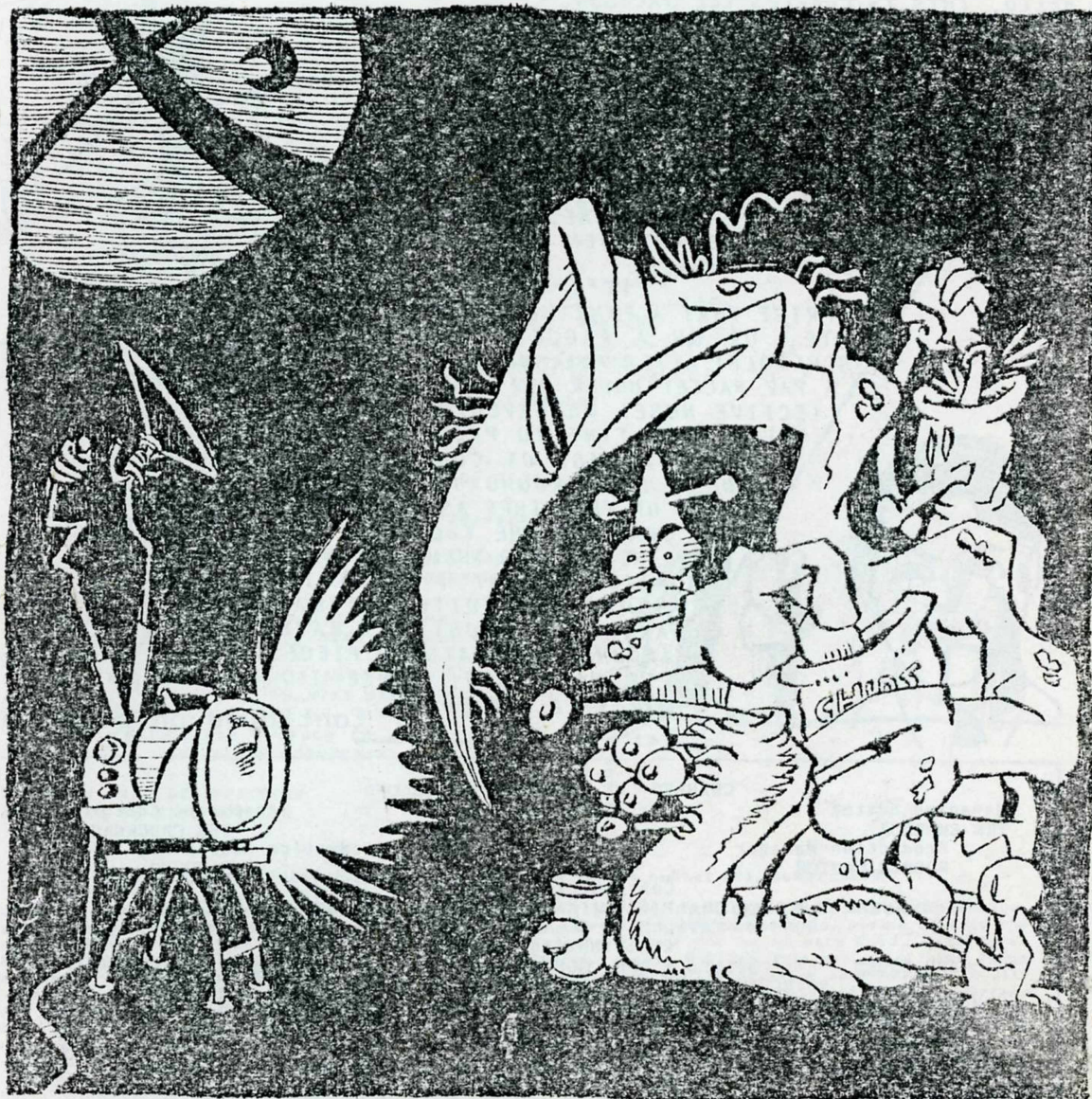
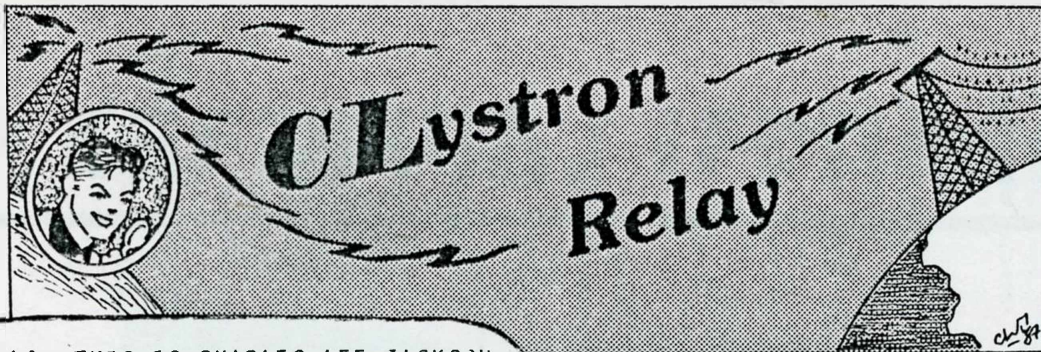


# STRANGI: L'AFFAIRE 1



SCHIRMER 86.





HELLO, THIS IS CHARLES LEE JACKSON, THE SECOND, WELCOMING YOU TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF THE OFFICIAL L.A.S.F.S. FANZINE, SHANGRI L'AF-FAIRES! THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF POETS AND WORDSMITHS (LOCAL 7201) HAS VOTED US THE FANZINE MOST EXEMPLIFYING THE TRADITIONS OF THAT GREAT SCOTSMAN (NOT ON A HORSE), ROBBIE BURNS -- "THE BEST LAVED PLANS OF MICE AND MEN GANG AFT AGLIE" AS IT WERE!

IT'S REALLY NO SURPRISE THAT A FANZINE COMES OUT LATE, OR ON A RAGGEDY KIND OF SCHEDULE! AFTER ALL, WE CAN'T WAVE A PAY PACKET UNDER OUR STAFF'S COLLECTIVE NOSE! WE HAVE TO WAIT ON THEIR FREE TIME TO PRODUCE THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS! OF COURSE, SOME 'ZINES GET AROUND THIS BY JUST TYPING UP THE STUFF AS IT COMES IN, THEN DRAFTING THE ToC WHENEVER THE DEADLINE STRIKES THEM! BUT WITH THE MAGAZINE FORMAT I USE (WITH THE COLUMNS AND EDITORIAL MATERIAL MAKING UP FRONT AND BACK YARDS AROUND THE FEATURED PIECES), THIS IS DIFFICULT, SINCE I'D BE LEFT WITH A BIG HOLE



Continued on page 10

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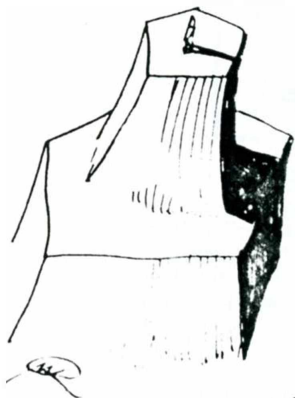
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Produced in the Hollywood Studios of CLJII Presentations

# SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES



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COVER by MARC SCHIRMEISTER  
 BACK COVER by BILL ROTSLER

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, Volume "C", Number Four (whole number 82), Summer 1987

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# A Blast from The Past

Dear Mr. Jackson:

In view of the current heightened awareness of the sensitivity and feeling of others, I would like to call into question some of your remarks on page seventeen of the current issue.

While it may be proper, though harsh, to refer to someone as being crippled in the course of writing a descriptive piece about them, the term is generally out of fashion. To refer to someone as a "crip" is, in my view, as demeaning and derogatory a reference as any of the racial or ethnic slurs commonly used by bigots to cover their own ineffectualness. The term shows contempt and lack of worth, as does the old name applied to people of Japanese ancestry.

As for the statement that they have "sometimes too well" gotten along in LASFS, you should explain what you mean. The number of handicapped persons in fandom and the role they play is material for good articles, and there have been good articles in the past about Fandom in general. Some years ago it was even suggested that most fans were handicapped in one way or another. (This may have changed with the influx of so many party fans and fringe fans.) As a passing remark, though, it sounds like one of those red-neck "in" jokes that usually were aimed at people supposedly of the Jewish faith.

The type face is hard to read as well.

A P.O.F.,  
Rick Sncary

(No gratuitous disrespect was intended--the "crip" referred to was Ye Olde Editor, myself. The "sometimes too well" remark was a

snide aside to the extent of my involvement at LASFS: "Shaggy" Editor, Film Coordinator, Co-Video Chairman, Chief Engineer, and usually involved with Loscon. In fact, I pride myself as being one of the few physically handicapped fans. [Now I'm going to get letters from all of the social cripples!] As for the typeface, I'll try not to let it get that small in the future.)

Dear Shaggy:

Nice to see a new incarnation of the 'zine.

I've only been in the LASFS clubhouse once, and don't know all that many members, so I can't say what the club's attitude would be. But as an individual who was refused admittance to a convention hotel in 1953 because I had a black girl with me, I think I know a little about blacks in fandom. Mainly, I think, it's because fandom is a middle-class activity, and there are very few middle-class blacks in proportion to their total population. Only a small minority of the general population become fans, and a group consisting of a small minority of a small minority is bound to be small. There have generally been a few black fans around in the Midwest; there was one (male) in the Indianapolis club in the 1950s. He didn't stay long, but if anything, I suspect that was because he received too much friendliness; he wasn't an outgoing type and may have been embarrassed by what he considered phony attention. Marjil Eilers missed one black author, by the

Continued on page 33

4





# THOUGHT CRIME

by Mike Glycer

It takes no effort to find 20 pages of material for a convention report about an American WorldCon. Imagine, then, the difficulty of compressing my experiences at AussieCon II to a mere 20 pages when the WorldCon came with an entire new country attached. The acres of text lavished on the convention in FILE 770 did not even exhaust my notes about the con: my trip notes have never reached print at all. And there was more than a little useful material found on the cutting room floor, starting with my first hours in Australia.

*ROADSHOW: SYDNEY...* By fantastic luck duplicated nowhere else on this trip, the Cantors and I had our baggage and were through Customs in ten minutes. By order of the Australian government and the World Health Organization I had been sanitized before leaving the plane. Stewards and stewardesses had walked the length of the plane discharging aerosol cans of germicide over our heads. I was offended by this useless gesture, though not nearly so offended as I would have been by an effective measure -- students of World War II will recall the citizens of Naples were lined up by the Allies and hosed down with DDT; no thank you.

The ever-efficient Jack Herman hustled the Cantors away from Customs with the first taste of the royal treatment they received all over the country. Meantime, I located the hired driver waiting for me. By arrangement with Rick Foss, the driver, a Dutch immigrant, took me to the Telford Old Sydney Inn.

There may have been sound economic reasons for the Old Sydney Inn to declare bankruptcy only two weeks after I stayed there, although I took none of the towels or ashtrays. In fact, I couldn't have had a more satisfactory headquarters. Situated in Sydney's most historic district, the Rocks, whenever I finished paying my respects to the oldest-this-and-that in Sydney, I was a fifteen minute walk from the Opera House, or a crosswalk away from a stop for the Sydney Explorer tourist buses. The deck of the rooftop pool was a mini-boardwalk with a commanding view of the Harbour, city, and the bedroom windows in apartments next to the south piling of the harbor bridge.

Locating Rick Foss, I relayed word from Jack Herman of a Thursday fan gathering at Shayne McCormack's *Galaxy* Bookstore beginning that afternoon at 5:30. Foss and I left our cab when we saw a bank in the neighborhood of the bookstore, in order to change some traveler's checks. Leaving the bank, we went past a Dianetics testing center -- what other part of town would a science fiction bookstore be in? *Galaxy* was nearby. Shayne and her assistants were unpacking stock and shelving as fast as they could. This was a new location, very recently acquired, which they were readying for a Sunday autograph party with Niven, Wolfe, McCaffrey and Herbert.

Continued on page 32

### BACKWARD MASKING ON TV

By now, almost everyone must have heard of the two evangelists who blew the cover off a decades-old secret: They revealed that the theme song to the "Mr. Ed" TV series, when played backward, contained satanic messages.

