inter*action*

MAGAZINE

Explode into the Starsiege Universe!

Exclusive Coverage!

Caesar III
Starsiege TRIBES
Football Pro '99
Half-Life
Grand Prix Legends
Mask of Eternity
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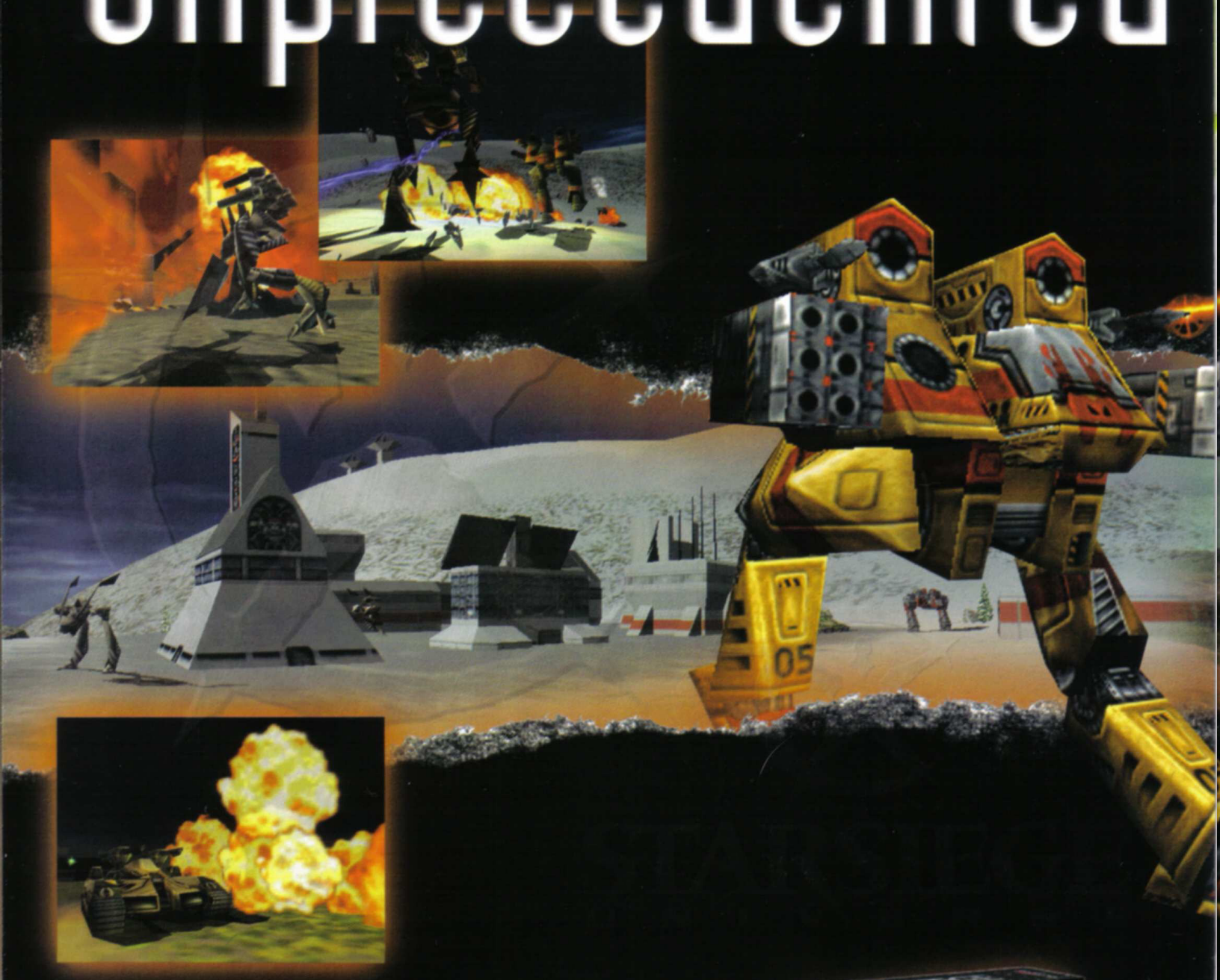and More!

