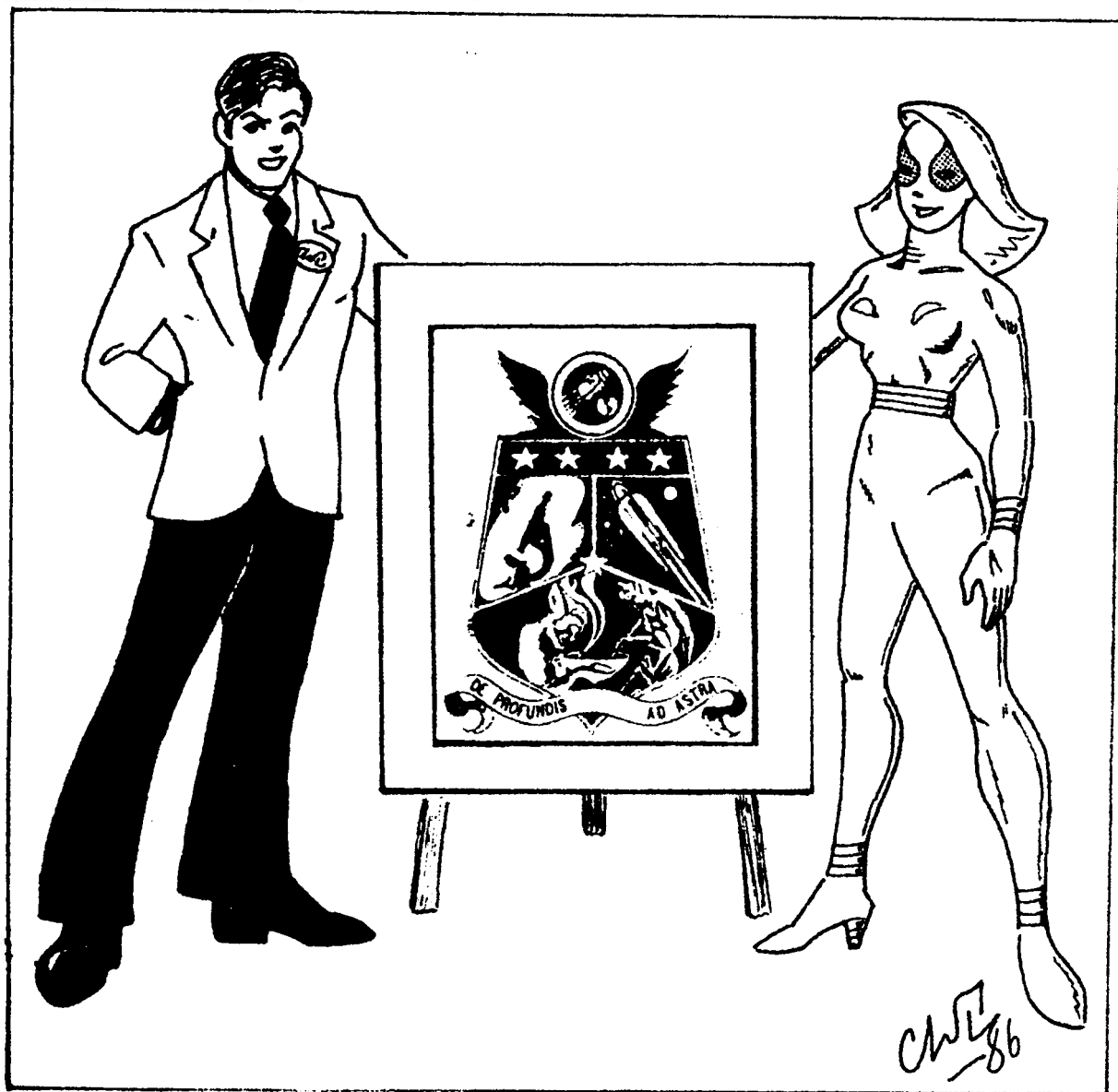


SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES



Clystron Relay

HELLO, THIS IS CHARLES LEE JACKSON, THE SECOND, WELCOMING YOU TO ANOTHER ISSUE OF SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, THE FANZINE OF THE LASFS, BY THE LASFS, AND FOR THE LASFS -- AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO CAN READ! THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE, THEY SAID NOBODY COULD DO IT, BUT BY GUN, HERE WE ARE AGAIN! ONCE THE FIRST ISSUE ACTUALLY APPEARED, IT BECAME MUCH EASIER TO DRUM UP CONTRIBUTORS -- THOUGH I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO THANK THOSE WHO PITCHED IN FROM THE VERY START: NOT ONLY SAM FRANK AND MIKE GLYER, WHO PROVIDED THE GOOD WORDS LAST TIME, AND BILL ROTSLER, WHO PROVIDED NOT ONLY A GRAB-BAG OF LOGOS, BUT SENT OVER A FEW DOZEN OF HIS GREAT FAANTISH ILLUOS (WHICH I'LL BE USING AS OFTEN AS SEEMS RATIONAL), AND GARY LOUIE WITH HIS WORK ON THE WORD-SEARCH PUZZLE PAGE; BUT ALSO THOSE WHO GRACIOUSLY ASSISTED WITH THE PRODUCTION WORK: NIL GEURIV, ROBBIE CANTOR, RICK YOUNG, AND OF COURSE THE OLE CHUCKMAN, WHOSE WILLINGNESS AND EAGERNESS TO WORK HAS SO FAR EXCEEDED THE VOLUME OF WORK I'VE BEEN ABLE TO FIND FOR HIM! (BUT DON'T WORRY, CHUCKLES, I'LL THINK OF MORE JUNK FOR YOU TO DO SOON!)

WITH THIS ISSUE, WE EXPAND OUR HORIZONS, AS WELL AS THE PERSONNEL HERE AT SHAGGY! THE FIRST NEW PERSON IS THE LOVELY METAL LADY WHO APPEARS WITH ME ON THE COVER AND ON THIS PAGE AT MY RIGHT: ASTRA, WHO WILL BE ASSISTING ME IN HOSTING THE BOOK IN SUBSEQUENT ISSUES! IF YOU REMIND ME SOMETIME, I'LL TELL YOU HOW I MET HER, AND HOW IT IS THAT SHE HAS AN ALL-METAL BODY! THIS ISSUE, WE WELCOME A RAFT OF NEW CONTRIBUTORS, BOTH COLUMNISTS AND FEATURE-WRITERS! THE APPEARANCE IN OUR PAGES OF DAVE FOX IS SOMETHING OF A MINOR COUP, AS DAVE IS ONE OF THE SENIOR MEMBERS OF THE CLUB, WHOSE REPORTS OF THINGS KHORLTAY HAD LONG BEEN ONE OF THE DELIGHTS OF OUR LOCAL APA-L, BUT WHO HADN'T BEEN SEEN IN THOSE PAGES IN RECENT YEARS! HE WAS PLEASED TO BE APPROACHED BY YE OLD ED, AND INSPIRED TO WHIP OUT THE ARTICLE FOR THIS ISSUE! BEST OF ALL, IT BROUGHT HIM BACK TO THE PAGES OF 'L, WITH MORE TALES OF KHORLTAY! KEEP IT UP, DAVE!!

