

Issue Two

\$3.00

YARF!

THE • JOURNAL • OF • APPLIED • ANTHROPOMORPHICS



"Amazonia"

Monika Livingston

Price List - 1990

Black & White Character Drawings

	<u>9 x 12</u>	<u>11 x 14</u>
Pencils		
One Character	\$10	\$20
Two Characters	\$15	\$20
Inked		
One Character	\$25	\$35
Two Characters	\$30	\$40

(Larger sizes available, price quotes on request.)

Color Character Drawings

	<u>9 x 12</u>	<u>11 x 14</u>
Inked, then colored in		
One or Two Characters	\$45	\$55

Full Color Paintings

<u>On illustration board</u>	
9 x 12 to 11 x 14	\$75 & up
12 x 15 to 20 x 30	\$100 & up

(Book & game covers, price quotes on request)

Matting

For drawings & paintings

Up to 11 x 14	\$5 - 10
Up to 20 x 30	\$10 - 25



Name Tags

<u>Small (2 x 3) or large (3 x 4)</u>	
Color	\$15 - 45

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<u>Business & stationary</u>	
Copyright included	\$75 - 200

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	<u>One Side</u>	<u>Two Sides</u>
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With lettering	add: \$5 - 15	\$10 - 25
Full image on one side, lettering only on other		\$40 - 55
Sweat shirts		
Full image	\$40 - 50	\$50 - 60
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Full image on one side, lettering only on other		\$55 - 70

(Price quotes for other wearable items on request)

NOTES

1. T shirts are American made, 50/50 blend. 100% cotton shirts are available on special request.
2. Romantic images are ok, but X-rated erotica is not accepted.
3. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery, however, time needed for completion may vary depending upon schedule.
4. A deposit of at least 50% is required before any project is started. Balance due upon completion.
5. Mail orders are accepted: add \$3.00 for shipping & handling.

YARF!

THE • JOURNAL • OF • APPLIED • ANTHROPOMORPHICS

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Craig Hilton
Monika Livingston

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Coming up Next Issue

"Empires" continues
More from Fred Patten
More "Robert & Katrina"
More "Freefall"

Fiction from Waverly Pierre
Art by Ken Pick
Art by Monika Livingston
Art by Melody Rondeau

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Flaming Hairballs

Jeeze! Issue 2... who'd have thought.

We hope that all of you that received issues #0 and #1 enjoyed them as much as we enjoyed putting them together. We want to thank all of you who have subscribed, and even more so to all who have contributed art and stories. But, enough of what we have to say... let's let one of you say something for a change:

Dear Fur Fen,

Congratulations on YARF! #1! I enjoyed the whole issue.

The art is, as expected, excellent. I cannot pick a favorite piece... I'm interested to see work by artists whose work I know less well. Keep up the variety.

...Editorials I expect, but book reviews? I like it. I'm an avid reader of science fiction, but don't look specifically for anthropomorphic stories...

Looks like Chris Grant has taken on a big job with "Empires". So far, so good.

Doug Durbrow's "Swimming Lesson" was cute; a little rough, but fun. Of course, Monika's art complemented the story nicely. They look just like a couple of 'morph kit foxes playing.

"Varcel's Vixens" is another ambitious undertaking. Susan Van Camp is another artist/author whose work is unfamiliar to me. I like her art...

I've put off mention of "Melanie" to last because Peter Glaskowsky has done, and done well, what no other author of specifically anthropomorphic stories has done. He has made Melanie and her kin alien. At the same time he has made her, if not fully understandable, predictable. This is a very difficult trick (as I'm

sure Ms. Cherryh can attest). I fully believe that Melanie is a lion *and* that she is intelligent. I don't know how much direct experience Peter has had with lions, but little touches like Melanie licking a steak like ice cream lend tremendous verisimilitude to the story. Well done, Peter!

...I enjoyed YARF! #1. I'm looking forward with pleasure to #2.

Best,

Gerald Perkins

Thank you Gerald. It is good to know that our readers care enough to let us know what they think of the 'zine.

Enough of all of this, on with the show... and see you all in another 40 to 50 days!

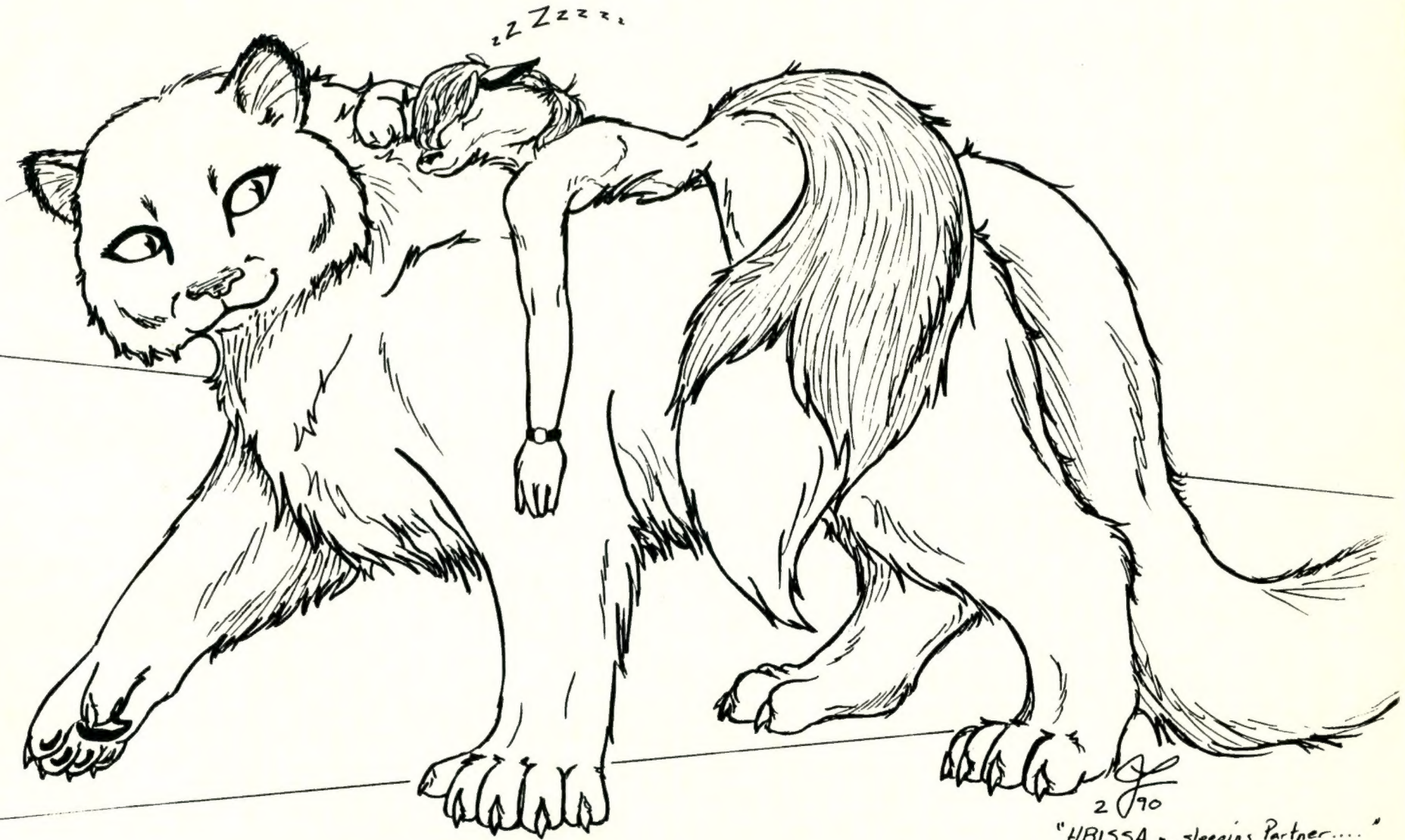
DEADLINES...DEADLINES...DEADLINES

Some clarifications (not to the dates... as shown below there's no change there), but to the release time listed with those dates. It takes 2 to 3 weeks after the listed deadline for an issue to be printed, so it isn't practical for an issue to make a specific event of the event falls to close to the deadline.

Issue 3	March 23, 1990
Issue 4	May 5, 1990 (<i>Baycon issue!</i>)
Issue 5	June 16, 1990
Issue 6	July 28, 1990 (<i>San Diego ComiCon issue!</i>)
Issue 7	September 8, 1990
Issue 8	October 20, 1990
Issue 9	December 1, 1990

As you can see, not too many changes. We want to give you as much time as possible to get stuff to us.





"HRISSA + sleeping Partner...."

Patten's Pontifications

News: A Call to Arms

Reported by Fred Patten

If you're an anthropomorphic artist and you like to draw rats, the Los Angeles in 1996 Worldcon bidders have an offer for you.

...But first, some background information. The 1984 World Science Fiction Convention, L.A. Con II (in Los Angeles), had a rat as its mascot/emblem. There were several reasons for this: (1) 1984 was the Year of the Rat in the Oriental zodiacal calendar; (2) rats were a strong visual reference to George Orwell's novel 1984; (3) one of the L.A. Committee members had a pet rat that he wanted to make the con's mascot; (4) another Committee member was Linda Miller, an animator working at Don Bluth's studio, and she had a lot of experience in drawing rats (for "The Secret of NIMH") just then; and (5) the con site was actually in Anaheim, just across the street from Disneyland, which enabled the con to use the slogan "Vote for the Rat and come visit the Mouse". So the 1984 Worldcon used Linda Miller's rat drawing as its emblem. As for the actual rat, Reynolds... well, the Worldcons were bid for two years in advance in the early 1980's, and the average lifespan of a rat is 1 1/2 years. Reynolds did live to the Worldcon and died there, presumably through a combination of extreme old age and nervousness at being petted by so many strangers. But Reynolds went out in glory, because the 1984 Worldcon was the largest to date (over 8,400 members) and is generally regarded as having been one of the best-organized and most enjoyable.

Now Los Angeles is bidding again for the 1996 Worldcon. The Bidding Committee will be throwing lots of campaign parties between now and the voting for the 1996 site, which will be held at the 1993 Worldcon. Lots of party fliers with cartoon rats will be needed. Here are the details (this write-up is reprinted from Mike Glycer's newszine FILE 770 #84, the 23 January 1990 issue, page 15):

Dateline Los Angeles:

L. A. IN '96 IS LOOKING FOR A FEW GOOD RATS

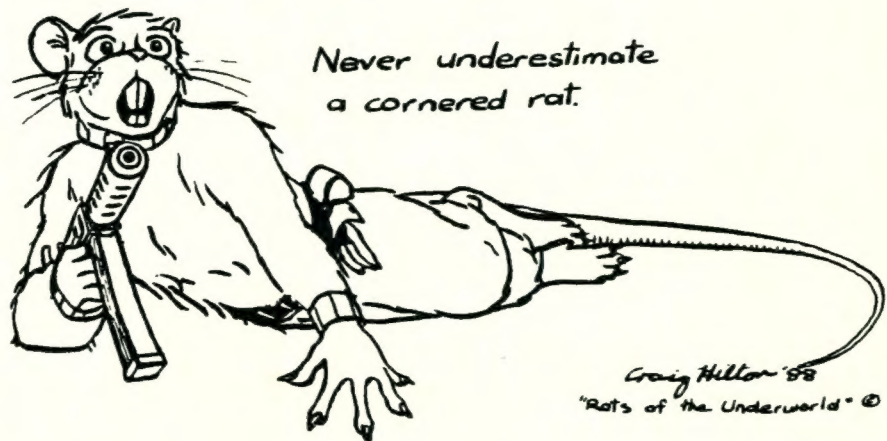
The L. A. Worldcon Bid for 1996 — yet another Year of the Rat in the Chinese Calendar — has again picked Reynolds Rat as its mascot. But this time we are sending him to Hollywood. For each of the 65 conventions at which we expect to throw Bid Parties between NorEastCon 3 and the 1993 Worldcon, we want to have a different Hollywood Rat flyer. So far we have had "1,000,000 BC" (*Before Cats), "Ratman", "The 4th Ratketeer", and "The Attack of the 50ft. Vermin." Others being worked on are "Rat Woman of the Moon", "Ratropolis" and "East of Edam." We need lots more, and would welcome any fan artist who would like to help. Some suggestions for titles are:

Indiana Rat and The Warren of Doom
The Shape of Rats to Come
Three Rats in the Fountain
The Rat of the Baskervilles
The HunchRat of Notre Dame
Gone With The Rind (featuring Rat Butler)
Cheshire of the Sierra Madre
Star Tracks, Too: The Rat of Cons
The Man Who Loved Rat Dancing
The Charge of the Rat Brigade
The Day The Rat Stood Still
When Rats Collide
R*A*T*S
The Rat That Roared
The Rat On The Moon
PiRats of Penzance
The Little MeRats
For a Few Rats More
Wuthering Rats
From Russia With Rats
Rat on a Hot Tin Roof
Dr. Gnow
Rat In Mind
Rat Ballou
Frankenrat

Ratula
CabaRat
Rat Warrior
The Rat Stuff
Ratty Poppins
Rat Race 2000
A Rat at the Opera
Rats and Dolls

The Maltese Rodent
A Fistful of Rats
King Rat Kong
Dead Rats Society
The Last Ratfighter
The Black PiRat
Ratfeathers
Days of Rats and Roses

For details (like: what's in it for you) call Bruce Pelz at 818-366-3827, or write: L. A. in '96, P. O. Box 8442, Van Nuys CA 91409.



