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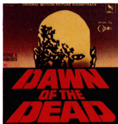

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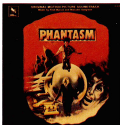

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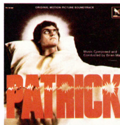

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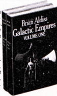

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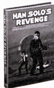

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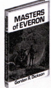

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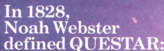

sci·ence (si' əns), ***n.*** [ME. *sciens;* Late OFr.; L. *scientia* < *sciens*, ppr. of *scire*, to know], 1. originally, state or fact of knowing; knowledge, often as opposed to *intuition*, *belief*, etc. 2. systematized knowledge derived from observation, study, and experimentation carried on in order to determine the nature or principles of what is being studied. 3. a branch of knowledge or study, especially one concerned with establishing and systematizing facts, principles, and methods, as by experiments and hypotheses: as, the *science* of music. 4. *a)* the systematized knowledge of nature and the physical world. *b)* any branch of this.

science fiction, imaginative stories centered about some projected, often fantastic, scientific development.

fan·ta·sy (fan'tə-si, fan'tə-zi), ***n.*** [*pl.* FANTASIES (-siz, -ziz)], [ME. & OFr. *fantasie;* LL. *phantasia*, idea, notion; Gr. *phantasia*, look or appearance of a thing, lit., a making visible <*phainein*, to show], 1. imagination or fancy; especially, wild, visionary fancy. 2. an unreal mental image; illusion; phantasm. 3. a whim; queer notion; caprice. 4. in *psychology*, a mental image, as in a daydream, usually pleasant and with some vague continuity.

ad·ven·ture (əd-ven'chẽr), ***n.*** [ME. *aventure;* OFr. *aventure;* L. *adventura*, lit., a happening < *advenire;* see ADVENT]. 1. the encountering of danger. 2. an exciting and dangerous undertaking. 3. an unusual, stirring experience, often of romantic nature. 4. a liking for danger, excitement, etc.: as, he is full of *adventure*.

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impossible dreams

"Brave New World"

1980: The dawn of yet another decade in the history of the human race. And with each new decade comes change; old standards fall to make way for the new...and hope; man strives to learn from the mistakes of the past to help build a better future.

The next ten years could prove to be the single most important period in our existence. We find ourselves on the verge of solving the mysteries of space, that territory once thought of as completely out of man's grasp. Crippling diseases which have destroyed the lives of millions for years may soon be virtually eliminated, thanks to recent breakthroughs in scientific research and technology. Increased use of our natural resources should enable all of us to live more comfortable lives, utilizing everything from the sun's heat to warm our homes to synthetic oils to power our automobiles. Sophisticated mass transportation on a large scale could hold the key to the most significant means of travel since the invention of the airplane. And the list goes on and on...

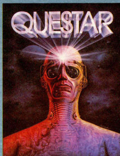
But there are also negative aspects of our constant move toward the almost unimaginable year 2000. And the most serious of these is the ever-present threat of nuclear war. Having survived the social unrest of the turbulent years past (hopefully never having to deal with such *internal* upheaval again), we face the very real possibility of the *external* pressures exerted by one nation upon another, strengthening the apparent *need* for man to dominate his brother. Terrorist hijackings, embassy kidnappings and wholesale invasions of one country by another bombard us through the news media each day of our lives, and one has to sometimes wonder if man really *is* as intelligent a being as he claims to be! He fails to realize just how close he has come, and may yet come, to destroying all that he has strived for over the centuries.

I spoke of change...and hope. If man can, indeed, realize where he has gone wrong, the next ten years should see him utilize all of the knowledge he has gained up until now and combine it with the new knowledge he will acquire as he continues to explore the unexplored and explain the unexplained to make changes for the better. Hope, then, will "spring eternal," offering all of mankind the possibility of a future without war, without disease, without social unrest.

We, as science fiction fans, have always recognized the advantages of using SF not only as a means of escapism (permitting us to enter our own little world free of the troubles that exist in our present society) but also as a means to dream of the future, and the endless possibilities it holds. And it delights us to see the dreams of the past turn into the realities of today. Now, as we enter this decade filled with questions about what may be in store for us in the future, **Questar** will not only continue to explore the hopes and dreams of science fiction, but it will examine the realities of science and technology so strongly influenced by science fiction.

Join us as we prepare for a "Brave New World."

—*William G. Wilson, Jr.*



Cover by Phil Wilson
"Kaleidoscope For Your Mind" developed as a design for a subscription campaign and blossomed into the exciting painting which adorns our cover this issue. Artist Phil Wilson broadened the concept of the "Kaleidoscope" to include a futuristic, three-dimensional title logo and a variety of creatures, figures, and features from the world of science fiction, fantasy, horror and science. Can you identify them?

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The system also has an exposure compensation provision and a built-in Memotron memory lock.

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Letters From Our Readers

SHATNER "SNUB"

As an interested *Star Trek* fan, I have read several articles that you have printed in your magazine, and for the most part I have found them to be informative and enjoyable. However, I would like to point out what I feel may be taken as a possible slight to Mr. Shatner, *Star Trek's* Captain Kirk. It may possibly be an inside-joke, but for those who don't know of Mr. Shatner's fine career and reputation as an actor, C. J. Henderson, I believe it was, wrote a fine article but left quite a lot out under his profile.

I agree that Mr. Shatner did do commercials for both margarine and salad dressing. In that endeavour he joins the likes of Lord Olivier promoting Polaroid cameras, John Wayne promoting headache tablets, Orson Welles promoting wine, Jimmy Stewart promoting tires and Dick Cavett promoting corn flakes—admirable company, to say the least.

He has also done much more than "Rocketman" on the SF Film Awards since *Star Trek.* He starred in the critically-acclaimed PBS production of "The Andersonville Trial" directed by George C. Scott. He has made at least seven movies, including one for which he was nominated for SF Film Award Actor of the Year. Up to two years ago, he had appeared as a guest star in nearly every major TV series until he decided to give up what he himself described as "pap." He toured with a one-man show in which he performed to sold-out audiences at colleges across the country, and now has a briskly-selling record taped from this very show. He was in the NBC production of "Little Women" which proved to be one of the biggest 'sleepers' of that television year. He has starred in many stage plays, one—"The Tricks of the Trade"—which would have been destined for Broadway had it not been for the on-again, off-again nature of the *Star Trek* movie. He most recently starred in the stage play "Otherwise Engaged" this past spring at the Solari Theatre in Los Angeles, again receiving excellent reviews. He has performed with many symphony orchestras throughout the country bringing science fiction alive through the use of classical music, using material ranging from Bradbury to H. G. Wells, utilizing special effects—lasers, front and rear projections and so on, to bring a gripping reality to his words. He has formed another one-man show called "The Star Traveller" which will be touring the country in the fall. It is a show geared to entertain audiences numbering from ten to twenty *thousand* per session.

He is by far the best professionally known of all the fine *Star Trek* actors—you never hear him boast about what he is capable of doing, or how hard he works at doing it—he just continues to provide his fans with his beautifully competent talent.

As all the other actors in the movie had a brief summation of their work since *Star Trek,* I felt perhaps you should be informed of some of Mr. Shatner's past efforts. I realize that he is well liked and respected among the members of the SF community, and I feel the description of his career in this particular piece is probably some quiet ribbing among friends, but there is going to be a large number of people reading your magazine who do not have this knowledge of who he is and where he has been, and they may possibly take this description to heart. I personally feel that this is not fair to Mr. Shatner the man, or to Mr. Shatner the actor.

Ginna LaCroix
Boyds, Maryland

Ginna, you can fault TomSciacca, and not C.J., for the oversight on William Shatner's career retrospective. Thanks for bringing us up-to-date on everything he has done since the days of Star Trek—The TV Series. *Tom's comments were made with his tongue firmly in his cheek, taking for granted that everyone was well aware of Shatner's accomplishments, and that they could speak for themselves. (And, incidentally, you neglected to mention his brief stint on ABC's* Barbary Coast Series!)

PHOTO: BILL WILSON

"DEAD" SOUVENIRS?

Ever since I saw *Dawn of the Dead* for the first time, I have been searching for any kind of souvenir material from the movie. I saw the film *seven times,* and I wish it would come back around soon. I never even saw a picture from the movie until I saw your fantastic offers in *QUESTAR.*

What I need to know is: Could you please send me any kind of pamphlets telling how I could order more *Dawn of the Dead* souvenir items?

Robert L. Traegler
Trenton, New Jersey

Of course, we have no other material on Dawn *besides our* Poster Book *and the features we ran in issues 3, 4 and 5 of* QUESTAR, *but additional information regarding merchandise can be obtained directly from The Laurel Group, 150 East 58th Street, Suite 2104, New York, NY 10022 or from The Latent Image, 247 Fort Pitt Blvd., 5th Floor Suite, Pittsburgh, PA 15222.*

NORMAN—GOOD OR BAD?

QUESTAR No. 6 was a welcome, remarkable change from the blandness of previous issues. You've still a ways to go, but issue 6 was quite good, varied and informative.

I was especially enlightened (I can't say entertained) by the interview with "John Norman" (John Lange).

It should be pointed out that Dr. Lange is misinformed and/or ignorant to the point of imbecility. There is a great deal of controversy in regards to the *Gor* novels and "John Norman." This controversy revolves around the fact that the *Gor* books are nothing more than sordid little bondage and sado-masochism porno novels dressed up to resemble science fiction. I read the first three *Gor* books, forcing myself through volumes two and three just to make sure I wasn't selling Dr. Lange short. Later I purchased volume seven and "John Norman's" sexual fantasy book to see if perhaps I'd been too critical. If anything, his first three dreary little tales seemed far better when compared to his later works.

Am I a prude, a blue-nose who can't stand the thought of S*E*X in science fiction? Ha! Far from it. I've read and enjoyed the works of Philip Jose' Farmer, Theodore Sturgeon, and Michael Moorcock—writers Dr. Lange is unfit to carry pencils for. I "grokked" on Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* and reeled under the mind-boggling concepts tossed out by Harlan Ellison.

Lange's arguments that contemporary science fiction writers are "terrified by an attempt to treat human beings honestly" are so much nonsense. Human biology and psychology have been used often since John W. Campbell first took the helm of *Astounding* magazine way back in the 1930's.

He states that the only genre one can place his books in is "adventure fantasy" and that furthermore he is the only writer in said genre. This must come as one hell of a surprise to the fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard, not to mention L. Sprague DeCamp and Lin Carter.

From what I've read of the *Gor* books, there are at least three contemporary authors who tackle similar subjects as Dr. Lange and do far more credible jobs. One is Dick Geis, whose Novellette, "One Immortal Man," is far more human and honest than the *Gor* books will ever be; another is Karl Edward Wagner, who writes the blood-curdling, concept-expanding *Kane* novels; and the third is Norman Spinrad, whose "novel by Adolph Hitler," *The Iron Dream,* would probably make "John Norman" curl up in a corner, clutching his teddy bear and sucking his thumb.

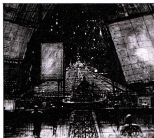
Face it, gang. Norman/Lange is a tyro in a

field of established, professional giants. His books have the depth of Dixie cups and are written to debase humanity—*all* of humanity. Anybody who reads the *Gor* books and truly enjoys them would be well-advised to seek professional psychiatric help.

Buzz Dixon
Van Nuys, California

I'd really like to have gotten more reaction to the overly repetitive bondage theme running through Norman's Gorian books (an aspect which I personally feel could be reduced to facilitate the movement of action...Norman could cut out about one-half of his word count and have a vastly superior product. One tends to lose the plot line in his sexual-fantasy ramblings, which tend to become boring in themselves.)

Clyde Caldwell
Lowell, North Carolina



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BEYOND "THE BLACK HOLE"

I am very impressed with the *QUESTAR Black Hole* issue, and with continued good writing and the excellent graphic sense someone out there obviously has, your success appears imminent.

On behalf of everyone who worked on *The Black Hole*, I'd like to thank you for your coverage. I hope Disney will continue to supply film fans with special films in science fiction/fantasy. There is a revitalized spirit at the studio, a willingness to change, and though some painful decisions will be necessary, I think the next three to four years will be really exciting ones here.

Good luck in all your future projects.

Michael Bonifer
Walt Disney Productions

And we all certainly wish the best for, and look forward to seeing the best yet from Walt Disney Productions in the coming years, Mike.

BOND FREAK

I enjoy your magazine thoroughly, and I thank you for your coverage of James Bond. *Please* interview Roger Moore (and be sure to include *lots* of color photos!) Please?

Carla Risoldi
Philadelphia, PA

Carla, James Bond is undeniably an important fantasy character, and you can be sure that QUESTAR *will follow him every step of the way. As for Mr. Moore, he's a tough guy to track down, but who knows? Anything's possible!*

IS DRAC REALLY DEAD?

In Mr. Adomites' article on Dracula in issue #6, he states that at the end of the Langella *Dracula* he is seen flying away in broad daylight. This was not the way I saw it at all. I understand it as being just his cape blowing in the wind; he was still hanging from the mast, quite dead.

Lucy is staring up at the cape and smiling because she was impregnated by Dracula in the 'red' love scene.

Who's right?

Steve Fiorilla
Framingham, MA

I am glad that Forry Ackerman is a contributor to your magazine. His "Jeanie" is my favorite feature in each issue. I am also one of many (as your letters prove) who have been introduced to the sci-fi/fantasy/horror genre by Forry through *Famous Monsters*. Could you have an issue dedicated to him, and publish some color photos from the Ackermuseum?

John Reynolds
Malden, MA

We hope this issue's lengthy interview with FJA, accompanied by some scenes from the Ackermansion, will come as a pleasant and satisfying surprise to you and others, John. *story on page 45.*

Editor's Note:
This column is designed to be a forum for discussion, a place where you, the reader, can voice your opinions on this publication and the facets of SF, Fantasy and Horror it has set about to examine...so use it!
Address your communications to:
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panorama

What's Happening In The World of SF/Fantasy

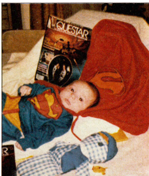


PHOTO: R. MICHELUCCI

"QUESTAR" PUBLISHER SIRES "SUPERBABY"

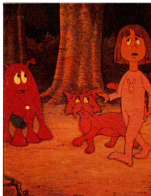
On October 17, 1979, Publisher Bob Michelucci and his wife Diana became the proud parents of a 5 lb. 12 oz. bouncing baby "superboy." Little Robert John has already shown a strong interest in his father's field, as evidenced by his taste in clothing and his affection for daddy's science fiction magazine. However, reports entering the *Questar* offices indicate some concern by the parents over their son's extraordinary strength, hovering ability and an apparent dislike for green rocks. Q

"MAGIC BUBBLE" APPROACHING

Allison and the Magic Bubble, an ambitious children's cartoon project currently in production on the East Coast, is the brainchild of Boston television producer Joe Saia. The purpose of the venture is, in Saia's words, "a return to quality cartoon programming. Wherever possible, a challenge has to be made to those who defend creative mediocrity in the name of technical progress." He has set his sights on Disney Studio quality, and hired Pittsburgh animators Phil Wilson and Jim Allan to handle the difficult task.

The story itself, geared to a young viewing audience and designed for nationwide syndication, revolves around the little girl Allison, her faithful cat Winston, and their adventures with the extra-terrestrial Wobblees in their fight against the evil Mergatoids. It seems the invasion of a planet in another dimension has inadvertantly caused a powerful life-force in the shape of a bubble to descend upon Earth, where the life-giving powers of the sphere are reversed, causing devastation to Allison's once-green and pleasant countryside. Pushed aside by concerned grown-ups, she becomes trapped in the middle of a classic confrontation between good and evil as the Wobblees battle the Mergatoids for possession of the lost magic bubble, complete with a laser/phaser battle in outer space.

The production is scheduled for completion in early '81, by which time Messrs. Wilson and Allan will have produced *ninety-six* background paintings and over *sixteen thousand* illustrations utilizing full animation. The final script was written by Kevin Hyde, after several trial-and-error attempts by other writers, from Saia's original outline. Producer Saia himself is handling the music and special sound effects, to be added only after animation has been completed. Q


©1980 AAA RECORDING STUDIOS, INC.

SPACE AGE HOBBYHORSE

For Christmas, Playskool introduced Star Rider, an electronic space vehicle for kids complete with an instrument panel with all the necessary switches, controls and visual and sound effects to simulate a trip to the outermost galaxies...and beyond. The toy plays off the limitlessness of a child's imagination, carrying him or her on a "journey of the mind" as far as they care to go.

Star Rider is designed for children ages 3 to 9, and one of the "stars" of the advertising campaign was none other than Melissa Engelman, daughter of *Questar's* own Production Co-ordinator, Doug Engelman. Here she is seen aboard her star ship, battling enemy ships with her lasers and time-warping her way to some great fun. Could Star Rider be training her and others like her to be the space pilots of the future? Q

© 1979 PLAYSKOOL

VERNE COMPANION

Jules Verne is usually hailed as the father of science fiction. His prophetic writings gave us our first glimpses of spaceships, submarines, world war, et cetera.

Despite his popularity, however, much of Verne's *non-fiction* has been *ignored.* Thankfully, a new work, fully illustrated with graphics from artist interpretations and forty years of movies, tries to rectify that situation.

The Jules Verne Companion (by Peter Haining) is filled with articles written about Verne and his work by men such as George Orwell, H.G. Wells, William Golding and Erich von Daniken. It also contains newly-translated articles and features by Verne himself, most of them never before seen in this country.

For anyone who has read **From the Earth to the Moon** or **20,000 Leagues Under the Sea**, this is a perfect secondary reading, one which gives a wealth of backup information, and also many insights into other writers who helped influence and shape Verne's own personal style. Q

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DR. WHO APPRECIATION SOCIETY

The newly-formed North American branch of the Doctor Who Appreciation Society, the only official fan club for the long-running (16 years) science fiction/fantasy series, is actively seeking to increase fan enrollment and involvement. The Society has been developed specifically for *Who* fans in the USA and Canada, providing them with up-to-date news on *Who*-doings in various materials and publications (such as the club newsletter, *Celestial Toyroom*, and magazine, *Tardis)* and special offers for NADWAS members only.

Who fans are growing in number throughout North America, and if you are one of them, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for more details to: NADWAS, 6642 Andasol Avenue, Van Nuys, CA 91406. Q

LUCASFILM BEGINS "EMPIRE" PUSH

Lucasfilm, Ltd. is in the midst of an extensive media campaign to promote the soon-to-be-released sequel to *Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back.* The campaign is geared specifically to the fan market, and consists of a special slide presentation available to science fiction, *Star Trek*, and comic book conventions and also informational photo and art displays available to science fiction and comic book specialty stores throughout the world.

George Lucas and company are aware of, and certainly appreciate, the tremendous support for *Star Wars* they have received from fandom, and these programs are designed to 'pay back' fandom for that support by keeping them well-informed of their activities.

If you are interested in the slide presentation for your convention, or the photo/art display for your specialty store, contact Craig Miller at Lucasfilm, Ltd., 3855 Lankershim Blvd., No. Hollywood, California 91604.

May the Force be with you! Q

"WARHEAD" DEAD?

Apparently the non-UA production of *Warhead* is off. The Kevin McClory production that would have starred Sean Connery as Bond was dealt its final hand when Connery bowed out of his $5 million dollar salary. He realized the production would never get off the ground in proper time, and in the meantime, he was being offered too many good scripts to pass any more up.

The trouble with *Warhead* and Kevin McClory began in 1963, after a long and bitter lawsuit with Ian Fleming. McClory won all the film rights to the book *Thunderball*, after Fleming had written it using McClory's script as a guide. Eventually, McClory struck a deal with UA and Eon productions to film *Thunderball*, which became the biggest grossing Bond film.