Continued on page 23



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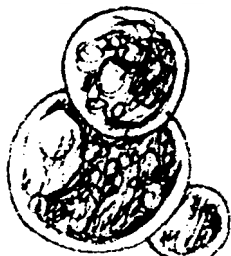
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SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES

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BACK COVER by RAY CAPELLA



SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, Volume "C", Number Two, Spring, 1986

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A BLAST FROM THE PAST

Dear Charles and Chuck, both II,

Well, I guess it's been a while since *Shangri L'Affaires* has seen print so it is good to have an official clubline again. But don't you think the subject matter was a bit, uh, stale? The year-old Loscon report was interesting because I had attended that con and it revived a few memories, but it was still one year old. Besides, almost all the photos looked like featureless black rectangles. You should talk to your photo lab.

I'm sure there must be plenty of good writers in L.A. who could write for "Shaggy". Where are they? Mike Glycer's Hugo trivia article was interesting, but there should be more. Well, I think the most important thing is that it's been started, and hopefully should build up its own momentum.

Jeff Freymueller
Honolulu, HI

(The one-year delay was unfortunate but inevitable. The photo feature was originally intended to be a *Souvenir Album* on sale at Loscon 12. When I was re-appointed editor late last summer, I simply combined projects. As for the photos, I printed them myself, and had a few problems. But the worst problem was when the printer over-inked even after being asked not to. We now have a new printer. I hope the pics in this are better.)

It's very hard to attract writers for a project that hasn't happened yet. I was very pleased to get the two contributions I did. Let us know if this ish's

line-up looks any better. --CL)

Dear Editor:

...I don't think there's any chance that you will manage 5 issues this year. Here it is April 11 and there's not yet been a second issue.

The first issue...contained a semi-trivia quiz on the Hugos by our now retired Mike Glycer. Guess he didn't want to have to re-do his write-up if he won a Hugo for 6 straight years. So three's enough.

The "Souvenir Album" of Loscon 11 which was chaired by Charles Lee Jackson, II (surprise!) consists of 43 pictures of the con and The Emperor appears in less than half of them, though he is in most of the ones with attractive young ladies.

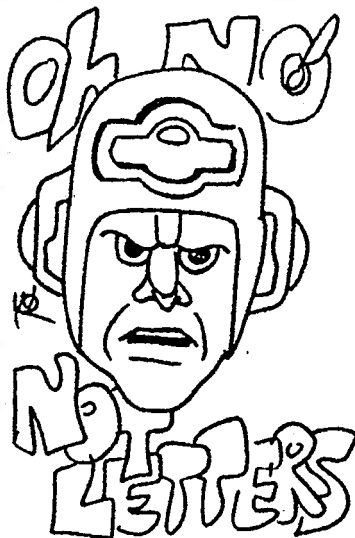
The issue closes with a fairly lengthy and interesting article on Sam Frank on "Space Patrol". He gives us both his memories and some behind-the-scenes information. It's a good read.

In conclusion, the major attraction of this, the first issue of the latest incarnation of "Shaggy", is its existence. I expect continuing improvement in coming issues. At least the second issue will have this fine review in it.

Your friend and mine,
Chris Marble

(Gosh. What can I say, except, what a perceptive reader? --CL)

(Start them cards and letters comin', kids. The more pages of LoCs, the more Rotsler illoes I'll use. [That oughta get 'em.] CL-ater!)





THOUGHT

CRIME

by Mike Glycer

As soon as this episode of ROBOTECH is over, I'm going to get up, turn on the Selectric, and write a very important letter...

Dear Richard Wadholm: I know it's been a long time since you've heard from me -- ten years is a long time -- and I don't know if you're into science fiction writing and art anymore (but how would you stop being interested?)... But do you remember those illustrated stories you used to write for my fanzine when we were in high school? The space battle adventures? You used to draw space cargo ships as workaday as the covers of Ballantine editions of Clarke novels, and warcraft as worn and lethal as they ever had in Star Wars (except seven years earlier) under the influence of nightly Vietnam war news. Your protagonists were all teenagers your own age, which didn't seem very realistic in those days because we were all very well aware what draft age was in those days and we weren't quite that old yet. So you rationalized this difference by explaining how the war had killed off enough mature people to force the impressment of younger soldiers. Sort of like France in the age of Napoleon, except you had gotten the idea from reading Norman Spinrad, and inspired to write about really young characters by Alexi Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE. And all your characters talked a kind of snappy cop patter that seemed to have etched itself in your mind during the reading

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This is the first of what will be a series of columns (if Charlie keeps hitting me over the head) intended to generate comment. I'll be asking questions about SF, fans, and fandom -- questions that haven't been asked in a while or that don't get asked at all.

I want to stress that I do not intend to criticize or point a finger at anyone. I may take the position of Devil's Advocate from time to time, and I may even name someone and seem to take a swipe at him. However, if I do, you can rest assured I am only taking an affectionate poke -- there are only two people in the world I actually hate, and neither of them is in fandom. I guess it's true that I never met a man I didn't like, although of course I like some a lot more than I like others.

As for the column itself, I also want to stress that I do not mean to tell you how things should be. Even if it sounds like that's what I'm doing. I've been told that in my writing I tend to pontificate, or in my case, more accurately, rabbinate. But that is a significant difference. For a rabbi, unlike a pontif, expects to be challenged; he sees himself as setting out one side of an argument at best, and waits to see if someone can convince him that he's wrong, willing to change his mind if presented with convincing evidence. I don't mean to go that far, even; I really do intend mainly to ask questions. But if I do sound like I'm propounding the Truth, please remember that I'm with the above mindset, eager to hear rebuttal...

UPWIND OF REALITY

Observations from an

On Sunday night, December 1, 1985, after returning home from Loscon 12, I had the following dream:

An organization of civic leaders in Pomona, California was meeting to discuss giving its Citizen of the Year award to a particular individual. This meeting was taking place in the showroom of an automobile dealership, a room with curving glass walls. Although there were cars on display, there was a lot of open space in the room -- it was much like a ballroom. And the people were dressed as for a ball: the men in tuxedos or white dinner jackets, and the women in strapless evening gowns, the kind that balloon out from the waist over lots of frilly petticoats; in short, a '50s vision of the senior prom.

by Allan Rothstein



Admittedly Dubious Viewpoint

There was, however, considerable debate over the intended recipient of the award. Not debate over which of two nominees deserved it more, but debate over whether it should be given at all to the only candidate proposed for the honor.

The reason for the debate was that the proposed recipient of the award was Black.

There were at least a couple of strange things about this dream. First, I remembered it, and I almost never remember my dreams. Second, I had, at that time, probably been in Pomona only three times in my life, for the LA County Fair (although now, strangely enough, I work in Pomona at least one day each week). The images and implications disturbed me, and I set about trying to figure out what was going on.

I'm not going to "analyze" the

dream for you here, but I do want to talk about the major association I made while thinking about it. The distinctly dance-like setting and atmosphere led me to believe the dream was connected to Loscon. I never go to dances (except Regency balls, and they don't count), but I had been at one the night before. The Loscon 12 masquerade, unlike most con costume competitions, had been an actual masked ball, and a rather successful one, at that. In fact, one of the most striking images that remained with me from the con was of a Black man I do not know, dancing with a small child by holding her off the floor in his arms, so that her eyes were level with his. They both looked like they were having a wonderful time.

