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ALBEDO

ANTHROPOMORPHICS

Editorial rantings and ravings.

First, about the look of the book.

A substantial percent of the letters I get, either damning or praising *Albedo* and *Erma*, make comments about the art. Debates over the relative virtues of brush versus pen line styles are largely moot. If I didn't use the current style, the book wouldn't come out; using a brush simply takes too long and causes too much eyestrain for me to continue it.

Comments about half-tone versus shading film are a different matter. There has been criticism about the shading film used in issue four, comments that it's just a cheap dodge and such. Trust me, if I did not have to use shading films, I wouldn't. They cost a ton o' bucks to buy, and the combination of altering the line style a bit to accommodate them and then putting them on doesn't save any time or effort, compared to doing airbrushed tone work. Hey, I'm an airbrush kind of guy, and I can do the whole book in just a couple of days.

The problem lies not at my end, but with the printer. Brenner does a quick, inexpensive job. But in doing so, such niceties as careful half-tone camera work or checking the ink rollers on the presses go out the window. By and large, the quality of the original art in the first three issues of Antarctic's *Albedo* has been as good as, if not better than, that in the last several issues of the old T & I effort. But once I ship the art off to Ben and he passes it on to Brenner, I've got no control over what happens to the final product. Each issue has been a new and largely unpleasant surprise for me, as I attempt to make the art easier to shoot or otherwise less easy to screw up.

Unfortunately, issue three was as good as Brenner was going to give me in the quality of the half-toned art, but it was still unacceptable. (Yes, I could have gotten the camera work done at my end, but that would have eaten up about half my income from the book, and still wouldn't guarantee they wouldn't botch the job.) So, starting with issue four, I went over to the shading sheets. I think it's a more limiting effect, but it is harder to mis-camera (though Brenner did), and even if it's not well printed, it is at least easier to see who's at fault. I'm telling you all this in the hope that it might preclude more mail that thinks the printed pages are exact duplications of what I did on the originals. No lie; I've gotten angry letters condemning my blotchy black tone work or the streaked and smeary pages, which were in fact horror artifacts of indifferent camera and press work.

But why are you still dealing with them if they give you such awful product? you might ask. Well, when a comic wants to break even, or maybe even make a profit, it has to be printed as economically as possible. Antarctic has been doing business with Brenner for a while, and in keeping them busy, enjoys some pretty good price breaks. And with *Albedo*'s current low sales (under 3500), it's either save money on the printing or publish at a loss. Antarctic isn't a charity publisher and I'm not too keen on doing all this work for free, so the effort has to adjust to the economic realities of the situation. (This is not a whine for more sales, just setting the record straight on the why's and what's of it all.)

Now on to deep introspection. It's Wednesday night, the 10th of June, and I'm still doing the finishes on this issue. Antarctic called to ask why it's now really, really late. I should have had the issue to bed in April. Why is it so hard for me to get this pig out on time? And if it is such a struggle, why do I bother at all?

Good questions.

I started working on what became *Erma* and *Albedo* while I was in the Air Force, in 1978. I had been inspired by the work of Vaughn Bode and the then new Star+Reach line and other "ground level" comics that were beginning to rise up out of the underground scene. I'm no great talent, and my early efforts were seriously lame, but I was a young and enthusiastic kind-o-guy and heck, it was just all for fun, right? Nothing to be self-conscious about.

By the time the first real issue came out in 1984, I was getting older and more worldly (yeah, sure), and when it came to actually do the work on the book, it was just that, work. There's a big difference between idle-hour doodling and humping away at a page count. But the overall effect was still a gas. Doing the real thing, hot damn! However, I'm a procrastinator. Not necessarily lazy, just tend to dodge those things I know I ought to do in favor of things that give me more immediate satisfaction. Lately, with the new house, it's things like planting tomatoes, hauling a couple of cubic yards of dirt around the back yard, and painting 55-gallon drums for rain barrels.

Now why would I want to do that instead of *Erma* pages? Back in 1980, I was at Cornish Fine Art Institute and, in an introspective moment, I did a sketch called "Real Freedom": a windswept hilltop with some artist's paraphernalia scattered about,

Continued on page 28

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(Editing and production assistance by Bev Clark, Cindy Murata, and Tom Verre)

Erma Felna, EDF

©1992, S.A.Gallacci

Introduction.

Here's a story,
of a cat named Erma,
Trapped in plot lines too numerous to tell...

With all the players and plots, separated by distance and time, that make up the story of *Erma Felna, EDF*, especially as some of the subplots trace their way back to the first issues of Albedo, back in '84, a recap of the situations couldn't hurt. Future issues will have a streamlined version of this, but as there's too much to cram into expositional notes as we go, I'll have to do this to help the new/forgetful readers who need to be filled in.

First, the really big picture for those of you new to it all. The population of known space are all genetic constructs, settled on the planet Arras Charka, apparently as a grand sociological experiment, about two centuries before the present. Left to develop on their own, they quickly struck out into interstellar space and began colonizing a fair-sized portion of local space. After a few generations, many of the far-flung colonies began to experiment with different socioeconomic and political systems.

A pair of colonies inhabited largely by rabbits decided to both disassociate themselves from the rest of the colonies and at the same time seized external assets of other settlements. They then began to invade worlds to take as their own. The more organized inner colonies quickly established a Confederation and, to deal with the hostile rabbits, now calling themselves the **Independent Lepine Republic**, a unified military arm, the **Extraplanetary Defense Force**. Thus the War began. It was a disjointed and drawn-out affair, as the art of war had to be made up as everyone went along. When it was over, little progress had been achieved in terms of territory, but it had spawned military institutions and taught dangerous lessons about war-making.

Erma Felna was born just before the War. Her father, **Kanoc,** had been among the founding members of the EDF and was taken prisoner during the War. After the War, he encouraged her toward a military career, despite strong opposition from her mother, **Eda,** and the educational and military establishment. Before he could witness her success, Kanoc had a psychotic breakdown stemming from abuse at the hands of his ILR captors and became largely disconnected from reality.

Erma sees action early on, disabling a terrorist sniper while still in academy training, and is part of an EDF action to resecure the colony world of Derzon, which has been seized by forces which, while clearly ILR troops, are never acknowledged as such by their government.

Erma's next assignment, on Ekosiak, puts her into the middle of civil unrest, which has been in part contrived by powerful business interests that hope to make outlying worlds dissolve their relationship with the Confederation and take them over as company-owned planets. There she meets Confederation Secretary **Shato** and his assistant, **Dea-Htuhok Kho.** While Erma, in cooperation with Colonel **Onni Hitzok** of the local Homeguard, deals with the more public aspects of the unrest, Shato does covert computer things and assassinations to thwart the corporate conspiracy. He is then sent back to higher headquarters under house arrest, as the ends in this case do not justify the means. Meanwhile, **Itzak Arrat**, captain of the EDF ship DH270 and a family friend of the Felnas, confronts what are in effect space pirates, and after dealing with them, becomes enmeshed in both the Ekosiak conspiracy and later, the network of corruption which now pervades EDF central commands.

While Erma is en route to her next assignment on Ish-Tako, with **Toki**, a friend from her academy days, her ship is attacked by elements of the extremist factions whose actions summoned her there. After the attack, they happen to notice a derelict spaceship, and a later expedition discovers exotic technologies and the body of an alien (human), who they suspect might be one of the "creators," the mysterious individuals or agency that started the original colony back on Arras Charka.

On Ish-Tako, the civil unrest quickly subsides, and Erma's personal life gets busy, as she rekindles an old flame, **Alfon Voga,** and they have a child together. Back on Ekosiak, Dea and the Colonel have gotten friendly as they attempt to track down the remainder of the old conspiracy, only to find that it has taken on a new form with new players.

And the ILR hasn't been idle, as it gears up for what it perceives to be a pre-emptive war.

*for future continuity, these should be considered definitive spellings (unless I screwed up again)

SD 197-07-01 Confed Secretariat, Hicho, Ekosiak

Oh hum - might as well do a file review -

see if I can get any insight on the Dana case.

That's odd--

these files seem--

These have been changed-

all of them.

Damn- I can't get a save on any of the early files-

This can't be happening- I'll check the library-

NO!

This is impossible- the Confed baselines have been altered- not much-

but enough to invalidate the whole investigation-

This is no local trick-

EF276

Dea?

The Net's been compromised.

What?!

Khai! You're right!

Everything's been altered!

I'll get back to you!

This is a computer security alert!

Everyone check their personal files against the Net baselines!

Something wrong with the Net?

That's impossible.

Keep all your hardcopies. It's the Net that's in question. Prepare comparison summaries ASAP!

Governor. Colonel Hitzok here.

I've got an emergency. The Net's been compromised.

Colonel? Are you sure about that?

According to my files, the doubt lies at your end.

There has been some information to suggest you have been involved in some - ah - subjective - activities.

WHAT!?

Make a continuous hard format recording of everything that happens from here out!