Patten's Pontifications

Review: Cat House

Reviewed by Fred Patten

Cat House, by Michael Peak. New York, Signet Books/
New American Library, September 1989, 255 pages, \$3.95.
ISBN 0-451-16303-6.

A three-page prologue gives the impression that this novel is going to be very imitative of Watership Down. Fortunately, this is misleading. Cat House is in that genre, the talking "realistic animal" story, but it is refreshingly original and imaginative.

The setup is the same as in Watership Down, or in countless folk tales of how the Maker created the world and all of the furry, feathery, and scaly people upon it. In this case, the focus is upon the cats — *Felis domestica* in particular. Their name in Peak's animal language is the 'farries', evoking resonances of both 'furry' and 'faery'.

"But the man will be their friend," said Farri hopefully.

"The man will be their provider," said the Creator, 'although cats will certainly be able to take care of themselves. Just like man. And just like man, they will have no true friends in the animal world. They will have only themselves, and each other...' (p. 9)

A large community of farries live together with their paladins (the human companions who feed and protect them) in a modern suburb of San Diego, on the edge of the California desert. The farries love and reward their paladins with affection, but they really prefer to conduct their social affairs outside of their paladins' notice, in back alleys and vacant lots.

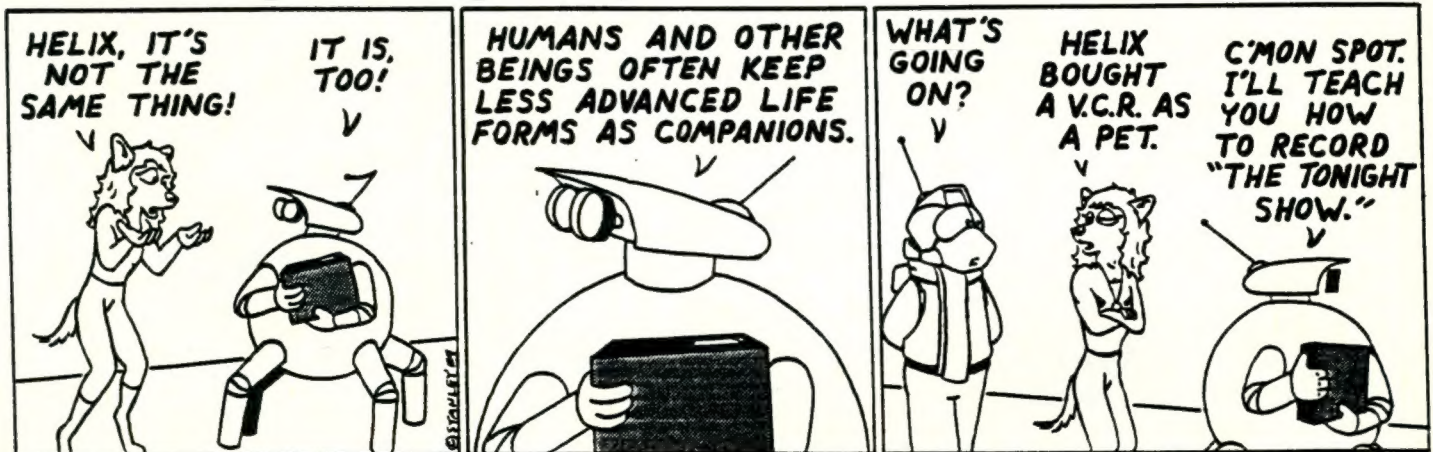
This farri community is different than most. One of the Creator's rules to all animals is to be fruitful and multiply, which cats do frequently and joyfully. However, some female farries are taken by their paladins to be scarred, after which they no longer go into heat. They can still enjoy

the pleasure of mating, but if they cannot go into heat, they are usually fated to watch the toms go courting elsewhere. But this community contains a wise cat, Mistress Halina, who organizes the scarred girls and teaches them how to be sophisticated in attracting the toms. Halina's Den soon becomes the most popular social spot in the community.

Halina tries to maintain friendly relations with everyone. But one of the toms, Coron, is so disgustingly brutal to the girls that she is forced to order him away permanently. In revenge, Coron starts a campaign to convince the normal females that it is sacrilege against the Creator for cats who cannot bear young to continue mating. Unfocused jealousy quickly swells into an organized, self-righteous crusade to force Halina's girls from the community. At the same time, a drought is driving wildlife from the desert into the housing development. This includes individual menaces such as rattlesnakes and hawks, and a very large menace in the form of a pack of krahstas (coyotes), the age-old enemies of the farries. And this pack has an unusually skillful leader, Dahrkron, a fanatic who believes himself blessed by the Creator to destroy all farries.

Cat House switches back and forth between three viewpoints: Halina and her closest friends, Mahri and Melena, as they try to fight the growing prejudice against them; Dahrkron and his pack as they grow in strength and daring attacks; and Roger Anderson, Halina's paladin, who works for the San Diego COURIER and who suspects that one of his neighbors is engaged in organized crime. This third plot is nicely handled, but it seems to have no connection with the novel other than to serve as an example of the paladins' own affairs which keep them too busy to notice what is happening among the farries all around them. It feels like poorly-justified padding, which keeps annoyingly interrupting the real story. But despite this, Cat House is a strong enough and unusual enough anthropomorphic novel to make it a must-read title.

Freefall by Mark Stanley

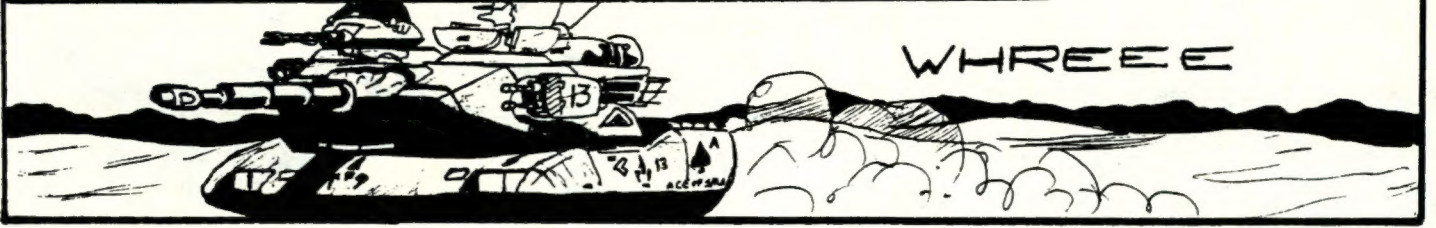




0535. A TANK CREW RUSHES HOME



NOT REALIZING HOME WAS DESTROYED AT 0230...



AT 0537, THE DESERT SUN TOPS THE HORIZON



EMPIRES

STORY, ART AND LETTERING, AND INKS, TOO! BY CHRIS GRANT

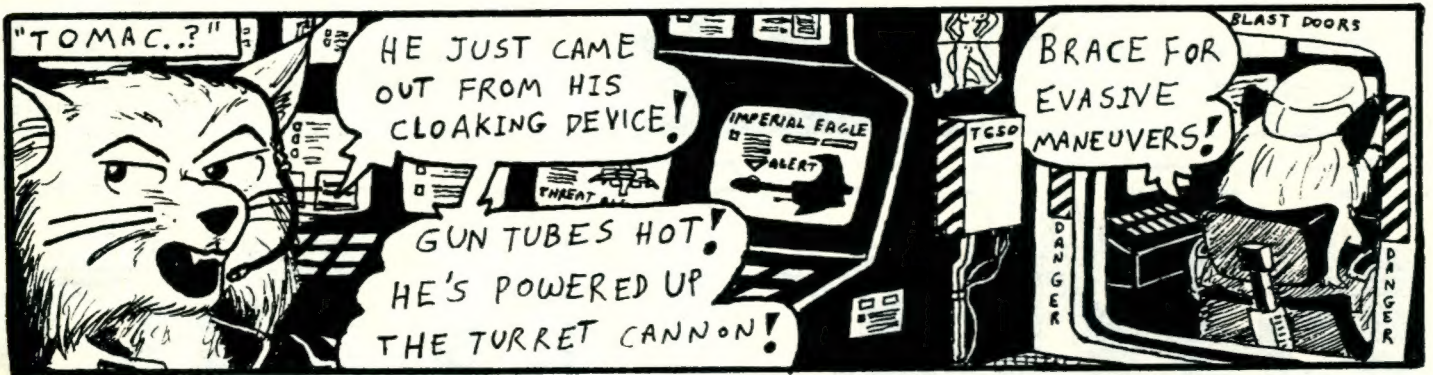
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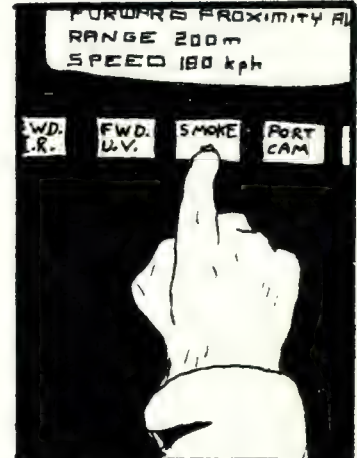
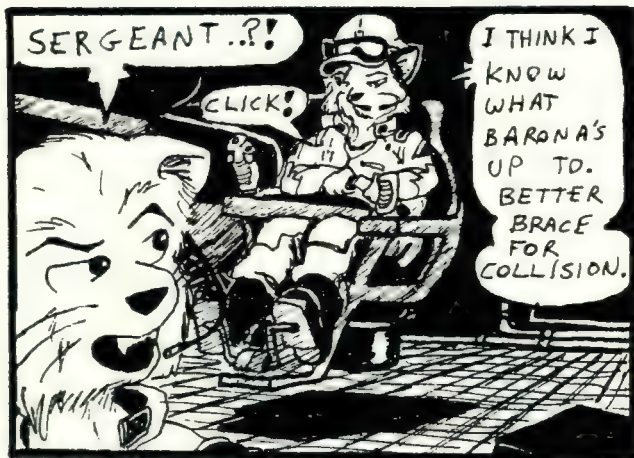
AND AT 0538 ANOTHER KIND OF HEAT BEGINS TO BEAT DOWN ON THE



ACE OF SPADES

I





SHIT! BARONA!

CRASH

THE 75 TON TANK SLIDES TO A STOP,
NOSE BURIED IN THE SAND...

