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PRESENTS

ZZOT!#Z(ENG) TLLEGAL SPREADING!

69,30 euros??? This bunch of loosers has increased the price of their mag ... Bad news for you again, we are spreading this for free as before: you raise the price, we raise the piracy flag!





ISCOSCACASEGRATAY MANAGINGTHE ENTIREECONOMYOF THEPLANATO

ANAUENMESSAGE TEACHES US SOMETHING WEDON'T UNDERSTAND!

HEROESSPECIALH INTERVIEW/WITH ANTONIOSAVONA

There's a parallel universe in which technological progress ceased to be needed, since the Commodore64 came on the market, establishing itself, then and forever, as the most popular computer in the world...





over art "Pink Orgasm" BY Grass of Hokuto Force



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 A kind interview with the programmer Antonio Savona









STARRING

ZOTTERGOD: Don C=

WRITERS: Allanon, BigShow, Coinbot, Goldrake, KaneB, Limbaccio, Lucommodore, The Shepherd (il Pastore, courtesy of Bovas)

EDITING: Giulia Ghini

MORE INFOS:

- www.zzot.it
- www.redtronco.it

PARENTAL

Explicit language is used profusely, we swear and disrespect a lot,

we like gory and dirty-pornlike imagery and we use it whenever we feel the urge to do so. ZZOT! is therefore not suitable to underaged or underachievers.

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SPREAD THE SIXTYFOURIST WORD

y dear and above all professional faaaaithful, I have eagerly accepted to write **ZZOT!**'s editorials, since the bleeeating fools in **Red Tronco** have been so naiv... Ehm so prudent to agree to pay me in video caaaards, without checking the current markeeeet value.

Oh ves. dear ones. sometimes **Sixtyfourism** can be counterproduuuuctive. when taken to the extreme: since the C64 does not need video caaaards, the breadbin zealots, obnubilated by fanaticism, had no idea of the fat figure they had to write on my check each time!!!

But it doesn't maaaatter. I have decided to reveal myself here, because I can: I am the only sentient entity that is capable of moving freely between Earth64 (our beautiful planet where Commodore64 reigns supreme) and planet Earth (an ugly and polluted place where people murder to buy the latest cellphone).

I will write my consideragations, free at last from the yoke of the **Bovas** who, let's face it, always made me say whatever theeeey wanted, while on **Earth64** it will be me the one to write down all the idiotic *NotesOf* conceeeerning them.

Yes: you must know that on **Earth64** the **Bovas** are just creatures of my imaaaaaaagination, and they get hammered on the head on a regular basis, with many **FOW**s in capital letters. Have you noticed that in **ZZOT!** I am theeeere and they're not?

Soooooooo great! Now, I would like to talk about beaaaach umbrellas.

I don't find them particularly professionaaaal: to begin with, the resorts do not provide electricity: not one socket to share between umbrellas and this is bleeeeeating unacceptable. What if I want to play on my C64, my TV and my 1541 drive and I'm at the beach? How am I supposed to doooo?!? It's not okay!

To hell with plexiglass and social distancing: sixtyfourists should join in a struggle for civilizaaaation, demanding electricity and sockets for all. We have a right to play Monstro Giganto right by the seeeea. Moreover, you can't truuuust umbrellas: today was windy and one of them took off and landed on meeee.

Someone in the editorial office mentioned Karma, but that was not the case: I very well know because Karma was the brand of my joysticks in year 6 AC64.



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AND HOW IS IT COING AROUND HERE

part from the fact that they never pay us money (only cheap wine and glue to sniff), we are only as far as the second issue of **ZZOT!** and we are already out on our asses...

First thing first, the magazine's cash register is now some sort of black hole. Last time, due to a bookkeeping error, the huge budget allotted for the years to come was gone in a wink. Confident that **ZZOT!** would immediately become the most popular magazine in the world, we thought we could solve the problem by raising the cover price to € 49.60. However, despite **ZZOT!** already counts millions and millions of readers more than any other printed matter on the planet, nobody has actually bought it, because some fucking cracked version has been shared and it's free.

