced to break so many promises in the past that it's hardly worthwhile speculating on what might appear in the next issue of

AMIGA POWER. In fact, the only promise we are willing to make is that we shall be appearing on the shelves. And that's worth believing in itself.

COMPLETE CONTROL

When a **Star Trek** script writer requires one of those meaningless technogubbins lines they insist on muddling up the plot with, they merely write **TECH** and leave it for someone to fill in later. C-Monster now wonders if he wrote **ENTERTAINING AND WELL WRITTEN INTRO TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST AMIGA TIPS COLUMN** some sub-writer would do likewise? Worth a try I suppose...

WORMS

Team 17

The anchida is a fine spined mammal. So is (we presume) the entity only known as Spineysoft, the foul creation of Andrew and Patrick Crane of Bournemouth. Both creatures eat three times their weight in leaves each day.

"We at Spineysoft (creators of some *Gravity Power* levels) have driven ourselves even more insane in our crusade to find the best levels on *Worms*. And here (for your delectation and delight) they are...



CALTEC (Jungle)	BOMBERMAN (Alien)
175817B415 (Desert)	1593370983 (Forest)
95433891B (Alien)	011ZVT5RPK (Forest)
BCDEFGIJK (Hell)	DEFGHIJKLMNOP (Forest)
1087408798 (Desert)	4 BILLION (Arctic)
MAD SAHIB (Forest)	1027286600 (Arctic)
AMIGA (Arctic)	CANOESQUAD (Jungle)
1803921718 (Scrap)	252101839 (Forest)

"We also recommend that players steer well clear of Hell and Martian levels; overcrowded forests and steep hills. Anyway, that's that - bye!"

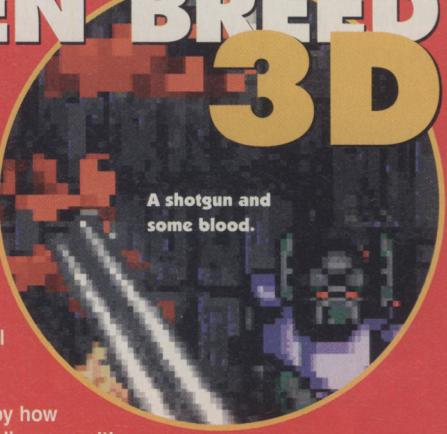
8 PAGES OF PREMIUM PLAYING TIPS START HERE

Alien Breed 3D	38	Last Resort	44-45
Civilization	45	Monkey Island 2	45
Eye of the Beholder 2	45	SWOS Editor	39
Frontier	45	Worms	38
Gobliiins	45	Zeewolf 2	40-43

ALIEN BREED 3D

Team 17

From clubs to lecture halls, in pubs and at bus stops one thing remains constant - I'm forced to chat inanely to people. Being a fairly gregarious person I'll present one of my well formed and balanced opinions to them. I'm constantly surprised by how many people actually disagree with me, just like Manchester's David Clayton did on the subject of my *AB3D* tips. They are all wrong.



A shotgun and some blood.

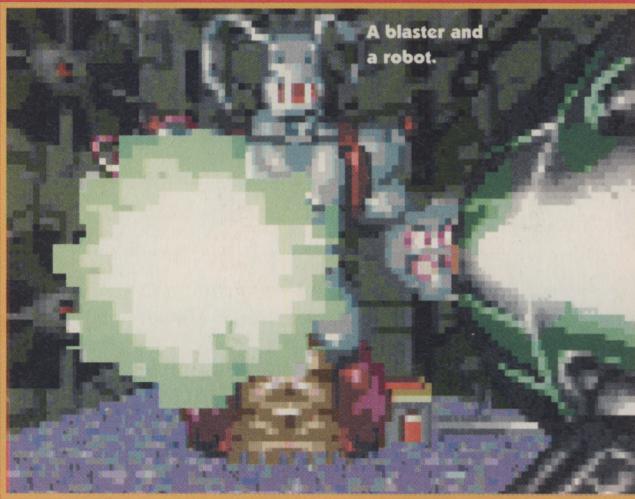
LVL 8: TEST ARENA GAMMA

You say you need to kill Patty (the droid who spits grenades) from inside the room, and then run past her to collect the blue key she leaves behind on her destruction (*I did y'know. — CM*). When I completed this level I found I didn't need to kill Patty or even face her at all. What I did was to go down into the room, pick up the ammo from the room first, leaving the yellow key until last as once this enters your possession Patty comes down the lift. Turn to face the steps out, then back up to pick up the yellow key. Now immediately leg it out of the room, making haste to the area where you first jumped down from the start, and Patty won't follow. Go to the place where the shotgun ammo was, or still is, at the farthest end and walk directly into the corner where the walls meet. Now immediately turn to face the open area at an angle and back up. You should immediately jump up back onto the upper walkway. Make for the yellow key exit door and it's another level completed. (*I was aware of this. I was also aware that if you did it you're A DIRTY, ROTTEN CHEAT. So I didn't tell you. I was paid (quite handsomely) to give proper guidance. So there. — CM*)

LVL 12: THE PIT

When you get the red key exit pass and have reached the window where you toss grenades through to atomise the Sharons, pause your progress and look down at an angle into the room to see the red key door below. Check that there are no Sharons near the door. If there are then lob a few grenades down at them. When the pathway is clear, or pretty close, head down to the door.

Enter the room and quickly trigger the lift. Now immediately exit back out of the room via the red key door, which will slide eerily closed behind you. Doing this will give the lift time to come down, as it'll take a little while. Pass the time by topping your health up with the nearby medkits. Arm your shotgun and re-enter the Sharon room. Hop onto the lift and activate it (*Choose lift. — Dyslexic Trainspotter Ed*). Spin round during your ascent and give Sharon's offspring a heavy dose of nine gauge. You'll soon reach the exit.



A blaster and a robot.

ROBOCOP 3

Ocean

Tom Taylor (Thargoid, Son of Tharg, founder of Tharg, Prince of the Thargoid Empire and Commander of the Knights of the Solar Cross) has a name of such length that it takes up all the room I would otherwise have spent eulogising his fine complete solution of this innovative (but ageing) 3D zapper. What a shame, eh?

"Hi. I'm sending this letter to help all of you complete *Robocop 3*. Warning! I have left it a bit open ended so I won't be telling you which paths you should take in the shooty *Doom*-type bits.

1) "Look on the scanner and drive up, then right to the upper right part of Detroit. Go to the white blob. Shoot all the Splatterpunks, remembering that drilling innocents will greatly reduce your winning

chances. Whether you don't find your partner (and miss the big bonus points) or you do, you'll complete the level. If you do find her then shoot the guy holding her hostage. In the head (*Natch.* - CM).

2) "In the church, shoot no-one. Instead, turn around and face the horrid Rehabs outside. LAUGH IN THE FACE OF CORRUPTION (basically). You can't win, but shooting the lights helps slightly. You sustain lots of damage and go back into the church, finding loads of Rehabs shooting you. Kill them. Go through the door that is not the one leading to the Rehabs. It takes you to the

SEWERS! In fact all you have to do is ignore the other

passages and go straight on, running like a scared Sidewinder in *Elite*. Shoot everything in your path, as there are no innocents here. Eventually you'll reach a dead end.

Enter the corner and wait, using this time to calm your heavily-beating heart.

3) "Drive to the white blob or 24 hour m(h)otel (Arent American spellings slightly annoying?) (*Yes, but not so much as completely wrong ones.* Arent? Geesh. - CM). Go through the orange double doors. Find the elevator and go up by shooting the up arrow. Walk around, and inevitably McDaggart will escape.

4) "Drive to Rocket Motors -

that's the white blob, remember. You now have to fight Otomo. Turn right and go forwards.

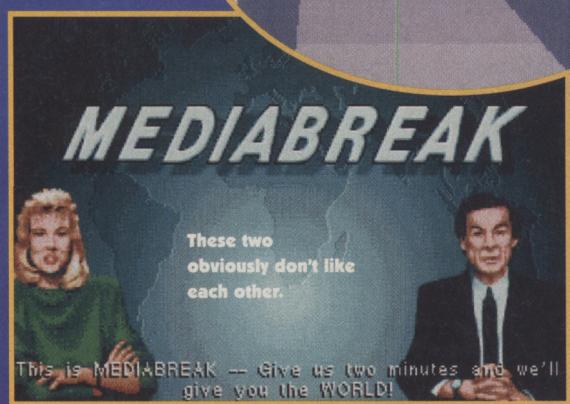
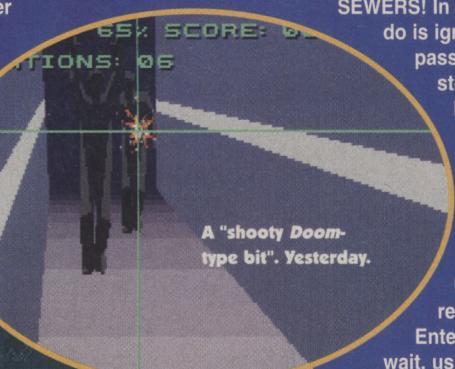
Press F1 for Robovision™ then wait until he is far away, hacking at nothing. Shoot him in the back. "Challenging the mighty Robocop is not wise" is an apt thing to say as you watch him slump to the floor, impressively dead (*When I did this Otomo was slightly more virulent. I would suggest you run away as far as possible from Otomo, then get out your pistol and shoot him. However if he jumps even slightly towards you press the draw gun button again. This will stop you dropping your gun when he gives you a dose of high power Kung Fu action. And when you run away you get your pistol out again and carry on.* - CM).

5) "Don't bother with the machine gun in the flying bit. Simply stick to the cannon. Slow down and kill the helicopters, before sweeping down to destroy the tanks. Just practice and you'll do it. Eventually McDaggart will invite you to OCP Towers...

6) "...greeting you with yet another Otomo. This guy is a bit better, so be rather more cautious. Watch the end as Robocop soars majestically upwards like a Thargoid ship attacking in the mighty *Elite*. You've won. If you have not died of excitement you can tell your friends that you've completed *Robocop 3* with no hints whatsoever. However this action will result in you being placed in that mysterious box where LYING RUFFIANS and HOOLIGANS (*Whatever did happen to These Animal Men?* - CM) abound."

Anything else?

"What did you do to my In The Style Of? (*Absolutely no idea, fella.* - CM) Where's Isabella Rees? (*Ditto.* - CM) And why do kids do ANYTHING for the taste of a soft cheese triangle?" (*Actually we thought of something funny to do with this. But we think it curiously funnier if we don't tell you.* - CM)



SWOS CUSTOM EDITOR

Rune Keller

"I went out with a truly beautiful girl once, but she was a bit (well) difficult. I finished with her after three days. I do feel that if she had the ability to edit SWOS levels to my own specifications I would probably have persevered longer." Such is the metaphorical tale of Matthew "lamebrain" Bunting of South Yorkshire.

"I wrote to you a few weeks ago concerning the much maligned SWOS Editor - thanks for the reply. I have since 'cracked it' and would like to pass on my (probably useless) information to any reader still stumped by this demon.

"Both sets of presented instructions work on the A1200 (even for an Amiga knownothing like me) but do remember to take out AP58b and insert your COPY of SWOS2 when the main editing screen appears: Now edit away (except the English teams, natch.) and save your changes. Then load the original from scratch and when the game is loaded swap the original SWOS for the copy of SWOS 2 (I put half the teams on one disk and the

other half on another, which helped with space). The new changes should now be read and your chosen career team will be worldbeaters (Though their skills do fade as the seasons elapse).

"It's unfortunate that the English teams are uneditable - the only way I could work out around it was to edit some third rate Cypriot squad with the names of your fave club's new signings, give them top skills and a 5K Market value. Now buy them from this little team, with 50K usually doing the trick (snide, eh?) (*Yeah!* - CM). The only problem with this is that it only works on the club you're managing, leading to your opponents being out of date. Still, it's better than nothing, innit?

Alternatively we could bombard Rune Keller with letters demanding the immediate creation of a repacking program. Surely someone, somewhere can write a repacking program for the English league? Come on boffs! Who wants to mess around editing all those Jonny Foreigner teams? After all they won't even eat our beef, the ("Twits are common in the English springtime." - Ed!)

DON'T FORGET!

Perhaps the most inspiring feature of this world's many terrains are the mountains. Generation upon generation of men, women and children have gazed at their snow-wreathed tops in eternal wonder, humanity's arrogance slightly lowered in the face of nature's majesty. And mountains have tips. So worship the highest point of nature by sending them to me.

Complete Control
AMIGA POWER
30, Monmouth Street,
BATH,
BA1 2BW

or email me at bs4kmg@bath.ac.uk

ZEEWOLF 2

Concluding our epic series of tips from MEN WHO KNOW.

ACT TWO

After last month's sterling work by Binary Asylum's very own Seb Grinke and AMIGA POWER's very own C-Monster in bringing you, the ever-hungry-for-tips-straight-from-the-horse's-mouth reader, some fabulous and insightful tips to the first 16 missions of *Zeewolf 2*, we realise that this, the Second Act has a lot to live up to. And because AP, as you'll be well aware, relishes such cerebral challenges, our mighty brains have come up with the idea that the best way to start this second, and ultimate, act is to continue in a similar vein. Only this time the tips are going to be for the second 16 missions. Surprisingly. From missions 17 to 32 in fact.

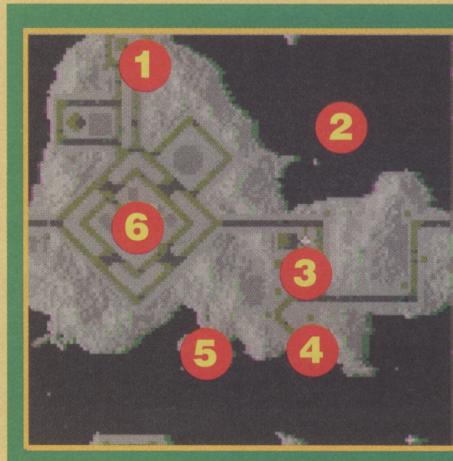
And after much wrangling with the boys at Binary, we've talked them into letting us print all the passwords to all the levels as a sort of bonus. For AP readers only. Naturally. Thanks this time go again to Binary Asylum's Seb Grinke and ex-Binary Asylum refugee, and now writer for AMIGA POWER, Andy Smith.

MISSIONS: THE SECOND WAVE

MISSION 1 FOR THIS SECOND ACT, BUT MISSION 17 IN THE GAME

PASSWORD: STATIGUN

The hardest part of this mission is rescuing the two men in bunkers on the airstrip located on the central island (the one surrounded by Sharks). To accomplish this, fly in a straight line from east to west over the island firing rockets or AAMs at the Ospreys as they take off. Ospreys are quite vulnerable when they're in this just getting off the ground



MISSION 18

- 1 Oil Plant (This needs to be destroyed)
- 2 Carrier (Drop the extra Zeewolf here)
- 3 Enemy Control Tower (Destroy this)
- 4 Commandos and a well stocked Camel (Beware of ambushes at this site)
- 5 Extra Zeewolf (Take it back to the Carrier for extra life)
- 6 Tower Block (Take the Commandos here)

stage of their take-off, but are very dangerous once they're up and active, so keep your wits about you and react fast. Once you've taken all the Ospreys out you can then go back and kill the circling helicopters, which are much less of a threat.

The remaining four men are, as the briefing says, located in two tower blocks at the bottom of the diamond shaped concrete areas in the top left of the map.

MISSION 18 PASSWORD: STATIPAUSE

This level would be easy were it not covered in ECM Watchdogs. To get around this, you should either use the roads to navigate by, or pick off the

Watchdogs one at a time by circling and using the gun camera to spot them. Should you get lost you should fly out to sea, or somewhere where there are no enemies around, and examine your tactics screen from there.

MISSION 19 PASSWORD: PATROFF

The best way of tackling this mission is to use the Barracuda to attack with (don't forget last month's tips on which weapons to use against what). If it gets killed, simply press Escape and try again. If you're finding it really tough to complete this mission then use the Barracuda to create as much damage as possible before switching back to the Zeewolf to finish the job.

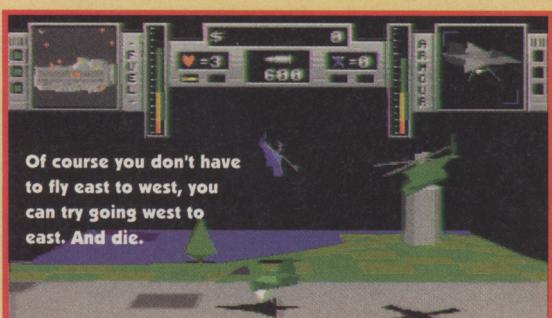
MISSION 20 PASSWORD: DOITNOW

The important thing on this mission is NOT to pick up men from the building in the central base (if you look carefully you will see that they are green, and therefore highly dangerous). That said, this level should be a straightforward one, although it is worth making note of where your POWs are held (in a tower block on the south west base) as the tactics screen won't tell you. (Those cheeky Binary Asylum chappies eh? They do like a laugh...)



