

VECTOR 82

THE CRITICAL JOURNAL OF SCIENCE FICTION

AUGUST 1977

a BSFA 75p
publication 1977

Special
Issue on

STAR
WARS



Michael Moorcock's
**WIZARDRY
& WILD ROMANCE**

1978 Calendar interpreted by Rodney Matthews



The collaboration between Rodney Matthews and Michael Moorcock began in 1976 with illustrations for book jackets—'The End of All Songs,' 'Legends from the End of Time,' 'The Transformation of Miss Mavis Ming.' At the same time, a series of twelve pictures was devised, drawn from earlier Moorcock work.

The first six pictures were published as posters and cards last autumn and received their deserved acclaim.

Rodney then decided that his series could naturally be encompassed in a calendar using the typeface he had already designed for his Moorcock work.

Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978 is printed in full colour on fine artboard at a size of 420 x 428mm. It has a stiff backing board and is smallbound and shrinkwrapped. An added bonus for Moorcock fans is the current bibliography printed at the back.

£3.95

Please send me _____ copies of **Wizardry & Wild Romance 1978**
at a cost of £3.95 each (plus p&pt)

Cheques/PO enclosed for _____

Name _____

Address _____



Published and distributed by **Big O Publishing Ltd.**

219 Eversleigh Road, London SW11 5UJ Telephone 01-228 3302 Telex 914549

In USA, details from Big O Poster, Inc., Box 0786 Charlottesville, VA 22906 Tel: 804 927 4035



VECTOR #2 JULY-AUGUST 1977

EDITOR: CHRISTOPHER FOWLER
72 Keelworth Avenue,
Southcocks,
Reading RG2 3JH
United Kingdom
0735-564800

ADVERTISING: Rates below:
Contact Phil Stephensen-Payne
0734-50355 x 3498 (office)
0855-721446 (home)

VECTOR #1: July/August 1977: The Critical Journal of the British SF Association: Vol 5 no 1. ISSN 0085-0648: Yds. or \$1.25
Free: Cover: *Orlando Lois Orphee* (Cappie Phipps) defends herself against the Imperial attack shown her when she escapes. Number.
from the film *Star Wars*; (Copyright (c) 1977 20th Century-Fox Film Corp. All rights reserved.)
Interior Art: Paul Bullen (2); Arthur Berraf (60, 80); Joe Carter (96-98)

Contents:

Star Wars/	
Steve Davey	
Chris Fowler	
Roger E. Wolf	4
Half-Life/	
Jim Barker	
Chris Evans	11
The Infinity Box/	
John Clute	
Andrew Darlington	
Chris Evans	
Robert Gibson	
Brian Griffin	
Chris Morgan	
Brian Stableford	
Ian Watson	12
British SF: A British View of	
An American View/	
Mark Atland	17
Letters	18
The Bermuda Triangle Mystery/	
Bob Shaw	24

COVER ART BY PHIL STEPHENSEN-PAYNE
© 1977 BY PHIL STEPHENSEN-PAYNE

POSTAL AND OTHER INFO: See back cover

VECTOR is produced by the BSFA Publications Group: VECTOR Editor - Chris Fowler; Business Manager - Phil Stephensen-Payne; Subs/Mailing List - Keith Freeman; MATRIX Editor - Tom Jones; London Representative - David Wingrove; Accounting Advisors to the VECTOR Editor - Terry Corbin and Margaret Ryan; Gaffer - Martin Hatfield. Collation help this issue from Florence Russell, Brian Walkerdine and Sarah Walkerdine.

Printed by Sanderson Design and Print Limited: 18 Portman Road, Reading. Thanks for patience to Ros, Ian, Bob et al.

Special thanks to Bob Jackson for supplying camera-ready copy for pages 24-28 (the Bob Shaw article) from Keys.

This issue is dedicated to the unattainable woman, the impossible dream.

VECTOR is the critical journal of the British Science Fiction Association Limited.

Chairman: Arthur C. Clarke
Vice-Chairman: Tom Jones
Treasurer: Keith Freeman
309 Wykeham Road, Reading.
Membership Secretary: David Wingrove
4 Holmside Court, Rightingale Lane, Balham, London SW12 5JW.
Business Manager: Phil Stephensen-Payne
Oxford OX3 0RL.
Council Members: Arthur C. Clarke (Chairman), Bob Shaw, James White, Les Flood, David Kyle (USA), Christopher Fowler, David Symes, Ian Garbutt, Tom Jones, David Lewis. Phil Stephensen-Payne, David Wingrove, Mervyn Haigh (Company Secretary)

Opinions stated in VECTOR should not be taken to be those of the British Science Fiction Association, its Committee or its Council.

Editorial opinions expressed in VECTOR are entirely those of the Editor, Christopher Fowler.

Opinions expressed by Council or Committee members of the BSFA in VECTOR are personal opinions.

Official views of the BSFA are expressed solely in the sections of MATRIX, the BSFA Newsletter, which are so designated.

Copyright (c) 1977 Christopher Fowler. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO VECTOR

Single issue price: \$1.25 or 75p
Subscriptions: UK: 6 issues for £4.50
USA: 6 issues for \$8.50
12 issues for \$15.00
(air): 6 issues for \$11.50
Institutions: 12 issues for \$19.00

VECTOR is distributed free (along with numerous other publications) to all members of the British SF Association. Membership is £5.00 per year in the UK; \$10 per year in the USA. For further information about the BSFA write to the Membership Secretary, David Wingrove - address above.

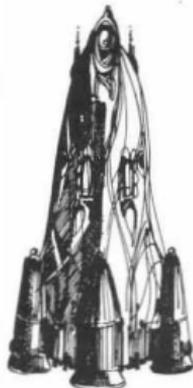
Payment information:

All cheques for VECTOR subs or back number order should be made payable to "VECTOR".
Overseas subscribers please pay by sterling cheque if possible; otherwise, by dollar cheque, or in cash in dollars only.

ADVERTISING RATES FOR VECTOR:

Full-page ad - 600 x 900 mm £80
Half-page ad 400 x 900 mm £40
Small ad 200 x 900 mm 200 x 450

Rates are quoted for camera-ready copy; an additional charge of approximately £8 will be made for any material which requires the use of metal plates. For further information on rates, mechanical specifications, and so on please contact the Business Manager: Phil Stephensen-Payne.



GEORGE LUCAS'S SPACE FANTASY EXAMINED BY:

1. STEVE DINEY: "A MASTERPIECE OF THE GENRE. DO NOT MISS IT."
2. CHRIS FOWLER: "A STUNNING VISION OF THE UNLIMITED FUTURE.."
3. ROGER E. WOLF: "A COMPILATION OF BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON THE FILM AND ITS NAMES"



When I was eight I religiously attended Saturday morning pictures with hundreds of others to be thrilled by the adventures of Flash Gordon. These cheap thirteen part serials were by then twenty years old now still remembered the pomp and circumstance of grand and sticky sides on their seats for fifteen minutes an episode. Today they are getting on for forty years old and still manage to make me set my alarm clocks on a Saturday morning so as not to miss the showings on BBC-TV. My interest in Flash Gordon's Trip To Mars is not completely academic. The charm of these serials comes from the fact that their excitement and thrills were almost completely purified of extraneous paraphernalia like plot, depth of characterization, morality, acting ability, wit, wit of dialogue, significance of sets or technical scope of special effects by the economic exigencies of production. Had they been able to afford any of these luxuries, they would most likely have lost what charm they now have and become dated morality plays, or platforms for primitive technical trickery. Almost all other escapist-based science fiction films have suffered this fate.

George Lucas, the writer and director of Star Wars, the best of the new young SF Flash Gordon. His success in the comic-strip end of the spectrum leads him today to run a New York book-shop specialising in SF ephemera as a sideline to his main career. His idea in making Star Wars was to reconstruct an imaginative piece of escapism, to perpetuate and update the tradition of Flash Gordon and to "provide a playground for fantasy and imagination, for the exercise of vicarious adventure". His total success with this film is due to the avoidance of pretension and the pitfalls listed above. Where Flash Gordon suffered through cheapness, Lucas has been able to afford a superbly glossy look to Star Wars. It cost ten million dollars yet Twentieth Century Fox permitted his sufficient independence to fulfill his original intentions without betraying the essentials of the genre.

The plot of Star Wars is fairly minimal: a rebellion is afoot against the might Galactic Empire, and a motley group of humans and non-humans get drawn into the battle against the repressive Empire's secret weapon, the planet-destroying Death Star. The morality of the struggle is unquestionable, the Empire forces are clearly unsympathetic and bad, and the rebels are heroic, attractive and young, and have no options but to fight to defend themselves. These points are cleverly established in the opening five minutes and thereafter you can sit back and enjoy the action and effects. As a balance for the scenes of adventure and excitement, Lucas has interwoven a series of subtly delineated themes of interpersonal relationship between the main characters. The film has six and a half heroes and two major villains with a multitude of supporting forces. The relationships between the main characters are unemphasised but allowed to develop with a naturalness so that each character emerges with three dimensions. The audience themselves are able to provide the fillings in the sketched characterisations without being bored by redundant screen time. Lucas' mastery of film-making lies in this point. His previous success American Graffiti (1973) had almost no plot, yet captured the relationships between his characters with the same charm and naturalness he has used here.

George Lucas cast his film with the intention of finding actors who already corresponded approximately to the characters he wanted them to play. The old system of writing a film specifically for a certain star, tailored to his capabilities and limitations, has thankfully almost died out now. The main character, Luke Skywalker, apparently based on Lucas' perceptions of himself, was played by Mark Hamill in his big-screen debut. Luke is a young man with ideals whose past has been destroyed and who has freedom of choice about his future. He possesses all the heroic qualities of bravery, honour, fidelity and energy. He also has naïveté and inexperience, but is willing to learn. He becomes the eager apprentice of Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi, played by Sir Alec Guinness

in his first of role, at the age of 62. Kenobi is a world-weary recluse, ex-Jedi Knight of Republican times before the dark ages started, and former comrade of Luke's father. He is a master light-swordman and mystic: a cross between a Samurai warrior and Merlin the magician. Han Solo, played by Harrison Ford, is a veteran space smuggler, cynic and interstellar ne'er-do-well in his early thirties, who becomes their ally when offered money. His assets and guiding forces are a souped-up, clapped-out starship, bravado and overwhelming self-interest. He is prepared to venture where angels fear to tread, shoots first and doesn't bother asking questions. His co-pilot and general assistant is Chewbacca, a Wookiee. Chewbacca, played by Peter Mayhew, who is seven feet two inches tall, is very hairy, basically genial and obedient, but capable of tearing your arms out if you beat him at chess. He will be very popular with all fans of the Muppet Show. The two characters providing most of the comic relief and a great deal of the film's warmth are robots. The same device of giving endearing qualities to machines was successfully used in Douglas Trumbull's Silent Running (1972) and provided the main strength of that film, overcoming the poorly articulated ethics which marred its plot. Star Wars' two prominent robots provide routines reminiscent of Laurel and Hardy whilst remaining crucial to the plot's development. See Threepio (C3PO) is a humanoid robot played by Anthony Daniels, trained as a diplomat with a total recall of hundreds of languages at his disposal. His refinement, elegance, delicacy and nervousness scarcely qualify him for the somewhat glibly involved with the Empire's (Darth Vader) in a small, domineering commander in chief, played when not in uniform by seven foot eight inch Kenny Baker. The bullet-headed doggedness characterised by his shape, his fidelity to his master and invincible determination to carry out his instructions almost prove his and Threepio's undoing.

