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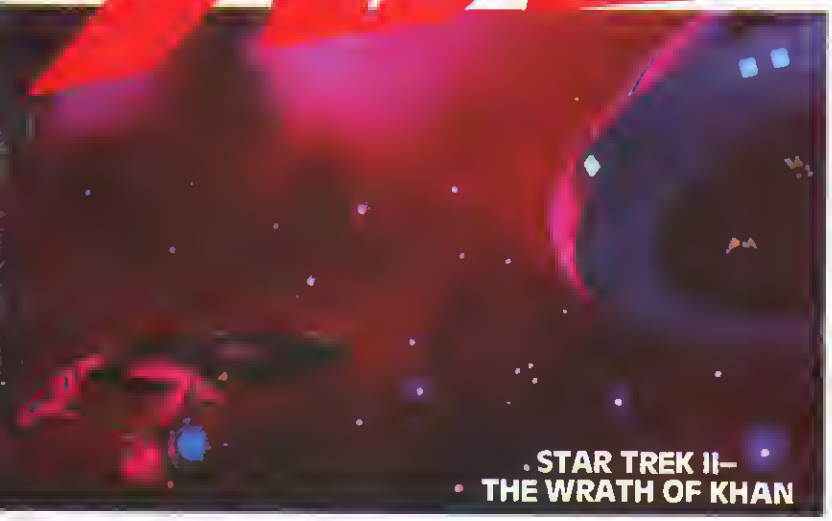

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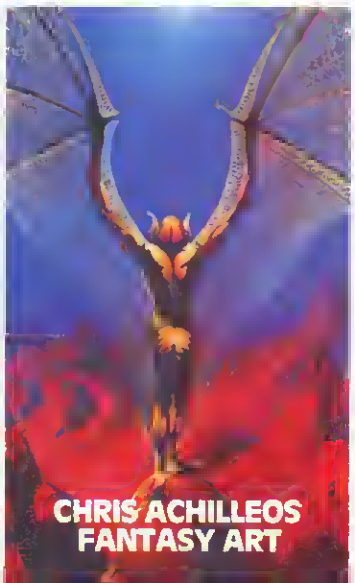

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STARLOG

JULY 1982
Number 60
THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE



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Special Anniversary Editorial:

Finding Your Telephone Booth

When danger threatens, mild-mannered Clark Kent dashes for the nearest telephone booth, and there he changes quickly to the Man of Steel. When Bruce Banner becomes angry, his bubbling biochemical reactions turn him into the Incredible Hulk. When Diana Prince goes into action, she removes her glasses, unpins her raven hair, swirls into a magical spin and becomes the amazing Wonder Woman.

As a kid, my personal favorite was Captain Marvel. When Billy Batson, boy newscaster, knew there was big work to be done, he simply uttered the word "Shazam," and a bolt of lightning, thrown by the gods, instantly transformed him into the red, white and gold hero that all criminals feared—Captain Marvel!

Did you ever wonder *why* these superheroes have transformations? Why aren't they superheroes *all the time*? Why are they sometimes *ordinary* people and other times *extra*-ordinary?

The Mystical Barrier

To understand what I call the Dual-Identity Phenomenon, we have to travel back in time to the days when heroes were gods. You see, the Greeks were basically a highly rational culture, but they clung to the primitive belief in a mystical realm—populated by magnificent gods. These gods ruled all aspects of human activity: love, war, health, intellect, even hunting and drinking—everything.

Greek gods were not undefinable cosmic forces (as in today's popular belief) but men and women. They had human form, and, indeed, they represented human ideals.

But there was a catch: they were *gods*, and therefore they had powers beyond our wildest dreams. They represented all that humans *ought* to be but could never *hope* to be. In other words, the ideals one was supposed to look up to and strive toward were, by definition, unreachable.

It was a frustrating belief, and the *best* among the Greeks lived with a sense of inadequacy since the ideals they worshiped were removed from grasp—off limits—forever beyond the mystical barrier that separated human from god.

Telling It Like It Is

To the extent that today's heroes are similarly off limits, we suffer the same debilitating frustration. If Captain Marvel were, at all times, a flying god, we would feel that he has nothing more than an abstract relationship to us humans. But Billy Batson, his everyday identity, *is us*.

The Dual-Identity Phenomenon exists primarily in order to relate the superhero to the real guy (or gal) and to dramatize the fact that *our highest ideals are attainable*. Diana Prince tells us that there is more to life than a sink and a steno pad. She tells us that any woman can be a wonder, provided she finds how to bring a touch of magic into her life.

Bruce Banner tells us that our angry sense of justice need not smoulder inside us—that it can burst forth—that there is something we can *do* about it.

Clark Kent tells us that hidden inside each of us is an heroic spirit—a man who is super—a man who can do the most incredible things, provided he can just find a telephone booth and change.

No Antibodies

Human beings have so much more potential than most of us ever realize. We can be intelligent and imaginative, strong and courageous—we are, in fact, capable of *being* the gods that we create and place on pedestals above our uncertain heads. But there's another catch...

We do not grow into ideal creatures automatically. There isn't an *antibody to ordinariness* in our blood, and there isn't much incentive toward greatness in the culture around us. So how do we turn ourselves from Clark and Billy and Bruce and Diana—into heroes?

Goals and Pursuit

First, we must formulate our ideals. We must avoid sponging up other people's notions—passively accepting what we hear on the *Johnny Carson Show* or read in *People* magazine or even in the Bible. We must determine our ideals *first hand*.

It may be a lonely search. Our ideals may differ from those of our family, our friends, our teachers—everyone—but they must be our own decisions about the nature of life and what we consider to be the highest goals, morally and productively, that a human ought to strive toward. Don't be afraid to think outside all the conventional beliefs, and don't be reluctant to change your mind as you grow and learn and think.

Second, we must conduct the activities of our life in order to *achieve* those goals. We must learn how to go about our own heroic transformation. We must find our telephone booth.

It's not an instantaneous transformation. It is likely to involve the rest of our life, but it has exciting possibilities. If we are constantly setting goals, working toward them, often reaching them—life becomes full of adventure and accomplishment. We become a more interesting person to others, and more importantly, to ourselves.



"Surveyor" is the title of this drawing by O'Quinn, a study of human idealism.

The Reward

The alternative life-style (any choice other than the pursuit of your own perfection) is simply too drab and deadly to waste time describing—especially to STARLOGGERS, an active, ambitious, idealistic group if ever there was one.

In case you haven't guessed it, there is one more personal reward for finding your telephone booth. The way you transform yourself into the kind of hero who lives up to your unique ideals, in action, is also the way you build your own self-esteem.

* * *

On this festive occasion—the Sixth Anniversary of STARLOG—I want to express my gratitude to each of you for your loyalty and support. In return, I pledge that we will strive to continue bringing you the best and most exciting science fiction magazine in the solar system.

I wish you—wondrous STARLOGGERS—the dedication and fuel that you need in order to find your telephone booth!

Kerry O'Quinn/1982



STARLOG

JULY 1982 #60

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Contributors This Issue: Michael Banks, Howard Cruse, Nicola Cuti, Mick Garris, Ed Naha, Tom Phillips, Tom Sciacca, Steve Swires, Richard Taylor, Deborah Upton, Jeff Walker and all those wonderful people who contributed their anniversary greetings (pages 56-59).

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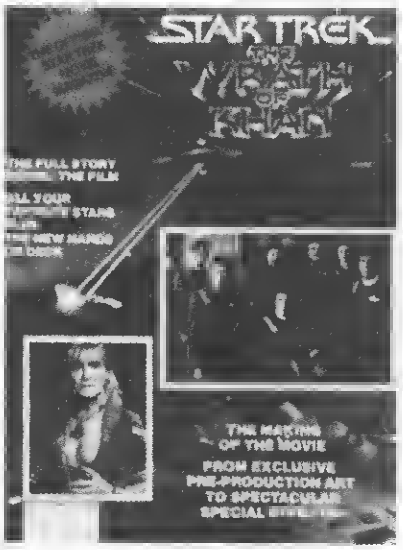

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FINAL TRIBUTE

. . . In your February issue, you printed a letter of mine. I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart because that letter brought me much joy. It gave me the opportunity to get to know a most wonderful person. I am speaking of one of the most renowned SF authors, Mr. Philip K. Dick, who, to my and I'm sure many others' distress, passed away on the 28th of February. Because of the publication of my letter, Mr. Dick wrote to me to inform me about *Blade Runner*, the movie on which his book *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* was based. I, in turn wrote to him. From that letter, a friendship was formed. I was fortunate enough to receive a phone call from him, 5 letters, and he was even kind enough to critique a story that I wrote. Mr. Dick was very supportive of kids' rights and he told me of his work with various children's organizations. He was also very much in support for *Blade Runner* to be made a PG movie, and he used my letters for support. I would very much like to send my regards to Mary and his two daughters, of whom he obviously cared for a great deal, as he expressed in his letters. I would also like to thank STARLOG for making my association with Mr. Dick possible. His death is a terribly tragic loss, but I am so grateful that I was fortunate enough to have known him while I did.

Kristian Hummel
5380 Kalmia Drive NE
Salem, OR 97303

DOLPHINS & GREENPEACE

. . . I read with a sinking heart your article regarding the plight of the dophins. How horrible that man should destroy such an intelligent and friendly species. Please send me the address or more information about Operation GREENPEACE.

Mrs. Judy Schleicher
1217 Salem Avenue
Burlington, NJ 08016

. . . As soon as I finished reading about the dolphin slaughter in your Lastword (#57), I cried. I have a baby of my own. I know the grief it'd cause if I lost her, or if my mate lost us. This terrible thing must be stopped. I want to help, but I cannot find an address to write to.

Alana J. Jones
532 W. Rowland
Covina, CA 91723

More information coming right up.

. . . A standing ovation for Howard Zimmerman and his call to support Operation GREENPEACE. I have been a devoted supporter of theirs for almost a year and have gotten much personal fulfillment out of the knowledge that the dollars I send them are being used for a great cause—the preservation of life on Earth. But Howard, you didn't give the folks an address to write for information and (hopefully) contributions. Don't worry, I'll cover for you: **GREENPEACE USA, 1700 Connecticut Avenue N.W. #305, Washington, D.C. 20009.**

Matthew C. Whitney
1003 Allen Street
Springfield, MA 01118

. . . Thank you! for the wonderful/terrible editorial calling attention to the killing of dolphins. And thank you for suggesting support of GREENPEACE. It is not just an office, it is not just lobbyists. GREENPEACE staff people have placed their bodies over baby harp seals to protect them from being slaughtered. They have gone out in rubber boats to intervene in whale slaughter. They have sailed into nuclear test site waters to prevent contamination of Earth and the ocean. They have nonviolently offered themselves as potential targets in the name of compassion. Their stories have touched me deeply.

Susan Farrell
Rt. 1, Box 100
Chelsea, OK 74016

I'd like to thank you, Susan, and Matthew and Alana and Judy and all of the other readers who responded so positively to the editorial. I've just received a press release on the same subject that I want to share with you: As a result "of the efforts by the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society. . . the Japanese government has reported that the fisherman of Iki Island will no longer herd dolphins onto the beaches for slaughter. Thousands of the sea mammals were expected to be killed at the beginning of March—an annual round-up which the SSCS was planning to physically stop by sending its ship. . . to the Japanese island. At a special emergency benefit concert last month (February) in Reseda, California, the rock group AMERICA helped raise $8,000 to buy fuel for the ship. Continued pressure from the SSCS and a loud public outcry convinced the Japanese government not to carry out the killings."

If anyone out there has more information about the SSCS, please let us know. It sounds like a truly worthwhile group.

—H.Z.



NEW FROM AUSTRALIA

. . . I recently went to see an SF-movie at the cinema here. The movie was a sequel and although I hadn't seen the first movie, I was intent on seeing the second. The ads on TV were great and the reviews were favorable. I loved the film. It's called *Mad Max II* and it was made here in Australia. It's the story of Max, an ex-enforcement officer who lives in a land where oil is gold and gangs of bikers ride the highways hunting the lone traveller for his petrol. Max travels the desert in his super charged car continuously at war with these Bikers, battling to stay alive. How about some coverage, STARLOG? Give us Aussies and *Mad Max II* a go!

Mark Northcott
9 Conygham Avenue
Para Hills
South Australia 5096
Australia

Our coverage on Mad Max II, *which has been retitled* The Road Warrior, *will begin in the next issue with a behind-the-scenes look at the making of this new film from down under.*

SPIELBERG'S ALIENS

. . . I'm excitedly awaiting Steven Spielberg's upcoming SF-spectacular, *ET* (Extra-Terrestrial). It's hardly been mentioned in STARLOG. When is it going to be covered and what ever happened to *Night Skies*, the sequel to *Close Encounters*?

Richard Dominique
119-02 231 Street
Cambria Heights, NY 11411

Due to Spielberg's usual practices of shrouding his films under a cloak of air-tight security, we've only been allowed to present information on ET *starting with this issue ("Log Entries," page 10). During production,* ET *has used such titles as* Boy's Life, The ET and Me *and the aforementioned* Night Skies. *The film premieres June 18th.*

ROBOT RAVES

. . . Your article on the Robot is quite overwhelming. Having grown up in the sixties idolizing that silly machine, I had just about forgotten about him. You lifted the near forgotten memories out of my past and immortalized them on your pages.

Rich West
1038 West 9 Street
Erie, PA 16502

. . . I loved your article on the Robot. No one is a bigger fan of the series than me. However, I want to correct an error. We learned the Robot was model B-9 in the second season episode "Ghost Planet" first. "Deadliest of the Species" was from the third season. Keep up the good work and where's the *Land of the Giants*? episode guide

Frak Murillo
3300 Virginia Avenue
Santa Monica, CA 90404

Land of the Giants *is in the second volume of* TV Episode Guides *which can be ordered from the ad on page 65. The book also contains* Buck Rogers, Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, Kolchak: The Night Stalker, Twilight Zone, Captain Scarlet and the Mysterons, UFO, Planet of the Apes, The Incredible Hulk, Fantastic Journey, The Invaders, *and the first three seasons of* Blake's 7.

BARBEAU FAN

. . . I have just seen the movie *Swamp Thing*. It is a fantastic movie. I enjoy any movie that Adrienne Barbeau puts out. I've seen them all.

Dwayne Trahan
2403 4th Street
Port Arthur, TX 77640

A SPOCK FAN

. . . I love Mr. Spock, too, and it would be a shame if Paramount is doing all this *just* to gain publicity and draw an audience (if they don't know we're out here and alive and well by now. . .). I myself plan on seeing the film several times no matter what Spock's destiny is at the ending of it. Let's remember what happened to George (*Superman*) Reeves. It could well be the fans themselves who kill off Spock from over-reacting. He *is*, after all, just a science-fiction character (excellently played by Mr. Nimoy). But please remember—*more* important than Spock's future, is *Star Trek*'s bottom line theme. . . *our* future.

Frank Zubek
P.O. Box 129
Cleveland, OH 44141



AND NIMOY'S FAN CLUB

. . . Having been one of your first subscribers, I have never written a letter until now, but felt it necessary for several reasons. First of all, I was delighted to see Leonard Nimoy's letter concerning the proposed "death" of Spock. As President of the Leonard Nimoy Association of Fans, his official international club, I have been receiving calls on the phone day and night, and letters from all over the world concerning the various rumors. Being easily accessible is a mixed blessing! I have been the brunt of tyrades about Mr. Nimoy—"killing off" enigma, and various and sundry other rumors that are beyond belief—members of the LNAF will be receiving a more detailed explanation in a bulletin being prepped now, but I am grateful to STARLOG for printing a definitive answer from the *Source*! I would also like to add that one factor was not considered in the excellent comments given by Howard Zimmerman—the blame for the rumors, etc. cannot fall completely on Paramount publicity—there are also a goodly number of fans who misinterpret information, subscribe to the "trades"—i.e. *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter* and do not know how to "read" them, and those who just plain inflate and sensationalize. After dealing with thousands and thousands of fans over the years (I have been involved with clubbing and *Star Trek* since 1966), I could write a book (and Leonard has told me often that I should!). Some of the wacky rumors I have heard are just plain incredible and when I would ask the source, the answer is usually—"Well, I heard it from 'so and so' who heard it from 'such and such' "—the old story goes, you can't believe everything you hear—that's for sure!

I just recently returned from a week on the set of *Star Trek: The Vengence of Khan*, and everything said about it is absolutely true—the security is incredible and I can say nothing about anything at this time, except to thank everyone for making it almost like a homecoming! I know everyone will find it a very interesting and thought-provoking cinematic experience when they see it in June. When I am able to talk about what I saw, LNAF members will receive a complete report (with photos) in a future LNAF publication. Thank you for letting me comment, and for a fantastic magazine! Keep up the good work! May you live long and prosper!

Louise Stange, President
Leonard Nimoy Assoc. of Fans
4612 Denver Court
Englewood, OH 45322

TREK HUMOR

. . . *Bloom County* is a delightful look at some strange people in a small town. But some still get into the *Star Trek* spirit as the enclosed newspaper strip shows. I thought you'd like to see it.

Mike Cash
1100 John Rhode Blvd.
Lot 249
Melbourne, FL 32935



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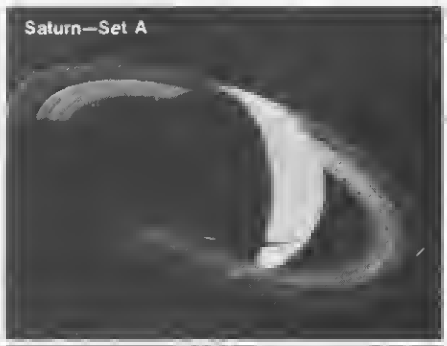



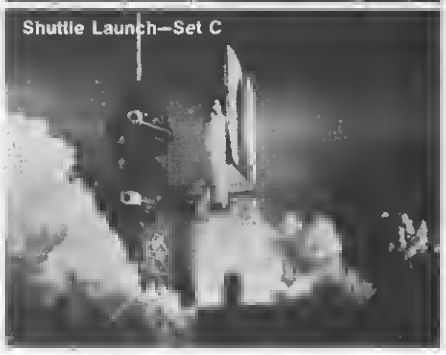

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FAN CLUB UPDATE

In STARLOG #57, we published a directory of fan clubs. Since the release of this issue we have been informed of the following changes:

All inquiries for the *Sime/Gen Welcommittee* should be sent to their new address: c/o Rayna Daughtry, P.O. Box 176, Keeler, CA 93530.

The Bay Area Friends of The Prisoner has been disbanded and fans are requested to inquire into other *Prisoner* clubs in the directory.

DIFFERENT STROKES

. . . I must take exception to Ms. Trimble's article, "The New Space Conventions," in #57. While I wholeheartedly support the space program and welcome science fact exhibits and talks at conventions, I find it exceptionally crude to attack some *Star Trek* fans simply because their preferences may not be the same as my own. "Hedonistic pleasure. . . senseless moths. . . mentally masturbating"—such harsh verbiage seems to me to be beneath someone who professes to believe in the *Star Trek* philosophies, including IDIC. There is an inherent innocence in people gathering simply because they like the same things and want to spend time together. Having NASA exhibits and space advocacy lectures at *Star Trek* and science fiction conventions are great for the people who want them; but I don't see anything wrong, or even anti-space program, in other people gathering in the halls to admire each other's costumes or sitting through slide shows for upcoming movies, if that's what they want to do.

Ms. Trimble has been in fandom a long time, and, maybe, that is her problem. There are many second-generation *Star Trek* fans who haven't yet had an opportunity to experience a "traditional" convention; and why, I'd like to ask, should they be denied that pleasant and pleasurable experience, simply because Bjo Trimble and others like her are bored? Different strokes for different folks, Ms. Trimble. IDIC is what *Star Trek* is all about.

Gail McMasters
1432 South Central St.
Hyde Park, New York 12538 ★



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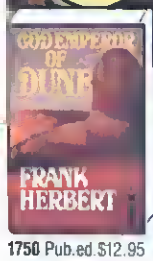

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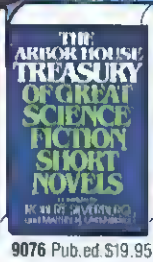

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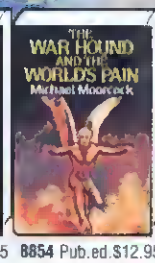

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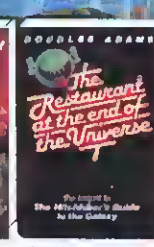

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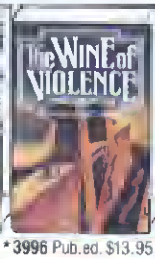

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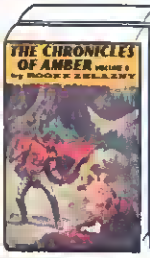

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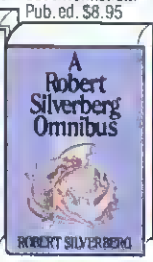

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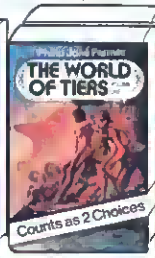

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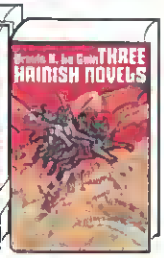

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LOG ENTRIES

LATEST NEWS FROM THE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FACT

"E.T." & "POLTERGEIST"
It's Going to Be a Spielberg Summer

This summer Steven Spielberg will be sending celestial travelers and mischievous ghosts into theaters across the country when his *E.T.* and *Poltergeist* features are released in June.

"It's a science fiction fable," the director says of *E.T.*, releasing June 15. "It's a contemporary fantasy, a fairy tale for the 1980s."

Featured in *E.T.* is 10-year-old Henry (*Raggedy Man*) Thomas as Elliot, "a normal everyday kid growing up in arcades, playing Asteroids, and Galaxy and Pac-Man," says Spielberg. "He's at that stage where he's just bored with everything around him. He watches a lot of television, doesn't read, is starting to look at girls—older girls, 11 or 12, and he's starting to have these feelings like I had when I was ten or eleven years old.

"Elliot's not me," Spielberg adds, "but he's the closest thing to my experiences in my life growing up in the suburbia."

On one star-studded night, Elliot discovers a frightened creature from another planet in his backyard. Separated from his fellow travelers, the extraterrestrial finds safety in Elliot's bedroom closet. With the help of his younger sister, Gertie (Drew Barrymore), and older brother, Michael (Robert Macnaughton), Elliot begins searching for a way to reunite the alien with his own kind.

Written by Melissa (*The Black Stallion*) Mathison, the film is "about human values," explains Spielberg. "It's about the understanding people have towards one another. It's about compassion. It's about heartbreak. And, essentially, what makes it unique is that it is a love story between a young boy and a 600- to 800-year-old extraterrestrial from some unknown planet, somewhere in the "Universe."

"They share so much of what they know about their own environments with each other and they come to have a great understanding for each other's problems. Elliot understands that E.T. is lonely and has to get home to survive, to live, and Elliot must save his life."



PHOTO: © 1982 UNIVERSAL

Director Spielberg arrives on the set of *E.T.* The I.L.M.-built spaceship delivers E.T. and fellow travelers to their first adventure on Earth.

Spielberg adds, "E.T. senses that Elliott is a victim of a separated household. His father's in Mexico with another woman and his mother (Dee Wallace) is trying to recover from the trauma of separation. Within a suburban American household, Elliott's an abandoned child."

According to reports, Spielberg developed a special rapport with the adolescent actors appearing in *E.T.* "You never talk down to kids," he explains. "The minute you try to start talking down to kids, you're not really aware of the cosmic changes this generation has made compared to, let's say, my generation or my parents' generation. It's like night and day. It's amazing. Kids are so much more worldly-wise at 10 than I ever was at 16 and that's a pretty large jump."

On June 4, MGM will release *Poltergeist*, directed by Tobe (*Texas Chainsaw Massacre*) Hooper from a script by executive producer Steven Spielberg. This film marks the reunion of Spielberg with producer Frank Marshall,



PHOTO: © 1982 PARAMOUNT PICTURES

KHAN'S 'VENGEANCE' TURNS TO 'WRATH'

Paramount Pictures has changed the name of *Star Trek: The Vengeance of Khan* to *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan*. The change, which came in early April, was made to avoid confusing the audience between the second *Star Trek* feature film and the third chapter of George Lucas' *Star Wars* series, *Revenge of the Jedi*.

The *Trek* film's original title was *Star Trek: The Genesis Project* which was almost immediately redubbed *Star Trek II*. Later on, just before production began, executive producer Harve Bennett and director Nicholas Meyer, decided to change the name from a roman numeral to a more literary title, *Star Trek: The Undiscovered Country*. The title is derived from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and was in keeping with creator Gene Roddenberry's affection for literary titles (quite a number of *Trek* TV episodes used Shakespearean titles).

After marketing tests, Paramount changed the title to *Vengeance of Khan*. They adopted that title last March and proceeded with production until objections were raised.

According to Paramount, they decided to change from *Vengeance* to *Wrath* as a gesture of good faith to Lucas. They then had to notify all concerned, including Pocket Books (who already had a novelization cover ready), other merchandisers and theater owners, of the change.

Meanwhile, work is already beginning on the tentatively-titled *Star Trek III*. ☆

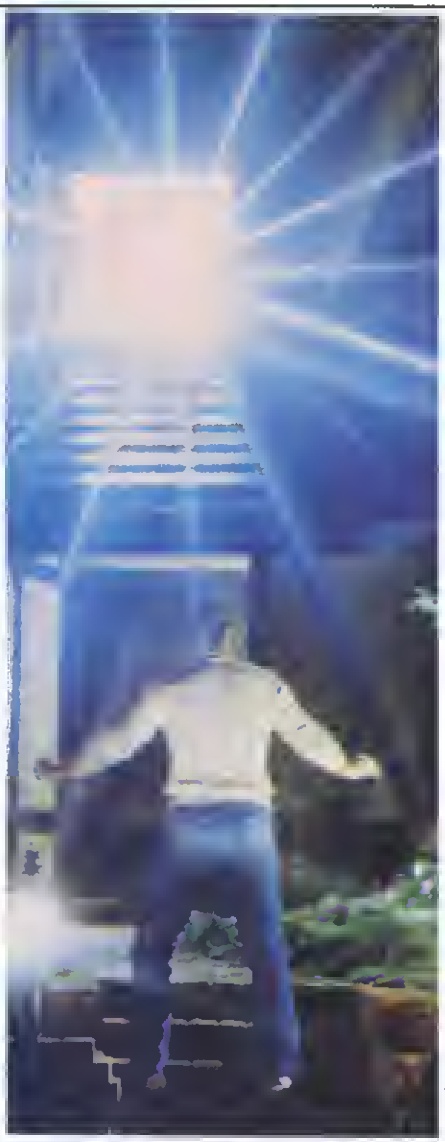


PHOTO: © 1982 MGM

Steve Freeling (Craig T. Nelson) finds his house aglow in *Poltergeist.*

with whom Spielberg teamed on *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Kathleen Kennedy is associate producer.

Poltergeist (translated from its German roots meaning "noisy or mischievous ghosts") is a tale based on the science of parapsychology. Poltergeists have been reported to be responsible for moving furniture, throwing objects and creating flashes of light and electrical charges.

In the film the Freeling household is the site of poltergeist intrusion. Top-billed are JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson as Diane and Steve Freeling, the parents of three children played by Heather O'Rourke, Dominique Dunne and Oliver Robbins.

"The scariest things in life are the normal, mundane situations that suddenly go awry. At first, Diane treats the poltergeist as something like a new toy. It's new, it's different, it seems harmless and it's fun," says JoBeth Williams.

"The last part of the movie takes place during a tremendous storm. We have a newly dug swimming pool in our backyard and at one stage I fall into it, slithering down into the mud and water, with giant wind machines blowing rain on me. I wound up just covered with filth—it was marvelous."

Joining the cast are Beatrice (*Network*) Straight as an expert parapsychologist, Richard Lawson as the scientist Ryan, Marty Cassella and Zelda Rubinstein.

Eighty-five per cent of *Poltergeist* was shot on sound stages at MGM's Culver City Studios where Production Designer Jim Spencer and his crew duplicated the Freeling house and suburban environs shot on location during the first weeks of production.

Heading special effects is Roy Arborgast and his crew: Jeff Jarvis, Mitch Suskin, and Mike Wood. Craig Reardon, assisted by Mike McCracken, handled special make-up effects. Academy Award winner Richard Edlund (*Star Wars, Empire Strikes Back*) is director of cinematography for the Industrial Light and Magic Crew. Other members of the production team include cinematographer Matt Leonetti, film editor Michael Kahn, set director Cheryal Kearney, set designer Bob Matthews and costume designer Anne Lambert.

Producer Frank Marshall discusses *Poltergeist* in depth in FANGORIA #19 (on sale now). ☆



PHOTO: COURTESY TANDY CORP

Dr. Asimov proudly displays Radio Shack's TRS-80 Model II Micro Computer.

SHATNER, ASIMOV SPEAK OUT FOR COMPUTERS



PHOTO: COURTESY COMMODORE COMPUTER

Would you buy a computer from this man? Shatner shows off Commodore's VIC-20.

I may be a coward, but if you force me, I can use it."

Those words, uttered by Isaac Asimov, summed up how the renowned scientist and SF author felt about switching his writing habits to include the use of computers. But that was before the Tandy Corp. left a Radio Shack TRS-80 Model II on his doorsteps.

Since then, Asimov has not only used the home computer to create short stories and the final draft to his latest chapter in the *Foundation* series, *Lightning Rod* (Doubleday, October), but he has become spokesperson for Radio Shack, touting the company's Color Computer, Model II, Model III, Pocket Computer and Digital Stereo in print ads.

Meanwhile, beginning last October, actor William Shatner launched Commodore Business Machines on the biggest advertising campaign of the company's history. Shatner has been promoting the full line of Commodore microcomputer products, including the VIC 20 personal computers, the PET 4000 series, educational and scientific control computers, the CBM 8000 series business computers and the SuperPET advanced 9000 series.

"William Shatner is known throughout the world as a leading actor and as a 'pioneer in outer space' from his *Star Trek* TV shows and movie," says Kit Spencer, vice president of marketing, "and Commodore is known throughout the world as a pioneer in the microcomputer industry. Together we will carry the message of the 21st century technology offered by our product line to many millions of potential customers throughout America during our exciting and extensive ad campaign." Shatner's campaign, expected to run until Christmas, includes print as well as radio and television advertising. ☆

CREATION CON MOVES INTO SF

After 11 years of multi-media and straight comic-book conventions, Creation Conventions hosted their first science fiction convention March 27-28 at the New York Sheraton Hotel.



PHOTO: JOHN CLAYTON/COURTESY CREATION CONVENTIONS, INC

1st prize for costumes to Tyler Smith.

Over 2000 attended the two-day gathering complete with a star-studded guest line-up, dealers' room, costume contest and Creation's famous no-minimum bid auctions. With a very busy summer for genre films coming up, people crowded the programming rooms to watch preview slide shows of *Conan the Barbarian, Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan, Blade Runner, The Thing, Dark Crystal, The Last Horror Film, Deadly Spawn*, and *Swamp Thing* (which hadn't opened in New York at the time).

Things got off to a quick start Saturday morning when, after the *Conan* slides were finished, Sandahl Bergman (who plays Valeria, Queen of Thieves) came on stage to answer questions and start young mens' hearts beating faster. She was followed by the inimitable Dr. Isaac Asimov who spoke off the cuff on just about everything. The good doctor proclaimed that he had handed in a complete manuscript to *Lightning Rod*, the fourth *Foundation* book, due later this year from Doubleday. The work weighed in at 140,000 words, more than any two *Foundation* books combined. He also reported that things are still not firm for the projected *Foundation* film trilogy (see "Log Entries," issue #56), nor was anything happening with the film adaptation of *I, Robot*.

Boris Vallejo showed off some paintings from his new collection, to be published by Ballantine in September, and he answered questions about his working habits and the illustration field. Also explaining how to achieve a different kind of art, Tom Savini displayed some of the gruesome make-ups we can expect in *Creepshow*, the George Romero/Stephen King collaboration opening at the end of the month.

The main programming room was jammed three times—each an appearance by Walter Koenig who spoke about *Trek*. It must have felt very much like the old *Trek* convention days, as he had to stop and ask people to clear the aisles to keep the fire wardens happy. Keeping to his vow of not spilling anything from the plot, he talked about the set's happy atmosphere and tbe *Trek* philosophy. Meanwhile, *Trek* author Howard Weinstein showed slides and spilled a few, but not all, of the beans.

Sunday afternoon featured the costume parade with an interesting array of costumes ranging from *The Micronauts'* Prince Acroyear to a large, alien-construct that was built just two hours before the contest. The alien was fitted atop a large jet propulsion unit complete with control handles. Respecting the fire laws, he remained grounded during the contest. He, of course, captured first prize. ☆

"IRON DREAM" BANNED IN GERMANY

Norman Spinrad's *The Iron Dream*, which Timescape Books will reissue in June ($2.95), has recently been banned in Germany. The decision followed several months of a partial ban which restricted the sale of the book to exclude minors. *The Iron Dream* was first published in the United States in 1972 and its first German publication followed in February 1981 by Wilhelm Heyne Verlag.

The Iron Dream is considered a classic anti-fascist novel, according to David Hartwell, Director of Science Fiction for Timescape Books. When it was published in the United States, *The Iron Dream* was nominated for a Nebula Award. Upon its publication in France, Spinrad received the Prix Apollo award, the French equivalent of the Hugo Award. Previous paperback printings of *The Iron Dream* are out of print and its most recent hardcover reissue by Gregg Press in 1979 is currently out of stock.

In the novel Spinrad, who is the president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, poses the question: Suppose Adolf Hitler, instead of leading the Nazi party and starting World War II, had emigrated to the United States and became a science fiction hack writer? To answer the question, Spinrad created the book within the book, "Lord of the Swastika." It is a science fiction novel written by a pulp writer with Hitler's racial and political sensibilities and writing skills.

News of the initial ban on *The Iron Dream* first reached Spinrad last fall. At that time he requested further information from his German publisher, Wilhelm Heyne Verlag, and editor Wolfgang Jeschke responded:

> "...You ask for this law under which *The Iron Dream* is in danger of being banned....In cases of a book it is as follows: If anybody who reads the book comes to the decision that the work is dangerous for young people, he can go with it to the next police station to give notice to the Ministry of Education and Culture....The Ministry has to check the case by giving it to a mixed commission of which people of churches, different parties and youth organizations, and cultural organizations are members....There was a parity of votes. Not all the members were convinced that young readers are able to see the satirical joke, maybe misunderstand it and—fascinated by the hero—were influenced by racist ideas and the heroic brutality."

Jeschke's letter continued, explaining that because the first hearing had ended inconclusively, there was to be another.

However, after the second commission hearing, in February 1982, *The Iron Dream* was totally banned for sale in Germany. Wilhelm Heyne Verlag is appealing the ban.



In commenting on the ban, Spinrad noted that "both the left and the right wing political factions were trying to get the book banned....The commission is saying *The Iron Dream* promotes fascism and the fascists feel it's denigrating the memory of a great man." ☆

SF DATELINE: HOUSTON

You are in an indoor sports arena sitting in front of an immense stage. Make-up artists scramble with their cosmetics, engineers give a final test to their equipment and advisors whisper last minute suggestions to each other. The arena lights dim, the stage brightens and, for the next few hours, you watch performances by William Shatner, DeForest Kelly, Walter Koenig, James Doohan, George Takei, Nichelle Nichols, Mark Lenard and *Trek* newcomer Kirstie Alley. They are joined by producer Harve Bennett and STARLOG's own Kerry O'Quinn, under a special effects light show.

If this sounds like an SF daydream, you might be surprised to learn that, though it's being billed as The Ultimate Fantasy, these talented people will gather under one roof in Houston, Texas, for a two-day *Trek* festival.

"The Summit, where The Ultimate Fantasy will be, is a most impressive facility that we are proud to be with this year," says Jerome Wilhite, Sr. "We had a stage made special for this show and it will contain over 10 different operations during the show and has eight different types of lighting. It will be doing some things the fans would not expect a stage to do; it appears more as a prop for the show than a stage. The show itself we cannot talk about right now because we are still working on the script to it, but we can say this show is over four hours long and in the round. . . " Regular seats will be going for $30 and stage floor seating will cost $75.

Wilhite and his company, Production Ventures, Inc., expect to be taking the show on the road following its June 19 and 20 premiere. At press time, Wilhite was in the contract stage for bringing the show to Chicago (August 14, 15), Los Angeles, (August 28, 29) New York (September 19), Hawaii (October 17) and England (October 2, 3). In addition to the actors and actresses mentioned above, Wilhite is trying to contract three to five others for those shows.

Production Ventures' will also be celebrating the 14th year of its Houston Conventions. This year's Houston Con, held from June 17-20 at Houston's Shamrock Hilton Hotel, will include guests Wendy and Richard Pini of *Elfquest*, comic artists Jack Kirby, Fred Hembeck and Kerry Gammil with comics scripter Roy Thomas and actor Mark Lenard. Prices for Houston Con are $7 for one day; four days for $21.

For more information on Ultimate Fantasy and/or Houston Con, Production Ventuers, Inc, can be reached at1-800-231-2684.☆

FROM ORK TO SWEETHAVEN: WILLIAMS TACKLES TYPEWRITER



PHOTO: © 1982 WARNER BROTHERS

Robin Williams, who portrayed the zany Orkan named Mork for five years on *Mork and Mindy* and made his feature film debut as Popeye, is coming to the big screen again. This time the young actor/comedian is tackling the role of writer T.S. Garp in Warner's upcoming *The World According to Garp*. Releasing in selected areas this July, with a general release slated for September, *Garp* is based on the best-selling novel by John Irving. Joining Williams in the cast are Glenn Close, Swoosie Kurtz, Jessica Tandy, Mary Beth Hurt and Hume Cronyn. Steve Tesich supplies the screenplay directed by George Roy Hill, who co-produced with Robert Crawford. ☆



Simon champ Frank Modic (right) accepts his winnings with the help of finalists.