McClory also held *remake* rights to *Thunderball* which he wished to exploit. In 1976, he expressed his desire to produce *James Bond of the Secret Service*, with a script by Len Deighton and Connery. United Artists sued and, until recently, the production was halted. Eventually, McClory won his claim to do *one film*, but then he came up with another bombshell: he was in possession of several more scripts and outlines in collaboration with Fleming, and he said he would produce his *own* series of Bond films. This was a bit much for UA and Eon, and there are lawsuits *still* in the courts.

According to our own research and informants, indeed, had McClory gone ahead and filmed his remake of *Thunderball*, things would be clear; but apparently, the contention to produce a series is a bit exaggerated. As Connery has been quoted in the New York Post: "Let him start shooting. It won't be with me. I've had it."

Perhaps had McClory thought a little more, he could have secured the rights to *Casino Royale* from Columbia Pictures and produce *two legitimate* Bond films. But in any case, all hope is not lost; he can still call George Lazenby... Q

"BATTLE BEYOND THE STARS"

Scheduled for a summer '80 release, New World's *Battle Beyond The Stars* marks the directing debut of Academy Award winning animator Jimmy Murakami. A live-action film utilizing special effects never seen on the screen before, it is New World's largest budgeted film venture ever, and Roger Corman has even constructed a new special effects facility in Venice, California (near Doug Trumbull's, incidentally) to accommodate the tremendous workload on the crew.

Tight security surrounds the special effects operation with full details not to be revealed until after the film's release. Q

ON TOUR WITH "ILIA"

Persis Khambatta, the lovely Indian actress who starred as the bald Deltan beauty "Ilia" in *Star Trek-The Motion Picture* delighted fans at a New York department store during a promotional tour for the film. Signing autographs and answering questions among actors dressed as the aliens from *ST-TMP*, she proved to be an even more striking woman with her natural hair than she had in the film without it. Q

PHOTO: TOM SCIACCA

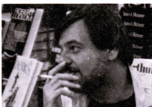

PHOTO: BARRY GRESS

SHORT TAKES

Grayson Productions has announced its production of *Starhunt*, with a screenplay by David Gerrold (based on his novel, *Yesterday's Children*). The multi-million-dollar science fiction epic details the adventures of the crew of an out-dated battle cruiser pressed into service by the demands of an interstellar war, and the conflicts between them that border on mutiny...**George Romero's** next film, *Knight Riders*, deals with a motorcycle gang who believe themselves to be modern-day knights of the round table. Also on tap for Romero are two Stephen King projects: *The Stand* (from King's best-seller) and *Creepshow* (from a King screenplay written especially for Romero). The latter is a collection of short tales which unfold as stories from a horror comic, complete with enough in-jokes to drive Romero fans crazy...Q

"QUESTAR" GOES BI-MONTHLY

In an effort to keep readers more informed and entertained *more often*, *Questar* has increased its publishing frequency from quarterly to bi-monthly *and* expanded its size and format to better accomodate its "Kaleidoscope of the Mind" approach to covering the broad spectrum of science fiction, science fact, fantasy and horror in all media.

As a result of its increased frequency, subscription rates have been increased to $9.98 for six issues in the United States and $14.98 for foreign subscribers. Subscribers have the advantage of receiving their copies *hot off the press*, direct from the printer, in addition to receiving any and all special collectors edition issues as part of their regular subscription. Current subscribers will receive all issues due them on their present subscriptions, and they may at any time extend their subscriptions at the present rate. Q

PHOTO: R. MICHELUCCI

ACADEMY HONORS SF-TV

In February, National Public Radio broadcast the 1979 Television Committee Awards of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films. The award ceremony, held at the Tiffany Theater in Los Angeles during the Academy's Sci-Fi Film Expo in October, honored *Battlestar Galactica* (Best Program), Dirk Benedict (Best Actor), Laurette Spang (Best Actress), *Star Trek* (Best Past Achievement), William Shatner (Best Individual Past Achievement) and *Outer Limits* (Special Past Achievement).

PHOTO: ACADEMY OF SF/F+H

Lorne Greene, Laurette Spang and Dirk Benedict accept awards for *Galactica* from Pres. Donald A. Reed.

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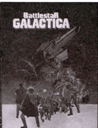

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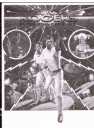
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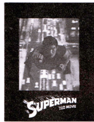

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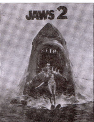

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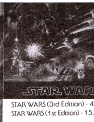

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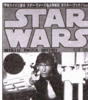

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book views

by C. J. Henderson

I would like to start my column this time by thanking those readers who have written in, encouraging the powers-that-be to expand the book review section. I appreciate the kind words, and I assure you that I will continue to do my best to steer you toward what is *new* and *worth catching* at your local newsstand or book store.

First, let me just briefly mention several excellent new works just published:

Ace Books has compiled a collection of Norman Spinrad's finest short fiction, entitled **The Star-Spangled Future.** This edition is divided into three sections, each with a separate introduction by Spinrad himself, and includes his "The Lost Continent" (worth the price of the book alone) and "The Big Flash," among others.

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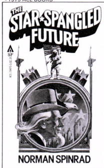
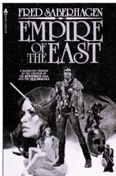


Gordon R. Dickson has returned with yet another volume from the Childe Cycle. **The Spirit of Dorsai** is a fine companion to the other books in the Dorsai series.

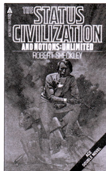
Byron Preiss, J. Michael Reaves and Joseph Zucker are enjoying great success with their recently-released **Dragonworld.** A massive novel, it is an expensive fantasy ...and well worth every penny.

Empire of the East is Fred Saberhagen's latest; a good blend of sorcery and high technology set on a world where magic rules and science is just beginning to rear its head. It may sound like an old formula, but Saberhagen handles it very effectively.



Norman Spinrad's latest, **A World Between,** released by Pocket Books, is being praised as one of his best works to date. In truth, it is definitely in a class with his often-touted Bug Jack Barron... distinguished company, indeed.

A plug here for Ace Books: the old Ace double is back, and one of the best of the new offerings is a collection of Robert Sheckley's work. **The Status Civilization and Notions: Unlimited** contains a complete novel **(The Status Civilization)** and also a group of fine short pieces **(Notions: Unlimited).** A "novel" idea and an interesting collection.



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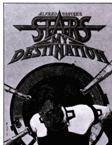
Baronet Books has just released the second volume of the two-volume, illustrated version of Alfred Bester's classic, **The Stars My Destination.** Completely rendered graphically by Howard Chaykin, it is far superior to any mere "graphic story," and it represents his best work in years. Both volumes are offered in softcover and deluxe, collectors edition hardcover versions.



This issue's big news, however, concerns a *new* novel from Bester, his first in several years. The new work is **Golem 100,** and the following is a brief interview with the author concerning his latest creation...

In referring to **Golem,** Bester explains that he is doing something *special* this time. "I have tried to invent a brand-new style for myself. I have tried to write a story in a visual, narrative style where the visuals *lock in* with the text. The text doesn't mean anything unless you see the visuals, and they don't mean anything unless you see the text."

And how are the visuals expressed? "One example will explain everything I've done," he continues. "Do you know about Rorschach Blots? Or ink blots? In my story I have *Id* blots. I did the original concept, and then I got a professional artist to reproduce what I had done.

"Half of the book is written on the subliminal level. When you explore the subliminal world, you don't see *people;*

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" The Stars My Destination is completely rendered graphically by Howard Chaykin, and it represents his best work in years... "

you see their *pre-conscious,* their *unconscious,* and their *Id.* And how do you show visually as well as with words what their unconscious and Ids are like? With Id blots."

In essence, Bester is speaking of Rorschach in reverse: first the message, and then the blots. "I would prefer to think of it as taking him *deeper,* but alright. This book is deeply subliminal, and it is wild, absolutely wild.

"The story takes place a couple of hundred years in the future, in our Northeast Corridor. There is a group of eight or nine darling, lovely ladies who get together once or twice a week just to pass the time because they're bored...they play games, and they drink a little, but not too much. They're all very attractive and wonderful, and they decide to try to raise the devil, even though they haven't the faintest belief in him. It's just another game to them... like a parlor concert, with each of them memorizing their scripts and playing their parts. But they of course don't succeed in raising the devil. Satan? Forget it. But what they don't know is that their combined efforts have merged that bestial Id that lives within every human animal and knows only one thing: satisfaction...animal, crude, sexual, physical satisfaction. Their little game unites their dark sides to produce an Id creature, a golem which emerges from the subliminal world into our "real" one. It is motivated solely by savage, sexual and physical satisfaction; it is amorphous...like a giant bestial amoeba."

And the story's conflict? "The chase has our two protagonists (who become involved only accidentally) tracking down this "thing" in order to clear themselves of the frightful crimes which the creature has committed." But neither main character is one of the women directly responsible for the golem's creation. "Neither of them (one woman, one man) was involved, but they are witnesses to one of its crimes, and now suspect. It's pretty wild."

Bester's desire with **Golem 100** is to stimulate the reader, to get him to actively participate in the story. "I'm trying to kick the reader into coming along with me," he explains. "C'mon...use your imagination, see it! And if you can't see it, I'll kick you over the head so that you *will* see it...and hear it! And I'll clobber you with typefaces so that you *will* hear it.

"I'm doing everything I can with this book. It took me days to get the effect I wanted with the Id blots before they went over to Simon and Schuster and, finally, artist Jack Gaughn for the finished art. The production problems were terrible. I had to keep on S&S and the English publisher constantly. I *have* to watch them; this new style is *important* to me. The greatest danger for all of us is in finding a winning schtick...for God's sake, don't stay with it, or you become mannered.

"Doing the same thing over and over... that's *disaster."*

And for Alfred Bester, his hope is that a new style for a new novel will help him re-establish his reputation in the science fiction field, and place his new work in the same lofty category as his critically-acclaimed **The Stars My Destination** of years gone by. **Q**

academie

News of the Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror Films by Dr. Donald A. Reed

Award Nominations...

BEST FILMS

Science Fiction

Alien
Black Hole
Moonraker
Star Trek-TMP
Time After Time

Fantasy

Arabian Adventure
Dinner for Adele
Nutcracker Fantasy
The Muppet Movie
The Last Wave

Horror

Amityville Horror
Dracula
Love At First Bite
The Mafu Cage
Phantasm

MAKE-UP

Dawn Of The Dead
Love At First Bite
Alien
Star Trek-TMP
Dracula

SPECIAL EFFECTS

Alien
The Muppet Movie
Moonraker
Star Trek-TMP
Black Hole

ACTING

Best Actor

George Hamilton
Frank Langella
Christopher Lee
Malcolm McDowell
William Shatner

Best Actress

Persis Khambatta
Margot Kidder
Susan Saint James
Mary Steenburgen
Sigourney Weaver

Supporting Actor

Arte Johnson
Richard Kiel
Leonard Nimoy
Donald Pleasance
David Warner

Supporting Actress

Veronica Cartright
Pamela Hensley
Jacquelyn Hyde
Marcy Lafferty
Nichelle Nichols

COSTUME

Star Trek-TMP
Battlestar Galactica
Time After Time
Buck Rogers In
The 25th Century
Nosferatu

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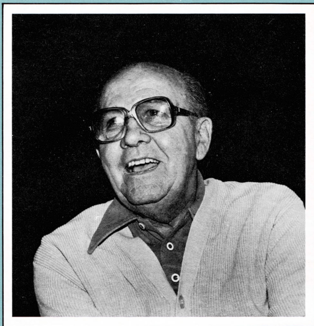


DON POST, SR.
(1902-1979)

Don Post, Sr., master sculptor, make-up man, and founder of Don Post Studios, died November 17, 1979 of cancer at his home in Encino, California. Post, who retired in 1977, was seventy-seven years old. He is survived by his wife, Louise, his son, Don Jr., and three grandchildren. His passing is a sad loss not only to the industry which he loved and honored, but to the tens and thousands of fans, both young and old, to whom he devoted so much time and attention. Indeed, his love is embodied in every product which bears his name, and has come to represent the best in outstanding design and workmanship.

While he was alive, Don Post gave tirelessly of himself, always anxious to help those who needed it. He was never too big, too busy, or too successful to reach out to those who came to him with questions or problems. In these difficult times, Post performed an important service—one that was sorely needed. He taught us to laugh at ourselves, our circumstances, and the world around us. He helped us to gain perspective, to discover that which was real and important, and to forever remain young in mind and spirit. Don Post was a big man—big in character, big in talent, big in accomplishment. He will surely be missed by those who loved him and by countless others who will have to turn elsewhere for encouragement and support.

In the following conversation, conducted just a few months prior to his death, Don Post, Sr. discussed his long and rewarding career, providing us with an insight into the man *behind* the masks...

by Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

The Many Faces Of Don Post, Sr.

Don Post, Sr., the King Tut of Mask-Makers, began his celebrated career in 1934, when he first started making masks as a hobby. Later that year, he was invited to exhibit his work at the Grant Park Artist display in Chicago. His talents quickly came to the attention of various local artists and theater people, who saw in his work the same creative design and precision craftsmanship that have since become synonymous with the Don Post Studios.

Post's first commission was for the City Opera company, when he made masks for the processional scene in a production of "Aida." Assisting the company in a dozen or so projects, he advanced rapidly in the field, working with local talents who prized his workmanship and professionalism. Soon, he was producing special props for "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!," "An American in Paris," and countless other shows.

Despite his early successes, Post never aspired to be a mask-maker, at least not at the beginning. He first became interested in the field during the throes of the Depression. As Post tells it: "When I started out, I was in an entirely different line of work; I was a bill collector. I wanted to find a job that would provide me with a decent income, as well as sustain my interest. Mask-making seemed a natural field for me. I used to draw quite a bit as a child. That led to an interest in clay modeling. After a while, I found that I could express myself better in clay than I could with the drawn figure."

Although he was blessed with rare creative talent, Post had little or no formal training in mask-making. Indeed, most of what he learned was the result of on-the-job training. He did, however, take one brief course which subsequently changed the direction of his life. It happened one day quite by accident. Strolling down the boulevard, doing a bit of windowshopping, Post spied a store which featured an exhibit of opera masks, and a sign which read: "Instructions Given!" Intrigued by the sign, Post went in and met the instructor, who offered her services to him for the nominal fee of $5, which covered three lessons.

With a glint in his eye, Post recalls the moment well: "I couldn't pass up the lessons. I remember the first mask I produced. I called it 'Heliogabelis,' after a story written by George Gene Nathan about a Roman Emperor who had twelve wives and fell in love with a thirteenth, named Desha. At the time, I was complimented on the piece by a number of people, who asked me where I had studied before. When I told them I hadn't, they all seemed quite surprised. The upshot of the affair was that the teacher offered me a job as her assistant, and I was on my way."

PHOTO: J. ELLIOT

Post did not enter the field, however, with commercial motives in mind, though he did hope to make a satisfactory living. He only began to think of mask-making in a material sense in 1937, when he was asked to assist in the production of portrait masks of then-current movie stars—Dick Powell, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, and others.

Around that time, Post attended a circus at the Embassy Steel Pier, in Atlantic City, New Jersey. He remembers the experience as though it were yesterday: "I saw this clown wearing a mask of "Popeye the Sailor." I went over to him and asked if I could see the mask. It was a first-rate piece of work. It weighed between five and eight pounds, and the chin area was made of solid rubber. I imagine that it must have been a very uncomfortable mask to wear. He said that a sculptor-friend in New York had made the mask for him for $200. I thought to myself, 'Gee, that's not bad money for a mask.' I had been working in paper mache all this time. However, an idea came to me. When I went back to Chicago, I found a source for rubber and tried working with it. I met a sculptor there, by the name of Walter Brainhurst, with whom I offered to work in developing a process to manufacture latex masks."

The first project Post undertook on his own was a mask of "Esky," the big head featured on the cover of *Esquire* magazine. The response was overwhelming. He decided to wear it to a gala ball at the famed Drake Hotel. He scraped up enough money and bought an entire outfit—striped trousers, cutaway coat, ascot tie, and derby hat—to wear with the mask. The effect was complete. It turned out to be an important event. "The reaction was extraordinary," waxes Post. "I guess I posed for between 75 and 100 photographs that night. However, when it came time to award the prizes for the best costume, I lost out. The judges concluded that it must have been a publicity stunt for *Esquire*. However, they awarded me a special prize nonetheless. That experience really solidified my interest in masks. Until then, I was pretty wishy-washy about the whole business, though I had received some very positive feedback. Now, I wanted to plunge into it head first!"

Out of that affair, a costumer with Balaban and Katz theaters gave Post his card and asked him to call the following week. Post took an "Esky" mask with him, hopeful that he might make a sale. The costumer loved the mask, and exclaimed: "Don, I want twenty of those masks for our chorus line! Can you have them in a week?" Without hesitation, Post said yes, quoted

him a price, and went immediately to work.

With the overnight success of the "Esky" masks, Post received numerous calls from various nightclubs and theatrical productions. Not long thereafter, he was commissioned to produce several masks for a "Donald Duck" ballet, and a mask of "Ferdinand the Bull," for a theater show. This led to his biggest assignment to date: to create masks of the world's great leaders—Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Chamberlain, Daladier, and Roosevelt.

The people who commissioned these "Dictator" masks, as they were called, wanted to use them for a special nightclub routine. The response was unexpected. "The show was tremendous," states Post. Various actors—each of whom wore my masks—were seated around a supposed conference table, speaking in pantomine. A linguist imitator offstage, armed with a microphone, spewed out gibberish in each language. As I recall, the Hitler character did nothing but stare at the page girls, who were scantily attired, I might add. However, the customers were irate over the presence of Hitler, be it in jest or whatnot. They demanded that he leave the show. It was unbelievable! They pelted him with food, cursed him in every conceivable dialect, and booed him at the top of their lungs. As a result, we quickly substituted a Franco character, who wasn't quite as detestable. The show took place at the elegant Chez Paree in Chicago, one of the country's leading nightspots. After a six-week run, they were invited to take the show on an extended road tour."

Meanwhile, Post received calls from dozens of merchants, each of whom wanted to order the entire line of "Dictator" masks. "I was amazed by the response," observes Post. "I told them, sure, I've got as many as you want. Boy, was that a lie. At the time, I didn't have the masks or the employees to make them. It was just my wife, Louise, and I. We did all the work ourselves. So I hired a kid and taught him how to make molds, while I modeled the various characters. The whole thing just took off."

Shortly thereafter, Post received a call from Marshall Field Company in Chicago. They wanted him to come down and meet with their buyer, who was extremely interested in his masks. His eyes aglow, Post recalls: "He told me to sit down, relax, and have a cigar. Then he got right to business. He wanted two each of eighteen different masks. I was elated at the prospects, thinking: 'Wow, I've made it! Marshall Field wants to stock my masks!' I jumped on a streetcar and went fifteen miles back to my little studio, which was then a 9' x 12' room. When I got home, several of my neighbors rushed up to see me, yelling that my phone had been ringing nonstop for the previous two hours. Well, it turned out to be Marshall Field. They had sold out in less than an hour, and wanted more masks. In fact, they ordered as many as we could make. We worked from Friday through Sunday, virtually around the clock, with next to no sleep. On Monday morning, I delivered nine dozen masks. We had a standing order from that moment on."

> "...If you want more masks, you've got to have more molds and more people to pour them. It's not a process that can be reduced to mechanical operation."