Of course, the Black man in the dance and the Black man in my dream who was the object of controversy became connected in my mind, and I started to think about what other Blacks I had seen at the con. There were Steve Barnes, who ignored me as usual, and about 2/3 of someone I used to know as Ken Porter. That's all.

And that led me to the question I have asked and wondered about, off and on, ever since I became active in fandom: Why are there so few Blacks here? I know it's not because they don't read science fiction; I know several Blacks who read SF, but who have no interest in fandom. This, in itself, is of course not unusual. Most people who read SF have no interest in fandom.

Continued on page 21



RUUH MOOT



Lately, I've been a bit concerned about the sexual difficulties of my personal heroes in the Marvel universe. I know the subject has been covered before, but I'd like to bring it up again -- not that I'm unusually perverse (although we can't entirely rule that out). Given space requirements, I'll confine my discussion to the Fantastic Four.

Of clinical interest, for example, is the shape of Ben ("The Thing") Grimm's penis. The poor guy, following a cosmic ray overdose, is now big and rocky and orange, the size and approximate mass of a small Volkswagen. (Actually, Ben probably weighs only about 400 to 500 pounds.) Alicia, his ex-girl, is very slender. Did the two maintain a viable sex life, or was this the

source of much of their mutual misery and eventual breakup?

I also worry about Alicia and her current boyfriend, John ("The Human Torch") Storm. Johnny has a tendency to burst into flame when he gets excited.

And what about Sue Richards' special problem? She has a talent for invisibility, making it impossible to find an area many men can't locate in visible women. Fortunately, her husband is Reed Richards, who is not only one of the world's most brilliant men, but who also possesses an elastic body. He can work body parts into any shape or size, a real boon for marriage.

Next: Sexual problems of the Micronauts.



Flights of Fantasy

AT THE "CIRCLE TBL" RANCH

by Rita Prince Winston

Consider Arthurian legend adapted into a horse opera . . . a story that begins in a cow-town as a teen-age boy (two boys, if you're into one-for-one equivalence) arrives from back East. He says his name is Arthur (the other one is named Kay), and he's an orphan. He was raised by his uncle, but now has to make his own way in the world, to which end he decided to follow Horace Greeley's advice.

He gets a job as a hand on a local ranch and soon does astonishingly well at an impromptu rodeo. In a target-shooting event, it is seen that he has very unusual monogrammed pistols. He explains that his mother gave them to him on her deathbed as his inheritance from his father.

It turns out that, years ago, the ranch owner had an unhappy marriage (maybe his wife had gone made a la Jane Eyre). He and the young woman who had come to be the schoolmarm fell head-over-heels in love with each other, but when she got pregnant he couldn't marry her because he was already married, so she went back home (Chicago?) where her family could help her raise the child, and gave herself out to be a widow to protect what remained of her reputation. When she left, her lover gave her his pistols to give their child if it were a boy (a la Aeneas and Theseus). Arthur is the ranch owner's illegitimate—but only—son.

The main part of the plot has Arthur as prosperous and well-respected ranch owner and unofficial mayor (instead of king). There are cowboys instead of knights, who fight outlaws and rustlers instead of giants and dragons. The Lancelot character is a prominent local citizen (and head of the vigilance committee). Arthur unofficially picks the new sheriff. He chooses a French guy (from Canada, I guess—or Louisiana?) who is kind of a loner but very, very tough (called, say, Frenchy DuLac). The Guenevere character is

Arthur's beautiful wife, Jennifer. The Modred character is Arthur's adopted son (if the incest theme is appropriate to a Western, we must assume that the ranch owner had a daughter by his legal wife who was the kind of girl who let herself be seduced by newly hired ranch hands. Three generations of mental/moral instability -- but it fits the stereotypes). The Merlin character is a wise old Chinese ranch cook or laundryman, or a tame Indian medicine man.

The Modred character is heir to the ranch in Arthur's will, but he wants to inherit sooner than Nature intends. He makes a blatant public exposure of Jennifer's affair with the sheriff, to force Arthur and Frenchy to "shoot it out like men." His hope is that Frenchy (who is younger and in better practice) will kill Arthur, but if Arthur kills Frenchy, with no sheriff to stop them, Modred's black-hat buddies can ride into town and shoot Arthur. (Possible denouement: Lancelot shoots Arthur in a showdown, shoots Modred on the wing, and runs away to become the Lone Ranger?)

(For one-for-one fanatics, cowboy Arthur could be much closer to Mallory. There is a range war between the Pendragon ranch and another ranch. Uthor falls in love with the other rancher's wife. One day she sends him a message that that night her husband will join his hands guarding the controversial water hole, so into her bedroom. But that night, the husband is killed in a shoot-out between his hands and Uthor's hands. Uthor and Ygraine can't marry immediately because of a year of mourning, so she goes out of town to have her baby (for the sake of her reputation). If she comes back to marry Uthor, Uthor's hypothetical promiscuous daughter would be Arthur's full sister.)

(Editors Note: How did Hollywood ever miss this?)

HI, THERE! CL HERE AGAIN -- BUT NOT FOR LONG! NOT TWO MILES FROM FREEHAFFER HALL -- AS THE RAVEN FLIES -- IS THE CBS/M-T-M STUDIO COMPLEX! BUT THAT WASN'T ALWAYS THE NAME OVER THERE! ORIGINALLY IT WAS THE MACK SENNETT LOT, HOME OF CREME PIES AND BATHING BEAUTIES! THEN IT BECAME MASCOT; AND THEN, FOR A WHILE, IT WAS THE CITY-STUDIO THAT GAVE STUDIO CITY ITS NAME! BUT NOW IT'S GONE FROM THIS LOCALE: THESE DAYS IT'S A...



LOST CITY OF THE Republic Pictures Corporation

FIFTY YEARS ago, the Republic Pictures Corporation was brand-new, created from a merger of three independent studios and Hollywood's top Film Laboratory. It was the last of the Majors -- and the only full production studio to originate after talking pictures. Liberty, Monogram, and Mascot pooled their meager resources with those of Consolidated Film Industries -- including capital. CFI was the result itself of earlier mergers calculated by executive Herbert J. Yates, who hoped his new enterprise would become a major force in filmdom.

Mascot had been founded by Nat Levine in 1927 (with CFI funding), and had moved into the old Sennett Studios on Ventura, and it was there that Republic set up shop.

Although within three years, Trem Carr, dissatisfied with his new minority status, pulled his Monogram Pictures out of the deal and resumed independent production, Yates was to be proved right, in a way. His company set new highs in the technical fields, out-doing even mighty M-G-M in Special Effects, Opticals, editing and image quality. An awful lot of

technical support for "B" pictures.

For Republic's production schedule, beginning with a handful of '35 releases, was a unique one for what was clearly -- from the extent of its full studio and technical facilities and its comprehensive booking circuit -- a new Major Studio: all "B" pictures, strictly second features. Quickly and economically -- if not cheaply -- made comedies, mysteries, and melodramas rolled out almost weekly.

