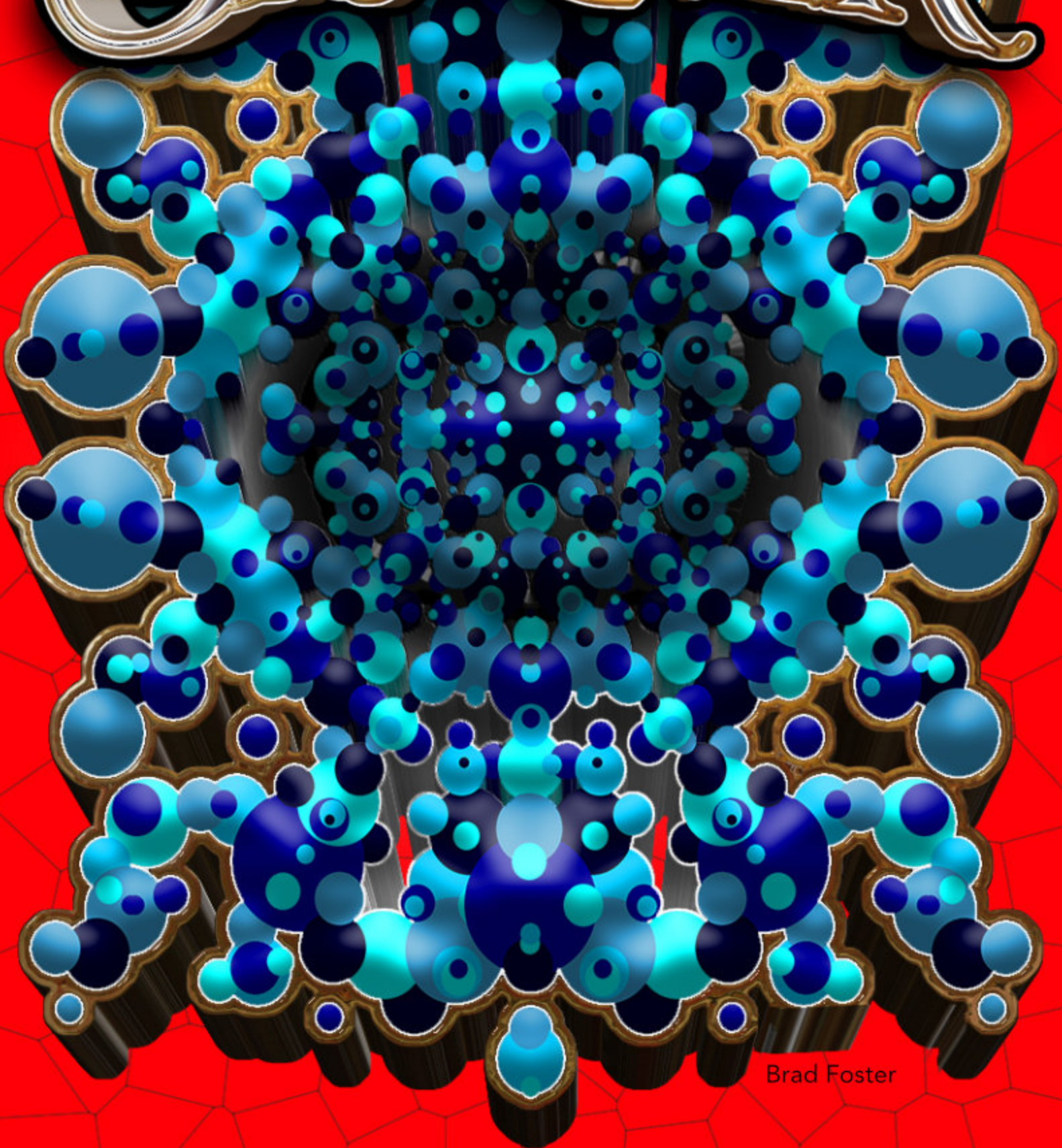


SKYDIVER



Brad Foster



SKYLINER

May, 2020

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Cover Art by [Brad Foster](#)

Done entirely in [Affinity Publisher](#)

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Crankitorial



Getting ready for the end of the world,
why, what are you doing?

So here it is, issue number 9 just like John Lennon said. And pretty much the last issue of Skyliner for the foreseeable future unless I miss my guess, then eternity and beyond. Time will tell.

What shall I do instead of zinery? Thinking of going full circle back to sketching and painting. Did hundreds of fillos back in the 70s and 80s but now faneds are just as happy pulling anonymous cartoons from the internet without the least shame. Nobody has asked me for a fillo in a decade so no sense pursuing that. I'm glad I was around when Fan Art was something to behold and zines bristled with artists I looked up to. Now: zilch.

Now that Steve Stiles has left the building, I suspect we'll never see a TruFan artist with a Hugo nom again and rightfully so. Go ahead, check out [eFanzines](#). How many covers really fill you with a sense of Goshwow? Maybe this is why faneds pull uncredited fillos from strangers off the internet... but isn't that an abject repudiation of Fandom to do so?



Perhaps I'll be satisfied as a relic whose memory of such things grows dimmer by the day. OR we can redefine what the hell Fan Art is. No wait, it's been done for us and we are found lacking. So maybe it's time to crank things up a notch or consider fanart a spectator sport. Is anyone still in the dugout or just the bleachers?

There's a number of "Fan Artists" up for Hugos; who they are or how they got there, I haven't a clue. There's a lot of eye-popping "Fantasy Art" on Facebook that absolutely kicks ass of traditional fan artists to be sure yet much leaves me wanting. We'll see if this old dog can learn some new tricks, but don't hold your breath. Woof.

Tonopah *Rising*

I took a blood oath
never to attend another convention.

However, the idea of a con in **Tonopah** is genius. Somebody had to be the first to ask "Hey, how about Tonopah?" I can hear a room full of disgruntled fans screaming "Where?" Someplace I've never been? That's outrageous!"

There's a certain glory knowing that just getting there will separate the wheat from the chaff. Noted as a "Driving Convention" I can see the potential for road-trip stories that served Fans so well since the 30s. If you want to know what it was like being a fan back then, just turn off the air conditioner when you're heading towards Tonopah in July.

This will really be going "Where no fan has gone before," it's a great idea that I'm looking forward to.



July 4 1939.
(Rear, L-R):
V. Kidwell,
Robert A. Madle,
Erle M. Korshak,
Ray Bradbury.
(Front, L-R):
Mark Reinsberg,
Jack Agnew,
Ross Rocklynne.

The call of Tonopah is strong with this one and on a whim bought three memberships for WesterCon 74. Suddenly they teleported the event an entire year into the future like a Fannish carrot on a stick. Impressive, and serves me right. Now I'll be forced to take better care of myself for at least another year. What the hell next?

