

THOUGHTS & IMAGES

# ALBEDO

NR.12  
\$2.00

ANTHROPOMORPHICS

CAN. \$2.50



Floating stuff issue



Hi! This is the unfortunate low budget version because the orders fell off to below break-even issue. The cover was originally done for the Rustycon science-fiction convention program book. It was printed along with the cover for **Albedo Nr. 11**, so we had about 11,000 copies, of which only 800 or so were used for the book. I didn't know quite what to do with the remainder until I found out that the orders for Nr. 12 had fallen about a third from Nr. 11. With such low numbers, Albedo wouldn't pay for its printing, even less have any money left over for the contributors. So instead of printing a set of covers using Rick Sternbach's photo composition, I'm resorting to recycling the old one. His swell cover will have to wait until issue 14. While visiting Rick in L.A. I wrote and penciled **Fusion** nr. 9, wrote a movie outline, and brainstormed several future publishing projects. Busy me. The main one is Vicky Wyman's **Xanadu**, which is still going strong for a May release. The first issue is effectively done, and I saw the really fab pencils for the second issue. While there will be a "for mature readers" notice on the cover, it's only to warn that there is some slight nudity and suggestion of sexual situations, but it is NOT another **Omaha**. (While I think Omaha is an excellent book, there are those who have problems with the intimate scenes.) There was also talk of me writing a story for a future mini-series based in the **Xanadu** world. Though not done in depth, further consideration was made toward a *Homo Cetacea* story or stories, and restarting a comic strip, called *Sounds*, which I had done some work on years ago. Back here in Seattle, the daring decision was made to go ahead with Donna Barr's **The Desert Peach**. It's a rather silly-fun story about the Desert Fox's rather "sweet" half-brother, as he minces his way across North Africa, in search of a nice place for a little picnic. It is tentatively going to be a bi-monthly, starting in June. Also decided to not go forward with **Adventure Tails**. That means that this will be the last episode of *Rufus the Red* for the time being. What all happened was that I was worrying about the weak condition of the B&W comics market, with orders for just about everyone's book falling off badly and all. Monika Livingston, frustrated by my on again, off again plans for **Tails**, and understandingly unwilling to commit to several months worth of work which might well be for naught if there were not enough orders to print the book, decided to go and end *Rufus* for the time being. She does want to go ahead on **Zell Sworddancer**, and the long awaited second issue should be out this summer and onto a bi-monthly schedule.

Matt Howarth is arranging art for a collected *Konny and Czu* book to come out this summer. It will include the *Harvest* episodes from **Albedo**, plus the mini-comic story *Dips*. At this point, it will not include Konny and Czu's first full length appearance, **The Hoobi Yaps Artifact**, a Howski Studios publication which is still available. (I have some copies, \$2 plus \$1 postage. It's 8½ x 11, 24 pages, and banned on Mars!) The collected Konny and Czu will probably be 48 pages, and due out this summer. As for **Albedo**, itself, the new look *Erma* continues, and this episode should stir some reader reaction, and begin to answer some questions while raising new ones.

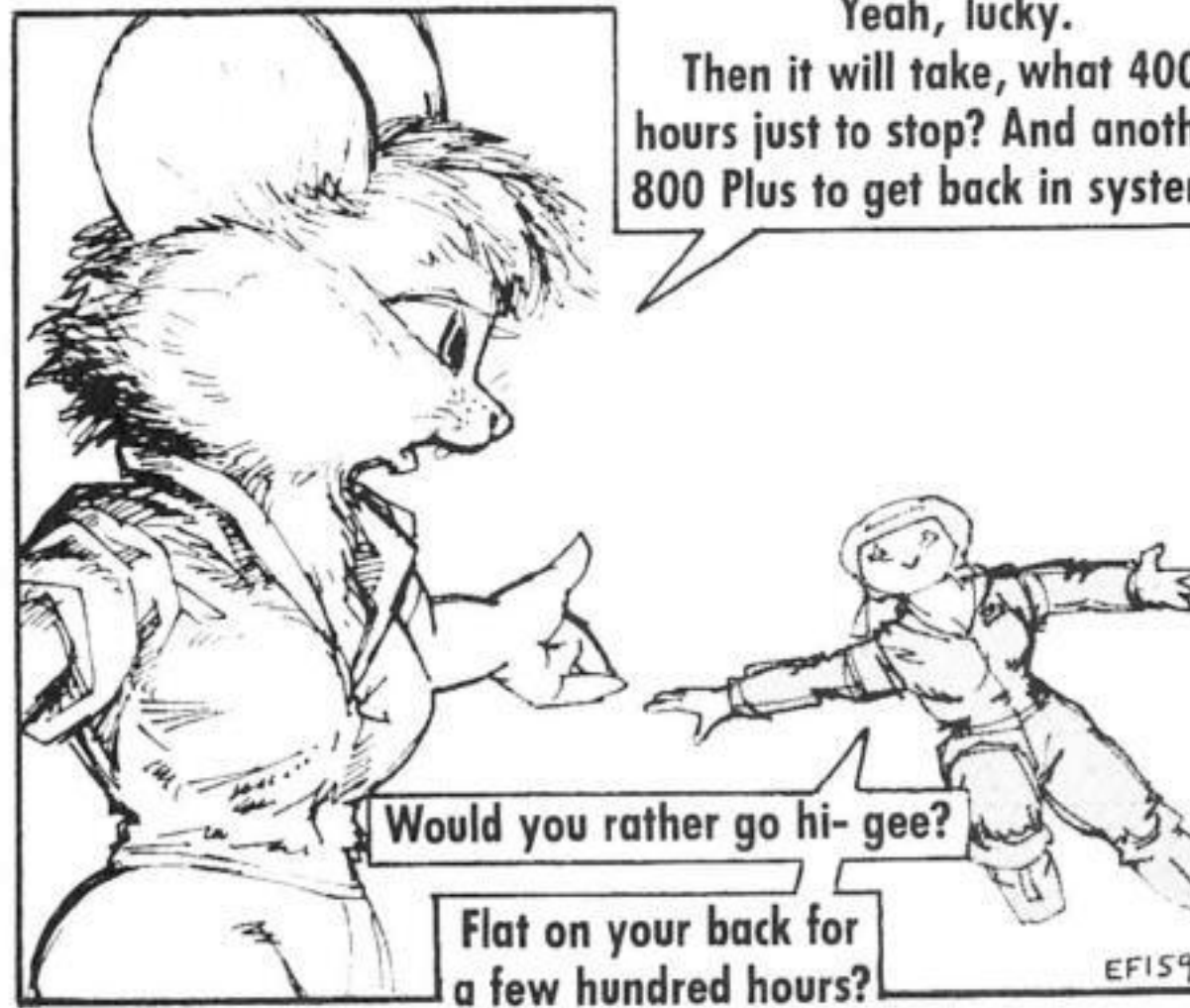
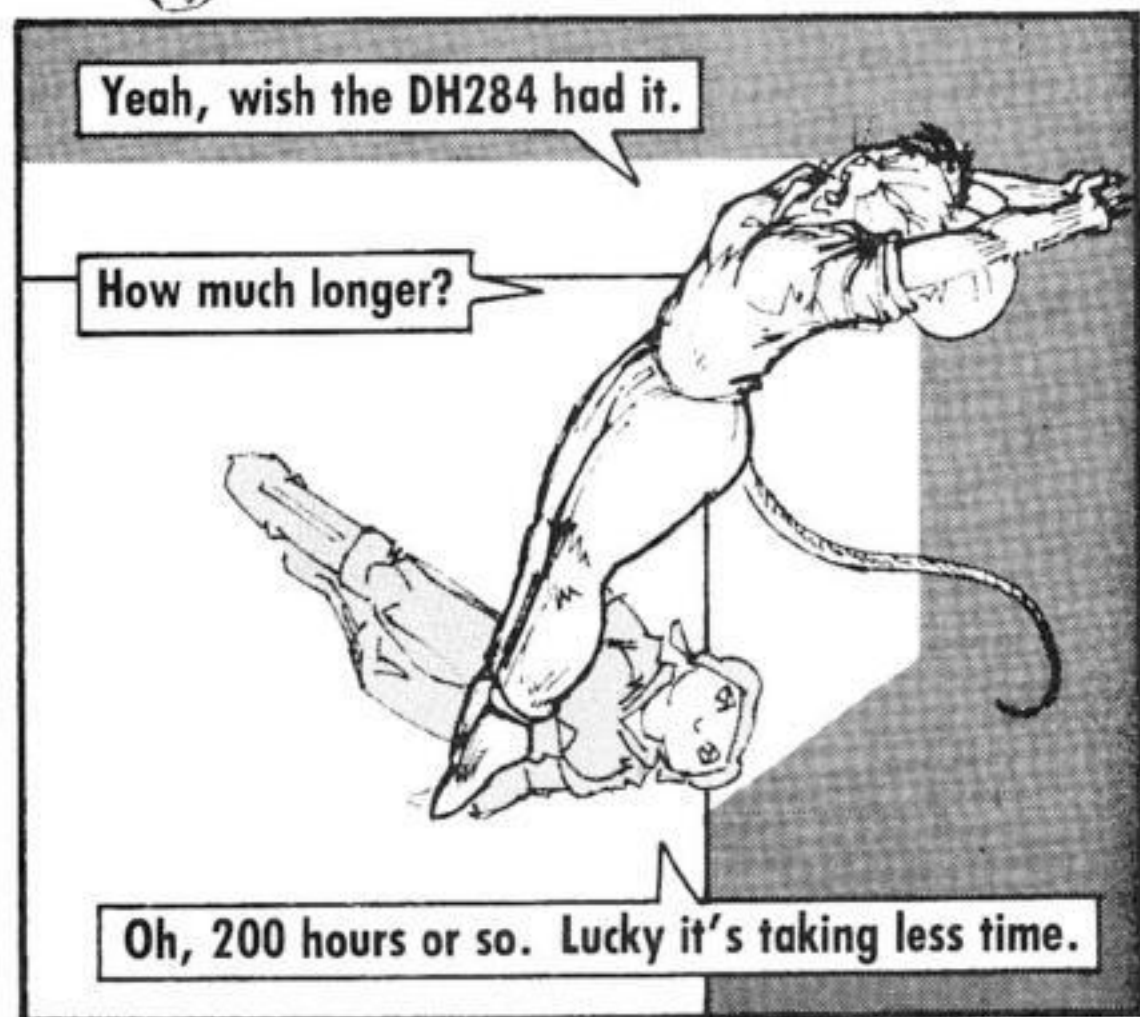
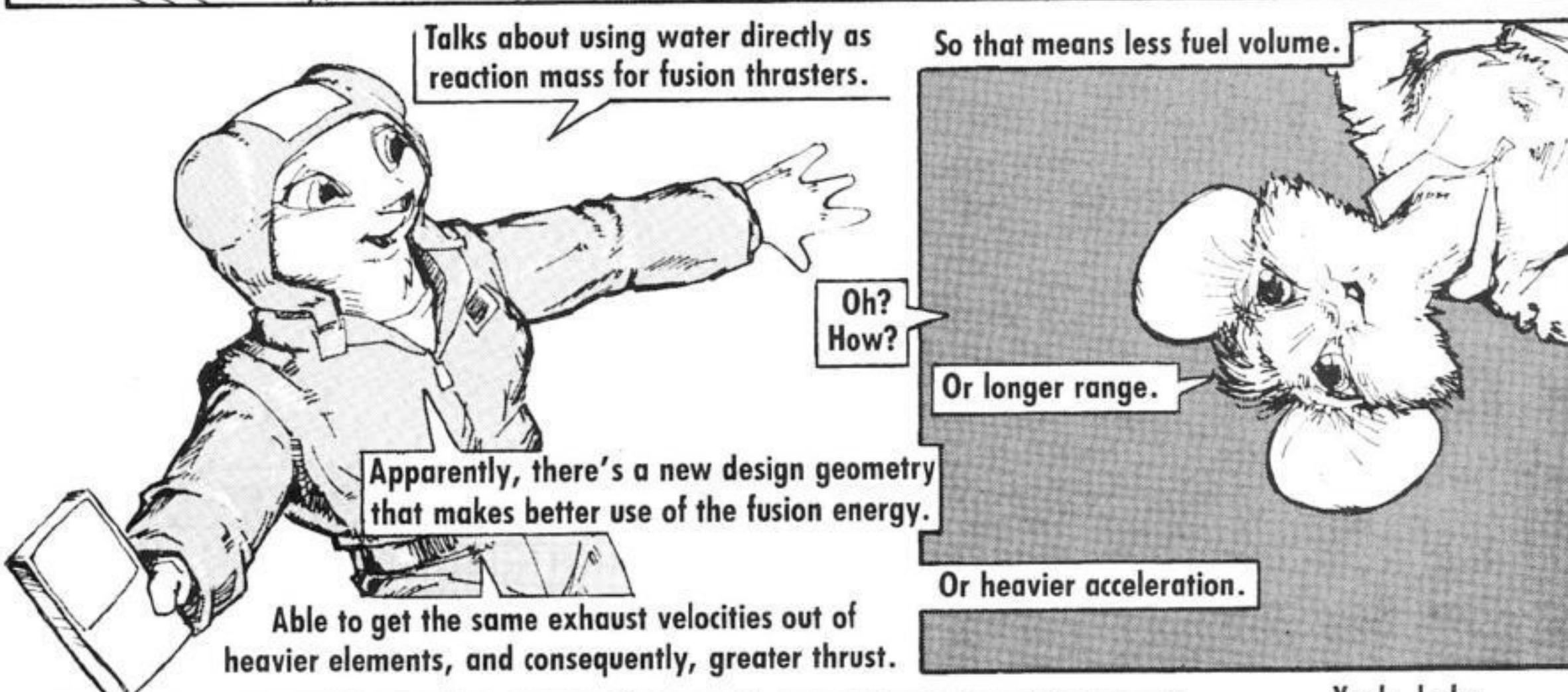
To answer a point brought up in nr. 10, the Net, specifically that part which functions as an autonomous entity, is more or less a single individual, duplicated innumerable times in the processor nets of ships and whole planetary systems throughout known space. Each part is a complete and, if need be, independent intelligence, but keeps updated and in harmony with its fellow parts through the various communications channels, mostly piggy-backing on message torpedo programs and in courier vessels. And so, is usually no more than a few weeks out of date with the collective opinion of the rest. The other question, brought up from nr. 11, is who is Toki, specifically, is she related to the spacer Toki in *Birthright II*? Yes, the *Birthright* Toki is a direct descendant of *Erma*'s Toki. Also, she won't be the only one with offspring spanning the century between *Erma* and *Birthright*. Thinking of such, yes, I do intend to do a *Birthright III*.

With all these busy things going on, it's clear I can't be creative and manage the business at the same time. And to help, Doug Dubrow, Monika Livingston's husband, is now the General Manager. He'll take care of subscriptions, distributors, consumer complaints, and all the fun bits of being a publishing business. He already acts an artist's agent for Monika and other Northwest artists at convention artshows and the like with his Nebula Circle Productions, so is experienced with fannish interfacing. This means, of course, that all the reader mail goes to him. The only thing I'll handle is my own personal correspondence. Everything else, including *Erma* page orders, back-issue inquiries, submissions of artwork, and all the regular stuff should be sent to Doug. Okay?

Which, at this point, reminds me, that there's all manner of neat stuff coming up in the way of new ancillary merchandise. The *Erma* and *H. Cetecea* cloisonne pins are now joined by **Xanadu**, **Fusion** and **Dreamery** pins, courtesy of **LX Limited**. I'll have finally gotten some more **Albedo** and *Erma* t-shirts printed up, as well as a new *Konny and Czu* design, and probably others. Since a lot of this is still in the works as I get ready for press, sending a SASE to Doug can get you an up-to-date listing of what's available.



COMMANDER ERMA FELNA HAS BEEN CO-ASSIGNED, WITH COMMANDER TOKI ZHA, TO HEAD A SQUADRON OF THE 10TH AEROSPACE DEFENSE WING AT AHAHN-TAKO, WHICH HAS WARRING CIVIL FACTIONS. TOKI WAS AN OLD SCHOOLMATE OF ERMA'S, AND WOULD TAKE ON THE ADMINISTRATIVE TASKS, WHILE ERMA WOULD FLY AND PROVIDE COMBAT COMMAND. ENROUTE TO AHAHN-TAKO, THE COMMERCIAL LINER THEY ARE ON IS ATTACKED BY ACVS, ROBOT MISSILES, SUSPECTED TO HAVE BEEN LAUNCHED BY THE BELLIGERENTS. THE SHIP IS SERIOUSLY DAMAGED, BUT THE PASSENGERS AND CREW ARE LARGELY UNHARMED AND NOW AWAIT RESCUE AS IT DRIFTS ALONG.

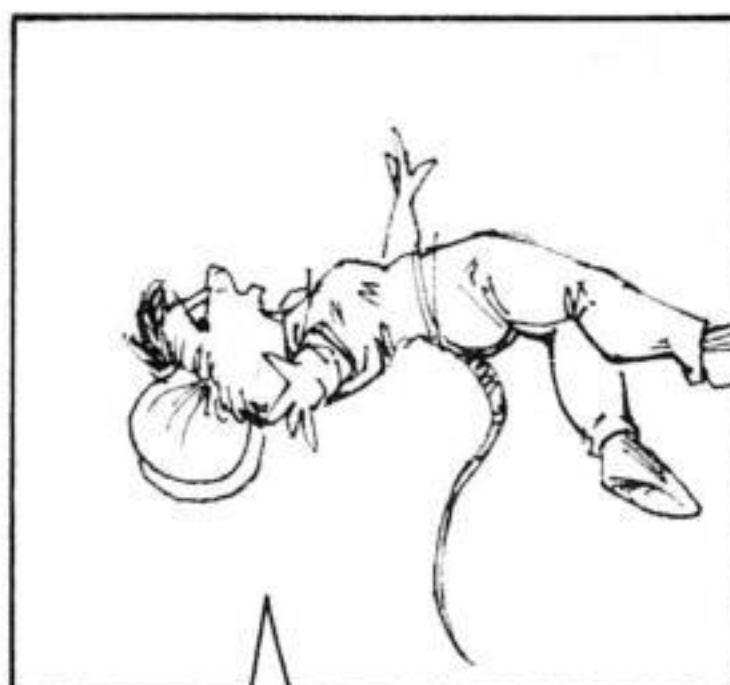




Well — with the right company — .



Ooooh, that second officer?



Oh no. He's worse than you.  
A hopeless romantic, searching  
for his one great love.  
And he isn't even Dornthantii.

What's that supposed to mean?



You know. You and your  
great passions. All that  
poetry and silly  
sentimentality.

Me?



Not you, you dull stone,  
you Dornthantii. Half the  
net's full of your musing.

Maybe it makes up for your bloodthirstiness.



We're more philosophical.

And so, when did you start noticing things  
that weren't purely business or pleasure?



Whatever could you mean?

Well — .

Actually, been thinking —

for a change.



Ah, getting old.

About life, the universe,  
and everything.

You!! No, ya know.  
About settling down.  
Contributing to the future,  
that sort of thing.



Oh — so you want babies.

Well, eventually.



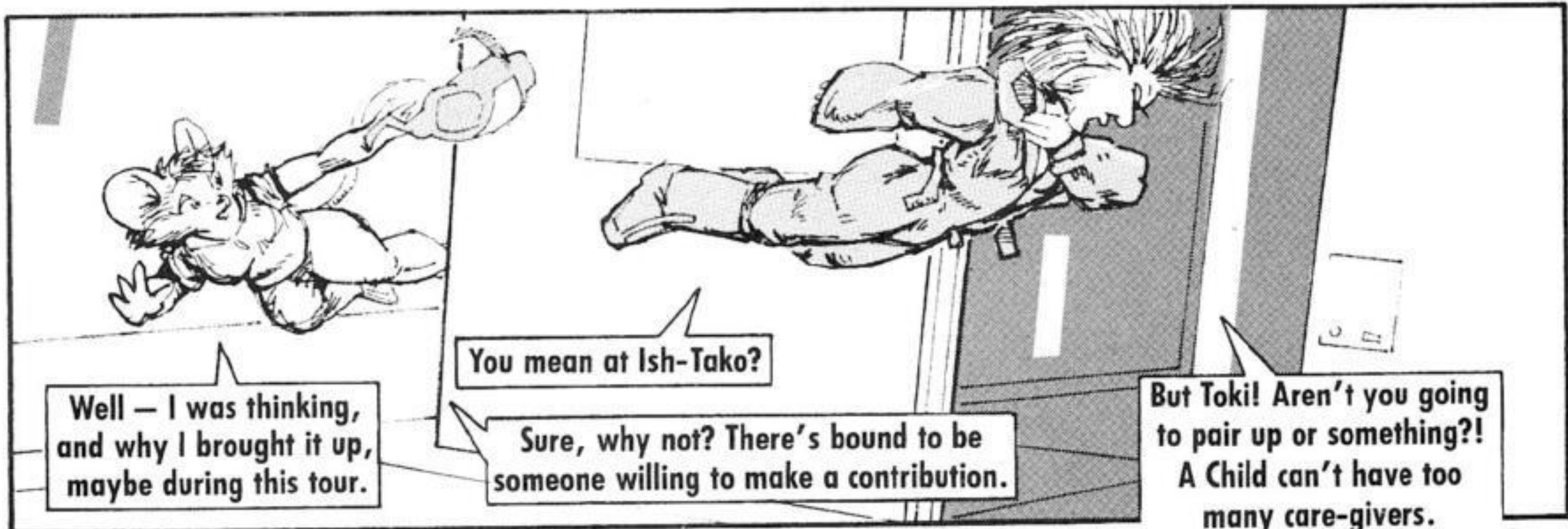
That's fine. I had you half-figured  
to go domestic. Got any timetable?



Erma! You just don't  
schedule these things!

Oh? You don't?



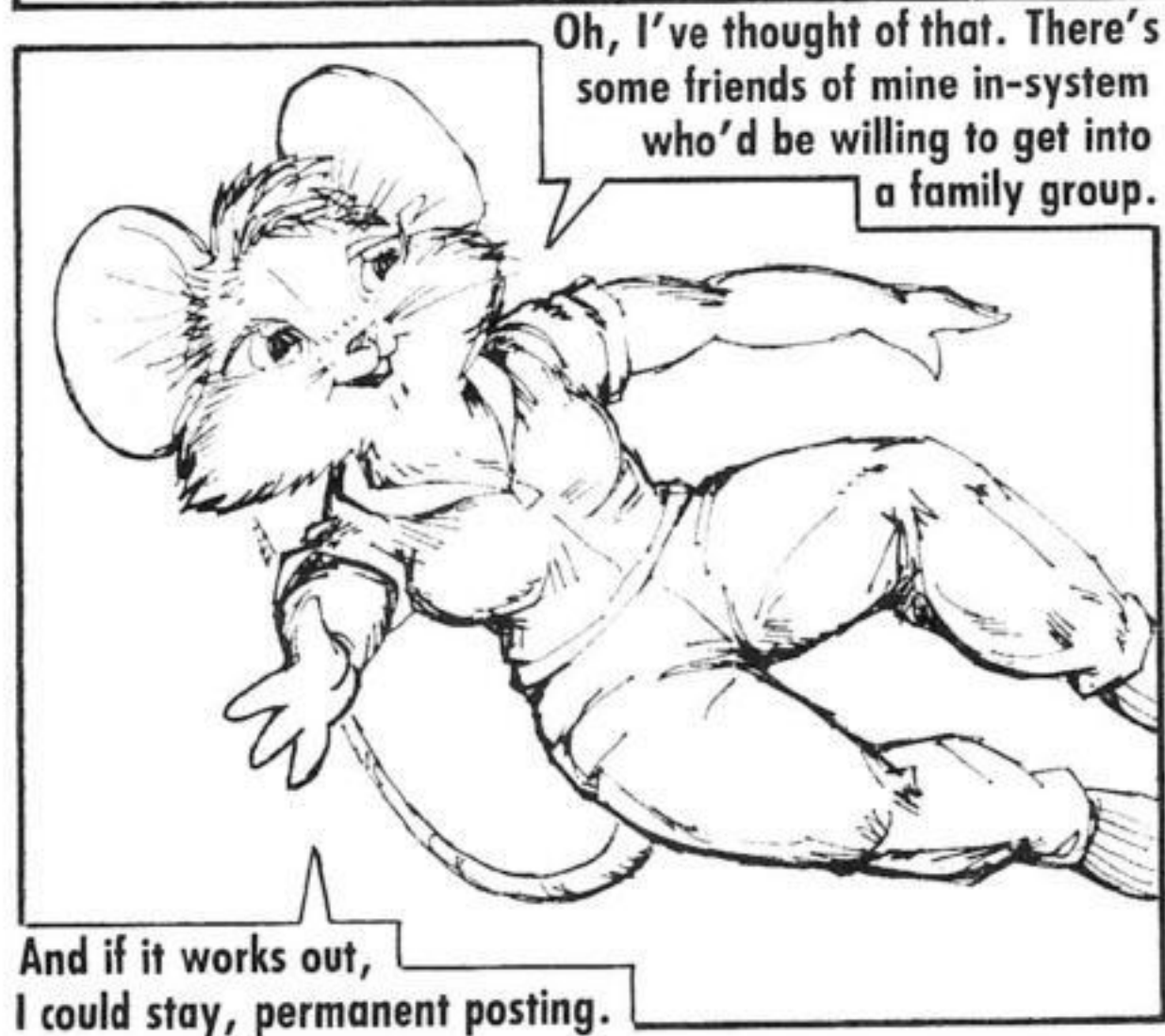


Well — I was thinking, and why I brought it up, maybe during this tour.

You mean at Ish-Tako?

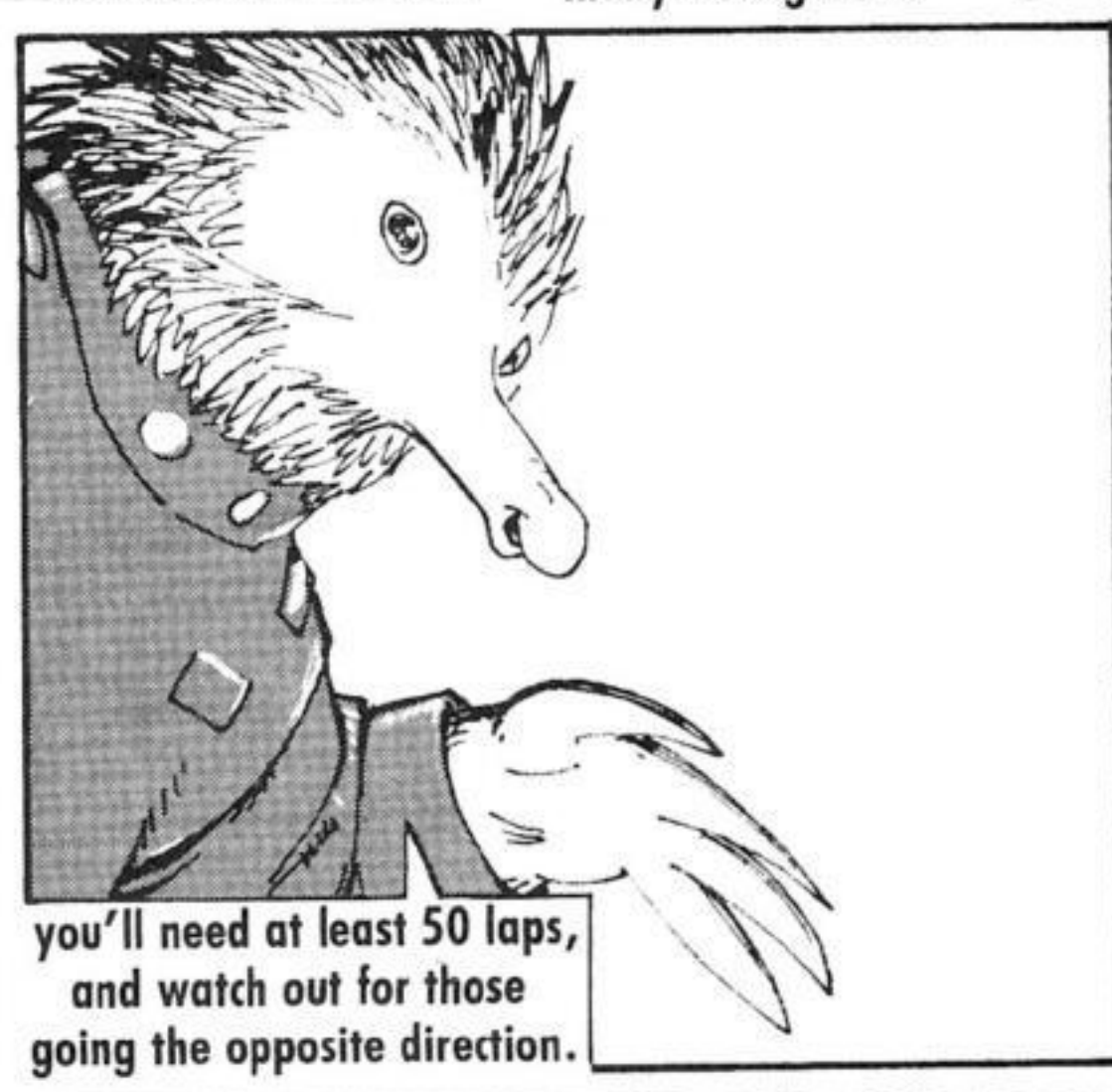
Sure, why not? There's bound to be someone willing to make a contribution.

But Toki! Aren't you going to pair up or something?! A Child can't have too many care-givers.