Each of these characters is involved in the central theme more or less by chance, and their degree of motivation is consequently dependent on their individual characters and ideals. The remaining personalities are full-time professionals and their future careers and ambitions, as well as their lives, are staked on the outcome of the events at issue. The commander of the rebel forces in the field is the beautiful Princess Leia Organa, played by Carrie Fisher. She is a superbly capable revolutionary, possessing enormous courage and dedication. It is nice to see Lucas eschewing the hackneyed sexist device of helpless heroines twisting their ankles to reinforce the machismo of the hero. When the action is at its hottest Leia fights shoulder to shoulder with the men, and uses her brain with as good effect as her laser-blasters, which is more than some of the men do. Her opponent is Grand Moff Tarkin, Governor of the Imperial Outlands region. His role is custom built for Peter Cushing. Tarkin is ambitious, devious, gentlemanly and very sinister. He is ruthless and unscrupulous in his furtherance of the Empire's cause as a means of improving his own interests. His subordinate is one of the best screen villains for years. David Prowse, the gigantic ex-weightlifting champion, plays Lord Darth Vader. Fully encased in bizarre black armour, Vader is also a Knight of the Jedi, but gained his position by treachery. Lacking the code of honour of Ben Kenobi he is a supreme exponent of the fighting skill and supernatural abilities of the order he has deserted. Peter Cushing and David Prowse have worked together on innumerable Hammer horror films and make a formidably evil team. It is perhaps a pity that as a result of the heroic nature of Star Wars and the large number of heroes it contains these two are restricted to a fairly small amount of screen time to perpetrate their villainies. The

interplay of these characters hints at a variety of subplots, which all contribute to the story without slowing it down. The skill to do this so concisely lies at the heart of good space opera.

I have left consideration of the technology used in *Star Wars* until now in order not to over-emphasize it. It has been calculated that in one way or another Special Effects are visible for more than half the film's running time, yet it is a tribute to Lucas' direction and the acting ability on show that the film is not dwarfed by them. The effects are brilliantly used by Lucas to enhance the excitement of the action and to give realism to the sets and backgrounds. The whole look of *Star Wars*, costumes, sets, locations, effects and photography, is however a vital strength of the film. Much of this is based on comic-strip and World War II dog fights, which has been better realized for the screen here than I have ever seen before. Each futuristic getting is intended to look lived in and used; as though the scenes, however fantastic, were actual locations with an existence beyond their use in the story. There is a wealth of alien beings, machines, animals and landscapes that are far better seen than described. A succession of magnificent cameo scenes, such as the rough space-port tavern populated by a staggering variety of alien species, will be familiar to all readers of classic sci yet still take the breath away.

Where *Star Wars* goes far beyond what has been done before is in the model-work and animation of the space-flight sequences. It has been justifiably said that the special effects in *Star Wars* make 2001 look amateurish. The advances of technology since Stanley Kubrick's 2001 (1968) have allowed the use of computer-controlled cameras figuratively to fly and soar with the starships. The carefully choreographed space battles, based on serial movement patterns of World War II dog fights, put you right in the middle of the action rather than grounding you as an observer watching things fly past. The list of technical credits at the end of the film go on for a long time, yet the anonymous army that created this film's amazing and unique appearance deserve all the praise they get.

Twentieth Century Fox are already making colossal profits from this film, an encouraging sign because it will tend to produce a shift away from the disaster and demonic possession trash, of recent years in the cinema, towards of themes to cash in on a large and eager market. There is no reason why a few of the follow-ups *Star Wars* is bound to engender shouldn't approach its quality. It is even possible that if themes on more serious subjects may emerge, although departing too far from broadly-based popular appeal in the subject matter will discourage the financial backing necessary for the gadgets and hardware. *Star Wars*' appeal is broadly based. It is a family film but by no means a children's film. It is perfect for young people of all ages and resembles at times a cross between a roller-coaster ride and a complicated electronic TV game. It is very pleasant to relax and enjoy the exhilaration and adventure without the fear of impending nastiness that so many films like to use these days. By providing far more than the stimulus necessary for a Flash Gordon space opera without losing his way amongst the technology and characterisations, George Lucas has created a masterpiece of the genre. Do not miss it.

Flash Gordon first appeared as a newspaper strip cartoon created by Alex Raymond between 1933 and 1942. The film version of about 15 episodes came to the screen in 1936. The original Flash Gordon is the title role. 1936-42

Flash Gordon directed by Frederick Stephani (1936)
Flash Gordon's Trip to Mars directed by Forde Hovde and Robert Hall (1938)
Flash Gordon directed by The Director directed by Ray Taylor

A film called *Flash Gordon* directed by Bill Oscar came out in 1977. This is a sci film parody of the original. It boasts surprisingly good animation and is very funny, particularly if you have seen the original. The 1977 version shows in close country to eight minutes. And the same was the same on its normal context. Unreleased

Steve Diney is a cinema aficionado and reviewer, living in Bracknell. He lists his favourite director as Federico Fellini. He is periodic adviser to the Reading Film Theatre and has recently taken up film-making.

STAR WARS: A PERSONAL VIEW BY CHRIS FOMLER

Star Wars is a space fantasy adventure film, and like all good fantasies it has a beautiful princess as its heroine. But in Princess Leia Organa, George Lucas has created a heroine with a distinct difference, giving her a winning lead over her competitors: she has guts.

Most heroines of fantasy epic are the kind of women whom I would not cross a busy street to rescue from a puddle, let alone fly off across the galaxy to save from the awesome power of Darth Vader and the Imperial Death Star. Yet, were I Luke Skywalker, called upon to risk all in this romantic mission, I would not only do it, but gladly repeat the adventure a dozen times over. For whereas the usual fantasy heroines faint at the sight of violence, fall over at the hint of a chase and wouldn't know one end of a laser pistol from the other, Princess Leia is the opposite. When we first see her, she is lasering an Imperial Stormtrooper, and even when captured by superior force she resists torture to conceal her secrets. When rescued from her prison cell, and with a gun at her disposal, she proves herself to have as steady a hand and a somewhat better head than her male companions. Leia Organa defies all the sexist stereotypes of (generally male) science fiction and fantasy writers. She's a winner all the way, and as such is one of the great strengths of *Star Wars*.

Writer-director George Lucas undoubtedly knew exactly what he was doing when he created Princess Leia. He says of the beautiful Senator that he wanted someone very strong: "I wanted someone tough because I didn't conceive of the Princess as just a damsel in distress. I wanted her very young, younger than Luke, but I knew that she had to be able to stand up to the bad guys. She's actually in charge of the rebellion. She's gotten caught, but she's fighting. That's why I chose Carrie Fisher."

Although Carrie Fisher's co-star Mark Hamill is full of praise for her: "Carrie's like Carole Lombard. She's beautiful and has the greatest comedy talent of any young actress in the business today" her role was not without its difficulties. Of facing up to the clash between the off-screen charm and the on-screen nastiness of villain Peter Cushing, she says: "I had to say to his lines like, 'I recognise your foul stench', but the man smelled like linen and lavender. I couldn't say that to this nice English man, whom I adored. So I substituted in my mind the one phrase I hate". Judging by her fine performance in *Star Wars*, Ms. Fisher was eminently capable of overcoming such difficulties, despite having made only one previous screen appearance, in *Shampoo*. She manages to convey the mixture of toughness and with which is the essence of the Princess's character with great adroitness. There are some delightful touches of humour - as when she bumps into the huge Wookiee, Chewbacca, whilst hurrying down a corridor and remarks to Luke Skywalker: "Will someone get this animated carpet out of my way?" - which the film has in just the right proportion. Ms. Fisher is particularly adept at the fast line in repartee which the script has provided between herself and Harrison Ford (as Han Solo).

If the characterisation of Princess Leia is a major strength of the film, then George Lucas has achieved another strong point in the casting of the other main characters. In a sense, these are all space opera cliches, from the hard-bitten, cynical space pilot Han Solo to the world-weary fighter-for-justice Ben Kenobi. Yet the script, the direction and the acting all have a nicety of touch which never overplays the characters of their stereotypical idiosyncracies. The characters are sketched by the script, filled in by the aptness of the casting - each of the actors fits the role he/she has been called upon to play - and given depth by the ease with which the audience is able to identify with them. Just as Lucas has chosen well in his casting of Carrie Fisher as the heroine of his fantasy, so he has done equally well with his hero, played by Mark Hamill. A woman friend, shown in a photograph of Hamill, pointed out that although she didn't normally like blonds, she would make an exception in his case. "Yes," she said. "I like him." As with Mark Hamill and the role of Luke Skywalker, so with the others:

* *En passant*, perhaps it is fair to note that my intense admiration for the Princess is not entirely uninfluenced by the fact that I have recently met a woman every bit her courageous equal. If we ever found ourselves in the classic post-disaster situation, I would head in the direction of my friend with the copper-coloured hair: she'd know how to cope a damn sight better than I would...

This lightness of touch, the resolution never to over-
play any of the elements, is what allows the audience to suspend
disbelief and enter into the fantasy world that George Lucas
has created. On the face of it, the plot of Star Wars is
simple and basic enough: it could be readily translated
out of the space opera genre into, for example, the detective
thriller, or any other recognised cinema genre. The hero -
young, idealistic Luke Skywalker - is restless, ready for
adventure. He learns of the danger into which the Princess
Leia has fallen; simultaneously learns of the true nature
of the struggle which is going on in the galaxy between
the forces of the repressive Empire - exemplified by Grand
Moff Tarkin, the Imperial Governor, and his accomplice,
the personification of all evil, the black-masked Darth Vader -
and the Rebels who seek to re-establish the democratic
Republic, led by the Senator-Princess; and to complete the
process, meets the old Jedi Knight, ex-guardian of the
Republic, Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi. These elements come together
not only to provide the mission and the motivation to fulfil
it, but also, via Luke's inherited powers as the son of a
Jedi Knight, the might to achieve it. Armed with the
combined force of his father's light saber and Ben Kenobi's
knowledge and advice, Luke sets off on his mission: first to
rescue the Princess, then the forces of democracy. The
adventure that follows is replete with all the images of
the archetypal space opera: space battles (straight out of
World War II dog-fights), planet-busting weapons, a power-
hungry Imperial Governor, lovable robots, a pirate space
pilot who will do anything for money, and hordes of Imperial
Stormtroopers (a beautiful touch, this: the Stormtroopers,
in their white thermo-plastic armour, are totally anonymous,
as well as almost insect-like, so that when they are lasered
down one can cheer without any feelings of guilt). The
Princess is rescued, of course, and once out of her cell
takes over an equal role with the man. There is a wonderful
climactic battle in which heroes and heroine combine to
destroy the ultimate weapon of the Imperial Death Star.
And, with a display of Hollywood commercial cunning, the
arch-villain Darth Vader is left alive and escaped, so that
there is room for a sequel.