Jim Brown and Greg Hudson of the Psalms 150 organization of South Point, Ohio, showed that Mr. Ed's tune, "A Horse is a Horse," contains such backward masked, devilish and un-neigh-borly lines as "Someone sung this song for Satan," and "the source is the devil."

Of course, of course.

Evangelists Brown and Hudson, who normally expose backward masking on rock songs, had divined the true meaning of "Mr. Ed," at a "Music Awareness" seminar in Ohio last year: But are people taking thier work seriously? No! The message of the evangelists has been derided, and now there is even some plans afoot for a

"Hooves Across America" concert, exalting the horse of hell.

On July 19, 1986, in Dallas, a "Live Ed" benefit concert brought so-called "Ed Heads" to a Dallas bar for a night of crazed revelry and records played backward. Song-writer Jay Livingston came up with new lyrics to the tune, "A Horse is a Horse."

And "Live Ed" organizer James Burnett and his pals wrote a "We Are the World" parody called "He was the Horse; We are His Children."

This is not simply an isolated phenomenon. "Mr. Ed" is indeed in strange company, at the reins of terror of an old wave of depravity that had its roots in '60s television shows that delighted in devilish influence.

"Mr. Ed" may be unmasked as Satan's stallion, but it's only the tip of the imp's iceberg.

Continued on page 31



# RUUH MOOT





# OF REALITY UPWIND



Observations from an  
Admittedly Dubious Viewpoint *by Allan Rothstein*

William Bond Warren was born in Coos Bay, Oregon on April 26, 1943, and raised in Gardiner, Oregon, a town of only 500 at the time.

The ocean was nearby, the family's back yard bordered a forest, and an enormous river ran past the front of the house, but Bill was not much inclined to the outdoor life. He read a great deal from the age of four, and by five was ordering from restaurant menus, which his parents took great delight in. (He still occasionally

performs this amazing feat at LASFS "aftermeetings.") By the time the film "War of the Worlds" was released he had read several H. G. Wells novels, and by high school (helped by a very kindly local librarian), Bill had read literally every SF book available through the entire Oregon State Library System.

There was no television available in Gardiner until 1955. But there was a movie theatre in nearby Reedsport, and as is not

Continued on page 28

# BUCH BEAT

*by Ed Buchman*

Many of the utterly best and most memorable "Donald Duck" stories (both the 10-page humor stories and the longer adventure tales) in comic books from the early 1940s onward, and "Uncle Scrooge" stories in the 1950s, were drawn and written by one person, Carl Barks. Other cartoonists worked on these series, including some very good ones, but Barks has emerged as one of the most celebrated and most researched of all cartoonists. Some of his work is widely considered to be among the best of the "children's" genre, often with good satirical touches to be appreciated by non-children.

Since Barks retired from regular comic book work in the mid-1960s, his stories have been reprinted frequently in later issues of the titles for which he wrote. More than one of the cartoonists now actively producing Duck stories have imitated Barks' distinctive illustration style quite well; history will have to judge to what extent they partake of Barks' storytelling prowess.

Barks is now producing a series of Disney-authorized lithographs of the Ducks. His original oil painting for the most recent one was offered at \$87,500 and sold immediately. (There are those who would not be surprised if the purchaser had the initials G. L. and had something to do with "Star Wars.")

Fortunately, even by the 1940s, Disney comics were being issued in large print runs, including, of course, those containing Barks' work. Even so, collector interest in Barks has strained the supply, particularly of the earlier issues. Thus, a fannishly motivated group has undertaken to reprint systematically all of Barks' Duck stories, at least in black-and-white. This project, the Carl Barks Library, began in 1983 and is now sixty percent complete.

Now for the juicy part.



Because of its intent to be complete, the CBL encountered a difficulty which does not affect haphazard reprinting. Over the years, a small percentage of Disney product has been withdrawn from the public for various reasons, but mostly because of ethnic characterization (visual appearance and/or behavior). For example, the 1943 cartoon "Commando Duck" is never made available these days because of its characterizations of Japanese soldiers.

In the case of Barks' approximately



The originals (left) and Carl Barks Library editions (below). Dialogue and exaggerated racial characteristics have been replaced (though the word "dead", unacceptable in 1949 [bottom panels] was restored). From "Voodoo Hoodoo" (Walt Disney's Donald Duck Four Color Number 238) by Carl Barks.



five hundred Duck stories, 14 reportedly were on the "do-not-reprint" list at Disney prior to the start of the CBL.

To accommodate the CBL, Disney seems to have given some painstaking consideration to the matter, and eventually lifted the restriction on seven of these stories and permitted the use of several more stories with barely perceptible changes (e.g., in facial features).

Of particular difficulty, however, was the 1949 adventure-length story, "Voodoo Hoodoo." (Incidentally,

original editions of this comic book are not particularly rare. Many family funnybook archives still contain a copy. Care to check your attic?) This story, in places, uses "Negro" caricatures and correspondingly affected speech (sometimes out of place as applied to American blacks). This treatment was not extreme by 1949 standards, nor was it by any standard vicious. But for today, it was Way Too Much.

Disney insisted that even in a work such as the CBL, intended largely for comics scholars, these objectionable elements could not now represent the company or appear in any of its authorized product.

The adjacent illustrations show examples of the changes that finally were made in order to allow "Voodoo Hoodoo" to appear in the CBL. (The CBL reproduces the artwork to a slightly larger scale than the original comic.) The changes are technically well done, and seem to do a pretty good job of preserving the mood of each panel as much as possible.

From a historical standpoint, it is unfortunate that the CBL could not be absolutely complete and unaltered, but from the point of view of Disney, if I were a Disney investor, I would feel unnecessarily imperiled if this material had not been handled so cautiously by Disney, since much of the value of the images which Disney owns depends on their estimation by a worldwide constituency.

Undoubtedly, the changes were actually made by the staff of the reprinting project, but Disney itself still seems to have made remarkable efforts to accommodate the CBL by reviewing and authorizing as much as possible. Certainly the profits from the entire CBL, let alone Disney's share, could hardly be of significance to Disney.

# Clystron Relay Continued from page 2

IN MY PLANS; BE-  
SIDES, I'M REALLY HAPPY WITH MY  
CONTRIBUTORS, AND I WOULDN'T WANT  
TO MISS EVEN ONE OF THEIR GOLDEN  
WORDS! SO WITH NO STRIPPER'S DEAD-  
LINE TO WORRY ABOUT, I FEEL JUSTI-  
FIED IN GIVING MY VOLUNTEERS THE  
TIME THEY NEED!

TO THIS END, I'M IN-  
CREASING THE SIZE OF THE BOOK, AND  
RELAXING MY PREVIOUS POLICY OF A  
SET NUMBER OF ISSUES PER YEAR! IT  
DOESN'T REQUIRE THAT MUCH MORE TIME  
TO ASSEMBLE EIGHT MORE PAGES! AND  
IT MEANS MORE SPACE FOR FANCY LAY-  
OUTS AND FILLOS!

AND AN END TO EDIT-  
ORIALS ABOUT LATE ISSUES!

NOW, THEN,  
ABOUT THIS ISSUE: FOR ONE THING,  
IT'S THE FIRST TO FEATURE MATERIAL  
SET ON THE CLUB'S OWN COMPUTATER  
(WHICH, AS I RECALL, IS A CROSS  
BETWEEN A NEW COMPUTER AND AN OLD  
POTATER)! THIS COLUMN AND A FEW  
OTHER PIECES HAVE BEEN DONE THUS-  
LY! THANKS TO BOB NULL FOR THIS  
TECHNOLOGICAL LEAP!

WE ALSO HAVE  
ANOTHER ARTICLE BY SAM FRANK, A MAN  
WHO DISPLAYS THE DUAL VIRTUES OF  
PROMISING AND DELIVERING MATERIAL  
FOR OUR GREAT EDITORIAL MAW! THIS  
ONE'S ABOUT AN UNDESERVEDLY OBSCURE  
TV SERIES FROM THE EARLY FIFTIES,  
"TALES OF TOMORROW"! HAVING SEEN A  
FEW EPISODES OF THE SERIES, I FIND  
THAT SAM'S APPRAISAL PRESENTS AN  
EXCELLENT OVERVIEW OF THE SHOW! AN  
EPISODE GUIDE BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE,  
TO BE CONTINUED NEXTISH! (THE COM-  
MENTARY IN BRACKETS IS BY THE EDI-  
TOR!) THE PHOTOS INCLUDED IN THE  
PIECE ARE STILLS SHOT FROM TV BY  
YOURS TRULY, WITH HELP FROM ED

BUCHMAN, SO PLEASE EXCUSE THEIR  
APPEARANCE! EVEN THE MIGHTY ACKER-  
MUSEUM CAME UP SHORT ON THIS ONE!  
(OUR COVER, BY THE WAY, DEPICTS  
MARC SCHIRMEISTER'S IDEA OF A TYPI-  
CAL "Tot" AUDIENCE!)

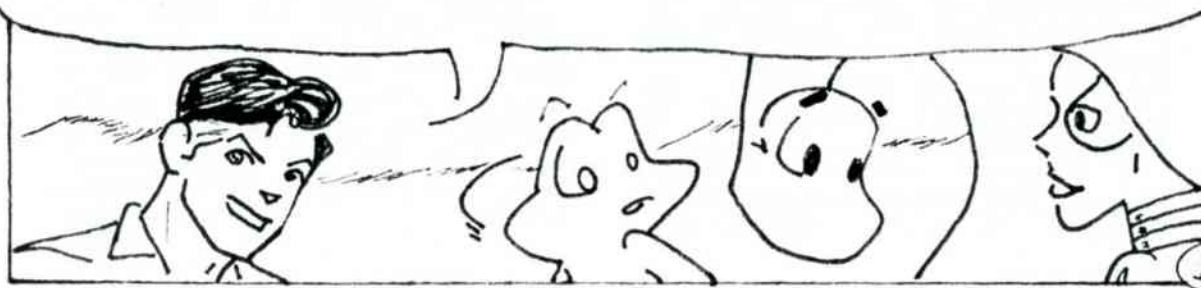
MY OWN CONTRIB-  
UTION THIS TIME IS THE STORY OF THE  
CHEAPEST INVASION EVER, FROM THE  
"PURPLE DISC ZOMBIES OF MARS"!

AND  
OF COURSE, THERE'S ALL THE USUAL  
FROM MIKE GLYER, MIKE FARKASH, AND  
ED BUCHMAN! ALLAN ROTHSTEIN'S COL-  
UMN THIS TIME HAS AN UNUSUAL HISTO-  
RY: ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE  
LOSCON ELEVEN PROGRAMME BOOK, IT  
HAD TO BE SEVERELY EDITED BECAUSE  
OF SPACE LIMITATIONS! SINCE NO-ONE  
RAISED ALLAN'S HACKLES SINCE LAST  
ISSUE, HE DIDN'T HAVE A HOT TOPIC  
TO BRING UP, AND SO WE WERE ABLE TO  
SLIP IN THIS HOMAGE TO A FAVORITE  
LASFS MEMBER! BUT DON'T LET IT HAP-  
PEN AGAIN!

WE ALSO WELCOME SOME NEW  
CONTRIBUTORS THIS TIME: ARTIST ROB  
GUSTAVESON, WRITER GREG CHALFIN,  
POET/ARTIST JOHN LaVALLEY, WHO  
KICKS OFF OUR NEW FEATURE, "RHYME  
SCHEMES", AND KAY McCUTCHEON, TAK-  
ING OVER THE ARDUOUS TASK (NO,  
THAT WON'T DO -- SHE'LL READ  
THIS)... THE CUSHY JOB OF CIRCULA-  
TION MANAGER!

SADLY, WE'VE LOST AN-  
OTHER CONTRIBUTOR, THOUGH IN A LESS  
TRAUMATIC WAY THIS TIME: ASSISTANT  
EDITOR CHUCK DONAHUE HAS VANISHED  
UNDER SOMEWHAT MYSTERIOUS CIRCUM-  
STANCES! HE WILL BE MISSED! THE  
CHUCKMAN WAS ONE OF THE DRIVING  
FORCES BEHIND "SHAGGY" IN THIS  
INCARNATION!

