



THOUGHTS & IMAGES

# ALBEDO

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ANTHROPOMORPHICS

CAN. \$2.50

BACK FROM THE DEEP ISSUE





"ALL ACROSS THE PLANET, THE GAFLANS HAD FLED THEIR CITIES AND TOWNS TO ESCAPE THE CANISII ONSLAUGHT. THEY TOOK REFUGE IN THE FORESTS AND MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY COULD REGROUP, AND THEN FIGHT TO RECLAIM THEIR WORLD. BUT AFTER YEARS OF BITTER COMBAT, NEITHER SIDE COULD CLAIM VICTORY."



"BUT THE GAFLAN'S WERE FACING YET ANOTHER CRISIS. THEIR WAR RAVAGED PLANET COULD NO LONGER GROW SUFFICIENT AMOUNTS OF FOOD TO FEED ITS POPULATION."

"AND AS MORE AND MORE CROPS FAILED, A WORLD WIDE FAMINE SEEMED IMMINENT."

"THEN, WITH THE DISCOVERY OF A BEAN THAT GREW ONLY IN THE PLATEAU REGION OF THE COUNTRY TASKEDAN, THE GAFLANS BEGAN TO SEE A GLIMMER OF HOPE, BECAUSE THE BEAN COULD THRIVE IN SOIL TOO DEPLETED TO GROW OTHER CROPS."

"AND ALTHOUGH THE BEANS WERE EDIBLE, THEY WERE ALSO HARD, NOT VERY PALATABLE, AND NEARLY INDIGESTIBLE."



"BUT THE GAFLANS PERSEVERED, AND DEVELOPED A WAY OF TURNING THE BEANS INTO A HIGHLY NUTRITIOUS CURD."

"WHEN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT REPROCESSING THE CURD ANY OF A DOZEN DIFFERENT WAYS WOULD RADICALLY ALTER ITS TEXTURE AND/OR TASTE, TO PRODUCE A MEAT SUBSTITUTE, THE GAFLANS THEN DEVISED A PLAN THEY HOPED WOULD END THE WAR."

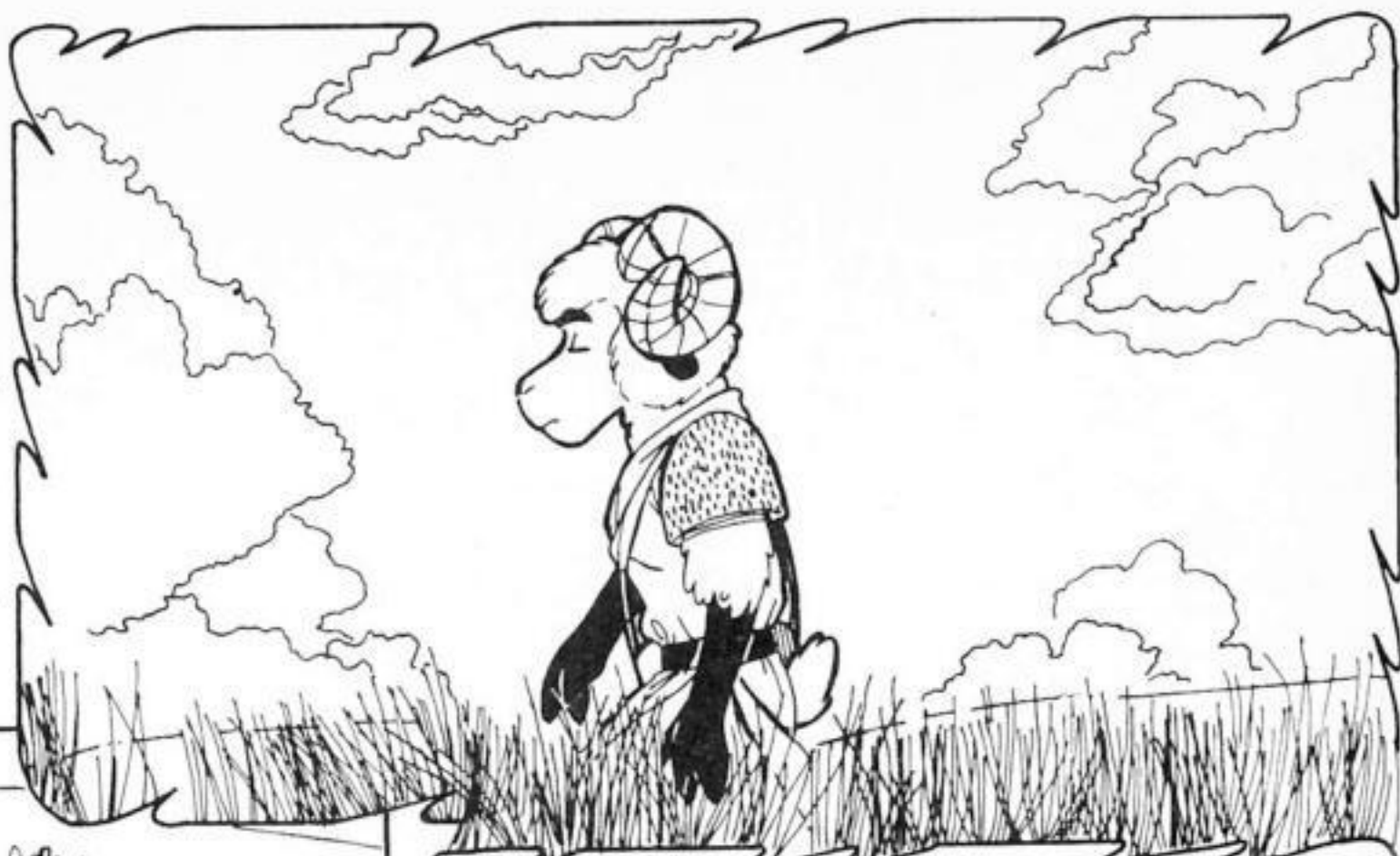
"BUT FIRST THEY NEEDED A VOLUNTEER."



"BECAUSE THE CANISII WERE EATING THEIR PRISONERS, FINDING A VOLUNTEER WAS DIFFICULT."

BUT ONE RAM AGREED TO CARRY OUT THE PLAN, AND WENT TO FACE HIS ENEMIES ALONE.

HE CHOSE TO GO BECAUSE HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN HAD BEEN TAKEN 'PRISONER' IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE WAR....



SO HE HAD NOTHING ELSE TO LOSE BY GOING."



"WHEN HE WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE CANISII GENERALS, HE BEGAN TO SPEAK. 'WHILE IT'S TRUE YOU NEED US FOR THE MEAT YOU MUST HAVE TO SURVIVE, YOU MUST ALSO REALIZE THAT MY PEOPLE CANNOT FACE SO BLEAK A FUTURE. SO WE THINK WE HAVE COME UP WITH A SOLUTION FOR BOTH OF OUR PROBLEMS.'"



"HE THEN TOLD THEM OF THE CREATION OF THE 'VEGETABLE MEAT,' AND THAT HIS PEOPLE WOULD GLADLY SHARE THE KNOWLEDGE OF ITS PRODUCTION, IN EXCHANGE FOR AN END TO THE WAR."





"WHEN HE FINISHED HIS PLEA FOR PEACE, HE OFFERED THE GENERALS SOME SAMPLES OF 'MEAT'. BECAUSE THE SURPLUS OF PRISONERS FOR SHIPMENT BACK TO CANIS WAS DWINDLING, THE CANISII WERE INTERESTED IN THIS NEW FOOD. HOWEVER, THEY WERE RELUCTANT TO TRY IT."



"'IT'S NOT POISONED, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK.' SAID THE RAM. 'MY PEOPLE TRULY WANT PEACE.' MORE HESITATION."



"'AW, PISS ON IT.' GROWLED CARSAO ALMIC, COMMANDER OF THE FOX ARMIES, AND HE POPPED ONE OF THE FOOD SQUARES INTO HIS MOUTH."



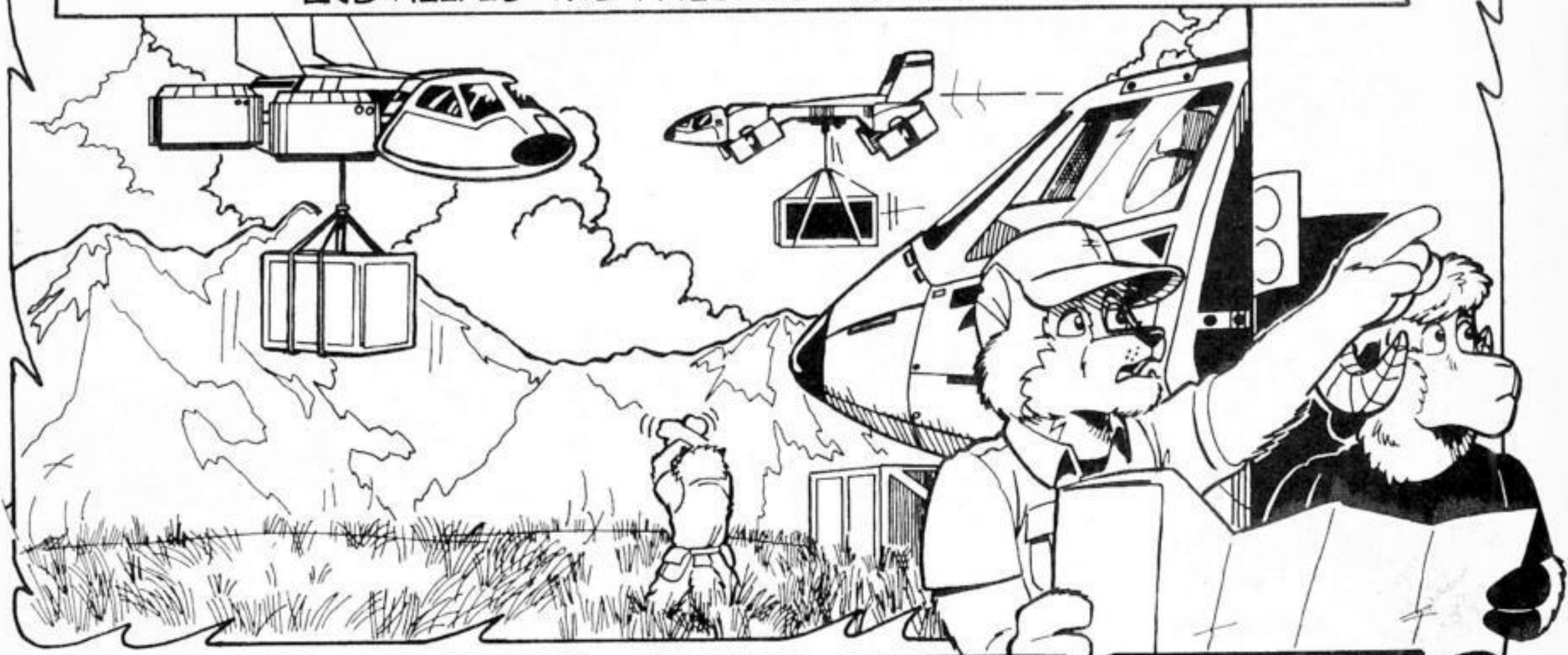
"'DELICIOUS!' HE CRIED, 'THIS STUFF TASTES BETTER THAN ANY GAFLAN, TRY IT!' AT THE URGING OF THEIR COMMRAD, THE WOLF AND COYOTE GENERALS SAMPLED THEIR PORTIONS AND REACTED WITH THE SAME ENTHUSIASM. THE CANISII HIGH COMMAND ACCEPTED THE RAM'S OFFER...."



WITHIN HOURS A PEACE TREATY WAS DRAWN UP, AND SIGNED. THE FIRST GALACTIC WAR WAS OVER."



"IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE CANISII AND GAFLANS BECAME THE BEST OF FRIENDS. SCORES OF SHIPS FROM THE CANIS SYSTEM CAME TO GAFLA BRINGING AID AND RELIEF. WOLVES FROM THE PLANETS ALDION AND LINBRA SHARED THEIR TECHNOLOGY WITH THE GAFLAN'S AND HELPED THEM REBUILD THEIR WORLD."



"FOXES FROM TIMBRILL AND COYOTES FROM MULBREE HELPED THE SHEEP TO EXPLORE AND COLONIZE THE OTHER PLANETS OF THE ARIES SYSTEM. DURING THIS EXPLORATION IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE PLANET MIRA AND ITS FOUR MOONS HAD BIOSPHERES IDEAL FOR GROWING THE BEANS TO MAKE THE VEGETABLE MEAT, OR PROTEIN SOYA CURD (PSC) AS IT WAS NOW CALLED."

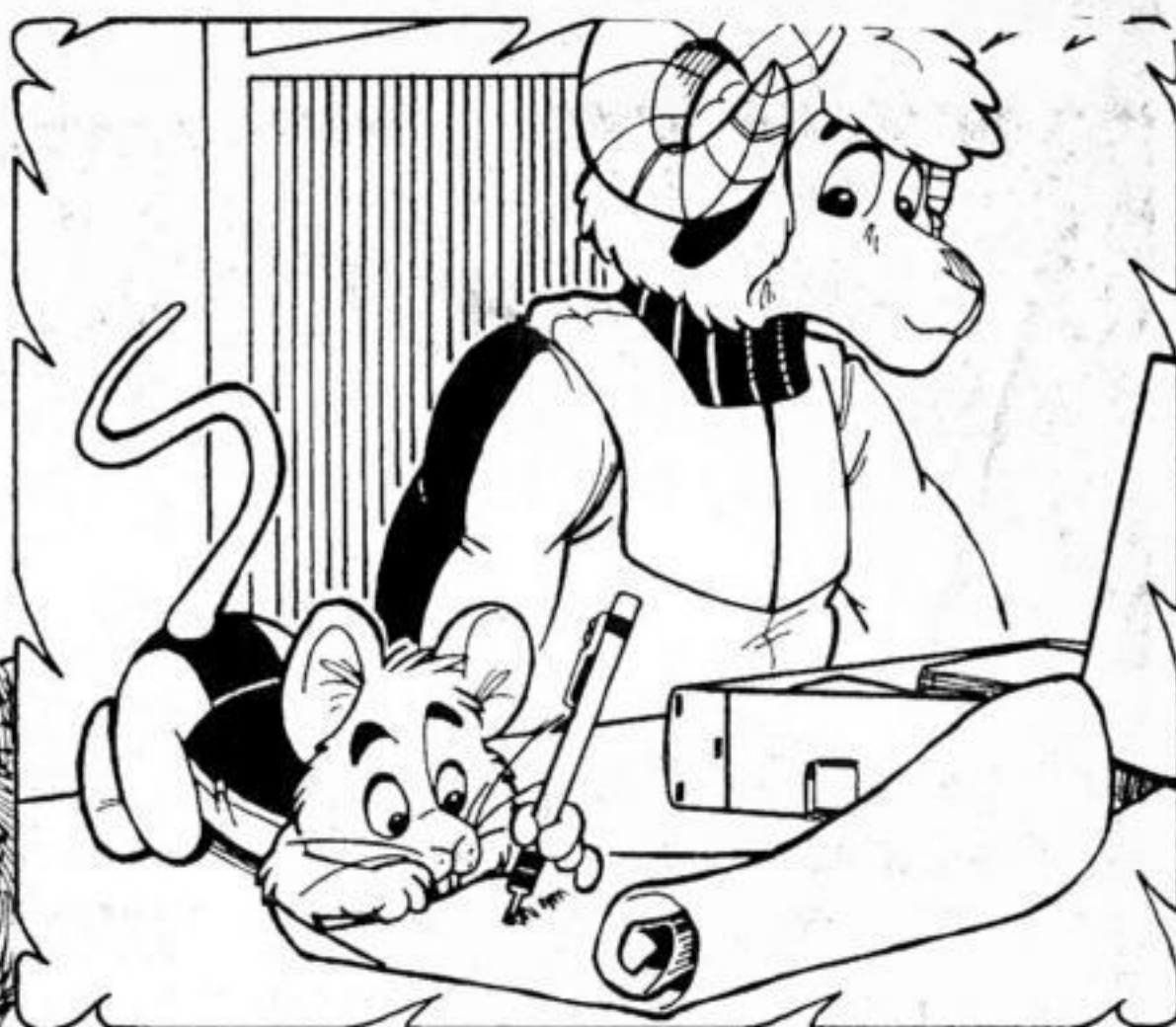
"THESE WORLDS WERE TRANSFORMED INTO PLANTATIONS, AND WITHIN A FEW MONTHS THE FIRST CROP OF BEANS WAS READY TO BE HARVESTED AND PROCESSED FOR SHIPMENT TO CANIS."

"MIRA AND ITS MOONS WERE LATER RENAMED AGRO'S 1, 2, 3, 4, AND 5."



"OVER THE NEXT TWO CENTURIES THE ARIES EMPIRE WAS BORN, SPACE EXPLORATION FLOURISHED, AND THREE OTHER STAR SYSTEMS (ALSO INHABITED BY ANIMALS) WERE DISCOVERED."

"THEY TOO LEARNED OF THE BENEFITS OF THE PSC, AS TREATIES WERE SIGNED, AND ALLIANCES WERE MADE."



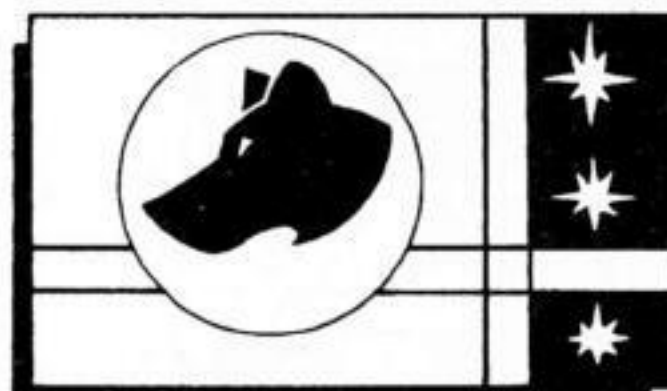
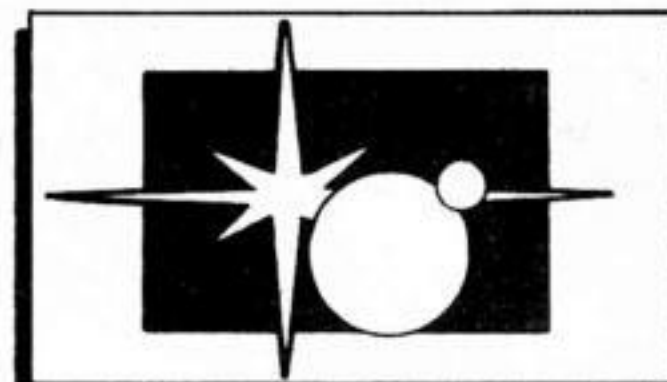
"SOON ALL OF THE KNOWN GALAXY WAS SHARING THE WEALTH OF THE ARIES AND CANIS SYSTEMS...."



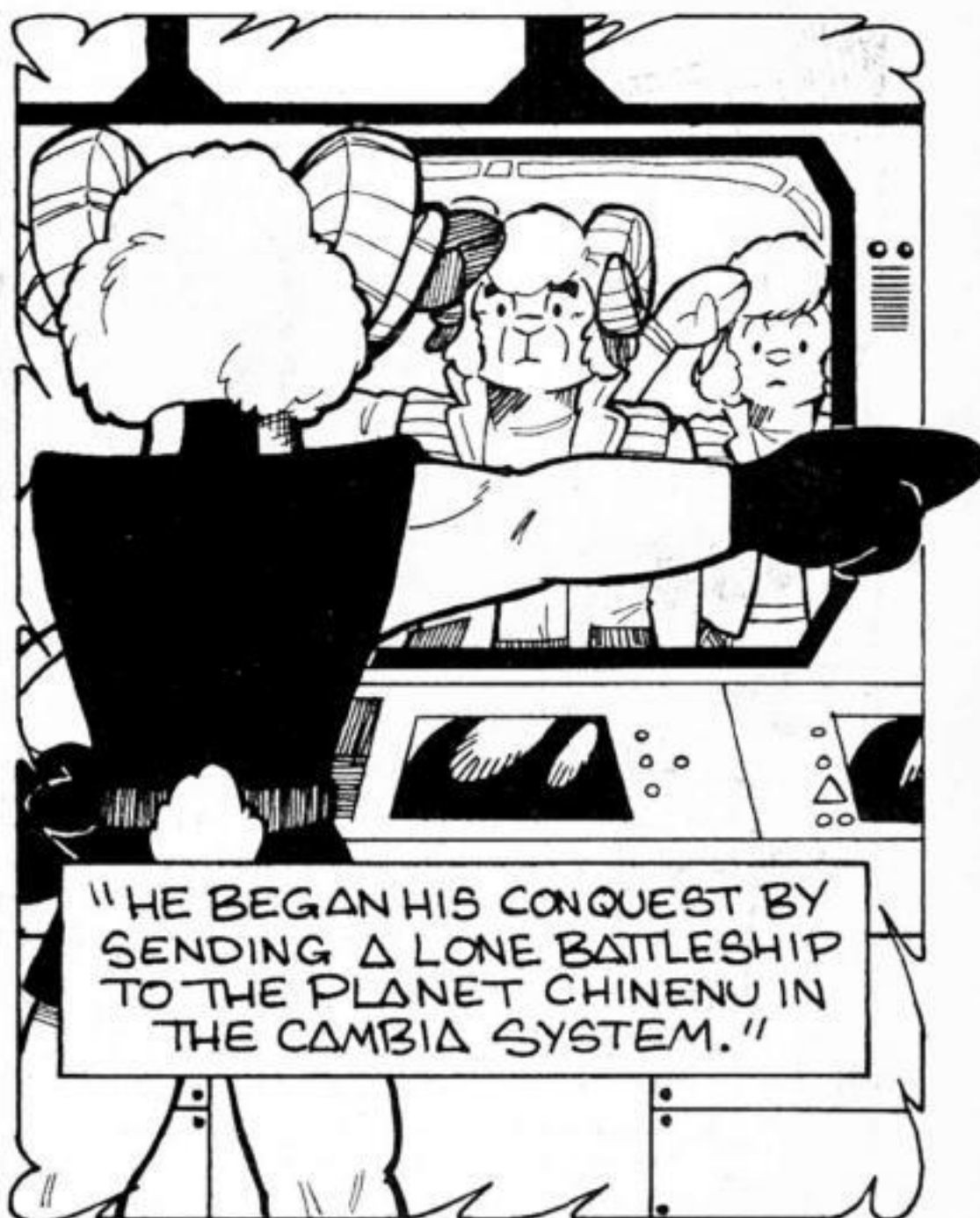
"PEACE REIGNED (MORE OR LESS) THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY FOR OVER FOUR CENTURIES."

"BUT THREE YEARS AGO THAT PEACEFUL EXISTENCE WAS TORN APART."

"WHEN COLO-NEVEV-ARIES-RUMMUS III DIED, HIS SON HAVA (JARRON) BECAME THE NEXT EMPEROR OF THE ARIES SYSTEM."



AND WHILE THE ARIESII MOURNED THE LOSS OF THEIR EMPEROR, JARRON REJOICED, FOR IT WAS THE DAY HE HAD WAITED YEARS FOR. THE DAY WHEN HE WOULD CONQUER THE GALAXY."



"HE BEGAN HIS CONQUEST BY SENDING A LONE BATTLESHIP TO THE PLANET CHINENU IN THE CAMBIA SYSTEM."





"3 WEEKS LATER A JUMP TRANSMITTER ARRIVED IN THE CANIS SYSTEM. AT THE SAME INSTANT SIMILAR TRANSMITTERS WERE ARRIVING IN THE PHOENIX AND Ursa SYSTEMS."

"ONCE IN SYSTEM THE J.T. BEGAN BROADCASTING IT'S MESSAGE. WITHIN HOURS THOSE SIGNALS WERE BEING RECEIVED BY EVERY PLANET IN CANIS."



!IN€ON'INO  
UNAND'IDON  
AN'ID  
EN'IDIN  
98-0#€!

"ON ALDION, KING TIMBOR BLACKTAIL AND THE COMMANDERS OF HIS ARMED FORCES AWAITED THE INCOMING BROADCAST."



GREETINGS MOST NOBLE TIMBOR, AND GOOD PEOPLE OF CANIS. MY FATHER, IS DEAD. AND WITH HIS DEATH, SO BEGINS A NEW AGE. THE EVENT YOU WILL SEE HAPPENED SIX DAYS AGO. ACTUALLY IT'S A DEMONSTRATION OF A WEAPON THAT WILL MAKE THE ARIES II THE MOST POWERFUL RACE IN THE GALAXY.