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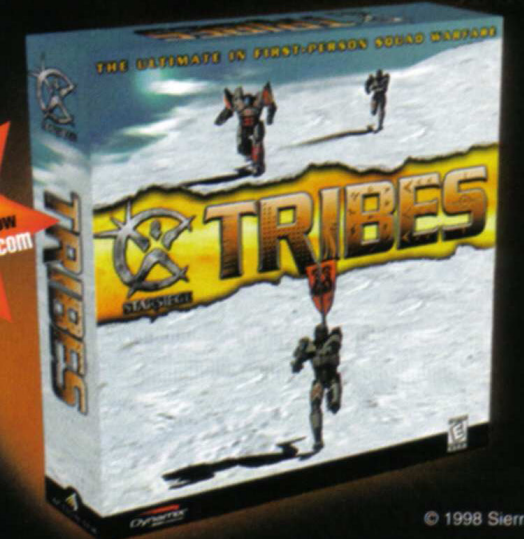**25 Years Old.
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SIEGE MENTALITY

By Chris Hudak

IN A FUTURISTIC WORLD WHERE THE RIGHT OF WAY goes to the biggest guns, the sneakiest ambushes, and the most crippling kneecaps, *Starsiege* rules. In this universe the only way you survive is by the seat of your pants and your wits—it all depends on how you customize and pilot your fleet of HERCS and tanks. Play by the rules and follow the scripted missions or create your own *Starsiege* universe. Record your victories and play them back later as you savor the thrill of domination. We sent Chris Hudak to Ground Zero, where he was strapped into a HERC and given an ego-busting demonstration. >>>
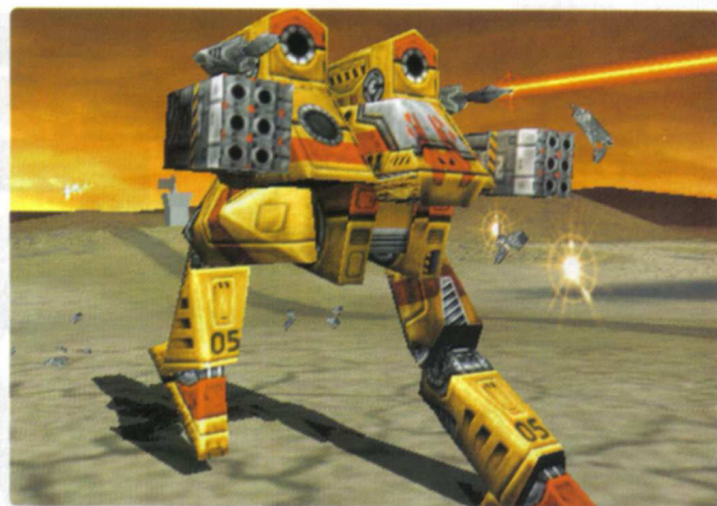
LOCALIZED HITS: The ability to shoot for specific parts of enemy units, blowing weapons out or simply knee-capping an opposing Cybrid, is one that can instantly and profoundly turn the tactical side of battle.

> **"If you've got an ounce of computer-gamer's bloodlust in your body, Starsiege may be the game that turns you on to these bipedal killing machines."**

I recently flew to Eugene, Oregon, to visit Dynamix and have a look at the current state of their new game, *Starsiege*. I even got to play a number of multiplayer, free-for-all death matches with the designers, coders, and art guys, who let me win a round or two—and then methodically proceeded to tool up on me like I was a bored-over 400 in Advanced Placement Auto Shop.

I have, understandably, repressed most of the specific memories of that debacle, but I'll try to convey the flavor.

For those about to rock

You need to mentally put yourself in my shoes for this to work: You're sitting in the Dynamix offices, in front of an obscenely large and crisp monitor that makes the one you

have at home look like a grotty Etch-A-Sketch, engaged in a multiplayer battle with God-knows-who off in various other offices. All you know about them is that they hoot loudly enough to be heard down the hallway when they score an especially dramatic kill, usually on you, the visiting writer, who is definitely gonna wale on this thing in print if these half-crazed virtual Visigoths don't stop waling on you.

