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State of the Art 5, (c) Taral Wayne, September 1985, at 1812-415 Willowdale Ave. Willowdale Ontario, m2n 5b4, Canada. Phone (416) 221-3517; after midnight is fine. A Terrible Mistake 159 for Rourbrazzle 7.

This is a very unusual issue of State of the Art. For one thing, there may be somewhat fewer typos than normal. The reason for this is the word processor I borrowed from a friend of mine. He loaned me the hardware and software for a couple of weeks, ostensibly to complete the work on The Illustrated Fan (a history of SF fanart). After I taught myself the use of a word processing program I was supposed to buckle down on TIF, but one thing or another has sabotaged my resolve. Then I noticed a Brazzle deadline creeping up on me. If I expected to have anything in the coming mailing I had to send it sometime soon. That meant another issue of State of the Art when I was supposed to be writing about fanart. And that's why this issue is done entirely in dot matrix.... Bleah!

I had plans for a number of things for future issues. I've been promising something on Heart of Dixie (though I was calling Charlotte's Diary then), but I don't have much done. I mentioned to Schirm that I might do a bunch of short pieces on all the characters I have kicking around in my imagination, and the story-worlds they probably belong to. But I haven't time to write any of that out either. And another idea I had was interviews of various funny-animal people we all know from the papers and TV. But that material has never been worked up from note-form either.

Fortunately, I DID have something in a finished state. Early this year I did a number of drawings based loosely on Jerry Collins' Bambioids. Rather than trespass too much on his creative property, I imagined a colony cut off from outside contact. Settled there were humans and Bambioids who had little or nothing to do with anybody. I could make up whatever I wanted without feeling guilty about it. Once I had this in mind, I did other art and filled a few pages with historical and geographical information. It was in fairly finished form and only needed polishing as I typed it into the word processor.

I don't know exactly what art will go along with the written material. Schirm has two of the pieces "Morning Sortie" and "Desert Sortie" that I sent him earlier as Brazzle covers. If he doesn't use them this mailing, then I'm just out of luck. You'll have to wait. However, I can use the most recent drawing, "Commandoe", and a map of the planet.

Because it's still based on Jerry's original Bambioids, the stuff this issue has academic interest only. There are no stories or characters waiting in the wings to take the stage at a future date. At least I don't THINK so. And that's what I said after each of these drawings..

MAILING COMMENTS ON BRAZZLE 6

ON THE MAILING I don't know if it was intentional or not, but I thought it was clever that there was a continuity between the back cover of Brazzle 5 and the front cover of Brazzle 6. Now that I've pointed it out, Schirm will probably have to admit that both covers were supposed to be in one mailing, and he screwed it up. Glad to be of service old buddy...

Not to detract from Jim Groat's and Richard Konkle's accomplishment. I was surprised to see how slick the art in Equine the Uncivilized looked in a

professional format -- compared to jiffy-offset on ordinary bond like everything else in the mailing. Presentation DOES make a difference. I hope that other Brazzle members who may be publishing comics like this will think of running copies through the apa. It'd make membership in Rourbrazzle an enviable privilege... apart from the value of your company of course.

JOHN CAWLEY I dunno... written fiction about funny animals seems doubtful enough to me, but funny animal pornographic fiction strikes me as more than a bit peculiar.

"Mooning the audience" seems quite a legitimate motivation for an artist to me. But of course if you take Al's choice of words to mean only a scatological gesture, then indeed we are talking about crudity. Even crudities are justified at times, but I think Al meant "mooning" in a larger sense, and chose the words because of their particular significance to the cartoon he did of Lucy and Charlie Brown. What I imagine he was saying was that satire is one of a cartoonist's most potent weapons. What he was satirizing was what he took to be a prudish attitude toward sex. The logic makes his cartoon perfectly sensible under the circumstances.

Personally, I see no conflict between occasionally "mooning" an audience and doing your work "for the enjoyment of the reader/viewer/whatever", as you put it. It's good to laugh at yourself sometimes. Nor is the artist always the humble servant of his readers. I think the artist must have two inseparable roles. On the one hand he should be basically sympathetic with his audience, whoever they may be, and on the other hand he should hold the audience up to the light, so they can inspect themselves from other points of view. Some artists go to an extreme, and are wholly critical, risking displeasure and sometimes even serious punishment. Occasionally the rebel artist is a fool, or a poseur, but let's not dismiss them out of hand. The artist who only aims to please is probably not a very profound one.

"This is not to say that all cartoonists in undergrounds were not talented... however as a rule the 'greats' of underground comics have, mercifully, STAYED underground." This is covering your ass, John. What I suspect you mean is that you hate R. Crumb, Gilbert Shelton, Bobby London, Ted Richards, Skip Williamson, Jazy Lynch, "Foolbert Sturgeon", Dave Sheridan, and S. Clay Wilson -- the "greats" of underground cartooning -- but I can't say you're full of shit because of the escape clause you left yourself! It's your business if you don't like most or all of these artists, but I find your narrow-mindedness on the subject of undergrounds offensive. You're not only far off the mark, you're indulging yourself in a "put-down".

FUNZY-DUNZY Speaking of undergrounds, this has a lot of that feel. Wish I knew who the artist was, but there's no finding out from from the Amazing New No-Contents Contents Page.

STEVE GALLACCI What is it about this apa that sparks emotional outbursts? While I sympathize with your complaint that people aren't good judges of your art, you get carried away, and say a good many things that I hope you don't mean. The way you make yourself sound, you value a person's judgement on the basis of their professional standing, not on whether their judgement is good or bad. Apart from being a rotten attitude in general, thinking that way makes impossible demands on your ability to read minds. Suppose I tell you what I think of your art, what is the value of my opinion? I could tell you that I'm an amateur, upon which admission my opinion would be instantly dismissed. Or I could say that I'm a professional, and get a fair hearing. Now suppose I lie to you. I'm really just a crummy fan and I've made out I'm pro, so you're listening to a worthless opinion after all. Or I'm more of a pro than you are, but I'm making a fool of you by pretending I'm not. How the hell do you know, Steve?