I was so excited I did a bunch of arty bits for the con but if I have to wait two years, I'll send them elsewhere. They didn't ask me for anything so they won't be missed. They can ask me in 2022 if I'm still kickin' but from the look of their printed material, I won't be expecting a call.

My familiarity with Tonopah extends no further than filling the tank at that gas station next to the Mizpah (anagram for "Zap Him") on my way to Burning Man. But actually getting to know the town - staying a week for a convention and hanging out might be a novel adventure and change of pace from those annoying hotels we're so stitched at the hips to. A pool will be missed however, but can be found half a block south. Damn, I may have to be nice to someone to take a dip, that sucks.

I was mostly sold on the idea by Kevin Standlee's bloodless but informative [video](#) detailing the hotel and environs. Their [website](#) is as compelling as a freshly squeezed mausoleum. Have you seen the progress report? No wonder it's in the desert - they'll have somewhere to bury those who died of boredom! You'd think after ten years of mulling this over they'd have found some foil-hat flat-earthier to pretend to be a Guest of Honor. In the old days, anybody selling a book would jump at the chance for nuthin'. After all, a couple weeks ago, this thing was only a year away. Their slogan is "Everybody pays, everybody plays" but so far we have no idea what we get to play with.

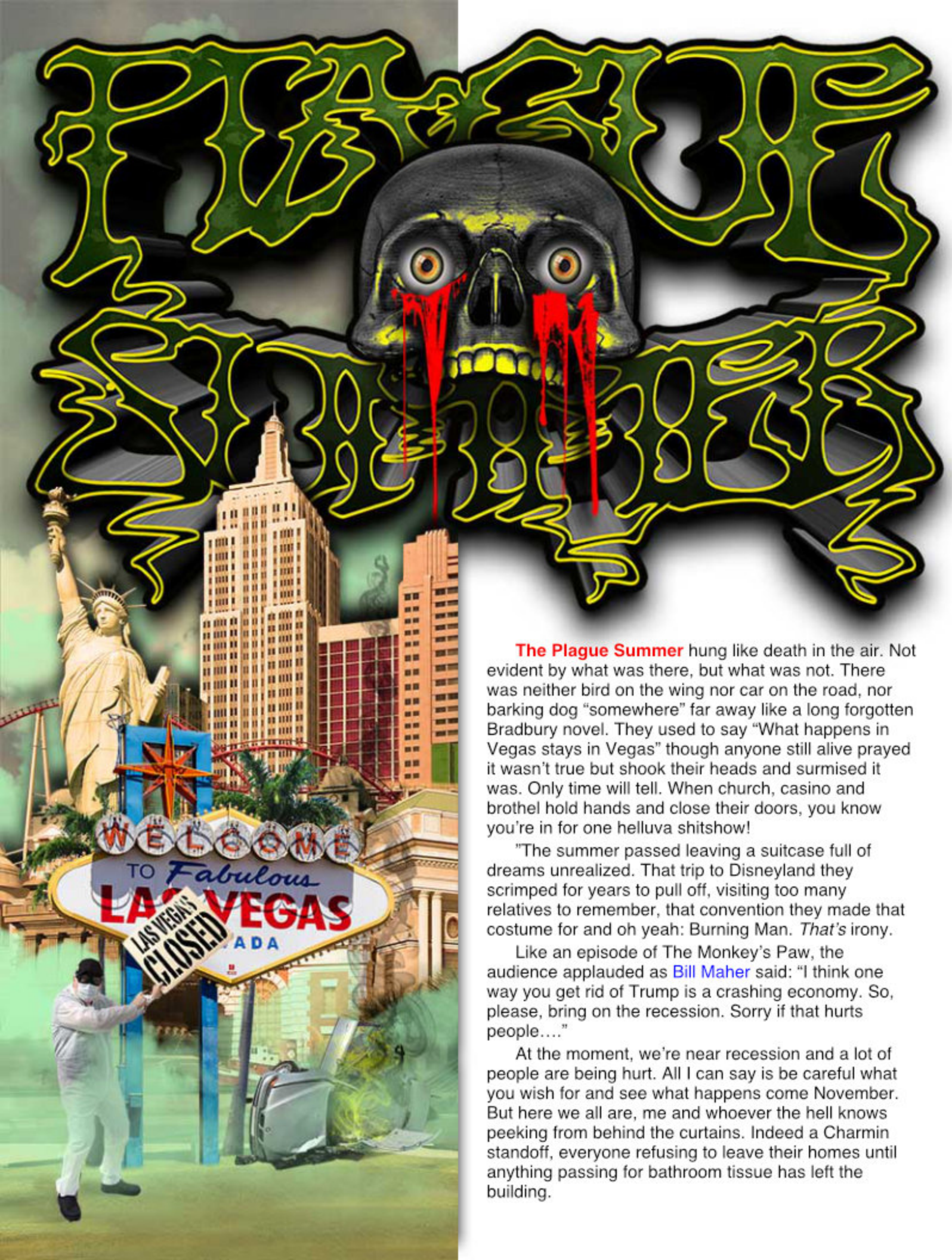
Tonopah residents total 2500, same number of memberships for Westercon 42 in 1989. "We reserve the right to limit registration to 450 attending members" they say. By the looks of their current membership, they already have 380 fish on the line, so move your asses and pick up your [membership](#) now. But first get an OK from your doctor you'll still be on the hoof in two years.

I ain't getting any younger and the thought of adding another year to anything in these unsure times is like Schrödinger's Convention. Will it be here? Will it be there? will the convention happen or move another year into the future? Will I be dead or alive? Whatever the outcome, I'm really looking forward to this. Sign me up for Bar Hopping on Friday night.

Here's to whatever the future brings. GO TONOPAH!

Maybe Later,

Covidious Rex, Esq.



The Plague Summer hung like death in the air. Not evident by what was there, but what was not. There was neither bird on the wing nor car on the road, nor barking dog "somewhere" far away like a long forgotten Bradbury novel. They used to say "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas" though anyone still alive prayed it wasn't true but shook their heads and surmised it was. Only time will tell. When church, casino and brothel hold hands and close their doors, you know you're in for one helluva shitshow!

"The summer passed leaving a suitcase full of dreams unrealized. That trip to Disneyland they scrimped for years to pull off, visiting too many relatives to remember, that convention they made that costume for and oh yeah: Burning Man. *That's irony.*

Like an episode of *The Monkey's Paw*, the audience applauded as [Bill Maher](#) said: "I think one way you get rid of Trump is a crashing economy. So, please, bring on the recession. Sorry if that hurts people...."