Stated baldly, the story - of a heroic quest to save a
beautiful woman and defeat oppression - hardly seems adequate
for all the superlatives which have been heaped on Star Wars.
It looks very much like the kind of thing which dozens of
science fiction writers have been churning out in Ace Doubles
and Planet Stories serials for the last thirty years. It is
certainly true that Leigh Brackett, for example, was capable
of writing a space opera novel as enjoyable, as thrilling,
as wonderful as Star Wars is a space opera film, back in
the fifties. But it is in the contrast between the written
form of science fiction and its cinematic version that
George Lucas's achievement can be seen in its true light.
A science fiction writer can, if he wishes, describe a space
battle in a few hundred or a few thousand words, and because
the place where the battle is taking place in actuality is
inside the reader's head, he does not have to build the
space-ships or show them wheeling and dodging in conflict
against a stellar back-drop. The cinema, however, is a
medium which has to show us things: thus the science fiction
film maker has to realise his space battle in a visual form.
He has to take those space fighters off the printed page and
put pictures of them up on the screen. And if he wants us to
really enjoy his creation, he has to make the whole thing
look realistic. He has to make us believe that what we are
seeing is a battle between Imperial fighters and Rebels,
and not a lot of little models being manipulated by a
special effects team. In the same way, Frank Herbert can
take us to his alien planet of Arrakis in the (admittedly
skilful) use of words on paper; George Lucas has to show us
Tatooine, Luke Skywalker's desert of a home planet; he
has to show us strange, alien creatures; he has to show us
a band made up of miscellaneous aliens playing in a bar
with as many strange species as one would find in anything
by Van Vogt or "Doc" Smith. It is Lucas's success in
doing this - in realising on the screen what sf readers and
writers have been collaborating to produce inside their own
heads for years - that makes Star Wars such a signal achieve-
ment, not only in science fiction cinema, but in the develop-
ment of cinema as an art-form.

John Dykstra (Special Photographs and Mechanical Effects) and John
Stears (Special Production and Mechanical Effects) have
done superlative jobs, and if there is any justice in the
film world they will pick up the Oscars they so richly
deserve.

Time has referred to Star Wars as "the year's best movie".
When applied to a field of artistic endeavour as diverse
as the cinema, I feel that the term "best" is pretty
well meaningless. But if I cannot for that reason say
that Star Wars is the best movie of the year I can say
this: that Star Wars is the most enjoyable, most truly
wonderful, most unadulterated fun film that I have seen
for a very long time. It is totally unpretentious -
which is a great virtue in an adventure film - and it is
also completely without any of the sick lines in sexual
and perverted exploitation that has made up so many recent
fantasy offerings. Star Wars shows what can be done with
the space fantasy genre when a talented director not only
gets the money he needs to provide first-rate special
effects but also the freedom to cast his film in the
manner he wishes.

With American Graffiti George Lucas created a brilliant
vision of the past of American youth; with Star Wars he
has created a stunning vision of the idealised future of
the cinema. I am sure that the success of Star Wars will
be enough to negate the apprehensions of seeing it. I have
no doubt that Star Wars is going to be delighting audiences
in this country for a long time after its release on
27th December. To this conviction I can only add the hope
that any sequel will be every bit as enjoyable as
Star Wars. If George Lucas is in charge of it, I am sure
that it will be.

STAR WARS - THE BACKGROUND COMPILLED BY ROGER E. WOLF

- Luke Skywalker.....Mark Hamill
- Han Solo.....Harrison Ford
- Princess Leia Organa.....Carrie Fisher
- Grand Moff Tarkin.....Peter Cushing
- Ben (Obi-Wan) Kenobi.....Alec Guinness
- See Threepio (C3PO).....Anthony Daniels
- Artoo-Detoo (R2-D2).....Kenny Baker
- Cheebacca.....Peter Mayhew
- Lord Darth Vader.....David Prowse
- Uncle Owen Lars.....Phil Brown
- Aunt Beru Lars.....Shelagh Fraser
- Chief Jawa.....Jack Purvis

Rebel Forces:

- General Dodonna.....Alex McCrindle
- General Willard.....Eddie Byrne
- Red Leader.....Drewe Henley
- Red Two (Wedge).....Dennis Lawson
- Red Three (Biggs).....Garrick Hagon
- Red Four (John "D").....Jack Klaff
- Red Six (Porkins).....William Hootkins
- Gold Leader.....Angus McInnis
- Gold Two.....Jeremy Sinden
- Gold Five.....Graham Ashley

Imperial Forces:

- General Tagg.....Don Henderson
- General Motti.....Richard Le Parmentier
- Commander L.....Leslie Schofield

Production Staff:

- Written and directed by George Lucas
- Produced by.....Gary Kurtz
- Production Designer.....John Barry
- Director of Photography.....Gilbert Taylor, B.S.C.
- Music by.....John Williams
- Performed by The London
Symphony Orchestra
- Special Photographic
Effects Supervisor.....John Dykstra
- Special Production and
Mechanical Effects
Supervisor.....John Stears

"I had the Star Wars project in mind even before I started shooting American Graffiti, and as soon as I finished I began writing Star Wars, in January, 1973 - eight hours a day, five days a week, from then until March, 1976, when we began shooting. Even then I was busy doing various rewrites in the evenings after the day's work. In fact, I wrote four entirely different screen-plays for Star Wars, searching for just the right ingredients, characters and storyline. It's always been what you might call a good idea in search of a story.

"I wanted to make an action movie - a movie in outer space like Flash Gordon used to be. Ray guns, running around in space-ships, shooting at each other - I knew I wanted to have a big battle in outer space, a sort of dogfight thing. I wanted to make a movie about an old star and a kid and I knew I wanted the old man to be a real old man who has a sort of teacher-student relationship with the kid. I wanted the old man to also be like a warrior. I wanted a princess, too, but I didn't want her to be a passive damsel in distress.

"What finally emerged through the many drafts of the script has obviously been influenced by science fiction and action adventure I've read and seen. And I've seen a lot of it. I'm trying to make a classic sort of genre picture, a classic space fantasy to which all the fans would be reacting together. There are certain traditional aspects of the genre that I'm trying to capture.

The first step after completing the basic script concept was to visualise the new world. George contacted Colin Cantwell who had worked on 2001 to design the initial spacecraft models. Alex Tavoularis started preliminary storyboard sketches of the early scripts. Production illustrator Ralph McQuarrie began to visualise the basic ideas for characters, costumes, props, and scenery. Over a period of time Ralph went from simple sketches and line drawings to a handsome series of production paintings which set a visual tone for the production.

In the meantime, producer Gary Kurtz worked out a budget and logistical plan for the complex job of filming on three continents. For the desert planet, Tatooine, all American, North African and Middle Eastern deserts were researched and explored. In southern Tunisia, on the edge of the Sahara desert, the ideal locations were found: a dry, arid landscape with limitless horizons filled with bizarre but real architecture.

It was decided the interiors would be photographed in London, because of the close proximity to North Africa and also because of the availability of a pool of top technical people at the EMI Elstree Studios, in Borehamwood. It was the only studio in England or America that could provide nine large stages simultaneously and allow the company complete freedom to handpick its own personnel.

The script called for a large number of miniature and optical effects. In June of 1975, George Lucas and Gary Kurtz contacted John Dykstra with regard to his supervising the photographic special effects. No commercial facility had the equipment or the time to accomplish what Star Wars required, so John Dykstra worked out the plans for a complete in-house effects shop. Appropriately named "Industrial Light & Magic Corporation", the shop was set up in a warehouse in the San Fernando Valley.

From the beginning, ILM conceived the 350 separate special effects shots in the film. At the same time, the camera and special effects are visible for half the running time of the film. The various departments of ILM included a carpentry shop and a machine shop, which had to build or modify the special camera, editing, animating and projecting equipment required by the special effects. A horizontal 35 mm double frame format was utilised on all the special effects filming in order to get a larger negative that could sustain the quality of the images filmed in live action. A model shop was built to execute the prototype models of the various land and space vehicles.

Other departments were optical printing for putting layers of film together, a rotoscope department, which provided matte work and also generated original images to be used in explosion enhancement. The electronics shop devised special cameras for a self-contained camera and motion control system. There was also a film control department for overseeing the filming

The finished film was shot on 35mm film. The film is measured in frames, the special effects are 3000, which appear positively pedestrian by comparison. For space scenes, Kubrick used composite opticals: one part of a scene, say, a spaceship, was put on film, with the background blacked out. Then the spaceship was covered, the film was again run through the camera, and another part of the scene was put in - for example, a moon behind the space-ship. This multiple exposure process was enormously expensive and time-consuming, as well as being limited in what could be achieved.

Ten years on from 2001, George Lucas and John Dykstra had the advances of such advanced computer technology. By linking the camera they used to a computer, they were able to record in the computer memory each shot. By reference to this record they were able to add new elements to their scenes much more quickly and easily than Kubrick had been able to. Dykstra is quoted in Time as saying: "We have space-ships crossing over planets all the time, and Kubrick never did. His ships are almost invariably linear and can be seen only from one angle. Ours are seen in all conditions and from all angles". In comparison to the 363 different effects in Star Wars, 2001 had only 34. Yet whereas 2001 cost \$10 million to make Star Wars, despite the inflation which has considerable reduced the value of money in the intervening ten years, cost only \$9.5 million.

The special effects crew also cannibalised over 300 model kits and collected parts from old tanks and World War II planes. As they were seen if one bothers to look closely at the final results, all these bits and pieces were roughened up to give them a patina of age and make them look used.

Instead of the shiny, new-looking architecture and rockets normally associated with sf movies, the sets and props for Star Wars, like the materials used for models, were designed to look used and inhabited. John Barry commented: "George wants to make it look like it's been shot on location".

The life boats were made of a metal mesh, as far as the life boats were concerned (2001) and the life boats were made of a metal mesh, as far as the life boats were concerned. The life boats were made of a metal mesh, as far as the life boats were concerned. The life boats were made of a metal mesh, as far as the life boats were concerned. The life boats were made of a metal mesh, as far as the life boats were concerned.

George Lucas began a three-month period of casting the unusual roles in November, 1975. He, casting with the same approach as he used in American Graffiti, chose new, fresh talent for three of the five major roles. In the other two, he cast British veterans Alec Guinness and Peter Cushing.

When asked what drew him to the actors he chose to portray the characters in Star Wars, Lucas said: "They're good actors and they're more or less by nature like the characters in the story. The important thing about a movie like Star Wars is that it is believable to an audience and that they identify with the characters. And these actors, because of who they are, bring believability to the situations".