Why Colonel, such dramatics! Especially with official Net files clearly showing your less-than-aboveboard activity. But, as you've been a bit overwrought of late, and perhaps a bit distracted by outside influences, I've requested Major Haddeen to - augment - your command while we sort all this out.

I trust you won't pursue any more extralegal excursions until he arrives. Good day.

Meu

Carry on with the computer security check.

Uhm, Colonel. We've done a pretty thorough go-through of our Net files, and aside from your special investigation, there doesn't *appear* to be anything amiss. But I've been with you on this from the start, and I *know* the data has been altered. But I don't know how and I can't prove any of it.

I don't know how it was done either, but someone's skewed the whole Net base. And without any independent corroboration, I can't prove a thing. Moreover, it looks like Governor Genyanaka will claim my version is a criminal conspiracy. And she'll no doubt attempt to connect Dea and Confed to it all.

Ah, Sir. Hadn't we better do something?

You're right. Might as well get all the files in order as best we can.

I was thinking more in terms of our defense.

Defense? With the new "official" story the only "authentic" facts, our own files can only incriminate us.

Sir, given your popularity, the Governor couldn't convict you of jaywalking, but -

Given the extent of the dirty tricks we've uncovered -

I'd be more worried about "tragic accidents" or some sort of "died in an irrational shoot out when confronted with investigators asking about suspicious computer data manipulations."

Khai! You're right!

We've got to put out special protection for Bersham and the Tekah family.

Call it protective surveillance or some such.

The new commander can't object too much -

I need some volunteers. Going to provide some cover for the Confed Secretary.

With the Net no longer a reliable witness to events, I suspect there will be 'terrorist' acts against pro-Confed individuals and organizations.

The Governor does not agree. And though I'm not saying she necessarily might have an agenda -

I suspect anyone who comes with me and upholds the law may well suffer the consequences.

Now remember, stay alert and stay in continuous contact with the other units.

Secretary Htuhok, I'm here to provide armed escort to your residence.

Onni, do you really think it necessary?

EF280

I'm afraid that no one is safe now. I'm afraid that whoever's behind this knows no limits to the abuses that can be done.

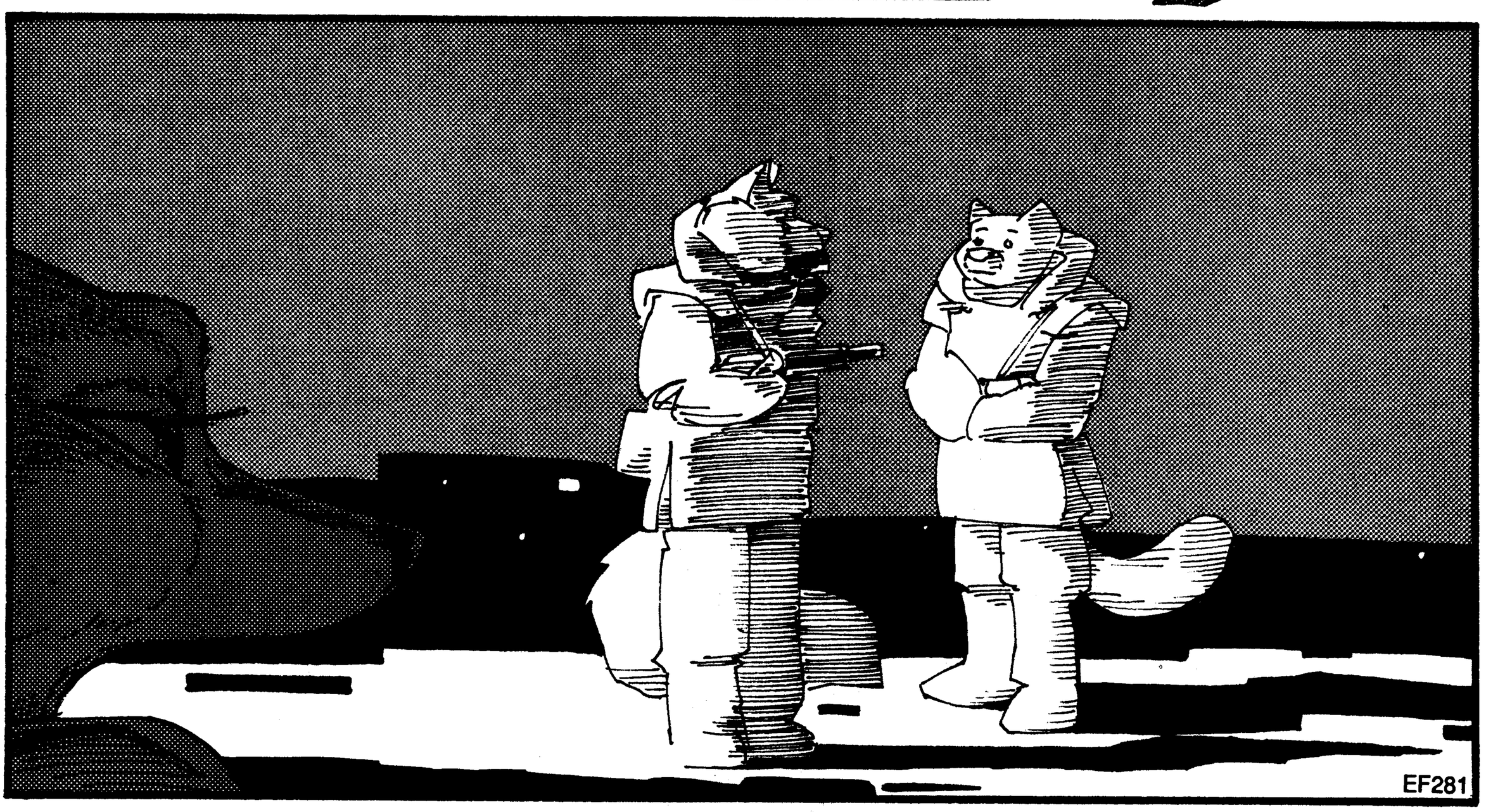
All clear in here!

Secure the outer grounds and begin your patrols.

Oh, Onni, what will happen to you?

Dea, let's not worry about that. What's important is that you remain safe for now.

Onni?



Now little Rojigo gets to see where his Mommy really works.

Yeah. I'm having the hardest time leaving him with Keena.

Who can blame you. He's such a cute little guy.

SD198-06-14 EDF Remote Operations Base, Ish Tako •

Well, thanks for taking care of him while I'm up.

It's no bother, right Ro'? Who's your favorite Auntie?

Ya know, I could take him more of the time. Keena and them are fine, but I'm more immediately available.

Yeah. But you've got your command responsibilities as well.

Now Rojigo, a goodbye smooch from your Momma.

YEOOW

Or maybe not.

EF282

Looky, looky, there goes your Momma.

Fine-looking cub you got there.

So, she got off?

That's her in the D-10.

It's an interesting contest.

Umh?

Between Ro' and the cockpit. Erma's about the only pilot I know who really lives to fly.

Isn't that a bit -

No. Not really. Lots of air jocks like to fly - because it's fun or whatever. But Erma flies because it's what she does.

That and Command.

Now Ro' is here and she's got an all or nothing conflict going.

EF283

And how do you figure that?

OUCH!

It's a female thing.

mph!

Seriously. Doesn't she *talk* to you?

uhm uhm

Yeah - sort of. She's always such a "good parent" at home. But I see what you mean.

She hasn't really found a balance between pilot officer and mother.

And she hasn't recognized that her unit, as well as the care group, can give our little beast all the attention he needs.

There you go. Kill the utensils for awhile.

And give us a chance to eat in peace.

EF284

SD198-03-18 Jan Mining Cooperative, SCN +118 +178 +23

Welcome to our new home.

Or, at least, a new start for one.

Pretty extensive complex.

I've heard that it's almost completely self-sufficient.

I still wonder if we did the right thing.

My only regret is that more of us won't make it out here.

I pity the fools who are too honest to cut and run. The "new reality" would eat them alive.

EF285

Capt. Arrat. I apologize for not spending time with you.

Ship's business and all.

I fully understand, Capt. Chanda.

I thank you Captain, and I wish I could finally sit down and talk -

But, in fact, I'm in a bit of a rush right now. But I have an offer to pass on to you.

How would you like a ship?

oh?

It's a 52 meter hull*, mixed use configuration.

With respect, I'm no freighter captain.

Enchawah is out here?

The ship is with the Tawan/Enchawah Self-Defense Organization.

"Good business is where you find it." You have a problem with Enchawah?

Not with the organization itself. But I'm suspicious of any private enterprise that take on the roles of the state.

You're not an Enchawah member?

Me? No. Enchawah is just providing capital, looking for a niche, and in case of trouble, a bolt hole.

So, what about the ship?

Do you really think it will get that bad?

I really don't know, and that's the real danger, the depth of the uncertainty.

Can I select my own crew?

Funny you should mention that.

EF286

*The dimension is the pressure hull diameter, a more telling reference than length, which can vary with interchangeable hull sections.

SD 198-04-02 Confed Secret Test Site

It's shaping up well.

Yes. We're about ready for a test.

