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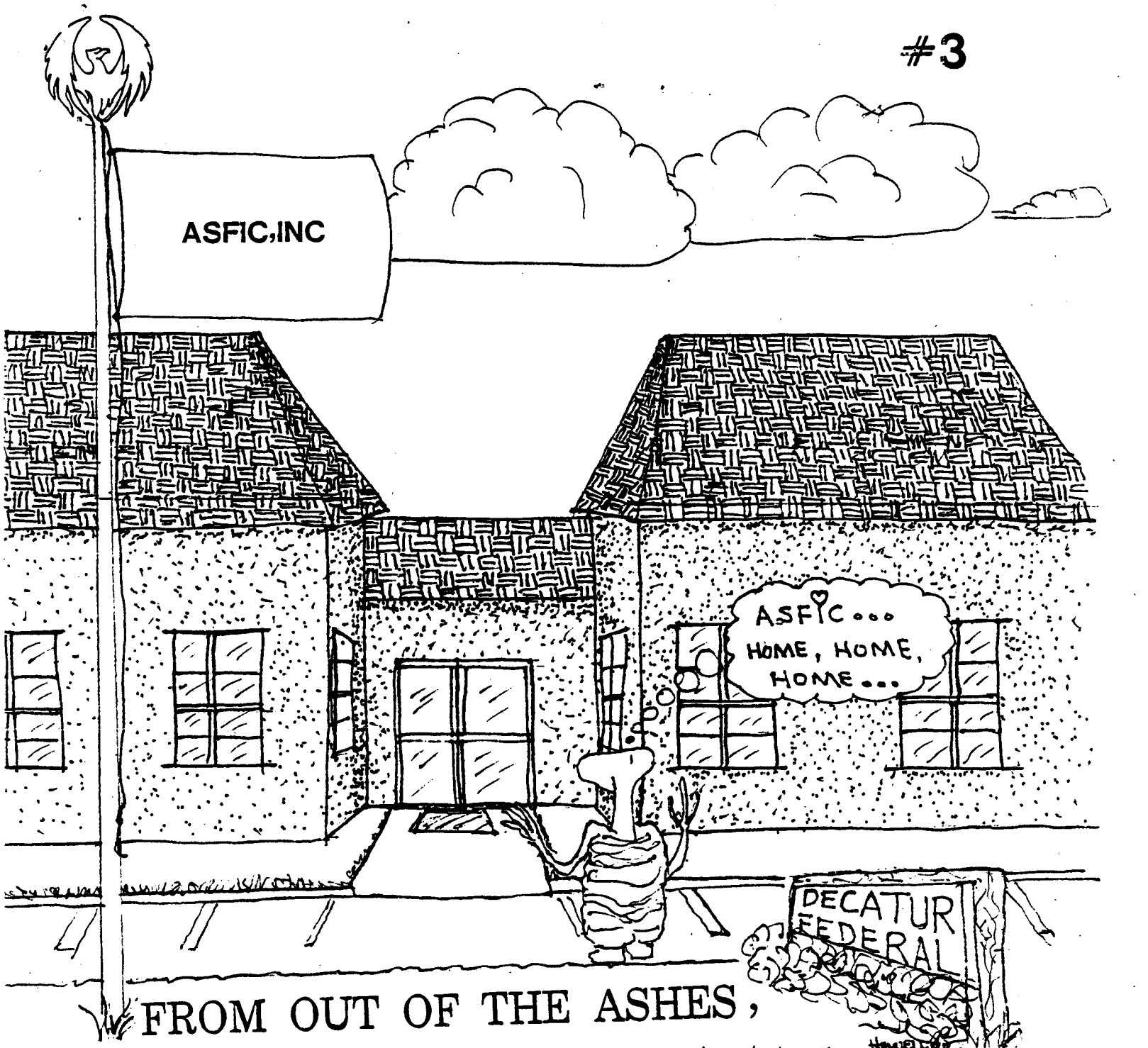
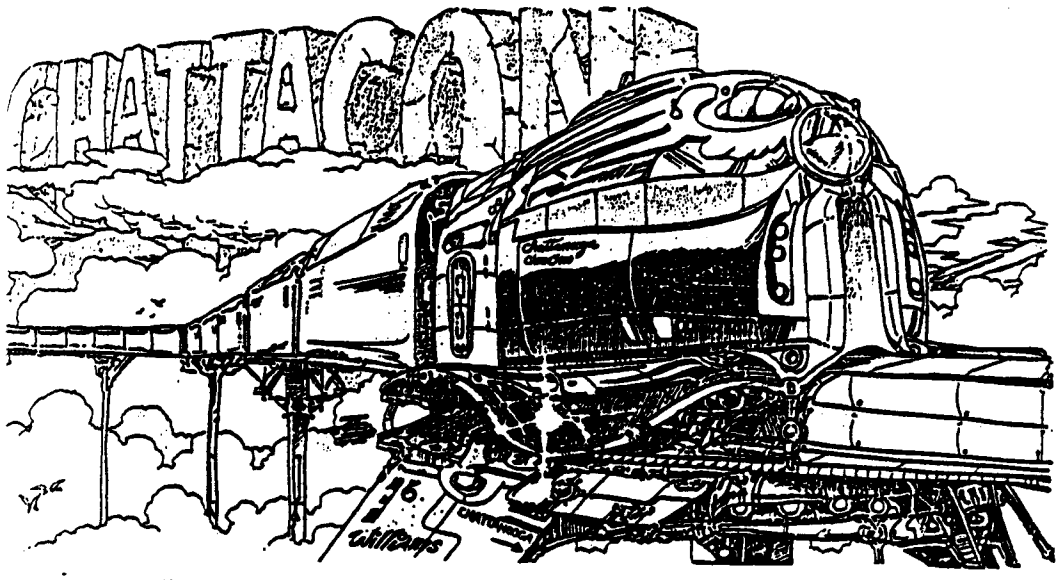


