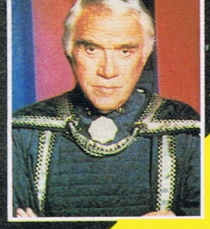

LORNE GREENE: Interview with Adama

BRAVE NEW WORLD: Huxley's Novel Comes to TV

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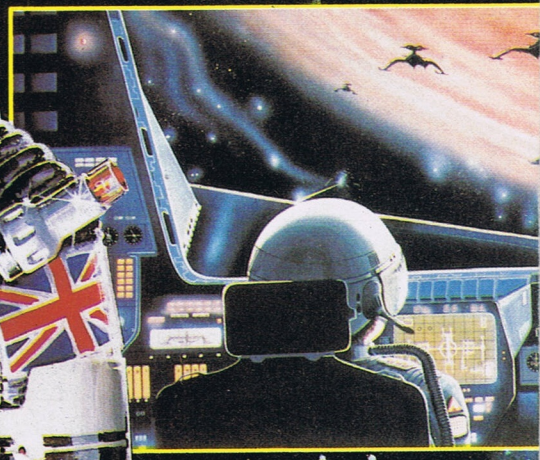

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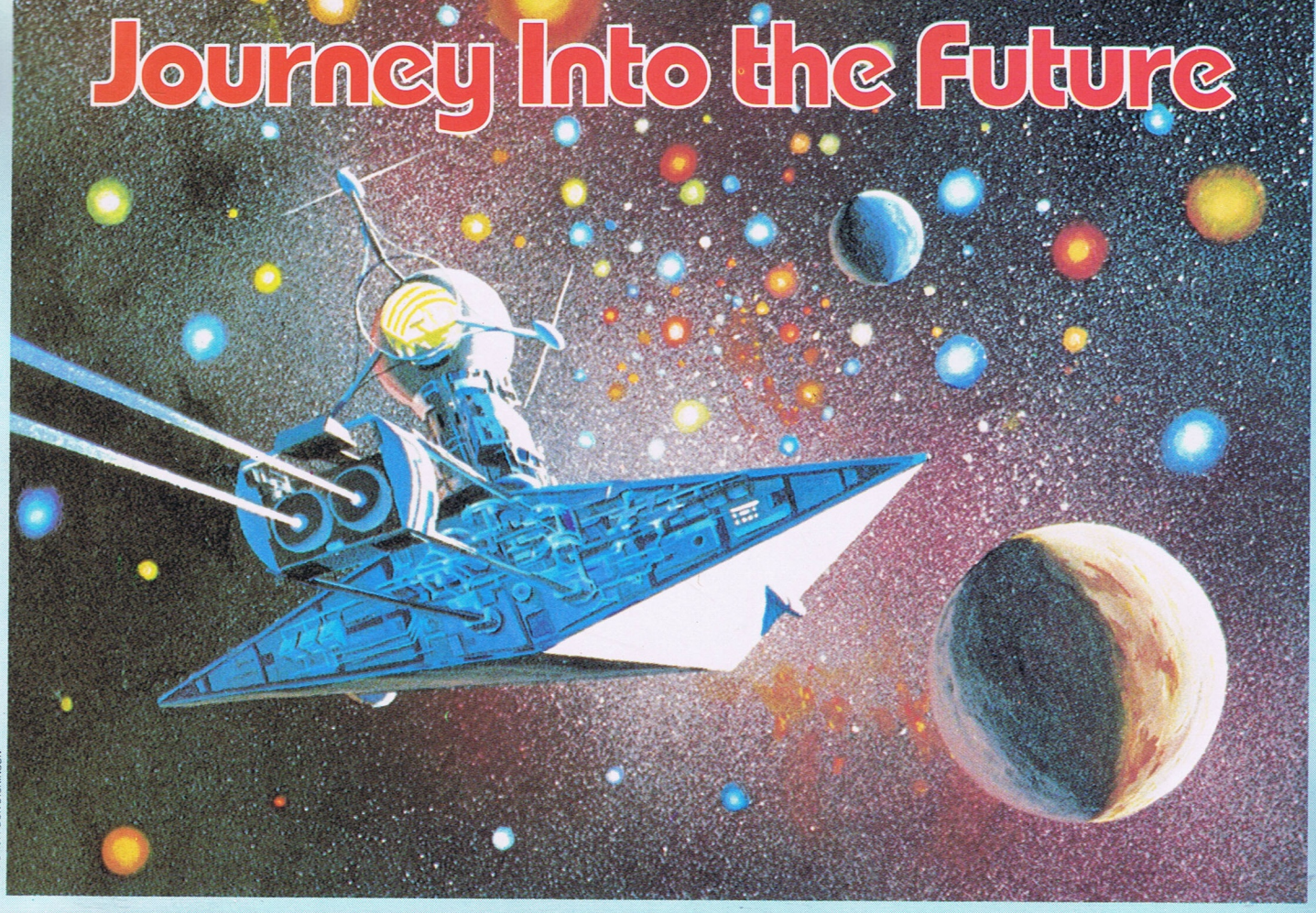

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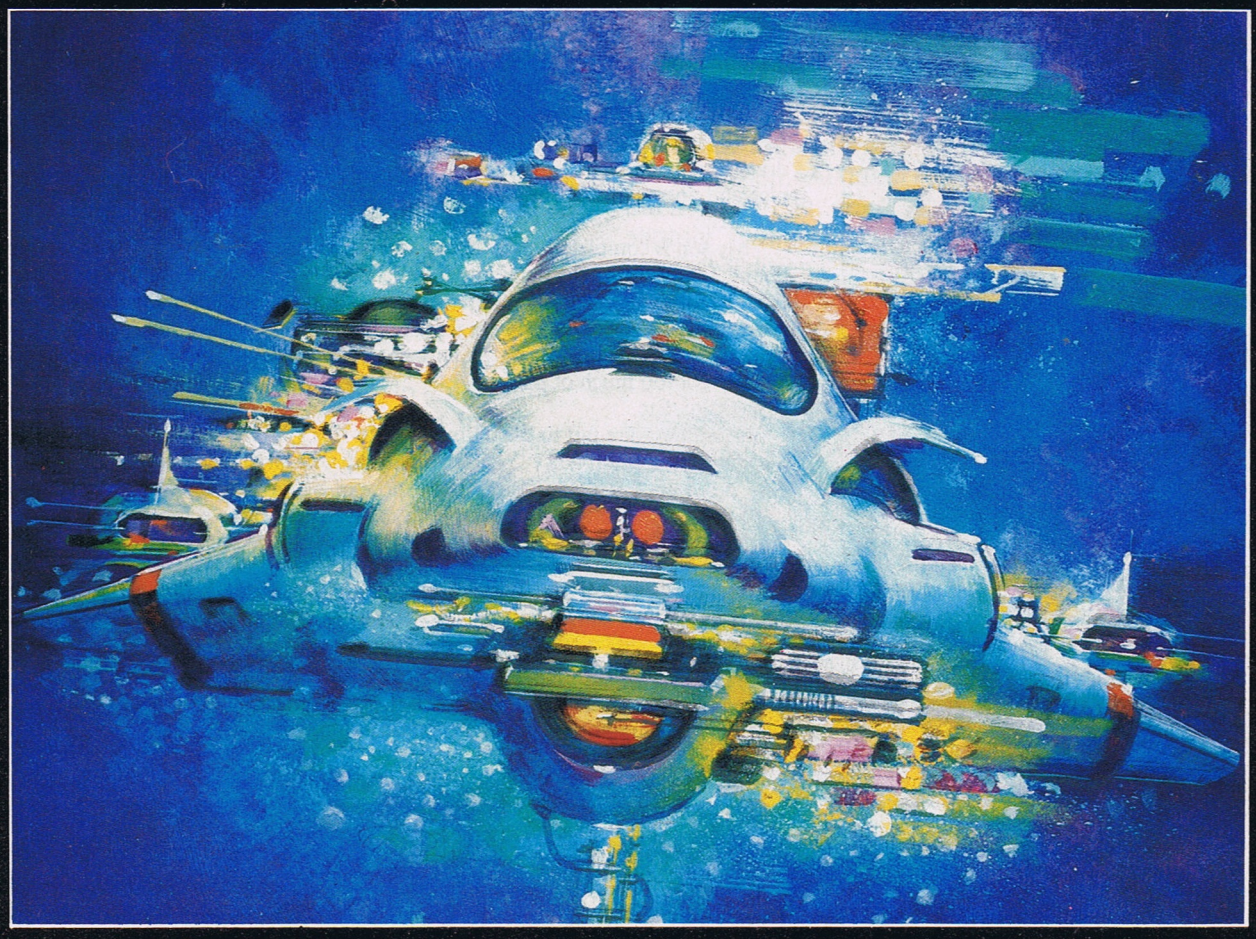

ART: COURTESY DON MAITZ

DEPARTMENTS

FROM THE BRIDGE 4

COMMUNICATIONS
Letters From Our Readers 6

LOG ENTRIES
Latest News From The Worlds of Science Fiction & Fact 10

"STAR TREK REPORT" 29

"STATE OF THE ART" 30

INTERPLANETARY EXCURSIONS, INC.
Port Of Call: Sand Dunes Of Mars 38

"SPACE REPORT" 40

CONVENTION CALENDAR 48

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION 54

SPECIAL EFFECTS—PART XVII
Seeking A Career In Special Effects 56

VISIONS
SF Currents In The Mainstream–Part IV: Ayn Rand 64

LASTWORD 66

FEATURES

"MOONRAKER"
Spacebound Spies Boost New Bond Flick 18

INTERVIEW: LORNE GREENE
Commander Adama is Greene's Most Challenging Role 20

INTERVIEW: NOAH HATHAWAY
Boxey Says, "I Want To Direct!" 24

"ALIEN"
Veronica Cartwright: From Pods To Parasites 26

NEW ALIENS FOR THE "STAR TREK" MOVIE
Meet The E.T. Extras & Their Creators 32

DON MAITZ: SF COVER ARTIST
Haste Doesn't Always Make Waste 34

"BRAVE NEW WORLD"
Transforming The Huxley Novel Into TV Drama 42

STATUES OF THE GODS
In Search of Ancient Architects 44

"VORTEX"
Sneak Preview of New Dimension-Spanning SF Film 49

"THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME"
Modernized Sequel To "Things To Come" 52

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MAY, 1979 #22

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ABOUT THE COVER: The wide screen comes alive with science fiction this year! Several are previewed this issue. Left: A crewmember of the starship "Nostromo" stalks the terror of "Alien." Veronica Cartwright reveals some of the film's secrets on page 26. Photo: ©1979 20th Century-Fox. Center: James "007" Bond is back and flying high in "Moonraker," story on page 18. Art: ©1979 United Artists. Right: Martin Bower's preproduction art for "The Shape of Things to Come," a sequel to Wells' "Things to Come," a preview begins of page 52. Photo: ©1979 Canadian Film Institute.

ABOUT THE CONTENTS PAGE: A detail from Don Maitz's cover art for "Lucky Starr and the Oceans of Venus". The artist discusses the rigors of illustrating SF covers on page 34.

FROM THE BRIDGE

Until the day arrives when all the parents of the world understand and appreciate their children's interest in science fiction, I will, from time to time, devote this column to providing intellectual ammunition for the kids.

Since almost everyone I associate with is openly and proudly in love with science fiction, I am often lulled into a false sense that the public at large has mentally matured beyond the attitude that science fiction—as a category—is garbage. But just when I am enjoying the benevolent feeling that the human race has achieved a new plateau in the evolutionary climb upward—I run smack dab into a parent who is supposedly concerned with their child's well-being.

My latest confrontation happened a few weeks ago at a party. I met a young STARLOG fan who, to my delight, was so excited about talking with a member of the staff that he dragged his mother over to introduce us. The mother—pleasant, attractive, perfectly nice and normal in outward appearance—dived into a monologue that went something like this:

"My son is completely *crazy* about all that science fiction *stuff*. It's all he thinks about. I don't mind the magazine so much—it's not too bad. But he constantly buys all that *junk* that's advertised in the magazine. His room is cluttered with posters and spaceships and all kinds of *garbage*, and every time something *new* comes out he thinks he must have it. He just can't get enough of it, and I can't convince him that he's already got too much of that *trash*."

Etc. Etc. Etc.

My manners are put to the ultimate test in this kind of situation. Instead of taking the Harlan Ellison approach ("You are obviously a brain damage case!") or the David Gerrold approach ("Your son is probably more of a human being now than you can ever hope to be!"), I gritted my teeth and in my warmest Texas accent said, "I understand perfectly. I was exactly like your son when I was his age, and I certainly didn't turn out rotten.

"The only difference between your son and me is that when I was young and forming my values there wasn't a magazine like STARLOG around to encourage my interests and to open new doors for me. You should be delighted that your son has such strong *passions* and isn't just sitting around the house bored with life and fascinated with *nothing*! A lively interest in science fiction often shows tremendous personal qualities that can develop into very positive adult attitudes. I think you should *encourage* him rather than. . . ."

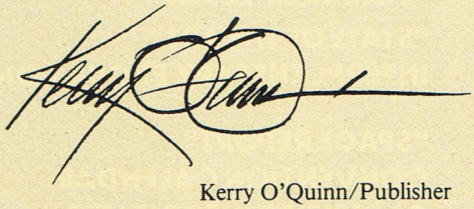
But my words seemed to pass smoothly into one ear and out the other—never snagging on anything in between. The mother protested and launched back into a variation on her "concerned" theme, again using an arsenal of words like "junk . . . stuff . . . trash . . . garbage."

I spoke to the young man afterwards and expressed *my* perspective on his SF interests, hoping to counteract the perspective he lives with daily. Thinking about this later, I decided the young man was not alone; there are probably hundreds—maybe even thousands—of STARLOG readers who need to hear a different adult point of view and to understand the *good* that their passion represents.

Show me a kid who wants to spend his allowance for a mask, a model, or a good SF magazine or movie, and I will show you a kid who is probably on the right track. An interest in science fiction doesn't automatically mean that a young person is brilliant or morally strong or creatively promising, but it *does* mean that the kid is attracted to excitement, adventure, imagination and a positive attitude toward the future.

With the proper guidance and encouragement from parents, those young attitudes *can* mature into an approach to life that will be a healthy source of motivation and happiness.

May the source be with you, kid!



Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

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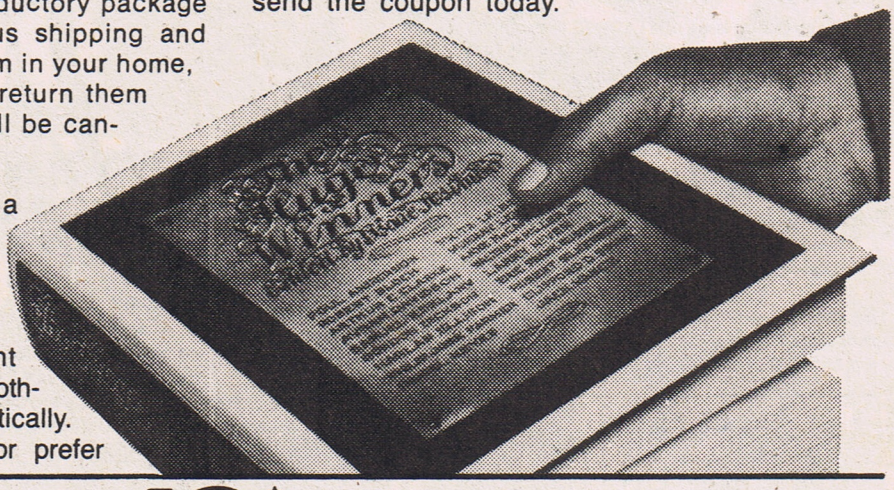

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THE DEMANDING ONES

. . . In the March issue of STARLOG ("From the Bridge") you said something with which I find myself in total agreement — science-fiction fans must keep on being choosy and demanding in all that we buy. We must show the directors in Hollywood, the people who plan children's games, publishers, and everyone else that we, as sci-fi fans, mean business and will not stand for anything that doesn't meet up to our standards.

Chanda Fehler
Tuscaloosa, AL

We couldn't agree more. When producers and publishers find they can feed us anything, *and we will buy it, they start dishing out stale pablum.*

EARLY ISSUES

. . . I recently bought a STARLOG back issue (#2) and I noticed that you had it included in a back issues ad with numbers 1-8. Are these authentic back issues or reprinted ones?

Cory Dalton
Orlando, FL

Several of the early issues of STARLOG have been reprinted in order to correct factual and typographical errors and to improve the printing and paper quality — which was often inferior (a printer we no longer work with). Our choices were: a) not to reprint at all, b) to reprint with errors and mistakes included, c) to reprint better than the originals. We elected the last choice, and these editions (for collectors) are much more limited and much rarer than the original newsstand versions.

MONTHLY SUB COPIES

. . . (Regarding the) change in your time span between issues of STARLOG from every six weeks to every month — what will happen? Will my subscription end after my eighth issue or will it go throughout the year?

Joseph A. Reboy
East Aurora, NY

Subscriptions are always based on the number of copies paid for, not on the time span involved in receiving those copies. Please notice in our subscription ad that you now have the choice of paying for eight issues or for 12 issues — arriving monthly.

COMIC RELIEF

PHOTO: © 1979 CBS-TV

. . . While watching the generally cruddy CBS-TV version of *Captain America*, my mind wandered back to the same network's generally excellent *Dr. Strange* pilot — the best, in my opinion, of the recent burst of comics-to-video adaptations. Just what happened to this fine effort? Is there any chance of a second TV movie or, better yet, a weekly series? Or has the Eye of Agamotto closed forever (so to speak)?

Greg Lash
7 Pensyre's Retreat
Savannah, GA 31411

Not closed forever, but considerably dimmed. Minimal publicity and a time-slot that put it in competition with Roots *and the season premier of a popular situation comedy resulted in a ratings slaughter for the Dr. Strange pilot. Producer Phil DeGuere says that it's contracted for a second run (not yet scheduled), and he's attempting to convince CBS executives to show a bit more respect for the Doctor in their treatment of the next airing. Meanwhile, DeGuere is working on three new projects, including the TV film version of Arthur Clarke's* Childhood's End, *which will be covered in depth in future issues.*

"SALVAGE" RESCUES TV

. . . Hats off to ABC and Columbia Productions! *Salvage* is the best television movie that I have ever seen, and that is not an exaggeration. I want to express my undying support for the upcoming series and wish Columbia and ABC my best. I'm also hoping you'll soon do an article on *Salvage*.

Frank Chesnutt
Huntsville, AL

Better than an article, we've done an entire poster book on the series, and it's available now – see details on page 8 . How's that for instant gratification?

FROM WHENCE IT CAME

. . . Concerning the color photo on the opening page of the *Lost in Space* article (issue #21); could you possibly tell me how I can get in touch with the folks who supplied the picture to STARLOG?

Joseph Dokes
Indianapolis, IN

The photo of the Jupiter II *was graciously supplied to STARLOG by Robert Cain of TV Chariot, P.O. Box 234, Mesa, AZ 85201.*

BEYOND "LOST IN SPACE"

. . . I appreciate all the work you went through to provide STARLOG readers with what will probably be the best article ever written on *Lost in Space* (issue #21). Also, I thought I might as well include some info that you folks might not have known.

While filming *Lost in Space*'s third season ('67-'68), Irwin Allen held a meeting on whether or not they could create a spin-off series from *Space*. The proposed spin-off was to be called *The Man from the 25th Century*, and Allen had already come up with a presentation script, which reads as follows: "*The Man from the 25th Century* is a one-hour weekly television series of science fiction, high adventure and action. It is the eerily horrifying tale of Andro, our nearest planetary neighbor, whose source of power is being used far more quickly than it can be created and whose need to attack the Earth and replenish such power is of the highest priority. An Earthling, kidnapped in infancy and transported to Andro for indoctrination, is returned to Earth to start its downfall. He is repelled by his assignment and defects to the Earthlings. Each week the nonhumans from Andro arrive in flying saucers and create havoc with Earth. Each week the Earthlings, aided by *The Man from the 25th Century* and his weaponry, succeed in dissuading the enemy."

Allen's script spelled out the show's theme ("The basic theme dramatizes man's earlies hidden fear—the appearance of seemingly extraterrestrial beings from another planet"), its major settings ("The planet Andro, two and a half light-years from Earth, the super metropolis of the future in the year 2467," and "Project Delphi, most mysterious of all undertakings in the history of the United States government," buried underground deep beneath Glacier National Park, and dedicated to combating the attack from Andro), and its leading character, Tomo, *The Man from the 25th Century* ("Tomo —24 years old—the kidnapped Earthling.) The *25th Century* series was never produced due to budgetary problems.

The above info is from *The Studio* (a book about 20th Century-Fox productions during the late '60s) by John Gregory Dunne. It was published in 1969 by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

(continued on page 8)

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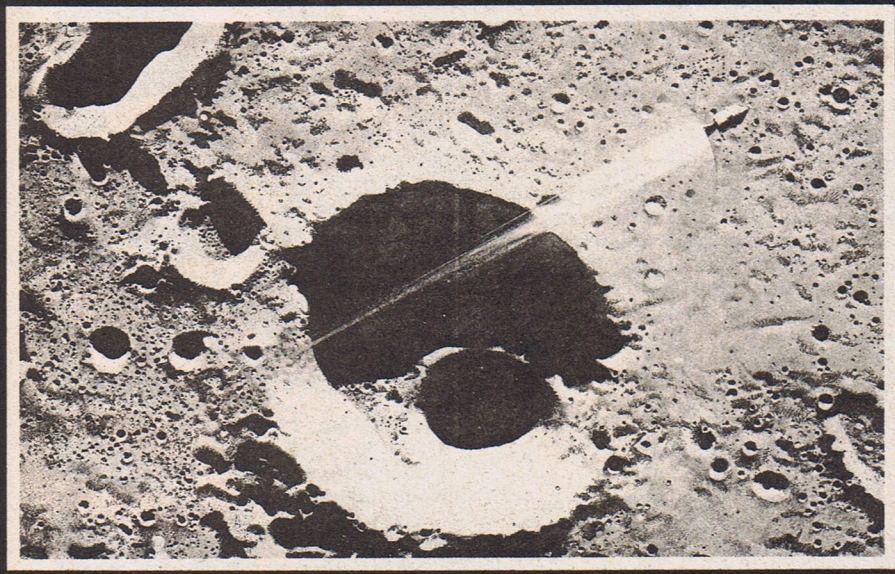

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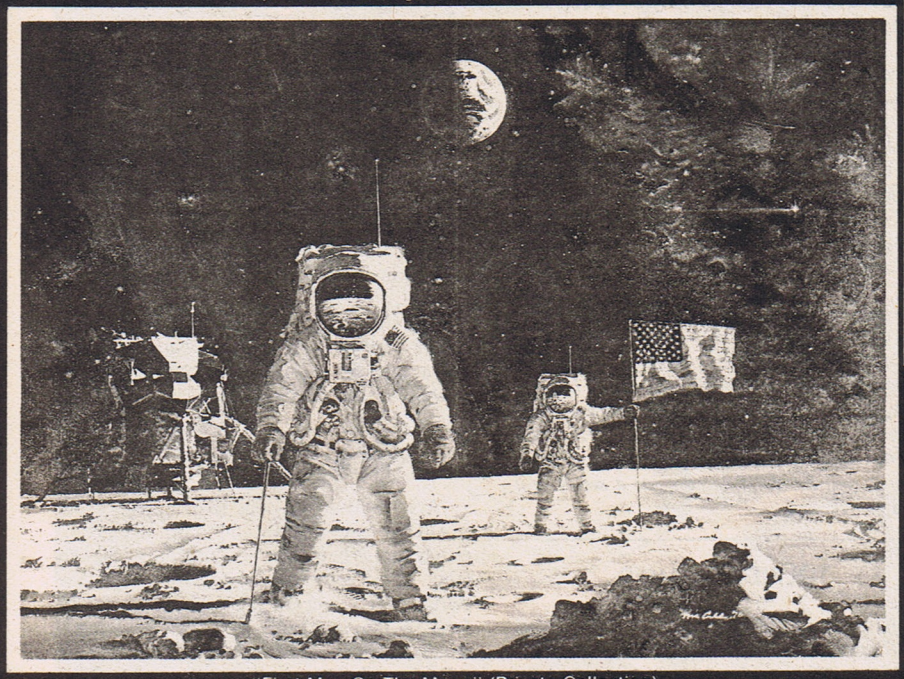

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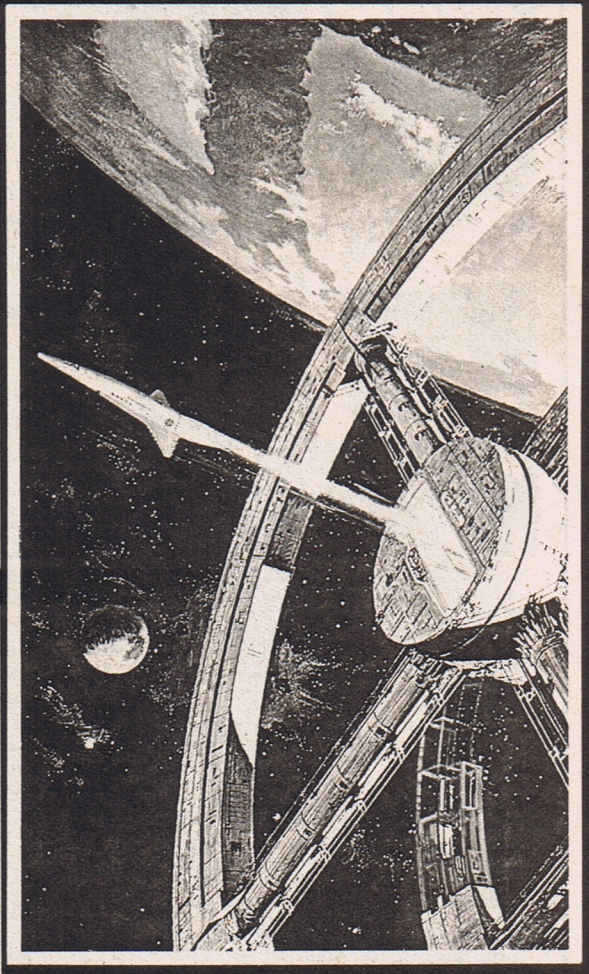

"Space Station One" A 24 × 28 inch lithograph

In the future Man will use his down-to-earth technology to reach deep into the awesome infinity of outer space. Robert McCall has already been there. He has a mind that spans time and space, an eye for technical detail and the hand of a great painter. His spectacular Space Station One, created for the film "2001: A Space Odyssey," has become a collector's item and a contemporary classic.

Frequently commissioned by NASA to do on-the-spot paintings of America's ventures into space, McCall is always present for important launches and splashdowns. His oil paintings have gained international acclaim reproduced as U.S. Postage Stamps, one of which was the first stamp cancelled on the Moon, and another, his most recent, commemorated the historic Apollo-Soyuz space rendezvous. McCall's work hangs in important museums, corporate offices and private collections around the world, and he has been honored in a one-man space art show at the Smithsonian Institution.

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A limited quantity of the Japanese STARLOG, issues No. 1-4, has been imported for U.S. fans. The premiere issue features STAR WARS and includes a double poster featuring Wonder Woman and a full-color spread of 62 SF film posters from the collection of Forrest Ackerman. Issue No. 2 highlights science-fiction television and focuses on STAR TREK, with a starship *Enterprise* poster and blueprint details. Issue No. 3, the special-effects issue, contains a combination color poster of a planetary landscape *SPACE: 1999* Eagle 1 blueprint and SF graphic catalogue spread. No. 4, the Gerry Anderson Supermarionation issue, contains (2) triple pull-out posters filled with Shusei Nagaoka artwork, X-wing Fighter blueprints, Godzilla animations and *Thunderbirds Are Go*! model poster.

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COMMUNICATIONS

(continued from page 6)

The book is out of print, but can still be found in some second-hand bookstores. (In other areas of the book, the author details word for word, the filming of the pilot to Allen's *Land of the Giants*, as well as the behind-the-scenes buffoonery on the movie *Planet of the Apes*).

Doug Diamond
167 Winthrop St.
Brooklyn, NY 11225

HOPE FOR CHRONICLES?

...Mr. O'Quinn's "From the Bridge" (STARLOG #20) disturbed me somewhat. He mentioned the upcoming *Martian Chronicles* television effort: "...the network will attempt to turn it into a series, the scripts will suffer in comparison to the originals and the program will die within the season." Blatant statements such as this are what tend to *suppress* the decisions of the powers-that-be to produce science fiction in the media. If we, the fans, show enthusiasm for *all* potential SF shows, perhaps more, and better quality programs will be given the go-ahead.

Rick Lambert
Ottawa, Ont.
Canada

The best thing that could happen to The Martian Chronicles *is for the powers-that-be to read O'Quinn's letter, with its prediction of death by common causes, and bring pressure to bear — now, early — on the producer, writers and story editor to be certain that usual TV deterioration* doesn't *happen. Nothing would please us more than a well-deserved success for a series that* could *be classic!*

TOLKIEN TRIMMED

...After seeing the film version of *The Lord of the Rings* twice, I am quite confused on the matter of the ending, or should I say, endings of the film. Of the two times I have seen it, the places where the film ended were very different. Can you please tell me why the ending of the first part was changed in the middle of its run in the theaters?

Greg Kurczynski
Williamston, MI

Very shortly after the film's release, it was decided that the battle scenes offered a more logical, less anticlimactic ending to Part One. The few minutes that you missed the second time will probably serve as the opening scenes of The Lord of the Rings, Part Two.

BRITISH SUPERFAN

...I think *Superman—The Motion Picture* is the best film I have ever seen, even better than *CE3K*, which was a film I thought would never be surpassed. Theaters here are full to the brim and opinions of the film are, for the most part, very good. But it is not really the British opinion that matters. It is America that will make or break *Superman*, and I hope to God that you appreciate it for the masterpiece that it is. If you can make the world's biggest box-office success out of *Star Wars*, you can certainly do the same for a film that beats it in special effects, characters and script.

David Gibson
85 The Street
Felthorpe, Norwich
Norfolk, England

Although Superman — the Movie *is doing splendidly at box offices all over the world, yours is one of the few positive responses we've seen in the STARLOG mail. A surprise to us, since most of the staff thought it was delightful.*

SFX HARDWARE

...What is an optical printer? I see that word everywhere, but I haven't got the slightest idea what it looks like or does.