IT'S ALL IN THE MEMORY

Oddly enough, several of the 10 finalists in Milton Bradley's $10,000 U.S. Simon Championship had never played the game before the regional playoffs last fall. Simon, introduced in 1978, has sold over several million units and has become the most successful non-video electronic game on the market today.

The finalists (coming from Dallas, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Springfield, MA, New York, Boston, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, and Chicago) were flown into New York March 21 for several days of sightseeing before the championship games on March 25 at the famous New York disco Studio 54. They saw the sights most New Yorkers never bother to see, watched Broadway shows and ate quite well, according to Philadelphia champion Vicki Karr.

Decked in her Simon t-shirt, golden Simon jacket and jeans with a red bandanna holding back her hair, the 17 year old didn't seem fazed by any of the hoopla. "I play a lot of video games and I am good with music so I decided to try it," she said. "Either you have the knack or you don't." The game involves little more than matching the sounds and colors in sequence, made by the battery-operated game. There are three games and four skill-levels to Simon and recently MB introduced Super Simon, doubling the complexity of play.

Karr explained that she decided to try the regional championship for the fun of it. No one was more surprised than Karr when she won $1000 and a trip to New York—her first visit. San Francisco's Marjorie Knettle and New York's Frank Modic were also first-time Simon players.

"I'm the only one who's not nervous," Karr said while sipping a pre-game drink. The interviews with the press, photographers' flashes popping frequently and mounting tension among her competitors didn't bother her at all. In fact, Karr was quite philosophical about the entire experience, saying the money and trip were more than she expected. She also predicted herself to be among the first players to be disqualified. A little while later, she proved herself right.

After song and dance and juggling from *Sugar Babies'* Michael Davis, the four round finals began.

At first, it was player against machine as all 10 tried to outlast the machine and two contestants were eliminated. The second round had the eight break off into pairs (by age since the players ranged from 30 to 11) and play the game which requires the players to add the notes in random sequence. The remaining four paired off for the game where each player is responsible for keeping track of two of the color lenses. Finally, it came down to New York's Modic, 24, and Boston's Jim Ferraro, 17. They played the toughest game; repeating the machine's sequence as the number of tones increased. The two played so well that they exhausted the machine's 31 tone limit and tied. A second round found Ferraro missing early on. He received second prize, a collection of MB games.

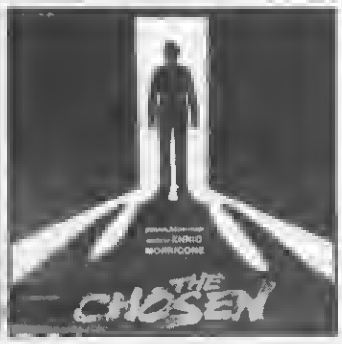
Modic says most of the money will help pay his tuition at Columbia Medical School, where he is in his second year. The rest, well, he said he'll just have to think about it. ☆

(continued on page 16)

SOUNDTRACK SPECTACULAR



FORBIDDEN PLANET
Original electronic soundtrack music in stereo from the SF classic.



THE CHOSEN
Ennio Morricone's score musically links the mysterious events and violent deaths.



PRINCE OF THE CITY
The current hit movie starring Treat Williams. Scored by Paul Chihara



BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS
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Sensational DePalma thriller.
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First U.S. issue of original Italian pressing of the Ennio Morricone score



THE HOWLING
Pino Donaggio's latest horror score is exciting and richly symphonic.



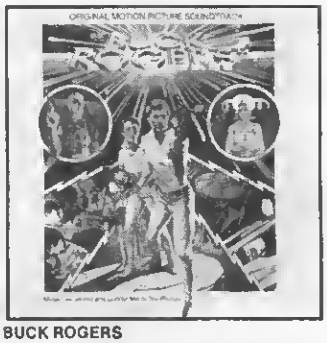
ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK
Original soundtrack album from John Carpenter's hit film.



VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED
Lalo Schrifrin's exciting soundtrack adventure /drama score.



TOUCH OF EVIL
Joseph Gershenson conducts thriller music by Henry Mancini.



BUCK ROGERS
The original motion picture soundtrack, composed and conducted by Stu Phillips.



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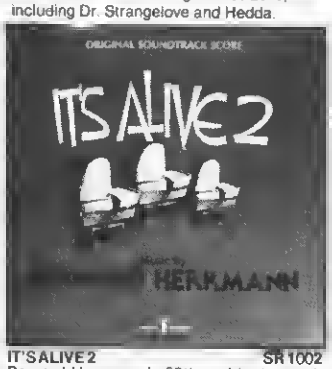

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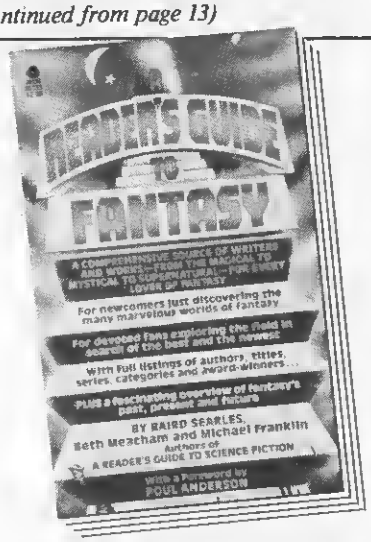
(continued from page 13)



"A READER'S GUIDE TO FANTASY"

Have you travelled on *The Ship of Ishtar* or the *Glory Road*? Visited *Islandia, Atlan* or *Gormenghast*? Met *Conan* or *The Last Unicorn*?

Whether you're a fantasy newcomer or a devoted fan, *A Reader's Guide to Fantasy* (Avon, $2.95) might be the next addition to your book collection.

The guide is written by Beth Meachan, Michael Franklin and Baird Searles, co-owner of Manhattan's Science Fiction Shop. The three authors have spent years answering the tens of thousands of questions of their customers and the answers to those questions are found in the *Guide to Fantasy*.

The guide, which includes a foreword by Poul Anderson, contains full listings of authors, titles, series, categories and award winners with an overview of the past, present and future of the genre. ☆

CONAN CUTS UP AUDIENCE, TRIMS FILM

February's sneak previews of *Conan the Barbarian* in Houston and Dallas are said to be among the most successful sneaks in recent Hollywood memory. This gave Universal the idea to launch 30 simultaneous *Conan* sneaks across the country in mid-March. Again, reaction was overwhelming—extra showings were scheduled in many cities and even then people had to be turned away.

Reaction was enthusiastic but many felt the two hour, 10 minute movie dragged in spots. Director John Milius took the film back for trimming. According to Associate Producer Edward Summer, five or six minutes have been cut from the film's last reel—during the Battle of the Mounds and Conan's final confrontation with Thulsa Doom. Summer reported that some sound remixing was being done to accomodate the trims and assured the public that no story elements were cut.

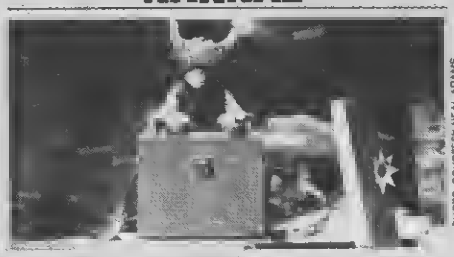
The newly cut film was taken from city to city for critics' previews and STARLOG and FANGORIA subscribers in Seattle, Chicago, Atlanta, New York and Washington, D.C. were invited to special preview showings in late April, courtesy of Universal Pictures.

For actress Sandahl Bergman's (Valeria) feelings about the way the film turned out, tune in next issue for an exclusive interview.☆



Valeria (Sandahl Bergman) protects Conan's body from demon spirits.

NEAL ADAMS "NANNAZ"



Nannaz's superhero monkey.

Neal Adams was one of the prime talents behind the comics revival of the sixties; his interpretation of *The Batman* changed the perspective of the character from camp to serious consideration for an upcoming feature film. Adams was also instrumental in getting Jerry Siegal and Joe Shuster financial and creative consideration in the mid-seventies.

Adams moved out of mainstream comics several years ago, starting Continuity Associates in 1972 with Dick Giordano (now managing editor at DC Comics), and began producing storyboards and artwork for advertising agencies.

Now, Adams has moved into a new phase of the graphic medium: film.

After taking classes at the famed New York University Film School, and producing several short films, Adams decided to take the bold step and produce/direct his own full length, live-action theatrical feature.

The feature is *Nannaz*, and by the time you read this, it should be edited, and ready to be presented to distributors for consideration.

Nannaz is the name of the main character of the film: a stuffed toy monkey that is appropriately dressed in a superhero costume. Does this mean Nannaz is a new breed of hero? Well, sort of.

Anyone who is familiar with Adams' comics work is well aware of bis surreal sense of storytelling, and the bizarre characters that inhabited the worlds of *The Spectre* and *X-Men*. The same holds true for *Nannaz*.

The story is simple, yet complicated. It involves two children (Zia Adams and Jason Adams). Their father, an inventor, has a device that will be picked up by a mysterious American intelligence agency. It is contained in a box. It is also worth FOUR MILLION DOLLARS. But what is this McGuffin? That is the mystery. That is also what three pairs of hired killers are after, the spoils of which will be sold on an international black market to the highest bidder!

The children are menaced, pursued, and attacked by the killers—their protector: the toy superhero monkey, Nannaz. One by one, the killers are dispatched by the machinations of this toy: could it be by accident—or is there something more to this?

The various sets of killers are played by actors wbose names would be most familiar to comic fans: Gray Morrow, Larry Hama, Ralph Reese, Denys Cowan, Dave Manak, Jay Scott Pike (assistant to the magician, The Amazing Randi) and Moses Figuroa. Michael Sullivan, effects expert, onetime art director to *National Lampoon* and contributor to FUTURE LIFE also makes a cameo appearance; he also designed the mechanics of the "McGuffin." ☆

SIXTH ANNIVERSARY NEWS AND NOTES

ALEXANDER AND ILYA SALKIND, the producers of the two *Superman* movies, finally settled their three-year-old lawsuits with author Mario Puzo and Marlon Brando (see issue #46 for details). The *Los Angeles Times* reported in April that the Los Angeles Superior Court suits were settled for an estimated $10 million split between the two plaintiffs. Both were suing the producers for participation profits from the first movie which has grossed $200 million according to Warner Brothers. Details of the settlements were sealed by request from the Salkinds and Warner... *STARFLIGHT ONE*, a three hour telefilm for ABC, goes into production this month at Filmways. The story is about "the first hypersonic passenger plane, marooned in outer space, helpless... ready for certain death." John Dykstra is providing the special effects; screenplay comes from Robert Malcolm Young and Edward DiLorenzo. The telefilm is directed by Jerry Jameson and it is produced by Peter Nelson and Arnold Orgolini. Executive Producer Henry (The Fonz) Winkler expects filming to wrap by fall... IT'S IN THE STARS: Michael Douglas plays a judge in *Star Chamber* for Twentieth-Century Fox before making his own extra-terrestrial flick, *Star Man*, for Columbia. Also, *Starfire* is the working title of a science-fiction film to be produced by Steven Spielberg and directed by Brian DePalma. Beforehand, DePalma begins work on *Act of Vengeance* this fall... STARLOGGERS cannot forget her stunning performance in *Battle Beyond the Stars* and Sybil Danning is a name you'll probably be hearing more frequently this year. Firstly, she has been signed to replace Mary Stavin as the Queen in in Cannon Films' upcoming $6 million *Hercules*, starring Lou Ferrigno in the title role. Danning will also star with Ferrigno in *The Gladiators* and then with Miles (Tarzan) O'Keefe in a barbarian vs. invading aliens film called *Forbidden Land*. She'll take on the role of an international troubleshooter, part-Modesty Blaise, part-James Bond, in a film entitled *Black Diamond*. In addition, she has been rumored to be a possibility as the next villain to face James Bond in United Artists' upcoming *Octopussy*. She may also star in Roger Corman's *The Barbarians* which brings us to her two hot-selling posters, released from Pro-Arts, the people who made Farrah, Bo and Cheryl (both of them) household names... SEAN CONNERY also gets to team with Miles O'Keefe in the Arthurian classic *Sir Gwain and the Green Knight*. It's being turned into a film by Cannon to be called *Sword of the Valiant*. ☆



Superman law suits settled



Ferrigno: From Hulk to Hercules



Sybil Danning has a busy year ahead of her.

MORE "HITCH-HIKER'S" ON THE WAY

During his recent publicity tour to promote the U.S. release of *Restaurant at the End of the Universe* (Crown Publishers), Douglas Adams stopped to chat and tell STARLOG what the future holds for fans of *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy*. Although fans have hoped that someone would import the six-part BBC-TV series, Adams announced that ABC-TV will be re-making the series with an American cast. "All things going well," Adams reported, "it should start going out in the fall. I met the guy who's directing it, and as far as it's possible to tell, I thought he seemed to be very, very much in tune with it—actually more in tune with it than the TV director we had in England. There are a lot of good people involved. The guy who's doing the design is Ron Cobb who did the famous bar scene in *Star Wars*. He's a cartoonist as well, so he'll have a sense of humor. I hadn't heard of him before, but everyone in the business says, 'Oh, great! Terrific! You're onto a winner there.' "

Adams is currently finishing off the third *Hitch-Hiker's* book, entitled *Life, the Universe and Everything*, which will be released first in England this August.

"Probably the next major thing I'd work on will be a non-science-fiction humorous book, but in the meantime, I'm doing one or two other bits and pieces. Curiously enough, I'm going to go and do a magazine feature on the Coral Reefs in the Red Sea for *The Observer* and the Royal Wildlife Fund, which I'm looking forward to doing. I'm also probably going to be doing a serious reference book with John Lloyd, the producer of *Not the 9 O'Clock News*." ★



David Dixon, left, as Ford Prefect and Simon Jones as Arthur Dent from the BBC series.

The Re-Making of STAR TREK

In the wake of 1979's critically panned Star Trek: The Motion Picture, Paramount Pictures decided to give it one more shot. With very little money, but a lot of talent and enthusiasm, both the cast and crew of Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan realized that film-making can be fun as well as grueling.

By ED NAHA

"How would I sum up this movie?" veteran actor DeForest Kelley, one of the stars of *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan* reflects. "How about. . . *this* is *Star Trek I*."

Kelley's enthusiasm about Paramount Pictures' second feature film version of Gene Roddenberry's epic television series, *Star Trek*, seems to be contagious on Paramount's Hollywood lot, spreading to the movie's cast and crew alike.

"This film is everything the first movie *should* have been," echoes Art Director Mike Minor. "It *is Star Trek*."

These sentiments are being echoed throughout the offices of Paramount where, at this writing—some two months before the film's actual release—there are already plans being made for *Star Trek III*.

To fully understand the uniqueness of this enthusiasm, one has to go back to the beginnings of *Star Trek*. Never in its history has it ever been considered a "sure thing" before. During its three year run on network television, *Trek* was always in hot water. Creator/producer Gene Roddenberry was constantly at odds with both the studio and network brass; they battled over everything from the number of women aboard the *Enterprise* to the shape of Spock's ears.


U.S.S. RELIA







Above: The *Reliant*, under the command of Khan, has been dealt a severe blow from the *Enterprise*. Top right: Spock meditates in his quarters. Below right: Kirk greets a suspicious David Marcus.

Making matters even more frustrating, NBC, never realizing the show's potential, kept changing the series' weekly time slot, pushing it further and further into a ratings' Twilight Zone. Only a flood of protest mail saved the show from cancellation during its second season. The show limped along for a third but, by this time, a protesting Roddenberry had left the creative picture. One year after its final network showing, *Trek* went into syndication and, by the mid-1970s, was something of a cultural phenomenon.

Nearly 10 years after the show's cancellation, Paramount realized the extent of the reruns' popularity (the merchandizing alone earning the studio millions of dollars a year). The studio contacted Roddenberry and a new and improved *Star Trek* was proposed. Paramount did not know (nor particularly care) exactly what format the new *Trek* should take. First there was talk of a TV series. Then, a mini-series. Then, a TV movie. Then, a theatrical release.

During this time period, a slightly flustered Roddenberry sat in a large office on the Paramount lot, grimacing as studio brass paraded a host of leading science-fiction writers onto the lot for story discussions. They all, of course, were considered improper for the world of *Trek*. At one point, a well-known writer sitting next to Roddenberry in an exec's office, was calmly told that the studio was interested in doing a theatrical film that would incorporate storylines involving both Ancient Astronauts and Incas.

Star Trek was not exactly soaring on the lot.

The success of *Star Wars* triggered a reaction at the studio, however. *Star Trek* would be made as a film. . . but a television film. Sets were constructed. An outline was whipped into shape with a script soon to follow. But in the midst of pre-production Paramount decided that *Trek* was too big for a mere TV presentation and, so, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* was born.

Robert Wise was signed to direct. The script was hastily fussed with. Sets were destroyed and rebuilt. Effects technicians were hired and fired. The budget ballooned to $40 million plus and the movie was released in the Christmas season of 1979.

Visually impressive, the movie was, in a word, dull. And, although it turned a global profit of over $175 million, *Star Trek: The Motion Picture* was not the classy class reunion everyone had hoped for. And so, seemingly, the *U.S.S. Enterprise* vanished into cinematic limbo.

Keep On Trekkin'

Harve Bennett sits in the Paramount Pictures dining room and laughs aloud. He is obviously a very pleased fellow. As the executive producer of *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan*, he is at the helm of what could be the biggest film of the summer of '82.

The buzz around the studio concerning the film is wildly enthusiastic. Director Nicholas Meyer (*Time After Time*) has just showed the director's cut on the lot and, even without most of the special-effects scenes included, Paramount brass are thrilled.

Bennett is doubly proud of this accomplishment. For one thing, this is the first theatrical film for the seasoned TV producer (*The Six Million Dollar Man, The Bionic Woman, The Powers of Matthew Star*). He is also the author of the storyline upon which the final screenplay is based. In short, it seems as if Bennett has pulled off the impossible. He has resurrected a property that most people considered passe. Accordingly, he is quite pleased with himself. His pride, however, is tempered with a healthy dose of self-effacing humor.

"Fate," he shrugs. "It was fate that led me to this film.

"I have to backtrack a moment to explain all this," he continues. "I live with a wonderful lady who's been the joy of my life for years. She is a Trekker. She is, was, and always will be a Trekker. During our long time together, I've been force-fed *Star Trek* re-runs. . . literally.

"She'd be sitting there, in front of her TV set, and I'd be moaning 'How many times do we have to see these things?' She'd sit there like a stage mother, muttering, 'Now watch. Spock is going to say *this*.' She'd recite the dialogue with the characters. I'd say clever things like 'Look! Why do you persist in watching this stuff when you know everything that's going to happen?' Her response was 'Shhhhh.'

"Since I always was being told to shut up during the 17th showing of 'The Tholian Web,' I finally gave in and started watching. I became hooked.

"I became fascinated by the show. You see, although I'd never watched it before, I've always had sort of a peripheral involvement with it. My first successful show was *The Mod Squad*. It competed with *Trek* one season. We even filmed on the same lot. I

used to see Leonard walking by with his ears on but I never actually saw his work.

"I knew Roddenberry but had never worked with him. The times we met I liked him a lot. For some odd reason, I've always been drawn to paramilitary types. I'm a pilot. Gene was a pilot. One thing I've always perceived in *Star Trek* was the fine hand of that odd paramilitary mind that was trying to preach peace. That's a very interesting effect, rivaled in intensity only by the feelings of, let's say, a reformed drunk. You've seen the horror. Now, you want to save others from it.

"I had a very close relationship with the late Gene Coon as well, *Trek*'s line producer. I worked with Gene a lot during the last years of his life when we were both at Universal. Interestingly enough, Coon was also a paramilitary man. Crew-cut. The whole bit. He was an ex-marine who preached peace because of his own experiences in war.

"A few years ago, when I came to Paramount for a three-year contract deal, I found myself a bachelor. My lady had moved out. I was sitting with Michael Eisner, the head of the studio, in his office. The studio hadn't lost all interest in *Star Trek* at that point. He asked me if I'd be interested in making *Star Trek II*. It was to be a television movie with the potential for theatrical release. My answer was, having seen all the episodes of *Trek*, knowing and respecting both Roddenberry and Coon and wanting that woman back in my life. . . YES!

"Ironically, some months later, my lady and I were back together. She was helpful in guiding me through all this.

"I began watching *Star Trek* from a scholastic point of view. 'Let's watch the reruns' became 'let's go to the projection room with some cassettes and take notes.' I began to develop my own sense of what episodes were meaningful to me. It's out of those viewings that this movie was born. I was really drawn to an episode called 'Space Seed,' wherein a 20th century genetic superman named Khan attempts to take over the *Enterprise*. There was a magic to that confrontation between Kirk and Khan. Sheer magic."

Khan Returns

It was during the initial period of writing the first draft for the movie that Bennett began getting nervous about the project that was then called *Star Trek II*. "Taking on the responsibility of handling a property that had become both a legend and a sub-culture was awesome," he says.

"To be honest, I thought the first movie was boring. I thought that, taking into account my affection for the material, I could at least make a movie that wasn't dull. I knew this film would be more successful dramatically but. . . .

"Let's face it, I was taking another man's ideas and premises and trying to do something on my own. As the cast members became involved, however, I got a lot of helpful hints. Roddenberry supported us, too. Since he wasn't producing this film (*Note: Roddenberry is listed as "Consultant"*), there were some strained feelings at first. Later on, he really got into it. I think we now have a very healthy respect for each other. He gave a lovely speech in the projection room one day about how proud he was to be associated with this film."

The final story that screenwriter Jack B. Sowards came up with based on Bennett's ideas finds the *U.S.S. Enterprise*, the pride of the 23rd century's Starfleet, out on a training mission. Spock (Leonard Nimoy) is in command of the ship with Admiral James T. Kirk (William Shatner) a mere observor. Sulu (George Takei), Uhura (Nichelle Nichols), Dr. McCoy (DeForest Kelley) and Chief Engineer Montgomery Scott (James Doohan) are also onboard to monitor the actions of a gaggle of Starfleet cadets (Nicholas Guest, Bill Baker, Brian Davis, Ree Kai, Kim Ryusaki, Sergio Valentino).

Watching the cadets earn their wings a bit dourly is Spock's exotic protege, Lt. Saavik (Kirstie Alley), a beautiful alien, half-Vulcan/half-Romulan.

Yet another new face onboard is Scotty's nephew, Midshipman First Class Peter Preston (Ike Eisenmann), an energetic lad more than willing to prove his worth aboard the *Enterprise*.

Meanwhile, in deep space, Federation Starship *U.S.S. Reliant* is busy seeking out deserted planets for the top secret Genesis Project, when they encounter a supposedly empty world containing readings of lifeforms. Captain Clark Terrell (Paul Winfield) and Commander Pavel Chekov (Walter Koenig) check in with the Genesis Project's chief scientists, Dr. Carol Marcus (Bibi Besch) and son David (Merritt Butrick), to get an okay to check out the planet's surface and remove the lifeforms; transporting them to a healthier environment.

Reaching the planet, Ceti Alpha V, Terrell and Chekov accidentally run into a colony of ragged humanoids; a tribe of embittered, blood-thirsty people led by exiled genetic superman Khan (Ricardo Montalban).

Torturing his captives, Khan learns of the Genesis machine, a device capable of either giving or destroying life. The machine is hidden aboard space laboratory Regula One. Khan has but one goal. . . to take over the *Reliant*, steal the Genesis Project and, if need be, destroy half the Universe in order to wreak havoc upon his old arch-rival, the man who sent him into exile 15 years ago. . . James T. Kirk!

With a finished script in hand, Bennett and producer Robert S. Sallin started to assemble a creative staff in their efforts to re-launch the *Enterprise* onto the wide screen.

Pre-Launch

With only a $10 million budget to work with, Bennett realized that he had to get some of the most orderly yet creative minds in the business to help him recreate the world of *Star Trek*.

Producer Sallin is an old friend of Bennett's. "He's one of the best TV commercial men around," says Bennett. "I've known him for years. He's the calm, efficient person. I'm the scatterbrained slob."

Joe Jennings, a *Trek* TV veteran who's involvement with the first film was abruptly cut short when it became a theatrical venture (he then went on to design *Shogun*), was hired back as production designer. *Trek: The Motion Picture* veterans Mike Minor and Lee Cole were tapped as art director and graphic designer, respectively. Gayne Rescher was hired as cinematographer, Werner Keppler for makeup. Still smarting from the legends surrounding the first film's effects botch-ups (re-done at the 11th hour by Doug Trumbull), Bennett and Paramount hired Goerge Lucas' ILM outfit to helm visual whammies.

"I've viewed the entire process as a series of mine fields I've had to walk through," says Bennett. "I started off alone and wound up with a lot of people by my side. Any one of those mines could have prematurely ended this project. Would Shatner do it? Would



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Director Meyer goes through a scene with Shatner.

Nimoy do it? Would various members of the cast do it? During various times during pre-production, I didn't think I had Leonard; I didn't think I had Bill.

"I didn't even know whether we could do the *Star Trek* concept with the budgetary restrictions we initially had. I didn't want to make the mistake of the first picture and hatch a film that would be a special-effects nightmare as well as a bad dream fiscally and in terms of time. We planned everything meticulously. By the time we had a finished script we had everything planned so we could practically shoot the whole film in sequence.

"The script, however, didn't please everybody. At the last minute, we couldn't get DeForest Kelley. We straightened that out. Then, the last mine field in terms of casting was George Takei. Let's face it, there's just so much you can do in terms of economic storytelling and still give seven cast members roles that are worthy of their talents. George's part was the least inventive. He said 'I don't want to be a bus driver in space again.' I didn't know what to do. I already had a two-hour movie in my hands. I couldn't add a scene. We eventually found one scene where we could give him a wonderful bit of business to do."

With the cast assembled (on paper), it was then up to the technical crew to go full speed ahead and come up with imaginative (yet economic) sets for the movie. *Star Trek II* was to be a fairly remarkable movie in terms of contemporary Hollywood standards—It was to be shot entirely on the Paramount lot.

Stage 9 contained the familiar *U.S.S. Enterprise* sets (bridge, transporter room, sick bay, engine room, etc.) while stages 5, 8 and 18 were reserved for some of the film's more bizarre settings.

According to graphics expert Lee Cole, none of the designing or construction was easy. "Because of the budget," she says, "we recycled every fragment of the old sets for this movie. That was quite a challenge. In this movie, the *Enterprise* has a different look. Joe Jennings, Mike Minor and I always tried to keep the look of the ship very crisp and military-like. The first film's designer, however, wanted it to look more like a shopping mall. That movie was very philosophical and future-technology oriented. This film is a lot livelier. More exciting."

Mike Minor elaborates. "I thought the first movie was pretty washed out, visually. It bad no heart. It was stiff. Part of that can be traced back to the design element. During the first picure, all the sets were buttoned up. In other words, the bridge was built as one, solid structure. It could never be opened up to get a camera into it for a better angle. That camera was going to be inside a *real* ship and we were going to wander around the vessel with it in a very slow, stately manner. That situation forced the filmmakers into a corner. They had to use very dim lighting on the sets. They couldn't let the proper amount of lights onto them because everything was so cramped.

"Plus, they had to dim the lighting even further in order to record all the console screen designs. In the first movie, the screens were 8mm and 16mm film loops being projected onto monitors. The dull lighting gave the whole ship a rather gloomy, dull atmosphere. In this film, everything is lively, bright.

"They made the bridge set totally wild. All 11 sections of the bridge, as originally designed by Joe Jennings back in 1977, were unbuttoned, disconnected. We could pull sections out like you pull out slices of a pie and get that camera in there on a 12-foot crane. We could get that camera to swoop and dive and dolly and truck. There's a lot more action aboard the ship this time out. You race down the corridors. You have the image of the *Enterprise* whizzing right past you.

"Nick Meyer and Gayne Rescher plotted out ways to make that tiny bridge seem very impressive. The camerawork is very fluid. It's always doing something. The ship is a lot brighter looking, snappier."

On Board

Aside from a crisper, brighter look, *The Enterprise* went through some design changes as well. "We cut the Klingon set from the first film in half," says Lee Cole. "Part of it is now the torpedo room aboard the *Enterprise*. Part of it became the transporter room of the space station. I very carefully had to cut out all the Klingon writing.

"You see more of the ship in this film. You see the torpedo room. You see the inner workings of sick bay. You see the living quarters. We also improved the bridge quite a bit. We added a lot of detailing. Nick Meyer loved little flashing lights and do-dads.

"We also altered the video screens aboard pretty dramatically. We removed all the rear-projection film set-ups from the first movie. They never really showed up that well. We installed real video units. That was a real job because there were no existing video TVs that would fit in that console. We had to custom build a video system. We now have real video units all over the bridge and throughout the medical lab. We transferred all the old films from the original movie to tape and added a lot of new stuff. About ⅓ of the material you'll see on the screens was made by me at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

"We revamped Kirk's quarters as well, giving it a homey feel. Kirk's room is sort of naval looking. He has pieces of personal paraphernalia and equipment all over the place. There's also a coffee table area with chairs. We later redressed that set and re-used it as Spock's quarters. Spock's room reflects a more religious or philosophical lifestyle. Because of his monastic training, he has a meditation chamber that, in Kirk's quarters, would be a 1930s-esque breakfast nook. Spock has a very fascinating metallic tapestry in that area that symbolized the Vulcan IDIC. His room is almost monk-like."

The art staff also had to come up with some off-ship sets that, in a word, were unusual. "But the difficulty involved is part of the job," says designer Joe Jennings. "Science fiction, in terms of design, is frought with problems. You're out there on a limb all by yourself and you don't know for sure just what you have to invent. You're dealing with materials of today that you're trying to make look like materials of tomorrow. Plus, you're always forced to coordinate the live action material with the effects.

"We had one set that was a real headache to build. In the center of this one planet is an interior paradise, we called it the Eden Cave. We had the problem of building the inside of this huge bubble, a huge onyx stone, marble, whatever. Then we had to integrate that into a rather sizable matte painting. We were really out on a limb there. We knew what we wanted but didn't exactly know how to pull it off. Usually, you figure out how to do these things by the time you're finished building the set."

"We had to fight to get that set into the film," laughs Minor. "At first, the director and the producer couldn't see what we were trying to do. I could understand that. We were trying to visualize something that had never been attempted before. We were constructing a set that was *pure* science fiction. Eventually, people came around to our way of thinking and got very excited about all this."

When describing the new *Trek*'s sets, Minor sounds a bit like a kid on Christmas morning. "It's going to amaze people," he bubbles. "We have a few exterior scenes that were shot on interior sets. I defy anyone to find any way to tell that certain planet scenes were not done outside on location."



Shatner bestows an official welcome on producer Harve Bennett in this *Enterprise* family portrait.

Chez Khan

Indeed, the Ceti Alpha V home planet set of Khan defied description off-screen as well as on. Taking up nearly all of Paramount's Stage 8, it was a maze of sand and skyscape. A huge cyclorama depicting an eerie atmosphere and horizon was hung around the walls of the stage. The set itself consisted of man-made sand dunes, rolling hills and oddly shaped rock formations. Some of the dunes dropped at an angle of 45 degrees, sloping off

the elevated stage level and into off-stage pits.

At one end of the stage, half-buried in the "surface" of the planet, stood a series of cargo carriers which served as the make-shift dwelling for Khan's clan. To simulate the planet's dense atmosphere, huge wind and smoke machines whipped yellow-tinged dirt across the stage. While directing these scenes, Nick Meyer and the entire production crew wore surgical masks, protective clothing and goggles. Paul Winfield and Walter Koenig, who were required to do many of their scenes on that stormy set, wore helmeted space suits. They were "directed" by Meyer via walkie-talkie.

"We have all sorts of wild stuff in this film," Minor continues. "We had to design a floating space station that's sort of a Manhattan Project in space. Because of time and budgetary considerations, we were forced to make quite a lot of cuts. I think our original design budget came in for less than a million dollars. Paramount told us to shave that by a third! But you know, we were all so into this, we found ways to work around any and all obstacles.

"For instance, we have simple limbo sets that, the way they were lit and photographed, really stretch the audience's imaginations. The sets look a hell of a lot better on screen then they do in reality. That's the magic of illusion.

"And wait until you see the effects shots! It was fun designing them. You see, the *Enterprise* can really be difficult to deal with in space. It's a sculpture, really. It's not a junk ship. The Lucas ships in *Star Wars* all have layer upon layer of stuff glued on top of each other which may be visually thrilling but is not particularly accurate. The *Enterprise* is an aerodynamic shape. If you film it wrong, it can look silly.

"We really worked on placing the *Enterprise* in good positions for the flying sequences. Plus, we had to come up with a second starship, the *Reliant*. Now, the *Reliant* was a problem because, although a starship, it couldn't look like the *Enterprise*. When they're battling each other you have to be able to tell the good guys from the bad guys. You couldn't have the same ship coming at you first, from the left side of the screen and, then, from the right. You'd go crazy!"

"Basically," injects Lee Cole, "we redesigned the *Enterprise* for the *Reliant*. It's the *Enterprise* with a roll bar. It was a photon cannon and a lot of military looking details. The *Reliant* is designed to look like an earlier model starship because the *Enterprise* is supposed to be the state of the art in terms of starship technology."

"We have great distance and perspective shots designed for those two ships," Minor concludes. "You have the *Enterprise*, this gigantic mass, sliding into the foreground. In the background, you have the *Reliant* moving forward. You have the feeling of both mass and movement."

Lift-Off

With sets still under construction, production on Paramount Pictures' *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan* began on Monday, November 9, 1981. All production personnel were required to wear identification badges with photographs. No visitors were allowed on the set. Stages 9, 5, 8 and 18 were declared "closed sets," not to only the press but to everyone not actually involved with the movie. Scripts were considered top secret and actors and crew members were sworn not to betray any plot information to ANYone.

Into this very serious situation, strode director Nicholas Meyer, a very young, very hip, very creative movie-maker as prone to a wisecrack as he is a wise move. Recalling his first encounter with the *Star Trek* phenomenon, Meyer smiles. "Boy, did I feel intimidated. In fact, I *still* feel intimidated. I mean, this is a multi-million dollar movie. There were always guys with suits around, worrying. I was dealing with an institution here, a cast who'd done the show for 15 years. And there's little Nicky Meyer.

"My biggest worry? That I'd screw the movie up." He warms up to his well thought-out comedy routine. "I could have screwed it up in any number of fun ways. I could have pointed the camera in the wrong direction, gotten everything out of focus, gotten bad performances out of people, screwed up the effects. You know, the usual stuff.

"Hey, let's face it. A lot of people may consider me a strange choice for director. The reason I wanted to do it wasn't because I was a big fan of the TV show. I hardly knew anything about it. I liked the script. It was wonderful. I saw the first movie and realized that the biggest element that was missing from it was the human element. I don't know much about SF but I know a lot about people.

"What I wanted to do was to take the *Star Trek* characters very seriously. The phrase I used a lot was 'make it real.' I wanted these familiar characters to come across as *real* people. I wanted them to do *real* things, even if they were really mundane things. I started out by saying 'Why don't we ever see Kirk read a book?' All these people seem so disembodied out there in space. Let's give them some real presence.

"The result? A lot of people are going to be very surprised by what they get in this film. *Star Wars* it ain't. It's not a shoot 'em up. It's got shooting in it but it's not a space warfare film. I've never had any desire to do a film about spaceships. I did have the desire to make a movie about the people aboard them, however. This is a moving, intelligent, sophisticated film."

He pauses for a moment before adding. "The backbone of this movie is a combination of three things: *The Adventure of Captain Horatio Hornblower, Run Silent Run Deep* and a third factor I won't mention. And, for the record folks, this is one *serious* movie." ★

NEXT MONTH: *On the set with Nicholas Meyer, Harve Bennett, William Shatner, Nichelle Nicholes, Walter Koenig, DeForest Kelley, Lee Cole and Mike Minor as production begins.*

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FAN SCENE

By Bjo Trimble

The Real Trimbles



Fans ask us what the Trimbles do, besides live in science-fiction fandom, or they ask Lora what it's like to be the daughter of WKFs (Well-Known Fans). Now really, folks, we are perfectly normal people with very ordinary lives, relatively speaking. We aren't some rare species of "actifan" who can live on air (or smog) with no visible means of support; we aren't Martians; we aren't even really outstanding-looking people. Trust me, I know some people who live such outre lives, *ours* is positively passive in comparison!

We live in a wide-streeted old established Wilshire area house built in the 1920s (with the plumbing to prove it!) and have been here almost 12 years. This is a change from my former gypsy life where a move every year was expected and frequent moves every few months not unusual. I've never lived so long in any one place. Our house is one of those large old square things which nobody wanted at that time, so it sold cheaply (the only way we could afford it) and we've spent the subsequent time working on one form or other of renovation. So cautious have our fan friends become of being invited over for dinner, they *ask* if they're going to be put to work walling in the basement or helping rewire the upstairs hall!

It's a good street for raising children; we selected it because it was a healthily mixed neighborhood. Every year, an organizer gets city permission to put up barriers and we hold a block party. One year, it was suggested we bring something ethnic to the potluck, so one of the black neighbors brought pizza, saying, "It's *ethnic*, isn't it?" We have games, get-acquainted talks, and the local police drop by—just in time to taste everyone's potluck contribution—to see how things are going. Last year, a few people from the next block came by and looked so wistful we invited them in, too. This kind of thing can spread!