FROM OUT OF THE ASHES,

A VOICE



Chattacon
P. O. Box 921
Hixson, TN 37343

Richard T. Bolgeo
Chairman, CHATTACON
P.O. Box 921
Hixson, TN 37343

February 1, 1983

Dear Friends,

Regretfully the Board of Trustees of the annual Chattanooga Science Fiction Convention, CHATTACON, announce that we are withdrawing our Bid for the 1984 DeepSouth Convention, DSC 22.

This decision was not lightly made by the twelve active members of our Board. But CHATTACON works because CHATTACON people work, and CHATTACON people are a very special breed of Volunteer. The sixteen CHATTACON Trustees and the Official Alternates, our trustees-in-training, are Partners in the annual Chattanooga Science Fiction Convention—it is not a one-man show. Such an event requires the co-operation and total dedication of at least sixteen highly-trained, very talented and motivated members of a team.

The strain of holding the 715-person CHATTACON of January 1983 brought about a physical and mental burnout on the part of over 30% of the Board. The stress of throwing three such conventions in thirteen months could all too easily affect the performance of remaining Board personnel, and that of the replacements for the valued friends and co-workers we have already lost.

Successful CHATTACONs are our primary objective and must remain our foremost concern. As Chairman of the Board of Trustees, I felt it was my duty to remind the Board of this fact and to call for reconsideration of the DSC Bid. With considerable regret, and after much soul-searching, the CHATTACON Board voted to recall our Bid.

Sincerely,

Richard T. Bolgeo

Richard T. Bolgeo
Chairman, CHATTACON
Chattanooga Science Fiction
Convention, Incorporated

The February meeting of ASFiC began at 8:12 P.M. when Prez. Howell decided that everyone who was going to attend had shown up.

This was our first meeting in our new meeting place and I for one LIKE it. It has lots and room and lots of chairs and two pianos for the musically inclined. What can I say folks, it has class. Angela read to the membership the Community Room rules and I think we can all live with them. The only one I was upset with was the No Dancing rule. I mean really.

Treas. Boros announced that the deadline for paying dues was fast approaching and if your dues are not paid by the end of the March meeting, you will receive April's newsletter as your last.

Bill Ritch announced that he and Kenny Mitchroney were the Fan Guests of Honor along with Guest of Honor Piers Anthony and Robert Adams at Necronomi-Con in Tampa, October 28-30. Bill also announced his short story "Dogma" to be published in Issue 9 of Infinity Cubed.

Brad Linaweaver announced the publication of his new short story in an anthology edited by Andre Norton and Robert Adams. Brad also asked that anyone who had a 19 inch TV could bring it to next month's meeting so we could see "Masque of the Red Death".

Jim Price and Kathy Kaufmann announced their upcoming nuptials in August.

Sam Jeude moved to adjourn the meeting and everyone seconded. Meeting was adjourned at 8:40 P.M.

MINUTES & MONEY

Treasurer's Report
by Phyllis Boros

Previous Balance....	$228.10
Credits (dues).....	$172.00
Debits (stamps).....	$ 19.61
(stamps).....	$ 22.35
(Inc. Papers).....	$ 5.00
Balance (2-28-83)...	$353.14

A PERSON WHO LOSES HIS TEMPER, LOSES.

BITS & PIECES

A Special Note:

The May Issue of Analog will feature JERRY PAGE'S article entitled: 'Greater's World'

ASFICON IV

Remember ASFICON on April 1, 2 and 3, 1983 at the Northlake Hilton Hotel.
GOH: Gregory Benford
FGOH: Brian Earl Brown
AGOH: Doug Chaffee

Be there !! The band that will be playing Saturday night, April 2 is featured here in FOOTA,AV.

