

# HAYWIRE MAGAZINE

ISSUE 7 • INTIMACY



“Can a computer make you cry?” asked a burgeoning new videogame publisher a little over 30 years ago. Now that publisher has grown up to be voted the worst company in America, and the emotional capacity of videogames seems proven. My own list of titles that have moved me to tears - *Bastion*, *The Walking Dead* and *Sword & Sworcery* among them - is ever growing. It's clear that games can make people cry, and that I am particularly prone to weeping.

But raw emotion is one thing. Joy and pain, triumph and frustration, are essential parts of the tussle with mechanics, systems and other players. Between those extremes lies an endless array of more complex, conflicted feelings which are somewhat harder to evoke, and none so complicated as those related to human interaction. What about respect, trust, friendship? What about longing, lust, love?

Many games have included acts we associate with such feelings, often with all the charm of smashing action figures into each other, but even if those simple beginnings are long past, it seems doubtful whether videogames will clear the uncanny valley for physical intimacy any time soon. Considering the impact certain Twine games had on me, I reject the notion that visual fidelity is essential anyway.

How do you move beyond trying to show these emotions, how do you communicate them mechanically? The conversation is as old as the medium, and if there is an answer, I don't think we have found it yet. This is not an area in which you can easily cut corners in your simulation: Clear direction and bellowed orders might befit the bravado of military fantasies, but relationships are, or should be, an entirely voluntary activity. You can tell players to jump and they'll jump. What if you tell them to love?

Perhaps games are wise to only hint at intimacy then. Perhaps it is not viable to focus on something that is, by nature, optional. Perhaps they can only tickle our imagination, leave us to speculation. Perhaps they cannot honor our choices without staying superficial and cannot provide sufficient detail without becoming deterministic. Perhaps our love will forever remain unrequited. Only none of this is conclusive evidence that it can't be done. Maybe games just can't force us to love, but will find a way to allow us to.

Don't go! There is hope for us yet.

Cheers,  
Johannes Köller  
Editor-in-Chief

**HW**

BELIEVE



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# Programmed To Please

Tale of Tales' latest focuses on the sensual relationship of player and device. Joe Köller went hands-on.

Videogames are not very good at sex. Triple A titles that do include the deed tend to relegate it to a chaste cutscene at the end of some dialogue tree, as if it was the logical conclusion of any brief amount of intimate conversation. First words, then moans. Indie games are less shy about depicting and describing the act and everything surrounding it, and I understand there may be a certain market for entirely pornographic games on the internet, but whether intentional or not, attempts to make sex playable tend to be more comical than exciting, with all their button mashing and frantic mouse waving. We saw that a few months ago, when various videogame personalities on Twitter briefly obsessed over the existential plight of trying to please one man's stubbornly unresponsive penis in *Sepe's Cumshot*.

Given their vocal commitment to creating beauty, perhaps it's no surprise that the artgame duo Tale of Tales are trying to address this distinct lack of classy videogame erotica with *Luxuria Superbia*, a game about the intersection of the sensual and the spiritual, and also a game about getting your iPad

off. The colorful curiosity quite literally replaces crude depictions with flowery images and prose as part of an extensive nature metaphor. You travel through various tunnels, mostly stylized plants and stems, touching their outer walls to fill them with color, while the game provides melodious chirps and whispers sweet nothings. Fully coloring the walls ends your run, which is to be avoided, at least until you've made the game very, very happy.

The level of innuendo at work here is never anything less than explicit - you tease, and the game blushes, asking you to lick its colors or make it yours - but *Luxuria Superbia* remains abstract enough to generally avoid cringe potential. There is something oddly intimate about tickling the game, more so on touch devices than in the gamepad-controlled PC version, to the point that I found myself glancing over my shoulder to make sure the session remained private. Given a willingly technophilic audience, *Luxuria Superbia* can create an intimate relationship between hand and screen, but what about the game's loftier goals? I asked Michael Samyn about the research that preceded the project.

"*Luxuria Superbia* is the first release that comes out of a longer research project code named 'Cncntr.' This research had two focal points. One was the desire to simulate something like a

sexual experience through interaction rather than depiction. And the other was to explore ancient representations of the cosmos and their relationships with mythology, numerology, and so on. As it turned out, a lot of links appeared between the two and we quickly found ourselves in such a rich pool of subject matter that we almost drowned creatively. We basically wanted to make a videogame about everything in the universe and how it is all connected.”

Unsurprisingly, that premise had to be trimmed and narrowed down after an unsatisfying early prototype. Was spirituality left on the cutting room floor along with overt references? Playing *Luxuria Superbia* certainly feels meditative, it is, in essence, sexual play divorced from any genuine arousal. I’m not sure it is any more transcendental than the act itself though. Considering how closely connected prayer, procreation and their brief moments of rapture are already, this might seem a strange complaint, but you might have a hard time reflecting on these threads during the game’s constant stream of verbal reassurance, which focuses the experience on the here and now. You, the game. Making love.