Rob Patrick
Rte 2, Box 253AA
Washburn, IN 37888

The STARLOG staff is currently assembling an article explaining the operations of the optical printer and the animation stand which will appear in the near future as part of the SFX series.

VICTIMS OF SUPERHYPE?

...It is painfully obvious that the editors of STARLOG and FUTURE LIFE have fallen completely for the ludicrous high-pressure sales pitch mounted by Warner for *Superman*. Now that the picture is in release and the shoddiness of its effects (not to mention the criminal waste of money) is apparent, I can only hope that you are suitably embarrassed and will be a little less credulous next time.

Brett Piper
5 Elm Street
Derry, NH 03038

SPEAKING FOR "GALACTICA"

...Who narrates the opening of *Battlestar Galactica*? I say that it is Patrick Macnee, my friend says that it's not.

Peter K. Ehrenpreis
Worcester, MA

The first 13 episodes did feature a narration by Macnee during the opening sequence. But the narration has since been dropped, and Macnee appeared as Count Iblis in the two-part episode War of the Gods. ★

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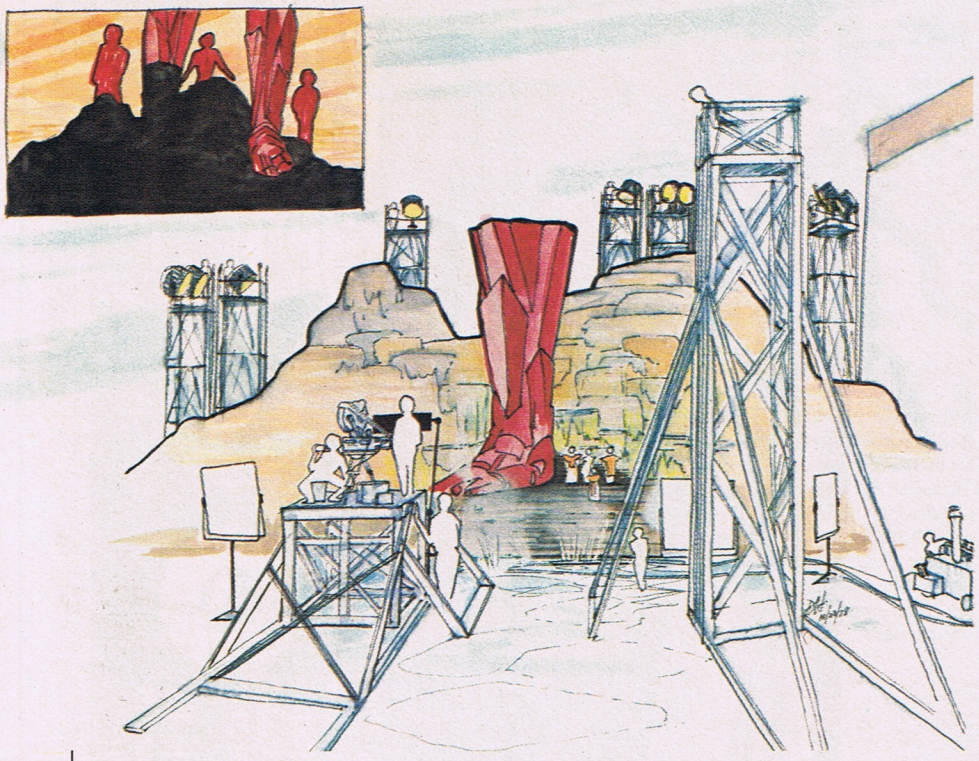
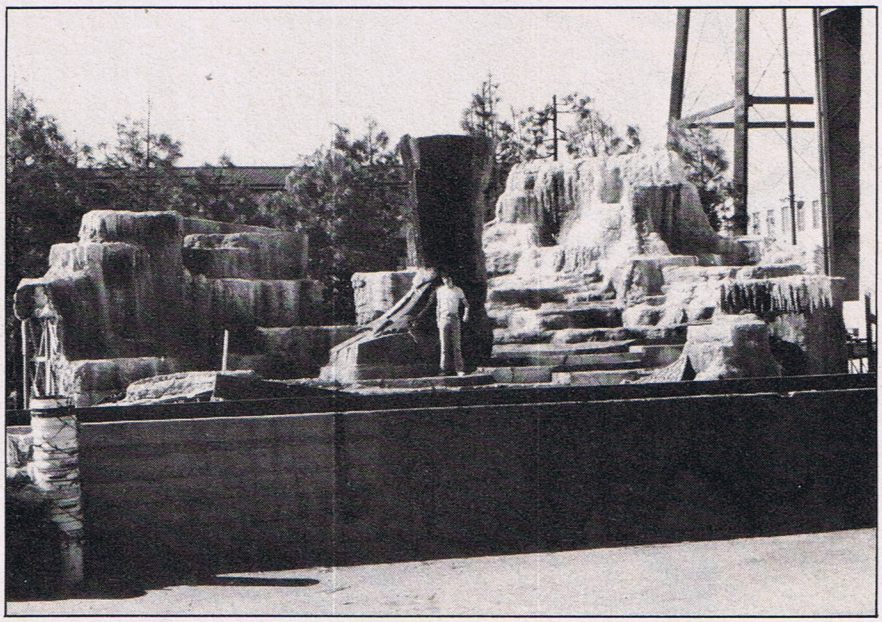
LOG ENTRIES

STAR TREK'S ONLY EXTERIOR SET



Above: Artist's sketch of Paramount's "B Tank" where Minerva's Terrace was re-created with set construction and matte painting. Below: An actual photo of the same set under construction. To get some perspective as to its size, note the figure standing in front of the "leg." This entire sequence on the Vulcan home planet was designed by *Star Trek* production illustrator Mike Minor.



During the "golden era" of big studio moviemaking, it was not an uncommon practice to shoot feature films entirely indoors. Even some very complex "exterior scenes" were shot entirely under the controlled conditions of a sound stage; the camera's eye could see farm houses, pastures, spreading oaks, roads, etc., all carefully constructed on a sound stage at M.G.M. or Paramount. Studio sets offered the advantage of *complete* control. There was no need for time-consuming location scouting and waiting for the right sunlight and the season of the year—you simply built and lit to order. For science-fiction films set on alien worlds or in outer space, *everything* must be built to order as alien world location scouting is not yet feasible.

However, as STARLOG reported in issue #19, some of Earth's unusual geological settings have served as locations for a number of science-fiction films. The *Star Trek* movie's use of the hot, bubbling springs and rimstone formations at Minerva's Terrace in Yellowstone National Park was described in "Log Entries." The famous tourist attraction at the park was used as a background for a shot of Spock on his home planet, Vulcan.

Additional shots have been filmed for the sequence since then, but not on location—an exterior set was constructed at Paramount Studios duplicating the Minerva's Terrace locale.

The accompanying color sketch made by STARLOG's on-the-set artist gives a good approximation of the set at Paramount's "B Tank"—which is the only exterior set built for *Star Trek*. Two rigid camera platforms were erected for the 65mm camera, which was chained and sandbagged to the platform to eliminate any slight movement of the camera. Two platforms were built to give the director, Robert Wise, two angles to work from for long shots. Additional close-ups of Spock on the Vulcan set were made with a 35mm camera, since no matte paintings are necessary for the close-ups.

Live steam was piped through the set to recreate the intense geothermal activity that gives Minerva's Terrace its "other worldly" look. The steam machine is indicated at the lower right of the sketch.

Of course, the area above the set where the manned arc lights are visible on their platforms will be completely eliminated by one of Matthew Yuricich's fine matte paintings. The top left inset on the color sketch gives a rough approximation of how the matte painting will fill in the Vulcan skyline. The painting will fill in the area above the heavy black line that delineates the top of the live-action set. ☆

"SUPERTRAIN" — TV'S MOST EXPENSIVE SET

A train is the star of NBC's new series. Designed by Ned Parsons, the giant train consists of an atom-powered engine and nine cars, each 64-feet long, 26 feet wide and 22 feet high. The cars are the poshest conceivable with every luxury from a pulsing discotheque to a 22 x 14-foot swimming pool. There are two miniature trains (one of which is pictured below), one of which is built at ¾" scale and the other at 1½" scale. The extravagant sets were built by the Parsons-assembled crew of 100 top set-construction men split into two 50-man crews working 12-hour shifts, 24 hours a day, seven days a week for three straight months.

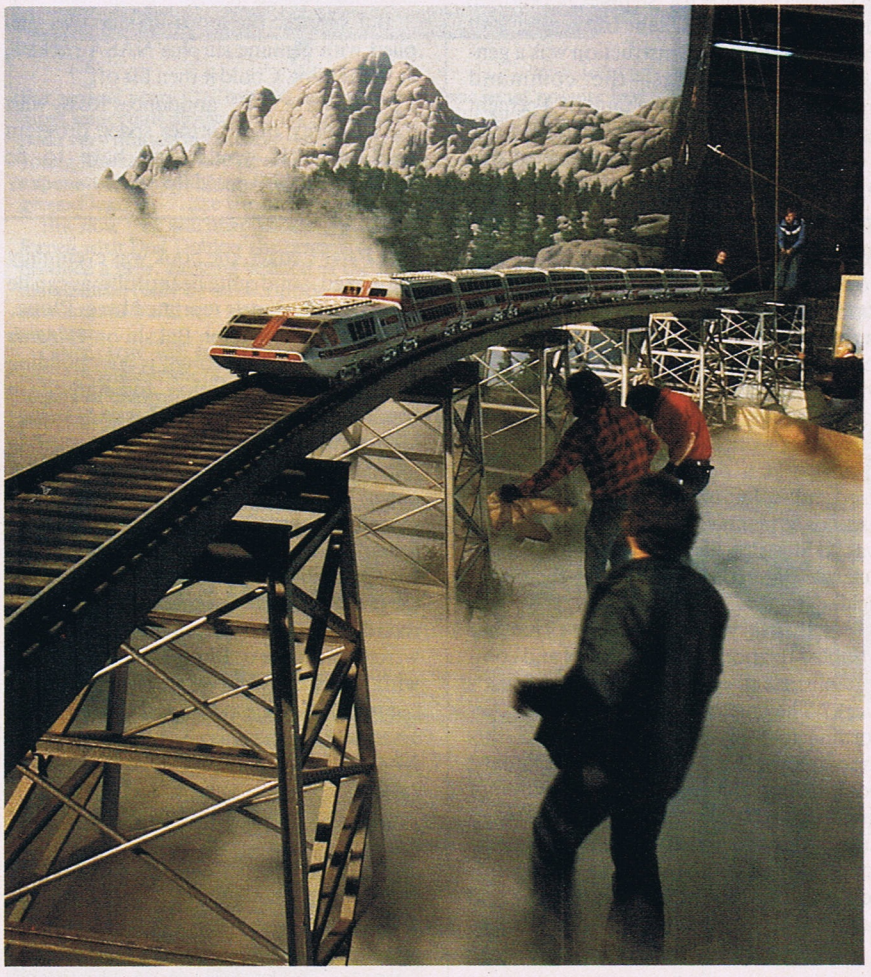
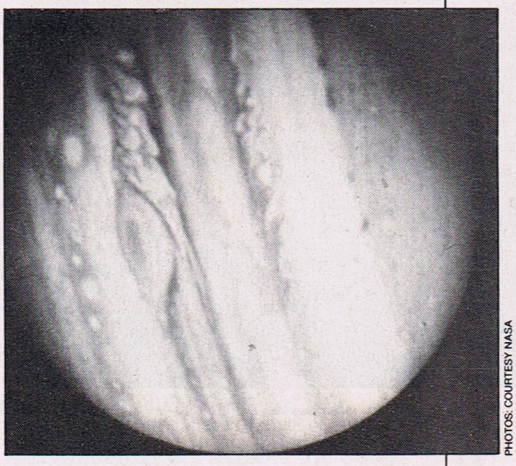


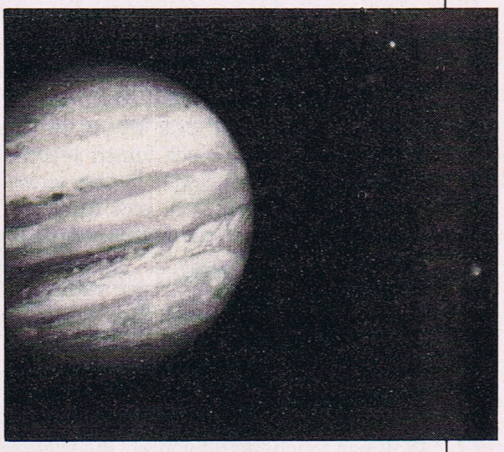
PHOTO: © 1979 NBC-TV

COMING

The most unusual science-fiction movie you've ever seen, from SF Film Productions

APPROACHING THE GIANT





PHOTOS: COURTESY NASA

These two incredible photographs of our solar system's largest planet, Jupiter, were taken by TV cameras aboard NASA's Voyager I during its approach this past January.

The close-up shot is dominated by the Great Red Spot. Although the spacecraft was still tens of millions of miles out, it was able to pick up details in the spot that are not visible from Earth. The spot is a giant atmospheric system that is larger than Earth and more than 300 years old.

In the other photo, two of Jupiter's moons are visible: Europa is on the right at the top and the larger Ganymede appears to be below it. Europa is an unusually bright satellite, a little larger than our own Moon. It appears to have a surface covering of ice or frost. Ganymede is larger than the planet Mercury and is believed to be composed of a mixture of rock and water ice with a surface of ice or frost.

After Voyager I concludes its Jupiter fly-by it will continue on its journey to the far reaches of the solar system and a projected 1980 encounter with Saturn. ☆

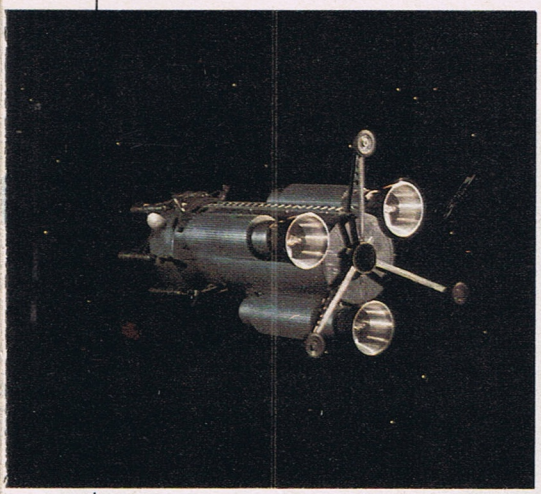


PHOTO: © 1978 COLUMBIA PICTURES

The *Vulture* in flight to the Moon. This is the 32" miniature, not the 33' mock-up.

YOU'LL BELIEVE AN ASHCAN CAN FLY

There is no award for television's Most Remarkable Prop, but if there were, *Salvage-1*'s unbilled star, the *Vulture*, would be a leading contender.

According to the show's pilot script, the ship is constructed by junkyard wheeler-dealer Harry Broderick, played convincingly by Andy Griffith. In fact, it was put together by series creator Mike Lloyd Ross, Columbia art director Stephen Beckerman and assistant Ross Bellah. In keeping with the show's title, the construction was a genuine act of salvage—the command module was formerly the tank of a cement mixer and the body was the cargo hold of a Texaco gasoline truck. The completed ship weighs more than five tons, and now stands on Lot 16 at Columbia's Burbank Studios, gleaming silver and seemingly ready to fly.

But the pilot episode, which called for a round trip to the Moon, presented problems of its own. Though Graphic Film Corporation's 32-inch miniature was used for the 33-foot mock-up in portrayals of spaceflight, the lift-off was to be accomplished by means of a 24-ton industrial crane—one that the wooden floor of Lot 16 couldn't support. Shooting was called to a temporary halt while the Columbia carpentry crew went to work reinforcing the lot's support structure.

But suppose the mock-up ship was supplied with genuine surplus NASA rockets, as in the pilot. Could it then lift off ?

"Of course not," announces Ross, with the authority of a former space program employee. "It would first have to be lightened . *Then* it could fly." ☆

THE WEIRD WORLD OF COLOR COMICS

Marvel Comics' much touted *Weirdworld,* a Tolkienesque fantasy series written by Doug Moench, and featuring characters, creatures and locales designed by Mike Ploog, is finally off the ground. Although its initial appearance was well-received by comics readers, there's been a three-year delay in production. In fact, it almost never appeared at all—one school of thought at Marvel was, "Who's gonna buy a book about elves?" But editor Marv Wolfman fought for the concept, and it was given two tryouts, once in a black-and-white magazine format, and once as a low-priced color comic. Then Wolfman left his editorial post, and *Weirdworld* was forgotten.

Rick Marshall and Ralph Macchio were placed in charge of Marvel Special Projects, a department designed to handle movie, TV and rock music tie-in books and other full magazine-sized comics. After the unexpected smash success of the Marvel *Kiss* book, featuring the rock group as superheroes, M & M were encouraged to experiment a bit with the line, in an attempt to reach other new comic book markets. Armed with the successful sales figures from the try-out books, the pair, just like real superheroes, convinced management to give *Weirdworld* a deluxe format: magazine-sized, full-color, quality paper. For the first issue of a planned quarterly book, Ploog was to illustrate his third Moench script in delicate watercolors—a first in the comic field.

But then a years-old problem that has troubled relations between artists and comic publishers emerged. Who owns an artist's work? The creator? Or the employer? According to Marvel's current contract, it's the employer. Already several pages into the book, Ploog announced that he could not finish it or turn in previously finished pages under Marvel's terms. Marvel turned the script over to John Buscema (who reportedly welcomed the break from *Conan*), and with the help of inker Rudy Nebres and colorist Peter Ledger, the book was eventually completed—and quite beautifully, as can be seen from the panels reprinted here. Ploog, who worked for Ralph Bakshi on *Wizards* and *The Lord of the Rings,* is busy building an impressive reputation for himself in feature animation.

Meanwhile, Marshall is now putting together *Odyssey Illustrated,* a new, glossy-paper, 80-page comic (or illustrated story) monthly magazine. He expects to sign Jim Steranko, Neal Adams and Frank Frazetta for appearance in early issues. All three of these artists have had complaints about their dealings with the comics business that were very similar to Ploog's. The difference with *Odyssey*? Marvel's special *Odyssey* contract, allowing rights and ownership of art to revert to the artist after publication. ☆

Valiant Tyndall, lithe Velanna and faithful Mudbutt (bottom) in a world they never made.

ART: © 1979 MARVEL COMICS

NEW FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF STARLOG

If you are a young filmmaker with a special interest in science fiction, special effects and the limitless magic of the cinema. . .

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For several years CINEMAGIC has been one of the most popular and most important movie fanzines published, but like all fanzines, it has been very limited in distribution. People have heard of it, but most young filmmakers have never actually seen a copy. Back issues are expensive, rare collectors' items now. It's almost a mythical underground legend . . . like the lost continent of Atlantis.

But now that will change. The publishers of STARLOG have joined forces with Don Dohler, the originator of CINEMAGIC, in order to produce a new, exciting version of the magazine that will enjoy wide distribution (only by subscription and in collector shops—no newsstands!) and will include photo articles about pros as well as amateurs.

CINEMAGIC will feature full-color photos, diagrams and design art and will guide readers, step-by-step, through the challenging techniques of backyard moviemaking. CINEMAGIC is a must for everyone who enjoys behind-the-scenes film work and everyone who is aiming toward a professional career in any aspect of the movie world.

Published quarterly (4 times a year) CINEMAGIC is available by subscription and in limited local stores only!

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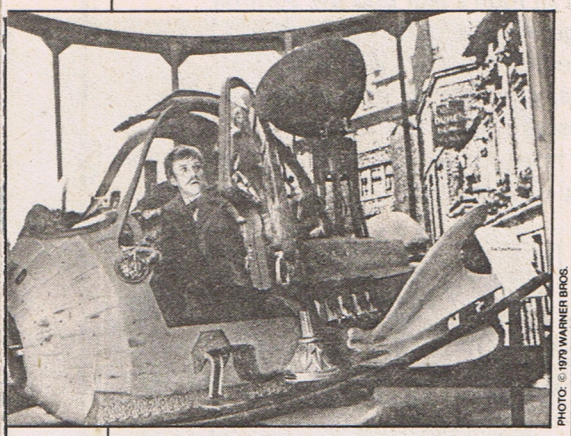

PHOTO: © 1979 WARNER BROS.

Malcolm McDowell, as H.G. Wells, materializes in a modern-day San Francisco museum.

H.G. WELLS MEETS THE ODD COUPLE

Warner Brothers is currently filming a somewhat fantastic time trip which brings together such unlikely classics as Jack the Ripper, H.G. Wells and George Pal's time machine into what the producer sees as "just your basic science-fiction, thriller, comedy romance."

Time After Time is the result of this historic potpourri. Adapted from the novel *The Time Travelers* by Karl Alexander, the tale begins in London circa 1893, where a young H.G. Wells is about to unveil his latest invention, the time machine—thus the film's SF connection. Next, Scotland Yard is at Wells' door, whereupon they plan to put the wraps on his good friend Dr. Stevenson, their prime suspect in the diabolical Jack the Ripper case—the movie's thriller element. Switch back to SF as Dr. Stevenson eludes the cops and steals away aboard the time machine. Wells follows in hot pursuit as both wind up in San Francisco in the year 1979. Romance and comedy enter when the 1893 Wells finds himself in a 1979 love affair: The hero gets his man *and* his woman.

The person most responsible for the Wellsian hybrid is novelist-turned-director Nicholas Meyer. His *Seven Percent Solution* became both a giant best-seller and a successful movie. Inspired by *Seven Percent*'s popularity, author Alexander created *The Time Travelers,* sent it off to his good friend Meyer, who immediately envisioned the story on film rather than in print. Indeed, the book has yet to be published.

The cast of *Time After Time* includes Malcolm McDowell as Wells, a role several light-years away from his most-renowned characterization as the bad boy of the future in *A Clockwork Orange*. Jack the Ripper will be portrayed by David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen will star as Wells' modern-day sweetheart. The producer is Herb Jaffe whose science-fiction film credit is that little classic of computer seduction, *The Demon Seed*. Filming began last September, and a late summer '79 release is in the plans. ☆

SF FILMS FACE SETBACKS

John Barry, production designer for *Superman—The Movie* and *Star Wars*, withdrew as director of Sir Lew Grade's production of *Saturn 3* after the second week of shooting. The film, planned as Barry's directorial debut, is based on a script written by Barry, and stars Farrah Fawcett-Majors and Kirk Douglas. Producer Stanley Donen decided to continue shooting special-effects sequences, already set up by Barry, as a new director is sought.

In other bad news from Britain, an active set for Stanley Kubrick's production of *The Shining,* was wiped out by fire in early February. In addition to causing $2,500,000 damage to the EMI Studios soundstage, it is likely to add another three weeks to the production's shooting schedule. *The Empire Strikes Back,* George Lucas' *Star Wars* sequel, was to begin production on the same soundstage in March, but has instead been transferred to Lee International studios in Wembley.

On the home front, AIP's $17 million production *Meteor* will not open on June 19 as scheduled. Additional special-effects footage is being shot through this summer, and the film is now planned for release on October 19. Theaters stuck with a mid-summer empty playdate will be offered AIP's Dracula send-up, *Love at First Bite.*

Universal's *Incredible Shrinking Woman*, which was to star Lily Tomlin, has been suspended (possibly forever) because of "basic disagreements" between director John Landis (of *Animal House* fame) and the studio over the amount of money to be invested in the film's effects. ☆

PHOTO: © 1978 20TH CENTURY-FOX

NOMINEES ANNOUNCED FOR ACADEMY OF SCIENCE FICTION, FANTASY AND HORROR AWARDS

The 1,300 member Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films has announced the nominees for its sixth annual presentation of awards.

Nominations in some of the top categories are:

Best Science-Fiction Film: *The Boys From Brazil, The Cat From Outer Space, Capricorn One, Invasion of the Body Snatchers, Superman.*

Best Fantasy Film: *Heaven Can Wait, The Lord of the Rings, Le Merveilleuse Visite, Watership Down, The Wiz.*

Best Actor: Warren Beatty, *Heaven Can Wait;* Christopher Lee, *The Wicker Man;* Laurence Olivier, *The Boys From Brazil;* Christopher Reeve, *Superman;* Donald Sutherland, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.*

Best Actress: Brooke Adams, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers;* Genevieve Bujold, *Coma;* Margot Kidder, *Superman;* Ann-Margaret, *Magic;* Diana Ross, *The Wiz.*

Best Director: Franklin J. Schaffner, *The Boys From Brazil;* Warren Beatty/Buck Henry, *Heaven Can Wait;* Philip Kaufman, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers;* Richard Donner, *Superman;* Robin Hardy, *The Wicker Man.*

Best Special Effects: Henry Millar Jr./Van Der Veer Photo Effects, *Capricorn One;* Ira Anderson Jr., *Damien Omen II;* Dell Rheaune/Russ Hessey, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers;* Colin Chilvers, *Superman;* Albert Whitlock, *The Wiz.*

Best Makeup: Lee Harmon/Vince Callaghan/Lynn Donohue, *Eyes of Laura Mars;* William Tuttle/Rick Baker, *The Fury;* Joe McKinney/Thomas Burman, *The Manitou;* Thomas Burman/Edouard Henriques, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers;* Stan Winston, *The Wiz.*

Best Music: Jerry Goldsmith, *The Boys From Brazil;* David Grusin, *Heaven Can Wait;* Jerry Goldsmith, *Magic;* John Williams, *Superman;* Paul Giovanni, *The Wicker Man.*

Awards are also given in the categories of: Best Supporting Actor and Actress, Best Writing, Best Costumes, Best Production Design, Best Editing, Best Sound, Best Executive Achievement, Best Cinematography, Best Publicist, Best Film Criticism, and a Life Achievement Career Award. The winners will be announced during the "Science Fiction Film Awards," video-taped at KTLA-TV in Hollywood and syndicated on television throughout the nation. ☆

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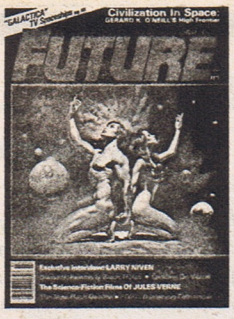

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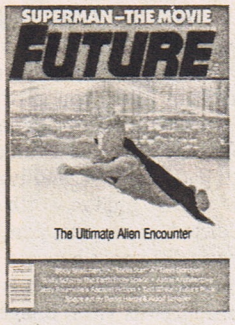

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Historic in several ways, this is the first book Boris has illustrated for children, as well as his first published collaboration with his writer/wife, Doris. Done especially for STARLOG/FUTURE, this imaginative fable of space is destined to become a modern classic in youth literature.

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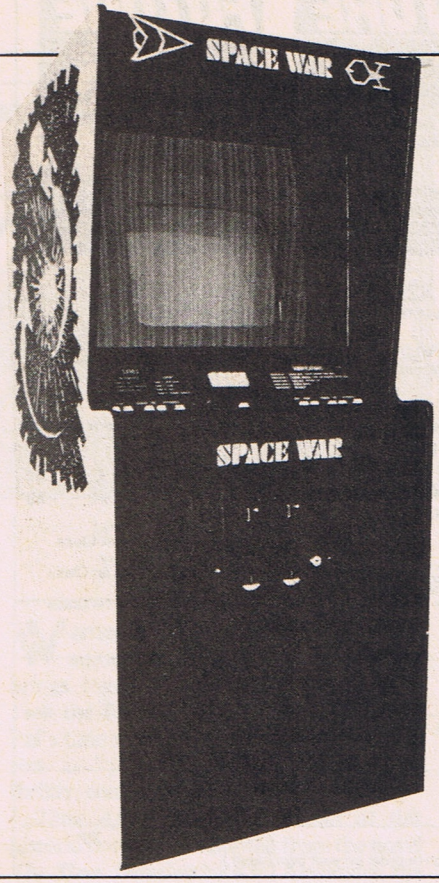

THE 25¢ SPACE PROGRAM

In 1976, college student Larry Rosenthal designed his own video game and arranged for it to be installed in an arcade near the Berkley campus where he continued his post-graduate studies in electrical engineering. For a time the machine stood next to the video tennis and bouncing clown games, gathering little attention, but it soon started to pull players away from other games, becoming the main attraction of the arcade. Then, in January 1978, a firm called Cinematronics and Rosenthal's own firm, Vectorbeam, began producing and installing more than 7,000 copies of that initial machine in arcades across the country. The game, *Space War*, is now the hottest item in the video game market, and is expected to pull in over $100 million worth of quarters from addicted gamers this year.

The basic difference between *Space War* and all previous video games is in the way that it produces its video image. A system called "vector scanning" allows the machine's cathode ray tube (the same as the tube in your TV set) to produce more realistic images, and for those images to be manipulated by the player with greater freedom and precision than with the cruder scanning system used by other video games.

Space War requires two players, each in control of a computer-animated spacecraft. Each ship is equipped with 18 missiles and 250 units of fuel. Each player attempts to blast his opponent out of the sky by manipulating five pushbutton controls—three affecting direction and velocity, one for firing missiles and a "hyperspace" control that causes the ship to disappear from the screen for three seconds and reappear in a new location. Seasoned players only use hyperspace as a last resort, since a kink in the space-time continuum is likely to cause the ship to explode when it re-enters .

All this is accompanied by realistic sound and visual effects, and the advanced levels of play increase the challenge by making inertial and gravitational forces important factors in the ships' navigation.

Having conquered the world of coin-op space, Rosenthal is now turnging his genius toward more Earth-bound endeavors. Victorbeam recently unveiled *Speed Freak*, Rosenthal's latest video delight. But this time he's brought computer-animated realism to drag racing. ☆

THE UFO PAPERS—C.I.A., AIR FORCE "COVER-UP"

Phoenix, Az.—The initial phase of a suit brought against the Central Intelligence Agency by Ground Saucer Watch, a 500-member research organization seeking proof or disproof of the existence and origins of unidentified flying objects, has resulted in the release of 1,000 pages of C.I.A. documents. According to Saucer Watch chairman William Spaulding, the papers prove that "the government has been lying to us all these years," and that "UFO's do exist, they are real, the U.S. government has been totally untruthful and the cover-up is massive."