WEDDING BELLS

Jim Price and Kathy Kaufmann have set their wedding date. It will be on August 13, 1983. Kathy will be graduating from Georgia Baptist School of Nursing in June and will be taking her state boards in July. Good Luck!!

PROGRAMMING

Programming for March:

The March Programming will be a film entitled:

'Masque of the Red Death'

April Programming will be announced at the March Meeting.

MEETINGS

UPCOMING MEETINGS

We are now scheduled for Decatur Federal Bank for the following Club Meetings:

March 19, 1983
April 16, 1983
May 21, 1983

They were very pleased on the way we left the place so it looks like we may have a permanent place as long as no one else books the third week of the month.

Lets continue to keep the place neat so that they will go ahead and schedule us on a yearly basis instead of a three month basis.

New Meeting Place: Decatur Federal Bank
Mt. Vernon Highway
Dunwoody

"A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies".

"Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she laid an asteroid".

HIGHLIGHTS AND HOT TIMES

MARCH, 1983

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
		1	2	3	4 Uppersouth-clave-Bowling Green, KY Park Mammoth Resort	5 Uppersouthclave *GOH-Dalvan* Coger
6 Uppersouthclave ***ASFICON COM Howell Residence - All Comm are urged to attend !!!!!!	7 MITTEE MEETING***	8 ittee Members 2 P.M.	9	10	11 Coastcon '83 Biloxi, MS	12 Coastcon '83 Biloxi, MS
13 Coastcon '83 Biloxi, MS	14	15	16	17	18 Lunacon '83 New York - Sheraton Heights	19 Lunacon '83 *GOH-Anne Mc Caffrey ASFIC MEETING %% Decatur Federal Dunwoody
20 Lunacon '83	21	22	23	24 Norwescon 6 Seattle, WA Sheraton Downtown	25 Norwescon 6 Seattle, WA #Gemini-Hunts-ville ALA	26 Norwescon 6 Seattle, WA #Gemini-Hunts-ville, ALA
27 Norwescon 6 Seattle, WA #Gemini-Hunts-ville, ALA	28	29	30	31 *** IMPORTANT	NOTICE ***	
	# GOH-Jack and Joe Haldeman		%% Meeting at 8 PM-See othe area for direc tions.	Officers Mtg. 7:30	ASFICON Commit 6:45 pm	ee Meeting

APRIL, 1983

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1 ASFICON 4 Northlake Hilton GOH: Gregory	2 ASFICON 4 Northlake Hilton Benford
3 ASFICON 4 Northlake Hilton	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16 ASFIC MEET- ING Decatur Federal Bank 8:00 PM
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29 KUBLA KHAN 11 Nashville, TN GOH: Peter	30 KUBLA KHAN 11 Nashville, TN Straub
May 1 KUBLA KHAN 11 Nashville,TN						

DER QUALITY

BY BRAD LINAWEAVER

Film Opinion: Michael Ogden and
Brad Linaweaver.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer during the Thirties was a Jekyll-Hyde establishment. During the daylight hours, a purveyor of wholesome family entertainment---and some of it quite outstanding, the best of its kind ever done (the Andy Hardy series, The Wizard of Oz, Goodby Mr. Chips). But at night...evil flowers blossomed on the back lot, and the lionshead cameras cranked out the most bizarre and perverse films of the great American Horror cycle (1931-1936), films beside which the Universal product paled.

First of all, of course, they had Tod Browning, who created (in collaboration with Lon Chaney) a series of memorable grotesqueries in the late Twenties (several of which are currently being revived on the the PBS TV Network; at this is written, The Unholy Three has just been broadcast). Borwning's Freaks (1932), surely a candidate for the most bizarre film in cinema history, was produced by Metro, who disowned it following a totally unsuccessful initial release. (Later it was re-issued by Dwain Esper, who was also responsible for the release--or escape--of such juicy Thirties exploitation items as Reefer Madness and Maniac.)

Also on the dark side of the studio ledger: Browning;s Mark of the Vampire, an incredible burlesque of the director's Dracula, with Lionel Barrymore performing some weird business in the "Van Helsing" role; Devil Doll, also by Browing, with an assist script-wise from Guy Endore (The Werewolf of Paris) and Erich Von Stroheim (whom studio boss Louis B. Mayer hated passionately), and with Barrymore involved in even weirder diversions (such as transvetism and people shrinking); Karl Freund's Mad Love, one of the two fantasy masterpieces of his brief directorial career, a full supping on the horrors of dismemberment and psychosexual bloodlust; Kongo, a sound remake of a Browning-Chaney drama, with Walter Huston as a demented cripple who rules an African kingdom with fear and inflicts horrible punishments on characters he deems worthy of his vengeance. An impressively frightful list. (Even in the Forties one has but to recall the famous drug-delirium episode of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Spencer Tracy frensiedly driving and whipcracking a chariot drawn by Lana Turner and Ingrid Bergman---a scene unimaginable in a Universal film of the same period.)