In addition to that, **Don C=**, the **ZotterGod** leading the **Sixtyfourist Religion**, has ordered all the faithful to support piracy. Therefore, we couldn't take any countermeasures whatsoever except raising the cover price magazine once more (now

it's € 69.30) and increasing advertising space. On that, however, we have no say

because sales are managed directly by the publisher himself... As if this was not enough, we are two men down, and I mean first-class

material: **CoinBot** is out of order after **BigShow** repeatedly kicked it during a Wonderboy game, now it's frozen on the black screen of death and we don't have the money to fix it; while our dear friend **Limbaccio** is as dead as a doornail (see details on page 16). It happened just before the release of this issue and that, with or without money, cannot be fixed...

In the last few weeks we have gathered several times to decide what to do and, luckily, the **ZZOT!** team is steady on the quest to give our best for this magazine and its readers.

On this issue, we sent **Lucommodore** to London to
interview the programmer **Antonio Savona** (see page 26), a
great contemporary hero of the **Sixtyfourism**. How **Lucommodore**managed to get there, in these
times of restrictions and prohibitions

caused by the proliferation of the worst diseases, will remain a mystery but it seems that he turned to the **Bonanno Spa agency**, who provides customized services concerning documents, visas, passes for anywhere and whatnot.

About the **Bonanno agency**, we got hold of a wiretapping fragment (see page 12) between Mr. **Al Bonanno** and **Don C=**, our **ZotterGod the Magnificent**, and we have decided to start a journalistic investigation into the matter.

Finally, no one has written a shred of reviews in two months: luckily, stuff just plummeted from the depth of space (see page 16) and we used that.

In any case, please support us and maybe buy one flaming copy, do not download the cracked one and then shit us light-heartedly on the facebook...





IS THE ECONOMY OF THE WORLD THAT MATTERS ENTIRELY IN THE HANDS OF A SINGLE ORGANIZATION?

s reported in the first issue of ZZOT!, Don C= has recently been appointed spiritual guide of Sixtyfourism, the cult with the greatest growth index in the number of acolytes throughout the planet.

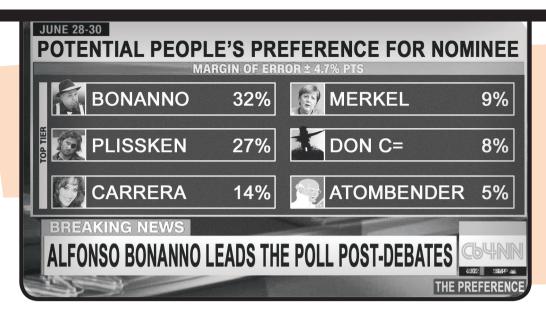
Yet last June, a television poll made quite clear that viewers expected a different result... In the American poll our current ZotterGod did not exceed a paltry 8% while the great majority of votes went to Mr. Al(fonso) Bonanno, one of the richest and most powerful men in the world. Bonanno is the undisputed ringleader of the Cosca64, the sindycate that controls all North American port activities, every passage of goods from the Suez Canal, over half of the mines in Central Africa, Pattaya's sex tourism, military arms supply to the Middle East, an avalanche of financial markets and who knows what else, through myriads of offshore companies and an infinite number of offers that cannot be refused...



Many might have thought that such a prominent person, in politics and wealth, would have brought security as a spiritual leader. But things went sideways. How? First of all. ZotterGod is an office assigned by seniority, so the voter base counts even less than during political elections: vet Al Bonanno is an ancient entity in its own right: his legend begins some 97 years ago within the walls of a candy shop in the Italian-American ghetto of Detroit. All he had to do to become the new ZotterGod and seize immense spiritual power would have been to eliminate the very few sixtvfourists older than him. So why Don C=? How is it possible that Mr. **Bonanno** missed such an opportunity without blinking?