The backbone of the schedule was a trio of western series. Bob Steele, a popular cowboy star at Mascot, continued in his exploits. Gene Autry, who had made his debut in the bizarre SF-western serial *The Phantom Empire*, top-lined a series of musical westerns, aided by Smiley Burnette (as Frog Milhouse), a side-kick who nonetheless regularly made the list of top-ten western stars. The third series was based on characters created by William Colt MacDonald: *The Three Mesquiteers*. Over the years, this steady money-making group would include "Crash" Corrigan, Max Terhune (with his dummy, Elmer Sneeze-weed), Tom Tyler, Duncan Renaldo, and the one-and-only John Wayne.

In the early thirties, the serials had become moribund. The Talkie technological revolution had slowed down the previously silent action, and chapter plays didn't get or make the big bucks to improve their values. By 1935, only two studios were producing serials: Universal and Mascot (though a few independents appeared now-and-then). Neither product was very good: they were stilted, overly-intricately plotted, shabby-looking. Republic would change all that.

Republic's early cliffhangers, supervised by Nat Levine, were an obvious echo of Mascot, but replaced overly-intricate plotting with added action. The first, *Darkest Africa*, was a long-delayed Mascot project, teaming real-life animal trainer Clyde Beatty with a popular minor celebrity of the period, Manuel King ("world's youngest wild animal trainer"). It was a crude harbinger of what was to come.

In serial number two, former stunter and ape impersonator Ray Benard starred as "Crash" Corrigan (which name he then adopted and was to use for the rest of his career) in *Undersea Kingdom*, a story

of lost Atlantis and the first of Republic's serials to homage a branch of the service -- Crash played a Naval Lieutenant. (One serial a year was to feature a service background, but the plan lasted only two more seasons.)

The next three years saw the rise of Republic serials and features toward a Golden Age, as Levine left, to be replaced by, principally, Robert Beche, on titles such as *S O S Coast Guard* (with Ralph Byrd and Bela Lugosi) and *Zorro Rides Again* (a modern-dress Western) in 1937.

1938's *The Fighting Devil Dogs* boasted one of the best serial villains, The Lightning, whose forceful image and superweapons of war overcame the slight story-line of the twelve chapters.

It was also during this period that the all-time serial champion appeared: Dick Tracy. The popular comic-strip detective appeared in four serials, all fifteen-chapter "deluxe" editions, between 1937 and 1941. The enduring Ralph Byrd played Tracy through all sixty chapters as a G-man, a liberty assumed to allow for greater flexibility of plot-lines.

CLIFFHANGERS

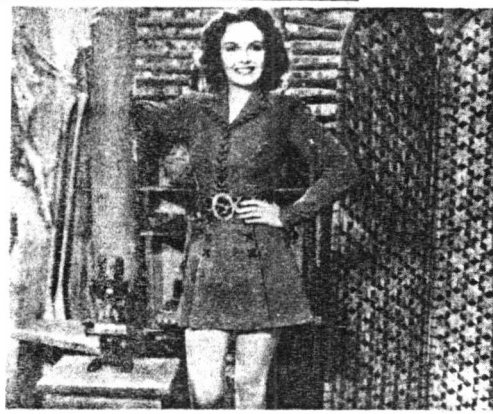
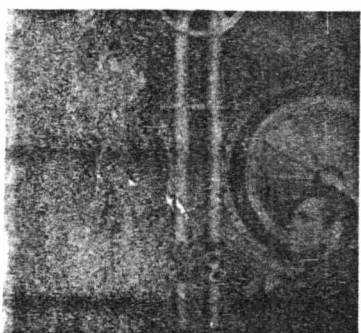
by Charles Lee Jackson, II



Above Left: Animal trainer Clyde Beatty trapped by bat men in 1936's *Darkest Africa*, Republic's



first serial; Right: A1 sheet for 1937's *S O S Coast Guard* -- "Dick Tracy" versus "Dracula".



Until economy measures after World War Two required cut-backs, Republic produced four serials per year, two each of 12-chapter "economy" and 15-chapter "deluxe" versions, with longer films featuring the bigger budgets and best properties. When Republic adapted "The Lone Ranger" from radio, it was as a 1938 fifteen-partner.)

On a firm base now, Yates finally tried to buck the major studios, with big-budget features, such as *Man of Conquest* (1939) and *Dark Command* (1940) with Walter Pidgeon and John Wayne.

Throughout the years, John Wayne was a mainstay at Republic. He had worked at Mascot in three serials, and had been a star of Monogram's "Lone Star" westerns, so it was inevitable that he would work at Republic. He played "Stoney Brooke" in eight Three Mesquiteers pictures, and later, after Stagecoach had made him a star, he continued to make one or two pictures a year at the studio, including *The Flying Tigers* (1942) and *The Fighting Kentuckian* (1949) with Oliver Hardy. John Ford's *The Quiet Man* was a Republic release.

As the forties opened, serial production turned to adaptations. All four for '40 were based on characters in other media -- at least on the Production Schedule. Associate Producer Hiram S. Brown, Junior, (Yates was now overseeing all production himself, and so had "Associate Producers" to handle production of individual departments) had scheduled *Drums of Fu Manchu* (from the books by "Sax Rohmer"), *Adventures of Red Ryder* (Fred Harmon's strip hero), Zane Grey's *King of the Royal Mounted* (comic strip), and *The Adventures of Superman*. Yes, the number one comic-book superhero, not three years old, was up for filmisation. But contract negotiations broke down even as the Shooting Script was being written. The first five chapters were re-written, and the picture became *Mysterious Doctor Satan*.

(National Comics, Superman's proprietors, turned around and signed with Max Fleischer for cartoons. Superman eventually showed up as a 1948 Columbia serial.)

Republic, undaunted and fascinated with the production possibilities of a superman, immediately turned to Superman's rival, and the first serial of 1941 became *Adventures of Captain Marvel*, inaugurating a highly profit-

Counterclockwise from Top Left: *The Lightning*, one of a handful of classic villains, in 1938's *The Fighting Devil Dogs*; Allan Parker (Robert Kellard) trapped by villain Henry Brandon in *Drums of Fu Manchu* (1940); Kellard also played a self-sacrificing countess that same year opposite Allan Lane in Zane Grey's *King of the Royal Mounted*; Republic's first try to es-

tablish a new serial queen: *Fra* 1941's *Jungle Girl*; The eventual of Zorro's *Black Whip* (1944) an- posite Mary Moore (Mrs. Blayke *The Purple Monster Strikes*; *Th* gon was a plot device (as it

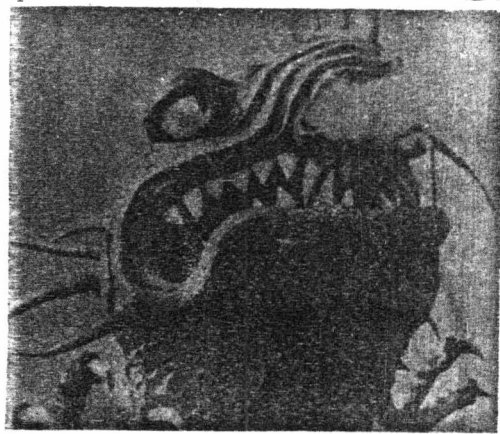
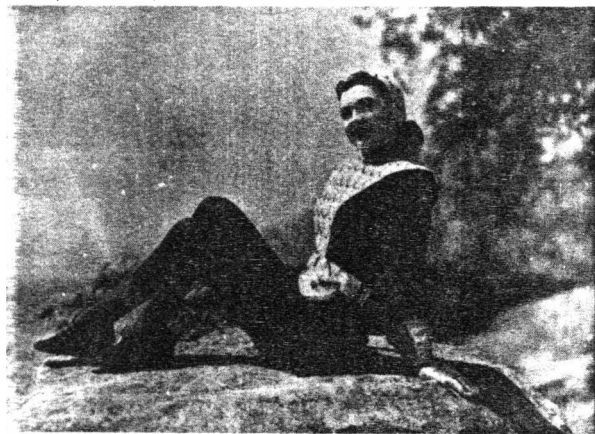
able long-term association between Republic and Fawcett Publications. (And a dangerous one: the studio was named a co-litigant in the famed National/Fawcett legal fight.) Republic got options on other comics, and in return let their "Nyoka" character become a Fawcett heroine.