MISSION 21, PASSWORD: PATROL

The first thing to do here is to fly due north to the small base where your Camel is held. Take out the Watchdog, Mantis and Cobra sites before tackling the dome (or you could use the Cobra sites to shoot the dome for you if you want to be really clever, a tactic that will have been learned from

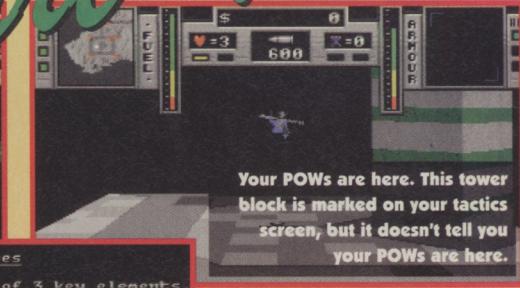
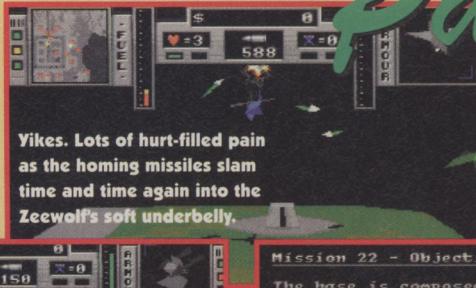
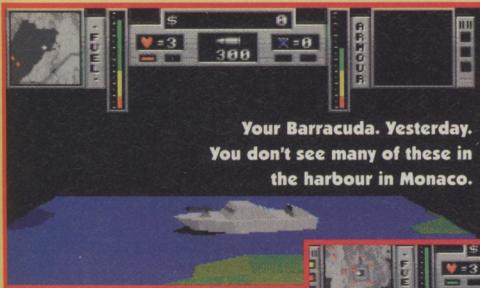


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Part Two



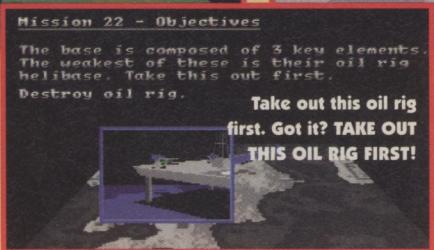
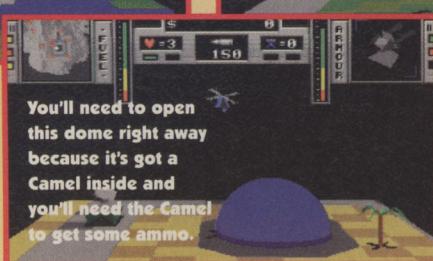
Zeewolf). Once you've re-armed, you can then go and repel the enemy attack on your village (don't worry about timing, because the game's designed so that the attack won't start until you're in the area).

That leaves you with a simple rescue operation (the men are located in a control tower to the north east of the map) and a boat yard and tank depot to destroy.

MISSION 22 PASSWORD: MARINER

As the briefing suggests, the first thing you should do on this mission is secure the oil rig at the north of the map so that you can dock with this Camel to refuelling (land on the X to do this).

The next step is to free the tanks from their domes and use them to rescue the four POWs. Once you've done this, use the tanks to destroy your other targets – which are marked on the tactics screen.



Take out this oil rig first. Got it? TAKE OUT THIS OIL RIG FIRST!

Zeewolf for finishing off. Don't be ashamed to press the Escape button and start all over again if things go pear-shaped on you. Well, not TOO ashamed anyway.

MISSION 23 PASSWORD: SHIPDECK

First destroy the ECM Watchdog on the top left island USING THE ZEEWOLF rather than the R/C Kestrel as otherwise your remote link will be jammed (and the Kestrel will drop out of the sky, which makes you look a bit of a fool back in the canteen at lunch time). After that, the rest of the mission should present no particular problem to a games playing hero like yourself. Obviously it's best to use the Kestrel initially and then resort to the



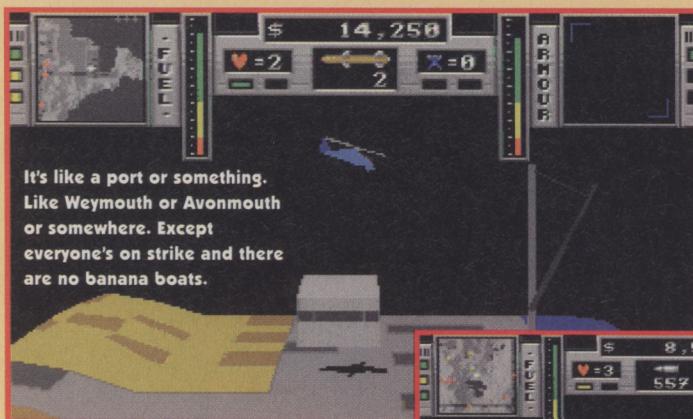
MISSION 24 PASSWORD: TSCREEN

The important thing here is not to follow the Kestrel at the start of the mission as it will most likely get you killed, and even if it doesn't it has been sabotaged and will explode before reaching the downed Pelican. The men you need to rescue are located to the top left of the map, about half way between the spot where the two main roads cross and the top left base. Use the roads to navigate as the area is occupied by ECM Watchdogs. The rest of the mission should be relatively straightforward, I mean it is mission 24 already and you should be one pretty hot Zeewolf 2 player by this stage. All of you who have not yet made the switch to mouse control should give yourselves very large smacks on the legs.

MISSION 24

- 1 Men to be rescued and downed Pelican.





MISSION 25, PASSWORD: GLOBOFF

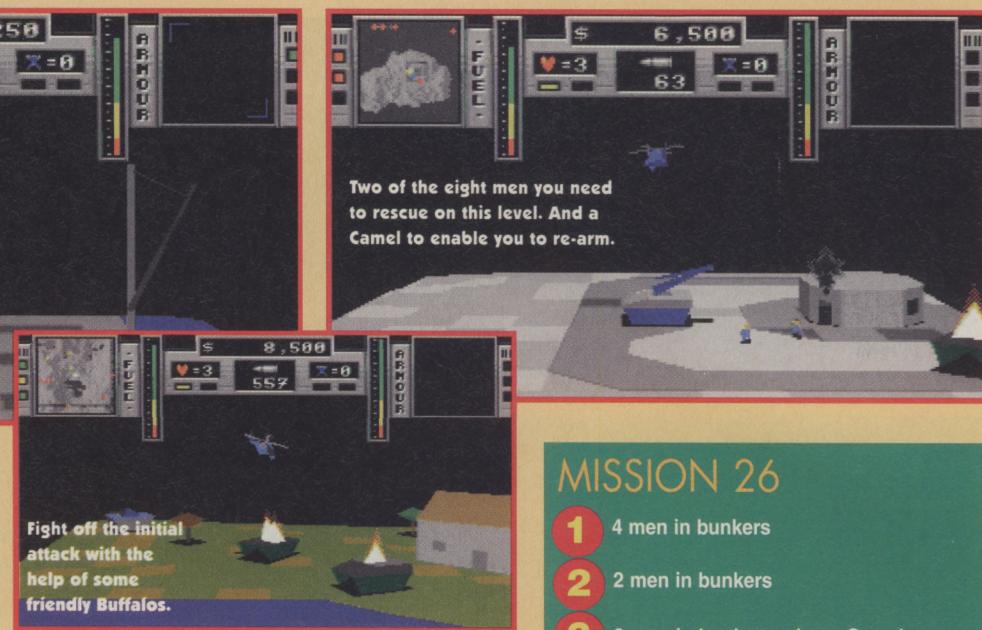
There is very little to say about this mission except that you should rescue the four men first so as to have enough armour to complete the other mission objectives. (The men are located on the northern-most base in case you forget.)

MISSION 26 PASSWORD: BEHAVE

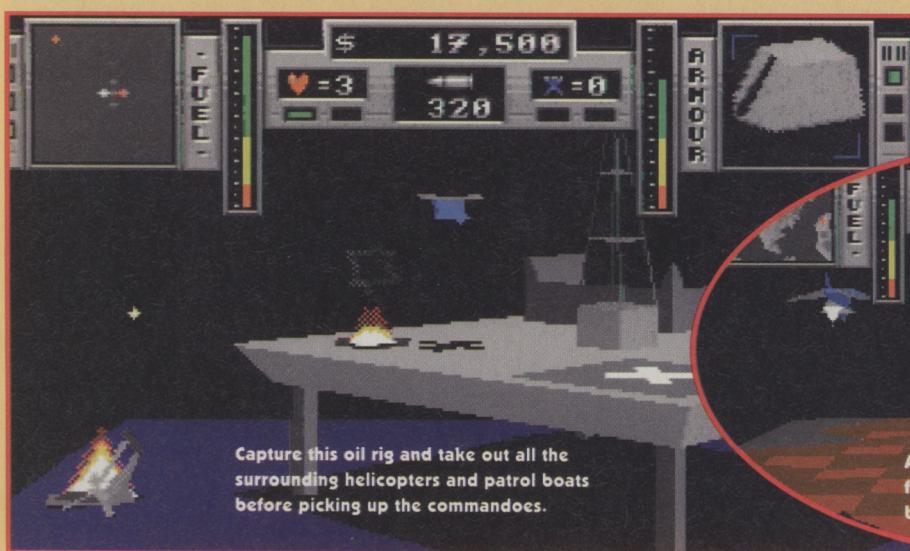
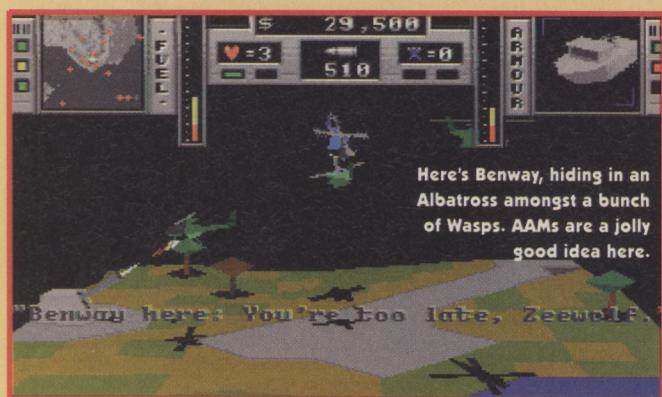
The eight men you have to rescue on this level are in bunkers on the three bases in a horizontal line just above the middle of the map (see the panel to the right). The furthest right of these also contains a Camel (so go to the ship and then to this Camel to re-arm at the start of the mission).

MISSION 27 PASSWORD: DISTORT

Obviously the priority on this mission is to ensure



the survival of your tanks, so do this first. Once you've done this you can move on to attacking Benway (don't worry about time, because once again, the game's been designed so he won't take off until you arrive on the scene). Note that the messages you receive are sent from a decoy Albatross, and that Benway is in fact hidden in the Wasp that starts its flight path to the left of the landing pad. Should you get low on lives, just remember that you are awarded a life for every Zeewolf dropped back to base, and that this mission is no exception.



MISSION 28 PASSWORD: SHADOW

When you capture the oil rig on this mission, attack it and the surrounding helicopters before you pick up the commandos (so as to minimise the very real risk of dying when you've got loads of men on board). As we well know by now, any men killed on board the Zeewolf stay killed, which can make completing certain missions very difficult.

MISSION 26

- 1 4 men in bunkers
- 2 2 men in bunkers
- 3 2 men in bunkers, plus a Camel.



These men are located in the middle of the top left island (on the map look for the area that seems to be a lake in the centre of this island). Be warned that there is a captured R/C Kestrel in the air above the commandos, so have your AAMs ready. The rest of the mission shouldn't be too hard if you follow the tactics screen instructions.

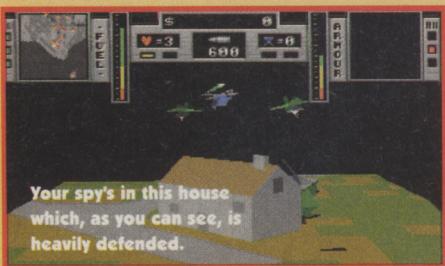
MISSION 29 PASSWORD: MAXFUEL

The only thing you need to know that isn't on the tactics screen for this mission is that the spy you need to collect is located in the house at the southern-most tip of the main island.

MISSION 30 PASSWORD: PELPAY

The R/C Camel for linking with the Barracuda on this





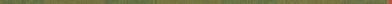
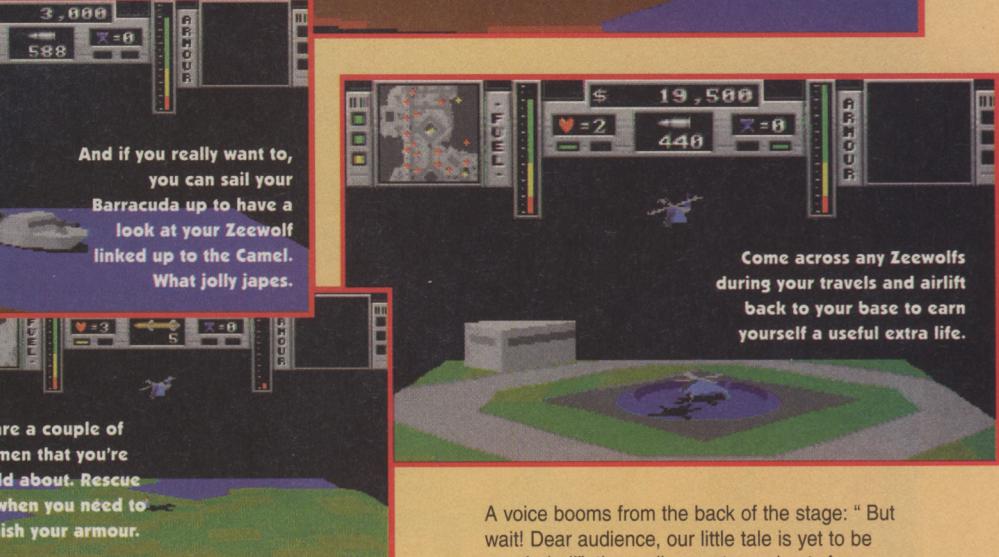
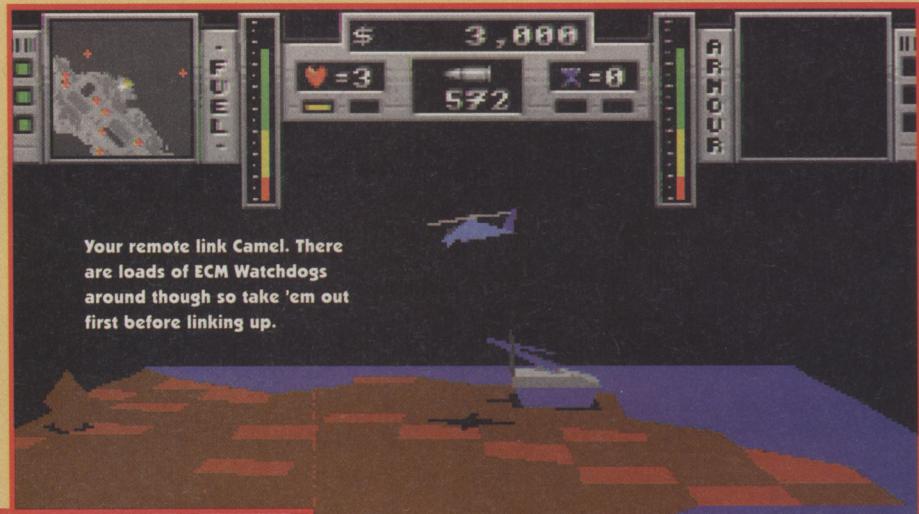
mission is located at the top right of the circle of land. However, in order to link with the Barracuda you will have to destroy the surrounding ECM Watchdogs first. As always, it is best to complete as much as you can with the Barracuda before jumping back in the Zeewolf to finish off.

MISSION 31 PASSWORD: DOMINO

On this mission there are two extra men you can rescue to regain armour. They are located to the south east of the bottom right base. Also, remember that any reclaimed Zeewolfs are worth an extra life and should therefore be recovered as soon as possible.

MISSION 32 PASSWORD: STEERDART

The bomb is of no use on this mission (as you'll find out should you try to drop it off), so the only thing to do is to fly in and pump rockets (which fire more rapidly than AAMs) into the enemy Zeewolf until it keels over. Once you've done that the game's up, finished, over. You'll have enjoyed the journey and you'll be feeling very satisfied with yourself for being



so wise in making such a worthwhile purchase in the first place (that last sentence was included for contractual reasons. It just happens to be a coincidence that we here at AP agree).

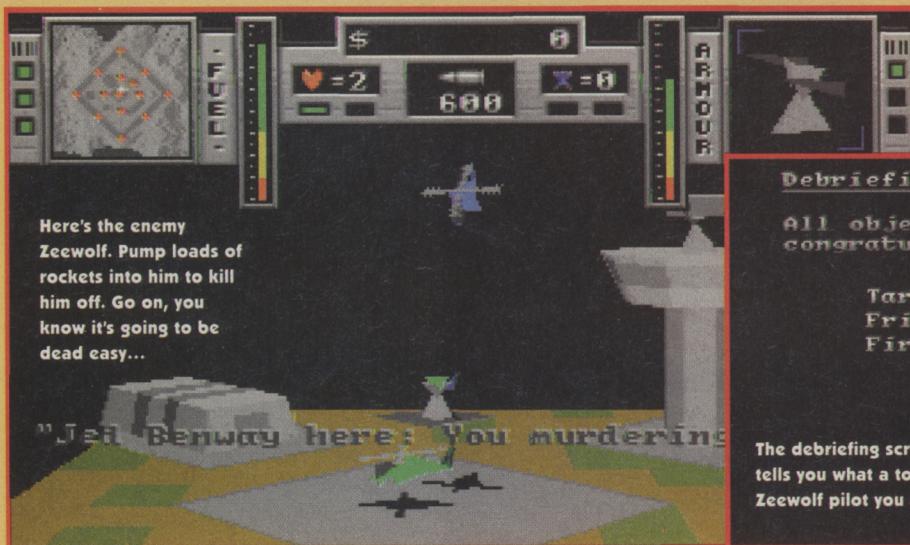
AND FINALLY

The lights are starting to fade out, the curtain slowly begins to fall and the audience, for the first time since they were captivated by such an enthralling display of game trickery, begin to talk to each other in hushed tones expressing their delight at the evening's entertainment, WHEN SUDDENLY!