Really?! I didn't know you had gotten that far.

Hoi. We've been firing it up for a couple of weeks already.

How soon can we get a production version?

Well, while this unit is purely experimental, we've been CAD'ing up production prototypes as we go.

By the time we get these last test series done, we could have the first dozen hulls operational - by the end of the year.

EF287

The other developments are coming on more slowly.

We understand the physics of the sensors, but we haven't been able to reverse-engineer how they were made.

The Creators seem to have been able to manipulate materials at quantum levels.

And the subatomic configurations play a part in the sensor's performance.

Anything new on the - ah - subject?

You mean have we been able to prove she's really a Creator?

In an absolute sense, no.

But, for all practical purposes, what else could she be? Her body, and the trace bits of the rest of the crew, all point to that conclusion.

Every time I look at her -

I know -

There's something about her - It gives me nightmares.

EF288

SD 197-10-02 Orhannhoo City, Baliannian

So, what *have* you been so cryptic about?

Ohmm, nothing much.

You know how Daddy's been promoted? Well, there's more!

He's been fast-tracked into some hot project.

And with his pull, you're not only guaranteed for Academy, but there's already a posting lined up for you.

A posting?

Now wait a minute.

I *know* the Fleet can't do their manpower four years in advance. What are you talking about?

I'm not sure - but it's something like a short course to be an officer. You'll be on line in something like nine weeks.

Daddy says he'll be needing all the talent he can get with the big thing coming.

Tahdi, I wanted to go to Academy to be an engineer, not some OTS* junior grade cannon-fodder!

EF289

*OTS = Officer's Training School, a limited military "basic training" for officers instead of the lengthy academic education of a military academy

It stinks, and you can tell your Father that I don't want anything to do with it!

It's a favor I could do without.

Ipcha, wait! You can't mean that! Daddy said it like a favor.

But this a for real big thing! Really! Daddy was talking like it was an ultimate move, career-wise.

Ipcha, I love you! And Daddy knows we want to get married and thought this could be a big boost for you now, for both our sakes.

Oh Tahdi, I love you too.

Let's go talk to your father and work this out.

I can well appreciate your career concerns, young man, especially as they involve my daughter as well.

While I cannot go into any details, the offer of a commission and posting is at this time both an excellent opportunity and of real importance to the fleet. Your decision either way will not influence my thoughts about your wanting to marry. However, remember that academy cadets don't receive any allowance for a spouse or dependents, so Tahdi would have to live either with your family or here, and then you'd be lucky to see her once a month when classes start. After OTS, you could still get your academics through on-duty training. So in the same four years, you'll be a captain of engineers with an excellent war record instead of an academy-fresh junior lieutenant who's missed the action.

EF290

REFRACTIONS
AN ALBEDO OMNIBUS

REFRACTIONS is the official companion magazine to the anthropomorphic hard-SF comic book ALBEDO.

The first issue, shipping in July, will contain articles on gaming, the ALBEDO universe, short stories, life in EDF space, and a special collectable soundsheet insert.

For more information or to subscribe in the US, send $4.00 to:

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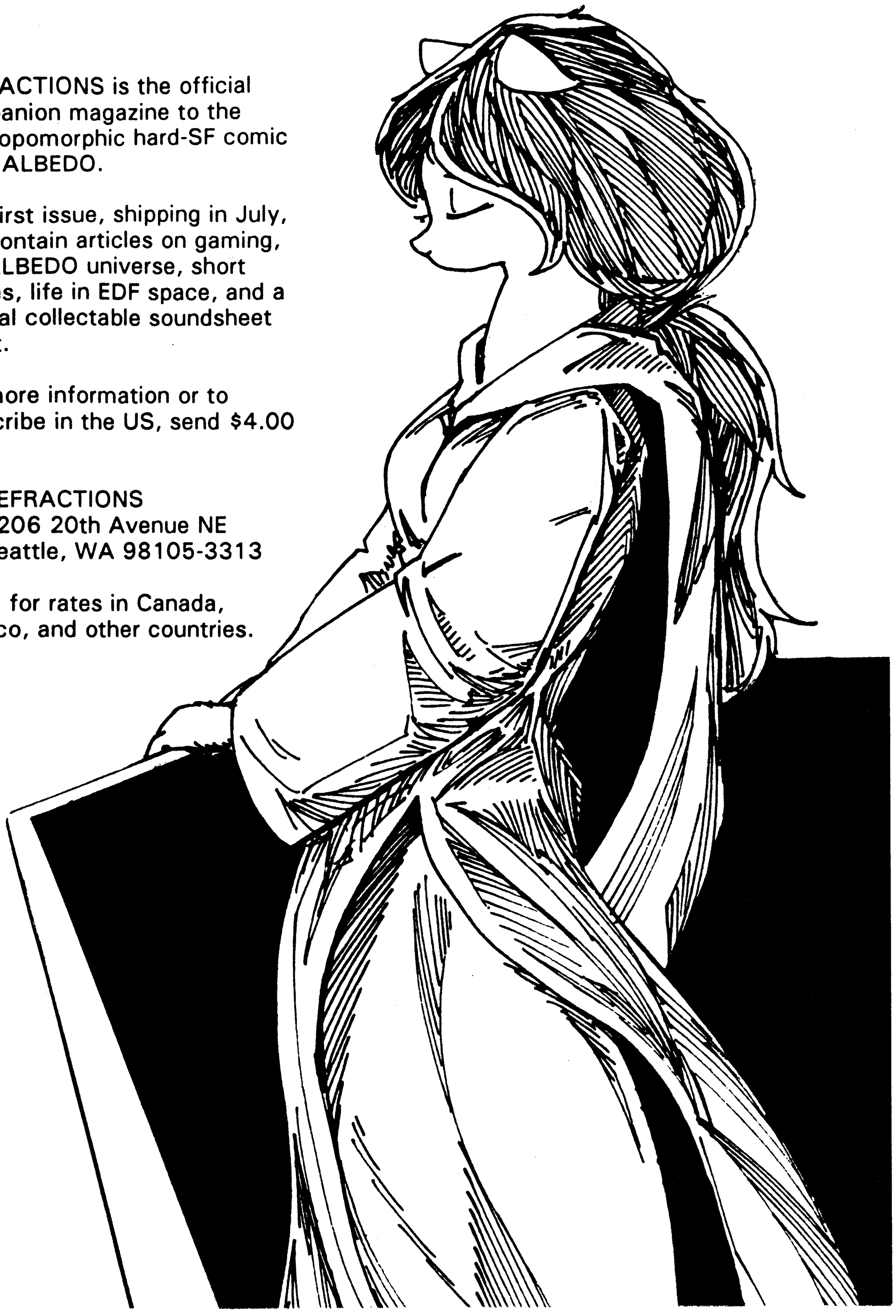
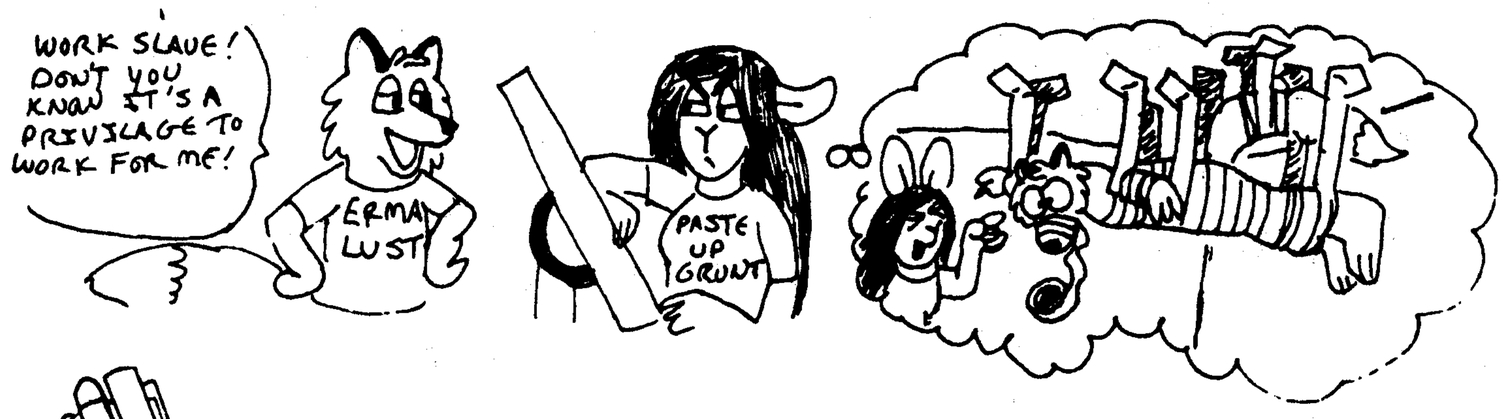
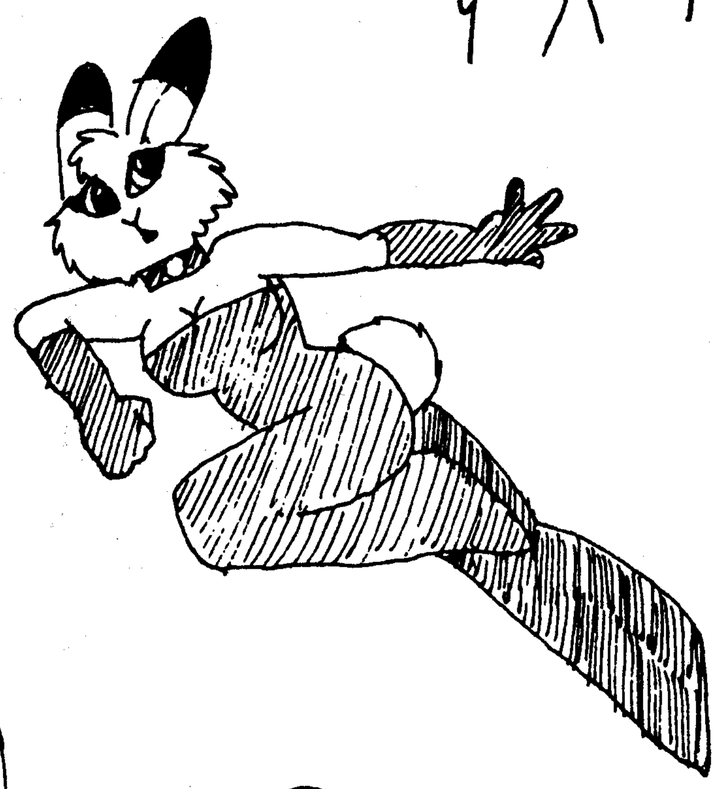