And then there was The Mask of Fu Manchu, a frustratingly racist film that excels in many other departments. Every character in the film seems to be obsessed with skin color. The heroine calls Fu Manchu a "hideous yellow monster," Fu Manchu terms one of his British captives a "son of a white dog." The barrage of traded insults goes on incessantly. The entire aspect of hatred between the races is given much more prominence than it ever was in Sax Rohmer's novels. This is suprising, considering that the original printed series grew out of the "Yellow Peril" scare prevalent in the early years of this century.

The character of Fu Manchu himself was significantly altered in the translation from written word to celluloid. The Fu Manchu of the books was not the movie's impassioned fanatic or self-styled messiah of the Eastern races, but rather a coldly evil, intellectual scientist who functioned as an active member of a secret terrorist organization, the Si Fan, which attempted to take advantage of the political chaos in China following the Boxer Rebellion and the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. Nor did the novels' Fu Manchu indulge in the gratuitous sadism of the movie's villain. His torture and murder devices were always means to an end; he had no time to waste gleefully lingering over the death throes of an agonized victim. The Fu Manchu

of the novels was dedicated to the cause of the orgainzation, not his own perverted gratification.

The Mask of Fu Manchu, in addition to being racist, is also decidedly kinky. Fu Manchu's daughter, Fah Lo See, is a vicious nymphomaniac who delights in observing her lover being flogged into unconsciousness. She in turn is treated as a "sex object" by her father, who offers her to a white prisoner as part of the reward he would receive for turning traitor. Fu Manchu himself displays no particular sexual idiosyncracies, apart from the very strange scene in which, prior to performing an operation, he strokes, almost lovingly, the chest of his victim (the same poor devil who was previously whipped) with his bony, sharp nailed fingers. Needless to say, the perversions are portrayed as exclusively Oriental. The Caucasian characters have no time for sex, either straight or crooked; they're too busy saving the Western world.

Racism and sexism aside, The Mask of Fu Manchu boasts many positive factors. Lavish in production and decor, it is also blessed with a most impressive cast. Interestingly enough, practically all of the leading players went on to achieve their greatest popularity by portraying series characters. Charles Starrett, of course, moved to Columbia Pictures to become that studio's top Western star. He headlined over 130 Western features and portrayed the Durango Kid in nearly half of them. The others stayed at Metro; Jean Hersholt got his medical degree and became kindly Dr. Christian, while Lewis Stone studied law and homespun philosophy to endear himself to millions as wise old Judge Hardy, father of Andy. Myrna Loy, who played in Mask the last of a long line of "exotic temptress" roles, altered her image drastically to find mystery and wacky wedded bliss in the extraordinarily successful "Thin Man" series.

The film's greatest asset, of course, is Boris Karloff, who played the role sufficiently tongue-in-cheek so that his performance, despite the racial stereo-type of the "yellow fiend", remains palatable today. He managed this without guying himself. Karloff's Fu Manchu is convincing--a genuine menace, a threat to world security (by Jove, a threat to the British government!). In dramatic context, he is a figure of such authority and terror that he does not need to prove his stature to the Chinese and Mongul minions; while at the same time he is more than capable of utilizing all the means of super-modern science, coupled with ancient subtle tortures, to bring about his desired end---the surrender of the British heroes, a surrender which will place the mask and sword of Genghis Khan firmly in Fu Manchu's grasp...paving the way for his ascendance to world power.

Surely Fu Manchu is a candidate for the most uncompromisingly evil role in Boris Karloff's career. There is no room for tragedy or pathos in this character---the audience finds no human weakness in Rohmer's composite villian. It has been said that Karloff invested the most brutal of his roles with a touch of humanity---that one can feel pity for a Karloff villain. Such is the case with the Frankenstein monster and the Columbia mad doctors and perhaps even with the abominable Im-Ho-Tep, a revivified mummy who, despite all his sins, got in his predicament only because of very human love. No such soft spot is apparent on Fu Manchu. Karloff played the role as it should have been played---a pyrotechnical one-dimensional part, the consummate bad guy.

It is curious that Karloff, practiced stage actor who had mastered inflection and voice projection years before his first film stint, had no opportunity to display those talents until the role of Fu Manchu. His first horror role---the one that made him---needs no elaboration here. His second, the butler of The Old Dark House, was also mute. Not until his Chinese role did Karloff have the opportunity to fully display his thick British accent and pronounced lisp. Fu Manchu received his schooling in England and America (Doctor of Philosophy from Edinburgh, Doctor of Law from Christ College, Doctor of Medicine from Harvard). It was at these institutions that he learned perfect English. Perhaps at these institutions he also developed his all-consuming hatred of the white man, as he could not have received so much education without a full dose of the white man's bureaucracy. More likely, though, Fu Manchu decided at an early age that his life's mission was to be the eradication of the white race. Even a racist maniac's single-minded determination can be admirable, when pursued in such fine style.