John is not a gardener, and my writing has prevented my getting back to the earth as often as I'd like, so we've had to make an effort to convince the neighbors that our front yard is a California Endangered Flora Preserve. Jaundiced neighbors point out that nobody's designated the dandelion as being in danger of becoming extinct! Oh well, it was a good try.

We are probably not the most ideal neighbors for a quiet single-family residential block, because we don't just have visitors now and then, but *droves* of them. Along with exchange students every few months, we have people who want to use the press in the basement, people dropping by for costuming, and fans bringing items they think might be useful for Something; they don't know what, but it was good to throw away.

Two cats reside at our house, both of them part Himalayan (the "long-haired Siamese") and part "American Standardbred" (alley-cat). They have beautifully unusual markings, making them, so author Gerry Pearce claims, a special breed of their own, which he calls "Arabian Biting Cats." This is always worth an "Oh, really?" from visitors who do not wish to impolitely state they've never heard of such a cat, and are we telling a fib? Our intelligent hunter/killer, K-2 (well, I *told* you they were Himalayans!) is so fast, we don't have palm rats in our neighborhood any more. I can't explain that in writing; if you don't know what I mean, ask me at a convention where I can wave my hands around, explaining it.

The other cat is Annapurna (what else?) who was given to us in the firm belief she was a dead-ringer for K-2. That is on the same level as comparing Farrah with Bo; two beautiful blondes but the resemblance stops. Annapurna, badly starved as a stray kitten, is rather retarded, so John refers to her as our "15-watt cat" meaning she's about that bright. At this very moment, she is complaining that the house is empty (as it is every weekday about this time) and she'd like to sit on my typer keys to keep me company.

We also had two dogs, but our beautiful basenji, Tut, met rush-hour traffic at the end of our block during one last escape-artist run. We'd not had him long enough to train him to respond to our commands...just long enough, however, for him to make a place in our affections. Princess, our TV-star sorta-basenji, has been looking for him everywhere in the house. Princess is half-chihuahua, giving pun-loving fans the rich oportunity of wondering if she's a 'basenjihua,' a 'chisenji,' or a 'bahuahua.'

Princess was given a closeup shot during the TV movie *The Kid From Nowhere* so if you caught that show, you saw Special Friends as clowns (along with other clown groups) and our little tan dog, trotting along in her clown-collar, with the retarded athlete of the Special Olympics.

Kat loves science-fiction fans. They are responsive to her and she knows that anyone wearing a badge at a convention is automatically a friend. While cons are getting larger and therefore not as friendly as they used to be, the general rule still holds, and we can relax with the knowledge that Kat is enjoying the movies or the pool in the company of helpful, loving fan-friends.

When we took her for some testing awhile back, the psychologist asked us what we were doing that was special with Kat. He explained that the "average" MR is frightened of the outside world, tending to cling like a limpet to mommy and being unwilling to venture very far away from any "safe haven." He'd noticed that I could leave Kat in a room to be tested, and she did not scream or throw hysterics as I closed the door. It was not what he was used to, and it intrigued him to see an

MR act so calmly about strange situations and strangers in general.

I told him she had been used from childhood to wandering through a convention hotel, going to lunch and dinner with virtual strangers, and being in large crowds of people. Most MRs are not used to going out farther than to the grocery store or school. The psychologist asked, "Do you mean to say that this entire group of people—these 'fans'—accept your daughter as she is, take her as a friend on her own level, and treat her as a normal human being?" That's about it, I assured him. Fans tend to accept everyone as they are, sometimes going to extremes to accept or at least tolerate gross anti-social behavior from fellow fans. They convene together several times a year to talk to one another, share experiences, listen to other fans, and enjoy their company. (If you've never tried to explain fandom to someone, especially a psychologist, count yourself lucky!)

The psychologist listened to all this and commented, "You people must be the most mentally healthy people in the world!" I asked him if I could have that in writing; that there were hundreds of fans who'd like to show that statement to friends and relatives who considered the fan-folk a bunch of loonies! The psychologist pointed out that ordinary people considered *any* deviation from the norm to be a threat to the existence of the tribe, that it is a natural (if intolerant) attitude of the basic animal to be suspicious of anything or anyone showing one iota of creativity!

You can already see that we're pretty much as ordinary as most family units. John is a salesman, with a more or less 9-to-5 schedule with some travel involved with his work. He's a handsome man (in my opinionated view!) with a ginger-colored beard and moustache. We've been married for 22 years, this coming July, so I've grown rather attached to the idea of having him around.

John's most relaxing hobby is the Society for Creative Anachronism, where he can stand in the middle of tournament fields and yell at everybody. Since he doesn't yell at home, this arrangement is perfectly satisfactory. In free time, John reads science fiction, PMA books (positive mental attitude) and works in the basement, swearing at our little and ancient A.B. Dick 360 offset press so it will print newsletters for the SCA and flyers for WRITE NOW!

We have two teenaged daughters: Kathryn Arwen, age 17, and Lora, age almost-15. Katwen (so called because she couldn't pronounce "th" sounds) is mentally retarded by a birth accident, so she attends a public school devoted to handicapped teens. Kat has run in several regional and state Special Olympics, but when she's not an entrant, she is an active member of our Special Friends clowns who work at the athletic events. In mentality, she's about 12 years old, which puts her at a higher level than we'd been encouraged to hope for. She can carry on a fairly normal conversation, on an uncomplicated level, but has seriously impaired judgemental abilities. She's very empathic, which makes us hope she can find a career in legitimate massage or supervised child care or some such area where her uncanny ability to react to people can be utilized.

Our main problem about Katwen is other people's prejudices. I've had the painful experience of being told by mothers that they did not want their children playing with Katwen, because "you see, one never knows what Those Kind will *do*, after all. . . ." In spite of the hurt and dismay, I've pointed out that there is a difference between mental retardation and mental illness (where abberrant behavior might be expected) and, "Mental retardation is not catching, but bigotry *is*."

So don't waste your time apologizing for being a fan. *We're* the mentally healthy ones!

Lora is a typical teen, I believe, after checking out other teens with other parents. She has a group of friends whose entire teen lives seem to be devoted to either going someplace to do unspecified things all day, or in getting together to go over, in minute detail, all the dialogue of their favorite film. I don't know how well other parents fare with their teen's friends, but Lora's friends are, by and large, all pretty good people. I don't pretend to understand them, mind; I just like them. John had a momentary twinge of fatherhood when Lora presented us with a shaggy but likeable young man as her current interest, but we sat about getting acquainted and found nothing alarming about him. Most of the young folk Lora brings home (and I *do* try not to call them "kids" but old habits are hard to break!) are noisy, fun-loving, generous and about as crazy as the science-fiction fans of my youth.

Fans ask Lora what it's like to be the daughter of us Trimbles. She says one night she's going to write an article and send it to Howard to replace my column, about being Bjo Trimble's daughter. I said there was little danger, since she doesn't touch-type (so the column would take her forever to finish) and the California school system's idea of spelling would fix it so nobody at STARLOG could read what she'd written. Lora had some pithy and entirely unfilial comments to make about that!

Lora and I have a fairly good rapport about most things. We have our differences, of course, and I am not entirely free of being castigated with "Oh, MOH-*ther*!" more than once a month! But we've had some times together which were good for giggles, too.

Recently, Lora brought home a copy of a somewhat explicit book and asked me what some of the terms meant. I thought she'd picked it up because the same author wrote several teen stories, but Lora said she'd been loaned the book because she had the only mom who *would* explain things instead of hitting the ceiling. I think this is a sad commentary on the state of parenthood today, since I'm actually a generation older than most of Lora's friend's parents. I'd expect them to be much more liberal, not in reading explicit books, but in answering *any* — *A*N*Y* —

(continued on page 93)

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STARLOG EXCLUSIVE

John Carpenter
DIRECTING "THE THING"

Director John Carpenter wants to make one thing perfectly clear concerning his forthcoming $15 million version of The Thing—it is not a remake of Howard Hawks' 1951 science fiction classic.

By STEVE SWIRES

"I would be an *idiot* to try to do a remake," John Carpenter states emphatically from his office at Universal Studios during a break in post-production. "The *Thing* I've made is *not* the *Thing* Hawks made. That doesn't mean it's better or worse, only different.

"Remakes and sequels are probably the hardest films to make," Carpenter explains, "because it's built in that they're not going to work. I'm reminded of Philip Kaufman's remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.* When I saw it I thought: 'Why did he do this?' The original was so much better and showed so much less. In terms of remaking *The Thing* I had it easy, because I wasn't trying to remake it. The producers are wondering what to call it—maybe a 'refashioning?' However you want to say it, it comes down to the fact that it's an *entirely* different movie in tone and style. Once it's released, that won't be an issue any more."

Although the tone and style may be different, the basic premise remains the same. Adapted from John W. Campbell's 1938 short story "Who Goes There?," Bill Lancaster's screenplay concerns a group of scientists at an isolated Antarctic research camp who combat a homicidal creature from outer space with the power to change its shape and possess their minds and bodies. As detailed by Lancaster in STARLOG #58, his script is far more faithful to Campbell's concepts than was the Hawks version.

"There *are* a couple of obvious 'homages' to Hawks," Carpenter acknowledges, "like the flying saucer buried in the ice and the block of ice out of which the 'thing' emerges, but I don't know if the two pictures can even be compared. The original was made a long time ago, before there were movies about monsters from outer space. I remember seeing it as a little kid, and I just went out of my chair. Today I think a lot of people are amused by the monster and its description as being an 'intellectual carrot,' and there's a lot about the film that's dated, but it's still *terrific.*

"I wouldn't try to do mine like the origin because it had too many unique elements to it. I'm not so presumptuous as to think I'm going to imitate Hawks in any way. I wouldn't *dare*, because I admire him so much as a director."

Indeed, Carpenter's affection for Hawks' *Thing* led him to include clips from it in his horror hit *Halloween*, during a scene in which Jamie Lee Curtis and the children she babysat watched it on television while a mad killer stalked their neighborhood. Therefore, he was intrigued when co-producer Stuart Cohen approached him in 1976 with the idea of making a new version which would adhere more closely to Campbell's story. Once established at Universal, the project went through several directors and screenwriters—among them Tobe (*Texas Chainsaw Massacre*) Hooper and William F. (*Logan's Run*) Nolan—before Cohen came back to Carpenter.

"All the scripts were awful," Carpenter complains, "because they tried to change the story and make it into something it wasn't. I don't think many people at Universal understood the story, because of its pulp style. The concept of the 'thing' being a chameleon never real hit home."

After interviewing a number of writers, he selected Bill Lancaster to pen a new script, because "he seemed to understand the material the best. He responded to the blood test scene, in which McReady put a hot needle to a bit of everybody's blood and if the blood screamed that organism was a 'thing.' I thought that could be an incredible sequence of tension, and was one of the reasons I wanted to do the film. Bill had the same feeling, so I knew I was on the right track. I think he's an awfully good writer, and his script is sensational. When I read it, I thought: 'This is *it.*' "

A "Carpenter" Film

The Thing is the first feature Carpenter has directed which he didn't also write, but he easily adapted to visualizing someone else's material. "Bill and I worked together quite a



PHOTOS ©1982 UNIVERSAL

Director Carpenter and camera crew set up shot for "Dogtown" sequence.

bit," he says. "I put my two cents in, but it's really *his* screenplay. I feel he did an incredible job, and I keep wanting to work with him again. Every time I get an idea now I think: 'I wonder if Bill could write it?' He was a little leery of directors when he started working with me, but we had a great time."

Just because he didn't write the script, it shouldn't be assumed that Carpenter considers the picture simply a job of work. "That's not at all the attitude I went in with," he insists. "I don't care if people accuse me of having 'gone Hollywood,' because I know the truth. Anything I do—even if it's written or produced by somebody else and I'm just the director on the set—I make it my film one way or the other. The only movie that was far away from what I wanted was *Elvis*, simply because I wasn't involved in the cutting and scoring."

Remarkably, Carpenter has managed to maintain his creative autonomy while working for such a huge film factory as Universal. "I was very apprehensive when I started here," he admits, "never having worked for a big studio before. But I've found it to be a very pleasant experience. I haven't been asked to fit into any conglomerate structure. I've had no interference and a lot of support. You really *can* make your own movie over here. It all depends on what kind of a person and what kind of a director you are. I'm a responsible director. I try to bring films in on budget and put everything up on the screen, and that's what they want.

"There are a lot of plusses to working here. For example, I'm about 50 feet away from Albert Whitlock's office, and he's the all-time greatest matte artist. I can just wheel over there and ask: 'Al, can you do this for me?' It's an incredible place to be." [*For more on the work of Mr. Whitlock, see the article beginning on page 81. Ed.*]

Perhaps partly to reassure himself in such unfamiliar surroundings, Carpenter cast his close friend Kurt Russell—star of his films *Elvis* and *Escape From New York*—in the lead role of MacReady, the reluctantly heroic helicopter pilot whose climactic confrontation with the creature provides the picture's literally explosive finale. He reached that decision in rather dramatic circumstances.

"While we were casting I went up to Juneau, Alaska, for a week to shoot second unit footage," Carpenter recounts. "I lived out on a glacier at a place called 'Camp Ten,' which was just like the camp in the movie. It's run by a university, and they study the glaciology and meteorology up there. It made me realize how difficult making this film was going to be. It was going to be a *ballbuster*, so I didn't want to get involved with some prima donna actor. I had to have somebody I could depend on who's really good and knows how to pull off a role, and can just move with it. I knew we'd have to move fast, or else the weather would kill us. So I immediately thought of Kurt. It was a very practical decision, as well as an aesthetic one. Besides, Clint Eastwood was busy."

In casting the other roles Carpenter chose not to hire any actors he'd directed before, especially such regular members of his "stock company" as Charles Cyphers and Donald Pleasence. "I decided I would open myself up to different possibilities," he explains. "I think I've become too comfortable with some of the actors I've worked with, and they've become too comfortable with me, so I wanted to provide a challenge for myself. Since the film is mostly about people, and the relationships these guys have and how they break down in terms of their situation, I thought: 'Let me see some actors.' We went into an extensive casting search in which I found some brilliant actors who'd never been in a movie before, and some actors who'd been in films and were extraordinarily good."

Although he paid visual homage to the first *Thing*, Carpenter never considered casting Hawks' hero Kenneth Tobey in a cameo role, as Philip Kaufman did with Kevin McCarthy in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. "I wasn't making the original film, so I had to be true to what the story was," he points out. "I really like Kenneth Tobey and think he's a neat actor, but I didn't quite see him in any of the roles. For a while I thought about casting George Fenneman, who came up with the way to kill the 'thing' in the earlier version. As a matter of fact, I went to school with his son Cliff. But then I decided against it, because people know him too well now as being Groucho Marx's announcer on *You Bet Your Life*."



The only time you'll see the entire cast smiling is in this publicity shot.

Creating the "Magic"

To create the extensive array of sophisticated special effects necessary to realize the shape-changing creature, Carpenter selected make-up wizard Rob Bottin, with whom he'd worked on *The Fog*. He hired him "more for his conceptual ideas than for the way he pulls them off. I admire his ability and love him a lot, but it was his revolutionary ideas that really sold me. He walked into my office with an entirely different concept of the monster than what I'd been thinking of. He talked to me for about an hour and I said: 'My God, that's *it*! I've never seen that in a movie before. Let's do it.'

"Rob's concept was that the 'thing' could do anything. It doesn't look like any one particular entity, and has no respect for what it imitates. It can look like a million life-forms from a million different planets, depending on what it needs to do. That gave me the opportunity to do things that have never been done in a movie, because there's been no excuse to do them before. The audience isn't going to expect this. They're not going to know what they'll see, so they'll never be ahead of us."

In order to remain ahead of his audience, Carpenter declines to describe how any of the effects sequences were accomplished. "I think a lot of the magic is lost when you explain how everything is done," he protests. "I can't understand this incredible pressure from magazines and fans wanting to know how you do it. I think it's partially because the fans want to *own* the film. They think they can be a part of the picture if they know how it's done. Hell, that spoils the movie!

"Remember the first time you saw the original *King Kong*? There was something magical about it. You were seeing it through the eyes of a child, and that's how you *should* see a film. Not knowning how it was done makes it work better. I don't think anybody should know what it takes to make a movie, because it spoils the illusion."

To help him visualize that illustion, Carpenter relied on his long time cinematographer Dean Cundey (see STARLOG #59), with whom he'd collaborated on *Halloween, The Fog, Escape From New York* and *Halloween II*. "Dean's lighting techniques are really astonishing to me," he says. "Not only does he have a sense of film, but he's so much fun to work with. I love his personality, so why go to anybody else? I even have him in my contract as the director of photography. He's pre-approved, so it's up to him if he wants to do the film. I want him aboard *any* time I make a movie, not only for his personality and ability but because he'll save me in a tough



On location in British Columbia. The whole research camp gets blown up at the end of the film. It took eight hours to rig the explosives and, according to Carpenter, "That was quite a moment."

situation."

Carpenter and company almost needed saving during the tough situations they faced shooting on such rugged locations as Juneau, Alaska, and Stewart, British Columbia. "It was the most physically difficult shoot I've ever been on," he recalls. "There was a lot of danger, but fortunately nobody was injured. It was an *amazing* experience as a human being to be in those places. You look around and it puts life in a different perspective. In Juneau I was standing out looking at a prehistoric ice field, and I thought: 'Maybe not all my problems are that important.' I did kind of bring me down to Earth.

"Roy Arbogast did our mechanical effects, and he was fantastic. In blowing up the research camp he set off more explosives than he's ever used in his career. That was quite a moment. I've never done anything like it. It took about eight hours to rig. We had seven cameras going, some of them in the camp, which was loaded with napalm, dynamite and thermite. The camera assistants had to stand inside the camp where the explosives were when we rolled the cameras. They had to turn them all on since we didn't have a remote trigger, and then run, because the cameras only had about two minutes of film in them. The assistants had to run down a hill using flashlights, while we were standing about 50 yards away on a big parallel platform. They had walkie-talkies, and as soon as they were in a safe position behind a mountain of snow they called and we blew up the camp! It was a little harrowing, but they were pretty brave."

Carpenter tested his own bravery while filming the helicopter chase sequence which opens the picture. "That was dangerous," he remembers, "but it was also fun. The more I went up, the more I started to love it. I was in the back seat and we had a camera mounted on the skid, and I would lean out and turn it on. I had a *great* time and learned a little bit more about life—it's not all meetings and contracts. In fact, helicopter flying has become the new love in my life. I decided it was so unique that I had to fly, so I'm currently taking lessons. It's a new experience, which is why I have this *hunger* to make physical action movies."

Beyond "The Thing"

Having partially satisfied his appetite with *The Thing*, Carpenter has already turned his attention to future projects. He continues trying to launch *El Diablo*, the gothic Western he discussed in STARLOG #41 and #48. Unfortunately, the picture is stalled due to EMI Films' objection to his insistence on casting Kurt Russell in the starring role, and their reluctance to allow him the contractual right of final cut he has subsequently secured from Universal.

"Poor *El Diablo*," Carpenter laughs. "I made a development deal for it in 1979, when I was in a very different career position than I am now. I like to keep to my word and not suddenly try to renegotiate a deal, but I don't want to go back and collaborate with EMI. I want to make it my o*wn* film—I don't want John Travolta playing the lead in my Western. It's a very difficult situation. I don't want to be a jerk and start pulling fancy stuff. I'll do the movie for the same fee I agreed to, money isn't the issue—it's the control."

While negotiations continue, Carpenter is co-producing *Halloween III* with Debra Hill for Universal from a screenplay by *Quatermass* creator Nigel Kneale. Directing this one is *Fog* production designer and co-editor Tommy Lee Wallace, who was originally scheduled to helm *Halloween II*. "Nigel hadn't seen *Halloween I* or *II* but he had an unbelievable idea for *III*," Carpenter reports. "It's a cross between *Halloween* and *Quatermass*, involving witchcraft and technology. The whole approach to the *Halloween* movies is to give new directors a chance while trying something different, so we jumped in.

"There's also another reason we're doing it—[movie reviewer] Rex Reed claims he'll turn in his press card if there's a *Halloween III*. I think that's probably the best reason in the world for doing it. I'm even thinking of writing him a letter saying: 'I know you're a man of your word, so I'm expecting your press card in the mail.' !"

Carpenter remains committed to helping new filmmakers despite the unpleasant experience he had with *Halloween II* director Rick Rosenthal. "The cut he delivered to me was one of the *worst* movies I've ever seen in my life," Carpenter charges. "It was an amateurish mishmash, and was about as frightening as an episode of *Quincy*. He didn't make the film, he didn't take responsibility for his movie, and he placed the blame on everybody else. He was a spoiled little child.

"We gave him another chance to make it work, but he didn't do it. Therefore I had to assume my contractual responsibility of sole creative control, because I wasn't going to release a piece of garbage. I came into the editing room for two weeks and cut the picture to compress his material and make it go at a decent pace. After cutting out 17 minutes of bad, sub-television moviemaking we had a 77 minute film. We needed a 90 minute movie, so I shot some connective material to fill it out."

As for his own directing plans, Carpenter expects his next picture to be *Firestarter*, based on his favorite Stephen King novel, with a script by Bill Lancaster. Pre-production should begin in June for a summer 1983 release by Universal. "It's about drug experiments in the 1960s," he reveals, "and concerns a covert branch of the government chasing a father and his little girl, who has the ability to start fires with her mind, in order to study them. It has a lot of elements in it I really love, and could be a very exciting movie. It will be very ambitious, so we have to see if we can bring it in for a reasonable price, perhaps $15 million or under. We're working on the budget now, but you never know in the film business—I may end up making *King Kong II* next."

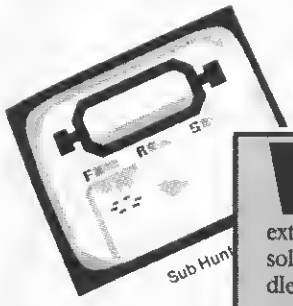
If his cinematic track record holds true, that doesn't seem likely. Facing a June 25th release date for *The Thing*, John Carpenter leans back and assesses his new version of a fantasy film landmark. "It's not quite the picture I started out to make," he concedes, "but I'm extraordinarily happy with the way it's turned out. Perhaps I was setting my sights a little lower than the movie I've got. It's much more powerful than I thought it would be, and that's a little amazing to me.

"I've surprised myself a bit in certain areas, especially in my work with the actors, which was much stronger than I expected. I think the most important aspect is that the people I've worked with are so good, they've helped me make the best film possible. Having seen it so many times now, all I can say is that it's quite a different direction for me. I don't want to put any preconceptions in anybody's mind, but I have *no* idea how the audience will react. I just hope they enjoy themselves." ★

Toys & Games For '82

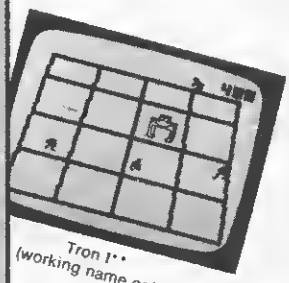
All right, gamesplayers, tighten those belts and save those quarters, 'cause you ain't seen nothin' yet!!

BY SUSAN ADAMO & BOB GREENBERGER


Sub Hunt™


Pinball (working name only)

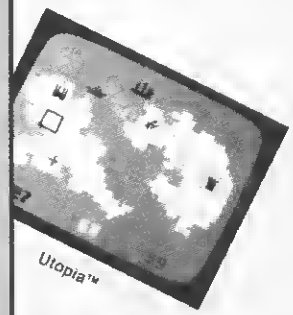

Frog Bog™


Tron I•• (working name only)


Star Strike™


Tron II•• (working name only)


Advanced Dungeons & Dragons™


Utopia™


Card Fun (working name only)


Space Hawk™

While Americans are tightening their budgetary belts more than ever before, they are still finding a few extra dollars to spend on toys. Stuffed toys, solar toys, stringed toys. Toys you wear, cuddle, clothe, ride, sail. Toys you build, toys you launch. Electronic toys, radio-controlled toys, wooden toys, indoor toys, outdoor toys, pocket toys, beach toys, anywhere and everywhere toys. Toys that *blip, whirr, screech* and *ring*. Silent toys that are nice just to look at.

Last February about 850 toy manufacturers gathered in New York for the 79th Annual American Toy Fair. There they displayed their latest lines and the perennial favorites to 12,000 eager, but cautious, retail and wholesale buyers.

At an opening press conference Bernard Loomis, chairman of the Toy Manufacturers of America, Inc., reported that toy shipments increased 18.5 per cent in 1981 (to over $7 billion in retail sales) over the previous year. Video game sales accounted for a whopping 12.5 per cent of that rise.

According to Loomis, "Video games, carrying the highest ticket prices in the industry, sold very well despite the weak economy. The popularity of arcade games were, at least, partially responsible for the surge in video game sales. In addition to consumers purchasing these systems for the home, the public spent five billion dollars in the form of quarters to play arcade machines which sprung up in such diverse places as stores, theaters, restaurants and even dentists' offices. And let me repeat," Loomis told the audience, "traditional toys moved up modestly despite the money siphoned off by arcade and home video sales."

How traditional toys will fare in the coming years is anyone's guess, but a brief tour through showrooms proved that many manufacturers are counting on increased demand in the video game market.

Hartford-based Coleco Industries has recently introduced Coleco Vision, a third generation video game system boasting "unsurpassed . . . graphic resolution, superiority (of) player control . . . using Coleco's new roller controller . . . and an eight direction joystick, a push button keyboard, and two, independent fire/action buttons." An expansion module interface built into ColecoVision allows for expansion capabilities. Conversion Module #1 makes the system compatible with the entire line of Atari Video Computer System Cartridges. In 1983, a second module will allow the system to be converted into a personal computer.

ColecoVision's library of cartridges will include a version of the arcade hit Donkey Kong (included with the system), Turbo, Venture, Spectar, Cosmic Avenger, Zaxxon and others. Coleco has also developed a line of cartridges for use on the Atari Video Computer System and another line for use with Mattel Electronics' Intellivision. These include Donkey Kong, Cosmic Avenger, Zaxxon, Venture and Smurf.

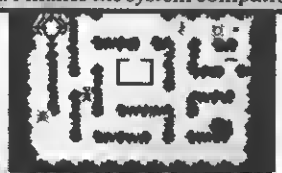
Other news from Coleco includes portable, self-contained versions of Donkey Kong, Pac-Man, Galaxian, Omega Race, Berzerk and Frogger; and a tabletop version of Midway's Galaxian.

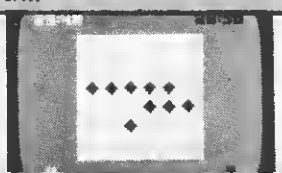
Parker Brothers, too, is entering the video game cartridge business. This year the company is introducing two cartridges: one based on the AT-AT battle scene from *The Empire Strikes Back*; the other is Frogger. These cartridges ($25-$30) are compatible with both the Atari System and the Sears Video Arcade; later on Parker will be expanding its line to include all leading video games on the market. Next year's releases will include cartridges based on such licensed products as James Bond, Spider-Man and *Jaws*.

The 47-year-old Monopoly has also entered the electronic age. This year Parker has introduced an accessory, Monopoly Playmaster ($65), designed for use with the classic board game. Though the object of the game remains the same, the pace is sped up by an electronic roll of the dice, auctioning off unowned property, buying back singly-owned properties and the lending of money to encourage earlier property development. Playmaster features lights, sounds (example: "Taps" for the player who goes bankrupt and "Merrily We Roll Along" indicating doubles).

Other Parker games for '82 include Lost Treasure ($42), an electronic deep-sea diving board game, and Master Merlin ($45), a new deluxe version of the top-selling hand-held Merlin.

Though we've alreay reported on Atari's upcoming lines ("Log Entries," STARLOG #58), that company has recently announced that in the second half of this year it will be releasing a cartridge based on *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.


Night Stalker™


Reversi™

Mattel Expands

Mattel Electronics announced that it is introducing 12 new cartridges for its Intellivision home system. Of special interest to SF-oriented game players will be two cartridges based on Disney's upcoming *Tron*. In Tron I the player (Tron) uses deadly discs to fight off the evil blue warrior (computer). In Tron II the player wins points by destroying alien "bits" while trying to penetrate the master control program's inner circle.

In Mattel's Space Hawks, the player commands a space man with five protective shields. Points are garnered by destroying UFOs, comets and bubbles as they appear on screen. A quick trip to hyperspace avoids catastrophes.

In the Advanced Dungeons and Dragons cartridge, the player attempts to retrieve a treasure in a computer-controlled labyrinth, all the while avoiding a feisty dragon.

Night Stalker features a maze containing bats, spiders and a continuing parade of evil robots. Armed with three replenishable weapons, the player tries to maneuver his man to safety.

Other news on the Mattel front is this year's introduction of the Intellivoice Voice Synthesizer. This module plugs into the Master Component and is used with special cartridges (upcoming: Space Spartans, B-17 Bomber, Bomb Squad) that produce realistic male and female voices while games are in progress. These voices introduce the game, cheer winners, warn of imminent danger and offer strategic assistance.

Astrovision reports it is "about to fire the first salvo in the 1982 'video space wars' between Astrovision, Atari, Mattel and Magnavox" with a $10 million TV advertising campaign for its upcoming video games. These cartridges, which will retail at the $24.95-$34.95 range, are for use in the Astrovision Astro Arcade (formerly the Bally Professional Arcade). They will include Munchie (in the style of Pac-Man), The Wizard (based on the coin-up Wizard of Wor), Solar Conqueror (Asteroids-like), Cosmic Raiders (Defender-like), Space Fortress (Space Zap-like), Quest For the Orb, Pirate's Chase and Coloring Book With Light Pen.

Entex Industries, too, is vying for a place in the home video game market. Video Space Battle, the company's first video game, is played on a TV set. Contained in a hand-held unit Space Battle is equipped with a joy-stick, fire button and eight skill levels and is expected to retail at under $65.

Being heralded as the first stand-alone electronic game is Entex's AdventureVision. This electronic game, which operates either on batteries or AC current, features a 6,000-dot matrix display, and "unlimited sound effects." The $75 suggested retail price includes a Space Force cartridge. Also available for the system, at $15 apiece, are Turtles, Defender, Super Cobra and Space Base Alpha.

You may know them best for their calculators and wrist watches, but Texas Instruments is hoping that this year they'll also be known for their contributions to the video game field.

Upcoming from TI are Hustle, in which players attempt to hit targets while avoiding opponents; Invaders Command Module, where players try to save the world from invaders from outer space; Tombstone City, where, in the surroundings of an Old West ghost town, players try to stop a fleet of green aliens (morgs) from infesting the Earth, while gathering additional points by wiping out tumbleweeds; the old numbers favorite Yahtzee and Car Wars, a high-speed car racing game.

Two Milton Bradley favorites, Battleship and Stratego, are being released in electronic editions. A programmable computer in Electronic Battleship enables players to either automatically position the fleet or manually determine ship coordinates. Electronic Stratego features extensive computer memory, programmable hidden bombs, and electronic lights and sounds (The "1812 Overture" and a cannon blast indicate a captured flag and a game winner).

For MB's hand-held Microvision units, Super Block Buster and Barrage are on the 1982 front.



MB's Microvision additions for '82.

Licensing

One sure road to toy retailing success has proven to be issuing products based on creations from other media. The entire role of licensing has brought manufacturers millions of dollars. (Last year, licensing brought in $13.7 billion in retail sales according to *The Licensing Letter*). Now the trend appears to be changing so that manufacturers' creations are being spun off in a variety of ways.

This trend began with Mattel's successful creation, Strawberry Shortcake, and continues with its most recent addition, Masters of the Universe. The action-figures stand 5½" tall and are divided between the good guys (He-Man, the most powerful man in the Universe; Teela, warrior goddess; Stratos, an airborne warrior; Mer-Man, his underseas counterpart; and Man-at-Arms, a soldier with interchangeable weapons) and the bad (Beast Man, most powerful force of evil in the Universe; Skeletors, beastly dog-soldiers). All the action is to take place around Castle Greyskull as He-Man and company try to free the Universe from the evil control exerted by Beast Man.

Already there are plans for Masters of the Universe Halloween costumes, comic adventures (produced by DC Comics and sold with the action-figures) and other related items.

Interestingly enough, male-oriented action-figures are making a comeback in popularity. Spurred on by the success of the *Star Wars* action-figures from Kenner, Hasbro has redesigned and reintroduced G.I. Joe, making his first appearance in six years. Scaled down to the now-popular 5½" height, Joe and his companions compose an elite-strike force sent around the world to insure freedom and democracy. In conjunction with Marvel Comics, the new figures have been heavily advertised on TV and Marvel has begun publishing G.I. Joe comics. Again, there will be a Halloween costume and a myriad of related items such as the G.I. Joe action-sled for the 10 and under crowd for next winter.



Parker's electronic diving game.

DC's *Sgt. Rock* and Ideal's newly created Eagle Force have also entered the toy scene, with Eagle Force using more science fiction-oriented technology than the battle-happy joes of World War II's Easy Company.

Twentieth Century-Fox's *MegaForce* has been licensed by Mattel which has introduced six vehicles, all in die-cast metal like the company's successful Hot Wheels collection. To go with the vehicles, Mattel has created a Desert Strike set, complete with power booster to send the cars and cycles hurtling over fire and danger. A Verti-Bird is being introduced so children can swoop down and pick up road blocks or drop packages using skyhooks. (For the full story on the making of the *Megaforce* movie, tune in next issue.

Not to be outdone, Kenner is introducing plenty of new *Star Wars* and *Empire Strikes Back* figures and playsets. Most interesting



More wizardry from Parker.

among the new entrees is a Tauntaun with removable reins and saddle. You can open the belly and place Luke inside to keep him warm, safe from the new Wampa snow creature. There will also be new accessories such as the Tri-Pod and Laser Cannons.

New from Kenner this year will be action figures based on (what else?) *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. These figures are only 4¾" in height, and the main characters (Indiana Jones, Marion Ravenwood, Toht and the Cairo Swordsman) are included. Two playsets are being introduced at first: the Map Room and the Well of Souls, complete with snakes.

Another area popular with licensing is board games and Milton Bradley and Parker Brothers have served up some new fare including two different *Dark Crystal* games, *Annie, Garfield, Thundarr the Barbarian, Richie Rich* and others will be filling toy store shelves throughout the summer.

Three-D fans take note. Viewmaster is going strong with new reels based on such upcoming productions as *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan, Annie, Tron,* the George



Coleco's tabletop Pac-Man.



PAC-MAN GOBBLES UP A NATION

In St. Louis, beneath the gateway arch, Mayor Vincent C. Shoemehl, Jr. awarded the key to the city to him. In Chicago, he made his television debut on *Bozo's Circus*. In Washington, D.C., he marched in the Cherry Blossom Parade.

He's the torsoless video muncher known as Pac-Man and on April 3, 1982, Atari, Inc. held events coast-to-coast in honor of National Pac-Man Day. That same month the Pac-Man cartridges for Atari's Video Computer System were officially released and customers gobbled them up.

Richard Simon, a securities analyst at Goldman, Sachs & Co., told *The Wall Street Journal*, "Pac-Man will make more money for Warner [Atari's parent company] than *Star Wars*, the movie, made for Twentieth Century-Fox."

The hairless brainchild of the Japanese company Namco, Pac-Man arrived in the American arcades, via Midway Manufacturing, at the end of 1980. With his ghostly pursuers, Blinky, Pinky, Winky and Clyde, he gathered an enthusiastic and loyal following and made quite a name for himself in the U.S.

Pac-Man is credited with bringing girls and women into the arcades. Is it his pacifist nature? Is it the cuteness factor? Is it because, in this diet-conscious era, it's nice to participate in a non-stop eatfest? (Pac-Man's name is derived from the Japanese word "pacri," which means "to eat.") For whatever reasons, Midway has taken note of this phenomenon and, in order to tip their hats to the female gamesters, sent Ms. Pac-Man into the arcades this year.

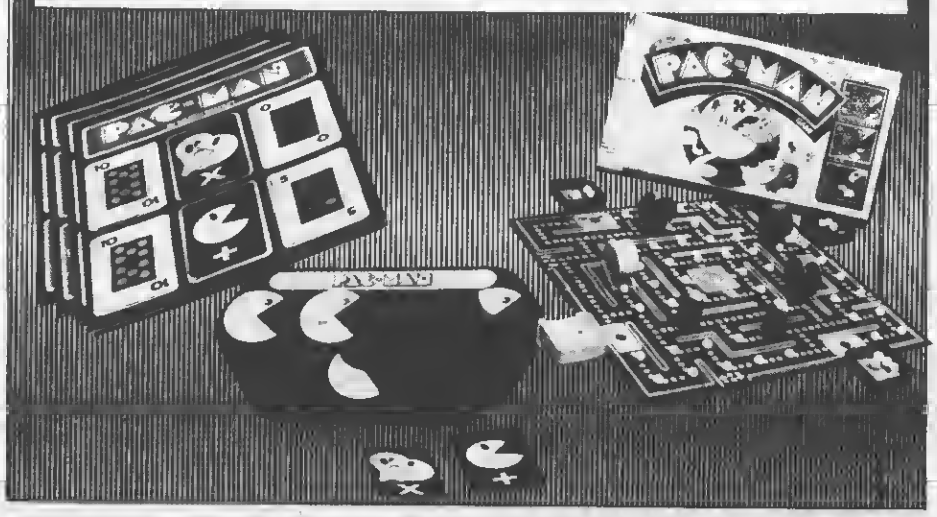
A host of variations followed on Pac-Man's heels. Apple owners got Gobbler from On-Line; and there's Jawbreaker for Atari's 400 and 800 systems. Some spin-offs, such as Puck-Man, were declared outright illegal while others, such as Odyssey's K.C. Munchkin, are being contested.