Well, we believe in a secret pact between the two, probably an offer that even **Don C=** could not refuse. We don't know the details of such agreement, but we got hold of





a short fragment of a telephone conversation where **Mr. Alfonso Bonanno** can be clearly heard declaring:

"... no problem: if we have to screw somebody's arse, we will; if we don't have to do it, we will do it anyway. Got it, Compadre?"

(It actually was in italian-like language: "... non c'è problema: se ce lo dobbiamo fare il culo a qualcuno, ce lo facciamo; se non ce lo dobbiamo fare, ce lo facciamo lo stesso. Capito Compare?")

In the editorial staff of **ZZOT!** we believe that it cannot be all coincidence, we feel we are close to the scoop of the decade: revealing a secret allegiance between the world's great powers.

We are aware of the risks that this will entail, but we firmly intend to pursue the investigation and constantly update our readers on what we will find out.





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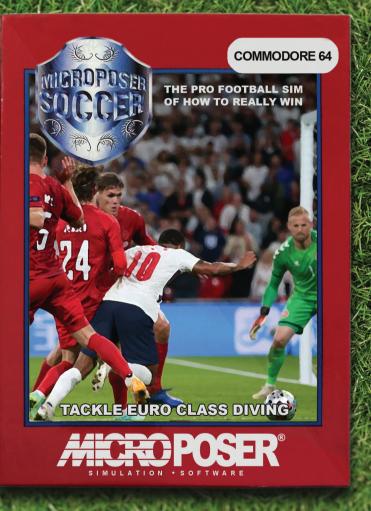
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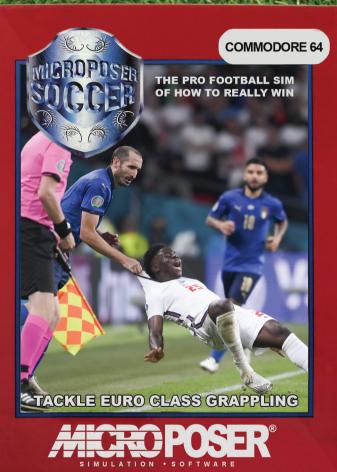


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SPACEMAN SPLORF: PLANET OF DOOM

- Release date: year 33 DC64
- Genre: horizontal scrolling, avoid and float until you die, single button arcade
- Authors: Andreas Gustafsson (coding) and Vanja Utne (graphics, music, sound effects) from Pond, Per Olofsson (disk routines)
- PN: downloadable from csdb.dk and pondsoft.uk

TWO NIGHTS BEFORE THE RELEASE OF THE PRESENT ISSUE OF ZZOT!, WE HOBOS WERE SLEEPING ON THE CANTEEN TABLES, WHEN WE HEARD A

LOUD BANG COMING FROM THE BATHROOM. WE IMMEDIATELY RAN TO A RATHER GRUESOME SCENE: SOME SORT OF ALIEN ARTIFACT HAD CRASHED ON OUR PLANET, PIERCED THE ATMOSPHERE AND COLLAPSED ON OUR ROOF. IT ENTERED THE RESTROOM AND WENT RIGHT THROUGH POOR LIMBACCIO (R.I.P.) WHO WAS TAKING A DUMP AND CAME TO A STOP INTO THE TOILET BOWL OF THE EDITORIAL OFFICE. ONCE REMOVED FROM THE BOWL

AND WIPED DOWN, THE ARTIFACT OPENED **UP: INSIDE THERE WAS THE GAME 'SPACEMAN** SPLORF: PLANET OF DOOM' ON A FLOPPY DISK AND A WEIRD OFFCUT OF WHITE CANVAS. AFTER A FEW HOURS, SIGNS, WORDS AND SENTENCES SURFACED ON THE CANVAS TO FORM A READABLE TEXT: IT APPEARED TO BE SOME SORT OF LETTER TO HUMANITY, AS ZZOT!'S EDITORIAL STAFF, WE DECIDED TO COPY THAT, WORD FOR WORD, AND USE IT AS THE GAME REVIEW. IT SEEMED A GOOD WAY TO FILL IN THE MISSING PAGES OF THE MAGAZINE AND HIT THE DEADLINE. WHILE AT IT, WE ALSO DEDICATED THE REVIEW TO POOR LIMBACCIO, WHO DIED (UNPAID) ON THE JOB, AND THAT'S ANOTHER THING DONE.