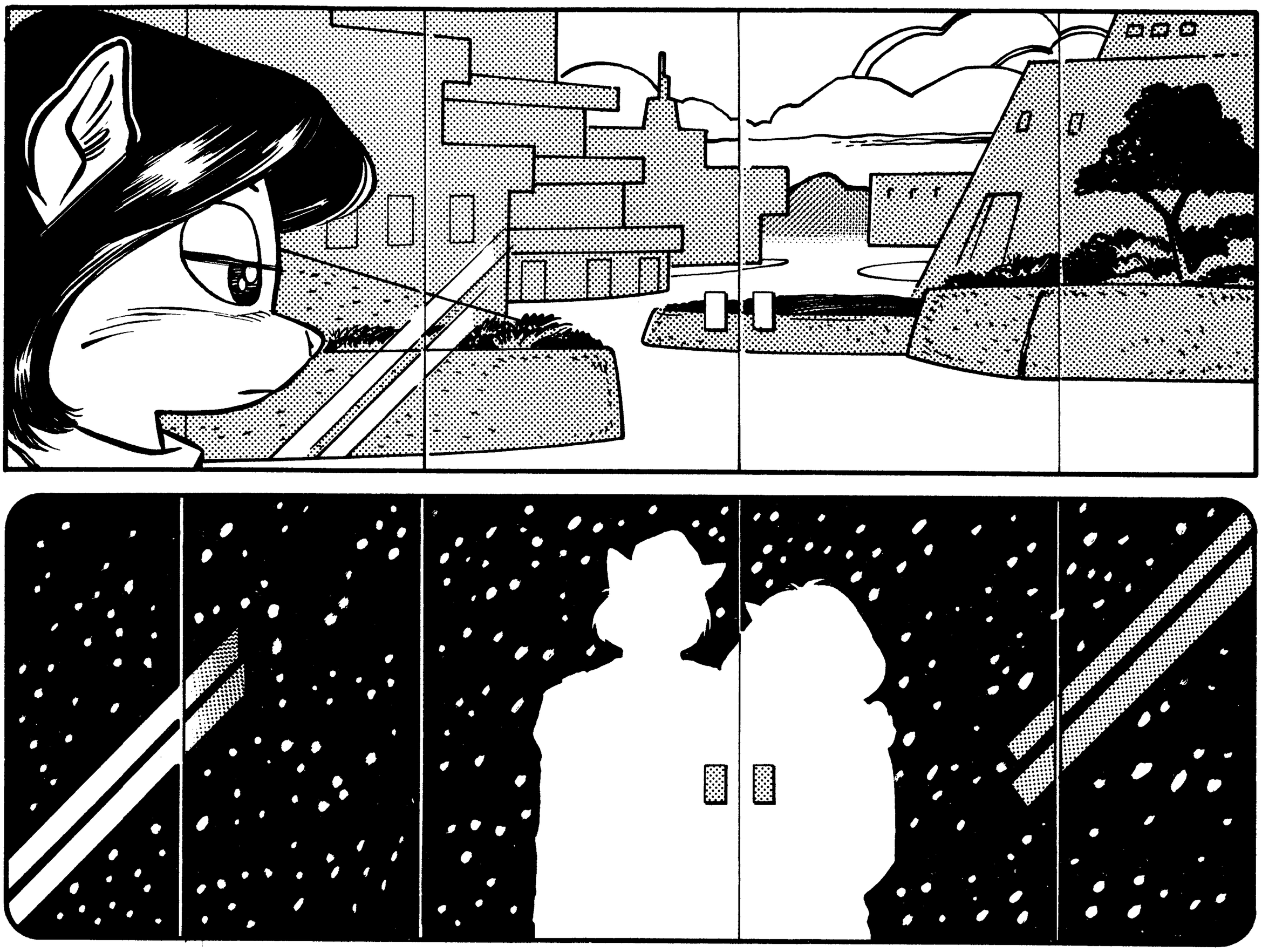
Here's some samples of Cindy Murata's doodly bits. She's been around since day one, lifting morale or pasting down text. I hope to have more of hers and Tom Verre's work in future issues.