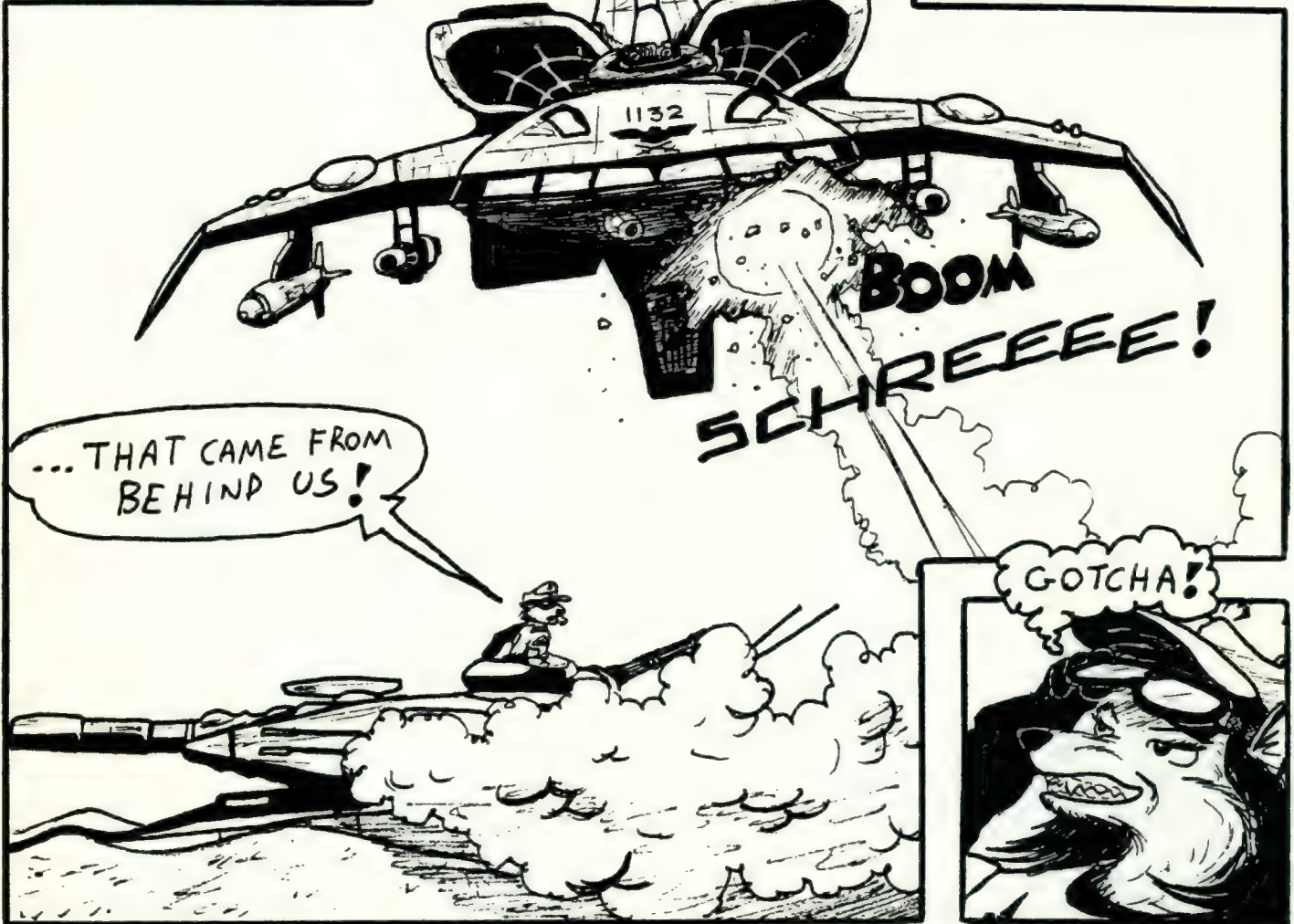


IF WE DIE I'M GONNA KILL THAT
CRAZY BITCH

READY THE MAIN GUN!









BOOM



WHRUMPH!

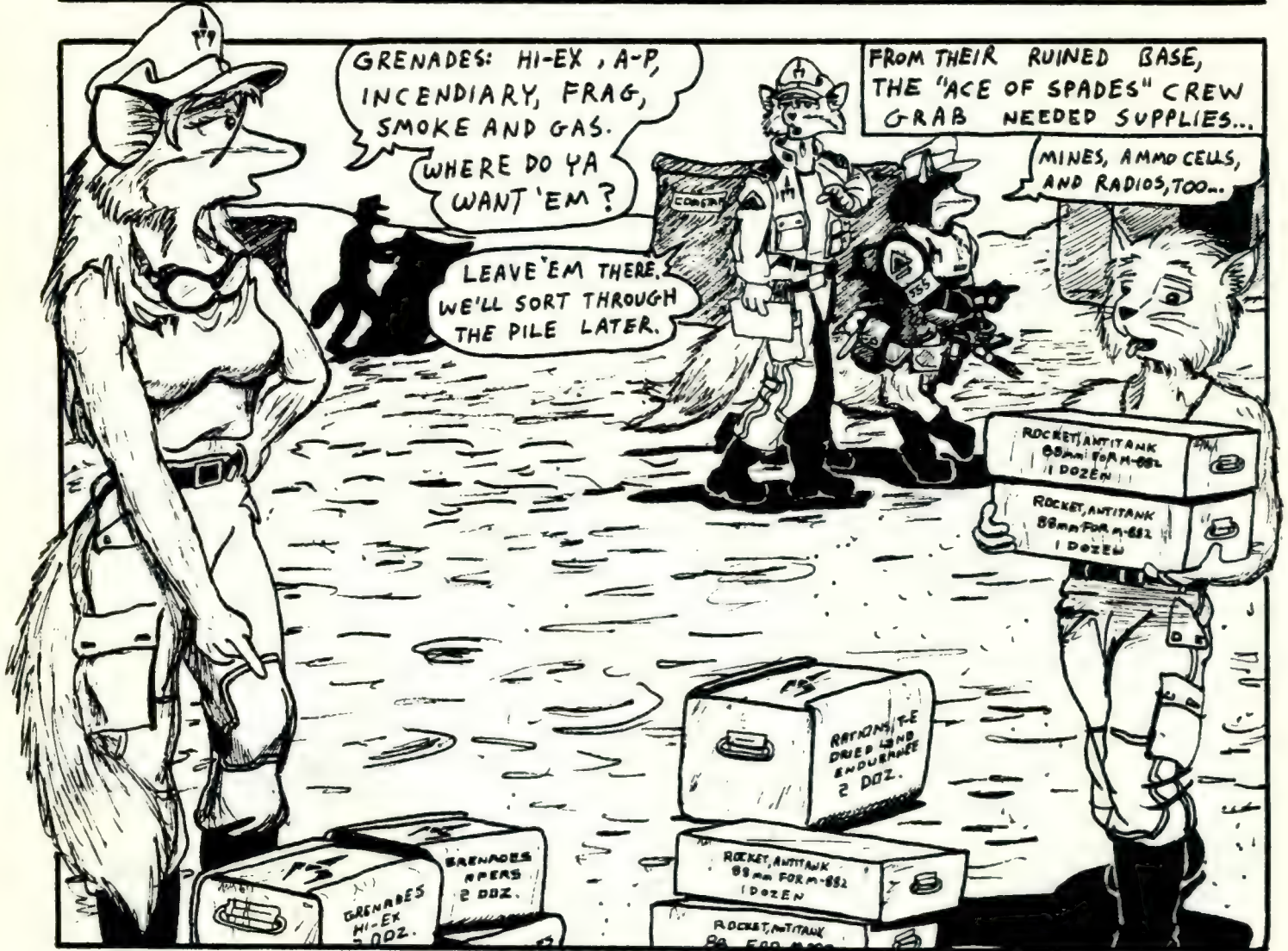


ALL RIGHT! BARONA, GET US TO SOME COVER, CASE THEY GOT ANY MORE PATROLS UP...



...AND IT LOOKS LIKE OUR INFANTRY SUPPORT SHOWS UP AS WELL! STEER FOR HER, CORPORAL!







THE DEAD ARE ASSEMBLED INTO A LARGE PILE AND COVERED WITH TARPS...

NO TIME TO DIG A HOLE. WE'LL
USE THE FLAMETHROWER.

AND THEN GET THE
HELL OUT OF HERE.



TO NO ONE'S SURPRISE, NILE VOLUNTEERS TO USE THE FLAMETHROWER.

FRUUSHH-

SHE IS VERY GOOD WITH IT...



SOON, THE BASE, THE DEAD, AND THE FIRE ARE BEHIND THEM...



...ALSO UP IN SMOKE GOES THEIR LINK TO A PAST, "ROUTINE" LIFE.

CONTINUED...

Learning the Craft

by
David White

Marc Palti looked up from the notepad screen and watched a large leather bound book approach him. It appeared that this well thumbed volume had sprouted a pair of short fuzzy legs to propel itself unsteadily toward him. The book at last flopped into his lap, revealing his daughter's smiling face.

"Tell us a story, Daddy," said Tracy as she climbed into Marc's lap.

"Yeah!" said James as he wiggled into place opposite his sister. "One about the ancient times with battles and swordsmen."

"Noooo!" Tracy wailed. "Tell one that's romantic and has a princess in it."

"I'll tell you what," Marc said as he located a particular page. "I'll read one that has both. It's our own story. Of how we came to be here."

* * *

Paul the Younger galloped out of his stronghold, mounted on a fine stag charger, briefly leaving behind the responsibilities of leadership. Since his father and brother had been killed in the wars, their lands had been slowly swallowed up by other land holders and their loyalty questioned until, at last, Paul had been declared swordless, an outlaw, and his name was stricken from the rolls of the nobility. His family and followers were forced to take refuge in the wildlands. And so, being a practical young man as well as a Volan, a descendant of Shiryo's noble flying squirrels, he behaved like an outlaw. They built a fortified camp next to an enormous lake at a spot where a beekeeper once kept his hives safe from Deep Winter's snows. From here they raided their foe's outposts and waylaid their merchants and caravans. Taking what they wished, when they wished.

The two things Paul now wished for he rode hard to drive from his thoughts. The first was his desire to avenge his family on those who had reduced them to this. There was much he could forgive, but no Volan would tolerate being dispossessed. Only restoration to rank, or the blood of his enemies, would satisfy him. The other desire he wanted to suppress was simpler, but would not leave him a moment's

peace. April seemed to pursue him as he rode, the memory of her face, her voice, haunting him. They met in their teens, in a desperate blaze of first passion. That banked into the enduring love that bound them still. They had given each other no pledge and never felt one was needed. They knew they were meant to be mated. But her father...

Paul spurred his mount to a desperate speed, sending him leaping over obstacles no sensible rider would attempt. One day, he vowed, April, land and vengeance would be his. Until then he found both solace and distraction in yet another breakneck ride around the Bay of Sapphires.

He returned to the camp and let one of the youngsters lead the weary stag away. There was an excited gathering at the far end of camp prompted by the arrival of a messenger. As he approached, he saw that the messenger was his own sister.

"Paul!" called Helena. "I bring terrible news. April has been promised to Atreus, the son of the Count of Linebaugh."

"No," Paul gasped, thunderstruck. "I can't believe that she'd..."

"She didn't," Helena said quickly. "It's the old Duke's doing. He means to join the families and secure his holdings and influence. I heard he all but tied April to a saddle to make her go. But she is on the way with her dowry and a heavy escort."

"And you think this bad news?" Paul responded with a grin. "At last old Duke Ardea has let her out of Argent Keep. And I have a chance to exact another payment for all that has been done to us and, perhaps, bring him out to settle the bill."

Paul's stockade had become a haven for many of Shiryo's dispossessed. Volan, Asida or Ajidamo made no difference to Paul. His interest was in ending their suffering, and it gained him strong loyalty. Now his clear voice rang out to the people within his walls..

"My good people! I ride to bring the old Duke to book. Will any ride with me?" Every voice shouted in support. "Then

gather our arms and armor. It's time Ardea Lycaonis paid a toll for passing our way."

Paul's plan was simple and flawless. A strong mounted force was at a great disadvantage in the brush country surrounding the woods, so Paul's warriors tethered their mounts well into the trees. Paul and his people laid their ambush on foot in the dense scrub that encroached on the road. At Paul's signal they burst from the bushes scant yards from the convoy, taking them from the flanks. In a flurry of vicious swordplay they toppled the riders and seized their mounts. In minutes they were away with bride, dowry and all.

April knew not who had attacked them. Their armor was unmarked, and the visors of their helmets hid their faces. Her attempt to fight only gained her a most uncomfortable ride, flung over a saddle like a flour sack. The raiders rode into the stronghold and April squirmed from the stag, landing in an unladylike sprawl. As she gathered herself up the one she took to be the leader came toward her, his helmet's visor still down, walking with the slow tread of an old warrior.

"You'll rue this day, thief," she said defiantly, her tail shaking with rage. "My father is..."

"I know him," rasped the muffled voice from the helmet. "Let the old man come claim his daughter."

"Do you expect him to ransom me?"

He came quite close to her, his eyes just visible through the visor. "My lady, there is not enough treasure in all of Shiryo to take you from me."