Speaking of talk, it can be hard not to feel cynical about the lavish praise heaped on you by *Luxuria Superbia*. Early tunnels make it so easy to hold the game on edge, an admittedly kinky premise, that your triumph and the game’s ecstatic response might feel vain. Yes. Thank you. Best it’s ever had. Fortunately the game grows more coy in later stages, punishing overstimulation and demanding more varied attention. Exactly which buttons it would like pushed you’ll have to figure out yourself, while the niceties continue uninterrupted. This is where the game’s point system becomes your metric for how well you are actually doing, strange as it might seem for a Tale of Tales game to even have scores.

“It’s been fun to play with an element that is so conventional in other games and so controversial in our own practice. That alone excited us enough to include it. Indeed, for the sake of novelty. But it makes sense in the context, I think. The score helps people play the game better and thus enjoy themselves more. It is true that the words sometimes contradict the score but then it is up to the player to decide what it best. Sometimes the flower wants you to go faster, but you know that if you take it

slowly, the joy will be greater. The score helps explain this.”

Now I don’t know about you, but I tend to prefer open communication with my partners over trying to interpret stimulus responses. Not that I mind the juicy allusions, but the friction between nice words and mechanical standstill can feel a bit frustrating, especially considering the minimal and vague instructions you are presented with. How very realistic, I suppose. Regardless, for a game to demand slow, gentle caresses, instead of positing reduced, hectic motions as the ideal way to play, is interesting in its own right.

I find that the idea of being asked to please a game presents a fascinating reversal of the usual dynamic, in which these systems focus entirely on providing titillation for us. The constant gratification can feel vain and selfish: are games just about an endless trickle of shiny rewards and trophies? To come at this from a more altruistic perspective and revel in giving rather than taking might renew some of the pleasure we take in these experiences. Or maybe all games feel this way about having

us explore their mechanics, and just remain mute on the subject.

“Most games enjoy it when you play them well. They might not say so, but they do.”

It’s a novel concept, but the game itself seems to alternatively entice genuine excitement and cold, scientific curiosity in me. Speculating on how others might respond to it seems moot given its intimate subject and nature: perhaps your taste in videogames is even second to sexual preferences and orientation as the deciding factor in your enjoyment. *Luxuria Superbia* tries to remain nonspecific as well as abstract, but flowers and tunnels feel like gendered imagery nonetheless.

“Flowers are generally accepted as having sensual forms and smelling nice. But they are not gendered. Many heterosexual women find flowers just as sexy as many gay men do, etc. In fact, flowers contain the equivalent of both male and female reproductive organs. That being said, there is of course a strong historical association of the feminine with love and beauty. An association that even

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“The friction between nice words and mechanical standstill can feel a bit frustrating, especially considering the minimal and vague instructions you are presented with. How very realistic, I suppose.”

Touch me.

the harsh and cruel modernism of the 20th century hasn't been capable of fully erasing."

This is a fair point to make: *Luxuria Superbia* does carry the baggage of hundreds of years of arbitrary distinctions, and to single-handedly dig out of the hole erotica are currently in would be an unreasonable demand indeed. Neither flowers and the nurturing side of nature, nor the passive role the game takes are inherently feminine, they have just come to be arbitrarily codified as such. Perhaps I am merely trying to rationalize my own interaction with the game, but I take some comfort in knowing I don't seem to be alone in the interpretation. On *Gamasutra*, Kris Ligman mentions the game's "feminine moans and sighs"

and on *Indie Statik*, Chris Priestman described its tunnels as "effeminate."

Whatever may be behind this tendency to read the game as female, I wonder how it might influence audience reactions. It's common business to dislike or disregard games, but we tend to do so first in terms of production values and genre tastes, rarely based on personal incompatibility. If games continue going down that road, what manner of details might spoil match potential? I'm sorry *Luxuria Superbia*. It's not you, it's me. Either way, it seems obvious that the game is not for everyone. At the time of writing, it is still stuck in the limbo of Valve's greenlight system, which Tale of Tales have been vocally critical of.

"It's a popularity contest and we

are not popular ourselves nor do we tend to enjoy things that are popular. So it's not for us. For us the internet is this wonderful environment where everything can exist, no matter how weird or small it is. Systems like Greenlight destroy that openness by applying the ancient capitalist laws of the jungle to an ecosystem that does not need to be governed by them. It introduces competition where none is necessary. There really is room for everything. There is no need to exclude anything.