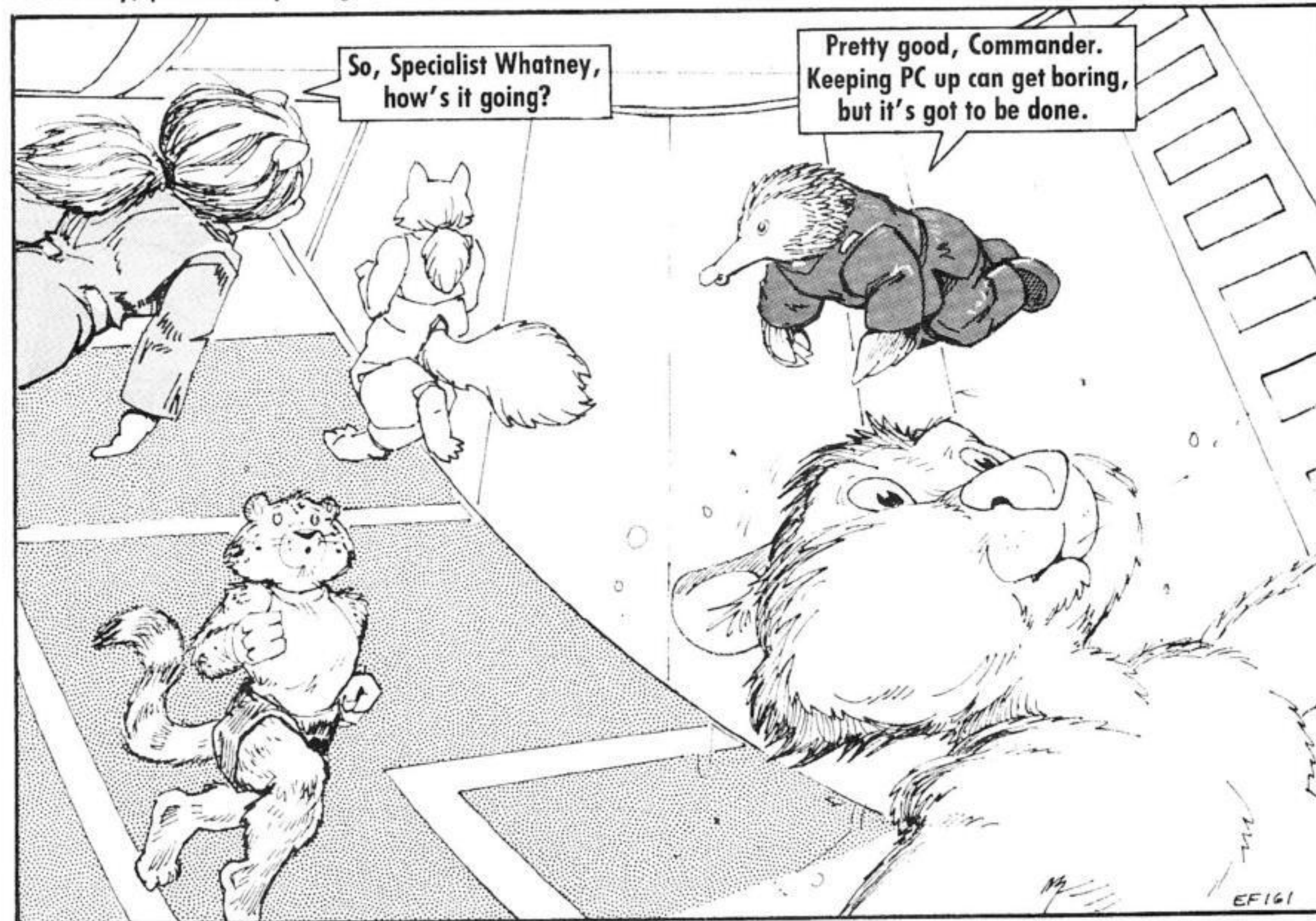


Oh, I've thought of that. There's some friends of mine in-system who'd be willing to get into a family group.

And if it works out, I could stay, permanent posting.



you'll need at least 50 laps, and watch out for those going the opposite direction.



So, Specialist Whatney, how's it going?

Pretty good, Commander. Keeping PC up can get boring, but it's got to be done.

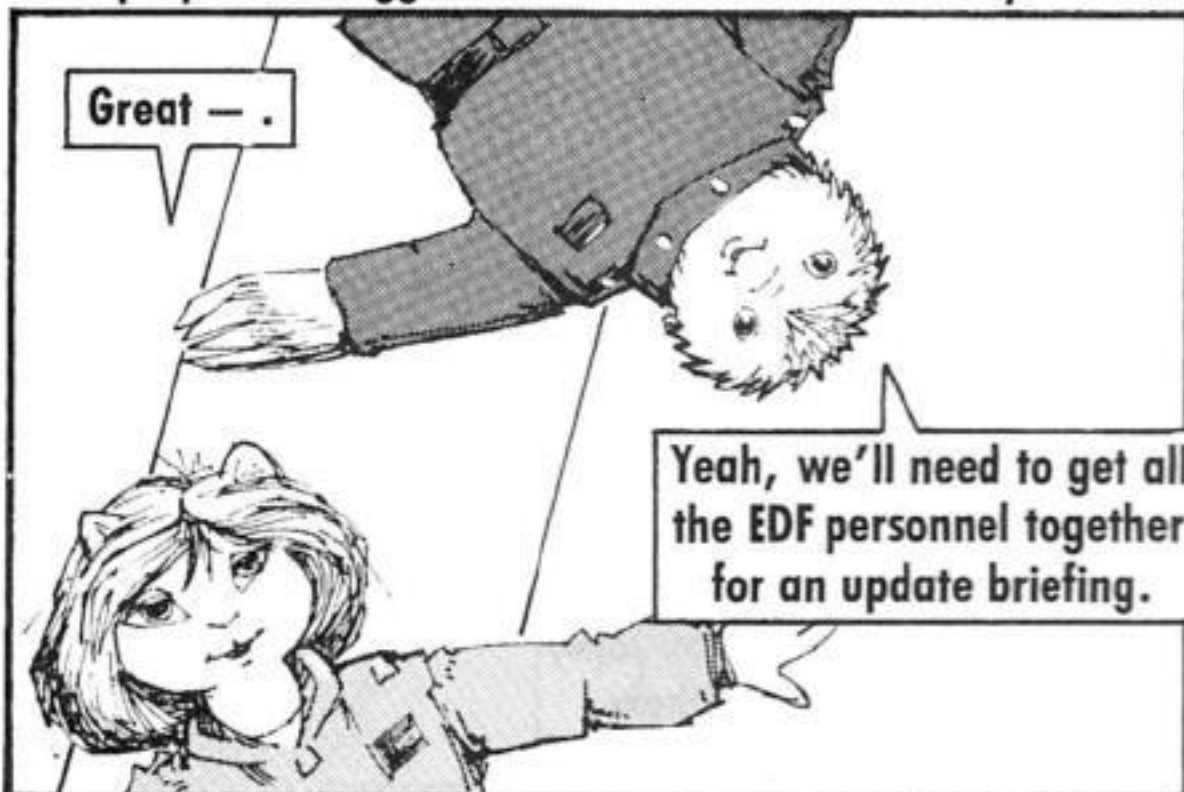




The spacers are no prob',  
but the civilians need nudging.

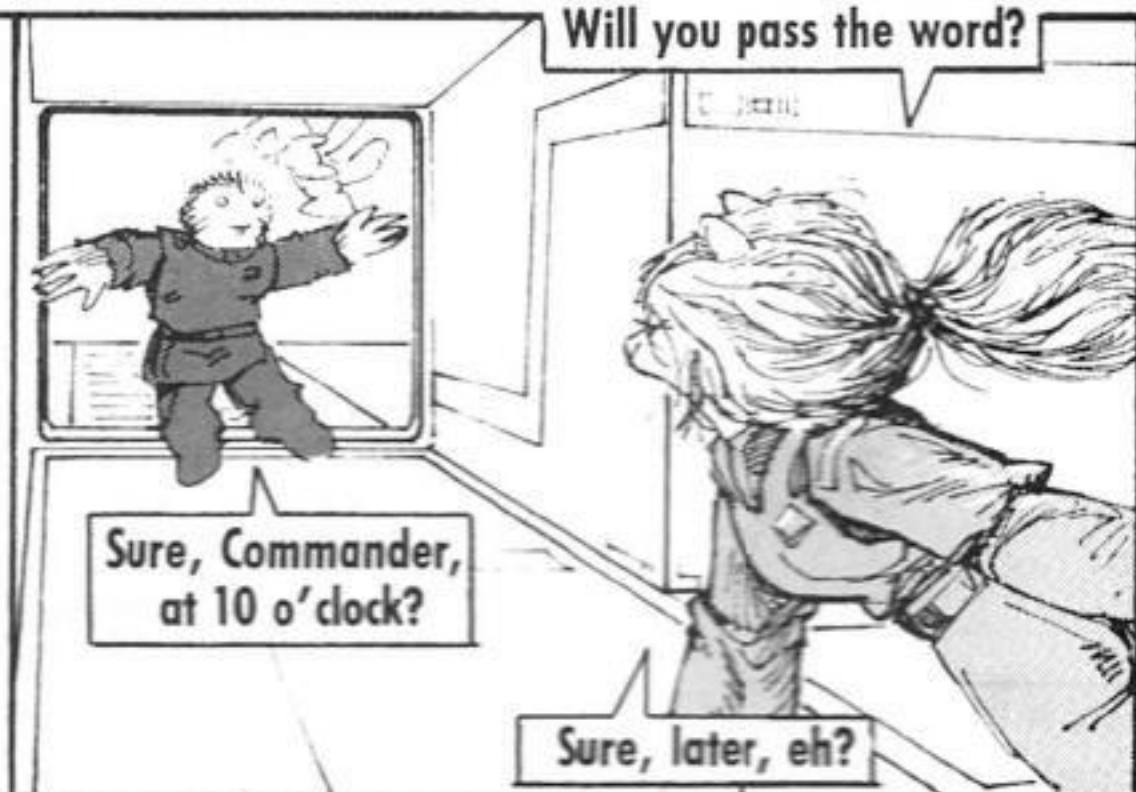
Yeah, what does  
med say about stress?

We're lucky, everyone's coping quite well.  
And projections suggest that there shouldn't be any trouble.



Great — .

Yeah, we'll need to get all  
the EDF personnel together  
for an update briefing.



Will you pass the word?

Sure, Commander,  
at 10 o'clock?

Sure, later, eh?



Oooh! Hello.

Hello, citizen,  
can I help you?

Are you really a spaceman?

Yes, citizen, I am an aerospace pilot.

Well, if you are real good,  
and study hard,  
you may. But for now —

Ooooooh, an' Momma says you a sojer, too?

Yes, citizen, I am an EDF officer.

Ooooooh — EDF. Can I be EDF?

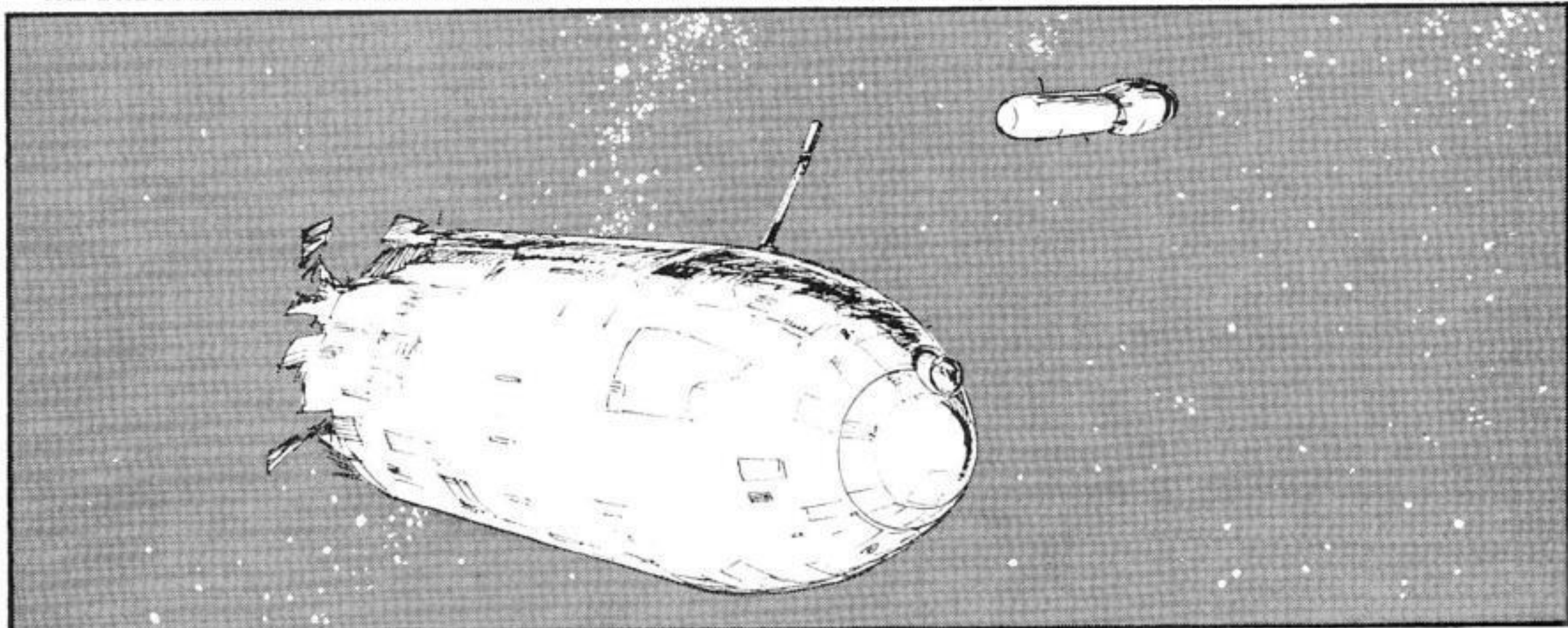
This will make you an  
honorary EDF commander.

Oooooh! Thank you!  
Can I show Momma?

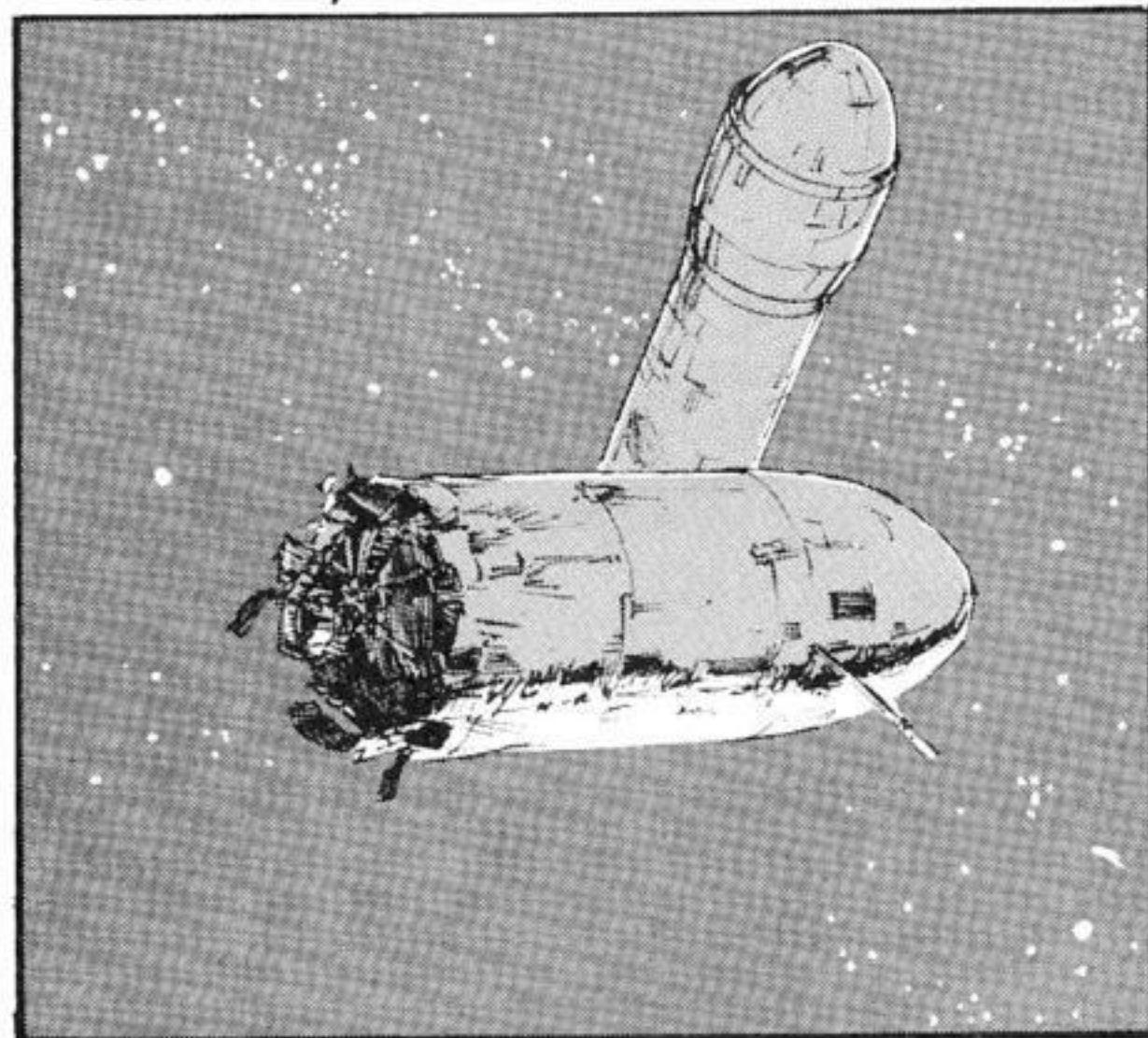
Certainly citizen, good day.



THE DH284 RENDEZVOUS WITH THE CRIPPLED SPACE LINER ON SCHEDULE, MUCH TO THE RELIEF OF THE PASSENGERS.



THE PASSENGERS AND CREW ARE TRANSFERRED OVER TO THE FAST FRIGATE, WHILE ENGINEERS SURVEY THE DAMAGE.

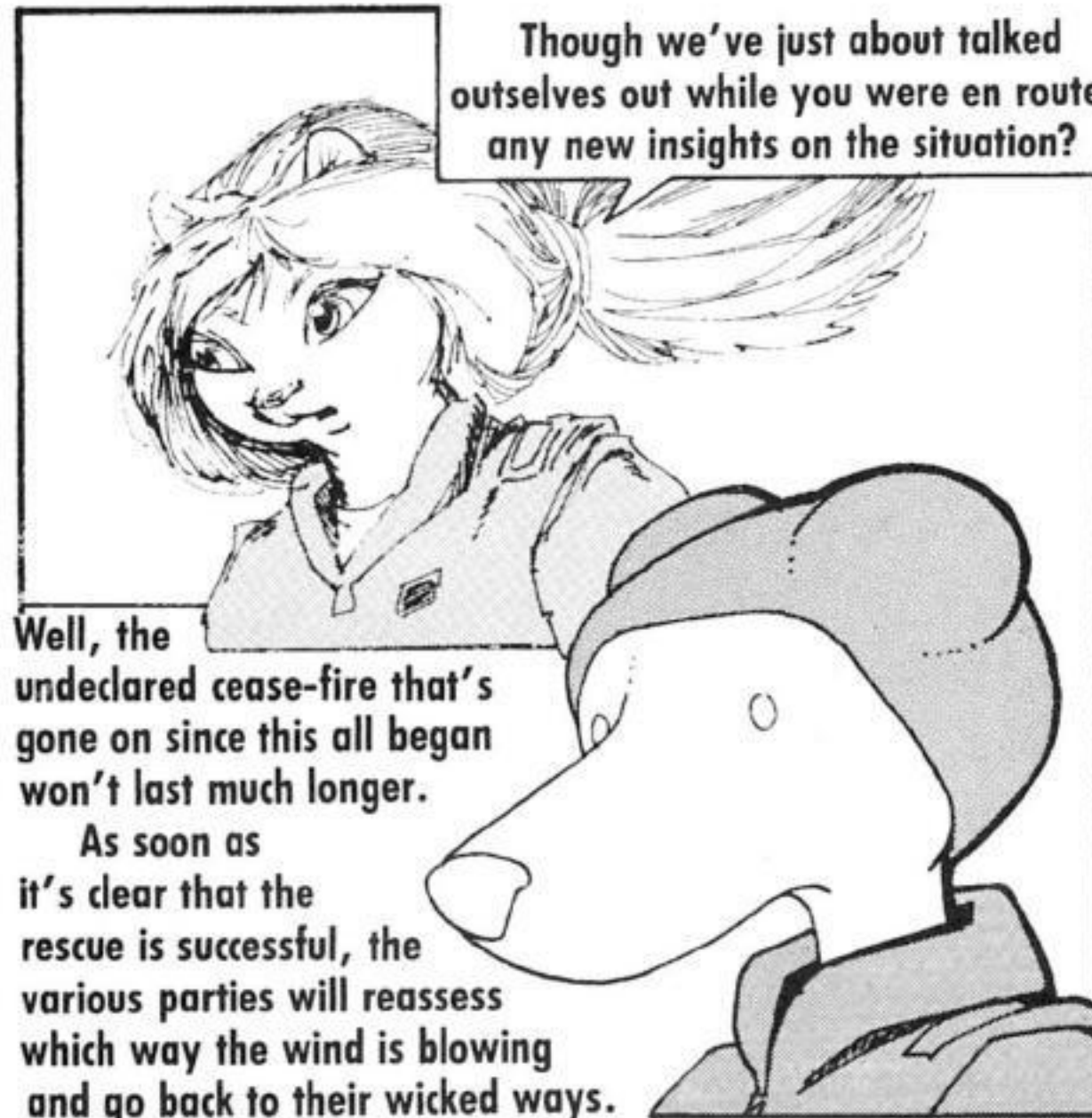


Commander Felna, I'm Mission Commander Wooni, pleased to meet you, even in these circumstances.

And you, Commander.



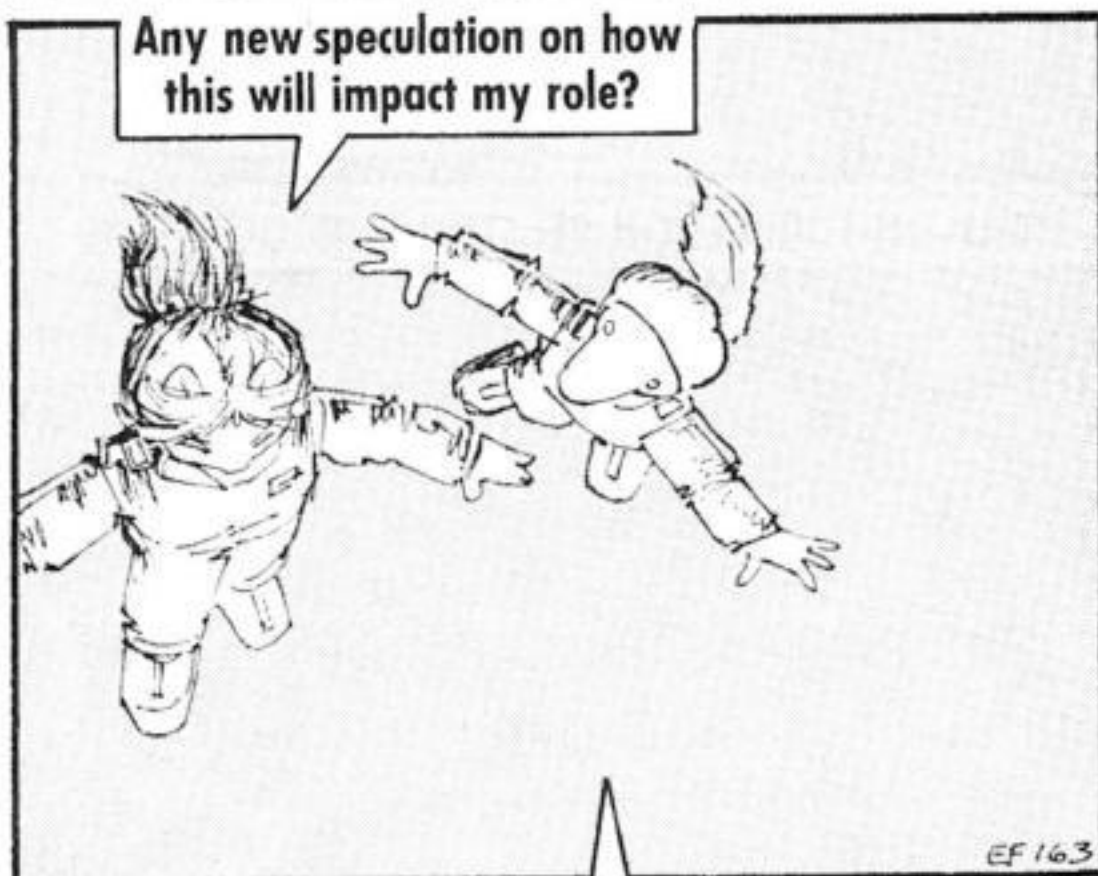
Though we've just about talked ourselves out while you were en route, any new insights on the situation?



Well, the undeclared cease-fire that's gone on since this all began won't last much longer.

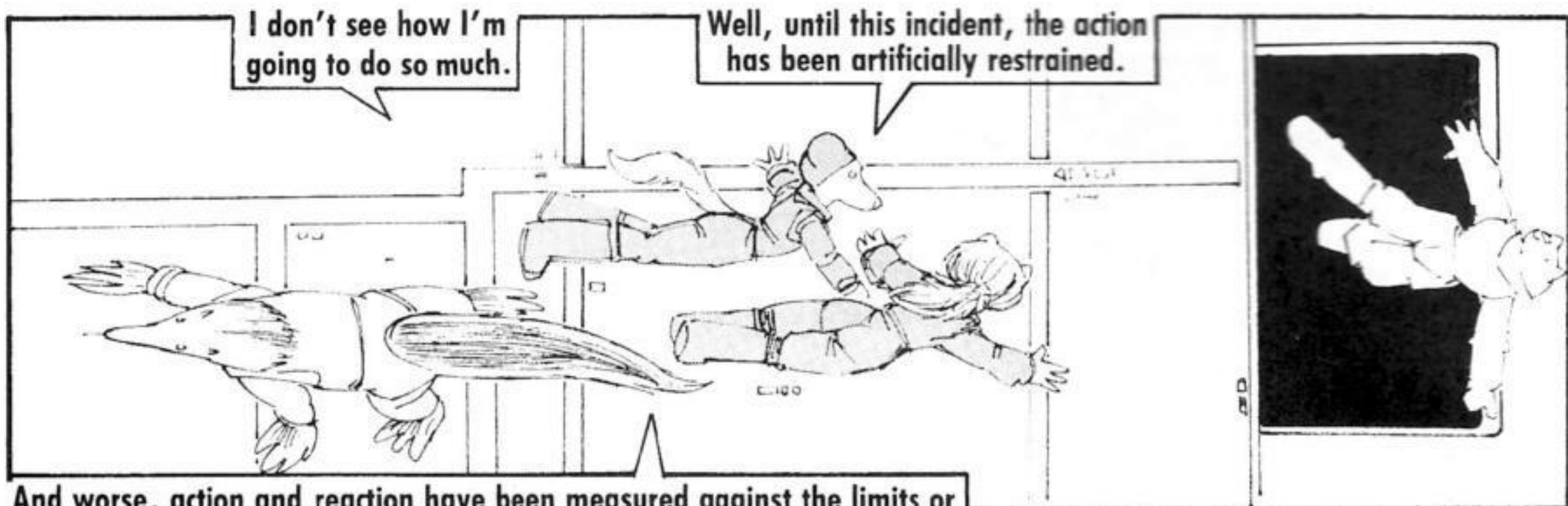
As soon as it's clear that the rescue is successful, the various parties will reassess which way the wind is blowing and go back to their wicked ways.

Any new speculation on how this will impact my role?



As I earlier observed, I don't know your squadron personally, but would expect a fair moral boost. They are all EDF regulars, mostly out of Danet or Wanta. Should be a good crew. More generally, given your well-publicized record, friend and foe will consider your presence a signal of strengthened EDF resolve.





I don't see how I'm going to do so much.

Well, until this incident, the action has been artificially restrained.

And worse, action and reaction have been measured against the limits or disadvantages of EDF forces, making our presence pointedly ineffectual.



Bringing in new key officers means a possible change in the game. Attacking the liner could have been an intended pre-emption. But at the same time, it caused a lot of unfavorable reactions, mainly in expanding the area of conflict and imperiling unaligned civilians and all. There's been shake-ups, and the hardliners are probably getting desperate. Every inaction with the cease-fire allows cooler heads to sway the moderates. So don't be surprised if we get some major action.



Uhhh — is the system fully "netted"?

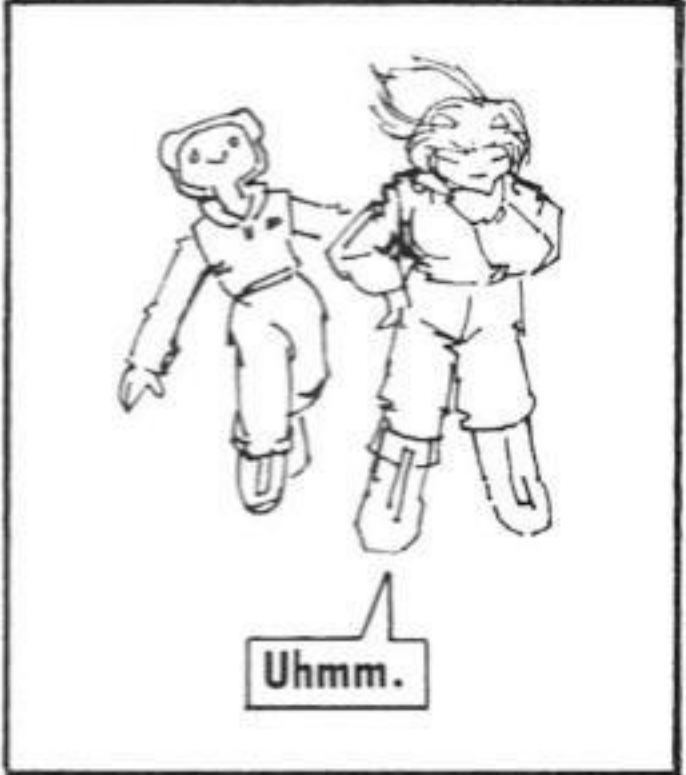
No, just the major population centers on a couple of the planets.