A voice booms from the back of the stage: "But wait! Dear audience, our little tale is yet to be concluded!", the audience stop aghast. Arms remain half in, half out of coats, gloves remain loose and baggy and not yet snugly pulled on as the voice continues: "The final part of our little tale concerns the passwords for the first 16 levels of *Zeewolf 2*. We cannot leave this loose end undone. It would be too much like what happened to that bloke who comes into the hotel room in *Trainspotting*. You know, when Keith Allen is doing the deal with Begbie and the lads and he sends this bloke into the loo to check 'the stuff' out. No, we can't leave things like that, so here are the first 16 passwords:"

1. START	2. REQUIN	3. WOLFRAM
4. FULLMOON	5. LOBSTER	6. OURAGAN
7. HYENA	8. JMARGUS	9. STAG
10. RHUBARB	11. KRAKEN	12. REDALERT
13. DIXIE	14. STATION	15. THASK
16. GBULL		

• ANDY SMITH



Debriefing

All objectives achieved - congratulations!

Targets destroyed: 4
Friendlies rescued: 0
Fire control rating: 51.8%

The debriefing screen tells you what a top Zeewolf pilot you are...



RELEGATED?

Then you need...

THE LAST RESORT

with C-Monster



Give us a "C". Give us a "Monster". Give us a "C-Monster". Oh dear. No matter how you look at it, it's still a rather silly name isn't it?

LOOSE ENDS

THERE'S A LOOSE MOOSE ABOOT THIS HOOS. OR SOMETHING.

Q "Could you please help me with ISHAR 3. I find myself unable to get into the palace, so any guidance would be appreciated. Also how do you help the Raccoon GIY? I'm completely desperate!" *(You are allowed to stop playing to go to the toilet, y'know. — CM.)*

Laurence Whiteley, Cardigan (aged 14)

Q "You have been so kind to give me a cheat for ARABIAN NIGHTS. It works very good (*Aren't foreigners brilliant? — CM.*) Can you help me with another cheat? This time for ADDAMS FAMILY. My boy has gone very far in the game but in the end he lacks lives. I tried to help him. I tried some of the keys blindfolded so to speak. Suddenly we realised that we have got 99 lives. Now I can't remember how I did it. Was it luck or does there exist a cheat for 99 lives? Could you please help me. We have an Amiga 500 with 1 meg." *(Bravo. — CM.)*

Bent Nielsen, Magleparken, Denmark

Q "Has anyone got some cheats for the brilliant game FOOTBALL GLORY (*No it's*

not. — CM) on the A600 or any tips for the game, as I get (*"Wrist" — Ed*) on every time I play the (*"Flopping" — Ed*) thing."

Philip Sykes, Hull

Q "I'm stuck on MONKEY ISLAND. I can get onto part two (the journey) but don't know what to do on the Sea Monkey. I can get the recipe sheet and cinnamon sticks, but can't get the chests in the hold. I've got 172 pieces of eight, the rubber chicken, breath mints, an hundred percent cotton T-shirt, the staple remover, a note, the magnetic compass, the pamphlet, the leaflet, the brochure, the dusty book, the bookmark, the jolly roger, the cereal, fine wine, a giant piece of rope, pot, and a flaming mass all in my inventory. I'm really stuck, help me.

Neil Scott (Aged 9), Glasgow

Q "I'm stuck on RAINBOW ISLANDS Level Three on that giant vampire chap. I've tried and tried but find myself unable to vanquish the fanged creature. I've been stuck for all of five years (*Blimey. — CM.*)

Peter Nicholls, London

Q "I've been stuck on MONKEY ISLAND 2 for ages in the drinking contest. All the chap says is "Your grog's gone a funny colour" before getting me some more."

I know that you need to pour the grog into the tree. I also know that you need the near-alcoholic grog and a mirror. But where can I get them from? And how? And why? Please help me.

Karl Parry, Liverpool

Q "I'm stuck in EYE OF THE BEHOLDER 2 in a variety of places. Firstly I am only able to find three of the four horns. I've also been to the first floor (clerics' chambers) and found myself unable to open the door with a round key. I've been as far down as the sign saying "There is no turning back", and found myself trapped in this area. I also require another dark moon key but it's nowhere to be seen." *(Try looking for illusionary doors in the meantime. I seem to remember something about a few of them being about. — CM.)*

Yeti Sincerely, West Midlands

Q "In THE IMMORTAL I've managed to reach the bit where you've go to place the three gems in the holes and walk around in a funny way. I've followed the goblin's instructions but it appears that the (*"I knew a monk who recently fasted" — Ed*) lied to me. Help me please!"

Aubergine Taylor, Nottingham

Q "Whenever I'm playing SNOOKER I seem to have trouble keeping my temper, is there a cure for this? Also at the end of the last level, there's always this young Scottish chap who seems to play better than me whatever I do and stops me getting through to the silverware. Can any of your readers help me please? I'm becoming an increasingly desperate man."

Peter Ebdon, London

CASES CLOSED

THESE PEOPLE ARE ALL MY BEST CHUMS. QUITE LITERALLY THIS MONTH.

CIVILIZATION

Q Many of the world's greatest (and most fascistically egomaniacal too, natch) have set themselves the task of grinding the world beneath their mighty sanded feet. Many, such as the nubile Liam Cox of Cornwall, found that a diminutive treasury placed a premature cap on their ambitions. I was stumped for a cheat but (like the Three Musketeers) when one of Team 4.5 fails the others rush to his aid: Trust my favourite ever dreadlocked and eyeliner-clad Kurt Cobain obsessive to sort him out. Take it away, Hair.

A "Start the game, and when you build your initial colony suppress the desire to name it after obscure Nirvana B-Sides and daub it CHARLOTTE. The legend "Cheat mode active" will appear, giving you a bulging treasury of 50,000 gold, as well as sorting out that little map problem we all face."

Hair, Team 4.5, Sheffield

It has been a long running tradition to make AMIGA POWER's ever suffering freelancers look as silly as possible. But if you want a job done properly, ask a professional: Only a well trained photographer could make me look as ridiculous as I do in my photo. Anyway, here are some of your question and answers, as well as a horribly contrived outro (and intro for that matter).

A WELL WRITTEN, YET INEXPENSIVE, HINTS BOOK

Q "Can you tell me if AMIGA POWER have published a game cheat book. If yes, what is the price, etc."

Bent Nielsen, Magleparken, Denmark

A The Original Tipmeister (but after the one before him, natch), Rich Pelley, wrote his book "COMPLETE CONTROL" which features "hints, tips and cheats for hundreds of different games" and costs a mere £9.99. Best of all its ISBN number is 1-85870-019-3". Sounds like a bit of a bargain, eh? Anything else?

Q "Thank you for a nice magazine." Bent Nielsen, Magleparken, Denmark

A Aw shucks. You've got possibly the greatest name ever. I salute you.

GOBLIINS

Q "On Gobliins on level ten I find myself unable to get the key. Can somebody please, please help me?"

Philip Sykes, Hull

A If you asked me last week I really could have been able to tell you, but unfortunately I went into hospital to have my tonsils taken out again. Anyway, to cut a long story short, the doctor made a tiny mistake and removed about a third of my

FRONTIER

Q I'm constantly bombarded by demands for a money cheat in this most gargantuan of space trading sims. Last month Fred of Doncaster wanted "loads of money". This month I received a letter from Tom Fielfer of Eastbourne desperately pursuing the money cheat Kasper Wyoski referred to in Issue 59. I have no idea of any of these, and in my desperation mentioned this dilemma (*Great cars them dilemmas*. - *Obvious Joke Ed*) to Stafford-based Team 4.5 sibling Cheesecake. He tussled his rapidly growing hair and grunted a few words of wisdom. "Right bro - just tell them this..."

A "At the start of the game select Ros 154 as your opening position. Buy as much Hydrogen fuel as humanly possible. Hyperspace to Cemess (-2,-2) and move your orbit to William's Relay which floats gracefully above Donaldson. When you've successfully

cerebral cortex, leaving my memory fatally mauled. The only snippet of information remaining in my tangled neurones is something about the code for level twelve being FTQKVLE. Sorry.

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER 2

Q "I've found a room which has a notice clearly stating "You must leave many things", which I presume refers to the nine present pressure pads. I've left behind a huge variety of things, such as swords, daggers, helmets, shields, etc. but the door just refuses to slide open."

Yeti Sincerely, West Midlands

A This is another of those problems which I get sent to me with disturbing regularity, but the solution is quite simple: It's not the quality of the items that is importance, but rather the pattern of pads you depress. Simply choose five items you have no real use for at the moment (but are heavy to depress the pads) and place them in the following dainty pattern.

XOX OXO XOX

X=Place an item here.

O=Leave these places well clear.

Having performed this simple task, the door should slide open, allowing you to progress into the Margoyles lair.

MONKEY ISLAND 2

Q "Can you please help me. I'm stuck on *Monkey Island 2* in part four. When you are battling it out against Le Chuck. I've figured out that you need a voodoo doll to fight back (*Nice one, fella. - CM*) but I'm missing one crucial ingredient. I have the doll, beard, underwear and skull in the juju bag, but find myself unable to locate the "Something of the body". Oh, please can you help me, mighty being?"

Daniel Thomas, Leicester

A Does the Pope wear a rather amusing hat? Simply give the UberGhost the handkerchief before he zaps you. The foolish spectre will blow

docked sell everything that can be stripped from your hull and log onto the bulletin board.

There should be an entry for Richard's Exchange: If not, don't fret, merely select fast forward time until they choose to make their appearance. When you've contacted this fine repository, look for precious metals and gemstones. Rather curiously they have negative values by them. This is clearly mad, but say nothing to dissuade the cheery Mr Ben style store owner, and accept the cash for taking these "nasty, shiny rocks and metals" away. When your ship is full of these, enter the shipyard and buy the cheapest ship available (bar the two without hyperspace). Now repeat the stripping exercise on this ship until the entire thing is bare. Return to Richard's Exchange and fill up on gems again. If the shop is sold out of goodies or has disappeared merely use speed up again. Then buy another ship, and repeat the process until the enormous girth of your bank balance satisfies your desire."

Cheesecake, Team 4.5, Stafford

his prodigious nostrils and give it back to you. Swiftly slam it into your bag to gain an effective voodoo doll. Stabbing it with the syringe would be a wise idea.

I fear that my excommunication is in the post. Never mind.

ECONOMY SIZE MONKEY ISLAND 2

Q "I'm stuck on Le Chuck's fortress in *Monkey Island 2*. Which of the ugly bone door things am I meant to go through? Please help!"

Ashley Chesher, Middlesbrough

A I trust the memory of the bone dance is fresh in your memory? The one that took place at the bottom of the tree with all the maps in? Well you should recall that you wrote down the dance steps on your piece of paper in your dried spit.

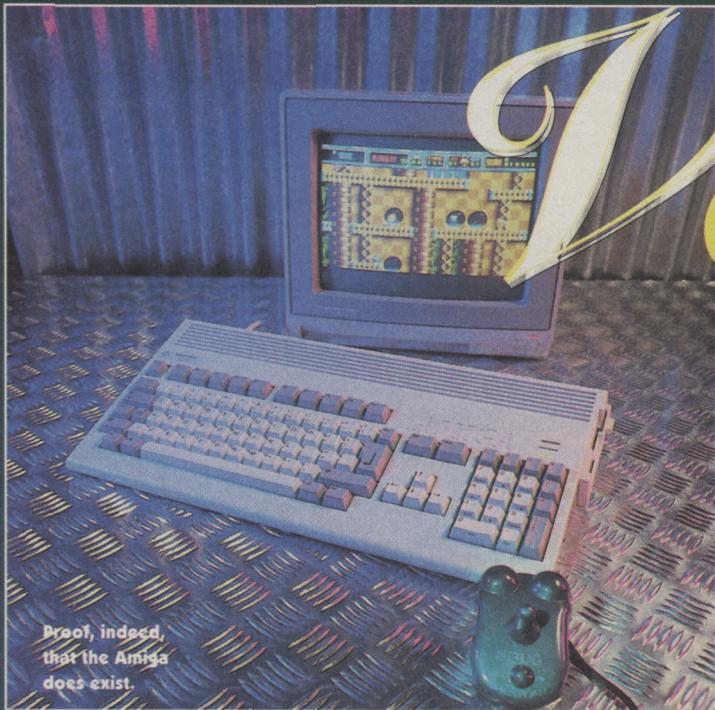
Well these ridiculously funky steps are your pathway through this section. For example if the first verse featured the words leg, head and hip you would look for a wall covering which looked like that. If you repeat this for all the verses then you'll find yourself at your correct destination before you can say "Thanks, Mr Monster".

In 1991 the Manic Street Preachers appeared, claiming they would be in the top two within a year. Five years later they were still completely stuck at their relative position in Top Forty's. That was until couple of months ago when Nikky Wire gave me a ring and asked for a little bit of advice. I soon provided Wales' finest punk-boy with the solution to his little dilemma. And I can do it for you too. From despair to where? To here, I'm afraid.

The Last Resort
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The Amiga Versus



AMIGA POWER has, in the past, looked at how the Amiga squares up to various things – cars, sport or reality for example. We have, though, been skirting the real issue. Now that skirt can be raised.

Mills, because of the courage of an editor who's not afraid to be burnt in effigy the world over, examines the fundamental questions. Mills, with the full blessing of Tim 'Fatwa' Norris, asks 'God or Amiga – who's the best?'



Moses rues his luck after forgetting his reading glasses.

You may be saying, if you're the kind of person who reads and talks at the same time, "God versus the Amiga? No contest – can you run *Gloom* on God? No. You can't. Let's stop all these people wasting their time producing huge theology texts, and put them to working writing a decent installation routine instead. That's what I say. They eat funny food too. I had one in the back of my cab the other week." I think it's pretty unlikely that you're saying that however, because you're a much deeper thinker than that; with a profound and pensive mind which you have to hide behind a cool shell of bravado to deflect the snide comments of those fools around you. They just don't understand you. But one day they'll be sorry, yes, YES, one day soon now their sarcasm and cruel laughter will be replaced with screams and sobbing entreaties for mercy. HA HA HA!

I worry about you sometimes, you know.

If the rest of you will follow me back over here to the point, what can we divine (ahem) about the state of the great God/Amiga compo? Well, first we might note that God's chosen people are the Jews, while the Amiga's was Escom. The Jews have suffered centuries of exile, prejudice, pogroms and conflict, while Escom was recently voted Retailer of the Year. One-Nil to the Amiga there, then.

Not to be overcome so easily, God's camp could point out that He created the universe in six days. When was the last time an Amiga game arrived on time and under budget? Okay, He's been on holiday for the last six billion years, but He did the work first. No last minute scrambling and corner-cutting for Jehovah. No pollution-spewing fast cars and five-figure salaries. Nowhere in the Bible will you see the phrase, "You can bell me on my mobile."

Amiga Versus God



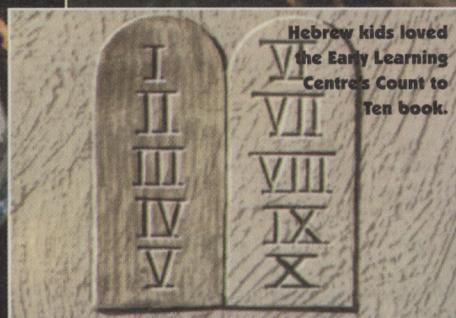
"I'm sorry lads, the ball went straight through my hands."

Sensible were unavailable for comment.

Yet this is superficial, point-scoring. A more subtle approach might reveal the truth. For example, how are contradictions resolved? How coherent are these two epic philosophies? For hundreds of years the Problem of Evil has taxed theologians. How can a good and omnipotent God allow such suffering and injustice as mankind has endured? Some reply vaguely about 'freewill', while others suggest it's all part of a plan we do not, and cannot, see or understand. Both of these answers are patently silly, yet the triumph of the Amiga camp is noticeably muted. "The Problem of Evil is basically the same as the problems thrown up by trying to run software of different versions of the Amiga, and you can get patches to fix those.", is the official line. However; when an old copy of *Speedball 2* failed to run on my A1200, a patch from an *Assassins* disk did indeed fix it, but you need the mouse attached to use the patch, and with the mouse attached you can't enjoy the two-player option which is the very essence of the game's greatness. Thus, though it's been said so



An angel. With a sword. Hmm.