ONE THING THAT EDITORS  
SHOULD ALWAYS DO (THOUGH MOST





DON'T) IS TO SEE THAT ALL THE FOLKS INVOLVED GET RECOGNITION! IN ADDITION TO OUR CRACK COLUMNISTS, **SHAGGY** BENEFITS FROM THE SERVICES OF **WIL GEURIN** AND **ROB COLE**, WHO PUT IN A LOT OF GOOD WORK TO HELP BRING THIS MAGAZINE TO YOU! THANKS, **WIL** AND **ROB**!

BETWEEN BOUTS OF LASFANAC, I'VE MANAGED TO SLIP IN A MAJOR LANDMARK! THOUGH IT OFTEN SURPRISES PEOPLE, I **HAVEN'T** SEEN EVERY SERIAL EVER MADE (AND IN FACT THERE ARE SOME I'LL PROBABLY **NEVER** SEE BECAUSE THEY SIMPLY **HAVEN'T** SURVIVED -- NOT TO MENTION THOSE SO BORING AND STUPID THAT EVEN I **DON'T WANT** TO SEE THEM), AND, UNTIL RECENTLY, I **HADN'T** EVEN SEEN ALL THE **REPUBLIC CLIFFHANGERS**! OUT OF SIXTY-SIX TITLES, I **HAD** SEEN **SOME** FOOTAGE (AS LITTLE AS CLIPS OF STOCK FOOTAGE OF **KING OF THE MOUNTIES** TO AS MUCH AS ALL FIFTEEN CHAPTERS OF **DICK TRACY**) FROM ALL BUT FOUR! THEN I GOT IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT I **HAD** SEEN STOCK FROM ONE OF THE FOUR, AND **HAD** THE OPPORTUNITY TO RENT TAPES OF THE OTHER THREE! AS OF 20 APRIL, WHEN I **WATCHED GOVERNMENT AGENTS VS. PHANTOM LEGION**, I'VE SEEN **SOME** PART OF **EVERY** **REPUBLIC CLIFFHANGER**! AND, SINCE NEATNESS COUNTS, I'VE MANAGED TO SEE EXACTLY HALF OF THE TOTAL IN THEIR MOST COMPLETE FORM! (GEE, THIS ONLY LEAVES ME ABOUT FIFTY HOURS WORTH OF **REPUBLIC SERIAL** FOOTAGE I **HAVEN'T** SEEN! GOTTA CORRECT THAT R.S.N!) FORTUITOUSLY, THESE HOURS INCLUDE MOST OF **DAREDEVILS OF THE WEST**, **HAUNTED HARBOR**, AND THE TWO "SERGEANT KING" PICTURES, AMONG THE BEST OF THE "GOLDEN AGE" STUFF!

NOW I'M GOING TO

DEVOTE SOME OF MY EDITORIAL SPACE TO ADDRESS A VITAL IF OBSCURE ISSUE: THE "NEPHEWS" OF POPEYE THE SAILOR! I PUT THAT IN QUOTES BECAUSE OF THE UNCERTAINTY OF THEIR ACTUAL LINEAGE! OBVIOUSLY RELATED TO POPEYE IN SOME WAY, THERE'S STILL NO EVIDENCE OF ANY BROTHER OR SISTER TO PARENT THEM! COULD THE "NEPHEW" LABEL HAVE BEEN SIMPLY A COVER-UP? WERE THE BOYS BORN ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BLANKET? WERE THEY IN FACT THE **SONS** OF THE SAILOR MAN?

BUT THIS POTENTIAL ONE-TIME SCANDAL IS SWEEPED ASIDE BY A FAR MORE SINISTER CONCERN! YOU WILL HAVE NOTICED THAT I REFER TO THE BOYS IN THE PAST TENSE! THIS IS BECAUSE OF A HIDEOUS SECRET, PRESERVED ONLY BY THE CANCELLATION OF THE "POPEYE" SERIES IN THE EARLY SIXTIES!

WHEN THE NEPHEWS FIRST APPEARED IN THE WAR YEARS, THEY WERE A QUARTET: PEEPEYE, PIPEYE, PUPEYE, AND POOPEYE! SOON THIS NUMBER DROPPED TO THREE! BY THE MID-FIFTIES, THERE WERE BUT TWO LEFT! HAD PRODUCTION NOT MERCIFULLY CEASED, THESE LAST MEMBERS OF THE POPEYE CLAN WOULD SURELY HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT -- GONE, AS IF THEY **HAD** NEVER EXISTED! AND THEREIN LIES ANOTHER TRAGEDY: FOR WHEN THEIR BROTHERS **HAD** GONE, NO-ONE IN THE SERIES NOTICED! THE QUESTION CRIES OUT FOR AN ANSWER: **WHERE DID THE NEPHEWS GO?**

THE AVERAGE PERSON MIGHT RELIEVE HIMSELF OF ANY MORAL BURDEN BY CITING THE OBVIOUS ANSWER: AFTER ALL, THEY'RE JUST CARTOONS! THE WRITERS WERE UNCONCERNED WITH SUCH HIGHER CEREBRATIONS

Continued on page 35

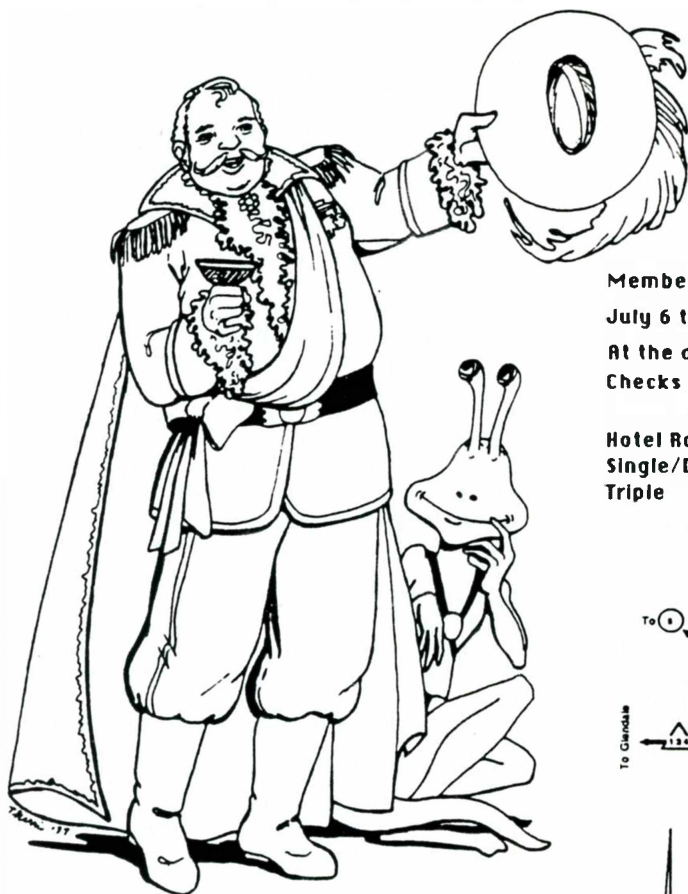


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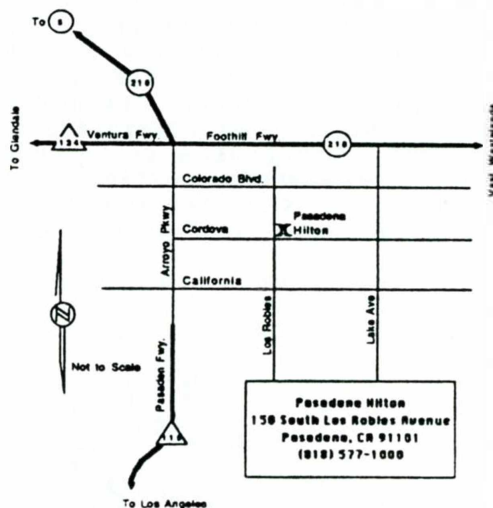
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HELLO, ASTRA HERE AGAIN! ONE OF THE MOST AMUSING CHARACTERS IN THE RECENT HISTORY OF THE LASFS WAS GREG CHALFIN, WHOSE CONTRIBUTIONS TO APA-L DURING THE SEVENTIES WERE FULL OF WHIMSY (AMONG OTHER THINGS)! ONE OF SEVERAL FUNNY THINGS HE DID (AND I'M NOT SURE IF HIS "BAGS BUNNY" STUFF COUNTS IN THIS CATEGORY) WAS HIS SHORT ANECDOTES ABOUT A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN VOYAGER THROUGH HISTORY AND THE UNIVERSE! HERE, THEN, REPRINTED FROM APA-L 266, 18 JUNE 1970; IN "GNOMONCLATURE" NUMBER THIRTY, WE PRESENT, "THROUGH SLIME AND SPACE WITH A. L. FINCH", ANOTHER OF OUR...



## Flights of Fantasy



It was shortly after the Trade-Union/ Robot War of 2418 that A.L. Finch sold a general-purpose robot to a group of archaeologists. And to provide any necessary field services, A.L. accompanied the archaeologists on their first expedition with the robot. The expedition was to the Imperial Valley of Southern California, where the scientists hoped to find a relic of the empire. A.L. refrained from telling them to look in the December 1966 issue of *If*, and concentrated on keeping track of the robot's performance as it carried all the expedition's gear.

You can imagine A.L.'s surprise when the robot suddenly came to a grinding halt. "What's wrong?" demanded Dr. Leaky-Faucette, the chief of the archaeologists.

"Nothing serious," said A.L., moments after rushing over to examine the machine. "It's just that its electrical power is depleted. All we need is a source of current for a few minutes to restore everything to normal."

This was easier said than done, however, for the group was far from any town and had no other electrical equipment with

them. But Dr. Leaky-Faucette soon remarked, "I have a solution."

"Aqueous?" he was immediately asked.

"In a sense," replied the chief archaeologist. "You see, not far from here is a large inland sea, in which there are many boats with engines having electric starters. It will be a simple job to patch in the robot for a few minutes."

Though A.L. advised against this procedure, the robot was the property of the archaeologists, and they decided to do it anyway. With much straining, they lugged the inactive robot to the water's edge, brought a boat over, made the necessary electrical connections, and soon the robot was working once again.

But no sooner had the robot begun to pick up the expedition's gear, than the Imperial County Sheriff arrived, informed the robot that, being a robot, he had no Constitutional rights, and hauled the robot off to jail.

Astounded, the scientists turned to A.L. and asked, "Why?"

"The robot," replied A.L., "was charged with a Salton Battery."





THE LASFS IS FULL OF HOT-SHOT ARTISTS! HERE'RE A FEW DOODLES FROM ROB GUSTAVESON, ON HIS PAGE IN THE OLD...

# L A S F S Sketchbook



When "Tales of Tomorrow" debuted in 1951, science fiction had grown from pulp fantasy to serious speculative literature. It dealt with atomic fission, miracle formulae, space travel, authoritarian governments, utopian experiments and other ideas that seemed far-out at the time, but which now seem like uncanny prophecy. Theatrical films of the 1950s with science-fiction backdrops usually dealt with the so-called Communist menace couched in terms of alien invasion. Few films used the more intelligent, scientifically based magazine stories of the time for ideas. It was left to NBC radio's "X Minus One" to dramatise

HELLO, THIS IS ASTRA! TELEVISION AS WE KNOW IT TODAY DIDN'T EXIST IN THE FIFTIES, WHEN THINGS WERE LIVE AND SPONTANEOUS, AND ALMOST ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN! THERE WERE A LOT OF DIFFERENT TYPES OF SHOWS, WESTERNS, COP SHOWS, COMEDIES, AND MORE! AND THOUGH MANY OF THE SCI-FI STUFF WAS JUST SPACE OPERA, THERE WAS AT LEAST ONE SHOW THAT PRESENTED INTELLIGENT, THOUGHTFUL, AND INTERESTING...

# TALES OF TOMORROW

by Sam Frank



the real science fiction being published in Galaxy magazine, one of several fine SF periodicals. ¶ George F. Foley, Jr., changed all that for television when he brought "Tales of Tomorrow" to the ABC network as a live anthology mixing classic stories and original scripts reflecting the social, political, and scientific concerns of the time. Since most of the other live anthologies relied on mainstream dramas about American life, this was a radical departure, especially for a bottom-ranked network. ¶ Foley marketed the show through his firm of Foley and Gordon (his business partner was Richard Gordon), and when



*Below: Title Card for "Tales of Tomorrow";  
Center right: Lon Chaney, Jr., and John  
("One Step Beyond") Newland as the Monster  
and Victor Frankenstein, respectively.*



it was finally set to go on the air, Foley's television company had two divisions. The production arm comprised Foley as Executive Producer, Mort Abrahams as line producer, and Don Medford as principal Director, with Charles S. Dubin (later of "M\*A\*S\*H" fame), Don Richardson and Perry Lafferty as alternate Directors.