Additionally, the success of Pac-Man has inspired manufacturers to vie for licenses for baseball caps and jerseys, bath and beach towels, hats, tee-shirts, license plates.

In February, Columbia Records released "Pac-Man Fever," by songwriters Buckner & Garcia. Touted as "The one and only album for a video-crazed America," the album contains a sleeve which depicts five winning Pac-Man patterns. And, if those patterns aren't enough, book publishers are supplying readers with a host of others (see "Log Entries," STARLOG #59).

This year, Milton Bradley will be sending Pac-Man board games, card games and puzzles into stores all over the country for those who aren't inclined towards video. Coleco will be introducing a portable, tabletop Pac-Man unit while Ben Cooper Costumes claims their Pac-Man costume will be the hit of the Halloween season.

And, the little fellow will star in DC comic book adventures sold with the Atari cartridges so we must stop and ask ourselves: can *Pac-Man The Movie* be far behind?









From left: Kenner's latest *Star Wars'* action figures, their new *Raiders'* figures, and Coleco's Donkey Kong.

Lucas produced animated feature *Twice Upon a Time*, Don Bluth's *The Secret of NIMH, Thundarr the Barbarian* and even the Space Shuttle Columbia.

Indiana Jones will be further immortalized this fall with a Halloween costume, joining He-Man, G.I. Joe, Pac-Man and Tron in the latest Ben Cooper catalogue. A *Greatest American Hero* uniform was to be introduced but Cooper, like many other potential licensees, backed away when various law suits sprung up involving the show.

Cooper is also expanding into the area of adult-oriented masks and accessories such as shrouds and capes. One mask to be introduced later this year is based on the work of artist Boris Vallejo.

And of course, a tour through any toy store will turn up other nifty new items featuring the likenesses of the *Star Trek* crew, Spider-Man and other Marvel super-heroes and of course, Superman and his DC superbuddies. Annie and Garfield items will no doubt be the most prolific since they are expected by the Toy Industry to be hottest this year. And why not, *Revenge of the Jedi* is still 11 months away. Already, Lucasfilm is touting one of their new creations for that film to the manufacturers but the identity or picture of this new mechanical character has yet to be revealed.

Model-making has continued to capture the imaginations of thousands of young and old children alike. And in the time-honored tradition, the various manufacturers have come up with plenty of new things to build and decorate one's home. Revell has introduced their History Makers series, a collection of 28 out-of-circulation models of vehicles and aircraft that detail man's accomplishments. Of special note are the return of the Gemini space capsule, not seen since the mid-1960s, the Saturn V rocket and the Tranquility Base set, including the Lunar Module used by Apollo 11. The series will be in limited numbers and available throughout the remainder of this year.

MPC Models offers up a Space Shuttle Colmbia kit and has licensed more *Star Wars* kits. Slave I, Boba Fett's craft, is a new entry and a Rebel Base diorama will also be released this summer. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* is being represented by two diorama sets, one recreating the Well of Souls and a Desert Chase set including trucks and the flying wing. There will also be two model kits based on characters and adventures used in the popular role-playing game, *Dungeons and Dragons*.

For people who like to launch their models, Estes has two new items of note. First, a Space Shuttle Level 2 kit that adds further detail and greater capability than last year's Level I craft. A Power Pulse Launch Controller has been introduced using a new six volt Polaroid battery that makes the unit slimmer and easier to carry.

For the younger set, Entex's Loc Bloc series has introduced several new sets, two of which are based on Walt Disney films. Joining other Disney sets, are Snow White and the Three Little Pigs. Space fans can play with a glow-in-the-dark Columbia or Space Land. ★







From left: LEM from Revell's History Makers' series, Parker Bros.' first home video game, and a new futuristic model.

Special 36-Page Full-Color Anniversary Section

STARLOG



SF Film Review

STARLOG Index: Issues #47—58

SF-TV Review

Fantasy Art: Chris Achilleos

Ron Miller: Evolution of the Spaceship

ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS

Ridley Scott on BLADE RUNNER

David Gerrold: STARLOG 2001

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK







Raiders of the Lost Ark was the big box office winner of the past year. A combination of the old style serial adventures and state-of-the-art cinematic techniques, it was the product of a unique collaboration between George Lucas and Steven Spielberg. Harrison Ford, beloved of all *Star Wars* fans for his Han Solo portrayal, became Indiana Jones—archeologist, teacher, and two-fisted, whip-cracking (and wise-cracking) hero.

Although the film was not science fiction, it was fantasy—and was definitely the most popular film of STARLOG readers during the past 12 months. *Raiders'* popularity and potency as an escaptist adventure were confirmed by the filmmaking community, which voted the film five Academy Awards.

George Lucas has stated that *Raiders* is only the first in a projected trilogy of films about the adventures of Indiana Jones; music to the ears of fantasy film lovers everywhere. Will Lucas be able to fit the remaining two films into his hectic production schedule? Here's a hint: as of this writing he had just registered a new title for the forthcoming film... *The Temple of Death.* (Photos: © 1981 Lucasfilm Ltd.)

Top: Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford) tries to force Belloq (Paul Freeman) into giving up the Ark of the Covenant; middle right: Jones sneaks aboard the German sub; right: Marion Ravenwood (Karen Allen) tries to charm Belloq and escape from his desert camp.

TIME BANDITS





Time Bandits was the surprise fantasy hit of the past year. The film was perhaps best described in issue #55, as *"The Wizard of Oz* meets *Alice in Wonderland,* as told by Monty Python." There was something in it for fantasy fans of all ages: six slapstick dwarfs, a map of the Universe (pinpointing all of the holes in time), Sir Ralph Richardson as The Supreme Being (in a three-piece suit), and David Warner as the personification of Evil. And, for a change of pace, there were ogres, giants, a Minotaur, King Agememnon (Sean Connery) and Robin Hood (John Cleese). The biggest surprise of the film was its ending, which implies that evil must be stomped out wherever it is found—even if it happens to be your own parents. A fast moving, fun-filled adventure fantasy, *Time Bandits* was a critical hit as well as a box office smash. (Photos: © 1981 Handmade Films.)

Top: David Warner is the embodiment of evil in *Time Bandits* and he wants the map being held by the six dwarves, bottom. Right: A Minotaur from ancient Greece.



SUPERMAN II



Superman returned to the screen in time to confront three Kryptonians who want to rule the world.

The long-awaited *Superman* sequel took the world by storm at the end of 1980 and American fans had to wait until June to watch Superman fight three Kryptonians with the same super-powers. After opening to extremely positive reviews, the movie quickly became the second highest grossing movie of 1981, following *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

Director Richard Lester reshot the 80 per cent of the film that Richard Donner completed while making the first film. During this time the special zoptic process was refined making the flying sequences look even more believable. E.G. Marshall as the President of the United States joined the returning cast of Christopher Reeve, Margot Kidder, Jackie Cooper, Gene Hackman, Sarah Douglas, Terrence Stamp and Jack O'Halloran. Marlon Brando sued produces Alexander and Ilya Salkind for participation profits from the first film so his scenes were rewritten for Susannha York, who played Lara, Superman's mother. This forced writers David and Leslie Newman to fly to England and rewrite portions of the script to change the complex father/son relationship and add more emphasis to the action for director Lester. (Photos: © 1981 DC Comics.)

THE HEAVY METAL MOVIE

Heavy Metal magazine publisher Len Mogel had always envisioned it as a "rock *Fantasia*" and the *Heavy Metal* movie certainly presented its crew of British and Canadian animators with a momumental task. Over 200,000 drawings were required to bring both original and adapted stories, including "So Beautiful, So Dangerous," "Den," "Taarna," "Captain Sternn" and "B-17," to life.

Like *Fantasia,* music would be an integral part of *Heavy Metal*. Unlike the Disney classic, *Heavy Metal* would use contemporary groups, including Blue Oyster Cult, Black Sabbath and Grand Funk Railroad, to provide the musical backdrop.

The road to the silver screen was not without obstacles. The project went through several studios before finding a warm reception with producer Ivan *(Meatballs)* Reitman. There was trouble getting the rights to stories from *Metal Hurlant*, the French magazine which inspired *Heavy Metal*. One script was scrapped and new writers were brought in and all the while the budget kept blossoming.

But, on August 7, 1981, *Heavy Metal* splashed onto screens across the country, carrying viewers on an animated flight of fancy. (Photos: © 1981 Columbia.)



Berni Wrightson's "Captain Sternn," left, was one of the highlights of *Heavy Metal*. Above, an alien gets high while orbitting the Earth during "So Beautiful, So Dangerous."

QUEST FOR FIRE



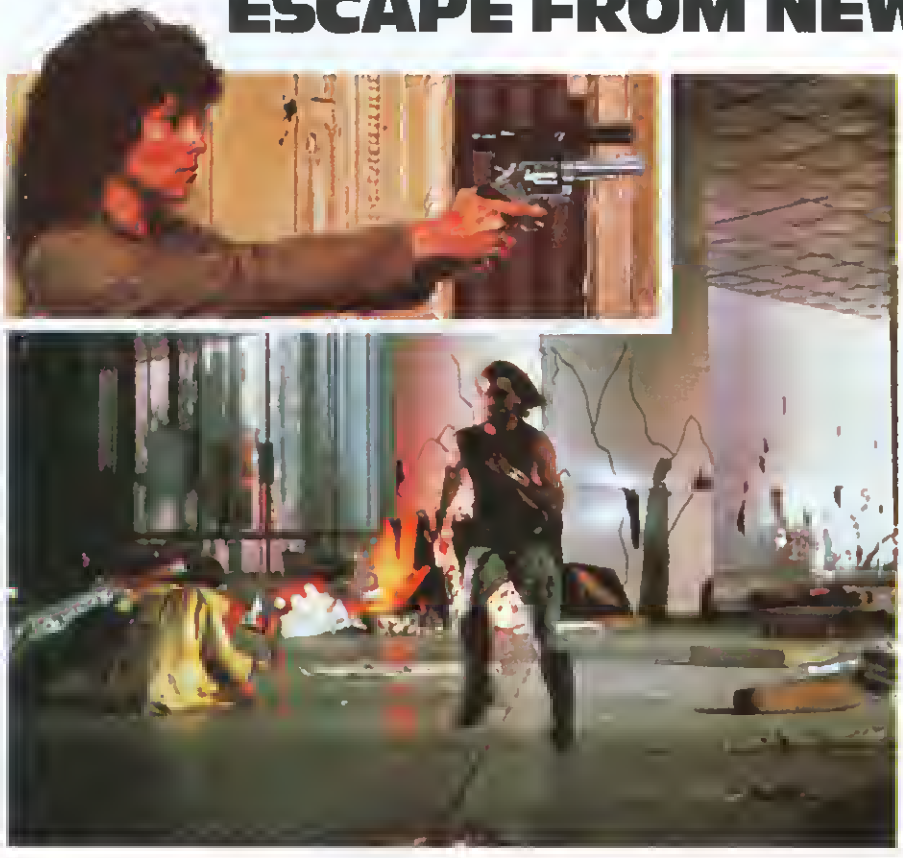


Based on the successful French novel *La Guerre du Feu, Quest for Fire* was the brainchild of executive producer Michael Gruskoff and director Jean-Jaques Annaud. This "science-fantasy adventure" takes place 80,000 years ago. It is an extrapolative investigation into the evolution of modern man—homo sapiens. Desmond Morris, author of *The Naked Ape,* was hired to create realistic body language and gestures for our primitive ancestors, and noted novelist and linguist Anthony Burgess created three different "early" languages. The wonderful make-up effects were created by Chris Tucker, who was responsible for turning actor John Hurt into *The Elephant Man.*

The interplay among members of the tribes—primitive, semi-evolved and almost modern—was wonderfully worked out. The film had a little something for almost everyone: mystery, adventure, warfare, comedy, the discovery of how fire can be made, and some sex scenes, including one rape. The real triumph of the film was the authentic feeling that it conveyed, that this may actually have been the way we evolved. (Photos: © 1981 Twentieth Century-Fox.)

One of three tribes seen in *Quest for Fire* is the Ivaka, above left. They're the most advanced tribe in the film and their resident free-spirit, Ika (Rae Dawn Chong), above right, journeys throughout the prehistoric world, 80,000 years ago.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK



Escape from New York was director John Carpenter's first venture into science fiction. It was a small film which received mixed reviews and reactions from the fans. Kurt Russell did his best Clint Eastwood imitation for his characterization of "Snake" Plissken—the film's protagonist and a classic anti-hero type. Plissken is forceably recruited to rescue the President of the United States from the island of Manhattan, which has been turned into a huge, walled prison containing the dangerous dregs of society. Air Force One has crashed there and Plissken must get him out—alive—or be killed himself.

A good action/adventure film, *Escape,* featured the first teaming of director Carpenter and Russell in a cinematic venture. You'll be seeing them together again soon in the forthcoming new version of *The Thing.* (Photos: © 1981 Avco-Embassy.)

In 1997 New York, Maggie (Adrienne Barbeau), top, uses her deadly aim to defend herself and aid master thief, Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell), below. Plissken is running from the remains of the World Trade Center and has less than 20 hours to find the President of the United States before he is killed—by remote control.

OUTLAND



PHOTOS © 1981 LADOCO



CLASH OF THE TITANS



PHOTOS © 1981 MGM

On this page we have some of the "smaller" SF/fantasy films from the past 12 months. *Outland* (above) was an outer space version of the classic Western, *High Noon*. Although the plot and script received mixed reactions, the film was helped by strong performances by Frances Sternhagen and Peter Boyle, and SFX.

Clash of the Titans (right) was Ray Harryhausen's first chance to work with a decent budget. The results were somewhat disappointing, but Pegasus, Calibos and the Medusa were wonderful creations and saved the film for many Harryhausen fans.



PHOTOS © 1981 UNIVERSAL

HEARTBEEPS

Heatbeeps was a Christmas film that came and went with the holiday season. A robotic love story about Aqua-Com (Bernadette Peters) and Val-Com (Andy Kaufman), the film introduced the first "baby robot," Phil—a sophisticated, radio-controlled device. The film's other "star" was the robot make-up created by Stan Winston, for which he was nominated for an Academy Award.

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THE YEAR AT A GLANCE

Compiled by EDDIE BERGANZA

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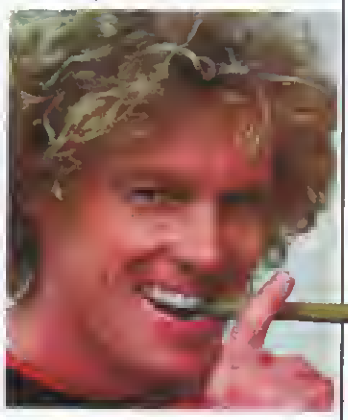

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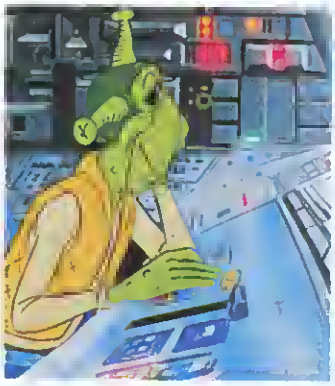

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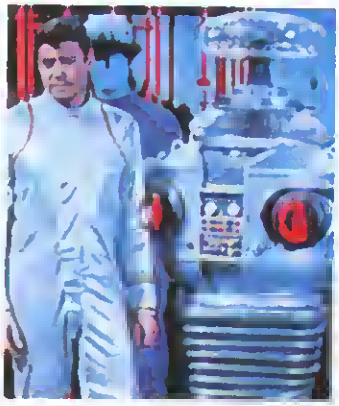

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Science Fiction Television In Review 1981—1982

By ROBERT GREENBERGER

Last year in this space, we declared that it was a pretty dismal year for SF television. While there are more programs to pick from this year, the quality has not improved much. We'll be surveying prime time, Saturday morning and syndicated fare and you can judge for yourselves.

Beginning with the old stand-bys, *The Incredible Hulk* breathed his last in the fall, as the final seven episodes were aired. Even a giant, green behemoth couldn't capture enough interest and it faltered in the ratings all last year. The writers' strike last spring delayed the show's end, but the show ended without any sort of concluding episode, so somewhere in television limbo (and soon to be on the syndication trail), Jack McGee is still hunting the Hulk and David Banner is trying to find a way to live with his monstrous alter ego. Next fall, though, NBC will bring the Hulk to Saturday morning TV in a format much closer to the Marvel Comics creation.

Mork and Mindy's fourth season has brought lots of changes to the show in an attempt to bolster ratings. After declaring their love for one another at the end of last season, the couple planned their wedding over the first few episodes of this season. Then almost immediately, Mork found himself pregnant and gave birth to Merth (Jonathan Winters). Being from Ork, he was born fully grown and aged backwards. The show continued to dip in the ratings and ABC pre-empted it for four weeks in March in favor of *Police Squad*. While *M&M* hits the syndication world in the fall, its return to the network is unlikely.

ABC's other genre show, *Greatest American Hero*, went through the season with hit or miss shows. The quality varied from exceptional to silly while the ratings remained average. The network has placed its faith in the show, but to fans, its inconsistencies have proven to be an annoyance. Elements of the show remain foggy. For example, Ralph's son Kevin has barely been seen at all and the subplot involving the custody trial has been totally ignored. Also, Ralph has only twice spoken of marriage to Pam and we, like he, are left hanging. Ralph's control over his powers have improved steadily, which shows some thought on the part of executive producers Stephen J. Cannell and Juanita Bartlett.



PHOTO COURTESY NASA

Perhaps the most important minute of television last year: the return of the *Columbia* from its first mission in space.

Over at CBS *Mr. Merlin* got off to a great ratings start but has since fallen on hard times. Switched from Wednesdays to Mondays, the show has managed to hold on to a tenuous niche in the ratings but nothing to impress the top executives. The show has exhibited some excellent optical effects but the stories, and in many cases the acting, have remained formularized. The show tends to rely far too much on putting Zac (Brandon Clark) in an embarassing position that Merlin (Barnard Hughes) must correct, usually without Zac finding out so that he can learn his lesson of the week.

The Powers of Matthew Star at NBC was announced frequently but, as we have documented in previous issues, accidents have delayed the show until next fall. Considering that Walter Koenig has written a script and Leonard Nimoy will direct an episode for Executive Producer Harve Bennett, people suspect there may actually be something to this show. Whatever it does have remains to be seen—early next September, somewhere on the NBC schedule.

The prime time series prospects for genre shows next season are not shaping up too well. ABC has already tried out four episodes of *Phoenix*, but the ratings for the Friday night series about a man from the past trying to adjust to today's society and use his powers for good have not been exceptional or terribly encouraging. In a similar timeslot, ABC's anthology mystery show, *Darkroom*, died after airing fewer than 10 episodes.

On the telefilm front, only two projects were of any note. Operation Prime Time's *Goliath Awaits* was a dull and dismal two-part thriller about life aboard a boat after it sank into the ocean years ago. Christopher Lee led a name cast in an undistinguished production, although it had some nice set designs.

NBC's *World War III*, on the other hand, had a chilling premise that made more than a few people feel uncomfortable about where nuclear politics is headed. Another all-star cast, this time led by Rock Hudson, told the story of America's race against Russia in arm-



PHOTO 1982 HANNA BARBERA



PHOTO 1982 ABC-TV



Above left: Aliens were a regular staple on the British-import series *The Tomorrow People*, running on Nickelodeon. Jonathan Winters, as Merth, joined *Mork & Mindy* to boost sagging ratings, above right, while Ralph and Bill, below, barrelled through their first full season of *Greatest American Hero*. *The Smurfs*, right, took Saturday mornings by storm.



PHOTO 1982 ABC-TV

ing for a full-scale nuclear attack. Each side is heightening their defenses in anticipation of a strike from the other side. It was a tautly told tale of mistrust and miscalculation, although the plot far exceeded the acting.

As for network movie premieres, only two outstanding notes—both from ABC. When *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* showed up in late 1981, everyone wondered if we would get the *Special Edition* or the original version. Most were pleasantly surprised by the fact that both versions were edited together for broadcast. Director Richard Donner was given a chance to re-edit *Superman*, to make it into a two-part presentation. The finished version is much closer to Donner's original director's cut, which ran over three hours. The original theatrical version played for two hours, eighteen minutes.

On the cable front, both Showtime and Home Box Office aired portions of ITC's *Super Space Theater*, a collection of re-edited Gerry Anderson productions (see STARLOG #50 for details). Warner Amex's Nickleodeon channel has been running reruns of Britain's *Tomorrow People*, a youth-oriented show

Opposite: *Blackstar* ruled Saturday morning television this season, displacing *Thundarr*. Insets: On left is Clark Brandon as Zac on CBS' *Mr. Merlin* and Peter Barton, right, as *Matthew Star*, awaiting a premiere.





Last year in August we were treated to some very unusual space scenes, courtesy of JPL, above, and Voyager II somewhere near Saturn.

about mutants with telepathic powers.

Doctor Who's last three seasons with Tom Baker finally arrived in the last year but only certain markets picked up the episodes. Expectations are running high for *Who* fans who want to see Peter Davison as the new Doctor with those first episodes due in the next year or so.

Saturday's Superstars

For those of you who like to sleep late or think you've outgrown Saturday morning television, it's safe to say you haven't missed much. Faced with pressures from a variety of parental action groups, the networks have scaled down the scope of their morning fare, leaving viewers with little to choose from. Also, more and more animation is being farmed out to studios in the Far East, notably Korea and Taiwan. This, along with reliance on xeroxed backgrounds, has let the look of the shows deteriorate along with the story quality.

Last year's big hit was ABC's *Thundarr the Barbarian*. Given six additional episodes this year, the show has died in the ratings and has been relegated to an earlier slot, 8:30, in hopes that someone will watch it then. Replacing *Thundarr* as the SF King of the Weekend is *Blackstar*, on CBS. The show, evidently inspired by *Thundarr* and exhibiting elements of Tolkien and *Star Wars*, has risen to the top of the ratings. Its stories involve Blackstar helping the friendly Trobbits defend Earth from evil forces that usually want to spoil nature and dispose of the Trobbits once and for all. The amalgam of elements has given the show its appeal to the younger members of the audience.

Older fans looked forward to the return of Space Ghost and the Herculoids on NBC's *Space Stars* but since our valiant defenders can't throw anything more harmful than rocks or force beams, the shows end up dragging on and on. The show has also not done well in the ratings, forcing NBC to reschedule in order to get a better lead-in from *Spider Man and His Amazing Friends*. This show, the first from Marvel Productions, is probably the best animated show of the season and actually has good stories to tell. Spidey is teamed with Ice Man, a former member of the X-Men, and Firestar, a girl with control over flame. They face an assortment of Marvel super-villains and new creations and are frequently aided by other members of the Marvel universe. Believe it or not, there is actually some character development going on in the show, something not usually considered worth investing time or effort in.

Space Science

While we all had *Cosmos* to ooh and *aah* over last year, PBS and the networks had no series of such scope or grandeur this time around. We were treated to repeats of both *Cosmos* and the widely-acclaimed *Connections* but as far as original programming, there was a noticeable lack of hard space science. As usual, there were the occasional pieces on *Nova*, but no series gave space exploration and development the attention it deserved.

Both space shuttle missions received plenty of network coverage, and perhaps the most spetacular minute of the past year was watching the shuttle coming in for a perfect landing after its initial orbital test flight.

From deep space we were thrilled by Voyager II's transmissions, carried by many PBS stations, on August 26. The televised close-ups of Saturn, its myriad rings and numerous moons, was something to behold with more than a touch of awe.

Also from PBS this past season, modern technology has been the focus of *Fast Forward*, a series that begins with the current state of the art and then projects what technology has in store for us.

All three networks shied away from any series on space or hard science coverage, since the subjects don't bring in the high ratings, and their documentaries have been on more domestic matters. One bright spot for the future may be Gene Roddenberry's proposed series for ABC. His show would center on one facet of future technology each week and how it will affect society.

In all, the past year had more to pick from but less to enjoy. It's a dangerous trend, if it continues, and we, the viewers, will be all the poorer for it. *

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The Art of Chris Achilleos

An up-and-coming English fantasy illustrator talks about his world of brutal barbarians and wild women.

By DAVID EVERITT

In the fields of both sword-and-sorcery and erotic-fantasy illustration, Chris Achilleos holds a prominent and distinctive position. His vividly polished paintings have appeared on the covers of such fantasy books as *Brak the Barbarian*, the *Gor* series, and the *Doctor Who* paperbacks. Achilleos' voluptuous Amazons have graced the covers of a series of books featuring the wildly alluring Raven, his imaginative erotic paintings have been showcased in the English adult magazine *For Men Only*, and a collection of all of these works have been included between the covers of the popular *Beauty and the Beast* volume published by Fireside Books. Achilleos brings a special slant and meticu-





lous technique to all areas he embraces in the world of fantastic art.

Achilleos' interest in fantasy has its beginnings in the imported comic books he found in his original home in Cyprus. The only examples of fantasy illustration available to him as a boy on the Greek island were the Classics Illustrated Comics. As Achilleos points out, "There was no television, there were no Greek comics, as such; there were just these comics imported with Greek writing in them." While his exposure to popular fantastic art was rather limited at this time, he was, however, introduced to classical fantasy in the form of Greek mythology which influenced him greatly.

When he was 12, Achilleos and his family relocated to England, a change that at first seemed to hold out only gloomy prospects for the young artist. "It was terrible," he says. "I came from an environment full of freedom, and now I was in an upstairs flat. I thought the whole of England was made up of houses, with no countryside at all." Added to the dreariness of his surroundings was the perhaps even greater problem of language barrier. He reports, "I couldn't speak English at first, so in the classroom I was very quiet. I withdrew into the world of drawing. I found illustrated stories; I couldn't read the stories so I appreciated them through the illustrations. I loved them."

There were many British comics to be studied when Achilleos was first acclimating himself to England in the early 60s, a time that the artist characterizes as, "the height of brilliant, comic masterworks in England." Especially influential for Achilleos were the works of an artist named Frank Bellamy who made a particularly strong impression on Achilleos with his "Heros the Spartan" center spread. This feature displayed an impressive array of battling Romans, Celts and barbarians that helped to shape Achilleos' artistic tastes.

Other comic book centerspreads that influenced Achilleos as he was growing up were carefully delineated cut-aways of steam engines, airplanes and other mechanical marvels. He comments, "I liked them so much at one point, in fact, that I wanted to become an aircraft designer." When he was enrolled at Hornsey College of Art, this interest found a channel in his study of technical and scientific drawing. Achilleos says that this course of study helped to sharpen his artistic skills. "I liked it better than art at one time, I really did, because it's very disciplined. You learned to draw one thing from all sorts of angles in an accurate way, and I liked that." He also says that in other respects, going into technical and scientific illustration was a mistake. He recalls that he spent practically an entire term working on one grid and that the experience, predictably enough, was very boring.

He was able to move into freer, more interesting forms of illustration when one of his instructors, Colin Ratray, enlisted Achilleos' aid in one of his free-lance assignments. The year was 1969 and the first Moon landing was in progress and a new publishing firm was putting out a book called *Moonflight Atlas*. In order to solidify the deal, Achilleos and his teacher had to work from Friday straight on through to Monday morning to finish the dummies. Achilleos ended up doing the cover illustration of the *Eagle*, the Moon buggy, in addition to other pictures for the book.

Although he has done outer-space hardware from time to time, Achilleos has primarily been interested in sword and sorcery. This genre first grabbed his attention while he was in college. He remembers, "There was a second-hand book shop on the street where I walked on my way to college and they had a lot of American imports. Among them were Lancer books. One day there was one of the Conan books by Robert E. Howard. I picked it up because I thought the cover art was fantastic. When I read it I was hooked immediately because this was the sort of stuff that I had always wanted to do. I was now introduced to two amazing things: one was the Conan stories and the other was Frazetta's art, all in one go.

"When I came out of college in 1969, that was the sort of thing that I wanted to do but there wasn't much opportunity because that kind of illustration wasn't even wanted here. But later on, a year later, the first American fantasy imports were being reprinted over here and I saw what was being done. It was *Thongor of Lemuria* by Lin Carter, put out by Tandem Books. I looked at them on the book shelves and I thought they had terrible book covers. I rung up the publisher and told them I'd like to illustrate these books because I could do better. The art director told me to come down and see him. I showed him a few of my drawings, fantasy illustrations I had done at home, and he gave me a chance to do a series of three, which was *Brak the Barbarian*."

Achilleos says that in order to arrive at his particular brand of sword-and-sorcery art he emphasizes "dynamic lighting and a lot of design. I think a cover demands a special design. It's a condensation of everything that's in the book and it has to grab you, it has to come off the shelf, more than all the others next to it. You do a lot of things at the same time; unlike editorial work for a story or magazine—a very punchy image. I've tried it in a lot of ways. I started off showing the heroes—a big, tough barbarian swinging an axe—but I've gone off that. I thought the hero should never be shown, he should be left to the reader's imagination. Now I like showing the bad guys, the monsters, the battle scenes, things like that."

Another trademark of Achilleos' work is his highly individualistic conceptions of warrior women. He first attempted this kind of illustration during a slow period in his career when he was plugging away in a studio. "I sat down and did this picture of a girl with a sword. I was surprised myself at how good it looked, so after that I did some more. I did it for myself at first. I like warriors and I sort of turned the coin over: I drew a girl warrior instead of a hunky tough guy. I like doing historical warriors and instead of a man I showed a girl in the costume; there's something beautiful about it."

Achilleos' special talent for drawing and painting female warriors has been put to use by *Metal Hurlant* (the European predecessor to America's *Heavy Metal*) and the producers of the *Heavy Metal* movie. For the animation film, Achilleos was commissioned at first to design all the characters for the "Taarna" sequence. As work on the film progressed, the decision was made to allow other members of the picture's art staff to work on Achilleos' preliminary designs for the supporting characters so that Achilleos could devote all his time on the two central figures of Taarna and her giant bird. The one problem Achilleos encountered on this project was adapting his intricate style to the streamlined demands of animation. He says, "Michael Gross, who was in control of all of the artwork for *Heavy Metal* movie, kept telling me not to go into so much detail; I was treating it like a live-action film and I went all the way with very detailed drawings. He told me not to be so realistic." Not only was Achielleos' work seen in the film, he was also the creator of the well-known movie poster.

Another big fantasy production that made use of Achilleos' talents was Ray Harryhausen's *Clash of the Titans*. Achilleos was hired to work on the poster for the film but unfortunately his rendition was never used. "Before I came into it," he explains, "they had a poster made of the Kraken coming out of the water. I thought that was completely wrong. The Kraken was the last thing to happen in the story and I didn't think it should be shown. I think the strongest image they had anyway, and Ray Harryhausen agreed with me, was the Medusa. He loved her and so did I. I thought this was what should be shown. So I did this color rough, almost poster size. It showed a huge head of the Medusa with the snakes coming out of her head, looking out at you with red eyes. On the bottom I had Perseus on the flying horse Pegasus, and below that I had the scene of the coffin floating out into sea with him and his mother inside. And you have the rocks and the sea splashing, and in the back of it all was Mount Olympus, with all the clouds swirling around the head of Medusa. You couldn't help but look at it. I think it was really powerful. But when I showed it to the guy at the studio, he stood there staring at it for about two minutes without saying a word. I just broke the silence and said, 'You don't like it.' He said, 'No, it's not that. I think it's too scary. The kids will be scared of it and they won't go see the film.' I said, 'Christ, you must be joking. If you scare the kids they'll be sure to see it.' I left it at that. I don't know what went on behind the scenes; perhaps there were other reasons. I was really disappointed." In the end, MGM commissioned the Hildebrandts to do the work and Achilleos feels the final poster was not up to the two brothers' usual standards.

Achilleos is very much interested in doing other movie work, but while he waits for other opportunities he is keeping busy enough. In addition to cover paintings for a Michael Moorcock book and a Modesty Blaise reissue, he is spending a great deal of

Opposite page: Achilleos' "Nightwinds," from 1978.





"Master of the Jungle," also painted in 1978.

time on getting a new magazine off the ground, a project that seems very close to his heart. He says that fantasy magazines are "something that we're very short of in Great Britain. We don't have your *Heavy Metals* or your *STARLOGS* or your *Creepies, Eeries* or *1994*. We rely a lot on you guys over there for your kindness to show our work, but at the same time we don't like that; we want to have our own magazines over here and it's just impossible; there just isn't any money about. Publishers are just not publishing."

Now, Achilleos' celebrated monsters will be available in the artist's latest collection of paintings to be published by Iguana Publishing later this year, along with a portfolio and calendar for 1983. The book will be titled *Art-Works* and will show commissioned art covering all aspects of his work from commercial, graphics, film work, book covers, record sleeves, etc. The book will reveal the graphic illustrator as artist, with many of Achilleos' original detailed drawings and sketches of his characters before they take on their more grim and colorful personalities. ✱

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The Evolution of the Spaceship:

By RON MILLER

Science fiction didn't invent the rocket, but it did invent the spaceship. Like it did for so many other scientific and technological devices and concepts, science fiction saw uses for the rocket undreamed of by those who knew it only as a not very reliable small-scale weapon of war. The writers who took some care with the versimilitude of their stories found themselves caught in an ever-increasing spiral of gadgetry as they discovered that it wasn't just enough to attach a bunch of skyrockets to any handy vehicle. What about the acceleration? What about food and air and water inside a closed ship? What about landing? And so on. Thus science-fiction spaceships became outfitted with airlocks (and spacesuits), retro-rockets and landing gear, hydroponic gardens (for food *and* air), eventually all the trappings real spacecraft required as a matter of course. As realistic and detailed as the writers and artists tried to make them, it wasn't until the advent of the movies that anyone finally got to see a spaceship *fly*.

There were four great epochs in the history of the spaceship as portrayed on the screen: The Comic Book, The V-2, The Flying Saucer and The Overdetailed. (Not all of which we'll cover here and now.) Much before WW II there simply wasn't anything to model a spaceship upon. Actual rockets of much more than a dozen feet in length had seldom been built, at least not in this country. The first Hollywood space epics, the *Buck Rogers* and *Flash Gordon* serials, took their spacecraft directly from the newspaper comic art *apparently* without a great deal of thought as to how these things were to have actually worked; it seems they were considered simply as a variety of airplane.

Yet there are hints of an awareness of some of the then-current news about actual rocket research: Robert Goddard's speculative articles describing the possibilities of rocket flight to the Moon, and the kinds of rocket devices that could make the trip, and scores of popular science articles spun off them by other writers were in all the magazines and newspapers. Even the peculiar buzzing sound effect given the rocket craft in these films may be as much influenced by Goddard's concepts — in *Popular Science*, among other places, he proposed a rocket firing a series of hundreds of explosive pellets rather than a continuous blast—as it was by nobody really knowing what a big rocket might actually sound like. Still, the primitiveness, even for the time in which they were made (in Germany the V2 was under development) is evidenced by a scene in which to travel an unusually long distance "extra racks of rockets" are attached. They were still being thought of in terms of small and disposable.

Nearly 10 years *before* the *Flash Gordon* serials, Fritz Lang, in Germany, made his classic *Frau im Mond (Girl in the Moon)* with a rocket so accurately representing the state-of-the-art that the model was destroyed by the Nazis at the outset of WW II. It was designed by Hermann Oberth, who was to German rocket research what Goddard was to our own; perhaps more so, since Oberth was far less secretive. Number 9 in the drawing accompanying the first of this series, it was a three-stage liquid-fueled rocket, constructed in a Vertical Assembly Building, wheeled to its launch site on a crawler and launched after the first countdown in history! Its squat body and enormous fins reflected the design of many European rocket designers of the late twenties. As a promotional device for the film, Oberth was asked by the producers, UFA, to construct and launch an actual liquid-fueled rocket. Although the rocket was never completed, a great deal of important research into rocket design resulted—probably the first and last time a science-fiction movie spacecraft had any such direct influence upon the history of rocketry.

No spaceship design comparable with the one used in *Girl in the Moon* was to appear on the screen again for over 20 years—American audiences being quite happy with art deco kitchen appliances flying around in cloud-filled space—until the advent of George Pal's *Destination Moon* (1950). Its sleek spaceship, designed primarily by Chesley Bonestell, looked like the great-great-grandson of the V2—an influence on all of Bonestell's spacecraft (See number 17). It was atomic-powered, flying on a jet of superheated steam—sorely distressing one of the movie's characters as he watched *water* being loaded into the "fuel" tanks. It was to be a single-stage flight to the Moon and return—a

science-fiction concept that was a favorite to be singled out and laughed at, although today several single-stage-to-orbit shuttles are on NASA drawing boards. 1953's largely forgotten *Project Moonbase*, whatever it lacked as a motion picture, employed some of the most realistically-designed hardware of any space movie until recent times—if only the special effects had been equally well done.

Pal followed up *Destination Moon* in 1955 with *Conquest of Space*. Here an inane plot and silly "sci-fi" devices (*not* Pal's doing, I hasten to add) have caused some of the most extraordinary visuals in SF-film history to be ignored. The title of the movie is from the 1949 Willy Ley-Chesley Bonestell book of the same name while the mission to Mars depicted is from the Wernher von Braun-Bonestell collaboration *The Exploration of Mars*.