Hebrew kids loved the Early Learning Centre's Count to Ten book.

often as to be a cliché, it's worth repeating that, 'Neither God nor the Amiga possesses a heuristic success rate in the resolution of paradoxes which exceeds the most restricted, and self-defined, minimum standards.'

The subject of the different varieties of Amiga does mirror the many faces of God. Those who say the various religions are merely differing interpretations of one God take the same line, wear the same shoes and go to the same pubs as those who talk of the 'Amiga Family'. The earthly populism of the A500 – with clear roots in agricultural life and fertility rites – through the 'Establishment' sophistication and respectability of the A1200, right up to the aesthetic mysticism of the A4000: with the CDTV lurking on the cultish fringe of the movement. The A1200 faction, incidentally (speaking in the rather pompous fashion to which they are prone), claims superiority because they prove that (despite some determined efforts) the Amiga *definitely does exist*; there's one in the window of Escom in the Mander Shopping Centre in Wolverhampton, for example. The whole 'existence' thing is a bit of a sore point with God's camp, all I could get was one activist to say, off the record, was "Let's just say, 'The jury's still out on that one, Dave'." He would not be pressed on who the hell 'Dave' was.

You can't serial link God.

I was woken in the early hours of Thursday morning by a phonecall from a man claiming that more people had played, say, *Lemmings* than had played God. Minutes later I, in turn, awoke Prof Clive Barton, Honorary Fellow in Comparative Theology at

the University of Whitley Bay to put the point to him. "That old chestnut again?", he laughed, fingering an old chestnut he had found by the telephone. "What these people forget is that, yes, very few actors have played God – really only Charlton Heston and Orson Welles to any great extent. But they played voice only. If one looks to the Amiga for games played voice only we can find just the *Valhalla* adventures. As the third one, still due for release, will contain subtitles what we have is a mere two games. That, as I'm sure you've already realised, is one less than a single Holy Trinity. Therefore the supposed superiority of numbers is spurious." It seems the Amiga's supporters had fallen into a carefully prepared trap on this one.

Religious wars. Factional fighting. The Inquisition. Witch trials. Suffocating suppression of free thought. All this, at the time of writing, cannot be laid at the door of the Amiga. There will always be those who use God for their own ends; however, the Amiga supporter who decries the barbarity and slaughter of the Crusades could very well, while his words still hang on his lips, find himself confronted with a copy of Cam Winstanley's *Cannon Fodder Playing Guide*. First stones are cast at your peril if you, er, live in glass houses. On the positive side God can point to York Minster, the Sistine Chapel and the swirling arches of Islamic architecture, the works of Bunyan, Milton and Dante, and the icons, sculptures and paintings of artists over the past two thousand years. The Amiga's supporters might nominate *Scorched Tanks* and AMIGA POWER. It'd be a brave man who'd make that call.

So, after examining all the facts, where does that leave us? Each camp has its faults – God might not be paying enough attention to generations of cruelty and injustice performed in His name, while the Amiga has no hard drive as standard. It looks like this one is set to run and run.

• MILLS

DO THE write thing

"WORMS GOOD LORD"

Hello AP,

I've just read Complete Control from AP60 and was delighted to find Andrew Morris and Ryan Clackson's tip on how to find three new levels in *Worms*. Good Lord, IT TELLS YOU ABOUT THESE LEVELS IN THE OPTIONS! What's next, boys? Planning to write in and tell us all how to aim the weapons with the UP and DOWN cursor keys? Or haven't you figured that out yet? Honestly.

By the way, isn't it about time you got rid of the last sentence of the *Gloom* review in The Bottom Line? *AB3D* and *Fears* have been available for months now.

See you soon,
Dan Cowper, Oswestry

Samuel Johnson said: "Pedantry is the last refuge of a scoundrel." Or did he? Or DID he? OR... Only a pedant would know, really.

"ALSO ANYWAY DO"

Hello blokes and Sue, I'm so glad SOMEONE agrees that Ren and Stimpy is guff. Friends is rather good, and Trainspotting is the best ever in the entire world. Shallow Grave was also quite good. But anyway.

Do you know what Edinburgh University did to me? They said I had an UNCONDITIONAL offer of a place. Then, FOUR DAYS LATER, I discovered it was "a computer error". WHAT? "Err... duuuuh... sorry!" FOR GOD'S SAKE! What if I had gone to school and told all my teachers to ("Plod" - Ed) off? I would have looked pretty stupid coming back and giving lame apologies, wouldn't I? Or perhaps it's a conspiracy by Uni people to SCREW MY ENTIRE LIFE UP. Or is it? Or IS it? OR IS IT? Etc. It must be really irritating when everyone steals your catchphrases, eh?

Right. I don't expect any of this drivel to be printed, but thanks for letting me waste my bosses' email stuff. A-ha-ha.

Bye then. See you next month.

Rory Sinclair and Anthony Lewis (Whom I include because he lets me use his email thingy). Email smileys are the TOOLS OF THE DEVIL, by the way.

"BUSH I TOOK"

Dear AMIGA POWER,

The masses mourned about. (*Mourned about what? Do you mean 'mooned about'?* Or just 'mourned'? I want the name and address of your English teacher at once. **THEY MUST BE PUNISHED.** - Ed.) The event was a turning point

in the great and complex history of AMIGA POWER. Bob, the wrongly sexed hamster, died. The media flatly ignored this sad time. As did the public, who all wrote in saying how nice Bob would be inside a nice floury bap.

But, People Of The World, stop weeping. For I, the completely inexperienced biochemist, have the solution. While Bob's funeral was taking place I CUNNINLY snuck up to the deceased rodent's coffin disguised as a BUSH. I took DNA samples. Now, who knows the plot of Alien 4? Yes, that's right, I'm going to clone Bob The Hamster. I shall return the Queen Of Rodent to her former glory and then, THEN, I shall fill the world with SUPER CYBORG RODENT BOB CLONES.

My CYBORG RODENT ARMY and I shall storm the offices of the Evil Mega Global Corporation and WREST CONTROL (just like in *Syndicate*). And I shall establish a new age of RODENTISM. AMIGA POWER will be restored to its former glory. Then my CYBORG RODENT ARMY will assist me in wresting control away from Escom and usher in a new era of the Amiga (*You're too late, don't you read the news?* - Ed). I will storm all the PC manufacturing places in the world and DESTROY the ENTIRE stock with my GAUSS GUN. Everyone in the world will have to buy Amigas, because I command that it shall be done. I will conquer each country of the world in turn and DESTROY the GOVERNMENT and set BOB upon the throne of the world as Queen of the planet, and she and SPARKY can rule the world.

BOB the HAMSTER will return. She will be reunited with SPARKY. She WILL rule the WORLD. She will be instrumental (the bass, I think) in the RESTORATION of AMIGA POWER and ultimately the Amiga and the DESTRUCTION of the PC. Live long and prosper,

Nicholas Wilson, Reading

It is, by now, well known that anyone who quotes from Star Trek, Red Dwarf or anything by Terry Pratchett has been marked by THE HORNED ONE as one of HIS OWN and will inevitably suffer excoriating torment by HIS HANDS at the day of JUDGEMENT.

"PROOF IF PROOF"

Dear All,

Further to a letter that appeared in AP60, the person who said that Stuart Hardy and Clive Burley were the same person may be interested to know they BOTH write to Digitiser as well and regularly appear side by side. More proof if proof were

In recent weeks people we've never heard of have written to us. Which is encouraging. And yet this month's Do The Write Thing has shrunk. Which is not.

● Address your letters to:
Do The Write Thing, AMIGA POWER, 30 Monmouth Street, Bath BA1 2BW. Or 'netsurf' us at: ampower@futurenet.co.uk.

needed that they are indeed the same person.

Yours Insincerely,

Richard Smith, email

PS I thought you had a shed, not an office/corridor. Or am I mistaking you for someone else??

Are you looking for a punch up the bracket? Or what?

"FINAL ALIEN LOVINGLY"

Dear AP,

How are you? I'm fine. I thought I'd just write to you for a little chat.

I've just got to the end of level eight of *Alien Breed 3D*, confronting the crazy, death-dealing 'Patty', only to do everything 'correctly' and still end up dead. Let me explain (as if you want to hear it) (As if. - Ed).

Your tips section said that the final alien (lovingly dubbed 'Patty') could be trapped in a small room, using yourself as bait, because she can't climb stairs and can't shoot out of it. Imagine my joy, then, when I FINALLY managed to trap her in and just about hurl my bleeding carcass out, barely alive.

Now imagine my surprise when, as I stood at the top of the stairs - jeering at her as she thrashed around below, desperately spewing grenades all over herself - a grenade flew out over my head. But it didn't end there, oh no. The grenade was closely followed by about two tonnes of hot and bothered Patty, still, annoyingly, in one big, enraged piece.

At least death was swift.

Anyway, although this was the closest I've yet come to completing this level, I still believe that this is a good enough reason to write to you and have a moan at C-Monster's sadism. I know not what the 'C' stands for ('Cookie'. Of course. - Ed).

I hope you'll be very firm with the long-haired student-imitator. I'd verbally chastise him myself, but I really can't bring myself to speak to him. Goodbye,

Gavin Gunn, Solihull

Cheats never prosper.

"WORLD PULLING"

Dear AP,

Just thought I'd drop you a line to say that I've just bought the new AP May edition.

What are you trying to do? The mag lacks imagination, contents, decent reviews and advertising. The letters are STUPID, and what was the paranormal thing all about? I thought this was supposed to be a good Amiga magazine.

DO THE write thing

By the way, the morbid letters about the Amiga's demise don't help the cause, either. (*What "cause"?* – Ed.) With all the Amiga users in Britain and around the world pulling together we can put the Amiga where it belongs. All Amiga owners have to do is to start to contribute by buying magazines and budget games. If the bigger games producers bring their prices down, to £10.99 for a game, the market will soon pick up – the price of most software now is stupid. In the Amiga's time of need we have to attract users by producing excellent software at affordable prices. The current 25 or 30 quid for a game is way too much in my book. I think I've said enough for now.

Bye,

Vaughn Tovey (Skidder), Uni Of Glamorgan

This correspondence, charmingly naive though it undoubtedly is, is now closed. Oh, and why is it that all the REALLY badly written letters come from students? It took us ages to get this one into a readable form. What, as we so often ask, are they teaching you at your re-named-but-still-a-bit-crap really polytechnics? Tch.

"CERISHED THE ONLY"

Dear AMIGA POWER "The leaflet with arthritis", Hi. I am now going to complain, so be prepared. Look at issue 20. It was exactly three pounds and 50 pence. Now look at issue 60. That was exactly four pounds and 50 pence. So now readers are paying one whole pound more for 80 pages less. Now, I understand that it is 40 issues on and five people down but that doesn't mean you can remove 80 pages and charge a pound more (as you might have noticed, I have cunningly not used the pound sign as the keyboard on this PC is set to the USA standards). (PC? PC? SATAN LOVER. – Ed.)

Now then, I was scanning through both issues when I noticed issue 20 had 17 full game reviews and issue 60 had only four, although it did have a rather jolly Complete Control section that the other issue lacked. (But they both had me. Hurrah. – Ed.)

Now I am going to change my tune and tell everyone off (including myself) for complaining about the size and price. As the saying goes, 'It's the quality not the quantity' although in the earlier issues there was a bit of both. No, there was a lot of both. And another thing – the cover. Issue 20 had coloured words, issue 60 a rather groovy-type bloke on a silver pinball. Or is it? Or is it? Or is it? Or is it? Yes, it is. That's another thing, why do people stick RaNDom caPlAI LettErs everywhere? There's no point (and if there was it wouldn't be a sane one).

I carefully cherished the only not A1200 only disk that came about two mags ago, and put it carefully into the appropriate slot. It began to load. Then I pressed the button to load the game. I waited. And waited. And waited. Nothing happened. I tried again. Still nothing. I then burnt my old A600 and bought a Spectrum +3 which, I must say, has some better games on it.

Oh yes! Where has that wonderful little triangle gone from the cover which assured the readers that AP is "officially the world's best-selling Amiga games

magazine"? Did you trade it in for the staples or something? Or did you just forget?

Why do you never ever print photos of yourselves in that 'Just who do we think we are' section? I'm sure all the readers would love to see your faces after publishing a leaflet and calling it a magazine. Oh yes, why do people say that it's a really small magazine when it isn't? It's just down to A4 size.

On the screen saver on the computer which I am currently using (*Arrggh. And you were doing so well.* – Ed) there is a trivia quiz. One of the questions is, "How do you spell relief?" And, strangely, the answer is Rolaids. Why? Do any of you almighty beings know? (*Yes, we do.* – Ed)

Oh well, I'd better go and rewind my relaxation tape and get it ready for when the next mag comes. See ya,

Dave "The Clot" Jeffrey, Lincolnshire

PS I have noticed that you only ever answer questions in the PS bit of a letter even if there are questions in the main bit.

In fact we almost always print pictures of ourselves in Just Who Do We Think We Are. What bothers us is that in five years no one has written to tell us that it should be "Just Whom Do We Think We Are". We blame the schools.

"STUFF YOU"

Hi AP,

I'm just writing to support that dear Mr Sinclair from AP60's letters page, partially anyway. I don't believe that you should drop both your coverdisks because I get too much brilliant PD from them. It is true, however, that I think the one disk you regularly fill with PD is the only good one and that you might as well drop the disk that sits happily above it that you normally fill with a game demo.

If you run out of ideas to fill your news pages with then you could always do things like 'Diary of a Game', 'Work in progress', interviews with people and... um... STUFF.

You could re-run old AP in-jokes. You know what I mean: WRITING IN BIG LETTERS, saying "It's kooky 'cos it's French, naturellement" and saying "natch" a lot.

I realise all this is out of your hands but I see no reason not to whinge about it anyway.

By the way, the writing in AP just keeps

getting better as it gets smaller. Perhaps it's the return of Timothy Norrith and Stuart Campingabout and the not-having-gone-away-yetness of Mark Cameron Cheltenham Charley Catherine Winstanley. It might be a good idea to get rid of Dave Golder, though.

Ta ta then,

David Dolliver, Perthshire

But we love Dave. He's our friend. But he's gone anyway. He said he was busy. Or something.

"PSEUDONYM YOU DEMANDED"

Hello you!

"Don't start, okay?" you pleaded, so I removed the offensive YS-related word from my signature. Indeed, my whole signature has gone right down to the groovy Appleseed quote.

"Assume a pseudonym" you demanded of me, and so I shall.

Bye bye then,

The Flying Zucchini Brothers, email
Oh no! Hang on... etc.

"SUSPECTS A FEW WEEKS"

Dear AP,

I was at home over the holidays recently. This was both a good thing and a bad thing; bad as I was forced to redecorate the bathroom – a hideously painful exercise involving the slow removal of ancient floor tiles revealing a thick layer of primordial slime; good as I not only had a roof over my head but I was also reunited with my much-loved but sadly neglected A500+.

Anyway, seeking to amuse myself with a bit of amoral violence, I loaded up *Syndicate* (natch). Starting the game, I ran my overcoated, pistol-armed cyborg into the military camp, gunned down a few guards and my target, before being struck by a blinding revelation.

Syndicate IS The Usual Suspects.

A few weeks ago I read an article in the *Guardian* by none other than Dave Green, who stated, among other things, that he had had no idea what to do when working for AP and so had been forced to write a parody of the magazine itself. Is this the origin of AP's relentlessly self-referential, ironically self-aware and post-modern stance? Or did that

WEAK KNEES

winner



"FILES I HAVE"

Dear AP,

After seeing some proper pictures of Sue looking particularly lovely in the AP files, I have fallen madly in love.

David Heffron, email. Again.

"OBVIOUSLY JUST"

Dear AP,

With Sue, obviously. Just in case I didn't make myself clear.

David Heffron, email. Again and again.

"Don't think much of yours."

DO THE write thing

happen by accident?

I must stop now, as I have just been forced to write "post-modern", the chronological oxymoron of THAT ONE CUIUS CAPUT VESTER DEUS EST ET VESTER MAHOMET (Thanks, signor Eco).

Farewell,

Stephen Wells, email

Dave was talking about PCW Plus. So, no.

"BUNKER COMES COMPLETE"

Hello YOU,

I just read about you moving office. Could I suggest THE SECRET UNDERGROUND BUNKER as an alternative? It comes complete with radiation shielding, secret entrances, time machine, laser cannons and anti-gravity. Everything AP could ever need. And some F-MAX. Nice.

David Heffron, email

"POMS WE FINNS"

Dear Do,

Why is everyone complaining that AP is now only 66 pages? (We don't know. It's only 60. - Ed.) It's still 16 times the size of all Amiga coverage of all the Finnish magazines and newspapers put together. Of the lot, by far the most of it is in MikroBitti: a whole 4 pages a month! So quit whining you Poms, we Finns have it a lot worse. Thanks for your time.

Peas and carrots,

Joona Palaste, email

"BONE AND YOU"

Dear AP,

Cam has cracked his collar-bone and you don't care. Anthony Hall, email

We didn't even know. Anyway, he's a grown-up - he can look after his own collar-bone.

"DAMN OH AND I!"

Hello You,

Burke : It was a bad call, Ripley, a bad call.

Ripley : There is no Ripley, only Zool.

Ha ha ha ha ha (thunk). But anyway, enough Sigourney Weaver jokes. I was very pleased to see packets of Tooty Frooties in the newsagents today. They were a childhood favourite, and I am glad they are back. Still no F-Max here though. Damn.