In March, 1976 a film production unit and cast descended on Tozeur, a sleepy little oasis town in Southern Tunisia, where North Africa and Arabia meet and the Sahara Desert begins. The construction crew worked for eight weeks to turn the desert and towns into another planet. Filming began on the salt lake of the Chott el Djerid not too far from Tozeur. Other locations included the Tunisian desert a few miles outside Nefta and the rocky grandeur of a great volcanic canyon outside Tozeur.

The film was shot on 35mm film. The film is measured in frames, the special effects are 3000, which appear positively pedestrian by comparison. For space scenes, Kubrick used composite opticals: one part of a scene, say, a spaceship, was put on film, with the background blacked out. Then the spaceship was covered, the film was again run through the camera, and another part of the scene was put in - for example, a moon behind the space-ship. This multiple exposure process was enormously expensive and time-consuming, as well as being limited in what could be achieved.

SCIENCE FICTION BOOKSHOP



40 WESTCROSS CAUSEWAY EDINBURGH TEL-031-667-0426
FANTASTIC SELECTION OF BOOKS AND COMICS
AVAILABLE THROUGH MAIL ORDER...
...WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

GRAHAM.P.MANLEY '77.

THIS IS A LOUSY, CON, HACK!
NO-ONE'S ASKED ME FOR
MY AUTOGRAPH YET!!

HEARD ANY GOOD JOKES, LATELY?

WHY IS THE STARSHIP
ENTERPRISE LIKE A
TOILET ROLL?!



I DON'T KNOW...

BECAUSE THEY'RE BOTH
GOOD AT WIPING OUT
KLINGONS!!

I'M NOTED FOR MY SOPHISTICATED
STYLE OF HUMOUR!



HALFLIFE

The life & times of
ELMER T. HACK

THIS MORNING I HAD A
LETTER FROM MY FAN-CLUB
SECRETARY

HE SAYS I'M THE
GREATEST WRITER
IN THE WORLD

HE SAYS I MAKE
ISAAC ASIMOV LOOK
LIKE ENID BLYTON

NOID
NOID

HE'S READ EVERYTHING I'VE WRITTEN--
64 NOVELS AND 427 SHORT STORIES

OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T KNOW
ABOUT THE POEM I DID UNDER
A PSEUDONYM

I WOULDN'T WANT A KID OF
THIRTEEN READING
THAT STUFF!



WORDS: JAMES GAINES
ART: JIM BARRAGE

to avoid contact with iron. And for me, what seemed an unexplored corner in this fantasy-adventure story was a certain level of ideological depth. Apart from pagan fortitude the Christian virtues also get a look-in, and the Prince of Darkness hints at the many-decked truth. Also there is a feeling that mortals have a certain respect for the gods. "Better a life like a falling star, bright across the dark, than a deathlessness that can be sought," says the poet. The Christianism is portrayed as being in one sense territorial and in another sense ubiquitous; and also in one sense paradoxical. It had been further explored, the book would have been even better.

THREE HEARTS AND THREE LIONS by Paul Anderson; Sphere; London; 1977; 65p; 156 pp; ISBN 0-7221-1148-3

Reviewed by Robert Gibson

Given a large enough number of universes, one of them is bound to fit any pattern. Holger Danske belongs to two universes, one of them our own, the other more distant and both arriving at a simultaneous climax in the endless struggle between law and chaos. Over here, Holger fights Naga, over there, the King. This Morgan le Fay. This book is likely to be enjoyed by those who aren't expecting another like it, but who do not mind a little of the magnificent, and more humorous. Holger tried to win through to the other side and he never could stand static light; lycanthropy is inherited as a set of recessive genes, and in a world at war a giant he asks: "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

BRITISH SF: A BRITISH VIEW OF AN AMERICAN GENRE

by MARK ADLARD

Xy Charvin invited me some time ago to write about what I had called the "Other Tradition" of SF for his own magazine. I wasn't able to write that but now that he has asked me to discuss these shores I can't escape commenting on what he says.

The way I see it is this. There has been a European tradition in the writing of speculative fiction since the late 19th century. This tradition acquired renewed vigour (and some of the most brilliant literary criticism) in the early of the 19th Century, in response to a variety of new pressures which could be discussed at great length. I summarise these briefly as a belated reaction to the Industrial Revolution (which had been virtually ignored by the great novelists) and to the impact of H.G. Wells. This was from about the 1890s the American magazines took it up with such energy that it transformed it into recognisable genre. From that time speculative fiction has been primarily American, so much so that new British writers wrote primarily for the American magazines and a number of them (like British sci-fi singers) felt obliged to imitate the American idiom.

The possible reasons why American readers and writers should seize upon this kind of fiction so avidly are an interesting guide to the nature of the genre. I would put up the following:

(1) The shortness of American history has meant that Americans find it easier to shrug off the past and embrace the new. There are mountains of evidence for this statement in the sociological studies of American business managers, but disregard for the past is more general than that. Henry Ford is the best example. "This (History is bunk)" but I prefer to call it "The American Dream". The American dream is the concomitant is an inevitable lack of the Historical sense. There are mountains of evidence for this, but I'll give you just another quotation from an American. Edmund Wilson, in a consolatory letter to Scott Fitzgerald, explained that he would take time for artists to have any effect on a commercial society that had "only one layer of 18th Century civilization".

(2) The Americans place a much higher value on technology and innovation. Once again, there is ample evidence for this statement in the development of American business, and the other side of the higher value is that there has been here. The Americans place a higher value on technical education. A higher proportion of their general population, and of their writers who received some kind of technical education. And the Americans have a higher value on their own language in the kind of writing that is actually called nuts and bolts of.

(3) I have the impression that a disproportionately large number of Americans of writers were bred and second generation immigrants, and they were conscious of a lost ancestral culture. They were severed from their native culture, and put in an environment which itself without any long established culture. It seems likely that the new sub-culture of SF might be just the thing they were looking for: a homey sub-cultural analogue to Bartholdi's 'The Statue of Liberty' and the obviousness of "Aliens" must have made an appeal at some level.

Neither does he exploit more than a fraction of the potential of his characters, and the result is that, of the humanisation and immobilisation of aliens by women.

Finally, here are two further reasons for not reading the book:

1) The lack of good storytelling (after the first few chapters), and the lack of human interest (it is difficult to care a damn what happens to any of the characters), and the bewildering presentation of a complex plot (van Vogt ought to take lessons from Philip K. Dick), ensure that there is nothing left to distract the reader's mind from the fact that the writing is often atrocious: "Several hard-to-see men" (page 59); "This, alas, falsehood" (page 72); "The scores which her eyes, figuratively, devourers" (page 135).

2) The extraordinary is not made to seem real. The global First Contact is allotted a mere 0 one-and-a-third page of unconvincing narrative.

THE ICE SMOOKER by Michael Moorcock; Sphere; London, 1977 (originally 1969); 65p; 156 pp; ISBN 0-7221-1152-5

Reviewed by Robert Gibson

In order to come up to expectations a novel of ice should be icy: this one is icy enough, but the narrative is clear and bleak, and fairly passionate. Emotions are described vividly enough, but sparsely and objectively. Many of the characters loom forward to an icy god, Mörten Mirvaka in balls of ice where the ice Mother holds court. Their misery, based in eight ice-left-cities on the Mattia Ground, is descended from Antarctic survivors of a nuclear war who have adapted for survival in a world whose air-line has gone haywire, and by now all of them love the ice, whether they are traditional or not. It is hard to believe that the ice is waxing or that it is waning. Both Konrad Arlfane, the central character, and his optical acquaintances are receding into the land of green things sprouting out of naked warm earth. But there is hope to be faced: the climate is getting gradually warmer, and the land-where the ice lives, the economy depends are scudding away southwards, with the ice-people who have been taken to the Antarticans, their livelihood is being undermined by Arlfane with ancient scientific knowledge. It is in the setting that the novel reveals to Konrad Arlfane the location of New York, legendary home of the Ice Mother, where rescuing answers might be found. The hopes of the voyagers are unlikely to be shared by the reader, and for me the key note of the book is fatality: this, although it is well-written and imaginative, I do not think I shall want to re-read it.

THE BURNING SWORN by Paul Anderson; Sphere; 1977; 65p; 204 pp; ISBN 0-7221-1150-2

Reviewed by Robert Gibson

Perhaps Paul Anderson was born 1,000 years too early, he might have made a good wizard. The countryside and weather are described with serene beauty, more so than the inhabitants of Faerie. The wizard, but later the sword, is the key to save elvish Alfhelm from the trolls, who are friendly in the distance, the ice-giants who are the climatic force of the novel, and the sword as a naming-gift to Scalfio, a human child fostered by the elves, for, unlike the Anisir of the elves, the man stands a chance of persuading Bolwerk the Jotun to make Tyring his slave. But after a long time of saving Alfhelm, Scalfio must not be allowed to keep the sword, lest his further exploits ruin the Jotun for Ragnarok.

Thus Scalfio is a man of higher powers. Both elves and trolls, and their respective allies, are anxious to avoid this fate, and for the most part of the book they manage, without fighting bitterly amongst themselves, to keep Anisir and Jotun hovering in the background of the Tyring. Another three or four chapters in order of things is the "new white god". With so much Fate around, it is not surprising that even the villains have their special moments, especially Valgard, the changeling who is tormented by his own knowledge that he is merely the soulless shadow of Scalfio.

The various Powers and characters, and their interweaving with the human world, are diverse and interesting, garnished with circumstantial detail such as the leather worn by the trolls

(4) This point overlaps with the previous one. I also have the impression that a disproportionately high proportion of Americans of writers are bred and second generation immigrants, and they were conscious of a lost ancestral culture. They were severed from their native culture, and put in an environment which itself without any long established culture. It seems likely that the new sub-culture of SF might be just the thing they were looking for: a homey sub-cultural analogue to Bartholdi's 'The Statue of Liberty' and the obviousness of "Aliens" must have made an appeal at some level.

is in a distinguished, distinguished, distinguished.

of within the main literary tradition. The writer uses of techniques cross time to time (like C. S. Lewis) or all the time (like Staple because he has decided that such techniques will help him to say what he wants to say. If you don't understand that then you come up with meaningless assertions that Orwell didn't write of because he was really interested in politics, or some such.

I don't suppose anybody, except perhaps for a few of the very young, need to be reminded that that comes from a famous essay by T. S. Eliot. Eliot expresses an ideal which is attained by few, if any, but more to the point it would be difficult to find a statement of purpose that is further removed from the aspirations of a writer in the Genre Tradition (Orwell) influencing each other. This is precisely one of my main contentions.

Within the Genre Tradition there is evidence of direct and personal influence on every hand. Even if we don't know who would guess that the writers know each other, write to each other, marry each other's husbands and wives and so on. They pool their ideas and techniques, as it were. The writers of the Other Tradition didn't influence each other in this individual way, because they were influenced by something much more substantial than a generation of individual talents. You have only to read, say a page of Asimov and a page of Lewis to discover the difference. The answer is in the texture of the prose. If you can't see it then you can't see it.