Oh, really? Nothing in the hostile areas?

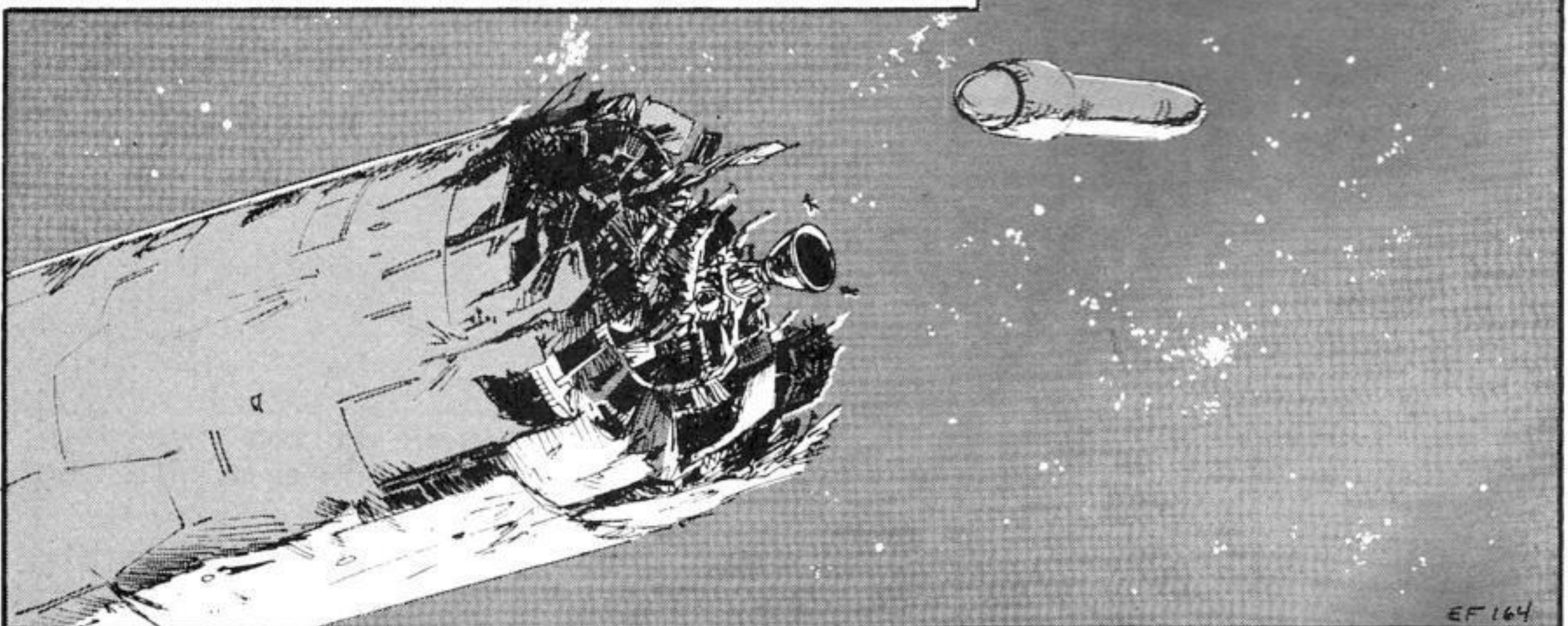


'Fraid not. They disconnected years ago.



Uhhh.

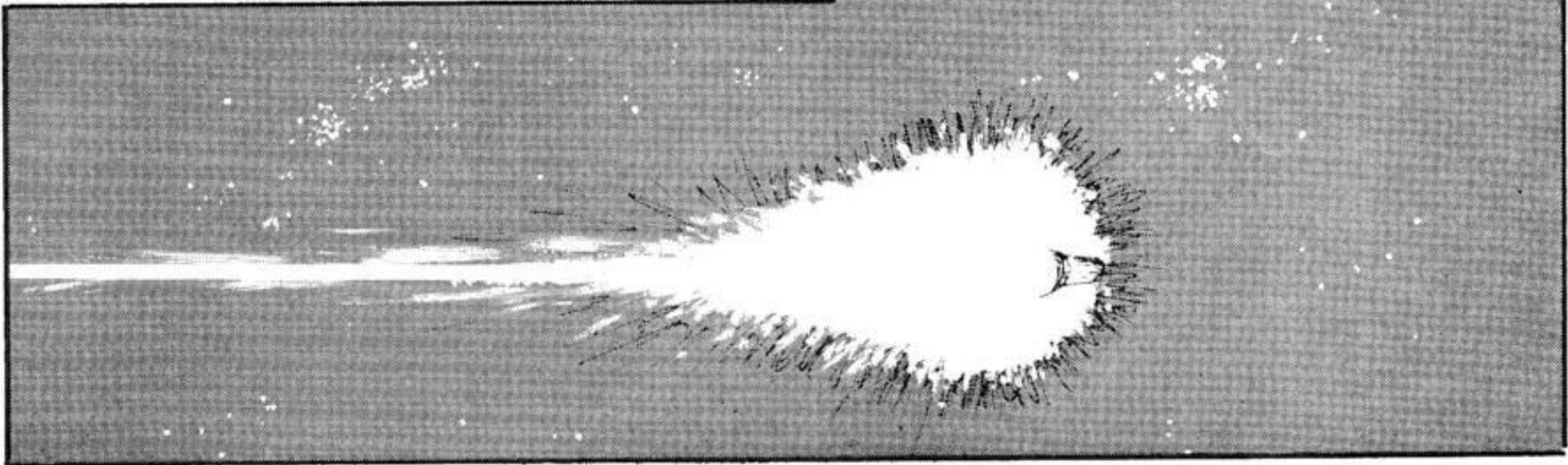
A STRAP-ON PROPULSION REACTOR IS RIGGED UP TO THE DAMAGED HULL.



IT, AND A ROBOT MAINTENANCE TEAM, WILL SLOWLY DECELERATE AND EVENTUALLY RETURN THE SHIP TO AHAHN-TAKO.



THEN, THE DH284 BEGINS ITS OWN DECELERATION MANEUVERS.



Oh — argh — gees again.

I feel like I weigh a ton.

No no no!  
We'll get back to zee gee,  
anything but this.

I guess we should  
get re-conditioned.

I'm going to get something  
to eat. Want anything?

Groans.

No blaugh !

Clam cakes again?

Eat 'em before  
they get damp.

Oh, Mom!

Well, Commander, now that  
we're heading back in, looking  
forward to your assignment?

I'm sorry, Dad,  
but everything's  
gotten so heavy!

Well, except for the circumstances,  
yes. Having an active squadron  
to fly with. That's all I really  
want to do. And you?

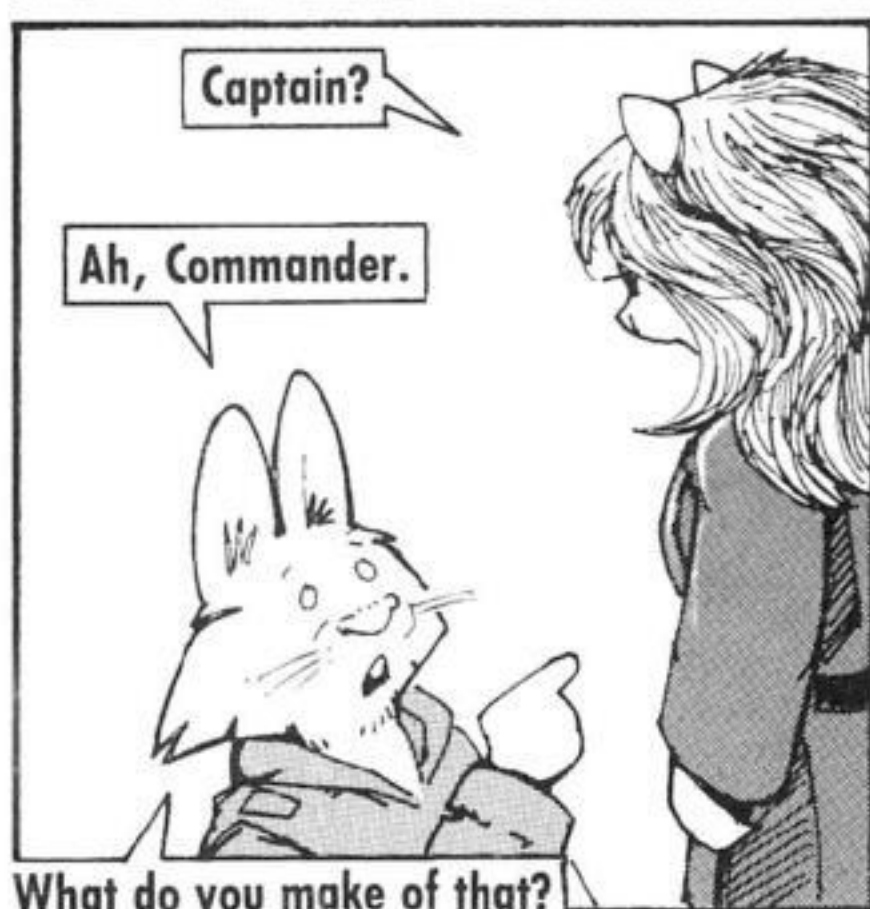
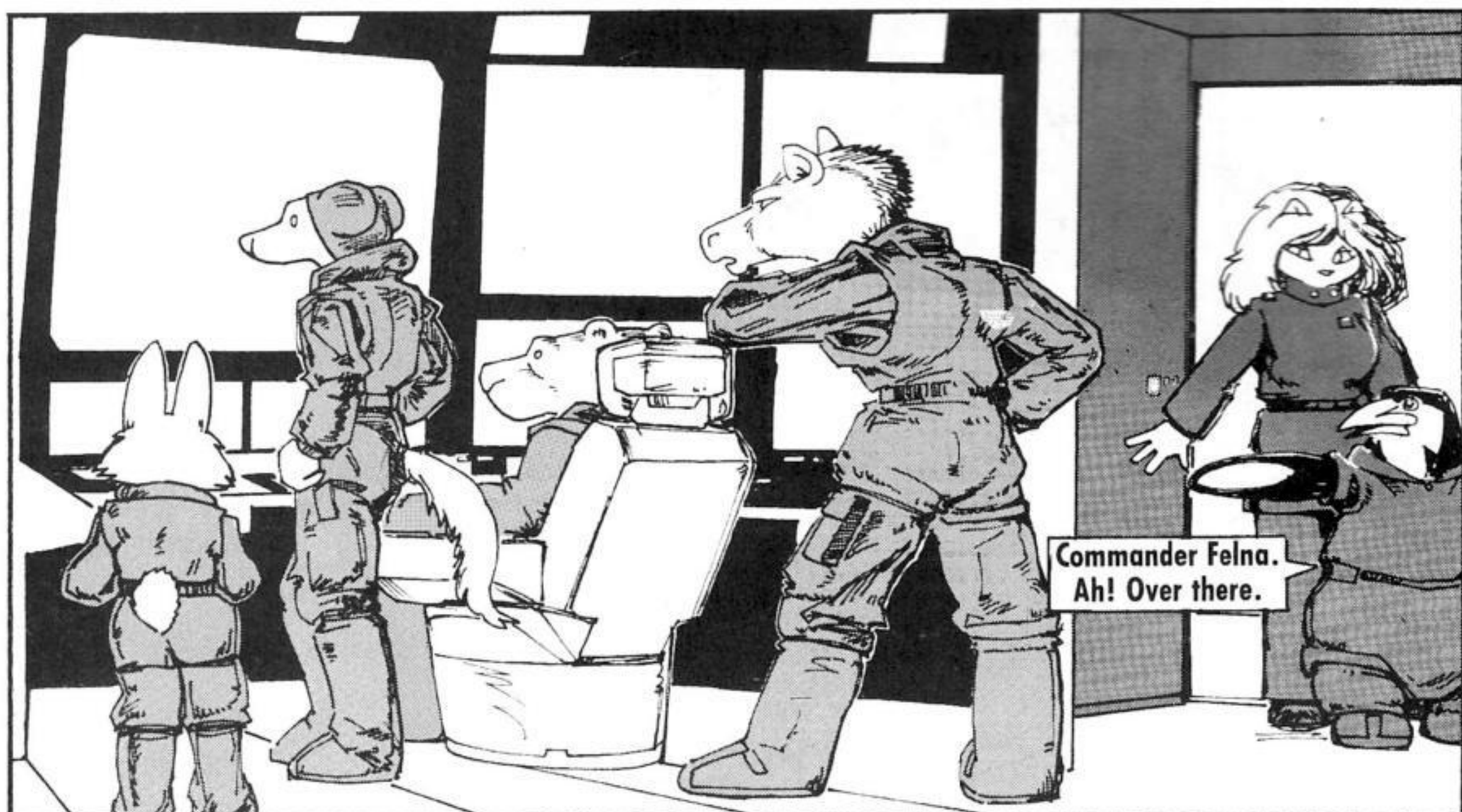
Oh — I look forward to any assignment as an adventure.  
My family has always been bureaucrats and for me to go  
off and be an EDF officer is an experience for us all.

I hope your spouse's enthusiasm  
hasn't been dampened by — .

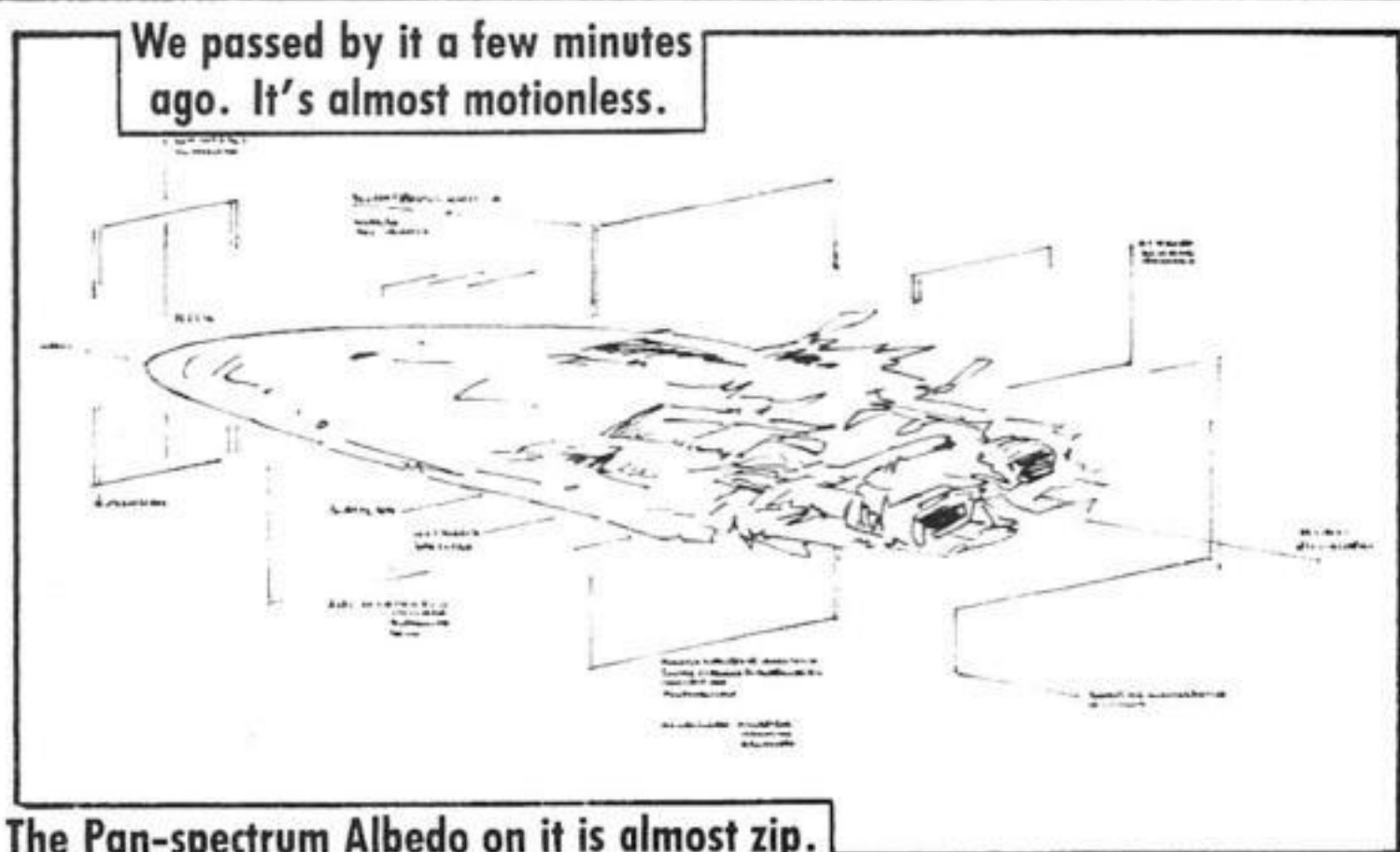
Excuse me, Felna.

Report to Control, ASAP!





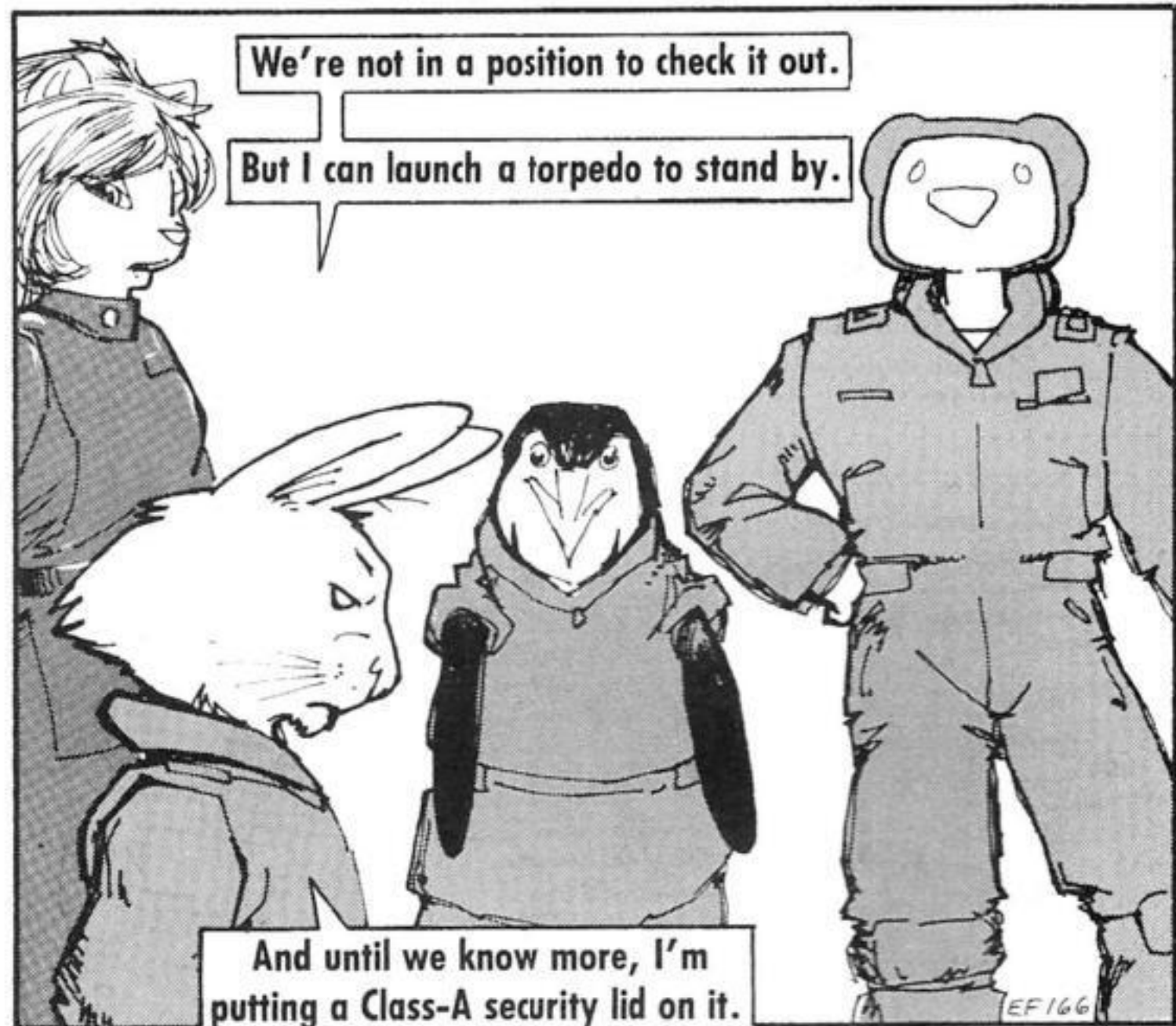
What do you make of that?



The Pan-spectrum Albedo on it is almost zip.



It's an unknown configuration.  
And what little we can detect doesn't  
give us a clue as to materials.



And until we know more, I'm  
putting a Class-A security lid on it.

EF166





ABOUT THE DERELICT?

DON'T KNOW, BUT INTIAL TRAJECTORY ANALYSIS SUGGESTS THAT IT COULD HAVE BEEN OUT HERE FOR A COUPLE HUNDRED YEARS.

NO MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE. OTHER THAN WE'VE BEEN IN EXISTANCE FOR ABOUT TWO HUNDRED YEARS. BUT HAVE NO EVIDENCE OF EARLIER HABITATION OR ORIGIN OF THE BIOLOGY.

YES.

Of course.  
Is it the Creators?

What do you know  
about the Creators?

Have you been  
around since the  
awakening?



What do you think  
about the security lid?

UNTIL THE VESSEL'S ORIGIN CAN BE DETERMINED,  
AND THE POTENTIAL IMPACT ASSESSED,  
MAINTAINING SECRECY WOULD BE PRUDENT.

And if it's the  
Creators?

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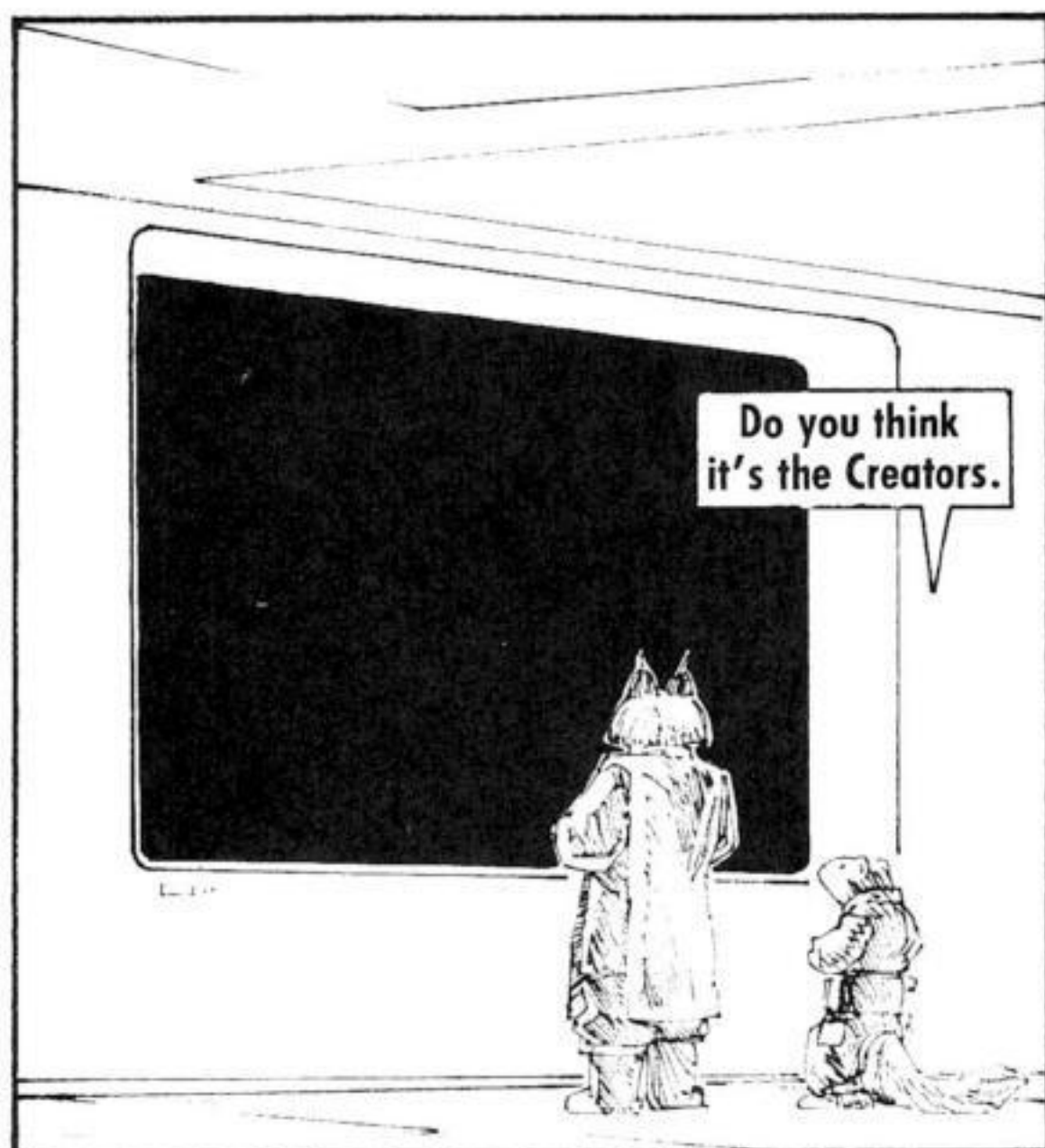
ONE MONTH LATER, ON BOARD THE DH112.

I've trained my  
whole life for this.

Anticipating arrival, ma'am.

Oh, yes.





Do you think it's the Creators.



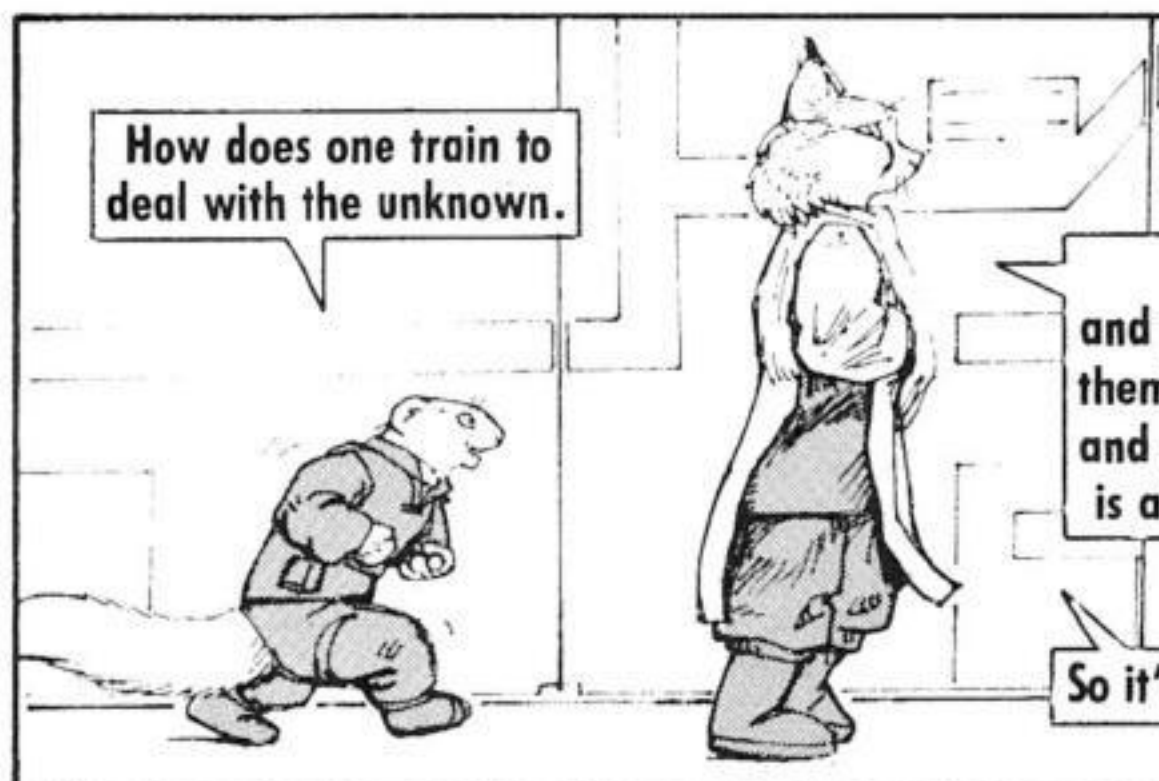
I really don't know.

Could be.

Or aliens?

Or a secret ILR effort?

That's why I'm here.