The fact is, I couldn't give you any simple answer. Likely as not there are others in Brazzle who would have an equally hard time fitting themselves to your preconceptions. In a way, I could say that I've been supporting myself as an artist since the early 70's, when I decided I was serious about my art. On the other hand, I haven't made any substantial amount of money, and don't now. I've never been anyone's employee as an artist. But I never had an intention

of turning over my skills to someone else to use for their ideas instead of mine. I do artwork of a sort that doesn't lend itself to commercial success, but I'm unsurpassed at my specialization.

Am I worth listening to, or not?

If so, then it's worth my effort to reassure you that there's nothing inappropriate in the use of serious matters in a funny animal story. I think there's a lot of drama to be found in the contrast between the traditional expectations of a funny-animal story and unexpected realism. That comment is raised over Albedo is probably a good sign that people are being made to think, and a comic to think about is a comic that may have staying power.

JIM GROAT I had a bit of trouble with "Goldie Hoss and the Three Bares". The gag wasn't clear on first reading because I had difficulty telling the characters apart. They all had horse faces, three of them had long dark hair, and in some cases I wasn't sure if the characters was male or female. Once I sorted it all out, it was nevertheless a fine story, but perhaps you should work on character design.

JERALDS "Rabbo"? Coming next issue? Oh I hope not -- I was outraged by that movie.

WAYNE MODJESKI Worm guts? Ewww! Great sense of sick humour and allegory.

STEVE MARTIN The "Kitsune: Daughter of Demons" page was nicely drawn, with good graphic sense, attention to detail, shadowing and depth. Most important, there seems to be more care and work in this than I think your normally put into your drawing.

The test page for Star Bengal would probably benefit by a more conventional panel arrangement. There's no difficulty reading it in proper sequence, but I think unusual panels are best used sparingly, so that they have maximum effect when they are used.

LOUIS SCARBOROUGH This is really nice art. It's cute, but what appeals to me is the grasp of figure drawing, rhythms and balance, the dramatic sense, and the backgrounds. They give me conviction in the characters' reality that you don't get from simpler styles aimed more at humour. In part, of course, I'm reacting positively to similarities I imagine to my own work. I don't think our art looks much alike, but little bits of visimilitude like the thermos bottle in the lunch are just the sort of things I would do.

Scarborough, by the way, is one of the five boroughs on Metro Toronto. It's mostly suburban sprawl, and commonly referred to as "Scarboro-Ugh!" or "Scarberia".

AL SIROIS I said it before, but I'll say it again for the benefit of Brazzle. I think Penguin Island is clever... and do you really think you'll get away with it?

EDD VICK Well, I suppose if Jerry can have Haku-Hasin as his totem, I can have Kjoia.

A GLIMMERING RAY Here's another one whose name I don't know! But I loved the crazy humour. This also reminds me of what I like about undergrounds.

DEAL WHITLEY Bruce Springsteen makes me want to inspect the bottom of my toilet bowl too. Once he was a respectable rocker that I had no opinion about one way or the other, but ever since he became a symbol for America's love affair with itself I consign him to Easy-Listening Hell. (Thanks to Al Sirois for thinking of it.) One of the unexpected benefits of the Springsteen's five minutes of fame is that for a while it'll be easy to spot phonies and sell-outs. They'll be nine tenths of the ones who say what a great rockstar he is, and how much they liked him even before he was famous.

SCHIRM Do you sometimes suspect that the members only read the mailing comments to themselves, and skip all the rest?

BACKGROUND NOTES ON GOTHIC SCENARIO

(Illustrations 531, "Desert Sortie",
532, "Goth", (a map)
535, "Rolls-Royce Strato-Ghost mk.IV-F3" (schematics)
543, "Morning Sortie (Ground Crew)"
547, "Commandoe")

2000 -- There is some Bambioid technology in human hands. There's also a moderate Terran expansion into space, often in partnership with the Haku-Hasin. The world Goth is a large satellite of a Saturn-like planet, eighth from its primary. Fifteen or twenty light years from Earth, the Gothic system is rather beyond the Terran sphere of influence on the side away from the Bambioid sphere. It is consequently isolated, and contact with either parent world is infrequent.

The primary is a Sun-like star circled by eleven planets of which Eight is the only one that isn't an airless rock. Three other satellites of the ringed Eight have atmospheres. Two of them would be comfortable with moderate terraforming, but the third is a methane desert. Goth is the only one of Eight's satellites with a higher life-forms, and the only one currently colonized. Since Goth rotates only once on its axis in its orbit around its primary, Eight hovers stationary in the sky, changing phases in six days. Fortunately for lovers, the only large landmass on Goth faces Eight, so that the ringed planet can always be seen half way up the sky over the mountains to the east. (From the lands west of the mountains, of course, Eight seems to float over the setting sun.)

The planet was settled twenty years from the present, or eighty years in the past, depending on your point of view. The colonial population is somewhat more Human than Bambioid, given Human propensity to overtax an environment. So far there has never been a serious rift between the two peoples. As a matter of fact, the Bambioid race on Goth is not strictly Haku-Hasin, but a hybrid race that is about one quarter human and genetically stable. They are shorter than full-bred Bambioids, with smaller ears. A small number of Haku-Humans live in the colony, but are being absorbed into one or the other populations.

There are natives as well, a nine-foot race of people who are reed-thin and graceful, but also a bit rangy from living where life is hard. Their cultural level was about that of the Plains Indians of the early 19th century America, before there was much contact with white-men or their guns and firewater.