"What we need is systems that embrace this potential of the technology and give us access to the things each and every individual may enjoy. There is no need anymore to treat us like a flock of sheep. We can finally all be individuals.

Let us!"

Yes, let us. And what might be more individualistic than the very personal experience of sexual play? *Luxuria Superbia* is a game unlike any other I know, one I am still of two minds about, finding myself alternatively seduced by its beauty and left cold by its flirtations. It certainly hasn't made me happy in my pants, but that's okay. I understand the game likes to take it slow, and I do appreciate its soft caresses.

"Kiss me", says *Luxuria Superbia*. I blush.

*Beta Access to the PC and Android versions of Luxuria Superbia was provided by Tale of Tales.*

**HW**

Breathe my air.



# Not So Different

Andrew Huntly explores our capacity for empathy.

Character creation in *Saints Row IV* is ludicrous in terms of breadth and scale. The game gives you bountiful sliders and options for designing your perfect gang leader/superhero, whether they be skinny or obese, pitch black or snow white, voiced by Laura Bailey or Nolan North, or anything in between. Most will likely use these options to craft an idealized version of themselves, but it says much about how deep and intuitive the system is that any player can do so in detail.

Personally, I don't play games to be myself. I spend enough time with

that guy as it is. So I imported my female gang leader from *Saints Row: The Third*: a punkish, but well dressed woman who finds enjoyment in dual-wielded handguns, tanks and poorly justified gang warfare. This being a co-op game, I found myself paired up with friends typically in the guise of a male, regardless of their own gender, and I discovered something strange. Despite claims to the contrary from the likes of John Gray, I find we have much the same experience. We all have an affection for our characters with an innate understanding and enjoyment of

their reckless, destructive ways. The idea of gender or sexuality - the player avatar can comically romance men, women and hovering robots - simply doesn't play into how much we relate to our characters.

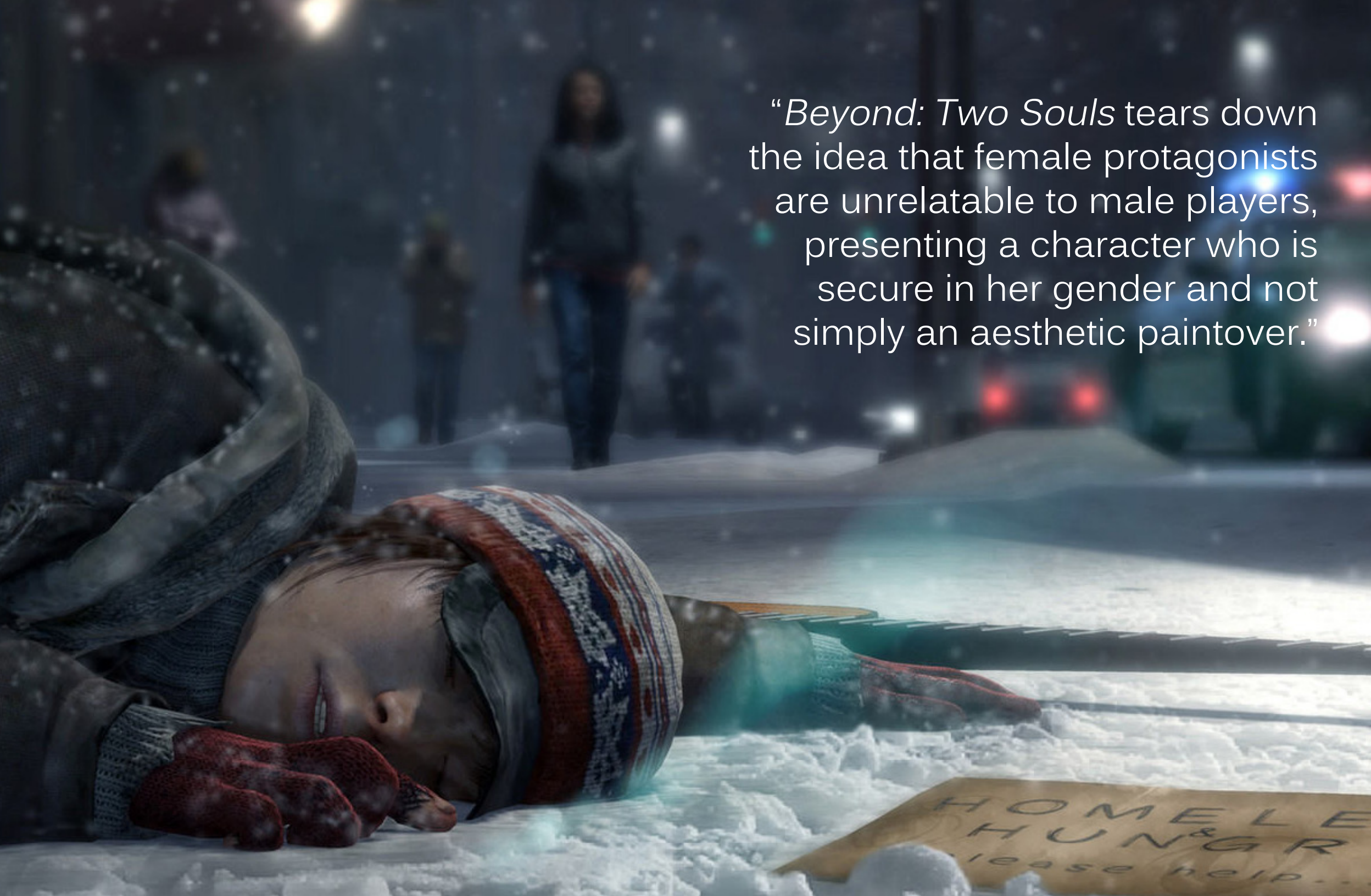
I bring this up because there is a common idea that men are the most profitable demographic for big budget blockbuster videogames, and thus the logical thing to do is create a playable avatar that the largest demographic can relate to. It's this ideology that has formed a dominance of male characters in videogames, just as there is a dominance of female characters in certain strands of romantic fiction. When you start reaching millions of dollars in your budget, it does become a game of promotion and demographics to an extent, but I think it's simply looking in the wrong direction as to what makes a character relatable and marketable.