Spaulding, an aerospace engineer with AiResearch, one of the largest firms in the aerospace industry, said that the documents show that U.S. embassies are being used to gather information on saucer sightings worldwide, and that the reports are directed to the C.I.A., the White House and the National Security Acency.

Among several reports of Air Force attempts to either intercept or destroy UFO's is a singular incident that occurred in Iran in 1976. Two F-4 Phantom fighters pursued a large UFO that seemed to send out several smaller craft. One of the small craft "headed straight toward the F-4 at a very fast rate of speed," the report says. "The pilot attempted to fire an AIM-9 missile at the object, but at that instant his weapons control panel went off and he lost all communications." The pilot then watched the craft return "to the primary object for a perfect rejoin."

A C.I.A. document dated November 1975 directs against acknowledging any pattern in sightings. Ground Saucer Watch's own studies indicate that there is such a pattern, with the greatest concentration of sightings in the vicinity of military installations and research and development centers.

Saucer Watch is now waiting for a judgment on the second phase of the suit, seeking access to 57 items that would provide "hard evidence" of UFO's and "retrievals of the third kind," including motion picture and other film of sightings "borrowed" by the Air Force and never returned.

Spaulding says that he has sworn statements from retired Air Force officers stating that at least two UFO's have crash-landed and been recovered by the Air Force, complete with dead alien bodies—in both instances about four-feet tall, with silverish complexions and silver uniforms "that seemed welded to the body from the heat."

In related news, a recent issue of Britain's *New Scientist* carried an advertisement for a manufacturer of Scotch whiskey offering a prize of 1,000 British pounds for "the scientific paper or essay that contributes the most to our understanding and knowledge" of U F O s. The winning paper will be published in *New Scientist*.

The announcement stipulates that each entry must be accompanied by a registration form, no longer than 3,000 words and submitted by June 30, 1979. Registration forms are available from:

Scientific Paper Competition, Cutty Sark (U.K. Scotch Whiskey) Ltd., 42 Albemarle Street, Mayfair, London W1X3FE. ☆

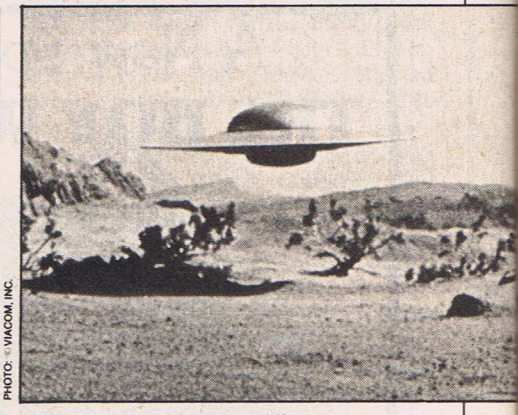
PHOTO: © VIACOM, INC.

UFOlogists have as many different explanations for the phenomenon as there are sightings; this one appeared on TV.

ALIENS TAKE OVER FUTURE LIFE #11

Extraterrestrials abound in the next issue of FUTURE LIFE. John Billingham, chief of the Extraterrestrial Biology Division at the NASA/Ames Research Center, starts the invasion off with an article on "Communicating with Extraterrestrial Life." At this very moment, the United States government is busily attempting to find evidence of alien life forms via Projects Cyclops and Ozma, SETI and the use of radiotelescopes, and Billingham takes FUTURE LIFE readers behind the scenes. Aliens of a cinematic sort abound in a full-color preview of the upcoming SF-thriller, *Alien*; a tale of intergalactic terror. Alien vistas will be evident as FUTURE LIFE presents a color portfolio of Jupiter landscapes as seen by *Voyager*.

Equally spacey is an interview with Sen. Harrison Schmitt: The last astronaut to leave his imprint on the Moon, now leaves his imprint on Congress—proposing a radical new space plan that calls for the establishment of a manned Martian settlement within the next three decades. Ned Parsons, the creator of TV's *Supertrain*, shows just how he dreamed up the tube's first atomic-powered choo-choo. Also on hand: the Videodisc story, the hottest spots to visit for a scientific summer vacation, a tour of the three-dimensional domain of holography, space music, book reviews and futuristic news. FUTURE LIFE #11—on sale May 15. ☆

SECRETS OF SFX MASTERS REVEALED

If you are one of the many who find STARLOG's continuing series on SFX to be a highlight of every issue, you'll be more than pleased by the latest in STARLOG's series of Photo Guidebooks: *Special Effects, Volume 1*, written by SFX series editor David Hutchison.

The 96-page, full-color collection concentrates on the design and construction of the models and miniatures of SF film, featuring scores of exclusive behind-the-scenes photos and bonus blueprints from favorite film spectaculars.

Full chapters of all-new material are devoted to the modelmaker's workshop, the great model ships, the construction of miniature worlds, models for animation and the production of breathtaking miniature effects. Ordering details appear on the inside back cover of this issue. ★

SPACE ART CLUB Print #3, "The Dream Fulfilled"
Painted by Vincent DiFate

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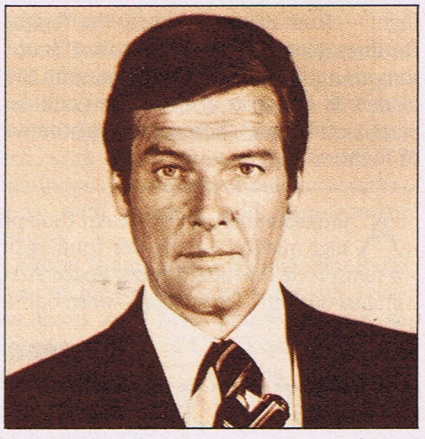


Bond In Orbit

BY ROBERT MARTIN

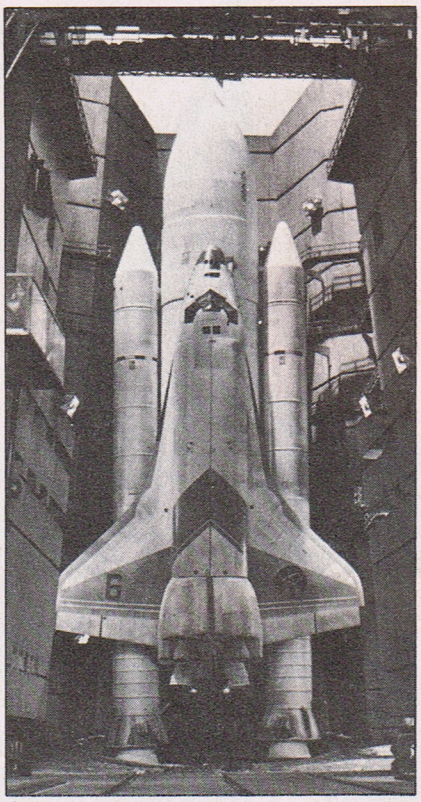
Though based on novels written in the late 50s and early 60s, each of the film adventures of super-agent James Bond have taken special care to include the latest of technological marvels. But the scientific gimmickry — whether lasers, jetpacks, hovercraft or the newest and hottest in a long string of wonder-cars — has remained a supporting element to the heroic action in each film. For *Moonraker*, the Bond epic scheduled to premiere this July 4th, space-age science *is* the action, as Agent 007 is pitted against a megalomaniac multi-billionaire with a personally financed space program that is part of yet another rule-the-world scheme.

Written 25 years ago, predating Sputnik and the space race era by three years, Ian Fleming's original novel concerns Sir Hugo Drax and his fiendish plan to send a nuclear missile hurtling into the center of downtown London. For the film version, it was decided to abandon the original storyline. Only Drax, the sinister space pioneer, and his voluptuous associate, Miss Holly Goodhead, are retained. In a far more ambitious plot, concocted by screenwriter Christopher Wood, Drax plans the demise of Earth's entire population.

In order to authentically create Drax's two space centers (one concealed in the bowels of a lost city in the Central American jungle, the other suspended in Earth orbit), producer Albert Broccoli and director Lewis Gilbert have recruited two NASA experts, Eric Burgess and Harry Lang, to work closely with production designer Ken Adam. Adam's stunning sets featured prominently in the two previous Gilbert-directed Bond films, particularly the mammoth submarine plant in *The Spy Who Loved Me*—built in the giant "007" soundstage at

In Moonraker, James Bond — the only superhero with a license to kill — seeks his prey in London, Capri, Venice, Rio . . . and Outer Space.

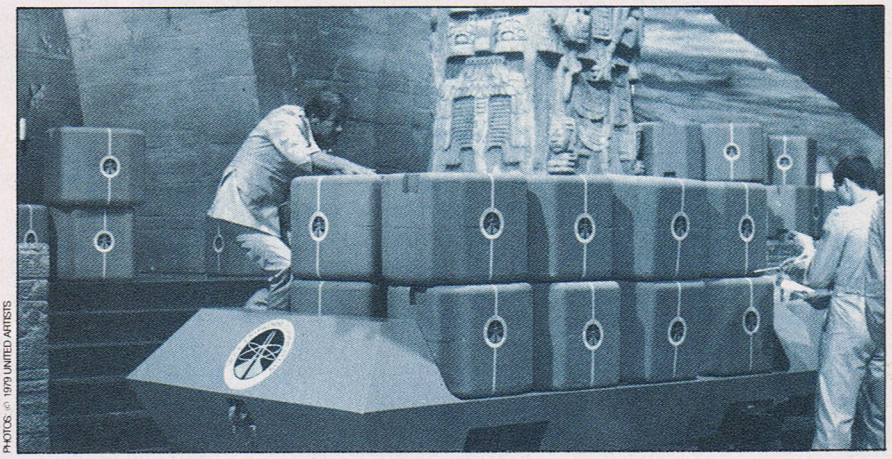
Far Left: Drax (Michael Lonsdale) plans the conquest of Earth while reclining in his throne of command. Left: This bevy of beauties is actually part of a hand-picked, rigorously trained astronautical crew for the *Moonraker* mission.



Pinewood Studios in England.

The final segment of the film, in which a space-borne Bond meets his foe in a final cataclysmic encounter, promises a wealth of stunning special-effects work. The effects are being supervised by Derek Meddings, who worked in a similar capacity on *Superman—The Movie*. Though principal photography was completed in France last January, Meddings and a crew of 100 are continuing the miniature and matte work at Pinewood and Shepperton studios. Miniatures include a scaled reproduction of the planned NASA space shuttle, re-christened the *Moonraker*, and the orbiting headquarters from which Drax will set his plan of world conquest in motion.

Albert Broccoli, who has been producing the Bond films since the very first appeared in 1962, states that "the premise of *Moonraker* is not science fiction, it's science fact." It is true that the technology behind most of the fantastic events planned for the film does exist today. But the spectacular dimension of those events, and the skilled work of Meddings and crew, make the film required viewing this summer for millions of space opera fans, and perhaps may bring a new sense of wonder to Bond followers around the globe. ★



PHOTOS © 1979 UNITED ARTISTS

Left and above: Bond (Roger Moore) and Holly Goodhead (Lois Chiles) explore the underground chambers of Drax's space center, hidden in the lost Incan city of Tikal. Above right: Ken Adam's full-scale mock-up of the *Moonraker* shuttle and booster, designed with the help of NASA experts Burgess and Lang.

Lorne Greene's most difficult role: father of humanity and grandfather of Noah (Boxey) Hathaway

Lorne Greene Calling the Shots Aboard "Battlestar Galactica"

A year ago, Lorne Greene was an SF novice . . . today he leads the last remnants of far-flung humanity on a weekly flight for freedom.

By BARBARA LEWIS

As a kid," says Lorne Greene, "I read Jules Verne and H.G. Wells, of course, but I've read very little contemporary science fiction. When I agreed to do *Battlestar Galactica*, I went to a marvelous science-fiction bookstore in Los Angeles and asked the clerk, 'Who are your 10 best authors?' I told him to leave out Isaac Asimov because I have read him.

"They made up a list for me and I wound up walking out of the shop with about 30 books, which I began reading immediately. They're all varied and wild and extremely interesting."

Greene scrupulously avoided seeing *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* because he didn't want to be influenced by them.

"I didn't want to be affected by either movie," he says. "I didn't even want to know what they were about. Now that we're settled into *Battlestar* I intend to see both of them."

Greene says that his reading has, if anything, proven to him that *Battlestar Galactica* is something unique in the genre.

"The books I've been reading are way out—so way out that many of them would be impossible to film. Every dramatic vehicle has its own life force, its own spirit, and *Galactica* is no exception. We're real human beings who are living in outer space and looking for a home. On the way, we come upon a lot of different situations—some strange, some funny, some very frightening.

"We can do any kind of show on *Galactica,*" Greene continues. "For example, we have a lot of people in this rag-tag fleet of ours, and very few of them are astronauts or people with any deep space experience. They've never been in a spaceship, they're used to living their lives on a planet's surface. How does it feel, after that, to be confined in a ship? Many people would go out of their minds. There are plenty of stories right there—suppose someone does go crazy? Suppose someone is killed? We have a murder mystery or a detective show, or even a trial situation."

Greene is heavily involved in work on behalf of concerned environmentalists, and one of the things that appealed to him about *Galactica* was that the writers and producers welcomed suggestions and ideas concerning the show from the members of the cast—which gave him the opportunity to do a little environmental campaigning.

"As was explained in the first episodes, there was a mother civilization," Greene says. "The mother planet died long ago. In the original script, the mother planet died because its sun had begun to burn out. I read that and said, 'No, that's not enough. People can't relate to that. Give them something they can relate to.' The producers asked me if I had any suggestions, so

PHOTOS © 1978 ABC-TV

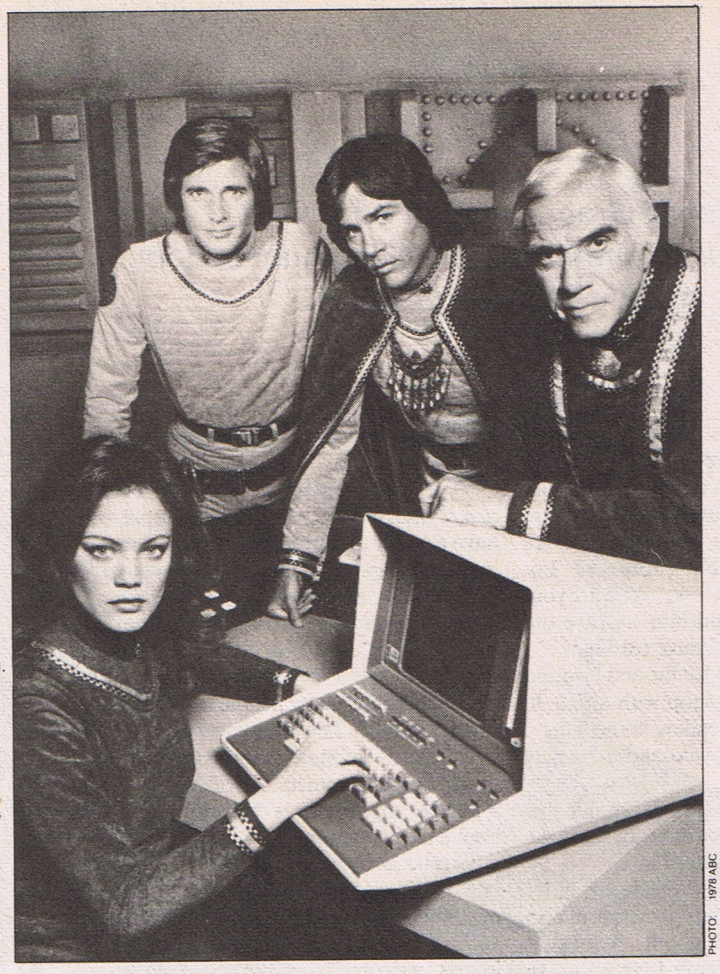


PHOTO: 1978 ABC

Right: Lorne Greene with part of his new TV "family" aboard the *Galactica*: Maren Jensen, Dirk Benedict and Richard Hatch. He still gives counsel, but rarely sets out personally on adventures. Below: As Ben Cartwright, he often had to take action—and sometimes let his six-shooter do the talking.

I said, 'Let's say that they were very highly evolved technologically, much more evolved than we are, but they made one mistake—they developed their technology, but they didn't do their homework as far as their own atmosphere was concerned. It became polluted, and that's why the planet began to die.'

"The producers said, 'Great. We'll use that,' and decided to take it one step further. Because the people of the mother planet didn't want this to ever happen again, when they colonized other planets they destroyed all technology. It took thousands of years for these colonies to build their technology back up."

To Greene, that close communication between cast, producers and writers is one of the series' strengths. "It's very good, everyone bringing up ideas. *Battlestar* is a community effort."

That "community" extends to the cordial relationships that the *Battlestar* cast members share. Greene says that it took him a little time to get to know Dirk Benedict and Richard Hatch, his co-stars, but they're now firm friends.

"It didn't take too long, actually, to assess Richard," Greene says. "He's a very sensitive, intelligent person.

"Dirk's a very interesting guy. He's come through a lot in his young life, overcoming arthritis when he was a kid, living on his own. He's outgoing, but it took a while before I knew a little bit about him. They're quite different personality-wise, and yet

PHOTO: © NBC

both charming in their way."

One thing that Greene shares with Hatch and Benedict is a passion for health foods. Almost immediately, the three began exchanging recipes for breakfast drinks and dishes.

Greene's concern for health came about while he was doing *Bonanza*. "I put on weight back then because Michael Landon and Dan Blocker were pretty big guys, and I thought if I was going to be their father I should have a little heft. I outdid my expectations and wound up weighing 225 pounds."

A friend recommended that he investigate a reduction program offered by the Duke University Medical Center, so Greene had himself admitted as an outpatient.

"The first five days were nothing but examinations head-to-toe," he says. "The doctor who examined me said I should weigh 165. I told him, 'The camera will see right through me,' and the doctor replied, 'I'm not interested in cosmetics; only in long life.' So in the 10 days remaining in the program, I followed his instructions to the letter. I had to walk six hours a day, and I went on a rice diet. In 10 days I dropped 16 pounds and five inches around the waist." Now his weight is a steady 175, and he keeps it down by means of a healthy diet and regular exercise.

In many ways, Greene serves as the balance for Benedict and Hatch—the seasoned, respected acting veteran and the two brash young newcomers. In a strange sort of way, his years on *Bonanza* were good training for his role in *Battlestar Galactica*. Both Ben Cartwright and Commander Adama are patriarchs, the leaders of their clan—and Greene's co-stars in the series serve as space-age versions of Hoss and Little Joe.

As Greene points out, though, there are differences. "Don't forget," he says, "I've lived with this 'family' a relatively short time. I lived with my *Bonanza* family for 14 years. On *Battlestar*, we jumped right in and got to know each other later. That's just the way television is.

"In the first script, there wasn't too much of the father-son relationship between Richard Hatch and myself. I was the commander and I gave orders. That was about it. Richard and I worked with that a little bit, trying to find things that we could take to the producer and say, 'Hey, how about this?' The relation between Adama and Apollo turned out rather well, I think."

To Greene, Adama's military status is the primary difference. "In *Battlestar* I'm the military and spiritual leader as well as a father. As a military commander I can treat Apollo only as I treat everyone else. At certain times, Adama has to be the commander and give the necessary orders, no matter how much it may pain him to do so."

Greene says that the father-son relationship can be especially difficult to establish without some sort of personal contact between the characters.

"I asked Richard, 'Is it all right if I touch you? Will it bother you?' I had to ask because I've had problems in the past with that. Sometimes people resent it. Richard said, 'No, it won't bother me,' which was something of a relief."

Greene's theory of the meaning behind *Battlestar Galactica* is one he says hasn't been brought out to his knowledge. "I think there's a very interesting allegory there which no one has picked up on," he says. "The Cylons are the enemy. Now what are the Cylons? They're computers, a computer race. They repair and rebuild themselves. They have all the intelligence and information that living creatures, humans, have fed into them, and they're even humanoid-looking. But the Cylons are dedicated to the eradication of mankind.

"The allegory, as far as I'm concerned, is that computers are really the enemy today, right now—because if we allow computers to do everything for us, our brains will start to atrophy and that'll be the end of mankind.

"We used our brains to create and program them, and now we have to continue to use our brains to prevent computers from taking over our lives."

Greene says he has a chess computer at home—named Boris—and offers that type of electronic marvel as an example of the way computers and electronic technology can be beneficial. According to him, it's not easy to beat the computer, but it can be done—and playing those kinds of odds can sharpen a chess player's skills considerably.

"My daughter has a couple of those small calculators," Greene says, "but she never uses them. I think they're fine if you need to double-check your figures, but people really shouldn't let them replace basic math skills."

When Lorne Greene left *Bonanza* after a successful and highly acclaimed run of 14 years, he never expected he'd wind up on the bridge of a battlestar in the seventh millennium—but here he is, and he seems to be pleased with the situation. He says that his contract with the producers doesn't preclude his doing other television or film work, but the taping schedule for *Battlestar Galactica* is so time-consuming and hectic that he really doesn't have time for anything else.

For Greene, it's the human element of *Galactica* that makes it special, more than the spectacular special effects. "For example," he says, "one of the episodes early in the season deals with the idea that we're running out of seed. We grow our own food and grain hydroponically and we need new seed if we're to survive. I've sent out a patrol which finds a small planet where there is an agricultural community. They grow food the natural way there. We can get the seed on one condition, if we trade them something they need for it.

"We know that they need an energizer to deliver power, but we don't want to give them a military energizer—because then they'd know who we are, and we don't want that. I send Apollo on a salvage mission and he locates an energizer, owned by a woman who is in the salvage business. She tells Apollo that she wants to talk to me before she gives it to him.

"I discover her name and blanch. It's a woman I met years ago before I was married. We used to go out, we had an affair which broke up when my wife came along, and I hadn't seen her for years.

"As it turns out," Greene concludes, "she'll give us the energizer, but she wants *me* in return for it. Those kind of human situations make the show."

Greene had misgivings at first about staying on with the cast of the series. When he first signed to do *Battlestar Galactica* it was slated to be a mini-series, and he wasn't sure that he wanted to take on the load when it was decided the show would be a weekly situation.

"My attitude is that if you don't believe in it, you shouldn't do it," he says. "While we were shooting the first show we got word that it had changed from a mini-series to a full series. I felt at the time, though, that it was going to be done in a very classy way. If the show's going to be done properly, first-class all the way, then I don't mind putting my work into it.

"That fact that it is being done that way is evidenced by a number of things. You must remember that this is a brand-new venture on the part of Universal. Nothing like this has ever been done on television before. Things have been written and shot that just didn't work, and the things that didn't work were immediately scrapped, and they would be rewritten and reshot. I don't know of any other television series that will do that, certainly not these days. We're all learning. The whole series is a learning process," he explains.

Producer Glen Larson even sent a camera crew to Egypt to tape sequences at the pyramids for use in the second episode of *Battlestar*. To Greene, that's the kind of dedication and attention to detail that makes the series "first class."

It'll take some time for Greene's *Galactica* fan mail to match the millions of letters he received over the years as Ben Cartwright on *Bonanza*, but he's already got a good start. As soon as the first episode of *Battlestar Galactica* aired, the mail started rolling in from fans both old and new.

"This is a true story," Greene says. "During the 1960s, I was appearing at the Cow Palace in San Francisco. I got a letter one day, addressed to the Cow Palace, written in a very beautiful, legible hand. It said, 'Dear Mr. Greene, I am a Polish university professor studying American law in the United States. I've been away from home for six weeks, and I'm very lonesome for my family. Today I was walking along the street here in San Francisco, and suddenly there was your face on a big billboard. It made me nostalgic—it was a face from Poland." ★

PHOTO: © 1978 ABC

Noah Hathaway

"I Want to Direct"

By BARBARA LEWIS

To the other patrons at Hollywood's Hamburger Hamlet, Noah Hathaway appears to be a typical seven year old, dribbling a hot fudge sundae on his shirt and fidgeting while his parents engage in grown-up talk. But to millions of *Battlestar Galactica* followers around the world, he is Boxey, the stepson of the valiant Apollo.

In fact, Noah is far from typical. He's been working for four years now, more than half of his young life. And much of his time is spent among the fantastic sets at Universal Studios where *Battlestar Galactica* is filmed.

His parents, Judy and Rob Hathaway, smile across the table at their precocious son. For his part, Noah seems more interested in playing with his electronic football game, a recent birthday present, than in talking about *Galactica*. His parents don't press him to participate in the interview, and they helpfully answer the questions posed to him when he seems preoccupied.

"How did you start in the business, Noah?" he is asked.

He shrugs his shoulders and excitedly shows his dad that he has just scored an electronic touchdown.

After acknowledging his son's achievement, Rob Hathaway replies, "I am an actor, and when Noah was three I saw an agent about doing commercials. I happened to have a picture of Noah with me and the agent seemed more interested in Noah than in me. He asked me to bring him in ."

Rob and Judy were apparently more excited about the prospect than Noah. When Rob broached the offer to him, Noah was disinterested, his father explains.

"We discuss everything with Noah and *don't* make his decisions for him. Even when he was three years old, we talked everything over with him. I asked Noah if he wanted to do commercials, and he said no. And we left it there."

That discussion took place a few months before Christmas, his father recalls. It was not long before the networks were carrying one enticing toy commercial after another, and Noah watched with hungry fascination.

"When Noah started asking us to buy him all the toys he saw on television, I explained that we could not afford them. I told him that if he wanted them he would have to work for them and earn his own money. I asked him once again if he wanted to do commercials and he agreed."

Though Noah's money is put in trust for him, he does get $2.00 a week as spending money. What does he spend it on?

"I keep it sometimes or I spend it on pinball games. I like pinball. I keep on getting replays and sometimes I get to play 18 games for the same 25 cents."

This line of questioning has made the interview more interesting for the three-foot, 50-pound actor.

Does he have any kids in his neighborhood to play with?

"Yeah, just one—a boy."

Does he have any girls to play with and what does he think of them?

The response is hard to translate. He holds his stomach, looks like he's throwing up and utters something that almost confirms it.

Best to abandon that line of questioning before he returns to the football game for another quarter.

Does he play *Battlestar Galactica* games with his friends?

"Nope, no way. Sometimes I play them with my papa."

Does he like working on *Galactica*?

"It's boring," he replies. "Especially since it cost $14 million." Indeed. . . .

Is there anyone he particularly likes?

"Yup. Richard (Hatch) and Dirk (Benedict)."

When does he work?

"I don't know," he says.

"I had a birthday party," he volunteers.

Who was there? Was the little boy in the neighborhood that you play with there?

"No. We went out for dinner to a restaurant with my Uncle Bruce and Uncle Dick, my managers. They're not real uncles, though, they're adopted."

Noah's had enough for a while, and gets up to stroll about the restaurant.

Judy announces in his absence that Noah is a born actor. "When he was in nursery school, they had a television camera to monitor the kids. All the children knew where it was and used to watch themselves on television. Noah paid no attention to it. His teacher thought that was remarkable and we realized that he had natural acting instincts."

Noah has been learning dialogue since before he could read. Even now, his reading comprehension is good, but not advanced enough to learn scripts on his own. This is where his dad's acting experience comes in.

"I read the scripts to Noah and give him his lines. Then I act all the other parts. Noah's terrific. He's got a fantastic memory."

Noah sidles by, and rejoins the group in the booth, ready for a few more questions.

His official ABC biography states that the young actor is "an avid reader and film buff. . . quickly absorbs new ideas, concepts and information which he, in turn, incorporates into his own songs and screenplays."

Will he continue his writing?

"Why are you asking me that? I sing songs, I don't write them. And I don't write plays," he says, more than a little puzzled, "my papa writes plays."

Well. . . what would he *like* to do, when he gets older?

The answer comes with a quickness and a conviction that shows that Noah has given it much thought.

"I want to direct," announces the young star. ★

No. 1 —
Star Trek: Rare Color Pics & Complete Episode Guide
Shatner & Nimoy Article

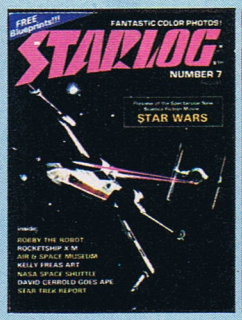
No. 2 —
Space 1999: Year 1 Guide
War of the Worlds
Logan's Run: The Comics

No. 3 —
"Star Trek" Convention
Spaceships, 1999: Year 2
Guide, SF TV Movies Guide

No. 4 —
"Outer Limits" TV Guide
"Arena": Nick Tate Talks
3-D Movies Filmography

No. 5 —
3-D Part 2, "UFO" Guide
"Star Trek" Censored, SF TV
Address Guide, Space Art

No. 6 —
"Fantastic Journey," Star Trek" Animated, Special Effects—Part 1



No. 7 —
"Star Wars," Robby the Robot, Eagle Blueprints, "Star Trek" Report

No. 8—
Model Animation, "The Fly," Harlan Ellison Interview, Sat. Morning TV, NASA Pix.

No. 9 —
Interviews: Pat Duffy, Lynda Carter, Shatner, Jared Martin, *Fantastic Journey* Guide, *Star Wars*, 50s TV SF.

No. 10 —
Asimov, *Close Encounters* preview, SF-Rock, SF Merchandise Guide, Interviews: Harryhausen, Bakshi, George Pal.

No. 11 —
The Prisoner, Computer Games, The Superman movie, *Incredible Shrinking Man*, SP FX: The Makeup Men, SF Comics.

No. 12 —
Close Encounters feature, *Star Trek II*, Computer Animation, *Laser Blast*, Art by Bonestell. The Makeup Men, cont.

No. 13 —
Logan's Run Episode Guide, *2001*, Disney's Space Films, *The Time Machine*, David Prowse-Darth Vader.

No. 14 —
Virgil Finlay art, Jim Danforth interview, "Project UFO," *Capricorn One*, *Star Wars*, P.S. Ellenshaw

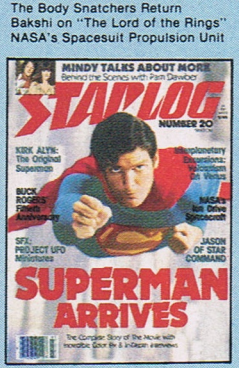
No. 15 —
This Island Earth, Episode Guide "The Twilight Zone," Sound Effects, David Gerrold "Death Beast", chap. 1

No. 16 —
The Invaders Episode Guide
Solar Power Satellites
Bob McCall's *Buck Rogers* Art
Interview: Alan Dean Foster

No. 17 —
Special Fall TV Issue
"Galactica" Color Poster
Interviews: Spielberg, Roddenberry
SFX: Miniature Explosions

No. 18 —
"Galactica"—Behind the Scenes
Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde
2nd Annual Merchandise Guide
SFX Hollywood Halloween!