The major problem the Gothic colony faces, apart from the need for total self-reliance, is the hostility between the Gothics and another race called the Yamati (or more correctly, the MYamati'i). The Yamati colony was discovered a few years after the Humans and Haku-Hasin arrived, and each claims that it's colony was there first. Some small evidence suggests that the Yamati might actually have arrived earlier, but at so nearly the same time as the Gothics that they escaped each other's notice. After eighty years, though, the expansion of both colonies has made the question academic. Neither will give up its assets without a fight. And as Goth is a small world, there is a limit to growth, so there has been little incentive to compromise. Instead there has been one war after another with the small, spartan, golden skinned Yamati.

By and large they haven't been bloody wars -- not since the first at least -- but they are serious contests of technological progress in which the losers are apt to find themselves put in deep-freeze until the issue is finally settled. (Perhaps 5,000 people on both sides are in deep-freeze, several hundred have been frozen for three or more generations.)

The Yamati occupy the easternmost part of Goth's single continent -- New Yamata to them -- and the Gothics live on the western coast surrounding an inland sea. The vast Cathedral Range (which includes lesser ranges such as the Four Horns, the Manhattans, the Steeplejacks, the Curtain Range, etc.) separates the two worlds. But not altogether. Around the south of the mountains, Gothics and Yamati meet on the broad arable plains that they're both determined to develop. The Gothics have only managed to settle part of the new lands permanently in the last generation.

The Yamati have the worst of it, strategically. Their colonies are separated from the Gothic colony by a thousand miles of no-man's land that's mostly sun-baked rock, sand, and salt. The arable prairies are south and west of the desert, eight hundred miles from New Yamata, but only two hundred from the enemy. At the same time, the Cathedrals divide Gotha from no-man's land, and it is by no means a negligible barrier, with peaks over 30,000 feet. Whatever the Gothics do has to be done skirting south of the mountains, or through one of the few usable passes.

The land east of the Cathedrals is called the Far Back Country by the Gothics. Due to the rain-shadow cast by the mountains, it isn't as valuable as the plains to the south. In fact, much of it is desert. In the north it becomes a dry arctic waste. But the Far Back Country is the only avenue between Gotha and New Yamata, and neither can afford to have the other control this avenue of approach to their homeland. Almost as important in strategic consideration is the mineral wealth of the area. Gold, silver, copper, bauxite, and lead are abundant. Legends of lost mines say there is uranium to be found in the Far Back Country as well. No natural uranium has ever been found on the planet, though. Luckily for all higher life forms on the planet, the stories appear to be only the usual tall-tales of prospectors.

The Far Back is not officially inhabited. Chunks and eccentrics of all races put up widely separated huts, practice all manner of lifestyles, and are harmless or not. Natives greatly outnumber the prospectors and hermits, but their population has small since long before first contact. The Far Back is for all intents and purposes empty. Which is just as well. Large scale battles have been fought in this land, sometimes involving massive formations of armoured vehicles, other times involving nothing more than picked warrior units living off the land. If the Yamati have any advantage in this desolation, it is in numbers of armoured vehicles. The Gothics have air superiority.

The complication for both sides is the isolation of Goth. Communications with Earth, Yamata, or the Bamboild home-world are erratic. None of these worlds have resources to spare protecting out-of-the-way colonies that were never officially sponsored in any event. Consequently, both sides were forced to developing a war machine from scratch.

The first war was conducted mostly on foot, with hand weapons and horses. The tactics could be familiar to students of the Boer War and American Indian Wars of 19th century Earth.

The second war was a bit more sophisticated, employing some combat vehicles, and military aircraft. (The original starships that the colonist arrived in were too valuable to risk in combat. Nor were they suited to military duties.)

The third war saw the use of much more sophisticated weapons-systems, comparable to the late model aircraft that were introduced at the end of WWII on Earth.

The present war would likely have reached a jet-stage, only limited numbers of cheap spacecraft (obsolete Dobberman-Thule mk.6 airframes that were rebuilt to new specifications) became available at the last-minute.

The previous, third Gothic war was strategically interesting. The major actions in the air were fought in the north, across the barrier imposed on flight by the Cathedral Mountains. The tallest, Notre Dame, rises to 34,400 feet, and few types built by either side could climb more than a couple of thousand feet higher than that. Yet much of the air combat in the war was fought in such rarified environs. While for all practical purposes flying at the operational ceiling, with the valley floor only a couple of thousand feet below, there was little a pilot could do but meet the enemy head on. Maneuvering in a dogfight was doubly dangerous where the passes were long, tortuous clefts between ice-clad peaks. As if the pilot hadn't troubles enough, aircraft performance was seriously impaired at such altitudes. The rate of fuel consumption of a fighter made it impossible to operate long much above 25,000 feet, limiting flight time and range. Some types were unable to clear even the valley floor of some of the higher passes. Later aircraft were

able to operate briefly at altitudes of 40,000 feet, allowing them to hop over the peaks to disengage the enemy. This was late in the war, however, when the worst was over.

Imagine flying in a night-fighter on patrol for enemy penetration. Barely a half mile to either side above you are moonlit crags, and you fly at 300 m.p.h. toward a dark barricade where the pass twists out of sight. At that, normal operating speed, you could crash into any of the sheer walls surrounding you in few seconds... Military historians agree that this was the most dangerous combat flying on record.

Although limited in resources and technological capability, airframes were better than their comparable WWII or WWII relatives. Frequently a familiar design could be adapted, improved upon, and put into production looking little different than Spitfires and Lightnings used on Earth. The Air Home Guard's version was always a safer, more reliable machine, with rather better performance and state-of-the-art electronics. Picture a Sopwith Camel with all-weather radar, or a Spitfire with IR homing missiles. A few purely Gothic designs fought too, including the fabulous Sidewinder, two-engined tailless fighter, arguably the best propeller design to ever fly, on any world.