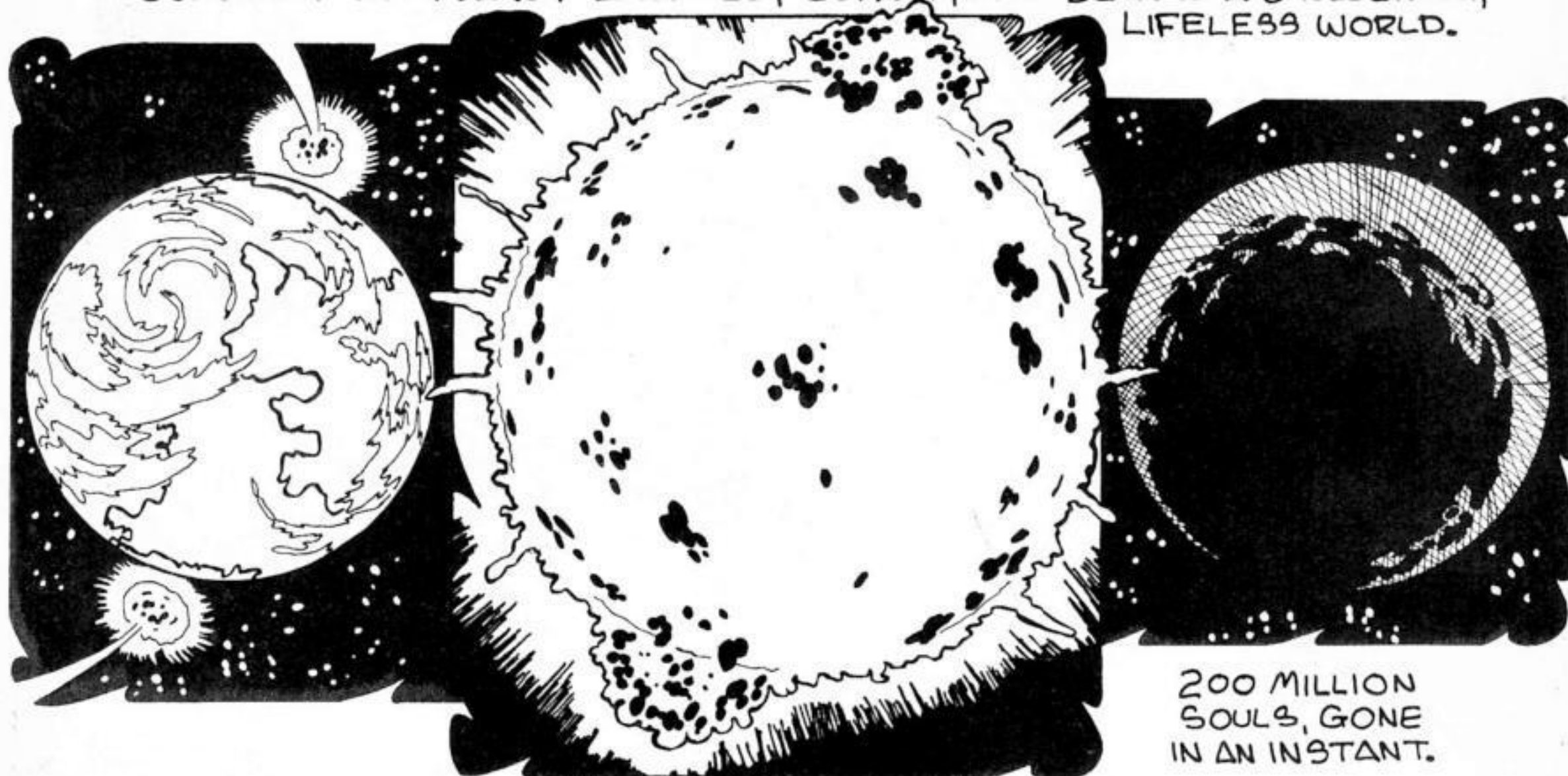
I'M SURE YOU RECOGNIZE THE PLANET CHINENU? REMOTE, RATHER SMALL POPULATION, AN IDEAL TEST SUBJECT. THREE WEEKS AGO I SENT THE BATTLESHIP CIMROC THERE TO... BUT LETS NOT KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE.

"TIMBOR AND HIS PEOPLE LOOKED ON. TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE HORROR THEY WERE ABOUT TO WITNESS." SW 18





"ACROSS THE GALAXY, INHABITANTS OF EVERY PLANET WERE HUDDLED AROUND VIEW-SCREENS. THEY WATCHED AS TWO MISSILES WERE LAUNCHED, AND DETONATED OVER CHINENU'S POLES. SUDDENLY THE PLANET ERUPTED, BURNED, AND BECAME A SMOLDERING, LIFELESS WORLD.



200 MILLION SOULS, GONE IN AN INSTANT.



THE POWER UNLEASHED BY THOSE WARHEADS WILL IGNITE A PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE, AND BURN IT TO A CINDER.

ALL OF YOU LISTEN WELL. I AM PROCLAIMING MYSELF SUPREME EMPEROR OF THE GALAXY.



EVERY PLANET OWES ITS EXISTENCE TO THE ARIESII. IT WAS WE WHO DEVELOPED THE PSC, WHICH YOU ALL DEPEND ON FOR YOUR SURVIVAL. SO ACCEPT ME AS YOUR MASTER, OR I'LL STOP ALL FOOD SHIPMENTS TO YOUR SYSTEM, OR MAYBE YOUR WORLDS WILL SUFFER THE SAME FATE AS CHINENU.

SERVE ME, OR PERISH. YOU HAVE ONE MONTH TO GIVE ME YOUR ANSWER.








"THE SISTER WORLDS: GENMA, HALIA, AND YARYNA. THREE PLANETS OF IDENTICAL SIZE AND OCCUPYING THE SAME ORBITAL PATH, THEY MARK THE BOUNDARIES OF THE ARIES SYSTEM."

"WITH A COMBINED POPULATION OF TWO BILLION, AND THE PRESENCE OF THE IMPERIAL 2ND FLEET, THESE WORLDS BECAME PRIME TARGETS. THEIR DESTRUCTION WOULD PUNISH THE EMPIRE FOR CHINENU'S ANNIHILATION."



"TEN DAYS AFTER RECEIVING THEIR ORDERS, THE ALDIONI WARFLEET LAUNCHED ITS ATTACK AGAINST THE SISTER WORLDS."





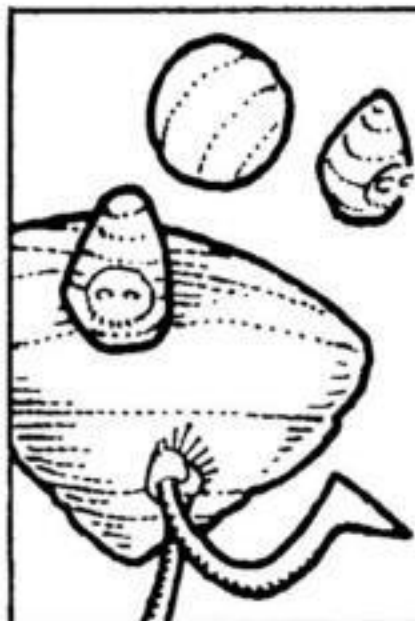
"THE IMPERIAL FLEET IN ORBIT  
AROUND HALIA WAS CAUGHT BY  
SURPRISE...

AND OBLITERATED."

"EXCITED WITH THEIR VICTORY THE  
WOLVES PRESSED THEIR ADVANTAGE,  
AND BOMBED HALIA WITH CONVEN-  
TIONAL AND NUCLEAR WARHEADS.  
AFTER TWO DAYS OF NON STOP  
BOMBING, THEY MOVED ON, LEAVING  
HALIA TO DIE."


"SEVEN DAYS LATER THE WOLVES  
ATTACKED THE PLANET GENMA,  
DESTROYING IT AS WELL."





# konny and czu

(the childhood years)




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"AND AS THE ALDION II  
FLEET TURNED TOWARD  
YARYNA,  
ABOARD THE DESTROYER  
SHELLHORN..."

CAPTAIN,  
YARYNA'S FOUR  
LIGHT DAYS AWAY.  
SHALL I SET  
COURSE?

NO!

NO, THERE'S  
BEEN ENOUGH  
DEATH.

ORDER THE FLEET  
TO COME ABOUT, AND  
RIG FOR JUMP.

LET'S GO  
HOME.

YES  
MA'AM

"AND SO THE WOLVES SPARED  
YARYNA THE FATE OF HER  
SISTERS. THEY RETURNED TO  
CANIS TO ASSIST WITH THE EVAC-  
UATION OF ALDION, AND TO AWAIT  
THE EMPIRE'S COUNTERATTACK."

"WHEN THE NEWS ABOUT HALIA  
AND GENMA REACHED JARRON  
HE FLEW INTO A RAGE."

DAMN YOU  
TIMBOR!  
YOU MEDDLESOME  
BASTARD!

DAMN  
YOU!!

"HE THEN CONTACTED THE  
BATTLESHIP CIMROC WHICH  
WAS JUST RETURNING  
FROM CHINENU."

COMMANDER ELKROY,  
YOU WILL RENDEZVOUS  
WITH THE FIRST FLEET  
AT AGRO ONE, AND  
SET COURSE FOR  
**CANIS.**

PLEASE JARRON,  
NO MORE.  
PLEASE

YOU  
HAVE TWO MISSILES  
LEFT. USE THEM ON  
ALDION. **BURN** THAT  
SON OF A BITCH TIMBOR  
AND HIS PEOPLE  
TO ASHES!!



AT ONCE MY  
EMPEROR. RENDEZ-  
VOUS IN SIX HOURS.  
OUT.

DAMN YOU TIMBOR.  
YOU'LL DIE FOR  
THIS. YOU'LL DIE,  
... DIE.

HUSBAND.  
STOP THIS MAD-  
NESS. RECALL  
YOUR SHIPS.

THEN DON'T  
COUNSEL ME  
TORIA!!

AS EMPEROR IT'S MY  
DUTY TO PROTECT THE  
EMPIRE. THAT'S WHY TIMBOR  
AND HIS PEOPLE ARE GO-  
ING TO SUFFER FOR  
HALIA AND GENMA!

AND AS EMPRESS,  
IT'S YOUR DUTY TO  
SUPPORT ME, NO MAT-  
TER WHAT! DO YOU  
UNDERSTAND?!

RECALL  
MY SHIPS?!

OW!  
JARRON, YOU'RE  
HURTING ME.

HAVE YOU  
FORGOTTEN THAT  
THE CANISII DE-  
STROYED GENMA  
AND HALIA?!

N-NO

WE ΔRIESII  
ARE THE MOST  
POWERFULL RA

URK!

JARRON?

TUH-  
TORIA

JARRON?  
JARRON!?

HELP!  
THE EMPEROR  
HAS COLLAPSED!  
SUMMON A  
DOCTOR, QUICKLY!

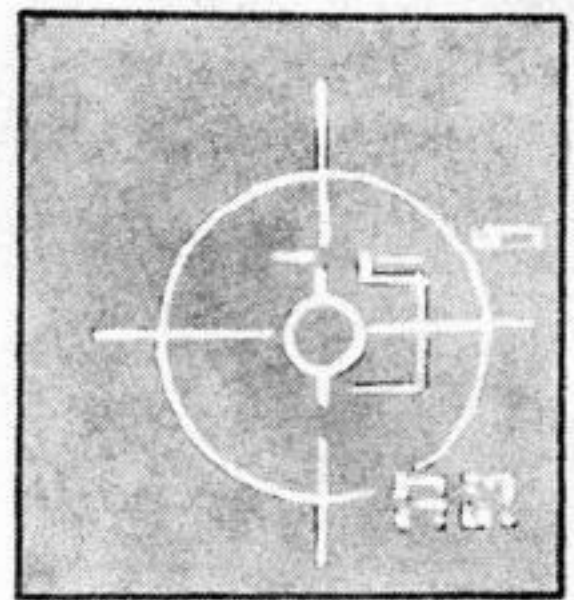
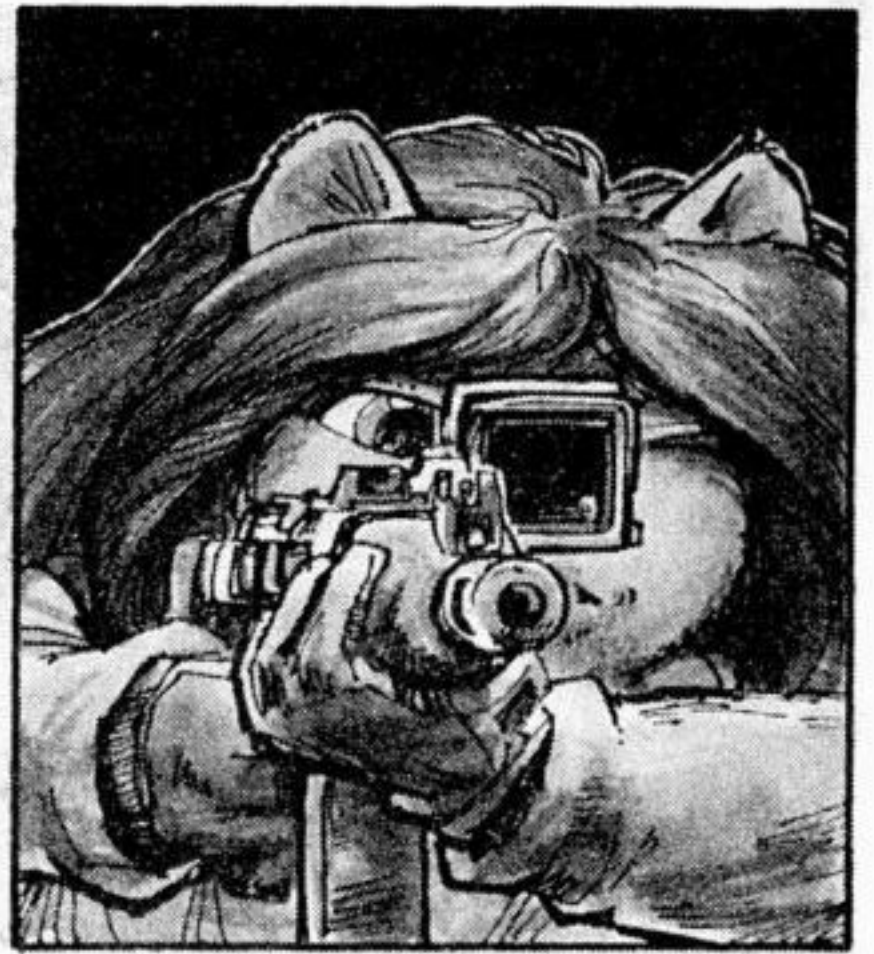
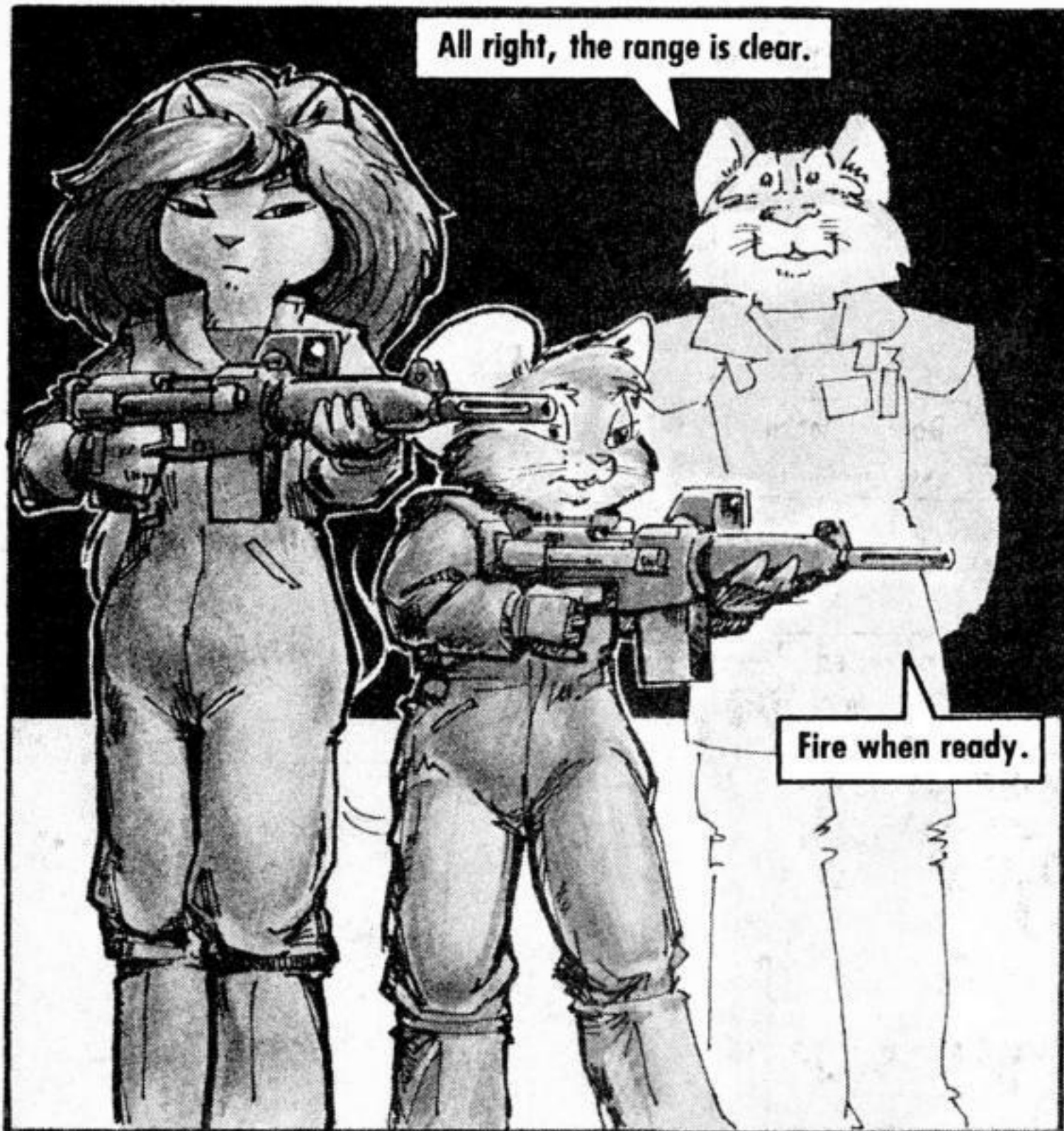
"BUT BEFORE HELP  
COULD ARRIVE, HAVA-  
JARRON-ΔRIES-RUMMUS  
'SUPREME EMPEROR',  
WAS DEAD."

"THE SECOND GALACTIC  
WAR WAS WELL UNDER  
WAY.  
ITS OUTCOME WOULD  
CHANGE THE GALAXY  
FOREVER."

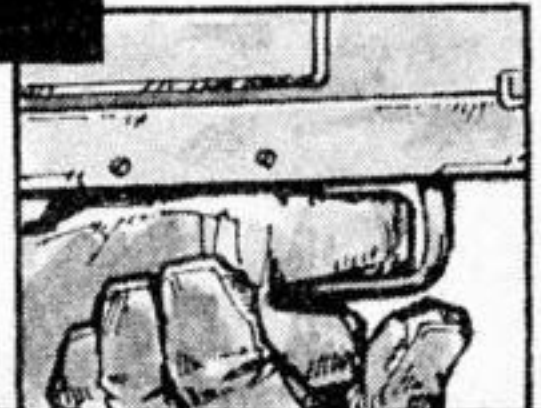
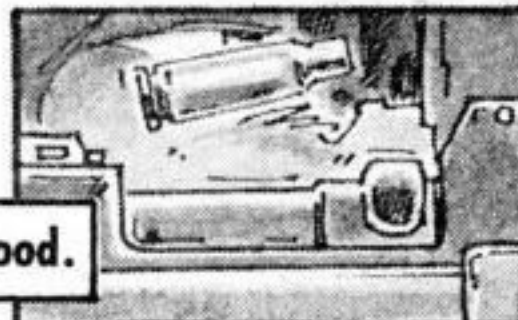
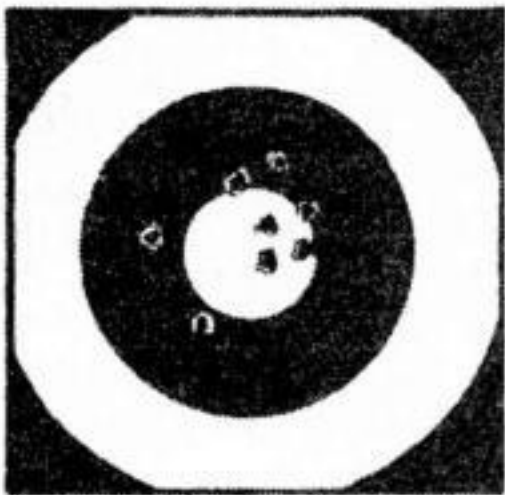
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TO BE  
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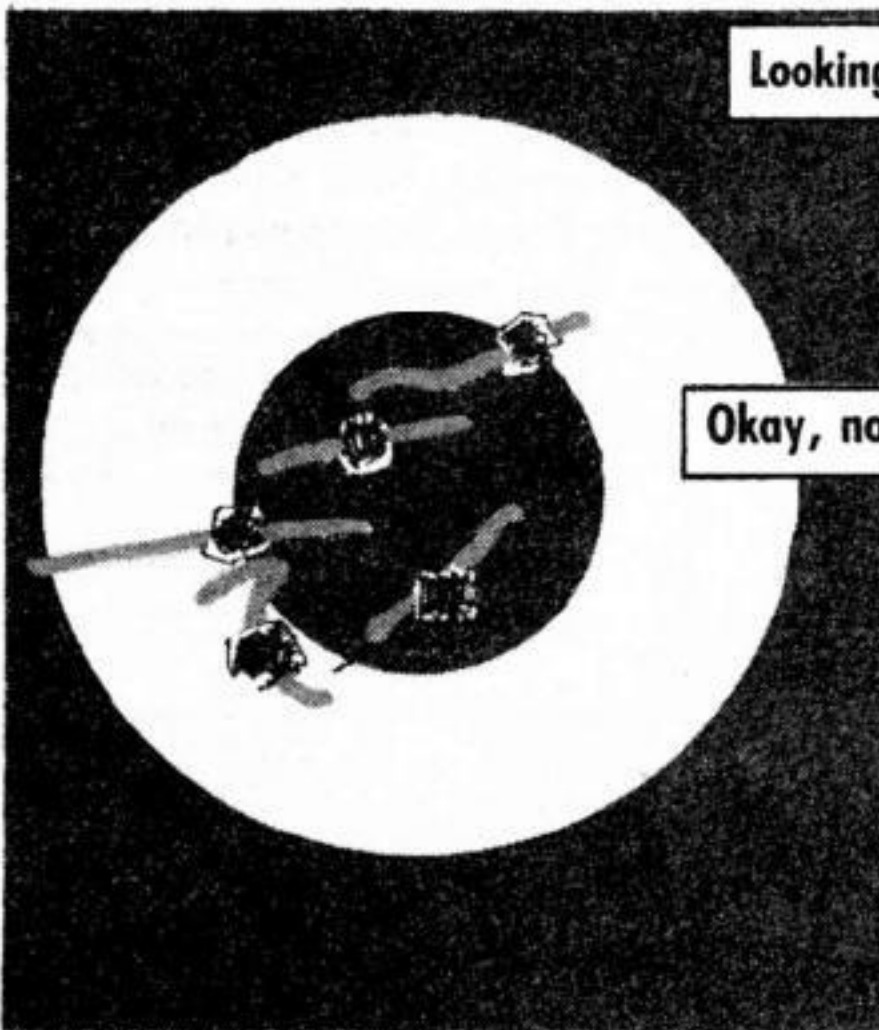




That's fine. Now, switch to laser.



Looking good.



Okay, now that's done.