Three basic spacecraft make an appearance: a delta-winged shuttle, a wheel-shaped space station (called "The Wheel"), and the winged Mars Glider. All the spacecraft had their genesis in the *Collier's* magazine symposium, from which the book was eventually drawn. They are all part of a large interconnected fleet of spacecraft and it is partly due to this common origin that they look so believable. The shuttle was given delta wings to update it, but it is in reality the third stage of von Braun's manned rocket (number 15) from *Collier's*. It and the space station appear a little later on in Walt Disney's *Man in Space* TV series. The wheel-shaped space station was an original concept of von Braun's and little was done to alter it for the film. To shuttle passengers between the spaceships and the station a "taxi" is used—scarcely more than a pair of rocket engines in an open framework. Like all the rest of the technical aspects of the movie, the taxi is sound scientifically and totally believable.

The star however is the Mars Glider. Once again, it is a straight translation of the von Braun-Bonestell designs (von Braun had even published a small volume—*The Mars Project*—containing nothing but the *mathematics* pertaining to his proposed mission). The changes that were made were, with a few exceptions, reasonable and valid; some were even improvements. Giant tanks provided the fuel needed to speed the ship on its initial trajectory toward Mars. Once empty, these were jettisoned (in the book, reasonably enough, as soon as they were empty, in the movie they carried the empties into orbit around Mars—perhaps they thought the audience would wonder where their fuel was coming from if they got rid of the tanks too soon). The broad U-2-like wings were used to glide down to an airplane-type landing on the Martian surface. For take-off, the small fuselage was pivoted to an upright position and launched, leaving the large wings and landing gear behind. It was and still is one of the most accurately presented space flights ever shown on film. Today NASA has on the drawing board, and in small-scale working models, aircraft designed for Martian exploration. It will be no surprise, I expect, to tell you what they duplicate in appearance.

Between *Destination Moon* and *Conquest of Space*, there was another Pal-Bonestell spaceship: the ark that saved a handful of humans from disaster in *When Worlds Collide*. It was a typical, sleek Bonestell rocket, resembling most of all a winged V2 (one of his favorite designs—it shows up in one guise or another in a dozen Bonestell paintings). What was unique was its method of launch—along a track running up the side of a mountain. This has taken a lot of abuse from overzealous critics, but what was really wrong with the ramp was not the idea itself, but the initial dip it makes into a shallow valley before heading up the side of the mountain. The same method of launch was also used in the British film *Satellite in the Sky*. Using an inclined launching track actually goes as far back as the Russian space pioneer Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who proposed it back at the turn of the century. Like the version used in the film, Tsiolkovsky had his ship given a boost along the track by a sort of JATO unit that was jettisoned at the end of the ramp. The mountainside launching ramp was most recently re-proposed by Philip Bono of McDonnell-Douglas for the launch of the Hyperion spacecraft.

Bonestellian spacecraft had a great influence on movie spaceship design—both from his many science-fiction magazine covers (like the rocket seen in *Flight to Mars*) and from his work in the enormously popular *Collier's* magazine series and the subsequent spinoff books. The giant three-stage rocket in the British movie *Spaceways* was duplicated literally line-for-line from *Collier's*. The *Collier's* articles and books also spawned a line of plastic model kits from Lindberg and *these* found their way into several space movies—*literally*: they must have seemed a godsend to budgetless special-effects artists who found in the commercial models ready-made spacecraft. The Lindberg kits can be found with very little or no change in *Wild, Wild Planet* (1965), *Assignment—Outer Space* (1962, which also used several other commercial plastic model kits unchanged), and *War Between the Planets* (1971). Ironically, apparently in an attempt to disguise the kits, the delta-winged third stage of the three-stage rocket was given the canard wings of the *original* 50's *Collier's* spaceship: they had inadvertantly gone full circle! I don't mind the use of store-bought models in these movies, but I do wish that they had at least not used the decals too!

The *Collier's* influence even extended as far as television. For the *Tomorrowland* episodes of *Disneyland*, Walt Disney hired Werner von Braun as technical consultant and sometime narrator. The space exploration program outlined in the Man in Space episodes was basically an updating of his *Collier's* ideas. The differences were mainly a matter of details of design rather than idea. The manned rocket was delta-winged instead of airplane-winged, the donut-shaped space station was atomic-powered rather than solar-powered, and so on. Two *new* spaceships came out of the *Disneyland* series,



Animated version of the von Braun/Bonestell spaceship from Disney's "Man in Space" series.

though: the RM-1 (I've always been partial to that name) which was intended to orbit the Moon without landing, from one of the slickest and most forgotten space films ever made; and the elegant Mars ships designed by von Braun's compatriot Ernst Stuhlinger: atomic-powered ships with heat radiators spread like enormous umbrellas.

Chesley Bonestell's influence also extended to television spaceships. He created the preproduction paintings for the early 60s series *Men Into Space*, where the bottle-shaped *Collier's* launch vehicle made its last stand.

Once past the mid-fifties or so, *real* spaceships were soaring between planets and if they weren't yet carrying people, they soon would be. For the movie spaceship, the screen became a mirror. And for a decade movie spaceship design may as well have carried the credit "body by NASA." Until *Star Trek* and *2001*.

Star Trek's *Enterprise* was at the end of one trend and the hard-edged spacecraft of *2001* the beginning of another. As the real space program escalated, the V2-like spaceship (or real V2's in lower-budget pictures) became a little old-fashioned: it was turning out that spaceships just weren't looking like Hollywood had thought they would. ★

Anniversary Greetings
from the worlds of Science Fiction, Fantasy & Beyond

Once again it's time for a round of self-congratulating and back-patting in the STARLOG offices. We're proud of our accomplishments over the past six years, and prouder still of the congratulations we've received from professionals in the field from all over the world. It's our pleasure to share them with you, the STARLOG audience. After all, if not for your support. . . we'd all have to go out and find real jobs.



MIKE JITTLOV

(Producer/Director/Writer/Actor/Special Effector and 100 other Occupations: *Wizard of Speed and Time, Time Tripper, Mickey Mouse Collector)*

From all of us to all of you, a zillion magical thanks for six years of publishing excellence, intellectual stimulation and creative reporting!

Mike Jittlov

VINCENT DI FATE



(SF-fantasy illustrator: *Di Fate's Catalog of Science Fiction Hardware)*

Congratulations on your sixth year of continuous publication. The past six years have seen a great change, not only in our genre, but for our society as well. That you are numbered among the survivors speaks well of the services which you provide our community. And you have grown, not merely in size and circulation, but in heart as well. My best wishes go with you that you may continue in your good work.

Vincent Di Fate

ISAAC ASIMOV



(Science fact, SF author: *I, Robot, The Foundation Trilogy, In Memory Yet Green, Opus 200)*

In six days God created the Heaven and Earth. In six years, the staff of STARLOG, with somewhat lesser powers, has managed to create a magazine that fills a niche no other does. On the seventh day, God rested, but I have a feeling that STARLOG will keep right on going.

Isaac Asimov

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN

(Author: *Rocket Ship Galileo, Rolling Stones, Stranger in a Strange Land)*

Happy Birthday to STARLOG! Only six years old? It feels to me as if I had always been watching the mail for the new issue of STARLOG, then reading it at once while more stodgy magazines waited until I felt up to it. I particularly enjoy your lavish use of colored illustrations. But my favorite features are the columns of David Gerrold and Bjo Trimble. Many happy returns!

Robert A. Heinlein

ALAN BEAN



(Astronaut: Apollo 12, Skylab 2; Artist)

Keep it up! Nowhere else can a reader find the kind of in-depth interviews and information that you consistently give us. We need to know what people like Gene Roddenberry, Isaac Asimov and Arthur C. Clarke think . . . how they create . . . why and how they do what they do. They can help us think and do, if we let them.

Alan Bean

ALAN DEAN FOSTER

(Author: *The Thing, ALIEN, Splinter of the Mind's Eye,* the Flinx and Pip trilogy)

The publishing field's a bog
Presided over by the money god, Magog
But some fans from New York
Turned magazine stork
Birthed a labor of love called STARLOG
Best wishes for another successful year.

Alan Dean Foster

LEONARD NIMOY



(Actor: *Star Trek, Marco Polo, Mission: Impossible, Equus)*

Congratulations on your sixth as *Star Trek* celebrates its sixteenth. Sincerely hope that we'll be together for a long time to come. Spock Lives!

Leonard Nimoy

DAVID AYRES

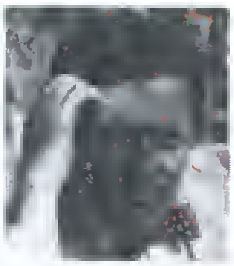


(Makeup artist: *CE3K, Funhouse, Something Wicked This Way Comes)*

All the best to all those on the STARLOG staff. You've helped so many! May you continue to do so . . . into infinity!

David Ayres

ED BISHOP



(Actor: Gerry Anderson's *UFO, Journey to the Far Side of the Sun, Diamonds Are Forever)*

Congratulations and best wishes on your sixth anniversary.

Ed "U.F.O." Bishop

GREG HILDEBRANDT

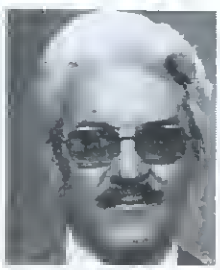


(SF/Fantasy illustrator: *Atlantis, Lord of the Rings* calendars, *Urshurak)*

As always, it is a pleasure to be invited to join your Anniversary celebration. Your magazine is truly an inspiration for Sci-Fi and Fantasy enthusiasts. I have always enjoyed it, and hope you have great success in the future. Looking forward to another great year.

Greg Hildebrandt

JESCO VON PUTTKAMER



(NASA consultant, Science advisor: *Star Trek-The Motion Picture)*

To the staff: warmest regards for STARLOG's 6th Anniversary! Your reporting on the Space Program is always appreciated here. May your anniversaries always be as gratifying to you as our Shuttle flights are exciting to us.

Jesco von Puttkamer



ZIENIA MERTON

(Actress: *Space: 1999, Return of the Saint, The Chairman)*

With all best wishes for now and the future.

Zienia Merton

FRANK KELLY FREAS



(SF/Fantasy artist))

Congratulations on six years of one of the most exciting and informative books in the field!

Frank Kelly Freas

RON MILLER



(Astronomical artist, Editor: *Space Art)*

It's only been six years? It seems like STARLOG has been around forever! If you've done just one thing in all that time that raises you far above any of the competition, it is your consistant efforts to encourage and involve young artists, writers and filmmakers. Even after over 15 years I haven't forgotten what it was like to see my first printed piece (the novelty has yet to wear off). I know what it means to the amateur or budding professional and I thank you in their name.

Ron Miller

DAVE PROWSE



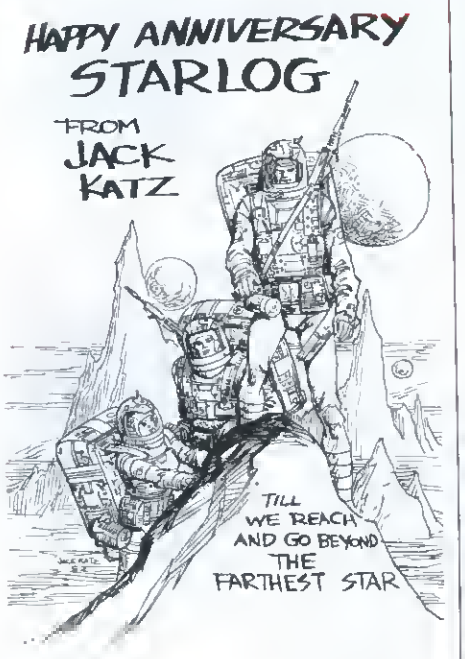
(Actor: *Star Wars* saga, *Hitch-Hiker's* TV series; Author: *Fitness Is Fun, Playing Safe With the Stars)*

Congratulations on yet another year of producing what is without question the best magazine of its kind on the market —STARLOG. The magazine has never failed to be interesting, informative and bang-up-to-date, and I only wish you could hear the cheers from the audiences when I mention STARLOG as being the Number 1 Science Fiction Fan Magazine in the world on my lecture tours. I am sure that if you have not heard from them already, I and my *Star Wars* colleagues, who have just completed shooting *Revenge of the Jedi,* wish you every success for the future.

Dave Prowse

JACK KATZ

(Artist, Author, Creator: *The First Kingdom)*



JACK KATZ

DR. DONALD A. REED



(Founder/National president of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films)

The 3,000 members of the Academy send warm greetings to their favorite magazine, STARLOG. In the words of our late friend, Bud Abbott (of Abbott and Costello), "May you live as long as you want and may you never want as long as you live."

Dr. Donald A. Reed

BUSTER CRABBÉ



(Actor: Tarzan films, first portrayer of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon)

You've done a magnificent job. Keep it up.

Buster Crabbe

GEORGE GIBBS



(SFX artist: *Flash Gordon,* 1980; *Arabian Adventure)*

Happy Anniversary to the best Special Effects magazine in the world. I really admire your coverage of the latest Special Effects news from both sides of the Atlantic. You've given us all a very entertaining and informative six years and I'm looking forward to enjoyable reading for many more years to come.

George Gibbs

SUZANNE ROQUETTE



(Actress: *Space: 1999)*

I wish you all a very Happy Anniversary and lots of success for the future.

Suzanne Roquette

BRUCE KIMMEL



(Director, Actor: *The Creature Wasn't Nice)*

Happy Anniversary STARLOG. Best of luck from me and all the folks at *Creature Features,* and especially . . . the creature itself. The creature drools every time a new issue hits the stand so keep 'em coming!

Bruce Kimmel

ARTHUR C. CLARKE



(SF author, Science fact writer, Screenwriter; forthcoming novel: 2010: Space Odyssey Two)

."Archie"—my word processor—and I are too exhausted after six months at Warp Ten to do more than say "Happy Birthday!"

Arthur C. Clarke

MARTIN LANDAU



(Actor: *Space: 1999, Mission: Impossible, Meteor)*

A very happy sixth anniversary to your publication. I look forward to receiving it each month and hope that you continue STARLOG for light years to come!

Martin Landau

ROBERT BLOCH



(Horror author: *Psycho, The Scarf;* Screenwriter: *The House That Dripped Blood, Tales from the Crypt)*

For six years STARLOG has been enliving, enlightening and enriching us all. Here's wishmany, many more years of success to the magazine—and many, many more years of pleasure to its readers!

Robert Bloch

JEROME BIXBY



(Author: *IT!-The Terror from Beyond Space, It's A Good Life, Star Trek* episode "Mirror, Mirror")

It delights the eye, tweaks the psyche, nourishes futurethink, excites and solidly informs fan and professional. Happy sixth birthday to STARLOG—and many more to come, with few returns!

Jerome Bixby

GREG JEIN

(SFX model maker: *CE3K, Flesh Gordon, 1941, Dark Star)*

Happy Sixth STARLOG! May your imagination and reality be limitless!



Best, Greg Jein

CHESLEY BONESTELL



(Astronomical artist, Matte painter: *When Worlds Collide, War of the Worlds, Destination Moon)*

Once again Happy Birthday, and many happy returns!

Chesley Bonestell

KENNETH TOBEY



(Actor: *The Thing from Another World, Beast from 20,000 Fathoms))*

Dear STARLOG Fans.

It's us against *Them*!

Kenneth Tobey

MARTIN J. BOWER



(SFX model maker: *Space: 1999, ALIEN, Outland, Doctor Who)*

Best wishes for a great future!

M Bower.

RAY BRADBURY

(Author: *The Illustrated Man, Martian Chronicles, Fahrenheit 451)*





GUY and BRAD GILCHRIST

(Artist and Writer: *The Muppets* newspaper strip)





BARRY GRAY



(Composer: *Thunderbirds, UFO, Journey to the Far Side of the Sun, Space: 1999)*

BOB "TRACY" BURNS



(Film editor, Assistant monster maker, Actor; "Tracy the Gorilla" in *Ghost Busters; Further Adventures of Major Mars)*

Well, STARLOG, when you say you're putting out a slick magazine, you don't monkey around. Happy Birthday!

Bob Burns

JACK KIRBY

(Premiere comics artist; Creator of *Captain America* and *Captain Victory*; Currently doing design work for Saturday morning TV animation)



ALBERT GLASSER

(Composer: *Amazing Colossal Man, Boy and the Pirates, Beginning of the End)*



I am sure that by now, you are *well* aware of the profound impact your magazine has had on adventurous people around the world. You have opened up just a vast area of "open" thinking, a marvelous perception of "could be"—a fantastic world of thinking, dreaming and thoughts of what is yet to come. Besides all of that, you had the immense perception to issue a most remarkable recording—i.e., *The Fantastic Film Music of Albert Glasser*. I must admit, that aside from being prejudiced, yes, and grateful, your taste for "good" music is superb. In fact, I love every note on the record. In any event, keep on doing the great "thing" you are doing—publishing a marvelous magazine!

Sincerely, one of your fans,

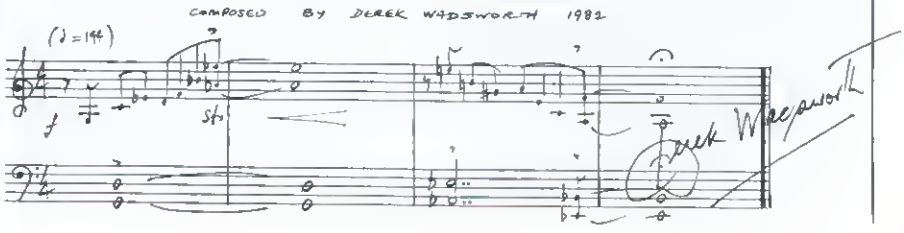
Albert Glasser

DEREK WADSWORTH

(Composer: *Space: 1999*, Series 2; *Day After Tomorrow)*

Many congratulations on your sixth anniversary. A superb publication!

STARLOG FANFARE



Ridley Scott

A talk with the director of **Blade Runner**, sure to be one of the brightest spots in this summer's film offerings.

By ROBERT GREENBERGER

*There are only three feature films to Ridley Scott's credit but he has already established a distinctive style. His movies—*The Duellists, ALIEN, *and the upcoming* Blade Runner*—have atmospheric sets that the audience can practically smell and touch. He has tightly designed sets and lighting that help evoke this gauzy feeling. Scott also brings out character traits that seem to play on the look and feel of the atmospherics, adding an extra touch.*

Scott received praise for his strong character statements when ALIEN *was released in May 1979. The film was the first major science-fiction film to get almost as good press as* Star Wars, *which brought about the latest cycle of genre films. Both were produced at Twentieth Century-Fox under the watchful eye of Alan Ladd Jr., a man who knows talent when he sees it.*

But long before Scott even heard of the Nostromo, *he was a respected maker of British television commercials. Scott learned his trade after spending seven years at the West Hartlepool College of Art and the Royal College of Art in London. It was there that he learned how to design sets and create the necessary feeling to make them believeable. He worked in television at first and then went out to make a name for himself as one of the most prolific and successful commercial producers in England. Besides the hundreds he personally made, his company, Ridley Scott Associates, made thousands more.*

At 39, Scott made The Duellists, *an adaptation of the Joseph Conrad short story. The movie took a Special Jury Prize at Cannes bringing him international attention.*

ALIEN *was already in pre-production at Twentieth at the time but no director had been found. Fox's Sandy Leiberson brought up Scott's name and the rest, as they say, is history.*

Since ALIEN, *Scott's name had been associated with several projects including, at one time or another,* Dune *and* Conan. *When he finished* ALIEN, *he told people he was developing* Tristan and Isolde *but then came the script for* Blade Runner *and he changed his mind.*

When we spoke with Scott in March, he was in the cutting room in Los Angeles making the final changes before the film's June 25th release. It had met with extremely positive previews and his changes were just minor tinkerings to improve a project Scott feels very good about.



Ridley Scott relaxes against a Spinner during *Blade Runner*'s production.

STARLOG: What was the reaction at the previews?

RIDLEY SCOTT: Very good. We sold out of both previews in Denver and Dallas in 20 minutes. They were big—there was one 1000 seater and one just underneath that, like 950, in two separate cities.

SL: How did you first get involved with the movie?

RS: I have known the producer Michael Deeley for a number of years. He came and saw me when I was dubbing *ALIEN* and he brought this script in, which I thought was very interesting. It basically and essentially started that way, though I was in the process of doing something else. This script kind of stayed with me and so, months later, I went back and said, "Listen, is that still around?"

SL: How long did principal photography take?

RS: About 17 weeks.

SL: That's fairly long, isn't it?

RS: Not for this kind of movie. It is fairly short.

SL: You've said that you were attracted to *ALIEN* because of the script. You just said *Blade Runner*'s script attracted you. What sort of qualities do you look for in a script?

RS: It's a peculiar thing because I had never really been drawn to science-fiction reading or, in fact, science-fiction movies. I finally got thrilled by *Star Wars*—it was not just a film, it was the whole thinking—it was the kind of film which shifted gear into another dimension of filmmaking. It was totally courageous. In its own way, really, it's a kind of art movie and that really summed it up. I was in the process of doing something else, let's say more normal, and at that particular juncture *ALIEN* just happened to walk through the door—which was an odd piece of casting in a way because the only film that I had done before was *The Duellists* and in fact, I think it was Sandy Lieberson at Twentieth Century-Fox who thought to send it to me.

I think the whole joy of science fiction sunk in and touched me in a sense that I find now that, even when I am developing for the future and in the process that I'm doing now, I'm coming along with another movie and I'm still in a very exotic area. I find that a straight

piece of writing and an idea which is more related to normal contemporary life has to be really quite special in some way or have some special slant, to make it interesting. I find that these exotic films are much more fascinating. If you are going to go through a process involving 18 months to two years of your life, working on something, you've got to be totally entrenched with it for something to hold you that long.

SL: *ALIEN* represented Dan O'Bannon and Ron Shusett's vision of the future and *Blade Runner* is a presentation of Phil Dick's vision. How do they match your vision?

RS: I think that these things are all interpretations of what I bring to the film. I guess the visual overlay, which is in the sense the presentation of what it's like, is therefore not really their vision of this particular future. Both films are a process of shooting through the camera with one's own taste. Therefore what one gets in blueprint or screenplay is hopefully a good story or a thrilling story or a touching story or a sentimental story, well told. After the blueprint, things are wide open for interpretations. It can be screwed up or enhanced, whichever way you like to go, whoever is handling it, basically.

I think that the strength of your balance in the screenplay—which in *ALIEN* was contributed to by Walter Hill—determines the film's outcome. *ALIEN* had a very sharp sledgehammer of a screenplay which drove along at an incredible pace and which had some shocking ideas about sequences and the actual thrust of the whole thing was there, but the interpretation of how you go about it is another thing.

The concept of the future is—I'm afraid when you get into these things it's always a battle because you are dealing with unknown quantities and people. A lot of people are involved when you are trying to convey an idea of what *you* want. It then has to be interpreted by someone else, until finally something is built and then filmed within the piece of that structure. The idea may be there for the story but the actual execution is really seldom anything like the screenplay.

SL: It is our understanding that Hampton Fancher's original screenplay has gone through quite a number of changes. (See STARLOG #58 for details.)

RS: Not really. Hampton's screenplay was the one I had read initially and we did a lot of work with Hampton, god, over a period of nine months while we were preparing preproduction. So, in other words, we were preproducing as well as refining the basic structure, the basic screenplay. David Peoples was brought in to put another layer of element in—involving the detection work and a certain kind of dialogue.

SL: How close is the finished project to the original screenplay?

RS: If we are going back to the original two years ago, then I guess it has changed quite a lot, but the screenplay I read from Hampton, the one we finished with, has changed somewhat. It's difficult to say. . . it's kind of settled down. There are good elements from both sides.



During the showdown between Rick Deckard (Harrison Ford) and Roy Batty (Rutger Hauer), things get violent.

SL: Had you read Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* beforehand?

RS: I haven't read it. In fact, the film itself has a slight resemblance to the novel, in terms of the basic idea, obviously. The Dick novel is very complex, very convoluted. A brilliant piece which in book form would never make a film. It's too complex, a very special piece of literature. I think very seldom does the screenplay compare with the book. There are always drastic changes that have to take place, again in terms of the story's drive and thrust of the film. If you just filmed the book, normally you would have a very slow movie.

SL: You've said that you're intrigued by a sense of inevitability in *The Duellists* and in *ALIEN*. Is that sense in *Blade Runner*?

RS: Yes it is. My central character, Rick Deckard, is a sardonic kind of character who prefers to live down here, even though he has opportunities to go off-world. He is encouraged to go off-world where there is a better kind of life, cleaner air, high pay, more opportunities, etc. In his own words, in a voice-over that we used to have in the film, he said, "But then, I preferred it down here." He preferred to take his chances down here because he still had a kind of faith in the idea that everything would pull itself together again. We seem to feel that he knows it won't change and we know it won't change—in fact it is an inevitability about the way the world is going—and so, yes, I think it is portrayed a little bit like that. I hope it's not taken too seriously, but actually I'm hoping to have fun with it! It's not a lecture.

SL: Can you tell us about the role of the replicants in that society?

RS: There are little ground rules that one has to create for one's own logistics. Sometimes in literature one can get away without necessarily explaining something because one isn't explaining things right through. In film terms, one has to ideally explain things, certainly in commercial cinema. I think that when it's working right, it's the best. It's for a big audience and people have to understand it and therefore you're talking about communications. One of the ground rules that we decided upon is the word "replicant." It's a word we came up with—it wasn't originally in the book.

SL: No, they were androids.

RS: Yes, they were androids. Now, initially my reaction to seeing androids is that the word "android" was being overused and therefore rather cliche. People immediately expect a character with nuts and bolts coming out of its head. You are talking about robotics or androids and the next stage is humanoids—in other words, a replica of a human. Let's say, then, that we created one little ground rule which was to say: Industry and conglomerates moved out into space both for industrial and military purposes. Whether it was for weaponry, mining, fighting. . . maybe we decided it was better to fight in space than to blow up the world. If you are going to have a battle, have a fight out there.

Some of these conglomerates were involved in genetics, genetic engineering, and I guess there will be an actual process somebody will bring about, creating lifeforms at some point in time and indeed they might even figure out how to create human life. It might even become an industrial process. I mean, industrial genetics in the sense that one could easily allow the rules to slip a little bit and start creating a second-class generation—second class citizens who are used for these services off-world, deep in space. There is going to come a point in the near future where, for the sake of developing a space program, they are continually running out of volunteers to go off into space with a view of never returning. That is a pretty rough pros-



Deckard is called into service, above, and investigates a murder, opposite.

pect so maybe it is better to have replicants do that—they can be totally conditioned since they have no particular father or mother or background except for the laboratory process and it would not have too many psychological problems about going off into deep space. So that was a little ground rule we created and some of our replicants are military, some are ex-soldiers, some have to do with deep space exploration, some probably used in the process of mining, looking for minerals.

SL: How much personality are they allowed to have?

RS: Precisely what you find essentially in human beings. That is one of the points of the movie.

SL: They wanted to be treated as humans.

RS: They want *life*. Because what humans have done in the process of building the replicants genetically is they have also built in the systems where they are terminated automatically from a disease which is built into their body chemical structure. The disease is triggered after a period of four years.

Now this all sounds terribly serious and it sounds like it's a film about genetics and genetic enegineering but it's not that at all. It's essentially an adventure in a near-future period. It's a kind of future people watching the movie might experience in 40 years' time. The environment is this massive city which could be on the eastern seaboard or could be the west coast with this massive conglomerate of people. Within, we find Rick Deckard who is a detective of a special kind we call a blade runner. A blade runner is a special branch, he is licensed to deal with specific individuals and one of his tasks is to cover police things... fugitives, renegades, replicants that might somehow or other find their way down here from off-world. His job is to get them back out or kill them, exterminate them.

SL: You have an extensive background as a designer. Can you tell us about how you worked on designing this particular future?

RS: I always pick the people that I want to work with and it's up to the degree of choosing people in different roles... in a funny way it's like casting an actor because if you choose the right people, you're halfway there, you know what I mean? In other words, my task becomes a little bit easier. I always hire as good as I can get. People can then be pretty well left alone. They report and they show you what is happening and it becomes a moderating process which makes life easier—as opposed to having to sit down and spend every second of the day saying this and this and this.

I discussed my ideas and saw what the people designed, brought back to me and we discussed it. I was totally involved in the design process but was open to other interpretations.

SL: Did it bother you that when you cast Harrison Ford, you also cast Han Solo and Indiana Jones?

RS: Not at all. In fact, I think that was a kind of attraction. I knew Rick Deckard, the central character of *Blade Runner*, was so different from Han Solo that it represented a kind of challenge to Harrison. He would most certainly have played against the central character that we know him for, plus the fact that, from my point of view as a filmmaker and someone who is actually trying to aim a movie at an audience, people were familiar with Harrison [even though *Raiders of the Lost Ark* hadn't been released yet]. I thought it was double-edged. It was a great choice, you know, because I knew Harrison wanted a change of pace and he certainly has done that.

SL: How did you approach the rest of your casting?

RS: I have always gone through the process of casting with a totally open mind, with no preconceived notions about anything. It's funny, I've never had anybody laid on me—when a studio has come in and said you *must* use this person if you are going to do the movie. That has never happened, therefore, I always go into a casting session with a view that you should aim for one or two stars in the lead. There is a kind of insurance in that. But I know frequently that that is impractical when there are few available.

SL: Are you the kind of director that works closely with the actors on developing the characters?

RS: Yes, as much as we can. There is always a period of rehearsals before the film and I at least try to get a couple of weeks for casting and reading through the script. I usually take a certain amount of time and tell them all about the overall film, not just about their particular parts. It's usually a lengthy process, but then it is worth it because they know how they sit, how they figure within the overall piece. It is very important that they understand the entire thing rather than just asking someone in to read a scene.

SL: How was it working with Doug Trumbull on the special effects?

RS: Wonderful. Doug's company, EEG, got the whole thing going in terms of effects. Then Doug was trying to set up *Brainstorm*, so he left us and we continued under the supervision of David Dryer, the special-effects director, who is terrific. That whole process was great... it was very enlightening for me because I love getting involved with the effects. They were absolutely fascinating.

SL: Did you and Doug work out the effects way in advance?

RS: Oh yes. In the early days, but then Doug moved on but I am hoping to do my next film with Doug as well.

SL: A lot of movies are very reliant on the role of special effects. Does this bother you?

RS: No, not at all. I think that what's happened is that a lot of directors in the early days seemed to have connotations of science fiction or thriller—I don't like to use the word "horror"—movies being "B" movies. If you're in a relatively exotic area then one is vaguely "B-movieish." I think that now it is kind of turned about. The movies I like to make are for an audience, obviously, not just a few people. Therefore I am talking about a very big cinema and the big cinema movies of the last few years, that I have particularly enjoyed, have all been filmed involving special effects where they were integrated totally. It's interwoven to such a degree that the special effects are like a character. I think that any director who thinks about it in any other way doesn't know how to handle special effects.

Special effects to me are like in *ALIEN*... they were the eighth member of the cast. I don't think of the alien in terms of being a monster. In *Close Encounters* the effects were remarkable and I think it was one of the







Ford as Deckard and Sean Young as Rachel, his replicant lover, left, and Hauer as the crafty Batty.

greatest optimistic viewpoints that you could have.

SL: Had your work in commercials prepared you for feature filmmaking?

RS: Yes. Commercial films were my film school. I totally learned there about the technique, presentation and how to communicate.

SL: You've been able to apply all of that to the sets and the actors, but what about the post-production process? How closely are you working with your editor Terry Rawlings (who also edited *Chariots of Fire*)?

RS: Totally. Obviously it's been difficult because one has one's load spread out. I've been going into the Los Angeles offices and then back to London for editing and I've been post-producing in London while Trumbull's company was still doing the effects here in Los Angeles. I was going backwards and forwards, really, twice a month.

SL: You also find music very important, don't you? Can you tell about your discussions with Vangelis [who won the Academy Award for his score to *Chariots of Fire*]?

RS: Obviously one always goes through a process of discussion with a musician and one tries to communicate as much as one can, by playing other music. It drives them crazy because, Terry Rawlings, whom I've always worked with, edits the film and he has a particularly strong musical vent, therefore we always had a track for the film before the composer really comes near it. It helps because you see where you are headed and what it will be like with all the layers filled in and sometimes that is totally frustrating for the composer. It's frustrating when the composer hears the other music and the composer has to try and shut his ears off from that because, otherwise, he becomes influenced by the music. Frequently one will cut it and then not show it to the composer with the music behind it. One wants his own original, fresh input. So, it is difficult work. It's kind of abstract. It's also how much you demonstrate, how much clarification you need before you leave him with it. He is an artist in his own right and you must leave him a lot, actually, in terms of what you feel, providing one has briefed him in a certain way, saying "I want a romantic feeling here, a certain thrust there and not much here."

SL: So how did your discussions with Vangelis go? What were you looking for?

RS: I'm not as musically involved, actually. I used him once for a commercial about two years ago and I kind of like that electronic sound anyway. I like that kind of music from Vangelis and others, like Brian Eno. I think that music's interesting because it's so, in one sense, sounds manufactured and yet, it's music with a very definite, warm personality. I think Vangelis uses a combination of all sorts of things; I think he uses electronic instrumentation as well as real instruments and it's a rather nice mixture.

SL: I know what you're saying. I was listening to his *Chariots of Fire* soundtrack last night and was surprised to hear how many real instruments were brought into use.

RS: Yes. His music is absolutely perfect for the film. He is a legend himself at this moment. If synthesized music had been more forceful when Stanley Kubrick was doing *2001*, he may have used it. I'm sure he was well aware of that kind of music, aware of everything. Somehow or other, synthesized music has seemed to develop more sophisticated forms and is somehow less arty and more communicative. Especially in the last five years, let's say. It's been this small group of people trying to push their way through and they are suddenly being noticed. I mean, they have gone on using something like this kind of music; these artists would have been an extraordinary choice on the part of Kubrick. The music he did choose was a great counterpoint and that is what I like about Vangelis: he counterpoints things. He goes against the grain and gets an effect that way rather than going with the flow.

SL: With *Blade Runner* finished, are you still pursuing your goal to become a producer?

RS: Yes. I think that the process of directing is frustrating.

SL: In what ways?

RS: You're kind of at the center of the nervous system and you're kind of the central artery. When there is a lot of blood flowing through, you get a headache frequently. I think a producer experiences this as well. But it's not quite as on-the-line as the director's position. The director is channeling through him or they should be. It's a very hard process, a hard physical process and it would be nice to have a change of pace. It would be nice to stand off and watch it rather than being right out here in the front.

SL: You wouldn't want to try the producer/director route, then?

RS: Oh god no. I think that is a very complex process. I think you need two people.

SL: What about writing and developing properties?

RS: Oh sure, I do it all the time. I've done only a little bit of writing actually. I find the process not particularly rewarding. I find it very frustrating, and it would take too long for me. I've never really gone through or sat down for a long period to write. You kind of get into a groove as a writer and writing is not something you just jump into, I think. You gradually just slide into it and then become obsessed by it and then you are a writer and that takes time. The process, therefore, to slide in and out of writing for me would be very difficult. It would need to be on a more prolonged, constant basis. I don't think I would enjoy it.

I'm much better at dealing with writers in an editorial sense or story sense. I find it is much cleaner; it's essential to stand back off it.

SL: So you see directing as interpreting the screenplay into something visual.

RS: No, not just visually. Every way. You use every sense one can and if the viewers are there, then you can develop *everything*, but certainly one of the processes as a director, from my point of view and the way I work, is that because I lean very strongly and I'm interested very much in the visual side of the film, then a lot of that goes into the screenplay.

SL: Ok, here's the obvious question: what's next?

RS: Very simply, it's a fairy story.

SL: A fantasy?

RS: It's a fairy story. It's called, at the moment, *Legend of Darkness*. It's a fairy tale—a very, very beautiful fairy tale. In fact, it was a novel and now a screenplay. It's original. ★

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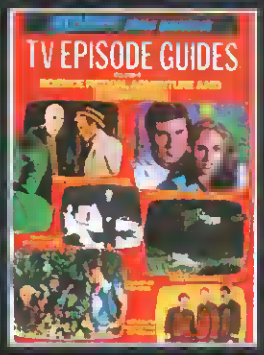

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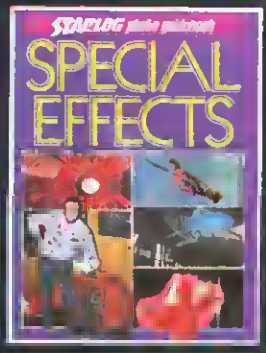

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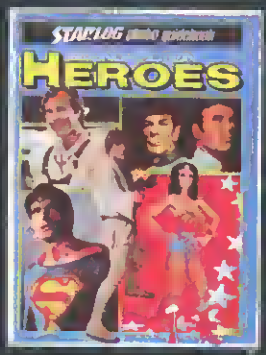

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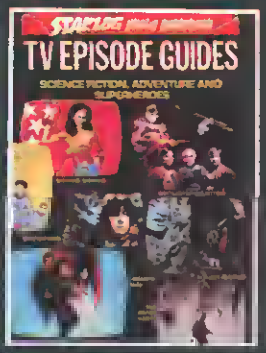

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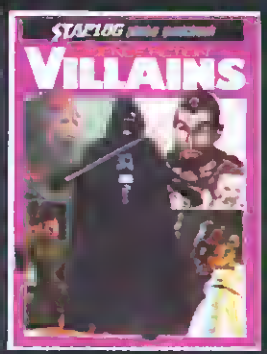

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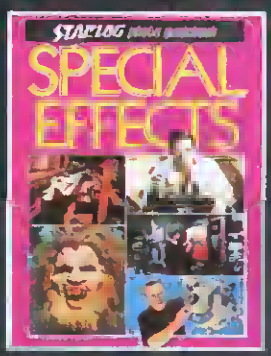

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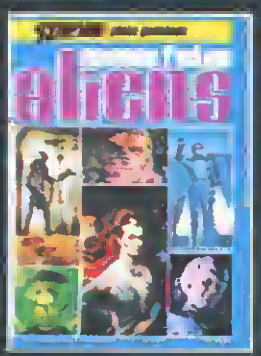

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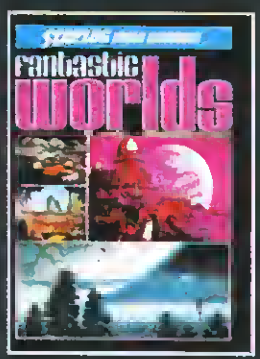

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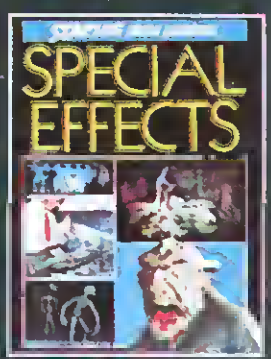

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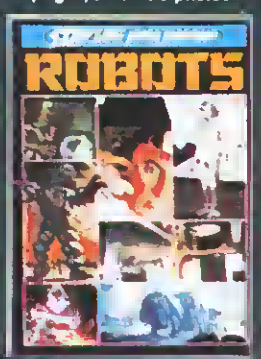

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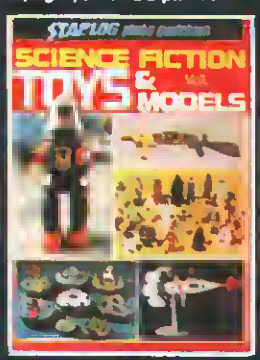

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STARLOG 2001

When Howard Zimmerman (ye kindly editor) called to remind me that this column would be appearing in a special issue—STARLOG's 6th anniversary issue—my reaction was, "Oh, God, Howard, not another one! We just had an anniversary issue *last year*!"