No. 19 —
Interview: "Galactica"'s Maren Jensen
The Body Snatchers Return
Bakshi on "The Lord of the Rings"
NASA's Spacesuit Propulsion Unit



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STARLOG INTERVIEW

Veronica Cartwright's Alien Encounters

By BARBARA LEWIS

As a child actress she starred in such harmless shows as Leave It to Beaver *and* Daniel Boone. *Today Veronica Cartwright is best known for her horrific roles in* Body Snatchers *and the upcoming production of* Alien.

Veronica Cartwright seems to have a knack for getting herself involved with creatures from other planets. Fresh from her encounter with the pod people in the recent remake of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, Cartwright is again confronted with a horrifying extraterrestrial entity in 20th Century-Fox's uncoming *Alien*.

Though 20th Century has taken great pains to guard any of the finer details surrounding their first science-fiction offering since *Star Wars*, especially when it comes to the alien itself, Cartwright reveals some of the film's mysterious plot.

She is the navigator of a space cargo ship. "It's about 100 years in the future. We're truckers in space, running around the solar system in this grungy ship, making deliveries between planets."

The grungy vessel she is referring to is the starship *Nostromo*. Its crew of seven astronauts—five men and two women—travels from planet to planet, extracting oil and precious minerals from each, refining and storing their valuable prizes in the ship's tow-along refinery.

"We're on our way back to Earth when we get a transmission that sends us way off course. We don't know it right away, but the transmission is leading us to a strange planet. We still think that we're returning to Earth.

"I'm the navigator and have to figure out where we are. I think that I've screwed up and am defending myself. I finally track down where we are. . . in a totally different solar system."

The *Nostromo* eventually lands and the crew disembarks to investigate the signal. "We home in on the transmission and come across this weird organism that sort of attachs itself to the ship's executive officer, [played by] John Hurt. We bring him back on board and this organism becomes the alien."

The alien remains attached to Hurt. It is parasitic, and rather than take over his body, the creature uses Hurt as a human host in which to grow.

"When I first read the story, I thought it

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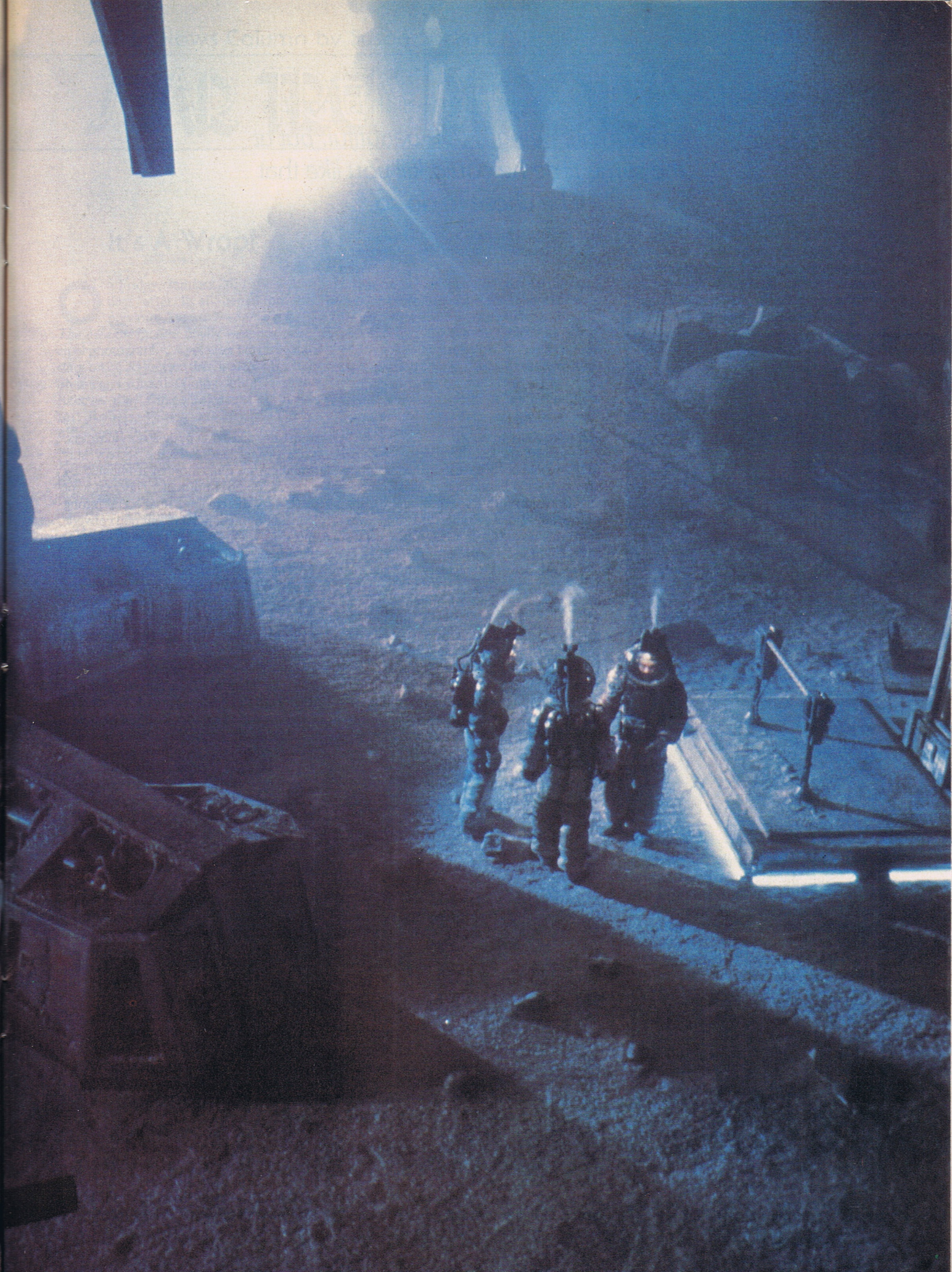
Right: Unearthly scenery from *Alien*. Cartwright says that 2 SF films are her limit.



"Ridley's concept of the alien is that it is an exquisite being. He is beautiful, but at the same time he could kill you like that *if he chose to do so."*

Cartwright as the *Nostromo*'s navigator in *Alien*. She describes the film as bizarre, scary and beautiful.

PHOTO: © 1979 20TH CENTURY-FOX

was bizarre. . . really absurd. I talked to Ridley [Scott, the director] for about three or four hours. He was fascinated by it. He did all sorts of research on what type of creature this could be. All of a sudden, I thought—'Aha. . . oh, yes. . . !' And then it gets scary. You start thinking that this thing is really possible."

Cartwright is particularly impressed with the special effects employed in depicting the alien. "The special effects are the most amazing thing I've ever seen. They had the guys from *Star Wars* working on them. The monster breathes and moves its arms and head. It's the most hideous thing that I have ever seen. It is grotesque.

"When we actually did it, it was really freaky. Ridley's concept of the alien is that it is an exquisite being. Everything is beautifully choreographed; he moves beautifully. It's hard to explain. He is beautiful, but at the same time he could kill you like *that* if he chose to do so."

At age 10, the last thing Veronica Cartwright would never have imagined was that someday she'd be starring in back-to-back science-fiction thrillers. For at age 10, she portrayed Violet Rutherford and was puckering up to Beaver Cleaver (the Beav's first kiss) in TV's *Leave It to Beaver*.

Cartwright worked regulary until she was 18, when the job offers just stopped coming in—a typical dilemma for childhood stars. Though she'd anticipated the situation, it was nonetheless difficult to accept when the time came. "How many child actresses ever make the transition to adult actresses?" she reflects.

It was a rough period for the young actress who had won an Emmy at 14 for her role in *Tell Me Not in Numbers*, in which she played a girl who "spoke" in numbers—substituting numbers for words. Cartwright also appeared in such movies as *The Birds* and *The Children's Hour*; later she was a regular on the *Daniel Boone* TV series.

After the work dried up, Cartwright took a different approach. "I packed my bags, sold my car and went to England." Which wasn't a bad move, considering that she is English born. Though she'd been raised in California, she retained her British citizenship. That status, along with her American accent, landed her several parts in the British theater.

A big break—of sorts—came in 1975 when she was asked to bare herself, literally, to Richard Dreyfuss in the controversial, low-budget *Inserts*. Soon after, Cartwright was back in sunny California and starring alongside Jack Nicholson in *Goin' South*, a Western-comedy that quietly rode in and out of towns last year. And then Veronica Cartwright crossed into the twilight zone of science-fiction films.

In *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* she plays Nancy Bellicec, who, along with her husband Jack, makes the initial discovery of the pods. From that point on, it's them against us in a suspense-filled race to keep from being taken over by the spacey intruders.

Cartwright addresses the secrecy surrounding the film, most of it initiated by director Philip Kaufman. The best-kept secret was the chilling, final scene pitting Donald Southerland, a recent pod convert, and Cartwright, neither knowing whether the other is pod or person.

"The scripts did not include the final scenes. We didn't know a thing until the last week of shooting. Only moments before we shot, Phil told me one thing and Donald was told another. Then just before he began shooting, Phil told Don something else without telling me. The result was just as Phil had planned. Don looked confused when I didn't appear surprised. He acted as I was expecting him to. Only he was surprised." The terrifying result is now celluloid history.

In spite of her fond feelings for *Body Snatchers* and *Alien*, the actress says she is finished with making science-fiction films. Two is enough, she contends, explaining her fears of being typecast. So strong are these convictions that she refused a role in a SF comedy that was offered to her while shooting *Alien*.

Cartwright flatly declares that she would turn down a sequel to *Body Snatchers*, even if one were to come up. "There were rumors that there might be one," she admits, "but I don't believe in sequels anyway. They're never as good as the original."

Nevertheless, Veronica Cartwright loves science fiction and was more than happy to have been cast for both SF roles. It's more a matter of wanting to shift gears, she insists, that is taking her away from the genre. Apparently, high-class comedy is at the top of her list.

In the meantime, whether she likes it or not, Cartwright has instilled herself in science-fiction cinema history through her appearance in *Body Snatchers*. Which only makes the freaky terror she meets in *Alien* that much more worth waiting for. ★

A Fan News Column by Susan Sackett

STAR TREK REPORT

It's A Wrap!

On Friday, January 26, 1979 — 124 days after it all began on the previous August 7—*Star Trek — The Motion Picture* finally wrapped principal photography. Applause, laughter and slaps on backs greeted this final take for Bill Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and DeForest Kelley — the "Three Musketeers," as director Robert Wise has affectionately nicknamed them — when the three leads said their final lines at 4:50 that afternoon. However, cameras continued to roll well past 10 o'clock that evening as Wise completed scenes with Stephen Collins (Decker) and Persis Khambatta (Ilia).

The final day for most of the crew was a mixture of relief now that the overly long shooting schedule was complete, plus wistful regret by many crew members leaving for other movie assignments. Several staff and crew members utilized these last moments of production to collect autographed 8×10 glossies of the actors. Not surprisingly, many of the grips, technicians, artists and even secretaries have become fans of *Star Trek* and the actors, and now want these souvenirs of their involvement over the past five and a half months.

The immediate plans of most of the production personnel called for "shore leave." Robert Wise and his wife Millicent winged to Vancouver for a week's vacation. Wise had not had any time off during production, working long hours weekdays, and putting in time on weekends to cut the scenes shot that week. After his return, Wise immediately focused his attention toward the work to be done during post production (more on that later).

Gene Roddenberry headed to La Costa, a California spa-resort, for a bit of R&R. No stranger to long hours and weekends himself, he plans to take off some weight, play a few rounds of golf and spend some time working on the novelization of the *Star Trek* script.

Bill Shatner and his wife Marcy (who, incidentally, appears in *ST-TMP* as a relief navigator) will have more time to be together now that filming is complete. Meanwhile, Bill is preparing a live touring show called "Star Traveler," which will be seen around the country beginning in September.

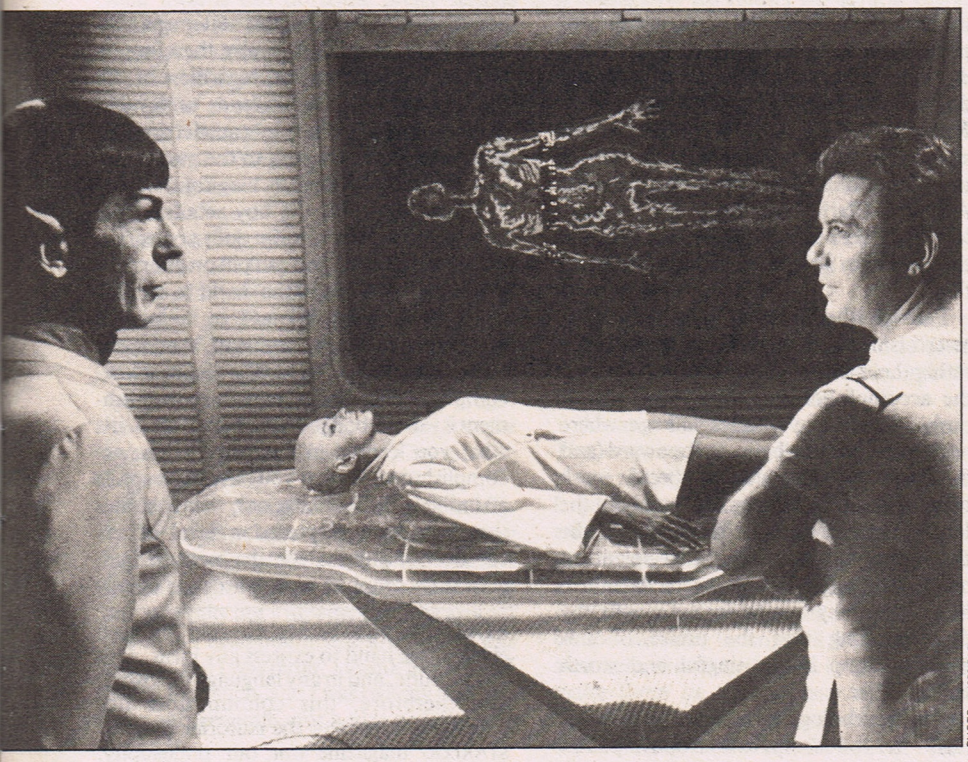


PHOTO: © 1978 PARAMOUNT

Persis Khambatta, as the Deltan Ilia, reclines on one of Dr. McCoy's new full-scale display diagnostic tables.

Leonard Nimoy has written a one-man show, in which he stars, called "Vincent," based on the life of Vincent van Gogh as seen through the letters of his brother, Theo. Leonard will spend the next few months on the road, playing to audiences around the country.

Stephen Collins will be heading back to New York, where he still maintains a residence, after which his plans are uncertain. He is considering several movie and television offers.

And Persis Khambatta plans to spend the next several months growing back her shiny black hair! Seems there aren't too many parts for Deltans in Hollywood.

The cast, crew and everyone involved in *Star Trek — The Motion Picture* did get together one final time, at least, for a giant "wrap party" on February 10. Some 400 people attended the bash as we took over Liu's Chinese Restaurant and Chez Moi Disco on world-famous Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Another exciting first for *Star Trek*, since most wrap parties are usually held on soundstage sets.

Speaking of sets, things are looking good for at least one sequel movie, since all of the valuable sets have been stored on Stage 9. Some sets were dismantled and stacked in available spaces, while the *Enterprise* bridge itself remains where it has been throughout shooting. It sits alone in the silent darkness, its panels and consoles covered with clean, soft cloth, a little lonesome for its crew but ready and instantly available for whatever future adventures await it.

Meanwhile, all filming on *ST-TMP* is *not* completed yet, with several scenes still to be done (sans regular cast) in post-production. Construction continues on Stage 12, where we will be shooting scenes of a 23rd century San Francisco tram station. Also, we still have filming of the Klingon sequences and one other scene which takes place on a starbase. All during this post-production time, the sequences involving models and miniatures will be shot, matte paintings are being completed and optical work is well under way. Other post-production work will include sound editing, such as sound effects, looping of dialogue where needed and original music scoring by Jerry Goldsmith. Over the next several months, this column will keep you posted as to the post-production happenings, plus we will try to give you more background on some of the people who helped make *ST-TMP* possible. ★

"Award in the Hand" or "Hugos There?"

"Award to the wise is deficient."
—Solomon Short

Award Season is hard upon us; it begins in February and stretches through April, although some award-givers don't drop the final shoe until Labor Day.

In the science-fiction field, right now, there are more awards handed out than any one person can keep track of. There is the Count Dracula Society and the Science Fiction Academy and the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society, all of which give their own awards. There's the Jupiter Award and the World Fantasy Awards and the Edmond Hamilton/Leigh Brackett Memorial Award and there's the J.R.R. Tolkien Memorial Awards, called the Gandalfs, and there is (or used to be, I haven't heard of it in a couple of years) a committee-given John W. Campbell Award, which is not to be confused with the other John W. Campbell Award which is handed out at Hugo time for the best new writer in the field, and of course there are the Hugos and the Nebulas, and I'll bet I haven't even mentioned half of the awards in the science-fiction community.

It's not deliberate, but there's been a kind of inflation at work—the science-fiction community seems to stand ready to create a new award at the drop of a body. As soon as someone dies, it seems there there is an immediate push to memorialize that person with an award in their honor. Every new group that comes down the pike hands out awards; whenever a new area is identified, a new awards category is created; and so on and so on. The problem with this kind of inflation is that when there are too many awards, then just about everybody wins one sooner or later, and ultimately no individual award can carry much weight in calling attention to an accomplishment.

But perhaps the whole idea of award-giving is based on a false assumption. Awards are *supposed* to honor accomplishment: writing the best science-fiction novel of the year, being the best fan artist, discovering the helical structure of DNA and so on. Awards are *intended* to be a way of singling out and honoring what is the *best*.

But are we *really* rewarding accomplishment? Isn't a worthwhile accomplishment pretty much its own award? A trophy doesn't validate it; the lack of a trophy doesn't invalidate it. *Rendezvous with Rama*, by Arthur C. Clarke, is one terrific story, regardless of its Hugo or Nebula trophies. So is *Imperial Earth*, also by Arthur C. Clarke, one terrific story, regardless of the fact that it did not win either of those awards. So what *does* the award mean then?

Perhaps the unstated purpose of the award is not to honor the work at all, but rather those who want to share the honor of the accomplishment, even if only vicariously. The trophy creates linkage where none existed before between the award (and the group giving it) and the specific work being "honored." Those who hand out the Hugo or the Nebula or the Oscar or the Emmy aren't honoring the recipient so much as they're asking the recipients to honor them by accepting the award, by demonstrating that the praise of this specific group is meaningful and worth seeking after.

The psychological transaction here is this: "If you accept our trophy, you're saying that you respect us; you're saying that our approval is important to your accomplishment." But this statement also transforms into: "Our trophy, therefore, is the *real* accomplishment, regardless of the specific deed." And this tends to devalue the worthwhile action, by transferring the credential from the work to the award.

And that, of course, is illogical. . . .

When you're in the boy scouts, every time you master a specific skill, you earn a merit badge which you can pin on your sash to demonstrate for all the world to see that you know how to tie knots, go hiking and do all that other boy-scout stuff. And that's terrific, it gives you a terrific feeling of accomplishment. But the real accomplishment is *not* the badge on the sash at all — it's what you learned in the process. The accomplishment is what you have achieved as an individual. The badge only demonstrates that you have surpassed a level of excellence; but ultimately, the merit badges, gold stars, trophies and awards are merely

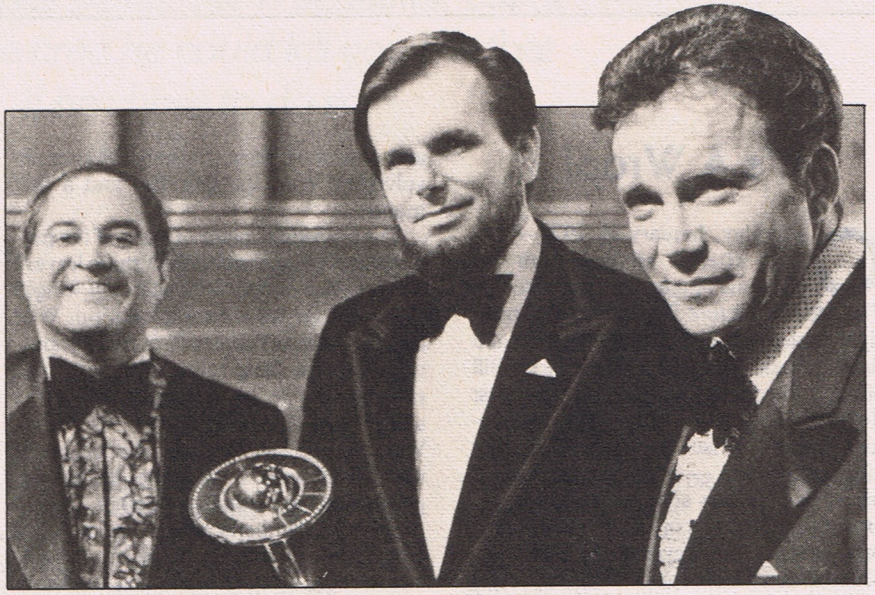


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PHOTO: JAY KAY KLEIN

SF awards come in all shapes and sizes and are awarded for numerous achievements. Above: William Shatner and Gary Kurtz receive the Gold Award from The Academy of Science Fiction Fantasy and Horror Films. Founder/president Dr. Donald Reed beemingly looks on. Left: Author Joe Haldeman accepts a Hugo Award.

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A Column by David Gerrold

tokens. They are *not* the accomplishment itself. They are only a way of demonstrating that accomplishment has been achieved.

And they are only valid when those handing them out are in a position to accurately judge that level of accomplishment.

Consider this: If an award is being presented to an individual as a token that he/she has demonstrated a level of achievement better than anyone else, then the implication is that those who are voting that award are not the award-winner's peers, not equals but his inferiors. And these are the judges of a person's accomplishment?

There is another, even more insidious reason why unreasonable emphasis on awards serves to devalue accomplishment. Awards demand that accomplishments be compared. Which is better, *King Kong* or *The Wizard of Oz*? Which is best, *2001: A Space Odyssey* or *Close Encounters*? Which is better, the Theory of Relativity or the Theory of Evolution? Better for *what*? Best by *what* definition? Voting for awards almost always forces comparisons that are not applicable. It forces arbitrary choices that devalue the individual accomplishment for the sake of selecting a "winner."

At best, awards can only indicate the spectrum of the voters' tastes. At worst... well, awards can do some pretty serious damage to the heads of those caught up in them. And this is worth some serious study: the psychology of the awards process. Why do some people feel the need to give awards? Why do others compete so hard for them? What are the head games operating here? Are they healthy transactions? Or toxic?

I suspect the latter.

Let me talk from personal experience. I was nominated for the Hugo Award in 1968 for writing "The Trouble with Tribbles" episode of *Star Trek*. It was my first sale and it was the first time that any author's first sale had ever been nominated for a Hugo. And yes, it went to my head—but I lost the award to Harlan Ellison's "City on the Edge of Forever."

Yes, I was disappointed; to put it mildly.

The suspense before the award ceremony had been impossible. I drank too much, I talked too much, I was twitchy and nervous and generally not a nice person to be around—but the disappointment afterwards was even worse. I was bitter; I drank too much, I talked too much, and I was twitchy and nervous and generally not a nice person to be around.

I left that particular convention feeling disgraced, feeling that I had made a fool out of myself, feeling that I had been acting the braggart and shown up to be a loser. I felt *unworthy* because my story hadn't won.

What eventually saved my self-esteem was the realization that I was not the only author in history to make a damn fool out of himself because he cared too much about the approval of his audience. The stories about what various other awards-losers have done in their anguish are equally horrifying. One author drank too much and threw up his dinner, another told the winner that he had "set science fiction back 20 years," and in one fairly well-known story, a disappointmented fan/artist called the winning artist a "son of a bitch" to his face and has not yet been allowed to live down that one careless moment of anger and hurt. And none of these people were really at fault; they just lost their sense of perspective. Good, kind people were momentarily turned into monsters because they lost their sense of perspective. The awards did that to them; the craving for public affirmation.

And if the actions of the losers are disturbing, think about what some of the winners have done: One well-known author once begged audiences to give him an award because he was afraid he might never have another chance to win one. Another has been gloating over his victory for several years, turning himself into a crashing boor. Others have campaigned for their own works with equally unsubtle pleas for votes from their friends and colleagues, sometimes with a twinkle, but more often with an air of desperation—as if failure to win the award will mean the person's entire career has been for naught.

My God—what are we doing to ourselves?!! What are we doing to the people we admire?!!

We have set up a situation where we are encouraging our best to feel like less than the best so we can honor them for being better than the rest! This is madness!

An awards ceremony can be malicious. The suspense is a cruel exercise that can please only the morbidly curious: We get a large group of people together on the promise that some of them are going to get a goodie; we charge too much money for a meal that is usually less than edible, but regardless of the quality the nominees will be too nervous to enjoy it because their stomachs are all tied up in knots, and we make them sit through any number of speeches, presentations and monologues, until finally we embarrass the hell out of all of them by disappointing four out of every five. Afterwards, the losers rationalize their losses—and not the least of these rationalizations is that the awards process is somehow unfair; if not fixed, then slanted, controlled by cliques, or influenced by fashion, fads and campaigns. No matter what the outcome, there are always more than a few who are willing to proclaim that it was a miscarriage; the wrong fellow won and the deserving fellow didn't. And these attitudes filter down to the voters, too. The awards become a colossal game of "My guy is better than your guy, and the award proves it. So there." Instead of mutual respect, the award encourages mutual disrespect.

Phooey—that's divisive. It's toxic. Can't we appreciate *all* the good books on the ballot? Why do we have to discard four to honor one? Can't we appreciate *all* of our best individuals? Why do we have to hurt some of our best by calling them "second-best?" Why must we go through the charade of picking out the best when every individual in the room already knows for himself what is the best, regardless of who takes home the trophy?

Why do we do this? Why do we believe in this bizarre kind of "hero-izing?" Is it a need to believe in "the best?" Is it a need to establish absolutes? Whatever the reasons, however noble our intentions, it's frightening to see how an honorable goal can produce such toxic behavior.

Awards are *not* credentials, and should not be perceived as such. They are popularity contests—*all* awards are popularity contests because they are measures of how many people the winning individual has managed to please. Even when you define an award in terms of accomplishment in a specific field of endeavor, you are only refining the conditions of what the individual has to do to please the judges/voters.

The bottom line is this: Awards are imperfect because we as human beings are imperfect, and all human institutions are flawed. And until God himself starts handing out the gold stars, then all human awards can only be humanly awarded.

If our awards are not what we intend them to be, perhaps it is because what we intend is not always achievable—measuring the best where best is not an applicable term because the definitions of best are too vague. We might be better served by understanding what *is* achievable and desirable and working toward that. We can change our awards structures into something positive, and in the second part of this exploration, I intend to pursue this matter further.

Next month. ★

Creating New Aliens for Star Trek

By DAVID HUTCHISON

Mike La Valley and Rick Stratton are a team of young makeup artists. Their company, Fantasy Faces, produces quite a number of masks, some of which are pictured here. Recently they were asked by Fred Phillips to help him with the *Star Trek* motion picture. "We had been friends for about eight years, ever since I first called him to find out about the Talosian makeup in ' The Menagerie' episode of *Star Trek*. He's kept track of my progress over the years," says La Valley "and one day called to ask if I would give him a hand on *Trek*. . . well, I was just jumping around the room, I was so ecstatic!"

"When we were kids," Stratton explains, "we studied the movie monster makeups and in school studied art and sculpture. Afterwards we got to meet some of the great professionals—John Chambers, Fred Phillips, Ben Lane. . . to name a few. Steve Neal, David Ayres and John Chambers encouraged us the most." La Valley is most impressed by Fred Phillips who "has treated me almost like a son and really given me a lot of help."

Both La Valley and Stratton worked for a time at Don Post studios. Stratton became supervisor of the paint department in a very short time. After a couple of years, Stratton and La Valley went out on their own doing bits and pieces of freelance work. For TV they freelanced on *Wonder Woman, Quark* and *Fantasy Island*—generally mask work, but for *Quark* two complete alien suits were built. ★

Below: The rec room scene from the forthcoming motion picture of *Star Trek*. Fred Phillips, who has the enormous responsibility of creating the makeup for humans and aliens alike, thought enough of La Valley's and Stratton's work to ask for their assistance with a few background aliens in the scene pictured. Three of the masks at right appear in the scene shown below. Maybe you can spot them.

