

ΜΕΤΑΛΥΝΑ I



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ARTWORK:

Photocopies of artwork happily accepted but please include a signed declaration to the effect that it is a copy of your own original drawing!

Size is not important as it can be reduced or enlarged to fit. The majority of drawings which I've done for this issue were drawn with a fine black Artline 200 pen using a Staedtler 323 grey felt tip for lighter areas and a Colortone thick black marker for large areas. Please note- I don't claim to be an artist. I was forced by necessity to do these drawings; hopefully, some expert will come forward for the next issue.

SPECIAL THANKS for help, advice and encouragement with this first issue are sincerely tended to:

Gail Adams, Narrelle Harris, Antony Howe..and MEDTREK.
Karen Scurr, Shivaun and Peter.

BEFORE TREK

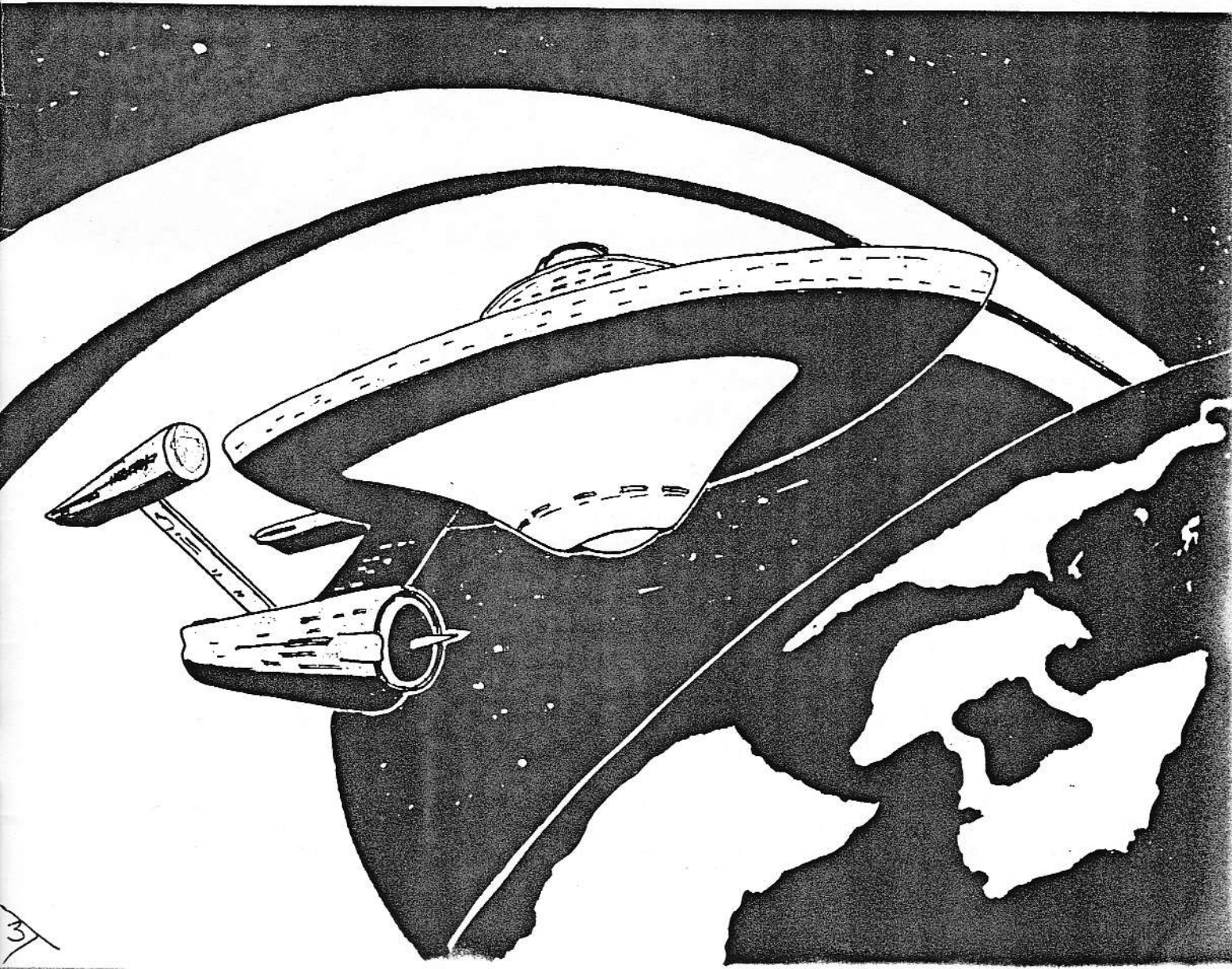
Most of the material in this issue relates to the SF scene before ST or BFST or BEFTREK or whatever you like....no doubt exists in my mind that ST awakened a worldwide interest in SF, especially in this country.

From the very start, ST was promoted on a basis unheard of for previous series in the SF mould; and for once, the series was deserving of it's pre-publicity buildup. You couldn't compare it with any other show. I watched the first two seasons with rapt attention but the third...shades of Lost in Space. I suppose someone will abuse me for the comparison!

My interest really swung over to DW, which the ABC was trying to destroy, bury etc. That's another story, anyway.....

When the save Trek movement began, who believed in their wildest dreams that we would see 3 movies with many more to come, hopefully? I certainly didn't. Fortunately, I saved all the clippings from various magazines and will hopefully reproduce these in future issues if enough interest is shown.

No doubt I will be taken to task for the drawing which appears below but if you can do better(which shouldn't be too difficult!) send your drawings in for reproduction.....



Quiz: If you manage all the answers to this list of questions,
you are most definitely an SF wiz.

1. Name of movie 'Xenomorph' featured in _____
2. Who did Gloria Talbot (real name) hire and in what year _____

3. How many brothers & sisters does Nichelle Nichols have? _____
4. Who played Sydney's Lord Mayor in 'The Stranger', the ABC tv SF
series made in the mid-60's

5. After which 'Doctor Who' adventure did Deborah Watling leave and
how many episodes did it have?

6. Who made the Earth stand still? _____
7. Which DW companion starred in the London Stage comedy, 'Why Not
Stay for Breakfast' and who was her co-star?

8. What year did '2001' premiere in Sydney _____
9. Who played Tim O'Hara? _____
10. (This is the easy one) Which SF tv vehicle was supposed to
be 600 feet (almost 200m) long?
_____ 7 letters

Let me know if you would like further quiz'-also whether you
think they should be easier (or more difficult!) or if you would
prefer a crossword instead.

Note: Don't bother looking for the answers in this issue, send
me your answers.

* * * * *

What do you think of the latest 'Doctor'? Please tell me!

* * * * *

Also, send lists of your 10 favourite-SF movies
" " -" tv shows
" " -" books

This will help determine future content.

If, by some remote chance, you want extra copies of this issue,
please send 3 x 30¢ stamps per copy plus one SAE per order.
(Extra copies will be ½ size-so as to fit in normal envelope)

Sydney
tv Times reader
ratings 6.12.67

1. Star Trek
2. The Monkees
3. Aweful Movies
4. Voyage to the
Bottom of the
Sea.
5. The Avengers
6. Tarzan
7. Lost in Space
8. Man from Uncle

DO YOU REMEMBER?

'Phoenix 5,' the
Australian pro-
duced SF series,
premiered on
ABC tv, Friday
April 24th.,
1970. Starred
Mike Dorsey, Dar-
ien Parker and
Patsy Trench.

Further details
in a future
issue.



C'MON NOW, DOC! D'YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT
A CREATURE POSSESSING that ENTERED A 2 METRE HIGH
ENTRY HATCH??

WANTED - 'Starlog' issues 2,3,4,5,30,35,37,40,42,43,45 to 49,
51,53,59,60,61,63,65,66 to 71,73 onwards. Must be in good
cond. at a reasonable price or will exchange; tell me what
you want. JT

Material forwarded for inclusion in future issues should be
sent to John Tipper,

P.O. Box 487,
STRATHFIELD NSW 2135

From the scrapbook, Sydney Sun, 23rd August, 1976:

'QUIRKY protest planned for tomorrow: Members of the Sydney Uni.
Science Fiction Assoc. plus their own Dalek are to demonstrate
outside the ABC offices in Elizabeth St.'