Onscreen, you find yourself in a first-person winter wonderland (if you ignore the shattered buildings and flaming hulks). A light snowfall fills the air. You're stopped dead, parked behind a fallen HERC of the same description, using the game's radical sniper's-eye, zoom-in feature, watching a cluster of distant enemy structures with considerable paranoia.

I should stop here and mention,

for the benefit of newbies, that you're trying to survive inside a Herculean battle tank, or HERC, in an apocalyptic world where the right of way goes to the biggest guns, the sneakiest ambushes, the most crippling knee-caps and head-tags, and the most brutal, snap-shot attacks from an aggressor who's already hauling ass back to his friends by the time you realize you've been ventilated like a colander. If you've got a liquid ounce of computer-gamer's bloodlust in your body, *Starsiege* may be the game that turns you on to these bipedal killing machines.

Five seconds ago, as your walking war machine pounded across the icy plain in search of the enemy, *something*, you're *still* not sure what, cranked off a shot at you, and it hurt; in fact, you lost one of your auxiliary weapons, and, truth be

told, you're a little pissed off about that. As soon as the offending aggressor opened up on you, so, it seemed, did about a hundred other guys, and for a few panicked seconds as you ran for cover, you were in the very eye of the Crossfire From Hell, hearing every last ping and boom and zap and thud as everything with a gun within 500 meters treated you to a plasma-gouting, heat-seeking, high-velocity-projectile bout of Smear the Queer.

And now suddenly it's quiet. Too quiet, as they say in the horror films, just before some Thing says Boo and the bloodletting begins in earnest.

The Heads-Up Display overlaying your first-person view is elegant, thorough, and customizable (read-outs for damage, weapon loadouts, radar, and the like can be toggled on, resized, and moved around to

your liking), and now it's telling you—elegantly, thoroughly, customizably—just how far up that famed creek you are, and where the paddle has apparently been firmly wedged. Most of your damage readout is presented in various and alarming shades of red. You just lost a weapon in a cowardly sneak attack from you don't know where, you're down to one long-range tracking weapon, and, in the distance, you hear gunfire.

Where there's smoke, there's HERCs

It's just a thin, distant trill of automatic cannon fire, *bracka-bracka-bracka-bracka*, but you zoom in on that distant cluster of buildings, and you can see that somebody out there is involved in a firefight. Tracers rip through the air between two buildings—the angle's not

WEAK IN THE KNEES: On open ground you'd be a lot more stable in a low-slung, low-profile, all-treads-on-the-ground tank.

THE FIRE & THE POWER

FLYERS

Advocate (Cybrid):
Height: 2.5m
Wingspan: 7m
Length: 8m
Mass: 20 tons
Shield: No
Speed: 500kph
Armor: Quicksilver
Main Armament: 2 MFACs, 2 Blast cannons
Special Equipment: Guardian ECM

Banshee (Imperial):
Height: 2.5m
Length: 5m
Wingspan: 8.5m
Mass: 35 tons
Shield: No
Speed: 400kph
Armor: Carbon Fiber
Main Armament: 2 Plasma cannons, 2 Autocannons
Special Equipment: Thermal diffuser

TANKS

Myrmidon (Imperial):
Height: 2.75m
Width: 5.5m
Length: 9m
Mass: 40 tons
Shield: No
Speed: 80kph
Armor: Ferro-composite
Main Armament: Plasma cannon
Special Equipment: LTADS

Bolo Tank (Cybrid):
Height: 3m
Width: 6.75m
Length: 7.25m
Mass: 26 tons
Shield: No
Speed: 140kph
Armor: Ceramic
Main Armament: Blink Gun