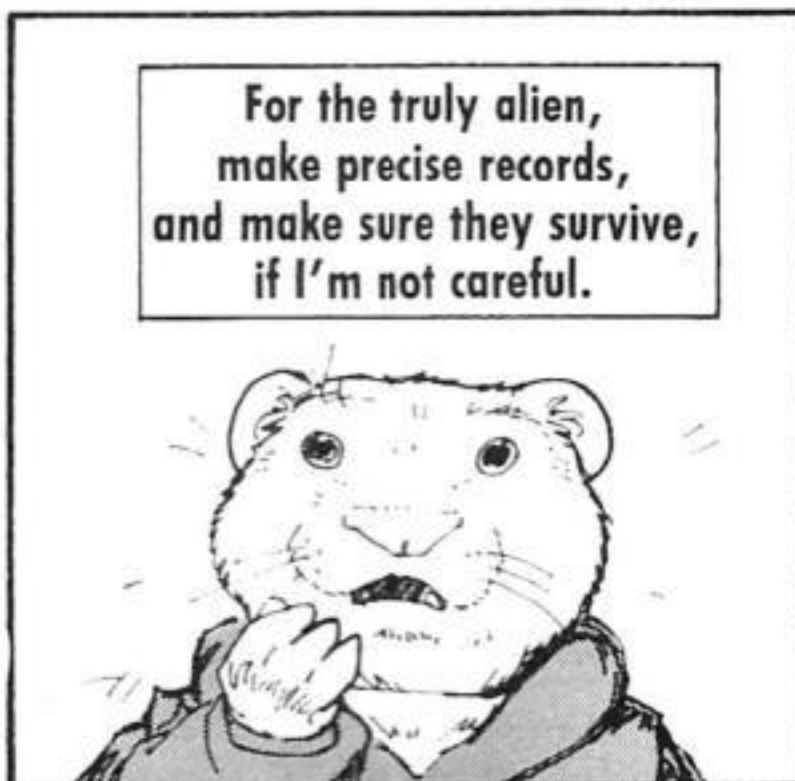


How does one train to deal with the unknown.

Good question.

For mechanics and physics as we know them, a lever is a lever, and an electric conductor is an electric conductor.

So it's just being careful.



For the truly alien, make precise records, and make sure they survive, if I'm not careful.



So, what are we going to do?

I thought the protocols that we've already reviewed have conceded all that.

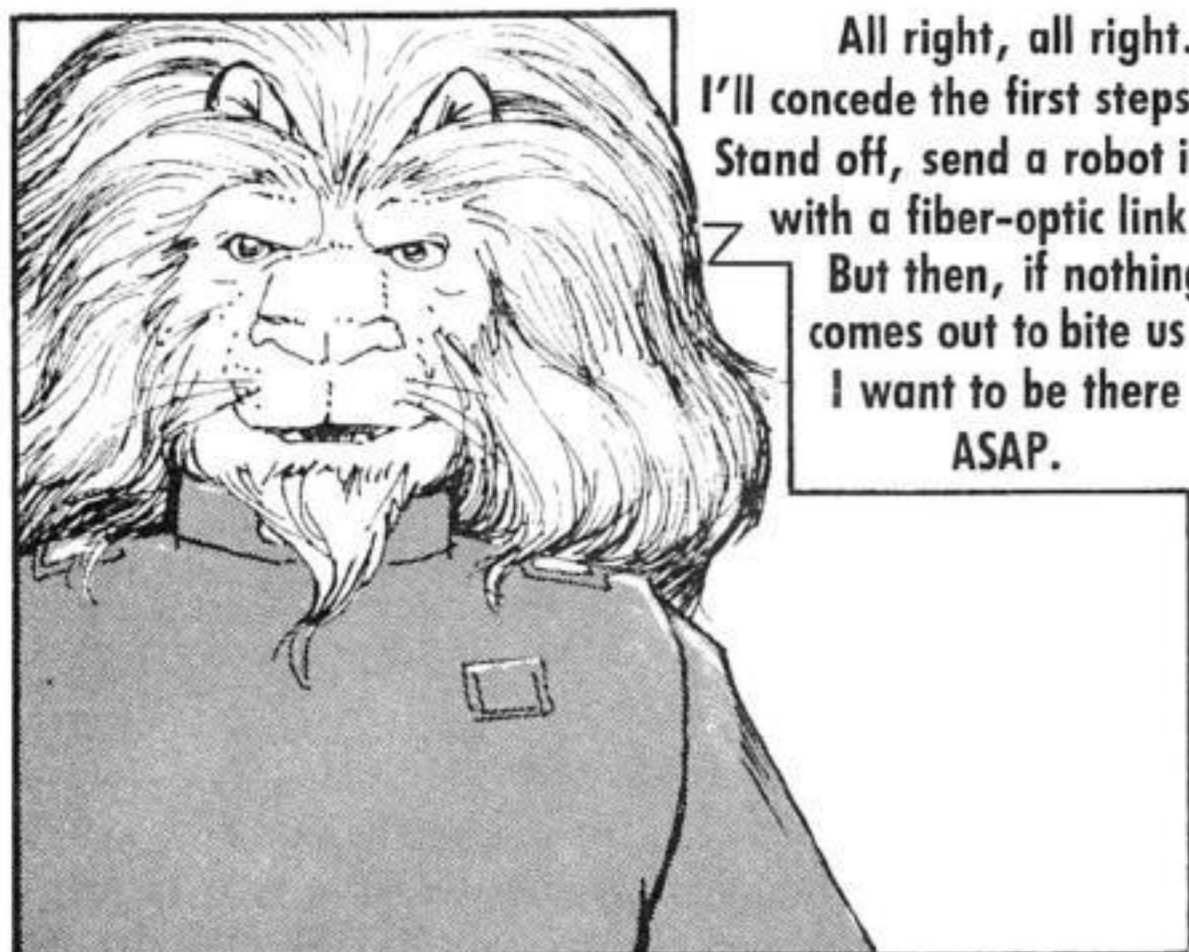
No no no! He's right! The protocols are all well and good, if this was an academic exercise.

Come on you guys. You're just all impatient to just jump right in!

What do you think, Ed?  
I think Bob's right.

I dunno, what do you think, Wally?  
I think you're right.

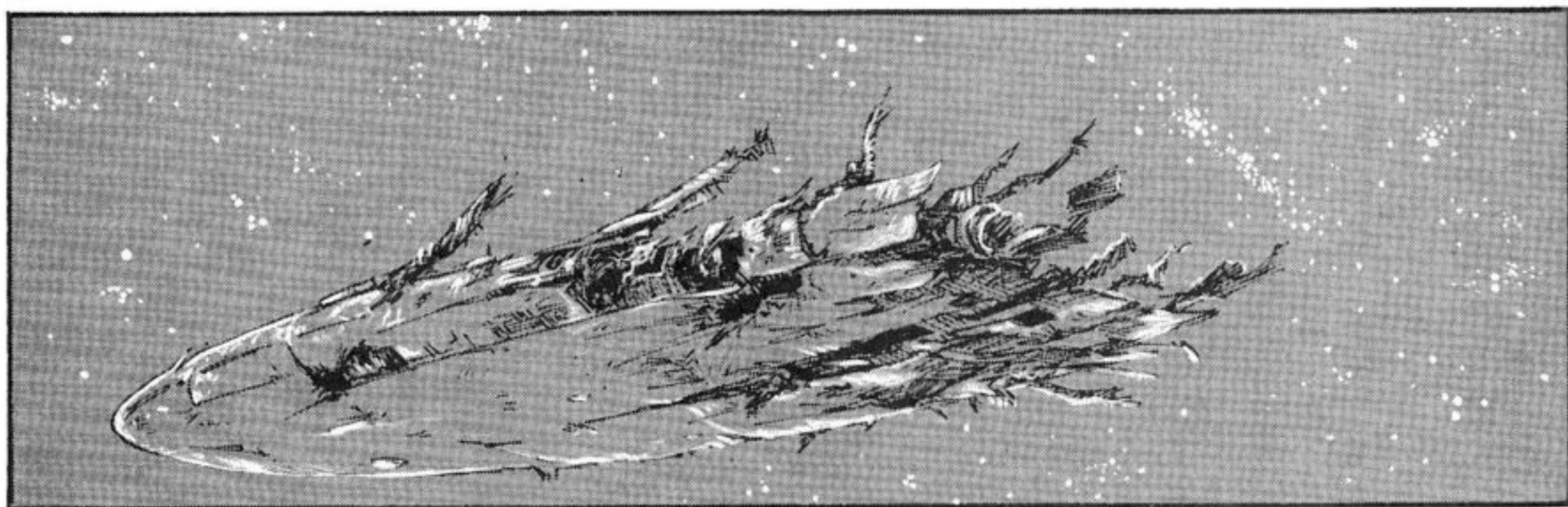




All right, all right.  
I'll concede the first steps.  
Stand off, send a robot in  
with a fiber-optic link.  
But then, if nothing  
comes out to bite us.  
I want to be there  
ASAP.



I can accept that, only if you give me enough time to see  
whether or not there is something in there to "bite" you.



Not much more can we see from out here. The  
undamaged portions have an  
extremely effective low reflective surface.

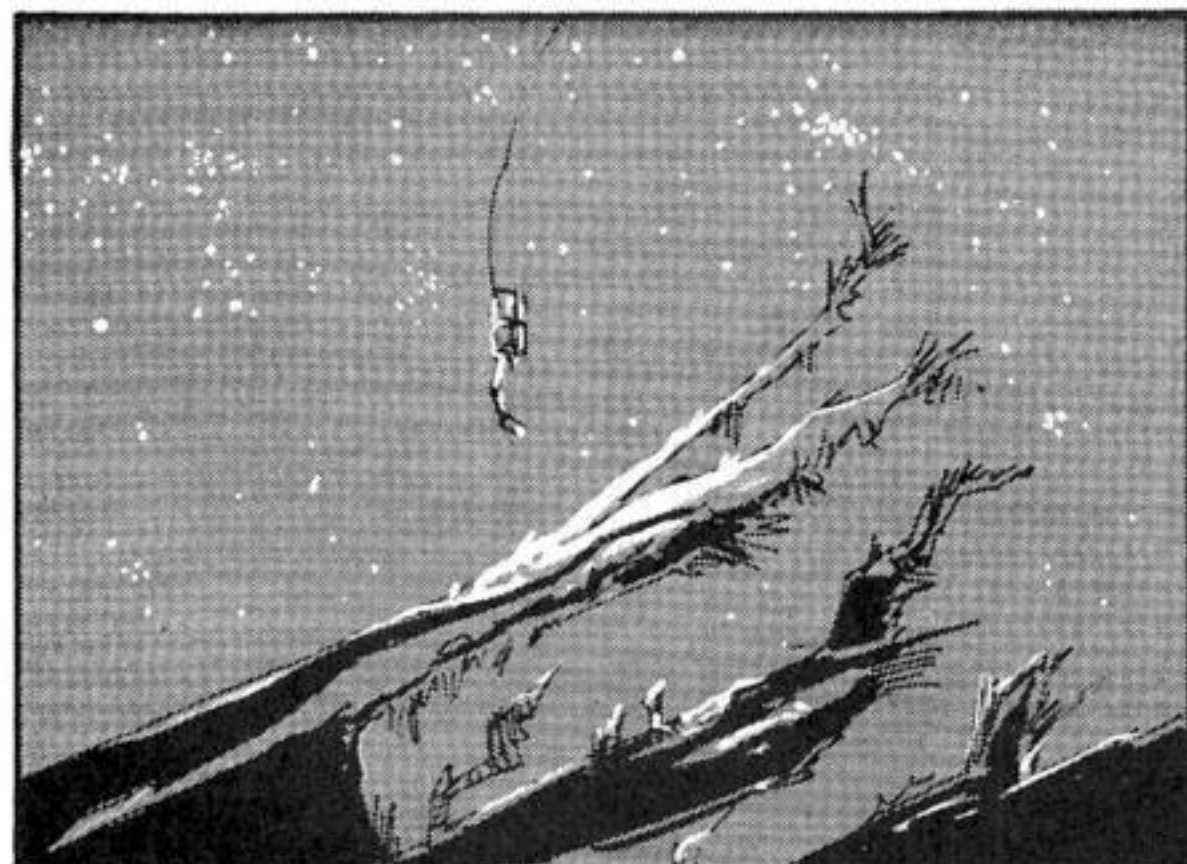
The DH284 was lucky to spot it.

The damaged area is hardly better, probably  
some light element composite, I'd guess.

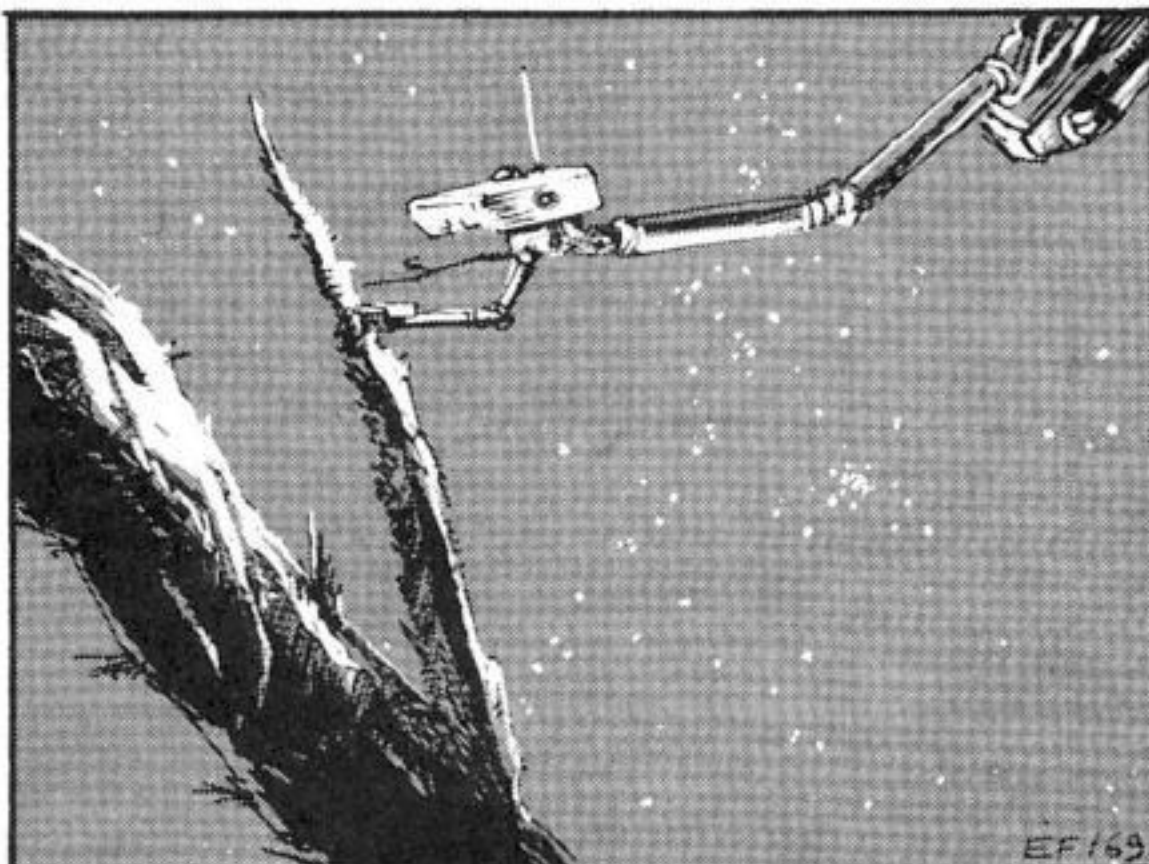
It's all dead cold.  
No E M.  
No particle radiation.

From the pattern of damage,  
I'd guess kinetic,  
several time-spaced impacts.

Once we get materials samples,  
we'll figure performance and get  
an idea as to what happened.

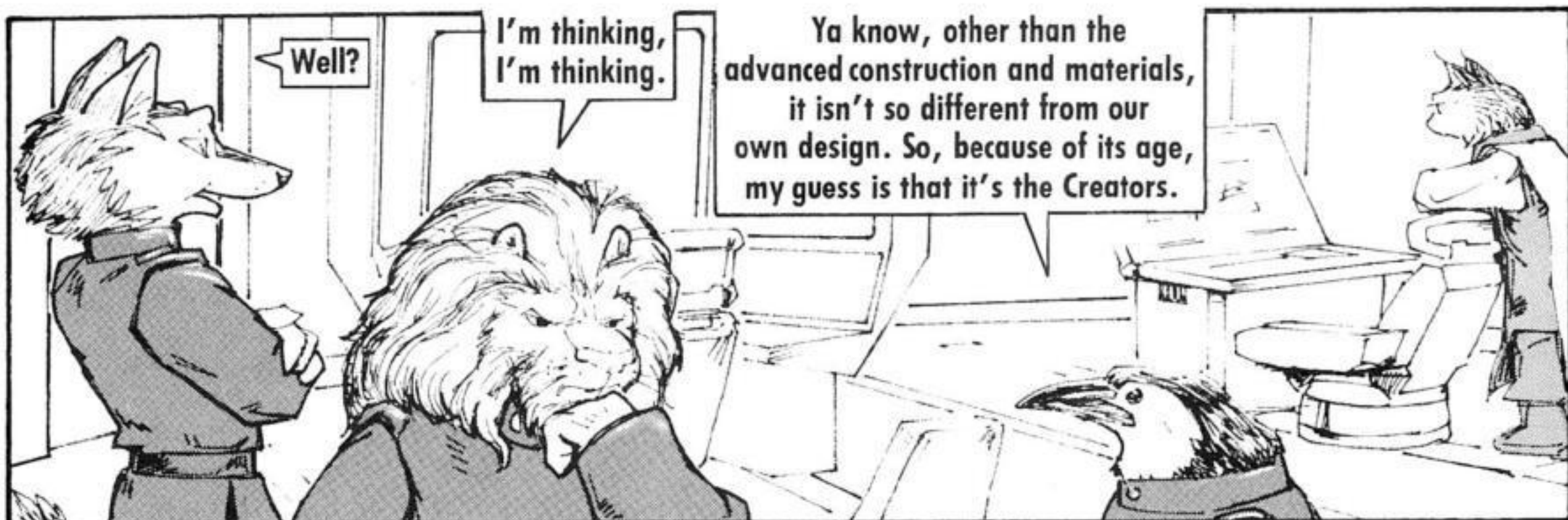


A ROBOT PROBE MAKES AN EXTENSIVE EXTERNAL SURVEY.



THEN IT TAKES SMALL, CAUTIOUS SAMPLES.

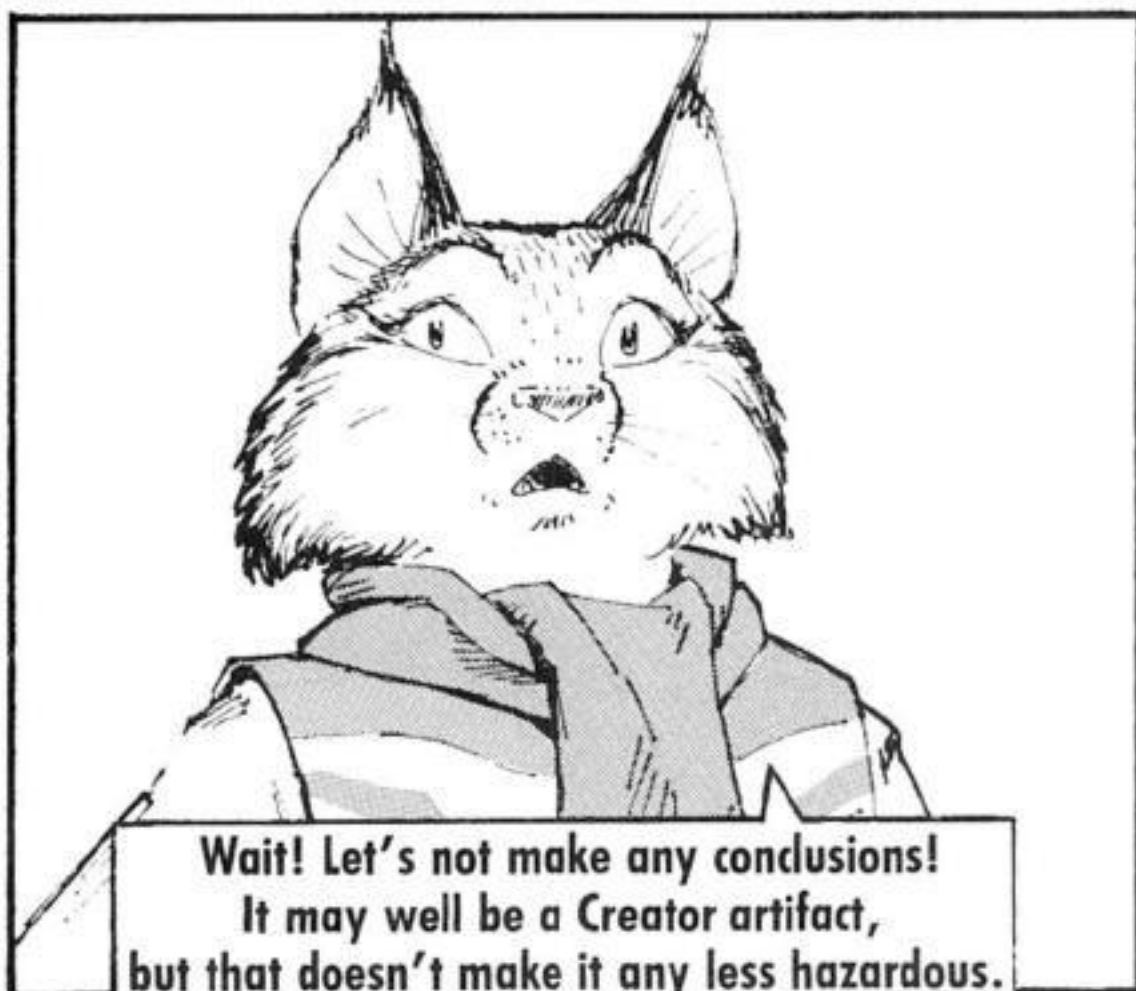




Well?

I'm thinking,  
I'm thinking.

Ya know, other than the advanced construction and materials, it isn't so different from our own design. So, because of its age, my guess is that it's the Creators.



Wait! Let's not make any conclusions! It may well be a Creator artifact, but that doesn't make it any less hazardous.

It's a badly damaged ship. There could be volatiles, even explosives. Moreover, there are what appear to be turrets, maybe sensors, maybe weapons.



There might be surviving automatic defenses, or, at least, a self-destruct.



A point well taken. I'll admit, I was a bit over-enthusiastic at first. But now that I've been staring at it for a few days — I'm going to have to agree with you on going slow. Just in those details of materials technology that we can see, the artifact is invaluable. Who knows what we might yet find inside and jeopardize in a moment's incaution.



Gosh, that's an awfully rational about-face.

That thing gives me nightmares!

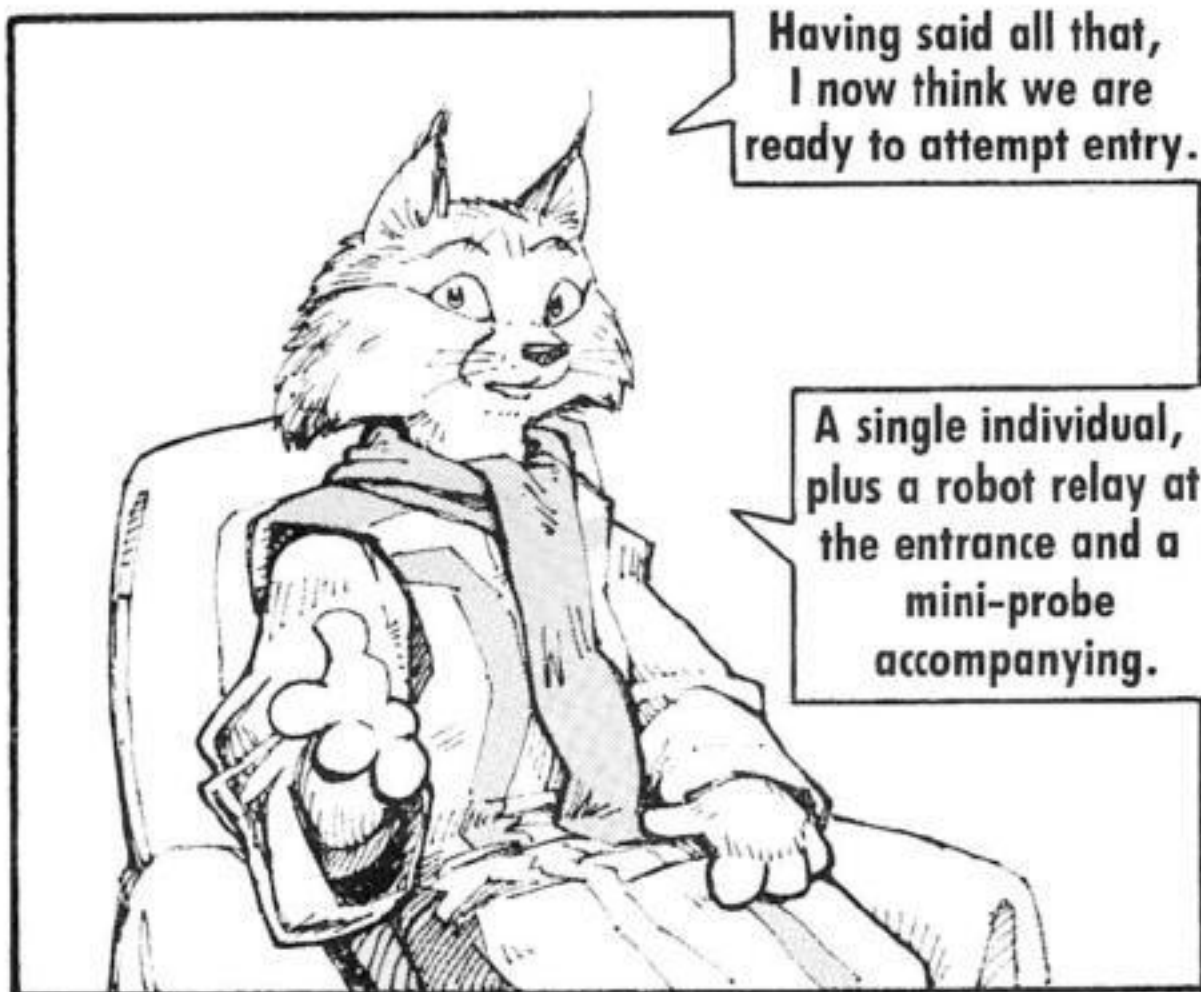


I'll leave the operation entirely to you, Dr. Kalakahaii. EDF priorities and our own impatience will have to wait.

Thank you Captain Shima. I admit that I too am anxious to get into it.

EF 170



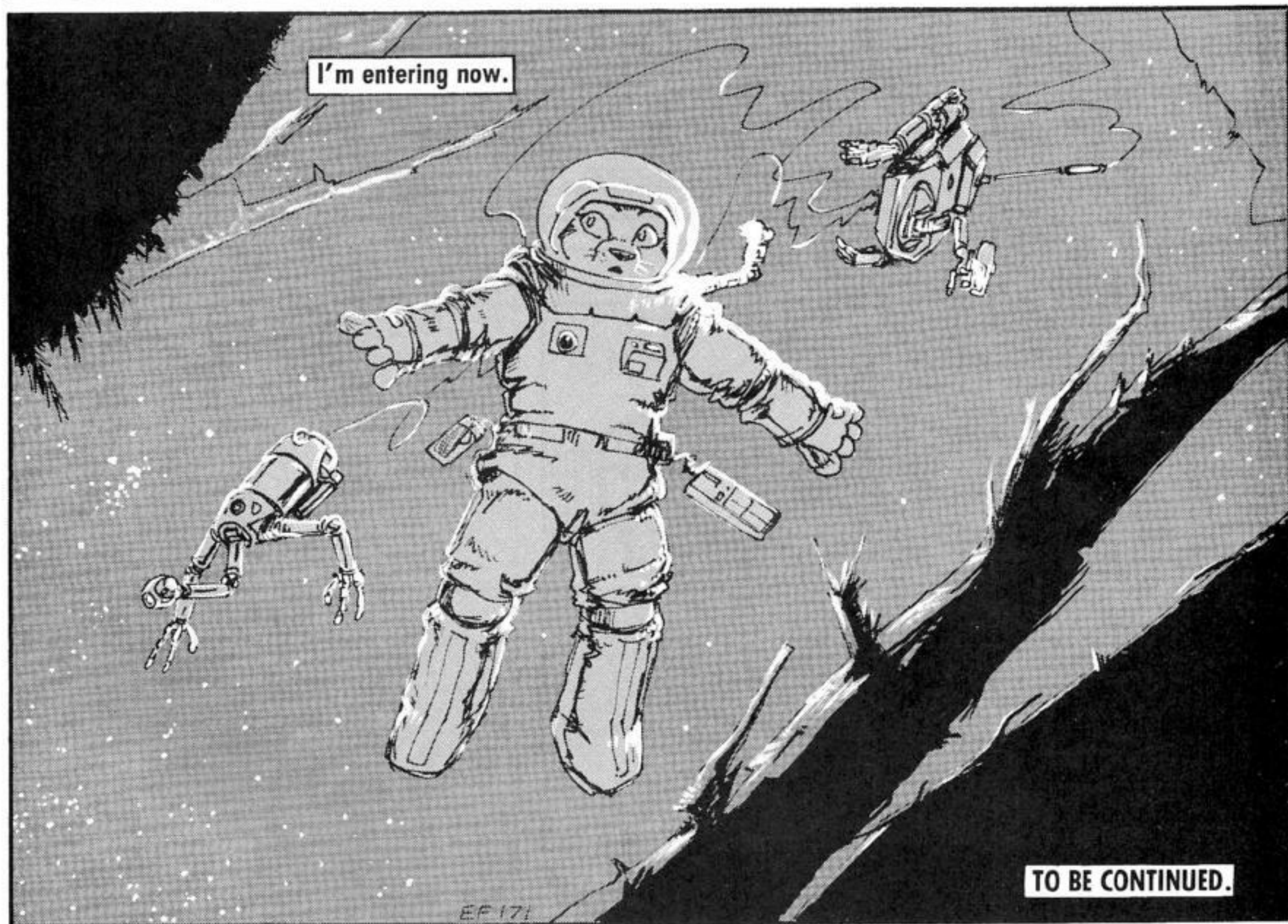


Commander Trudeau, you're the  
EDF Foreign Technologies Specialist,  
and of better use here in analysis.