When the present war broke out, a total of 148 obsolete DB mk.6's had been delivered to Gotha by the Madu-Masin. Modifications were made to suit the craft to local conditions. The two most widely used types were the DB mk.6-Fia ("Morning Sortie"), and Fib ("Desert Sortie").

The first was an interceptor and air superiority model. It could also deliver long range strikes as a fighter-bomber, carrying Banshee Air Launchers, Cruise Missiles. In the fighter role it could carry up to four Viper Air-to-Air own-tracking missiles. Both the Banshee and Viper were designed and manufactured on Goth, so could be supplied without shortages.

The other major modification on the DB mk.6, the Fib, was intended to suppress ground fire, and act in the ground support role. The co-driver pods were deleted from this type (and cannibalized to provide replacements for the Fia, which retained limited space capability). In the place of the drive pod, two Mongoose Air-to-Surface missiles were carried. If the pylons were attached to the fuselage sides, additional stores up to 4,000 pounds could be carried aloft. To rectify the changed center of gravity due to the removal of the pod, a ventral stabilizer was fitted. 112 Fia's and 34 Fib's were produced from the 108 basic models supplied. Another 200 Fia's and 68 Fib's were built under license locally, for a total of 332 airframes. A few Fia's were rebuilt into F2's, to accommodate 80mm rotary cannon systems in a remote turret controlled by the tandemly seated co-pilot. 73 others were rebuilt as night-fighters by adding a nose radome and Search-and-Destroy turret behind the canopy.

During the first months of the war, the popular F1's were christened "Valkyries" (or "Vals") by grateful pilots. The name was never officially adopted by the Air Home Guard, but appears in all subsequent war records.

In mid-2005 some 200 examples of the Terrestrially built Rolls-royce Strato-Ghost were delivered. Although a superior type in some ways, it had only a minor impact on the war, and it was never as popular with the pilots as the "Val". The "Ghost" handled excellently, and packed a potent punch, but it was a bit finicky in the pilot's hands. It would not nurse home if its aerodynamic integrity were violated, unlike the sturdy Dobberman-Thules. The pilots also reportedly missed the "character" each Val developed with use.

For further information on the DB mk.6-Fia, Fib, and F2 consult "The Operational History of the Dobberman-Thule Valkyrie" (Tara Wayne, Dirigible Press, Toronto, 2005), or the Colonial War Museum.

EXCERPT FROM THE OPERATIONAL HISTORY OF THE DOBBERMAN-THULE VALKYRIE

Radio Conversation Intercepted and Recorded Between Two DB mk.6-Fib Fighters of the 2nd Air Commando Group on a Training Sortie Over the Desert, 10 January 2005

(Click) "Cadet Gretel?"

(Click) "Yes, Flight Instructor Romanova, are we there?"

"To your right, where the desert slopes up to those ranges. That's the Lackwit Mountains, and Wild Measel Gap. A whole armoured division had to slip through there at night, single file. Took nearly two weeks before the last of them got through, then after their offensive collapsed the remnants had to sneak back the way they came. On a good night, there might be two dozen heat signatures of the IR at a time. If you had guts, you could run the gamut at low altitude and unload your stores on as many targets as you had to go around. Or you could hang back at 18,000 feet and launch an optimum scatter pattern from safety. The gap is knee-deep in armour fragments. If you look close, you can still see some burned out APC's and SPG's out on the desert."

"By Kahl, the rocks are scorched black all round there. Were many hurt?"

"Bound to be a few enemy casualties -- concussions, broken bones, and the like -- but our warheads produce diffuse shock cones, designed to break up armoured vehicles without creating a man-hostile environment inside. Crews mostly get out before fuel or ammo goes up, and our target computers rarely put another missile into a disabled vehicle unless it returns fire. Lost rather a lot of aircraft though. There was plenty of covering surface-to-air fire from the surrounding hills that made shooting the Gap no laughing matter."

"I thought we were under orders to disengage if anyone gets killed?"

"No-one killed, Cadet. Most pilots managed to shepherd their Valkyries home again if they were hit. Dobberman-Thule builds them tough. A couple of the girls ejected safely and were picked up by Air-Ground Rescue. Lt. Commander Sofors crash-landed on this side of the Paydirt River, and walked all the way back to the garrison at Shiteater Flats."

"Walked only mornings and evenings for ten days, sleeping under a sunshade made of fire-retardant lining from her cockpit to keep out of the 140 degree heat. Followed animal tracks and dug in hollows of dry creek beds for water. We were told how to do the same, if necessary, in orientation class."

"I took my advanced training eight years ago, near the sea. We were taught how to ditch over water and live off fish. Then I was posted east!"

"Figure it'll help in the desert, Flight Instructor?"

"Sure, Cadet. All the country around here was an inland sea, 80,000,000 years ago. Not so much water anymore, but there's plenty of salt still, and no danger at all of drowning. Unless you loose your head to thirst and fall in your canteen. Besides, you don't finish with classroom instruction when you get your wings. They just call it 'briefing' after that. Look there; on your left."

"Looks like a cathedral."

"It's part of the old lake-bed. The whole mesa east of here is salt, a thousand feet thick. That's only a block of it, dissolved away by an inch of rain a year, for a million years, until only the middle's solid, and the rest is pinnacles and arches. It's 800 feet tall and nearly a quarter of a mile long. NCO's used to yell at the enlisted girls for scratching their names on the columns. And the natives used to put the skulls of their dead in niches, like gargoyles."

"Natives here? I didn't think there were any."