HERCS

Emancipator (Rebel):
Height: 5.2m
Width: 3.2m
Mass: 18 tons
Shield: 500 GW standard
Speed: 82kph
Armor: Ferro-composite
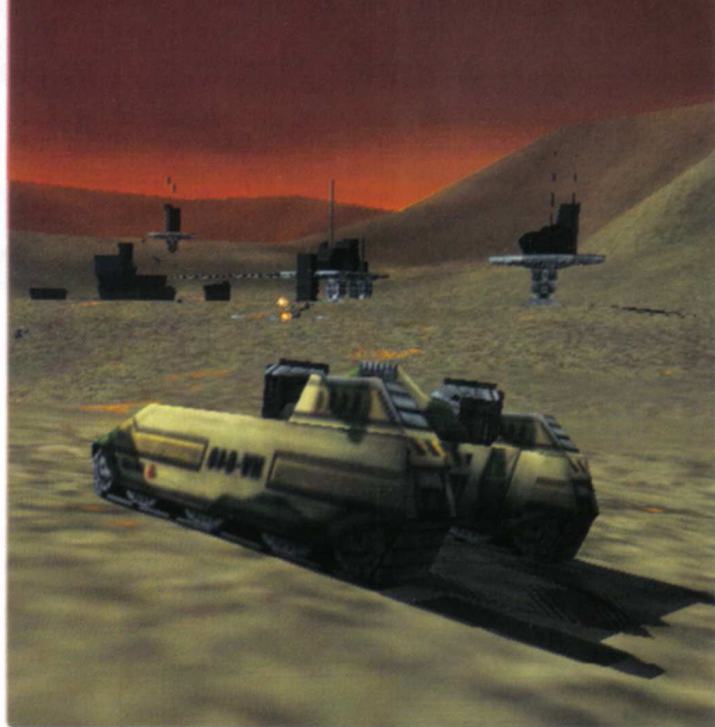Main Armament: Nanite cannon
Special Equipment: Chameleon Cloak

Goad (Cybrid):
Height: 6m
Width: 5m
Mass: 44 tons
Shield: Yes
Speed: 145kph
Armor: Crystalluminum
Main Armament: 2 Autocannons
Special Equipment: Chameleon cloak, Field stabilizer, ECM

DRAW, PARDNER: Starsiege ships with 45 scripted missions and a mission editor—or you can fight your foes one on one.

> "The **Heads-Up Display** is elegant, thorough, and customizable, and now it's telling you just how **far up that famed creek** you are."

STARSIEGE

www.starsiege.com

Developer	Dynamix
Format	WIN95/98 CD WIN NT
Rating	Everyone
Price	$49.95
Order #	83675
Phone	1.800.757.7707

optimal, you can't quite tell where the fire is being directed—and then, suddenly, there's the thing you've been waiting for: an explosion, followed by a hoot from one nearby office and an expletive from another. Another one bites the dust. Less for you to do.

Two very important words must be inserted here: Localized Hits. These words either put you into a state of unseemly excitement, or you haven't had much experience with this type of game and don't understand the tactical implications of the term—and if you have to ask, you may never understand. Either way, the ability to shoot for specific parts of the enemy units, blowing weapons out or simply knee-capping an opposing Cybrid—providing you have the time and cool-headed aim to do so under fire—is one that can instantly and profoundly turn the tactical tide of battle. And it looks really cool.

There's more gunfire, then a bright bolt of horizontal lightning, and something low and dog-legged comes charging from its hiding place, followed in rapid succession by more tracers, a blaze of plasma, the contrail of some rocket or other, and finally one, two, and then three attackers. You know how the running guy feels, but any tinge of sympathy is instantly supplanted by the cheery realization that *it isn't you*, and without a thought you burst from your own hiding place and join

the chase like the blood-crazed, remorseless, amoral weasel that you are.

The beleaguered defender running for his life zigs and zags, explosions going off all around him, taking the occasional retreating shot himself; he's getting way more than he gives, though, and at this rate it's only a matter of time before somebody takes him down. Seeing no reason why that somebody shouldn't be you, you start converging with this wolf-pack hunt, closing with the poor doomed *schmuck* in the lead, your guns blazing inaccurately but impressively. He's being herded toward a long, sloping hillside. The hill will be his downfall, you instantly see. The hill offers no cover or escape crevices. In fact, the hill—*the hill is shooting at you.*

In the long, horrible ohnosecond before the point-blank railgun discharge sends you to Hell, you realize that the Running Guy had a cloaked ally sitting there the whole time, its image masked by mimicking the color and texture of the terrain behind it. You're maybe five meters away when a stream of particles moving at relativistic velocities takes your wounded HERC apart at the molecular level. The original three pursuers have long since peeled off and have found other things to shoot at.