e are Splorf and we are considered the most Splorphically advanced species of the entire spacetime Splorf. We have evolved for tens of millions of years in the light of the Splorf red dwarf, on the terminator of its rich fourth planet Splorf, located 39.6 light years from yours which, when reached by our Splorf, will certainly be inhabited by intelligent life forms that will be able to understand the message it



contains. It is a gift of interstellar wisdom, a pivotal moment in the history of us Splorfs, we hope you too can treasure it for the good of your species. In our Splorf society,

I am very sorry for what happened to the poor workmate Limbaccio but let's talk about the game... In the realist strand set in the future, that had been in fashion on the Commie for some years, Spaceman Splorf is undoubtedly my favourite. Maybe because it's the most cartoonish, maybe because it offers a large and imaginative musical selection from which to choose along with the sound effects, or maybe because it makes me feel totally in control of the dying with a single finger.

The creative contribution of Vanja Utne, author of all the graphics and all the music that make Spaceman Splorf a game with a unique charisma, is worth a 90 minutes ovation.



there was a time when a Splorphic oligarchy reigned. They considered themselves democratic. They weren't bad, but they had been binging for millennia and, in their satiety, they had forgotten that the other Splorfs were still hungry. The members of the Splorphous oligamocracy established which were the important words. The outsiders could only take that for granted. Over time, the meaning of words was twisted, and it happened that the ambitious and the climbers at some point got labelled with the term "hungry". For those who were really hungry, there was no longer a word to say it. Therefore, most Splorfs were without a definition: at the FuckOffice there was no Kategory that could be selected to identify them. They ended up counting for nothing, less than Fuck.

Splorf has no way of escaping his fate...





... his death will occur by contact with an asteroid, by drowning in the sea of acid...

Those Splorf still had to eat, at least that one problem had to be solved... When a few bombs exploded in the third last Splorphous capital, some members of the Splorphous oligarchy noticed, in candid amazement. the multitude of Splorfs that were hungry in the primeval sense: Splorfs

that counted for nothing, less than Fuck. The oligamocratic Splorfs in the most social-extremist fringes of multi-parliament 213.2 managed to have a new term approved: that was "dignified" and was added to the selection of Kategories in the FuckOffice. At last, all the Splorfs

. or he will be electrocuted by getting too close to the ionic storms of the atmosphere

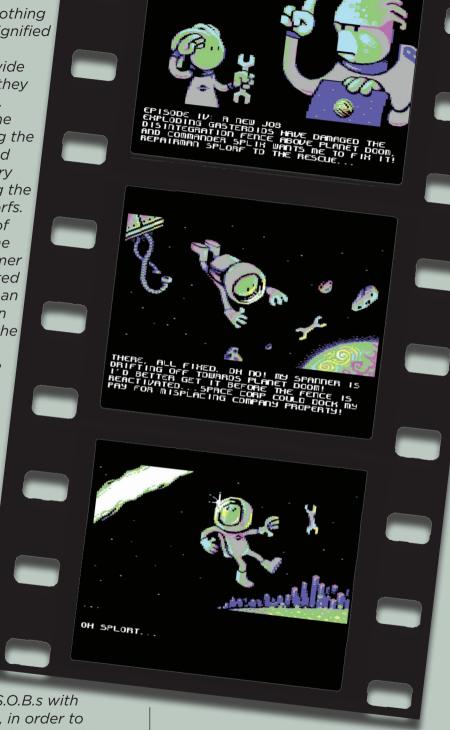


who counted for nothing were labelled as dignified in the FuckOffice: thev had a Splorfwide celebration, since they got back to eating. Unfortunately, some time after, coupling the words "dignity" and "work" became very fashionable among the oligamocratic Splorfs. After Splorphons of social struggles, the now dignified, former Splorfs, who counted for nothing, less than Fuck, developed an habit of dying on the job, that's how the two labels became indissoluble: you lost one, you lost the other too. Shortly thereafter. almost all the new dignified lost their iob and all the labels with it. And back they were being mistreated by all the other Splorfs' Kategories. Which "unlabelled" Splorfs saved themselves

from disgrace?