Comparing *Saints Row IV* to its gargantuan rival *GTA V* highlights this theme quite succinctly. *GTA V* is in many regards a very good game. Its technical ambition is astounding and at its peak, it's a well executed joy to play. But it left me emotionally cold, despite three fleshed out male leads. Being male myself, the marketing logic dictates that I should emotionally gravitate to these characters more than I would to a female character. Of course, they're

*GTA* characters and therefore bastards, so I'm not expected to like any of them, but I should at least find them more engaging, more interesting and more understandable because of their innate masculinity.

Instead, I find myself much more attached to my *Saints Row IV* character. Of course, there is the issue of having created her myself, so I'm likely to connect with her on that level. But throughout the plot, her actions are her own. *Saints Row IV* doesn't feature narrative branches, Volition's writers are still steering her when it comes to the plot and the overall characterization. My input was merely aesthetic.

To use another example, Jodie Holmes from *Beyond: Two Souls* is a character who is rigorously pre-determined in personality, with a few noticeable exceptions. Jodie is a straight woman, and the game isn't shy about addressing that. The only romance options in the game are with male characters, your choice being whether to follow or rebuke them. At one point in her teenage years, she might be sexually assaulted. This then plays into later events, as Jodie attempts to sleep with a man and breaks down halfway through due to the lasting trauma from the event. While men can face rape as well, this sense of sexual threat, the way it lingers like a cancer and is carried into adult life, is a distinctly female

A character with brown hair, wearing a grey jacket and a red, white, and blue striped beanie, lies face down in a snowy field at night. The character's hands are tucked up near their face. In the background, a woman in a dark coat and blue jeans stands in the snow, and a car with red taillights is visible. A sign on the snow in the foreground reads "HOMELESS HUNGRY please help...".

*“Beyond: Two Souls tears down the idea that female protagonists are unrelatable to male players, presenting a character who is secure in her gender and not simply an aesthetic paintover.”*

HOMELESS  
HUNGRY  
please help...

concern. These aren't superficial details like a pink room or frilly clothes, but the genuine concerns of gender in our society.

I related to Jodie Holmes far more than to any of the *GTA V* protagonists, despite having a selection of three, despite her firmly female nature and her encounters with grounded situations I could never dream of. I understood her fears and dreams and, for lack of a better term, connected with her. *Beyond: Two Souls* tears down the idea that female protagonists are unrelatable to male players, presenting a character who is secure in her gender and not simply an aesthetic paintover.

While my *Saints Row IV* lead might not be in touch with her femininity the way Jodie Holmes is, I think she's still relevant to the discussion. If completely changing the gender and race of a character has no detrimental effect on tone and player investment, making the character no less enjoyable to be with, then it shows that strong writing is the most desirable and most important trait any character can have. It was not their gender that disconnected me from the protagonists of *GTA V*, but

their inconsistent writing and my own disinterest in their arcs and the overall direction of the narrative.

But *Beyond: Two Souls* is different and rather special. It's an expensive, mainstream game committed to the idea of a straight, female lead, running with it instead of trying to present her as asexual or bisexual or gay, so as not to trouble the male demographic. It's a game in which she tidies up her messy apartment and attempts to cook for a

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male date, a game in which she chases out a group of men to allow for greater privacy for a woman about to give birth. Wrapped around this is a science fiction story presenting her as a strong, intelligent, determined character in her own

right, never beholden to conventional ideas of being female, but never shying away from the realistic, down to earth moments that happen to be associated with a particular gender.