The acquisition arm was called The Science Fiction League of America [no relation to the predecessor to the LASFS]. Incorporated the month of the show's premiere, its main purpose was to obtain broadcast rights to first-rate SF stories as soon as they hit the stands or appeared in galley form. Foley and John C. Holahan were the principal stockholders, with Irving F. Jewell as secretary.

Hirshon-Garfield was the show's ad agency; the sponsors for most of its run were Kreisler

watchbands and Masland carpets. Robert F. Lewine, later founder of the UCLA TV Archives, was Vice-president of Radio and Television for the agency and it was he who read and approved scripts, approved casting--making sure no blacklisted actors were used--and oversaw every episode from rehearsal to broadcast. His function was not to censor but to see that the series was a good one. He also contributed the idea for



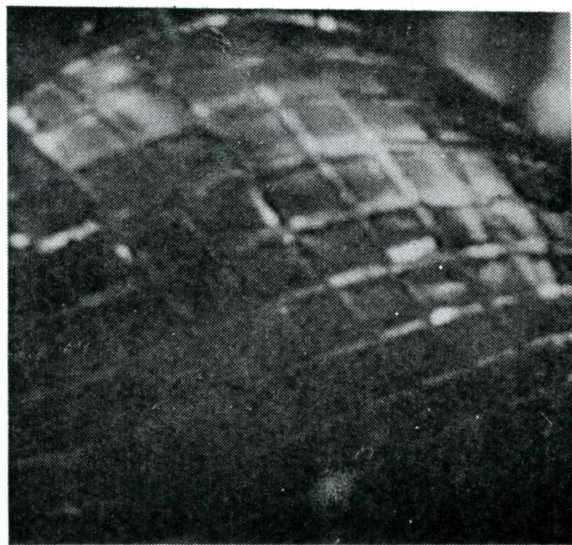
a story called "Past Tense".

The main Writers were Mann Rubin (fifteen scripts), Mel Goldberg, and Frank DeFelitta (ten each), though dozens of other writers were also used, including giants in the field such as Frederik Pohl, Arthur C. Clarke, and Theodore Sturgeon. Scripts were also based on works by H.G. Wells, Jules Verne, Philip Wylie, Frederic Brown, Lewis Padgett, and others. The most common themes were nuclear disaster, alien invasion, space exploration, alternate worlds, chemi-



cal experiments, time travel, and children as prescient super-humans.

Though many of the actors used were newcomers from New York's Actor's Studio (including Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Rod Steiger, Cloris Leachman, and James Doohan), Foley also attracted established stage and film stars: Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney, Victor Jory, Zachary Scott, Veronica Lake, Walter Abel, Sam Jaffe, Mercedes McCambridge, Everett Sloane, Sylvia Sidney, Thomas Mitchell, and Lee J. Cobb;

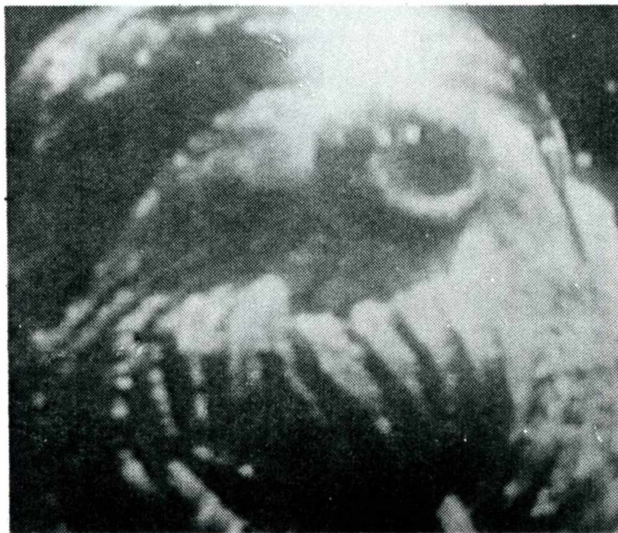


to name just a handful of distinguished veterans. The scripts and performances were sometimes inferior, but the actors had a field day tackling offbeat material offered to them by no other show.

Seen today, "Tales of Tomorrow" is fascinating in a campy sort of way. Though it was sophisticated for its time--making do with a weekly budget of \$9200, including ad agency commission--

the Production values now look primitive and some of the stories are no better than Pulp trash. "Dimension X" and later "X Minus One" were and are far superior in stories, writing, direction, and acting, though it should be kept in mind that on radio you could do anything with a script, a mike, and sound effects; whereas a live TV production was limited by and to the Sound Stage and the kinds of effects that could be achieved On Camera.

THE SIX EPISODES that ran on USA Cable Network's "Night Flight" series in 1983 could be called "The Worst of 'Tales of Tomorrow'" because they give the impression that the show was characterized by absurd concepts, Swiss-cheese logic, inhuman dialogue, and shrill or wooden acting. The worst of the six is a poorly photographed kinescope of "Frankenstein", with a drunken

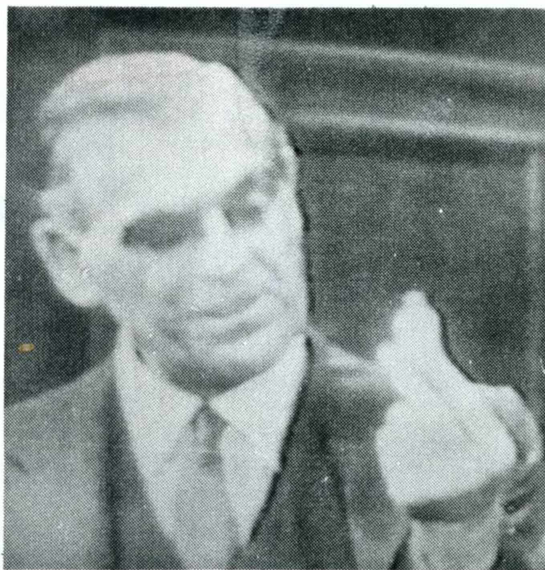


Above left: Ominious artifact "The Crystal Egg" and (above) the alien being which Thomas Mitchell views through it, in the episode of that title.

Lon Chaney, Junior, lurching around a makeshift set in a confused stupor with the noise of stagehands clattering about in the background.

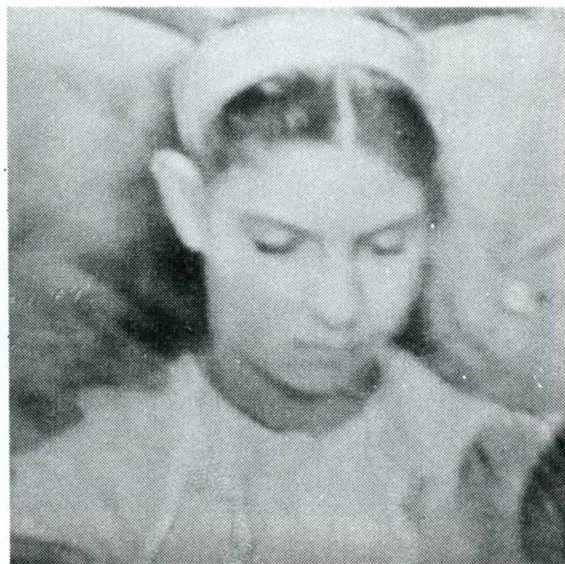
The stupidest episodes are "The Fury of the Cocoon", about a race of giant invisible vampire bugs invading an African outpost, and "Dune Roller", about a race of glow-in-the-dark aliens attacking an island outpost. You get the impression that the show was big on remote outposts and cheap special effects: after all, how much more economical can you get than invisible monsters?

The campiest episode by far is "Read to Me Herr Doktor", in which scientist Everett Sloane constructs a domineering robot that develops an obsession with Romance novels. The robot is a



ham actor in a cardboard suit stuck together with Scotch tape that glares blatantly in the light. When he attacks Sloane and pretty daughter Mercedes McCambridge, they don't dare fight back for fear of ripping the cardboard costume to shreds.

The timeliest but most shrilly acted episode--and the only one to be repeated by popular demand, demonstrating the lack of censorship--is "A Child Is Crying", with actress Robin Morgan as a thirteen-year-old scientific genius who predicts



the American military's deadly preoccupation with "nuclear first-strike capability". For its time, it was a shocking program, with the guts to tell the blunt truth about the folly of nuclear armament, holding the Pentagon up to satiric ridicule in the process. The broadcast is still a relevant one, but the overwrought, hysterical acting that made it compelling at the time

Above: The one-and-only Boris Karloff, in "Past Tense", as a time-travelling scientist hoping to exploit his future knowledge of not-yet-discovered penicillin; Center right: Young Robin Morgan (who was a regular on "Mama" during this period) appeared as a super-intelligent mutant in "A Child Is Crying", the only episode repeated by popular demand.



undercuts its effectiveness now, keeping the show of its time.

The most intriguing and best-acted of the six shows (relatively speaking) is "Substance X", about a mad scientist who perfects a sponge-like manna that tastes like anything you want it to, but has no food value, and with the ruinous side effect of destroying the taste buds for real food, making people feeble-



minded for lack of nutrition. The premise is good but implausible because anyone who gets hooked on Substance X would eventually die from lack of nutrition, let alone be rendered a dull-witted zombie. This episode also contains one of the most haunting moments of live television: when Vicki Cummings discovers her taste buds have been ruined, she returns to her home town. Her enervated mother greets her, and in the final shot, Cummings walks toward the camera with a desperate look on her face as she says, "Momma, I'm

*Below left: Soon-to-be star Paul Newman is baffled by the peculiar effects of "Ice From Space" in 1952; Below, another scene from "Frankenstein" showing the traditional death-by-electrocution of 50's monsters. Chaney played the Monster in numerous TV shows of the period, usually in spoofs such as "The Colgate Comedy Hour" with Abbott and Costello.*



hungry." You really get a sinking feeling.

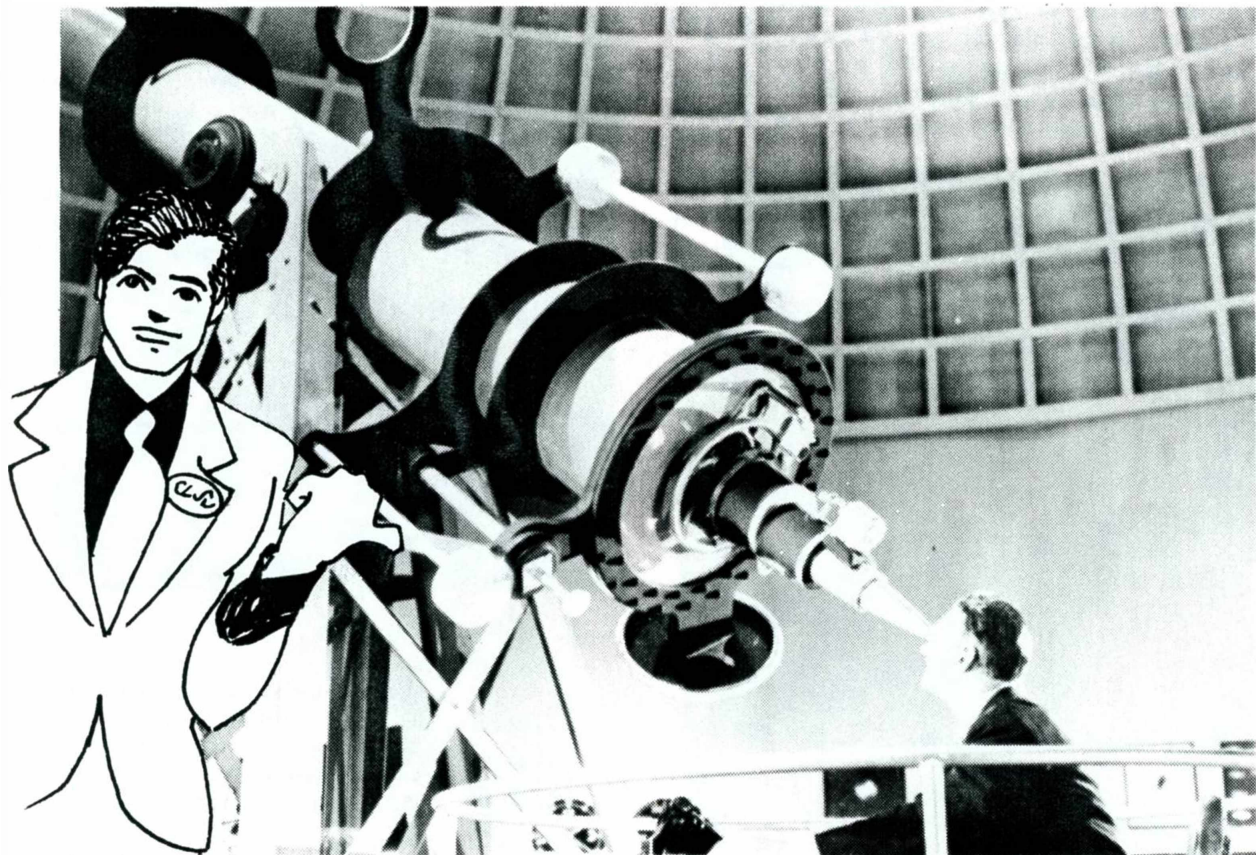
The most potentially riveting episode for modern viewers was not included in the "Night Flight" package, but is available commercially and at UCLA: "The Window", which turned out to be the TV equivalent of Orson Welles' radio version of *The War of the Worlds* because it hinged on the fact that the show was live. The series turned the cameras on itself as an episode called "The Lost Planet" is knocked off the air, and a freak transmission shows a man and woman plotting to kill the woman's husband. The show then becomes a race against time to find the source of the signal and