At the moment, we're near recession and a lot of people are being hurt. All I can say is be careful what you wish for and see what happens come November. But here we all are, me and whoever the hell knows peeking from behind the curtains. Indeed a Charmin standoff, everyone refusing to leave their homes until anything passing for bathroom tissue has left the building.

Playing hooky from the world sounds like a great idea when you're eight, but you had no idea just how much crap there really was on Netflix until it was too late.

A Sci-Fi fan worth their weight in Tribbles had read any number of apocalyptic potboilers and should have been ready for such a thing, but wasn't any more prepared than anyone else. The last thing on their mind was "Whatever happened to Covies 1 through 18" anyway?

A Pandemic is giving all those Preppers another reason to hit the bunker early. One thing for certain if you're not living "Off the grid": it takes a lot longer getting out of the house. Mask: Yes; Sanitizer: 'Natch; Hat: Don't want Covies in your hair do you? Goggles: of course, silly; they've spent the last five years on my hat!

It's a pain in the ass, but if we don't find what we want at the market, we can stick someone up on the way home.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

As the solar system decrees, every year it's Arnie Katz's birthday which gives the few survivors an opportunity to see how far down the tubes Vegas Fandom has fallen. It's certainly not Arnie's fault, but time and tide take it's toll and god knows youngsters have no desire to sit in a room with the nearly dead telling those same old stories over and over again. Just think, it won't be long before Laney and uh, that other guy will never be mentioned again. But damn, those First Fandomites had a good run of it, so they have nothing to gripe about. Those who have gone beyond rest easy while remaining fans have time to remind us why we should care.

Do you think any of the current crop of Hugo winners will be penning *your* adventures in Fandom any time soon?

Oh, by the way, it was MY birthday too, but everyone is either too damn old or terrified of the

Covidators to leave the house, even for free beer, cake, ice cream and maybe a movie that will make you wish you hadn't come anyway.

Jacq and JoHn never burn the New Year toast >

Man, what the hell happened to Fandom? I remember when a hungry fan would move an entire con suite sofa across the room to be closer to the canapés.

DeDee gives Arnie some birthday cheer >

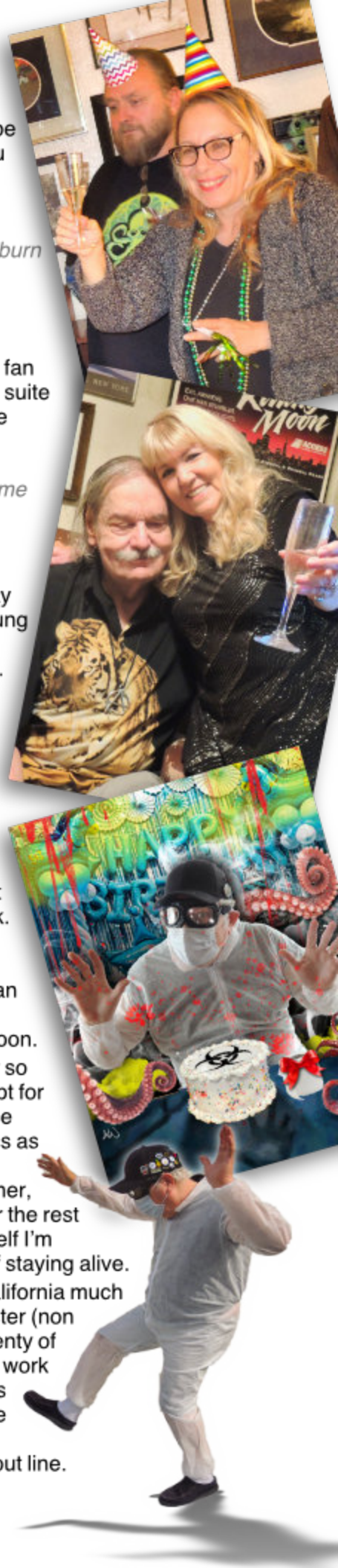
Oh well, I'm socially distanced from my birthday cake and don't have the lung power to blow out the candles, maybe next year.

SO, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?

Don't answer, that's a rhetorical question - it's too late to finally write that LoC so you're off the hook. The next issue of Skyliner like everything else has been postponed and like an open face tuna sandwich LoCs can go bad all too soon.

Being a retired soul for so long, on most levels, except for nonstop cosplay, this whole pestilence thing is business as usual. Get up in the morning, pull myself together, then sit at the computer for the rest of the day convincing myself I'm doing something worthy of staying alive.

DeDee has been in California much of May tending her sick sister (non Covidious), So I've had plenty of time to screw around, OR, work on that Honey-Do list that's as long as the danger zone between you and that guy ahead of you in the checkout line.



There was the usual household bullshit, from trimming hedges, painting the driveway and all things concrete around the place and heeding the call of summer to wash the windows. Thank gravy we had the common sense to chuck out the lawn years ago for a sea of rocks. Grass freezes in the winter and burns the hell up in summer. I can remember despite the best efforts, it was mostly dirt where grass should have been for the first ten years we lived here.

Since zines are moving to the back burner and I'm returning to pen on paper it called for a slight redesign of the "Art Department". I realize calling it an "Art Department" is much like spitting into the air and calling it a moon launch but times are a changin'.

My allotted space for Fannish Tomfoolery is limited, so first find a drafting table with the horizontal limitation of 30": eBay easy. Build a bookshelf to hold everything evicted from that space. We're building UP here in an equally tight space which means the shelf had to be built *around* a file cabinet, printer and a computer.

I didn't realize it would be so hard finding wood to do this. Home Depot is still open but there's a line to get in and wood was scarce.

Jeez, I'm no Harrison Ford. I wound up with a Frankensshelf which looks OK, but *still* can't get the paint smell outta the "Art Department".



LIFE GOES ON

Everyone is in the same stinky boat and need certain things that make life livable. As Bill Maher's self-serving prediction demanded, people *are* hurting - big time, and I'm humbled being as lucky as I am in this bag of worms.

The house is paid off and we have a damn big TV. It could be worse.

We all know just going to the market is a surreal experience not taken lightly.

Lines leading into stores, guards; wearing masks and as many not. Nervously chatting through their N95s and wondering if they should be wearing gloves to push their carts about.

Once inside, like some zombie apocalypse movie many shelves were licked clean reminding me what a fragile world in which we live. Had this really been a zombie fest I would have a slim chance of survival. But now, it's the early bird who gets the hand sanitizer. The scary part is not seeing a bottle of hand sanitizer for the next two months.



Interesting what remained untouched on the shelves. I'd hate to have a product that even in a pandemic, nobody wanted.