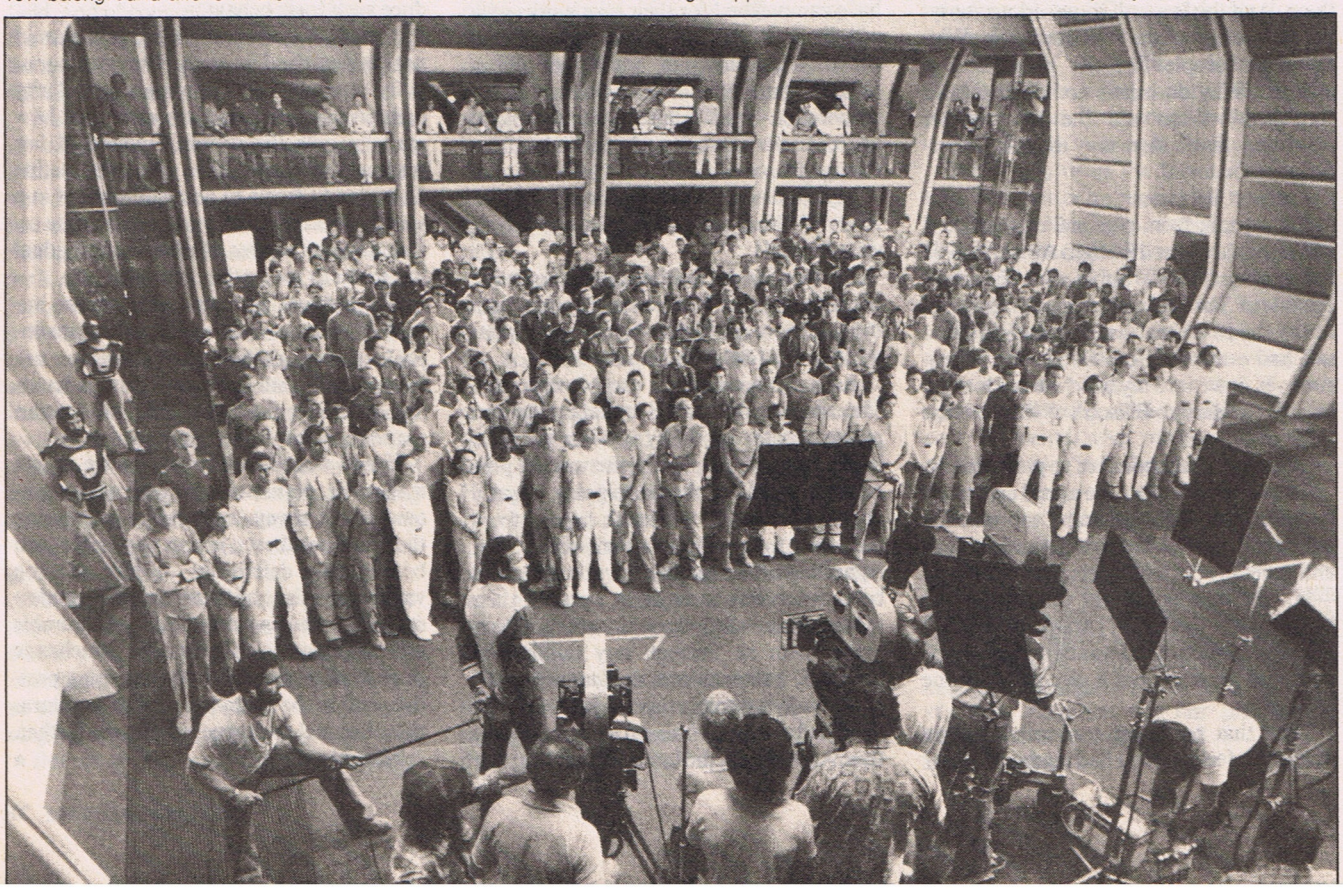
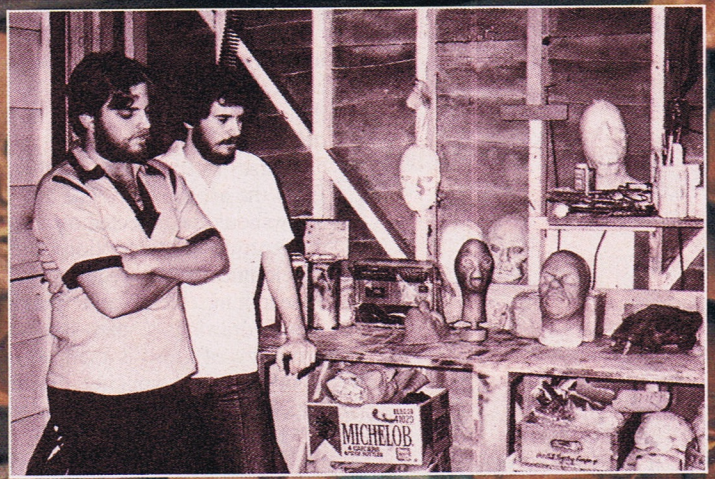
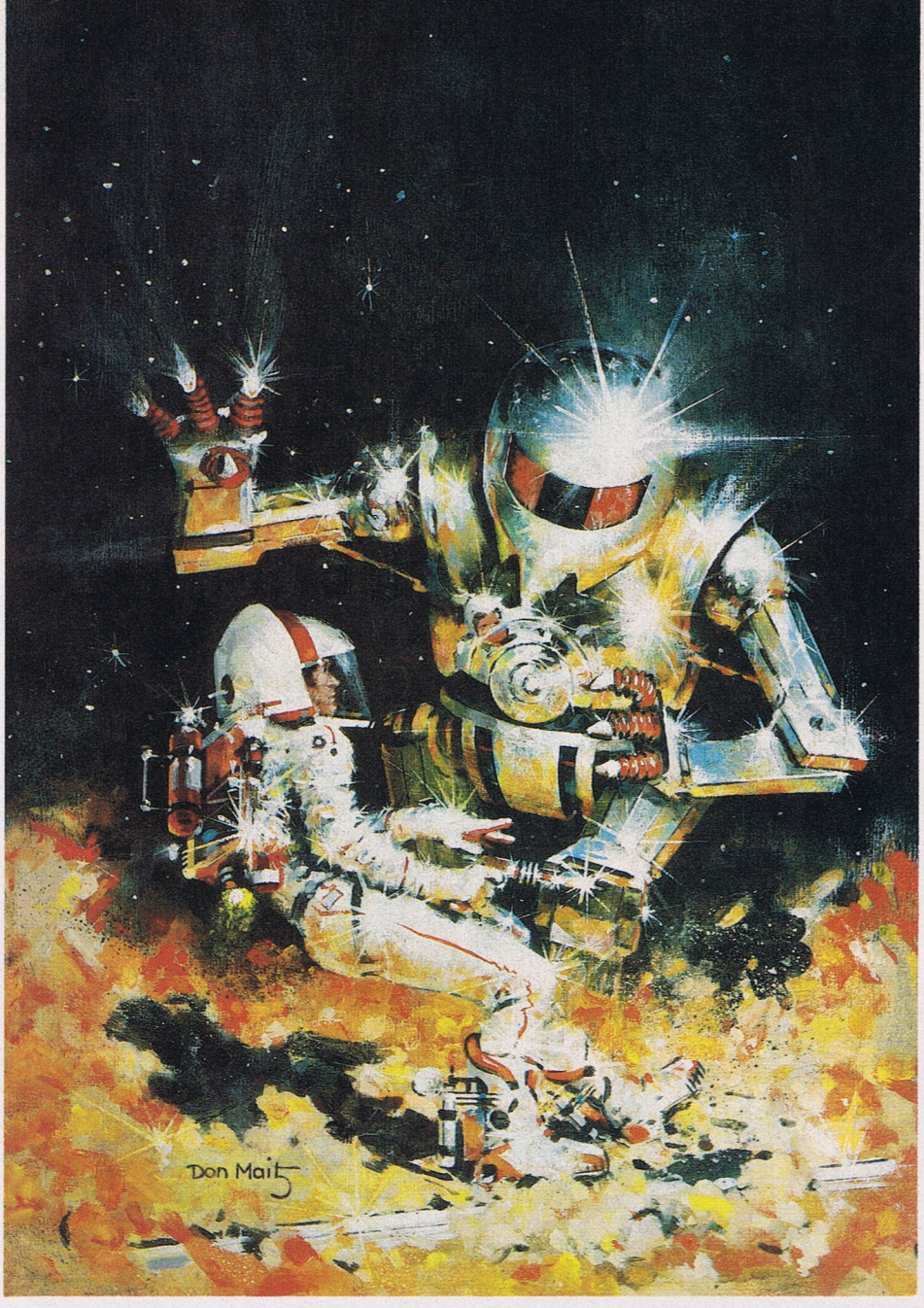


PHOTO: 1978 PARAMOUNT



PHOTOS: DAVID HOUSTON

Above: A display of some of the masks designed by Stratton and La Valley. Masks on the lower shelves are from Don Post Studios. Left: Rick Stratton (left) and Mike La Valley (right) in a corner of their crowded workroom.



Though time may not be on his side, artist Don Maitz manages to meet the deadlines, produce some fine paintings . . . and the work keeps coming in.

The Art of

Don Maitz

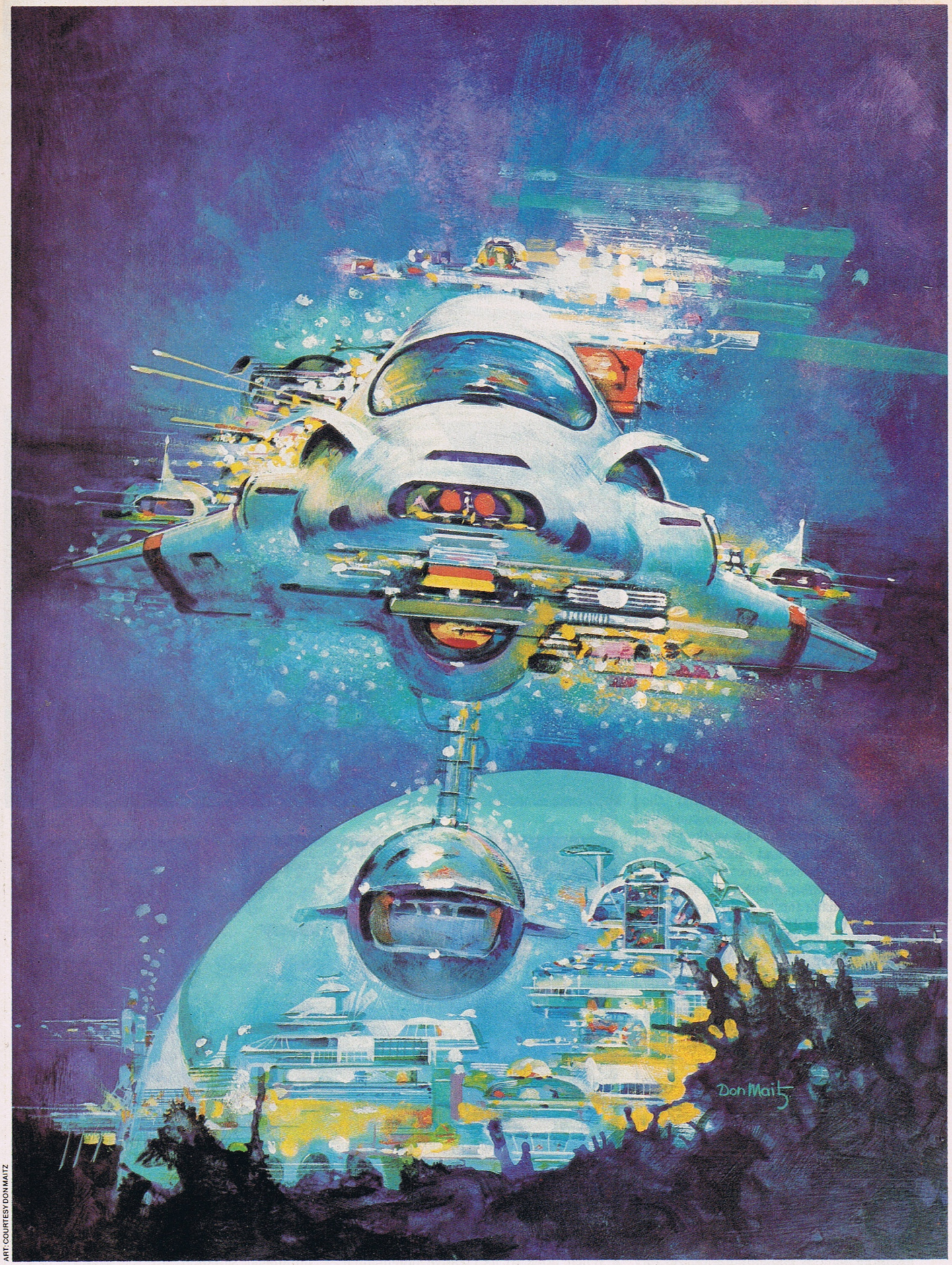
Haste Doesn't Always Make Waste

By RICHARD MEYERS

There is an acknowledged procedure for the creation of paperback book covers. Don Maitz, a three-year veteran in the field, with 40 cover paintings to his credit, describes the artwork's route from the publisher's commission to the artist's delivery.

"First, I receive the book manuscript from the art director. The attitude of the story should be reflected on the cover, so I concentrate on descriptions and character development when reading the narrative. Researching ideas and making rough pencil drawings comes next. The most promising of those is then worked up into color sketches, roughly the size of the paperback, to show to the art director.

"I let the art director choose the sketch, then the actual painting is a continuation of the thoughts incorporated in the sketch. Refinements are considered, more research might be called for, models need to be photographed, drawings of them will have



ART: COURTESY DON MAITZ

Opposite page: Maitz art for *Lucky Starr and the Big Sun of Mercury*. Above: *Lucky Starr and the Oceans of Venus*.

to be made. The painting surface needs preparation, the final drawing needs to be transferred and only then does the actual painting begin."

That is how it is *supposed* to go. But all too often, publishers and painters succumb to the problem of being human and therefore fallible. In this case, a whole new creative process is put into effect. That procedure might aptly be called "panic painting." The business of book scheduling depends on so many inconsistent variables that artists are often caught by surprise, and are given little time to create one of the major selling points of the volume—the cover.

Fortunately, often times the final art that's delivered does not suffer, and sometimes even prospers by the rush. The six books in Isaac Asimov's *Lucky Starr* science-flction series are a prime example of this. The first two books in the re-issued set appeared last spring—*Lucky Starr and the Moons of Jupiter* and *Lucky Starr and the Pirates of the Asteroids*—with covers by John Berkey. Then, however, the publisher discovered that the artist had overcommitted himself and would not be able to handle the remaining four titles.

That is where Don Maitz came in. "For the time limit and the complexity of the work, I did everyone quite a favor," the Connecticut-based painter relates. "I received the first commission around August 30, 1977—*Lucky Starr and the Oceans of Venus.*

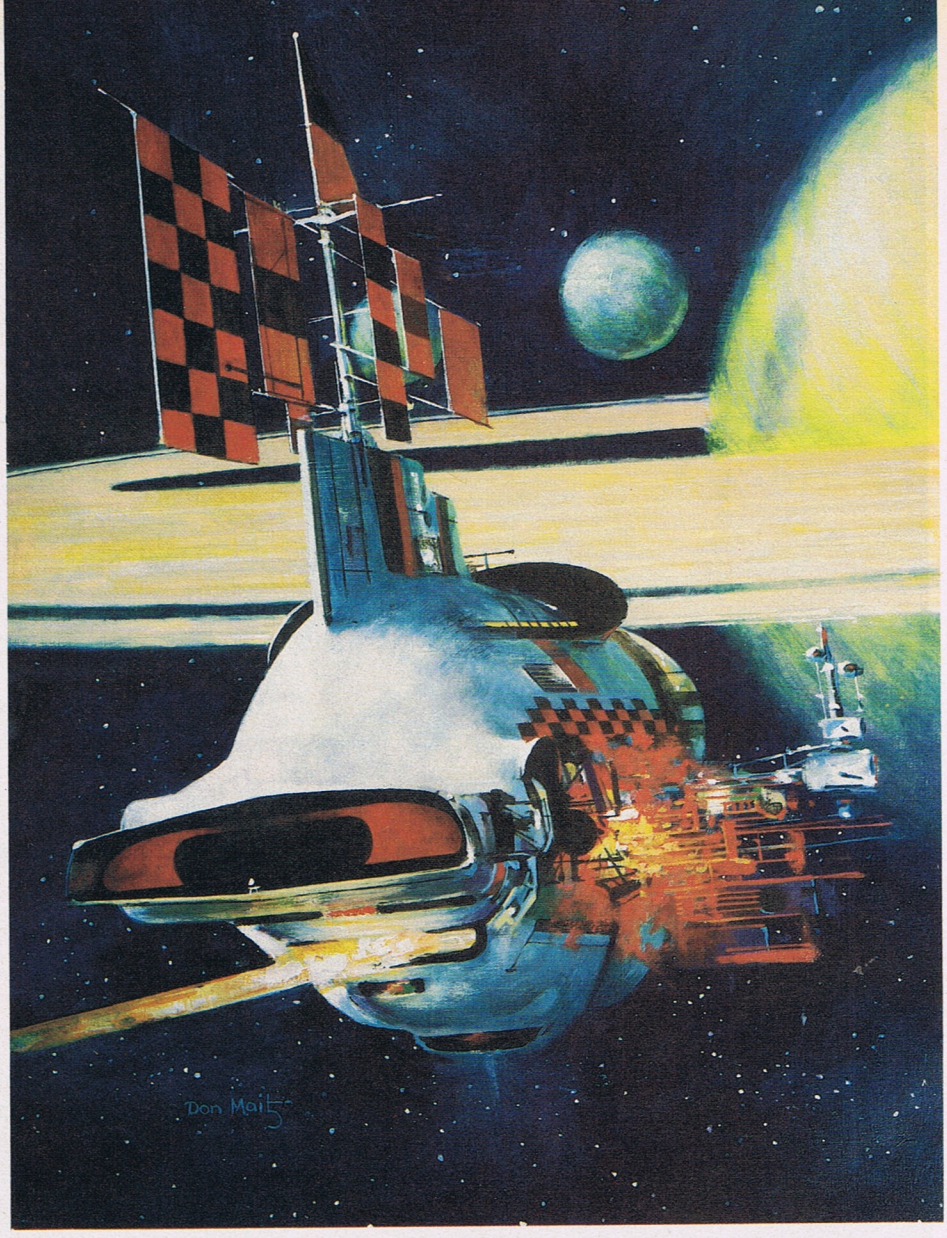
Maitz discovered the time trap only after he had called the art director and made several sample sketch studies. "Upon bringing them in," he remembers, "I discovered that they wanted the entire job done by November 17—all four books! The covers were supposed to be at the printers the day I got the manuscripts."

Despite the time limitations, the publisher still expected Maitz to come up with specific elements in his work. "They wanted continuity and quite a bit of sparkle. They gave me some transparencies and cover proofs of John Berkey's work so I could make the series look compatible. Then I spent 18 hours a day for three weeks doing the things. It came down to the wire for the last two—*The Big Sun of Mercury* and *Space Ranger*—so I did them at the same time!"

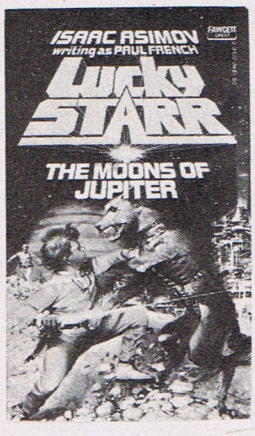
Thankfully, the final product did not mirror the haste and Don Maitz has received nothing but good reports from his friends and critics. "It worked out well for me," he admits. "The work was enjoyable and the spaceships were kind of fun. It was completely different from what I had been doing, so it made a nice change. I only wish I had had more time."

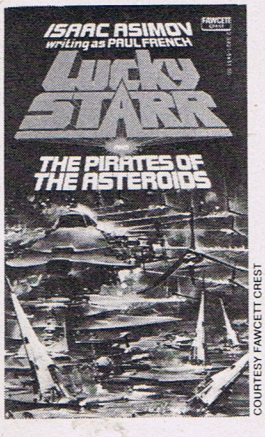
Maitz's consistently fine work may be supplying him with a sort of "second chance." Besides the *Lucky Starr* covers, his SF work will appear in two special Ballantine paperbacks alongside many of his more famous contemporaries. As far as the young artist is concerned, his fantasy-oriented focal point is just a natural progression from his beliefs.

"There is a good deal more to science fiction than mere escapism," he states. "When done to its creative potential, it can make a social comment and supply a means to explore possibilities of our own development. Realizing this and incorporating it into picture form constitutes a glance at our future. New concepts and unfamiliar situations are the wonders of science fiction as well as its art." ★



ART COURTESY DON MAITZ





COURTESY FAWCETT CREST

Top: From *Lucky Starr and the Rings of Saturn.* Above: A comparison of Maitz's art (center) with two John Berkey pieces. Maitz was asked to duplicate Berkey's style for the *Lucky Starr* series.

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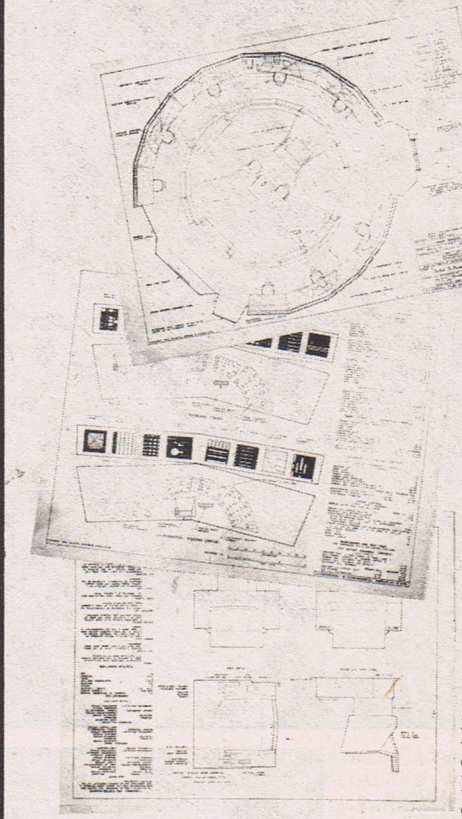

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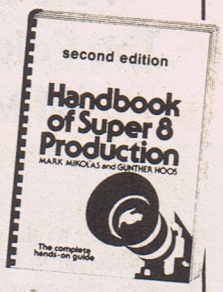

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INTERPLANETARY EXCURSIONS, INC.

Port of Call: The Polar Dunes of Mars

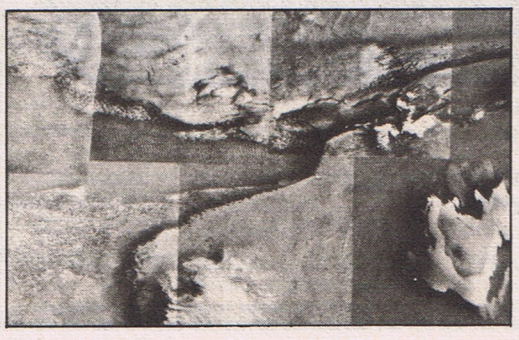
This is the tenth I.E.I. tour brochure to appear in STARLOG, and in keeping with the round number, it closes the circle back to a point made in the very first one (STARLOG #13). The premise of the series has been the fact that there are scenic wonders "Out There" every bit as remarkable as those on Orgonia, Tatooine or Dune, but with the additional characteristic of being *real*. Venus has no jungles, for example, but it may have a volcano bigger than New Mexico. Mars lacks spired cities and engineered canals, but it has enough natural exotica to keep I.E.I. hopping for a century. And for those Terrans who wish that not *all* their literary fantasies would go disappearing down the tube every time a spacecraft takes a picture, the port of call this time out should be a welcome change. Edgar Rice Burroughs, here's to you!

If you want a setting in which to let Tars, Tarkas and his contemporaries fight it out, seek no farther. For circling the north polar cap of Mars there lies what has been called the largest dune field in the solar system. Covering hundreds of thousands of square kilometers, the great dune belt displays mind-stretching expanses of classic shapes and patterns in a veritable "sand sea."

Mars, of course, is a dusty world, but the girdle of dunes is a unique phenomenon. Some researchers believe that it is periodically made over by circumpolar winds. Others note that it seems to appear in full-grown form from beneath the seasonally shrinking polar cap. There are scientists who believe that dunes on such a scale could not be produced at all in the presently thin atmosphere, so that they may be relics of an ancient Mars of several billion years ago. (This, despite other parts of the planet where light and dark markings have been observed to change, almost surely from wind-blown dust, in mere weeks.)

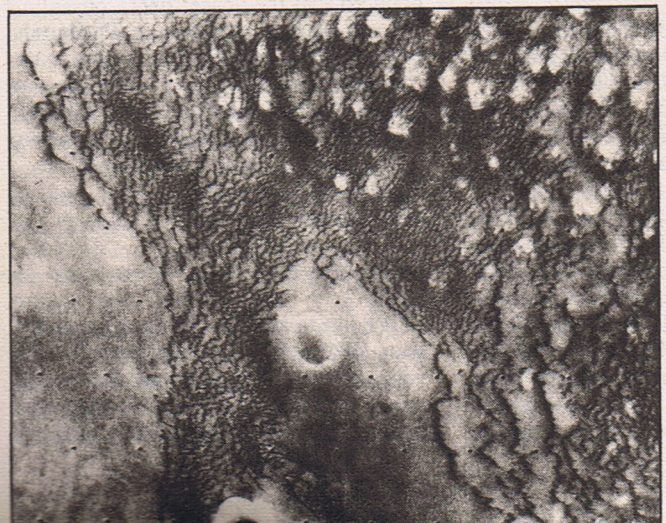
There is more to say, and far more to learn, but this time I.E.I. would rather let the pictures (taken by the Viking 2 orbiter) do the talking. Still, you might look forward to someday going sand-sailing (with I.E.I., of course) down the slopes of the titanic, sculpted dunes of Barsoom.... ★

Below: A dark delta of dunes, some 200 km across, appears to have formed from sand blown in from nearby Chasma Boreale. Right: Like a tie-dyed desert, this sweeping pattern shows a region of nearly flat sands marked in jagged designs perhaps by the mixing and relayering action of the Martian winds, turning over light and dark surface material. Some of the features observed from Earth by early astronomers may have formed in the same way, although the smaller markings could easily be gone tomorrow.



Left: This vast arc shows part of the Martian dune field encircling the planet's north polar cap. Below: As regular as the weave in a piece of homespun, this view from orbit shows nearly 100 km of row after row of classic dunes, so elegantly arrayed that even the breaks in the main structure seem to follow a pattern. The white spots are frozen water; the grid of black markings was produced in the camera system for ease in rectifying the picture.

Below: An optical illusion of countless raised terraces is in fact patterns of light and dark surface material. Their widely varying spacing could have been caused (as on Earth) by the subtlest of irregularities in the bottommost layer, magnified over time with each successive additional deposit. The two large craters, one almost completely covered, are each about eight kilometers across.



ALL PHOTOS NASA

Left: A close look will reveal a pair of craters, each hundreds of meters across, almost completely hidden by the blanketing sands. The more than one million square kilometers of northern, near-polar terrain surveyed by the Viking orbiters should have turned up hundreds of craters larger than 150 km across or larger, according to estimates. Instead, there are almost none.

The wonders of "real" space are at least as remarkable as any environments dreamed up for novels, movies or television; hence this column—a regular travel guide for the spacefarer. Jonathan Eberhart is Space Sciences editor for Science News.

Gerry Anderson's

SPACE REPORT

Edited By DAVID HIRSCH

From The Mailbag . . .

PHOTOS: © 1979 ITC ENTERTAINMENT

Space: 1999 stars in new *Return of the Saint* series. Above: Prentis Hancock as Vic in the "Collision Course" episode. Left: Catherine Schell as Samantha in "The Imprudent Professor". Ian Ogilvy stars as *The Saint*.

. . . In the *Space: 1999* episode "War Games," Moonbase Alpha was attacked by aliens using Mark IX Hawks. If these Hawk warships were built on Earth, why were there none stationed on Alpha?

Jim Hepburn
5227 Jade
Warren, MI 48091

Jim, you misunderstood the point of the story of "War Games," and that may have been caused by poor editing on the part of the station in your area. In fact, a few other STARLOG *readers have asked how Dr. Bob Mathias was in the second season if he was pulled out into space when the Medical Center window shattered. Let me try to explain. The point of the story was that aliens in this show had the capability of translating the Alphans' fear into an* apparent *reality. As the rogue Moon approached the alien planet, the Alphans saw fighter craft which they instantly recognized as Earth Hawks approaching the moonbase. The Alphans retaliated (in self-defense, of course) and it was not long before there was full-scale war, destruction and death. At the end of the episode they realized that the whole incident had taken place in their minds. It was a piece of Anderson philosophy that you missed. War was a concept long banished by the aliens. To prevent the humans from "contaminating" their world by landing, the aliens played out their warning in the Alphan minds using the only warships they could create images of . . . Earth's Mark IX Hawks and the alien space craft encountered by the humans in the "Alpha Child" episode. Everything in "War Games" was nothing more than a dream . . . or nightmare, if you wish. So Bob Mathias didn't die.*

Why weren't the Hawks stationed on Alpha? Well, it was clearly stated in the dialogue that they were old machines, no longer in use and would have been phased out before September 13, 1999.

. . . What are the stars of *Space: 1999* doing nowdays?

Fred King
Los Angeles, CA 90035

Well, Fred, most of the people who worked on *Space: 1999* are working all over the world, but the last I've heard is that:

Martin Landau has just completed *Meteor* and *The Number*, both to be released this summer in the U.S. Barbara Bain is currently writing a novel. Barry Morse has just completed *The Shape of Things to Come*. Catherine Schell will be guest starring in ITC's new *Return of the Saint* series and in the TV movie *Look Back in Darkness*. Nick Tate has finished *Licensed to Love and Kill*. Zienia Merton will appear in *Return of the Saint*. Prentis Hancock also guests in *Return of the Saint*. Anton Phillips plays a doctor in *Return of the Saint*. Brian Johnson has moved on from *Alien* to *The Empire Strikes Back*, the *Star Wars* sequel. Nick Allder has filled in for Brian on *Alien*. Clifton Jones will appear in the mini-series *Ike*.

The Second Official "Space: 1999" Convention

I am pleased to report that as a result of the overwhelming success of the first Save: 1999 Convention held in Columbus, Ohio, the National Save: 1999 Alliance has announced that the Space: 1999 Convention '79 will be held this year in Pittsburgh, Penn. If you're interested in coming to the convention on July 27-29, 1979, and/or joining the National Save: 1999 Alliance, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

The National Save: 1999 Alliance
123 Fawn Valley Drive
McMurray, PA 15317

. . . I'd like to ask you two questions about your *UFO* series. First, who recorded the voice of SHADO's computer S.I.D., the Space Intruder Detector? Second, who designed and built those fantastic futuristic

SHADO Commander Ed Straker (Ed Bishop) drives up to the front entrance of Harlington-Straker Film Studios (actually ATV Studios in England), the secret location of SHADO HQ in the 1969 *UFO* series.

autos like Ed Straker's car and what happened to them?