Oh, and I thought Funky Squad was a wonderful show, and Channel 4 should consider showing it again at prime time so all the world can see its brilliance.

Bye then,

Duncan Timiney, email. Again.

"THING HOWEVER BECAUSE"

Dear AP

I watched Apocalypse Now on the telly last night. I quite enjoyed it even though it's not really my type of thing. However, because I live in the flight path of

Luton airport every time an aeroplane passed over the screen went fuzzy. And yet somehow this improved the atmosphere. Oh, you're not obsessing about films any more, are you? In which case, I'll get on with it.

The sun has emerged for the first time this year, and inevitably the young's thoughts have turned to, um, procreation. Indeed, students think of little else all year, so we're all particularly randy at this time. All my friends are embarking upon Great New Relationships, and I am sending inane emails to computer games magazines. Naturally my ego is taking something of a battering.

So, (and I'm coming to the point now) I'm trying to boost my ego by getting my own "web site". And the thing is, to impress lots of passing cyber-girlyies, I want to amuse them with bits of your guide to the paranormal. I'm sure some of the North Americans who I regularly talk to (although I'm still not sure that they really exist) would chortle merrily and think, "Hmm, maybe this guy is worth flying over and meeting". Or, erm, something. I'd say who it was that really wrote it. (In very small writing, natch.)

While I'm here, how on earth did you get J Nash to say he liked Oasis? And what is Emergency Broadcast Network? Some species of industrial techno? Is, perhaps, J Nash a Goth, and the reason his identity has never been revealed is because the Sinister Global Mega-Corporation is ashamed to admit they employ him?

Flossie, email

Ripping us off and publishing our MIGHTY WORDS on the InformationSuperGravelPathOf-Satan™? Certainly not, YOU IMPUDENT SCAMP SMGC instructs some VERY NASTY lawyers and they'd sue you right down to your ragged student socks if you EVEN THOUGHT OF IT. So, no. Sorry. Oh, and we got Jonathan to say that he liked Oasis by asking him if he liked Oasis. It's easy when you know how.

"DEFEND YOUR FINE"

Dear AP,

I tried to defend your fine magazine on an Internet newsgroup. And nearly everyone thought that I was a Kids' TV presenter. Typical.

Andrew Crane, email

It's an easy mistake to make, what with your name being the same as that of a Kids' TV presenter and all that.

"IS IT IS NOTHING"

Dear Do,

I have worked out what F-Max is. It is nothing other than salt water. Let me explain.

First, I thought about the words "The slightly sparkling fish drink". Since I have never tasted a fish drink, I came to the conclusion that the words do not form a noun that describes the drink, but in fact a complete sentence. The slightly sparkling fish do, indeed, drink.

But what do they drink? Water, of course. The blurb "An ocean of refreshment" was a giveaway. F-Max is a miniature ocean, and oceans are formed of salt water.

So now I have solved the mystery of F-Max, and I think that will help Britons many years from now on. Ain't I great?

Vegetables,

Joona Palaste, email. Again.

(do NOT print "email", print my address!)

"FORGOT HAPPY"

Dear AP,

Sorry, I forgot.

Happy Easter!!!

Kacper Wysocki, Norwegian email

AND ANOTHER THING...

Under no circumstances buy the song because it's crap.

Nicholas Wilson, Reading

Surely F-Max isn't real? Is it?
Vernon Spabes "Magic" Chisel, Rochdale

I have recently uncovered the name of the company that bought Future.

Dave, Wideopen

Only a year or so behind everyone else, then. Well done, Dave.

Isn't the current Roysters ad campaign just a tiny bit crap?

David Whitley, Loughborough

It got them a free mention in AP. We think that's pretty smart.

The A1200 is as powerful as the Saturn.

Matthew Charlton, Cambridge

Except that it isn't. Or, rather, that it is, but it's different. Or that it isn't and it's different as well. It's a bit like comparing a cheese flan with a Porsche 911. Or is it a toaster and a dart board? IT'S NOT IMPORTANT, ANYWAY.

I imagine Stuart N Hardy to be some sort of greasy haired, anorak-wearing nonce who, when he's not writing painfully dull letters, spends his time running around placing his essential organs into other peoples' ... (Snip. - Ed.)

Chris Luke, Exeter

What a vivid imagination you have.

Special thanks to Damian Glenny for sending us the complete list of things Bart writes on the blackboard at the beginning of The Simpsons. Someone else sent the list to him and he just had to forward it. What a nice man. A particular favourite was "I will not torment the emotionally frail".

AND THAT ADDRESS,

don't forget, is:

**Do The Write Thing,
AMIGA POWER,
30 Monmouth Street,
Bath BA1 2BW.**

Or email us at:

ampower@futurenet.co.uk,
but we'll only reply in these
pages, okay?

THE SECRET CAR PARK

SOFTWARE

- Jungle Strike, Theme Park A500 £7 each. Zool 2 £6. George Robertson (01603) 702644
- Monkey Island 2, Innocent Until Caught, F1 World Championship, K240, Nigel Mansell's World Championship £10 each. Space Quest 1, Cadaver + data disk, Lure of the Temptress £7 each. Future Wars, Operation Stealth, Monkey Island 1 £5 each. Zak McKraken, Indy Jones & Last Crusade, Hook, Morton Strikes Back (AGA) £4. Bart Simpson vs Space Mutants £3 + more. Richard Burke (01623) 792058
- AMIGA POWER issues 28-58 (without coverdisks) for sale £1 each or £15 the lot. Also, 100s of top games. Send SAE for list. James Moriarty, 46 Lodge Road, Walsall, West Midlands, WS5 3LA
- Cannon Fodder 1 & 2, MK2, Zool 2, Zeewolf, Hired Guns and many more £5-10. Andrew Nisbet (01506) 844202
- Super Stardust AGA, Body Blows Galactic AGA, Nigel Mansell's World Championship AGA, Morph AGA, Trolls AGA, Soccer Kid AGA, Aladdin AGA, Second Samurai AGA, Rainbow Collection, Arkanoid 2, Shadowworlds, Player Manager 2, Space Hulk, Mortal Kombat, The Addams Family, Centurion, Overdrive, Benefactor, Blob, Disposable Hero, Populous 2, Sierra Soccer, DPaint 3, F1, Lemmings/Oh No more Lemmings. All priced £5-£10. Lee Stanford (0113) 2713532
- 170 Amiga magazines for sale including Amiga Format issues 23-45, AMIGA POWER issues 1-55 with all coverdisks and some others. £120 the lot. Also over 100 original boxed games. Please call for details. Paul Lancaster (01923) 829135

HARDWARE

- Cheap accelerator for A1200 - MBX1230 40 MHz. Very fast with 8Mb + FPU. Not to be missed - cost over £650, sell for £320. Mark Baddeley (0151) 200 1067
- A1200, 25 original titles, word processor, 2nd disk drive, 2 joysticks, mouse, 2 disk boxes, manuals and mags. All boxed as new £350. Phil Richards (01332) 700831
- A1200, 2 Mb RAM, 170 Mb hard drive (external), 17 games (boxed as new), foot pedals, loads of mags + coverdisks, books, £300 or next best. Seth Dawes (01252) 513387
- A500 1 Mb, mouse, modulator, cables. No discs or manuals £45 post free. Premier work station for A500/500+ £23 post free. Action Replay Mk3 for A500/500+ £20. Anthony Page (01454) 321249
- A500+ 2Mb. John Adams (01904) 701420
- A1200 chaos pack, excellent condition, 170 Mb hard drive, 2 joysticks, mouse, over £700 worth of games, over 100 PD/coverdisks £400 ono. Jason Morrisey (01686) 420213
- A500+ vgc, software including games galore, joysticks, mouse, 2nd disk drive £140 very negotiable. Hugh Coni (01243) 379515
- A500 £80 or willing to swap for a hard drive for the A500+. Mr Chris Schweitzer (01295) 276320
- A1200, 85Mb hard disk, Apollo 1232 with 4Mb Simm, Final Writer, A1200 beginner's pack, over £500 worth of boxed original software, 3 joysticks, tons of Amiga mags

**Except of course that it's not very secret is it?
In fact it's rather public. Which is just as well.
Otherwise it'd be a crap place to advertise.**

and coverdisks, PD disks and software, dustcover, all in excellent condition £450 ono.

Muhammad Mirza (0161) 292 2490

- A1200, 420Mb hard drive, 1230 Blizzard accelerator, 4Mb fast RAM, games and peripherals discussed £650.

Scott Sinclair (01847) 894891

- A1200, 270 Mb hard drive, 100s of games installed, 100s more on floppy, pro-comp joystick, also serious software £260 ono.

Mick Clark (01924) 468334

- A1200 Desktop Dynamite pack, 540 Mb hard drive, 50 MHz Blizzard 1230 with 4Mb RAM, external floppy drive Goliath PSU, loads of software, 2 pads, 2 joysticks, with or without Philips CM8833 monitor and Citizen Swift 200C printer £600 or offers.

Eddie Holmes (0181) 953 5222

- A1200, external disk drive, loads of original games including SWOS 94/95, Settlers, Cannon Fodder 2, Goal, Football Glory, UFO £250 ono.

Andy Bostock (0161) 683 4228

- A600, joystick, mouse and 30 games including Mortal Kombat 2, Cannon Fodder 1+2 £100. Must live in the Edinburgh area.

William McGee (0131) 660 5917

WANTED

- Jetstrike boxed with manual. Will pay £8 for one in mint condition. George Robertson (01603) 702644
- Wings from Cinemaware. Paul Jackson, 25 Forbes Close, Oakwood, Warrington WA3 6PP
- Broken Amigas, any condition considered. Southport area. Stuart Bury, 191 Heathfield Road, Ainsdale, Southport, Merseyside PR8 3HE
- Pools of Radiance, Curse of the Azure Bonds, Secret of the Silver Blades and Pools of Darkness. Ricky Bell, 94

Corby Road, Weldon, Northants NN17 3HX

- An A1200 with 170Mb internal hard drive, must be in Beds or Herts area. Call to make an offer on price.

Adam Owers (01582) 419433

- Bards Tale 1 and K240 for an A1200. I am in misery. Please help me get out of it.

Peter Spencer Cowan, 41 Clifford Street, Wolverhampton WV6 0AQ

SWAPS

- Needed. A500 compatible hard drive (20Mb+). Is there one out there? I will give you Streetfighter 2 for the SNES and loads of Amiga games and software.

Wayne Marsh (01473) 689450

PEN PALS

- A600 owner who is female would like to swap games with other Amiga owners. I like football, adventure and strategy games. Sarah Muckell, 20 Eaves Road, Dover, Kent CT17 9LX

- I'm a 14-year-old guy into sports, music and computers. So get writing girls if you're between 14-16 years-old. 99.9% reply. Photo? Danny Truman, 23 Ringer Lane, Clowne, Derbyshire S43 4DB

- I'm seeking a pen pal aged 12+. I have an A500. My interests are soccer, rave/dance music and films. I have over 100 games and loads of CDs. I also have a Game Gear. Chris Stirling, 20 Ballyversal Road, Coleraine, County Londonderry, Northern Ireland BT52 2ND
- Any Amiga users in Plymouth? 27-year-old A1200 owner seeks local users (preferably 18+) for the usual Amiga-related things and nights out on the town. Mark, Eastview, Fernleigh Road, Mannamead, Plymouth, Devon PL3 5AN

The Secret Car Park is yours to use for free - but it's not for use by profit-making organisations or public domain libraries, so they'd be wasting their time writing to us - understand? Send your completed coupons to:

The Secret Car Park, AMIGA POWER, 30 Monmouth St, Bath BA1 2BW.

THE SECRET CAR PARK

Name _____

Address _____

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Software Hardware Wanted Swaps Pen-pals



THE BOTTOM LINE

For reasons that have never been made quite clear to any of us the adjectives in the shiny yellow box below are changed every month. It just makes more work, as far as we can see. Still, it gives us a chance to mention *The Simpsons* again.

THE BOTTOM LINE

(AND HOW TO UNDERSTAND IT)

★★★★★ Woo-hoo! ★★★★★ Excellent
 ★★★★ Above average ★★★ Chomp
 ★★ Ay Caramba ★ Doh!

The whole point of *The Bottom Line* is to cram as much information as possible into this small space. Here's how it works...
 The top bit is easy:
 GAME NAME
 Publisher's Price
 Then we get (just for your information

WHO'S WHO

AS - Andy Smith • CW - Cam Winstanley • JD - Jonathan Davies • JN - Jonathan Nash • RP - Rich Pople • SC - Stuart Campbell
 MA - Martin Axford • PM - Paul Mellenick • SF - Steve Faragher • SM - Steve McGill • RD - Richard Dodge • CM - C-Monster • TN - Tim Norris • DG - Dave Golder

AIRBUS A320 2

Mirage £30



AP58 24% JD
 It is a convincing simulation of the A320 Airbus – even more convincing if you can imagine such a thing, than *Airbus A320*, whose sequel it is. You fly an A320 Airbus hither and yon. You take off. You land. There are many realistic instruments and controls. ★

AKIRA

Ice £30 (£35 CD32)



AP48 16% JD
 Petrifying multi-stage film licence from the people behind *Total Carnage* which, despite repeated assurances that lessons had been learnt from *Total Carnage*, is easily the equal in catastrophe of *Total Carnage*. Hardly anyone is going to get past the first level's horizontally-scrolling obstacle course in which your magnificent 400mph armoured motorbike explodes on contact with stones and people just standing there: having played the wretchedly loose platform levels and spectacularly unfair shoot-'em-up sections, this is something of a heavily disguised blessing. The CD32 version is identical. ★★

ALADDIN A1200

Virgin £30



AP44 86% JD
 A handsome conversion of the Mega Drive game, which plays slickly and breaks up the platform stuff with a couple of chase levels and bonus

really the issue of AMIGA POWER in which the game was originally reviewed, the mark it got at the time, and the reviewer's initials. If the game appeared in our new All-Time Top 100, its position comes next, followed by the mini-review and a final rating out of five stars (with red

ones to show which ones are real 'must buys'). And there you have it – all you could ever possibly need to know about every game we've laboured over, considered carefully and marked accordingly in the last year and remember WE'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.

games. But, like all these post-*Cool Spot* platformers, *Aladdin* suffers from a severe lack of longevity. It's highly impressive while it lasts though. ★★★★

ALIEN BREED 3D A1200

Team 17 £30



AP56 91% JN
 Amazingly amazing *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender that crushes *Fears* technically (bits splatter out of the monsters when hit, weapons recoil, chain reaction explosions tear up corridors, walkways span caverns, you get to go outside) and takes *Gloom*'s side in being terrifically hard and fun to play. More sophisticated than *Gloom*, but oddly (though not at all disappointingly) more blasting-orientated. Run around and shoot things; run up stairs and shoot things; run across bridges and shoot things; run through water-filled passages and shoot things. Still no option to look up and down (you'll get confused in more than one helter-skelter shootout) and twittter even on a 'fast RAM' machine (brownie points though for not shirking the vastly complicated many-monster ambushes just because of slowdown) but stuffed with 'vavoom' and absolutely entertaining. Terrible deathmatch game, however, and our copy wouldn't work from hard drive. ★★★★

ALL-NEW WORLD OF LEMMINGS

Psygnosis £30



AP46 50% JN
 Peculiar re-embroidery of the sadistically fussy original *Lemmings* rather than the make-amends sequel. Larger graphics, less icons and only three lemming tribes because Psygnosis say you told them *Lemmings 2* was too complicated: pixel-perfect lemm positioning, exactly overlapping lemming hordes and dictatorially precise cursor control

because that's what *Lemmings* is all about, right? The 'all-new' parts are ability-replacing collectable objects (a terrific idea) and rampaging monsters (a terrible one). *Lemmings 2* is frankly much more fun. ★★

AMBERMOON

Thalion £36



AP51 30% RP
 A crap RPG divided into crap *Dungeon Master* and crap *Zelda* bits. ★

ANTS

Kellion £15



AP49 23% CW
 YOU ARE THE ANTMMASTER, and you must command your ants to CONQUER THE WORLD. An impressive idea – sort of *Sim Ant*, but good – but the execution's terrible. The screen fills with dots. You point at some of them and command them to attack a stationary blob representing a spider, or something. The ants attack, dying in the attempt. You command the remaining ants to feed, so they breed. You then attack again, until the spider is dead. That's it. Provided you keep one (yes; one) ant back each time, and allow for the random wandering of the ants, and can cope with the squeaky speech, and have the patience of Job, counting to ten, preferably in Greek, you've got it licked. An impressive idea indeed, but body death is a far more attractive alternative to playing the game it has spawned. ★

ATR

Team 17 £25

AP48 38% JN
Overdrive 2 via *Tower Assault*, more like. This stylish overhead racer, having taken the trouble to get the car movements right, bafflingly throws it all away by having courses that don't have the common courtesy to mark out the track. Yes folks, with *ATR* you can



thrill to the experience of driving blind, coming off at unadvertised corners and getting trapped in belligerent roadside scenery. The overwhelming prevalence of sharp corners makes a nonsense of the 'battle' mode as player two gets scrolled off the screen without chance of recovery, and the identical 'league' game just makes six people unhappy instead of two. The usual power-up/choice of car/shop sequences don't help. Buy the friendlier and grandly more fun *Micro Machines*. ★★

BASE JUMPERS

Grandslam £26



AP47 70% JD
 Aaron Fothergill's follow-up to *Jetstrike*, with a similar patina of care and attention to detail, but a noticeable lack of 'there'sness'. It's a two-stage game for up to four players. First you scramble aloft a vertical platform building in *Rick Dangerous* fashion, collecting letters to spell secret words and so get to bonus games like *Joust* and *Invisible Space Invaders*, and then you leap off the roof and scrap with the others in freefall, jostling them against flagpoles and leaving opening your parachute to the last possible moment to earn those cash awards. Bursting with secret bits (our favourite is the straitjacketed plunge to death) and causing hearty guffaws during play, *Base Jumpers* regrettably fails to the mighty blows of over-too-quickness in the multi-player mode and no-thanksmanship of the one-player game. Shame. ★★

BEHIND THE IRON GATE

Black Legend £25



AP52 55% CW
 Slickly programmed 3D shooty game that falls down on keeping the player happy by instead infuriating him at every turn. Each level opens with a hair-raising chase between you and the monsters as you scurry around trying to find (particularly groovy) weapons, develops into an exciting shootout as you pick off your opponents, and then collapses into wandering around an effortlessly confusing maze trying keys in doors and hoping you won't end up a key short because you got the order wrong. A strong finish as you set off a bomb and then sprint for the exit, but (again) those confusingly blank walls mess it up. Look out also for the awful passwords that lose all your weapons. It does, however, work (equally speedily) on the A500. A valiant attempt. ★★

BLOODNET A1200

Gametek £35



AP47 90% JN
 Initially repulsive but (once you've

mastered the preposterously over-complicated controls) tremendously rewarding point-and-click adventure without orcs in it. Gleefully amoral (you're a vampiric 'cyberpunk' who has to kill to survive while hunting for a cure) and engrossingly scripted, it's the best such game since *Monkey Island*. And you get to shoot people without any tiresome moral questions being asked. It demands installation to a hard drive though.