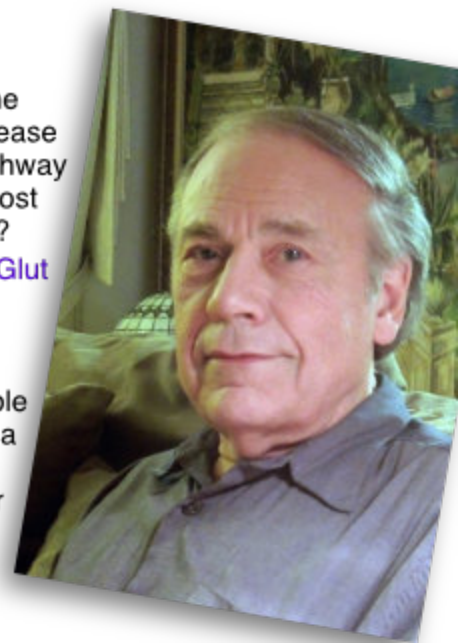
But as I write this, thousands have gone to war with the government, preferring to risk death on behalf of hair products and tanning salons. These are people already bored with Netflix who need a hobby and those I fear most as their self interest outweighs the safety of others.

Probably the scariest part of this whole shitshow is at this very moment thousands of people are writing novels and screenplays of pestilence and death living in Pandemia.

VISITORS

Who dares traverse the wastelands, thwarting disease and barbarians on the highway to find themselves in a ghost town once called Sin City?

None other than **Don Glut** who fears no evil when touting his latest monster thriller: **TALES OF FRANKENSTEIN** available from Amazon. It's always a hoot having Don drop by and waxing nostalgic over days gone by.



FOR THE CAUSE

DeDee's daughter Luchia and granddaughter Heather both work in the medical industry in Loma Linda and deal daily with the effects of Covid-19. Every day watching people suffer and die from this encroaching shitstorm while we just shake our heads and change the channel. But DeDee and her gal pal Marla got the bug to turn out several dozen tropical N95 masks to help the folks in the trenches.



The kitchen table became the sweatshop and the machines hummed, clattered and punctuated with the occasional obscenity with every stitch for hours at a time.



WILL WORK FOR
TOILET
PAPER

Finally the products were sent off to Loma Linda. DeDee had some leftover N95 filter stuff and found a pile of official "Walking Dead" print fabric from which she made tote bags for some undead occasion awhile back.

With this she cranked out a few more masks for us hangerons eager to cover our mugs and keep the bugs at bay.

We Vegasites can now represent undead fashionistas everywhere. Now if we can get our own leisure suites.



Brenda, DeDee and me - Tres Bandidos Zombis

Unlike DeDee, I have no practical skills, absolutely none whatsoever. I was lucky enough to fall into doing graphics for motion pictures decades ago and knew a good thing when I found it and that was that. Well, at least until the 80s when everyone I worked with died of AIDS and I decided to head for a safer territory called Sin City.



However I'm not without a sense of charity. Near every eight weeks since 1974 I've been giving blood. For some reason completely unknown to me, considering what I've been doing for the last 70 years I'm surprised it isn't flammable.

But when in doubt it's something I can contribute without actually giving anything away and who can argue with that?



SIX FEET UNDER, ACROSS AND FROM

Do you realize "Social Distance" is an anagram for "Conciliated Ass"? I've seen people in the market with their hair on fire because someone's toe went over the distancing tape on the floor.



John adds another year and an equally geeky gadget at our last trip to the Vegrants.

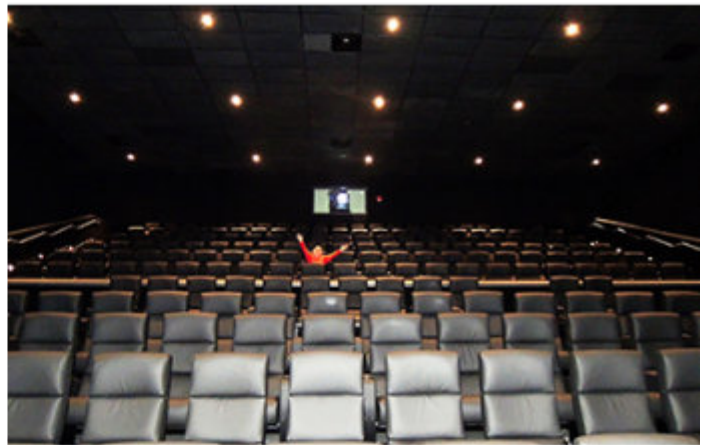


Ross Chamberlain helps Nic and Jennifer Farey Celebrate their anniversary

Little did we know it wouldn't be long before such fan activities and trips to the [Millennium Fandom Bar](#), now and again at The Vegrants would be a thing of the past and the unforeseeable future. But there was a couple more fish to fry before we called it quits.

There was our Wednesday at the Movies. Our chance to catch up with everything that simply *had* to be seen on the big screen with THX, super comfy chairs that shook when needed, keeping your ass warm and all the popcorn we could smuggle into the theater.

We saw the end coming early :



There was Gene Kelly's Friday Night Movies: we looked forward to a dose of cinema on the Kellytron projection screen and reserved La-Z-Boys. That too became no more:



I think the last event I left the house for was Kelly Schwart's [Indie Film Factory](#) Meet and Greet. At least we weren't alone for that one. Also by the way, the last time we'd seen an open buffet.

No problem, we can get used to sitting on the couch watching TV - We're FANS dammit!.





OH VANITY

Remember vanity printing? Paying a printer a fortune to print your book that will remain in a pile somewhere until you croak then be sent to Goodwill or consigned to the flames? BAH! Thing of the past!

Being retired allows you to scoff at the concept of waiting for the weekend and do nothing but watch Roller Derby. But after 60 years of constant employment, the forty hour work-week has been so ingrained in me that I'm still chopping days, weeks and months into those increments of employment overseered by such things as time clocks and force of habit. I would have thought being on the dole for fifteen years I would have grown out of it, but not so.

Perhaps because of this I haven't had a moments boredom. Fifty years of doing all this arty stuff for a living has left me with a lifelong hobby and the sense I have to knock something out before I can go to bed.

I grew up with books. Thanks to my grandmother and her bookshelves loaded with illustrated novels from N.C. Wyeth to Boris Artzybasheff. She also introduced me to the typewriter in the fifties on which I pounded pages of gibberish and had my mother read it back. I never forgot a moment of it.

Therefore, it's no surprise I like to write books, but somewhat of a disappointment I'm not qualified to do so. But the point is to keep busy doing *something* enjoyable till you drop dead. It's been said "Idle hands are the Devil's playthings" and I admit to giving the devil much applause on that score.