So, she thought. THAT is what they want with me. He'll find the price for this flesh will be more than he can afford.

She turned away from him, feigning fear. Her hand slipped into her bodice to find the hilt of the slender dagger she carried there. It flashed out as she spun around to face him.

"Villain! I'll..."

April froze, wide-eyed, the dagger slipping from her fingers. Paul had finally removed the helmet.

"Damn you, Paul!" she shouted, slipping into his arms, nonetheless. "Why didn't you tell me it was you? I could have..."

April discovered that she was gradually bearing more of his weight. She lowered him gently to the ground and found, to her horror, that her hand came away coated with his blood. A sword thrust had found the gap between his helmet and throatpiece, and the wound was already dangerously swollen with infection.

* * *

Had the Duke Ardea his own way, He would have torn about his hall in a frenzy and, when he at last ran down, personally beheaded the idiots who had been escorting the treasure he had dispatched with his daughter. Only the presence of his guest held him in check. His rage instead turned to a seething hatred for the bandit Paul and his cohorts. In a fine display of his mercurial temper, he roared for every able bodied rodent to arm for battle, then calmly retired to his chamber with his armorer and let them get on with it.

From his tower window, the source of Ardea's restraint studied the frenetic preparations. Darius, fourth Imperator of Shiryo had come to this distant frontier with his light guards to measure for himself the loyalty of his vassals. As two of his predecessors had died by steel, this was not at all unreasonable. The civilized world had been united for but thirty five years and there was still as much danger within the realm as without. And even though the Volan, with few exceptions, constituted the whole class of the swordbearers, they were far outnumbered by Shiryo's other squirrel races, the savage red furred Ajidamo and the numberless gray hordes of the Asida. As wagons were loaded and huge war elk were swaddled in armor, Darius made his decision and called the captain of his guard.

"Captain, does our host intend to ride against young Paul, son of Jonathan?" he asked.

"Yes, Most Honorable, that is the talk in the hall. It seems the thief has stolen something most dear to His Grace's heart."

"Oh, yes," Darius said knowingly, "his only daughter."

"No, sir," the captain responded with a smile. "His daughter's dowry. She is known for being a woman of, shall we say, independent opinions. His Grace has had to place a high bounty on her to have any chance of joining her to a noble house."

"He'd have no trouble joining her to Paul," Darius said, his voice becoming grim. "I know the story of his family. I am not pleased with the conduct of my liegemen in this matter. And, in spite of everything, Paul has shown restraint, guile, patience and courage. It is one reason I came here. I have need of such men."

Darius turned and commanded, "Inform His Grace that we will accompany him on his little excursion. And bring my field armor."

* * *

In the second week of the siege, Paul's people were pushed back to the stronghold itself. Their ambushes, traps and

raids had slowed the advance of their enemy, but defeating them was impossible. News of the attack had spread and many old enemies and young adventurers had rushed to Ardea's banner. Despite Paul's superb leadership and careful planning, the numbers they faced made their situation grave.

Helena trudged into the tiny space that served as Paul's sick room. His own quarters he had given up to serve as an infirmary for their ever-increasing wounded. In spite of her weariness, she was warmed by the sight of April gently bathing his wound. What had old Aurelian said about them? "Love as deep as the night sky and vast as Iroko's bands, yet filled by but one other heart." True Love, he called it. Helena sighed deeply. It'll never catch on, she thought, taking one mate for a lifetime. Too bad.

"Helena," said Paul, rousing her from her thoughts, "what news?"

"I'm sorry, Paul," she replied, "none good. We could no longer hold the west ridge. Ardea has moved to just beyond bowshot of the wall and has surrounded us. I have a boat that can take you and April across the lake. You can slip out the rear gate after dark."

"And leave everyone else to Ardea's whim?" Paul answered. "Don't jest with me. I thought I heard the old wolf shouting a while ago, but I couldn't understand him."

"He...he offered to let everyone go free if you would meet him in single combat." she said reluctantly.

"Well, that's that." he said. "Go get..."

"No!" said April. "Father is long in years, but in his rage he is sudden death. I've seen him on the practice grounds best four men half his age. Your body has only just beaten the infection of your wound and you have not nearly regained your strength. You must not do this."

"What else can I do? Let my people be killed one by one in a fight we can't win?"

He pushed himself upright in the bed and swung his feet over the edge to the floor. That alone seemed to take all his might. Neither April nor Helena made a move to help him. He had to learn his limits himself.

"Will you have your armor, Paul, or just a sword?" said Helena gently.

Paul fixed her with a venomous gaze for a moment, thinking that she was mocking him. Then sagged and relented when he saw the deep concern in her eyes.

"Please tell His Grace that I shall have to decline his offer." Paul said quietly. "For now."

Helena stepped out silently as April tucked him back into bed. After a few moments, when she was sure he was asleep again, April left as well.

* * *

"You see, Most Honorable. He refuses a fair fight. He is nothing but a thief and a brigand." said Duke Ardea. "Allow me now to put the place to the torch."

Darius turned to Ardea with an scowl that few men would behold without fear. It was said that a performer had seen that visage and from it produced the Mask of Wrath. Darius spoke in measured, angry tones.

"My good Duke, I have heard no refusal. You have merely been ignored. And I will not allow you to fire the stronghold for several reasons. First, I am not convinced of the disloyalty of everyone within it. Second, and you seem to have forgotten this, your own daughter is still in there."

Darius looked back at the crude stockade and cut off the Duke's further protests with a wave of his hand.

"Finally, and no doubt to your everlasting joy, it appears your challenge has been answered."

Ardea could scarce believe his good fortune. There before the wall stood Paul, his gleaming blue and gold shield clearly visible, wearing the traditional armor for single combat, a half suit of back-and-breastplate and helmet, tough leather riding pants and boots in place of the heavy lower armor to improve mobility. Striking below the waist was considered dishonorable, and such fights rarely lasted long enough for foul play, but accidents happened. In moments, the Duke had donned his helmet and selected his favorite battle-worn axe and strode out to the field.

The sound of alarm brought Helena racing for the ramparts.

"What is it," she cried.

"It's Paul!" the sentry reported. "He's answering the Duke's challenge. He must have slipped over the west wall and gone around the outside."

"No," she said, horrified. "Fire and demons, NO!" She spun away and ran, not to the wall, but for Paul's room.

The Duke approached his adversary with wary eagerness. He never really wished ill on Paul. His family's land had been coveted by too many swordbearers, and to come to their aid would have jeopardized his own holdings. But now Paul had heaped this insult on him, stealing his daughter when she was promised to another. Not to mention the dowery! To part with such treasure was painful, but he was determined to see that she was provided for

when he was gone. Paul might make her happy, but she would have to settle for being safe.

Ardea closed in and let his anger build, making it work for him. This swordless vermin. This fraud of a warrior. He can hardly keep his shield straight. Faith, he hardly fills his own armor. Just worthless, landless scum who would steal my daughter's future. The rage towered in him, made him feel invincible, unstoppable. Now. NOW!

"VENGEANCE," screamed the Duke, drawing back the axe. His foe saw the opening, thrust past the shield, but the sword point glanced off his armor. An instant later, Ardea's axe crashed into the shield, lifting the thief into the air to land in a heap, weapons lost, even his helmet flying off. The Duke stepped in swiftly to finish the fight as his enemy rolled over to face him. Ardea saw the glittering black eyes, and defiant features so much like his own, framed in a cascade of long shining hair.

April.

From somewhere she drew her knife and leveled it at him. That ornate, ridiculous knife he had given her when she was ten, and that she had carried every day of her life since.

"Vengeance?" she cried angrily. "Is that all you seek? Is that the only satisfaction you can find? Paul's blood?" In an instant, she drew the edge of the blade along the soft white fur at the side of her throat, inflicting a shallow wound and drenching the blade.

"If you want his blood, it is here!" she proclaimed, holding the reddened dagger up before him. "His and mine are one and the same. Spill all of mine you wish if it will spare his life!"

The old man cast aside his weapons and helmet and fell to his knees beside his daughter, clutching her in his arms and letting his tears fall unashamedly. As hot and as deep as his anger had been, it now as quickly dissolved into nothingness. Neither hatred nor the desire for vengeance remained. Only an old man's love for his daughter. Ardea tore a thick yellow cloth from his armor's decoration and skillfully bound April's neck. He heard the creak of the stronghold's gate behind him and tenderly picked her up. How very strange, he thought. She seemed to weigh no more than the first time he held her the day she was born.

Paul came out armed only with a sword, the bandage around his neck a match for April's. At his side walked Helena carrying their family's banner, advertising their willingness to parley or fight. The warriors of both sides drew up in opposing lines, and Ardea met Paul and Helena a short distance from the gate, his mind made up. If April felt this man was worth her life, he was worth risking everything else for.

Paul felt unsteady as his foes approached. He aimed to grab the banner staff for support if he felt his knees start to give way. Helena watched him closely and edged a bit nearer to him, just in case.

"I came to give you satisfaction," said Paul.

"There is no need," Ardea answered, placing April on her feet once more. She leaned on Paul, at last feeling the effects of her rash act.

"I have been wrong in this whole matter," the Duke continued, "unwilling to put any faith in the wisdom of April's heart. If there has been any quarrel between us, Paul, I ask that we put it behind us."

Paul did not hesitate. He knew that it was far better to make a friend of your enemy than to destroy him. "I, too, put aside the past," he said. "And I would call you friend."

"Never," said the Duke sternly, prompting a moment of stunned silence. "I would have you call me Father."

A soft grumble of dissent drifted from the Duke's warriors. Many had fallen and there were still hard feelings all around. But if any thought Ardea had softened, the thunder of his voice dispelled it.

"Be silent!" he shouted, "and learn this well! In all this world, in all of time, there is no victory, no land, no treasure, no vengeance that is worth losing the love of your children. That loss is more bitter than death."

Ardea searched the assembly for a face and, finding it, raised his voice once more. "My Lord Atreus! I made an agreement with you concerning my daughter. Will you now seek to hold me to it?"

Atreus was a young and strong warrior who could have posed for a hero's statue. His attention now, though, was fixed on one in the opposing camp. Since approaching, he had been staring at the woman that carried Paul's banner and could not, nor wished to, look away. Helena had seen this and returned his gaze with equal fascination.

"Lord Atreus?"

"No, Your Grace," he at last responded. "I release you from our agreement." The woman then gave him a smile that stirred his desire. When this is done, he promised himself, I shall seek her out.

A small party of warriors approached, and Paul recognized the Emperor's crest on Darius' breastplate with surprise. He never suspected that the sovereign was present at the battle.

"Paul," Darius began, "you have done a most wondrous

thing here today. You have won a great victory, and yet left no one defeated. You command the loyalty of the most diverse people and gain the love of your enemy. A Volan who can manage such feats is one I want in my service. These wildlands are in need of taming, and you are the one to do it. It will please me greatly to grant you Station."

Paul felt almost giddy. A grant of Station meant noble rank and his name returned to the rolls of honor, the right to arms, to govern, and an immediate gift of land. All the land for fifty miles of the spot he claimed and placed his banner, so long as the land was not already claimed. Custom, and prudence, dictated that one claim one's place of greatest strength, and that place was Paul's stronghold.

Paul still had enemies among the Duke's forces, but they felt no concern as Paul took the banner from Helena and walked slowly into the stockade. His family's former lands had been taken and claimed. If he claimed this spot on the lakeshore, his holding would consist largely of hard to defend foothills, the eastern desert, and the lake itself.

Paul was as aware of these things as his enemies, but he had an inspiration. He walked straight through the fort with the curious throng close behind. He unbarred the small back gate, flung it open and waded directly into the lake up to his ankles. There, he touched the last inch of the flagstaff to the water and declared, "Here is my Station."

Darius looked at him in amazement. "Do I understand that you claim the lake?"

Paul nodded, expecting the worst.

Darius' face lit up in delighted realization. He pointed at the water and exclaimed, "...and all the land for fifty miles!"

Measured from the lakeshore, twenty miles and more away, Paul's holdings extended through strong mountain passes to lush western valleys, into the great forests in the north and south, and gave up none of the as-yet undiscovered

mineral wealth of the deserts. In a stroke, he had increased his holding by a fourth.

Paul sloshed slowly from the water using the staff for support. April and Darius met him at the water's edge.