Howard said, "David, having anniversaries isn't so bad. Consider the alternative."

I did. Howard was right. Again. (He isn't *always* right, but he is always the editor. . . .)

The fact is, I have a hard time getting excited about STARLOG anniversaries. I've already seen several hundred of them.

A while back, I came into possession of a time machine, a time-belt which allows me to bounce into the future at will. Some of you may remember a novel I did about it, *The Man Who Folded Himself*. Well, how do you think I did the research?

Right now, I have here in my hot little hands, a copy of STARLOG's 24th anniversary issue, dated July 2001. I can't tell you who's on the cover, because it doesn't exactly have a cover. It's a four-inch video-disk that you have slip into a portable player to read. Wait a minute—.

There.

What passes for the cover is the first image on the screen It's Darth Vader. Of course. It's his fifty-fourth appearance on the cover of STARLOG. Inside is an inverview with David Prowse III, the third generation of Vaders. "It's a family tradition," he says.

Next up on the screen is the table of contents—actually, it's kind of like a preview of coming attractions, except you already have the whole magazine there on the disk. It's kind of like a network teaser with incredible graphics. Wow!

But let me take you through the whole issue. Just past the preview is Kerry O'Quinn's space, still called "From The Bridge." As usual, Kerry is sitting in his command and control chair in the center of a vast mission control room. The past 18 years have been kind of him. His white hair floats about his shiny face like a cloud, or a halo. He looks almost saintly. Frankly, this issue has one of his best chats with the "readership." I'm probably telling you something I shouldn't, (I hope most of you will forget by then), but Kerry is just revealing plans for the STARLOG All Science Fiction and Fantasy Satellite TV Channel. Channel 2001! It will only cost you 40,000 New Dollars a month! It's an incredible bargain! (I think it's about 40 cents in today's money. I'm not certain. Let me get back to you on this.)

Just past that are the communications from the reader/viewership of the



ART HOWARD GRUSE



By DAVID GERROLD

STARLOG *Video Magazine*. A lot of young faces, as always. A lot of excitement and enthusiasm. The argument is still raging over whether or not Chris Reeve is too old to star in *Superman 10*. Chris Reeve is still unavailable for comment. He's climbing Mount Everest in preparation for a film version of the life of Sir Edmund Hillary.

Coming up next on the video screen are the newsbriefs of what's happening in the world of science fiction and fantasy. Harlan Ellison has declared war on Guatemala. Isaac Asimov has published his two millionth book. (Ever since he got that positronic word processor installed, he's been impossible to keep up with.) And the Dungeons and Dragons World Convention will be held in West Virginia this year. One of the world's largest coal mines (long since abandoned since the introduction of cheap electrical power—sorry, but I can't give that one away here) will be transformed into the most extensive dungeon ever mapped. Four thousand class-A dungeon masters are currently in training to handle the convention participants. Over 250,000 people are expected to attend. (Only 37% of them are expected to survive.) Afterward, the dungeon will be left as a permanent tourist attraction.

The Moscow DisneyWorld will be opening as scheduled in the spring of 2002. Construction is currently 11 days ahead of schedule.

Paramount is still talking about bringing back *Star Trek* as a TV series. All of the surviving members of the original cast are still available. Plans are still not firmly set, but an undisclosed source close to the studio says that "this time, we think we have a *real* chance to pull it off." Walter Koenig says he is willing to "return to the bridge of the *Enterprise* to play Captain Chekov." Rumor has it that Uhura will be promoted to Admiral.

STAR WARS 12, *The Sons of Skywalker*, has completed production. It will be projected entirely in 3-D laser-holovision, and will have 27-channel stunsurround sound. Audiences will be required to present proof of medical fitness before entering the theater.

Mattel reports that they have sold three million R2-D2 model household robots in the past six months, and will be opening two new assembly plants shortly. The Peking plant is functioning at 150% efficiency and still can't keep up with the demand. There is a seven-month waiting list.

The Hunger Project, having achieved its goal of the end of death by hunger on the planet by the end of the century, is now transforming itself—the new game is the end of illiteracy in 20 years. It looks very possible.

And a lot of other little things like that. Very few surprises in this issue. (Next month's issue though. . . .)

I'm not going to describe all of the articles and film clips in the issue, I want to leave some surprises, but Bjo Trimble's column is still in STARLOG, as is this one. For STARLOG's 24th anniversary issue, Bjo talks about the advantages and disadvantages of cosmetic surgery in pursuit of costume accuracy. She finally tells the full story about the fellow who had himself transformed into a Pierson's Puppeteer for Nivencon VII and then couldn't get himself transformed back. A sad story that one.

This column, "Soaring," is my usual fireside chat. This time it's part seven in my series about the difficulties of writing for Senso-Vision. Some things never change.

Howard Zimmerman's "Last Word" is particularly interesting. Zimmerperson looks very spry for a man of his age. His cyborgian implants aren't at all distracting any more. And he seems to be recovering very well from that savage terrorist attack by the Radical Cylon Popular Liberation Front. It's a good thing he was packing his own artillery that day. It's a dangerous business, editing the most popular magazine of the Free Hemisphere Technocultural Network. Howard talks about his coming sex-change operation at the Varley Clinic in Mephisto, Oregon, (she's decided to be male again—he/she is playing hell with my pronouns!) and the dissolution of his/her group marriage in Kenya.

The best part of the magazine, however, are the congratulatory messages from all over the world—and beyond.

Robert and Ginny Heinlein lead off with a very special message from Harriman Village, Tycho Crater, urging all readers of the magazine to write their representatives on the World Space Council to support the immediate construction of three new faster-than-light starships. If the Centaurus colony is ever to be anything more than a blueprint, it will require four times a year visits. Heinlein makes his points with his usual crisp logic. (I'm no good at keeping secrets. One of those starships will be named after him.)

There's also a congratulatory message from the citizens of O'Neill II, read by elder statesman, William Proxmire. He discusses the longevity benefits to be experienced in a free-fall environment and urges the construction of two new L-5 cities before the end of the decade. It's hard to believe it's the same William Proxmire—but his stand on space began to shift about three years before the 1988 presidential elections. The rest is history.

The Con Committee of Lunarcon One (Hyatt Regency, Sea of Tranquility, Labor Day Weekend) sends their best. The low gravity swimming pool *will* be open for skinny dipping. The waves are sometimes 20 feet high.

There's a message from Mark Hamill, photographed on the *Son of Skywalker* set. He's wearing his Obi-Wan robe and fading in and out. I wonder what that means. . . .

California Governor Ed Asner sends his best. So does Senator Vonda McIntyre (D-Washington).

VAL-900, the world's first full-functioning artificial intelligence, is shown singing an odd little song about daisies and bicycles. It's called, "I want to marry a lighthouse keeper and live on the far side of the moon."

There's also a (decoded) message from Dolphin City, the usual good wishes, and another funny little song. (Not decoded.) I really wonder what all those bleeps and bloops mean.

This year, it seems, a lot of people are singing their congratulations. Except John Williams. This year, he went overboard. He's got all 350 members of the *Star Wars* Symphony Orchestra playing, "Happy Birthday To You!" Incredible! Especially in digital-laserround sound!

There's a lot more than this in the issue. There are the usual interviews and previews and animated science fiction games to play: Chapter 14 of *Dune* is included; STARLOG will eventually present the entire video-serial, including the three surpressed episodes. There's the advanced version of the *Riverworld* role-playing game, plus a preview of *The Dragon-Riders of Pern* game which will be presented next month. There's a 15 minute package of animated graphics for hobbyists to include in their own programs, with sound effects! And there are the blueprints for the *Enterprise II*, in case anyone wants to build their own Jumbo-Shuttle.

In short, an average issue of STARLOG in the 21st century, chock full of all that stuff that makes STARLOG in the twenty-first century one of the best Video Magazines around! (This month's personal health monitor in the magazine suggests that I peruse slowly. A man my age might not be able to survive the section on fantasy combat techniques.)

So, you can see—sure, I'm enthusiastic about the magazine's 6th anniversary! But I still haven't fully recovered from the 24th! Stick around. It just gets better! ★

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Gerrold has been given a free hand to express any ideas, with any attitude, and in any language he wishes, and therefore, this column does not necessarily represent the editorial views of STARLOG magazine nor our philosophy. *The content is copyrighted © 1982 by David Gerrold.*

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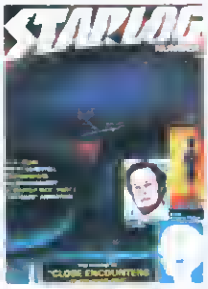
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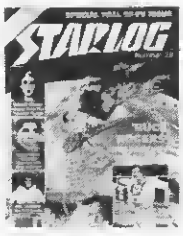

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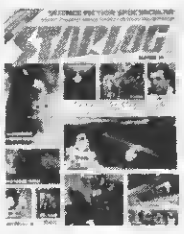

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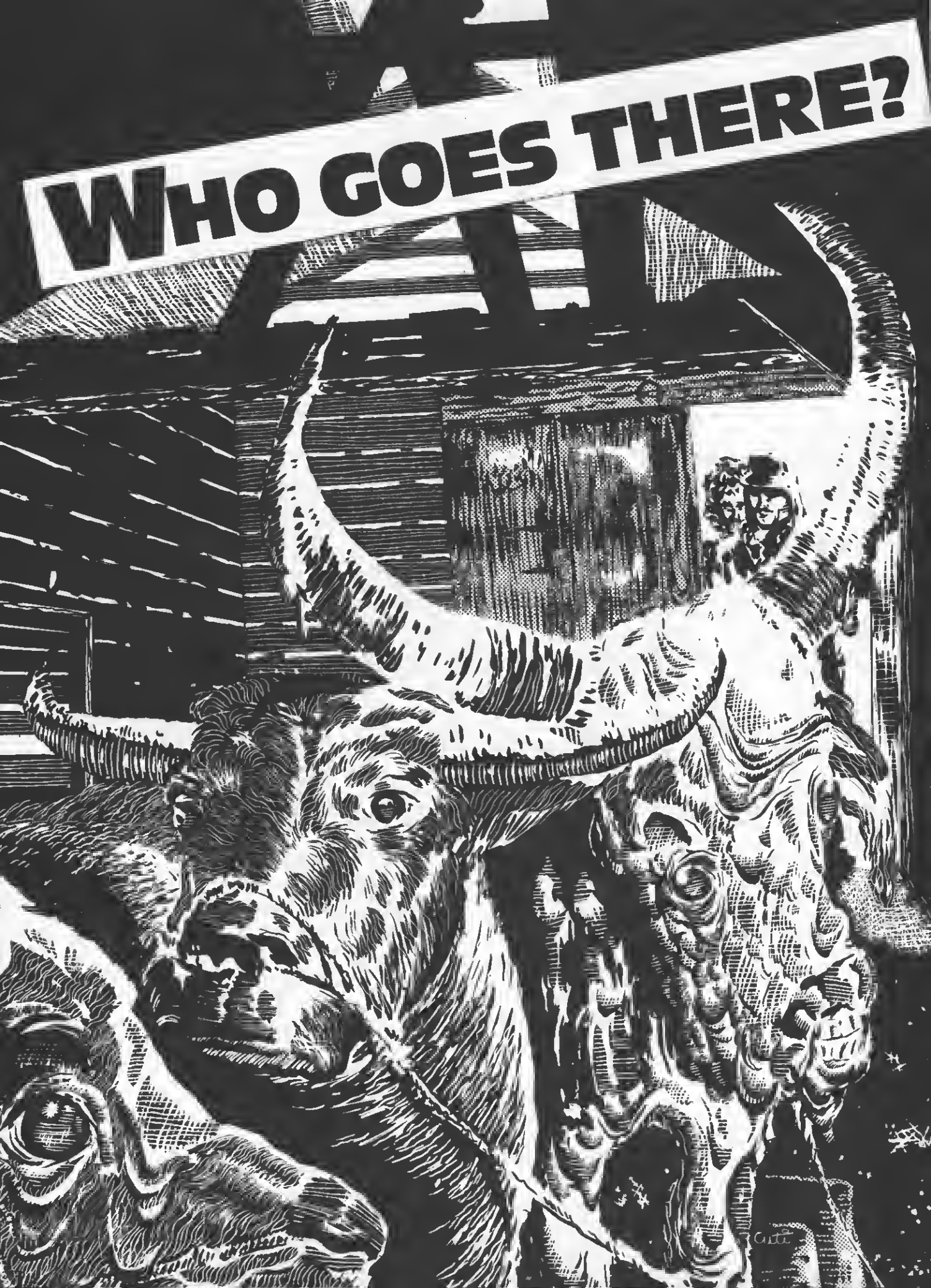
WHO GOES THERE?

CONCLUSION

Here is the senses-shattering conclusion to one of the most widely acclaimed science-fiction stories ever written. When you're finished, you may never again be certain of the true identities of your closest friends and relatives. You may want to test them, to make sure you know exactly "Who Goes There?"

by JOHN W. CAMPBELL, JR. (as DON A. STUART)

Synopsis: The "thing" is found in Dogtown. After a vicious fight in which one of the sled dogs, Charnauk, is taken over by the alien, the men manage to "kill" it by electrocution. Blair figures out that the "thing" increases its mass every time it takes over another animal. With the extra mass, it could then imitate additional animals. The men realize that the creature will have to absorb at least one of them *in order to reach the outside world from the isolated base. The imitations seem to be perfect, but Dr. Copper devises a blood serum test that he feels will allow them to pinpoint the imitations. Blair goes mad and is isolated in another shack. The men bolt the door from the outside. It's decided that, for security, the rest of the men will stay in groups of fours. When the blood test results are in, Copper realizes that they are meaningless —the creature's blood reacts the same way that human blood does. They can no longer be sure of just who is human and which members of the group are, in fact, inhuman imitations.*

Bar, call back those men before they tell Blair," McReady said quietly. Blair went to the door; faintly his shouts came back to the tensely silent men in the room. Then he was back.

"They're coming," he said. "I didn't tell them why. Just that Dr. Copper said not to go."

"McReady," Garry sighed, "you're in command now. May God help you. I cannot."

The bronzed giant nodded slowly, his deep eyes on Commander Garry.

"I may be the one," Garry added. "I know I'm not, but I cannot prove it to you in any way. Dr. Copper's test has broken down. The fact that he showed it was useless, when it was to the advantage of the monster to have that uselessness not known, would seem to prove he was human."

Copper rocked back and forth slowly on the bunk. "I know I'm human. I can't prove it either. One of us two is a liar, for that test cannot lie, and it says one of us is. I gave proof that the test was wrong, which seems to prove I'm human, and now Garry has given that argument which proves me human—which he, as the monster, should not do. Round and round and round and round and—"

Dr. Copper's head, then his neck and shoulders began circling slowly in time to the words. Suddenly he was lying back on the bunk, roaring with laughter. "It doesn't have to prove one of us is a monster! It doesn't have to prove that at all! Ho-ho. If we're *all* monsters it works the same! We're all monsters—all of us—Connant and Garry and I—and all of you."

"McReady," Van Wall, the blond-bearded Chief Pilot, called softly, "you were on the way to an M.D. when you took up meterology, weren't you? Can you make some kind of test?"

McReady went over to Copper slowly, took the hypodermic from his hand, and washed it carefully in 95 per cent alcohol. Garry sat on the bunk edge with wooden face, watching Copper and McReady expressionlessly. "What Copper said is possible," McReady sighed. "Van, will you help here? Thanks." The filled needle jabbed into Copper's thigh. The man's laughter did not stop, but slowly faded into sobs, then sound sleep as the morphia took hold.

> "The monster wants to have life-forms available. It is just waiting—waiting until the best opportunities come. We who remain human, it is holding in reserve."

McReady turned again. The men who had started for Blair stood at the far end of the room, skis dripping snow, their faces as white as their skis. Connant had a lighted cigarette in each hand; one he was puffing absently, and staring at the floor. The heat of the one in his left hand attracted him and he stared at it, and the one in the other hand stupidly for a moment. He dropped one and crushed it under his heel slowly.

"Dr. Copper," McReady repeated, "could be right. I know I'm human—but of course can't prove it. I'll repeat the test for my own information. Any of you others who wish to may do the same."

Two minutes later, McReady held a test-tube with white precipitin settling slowly from straw-colored serum. "It reacts to human blood too, so they aren't both monsters."

"I didn't think they were," Van Wall sighed. "That wouldn't suit the monster either; we could have destroyed them if we knew. Why hasn't the monster destroyed us, do you suppose? It seems to be loose."

McReady snorted. Then laughed softly. "Elementary, my dear Watson. The monster wants to have life-forms available. It cannot animate a dead body, apparently. It is just waiting—waiting until the best opportunities come. We who remain human, it is holding in reserve."

Kinner shuddered violently. "Hey. Hey, Mac. Mac, would I know if I was a monster? Would I know if the monster had already got me? Oh Lord, I may be a monster already."

"You'd know," McReady answered.

"But we wouldn't," Norris laughed shortly, half-hysterically.

McReady looked at the vial of serum remaining. "There's one thing this damned stuff is good for, at that," he said thoughtfully. "Clark, will you and Van help me? The rest of the gang better stick together here. Keep an eye on each other," he said bitterly. "See that you don't get into mischief, shall we say?"

McReady started down the tunnel toward Dog Town, with Clark and Van Wall behind him. "You need more serum?" Clark asked.

McReady shook his head. "Tests. There's four cows and a bull, and nearly seventy dogs down there. This stuff reacts only to human blood and—monsters."

McReady came back to the Ad Building and went silently to the wash stand. Clark and Van Wall joined him a moment later. Clark's lips had developed a tic, jerking into sudden, unexpected sneers.

"What did you do?" Connant exploded suddenly. "More immunizing?"

Clark snickered, and stopped with a hiccough. "Immunizing. Haw! Immune all right."

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"The cattle—" gulped Kinner. "Reacted very nicely. They look funny as hell when they start melting. The beast hasn't any quick escape, when it's tied in dog chains or halters. . . ."

"That monster," said Van Wall steadily, "is quite logical. Our immune dog was quite all right, and we drew a little more serum for the tests. But we won't make any more."

"Can't—can't you use one man's blood on another dog—" Norris began.

"There aren't," said McReady softly, "any more dogs. Nor cattle, I might add."

"No more dogs?" Benning sat down slowly.

"They're very nasty when they start changing," Van Wall said precisely, "but slow. That electrocution iron you made up, Barclay, is very fast. There is only one dog left—our immune. The monster left that for us, so we could play with our little test. The rest—" He shrugged and dried his hands.

"The cattle—" gulped Kinner.

"Also. Reacted very nicely. They look funny as hell when they start melting. The beast hasn't any quick escape, when it's tied in dog chains, or halters, and it had to be to imitate."

Kinner stood up slowly. His eyes darted around the room, and came to rest horribly quivering on a tin bucket in the galley. Slowly, step by step, he retreated toward the door, his mouth opening and closing silently, like a fish out of water.

"The milk—" he gasped. "I milked 'em an hour ago—" His voice broke into a scream as he dived through the door. He was out on the ice cap without windproof or heavy clothing.

Van Wall looked after him for a moment thoughtfully. "He's probably hopelessly mad," he said at length, "but he might be a monster escaping. He hasn't skis. Take a blowtorch—in case."

The physical motion of the chase helped them; something that needed doing. Three of the other men were quietly being sick. Norris was lying flat on his back, his face greenish, looking steadily at the bottom of the bunk above him.

"Mac, how long have the—cows been not-cows—"

McReady shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He went over to the milk bucket, and with his little tube of serum went to work on it. The milk clouded it, making certainty difficult. Finally he dropped the test-tube in the stand and shook his head. "It tests negatively. Which means either they were cows then, or that, being perfect imitations, they gave perfectly good milk."

Copper stirred restless in his sleep and gave a gurgling cross between a snore and a laugh. Silent eyes fastened on him. "Would morphia—a monster—" somebody started to ask.

"Lord knows," McReady shrugged. "It affects every Earthly animal I know of."

Connant suddenly raised his head. "Mac! The dogs must have swallowed pieces of the monster, and the pieces destroyed them! The dogs were where the monster resided. I was locked up. Doesn't that prove—"

Van Wall shook his head. "Sorry. Proves nothing about what you are, only proves what you didn't do."

"It doesn't do that," McReady sighed. "We are helpless. Because we don't know enough, and so jittery we don't think straight. Locked up! Ever watch a white corpuscle of the blood go through the wall of a blood vessel? No? It sticks out a pseudopod. And there it is—on the far side of the wall."

"Oh," said Van Wall unhappily. "The cattle tried to melt down, didn't they? The could have melted down—become just a thread of stuff and leaked under a door to re-collect on the other side. Ropes—no—no, that wouldn't do it. They couldn't live in a sealed tank or—"

"If," said McReady, "you shoot it through the heart, and it doeesn't die, it's a monster. That's the best test I can think of, offhand."

"No dogs," said Garry quietly, "and no cattle. It has to imitate men now. And locking up doesn't do any good. Your test might work, Mac, but I am afraid it would be hard on the men."

X

Clark looked up from the galley stove as Van Wall, Barclay, McReady and Benning came in, brushing the drift from their clothes. The other men jammed into the Ad Building continued studiously to do as they were doing, playing chess, poker, reading. Ralsen was fixing a sledge on the table; Van and Norris had their heads together over magnetic data, while Harvey read tables in a low voice.

Dr. Copper snored softly on the bunk. Garry was working with Dutton over a sheaf of radio messages on the corner of Dutton's bunk and a small fraction of the radio table. Connant was using most of the table for Cosmic Ray sheets.

Quite plainly through the corridor, despite two closed doors, they could hear Kinner's voice. Clark banged a kettle onto the galley stove and beckoned McReady silently. The meterologist went over to him.

"I don't mind the cooking so damn much," Clark said nervously, "but isn't there some way to stop that bird? We all agreed that it would be safe to move him into Cosmos House."

"Kinner?" McReady nodded toward the door. "I'm afraid not. I can dope him, I suppose, but we don't have an unlimited supply of morphia, and he's not in danger of losing his mind. Just hysterical."

"If," said McReady, you shoot it through the heart, and it doesn't die, it's a monster. That's the best test I can think of, offhand."

"Well, we're in danger of losing ours. You've been out for an hour and a half. That's been going on steadily ever since, and it was going for two hours before. There's a limit, you know."

Garry wandered over slowly, apologetically. For an instant, McReady caught the feral spark of fear—horror—in Clark's eyes, and knew at the same instant it was in his own. Garry—Garry or Copper—was certainly a monster.

"If you could stop that, I think it would be a sound policy, Mac," Garry spoke quietly. "There are—tensions enough in this room. We agreed that it would be safe for Kinner in there, because everyone else in camp is under constant eyeing." Garry shivered slightly. "And try, try in God's name, to find some test that will work."

McReady sighed. "Watch or unwatched, everyone's tense. Blair's jammed the trap so it won't open now. Says he's got food enough, and keeps screaming 'Go away, go away—you're monsters. I won't be absorbed. I won't. I'll tell men when they come. Go away.' So—we went away."

"There's no other test?" Garry pleaded.

McReady shrugged his shoulders. "Copper was perfectly right. The serum test could be absolutely definitive if it hadn't been—contaminated. But that's the only dog left, and he's fixed now."

"Chemicals? Chemical tests?"

McReady shook his head. "Our chemistry isn't that good. I tried the microscope, you know."

Garry nodded. "Monster-dog and real dog were identical. But—you've got to go on. What are we going to do afer dinner?"

Van Wall joined them quietly. "Rotation sleeping. Half the crowd asleep; half awake. I wonder how many of us are monsters? All the dogs were. We thought we were safe, but somehow it got Copper—or you." Van Wall's eyes flashed uneasily. "It may have gotten every one of you—all of you but myself may be wondering, looking. No, that's not possible. You'd just spring then. I'd be helpless. We humans might somehow have the greater number now. But—" he stopped.

McReady laughed shortly. "You're doing what Norris complained of in me. Leaving it hanging. 'But if one more is changed—that may shift the balance of power.' It doesn't fight. I don't think it ever fights. It must be a peaceable thing, in its own—inimitable—way. It never had to, because it always gained its end—otherwise."

Van Wall's mouth twisted in a sickly grin. "You're suggesting then, that perhaps it already *has* the greater numbers, but is just waiting—waiting, all of them—all of you, for all I know—waiting till I, the last human, drop my wariness in sleep. Mac, did you notice their eyes, all looking at us?"

Garry sighed. "You haven't been sitting here for four straight hours, while all their eyes silently weighed the information that one of us two, Copper or I, is a monster certainly—perhaps both of us."

Clark repeated his request. "Will you stop that bird's noise? He's driving me nuts. Make him tone down, anyway."

"Still praying?" McReady asked.

"Still praying," Clark groaned. "He hasn't stopped for a second. I don't mind his praying if it relieves him, but he yells, he sings psalms and hymns and shouts prayers. He thinks God can't hear well way down here."

"Maybe He can't," Barclay grunted. "Or He'd have done something about this thing loosed from hell."

"Somebody's going to try that test you mentioned, if you don't stop him," Clark stated grimly. "I think a cleaver in the head would be as positive a test as a bullet in the heart."

"Go ahead with the food. I'll see what I can do. There may be something in the cabinets." McReady moved wearily toward the corner Copper had used as his dispensary. Three tall cabinets of rough boards, two locked, were the repositories of the camp's medical supplies. Twelve years ago McReady had graduated, had started for an internship, and been diverted to meterology. Copper was a picked man, a man who knew his profession thoroughly and modernly. More than half the drugs available were totally unfamiliar to McReady; many of the others he had forgotten. There was no huge medical library here, no series of journals available to learn the things he had forgotten, the elementary, simple things to Copper, things that did not merit inclusion in the small library he had been forced to content himself with. Books are heavy, and every ounce of supplies had been freighted in by air.

McReady picked a barbituate hopefully. Barclay and Van went with him. One man never went anywhere alone in Big Magnet.

Ralsen had his sledge put away, and the physicists had moved off the table, the poker game broken up when they got back. Clark was putting out the food. The click of spoons and the muffled sounds of eating were the only sign of life in the

(continued on page 77)

Get Set For A Journey Into An Electronic Oz, As Disney Enters A New Dimension In Filmmaking

TRON

By DAVID HUTCHISON

It was back in the 30s and 40s that the Disney Studios first dazzled audiences with the visual splendors of full animation and Technicolor to create feasts of visual fantasies on a scale that the world had never known possible. And though that revolution has come and gone, the riches of that age (*Snow White, Pinocchio, Fantasia* et al.) are still with us nearly 50 years later.

But now another revolution is upon us. When Disney's *Tron* is released in July it will be the first motion picture to make extensive use of computer graphics.

Though the techniques that made the cel animated classics of 50 years ago seem simple and easily understood to us now, that was certainly not the case when Walt Disney revolutionized the art of animated film. The situation is the same today in our modern electronic

age when we apply the awesome power of computers to filmmaking.

Computer graphics were first applied to aerospace and scientific research in the mid 1960s, when methods of simulating objects digitally in three dimensions proved to be more effective than building models. Since that time several companies have been expanding that technology into the entertainment field to create new worlds for motion pictures—computer created landscapes that could not physically exist in the real world. Computers are new and powerful tools for the artists of the imagination.

Though computer graphics, digital scene simulation and other hi-tech techniques are being explored by many companies, the public has only seen glimpses of what is happening in the field through TV commercials and logos that have made use of the technology or as brief moments in recent SF films. *Tron* takes a giant step into the computer graphics field.

Described as an electronic science-fiction fantasy, *Tron* is the story of a young computer game wizard, Flynn (Jeff Bridges), whose computer game programs have been stolen by Ed Dillinger (David Warner), the executive vice-president of ENCOM. The success and popularity of the stolen game programs has enabled Dillinger to become very powerful within the company.

Flynn, cast aside by ENCOM, now works at a computer game arcade, but devotes his spare energies to breaking into the ENCOM computer to obtain the evidence that those programs were stolen from him.

His attempts to gain access are detected by Allen Bradley (Bruce Boxleitner) who has been working on the security program for ENCOM. The security program is called Tron.

Flynn has a number of sympathisers at ENCOM, among them Lora (Cindy Morgan) and Dr. Gibbs (Barnard Hughes); Flynn tells his friends that if they can just get him to a terminal inside ENCOM, he can break into the system and get the program to dump all the evidence on Dillinger. They sneak Flynn into the lab where Lora and Dr. Gibbs work sn he can use the computer terminal there. As Flynn tries to break into the system Dillinger's Master Control Program activates a laser which digitizes him down into electronic particles. He finds himself drawn into the electronic wurld of the computer where the video games which he has invented are played to the death and where computer programs live as alter-egos of the people who created them.

In this electronic Oz, Flynn meets Tron, Allen Bradley's alter-ego; Yori, an electronic Lora; Dumont, which is the high priest of the electronic world and Dr.Gibbs alter-ego; and Sark, which is Dillinger's electronic self.



Video game warriors "res-up" for action. Warriors are created in stages, moving from a low-resolution grid construction to fully detailed high-resolution figures.

Dillinger's Master Control Program has become so powerful that it is now using Dillinger rather than the other way around. Dillinger had been using the program to steal information and programs, but now he has lost control of it and the MCP is putting other programs to death on the video game grid. It is with the MCP that Flynn must ultimately do battle.

Richard Taylor shares credit as Supervisor of Visual Effects with Harrison Ellenshaw, who is also the Associate Producer. Taylor took a few moments away from his work during the production of *Tron* to explain to STARLOG the advantages of using digital scene simulation to create the world of *Tron*.

"In computer animation," begins Taylor, "the object the computer creates (lightcycles, people, flowerpots, etc.) are totally three dimentional and totally true to their reality—they have perfect perspective, they move accurately in space and there are no matte



To create the various color and light intensities of the various video warriors, cel painters create hold-out mattes by blacking out individual portions of the figure at a time. This example of the villainous Sark indicates a total of four hold-mattes, so designed for an equal number of camera passes. Each time a hold-out matte is painted to black out certain portions of the figure, one or more other specific areas are clearly revealed for exposure, making graduations of light and color possible for the final electronic world character. From left to right are: Sark, as shot during production on a sound stage draped in black; the post-production elements eye reveal, face reveal and circuitry reveal; and finally Sark as he appears in *Tron*. Such labor intensive post-production involves 10 months, about 450 people and over 200,000 cels.



lines. . . in fact, there are no such things as mattes. There are no limits to the physical objects which the computer creates. They can pass right through each other, they can metamorphasize, they can be transparent one minute, opaque the next. Also there is no limit to the point of view of the camera. You can be inside an object looking out, zoom out 100 miles in a flash or coast an inch above or an inch below the surface of the object. Anything you wish. You could not do these same things if you had to build miniatures.

"*Tron* will prove that digital scene simulation is a realistic production tool for feature filmmaking, that it is cost effective and within today's grasp. I suspect *Tron* will make computer animation a household word, but with this film we are just barely scratching the surface of the potential that is open to us."

Tron is scheduled for release on July 9; filmed in Super Panavision 70 it was written and directed by Steven Lisberger for producer Donald Kushner and executive producer Ron Miller. ★



Digital Scene Simulation creates the massive MCP tower that exists at the center of the electronic *Tron* world. This segment of the film was created by Informational International, Inc., one of three computer graphics facilities working to produce imagery for *Tron*.

Who?

(continued on page 72)

room. There were no words spoken as the three returned; simply all eyes focused on them questioningly, while the jaw moved methodically.

McReady stiffened suddenly. Kinner was screeching out a hymn in a hoarse, cracked voice. He looked wearily at Van Wall with a twisted grin and shook his head. "Hu-uh."

Van Wall cursed bitterly, and sat down at the table. "We'll just plumb have to take that till his voice wears out. He can't yell like that forever."

"He's got a brass throat and a cast-iron larynx," Norris declared savagely. "Then we could be hopeful, and suggest he's one of our friends. In that case he could go on renewing his throat till doomsday."

Silence clamped down. For twenty minutes they ate without a word. Then Connant jumped up with an angry violence. "You sit as still as a bunch of graven images. You don't say a word, but oh, Lord, what expressive eyes you've got. They roll around like a bunch of glass marbles spilling down a table. They wink and blink and stare—and whisper things. Can you guys look somewhere else for a change, please?

"Listen, Mac, you're in charge here. Let's run movies for the rest of the night. We've been saving those reels to make 'em last. Last for what? Who is it's going to see those last reels, eh? Let's see 'em while we can, and look at something other than each other."

"Sound idea, Connant. I, for one, am quite willing to change this in any way I can."

"Turn the sound up loud, Dutton. Maybe you can drown out the hymns," Clark suggested.

"But don't," Norris said softly, "don't turn off the lights altogether."

"The lights will be out." McReady shook his head. "We'll show all the cartoon movies we have. You won't mind seeing the old cartoons, will you?"

"Goody, goody—a moom pitcher show. I'm just in the mood." McReady turned to look at the speaker, a lean, lanky New Englander, by the name of Caldwell. Caldwell was stuffing his pipe slowly, a sour eye cocked up to McReady.

The bronze giant was forced to laugh. "O.K., Bart, you win. Maybe we aren't quite in the mood for Popeye and trick ducks, but it's something."

"Let's play Classifications," Caldwell suggested slowly. "Or maybe you call it Guggenheim. You draw lines on a piece of paper, and put down classes of things—like animals, you know. One for 'H' and one for 'U' and so on. Like 'Human and 'Unknown' for instance. I think that would be a hell of a lot better game. Classification, I sort of figure is what we need right now a lot more than movies. Maybe somebody's got a pencil that he can draw lines with, draw lines between the 'U' animals and the 'H' animals for instance."

"McReady's trying to find that kind of pencil," Van Wall answered quietly, "but we've got three kinds of animals here, you know. One that begins with 'M'. We don't want any more."

"Mad ones, you mean. Uh-huh. Clark, I'll help you with those pots so we can get our little peepshow going." Caldwell got up slowly.

Dutton and Barclay and Benning, in charge of the projector and sound mechanism arrangements, went about their job silently, while the Ad Building was cleared and the dishes and pans disposed of. McReady drifted over toward Van Wall slowly, and leaned back in the bunk beside him. "I've been wondering, Van," he said with a wry grin, "whether or not to report my ideas in advance. I forgot the 'U animals' as Caldwell named it, could read minds. I've a vague idea of something that might work. It's too vague to bother with though. Go ahead with your show, while I try to figure out the logic of the thing. I'll take this bunk."

Van Wall glanced up, and nodded. The movie screen would be practically on a line with his bunk, hence making the pictures least distracting here, because least intelligible. "Perhaps you should tell us what you have in mind. As it is, only the unknowns know what you plan. You might be—unknown before you got it into operation."

"Won't take long, if I get it figured out right. But I don't want any more all-but-the-test-dog-monsters things. We better move Copper into this bunk directly above me. He won't be watching the screen either." McReady nodded toward Copper's gently snoring bulk. Garry helped them lift and move the doctor.

McReady leaned back against the bunk, and sank into a trance, almost, of concentration, trying to calculate chances, operations, methods. He was scarcely aware as the others distributed themselves silently, and the screen lit up. Vaguely Kinner's hectic, shouted prayers and his rasping hymn-singing annoyed him till the sound accompaniment started. The lights were turned out, but the large, light-colored areas of the screen reflected enough light for ready visibility. It made men's eyes sparkle as they moved restlessly. Kinner was still praying, shouting, his voice a raucous accompaniment to the mechanical sound. Dutton stepped up the amplification.

So long had the voice been going on, that only vaguely at first was McReady aware that something seemed missing. Lying as he was, just across the narrow room from the corridor leading to Cosmos House, Kinner's voice had reached him fairly clearly, depsite the sound accompaniment of the pictures. It struck him abruptly that it had stopped.

