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in
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BATTLESTAR GALACTICA
John Carpenter's **THE THING**
Holographic Innovations
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★ **BONUS:** ★
John W. Campbell's
"Who Goes There?"
Original Illustrated Fiction
(see page 42)



THE ALTARES



STARLOG

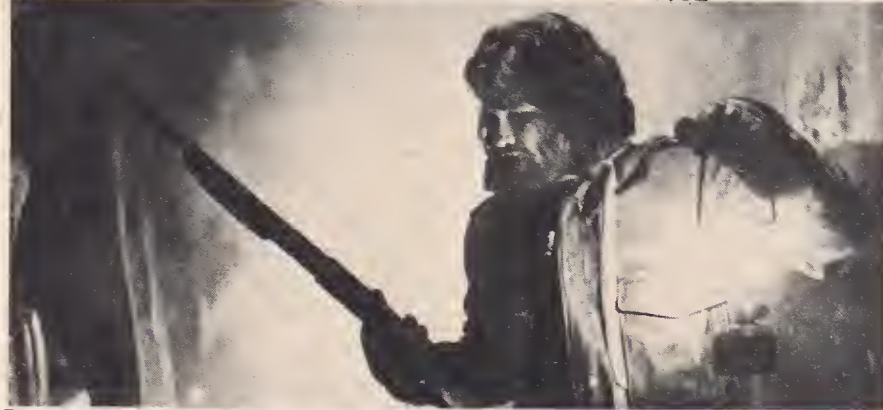
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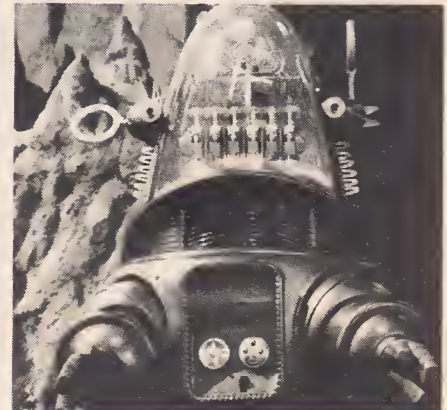
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ABOUT THE COVER: Blade Runner, Ridley Scott's adaptation of Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, will be here in a few short months. Our preview this issue includes exclusive interviews with screenwriters Hampton Fancher and David Peoples, plus a revealing talk with the film's designer, Syd Mead.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

The Enemy Within

Everyone who has ever achieved any measure of success—whatever their goals, whatever their accomplishments—has done it in spite of feeling that they couldn't do it.

I get lots of letters from readers, and I have lots of conversations at conventions with fans. The most striking quality that unifies all STARLOGGERS is this: they have grand dreams and goals for the future.

Unfortunately, most of these people are stumped! They tell me that they aren't sure whether they can really *do* what they want to do. They feel that their dreams are, maybe, unattainable, and their goals are, perhaps, foolish. They have doubts—and they have fears.

My point is, so does everybody. Yes, all of us have those same feelings. They are built into the system.

Any time you set out to do something beyond what you've already done, you are going to feel uncertain. How can you feel anything else? You *are* uncertain! There's nobody standing by with a money-back guarantee of success. You have no idea what you will be facing—what difficulties, what problems, what obstacles—and the *only appropriate emotion* is uncertainty.

And fear too. The more unknowns involved, the more you are going to feel fear. It's perfectly natural.

But fear and doubt are only emotions. They tell you what's going on *inside yourself*, but they tell you *nothing* about the world around you. Emotions are not the system that humans use to learn about reality. For learning, we use our senses to gather data, and we use our mind to analyze that data. Our emotions are only a personal reaction to the situation we face—not an evaluation of the situation itself.

Like I said, negative emotions are a natural part of attempting something new and difficult. In fact, when you are in the midst of a tough undertaking, and you feel overwhelmed by uncertainty, you might say to yourself, "Ah, ha! There's that sinking feeling I've been expecting. Now I *know* I'm on the right track!"

In other words, if you're *prepared* for fear and uncertainty, it can actually serve as confirmation that you are solidly involved in a pursuit that is *stretching* your limits. You can turn it into a positive, rather than letting it screech you to a halt.

You must avoid letting fear and doubt stop you. When emotions have the power to make you give up, then you have been beaten, not by the difficulty of the project itself, but by your own inability to put your emotions in their proper place.

Don't get me wrong; emotions are a wonderful human mechanism. They give us joy and love, fun and happiness—and even negative emotions often tell us valuable things about ourselves—but remember what I said: *Everyone who has ever achieved any measure of success has done it in spite of feelings that they couldn't do it.*

You can truly accomplish your most "impossible" dream, as long as it is realistic, but part of what you must be prepared to overcome is your own emotions—your doubts and fears.

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

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Because of the large volume of mail we receive, personal replies are impossible. Comments, questions and suggestions of general interest are appreciated and may be selected for publication. Write:
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New York, N.Y. 10016

BROWNING OF 'TREK'

... In the sixties, when poetry roamed the streets with flower children and reformists, civil rights and fantasies of peace rubbed shoulders with Cold War hysteria and technophobia.

Into this vibrating time a child was born, one reflecting cultures of activity not apathy. It was called *Star Trek*. And it cared.

In programmes of varying quality it worried and wondered and hoped and despaired—and yes, it cared. And the varied cultures that fostered it related to this.

But times change and the "Me Generation" displaced communal love with self love, and caring returned to its proper perspective and place. Back to the haunts of dreamers and other radicals.

Today *Star Trek* is an anachronism. The naivete of *Star Trek's* social concern has been replaced with the sophistication of *Star Wars's* escapism. It has become the anthem and refuge of misfitting thinkers. Or rather, its audience have become misfitting.

There is no shame in loving and relating to an image from the past, especially one which hopes for a cleaner future. The shame is in not respecting that image, and in being a part of its desecration.

Whatever the series it, it exists as an entity, to inspire, to entertain, and to titillate the imagination. It is immortal without conventions, spin-offs and mimeographed buffoonery, and without ever seeing another soundstage.

In fact, it is the soundstage which might kill *Star Trek's* appealing personality. A *Star Trek* made today must serve a different audience—the one that watches *Dallas*, not the one that flocks to *Star Trek* marathons. And it is here that *Star Trek's* persona can become lost in the Never-Never Land between yesterday's ideals and today's reality.

I'm not calling for *Star Trek's* euthanasia, but for its chance for a dignified and beloved old age. Classics never die because they tell a truth, and *Star Trek's* truth is what we should be fighting to protect. Leave the actors alone. They don't belong to us, and we don't need them any more, as actors. Their work is done. It is the finished product we have claim to, and responsibility for.

When the last trivia quiz is finished and the final "fotonovel" falls apart it is the original's truth that should remain unblemished, and to this end we should never allow the concept of *Trek* to be buried in the drek that it "inspires."

Don't murder *Star Trek* with violent resurrections.

Let it live—with dignity.

Ali Kayn
8 Emerald St.
South Melbourne V. 3205
Australia

"THE STAR TREK HYPE"

... (Sung to the tune of "When Tenderfeet Come to the Triple R" from "Spin 'n' Marty").
As an adman assigned to *Star Trek II*
Yippi yay, yippi yo!
I told the brass, "I know just what to do."
Yippi yay, yippi yo!
"We'll plant a rumor Mr. Spock's 'the late.'
And wait for the Trekkies to take the bait—"
Yippi yay, yippi yi, yippi yo!

The free publicity will just delight—

Yippi yay, yippi yo!
Wall Street Journal to *Entertainment Tonight*
Yippi yay, yippi yo!
With coy denials from Shatner 'n' Nimoy,
The interest will build, oh boy, oh boy!
Yippi yay, yippi yi, yippi yo!

A clever ad man, I sure have the smarts,
Yippi yay, yippi yo!
I know the ploys that will work in these here parts—
Yippi yay, yippi yo!
But don't misinterpret, my brains not loose—
Paramount'd never kill the Golden Goose!
Yippi yay, yippi yi, yippi yo!

Not all of us "Trekkies" have bat guano for brains!

Dorothy Laoang
13416 Justice Rd.
Rockville, MD 20853

... I don't care if Spock lives or dies, and that goes for the rest of the crew. A possibility of killing off a character will add some suspense to the movie. Don't tell the outcome before the event. I do hope that the *Star Trek* series revival does become reality with a good mixture of new and old characters.

Gary Plude
364 Chamberlain
Bridgeport, CT 06606

"TREK" NEWCOMERS

... If all of the announced "pieces" of the new *Star Trek* movie are in the finished product, the movie will not be a slow mover. I hope the regular, supporting crew are not slighted, again, as they were in the first film. I am beginning to think that the untapped potential of these actors and characters will forever go unrecognized. A great loss to the world of *Star Trek*.

One new character, Lt. Saavik, has me somewhat puzzled. The possibility of a Romulan-Vulcan hybrid would appear to be rather remote since the Federation was completely unaware of the physical appearance of the Romulans until the events of "Balance of Terror." Her origin had better be very well conceived (could this be a pun?). It had better explain how her mother and father managed to get together without the knowledge of the Federation. Any number of explanations could present themselves but I hope they do not use one that will be inconsistent from what has gone before.

I hope the rumor about another old flame of Kirk's showing up is just that, a rumor. To me, an illegitimate child does not fit the character of James T. Kirk. If their intention is to introduce a younger

Kirk to carry on the tradition, he has three nephews that may wish to follow in their famous uncle's footsteps. This would be simpler than introducing a character from out of left field. The connection with the television series is re-enforced.

Steven Satterfield
1400 Leeth Creek Road
Waverly, Ohio 45690

LET'S ORGANIZE!



... Thank you, Bjo! You're a great inspiration to us all. If WRITE NOW! is ever successful, Americans will have much to owe you and everyone associated with it. However, I have a suggestion that should help immensely.

I did a little bit of research on the N.R.A. (National Rifle Association), which, according to your February column, has the highest letter writing campaign in Washington. According to my *World Book*, "The NRA has been extremely effective at persuading Congress to block the passage of gun control bills. At the association's request, many of its more than 1 million members frequently send letters and telegrams to their legislators."

This is what we need! WRITE NOW!'s main problem is the lack of that feeling of organization. After I had read your column, I was jumping up and down with enthusiasm, but it was over two weeks before I mailed my first letter! If WRITE NOW! became a real organization, sending out pamphlets every few months to its members, telling us who to write to, how many letters we should write, and what date we should write them by, then, by golly, that feeling of a joint effort would be there! Washington would have one hell of a load of mail on their hands, and, finally, the media would give us some attention! Yes, we would at last be organized into a true political pressure group! If a few pro-space columns by you and David Gerrold ignited the second largest writing campaign to Washington, think of what we could accomplish then! I'm sure almost all STARLOG readers would eagerly send in membership fees to become part of the most important writing project of our century.

Michael D. Sussman
908 MacArthur Ave.
Sarasota, FL 33580

PEACEBONDED CONS

... I sympathize completely with the views of Ms. Stevens expressed in "From the Bridge," STARLOG #55, regarding convention violence. There is a simple and effective means of dealing with the problem, and that is the "peacebonding" of all weapons brought on convention premises. Peacebonding sets a code of conduct for the display of a character's armaments and specifies penalties for failure to comply with the peacebond rules. Such rules will vary, depending on the needs of different conventions, but should include the following:

No functional projectile (e.g. guns, bows) weapons allowed.

No bladed weapons may be drawn.

Improper display of prop weapons is prohibited. Warnings may be issued by con security people for any non-compliance.

Repeated warnings are grounds for dismissal from the con.

Each con must set the limits for what proper display is, and be consistent in the treatment of attendees. With a policy such as this a con can be a pleasurable experience for those who don't want a weapon waved in their face at every turn, as well as the budding star warriors and swordsmen.

By all means, if you do not like the freedom any con allows weapons bearers, you have the right to complain to those in charge. Hopefully, it would make them institute peacebonding in the future.

Roger Sorensen

3042 Perry

Wyoming, Mich. 49509

DO "BATMAN" JUSTICE

... I have just reread Howard T. Brody's article on "The Batman Movie Update." Batman is going to be done the right way. Casting Adam West and Burt Ward as the crime fighters might be going the wrong way.

As I look at that picture on page 21 in STARLOG #51, Adam West and Burt Ward are going to have to go through a strenuous exercise program for six to eight weeks pumping iron, eating four huge meals a day to get real muscles, just like Christopher Reeve.

Which brings me to this point, are they too old? I don't know how old they are, but other movie companies cast younger men. Chris Reeve, Sam Jones, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Clinton Spillsbury just to name a few.

Whoever plays them has to do this: different hair styles for Dick Grayson and Robin, different voices for Batman & Robin & Bruce Wayne & Dick Grayson, different costumes similar but straighter. Black hair, blue eyes for both of them, real muscles.

The Batman movie has to have this for me to like it: A Straight Dramatic Movie, Three Dimensional Characters, Romance, Action, Adventure, Mystery, Suspense, Tense, Taut. The movie if it is done right, tasteful, intelligent script, with an excellent screenplay, good cast & direction. That's what the Oscars are all about.

Edward J. Ozog, Jr.

6028 Robertdale Rd.

Oakwood Village, OH 44146

You may have little to fear Ed because producer Michael Uslan has told us that he has not been considering either West or Ward for the film. His plans

are to go with unknowns, just as the Salkinds went with Christopher Reeve. Uslan also commented that there may be a lot of people making noises about West's participation but he and West have never spoken.

3D IN THE CLASSROOM

... I am writing this letter to prove to a few parents that magazines like STARLOG are beneficial for their children, of any age. I am in my fourth year, majoring in Biochemistry at the University of Saskatchewan. Today was the first day of classes this term and in my first class this morning, Advanced Nucleic Acids 436B, STARLOG helped me a lot. One of the skills required for this class is to be able to see stereo projections of DNA and RNA molecules. The article in issue #54 and in one of the earlier issues, #4, on 3D helped me to master this technique.

Cheryl Braaten

#73 192 Pinche Pinehouse Dr.

Saskatoon, Sask.

Canada S7k 5H7

HAVE A COKE AND...

... In doing research for the enclosed cartoon, I came upon some rather ironic information that may interest your readers. The book *American Film Now* (by James Monaco, New York Oxford University Press, 1979) reveals that modern film corporations have become accustomed to investing much of their revenues in non-movie companies. THE POPULAR INVESTMENT IN 1979 WAS COCA-COLA BOTTLING.

Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp. purchased the midwest Coca-Cola, Universal bought Coke in Los Angeles, and Warners owns the controlling portion of Coke in New York.

The recent acquisition of Columbia Pictures by

Coca-Cola is a curious reversal of this several-year-old trend!

Steve Peters

4572 Stratford Avenue

Indianapolis, IN 46201

RODMAN STRIKES BACK

... I would like to tell you about an experience I had in school the other day. I know this sounds awful but science fiction is looked down upon in our school but there are a few of us (mainly Rob Collins and I) who love science fiction and stick with it through thick and thin (pretty thick now). A couple of days ago, a kid came up to me and said, "Rodman, why do you like science fiction? It's stupid. Science fiction is dead, it's past, nobody likes it anymore." I calmly said (even though I was mad as a Stormtrooper who lost his blaster) "Look, if science fiction is dead: *number one*: Why is *Star Wars* the most popular movie in history? *number two*: Why are video games so popular? Ninety-five percent of all video games are spaceships blasting aliens from outer space. It that's not science fiction, I don't know what is and *number three*: IF SCIENCE FICTION IS DEAD, WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS BUGGING ME TO SEE MY STARLOG? Keep up the good work, STARLOG. Your magazine is the best.

Sean Rodman

661 Parallel Dr.

Wichita, KS 67230

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COMMUNICATIONS

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FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

... In issue #55 of STARLOG, the "Next Month" column referred to *2001: A Space Odyssey* as the best science-fiction film ever made. Well, I beg to differ.

As a cinematic experience *2001* certainly has few peers. The technical achievements awed and astounded most people and were superior to anything ever presented before. Kubrick's direction, Geoffrey Unsworth's photography and the production design created a film that few people had experienced before. Unfortunately that's all *2001* was, an event. As a film it left much to be desired. Its unstructured form and many ambiguities left many viewers leaving the theater saying, "What in the world was that?" Anyone who read Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of the movie would have no problem understanding it. This however is the film's major flaw.

A film, any film whether it is science fiction or not, should stand on its own. ... you shouldn't need an interpreter. An open ended film that leaves the audience to define or supply its own conclusion is in itself not a bad thing. Only when the viewer is left adrift on a sea of indecisiveness to fend for himself, does this type of cinematic license become irresponsible.

2001 is certainly a motion picture milestone, but not the best science fiction film ever. For that honor one might consider one of the following, *Metropolis* ('26), *King Kong* ('33), *The Thing* ('52), *The Day the Earth Stood Still* ('52), *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* ('56), *Forbidden Planet* ('56), *Fahrenheit 451* ('66), *Planet of the Apes* ('68), *The Forbin Project* ('70), *THX-1138* ('71), *Slaughterhouse-Five* ('72), *Rollerball* ('75), *Star Wars* ('77) and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* ('78).

David Kilmer
Film Director
KAME-TV
Reno, Nevada 89510

Thanks for your thoughtful comments, David. I make no pretense about being prejudiced in favor of *2001*, my all-time favorite film. The comment in the "Next Month" column was written with a portion of my tongue tucked firmly away in my cheek—I'm aware of the fact that if you get 10 SF fans together they will come up with 10 different nominees for the "best SF film ever made." Some of those that you mention certainly fit into a "top 10" list, although I think you omitted a few contenders, such as *The Man in the White Suit*, *Solaris*, *ALIEN* and *Altered States*.

—H.Z.

ZIMMERMAN'S AWARDS

... I am quite mad about Howard Zimmerman's Third Annual Awards in which he picked the Voyager flight past Saturn on PBS as the "Most Important Media Event." Well what about the space shuttle's second flight and being the first reusable space craft that returned to space? Did he even consider it? In the same issue (#55), Bjo Trimble is making a valiant effort for people to try and get involved and help the space program. His choice won't give a boost to the push for a better program!

Jim Hornbeck
719 Belmont
Rockford, Ill. 61103

Unquestionably, the Shuttle flight was an important and impressive event, Jim, and I had no intention of slighting it. However, the government's keen interest in the craft is based on its ability to expand Earth-based technology to low-Earth orbit, as well as its military potential. Politics and economics were not the driving force behind the Voyager flight. It was a pure expression of the human spirit, a noble quest of discovery that served to turn our attention to some of the larger questions that have been asked since our ancestors first looked up at a clear night sky and gazed in awe and wonder.

—H.Z.

VEGGIE WARS

... I wish that Bill Mumy, STARLOG magazine, and the entire science fiction and fantasy world in general would stop knocking "The Great Vegetable Rebellion." The episode in question was one of the funniest things ever written for television; every time I see it I wind up rolling in the aisles. I have a question concerning the episode—how did Bill Mumy *really* get that shiner he wore throughout the "Rebellion" (don't tell me, let me guess. He got hit by a kamikaze kumquat)? Wow! I could have had a V-8!

Kenneth W. Burke
6 Meadowbrook Rd.
W. Hartford, CT 06107

JOB WELL DONE

... Bravo! Bravo! Issue #55 was absolutely out of this world! What more could you ask for from a magazine? Four interviews, extensive coverage on soon-to-be released films, a beautiful color portfolio, a vinyl disk, etc. etc. etc. STARLOG does an

excellent job in covering the whole spectrum of science and fiction. I am pleased with the current enthusiasm that the movie industry has for science fiction and fantasy. I am even more pleased with the coverage being given these films by STARLOG. The viewing of these pictures is all the more satisfying because months before they were released. STARLOG had informed me about the quality production going on in these films. Keep up the good work.

Stephen D. Wheeler
P.O. Box 641
Keystone Hts., Fla. 32656

STILL LOOKING

... *THX-1138* has made its first cameo appearance, on radio! On National Public Radio's production of *Star Wars*. Now, not only can you see it, but you can hear it in episode 10, "The Luke Skywalker Initiative." It is referred to when Luke and Han, dressed as stormtroopers, enter the detention block with Chewbacca as their prisoner and the duty officer asks them where they are taking Chewbacca. Luke answers saying, "It's a prisoner transfer from detention block 1138. That makes four cameos for *THX-1138*. Let's hope that there are more, because it sure is interesting looking for and hearing them.

Penny Cram
P.O. Box 401
Creal Springs, IL 62922

"FLAWLESS" EXCEPT...

... STARLOG #55 was a very enjoyable issue; however, you did make one MOMENTOUS mistake. I believe in giving credit where credit is due, but in "Log Entries" #55, you gave too much credit when you mentioned that the Soviets launched a probe toward Venus which would make a soft landing, THE FIRST SUCH LANDING EVER ATTEMPTED! I don't know if you're aware of it, but in October 1975, the Soviet Spacecraft Venera 9 and 10 each made a soft landing on Venus and sent back photographs. This information comes from both the *Encyclopaedia of Astronomy and Space* as well as Carl Sagan's book, *Cosmos*. The rest of the issue, though, was flawless and I especially enjoyed the *Avengers* soundtrack.

James Ballard
9 Carleton St.
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LOG ENTRIES

LATEST NEWS FROM THE WORLDS OF SCIENCE FICTION & FACT



ATARI KEEPS 'EM COMING

Last January, at the Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, Atari introduced a new home system.

Atari Video System X, due out in the second half of this year, has more power and memory potential than its predecessor, introduced in 1977. A combination of sophisticated microprocessors allows for a wide range of sound (One chip will eventually give it the ability to reproduce voice and speech.) and advanced graphic capabilities. For instance, the attackers of Space Invaders can do more than flap their wing-shields as they descend; they rotate in 24-stage animation.

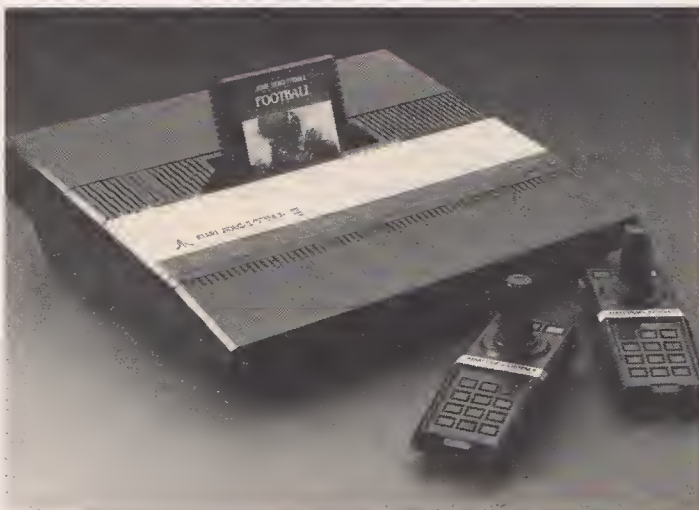
One controller combines the operations of the joystick, paddle and keyboard into a single hand-held unit that looks and operates like a pocket calculator. The stick moves in eight directions and is the first to control both direction and speed of the game characters.

The controller is designed to fit comfortably in the palm. Twelve keys and game overlays give computer-like control over game play and a pause button allows for game interruption at any time.

A streamlined console with a single electrical cord includes a storage area for controllers. At least 10 video game cartridges will be immediately available for the new system (suggested retail price: \$349.95) including new versions of Space Invaders, Missile Command, Asteroids and Super Breakout.

Other Atari news includes three new game programs for use on Atari 400 and 800 computers. Arriving in the second half of the year will be home computer versions of the coin-op games Pac-Man (\$44.95) and Centipede (\$44.95). By the time this reaches print, Caverns of Mars (\$39.95) should already be sending 400 and 800 owners, whose computers are equipped with an Atari 810 Disk Drive, beneath the surface of the red planet where they will attempt to reach an alien stronghold. Floating mines, enemy ships on patrol and deadly laser fire will try to prevent this from occurring. Caverns was originally developed for the Atari Program Exchange and won a prize in the APX quarterly software contest for its 17-year-old author.

Owners of Atari's original Video Computer System need not despair. Company officials plan to release one game cartridge each month this year for them. By the end of 1982, more than 50 cartridges will make up the library—the largest selection of any video game manufacturer.



"With this new system," says Michael Moone, president of Atari's Consumer Electronics Division, "We will maintain the leadership for years to come."

Pac-Man (\$37.95) is scheduled for a March release, following January's Super Breakout (\$31.95) and February's Haunted House (\$26.95).

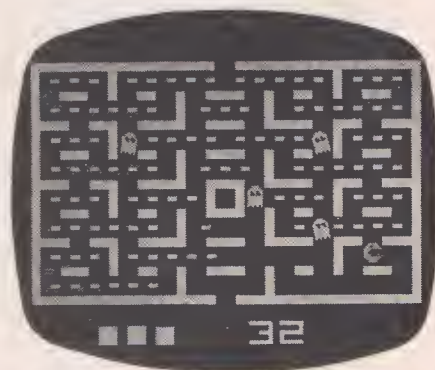
An Atari spokesman tells us that Yar's Revenge, due in May, will satisfy the most ravenous game players. Named in honor of Raymond E. Kassir, Chairman of the Board, Yar's Revenge works something like this: A pesky fly, the Yar Scout, "scores points by shooting at and eating brick in a red shield that protects a chameleon-like Quotile. When Yar breaks through and bites the Quotile a powerful Zorlon Cannon appears that can blast the Quotile to smithereens. But the stouthearted scout does not have it easy—he is stalked constantly by a lethal drone and, from time to time, the harmless Quotile transforms into a swirling fireball that seeks out Yar like a tracing missile."

June brings Atari's version of Williams Electronics coin-op Defender (\$37.96) game. In July, Math Gran Prix (\$22.95) arrives and in the heat of August a version of Stern Electronics arcade game Beserk (\$31.95) will hope to make players just that.

Back to school time will be that much easier with Star Raiders on the horizon. A galactic shoot-em-up that has been available to Atari computer owners, Raiders transforms an ordinary TV into a spaceship. The player steers through distant galaxies in search of alien spacecraft. A radar scope anticipates enemy maneuvers and photon torpedoes and a protective shield have been known to come in handy.

Serious gamers will be offered four adventure games, whose titles will be the numbers of the order in which they are released. These games combine electronic games, game manuals, comic books and buried treasure. Each game has an element: Earth, Fire, Water or Air. Although each game can be played independently from the others, the challenge is to find the secret in the first game and carry it over to the next. A player can pass into the next element only if he succeeds in the first. To facilitate that, clues will be hidden inside the game manuals and monthly comics books, created by teams at DC Comics, featuring favorite game heroes.

Hand/eye coordination never had such a workout! ☆



You may never leave your home again. Atari's home version of Pac Man has arrived.

OBI-WAN RETURNS AND OTHER "JEDI" NEWS

After reading the top-secret script of *Revenge of the Jedi*, Alec Guinness has agreed to reprise the role of Obi-Wan Kenobi in the final segment of the second *Star Wars* trilogy. According to producer Howard Kazanjian, Kenobi will appear "in the flesh. . . Our dead is a different sort of thing," he told *Variety*.

Joining the major characters in the \$32.5 million epic will be many new mechanical creatures, one of which, the trade paper reports, is already at the merchandisers.

The cast and crew occupied all the stages at England's Elstree Studios and, at press time, were wrapping soundstage work and preparing for seven weeks of location shooting which includes a stop in Tunisia.

Simultaneously, a busy crew at Industrial Light and Magic (California) is working on new effects techniques including laser animation by computer and, for future George Lucas films, computerized optical printing.

Some word on the first/next trilogy: All new characters are in order, however, young counterparts to Han Solo, Princess Leia, and Luke Skywalker may make an appearance.★

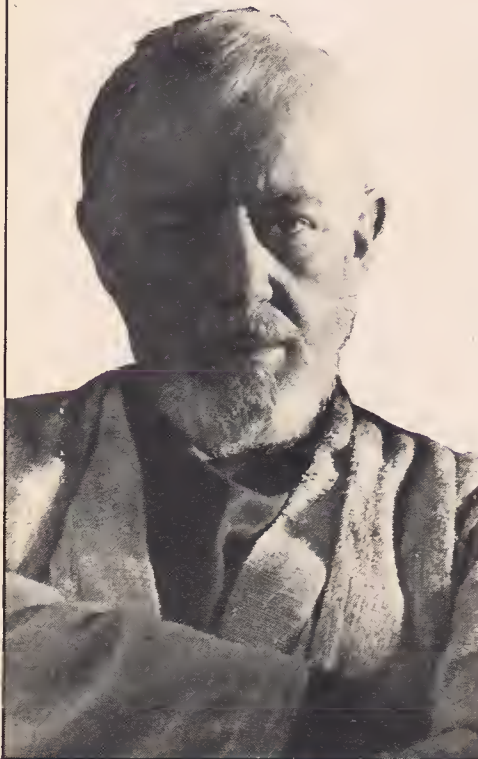


PHOTO © 1977 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX

"DARK CRYSTAL" SCULPTOR HAS EXHIBIT

Deborah F. French was a major sculptor on Jim Henson's upcoming *Dark Crystal*. Recently, French, who worked on the concepts of the fantasy film's creatures and, later, as a consultant to the film, displayed some of her life-sized sculptures in an exhibit titled "Extenuating Circumstances." For those of you who missed it, we take this opportunity to show you some of these striking figure sculptures. ★



Left: Artist Deborah F. French with "STOP: Restoration in Progress" (epoxy resin, clay powder, glass eyes, mirror). Right: "Extenuating Circumstances" (epoxy resin, cables). All figures are life size.

FUTURE PROBLEM SOLVERS TACKLE SPACE COLONIZATION



Some of the best young minds in this country will meet from June 2-5 at the national Future Problem Solving Program Bowl. At Coe College, in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, they will apply their creative thinking skills to the topic of space colonization.

When the people of Earth set up their first colony in space, who will be eligible to start the first settlement? How will supplies be brought in? What will be their attitude toward any inhabitants already in residence? Can they avoid repeating some of the mistakes made in the colonization of the United States or Africa? These are the kinds of questions these students will tackle.