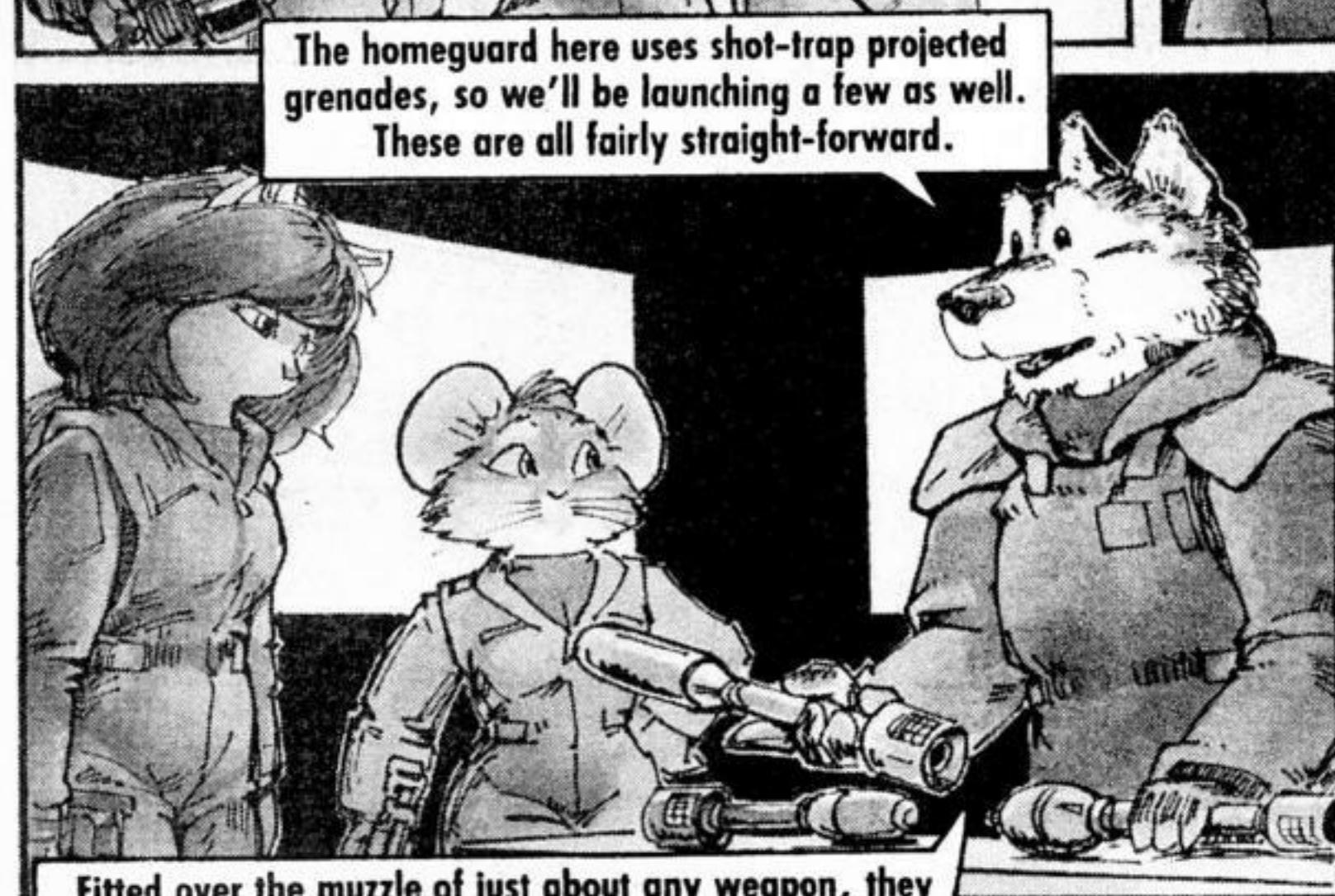
Hey, not bad Erma.

Good shooting, Commanders.

I'm just glad to be done.



Now we're off to the long arm range.



The homeguard here uses shot-trap projected grenades, so we'll be launching a few as well. These are all fairly straight-forward.



Doesn't that remind you of something?

Fitted over the muzzle of just about any weapon, they can be launched by most ball or dart loads, though the range will, of course, vary for the different weapons used. To make it easier, there's a compensation angle index printed on the tail.



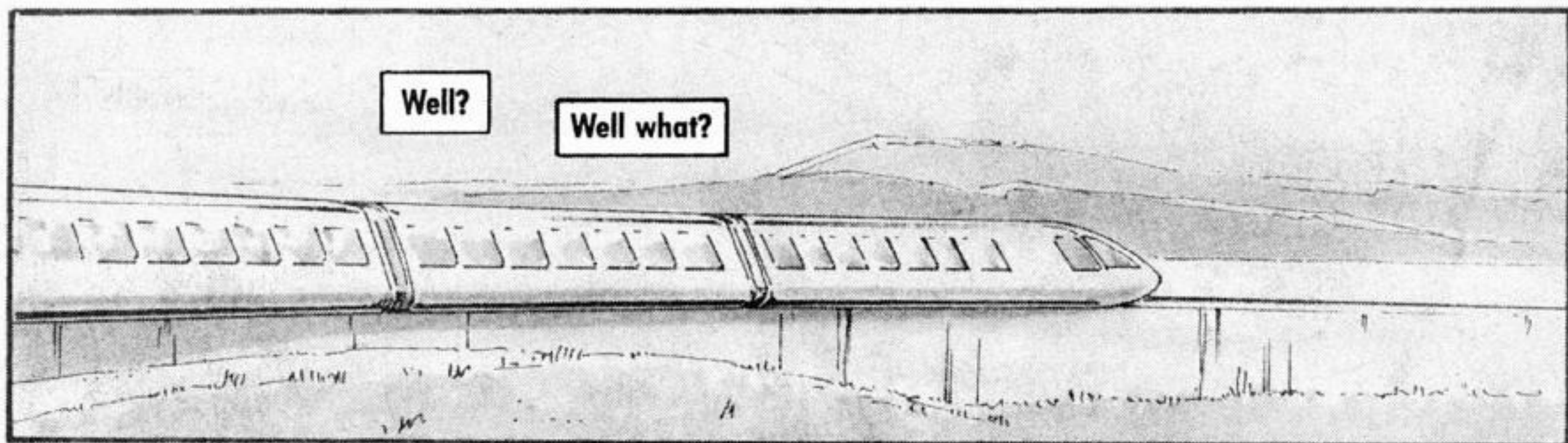
This will be your last shot, and end of your orientation. Unless there's anything else?

Nothing official, specialist. But, if you want to join us for lunch?

Thanks Ma'am, but no. I've got duties still.

EF-190





Well?

Well what?

Gonna talk about your funk?



It's nothing.

A-huh.

Oh — just depressed.

This is too nice a planet to have a war.



Come on. There hasn't been any action since our liner got hit. And that was months ago.



The radicals have lost their initiative and everyone's given up.

Oh? You really think so? Then why are you armed?

A girl has a right to be careful.

Right.



All right. I admit that there's always the slight possibility of some terrorist.



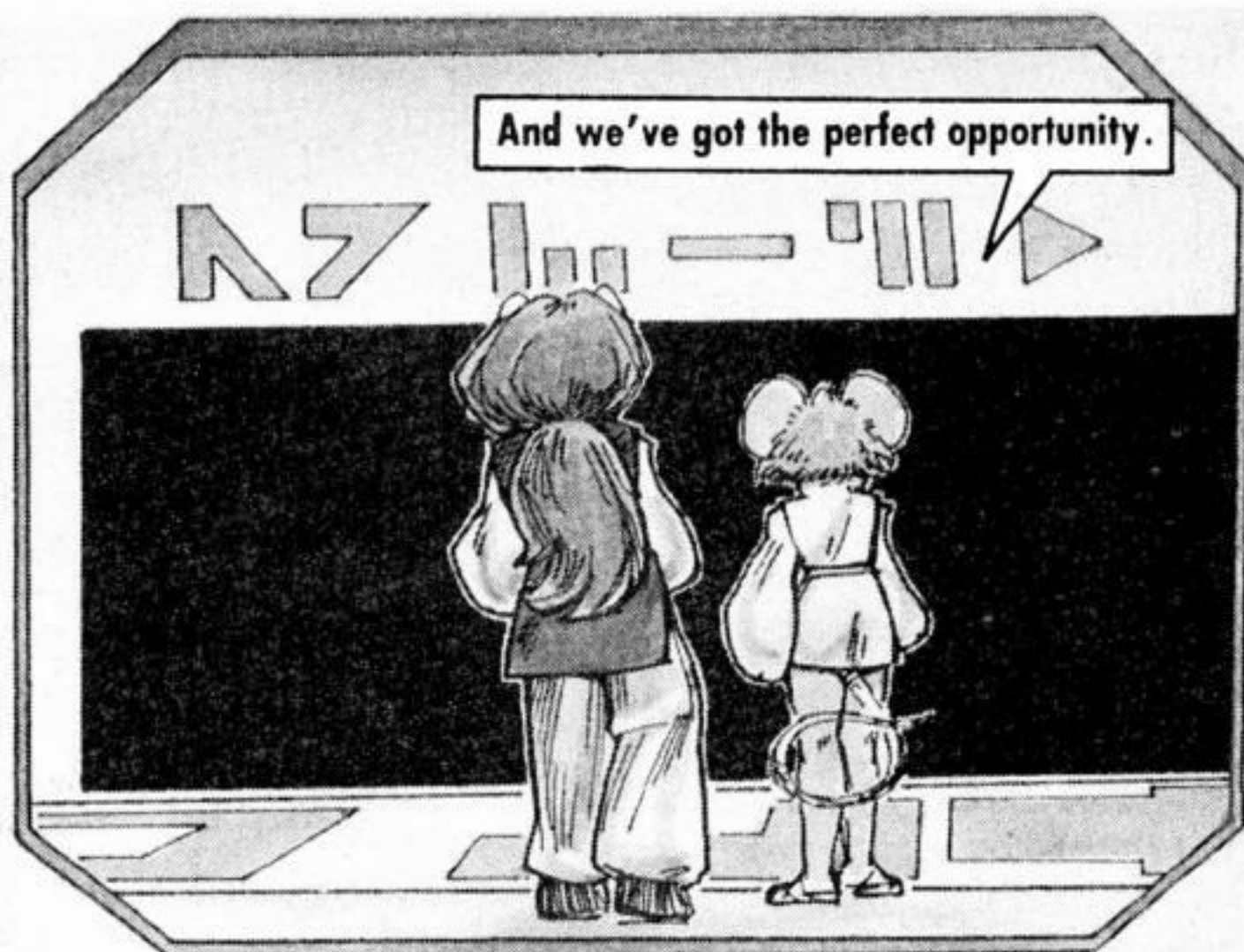
But I really think that, at this point, we'd have a better chance jacking-up a jay-walker than thwarting some heinous political trouble-maker.

EF-191

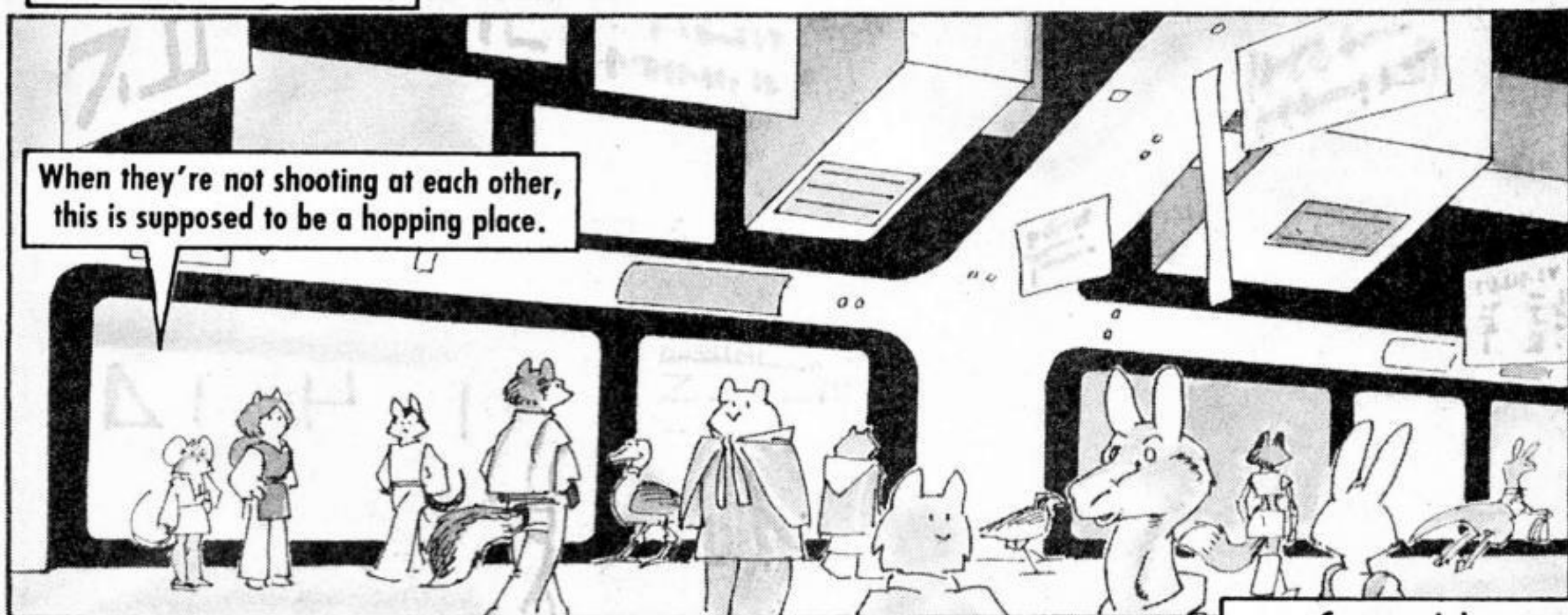




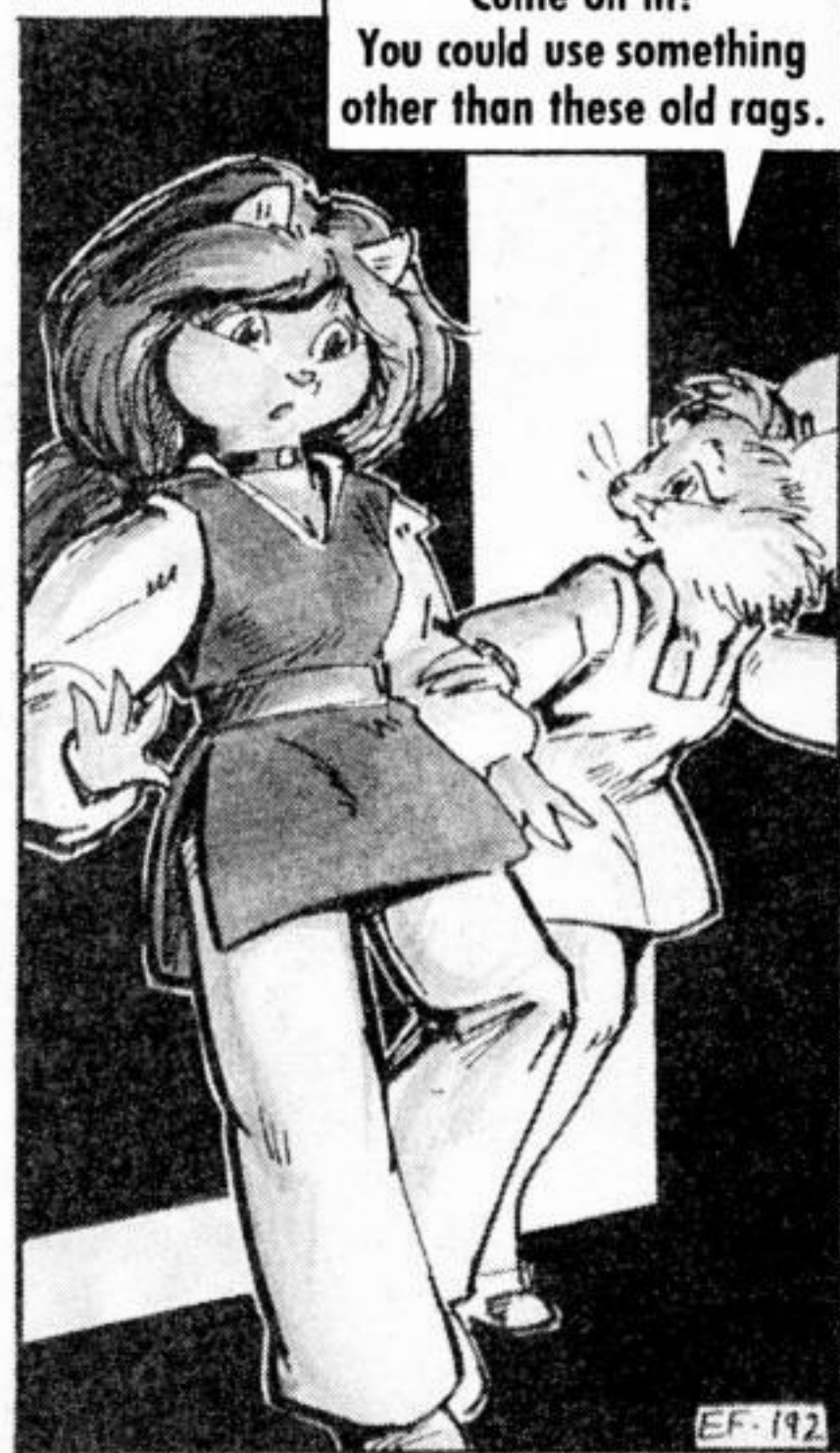
You've got to learn to relax.



And we've got the perfect opportunity.



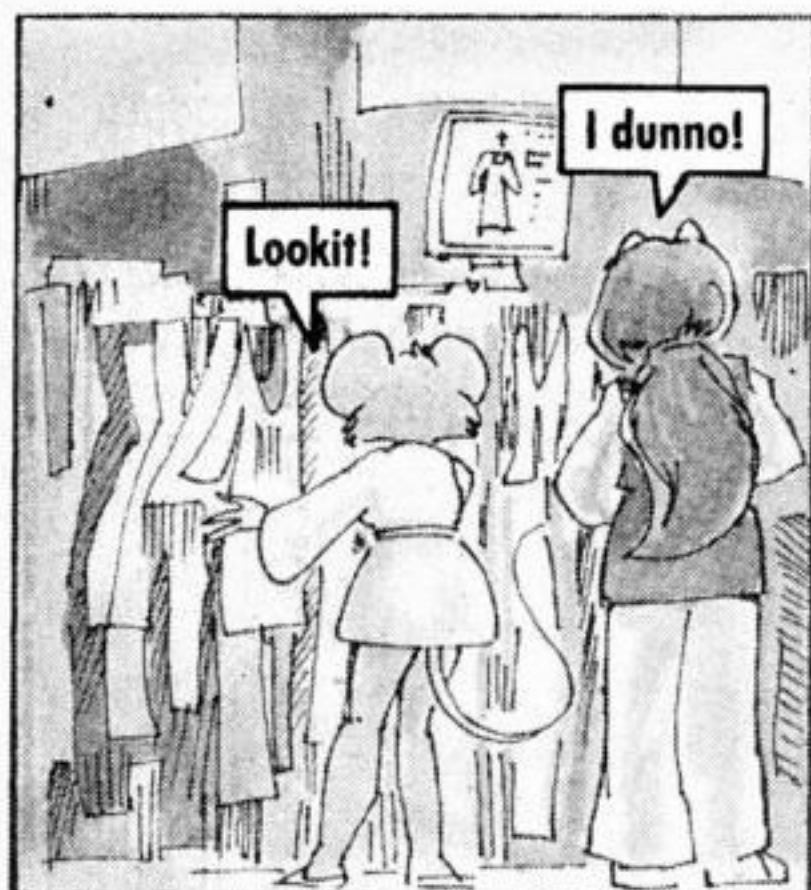
When they're not shooting at each other, this is supposed to be a hopping place.



Come on in!  
You could use something  
other than these old rags.

EF-192





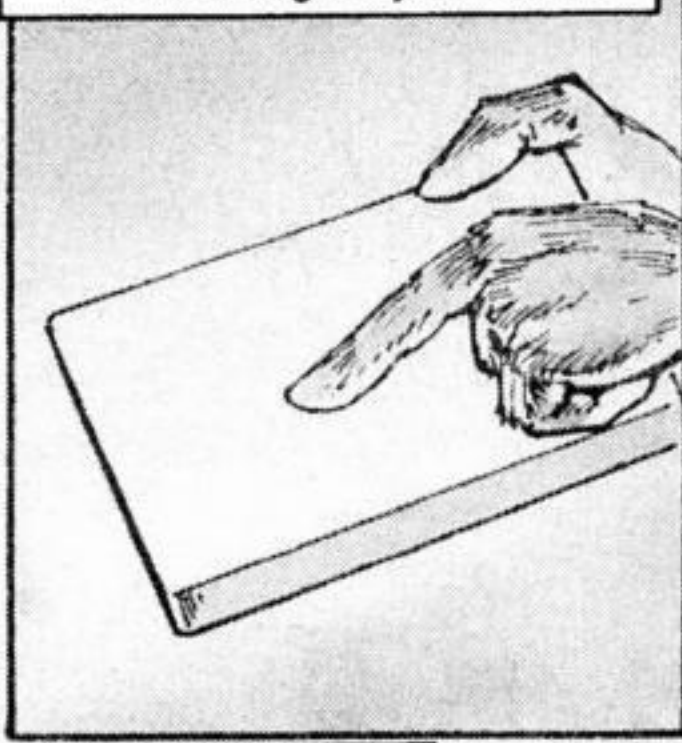




I've no idea what most of these things are!



Be daring, be experimental.  
And if you really don't want to,  
then interrogate your menu.



Are you okay?

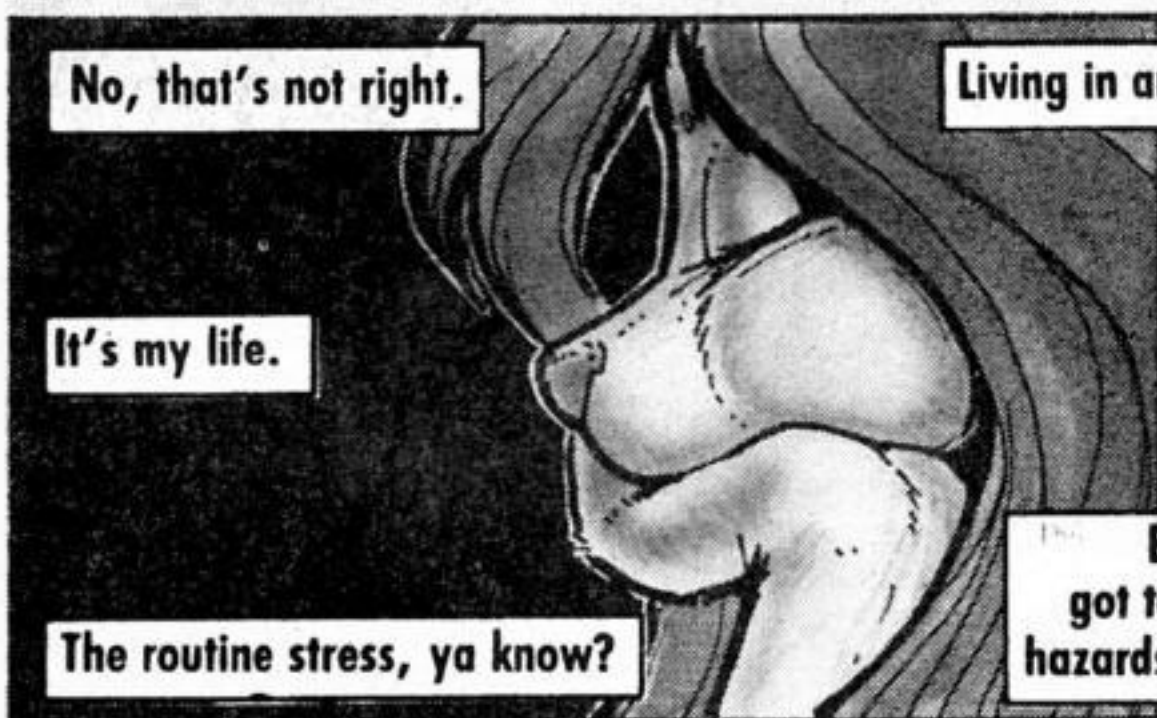
What?



You're going off again.

Still depressed.

Ummm. No — . It's the mission.



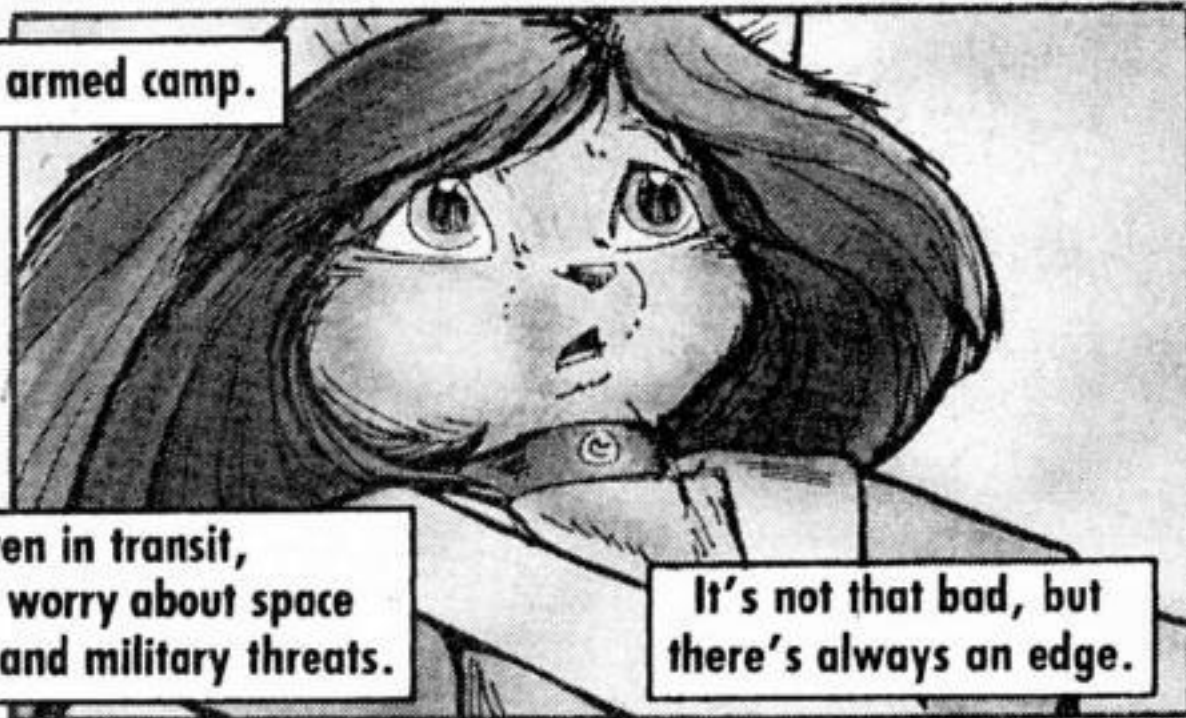
No, that's not right.