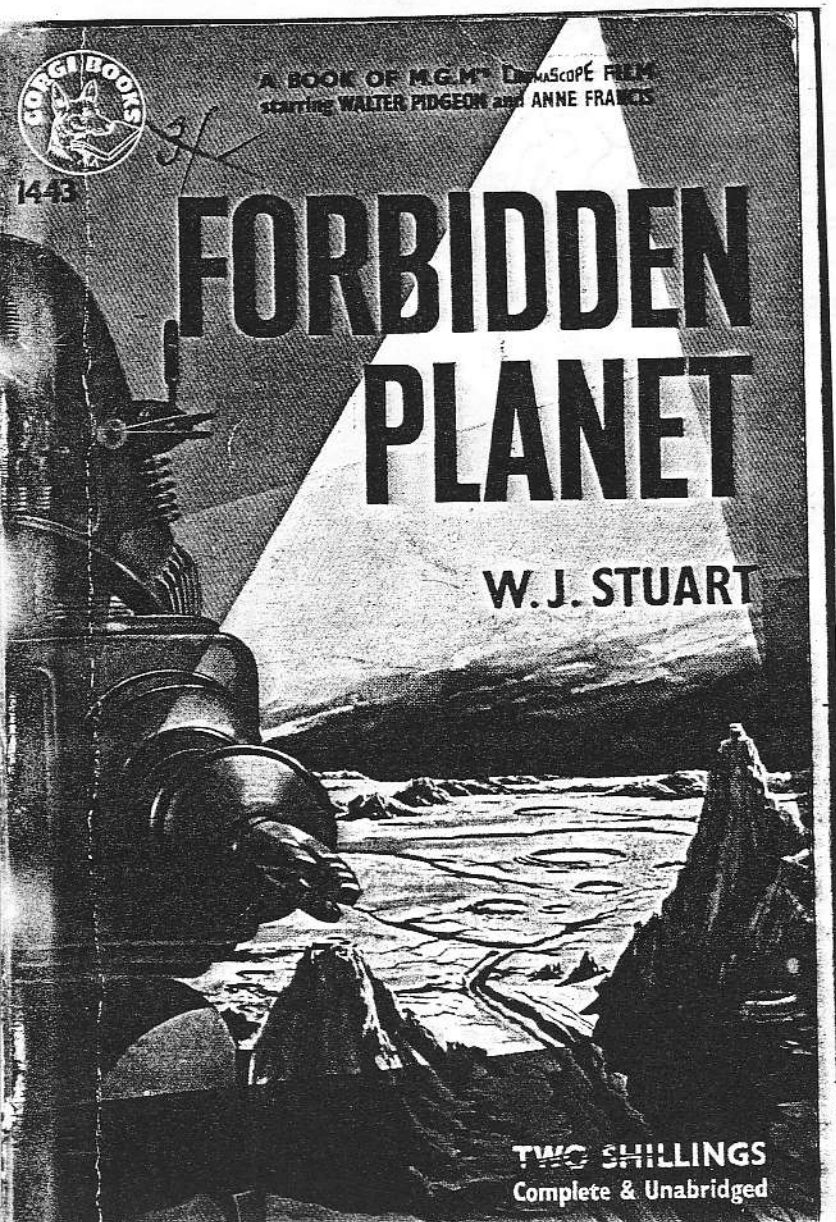
MISCELLANEOUS COMMENT

You may wonder why none of the pages are numbered. It saves the worry of what page appears where and it lets me insert extra pages after having printed what I may have thought was the complete issue. The deadline can therefore be extended on future issues to the day before posting.

I had intended to keep the spacing constant but what the hell! In case you think I probably read lots of zines-let me put you on the straight and narrow. I subscribe to 'Zerinja', one of many DW zines, 'Phoenix' ditto for B7 and 'Scenario', the GAH zine. Back in the early days I used to read 'The Mentor', Ron and Sue's SF zine, the one bright spot on the local scene in the swinging 60's. That's it. as there just don't seem to be enough hours in the day to do what I want to do.

In actual fact, I haven't consumed an SF novel for several years and only regularly read 'Starlog'; although I wouldn't dream of buying it at cover price. Nope-I seem to pick up half a dozen issues at a time at my favourite secondhand bookshop, Ashwoods in Pitt St., Sydney.

As mentioned elsewhere, there will be for sale, wanted, etc. space in METALUNA. No charge, of course-but a LoC would be appreciated.



MOVIES INTO NOVELS

There was a discussion at MEDTREK concerning the success-or otherwise-of movies into novels.

Here is the cover of the W.J. Stuart novel based on Cyril Hume's screenplay of 'Forbidden Planet' IN TURN based on the original story by Irving Block and Allen Alder!

This is the original edition published in 1956. I don't know if it has ever been reprinted. Does anyone have any further information on the story?

I would really like to know who did the cover, as the signature is indecipherable!

Another question: was there a similar treatment of 'This Island Earth'? If so, I have never managed to find it.

Incidentally, this novel is quite enjoyable. As I've seen the movie about 15 times, I know the story off by heart, though.

This is the final page to be prepared-where it will appear I don't know.

Only now do I realise how much quicker things would be with a good typist and a computer programmer so thanks are offered to Shivaun who is preparing my distribution list and will soon have lots more to do! And to Peter who will handle the programming of said list: 'thanks!'

A big 'thank you' to Karen for her short story which appears in the centre pages-I'm looking forward to reading your novel.

You have been sent a copy of this first issue because:

- () You are a penfriend
- () I know that you are an SF fan.
- () You were at MEDTREK
- () I don't like you.
- () I'd like some publicity
- () I printed too many copies.
- () I'm too lazy to send you a LoC

In preparation: a new Doctor Who story where Colin Baker regenerates into a capable actor.

But who would believe that such things are possible?

.....

《 TO BE CONTINUED....

WEAPON
BY
CHRIS BOUCHER



the cast

Dr. Jeremy Stone	ARTHUR HILL
Dr. Charles Dutton	DAVID WAYNE
Dr. Mark Hall	JAMES OLSON
Dr. Ruth Leavitt	KATE REID
Karen Anson	PAULA KELLY
Jackson	GEORGE MITCHELL
Major Manchek	RAMON BIERI
Dr. Robertson	KERMIT MURDOCK

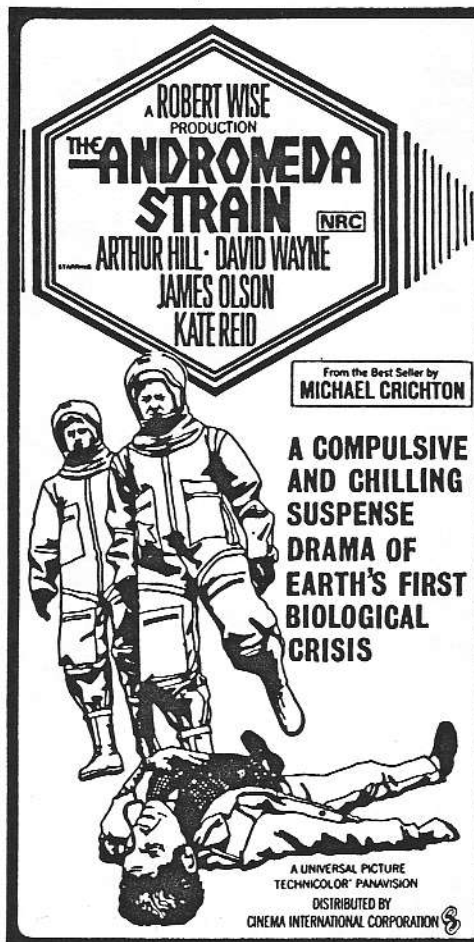
THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN

A chilling suspense drama of Earth's first biological crisis, based on the best selling novel by

Michael Crichton, "The Andromeda Strain" comes . . . to the . . . Theatre. It is a Robert Wise Production in Technicolor and Panavision for Universal Pictures.