From the end of the hallway at your back, you're pretty sure you hear laughter. ⚙

PRETTY HATE MACHINE

Of course, you'll want to custom-paint your beloved machine before some random bastard blows it to smithereens, and you can do it here with style—a full skin editor allows players to create their own decoration schemes, adding different apparent textures, colors, and, of course, outfit designations.

Hard-core gamers really go overboard with this kind of thing, and in the few hours I spent at Dynamix I was shown every imaginative, specific, and just downright ridiculous coordination scheme, from blue-and-yellow Batman skins to NASCAR-style Budweiser paint jobs. (This last apparently arose from the idea of player-created custom "race" courses, around which the participants in a multiplayer game can hold their own little Grand Prix HERC affairs. Yes, you can use the game's built-in editor to create such a scenario, and if you do, I don't want to know about it.)

Stand tall with your Tribe as
you fight the oldest battle of all—
survival of the **fittest.**

The Few
The Proud
The Tribes

By Mark H. Walker

THE YEAR IS 3940, ELEVEN HUN-
dred years after the epic battles depicted in *Starsiege*. The Imperial
universe has expanded, warped, and splintered. Independent factions,
rebelling against the Empire, have burst from known space. Eschewing
the familiar, they establish their own civilization, a civilization based on
Terra's most ancient code—survival of the fittest. They are proud, they
are warriors, they are the Tribes. This game is their story.

Although *Starsiege: TRIBES* breaks from the treadbare gameplay of
most current shooters, there is still plenty of sweaty-palmed, first-per-
son, hunter/hunted action. However, unlike *Starsiege*, there are no
HERCs in this game. Instead, players wear the boots of a futuristic,
ground-pounding infantryman (or woman), trying desperately to coop-
erate with squadmates and defeat an enemy squad. But the fun does-
n't stop there. In *TRIBES* you must think as well as you shoot.

"The ability to merge a first-person shooter with many of the ele-
ments of a challenging strategy game is one of the things I like most
about *TRIBES*," says Tim Gift, Director of Technology at Dynamix, the
developers of *TRIBES*. >>>

"Although **Tribes** breaks from the treadbare gameplay of most current shooters, there is still plenty of **sweaty-palmed**, first-person, hunter/hunted action."

Tribes is all about strategy, all about interaction. Each team represents a tribe of up to 16 players. The team's leader directs the combatants' efforts from the Commander's Screen. If you've ever wondered what it's like to be the head honcho, the Commander's Screen is the place to find out. With a simple point 'n' click, you can direct warriors to guard your base, set up a reverse-slope position, attack the enemy, or travel to distant waypoints. If a real-life squad leader can order it, so can you (sorry, no KP duty). Of course, these are not unthinking polygons you are ordering about, but real people–people who want to kill, not be killed. So you'd better be good, or your tribe will drop you

like a live mortar shell and find someone else.

Voices out of the blue
But sometimes a mouse isn't enough. Although *Tribes* doesn't support voice-compression technology (there's a limit to how much data you can push through a phone line, and the vivid graphics use some megabytes), the good folks at Dynamix have included a useful audio feature.

"We put five different voice sets in the game," explains Gift. "There are well over 100 voice commands—such as 'Is our base clear? Is our base under attack?'—that may be linked to keystrokes."

Even better, if gamers don't like the voices supplied by Dynamix,

they can record their own, distribute it to the rest of their tribe, and bask in the glory of their own vocal resonations.

Tribes looks as good, if not better, than anything on the market. The landscapes—be they snow-covered plains, rolling green hills, or tanned desert dunes—are vast, some covering more than eight square kilometers. That's about 30 minutes running time from one corner to the next.

Once you've traversed that vast landscape to assault the enemy base, you'll transition—without bumps, stalls, or any kind of system hiccup—from rolling hills to dimly lit concrete-and-steel interiors. There you'll find glowing communications panels, footlights, and all

TRY TO BURN THIS FLAG: In addition to playing capture the flag, you can stage a death match (your squad versus another), embark on one of 20 scripted missions, or create your own private war.

ARMED TO THE TEETH

These are the weapons that were available for inspection at press time. All of the weapons in *Tribes* have "scope" capability—meaning no matter where you are or what you're in, the scope feature will let you zoom in on your hapless prey.