★★★★★

BREATHLESS
Power Computing £30



AP58 56% SC

It's *Doom* – but on the Amiga. For the fourth time. It's terribly close in look and feel to *Doom*, except that it's not nearly so much fun to play. From the lava pits to the frustrating password system, rather too much about

Breathless has been badly thought out. If you want to wander up and down grey corridors and occasionally fight impossible fights with naughty people then this is the version of *Doom* – but on the Amiga for you. Otherwise you'll be happier with *Gloom*. ★★

BLOODNET A500+
Gametek £30



AP50 89% JN

Exactly the same, except! you don't get any music (a Good Thing), and you don't get the option to review past conversations (a very Bad Thing indeed). At least it's £5 cheaper.

★★★★★

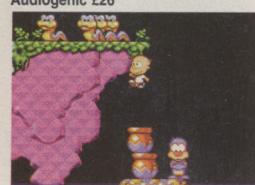
BRUTAL
Gametek £20



AP53 27% SC

Beat-'em-up with animals that blows its single good idea (you start without special moves, but earn one every few bouts) by giving you an unfailingly unbeatable one on level four. (Get in a punch and then hide in a corner to defeat opponents one to three.) ★

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK
A500
Audiogenic £26



AP45 83% JN

Properly taking note of the criticisms of the A1200 version, Audiogenic have substantially increased the fun factor by beefing up Stupid Blue Thing's intelligence levels to a point where he no longer falls from a ledge if, for instance, he feels like it. Uses the CD32 joypad as well. But the wacky time limit's still too nasty.

★★★★★

CITADEL
Black Legend £30

AP56 67% PM (69% A1200)
We're getting incredibly fed up with



games that blow it with such an obvious fault that it staggers the mind to think how they missed it. *Citadel* is that guns and ammo are severely limited so that what should be *Doom* – but on the A500 turns into a dismaying game of running away and avoiding things. Just think. You're not bound to a single path through the levels, you can set fire to people, there are locked doors and teleports and that, you can elect either to escape a level or search for bonus objects and it runs comfortably on an A500 (no, really. Really) and – erk – you spend your time running away and avoiding things. Dicksome things like having to hit monsters centrally and LOSING ENERGY WHEN YOU BUMP INTO WALLS slip away in relation. Faster and bigger on an A1200; hence the extra 2%.

★★★

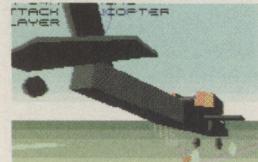
CLUB AND COUNTRY
Boms £30



AP53 33% PM

Fearlessly well-presented, but – oh no! – clogged and boring footy manner. ★

COALA
Empire £25



AP56 78% CW

Thanks to *Coala*'s Virtual Cockpit™ you can zoom up to things then look out of the window to blast them sideways, and thanks to the open-endedness of it all you can whizz around any old where and even choose your side (by popping at someone from the other, natch). But there's no structure at all to the game so you rapidly end up flying around cluelessly, and it's a bit silly to have battles where by merely turning up you decide the outcome. It has excellent scraps, but you have to work hard to get into one. There should've been more to do than flitting about (blowing bridges, for example, or toasting convoys) and without any sense of direction or achievement, you within a few hours give it up. ★★★★

★★★★★

COLONIZATION
Microprose £35



AP52 93% SF

Hugely engrossing sim by TV's famous Sid Meier, covering the colonisation of the USA from whomever's point of view you damn well please. (We tend not, for example, to slaughter the children.) Turn-based and predominantly action-free, you'll nevertheless find your children becoming successful senior accountants before you think to turn from the screen and tell them it's time for bed. Protect and survive! Produce and sell surplus! Attack the French! Declare the Dutch heretics and start a religious war! All can be done here and

★★★

all but a small part of what is, essentially, America – but on the Amiga. And it runs on an A500.

★★★★★

COMPLETE CHESS SYSTEM
Oxford Softworks £35



AP45 81% SF
Chess. ★★★★

CRYSTAL DRAGON
Black Legend £30



AP44 36% PM

Pick an RPG, any RPG – it's more than likely to be better than this redundant *Dungeon Master* clone.

★★★

DAWN PATROL
Empire £35



AP47 80% JD

WW1 *Overlord* follow-up with typical Rowan friendliness (multiple views, 'combat lock', wads of background material) and some grand ideas (such as catching planes by surprise by zooming out of the sun, and lesser enemies running for it) but which doesn't quite come off. You don't feel that you're in a rickety biplane beyond your wings occasionally falling off and (hng!) your guns jamming, and the lack of scenery and ground action lets it down lots. Deep, detailed and dependable, *Dawn Patrol* nonetheless pales beside the magnificence of *Knights of the Sky*. ★★★★

DEATHMASK
Alternative £26 (£30 CD32)



AP47 62% SF (69% CD32)

Every review we've seen of this damns it for not being *Doom*. Except ours, of course, because we're not, for example, cretins. It's a simple fast-but-jerking-from-square-to-square 3D maze game with guns, and enjoyable on this level, but the overwhelmingly un-clever design of the 32 piddlingly easy mazes means you'll complete the whole thing in less than a day. Much better in competitive two-player mode, with lots of running around and away, but once you realise you may as well slug it out toe-to-toe as play properly what with the regenerating ammunition and impossible-not-to-peek-over split-screen, you've broken its spell. Not as big, clever or exciting enough as it should have been. Impeccably speedy on both A500 and A1200; the CD32 version scores higher because of the better controls.

★★★

DRAGONSTONE

Core £30

AP46 49% CW

SNES *Zelda*, but on the Amiga, and



rubbish. Here be regenerating monsters that always hit you due to the intermittently effective combat system, obvious mazes and stupid collision detection that mean, say, a mushroom clearly not in your path at all (and yet somehow so) forces you to go all the way around the map to reach the other side, puzzles of the dead end/old hermit/obstinate collected herb/receive travel spell school, secret areas essential to the game and an uninvolved swords-and-strawberry plot. Take it, or take it not; we care for neither. ★★

DREAM WEB
Empire £35



AP46 24% JN

Disastrous 'adult' futuristic point-and-clicker in which every screen is cluttered with tiny objects, all of which belabour you with a lengthy text description before you're allowed to see whether they're of any use. *The Clue*-like in that it's really a verb-noun text adventure in disguise, but greatly more stupidly obscure in its puzzle solutions. Typical of the hamfisted design is the gun you're illogically allowed to use only at certain points; typical of the storytelling is every hardened street-scum sub-human speaking like a slightly apologetic junior shop assistant. Really, the mystery of your character's madness is the only driving interest and you find that out on level two. ★

DUNGEON MASTER 2
A1200
Interplay £40



AP56 50% CM

Spook. Eek. And, indeed, yikes. Seven years after *Dungeon Master*, they've done it again. Exactly the same. Except you need a hard drive, the game reacts slowly to your commands, buffers them so you go out of sync and has sets of numbers instead of (for example) characters. The few good ideas (automapping, neat shop sequences, above-average puzzles) are wasted.

★★★

EXILE A1200
Audiogenic £30



AP49 89% CW

Prettied-up (and CD32 joypad-supporting) version of legendary key-swathed 'arcade adventure' that's probably the only game ever worthy of the nasty label. Sort of non-3D *Doom*, sort of single-player *Gravity Force 2*, it's all about flying around with real physics and shooting things and solving (occasionally unfathomable) puzzles. I certainly thought it was quite fabulous. If you can cope with the keyboard madness controls, go for the otherwise identical original, now out at £15.

★★★★★

EXTRACTORS CD32
Millennium £30



AP50 62% CW
Sequel to *Diggers* that hasn't learnt from the original's mistakes.

A *Lost Vikings* sort of game in that you're trying to co-ordinate a bunch of characters so everyone contributes to the larger task at hand, it's plagued with only marginally less miserable controls than before (this time you can make your minions jump over things, and stop without your having to plough through endless sub-menus) and a preposterous 'free will' feature (so you can spend ages getting one of your blokes in position, only to see him get bored and teleport back to base). Beyond that, we hated the game itself (it's remarkably bereft of fun, and seems more a grimly drawn-out exercise in mechanical repetition) but concede that its size, complexity and general 'togetherness' might appeal.

★★★

EXTREME RACING
Guildhall £30



AP58 59% (Expanded A1200 69% DG)

A technically very impressive attempt at a sort of *Mario Kart* but on the Amiga that needs at least an accelerated A1200 to run at any kind of entertaining speed. On an unexpanded A1200 it's very slow, even when you tweak the display options to maximise performance. The controls are 'ropy', too. ★★★★

F1 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP EDITION
Domark £30



AP51 67% PM

It's *F1* again, but more expensive and with a quit option that instantly ends the entire game instead of, say, that particular race. Still, this is the fastest racer around (exhilaratingly so), with crashes that stop you or slow you down (rather than crippling your car) and the same stupendously exciting two-player mode that Cam and Steve McGill played non-stop for an entire day when the original game came in. Domark have also improved the graphics slightly, and have promised to include a save game option after we pointed out you had to stick at it for hours to play properly. But you'd still be better off buying the original. ★★★★

FEARS A1200
Guildhall £30



AP54 40% JN

The second *Doom* – but on the Amiga contender to make it, but not a good one. Technically astounding – the default full-screen display is damned fast on a standard A1200 (with lifts and stairwells, yet), and the use of near-subsliminal sound is masterly – the game is let down horribly by its cock-eyed design. Monsters that

can 'see' you without your having the slightest idea where they are, no up and down views (it's possible to get completely lost on stairs) and INESCAPABLE LAVA PITS combine to destroy any sense of fun get from playing it. Exceedingly foolish, Mr Bond. ★★

THE FINAL GATE

Alternative £15



AP61 20% AS
It's FMV. You shoot things. It's terrible. ★

FIELDS OF GLORY

Microprose £30 (£35 AGA)



AP44 61% CW
Waterloo wargame swathed in options and featuring an ingenious three-scale map system tempting you to follow single units instead of examining the Big Picture and so fall foul of the Fog Of War. But it blows it all horribly, because – insanely – the game doesn't take terrain into account. So you just run everybody straight at each other and see who crawls out alive. ★★

FLIGHT OF THE AMAZON QUEEN

Renegade £30



AP51 84% JN
1940s comic book point-and-click adventure from fans of the Lucas Arts games, so it's funny, charming, looks beautiful and plays like a raspberry ripple. Even the music's good. You'll be quoting the set-pieces at each other later over tea, but simultaneously cussing at the ease with which you completed the game and the way the last quarter crashes out of ideas and fun. Still, it's brilliantly entertaining while it lasts. ★★★★

FLINK CD32

Psygnosis £20



AP47 79% JD
Almost-but-not-quite platform game with much to commend it – varied levels and trinkets looted shamelessly from the best of the rest of the best – but horrid ersatz-inertia controls and hopeless use of forced scrolling which traps and kills you WHEN IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. Still, the mix-it-up spell bits and got-it-together 'feel' of the thing makes it great fun to play up to the point where your character falls through the edge of a perfectly legitimate platform AGAIN and you punch a hole in the fridge. ★★★★

FOOTBALL GLORY

Black Legend £26

AP45 66% (68% A1200) PM
The coincidental *Sensi* lookalike that, while playing a largely acceptable game o' football (aside from the idiot ploy of having the computer opponents



'slip up' by rocketing the ball into their own net or something, rather than playing poorly) pales in comparison with *SWOS*. There are mechanical troubles as well: the jolly collection of special moves are wasted because the computer teams don't give you time to set them up before legging it with the ball; the aftertouch is madly sensitive; and the passing is problematically inaccurate. Interesting, but flawed. The AGA version's slightly faster, with better sound. ★★

GLOOM A1200

Guildhall £30



AP52 90% JN
Few games are scary, unless they are film licences. *Gloom* is a genuinely spooky game with an atmosphere you could cut with a knife, were demons not busily sucking you in from across the room and biting off your head, and were there a knife in it. Dazzlingly revolting, with monsters that explode up the walls when you shoot them (there's an option to retain the pieces to mark your path), it's unswervingly thrilling for NOWHERE IS SAFE. And that's before you get to the levels that have ghosts passing through walls. And, hey, there are always the secret bits to ferret out. Disappointingly your weapons are restricted to differently coloured balls of light (confusingly, so are the monsters), and the 'deathmatch' game isn't up to much (you inevitably slug it out toe-to-toe) but as a one- or (co-operative) two-player shooter, it's near-unbeatable. *AB3D* surpasses it, while *Fears*, disappointingly, does not. ★★★★

GUARDIAN A1200

Acid Software £30



AP47 90% JN
While *Guardian A1200* may lack the thrilling 1970s cop show music and condemns non-CD32-joypad owners to clumsy mouse/keys controls (or a keyboard-only option) it nonetheless IS *Guardian CD32* but on the A1200. ★★★★

HIGH SEAS TRADER

Impressions £35



AP51 22% SF
You remember *Pirates Gold*, right? Where you were a pirate, shuttling from port to port, capturing ships, waging war, courting governors' daughters, yo-ho-ho-ing and a-bottle-of-rumming with the best of them? It's the same sort of idea with *High Seas Trader*, except you're a merchant. Exactly as exciting as it sounds. ★★★★

HILSEA LIDO

Vulcan £13

AP57 54% (Hilsea residents 60%) TN
Sub-Theme Park end-of-pier sim with



fish and chip shops instead of burger bars, dingy hire instead of teacup rides, and spectacularly odd theatre shows instead of rides exploding entertainingly. Competent, but not as good as *Theme Park*, so contravening Law 10 of Kangaroo Court. Tsk. ★★

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER

Desert Star £25

AP54 35% PM

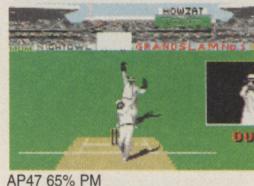
Neat idea for a poker game – play against three digitised 'real' players who speak – but – erk – it falls apart after a remarkably short time. The



other players don't have, for example, 'tells' (facial tics, say, or nervous blinks that hint they're bluffing), you can't try to cheat, nobody loses their temper (nobody does anything, in fact, apart from move their hands to deal and glance around) and your opponents take defeat philosophically ("Huh!" is about as animated as they get). And strangely, the best hand we got all the time we were playing was a three-of-a-kind. There are better PD poker games than this. *Hollywood Hustler* is available from Desert Star at 120 Burden Road, Beverley, N Humberside HU19 9LH. ★

ITS CRICKET

Grandslam £27



AP47 65% PM
Sloppy bowling and ghastly fielding sections let down the well thought-out batting part of this contender to *Graham Gooch's World Class Cricket* sensible flat cap. Graham wins on loveliness. ★★

JUNGLE STRIKE A1200

Ocean £28



AP45 77% JN
Console action games are great. You switch them on, play them for a bit and then switch them off when you get bored. *Jungle Strike* is a conversion of the Mega Drive console action game, and they would have got away with it if it hadn't been for that meddling lack of depth. The 40 or so levels can't disguise their similarity beneath excited mission briefings; you're either flying off to shoot something, or to rescue someone. A couple of extra vehicles to commandeer here and there do break up the pattern (although you're just doing the same stuff but at a different height) but the tiring faults (like having to search minutely for your own fuel on later levels – a-ha ha ha) drag it down. A great console action game, and as such best taken in short doses. ★★★★