It's my life.

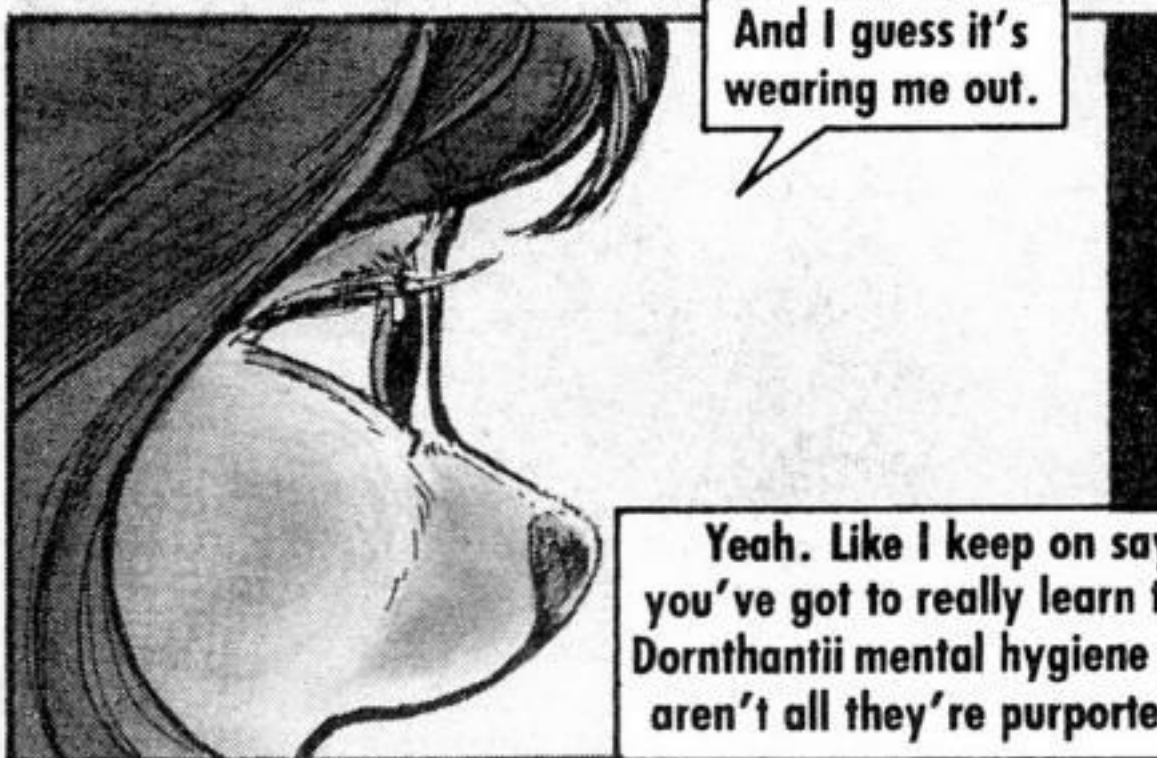
The routine stress, ya know?

Living in an armed camp.

Even in transit,  
got to worry about space  
hazards and military threats.

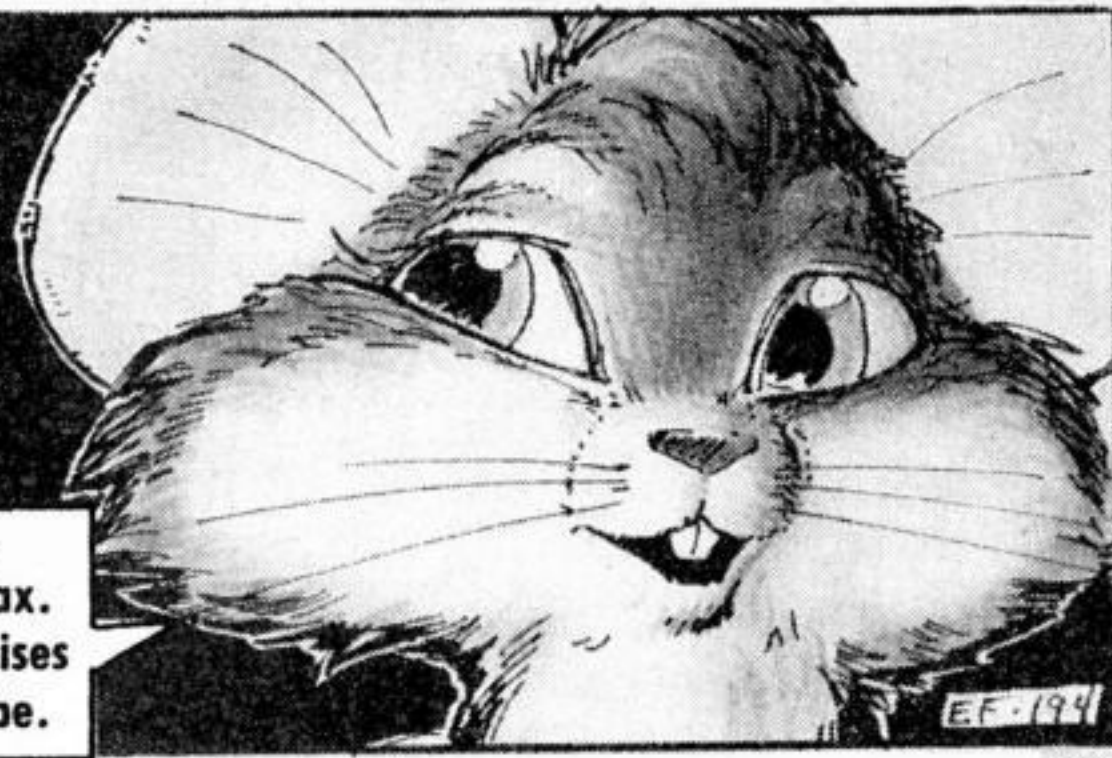


It's not that bad, but  
there's always an edge.



And I guess it's  
wearing me out.

Yeah. Like I keep on saying,  
you've got to really learn to relax.  
Dornthantii mental hygiene exercises  
aren't all they're purported to be.



EE-194



Yeah, maybe I should call up a PHR.\*  
The net will eventually flag me anyway.

Don't talk like that. You're doing fine professionally.  
It's like I say, you need to simply get social.

You haven't even done a staff  
party since — what? Derzon?

No, I went to some get-togethers at Ekosiak.

And that was how many months ago?

But you need something beyond your  
official routine to keep in balance.

I'm not saying that you should  
go out and boogey every night.

I don't think you'll ever need a PHR  
or some such, but you're not going  
to be happy until you break-out.

Hmmmm. And I know you.  
So don't try to plan for a  
"spontaneous social interactions"  
schedule.

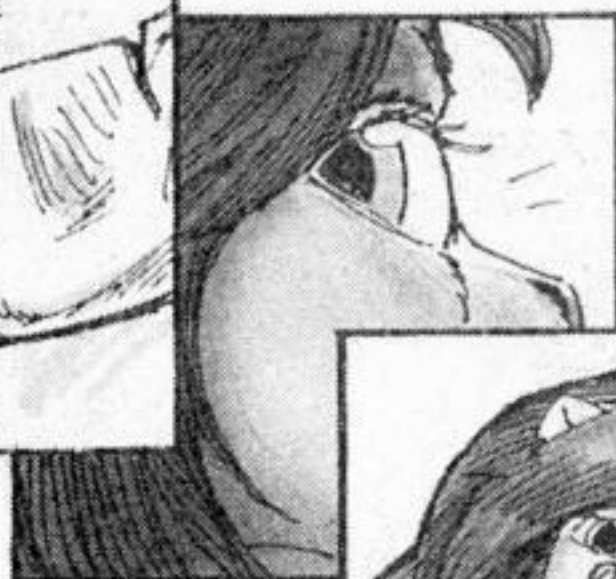
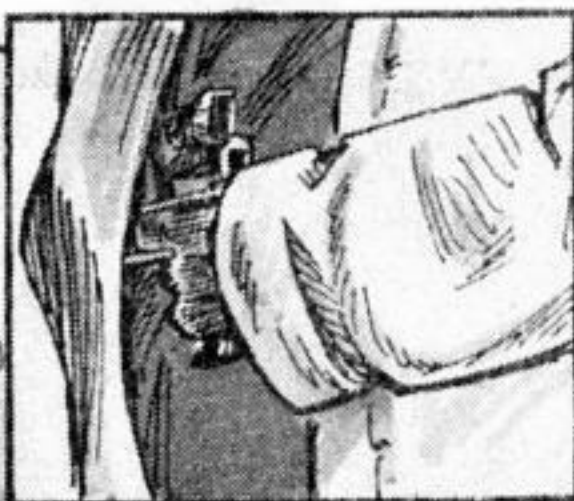
And you hedonistic Danetii  
only live for sensual excess!

You've got to allow yourself to accept random  
opportunities. Gad! You Dornthantii would — .

Well, is that  
any better?

Silly girl.

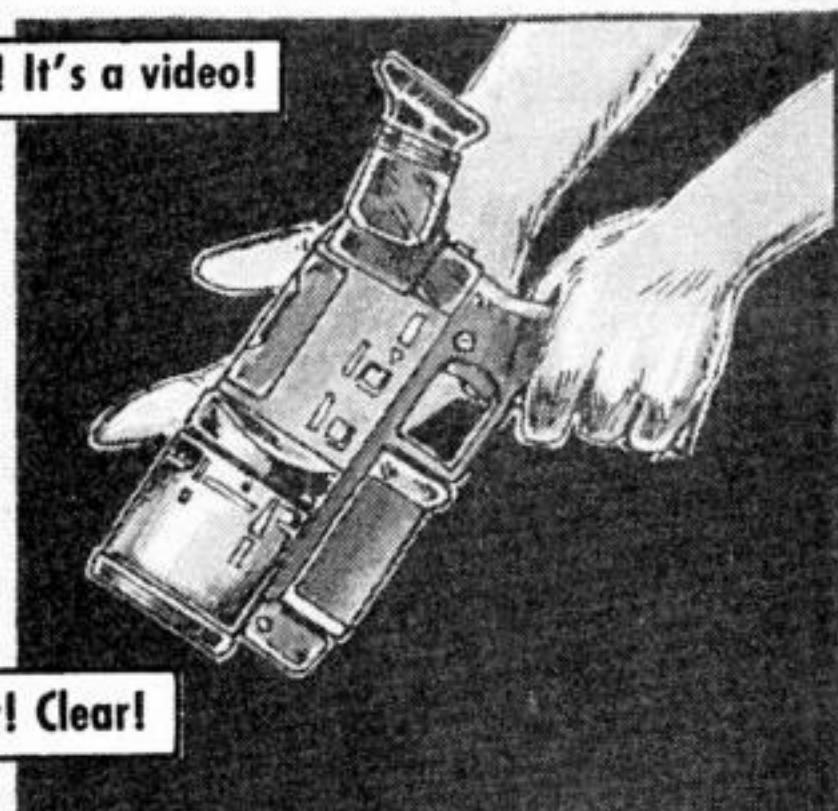




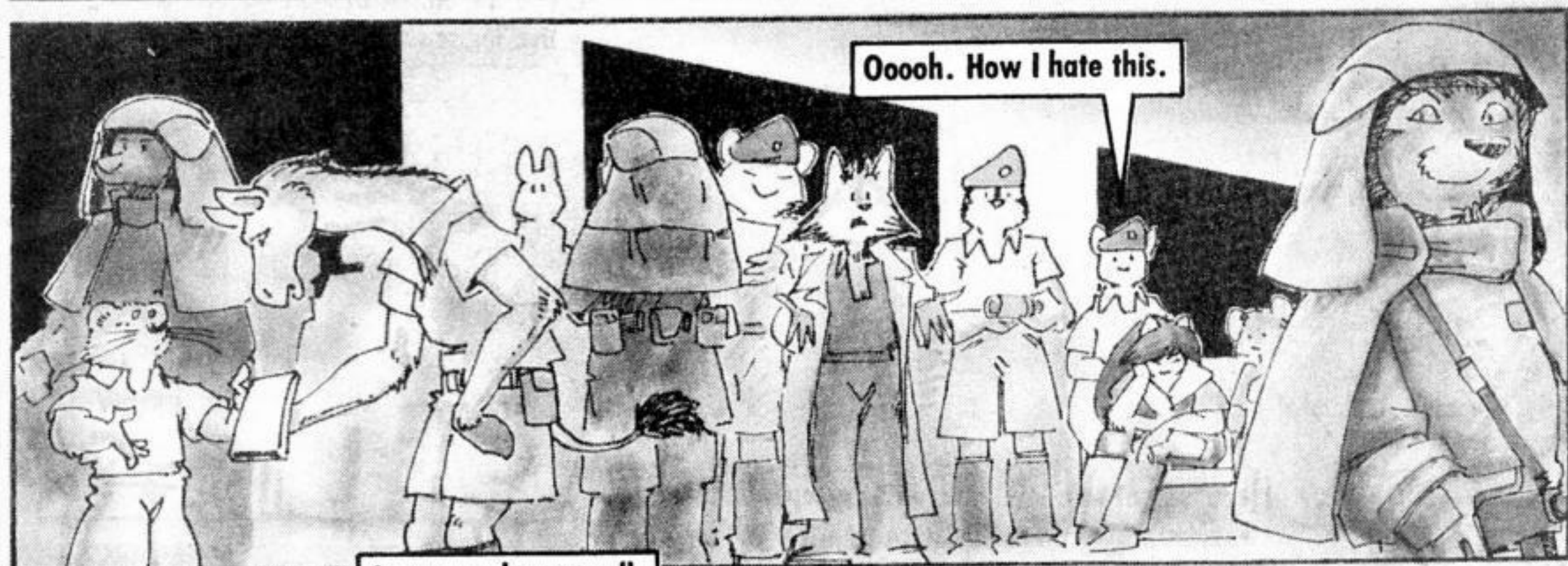
FREEZE!



Erma! It's a video!



Clear! Clear!



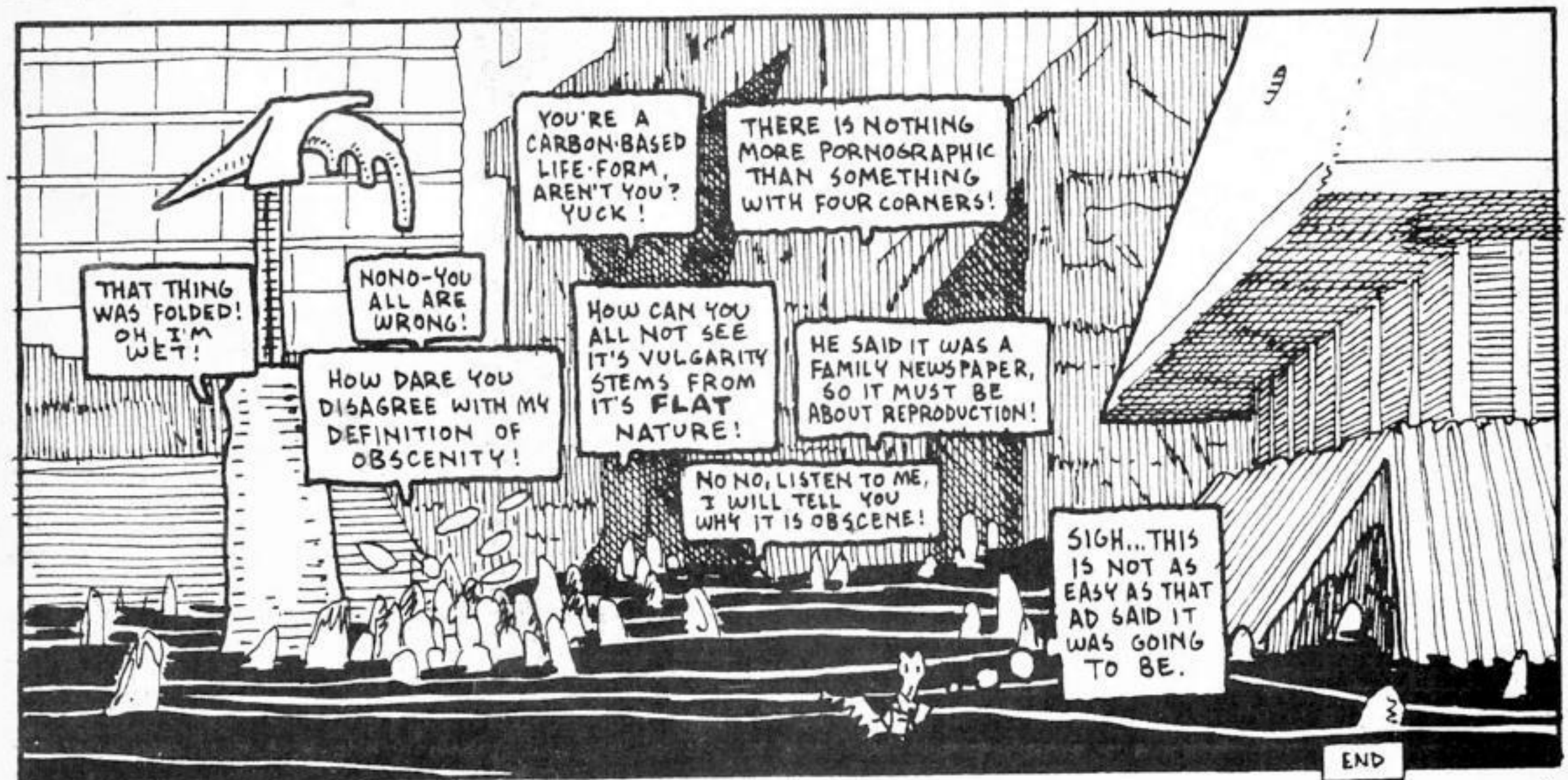
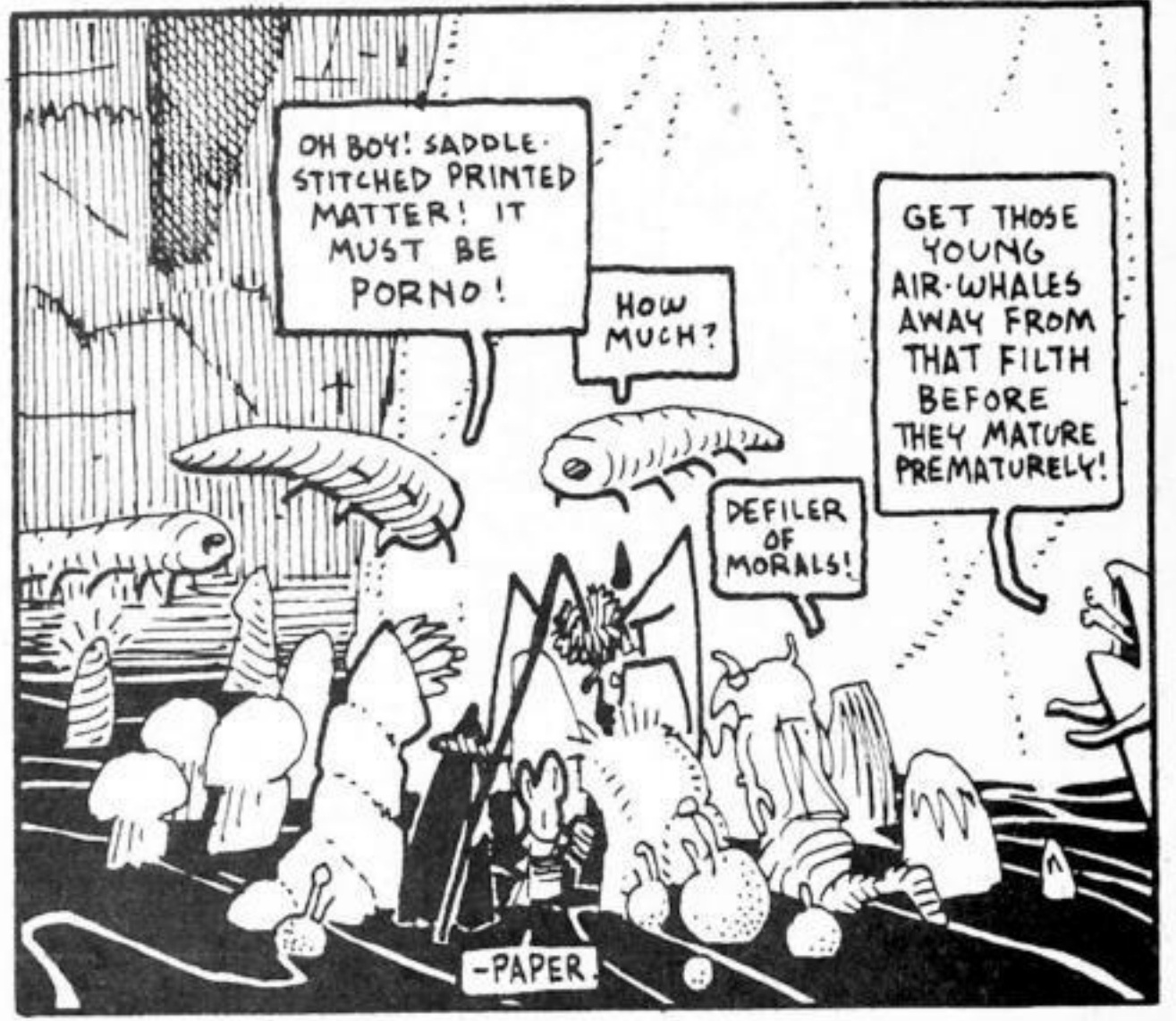
It was an honest call.



It's not that, though the public — . And — sigh . It's civilians caught in the crossfire.

EF196





END

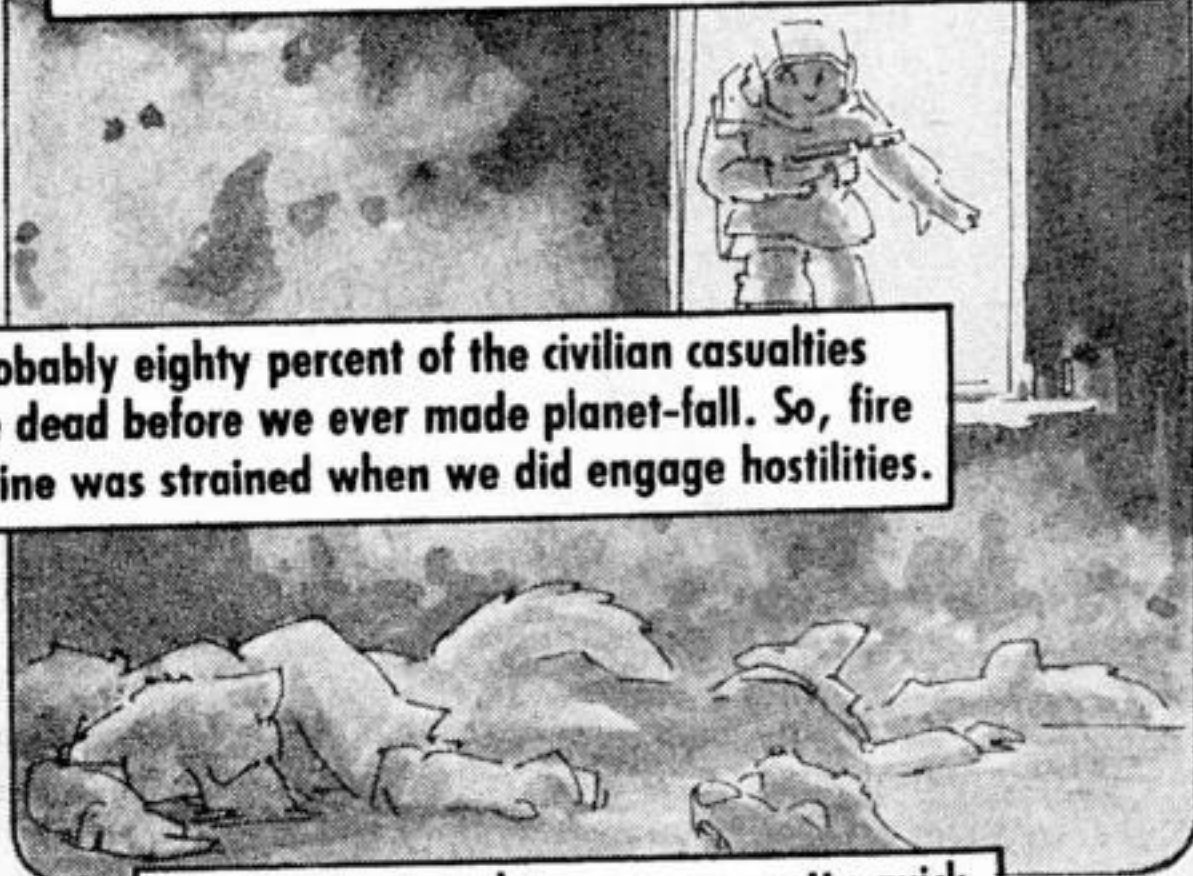


Back on Derzon.