By the way, weapons and suits of armor aren't the only cool accessories. *Tribes* is the only game in this genre to offer you battlefield vehicles to tool around in: Personal Flyers, Armored Personnel Carriers, and Transport Flyers. All vehicles will be player-pilotable.

Plasma Rifle: Launches a molten slag of plasma.

Disc Launcher: Fires dinner-plate-looking explosive discs that can inflict "splash" damage on anything nearby.

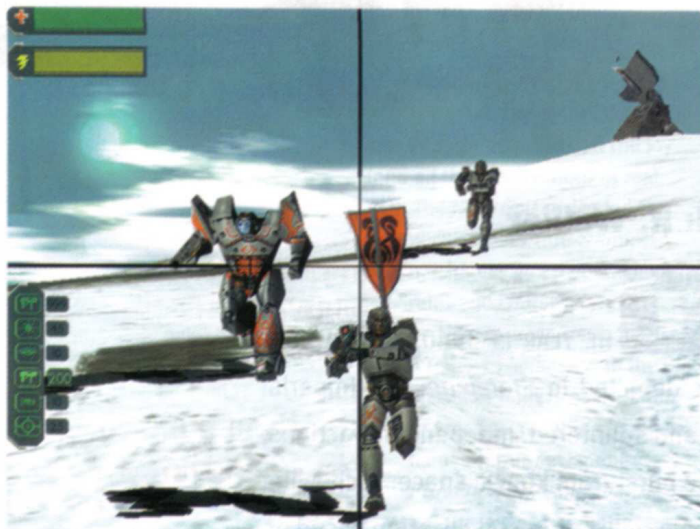**Grenade Launcher:** Launches grenades with a 1.5-second fuse.

Chain Gun: Sprays a stream of bullets. Deadly at short range.

Laser Rifle: Excellent weapon for long-range work.

FAMILY AFFAIR

Naturally, **TRIBES** consists of tribes. The history of these warrior castes makes up the game's backdrop. There are four major tribes: Children of Phoenix, Starwolf, Diamond Sword, and the Blood Eagles. (Gamers are welcome to found their own tribes—that is, if they think they can stand against the might of these original warriors.)

The Children of Phoenix
The oldest tribe, the Children of Phoenix, hopes to one day reunite all tribes and overcome the decadence of the Empire. The Children's greatest ally is the Starwolf; the Blood Eagles, their most hated enemy.

Blood Eagles
The most ruthless of all the tribes. They are also the caste that holds the rituals of the Imperial Knights most dear. The Blood Eagles are "almost" accepted by the Imperium, and are often seen wearing Imperium-issue armor.

Diamond Sword
The mystics of *TRIBES*. The Diamond Sword's Zen-like beliefs are similar to ancient Terran Buddhists. Although philosophers by nature, Diamond Sword warriors can be a devastating adversary when given time to prepare for battle.

Starwolf
This aggressive, territorial tribe traces its origins back to the original inhabitants of Earth's North American continent. A proud people, they have learned to endure and even thrive on planets other peoples deemed inhospitable.

sorts of variable lighting effects.

"The graphic engine's ability to effortlessly render exteriors and interiors is one of its most exciting features," says Gift. "Gamers will be able to move in and out of buildings without the slightest in game hesitation...we're really happy with it."

Play the packaged missions or serve up your own
Unlike other "shooters," *TRIBES* ships with a CD full of intriguing missions. Sure, you'll be able to have a death match (you or your squad against another team) and you'll be able to capture the flag, but there'll be other strategic fare to choose from: 20 scripted, objective-based multiplayer missions. Divided into four mini-campaigns, each of these missions will provide a unique set of objectives: base assaults, power-station destruction, objective capture and defense, etc.

(Although *TRIBES* was designed from the ground up as a multiplayer game, it does have a single-player element. Primarily envisioned as training missions, these battles—10 in all—will prepare gamers for the tougher war that awaits online.)

Still, gamers who tire of the scripted selection will be able to design their own slugfests. "The mission editor is another thing that differentiates *TRIBES* (from other games)," states Gift. "It is so simple to build missions with the drag-and-drop editor."