And Zhotochtah, your team are  
all excellent technicians — .

But none have any training, or even  
theories in xenology or archeology.

Oooh, and who are you thinking of?

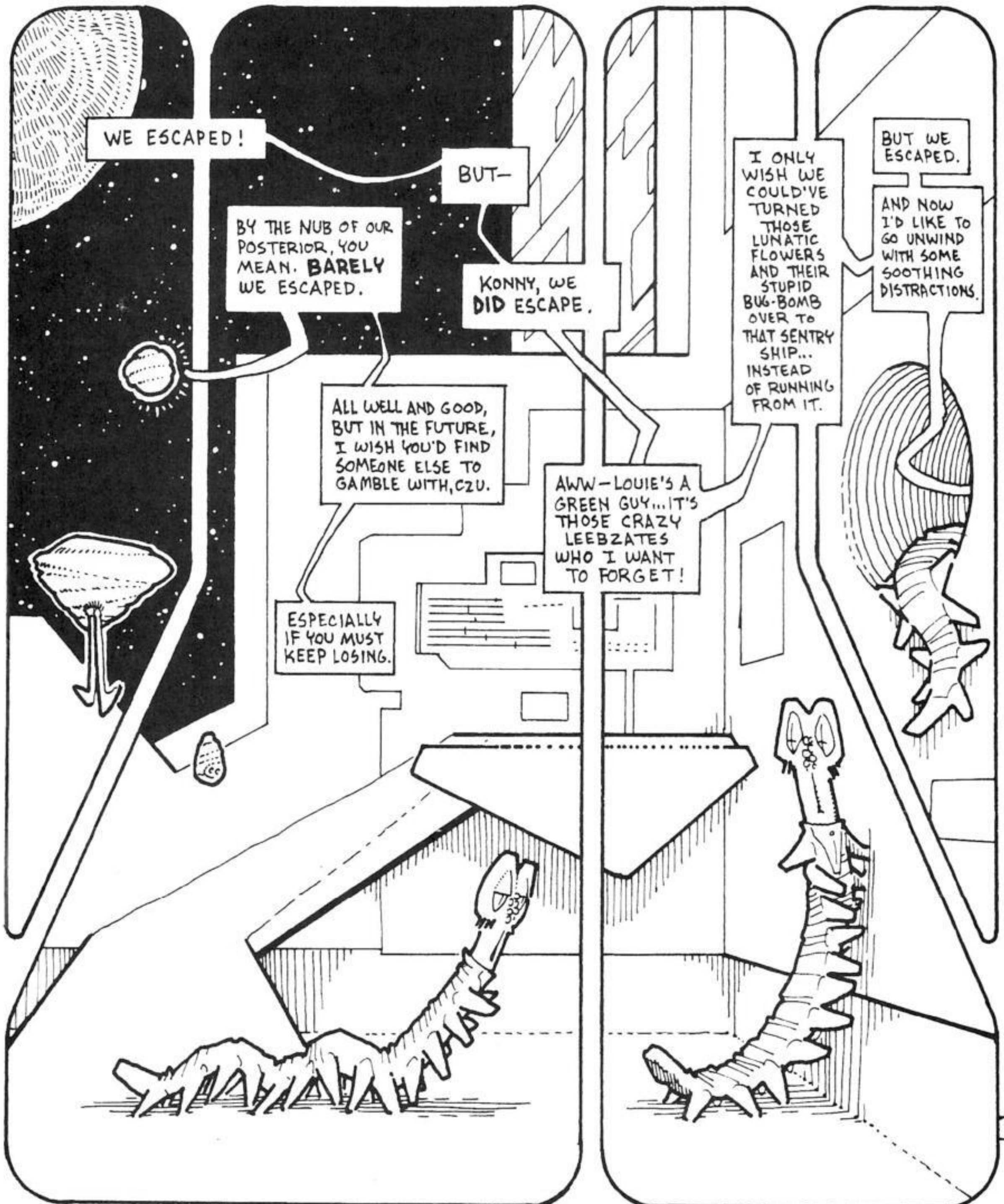






# konny and czu

in DEBT CHAPTER 2



WE ESCAPED!

BUT—

BY THE NUB OF OUR POSTERIOR, YOU MEAN. **BARELY** WE ESCAPED.

KONNY, WE DID ESCAPE.

ALL WELL AND GOOD, BUT IN THE FUTURE, I WISH YOU'D FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO GAMBLE WITH, CZU.

ESPECIALLY IF YOU MUST KEEP LOSING.

AWW—LOUIE'S A GREEN GUY...IT'S THOSE CRAZY LEEBZATES WHO I WANT TO FORGET!

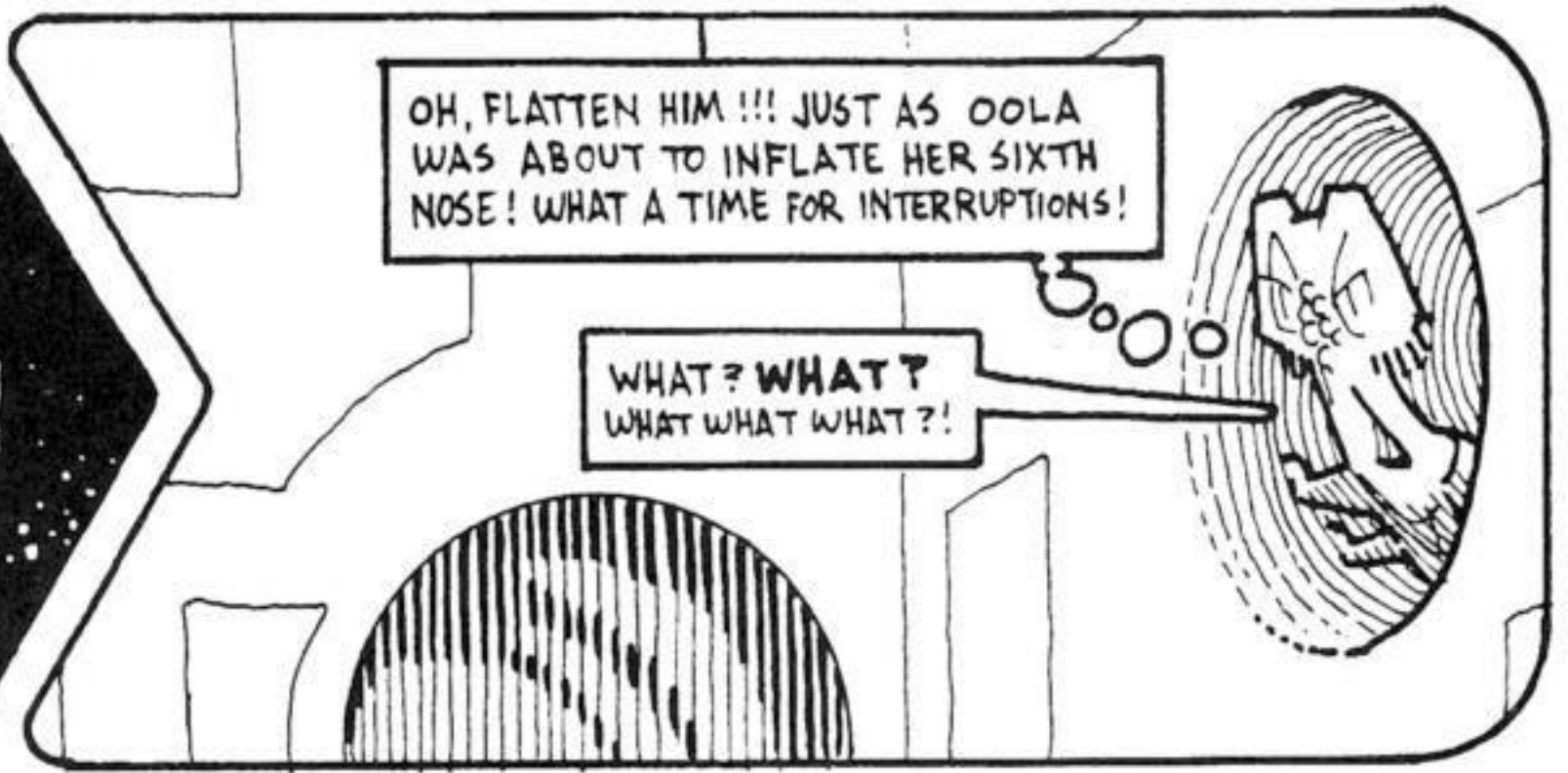
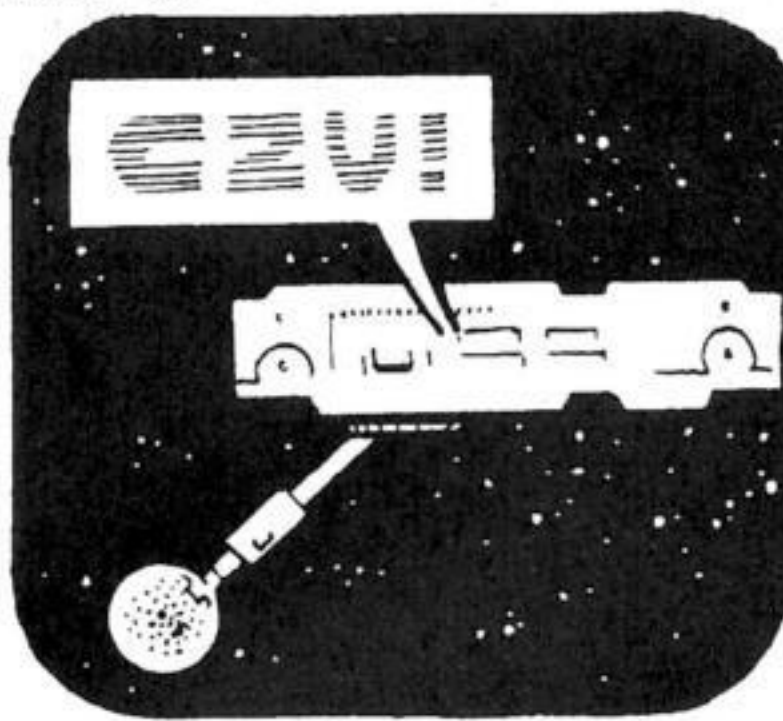
I ONLY WISH WE COULD'VE TURNED THOSE LUNATIC FLOWERS AND THEIR STUPID BUG-BOMB OVER TO THAT SENTRY SHIP... INSTEAD OF RUNNING FROM IT.

BUT WE ESCAPED.

AND NOW I'D LIKE TO GO UNWIND WITH SOME SOOTHING DISTRACTIONS.



LATER (THIRTY MINUTES BY YOUR CLOCK).



OH, FLATTEN HIM !!! JUST AS OOLA WAS ABOUT TO INFLATE HER SIXTH NOSE ! WHAT A TIME FOR INTERRUPTIONS !

WHAT ? WHAT ?  
WHAT WHAT WHAT ? !

I HAVE NEEDS, KONNY ! AND ONE OF THEM IS TIME TO CONTEMPLATE HOW TO DEAL WITH THE REST OF MY NEEDS ! MAYBE ROCKS DON'T NEED VISUAL REMINDERS OF CERTAIN FUNCTIONS, BUT ORGANICS DO !

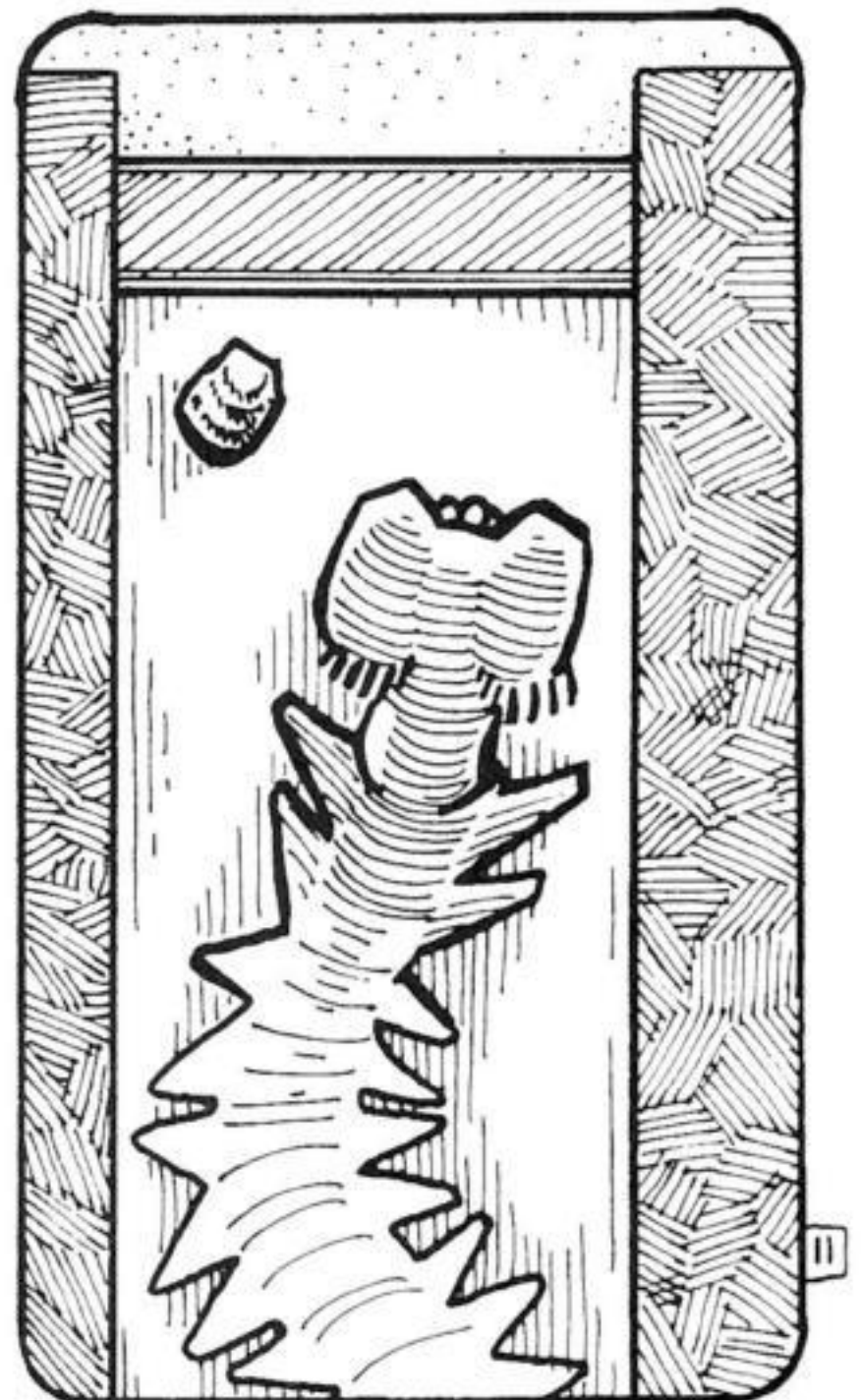
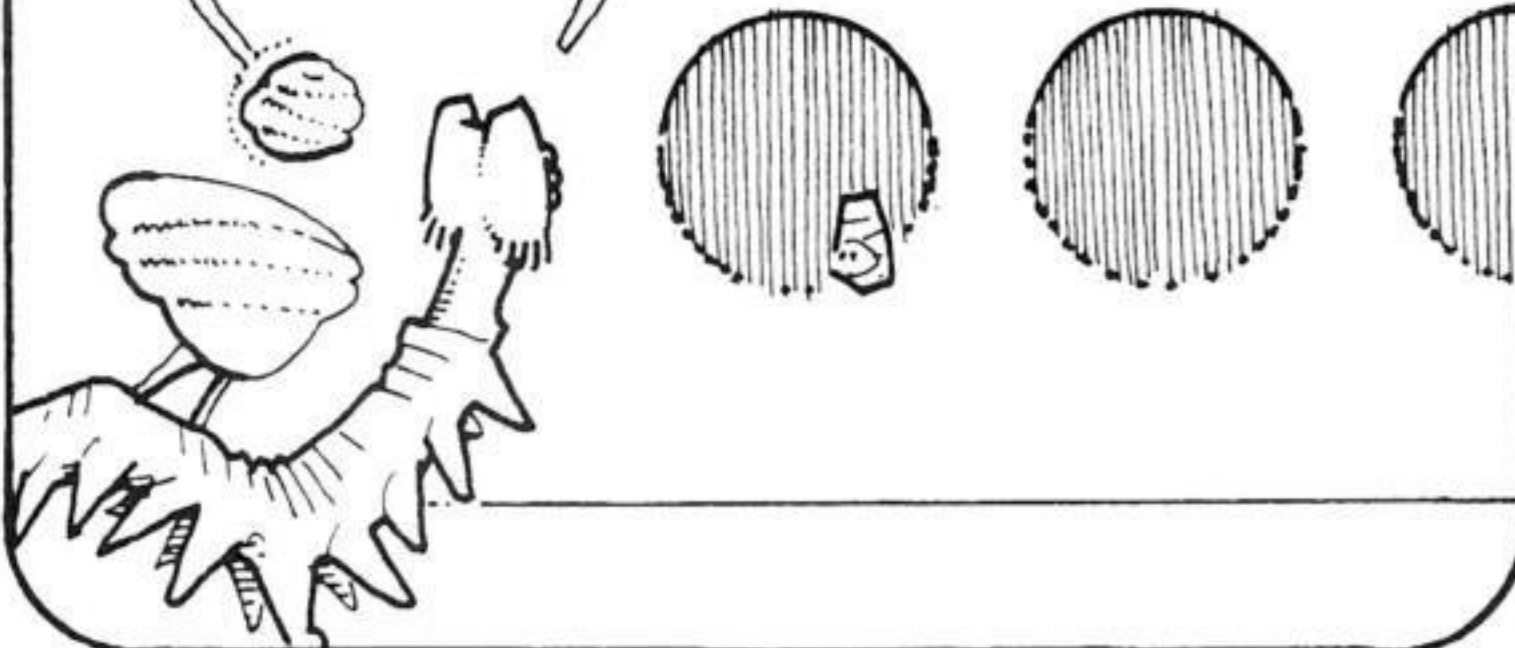


THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM.

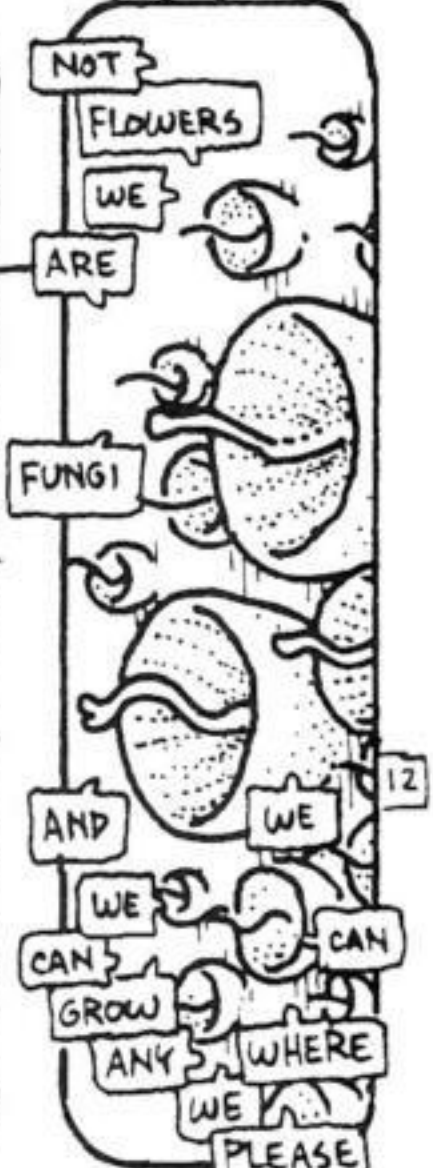
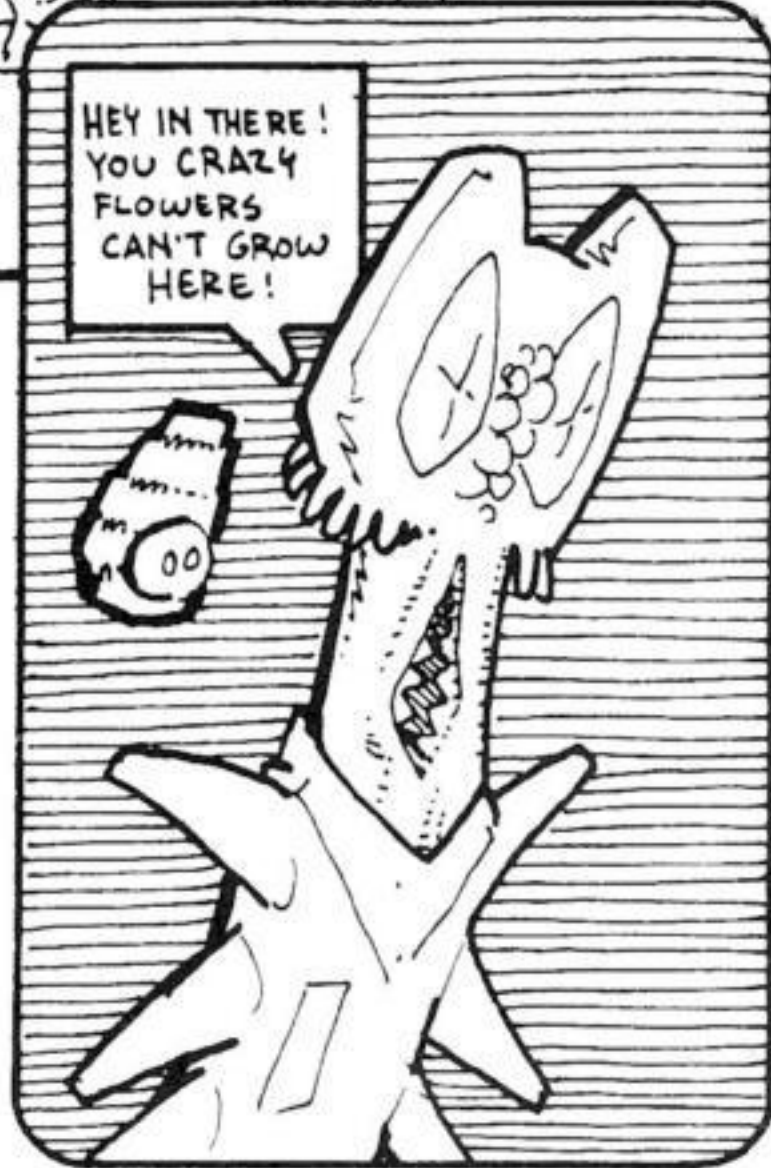
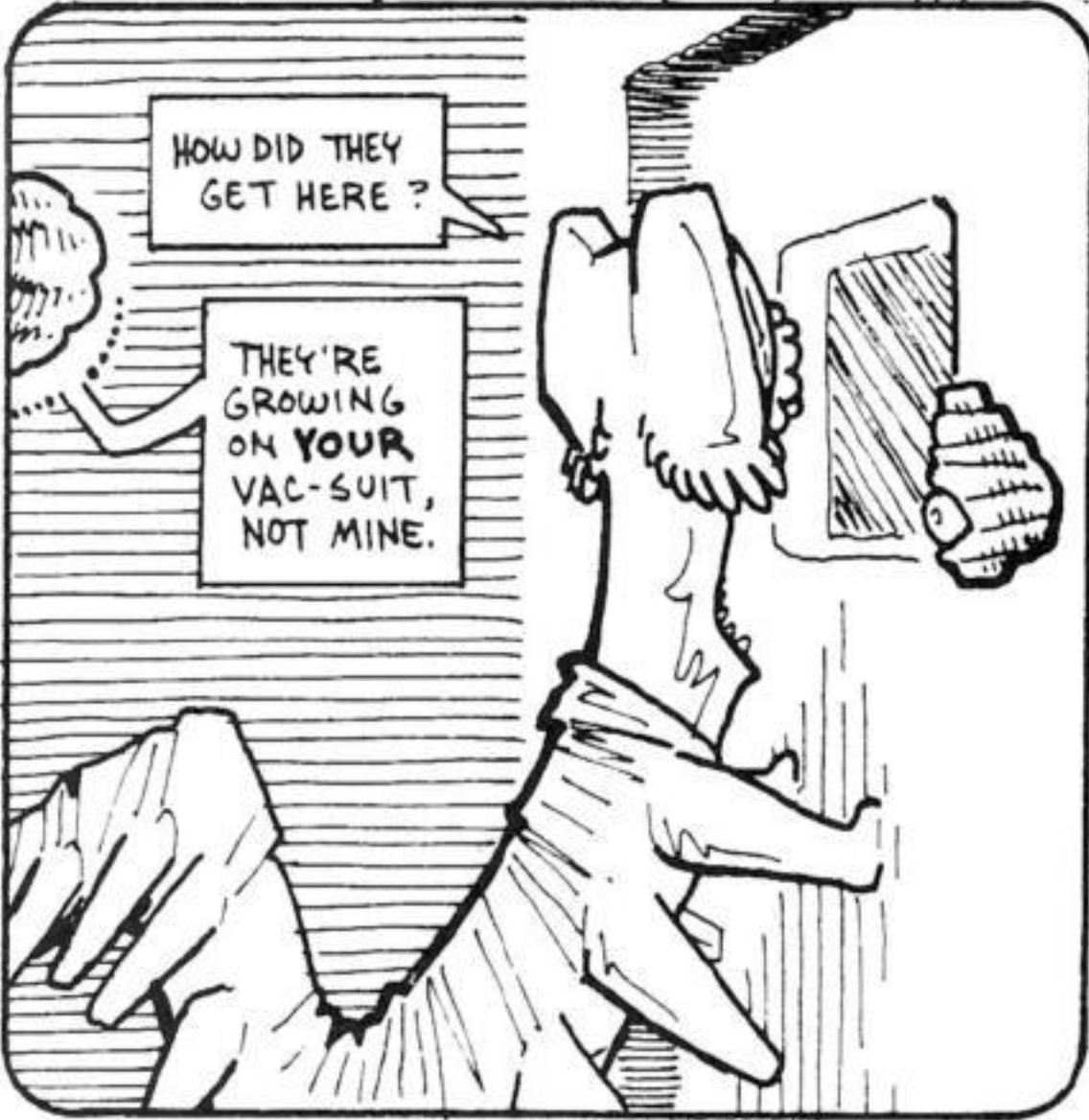
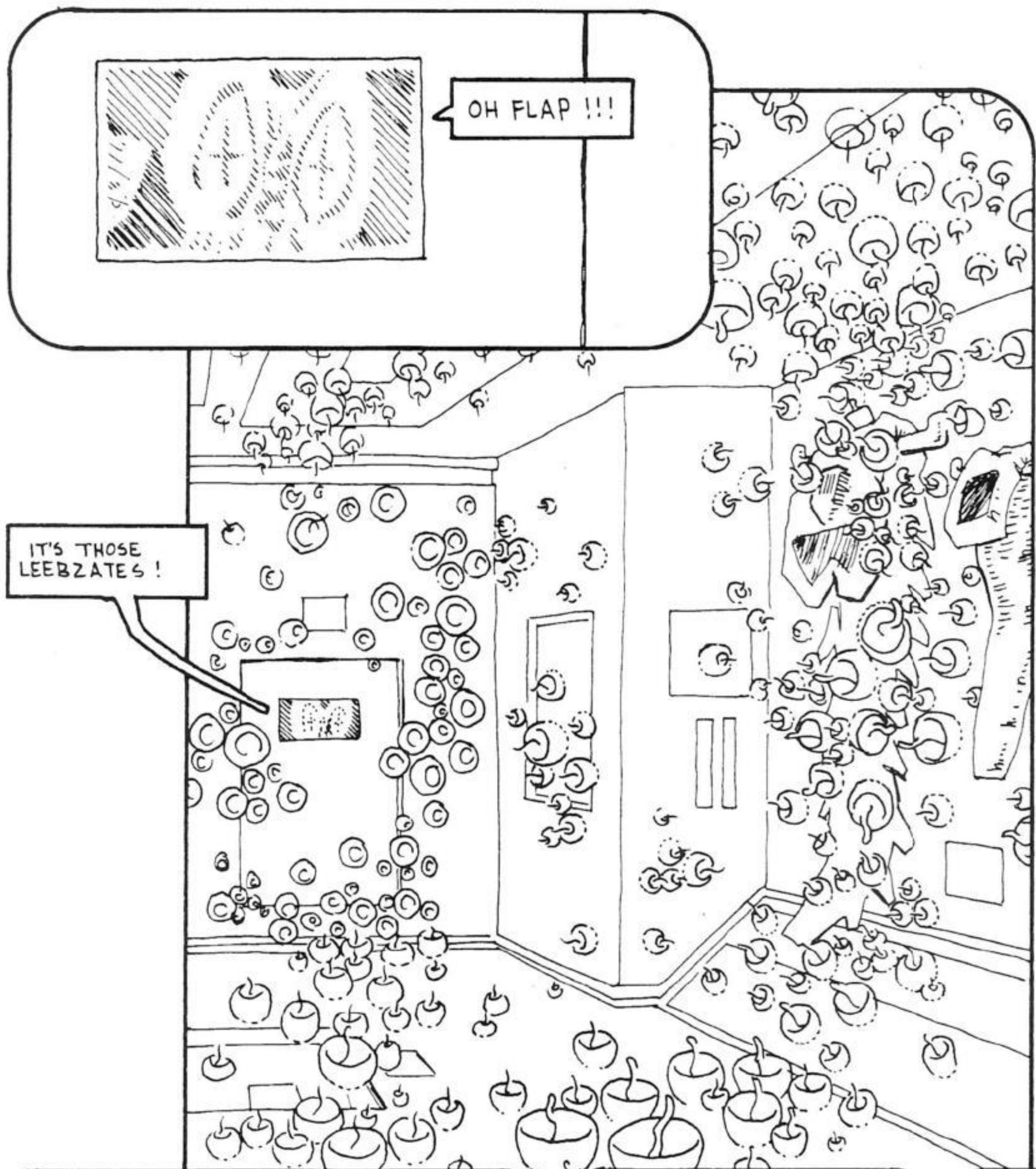
...BUT I HAVE FOUND SOMETHING THAT COULD BE A PROBLEM FOR US.