The Future Problem Solving Program was begun in 1974 by Dr. E. Paul Torrance, an internationally known expert in creative thinking, who used the concept as a curriculum project for Central High School in Athens, Ga. The idea caught on and the first national Bowl was held in 1978.

Currently more than 100,000 gifted students in the U.S. and abroad are involved in the program. State bowl competitions are conducted in 21 states to select the teams for the national bowl; teams in other states are selected by the national Future Problem Solving Program office.

For more information on the Bowl send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Anne Crabbe at Coe College, Cedar Rapids, IA 52402. ★

SHATNER, NIELSEN WALK THE BEAT



After the February 25 episode, *Mork and Mindy* went into that void called "hiatus" which is usually somewhere between network life and death. Replacing the show for a six-week run is *Police Squad*, starring Leslie (Creepshow, *Forbidden Planet*) Nielsen. This series is produced by Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams and David Zucker, the men responsible for *Airplane!*.

An ABC press release reports that *Mork* is expected to return later in the season and a network spokesman said that original episodes are still awaiting air dates. However, once the six-week run of *Police Squad* is through, ABC has not promised *Mork*'s return to that slot. The show has been beset with ratings problems all season long and has been dealt harsh blows from CBS' popular *Magnum P.I.* and NBC's *Fame*.

Police Squad is a half-hour sitcom spoofing the standard police shows which have been a part of television fare since its inception. Nielsen plays Frank Derbin, a detective as straight as Eliot Ness whose cases are consistently befuddled by bizarre circumstances. His mentor is Capt. Ed Hocken (Alan North) who is just as confused by the odd events each week as Derbin. Also filling the squad room is a 7½-foot-tall officer who is only seen up to his chest.

Now finished with *Star Trek II*, William Shatner has gone into production on *Hooker*, in which he plays a conservative uniformed officer. The Spelling-Goldberg production has an order of six episodes from ABC.



Top: Nielsen in *Police Squad*. Above: Shatner trades phaser for badge in *Hooker*.

THE LONG "TREK" TO PUBLISHING

If you think that books based on popular films and television series materialize out of thin air, then read this.

When Paramount was readying *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* for release, it made a package deal available to book publishers for bidding. Pocket Books, a division of Simon and Schuster, won the contract, which included the right to run fiction based on incidents in the film. What Pocket later discovered was that it couldn't run its *Trek* fiction until Bantam Books' contract with Paramount expired, which was almost a year after the feature's December 1979 premiere. Pocket released Gene Roddenberry's novelization, several trade books, including Susan Sackett's *Making of...* and a number of non-fiction paperbacks.

Last June, Pocket released its first *Trek* fiction, Vonda McIntyre's *The Entropy Effect* (see issue #48). The book sold briskly and encouraged Pocket to move ahead. Pocket's bi-monthly schedule was delayed, yet again, because of contract problems with Paramount; the exact nature of the problem was never publicly discussed. Robert Vardeman's *The Klingon Gambit* showed up on racks in October, followed by Howard Weinstein's *Covenant of the Crown* in time for Christmas. All three books went into second printings and the line kept moving. Unfortunately, another delay cropped up.

Paramount decided that since *Star Trek II* takes place years after the first (a total of 10 since the five-year mission ended), another package deal could be made. Instead of auto-

matically negotiating with Pocket, Paramount offered the deal to other publishers as well. At that time, Pocket and Paramount went back over their initial contracts, which had expired, and decided, for financial reasons, to place each *Trek* book on an individual contract. This renegotiation forced the fourth *Trek* novel, by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath, to be delayed from February to March. The fifth book, by Lee Corey, is due next month.

Pocket's John Douglas expressed concern in January that Paramount's delay in awarding the *Trek II* contract to a publisher would make getting the novelization out in time for the June 4 release extremely difficult. If pressed, he said, the book could be done in two months.

In early February, Paramount and Pocket announced that a deal had been struck: five *Trek II* books would be released by Pocket in 1982 and the fiction line would continue unchanged. First on the list is the novelization. Pocket received a copy of the top-secret script, which was promptly sent to Vonda McIntyre. Mimi Panitch at Pocket said McIntyre's adaptation should be out just after the film's release.

Due in August is the obligatory *Trek II* 1983 Calendar to be followed by a photo-novel (called a "cinenovel" by Paramount), a *Making of...* book by an as-yet-undetermined author and *Spock's Guide to the Planet Vulcan*, with art by Fred Goldstein and text by Culbreath and Marshak.

Paramount and Simon and Schuster, it can be noted, are both owned by Gulf and Western's Leisure Time division. Must be something like brothers arguing without parental interference.

"BUCK" FOR SUMMER (SYNDICATION) FARE

As went *Galactica*, so goes *Buck Rogers*—into that world where cancelled shows appear, almost magically, in reruns on televisions throughout the country... the never-say-die world of syndication.

According to *Variety*, MCA TV, the company which resuscitated *Battlestar Galactica* via syndication, is making available a total of 37 hours of *Buck*. Twenty-five of these hours are 60-minute episodes; 12 make up six two-hour episodes, including the pilot which was released theatrically in 1979 under the title *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*. Like *Galactica*, the two-hour *Buck* episodes can air as movies.

The series, which will be available in June, is likely to appeal to "stations looking for fresh programming to strip during the summer," MCA TV president Don Menchel told the trade paper.

According to demographic breakdowns taken during the show's initial run on the NBC network, teenagers and young children are expected to make up the bulk of the viewing audience. MCA's sales pitch to the independent stations will be to suggest *Buck* as a counterprogram of affiliate newscasts in the early evening.



FINAL WORD ON "GAH" LAWSUIT



PHOTO © 1982 ABC-TV

Unwilling to take no for an answer, DC Comics Inc. and Warner Brothers filed an appeal last spring after a district court judge allowed ABC's *Greatest American Hero* to air despite claims that the character infringed on the Superman copyright. District Court Judge Constance Baker Motley handed down a ruling earlier this year.

The suit was originally filed just days prior to *GAH*'s spring premiere when Warner Brothers argued that the show would cut into potential audiences for its summer release of *Superman II*. DC claimed that there were substantial similarities between Ralph Hinkley and Kal-El/Clark Kent/Superman.

At the time of the original suit, a judge viewed Warner Brothers' first *Superman* film and the two-hour pilot episode of *GAH*, determined that no major similarity existed, and allowed ABC to air the show.

In late January, Judge Motley ruled that Hinkley was not an illegal imitation and granted ABC's motion for dismissal. Motley said there was no "substantial similarity" between the two characters and went on to describe Superman as a "non-stylish, broad-shouldered, big-muscled, calm and confident 'square.'" Hinkley, she said, "is still portrayed as the model American young man of the 70s and 80s—trim, hungry-looking, non-macho, concerned with family and the everyday problems of life, but [has gained powers] which he accepts with reluctance and internal confusion."

The show had only been posting average network ratings this season, facing competition from CBS' *WKRP in Cincinnati* and Disney's *Herbie the Love Bug* and NBC's popular *Real People*. ★

This Month In

FANGORIA

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SUMMER PREVIEWS



E.G. Marshall in *Creepshow*.

Visit the sets of *Creepshow* and *The Thing* along with our roving editor Bob Martin, gasp in wonder at the awesome plans for *The Beastmaster*, the sword and sorcery epic from Don Coscarelli, director of *Phantasm*, shriek with terror as you observe the filming of *Rest In Pieces* (a.k.a. *RIP*)—it's all part of our special preview issue, offering you advance glimpses of what we think will be a milestone Summer of Fear!

Meanwhile, among current fear films, Paul Schrader's *Cat People* will be reaching neighborhood theaters just days before our next issue hits the stands. Does that mean that Universal will be releasing special behind-the-scenes effects stills so we can tell you about the wonders of Tom Burman's creations for the film? That's what we're waiting to find out! However, we will be talking to Burman about his effects for *The Beast Within*, United Artist's current monster epic—that's a promise!

Home video enthusiasts have long wondered why some of the greatest modern horror classics—like *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *Last House on the Left* and *Dawn of the Dead*—have not been available on cassette. Investigative reporter Dave Everitt has the scoop, as he examines the past, present and future of The Video of Violence!

Once again, these are just hints of what's to come between the covers of our next action-packed issue! We'll be introducing you to comics-artist-turned-production-designer Mike Ploog! Up-and-coming makeup artist Kevin Haney! Feisty film producer Herman (*I Was a Teenage Werewolf*, *Watch Me When I Kill*) Cohen! The 50-Foot First Lady of Fantasy Films, Allison Hayes! And so much more, it'll surprise even us!

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Excalibur: Orion's shining light of '81.

As we move further into the 1980s, stock analysts and business gurus say the real money to be made this decade will be from activities such as the video game boom and other forms of entertainment. An integral part of entertainment is movies, and lately a lot of people have been buying film studios.

WANTED: "TREK" FANS FOR ACTIVE DUTY

While *Star Trek* fandom eagerly awaits the June 4 release of *The Uncharted Continent*, both new and established clubs are gearing up for a fresh crop of members.

One such organization is Starfleet, which hopes to boost its numbers beyond the 600 it



Heavy Metal Movie: Brought to you last year by Columbia.

Last January, Coca-Cola made headlines by paying more than \$800 million for Columbia Pictures, the last privately held major studio. Coke officials are reportedly more interested in Columbia's film library, home video operation and Gottlieb video game manufacturer than in the current movie productions. The timing of the purchase, however, makes some suspect the takeover was planned to cash in on the profits Columbia hopes to make from *Annie—The Movie Of Tomorrow*.

In 1981, Columbia Pictures took 13% of the film marketplace with such hits as *Nice Dreams*, *Stripes* and the animated fantasy *Heavy Metal*. This put the company in fourth place with Warner Brothers at the top with

18% (including its distribution of Orion and Ladd Co. product), followed by Paramount with 15% and Universal with 14%.

Orion had been looking for an alternative to its distribution deal with Warner Bros. and found it in early February when it announced a takeover of the financially troubled Filmways, which has its own distribution system. Last year, Orion's big film was *Excalibur*; Filmways' shining light was the low-budget, 3-D hit *Comin' At Ya*.

All this activity follows Norman Lear's purchase of Avco Embassy (now Embassy Pictures) from Avco Corporation, MGM's purchase of United Artists (MGM/UA) and the sale of Twentieth Century-Fox to western tycoon Marvin Davis.

has already captured here and abroad. According to its president, Eric A. Stillwell, who carries the title of Commanding Admiral, Starfleet has an impressive campaign in the works. "We look forward to the new movie as a revival of the *Star Trek* spirit and a growth in fandom," he says. "We have a massive promotional campaign planned whereas we will distribute over 15,000 flyers during the opening week of the new film. With a modest 10% return on the flyers, we could bring in over \$10,000 in new memberships in June and July alone. This bulk of new members (perhaps up to 2000) will allow us to increase the quality and quantity of membership material."

Starfleet is a non-profit organization, registered with the IRS, and a member of the National and International Fan Club Associations. This year the club is rooting to gain the attention of Paramount Pictures and be designated the "official *Star Trek* fan club."

"Unlike *Star Wars* and other fandoms," Stillwell notes, "*Star Trek* has never really had an 'official' organization with which to associate... As we grow in stature... we hope to get Paramount's attention and consideration for our quests. We strongly believe that fans should join their resources into a voice that is large enough to be heard, as well as appreciated."

Stillwell and company have high expectations for the *Trek* sequel: "We believe that Harve Bennett and Nicholas Meyer are smart, intelligent people who recognize the mistakes made in the first film and will rectify these in the new film with a true-to-*Trek* action/adventure that will attract the same media attention as *Star Wars*," Stillwell says.

To celebrate the film, Starfleet has revised all of its materials, including their membership handbook. "We are trying to add as much updated material as possible, including character information from the new film, such as Lt. Saavik. Susan Sackett has been a lot of help in this area, and will be the cosigner on our new membership certificates. She is also writing a letter of introduction for our new handbook on behalf of herself and Gene Roddenberry."

New memberships cost \$7 and include the handbook, membership certificate, bumper sticker, Starfleet memo pad and a year's subscription to "Starfleet Communique," the club's bi-monthly newsletter. The club is divided into a chapter system with regional and local groups in which members may participate. This, says Stillwell, gives members the option of going to meetings, working on projects, or being involved in a multitude of other possible activities.

Inquiries should be sent to Starfleet, P.O. Box 10221, Eugene OR 97440-2221.

"The Starfleet Membership Handbook:" Being revised for the release of *Uncharted Continent*.

(continued on page 64)



New York's ROBOTORIUM

BY BARBARA KRASNOFF

I'm a kinetic sculptor," Debbie Huglin begins, "and I was thinking about making robots for years and years and years."

She is surrounded by robots now, robots of all shapes, sizes and functions: four feet high and four inches high; robots that talk, sing, click, walk, roll, dance, shoot, show movies... The place is the Robotorium, a new shop in the center of New York City's Soho district, where Huglin sells a variety of toy robots.

She began a year ago, almost by chance. "I was down at South Street Seaport," she remembers, "because I was going to look into a museum down there. I happened to walk into one of the shops, and there's this friend of mine who lives down there who started a toy store—he sells toys and music boxes. We started talking, and I said, 'Yeah, I have space toys...' I ended up starting a place right next to him called the Robotorium."

Much to her surprise, Huglin's clientele did not turn out to be as young as she had imag-

ined. "We started out with just a few little things. I had things that were less robots and more mechanical toys (along with robots), and I thought it would just last until Christmas, maybe into January.

"I didn't sell to kids—I sold to Wall Street people! They'd come in the first time and they would say" (she drops her voice to a businessman's growl), "'I have this kid I have to buy for,' and the next time they'd go, 'Well, I kind of like it,' and then they'd come in and they'd say, 'I'm a collector. What's new?' So I have to have new things every week or really, they freak out, they can't stand it."

Now, in her new location, Huglin sells from a collection of 280 wind-up toys. The automatons come in shapes, sizes and functions for every taste: tiny, wind-up space shuttles out of whose bay doors pops a tiny astronaut; disk-shaped UFOs that roll and spin and shoot small rockets; animals that walk and run and drum and hop; a tin car with rubber tires that transports two plastic tourists—a man turns the steering wheel while his wife stands up and snaps a flash photo. And there are horrible furry spiders that Huglin calls Roach Catchers—"They don't squish or crush roaches, just give 'em a heart attack!"

However, Robotorium is best known for its collection of toy robots, such as the Piston Robot, which lights up so you can see a tiny plastic piston engine pump away in its torso; or Super Explorer, which plays a visual space report across its front panel; or the Galaxy Warrior, whose chest opens to reveal an ominous display of weaponry.

"A lot of people," she says, "come in and say, 'If I get it for a kid, I don't want guns on it.' They end up getting a space gun, which isn't quite the same thing. It's not like they're going to go out and blow somebody's head off. It's a little different." (In fact, two of her most popular items are two space guns called—you guessed it—Ronald and Nancy Raygun.)

Much of the store's stock-in-trade have their origins in the 1950s and early 1960s. Surprisingly enough, the recent flood of science-fiction films such as *Star Wars* has not brought an accompanying rush of related robot toys. What—no wind-up R2-D2?

"Mainly, they don't make those things in robots," Huglin explains. "They just make dolls that you can't do anything with. Any time that you have to pay somebody for a name brand or something that's as big as a movie, then you really have to pay a lot of money to get the toy." She brings out a large toy robot. "The reason I got this Storm Trooper-looking thing is that actually they do look like Storm Troopers but they didn't use the name, so they're a lot less expensive. In fact, if they used the *Star Wars* name, they'd probably be \$40 or \$50. As it is, they're \$20."

She laughs. "We still get a lot of Trekkies. The Trekkies come in and they get really upset if I don't have something that looks like *Star Trek*."

But what about real robots? Huglin has plans. "All my friends work for General Electric or McDonnell Douglas, or they work for themselves making computers and new systems, they do motors, they do electronics... I do kinetic art. I work with all sorts of different plastics and all sorts of different metals..." She smiles. "We're going to start making household robots!"

But, in the meantime, robot fans are invited to check out the mechanical creatures that inhabit the Robotorium. The store is located at 252 Mott St., New York, NY 10011, telephone (212) 966-6881, and people are invited to write for a free catalog. *



Left: Roboteer Debbie Huglin shows off her new spring outfit. Right: Debbie's stock-in-trade: a menagerie of mechanical men.

Bill Lancaster On Scripting "The Thing" —or— "The Bad News Beast"

BY STEVE SWIRES

Why was the author of the hit baseball comedy *The Bad News Bears* selected to script John Carpenter's new version of the classic science-fiction adventure *The Thing*? "To tell you the truth, I don't know," Lancaster laughs. "I think most writers who are relatively capable should be able to work in different genres. I feel that I can, but who knows? Maybe I've screwed it all up."

Audiences will be able to judge that for themselves when the movie opens on July 30th, but Carpenter himself has already praised Lancaster's work as being "the most horrific script I've ever read." (See STARLOG #48). From his Los Angeles home, the 33-year-old son of actor Burt Lancaster recalls the "curious" process by which he received this unlikely assignment.

"The producers, Larry Turman and David Foster, had the project at Universal with their co-producer, Stuart Cohen. In 1977 Cohen thought I might be right for it. I'd also been speaking to Turman about a few other things, so they had me in to see the original movie as a courtesy. We all agreed it was great, but I didn't want to remake it because it was too good to try and imitate. I'm not sure how Larry, David and Stuart saw the project, or even if they all saw it the same way, but I felt they wanted to stick closely to the movie. I hadn't read the short story at that point.

"Then in August 1979, my name was brought up again. This time John Carpenter was involved in developing it, so I met with him. This was just prior to his finishing *The Fog*, which he was then looping and scoring. I'd read the short story by then and was very intrigued with it. On the basis of that I told him I'd like to do the story but not re-do the movie. I think John had felt the same way from the beginning. In essence I was begging for the job, because I really wanted to do it."

In remaining more faithful to John W. Campbell's original 1938 short story "Who Goes There?" than did Howard Hawks and Christian Nyby in their 1951 film version, Lancaster restored the crucial concept of a strictly scientific Antarctic research expedition confronting an outer space creature with the ability to change its shape and possess their minds and bodies. Despite such imaginative ingredients, Lancaster discovered the story wasn't easily dramatized. "It's a very interior story and can get a little confusing,"

he found. "There's very little action in it—it's mostly talk. Our problem was to try to turn it into physical action as well as verbal action, and to clarify the weirdness of this monster as much as we could."

Although he'd never written a fantasy film before, Lancaster was far from unfamiliar with the field. "As a kid growing up in the 1950s I was a freak for *all* the horror and science-fiction movies," he relates. "Nowadays I rarely get the chance to watch prime time television, but on Friday and Saturday nights I still stay up until 5 a.m. to see those absurd 50s SF pictures. I especially remember seeing *Them*, *The Creature From The Black Lagoon*, all the early Hammer films, and the crazy Japanese monster movies. I also ate up Roger Corman's Vincent Price/Edgar Allan Poe films. I've always loved eerie movies like *Psycho*, and William Castle's *Straight-Jacket* scared the *shit* out of me. Unfortunately I was a little too young to see *The Thing* when it first came out, but I saw it about five years later and liked it a lot."

Considering his interest in the genre, it's ironic that Lancaster hadn't seen *Halloween* before he met Carpenter. "I didn't know who the heck John was," he chuckles. "Then I realized I was working with the big cult hero director. I was impressed with him right away. He's a very nice, low key, straightforward, totally unpretentious guy. We hit it off, and the groove seemed to be pretty good."

As to their working method, "John and I met about six times and kicked ideas around. I came up with an approach of how I thought we should tell it, and he had his own thoughts. It's good to work with someone like John, who is himself a writer, because he understands a writer's problems. It's also helpful to have someone off whom you can bounce ideas. He encouraged the way I wanted to approach the script.

"Then I went away and wrote the first 40 pages. They were well received, and I finished the rest of it some months later. John was abreast of what I was doing from the beginning to the end, and for the most part he gave his blessings to it. I don't think it was that much of a surprise to him, although he may have been surprised by the execution of it since he wasn't physically writing it with me."

In spite of his intention to adhere more closely to Campbell's story, Lancaster didn't feel obligated to reproduce it scene for scene.



In classic gothic horror style, we know the alien is loose before the characters.

Consequently he made a number of significant changes. For example, he reduced the number of characters from 37 to 12. "Thirty-seven seemed a little excessive," he explains. "It was a very difficult to deal with that many people. It would have been harder for the audience to identify the characters, and for each of them to register a personality and a difference."

He also rearranged the structure of the piece. Campbell's story began with a flashback, as the meteorologist McReady related his discovery of the alien invader to the members of the expedition. Lancaster chose instead to open in the present time with a chase across the snow, as a helicopter pursues the

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creature, which has taken the form of a dog. "The opening of the story is pretty conventional," he believes, "so I never wanted to do that. The conventional way would have been to show that something had crashed and the men heard it and went to search for it, but that would have been a great deal like *Hawks'* movie. I thought it would be far more interesting to *blast* the film open in mid-story."

Conventional Horror

Lancaster also added another sequence which wasn't in the short story, an explosive confrontation with the creature that destroys most of the research compound. "The story ends on a rather dull note," he claims. "Since we're doing an action/adventure/thriller/monster movie, the audience deserves to

see this confrontation. They've sort of been promised it, so we went back to the conventions of the horror movies in that sense."

Besides readjusting the plot elements, Lancaster faced the challenge of converting the pulp-level quality of Campbell's prose into a workable screenplay which could compete in a more sophisticated marketplace. He attempted to accomplish this by crafting characters who would appeal to contemporary audiences. In particular, MacReady (note the spelling change) is now a two-fisted loner in the Clint Eastwood tradition, and is described in the script thusly: "35. Helicopter pilot. Likes chess. Hates the cold. The pay is good."

"The characters were pretty one-dimensional in the story," Lancaster points out. "I

think the character of MacReady that we came up with is sort of neat. It's 1982, so what the heck are these guys doing there? They must be pretty weird to begin with. I wanted it to be an ensemble piece with one character who would emerge as the 'hero,' rather than have a Doc Savage-type of superhero. MacReady isn't the all-American hero, but when the chips are down he'll come up. He's semi-cynical and boozes a lot, so I thought he would be an interesting character to pit against the Thing."

Perhaps not entirely coincidentally, the MacReady in the screenplay seems to embody many of the same characteristics as Snake Plissken, the reluctant hero of Carpenter's last film *Escape From New York*. The resemblance is made even more obvious by



Kurt Russell, as the scientist MacReady, with the inflatable doll—the only female in camp and the only member of the group not threatened by the alien.



The men panic in their search for the thing, which cannot be killed by ordinary means. It can, however, take over a man, feign death, and then attack.

the fact that Kurt Russell, who portrayed Plissken, also plays MacReady. "Maybe that's true," Lancaster concedes, "although Kurt isn't playing him the same way. There are distinctions, but I know what you mean. He's kind of an anti-hero type of person.

"John didn't want the character to be played the same way he's delineated in the story. He's a fan of Humphrey Bogart and that type of hardboiled cynicism, so he may have had an influence on me. In fact he used to tease me constantly by saying: 'MacReady is really *you*, isn't he, Lancaster?' Actually he isn't. There are slight elements of me in him,

but I don't spend my time drinking tequila in the snow wearing a sombrero. I suppose John is a strong enough director in his storytelling style that he would naturally have an influence on the material."

Another of Lancaster's additions is an inflatable rubber doll in the shape of a voluptuous woman, which not only serves to further humanize MacReady's character but also provides a humorous scare amidst the mounting suspense. "I thought that was kind of cute," he comments, "because there are no broads in this movie. I think it works well, since it's not just a grace note. We also make

use of it towards the end."

The absence of women marks a return to a key component of the collective paranoia featured in Campbell's story. However, Lancaster justifies their exclusion with a seemingly sexist prejudice. According to him, "In reality there usually aren't any women in these kinds of situations. I remember thinking as a kid that the obligatory love scenes in horror movies interrupted the action. It seemed more honest to have a group of just men in that situation. It may be a commercial gamble, but Kurt Russell is a handsome guy so maybe the girls in the audience will fall in love with him. Women *have* taken a different role in 1982 than they did in 1951, so perhaps we should have put in one or two, but they would have seemed gratuitous to me."

The Effects

What might strike some faint-hearted fans as gratuitous are the number of graphic special make-up effects, which must go beyond even today's sophisticated state-of-the-art techniques in order to be convincing. Lancaster was aware of this difficulty when he wrote his screenplay. "Basically I just wrote with no holds barred," he says, "but in certain sequences I left the details out. Then we would go over the script to make things practical.

"We have Rob Bottin doing the make-up effects, Roy Arbogast doing the mechanical effects, and Michael Ploog doing the storyboards and illustrations. We sat around together and bullshitted a lot. At one point I told them: 'Look, gang, you don't necessarily have to stick to the specific exposition of the special effects in the script. You guys are crazier than I am, so think of something weirder.'

"They would decide what was feasible. Then we'd all put our ideas together in the script, so they'd be there for the different departments to see. Some of the effects were just too difficult, but for some of the others we'd come up with a more interesting concept. We wanted to use everybody's input, especially people like Bottin, Arbogast and Ploog, who have been coming up with this weird stuff all their lives.

"Sometimes I'd come up with an idea and they'd say: 'Screw the writer—he's nuts. How can we do *this*?' But occasionally they'd suggest something and I'd say: 'How the hell do you think you can do *that*?' They'd say: 'Watch us'—and they'd do it."

To that end, Lancaster especially appreciates the contributions of veteran fantasy artist Ploog. "He's a superb illustrator," he emphasizes. "To help the rest of us visualize our ideas he'd sketch them out in sequence, and John could steer him in other directions. He was a very helpful person to have on a movie like this, which is filled with effects."

He also realizes that the success of those effects will largely depend on the skills of make-up magician Rob Bottin, whose credits include Carpenter's *The Fog* and Joe Dante's *The Howling*. "We wanted to go all out with the effects," Lancaster acknowledges. "Since we have great loons like Rob, we should take advantage of him. He's really bitten off quite a lot. He's working at the Hart-

land effects facility, and has about 15 people with him. Apparently there are 75 very elaborate effects, and a good 50 of them haven't been tried before. There's going to be quite a potpourri of weird stuff."

Among the weirdest is a sequence which may well turn the stomachs of even the most hardened gore aficionados. As Lancaster describes it in his second draft screenplay: "Palmer bolts forward with incredible force, racing for MacReady; his face splitting; his mouth roaring... The ever-changing Palmer breaks his bonds and leaps on the Doctor... MacReady dives on Palmer's back... Screeching. Crackling. MacReady pounds viciously at Palmer's head. A powerful, shirt-splitting arm sends him skidding across the floor... Palmer's mouth splits from his chin to his forehead and engulfs the entirety of the Doctor's head... Palmer bounds to his feet, wrapping his arms around the dangling, struggling body of Dr. Copper... (MacReady) charges up behind Palmer and begins hammering the thick steel (torch) over his head.

"The shirt on Palmer's back erupts in MacReady's face. Splitting and ripping wildly, exposing the beginnings of yet another orifice. A blackened, iron-strong tongue lunges outward. Stunned, MacReady manages to elude it, diving for the top of the table by the boxes of dynamite. MacReady lights the fuse of a thick roll and bounds from the table. Palmer awkwardly spins in circles, swinging the Doctor's body like a propeller blade, struggling to keep on balance, as he advances on MacReady. The second orifice, spitting and snarling as it continues to take form. MacReady waits until Palmer's back spins around, facing him... MacReady flings his lit roll into the ever-evolving second mouth and leaps onto the couch... A muffled boom, as the swallowed explosive ignites from deep within Palmer and sends his flesh splattering all over the room..."

Lancaster has no compunctions about creating such carnage. "I've always kind of liked

violent things," he states. "After all, this is an action/adventure/horror movie/thriller with a monster. I don't think there's a gratuitously super-violent scene in it. You can say that scene is gore for gore's sake, but I really don't think so. That's a scene where they're trying to find out who is what, and then this 'Thing' erupts. I don't have any personal feelings about the idea of gratuitous violence."

Lancaster reports the finished sequence has turned out "sensationally." Other favorite scenes, however, had to be dropped as the screenplay went through four drafts. "It ran a little long," he reveals, "and there was a little talkiness in the middle section that we wanted to straighten out. We also had to remove what I thought was a wonderful scene in which the men go out in the snow following the dogs. The script was getting very physically top heavy. That was a particularly difficult scene to make work, so we exchanged it for something else."

The Ending

Perhaps the most significant alteration Lancaster made was in the ending. Campbell's story ended on a triumphant note, as humanity defeated the alien menace. The first movie ended on an ominous note, with a warning to "Keep watching the skies!"—presumably reflecting the political paranoia of the period. By contrast, Lancaster ends his script on a note of pragmatic resignation.

"There seem to be only two endings in these kinds of movies," he observes. "Either the *Twilight Zone*-type of twist, or the destruction of the monster. What we have instead is like a tag. It's a nice comment of partial trust and partial mistrust, fear and a little bit of relief. I liked the ambiguity of it. I thought it would be interesting after all the violence to have this semi-nebulous little ending. I don't know—maybe people will hate it. It may not be a commercial enough ending."

Although Lancaster claims to be "as protective as any writer is over his text," he pre-

ferred to keep his distance from the production once shooting began. "John had an open door policy, so I could visit the set and see the rushes," he says. "For instance he had a two-week rehearsal period, which is unheard of in Hollywood these days because of the expense. He wanted to see how the scenes would play, which was very beneficial. I came a couple of times to see how that was going, and it seemed to be going swimmingly. But I didn't want to be on the set, because I thought it was nicer to give him more freedom. He should have the option of changing a line or re-doing a scene if he wants to, without the writer hanging over his shoulder. I think it makes a director feel more comfortable that way."