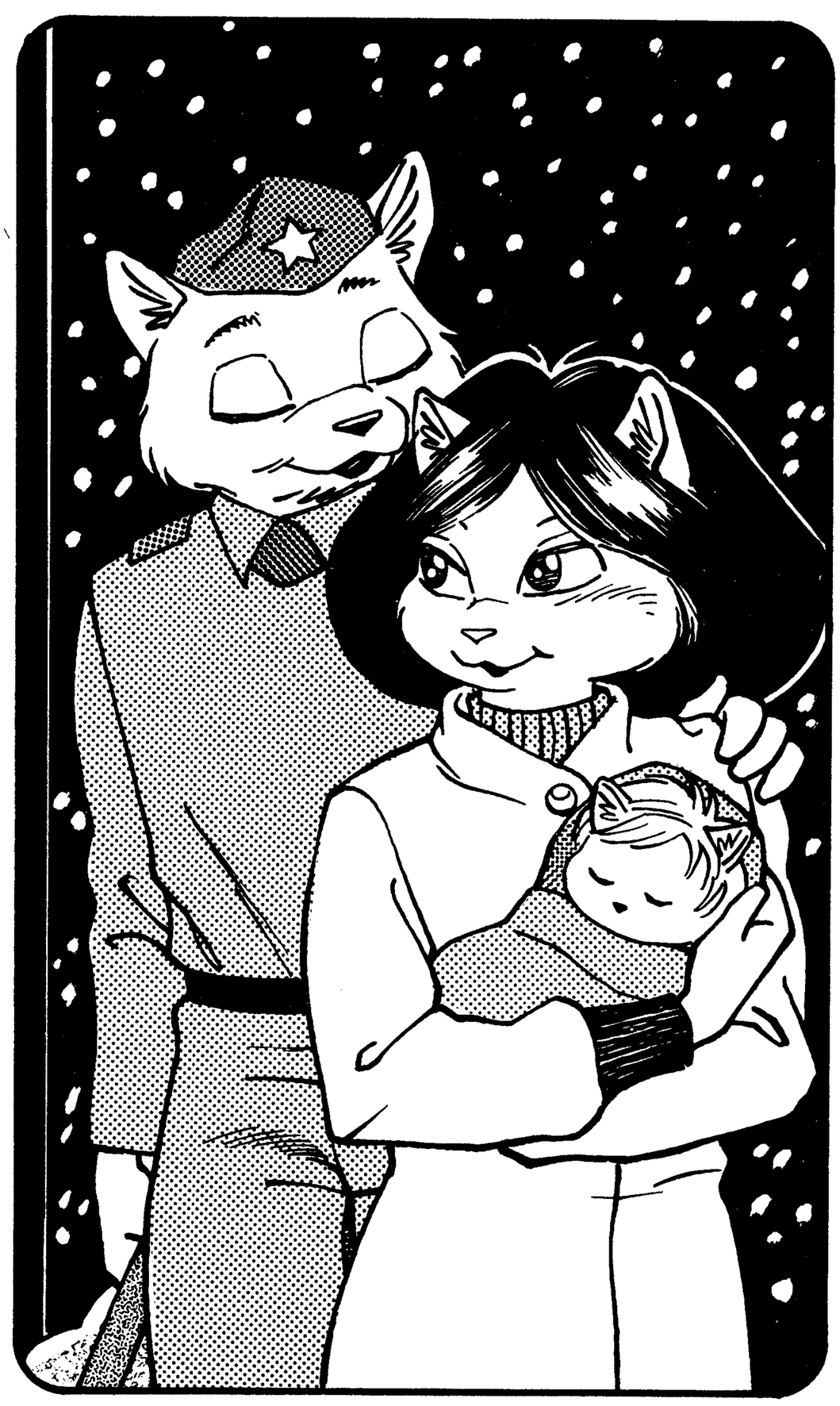


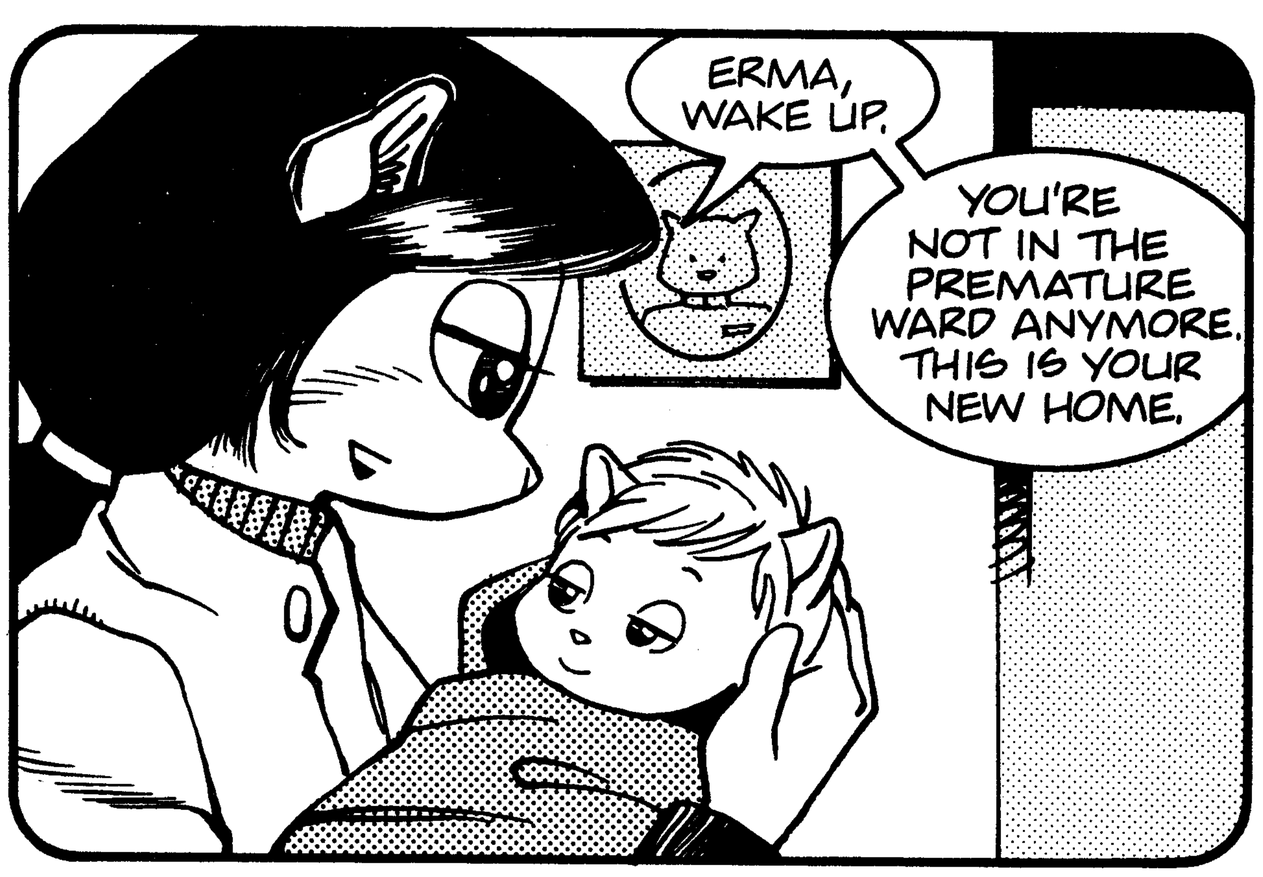


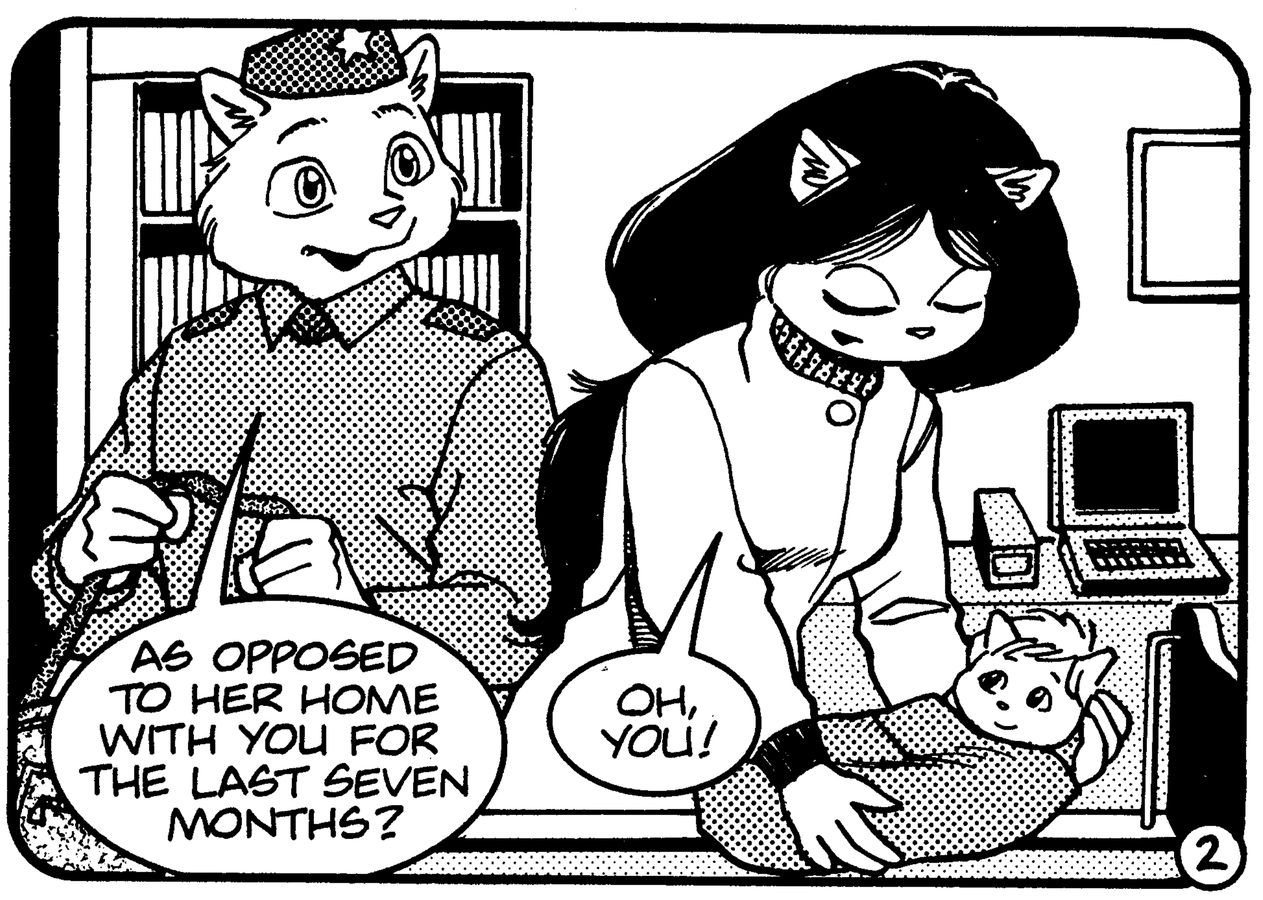
Scenes From A Room

story
MIKE CURTIS
art
MIKE SAGARA
editor
STEVE A. GALLACCI






ERMA, WAKE UP.
YOU'RE NOT IN THE PREMATURE WARD ANYMORE. THIS IS YOUR NEW HOME.


AS OPPOSED TO HER HOME WITH YOU FOR THE LAST SEVEN MONTHS?
OH, YOU!
2

SUCH A BRAVE LITTLE SOLDIER. SHE HARDLY CRIES AT ALL.

OH, THAT'LL CHANGE. SHE'LL CRY SO MUCH, YOU'LL REGRET EVER HAVING STARTED THIS.