We found that the ILR had been busy before our arrival.

Probably eighty percent of the civilian casualties were dead before we ever made planet-fall. So, fire discipline was strained when we did engage hostilities.

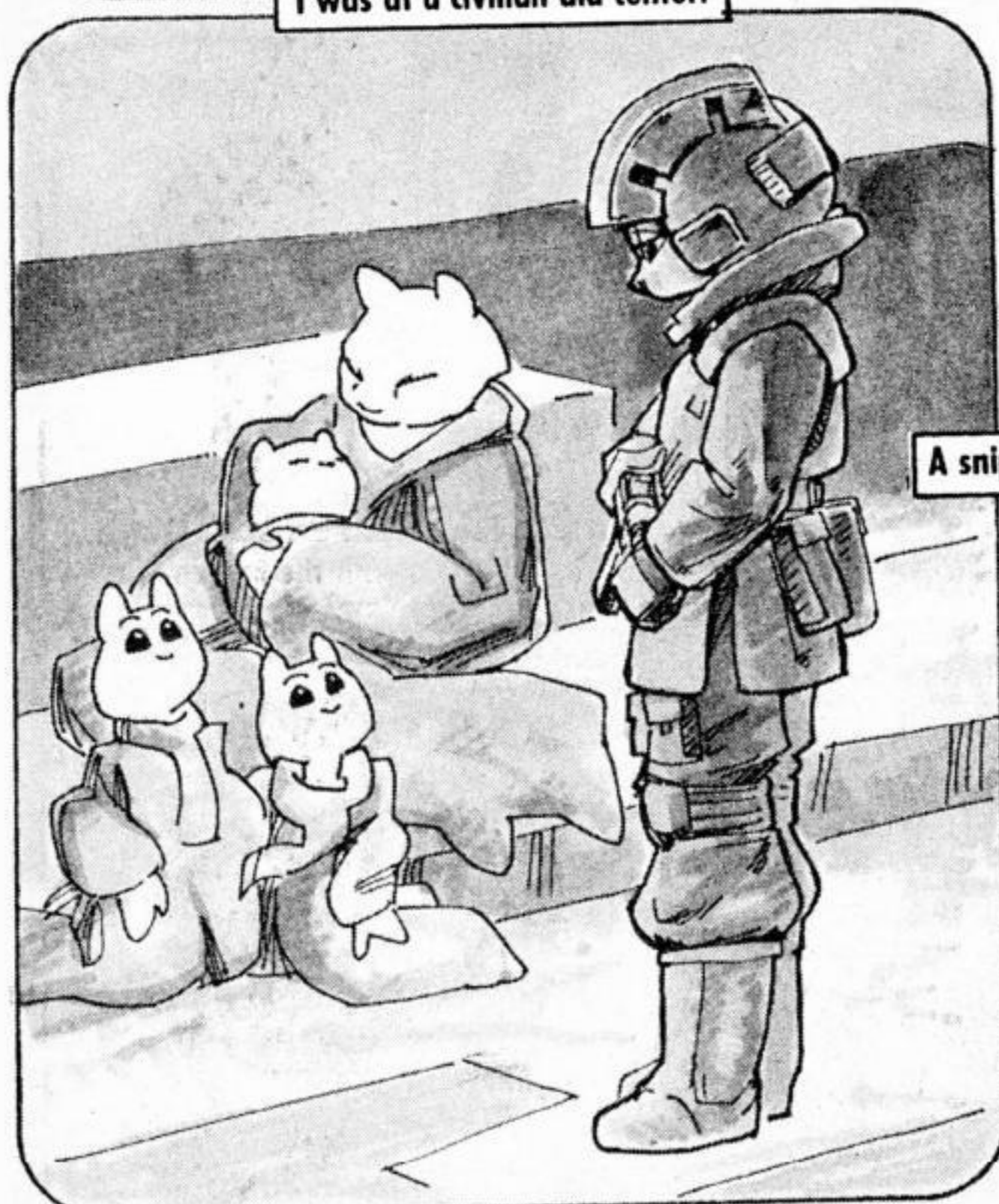


The ILR was well infiltrated into the population centers and in getting at them collateral damage was awful.

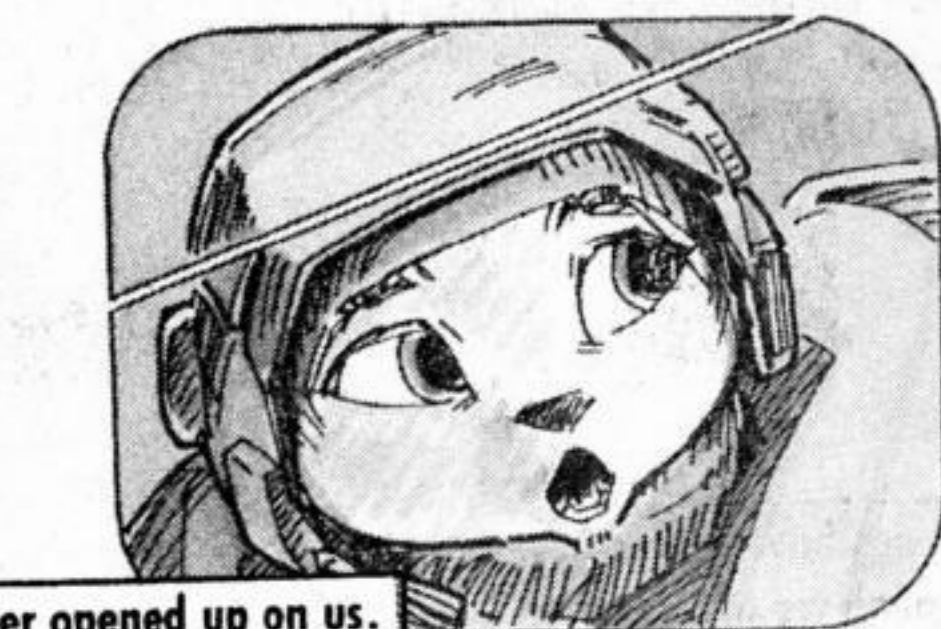
But things seemed to wrap up pretty quick.



I was at a civilian aid center.



A sniper opened up on us.



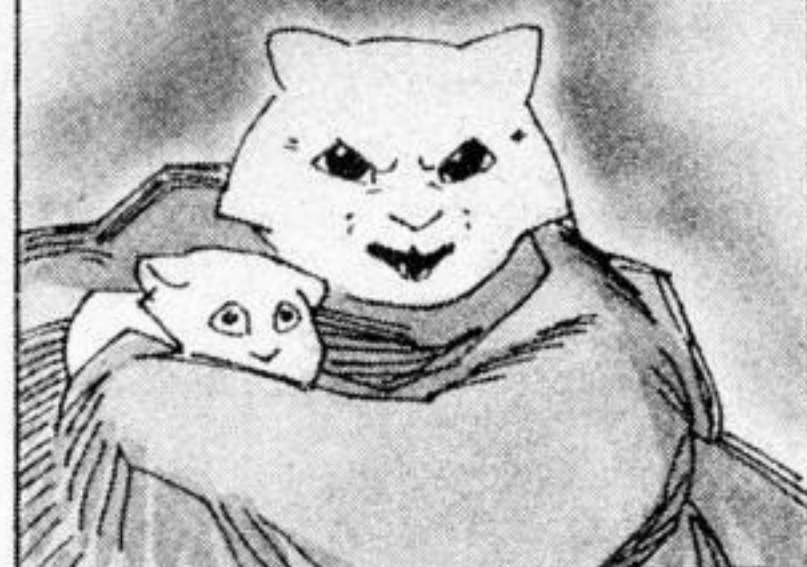
EF-197





But the civilians were pretty badly frightened.

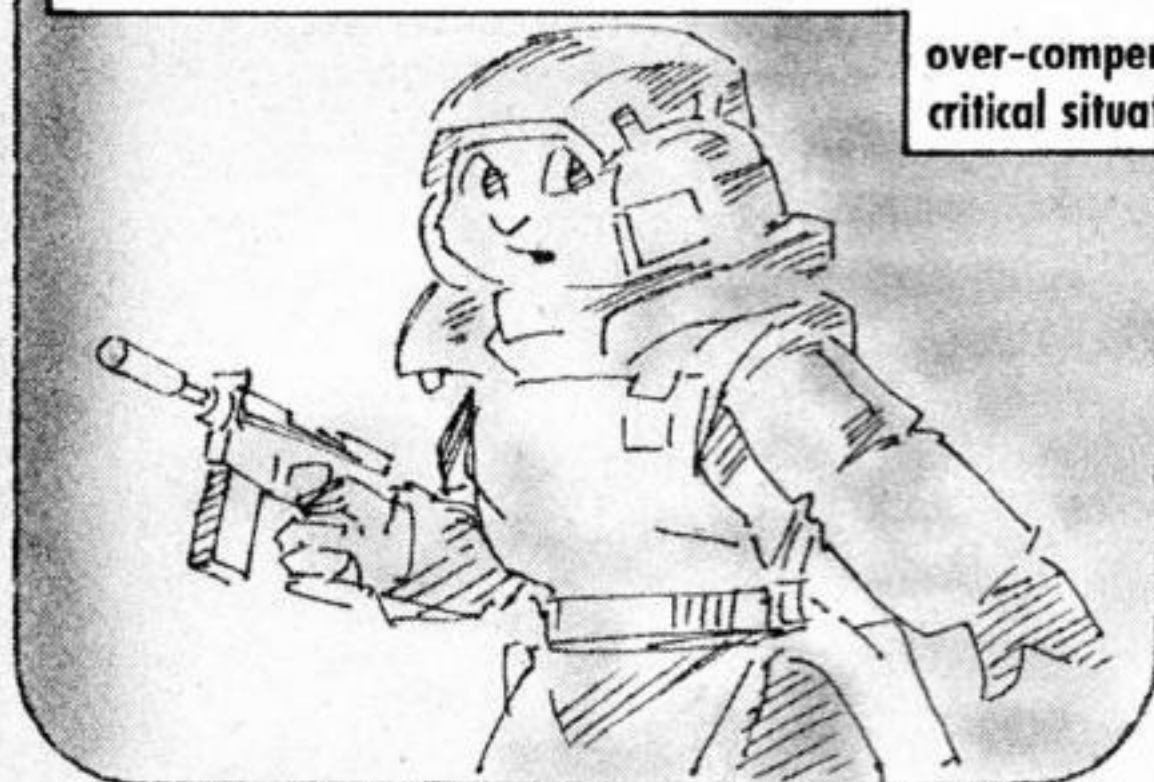
Just a harassment, no one was seriously hurt.



One blamed us, the military and political apparatus for all their woes and that we existed only to imperil them.

So when I went out on another mop-up sweep, I was over-conscious of her complaint and got nailed for hesitating.\*

So, what I'm really worried about is, will I start over-compensating, or become indecisive and lose the initiative in a critical situation.



Yeah, I can see that.

Maybe we could get you some R and R.

Things have been quiet, though we might expect someone to capitalize on this incident.



But all that — yawn — can wait 'til morning.



Yes, but let me hit the hygiene first.

Hmmm.

What to do for Erma to get her mind off work? What she needs is a —



Toki? Hoi, Commander!

?!

Afon Vega!

Who else?

Ummm. What ya doin' here?

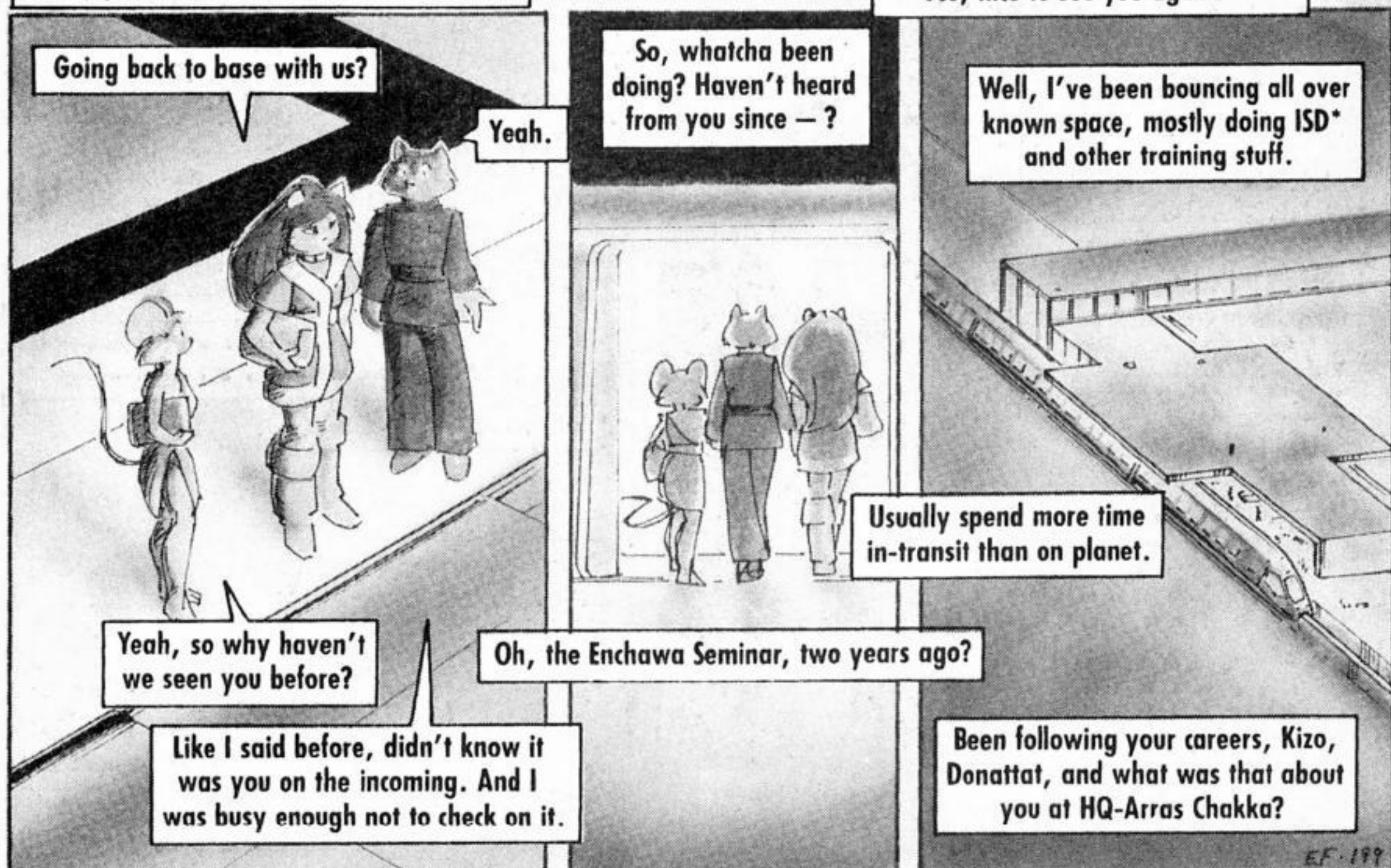
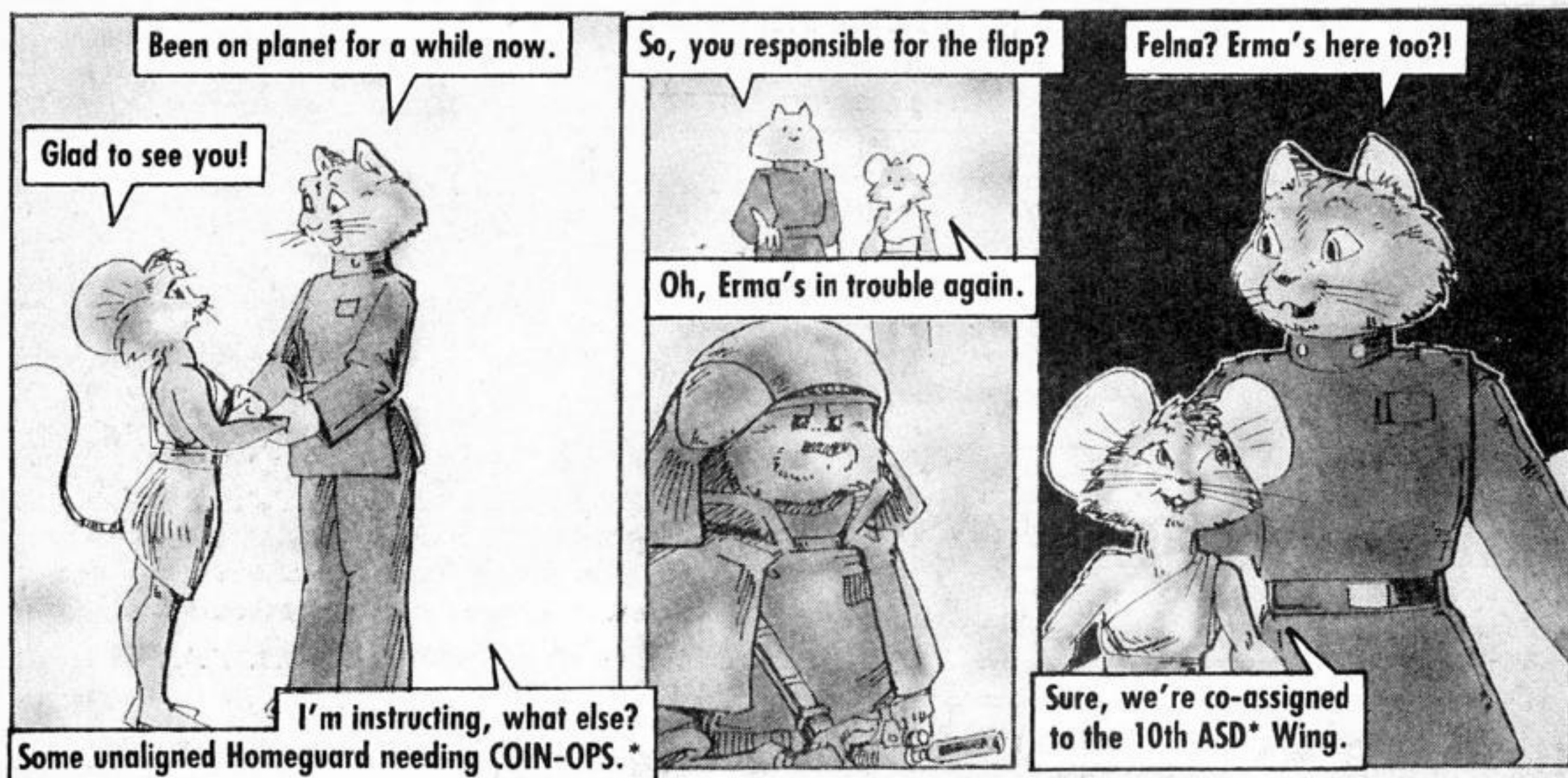
Can't you tell?

Well — ahem — besides that!



\*See ALBEDO nr. 1 or Command Review vol. 1







Anyway, I'm at Flight 352, net numbet 5354251. I'm pretty flexible on my schedule, so if you want to get together, just ask.

Yeah, we'll have to see about that.

G'night.

Be seeing you.

All right.

Oooh. So, you're hot after Afon!

Huh?!

Sure, why not!

He's cute, available, your species even, and not Dornthantii, which is another plus!

You sound like you're lining me up for breeding.

Sure, he's nice enough. But I hardly know him.

Not true.

You were around him all the time on Danet.

Or are you becoming a convenient amnesiac?

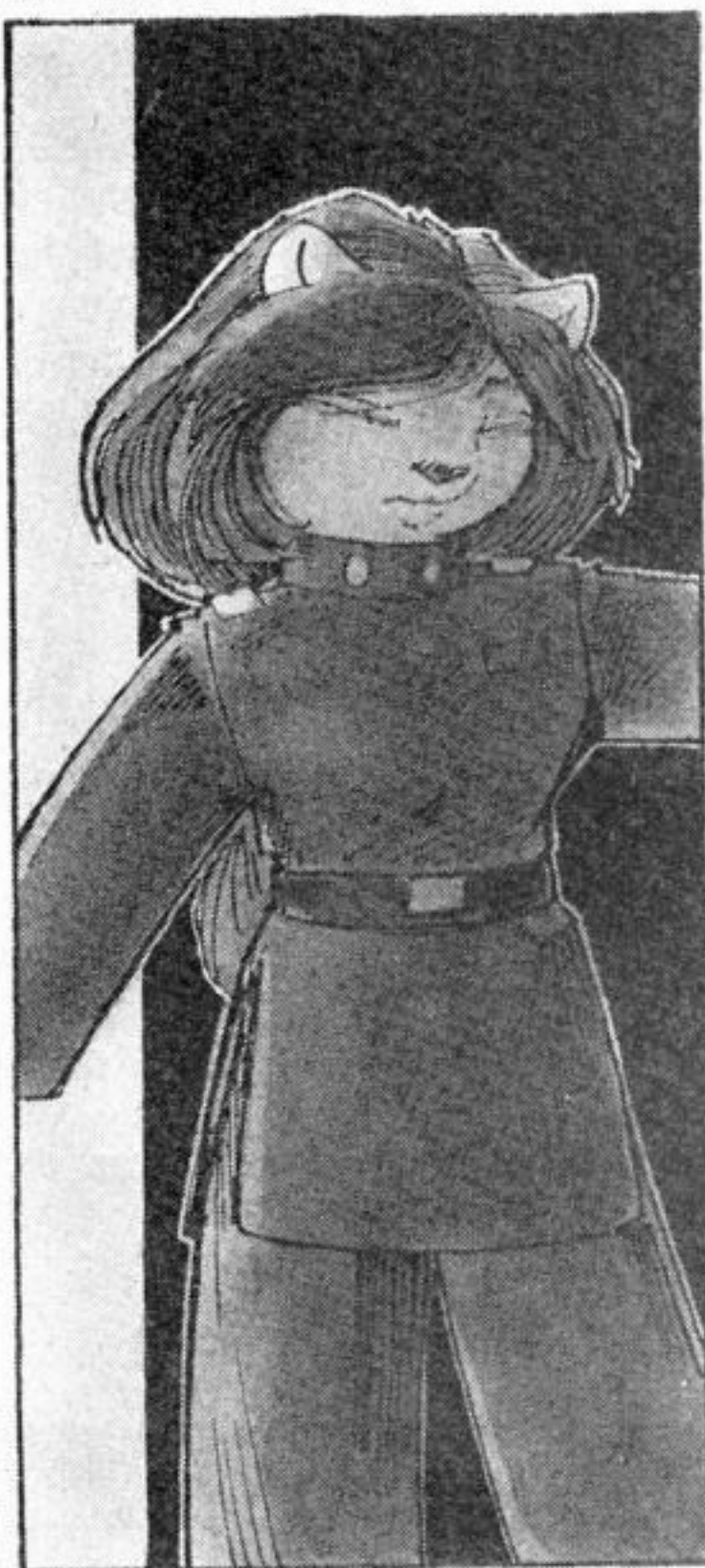
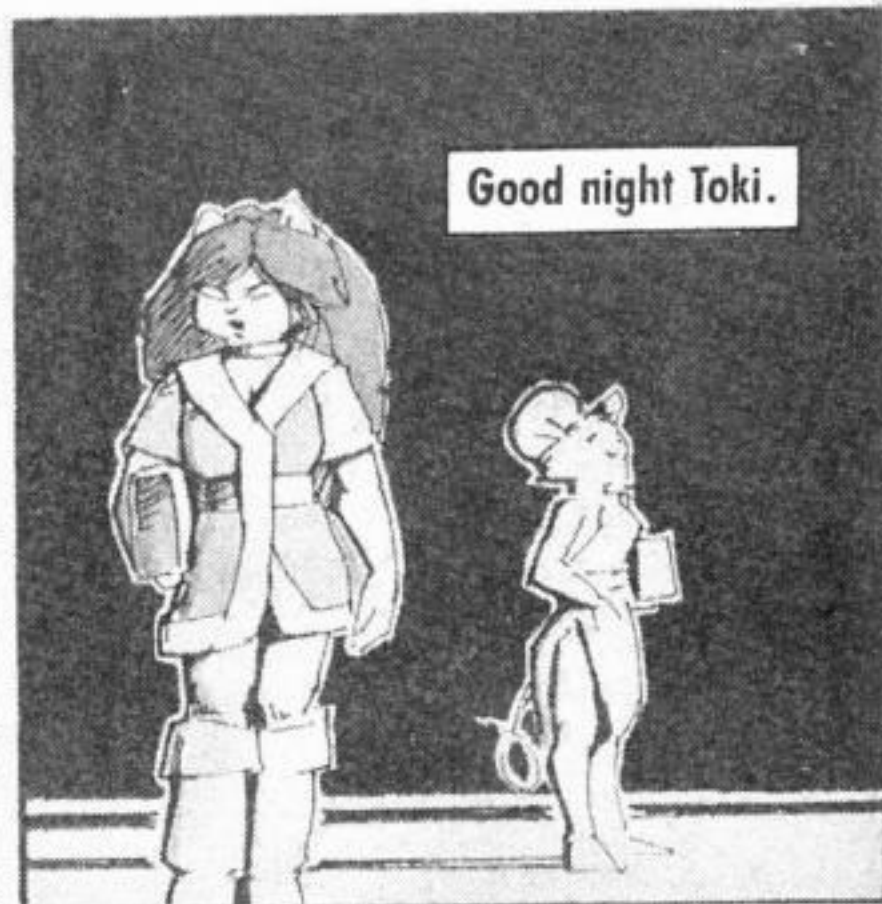
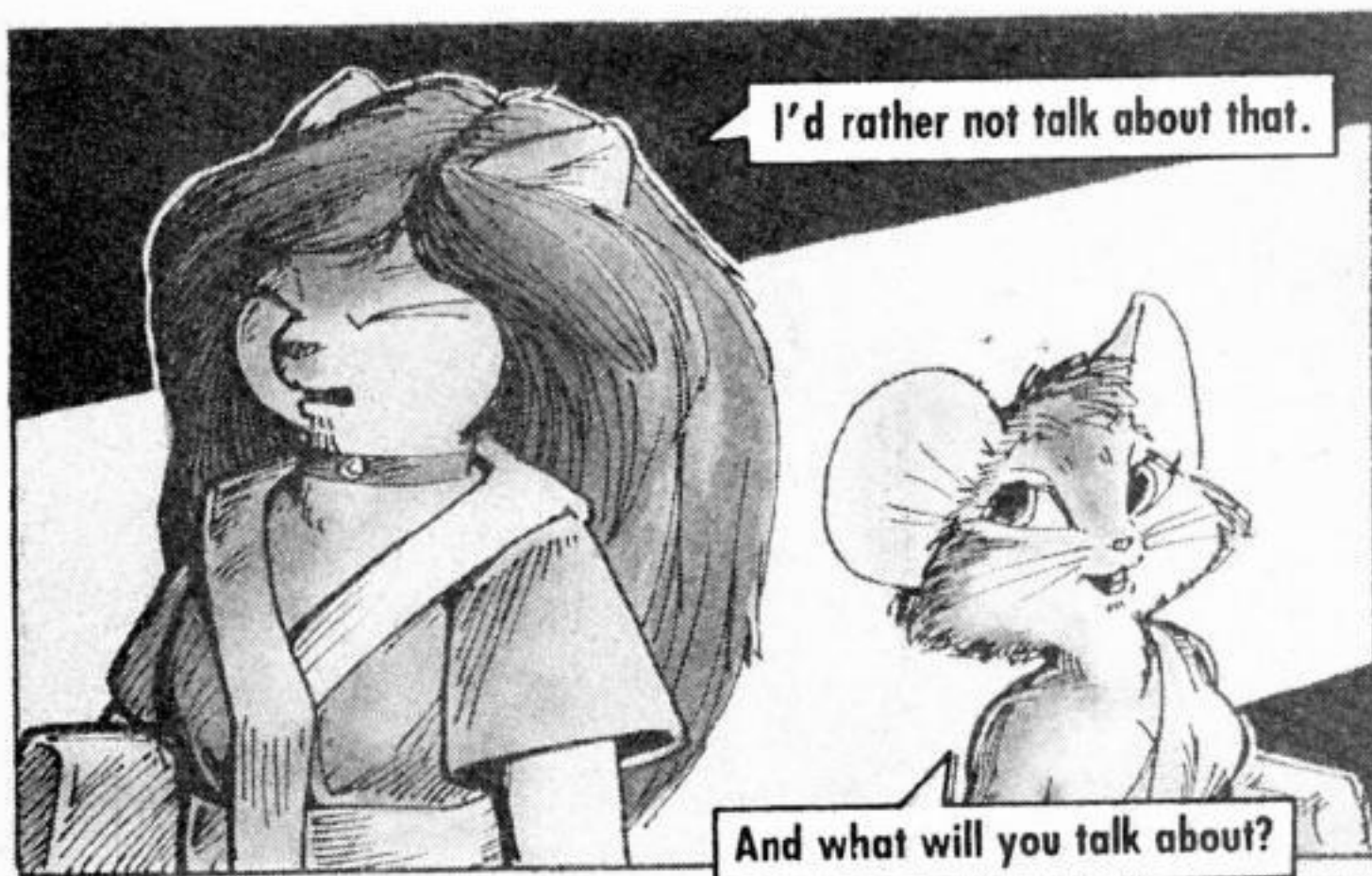
But that was years ago!