In excitement-packed screen story telling, it documents the havoc created when a lethal extraterrestrial microorganism comes to Earth aboard a returning space probe capsule, instantly killing all but two inhabitants of a remote desert village. Project Wildfire — previously government-established for precisely such a catastrophic emergency — wheels into action and a team of hand-picked scientists, portrayed by Arthur Hill, David Wayne, James Olson and Kate Reid, attempts to identify and contain the deadly invader.

Wise searched almost two years before finding, in "The Andromeda Strain," the kind of property he chose to make as his 34th venture on the sound stages. In that group of films are two of the most honored of all time, "The Sound of Music" (the most successful Hollywood film ever) and "West Side Story."



Scientist James Olson, a bachelor, is happy that nurse-technician Paula Kelly knows how to handle an infant, one of only two survivors of a lethal outer-space organism in the Robert Wise production for Universal, "The Andromeda Strain," photographed in Technicolor and Panavision.

Material available includes a full range of posters, 11 x 14's, 8 x 10's, slides, TV commercials, featurettes and clips, open-end radio interview, radio commercials, group party snipes, scene blocks etc.

Running Time 130 mins.
Censorship Classification NRC

SHE'S A DOLL!

LONDON OFFICE

THINGS HAVE reached a fine stage when one of the prettiest girls on television isn't even a human!

But Lady Penelope Creighton-Ward, 22in. marionette star of space-age puppet series *The Thunderbirds*, has won the hearts of thousands of male viewers.

She's the Avengers-style British agent for International Rescue, an international do-good organisation equipped with James Bond-style gadgetry, which has its headquarters in a magnificent house on a remote South Pacific island.

Lady Penelope is 26, blonde, blue-eyed, cool and beautiful. What makes her different to other girls, as well as her height, is that she has five heads (for a range of moods) and a fibreglass body.

And, to make many human girls envious, she has a wardrobe of 100 fashionable outfits.

But British master-puppeteers Gerry and Sylvia Anderson, who make *The Thunderbirds*, easily can afford Lady Penelope's wardrobe.

The Andersons, both 36, who also made the *Supercar*, *Fireball XL-5* and *Stingray* puppet series, have a £50.1 million (\$2,500,000) budget for *The Thunderbirds*.

Each episode costs around £50.40,000 (\$100,000) — making *The Thunderbirds* the most expensive puppet series made.

Sylvia Anderson told TV WEEK: "A lot of young girls write in inquiring about the clothes our puppets wear. Interest is so great we are producing Lady Penelope style clothes and dolls on a commercial basis."

Lady Penelope lives in a secluded, wood-fringed mansion in Surrey.

Outwardly she lives a rich, idle existence. She rides to hounds, buys expensive Paris fashions — and charges tourists for the privilege of looking over her art treasures.



She keeps in touch with International Rescue by a space radio transmitter hidden in the lid of a silver teapot.

When she gets an assignment from International Rescue, she tugs at a silken bell tassel to summon her butler-chauffeur, Parker.

Her instructions to Parker invariably are the same: "Parker, get the Rolls."

The Rolls is quite a car. Its registration number is FAB 1. It has six wheels and can travel sideways. Its color is Penelope pink.

Rolls-Royce approved the design of the car. It has hydrofoils for travelling over water and can reach 200 miles an hour on land. It has a machine-gun hidden in the radiator — and the driver can drive and shoot at the same time.

A swivel laser beam (a light ray that cuts steel) and smoke-making apparatus are set in the rear wings. The back seat is fitted with handcuffs and a steel chain for unwilling passengers.

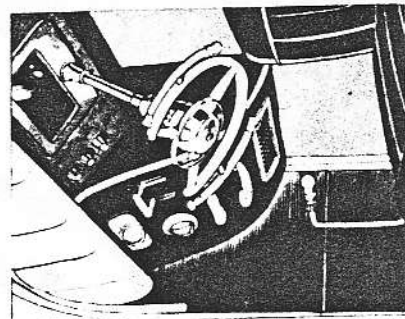
The tyres are fitted with studs for smooth progress over snow and ice and the hub caps have tyre slashers which prove handy when Penelope wants to stop a car she is overtaking.

The Rolls, of course, is bullet proof — and this is very handy for a lady who lives as dangerously as Penelope! #

APRIL 2, 1966—TV WEEK

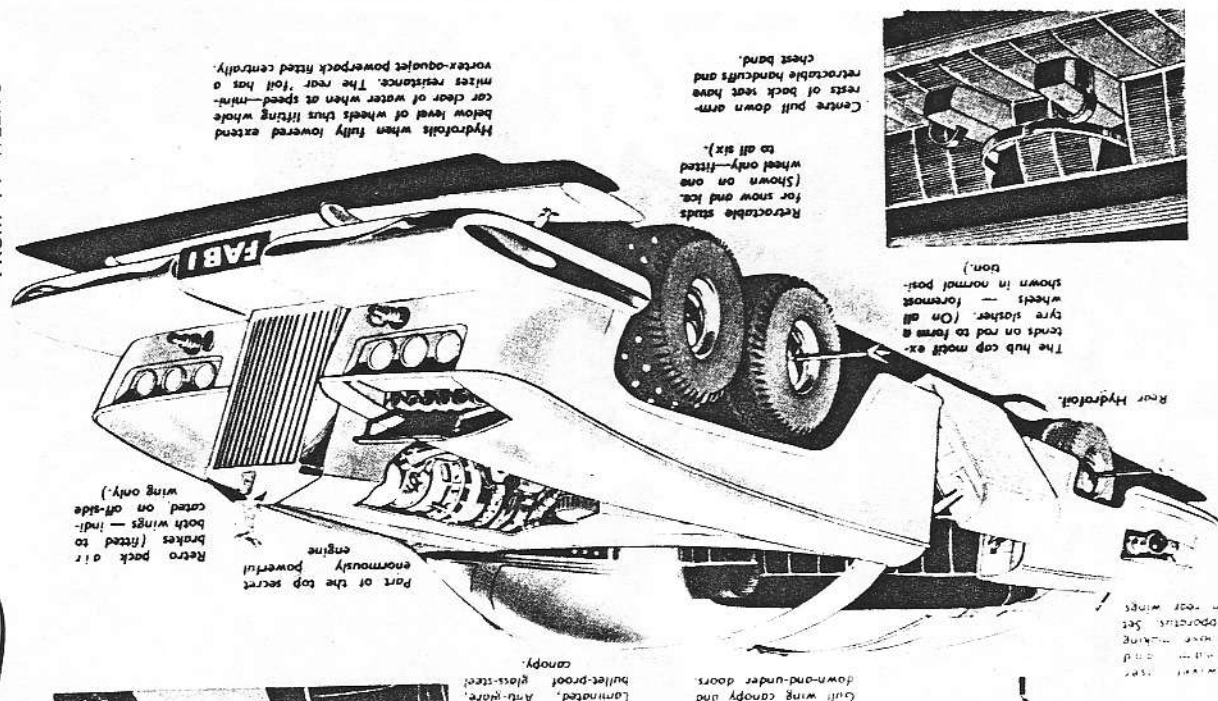
LADY PENELOPE—

FROM TV WEEK'S



FAB 1
LADY PENELOPE'S
ROLLS-ROYCE

as seen in
THUNDERBIRDS



Retro pack air brakes (fitted to both wings — ind-wing only.)

Port of the top secret enormously powerful engine

Gull wing canopy and downward-under doors. Laminated, anti-vibration bullet-proof glass-steel canopy.

Hydraulic platform with fold down safety rails.

The hub cap motif extends on rod to form a tyre slashers. (On all wheels — foremost shown in normal position.)

Retractable studs for snow and ice. (Shown on one wheel only — fitted to all six.)

Centre pull down arm rests of back seat have retractable hand cuffs and chest band.

Hydrofoils when fully lowered extend below level of wheels thus lifting whole car clear of water when at speed — minimises resistance. The rear 'tail' has a vortex-aquaplan powerpack fitted centrally.