So comfortable has been Lancaster's working relationship with Carpenter, in fact, that at the time of this interview in mid-November he was preparing another project on which they would collaborate. "Right now I'm about half-finished adapting Stephen King's novel *Firestarter* for John to direct for Universal," he discloses. "The story concerns an experiment done on a couple in the late 1960s which has strange consequences, and involves a little girl who has the power to start fires. It's kind of a neat action/adventure/chase movie, and I find that appealing. I liked the book and I'd like to work with John again. He also liked the book and wanted to do it, so I thought the combination of the material and working with John again would be exciting."

Bill Lancaster doesn't expect production of *Firestarter* to begin until at least late summer or early fall. By then he'll know whether or not bloodthirsty invaders from outer space have as much box office appeal as Little Leaguers with dirty mouths. In the meantime he awaits the release of *The Thing* with great expectations. "I think the audience will be dazzled by some of the stuff in it," he predicts. "Hopefully it will be a very gripping and intense experience. It should be a big popcorn movie." ★

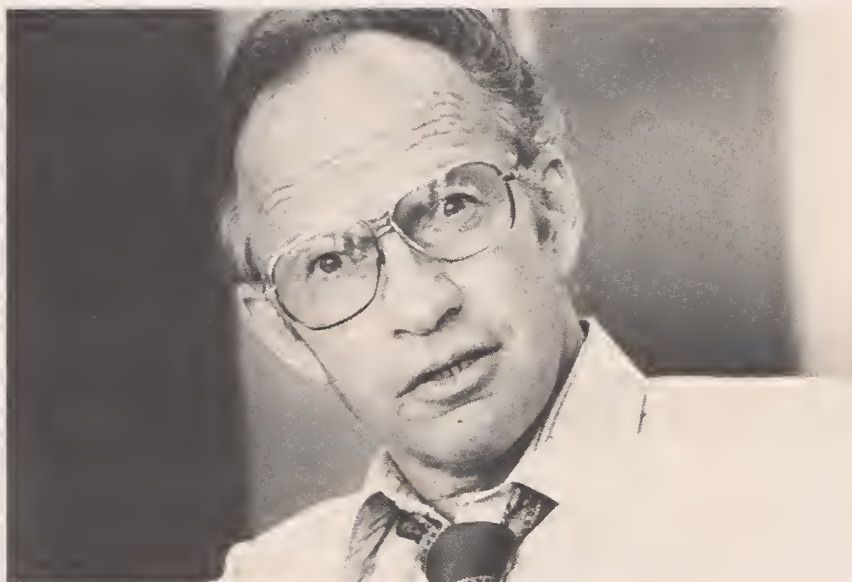


An early moment in the film; the scientists have dug out the ice-encased creature. Trouble begins when curiosity overrides caution.

Walker Edmiston

A man of many voices talks about his off-and on-screen appearances.

By JAMES VAN HISE



PHOTOS: COURTESY WALKER EDMISTON

In the many features which STARLOG has presented on people whose film work is all off-screen and behind-the-scenes, we've seen that an incredible array of talents are brought into play in producing a motion picture. But one talent which has remained obscured is that of the *voice artist*, a person whose talent goes virtually unnoticed when compared to the praise and accolades showered on actors, directors and special-effects technicians in a motion picture crew. In a sense it can logically be argued that a voice artist does create special effects, only the special effect achieved employs his own voice, and in fact the effect is the artist's voice.

While many actors are capable of achieving unique vocalizations as part of their craft, few of them depend almost solely on this ability for their vocation. One who does is Walker Edmiston.

Active in films and television for some 30 years now, Edmiston has had on-camera supporting roles in some 80 motion pictures and television episodes. He has done major voice matching, looping, narration and creative voice work in 60 feature films and 40 different television series (often in several episodes of a single series), as well as countless commercials. His list of credits encompasses a *Who's Who* of the genre and includes all of the *Planet Of The Apes* features, *Marooned*, *The Immortal*, *The Andromeda Strain*, *Earthquake*, *The Hindenburg*, *Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Black Hole*, *Star Trek* (TV and motion picture), *Galactica*, *Land Of The Lost*, *Trilogy*

of Terror, *Westworld*, *Futureworld* and *Altered States*.

In the Gene Wilder/Donald Sutherland film, *Start The Revolution Without Me*, Edmiston recreated the powerful voice of Orson Welles for Welles' off-camera lines. How did such a strange turn of events come about? Edmiston explains. "Orson Welles had narrated the film and then the producers came back here from France, cut it, re-edited and changed it considerably. They rewrote the script. When they called for Orson Welles, he was in Europe. They were stuck, but someone through the grapevine knew of me. I came in and I listened to Welles' voice through headphones so that I could stay in tune and achieve the flexibility, timing and *impending doom* sound that Orson Welles seems to be able to create, and I did the new dialogue. This is all legal. When a performer is unavailable and a picture must be finished, a substitute may be used."

Opening Doors

The road to that enviable assignment and others, such as *Star Trek* and *Battlestar: Galactica*, began with a televised puppet show.

"I started in 1949 with Bob Clampett [a popular long-time director of the Warner Brothers Bugs Bunny cartoons] on *Time For Beany* with Daws Butler and Stan Freberg," Edmiston recalls. This show, which originated at KTLA in Los Angeles, was a hit when it went into syndication the following

year. In 1961 it evolved into the *Beany and Cecil* cartoon show. "Then we went to New York for a while in the Fifties and when I came back out here I was on a local kids' show where I created a lot of characters, like Barky the Dog and things like that. But then Gene Autry bought the station and he wasn't interested in kids' shows. That was when I left to get into acting.

"Well, it's difficult when you first try to do something different. I told them that I'd had my own TV show for 14 years, but when I said it had been with puppets they really cooled and wanted to know if I'd done anything else. Well, I had done a lot of announcing. I used to announce all the sports car races at Riverside because I used to race. I won the first Riverside Grand Prix in 1957 in the under two litre class. We built our own car and raced it. So I was pretty well known in sports cars. Anyway, the announcer experience stuck with them and I was called a couple of weeks later for a part on *The Virginian* as a huckster and pitchman and that opened the door a little. It gave me one credit. Then *Maverick* did an episode which satirized *Gunsmoke* and I played the Dennis Weaver character. From those two I went to the cover of *TV Guide* and the *Bob Hope Show*. That got me going and opened a lot of doors for me.

"I did a lot of *Wild, Wild West* [including "The Night Of The Fatal Trap" and "The Night Of The Colonel's Ghost"] and *Big Valley* episodes doing interesting characters and villains.

"Then I started to do voicing, such as in *Star Trek*. Oh, I must have done six or seven. In one—'Return of the Archons'—I did one section of Harry Townes's [Rege's] voice and of Landru. With Harry Townes there was an area where a door had slammed over his dialogue and he wasn't available so I did the scene where he goes, 'We're being absorbed! We're being absorbed.' He has a lot of dynamics and nervousness and sibilance in his voice when he talks.

"In 'The Corbomite Maneuver,' where they used Clint Howard as the little boy, Balok, I was his voice. We'd tried a number of different things and then we just went to one of those very soft, child-like, ethereal vocals. It was more in timing and attitude than in voice. That's what's so important in creating a voice for creatures and all types of unearthly things. You have to analyze what it is, what they do, are they large, small, and what is the prowess behind them. And physically, of course, that makes a lot of difference as he had those big teeth and a weird little smile, and this was before so many of those pictures about strange children."

Edmiston was active in all sort of voice work in the sixties and seventies; when he wasn't working in films and television, he did commercials, cartoons—*Top Cat*, *The Flintstones*, *Sealab 2020*, *H.R. Pufnstuff* and many more—as well as the voices in talking toys from Mattel including Cecil, Mr. Ed and Mickey Mouse.

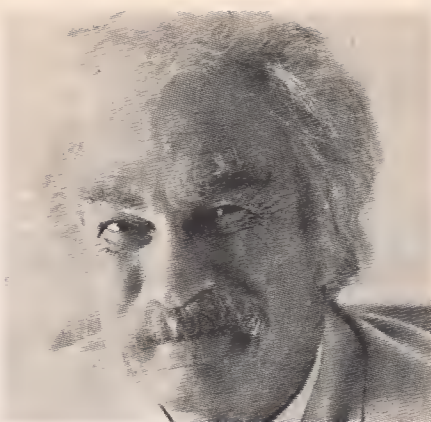
In features he was the voice of the Hyen-man and some of the other creatures in *The Island Of Dr. Moreau*. In *The Hindenburg* he looped the voice of an FBI agent who interrogates a woman who seemingly predicted the disaster. In *Westworld* he appeared on camera as the man being tortured on the rack in the medieval section of the dream park. In the recent *ALIEN*-inspired chiller *Scared To Death*, Edmiston was featured as the police chief. With *Star Trek* he not only looped the voices of three background characters in the motion picture, but it was Walker Edmiston's voice that was heard two years ago as the Klingon in the McDonald's commercial promoting the *Star Trek* Happy Meals! (Hearing him reproduce that voice during the course of this interview was quite an experience!)

A Good Ear

"I do many voices that I can't do, and people ask me what I mean. What I tell them is that I'll be hired to come in and do a voice, and prior to going in I can't do it. But I listen to the tape of the voice and that way have done things like Strother Martin in *Slapshot*. Somehow, I have this ear where I can hear a voice and reproduce it."

On television Edmiston has done various voices for *Battlestar: Galactica*, including the pilot, and in the old series *Thriller* he played the very straight assistant to a weird undertaker (played by Henry Jones) in "Till Death Do Us Part." In two episodes of *The Six Million Dollar Man* he played Russians (in one he was an assassin and in the other a General) and in two others he did voice-overs.

In "The Dorian Secret" episode of *Buck Rogers*, Edmiston not only did the voice of



Opposite: Walker Edmiston sans make-up. Above: Walker's Twain and "old prospector."

Koldar throughout the episode, but he also played Koldar and wore the mask up until the unmasking sequence when Koldar and his people were revealed to have a genetic affliction which made them look identical to one another. A younger actor was used to portray the Dorians through the use of camera tricks, but rather than go through the trouble of looping the actor's voice later, Edmiston convinced the director to let him do the voice on the set, standing just out of camera range, while the actor mouthed the dialogue. To the surprise of many, it worked, and the effect is quite convincing.

"I've somehow been involved with a lot of unearthly type films. For instance, in *The Sentinel* I did several voices, including some of the strange, weird sounds at the end.

"In *The Land Of The Lost* for Syd and Marty Kroft I did a lot of voices. I even helped to create the Sleestak suits because I've done sculpting and many things like that over the years with making my own puppets. I was Enak the Etruscan; I sculpted the head and made my own three-fingered hands for the suit so that I could pick up things. I also played the character of an old prospector from the Civil War who guarded his claim from the Sleestak with a cannon. There was one scene where I fired the cannon at them and the charge in the cannon was so strong that it actually knocked one of the actors playing a Sleestak off his feet.

"Back when they were still casting the part for the voice of Yoda in *The Empire Strikes Back* I was called in to test for it. When I read the dialogue I used the same strange voice I'd used for the old prospector, since Yoda was supposed to be 500 years old. I used those same kind of highs and lows and drifting from coherency to near senility. They really liked it and for a couple of weeks it looked like I had it, but then they went with Frank Oz. It's funny, though, but when we saw the movie, as soon as Yoda started speaking, my wife turned to me and said, 'That's your old prospector,' and darned if the speech pattern wasn't nearly identical to my audition, except that the voice was Frank Oz sounding very much like what I had done.

"A lot of the things I do now are like what I did for *Altered States* in creating the voice of the creature in that. When we first started talking about it, they wanted an ape or a



monkey. They tried a lot of animal sounds, playing them backwards, but it just didn't work. Then someone said, 'Hey, I worked with Walker and he did the Devil Doll with Karen Black on *Trilogy Of Terror*.' So they called me and I came in and discussed it and they explained what the film was, in that a scientist regresses back into a Neanderthal. Well then, I said, he certainly isn't an ape. The whole voice structure would be a lot different, then.

"I did all of the *Planet Of The Apes* pictures. I did many voices for those, including the ape baby at the conclusion of *Escape From The Planet Of The Apes*, and I did the big gorilla that reaches through and strangles one of the astronaut apes and then goes berserk. I did chimps and all the extraneous sounds and we made a master track that they could just put in anywhere.

"In this *Altered States* we discussed it and then they showed me the film. When I saw what happens, when he bursts through almost right into the audience and runs down the hall and outside where the pack of dogs chase him, I saw that there were many moods to this creature. He was not just a guttural animal. We did more than twice what they used because they didn't know really what they wanted to do. I filled most all of the action with sounds, and made them almost intelligible, but not quite.

"Here I was regressing back to the little creature with Karen Black—that same idea. In *Trilogy of Terror*, the Devil Doll (from the Richard Matheson story 'Prey,') was supposed to be from South America, so I had created words that were unintelligible since they were supposed to be foreign words coming out of this strange creature that you can't understand. I did that a number of ways—very low, medium and very high. Then they changed the decibels in the track and added an intensifier to make it a little more piercing, more shrieking. We did the same sort of thing on *Altered States* and it turned out very well."

In a business which often requires that a talent be both specific and flexible, Walker Edmiston has flourished, and his multitude of unseen voices is a ready example. Now when you go to see a film listen closely, and you'll have one more special effect to take into consideration.

★

The "Blade Runner" Screenwriters: Hampton Fancher & David Peoples

By JAMES VAN HISE

In STARLOG #55, the interview with Philip K. Dick (who authored the novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" from which "Blade Runner" is adapted), detailed his involvement with the project and his views on how it has been handled. This time we go further behind the scenes to trace the development of the screenplay from the viewpoint of the two men who, independently of the other, made their contributions to its development.

The history of the *Blade Runner* screenplay is as interesting as it is complicated, and adds to the perspective of Phil Dick to further demonstrate just how involved the transition of a novel to the screen can be.

Hampton Fancher has been involved with the film business for some time, having many credits as an actor, which includes a hundred TV shows and 10 feature films. His real interests, though, lie in writing and directing and he declines to name any of his specific acting credits as he is not entirely satisfied with them—even though they have enabled him to earn a good living.

Fancher originally approached Phil Dick about optioning *Androids* for feature film production in 1975. "I got the impression originally—and more than the impression—that Dick was not only reluctant to get involved but also reluctant to have that particular book done. I think that at that time he was a bit queasy about getting involved with any kind of movie projects."

When Fancher originally approached Phil Dick the novel in question was already under option, but by 1978 it was free and this time, Hampton's partner Brian Kelly (executive producer of *Blade Runner*) succeeded in optioning it. Kelly submitted it to Michael Deeley who rejected it twice—first, feeling that the novel wouldn't translate well as a film, and then, on the basis of an eight-page

treatment of those aspects of the book that Fancher felt would translate well. Although he had not intended to write the screenplay himself, his friends talked him into it because it seemed the only way to get the project launched. "It took almost a year to write the screenplay, but when I was finished, Brian took it back to Deeley and he loved it and the three of us made a deal," Fancher explains.

"Then it was all sales work. Deeley was in good shape to represent it—he'd just gotten the Academy Award for *Deer Hunter*. He started going to the studios with it and everybody was interested but nobody would commit. People were interested, but they'd want changes—they'd want a happy ending or something else changed and it got very close to losing the strain of the thing and it was pretty precarious there for a while. I kept changing it because there was intelligent input, especially from a couple of people who were very instrumental in their critiques. I think that there were four or five drafts written before Ridley came to it. When Ridley came in that sort of wrapped it up because of the *ALIEN* reputation. That's what it needed for the studio to get down to business with it. I guess I wrote three or four more drafts based on that time with Ridley and his people, so it was a long process."

Regarding Phil Dick's criticisms of those early drafts (see STARLOG #55), Fancher states, "It was never intended, I don't think,

except maybe in the first draft, to stay close to the novel. The novel had a lot of impossibilities as far as movie-making goes. Basically, the novel was just a diving board premise to jump from that was originally taken, and then from that point, after the first draft, it sort of acquired a life of its own and never delved too much into anything that the novel was dealing with. It was a different animal almost from the beginning. I don't see any similarities with it, now, at all.

"The way I saw my story of it, finally, was that of a man who discovered his conscience in the process of this search, and that was the psychological lot of it and what excited me about it and what I was trying to achieve. That's the spiritual architecture of it for me. How the house turns out after the construction people get through is another story sometimes, but I hope it has some of those elements because to me it was a love story."

A Positive Addition

Regarding why he left the project and why David Peoples was brought in to continue writing in his place, Fancher explains, "I found Ridley's ideas that came out of the revision meetings to be very good. The scripts seemed to improve with each draft. But along the way he was a very stubborn man. I mean, I wasn't like a hired writer. I was a part owner of the project so I wasn't involved on that level where he could just say, 'Write this,' and

I would go away and write it even if I didn't agree. I'd only write it if I agreed, not that I wasn't open to agreement because I learned a lot working with him and I think a lot came out of it. But there were several elements that would always come up and I would respond negatively, and it seemed to me that I was winning but then in the next meeting those same elements would be brought up. They were things that I wasn't in love with and felt that I just couldn't deal with them. They weren't the story that I was doing. Finally it just became obvious that the only way to get those things done was to bring in another writer. There was then a collaboration between Ridley and Peoples and David wrote a lot of interesting things. In fact I was surprised because when I got Peoples' script, those things that Ridley had wanted that I thought couldn't be integrated into the concept had been rendered by Peoples in ways that were original, tight and admirable. I really liked it and that's why I've become friends with Peoples. I liked what he did a lot, but we never actually collaborated. He came in on very short notice and he had a lot of work to do, but he did it very fast and very well."

Fancher's departure as sole screenwriter left no ill will and he was called back to lend a hand toward the end of the production. "I wasn't involved at all in the shooting, but just before they finished shooting I got a call. I went over, looked at some dailies, heard the problem and wrote a couple of scenes, but that was the only involvement that I had during the making of the film. Lots of times the writer is not wanted on the set, unless they're in trouble, of course, and then there's a desperate call."

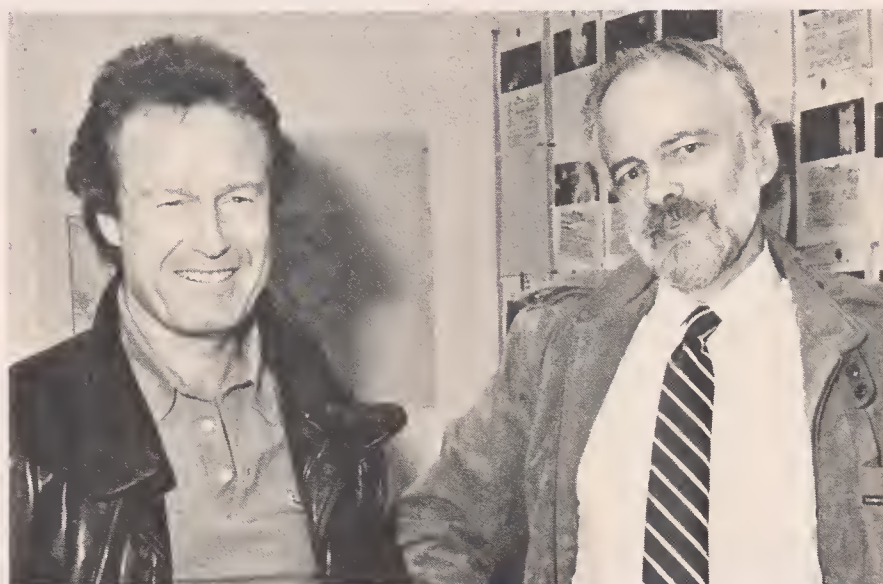
David Peoples entered the *Blade Runner* project in November 1980, which was when it was still with Filmways and before photography had begun. "I read the script and I immediately felt that it was so good that I was disappointed because when they came to have a meeting I told them that I can't make this any better—it was a terrific script!

"I don't know which ones Phil Dick read that he didn't like, but certainly the one I read was absolutely brilliant, and that's the one I worked from to make changes that Ridley wanted, to make it more his vision.

"The thing that can be confusing about all this is how enormously collaborative all of this stuff is, especially at the stage that I was involved. I was brought in when there were sets already being constructed. One time I changed a scene and somebody said, 'Jesus, you wrote the ambulance out!' I said so what and they said, 'Well, it's already built.' So this was a source of some aggravation. There's enormous pressure, a lot of people involved and a lot of things going on. So if anybody was authoring it at this stage it was Ridley. He was dominating, supervising and caring about what went on here. He always had fresh and new ideas. Then down the line Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer made some really nice contributions in the way of dialogue. I would sometimes be writing a scene that Ridley would be shooting the following week, and twice I guess I was writing stuff that was going to be shot that day and just frantically trying



PHOTO: JAMES VAN HISE



Top: David Peoples (left) and Hampton Fancher. Above: Ridley Scott (left) is joined by author Philip K. Dick at Douglas Trumbull's EEG effects facilities.

to make certain changes to solve this particular thing or that particular thing.

"When I first became involved with the film, there was a bunch of scientific jargon about genetics in it that I had no grasp on. I don't know anything at all about science, but my daughter is a chemistry major at UCLA in microbiology. So I called her up and she said that it was more or less right. She corrected one small bit of chemical talk which was well beyond me. Subsequent to that I felt that the script could use some more jargon in terms of making it sound like we were dealing with things that these people dealt with in their every day lives and that they would naturally have a language for referring to things. I called my daughter again and she started talking about replicating cells, and it was she who gave me the idea of calling these people replicants instead of androids. I felt that android was a word that had been used so much that it no longer meant anything because it had been sullied by being used in jokes and so on and I thought that the picture needed a fresh word."

The Film Belongs To Ridley

But on the subject of who's really responsible for how good the film or the screenplay is, Peoples feels that Ridley Scott's contribution cannot be overestimated. "It was Ridley's vision ultimately that we were serving. I think it's terrific and important that Philip K. Dick likes the end result—I mean it's his baby. Without him there's none of this. This is where it comes from. It's terrific that he was happy, but he really gave me much more credit than I deserve. I'm flattered but it's really an enormously collaborative venture.

"When you're taking a novel to a movie, there's so much sort of hammering and sawing and banging and fumbling around that really, what it is, is that if Phil Dick likes the end result it's because his stuff was so good that it withstands that kind of treatment. I really think that he does Hampton an injustice in that article, although I'm sure not intentionally, because really the script is basically Hampton. He's the guy who adapted it from the novel.

"What happens in this process is that ev-

everybody's trying to get a good story to go on the screen and we would go in different directions. But always I think that the book was very much in Ridley's mind and there were themes that were very important to him in it. He always felt very strongly about the animal theme, but we never licked it in the way of making it a prominent part of the script. I know there's some drafts of Hampton's that had more of it in it, but we were never able to make it as important as Ridley wanted it to be and still keep a story that was flowing and moving forward.

"The theme that appealed to me the most in writing it was just the theme of, what is a person? When is somebody a person and when aren't they a person? The fact that somebody wasn't born from a womb—is that the definition? I was very interested in that theme. But as the things would get written, the shape and everything would change, but I can't emphasize enough that it was Ridley who was in charge, and it's Ridley's picture and his storyline. Philip K. Dick is the author of the book and Ridley is the author of the movie.

"Ridley is sort of the Hieronymus Bosch of our time. He goes way beyond what's on the paper. I mean, you can't imagine it—in the sense of you write down a bunch of things and then you go see what's shot and it just blows your mind."

Returning to the subject of Hampton Fancher, Peoples gives an example of something that he felt proved how compatible their writing styles were on *Blade Runner*. It involves a scene that was to take place between Deckard and a character named Holden that Ridley suggested at a revision meeting. "I listened to what he was saying and I started to think about it and Kate Haber, a production executive, said, 'Wait a minute, I think Hampton wrote a scene like that in one of the other drafts,' and she left the room. I was sitting there thinking that Deckard says this and



Roy Batty (Rutger Hauer) is the dangerous replicant being pursued by the hard-boiled Deckard (Harrison Ford) below. Both turn in powerful and complementary performances.

Holden says that and all of a sudden Kate was reading my dialogue that I was thinking and I couldn't believe it. It was like somebody'd opened my brain up or something and I look around and she was reading from an old draft that Hampton had written. In other words, I was writing exactly the same dialogue that Hampton had written months before because I'd just been presented with the same situation. So I felt that I had picked up and gotten right in tune with what he was doing."

When asked about how much at variance the character that Harrison Ford plays in *Blade Runner* is in comparison to his previous roles, Peoples observes, "Harrison is an absolutely magnificent actor. He's amazing. He blows my mind. He's like the great old guys—he becomes Deckard. I mean, you don't see him act like Deckard, he *is* Deckard, and Deckard is entirely different from Han

Solo, for example, and enormously different from Indiana Jones. In *Blade Runner* he's a seething guy with a lot inside him. He's a guy who's got problems, who's holding a lot in, and Harrison does it brilliantly.

"Rutger Hauer is terrific in the picture. When I first saw Rutger, he was so good as Roy Batty, such a big and dangerous figure, that I thought, 'Boy, how's Harrison gonna hold up to this?' Well, Harrison does it. Harrison is fantastic in the picture and he just has this enormous broad range. Harrison can become a different person without adopting a strange accent or a different costume or strange mannerisms or anything like that. He doesn't need that crutch. The reason I hadn't realized it before is because he plays adventure roles and you just make assumptions that are perhaps unfair and incorrect."

Shortly before this interview, Phil Dick had said that he's been told that *Blade Runner* was going to shoot for a "PG" instead of an "R" rating. When asked if this would change the slant of what he'd written, David Peoples said, "I don't think so, no. You never know about that stuff, though. In other words, there's some pretty scary stuff in there, but I don't know the fine lines that people make. There was some pretty scary stuff in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. There's some moments in *Blade Runner* that are scary and pretty fierce, but I don't have the kind of mind that can distinguish what is alright for children and what isn't, or however that goes."

To underscore his feelings about Phil Dick's reaction to the scripts, Peoples sums up by saying, "Reading what Phil Dick had to say, I gather that what he's saying is that the script turned back toward the novel, but I think that's really just the force of his ideas turning everybody back. I don't think that there's really anything unusual in that, because when you're writing a script you begin somewhere, drift away from it, drift back again and it just keeps moving—and it has even changed since the draft of mine that he read. I hope that ultimately he's happy with the movie. I hope we all are." ★



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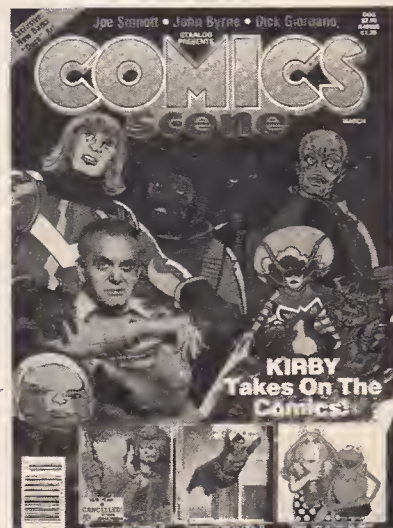


William Stout has been an active and highly-praised illustrator for some time now and we spoke with him regarding the production designs and story-boards he did for the up-coming film *Conan the Barbarian*. We promise there will be plenty of his art in evidence.

Also, Frank Miller talks about the comics industry today, we present part one of an interview with Osamu Tezuka, Japan's premiere animator and comics artist, a long, loving look at Dick Tracy's first 50 years, a preview of Marvel's Hercules limited-series and a special report on the Underground Comix Price Guide. Of course, there's more but we want you to go look and buy this book.

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The Evolution of the Spaceship:

Part One

By RON MILLER

What is a spaceship? Since it is a word that brings very specific images to the minds of science-fiction readers, let's glean from those images the specifications an artifact must have in order to qualify for being called a "spaceship." Ideally, it should be self-contained; that is, a single-stage rocket is more a spaceship than a multi-stage one. It should be dirigible (I've always wanted to use that word in its original meaning!), or steerable. It oughtn't be merely a high-class projectile, like the Mercury and Gemini capsules. It should be able to take off and land on its own; preferably nose first and tail first, respectively. Since we are not speaking practically, it should also have wings, and a pointed nose. There is a practical footnote here, though. I think much of the credit for the resurgence of public interest and support for the space program is due to the fact that the shuttle *looks* like what 90% of the human race has been led to expect spaceships to look like. The Saturns were wonderful machines, but there's no *romance* to something that looks like part of an oil refinery. And as far as I'm concerned, looks have a lot to do with whether or not a particular spacecraft is successful or not. In the same way that a 1937 boat-tailed Packard, a rake-masted schooner or a Boeing Alpha are more successful than a VW Rabbit, an oil tanker or a 747. But how did the classic conception of the spaceship evolve? Where did it come from? Surprisingly enough, not entirely from science fiction.