"Paul," said Darius, "I had heard you were crafty. It is as Crafty you shall be known. It seems the best way to give people fair warning of who they're dealing with. And I grant you this Station...what is this place called, anyway?"

"It was once a beekeeper's home, Most Honorable," said April. "We always called it the honeyman's place."

"Then I grant you the Honeyman Station and it's lands and properties. And I charge you and April to cherish each other and govern well. You are the strength and shelter of civilization in this place. You are my Oak on these wildland shores."

* * *

"Did they happy efer after?" came Tracy's sleepy voice.

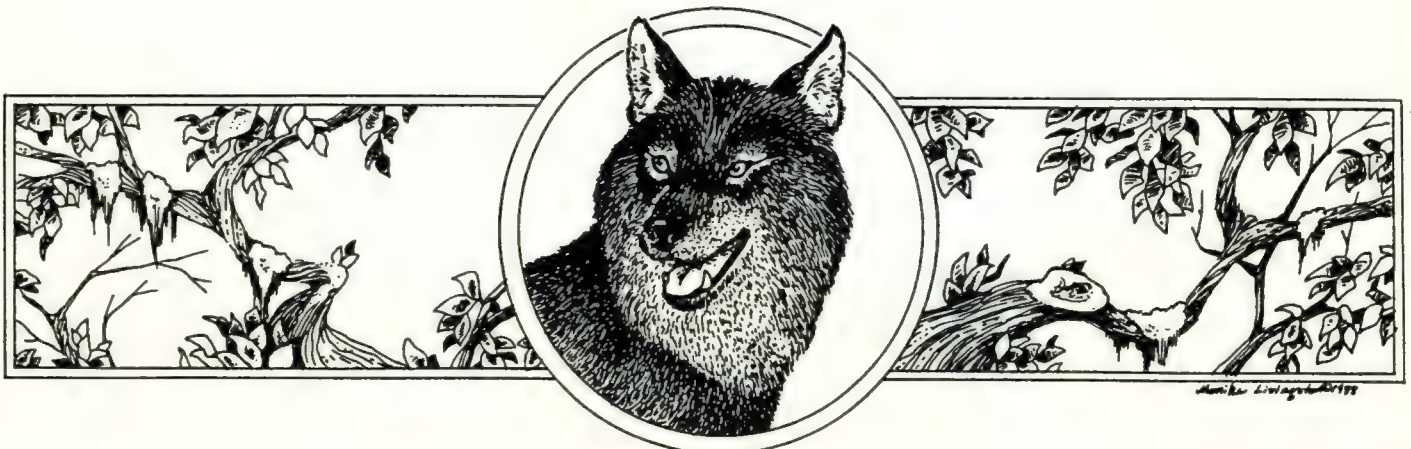
"Yes they did," said Marc, tucking her into her bed. His mate, Chrystal, peered at them from the doorway with a curious smile. "The lake is named Craft after the name the Imperator gave Paul. Their grandson took the name Little Paul, which in Old Tongue is Palti. And down through the centuries, through troubles and triumphs, this has been our home, and always will be."

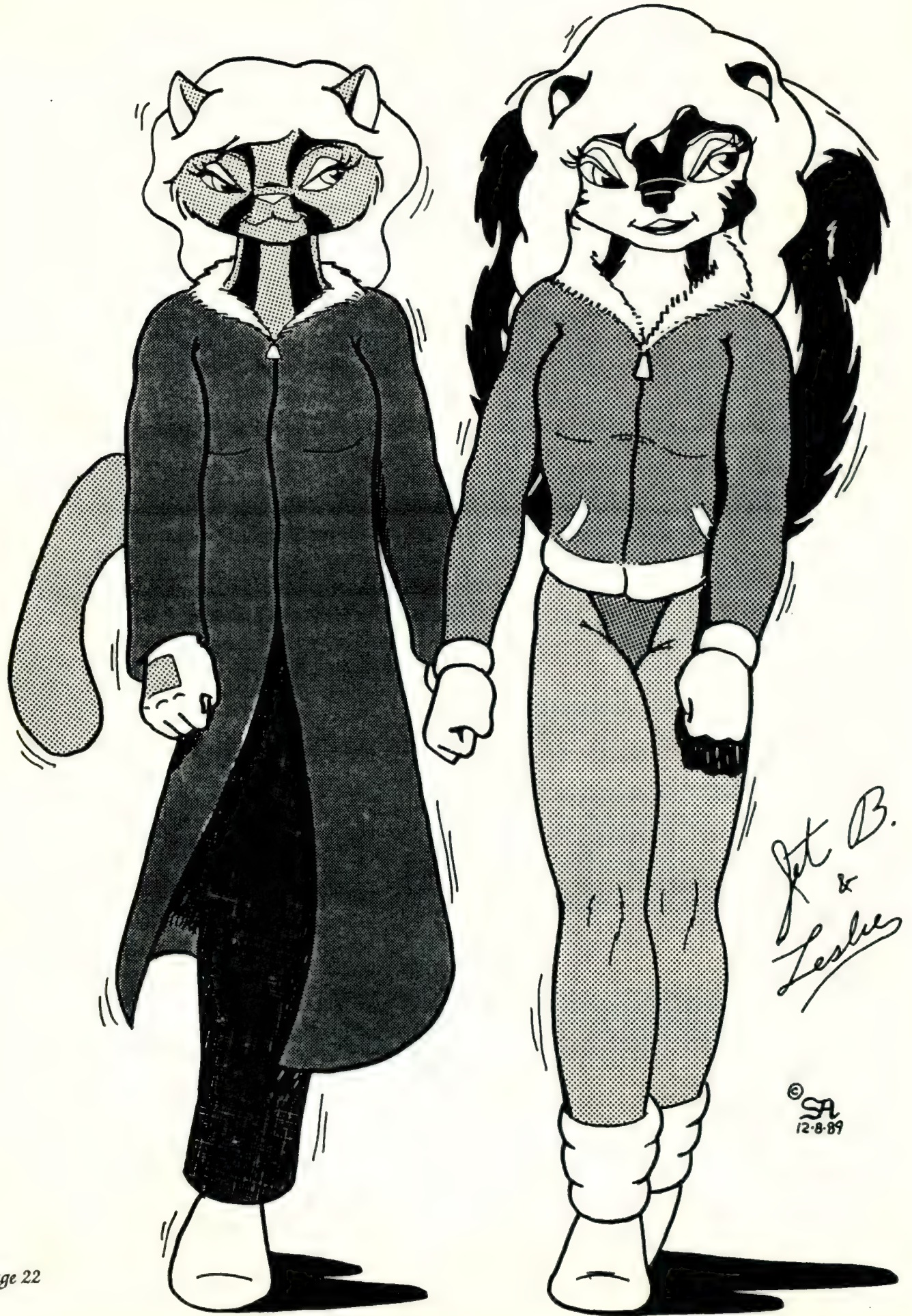
"And it was here that Aurelian first spoke of True Love," said Chrystal as Marc left the room. "Do you suppose it ever caught on?"

Marc answered her with a long, passionate kiss.

"I guess it did," Chrys said. And kissed him back.

THE END





*Art B.
&
Leslie*

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12-8-89



*Amy
Treewick*

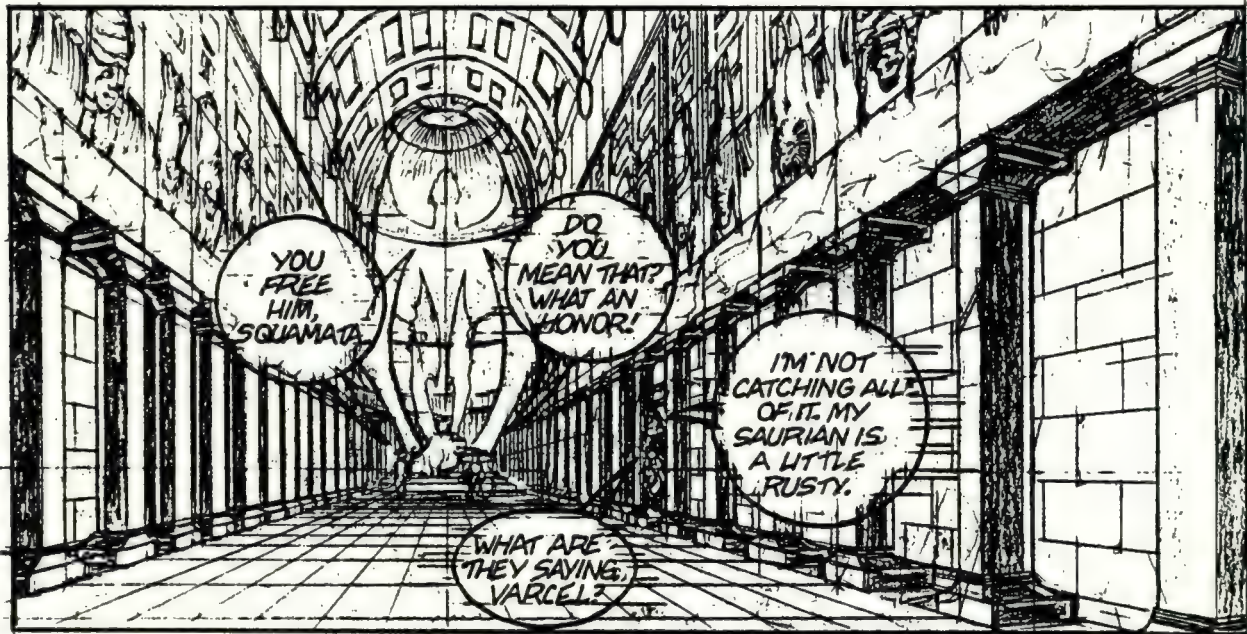
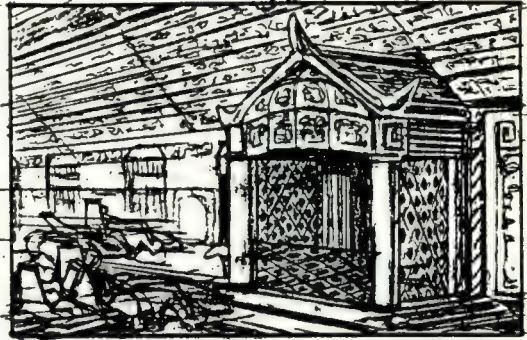
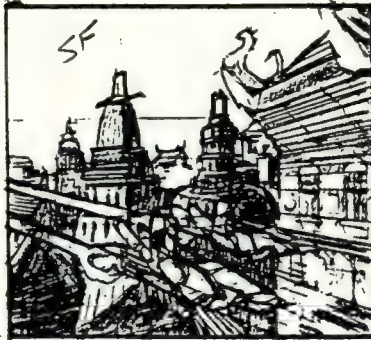
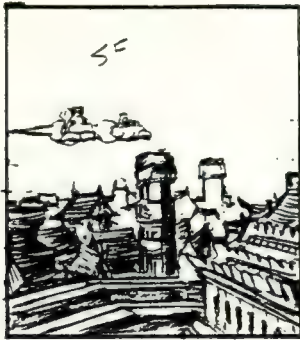
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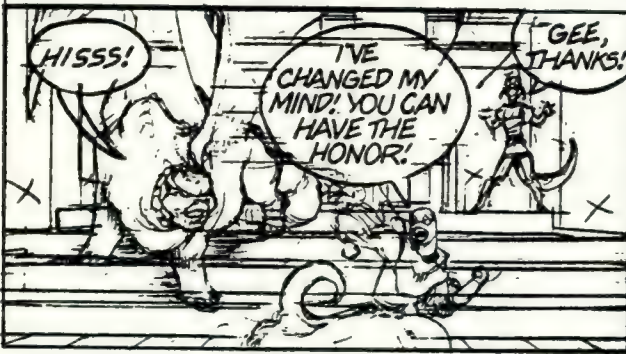