Continued on page 30



HELLO, CL HERE AGAIN! THIS IS DOCTOR CYRUS LAYTON, AND HE'S ABOUT TO DISCOVER SOMETHING UNBELIEVEABLE! HURTLING THROUGH SPACE FROM ANOTHER WORLD, ALIEN INVADERS COMING TO OUR EARTH, NEVER TO BE SUSPECTED! NOW YOU CAN LEARN THE INSIDE STORY ABOUT THE...

## PURPLE DISC ZOMBIES of MARS



*by Charles Lee Jackson, II*

**T**HE LATEST up-to-the-minute dope on the planet Mars seems pretty conclusive: no BEMs, no death-ray welders, not even any *canale*. A barren world, sailing silently on the solar sea.

But this view of Mars would seem to be a very recent one. Until not too long ago, the Red Planet was very active indeed.

There *was* a civilisation on Mars: it simply died out before we could find it. Only a few people

ever learned of the once-great martian race -- in a trio of Republic cliffhangers!

As recently as the early nineteen-fifties, the empire of Mars was desperately seeking sanctuary, for their world had been dying for many generations, and they were out of time. Conditions had become unfavorable: low gravity, scant air pressure, yearly flooding, seasons that were dooming the planet. For each "spring", as the polar ice-

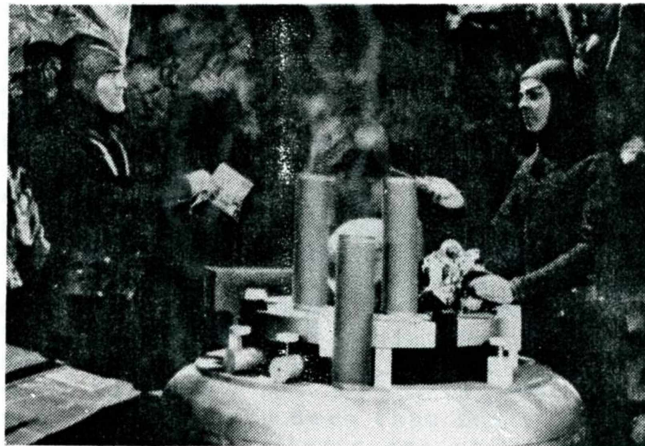
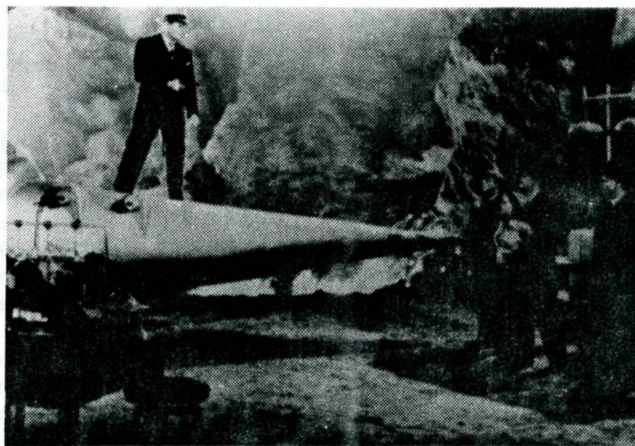


caps melted, the atmosphere would be fairly charged with moisture; but instead of forming clouds, the water vapor would boil away into space.

Soon, the atmosphere would no longer support life. Already, sealed cities were required for comfort. The leading scientists realised that something drastic must soon be done. But they had waited too long. They hadn't considered the effects of generations

of oxygen-starvation on their brains.

Much of the available oxygen was bound up in carbo-oxygen gas, a carbon tri-oxygen compound which the martians had evolved to breathe, but which proved inimical to earth people. With the thinning of the atmosphere, there simply wasn't enough breathing air to go around. The martians sought an answer to their problems, and determined to make use of the rich,



Opposite: Doctor Cyrus Layton (James Craven) at his interplanetary telescope in *The Purple Monster Strikes* (1945). This page, top left: *The Purple Monster's* assistant, Marcia (Mary Moore) in a pretty pose; Top right: Mota's volcano-crater headquarters, featuring the flying semi-disc ship; Bottom left: Mota (Gregory Gay), leading scientist of Mars, otherwise known as the Flying Disc Man From Mars (1951); Bottom right: 1952's *Zombies of the Stratosphere*, Marex (Lane Bradford) and Narab (Leonard Nimoy), and their super H-bomb.

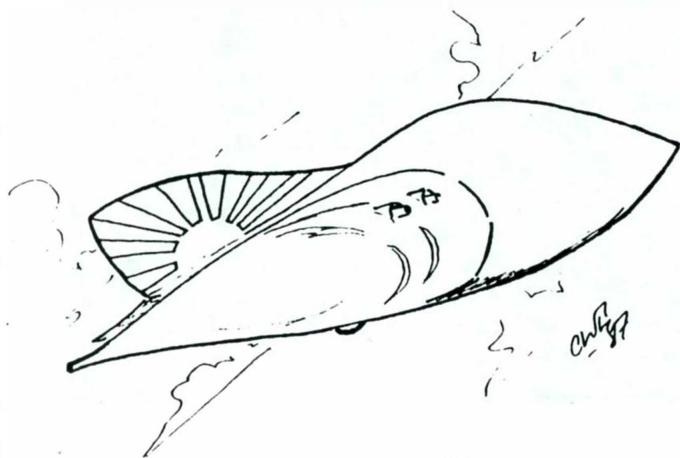
green planet which hung distantly in their dawn sky: the earth!

But their solutions proved (to be charitable) impractical, born of scientific and military brains too far gone to devise any truly feasible means to avoid extinction.

Take for example their vanguard: in what would be Republic's last deluxe (that is, 15-chapter) cliffhanger, *The Purple Monster Strikes*, the oddly-named (or rank-ed?) martian, head of their military, journeyed to earth via "X-7" capsule to steal an earth scientist's rocket secrets. (The martians' science was fairly retarded in rocketry but great in ballistics.)

Using the "Distance Eliminator", a sort of TV system, the Emperor of Mars had learned that Doctor Cyrus Layton was nearing completion of an interplanetary "jet plane"<sup>1</sup>, and had ordered the

<sup>1</sup> I know, I know. Republic was in the midst of a long legal battle with Superman, Inc., as a co-litigant in the "Captain Marvel" action over possible copyright infringement, and was very scared of using any words that might get them into more trouble. Hence the avoidance of "rocket ship" and any other terms that someone else might "own".



Martian semi-disc ship from  
Flying Disc Man From Mars.

Purple Monster to earth to seize the plans and begin the groundwork for a martian invasion.

Layton was delighted when the weird purple meteor he had spotted hurtling toward the earth had proved to be a projectile containing a visitor from another world. It was the greatest day of his life. Unfortunately, it was also the last day of his life. No sooner had the Purple Monster revealed his identity and plans than he burst a phial of carbo-oxide gas under the doctor's face, killing him instantly.

Then the alien broke an identical capsule under his own nose; his martian powers revived by his native atmosphere, he willed himself into a dematerialised state, and literally *possessed* Layton's body, animating the corpse like some ghoulish puppet.

The Purple Monster then set about acquiring the parts and supplies needed to build a prototype ship, in which he could return to Mars, where his army could build a huge fleet of the craft for a full scale invasion.

In addition to fuel and breathing mixture, he hoped to steal an "electro-annihilator" to use in blasting meteoroids *en route* to Mars.

Discovering the need to impersonate a female, the Purple Monster phoned home for his "assistant", a beautiful martianess with the unlikely name (though how unlikely could any name be, next to "the Purple Monster"? ) of Marcia, who murdered and impersonated a research assistant, though it was a short-lived ploy, ending in Marcia's death and providing the Good Guys with a clue to the Purple Monster's identity and plans.

Eventually, after almost four



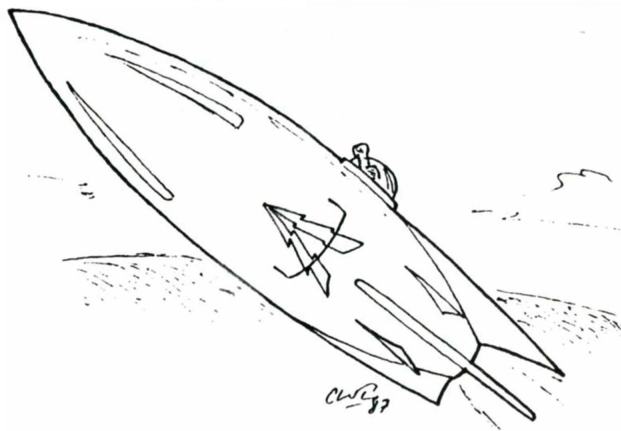
months of traditional cliffhanger action (Shiela trapped in a test rocket just as it explodes on take-off; Craig caught in a phone-booth death-trap; both caught when a blazing truck-load of rocket-fuel crashes into their car; Craig forced into the beam of a disintegrator), the Purple Monster had everything he needed, and was about to return to Mars, when Craig and Shiela's investigating paid off, and they discovered his secret launch pad -- *located directly beneath Layton's observatory!*

Realising his position, the Purple Monster boarded his "jet plane" and lifted off into the sky. But he hadn't had time to mount the electro-annihilator, sitting nearby, and Foster, acting quickly, swivelled it onto the plane's trajectory, and blasted the ship to atoms!!

The Emperor's plans were at a standstill, with no word from the Purple Monster. And so it was over five years before our next visit from the Red Planet, as reported in *Flying Disc Man From Mars*. By this time they had developed "semi-disc" ships: small, almost airplane-like craft capable of vertical maneuvering and hovering. It was in one of these that Mota, one of the leading scientists of Mars, was shot down by Kent Fowler, whose aerial security service was guarding the laboratories of Professor Bryant, a brilliant but eccentric scientist.

Just *how* eccentric became obvious when Bryant reached the site of the crash. Mota, unharmed, made the startled earthman an offer: in exchange for his help in building a small fleet of semi-discs and atomic weapons, Bryant would share in the governing of earth once it had become an outpost of the Martian empire! Not only did Bryant

*Martian pocket space ship as seen in Zombies of the Stratosphere.*



agree, but he set up a ruse to make contact with a pair of underworld types to do their dirty work.

Mota gave up his martian costume in favor of a snappy business suit and homburg hat, passing in company for just another foreigner (though the Russian-ish accent he used was perhaps not the best possible) and set his plan in motion. Why he needed to set up shop on earth is unclear, but things must've been in pretty sorry shape on Mars.