Joe Dearborn
7 Post Office Square
Harwich Port, MA 02646

The voice of S.I.D. was Mel Oxley. Since the story of UFO *suggested that S.I.D.'s voice was generated by a computer, we felt that the diction and voice quality should be perfect and we used Mel Oxley because he was, in fact, at that time a newscaster on the BBC. As to your question about the cars on* UFO, *I've asked Derek Meddings, who was supervising special-effects director on* UFO *to explain:*

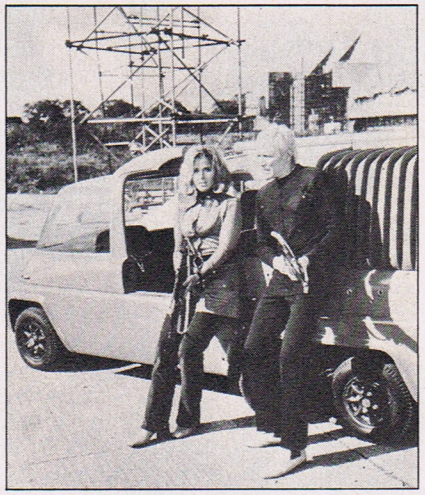
"I designed the cars myself. These designs were then taken to Alan Mann, the racing driver. He built the three cars, which were originally designed for Gerry's film, Doppelganger (Journey to the Far Side of the Sun), *at a cost of around £10,000, which came to about $30,000 in 1969. Before they were actually built, a company in Germany, who had some modelmakers for actual cars, came over to England and built the shape of each car in clay, like they do in a normal car factory. When the clay models were finished, I was asked to go and have a look at them and alter them or do whatever was necessary to bring them into proper design. Once this was done, Alan Mann built the cars out of sheet aluminum on top of a Ford Granada chassis. They were then upholstered and finished off like a real car. The gull-winged doors didn't work technically or hydraulically; somebody always stood off-camera, holding the corner of the door. The only time you see the door open on its own is when it's propped up, but you can't see how it's propped up. There were also three Austin Mini-Mokes, little jeeps, which I redesigned by putting an extra set of wheels on the back so that they had six wheels altogether. Then a company called Space Models, who did a lot of fiberglassing, built the actual canopies and bodies for them which were built over an existing Mini-Moke."*

What happened to them? Well, they were sold off at the end of the production with all the other props, and since then they have changed hands many times. Sadly, I don't know where they are today.

. . . I've heard that there's an official fan club for Nick Tate, *Space: 1999*'s Alan Carter, in England. Could you please tell me the address? I'm sure many fans of Nick would be interested.

Debbie Phillips
Las Vegas, NV

The official fan club is The British Nick Tate Club. Nick keeps in constant touch to keep members up to date on his activities. Further details and membership information can be obtained by mailing two International Reply Coupons to:
The British Nick Tate Club
69 Frances Road
Acocks Green
Birmingham B27 6LT
England



Meddings-designed SHADO jeep from the *UFO* episode, "Timelash."

See you next month.

—Gerry Anderson

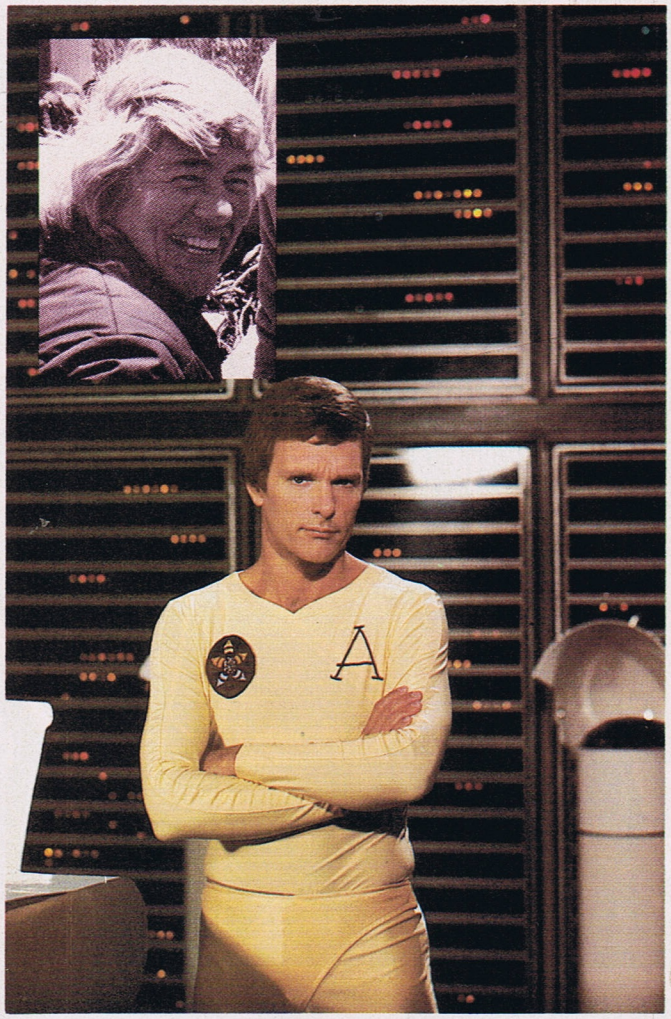
Readers are invited to send their questions and topic ideas to Gerry in care of STARLOG. Although personal replies, requests for materials, etc., are impossible, letters of general interest will be selected for printing in future issues.

Gerry Anderson's Space Report
STARLOG Magazine
475 Park Avenue South, 8th Floor
New York, NY 10016

A Truly Brave New World

By LEM PITKIN

When producer Jacqueline Babbin decided to bring Aldous Huxley's classic to TV, she threw conventional SF ideas out the window.



PHOTOS: © 1978 NBC-TV

Left: In Huxley's *Brave New World*, babies are decanted—from bottles—not born. For the update, producer Jacqueline Babbin (top inset) decided to use plastic baggies. Above: Kier Dullea as director of Central Hatcheries, Dr. Thomas Grahmbell.

On December 6, 1976, producer Jacqueline Babbin began working on one of the most ambitious projects ever attempted in SF television... *Brave New World.*

Finally aired this season, the two-part telefilm was a departure from standard tubular science fiction in that it was based on a literary classic and attempted, both visually and verbally, to recreate the essence of that novel on the small screen.

"When Aldous Huxley wrote *Brave New World* in 1932," producer Babbin says, "he created a literary landscape that was, in every sense of the word, a classic. No one has ever been able to equal the effect of *Brave New World* in print. When we decided to try to bring it to television, we didn't want to fool around with its plotline too much. After all, we weren't trying to do *Star Wars* or *Galactica*. Like the book, our *Brave New World* was a story about people, not hardware."

The basic plot of the show concerns the individualistic activities of outcast John Savage (Kristofer Tabori), a social freak actually born in a human womb during a time period of mass-produced test-tube children some 600 years in the future. Aided, in an off-the-wall way, by Bernard Marx (Bud Cort), a social misfit spawned by a chemical imbalance occurring during his assembly-line birth process, Savage attempts to lead his own life during an era of mass conformity and superficiality.

"Robert E. Thompson handled our scripting," Babbin reveals, "and he did a marvelous job. We kept the plot intact, although we did place all of Huxley's events into chronological order. In the original book, there were several flashbacks that sent the time sequence helter-skelter. For the purpose of good narrative, we straightened it all out.

"Once we had a finished script, we then had to design a show that would reflect its futuristic outlook. Tom John was our production designer and he managed to come up with a modular look for the *Brave New World* that was ingenious. By shifting around parts and pieces of his cityscape, we could constantly redesign new sets for different scenes taking part in different sections of the city."

The show was then cast, with such noted actors as Kier Dullea, Ron O'Neal, Trish O'Neill and Julie Cobb wooed and signed. "We wanted to get really top-notch actors; people that you weren't really used to seeing on TV; people that would convey a sense that this presentation was very, very special, to an audience. Burt Brinkerhoff, our director, got the most mileage out of every element present. We shot the entire show in 41 days beginning in February 1978."

With the show now part of TV history, Babbin awaits critical and public response. "It was different than most television shows," she admits. "It was a show that you had to listen to as well as watch.

"The show was both a challenge and a joy to do. If all goes well, someday I'd like to go back to the works of Aldous Huxley. He was truly a man ahead of his time. It's amazing, when you think about it, how close Huxley was to today's reality. When you pick up a newspaper today you find headlines about test-tube babies, clones and mood-alterting drugs. For us, *Brave New World* wasn't SF. It was a one-of-a-kind look at a not-too-distant tomorrow." ★

STATUES of the GODS

By TOM VON MCDONOUGHKIN

The world is filled with many subtle clues that Earth has been visited by alien beings. In my previous books, I have shown that these beings left their indelible marks in structures as diverse as the pyramids of Egypt, the stone heads of Easter Island and the Kremlin.

My works have been criticized by hoards of scientists and other intellectual troglodytes of the Establishment, yet not one of them has been able to provide satisfactory alternative answers to such questions as: How could natives, working with nothing but their bare hands, have created the beaches of the French Riviera? What possible human reason could have caused our ancestors to journey thousands of miles just to dig the inhumanly intricate New York City subway system? And why do thousands of people, every year, regular as clockwork, migrate in the middle of winter from Canada to Florida? Is this the ancestral memory of a time when aliens landed in Canada, causing the residents to flee in terror?

In this article, I will present some of the astonishing answers to these questions, the fruits of my latest research.

These incredible discoveries started while on a tour of New York City to promote my new book, "Sands of the Gods, or Was the Sahara Desert Built as an Alien Landing Field?" I was visiting the Statue of Liberty, which stands on a strangely artificial-looking island in the harbor. It was there that I was struck by the flash of insight that characterizes my greatest breakthroughs. I stared at the bizarre spikes radiating from the statue's head, and the pocket calculator that she holds in one hand, and, suddenly, a voice inside my head said, "This statue was built by aliens."

Hard to believe? Genius always is. I have been called a crackpot many times. But I always take comfort in history. They said that Galileo was a heretic. They burned Newton at the stake. They claimed that Einstein was crazy. They even said the inventor of the electric toothbrush was mad. Where these giants have trod, I have no fear that I can follow.

So I looked around the Statue of Liberty for evidence that would prove its alien origin to anyone with an open mind. The Establishment claimed that the statue was built by the French in a bygone century. But quickly, it occurred to me that the very inscription on the statue contains the key clue. It reads: "The Statue of Liberty." Every archaeologist who has studied it has just taken it at its face value. But what, said I, would the inscription be if written backwards? It becomes: "YTREBIL FO EUTATS EHT." Its significance is startlingly evident!

First of all, "y" is a common Indo-European word meaning "and," while "trebil" is obviously an old spelling of the word "treble," which is a word found on every stereophonic system. Now, I asked myself, what were the ancient French doing with stereo when they had not yet even invented the long-playing record? It makes you think, doesn't it? This was but the first in a long series of questions that conventional archaeologists have been unable to answer

ART: © 1979 BARCLAY SHAW

The designers of the statue contrived not only to document their existence but the precise location of their home . . . The deciphered inscription reads, "And treble for easily melted eight." The message was clear at last!

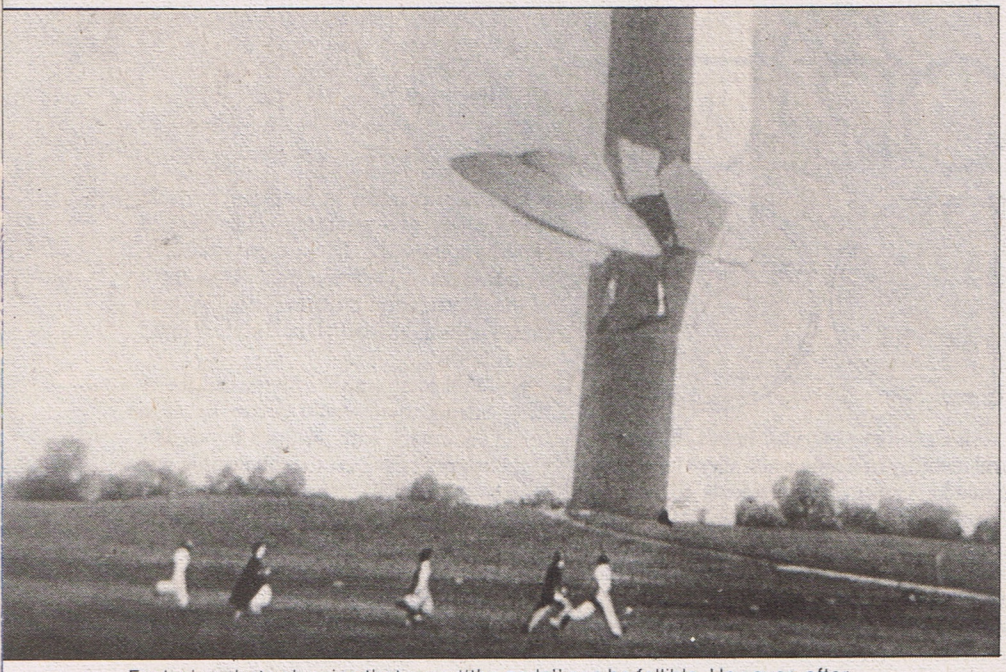


PHOTO © COLUMBIA PICTURES

Exclusive photo showing that even "the gods" can be fallible. However, after this mishap the aliens returned to successfully emplace the sky-soaring obelisk that has been dubbed by Washingtonians as (what else?) the Washington Monument.

satisfactorily.

Next, the word "fo" is obviously the antecedent of the modern English word "for," which is preserved even today in its ancient "fo" form in some American dialects. "Eutats" is unquestionably related to the metallurgical term "eutectic," from the Greek "eutektos," meaning "easily melted." Yet the statue is made of copper, and to whom is copper easily meltable? Certainly not to the ancient French, unless they had the use of lasers! And not even the most unscholarly archaeologist will grant the ancient French the level of technology needed to construct lasers. The only possible source of lasers that the French could have had would have been from another planet.

What of the last word, "eht"? This is, if anything, even more extraordinary than my preceding discoveries. This word is phonetically equivalent to "eight," in which you will notice that the modern tongue has added the letters "ig" that remain, however, unpronounced. (The non-scientific reader will forgive me if I now indulge in some mathematical intricacies.) Is it a mere coincidence that, if you take the height of the statue in cubits, multiply it by the weight of the torch in ounces, and divide by "eight," you obtain the value of pi, the famous mathematical constant, to 27 decimal places? I think not!

As if this were not enough, there are 37 letters in "YTREBIL FO EUTATS EHT," and if you take 37 and multiply it by "eight," you get 17. The astounding thing about this number is that, if you take 17 and multiply it by itself 17 times, you get the distance to the nearest galaxy, measured in light-furlongs! And toward where is the rocket-like torch pointing? Toward the sky!

Thus, the designers of the statue contrived not only to document their existence, but to tell us the precise location of their home.

Finally, the deciphered inscription reads, "And treble for easily melted eight." The message was clear at last! As I beheld this dazzling sentence, a voice inside my brain said, "You are the first human being ever to understand the meaning of this message from space. You are one smart son-of-a-gun." A warm glow came over me.

I could write a book (and probably will) about the innumerable precise measurements of the statue that I have made. I could astound you with the fact that the length of the statue's right thumb, measured in inches, is exactly equal to the date of the first

PHOTO © COLUMBIA PICTURES

Conclusive proof that the god-like aliens did not stop with their success in New York harbor. This craft heads home after delivering a perfectly formed space beacon tower.

landing on the Moon, when the date is measured by counting the number of fortnights since Augustus Caesar's first wife's birthday, provided that one subtracts out the number of lunar eclipses that have occurred since the construction of the Great Sphinx.

Or, I could tell you about the remarkable relationship between the height above sea level of the statue's right upper eyelid, measured in centimeters at low tide on April 28, 1953, and the average distance between the fifth and eighth satellites of Saturn, measured in units of the diameter of Stonehenge.

Naturally, scientific logic demands that I mention independent lines of evidence to support my thesis. Once I had solved the major problem of deciphering the statue's inscription (which modesty prevents me from comparing to the deciphering of the Rosetta Stone), the ever-helpful voice inside my head said, "Many seemingly unrelated facts are closely connected with the alien origin of the Statue of Liberty, kid."

Consider the Eiffel Tower. Is it just a coincidence that this gigantic structure is also attributed to the French? Yet the Statue of Liberty and the Eiffel Tower are 21,000 miles apart! Are we to believe that the ancient French were capable of shooting the Eiffel Tower all the way from America to France and landing it with pinpoint accuracy in the precise center of Paris? Highly improbable.

And then there is the curious phenomenon of the bottle. You see them everywhere in France: in cafes, in restaurants, in bars. Why are the French so obsessed with rocket-shaped bottles? Is this the ancestral memory of an ancient astronaut's visit? And why are they so fond of bread in the very same cigar-shaped form frequently reported by UFO observers? And is it not extraordinary that the cheese which the French incessantly eat was once thought to be the material of which the Moon was made?! And is the reason that Napoleon was never painted with his left hand exposed that it was, in reality, an alien tentacle?

On top of this mountain of evidence, there exists a remarkable oral tradition in a poem from Canada, where—significantly—French is still spoken:

The Northern Lights have seen strange sights
But the strangest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
*When I cremated Sam Magee.**

The mention of Northern Lights is particularly significant, because they are electromagnetic phenomena such as would accompany an antigravity machine.

Furthermore, all over North America, there is the strange phenomenon of the so-called baseball diamond. These precise, geometrical figures are found in every city and town, aligned with frightening precision with respect to the positions of the stars. Their shapes are quite unapparent to an observer on the ground, and are only evident to orbiting spacecraft. The only possible explanation is that they were built with the aid of lasers, to serve as landing fields for ancient astronauts. (It has not escaped my attention that the number of letters in the word "baseball" is our old magic "eight." And observe that "baseball" may be rearranged to form the phrase "lab base." Need I say more?)

Despite the overwhelming evidence, established scientists continue to deny my theories. Just to give one particularly blatant example, consider this: I removed a rock from inside the BMT subway system in New York City (at great peril to myself, I might add). A scientist told me that that rock is at least *three billion years old*! Yet a ruthless conspiracy among scientific men and women insists on concealing the fact that the New York subway system was built more than three billion years ago.

I have outlined just some of the data that I have accumulated in my extensive world travels. I investigated many historical cities, innumerable museums and several jail cells. I interviewed thousands of scholars, scientists, engineers and bartenders. Here, I have only hinted at the mysteries revealed by the infallible voice in the back of my mind. In my next best-seller, I will not only provide further documentation, but will also discuss startling new evidence I have uncovered, proving that beings from the star Alpheratz (which is Arabic for The Little Mouse) landed in North America 27,312 years ago—and constructed Disneyland. ★

*From "The Cremation of Sam Magee," by Robert Service.

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Visions

(continued from page 64)

absolute collectivist state. The downfall is brought about not by the Russians or the Chinese or American Communists, but by the individualists, the men of creative genius and industrial power, who simply go "on strike," and *let* the world collapse as the government attempts to take over.

"Who is John Galt?" is the first line of the novel—and its mystery. Dagny Taggert, "the lady who runs a railroad," is as haunted by the question as is the reader—until she meets him and learns that he is responsible for the destruction of everything she lives for, and at the same time realizes that she loves him.

In what is perhaps the most suspenseful and twisted plot in literature, the heroine encounters a new metal alloy that is stronger than steel and lighter than plastic, an inexpensive method for extracting shale oil, a revolutionary motor that operates on atmospheric static electricity, a new aeronautical design, a method of hiding an entire valley by projecting a false image on a heat layer above it, and a devastating sonic weapon that flattens everything for scores of miles in its scythe-like sweep. Any one of the peaceful inventions could improve the quality of life in America; together, they could change the course of history for the better; but their creators refuse to "do their duty" and sacrifice their own interests to society. Only one of the innovations, the sonic weapon, is the product of the State Science Institute—which by that point in the story indirectly controls all scientific advancement.

The plot is a swashbuckler. At the climax, the representatives of government have captured Galt and are subjecting him to electric torture to persuade him to become their dictator. But the narrative is thick with philosophical matters. Unlike *1984* and *Brave New World*, *Atlas Shrugged* presents not merely the dystopia of collectivism; it offers an alternative utopia of individual liberty, complete with a new philosophical basis for it.

To many, *Atlas Shrugged* (which has never been out of print, either in hard cover or paperback) is *the* science-fiction novel of this century; to as many more it isn't science fiction at all; to an apparently equal third group, it's nonsense. This controversy, if nothing else, should make its appearance next year as an NBC-TV mini-series an extraordinary event.

There's no way to squeeze all the complexities of *Atlas Shrugged* into the eight hours alloted for the teleplay, and it is safe to predict that the staunchest admirers of the book will be the severest critics of the dramatization; but one thing is certain: Ayn Rand's fiercely personal vision will reach its widest audience; her view of the greatness of the individual is due its finest hour. ★

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

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 **15 weeks prior** to the event to: STARLOG Convention Calendar, 475 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016.

THE BALTIMORE SCIENCE FANTASY CONFERENCE

Baltimore, MD — **April 13-15, 1979**
with guests KERRY O'QUINN & DAVID HUTCHISON
Baltimore Science Fiction Society, Inc.
Box 686
Baltimore, MD 21203

SCIENCE FICTION, HORROR, & FANTASY CONVENTION

Los Angeles, CA — **April 13-15, 1979**
Science Fiction, Horror, & Fantasy Con
P.O. Box 69157
Hollywood, CA 90069

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS II

St. Petersburg, FL — **April 14-15, 1979**
Sci-Fi, Fantasy and SCA Convention
P.O. Box 10354
St. Petersburg, FL 33733

THE CLEVELAND STAR TREK CONVENTION

Cleveland, OH — **April 20-22, 1979**
Cleveland Star Trek
P.O. Box 33092
Cleveland, OH 44133

XENOCON (SF/Fantasy)

New York, NY — **April 22, 1979**
Xenocon
Group Services Dept.
92nd St. YMHA
1395 Lexington Ave.
New York, NY 10028

BRIDE OF PARACON (ParaCon II)

State College, PA — **May 4-6, 1979**
Bob Casto
425 Waupelani Dr. #24
State College, PA 16801

LEPRECON V (SF)

Phoenix, AZ — **May 4-6, 1979**
Ken St. Andre
Leprecon V
3421 E Yale
Phoenix, AZ 85008

GVSTACON 1979 (SF/Fantasy)

Toronto, Canada — **May 5-6, 1979**
Galactic Enterprises
14 Waddington Cres.,
Willowdale, Ontario
Canada M2J 2Z8

The STARLOG/FUTURE space art slide show, "Reaching for the Stars," is available to all conventions. Featuring a music score by Eric Wolfgang Korngold, the show generally accompanies a guest appearance by members of the staff. Convention organizers should contact Tom O'Steen to make arrangements.

How does a young, talented filmmaker break into the field of SF production? He works around the clock, buries his frustrations and tries never to take "no" for an answer.

PHOTO: COURTESY CHARLES BAND ASSOC.

One of the many early prototypes tested by Gentry, Neill and Schmidt for their film.

The Genesis of VORTEX

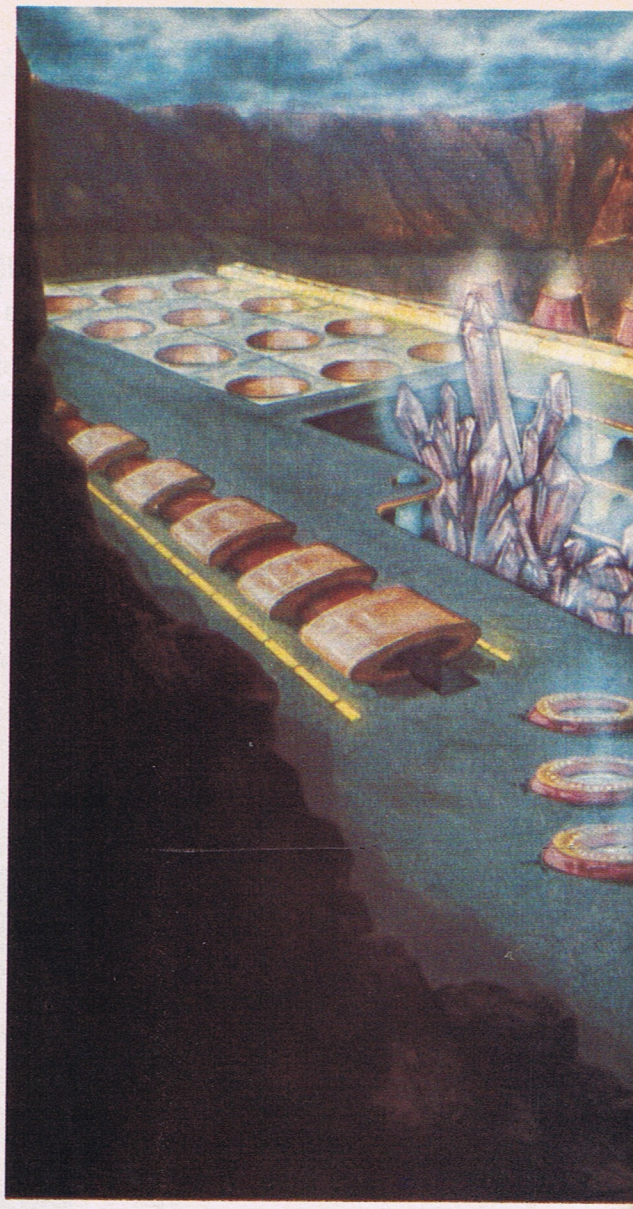
By RICHARD MEYERS

Star Wars. Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Animal House. Superman. What these four blockbusters have in common is that their creative genesis was largely the responsibility of young people, under 30 years of age. They are the new royalty of filmmaking—George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, Jon Landis, Ilya Salkind—who have successfully completed their multimillion-dollar extravaganzas when many of the same age are just deciding what to do with their lives.

What is true of the very stratosphere of cinematic success goes double for the other end of the spectrum. Ground-breaking "small" films like *Carrie* and *Piranha* are being nurtured toward wealth by young, intrepid filmmakers. But for every one who makes it, there are about a dozen who don't, and it is not often these others get a chance to try their talent and luck. This is the story of some who did.

"I've been doing this for so long I was ready to mug the first producer who would finance one of my ideas," announces Steve Neill, the co-producer, co-writer and co-special-effects man for the script originally

Right: One of the very early pre-production paintings by Tom Norris for *The Vortex*. It depicts one of the extraordinary visions seen by a family as their house whisks through multi-dimensional space.



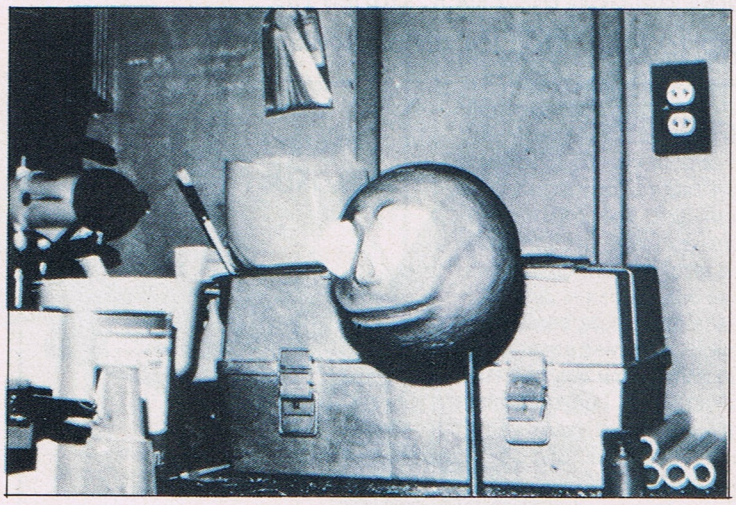


PHOTO: © CHARLES BAND ASSOC.

Above: One of the many early test alien heads created during the planning period for *The Vortex*. Neill, Gentry and Schmidt are the team of SFX filmmakers to watch in the next few years as the scope of their future projects grows.

titled *Vortex*. "For the first couple of years you scrounge around the bottom of the barrel, but I've been at this since I was a sophomore in high school making Super-8 sound movies. They were science fiction even then."

Steve Neill is not your everyday, run-of-the-mill, bottom-of-the-barrel scraper, however. For the last four years, he's been making a fine living off his makeup talents, designing and applying material for *The Crater Lake Monster, Kingdom of the Spiders, The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover, Demon* and various other film features and TV commercials. His partners in the *Vortex* production, Paul Gentry and Wayne Schmidt, come from the same creative background but don't have the impressive list of credits.

"I'm a science-fiction fan," says Schmidt, "doing the convention circuit and the whole bit while writing screenplays no one seemed to buy. Until this came up I was doing a lot of starving."

What came up was Neill going to work for Charles Band on the young producer's two SF efforts of last year—*End of the World* and *Laserblast*. Suddenly, Neill had found his responsive ear and took no time in exploiting it.

"Steve had the tenacity to walk into work with some spaceship models he designed," Schmidt relates. "They subsequently caught Charlie's eye. He grilled Steve as to what they were for and Steve told him they were for a movie he was working on. Charlie was receptive so Steve brought me into it."

What emerged was a concept alternately titled *Race for Antari* or *Star Racers,* concerning, not surprisingly, *racers* in space. Band was interested not so much in the theme at that point, but the creative package he could create: Neill on makeup, Gentry on SFX and Schmidt on script. Unfortunately, the idea soon became too big for Band's budget.

"Charlie called me into the office one day," Neill recalls, "and said, 'I've got some good news and some bad news. First, the bad news is that *Star Racers* has been shelved. The good news is that I still want a picture from you. I want simplicity, I want one location and I want it this week.' "

Neill accepted the challenge and one hour later came up with the concept of *Vortex*.

"Basically," Schmidt narrates, "it involves a family who moves out to the desert and builds a completely self-sufficient house out there. But due to a space occurrence it turns out that their home is built on what you might call 'the Bermuda Triangle fault-line.' It gets whisked into other dimensions and the family goes through all sorts of—how shall I put it?—traumatic experiences. Heh, heh, heh."

"It seemed to work real well," Neill takes up the story, "so we drafted it out real fast. We signed three contracts and started the picture based on a one-page synopsis!"

But one page does not a movie make. The spanking new production team of Neill, Gentry and Schmidt had to get a shooting script, they had to get a director, and they had to gather a cast. Suddenly filmmaking wasn't fun anymore. It was still exciting, but it sure wasn't fun.

"The scriptwriting went on and on and on," says Schmidt. "And the film grew in scope until we wound up with a project as involved as our *Star Racers*. And it was to take close to as much time. It's not the simple project we started with by any stretch of the imagination. While Charlie handled most of the casting decisions with feedback from the distributors, we started creating the 'look' of the film.

"We brought in Lane Liska who worked on *Star Wars* and *Battlestar Galactica* to draw up our ideas. Meantime Steve, who

ART: CHARLES BAND ASSOC.

had worked with John Bud Cardos on *The Dark,* called the director and got him in on this one."