I SENT A SET OF MY EYES DOWN TO THE AIRLOCK ACCESS ROOM TO CHECK WHETHER OR NOT YOU PUT YOUR VAC-SUIT AWAY. I WANT YOU TO SEE THIS.

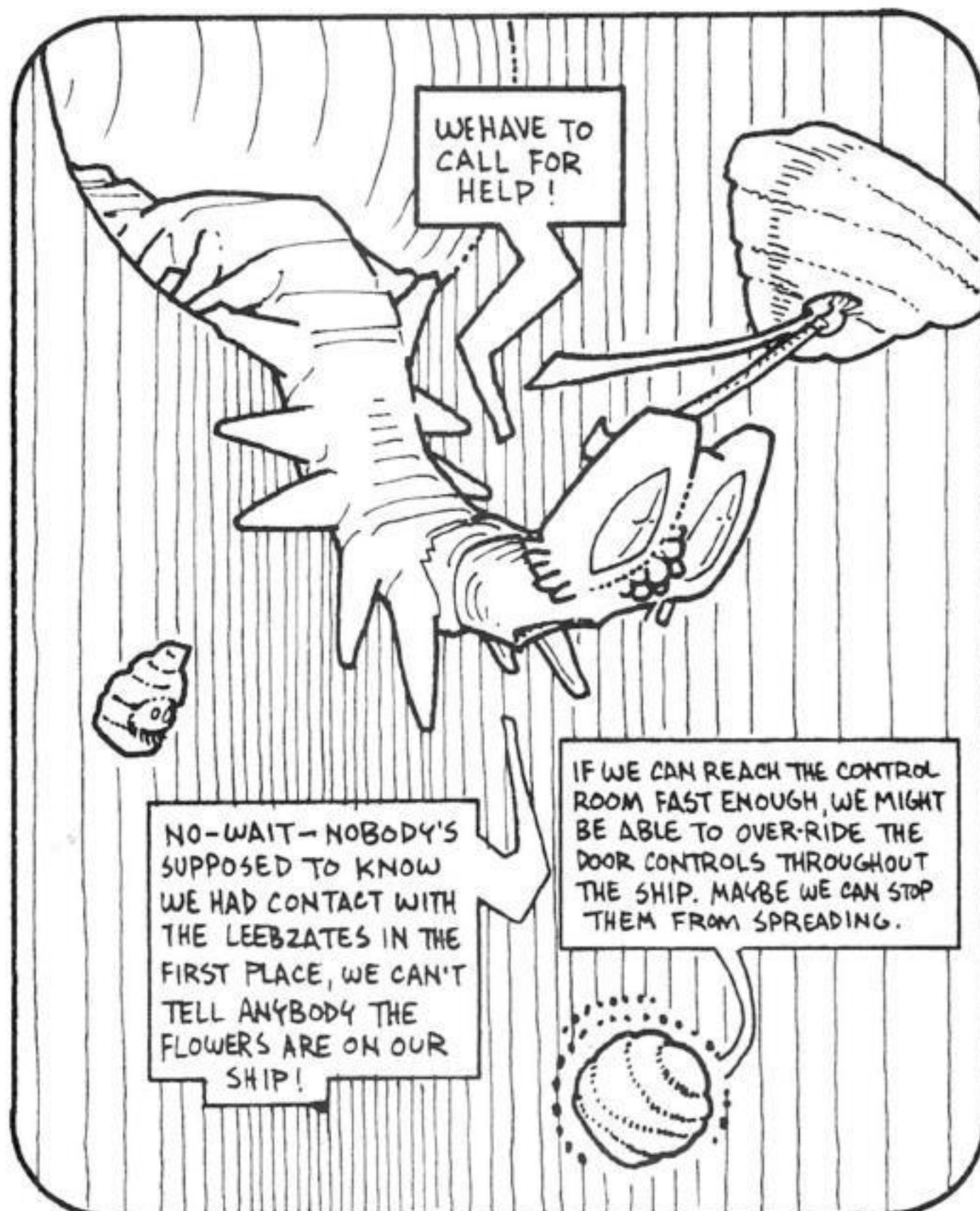
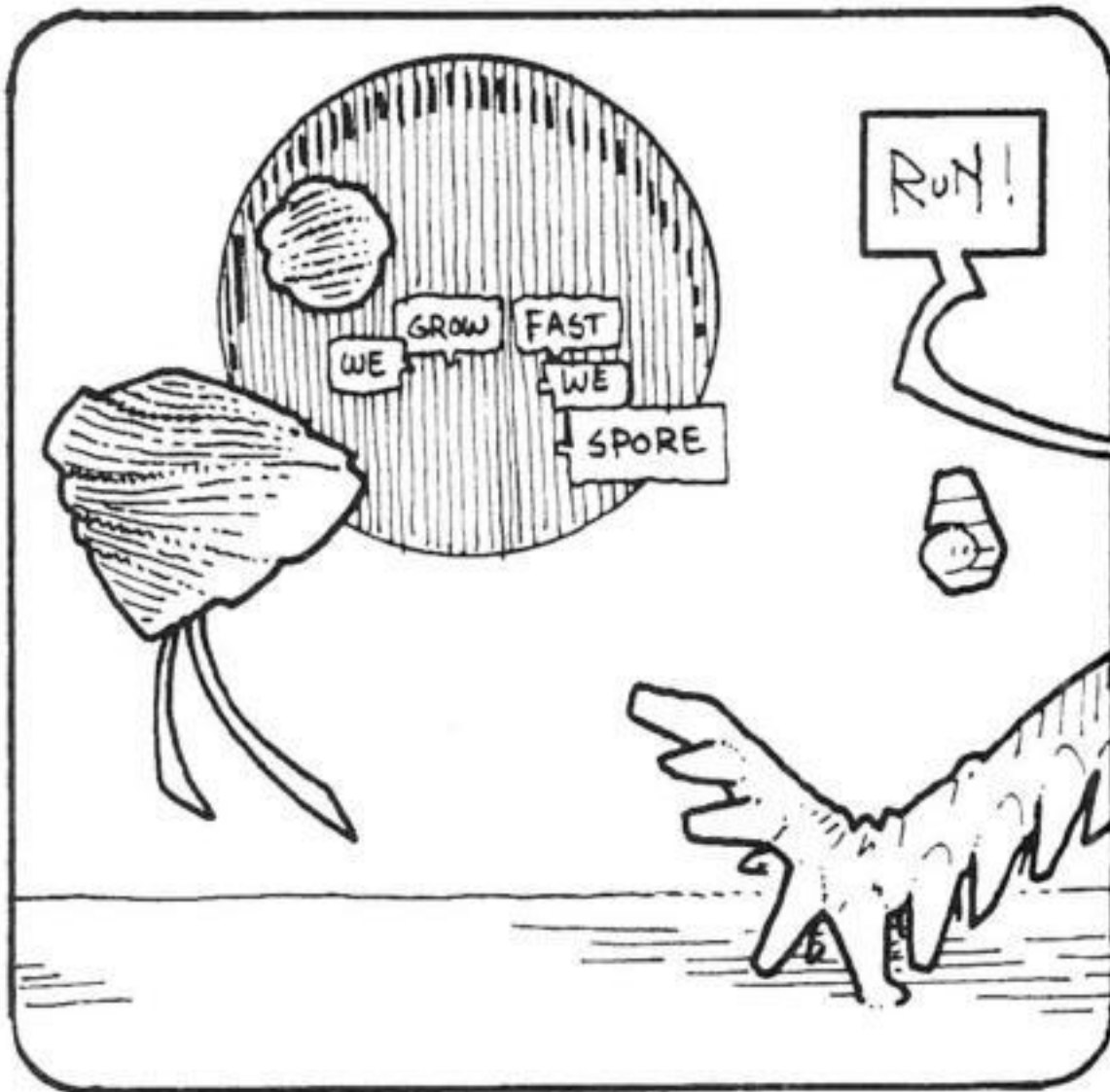
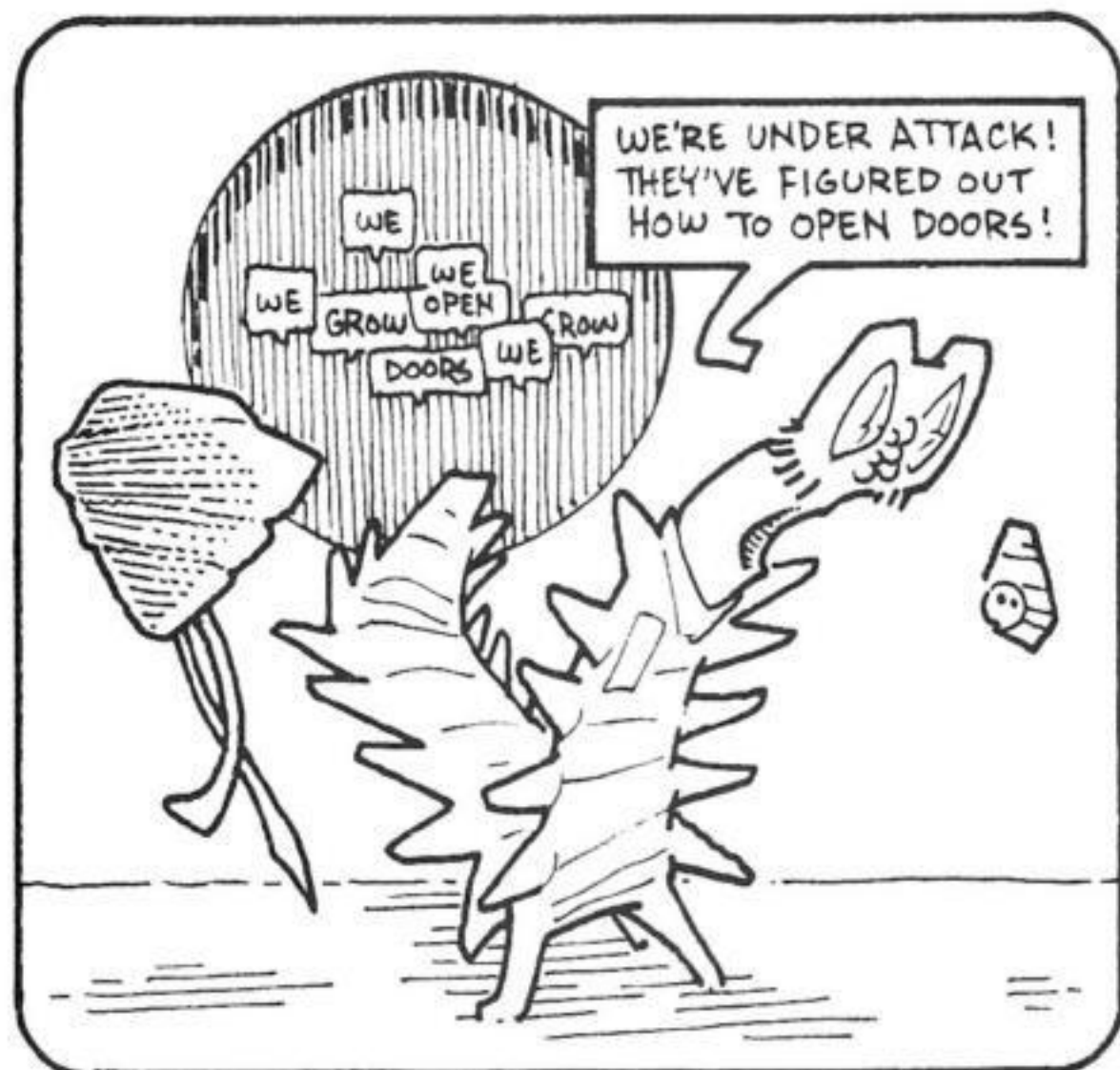
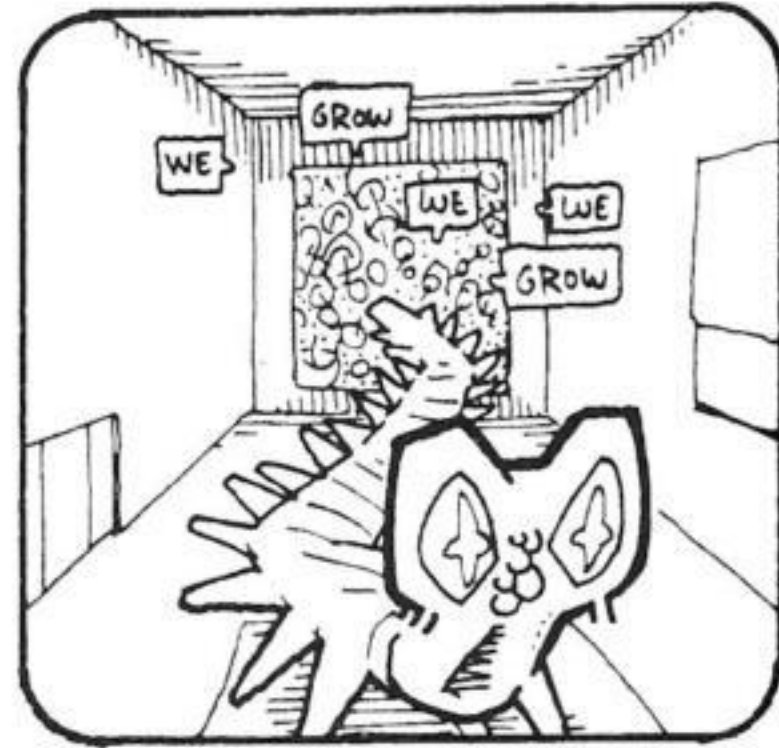
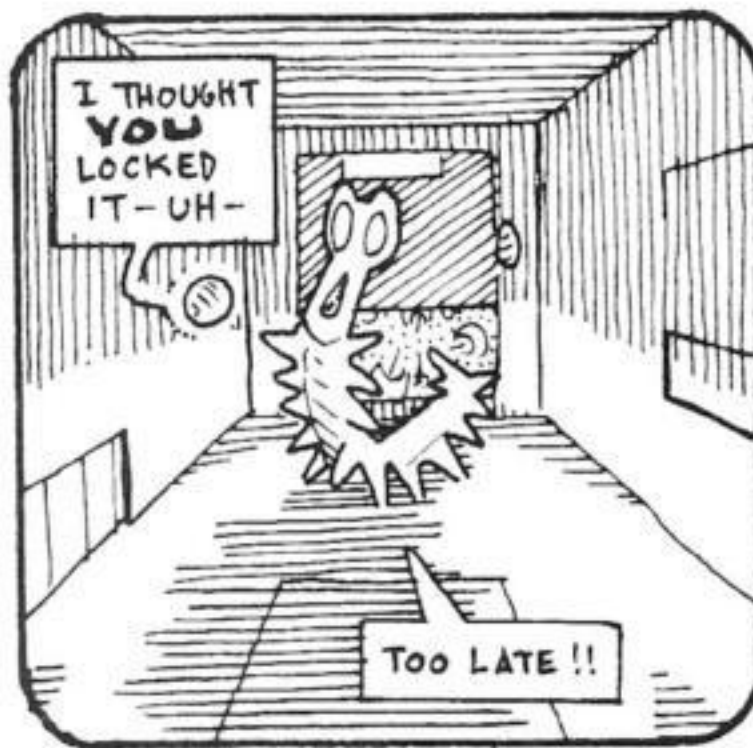
YOU DRAGGED ME AWAY FROM MY FID FOR THIS ? YOU REALLY MUST BE STILL TOOLED OFF ABOUT LOUIE.













TIME IS PASSED,  
DISTANCE IS SPANNED,  
GROUND IS LOST.

THEY'VE  
TAKEN THE  
SAUNA!  
AUGH!!

WAKE UP, CZU. WE'RE  
ALMOST THERE. AND NOT  
A MONA TOO SOON.

THIS CONTROL  
ROOM IS THE  
ONLY PART LEFT  
ON SHIP THAT  
ISN'T OVERGROWN  
BY YOUR  
LEEbzATE  
FRIENDS.

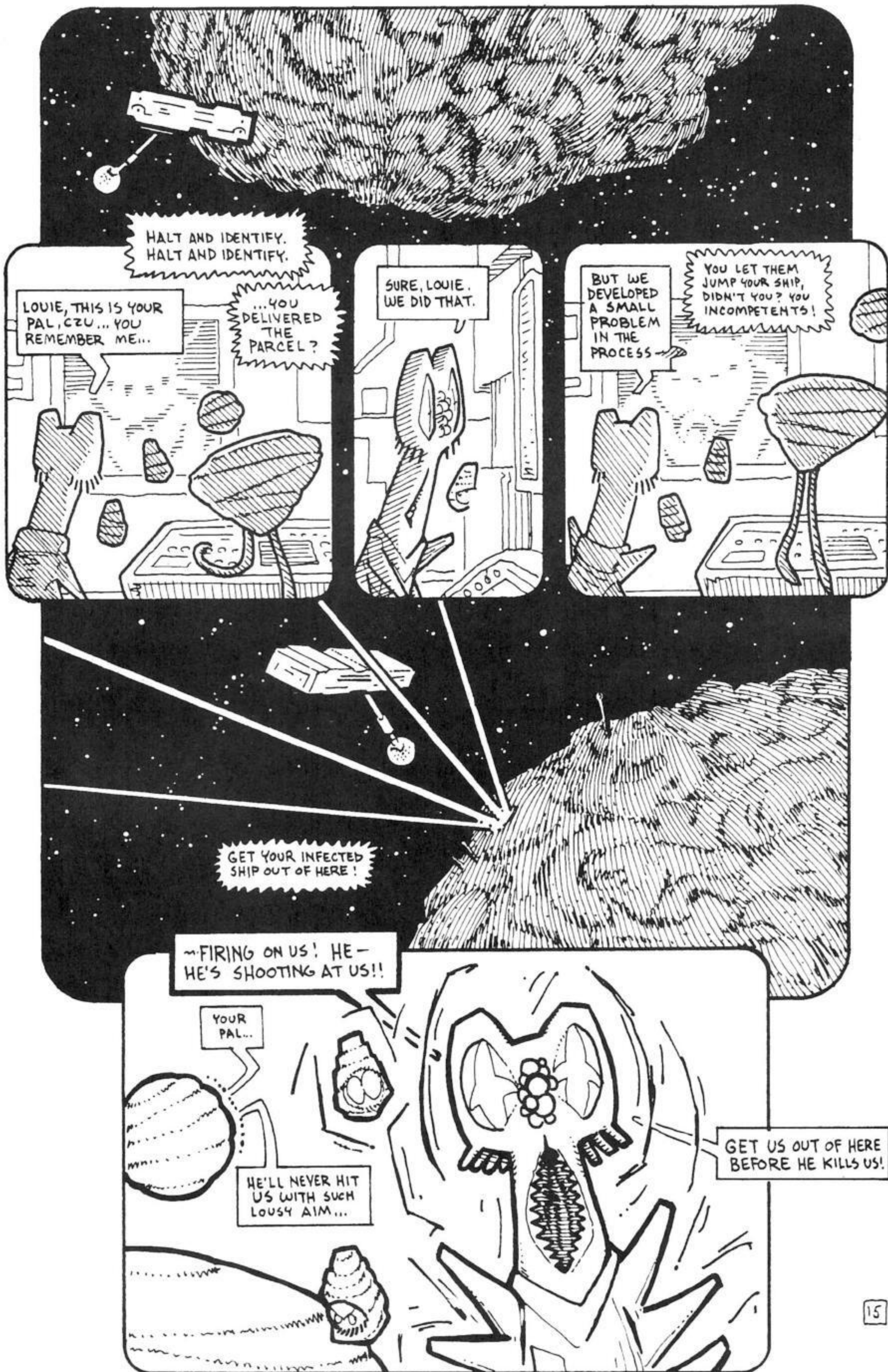
AWW, KONNY, DON'T GIVE ME THAT  
LOOK—I'M SORRY MY GAMBLING  
GOT US IN THIS MESS. I'M TRYING  
HARD AS I CAN TO GET US OUT  
OF IT, REALLY. AND YES, I KNOW  
YOU AREN'T FOND OF BIG LOUIE...

BUT LOUIE'S THE ONLY ONE WE DARE ASK  
FOR HELP. THE PORT AUTHORITY MIGHT SAVE  
US, BUT THEY'D ALSO THROW US IN JAIL FOR  
PICKING UP THE LEEbzATES ON A  
RESTRICTED WORLD.

LOUIE'LL HELP US  
OUT...IT WAS THAT  
DEBT TO HIM THAT  
STARTED ALL THIS.

THERE'S LOUIE'S ASTEROID HIDEOUT.  
I GOT US THIS FAR, CZU, BUT YOU'RE  
GOING TO HAVE TO TALK TO HIM.





HALT AND IDENTIFY.  
HALT AND IDENTIFY.

LOUIE, THIS IS YOUR  
PAL, CZU... YOU  
REMEMBER ME...

...YOU  
DELIVERED  
THE  
PARCEL?

SURE, LOUIE.  
WE DID THAT.

BUT WE  
DEVELOPED  
A SMALL  
PROBLEM  
IN THE  
PROCESS--

YOU LET THEM  
JUMP YOUR SHIP,  
DIDN'T YOU? YOU  
INCOMPETENTS!

GET YOUR INFECTED  
SHIP OUT OF HERE!

~FIRING ON US! HE--  
HE'S SHOOTING AT US!!

YOUR  
PAL...

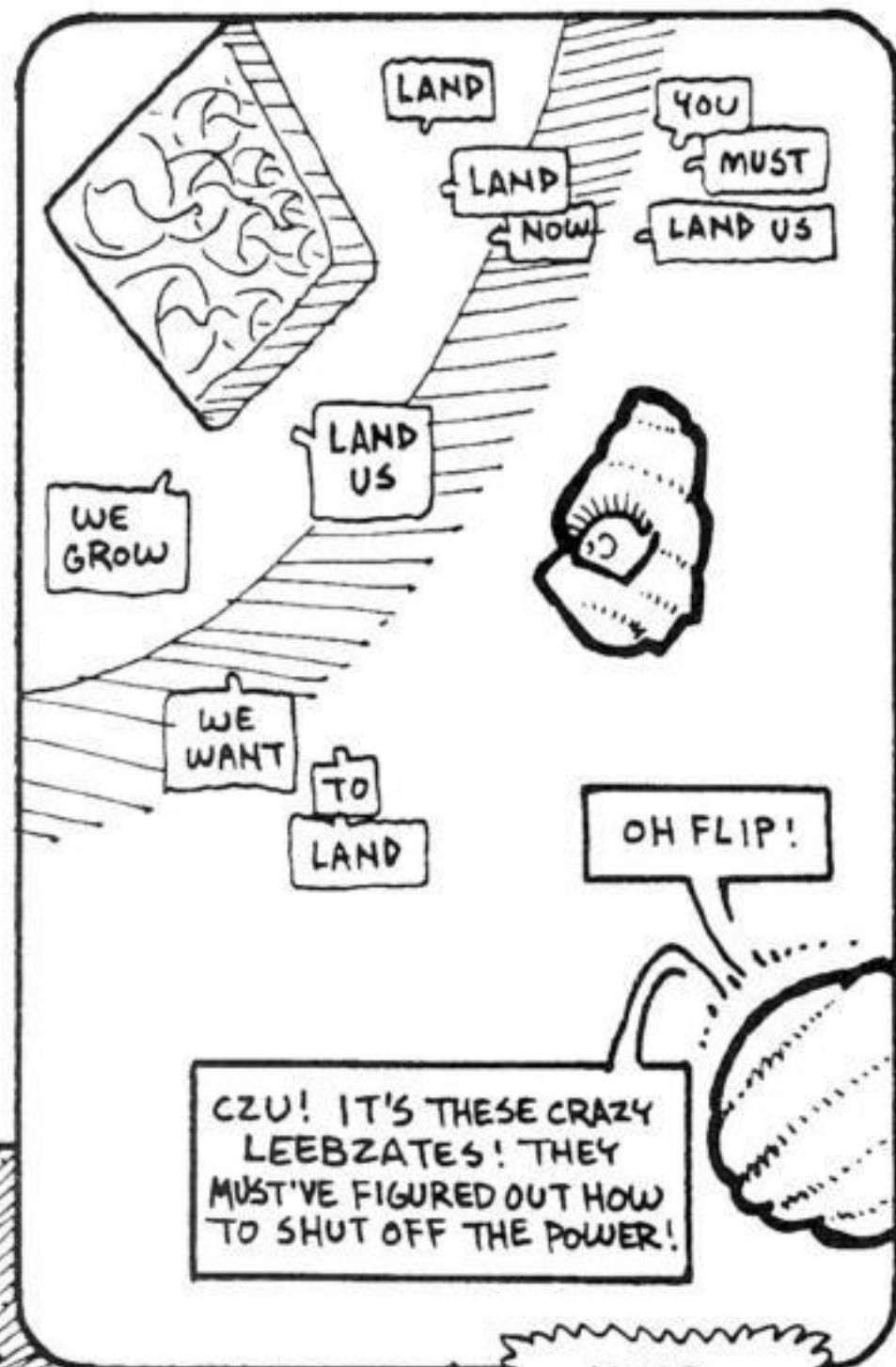
HE'LL NEVER HIT  
US WITH SUCH  
LOUSY AIM...

GET US OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE HE KILLS US!





NO



...NINE...