I can't say much about New Worlds. A good deal of it was just silly: the kind of thing that should have been thrown away with undergraduate jokes. I stopped reading it when it published a computer print-out from a moon landing game in short story. But at least some of the writers knew that the universe wasn't invented in 1926.

First, if I didn't mention the short story and the novel as typifying the Genre and the Other Traditions respectively, it wasn't because I was unaware of it. In fact the short story continues to be the basic genre form. Most of the genre novels are essentially expanded short stories, and some of them, and even when they are written as novels from the outset they usually lack the unitary structure of true novels.

definitely an introvert. I read a lot. I had only a few dates. I felt inferior and awkward. Some years later, a girl told me that many girls would have been glad to date me then. For I was an athlete, tall, not ill-favored. This came as a surprise to me, but even if I'd known it then, I probably wouldn't have done anything about it. I didn't drink, smoke had a ridiculous conception of the purity of most girls at the time, and I was a student in a "dirty" world. I didn't believe in Christianity or any religion by that time. I couldn't stand religion's "messy". I think that's why and perfunctory!

The type of statements that Farmer made as well as his interview are frightfully unfair as he is being inaccurate, because people frequently read them and never reply or they use them for their own purposes. This happened when P. Schulzer Miller reviewed the review of the *Levinists* in *PM* and claimed that there were "errors" in the G. Wells article. My reply appeared some months later pointing out that they were not errors, and he responded incredulous at these new discoveries he had not been aware of. Jim Blinn kept quoting that review for years to show that there were "errors" in the book and Jack Williamson picked it up. They would not say that the errors were, but every time the book was listed the statement would be appended that "it has errors".

Phil Stephenson-Payne, Kingston, 1 Lowell Avenue, Old Kingston, Ontario, Canada

VECTOR was another nice glossy issue. I couldn't see much connection between the cover and it, nor was it up to the standard of the last two issues. The article in *Levin* was obviously not had other merits but it was glossy and eye-catching, which is half the point. Whatever it was, it was not, VECTOR, and certainly looks impressive these days.

Nor are the contents of a much lower standard. Dave leads off with a very good analysis of the futuristic trilogy and then goes on to must confess that I had not thought of the approach before. I had always taken "children's book" as the value of a book, but children would enjoy, rather than as a book that we should advise children to read. By these standards, most Tolkien's writing could be regarded as children's, though he always objected to the appellation. One point I feel Dave omitted is an evaluation of how much the book would be enjoyed by the children, and why. He analyzes very well why children should read it, but not why they would also enjoy it. A small quibble, only, however, on a very competent and enjoyable piece.

Harris Ricketts' piece I thought somewhat less competent. It contained a good plot summary of the books, some interesting quotations (though I'm sure Jim Goddard said 4004 BC for the creation, not AD - Ricketts' quite a difference). To quote Mr. Ricketts himself, his treatment was a good basic one, but "James Blinn's talent is too subtle for that" there is a vast amount in this series that Blinn took a lot of effort over, and which Mr. Ricketts ignores. As shame, it was a good start.

I've less happy was I with Brian Griffin's article, which felt like an unhappy amalgam of reviews of *Frankenstein Unbound* and of *The Survival of Man*. It is quite possible that there is something to his thesis - that Aldiss to some degree refutes the thesis that Robinson puts forward. Unfortunately, he nowhere makes this point successfully, or even comes close. Instead the piece waltzes along in a most unnecessary mass of irrelevant and sentimental. OK, so Griffin doesn't like Leavis, but there are better places to complain than in VECTOR. I don't after all Leavis has nothing to do with it, and I imagine a large number of VECTOR readers will have never heard of him, and most of those who have will have little idea of what Griffin means by "Lit Crit (Leavis-style)" idea that it is a "ramp control" device. It appears when "de-Christianized", horrible though it is, it really what it is and some interesting comment (I am no lover of NIB, but its style is hardly dedicated - I have come to my garden, my sister and bride, and have plucked my pyrrh

Presumably your composition went wrong, or something, but an interview starting on page 22 and continuing on page 23 is ludicrous. Still I imagine you'll get a lot of flak on it, so I'll leave off for now. The interview itself is very interesting, and Dave Stringle proved himself a competent interviewer in this context. Of all the features in VECTOR that are not surprising if reviewed, interviews would come at the top of the list.

((Remind me to take you aside some time, Phil, and explain why errors of lay-out occur when tired and inadequately experienced editors make up an interview page next up magazines at four in the morning. - Ed))

So to book reviews, and again John Clute seems to have lost that magic sparkle. (Whatever happened to the review of *The Disintegrating Party* by the way? was looking forward to that.)

((We are having a slight technical difficulty on the review of John Clute's first novel, Phil. But patience, it is coming... isn't it Dave? - Ed))

His plot summary of *Shakespeare's Planet* left me rolling in the aisle in laughter and dying to read copy, and then he finishes with a confused last paragraph that seems to praise and condemn the book at the same time. I was left with no clear impression of his final feelings on it. His lazier review was better, though I felt he could have improved somewhat on the disorganized last paragraph, but with *Pleasura* he again stumbles, spending far too long plot-summarizing the book. In my own admission, it is not very good. (Although his concluding comment on the failure of the book "I guess this" was marvellously apt, but I don't think straight book-reviewing is really Clute's forte, how about an article from him?

Brian Stableford gets off to a good start, with a very competent review of *Levin* and the Small Press whatahils but, I felt, skimmed somewhat on the *Heater* review. Admittedly I have compared the book at the same time, as he suggests) have appeared in other *Heater* collections, and two of the remaining three have appeared in paperback recently, but I think it will deserve rather better than the couple of inches it got.

Conversely, Doug Barbour seems to have inogorhoza of the worst kind - viz. rambling plot summaries. Neither of the reviews really says much about the book being reviewed, other than its plotline, and I couldn't even see any reason for the first appearing in VECTOR - a poor review of a, reputedly, bad book.

Griffin's might have been a good review. I don't know, he lost me in the first couple of paragraphs and I had not the enthusiasm to persevere and work out what he was really saying.

Chris Morgan starts out competently enough, but, again, what was the point of putting the first three reviews in VECTOR? The Simak and Williamson were lousy books, and the *NSP* was very much the mixture as before. The other two reviews were far better, and of better books, though I felt that Chris had somewhat of a tendency to glibness here. The first paragraph of the Tucker review was really unnecessary, and the vague plot summary of the *Levinist* rather wasted (as Chris points out, the book has no real plot, and this summary would only frustrate those who know the series and mean nothing to those who don't). I felt he over-rated the *Levinist* somewhat. I too found it "impossible to put down" (after 50 pages, anyway - they took me 21 months to read!) but did not agree it was "intelligible on its own". The whole book is a mess, and I think it was a definite clarification of the political situation in Amber and it would be meaningless and, even worse, boring to someone not knowing the other two books.

Nike Dickinson's *Vasec* reviews were interesting and certainly competent enough. Finally (for now) I thought Dave *Vigotrov* was a bit long on *Chalkline*. I admit to have in feeling that the book was not up to Cooney's standard (see my review) but I don't think it should not be taking up space in VECTOR seeing as it has already been reviewed there once (Tom Jones, VECTOR 72). I felt that Dave said an awful

(Continued by the
Small Press Editor)

As might be expected, a lot of response to read *Wingrove's* article. Jolly good. But to read Richard Smith de-fending *Huon* and then a column later to read *Andrew Muir* doing exactly the same, with just about the same points, makes me feel that perhaps the editorial pencil should have been wielded a little more. Now Malcolm on *Elwood* was vaguely interesting, though I find myself annoyed to comment. Tony Richards I have corresponded with separately, and Doug Barbour's comments are so out of date (VECTOR 78 was six months ago!) that any feelings I might have had on the issue are long gone.

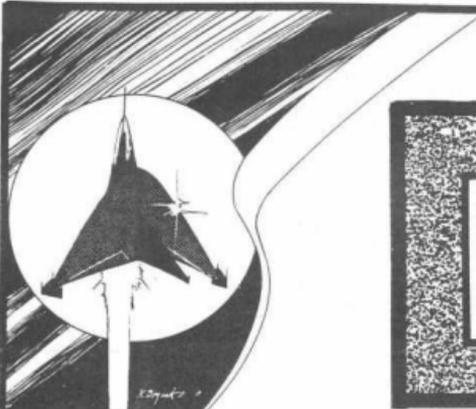
On the whole a little disappointing for a letter column. More on the letters is NIBX3 later, but I reckon a little tightening up of the

Brian Stableford's "Icaromorphosis" article was quite interesting - particularly as Chris Morgan has been enthusing to me recently on the "Today and Tomorrow" series. I thought his thesis went a little ragged at the predictions, though, I agree that pulp and mainstream of will probably flourish, but I don't see any danger of the middle decaying. Analog is still the only magazine in the field that is going strong, and the majority of the "respected" authors are still quite definitely within the middle section. Still, never mind, an amusing article.

Which is more than could be said for *Chyauvis's* piece, which I felt was ramblingly inconclusive. I gave a lot, saying nothing. A better article could be made out of the single thesis that American is in more subject to dogma machine than British is (compare, for instance, Heinlein's *Time Enough For Love* and Cooper's *Red Hooded Men* which were roughly contemporary) - a point *Chyauvis* doesn't even allude to.

And so, finally, to layout and repro. The print was nice and clear, and the layout straight and clear - though the relatively high incidence of typos became very irritating after a while. (I know you're under pressure, Chris - I mention it only because, with the best will in the world, I still find it detracts from my enjoyment of VECTOR.) Artwork in general was fairly good, although I thought the outside covers rather substandard, and the inside back cover abysmally poor (I wonder who did it?). Mind you, now for the shock. I thought the filler on page 28 by Judy Latson was superb. Obviously the girl can draw, the only question left is why doesn't she?