KICK OFF 3 EUROPEAN CHALLENGE

Anco £30

AP46 57% PM

A couple of cosmetic changes, proper sound, more teams and tidied-up



controls. The competition – *Wembly* and *SWOS* – make it look even worse second time around. ★★

KINGPIN

Team 17 £13



AP48 47% PM
Cheap, pleasantly-presented but predictably tedious ten-pin bowling game whose only assets are a league game and the ability to create players and so mock up a career for yourself. Like all those terrible PD darts sims, *Kingpin* is pointless – all the clever samples and glitz effects aside, it's a devastatingly boring piece of fluff. And the computer opponents always appear to do the same thing. This doesn't deserve a spare, let alone a strike. ★★

LEADING LAP A1200

Black Legend £26



AP57 57% TN
Well-intentioned first-person racing game with dozens of tracks and five special-car characters, but it's JUST ANOTHER DRIVING GAME. Essentially it lacks 'oomph' (or, indeed, 'vavoom!'); specifically, why not play *F1GP* (for realism) or *F1* (for 'whizz')? There'll be an A500 version along shortly, we're informed. ★★

LEGENDS

Guildhall £30



AP61 80% JN
An impeccably executed, vividly imaginative and thoroughly enjoyable *Zelda*-esque romp that is only flawed by the absence of a save routine and instead gives you (harrgh) continues. Tsk. However in every other aspect this game is a delight from the pleasingly soothing music to the sublime animations and beyond to the superior level design. If only every Amiga game was this much fun to play. ★★★★

LION KING

Virgin £30



AP46 59% JD
Virgin's follow-up to *Aladdin*. The platform levels are dull and empty, two of the break-it-up sections are missing and the lion is a blighter to control. The original wasn't much to work with but that doesn't excuse this disgracefully

loose and unfinished conversion. ★★

LORDS OF THE REALM

A1200

Impressions £35



AP44 82% RP

Extremely professional peasant/castle wargame where you have to keep everybody happy then kill hundreds of people in a neighbouring county 'cos they looked at you funny. High feeling of involvement and gratifyingly complex, but it's not going to win any converts to the cause. ★★★★

MAN UTD - THE DOUBLE

Krisalis £30



AP49 58% PM

Man Utd Premier League Champions with a *FIFA*-ish 3D perspective and a *Premier Manager 3*-like editor. Fiddle with the teams, admire the new player transfer section, become angry with the actual football-playing bit. You can turn this off, but if you're going to do that, why not play a dedicated footy or footy manny game? Or *SWOS*, of course. ★★

MARVIN'S MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE A1200

21st Century £30



AP45 26% RP

No unexpected monsters, no end-of-level bosses, no unspottable traps, no leaps of faith, no control troubles, no disk drive problems, no illogical passwords, no reason to play again after you complete it in four hours and thirty-two minutes on your first go. A wracking shame. ★

MORTAL KOMBAT 2

Virgin £30



AP46 63% JN

Glitz, vacuous conversion that relies on artificially complicated joystick moves. Fast-moving and exciting to watch, but deathly dull to play. Fights are over so quickly, and you're as likely to win bashing the fire button as juddering through the unnatural 'special move' sequences, that you're blasé about losing. Whither affinity with a particular character? Wherefore just-another-go grudge matches? Not here, friend. It's got the best 'feel' of any Amiga bashed game and there's fun to be had from its maximum hurtage, but the illogical controls mean it's less a case of discovering secrets than waiting for us to tell you the moves. And you can fox your one-player mode opponents with a single attack. Constrained by the get-it-over-with-quick coin-op, *MK2* is ultimately just a novelty alternative to the mighty *Shadow Fighter*. Intrusive disk swapping and sparser sound are the

limit on the A500, but the A1200 version is entirely accurate to the arcade machine.

★★★

MR BLOBBY
Millennium £20



AP45 37% JN

Super Troll Island on the SNES, but on the Amiga and with Mr Blobby. Sloppy design and stupid faults (like leaping through the ceiling to land on the platform above when you merely wanted to hop over a monster) don't help; neither does the ease with which you can coast through the game. Bizarrely though, it is tolerably playable for a couple of hours. It's bad. Not as bad as you'd think, but still bad.

★★★

OBSESSION
Millennium £30



AP50 78% JN

Charming but disappointingly simple old-style pinball game which scores in thousands and has none of the exciting slickness of *Pinball Fantasies*. For your £30 you get two excellent tables, one solidly commendable one, and one that's so poor it's more poor than v poor, with the best of the great tables having an ingenious 'curvy bowling' feature to complement its baseball theme. Inadequate ball physics and heavily combo-based scoring (where you have to knock down targets, but then shoot ramps within a strict time limit to keep the points) let it down. There'll be a special A1200 version with multiball in a few months, we are told.

★★★★

ODYSSEY
Audiogenic £30



AP54 79% CW

Exile-inspired (hurrah!) arcade adventure with you, as some bloke with a sword, springing around, throwing switches, ducking arrows, battling gnomes and turning into different animals and insects. Obviously painstakingly designed (arranging it so you need a specific power to pass something must have been a headache) and replete with clever bits, it annoys with leaps of faith, jumps you can't quite make, monsters which follow you from their crafty initial positions to get hugely annoyingly stuck on vital ledges and - hnngh - lives. Generally lovely, but if only, eh?

★★★★

PINBALL ILLUSIONS
CD32
21st Century £30



AP50 90% PM
Staggeringly more attractive than the

vanilla A1200 version, with some tremendous Swedish samples and accomplished use of the joystick. (Although the mistake of having one button launch a ball while another instantly quits the game is beyond belief). Neat on-line manual, as well. Pity you can't turn off the music, because we've discovered Extreme Sports is the most entertaining table of the three.

★★★★

PINBALL MANIA A1200
21st Century £30



AP55 11% JN

Exquisitely poor pinball game purporting to be the sequel to *Pinball Illusions*, but by someone completely different. Badly programmed (the ball physics are particularly amateurish), badly designed (only one of the four tables is at all fun, but none are exciting) and 108 times less snazzy than the A500-compatible *Obsession*, it's a joke at £30 and an embarrassment as the lead game in the new A1200 bundle.

★★★

PINBALL PRELUDE
Effigy Software £20



AP58 81% SF

Other pinball simulators attempt merely to simulate pinball, but *Pinball Prelude* makes use of the fact that the game is being played on a computer to include bonus levels and extras that could never be included on a real table. It's funny no one ever thought of that before. What's that? They did? Damn. Still, it's a fine game and no mistake.

★★★★

PINKIE
Millennium £26



AP48 20% JN

Promising platformer with likeable gimmick of multi-purpose car, but whose sprawling, featureless levels, smothering tedium and complete set of Kangaroo Court crimes slaughters it with a rusty hatchet.

PLAYER MANAGER 2
US Gold £30



AP53 35% PM

Fairly in-depth but - oh no! - clotted and boring footy manner.

PLAYER MANAGER 2 EXTRA
Anco £25



RISE OF THE ROBOTS
Time Warner £40
 (£43 A1200, £35 CD32)

AP45 5% JD

Words cannot fully convey the extent to

AP59 32% SC
A bit like *Player Manager 2* but with *Extra* bits. Which, sadly, fail to make it any better.

★

POWERDRIVE
US Gold £30



AP45 61% JD

Empty tracks, trying to reproduce realistic car handling with a joystick, computer drivers that never crash and the financial burden of having to succeed just to repair the car you've smashed up speeding realistically around an empty track in order to succeed, are but some of the problems found in this rally sim. A challenge tangibly vanquishable after a few hours of practice is but one of its attractions. Actually, that's it. And you'll get fed up before you master the game, anyway.

★★★

Premier Manager 3
Gremlin £26



AP44 83% SF

Zenith of stats-based footy mania games (probably) but one that suffers ironically from the depth of its cleverness. A sort of remix of the previous games in the series with all the clumsy bits ironed out, *PM3*'s sole gimmick is its SWOS-like adjustable player positions. But unlike *SWOS* you have to spend ages re-jigging your team after every loss, because you're not given enough information about the opposition. It's exceptionally difficult and demands unbroken concentration, but rewards with thunkingly solid fun.

★★★★

Premier Manager 3 Deluxe
Gremlin £25



AP60 82% MA

It's *PM3*, but with a 'Deluxe' on. The extra value added 'Deluxe' gives it up to date team information (as long as you buy it before the end of the 95/96 season) and the Multi-Edit System which is intended to remove the need to buy another management sim (although it doesn't work on *SWOS*, natch). Complex. Comprehensive. Cor blimey.

★★★★

REUNION A500
Grandslam £35



AP45 81% PM

A mere three months after we reported it couldn't be done, it's been done. Those rascally software publishers, eh? Graphically simpler than, but otherwise exactly like, the A1200 version.

★★★★

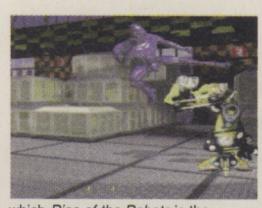
Rise of the Robots

Time Warner £40

(£43 A1200, £35 CD32)

AP45 5% JD

Words cannot fully convey the extent to



which *Rise of the Robots* is the

poorest full-price release ever. Player One can complete at any moment by holding down diagonally up and right and the fire button captures its essential visibility. The nearest the software industry has yet come to robbing an elderly deaf woman in a wheelchair whose son has just died in a car accident returning from the funeral of his father and sister killed when their ancestral home burned to the ground and then severely beating her. With the diseased family pet.

★

ROADKILL CD32
Acid/Vision £30



AP45 84% JD

Rocky Roll Racing on the SNES, but on the Amiga and viewed from overhead, it's an ultraviolet *Super Sprint*, using the old futuristic game show ploy to create a fantastically exciting smoking wreckage experience. "Get the jackpot," booms the announcer as you fire missiles at hapless opponents. "Get the super-jackpot," he roars as more cars spin away to their doom. The piddly damage indicators and surprisingly low number of courses (12, explicit numeric fans) annoy; the lack of a two-player game hurts. Let's hope the forthcoming A1200 version corrects things with a serial link option, eh?

★★★★

ROADKILL A1200
Guildhall £25



AP52 79% JN

That two-player mode, eh? We'd have welcomed it. O-ho. *Roadkill A1200* is, however, £5 cheaper than the CD32 version, so that's all right then. Still doesn't save the high scores though.

★★★★

RUFFIAN
Grandslam £20



AP50 10% JN

A platform game of barely credible tediumness with no redeeming features. Truly awful.

★

SENSIBLE GOLF
Virgin £30



AP52 66% PM

Half-finished, delayed, rejigged, delayed and rewritten, *Sensi's* swansong has turned out to be a fairly entertaining game about golf. Which, from *Sensible*, is a let-down of innocent Derek Bentley proportions. It's exasperatingly simple (no hazardous wind or stance adjustments, for example), stunningly tedious in one-player mode and naught but okay with up to three other people. And you can't even call it *SWOG*.

★★★

SENSIBLE WORLD OF SOCCER
Renegade £30



AP44 95% JD

Sensible Soccer, but with management, but for *Sensible Soccer* fans. It's not *Sensi* meets *On The Ball World Cup*, but you are empowered with phenomenal abilities. That to command the movements of a non-controlled player with extraordinary exactitude, for example. Or that of constructing a team from the pool of 26,000 'real' players. Essentially it's the same old *Sensi* that (of course) you know and love, but this time you're allowed to twiddle the behind-the-scenes knobs. Our highest mark ever in the history of all things.

★★★★

SENSIBLE WORLD OF SOCCER 1996
Renegade £25



AP57 96% MA

SWOS - but debugged, and with a few extra things such as controllable headers, ability stars and updated stats. It's back, and this time it works, as it were. Our highest mark ever in the history of all things plus one. Be in no doubt that this is one of the finest games ever to grace a Philips monitor. When linked up to an A1200. With *SWOS* in the hard drive. Watch out for the European version coming out to coincide with Euro '96 too.

★★★★

SHADOW FIGHTER

Gremlin £30



AP46 91% CW

A textbook example of how to do a game properly. Three Italian beat-'em-up fans looted the best bits from any number of tedious biffing games, applied sinister and special processes to them and came up with the best beat-'em-up ever in the history of all things. It's got heaps of character in the wildly diverse and crazy mismatched fighters, a beautifully simple 'special move' control method (you just swirl the D-pad in various directions and press fire) and options a-go-go. There's even a practice mode where you fight seemingly innocuous master of terror *Pupazzo* the Puppet. Truly the *Gravity Force* 2 of beat-'em-ups. The A1200-specific version's on the way, but even this A500 version looks lovely.

★★★★

SHADOW FIGHTER AGA

Gremlin £30



AP50 92% PM

Cosmetically spruced-up but otherwise identical to the A500 original. The CD32 version dispenses with the horrible disk-swapping (hence the extra point) but adds a silly fault in that you press both shoulder buttons to quit the game, thereby penalising all those players who (quite rightly) get really excited and panicky when struck dizzy and bash at the joystick to make their character recover. Tish.

★★★★★
Century apart from the fact that it's a bit more. Just one more go. Oh, please. I'll put the bin out in a minute. Just one more go.

SHAQ FU

Ocean £26



AP46 51% PM

Uninteresting, plastic beat-'em-up saved from the fires of perdition by the choice of fighting opponents in any order and the eight-player mode.

★★★

SIM CITY 2000 A1200

Maxis £40



AP44 85% PM

An appalling drain on the pocket (to play, you need an A1200 with 3Mb RAM and a hard drive, and an interlace-compatible monitor, and even then it's horribly sluggish) but a terrific strat game. Recall everything from *Sim City*, and then multiply it by 2,000. A worthy companion piece to *Theme Park*, if you've the kit.

★★★★★

SKELETON KREW A1200

Core £35



AP47 59% PM

Sub-standard *Escape From the Planet of the Robot Monsters* clone that's all the more disappointing when you find out it was worked on for over a year. Half-hearted aliens, no power-ups, no variety between levels – it's all here. Or not. Even the score-bumping two-player mode's lacking in sparkle. It looks great, but who cares?

★★★

SLAM TILT

21st Century £30



AP60 90% TN

Four pinball tables – but on the Amiga. Not much (apart from the design of the tables themselves) to distinguish it from earlier releases by 21st

SOCER SUPERSTARS

Flair £30



AP49 92% PM
Abysmal side-on footy game peppered with shocking bugs. You do get a free football with it, though.

★

SPEEDBALL 2 CD32

Renegade £15



AP51 15% PM
Intriguing mixture of *Syndicate* plot and 'underwater flight sim' (although obviously the submarine handles differently from an aeroplane) set in a corporate-run world where it's an accepted business tactic to blow up your rivals with torpedoes. Liney graphics (though the PC version looks really nice – cheers (*"Michael Jackson"* – Ed)) but evocative atmosphere (so to speak) and fun, fun, fun. It's a mite slow, though. Bah.

SUBWAR 2050 A1200

Microprose £35 (£30 CD32)



AP45 82% CW
Intriguing mixture of *Syndicate* plot and 'underwater flight sim' (although obviously the submarine handles differently from an aeroplane) set in a corporate-run world where it's an accepted business tactic to blow up your rivals with torpedoes. Liney graphics (though the PC version looks really nice – cheers (*"Michael Jackson"* – Ed)) but evocative atmosphere (so to speak) and fun, fun, fun. It's a mite slow, though. Bah.

★★★★★

SUPER LEAGUE MANAGER AGA

Audiogenic £30



AP48 93% PM
Outstanding footy manny game that dispenses with numbers in favour of telling you about a player IN ENGLISH. "He's been playing well, but is feeling unenthused" it might say. Impressive, yes, but infinitely preferable and more atmospheric. There are no tedious 'real' players either, so you're free to form your own opinions. Deeply clever as well. And *Wembley International Soccer*'s in there. Hard to get into at first, and continually having to set up training schedules is a chore, but still, eh? A tremendous companion piece to *On the Ball World Cup*. Best played with a mouse, CD32 owners.

★★★★★

SPERIS LEGACY

Ocean/Team 17 £30

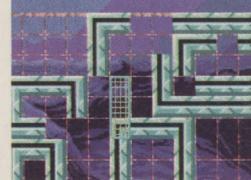


AP51 50% JN
Imagine, if you will, a graphic adventure a bit like a certain Nintendo favourite – but on the Amiga. It has an air of Japaneseness about its graphic style which is a joy to behold and many of the puzzles are pleasantly challenging. But an equal number are infuriating and arbitrary and the result is a merely average game.

★★★

SUPER LOOPZ A1200

Audiogenic £15



AP49 29% JN
Baffling reijig of the terminally dull *Loop(hng)h* – a sort of *Pipemania* without the excitement of gloop flowing through the shapes you're making – that doesn't ever change except for getting faster. Dull bonus games finish it off. ★

SUPER SKIDMARKS

Acid £25



AP48 86% (91% A1200)
Really quite beautiful racing game sequel which corrects the disk-accessing clumsiness of the original and ties up the Quadratic B-Splines™ so the cars judder and bump even more realistically. Eight types of car from dragsters to cows, optional caravan-towing, different speeds, 32 tracks, pointless horn-honking, the label 'last' if you're last, sinister black cars, *Pong* while you choose your options. *Super Skidmarks* rapidly loses its appeal in one-player mode, but that's not the point. The more people and equipment you have, the better it gets, with options to link Amigas, split the screens and play with eight people.