"Not anymore, but the Paydirt ran higher once, and there are natural aquifers in places even now. When the river valley was a bit greener, there used to be a population here, then things went from arid to vacuum-dry. So the people went away. Later, some shit-poor tribes were forced here from the east, to forage for a living in competition with the lizards and snakes. They were still here -- during the winter at least, when the temperature drops to a brisk 18 -- when the colony on Goth was first set up. They moved permanently south

when we irrigated the lower part of the valley for them. That was 80 years ago, though, and I doubt any of them remember how to get water from anywhere but a pump. Made pretty good guerrillas during the last war when the Yamatti occupied all this area. Trim back your levro-jector a bit, our fields are interfering -- a little more -- fine. Where'd you ask to be posted after you graduate?"

"31st Air Defense over in the Far Back. It's near my family's plantation, and operates over the Mannhattans. As a young girl I used to look out of the windows of my upstairs bedroom when I was supposed to be asleep, and the light from Eight would silver the mountain tops. The Manhattan Range is named after an Earthy city, did you know that? The peaks were all square and thin like an old city skyline. I used to believe Fairyland was in a valley hidden among the peaks, something like I remembered in a picture I saw of an old park in the real Manhattan. When I was a little older I read lost-colony stories about decadent civilizations that were forgotten in the mountains, or way out in the Far Back. I liked to think one might actually be discovered there when it was thoroughly explored. All there really is, is steppe, and more mountains, till you get to the gulf, but it's still Never-Neverland to me..."

"An odd reason to want to fly high-tech instruments of mass destruction and lethality there. You'll probably find the gulf your main business anyway. In the last war, we had to guard the passes with low-ceiling, locally built aircraft, but technology has bypassed all that now. What's 40,000 feet anymore? So the frontier's way beyond the mountains. Know anything about the 31st itself?"

"I know their squadron markings. Crescent Eight with rings. White and red insignia. Overall gray on gray. I used to see planes from the 31st all the time at university. It wasn't far from the airfield. The 31st is rather drab compared to other outfits, but their's is the one I want alright."

"Tell me what you know about the 2nd Air/Com's markings then."

"Let's see... The checkered nose is the squad insignia, along with the yellow call-letters, and the tiger's snarl which all Air/Com units fly. The starred fins mean we operate from a field base. Don't know what the gold and white stripes you have is for, Flight Instructor."

"Distinguished service. Won it in the arctic campaign last year."

"The yellow panels are removable for the armourers' access. The Kippie below your canopy is your service record, decorations, and air-victories. Um..."

"What about the dull colours?"

"What about them?"

"That's camouflage, so maybe the enemy won't notice all the bright colours."

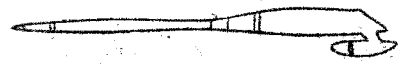
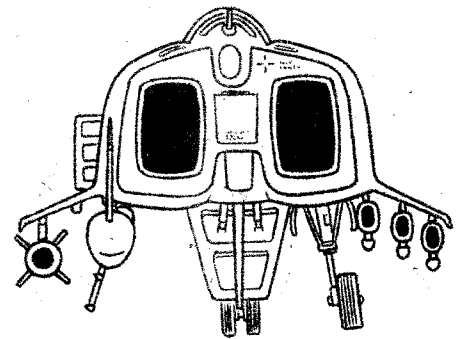
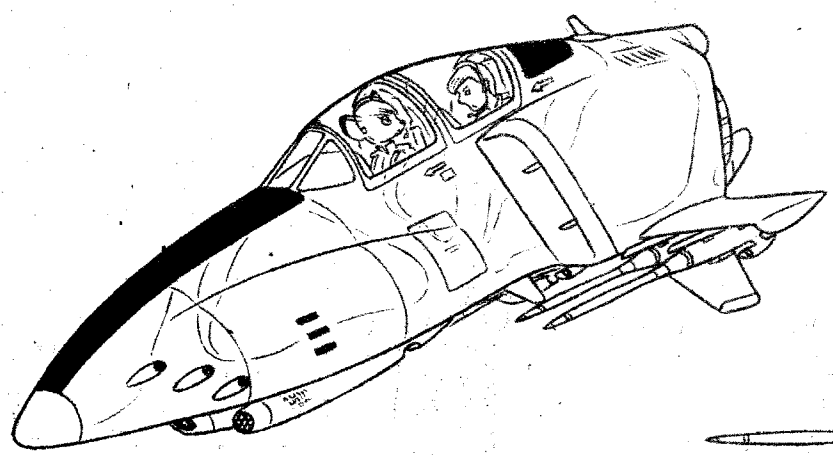
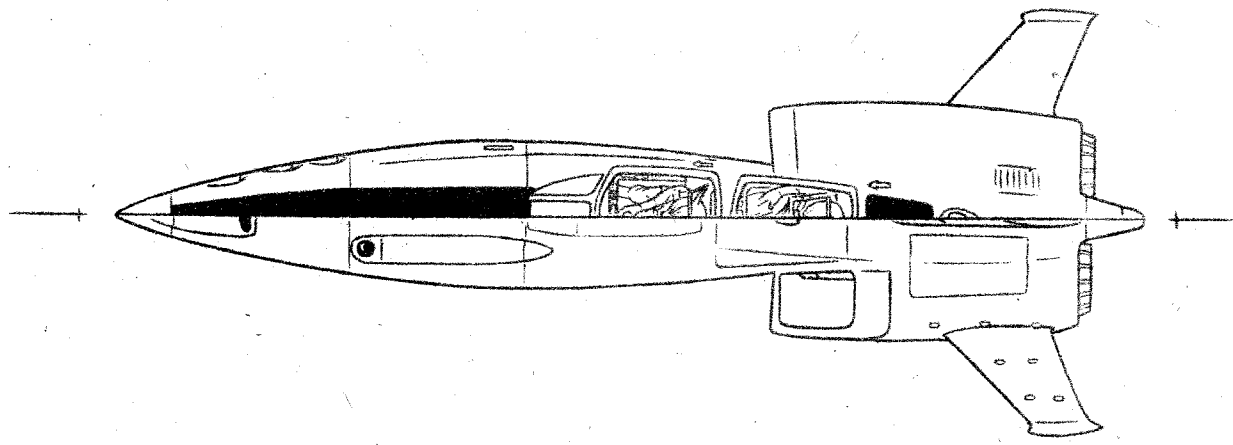
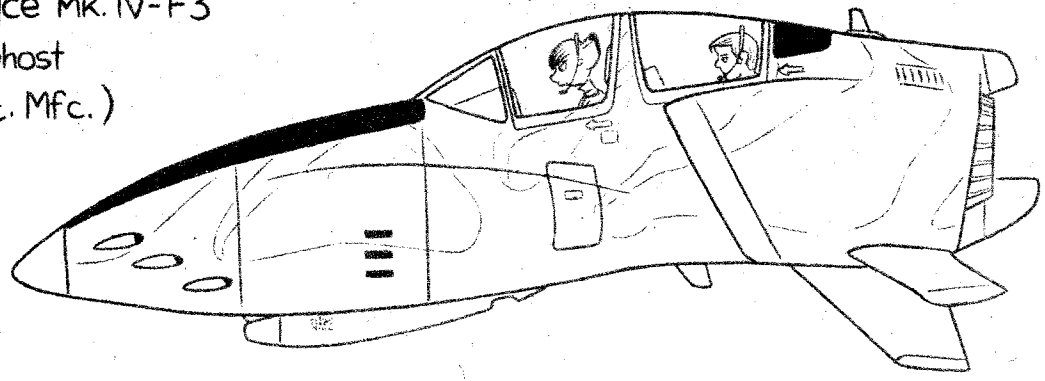
End of transcript. Flight records for the 2nd Air Commandos show that Cadet Gretel and Flight Instructor Romanova completed their training sortie without incident. However, mechanics field stripping the two Valkyries found an unexploded round of AP lodged in the ventral armour of Cadet Gretel's machine.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE TO GOTH, EXCERPTS