The tendency of criticizing The Mask of Fu Manchu is to misplace the discriminating faculty and to do two things at the exclusion of all else; (a) effusively gosh-wow over Karloff, Karloff and Karloff; (b) agonize over the immoderate racism that literally consumes the film at story's end. Such an approach---categorized as the Fan approach---overlooks the contributions of other principals in the film. The nice thing about Mask is the fine contributions made by everyone who worked on the film. The art direction (credited to Cedric Gibbons) is superb. Where other horror films emphasize shadows (the womb-dark vision), Mask achieves its most memorable effects by presenting sets harshly, brilliantly lit (e.g. the staircase that Sir Nayland must ascend to rescue Sheila). And, of course, there is the bizarre operating amphitheatre where Fu Manchu makes a zombie/slave of personable Charles Starrett. A column of diffussed light shafts down from the ceiling, accenting Fu Manchu's filthy deed---while a row of Negro slaves are statue/silhouetted on pedestals in the background.

Starrett acquits himself admirably in a routine hero role. Unlike David Manners, Universal's perpetually ininformed dandy and ineffectual lover, Starrett looks as if he could provide the villians a hard time. He's no pushover... and though his part doesn't present him with particularly brilliant dialogue, he doesn't come off as just plain dumb, as so many other Thirties heroes did. Starrett's part was probably most demanding on the actor in one particular aspect. He had to prefer the horse-like enthusiasm of his blonde "beautiful white woman" girl friend (played by Karen Morley) over the exotic, sultry advances of Fu Manchu's daughter, (the irresistable Myrna Loy). Starrett's physique is welI displayed.

As to the plot...Sir Denis Nayland Smith (Lewis Stone), Terry Granville (Charles Starrett), Professor Von Berg (Jean Hersholt) and Sheila Barton (Karen Morley) has successfully uncovered the Mask and Sword of Genghis Khan, despite Fu Manchu having captured Sir Lionel Barton. Sir Denis switches a replica of Genghis Khan's sword with the authentuc weapon, for security reasons. This is understandable enough, but Nayland Smith takes this precaution without bothering to inform his companions. The resulting situation is, to say the least, curious. Terry, at the prompting of Sheila, decides to sell out the white race. Reason: Fu Manchu will trade the life of Sheila's father, Sir Lionel Barton (Lawrence Grant), for the sword of power. Sir Lionel would rather die than endanger the future of Anglo-Saxon dominance. Fortunately for Sir Denis and white people everywhere, Terry takes the wrong sword. Unfortunately for Terry, who did this deed not out of malice but out of compassion, Fu Manchu tests the sword's authenticity with his electric ray. (A marvelous visual scene---Karloff physically plays with the lightning, utilizing his ultra-long fingernails... then literally pulls the lightning to the sword, which is imbedded in the floor.) Fu Manchu finds the false sword wanting---it disintergrates into a mound of smouldering ashes. Terry pays for his mistake---he is whipped, drugged and enslaved. Sheila is never adequately punished. Perhaps Nayland Smith was correct in not trusting his companions, after all. Maybe Terry would have taken the real sword to Fu Manchu!

A flaw in The Mask of Fu Manchu is doubtless the unsatisfactory resolution to the conflict. The heroes, having escaped from Fu Manchu's various death traps, avenge themselves so swiftly and thoroughly that one is left with the feeling that aspiring Emperor Manchu was hardly all he was cracked up to be. Admittedly the heroes, lacking technical innovativeness...and time, deem it necessary to turn Fu Manchu's own weapon against him (that marvelous lightning ray created by special effects man Kenneth Strickfaden). Seizing the death ray, they train its beam down on Fu Manchu who is about to sacrifice Sheila in front of a horde of Orientals. Once having disposed of Fu Manchu, Nayland Smith avails himself of the opportunity to eliminate as many of the villain's followers as time will allow. The electricity rages over the seething crowd in a fashion so erratic that one is a bit surprised at the heroine's survival. She is, after all, still incapacitated on the sacrificial altar. The point is that the climax is too abrupt.

The final scene aboard ship undercuts the body of the film. Nayland Smith the civilized Britisher and gentleman, says a few words about the evil of Fu Manchu's sword, and promptly dumps it over the side of the ship so that no new Fu Manchus will have the opportunity to seize the sword.