The "Captain Marvel" serial boasted some of the finest special effects and stuntwork in films. The effects team, led by Howard Lydecker, tackled all sorts of work: flying a nine-foot dummy on invisible wires, blowing up fifteen-foot-tall "miniature" buildings, melting an entire mountainside. And they accomplished all excellently. Likewise, the stunt team, led by David Sharpe and Tom Steele, leaped, punched, fell, kicked, and even flew to provide action only echoed by "Indiana Jones".

The Second World War had its effect on the studio, just as it did on the industry. 1941's *King of the Texas Rangers*, produced in the shadow of impending world conflict, featured suspiciously Prussian antagonists, of unspecified National origin (a shtick later revamped in the fifties to avoid calling the Commies by name). *Spy Smasher* (a Fawcett adaptation), written in the summer of 1941, but filmed at Christmastime, found a silver lining to the dark cloud of Pearl Harbor by changing mystery villain the Mask to the screen's first Nazi. That year's *King of the Mounties*, starring Allan Lane as Dave King for the second time, featured a triumvirate: thick-headed Nazi, treacherous Jap, and underdog Italian -- an Axis in miniature, accurately foreseeing the next few years.

Over on Western street, though, came by far the most profound change: number one box office cowboy Gene Autry went into the service just as he was about to begin filming *King of the Cowboys*. A quick script alteration replaced Gene with up-and-comer Roy Rogers (who has been identified with the title ever since). One imagines the confusion among little kids, wondering why Frog Millhouse had abandoned his buddy Gene for this new guy. (After the war, Gene would be back, eventually settling at Columbia, but he had lost his lock on the number-one spot.)

Of course, not all films in this period reflected the war themes. Serials like *Jungle Girl* (1941) and *Perils of Nyoka* (1942, an almost-sequel), *Dick Tracy vs. Crime, Inc.* (1941) and *Daredevils of the West* (1943) kept



es Gifford, lovely heroine of success: Linda Stirling, star five others; Linda played op-as a Martian maid in 1945's hideous -- and phony -- dra- (re) in 1944's *Haunted Harbor*;

By 1944 it was too late for Captain America (Dick Purcell) to fight the War, so he battled a mad museum curator instead; In 1943, Rod Cameron as Rex Bennett battled both Japs (in *G-men vs. the Black Dragon*, pictured) and Nazis (in *Secret Service in Darkest Africa*); 1941's *Adventures of Captain Marvel*, with Tom Tyler, became the first of many comic-book adaptations.

Below Left: 1947's *Jesse James Rides Again* had Clayton Moore as the "misunderstood" outlaw and Roy Barcroft and Linda Stirling; Right: King of

the Rocket Men (1949) was considered Republic's last great serial primarily because of heroic Jeff King (Tris Coffin, here with Mae Clarke.)



the other genres alive.

1943 was the big year for the War in movies. Three of that year's serials were war-oriented. Two of them -- produced almost back-to-back -- featured a hero unique in Republic's annals: an original-to-serials character who appeared in a sequel.

He was Rex Bennett, ace G-man: investigator, scientist, athlete, champion of Justice. In *G-men Vs. the Black Dragon*, Rex, aided by a British and a Chinese agent, battled the infamous Oyama Maruchi in Southern California, for fifteen of the most explosive chapters in serial history. Response to the chapter-play was so good that, when star Rod Cameron was signed for an additional term of contract, the hero of the being-scripted *Secret Service in Darkest Africa* was changed from "Lance Hamilton" to "Rex Bennett", a few continuity-ties to GMVtBD added, and Rex, now leading a team including a French Diplomatic Corpsman and a lady journalist, found himself battling the Nazis in North Africa, just down the block from Rick's place. Rex Bennett was probably the most dashing and daring hero of them all: he went so far as to pose as a Gestapo agent (sent to kill Rex in Moscow) and march into their Berlin offices.

The last serial of 1943 was the last of Republic's War serials. The "Masked Marvel", a starring vehicle for stuntman Tom Steele, finished off the Japs, even though Captain America was waiting in the wings. Studio executives, optimistically

expecting the war to be won as soon as U.S. forces invaded Hitler's *Fortress Europa*, didn't want to be caught with dated material. Not knowing how much time they did have, they declared the War won, and so Captain America -- the greatest of all War Heroes in comics -- became a crusading District Attorney, and battled Lionel Atwill for 15 chapters of a serial that holds the record for film defenestration.

The other serials of 1944, jungle action *The Tiger Woman*, south seas *Haunted Harbor*, and costume western *Zorro's Black Whip* (sans any Zorro) pointed the way toward the future.

In this "post-war" period, Associate Producer William J. O'Sullivan finally accomplished something the studio had been attempting since 1940: to crown a new serial queen. In the silent days, the heroine had reigned supreme. Yates had wanted to recapture that *ambiance*, and, after false starts with the beautiful Frances Gifford and former model Kay Aldridge (who was even billed as "Queen of the Serials" briefly), hit it big with discovery Linda Stirling, who, despite a somewhat dubious audition, starred as *The Tiger Woman*, and went on to appear in another five cliffhangers before graduating to Western features.

Another Stirling serial was *The Purple Monster Strikes*, the studio's first space fantasy, a genre they would return to many times over the next few years.

GAMES LASFANS PLAY

ALMAS THE LASTS

ED BUCHMAN
 PHIL CASTORA
 CHARLES DONAHUE II
 FRANK GASPERIK
 JACK HARNESS
 JAMES HOLLANDER
 CHARLES LEE JACKSON, II
 JONATHAN JUMPER
 NAOMI KARNEY
 DAVID MCDANIEL
 JUNE MOFFATT
 MARILYN NIVEN
 BRUCE PELZ
 ELAYNE PELZ
 JERRY POURNELLE
 MARK SHARPE
 DEAN SHERWOOD
 SYLVIA STEVENS
 JAMES VAN LYDEGRAF
 ELLIOT WEINSTEIN

J	M	Z	Q	Z	M	V	B	L	W	X	M	X	M	P	B	C	W	P	S	Q	S	E	H	O	E	Z	Y	J	A	O	E	K	Q	M	Y	I							
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OKAY, GANG! THIS TIME WE'RE GETTIN' FOXY, GRAN'PA! THE LIST OF NAMES ABOVE IS NOT A LIST OF WORDS CONCEALED IN THE WORD-SEARCH SQUARE OVER THERE! RATHER, IT IS A LIST OF PEOPLE WHOSE OTHER NAMES, THEIR FANNISH SOUBRIQUETS, THE NAMES THEY TRAVEL UNDER! FIRST YOU HAVE TO IDENTIFY THESE ALIASES, AND THEN FIND THEM IN THE SQUARE! THE NAMES MAY READ LEFT-TO-RIGHT, RIGHT-TO-LEFT, UP-AND-DOWN, OR ON SOME DIAGONAL! SO NOW YOU CAN NOT ONLY TEST YOUR EYE AND PATTERN-RECOGNITION, BUT YOUR FANNISH KNOWLEDGE, TOO! GO TO IT, THEN!...