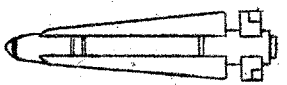
LACKWIT MOUNTAINS -- Named for travellers who turned to the right, and followed the Paydirt River north, which was the easier trail and looked like the correct way, but led to a dead end in the mountains after many wasted miles. Such mistakes in the desert commonly claim lives. Cinder cones and dry hot springs are prominent features of the area.

PAYDIRT MOUNTAINS -- A transverse range that turns and ends the valley of Nether Hell. Deposits of silver, gold, and copper are so abundant and pure that the Paydirts are undoubtedly the richest strike on Goth. The quantity of

Rolls-Royce mk. IV-F3
Strato-Ghost
(XTCo. Lic. Mfc.)



VIPER A/A



MONGOOSE A/S



BANSHEE ALCM

nuggets and dust that washes out of them gave the river, then the mountains, their name. But to the eye they are drab, rocky walls. Only in unexpected places, at unpredictable times, does a flash flood or wind storm strip away the outwash and reveal metal. There are documented reports of gravel bars in the upper Paydirt River that were several yards long, and several inches thick, that were made of nothing but gold nuggets! Unfortunately, the area is inaccessible at the best of times, and usually under the interdict of war. The Paydirt beds and motherlodes have never been exploited.

THE EMINANCES GRIS -- A range of tall, grey mountains, an outer western range of the Cathedral System which abruptly rises 20,000 feet from the plain. Moisture laden air masses moving east rise so suddenly at The Eminances Gris that moisture condenses into perpetual cloud and mist, shrouding the peaks. Violent storms are common, especially in Spring and Autumn. Fortunately for the residents, the rain shadow protects most of the valley from the worst of it.

THE FOUR HORN RANGE -- Named for the four prominent, evenly spaced peaks in the south. The range continues north and abutts the geologically separate Lost Bear Mountains. The Four Horns are the first of the barriers in the Far Back Country met by travellers using the Red Sail Pass, the major route through the Cathedrals. Bandits in the early 21st century used the narrow ravines leading into the Four Horns as hide-outs. From there it was an easy ride to a bend of the Manicouvin River, where they would hold-up the scows of miners working the country further north. The Four Horns are also known for marine fossils and native pictographs.

THE CLOISTERS -- This formation is an outwash plain deposited on the eastern flank of the Curtain Range. It is thought to have once extended across the Manicouvin Valley to the hills eastward, and was stripped from the underlying rock by erosion. The Curtain Range may have protected The Cloisters from rainfall, or perhaps it was the greater depth of deposit close to the mountain that preserved the formation. In either case, the deposit was loosely consolidated and deeply eroded into a complex badlands which is noted for both its beauty and size. The Cloisters were one of Apolline DeFrey's favourite subjects for her western paintings.

THE POLDERDAM -- A mountainous spine running south from the mainland and separating the Dark and Wine Seas. "Putting the Polderdam behind you" is a popular expression meaning to leave behind all that's dear and precious.