I like to write books but go out of my way to warn everyone I have no business doing such things and in the middle ages may have been put to "test". It's just a hobby from which I don't expect to make a dime but keeps my faltering brain active and the rest of me off the street, Yeah, my grammar ain't for shit but I'm too old and pissed to worry about it. But on my behalf, I think there *is* some interesting imagery banged into these things.

I have little doubt should the stuff above appear on a library shelf it would be under the category "You've Read Worse".

EVERYONE THEIR OWN ERNEST HEMINGWAY

I'm persuading those thus driven to write something yourself and Printing on Demand gives you so many persuasions to do so the likes of Stephen King could never enjoy.

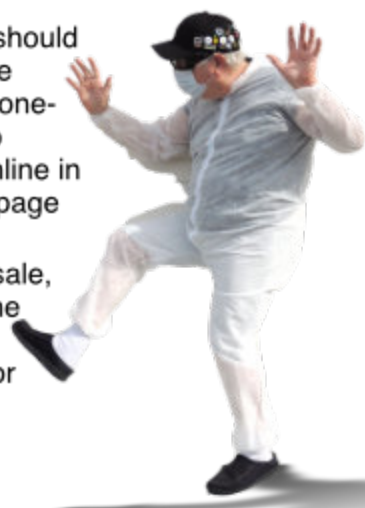
Them things being: handling the entire process of writing, editing, adding art, formatting and submitting the finished manuscript entirely by yourself. You are your own agent solely responsible for the success of your material though alas, singular in suffering your own shortfalls. Mine being the inability to find some smarty pants to proofread this stuff without gouging the crap out of me. I doubt I'll make a cent from it and loathe shelling out anything before I actually do.

In the end you upload the manuscript and it becomes available for purchase on Amazon. During the entire process, except for energy, you spend nothing producing your book and now wait for the millions to pour in. Alas, you get no help from Amazon. I've spent little time huckstering these things, hence only selling copies when I've been somewhere signing them.

One of the benefits being should you receive a note claiming the infamous "...erratum on page one-sixteen" you have the ability to make changes and return it online in time to say "What erratum on page one-sixteen?" You sly devil.

Until you actually make a sale, Amazon takes their taste off the top, you've paid nothing and it feels great getting a check for books sold.

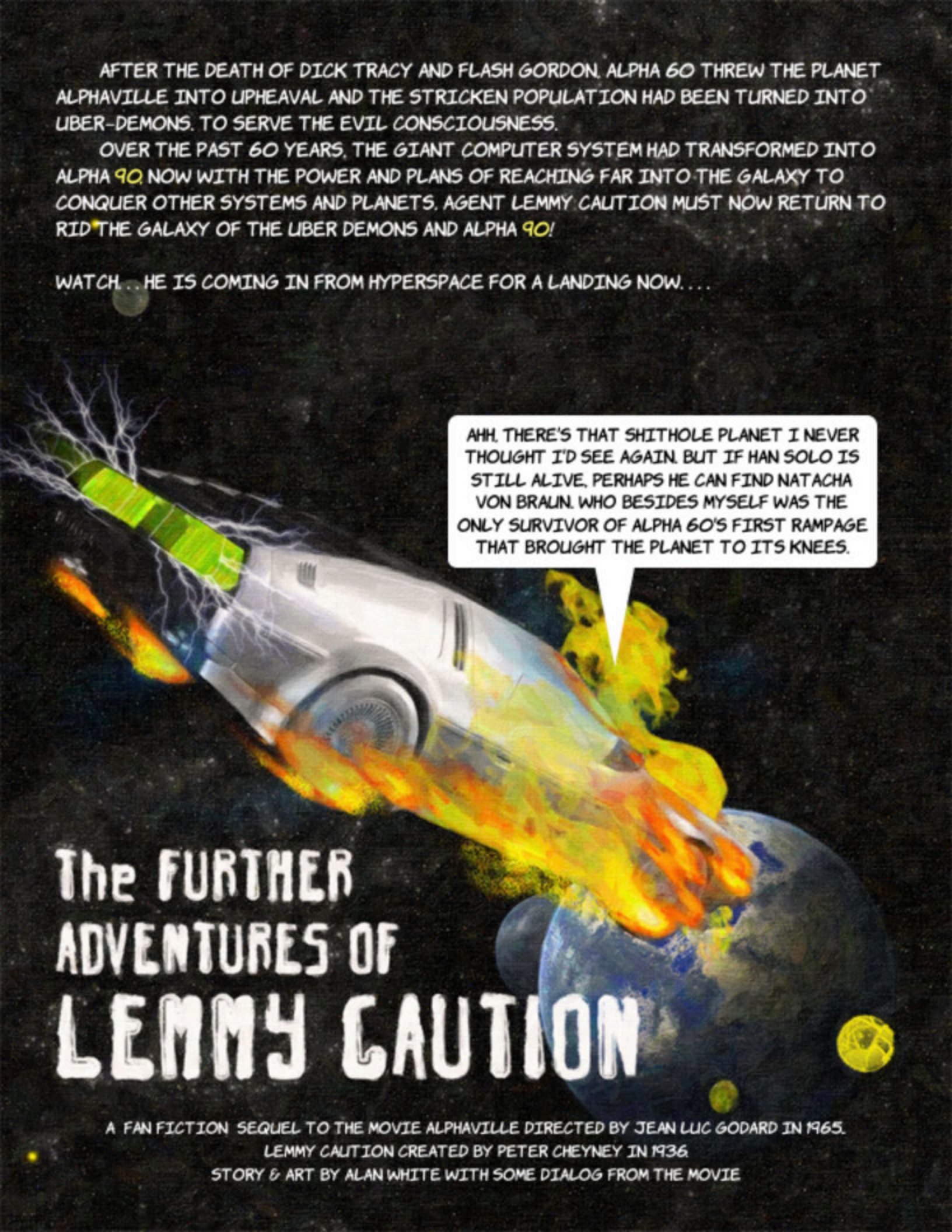
You can't beat that.



AFTER THE DEATH OF DICK TRACY AND FLASH GORDON, ALPHA 60 THREW THE PLANET ALPHAVILLE INTO UPHEAVAL AND THE STRICKEN POPULATION HAD BEEN TURNED INTO LIBER-DEMONS. TO SERVE THE EVIL CONSCIOUSNESS.

OVER THE PAST 60 YEARS, THE GIANT COMPUTER SYSTEM HAD TRANSFORMED INTO ALPHA 90 NOW WITH THE POWER AND PLANS OF REACHING FAR INTO THE GALAXY TO CONQUER OTHER SYSTEMS AND PLANETS. AGENT LEMMY CAUTION MUST NOW RETURN TO RID THE GALAXY OF THE LIBER DEMONS AND ALPHA 90!

WATCH... HE IS COMING IN FROM HYPERSPACE FOR A LANDING NOW....