Yeah, we knew each other, but not that well.

sure! And who was your sole subject of interest until Tavas swept you off your feet?

EF-ZOO







Hi. A bit late this time around. And considering the on-going icky situation with T&I, I can't promise that future issues are going to be any better. Neat cover by Rick Sternbach, who, when he isn't working on *Star Trek, the Next Generation*, is an award-winning artist, and fan of *Erma*. He created most of the components of the still life composition and then photographed it in Captain Pichard's office. Since they're hard to read, the articles in the *Scientific Tasmanian* include: 'Henderson Station: Commercial success or science flim-flam?', 'Biologist studies patrolling weasels' craving for cheese snacks,' 'Scent reproduction by *V. Rufus* yields mixed results.' Being busy with FUSION, the ALBEDO role-playing game, and all the miscellaneous business of the business not covered by Doug down in Portland just gets in the way. I don't have much very insightful to say about things, only the not so news about what's going on. I'm still on FUSION. Have written and co-arted issue 16, and will undoubtedly work on some future issues, though the future of FUSION much beyond 16 is still icky. The role-playing game has been selling tolerably well, and Paul Kidd is hard at work on some additional adventures and rule supplements, which I'll be doing art for. He's also working on a novel, set in the *Erma* universe, about a mouse and fox and their relationships and careers. For those of you desperate to ask him about game-related details, you can write to him at — 42 Meruka Dr., Eltham, Melbourne, Victoria, 3095, Australia. I hope to start writing *Birthright III* soon, with the possibility of Monika Livingston doing the art. It would be published by Fantagraphics, probably as its own miniseries.

Dwight Dutton, down LA way, has shown an interest in handling a computer BBS, specializing in *Erma*. Along with that is the thought of collecting and publishing both electric and postal mail, perhaps as a monthly fanzine. I'd be contributing long-winded comment and nibbly-bits of art. If the past fan-mail is any indication, there's more than enough material to fill a fanzine (I could easily fill each issue of ALBEDO several times over with mail and comments). If anyone wants to check out the BBS, the number is 714-842-9699. Dwight also said that, "for those with 'PC Pursuit' accounts, it is in the 'Casan' outdialer, and runs up to 2400 baud," whatever all that means. If anyone wants to write to the potential fanzine, post such to me at the Seattle address, noting that it is for the 'zine. We'll eventually send out a mail and BBS notice for subscription info and all that. While on the subject of BBS, I got a call from a guy in Texas with an ALBEDO gaming BBS file. I can't find the details right now, but the 'zine can function, eventually, as an info source for all aspects of *Erma* and ALBEDO fan/game activity. On other business, the other T&I activity of note is Donna Barr's *The Desert Peach*, which is not doing too badly. *Zell*, *Sworddancer* just doesn't seem to be able to get going again for now, though there is the idea of doing it eventually as a novel or farming it out to another artist and scripter one of these years. The 'Homo Letacae' story (orca mermaid) languishes, as well as GYTEK and other projects, due to lack of time, money, or market interest. On more generalized "funny animal" stuff, I hope to have information on other publishers' efforts and list current and future items as I hear about them (I'm badly out of date as to who's doing what, so I'd like to hear from you publishers/editors). One item which could be coming up that I might have a hand in, if only peripherally, is some manner of Rowerbrazzel publication, getting public some of the excellent, but until now underexposed work by various fan and pro artists and writers who've been contributing to the limited membership APA. As always, comments to me, S.A. Gallacci, or the fanzine, should be sent to P.O. Box 19419, Seattle, WA 98109, and for routine orders and subscriptions, P.O. Box 15168, Portland, OR 97215.



HI, LAST MINUTE SALES HYPER.  
DESERT PEACH nr. 1 and 2 on-hand \$2<sup>00</sup>/<sub>ez</sub>.

Comm and Review vol. 1, 2, 3. \$4<sup>00</sup>/<sub>ez</sub>.

Still have ALBEDO nr. 3, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13  
at \$2<sup>00</sup>/<sub>ez</sub>. and ALBEDO nr 0, the Prototype  
issue at \$1<sup>00</sup>/<sub>ez</sub>, though is the 4th printing.

We also still have Xzuzdu, all issues,  
Fusion, Dreamery and odds and ends.

Ask Doug at the Portland P.O. for details.

Dealers and  
such welcome  
And a Paul Kidd  
EDF Novel!





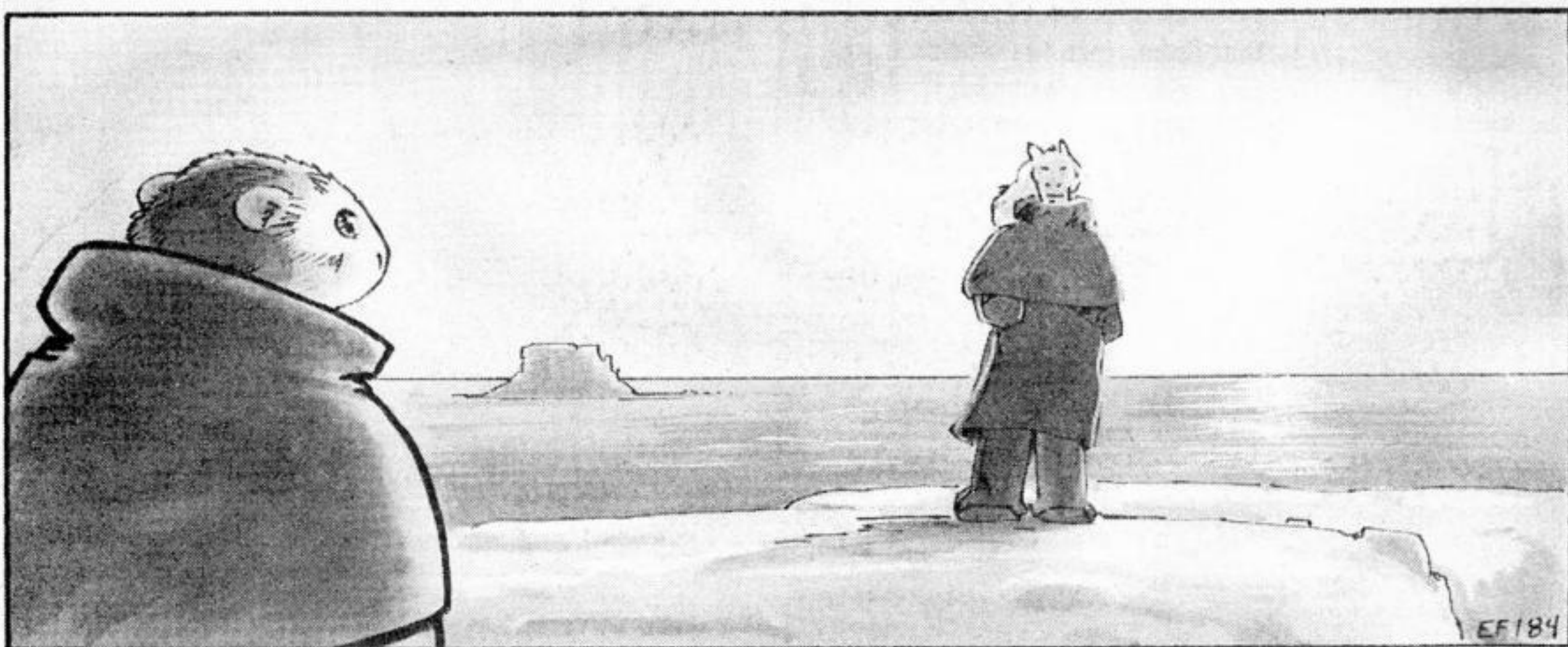
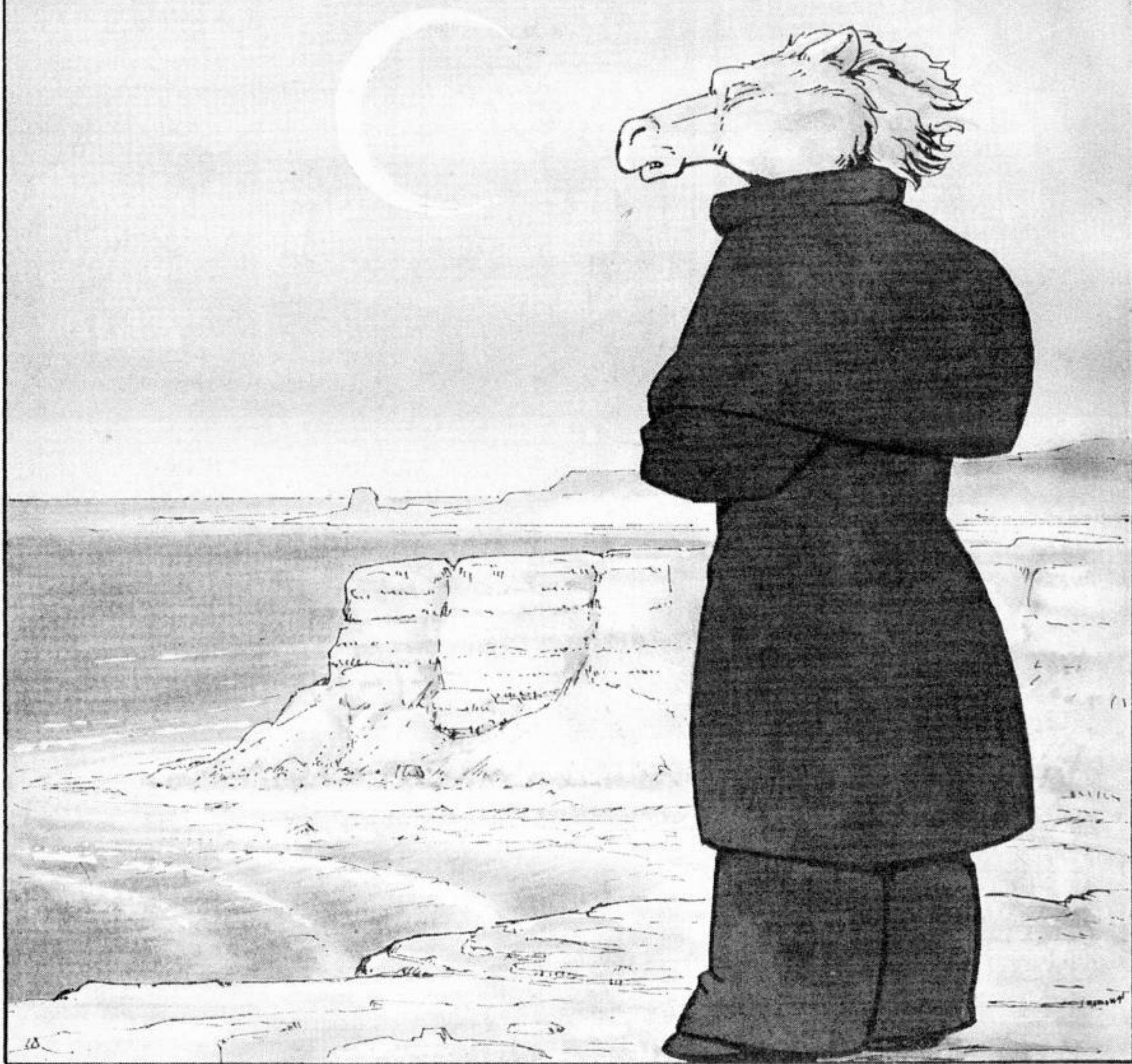
## **ALBEDO the Role Playing Game**

Way-swell RPG, based on the scenarios from Erma Felna, EDF. 3 book, boxed set, \$20.

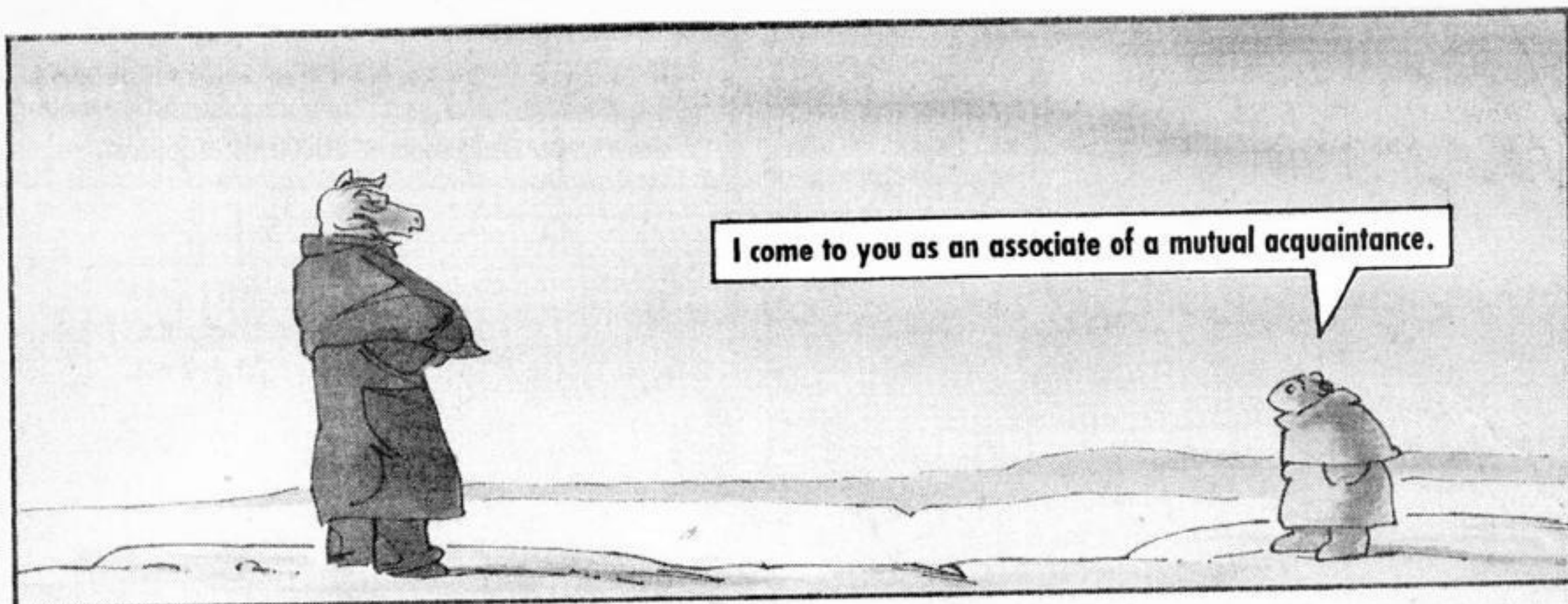
Available in better stores, or direct mail order.



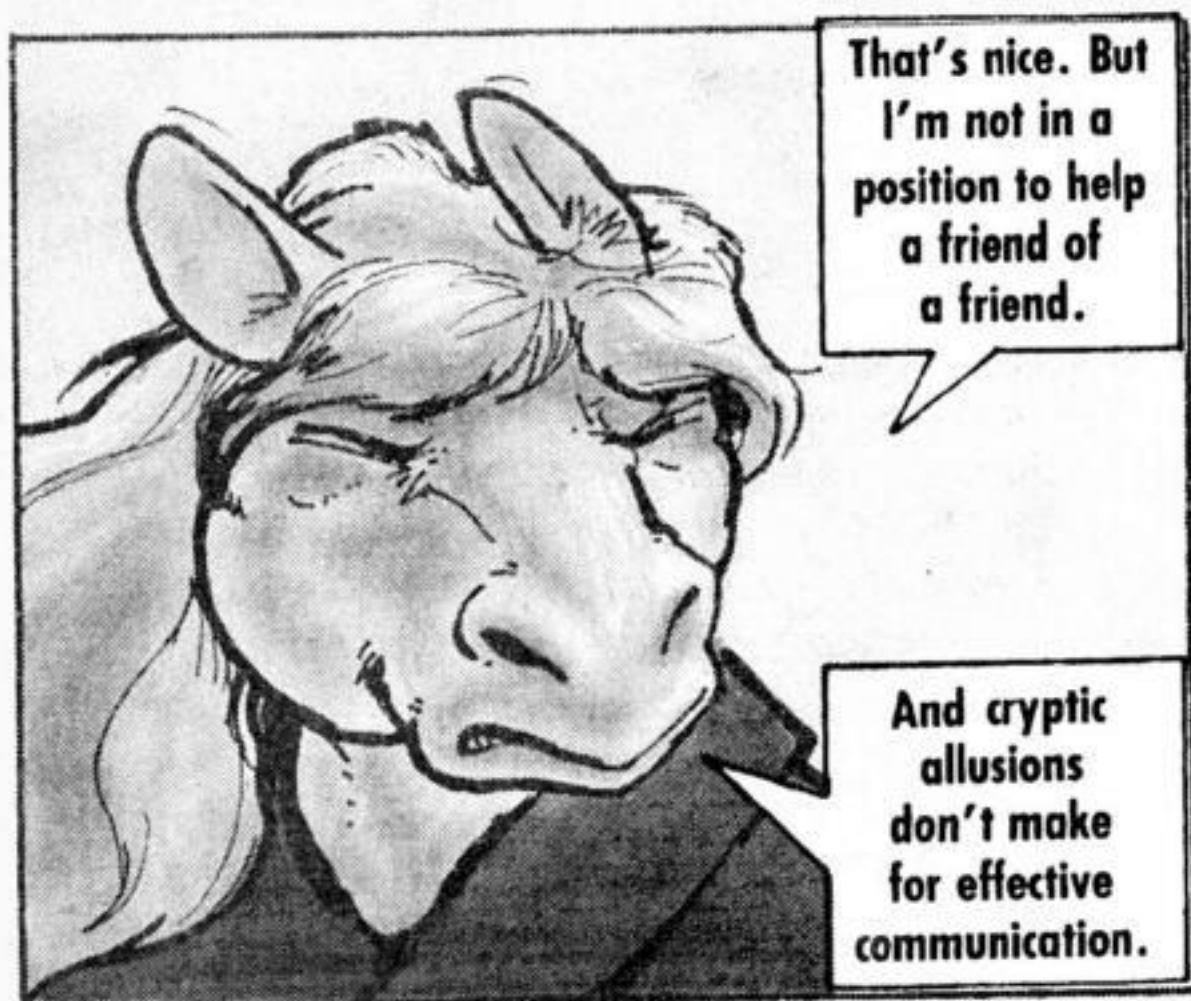
**Erma Felna, EDF** The enigmatic discovery outside the Ahahn-Tako system has disappeared under security wraps. (And the last we'll see of Dr. Kalakahaii for a while. See nr. 12 and 13 or Command Review vol. 3 for details.) In system, on Ish-Tako, Erma Felna is trying to settle into her command, with the able assistance of Toki. Meanwhile, halfway across known space, Itzak Arrat, attempting to head off a falsely unfavorable psychological report, has ended up stranded on Keptsuah, far short of his destination.





