



This issue's editorial from the Professor scales unimagined heights for him. Readers, this manuscript issues from the bowels of an electronic Genie/Wizard/Savant -- Gasp! -- a computer! For those of you unaware of the Professor's history, he harks from the dark time, long ago. Chaos had not been differentiated into matter. God had not handed out genitalia to the respective genders. Mankind had not decided that women were the weaker sex. The four-leggeds and the two-leggeds dwelt in sweet symbiosis and harmony. The earth was a silver-blue jewel.

I'm old school: tweed woolen sportcoats, standard transmission, wood heat, baked ham with the bone in, flannel sheets, Perry Como records, Tonkin cane fly rod, Bag balm, argyle socks.

"It's only a tool!", people tell me. Well, I've owned and operated tools for years. I still have my grandfather's shingling hatchet, and it fits my hand like my own fingers. For thirty years it has fed and clothed me. Hell, the set of mortising chisels Travis Tyrell sold me years ago belonged to the grandson of Old Stony, Andrew Jackson, himself. Don't talk tools to me! I've sharpened my life on tools. But this tool. Hmm.

The Professor has dabbled in words, rest assured dearly beloved, but numbers scare him. He received a C- in high school general math and was once made physically ill for two days after glacing inside the cover of a vector analysis text in the college bookstore. I compute on my fingers. If my checkbook needs balancing, I consult the abacus bequeathed to my family by the Honorable Chinese Godfather, Hemsoon Moy. I skipped the pocket calculator era completely. The Professor abhors television, as any of those who know him will testify, and villifies the bloody contraption at the drop of a hat.

Now, when I return home and glance at my library, the quiet shelves of my book friends, I see this interloper on my desk -- a kind of TV set thing, for God's sake, sitting there on a stack of alien plastic machinery -- beige plastic machinery. The manual accompanying the machine uses odd words; bytes, software, hard drive, menu, floppy, enter. You can glance into "Windows 95" on new computers, I'm told. The nomenclature sounds like some sort of soft pornography lingo. I'm uneasy.

My friend described the shattered life of his acquaintance who began "Surfing the Internet" on his computer (whatever on God's earth that might mean!), and has abandoned all sensible pursuits -- wife, job, family -- to stare, glazed-eyed, at the Interactive Electronic Cyclop. He has taken a bite of the poison Apple, one might say, or a "byte" of the forbidden fruit of the Macintosh.

The nightmares I conjure. Electrodes hooked to my body. A lurid interface with virtual reality. My spirit communing with that humming TV screen on my old maple desk. Ahhhh! Help me!

To confirm my uneasiness, this morning's paper says that the taxpayers of the great state of Oregon will pay 123 million dollars to finance a computer for the Oregon Department of Motor Vehicles. Huh? What?

Geez, folks. I hope that this thing will serve as a handy typewriter for the Professor's articles. If not, I'm keeping a few sheets of foolscap and a #2 pencil for times when the power's out.

My heartfelt thanks go out to my friends who donated and recycled this computer to me. I guess they'll drag me kicking and screaming into the 90's in spite of myself.

**PAVILION**  
CONTEMPORARY  
DESIGN  
FINE ART

(503) 436-2910

263 N. Hemlock  
P.O. Box 1208  
Cannon Beach, OR 97110

Christen Allsop    Linda Kinhan



**Jupiter's Rare & Used Books**

244 N Spruce (503) 436-2915  
Box 1222 Cannon Beach, OR 97110  
Open Daily from around 10 AM til about 5 PM  
We Buy Books !! Cash for your Library !!  
We Buy Estates !! Paperbacks, Hardbound,  
Old, New, Rare, Sets, Bring'm in, We'll buy or  
Trade, or help you Recycle

Available at Jupiter's Rare and Used Books:  
Remainder of the 101 books of Wildlife On The Edge, hand-made by Sally Lackaff. A catalog is also available upon request; write to P.O. Box 1031, Cannon Beach, OR 97110 or call (503) 436-2915.

**Copies & Fax**  
Your OTHER Office

Printing Services  
Graphic Design  
Mailing Services  
UPS Shipping/Packing  
and much more....

1235 So. Hemlock  
Cannon Beach, Or 97110  
(503) 436-2000  
Fax (503) 436-0746  
Conveniently located in  
Midtown

**"Once I was Narab"**

Commentary by George W. Earley

I see by the papers that Leonard Nimoy has finally made peace with his pointy-eared alter ego. An autobiographical tome, *I Am Spock*, made it into the bookstores late last fall . . . just in time for all the Trekkers to either buy it or put it on their Christmas wish list.

I haven't read it . . . nor have I read the book Nimoy wrote some 25 years ago, out of the anguish of not being able to persuade fans that "I am Not Spock," which, of course, is the title he gave that book. I was doing a lot of sci fi book reviewing back then but it never crossed my desk and not being a Trek enthusiast [they were called Trekkies in those days] never bothered to chase it down. Maybe someday.

I'm still not much of a Trek viewer but do like to read about them from time to time, as I did recently when James Van Hise' pb *The Unauthorized History of Trek* [HarperPrism; \$5.99] appeared in my mail box.