The sun shone brightly off the silver-uniformed figures surrounding the small courtyard made of white plastics and metal. Beyond the courtyard was a large ultramodern building-smooth, streamlined and also white. Fixed above the large silver doors was a sign covered with strange, black lettering.

One of the silver-clad beings moved across the treeless courtyard and sat on one of the rounded seats. It was a female, about eighteen and humanoid. The silver uniform stood out in contrast to her long, dark hair. Next to her sat another female, about the same age, staring at the huge, metal doors. The dark haired girl looked up at the silver doors and began to talk:

"Are you coming to the Old Shelter after school?"

The other girl looked at her in shock.

"You know that if anyone heard you talking about that, you would be arrested!" she whispered hysterically.

"Sshh, do you want them to notice you?"

The second girl calmed herself down.

"I don't think I should. The Thinkers have been watching everyone. If they ever found out....."

"Don't worry, they won't. I have made sure....and taken precautions.

"Well...." she hesitated slightly. All right. I'll go."

"Good. See you at fourth hour." The dark haired girl stood up and returned to the other side of the courtyard, hopefully unheard."

Each small alcove held a small computer, a light and a student, wearing the mandatory silver uniform.

The dark haired girl was punching away at the keys of her computer terminal, in the hope of trying to solve a problem, when a hand fell on her shoulder. Her heart pounded as she looked up.

A dark face loomed above her. The man wore a sharp, grey uniform and was armed. He smiled at her and spoke in a pleasant voice:

"Will you come with me, please." It wasn't a question-it was an order. Of course she had to obey his command or the Thinkers would know that she had something to hide.

As she left the hall she could feel the accusing glances of the other students. Had they found out about the trips she made to the Old Shelter every week? She could only hope that they hadn't. If they had, she would be arrested or...she hated to think of the alternative.

They walked along the paved streets toward the centre of the city. She could see the outline of the Hall in the distance. This was where the Thinkers dwelled and held trial. They were the leaders of Earth now: they ruled with total power. They made all decisions for the people-chose their jobs, their pastimes-they made all the laws and enforced them with brutal punishments. One of their laws concerned relics from before the Last War...

She could hear something pushing into her thoughts. A voice-the guard's voice. What was it saying?

"...and they only want to talk to you," the guard explained. "Do you understand?"

The girl turned to him, confused; she hadn't heard a word that he had said. "Yes, I think so." What a silly thing to say. She didn't really think for herself-the Thinkers made sure of that; the only place she could think for herself was in the Old Shelter.

They had reached the Hall now. The guard escorted her along the corridors to a large door. It slid open as if by command.

"Good luck," the guard said as he disappeared back along the corridor.

A strange guard, she thought as she went in through the door. Every other guard she had seen or heard of had been impassive and disciplined. She was lucky, she thought; a normal guard would have made her nervous; this one had been kind-now the rest would be easy.

An old, wizened man sat before her. He had white hair and a beard

A Right to Know (cont.)

which touched the floor.

"Your name." His deep voice boomed across the room.

"Cassandra," she replied.

"Citizen number." Again the loud voice.

"C4 3495."

"Do you know the seriousness of the crime that you have been accused of committing?"

He knew! Cassandra's legs almost gave way beneath her. Relax! He couldn't know; she had been so careful. It was a bluff. Yes, that was it. He was making guesses, trying to make her betray herself.

"I don't know what I am supposed to have done."

"You have been accused of disobeying law 224. Visiting, discussing or contemplating to visit the Old Shelters and the relics from before the Last War. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty." Cassandra tried to look innocent. How did he find out? No one had been near them that morning she had asked Lena to go with her to the Old Shelter. Only Lena and herself knew that she had ever been there. Lena! No, Lena wouldn't tell. She was her friend; she would never tell. Hadn't she agreed to go with her? No, it wasn't Lena - but who could it be?

"I have information that you and Citizen Lena were discussing a trip to a particular Shelter tonight. I am sure that it is not true."

The information was completely accurate, but Cassandra could not tell the Thinker that!"

"No, it is not true." Did he believe her? She prayed that he did.

"I thought so. The Citizen has been making many such accusations recently. Only one has proved to be correct. But still, this matter must be fully investigated, for both our sakes."

Cassandra did not believe her luck. He had believed her.

"That is all."

As Cassandra left, she saw a figure walk into the room through another door. The Thinker's voice boomed through the room once again.

"Your name."

The immediate answer was: "Lena."

Lena! She hadn't told. What a relief. As Cassandra walked back through the streets to the school to report to the Guardian, she thought over what the Thinker had said.

She stopped when she remembered what he had said before she had left.

"The Citizen has been making many such accusations recently. Only one has been proved to be correct." Only one! That meant that there was someone on her side - someone else wanted to find out about the old times, to see the beautiful things which must have existed. This new information made her want to see the Old Shelter even more. But she couldn't, not tonight; they would be watching her for sure. But still there was that small hope.

That night, Cassandra watched the road, hoping that Lena would not come - that she had realised the danger of going. No one had appeared on the road yet and it was almost fourth hour.

Something moved in the distance. Cassandra's heart seemed to jump into her throat. Something flashed on the figure. It was familiar but she could not quite place it.

The figure moved along the road towards the city. Again there was a flash of light. The figure walked past the house and she finally saw the shiny gun tucked neatly into its pouch.

Cassandra was glad that it was not Lena. She was also glad that she hadn't waited outside. She waited until the fifth hour before she was sure Lena had decided not to go to the Old Shelters. Then she snuggled into her bed, shifting the round pillow until she was comfortable.....

The morning was clear and sunny. Cassandra ate her breakfast slowly, wishing school had never been invented. She wondered if the children who lived before the Last War had gone to school and whether they had felt the same way as she did. She smiled at the thought. If they did, they all had something in common.

She finished her breakfast and went into the other room to have a rest. She had just sat down when there was a knock at her door. It grew louder and more impatient.

Cassandra opened the door to find Lena flanked by a young man in a silver uniform. Why not? Everyone wore them, except the guards who wore that awful grey uniform. But something inside gave her the feeling that he could mean trouble.

Before Cassandra could speak, Lena was complaining about how late she would be if she didn't hurry up. By the time Lena had finished lecturing her and introducing Alon, Cassandra was ready and waiting.

They were early for school, anyway. Cassandra didn't know why Lena had been in such a hurry or where Alon had come from. She was sure that she had never seen him at school before. There was something about Alon that made her nervous. He was a stranger to the city—that was one thing that she knew for sure.

It was just another day at school, although Cassandra was sure that the other students were sneaking glances at her now and then. Once she was sure that Alon was watching her. Cassandra tried to shake off the uneasy feeling that was overcoming her. She fiddled with the computer keys, trying to solve a problem that had her completely confused. The computer finally told her how to solve it and proceeded with easier problems containing the same principles. She did a few of them, hoping to forget about Alon and the others, but that didn't seem to help. She was glad when school was over.

Lena seemed to be spending more time with Alon now, than she had ever spent with Cassandra. She often heard him ask Lena where she and Cassandra went at night. At first, Cassandra was worried that Lena might say something, but when Lena said that she had gone to Cassandra's house to study, knew that she needn't worry. Lena wouldn't tell anybody—not even Alon.

A few weeks later, Cassandra was again taken to the Hall. When she entered the now familiar room she saw the same old man sitting in the chair as if he had never moved since she had last been here. His deep voice echoed through the huge room once again:

"Welcome Citizen Cassandra." It was a greeting but still it sounded forceful.

Soon the door behind her slid open again. She heard footsteps behind her. Lena walked past and stopped in front of the old man.

"Welcome Citizen Lena. We have completed our investigation and we find that you were correct. Our information was wrong. I am sorry if we caused any inconvenience. I am sure that you will tell me if you hear of anybody visiting the Old Shelters."

Both Cassandra and Lena nodded in agreement.

"You may go now," said the old man in his loud voice.

When they got outside Lena gave a squeal of excitement:

"The old man believed us!"

