

**00459d08-0**

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# Chapter 1

## 00459d08-0

### 1.1 NewIcons Addendum Library - Backdrops

Introduction

How~Do~I~Use~These~Things?

Just~Who~Is~To~Blame?

What~Else~Do~I~Get~For~Free?

Recommended~Listening~Material...

Ah, A Captive Audience  
And~Now~for~Something~Different~

### 1.2 Introduction...

This archive contains backdrop iff pictures (tiles) for use with NewIcons. Actually, you could use them whether or not you use NewIcons, but if you do, you will already be using the NewIcons base palette, so why not give NewIcons a try?

### 1.3 How The Hell Do I Use These Things...

How To Use These Backdrops:

WB 3.x

Launch the WBPattern Tool in the Preferences directory. C'mon now, it was easy enough for C= to write, can it really be that difficult

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to operate?

WB 2.x

Immediately locate the application WBPicture. Place this in your Preferences directory. I can only assume that Nicola figured that the monkeys at C= would someday try to use the application, so he made it simple enough for even them to use.

WB 1.x

- a) Upgrade to WB 2.x. Then follow the instructions above.
- b) Upgrade to WB 3.x. Then follow the instructions above above.

## 1.4 Blame Me

Hey, I'm to blame.

r.mcveygenie.geis.com

## 1.5 The Future...

In the days to come, A NewIconsEditor (NED) will be released. Yes, it's about time. Wish I had more. If anyone knows where I can buy some, please write.

## 1.6 Who's Listening To Whom....

The Beloved - Happiness

King Crimson - The Compact King Crimson

Alan Parsons - Try Anything Once

Two Nice Girls - Chloe Liked Olivia

The Tubes - T.R.A.S.H.

Happy Rhodes - Building The Colossus

Kate Bush - Eat The Music

Johnny Clegg & Savuka - Heat, Dust & Dreams

Sam Phillips - Martinis and Bikinis

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Eurythmics - Savage

Martin Page - In The House Of Stone And Light

Kraftwerk - The Mix

Spooky Tooth - The Mirror

Robert Palmer - Honey

Thomas Dolby - Retrorespectacle

## 1.7 The Long Way Home... copyright 1990-R.McVey

What? You're back? Well, you were warned. Now you must be punished.

WAITING

Copyright 1991 Roger McVey

It is a brief, white atoll, snug within a crescent of diamond fire aquamarine, beads of cyan mottling the water where coral reefs grow taller. The sand is smooth and healed now, restoring a sense of forgotten purity, and shadows of deeper greens lace the ground in a marzipan web as the morning sun explores the foliage. Through an arch of fronds stands the survivor; pink adobe walls, alive with the slow motion sculpture of creeping shadows, hold in precarious check the hungry vegetation. Small, greedy vines cling tightly in places where fingerprints of sunlight tarry against the walls, their conquest slow but sure. The inner courtyard, ceramic blue and brown, yawns with the spreading stain of daylight as a simple fountains plays an ageless, monophonic canon, gently rippling the reflections of silence. She waits for daddy, never seeing the subtle, pleasing distortions.

Once, when the days had been heavy with hurry, she could remember a time much like this. Back when the dark men first came in their fibre canoes, walking with respect amid the jungle's many colors and tastes. And they stayed, taking only what they needed, giving all that they could. Against the darkness they brought lanterns and heat, against the light they brought laughter and children, yet they treated the land fairly and the abundance of prosperity was not withheld from them.

Then came the pale ones whose delicate flesh cried beneath the stroke of the sun. Drive and adaptability were their forte, of which their exploitation knew no limits and so they came, their aluminum skin and diesel breath feeding an alien metamorphosis, consuming the good earth with frightening speed. They brought veins of iron to drain the blood of the sea and nerves of copper to tame the fire of the sky. They fought the land fiercely, taking what they wanted, giving back only what they no longer needed. She could not be bothered with their slander: daddy had still not returned, and now she knew why.

Across the water, within the heart of a place she could not bear, they had chained him to the pace of their progress, to chase their darkness and speed their fears. To shake in the face of their adversaries the threat of his fury, and to cure the sickness their abuse of him wrought. They were such mighty pawns. Still, she could only wait.

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Finally there came, as she knew it would, a day that was different from all other days that had ever been or would ever be. There arrived at the lodge a woman and her child, a girl of tender years and innocence. Perched upon the great, tiled steps at the entrance, she could not be stirred save for sporadic, tearful inquiries as to her father. Her mother had told her that he would return for them when it was safe, had tried to explain to her of war and hatred, of duties and deeds, but these were concepts of little value to a small child and so her gaze remained vigilant upon the seas, her cries for him lost and unanswered. She was still there when daddy, unleashed with the blessing of his captor's hatred, spread his cloak of blinding fire across heaven and earth, the stars unseen in that moment of shame. Her ash had been swept away in a fit of wind, yet the effigy of her porcelain shadow sits patiently, a sprig of hope for one who still waits for daddy.

'They are all gone now,' she had thought, 'and daddy will come back for me.' But daddy did not return. The days passed into seasons, the seasons into years, and she filled them with anger and fear as the island healed and grew fat in her ignorance. Still, she could only wait.

Then came the day when out of the distance one of the pale ones arrived, his metallic mount screaming with flame as it bellied down to die on the beach. He was wounded and sick, seeking only refuge and forgiveness, or simply refuge should he be forced to choose. She saw him through a glass dark with hatred and turned to look upon him fully, cleaving his soul from his bones as the weight of her age crushed him to dust. She then looked upon his vehicle, concentrating as the flood of time reduced it to a rusty smear which stained the shore, and she felt cleansed of bitterness and disgust.

Now, moving once again among the ruins, she is caught suddenly by a wash of colorful flowers which have returned to the land, and though they, like everything else, wither beneath her gaze, the child's silhouette burned into the terra cotta glaze endures; giving her new hope. As long as the pale ones survived, daddy would still be out there somewhere.

And so she waits, until it is safe, until the day daddy returns for her, borne on wings of steel...

## 1.8 Where it's due...

NewIcons is an adaptive icon replacement application written by Nicola Salmoria. Give it a try...

## 1.9 Where More Credit is due...

WBPicture is an application which allows WB 2.x users to replace the Workbench with an image, either as a singular picture or a repeating tile. Written, of course, by Nicola Salmoria.

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