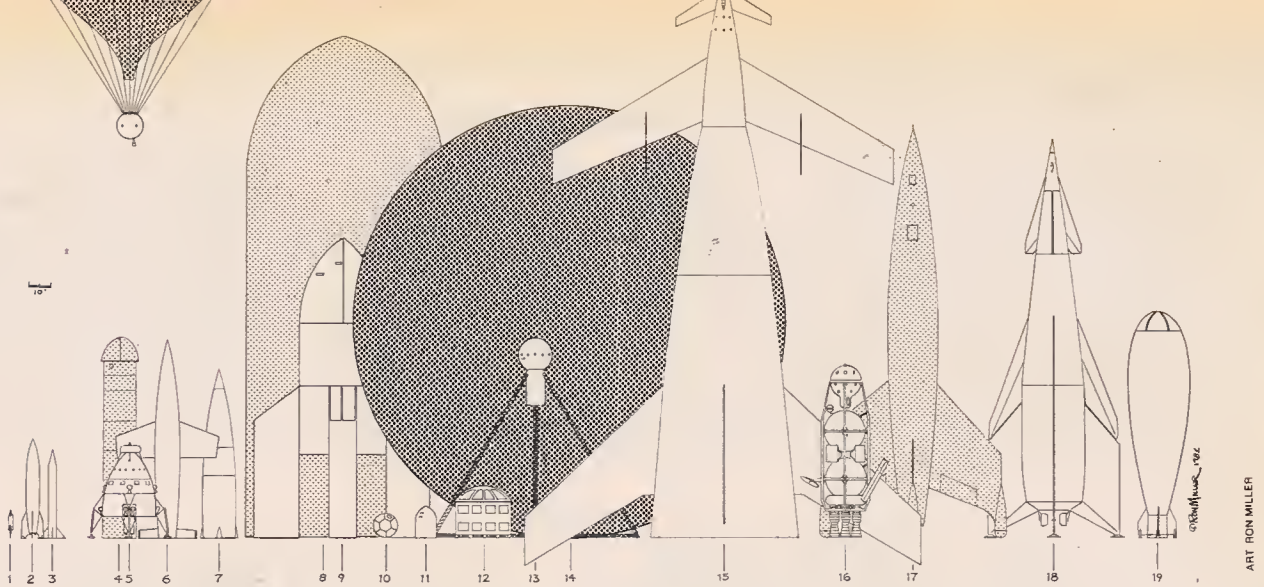
Spaceships in the past, as those of the present and future, had their shapes dictated to a sizable degree by their means of propulsion. And until the 1920s, there was no reasonable source of power for a spacecraft outside the human imagination. Rockets were known, of course; they'd been a part of the military arsenal for most of the 19th century. A very few writers used them, too. But they were not a believable device. The largest and most powerful rockets were the 12-foot solid fueled weapons invented by William Congreve in 1804, not famous for either their reliability or their accuracy. To have expected

such a thing to lift a matter of tons perhaps thousands of miles would have been the height of fantasy. But the single great failing was that rockets could not be controlled: once ignited there was no stopping them, and once they burnt out, there was no restarting them. Nor was there any way to throttle, or vary the thrust. Jules Verne realized this very well when he designed his spaceship for *From the Earth to the Moon*, and had it launched by a giant cannon—even though a great many modern writers with 20/20 hindsight and no understanding of Verne's contemporary science have taken him to task for this. Verne's projectile (it was never christened, although the cannon which was to launch it was named) was nine feet in diameter and 15 feet tall, cast in solid aluminum. The Apollo capsule plus its service module was almost the same diameter, but over twice the length. Both carried three astronauts, who took a reclining position when launched, carefully cushioned against the shock and acceleration. Verne's projectile did carry rockets, a battery of them circling the base, to be fired electrically. They were to be used to cushion the shock of the lunar landing. Verne was one of the first to realize that rockets would work efficiently in the vacuum of space—something that many science-fiction writers, and writers of science fact, were unsure of well into this century ("There's nothing for the exhaust to *push* against!"). And this was also the first use of the device of *retro*rockets. As I said, Verne was well aware of the shortcomings of *contemporary* rockets. For his readers, then, he used a giant cannon as something they would accept more readily. He was aware, too, of the disastrous consequences that awaited his spacetravelers, in going from a standing start to seven miles per second in only 900 feet. So, in the best tradition of science fiction (well, actually the tradition *begins* at Verne's end) he *made* it believable. He equipped his craft with an elaborate system of water-cushioned shock absorbers. He also had his astronauts make a test shot using animals. Since they survived (of course), this was a nicely subtle way of getting the reader to accept the survival of the humans.

Verne was not the first to try to create a believable spacecraft, one that would account for the conditions in space as they were known at the time. Edgar Allan Poe was the first, in his 1835 story "The Unparalleled Adventures of Hans Phall." After a long argument to show that there is reason to suppose that the Earth's atmosphere extends (if tenuously) as far as the Moon, Poe proposes to make the flight via balloon. He employs a new gas many times lighter than hydrogen (even giving a plausible-sounding explanation of its manufacture) and has the balloon given its initial impetus (albeit accidentally) by an enormous explosion. The balloon becomes a precursor of the stratosphere balloons of this century by enclosing its basket in an airtight sphere. A mechanical compressor draws in air to keep the cabin pressure normal while the outside nears vacuum. Through three glass portholes the narrator gives us a description of the receding Earth that might have been written by a modern astronaut.

Verne's other predecessor was Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man Without a Country*. In his 1864 story, "The Brick Moon," Hale tells of the launch of a 200-foot spherical artificial moon. Three of these orbiting the Earth over the equator would act as infallible aids to navigation. Hale was not only the first writer to propose artificial satellites, but also to suggest a practical function for them. Hale's satellite was called "the Brick Moon" because it was coated with a ceramic intended to protect it against the heat of atmospheric friction—just as today's nosecones are made of ceramics. To launch his giant moon, Hale ran into the same difficulties as everyone else of his century. He "solved" it by using a huge flywheel that would literally throw the sphere into orbit—an idea that was still used as late as 1923, by Clement Fazenbie.

A popular mode of propulsion until 1920 was anti-gravity. In fact, virtually every fictional spaceship until then used some variation on that idea, however well the author tried to disguise it. One of the most famous of these was the vessel used in H.G. Wells' *First*



Family portrait of spacecrafts—1835 to 1951. Top left is the lunar balloon, from Poe's *Hans Phall*, 1835. Left to right, as numbered: 1. Goddard's first liquid-fueled rocket, 1926. 2. German V2, 1943. 3. U.S.N. Viking, 1950. 4. British Interplanetary Society solid-fueled lunar launch vehicle, 1939. 5. BIS lunar lander, 1947. 6. German manned rocket-bomber, 1938-42. 7. Martin Co. (U.S.) satellite launch vehicle, 1947. 8. H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* Martian projectile, 1898. 9. Oberth's moon rocket, designed for *The Girl in the Moon*, 1928. 10. The Cavorite sphere from Wells' *First Men in the Moon*, 1900. 11. Verne's lunar projectile from *From the Earth to the Moon*, 1865. 12. John Jacob Astor's *Callisto*, from *Journey to Other Worlds*, 1894. 13. Stanley Weinbaum's *Red Peri*, from story of same name, 1935. 14. Edward Hale's *Brick Moon*, 1869. 15. Von Braun's orbital passenger rocket, *Collier's*, 1951. 16. Von Braun lunar reconnaissance rocket, *Collier's*, 1951. 17. Fegte-Bonestell *Luna*, from *Destination Moon*, 1950. 18. BIS manned orbital rocket, 1950. 19. Konstantin Tsiolkovski, 1903.

Men in the Moon (1900). It was a glass globe covered with steel shutters coated with the gravity-screening substance "Cavorite." It was repelled by any mass that the closed shutters faced and attracted toward any mass in the direction of the open shutters; this also allowed for some directional control. Wells, like Verne, was careful to outfit his spacecraft with concentrated foods, oxygen-producing and carbon-dioxide-absorbing apparatus, and a full complement of scientific instruments.

The "Callisto," from financier John Jacob Astor's 1894 novel *A Journey In Other Worlds* (and try to imagine Rockefeller, Hunt or Hughes writing a science-fiction novel!), looked something like a squat silo covered with windows. It was powered with the anti-gravity force "apergy." It, too, had all the necessary life-supporting equipment. Even its "roof" was thoughtfully provided with a gutter to carry off the rain of any world they happened to be exploring. It was built of the light metal beryllium, with double walls sandwiching a layer of asbestos, and was equipped with an airlock.

In the late teens and twenties the American scientist and rocket pioneer Robert Goddard published several papers on the feasibility of exploring the upper atmosphere with rockets. Backed by the Smithsonian Institution, he built and flew the world's first liquid-fueled rocket. These rockets, which rapidly became larger and reached higher altitudes, and Goddard's papers and public statements which predicted in detail the possibilities of using rockets to explore space and of even reaching the Moon, created a national and international furor. But whatever the reaction of the public and scientists have been, the effect on science fiction was profound. With antigravity, it made no real difference what your spaceship was shaped like: if it weighed nothing—or less than nothing—it would still fly. But now we had sleek, finned torpedoes that a noted scientist not only said would work, but had actually built and flown! True, they were seldom more than a dozen feet long

and their flights were seldom measured in miles, but now it was just a matter of scale.

Amateur rocket societies sprang up in Germany, England and the U.S. They too built rockets that flew. Especially the Germans. One of them, Hermann Oberth, acted as consultant on a new science-fiction film being made by the director of *Metropolis*, Fritz Lang. For this movie, *Die Frau im Mond* (*Girl in the Moon*) (1928), Oberth designed a multi-engined, three-stage rocket (staging was another idea of Goddard's)—the first, and one of the only, accurate spaceships in science-fiction films. The thick-bodied, enormous-finned rocket was typical of the smaller-scale rockets then being built by the German rocket society.

We are still one step away from the archetypal spaceship. With the exception of Oberth's *Die Frau im Mond* ship, most movie and fictional spaceships were treated as a sort of rocket-powered airplane. This is most obvious in films like *Flash Gordon* or *Just Imagine*, and in scores of science-fiction pulp magazine illustrations. While the sleek, vertically-launched Goddard rockets were gradually making an impression on science fiction, Goddard's increasing secrecy kept his work from making the impression it might have. One single rocket did, however, forever change both science fiction's and the public's conception of the spaceship: the V2.

If any single shape ever defined "rocket" it was the German V2. Forty years after its invention, its classic silhouette is still instantly identifiable to anyone as representing a rocket or spaceship. This was reinforced by countless postwar SF-movies that used stock V2 footage in lieu of special effects, and by Chesley Bonestell's beautiful paintings of winged V2-like ships sitting on the Moon.

When one of the V2's designers, Wernher von Braun, began his series of articles for *Collier's* magazine in the early 50s, the spacecraft he designed to carry satellites and eventually men into orbit bore the unmistakable mark of descent from the German ballistic missile.

As with Goddard 30 years before, writers were presented with a practical, nuts-and-bolts plan for exploring space, based strictly on available technology, with the signature of the world's leading authority on rocketry. And while Goddard's influence was tremendous, it was still, at the time, a lone voice in a very hostile wilderness. In 1951, there was no question that there could be very large rockets, that they *worked*, and that they could go a very long way.

It was not until NASA finally got into the business of actually building working spacecraft that science-fiction spaceships no longer bore a family resemblance to the *Collier's* space fleet.

From the V2, the shaping of the spaceship was only a matter of escalation. The vertical projectile, sitting on its tailfins, became one of the great science-fiction symbols—and clichés. It is *the* symbol of science fiction excellence—the Hugo Award. Tunnel-visioned critics of science fiction were fond of pointing out that spaceships of the future would not be streamlined (though few authors ever had streamlined ships that operated solely in a vacuum); that there would be two clear categories of ships: those that shuttled up and down from a planet and those that remained forever in space; that the idea of a single-stage rocket achieving earth orbit (let alone going to the Moon, as in the film *Destination Moon*) was impossible, step rockets were the only means of so doing. But these people (who were the same ones who claimed that the "goldfish bowl" space helmets worn in SF were impossible too) are the sort who believe that the state of any art "today," whenever that might be for them, is as far as it is possible for something to evolve.

It is probably needless to point out (but I will anyway) that the single-stage to orbit rocket is the acknowledged successor to today's giant multi-stage vehicle. There are so many different varieties that it looks as though NASA's greatest difficulty with the technique will be in choosing which one to go with.

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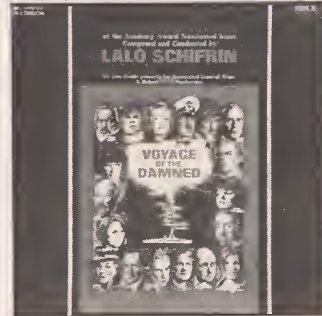
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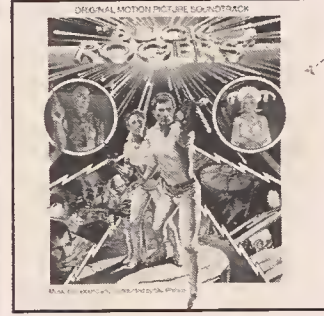
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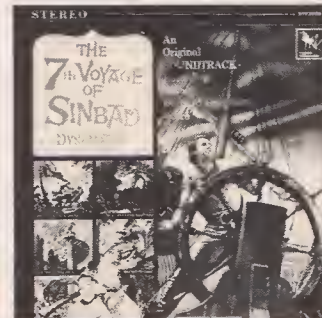
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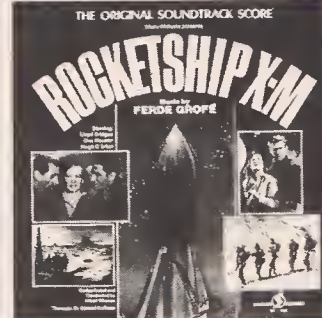
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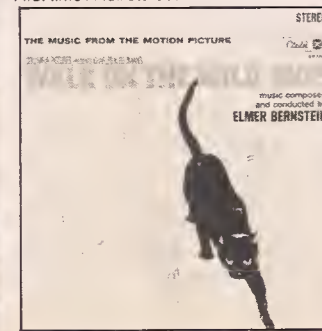
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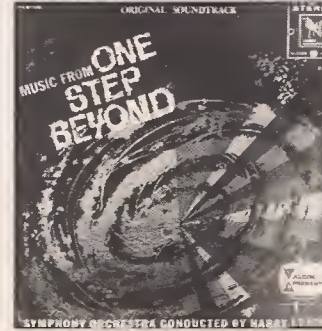
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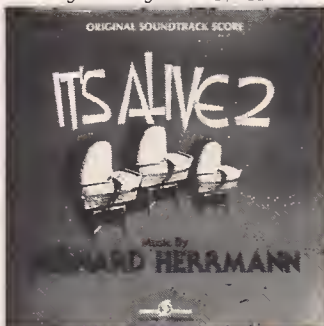
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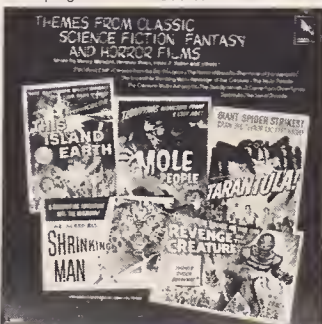
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BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™

REVISITED

It came blasting onto U.S. TV screens with one of the biggest fanfares in recent memory—an unprecedented three-hour premiere! It was the most expensive network series ever attempted and yet, it failed to maintain the high ratings it started out with. By the end of the 1978-79 season, *Battlestar Galactica* was cancelled by the ABC-TV network. Even a revised format in the form of the *Galactica 1980* sequel series did not keep the concept on the air. And yet, *Battlestar Galactica* still lives in the hearts of its fans. Why the series failed in first run, though, is a question that remains to be properly answered.

Generally, the blame for *Galactica's* cancellation is put on poor ratings. By mid-season, the series was about half-way down the list and sinking practically every week. In commercial TV, networks base advertising rates on the estimated number of people who, on the average, watch a particular program. The higher the ratings, the higher the advertising rates.

ABC-TV had very high hopes for the series, which is why the first seven hours were budgeted at the rate of \$1,000,000 each. Unfortunately, if the network cannot make a profit from each hour of programming, it becomes increasingly difficult to bankroll such an expensive series.

Perhaps ABC was at fault in overestimating *Galactica's* audience. In an attempt to tailor the cost of the series to the size of its audience, *Galactica 1980* was devised. Yet, most fans found this sequel far removed from the original concept they had fallen in love with. Certainly the requirements imposed by the FCC on the 7:00 PM "family hour" time slot forced the series to become something like "Cub Scouts in Outer Space," instead of the adventure series promised in the pilot.

As if in response to pleas from their audience, one *Galactica 1980* episode has become something of a classic. "The Return of Starbuck" was a flashback episode that only featured Lorne Greene and Patrick Stuart from

the *Galactica 1980* cast. Falling back onto themes and concepts developed in the original series, "The Return of Starbuck" was probably the best example of tailoring the budget to the size of the audience, without compromising plotlines. However, the change came too late and, instead of boosting the series in the ratings, the Starbuck episode was to be the last.

Rumors still abound of a possible third attempt at *Galactica*, but no one has announced any real production as yet.

This issue's centerspread poster features Richard Hatch as Captain Apollo, who proposes the bold route through a Cylon minefield to reach the planet Carillon. Inset at the top left is the majestic battlestar as it sails off into the starscape. ★



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PHOTO © 1978 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS

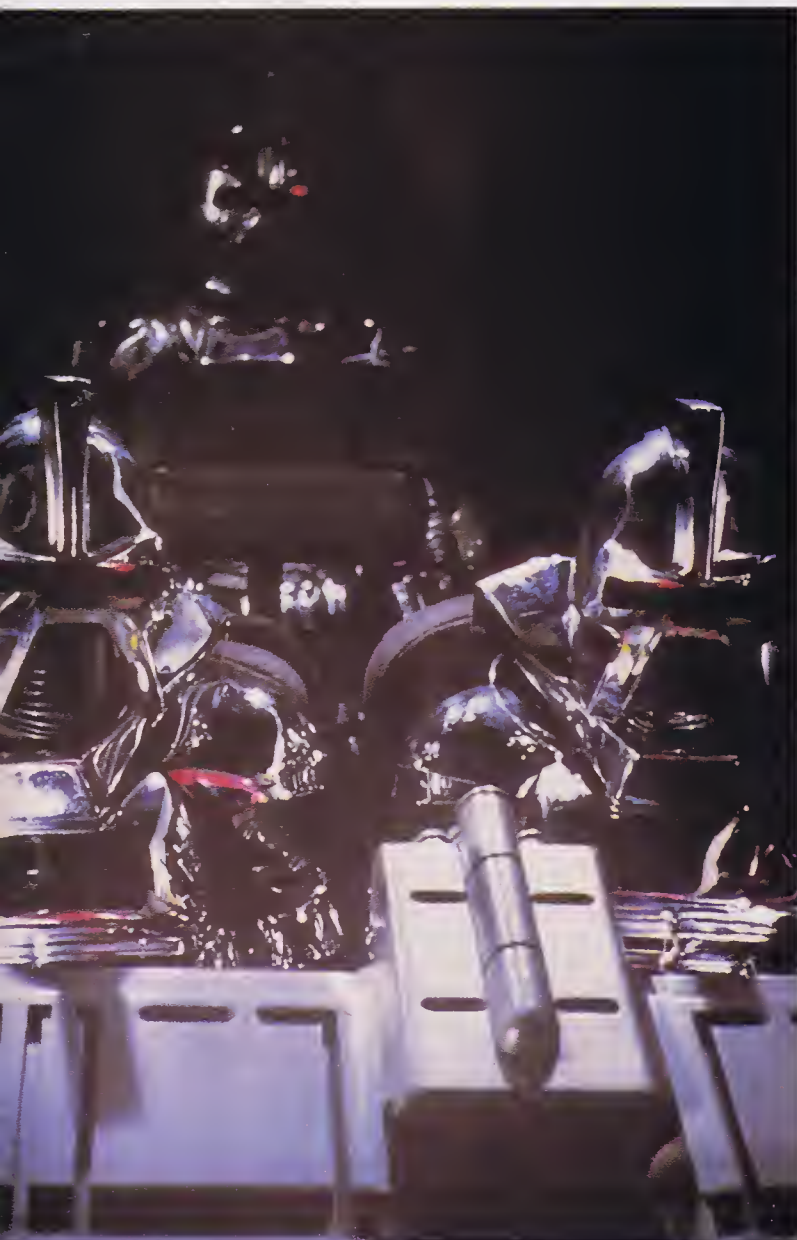


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Top Right: The *Galactica's* elite, Athena (Maren Jensen), Starbuck (Dirk Benedict), Apollo (Richard Hatch) and Adama (Lorne Greene). Middle Right: The Imperious Leader (rear, center) sends out his Cylon Centurions and their allies, the Borays (front left) and the Ovions (front center) in Universal's studio tour show. Bottom Right: The *Galactica* orbits a nearby planet as a Viper sets its sights on a fleeing Cylon Raider spaceship.



A Cylon Raider heads into its hanger aboard the massive Cylon Basestar where its crew will report to the traitor Baltar on the whereabouts of the fleet.



Three Cylon Centurions at the controls of a Raider. Each robot is programmed to perform a specific function. This kind of planning makes the performance of a Raider team very limited.



The Imperious Leader (Dick Durock) orders the final assault on the human race from his throne room aboard a Cylon Basestar.



The battle-worn survivors of the planet Caprica approach Apollo, who has landed with his father to search for Adama's wife. Among the crowd is a newswoman, Serena, and her son Boxy.

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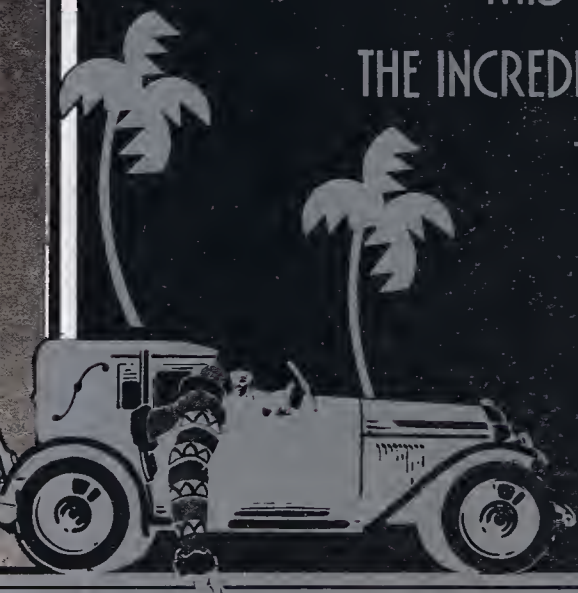
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Written by Melissa Mathison
Directed by Steven Spielberg
Opening June 18

Starring Kurt Russell
Written by Bill Lancaster
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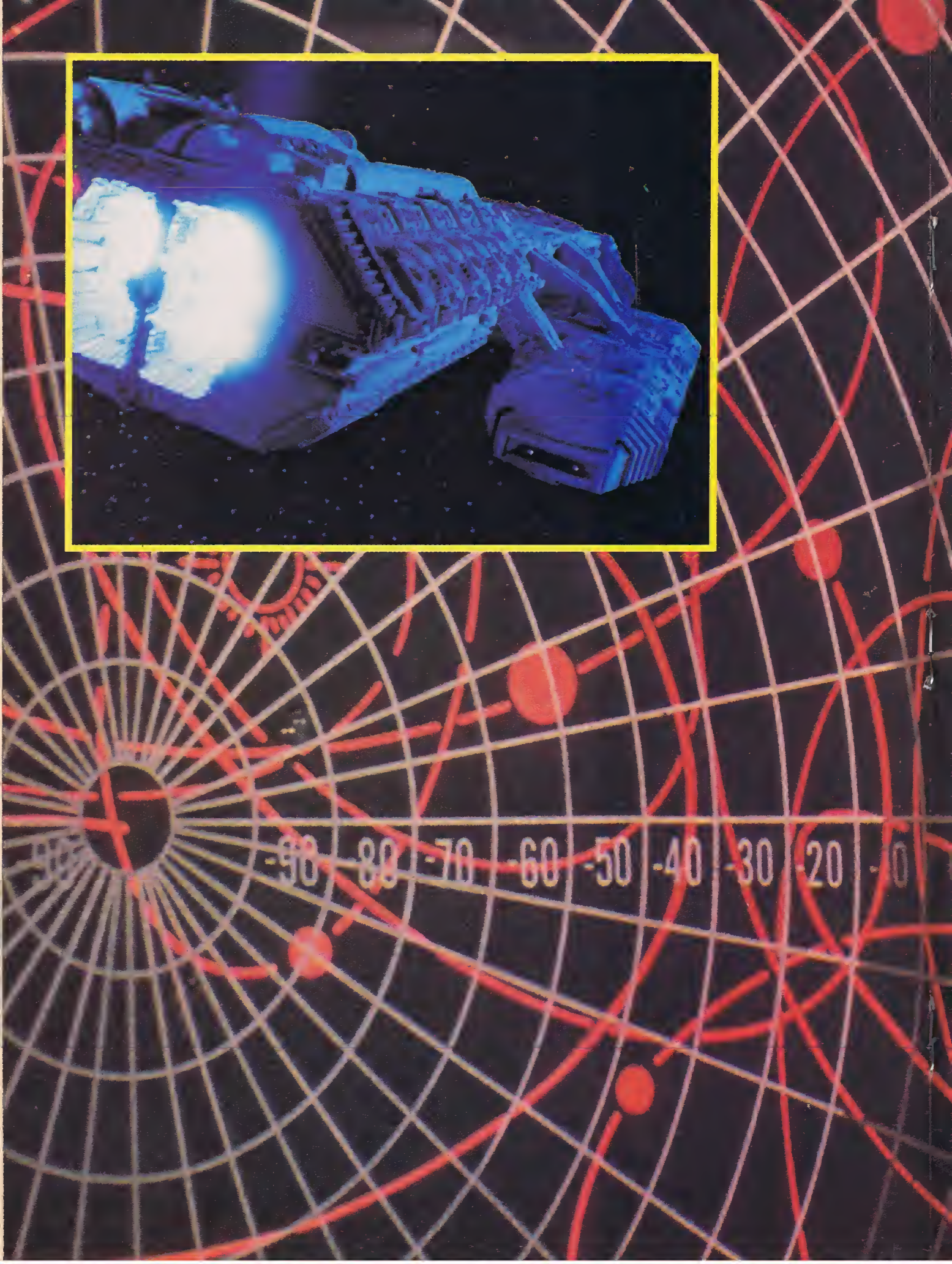
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Directed by David Cronenberg
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CRYSTAL







STARLOG

Science Fiction Classic #3
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA

BLADE RUNNER'S Syd Mead

An Artist with Designs on the Future

By ED NAHA

Actors Harrison Ford and Edward James Olmos slog their way through a metropolitan street scene gone haywire. The street is not only a home for some of the seediest pedestrians seen since *Tobacco Road* but is populated, as well, by a tangle of industrial tubing and pipe fixtures. Taxis resembling tanks chug by. Tenement buildings have their windows blotted out by large television screens which flash slices of exotic, tropical life-styles onto the macadam below.

Ford and Olmos are "hunting" genetically created human replicants on one of the strangest sets to be created in the history of futuristic films.

The film is Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*.

The set is constructed in Hollywood, U.S.A. and much of its nightmarish ambience arose from the fertile mind of artist Syd Mead. Although he is not physically present at the Warner Brothers' studio, Mead's touch is certainly felt.

At no time, for instance, does any part of the set conjure up cinematic memories of such films as *Funny Girl* or *The Way We Were*. Yet, this New York street scene was indeed part of those films, as well as most of the James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart films produced at Warners during Hollywood's golden years.

For director Scott's adaptation of Philip K. Dick's novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, the standard New York backdrop had to be transformed into Any-Metropolis U.S.A., circa 2020.

That's where Mead came in.

A uniquely individualistic graphic artist-turned-consultant-turned futurist, Mead parlayed a few preliminary sketches into a wide-screen vision of a near Dystopian tomorrow. Not bad for a fellow not usually associated with motion pictures.

"I feel pretty responsible for the final look of the film," says Mead from his West Coast

headquarters several months after production has stopped. "The way the street scenes are dressed is right off my sketches. I walked around the set one morning and it was like being in one of my drawings. It was pretty eerie."

Mead's impressive cinematic triumph actually came about quite accidentally. A commercial artist best known for his futuristic designs for U.S. Steel, the Ford motor

accepting the assignment. I don't mind working on vehicles for movies. I'm comfortable with that, having done it for corporations countless times."

And so, Mead set off to work. Before long, however, he discovered that it was impossible to ignore the challenge of inventing an entire futurescape as opposed to just elements within it. "I never like to sketch a vehicle on a blank page," he shrugs. "I'll toss in back-

ground settings. I had read the script to *Blade Runner* and wanted to give the city a shot. After some discussions with Ridley and art director Larry Paul, I began putting in backgrounds that fit the tone of the picture.

Ridley liked them. He had me expand on them and sketch a few street sets and, then, some interior sets. Before it was all over, I wound up working on the look of almost all the articles in the film from hand-held hardware to more elaborate articles."

In short order, Mead was im-

meshed in the laborious process of launching a motion picture. "To get this movie really rolling in terms of design," he says, "it took at least three months. The actual preproduction lasted a year. That's pretty long. I worked on the vehicles first because they took the most time. Then, I did the street sets. Then, I did the detailed objects like coin slots and parking meters... all the gadgetry you need to make a non-existent society seem realistic down to the last detail. Ridley is a stickler for detail."

Future Cars

As much as Mead wanted to dive into envisioning a futuristic society, he labored long and hard on *Blade Runner*'s automotive designs first. "After all," he laughs, "that's what I was paid for in the first place. I came up with five basic designs that seemed to please everyone.

"The *Spinner* is the star vehicle. That's the

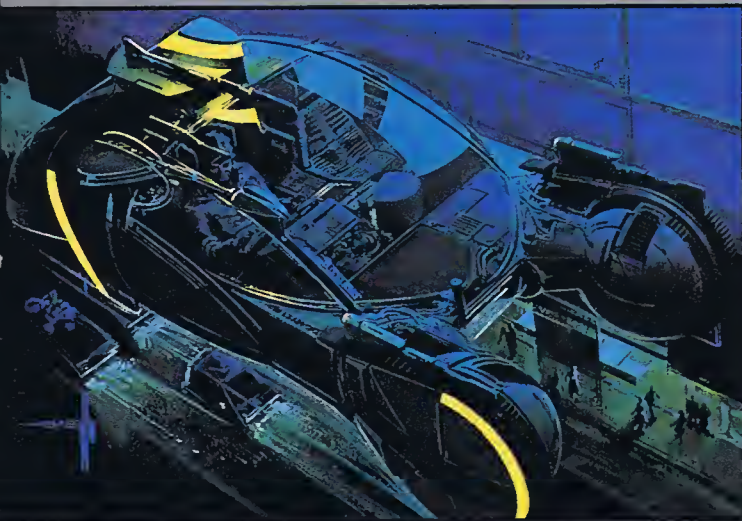


Artist/designer Mead stands beside one of his concepts come-to-life, the Spinner.

company and other corporations, Mead was lionized by many science-fiction fans a few years back when a collection of his drawings, *Sentinel*, was published. He then was asked to design the inside of the Voyager craft for *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, his lone film credit before being contacted by director Ridley Scott during *Blade Runner*'s embryonic period.