As Post's masks increased in popularity, he realized the need to expand—more space, more people, more material. He worked hard to up production, teach people to make molds, and accommodate as many orders as possible. Still, he was forced, because of financial restraints, to remain in his little studio, though he took a couple of extra rooms when a bookie moved out of the building. The Post operation included three full-time employees, as well as he and his wife. Quickly, they became a tight knit family, working long hours, and enjoying every minute of it.

Despite his success, Post never manufactured masks in large numbers, instead preferring to invest greater time and effort in each piece produced. The boom period for Post came in 1947, shortly after the war, when rubber was made available to the public. In the latter months of that year, he did a land-office business, employing a crew of twenty-eight employees. As Christmas approached, he had one section of six women who did nothing but make Santa Claus beards, with an equal number at work making moustaches and hairpieces. Post's business that year was buoyed by a record order of 5,000 Santa Claus masks from one customer.

Asked about the state of mask-making at the time—the technology that was available then and how it differs from what is known today—Post opines: "I don't think it's changed a great deal. Masks might be made of other mediums, such as vinyl, but there hasn't been a substantive change in the way in which they're made. Actually, the formula is quite simple: If you want more masks, you've got to have more molds and more people to pour them. It's not a process that can be reduced to mechanical operation."

Although Post's masks have long set the pace for the rest of the industry, and are known for their precision workmanship and concern for quality, it is difficult to identify their distinguishing marks. The only person with that gift was Post's mother, who, he says, could spot them every time. According to Post, "She would say, 'Don, I can see you in every one of them.' Not only did the masks fit me, but she saw some feature of mine in every mask I produced. I didn't do it consciously. It just happened. It's amazing how good she was at picking them out, as I never used a pair of calipers in the beginning, which meant that the masks would never fit me perfectly. Still, she always knew."

Post's masks have figured prominently, over the years, in a number of celebrated crimes and robberies, chief of which was the famous "Brinks Job" hold-up, which occurred in 1950. The mask in question was one of his most popular—the "Old Man" character—and played a major role in the caper. The mask was purchased at Daddy & Jack's, a joke shop in Boston. The sales clerk testified later that a woman in her early fifties came into the store and ordered seven rubber masks, just like those worn by the bandits in the Brinks job. The saleswoman told police she asked the woman what she wanted the masks for, to which she responded that she was buying them for an orchestra. The sales clerk testified that that same week, a man, about forty-five, came into the shop and wanted seven rubber masks all of the same type for a minstrel show. She said he left without purchasing any when she informed him she didn't have that number in stock. In the end, the Brinks gang admitted that they did indeed use Post's masks in the famous caper.

Throughout the years, Post has generated a myriad of popular masks. Overall, the "Old

Man" mask was his biggest-selling item. This mask has stood the passage of time, out-distancing all others in terms of sales. Interestingly, the mask was not intended as a likeness of an old man, but rather as a caricature of a beggar following Mahatma Gandhi. Post made it for a show at the Chez Paree. It's stark realism and dramatic flavor, contends Post, made it extraordinarily popular.

Of course, Post had his own favorites. He loved clowns—all kinds of clowns. He also loved his rendering of "John Q. Public." Asked what makes it special, he remarks: "The mask animates quite well. I can get tremendous expressions out of it, perhaps because it fits me so well. John Q. Public represents the long-suffering taxpayer, with his hands in his pockets, ready to pay another tax. Once I made the mask, I took it down to the *Chicago Daily News,* which ran the strip, and they took a photograph of it.

Numerous factors loomed large in Post's decision as to which masks to produce, what with the many possibilities that existed. His customers were often quite vocal in suggesting new masks. On one occasion, against his better judgment, he took the advice of a local merchant and created a line of special masks for children. Post thought they would do well, as they were smaller and easier to put on. He was wrong. "They just didn't go over," admits Post. "It had nothing to do with the art work or the craftsmanship that went into them. In this case, the price was prohibitive—$2.95—which was a lot of money for a kid to pay for a mask in those days. After all, he could purchase a paper mache mask for a dime, or something like that. Marshall Field told me later that children preferred adult masks, even though they didn't fit well. So I discontinued the children's type of over-the-head masks, at the dealer's suggestion."

While mask-making is an old art, with certain time-honored skills, Post never found it difficult to attract competent workers. If they weren't right for the job, says Post, he knew it instantly. It was the kind of work for which one needed a special aptitude—not so much artistic imagination, but craftsmanlike dexterity in producing large numbers of the same mask. As a result, Post never sought out "artists" per se, feeling that they would quickly tire of the repetitive nature of the work. Instead, he looked for other manual skills and personality attributes which would lend themselves well to mask-making.

In addition to producing a vast array of masks, Post has also been deeply involved in the manufacture of special props for motion pictures and television series. In 1964, Don Post Studios became an official licensee of Universal Studios and for over twelve years produced the entire bevy of Universal horrors. His other licensed characters have included: The apes from *Planet of the Apes* (Twentieth Century-Fox), the crew and creatures from *Star Trek* (Paramount), and, more recently, *Nosferatu* (Twentieth Century-Fox), *Alien* Twentieth Century Fox), and *Star Wars* (Twentieth Century Fox).

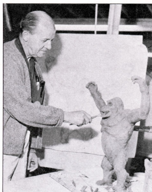
Although best known for its latex masks, Don Post Studios has also earned an outstanding reputation for its numerous contributions to motion pictures and television shows. These have included, among others: *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* (television), *The Eddie Cantor Story* (movie), *Hogan's Heroes* (television), *The Great Race* (movie), *I Dream of Jeannie* (television), *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (movie), *Night Stalker* (television), and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* (movie).

Asked what facet of the business he most enjoyed, Post smiles, and responds: "Should I say the *money?* That's certainly what we needed at the time! Apart from that, I loved the work—I really did. I enjoyed creating new characters. I didn't care about the monotony of the mass-produced things, which was more a necessity than a pleasure. There were times, for example, when I painted as many as 750 masks on a Saturday, simply to keep pace with the orders we received. Creating a new character, though, was more fun than anything. It gave me a real sense of accomplishment."

Post also relished his role as a master prop-maker. Looking back, Post recalls vividly one such experience: the time he was asked to build a model of *King Kong.* "At the time," muses Post, "we had a real struggle with the mold. It was almost impossible to get the mold off the model. We spent several months creating the model. The clay was quite hard by that time. It was a water-base clay. Although we kept it moist over a two-month period, the clay got as hard as rock. Getting it off the mold proved to be a gargantuan task. We used every ounce of our strength to pry it off. Once we got it off, it wasn't a difficult job to complete."

One of Post's most memorable, and biggest- selling masks, was that of "Tor Johnson." Surprisingly, the real Tor Johnson—a professional wrestler ("The Swedish Angel") and movie actor—was quite unlike his mask image. "I remember well the first time we met," notes Post. "He wasn't at all bald, as the mask might have you believe. He had beautiful iron grey hair. He was a very pleasant man, quite unlike what you would expect of someone who looked as mean as he did. But, boy, could he play the part well! You were frightened just looking at him! In the movies, he always played a vicious monster or a crazed criminal. When we came out with the mask, I never envisioned that it would become one of our biggest sellers. Its success has both pleased and surprised me."

Despite his long-time involvement in the science fiction world, Post was never a fan of the field. "I didn't much care for alien figures," he admits. "I much preferred whimsical characters. The film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* really disillusioned me. This was a movie for which we designed several props. When I saw the film, I



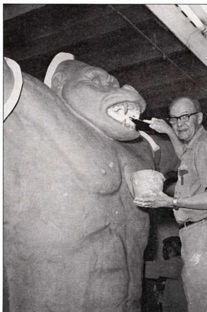
remember remarking to Louise that they could have used a shopping bag and achieved the same results, instead of spending all that money. The detail work was terrible! After that, I didn't much care to see any movies that featured props we'd made. Too often, I didn't like what I saw. It upset me that they did such a sloppy job of lighting and detail work. That turned me off, I suppose."

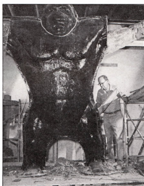
Looking back over his varied career, Post has few regrets, though he wishes he had been less trusting of associates, who often took advantage of his kindness. "I was much too naive at the time," confesses Post. "I was outrightly robbed of masks, techniques, and materials. I had this one salesman who, behind my back, frequented several taverns in the Chichago area, and sold his own masks under the pretense that they were produced by Don Post Studios. When the taverns ran out of them, they called me—not him—and I got wind of the whole thing. He also set his brother up in business in Boston, selling our masks and pocketing the money. I suppose he never thought he'd get caught."

Post retired from Don Post Studios in 1977, leaving his son, Don Jr., to manage the operation. Asked how he has spent his retirement years, Post shrugs, stating: "That's embarrassing. I say that because I haven't done anything. Most of my time has been spent recouperating. That's a terrible thing to say, but it's true. In the course of the last seven years, I've broken both hips and it has severely restricted my activity.

With Don Post, Jr. at the helm, it is certain that the forty-five year tradition of Don Post Studios will continue without interruption. Clearly, Don Jr.'s presence is an assurance of continued quality and design, demanded by his father and expected by his customers. What Don Post, Sr. created and nurtured, is now resting safely in the competent and loving hands of Don Jr., who, like his father, cares deeply about his product, believing that there is no substitute for excellence—a *by-word* at Don Post Studios. Q

Don Post is shown in various stages of development on the Giant King Kong figure for a Canadian museum. In photo, left, Marcel Delgado is seen helping Post sculpt the original mold.





PHOTOS COURTESY: DON POST STUDIOS

INTERVIEW
by Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

A. E. van VOGT
master craftsman

There are few science fiction writers alive today who can boast the singular achievements of A.E. van Vogt, a long-time talent in the field who has spent his lifetime giving meaning and import to the shape of things to come. Most at home with books and ideas, van Vogt prizes the gifts of reason and logic, and uses them to solve life's myriad puzzles. Clearly, van Vogt personifies the mysteries and vagaries of the human intellect, a fact which is reflected in everything he says and does.

A.E. van Vogt is a problem-solver par excellence. Nothing excites him more than inventing a "system" to solve a vexing dilemma. Although many science fiction critics view him as a "traditionalist," his writing reflects a deep love for the "experimental." This concern is evidenced in his life as well, which reveals a man who delights in invention. Indeed, he has studied the machinations of violence, employed the Bates system for enhancing visual acuity, analyzed the "money personality," and pioneered a technique for recording dreams. He is presently engaged in a Herculean effort to simultaneously master 200 world languages.

These personal experiments are also mirrored in his work, which demonstrates a keen interest in such salient concepts as hypnotism, telepathy, semantics, "similarization," and Dianetics. These thoughts and others are explored in his numerous books, including such popular works as: Slan, The World of Null-A, The Voyage of the Space Beagle, The Weapon Shops of Isher, The Winged Man, The Darkness of Diamondia, Children of Tomorrow, Destination: Universe! *and* Mission to the Stars, *among others.*

A.E. van Vogt lives high atop the Hollywood Hills. His home looks warm and lived-in, cluttered with old furniture and memorabilia, most of it collected by his late wife, Mayne. Van Vogt is a dynamo of energy. He is currently penning several novels and anthologies, as well as mapping out plans for new ventures in film and television. Indeed, he recently completed his first full-length screenplay.

Van Vogt is an impressive man—towering in stature, resolute in tone, ebullient in spirit. He possesses a commanding intellect, a dry wit, and an old-world manner. In many ways, he resembles a fine old watch—delicately tuned, precise in declaration, superb workmanship, and built with choice parts. Van Vogt is the genuine article, a by-product of an earlier day which valued simple virtues and pleasures. There is no condescension in his pitch, haughtiness in his demanor, falseness in his words, or insincerity in his actions.

Van Vogt's manner is shy, but inviting. His carefully chiseled face highlights his penetrating eyes, robust smile, and demonstrative expressions. This afternoon, he appears healthy, well-rested, and prepared for the discussion which will ensue. As always, van Vogt speaks softly, precisely, eagerly. Flanked by a glass of sherry on one side, and a pile of notes and papers on the other, he proceeds to answer my questions. As I weigh his responses, I am clearly impressed. His answers are striking: comprehensive and without hesitation or embellishment. His voice commands attention. He is both decisive and energetic. He listens to my questions with rapt interest. With skill and polish, he zeroes in on the essential, evidencing a wealth of knowledge and understanding.

Questar: Why did you turn to science fiction as a means of expression?

van Vogt: When my family (I was age ten at the time) moved to a small town in Manitoba, Canada, I discovered some books on the teacher's desk. She allowed me to read them, and I often stayed in at recess to do this reading. One of my reasons for staying in during the fifteen minute morning and afternoon play times was that, as a newcomer, I was the same age as the most violent pre-teeners in the school. Every time I went out, another gang of age nine-ten-eleven kids would force me to fight one of their stronger members. I won every such fight; and it was a fair fight—the gang didn't pounce on me in retaliation—but I was a reluctant battler, and felt myself surrounded by hostility. (Later, many of these boys became my friends; so it was evidently a normal boy situation.) One of the books on the teacher's desk was about Napoleon. Several were books of fairy tales. I read the fairy tales and the tale about Napoleon with equal avidity. Unfortunately, the teacher kept urging me to go outside. I had no way to resist her. When she said, "Alfred, you go out and play. It's not a good thing for a boy to read all the time!"... I went. But I read my first fairy tales in her classroom. And I discovered that I enjoyed fantasy. My family then had a brief interlude move to the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba (1926-1928). It was in Winnipeg in November, 1926, that I saw this strange magazine with the fantastic cover, with the name *Amazing Stories,* on a newsstand. I bought that November issue and subsequent issues. And then in the autumn of 1928, when we were back in Morden, I asked the local druggist to order it for me. He ordered two copies, thinking maybe someone else would be interested. No one else ever bought a copy. The following summer, just before we moved back to Winnipeg, a friend, whose father had a farm, mentioned to me that the farmhands were short of reading material. Did I have anything? I loaned him all my back issues of *Amazing.* Two months later, I asked him to return them. He was surprised. He said, "Oh, they read them, and threw them in the trash. They thought they were a bunch of crazy junk." Actually, this assessment wasn't too far from the truth. With Hugo Gernsback gone, *Amazing* published poorer stories each month. I finally stopped buying it. But I remembered the great stories later on. And I had my background in the field solidly embedded in my mind for the day in 1928 when I picked up the July issue of *Astounding* with the story "Who Goes There?" in it. After reading that remarkable novella, I submitted to John W. Campbell, Jr., the editor, the idea for "Vault of the Beast." When he encouraged me to write it, I was launched.

Questar: Are you essentially a self-taught writer?

van Vogt: Yes. I operate in various life situations by what I call "systematic thoughts." In my early years, I read numerous books on writing. I finally found a combination of systems which I learned the way one learns a discipline. I wrote my stories in what the author of my most treasured text on writing called "fictional sentences." The first story I ever sold was a confession-type, which was bought by the *True Story* magazine chain. It was 9,000 words long. And so it probably contains 1,000-1,200 sentences. I consciously—and this is what discipline (system) means—wrote every one of the 1,000 as a fictional sentence. For a confession story, this required that every sentence have an emotion in it. The treasured text, which I just mentioned, was *The Only Two Ways to Write a Story* by John W. Gallishaw. Gallishaw had observed in the best writers of his day, also, that they wrote stories in what was roughly a series of 800-word scenes. Each scene divided into five steps. And this system I also did in my disciplined way. No piece of music was ever more rigidly organized than the five steps of these scenes—the wordage could vary slightly, but not much. In my naivete at the time, I thought I was revealing one of my precious secrets, when I discussed my method back in 1948, in an article on writing science fiction, which was published in Lloyd Eshbach's *Of Worlds Beyond.* So far as I know, though only one writer—and I may have misheard him—subsequently told me that he has found the method valuable. In the years that followed, I read a variety of comments on my 800-word scenes. Without exception, everybody had misread the description. An English professor, quoting an American critic, wrote in *Foundation,* an excellent science fiction publication issued quarterly in England, that I changed the entire direction of my story every 800 words, and that no doubt this was the reason I was known as the master of confusion.

Questar: Closely related to your 800-word scenes is your use of story "hang-ups." How do they figure into your approach?

van Vogt: Early in my career, a major technique of mine was to write a "hang-up" into every sentence. The reader who tried to skim, as critics tend to do (they just want to get an idea of what the story is about) would quickly bog down, because he wasn't making the contribution to each sentence that the method required. My regular readers don't get confused, because they're able to make the necessary contribution. The hang-up in each sentence was, by my theory, the science fiction "fictional sentence." A science fiction fictional sentence, as I write it, has to have a hang-up in it, ideally. My first science fiction story—though it wasn't the first published—"Vault of the Beast," opened: "The creature crept." The reader doesn't know what kind of creature. That is the hang-up. Another sentence: "This caricature of a human shape reached into one of those skin folds with that twisted hand, and drew out a small, gleaming metal object." There are four hang-ups in that sentence. When I wrote confession-type stories, every sentence, as I mentioned earlier, had to contain an emotion in it. For example, you don't say, "I lived at 323 Brand Street." You say, "Tears came to my eyes as I thought of my tiny bedroom at 323 Brand Street." If your story has 1,000 sentences in it, every sentence should have an emotion in it. It is my belief that stories written with these hang-ups, particularly, will endure longer than other types of stories. The reason is simple: readers of each generation will contribute meaning from their own time, their own era, filling in the gaps with data that I don't have now, or didn't have when I wrote the story.

Questar: A number of prominent themes loom large in your work, one of which is the "superman" motif. Are there others of equal importance?

van Vogt: I am told that the "superman" theme permeates my stories. However, that's a superficial view of what I'm up to. Looking back, I have to surmise that I was smarter than I realized. I early saw the problem of the life-death cycle, and wondered if the cycle could be—and this is really the correct word (and thought) —extended. In my stories, accordingly, I explored one immortality option after another. And I would guess that a combination of medical science (for disease), physical exercise, formal psychotherapy, and mental warding-off mechanisms (or philosophies) for avoiding the shock and stress from the grimmer aspects of everyday existence, is the beginning of the answer.

Questar: How extensively do you research a novel before sitting down to write it?

van Vogt: When I work on a story, I read extensively about the science—or whatever —necessary for the underlying factual accuracy. And, of course, any major interest gets put into my current stories. In *Pendulum,* for example, I use some unusual dialects—sparingly, of course, but enough to indicate that I've familiarized myself with two little-known languages: Frisian, a dialect of north Holland, and Raeto-Romanic, the fourth language of Switzerland. Many people have heard of this last, but no one else ever—except myself—was interested enough to find out what kind of language it was. (It's another way that ancient Latin came up to modern times.) In writing my Red China novel, *The Violent Man* (not science fiction), starting in 1954, I began to accumulate books on China and Communism, and altogether in the eight years it took me to write this double-length novel, I read and re-read about 100 basic books on the subject. This novel was reissued in 1978 by Pocket Books, a major United States paperback publisher. Among my science fiction, probably my two non-Aristotelian novels, *The World of Null-A* and *The Players of Null-A,* are my most obviously well-researched stories, since they deal with the ideas of Alfred Korzybski as expounded in his masterwork, *Science and Sanity.*

PHOTOS: RICHARD TODD

" As a science fiction audience, I reflect intellectuality and a degree of Victorian morality... "

These novels have probably interested more people in General Semantics than any other books, science fiction or otherwise.