AHH, THERE'S THAT SHITHOLE PLANET I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE AGAIN. BUT IF HAN SOLO IS STILL ALIVE, PERHAPS HE CAN FIND NATACHA VON BRAUN. WHO BESIDES MYSELF WAS THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF ALPHA 60'S FIRST RAMPAGE THAT BROUGHT THE PLANET TO ITS KNEES.

The FURTHER ADVENTURES OF LEMMY CAUTION


A FAN FICTION SEQUEL TO THE MOVIE ALPHAVILLE DIRECTED BY JEAN LUC GODARD IN 1965.

LEMMY CAUTION CREATED BY PETER CHEYNEY IN 1936

STORY & ART BY ALAN WHITE WITH SOME DIALOG FROM THE MOVIE

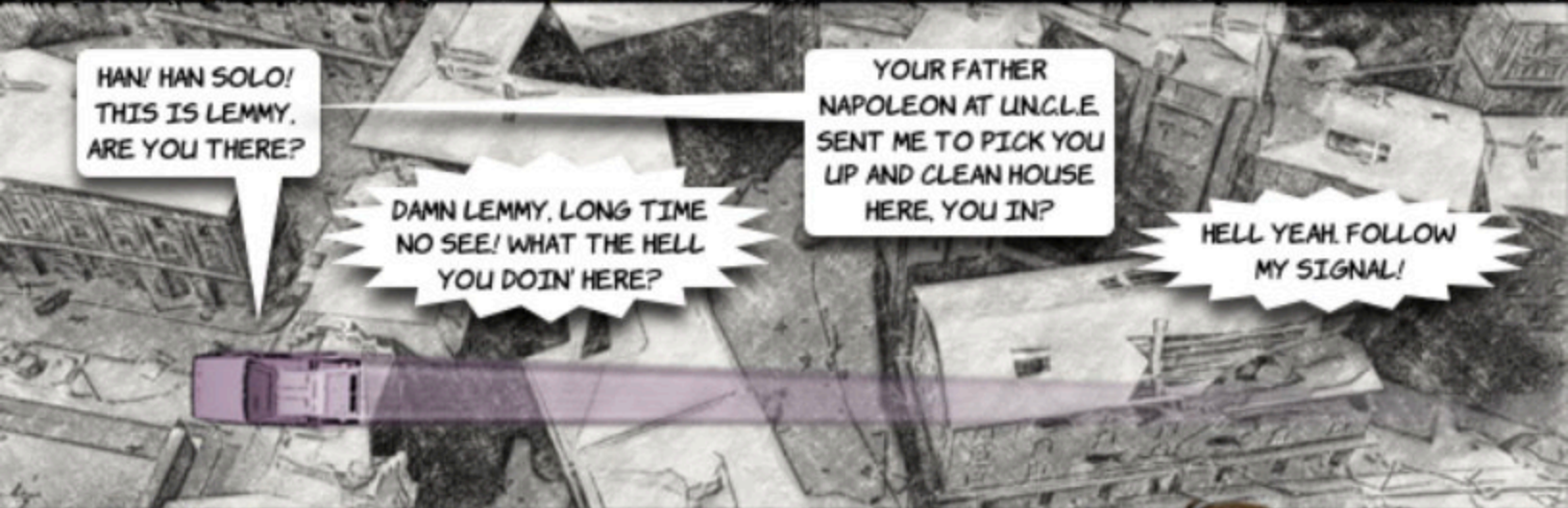


HAN SOLO! IT'S LEMMY
CAUTION COME IN!



Brrrr brrrr brrrr

LEMMY? HOLY FUCK,
I THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD AS
GRUNTHOS! HAND ME THE FONX
HONEY BUNNY.



HAN! HAN SOLO!
THIS IS LEMMY.
ARE YOU THERE?

DAMN LEMMY, LONG TIME
NO SEE! WHAT THE HELL
YOU DOIN' HERE?

YOUR FATHER
NAPOLEON AT UNGLE.
SENT ME TO PICK YOU
UP AND CLEAN HOUSE
HERE, YOU IN?

HELL YEAH. FOLLOW
MY SIGNAL!





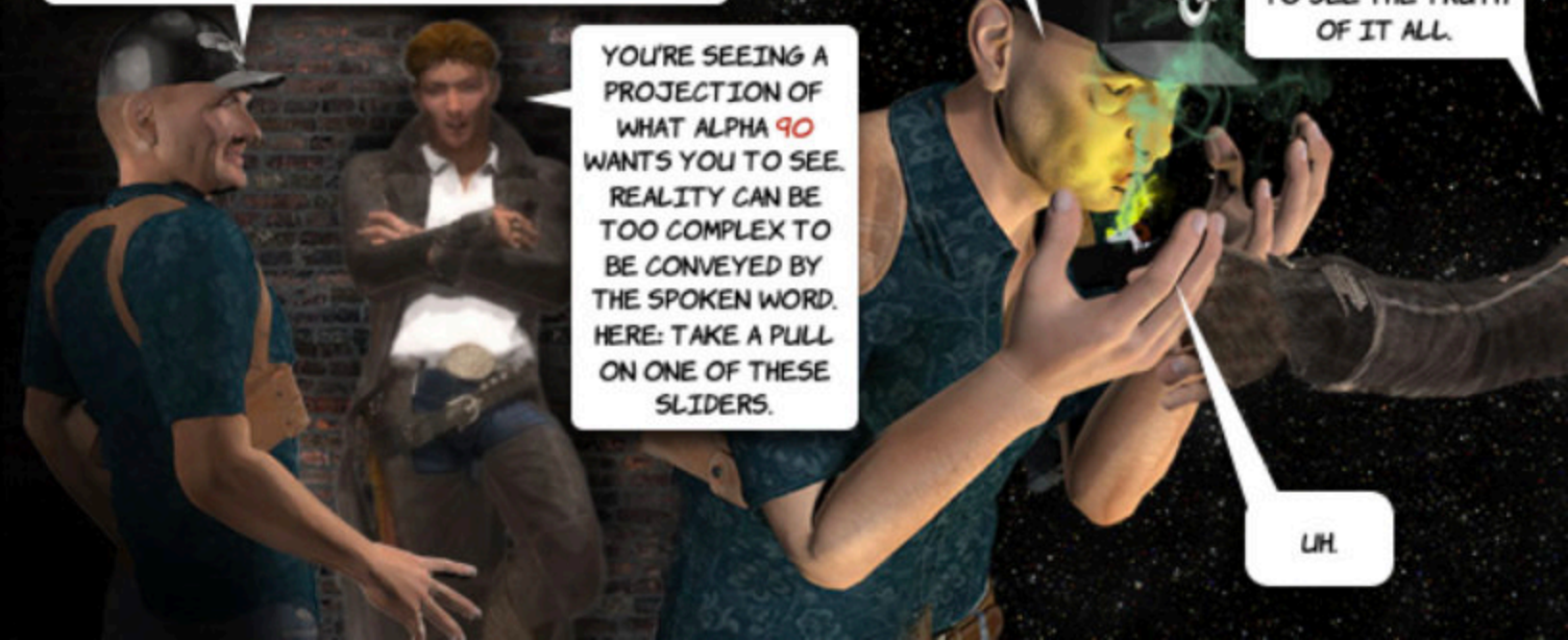
DAMN DUDE, IT **IS** YOU! THE PAST 60 YEARS BEEN GOOD FOR YA! CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL AROUND HERE NOW.