(Patently, Phil we are destined to disagree about many things - but least of these the quality of Judy Watson's artwork. I think she is an exceptionally fine artist - not to mention very fine person - and so long as I hunch in the editorial chair her art work will grace these pages. - Ed)



The sf magazine that doesn't pull any punches

QUOTES ABOUT *Thrust*:

"*Thrust* is one of the most interesting publications I've seen recently" - Pamela Sargent

"...one of the most handsome fanzines produced today" - Tom Monteleone

"Ted White (is) one of the most interesting people in the science fiction community" - Dick Lupoff

"...you have gotten the desired effect from me" - Andy Porter

"Chris Lampton's column is fascinating" - Greg Benford

"Excellent interview with Harlan Ellison.. Fascinating reading" - Dick Geis

"Before long you'll be competing directly with *SF* and *Algo!* for readership" - Darrell Schweitzer

QUOTES FROM *Thrust*:

"I didn't break his pelvis, I punched his jaw. I broke his jaw" - Harlan Ellison

"Roger Elwood ... edits and sells at antiquarian like a determined pimp" - Doug Pratt

"I'm rather hurt at the way (Andy Porter) threw me out of *Algo!*" - Ted White

"They assassinate Asimov and Anderson, would Williamson, murder McCaffrey and violate van Vogt" - Doug Pratt

"The story handling the subject of incest, which is . . . repugnant" - Linda Isaacs

"A dull, boring book that reads like a poor translation of an obscure Japanese fantasy story" - Doug Pratt

Subscription Rates:

Single copy	\$1.25 (USA)	\$1.50 (foreign)
Four issues	\$4.00 (USA)	\$6.00 (foreign)

All rates for surface mail

Order from:

Thrust Publications,
P.O. Box 746,
Adelphi,
MD 20783, USA

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN

COMICS & ROMIX
POSTERS & PRINTS
CARDS & NOTEBOARDS
ROCK BOOKS

SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY MIND GAMES
ALTERNATIVE MEDICINE & TECHNOLOGY
ART NOUVEAU & DECO
INCENSE

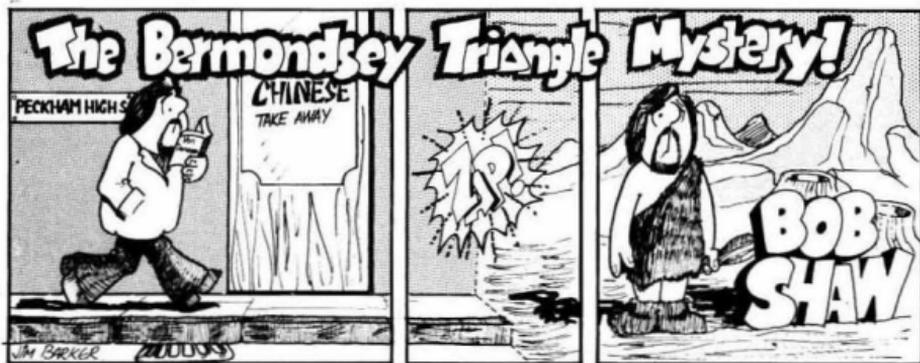


WE HAVE THEM
& THE LARGEST SELECTION
OF SCIENCE FICTION
IN THE WORLD



DARK THEY WERE AND GOLDEN EYES

9-12 ST. ANNE'S COURT LONDON NW1 7RL TEL 01 734 4260



Perhaps if I don't seem my usual robust self today, I won't mind a few more parties last night, bring it up — see! I'm trying to live it down. Actually, the night started to go a bit wrong when I found myself at a commemorative room party, which wasn't quite what I had planned on. I'm not saying the host was unkind — but that was the Great coincidence party I'd ever been to where I was expected to buy Tupperware.

I got out of there in a hurry, because we've got all the Tupperware we need in house. On the bridge, the party all the neighbors, are filled with Tupperware. There's no room for food — just three trays and bags of plastic boxes which break your soul when you try to open the lids. When I die I'm going to be put away in a Tupperware coffin — I think I ordered it last night — and the worms just won't be able to get near me. When these space-bugs land on the deserted Earth in a few thousand years from now and start looking around for a human being to revere — I'll probably be (much as I enjoy it) there. The only trouble is, the alien super-beings probably won't be able to get my lid off...

Anyway, by the time I got to a proper room-party I hadn't had a drink for about half an hour, and you know how I go with booze — a long period of abstinence like that really whets your appetite for it. I think I may possibly have imbued a little too much, because this morning I had a bad headache, and there was no Alka-Seltzer or aspirin. Luckily, one of the waitresses was kind enough to slip out and get me some pain-killers they make in a little shop just around the corner from here — it's a local anesthetic — one that enabled me to come here as planned to tell you all about the Bermondsey triangle mystery.

Now, to me, one of the most fascinating and sinister things about the Bermondsey triangle mystery is that nobody has ever heard of it!

I mean, practically everybody has heard about the old Bermondsey triangle mystery, and it's even got to the point of popularity where the mystery is self-perpetuating. Did you know that the last three ships to disappear in the Bermondsey triangle were carrying cargoes of boats about the Bermondsey triangle mystery? There's so much demand for them in that area that whole fleets loaded up with the boats are chartered about all over the Caribbean, running into each other, getting stuck, and adding to the legend. There's talked about all over the seaboard and most wouldn't me in that pulp paper is lovely absorbent. One of these days we're going to have a loud clapping noise — and the Caribbean will disappear! And Casino will become it on the CIA...

There's even a new TV series about the Bermondsey triangle — called *The Fantastic Journey* — which combines the scientific authenticity of *Space: 1999* with the gripping story quality of *Lost at Sea* — a real to doer. I mustn't start being obsessive about *Space: 1999* again, though — last time I did that I offended the show's regular viewers, and they both wrote me out about it. And I think one of them had even gone to the expense of buying a new cryostat! Because of *The Fantastic Journey* reminds me that one of my problems with the show is that, after all those *Planet of the Apes* programmes, I can't bear to look directly at Roddy McDowall any more. All I see is Galen... silence! It's hard to think of anything more revolting.

But I was talking about the self-perpetuating nature of the

Bermondsey triangle mystery, a process which I find interesting. A vaguely parallel case has occurred up in the Lake District, where I live. There's a local confectionery called *Kendal* which sells cake wafers, for some reason, is always brought along by clubbers who are lacking energy. The confectioners set great store by this, put on the wafers wrappers always has the trademark *Mountbatten* expeditions of the last fifty years which emphasized mountaineering on difficult peaks by using *Kendal* milk cake wafers. What they carelessly don't mention is the fact of the *Bermont Everest expedition of 1956*, which was great gory on the north face, and by now... but by an avalanche of discarded *Kendal* milk cake wafers.

This shows the dangers of being a litter lout. It really is advisable to go around throwing down old tin tins and god-awful plastic wrappers — except, of course, on the Coastline, where they have a much better class of litter. One of the things that appealed to my *BOB SHAW* on my first trip across the Channel — it was on a day trip to Calais — was that even the garbage was so French.

But this is getting away from the Bermondsey triangle mystery, which is my main subject today. What is the Bermondsey triangle mystery? You must be asking yourselves. If you aren't, I've been wasting my time on here throwing our three remaining hints, *plucking Bob-bods*. There's something that strikes me, you know. They go around plucking them-bods. Other people pluck eels, others pluck fish-bods. It's really stupid — because you should eat them from fish-bods. I think the worms come along and eat them, especially if they're worms like the ones I've got in my garden. The soil in my garden is so poor that the worms go around in gangs sucking birds. One of them savaged the postman last week!

I know, I know! This is getting away from the subject of the Bermondsey triangle mystery, as well. In fact, some of you are saying I can't get away from the subject of the Bermondsey triangle mystery when I haven't even got near it. Some of you may even be entertaining doubts that there is a Bermondsey triangle mystery.

Well, let me tell you... There's another funny thing —





health, who operates from the southeast of tall buildings in central Brighton — thus forcing people to wear umbrellas at all times of the year — has not been apprehended at the time of writing. But the local police are confident he will be taken care by 1979. There is some doubt about which bars he will equally be found, but a show watch as being kept at all licensed premises to the zero. A new show about his identity has come from a tip-off that he is an East German who defected over the Berlin Wall. 'That is a superman feat, considering the height of the wall,' said a spokesman for the Brighton police, 'and shows the valour of the man we're up against.'

That's getting away from the Bermoodan, tramping again, but I thought you deserved the break — after all, some of you live down the only farm. I was saying that I was at a loss about who to turn to for help in writing out this mystery, then I thought of the perfect man for the job... that great German-club writer, popular and scientific researcher — Van Deenan!

I had trouble finding Van Deenan, because he moves around a bit — even the sets of books he writes he finds it difficult to list his various clubs — the Playtag Club, Foyle's Book Club, the Millfield Club's on-train club but he wasn't any of those places. I was getting desperate when I remembered reading that you have only to stand in Piccadilly Circus long enough and you will eventually meet everybody in the world. This seemed a good logical approach, so I went and stood there and, sure enough, I did meet people from all parts of the globe, and some from the One Van as well.

Picked by Circus really lived up to its reputation, because one of the first people I met was a genuine Bolivian Indian! He told me he was in England to research a science fiction novel he was writing about the Wason. Then I was approached and propositioned by a lady of the town, but when she pulled out her BSA badge she made an escape and left. I have often since wondered what she thought BSA meant, but she probably figured out that the BS stood for Bob Wason, but the mind boggles at what she might have made of the rest. The next person to come along was Ian Wason, who told me to stop a bit worried by a new detestation he had about being followed everywhere by a Bolivian Indian.

And finally just as the formidable laws of probability could be worked, along came Van Deenan. To those of you who don't understand the mathematics of chance this might seem as unlikely coincidence, but probability math is a wonderful thing. For instance, if two people meet each other in a large department store the laws of probability say there's no guarantee they'll ever meet up again unless one of them stands still! When you think of it, this is not a very helpful statement. In fact, it makes the poor old person's dilemma even worse — perhaps now he doesn't even know if he should start searching around or just stand there. And if you stand around too long some other assistant will come along and start bothering you. This could be quite good for you, except that that means a start by detaching your arms and legs.

Anyway, I was talking about me, speaking with Van Deenan. Strongly enough, he didn't seem all that pleased to see me. He was hovering just with a distant expression on his face when I stepped out of a shop door and grabbed him by the lapels of his raincoat. He stared at me... and he looked for a while... Oh — he said, "Are you following me?"

"Certainly not," I said.

"Think God for this," he said, "I must be losing my mind — I keep thinking I'm being followed by member science fiction writer and a bloody Red Indian."

"Bolivia," I said.

"No, it's love," he said.

I took him into a nearby pub to steady his nerves and ordered two large gin-and-tonics. He grabbed both bottles of tonic and poured them into his own gin.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"Disturbing the gin," he explained. "I always mix two bottles because I'm part German — this is typical two-culture edifice."

"That's a good one," I said, trying to humor him. "What would you mix a splash into your whisky glass and make an excellent remark?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Cautious note," I said. "Do you get it? Cautious note?"

"My God," he said nervously, "and I thought I was going mad — I knew I should never have returned inside the Bermoodan-ary triangle."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," I said, getting the opportunity. I ordered two more gin, and three tonics, and over the next hour or so got the scientific explanation for the Bermoodan-ary triangle mystery out of him.

The story goes back some two million years, or it might be two million years — Van Deenan didn't want to be pinned down too much on precise dates — and it starts on that big Bermoodan-ary triangle way, in fact, the cradle of civilization on Earth. Forget all that stuff about Lake Victoria and Lake Rungwa and Mesopotamia and the Valley of the Nile — this is where it all happened. Right here:

And not only did the human race start off here, but the trip was inhibited by no less than four non-human civilizations, so well! There's one thing you can say for Van Deenan — he certainly gives value for money.