The scripted missions are designed to operate as one of two types: Pick-up or Resource (these names might change). Pick-up mode is the typical find-the-floating-weapon-and-pick-it-up game. Resource mode adds a layer of complexity that fits well with the game's strategic skin. Teams are given a fixed number of points and must spend them at inventory machines to equip their squad. You want that Missile Launcher? Sure, it'll take out a warrior from a kilometer away. But it costs the same as two Plasma Rifles. Can your squad afford it? Furthermore, if the bad guys (or gals) waste your

HAUNTED HOUSES: Once inside, you'll fight for your life in spooky concrete-and-steel interiors amid glowing banks of electronics.

inventory machine, you won't be able to buy any more weapons or ammunition.

The thinking gamer's Quake
TRIBES is a brand-new angle on first-person, squad-level combat. Think of it as a thinking gamer's *Quake* or perhaps a Quaking gamer's *Command and Conquer*. Either way, *TRIBES'* strategic overlay, Commander's Screen, "multiplayer first" design, and revolutionary indoor/outdoor graphics engine make this game something out of the ordinary.

TRIBES stands tall because of the environment, because of the strategy, because of the no-brainer mission editor, and because of the people—the people of the 40th century AD, the renegades, the survivors, the warriors—the tribes. Grab a Chain Gun, the Commander's calling. ⓘ

TRIBES

www.starsiege.com/tribes	
Developer	Dynamix
Format	WIN95/98 CD WIN NT
Rating	Everyone
Price	$39.95
Order #	83667
Phone	1.800.757.7707

Starsiege

Science Fiction just got real...

A new stunning 3D combat sim from Dynamix but also the first chapter in the ever-expanding *Starsiege* Universe, spanning 2 000 years from the first Cybrid invasion of Earthsiege to the errant Tribe warriors... In *Starsiege*, you can choose to be either a human warrior or a Cybrid death machine. Select your missions and equip your pilots with the most devastating fighting machines in the known universe - an arsenal of weapons, airskimmers, tanks and Hercs. Hunt down your prey across sweeping landscapes, through fortified bases and war-torn cities on immersive 3D worlds. *Starsiege* will tax your senses and combat skills, as you battle through the intricate mission plots to unlock the secrets of the *Starsiege* Universe.

- ▶ **Unequalled Single-Player Combat** – more than 45 highly-detailed plot missions across diverse planetary environments.

- ▶ **State-of-the-Art Fighting Machines** – more than 30 vehicles to pilot including Airskimmers, Tanks, and HERCs.

- ▶ **Massive multiplayer games** – with a wide choice of co-operative and competitive multiplayer games, including but not limited to Deathmatch, Capture the Flag, and Objective Mission Raids.

new
autumn 98

STARSIEGE

"You really can't afford not to own this."
PC Guide

PC CD-ROM (minimum: Pentium 133, Win 95/98, 16 MB RAM)

Multiplayer

Massive multiplayer gaming

3D

OpenGL or 3Dfx Glide compatible 3D accelerator optional

Eleven centuries have gone since *Starsiege*. Humanity has split into two factions, some following the leaders of the Rebels, branching out across the galaxy. They are now called the Tribes... *Tribes* is a revolutionary real-time, first-person, squad-level combat game, featuring 30 single player missions that prepare you for the core play, with 2 to 32 players interacting. *Starsiege's* cutting-edge engine provides gamers with features never before available in 3D shooters: miles of 360° azimuth terrain viewing, instant movement inside and outside buildings (no lag or load times!), ground and air-combat vehicles and vast immersive planetscapes. The "Commander" feature allows one team member to act as tribe leader, using a top-down battle view to control base defences, issue commands and monitor enemy movements.

Starsiege Tribes

The ultimate first-person squad warfare

- ▶ **Vast Integrated Worlds** – Replaces traditional "levels" with super-realistic worlds of integrated interior and exterior battle zones.

- ▶ **True Terrain™ Landscapes** – Seamless movement between dynamically lit interiors and true, full-horizon outdoor landscapes.

- ▶ **Dedicated Commander Role** –Tribe commanders set targets, deploy troops, and control resources with a special top-down view of the entire battlefield.

new
winter 98/99

STARSIEGE TRIBES

PC CD-ROM (minimum: Pentium 133, Win 95, 16 MB RAM)

Multiplayer

from 2 up to 32 players interacting via modem or the Internet

3D