It's quite strange how we're expected to relate to characters such as Kratos or Marcus Fenix or Ryu. These aren't people, they're superheroes and idealized caricatures. Although voice acting and overall writing quality has

improved consistently over the past decade, so many protagonists are still based in the fantastical. I don't believe they are designed to appeal solely to some masculine power fantasy, not consciously, but the notion that these bulking supermen are more relatable than the portrayal of a young woman is absurd, and shows how out of touch these ideas of appealing to demographics really are. We all regularly interact with people of other genders, but rarely do we come in contact with angry Greek Gods, or martial arts champions who can unleash fire from their hands, or anthropomorphic hedgehogs who can run at 50 miles per hour.

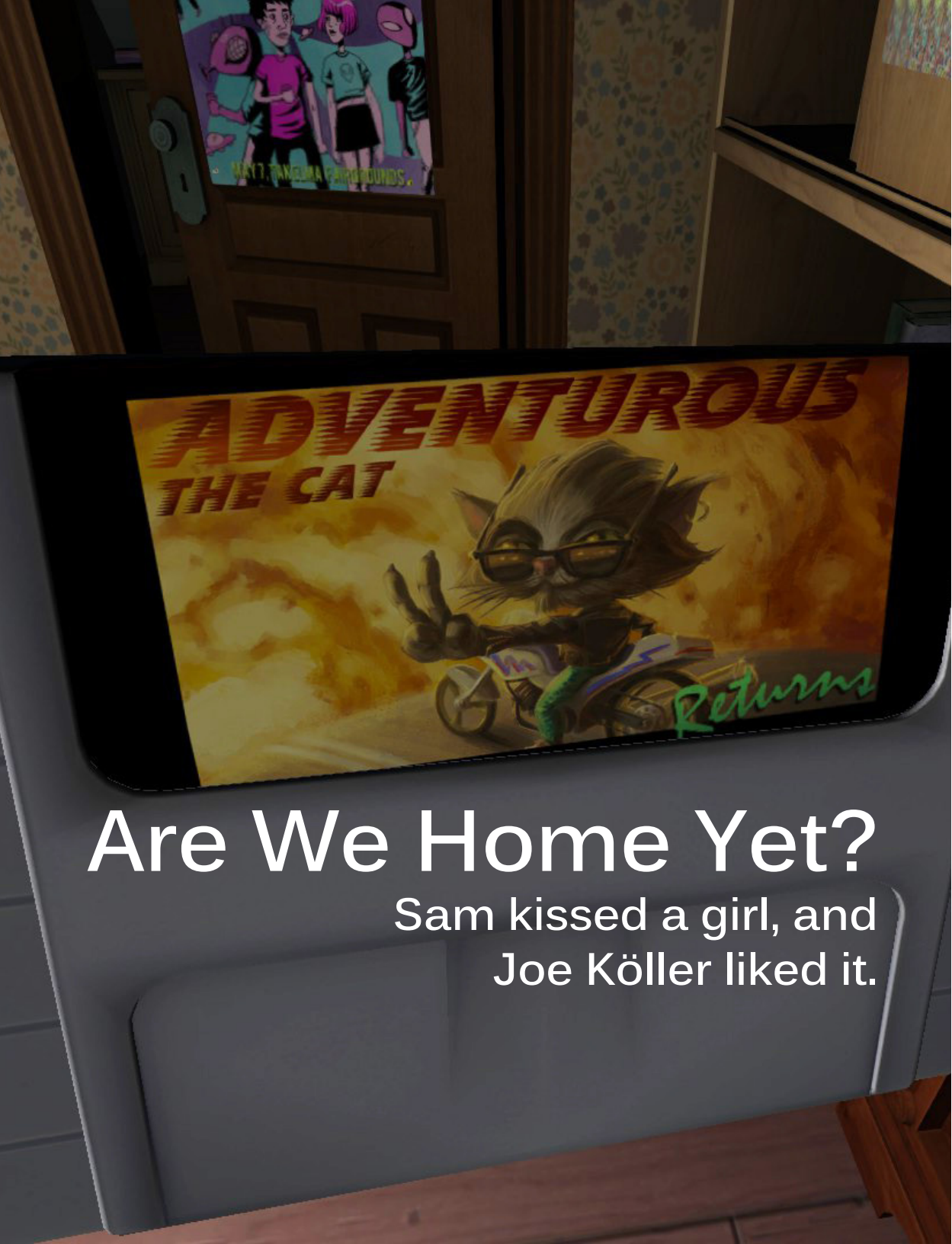
*Beyond: Two Souls* is conscious of its protagonist as a physically vulnerable young girl, making the assault in a bar much more uncomfortable and realistic. This is something she unfairly has to deal with and eventually live with due to the gender assigned to her by society. But she's a very competent, intelligent and remarkable human being, too. She's funny, but she also later sinks into a deep,

suicidal depression. She's charming and smart, but she also learns how to take down men twice her size. These are all things any adult can understand and can relate to, and it's with that *Beyond: Two Souls* reminds us of how similar we all are beyond norms and stereotypes.