YEAH HAN, I WAS MUCH OLDER THEN. BUT MY TIMELINE IS IN FLUX. SO I'M GLAD TO BE ANYWHEN.

LET'S CLOAK YOUR VEHICLE BEFORE THE LIBER-DEMONS CATCH WIND WE'RE HERE.



UNCLE FILES WERE UNCLEAR WHAT I WOULD FIND HERE. HENCE THE NECESSITY OF LOCATING YOU. FIRST HAND KNOWLEDGE SHOULD PROVE USEFUL. THOUGH I SAW NOTHING UNUSUAL COMING IN.



SLIDERS?

ONE DRAG AND YOUR PERCEPTION OF REALITY SLIDES JUST FAR ENOUGH TO SEE THE TRUTH OF IT ALL.

YOU'RE SEEING A PROJECTION OF WHAT ALPHA **90** WANTS YOU TO SEE. REALITY CAN BE TOO COMPLEX TO BE CONVEYED BY THE SPOKEN WORD. HERE: TAKE A PULL ON ONE OF THESE SLIDERS.

UH.



YES, I UNDERSTAND NOW. SKY IS DARKING, FEELING TOO CLOSE, THE LANDSCAPE IS NODDING ON ARCH AND MYSTERIO, AND BRAIN FEELS WRAPPED IN AN OLD NEWSPAPER SOAKED IN DOG SHIT!

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT!
HOW YOU FEELIN'?



EXCELLENT.

EXPANDED.



LOOKS LIKE
YA GOT VISITORS.







**FUCK'EM
UP!**

LEMMY THOUGHT QUIETLY TO HIMSELF: "I AM AFRAID OF DEATH. BUT FOR A HUMBLE SECRET AGENT, IT'S AN EVERYDAY THING, LIKE WHISKEY, AND I'VE BEEN DRINKING ALL MY LIFE."

Probably Continued. . .

I AM AFRAID TO WATCH MY FAVORITE MOVIES

My mother was a big movie fan and drug me along every Wednesday to whatever was playing at the neighborhood theater. My uncle was the projectionist at the [Crest Theater](#) in Long Beach and I remember theaters as lavish cinema palaces compared to the mechanical boxes of today.

I saw lots of movies, many never forgotten.

After 50/60 years (jeez) I've had a chance to watch some of these films and find the magic lost for many of them. Whatever intrigued me so long ago is gone. Did I just grow out of it? Here I've taken my favorite 10 movies by decade and compared them as time went by. I still like them all, but some share a different resonance as I've grown older.

up another oldie, I wonder if I'll feel the same sense of wonder, or scratch it off the list forever. Here's mCranking y list of fave films over half a century

50s

[Naked Jungle](#)
[Hondo](#)
[1984](#)
[The Pride and the Passion](#)
[Guns of Fort Petticoat](#)
[Captive Women](#)
[Invasion of the Body Snatchers](#)
[Five](#)
[The 7th Voyage of Sinbad](#)
[The Quiet Man](#)

60s

[Juliet of the Spirits](#)
[Bride of Frankenstein](#)
[Invasion of the Body Snatchers](#)
[Seven Samurai](#)
[Yojimbo](#)
[Magnificent Seven](#)
[12 Angry Men](#)
[Touch of Evil](#)
[The Wild Bunch](#)
[African Queen](#)

After I moved from Hollywood in 1986, suddenly, many of these ceased to matter

70s

[Juliet of the Spirits](#)
[The Wild Bunch](#)
[Yojimbo](#)
[Lone Wolf and Cub: Sword of Vengeance Series](#)
[The Devils](#)
[8 1/2](#)
[La Dolce Vita](#)
[Godfather](#)
[Valerie and Her Week of Wonders](#)
[Apocalypse Now](#)

80s

[Juliet of the Spirits](#)
[The Wild Bunch](#)
[Yojimbo](#)
[Lone Wolf and Cub: Sword of Vengeance Series](#)
[My Name is Nobody](#)
[Good, The Bad and the Ugly](#)
[8 1/2](#)
[La Dolce Vita](#)
[Streets of Fire](#)
[Blade Runner](#)

But today, after retiring and hitting online streaming. . . .

Today

[Cinema Paradiso](#)
[Once Upon a Time in the West](#)
[The Wild Bunch](#)
[Juliet of the Spirits](#)
[Blade Runner](#)
[My Dinner with Andre](#)
[Apocalypse Now](#)
[8 1/2](#)
[Singing in the Rain](#)
[The Fall](#)

Not saying these are the best of *anything*, just films. Some I want to see again. Maybe in the next 20 years it will all change but from the looks of new movies, I doubt it.



The THING in the CAVE

Where Nobody Wanted to Go Before



If you were in L.A. Fandom during the late 60s, early 70s you probably knew Ricky Schwartz. To those who didn't know him, he was that "Star Trek Wins the Ricky Schwartz Award" Guy and by those who knew him he was "The Bad Boy of Fandom and ostracized pretty much everywhere."

But that's a story for another time.

This story is about making a movie with Ricky, probably March of 1967 at the old Bronson Caves, well used by movie studios for decades and at the time: Adam West's Bat Cave.

On this occasion, Ricky turned up at my apartment with several blue Star Trek shirts, a pair of pants, a communicator and several pieces of a gelatinous rubbery stuff used as part of the Horta in the "Devil in the Dark" episode borrowed from Robert Justman. There are those who say otherwise, but for our purposes, we'll say he borrowed.

I had just gotten an 8mm movie camera, the cheapest thing on the market certain I would be the next [Ford Beebe](#). But "Who do we know" and "What do we have" to make a movie? Nothing was the answer, but I remembered that guy Jim I went to high school with, now living down the hall and had a shitty Batman costume - who knows where he got it. A conversation went something like this:

"I remember him wearing that costume and posing in front of mirrors for hours thinking he was the new Batman."
"This could be a crossover, Star Trek vs Batman movie!"