"Ridley called and came over to the house with Ivor Powell (the film's associate producer)," recalls Mead. "They had Chris Fosse's book, Roger Dean's book and mine. Ridley was aware of my work and when he was shopping around for special-effects people, he talked with John [Star Wars] Dykstra who wound up re-enforcing Ridley's opinions about my possibilities."

Mead and Scott hit it off. "Initially, he was interested in me only in terms of automotive design. Although I had only done a little bit of work on the *Star Trek* film, I felt comfortable



Concept art showing a Spinner airborne.



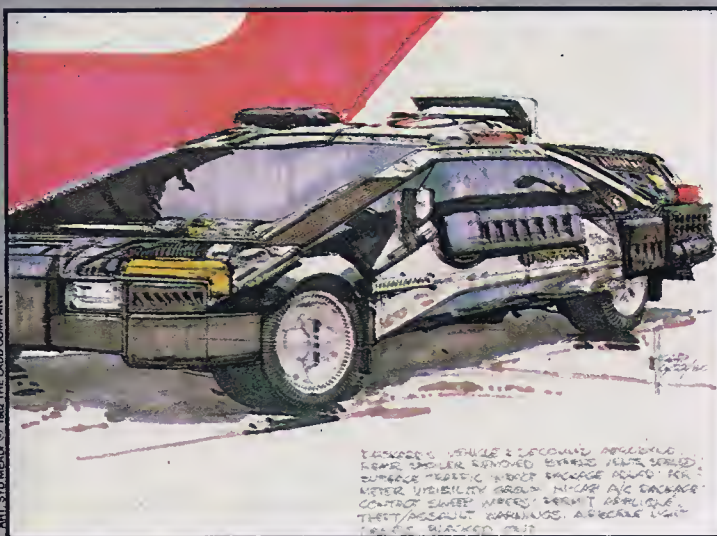
From the film: the Spinner sits in surface traffic.



Concept art for new city cab.



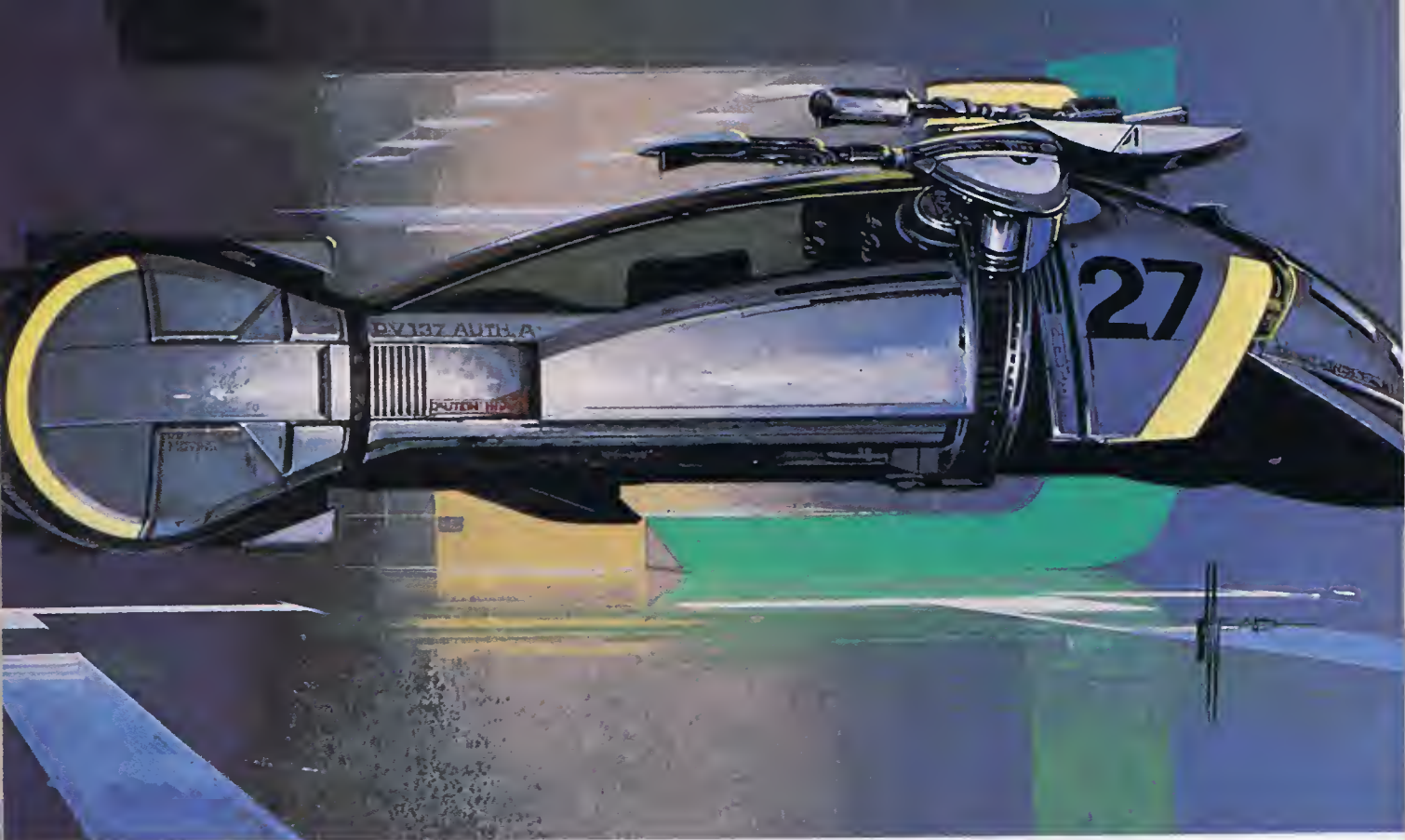
From the film: "Metrokab" awaits passengers.



Concept for Deckard's vehicle: A grounded Spinner.



From the film: An almost perfect realization.



Concept art for one of Mead's finest creations—the Spinner. It's a unique flying-car design, having no wings or stabilizer fins. It was the most expensive and complicated prop in the film. Mead calls it an "enclosed lift vehicle."



A typical downtown scene in the *Blade Runner* mega-city. Mead designed the vehicles first and then took a shot at the city. The vehicle on the right is Sebastian's van. Mead describes Sebastian as "an electronics wizard and tinkerer."

car that actually flies. Right from the start, I tried to stay away from stereotypical approaches. I thought that folding wings and helicopter blades had been done to death on vehicles in futuristic films. I thought we should think of it as an enclosed lift vehicle.

"It would look like a car all the time, whether it was flying or just rolling down a street. That seemed more logical and easier to handle dramatically than a thing with all sorts of attachments that unfolded or popped out for take-off. The *Spinner* was the most expensive vehicle to build and, dramatically, the most important. In the film, it's only used by authorized personnel because it flies and, therefore, is involved with complicated, three-dimensional travel patterns.

"The second most important vehicle was Deckard's [Ford's] sedan. It's about the size of a contemporary medium-sized car. The theory behind this model is that it's a decommissioned flying sedan. All the exterior flaps and air directional panels have been removed and it's now only used for street travel. It still has all the original bumpers, light patterns and overbuilt windshield wipers, though. It's a sleek sedan.

"With those two out of the way, I had to come up with a means of mass transportation, a People's Vehicle. It's a little cart that anyone can rent or lease. You climb in, insert a card and only pay for the time you actually use the craft. You drive it and, then, simply leave it in the street when you're through. Eventually, some other customer walks by, inserts his or her card, and just zooms off.

"I also had to come up with a pretty crazy-quilt kind of design for Sebastian's van. In the movie, the character of Sebastian is sort of an electronics wizard, a super-hobbyist and tinkerer. He patches his truck together by taking a commercial chassis and adding things onto it, making it an enclosed truck with a bed in the back and everything.

"The trick with Sebastian's van was to come up with something that looked patched together using pieces that audiences wouldn't recognize as being available today. I figured that Sebastian could give his truck a real armadillo look by using a whole bunch of flawed deflector panels as the basis for a body.

"After that, the film began using a lot of cross-over vehicles. They took Sebastian's truck and modified it into an ambulance. Deckard's sedan became the basis of police cruisers and staff cars. There's a bus in the film that I didn't actually work on but the look was extrapolated from the style I had already established."

Even while designing the movie's auto horde, Mead was coming up with ideas about the environment that would make the vehicles both plausible and necessary. He found his inspiration in contemporary New York.

"The city in the movie is not named," he cautions. "There's no particular setting. But, let's face it, New York is *the* example of what's going on in cities today with buildings going up over 1,000 feet.

"We used that as a springboard. We drew a profile of a city taking the two World Trade Towers as the norm. We figured that, as you went up higher, the street level as we know it

today would become some sort of massive service alley sequestered beneath these enormous megastructures.

"That would, in turn, give the streets a sort of subterranean sewer look. You'd have generators and tubes and gigantic pylons supporting the sides of those buildings and taking up space on ground level. You might wind up taking a whole city block, leaving the old building structures in place, and building a large structure inside that block that would represent a pylon supporting a 3,000 foot skyscraper. Heck. That single pylon might extend for several city blocks on the side of the building. Using that idea, you eventually come up with a street filled with a lot of *stuff*. It would be transformed into a maze of pipes and tubes.

"By inference, the crime and the congestion present on this ground level would be an enormous problem, making it almost necessary for all decent citizens to avoid it, to not venture below the 40th level of the megastructures. The streets would really be *low*, in every sense of the word.

"That sort of *low* crime vs. an elevated society would lead to the creation of a second level of between-building accesses for normal citizens; freeways and people carriers looming high above the original street level. In essence, you'd have a second society built upon the remains of a past one."

Artist/Philosopher

Quite heady stuff for a designer. Listening to Mead speak, one wonders if he was hired to sketch or philosophize. In Mead's mind, it's all part of the same process.

"I approached *Blade Runner* as a classical industrial design exercise," he says. "We re-

invented things to solve the problem; the problem being the script.

"The script called for us to come up with new ideas that would support the action realistically. We had to come up with objects that *looked* like what they were supposed to be. In corporate work, when you're asked to design the inside of a train or a plane, the problem is clearly delineated for you. In that type of work, however, you're dealing with reality. For this film, I had to invent things that might not be realistic by contemporary standards, but fit the dramatic reality of the story. In essence, everything had to have a dramatic, emotional or technological reason for being.

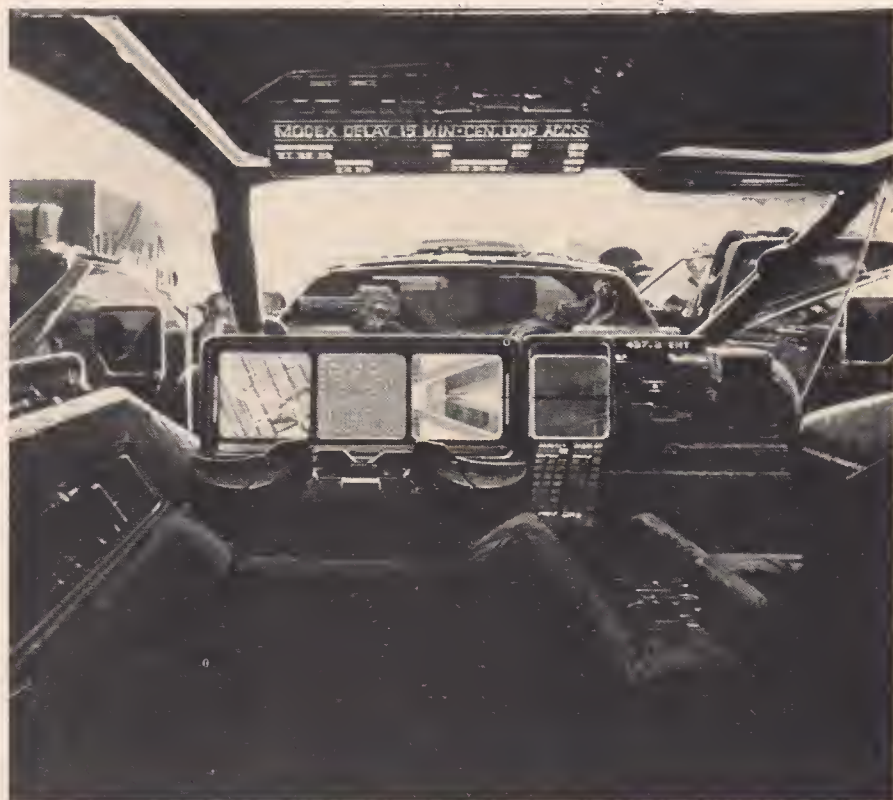
"For instance, the state of the art today for entry into an enclosed space is through the use of a little plastic card that has a magnetic code buried in the plastic. That card, however, isn't very dramatic visually. It doesn't look like it's doing anything special to allow you into that enclosed space.

"So, for the movie, we invented little 'keys' that lit up and rolled down something that resembled a watch fob or a key chain. You roll this little wheel down a fob and if the lights twinkle in the right sequence, you're allowed to enter the room. It's *waay* past what you'd actually need, but it's more visually intriguing for the purpose of plot."

Also on tap for *Blade Runner* are parking meters (at three bucks per minute) that give off a red glow when your time is up and deep fry your hands should you try to cross them; pollution control devices for the tops of cars; a Voight-Kampf machine that measures "empathy" and a series of tools used by Deckard in tracking down renegade replicants.

Despite the forboding atmosphere de-

(continued on page 61)



This incredible piece of artwork shows the view from inside a Police Spinner, including the complex read-outs and monitors showing aerial views.

One evening, not too long ago, Dennis, Diane, and myself, acting on a spur of the moment impulse, dashed out to catch a late show of Walt Disney's *Cinderella*. I hadn't seen it since I was seven. Neither Dennis nor Diane had ever seen it.

The theater was only a third filled—but there wasn't anyone there under the age of 25. The audience was entirely adults—closet Disney freaks wanting to sneak a secret return of one of our cherished childhood experiences.

Needless to say, we were enthralled—all of us, every single person in the theater.

Dennis and Diane and I had as much fun as we have ever had in a movie theater. We had a great time. We laughed at the irrepressible enthusiasm of Gus-gus, the tubby little mouse; we hissed the villainous feline, Lucifer; we cheered the arrival of the Fairy Godmother—and we waltzed out of the auditorium singing, "A dream is a wish your heart makes, when you're fast asleep—"

Afterwards, talking about it over coffee, sharing the excitement again, we babbled like mice and birds. We'd had a *wonderful* evening!

Thinking back on it, a few days later, I realized something else: normally, it was our habit to analyze a movie, to figure out what had worked and what hadn't worked—as if that had been the purpose of the movie, to provide us with an opportunity to demonstrate how smart we were.

Examples:

"Well, it's obvious—Cinderella's a professional victim. She's always letting other people do it to her. Even her good luck comes at the hands of another person. Her Fairy Godmother does it to her. The prince does it to her when he orders the search for the foot that fits the slipper. She doesn't do anything except sew clothes for birds and mice and sing happy songs about how wonderful it will all be someday. In the meantime, she doesn't do anything to make it wonderful. She's waiting for it to all work out. If she didn't have a Fairy Godmother, she'd still be waiting—"

"—You'll notice that the voice of the Fairy Godmother was Verna Felton—Verna did a lot of voices for Disney, but the Fairy Godmother was her most notable role. She also played Spring Byington's best friend in the 1950s TV series *December Bride*. Now, I specifically want you to notice. . . ."

"—the picture is actually a transition picture for Disney studios, from the early lavish production values of *Snow White*, *Pinocchio*, and *Bambi*, to the slicker, but less detailed look of *Lady and the Tramp*. Here, you can see the economics of production beginning to eat away at the depth—did you notice there's hardly any multipane work in the picture at all, as compared to *Pinocchio* which made extensive use of the technique, particularly in the opening sequences—"

And so on.

I mean, we could dissect a picture as thoroughly as three vultures picking over the dis-

carded bones of a violent predator's most recent kill.

And, in fact, on the way home after the movie, we had noted all of our old familiar reactions. But we did so only in passing. The truth of the matter was that all of those analyses (all of them very well-informed) were actually *irrelevant*. We were all three of us, so caught up in the *experience* of the movie that we didn't want it to end. And not one of us was going to risk breaking the mood, by stepping out of the experience to analyze it.

That's what I realized. Movies aren't about explanations—they are about experiences. Indeed, the true value of any movie is a function of the intensity and the nature of the experience that it creates for us. For example:

Bambi's mother.

Just about everyone who's seen Walt Disney's *Bambi* has a twinge of reaction on hearing those two words. If you've seen the movie, you know the scene: "Run, Bambi, run—!!" *BANG!* "...Mother. . . .?"

Theater owners say that's the part of the movie where the five year olds wet their pants—and the seats they're sitting on.

I was only five the first time I saw *Bambi*. I don't think I wet my pants, but I still remember the sick, hollow feeling that part of the film gave me. For a child to confront the terrifying reality of losing its mother—after all, Mommy is the source of all good things in the Universe—is to confront the very issue of one's own vulnerability.

Or how about the scene in *Dumbo*, where Timothy Mouse takes the little elephant to visit his Mom, now locked up in a barred wagon—all she can do is cradle her baby in her trunk—the poignancy of the moment is profound.

Have you ever noticed—people don't talk about the movies they like as much as they talk about their favorite parts of those movies? That is, their favorite *experiences* in those films.

The truth is, we don't judge the films we see by the skill or artistry with which the filmmakers done their job. We may be aware of those qualities—and we may appreciate them in their own right; but the true success of the movie is that we forget it's a movie while we are watching it.

The movie's job is to create an experience for us—and as members of the audience, we react not so much to the artistry of the film, but to the nature and intensity of the created experience. (In fact, the artistry is only there in service of the experience—if you *notice* the artistry, it's getting in the way.)

The actual quality by which we assess the value of an experience is its *truthfulness*—that is, that this is a reflection of the way things really are in the world, and this is what it feels like to experience this thing.

When that quality of truth is lacking, we feel cheated. Remember the last time you saw something in a movie that you knew was a lie? Didn't you feel ripped off by it?

Do you remember another Walt Disney animated feature, *Lady and the Tramp*?

The film is about a cocker spaniel, Lady, who falls in love with a mutt, Tramp. Tramp is falsely accused of attacking a baby (he was actually going after a rat), and is captured and sent to the pound. Lady's two best friends, Jock (a scotty dog) and Trusty (a bloodhound), take off after the wagon bearing Tramp to a sure and certain death. The film's climax is an intense chase through the dark wet streets of the city—upon catching up with the wagon, Trusty throws himself at the horses, causing them to rear up and toppling the wagon onto its side. We see Lady reunited with Tramp, but the scene ends with a tragic shot of Jock keening out his despair over the fallen body of his lifelong friend, Trusty. The intention of the shot is obvious—Trusty is dead. You are meant to feel that specific pain.

We then cut to the film's final sequence, a Christmas celebration. The baby is now big enough to be playing with Lady and Tramp's puppies. When Lady's master looks out the window, he says, "Oh, look—here comes Jock . . . and Trusty." And Trusty enters the shot with a bandaged paw.

The immediate feeling is relief. "Oh, good! Trusty isn't dead! Happy ending. Happy ending!" But—underneath that feeling of relief is another sense, a darker one—a feeling of having been manipulated and *jerked around*. Either Trusty is dead or he isn't—either he gave his life for Lady and Tramp or he didn't. The film can't have it *both* ways and maintain its integrity.

It is as if the storyteller is saying, "...and poor Trusty was crushed by the wagon and killed, oh dear. Everybody feel sad now." And as he wipes a dramatic tear from his own eye, he lets his audience feel their own deep sense of loss. Then, with the very next breath, he says, "Oh, my—I lied. Trusty isn't dead at all—he just broke a paw. He'll be *all right!* Isn't that wonderful?!"

No, actually—it isn't.

It isn't all right to lie. It cheapens the entire preceding scene—the tragedy of it has been reduced to melodrama. Why not let us feel the bittersweet poignancy of Trusty's death?

I wanted to feel sad for Trusty. It was actually a recognition of how much I had liked him as a character. I didn't like having my grief jerked out from under me. It rang *false*.

What's the justification for it?—that we don't want to make the audience uncomfortable? That audiences aren't able to cope with the death of a fictional character? That's the kind of pernicious lie that demeans and diminishes the audience. It says, "You're not capable of handling a real tragedy—we'll sugar coat it for you."

Lady and the Tramp is only one of several Disney films to cheat the audience out of their own experience of loss—the cheat shows up again in *The Jungle Book* where Baloo, a great ape and Mowgli's best friend, is killed in a fight with Sher Khan, the tiger—oh no, ex-



cuse me, he's just laying down until we all finish crying over him because he was such a wonderful person. As soon as we're all sure he's really dead, he jumps to his feet and starts dancing again. This is point in the story at which Mowgli is supposed to make the decision to leave the forest and become a human being again. If Baloo dies—then we can see that choice as a decision to grow up; but as it stands now it's obvious that Mowgli is leaving because—as much fun as he may be—this ape is obviously a liar of the worst sort. You can't trust him.

More recently, the Disney studios released a film called *The Fox and the Hound*. In it, the Hound's partner (I've forgotten his name already, a bad sign that) is chasing the Fox across a railroad bridge; he is hit by a train and falls off the high trestle into a raging river. In a reprise of the scene of Jock wailing over Trusty's body, we see the Hound (and I've forgotten his name too) keening out his grief over the fallen form of his hunting partner. Shortly thereafter, we find out that the dog did not die—he just broke his leg. (Oh, really??) The Hound now swears eternal vengeance upon the Fox. For his buddy's broken leg!!! Aww, come on, fellas! Give us a break!! If his buddy had died, I'd believe it—but this just destroyed all motivation for everything that follows after.

The individual examples here suggest a specific attitude on the part of the corporate storyteller—that is, some subjects, like death for instance, are so disturbing that we must pretend they do not exist at all. So, we'll just hint at them instead. With this refusal to confront the subject *honestly*, the storyteller demonstrates a callous disrespect for the audience. It is not too far removed from the practical joker who calls up an unsuspecting housewife and tells her that he's calling from the police department and her husband was killed in an automobile accident, lets her cry for a while, then says, "Ha ha, I'm only joking!!"

Now let's consider a certain science-fiction TV series, produced between the years of 1966 and 1969. It was about the voyages of a certain starship. Perhaps you may have seen episodes of it in syndication on your local channels.

In the first episode of the second season, the good Captain gets involved in a duel to the death with his best friend—and we see him killed. We are horrorstruck! We know this cannot be true! Killing off the Captain!! No!! There are still another 25 episodes to go, this season!!

We return to the vessel, and we discover that the good Captain was *not* killed, but only put into a state resembling death by the clever doctor so that his life could be saved. "What a surprise!" we exclaim. "What a clever doctor! Hoorah, hoorah!" And we try not to think about the reaction of the Vulcan authorities when they realize that representatives of the Federation have cheated one of their rituals. (I'm sure the matter can be cleaned up.)

Actually, it's a terrific idea—it's an opportunity for Spock to realize how much he truly cares about his Captain, when he's confronted with the possibility of his Captain's death. It's an opportunity for him to acknowledge his love for the man. It's a great gimmick for a story. It's dramatic. Once.

But only once.

You can't make a habit of it. If you kill the helmsman in the teaser, and then bring him back to life in the tag, you are cheating your audience. And—they know that you are cheating! They know that the actor is under contract, they know that he's a series regular, they know that regular characters do not get killed off so casually—so they know, on some level of awareness, that they are being jerked around. They take this story a little less seriously.

By the time the same trick is played on the Chief Engineer—or is it the Russian navigator, or the African communications officer?—we couldn't care less. The precedent has been established. The (unseen, but implied) storyteller has created for himself a reputation as a liar, that the experiences he presents are not to be trusted; they are false experiences. We are only going through the motions, so you can view this with detachment. You don't have to care about these people—they're not real. We made them out of cardboard.

You're being ripped off.

You're being told that death isn't real, that you don't have to worry about it, that you never really have to confront it. The only people who die are those nameless crewmen who we never saw before, and who are only along on this mission so they can get eaten by salt vampires and mugatas and hortas. Real people don't die. (Great! That means you and I are going to live forever, right?)

So—what does all this have to do with Mr. Spock?

I thought you'd never ask.

When Paramount decided to make *Star Trek II*, they hired Harve Bennett, a man of character, to produce the film. As Bennett tells it, Leonard Nimoy did not want to return as the character of Spock for *Star Trek II*. He wanted the character written out of the series.

Harve Bennett then made this suggestion to Nimoy: "Why not end it once and for all? Let us kill the character off."

Apparently Nimoy agreed, because the early drafts of the script had a very effective and very moving death scene for Spock. The

script also had excellent opportunities for Captain Kirk to realize the depth of his relationship with his longtime friend. It *could* have been the most important *Star Trek* story ever told because it would have been the story in which the triangular relationship between Kirk, Spock and McCoy is finally recognized by the characters themselves. Here was finally the opportunity for all of these characters to say that one thing that they have left unsaid for all these many years: "I love you." How could they not love each other?

Leonard Nimoy once published a poem (I don't have a copy of it, sorry) in which he said, "I must tell you that I love you now—because I may not get another chance."

That's the story that *Star Trek II* *could* have been about.

But—in the middle of last year, the news got out that Spock was going to die in the new movie. And—inevitably, a "Save Spock" letter campaign was begun. At one point, concerned fans even took out an ad in *Daily Variety* urging Paramount to save the life of their favorite Vulcan. Because—the ad said—if they didn't, *Star Trek* fans would boycott the picture and the studio would lose about \$28,000,000.

I doubt that latter, but never mind. That's not the point.

There has been such an uproar from concerned fans that Paramount Pictures, Leonard Nimoy, Gene Roddenberry, and Harve Bennett have all issued statements explaining their positions. The result of all of these attempts to clear things up has only been to make things muddier.

What is true is that the film has been shot with two endings, one in which Spock dies, the other in which he lives. We'll find out which one was edited into the final cut very shortly now....

Whatever the case, an odd precedent has been established here—that whether a character lives or dies can be put to a vote of the audience, and the integrity of the story be damned.

Listen, let me give you the bad news:

Whether Spock lives or dies is actually *irrelevant*. He's only a fictional character.

Some *Trek*-fans perceive Spock as having more reality than the flesh and blood human beings they share this planet with. It's a dangerous conceit. It suggests that there are individuals who cannot handle their relationships with fictional characters, let alone real live people. Or let me put it this way. If some of *Star Trek*'s fans cannot handle the death of a *fictional* character, how are they going to react when Mommy or Daddy finally throws an embolism?

Let me put this in context—because this is not about *Star Trek* at all. *Star Trek* is just the example I'm using. I'm actually talking about storytelling here, and the purpose of storytelling goes beyond mere communication, goes beyond just entertainment. The purpose of

(continued on page 61)



WHO GOES THERE?

Although long out of print, John W. Campbell's story of alien terror is considered to be one of the all-time great SF novellas. STARLOG is proud to present the novella in its entirety, serialized in three parts and illustrated by long-time graphic illustrator Nicola Cuti.

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

The place stank. A queer, mingled stench that only the ice-buried cabins of an Antarctic camp know, compounded of reeking human sweat, and the heavy, fish-oil stench of melted seal blubber. An overtone of liniment combated the musty smell of sweat-and-snow-drenched furs. The acrid odor of burnt cooking fat, and the animal, not-unpleasant smell of dogs, diluted by time, hung in the air.

Lingering odors of machine oil contrasted sharply with the taint of harness dressing and leather. Yet somehow, through all that reek of human beings and their associates—dogs, machines and cooking—came another taint. It was a queer, neck-ruffling thing, a faintest suggestion of an odor alien among the smells of industry and life. And it was a life-smell. But it came from the thing that lay bound with cord and tarpaulin on the table, dripping slowly, methodically onto the heavy planks, dank and gaunt under the unshielded glare of the electric light.

Blair, the little bald-pated biologist of the expedition, twitched nervously at the wrappings, exposing clear, dark ice beneath and then pulling the tarpaulin back into place restlessly. His little birdlike motions of suppressed eagerness danced his shadow across the fringe of dingy gray underwear hanging from the low ceiling, the equatorial fringe of stiff, graying hair around his naked skull a comical halo about the shadow's head.

Commander Garry brushed aside the lax legs of a suit of underwear, and stepped toward the table. Slowly his eyes traced around the rings of men sardined into the Administration Building. His tall, stiff body straightened finally, and he nodded. "Thirty-seven. All here." His voice was low, yet carried the clear authority of the commander by nature, as well as by title.

"You know the outline of the story back of that find of the Secondary Pole Expedition. I have been conferring with second-in-Command McReady, and Norris, as well as Blair and Dr. Copper. There is a difference of opinion, and because it involves the entire group, it is only just that the entire Expedition personnel act on it.

"I am going to ask McReady to give you the details of the story, because each of you has been too busy with his own work to follow closely the endeavors of the others. McReady?"

Moving from the smoke-blued background, McReady was a figure from some forgotten myth, a looming, bronze statue that held life, and walked. Six-feet-four inches he stood as he halted beside the table, and, with a characteristic glance upward to assure himself of room under the lower ceiling beam, straightened. His rough, clashing orange windproof jacket he still had on, yet on his huge frame it did not seem misplaced. Even here, four

feet beneath the drift-wind that droned across the Antarctic waste above the ceiling, the cold of the frozen continent leaked in, and gave meaning to the harshness of the man. And he was bronze—his great red-bronze beard, the heavy hair that matched it. The gnarled, corded hands gripping, relaxing, gripping and relaxing on the table planks were bronze. Even the deep-sunken eyes beneath heavy brows were bronzed.