Questar: Do you make a conscious attempt to portray a specific view of science in your work?

van Vogt: I accept science as an attempt to establish an orderly explanation of everything that has happended in the universe since the Big Bang. It has, however, been interesting to observe that at least a couple of generations of scientists got involved (as a consequence of the Positive Philosophy of the last century) in promoting specific, limited explanations of this or that phenomenon, and that there are still a lot of people around who accept the current theorems as if they were the word of God, instead of, possibly, being intermediate explanations for what may eventually be a more comprehensive understanding of the "reality" of things. If there is any particular view of science in my work, it is most likely that science is at this intermediate stage evaluating the dynamic truth of the enigma that underlies all that we perceive in the surrounding continuum.

Questar: Given the tremendous emphasis you place on logic, how important is imagination in the context of your writing?

van Vogt: Writing science fiction has been a major cause for the development of both my imagination and my sense of logic. Everything I wrote, or studied in connection with writing, expanded my consciousness. Studies that I made which began as imagination often ended up as systematic thoughts, by which I subsequently handled my life and my associations with other people. There has been a continual feedback between imagination and reality. And I believe this also happens to people who read science fiction.

Questar: Do you have a particular "system" when it comes to creating story characters?

van Vogt: Yes. To identify minor characters, I assign them a neuroticism: that's character, by my system. The gooder the good guy, the less character he has, by these standards. So in him, I place a timeless truth. Gosseyn, in the *Null-A* stories, is a General Semantician. When Patricia and he sleep in adjoining twin beds in the same room, she's in no danger. Fully trained General Semantic types don't become sexually involved with neurotic members of the opposite sex. In *Slan,* Jommy is a telepath and a morally superior mutation. In *Voyage of the Space Beagle,* Grosvenor is trained in, and manifests, Nexialism.

Questar: In recent years, your approach to writing has come in for some rather harsh criticism. Has your style changed significantly over the years.?

van Vogt: It's only in recent years that what used to be called "slick" writing has appeared in science fiction. Is it a permanent change? For years, until the 1960s, I consciously wrote pulp-style sentences. They have a certain lush poetry in them. In the late 1960s, I began to concentrate on content and even allowed my protagonist to be neurotic, also. However, these current stories don't seem to win the same approval as when I followed the earlier system. Will *Future Glitter* and *The Anarchistic Colossus* be reissued as often as *Slan* and the *Null-A* stories? Time will tell.

Questar: To what extent do you know what you're going to write before you put it down on paper?

van Vogt: If the question means, do I have a complete outline before I start writing, the answer is "no." It used to take me two years to write a science fiction novel. During that time, though, I also worked on shorter-length fiction. But the job of reasoning out, and writing, a 70,000 word novel was done piecemeal. In 1969, as I mentioned, I thought of a faster method. After having any kind of thought as to what the story was about, I would write that out first. It was obvious, then, that what I had written would require specific developments. So I wrote those. Sometimes, what I wrote in this piecemeal fashion was only three lines, but it could be as much as three pages. As soon as I had four or five such bits, they logically required either earlier or later developments, which I wrote. Presently, I had a 100 pages or so, usually including parts of the beginning, middle, and ending. So with that much completed, I could begin at the beginning and work out the missing sections. By this means, I discovered I could work on several novels at the same time.

Questar: Do you do much rewriting in the course of a book?

van Vogt: My principal rewriting has always been going back and adding ideas that are needed to lead up to storysituations that evolved later in the story. I used to, when I had my first draft finished, start at the beginning and change words in order to add certain sounds, according to a theory I had that emotion could be evoked subliminally. (Before I ever heard that word, I called it "ritual emotion.") For some scenes, this meant adding words with the d and t sounds in them, for others the liquid sounds m, n, and l, and g (unvinculated) and j, p and b, v and f, etc. Depending on the emotion I wanted, I sustained each set of sounds as long as that particular situation continued. For example, consider this battle scene: "The line of fire **c**rept along the length of the enemy battleship. The effect was beyond **C**lane's anticipation. The flame li**ck**ed high and bright. The night **c**ame alive with the **c**oruscating fury of that immense fire. The dar**k** land below sparkled with reflected glare." In this passage, I substituted words with the "k" sound in them wherever I could find one with a similar meaning to the one being replaced.

I felt this created a subliminal emotional effect on the reader suitable for battle scenes. Now, if you argue that there could be a lot more "k" sounds inserted in such a paragraph, my answer would be that I didn't want a poetic effect, or even simple alliteration that would be obvious. I've done that, but for different reasons. After my writing style came in for extensive criticism, I thought, "Well, maybe I'm wrong." These days, instead, I merely aim in the general direction of such techniques. Principally, I now concentrate on greater story content.

Questar: Do you feel the need for seclusion when you write?

van Vogt: What I need is not to have my train of thought interrupted too often. Within that frame, I can do minor chores around the house, go to the store, read the newspaper ten minutes at a time, answer the phone (if it doesn't ring too often). And so I get through my work day, which often lasts from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M.

Questar: Do you tailor your work for a specific audience?

van Vogt: Obviously, if *Astounding* hadn't existed in 1938, I wouldn't have written a story for it. But granting that publications are available, and open to freelance submissions, it wasn't the readership I thought about. I was the audience. As a science fiction audience, I reflect intellectuality and a degree of Victorian morality, even though I know the facts of life perhaps better than most, since I conducted psychotherapy experiments from 1951 to 1962, using Dianetic techniques, on nearly 2,000 people.

Questar: Do you think that your writing has steadily improved over the years?

van Vogt: About ten years ago, a supervising editor at Doubleday read two of my books, *The Weapon Shops of Isher* and *The Weapon Makers*, with an eye to some kind of special book club publication. He turned them down on the grounds—so I was told—that I had improved greatly in my writing style since turning out those novels. It's interesting to note that the present editor of Pocket Books, when inquiring what of my work was contractually available for paperback publication, asked first about those two novels. Both volumes have since been published by Doubleday and, according to a recent report, are doing extremely well. In terms of writing style, I must put myself on the fence. As a young writer, I was an organized craftsman. I also had some odd beliefs. For example, I considered the 800-word scene a "rhythm" in the story. I also believed that the use of certain letters in excess of the normal, but short of poetic effect, constituted a "rhythm." In executing the twists of language required by my methods, did I offend English majors of the 1950s and 1960s, or did I actually abuse the English language? I'm currently in the process of learning 200 languages. When I've mastered them all, I shall be a better judge of such matters.

Questar: Does your emotional state effect your ability to write?

van Vogt: I suppose I'm a "square." I don't have emotional states, at least not for long. The squares of this world are the essentially stable people. The emotional types are often more stimulating as individuals. The reason—by one of my systematic thoughts—is that they somehow had a direct contact opened up for them with the subconscious mind. I achieve the creative benefits derived from such contact, with one or more of the dozen thought systems with which I operate. This is not to suggest that I don't sometimes detect stirrings of such emotions as anger, or pleasure, or fear. I do.

Questar: Do you consciously file away ideas for future stories?

van Vogt: During the period, 1950-1962, when I was most involved in the study of human behavior, I wrote bits of various stories. How good were those bits? There were portions of all three *Silkie* novellettes (which I eventually organized into a novel). There was the beginning of *The Battle of Forever*, my favorite far-out novel. There were portions of *The Darkness of Diamondia, Future Glitter, Children of Tomorrow*, and *The Secret Galactics*. There were also parts of the three novels on which I've recently been working. And there were portions of several dozen short stories, some of which were finally finished and published in *The Book of van Vogt*, as well as several parts of short stories which appear in *The Worlds of A.E. van Vogt*. I cannot say, however, that these bits and pieces were on "file." I spent many hours searching through boxes for sheets of paper that had on them scrawled versions of various stories. My guess is that there are at least another ten novels in similar form, not to mention twenty to thirty short stories which I haven't located.

Questar: What degree of reality do your characters have for you after you've finished writing about them?

van Vogt: That's a touchy subject with me. In my opinion, there's a false belief extant that in some novels, science fictional or mainstream, there's such a thing as "good" characterization. The author—it's felt by some people—reaches down into the inner being of human beings, and triumphantly pulls out, and shows us, a true-to-life character. This is absolutely impossible in our day and age. We're presently in a middle period of history. Given our elementary knowledge of human psychology, we simply do not have the insights required to accomplish that task. In truth, everyone is, or was, an automatic product of un-scientific conditioning and of the casual accidents that occur in an un-knowing environment. In my novel, *The Man With a Thousand Names*, for example, I describe a super-rich man's son who takes full advantage of his father's great wealth. He is basically a neurotic individual and, I suppose, I do a rather skillful job of describing his character. If that's what you mean by characterization, then I've probably created one of my best characters. From my perspective, though, the depiction of someone else's neurosis is not meaningful, even if it may prove interesting to other "automatics." My characters are often people in search of their identity. I believe that's the best anyone can do in our period of history. The protagonist is constantly in search of himself. In *The World of Null-A*, the search arrives at a meaningful—or meaningless point—when a live "Gosseyn" looks down at a dead "Gosseyn." The last line of the novel reads: "The face was his own."

Questar: To what extent does your writing reflect your own search for identity?

van Vogt: I early observed that identity was not an identifiable condition. Instead, I had certain situations wherein I, whoever I was, became disturbed. My therapeutic purposes were aimed at eradicating those things that disturbed me, and I have essentially accomplished that purpose.

Questar: Do you care what the critics think about your work?

van Vogt: Apparently, we shall have critics with us from now unto the far future. Let me say, to begin with, I don't mind fan critics at all. I really don't care if a fan likes or dislikes my work, as long as he has only a limited fan magazine market to peddle his ideas—in fact, I enjoy reading what he has to say. However, when it comes to criticism in the national circulation magazines, alas, I have lived long enough to know that a hostile reviewer can do great damage to an author; and great damage has been done to me. There are essentially two kinds of critics: one represents a "new wave," and he has a yen to let the readership know that anything written prior to the new thought lacks true reality—which is what he represents. Most realities in fiction evolve through an up curve and then a down curve in about ten years, after which, unless the author can make a shift, the new "new wave" flows over him. The other type of critic is a person, often resident in New York, who can't seem to make a living at writing science fiction; but he knows everybody, and they want to do something for him. As is often the case, he is given the critic's column to write. If he would be calm, and accept the manna from heaven for what it is, fine! But no, he's angry inside—at what, who knows? He quickly forgets that he's a charity case and begins to act like God Almighty. Can anything be done for him? Will this system ever change? No! Editors in New York are really amazingly strong people. Every day they have to resist buying a story from someone who needs the money in order to eat that day. The wonder is that any stories are bought from out-of-towners. But the editor's soft heart is hardened by one simple reality: the publisher's greed does not allow more than an occasional charitable sale to take place. For this reason—the simple truth of capitalist competition—writers everywhere in the country can compete fair and

continued on page 58

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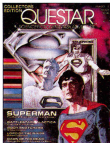

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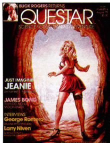

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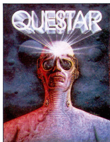

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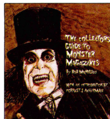

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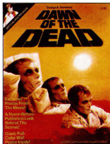

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PHOTO AND ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY AND © 1979 DAVID MATTINGLY

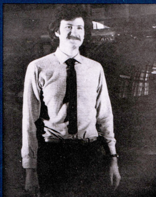
Mattingly's interests range from science fiction and fantasy to the horror field, and this eerie portrait of Vincent Price and "friends" includes a number of familiar faces from some of his favorite fright films.

David Mattingly is an artist of many talents. Currently a matte artist at Walt Disney Productions (with such diverse motion pictures as *The Cat From Outer Space, The Return of the Apple Dumpling Gang* and *The Black Hole* to his credit), he has done everything from magazine illustration to book covers to album covers (*The Commodores' Greatest Hits* and Rick James' *Bustin' Out of L Seven* and *Happy Radio)* to motion picture ad campaigns (*When A Stranger Calls* and *The Blue Lagoon).* Mattingly has wanted to be a science fiction artist all his life, and at just twenty-four years of age, he has ample time to pursue his dream.

While many people drew barbarians and spaceships as kids and then outgrew them, David Mattingly never outgrew his need to let his imagination run wild. Because of his tastes, he always took alot of kidding from his classmates, and some flak from his teachers. "In one life drawing class I had a teacher who used a copy of a book on an artist named Rico LeBrun as an example of good life drawing. The next day, I brought in a copy of *The Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta* to show the teacher my idea of some really great life drawing. She was less than impressed. 'If you think this Franzetta (her pronunciation of his name) is better than Rico LeBrun, you had better just pack up and go home.' So I *did.* I never went back to her class. Anyone who is so narrow-minded to insult Frazetta isn't worthy of my time."

Frazetta heads Mattingly's all-time favorite artists list "because of his passionate style and his supreme ability to paint the human figure." He admires John Berkey "because his work seems to flow naturally, unimpeded by work day concerns. His spaceships are so good that all other space artists' creations pale in comparison." And what of his other influences? "I remember Howard Pyle as the quintessential illustrator ...proud of his work, never willing to settle for anything less than the best he could do. My greatest regret is that I was born too late to go to Pyle's Brandywine school. I esteem Jim Steranko as a modern-day Renaissance

Right: *The Pyramid Man*, a surrealistic interpretation of the Dawn of Man. Middle: The artist surrounded by dozens of matte paintings prepared for Disney's multi-million dollar SF epic, *The Black Hole*. Below: Mattingly is adept at envisioning possibilities for spacecraft of the future.



man. Jim has so many, many talents and abilities that he doesn't know what to do next. Any other man would be satisfied to do one thing as well as Jim does. But he is an artist, entertainer, writer, and so much more. Other artists I admire are Dean Cornwell, Harrison Ellenshaw (who taught me everything I know about matte painting), Bob McCall, and Bob Peak."

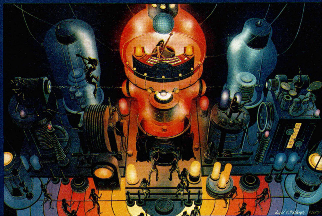
"I like to do little color sketches, little doodles, and when I get a promising color idea, I blow it up into a full painting. Pieces like the Vincent Price painting, *The Pyramid Man,* and the motor sky cycle came about that way."

The Apocalypse, an idea rejected for the Rick James album cover. "It was so obviously better than the one chosen that I took it to the final for my personal satisfaction."

As with many artists, Mattingly is a lover of the cinema. "Between art, movies, and my wife, I have everything I need for a satisfying life," he says. His favorite films run toward the baroque in style. "Some of the films I have an uncommon lusty love affair with are Fellini's *La Dolce Vita,* Well's *A Touch of Evil,* Scorsese's *Taxi Driver,* Friedkin's *Sorcerer,* Jodorowsky's *El Topo,* and of course Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* and *2001.*" His wife Barbara (the woman in many of his paintings, and "a terrific model" in his estimation) shares his love for film. "As a little girl, she used to glue herself to the television on Saturday afternoon and watch every movie there was to offer." Her favorites complement his, and they include everything from Pasollini's *The Decameron* to Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* and "anything that has Clint Eastwood in it." She is the inspiration in his life, and in his work.

Mattingly is currently working on *Watcher in the Woods,* a science fiction ghost story at Disney, in addition to yet another Herbie picture and *Midnight Madness,* a college comedy. He is doing covers for both ACE and DAW books, and a *Fantasy and Science Fiction Magazine* cover is on the way. But what of the future?

"I want to grow as an artist (my figures need a lot of improvement) and keep working in films. Somewhere down the line, I would like to work in comics and, my ultimate dream, is to direct a major motion picture. Money is not as important to me as making truly exciting images." Q



Pre-production painting for *The Further Adventures of Flesh Gordon,* an assignment Mattingly received right after graduating from the Art Center College of Design in Los Angeles. Harrison Ellenshaw saw his work on *Flesh* and immediately hired him as a matte artist for Walt Disney Productions, where he works today.

SPACE
by Paul D. Adomites
Illustration by James Warhola

The REAL Space Age

This fall, The Space Shuttle's maiden voyage will change forever how we view space—no longer a mystery to be explored, it is now a resource to be developed.

And the benefits could be just what this world needs.

Enthusiasm for the U.S. space program waned quickly after the first manned moon landing eleven years ago. And last summer, when the world was singing, "Skylab is falling on my head," enthusiasm was gone completely, replaced by cynicism.

It's clear. Nobody cares about the space program anymore. To the average citizen, NASA is just another massive government effort to spend our money. There's a heavy dose of irony there. While interest in real outer space is at its nadir, the interest in science fiction has never been higher. We are immersed in comic books and big budget SF movies. Simultaneously, we've never been closer to living the dream that movies present. And it's a much bigger budget epic. In fact, you could call it the Real Space Age. Not the age of unmanned or manned space *exploration*, but the age of space *utilization*. Space isn't as far off as it used to be, and it could mean *big* things for us.

The benefits of the utilization of space as a resource are on their way to becoming dramatic parts of our lives. The technology that The Space Shuttle can bring us will have much more personal impact than the "fallout" technology of previous space efforts: computerized baseball games, microwave ovens, freeze-dried foods. Because The Space Shuttle is going up there to attack and solve our *problems*: energy, starvation, and climate.

The Space Shuttle will finally fly this fall, and our world may never be the same. Because The Space Shuttle is so different from what has gone before...*a quantum leap*.

The concept

The thing that makes The Space Shuttle so radical in concept is that it is reusable; enough, in fact, to satisfy the most ardent environmentalist. It is *not* a one-time project. It will be reused frequently. Between now and 1991, over 500 flights will take place, almost one a week. And each Orbiter built will be used a hundred times.

To illustrate how different that is from past efforts, and to show how much it means to us, let's try this example. NASA is working on a new weather satellite, say, one which can greatly increase our knowledge of how industrial pollution affects the weather. Two years ago, this satellite would have had to be *perfect*, or much nearer to perfection than we ever deal with in our daily lives; because even the slightest malfunction in a complex system could make the satellite, immediately, an expensive piece of useless space junk. With The Shuttle, that 99%-plus efficiency isn't necessary. It can be designed for 95% efficiency, and sent into space in The Shuttle. If something goes wrong, The Space Shuttle can get it back, and perhaps even *fix* it right then and there, without returning to Earth. The biggest advantage of this difference between 95% and 99% efficiency is *cost*. Talk to anyone who works in product design, and they will tell you those final four percent can cost as much as the first ninety-five percent.

In fact, The Space Shuttle is *more* than reusable; it's even partially *recyclable*. The two solid rocket boosters which blast it into orbit aren't wasted when they fall back empty into the ocean. They're recovered, too, and then reused. The result? Perhaps even a further money savings.

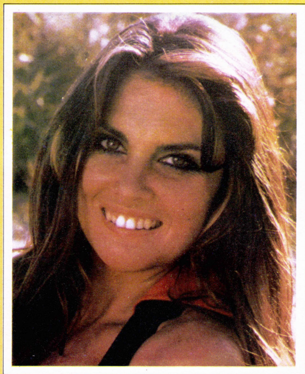
In an era of escalating costs, the money savings The Space Shuttle could help realize should be worth its expense.

The system

Rockwell International's Space Systems Group is the primary contractor for the Orbiter section of The Shuttle, and for providing industrial integration of the whole system with the other suppliers and

continued on page 60

PORTRAIT
by Paul D. Adomites
and Tom Sciacca



Questar proudly presents a different
look into the personality of a surprising woman.
The Queen of SF films...

Caroline Munro x

all my love
Caroline Munro x

When you think about it, it's not surprising that Caroline Munro is the reigning beauty queen of science fiction. What is SF but the preliminary tasting of life in the future? And what is Caroline but the archetypal Future Woman? The look in her eyes, the sensuality with which she carries herself, even the roles she plays, are what we expect women to be a few hundred years from now. Bold. Haughty. *Aggressive.* Unashamed of her own sexuality. And the image she presents even brings with it a mirror that shines on the liberated woman of today: perhaps even a little frightening to insufficiently liberated late 20th century males.