*Saints Row IV* allows for detailed customization, but every unique character goes through the same plot. *Beyond: Two Souls* asks us to take control of the life of a pre-designed protagonist. Ultimately, both play into the same idea: We are all different, but all alike. We might face different obstacles and societal pressures - *Beyond* is keenly aware of that - but we all have the same goals and desires.

These little differences, over which we have constructed huge divides, don't make people of other genders alien to us. We know them, because they are who we are, far more than any space marine or animal mascot could be.

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## Are We Home Yet?

Sam kissed a girl, and  
Joe Köller liked it.

In *Gone Home*, you are Kaitlin Greenbriar, returning late at night from a trip to Europe to your family's new Oregon home, exploring the empty house, looking for the explanation for said emptiness and piecing together the year of your family's life you missed: your father's dark memories and writerly struggles, your mother's marital frustration and extramarital flirtation and, most importantly, your little sister's budding relationship with another girl.

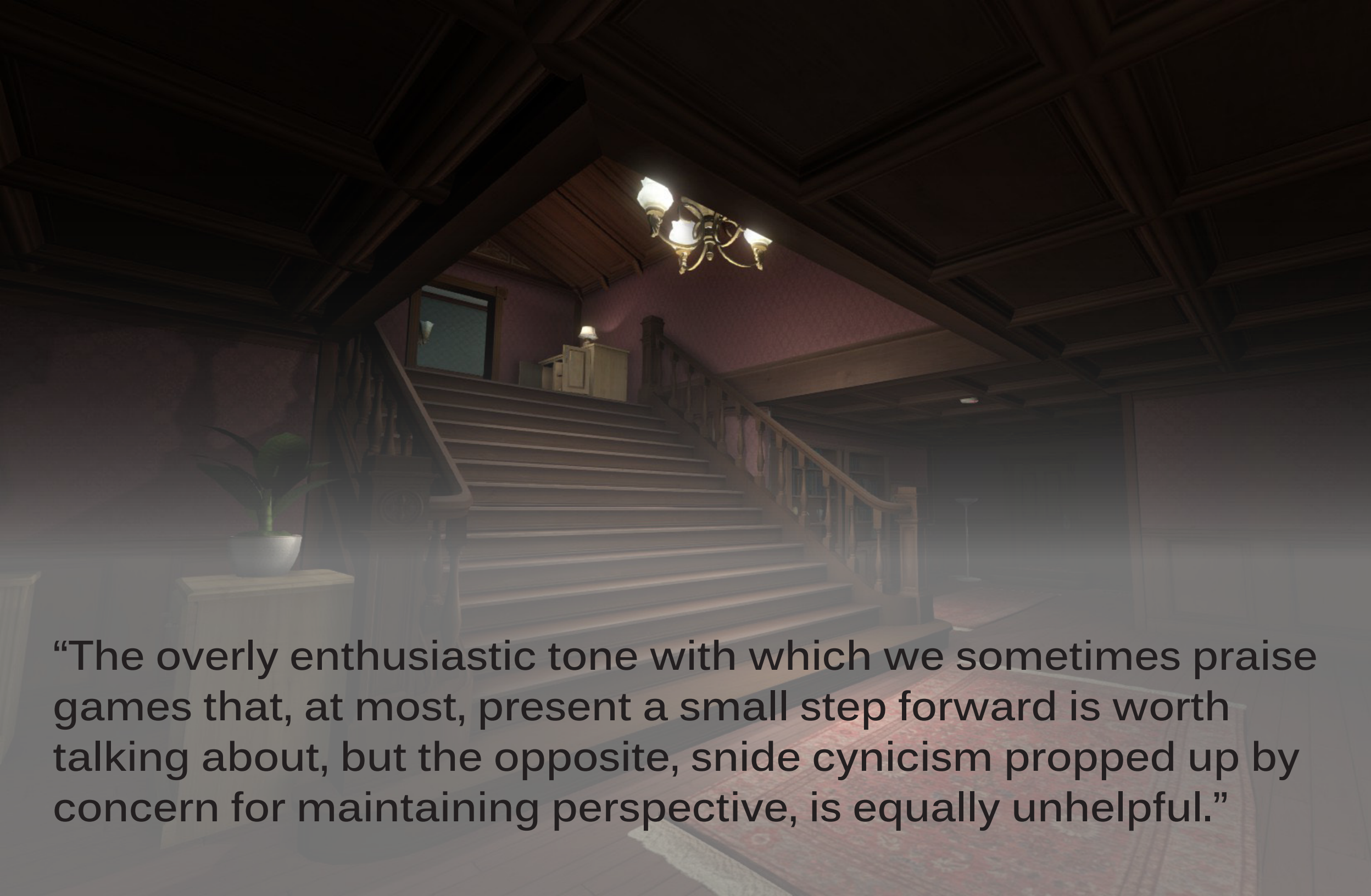
"This is a videogame. About girls in love. That shouldn't be exceptional in and of itself, but it is." say Merrit Kopas, and I'm inclined to agree. *Gone Home* is a remarkable game, perhaps less for its own achievements than for the failings and blind spots of the industry surrounding it. It's a flawed game. It created a wave of critical responses the way only few titles do. In an issue on intimacy, there's no getting around it. Romance is the very core of its narrative. It's not thrown in to embellish some other fantastical tale, to provide motivation or titillation. The relationship you experience is not even your own, you live through it vicariously within the simulation as well as without.