Suddenly---a gong rings! Out British heroes glance about apprehensively. Has Fu Manchu returned from the dead! Enter the most moronic Chinese steward imaginable. "Dinner is served," he announces like an imbecilic parrot. "You aren't," Nayland Smith asks him, "by chance a Doctor of Philosophy?... Law?...Medicine?" The steward giggles hideously. "I no think so, sir." Smith pats him on the back. "I congradulate you!" The Chinese menace, according to the scriptwriters, is most definitely over, the Orientals safely returned to their former stereotype.

The End

TWENTY-FIVE GOOD SCIENCE FICTION FILMS

by Brad Linaweaver

(continued from last issue)

8.) **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. 1964** Adequate family fare that updates the H. G. Wells novel. Lionel Jeffries plays the turn of the century eccentric who travels to the moon by means of anti-gravity paint and discovers a society of intelligent ant-like beings living underneath the lunar surface. The novel's ending is changed in favor of one more like the end of War of the Worlds. Jeffries overacts but it's forgivable. Ray Harryhausen's special effects are the main attraction and are delicious.

9.) **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH.*** 1967. The third installment of the Hammer studio's (the The Horror of Dracula people) popular Quatermass series. The history of the occult is given a scientific explanation when Professor Q discovers an age-old Martian plan to manipulate mankind through its fears. There are attendant discoveries even more conceptually startling -- the only way to fully appreciate them is to see the movie. This one is the real stuff.

10.) **FORBIDDEN PLANET. 1956.** Vastly overrated by science fiction fans, this color spectacle is still grand fun. A space opera retelling of Shakespeare's The Tempest, it also presented several SF elements to film for the first time (e.g. the three laws of robotics courtesy of Asimov, monsters of the id courtesy of everyone's nightmares, etc.). Unfortunately it was marred by Hollywood cliches and an ending every bit as stupid as the theme of The Thing(another SF picture from the fifties -- and one I don't like to talk about). The films assets are a sense of wonder, a feeling of vast oceans of time, Walter Pidgeon, Robby the Robot and great sound effects...and the monster.

11.) **THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN.** 1957. John Baxter, science fiction films' best known critic, has an insane affection for the work of Jack Arnold who directed this film. Arnold's work is often schlock, but Shrinking Man is an exception. It is actually worth watching, but isn't the philosophical piece Baxter thinks it is. It isn't really saying anything about the hero's place in the universe but offers a really neat fight between the itsy-bitsy shrunken man and a hungry black spider.

12.) **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS.** 1956. Don Siegel, who in later years was to give us the definitive cop thriller (Dirty Harry), decided to frighten his audience into wondering about themselves when he made this one. Kevin McCarthy comes back to his hometown to find some of his neighbors "changed." It transpires that the folks next-door are being replaced overnight by emotionless duplicates. The aliens are among us! They come in seed pods, wait nearby, and while you sleep, they become you. Gradually the whole town becomes dehumanized pod people and McCarthy is left alone, running for his life, for his sanity and soul. (The studio diluted the effect with an ameliorative framing device that I've heard is being removed from some prints now.)

13.) **KING KONG.*** 1933. American folklore. The action movie of all time. The monster movie we all remember fondly. What can one say that already hasn't been said? Born of stop-motion animation, Kong becomes a personality. We grow to care about him. We understand his hang-up on Fay Wray. King Kong captures the excitement of childhood -- it doesn't let you down easily! (It's in my science fiction list because it's a spin-off of The Lost World.)

14.) **METROPOLIS. 1926.** Fritz Lang made it. Forrest J. Ackerman (editor of Famous Monsters of Filmland) reveres it. Science fiction fans respect it. Cinema students study it. I grimace at the political naivete and the sloppy plotting, but the vision moves me. Concerned with the city of the future, Lang exploits the fears and hopes of Germany with the same insight as Wiene's The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.

15.) **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. 1961.** Excellent at the beginning, good in the middle, it becomes boring at the end because they saddle it with cliches. Oh, well. The Jules Verne novel about survival is beefed up with monsters courtesy of Ray Harryhausen and the scenario. (Captain Nemo is experimenting with a growth formula in this one, and the crabs and birds and bees get out of hand.) The Harryhausen touch is splendid, as always. I love the scene with the balloon. (Later on Harryhausen would give us his masterpiece, Jason and the Argonauts.) Herrmann does the music.

16.) **PLANET OF THE APES. 1968.**
Don't cringe. I hate the sequels and the television series and the comic books and the toys and all the other dreck that followed the blockbuster success of the first film. But the original was good social satire and suspenseful. Charlton Heston, always the perfect star, and Goldsmith (who did the score) gave their best.

17.) **ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. 1964.** Remember Defoe's novel? Here it is again, placed in the future on Mars with aliens taking the place of the island cannibals in the original novel. Believe it or not, the movie works, a good adventure outing. Cherish it. Byron Haskin (of War of the Worlds) directed.