Caroline's "image" of aggressive sensuality didn't develop. It was always there. From her first modeling assignment after she won a British photo contest, through her spectacular series of ads and posters for Lamb's Navy Run and *Vogue*. Who can forget the way she sent blood pressures perking with her "Ms. Anti-Friction" TV spot for Noxzema? The way she spun around in that multiple-split skirt and sat backwards on that chair before she pouted those moist lips and...well, you remember, I'm sure. That commercial, in fact, was taken off the air because it was considered too sexy for the Bible Belt. It was replaced by the ambiguously continental, dressed-to-the-neck "Anna." Yet it had its impact, introducing a stunning style to Americans, even though it was one of Caroline's last modeling assignments.

Why? Because modeling and acting don't mix in Britain. As Caroline says, "Perhaps in America you can do both, acting and modeling, and be taken seriously. But in England, if you're a model, you're a *model.* You model clothes, whatever, that's *it.*" So Caroline forsook the dreary world of holding camera poses for film acting.

After she signed with Hammer Films, she enjoyed roles in a series of SF flicks. There was *Dracula A.D.72; Dr. Phibes* with Vincent Price, and its sequel; and *Captain Kronos, Vampire Hunter.*

© 1979 WARNER BROTHERS

She has created a legion of fans with her own special beauty and style.

Caroline moved into leading lady status with *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad* and *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Her most important role since was that of the stunning "Stella Star" in *Starcrash*.

The stellar response Caroline received at the August, 1979 Fantasy Film Celebrity Convention in Pittsburgh (sponsored by *Questar)* heralded the first time she had appeared before her many fans in person in the United States. Since then she has been doing many more personal appearances with her husband (and *Starcrash* co-star) Judd Hamilton. Because, like all real stars, Caroline loves the thrill of the applause and cheers. Despite her *shyness*.

The look in her eyes, her sensuality, are what we expect women to be a few hundred years from now.

PHOTOS COURTESY: CAROLINE MUNRO

You see, in person, Caroline is a much different kind of woman than her on-screen, in photo appearances. She's far from haughty. In fact, she's quite shy. Her hazel eyes never look directly into yours when you speak. Instead, she keeps them cast down in a decidely un-22nd-century mode. Her style is much more Victorian. The single exception is when she looks deep into the eyes of her husband Judd. (And that look is one any still-breathing man would love to receive.) In fact, if you're sitting too close when the Hamiltons exchange one of *those* looks, you can find your hair standing on end from the residual static electricity!

Caroline is no less beautiful in person, but you have to train your eyes to see *her*, and not the semi-clad photos you've seen of her. When she makes a pouty face of dismay, the hard edges of Stella Star can be dimly viewed. But that's the only time. Her manner, her bearing are refined, dignified. Perhaps even *elegant*.

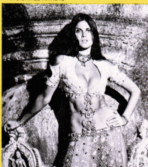
And Caroline herself is well aware of the difference between Caroline-on-screen and her real self. In fact, she views the two as completely separate. "I'm not like that at all," she says of her bold cinematic *hauteur*, "but nobody will see that. I don't know if I *could* be that other person in reality."

Proof of the incongruity between the two roles is the pleasure Caroline takes in being a home-loving wife, and mother to Judd's children from a previous marriage. The two are even considering having another child, Caroline's own—"Our own little *Starcrasher*," Judd says.

Listen to her typical day: "I get up at seven and cook breakfast for the children. Pancakes, eggs, croissants, and bacon. Then I shop, bring home dinner, and perhaps go for a walk by myself. At four I pick up the children, prepare dinner, and watch television. *That's* the role I really enjoy—wife and mother." (Hardly the stuff of which sexy spacecraft pilots and *femmes fatale* are made, you'll agree.)

© 1979 UNITED ARTISTS

Caroline moved into leading lady status with "The Spy Who Loved Me" and "The Golden Voyage of Sinbad".



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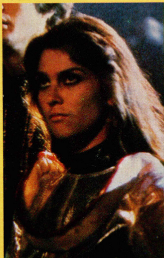
Her most important role was that of "Stella Star" in "Starcrash."

PHOTO: H. C. ARMSTRONG



© 1979 NEW WORLD PICTURES

The stellar response Caroline received at Questar's 1979 Fantasy Film Celebrity Convention in Pittsburgh heralded the first time she appeared before her many fans in person in the U.S.

PHOTO: TOM SCIACCA

Perhaps even a better indication of how Caroline sees herself is in the kind of part she says she'd like to play. "I'd like to find out what is within me to do something light, contemporary, something very now. Even *romantic."* She mentions *Ryan's Daughter* as the kind of film she likes.

However, the future for Caroline holds more of the kinds of films *we're* used to seeing her in. Two of them were written by Luigi Cozzi: *Star Riders,* and *Atlantis, Gateway to the Stars.* In them she'll probably continue to portray a tough, sensuous woman. And we'll all love it.

In fact, during the interview for this article Caroline received a call from an old friend, Joe Spinell, who offered her a part in a new film, *Maniac.* With the bizarre alacrity that only cinema seems to allow, she began shooting the next day. In *Maniac,* Caroline plays an English fashion photographer in Manhattan who happens to click her shutter on the face of a psychopathic killer and winds up in a heap of trouble. "I'm the only one who escapes," she says with her charming laugh.

Maniac is set for fall release, starring Joe Spinell, who co-produced with Andy Geroni and co-wrote the film with Bill Lustig, the director. The make-up was developed by Tom *(Dawn of the Dead, Effects)* Savini, who also has a role in the film. Caroline describes *Maniac* as a departure for her, in that it's very contemporary, very realistic, *"Quite* realistic," she says, particularly about Savini's make-up.

But no matter how much Caroline wishes she could be Ryan's daughter, or Jane in *Wuthering Heights,* she has created a legion of fans with her own special beauty and style. A beauty that's born of self-confidence about herself, and her sexuality. The poster girls we're inundated with have their own charms, but none has the powerful *magic* of Caroline. A woman of aggressive sensuality. A woman of the *future.* Q

©1980 WILLIAM STOUT

Hyrkanian Feast of Generals: Here, Conan is displayed as the champion of the pit fights (an Hyborian cross between boxing matches and cockfights), a centerpiece to a fabulous feast drawn by Ron Cobb.

©1980 RON COBB

Summer, 1981 will herald the screen debut of *Conan,* Robert E. Howard's classic barbarian. Arnold Schwarzenegger stars in a faithful screenplay adaption of Howard's works written by John Milius and Oliver Stone. Dino DeLaurentis, on the heels of his *Flash Gordon* film and preparations for the Frank Herbert *Dune* project, and Edward Pressman, the man who began to develop the *Conan* project years ago, are the executive producers. Buzz Feitshans is the producer, with John Milius directing. Currently in preproduction for A-Team Productions, artists Ron Cobb and Bill Stout are hard at work visualizing the characters, scenes and settings in preparation for the film's tentatively scheduled June-July location shooting in Germany and Yugoslavia.

Artist Stout has provided us with a brief glimpse of what we may come to expect to see in the final film version, and what follows are some examples of both his and Ron Cobb's visual concepts, with descriptions by Stout himself.

In this comic book-style "storyboard," Stout portrays the young Conan as blissfully unaware of the troops of Thulsa Doom that are thundering toward his Cimmerian village. His only warning a reflection in the icy stream, Conan turns to see a Doomian soldier burst through the snow-covered branches on his evil black steed.

One of the first paintings Ron Cobb executed for *Conan* was this scene from the Oliver Stone script which was influenced by Howard's "Rogues in the House." Many of the rich elements in this Cobbian masterpiece will be adapted for the Milius *Conan.*

© 1978 EDWARD PRESSMAN

An early Ron Cobb design for Conan's hulkish foe and Thulsa Doom's right-hand henchman, Borg (originally named Brak). The design of the armor suggests the influence of medieval Persian and Japanese handiwork.

Below: In this graphic portrayal by William Stout, Conan's owner watches on as the young barbarian receives instruction in the fine art of dealing death.

INTERVIEW
by Dr. Jeffrey Elliot

"Take me home, little boy..."

PHOTOS: RICHARD TODD

A prominent American philosopher once observed, "People will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors." It is the aim of Forrest J Ackerman, better known as "Forry" or "FJA," to strive for the posterity of science fiction and fantasy through his world-renowned Fantasy Foundation and to keep alive the memory of the genre's founding ancestors. Clearly, Forry Ackerman is a pioneering force himself in the establishment of modern fandom. From the earliest days of writing for the first fanzines to his present day collection of memorabilia and books, Ackerman has been, and continues to be, a driving figure in the science fiction-fantasy field world.

Forrest J Ackerman was born on November 24, 1916, in Los Angeles, California, and at an early age moved to Hollywood. As might be the case with many a Hollywood child, Forry became captivated by fantastic films. By the time he was ten years old, he was a veteran of The Phantom of the Opera, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Thief of Bagdad, The Lost World, Siegfried, *and* Metropolis, *his all-time favorite film. With the onset of the Depression, Ackerman found even greater respite in the world of the fantastic, and in 1929 formed the Boys' Scientifiction Club (shortly before the term "science fiction" was invented). By 1932, he, along with Mort Weisinger and Jules Schwartz, had issued the first true fanzine,* The Time Traveller. *Fandom thus became a way of life for Forry, and there is scarcely an aspect of fandom that he has not affected in one way or another. He coined the expression "sci-fi," originated the nicknaming of science fiction conventions (e.g., Nycon, Chicon, Pacificon), initiated the custom of masquerade balls by appearing at the First World Science Fiction Convention in a "futuristicostume," and was the first recipient of the coveted Hugo award, an honor he graciously refused, as is explained later. In 1958, he edited the first issue of* Famous Monsters of Filmland, *and has subsequently edited over 160 issues of the monster classic. He is also well-known for having edited, starting in 1969, over one hundred "magabooks" of* Perry Rhodan, *the popular science fiction series.*

The driving inspiration of Forry Ackerman, though, is best evident in the Fantasy Foundation for the Preservation of Science-Fantasy-Weird Literature. Established in 1946, Ackerman houses a spectacular collection of books, fanzines, artifacts, monster masks, paintings, and much more, on the bottom floor of his spacious seventeen-room home in the Hollywood Hills. The house is called, in typical Ackerman fashion, the "Ackermansion." Here, his love and devotion to the field is proudly displayed in the myriad bookshelves and showcases that comprise his "Ackermuseum." He opens up his home gladly to his friends and admirers so that they may enjoy his collection as much as he himself does. But Ackerman's is a never-ending quest for completeness, for the ultimate collection of everything published in the field, to be preserved and watched over for hopefully the rest of eternity. This is no small task, to be sure, but certainly a task befitting a man of Forry's ambition, energy, and vision. A succession of heart attacks could not slow down the always-moving Ackerman, and even death may not stop him. "I'll have myself cryonically suspended!" he boldly declares.

Ray Bradbury describes Forry Ackerman as "the most important fan-collector-human being in the history of science-fantasy fiction." Robert Bloch argues that Ackerman "has been so active, so incessantly inventive, and so inveterately associated with all of the various phenomena (of fandom), that it would be very difficult to conceive of any of them as they might have developed without the Ackerman influence." And his lifelong friend and science fiction historian, Dr. Walter J. Daugherty, opines, "If Ackerman offers his hand in friendship, grasp it...treat him honestly and fairly and I'm sure you will feel as I do...Your life will be the richer for it. There are too few really fine people in this world that can hold a candle to my friend Forrest J Ackerman." Of course, Ackerman is not without his critics, but this is to be expected, what with his strong opinions and flamboyant style. Forry Ackerman's views have graced the field's leading publications since the late 1920's and have played a prominent role in shaping the scope and direction of the genre. Looking back, he has shaken the hand of H.G. Wells, been kissed squarely on the cheek by Isaac Asimov, and been embraced by the immortal Bela Lugosi. Who better to talk about the beginnings of science fiction, because he was there, *than Forrest J Ackerman?*

Questar: I'd like to begin by asking how the marriage between you and science fiction came about. How did you discover the genre, or it you?

Ackerman: Well, when I was nine years old, I missed school one day because of illness. My mother sent me out with a quarter to buy some milk of magnesia, a popular remedy in those days for the blahs, or whatever I had. It seems to me that prior to that day, science fiction magazines just didn't exist in my world. Obviously, they were around, but they had never come to my attention. That day, as I was passing a newsstand in the drugstore, the October 1926 issue of *Amazing Stories* just jumped right off the rack, grabbed hold of me and said, "Take me home, little boy, you will love me!" I wanted to use the quarter for the magazine, but I dutifully bought the medicine. When I got home, I said to my mother, "Look, I think what would really make me well is this swell magazine I saw today." The magazine in question featured a great crustacean creature about three times the size of a man on the cover. I've looked back on that issue in later years, thumbed through it, and wondered just how much I possibly could have understood of it. At the age of nine, I don't think my vocabulary included words like "atoms," "electrons," "planets," "satellites," and "comets," but I was not adverse to going to the dictionary and looking up the words I didn't understand. I was simply entranced by what Hugo Gernsback called "sugar-coated science." The magazine included a lot of astronomy, physics, chemistry, and so on, but it was told in such an entertaining fashion that, unlike the milk of magnesia, it was not too difficult to swallow! I felt like I got myself a fairly liberal education in the sciences by reading those "sugar-coated stories." Once I had been bitten by the bug, I never quit reading the stuff.

Questar: How did your parents respond to your almost insatiable craving for more and more science fiction magazines?

Ackerman: It was difficult to come by a quarter. I was dependent upon my parents, or more accurately, my maternal grand-parents, to supply the monthly twenty-five cents for me. In the depths of the Depression, money was very difficult to come by and, by about 1930, as I recall, I had accumulated quite a little pile of magazines, a veritable Leaning Tower of Pisa, and my mother was a bit alarmed by it. She took me aside one day and said, "Son, do you know how many of these science-fiction magazines you have?" I said no, and she said, "Well, I have just counted them. You have twenty-seven magazines!" Then she added, "If you continue to collect them at this rate, can you imagine how many you'll have when you're a grown man? Why, you might have a hundred of these, and what would you do with them? Would you actually read them again?" I really couldn't explain to her what they meant to me at the time. My parents thought it would be a good idea to sell my collection to finance future issues, so they instructed me to sell my precious magazines to the boy next door who had a little "mad money" from his newspaper route. During the forty-eight hours I was without my collection, I grew pale, wan, listless, my appetite disappeared, and they saw their son dying before their eyes. Finally, they said, "Okay, we give up. Go and rescue your magazines." There was never any question afterwards. Mother lived right here in my home till the end of her life. She was nearly ninety-four years old when she died. She took a great deal of pleasure in opening all the fan mail, about five

hundred letters a month that I received for *Famous Monsters* and the *Perry Rhodan Perryscope*, and getting them all in order for me. She would really get riled up now and then when somebody would pick on her son and put one or the other publications down. My dad died in 1951, probably feeling that I would never amount to much in life. He had been in the business world, a vice-president of an oil company. I suppose he always thought that I would start at the bottom of the ladder and maybe be a vice-president like him one day. He was rather disappointed to find out that my head was in the clouds rather than in oil wells.

Questar: Who were your early childhood heroes in the science fiction field? Did you have any favorite books or movies?

Ackerman: Actually, there were very few books or magazines, of a science fiction nature, to begin with. I got turned on to the wonders of dinosaurs in 1925 with *The Lost World.* I then skipped one hundred years into the future, to 2026, and fell in love with Fritz Lang's *Metropolis.* There really wasn't too much else for quite a while, other than Lon Chaney, the *Man of a Thousand Faces.* I was enthralled by Quasimodo, the hunchback of Notre Dame; Erik, the Phantom of the Opera; and the flying horse that soared to the moon in Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s *Thief of Bagdad.* Science fiction and fantasy films were about as rare as dinosaur teeth in the early years. My two great loves, in the beginning, were *The Lost World* and *Metropolis.* I was a great admirer of H.G. Wells' work, devouring all of his major classics—*The Time Machine, The Story of Days to Come, The Island of Dr. Moreau, The Invisible Man,* and so on. I also devoured Edgar Rice Burroughs. To this day, when all else fails, if anything palls, I can still turn to Burroughs and recapture the old sense of wonder. I also like many of the half-forgotten authors of the day, including Dr. David H. Keller, who was one of the early sociological writers; A. Hyatt Verrill, who wrote the first science fiction story I ever read, titled "Beyond the Pole"; and Stanton A. Coblentz, through whom I discovered Atlantis in *The Sunken World.* Certainly, Edmond Hamilton and Jack Williamson were thrilling to me in the late 20's and early 30's. And then there was Ed Earl Repp, who died not long ago, whose writing I very much enjoyed. I don't know whether it will hold up over time, but I always looked forward to reading his work, particularly stories like *The Radium Pool,* for which he is most remembered.

Questar: Many children become exposed to science fiction the way you did, but it does not become an obsession the way it has with you. What explains your lifelong love affair with the genre?

Ackerman: Well, I can see back in my own magazine, *Famous Monsters,* that kids were attracted to it initially when they were only five or six years old. At first, it's the *sense of wonder,* the fascination with things different. When I first read science fiction, to me the grass was obviously green and the sky was blue; it never occurred to me that maybe on Mars the grass was red and the sky was purple. Also, a character didn't necessarily have to have just one head; he might have two, or ten, or one hundred. Around the time I discovered science fiction, I had probably seen my first circus and become acquainted with the many life forms on our own planet. Prior to that, I had not been aware of elephants, giraffes, rhinoceri, cobras, anteaters, and so on. I was astonished, seeing the circus and the various animals in the zoo, and then going on to read a science fiction magazine with even more curious creatures. The lure of the bug-eyed monster turned me on, coupled with being a thirteen-year-old boy in the throes of the Depression. It was a disappointing world, and reading of much more wonderful worlds of fifty to one hundred years in the future, as well as extraordinary tales of time travel, made me believe that there could be such a thing as a time machine. I think that one of my greatest dreams was to escape from the world of the Depression and soar to the brave new world of the twenty-first century. I wanted to see men on the moon, to see the universe colonized, and to see robots doing man's work. It was the dichotomy of the dreariness and depths of the Depression versus the wonderful plum held out there by the promises of a utopian tomorrow. However, I didn't have to wait one hundred years; I could open

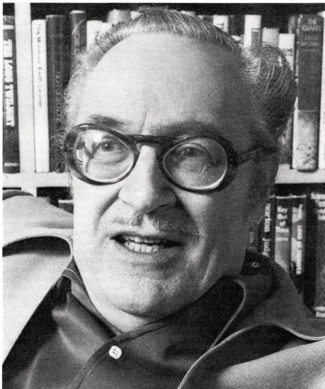
the pages of Wells, Verne, or Burroughs and experience the lap of luxury right at that moment. In my time, science fiction authors were absolutely gods on Mount Olympus. I corresponded with them and collected their autographs, but the great dream was, "Oh, imagine if I could only meet H.G. Wells!" And, by God, I did! It was one of the highlights of my life, back in 1938, when he came to Los Angeles to lecture. I went up on stage and shook hands with him, not believing I was actually meeting the man whose work I loved so much.

Questar: What do you recall of Wells? How did he impress you? Did you speak to him?