Only a few Lucky S.O.B.s with superior skills who, in order to work, made themselves available to very dangerous tasks that required high technical competence, on a starvation wage.

San Spaceman Splorf (the Splorf



Cosmonaut) became legendary among the Lucky S.O.B.s: he was a Sanitary engineer of the Space Corp. 5th Class, laundry division, Splorfed



A good old arcade with very sturdy mechanics, where the ultimate goal is to set the new record only to scoff at the runner-up.

linen attendant. It was a vital cog in the company machine as the public dignity of the Splorfs depended on this. In 20 years of hard work he could have become a 4th class engineer with 2 astro-potatoes and an extra toothpaste as a monthly contribution for the family. For all Splorfs, labelled or unlabelled, he had been a luminous example of dignified and working Splorf. However, one day, pursuant to a Splorf-regulation with a benevolent name, a Splorf from middle management who was in the good graces of the Splorphous oligarchy, ordered him to take a 12" wrench and hurry on his Plarp to fix

We have been a bit shocked by the vision (and the stench) of poor Limbaccio's corpse, still sitting on the toilet. covered in blood and shit and drilled from head to



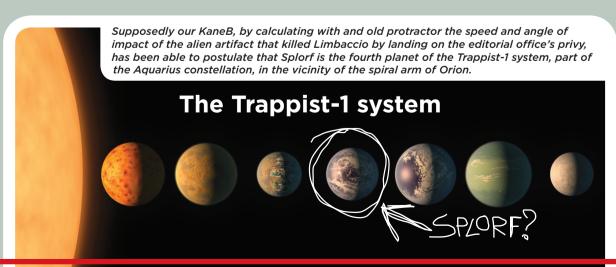
ass. Nevertheless, we will go on writing ZZOT!. even if they never pay us and things keep on going worse...

I admit I played Spaceman Splorf on my loyal portable emulator, on a hot summer afternoon, by the sea: my judgment could have been distracted by so much boot... Er... bathing beauties but...

Obviously there is a "but". And the "but" is necessarily followed by "that's awesome". Yes, because Spaceman Splorf is captivating for so many reasons. While it does not excel in originality or shine for complexity, it is a fine pastime thanks to its nice cartoonish and playful graphic design and a captivating and accurate sound sector.

It won't win the fucking "Game of the Century Award" but surely your eyes and brains won't forget this Splorphous Splorphing Splorpho that soon.

the outer bulkhead of the spaceship at level 17, near the atmosphere of the planet Doom. The sad story of Spaceman Splorf has been handed down to our days thanks to the sixtvfourist knowledge that, as we all know, allowed us to overcome the oligamocratic Splorf order and



saved our Splorphous society from the desplorphization of the Splorfs. Because the story of Spaceman Splorf has taught us that we are all Splorfs and no word, in any fucking Splorphic FuckOffice, should ever Kategorize anyone again.]]

The inevitable end of every match



No guys, it's not cool... I wanted to go and get wasted on mead to

commemorate Limbaccio's good soul and greet him properly but no... The editor-inchief summoned me to write a commentary on this Splorf-something and forced me to fuckin' ignore my poor comrade who passed away in such dire circumstances...

Unfortunately, I didn't have time to cast the invisibility cloak and here I am, writing with tears in my eyes, those same eyes that saw poor Limbaccio pulped down to a reddishbrownish mush by some Splorf-thingys.