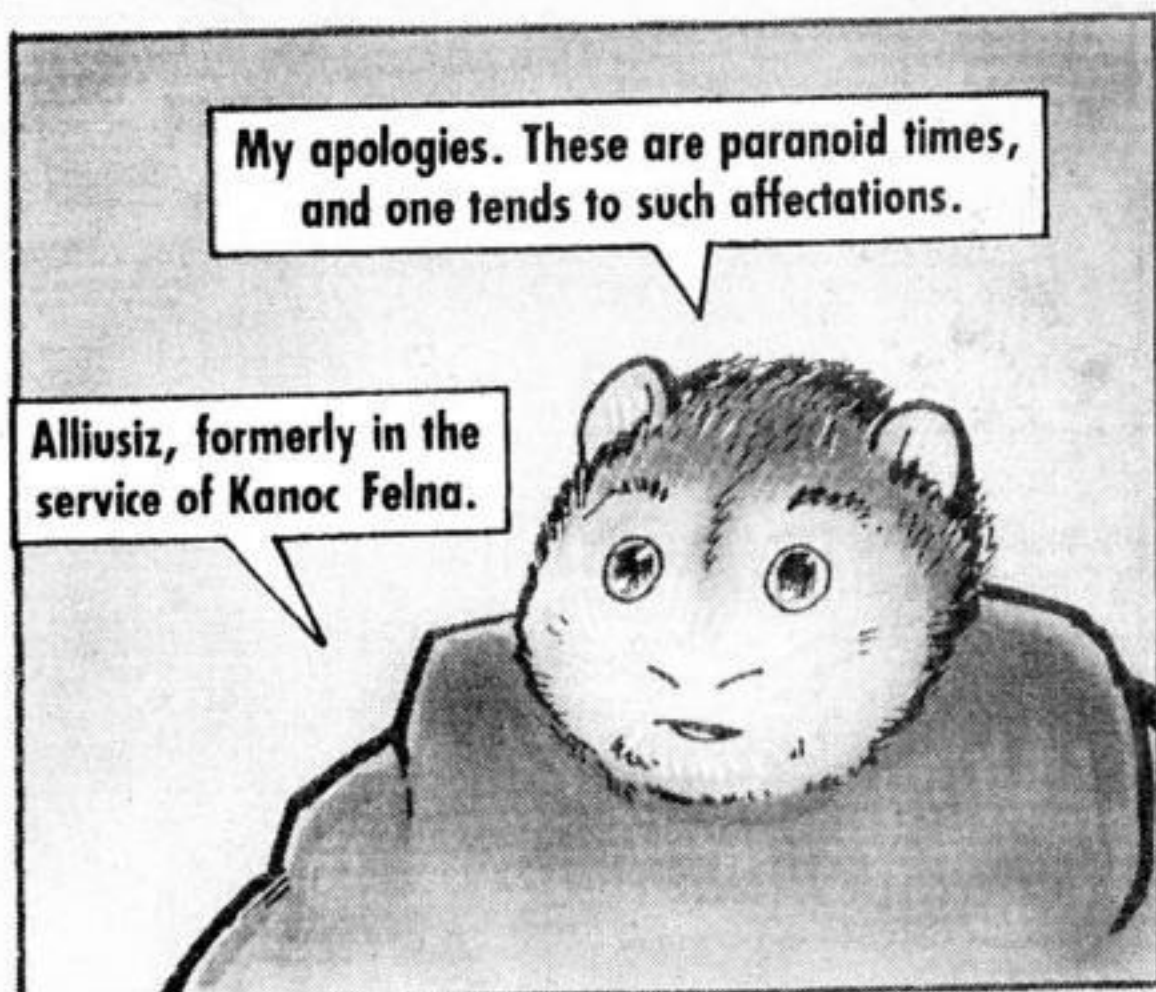


I come to you as an associate of a mutual acquaintance.



That's nice. But I'm not in a position to help a friend of a friend.

And cryptic allusions don't make for effective communication.



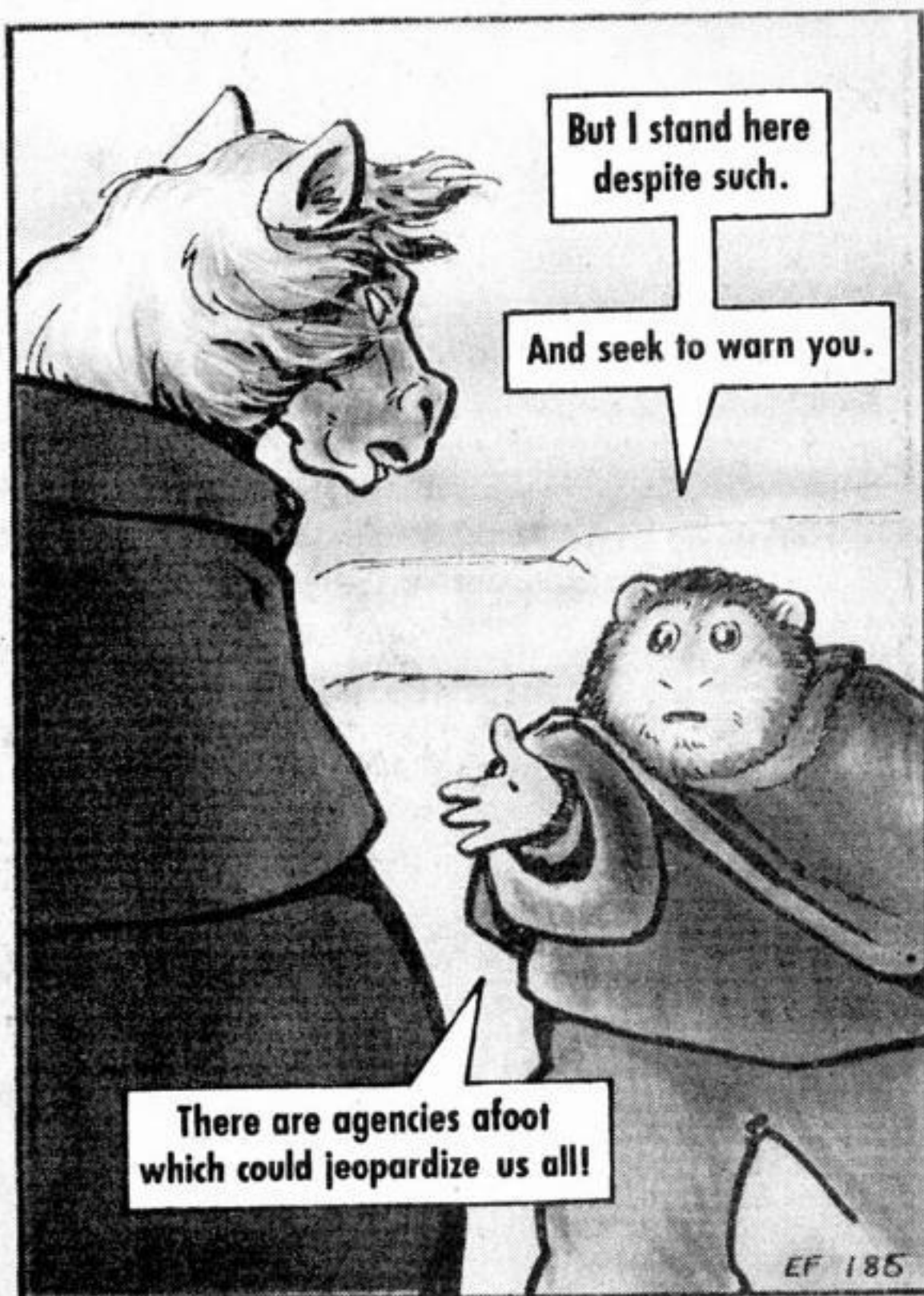
My apologies. These are paranoid times, and one tends to such affectations.

Alliusiz, formerly in the service of Kanoc Felna.



Felna's aide!? My Father said — .

Your father, and the official story, may say many things.



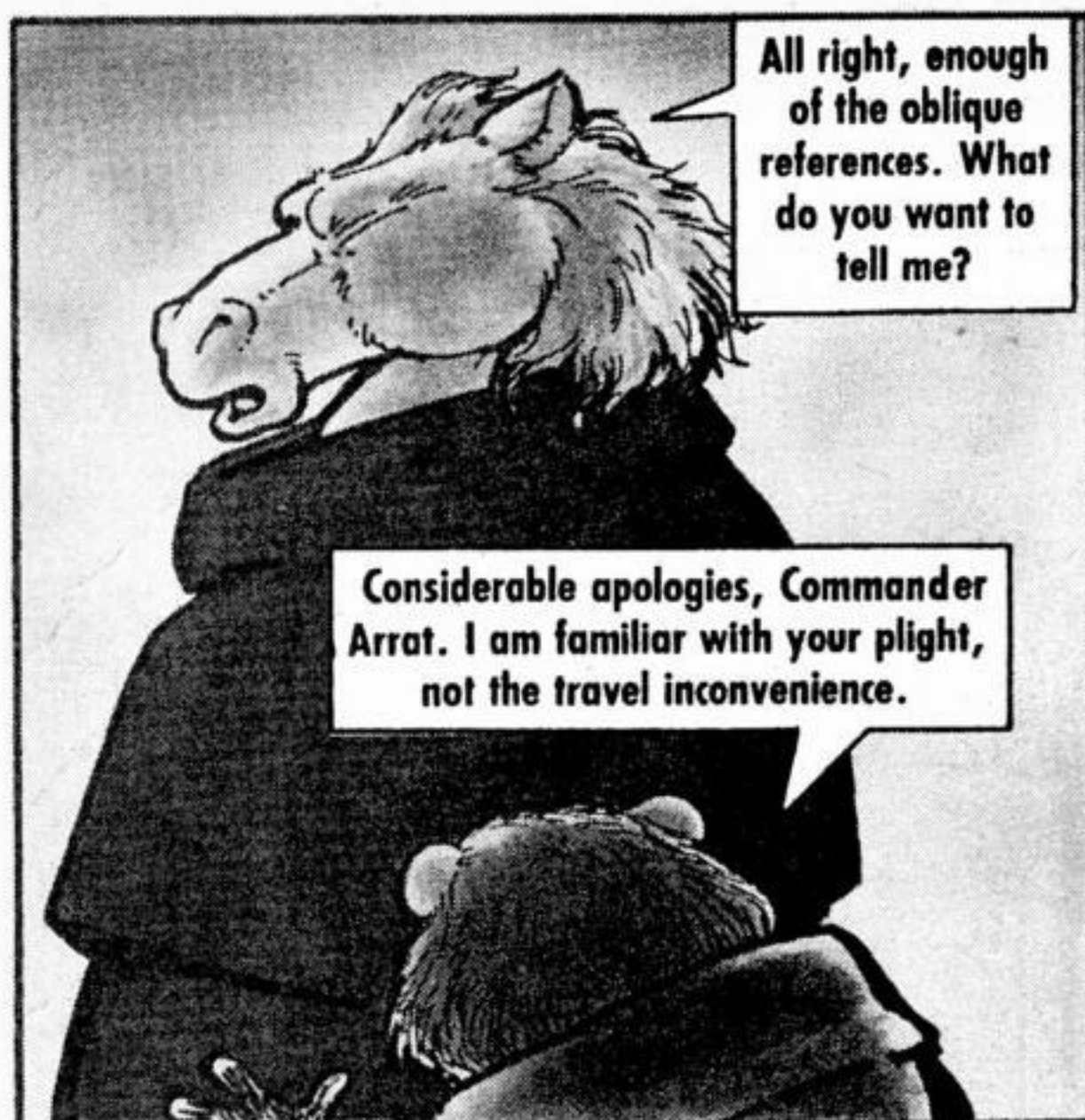
But I stand here despite such.

And seek to warn you.

There are agencies afoot which could jeopardize us all!

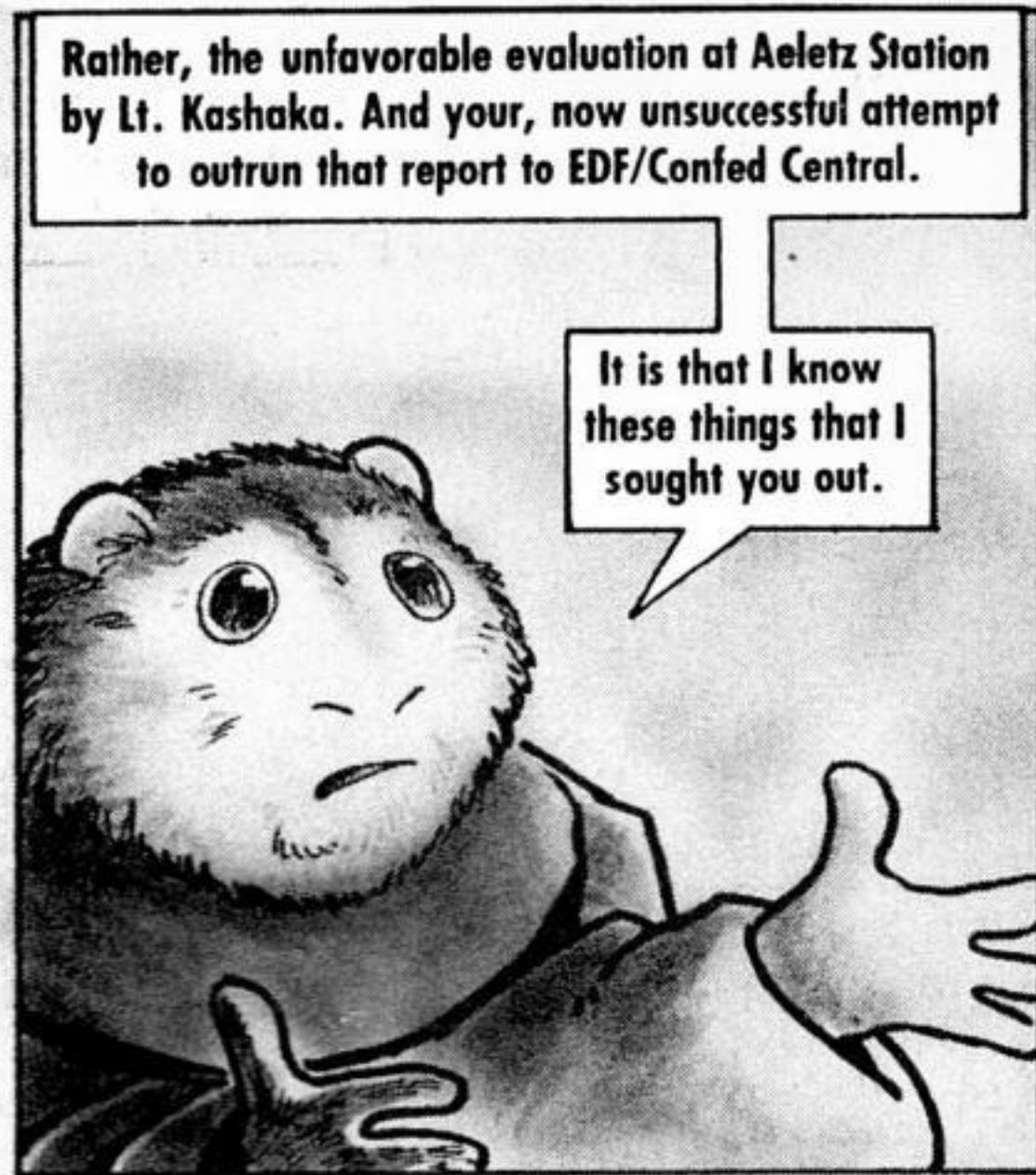
EF 185



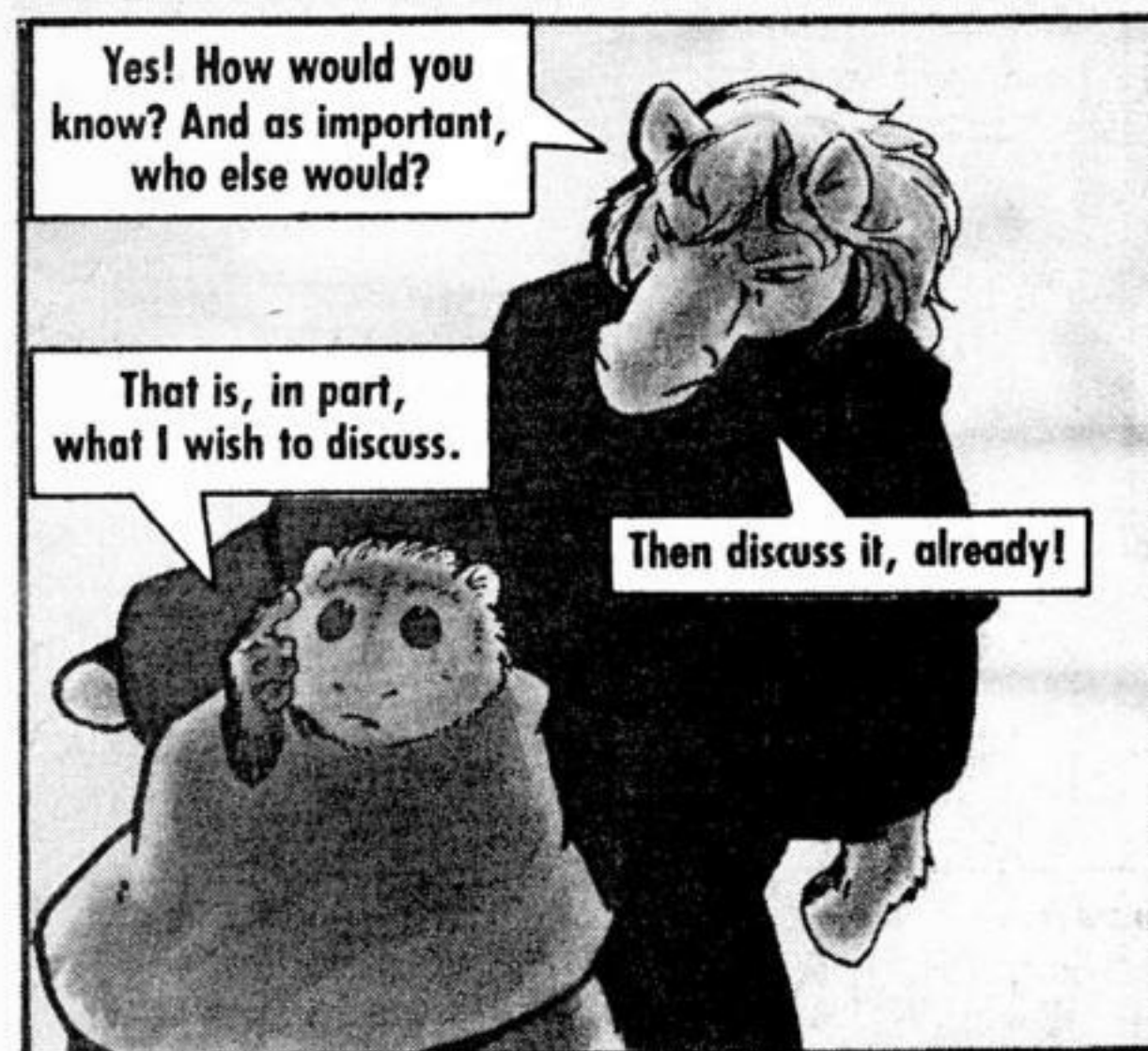


All right, enough of the oblique references. What do you want to tell me?

Considerable apologies, Commander Arrat. I am familiar with your plight, not the travel inconvenience.



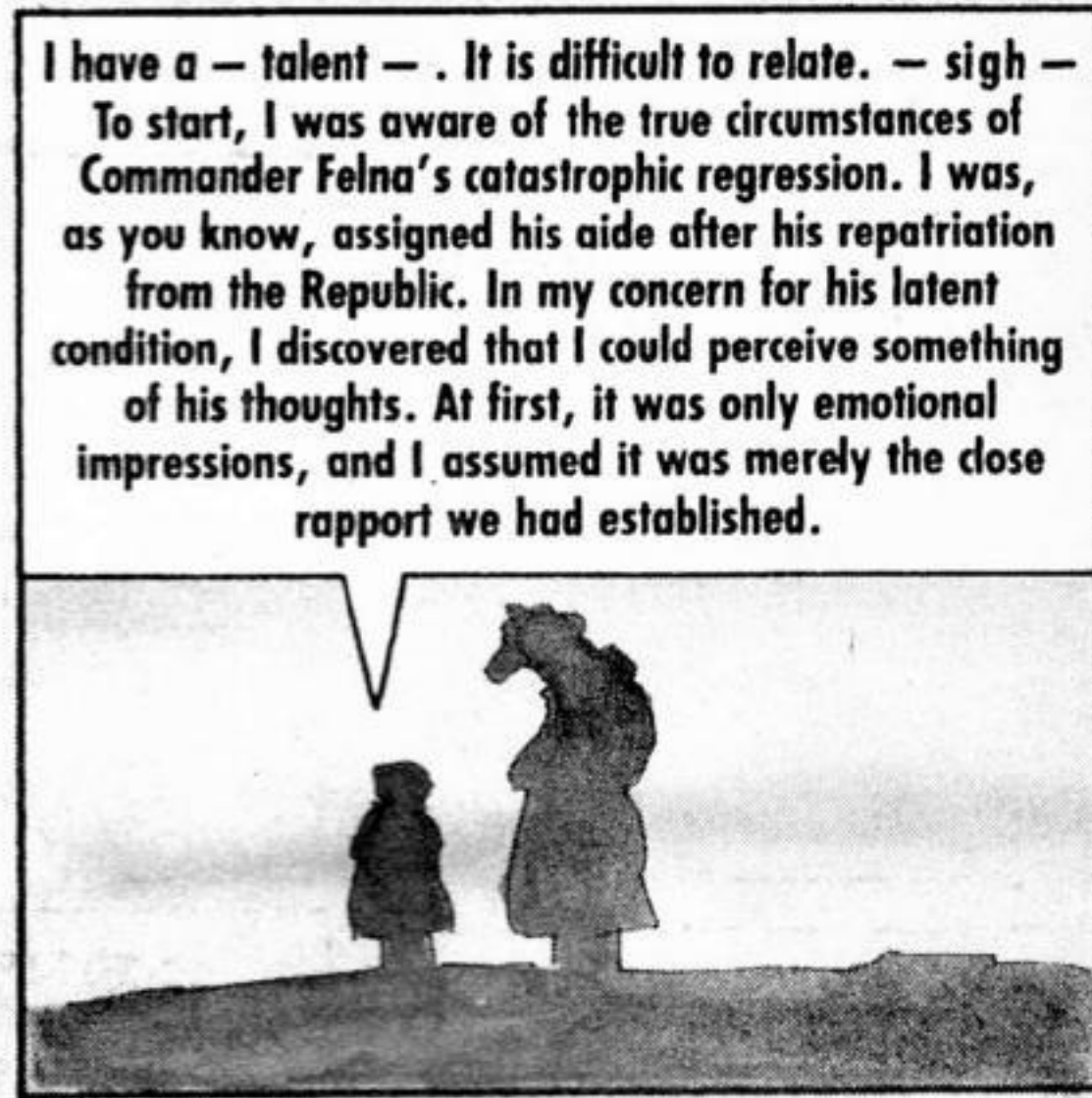
It is that I know these things that I sought you out.



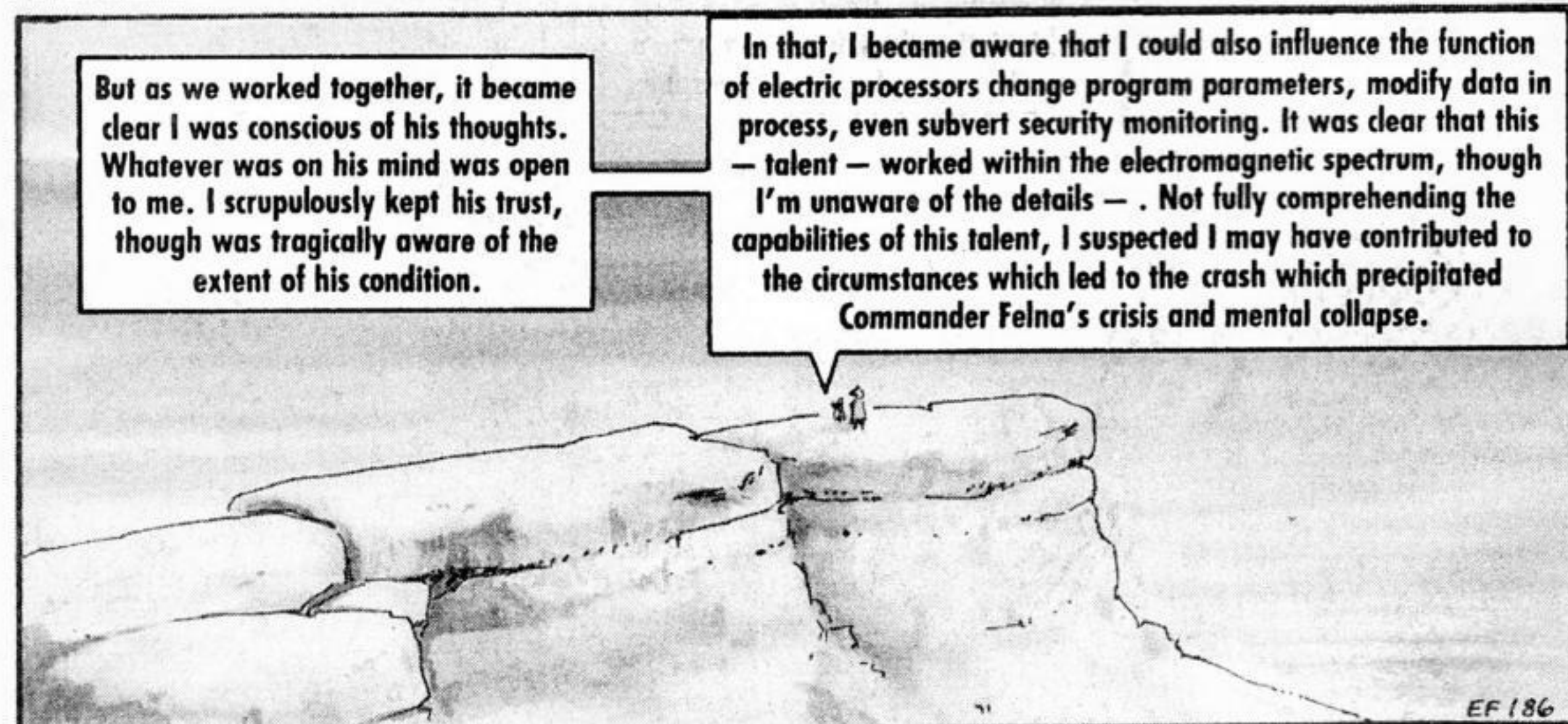
Yes! How would you know? And as important, who else would?