Ackerman: I'll tell you what I recall most clearly. When I was in grammar school, there was a man travelling around the United States, something like three generations removed from Abraham Lincoln. His father, as a little boy, had heard Lincoln deliver the famous Gettysburg Address. Unfortunately, there were no phonographs or tapes at the time, so there was no record of what Lincoln sounded like. The little boy had been so impressed that, as he grew up, he had emulated Lincoln's voice, and passed it on to his son, who passed it on to his son, and so on. And I went to an auditorium and heard this man give, as best he could, several generations removed, his imitation of the voice of Lincoln. So, when I heard my great god H.G Wells speak, it seemed like my brain grabbed his voice, encapsulated it, and kept it forever afterward. I sometimes feel like I'm the only person on Earth through whom Wells can now speak. He was a roly-poly man, with thin, graying hair and ruddy cheeks. I was astonished at first by his high falsetto voice. He came out to the audience and said, "Tonight, I am going to talk to you for about an hour. Today, east is west and west is east and they are coming together with a bang." And, indeed, east and west did come together with a bang a short time later with Japan in 1941.

Questar: Tell me about your early fanzines. How were they different from the fanzines of today?

Ackerman: Well, because I was from Hollywood and was oriented toward collecting autographs, the first thing I did was to collect autographs through the mail of famous writers. That led to a correspondence with them. They would tell me what they were working on, and I felt very much like a reporter. I was simply enamored of Walter Winchell, anyway. I fancied myself as the Walter Winchell of the science fiction field. I began to make a little carbon copy newszine. I regret to say I don't have any copies of it myself. I would send them around to the 117 correspondents; it was a sort of chain letter thing (each would then forward it to the next person). Eventually, my little carbon copy newszine came to the attention, I think, of Mort Weisinger or Jules Schwartz, the two chaps who were responsible, in the comic field, for the creation of "Superman" and "Batman." I was barely aware of mimeography at the time, but my attention was called to hectography by James Nicholson. I went to high school with Nicholson, who eventually became the president of American International Pictures. That's why AIP produced so much in the way of Poe, Verne, Lovecraft, and Wells. Nicholson had been a fan, as I was, way back in the 1930's. He called my attention to the hectograph, and I pulled off two issues, about fifty copies each, of a little two-sheeter called *The Meteor.*



Eventually, my activities came to the attention of Weisinger and Schwartz, who were New York based, and who were in fairly close communication with Ray Palmer in Chicago and a couple of other fellows. They said to me, "Look, why don't we pool our resources. You out there on the West Coast have access to publishing information. Let's work together."
And so, in 1932, we put out what, I believe, is regarded as the first true fanzine, called *The Time Traveller.* On the first page, I wrote the lead article, a pathetic little list of thirty-four known science fiction films, or so I called them then. Today, I don't consider *Dracula* to be science fiction film. As a matter of fact, it upsets me greatly when I hear someone on television bellow, "*Dracula*—a science fiction classic on at midnight!" I've always been somewhat of a purist. I don't mean to say that fantasy is better or worse than science fiction or anything; I just like to keep them separated, which caused me to get into considerable trouble with H.P. Lovecraft and his cohorts at one time. There was a young man named Charles D. Hornig who had been putting out a very fine printed fanzine called *The Fantasy Fan.* He wanted to create controversy in a column called "The Boiling Point." He wrote me and said, "Forry, if you've got anything on your mind that really upsets you, please put it down on paper and I'll publish it." Well, in *Wonder Stories* at about that time, which was around 1934-1935, a story appeared by Clark Ashton Smith, a man who swallowed a thesaurus, I think, because he had one of the most incredible vocabularies that has ever graced the fantasy field. He appeared primarily in *Weird Tales* magazine, but I guess that

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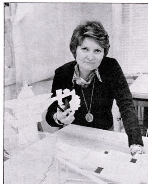
CLOSE-UP
by Elaine Santangelo

STAR TREK's LEE COLE



©1979 PARAMOUNT

Lee Cole emanates a rich charm and quality in discussing her work as Graphics Designer on *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*. When Gene Roddenberry and Paramount resurrected *ST* as a TV series; one of their prime concerns was making the *Enterprise* as authentic as possible. And, with that in mind, Lee was recruited in 1976 from the Rockwell aerospace facility in Southern California as consultant and technical illustrator on the project.

Lee worked in the aerospace industry for several years designing control panels for the B-1 Bomber and a nuclear submarine. She also designed the brochures pertinent to the *Enterprise* Space Shuttle program which were presented to Congress. Further background experience includes work in computer programming, computer and medical graphics, animation and storyboards for the Jacques Cousteau specials.

Her artistic talents and concepts are visible in almost every interior shot seen in the film, from the simple trade marks and logo symbols designating the crew's rank and specific departments to the signs, placards and instructions posted throughout the ship. And, the complexity of Chekov's weaponry station and the instrumentation of the *Enterprise* Bridge consoles and panels were designed with functionability in mind. These authentic details which bear Lee's mark make the *Enterprise* appear as if it had actually been constructed in an aerospace plant.

Lee recalls humorously, "When we all came on the film, each one of us figured out where our niche was and what we wanted to do. The art directors were always coming to me at first and saying, 'What is it you think you ought to do? What do we *do* with you?'

"The first day I came on the show, we went into a big, empty fiberglass dome on Stage 9 that was to be the Bridge. They did not have a thing in it and the echoing was phenomenal. We thought Glen Glenn Sound would walk off the picture and refuse to do it. This was a great concern of ours and we tried to get a specific pebbly paint, special flooring and different things to mask the echoing. When I entered that dome they said 'Fill it up and make it look like a real ship with real control panels that do things.' "

Lee designed much of the furniture that is used throughout the *Enterprise,* including the consoles and panels on the Bridge. The furniture was cast from fiberglass molds from sculptures which she designed. But her job was just beginning. "I supervised the wiring of all the electronic components and the little lights you see winking and moving. I art directed most of the little monitor films you see showing in the viewer screens. At first, all of these monitor screens were going to be done by our special effects people, but they were so overworked that they dumped it back on me to do and I ended up doing all kinds of odds and ends because of my knowledge of the medical area and laser technology.

"The monitor footage got to be quite a problem because when I first designed things I put banks and banks of monitor screens everywhere because it looked official. Before we started to film everybody came to this horrible realization that there had to be *movies* in all of the monitors *all the time.* We could not have the monitors shut down, or it would not look good. The footage we prepared was used up in the first few days of filming.

"There was a ravenous appetite for monitor films. As the *Enterprise* traveled through space, the footage had to change all the time, and when they entered this tremendous cloud, all of the screens had to change their material. This was more than anyone could keep up with. We went all over the country trying to get ready-made stuff; to beg, borrow or steal wherever we could and everyone was very cooperative. We did not end up getting anything we could use from MIT, but they certainly offered to help."

The Jet propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, CA. allowed *Star Trek* to come in, use their photographic computer, play with it, and make some of their own films. JPL gave them some excellent footage where the Lab had programmed travels through space, complete with spinning planets coming right up and passing you as you fly right through the stars.

Lee adds, "In the Klingon scenes you see a lot of exciting stuff. We did a lot of experimental things with fiber optics. It is the first time it has been used with live actors. They usually have to do a long time exposure on the little fiber optics or lights. They can do that with miniatures by opening up the camera lens and leaving it open a few minutes. But we used full-set lighting with live actors. We got some extremely powerful bulbs and set up the fiber optics to be used with the live-action. We did some sensational things with edgelit plastics, like scribing into plexiglass. When you see these giant screens in the Klingon ship, those are edgelit plastics, which is a whole new area of optics.

"We did unusual displays with neon that appears to be moving and animated, and it is really done with different neon tubes splashing in sequence. A lot of those ideas came from art director John Vallone and some leftover ideas I had that we were never able to get working on the Bridge. We had a second go at them and were able to work them in for the Klingons. You see entirely different technology on the Klingon ship than you do on the *Enterprise.*"

But then came an unexpected bonus, not only for the film but for the medical world especially. *Star Trek* had interviewed doctors in the avant-garde of medicine and one of the things they discovered was that medicine was on the brink of refining the holographic X-ray machine. It is actually called computer tomography. The CT scanner was developed by an American physicist and a British research engineer, and the two men won the 1979 Nobel Prize in medicine for their work. (The CT scanner revolutionized the diagnosis of the human body.)

Lee explains, "They scan the body and

run the information through a computer which projects a 3-D image. You can play with the controls, twist it and turn it in space and pass through it. You get a film off a live patient and travel right down the inside of their spinal column like a roller-coaster once you program their whole body into this computer. You punch up and travel through the body and scan anything you want to because it is recorded in the computer's memory banks. You can find tumors and little defects."

The CT process was used to illustrate a scan of Spock's brain. "We put some very interesting futuristic scans on the screens," says Lee. However, the scan that was used to represent Spock was done from an autopsy and slowly programmed into the computer. Just a few months after this footage had been shot the CT method was fully developed. They can now scan off a live patient at a much faster rate.

Lee felt quite fortunate that she was able to work with so many artistic and talented people on her first film project.

"I did work very closely with illustrators Mike Minor and Richard Sternbach. Richard has won the Hugo Award a number of times as science fiction artist of the year and he now paints for NASA.

"Mike had very clever ideas for using everyday household objects, making them look futuristic and fantastic by turning them upside down and welding them together. We needed a ceiling for our *Enterprise* Bridge because it was a dome and we had to flatten it off to make a ceiling to stop some of that echoing. Mike was giving it some thought when we went outside and he became very excited and threw himself down on his knees. Some people gathered around him wondering if he was on the brink of a seizure and he screaming, 'That's it, that's it, it's perfect!" He was scribbling away on his note pad, ripping the pages off over and over again and working in a great frenzy. He was doing a detailed sketch of the hubcaps of a Cadillac before the guy moved his car because it was parked illegally. The hubcaps were the perfect design for the ceiling of the bridge," recollects Lee amusingly.

"All of us in the art department had a 'ceremony' each morning. We would come in and empty our pockets onto a table of all the treasures and even candy wrappers we would find in the studio alleys. We would either cast them, do an enlarged version, plaster them, or glue them right onto a panel and paint them. They looked *fantastic.* We found some real treasures in the alley of Glen Glenn Sound in the packing cases that held magnetic tape. Our Transporter Room is made out of egg crates, Glen Glenn Sound magnetic tape cartridge holders and all kinds of styrofoam."

Lee also worked closely with producer Gene Roddenberry and director Robert Wise in the not-so-simple task of bringing to life what these men visualized in their imaginations. "We were very lucky to have so much access to them. They did something that is almost unheard of in the industry. Wise allowed everyone to come to dailies at noon everyday. You got to see stuff that had been filmed the day before and see how it *looked.* Then you could go back and see how you could improve it, if needed. Or, it just gave you a real morale boost to see your work looking so *good.*

"I was lucky to sit down and have meetings with Roddenberry, take sketches to him and see if we were on the right track. He would describe things, and we would try and draw his visions, bringing them back to him, and modify them. The nice thing I appreciated about Roddenberry was that he would be very complimentary; then he would try and push us *further* into the future, always getting us to go beyond what we had done. He stretched us more than we thought we were capable of.

"Robert Wise was delightful to work with. He put a lot of input and ideas into the film, too. He was always appreciative of what we did. They were not temperamental or angry, and were always in a pleasant mood, which is amazing when you think of the pressure that was on them with a budget that was flowing past like a river of money. People have said that to date it is the most expensive film ever made partly because so much stuff had to be re-done.

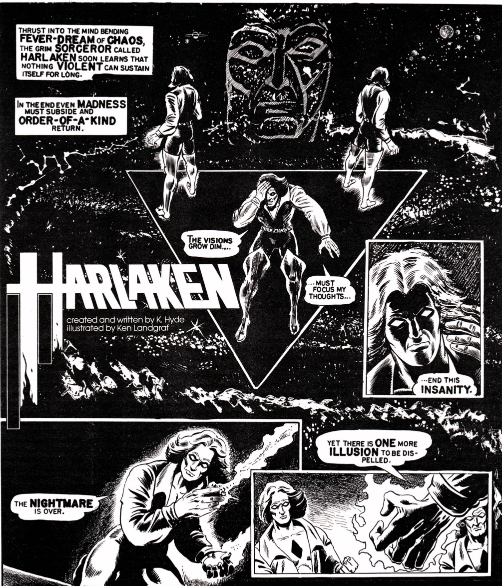
"You may or may not see these in the film, but we decided to make little jokes for Wise to cheer him up because he would get pretty depressed some days. One day we were going to be filming in the medical lab and some of the Extras were going to be carrying boxes of bacteria cultures past the camera. We put labels on them marked *Andromeda Strain*—Bacteria B. In the Epsilon-9 Space Station, you see a personnel roster lit up on the wall, and if you scan down the list of names you will see all the names of the set designers. One of the last names on the list is Gort, the robot from *The Day The Earth Stood Still,* another Wise movie."

The Star Trek Peel-Off Graphics Book from Pocket Books, a paperback book Lee designed, came about quite accidentally. Lee put out a couple of little booklets for the technicians and actors to use down on the set. The booklets resembled aerospace flight manuals. (Lee designed such manuals when she worked for Rockwell.) It was easier for everyone to communicate in symbols than it was to try and use an extensive vocabulary to describe all of the special effects. Lee jokingly put official-looking covers on the manuals and it took off from there.

"Then I put out a little memo that showed all of our graphics and trade marks. Within a couple of days, one got up to the administrator's office. After two days of my making it up, Paramount went out and copyrighted it because they thought it was a fabulous thing, and they thought the Trekkies would love to have these flight manuals.

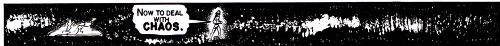
"A copy was sent back right away to Simon & Schuster, and they were excited about it. S&S also got hold of my memo with the different logos, trade marks, and uniform emblems that we were using to coordinate the costumes. They loved it so much that they wanted to put out a book on it." Lee did some additional drawings of the Klingon graphics that are included in a blueprint package. And, General Mills bought 10,000 of the logo designs for *Cheerios* cereal boxes.

Lee Cole, the versatile designer, now has three publishing projects and a major motion picture to her credit. Upon completing her work on *Star Trek,* Lee designed the sets for the Paramount TV series, *The Bad News Bears* and worked with Magicam in creating a miniature-sized Robin Williams in the 'Mork in Wonderland' sequence on *Mork And Mindy.* As Lee points to an enormous sound stage on the Paramount lot that securely houses the *Star Trek* props and sets, and discusses the possibility of a sequel, she admits that she is "hooked on movies" as a career. Q


THRUST INTO THE MIND BENDING FEVER-DREAM OF CHAOS, THE GRIM SORCEROR CALLED HARLAKEN SOON LEARNS THAT NOTHING VIOLENT CAN SUSTAIN ITSELF FOR LONG.
IN THE END EVEN MADNESS MUST SUBSIDE AND ORDER-OF-A-KIND RETURN.
THE VISIONS GROW DIM....
...MUST FOCUS MY THOUGHTS...
...END THIS INSANITY.
HARLAKEN
created and written by K. Hyde
illustrated by Ken Landgraf
THE NIGHTMARE IS OVER.
YET THERE IS ONE MORE ILLUSION TO BE DIS-PELLED.

THESE OTHERS ARE BUT SHADOWS CREATED TO DISTRACT ME.

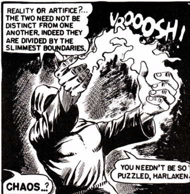
AND I CAN BEAR NO FURTHER...

WHREEEOWW!
...DISTRACTION.

NOW TO DEAL WITH CHAOS.

IF I CANNOT DEFEAT HIM, I MUST AT LEAST DISCOVER HIS INTENTIONS...

...EH?

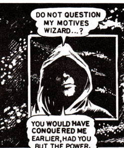
A DISAGREEABLE DAY FOR DREAMING, EH WIZARD?
YOU SHOULD LEARN TO HAVE MORE PATIENCE FRIEND.


REALITY OR ARTIFICE?... THE TWO NEED NOT BE DISTINCT FROM ONE ANOTHER. INDEED THEY ARE DIVIDED BY THE SLIMMEST BOUNDARIES.
VROOOSH!
CHAOS..?
YOU NEEDN'T BE SO PUZZLED, HARLAKEN.

WE ALL ASSUME GUISES TO ONE PURPOSE OR ANOTHER.
IT IS MY HIDDEN FACE THAT YOU SHOULD TRULY FEAR.

...A FACE YOU WILL GAZE UPON SOON ENOUGH...
...ONCE I HAVE PERMITTED YOU TO DESTROY ME!

WHY SHOULD YOU PERMIT...?


DO NOT QUESTION MY MOTIVES WIZARD...?
YOU WOULD HAVE CONQUERED ME EARLIER, HAD YOU BUT THE POWER.

WOULD YOU CHEAT YOURSELF NOW?
NO.

THEN GOOD FRIEND I BID YOU...
...KILL ME!

SKRAAA-KK!

THIS ONE'S DEATH IS NO ILLUSION.

BUT WHAT MYSTERY COULD JUSTIFY SUICIDE?

HIS FACE... MY OWN

CHAOS WAS NO EXTERNAL FOE...

... BUT THE UNACKNOWLEDGED DARKNESS OF MY OWN SOUL.

YET IF HE WERE TRULY APART OF MYSELF...

THEN, PERHAPS ALL YOU ENCOUNTER IS MERELY A REFLECTION OF YOUR OWN AWARENESS.

...JUST AS I AM.
I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T REALIZE THAT SOONER.

THE SORCEROR MUST CREATE A WORLD OUT OF HIMSELF... A MYTHOS AND A LOGOS.

BUT ONLY WHEN HE ACKNOWLEDGES THE WHOLE OF HIS SPIRIT..
...ONLY THEN DOES HE BECOME TRULY CAPABLE OF THAT ACT.

ACCEPTING CHAOS, ONE BEHOLDS ORDER.
EMBRACING HATRED AND DESTRUCTION...
...ONE TOUCHES THE ROOTS OF CREATION.
...CREATION... AND LOVE.
YOU DO KNOW SOMETHING OF LOVE NOW, DON'T YOU?

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT.
FIN

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FICTION
by C. J. Henderson

"That's the one!"

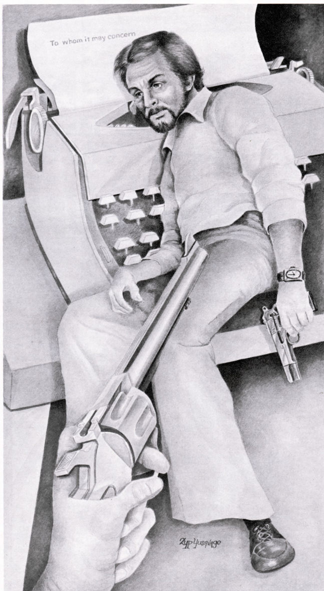

ILLUSTRATION BY ZYP YUSAVAGE

"That's the one!"

The two officers continued to move in on the young blond girl as the tiny bottle kept screaming, "That's her! She won't drink me. I keep flashing my tag at her, she picks me up, reads it, sniffs, and then she puts me back down!"

"We'll handle this," interrupted the senior officer. "C'mon, Alice, what's the story?"

"Please, sir, I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"The fall down the rabbit's hole was so awfully terrifying. I don't want to go any further. I just want to go back home."

The junior partner had already positioned himself behind Alice. The other had the opened bottle in his hand. "You have to go on into Wonderland. You can't go back home; that's not the way the story goes. You can't go back the way you came—no one can. One must struggle forward against the world no matter how absurd it seems. My dear, you have literary precepts to reinforce."

"I don't care—I want to go *home!*"

The officer with the bottle nodded; his partner grabbed Alice, holding her firmly. In less than a minute, they had pried her jaws apart and forced most of the bottle's contents down her throat.

Mike closed the magazine at that point. "Too bizarre," was his only comment on the story as he put it aside. Ever since Jean had moved out, his emotional state had not been too stable. "Besides," he thought, "I'm just stalling."