Soon, Fowler found that more and more often his work brought him up against thugs Drake and Ryan, and that his work had become suddenly more perilous. Mota's plans involved stealing, from Fowler's clients, the materials to build a new semi-disc, which he then used to access his new hideout, inside a volcano!

It was here that the villains brought Fowler's secretary Helen, after Kent had uncovered Bryant's duplicity and survived a wild assortment of traps and perils. The volcanic lair could only be reached

# TALES OF TOMORROW

## E P I S O D E   G U I D E

KEY: Sequence number: Episode title; airdate. (Availability status -- available for viewing unless marked N/A)  
Writer, source; Director, cast.  
Plot or story summary.  
(Other data of interest.)

1 2 5 1

1 "VERDICT FROM SPACE" 3 Aug.  
N/A

Theodore Sturgeon; Leonard Valenta; Lon McAllister, Martin Brandt.

Archaeologist in Maine discovers a cave full of machinery left by ancient astronauts sending signals intended to trigger an alien invasion. When he dies trying to stop the signals his partner is unjustly charged with his murder.

2 "BLUNDER" 10 Aug

Charles O'Neill, from a story by Philip Wylie; Leonard Valenta; Robert Allan, Ann Loring, Phil Faversham, Alan Drake.

In a fit of misguided zeal, a researcher risks causing a bismuth reaction that will deplete Earth's oxygen.

3 "A CHILD IS CRYING" 17 Aug

Alvin Sapinsley, from a story by John D. MacDonald; Don Medford; Bert Lytell, Robin Morgan, Donald McClelland.

A prescient, mentally-gifted nine-year-old girl (Morgan) is detained for study by the US government. When she reveals her ability to foretell nuclear holocaust, she reverts to a normal girlish mentality.

(This episode received the Galaxy Magazine award for Best Television Show and was the only show to be rerun. The kinescope was rebroadcast a year later by popular demand.)

4 "WOMAN AT LAND'S END" 24 Aug  
N/A

Mel Goldberg, from a story by Wilbur D. Steel; Director not known; William Harrigan, Naila Stoddard.

(No plot information available.)

5 "THE LAST MAN ON EARTH" 31 Aug  
N/A

Reginald Lawrence, story by Fredric Brown; Don Medford; John McQuade, Cloris Leachman.

As the last man on earth sits alone in an alien invader's zoo as a specimen there is a knock at the door.

6 "ERRAND BOY" 7 Sep N/A

Mel Goldberg, original story by William Tenn; Director not known; Joshua Shelly, Lee Grant.

(no plot info available.)

7 "THE MONSTERS" 14 Sep N/A

Charles O'Neill, story by Bob Foshko; Director not known; Paul Langton.

Courageous Martians blast off in a stolen rocket in hope of finding intelligent life on Earth. They don't succeed.

8 "THE DARK ANGEL" 28 Sep

Alvin Sapinsley, story by Lewis Padgett; Charles S. Dubin; Meg Mundy, Sidney Blackmer, Don Briggs, Sam Jaffe.

A beautiful woman, Johanna, has a secret: she is an "angel", the first of Man's next evolutionary stage, a race that will never die.

9 "THE CRYSTAL EGG" 12 Oct

Mel Goldberg, story by H.G. Wells; Charles S. Dubin; Thomas Mitchell, Edgar Stehli, Josephine Brown, Sally Gracie, Gage Clarke.

Nobody believes a scientist

24

who claims he can see the menacing surface of Mars through a crystal egg.

10 "TEST FLIGHT" 26 Oct

Mel Goldberg, story by Nelson Bond; Charles S. Dubin; Lee J. Cobb, James Doohan, Vinton Hayworth, Cameron Prud'homme.

A power-hungry industrialist offers a fortune to anyone who can create an engine to take him into space aboard the first flight outside Earth's atmosphere. The inventor proves to be a Martian who uses the rocket to ride home.

(This story was also adapted for the NBC radio series, "Dimension X".

11 "SEARCH FOR THE FLYING SAUCER" 9 Nov

Mel Goldberg; Charles S. Dubin; Jack Carter, Olive Deering, Vaughn Taylor.

Both the army and a group of aliens try to cover up an alien landing, with the added complication that an alien girl falls in love with one of the enemy.

For its time and using an SF backdrop, this *Romeo and Juliet*-like plot was a daring racial commentary.

12 "ENEMY UNKNOWN" 23 Nov N/A

Mel Goldberg, story by Theodore Sturgeon; Don Medford; Lon McAllister, Walter Abel, Edith Fellows.

Martians are bombarding Earth with microwaves that cause cataclysmic explosions of bauxite deposits. The only way to stop the explosions is to jam the Martian signals.

13 "SNEAK ATTACK" 7 Dec

Mel Goldberg, story by Russell V. Ritchey; Leslie Gorall; Zachary Scott, Barbara Joyce, Theo Goetz, Royal Beal, Richard Shankland, John Seymour.

Drone aircraft from an unknown base land at American airports. When the first of them explodes, destroying Denver, it prompts a scheme to insure world peace that back-fires.

14 "THE INVADER" 21 Dec

Robert Foshko and Mort Zarcoff; Don Medford; William Eythe, Eva Gabor, Edgar Stehli, Salem, Farrell Pel.

When an alien space ship crashes into the Atlantic, its pilot takes the human form of a scientist's cowardly son. The man does not suspect his child has turned killer.

1 9 5 2

15 "DUNE ROLLER" 4 Jan

Charles O'Neill, story by Julian C. May; Don Medford; Bruce Cabot, Nancy Coleman, Nelson Olstead, Lee Graham, Truman Smith.

When a race of aliens attacks an island outpost, a team of scientists living there tries to destroy them.

(When one of the aliens is shown in the last few seconds, it looks hilariously like a lit-up, striped, encrusted bowling ball. You can just about see the string dragging it along. The original story by Julian May is better written, but the concept of globular aliens rescuing their raindrop-sized young is silly no matter how you look at it.

16 "FRANKENSTEIN" 18 Jan

Henry Myers, loosely adapting the novel by Mary Shelley; Don Medford; Lon Chaney, Jr., John Newland, Mary Alice Moore.

Mild updating of the famous story, Dr. Frankenstein is a benevolent young scientist who has to protect his family and friends from his "monstrous" creation.

(This version of the Shelley novel owed more to the movie *The Thing* than to *Frankenstein -- A Modern Prometheus*, with Chaney made up to resemble the James Arness creature and with an electrocution ending that's a direct steal from the Howard Hawks film. It's an

Continued on page 34



using the vertical flying power of the semi-disc, and once there, Kent and Helen had to use it to escape. In the confusion, small atomic bombs were dislodged and fell into the dormant crater, re-activating the volcano and destroying Mota, Bryant, and all their plans. The semi-disc was caught by an up-draft of flame, and, once out of the volcano cone, the heroes were forced to parachute to safety moments before the disc blew up.

At this point things must've been getting *really* bad on Mars, as indicated by their next attack, in *Zombies of the Stratosphere*. At least by now they had rocketry of their own, though as might be expected it was ripped off from earth science. But the Marsmen were now shallow-complected, staring from deep-set eyes in dark sockets (hence the title). Clearly these boys were in bad shape.

And if their faces weren't enough, this time their plan surely indicated deterioration, of sense if not spectacle. As outlined by Martian leader Marex to his earthly partner Doctor Harding, they were going to plant a super Hydrogen-bomb in a certain cave and, by timing the explosion, use the detonation to blast earth *out of its orbit and send it spinning off into space*, and (if that isn't enough) using an identical explosion to blast Mars *into* earth's orbit, to take advantage of earth's climate and atmospheric conditions! (Presumably, a third blast would be needed to stop Mars once it reached earth's orbit, but nothing was mentioned about such a bomb, and, frankly, I doubt the martians ever thought about it.)

But this time the opposition was fierce: agent Larry Martin, using technology created by the

famous Commando Cody, led a stalwart crew in combatting this new martian menace. The familiar Flying Suit, with its atomic-fueled sonic-powered flight jacket and simple-but-distinctive bullet-shaped helmet, gave Larry greater mobility than his forebears, and his pocket space ship allowed him to chase the alien invaders to their very lair.

But the martians had an extra trick up their rubbery sleeves: a man-sized robot, that, while no great shakes for looks (being somewhat like a water heater with legs and arms) was nonetheless effective. At one point, Larry having disabled the robot, he had it taken to his lab. Imagine his surprise when it was re-activated by remote-control and began smashing up his office!

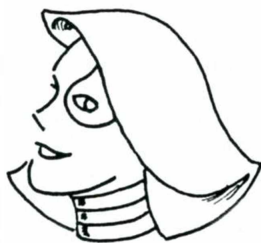
Quick work short-circuited it, and Larry was able to re-wire it for his own use when they cornered the inevitable earthly Quislings at their cave-hideout. Unknown to Larry, however, there was a second section to the cave beyond a pool, and here the H-bomb was already ticking away.

And when the martians tried to flee, Larry's rocket blasted them from the skies. He followed them down and learned of the cave and bomb from Narab, only survivor of the crash. Larry flew back to the bomb and disconnected the timer in the barest nick of time.

Narab survived to be sent to prison, but no more was ever heard from the planet Mars. The people in charge of watching out for martians never saw any more, and most people forgot about the whole thing. Now we *know* there's nobody there. Mars is a dead issue.

And Narab may be the last of his kind. Unless the Purple Monster was smarter than we thought....

WE WERE THINKING OF CALLING THIS NEW FEATURE "BULLWINKLE'S CORNER", BUT FIGURED WE MIGHT GET IN TROUBLE! FORTUNATELY, WE REMEMBERED THAT THE LASFS IS USUALLY TOO CLEVER FOR ITS OWN GOOD, AND DECIDED TO CALL OUR NEW POETRY FEATURE...



## Rhyme Schemes

THE WIND, THE WAVES AND THE DRAGON

by John J. La Valley

Borne aloft on high blue seas,  
waves part before her breast.  
The Dragon flies to fight and put  
her mettle to the test!

Her canvas wings hold tight the wind,  
her oaken scales are stout.  
Submerged, her tail turns toward left,  
the helm comes hard a'bout!

Another rides down from the North,  
and beats the waves to foam.  
The two shall clash and so decide  
which one will sail home.

The Dragons meet! The first exhales,  
across the other's path.  
Scream and smoke, and fire and iron--  
These are the Dragons' wrath!

The two beasts roar and twist and fire  
as day approaches night.  
But soon the Norther's lost her wings,  
her heart, and will to fight.

A spark ignites the broken wings.  
Flames eat the ribs and staves.  
Thus defeated, the Northern Dragon  
sinks beneath the waves.

The seasons change, the currents move,  
the waves and years go by.  
Much larger Dragons cross the sea,  
and small ones cross the sky.

Now Dragon skin's not made of oak--  
Steel hulls glide o'er the seas.  
Bronze and steam to move them fast,  
no canvas grabs the breeze.



And Dragon's breath is hotter still,  
a different kind of fire.  
Also they can throw the flames  
much farther and much higher!

But Dragons still roam 'cross the seas,  
where their ancestors ranged.  
Though Dragon bodies have evolved,  
their spirits haven't changed!

Upwind Continued  
from page 7 . . .

uncommon in small towns, it changed its double bill three times each week. In a town the size of Gardiner everyone really does know everyone else, so it was not difficult for young Bill to get a safe ride into Reedsport with anyone who was going there and he made that pilgrimage as often as he could, to see the films. Movies of all sorts, but especially films of the fantastic, have been a major--if not the major--interest for him ever since.

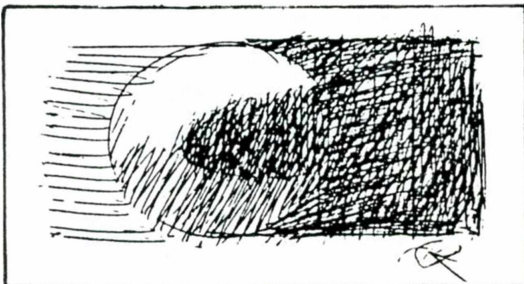
Bill's heavy use of the library had led him to the assumption that every story of value would eventually be anthologized; therefore, he didn't bother reading the SF magazines. Nevertheless, one day he happened to pick up a copy of the magazine Imaginative Tales and found a column called "Scientifilm Marquee," about SF films. Bill was hooked immediately. He wrote to the author of the column in care of the magazine, asking them to get it to the right person. Bill couldn't make out the name of the author because the by-line was reproduced as a signature, the script of which was undecipherable to him.