18.) **THESE ARE THE DAMNED. 1963.**
Flawed by too many subplots, this is still a powerful warning about what we are doing to our world...and to ourselves. Children bred to survive in a radioactive wasteland are imprisoned -- and trained -- by scientists who await the Apocalypse of WW III when the children will be the only humans able to inherit the earth. Then one day the children decide to escape. A real horror show. (A possible alternative for this spot -- deserving of the "pessimism in film award" -- is The Day the Earth Caught Fire, grim as its title. 1962. Both these films are British.)

19.) **THINGS TO COME. 1936.**
H. G. Wells was the greatest visionary of our century, and in this film made on his home turf, we have his monument. Never mind the simplistic political theory. Look instead upon the grand sweep of history -- a dream of man's destiny. Director Menzies and composer Arthur Bliss understand the notion. The result is inspiring. The conflict between the thinkers who would have man journey to the stars and the mob who would stop them is perhaps more powerful today than when it was first presented. Raymond Massey is spokesman for Wells' beliefs....and the words echo in our minds.

20.) **THE TIME MACHINE. 1960.**
George Pal's best movie. Rod Taylor's best role. The H. G. Wells novel that says the most about civilization and its purpose is not as thoughtful a movie as it could be, but is fun. Morlocks, the monster cannibals of the far future are well presented. The time travel machine is a beauty. This is also a good period piece. (Wells has been served well by the film medium -- although he disparaged the 1932 Island of Lost Souls starring Charles Laughton, it was first rate melodrame.)

21.) **2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.*1968.**
Stanley Kubrick's statement about evolution and tools and God and the human race is my favorite film of any kind, visually, intellectually, musically. I can't say more without going on for an hour.

22.) **UNEARTHLY STRANGER. 1964.**
A low budget gem from England, it is rarely seen except on the one a.m. movie, which is a shame considering how good it is. Dealing with the similar subject to Invasion of the Body Snatchers, but brought closer to home through the intimacy of the principal characters, it is a subtle and personally disturbing nightmare vision.

23.) **VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED. 1960.**
There is something about the British tone that makes things like this the ideal subject matter for their films. A village is cut off from the rest of the world in which time an alien entity is at work. Result: women in the town become inexplicably pregnant and give birth to blond, wide-eyed children all at the same time. The children communicate telepathically, start taking over the town, and that's just the beginning. One scene is burned in my mind. The children, looking for all the world like a Charles Adams cartoon, are going to school, marching single file, when a normal child throws a ball at them. He hits the last one on the head. All the children's heads turn at once and stare at the little boy. Dressed in their little black outfits, they look like a great dark centipede. George Sanders is the star and lends dignity to the proceedings. Only flaw in the picture is an awful toy house used in a cheap special effect at the climax.

24.)**WAR OF THE WORLDS. 1953.**
A weak script, an untalented leading lady and a religious motif anathema to H. G. Wells cannot keep this from being a visual knock-out. When the Martian war machines start moving in the desert and the eerie lights come on, I don't care about the film's weak spots. I'm too busy being enthralled. George Pal always gives you your money's worth...but damn his concessions to the unimaginative in the audience.

25.)"X"--THE MAN WITH X-RAY EYES. 1963. Ok, I know this is a turkey. but I have my reasons for including it. For one thing, I dig Roger Corman and this is the only science fiction film he ever made that is even remotely digestible. (The Poe films and sick comedy cheapies are his claim to fame.) "X" has a very interesting premise and is blessed with Ray Milland as its star, as fine an actor as has gone before the cameras. As you have probably figured out, I like films that make you think. "X" fills the bill. Milland develops a serum that enables him to see through things -- with the help of a ten dollar budget -- but as the effect grows stronger, he starts seeing more of the spectrum until he sees so much that he gazes upon...but that would be telling. The ending makes it all worthwhile.

THE END

NOTICES

If anyone has any announcements, want ads, cartoons, art, locs, etc. please submit them to:
FOOTA,AV
c/o 959-A Waverly Ct.
Norcross, GA 30071

We try to meet the deadline for the first week in every month so that we can get the next newsletter out in plenty of time for the next meeting.

We also heard from:

SF Convention Guide
Chatsfic News #18
Anvil #25
South on Peachtree

LOC

Jeanne Buss
1779 Ridgewood Dr.
Atlanta, GA 30307

I am a person who likes to procrastinate, and do it very well. I liked that note on procrastinating, Angela, sometimes that is exactly what I do: absolutely nothing for 15 or 20 minutes. I seem to have it down quite well. Most of the time, though, I procrastinate by reading a book which I do not have to read. The only reason why I read the book is to procrastinate.

I've been yelled at by my parents for procrastinating; I do not get done what I need to do (such as study for an upcoming test or read a book for a school class) I don't mind being yelled at, I'm just being told that I make my own decisions. I love to procrastinate - it bugs my parents.