HELLO, IT'S ME, ASTRA, AGAIN! FOR A LONG TIME NOW, A MEMBER OF THE LASFS HAS BEEN IN TOUCH WITH FANS AND FOLK OVERSEAS, IN A LAND NOT WELL KNOWN IN THIS COUNTRY, A SMALL COUNTRY NAMED KHORLIA...

Kingdom of the

I HAVE been asked to write a bit about the Federated Kingdoms for publication in our senior periodical. I hope that the following will satisfy those whose interest is manifest in this request.

Khorlia, or the Federated Kingdoms of Khorlia as it is more formally known, is a nation of some twenty-two million population, mostly human but not completely so, located on the north shore of the Mediterranean between France and Italy, with a border on Switzerland. It is a rather ancient nation, some sections of it dating back to Greek and Roman times.

The present government, with some unavoidable interruptions, dates back to the late eleventh and early twelfth centuries, when the Xofs and the invading Lambens fought their bloody

duel to determine which would rule the land. As we know now, neither side won completely. Each retained enough power that the Office of the Dynast (as the Throne is formally termed in the Federated Kingdoms) is held by representatives of one, then the other family. The official name of the present Dynast reflects the inter-marriage that has taken place between the two: "Stedman Henry Gregor Daivd Ross Xof," a fine string of names to tie around the neck of a royal offspring. The Henry Gregor are pure Lamben, and the concluding Ross Xof are just as purely Xof, while the Daivd would have been angrily rejected by both families nine hundred years ago when "Holy Daiv" was despised by both noble families.

This struggle for power, and the emergence of a third, peaceful, force, is reflected in Khorlia's flag. Three horizontal stripes, red, green and blue, with a black, "tail-less" "K" in the center, reflect (so the official guide says) the scarlet of academe, as represented in Khorlia's university city, Odivad, "the Oxford of Khorlia" as it is sometimes termed; the green of Lambenya's lush green fields, and the tempered-steel blue of Xofheim's military might.

All this, of course, is now a thing of the past. Xofs and Lambens,



Blessed Beast

by David Fox

Teutons and Welshmen, mix and intermarry amicably, with a generous blending of other, lesser, but still important families.

Some folk have asked me about the Khorlian Script, and I freely admit that Khorlia's phonetically oriented written language can be a tough nut for the inexperienced reader to crack. It is the end product of some three hundred years of study on the part of the language scholars at Odivad University, and was introduced to the people of Khorlia in the fall of 1921.

To the great surprise of some folk (particularly certain Oxford and Harvard scholars), the Khorlian people took to the new alphabet as if they'd always known it, and long before the trial period was over, it was an assured success. However, you will notice when you visit Khorlia that most road signs on main highways are printed in both Khorlian and English script for the benefit of Stateside and English tourists.

Some of my friends wonder why it is that I am so interested in the Federated Kingdoms and how I first was drawn to it.

My first contact with things Khorlian occurred when I was just a kid, and had discovered the "Twins" series of children's books. I had

read avidly "The Scotch Twins" and "The Swiss Twins," "The Chinese Twins" and "The Belgian Twins" (very anti-German!), when I came across "The Khorlian Twins"! Not only were the Twins a likeable pair (one was even named Daivd!), but a major character in the tale was "The Blessed Beast--a handsome and kindly Fox who always appeared at the right moment to save things from utter disaster."

Then, decades later, nearly ten years after World War II and sometime after Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and Khorlia's Toleman Aircraft had merged, my wife and I and our daughter Betsy (later Vixen) were at a Lockheed picnic. Bets was off enjoying the rides, my wife was reading some French mystery, and I had just pulled a science-fiction yarn out of my hip pocket--"Space Rounds



Stedman Henry Gregor Daivd Ross Xof.

"IPC," I think--when a tall, slim man who was walking by stopped and asked, "Pardon me, are you a fan?"

He introduced himself as Newton Ross, a special courier for Toleman-Lockheed, and more important, a longtime fan and member of the Lambengard Science Fiction Society. We invited him to have dinner with us (he wasn't flying back to Khorlia until the next morning), and he proved to be a charming fellow. It was he who persuaded me to try putting out "PENACHROME 'Stateside,'" my Apa-L 'zine, which some of you may be familiar with. Sometime later, Newton and his lovely wife, Dorothy, got me named Fan-Guest of Honor at the Khorlicon in Xofheim.

Then there was the pleasure of meeting and getting acquainted with the Dynast and his lovely wife. Stedman Xof, like a surprisingly high percentage of his subjects, is a science-fiction and fantasy fan--a fan who enjoys the company of his fellow fans and who, unlike his British and Scandinavian fellow monarchs, quite often does socialize with all of Khorlian fandom, high and low.

He also has taken advantage of his power and wealth to build up the largest collection of science-fiction and fantasy in the world, beating even the justly famed Ackerman Archives in number of books, if not in incunabula. And he has for a wife one of the loveliest women in the world--Jorimar Xof, daughter of a civil engineer who served the city of Lambengard and a gifted teacher in her own right. Imagine the scandal that would have ensued if Charlie Windsor had fallen in love with some

pretty, intelligent, but common girl. In Khorlia, it is an accepted thing, and only the stodgiest old members of the Clan Xof would object.

Some Khorlian news analyst has figured out that Stedman Xof has about the power of a popular prime minister. Another author has referred to "the constant duel between the Office of the Dynast and the Rikesmoot, which shapes our laws, and finally, the fate of our nation." Both are right, but Khorlia is still a happy country to live in.

And, a couple more reasons why I am fond of Khorlia--Ahndore, City of Magic, and Khorlia's small but prospering non-human population. These are, to a degree, linked. For example, take the centaurs and the unicorns: Each of these Classical Age creatures is best represented by the groups living in the Ahndore Zoo. The unicorns are simply rather exotic animals, originally gathered from certain otherwise unpopulated Greek islands. The centaurs, on the other hand, while coming from similar islands, are every bit as intelligent as human beings, and are only living in the Ahndore Zoo until they can find jobs and congenial neighborhoods.

Of course, these creatures are not the only exotica in the Ahndore Zoo. Elaborately caged to protect both zoo personnel and the public are six adult basilisk. And of course, in common with several other large zoos around the world, the Los Angeles Zoo included, Ahndore has a number of dinosaurs and other "prehistoric" beasts and a large furnace inhabited by scores of baby dragons and several varieties of salamanders--all living

and developing comfortably in near thousand-degree temperatures.