Soon the author of the column, a man named Forrest J Ackerman, responded to Bill's letter in the column! Seeing his own name in print for the first time was (and may still be) the biggest thrill Bill had ever had. And in that very same column where Bill's name was mentioned, Forry announced the impending publication of a new magazine, Famous Monsters of Film-land, devoted entirely to SF and horror films. The omen-like nature

of this synchronicity has not escaped Bill, for it was through Famous Monsters, in 1958, that Bill first learned of science fiction fandom.

His first contact with fandom was in 1961, when he attended the Seattle Worldcon. There, he finally met Forry, who had published several of Bill's letters in Famous Monsters and had personally responded to some. Although Forry, E. E. "Doc" Smith, and Mrs. Heinlein were very kind to him at the convention, Bill was (and still is) painfully shy and didn't go to any parties. He did, however, enter the masquerade; in a perhaps unconscious response to his state of mind, he went as the Invisible Man.

Also in 1961 Bill started college. He didn't have enough credits to graduate at the end of four years, and had to stay an extra semester. During that last semester he met Beverly Truex. They married in 1966, and moved to LA on the same day, where Bill hoped to work for the movies. He hasn't managed that, but among other jobs he has worked for Forry (helping with the magazines, acting as a tour guide of the Ackermansion, etc.); earned a Master's of Library Science at UCLA; was the Periodicals Librarian at the Occidental College Library; worked for the City of LA with the Hollywood Museum Collection (although the museum itself still doesn't exist); assisted Walt Lee on Walt's three-volume Reference Guide to Fantastic Films; and for ten years worked for The Hollywood Film Archive, a movie research and publication firm. And, of course, he also completed his own massive Keep Watching the Skies!, a two-volume technical, historical, critical, anecdotal, illustrated survey of every SF film released in the U. S. during the '50s. (Both hardbound volumes available at \$65.00 for the set from McFarland & Company, Inc., Publishers, Box 611, Jefferson, North Carolina 28640. [Free plug. (Yes, I know it's expensive, but trust me, you'll think you got a bargain when you





read it.])

Bill started attending LASFS when he arrived here in 1966, but stopped for several years when he realized he and a friend were going there only to talk to each other. When LASFS started meeting at the Palms Playground Bill started attending again, and got very involved in the LASFS' social life.

Bill was elected to the LASFS Board of Directors in 1970 and served three consecutive three-year terms. During that time he was involved in most of the club's activities. He was on the L. A. Worldcon committees in 1972 and 1984, and has attended and been on the committees of many local cons, including Westercon, in between.

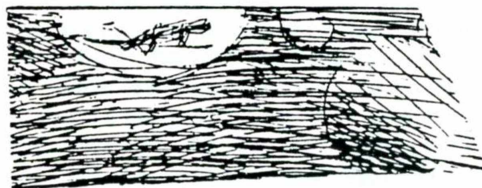
For six or seven years Bill was the editor of De Profundis (the LASFS newsletter), either together with Craig Miller, or with Beverly, or by himself. When the club was finally ready to buy its own clubhouse, Bill was very much involved in the search for a suitable property. When that first clubhouse was found, Bill was in charge of fixing it up to make it liveable, and he was also the only person in charge of ongoing maintenance during all of the club's stay at that building. Bill checked through the club's records for names and addresses of everyone who had ever been an active member (this was before the age of personal computers, it was a manual search), and sent out a special 500-copy issue of De Profundis inviting them all to attend the first meeting in the club's own quarters.

LASFS outgrew that first building almost immediately, and when plans to add a second storey proved unworkable, Bill suggested the search for a new clubhouse. When that property (the club's present location) was bought, Bill was once again in charge of refurbishing the new clubhouse, and was in charge of maintenance for our first several years there. It should be noted that, among other things, "maintenance" meant cleaning up the place for each week's meeting.

The list of Bill's contributions to the club, both in muscle-power and brainpower, is almost endless. For instance, it was he who proposed that a back room at the first clubhouse be saved for housing the LASFS library, and that floor-to-ceiling bookcases be constructed for that purpose; he proposed that the club get its own movie projector; he was in charge of the fanzine part of the LASFS library collection; he suggested that the LASFS Benefit (now the LASFS Showcase) be an annual fundraising event and chaired one of them; etc.; etc.; etc.

Since his last tenure on the Board of Directors, he has felt somewhat less involved with the club, and regrets no longer being a Director. You can probably find plenty of people at LASFS who will tell you that Bill Warren is difficult to get along with. What he really is, I think, is single-mindedly tenacious in pursuing whatever course he feels is best for the club as a whole.

During his nine years on the Board, with everything he proposed and every cause he fought for in an organization of many differing viewpoints, Bill worked not for self-aggrandizement or to favor a project that would make things easier or better for him personally, but rather for positions that he honestly felt were for the benefit of LASFS as an institution. Except for Milt Stevens, I can't think of anyone else around the club while I've been active who could honestly say the same.



"Tomorrow" Continued  
from page 19 . . . .

rescue the poor guy.

Robert Lewine has an especially vivid recollection of this show, particularly since he was on it as himself. "Apparently the program was so realistically performed by Rod Steiger and Frank Maxwell that when we asked viewers to call the Network if they recognized the neighborhood of the contemplated murder, we began to get call after call. It was so believable that two or three network stations--Cleveland was one--put up their "Stand by" slide lest the viewers be forced to watch an actual murder in progress.

"Moreover, somehow word got to the New York Police Department and as the show was ending, Studio One [ABC's largest at 7 west Sixty-sixth Street] was invaded by three or more uniformed policemen who were sent there to investigate a contemplated murder.

"This show was also Rod Steiger's TV debut as the would-be husband-killer and he got paid three hundred dollars, whereas Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward each received one hundred fifty dollars for their debuts."

"**Tales of Tomorrow**" was the "The Twilight Zone" of its time in that it dealt with fantastical, outre concepts that would have been unacceptable on any other series; in the process creating a market for writers who would have been rejected elsewhere, just as "TTZ" did in the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties. It set the standard for prime-time video SF, going beyond the serial machinations of "Space Patrol" and "Tom Corbett" to bring real science fiction (as

opposed to the theatrical, or kid-show brand) to a mass TV audience.

During its first season, "**Tales of Tomorrow**" alternated with a variety show called "Versatile Varieties" for four-and-one-half months. During its last season, it also aired on radio: fifteen episodes from January 1 to April 10, 1953, of which five are extant.

Though the series initially had good ratings (though never in the top ten or fifteen), its audience eventually dwindled, causing Hirshon-Garfield to drop out as sponsor. Others took their place, but only for a brief time. Had the ratings held steady or climbed, and had there been more commercial interest, the series would probably have run another couple of seasons.

George Foley went into other lines of business, dying in 1980 in his early sixties. While swimming in a lake, he had a heart attack and drowned. His partner, Dick Gordon, had died several years earlier. Director Don Richardson is now a member of the UCLA faculty.

The series was briefly syndicated on kinescopes in the late nineteen-fifties. Today, it is controlled by Wade Williams Productions, which has licensed eight episodes for home video sale, and one other episode for TV airing by Avery Productions. Of the eighty-three shows broadcast, sixty-one survive. No Reversal prints were made, so that all that was ever extant were master Kines, which we are lucky to have in any case as a living record of a generally successful early attempt to bring quality SF to a mass audience.

Ruuh Moot Continued  
from page 6 . . . .

In the Los Angeles area, the unheavenly horse and others of his barbaric breed can be seen on Nickelodeon, or "Nick at Night." Could it be that Nickelodeon is a dupe for the devil? Isn't "Nick" one of the names of Satan? Something weird is surfacing from the world of '60s television -- and you can't ascribe this influence just to the series "Bewitched," which leads young girls to the path of witchcraft, and worse, makes appealing the prospect of marriage to advertising executives.

Let's examine the various cable programs offered on "Nickelodeon," shall we?

\* "Mr. Ed" -- Deep down, one always suspected that deep voice and knowing equine look portended something sinister. And Alan Young as Wilbur Post was the perfect, innocent dupe, swayed from the love of his wife and from a decent job, doing free-lance architectural work in that stable while Satan's steed suggested one hedonistic pursuit after another. And Ed is always demanding to know whether Wilbur loves Carol more than Ed.

Mr. Ed is more than a homewrecker, he is a serpent of a stallion, tempting Wilbur into troubled paths. Wilbur knows a man can love his livestock not wisely, but too well.

\* "Route 66" -- Who are they trying to kid? A better name would be "Route 666," a tale of two men seeking pleasure across the United States, jumping into one sensational adventure after another, chasing beautiful women and generally carrying on. And what do they expect to find at the end of the route. California? Hah!

\* "The Donna Reed Show." Donna has the perfect life, the perfect family, yet she's always getting into one mess after another. Each show seems to feature one of the seven deadly sins; one episode, Donna is dieting but resorts to secret, midnight gluttony, trying to grab the last piece of dessert. Other shows focus on the vices of pride, envy, sloth ... the list is endless, or at least as high as seven.

\* "My Three Sons." An ordinary family show on the surface, the series on cable is promoted in gothic tones by Nickelodeon, which tries to throw us off the scent by being obvious about the undercurrents of the Underworld. They think they're being funny in advertisements for the series, by trying to camp up the show, but we know what's really going on when the announcer alludes to sinister behavior by Steve (Fred MacMurray). "And what about the man they call 'Bub'?", the announcer further asks. Bub? Hah! More like Beelze-BUB!" Yes, Nickelodeon knows just what it's doing. As for "My Three Sons" themselves, these three boys are a little too perfect. Three little angels? Yes -- dark angels -- a black vision of the trinity, perhaps.

\* "Dennis the Menace." Dennis, as we all know, is just as bad as Damien in "The Omen," the one difference between them being that Dennis is middle-class and Damien was born to the silver pitchfork. "Dennis" (another word for "Devil" in a particular Far Eastern tongue the name of which I can't recall now) is continually plaguing "everyman," represented by the suffering Mr. Wilson.

\* "Mr. Wizard's World." This show suggests that science is ascendant above religion.

\* "Lassie." No ordinary dog is that smart without some dark, supernatural cause.

\* "Black Beauty." Here again, the recurring theme of a horse that's just a little too knowing. Is bestiality an issue here? Could this be example of ... demonic possession?

Yes, there are subliminal messages on television, and there is outright horror. Just as there is devilish terror in rock music, country music, Western music, radio, billboards, newspapers, breakfast cereal advertisements and chain restaurant menus. What can we do? The only answer is constant and ceaseless vigilance.



## Thought Crime Continued from page 5 . . . . .

After I touted Foss to buy a Gene Wolfe short story collection, and the British paperback of *Nebula Stories: 16* (that coincidentally contained my essay on the year in fandom, 1980), we still had an hour to spare before the meeting. The red-bearded Foss, dressed in the latest Union Corse fashions, offered to buy me an Australian beer. On the same block as the Dianetics center was a warren of small hotels. Foss joked about so many hotels and no rooms available for rent -- he said the law made it easier to get a liquor license in a hotel, which was by definition a public drinking place.

We found a hotel on the second floor over a Chinese restaurant, an arrangement reminiscent of Sax Rohmer. We took one of several tiny, elevated tables next to the wall and sat on adjoining barstools. The grandfather at the next table was trimming his stubble with the flame from a Bic lighter. When I nerved myself to look over a few minutes later, he was slumped over his table, unconscious. Foss went over to the bar and ordered our beer. On the bar TV was "The Littlest Hobo", evidently a Lassie-on-the-skids, dodging malicious falling flowerpots and attempting to engage humans in nonverbal communication to solve mysteries, rather than solving the question of his next meal as any sensible dog would do.

When we returned to the *Galaxy* we found a sea of sensitive fannish faces. Some had come specially that evening hoping to encounter overseas pros, for sadly they could not afford to attend a con, even in Melbourne. I talked at length to a rabid fan of Jack Chalker's who warmly remembered meeting Jack in 1975.