There is also something that bugs me - not getting my ASFIC Newsletter. Last year I got only 5 copies for the whole year. I kept going at Cliff to get him to mail me Atarantes, but he never did. He told me that he would have it mailed to me, but for some unknown reason (I guess I'll never figure it out) he decided to go against his work and not send Atarantes to me. (Editors Comment: Sorry Jeanne, but Cliff has stated that you received five last year because you did not start complaining about not receiving them until May. By the way, we are even having trouble with FOOTA,AV not being deliverd to the 30307 and 30305 zip codes. We are still have this checked out. So please be patient. There is no sense in clashing with anyone, it doesn't pay)

I hope that FOOTA,AV will come to me consistently, every month, before the meeting. (See comment above Jeanne) I do not want to have the same kind of trouble. I enjoy reading the zine. Let's not clash. (How about complaining to your Post Office,they need complaints from people from your zip code district not just us editors)

I do not really want to beat up anybody, because that person did not mail me FOOTA,AV. Frankly, I do not think that person would appreciate it. (Editors note: We hope that this will not happen. Check with your Post Office like my comment above, the more complaints they receive the faster things will get straightened out. Thanks.)

The Spies of Life

THE SPIES OF LIFE

JOHN TYLER: all guitars, lead and backing vocals, percussion.

LOU SIMMONS: Baldwin "Studio" acoustic piano, Hammond Organ, Prophet and Krumar synthesizers, Fender Rhodes electric piano, lead and backing vocals, percussion.

MIKE HOWELL: Bass guitar, lead and backing vocals.

DIKKI-MON SPENCELEY: Drums, percussion.

BIG RAY: Large, friendly band truck.

There's a new band in Atlanta which comes from one of the City's most respected traditions of musical excellence. They call themselves "The Spies of Life".

Lou Simmons and John Tyler first gained notoriety in early 1970 when their first band, "The Light Brigade" won the Atlanta, then State of Georgia, "Battle of the Bands".

In 1973, after they both had begun writing music of their own, they formed "Rock Mountain" as their vehicle for expressing this new music as well as the music of other artists. "Rock Mountain" was an Atlanta tradition all through the 70's playing from New York City to Miami as well as such Atlanta clubs are Alex Cooley's Electric Ballroom, the Great Southwest Music Hall, the Moonshadow, and many other clubs and college campuses.

In 1975 RM's first single was recorded and released featuring JT's song Go To The Woods. This was followed in 1980 by their first album titled simply, Rock Mountain, and then in 1981 by the "Defendants" single Space Shuttle.

In early 1982 when RM, now labeled the "Defendants" disbanded, JT and Lou returned to the dream that "Rock Mountain"/"The Defendants" had lost over those many years. So they began searching for the right people to complete "the sound". In Mike Howell, formerly of the "The Roger Wilson Band" they found a solid, seasoned bass player who adds the third part to the vocal sound which is such a big part in all "Spies of Life" music. A young drummer from St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands completed the line-up with his exuberant innovative style. This is Mr. Dikki-Mon Spenceley who experience includes work at "Down Island" recording studios in the V.I. and work with bands in the Islands and Atlanta.

Together they are "The Spies of Life" and produce some of the most alive and versitile music around. Taking classic songs from the 60's, 70's, and 80's, and adding their own well rounded song writing skills make "The Spies of Life" a truly unique and entertaining musical event.


kimon
RUMS

YOU RECEIVED THIS ISSUED OF FOOTA,AV BECAUSE:

_____ The Editors like you.

_____ You are thoroughly disgusting, but the Editors hate you anyway.

_____ You are an ASFiC Member.

_____ You are a Contributor.

_____ Please Do Not Contribute !

__✓__ We want you to Contribute.

_____ We're begging you to Contribute !

_____ We want your Artwork.

_____ We do not want your Artwork!

_____ New York in '86 recommended you.

_____ Philadelphia in '86 also recommended you.

_____ Atlanta in '86 never heard of you !

_____ Trade

_____ Special

_____ You are Mentioned.

_____ This is Your Last Issue Unless you PAY YOUR DUES !!!

_____ Can't Think of a Reason.

_____ We Heard You Have HERPES !

_____ We Understand You Sleep Around !

_____ You are a Good Loser at Hearts.

_____ You are a Bad Winner at Hearts.

_____ You Remembered Doraville in '84 !

_____ We Made You An Offer You Could Not Refuse !

_____ None Of The Above (we couldn't put it in print!!!)

This issue of FOOTA, AV is dedicated to:

ASFICON, INC.
&
'The Spies of Life'

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MEETING: SATURDAY, March 19, 1983
at 8:00 P.M. at DECATUR FEDERAL BANK,
MT. VERNON HIGHWAY, DUNWOODY, GEORGIA

ART CREDITS FOR THIS ISSUE:

Rich Howell

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