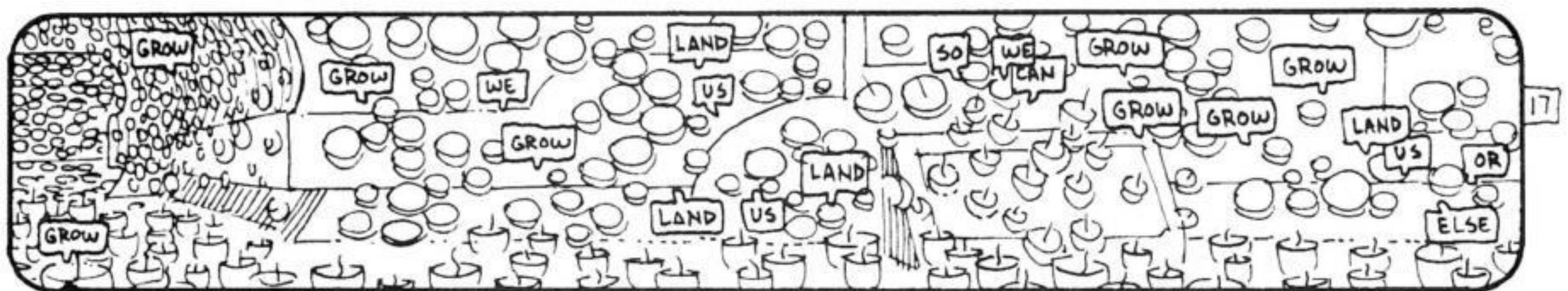
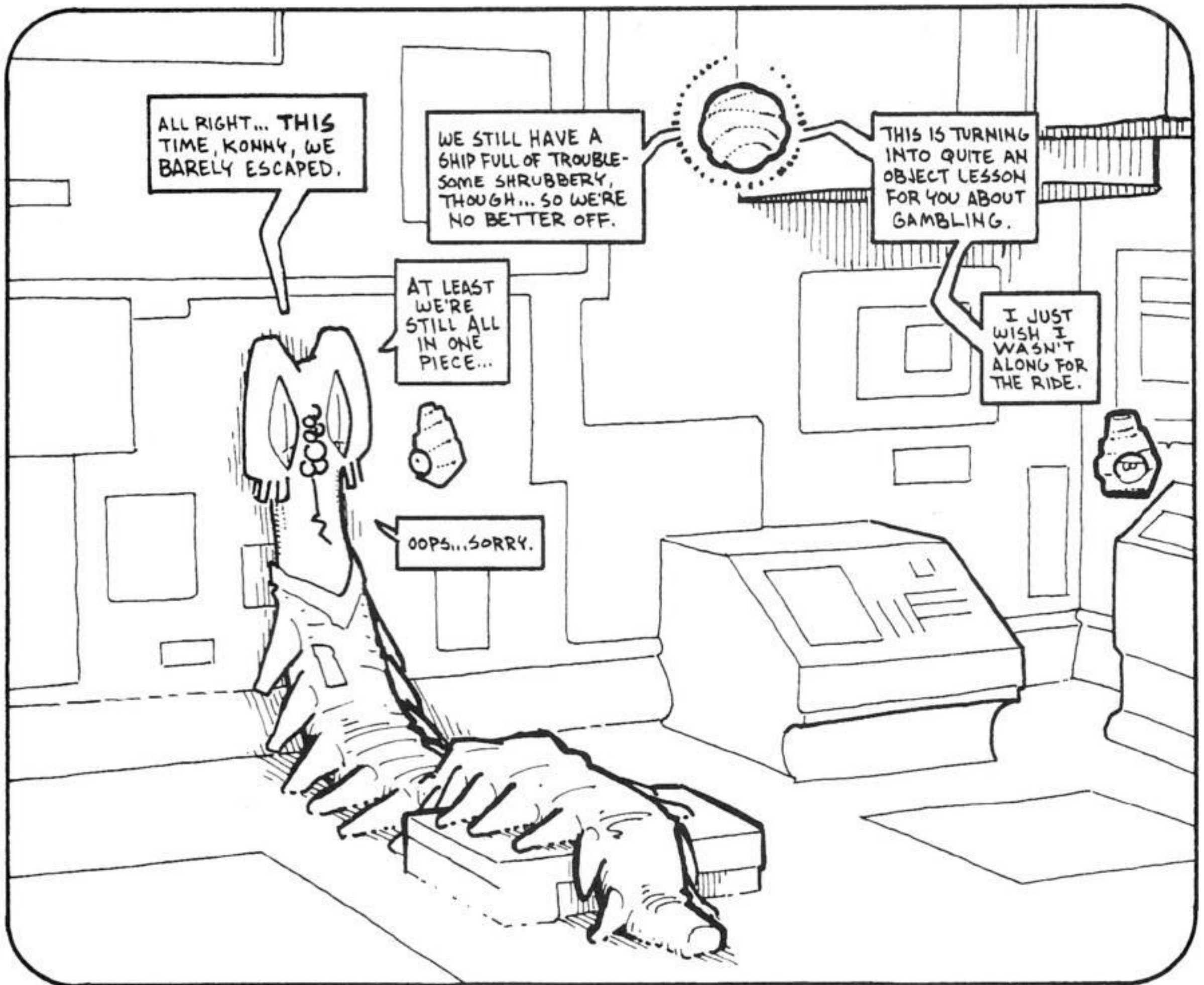
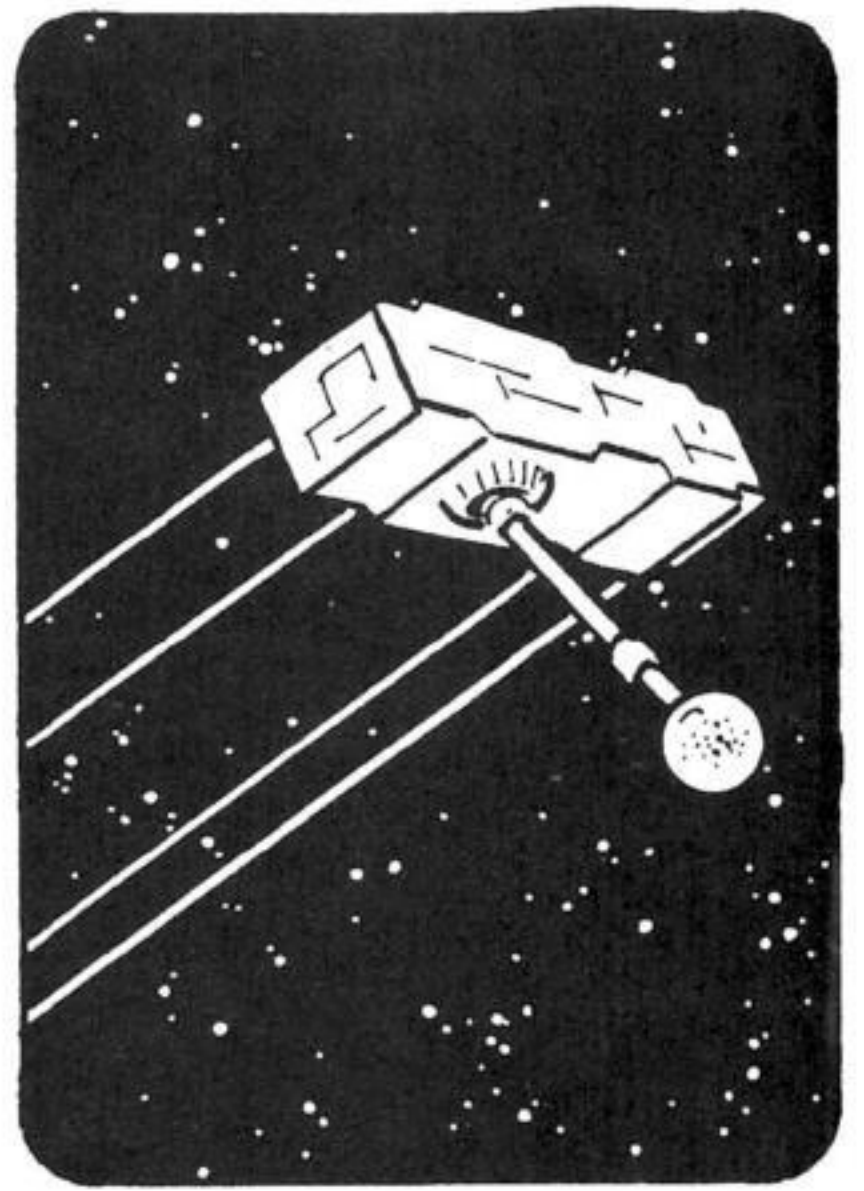
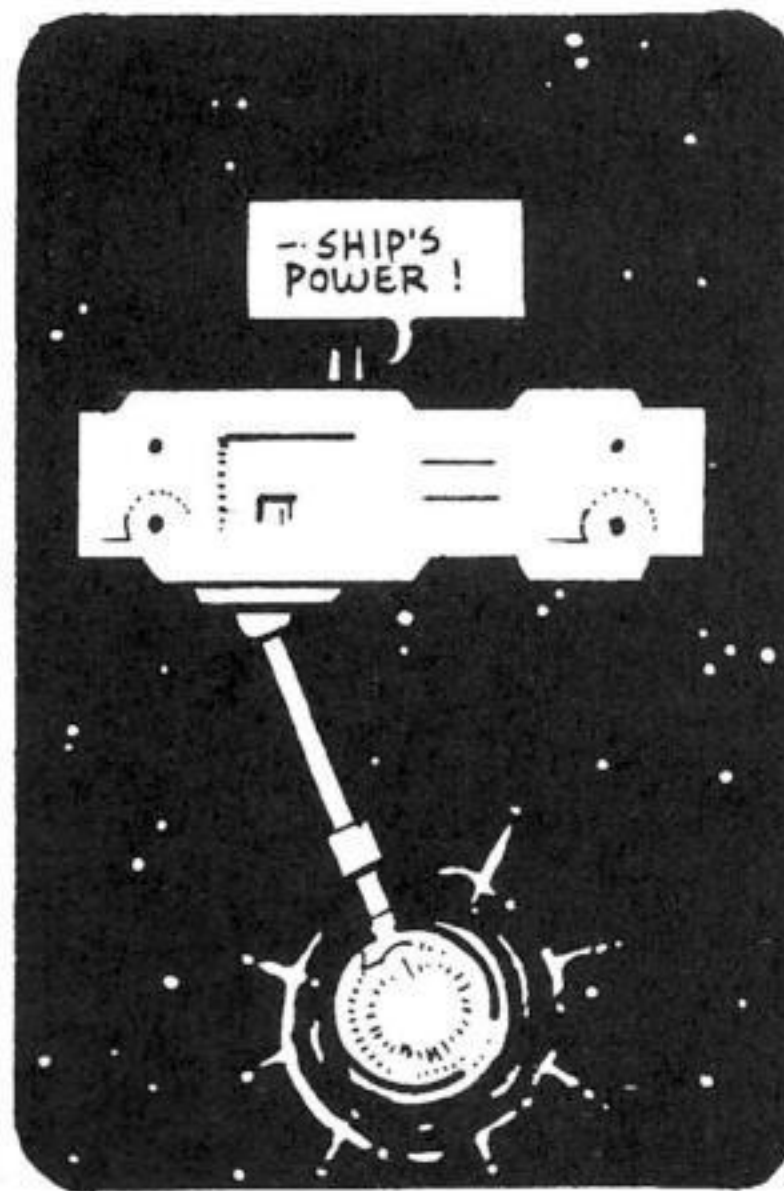
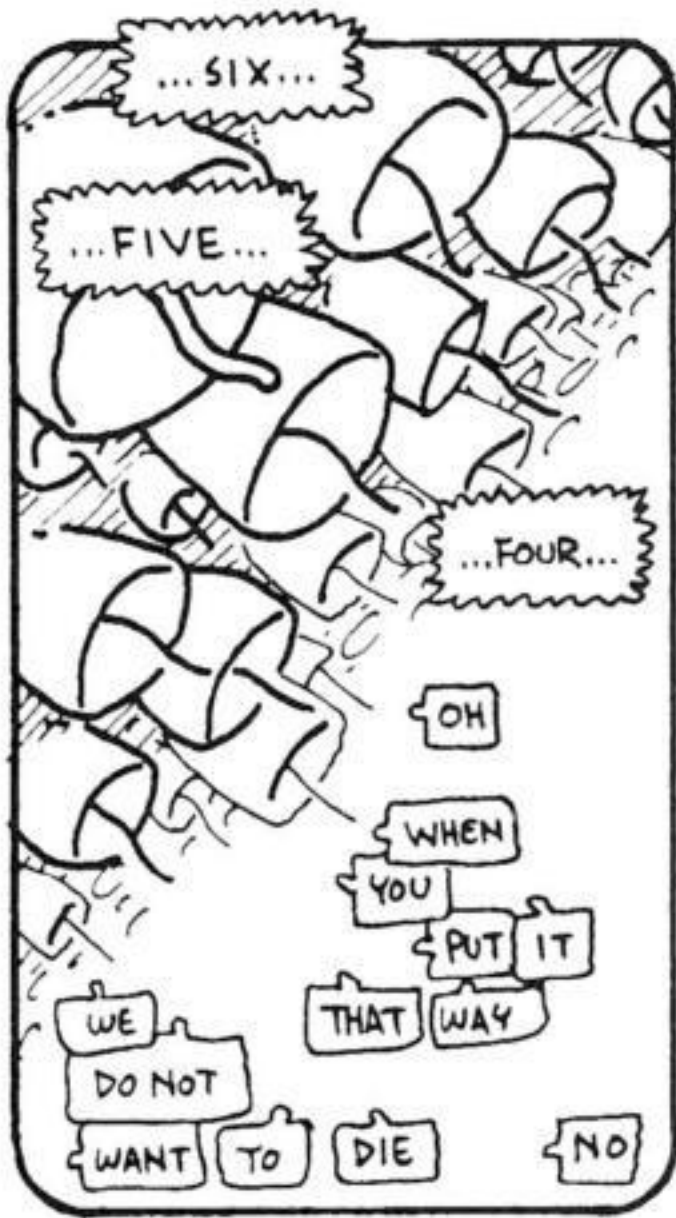
...EIGHT...

...SEVEN...

YOU'RE NOT MOVING!







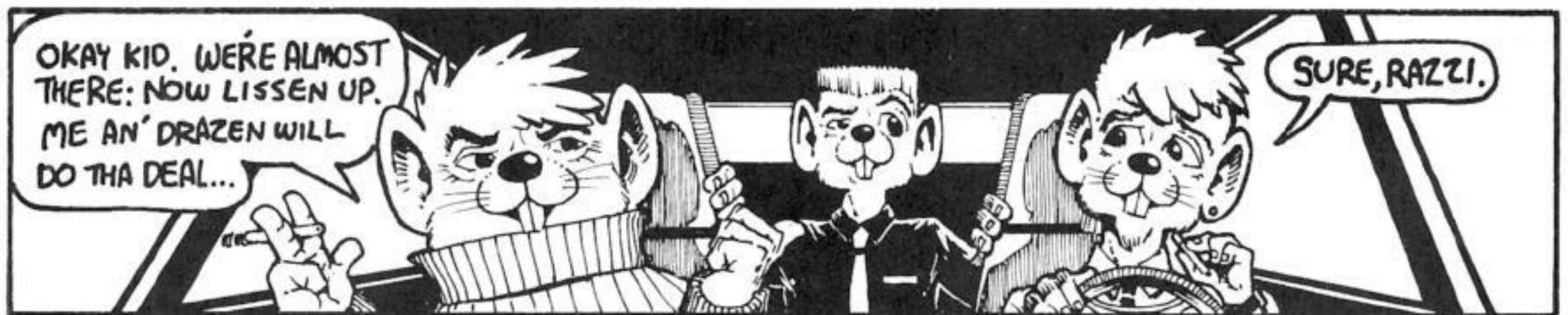
TO BE CONTINUED



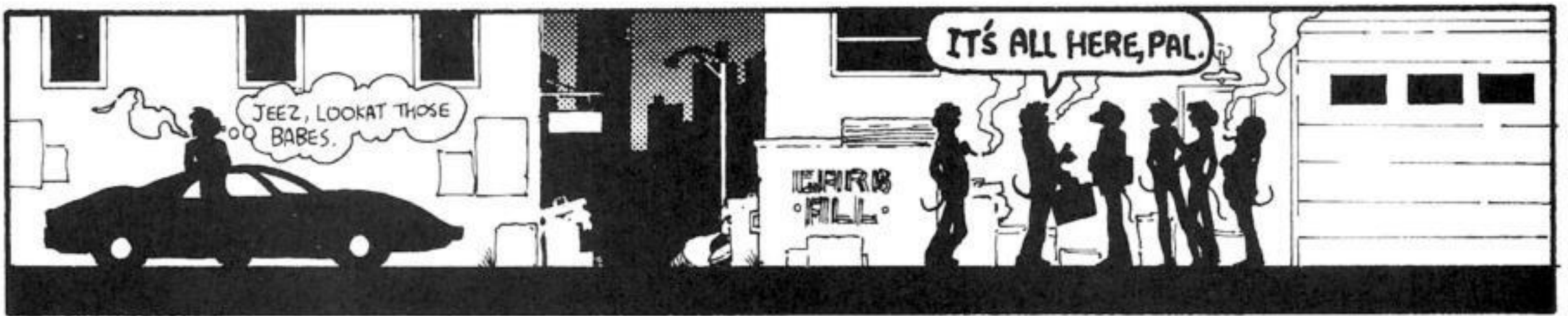
# the grapes of **RAZZ**

By Adrian  
Kleinbergen

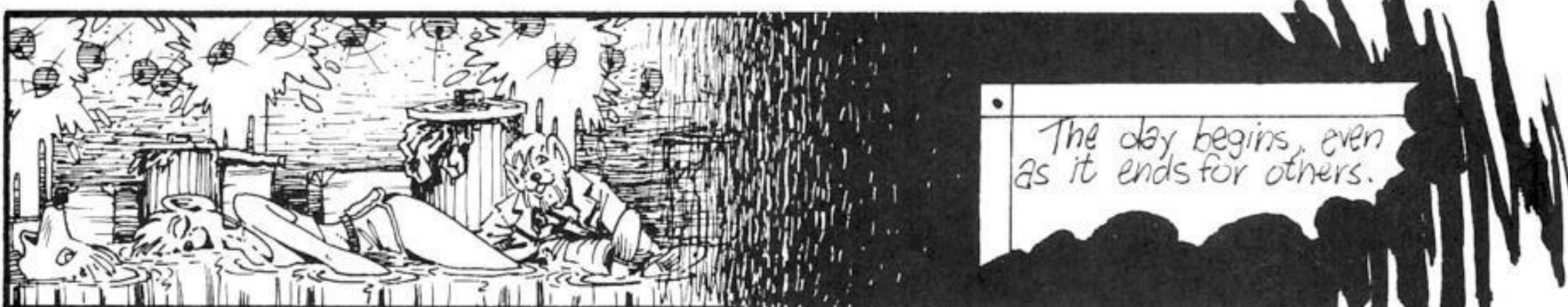
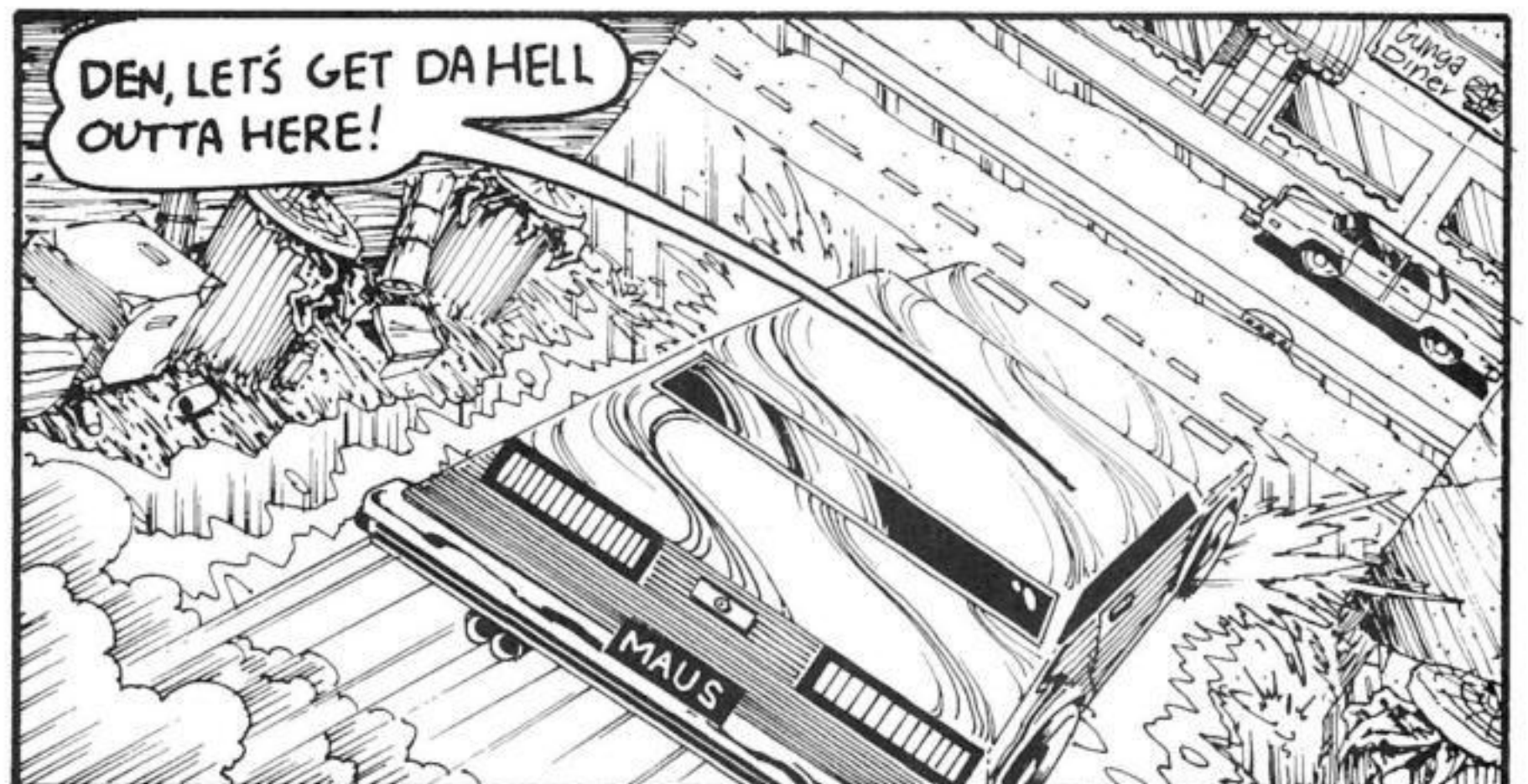
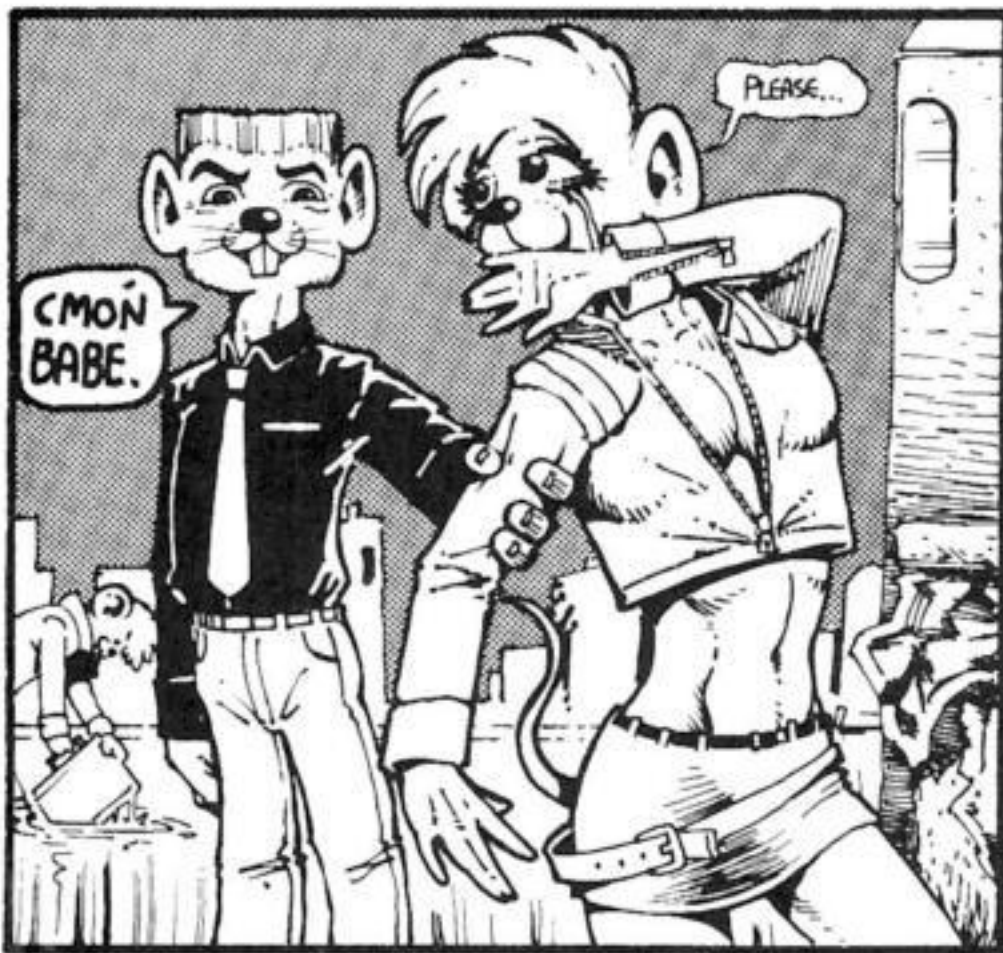
Dawn in the City. It grows: It breathes: It breeds.  
Corruption and Vice pulse through the veins and arteries of  
the Metropolis like vile blood, and Violence has a hair trigger.  
Order is maintained solely by courage, blood-spotted  
badges, punishing rounds from smoking revolvers...  
...and me.





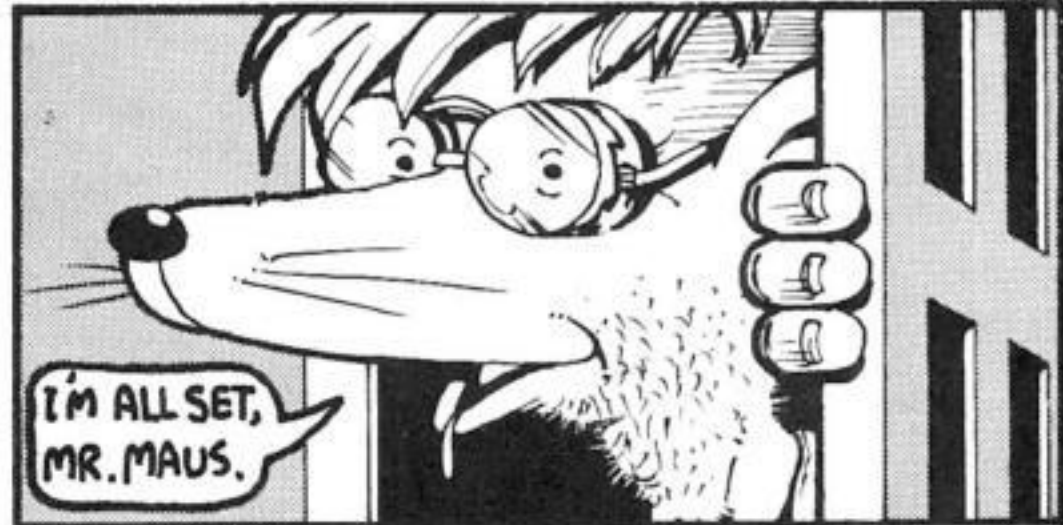
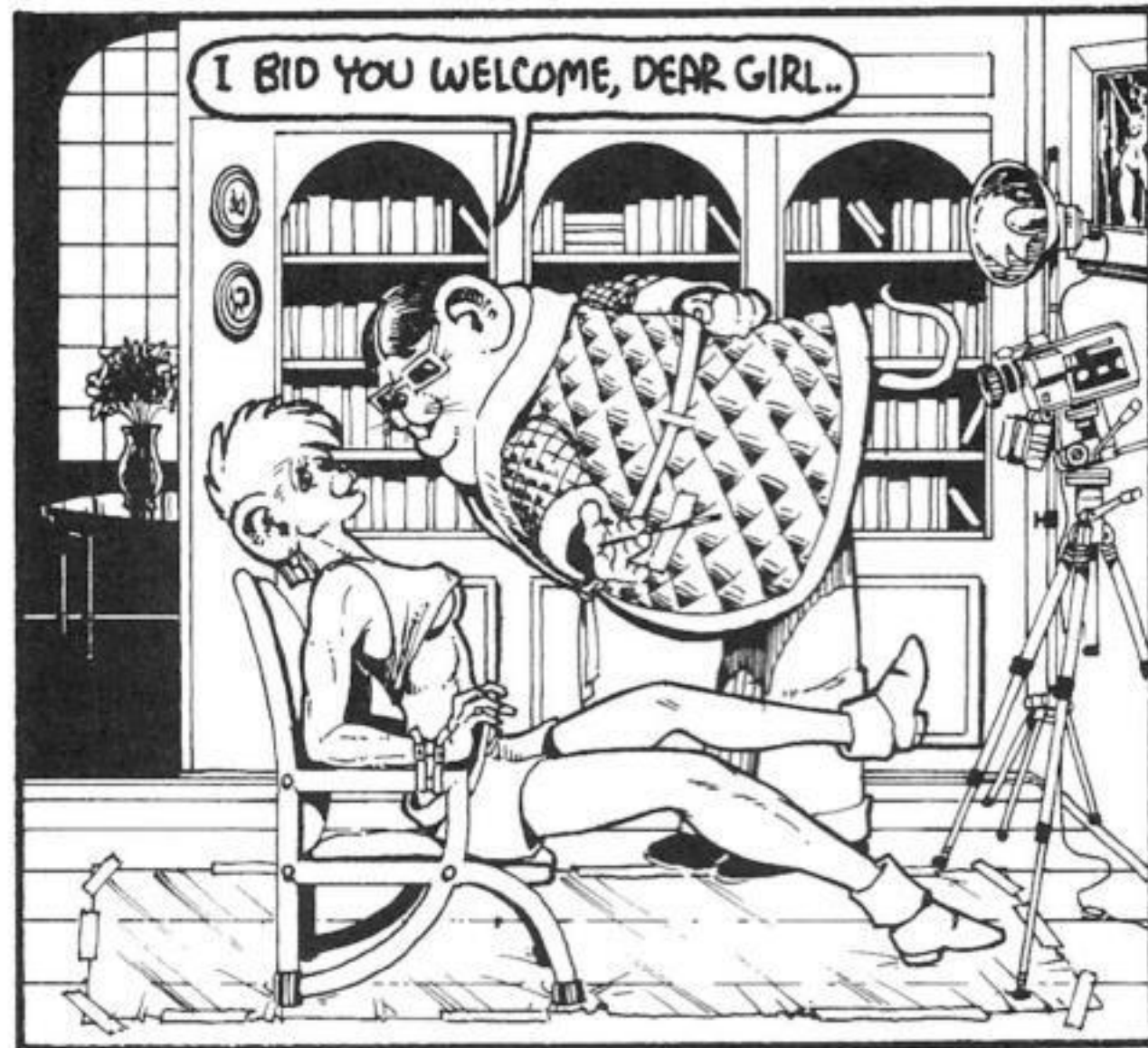






The day begins, even  
as it ends for others.