It's an interesting book and will likely stay in print for a goodly while even though it covers only the original Trek tales plus Next Gen and the first three movies. [For more, you have to buy his *The Unauthorized Trekkers Guide to The Next Generation and Deep Space Nine*. Not having seen that one, I don't know how many movies it may also cover.]

But we're getting away from Narab, mentioned up there in the title of this little piece.

At one point in Hise' *Trek* book, he does capsule biogs of the various major actors, mentioning what other cinematic and/or TV roles they've done.

Nimoy, says Hise, once appeared in a loser of a movie called *Kid Monk Baroni*, a film apparently so bad that not even Leonard Maltin includes in his guide to films you might encounter on your TV some night.

But Hise never mentions Narab.

*Kid Monk Baroni*, which appeared in 1952, is mentioned under the entry for Nimoy in Katz' *Film Encyclopedia*, but Katz doesn't mention Narab.

However . . . in that same year [1952] over at Republic Studios, the powers-that-be have put yet another serial before the camera. It's to be the third and last one featuring a helmeted hero who flies about in a rocket suit foiling various nefarious plots against us earth folks.

Oddly enough, though the suit was the same, different heroes fought the good fight against evil. Tristram Coffin as Larry King was *King of the Rocket Men* for 12 chapters in 1949.

King's foe was another earthman, the usual mad scientist, here called Dr. Vulcan, who lusted for power and piles of gold. Vulcan lost, of course.

An off-planet enemy cropped up in 1952 when Commando Cody [no, not the rock band fella but an actor named George Wallace] donned the rocket suit to fight the *Radar Men from the Moon*. Cody even beat NASA to the moon, hitting the enemy on his own turf during the course of his 12 chapter battle against Retik, emperor the Moon and would-be conqueror of earth.

So where's Narab, you ask? I already told you - in the 3rd serial.

Earth got attacked again in 1952, this time by Martians who were, for some odd reason, identified as *Zombies of the Stratosphere*. But where Emperor Retik had sent only a single invader [Peter Brocco as Krog, probably Hollywood's most out-of-

this-world looking actor in those days] to attack earth, the high poobah of Mars had dispatched three: Marex, Narab and Elah.

Have you guessed by now that Narab was played by Leonard Nimoy . . . ?

Marex was the leader, Elah piloted the Martian spaceship, and Narab did all the grunt work, hauling heavy boxes from the outer cave to the inner cave by way of an underwater tunnel. The Bomb, which was to blow the earth out of its orbit thereby allowing the Martians to move their chilly planet to our warmer spot around Old Sol, was in that hidden inner cave.

Our hero was Larry Martin [aka actor Judd Holdren], an executive of the Inter-Planetary Patrol [altho there was no evidence the IPP had been doing much patrolling as the Zombies had obviously established a base on earth before the first chapter of this 12-episode cliff hanger began.]

The Zombies all wore long john pants, snug fitting sweatshirts, and hoods . . . no visible ears for Mr. Spock, oops, Mr. Nimoy, in this one.

But Nimoy did get the last word . . . at least the last word from the invaders. The final furious battle found the Martian spaceship blasted out of the sky with only Narab surviving long enough to tell Our Hero where the bomb was. And fortunately, there was enough time for Rocket Man to fly to the cave, take a swim and disarm that lethal device or we'd all be spinning through outer space right now freezing our tushes off. Whew!

Yes folks, especially you younger folks, there were interplanetary adventures long before *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* and if you don't think the folks who brought you *The Rocketeer* some years ago weren't influenced by those old Republic serials, why just you check 'em out. All three are available from various mail order video shops and some of the more enlightened local rental stores carry serials in the nostalgia section of their shops.

Actually, there are a host of old serials available on tape and I sure hope that when those recently touted Digital Video Disks [see *The Oregonian*, 1/9/96] start coming on the market, they'll include those marvelous old serials among their offerings. Given the low budgets and the available technology at the time, yesteryear's filmmakers did quite well . . . it's just too bad they didn't hire some good sci fi writers to do the dialogue.

Today's sci fi flicks owe a lot to those old serials, more than just invading aliens and rocket suits. Even back in the days of the silent films, sci fi elements were present in both serials and feature films. Men like Lucas and Spielberg freely admit their debt to the past. And for curious folks like me [and, hopefully, you] the past two decades have seen an increasing number of books about those early years. Fascinating reading! Stop in Powells or Barnes and Noble . . . or ask the Beloved Rev for some cinematic guidance. Ciao. \*\*\*

© 1996 by George W. Earley

**BUG'S BOOKS**

USED BOOKS    RECORDS TAPES ETC

1023 BROADWAY SEASIDE OR 97138  
OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK 738-4246

**NOW OPEN AT THEIR NEW LOCATION**

**Hane's Bakery**

Specialty Bakery  
Breads - Pastries  
Desserts - Espresso

Emma White Building  
1064 Hemlock - Midtown Cannon Beach

**Eagle Harbor Book Company**  
157 Winslow Way East  
Bainbridge Island, WA 98110  
(206) 842-5332

Open Hours  
Monday-Friday 9-7 Saturday 9-6 Sunday 10-6  
Thursday Evenings until 9 pm