So I'm going to talk about *Gone Home*. Need to. And I think you need to know who is doing the talking, so I'll drop all formal pretense, stop dancing around pronouns and you get straight access to the twentysomething would-

be game and culture critic. My views on other games might be informed by taste and genre literacy, with *Gone Home* they depend significantly on life experience. This is a personal game eliciting a personal response, and it deserves a personal write-up.

Maybe not from me though, being a little too young to fall for its '90s kids' nostalgia trappings, a little too old to appreciate its coming of age story, and definitely quite a bit too male and too straight to competently discuss its core relationship. Or rather, I shouldn't be able to, but *Gone Home* keeps everything neat and tidy, playing this as just another teenage love story, unreasonable happy ending included and no room for discussion of queer struggles, thank you very much. Mainstream critics have been falling over themselves to laud its story and observe how much it reminded them of their childhood. Many queer critics have noted that this does not feel like their childhood at all.

That is an uncomfortable disconnect. I don't think there's anything wrong in focusing on the universal and I don't think The Fullbright Company are doing the subject a disservice, but it can still feel as if something crucial is missing, or worse, being ignored here. When Andrew Huntly and I compared notes on the game, we came to talking about the way it romanticizes Sam's decision to abandon her home



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and education, which he considered inconsistent with the minor obstacles she faced: So what if her family's ignorant and the other kids are mean? Some people are disowned, thrown out and beaten up for coming out.

Where he took care to criticize the cheesy ending, others seemed disappointed that *Gone Home* didn't justify it by being more tragic, a wish that can sound slightly exploitative. Personally, I didn't feel that the lack of major stumbling blocks in Sam's relationship was inconsistent with her decision to run off with her girlfriend. When you're a teenager, your problems are always the biggest problems in the world. That's part of the experience, the limited perspective of being stuck in school, in your hometown, worried about fitting in, not knowing that there's an entire world out there, full of both people who are like you and people who are nothing like you, and that you just need to find the ones you like and hope that they'll like you too.

*Gone Home* is a story about being gay, and perhaps not the best one, but it's also a story about growing up, and some aspects of that are universal. The general should not be overshadowing the specific, but I'm not sure if that's an issue with the game's content so much as with its reception. And that conversation is itself tied to the unreasonable expectations of being

the first - pardon the oxymoron - mainstream indie game to explore a lesbian relationship.

The overly enthusiastic tone with which we sometimes praise games that, at most, present a small step forward is worth talking about, but the opposite, snide cynicism propped up by concern for maintaining perspective, is equally unhelpful. Perhaps videogames still trail behind other art forms in certain areas, or at least their commercial side

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does. We should be aware of that. We should also be aware that what's long established elsewhere can still be new, exciting and significant here.

Can *Gone Home's* writing be compared to Winterson? No, Mr. Bogost, but the question also shows a disregard for form that I am uncomfortable with. This is not a book. Don't mistake that verdict for saying it is not literature, and then don't mistake that one for saying it's good literature,

but the way *Gone Home* is presented has effects beyond getting to look big in the comparatively small pond labelled 'videogames,' praised to the skies by a blinkered crowd of critics unlikely to have ever read *Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit*.

Except the complaint about *Gone Home's* universally enthusiastic reception only works when you ignore important critical voices and focus only on what triple A games writing had to

say about this small, independent game. I already mentioned Meritt Kopas' article, and you should read it. Then read what Anna Anthropy, Nick Shere, Maddie Myers, Todd Harper and AVB had to say about it.