And all around the zoo, there is the Magical City itself! For nigh unto two thousand years, the Sovereign City of Ahndore has lived, thought and sold magic! From the Dean of the Grand Arcanetarium down to the humblest witch attending her first coven, magic has been the overriding interest of its citizens.

And a profitable interest it has been. The great magic-sellers and their tightly packed warehouses; the score of well-to-do publishing houses which make a highly profitable business of primers and grimoires and all sorts of books about magic, its history and practice; the "hardware stores" selling a rich variety of magical materials and devices. All this, in Medieval and even Renaissance times, in the face of fanatical opposition from the church, both Catholic and Protestant, and leaders of governments--particularly the Xofs, whose leaders saw loot as well as religious objectives in the overthrow and sack of so rich a city. In the present, at least for the nonce, the city is safe and secure, with a large tourist industry to add to its more esoteric income and the Grand Arcanetarium, the largest school of magic in the world, drawing a student body from all over the earth.

I will add one more item, then be still: Proteus Maximus Polymorph, "The Thing in the Woods." It has had more influence on Khorlian history than any other single being anywhere. It saved Khorlia from the Huns in 452, appearing as "an Egge with ane glaryng Eye, walkynge on fowre

Manne's leggys," which managed the battle like a veteran, then disappeared into its native woods, to reappear in various other guises down through history.

It is still in existence, still mixing in Khorlian affairs. A good fifth of the "Men from Primintel"--Khorlia's FBI and CIA--were made at The Thing's laboratories in the Woods of Toroazar.

The Thing is noted for its rather grim sense of humor, as manifested, for instance, in its introduction of the diamond-back rattler to North America and the black widow spider to southern Italy, and in the War of Liberation (1915-18), the sub-human things that came crawling out of the Woods, things that had been Austrian soldiers before they were captured and dissected by The Thing's scientists.

Now The Thing has invaded the field of diplomacy, with some success--a number of the more important "career diplomats" in the Khorlian Service have been discovered to be products of The Thing, and they are able enough that they have not been "instantly disposed of (as was recommended by some senior members of the Corps), but have been given a chance to prove their worth--and have proved it in a number of sticky circumstances.

As the latest spokesman for The Thing, this time a "fatherly old man," says, "After all, Proteus Maximus has been here as long as anyone else, and certainly has as big a stake in the existence of a strong and healthy Federated Kingdoms. Give him a chance!"

The Purple Monster was a Martian who arrived in a one-way capsule to steal earth technology which could support an invasion from the dying planet. (Mars -- and even the moon -- was consistently depicted as a near-dead world, explaining why we never located any inhabitants.) Originally *The Purple Shadow Strikes*, the picture was planned to feature a villain dressed like Captain Marvel, to make use of stock footage, but artistic and legal complications (wanting to down-play the similarities between the new villain and Superman) resulted in several changes (in addition to the title, the term "space ship" was replaced with the harmless but inaccurate "jet plane").

This was also the time when Republic began to dabble in the horror genre, this B features like *Valley of the Zombies* and *The Vampire's Ghost* (a surprisingly literate screenplay by Leigh Brackett) but with the "new" Universal pulling out and the market on the decline, this became a short-lived experiment.

It was also the beginning of a long, slow decline for Republic, whose deep investment in shorts and B features meant trouble in a world in which television was coming.

Real post-war inflation drove up the cost of production, and cut-backs were in order. Westerns decreased, and serials were locked into a twelve- (or, briefly, thirteen-) chapter format, with twenty-minute first parts and thirteen-minute chapters (down from thirty and approximately seventeen of earlier days). Actors wearing look-alike suits would be blended into stock from earlier days (a technique which had proved successful in *Dick Tracy* vs. *Crime, Inc.*), keeping Republic serial adventures exciting despite cut-backs.

A popular "hero" of the late forties was Jesse James, who had terrorized the west, one hundred years earlier. But Jesse's legend had loomed large, and in movies he had often been portrayed as a misunderstood victim of society. In twenty-six chapters of *Jesse James Rides Again* (1947) and *Adventures of Frank and Jesse James* (1948), Clayton Moore battled outlaws in an attempt to clear the James name of its ill repute.

(A third serial, *The James Brothers of Missouri*, (1949), seemed unaware of the previous pair, and so hardly counts as part of the series.)

Clayton Moore was the number one hero at Republic. Beside two shots as lead action heavy, he was the star of an impressive six serials (plus a couple at Columbia), before assuming his ten-year

role as the Lone Ranger.

Republic's last great heroic image supported several characters. Built into the old Captain Marvel flying dummy, the figure was first seen as the Rocket Man, in 1940's *King of the Rocket Men*. Though the script was rather pedestrian, that flying suit made a big impression, and was the basis for the character "Commando Cody", who, after appearing as a middle-aged business-suit in *Radar Man from the Moon* in 1952, re-appeared as a young masked hero for a 1953 series of twelve short subjects (echoing the silent-serial format) but plans for him to star in the 1952 serial *Zombies of the Stratosphere* were scuttled before the public really became aware of the character.

Yates wanted to hit the suddenly-burgeoning television medium, and so established Hollywood Television Service, to distribute a huge package of features and especially re-edited serials. Also, an initial TV series, "Stories of the Century", starred Jim Davis in an Emmy-winning blend of historical events and western stock footage.

The trouble was that exhibitors, seeing ten-year-old Republic product on TV, feared that the public would just wait for new films to appear on the tube. Yates' bookings declined, and his television ventures didn't come through.

And so, Herbert J. Yates closed down production in 1955, selling his interest to industrialist Vic Carter, who began a series of re-issues, but primarily used the studio as a rental facility.

First, Four Star Television moved in to shoot "Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theater", "Burke's Law" and others.

Hollywood Television Service became National Telefilm Associates, amassing a tremendous library of features from many studios.

CBS moved into the Studio City lot, where "The Wild Wild West" was filmed. (Some episodes were directed by former serial director William Witney.) Now, as CBS/M-T-M Studios, the lot is home to "Newhart", "St. Elsewhere", and "Remington Steele".

Throughout this entire period, CPI has remained as the top film laboratory in town.

But the last word is best: in celebration of Republic's fiftieth anniversary, NTA has re-activated the old corporate name, and is planning to begin producing and releasing as Republic Pictures Corporation once again.

It just goes to show, you can't keep a good studio down!

But I certainly have the impression that the percentage of Black SF readers who are fans is much less than the percentage White SF readers who are fans.

Why is this? Or am I wrong about the low percentage in the first place? It's not as if I haven't tried to find out. About ten years ago I invited my (then) boss to a LASFS meeting at the old clubhouse. He was a truly avid SF reader, and he seemed to enjoy the meeting, but he never came back and he was clearly uncomfortable talking about it. He was, of course, the only Black at that meeting -- is it that Blacks tend to contact fandom one at a time, and therefore feel uncomfortably out of place? I think my boss would have told me if it was that. Maybe he just realized that he didn't want to be seen in public with me.