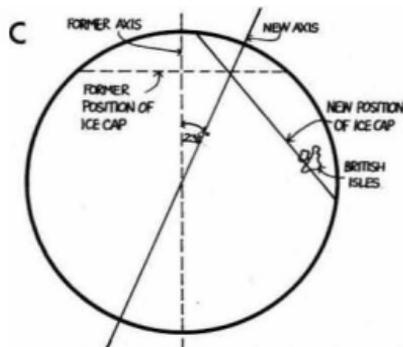
This diagram (Diagram 1) shows the British Isles as they were two million or so million years ago. There was Ireland on the west, looking pretty much the way it looks today. Then there was the high ground of Scotland and Wales close by. The reason there are no clues in anything to do with the ancient of plate tectonics. At one time — I suppose pre-dinosaur — I know — all the continents were whirling about all over the place on plates!

And at one stage, America and Canada came shooting across the Atlantic and crashed into Ireland — which must have played hell with their 30-million bones. As well as pushing Ireland closer to England. One same collision formed the mountains of Wales, the Lake District and the Scottish Highlands — that's what I call typical tectonic efficiency. America and Canada, having done all that damage, then crashed back to where they had come from, without ever leaving a note with their names and addresses.

At the One I'm speaking of, the whole east and lower side of England was covered by a shallow sea, the waters of which were warm and clear — and which provided an ideal breeding ground for a very large and intelligent species of snail. The civilization of the God People flourished there for many centuries. They were a happy, contented sort of race, whose only vice was that they liked to get a big high every Saturday night on their favorite drink, which was known as oystershell.

The only there is there side was that a short distance to





the want to the fertile plains of prehistoric Ireland and Wales, rather being a mere rock formation. They had quite recently sprung up, because this was a species of Man Ubert, known as Tatars, I have spoken on a previous diagram about the ability of vegetation to develop intelligence, and this new race had such a great deal of intelligence. The continuation of the Tatars flourished here for many centuries. It was... (This is just like a bit from Man and First Man, isn't it? Old Stapledon, more exactly... and their culture reached some degree of civilization, with a well-developed caste system. This evidence indicates that the ruling caste of antiquity were known as King Edwards, and hence to even a legend that a young, high-born female Tatar died up to her neck one day, her eyes shining... all of them... and said, "Men, I'm engaged!")

His mother said "Who is? Remember you're a King Edward, and you can't get MARY anybody who comes along."

And the girl Tatar said "It's Debra Davies, of 'The World of Spies'."

And her mother said "You can't marry that common

Araby, and to relate, comedy developed between the God People and the Tatars, it was mainly on account of the God People's ability to see every day's life... and if you've ever been near a sea when it has got a bit high you'll have some sympathy with the Tatars' point of view. They started attacking the God People, who responded by building a long wire mesh fence running north-south along the western edge of their domain so that only the Tatars. This restricted the water flow, and the two races might have eventually formed an excellent sea-passage - but at this point Nature played a great part. (I don't know if it was as grim as some of my jokes, but it was pretty nasty.)

At this critical point to time - the Earth tilted on its axis - it tipped over by 23 degrees.

Those of you who have taught, trained, or attended in schools - as well as those visiting into your conventional basket of examples - have heard stories of me at this point, and recalled the significance of the 23 degree angle I marked on Diagram A.

The effect was catastrophic. Even bigger, would you believe, than the upheaval caused by the recent reorganization of the BBPA!

All the water that had been covering eastern England swelled away like the North Sea, leaving the God People floating about in puddles dying horrible and protracted deaths. And, in addition to injury, all the Tatars were thrown with great force against the wire mesh fence... were sliced up by it... and scattered down on top of the dying God People to the tune of being McIntosh pressed.

The water is almost too horrible to contemplate - even while the sea-level rises upward on the sinking of an eye, that's a little dramatic, constructively mixed up together.

At that stage, Nature - as though alarmed by the mass reproaches of her own dirty hands - drew a strand of ice and came over the pole in outrage. (What a pity that Scientific Studies had to cease publication. I could have said that well to show for a moment!) The wreckage of Nature's mess-up job are explained by Diagram C. The Earth was tilted by 23 degrees, but it was done with such a job that the polar ice cap slid on a bit further - rather like a top egg in a new ant-stick

Irving pan - and ended up with its broken edge across the southern part of England. The ice covering the lower part of the ice cap - as you can see in Diagram B - passed, and almost immediately, exactly through Bermuda. (Actually it passes through the back room of a Chinese take-away in Parkgate High Street, but we've already decided not to go into that. I got into some trouble through going into the back room of the Triangle in Newcastle.)

Was, you must be asking, is the date starting revolution to this tale of Earth in the horror of scientific upheavals?

Well, I'll tell you - otherwise these would be the best point to be asking up here like a book when I could be to the top enjoying myself. The main thing that happens was that a race of alien beings descended from the stars and, because they came from a very chilly planet, settled around the North Pole. Van Dongen has already dealt extensively with these invaders, whom he called Freemasons, in his book The Significance of the Code but that is a slightly misleading title because the Freemasons actually were found in huge self-powered atoms.

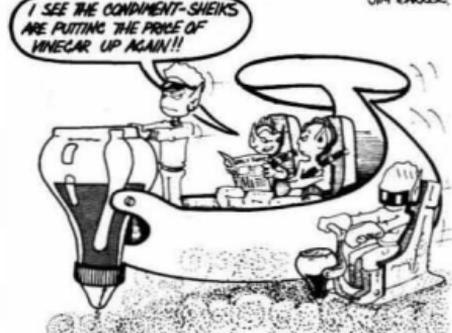
These bizarre visitors which could only have been the product of an alien world, operated on an ingenious principle. Each one had a large ball which floated in front of it. The ball was shaken down on to the ice which promptly melted, creating a small hole which the ball slid down. The process was continuously repeated. Ah, I can see that the technically-minded people to the audience are objecting to this method of sound engineering principles - and I know what your objection is. You're saying the globe would never be able to carry enough salt to go any distance. Well, the Freemasons thought of that naturally, and they maintained sea camps, for refueling, all over their territories which extended to the southern extremities of the ice cap.

However, the Freemasons rolled onwards miserably, the ice cap retreated from England and returned to its proper place, and the Freemasons gradually withdrew from the stage of world history to be lost forever to the swirling Arctic snow. (You know, this stuff is not just for Scientific Studies - if I could find it up a bit better I could give it to Freemasons.) It would have well to have been able to see the Freemasons about how getting started to be actually quite enjoyable. My favourite article from Freemasons Claret was the one entitled "New Steps for the Road".)

As I was saying, the Freemasons gradually abandoned leaving no traces of their existence except for numerous mounds of salt all over the place - but then a new lot of alien invaders came up from the south. (Just to know about the second wave of invaders, partly because Van Dongen hasn't had time to work up such archaeological evidence about them, partly because their empire was confined to areas of the world where the top layer was composed of Freemasons or chalk. The reason for this seemingly arbitrary limit to their movements is that they used vehicles which were even more ingenious than self-powered atoms - they used violin-powered hovercraft.)

Ancient Mesopotamians on the walls of caves near France - which Van Dongen is hoping to finish carving holes he gets on his holidays next month - clearly show these beings sitting on their little hovercraft, which worked by spraying noise and on the chalky ground and landing on the clouds of carbon dioxide which were given off as a result. He gave them the name of Sar-

JIM BARCLAY



sons - 804 to be confused with Saracens - because think that was remarkably popular in a well-known strip of vineyard.

For a brief period the Saracens rained over that part of Britain which had a top stream of chalk of Neolithic. An area whose eastern edge is a fairly straight line turning obviously from Newcastle through... you've guessed it... the back roads of the Channel side-way in Pocham High Street.

And there you have it! The Bermuda triangle clearly defined, for all to see!

Is there any haven? I already worked it out. I should mention

a general lee Age was coming and their technology was sufficiently advanced to enable them to invent a satisfactory anti-fog for their vineyard. They retreated to the south, the lee Age held sway for thousands of years, and when the glaciers finally retreated Home Savages had at last appeared on the scene. Who said "Bleed my horse" down at the back there?

Anyway, he was very difficult to find for they were hairless creature with his intellectual tooth - this was long before the National Health Service provided him with wig and glasses about degrees for need to holding. It was even before the Biblical scribes had started to write scriptures for Charles Boston, and early man would have died away in short order had he not found the one place on Earth where survival was easy. Protected in the pyramid of the Bermuda triangle was a technic plate of fish and chips, ready-sprinkled with salt and vinegar.

When conditions were too harsh for intelligence he thought up the rest of the world, the fish-and-chip status of the Bermuda triangle was supporting the big communities of well-nourished human beings. When - once or twice a year - gathered at the biggest diggings to replenish their supplies and to give thanks to their deity.

Small wonder, then, that deep-rooted racial prejudices cause some of their descendants to flock to the same places and go through hell-under-sea rituals. Large numbers of them - from the most primitive to small rooms at night and their own conditions of absolute luxury, much to the surprise of those in neighbouring rooms - thus being on the role of the Cat People were fed up on codswallop and straight the WATER.

Many small blocks of duplicated paper are thrown around, placed up Tickers. And a tall, princely, imposing figure, ecclesiastically robed, or somewhat automatically dressed, passes among the pilgrims, distributing pink paper which you symbolic of - 148 notes at 600 of - the principal fish and chips.

ANYONE WANT A GENUINE PRIMEVAL PORK PIE?



Wm BARBER

Very Foreign believes that the large amount of alcohol drunk during the day at these strange congresses requires the nerve acid which the British sprinkled over everything from their Sovereign - which sustains me than I have lost a large quantity of acid out in the leg...

But Show, April 1977.

Firm heard to a talk at Eastham '77; first published in the June 1977 issue of Nerve, number 14.



RICHARD ZIMCROFT 1977

parents finally had to tell me I couldn't watch it the last few days it played. That movie was to me what Gene With The Wind was for a lot of girls. It left me feeling like a blob of jelly.

"When I was seven or eight, it suddenly dawned on me that some people actually made a living making monster and science fiction movies. Since then - I didn't know how or where or what I'd have to be doing when I grew up. Had hope I was.

"Getting the role and filming in Tunisia and England was a big event. But working with such fine actors also was incredible. Alec Guinness plays a kind of wizard in Star Wars, but as far as I'm concerned there's magic to him all of the time. Carole Fisher is like Carole Lombard, beautiful and with a rare sense of humour. To top it all, the character I play is a real hero. He gets to defeat the bad guys, just like I used to fantasize as a kid."