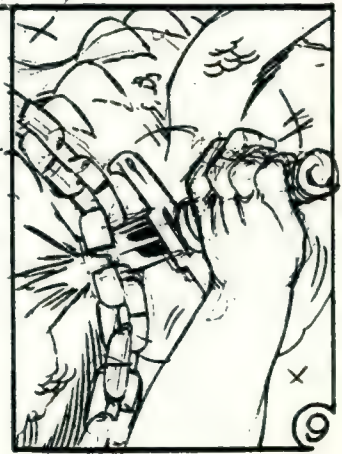


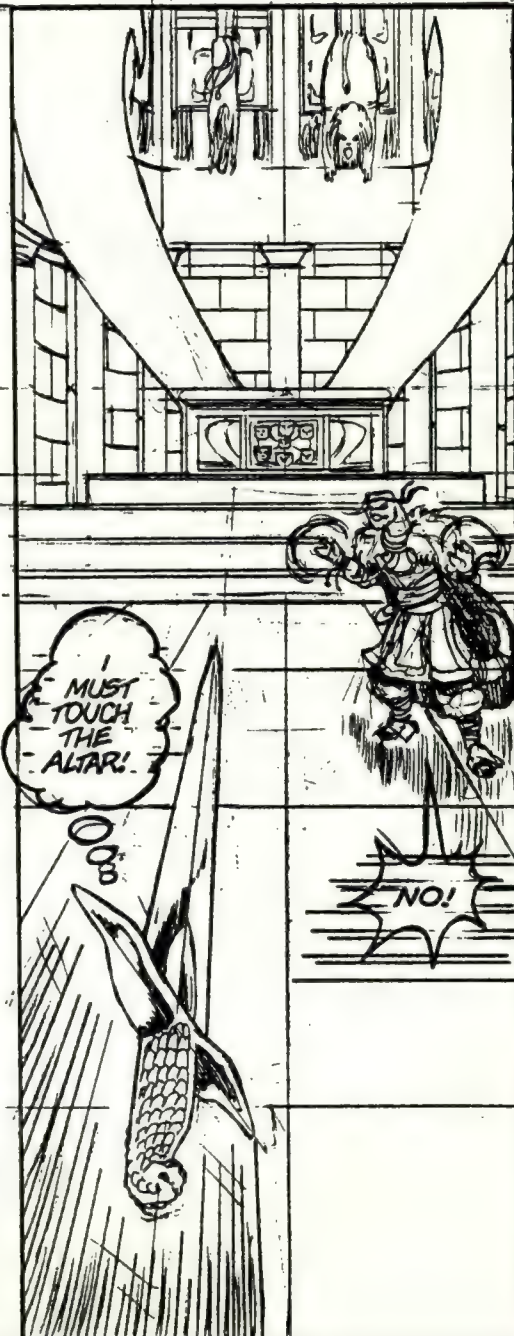
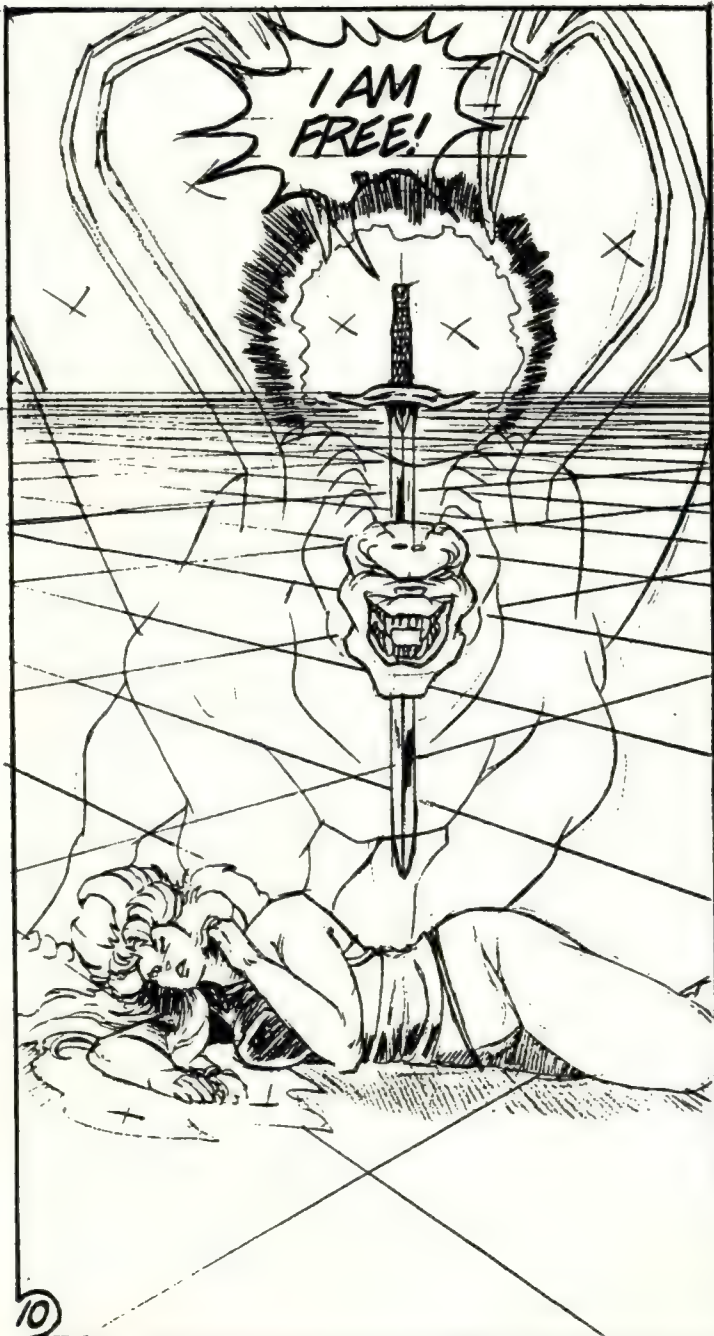
"Varcel's Vixens" by Susan Van Camp part 2

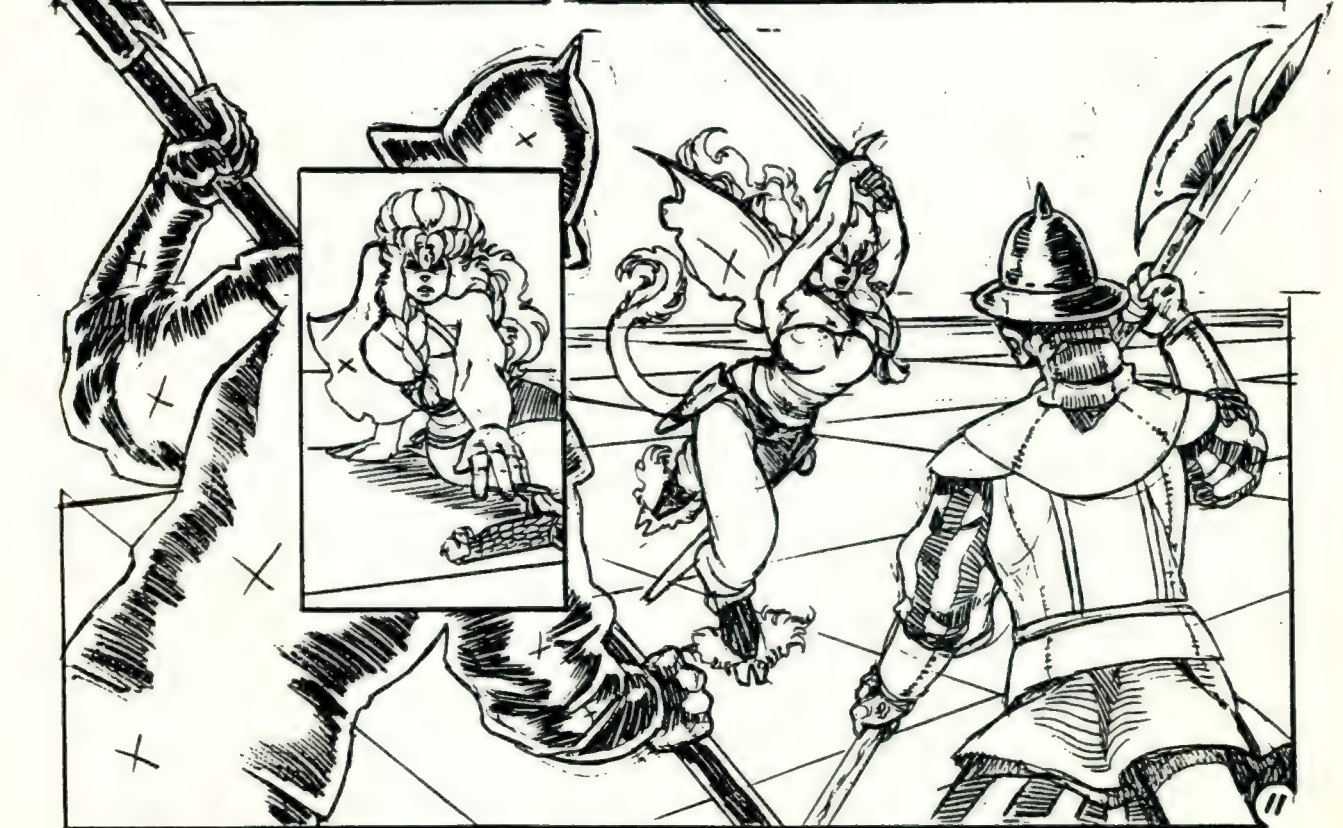
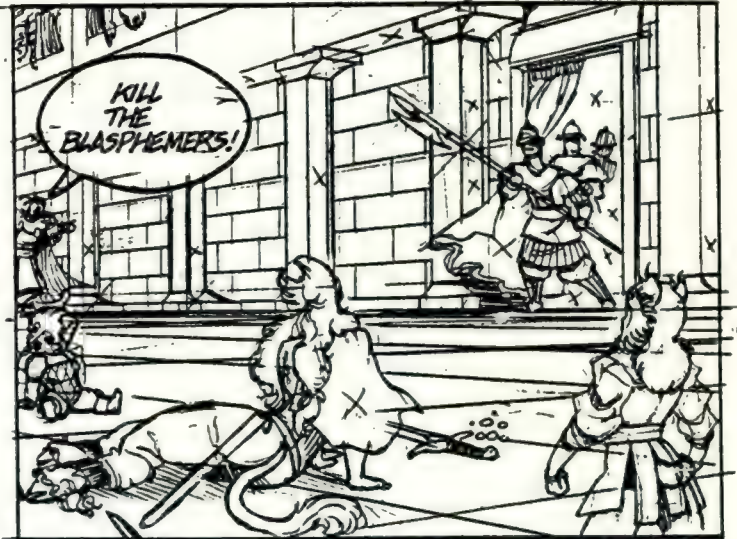
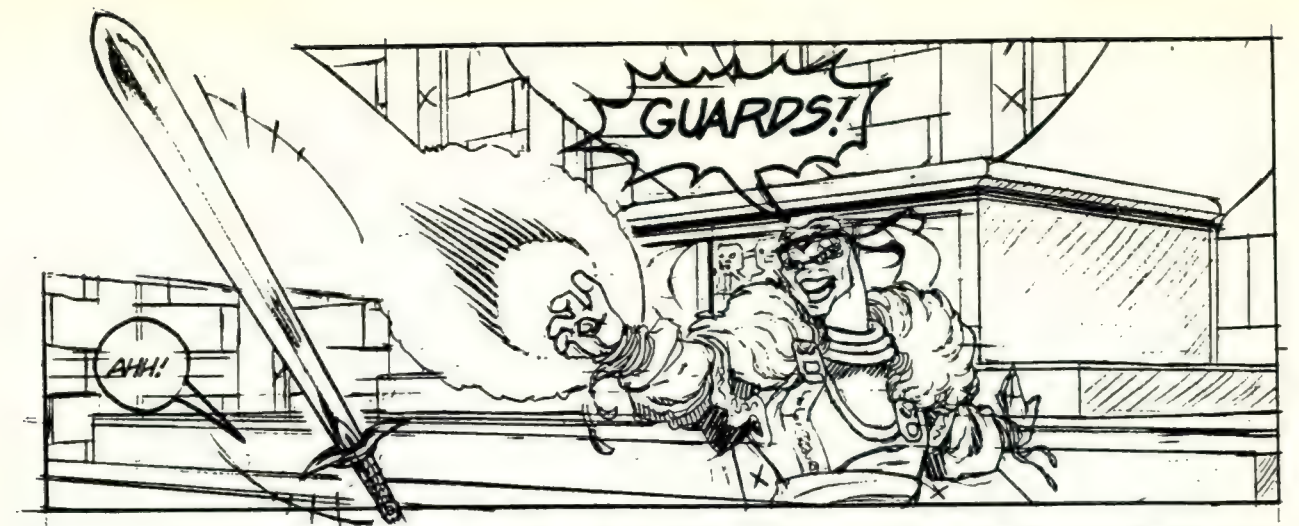












This concludes the draft version of Susan Van Camp's "Varcel's Vixens".
"Varcel's Vixens" is now published as a comic series. Buy it!