Age-resisting endurance of the metal spoke in the cragged heavy outlines of his face, and the mellow tones of the heavy voice. "Norris and Blair agree on one thing; that animal we found was not—terrestrial in origin. Norris fears there may be danger in that; Blair says there is none.

"But I'll go back to how, and why, we found it. To all that was known before we came here, it appeared that this point was exactly over the South Magnetic Pole of Earth. The compass does point straight down here, as you all know. The more delicate instruments of the physicists, instruments especially designed for this expedition and its study of the magnetic pole, detected a secondary effect, a secondary, less powerful magnetic influence about

"Something came down out of space, a ship. We saw it there in the blue ice, a thing like a submarine without a conning tower or directive vanes."

80 miles southwest of here.

"The Secondary Magnetic Expedition went out to investigate it. There is no need for details. We found it, but it was not the huge meteorite or magnetic mountain Norris had expected to find. Iron ore is magnetic, of course; iron more so—and certain special steels even more magnetic. From the surface indications, the secondary pole we found was small, so small that the magnetic effect it had was preposterous. No magnetic material conceivable could have that effect. Soundings through the ice indicated it was within one hundred feet of the glacier surface.

"I think you should know the structure of the place. There is a broad plateau, a level sweep that runs more than 150 miles due south from the Secondary station, Van Wall says. He didn't have time or fuel to fly farther, but it was running smoothly due south then. Right there, where that buried thing was, there is an ice-drowned mountain

ridge, a granite wall of unshakable strength that has damned back the ice creeping from the south.

"And four hundred miles due south is the South Polar Plateau. You have asked me at various times why it gets warmer here when the wind rises, and most of you know. As a meteorologist I'd have staked my word that no wind could blow at -70 degrees—that no more than a 5-mile wind could blow at -50—without causing warming due to friction with ground, snow and ice and the air itself.

"We camped there on the lip of that ice-drowned mountain range for twelve days. We dug out camp into the blue ice that formed the surface, and escaped most of it. But for twelve consecutive days the wind blew at 45 miles an hour. It went as high as 48, and fell to 41 at times. The temperature was -63 degrees. It rose to -60 and fell to -68. It was meteorologically impossible, and it went on uninterruptedly for twelve days and twelve nights.

"Somewhere to the south, the frozen air of South Polar Plateau slides down from that 18,000-foot bowl, down a mountain pass, over a glacier, and starts north. There must be a funneling mountain chain that directs it, and sweeps it away for four hundred miles to hit that bald plateau where we found the secondary pole, and 350 miles farther north reaches the Antarctic Ocean.

"It's been frozen there since Antarctica froze twenty million years ago. There never has been a thaw there.

"Twenty million years ago Antarctica was beginning to freeze. We've investigated, thought and built speculations. What we believe happened was about like this.

"Something came down out of space, a ship. We saw it there in the blue ice, a thing like a submarine without a conning tower or directive vanes. 280 feet long and 45 feet in diameter at its thickest.

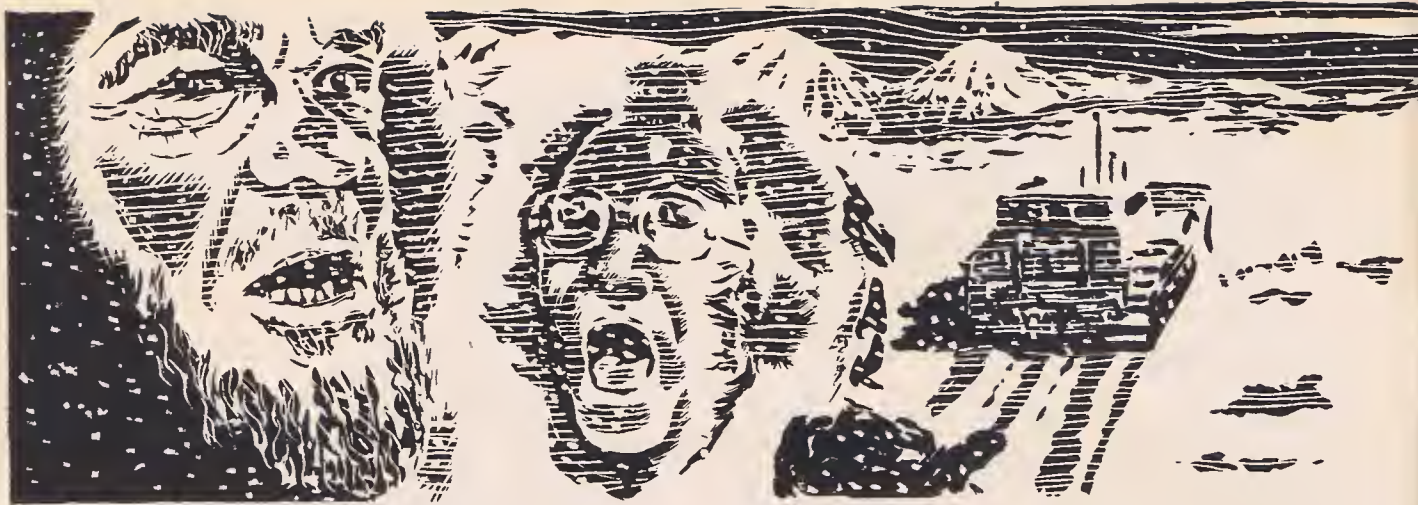
"Eh, Van Wall? Space? Yes, but I'll explain that better later." McReady's steady voice went on.

"It came down from space, driven and lifted by forces men haven't discovered yet, and somehow—perhaps something went wrong then—it tangled with Earth's magnetic field. It came south here, out of control probably, circling the magnetic pole.

That's a savage country there, but when Antarctica was still freezing it must have been a thousand times more savage. There must have been blizzard snow, as well as drift, new snow falling as the continent glaciated. The swirl there must have been particularly bad, the wind hurling a solid blanket of white over the lip of that now-buried mountain.

"The ship struck solid granite head-on, and cracked up. Not every one of the passengers in it was killed, but the ship must have been ruined, her driving mechanism locked. It tangled with Earth's field, Norris believes. No thing made by intelligent beings can tangle with the dead immensity of a planet's natural forces and survive.

"One of its passengers stepped out. The wind we saw there never fell below 41, and the temperature never rose above -60. Then—the wind must have been stronger. And there was drift falling in a solid sheet. The thing was lost completely in ten paces."



"Blair had the steam tractor waiting. A hundred yards the other side of that granite wall we set off the thermite bomb."

He paused for a moment, the deep, steady voice giving way to the drone of wind overhead, and the uneasy, malicious gurgling in the pipe of the galley stove.

Drift—a drift-wind was sweeping by overhead. Right now the snow picked up by the mumbling wind fled in level, blinding lines across the face of the buried camp. If a man stepped out of the tunnels that connected each of the camp buildings beneath the surface, he'd be lost in ten paces. Out there, the slim, black finger of the radio mast lifted 300 feet into the air, and at its peak was the clear night sky. A sky of thin, whining wind rushing steadily from beyond to another beyond under the licking, curling mantle of the aurora. And off north, the horizon flamed with queer, angry colors of the midnight twilight. That was spring 300 feet above Antarctica.

At the surface—it was white death. Death of a needle-fingered cold driven before the wind, sucking heat from any warm thing. Cold—and white mist of endless, everlasting drift, the fine, fine particles of licking snow that obscured all things.

Kinner, the little, scar-faced cook, winced. Five days ago he had stepped out to the surface to reach a cache of frozen beef. He had reached it, started back—and the drift-wind leapt out of the south. Cold, white death that streamed across the ground blinded him in twenty seconds. He stumbled on wildly in circles. It was half an hour before rope-guided men from below found him in the impenetrable murk.

It was easy for man—or *thing*—to get lost in ten paces.

"And the drift-wind then was probably more impenetrable than we know," McReady's voice snapped Kinner's mind back. Back to welcome, dank warmth of the Ad Building. "The passenger of the ship wasn't prepared either, it appears. It froze within ten feet of the ship.

"We dug down to find the ship, and our tunnel happened to find the frozen—animal. Barclay's ice-ax struck its skull.

"When we saw what it was, Barclay went back to the tractor, started the fire up and when the steam pressure built, sent a call for Blair and Dr. Copper. Barclay himself was sick then. Stayed sick for three days, as a matter of fact.

"When Blair and Copper came, we cut out the animal in a block of ice, as you see, wrapped it and loaded it on the tractor for return here. We wanted to get into that ship.

"We reached the side and found the metal was something we didn't know. Our beryllium-bronze, non-magnetic tools wouldn't touch it. Barclay had

some tool-steel on the tractor, and that wouldn't scratch it either. We made reasonable tests—even tried some acid from the batteries with no results.

"They must have had a passivating process to make magnesium metal resist acid that way, and the alloy must have been at least 95 per cent magnesium. But we had no way of guessing that, so when we spotted the barely opened locked door, we cut around it. There was clear, hard ice inside the lock, where we couldn't reach it. Through the little crack we could look in and see that only metal and tools were in there, so we decided to loosen the ice with a bomb.

"We had decanite bombs and thermite. Thermite is the ice-softener; decanite might have shattered valuable things, where the thermite's heat would just loosen the ice. Dr. Copper, Norris and I placed a 25-pound thermite bomb, wired it, and took the connector up the tunnel to the surface, where Blair had the steam tractor waiting. A hundred yards the other side of that granite wall we set off the thermite bomb.

"The magnesium metal of the ship caught, of course. The glow of the bomb flared and died, then it began to flare again. We ran back to the tractor, and gradually the glare built up. From where we were we could see the whole ice-field illuminated from beneath with an unbearable light; the ship's shadow was a great, dark cone reaching off toward the north, where the twilight was just about gone. For a moment it lasted, and we counted three other shadow-things that might have been other—passengers—frozen there. Then the ice was crashing down and against the ship.

"That's why I told you about that place. The wind sweeping down from the Pole was at our backs. Steam and hydrogen flame were torn away in white ice-fog; the flaming heat under the ice there was yanked away toward the Antarctic Ocean before it touched us. Otherwise we wouldn't have come back, even with the shelter of that granite ridge that stopped the light.

"Somehow in the blinding inferno we could see great hunched things, black bulks glowing, even so. They shed even the furious incandescence of the magnesium for a time. Those must have been the engines, we knew. Secrets going in blazing glory—secrets that might have given Man the planets. Mysterious things that could lift and hurl that ship—and had soaked in the force of the Earth's magnetic field. I saw Norris' mouth move, and ducked. I couldn't hear him.

"Insulation—something—gave way. All Earth's field they'd soaked up twenty million years before broke loose. The aurora in the sky above

licked down, and the whole plateau there was bathed in cold fire that blanketed vision. The ice-ax in my hand got red hot, and hissed on the ice. Metal buttons on my clothes burned into me. And a flash of electric blue seared upward from beyond the granite wall.

"Then the walls of ice crashed down on it. For an instant it squealed the way dry-ice does when it's pressed between metal.

"We were blind and groping in the dark for hours while our eyes recovered. We found every coil within a mile was fused rubbish, the dynamo and every radio set, the earphones and speakers. If we hadn't had the steam tractor, we wouldn't have gotten over to the Secondary Camp.

"Van Wall flew in from Big Magnet at sun-up, as you know. We came home as soon as possible. That is the history of—that." McReady's great bronze beard gestured toward the thing on the table.

II

Blair stirred uneasily, his little bony fingers wriggling under the harsh light. Little brown freckles on his knuckles slid back and forth as the tendons under the skin twitched. He pulled aside a bit of the tarpaulin and looked impatiently at the dark ice-bound thing inside.

McReady's big body straightened somewhat. He'd ridden the rocking, jarring steam tractor forty miles that day, pushing on to Big Magnet here. Even his calm will had been pressed by the anxiety to mix again with humans. It was lone and quiet out there in Secondary Camp, where a wolf-wind howled down from the Pole. Wolf-wind howling in his sleep—winds droning and the evil, unspeakable face of that monster leering up as he'd first seen it through clear, blue ice, with a bronze ice-ax buried in its skull.

The giant meteorologist spoke again. "The problem is them. Blair wants to examine the thing. Thaw it out and make micro slides of its tissues and so forth. Norris doesn't believe that is safe, and Blair does. Dr. Copper agrees pretty much with Blair. Norris is a physicist, of course, not a biologist. But he makes a point I think we should all hear. Blair has described the microscopic life-forms biologists find living, even in this cold and inhospitable place. They freeze every winter, and thaw every summer—for three months—and live.

"The point Norris makes is—they thaw, and live again. There must have been microscopic life associated with this creature. There is with every living thing we know. And Norris is afraid that we



"The magneslum metal of the ship caught, of course. The glow of the bomb flared and died, then it began to flare again. We ran back to the tractor. . . ."

may release a plague—some germ disease unknown to Earth—if we thaw those microscopic things that have been frozen there for twenty million years.

"Blair admits that such micro-life might retain the power of living. Such unorganized things as individual cells can retain life for unknown periods, when solidly frozen. The beast itself is as dead as those frozen mammoths they find in Siberia. Organized, highly developed life-forms can't stand that treatment."

"But micro-life could. Norris suggests that we may release some disease-form that man, never having met it before, will be utterly defenseless against."

"Blair's answer is that there may be such still-living germs, but that Norris has the case reversed. They are utterly non-immune to man. Our life-chemistry probably—"

"Probably!" The little biologist's head lifted in a quick, birdlike motion. The halo of gray hair about his bald head ruffled as though angry. "Heh. One look—"

"I know," McReady acknowledged. "The thing is not Earthly. It does not seem likely that it can have a life-chemistry sufficiently like ours to make cross-infection remotely possible. I would say that there is no danger."

McReady looked toward Dr. Copper. The physician shook his head slowly. "None whatever," he asserted confidently. "Man cannot infect or be infected by germs that live in such comparatively close relatives as the snakes. And they are, I assure you," his clean-shaven face grimaced uneasily, "much nearer to us than—that."

Vance Norris moved angrily. He was comparatively short in this gathering of big men, some five-feet-eight, and his stocky, powerful build tended to make him seem shorter. His black hair was crisp and hard, like short, steel wires, and his eyes were the gray of fractured steel. If McReady was a man of bronze, Norris was all steel. His movements, his thoughts, his whole bearing had the quick, hard impulse of steel spring. His nerves were steel—hard, quick-acting—swift corroding.

He was decided on his point now, and he lashed out in its defense with a characteristic quick, clipped flow of words. "Different chemistry be damned. That thing may be dead—or, by God, it may not—but I don't like it. Damn it, Blair, let them see the foul thing and decide for themselves whether they want that thing thawed out in this camp."

"Thawed out, by the way. That's got to be thawed out in one of the shacks tonight, if it is thawed

out. Somebody—who's watchman tonight? Magnetic—oh, Connant. Cosmic rays tonight. Well, you get to sit up with that twenty-million-year-old mummy of his."

"Unwrap it, Blair. How the hell can they tell what they are buying if they can't see it? It may have a different chemistry. I don't know what else it has, but I know it has something I don't want. If you can judge by the look on its face—it isn't human so maybe you can't—it was annoyed when it froze. Annoyed, in fact, is just about as close an approximation of the way it felt as crazy, mad, insane hatred. Neither one touches the subject."

"How the hell can these birds tell what they are voting on? They haven't seen those three red eyes, and the blue hair like crawling worms. Crawling—damn, it's crawling there in the ice right now!"

"Nothing Earth ever spawned had the unutterable sublimation of devastating wrath that thing let loose in its face when it looked around this frozen desolation twenty million years ago. Mad? It was mad clear through—searing, blistering mad!"

"Hell, I've had bad dreams ever since I looked at those three red eyes. Nightmares. Dreaming the thing thawed out and came to life—that it wasn't dead, or even wholly unconscious all those twenty million years, but just slowed, waiting—waiting. You'll dream, too, while that damned thing that Earth wouldn't own is dripping, dripping in the Cosmos House tonight."

"And, Connant," Norris whipped toward the cosmic ray specialist, "won't you have fun sitting up all night in the quiet. Wind whining above—and that thing dripping—" He stopped for a moment, and looked around.

"I know. That's not science. But this is, it's psychology. You'll have nightmares for a year to come. Every night since I looked at that thing I've had 'em. That's why I hate it—sure I do—and don't want it around. Put it back where it came from and let it freeze for another twenty million years. I had some swell nightmares—that it wasn't made like we are—which is obvious—but of a different kind of flesh that it can really control. That it can change its shape, and look like a man—and wait to kill and eat—"

"That's not a logical argument. I know it isn't. The thing isn't Earth-logic anyway."

"Maybe it has an alien body-chemistry, and maybe its bugs do have a different body-chemistry. A germ might not stand that, but, Blair and Copper, how about a virus? That's just an enzyme molecule, you've said. That wouldn't need anything but a protein molecule of any body to work on."

"And how are you so sure that, of the million varieties of microscopic life it may have, *none* of them are dangerous? How about diseases like hydrophobia—rabies—that attacks any warm-blooded creature, whatever its body-chemistry may be? And parrot fever? Have you a body like a parrot, Blair? And plain rot—gangrene—necrosis, do you want? That isn't choosy about body-chemistry!"

Blair looked up from his puttering long enough to meet Norris' angry gray eyes for an instant. "So far the only thing you have said this thing gave off that was catching was dreams. I'll go so far as to admit that." An impish, slightly malignant grin crossed the little man's seamed face. "I had some, too. So. It's dream-infectious. No doubt an exceedingly dangerous malady."

"So far as your other things go, you have a badly mistaken idea about viruses. In the first place, nobody has shown that the enzyme-molecule theory, and that alone, explains them. And in the second place, when you catch tobacco mosaic or wheat rust, let me know. A wheat plant is a lot nearer your body-chemistry than this other-world creature is."

"And your rabies is limited, strictly limited. You can't get it from, nor give it to, a wheat plant or a fish—which is a collateral descendant of a common ancestor of yours. Which this, Norris, is not." Blair nodded pleasantly toward the tarpaulined bulk on the table.

"Well, thaw the damned thing in a tub of formalin if you must thaw it. I've suggested that—"

"And I've said there would be no sense in it. You can't compromise. Why did you and Commander Garry come down here to study magnetism? Why weren't you content to stay at home? There's magnetic force enough in New York. I could no more study the life this thing once had from a formalin-pickled sample than you could get the information you wanted back in New York. And—if this one is so treated, *never in all time to come can there be a duplicate!* The race it came from must have passed away in the twenty millions years it lay frozen, so that even if it came from Mars then, we'd never find its like. And—the ship is gone."

"There's only one way to do this—and that is the best possible way. It must be thawed slowly, carefully, and not in formalin."

Commander Garry stood forward again, and Norris stepped back muttering angrily. "I think Blair is right, gentlemen. What do you say?"

Connant grunted. "It sounds right to us, I think—only perhaps he ought to stand watch over it while it's thawing." He grinned ruefully,

brushing a stray lock of ripe-cherry hair back from his forehead. "Swell idea, in fact—if he sits up with his jolly little corpse."

Garry smiled slightly. A general chuckle of agreement rippled over the group. "I should think any ghost it may have had would have starved to death if it hung around here that long, Connant," Garry suggested. "And you look capable of taking care of it. 'Ironman' Connant ought to be able to take out any opposing players, still."

Connant shook himself uneasily. "I'm not worrying about ghosts. Let's see that thing. I—"

Eagerly Blair was stripping back the ropes. A single throw of the tarpaulin revealed the thing. The ice had melted somewhat in the heat of the room and it was clear and blue as thick, good glass. It shone wet and sleek under the harsh light of the unshielded globe above.

The room stiffened abruptly. It was face up there on the plain, greasy planks of the table. The broken half of the bronze ice-ax was still buried in the queer skull. Three mad, hate-filled eyes blazed up with a living fire, bright as fresh-spilled blood. From a face ringed with a writhing, loathsome nest of worms, blue, mobile worms that crawled where hair should grow—

Van Wall, six feet and 200 pounds of ice-nerved pilot, gave a queer, strangled gasp and butted, stumbled his way out to the corridor. Half the company broke for the doors. The others stumbled away from the table.

McReady stood at one end of the table watching them, his great body planted solid on his powerful legs. Norris from the opposite end glowered at the thing with smouldering heat. Outside the door, Garry was talking with half a dozen of the men at once.

Blair had a tack hammer. The ice that cased the thing *schluffed* crisply under its steel claw as it peeled from the thing it had cased for twenty thousand thousand years—

III

"I know you don't like the thing, Connant, but it just has to be thawed out right. You say leave it as it is till we get back to civilization. All right, I'll admit your argument that we could do a better and more complete job there is sound. But—how are we going to get this across the Line? We have to take this through one temperate zone, the equatorial zone, and half way through the other temperate zone before we get it to New York. You don't want to sit with it one night, but you suggest, then, that I hang its corpse in the freezer with the beef?" Blair looked up from his cautious chipping, his bald, freckled skull nodding triumphantly.

Kinner, the stocky, scar-faced cook, saved Connant the trouble of answering. "Hey, you listen, mister. You put that thing in the box with the meat, and by all the gods there ever were, I'll put you in to keep it company. You birds have brought everything movable in this camp in onto my mess tables here already, and I had to stand for that. But you go putting things like that in my meat box or even my meat cache here, and you cook your own damn grub."

"But, Kinner, this is the only table in Big Magnet that's big enough to work on," Blair objected. "Everybody's explained that."

"Yeah, and everybody's brought everything in here. Clark brings his dogs every time there's a fight and sews them up on that table. Ralsen brings in his sledges. Hell, the only thing you haven't had on that table is the Boeing. And you'd 'a' had that in if you coulda figured a way to get it through the tunnels."

Commander Garry chuckled and grinned at Van Wall, the huge Chief Pilot. Van Wall's great blond beard twitched suspiciously as he nodded gravely to

Kinner. "You're right, Kinner. The aviation department is the only one that treats you right."

"It does get crowded, Kinner," Garry acknowledged. "But I'm afraid we all find it that way at times. Not much privacy in an Antarctic camp."

"Privacy? What the hell's that? You know, the thing that really made me weep, was when I saw Barclay marchin' through here chantin' 'The last lumber in the camp! The last lumber in the camp!' and carryin' it out to build that house on his tractor. Damn it, I missed that moon cut in the door he carried out more'n I missed the sun when it set. That wasn't just the last lumber Barclay was walkin' off with. He was carryin' off the last bit of privacy in this blasted place."

A grin rode even on Connant's heavy face as Kinner's perennial good-natured grouch came up again. But it died away quickly as his dark, deep-set eyes turned again to the red-eyed thing Blair was chipping from its cocoon of ice. A big hand ruffed his shoulder-length hair, and tugged at a twisted lock that fell behind his ear in a familiar gesture. "I know that cosmic ray shack's going to be too crowded if I have to sit up with that thing," he growled. "Why can't you go on chipping the ice

"The thing grew up on evil, adolcesced slowly roasting alive the local equivalent of kittens, and amused itself through maturity on new and ingenious torture."

away from around it—you can do that without anybody butting in, I assure you—and then hang the thing up over the power-plant boiler? That's warm enough. It'll thaw out a chicken, even a whole side of beef, in a few hours."

"I know," Blair protested, dropping the tack hammer to gesture more effectively with his bony, freckled fingers, his small body tense with eagerness, "but this is too important to take any chances. There never was a find like this; there never can be again. It's the only chance men will ever have, and it has to be done exactly right."

"Look, you know how the fish we caught down near the Ross Sea would freeze almost as soon as we got them on deck, and come to life again if we thawed them gently? Low forms of life aren't killed by quick freezing and slow thawing. We have—"

"Hey, for the love of Heaven—you mean that damned thing will come to life!" Connant yelled. "You get the damned thing—Let me at it! That's going to be in so many pieces—"

"NO! No, you fool—" Blair jumped in front of Connant to protect his precious find. "No. Just low forms of life. For Pete's sake let me finish. You can't thaw higher forms of life and have them come to. Wait a moment now—hold it! A fish can come to after freezing because it's so low a form of life that the individual cells of its body can revive, and that alone is enough to re-establish life. Any higher forms thawed out that way are dead. Though the individual cells revive, they die because there must be organization and cooperative effort to live. That cooperation cannot be re-established. There is a sort of potential life in any uninjured, quick-frozen animal. But it can't—can't under any circum-

stances—become active life in higher animals. The higher animals are too complex, too delicate. This is an intelligent creature as high in its evolution as we are in ours. Perhaps higher. It is as dead as a frozen man would be."

"How do you know?" demanded Conant, hefting the ice-ax he had seized a moment before.

Commander Garry laid a restraining hand on his heavy shoulder. "Wait a minute, Connant. I want to get this straight. I agree that there is going to be no thawing of this thing if there is the remotest chance of its revival. I quite agree it is much too unpleasant to have alive, but I had no idea there was the remotest possibility."

Dr. Copper pulled his pipe from between his teeth and heaved his stocky, dark body from the bunk he had been sitting in. "Blair's being technical. That's dead. As dead as the mammoths they find frozen in Siberia. Potential life is like atomic energy—there, but nobody can get it out, and it certainly won't release itself except in rare cases, as rare as radium in the chemical analogy. We have all sorts of proof that things don't live after being frozen—not even fish, generally speaking—and no proof that higher animal life can under any circumstances. What's the point, Blair?"

The little biologist shook himself. The little ruff of hair standing out around his bald pate waved in righteous anger. "The point is," he said in an injured tone, "that the individual cells might show the characteristics they had in life, if it is properly thawed. A man's muscle cells live many hours after he has died. Just because they live, and a few things like hair and fingernail cells still live, you wouldn't accuse a corpse of being a Zombie, or something."

"Now if I thaw this right, I may have a chance to determine what sort of world it's native to. We don't, and can't know by any other means, whether it came from Earth or Mars or Venus or from beyond the stars."

"And just because it looks unlike men, you don't have to accuse it of being evil, or vicious or something. Maybe that expression on its face is its equivalent to a resignation to fate. White is the color of mourning to the Chinese. If men can have different customs, why can't a so-different race have different understandings of facial expressions?"

Connant laughed softly, mirthlessly. "Peaceful resignation! If that is the best it could do in the way of resignation, I should exceedingly dislike seeing it when it was looking mad. That face was never designed to express peace. It just didn't have any philosophical thoughts like peace in its make-up."

"I know it's your pet—but be sane about it. The thing grew up on evil, adolcesced slowly roasting alive the local equivalent of kittens, and amused itself through maturity on new and ingenious torture."

"You haven't the slight right to say that," snapped Blair. "How do you know the first thing about the meaning of a facial expression inherently inhuman? It may well have no human equivalent whatever. That is just a different development of Nature, another example of Nature's wonderful adaptability. Growing on another, perhaps harsher world, it has different form and features. But it is just as much a legitimate child of Nature as you are. You are displaying the childish human weakness of hating the different. On its own world it would probably class you as a fish-belly, white monstrosity with an insufficient number of eyes and a fungoid body pale and bloated with gas."

"Just because its nature is different, you haven't any right to say it's necessarily evil."

Norris burst out a single, explosive, "Haw!" He looked down at the thing. "May be that things from other worlds don't *have* to be evil just because they're different. But that thing was! Child of Nature, eh? Well, it was a hell of an evil Nature."

"Aw, will you mugs cut crabbing at each other

and get the damned thing off my table?" Kinner growled. "And put a canvas over it. It looks indecent."

"Kinner's gone modest," jeered Connant.

Kinner slanted his eyes up to the big physicist. The scarred cheek twisted to join the line of his tight lips in a twisted grin. "All right, big boy, and what were you grouching about a minute ago? We can set the thing in a chair next to you tonight, if you want."

"I'm not afraid of its face," Connant snapped. "I don't like keeping awake over its corpse particularly, but I'm going to do it."

Kinner's grin spread. "Uh-huh." He went off to the galley stove and shook down ashes vigorously, drowning the brittle chipping of the ice as Blair fell to work again.

IV

"Cluck," reported the cosmic ray counter, "cluck-brrrp-cluck." Connant started and dropped his pencil.

"Damnation." The physicist looked toward the far corner, back at the Geiger counter on the table near that corner, and crawled under the desk at which he had been working to retrieve the pencil. He sat down at his work again, trying to make his writing more even. It tended to have jerks and quavers in it, in time with the abrupt proud-hen noises of the Geiger counter. The muted whoosh of the pressure lamp he was using for illumination, the mingled gargles and bugle calls of a dozen men sleeping down the corridor in Paradise House formed the background sounds for the irregular, clucking noises of the counter, the occasional rustle of falling coal in the copper-bellied stove. And a soft, steady *drip-drip-drip* from the thing in the corner.

Connant jerked a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, snapped it so that a cigarette protruded and jabbed the cylinder into his mouth. The lighter failed to function, and he pawed angrily through the pile of papers in search of a match. He scratched the wheel of the lighter several times, dropped it with a curse and got up to pluck a hot coal from the stove with the coal tongs.

The lighter functioned instantly when he tried it on returning to the desk. The counter ripped out a series of chucking guffaws as a burst of cosmic rays struck through to it. Connant turned to glower at it, and tried to concentrate on the interpretation of data collected during the past week. The weekly summary—

He gave up and yielded to curiosity, or nervousness. He lifted the pressure lamp from the desk and carried it over to the table in the corner. Then he returned to the stove and picked up the coal tongs. The beast had been thawing for nearly 18 hours now. He poked at it with an unconscious caution; the flesh was no longer hard as armor plate, but had assumed a rubbery texture. It looked like wet, blue rubber glistening under droplets of water like little round jewels in the glare of the gasoline pressure lantern. Connant felt an unreasoning desire to pour the contents of the lamp's reservoir over the thing in its box and drop the cigarette into it. The three red eyes glared up at him sightlessly, the ruby eyeballs reflecting murky, smoky rays of light.