Cassandra was not so sure. The old man was too polite, especially for a Thinker. No, there was something wrong about the way in which he had apologised.

"No, I don't think that he believed us," she admitted.

"What!" Lena objected. "Didn't you hear him. 'Our information is wrong. Sorry if we have caused you any inconvenience.'" Lena laughed.

"You're paranoid, that's all. Com'on, Alon is waiting for me."

Cassandra hadn't even noticed that Alon was not with them....

"And why can't we go?" Lena asked. "The guards aren't watching us anymore. They have forgotten about us."

"I don't think so." Cassandra's voice floated out of the other room.

A Right to Know(cont.)

"It wouldn't hurt. I even think that Alon would like to come."

Cassandra rushed out of the room wielding a pillow.

"You haven't told him, have you?"

"No, not yet." Her friend shrank back away from the angry girl.

"What do you mean by 'not yet'?" Cassandra's voice had grown louder.

"I was going to tell him this afternoon."

"You can't do that. He might blab it all over town!" That was one of the phrases she had picked up from the picture books she had found in the Old Shelter.

"He won't tell," Lena replied flatly.

"And how do you know that?"

"Well..." Lena couldn't think of a good answer. "He just wouldn't."

"How do you know? Did you ask him? Did you say to him, 'Alon, if I took you down to the Old Shelter, where Cassandra just happen to go every week, would you tell?'" Cassandra's face was red with rage.

"All right, I won't tell him." Lena finally gave up. "But you had better be careful. If one of the Thinkers saw you acting like that, you might be sent to the Correctional Centre. Then you would never be able to see the Old Shelter."

"Yeah, you are right. Sorry about getting mad."

"Well, you had just better be careful that you don't talk like that if there is a guard around. They would know that you had been to one of the Old Shelters."

Lena laughed. She always did when they had a fight. Cassandra was glad because it always seemed to ease the tension between them.

It was against the law to fight. 'It disturbs the peace of the whole city as well as the inner mind. We can't end up like the savages that lived before the Last War.' That was the speech which Thinker John had given when the law had been passed. Cassandra had never heard him say those words herself; she had read them in the Commandments. During the first few years of school all of the children had to learn the Commandments by heart and were taught that they were fair for all of the Citizens. Cassandra had never thought that the Commandments were fair; they didn't allow the people to think for themselves or to choose how they wanted to live.

If it wasn't for Lena she would have been arrested long before this. In a way she was relieved that Lena wasn't the revolutionary type-and that she was careful. But soon that would change-it had already started....

"Cassandra-look!" Lena appeared worried.

From their position on the hill they could see most of the city: the roads that wound their way between the small white houses, the school and in the very centre...the Hall, the largest building in the city.

Along one of the streets walked a small group of silver-uniformed figures surrounded by guards in their grey uniforms. They were all walking toward the Hall.

"Where are they going?" Lena asked.

"To the Hall, of course. Where else?" Cassandra was putting her boots back on. She stood up, brushing the dirt from her uniform.

"Why would they be taking that many people to the Hall? They've never taken more than five at one time." Lena was still watching the procession which by now had almost reached the hall.

"I don't know, but I am going to find out!"

Cassandra carefully picked her way down the hill, trying to avoid the loose stones which covered the ground. Lena ran down behind her, almost falling as she slipped on a large patch of gravel.

They reached the bottom safely and ran along the streets toward the Hall. When they did arrive, a huge crowd had gathered around the steps.

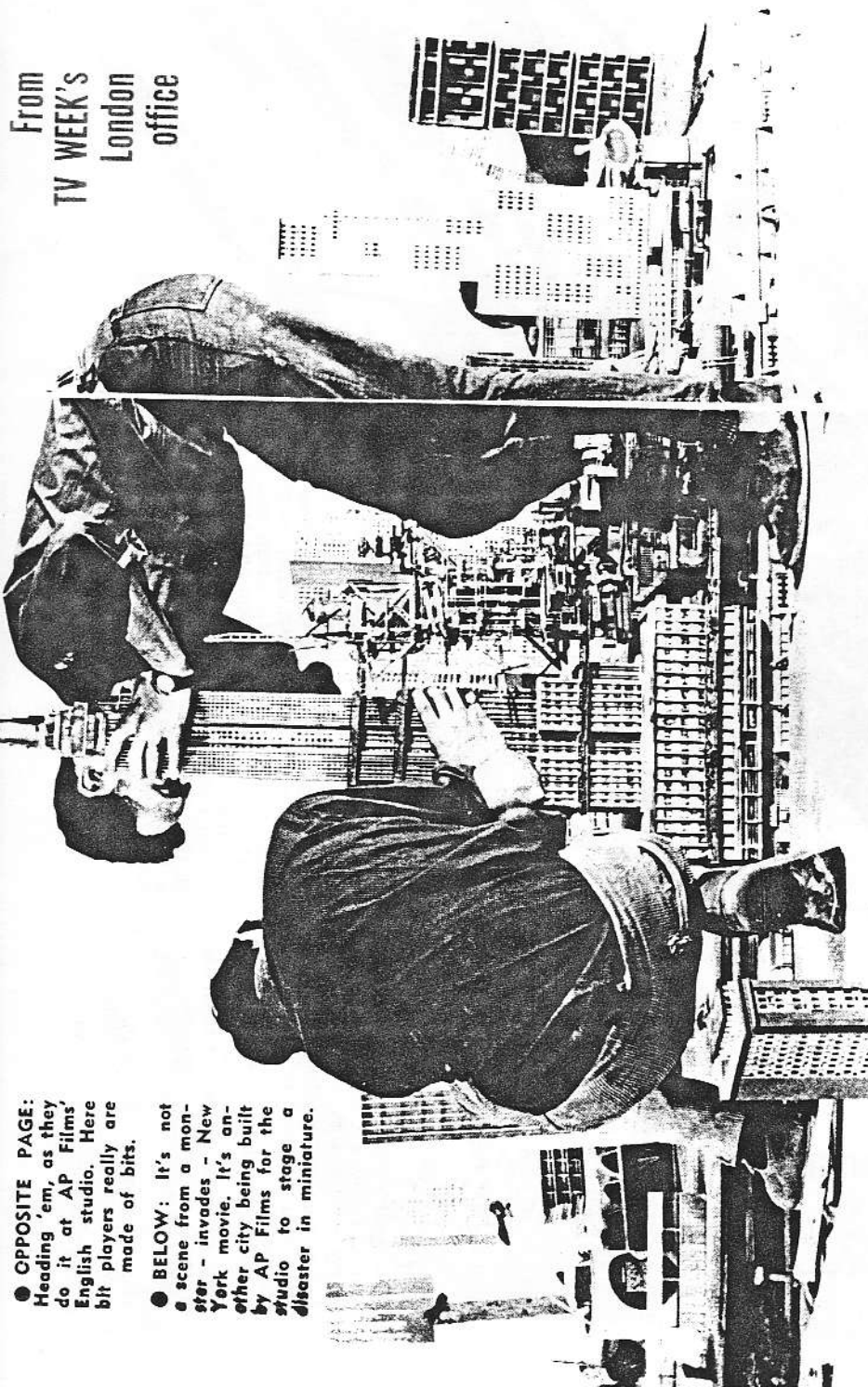
Cassandra and Lena both tried to push their way through to the front so that they could see exactly what was going on.....

(to be cont.)

● **OPPOSITE PAGE:** Heading 'em, as they do it at AP Films' English studio. Here bit players really are made of bits.

● **BELOW:** It's not a scene from a monster - invades - New York movie. It's another city being built by AP Films for the studio to stage a disaster in miniature.

From
TV WEEK'S
London
office



LAND OF LILLIPUT

IT ALL COMES FROM THE FACTORY
EVERY TV producer feels proud of
the stars he has made.

But there is a small studio in England where the producers can feel even prouder than usual — because they make the stars there with their own hands. The stars are not flesh and blood, but made of fibreglass, wood, string and plasticine. And they are only two feet high.

The studio, AP Films, in Slough, Buckinghamshire, makes the puppet

destroy an underwater city by volcanic eruption.