Although a second location was added and the final shooting script called for months of post-production effects work, things were going smoothly. Band had signed Jim Davis, Dorothy Malane, Chris Mitchum, Natasha Ryan and Marcy Lafferty (William Shatner's wife) to play the leads, while Cardos began putting his crew together. According to their contracts, Gentry would be the director of photography and head of special effects, Schmidt would discover the wonders of producing by doing a little bit of everything and Neill would oversee it all—valiantly trying to stave off his first ulcer.

The crew descended on Apple Valley for 10 days of location shooting, then things began to get a little dusty. The crew turned out not to be entirely reliable and Gentry was removed as cinematographer.

"The problem with low-budget films," details Neill, "is that you get crews who are experienced in only that type of film, there is a lot of hiring and firing because they're, kind of, in-between talents. I hate the watch-watchers, though, the guys who complain all the time then quit on you. If it weren't for guys like Greg Jein, our model maker, and Joel Goldsmith—Jerry's son—who is doing the sound, the movie wouldn't stay together. These guys are totally dedicated. I mean, when Paul Gentry was replaced as DP he took it cool. He knew he got aced, but he worked it out smoothly and kept helping. I can't thank these guys enough."

Not only was Neill's patience tried, his wallet was sorely tapped as well. In the movie business, the least little mistake can push the film thousands of dollars over the budget—a lesson the young trio learned the hard way.

"We were supposed to be on location 10 days and we were there 16," Neill relates. "The government charged us $6500 for use of the land. Beyond that they wanted so much for each actor, so much for each camera, so much for each truck and so much for each car. It cost like $10,000 to rent a dry lake bed. And we didn't even have to be there!

"You see, Bud had this idea that a scene which was set to be shot with special effects could be done on location. It called for a sort-of 'intergalactic spaceship graveyard.' He had all these friends, he said, who had all these old planes that could be flown down for free, etc., etc. It turned out to be a nightmare. When it came time, there were no free planes. It cost $6000 to fly one plane mock-up to the location. It seems that Bud would rather see his old planes out there and shoot it for himself than hand it over to special effects. That's been a problem."

Fortunately, the production wasn't all problems. The stage-bound mock-ups of the house, the barn and the corral turned out better than expected and the SFX were being created with style. All in all, the production values for *Vortex* marked a new high for Charles Band. The young filmmakers expressed their admiration for the abilities of their youthful boss.

"I'll give him credit," Schmidt says. "He was willing to take a chance with three guys who had no 'authorized' experience on a film. He has a lot of courage and for that we owe him a great debt of thanks."

Neill, while mirroring his partner's sentiments, also points out one of the problems of low-budget filmmaking. "Charlie is incredible. He signed us for *Vortex,* Dave Allen for *The Primevals,* wrapped *Tourist Trap* and *Auditions* just before releasing *Fairy Tales.* And that's just this year, practically. Our only problem is that he seems to think he's giving us enough money but he's not. We're stretching as hard as we can to make this a great picture."

The final judgment will come, of course, after *Vortex* is released and the money starts—or doesn't start—to roll in. Given the returns on Band's prior contributions to the genre, the trio are confident of a decent showing. But win, lose or draw, they all feel very strongly about the lesson in life their film has taught them.

"All through the production I wanted to strangle people," says Neill. "But as a producer I couldn't do it. You've got to bite your tongue instead of blowing up. I used to have a really bad temper, but that's gone now. I learned to smile at people, sometimes leaving a bad taste in my mouth."

Happily, the best is yet to come for the team. The principal photography is finished and they are now deep into the SFX, their first love.

"The special effects are the nicest part of the production," says Neill, and his associates concur. "It's like we're free of Bud and free of the crew and Charlie has dumped the film in our laps and said, 'Go for it.' We are, believe me. We're pouring our flesh and blood into this.

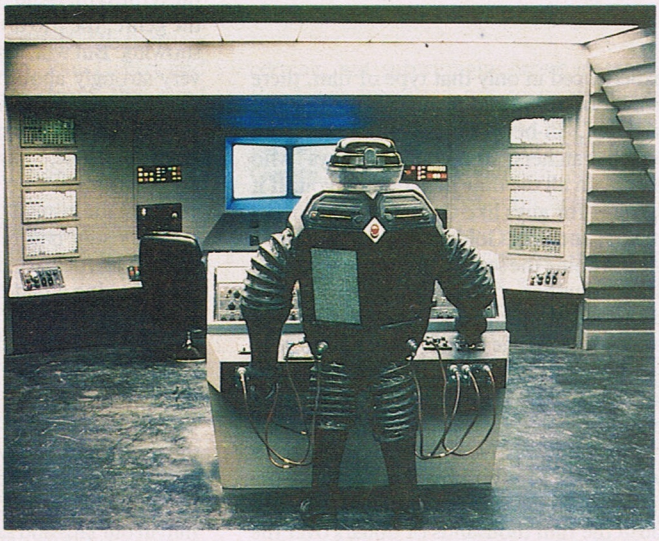
"But you know what? I'm not excited. There's too much to do. I'll get excited the night the film opens. Then I can just sit there and shout, 'Yeah!' at the screen. Until then, I'll be *very* serious." ★

The Shape of Things To Come

It's 43 years later and time for an update, or sequel, as it is described, of H.G. Wells' 1936 "Things to Come."

PHOTOS: © 1979 CFI, INC./ANTHONY BLISS

Lunar Control, monitoring all space traffic around the lunar colony, New Washington. The computer equipment was supplied by Honeywell.



The deadly warrior robot, Phobus 4, soon to be converted into "Sparks."

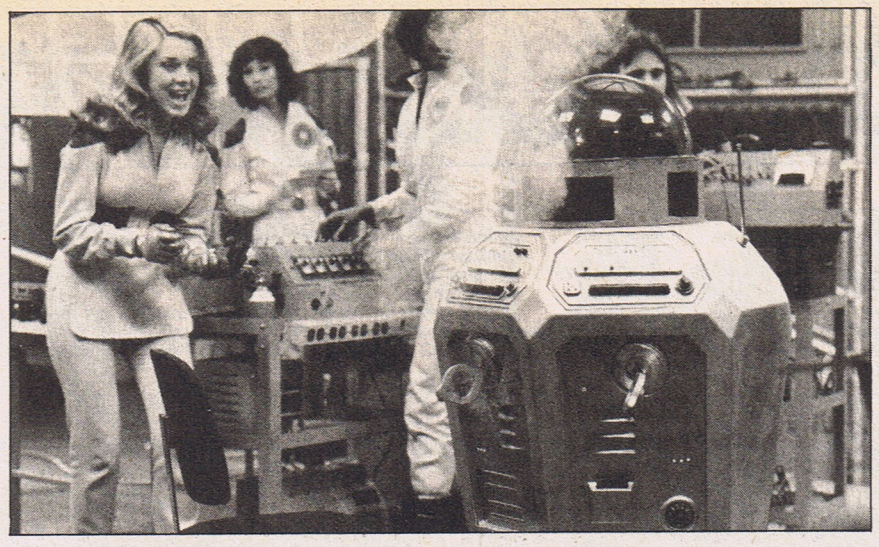
By BERTHE ROEGGER

According to H.G. Wells, the invisible thread that united his life's work — which included pieces of history and sociology as well as fiction — was his desire to bring about "the reorientation of loyalties through a realization of the essential unity of our species." He was the first modern thinker to suggest the possibility that humanity could prove to be a failed species, as doomed as the dinosaur, and once defined civilization as "a race between education and catastrophe."

Wells originally wrote his philosophical novel, *The Shape of Things to Come*, as a speculative sequel to his mammoth volume, *The Outline of History*, projecting his interpretation of humanity's past into the future. Wells' screenplay for the film based on the book, *Things to Come*, underscored his belief that science and education were the only hope for humanity.

The new production of *The Shape of Things to Come*, due for American release this May, is not, according to producer Harry Alan Towers, based upon the H.G. Wells novel. Nor is it a remake of the 1936 movie. It is best described as a sequel to the classic film, in that two of the principal roles are descendants of characters portrayed by Raymond Massey in the original.

The film, which was produced by Alexander Korda and directed by William Cameron Menzies, opens in the city of Everytown, in the year 1936. The world erupts into war. Biochemical warfare is used, unleashing a disease known as the Wandering Sickness, across the land. Civilization is in ruins, and the only "government" known is that of barbaric chieftains, as exemplified by Boss Rudolph (Ralph Richardson), while the fighting continues among individuals and tribes. The scene switches to the year 1970. After 34 years of devastation, John Cabal (Raymond Massey) arrives in a futuristic aircraft to announce to the remaining inhabitants of Everytown that his organization, Wings Over the World, has preserved the world's

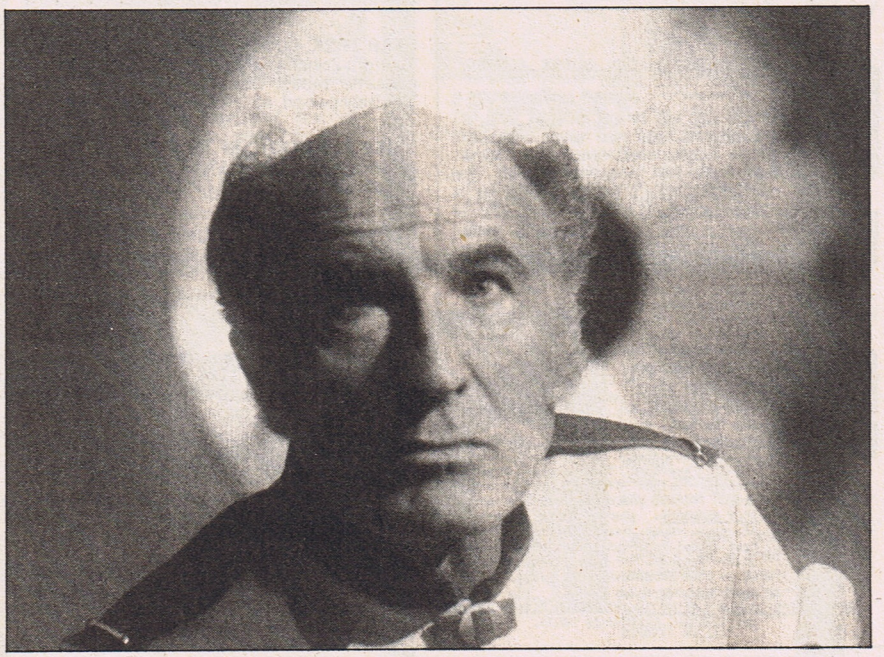


Left: "Sparks" blows off steam in the robot repair section as his inventor looks on encouragingly. Above: Carol Lynley as Niki awaits rescue on Delta 3.

body of scientific knowledge and is prepared to rebuild civilization. By 2036, Everytown has been rebuilt, risen like a phoenix from the ashes of war. Oswald Cabal, the grandson of John, heads the group of scientists who have planned Earth's first voyage to the Moon. But much of the populace are still scarred by the memories of war, a war that was all the more terrible with its deathly technology. Led by sculptor Theotocopoulos (Cedric Hardwicke), the people riot in an attempt to stop the Moon launch. As the ship successfully departs, Cabal delivers a stirring closing speech. "Which shall it be," asks Wells, through Cabal, "all the universe or nothingness?"

Towers' new *Things* opens two generations later, in the lunar colony of New Washington. Earth has once again fallen into barbarism — civilization and science have found their last bastion in the domed city. Omus (Jack Palance), a renegade scientist and emperor of the planet Delta III, launches an attack upon the pacifist colony. One of Omus' many robot attackers is captured by colonists and is rebuilt by technician Kim Smedley (Eddie Benton) into "Sparks," a companion-robot who composes poetry and joins the fight for the preservation of the colony. Dr. John Caball (the grandson of the previous film's Oswald Cabal, played by Barry Morse) and his son Jason are prepared to launch a defensive attack against Omus in the colony's spacecraft, the *Starstreak*, when they are stopped by Kim's father, Senator Smedley, an idealistic pacifist. The Caballs, Kim and Sparks steal the ship and depart for Delta III, prepared to battle Omus and his robot minions in his own territory and to save the captured moon maiden Niki (Carol Lynley).

Moon colony leader Doctor John Caball, played by Barry Morse, inherits the name but not the spelling from Raymond Massey's Cabal in the 1936 original.



Executive producer Harry Alan Towers is probably best known as the producer of Christopher Lee's Fu Manchu films and the film version of Jules Verne's *Rocket to the Moon*. Producer William Davidson and scriptwriter Martin Lager both worked on the syndicated Canadian series *The Starlost*, the tale of the last survivors of a ruined Earth on an endless voyage through space. The series was originally to have been scripted by Harlan Ellison. However, after a disagreement with the producers over the treatment of his scripts, Ellison requested that his name be dropped from the credits.

The most impressive credits among the production crew belong to Wally Gentleman, the film's director of special effects. Gentleman directed effects for *2001: A Space Odyssey, Project U.F.O.* and served as effects director for the Canadian Film Board on such award-winning films as *Universe* and *The Drylanders*. The script of *The Shape of Things to Come* calls for enough miniature and matte work to provide an excellent showcase for Gentleman's sterling effects work. It's interesting to note that, early in his career, Gentleman worked with some of the effects masters who created the future worlds of Korda's *Things to Come*: Edward Cohen, Harry Zech and Ned Mann.

Towers admits that, in some respects, the new *Shape* will more closely resemble *Star Wars* than the Wells original. Would Wells approve? That no one could say for sure. The three Wells-inspired films to be made during his lifetime (*Things to Come, The Island of Lost Souls* and *The Invisible Man*) were all literate, adult fare, close in letter and in spirit to the original works. *The Shape of Things to Come*, like the Korda film, is a tale of war and survival. But whether it carries some of Wells' nobler sentiments to a new generation of SF fans can be decided by the viewer. ★

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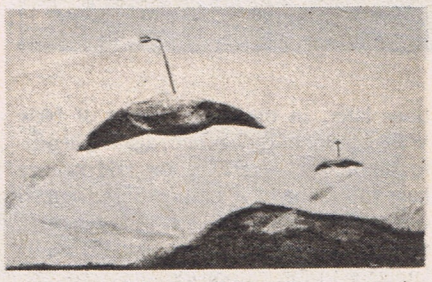

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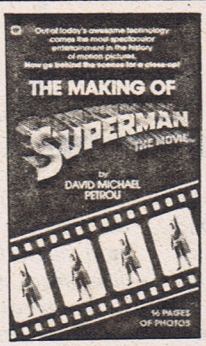

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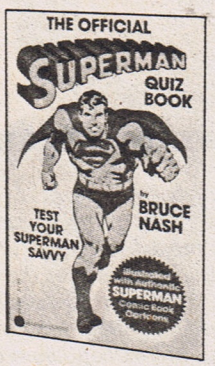

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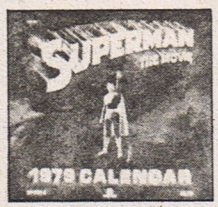

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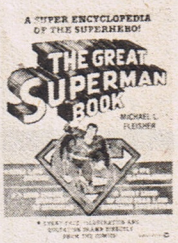

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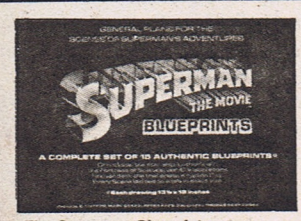

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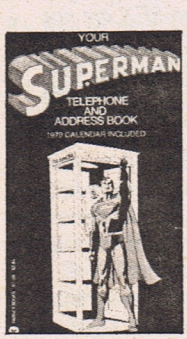

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Movie & TV Special Effects Techniques

SFX

Edited by DAVID HUTCHISON

PART XVII
Careers
Chapter 1

STARLOG *began this series of articles on special effects over two years ago, and it has proved to be one of the most popular regular features of the magazine. Throughout the past 16 installments we have been deluged with letters from readers, begging for information about a practical approach to working in the special effects field:*

"What courses do I have to take?"

"Where can I learn to build models . . . learn to be a matte painter?"

*"Please send me Ray Harryhausen's (*or John Dykstra's or Doug Trumbull's*) address so I can write and ask for career advice."*

We begin our reply to these pleas in this issue. STARLOG *asked several professionals in the SFX field about employment opportunities and how they got started in the business. We also asked several young filmmakers who have just begun professional work in special effects to share with our readers, as frankly as possible, their personal experiences along the path to Hollywood.*

Some of the young filmmakers we will interview have found work quickly, *and on such blockbuster productions as Disney's* Black Hole *and* Star Trek — The Motion Picture. *Others have found that the actual workings of the world of pro-SFX are not what they were looking for, but along the way they have discovered something* new *that they didn't know existed. Some are working happily in different fields. Some are still looking — and trying.*

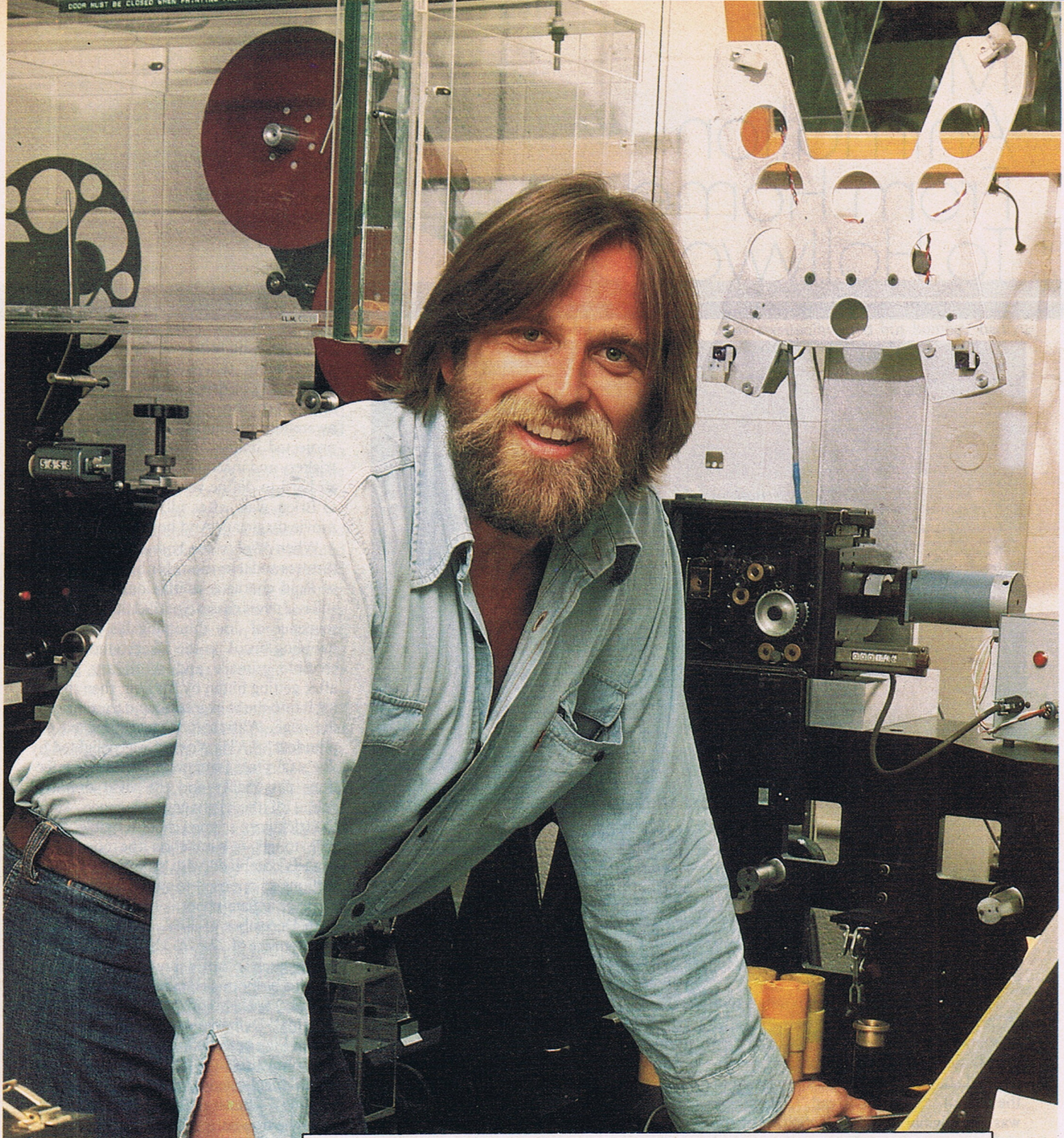
In this first part of "SFX Careers" *you will find out what some of Hollywood's most successful professionals expect from newcomers, and you will hear their advice to the novice trainee. Also, you will learn, in detail, the personal story of Paul Mandell — his experiences, good and bad; his moments of luck and bad fortune; his difficulties and his lessons as he aimed toward work as a model animator.*

None of the advise and experiences presented in these articles is intended to be an absolute blueprint for success. The skills and opportunities for each person are as individual as the person's values and goals. What you will *be able to derive from* "SFX Careers" *is a cross-section of personal experiences, an overview of different approaches and some tips and warnings to keep in mind along the way.*

In short, these personalized articles should give you plenty to think about.

In the final analysis, all decisions and all plans must be your own—derived from your personal analysis of relevant material. It is mainly because there isn't *much available material of this sort—opinions and advice for the young person interested in special effects—that* STARLOG *has set about to gather this variety of perspectives.*

Those who will eventually become successful in this field are the ones who will use these perspectives to help form their own individual conclusions, design their own individual plans, and push themselves ahead—in spite of all obstacles—toward the long-range goal they seek.



John Dykstra

In July of 1977, John Dykstra was asked to speak at the 20th Annual Motion Picture Laboratories, Inc. seminar. After showing behind-the-scenes slides and film clips of the then-recently-released *Star Wars*, he was questioned about the opportunities for young filmmakers breaking into special effects, and his remarks were reported in the Journal of the A.S.C. as follows: "You have to have a background and understanding not only of film and be intimate with lenses and cameras, but you also have to understand physics, chemistry and mechanics to be able to build the miniatures that will look good on the screen. There are a lot of people in the industry who are willing to give a person just starting out a break, but they are all interested in the same thing, and that is *product*. So, when you start out for Hollywood, make sure you have a real skill to sell, something that you are really good at. You can't go out and say, 'Hey, guys, I can run an Eclair and I'm here to make special effects.' "

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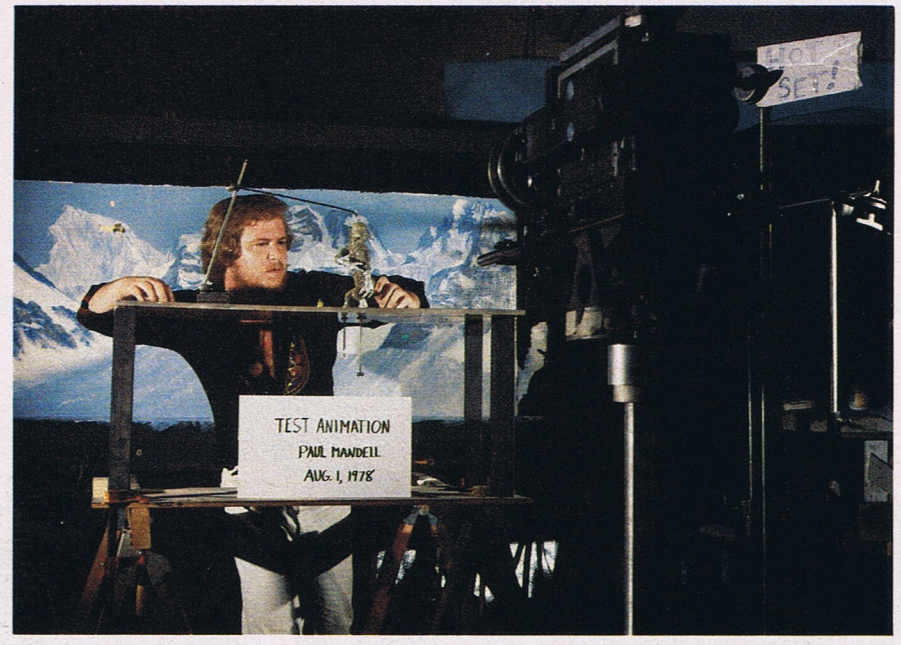
Model Animation: From Home To Hollywood



PHOTOS: COURTESY PAUL MANDELL

Mandell sets up a practice shot using the *Laserblast* aliens.

By PAUL MANDELL

In a decade when kids were idolizing Elvis Presley and Wyatt Earp, Ray Harryhausen became my secret hero!

Through the miracle of my family's first RCA television, I was made aware of model animation. My earliest memory is of a Tip-Top Bread commercial which had a five-pointed star walking toward the camera to the tune of "Shortnin' Bread." Then there was the original Speedy AlkaSeltzer of the early 50s. I recall wondering at the magical esthetics of the technique, but I accepted it as part of the magic of television itself.

It wasn't until I was seven that I began to develop sufficient awareness to question the method of mobility. My interest was piqued by what must have been one of the first Rankin-Bass specialties—Suzy Snowflake. It played Saturday mornings on Ray Forrest's *Children's Theater.* The main character was a Tinkerbell-esque "winter fairy" who built snowmen with a wave of her wand, then flew away into the heavens. Later on, I saw *Gumby* and was somewhat turned off by it. It didn't have that clean, machined look of Speedy or Suzy Snowflake. Ironically, I can now look at *Gumby* and appreciate many things that were done in those episodes. Stylistically, it was a clever example of puppet theater.

The real inspiration began when R.K.O.'s *King Kong* was televised. I wasn't old enough—only nine—to have caught the 1952 theatrical re-release, but was enthralled when it aired in 1956. It packed a wallop! In fact, it played twice a day and three times on weekends, and I hardly missed a showing. It was a totally surrealistic experience. I was fascinated by that strange kinesis of Kong which struck subconscious chords—my dreams described weird tableaus and actually *extended* scenes from the film. At the time, I was living in Brownsville, Brooklyn (a few blocks from where Ralph Bakshi lived), adjacent to the elevated train, and I couldn't turn the corner without taking a quick, furtive look around. Nor could I ride a subway without expecting one huge Cyclopean eye to peer at me through a car window. Such was the visceral effect of *King Kong.* I knew he was a trick, but he looked *enormous.* Consequently, I was not able to grasp the concept of model animation combined with miniature rear projection. The notion that Kong was a giant robot temporarily placated my sense of wonder; this was actually reinforced by reading somewhere about the huge bust of Kong which *did* employ men and motors. However, I did notice rather strange things going on in that film—humans passing some point of demarcation within a scene and "moving differently," my first awareness of miniature substitutions for projected images. Indeed there was more trickery and ingenuity to be reckoned with, so hard to define yet clearly visible. Willis O'Brien was, after all, the consummate movie magician. And he really tricked *me.*

When *Mighty Joe Young* was reissued to theatres and television, Joe became the apex of fluid character animation for me, and still is. I never cease to marvel at the opening sequence of Joe thumping his chest, the babbling brook in the foreground, the incredible grimace and secondary gesture after getting bitten by the lion, then throwing it into the background and tripping over the cage. Although it clearly lacked the grandeur of *King Kong,* I was delighted by *Joe*'s fairytale framework, the ape's infectious personality and the vivid dramatic values of the orphanage sequence. Here, the trickwork seemed more tangible. I was able to get a handle on the concept of models combined with paintings and projections as opposed to my earlier vision of Kong as a giant robot.

In December of 1958, I was dazzled by the premiere of *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad.* I can vaguely recall a pre-release trailer in which a bespectacled man (possibly Charles Schneer) spent some time judiciously "explaining" Dynamation (talk of "live action filmed long before the models were built"). The lobby brochure was an impressive item which mentioned a strange term—"blue backing"—but it did little to enlighten me as to the true nature of the process.

The whole mystique over this matter came to a head one day in a Brooklyn barbershop at age 11. While a splash of Jerris hair tonic was stiffening my pompdour, I thumbed through a back issue of *Argosy* and stumbled across the now-magical name of Ray Harryhausen. I casually perused through the article on Ray, marveled at the photographs and the technical jargon, then sheepishly asked the barber if I might take it home with me. He gave me a disinterested nod. I then dashed home to the sanctuary of my room and savored every word as though it were an entree in pornography. All the bits and pieces, from Speedy to Kong, fell into place—a door had opened in my mind!

My first attempts at model animation occurred during my early college years. Using

a Bolex Super-8 Macrozoom, I filmed a three-minute story in which an Ymir-like creature is hatched from a coconut shell (pre-cracked, of course), proceeds to roam around my room, encounters a four-armed serpent woman (a la *The 7th Voyage*) and finally meets its demise under the smack of a hammer. The figures were primitive, made of plastilene with no wire inside, but the serpent woman worked out quite well.

Another mini-epic, *The Gremlin,* told the story of a chain-smoking writer haunted by a devilish imp that creeps in from behind his typewriter and breaks his cigarettes when he isn't looking. In the end, the writer falls asleep with a lit cigarette, sets his house on fire (via stock shots), and the gremlin types an anti-smoking message on his machine.

Moving on, I acquired a 16mm Bolex Rex and filmed a better looking piece entitled *Genesis,* a surrealistic Adam and Eve story. Two eggs roll into the frame, crack, and from the clay yolks emerge two amorphous shapes that spiral up into a perfectly formed male and female. An in-the-camera dissolve turns the black velvet background into a pastoral scene. Birds fly by on strands of magnet wire stretched across the set and the characters awaken. They discover one another, touch, embrace and the Sun sets. Contrived, perhaps, but it had a filmic framework. The figures were carefully sculpted out of plastilene and supported in an upright position by unseen rods that went into the background (a photo poster of an autumn scene). The spiral effect was accomplished by filming the scene upside down and whittling the completed models down to the yolk stage. When edited, the scene was reversed from head to tail and spliced back into the footage. It worked. Slowly I was gaining the hands-on experience that no textbook could give me.