He realized vaguely that he had been looking at them for a very long time, even vaguely understood that they were no longer sightless. But it did not seem of importance, of no more importance than the labored, slow motion of the tentacular things that sprouted from the base of the scrawny, slowly pulsing neck.

Connant picked up the pressure lamp and returned to his chair. He sat down, staring at the pages of mathematics before him. The clucking of the counter was strangely less disturbing, the rustle of the coals in the stove no longer distracting.



ALL ART NICOLA CUTI

"Barclay leapt forward and jabbed. A weird, shrill scream rose and choked out. The smell of burnt flesh in the corridor intensified. . . ."

The creak of the floorboards behind him didn't interrupt his thoughts as he went about his weekly report in an automatic manner, filling in columns of data and making brief, summarizing notes.

The creak of the floorboard sounded nearer.

V

Blair came up from the nightmare-haunted depths of sleep abruptly. Connant's face floated vaguely above him; for a moment it seemed a continuance of the wild horror of the dream. But Connant's face was angry, and a little frightened. "Blair—Blair you damned log, wake up."

"Uh-hh?" the little biologist rubbed his eyes, his bony, freckled fingers crooked to a mutilated child-fist. From surrounding bunks other faces lifted to stare down at them.

Connant straightened up. "Get up—and get a lift on. Your damned animal's escaped."

"Escaped—what!" Chief Pilot Van Walls's bull voice roared out with a volume that shook the walls. Down the communication tunnels other voices yelled suddenly. The dozen inhabitants of Paradise House tumbled in abruptly, Barclay, stocky and bulbous in long woolen underwear, carrying a fire extinguisher.

"What the hell's the matter?" Barclay demanded.

"Your damned beast got loose. I fell asleep about twenty minutes ago, and when I woke up, the thing was gone. Hey, Doc, the hell you say those things can't come to life. Blair's blasted potential life developed a hell of a lot of potential and walked out on us."

Copper stared blankly. "It wasn't—Earthly," he sighed suddenly. "I—I guess Earthly laws don't apply."

"Well, it applied for leave of absence and took it. We've got to find it and capture it somehow."

Connant swore bitterly, his deep-set black eyes sullen and angry. "It's a wonder the hellish creature didn't eat me in my sleep."

Blair stared back, his pale eyes suddenly fear-struck. "Maybe it di—er—uh—we'll have to find it."

"You find it. It's your pet. I've had all I want to do with it, sitting there for seven hours with the counter clucking every few seconds, and you birds in here singing night-music. It's a wonder I got to sleep. I'm going through to the Ad Building."

Commander Garry ducked through the doorway, pulling his belt tight. "You won't have to. Van's roar sounded like the Boeing taking off down wind. So it wasn't dead?"

"I didn't carry it off in my arms, I assure you," Conant snapped. "The last I saw, that split skull was oozing green goo, like a squashed caterpillar. Doc just said our laws don't work—it's unearthly. Well, it's an unearthly monster, with an unearthly disposition, judging by the face, wandering around with a split skull and brains oozing out."

Norris and McReady appeared in the doorway, a doorway filling with other shivering men. "Has anybody seen it coming over here?" Norris asked innocently. "About four feet tall—three red eyes—brains oozing— Hey, has anybody checked to make sure this isn't a cracked idea of humor? If it is, I think we'll unite in tying Blair's pet around Connant's neck like the ancient Mariner's albatross."

"It's no humor," Connant shivered. "Lord, I wish it were. I'd rather wear—" He stopped. A wild, weird howl shrieked through the corridors. The men stiffened abruptly, and half turned.

"I think it's been located," Connant finished. His dark eyes shifted with a queer unease. He darted back to his bunk in Paradise house, to return almost immediately with a heavy .45 revolver and an ice-ax. He hefted both gently as he started for the corridor toward Dogtown. "It blundered down the wrong corridor—and landed among the huskies. Listen—the dogs have broken their chains—"

The half-terrorized howl of the dog pack changed to a wild hunting melee. The voices of the dogs thundered in the narrow corridors, and through them came a low rippling snarl of distilled hate. A shrill of pain, a dozen snarling yelps.

Connant broke for the door. Close behind him, McReady, then Barclay and Commander Garry came. Other men broke for the Ad Building, and weapons—the sledge house. Pomroy, in charge of Big Magnet's five cows, started down the corridor in the opposite direction—he had a six-foot-handled, long-tined pitchfork in mind.

Barclay slid to a halt, as McReady's giant bulk turned abruptly away from the tunnel leading to Dogtown, and vanished off at an angle. Uncertainly, the mechanic wavered a moment, the fire extinguisher in his hands, hesitating from one side to the other. Then he was racing after Connant's broad back. Whatever McReady had in mind, he could be trusted to make it work.

Connant stopped at the bend in the corridor. His breath hissed suddenly through his throat. "Great God—" The revolver exploded thunderously; three numbing, palpable waves of sound crashed through the confined corridors. Two more. The revolver dropped to the hard-packed snow of the trail, and Barclay saw the ice-ax shift into defensive position. Connant's powerful body blocked his vision, but beyond he heard something mewing, and, insanely, chuckling. The dogs were quieter; there was a deadly seriousness in their low snarls. Taloned feet scratched at hard-packed snow, broken chains were clinking and tangling.

Connant shifted abruptly, and Barclay could see what lay beyond. For a second he stood frozen, then his breath went out in a gusty curse. The Thing launched itself at Connant, the powerful arms of

the man swung the ice-ax flatside first at what might have been a hand. It scrunched horribly, and the tattered flesh, ripped by a half-dozen savage huskies, leapt to its feet again. The red eyes blazed with an unearthly hatred, an unearthly, unkillable vitality.

Barclay turned the fire extinguisher on it; the blinding, blistering stream of chemical spray confused it, baffled it, together with the savage attacks of the huskies, not for long afraid of anything that did, or could live, held it at bay.

McReady wedged men out of his way and drove down the narrow corridor packed with men unable to reach the scene. There was a sure fore-planned drive to McReady's attack. One of the giant blow-torches used in warming the plane's engines was in his bronzed hands. It roared gustily as he turned the corner and opened the valve. The mad mewing hissed louder. The dogs scrambled back from the three-foot lance of blue-hot flame.

"Bar, get a power cable, run it in somehow. And a handle. We can electrocute this—monster, if I don't incinerate it." McReady spoke with an authority of planned action. Barclay turned down the long corridor to the power plant, but already before him Norris and Van Wall were racing down.

Barclay found the cable in the electrical cache in the tunnel wall. In a half minute he was hacking at it, walking back. Van Wall's voice rang out in a warning shout of "Power!" as the emergency gasoline-powered dynamo thudded into action. Half a dozen other men were down there now; the coal, kindling were going into the firebox of the steam power plant. Norris, cursing in a low, deadly monotone, was working with quick, sure fingers on the other end of Barclay's cable, splicing in a connector in one of the power leads.

The dogs had fallen back when Barclay reached the corridor bend, fallen back before a furious monstrosity that glared from baleful red eyes, mewing in trapped hatred. The dogs were a semi-circle of red-dipped muzzles with a fringe of glistening white teeth, whining with a vicious eagerness that near matched the fury of the red eyes. McReady stood confidently alert at the corridor bend, the gustily muttering torch held loose and ready for action in his hands. He stepped aside without moving his eyes from the beast as Barclay came up. There was a slight, tight smile on his lean, bronzed face.

Norris' voice called down the corridor, and Barclay stepped forward. The cable was taped to the long handle of a snow-shovel, the two conductors split, and held 18 inches apart by a scrap of lumber lashed at right angles across the far end of the handle. Bare copper conductors, charged with 220 volts, glinted in the light of pressure lamps. The Thing mewed and halted and dodged. McReady advanced to Barclay's side. The dogs beyond sensed the plan with the almost-telepathic intelligence of trained huskies. Their whimpering grew shriller, softer, their mincing steps carried them nearer. Abruptly a huge, night-black Alaskan leapt onto the trapped thing. It turned squalling, saber-clawed teeth slashing.

Barclay leapt forward and jabbed. A weird, shrill scream rose and choked out. The smell of burnt flesh in the corridor intensified; greasy smoke curled up. The echoing pound of the gas-electric dynamo down the corridor became a slogging thud.

The red eyes clouded over in a stiffening, jerking travesty of a face. Armlike, leglike members quivered and jerked. The dogs leapt forward, and Barclay yanked back his shovel-handled weapon. The thing on the snow did not move as gleaming teeth ripped it open. *

To be continued. . .
Watch for STARLOG #59

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 6 months prior to the event to STARLOG Convention Calendar, 475 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016.

LEXICON

Wigston Stage Hotel
Leicester, England
Tony Cullen
43 Station Road
Kirby Muxloe, Leicester
England LE9 9EL

May 28-31, 1982

CAROLINACON '82 (Trek/Comics/Media)

Carolina Inn
Columbia, SC
Eric L. Watts, President
United Federation of Trekkers
P.O. Box 11603
Columbia, SC 29211

May 28-30, 1982

CREATION (SF/Fantasy/Film/Comics)

Sheraton, Philadelphia, PA
Howard Johnson, Boston, MA
Hilton, San Francisco, CA
Creation Conventions
Box 297
Glen Oaks, NY 11004

6/5-6/82
6/12-13/82
6/26-27/82

STELLAR VOYAGE '82 (Trek/Media)

Cleveland, OH
Stellar Voyage
4107 W. 210 Street
Fairview Park, OH 44126

June 11-13, 1982

SF CON V (SF/Fantasy)

Syracuse University, NY
SF Con V
337 Harford Road
Syracuse, NY 13208
(315) 454-3020

June 18-20, 1982

JERUCON '82 (SF/Fantasy/Science)

Convention Centre
Jerusalem, Israel
Organizing Secretariat
Jerucon '82
P.O. Box 394
Tel Aviv 61003, Israel

June 27-July 2, 1982

SHADOWCON VI (Gothic Horror)

LA Hyatt Hotel at LAX
Los Angeles, CA
Shadowcon
8601A W. Cermak Road
N. Riverside, IL 60546

July 2-4, 1982

WESTERCON-35 (Science Fantasy)

Adams Hotel
Phoenix, AZ
WesterCon-35
P.O. Box 11644
Phoenix, AZ 85061
(602) 249-2616

July 2-5, 1982

5TH ANNUAL INT. SPACE CON (1999/SF/Fantasy)

with David Hirsch and the STARLOG Birthday Fantasy Film
Springfield Marriott
Springfield, MA
Chris Landry
12 Maplewood Terrace
Springfield, MA 01108

July 30-August 1, 1982

A new 15-minute 16mm color film, "STARLOG's Birthday Fantasy," is available for screenings at conventions, schools and libraries in the U.S. and Canada only. Organizers should contact Damon Santostefano, c/o this department (see address at top of column) for details and arrangements.

The Altares:

On The Screen & Behind-The-Scenes

By DAVID HIRSCH

The *Altares*, a photon-powered, deep-space probe ship, made its first appearance in the one-hour NBC-TV special *The Day After Tomorrow*. As the third segment of the NBC series *Special Treat*, it was designed to introduce the concepts of Einstein's theory of relativity to young people in the same entertaining format as the other segments (see STARLOG #26 for the full story on the making of this special). The plot of the program centered on two families who leave Earth on an exploratory mission aboard a craft that can travel just below the speed-of-light. The *Altares* is also equipped with chemical-rocket engines for close planetary surveys.

The interior of the ship was designed by Reg Hill, who co-created the popular *UFO* TV series. As seen in the film, the interior is a series of five rooms linked together in a straight line by a central corridor. The first section is the command deck from which the *Altares* is piloted. Next is the navigation and computer section, followed by the area containing the airlock, stowage rack and two bunks. The fourth section is used both as a lab and relaxation bay. There are also two more bunks in this section. The final part of the *Altares* is the photon-drive chamber, which is seen in the show when the pilot must go inside to repair the system.

Through the sale of stock footage, the *Altares* is currently appearing on theater screens across the U.S. in the low-budget comedy film *Spaced-Out*.

About the Model

While working on the first season of *Space: 1999*, Martin J. Bower was asked by special-effects designer Brian Johnson to create an Earth-type spacecraft with dual drive units that would carry a family into deep space. For *Space: 1999*, a style was established for all Earth-type ships seen in the series. This style, it was reasoned, would give viewers the impression that craft such as the Eagle, Hawk, Ultra Probe, etc., were all from the same culture. In turn, alien craft would look all the more unusual.

Having not been told that the *Altares* wasn't for *Space: 1999*, Bower designed the spacecraft to resemble the others he built and/or designed for the series. Reasoning the ship might be required to land, he built the nose cone as a removable unit. Once in orbit, the nose could detach and descend to the planet. Landing skids would drop from their

hidden compartments prior to touch-down.

Bower delivered two versions of the *Altares* to the studio, one six-feet in length and the other, three-feet long, was built in scale with a space station and used for long-shots.

(Note: The "Directional Antennae" seen in the blueprint was added on later at the studio and was not built by Martin Bower, which is why it is not seen in the accompanying photos.)

The Model-Maker

Martin J. Bower has been building models most of his life. Having grown up on such Gerry Anderson productions as *Supercar*, *Stingray* and *Thunderbirds*, it was a dream come true when, after sending photos of some of his models to Anderson, he was introduced to Brian Johnson, shortly after the special-effects man started work on the first season of *Space: 1999*. Impressed by the quality of Bower's work, Johnson offered the young model-maker the job of designing and building an alien spacecraft for the episode "Alpha Child." Bower's professional film career was off and running. He would build as many as 58 models for 1999, many from his own designs.

Since that time, he has worked on the television programs *Blake's 7*, *Mrs. Noah*,

The Tomorrow People, *Doctor Who* and the aborted *Dan Dare* series. Bower has also been involved in such feature films as *ALIEN*, *Flash Gordon*, *The Medusa Touch* and *Outland*.

(For further information on the work and career of Martin Bower, see STARLOG issues 29, 30, 41, 44 and 47.)

And the Artist

Stephen Corbett's interest in model making eventually required him to develop the skills necessary to create scale drawings. These blueprints would be used as guidelines in the construction of scale replica miniatures. Corbett's fascination with the model work of Martin Bower led to a meeting between the two men. Bower agreed to help Corbett gather together original photographs and artwork in an effort to blueprint every one of Bower's *Space: 1999* models. This art would provide Bower with a permanent record of his work and Corbett with the guidelines he needed to build accurate replicas.

Besides SF craft, Corbett is also fascinated by genuine space hardware and, whenever possible, he has extended his range of drawings to include this material. An active member of the North East Aircraft Museum in England, Corbett spends the rest of his free time involved in aviation archeology. ★



PHOTO © 1982 DAVID HIRSCH



PHOTO © 1981 MARTIN J. BOWER

Left: Martin Bower with the six-foot version of *Altares*. Above: Stephen Corbett poses in the cockpit of a real jet aircraft. Front cover overleaf: The *Altares* in space (Photo: © Philip Rae).

Michael Frankel's Holographic Innovations

By JAMES H. BURNS

One of the most fascinating yet perhaps misunderstood forms of three dimensional projection is holography. While most of us are familiar with the holographic jewelry and moving holograms that we've seen in stores or read about, few of us know how holograms are made and work. Michael Frankel, whose TransDimensions Ltd. company is currently marketing holographic medallions featuring Marvel Comics' the Hulk and Ray Harryhausen's Minaton (*Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger*), explains:

"Holography is the process by which a number of laser beams illuminate and record all of the information (details) about a three-dimensional object. In photography, just the *intensity* of light from a subject is recorded. Therefore, you only have a two dimensional—flat—image. In holography, the finished recording shows the subject in three dimensions because of the nature of the laser light and the fact that the *shape, contour, and order* of the light is recorded. The laser used is a *coherent* source of light, which is what makes the difference. Regular photography utilizes *incoherent* light: illumination that comes from light bulbs, the Sun... coherent light is a very ordered source of photons which are emitted in a very thin, compact beam instead of being scattered.

"A hologram *itself*," Frankel continues, "is the recording of a light wave created by illuminating an object—the subject—with a laser beam. That light intercepts with another laser beam coming from an additional angle which creates a light wave or *interference* pattern. The best analogy would be to when you throw a stone in the water. You get concentric circles that come out of where the stone lands. If you throw in a second stone, you get another set of concentric circles from a *new* pattern. The pattern formed by the original concentric circles intercepting each other is also called an interference pattern. *That's* what you record in a hologram: the new interference pattern created by two different sources of light being split."

To make his own holographic medallions—which are usually cut to about two by two and a half inches—Frankel had to first have sculptures made of the Hulk and the Minaton. Valiant Miniatures constructed the Minaton and George Bush, an artist familiar to Marvel Comics fans, created the Hulk figure.

"The sculptures served to make the master hologram," explains Frankel, "which then acts, to use a photographic term, as a negative. Making the holograms is about a 13-step process, because we do everything ourselves, from cutting the glass to putting it in the jewelry. The only things we don't do are make the glass and jewelry. The entire system of making the actual hologram is called di-

chromated gelation (innovated by Dr. T. A. Shankoff of Bell Telephone Laboratories). We start by coating a piece of glass with gelatin. After leaving the glass to dry for a couple of hours, we coat it with dichromate which sensitizes the glass to the laser light. The plate is then left to dry again. Afterwards, we subject the plate to the laser light in conjunction with the master hologram, so it's really like making a positive picture from a negative. The laser light is emitted from an eight watt laser made by a firm called Coherent Radiation. It's the Cadillac of lasers. It takes about three to four minutes to make each exposure. Once that's been done and the glass has finished being processed, we put a covering on it. We cut the covering and the underlying glass to fit whatever shape someone might desire. We have the capability to produce 1000 holograms a day."

In the early 70s, 32-year-old Frankel was doing numerous experiments in abstract laser photography. Through grants, he was able to make hundreds of abstract laser photos and a color videotape combining the images with music. Around that time, Frankel was hired as a guest lecturer at Syracuse University where, at an alternate media conference, he shared the dais with the late media commentator Marshall McLuhan.

"McCluhan and I had quite a time predicting different forms of media," Frankel remembers fondly. "One of the things that we talked about was holograms in every day use, which has been proved today by the products of companies like my own."

Although Frankel started building homemade lasers and holograms when he was 18, he didn't form TransDimensions until a few years ago.

"Through the late 60s and early 70s," recalls Frankel, "I went as far as I could with my small funds and meager lasers that I had built. By the mid 70s, I thought, 'Well, why don't I try to do something *really* commercial with holograms?' I returned to my original idea of doing holograms of superheroes and Ray Harryhausen's characters. I got some friends together as partners and said, 'Hey, let's do it!'"

"I figured," Frankel adds, "that someone would want to own a hologram for the same reason that I originally did: being able to see a fantasy character in full detail in dynamic action is fascinating. Another important factor was that the sculptures used in the holograms would be one of a kind. People can't purchase the miniatures separately from the holograms. The holograms would be worthless if recorded sculptures weren't one of a kind."

Frankel quickly secured the licensing agreements to the Hulk and Minaton and then found a site for TransDimensions' holography laboratory in Oakhurst, N.J. Split-

ting his time between his photography assignments and his erstwhile Manray Cinema (a movie house) in Belmar, N.J., Frankel was able to start producing the holograms. One of the factors most important to Frankel was keeping the holograms' retail price low by improving production methods. Right now, his medallions cost only \$7.95.

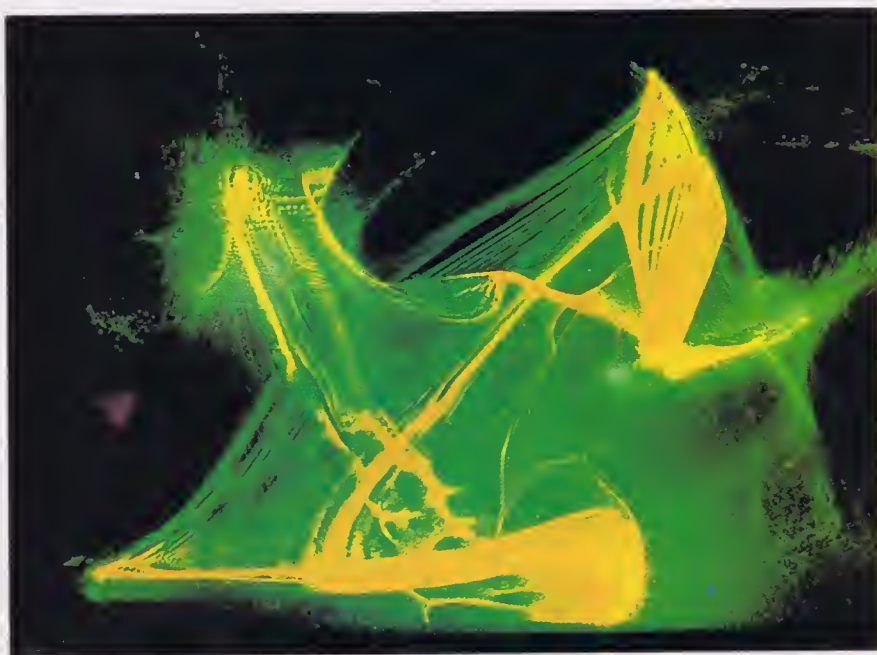
Thus far, critical reception for TransDimensions' holograms has been stupendous. When Stan Lee (Marvel Comics' publisher and creator of the Hulk), saw the Hulk medallion, he immediately made it one of the only pieces of Marvel merchandising to have his personal endorsement. Last spring, when Ray Harryhausen finally got a chance to see the Minaton hologram while he was in New York to promote *Clash of the Titans*, his eyes virtually popped with excitement while first viewing the 3D projection.

The promise of holography could *exceed* holographic films. Holography is already being used by engineers for stress testing and by the military for heads-up 3D displays.

"In the future, more and more people will have 3D images at their fingertips," predicts Frankel. "Collectors will be able to have the great art masterpieces floating in their living rooms. We'll have holographic devices like lamps that will not only illuminate a room, but entertain you with moving images. With TransDimensions, I'd like to bring out holograms showing entire groups of heroes battling villains."

"Holographic television," Frankel continues, "is also on the horizon. Holographic TV is different from 3D television, in the same way that the two mediums are different. In standard 3D, two images are simultaneously projected that your eyes perceive which your mind overlaps via the anaglyphic method (red and green glasses) or the polarizing method (the grey glasses that block light from each eye). Holographic TV wouldn't require any special glasses. You would actually see an image suspended in space right from your television screen. Due to TV's resolution problem, however, holographic television is probably decades away, but that could change. In fact, Atari is coming out with a holographic game called *Cosmos*. I had talked to few toy companies in the 70s about holographic games, but at the time, nobody had the guts to go out on a limb with it."

"Another big application of 3D that I'd like to be involved with is holographic walls, or, as I like to call them, 'holowalls.' The density of information in holograms is so great that you can pack numerous images in them just by changing the angle of recording for each one. You could make a hologram large enough to fill an entire wall. Every person sitting in that room would see a different 3D image. You could walk through the room and



PHOTOS: COURTESY MICHAEL FRANKEL

Top left: One of Frankel's abstract laser designs. Top right: Hulk and Minaton pendants. Above: Frankel's workshop, including the models from which the holograms are made (center, foreground) and his eight-watt laser (left, rear).

see several different scenes as you were moving. The holowall would be almost like a constantly changing environment. Of course, you couldn't walk *through* the holowall, because it would still be a real wall that simply had holograms on it."

Reflecting for a moment, Frankel queries a bit whimsically, "Who knows *how* intriguing

holography will become? *I* like to tell people that making holograms is a way of freezing time, because the hologram has *all* the information of the scene that it's recording. That moment becomes frozen in time forever. One day, that *might* lead to some kind of time travel or matter transmitting. . ."

For his own future, Michael Frankel would

like to expand beyond holography.

"Holography is not a be-all and end-all for me," he claims. "I have a lot of ideas for movies and videotapes, as well as other areas, that I'd like to explore. I like to consider myself an artist. Photography and holography and—hopefully, in the future—film, are different ways for me to express myself." ★

STAR TREK

Bloopers Can Fool You

By WENDY RATHBONE & DELLA VAN HISE

Many bloopers and out-takes are obvious—an actor forgets his lines and scowls or laughs or somehow indicates through body language that he has goofed.

However, some bloopers involve background information before their hilarity can

be readily understood by those who were not fortunate enough to be present during the joke or mishap. The *Star Trek* bloopers here enter into this category. At a glance, they appear to be normal shots taken from various episodes and can fool even the most careful observer. But when the story behind the scene

is revealed, I'm sure most will agree that some of these bloopers are even more amusing than those which do speak for themselves.

Who knows, maybe you have a photo in your collection which you never considered as a blooper. Look again... and let your imagination guide you.



Shatner and Nimoy moonlighting on the side. Both needed extra money for their expensive interests such as fencing.



Bill Shatner is locked up by fellow actors to stop him from constantly playing horrendous practical jokes on them.



Shatner, Nimoy and Kelley have a slight disagreement with a director and two assistants concerning script changes. The three actors often got their way in such matters.



Len Nimoy upset because the script "Amok Time" doesn't let him get the girl.



Leonard Nimoy first learns that the third season of *Star Trek* will be the last.



Bill Shatner awaiting make-up personnel. Many times the actors were called in quite early in the morning and arrived still half asleep.



"It's this big," says Leonard Nimoy in an attempt to explain Vulcan physiology to Theodore Sturgeon, writer of "Amok Time." Sturgeon reportedly replied: "Then it's no wonder Spock didn't get the girl!" Mr. Nimoy was of course referring to the size of the Vulcan brain.



Bill Shatner comforting Sabrina Scharf after accidentally knocking her unconscious during a dramatic scene in "The Paradise Syndrome." She was revived shortly thereafter when physicians arrived on the set. Some of this footage was used in the episode itself.



Shatner arriving on the set as his usual, energetic self. Earlier that morning he'd had his first fencing lesson as he indulged in various rigorous athletic hobbies to keep in shape for the show.



An inebriated De Kelley asks Leonard Nimoy for the final dance at the cast Christmas Party while Nichelle Nichols pretends to ignore them.

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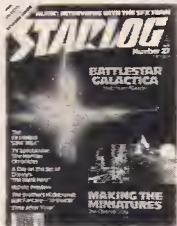
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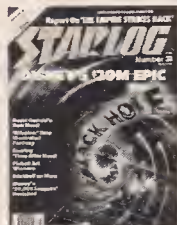
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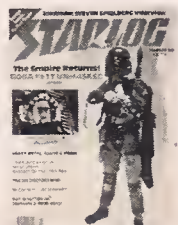
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SING ALONG WITH ROBBIE

In a surprise move to capture non-science fiction audiences, Roger Corman and Irwin Allen have combined forces to remake *Forbidden Planet* into a musical. You're reading it here first because I know one of the publicity people working on the project, who "leaked" this well-kept secret. The negotiations for the script rights have been kept under such tight wraps, not even Hollywood's best gossip agents have ferreted out all the details, yet.

Plans are to film much of the action in Arizona at Soleri's fabulous "city of the future" with more than the normal amount of blue-screen and matte-shot effects for some of the major production numbers. My "Informed Source Inside the Studio" (ISIS) told me that they'd briefly considered using the Bonaventure Hotel for an updated version of the Krell City, but felt that too many people would remember it from the *Buck Rogers* TV show. If the budget does not allow full filming time in Arizona, they plan to locate the most far-out Frank Lloyd Wright design in the Los Angeles basin for Dr. Morbius' home. You can tell that the production values will be considerably higher than the usual film from these producers.

Naturally, there will be an updating of the old script, with male and female crew members on the United Planets Cruiser C57-D, as well as minorities. Agents for some of the top actors and actresses in town are vying for the "plum" roles in the script, since word leaked that the ship's crew will be well-known names to draw more interest (and box office money) from the non-science fiction audience. The "Powers That Be" have concluded that SF-fans will watch anything with a "sci-fi" theme, but they are worried that the mundane audience will not spend their movie dollar for this revamped film unless such luminaries as Erik Estrada, Lee Majors, Jeanie Francis, John Ritter, Morgan Fairchild and Lucie Arnaz are featured as the spaceship crew.

In a move to escape his "galactic bus-driver" image, George "Mr. Sulu" Takei has accepted the role of the cook on the United Planets Cruiser. This is a turnabout in a serious acting career, as he will play in a comedy role. For a long time, I've been telling George that jogging 10 kilometers to win a T-shirt is pretty funny, so I have faith he can do justice to the part!

Casting for the role of Commander Adams is still open, though rumor has it that they have been seriously considering Rod Stewart, since the action includes several songs which need a powerful voice. Other singers are also being considered at this time.

Casting for the important roles of Dr. Morbius and his daughter Alta remain to be seen. Word is out that because of his recent

science-fiction filming experience, Lorne Greene is top contender for the Doctor, with Suzanne Sommers as a possible for his daughter. Barbra Streisand was asked to play Alta but had other engagements.

Mr. Blackwell, famous Hollywood designer and list-maker, has been contracted to design all of Alta's fabulous futuristic costumes. He has been heard to comment that there will be lavish use of sequins, rhinestones and maribou feathers. Whether he was hired to prevent the film's designs from ending up on his "worst dressed" list is open to speculation.

The only "actor" remaining from the ori-



Robbie and an extra practice new dance step that eliminates possibility of broken toes.

ginal film is Robbie the Robot, but he, too, has been revamped and updated. I've seen the first-draft production art sketches, and I have to honestly say that after knowing Robbie as a sedate black and silver all these years, it will be difficult to get used to "candy apple" green and defraction gratings! But I'm assured Robbie outshines himself in the musical numbers and the kids will love his new trappings, so perhaps I'm just being old-fashioned.

According to ISIS, scoring for the film is still very hush-hush, but rumors are that several songs will be sung by Robbie, with an entirely new synthesizer accompaniment. Naturally, hopes are high that some, if not all, of the songs will make the hit parade, thereby helping offset some of the production costs of the film. I think ISIS was kidding when he said one of the songs was titled "Id's Nothing Sirius," but knowing Hollywood, perhaps not.