The last-made series, the £1 million Thunderbird adventures, called for some of the most complicated special effects the studio has used.

The series centres around a family of brothers who run a space rescue service and is the most costly puppet film yet made.

AP Films began with a shoestring budget and a team of 20 and the scripts are still written by the four directors who founded the studio.

The main driving force is husband and wife team Gerry and Sylvia Anderson.

The scripts are sent to the puppet workshops where sketches for the main characters are drawn. If they are approved, the sculptors take over and turn out the puppets.

Stars are made of fibreglass and have wardrobes of heads — to enable them to look both left and right and to have a range of expressions from sadness to happiness.

Small part players are not such perfect creatures. They are built on a fibreglass machine but have feet of clay — they are moulded from plasticine.

This saves time — and money.

Lips and eyes are worked by electromagnets inside each fibreglass head. Very fine wires — so fine a television set can't reproduce them — lead from the magnets to the puppet operator's bridge.

The puppets have to undergo one trial that their flesh and blood counterparts also face — the screen test.

Before a puppet is used in a series it has a screen test to make sure it photographs properly.

If it passes the test, the puppet gets a beautiful detailed costume from wardrobe mistress Elizabeth Coleman — and a star is born. #

OF THE FANTASTIC

shows Supercar, Fireball X-L5, Stingray and Thunderbirds, using these synthetic heroes.

When the studio is finished with its bit players it treats them quite brutally. It pulls them apart limb by limb and transforms them into other people.

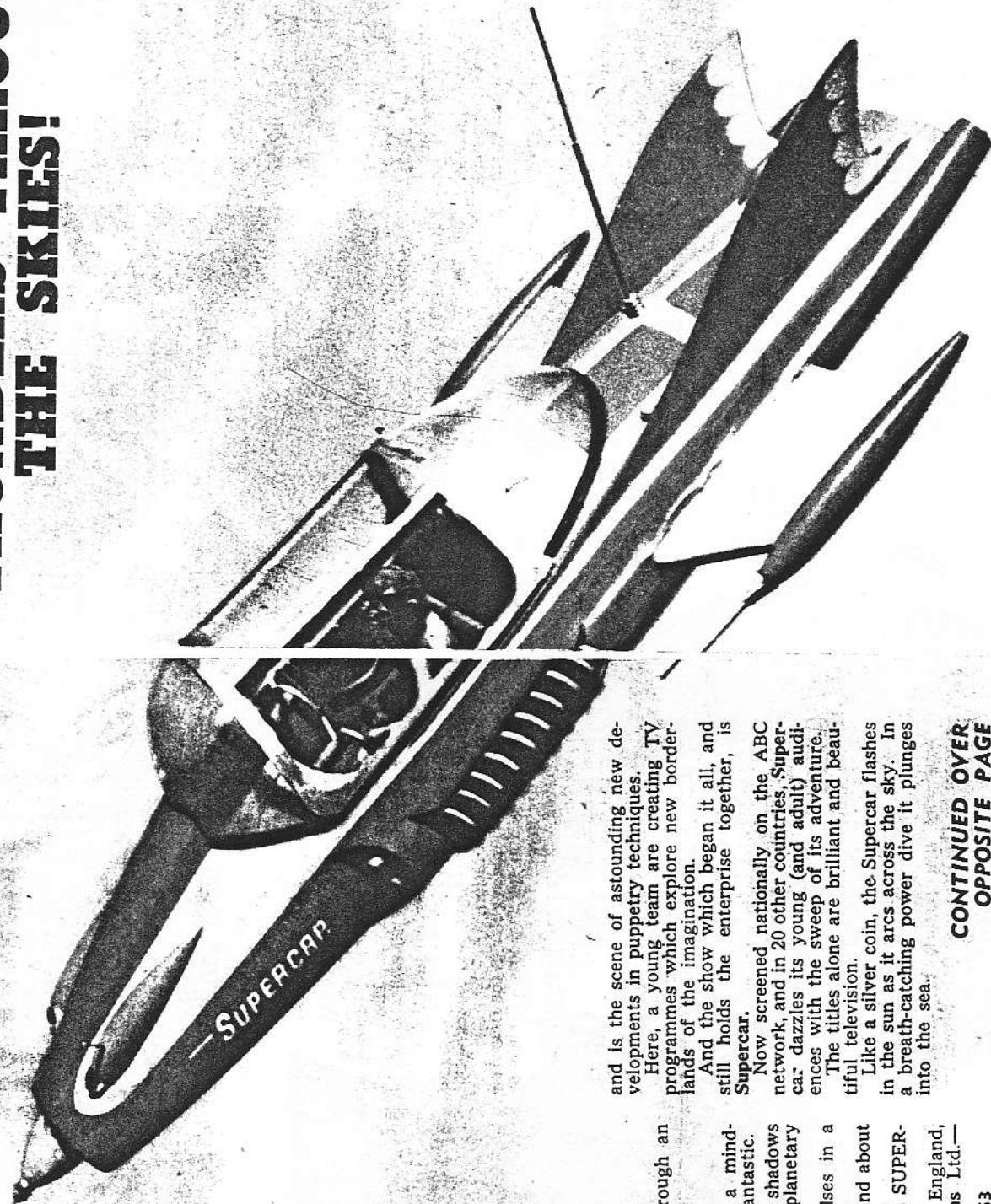
Also interesting is the work the studio does in creating whole communities for these Lilliputian characters to people. The studio's special effects team under Derek Meddings can provide a multitude of disasters in miniature.

The team can topple a skyscraper or



SUPERCAR

THUNDERS THROUGH THE SKIES!



UNLATCH the gate.

Walk up a winding path, through an overgrown and jungle garden.

Open a door . . .

And suddenly you're inside a mind-jarringly eerie factory of the fantastic.

A purple patchwork of shifting shadows reveals itself as a remote interplanetary landscape.

A rubber pseudo-creature pulses in a jar.

Tiny, artificial men sit and stand about—frozen in the midst of action.

THIS IS THE HOME OF THE SUPERCAR.

This old mansion, in Slough, England, houses the studios of AP Films Ltd.—

and is the scene of astounding new developments in puppetry techniques.

Here, a young team are creating TV programmes which explore new borderlands of the imagination.

And the show which began it all, and still holds the enterprise together, is Supercar.

Now screened nationally on the ABC network, and in 20 other countries, Supercar, dazzles its young (and adult) audiences with the sweep of its adventure.

The titles alone are brilliant and beautiful television.

Like a silver coin, the Supercar flashes in the sun as it arcs across the sky. In a breath-catching power dive it plunges into the sea.