I finally geared up for a more ambitious test. Using Pioscreen material stretched out on a frame, I nailed my homemade rear screen to the back of an old dresser and projected onto it a slide of mountains and trees shot in upstate New York. The foreground on the dresser-top consisted of artificial grass upon which rested a sleeping female figure. Attaching a matte box to the Bolex (the greatest device an amateur cinemagician can own), I masked off the bottom of the frame with a strip of black cardboard, filmed the animation of the girl waking up to the sound of clay birds in flight (again on magnet wire), then took the camera to Central Park lake, reversed the matte and filmed the lake (masking off the animation). The lake in reality was a muddy gray due to an overcast sky, but shooting it with 7247 tungsten film *without* a daylight conversion filter, the lake was rendered a beautiful royal blue. There were a few technical problems: The projector bulb blew several times, the matte line was a bit hard and there was some spill light on the projection. The greatest lesson, however, was not to trust the Bolex reflex viewfinder with a wide-angle lens! The projection was copied one to one (border to border) but the lens spread the image out so much, the wooden frame was clearly visible in the dailies. What you see through the lens is *not* what you get. Still, I was satisfied with the overall effect and began to storyboard it properly, but my camera was stolen and the project was abandoned.

In the summer of 1973, a filmmaker friend introduced me to an independent producer who was looking for someone to do dimensional title animation and photo montages for an NBC pilot. My friend and I agreed to do the job, and we worked the entire summer using his Bolex Rex mounted on a tripod shooting down on a drafting table—our makeshift animation stand. The show eventually aired but bombed badly and the producer ripped us off with no pay. But we got our names on a network TV crawl and it provided a bit of salve for our egos.

Later that year, while enrolled in NYU's graduate cinema department, I submitted a proposal to the American Film Institute and received a grant to do a life study on David S. Horsley, ASC, veteran special-effects director at Universal Studios and cinematographer on *Jack the Giant Killer.* This took me out to California in 1974. During the course of my work with Horsley, I met Jim Danforth and struck up a friendship with David Allen, who at the time was animating the Pillsbury Doughboy at Cascade Pictures. Dave had a project of his own going called *The Magic Treasure.* I was intrigued by the village sets and actually did a little work on it with Dave Stipes, which amounted to painting a few rows of cobblestones on a miniature street. I also had the opportunity to handle several lizard man models Dave Allen had built for the abandoned project called *Raiders of the Stone Ring.* Little did I realize that four years later I would be assisting him in the animation of these creatures!

I returned to New York later in '74 but kept in touch with Dave Allen during the

Freelancing at Gene Warren's studio, Mandell carves wax replacement bake-up letters for a Pillsbury commercial. Gene Warren Jr., in the background center, supervises.

years that followed. He was quite helpful in giving me suggestions regarding in-the-camera composite work with amateur equipment.

In the summer of 1977, Dave and artist Randy Cook were busy completing the model animation for *Laserblast* on a tight budget. I was most pleased to learn that Dave had raised financial interest in the old *Raiders* project, which had now evolved into *The Primevals*. Dave and Randy had rewritten the script and it sounded exciting. After reading it, I made my own suggestions for the opening sequence and became vicariously involved with the film. When I told Dave that I was planning to return to Los Angeles, he gave me an opportunity to work as an assistant on the preliminary animation sequences. I couldn't have been more pleased, as it would be my *first job* on a feature film involving model animation.

One key set had been built—a large wooden arena where the climactic animation sequences would occur. Perched on an ammunitions console within the arena were two lizard men in costume, the seated one operating a "mind control" gun. The figures were bolted to the set with tie-downs (long rod-like screws secured with wing-nuts) and the miniature seat was able to swivel and crane a frame at a time. In the rear of the set were tiers containing over a *dozen* five-inch replicas of the armatured lizard men. Unlike those two key figures, they consisted of foam and latex over aluminum wire.

The action in this scene described the creature on the console firing at an off-camera Yeti. (I had already seen the dailies of the Yeti's reaction shots, and they were marvelous!) As it turned out, I assisted in the filming of two shots: a closeup of the lizard man firing the console gun, and a similar shot which required animation of the background figures.

Successful results, even in a professional stop-motion situation, are not always easy to attain. There are many things that can go wrong on a set. Some of them are totally unpredictable, especially mechanical failures that can occur *during* animation. One example of this was a scene Dave and I animated together which required several takes.

The first thing we had to discuss was the movement of the models and their point of view. I would be animating the ones in the tiers. Since the background would be slightly out of focus, their actions would be minimal—just enough to suggest peripheral movement. Then a "rhythm pattern" had to be established between us. While Dave animated the main lizard man, I would climb a stepladder and manipulate the little ones—a barely perceptible head-turn or arm movement, for example—then climb down carefully and signal Dave to click off a frame. It was imperative that I assume a position under the set during photography to avoid the possibility of a shadow showing up. Concentration is difficult enough with one animator, and twice as difficult with two.

Once our rhythm was established, the camera was checked, as were the battery of lights above and around the set. (There were many of them, and those lights were hot!) We were using a Mitchell studio camera; since it is not a reflex system, the eyepiece could be "racked over" into the optical axis to check the scene when necessary. One of the requirements of stop-motion photography, I learned, was the use of long *time exposures* with the lens stopped down accordingly in order to insure proper depth of field. Driving Dave's Mitchell was a motor which exposed a frame for a full second, and it was important to keep perfectly still during this interval.

One of the problems I encountered was the stiffness of the small figures. Since there weren't any discernable joints, the movements had to be "felt" and not seen. It was also difficult to keep track of their movements, as I was manipulating five figures at the same time. (God knows what Ray Harryhausen went through in doing the *Jason* skeleton fight!) Then unforeseen

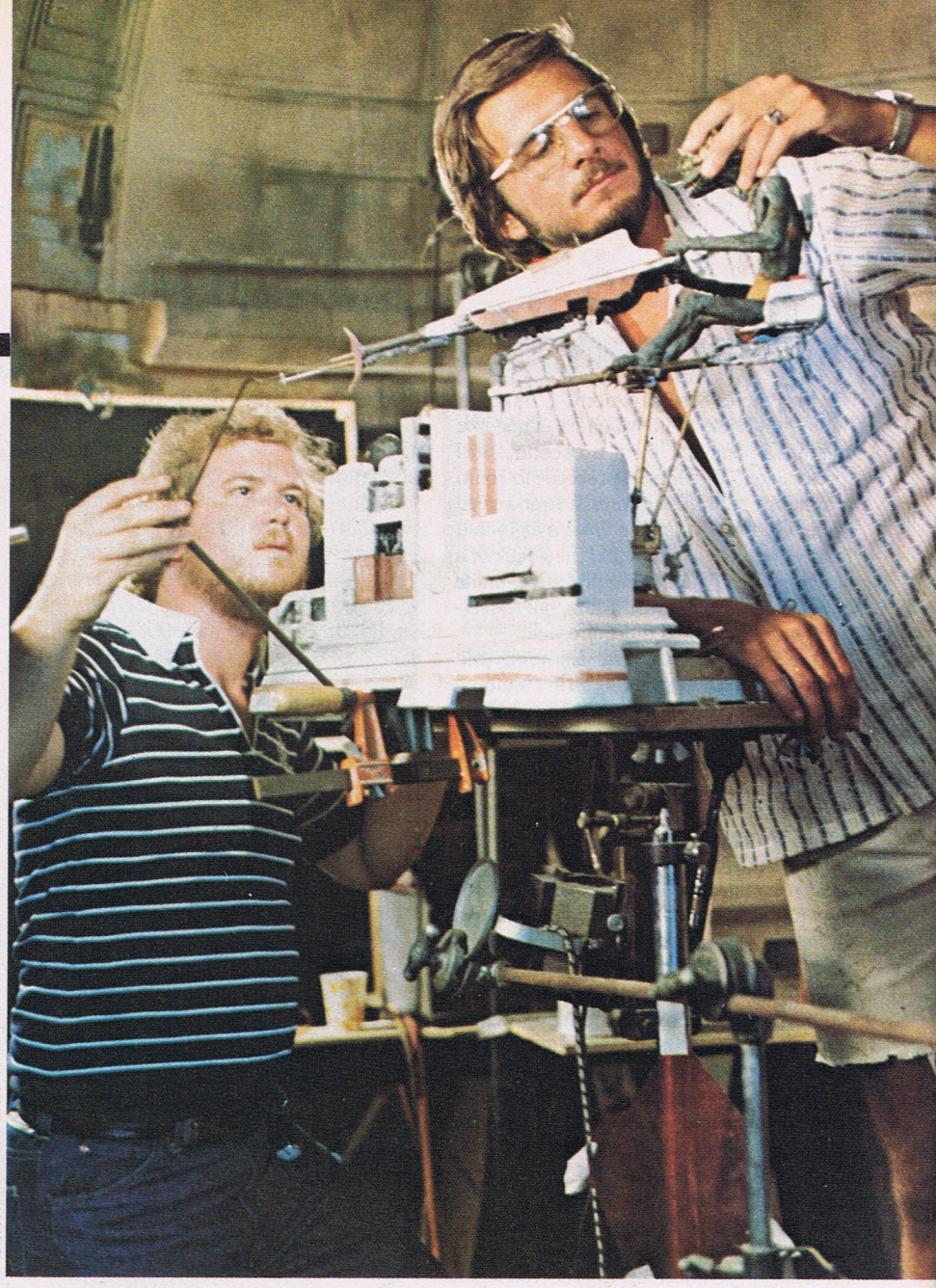


PHOTO: COURTESY PAUL MANDELL

Paul Mandell checks the position of a gun with a surface gauge; Ken Ralston animator.

mechanical problems set in which almost doomed the shot from the start. On one take, the film buckled in the camera. Another time, an "inky" (a small lighting instrument) blew out, a common occurrence which can go completely unnoticed during animation. On a third try, there was a motor malfunction causing a minor exposure fluctuation. These are just *some* of the things that can happen on an elaborate set. Ray Harryhausen once told me that the only problem he had in animating *Mighty Joe Young* was the occasional loosening of Joe's tie-downs. I soon learned that this can be the *least* of a professional animator's problems.

The other shot I worked on gave me the opportunity to function as an animation cameraman. Here, the key lizard man was animated by Dave's assistant, Ken Ralston, who had operated the Dykstraflex memory unit on *Star Wars*. No background animation was required this time. It was interesting, because the gun the creature was firing had a pulsating light which naturally had to be animated simultaneously. This was done by hooking up the bulb to a rheostat (or dimmer switch) which I operated off-camera via a control box. While Ken animated the model moving up and down "hydraulically" on its seat, I animated the tiny light source by moving the rheostat a notch at a time, from a 6:00 position to a 12:00 position, then back to a 6:00 position.

An unexpected treat came when I was given the opportunity to animate a fully armatured model, the Green Alien seen in *Laserblast*. The film definitely had its drawbacks, but I had admired the stop-motion sequences animated by Dave and Randy Cook and took a liking to the creature, which had been designed by Dave Allen and sculpted by Jon Berg. After Dave had photographed a matte painting of the Himalayas for *The Primevals*, 30 feet of unexposed stock remained in the camera's magazine. While production meetings were in progress, I was allowed to do a test with the *Laserblast* monster. (*Readers please note*: The David Allen Studio is *not* a school for aspiring animators. The situation described here was a privilege granted to me under unusual circumstances.)

Again, it was a learning experience. Acceptable stop-motion is not just a matter of moving a model minutely per frame. Many factors must be considered—acceleration, deceleration, primary and secondary movement, gravity—and calculated accordingly. Such factors are second nature to experienced animators. I was pleased with the results of my test but recognized slight mistakes which were imperceptible during photography. A tiny lurch of a limb, for instance, lasting only one frame, can result in a most uneven effect when blown up on the giant screen.

After securing a week's work carving wax replacement letters for a Pillsbury commercial at Gene Warren's Excelsior Pictures, and spending a pleasant afternoon with Ray Harryhausen at his California residence, I returned to New York having drawn up definite feelings and conclusions about the business.

First, stop-motion animation is precisely that—a *business*, where time means money and the work creeps slowly. Unlike live-action photography, where there is instantaneous ego fulfillment in seeing the dailies the next day, the film in an animation camera can remain there for a very long time before the fruits of one's labors can be examined on a moviola. Inherent in this process are eyestrain, tedium and a certain frustration in knowing that if perhaps something goes wrong with one move in the middle of a shot, the animation must progress to completion with fingers crossed. Sometimes such a shot can be saved with a cut-away or, with a little luck, the error is negligible, but other times the shot might have to be repeated, necessitating long and grueling man-hours. This alone is enough to discourage many would-be animators from channeling their careers in that direction. Only those who have had the tenacity to stick with it have succeeded in establishing a name for themselves.

In a decade when many find it chic to put down Harryhausen's films, the strength and of his producer-artist relationship inevitably leaves animators groping for a similar situation.

Moreover, I had to carefully pinpoint the position of the gun, which was aimed directly at the lens by using a surface gauge attached to the base of the console. It could be moved in and out of frame without difficulty. (There is no mystique to this device; it is merely a pointer that tells you precisely where you left off.) In the case of the laser gun, I would be able to bring it back to its previous position by lining up the tip of the gun with the tip of the gauge. Coordination was the crucial thing—operating the rheostat, the surface gauge and the camera in a steady rhythm. Needless to say, it was a learning experience.

Secondly, I learned that actual animation is very much a *team* effort. Dave Allen has in his employ an excellent artist and assistant animator (Randy Cook), a superb armature maker (Tom St. Amand), a capable sculpter and set designer (Dave Carson) and several other individuals whose past affiliations with him have proved successful. Ray Harryhausen used to be an exception to the rule, but even he in recent times has had model and armature builders working under his umbrella. A feature film is a far cry from an animated short and therefore requires a multitude of talents.

Another myth harbored by fans is the idea that effects people are all members of the same clubhouse. They are not. Though many have worked together and individual capabilities have weathered the test of time, personality and ego factors often carry their own weight.

Lastly, there is great heartbreak in something that many aspiring animators already know but refuse to believe—stop-motion is very limiting. There is a great illusion produced by television: with repeated showings of Ray Harryhausen's films and constant exposure to the Doughboy and Swiss Miss, we are somehow led to believe this field is far more prolific than it actually is. Returning to New York, I made a full frontal assault on the commercial houses in this megalopolis in search of stop-motion jobs. Though there are several projects pending, all I've managed to animate so far was a tube of UltraBrite toothpaste and a chocolate bar—and I was lucky to get that! It is true that most of this work is done in Los Angeles, but even there, many animators are forced to branch out and do other things. This can be the most important tool in any effects person's survival kit—not to limit yourself to that one specialized area. There is more of a demand for model-making and creative camerawork in this business than stop-motion photography. Furthermore, even if an individual is fortunate enough to get a job on, say, a commercial featuring model animation, he or she should not expect to be able to just hop onto a set and animate. Dave Allen, Jim Danforth and many other notables all started by building miniature props, prototypes, assisting the assistants. I've also

found that employers often expect an animator to do more than move a model and click off frames. A lighting plan is usually devised by the director, and the animator should know how to arrange lights properly, take readings, set up the camera, load and unload it. These are the basics that are acquired in film schools, but unfortunately, the hardware used in such institutions differ greatly from the heavy-weight Mitchells and camera cranes employed on a professional set.

If the chances of getting into this field sound bleak, there is a light at the end of the tunnel. Model animation is enjoying more popularity now than ever before. Theatrically, it has come out of the Dynamation closet; commercially, its applications have come a long way since TipTop Bread. Essentially what that indicates is an opening in lower echelon positions while the more experienced effects people are socked away on long-term projects. Which means there's more of a chance to work your way up the ladder than in the past. Also, the professional use of stop-motion is not limited to LA or NYC. The microcosm of animators situated in Los Angeles, for example, is not an accurate barometer of effects output on a national level. Those who live in the Midwest, near a big city where film operations exist, have an opportunity to influence small-scale production houses with their interest. One former fan I know in Texas has managed to stick with it, get jobs and support a wife and child in the process. But he's been working at it for a long time.

Which is the key to the whole thing. Anyone really serious about model animation should continue to *produce film* — experiment, sculpt, animate, be inventive. Flaunting too many photographic tricks—however inviting that may be—isn't a very good idea in the beginning. There is nothing more discouraging than seeing a well-rendered split-screen or rear-projection shot combined with sub-standard animation. Doing your *own* commercial for a product could be a valuable exercise, but it isn't a very practical idea. Advertising agencies spend a lot of money employing people to generate storyboards and concepts and generally frown on people submitting their own spots for a flat rate. Providing a demonstration reel with your best animation, however, is an important thing to strive for. And original sculpture can be used effectively for presentation. While a resume is a standard requirement, producers are more interested in *seeing* your work than reading about it. Once I called a commercial house for work. The response on the other end was, "Come in tomorrow morning and *bring film*." Though the work was minor, I got the job.

Having worked on both coasts, the best advice I could relate to blooming animators is this: Produce film, demonstrate your imagination and animate, animate, animate. Submit completed projects to film festivals and make yourself known. Put your best work on a reel and give it a shot. Then sit down and consider your alternatives. ★

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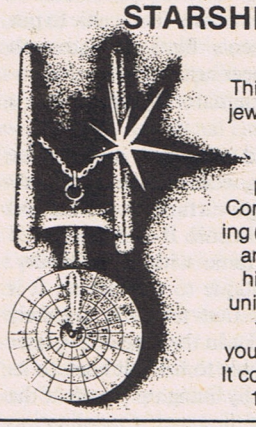

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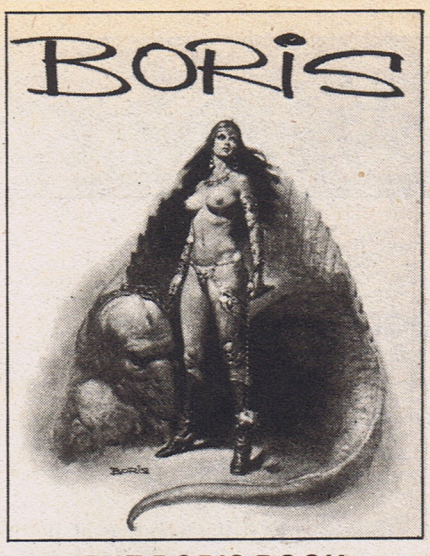

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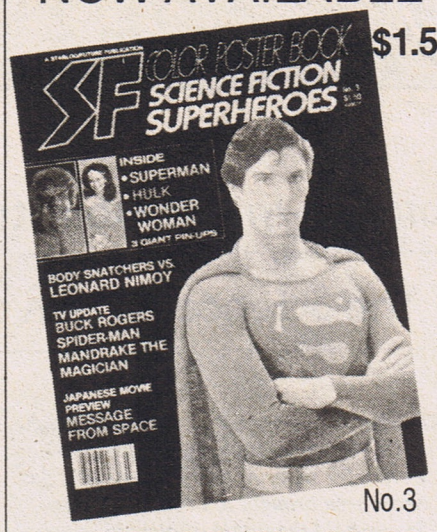

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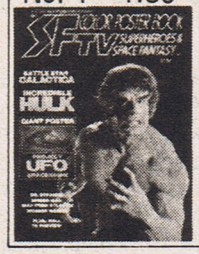

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SF Currents in the Mainstream

PART IV — The Science Fiction of Ayn Rand

Ayn Rand's *Anthem* (1937) takes place in a time frame somewhat parallel to that in Huxley's *Brave New World*: a distant future in which 20th-century life has been forgotten. *Anthem*'s hero, Equality 7-2521, is—like the protagonists in both *1984* and *Brave New World*—a misfit who *feels* that all is not right with his world.

The world of *Anthem* is the bleakest imaginable of future dystopias. If Huxley's world can be likened to a glittering plastic chandelier, and Orwell's likened to a searchlight that makes hiding impossible, then Rand's is the sputtering stump of a candle. In *Anthem*, both the socialist ideal and the world have reached dead ends; it is a soulless, decadent, dusty life of tribal primitives —in which progress is a threat to the status quo, and in which (like Orwell's later-written idea of Newspeak) language has been pared down to community concepts and there no longer exist words to express individualism. There is no *I*, only *we*.

"My philosophical views are not part of the philosophical history yet; but they will be."

Like Winston Smith in *1984*, Equality 7-2521 keeps an illegal diary, but that is not his greatest sin. He has stumbled upon a mysterious tunnel in which there are cables, pipes, rusted train rails—evidence of a civilization of unimagined riches. He's like a serf of the Middle Ages wandering through the ruins of Rome. His "abnormal" curiosity leads him to a rediscovery of electricity. He, a Street Sweeper, takes his wondrous glass box, in which there's a glowing filament, to the World Council of Scholars believing they will accept his gift gratefully:

"Our brothers!" we said. "We matter not, nor our transgression. It is only our brother men who matter. Give no thought to us, for we are nothing, but listen to our words, for we bring you a gift such as has never been brought to men. Listen to us, for we hold the future of mankind in our hands."

The elders listen, and watch his demonstration—in fear and disapproval:

"Yes," said Collective 0-0009, "we have much to say to a wretch who have broken all the laws and who boast of their infamy! How dared you think that your mind held greater wisdom than the minds of your brothers? And if the Councils had decreed that you should be a Street Sweeper, how dared you think that you could be of greater use to men than in sweeping the streets?

Equality 7-2521—like his counterparts in *1984* and *Brave New World* —also dares to love. When he escapes, he takes Liberty 5-3000 with him into the great forest where there is little chance of survival. But they do survive, to begin a new world.

Anthem is a novelette with a simple structure, very few characters and an undiluted theme: the individual versus the collective. Despite similarities of *Anthem* to other dystopian works, Ayn Rand is a one-of-a-kind writer. While others focus on the power-lust of totalitarian rulers or the entrapment techniques whereby a society is enslaved, Rand focuses on what she considers the evil at the core of collectivism: altruism—the idea that one's life is justified only in terms of one's service to others.

In terms of literary technique, this offers her an enormous advantage: In devising characters to represent altruism's opposite, she presents people who want, value, desire, strive toward, labor toward *personal* goals, selfish goals—whether it be a life's work, a philosophical quest, or an object of romantic love. Her stories are not about what befalls the characters but about what they plan and do. Whether they fail or succeed is of great *emotional* importance to the reader. Thus she allys herself with the Romantic school of literature, rather than the Naturalistic.

Some variant of the theme of the individual versus the collective underlies all her work—and her life. She was born in 1905 in St. Petersberg, Russia. During the revolution(s) she watched carnage of unendurable proportions; saw her first boyfriend shipped off to Siberia for speaking against the Party; fled, spiritually, into the novels of the European Romantics where she found hope and the sort of reality she dreamed of; and studied philosophy at the University of Petrograd, where she told an unsympathetic professor, "My philosophical views are not part of the history of philosophy yet; but they will be."

While a student, she outlined more than a dozen stories that could have led to her death if she had written them then. One of them was *Anthem*, which she finally wrote an an American. (Rand's life story bears a more than coincidental resemblance to the lives of her heroic characters; see *Who Is Ayn Rand?* by Nathaniel and Barbara Branden, which so far contains the best biographical material.)

Her first major work was *We the Living*. It is not science fiction except in the abstract method of story-telling. In its introduction, she states, "*We the Living* is *not* a novel 'about Soviet Russia.' It is a novel about Man against the State." (A film of *We the Living* was made in Fascist Italy and shown during World War II as anti-communist propaganda—until Mussolini's government realized it was as anti-fascist as it was anti-communist and had the prints destroyed.)

Ayn Rand first arrived on best-seller lists with her "bible" of modern architecture, *The Fountainhead*, in which she explored the *Psychology* of individualism. (A so-so film was made, with Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal.) And finally she wrote *Atlas Shrugged*. The writing of it took her fifteen years; it was published in 1957.

Through the device of a built-in calendar, *Atlas Shrugged* tells a story that begins 12 years into the future from whenever the reader begins the book. It is the story of the collapse of the United States—which was founded on individual rights—into a near-

(continued on page 48)

ART: © 1979 BORIS VALLEJO

Artist Boris Vallejo's abstract visualization of Ayn Rand's hero, John Galt, sustaining the final torture of *Atlas Shrugged*.

LASTWORD

One of the more interesting aspects of my workweek is reading the mail. It is a task I approach with equal parts of trepidation and anticipation. STARLOG readers find no fault in the magazine too small to point out, and rightly so—it keeps us on our toes and acts as a constant reminder that you *are* paying attention. And several popular articles in past issues have been the result of reader demand; we're always interested in what interests you. But a couple of months ago I received two or three letters that really caught me off guard. They complained that there is *too much* going on in STARLOG; that SF media fans had no need or desire to read about SF comics, NASA news, SF literature and authors, space science, SF toys, games and assorted paraphernalia, SF artists and real-life astronomical wonders... "Just tell us about the TV shows and movies!" I can't, I *refuse* to believe that this attitude embodies the sentiments of the majority of STARLOG readers.

Science fiction is the genre of *ideas*; it is the literature of change. It is the ability to be open to new thoughts and adjust to new perspectives that SF fans take pride in; it is the reason that we label the non-SF population as the world of "mundanes." SF historians can trace its roots to the beginning of the written word, and beyond. One of the very first films (and possibly *the* first) ever made was Thomas Alva Edison's silent adaptation of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. (Did you know that the monster's lightning-bolt birth was not in the original 1817 novel? Shelley put it into the second edition, after hearing of Benjamin Franklin's experiments with nature's most potent force.)

And *Buck Rogers*, the quintessential space hero, was born as a comic strip character. The very term "science fiction" was coined by Hugo Gernsback in the pages of his 1920s SF pulp, *Amazing Stories*.

In past issues, STARLOG has printed Isaac Asimov's views on faster-than-light travel; interviews with authors Harlan Ellison and Allan Dean Foster; a special "3-D" issue; a tour of the Smithsonian's Air & Space Museum; interviews with artists Don Dixon, P. S. Ellenshaw and Chesley Bonestell and color reproductions of their art; a review of SF comics; NASA's efforts from the planetary probes to solar power and ion propulsion; David Houston's four-part investigation into "SF Literature in the Mainstream."

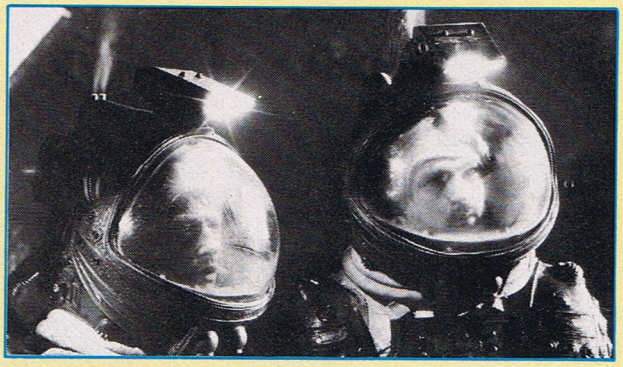
All of this is in addition to our on-the-spot continuing coverage of SF-TV and films and their stars—on both sides of the cameras. Our media coverage is more extensive than any other magazine in the field and we intend to keep it that way. Our readers range from four years old to 86; from politicians and aerospace engineers to students and film producers. We are not trying to be all things to all people, but I will not hesitate to include coverage of any and all aspects of the multiple worlds of SF that are interesting, stimulating or entertaining.

Howard Zimmerman

Howard Zimmerman/Editor

NEXT MONTH

ALIEN



STARLOG #23 spotlights the most incredible extraterrestrial encounter yet put on film—20th Century-Fox's new SF extravaganza, *Alien*. You'll find out why John Hurt (left) and Tom Skerritt look awestruck as we follow their gaze into the strangest world ever beheld . . . and the terrors that lie there in wait. The combined creative talents of director Ridley Scott, Swiss surrealist painter M. R. Giger and guiding light Dan (*Dark Star*) O'Bannon ensure that this will be an alien excursion to remember.

DAVID PROWSE

As the sequel to 20th Century-Fox's last SF blockbuster draws near and the Empire prepares to strike back, we revisit everyone's favorite villain, David "Darth Vader" Prowse. In an outspoken interview, Prowse talks about his past failures and triumphs, his personal life and, of course, the *Star Wars* movies.

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We'll be taking a fascinating nostalgic look at one of the all-time classic SF films, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, complete with rare behind-the-scenes photos and an interview with director Robert Wise. Plus: For the many new American fans of the good Doctor, there will be a special center section on this 15-year-long phenomenon. If you are asking yourself "Doctor who?" then you've already answered the question.

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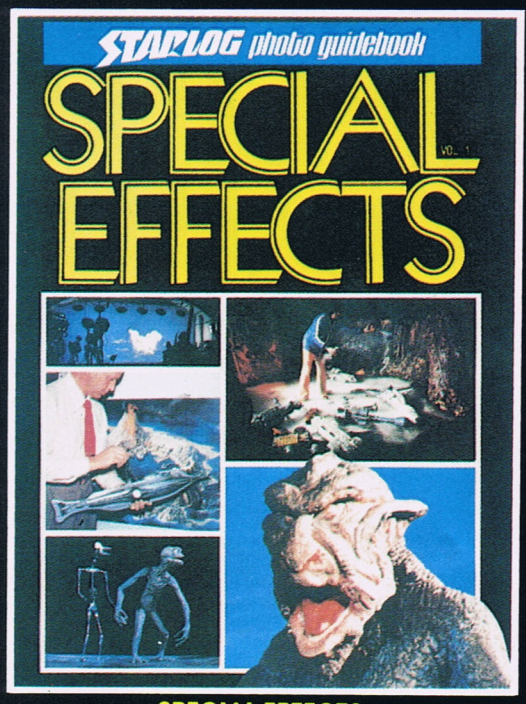

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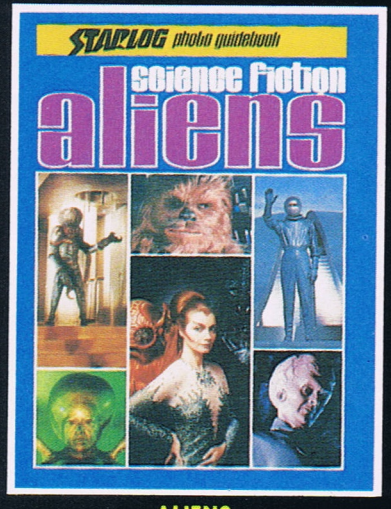

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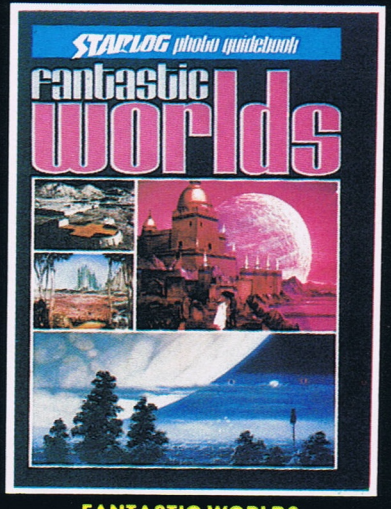

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