"Yeah, but Jim is so fat it will have to be a comedy."

"Well, there *is* that. A silent comedy, but that's how Fatty Arbuckle got started!"

Jim was home in his costume at the time and was game for the movie! Excellent.

The cave was a natural. Where else could you use a well known movie set for free? We arrived before tourists showed up and started snooping around.

The only rule was "Anyone not in the picture, had to be the camera man" and we all got a chance to shoot part of the film.

The first shot was being beamed down to a planet which was just the park area below the cave. Ricky's prop was the communicator while I beamed down holding the tape-deck from my car. We had no tripod so the cameraman had to be extra sober shooting a few frames, letting us scoot into the scene then shooting again.



From then on we just took random shots about the area, climbing on the hill, walking in and out of the cave and poking around. Whatever we wind up with I'll "fix in post" as they say.

By the time we'd been there for an hour or so, tourists began wandering into the scene putting an end to our day of shooting.

THE STORY

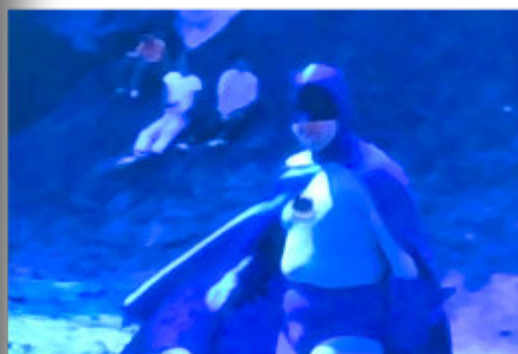
Strange signals emanating from an alien planet bring the Enterprise to investigate. The Captain and that other guy beam down to the planet in search of who or *what* is sending the signals. They track the signal to a strange cave and find an alien life form. The Captain orders that other guy into the cave to check it out. Once inside there is a tumult of noise, screams and unearthly sounds (it says here) and that guy comes tearing from the cave in fear for his life followed by **Batman** - it was the BATCAVE all along! Hurriedly they beam back to the Enterprise - the End!



SO WHAT'S WITH THE BLUE STUFF?

The film sat in a plastic film can for 43 years. Over that time it lost its coloring and became incredibly brittle; there wasn't a piece more than three or four inches long and would be impossible to reclaim it in any reasonable sense. So I bought a [Kodak Scanza](#) digital film scanner that shoots directly from film clips; a smattering of shots that told the tale: "The Thing in the Cave" - enough anyway. Here they are, what remains of the movie. By the Way, the first time we showed the completed film, Jim remarked "I never knew I was so fat." And never wore the costume again.

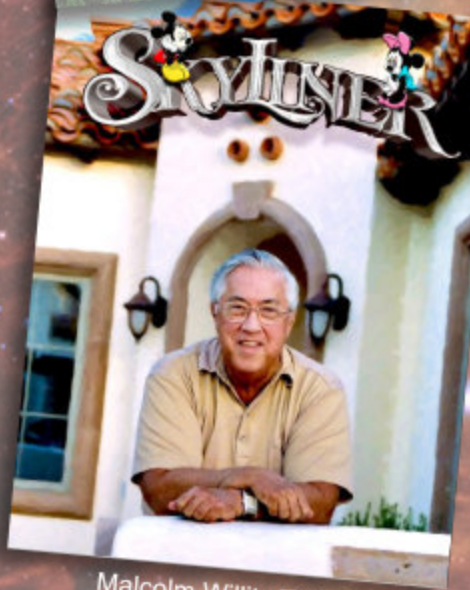
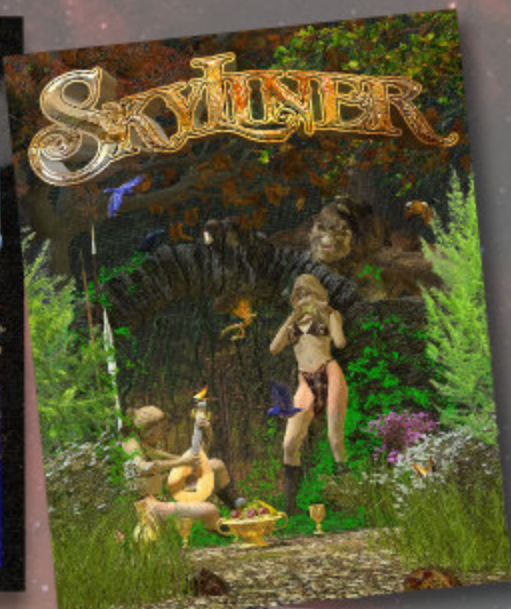
OUT TAKES...



Batman and Tourists



Becaped



Malcolm Willits Tribute



Grandmother Tribute Issue



Cover by Brad Foster



WELCOME TO THE PIXELARIUM COMMUNICATIONS FROM BEYOND

OR LLOYD'S PLACE...

Lloyd Penney

Many thanks for Skyliner 8, and wow, what a difference from past issues. This one is the genealogical issue, with details on your two grandmothers. You are lucky to have remembrance of both of them.

I have no pictures of my grandparents, but I can see them in my mind's eye. My maternal grandmother was Mary McKie, who emigrated to Scotland with her family to escape the Irish potato famine, and she married John Thomson, who ran a very successful dead stock removal service in the town of Ayr, not far from Prestwick airport.. My paternal grandmother was Blanche Francis, originally from Newfoundland, who moved her entire family to Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. Grandpa Joe Penney worked for Consolidate Bathurst in Glace Bay, and he was a coal miner. That's about as much as I know about my own grandparents, and I know close to nothing about any previous generations.

I have been to the Hotel Del Coronado, and it is very interesting to see a picture of it under construction. Unfortunately, everything else is unfamiliar, but it is new. But like most issues, tons and tons of artwork, and tons of photos, too. Many thanks for all of it.

The local... Nic Farey might be a little upset with me about my remarks on Arnie Katz, but no one really deserves oblivion. Arnie sent me a pile of zines, and he will always have my thanks for that. My loc... Ha! Where did you get that picture? Somewhere on the Internet, I wager, easy bet. The lady who runs the Coldwater event has asked specifically for Queen Victoria to make a return visit, and right now, the odds of that happening are good. Still doing editorial work; right now, I am doing an

edit for an anthology of tales from horror writer Nancy Kilpatrick. I hope this might be the beginnings of a new career.

Thank you for this issue...months and months? Hibernation, buy the sounds of it. Don't go away for too long. When you return, that's when we will see you.

That pic is from my secret fan files of photos I have taken personally and kept deep in the vaults. If anything should happen to me, well, I just can't tell you. Thanks Lloyd for years of support. You've always been the standout in my Lettercol.