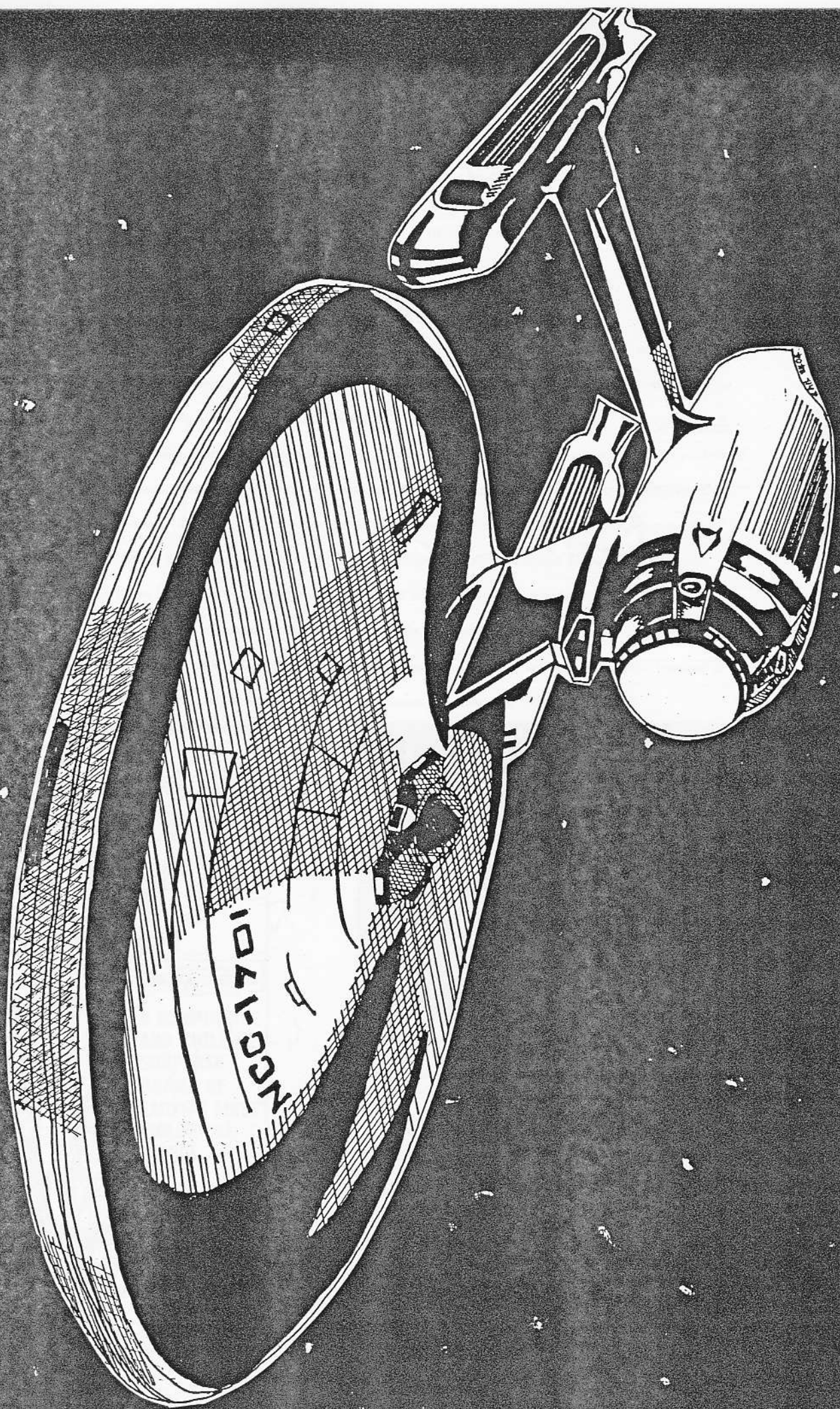
**CONTINUED OVER
OPPOSITE PAGE**

Below is a rough preliminary sketch of a scene from the final 'Superman' tv series. Try your hand at finishing it off and send me a copy-I'll send you a postcard size colour print of the actual scene.



Gray White Office

John White Office



IN THE BEGINNING:

THIS writer never intended to produce any type of zine until in March, 1984- he attended MEDTREK and instead of seeing lots of strange and unusual people- saw people just like himself. In other words, only a little strange and slightly unusual!

After having undergone two days of fandom indoctrination I decided to produce some type of zine but then came the thought: how to produce a first issue with little hope of obtaining contributions?

Well, I've drawn on my own assortment of SF related material collected over the past 25 years. I hope you find at least one item of interest. Remember, if you would like to see a second issue-please send a letter of comment and- hopefully- a contribution. Details of contributions required are listed below.

METALUNA contribution requirements.

Science Fiction related only-I suppose someone will want me to define what I mean by SF! Yes, I do regard SW as SF.

Short stories, poems. Letters discussing any SF movie, tv show, character, book, magazine.

Artwork- see article in this issue. Black pen on white paper.

Modelwork and photography thereof.

Question/answer column- send in your QUESTIONS regarding any SF tv, movie show and I will try to answer it; or more likely find someone else who can answer it.

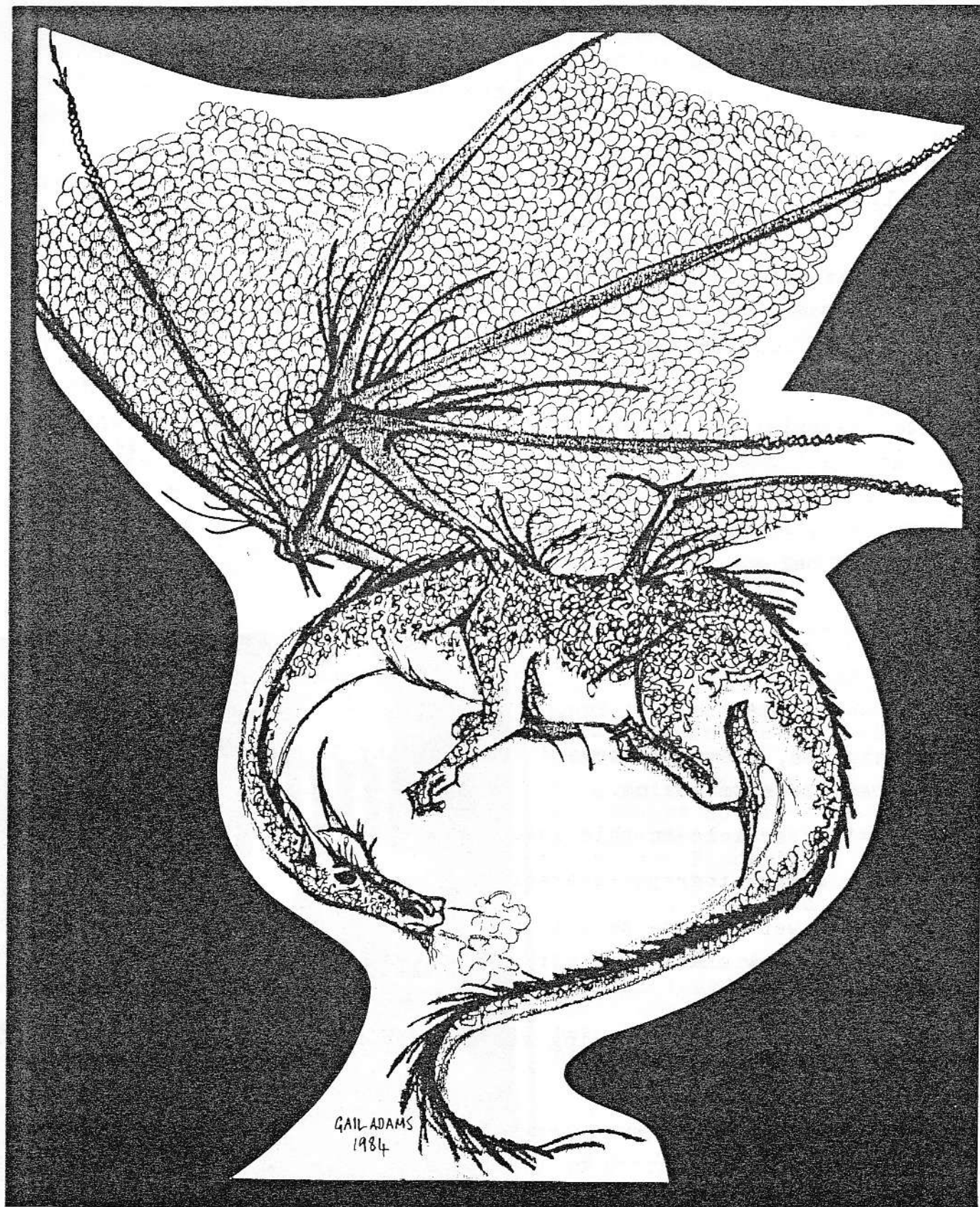
For sale, wanted, swap-excluding video material. Penfriends.

Cartoons, comic strip.

Where to find it-secondhand bookshop search for paperbacks or magazines-for contributors only, though.

NOTES

Future issues will be 12 to 20 pages, $\frac{1}{2}$ A4 size most likely. Free in exchange for contributions which includes LoCs but send stamped sae unless already on my penfriend list if you require personal replies. (Otherwise 3xstandard stamps/copy)



Gail loves to draw Dragons which aren't really appropriate in Metaluna. If you have a zine in which Gail's friends could find a home, please contact her through the address herein. This, along with the other illustrations within, are copies, of copies which are reduced copies-of copies and don't do justice to Gail's fine originals...