Talking about the character of Luke Skywalker, Mark Hamill says: "George Lucas is Luke Skywalker! ... I guess in many ways George and I are alike. Because neither of us is

"the kid on movie sets. I realized that by filming in Tunisia, I was doing the scene where I discover the robots. George came over and went over the lines with me. He didn't give me line readings, but as he explained the intention of the scene, he was very low-key. I just watched him. I don't know why, but something in me told me to observe how he was speaking, to try to pick up his inflection. I even imitated a few of his gestures as he explained to me what he wanted me to do. At one point, I thought to myself that he was doing it so small. That can't be right. I thought I'd try it very small and he would see that it didn't work. He would tell me to go back to the way I was doing it before. So when I played the scene, I did it just like I thought George would react in the scene. When I did it like that, George called, 'Cut. Perfect.' I was flabbergasted. I thought, 'Oh, I see. Of course, that was right. Luke is George. Even the names are similar, Luke - Lucas.

"From that on I learned things on my own like I would do

"Taking this scene up here as George John playing with a big top. He was a great time. While he was playing, George

the gave the say to George and he wouldn't put the thing down.

and sitting it at imaginary villages, he did spend a lot of behind pistol away from him."

George Lucas comments: "Sure, in Star Wars I'm telling the story of me. It's my fantasy. I made it because no one else is making movies like this and I wanted to see one. I want it to be a success so everyone will copy it. Then I can go and see the copies, sit back and enjoy them."

Harrison Ford:

Harrison Ford was born on 13th July, 1943 in Chicago, Illinois, and attended Ripon College in Wisconsin. He made his professional debut in 1963 in a variety of musicals and dramas in summer stock at Willits Bay, Wisconsin. Moving to Laguna Beach, California, he was seen in a local stage production, and signed to a seven-year contract with Columbia Pictures. Here he appeared in four movies, including Getting Straight. Later he was signed to a contract with Universal Pictures. He appeared in Journey to Shiloh and a number of TV series. In 1970 he gave up acting and supported himself as a carpenter. Fred Roos cast him to appear in American Graffiti, and following on the enthusiastic responses to his portrayal of Bob Falfa, he was cast as Martin Stett, the corporate hatchet man in Coppola's The Conversation. Last summer he completed a role in Coppola's Apocalypse Now, and more recently he has starred in Heroes.

The Robots:

George Lucas is reported to have a special affection for the robots in Star Wars, and had at one time written a draft of the screenplay in which the two robots, See-Threepio and

the other robots were the only characters. However, as he decided to make the movie, he decided to make the robots more like the ones in Star Wars.

The job of making the robots work fell to John Stears, who won an Academy Award for the James Bond film, Thunderball. In Star Wars, Threepio is an intelligent robot and has an actor, Anthony Daniels, inside his casing. He was the one robot not actually made by John Stears. The little Artoo-Detoo was really several robots. One was inhabited by a small person, Kenny Baker, and the others were entirely operated by remote control. Each one was designed to perform specific functions. One of the remote control robots had wheels underneath and started its movements in a two-legged position, dropping a third leg and then throwing it forward into the wheel position. It propelled itself along in this manner and was electronically operated by Stears and an assistant.

Besides the two leading robots, there were various other robots in the film. An umbrella-type, a stick-type, a

the same system as the remote-controlled model airplanes. The

The robots were built from designs made by Ralph McQuarrie. George and his staff talked with various experts in robotics, including a professor at St. Mary's College, London, and another with specialisms at Queen Mary's

guiding principles and abstractness, giving the robots of Star Wars a whole new practical application to the art of engineering in the field of robotics.

"We're using every trick in the field of motion picture special effects to generate a high level of fantasy," says George Lucas. He wanted to give moviegoers "some sort of faraway exotic environment for their imaginations to run around in. I want them to go beyond the basic stupidities of the moment and think about colonising Venus and Mars, of grabbing a ray gun, jumping into a

and flying off into outer space

"I also want to make the kind of movie that I won't be shot to make in ten or fifteen years. People make realistic films today, not fantasy films like this one. In the old days, the big studios made all sorts of movies and there were artists who made the fantastic seem an everyday occurrence. But these special effects people are a dying breed. In the future, there won't be anybody who can do things that would have to be done for such a film. So much had to be developed for Star Wars and we had to find people of taste to do it. We were lucky and still could find the people. But tomorrow, it will be very difficult!"

The Script:

George Lucas comments on the writing of the script of Star Wars: "A writer is always thinking about what he's supposed to be doing, whether he's actually doing it or not, every waking hour. He's constantly pondering problems. I always carry a little notebook around and sit and write in it. It's terrible. I can't get away from it. ... This script for Star Wars hasn't been easy. It's gone through five different versions until I think I got it right. Writing is hard for me. I have to sit down every day at my desk for eight hours no matter what happens, even if I don't write anything. It's a terrible way to live. ... The worst thing of all is writer's block. It just drives me crazy, psychotic! It's a wonder that all writers aren't just put away someplace when that happens to them. It makes us dangerous people."

Star Wars From Etc. Time Nov 30, 1977; Lucas 302.

VECTOR

BACK NUMBERS OF VECTOR - PRESENT AVAILABILITY

All the below back numbers of VECTOR are available from the editorial address, at the time of going to press. Prices for each issue are as listed. Please make cheques payable to "Vector". THE PUBLISHERS RESERVE THE RIGHT TO CHANGE PRICES WITHOUT PRIOR NOTICE.

Payment from overseas: By sterling cheque or dollar cheque, in cash or US dollars only, or by dollar cheque - please add \$1.50 to all orders paid by dollar cheque to cover bank handling charges.

01: May/June 1977: Jargonfest - A Collection of Sketches by David Wingrove; A Galactic Symphony by World Bittels; Customs, Anarchy and SP by Brian Griffin; SilverPigs; SilverPigs; May by Chris Evans; Localism; Dr The Future of Science Fiction by Susan Goldford; British SF: An American View by GJ Campbell; PHILIP JOE FARMER interviewed by David Wingrove; cover by Chris Fowler.

02: March/April 1977: A Gooey To The Drip of the Galaxy by David Wingrove; Michael Cooper interviewed by David Wingrove; cover by David Higgins 40p/33

79: Jan/Feb 1977: Alternative Technologies for Spacecraft Propulsion by Bob Shaw; Roger Elwood interviewed by Chris Fowler; cover by David Higgins 40p/33

76: Nov/Dec 1976: Whether Science Fiction or Not, Edgar Poe's by Brian Stobbe-2020; Cosmic Lancing Starting by GJ Campbell; Dervit's World by Agnes Tidman; cover by Carol Gregory 40p/31

75: July 1976: Harlan Ellison interviewed by Chris Fowler; **PHILIP JOE FARMER** interviewed by David Wingrove; cover by Paul Blyth 40p/31

73/74: March 1976: J. G. Ballard interviewed by David Pringle and James Goldner; cover by Paul Blyth 40p/31

72: Feb 1976: Dan Morgan's Col Speech from Moscow; Robert Silverberg interviewed by Malcolm Edwards; cover by Brian Lewis 40p/31

71: Dec 1975: The Stone AS and the Rank of the Stars by David Pringle; cover by David Pringle; cover by David Pringle 40p/31

70: Autumn 1975: The Travellers Among by Bob Shaw; Violence in SF by Edmund Cooper; SF's British Vision by Chris Bennett; 40p/31

69: Summer 1975: The Science of SF by James Blinn; Early One October Morning by Brian Aldiss; The Value of SF by Bob Shaw; Science or Fiction by Tony Saunders; covers by AMR 40p/31

67: March/April 1975: The AMROD and the Moon by Philip K. Dick; The Extraterrestrial Behaviour of Gateway Materials by Bob Shaw; Weber's Choice by Paul Anderson 40p/31

65: Sept/Oct 1975: The Arts in SF by James Blinn; An interview with Peter Tate by Mark Adlard 40p/31

60: June 1975: Through a Glass Darkly by John Brunner; SF and the Cinema by Philip Strick; The Freedled Living Thing by Bruce Gilchrist; Science John Coward 1975-1977 by Harry Harrison; Dan Morgan; The Vote and Brian Aldiss 40p/31

62: Issues listed are as the printed issues. Issues 69-77 are edited by Malcolm Edwards. Issues 78-80 are edited by Chris Fowler.

The editor also has a limited supply of signed copies of the special double cover for VECTOR 35/36 by Paul Blyth, at \$1 or 60p each.

A very few copies of NEWS/VECTOR REVIEW SUPPLEMENT nos 1, 2 & 3 are available at 70p or 60p each.

Limited Offer

The following issues of VECTOR are available at the price of \$10 or 10p.

06: July/August 1973: The Future of Science Fiction by Brian S. Goldford; The Fantasy Imagination by Peter Waterhouse; D. G. Compton; AD Inquiries; U.S. Competition and the New Standards of Excellence by Mark Adlard

65/66: Spring 1976: Three Views of Tolkier by Ursula Le Guin; Gene Wolfe and Peter Nicholls; Tolkier from America by Philip K. Dick; Period of Transition by Michael Moorcock; cover by David Pringle

SPECIAL OFFER FOR LIBRARIES, COLLECTORS, ETC.

For information on special offers for libraries, collectors, etc., please contact the publishers at the editorial address.

- These are:
- 70/77 Aug/May 1977
 - 67/68 Spring 1976
 - 66 July/August 1975
 - 65: May/June 1975
 - 63: Jan/Feb 1975
 - 62: Nov/Dec 1974
 - 60: Spring 1973

For information on special offers for libraries, collectors, etc., please contact the publishers at the editorial address.

For information on special offers for libraries, collectors, etc., please contact the publishers at the editorial address.

KEY TO BACK COVER PHOTOGRAPHS FROM "STAR WARS"

(ALL STAR WARS photographs Copyright © 1977 20th Century-Fox Film Corp.)

Top left: Han Solo (Harrison Ford) settles into one of the main lower cabins aboard his Coruscant private ship.

Middle left: An Imperial Starfighter, one of the dozens of soldiers of the Galactic Empire, is attacked by the planet Praxion's Lala.

Bottom left: Luke Skywalker (Mark Hamill) is attacked by a Death Star.

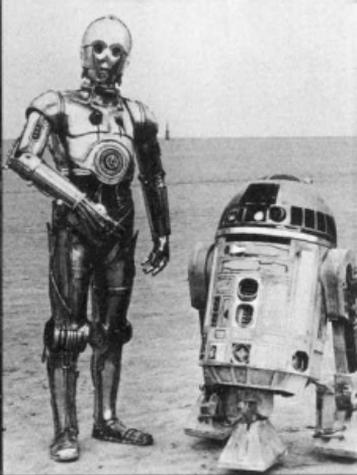
Top right: Chewbacca and the other characters are seen on Owen Lars' farmstead on Tatooine.

Bottom right: Chewbacca, the hundred-year-old Apollon, co-pilot of the Millennium Falcon, a Coruscant star-ship.

Inside back cover, top: Darth Vader and Ben Kenobi (Alec Guinness) battle with light-sabers on the Imperial Death Star.

Inside back cover, bottom: Governor Yarko Vader Cullin's interrogated Praxion Lala with the help of the Imperial Death Star.

Front cover: Princess Leia Organa (Carrie Fisher) defends herself against the Imperial attack aboard her Rebel blockade runner.



STAR WARS