That is, in part, what I wish to discuss.

Then discuss it, already!



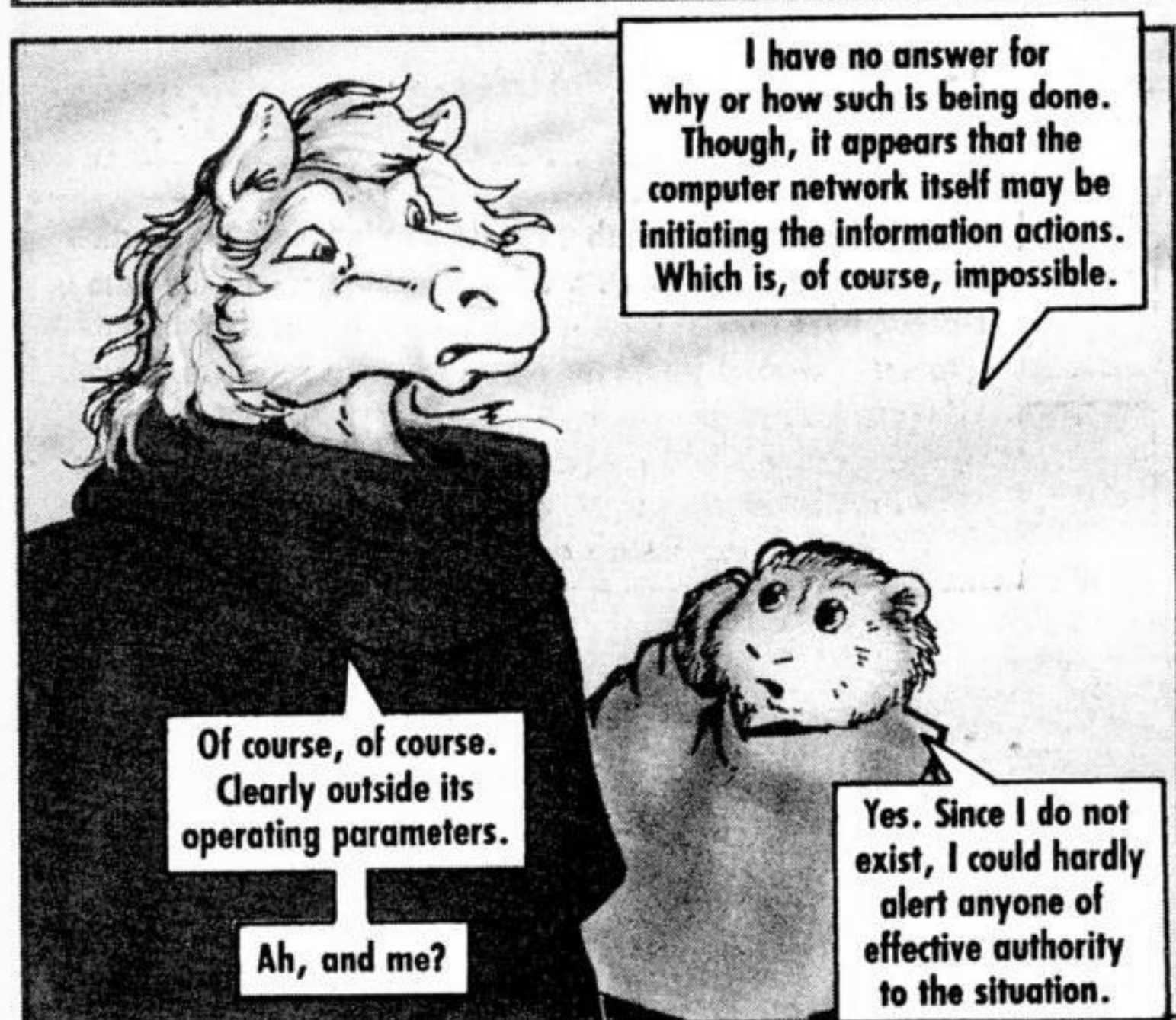
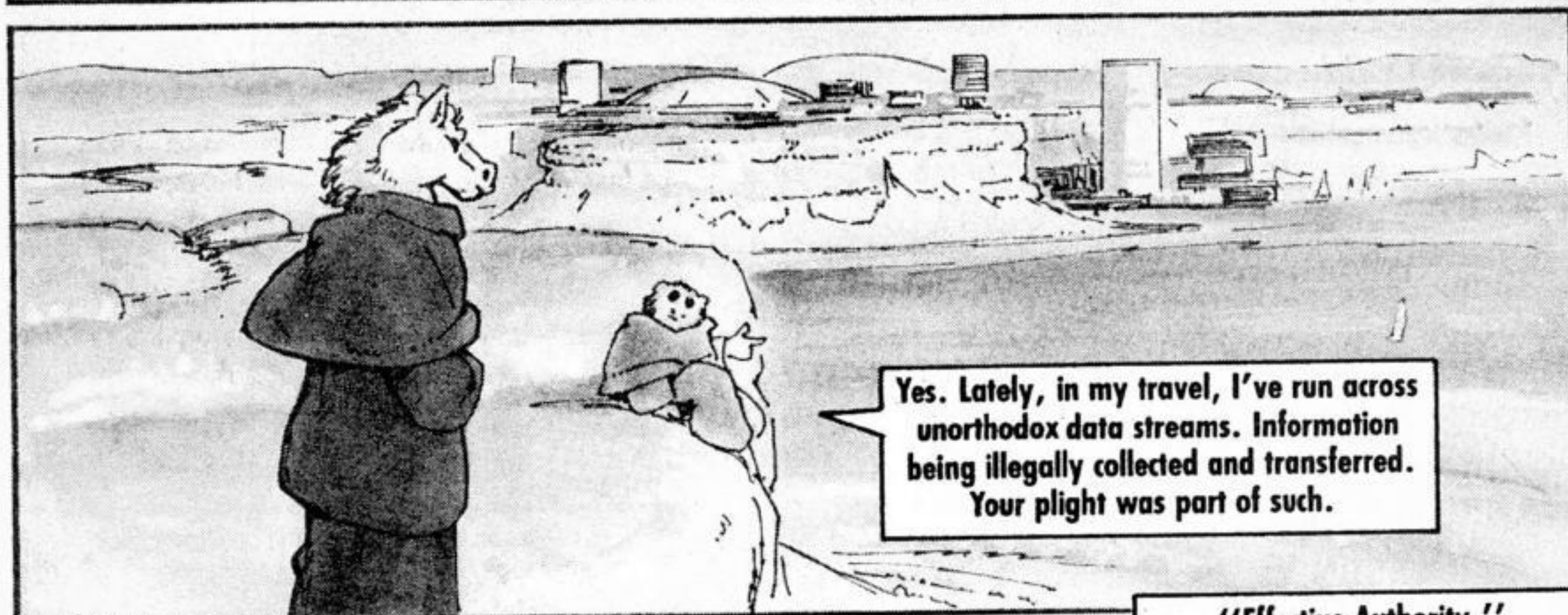
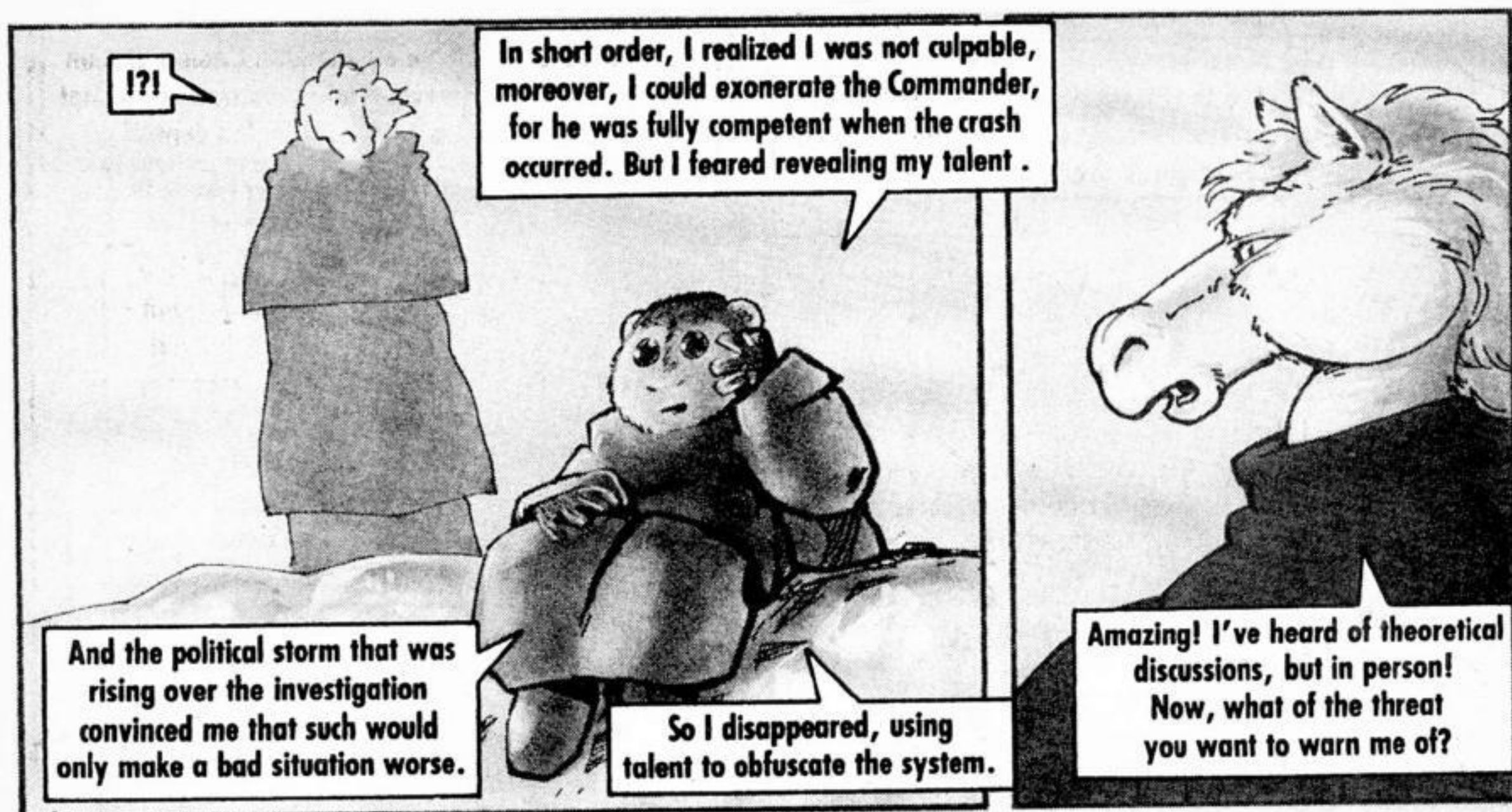
I have a — talent — . It is difficult to relate. — sigh —  
To start, I was aware of the true circumstances of Commander Felna's catastrophic regression. I was, as you know, assigned his aide after his repatriation from the Republic. In my concern for his latent condition, I discovered that I could perceive something of his thoughts. At first, it was only emotional impressions, and I assumed it was merely the close rapport we had established.



But as we worked together, it became clear I was conscious of his thoughts. Whatever was on his mind was open to me. I scrupulously kept his trust, though was tragically aware of the extent of his condition.

In that, I became aware that I could also influence the function of electric processors change program parameters, modify data in process, even subvert security monitoring. It was clear that this — talent — worked within the electromagnetic spectrum, though I'm unaware of the details — . Not fully comprehending the capabilities of this talent, I suspected I may have contributed to the circumstances which led to the crash which precipitated Commander Felna's crisis and mental collapse.







I have a copy of an intercepted data stream.  
It should be more than enough to prove my  
claim. Perhaps even enough evidence to  
indicate the origin of the activity.



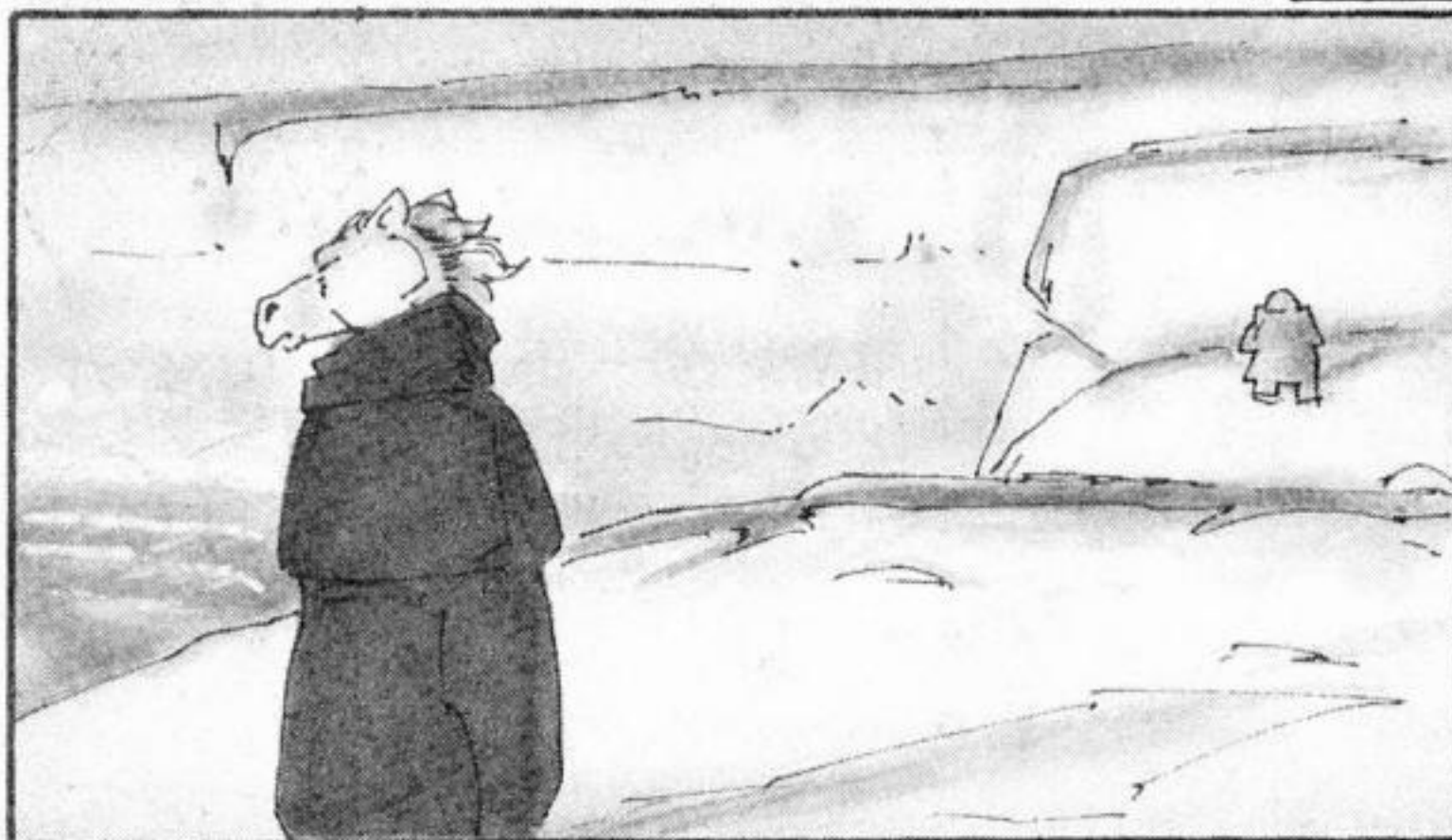
And, while you may not personally desire to present such,  
I trust your associations will provide an avenue.

And you?

Uh — I hope to  
serve as I can.

If I can assist in future,  
I can seek you out.

Thank you.



Did you hear?

And the data?

YES

HE HAS DETECTED THE NET.

Are you going to  
tell me about it?

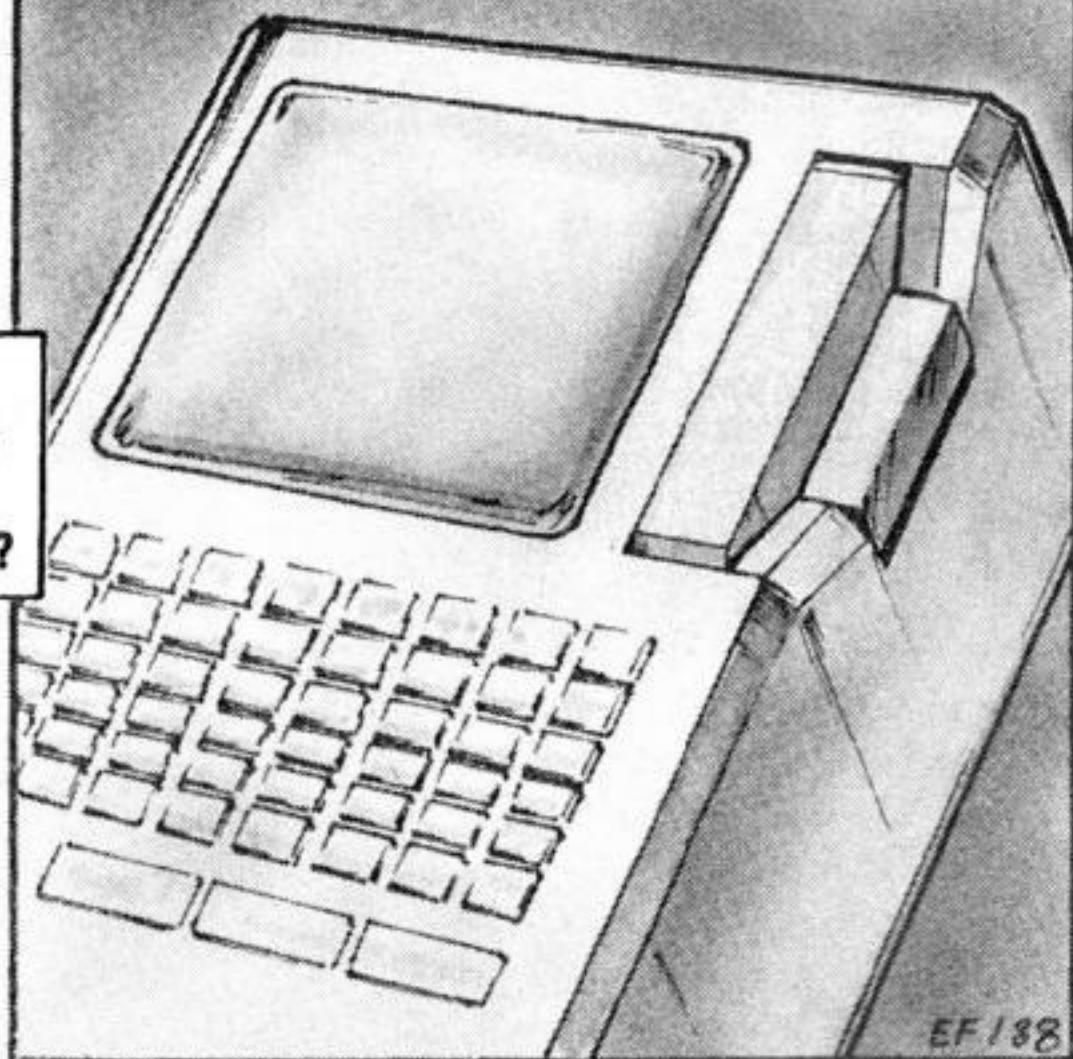
A-huh. If we're going to  
have a mutual relationship,  
you'd better open up.  
And how did he not read me?

I JAMMED HIM.  
I HAVE KNOWN ABOUT HIM,  
AND OTHERS, FOR SOME TIME.  
HIS SUSPICION OF ME,  
HOWEVER,  
IS A UNIQUE PROBLEM.

And what are you going to do?

I WILL LEAVE THAT TO YOU.

ALLIUSIA COULD BE A  
CONSIDERABLE ASSET.



EF 138



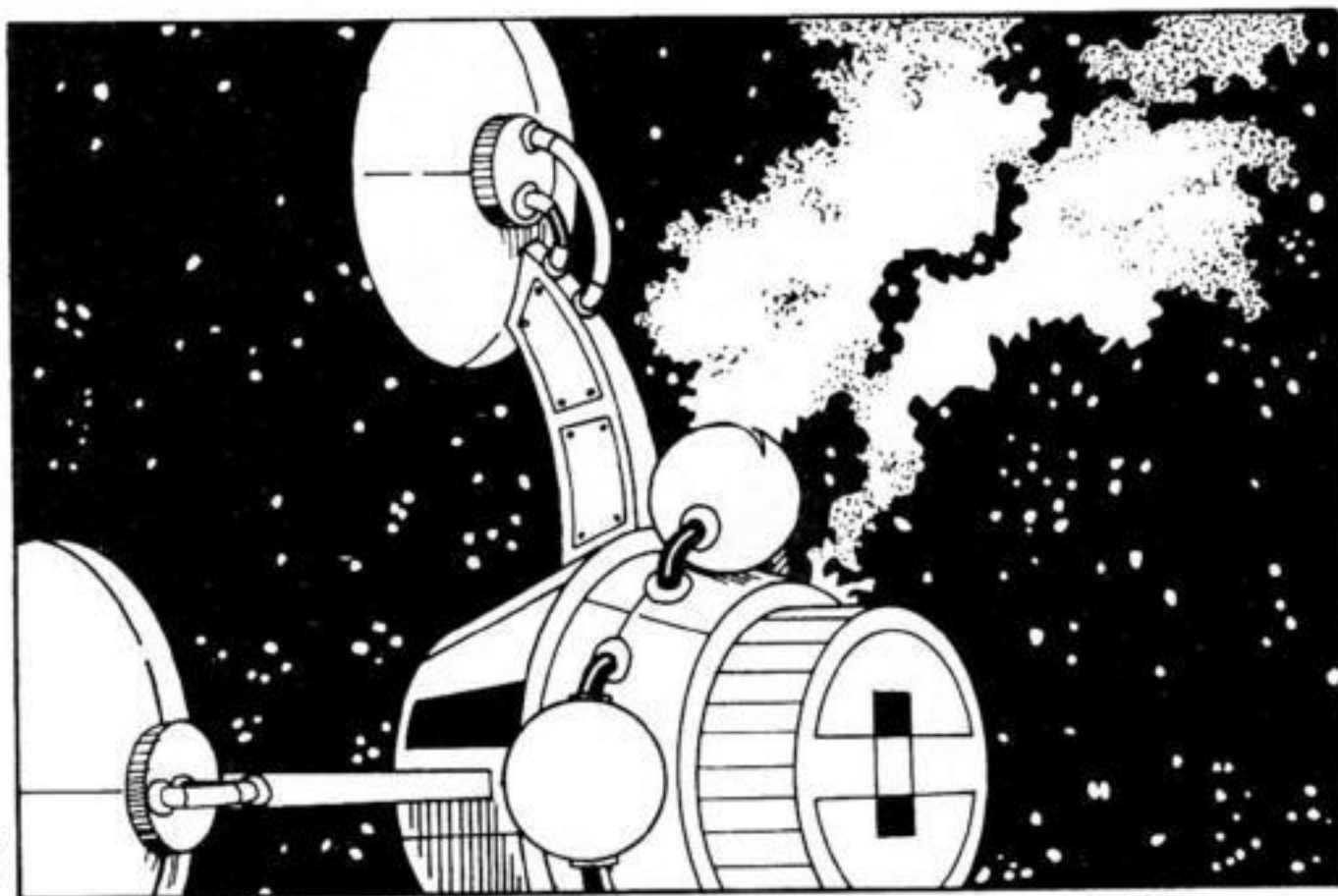
# SPACEWOLF

LIBERATOR OF THE GALAXY

© DJF 1988

## THE ORIGIN OF SPACE WOLF PART 2

AS SPACE WOLF AND HIS CREW PREPARE TO HIJACK AN IMPERIAL PROTEIN/SOYA TRANSPORT, THE CLOAK UNIT THEY ARE USING FOR COVER IS BEGINNING TO MALFUNCTION, AND THREATENS TO JEOPARDIZE THEIR AMBUSH.



DESPITE THE GROWING TENSION OVER THE FAILING CLOAK UNIT, PAXTON GREYCOAT, (AKA SPACE WOLF) SITS IN SILENCE WITH A PHOTO OF HIS FIANCEE, THE LADY ELSBETH, HIS THOUGHTS RACING BACK TO THE PAST.



"AS THE 1ST GALACTIC WAR ENTERED ITS 5TH YEAR, THE ONCE FIERCE FIGHTING BETWEEN THE ARMIES OF ARIES AND CANIS HAD STAGNATED INTO A STALEMATE."



"DURING THAT TIME, THE CANISII HAD ACCOMPLISHED LITTLE MORE THAN TO CONQUER, AND OCCUPY NEVSHINO, THE LARGEST CITY ON GAFLA!"

STORY & ART: SW 12  
DAN FLAKIVE