Having said that and having made clear that all Splorfs rip my cock off for how they deliver messages, here's what I think:

Graphics: Beautiful, very well done. Sound: Beautiful, very well done. Gameplay: Beautiful, very well done.

"Hello? Red Tronco? I sent the commentary you asked me, is it okay?"

"What? You're sending me the Bonanno's boys? Why?"



CHARISMA 88%

The most trivial game concept in the universe in a guise so well packaged that it even inspired comic imagery.

TECHNIQUES 81%

Great care in coding, coated in spectacular artwork. The control system provides pinpoint accuracy, same as the collision detectors: graphics (in game and out of game) are all crisp and cartoonish; at each game, you can select sound effects and 8 beautiful tunes to choose from.

GAMEPLAY 60%

All is done by pressing a single button at the right time and holding it down for the right time. At the end of each game Splorf will always die, so you only play against the clock to set new records.

REPLAY 76%

You'll make a habit out of playing a round of Spaceman Splorf every now and then, alone or in company, waiting for the sequel...

VOTE 72%

Fun to look at, to listen to, to play. Within the limits of its genre, 'Spaceman Splorf: PoD' is a little gem.



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Kong

by Sputnik World (Rulas International. Narcisound)

The Spaniards-party hard on Soviet vaccines and then, high as kites, bring to light a game of Half-Wit Ape. It took me a while to realize I was the monkey with Parkinson's disease at the bottom of the screen.

Anything can kill us, and if we manage to avoid Satan's bats, we'll still fall somewhere and die. That's caused by the somewhat fuzzy game controls, which, at the peak of the high, they must have found just spot on. The feeling of a Game & Watch on Commodore 64: funny as kicking an anti-tank mine.

Not to be missed!

csdb.dk/release/?id=205245





Droid Rumble

by TND (Alf Yngve, Martin Piper, Richard, Axis)

Turrican hits the Pub and ends up shitfaced on Gin Tonic.



All droids are dead drunk, they go out on the street to make trouble and start throwing barrels of shit to innocent passers-by. It is up to you, the Telecontrol employee, to try and restore order in the city, weighted down with a heavy robotic armour and equipped with a Donald Duck bubble gun. Winner of the C64 SEUCK

Compo 2021: awesome sauce guys!

sdb.dk/release/?id=205463

Sun Position Calculator 2.0

by Hokuto Force (Bytebreaker)

Who wouldn't want to apply the trusty Commodore64 to calculating the position of the sun, namely the solar zenith and azimuth angles for each position (latitude & longitude). on any day of the year and stuff like that? Bytebreaker has released version 2.0 of this incredible piece of software that gives an extraordinary sense of power even to the hopeless.

CHILE

Boogie Factor V1.1

csdb.dk/release/?id=198117

by Fairlight (Abaddon, Reed, Tempest, Krill)



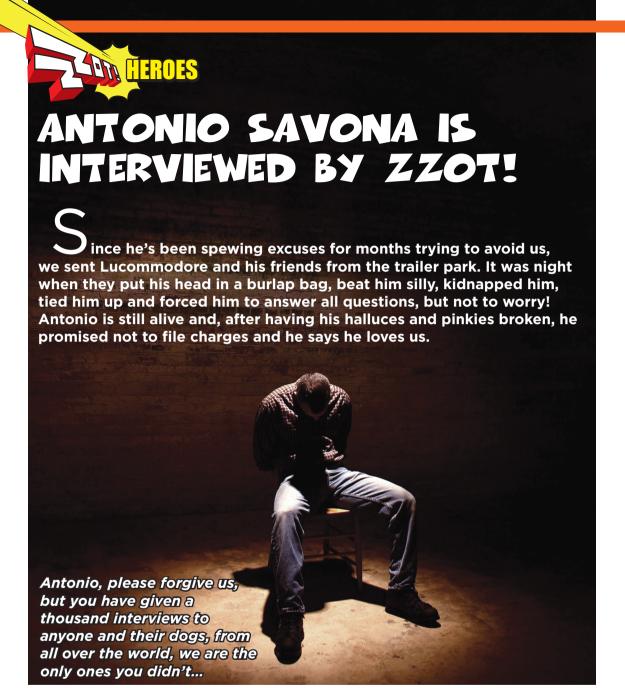
Every now and then it is good to revive masterpieces of the past such as Boogie Factor of 25 AC64, one of the funkiest demos in sixtyfourist history: enjoy an upstart boor on a Roadster embellished with a boot spoiler taking his ass to the "Fairlight Discotheque" to watch a great night show of throbbing music and stunning chicks!