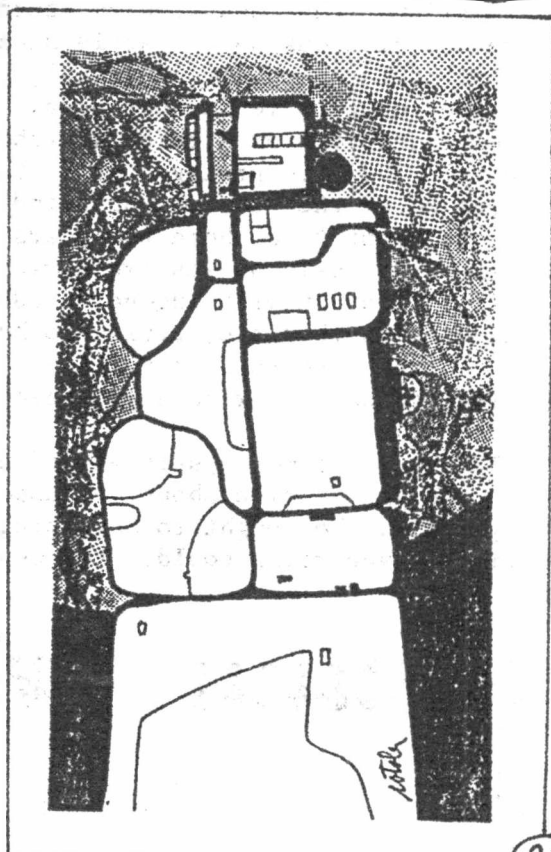
I've heard some people theorize that Blacks simply don't read much, or don't read much science fiction, since they've got so many real-life problems to contend with. That isn't true in my experience, but then most of the Blacks I know are college graduates, so it's a skewed population.

Or is it that the Blacks who feel comfortable in fandom are simply those who are secure enough within themselves to feel comfortable among Whites in general? Are such Blacks so rare? Is there perhaps something in fandom that sends a message to Blacks that they're not welcome? I'm sure we have our

bigots just like any other random sample of the population, but I don't think they would be openly hostile to Blacks, knowing that fandom at large would disapprove of that.

I think it's an important question, since self-knowledge is important for groups, as well as for individuals. What is the nature of the relationship between fandom and its few Blacks?

As I said at the beginning, I'm just asking questions, I don't necessarily have the answers. But maybe you do, or at least opinions if not answers. If so, please respond. Send me a letter care of Shaggy at the LASFS clubhouse.



Rick Raphael's CODE THREE. You were feeling your way towards the concept of a graphic novel, I suppose. However none of us knew about Asterix, yet, and maybe it wouldn't have mattered if we did. I certainly had a condescending attitude towards comics at that time; did you? I know I read most of the hardcover sf in the local library before I relaxed my prejudice against pulp magazines enough to discover ANALOG. Later on I even read F&SF despite the Walotsky abstract covers...)

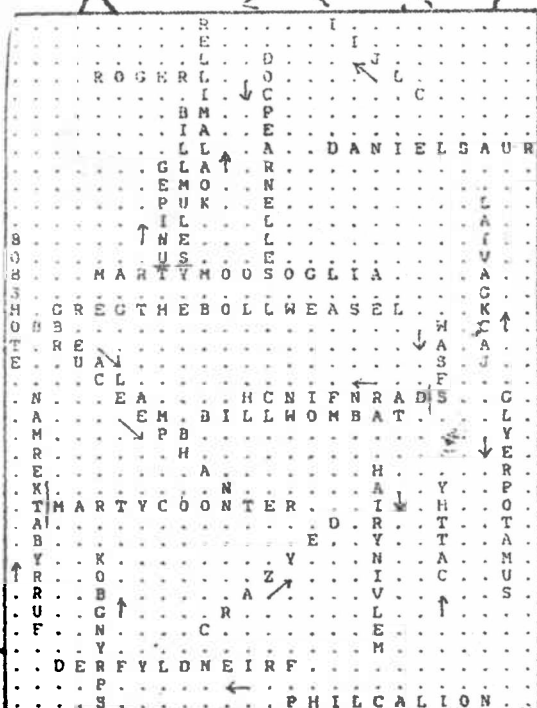
Now what you should do, bearing these reminiscences in mind, is get your self out of bed around 6:30 AM to watch the ROBOTECH series. They took three movies (does the term Japanimation mean anything to you?) and serialized them with English voices. It's an adventure cartoon set in the not terribly distant future. Earth has been attacked by militaristic aliens (who look like and turn out to be 50 foot-tall humans). There are glorious space battle scenes, convincingly animated: the explosions in space are spherical, just like they ought to be, and just like they never were in Star Wars. There is comradely heroism. The whole bridge crew of a major starship is all female, straight out of the Academy. The male protagonist is basically a teenage kid. This all reminds me of the stories you tried to write and illustrate. Clearly you were meant to be born ten years later, in Tokyo. The series uses popular music of its own devising: you played the guitar; you would have fit right in with whoever produced the series. Certainly you would be at home as they are, trying to have it both ways at once, telling a combat adventure story with lots of violence, and at the same time railing against war with a pro-peace, anti-military element in the story.

ROBOTECH reminds me so strongly of all the story lines you were interested in enough to write about, because the series treats them just the same way you did. You ought to have produced animated movies. That's why I'm writing -- you still could. Let me know how it works out...



Clystron Relay
continued from page 2

ARTICLE THIS TIME WAS CONTRIBUTED BY A LOCAL
EXPERT ON REPUBLIC PICTURES, TO HELP PUT THOSE
SERIALS THAT HAVE BECOME SUCH A PART OF LASFS
MEETINGS OF LATE, INTO HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE!



SERIALS ARE BECOMING MORE POPULAR
LATELY, WITH NOT ONLY THE CLUB
SCREENINGS, BUT A RECENT SPECTA-
CULAR AT EQUICON '83, AND THE UP-
COMING EMPRECON CELEBRATION AT
LOSCON THIS AUTUMN. A SPECIAL EVENING
TO PAY TRIBUTE TO REPUBLIC SERIALS
ON THEIR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY!
AND I'M AS HAPPY AS YOU SHOULD PARDON
THE EXPRESSION, A CLAN!

AS SOME OF
YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, THIS ISSUE IS A
LITTLE LATE (ACTUALLY, IT ABOUT A MONTH
BEHIND MY PLANS!!) IT SEEMS TO BE A
PROBLEM STARTING UP THE MACHINERY, AND
WITH THAT IN MIND, I'VE ALREADY BEGUN
THE PRELIMINARY WORK OF ISSUE THREE
(NEW SERIES NUMBER -- I'M ALSO
GONNA TRY TO WORK OUT THE PRECISE
CORRECT NUMBER, R.S.N.!! WE'LL
SEE HOW IT GOES! ASTRA..?

THANKS, CL! I JUST WANTED
TO SHOW OFF THIS: IT'S
THE SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S
WORD SEARCH PUZZLE!
IMPORTANT JOB, EH, KIDS!



OKAY, AND I'LL SHOW THEM
THIS! --SO LONG, GANG,
AND, UNTIL NEXTISH....
CL-ATER!!

NEXT:

"TALES OF TOMORROW"
another informative piece
by SAM FRANK

plus columns and features by
MIKE GLYER -- ALLAN ROTHSTEIN -- MIKE PARKASH -- CLJII
and introducing to SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES:
GREG CHALFIN and ED BUCHMAN!

"MASKED MENACES"
those favorite villains
from the serials by
CLJII

SO WATCH OUT FOR OUR NEXT BIG ISSUE -- COMING IN JUNE!!

SHAGGY

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