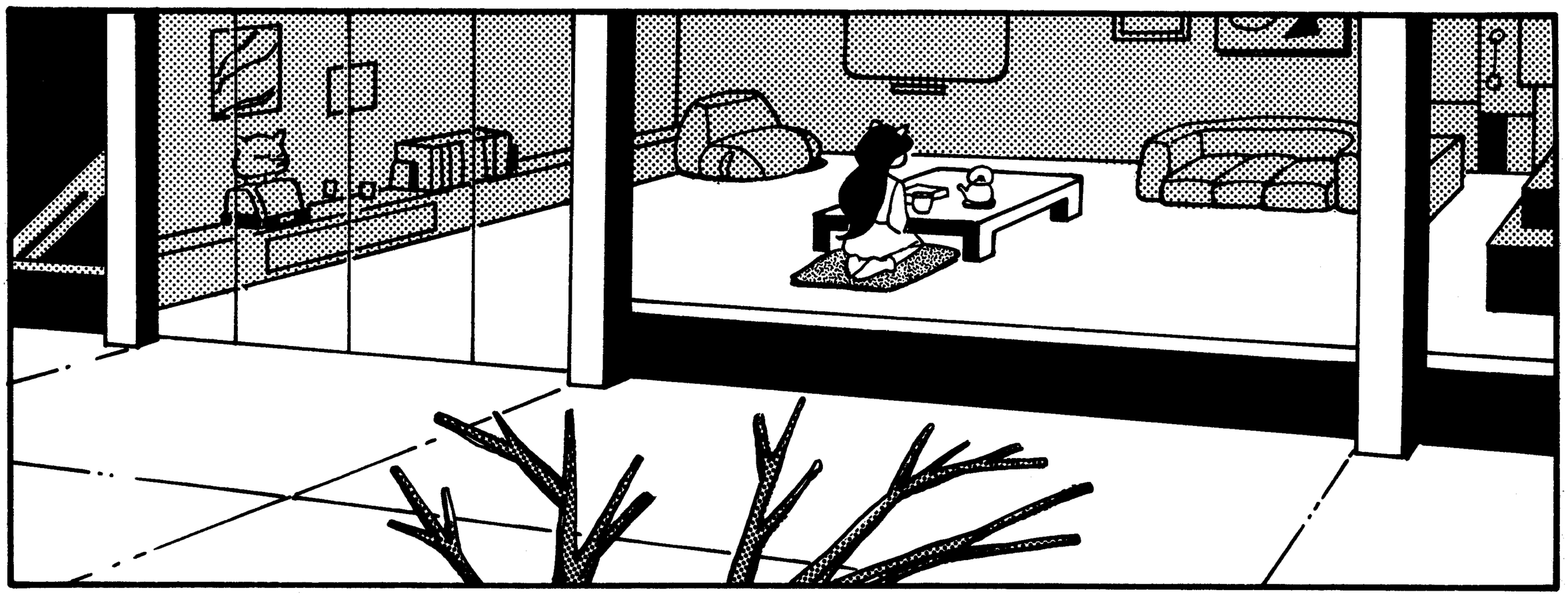
NO REGRETS AT ALL, LOVE.

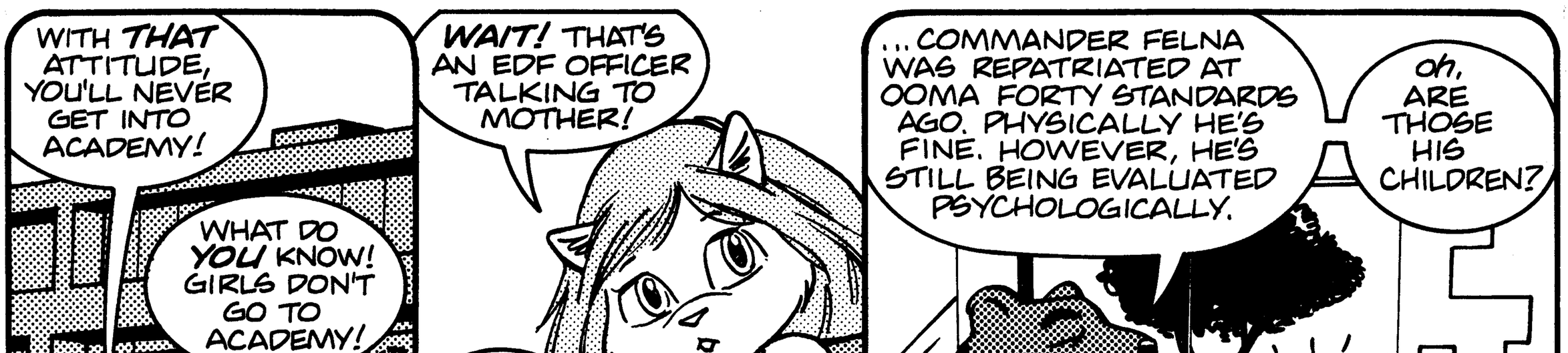
hmm...

LOOK AT THE BIG PRESENT I GOT FROM AUNT MARISHURI!

HUH! IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS THE ONE I GOT FROM GRANDPARENT ARALE!

huh! MY PLANE'S FAR SUPERIOR TO YOUR HELMET!
NO IT'S NOT! MY HELMET'S REAL!
DON'T ARGUE, YOU TWO!
TASAK, STOP FLATTENING YOUR EARS!
ERMA, BE NICE TO YOUR BROTHER!
SHE'S NEVER NICE TO ME! SHE GETS TO DO ANYTHING SHE WANTS!
sigh! I HAD HOPED YOU TWO WOULD GET ALONG ON THE DAY OF PLANETFALL.
WHAT WOULD THE FIRST FELNA THINK OF HIS GREAT-CHILDREN ARGUING ON THE DAY OF CELEBRATION?
AND YOU KNOW I HAVE TO LEAVE TOMORROW!
I'M SORRY, FATHER.
ERMA, YOU KNOW I'LL BE DEPENDING ON YOU TO WATCH OVER YOUR SIB AND MOTHER.
I KNOW MY DUTY.
I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO. THIS WAR GOES ON FOREVER.
IT WON'T BE FOREVER, AND I'VE GOT TO HELP MAKE IT SO.
THEN WE'LL REALLY HAVE A LESS CLOUDED FUTURE.
4




WITH THAT ATTITUDE, YOU'LL NEVER GET INTO ACADEMY!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW! GIRLS DON'T GO TO ACADEMY!
WAIT! THAT'S AN EDF OFFICER TALKING TO MOTHER!
WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON?
...COMMANDER FELNA WAS REPATRIATED AT OOMA FORTY STANDARDS AGO. PHYSICALLY HE'S FINE. HOWEVER, HE'S STILL BEING EVALUATED PSYCHOLOGICALLY.
OH, ARE THOSE HIS CHILDREN?
YES, I'LL TELL MY CHILDREN.

WE'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED ON COMMANDER FELNA'S PROGRESS. HE IS STILL A CONSIDERABLE ASSET TO EDF.
HERE'S AN INSTRUCTIONAL ON PSYCH SUPPORT FOR HIM.
GOOD DAY, OFFICER.

MOTHER?
5

YOUR FATHER IS FINALLY BEING SENT HOME. HE HAS HAD A HARD TIME SO WE NEED TO BE CAREFUL WITH HIM FOR A WHILE.

HE WILL NEED A LITTLE EXTRA TIME TO GET USED TO US AGAIN.

HE HASN'T FORGOTTEN US, HAS HE?

OH NO! IT'S JUST THAT HE'S BEEN AWAY FOR SUCH A LONG TIME AND NEEDS TO REMEMBER HOW TO BE A PARENT INSTEAD OF A SOLDIER.

MOTHER, WHY COULDN'T WE HAVE MET FATHER AT THE HOSPITAL? HE WASN'T HURT IN THE CRASH.

WHY AREN'T THEY IN UNIFORM?

THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN JUST THE CRASH. I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU BEFORE...

KANOC, YOU'RE HOME.

HOME, YES...

ERMA AND TAVAS ...LIVE THERE WITH EDA...

KANOC...

NO...NO...

...DON'T WANT TO BE TOUCHED...

...DON'T TOUCH...

THE REPUBLIC APPARENTLY PUT HIM THROUGH A MORE ABUSIVE PSYCH PROGRAM THAN WE SUSPECTED. WE'RE STILL FINDING OUT WHAT...

WITH TIME AND PATIENCE HE SHOULD REALIZE HE'S HOME, AND NOT IN SOME ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ABUSE SIMULATION.

HON, FELNA?

KHA!, MY POOR DEAR KANOC...

WHAT DID THEY DO TO YOU?

KANOC?

I HAVE YOUR FUTON READY, IF YOU WANT TO SLEEP NOW.

hm? NO, LOOKING AT NIGHT BLOOMERS.

LATER.

and in the distance, a hang glider flying away. Deep psychological meanings, for sure. I used to fly hang gliders, and *that* was real satisfaction. But art, especially anything anyone else is supposed to see, has always been an effort, a challenge to do something for an audience, and I rarely feel really happy with the results. Especially the purely mechanical aspect of finishing the work. The initial idea building and designing of it all can be really fun. Even if it's a struggle, it's the kind of intellectual exercise that I can really get into. But as I'm not all that good an artist (you might say "gosh wow!" over it, but all I see is the other books *Albedo* shares the racks with), I look at what I'm doing with a sense of frustration: this isn't all I want it to be, but it's all I can deliver. And there's also the petty bits about the printer and the lousy sales and the lack of respect and even more petulant and personal pissing and moaning in the back of my mind to provide all kinds of reasons not to get with it.