THE ELYSIAN SEAS -- This is an immense salt pan that includes the lowest elevation on the planet. (1,176 feet below sea level.) The intense heat produces an almost constant show of many forms of mirage, creating "ghosts", "phantom ranges", "foolswater", spectral cities, "desert blooms" (enormously elongated stalks that are only the distorted images of ordinary rocks), "shrouds" (slight rises or banks magnified into walls that fade away far up in the air), and "galleons" (a moving cell of distorting air, particularly common on bright nights). The Elysian Seas, named for the bleak land of the dead, has never been crossed on foot or by ground vehicle. Early explorers quickly learned to go around the Elysian Seas, and discovered nothing worthwhile on the other "shore". The flat, rocky desert continues for hundreds of more miles, with only smaller salt pans as relief. Before the present war, several expeditions undertook to get to the inaccessible center and lowest point by foot. None succeeded, and since there have been no landings either, no-one has ever set foot in the interior. (See The Chloride Sea, and The Sea of Dis.)

TODWASSER CREEK -- Copper deposits from the Paydirt Mountains has poisoned this river and turned it a bright, clear green. The upper courses of the creek are coated with copper oxides so thick that in places it may form bizarre spires, hummocks, and dams that occasionally rise out of the water. More than one pool with an especially elaborate sub-mariner formation is explained by natives as an underwater city that was petrified when an old native with bladder stones defiled the water. The story is known to ante-date the arrival of Humans and Haku-Masin, though, since the natives before first-contact had never made cities.

WILD WEASEL GAP -- Once known as the Cumbersome Gap, this difficult pass from the bottom of Nether Hell is the opposite of Perdition Gap. It was renamed by pilots during the last war for wild-weasel missions flown in the area. The

Gap's strategic importance has led to numerous encounters with the Yamati, both on the ground and in the air. Mofhafucka Flatsbeyond, and the pass itself, are strewn with combat debris. Out on the flats the junk is disappearing beneath the shifting sand, but knee-deep accumulations of armour fragments and burned-out hulks still block the Gap.

THE RED SAIL RANGE -- This impressive looking range of the Cathedrals guards the north side of Manicouvin Pass. The Red Sail River runs north from Manicouvin River into the valley formed by the Red Sail and Curtain ranges. The mountains were named by settlers near the western face, who first saw the brilliant red colour the sandstone peaks turned at sunset.

THE MANHATTAN RANGE -- This is the most southerly of the Cathedral system formations. Unlike the northern ranges, which were all heavily glaciated, the Manhattans are a uplifted block which has eroded into vertical sections of immense size. From a distance, they appear to be a fantastic city skyline. A spur called Harlem runs north-east along the south side of the Manicouvin River, and is generally lower and less well defined into "skyscrapers". The Little Stoney River runs north from The Big Stoney into a fault valley that was named Central Park as soon as it was discovered.



HOW DO YOU FOLLOW UP AN ACT LIKE THIS?

EASY! Last issue I mentioned a lampoon of Jerry Collin's Bambloids that Jerry felt uneasy about. I sent him a copy of the art, expecting any moment to have the boom lowered on me, but to my surprise he called me up to tell me that I can go ahead and publish "Tales of the Randioids". I don't know what possessed him to make such a crazy decision, but I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth. All you people out there who say Jerry is oversensitive now have to eat their words. It's hard to imagine anyone giving Jerry a harder shellacking than this one...

80°

40°

0° (SUB-EIGHT POINT)