"Dutton, cut that sound," McReady called as he sat up abruptly. The pictures flickered a moment, soundless and strangely futile in the sudden, deep silence. The rising wind on the surface above bubbled melancholoy tears of sound down the stove pipes. "Kinner's stopped," McReady said softly.

"For God's sake start that sound then, he may have stopped to listen," Norris snapped.

McReady rose and went down the corridor. Barclay and Van Wall left their places at the far end of the room to follow him. The flickers bulged and twisted on the back of Barclay's gray underwear as he crossed the still-functioning beam of the projector. Dutton snapped on the lights, and the pictures vanished.

Norris stood at the door as McReady had asked. Garry sat down quietly in the bunk nearest the door, forcing Clark to make room for him. Most of the others had stayed exactly where they were. Only Connant walked slowly up and down the room, in steady, unvarying rhythm.

"If you're going to do that, Connant," Clark spat, "we can get along without you altogether, whether you're human or not. Will you stop that damned rhythm?"

"Sorry." The physicist sat down in a bunk, and watched his toes thoughtfully. It was almost five minutes, five ages while the wind made the only sound, before McReady appeared at the door.

"We," he announced, "haven't got enough grief here already. Somebody's tried to help us out. Kinner has a knife in his throat, which was why he stopped singing, probably. We've got monsters, madmen and murderers. Any more 'M's' you can think of, Caldwell? If there are, we'll probably have 'em before long."

XI

"Is Blair loose?" someone asked.

"Blair is not loose. Or he flew in. If there's any doubt about where our gentle helper came from—this may clear it up." Van Hull held a foot-long, thin-bladed knife in a cloth. The wooden handle was half-burnt, charred with the peculiar pattern of the top of the galley stove.

Clark stared at it. "I did that this afternoon. I forgot the damn thing and left it on the stove."

Van Wall nodded. "I smelled it, if you remember. I knew the knife came from the galley."

"I wonder," said Benning, looking around at the party warily, "how many more monsters have we? If somebody could slip out of his place, go back of the screen to the galley and then down to the Cosmos House and back—he did come back, didn't he? Yes—everybody's here. Well, if one of the gang could do all that—"

"Maybe a monster did it," Garry suggested quietly. "There's that possibility."

"The monster, as you pointed out today, has only men left to imitate. Would he decrease his—supply, shall we say?" Van Wall pointed out. "No, we just have a plain, ordinary louse, a murderer to deal with. Ordinarily we'd call him an 'inhuman murderer' I suppose, but we have to distinguish now. We have inhuman murderers, and now we have human murderers. Or one at least."

"There's one less human," Norris said softly. "Maybe the monsters have the balance of power now."

"Never mind that," McReady sighed and turned to Barclay. "Bar, will you get your electric gadget? I'm going to make certain—"

Barclay turned down the corridor to get the pronged electrocuter, while McReady and Van Wall went back toward Comos House. Barclay followed them in some thirty seconds.

The corridor to Cosmos House twisted, as did nearly all corridors in Big Magnet, and Norris stood at the entrance again. But they heard, rather muffled, McReady's sudden shout. There was a savage scurry of blows, dull *ch-thunk, shluff* sounds. "Bar—Bar—" And a curious, savage mewing scream, silenced before even quick-moving Norris had reached the bend.

Kinner—or what had been Kinner—lay on the floor, cut half in two by the great knife McReady had had. The meterologist stood against the wall, the knife dripping red in his hand. Van Wall was stirring vaguely on the floor, moaning, his hand half-consciously rubbing at his jaw. Barclay an unutterably savage gleam in his eyes, was methodically leaning on the pronged weapon in his hand, jabbing, jabbing.

Kinner's arms had developed a queer, scaly fur, and the flesh had twisted. The fingers had shortened, the hand rounded, the fingernails become three-inch long things of dull red horn, keened to steel-hard razor-sharp talons.

McReady raised his head, looked at the knife in his hand and dropped it. "Well, whoever did it can speak up now. He was an inhuman murderer at that—in that he murdered an inhuman. I swear by all that's holy, Kinner was a lifeless corpse on the floor here when we arrived. But when It found we were going to jab it with the power—it changed."

Norris stared unsteadily. "Oh, Lord, those things can act. Ye gods—sitting in here for hours, mouthing prayers to a God it hated! Shouting hymns in a cracked voice—hymns about a Church it never knew. Driving us mad with its ceaseless howling—

"Well. Speak up, whoever did it, You didn't know it, but you did the camp a favor. And I want to know how in blazes you got out of that room without anyone seeing you. It might help in guarding ourselves."

"His screaming—his singing. Even the sound projector couldn't drown it." Clark shivered. "It was a monster."

"Oh," said Van Wall in sudden comprehension. "You were sitting right next to the door, weren't



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"It mewed, and spat, and tried to grow fangs—and was a hundred broken, torn pieces. Without any weapon save the brute-given strength of a staff of picked men, the thing was crushed, rent."

you! And almost behind the proejction screen already."

Clark nodded dumbly. "He—it's quiet now. It's a dead—Mac, your test's no damn good. It was dead anyway, monster or man, it was dead."

McReady chuckled softly. "Boys, meet Clark, the only one we know is human! Meet Clark, the one who proves he's human by trying to commit murder—and failing. Will the rest of you please refrain from trying to prove you're human for a while? I think we may have another test."

"A test!" Connant snapped joyfully, then his face sagged in disappointment. "I suppose it's another either-way-you-want-it."

"No," said McReady steadily. "Look sharp and be careful. Come into the Ad Building. Barclay, bring your electrocuter. And somebody—Dutton—stand with Barclay to make sure he does it. Watch every neighbor, for by the Hell these monsters come from, I've got something, and they know it. They're going to get dangerous!"

The group tensed abruptly. An air of crushing menace entered into every man's body, sharply they looked at each other. More keenly than ever before—*is that man next to me an inhuman monster?*

"What is it?" Garry asked, as they stood again in the main room. "How long will it take?"

"I don't know exactly," said McReady, his voice brittle with angry determination. "But I *know* it will work, and no two ways about it. It depends on a basic quality of the *monsters*, not on us. *'Kinner'* just convinced me." He stood heavy and solid in bronzed immobility, completely sure of himself again at last.

"This," said Barclay, hefting the wooden-handled weapon, tipped with its two sharp-pointed, charged conductors, "is going to be rather necesary, I take it. Is the power plant assured?"

Dutton nodded sharply. "The automatic stoker bin is full. The gas power plant is on stand-by. Van Wall and I set it for the movie operation and—we've checked it over rather carefully several times, you know. Anything those wires touch, dies," he assured them grimly "*I* know that."

Dr. Copper stirred vaguely in his bunk, rubbed his eyes with fumbling hand. He sat up slowly, blinked his eyes blurred with sleep and drugs, widened with an unutterable horror of drug-ridden nightmares. "Garry," he mumbled, "Garry—listen. Selfish—from hell they came, and hellish shellfish—I mean self—Do I? What do I mean?" he sank back in his bunk, and snored softly.

McReady looked at him thoughtfully. "We'll know presently," he nodded slowly. "But selfish is what you mean all right. You may have thought of that, half-sleeping, dreaming there. I didn't stop to think what dreams you might be having. But that's all right. Selfish is the word. They must be, you see." He turned to the men in the cabin, tense, silent men staring with wolfish eyes each at his neighbor. "Selfish, and as Dr. Copper said *every part is a whole*. Every piece is self-sufficient, an animal in itself.

"That, and one other thing, tell the story. There's nothing mysterious about blood; it's just as normal a body tissue as a piece of muscle, or a piece of liver. But it hasn't so much connective tissue, though it has millions, billions of lifecells."

McReady's great bronze beard ruffled in a grim smile. "This is satisfying, in a way. I'm pretty sure we humans still outnumber you—others. Others standing here. And we have what you, your other-world race, evidently doesn't. Not an imitated, but a bred-in-the-bone instinct, a driving, unquenchable fire that's genuine. We'll fight, fight with a ferocity you may attempt to imitate, but you'll never equal! We're human. We're real. You're imitations, false to the core of your every cell.

"All right. It's a showdown now. You know. You, with your mind reading. You've lifted the idea from my brain. You can't do a thing about it.

"Standing here—

"Let it pass. Blood is tissue. They have to bleed, if they don't bleed when cut, then, by Heaven, they're phony! Phony from hell! If they bleed—then that blood, separated from them, is an individual—*a newly formed individual in its own right, just as they, split, all of them, from one original, are individuals!*

"Get it, Van? See the answer, Bar?"

Van Wall laughed very softly. "The blood—the blood will not obey. It's a new individual, with all the desire to protect its own life that the original—the main mass from which it was split—has. The *blood* will live—and try to crawl away from a hot needle, say!"

McReady picked up the scalpel from the table. From the cabinet, he took a rack of test-tubes, a

tiny alcohol lamp, and a length of platinum wire set in a little glass rod. A smile of grim satisfaction rode his lips. For a moment he glanced up at those around him. Barclay and Dutton moved toward him slowly, the wooden-handled electric instrument alert.

"Dutton," said McReady, "suppose you stand over by the splice there where you've connected that in. Just make sure nothing pulls it loose."

Dutton moved away. "Now, Van, suppose you be first on this."

White-faced, Van Wall stepped forward. With a delicate precision, McReady cut a vein in the base of his thumb. Van Wall winced slightly, then held steady as a half inch of bright blood collected in the tube. McReady put the tube in the rack, gave Van Wall a bit of alum, and indicated the iodine bottle.

Van Wall stood motionlessly watching. McReady heated the platinum wire in the alcohol lamp flame, then dipped it into the tube. It hissed softly. Five times he repeated the test. "Human, I'd say." McReady sighed, and straightened. "As yet, my theory hasn't been actually proven—but I have hopes. I have hopes.

"Don't, by the way, get too interested in this. We have with us some unwelcome ones, no doubt. Van, will you relieve Barclay at the switch? Thanks. O.K., Barclay, and may I say I hope you stay with us? You're a damned good guy."

Barclay grinned uncertainly; winced under the keen edge of the scalpel. Presently, smiling widely, he retrieved his long-handled weapon.

"Mr. Samuel Dutt—BAR!"

The tensity was released in that second. Whatever of hell the monsters may have had within them, the men in that instant matched it. Barclay had no chance to move his weapon as a score of men poured down on that thing that had seemed Dutton. It mewed, and spat, and tried to grow fangs—and was a hundred broken, torn pieces. Without knives, or any weapon save the brute-given strength of a staff of picked men, the thing was crushed, rent.

Slowly they picked themselves up, their eyes smouldering, very quiet in their emotions. A curious wrinkling of their lips betrayed a species of nervousness.

Barclay went over with the electric weapon. Things smouldered and stank. The caustic acid Van Wall dropped on each spilled drop of blood gave off tickling, cough-provoking fumes.

McReady grinned, his deep-set eyes alight and dancing. "Maybe," he said softly,. "I underrated man's abilities when I said nothing human could have the ferocity in the eyes of that thing we found. I wish we could have the opportunity to treat in a more befitting manner these things. Something with boiling oil, or melted lead in it, or maybe slow roasting in the power boiler. When I think what a man Dutton was—

"Never mind. My theory is confirmed by—by one who knew? Well, Van Wall and Barclay are proven. I think, then, that I'll try to show you what I already know. That I too am human." McReady swished the scalpel in absolute alcohol, burned it off the metal blade, and cut the base of his thumb expertly.

Twenty seconds later he looked up from the desk at the waiting men. There were more grins out there now, friendly grins, yet withal, something else in the eyes.

"Connant," McReady laughed softly, "was right. The huskies watching that thing in the corridor bend had nothing on you. Wonder why we think only the wolf blood has the right to ferocity? Maybe on spontaneous viciousness a wolf takes tops, but after these seven days—abandon all hope, ye wolves who enter here!

"Maybe we can save time. Connat, would you step for—"

Again Barclay was too slow. There were more grins, less tensity still, when Barclay and Van Wall finished their work.

Garry spoke in a low, bitter voice. "Connant was one of the finest men we had here—and five minutes ago I'd have sworn he was a man. Those damnable things are more than imitation." Garry shuddered and sat back in his bunk.

And thirty seconds later, Garry's blood shrank from the hot platinum wire, and struggled to escape the tube, struggled as frantically as a suddenly feral, red-eyed, dissolving imitation of Garry struggled to dodge the snake-tongue weapon Barclay advanced at him, white faced and sweating. The Thing in the test-tube screamed with a tin, tinny voice as McReady dropped it into the glowing coal of the galley stove.

XII

"The last of it?" Dr. Copper looked down from his bunk with bloodshot, saddened eyes. "Fourteen of them—"

McReady nodded shortly. "In some ways—if only we could have permanently prevented their spreading—I'd like to have even the imitations back. Commander Garry—Connant—Dutton—Clark—"

"Where are they taking those things?" Copper nodded to the stretcher Barclay and Norris were carrying out.

The thing in the air screamed hoarsely. Its great wings worked frantically as a dozen feathers floated down from its tail. Norris fired again.

"Outside. Outside on the ice, where they've got fifteen smashed crates, half a ton of coal, and presently will add ten gallons of kerosene. We've dumped acid on every spilled drop, every torn fragment. We're going to incinerate those."

"Sounds like a good plan." Copper nodded wearily. "I wonder, you haven't said whether Blair—"

McReady started. "We forgot him! We had so much else! I wonder—do you suppose we can cure him now?"

"If—" began Dr. Copper, and stopped meaningly.

MacReady started a second time. "Even a madman. It imitated Kinner and his praying hysteria—" McReady turned toward Van Wall at the long table. "Van, we've got to make an expedition to Blair's shack."

Van looked up sharply, the frown of worry faded for an instant in surprised remembrance. Then he rose, nodded. "Barclay better go along. He applied the lashings, and may figure how to get in without frightening Blair too much."

Three quarters of an hour, through −37° cold, while the Aurora curtain bellied overhead. The twilight was nearly 12 hours long, flaming in the north on snow like white, crystalline sand under their skis. A 5-mile wind piled it in drift-lines pointing off to the northwest. Three quarters of an hour to reach the snow-buried shack. No smoke came from the little shack, and the men hastened.

"Blair!" Barclay roared into the wind when he was still a hundred yards away. "Blair!"

"Shut up," said McReady softly. "And hurry. He may be trying a long hike. If we have to go after him—no planes, the tractors disabled—"

"Would a monster have the stamina a man has?"

"A broken leg wouldn't stop it for more than a minute," McReady pointed out.

Barclay gasped suddenly and pointed aloft. Dim in the twilit sky, a winged thing circled in curves of indescribable grace and ease. Great white wings tipped gently, and the bird swept over them in silent curiosity. "Albatross—" Barclay said softly. "First of the season, and wandering way inland for some reason. If a monster's loose—"

Norris bent down on the ice, and tore hurriedly at his heavy, wind-proof clothing. He straightened, his coat flapping open, a grim blue-metaled weapon in his hand. It roared a challenge to the white silence of Antarctica.

The thing in the air screamed hoarsely. Its great wings worked frantically as a dozen feathers floated down from its tail. Norris fired again. The bird was moving swiftly now, but in an almost straight line of retreat. It screamed again, more feathers dropped and with beating wings it soared behind a ridge of pressure ice, to vanish.

Norris hurried after the others. "It won't come back," he panted.

Barclay cautioned him to silence, pointing. A curiously, fiercely blue light beat out from the cracks of the shack's door. A very low, soft humming sounded inside, a low, soft humming and a clink and clank of tools, the very sounds somehow bearing a message of frantic haste.

McReady's face paled. "Lord help us if that thing has—" He grabbed Barclay's shoulder, and made snipping motions with his fingers, pointing toward the lacing of control-cables that held the door.

Barclay drew the wire-cutters from his pocket, and kneeled soundlessly at the door. The snap and twang of cut wires made an unbearable racket in the utter quiet of the Antarctic hush. There was only that strange, sweetly soft hum from within the shack, and the queerly, hectically clipped clicking and rattling of tools to drown their noises.

McReady peered through a crack in the door. His breath sucked in huskily and his great fingers clamped cruelly on Barclay's shoulder. The meteorologist backed down. "It isn't," he explained very softly, "Blair. It's kneeling on something on the bunk—something that keeps lifting. Whatever it's working on is a thing like a knapsack—and it lifts."

"All at once," Barclay said grimly. "No Norris, hang back, and get that iron of yours out. It may have—weapons."

Together, Barclay's powerful body and McReady's giant strength struck the door. Inside, the bunk jammed against the door screeched madly and crackled into kindling. The door flung down from broken hinges, the patched lumber of the doorpost dropping inward.

Like a blue-rubber ball, a Thing bounced up. One of its four tentaclelike arms looped out like a striking snake. In a seven-tentacled hand a six-inch pencil of winking, shining metal glinted and swung upward to face them. Its line-thin lips twitched



back from snake-fangs in a grin of hate, red eyes blazing.

Norris' revolver thundered in the confined space. The hate-washed face twitched in agony, the looping tentacle snatched back. The silvery thing in its hand a smashed ruin of metal, the seven-tentacled hand became a mass of mangled flesh oozing greenish-yellow ichor. The revolver thundered three times more. Dark holes drilled each of the three eyes before Norris hurled the empty weapon against its face.

The thing screamed a feral hate, a lashing tentacle wiping at blinded eyes. For a moment it crawled on the floor, savage tentacles lashing out, the body twitching. Then it staggered up again, blinded eyes working, boiling hideously, the crushed flesh sloughing away in sodden gobbets.

Barclay lurched to his feet and dove forward with an ice-ax. The flat of the weighty thing crushed against the side of the head. Again the unkillable monster went down. The tentacles lashed out, and suddenly Barclay fell to his feet in the grip of a living, livid rope. The thing dissolved as he held it, a white-hot band that ate into the flesh of his hands like living fire. Frantically he tore the stuff from him, held his hands where they could not be reached.The blind Thing felt and ripped at the tough, heavy, windproof cloth, seeking flesh—flesh it could convert—

The huge blow-torch McReady had brought coughed solemnly. Abruptly it rumbled disapproval throatily. Then it laughed gurglingly, and thrust out a blue-white, three-foot tongue. The Thing on the floor shrieked, flailed out blindly with tentacles that writhed and withered in the bubbling wrath of the blow-torch. It crawled and turned on the floor, it shrieked and hobbled madly, but always McReady held the blow-torch on the face, the dead eyes burning and bubbling uselessly. Frantically the Thing crawled and howled.

A tentacle sprouted a savage talon—and crisped in the flame. Steadily McReady moved with a planned, grim campaign. Helpless, maddened, the Thing retreated from the grunting torch, the caressing, licking tongue. For a moment it rebelled, squalling in inhuman hatred at the touch of icy snow. Then it fell back before the charring breath of the torch, the stench of its flesh bathing it. Hopelessly it retreated—on and on across the Antarctic snow. The bitter wind swept over it twisting the torch-tongue; vainly it flopped, a trail of oily, stinking smoke bubbling away from it—

McReady walked back toward the shack silently. Barclay met him at the door. "No more?" the giant meterologist asked grimly.

Barclay shook his head. "No more. It didn't split?"

"It had other things to think about," McReady assured him. "When I left it, it was a glowing coal. What was it doing?"

Norris laughed shortly. "Wise boys, we are. Smash magnetos, so planes won't work. Rip the boiler tubing out of the tractors. And leave that Thing alone for a week in this shack. Alone and undisturbed."

McReady looked in at the shack more carefully. The air, despite the ripped door, was hot and humid. On a table at the far end of the room rested a thing of coiled wires and small magnets, glass tubing and radio tubes. At the center a block of rough stone rested. From the center of the block came the light that flooded the place, the fiercely blue light bluer than the glare of an electric arc, and from it came the sweetly soft hum. Off to one side was another mechanism of crystal glass, blown with an incredible neatness and delicacy, metal plates and a queer, shimmery sphere of insubstantiality.

"What is that?" McReady moved nearer.

Norris grunted. "Leave it for investigation. But I can guess pretty well. That's atomic power. That stuff to the left—that's a neat little thing for doing what men have been trying to do with 100-ton cyclotrons and so forth. It separates neutrons from heavy water, which he was getting from the surrounding ice."

"Where did he get all—oh. Of course, A monster couldn't be locked in—or out. He's been through the apparatus caches." McReady stared at the apparatus. "Lord, what minds that race must have—"

"The shimmery sphere—I think it's a sphere of pure force. Neutrons can pass through any matter, and he wanted a supply reservoir of neutrons. Just project neutrons against silica—calcium—beryllium—almost anything, and the atomic energy is released. That thing is the atomic generator."

McReady plucked a thermometer from his coat. "It's 120° in here, despite the open door. Our clothes have kept the heat out to an extent, but I'm sweating now."

Norris nodded. "The light's cold. I found that. But it gives off heat to warm the place through that coil. He had all the power in the world. He could keep it warm and pleasant, as his race thought of warmth and pleasantness. Did you notice the light, the color of it?"

McReady nodded. "Beyond the stars is the answer. From beyond the stars. From a hotter planet that circled a brighter, bluer sun they came."

McReady glanced out the door toward the blasted, smoke-stained trail that flopped and wandered blindly off across the drift. "There won't be any more coming, I guess. Sheer accident it landed here, and that was twenty million years ago. What did it do all that for?" he nodded toward the apparatus.

Barclay laughed softly. "Did you notice what it was working on when we came? Look." He pointed toward the ceiling of the shack.

Like a knapsnack made of flattened coffee-tins, with dangling cloth straps and leather belts, the mechanism clung to the ceiling. A tiny, glaring heart of supernal flame burned in it, yet burned through the ceiling's wood without scorching it. Barclay walked over to it, grasped two of the dangling straps in his hands, and pulled it down with an effort. He strapped it about his body. A slight jump carried him in a weirdly slow arc across the room.

"Anti-gravity," said McReady softly.

"Anti-gravity," Norris nodded. "Yes, we had 'em stopped, with no planes, and no birds. The birds hadn't come—but they had coffee-tins and radio parts, and glass and the machine shop at night. And a week—a whole week—all to itself. America in a single jump—with anti-gravity powered by the atomic energy of matter.

"We had 'em stopped. Another half hour—it was just tightening these straps on the device so it could wear it—and we'd have stayed in Antarctica, and shot down any moving thing that came from the rest of the world."

"The albatross—" McReady said softly. "Do you suppose—"

"With this thing almost finished? With that death weapon it held in its hand?

"No, by the grace of God, who evidently does hear very well, even down here,and the margin of half an hour, we keep our world, and the planets of the system too. Anti-gravity, you know, and atomic power. Because *They* came from another sun, a star beyond the stars. *They* came from a world with a bluer sun." ★

Norris' revolver thundered in the confined space. The hate-washed face twitched in agony, the looping tentacle snatched back. . . .The revolver thundered three times more. . . .Dark holes drilled each of the three eyes.

PART: XLII The Matte Artist

An Interview with Albert Whitlock

By DAVID HUTCHISON

(This is the third interview in the STARLOG Special Effects Series dealing with matte art. The first interview with Matthew Yuricich was in STARLOG #13; the second interview with Harrison Ellenshaw is in STARLOG #14. The techniques used by all three of these artists are distinctly different from each other; you are urged to review these previous issues.)

Academy Award winner Albert Whitlock, who has for the past 19 years headed up the matte department of Universal, has worked on more films than he can remember in one sitting, either as a matte painter or supervisor of visual effects. Some of his credits are: *Masada, The Hindenburg, The Wiz, Bound For Glory, Earthquake, Catch-22, MacArthur, Diamonds Are Forever, Ghost Story, Ship of Fools, Heartbeeps, The Birds, Tobruk, Torn Curtain, High Anxiety, Marnie, The Last Remake of Beau Geste, History of the World, Frenzy* and on and on and on...but that's only some of his *recent* credits. Whitlock vividly remembers one of his first assignments—painting all the signs for Alfred Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*—when he was only 19. If pressed, he can even tell a tale or two about assisting the miniatures supervisor on Hitchcock's first version of *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, which came even earlier.

Now recognized as a master craftsman in the field of visual effects and matte painting in particular, Albert Whitlock has been working steadily in the industry for 52 years. Born in London, he began working in the motion picture industry at age 14 in 1929. "Because of the depression, I quit school and went to work to help out the family. It was just good fortune," he remembers, "that I had a relative in the industry who helped me get a job.

"I was the 'boy' in the studio, you see. Someone shouted, 'Boy!' and I came running. I made 15 shillings a week as the fetch-and-carry fellow at London's Gaumont Lime Grove Studio before the British took it over. Mr. Gaumont used to come over every Friday



Albert Whitlock of Universal Studios with his painting from *Ghost Story*.

from France. He'd inspect the studios walking up and down in his gray suit and little goatee beard."

The Gaumont Company was sold to British interests soon thereafter and the new owners called the employees in one at a time. Young Master Whitlock was told that his salary, which had grown to 17 shillings and six pence a week, would be cut effective immediately. "So my income went down to 15 and six pence. . . which is about $1.25 a week, I guess.

"I was lucky. The camera apprentices were working for nothing. They were usually the boss' sons and they were privileged and had no salary. One of them I remember was the late Geoffrey Unsworth (who became one of England's most brilliant cinematographers).

"Every week, I stood in line with all of the others to get my money—cash in an envelope. . . no checks, then. When you got to the head of the line, the man would always ask your name which you gave in return for your pay envelope. Once in front of me was a young actor just starting out in British film, who always a bit indignant about having to stand in line and say his name. It was Charles Laughton and he was the star of the picture we were working on then, *Down River,* for £50 a week,"

Besides, running errands (which sometimes included disguising nitrate film cans, so he could carry it across London on a bus) helping out electricians, cameramen and scenic artists, he was also an actor, playing pages, newspaper boys and . other similar roles.

"My career was a progression from working in a warehouse to helping carpenters, then miniature makers, then painting signs for sets and getting into titles, then back to miniatures and finally into matte work. My first matte was made during the war with a turkey called *Bad Lord Byron;* the man who was originally doing the mattes went on to an art director's job leaving the post vacant. I was a scene painter at the time, so they said I was the most obvious person for the job. It was a black and white film, my first color film didn't come along until around 1950 with a picture called *The Seekers,* which was made at Pinewood."

Interestingly, Whitlock's matte paintings for black and white were painted in black and white just as you would expect. "But that was a mistake," begins Whitlock. "Peter Ellenshaw and I found that it is actually much better to paint in color even for black and white movies; letting the separation of tones take its own natural course, rather than forcing the issue by working different shades of gray. *Ship of Fools* was the first black and white film I did in which the mattes were actually painted in color."

Paintings That Move

Over the years Whitlock has done at least hundreds of matte paintings; his work is in such demand that the total number may now be well into four figures. He is in such demand because his matte paintings are of superbly high quality. We have all seen the obvious matte shot which consists of a nicely painted scene in part of the frame and grainy duped footage obviously inserted as an optical dupe. Remarkably his paintings also have "action" in them. Clouds move across the sky, smoke rises from chimneys, flames burn in the distance. . . and the quality of the live-action photography matches the painting. There's no other word to describe it—the quality is *pristine.*

Why? There are several reasons, but one of the most important is that Whitlock is a master at the "held take" method of compositing a matte painting with live action. To understand this technique, Whitlock took a few minutes to explain part of the history of matte photography.

"The matte shot as we know it today has its roots in a technique known as the glass shot.

The robot factory from *Heartbeeps* stretches on into the distance. The original live-action goes into the black areas.



In the early days, the tolerances of film stock and cameras were such that it was impossible to put two different pieces of film together and have them fit properly without a great deal of weaving, jiggling or sawing between the elements of the shot. Matte painters painted on glass directly in front of the camera, so that the live action and the painting were recorded simultaneously in one pass.

"Technicians complained for years and eventually Bell & Howell developed a new precision film gate and sprocket holes in the film stock became much more consistant.

"In England it was realized that with this new camera, the image was so steady that it was possible to black out parts of the frame by placing a black matte in front of the camera and still be able to rewind the film and put something into the blacked out area later at leisure. All at once we were no longer limited to front-lit glass shots—obviously the sun had to be behind you to light the set and the glass painting. Now it was possible to shoot in backlight or cross light or any angle of light at all.

"We did what is called a 'held take.' Something opaque is placed in front of the camera blocking off a portion of the frame. The scene is shot, but instead of processing the film it is 'held,' put back into the camera at a later date to expose the remaining unexposed area.

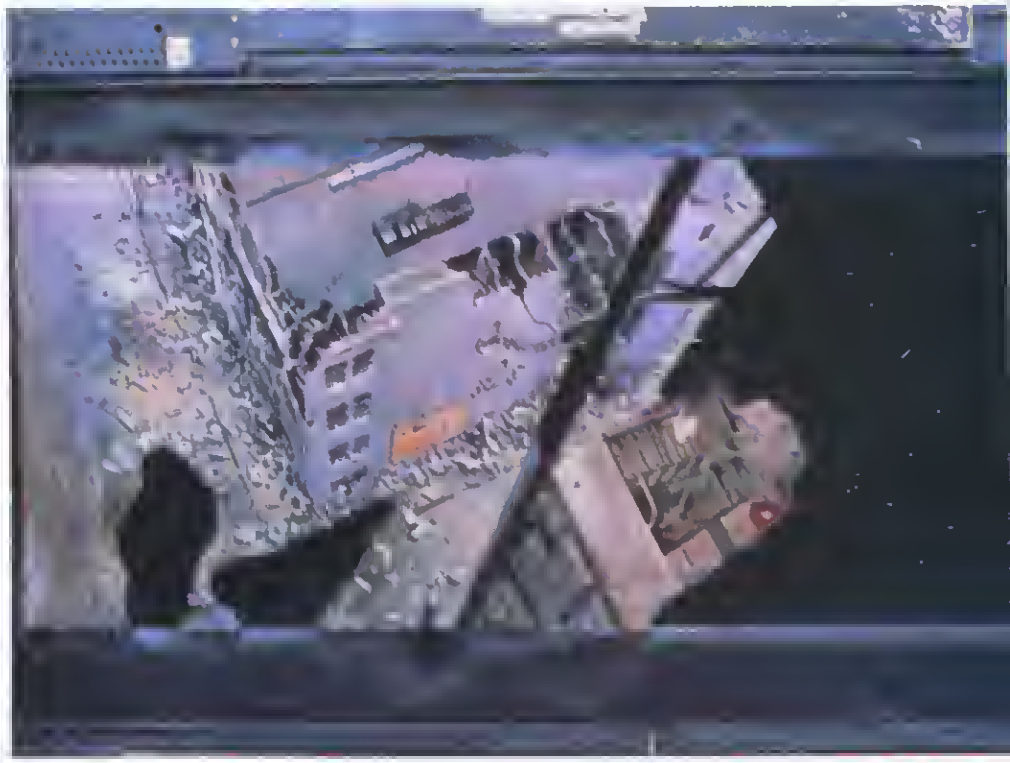
"The next step was the introduction of Background-X film, which was a black and white duping stock—very slow and very fine grained. Now it was possible to do 'dupe' matte shots and get nearly as good quality with the black and white dupe as with the original. The 'held' take became a thing of the past—instead of putting mattes up in front of the camera, a crew shot a scene straight and the painting was added in the optical lab.

"This new freedom brought on a very lax state of affairs. No longer did an artist go out with the crew to set up a matte shot. It would just be left to the cameraman or operator to shoot the scene and tell the lab that 'The castle goes up there.' Well, it might work and it might not. The scene might be too busy or badly composed, making it very difficult for the painter to put the castle 'up there' or whatever.

"But the freedom was enormous. It wasn't a time consuming affair to set up a matte shot. The director would come onto the set and say, 'All right, boys. Lock off the camera because we are going to do a matte shot of this.' They could do it as a last minute thing.

"Then color came in.

"Technicolor could be duped by making black and white dupes of the black white negatives that ran through the camera." The old Technicolor cameras had three strips of black and white film running through them—the red record, the blue record and the green record. The color appeared in the laboratory when the prints were made, by physically dying the three strips of film and combining them into a single color print. I have oversimplified a fairly complex process but you should understand that it was possible to dupe the color because you were working with three black and white negatives for the color process.



Earthquake graphically demonstrates the enormous contribution that the matte artist makes to the production values of a movie.

"However," continues Whitlock, "while in the old days with black and white you could get nearly as good quality with the dupe, it didn't work as well in the three strip Technicolor, particularly if the exposure was the tiniest bit off and exposure was very critical. The color dupe wasn't nearly as good.

"*Ten Who Dared* changed all that. We were absolutely overloaded with matte shots on that film. The labs just couldn't handle all the time-consuming duping that was necessary.

"I believe I suggested to Peter Ellenshaw that we go back to the old method of putting a matte in front of the camera and doing it the old way as a 'held' take. It would take more time on the set, but that was the least of their problems, since it was the post-production facilities that were overloaded. So Disney said O.K. We sent them the exposed, but undeveloped film, which they stored on ice. Well, after I did the paintings, returned the film to the camera and exposed the black areas to complete the image, it was like taking the cataracts off Walt Disney's eyes. He was amazed. 'Al, how did you arrive at this?' he asked. 'Well, it's really an accident,' I told him. 'You see we had to composite on the original negative.' 'Well, god dammit, that's the way we are going to do it from now on!' he said."

It Takes Guts

Well, the Disney studios did not stay with that method, but Albert Whitlock has, and he has made himself quite a reputation with it.

"I left the Disney studios with the resolve to carry on with my working mattes on original negative—held takes. I think that when people say they like my work, it's not so much because of the painting. I mean, there are people in the industry that can paint rings around me, but they don't have the guts to do it the way I do, which is on the original negative."

Is it risky?

"Certainly! It's very risky, since you are working with the original undeveloped film. Normally, film is rushed to the laboratory at the end of the day and everybody breathes a sigh of relief when the lab tells them the next day that an expensive shot is OK. But with a held take, the film is frozen.

"I take test footage, which I have shot in excess of the actual scene and use it bit by bit as the painting progresses running constant tests. Then when the painting is finished, you go for the held take with all of that action on it that nobody has even seen and may have cost 40, 50 or 60 thousand dollars—one shot I did for *Catch-22* cost $360,000—and then it is exposed for the painting.

"Then you get the film to the lab and cross your fingers that the lab doesn't make any mistakes that day. It's a hairy business. But when they've got it, it's all there on the original negative—live action and painting."

On the live action set, Whitlock will run maybe 300 feet of test footage and insist on at least two takes, "Three, if I can get it. It depends on how difficult the shot is." Whitlock prefers to work in oils on the glass panels, which can be four to six feet or even longer and weigh up to 50 or 60 pounds. "You find that you have to move your own paintings around, so that if they get dropped it's your own fault. I have dropped a painting

or two and over the years I have learned to do it less frequently. A more common danger though is the frame twisting or expanding under the heat of the lamps when the painting is being shot. The heat can crack the glass, but sometimes a painting can be saved and the painting patched.

"The painting is exposed to the camera under 14 250-watt 3200° Kelvin lights burned slightly below their rated voltage. We run them at about 90 volts, since this lower voltage extends their useful life which is about six hours normally. Of course the lower voltage runs the Kelvin down a bit (they put out a bit more red) so we compensate with a Wrattan 20CC blue and a 10CC cyan which brings it back up to the proper color balance. The camera turns at ⅛ normal speed or about ¼ second per frame with an f/stop of about 5.6 or 8."

On rare occasions Whitlock will use photographs to guide him with a painting. This was particularly true with *The Hindenburg*. "I took photographs of the 25-foot miniature from every possible angle in black and white. The photographs were enlarged and touched up, it would have been far too tedious and uninteresting to paint the damn thing from scratch for so many shots." *The Hindenburg* garnered for Whitlock his second Academy Award.

Whitlock explains how he happened to come to the United States. "It was about 1954 that I got up enough courage to pack up the wife and kids to come to Hollywood, the Mecca of the movie business. It wasn't an easy decision. I was in a very good position, I had worked for over 20 years with Gaumont British, which became the Rank Studios and then five years at Pinewood; I could have eventually retired from Pinewood with a comfortable pension."

Disney Comes Through

Whitlock had been working with the Walt Disney unit during those last years in England and at the urging of Peter Ellenshaw thought there would be something for him at the U.S. Disney studios, but there were no openings at the time. After a few weeks of finding little work, Whitlock decided to return to England. Just before he was scheduled to depart, Walt Disney Studios phoned and offered him a job.

His first assignment was to design the titles for *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. From 1954 until 1961 Whitlock worked on most of Disney's motion pictures. He was involved with some of the basic concepts at Disneyland and himself painted the Main Street Theater at the world-famous amusement park.

After leaving Disney in 1961, Whitlock free-lanced for a few years, then was signed to a contract by Universal Studios. *The Birds* was his first film at Universal and served to reunite him with Hitchcock for the first time since their association in England many years earlier.

Hitchcock, Whitlock remembers, would always seem to ask for a little bit more than the usual from a matte shot and Whitlock has developed a reputation for unusual and interesting mattes.

"Generally a matte is designed to establish a time or location or place by finishing out a set or creating an entire locale, but if you can do something more, if you can make the matte function as part of the story and generate interest then you can really have an effect on the movie." Good examples of Whitlock at his best are the creation of the massive dust storm in *Bound for Glory*, or the wonderful sunrise over a transformed Manhattan/Oz in *The Wiz*, or the shot of Lucille Ball as Mame perched atop the Statue of Liberty—a shot that can be seen only in Whitlock's demo reel. All of these shots do more than just finish out a set, they evoke interest and excitement in the audience for what is happening .