But I can see where the temptation to talk about *Gone Home* as if it was a book comes from. Not only do you spend a lot of time in the game reading, Fullbright's work has also given us another of that silly "not a game"

debates that last followed *Proteus*. What might have caused the confusion is that the game is at its most interesting when it's deliberately not being game-like, frustrating our expectations and knowledge of genre tropes. It hints at horror but never delivers: your family is absent but well, bloodstains turn out to be conveniently placed red hair dye (which has been sitting there how long exactly?) and a supernatural subthread about hunting ghosts turns out to be one big red herring. Of course there are no ghosts here. This is reality. An idealized, kitschy, upperclass version of reality perhaps, but reality nonetheless.

Whatever *Gone Home's* place might be among novels, all this works specifically because of its relationship to other games. Understanding horror games is different to quoting horror books or films. Moving through this mansion is different to leafing through pages. This is a story told through means of interaction, between you and its world, its sources, its hints and dioramas. Not the best story, no. It's heartfelt and clever some times, but cheesy and superficial other times. What this adds up to is still a recommendation. You need to play *Gone Home* because there's no game quite like it right now. The real question is: Why not?



# Modern Teddybears

Stewart Melville on videogames as an emotional surrogate.

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It's fairly common for people to have owned a teddy bear or similar stuffed toy at some stage in their lives. In fact, a survey by Travelodge found that over half of Britain's adults still possessed a teddy bear from their childhood: it's an emotional crutch that seems to be difficult to let go of. Teddy bears are an effective method of countering the inevitable stresses created by accumulative social exclusions and day-to-day life.

As an interactive medium with a potentially high level of player involvement, videogames seem to be ideal for developing similar attachments. Possessions play a very powerful role in influencing human behaviour, and the act of acquiring or adopting a possession is often twinned with a strong need to defend and safeguard it against threats. This perhaps explains why some people can get quite defensive when an older game is criticized, or when a remake does not stay true to its source material.

But objects are not the only

potential possessions for the psyche to latch onto. Time and place can also be something that people collectively claim, like '90s' kids and their cartoons or particular generations of console gamers. The feeling is not a modern phenomenon either, it was already familiar to American photographer Ansel Adams: "As I look back to earlier days, there were so few travellers in the Sierra that I began to feel a certain sense of 'ownership' they were my mountains and streams, and intruders were suspect."

One aspect of videogames is that they're often solitary experiences, in which you traverse a world and grow familiar with its geography and logic. Although these game worlds are often populated by characters, perhaps the limitations of AI keep players from seeing them as alive, maintaining the idea of seclusion. Even if the player is interacting with NPCs, they are still alone in this world, and this is what develops the sense of ownership, a kind

of private intimacy.

In our modern age, there's often a backlash of some sort against game developers who force online functions into their game. EA's announcement that they would no longer consider developing a game without online functionality in particular drew some ire. Online play is perhaps a feature that threatens this solitary intimacy that a player develops with the game as it either directly brings other people into their world, or exposes the player and their world to others - as in *The Walking Dead* series, which shares player data across the wider community.

Like a Russian matryoshka doll, this teddy bear effect can be nested as objects within the game world take a role similar to the game itself. A generic NPC following and supporting you might trigger protective feelings, assuming they can be killed or left behind. If a game attributes NPCs or objects to you, and then creates a threat

that can take these away, it creates the desire to protect them. The Companion Cube from *Portal* is a well-known example.

But the key points for surrogates, whether they're an in-game asset or the game itself, are familiarity and stability. Even procedural games never change their rules, and the relationship between the player and the game world, which itself follows recognizable algorithms. When these face outside threats, it creates the same protective impulse. That's why you'll see people vehemently defend a video game on a forum or players going out of their way to try and keep a supporting NPC alive.

Videogames are a strong realization of this teddy bear effect. They are static environments that can be duplicated and distributed en-masse, creating both solitary and collective feelings of ownership for the people who invest in them.

**HN**

The infamous and heart-wrenching sequence of *Portal* where the player is forced to incinerate their only companion.



# Who we are...

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➤ Nina Kiel, illustrator and game designer by day, female action hero by night, tries to conquer the world one pixel at a time.

## Editorial Assistant

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## Contributors

➤ Andrew Huntly's cinematic rants have been complimented on British radio shows and their associated podcasts.

➤ Stewart Melville teaches Literature undergrads at Strathclyde University and writes hack articles for Elance though he'd prefer to just work on his Streets of Rage highscore instead.


# What we do...

➤ *Haywire Magazine* is an amateur games journalism project developed by Johannes Köller and Andrew Walt. All written content has been contributed generously by and is entirely property of their author's byline. All visual content has been retrieved through Google image search and is property of their respective owners.

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