And finally, I'm simply awful at self-organization. When I was doing various nine-to-five type jobs, everything was on time and well done. But I'm at best sporadic in making or keeping to a schedule or routine of my own devising. So I let things slide, or misjudge how much can be done by when and get into deadline doom crises.

(By the way, this isn't so much a desperate piece of filler (that's what letter columns are for), as it is an explanation, or admission, of the whats and whys of all this. (That's not true about the letter column; I wish I could run a ton of letters, but I felt I needed to get this off my chest.))

Now as for the why of keeping this book going in the face of all that.

In part, it's like the kid who joins the circus seeking glamour and adventure but ends up merely sweeping up after the elephants, and when asked why he won't quit, says, "What?! And give up show biz?!" Being published is better than not being published, even in a marginal market. And there's the gambler's chance of striking it big one day. And I would like to think *Erma* is worth a damn as an idea and a story. And, believe it or not, I yet have some small sense of loyalty to the fans. It's grudging at times, though, as it seems that for every fan that comes up, an anti-fan also rises. Be it for crimes, real or imagined, that that I may have committed (like I stay up late at night, thinking of ways to screw people over -- as I said in the previous issue, I've made mistakes, but I've never intentionally messed with anyone), or who knows what, anti-fans seem to take glee in attempts to jerk me around personally or professionally. Then there's simple fannish politics, which can be vicious.

Doing *Erma* hasn't always been a bucket-o-laughs, but I'm pressing on, at least for the next few issues. Antarctic and I have agreed for eight issues and are still talking about a color special. While the exact nature of subsequent issues is still up in the air, *Erma* and *Albedo* look like a go into 1993.

ANCILLARY MERCHANDISE/BACK ISSUES

Ben & Co. are running a new T-shirt design for the new season. The rest of this essentially hasn't changed from issue 4.

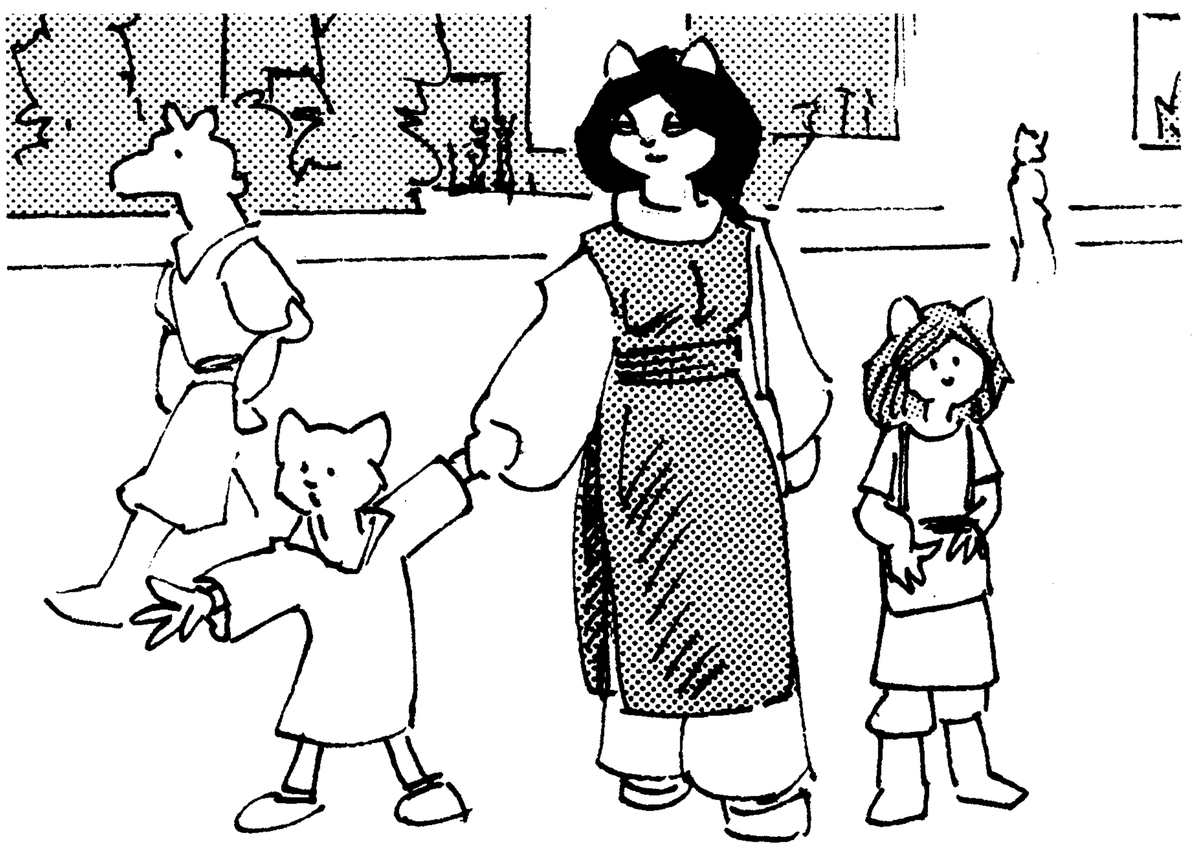
I've already got a short set (5-card) trading card set (available for $1) and am seriously considering a full-size series, though I don't know when right now. I still have a ton-o-stuff in back stock. Much of it is still available in quantities large enough for wholesale (hey, you store owners!). I'm still at the old Thoughts and Images/Seattle address; P.O. Box 19419, Seattle, WA 98109.

FUSION 1 - 17. All issues in at least small quantities, a few issues by the ton. $2.00 each.
DREAMERY 1 - 14. Probably all issues in at least small quantities, a few issues by the ton. $2.00 each.
XANADU 1 - 5 and 1 color special. All by the ton. $2.00 each.
EVERCHANGING PALACE, the Xanadu fanzine. Also available through me. The first issue is $5.00, and 2 - 4 are $7.00 each. Add $1.00 per book for postage, $2.00 per for overseas.
WEASEL PATROL one-shot issue. Still available by the ton at $2.00.
ALBEDO Vol. 1, nr. 3, 8-12, 14. Still available in fair to tonnage quantities at $2.00 each. I do have some of the other issues at ruthlessly overpriced collector prices. The Prototype issue is still available as well at $1.00 a pop. I have a few copies of *ALBEDO* Vol. 2, nr. 1 - 3 as well at $2.50 each.
COMMAND REVIEW 1 - 3. Still available in quantity at $4.00 each.
CLOISONNE PINS. I still have most of the T&I and LX Ltd. pins, for $5.00 each.

XANADU: Tabbe Le Fauve, Alicia, Fatima
FUSION: Running Tan, Fusion group
DREAMERY: Stinz, Cheshire Cat
ALBEDO: Erma Felna
S.A. GALLACCI: Homo Cetacea
RICK STERNBACH: Dolphin in Space ($10.00)

FIGURES. Joseph Lieuallen's wonderful resin figures of Erma Felna and Dea Htuhok are still available at $60.00 and $70.00 respectively.

And last, if not least, if anyone needs some land fill, I still have more than a few copies of *ZELL,SWORDDANCER* nr. 1 left for $1 each.



Other Way Mondo Cool Furry Publications
(courtesy of Edd Vick)

There is a large and growing number of fans devoted to funny animals and anthropomorphics. They're being fed by a few, mostly worthwhile, magazines and specialty items. On this page are those that made our final cut; we recommend them all. One caveat: due to limited budgets and fluctuating time and interest levels, some of the following may no longer be published, or may come out very irregularly.

Black Diamond Effect. *Latest issue: #4; 32 pages, full color covers; P.O. Box 10, 260 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M5A 1N1.*

"What is the Black Diamond Effect? Simply put: 1) Time is locked up. 2) Reality has changed. 3) Humanity is altered. 4) Color is gone!" George Peter Gatsis writes and draws a complex story about the effects of time manipulation.

Everchanging Palace. *Latest issue: #4; 106 pages, full color cover; $7 + $1 postage; editor: Lex Nakashima. Order from: LX Ltd., 11846 Balboa Blvd. #123, Granada Hills, CA 91344, or S. A, Gallacci/Thoughts and Images, P.O. Box 19419, Seattle, WA 98109.*

The Everchanging Palace is devoted to stories set in Vicky M. Wyman's Xanadu universe. Frequent contributors include Robert and Margaret Carspecken, Tracy Horton, Chuck Melville, Craig Hilton, and Donna Barr. Often the best work in any given issue is Wyman's, who is currently at work on Xanadu 2000. Issue #5 is expected shortly.

Fran an' Maabl. *Latest issue: #3; 32 pages, three-color cover; $2.50 postpaid; creator: Ed Zolna. Order from: Mailbox Books, P.O. Box 1278, Roslyn, PA 19001.*

Fran is a feline magician, Maabl is her long-suffering (and I do mean that literally!) ursine neighbor. Together they adventure throughout the length and breadth of existence. For tales of the two set a little closer to home, ask Zolna about *Tales From Roslyn.*

Furry Press Network. *Gary Sutton, 2305 2nd St., Baker City, OR 97814.*

We have no other information on the FPN.