csdb.dk/release/?id=75914



http://csdb.dk

All the productions, the groups, the sceners, the events and bbs's in the Commodore64 scene!



First thing first, what everyone wants to know: is it true that Commodore64 coders are pussy magnets?

Yes, it is very true. Today as in the 80s, women throw themselves at you with no shame, if know your ways with **assembly**. Nothing has changed since then. And I mean nothing: in

fact, women are the same ones and they're my aunt's age.

Ah! And is it true that, whenever you release a Commie game, your penis lengthens by three centimetres?

This is also very true, practically it stretches by a joystick length every three games. I have released around ten: the reader can do the math, but let's say the two of us can easily play IK+ as a party of three, and there's to spare...

Listen, everybody in the whole wide world except you knows that you are one of the greatest living sceners. How did that happen?

I mean, how did vou get hooked on the Commie and how did you relapse?

How did you start off in games programming and how the fuck are vou so fucking good?

You're just too kind, I'm only an honest Commodore64 workman. I started in the 80's thanks to my brother, who had engaged into assembly programming with excellent results: I got the fundamentals from him and my dream, as any kid my age at that time, was to programme a game and release it. I must have started a hundred and completed none. because basically I was a quack. Then came the 90s and, so I thought, the end of Commodore64.

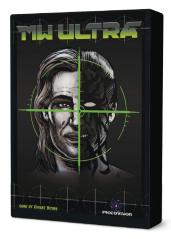
Other interests took over (see the first question) and I gave up... A few vears ago. I came across some thread about Commodore64: I realized that the scene was still alive, so I thought I'd fulfil my kid's dream and released a game, finally. Assembly is like riding a bicycle, vou never forget, so I managed to complete PO Snake, which was supposed to be the first and last. Instead, here I am, still tinkering.

I don't think I'm that good, but it definitely helped me having worked for **Activision** in the early 2000s: programming and programming games are two different things and there's where I found out.

What's vour favourite Commie

game among the recent ones (not vours)?

Mv favourite recent C64 game is Metal Warrior Ultra. In general. I like everything that Lasse "Cadaver" Öörni does, but with MW Ultra that devil has really overcome himself.



And among yours, do you have a favourite? Why?

My top choice is still PO Snake. the first one I made. Nowadays it looks so raw it makes my eyes bleed. but the basic idea is the best I've ever had. I also really like Monstro



Giganto, the last one I worked on, because the concept (which is not mine) is so absurd nobody, including myself, though it was tuppence worth. Instead, to my amazement. the gameplay came out just

fine. Moreover, since it was programmed at lightning speed, it doesn't bring back painful memories.

All sixtyfourists jerk off till it hurts since you posted the first A PIG QUEST screenshot. Can you tell us how you teamed up with a goddamned comic art superstar such as Alain Mauricet? And when will the game be ready?

He came to get me, like in First

Blood II. Seriously, it's been a sensational lucky strike: when I released Fix It Felix Jr. Mauricet was playing with this idea in his head, to illustrate a Commodore64



game in Bitmap mode. He saw that my game had been done in Bitmap graphics and decided to contact me. At first I was very doubtful, because a cartoonist, even a demi-god such as Mauricet, is not necessarily a good pixel artist. I asked him to send me some samples. After a couple of days he comes up with a map of the first world that makes my jaw drop.