Friday morning on the Sydney Explorer I found some of that famous Strine dialect spray-painted on a bridge abutment: "WRAN IS A HOON." Uncomprehensible equals uncomprehensible. Arthur Evans confronting Minoan Linear B script was never any worse off. I was intrigued to find that brethren in the Commonwealth were no better set. At Friday night's reception in the Hyde Park Plaza Hotel (arranged by Lee Smoore's tour) Robbie Cantor explained to Eric Lindsay that, in Canada, gun owners are all properly certified. Lindsay burst out laughing. We congratulated Robbie on the first bilingual pun all in English.

Lindsay told me "hoon" was a contraction of "hooligan", and Friday morning I found my Rosetta Stone, a bronze commemoration plaque at Circular Quay that listed Neville Wran as premier of New South Wales. Circular Quay was between the Rocks and the Opera House, and it housed a train station and a series of docks used by ferries and harbor cruise boats. Rick Foss' tour group boarded one of the cruisers, laden with cameras. I found my own pattern too late: in the developed pictures, every second photo was a different angle of the Opera House. Elst Weinstein and I sat together, listening to the guide over the loudspeaker. She described some transported Irish baronet who had built the huge, towered house we were passing. He'd had trouble with snakes. Knowing that St. Patrick had rid Ireland of snakes, the baronet imported 500 tons of Irish soil in biscuit barrels and deposited it in a trench running around his house. Did it work? Elst said, "He got rid of the snakes, and in exchange he got a lot of Irish vampires."

After the Harbour Cruise I made my initial test of Aussie junk food: the local hot dogs. These were bright red tubes filled with something the consistency of braunschweiger, tasting like weak sausage-flavored paste, that moved unpleasantly through my system at the speed of sound.

Researching traditional restaurants, Elst and I found a listing for "THANG LONG... Gourmet North Vietnamese cooking that will really surprise you." But what gastronomic land mines could they feed us that would surpass the mighty Australian hot dog? *Continued next rock, when we move onto Melbourne.*

LetterCol Continued  
from page 4 . . . .

way, though so far, a minor one: Frieda Murray has co-authored at least one book with Roland Green. There are usually blacks at Midwest conventions. As far as I'm concerned, they get treated the same as everyone else--though if the LASFS is as cliquish as Jumper says, perhaps its treatment of everyone needs to be improved. (The LASFans I know are friendly enough.)

I disagree with Marjii about women in fandom, as well. Most of the increase that I know about came in through "Star Trek," and the increase in women authors came after that.

I tend to avoid funerals if at all possible, and it generally is possible. I don't have that large a family, and my friends are mostly younger than I am, so they may have to go to mine, but not likely vice versa. I don't need catharsis; I can quite easily remember the person as he or she was. I do think that Rothstein is correct about the club response; something official would be in order. (If nothing else, it would relieve those fans who don't want to attend personally but feel they ought to; they can let the club handle it.)

One last comment on George Jumper's letter. Since I grew up in rural Indiana, I met blacks for the first time when I entered fandom. (And I must say that listening to Elliott Shorter sing Irish ballads gives a new dimension to the term "black Irish.")

Yours,  
Robert Coulson

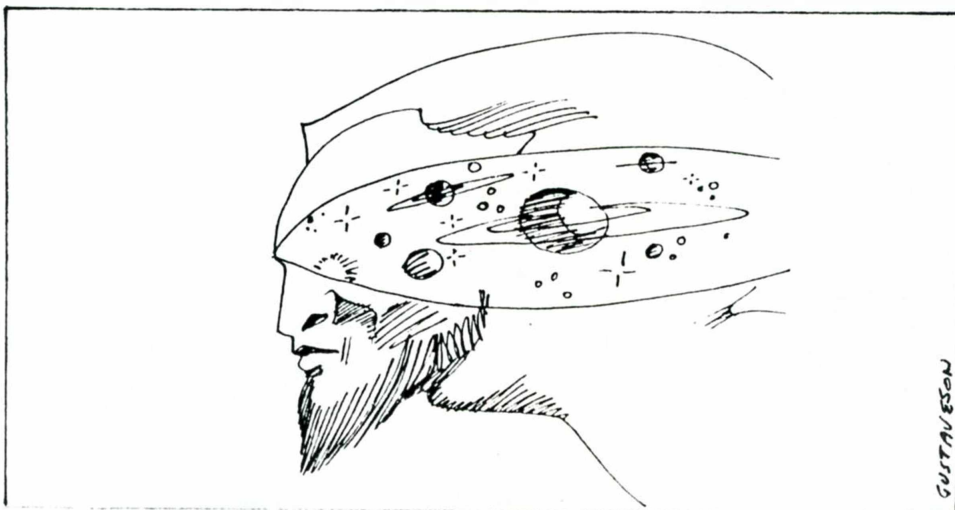
(There has been some debate about LASF's treatment of newcomers. We hope our "Registrar" will be a friendly sort of greeter, but many of the general membership are still shy types who, even in their own social milieu, are unlikely to approach strangers. But some of us try, at least.)

Dear Charles:

Thank you so much for the latest issue of Shangri l'Affaires. It's good to see it back.

I enjoyed Mike Glycer's piece on the fauna of Australia he observed while there. Allan Rothstein's piece on death and funerals was very moving. It's hard to believe that we're all getting older and we may lose some of our friends.

Peace,  
Nikki Lynch & Dick



especially tacky production, made even worse by Chaney's drunken stupor. He picks up furniture, then puts it down and mimes hitting someone with it; he crashes through a window that is clearly breakaway; and is destroyed by all of ten volts of electricity. The extant kine is also poorly focused, making this one of the worst episodes of the series.)


Max Erlich and Harry  
Ingram, from novel by Jules  
Verne; Don Medford; Thomas  
Mitchell, Leslie Neilsen.  
Not exactly the story as

(This is a combination of the evil scientist/beautiful daughter cliché of pulp SP and the movie *Forbidden Planet* [which also starred Neilsen, oddly enough], though pre-dating that movie by four years. It was also the series' only two-part show.)

Continued Next Issue

ASTRA AGAIN! TIME'S UP! IF YOU HAVEN'T SOLVED THE LASFS WORDSEARCH PUZZLE BY NOW, YOU'RE JUST NOT TRYING! HERE ARE THE ANSWERS (INCLUDING A FEW RINGERS THROWN IN TO THROW YOU OFF)! WATCH THIS SPACE FOR FUTURE...

# GAMES LASFANS PLAY



CHUCKMAN MOOSE  
FUZZY PINK BOOK  
TOOTH TAPS  
ELEPHANT  
MOUNTAINS  
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Clystron Relay Continued  
from page 11 . . . . .

AS NON-FOOLISH  
CONSISTENCIES OR CONTINUITY. THAT  
IT'S EASIER TO ANIMATE THREE KIDS  
THAN FOUR AND EASIER STILL TO DO  
TWO!

BUT SUPPOSE THERE'S YET A MORE



OR WHAT IF  
SOME MAD EUGENISIST -- OR FOR THAT  
MATTER, A WILDLY BENEVOLENT ONE --  
RECOGNISED THE POTENTIAL DANGER IN  
ALLOWING POOPDECK'S HIDEOUSLY MU-  
TATED AND OBVIOUSLY DOMINANT GENES  
TO SPREAD OUT INTO THE GENERAL  
POPULATION? IN A FEW CENTURIES  
EVERYBODY WOULD LOOK LIKE THAT! HE  
MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED THE KIDS, STE-  
RILISING THEM (AND LOSING TWO PER-  
FECTING THE TECHNIQUE)! PERHAPS IT  
WAS, AFTER ALL, SORT OF A BLESSING  
IN DISGUISE!

THIS IS A QUESTION THAT  
MUST, HOWEVER, BE ANSWERED, IF ONLY  
TO ALLOW US TO GET ON TO THE NEXT  
ONE: WHAT ABOUT THE BIZARRE GENETIC  
EXPERIMENTS AND OUTRE SKIN GRAFTS  
THAT TRANSFORMED BETTY BOOP FROM A  
WEIRD-LOOKING DOG TO A WEIRD-LOOK-  
ING HUMAN?

GIVE IT A LITTLE THOUGHT!  
BECAUSE THAT WRAPS US UP FOR ANOTH-  
ER ISSUE! GOODIES ON TAP FOR NEXT  
TIME INCLUDE A PIECE ON FRP BY JOE

SINISTER REASON?

THEY WERE ALWAYS  
DEPICTED AS HATING SPINACH, DESPITE  
THE OBVIOUS BENEFICIAL EFFECT IT  
HAD ON MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILY!  
PERHAPS THE FIRST TWO SUCCUMED TO  
IRON DEFICIENCY, OR MAYBE POPEVE  
BEAT THEM UP ONCE TOO OFTEN TRYING  
TO FORCE THEM TO EAT!

OR MAYBE THAT  
ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE FAMILY ATTITUDE  
INDICATES SOMETHING EVEN WORSE!  
AFTER ALL, POOPDECK PAPPY WAS AN  
OLD SCHOOL MERCHANT MARINE TYPE OF  
SAILOR, AND HE WAS STRANDED ON GOON  
ISLAND FOR FORTY YEARS! POPEVE WAS  
LITTLE BETTER, DESPITE OLIVE OYL'S  
REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO REFORM HIM! WE  
ALL KNOW WHAT BRITISH SEAMEN DID ON  
THOSE LONG, LONESOME NIGHTS (NO,  
NOT THAT, THOUGH THAT'S AN INTERES-  
TING THOUGHT, TOO)! WHEN I SAY  
THERE'S NO CANNIBALISM IN THE BRIT-  
ISH NAVY, I MEAN THERE IS SOME!  
WHO'S TO SAY IT WOULD BE SO OUT OF  
PLACE AT POPEVE'S HOUSE?



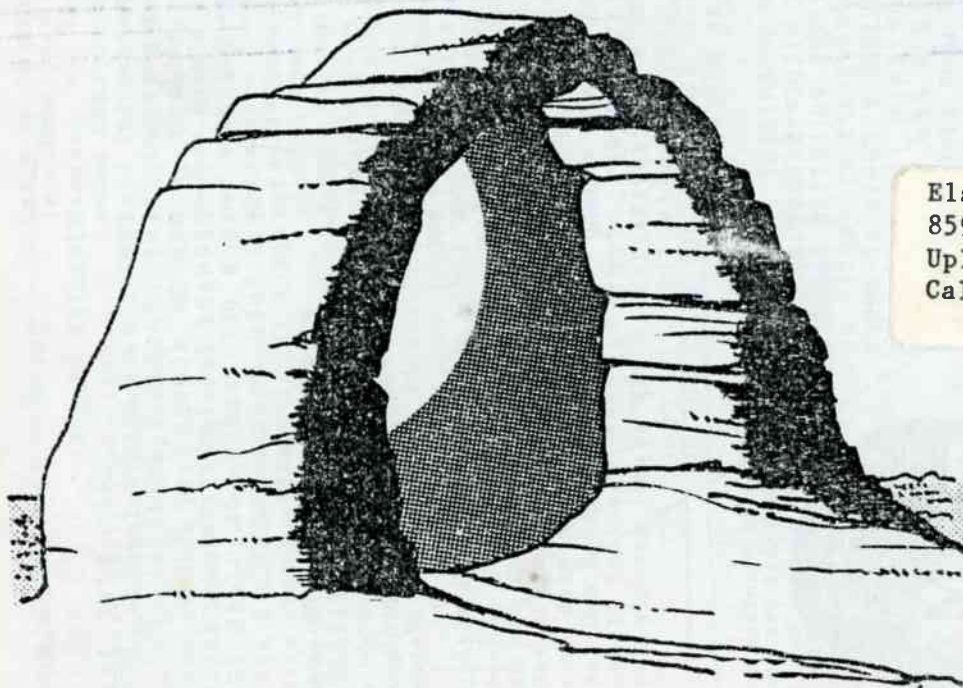
ZEFF, SOMETHING BY MARTY CANTOR,  
AND A SPECIAL REPRINT FROM THE  
'FIFTIES VERSION OF "SHANGRI L'AF-  
FAIRES"! UNTIL THEN, THIS IS THE  
EMPEROR SAYING, "HASTA LA VISTA,  
AND CL- ATERI!"

Chp

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SHAGGY OCT 9



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