Mike picked up the gun. He had bought it two days after she had left. It had gotten to the point where he could no longer remember how many times he had taken it from its box, cleaned it, loaded it, placed it in his mouth, and then backed down. The wastebasket was overflowing with crumpled suicide notes.

The newest one, fresh from the typewriter, lay looking up at him. Staring at the letter, he fumblingly picked up the revolver once more. Closing his eyes, he slipped the barrel between his lips and began tightening his finger around the trigger—and then, once more, he set it back down on the table and walked away. Suddenly he had realized he was being more than foolish; he was acting childishly and just plain stupid.

No matter how definite his only recourse had seemed to be to take his own life, that had passed. He knew now he would not kill himself. When the door to his apartment started to open, he was smiling. By the time his squeaking hinge caused him to look toward the door, the officers were already inside.

"That's the one!" screamed the revolver, "That's him!" Q

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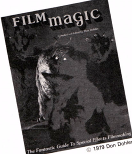

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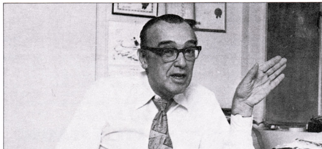
VAN VOGT
continued from page 26



square. But the critics are principally residents in or near New York. Let me say that, when there is an exception (which occasionally does happen), he doesn't last long, because who wants to read all those books month after month? And as a second reason, he sends in a column or two from the hinterland so engagingly written, that the publisher happens to read it before the editor can hide it, so it somehow gets in.

Questar: How do you see your image as it currently manifests itself?

van Vogt: I really believe there's room for everybody. I probably have as many readers as I ever had. Some writers—like Ray Bradbury and Issac Asimov—expanded into reader groups that have shown no inclination to become involved in the science fiction field as such. They have added to their reading, on the one hand, works by scientists—like Issac Asimov—who write science fiction, and on the other, works by poets—like Ray Bradbury—who also write science fiction. Some new wave writers have expressed detestation of *Perry Rhodan.* It's like attacking *Tom Swift and His Electric Car.* There's no competition for the new wave. If *Perry Rhodan* disappeared, not a single additional reader would be available to the new wave. Everybody has his own place and his own audience. My stories show a different type of creativity than any of those persons I've named. It so happens that right now the market for what I do isn't in the millions for each new book of mine. Since my science fiction is consciousness-expanding, I expect that one of these days readers will appreciate in larger numbers what I do. Then I, also, shall become rich like Bradbury and Asimov. Until then, things are middling good. I have no complaints.

Questar: If you were asked to assess your work, how would you do so?

van Vogt: Over the years, here in the United States, three groups of science fiction writers have enjoyed greater popularity than I. The leading writers of Group One are Robert Heinlein, Arthur Clarke, and Isaac Asimov, all of whom have known scientific training. I believe that there is a growing audience which, in reading science fiction, requires the assurance that what they read is a genuine extrapolation from true science. The rapid rise of Jerry Pournelle, who has several Ph.Ds., is a further evidence of the importance of a scientific background for this particular audience. Group Two is headed by Ray Bradbury, Ursula LeGuin, Roger Zelazny, and Harlan Ellison. These are all persons who write wonderfully condensed fictional sentences—meaning, their use of the English language is usually pure and beautiful. All of these writers accept human nature at its present level without argument, and seem to believe that is all there is, ever. And so the vast audience of television and film is within the reach of what they write about. And they have penetrated the fabulous woman's market. I suspect that Ellison will eventually have to revise the four-letter words out of future reissues of his works, because pornographic language always runs in cycles. I seem to detect that interest in the current cycle is waning. Group Three is headed by Robert Silverberg. He has an extreme ability for finding touching themes, as in *Drying Inside.* His are not sentimental stories. They have genuine feeling in them. There are also a few special individuals, like Frank Herbert, of whose education I know nothing. And then there is my own favorite, R.A. Lafferty. I don't know what his audience is. What I have isn't merely extrapolation of science. I've devised actual practical sub-branches of economics, psychology, education, physical fitness, politics, libertarianism, criminology, etc. None of this will displace, or transcend, the science fiction poets, the scientists-writers, or the marvellously sensitive women writers who have entered the science fiction writing field. But I believe what I have done will eventually exert an influence on modern thought.

Questar: Is science fiction writing as challenging today as it was when you began your career?

van Vogt: The science fiction field is in a confused state. The number of paperback science fiction books on the stands is awesome. However, we have to remember that in the United States there are over 200 million people, and most of them are over nine years old—which is the age that science fiction reading begins for many. Until evidence of disaster emerges, I shall merely continue about my business of writing whatever interests me. At present, most of that writing is science fiction. I still do it as a craftsman. And so there's no special challenge for me that's different from the past. I know my business.

Questar: Finally, do you still enjoy reading science fiction? If so, whose work do you admire?

van Vogt: I read the first few paragraphs of every story in all the science fiction magazines published in English. If those paragraphs have story energy in them, I may read on. And if that holds me, then I will read the story. I also receive all the Doubleday book club selections. With them, I also read the first few paragraphs. In addition, I buy several paperbacks a month, and get others free, and do the same with them. My general impression: there's less action in stories these days, but some very ingenious ideas. Of the non-action writers, R.A. Lafferty writes (for me) the best fictional sentences, Robert Silverberg the best true emotion, Harlan Ellison the most condensed fictional sentences, Larry Niven the best hardcore science fiction, Randall Garrett the best pastiche writing, and Jerry Pournelle the farthest in the shortest time. Of the great ladies, C.J. Cherryh, Vonda McIntyre, Katherine Kurtz, Marion Zimmer Bradley, Alice Sheldon (James Tiptree, Jr.), Chelsea Quinn Yarbro, and Tanith Lee have all gone up into those rarefied heights that only women can attain. But the fact that I have to list that many names, and omit several dozen that have my respect—for example, John Brunner and Brian Aldiss—tells me that the field has changed drastically for the better. **Q**

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SPACE SHUTTLE
continued from page 33

NASA. Rockwell's rocketdyne division designed and built the main engines. Martin Marietta Corporation is responsible for the external tank. The Wasatch division of the Thiokol Chemical Corporation is providing the solid rocket boosters.

Here's how The Shuttle is put together. In essence, it is a trucking system, a way to transport to outer space the things we want out there. (Because of that, perhaps they should have named the first four Orbiters *Mack, Kenworth,* and *Peterbilt,* instead of *Columbia, Challenger, Discovery,* and *Atlantis.)* The main body of The Shuttle is the Orbiter, the section that contains the control room, crew, and 65,000 pounds of payload. The payload will include satellites, space laboratories, self-contained experiments, and the like. The Orbiter with payload rides on three engine sections: one is an external fuel tank, the other two solid rocket boosters. After expending the external tank and boosters, the Orbiter will operate in a range of 115-690 miles above Earth.

In size, the Orbiter is huge...122 feet long. 57 feet high. The payload area is 60 feet long and 15 feet in diameter. This makes The Space Shuttle much more like the science fiction we've seen in films than previous manned flights with their cramped, "three pictures for 50¢" booths. The cabin area will be pressurized at one g, so the crew will be able to move around comfortably, just like in *Buck Rogers.*

The payloads themselves are interchangeable. So, The Shuttle can take up a satellite, drop it off, and pick up an older one and return it to Earth for refurbishing or study. Other bigger projects like the European Space Agency's Spacelab (due to be on Shuttle flight #10) will fit into the payload area for their use.

The Orbiter can remain in orbit for as long as 30 days, if necessary. Future developments will enable it to stay even longer, when space *construction* is a reality. In any case, after the Orbiter returns to Earth, it takes only two weeks before it's ready to go again with a new payload.

The crew for The Space Shuttle will consist of three NASA-trained astronauts: Commander, Pilot, and Mission Specialist. In addition to those three, there is adequate room for four other people. Most of them will be scientists or other specialists, people who know the payload's requirements especially well. Here again, we're replaying science fiction. Remember all the movies in the fifties? "But Captain, as a man of science, I demand that we take this new life form aboard and analyze it. This is a *unique* opportunity for man..." You can see it *happening.* Somehow, NASA has apparently managed to give the commanders a course in "Dealing with the Scientific Mind."

The benefits

The modular-payload reusable feature of The Shuttle does some remarkable things. For one, more frequent trips mean that we can begin to use space as a *resource,* for processing and manufacturing that gravity would make impossible on Earth. We can make adaptations in satellites or laboratories we send up. We can build space stations, or solar power generation plants.

The sheer amount of technology to be realized is staggering in comparison to the style of previous space efforts. Now we can try and, if we err, correct the mistake. Until now, it was impossible to act in this manner in space. A space shot was a once-a-year event *(if that).* All the energy had to be devoted to that *single* attempt. Systems of such vast complexity as satellites and outer space experiments are better the more they can be developed, changed, and improved. The Space Shuttle makes all that possible.

NASA has been committed for years to helping the technology developed for space work its way into practical, earthly applications. They have a special "Technology Usage" program set up to accomplish just that. The results have been seen by all of us, from microminiaturization of circuits to new properties for crystals. But that technology has been "spinoff" in nature. It was space technology borrowed to help someplace else.

But The Space Shuttle is different there, too. Instead of being used only by NASA, with technological development spinning off to private industry, The Space Shuttle is already selling payload space to corporations for their researches. The goal is *increased commercial utilization:* commercial utilization that will reduce the cost of the program to the taxpayers. *Direct* commercial utilization. Corporations won't use The Space Shuttle unless they see a chance to make a profit. And how do corporations make profits? By solving problems. Through The Space Shuttle, private industry will attack problems directly, so the benefits should come to us much sooner.

Naturally, the first few Shuttle flights will be primarily NASA satellites, plus the European Spacelab, and Department of Defense usages. But as industry gets aboard, big changes could happen.

The question, of course, is, what can we really expect? A cure for cancer? An end to world starvation? To date payloads have been planned with goals like environmental forecasting, crop production, earthquake prediction, hazardous waste disposal, and dozens of others. But those are still primarily *government* projects. What can we expect when big business sees a chance to capitalize The Shuttle? What is in the works that could provide a technological "fix" to solve the energy crisis?

In the next issue of *Questar,* we will examine the projects already underway for The Space Shuttle. What they are. Who's behind them. And what good of it will come for all of us. **Q**

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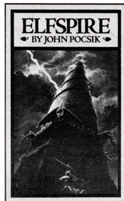

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ACKERMAN continued from page 47

one of his stories didn't make it there. It was a little too "science fictiony" to suit them, a story called "Dweller in Martian Depths," and so it turned up in *Wonder Stories.* But, to me, it seemed quite out of place. It was the kind of story I would expect to read in *Weird Tales.* So, I was upset over that, and I wrote my article, saying that I wished that we would keep science fiction and *Weird Tales* in their place, and so on. Well, the big guns of the era were unleashed on me. It was said that the "ebullient little Forry Ackerman must either be daft, an imbecile, a notoriety-seeking clown, or a knave!" At least they made it multiple choice! It seems to me that Lovecraft got into the act defending his pals Clark Ashton Smith and August Derleth. Everybody was jumping up and down on poor Forry Ackerman. Basically, the earliest fanzines were mainly news and mining the past, and we were desperate to know about the science fiction that had appeared in mundane sources, Like *Argosy, Bluebook, Saturday Evening Post,* and so on. We were thrilled whenever there was something relevant on radio. We loved to know what the authors were writing. The earliest fanzines, I suppose, were pretty much like *Locus* of today. They were basically news-oriented. *The Time Traveller* went from mimeography to printing after its first few issues, and then we published a spinoff called *Science Fiction Digest.* It was home printed, and it had not only news, but actual fiction by some of the great writers of the period. There was a reprint of A. Merritt's popular *Weird Tales'* story, "The Woman of the Wood," which was already regarded as a classic when we reprinted it. H.P. Lovecraft, C.L. Moore, and Robert E. Howard, the big names in the field, all contributed freely. One time we ran a seventeen-part serial called "Cosmos." The Late Ray Palmer created the plot for it, and then, chapter by chapter, the big names added to it—John Campbell, Edmond Hamilton, and A. Merritt, among others. So, we had a combination of news, views, and reviews.

Questar: You've said on several occasions that Hugo Gernsback served as a great source of inspiration. In what ways did he influence your thinking about the genre?

Ackerman: Well, I would say Hugo Gernsback lives on in my policy for *Famous Monsters.* When I first read *Amazing Stories,* as a youngster, I was terribly impressed by the fact that Gernsback actually solicited the readers' opinions. He never used words like "my" or "we," but referred to the magazine as "our" magazine. He said that we were in this together, that he just happened to be the leader, the fellow who was getting the money and picking the stories. His attitude was, "Give me a helping hand, kids, and I'll listen to you." I always felt that the door was wide open to the boss and that I could talk to him at any time. So, I've made that the policy with *Famous Monsters.* I give my name and address, and I make clear my willingness to talk on the phone and have people come over who want to see the place or meet me. So, in that respect, Gernsback lives on in me. I also thought he had a very valid idea about "sugar-coated science." Science, per se, astronomy, paleontology, anthropology, physics, and so on, all that textbook stuff, is just not that thrilling. But if you weave a story around it, and pack in enough imagination quotient into it, then before you know it you've absorbed a lot about these various sciences. I've never gone in for real science myself. What I know about science I've learned from reading science fiction. I don't believe that it's necessary to be proficient in the sciences in order to write entertaining science fiction. I don't rule out Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* because he had Mars' two moons revolving around in the same direction, when any kid with a two-bit telescope can see that they go in opposite directions. It didn't ruin the story for me. However, it's quite similar to reading a serious story about the Civil War, and at a certain point General Grant picks up the phone and calls George Washington! Since I'm rather weak in the sciences, I like to feel that when I'm reading Arthur Clarke, Robert Heinlein, Hal Clement, Jerry Pournelle, or Larry Niven, that they're not leading me down the fairy path. Their brand of science is not too far from known fact. I can depend on their statistics and their views of science.

Questar: Throughout the years, you've had a running feud with author Harlan Ellison, one which relates to a term coined —"sci-fi." How did this dispute begin? Has it been resolved?

Ackerman: I wouldn't say I'm feuding with Harlan, I frequently try to reach him with reason and convince him with logical examples when he emotionally fulminates. Yes, I coined the term "sci-fi" and I'm gratified by its worldwide acceptance. You'll find it in dictionaries—and *not* defined as a derogatory abbreviation for science fiction; in *TV Guide;* it's been featured three times on covers of *Playboy* in conjunction with new works by Clarke, Vidal, and Vonnegut. I'm proud that it's been accepted by a whole generation of innocents who haven't been poisoned by propaganda. High fidelity buffs, as far as I'm aware, never had a hemorrhage when the term "hi-fi" came in; and the mystery writers community, to the best of my knowledge, has never objected to the general public's acceptance of the detective genre as "whodunits." For the life of me, I'll never understand why, but Harlan Ellison has escalated virulent hatred of "sci-fi" into a coruscating *cause celebre,* damm it, as ugly (is "hi-fi" ugly?, "poly sci" ugly?), nauseous, vomitous, and abominable as "the sound of two crickets screwing." It's like calling a girl a "chick," which Harlan Ellison said to

Wendayne Ackerman, in my presence. I personally have never called a girl a "chick"; I'm inclined to call them "honey" and have never heard any objections, and "sci-fi" to me is a "honey" of an abbreviation for science fiction, more precise than the ambiguous "SF" (San Francisco? Speculative Fiction? Sado/Flagellism? Suomi/Finland?). I've been a fan for over half a century, was published in a professional science fiction magazine when Harlan was two years old, received the first Hugo, etc., etc. Harlan has for years insisted that he doesn't write science fiction ("I write Harlan Ellison stories"). So tell me, by what right does he set himself up as arbiter of definition, telling me that the word I created stands for everything obnoxious in the field? I didn't give it that interpretation when I created it nor has the "world" seen it in that light. I can't tell you how deeply it hurts me that respected friends like Isaac Asimov, Ben Bova, Rick Sneary, George Scithers, Bill Rotsler, David Gerrold, Kathleen Sky Goldin, David Kyle, and a relatively small group of others (dear Rusty Hevelin!) so sincerely detest my little term, but I try to console myself that A.E. van Vogt, Steven Spielberg, Sylvia Margulies, Kris Neville, Tom and Terri Pinckard, Jim Warren, and the majority of young science fiction readers I meet accept the word with equanimity. What really taxes my sense of wonder is the membership of the SFWA and their calm acceptance of the common pronunciation of "Ess Eff Double-You Aye"; I would bet a billion bucks to a Black Hole that if *I* had originated the pronunciation "sefwah," Jerry Pournelle would have been the loudest to denounce it and Harlan would have declared that it sounded like what two crickets got from screwing—*syphilis!* But enough already with these arguments; there are more important things in life than strife over the usage of "sci-fi." The term is going to shine on long after Harlan and I are gone, for a star in the constellation of Cepheus has (you guessed it) been named...Sci-Fi!

Questar: Some critics have attempted to disparage you and your work, suggesting that your approach to writing and publishing appeals, for the most part, to "the mentality of a 11½-year-old child." Moreover, they argue that your entire career is predicated upon writing down to people, refusing to challenge them intellectually. How legitimate is this criticism?

Ackerman: A defense of my position was recently called to my attention in an article which discussed the cinematic work of George Lucas *(Star Wars),* Steven Spielberg *(Jaws),* and Stephen King *(The Shining). Famous Monsters* seems to have been a breeding ground for an increasing number of top talents in the writing and motion picture fields today. I felt like it was old home week when I saw all the credits on *Star Wars.* Just about every third one was once a young fan hanging around the "Ackermansion." Of course, I can't argue with the fact that my work is written to appeal to a 11½-year-old mentality, because that's what the publisher has insisted on for the past twenty-two years. When I did the first issue of *Famous Monsters,* I never even thought of it as an issue. I thought it was a one-shot deal, a freak publication; that it would become a collector's item in twenty years because it would have been the only movie monster magazine that ever existed. I didn't even want to call it *Famous Monsters.* I planned to call it *Wonderama.* Certainly, making fun of monsters or punning about them or anything of that sort was the farthest thing from my mind. What I really wanted to do was to create a kind of encyclopedia of imaginative motion pictures. Left to my own devices, with sixty-four pages, I would have had one definitive still of *King kong* and the cast, a synopsis, various people's opinions, and virtually everything I could cram into one page. The same with *Frankenstein, Dracula,* and *Things to Come.* I would have probably picked the one hundred greatest imaginative movies and several of the world's greatest losers, put it all together, and that would have been the end of it. But, apparently, such a publication would have gone nowhere, because the potential publisher, Jim Warren, spent nearly a week traveling around the New York area, showing the thirteen distributors of the day what he had in mind. Every last one of them turned the idea down. It was only because *Life* magazine came out with an article about the great success of teenage monster movies that we got going at all. Years later, after a five-week, 8,700-mile drive all across the United States meeting *Famous Monsters* fans, the publisher said to me, "Well, I suppose you think you know what the readers want?" I replied, "Yeah, I think I do." And he listened to it all, and he said, "The surest way to kill this magazine is to give those kids what they ask for. You have not met the readers—you never will. You met the *fans.* It's the dream of every publisher to know what the *readers* want, and he's not going to find out, except from negative comment. When he does something wrong, he'll lose readers!"

Questar: You're credited with publishing Ray Bradbury's first story. How did Bradbury impress you back in those early days?