One exciting piece of news is that this film will emulate *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* in utilizing science-fiction fan talent! One entire production number in planning involves the citizens of the long-dead Krell City appearing before Dr. Morbius and Commander Adams, warning them of the dangers of going beyond the capabilities of the human mind. Screen Extras Guild has filed a formal protest, saying producers need professional actors in the scene, but they have been overruled. "The spirits of the Krell citizens will be so hazy and tenuous," said one of the producers, "it wouldn't matter if they were played by paperdolls, so why not fans?"

Notice of this casting will appear in the pages of all the professional casting sheets, as well as *Hollywood Reporter*, so watch for it. Fans don't have to know how to dance or sing; voices will be dubbed in later by Queen, working with echo-chamber effects. There are requirements, of course, since they need wraiths; they want only the tallest, skinniest fans with the palest possible skins. Naturally, to stay within the letter of the law, the producers plan to accept any minority applicants, and have some expert makeup crews on hand.

Overweight fans need not despair. There is an entire musical number planned for the canyons of Vasquez Rocks State Park, where the Ids of all the crew show up to haunt everyone. Though anyone cast as a musical Id *should* know how to dance or at least move well, there will be no physical limitations on the casting. Both producers feel that Ids come in all sizes. They may be right.

The only thing I question is the insistence that the Ids wander around this famous desert rock dressed in putty-colored burlap, to create an unformed and motley appearance. I don't feel an Id is a lumpy, misshapen creature wandering around looking for hassles, but it's their movie, after all.

The famous Id-Monster, unlike the first *Forbidden Planet*, will not be animated but be a real actor against a special-effects screen. There has been a great deal of discussion about casting this important role, with David Prowse and Vic Tayback being the top choices. Current thought is to avoid announcing the actual casting until the last minute, to prevent the kind of flare-up caused by fans during the second *Star Trek* filming. Every fan probably has his or her own idea of who should play the Id.

Merchandising is already in full planning, of course. Mattel Toys has a Alta doll in the works, with a glamorous wardrobe of sequined gowns and a tiny cassette player of the songs sung by the heroine in the film. They feel this new doll may outsell Barbie!

(continued on page 61)

Triple Threat — Triple Treat

Sf has a "unique" way of inspiring people. Case in point; one Mr. Kim L. Neidigh, an unassuming person from 1703A Manor Austin, TX 78722, who was driven to write a spoof on the ads for absurd gizmos that, he states, "nobody wants," but for those interested in the Black Hole Machine: "WARNING"—Mr. Neidigh is also selling a bridge with it. . .

Following, we have a 20-year-old SFX make-up artist from 68 Colonial Ave., Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522: Arnold Gargiulo II. Arnold was possessed at the age of 15 to alter his appearance; now he shares this knowledge in teaching make-up classes, while also working on various T.V. commercials, and special events, such as conventions. . . (Look out Rick Baker!)

Finally, for your approval, a young cartoonist residing in Adairsville, Georgia (P.O. Box 367): Rickey Boyd reveals our mailing procedure.

We now return full control to the rest of the features in this magazine, until, the next time you enter the "QUEST ZONE."



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By KIM L. NEIDIGH

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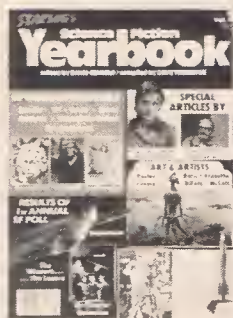
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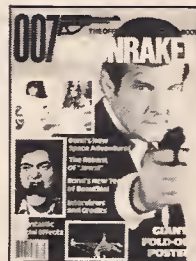
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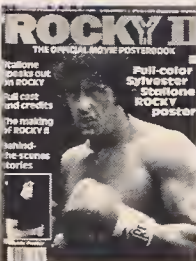
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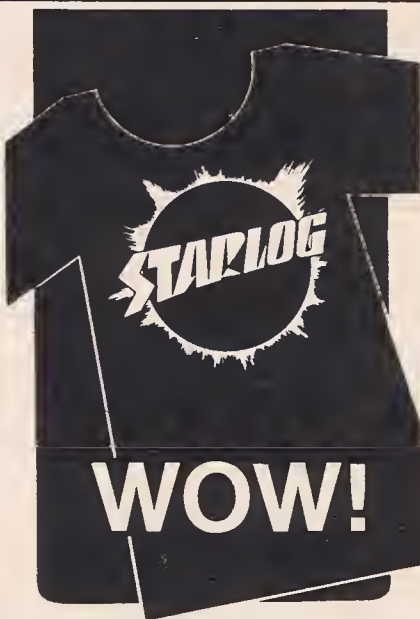
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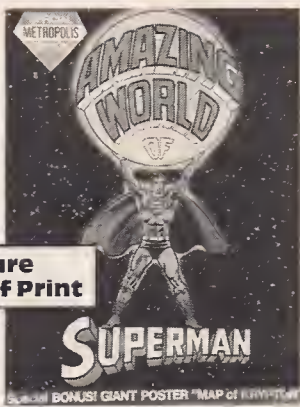
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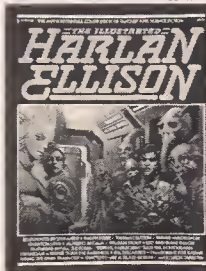
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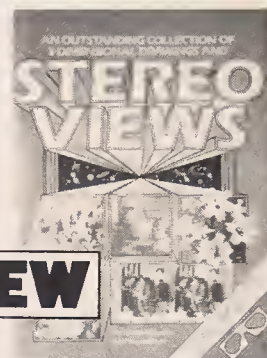
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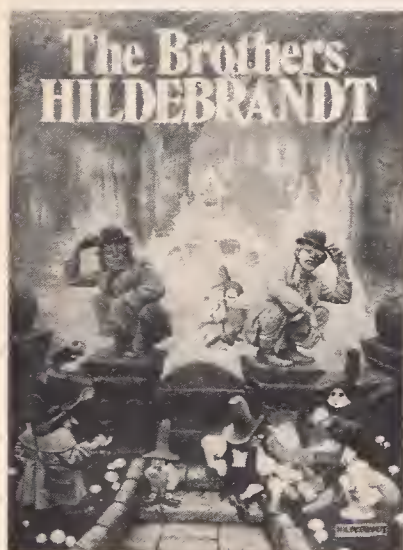
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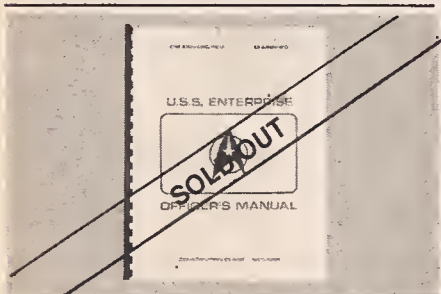
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Syd Mead

(continued from page 39)

picted in *Blade Runner*'s vision of the future and Mead's enjoyment in the work, he does confess, "This is someone else's story. I was hired to visually represent it according to the dictates of the script. Personally, I don't see the future going that way. I'm an optimist."

In Mead's eyes, cities will flourish, not decay, in years to come. "I know that we're going to have 3,000 foot buildings," he declares. "That idea jibes with the current trends of enclosing space. But I think that, once you're inside the future skyscraper, the building will represent a variety of spaces from parks and zoos to business centers. Right now, we're just building artificial cliffs in cities, dull structures."

"In the future, we'll probably go back to the concept of artfully constructed vistas that will take some of their cues from nature. We all like nature's randomness in terms of design. We like that visual variety. If everything becomes architecturally too streamlined or cubistic, there will be a negative effect on people. It won't seem *human*. The architecture of the future will have to be very creative."

"I see the next generation of people growing up being able to contribute to that creative element. They will be much less intimidated by technology. Right now, technology is hamstrung because of the so-called flower children; the 1960s youth who are now in their 30s and 40s. Right now, I believe what we're experiencing is the last wave of technology-inspired paranoia as this final remnant of the hippie generation moves into politics."

"They're the last group of sad, disillusioned people who just can't figure out how to bridge the gap between a thoroughly technologically supported natural society and the old industrial revolution machinery. Technology isn't a villain. Even in our movie, the robot replicants are actually people."

Mead sincerely believes that society's well-being depends on humanity's pushing for a more productive lifestyle through the use of technology. "Nature isn't really very efficient," he says. "I've always been fascinated with organic/mechanical crossover." He talks for a few minutes about new developments in protein-molecule computers before returning to the subject of his film career.

With *Blade Runner* now part of past history, Mead is turning to a few new movie assignments while keeping in touch with the corporate design world. He's not in the field of design for the glamour. His biggest reward lies in solving a problem. "I don't really have to see my designs rolling down the street in order to be fulfilled," he states.

He pauses for a moment before reconsidering, "But there IS one scene in *Blade Runner*. . . The *Spinner* takes off from the street. It's moving down the block. The rain is falling, illuminated by all this strange lighting. The scene is really a moving sketchbook of all the designs I did for the film; vehicles, buildings. . . everything." He finds himself lost in visualizing that single segment of the movie and says with a laugh, "It's pretty super." ★

Fan Scene

(continued from page 56)

Other merchandising, not counting the illegal rip-offs we'll encounter at every convention, include Krell costumes for Halloween, Dr. Morbius chemistry sets, a new computer game (*shoot down the Id-Monster & save the Krells!*), as well as the usual coloring books, posters, stand-up cardboard planets, etc. Contract negotiations are underway for comic book rights, as well as a serialized radio show. It is not known if the production company will offer a play set of the weaponry from the new film, since some of it has been designed after recently declassified atomic laser weaponry and is therefore only slightly less dangerous than the nuts who carry arsenals around convention halls. We can bet, however, that the seduction of the almighty dollar will well outweigh any scruples!

The advertising posters are reported to combine all the essentials of "good sci-fi," which can only mean they will have the usual boy-with-sword/light sabre/kendo stick and girl-in-chaste-but-revealing-costume at his knees, with looming villain overhead. The same artwork will undoubtedly turn up as bubblegum cards, stationery, pajamas, kites, matchbook covers, jogging suits, bandanas, school notebooks, lunch boxes, potholders, sweatsocks, calendars, jacket patches, buttons, photos, mattress covers, trading stamps, pencils, shopping bags, pillows, raincoats, and the other standards of merchandising. Watch for them to hit the stores around Christmas, in time to annoy your parents!

Shooting will begin in April 1982; pre-production has been in progress for some time, of course. No less than 15 "Final Scripts" have been rejected so far, ISIS claims. Scripts from *Dukes of Hazzard*, *General Hospital* and some of Irwin Allen's top productions have tried their hand and the producers are considering combining many of the ideas into one shooting script, if all else fails. "After all," said one of them, "sci-fi is nothing more than a good shoot-em-up Western with lasers instead of six-shooters, and rockets instead of horses!" With an attitude like that, you can be assured of an action-packed script!

We can only hope they will keep to the grand tradition and sparkling dialogue of *War of the Robots*, *City Beneath the Sea*, and *Galaxina*, to be certain that they produce a musical *Forbidden Planet* we can love as much as we love the old film.

You may ask why this enormous project has been kept such a good secret until this newsbreak, and well you should. The reason the producers give is that they are not ready to handle the special type of publicity needed to inform the science-fiction fans that an old favorite was going to be so drastically changed.

The real reason this project has been such a good secret until this newsbreak. . . is that I made it up out of whole cloth.

So you can all breathe easier! (Unless, of course, this article gives some Hollywood producer a terrific idea. . . .!)

APRIL FOOL! ★

Soaring

(continued from page 41)

story telling is to *inspire*—to *make a difference*.

The purpose of storytelling is to create an experience for an audience that will empower that audience to handle equivalent experiences in their own lives. Let me make this clear: the story is *not* a model for decisions—it is only an opportunity to expand one's awareness of ways to operate on the circumstances that occur in life. The story empowers when it demonstrates how to handle a circumstance responsibly.

A story about Spock's death—and Kirk's reaction to it—would give the audience a chance to experience the loss of a loved one, a beloved friend. The audience would be able to experience the shock, the disbelief, the anger and the grief that follow—and eventually also the necessary healing process.



PHOTO © 1979 PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORP.

Out of that, the audience—especially the younger members—could discover that it is possible to handle the profound grief that is *inevitable* in human experience.

If we as individuals are to care deeply about the people around us, then we are always—every moment of the day—also risking the incredible pain of losing those we care about. It's part of the reason why love stories are *always* tragic, even when they have happy endings.

I don't know which ending Paramount will eventually put into the picture. They may even test it with both endings. If it's that kind of a film, then Spock's death is not a pivotal plot point—it's something that can be decided for reasons of convenience, rather than because it makes a difference in the story.

Too bad. If that's the case, then Spock has been trivialized—like Trusty and Baloo and all the other characters who've been caught in the game of Resurrection Roulette. We're being told that neither his death—nor his life—made a difference.

And that's the lie—because we know that's *not* the case. ★

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

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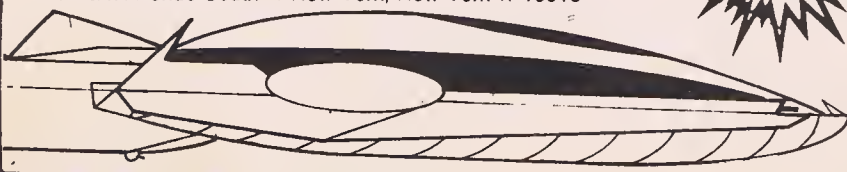
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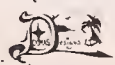
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(continued from page 14)

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF BLOWING BUBBLES

There is nothing more magical than a bubble. But what about bubbles inside of bubbles? Inside-out bubbles? Caterpillar bubbles? Bubbles outside bubbles? Yin-Yang bubbles? Bubble cubes? Tetrahedron Bubbles? Triangular Prism shape bubbles? Dodecahedron bubbles? Carousel bubbles which spin inside other bubbles?

Bubble Magic is a fusion of the art and science of blowing bubbles, the sum of 10 years of world travel by Tom Noddy in his pursuit of all there is to know about bubbles. Ten years ago, while trying to save money for a trip to Europe, Noddy bought some dime store bubbles as a source of cheap entertainment in the evenings. He spent 10 months blowing bubbles while he saved his money. In those first 10 months, he noticed many interesting phenomena about bubbles. He noticed that sometimes two would bump each other and join at the middle. Other times, the two bubbles would become one or they would burst apart. His observations became the source of experiments with bubbles, perfecting the art of handling them and the science of understanding how they work.



Tom Noddy is forever blowing bubbles. Ten years of bubble knowledge coupled with a steady hand and...voila...Bubble Magic.

Once he reached Europe, he encountered others who knew something about bubbles. One man taught him to blow a bubble inside another bubble. He gathered bubble knowledge as he hitch-hiked through Europe, improving on what he had learned.

Tom Noddy has never stopped travelling around and he has never stopped blowing bubbles. Both have become a way of life. He now travels around the United States, seeking physicists, mathematicians, chemists, biologists, architects, magicians and kids who know something about—or simply love—bubbles.

In Huntington, Indiana, he met an 83-year-old physicist named Eiffel Plasterer who has played with bubbles for 56 years. At

the University of Wisconsin in Madison, he was shown the “anti-bubble” by a physicist there. Noddy explains, “Bubbles are a thin layer of liquid separating air from air. Anti-bubbles are a thin layer of air, separating liquid from liquid. Both are spherical.”

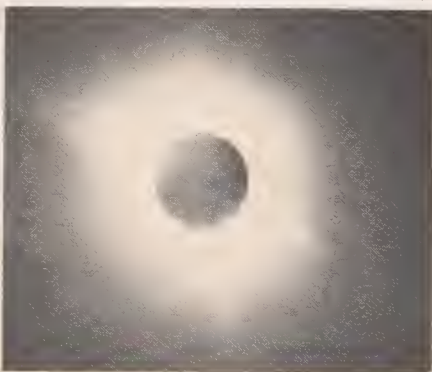
In the course of blowing bubbles for 10 years, Noddy has learned a great deal of the physics of blowing bubbles. But scientists aren't the only ones fascinated by bubbles. He says, “I have had the same rapt attention whether I show my art at a logger's bar on the Olympic Peninsula, at the Santa Cruz County Jail, at child care centers or at universities. The fascination is universal. Bubbles touch that child that each of us carries within.”

THE YEAR OF THE ECLIPSE

This year, eclipse watchers will be busier than they've been in 47 years. That's because 1982, like 1935, will have seven eclipses, the greatest number possible in a year.

According to American Museum-Hayden Planetarium (N.Y.) astronomer Dr. Kenneth L. Franklin, there will be four solar eclipses, all partial, which will occur January 25, June 21, July 20 and December 15. Three lunar eclipses, all total, will occur January 9, July 6 and December 30.

For this millenium, the years having seven eclipses are 1219, 1255, 1349, 1414, 1479, 1591, 1656, 1787, 1805, 1917, 1935 and 1982. (Prior to 1219, 958 was another year of seven eclipses.) It will be another 112 years, in 2094, until it will happen again.



Doug Trumbull, center, resumed photography on *Brainstorm* earlier this year.

"BRAINSTORM" UPDATE

In STARLOG #57 we reported in “Communications” that Douglas Trumbull's *Brainstorm* had been temporarily shelved due to the death of the film's star Natalie Wood. In an unusual agreement between MGM and the film's insurer, Lloyds of London, shooting resumed February 8, an action made possible by a \$3 million “bailout attempt” by Lloyds.

According to reports, MGM has the right to shelve the completed film if it feels the pro-

duct doesn't have the potential to recoup the \$12.5 million cost of production. *Variety* reports that MGM attorney Frank Rothman, who is now in charge of reorganizing MGM with United Artists, disclosed that “a new ending has been written around Wood's character in the science-fiction story and that no double will be used.”

If MGM decides to write the picture off, the company “will renew the original claim aggregating approximately \$15,000,000 on two policies—one with Lloyds, the other with Pacific Indemnity Co.” which is not financially involved in the bailout.

THE INTER-GALACTIC NEWS

PHOTO © 1976 COLUMBIA PICTURES



Coming this year from Steven Spielberg: *Poltergeist* and *E.T.*

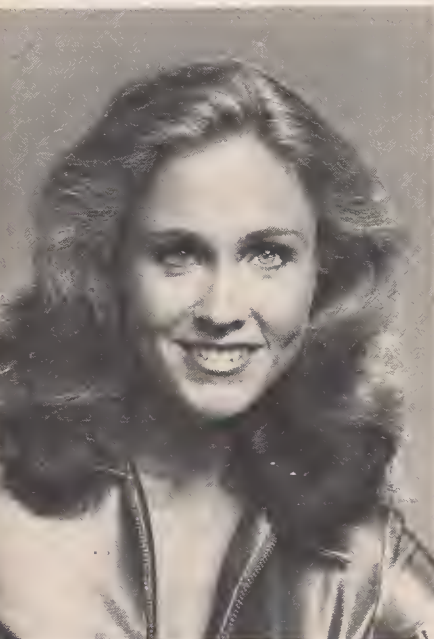
STEVEN SPIELBERG'S *Poltergeist*, due June 4, has been repeatedly hailed by MGM/UA officials as being their biggest film for 1982. The special-effects laden supernatural thriller was produced and scripted by Spielberg and directed by Tobe (Funhouse) Hooper. Shrouded in secrecy, the film explores the subject of spirits and their activities

other two go into release. It is a modern remake of *A Guy Named Joe* and has nothing to do with aliens, spirits or little kids... *STAR TREK II* wrapped 12 weeks of principal photography on February 1. Industrial Light and Magic is working hard on the opticals trying to make Paramount's opening date of June 4. Everyone is delighted with the film and Jimmy Doohan told us it will be a "smasheroo." We were corrected by sources close to the film about the Weather Climate Control machine we mentioned in issue #56. Early drafts of the script may have had such a device but now we're told it is much closer to a doomsday device of sorts. Also, word has it that Walter Koenig has a real meaty role even though he isn't aboard the *Enterprise*. ...NBC balked at the amount of cleavage displayed by Sybil Danning in Roger Corman's *Battle Beyond the Stars*, so Corman is making a number of medium-shots of Danning into close-ups to avoid the problem. Corman told *Variety* he didn't think twice when filming the SF-adventure



Danning: Too much for TV?

PHOTO © 1980 NEW WORLD PICTURES



Erin Gray to *Six Pack*.

with humans... *E.T.* is Steven Spielberg's next film, follows on June 15 and even less is known about that Universal film. Filmed under the title *Boy's Life*, actress Dee (Howling) Wallace is reported to be the only adult in the cast and it will carry the subtitle "His First Adventure on Earth." Sounds like a series to us... *ALWAYS* will be Spielberg's next film, which should be shooting as the

because Danning was no worse off than bikini clad heroines on regular network series... *LORDS OF THE DEEP* has been picked up by Corman's New World for release. It's about an underwater civiliza-



PHOTO © 1981 SIMON FILM PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Spielberg's *ET* revealed! For more information on the scoop of this century, see "Lastword."

tion... ERIN (Buck Rogers) GRAY has replaced Robyn (Galactica 1980) Douglas as Kenny Rogers' leading lady in *Six Pack*... CHARLES FOX will score *Wiz Kid*... RICHARD HARTLEY AND RICHARD O'BRIEN, fresh from *Shock Treatment*, have written three songs for *The Return of Captain Invincible*. ... RICHARD MARQUAND's next film after *Revenge of the Jedi* is *Early Warning* for CBS Theatrical Films... STAN LEE is executive producer and Lawrence J. (Funhouse) Block is the screenwriter and together they will bring the Fantastic Four to the screen in live-action for CBS... BRITISH comic strip secret agent Modesty Blaise has been turned into a one-hour pilot by Paramount for ABC... RICK OVERTON (see issue #40) has gone to LA to find fame and fortune. He and Patrick Macnee have landed roles in the soap opera spoof, *Young Doctors in Love*... JANE SEYMOUR picked up a Golden Globe award for Best Actress in a TV Mini-Series for *East of Eden*. ... WILLIAM SHATNER joined Mork and Mearth on an episode of *Mork and Mindy*. Shatner left before Mork had a chance to pop THE question: whether Spock lives or not... Pia Zadora has made quite a name for herself as the nymph in *Butterfly*, but did you know that her screen debut came at age three in the SF Christmas classic *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*?... PRODUCER HARVE BENNET is so impressed with Leonard Nimoy's abilities on their three Paramount projects (*Golda*, *Marco Polo*, *Star Trek II*) that he has asked Nimoy to direct an episode of his NBC series *The Powers of Matthew Star* next season. ★

LASTWORD



We had wanted to do a gag-filled, cover-to-cover "April Fools" issue for you this month, but there was just too much in the way of news and special features, and most of the silly bits got squeezed out. Three pieces of foolery did survive, however, as you may have already noticed. We are indebted to Bjo for putting tap shoes on Robbie, and want to

thank Della Van Hise and Wendy Rathbone for their fanciful bloopers (there were more, but—you guessed it—we ran out of room.)

The third bit, of course, is our "Log Entries" exclusive photo (page 14) of the title star from Steven Spielberg's new film, *ET (The ExtraTerrestrial)*. Those of you who can correctly identify the photo... can have a star named after yourself! (Just imagine taking your date for a walk under a star-filled night sky and casually directing her attention to your particular stellar namesake! One word of caution: choose your dates carefully. If, for instance, she happens to be an astronomy major, her immediate reaction may be, "Oh, Henry, you're a white dwarf!" Or some other such mundane observation.)

Actually, there is much secrecy surrounding *The ET* and a serious effort to keep him under wraps until the film breaks, sometime in late June. In fact, before seeing a presentation on the film and its star, I had to sign a form stating that I would not divulge the details of what I was about to see to any third party. I had a hard time in signing the document (not being enamoured of waving my First Amendment rights), but it was worth it. The *ET* is a natural—this film is a winner. Spielberg describes it as a modern fable for adults, told from a child's point of view. Walt Disney would be proud of this one. In fact, if Uncle Walt were still alive, he might have made this film.

ET is only one of a number of high-quality, big-budget SF and fantasy films scheduled to arrive this summer. Among those that I'm most curious about are *Conan*, *Blade Runner*, *The Thing*, *Star Trek II* and *Tron*. And, of course, *ET*, which just may be big enough to bury the rest.

* * *

I'm really excited about our serialization of John Campbell's *Who Goes There?* It's a great SF/chiller. It also provides an interesting insight into how much a story can change when it's adapted to the screen. Don't get me wrong, I'm a big fan of the Howard Hawks film... I just never realized before reading the story how little of it wound up in *The Thing*. John Carpenter's film promises to be more faithful to the novella, but, again, the story will be transmogrified through the process of adaptation. Reading the original, I feel, affords a neat perspective from which to compare and contrast the two versions, as well as to enjoy the creative talents of two very different filmmakers.

And while I'm still on the subject, I'd like to call your attention to Nick Cuti's wonderfully atmospheric illustrations. He was able to capture exactly the feeling that I felt the story called for. The stark contrast between glaring snowfields and gloomy shadows; the air of claustrophobia that has an almost palpable presence in the story. Nick will be illustrating the rest of it, which concludes in issue #60—our Sixth Anniversary issue. Don't miss it.

Howard Zimmerman

Howard Zimmerman/Editor

NEXTMONTH

CONAN



It's time for Sword & Sorcery to take centerstage: *Conan*, the movie, is almost upon us. The Cimmerian barbarian will be swashbuckling his way into our hearts in the form of Arnold Schwarzenegger. Co-starring James Earl Jones as immortal baddie Thulsa Doom, the saga of *Conan* promises to be one of this year's most gripping, unusual flicks. We're sure you'll want to see our feature coverage on the making of *Conan*, including an interview with the world's most magnetic muscleman, Arnold Schwarzenegger himself.

STAR TREK

Lost amidst all the hubbub about Spock's destiny is the fact that two new faces will be showcased in the eagerly awaited second *Star Trek* movie. Spock's theoretical demise may well be overshadowed when *Trek* fandom is introduced to Kirstie Alley and Merritt Buttrick, who portray alien Lt. Saavik and (Kirk's son?) David, respectively. Before seeing them on film, you'll meet both of them next month in the pages of STARLOG.

THE THING

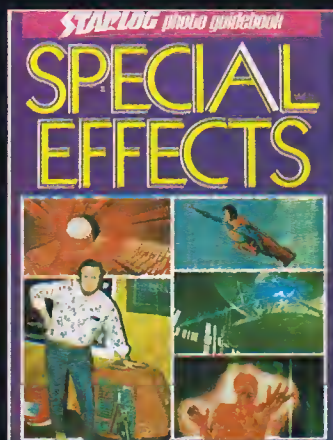


We continue our coverage of John Carpenter's new version of *The Thing* in issue #59. There'll be an exclusive interview with expert cinematographer Dean Cundey, who has contributed greatly to SF-cinema over the years. Also on tap will be Part 2 of "Who Goes There?"—John W. Campbell's brilliant short story and the basis for *The Thing*. Once again, artist Nick Cuti provides the exciting illustrations. You won't want to miss it.

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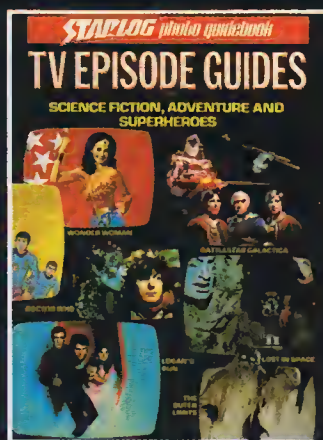
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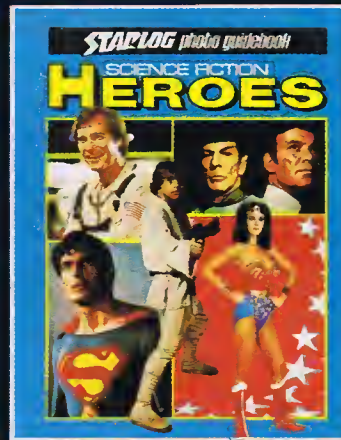
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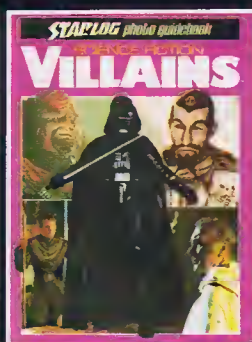


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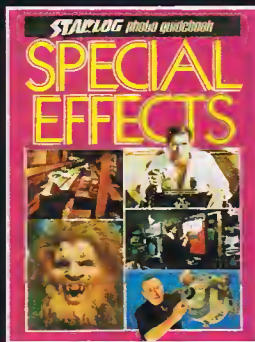
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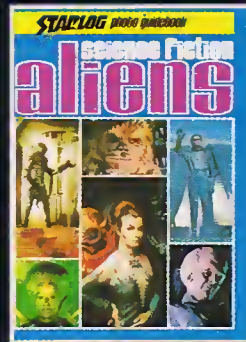
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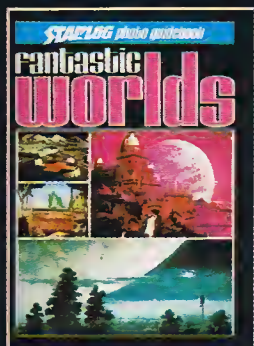
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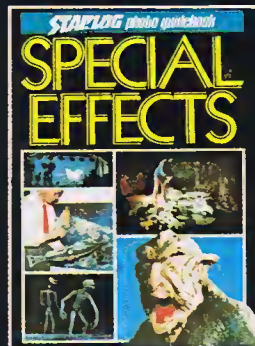
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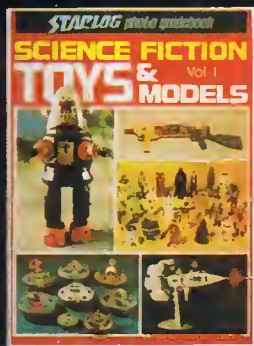
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