In-Fur-Nation. *Latest issue: #2; 6 pages; write for pricing information; editor: not sure (someone on the ConFurence committee, possibly Mark Merlino and/or Rod O'Riley). Order from: P.O. Box 1958, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1958.*

In-Fur-Nation is a newsletter for all things furry and anthropomor-phic, meant to appear frequently. Early issues focus on ConFurence, the annual furry convention in Anaheim, CA, but do have some other news.

Sleepers. *Latest issue: #2; 60 pages, full-color cover; $8.95 +$1.50 postage; creators: Vito Bianca and Kevin Vetrone. Order from Rock Soup Studio, P.O. Box 881, Wappingers Falls, NY 12590.*

"In 1945 the Nazi and Japanese Empires were both defeated. Their armies and ideas were wiped from the face of the Earth and the world was made safe for Democracy...and you probably still believe in the Easter Bunny!" So goes Rock Soup's advertising for *Sleepers*, one of the most exciting thriller comics I've ever read (anthropomorphic or not!). Follow Special Agent Mac Talons as he tries to unravel a 50-year-old mystery and rescue his lover. The art started out good and has improved, and it's great to see the artists using so many different species. Highly recommended.

Tai Pan. *Latest issue: #2; 78 pages; write for pricing information; editor: Whitney Ware. Order from: 1004 Maple St., Edmonds, WA 98020.*

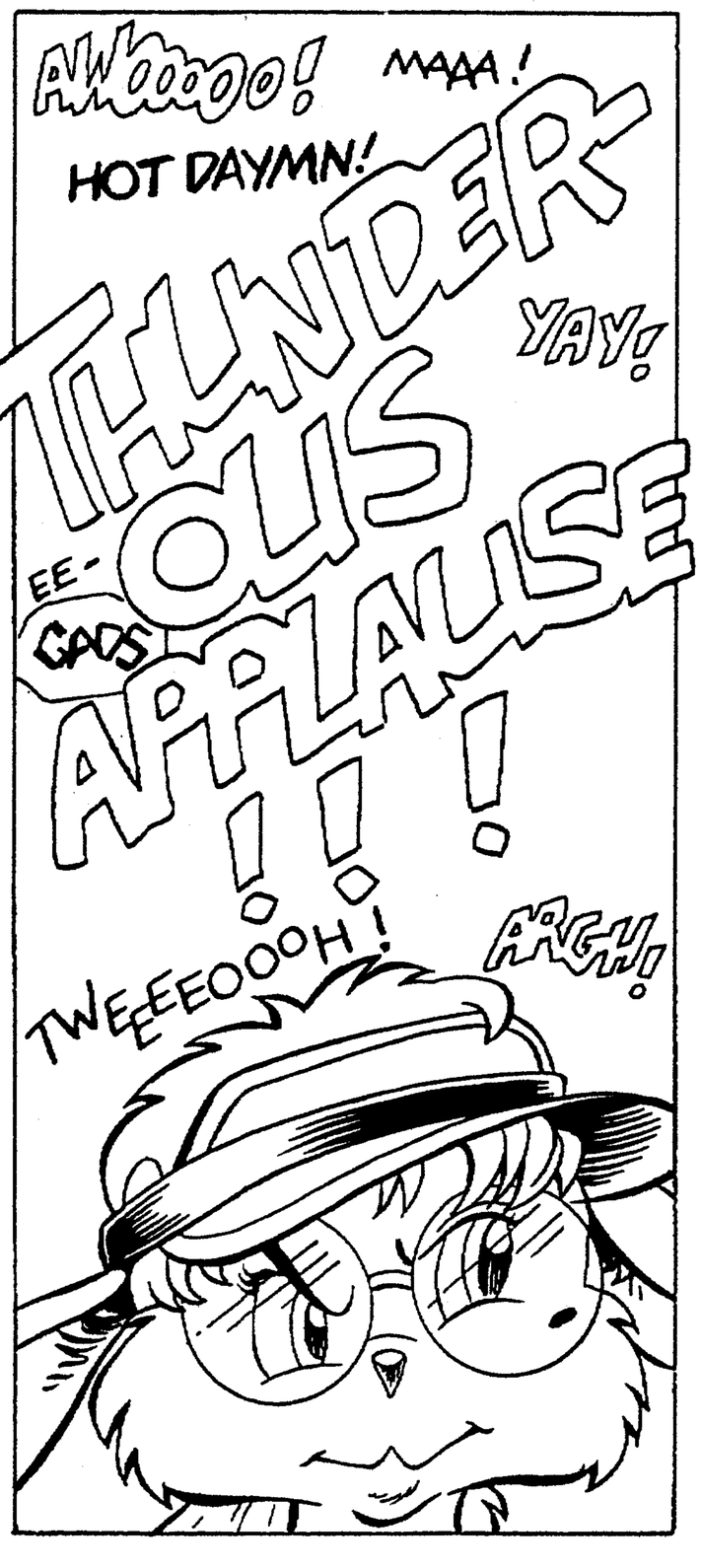
This is a participatory fanzine, similar to an apa (like Rowrbrazzle) in that full members are expected to write or draw once a year to maintain membership, but copies are also available to nonmembers at a price. The Tai-Pan is a mixed-species trading starship, somewhat inspired by the scenario from *Fusion*, for which participating members have created characters. Issue #1 has a lot of background information on the universe, the ship, characters, and technology, as well as a couple of short stories. Soon to appear: issue #3 and a series "bible."

YARF! *Latest issue: #18/19; 118 pages; $10 postpaid; editors: Kris Kreutzman and Lance Rund. Order from: YARF!, P.O. Box 1200, Cupertino, CA 95015-1200.*

Chock-full of stories and art, including the "Ace of Spades" serial by Chris Grant, "Buffalo Wings" by John Nunnemacher, and the recent "Lighthouse" serial by Watts Martin. Other contributors include Waverly Pierre III, Ken Pick, Eric Elliott, Dave Kuhn, Ken Sample, and Monika Livingston.

Need Something To Read Until The Cows Come Home...?

Time For Some Fuzzy Thinking!



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How can I refuse?! Sign me up now for these soon-to-be or already-are classics!

*Check the items you want. Add 75 cents postage for a comic, 50 cents for a pin, $1.05 for a graphic album (any book over $5). Overseas order, please double fees. Make check or money order out to MU Press, send to 5014-D Roosevelt Way NE, Seattle, WA 98105. If ordering Wild Kingdom, please enclose an age statement. Don't forget your zip code! *: These items will be out soon.*

All art on this page is from MU's new Zu anthology, and is copyright (c)1992 by Will Faust, Deal Whitley, and Tom Stazer.)

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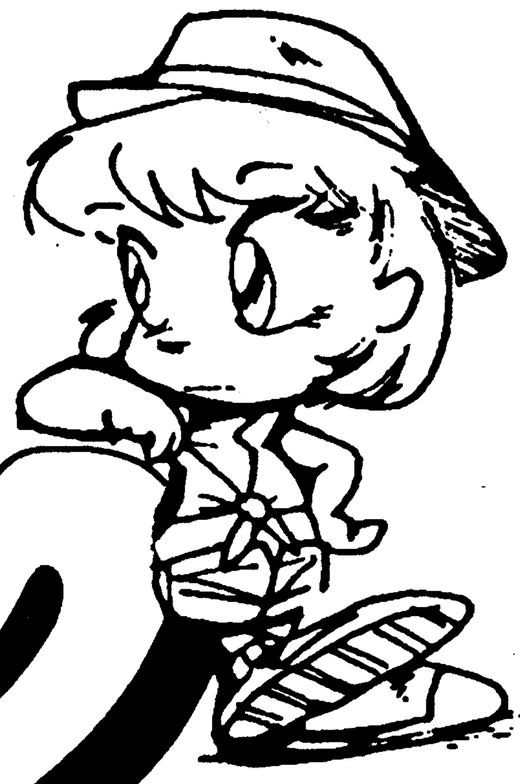

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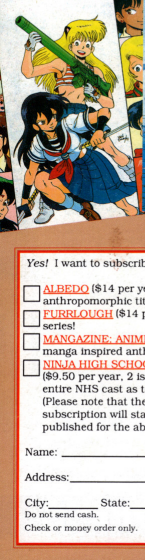

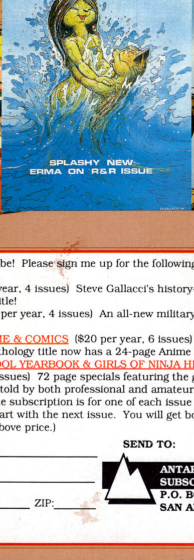

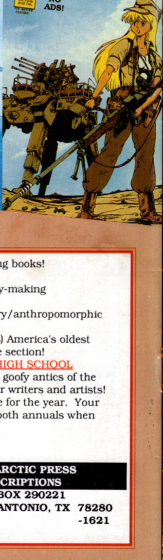

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