Ackerman: Nothing special. I couldn't take any credit for feeling that *I* made a great discovery, that he was going to be one of our major talents in the science fiction field. It was just that I was desperate to fill two or three additional pages! It seems pretty arrogant, all these years later, to think that *I* once edited Ray Bradbury's work. However, I'm four years his senior, and when he was seventeen or so, he brought me this story, which he would be the first to admit was pretty tacky, not to mention derivative. It was called "Hollerbochen's Dilemma." I edited it up to the standards of the fanzines of the day and published it in a little club organ called *Imagination!* But, like I said, I can't take credit for seeing something special in Bradbury's work that nobody else did. As a matter of fact, it's a miracle that he survived, because everyone else in the club was ready to strangle him! He was so boisterous, so vociferous, and such a giant pest in those days that practically nobody could stand him!

Questar: In 1938, you published the first nude on a fanzine. How was that issue received by the fans?

Ackerman: It was outrageous! My own father thought he was actually going to have to bail his son out of the "slammer"; that they were going to put me in jail for the thing. As I recall today, nobody in town would lithograph it for me at the time. Actually, it was so mild, today you could put it on a postage stamp! No one today would think a thing about it. In truth, it wasn't even really a nude. It was a topless woman—a very ethereal line drawing by Hannes Bok of a bare-breasted maiden with her hair flowing above her. I did it as a gag, because on *Weird Tales,* Margaret Brundage had nudes for three or four years. I thought it would be fun to at least include a semi-nude on the cover. I never thought it would cause such a commotion. My dad was genuinely fearful that if I sent it through the mail, the post office authorities were going to come after me. And just look at the state of the art today!

Questar: For many years, you've been a very successful agent. How did you get into the agenting side of the business? What does it take to be a successful agent?

Ackerman: It started three years, five months, and twenty-nine days after World War II, because I found myself saluting people whom I wouldn't have given the time of day if I had been a free man. Well, I just didn't want a boss anymore. Prior to the war, I had worked for the Academy of Motion Pictures, where I did have a boss. But then I was looking for something where I could freelance. I ran through virtually every possibility, asking myself

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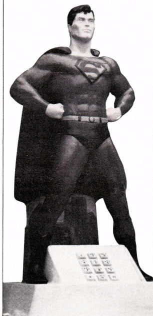

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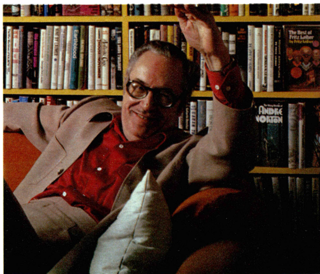
the question, "What can I do to support myself without going into the working world?" Given the fact that my background was in English and writing, coupled with experience in the publishing field, I thought I might make a good agent. At the time, I thought you needed some kind of license, like a realtor, but that was not the case. Once you're an agent, let the client beware! So I tried it out, and in the first year I made $1,075 in commissions and spent $1,025 in postage. I wound up with a big fat fifty dollars for my first year as a civilian. But fortunately, Uncle Sam was giving each GI thirty dollars every Thursday, as I recall. The first big client I got, and who is still with me, was A.E. van Vogt. The time came when I had built up a clientele of over one hundred authors, and then *Famous Monsters* came into my life. When I concluded that the magazine would be much more than a one-shot affair, I knew that I was going to become more than an agent. I also knew I couldn't do justice to the various magazines, as well as my agenting clientele. So, I cut my clientele in half, from one hundred to fifty, then fifty to twenty-five, and then got down to about the top ten. But, in later years, as I've taken on two or three assistants, I've been able to get back into doing more agenting. In truth, I suspect I made a mistake going into the field as an agent, because it really doesn't suit my personality too well. Basically, I like to feel I'm an easy-going guy. I don't like to argue with people. I was really meant for a utopian world! I don't function too well with people who don't keep their promises and delay seven months in paying you for your service. I really detest the knock-down, drag-out side of the business, the angry charges, the threat of lawsuits, etc. To be a successful agent, you have to be pretty tough. It's you and your clients against the ogres out there who are determined to exploit you as much as they possibly can. Initially, I took the view that all you had to do was read a story or a book, declare it good or bad, and then simply ask the publishers to pay the author what his work was worth. Unfortunately, it's not quite that simple. There are lots of rough letters you have to write, lots of bitter arguments you have to get into, and so on.

Questar: What is the major purpose of The Fantasy Foundation—the renowned "Ackermuseum"—which has received so much attention?

Ackerman: To survive me by a couple hundred years. In 1951, when I was in Europe for the first time, I visited the little town of Haarlem, in Holland, and went to the home of the artist who had lived five or six hundred years previously. There it was—his paintings, his easels, his brushes. And I thought, "That's exactly what I would like to see done with my science fiction collection." When I went off to war, I had to think seriously about what would happen to my collection if I died. I went to some elderly gentlemen around town who I knew weren't involved in the war effort. They said to me, "Okay, Forry, if you don't make it back, we'll see to it that your collection stays intact. We'll raise some money, find some place to put it on display, and make it available to the public." Well, I survived, and four years later the idea came to me—"I don't have to wait until I die. I could establish the Fantasy Foundation right now. People could will their collections to it, and they could donate to it during their lifetime." There were many fans in the Los Angeles Fantasy Society at the time who said, "Look, Forry, we know it would be too much for one human being to handle all this, so we'll come over on Saturdays and Sundays. You be the straw boss and just tell us to tote that barge and lift that bale; we'll paint, build shelves, file, organize, publish catalogs, and do whatever needs to be done." Well, I found out that that was just too much of an idealistic idea, that fans were just too individualistic. In the end, they didn't want to devote forty-eight hours of their weekend to some cause where they would get no "egoboo" or glory. They wanted to spend the same time on their own projects and fanzines. The whole thing kind of disintegrated, leaving me with the notion of a Fantasy Foundation. I refer to it by many names—"The Fantasy Foundation," "The Ackerman Archives," "The Institution of Imaginative Literature," and so on. Basically, it represents fifty-three years of my life and everything I have collected over those years. But it's getting to the point where one human being simply can't handle it all.

Questar: Finally, if you were asked to assess your own contribution to the science fiction world, how would you do so? How would you like to be remembered by the science fiction community?

Ackerman: Essentially, I've tried to serve as a resource person, an information person, someone the young people could turn to for information that they would find it difficult to obtain elsewhere. I've tried to inspire a generation of science fiction fans who no longer have *Planet Stories*, the pulps, *Thrilling Wonder*, or the *Buck Rogers* comics to turn to for entertainment and enjoyment. I think that everyone needs something that's beamed to the mentality of that part of them that's still 11½ years old. It was always my hope that kids would grow up with *Famous Monsters* the same way they're now growing up with Lucas, Spielberg, and today's animators and artists. I want the kids I've known, and who know my work, to grow up with a respect for science fiction, not a disrespect for what it represents. At the same time, I've tried to make the young people feel that to be a monster fan was like being a Superman, that monster fans were better people than most, that they didn't smoke or drink. I've always tried to keep the kids away from cigarettes, if they hadn't started yet, by recounting stories of famous stars who have killed themselves by smoking in bed. And, of course, I want them to get high on "sci-fi," not on drugs. It's worked in many cases. While I have not set the world on fire by writing stories, I have, through the medium of monster magazines, tried to keep kids off the streets, tried to keep them exercising their imaginations. However, the main thing that I would like to be remembered for is putting together the greatest collection of science fiction and fantasy on the face of this Earth...or any other. **Q**



cinema

"SATURN 3"
Screenplay by Martin Amis (from a story by John Barry)
Produced and Directed by Stanley Donen
Martin Starger, Executive Producer

Saturn 3 is a science fiction thriller in the *Alien* mold. But it goes yet one step further in taking its audience on a fast-paced roller coaster ride of chills. The added dimension of *Saturn 3* is a unique and unusual romantic triangle which involves a sexually psychopathic killer-*robot*.

Scientists Adam (Kirk Douglas) and Alex (Farrah Fawcett) live, love and work on Titan, a satellite space station of Saturn, synthesizing a protein nutrient which can be used to feed a starving, polluted, decadent Earth. Adam is middle-aged, and he has seen much of space and the planet he seeks to preserve; Alex, by contrast, is young and naive, having been born in space and therefore knowing little of her "home" planet save for what few small items of memorabilia Adam has managed to preserve. They complement each other, *need* each other, and are quite content to live in idyllic isolation in space.

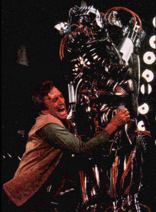
But their privacy is rudely interrupted by the unsettling James (Harvey Keitel) and his Demi-God robot Hector. Having killed a space shuttle pilot and taken over the craft to make the trip, James is bent on wreaking havoc on the couple's relationship, doggedly insisting they expedite their work while constantly making advances toward Alex (even to the point of inducing her to consume a variety of space-age hallucinogens). As one would expect, a conflict arises between Adam and James over Alex's affections, but the expected soon turns to the unexpected as we learn that James' lust has been transferred to Hector via his "brain drain" programming method, along with his psychopathic tendencies. In a variety of horrifyingly gruesome scenes, Hector splits Alex's pet dog in two, is completely dis-assembled by James, and is re-built by the resident lab robots only to ultimately dissect James limb from limb in a parody of his own dis-assembly. The final scenes are almost anti-climactic, for we know the real horror is in what Hector has done, and what he may yet do.

Comparisons to *Alien* are impossible to avoid, for both films utilize the age-old "heroes versus the monster" formula, but the terrifying realization that *this* monster (like Frankenstein) has certain human characteristics which are the cause for his rampage (or at least *add* to it) make him even more *believably* dangerous. *Saturn 3* contains a similar polished look and feel, attention to minute detail, and gripping story. And for that reason, it should satisfy and appeal to the same audience that was shocked by (and shook up by) *Alien*.

It represents a gamble of sorts for all parties involved. It took creator John Barry and Producer Stanley Donen some four years to get the project off the ground. It is Lord Grade's first science fiction film. It may be Ms. Fawcett's last chance to prove her worth as a screen actress after several dismal previous efforts. And it is the latest in a long series of films for the distinguished Mr. Douglas, who dares not mar an illustrious career with a disappointment.

Having successfully shown that a science fiction film need not rely on hardware and special effects alone, the gambles may have paid off for all concerned.

—*Bill Wilson*



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Adam (Kirk Douglas) and Alex (Farrah Fawcett) enjoy their idyllic isolation on Titan, but their happiness is rudely interrupted by the sudden appearance of the menacing robot Hector and the psychopathic James (Harvey Keitel). Their priorities soon shift from work and leisure to mere *survival* as they frantically search for the answers to the strange happenings on *Saturn 3*.

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"THE FOG"
Screenplay by John Carpenter and Debra Hill
John Carpenter, Director
Charles B. Bloch, Executive Producer

John Carpenter, along with George Romero, has become the American horror cinema's *premier* 'auteur' director. His first film, the short *Bronco Billy*, won him an Oscar. His first feature, *Dark Star*, began as a USC school project and blossomed into a full-length motion picture which eventually brought him the accolades of a small cult contingent. Some years later his next film, the low-budget *Assault on Precinct 13*, was essentially his remake (with updating) of John Wayne's *Rio Bravo*, and a homage to one of his favorite directors, Howard Hawks.

The Fog is Carpenter's follow-up to the incredibly successful *Halloween*, a film which cost $300,000 and grossed more than $50,000,000; the most popular independent feature ever produced. In the new film, an entire town is terrorized by a deadly fog and the murderous spirits it brings along with it. In the tradition of such classic ghost-horror stories as *The Haunting*, the seacoast town of Antonio Bay is struck by mysterious occurences that begin at the stroke of midnight.

The ghosts of sailors betrayed one hundred years earlier by the forefathers of the townspeople return for their vengeance, and a series of gruesome murders begin, much in the fashion of *Halloween*. The only people who realize the terror of The Fog are Stevie Wayne (Adrienne Barbeau), a woman who operates her own radio station from an old lighthouse, and two drifters, Elizabeth (Jamie Lee Curtis) and Nick (Tom Atkins). Eventually, the group is trapped in the church of Father Malone (Hal Holbrook), the priest who holds the key to the mystery.

The Fog is an extremely well-made film. John Carpenter, his producer and co-author Debra Hill, and their small but talented crew prove their ability to take a small budget and create something *more* than just another low-budget horror film. They are all *film-makers* in the truest sense of the word.

Where Carpenter and Hill fail in their vision, however, is in the script itself. While there are many moments of genuine horror and suspense, *logic* at times seems to be missing; that, and a generally lackluster plot downgrade the film. The end result is a weakness; weakness to the point where the audience get mired in the wave of unexplainable events.

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On the plus side, Carpenter gets excellent performances from his actors, and especially from Adrienne Barbeau. Barbeau, who is Carpenter's wife, excels as the lonely radio disc-jockey confronted with the sudden horror. Most effective is a rooftop assault by the knife-wielding ghosts in the spirit of a similar scene atop the Statue of Liberty in Hitchcock's *Saboteur*.

The Fog, despite some flaws, is a horror film one should not miss. And the team of John Carpenter and Debra Hill is one to watch for in the future.

—*Tom Sciacca*

"EFFECTS"

Written and Directed by Dusty Nelson
John Harrison, Executive Producer
Pasquale Buba, Co-Producer

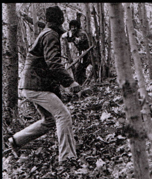
Effects, a low-budget psychological horror story from the Pittsburgh-based Image Works, will shock and disgust you; and because of that, as writer/director Nelson puts it, "You'll love it, or you'll hate it."

Not that *Effects* is a *bad* film; it certainly isn't. In fact, the complexity of its story and the polished look of its photography give no indication that the film was made on a shoe-string $55,000 budget. But *Effects* deals with a sensitive subject which many film-goers will find uncomfortable, to say the least, and its story demands an involvement and concentration on the part of the audience that many will not be used to, or may not be capable of handling.

The film concerns the making of a low-budget horror film, *Something's Wrong,* a story of demonic possession. But it takes on a secondary (and even more horrifying) level of development as we learn that the demented director, Lacey Bickel (John Harrison), has devised a scheme to use hidden cameras in order to capture the *actual* murders of the obscure cast as part of a multi-murder "snuff" film entitled *Duped.* The multi-layered plot, filled with enough twists and turns to confuse all of the players involved (*and* the audience), develops into a complex movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie that is as unnerving as it is confusing, forcing the audience to periodically decide for themselves exactly where reality ends and fantasy begins.

This decision is exemplified in one scene where several characters discuss their reactions to an "actual" snuff film Lacey has shown them; their comments (which range from "That's trash!" to "Let's see it again!" to "Was that for *real*?") are a bizarre parody on the audience reaction to *Effects* itself. But the film promotes no pre-determined attitude toward itself; it consistently invites the audience to make its *own* decisions.

And it is here that the film suffers slightly. In some instances where additional detail would be welcome, such as an earlier hint of exactly who *might* have the upper hand, only the barest information is provided. In other cases, an over-abundance of references to Pittsburgh and a pointless break in the middle of an engrossing chase scene



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through the woods serve as distractions to the "who-dunit" fan trying to piece together the intricate pieces of the puzzle. And this lessens the impact of the "shock" ending. Still, it is a surprise calculated to stun the audience...and *stun* it does.

The cast, predominantly Pittsburgh-area professionals, does an admirable job. The leads in the horror film which forms the framework for the "real" film, Barney (Bernard McKenna) and Rita (Debra Gordon), are convincing "lead" types, and McKenna adds a particular added dimension of intrigue as the emotionally disturbed Barney; as unsure as we are of Lacey, we are even *more* unsure of what to expect next from Barney. Cameraman Dom (Joseph Pilato) is satisfying as the naive protagonist, and lighting director Celeste (Susan Chapek) adds yet another twist as the one character who seems to know what is going on at all times...or so she *thinks!* Tom Savini (as Nicky) and Chuck Hoyes (as Lobo) are perfectly cast as Lacey's crazed henchmen, but Savini's Nicky comes off more like an extension of his "Blades" character from *Dawn of the Dead* than a character unique to this film alone. (Savini also handled the make-up and special effects, as he has done for *Dawn* and *Martin* for George Romero, and they are easily on par with his earlier efforts.)

But it is Harrison who shines as Lacey, the type of character audiences *love* to *hate:* a real coke-snorting bastard. And it is Lacey who has the last laugh: proving that audiences have become so accustomed to realistic-looking special effects that they will pay to see *real murder,* convinced that they are watching "typical movie make-believe." Let's pray to God he's wrong.

—*Bill Wilson*

TOM SAVINI STRIKES AGAIN

Tom Savini, who received critical acclaim for his exceptional make-up and special effects work for George Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* and *Martin,* continues to be one of the busiest cosmetic effects experts in the field. In addition to *Effects,* his intricate work is currently on display in both *Maniac* and *Friday The 13th,* and shown here are but two of the many examples of his macabre work from those films.

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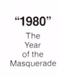
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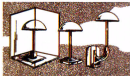

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reflections

"Genesis"

With the beginning of a new decade, we also realize the beginning of a *new* **Questar Magazine;** one that has finally attained the widespread international exposure we have worked so hard for. Within two years, battling all odds, **Questar** has grown from its first issue's limited press run of five thousand copies to its present major circulation which spans the globe. We are proud of this achievement, and I would like to take this opportunity, on this very special occasion, to give you a brief history of **Questar** and our organization.

On December 23, 1977, **The Collectors Guide To Monster Magazines** was born. It, not being accepted by several major book publishers, was entirely produced and published by Dick Zdinak and myself. Within two months, in February of 1978, the first issue of **Questar** came off the presses; the sole effort of Bill Wilson.

Neither Bill nor myself was aware of each other's publication until a mutual friend introduced us on February 15th. And although we became immediate friends, the thought of combining our talents had never really entered our minds.

In March, **The Collectors Guide** produced a second printing. In July, the second issue of **Questar** was beginning distribution.

In feeling that our hometown Pittsburgh should have a major science fiction/fantasy convention for East Coast fans, Bill and I put our heads together and presented **Fantasy Film Celebrity Con '78** in September. The convention proved to be a remarkable critical (if not financial) success, and it was then and there that we decided to form a publishing company and work as a team. One month later, in October, MW Communications became our official name, and the formation of the new company enabled us to move the **Questar** operation from Bill's basement studio to our own offices in January of 1979.

Then, on January 15th, **Questar Science Fiction/Fantasy Adventure Magazine** made its debut. The *difference?* The addition of twenty pages and the inclusion of an abundance of full-color photos. The format and design were altered slightly, and **Questar** soon became accepted as a legitimate *magazine,* dispelling once and for all the *fanzine* association Bill had been fighting since the beginning. The press run dramatically increased for this "premiere" third issue, with enough copies to accomodate a growing network of distributors nationwide.

Circulation increased with each issue from issues three through six, accompanied by a gradual (but dramatic) change for the better in quality. While publishing these issues of **Questar,** MW became the official licensee for the *official* **Dawn of the Dead Poster Book,** releasing the publication in mid-April of 1979. In August, **Questar** proudly became the first to present Caroline Munro as the guest of a United States science fiction convention; this at **Fantasy Film Celebrity Con 2.**

It is now 1980, and **Questar** is at last *the* international science fiction/fantasy publication. We have added yet more color and additional pages, and increased our publishing frequency to six times a year. Our commitment to you is a simple one: to continue to bring you the very best coverage of *all* forms of science fiction, fantasy and horror.

With your support, there's no stopping us now!

—Robert V. Michelucci

NEXT ISSUE:

An in-depth interview with author **Robert Bloch,** Master of the Macabre

The Empire Strikes Back: George Lucas and company have produced a sequel to **Star Wars** which just may rival the original, and our extensive coverage will include a spectacular cover painting by artist George Gaadt

Part Two of our examination of **The Space Shuttle** project and the future of America's entire space program

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