**ROBERT
AND
KATRINA**

KREUTZMAN © 900222

**DEADLINE
DIVERSIONS**

OH, ROBERT!

DON'T BUG ME, KATRINA!
I HAVE TO FINISH THESE
DRAWINGS BY TOMORROW.



ROBERTO!

AW, COME ON, KATRINA... WELL, OK,
THAT HAD BETTER BE IMPORTANT!

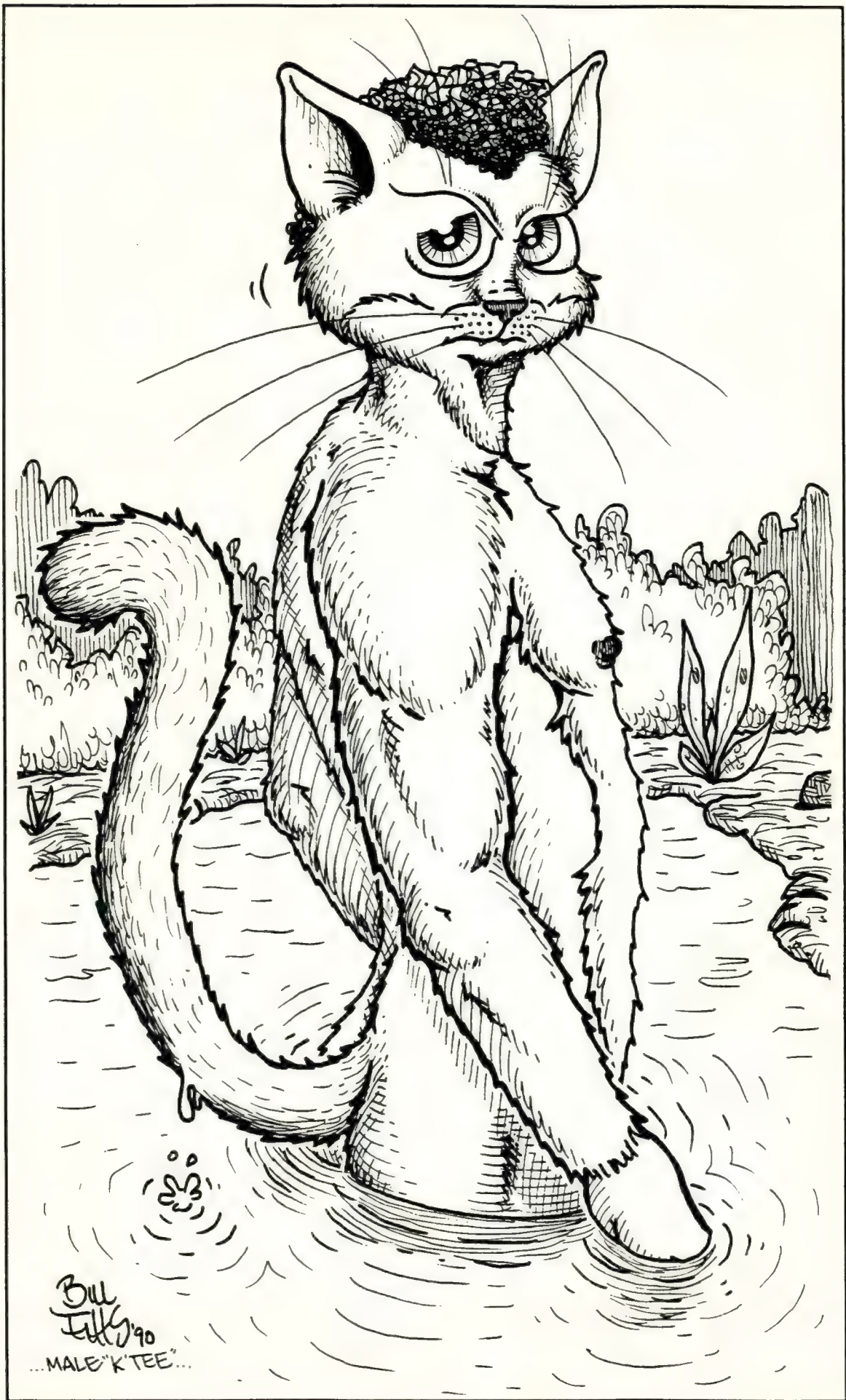


UH HUH...

I THINK IT IS BEST NOT TO RUSH ART AND THAT THE
ARTIST SHOULD PERIODICALLY RELAX AND PARTAKE IN
ALTERNATE DIVERSIONS. DON'T YOU AGREE, KATRINA?
LIKE NOW, RIGHT NOW, YES? NOW?