I told him: "Stop, don't move! Don't call anyone, I'll do it!" I immediately contacted the Chiummo brothers for the music score, we put our jaws back in our mouths (no swapsies) and we got to work at once to implement **Mauricet**'s vision. I really hope I can do justice to all the godsend that the Belgian genius has drawn, because I had never seen stuff like that on the **C64**. This gentleman is truly from another universe and we labourers can do nothing but adore and serve him. As for the release date, I expect to finish the game within the year. The "problem" is that he never stops creating new setups. adding details, inventing characters...



You had the opportunity to work with the legendary Chiummo twins in several occasions. They are great heroes of Sixtvfourism. Who is most handsome? Aldo or Gaetano?

They are equally wonderful, two Adonis in the flesh. It's not that I want to avoid the auestion, but they're

twins, they're just identical. They are ravishina.

We know that you donate your revenues from Commodore64 games' sales to Unicef. This is so nice but, from now on, why don't you donate everything to ZZOT!?

As you well know, I am proud to be one of the greediest and most calculating people on the scene. Donations to Unicef are simply part of a complex tax avoidance scam that allows me to deduct the most imaginative Commodore 64 features, such as the '\$' symbol on the keyboard. I would gladly switch to Zzot! if there was a sinister economic gain. You should register as a charity, such as Unicef. To tell the truth, I'm surprised you haven't done it vet: Italian taxpavers would gladly devolve the 0.8% from their annual income tax return to vou. Comprendo?

We agree that Koji Kabuto, the Mazinger Z pilot, is the greatest hero of any fiction of all times. No doubt about that. Here's the question: what would you do if you were forced to choose between becoming a god or a devil? Would you save or subjugate humanity?



Before answering, I'll tell you a secret: like many sixtyfourist geeks, I also have an alter ego who works in the so-called demo-scene. Well, my handler is **Tsurugi**. That's why I'm not sure if **Kabuto** is the greatest fiction hero of all times or if he plays for the title against his daddy and his cousin-in-law.

I would surely be a demon, and, like any self-respecting evil entity, I would subdue humanity slowly, enjoying the conquest little by little. Of course. I would start from Sgurgola, in the province of Frosinone.

The editorial staff is amazed that



you prefer that we make one. involving the large family of the postman who failed to delivered it?

explanation or do

Can we blame the post office and make a joke out of it?

If the gold copy I sent you has been lost, vou are screwed because Monstro Giganto is downright sold out and reprints are out of the question: blank cartridges are out of stock indefinitely. However, we could meet half way: you publish the Monstro Giganto type-in listing in the next issue, so readers can make their home cartridge as they please. perhaps with auntie's medicine cabinet or the cat's litter box.

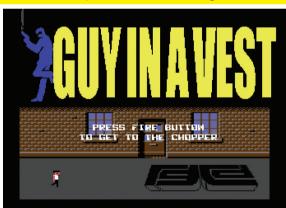
What else do you currently have in the pipeline? Can you give us some juicy spoilers and provide us

with some screenshots to fill in the blanks of the magazine for free?

The game I am currently working on is obviously A Pig quest. As I said. it's a project that requires time, so every now and then I take breaks and put myself to something else. That's how Monstro Giganto saw the light. I have several pending projects, the two I would like to complete are Guy in a vest and Demonvo. The first is a politically incorrect shooter game. while **Demonyo** is a cartoonishvideogame adventure.

We look forward to see all of that! Thank vou!

GUY IN A VEST, a thickheaded action-game in which you slaughter everyone, preferably screaming whores...



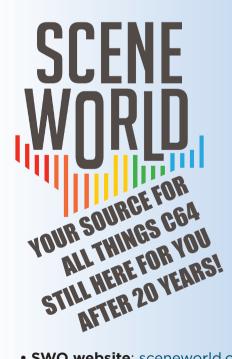


DEMONYO, an odd mix between a videogame and a cartoon, reminding somehow of Diabolik...









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