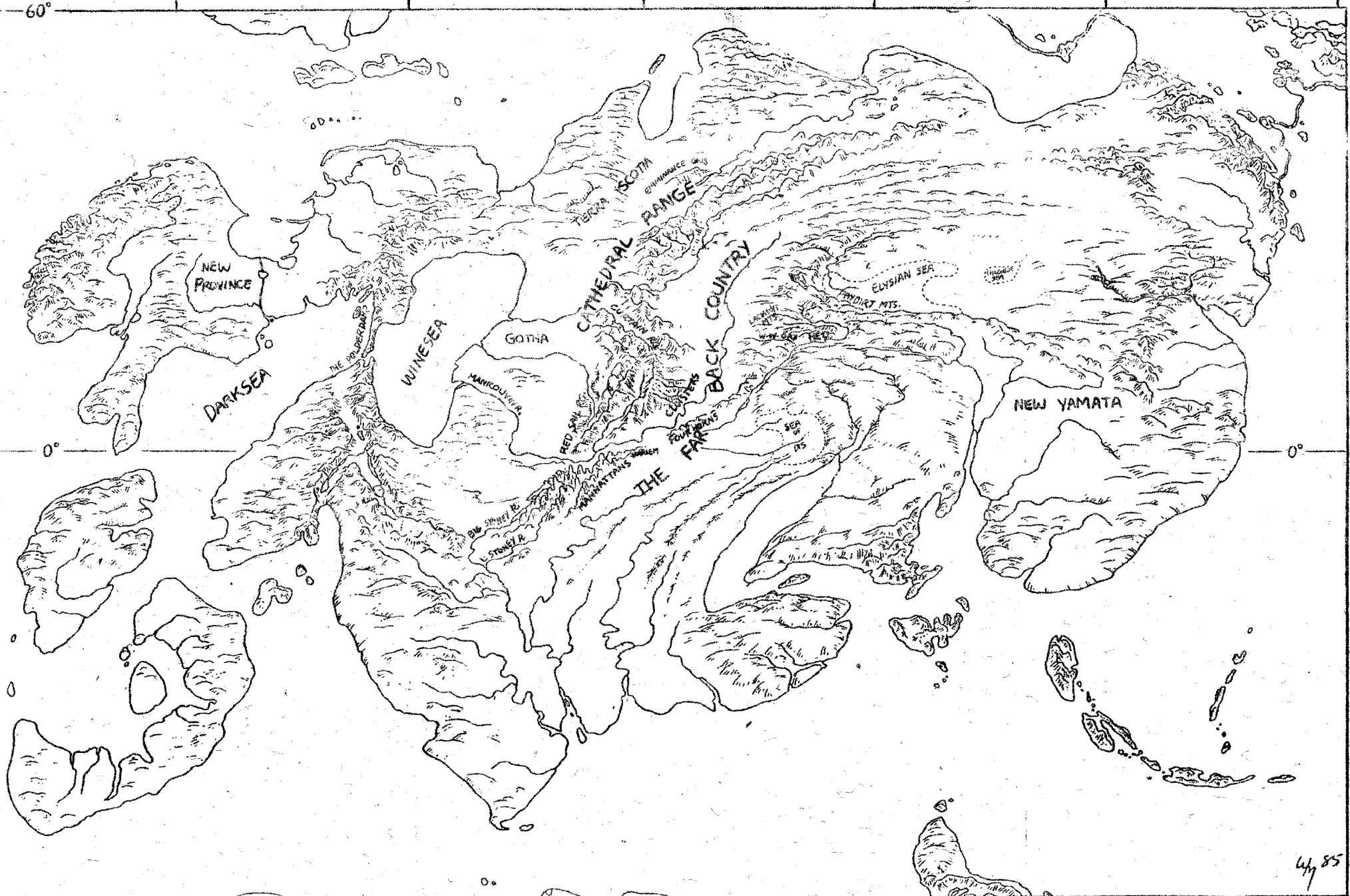
320°

280°

60°

0°

0°



GOTH (4C-3066-8b)

4/7 85

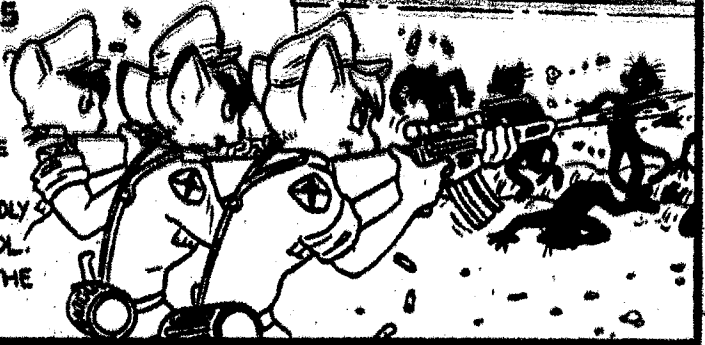
TALES FROM THE RANDIIDS

Tom Collins

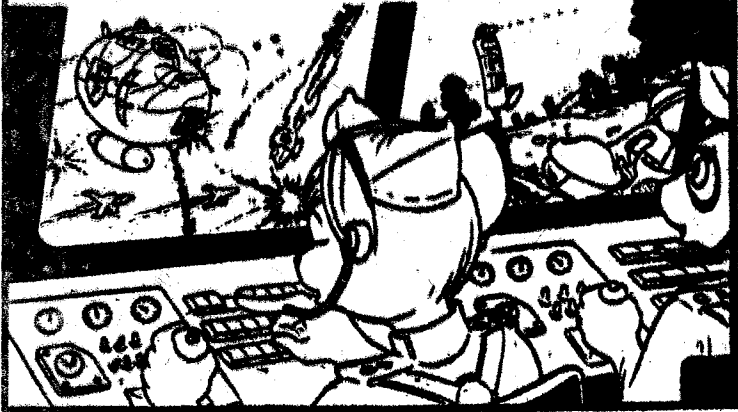
Great Actions

WACKU-WACKA HISTORY

THE PACIFICATION OF THE TREACHEROUS PEOPLE OF PÖHLANN FOR THE COWARDLY ASSASSINATION OF LT. COL. SWBETKAMPF (HERO OF THE REICH, SECOND CLASS).



Our Story... FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THE HIGH COST OF ROBOTS AND REMOTELY CONTROLLED SPACE-CRAFT HAS HAMPERED THE EXPANSION OF THE WACKU-WACKA EMPIRE. IN THE PRESENT ACTION, THE EXTREME SHORTAGE OF EXPENDIBLE UNITS HAS REACHED A CRISIS POINT ON THE FRONT.



HOWEVER, GENERAL DARLING VON MÄCHSCHLAGGER, THE FAMED TACTICIAN, IS ABOUT TO DEVISE A BRILLIANT SOLUTION... LISTEN!



"IST FAHR DU LONGEN DAT'VE GESUFFEREN DE KOSTER DER HEI-TECH WEHRMACHINEN! IST EFFRY BATTLE-GEGETIN ALLE SCHOTT TO HELLE. DER LÄST ATTACKEN IST GEKOSTEN US ZWEI-HUNDRET MILLION KREDITS, UND VE ONLY GEGOING DER ZWEI-HUNDRET FOOT!"

(NOTE THE POETRY OF THE WACKU WACKA LANGUAGE UNTRANSLATED)

"VUT NEIN MOREN! IST SCHTOP DER WASTEN DER FRUITEN OURHER MILITARISCHE GENIUS ON DER FER-SCHLUGGINER BATTLEFIELD! DER TRUEN STRENGTH OF DER ZEHN-TAUSEND YERH REICH IST OURHER VILL! GESTARTEN TOMORROW WE ATTACKEN ON DER WOLE FRONT. ORDER UP DER FIRSCHT UND DER SECUND INFANTRY KORPS. BUT DER LÜFTWEHR UND PANZER UNITS IS GEPUTTEN ON DER K.P. NICH WAHR? UND REMEMBER DER FUTUREN BELONGEN DU US!

AND SO IT WAS. WITH A REVOLUTIONARY NEW ORDER OF MARCH, THE MASTER RACE WENT ON TO CONQUER EVERY INFERIOR NON-CERVIAN RACE IN THE KNOWN SEVEGRAM, BRINGING WITH THEM THE BENEFITS OF THEIR ADVANCED "KULTUR" - WHIPS, BONDAGE, MERRY-WIDOWS, AND LEATHER...