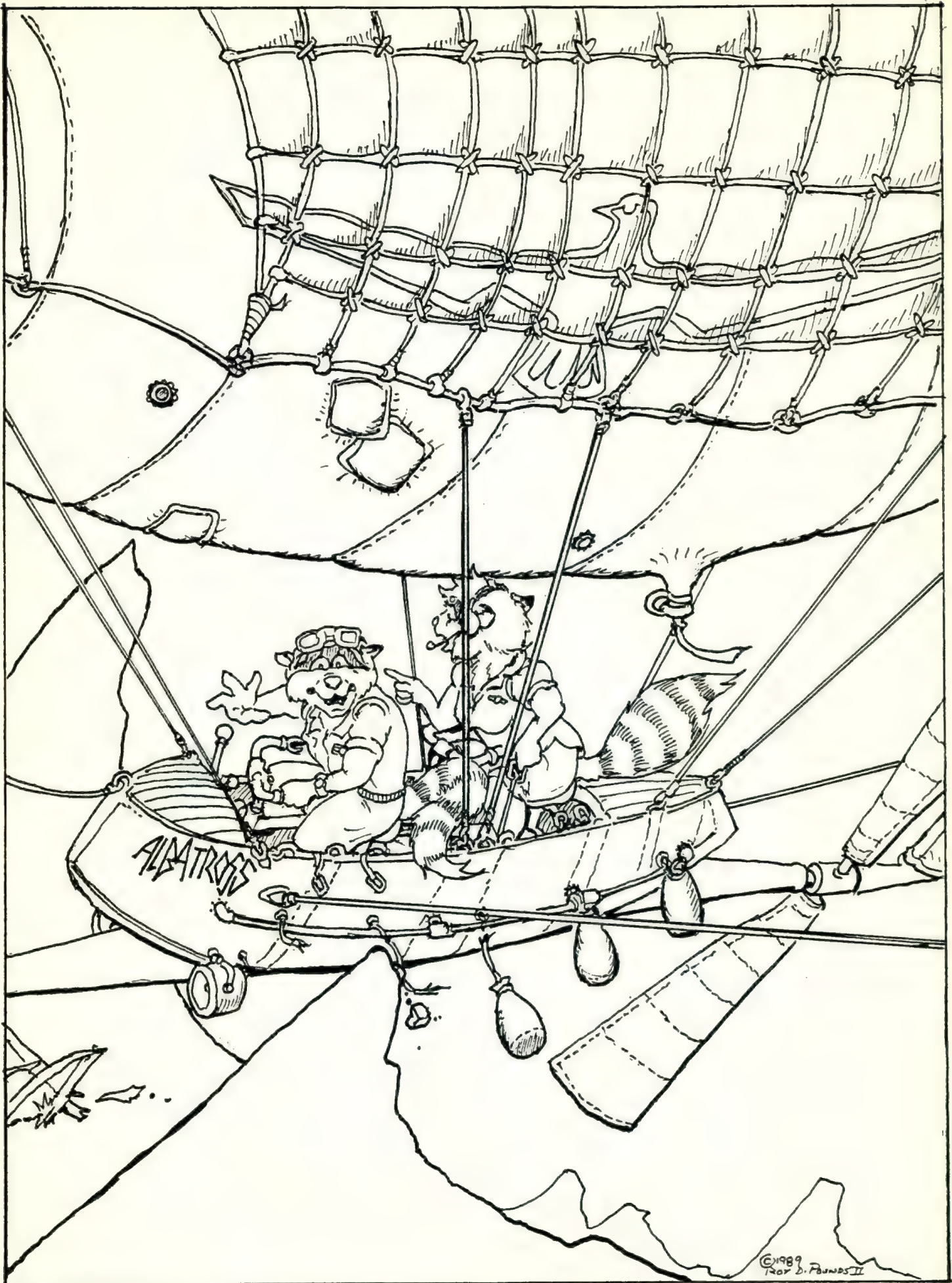




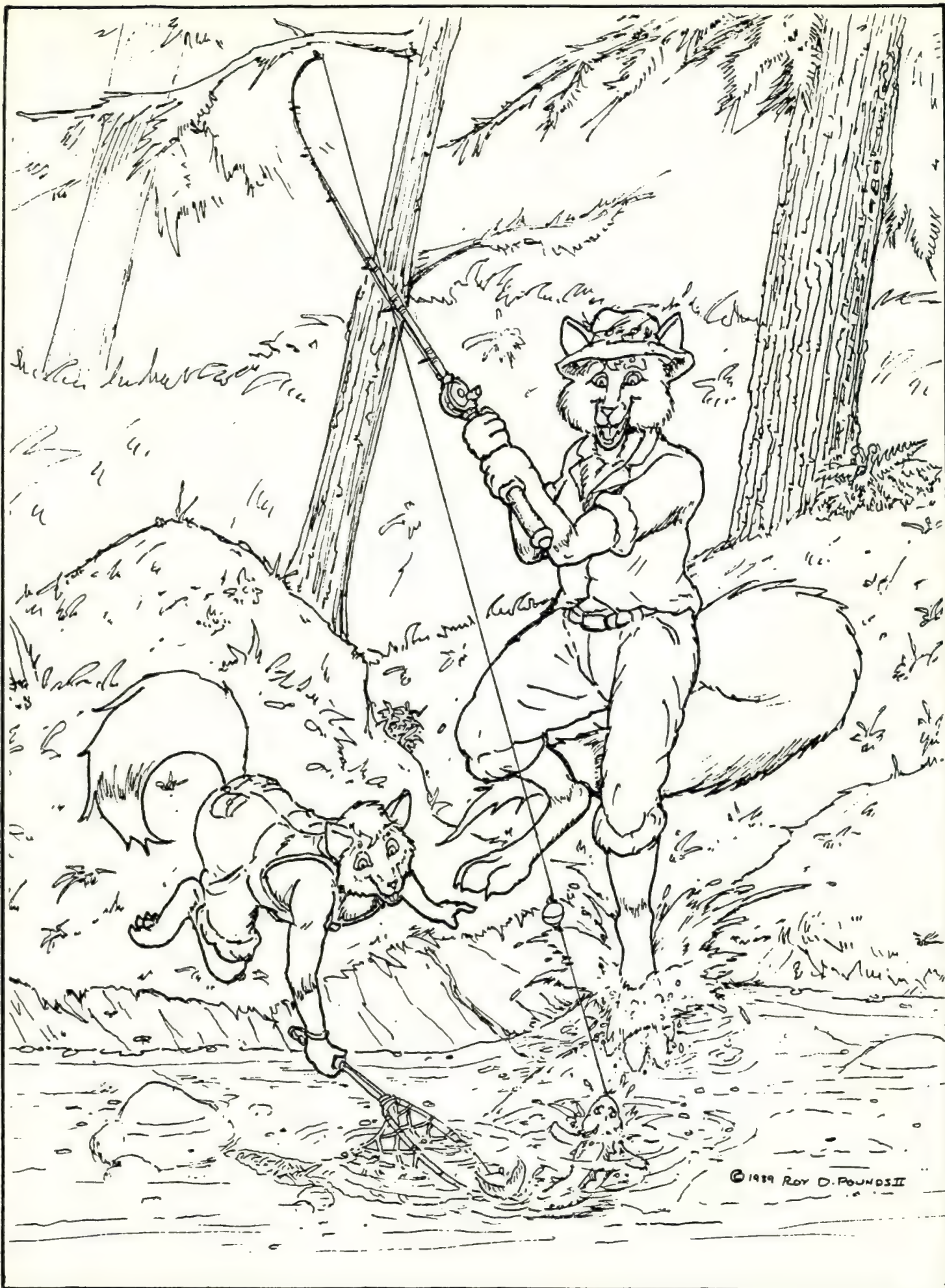




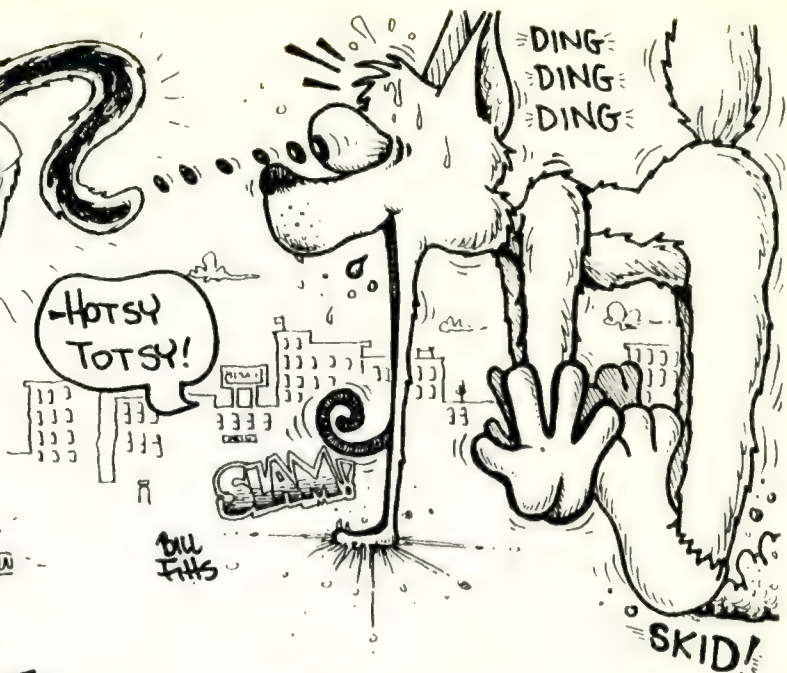
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ROY D. FOUNDS II



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This... MAN(?) ... is out of uniform!



In Sorry sir, but we cannot allow you request 27847548-01.5 clearance. You will have to wait to use the latrine after you go off duty. Thank you :click:

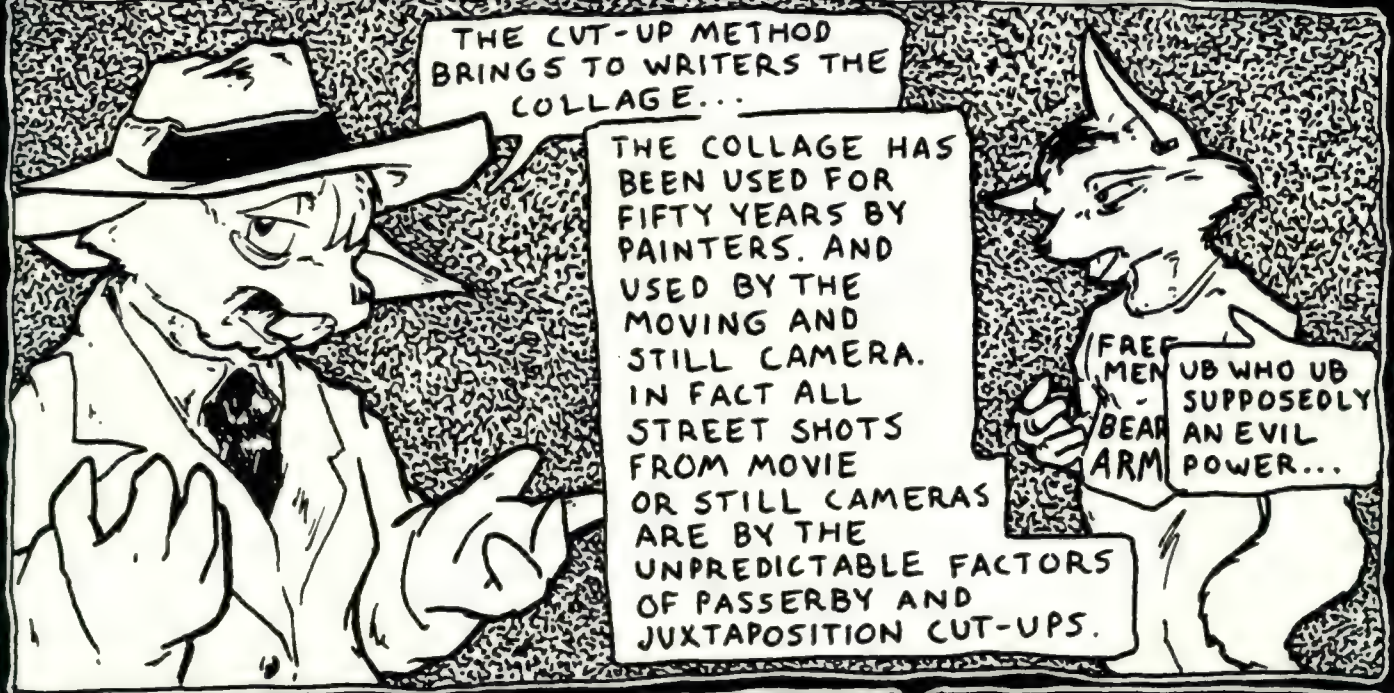
Re'A

FOX CON 1.0
ARTISTS JAM

WILLIAM S. BURROWS EXPLAINS THE

CUT-UP METHOD.

BY
ERIC
BLUM
RICH
1989



THE CUT-UP METHOD BRINGS TO WRITERS THE COLLAGE...

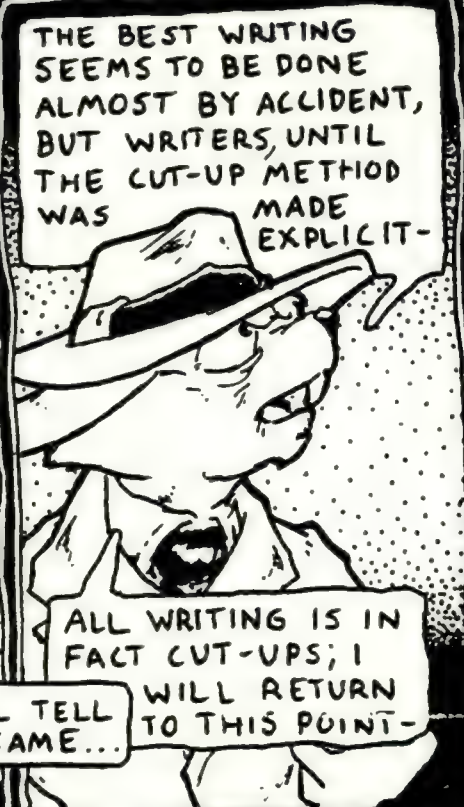
THE COLLAGE HAS BEEN USED FOR FIFTY YEARS BY PAINTERS. AND USED BY THE MOVING AND STILL CAMERA. IN FACT ALL STREET SHOTS FROM MOVIE OR STILL CAMERAS ARE BY THE UNPREDICTABLE FACTORS OF PASSERBY AND JUXTAPOSITION CUT-UPS.

FREE MEN - BEAR ARM
UB WHO UB SUPPOSEDLY AN EVIL POWER...



-AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WILL TELL YOU THAT OFTEN THEIR BEST SHOTS ARE ACCIDENTS...

WRITERS WILL TELL YOU THE SAME...



THE BEST WRITING SEEMS TO BE DONE ALMOST BY ACCIDENT, BUT WRITERS, UNTIL THE CUT-UP METHOD WAS MADE EXPLICIT-

ALL WRITING IS IN FACT CUT-UPS; I WILL RETURN TO THIS POINT-



THE WRITERS HAD NO WAY TO PRODUCE THE ACCIDENT OF SPONTANEITY. YOU CANNOT WILL SPONTANEITY.

BUT YOU CAN INTRODUCE THE UNPREDICTABLE SPONTANEOUS FACTOR-

TAKEN FROM A TEXT BY W.S. BURROWS.

WITH A PAIR OF SCISSORS.



THE METHOD IS SIMPLE...

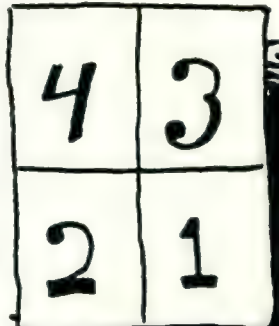
HERE'S ONE WAY TO DO IT...

TAKE A PAGE - ANY PAGE OF TEXT - A POEM, OR AN ELECTRIC BILL.



NOW CUT DOWN THE MIDDLE AND ACROSS THE MIDDLE. YOU NOW HAVE FOUR SECTIONS - 1, 2, 3, 4 - ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR.

NOW REARRANGE THE SECTIONS PLACING NUMBER FOUR WITH NUMBER ONE AND NUMBER TWO WITH NUMBER THREE...



AND YOU HAVE A NEW PAGE. SOMETIMES IT SAYS MUCH THE SAME

THING. SOMETIMES IT SAYS SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT - CUTTING UP POLITICAL SPEECHES IS AN INTERESTING EXERCISE - IN ANY CASE

YOU WILL FIND IT SAYS SOMETHING - AND SOMETHING QUITE DEFINITE. TAKE ANY POET OR WRITER YOU FANCY.

HERE, I TOOK 'THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER,' OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM, AND SUBJECTED IT TO THE ABOVE PROCESS.. HERE'S WHAT RESULTED...

STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS
BRIGHT

THE PERILOUS THROUGH THE FLIGHT
WE WATCHED RAMPARTS
GALLANTLY WERE SO

STREAMING

CAN YOU
OH

SAY THE DAWN'S SEE
BY WHAT EARLY LIGHT
WE SO PROUDLY
THE HAILED AT
LAST TWILIGHT

WHOSE
GLEAMING...





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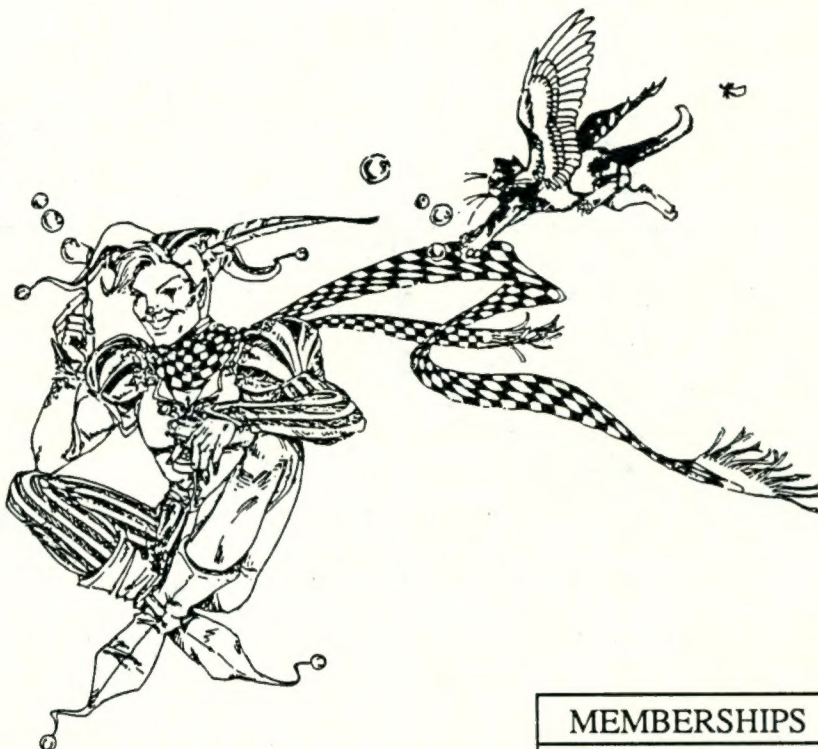
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 at \$12.50 for a 4'x4' space)

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		Grand Total	= _____

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- b) Invest it in the RED SHETLAND comic book.

But with any luck at all, no returns will be necessary. Send whatever you can afford, to:

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*Yet to be designed

**A detailed pencil rough



How cute!
I'll sleep with it
every night!

...and she
thinks I'm
just a toy...



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YARF!

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