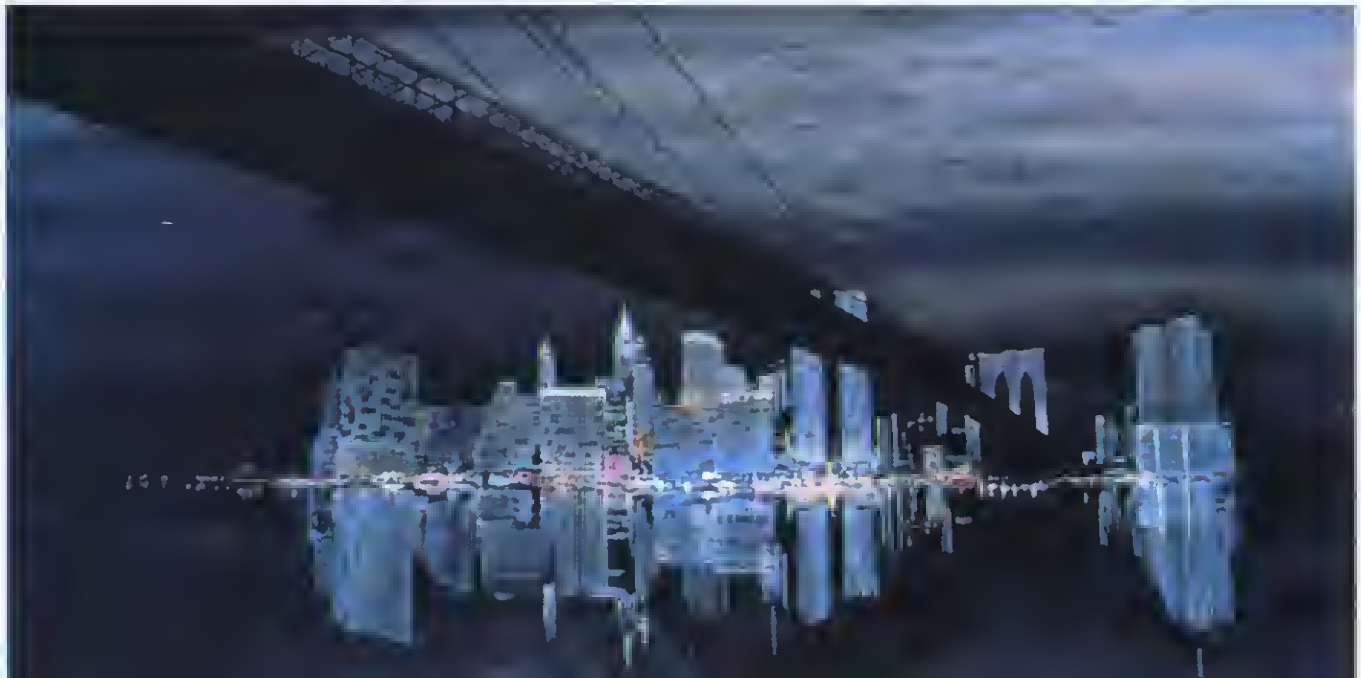
"To be a successful matte artist," believes Whitlock, "takes a pretty thorough knowledge of photography and its limitations and you must realize that what you are doing is not painting as such. . . . When you are painting a matte that has a window, a black area, for the live action, it is very easy to just create a marvelous painting forgetting completely about the little live action area that is supposed to fit into it. As a result, when the painting is finished and the live action is inserted, you can't take your eyes off the beautiful painting and you miss the live action completely. This is a very easy trap for matte artists to fall into. I learned this in my early days at the Disney Studios. In fact, Walt pointed it out to me.

"Of course there are times when you are called upon to do things which are very much paintings with a great deal of pizazz, but there still has to be this discipline telling you what's required for the shot, rather than going off in some odd direction that may create a beautiful painting, but when something much simpler would be very much more telling."

Today Whitlock has no thoughts of retiring and rarely takes a vacation: he is probably one of Universal studios greatest assets. He is also the only matte painter who has worked as an actor. You may remember him as hanging by his heels from the high tower at the end of the film in the role of Arthur Brisbane in Mel Brooks' *High Anxiety*. It seems very appropriate for Whitlock to appear in this Hitchcockian parody after having worked on nearly a dozen of Hitchcock's own films.

Though Whitlock is not planning on developing a career as an actor his work is still very much in demand. The list of films begun at the start of this article could string on for pages: *Victor/Victoria, The Blues Brothers, The Sting, The Day of the Locust, Trio, The Sword and the Rose, Quartet, Family Plot, The Lady Vanishes, Airport '77, W.C. Fields and Me, Mame, Cat People. . . .* ★

The Wiz allowed Whitlock the chance to try some unusual matte techniques.



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Here is the latest listing of the upcoming conventions. If you have any questions about the cons listed, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the address below the name of the con. As always, guests and features are subject to last-minute changes. **Conventioneers, please note:** To insure that your con is listed on our calendar, please send all pertinent information no later than **6 months prior** to the event to STARLOG Convention Calendar, 475 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016.

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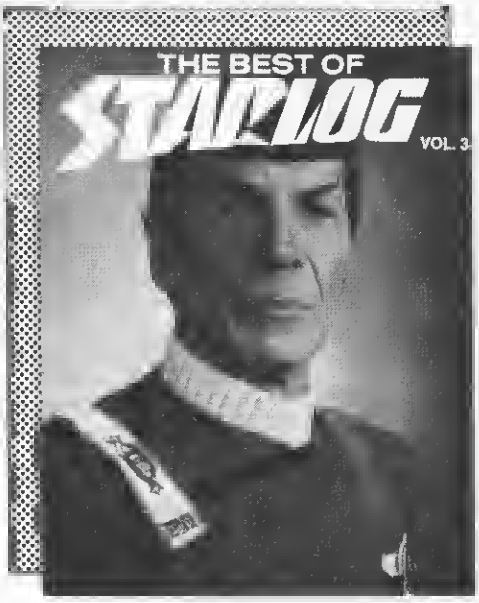

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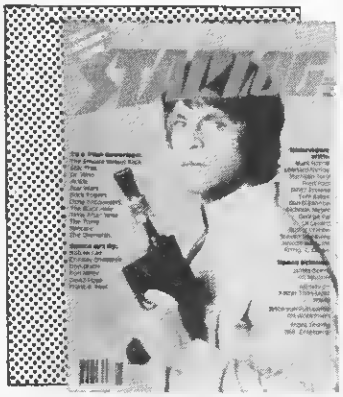

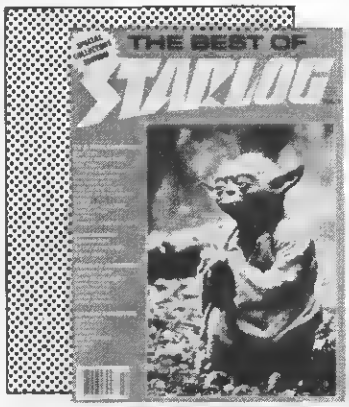

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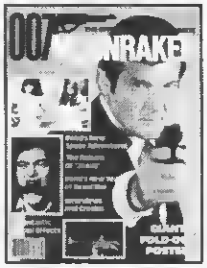

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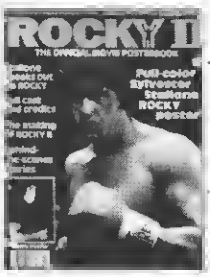

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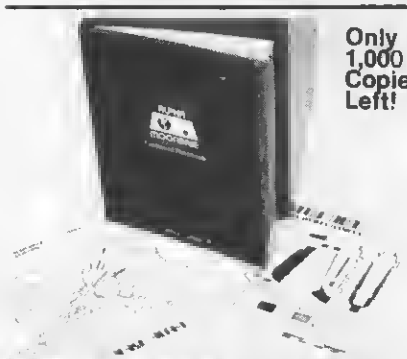

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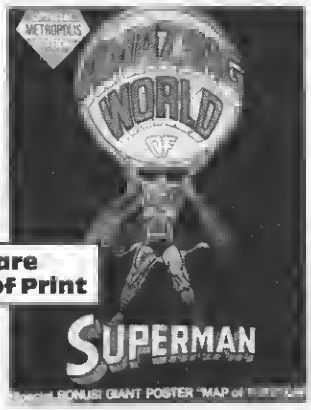

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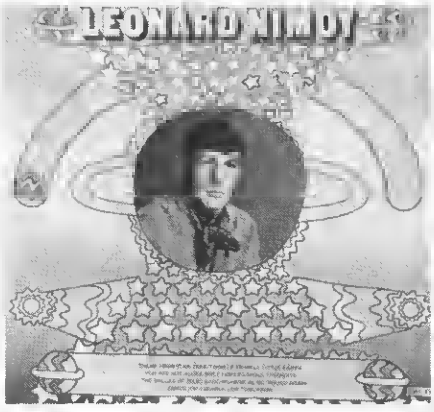

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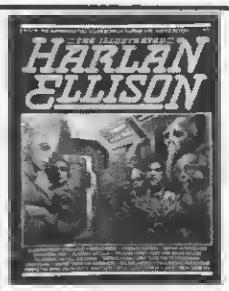

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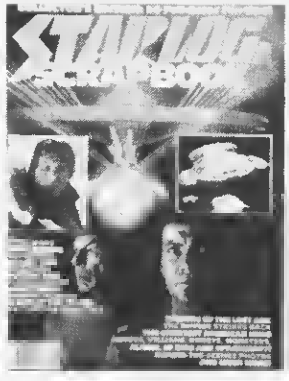

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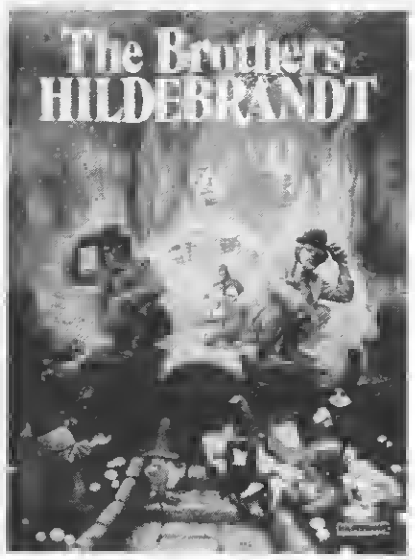

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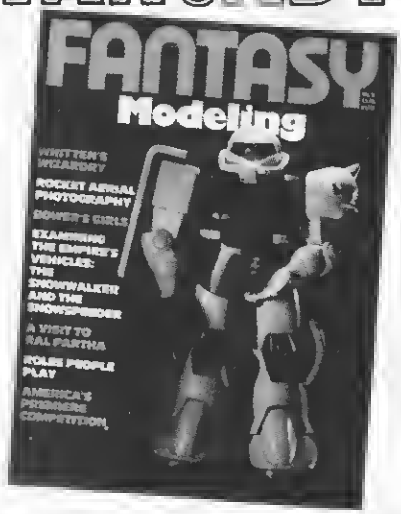

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HIGH-TECH FUN & GAMES

By MICHAEL A. BANKS

You are the Captain of the Endever, *a fast fighter responsible for the defense of United Planet System bases scattered over a vast area of space divided into 64 quadrants. The evil Jovians pose a constant threat to these defenseless bases, and may attack without warning. The Jovians don't know the meaning of the word "surrender," and can be counted on to continue their efforts to conquer the United Planet System until either you or they are destroyed.*

Armed with a limited supply of Triton missles, and masers whose effectiveness is diminished by the intensity of the shielding surrounding the Endever, *you must maintain a constant vigil, using long-range scanners, SOS reports from endangered bases, and surprise patrol runs to locate the Jovians.*

Once you locate one or more Jovian spacecraft, you must engage them immediately, or use hyperspace to warp into a friendly quadrant. Fire from Jovian spacecraft causes variable damage to your ship, depending upon the intensity of your shielding and the enemy's aim. The Jovians almost never miss, so even if you succeed in winning an engagement, you'll need to call up a damage report from your onboard computer and proceed to the nearest base for fast repairs—if your hyperdrive or ion engines haven't been knocked out, that is. If the damage leaves you stranded, you will be in for a long wait while onboard repairs are made.

In the meantime, the Jovians will continue their relentless attack. . . .

And the best part of it is the fact that you don't have to keep feeding the the machine quarters. The scenario just presented is that of a game titled "Space Warp" which is played on a home computer. Far more complex than any money-eating arcade game, with its varying levels of difficulty and realism, the game offers endless challenge, as do the thousands of other games available for virtually every brand of home computer.

Game-playing with a computer has been a recognized activity since at least the mid-1960s, when large "mainframe" computer systems were programmed to play chess with human opponents, and with other computers. Chess is still a popular game with home computer owners, but the variety and interest-level of today's computer games far exceeds that of chess.

In the category of space-battle games of the "Space Warp" type alone, there are dozens of titles available. "Missile Attack," "Star Fighter," and others take you to far solar systems to battle an endless assortment of alien and robot foes in a variety of threatening situations. You may find yourself defending Terran space against Quelon attackers, manned by robots linked to battle computers that never miss, while at the same time attempting to destroy Quelon supply ships (in "Cosmic Patrol" published by Instant Software.) Or, you may be at the control console of a Ball Turret-mounted laser weapon, a member of the Ball Turret Gunner Service fighting the Petrol Resource Conglomorate. ("Ball Turret Gunner," another Instant Software offering.)

Whatever the scenario, these games have two things in common — their high-speed graphic displays, on a par with many arcade games, and the realism imparted by their complexity. In "Cosmic Patrol," for example, you sit before a very active viewscreen, displaying attacking spacecraft along with range and targeting information, as well as advice from your fire-control computer. Before you enter the service, however, you are briefed in great detail by the computer, and you are given a choice of outfits to join. Perform well, and you'll be promoted; do a poor job (or cut and run), and you'll be busted.

Many of the space battle games require that you control your spacecraft just as you would a real one — no simple arcade-type joysticks here! If you want to move in a particular direction, you must tell the computer the angle and thrust required, via numbers entered through a keyboard. If you want to launch death and destruction at an attacker, you have to tell the computer exactly where to launch it. You are in complete control and you are expected to exercise that control in a competent manner. Slip up, and you're dead. (Well, almost. Fortunately, the realism of computer games doesn't extend to literal destruction of losing players!)

Sound interesting? You'll be glad to know that the cost of such games, once you've invested in a home computer which you will undoubtly use for things other than games, is





PHOTO: ROBERT HAUSER

Typical samples of computer software and documentation.

about that of a hardcover book, or an evening at the local arcade. Unlike game-playing at arcades, of course, you don't have to keep shelling out to play. Simply press a few buttons, and you're ready to play, for as long as you want, as often as you want.

Simple Entertainment

The complex space-battle games don't appeal to everyone, of course. Some of us are interested in simple entertainment of the type provided by playing pinball, or games such as "Space Invaders," "Pac-Man" or "Asteroids." Home computer software manufacturers are aware of this, and have provided a wealth of games of this type. It is possible to play various versions of "Pac-Man," "Space Invaders," "Missile Command," "Asteroids" and most other arcade games on most any home computer.

It is also possible to play pinball. Acorn Software, for example, offers "Astroball," a pinball game with moving targets, black holes, bonus multipliers, and even extra ball features. The movement of the ball as it bounces off the flippers and darts over the playfield is astonishingly realistic, and the only thing missing is the "tilt."

Those who are less action-oriented can easily find computer games to their liking, of course. Chess is available in many versions, as are checkers, Blackjack, and backgammon. The ever-popular "Othello" is a particularly favorite of many computer gamers, and is likewise available in several versions, one of the more interesting being Instant Software's "Master Reversi." "Master Reversi" can be played on any of several levels, and features a computer opponent named "Aldaron," after the lord of the trees in Tolkien mythology.

For the Earthbound set, there are many ground-and-air-battle games, such as "Tanktics" and "Jet Fighter Pilot." Or, if you're not into mechanized battle, "Crush, Crumble, and Chomp!" may be just the thing for you. In this game, you are the monster, with the combined resources of the police, the military, and modern science out to get you as you blaze a path of destruction.

Tired of fighting? Try simulations. With the proper software, your home computer can become the cockpit of a private airplane, and you can practice take-offs, flight patterns, and landings again and again, flying visually or by instruments. If space is more to your tastes, you can fly the space shuttle with Instant Software's "Space Shuttle" program, or practice landing a LEM on the Moon's surface with Adventure International's "Lunar Lander."

Perhaps the most interesting of all computer games are those in the "adventure" category. Adventure games are actually simulations of life — with you, the player, assuming the role of a particular character who may or may not be human.

Some computer adventure games, such as Sentient Software's "Oo-TOPOS" (STARLOG #54) are actually interactive fiction. You, the protagonist, are given the scenario, and your actions and choices complete the story. Most adventure games involve a quest, a goal to be reached or an object to be



A high-resolution example of computer graphics. The display is an ordinary color television set, which is attached to the computer.

For More Information

The following sampling of computer manufacturers, software publishers, and periodicals will serve as a good "data base" for those new to personal computing. This listing by no means encompasses the entire field, and is provided as a source of basic information.

COMPUTER MANUFACTURERS

Apple Computer Inc., 10260 Bandley Dr., Cupertino, CA 95014.
Atari Personal Computer Systems, 1265 Borregas Ave., Dept. C, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.
Commodore, 300 Valley Forge Square, 681 Moore Rd., King of Prussia, PA 19406.
Radio Shack, 1800 One Tandy Center, Fort Worth, TX 76102.
Texas Instruments, Consumer Relations, P.O. Box 53, Lubbock, TX 79408.

SOFTWARE PUBLISHERS

Acorn Software Products, Inc., 634 North Carolina Ave. SE, Washington, DC 20003.
Adventure International, Box 3435, Longwood, FL 32750.
Creative Computing Software, 39 E. Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, NJ 07950.
Instant Software, Peterborough, NH 03458.
Med Systems Software, P.O. Box 2674, Chapel Hill, NC 27514.
Sentient Software, P.O. Box 4929, Aspen, CO 81612.

COMPUTER MAGAZINES

Byte, 70 Main St., Peterborough, NH 03458.
Creative Computing, 39 E. Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, NJ 07950.
Kilobaud Microcomputing, 80 Pine St., Peterborough, NH 03458.
Popular Computing, 70 Main St., Peterborough, NH 03458.

found, while some few offer you only the necessity of getting out of a maze or trap alive. "Asylum" and "Death-Maze 5000" (from Med Systems Software) fall in the latter category.

Other adventure games are less story and more achievement-oriented. Acorn Software's "Everest Explorer" puts you in the position of leading a team up the face of Mt. Everest. "Lost Colony," also from Acorn, sets you up as the Manager of the economy of a colonial world, in full charge of human and robotic labor forces, exploration, and production. Similar games can place you in competition with other players in developing the resources of various planets, or in building vast intersteller trading empires. (It is also possible to travel into the past via computer, with games such as Instant Software's "Santa Paravia and Fiumaccio," in which you find yourself the ruler of a 14th Century Italian city-state.)

To round out the adventure offerings, the various software manufacturers provide programs which can take you to Atlantis, haunted houses, underground empires, and pagan temples in search of fortune and survival.

Whether you want to command your own starship, or explore a lost world, you'll need a computer to do it, of course. When you first consider it, the idea of buying your own computer may seem ominous, in terms of expense, but it doesn't have to be. Depending upon the type of system you buy, you can get into computer gaming for less than the price of a color television (around $300 minimum.) Of course, you *can* spend much more — up to $2000 for a 48K-ram disk-based system, for example.

(If you feel that you need more than just the fun or game-playing to justify investing in a computer, remember, too, that your computer can be used for a multitude of "practical" applications, including accessing information networks, handling your household budget and financial concerns, and self-education.)

Space limitations preclude discussing all of the considerations involved in buying a computer, but we can pass along a few tips. First, educate yourself on the topic. If you have friends who are computer enthusiasts, look over their systems and learn all you can from them. Visit nearby computer stores and ask questions. Read some of the many computer magazines published monthly. Take your time, and you'll find that the topic of computers isn't as difficult as you may have thought.

The brand-name of the system you buy will be dictated somewhat by your budget, but you should also take into consideration just how popular a particular brand is because the more popular brand of computer is, the more software (games and other applications) will be available for it.

In the U.S., the most popular systems include Apple, Atari, Commodore (Pet and Vic systems), Radio Shack (TRS-80 Model III and Color Computers), and Texas Instruments. The lower-priced systems in this group are the Atari "400" Computer, the Commodore "Vic," the Radio Shack Color Computer, and Texas Instruments' TI99/4-A. Game software for all of these systems is quite extensive and generally available through computer stores and mail-order. The computers themselves are sold through various computer store outlets (with the exception of Radio Shack systems, which are available only from Radio Shack stores and dealers), and some, such as the TI99/4-A, can sometimes be found in department stores.

Each of these systems has its own advantages and disadvantages in comparison with other systems, but all have in common ease of use, local dealer support, and, most importantly, the support of literally thousands of ready-to-use programs offered by a variety of manufacturers. There are, of course, many other personal computer systems available, but most lack the software support necessary for the average computer user. (The average computer user being one who is not inclined to spend hours writing his own game or other programs.)

If you're tired of pumping quarters into greedy arcade games, and want something a little more challenging than "Space Invaders" to occupy your time, a personal computer system is just the thing. The number and variety of games you can play with or against your computer will guarantee you freedom from boredom, and you will undoubtedly experience additional benefits from other applications of the computer. Too, you'll be riding the crest of the wave of the present and future, looking forward to the time when computers will be as common (and, perhaps, as necessary) as telephones in the home.

But watch out for the Jovians! ★



Computer arcade game—an exercise in avoidance and survival.

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Fan Scene

(continued from page 25)

So parenting is an interesting pastime; I can safely say that there is seldom a dull moment with two entirely diverse personalities trying to grow into adulthood right before our eyes!

Science-fiction fandom is a *hobby*, as is the SCA, but we have other pursuits, as well. We hold memberships in GLAZA (Greater Los Angeles Zoo Association) and we support the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum (never, *NEVER* go through the Tucson area of Arizona without stopping there!). We support the Jersey Wildlife Trust, the Costeau Society, the National Wildlife Fund, and the Smithsonian Institute (all of whom have really interesting newsletters or magazines for members). We are also charter members of the Los Angeles Art Museum, the Natural History Museum (which supports the digs at Rancho La Brea tar pits, among other wonders).

When I'm not "fanning" or writing, I'm trying to ignore housework by doing all kinds of other things instead. I sew: clothing, costumes, banners, decorator items and toys. I dry ingredients for potpourri, spiced teas and flavored vinegar (occasionally I make a wine or brandy, though most of that is an inadvertant side-product of making something else.) I enjoy cooking, but have little time for the fancy recipes right now and much of the dinner-making falls on John or one of the girls. (Yes, Kat can do some very simplified food-preparation. I am collecting recipes to do a cook book for her and her friends, perhaps even offer it to a publisher.)

Lately, our "normal" life has been a bit more upset—in a happy way—by my getting a book contract from Donning Publishers! They want a book (tentatively titled *On the Good Ship Enterprise*) about my years in *Trek* fandom, anecdotes about the fans, the stars, the people involved in the series, and some of the events which happened. It will be illustrated with cartoons by a new, upcoming young artist, Scott Hill, and they want it ready for the market by the time the new movie opens in June! (pant! pant! talk about typing at top speed!). Due to the time-lag between my writing these columns and your reading them—usually about three months—you can start looking for the book very soon now.

And that's how things are in our neighborhood; how about yours?
questions a teen-ager might ask! We also discussed the book; whether it was really of any value or indeed of any interest, and whether they really needed that kind of book to help them bring up questions. Lora admitted she had not finished the book, finding it far more boring than her usual reading (horse stories or Laura Ingels Wilder, at the moment).

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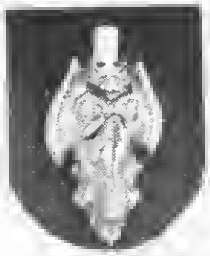

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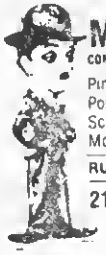

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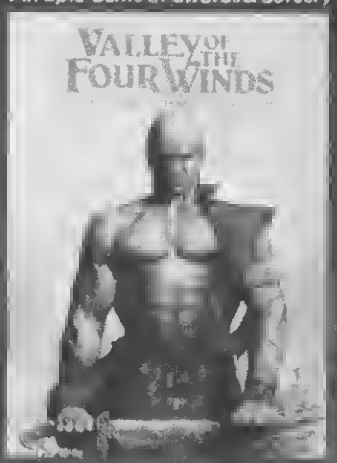
(**Apocalypse** is the game formerly known as **Warlord**.)

Launch 002:
DOCTOR WHO
The Game of Time and Space



Doctor Who is a 2–6 player game based on the classic BBC TV series. Each player, as a different incarnation of Doctor Who, must search the galaxy for the Key of Chronos. Daleks, Cybermen and other aliens protect the Key; but with the help of his scientific know-how and assistants, each Doctor must fight the aliens, and maybe each other, in their struggle to save the galaxy.

Launch 003:
VALLEY OF THE FOUR WINDS
An Epic Game of Swords & Sorcery



Valley of the Four Winds is a 2-player adventure game based on the story serialised in *White Dwarf* magazine. Set in a world of magic and monsters, it is a struggle between the forces of good and evil. Each player must seek the aid of independent forces to help destroy the other. Will Hero rid Ferrondil of the Wind Demon, or will the skeletons overrun the city?

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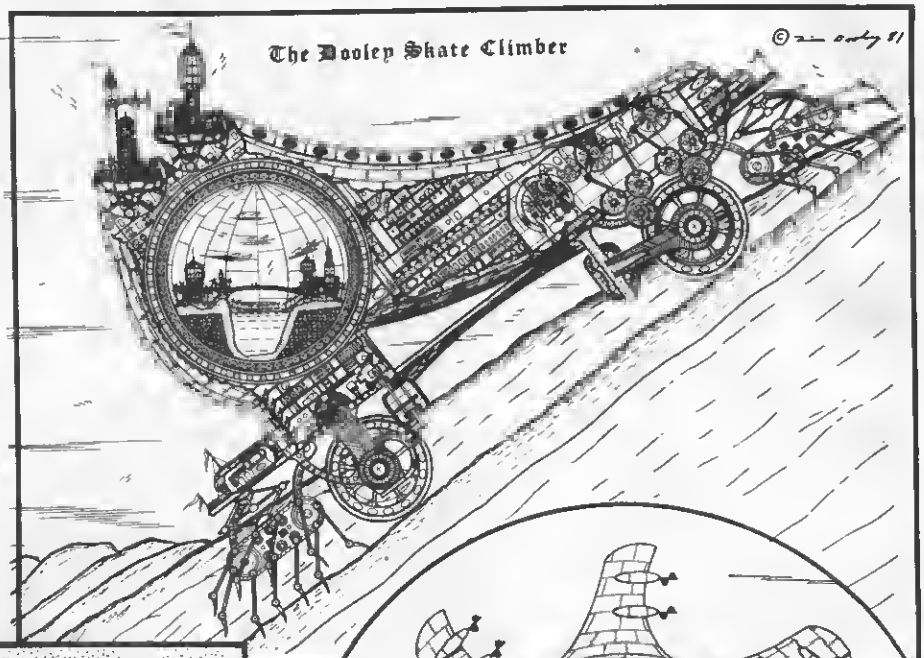
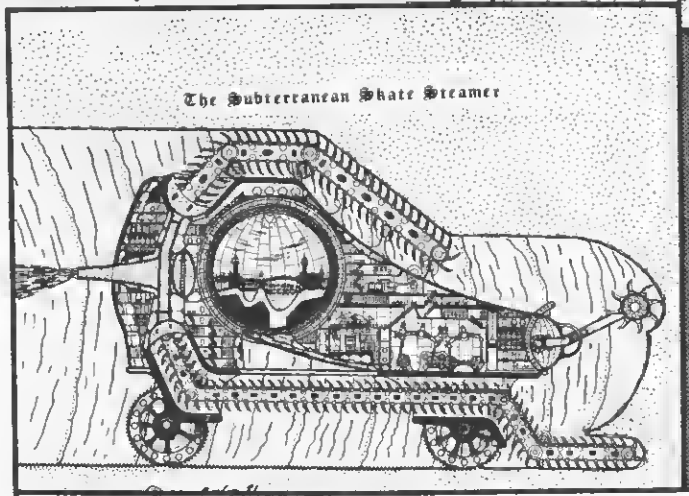
Did Someone Say, Talent?

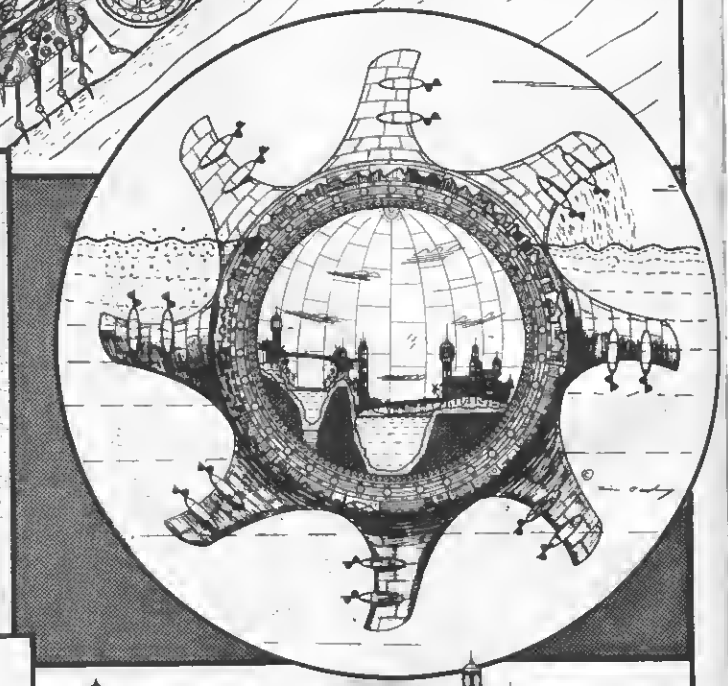
And now for another exciting spectacle from the infinite Quest files; we begin with the artistic talents of Tim Dooley, who creates his fantasies from 1809 Norris Drive W., Fresno, CA 93703, and is currently working on turning them into a graphic novel. If you find any resemblance in Tim's work to that of H.G. Wells or Jules Verne, it's because they served as inspiration.

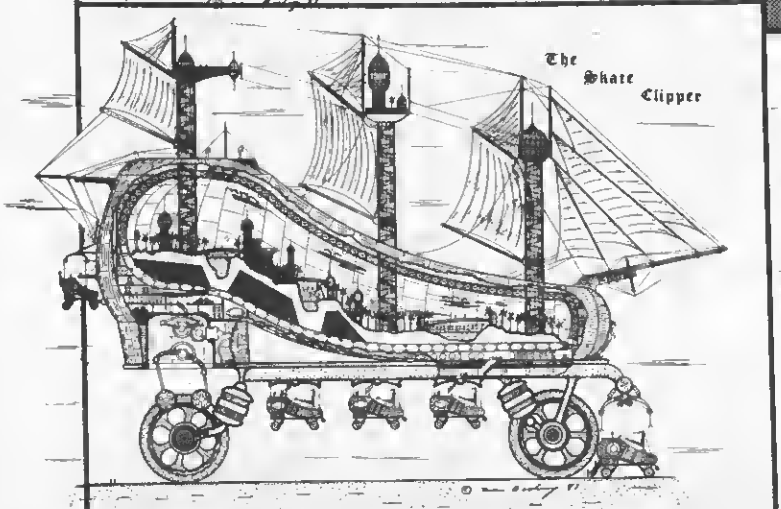
Next up, is James Nichols, whose oil paintings bring him much fun, as he states, "I love the idea of being free to roam the galaxy, and with these paintings," he strongly adds, "I am!" His ambition in life "like 180 million other people" is to work with Lucasfilm; so George if you're reading this, here's where James can be found: 1250 S. Craycroft #F206, Tuscon, AZ 85711.

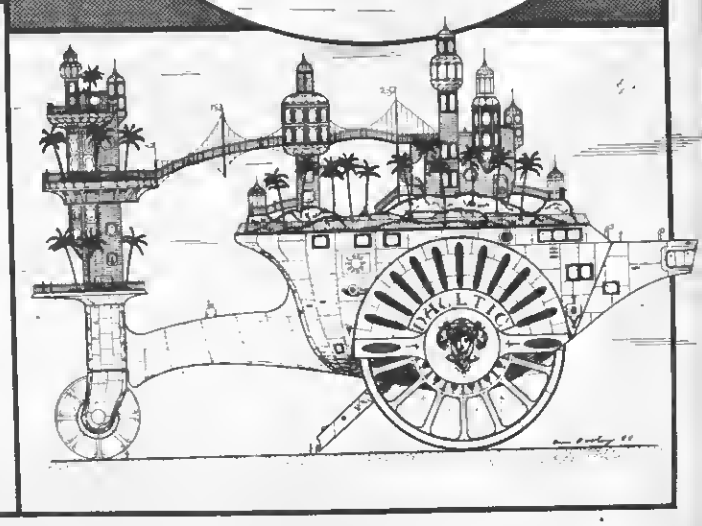
To wrap things up, consider yourselves all graduates of Dagobah U. as fully trained Jedis, your diplomas courtesy of contributor Becky Mock. ★













Opposite page: Dooley's dynamic designs. Left and bottom; James Nichols' awesome oils. Below: A Dagobah U. diploma from mirthful Becky Mock.





LASTWORD



Welcome to the sixth anniversary issue of STARLOG. I've been with the magazine for five and a half years and its editor for five. Looking back, I can see some interesting changes over the years, and some things that will probably never change. (Such as glitches in the magazine... like last issue's reproduction of the *Enterprise* that got printed upside down. That was especially frustrating because the shot was stripped into position at the last minute and we never got to see it until the issue was printed.) It seems to be inevitable that each month as we read through the new issue there will be one or two surprises. The first issue that comes out perfect will probably be my last—where do you go from perfection?

One of the most interesting changes I've seen was forecast years ago by such diverse luminaries as Timothy Leary and Alvin Toffler. The science fiction genre has finally come into its own: SF concepts and the lightning speed of technological change have been accepted by most of the public as the wave of the *present*. (Darth Vader's face is at least as well known as Ronald Reagan's.)

SF is big, big business now. *Star Wars* alone has grossed about a half billion dollars and spawned a whole new industry... or two.

It's also been interesting to see all of the SF media magazines that have come out in the last few years, following the success of STARLOG. If imitation is truly a sincere form of flattery, then we are flattered indeed.

Another exciting turn of events is the discovery of the SF literature by the movie studios. The forthcoming *Blade Runner* is adapted from a novel by the late Philip K. Dick. Three other Dick properties have recently been optioned. Last year, an option was taken on Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy*, while *Dune* has been "under development" by diverse hands for the past several years. Even more exciting is the buy of *Bug Jack Barron*, which will be directed by Costa-Gavras and scripted by Harlan Ellison.

* * *

I'd like to get back to the subject of *Blade Runner*. First, I want to again thank Norman Spinrad for his fine, heartfelt words about his late friend Phil Dick, printed in this space last issue. I'm sorry that it couldn't have been given more space or printed in larger type, but I felt that it was important to print and that was my only option.

About the film....If *Blade Runner* is faithful to the themes and spirit of *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, it will be a very important film. It is not, however, the novel.

Androids is a powerful work of fiction and showcases Dick's effortless storytelling ability, while zeroing in on themes central to all of his writings. In other words, read the book. It will not take away from your appreciation of Ridley Scott's film. Del Rey has put *Androids* back into print, in conjunction with the film's release. It says *Blade Runner* on the cover, but it is *not* the novelization of the film. (But look for the Philip K. Dick byline, just to be sure.)

There are dozens of good SF novels that would make wonderful films. If this is the new trend in Hollywood, then the best is surely yet to come. I hope that we'll still be here together, to see it happen in the years ahead.

Howard Zimmerman

Howard Zimmerman/Editor

NEXT MONTH



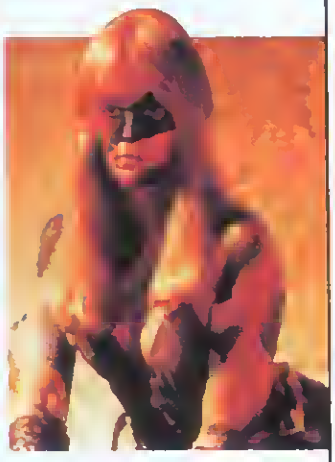
THE WRATH OF KHAN

Our coverage of the second *Star Trek* film continues, as ace reporter Ed Naha wraps up his two-part feature on the making of the film. Part Two will include interviews with most of the stars of the film, plus a revealing behind-the-scenes look at some of the difficulties involved in the production.

ROAD WARRIOR

This SF/adventure flick is a sequel to *Mad Max*—but if you liked *Max* you'll absolutely love *The Road Warrior*. Starring Mel Gibson in the title role, the plot of the film is simply stated in the Warner Brothers' ad: "In the future, cities will become deserts, roads will become battlefields and the hope of mankind will appear as a stranger." Interested? Well, you'll find out all about it next issue.

FANTASY'S FEMMES FATALE



A double treat for followers of fantasy's up-and-coming female stars. STARLOG #61 will feature interviews with *Conan*'s Sandahl Bergman and *Blade Runner*'s Sean Young. Breaking out of the SF/fantasy stereotype, these charming young women are more than just pretty faces. They both have significant parts to play in their respective films.

PLUS

We'll have lots of other goodies next month, including interviews with the new Doctor Who, Peter Davison, and everyone's favorite Russian on the *Enterprise* Bridge, Walter (Mr. Chekov) Koenig. Plus, we'll have more coverage of *The Thing*, *Megaforce*, and a special scoop on *Revenge of the Jedi*. See you in 30 days.

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