★★★★★

And there's a phone modem option. It's a hoot. The A1200 version adds hi-res to the split-screen modes, faster disk accessing and the ability to connect two monitors and play a track in Cinemascope. ★★★★★

SUPER SKIDMARKS CD32

Guildhall £30



AP51 92% PM
Like the A1200 version, but for only two players. You do, however, get a demo of *Guardian*, a fantastic joystick-compatible *Defender* and the *Roadkill* movie (though, oddly enough, with a scene missing). ★★★★★

SUPER SF2 A1200

US Gold £35



AP52 71% CW (81% hard drive)
Largely successful conversion of the coin-op, with (as far as we know) everything in it. But! The undeniably exciting, intense thumping is extremely diluted by the ludicrously intrusive disk swapping, nutty controls, feeble sound and teeny graphics. CD32 joypads helps enormously, with all the buttons used correctly, and a hard drive cuts out the loading problems. (If you possess both, award the game another twenty percent.) As it stands, you'll be disappointed. The lower score's for running it on a vanilla machine.

★★★★★

SUPER SF2 TURBO

Gamatek £20



AP60 25% JN
In this case 'Turbo' means 'jerky animation (with missing frames to mess up your timing), indecisive collision detection, and an absence of handicap and timer options'. To be fair it also means 'bigger graphics', by that's scarcely enough to make you want to buy it. ★

SUPER TENNIS CHAMPS

Audiogenic £25



AP56 92% MA
Deliciously excellent sequel to the AP52 coverdisk *Tennis Champs*, with temper tantrums, plot-affecting court types, 16 different characters, tournaments, net-clipping drop shots, replays and the FOUR-PLAYER MODE OF CHAMPIONS. No option to contest line-calls (annoying), no Vinnie Vega after we put him on the cover (exasperating), slightly fiddly shot selection (acceptable) and no women (tsk) but – and here we speak with all the authority the rapidly-diminishing hediotic theogony that is AMIGA POWER can command – one of the most deep-down gosh-darned fun games we have seen during our mighty lives. The *Super Skidmarks* of tennis games.

★★★★★

SWORD OF HONOUR

Megatonix £20



AP49 58% PM
'Odd' *Exploding Fist Plus*-type beat-'em-up-cum-puzzle-game that looks great and is initially highly playable, but every level is exactly the same. You can get the game from 21 Tiled House Lane, Brierley Hill, W Midlands DY5 4LG. ★★

TACTICAL MANAGER 2

Black Legend £26



AP50 25% PM
Fussy to work with and foolishly predictable footy manny game. To top it off, you don't even feel involved in the matches.

TEAM

Impact £30



AP57 42% TN
Try-hard *Sensi* clone with customisable bits (a variably-evil ref springs neatly to mind) but which misses the point – players all run at the same speed whether they've the ball or not, for example, and it's incredibly difficult to control. Buy *Sensi* or *SWOS*, instead.

TFX A1200

Ocean £40



AP49 62% (85% A4000) JD
Modern-day flight sim with all manner of 'stealth' and 'laser-guided' things. Impressively sophisticated and that, but it does mean dogfights consist of spotting a dot on your radar, pressing the space bar and waiting for your missile to hit. Surprisingly absorbing but ghastly on a standard A1200, with overwhelming amounts of disk swapping and once-per-second screen updates; best on a top-of-the-range A4000 (if still noticeably jerky); somewhere in between depending on the contents of your RAM expansion/extra disk drive cupboard.

THEME PARK A500

Electronic Arts £35



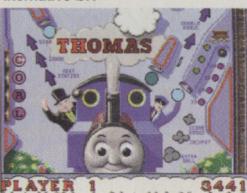
AP44 91% CW
Slightly slower, graphically streamlined and financially simplified, it's sort of *Theme Park Lite*. But otherwise exactly

the same fantastically great funfair sim as its bigger brother. And that is decidedly a Good Thing.

★★★★★

THOMAS THE TANK ENGINE PINBALL

Alternative £17



PLAYER 1 Q441

AP57 17% MA

Amazingly poor pinball licence from the people behind *Pinball Mania*. "For children," which makes it all the worse as there's no excitement and no evidence of imagination. Instead of, say, making trains move around or the Fat Controller steal your ball, or something, you get to turn on lights and then some more. Of them.

★

TIMEKEEPERS

Vulcan £13



AP52 82% JN

Startingly brilliant brilliant puzzle game from the programmers of the *Valhalla* duo. It's an overhead *Lemmings*, but where lems 'make', time 'do'. You lay out their path beforehand with directional arrows and action icons, grappling not with real-time shivery reflex panic-o-thons, but Vulcan's amazingly devious level designs. A terrible bit at the beginning of a screen where you have microseconds to stop everybody falling down holes is the big bad thing, but it's also leisurely rather than exciting, and you'll fall into the 'rhythm' of the puzzles fairly quickly. Wizard green-and-brown fun otherwise.

TOWER OF SOULS A1200

Black Legend £30



AP50 34% SM

Absurdly fiddly RPG that, for example, demands you select one of four lockpicks if you haven't the key to a door, insert it in the lock and use the mouse to wiggle the lockpick in a way you think will spring the mechanism. You're also compelled to examine, use and open everything for fear of missing the passageway or object that will get you to the next section. The plot's orc-related tedium as well.



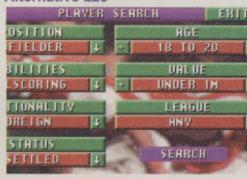
AP50 34% SM

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★★★★★

TRACKSUIT MANAGER 2

Alternative £26



AP61 65% MA

Another football management simulation. Another wearisome set of statistics. Another chance goes (as they say, Brian) begging. Oh sure, you can't really blame games publishers for continuing to deliver very ordinary games like this when we continue to buy them, but a little bit of imagination would be nice every now and then. And it wouldn't hurt to make the statistics up-to-date would it?

★★★★

TURBO TRAX

Arcane £30



AP53 46% JN

The long overdue overhead racer turns out to be *Overdrive* again. Purely 90 and 180 degree turns make up the courses; purely random circuit choice and no maps make playing repulsively difficult. To complete the picture, you often appear to be racing alone, so spread out are the five computer drivers. Extraordinarily poorer than the competition (*Roadkill*, say, or *Micro Machines*). You might learn to like it for the few thrillingly jostly corner incidents.

★★★★

UFO A500

Microprose £26



AP51 36% (66% hard drive version) CM

The same, except! It's unplayable on an A500, with forty-five minute waits between turns as the wee machine works out the aliens' movements. Obviously no intrusive loading on the hard drive game, but it's still hideously slow. Which is why the higher mark's for the latter version.

★★★★★

ULTIMATE SOCCER MANAGER

Daze £30

AP50 84% SF

Along with *On the Ball World Cup* and *Super League Manager*, one of the new wave of footy mania games that tries hard to be fun to play. Still stat-based, unfortunately, but with splendid presentation and those all-important 'human interest' bits as players complain about pay and conditions.

VALHALLA - BEFORE THE WAR

Vulcan £35



AP47 19% JN

The unsightly traps have gone, but the tedium remains. Four gigantic, obstacle-cluttered levels lay before your shambling, hamstrung would-be assassin, levels replete with embarrassingly simple-minded puzzles and people who give you silly objects. The use of speech is terrific, there are some entertaining puns and you can wander far and wide without obviously being blocked off, but all atmosphere is lost due to bunging hi-tech electronics into the mediaeval setting without justification, and you'll plod through to the end in a weekend. Horribly dull.

★

VIROCOP

Renegade £26



AP51 81% CW

And it's a big 'Hello Nurse' to Graftgold's (probably last) Amiga game, a sort of *Chaos Engine* set inside a computer, but we'll forgive it that. Flawless presentation and a hoot of a two-player mode (one drives, the other controls the tank turret) perfectly complement the spot-on level design and (yes!) immaculate attention to detail. And it's hard drive-installable. But - oh no! - somehow, peculiarly, there's no real feeling of danger as you play. It's all much more pleasant than, for example, exciting.

★★★★★

VIRTUAL KARTING A1200

OTM £25



AP55 80% PM

Technically astounding race game which biffs around (oh lord) Fully Texture-Mapped 3D and periodically spins the screen and changes perspective to show off but cutties its gaming fish (and quite a fish it is, ladies and gentlemen, what with zooming around mere inches off the floor in a go-kart, jockeying for position (*Jockey For Position* - what an episode of *Pinky and the Brain* that was. - Ed) and driving off the track to fiendishly cut corners) with some silly, silly flaws. 'Up' to accelerate, for example, and the computer cars never, ever getting knocked about in a crash (you, on the other hand, will always be sent spinning). We're willing to forgive it that for the magnificent experience of the game (it's quite unlike anything else on the Amiga, if lacking a feeling of truly terrifying speed), but you'll be better off

waiting for the two-player *Virtual Karting 2* just after Christmas.

★★★★★

VITAL LIGHT

Millennium £30



AP48 11% JN

Appalling shoot-'em-up masquerading as a puzzle game. Watch a falling line of blocks, count the blocks to ascertain the dominant colour, select that colour to fire from your rotating gun so you destroy the line in the shortest time, turn your attention to the next line of blocks. Repetitive and boring and horrid.

★

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

Kompart £30



AP44 52% PR

Takey-turny naval-based wargame scuppered by no short-term goals and no 'feel' of competitive play, even though it supports up to four 'captains'.

★

WATCHTOWER

OTM £30



AP60 41% CW

A seriously flawed *Chaos Engine* clone with poor controls and poorer graphics. It's extremely heavy going and not really worth the effort. Frankly.

★

WORLD GOLF

Apex Systems £15



AP44 90% (A1200) 74% (A500) JD

Terrific helicopter arcade game that looks like *Zarch* (3D patchwork polygons) and plays like a terrific helicopter arcade game. 32 excitingly difficult missions, fantastic flying effects, glorious explosions, lots of differing missions, machine guns, rockets, air-to-air missiles, accidentally shooting down your allies, bullets hitting the water, one disk. It's awkwardly slow on an A500 (no knock off a star for that), but completely splendid on a 1200 machine.

★★★★★

WORMS

Ocean/Team 17 £30



AP57 60% JD

Scorched Tanks, but 'clever', which loses it almost everything it had in the first place. Entirely unnecessary extra weapons! Random wind to make everything randomly harder to hit randomly! Exploding dead worms severely damaging, for example, the worms that killed them! Extraordinarily strong-out games where you comfortably outnumber your opponent but his remaining worm gets a go every time you move! Mind-crushing tedium with more than two players as

you wait up to 15 minutes for your turn! Play serviceably using only the bazooka and grenades! Excellent tunnelling bits! Amiga Format have stopped playing it now.

★★★★

X-FIGHTER CD32

Thalion £TBA



AP51 60% JD

A worthy attempt at a beat-'em-up, with 32 fighters, worthy computer opponents, combos, 'special' special moves and the like. Regrettably, it's been astonishingly poorly programmed, with intrusively horrible, jerky presentation and shabby collision detection. You don't care about the generic streets-of-Detroit characters, either. Buy *Shadow Fighter*.

★

X-IT

Psynopsis £20



AP47 80% CW

Soko Ban for the '90s. The 1990s, that is. No, hang on. In truth a push-block fill-hole puzzle game with all sorts of 'new' obstacles, features and things to pick up and use, and with nary a fault beyond the typical ones of stringent time limits and (remarkably pointlessly) lives. We've not seen a puzzle game for ages, but this is a good example of the type.

★★★★

ZEEWOLF

Binary Asylum £30



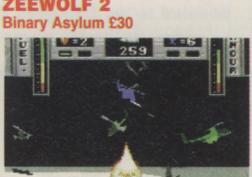
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★★★★★

ZEEWOLF 2

Binary Asylum £30



AP58 90% (65% A500) CW

Still the excellently excellent chopper blast game, spruced from the original, and **DEAD ENEMIES DISAPPEAR FROM THE SCANNER**. Remote link vehicles are the just-enough-to-justify-the-2 sequel gimmick (drive a tank! Pilot a boat! Etc) but they're not properly exploited, and there are some foolish annoyances (being bounced between buildings, the fantastically fantastic mid-air chopper battles being dropped for limited-ammunition later on) which make you wave your fist a bit.

★★★★★

"Dear AMIGA POWER," writes Harry Zimmerman of Rifle, Colorado. "Who's this Ed, then?" Just one of the dozens of letters we've had over the years about Ed, the originator of little asides in the middle of a review or feature. It is, of course, the editor. What are you, stupid or something, or what? Haven't any of you the brains to grasp such a simple principle? Have you never noticed there are no asides in anything

written by the editor of the time? THERE'S NO SUCH PERSON AS ED.

But there was once. A man who single-handedly changed the way editors were perceived, and who has just died, aged 108, sadly neglected by the industry he helped create. Without Charles Michael 'Eddie' Penkethman (1888-1996), magazines, comics and books would be poorer indeed.

(Are you kidding? (Gosh it's a bit like this, isn't it? (You're not going to believe this, but...) A TRIBUTE TO 'ED' (The slightly sparkling fist)

Charles Michael 'Eddie' Penkethman. A great child. A great athlete. A great human being. Our story starts when Charles Michael is three years old. While the other children at the orphanage are interrupting their bedtime story to shout out advice to the characters, Sister Helen Boroughbridge notices Charles Michael remains at a distance, his sarcastic remarks displaying a callousness beyond his years. Despite their best efforts, the sisters are unable to break Charles Michael of the habit, and wearily accept lessons will be almost continually underscored

with comments like, "You've just got that out of a book, haven't you?" and "Oh, I can't be bothered with this." Furthermore, he quickly develops an unusually emphatic speaking manner.

The sisters are not sorry to see Charles Michael leave at the age of eleven to begin work as a copy-boy for the Kent newspaper The Gazette. His appointment coincides with an outbreak of influenza, and on his first day he is left single-handedly to oversee printing. The next morning's edition is bannered THE GAZETTE, 1d. (That's "Gazette," you do, - Ed.) Inside, further errors are ridiculed, and in a correspondence column that usually features one full-page letter, there are an unprecedented eight, ruthlessly cut short with comments such as (Another six paragraphs of contradictory examples, - Ed) and (&c. - Ed).

It is impossible to overestimate the impact this would have had. In the unenlightened days of the 1890s, owners and publishers reaped gigantic rewards from the millions-strong circulation of their papers while the staff - perhaps as few as three people for a national title - would commonly work 16-hour days. Unions were banned. The staff were unknown to their readers and had no job titles, referred to universally as 'jacks,' or jacks-of-all-trades, working constantly on all aspects of a paper. It was Charles Michael's revolutionary introduction of personality that inspired creative staff on other papers to fight for better conditions. (You may remember from history the successful 1902 struggle of Arthur Editor and his wife Production to get recognition for designers and proof-readers, in the process giving their names to the posts.)

The furious publisher of The Gazette sacked Charles Michael without references, but the wily copy-boy supplied his own, bolstered with recommendations like (He's great. - A publisher, and

I agree. - A press baron).

At his next paper, The

Evening Clarion, the owner was clever enough to give him his head, and circulation rocketed as the public, excited by a fresh approach, watched gleefully to see which innocent

correspondent or celebrity feature-writer would 'get Eddie' next. (Charles Michael was constantly enraged at being little-known by his real name. More than one of his



The 1978 Sparky strip, *The Sparky People*, spoofing the idea of the all-powerful publisher, was probably written by Charles Michael himself under a pseudonym. (Dick the Office Boy is the spitting image of the young Penkethman.)

biographers have claimed his hurtful irony stems from frustration at never knowing why his childhood nickname was Eddie.)

It is from this period that the Ed/editor confusion arises, for Charles Michael wasn't to be an editor until 1912, a position he held on one paper or another until his retirement in 1987. By then he'd made millions from radical investment and war profiteering, himself owning a string of magazines and newspapers, including The Gazette, which he bought solely to have the name corrected and the publisher fired and hounded to his death. By definition working in the background, he has influenced generations of writers who have themselves gone on to be editors. The legendary November 7th, 1952 jam issue of The Dryfesdale Times, which had one line of the lead story interrupted by a Charles Michael 'Ed' comment (as the form had come to be known), then the rest of the issue entirely taken up with a battle of hurtful irony between Charles Michael and the six best of his contemporaries, now commands upwards of £8,516 from collectors.

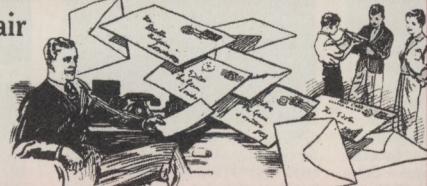
Few today have heard of Charles Michael 'Eddie' Penkethman, but no one can belittle the influence of the man who, it transpired at his funeral on March 31st, had directed his tombstone to read simply, (Aaargh. - Ed). AMIGA POWER joins the world of creative writing in general in paying tribute to this great man. (And that's quite enough of some old dead bloke. - Ed.)



A portrait of Charles Michael by 'Otter' of the Herald; probably 1951. The original, recently donated to the Erdington Museum, is signed in an unusually jocular moment, (Yikes! - Ed).

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The papers of the 1930s adopted the character of Your Editor, a nameless amalgam of the three or four sub-editors per title. Characteristically, Charles Michael despised these uncritical figures (existing as they did solely to publicise the next issue's contents) and often wrote in wishing them all dead. (Possibly an ironic comment on their exemption from call-up during World War One.)

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