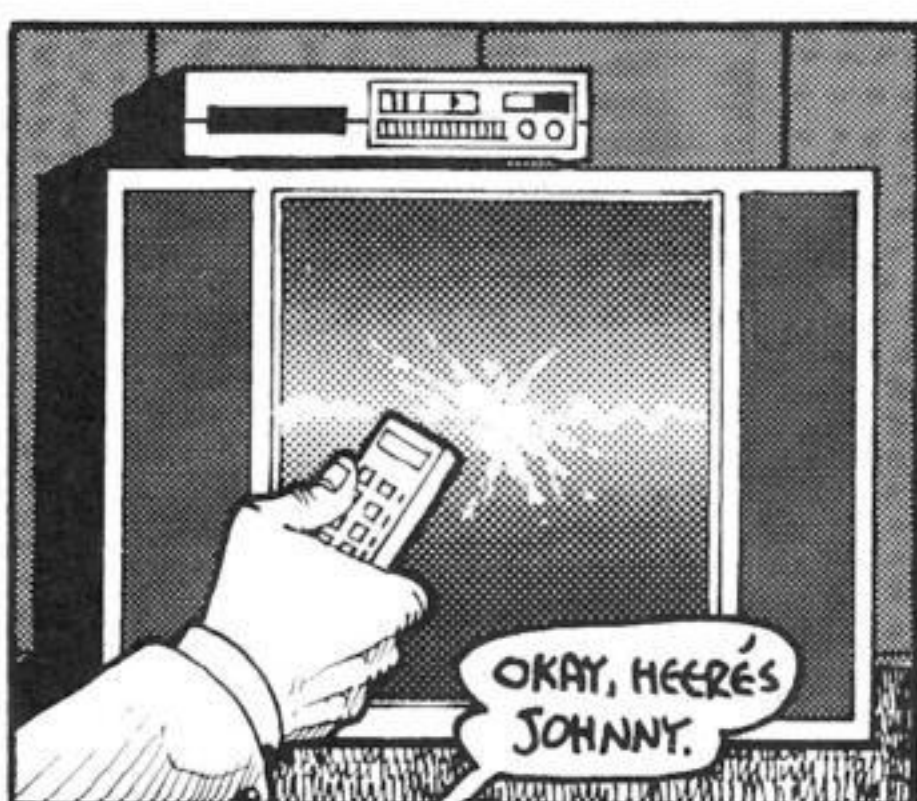
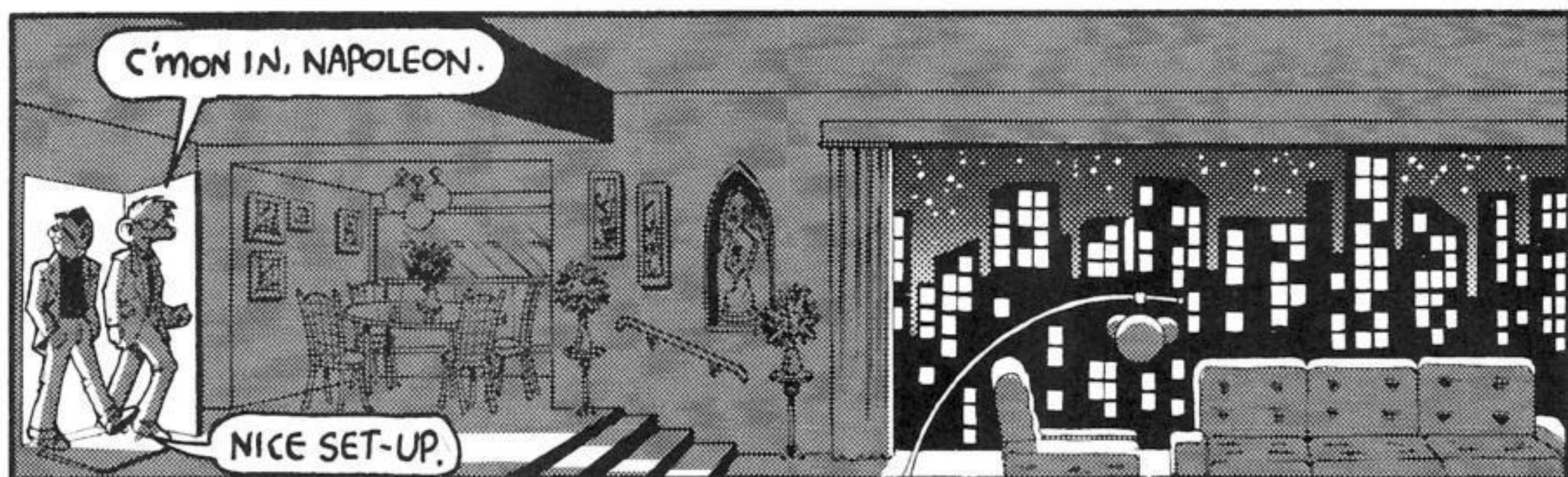


I GOT A BAD FEELING...

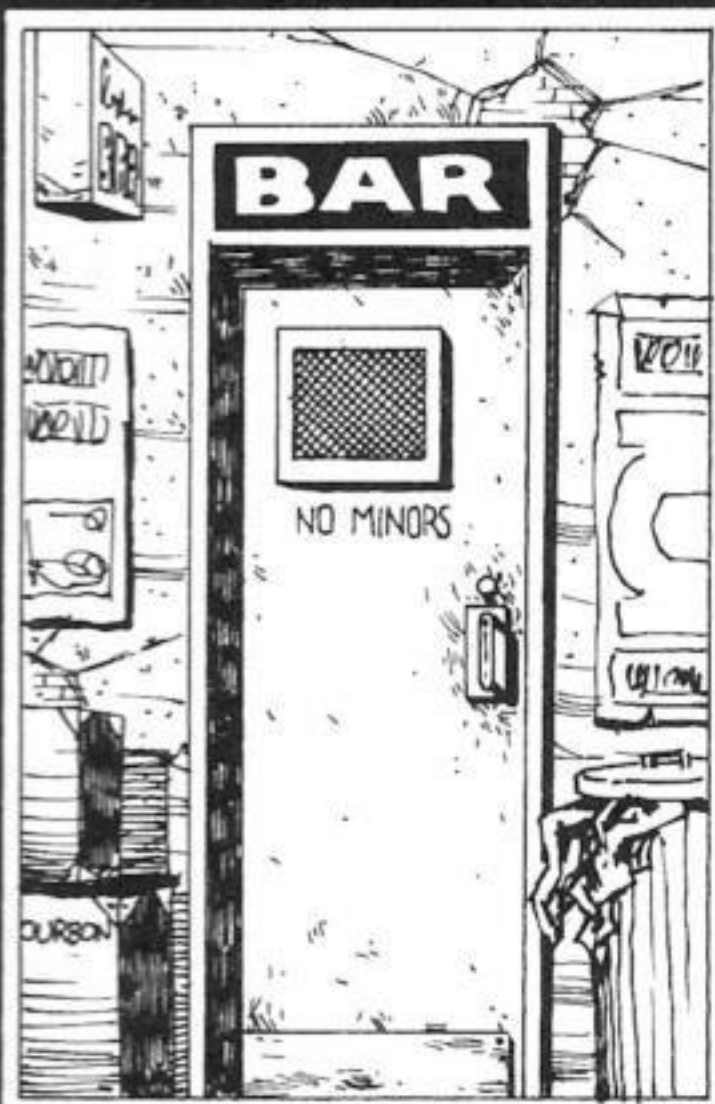
ABOUT THIS TAPE?

YEAH... I DON'T  
KNOW...

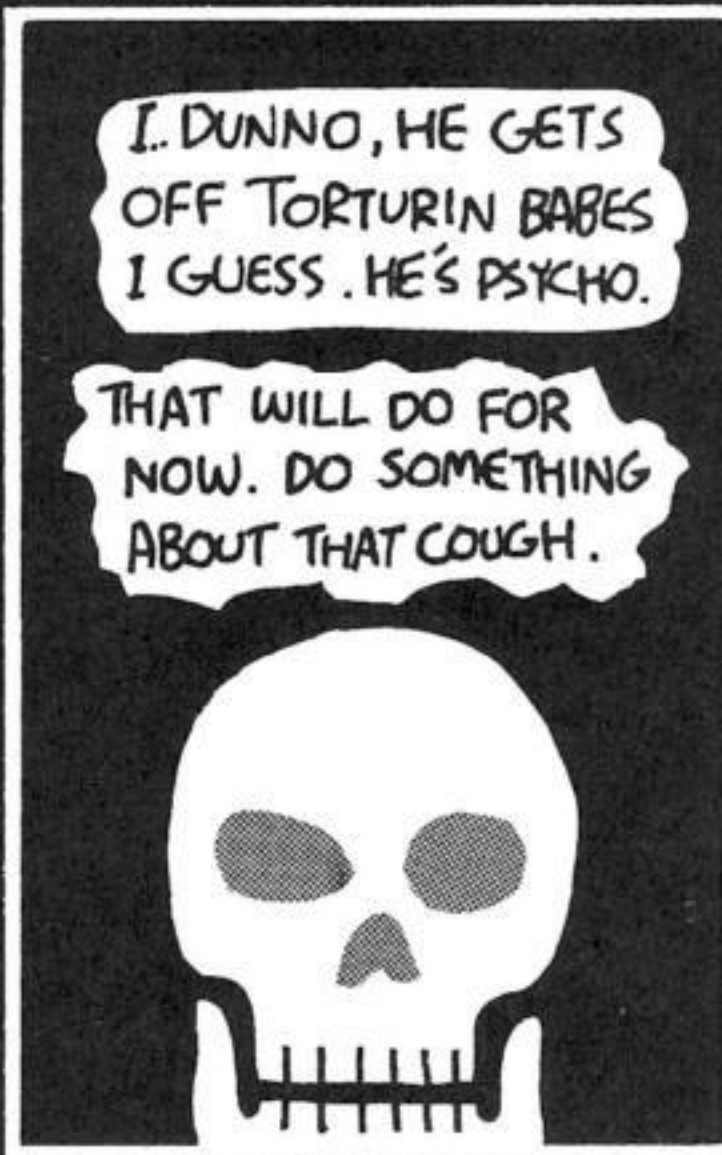
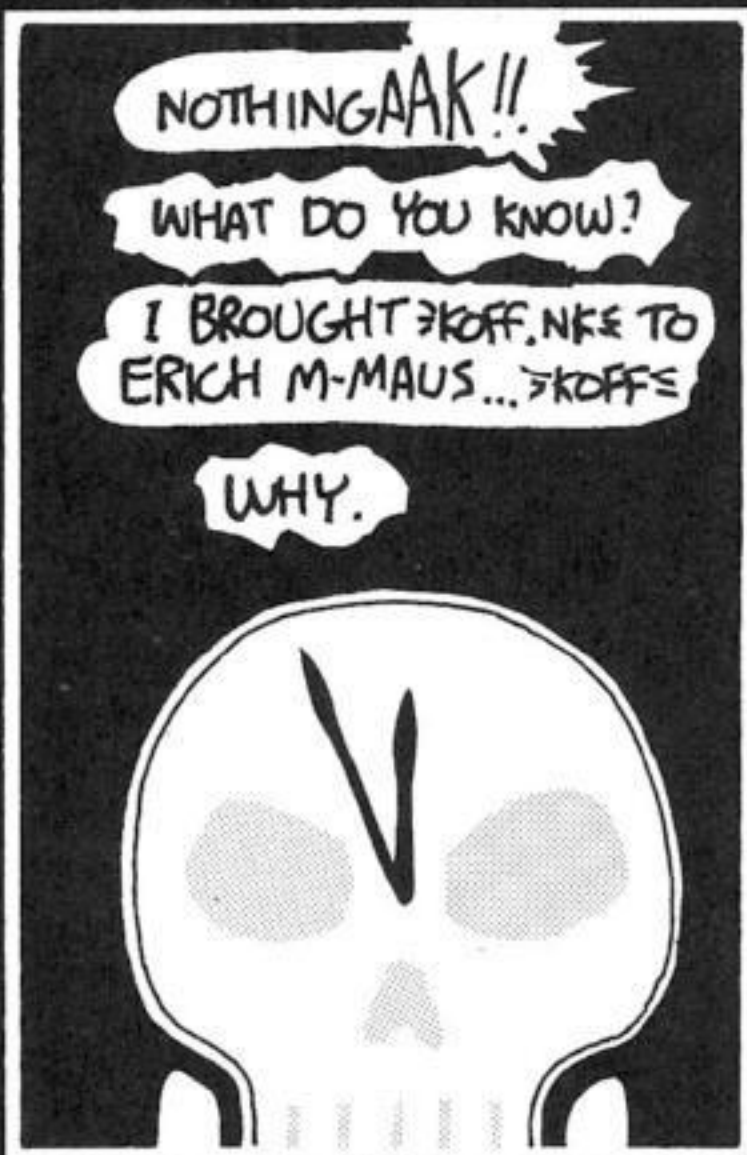
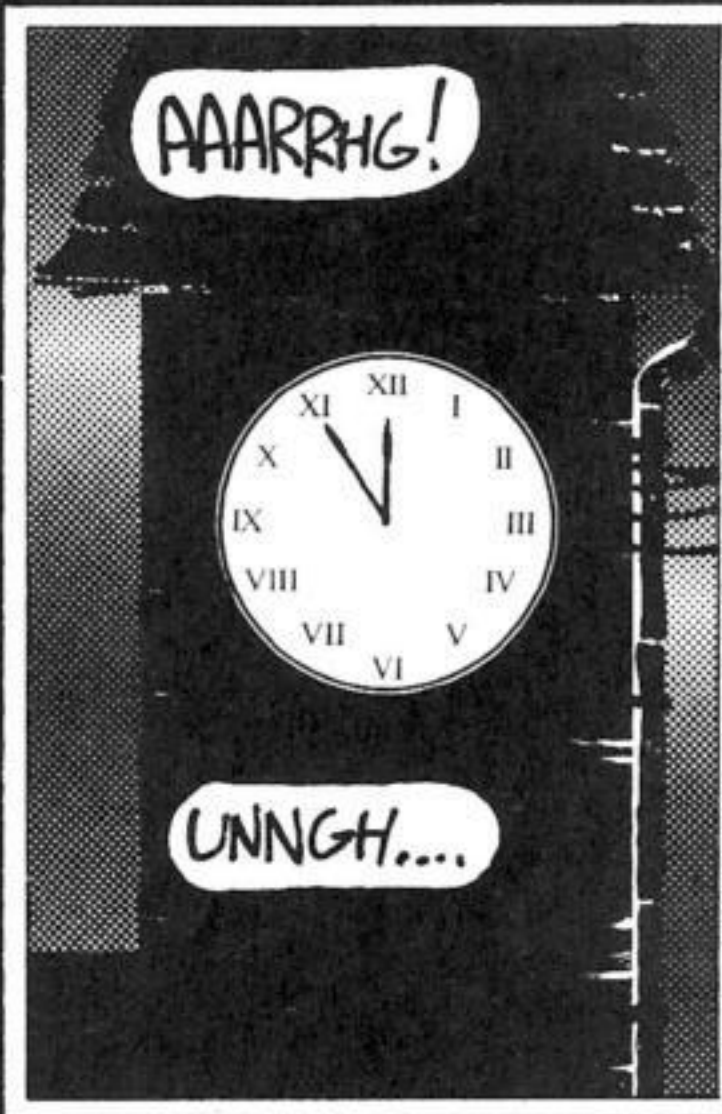
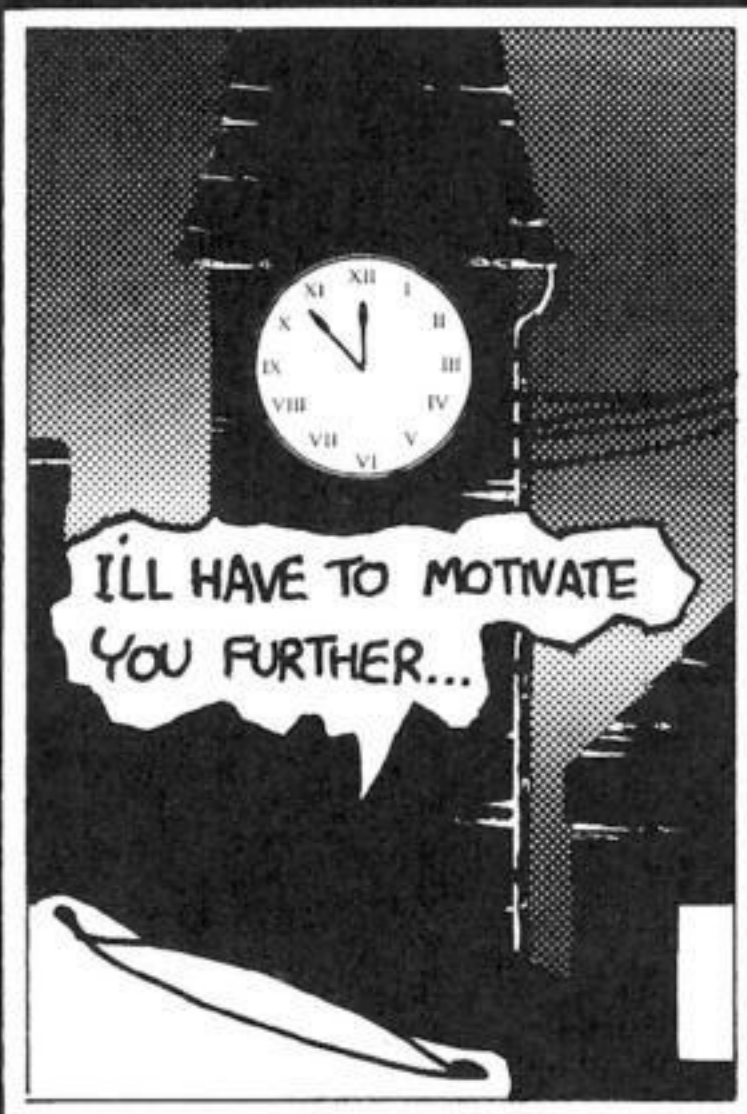




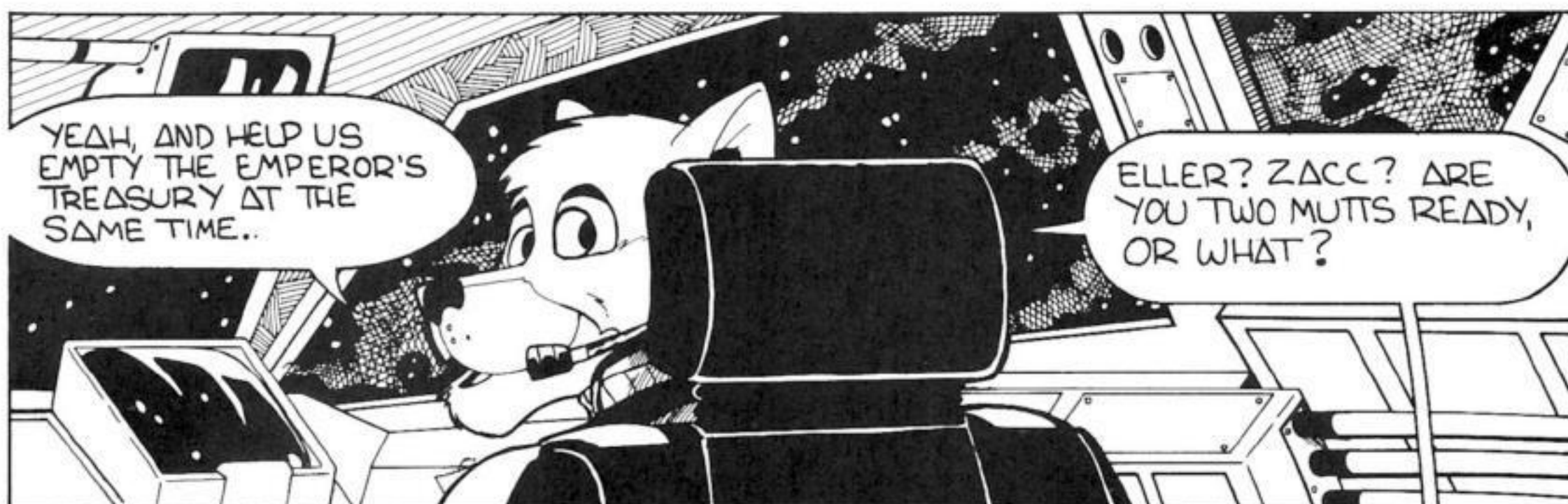












HIS NAME IS DAXTON GREYCOAT. PRINCE  
TO THE THRONE OF THE PLANET NEW  
ALDION, AND THE ENTIRE CANIS STAR  
SYSTEM. BUT HE IS ALSO KNOWN AS  
THE OUTLAW — SPACE WOLF.

THIS IS HIS STORY.

The first real episode of Dan Flahive's **Space Wolf**  
will appear in **Albedo 13**.





FATIMA!  
WHAT IS  
WRONG?

NOTHING,  
M'LADY.

THIS IS  
ALICIA. YOU  
CAN TELL ME.



DON'T BE ASHAMED IF LE  
FAUVE ATTRACTS YOU.  
HIS WILDNESS APPEALS  
TO YOUR  
FREEBORN  
BLOOD!

I'M NOT ASHAMED. I'M  
AFRAID! REGINALD  
HATES THE IDEA THAT A  
DOMESTIQUE SEDUCED  
ME! HE'LL KILL TABBE!



NO  
HE  
WON'T.  
HE HAS  
ORDERS  
NOT TO.

I HOPE  
NOT, M'LADY!



OCTAVIUS,  
I HAVE A  
PROBLEM...

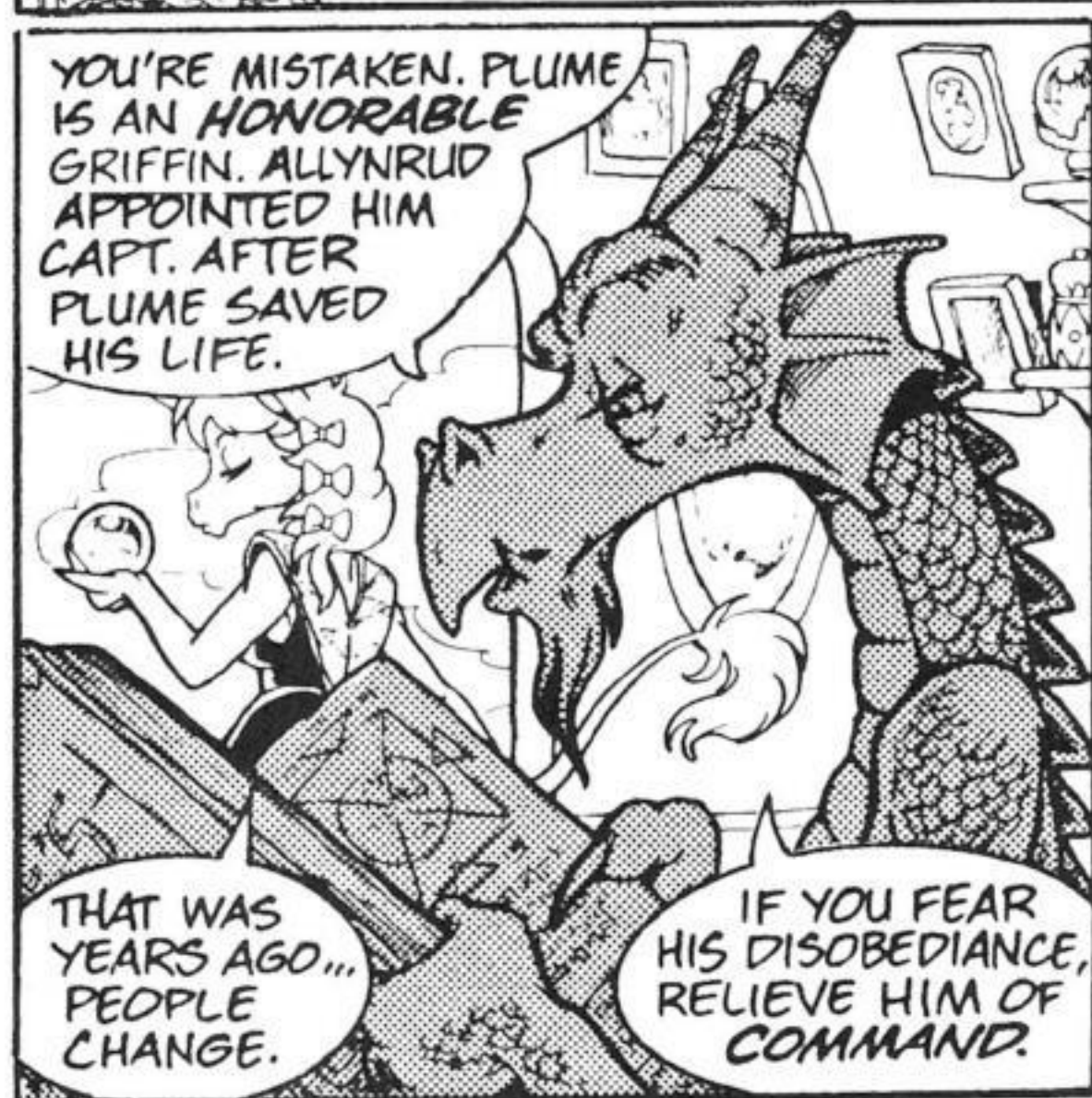
Oh?

FATIMA'S RIGHT.  
IF REGINALD HAS  
AN OPPORTUNITY,  
HE WILL KILL LE  
FAUVE.

WHAT PROBLEM?  
HE'S A COMMON  
THIEF. I'VE NEVER  
APPROVED OF YOUR LIA-  
SONS WITH DOMESTIQUES, ANYWAY!



THE PROBLEM IS PLUME.  
HE'S GOING TO DISOBEY  
AN IMPERIAL ORDER!



YOU'RE MISTAKEN. PLUME  
IS AN HONORABLE  
GRIFFIN. ALLYNRUD  
APPOINTED HIM  
CAPT. AFTER  
PLUME SAVED  
HIS LIFE.

THAT WAS  
YEARS AGO...  
PEOPLE  
CHANGE.

IF YOU FEAR  
HIS DISOBEDIENCE,  
RELIEVE HIM OF  
COMMAND.



I CAN'T... HE  
HAS TOO MANY  
FRIENDS! IF HE  
HANGS, HE  
MUST HANG  
HIMSELF!

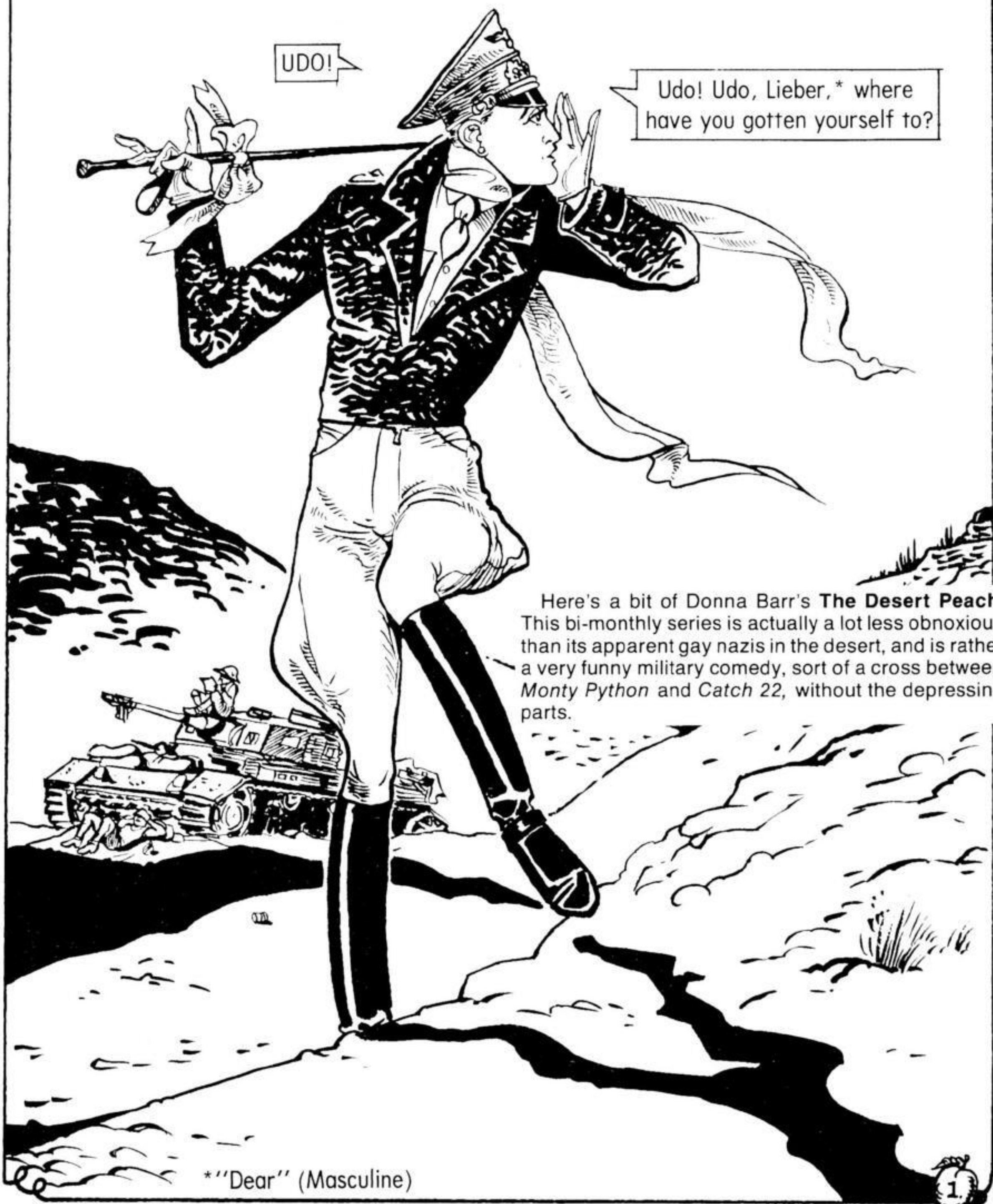
THEN LET HIM.  
GUARD YOUR-  
SELF AND  
WAIT!

Vicky Wyman's Xanadu, an anthropomorphized romantic fantasy.



# The Desert Peach

It has been said, with some justification, that the Afrika Korps was made up of free spirits. But the most free of them all, without exception, was the Desert Fox's pretty young half-brother, the Desert Peach...



Here's a bit of Donna Barr's **The Desert Peach**. This bi-monthly series is actually a lot less obnoxious than its apparent gay nazis in the desert, and is rather a very funny military comedy, sort of a cross between *Monty Python* and *Catch 22*, without the depressing parts.

\*"Dear" (Masculine)