Well-I've run the show down elsewhere, but I LOVED 'Lost in Space' WHEN I first saw it on the newly-opened tv station, TEN 10 in Sydney. They sent me this still back in 1965 and I later wrote to CBS for other photos, it was my FAVOURITE show.'The Outer Limits'was much better but at least LinS didn't give this little lad nightmares!

But-after the first series, some CBS twit must have decided that the show didn't have enough laughs, it even tried to do the occasional serious bit. So-Smith and the robot were give all the good lines. Mark Goddard and Guy Williams were almost written out and putting up with Bill Mumy's lines became a real pain in the tumtum-and that's putting it nicely!

The pages of STARLOG seem to indicate that there is a growing interest in LinS, obviously from people who have never seen the final series with its talking potatoes and love-lorne robots!

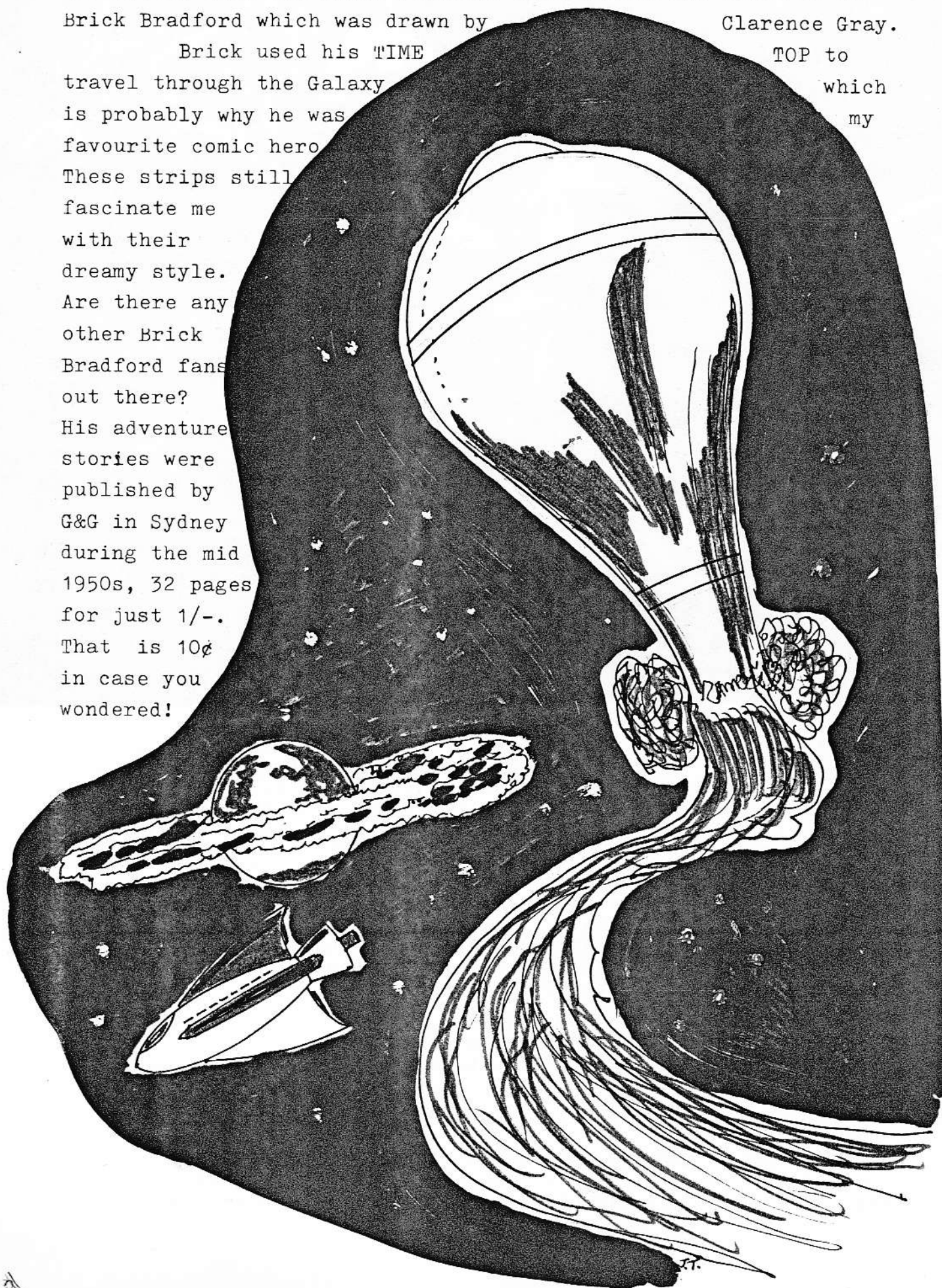
The effects were good, as were the costumes. Isn't it better to remember the good things in a show rather than the bad points, anyway?

I actually found Smith enjoyable while he played a baddie.... the robot was quite enjoyable although obviously patterned on Robby...yes, I could probably sit down and enjoy an episode, right now. Any other views out there??

COMIC STRIP

Will a comic strip be appearing within the pages of Metaluna? Yes, but not this time. I always loved the style of the 1940s, when all space vehicles were smooth and sleek as in Brick Bradford which was drawn by Clarence Gray.

Brick used his TIME TOP to travel through the Galaxy which is probably why he was my favourite comic hero. These strips still fascinate me with their dreamy style. Are there any other Brick Bradford fans out there? His adventure stories were published by G&G in Sydney during the mid 1950s, 32 pages for just 1/- . That is 10¢ in case you wondered!



FUTURE TIMES PAST

What was the scene for SF fans 25 years ago? I can tell you in one word-tragic! No one admitted an interest in space although the early space firings were making news headlines. Australia was 20 years behind the rest of the world and who believed that a living being would ever be launched into space. Impossible!

The first movie I ever watched with a touch of SF was-wait for it-Abbott and Costello 'Go to Mars'; yes, I am old enough to have seen this movie on a first release at the friendly neighbourhood picture palace! I can still remember screaming as the space ship took off. It scared the life out of me and I was taken home in disgrace. How times have changed.

Then came a frantic interest in space vehicles as a result of a space ship 'ride' offered by Anthony Hordens toy department each Christmas in the mid 50s. (AH is-or was-a large department store in Sydney) You entered the ship through a dark tunnel of black curtains. The passenger compartment held about 25, with a seat for the 'captain' up at the front. There was a countdown before the whole vehicle started moving. Out the window you could watch the planets and star systems floating past with a sound of distant engines to take your thoughts away from earthly pursuits. It was fantastic to one of such tender years! Compare it to your first viewing of 'Star Wars' on the big screen.

This was quickly followed by a subscription to 'Eagle' comic with the legendary adventures of 'Dan Dare'. I was also buying up each 'Kemlo' book to hit the market and also Capt. W.E. Johns' space books. Fortunately, my father was also developing an interest in SF and gave me my first taste of adult SF for Christmas, 196? Clarke's 'A Fall of Moondust'. I was well and truly hooked!

What was appearing on tv, you are probably wondering? Not in order, the shows I remember are 'Rocky Jones, Space Ranger'-quite realistic; 'Jet Jackson' (it wasn't until years later that I discovered the original name of the character was 'Captain Midnight'-always wondered why the lip-sync seemed to be out when anyone said 'Jet Jackson'); 'Superman' which was my favourite and which I still prefer to the screen versions. Of course, there were the serials 'Flying Disc Man from Mars', 'Radar Men from the Moon' with Commander Cody, of flying suit fame.

As we moved into the mid-60s, along came 'Lost in Space' and the good Doctor. LinS. was quite enjoyable during the first series but soon became quite forgettable. It was quite widely advertised while very few people knew that 'Doctor Who' was actually running!

But-somehow I managed to be in from the start. Those first series were hard on the eyes being a video image-on-film format. The stories were great, and dear old Bill Hartnell. Who cared if the scenery and special effects were 'orrible in those early days?

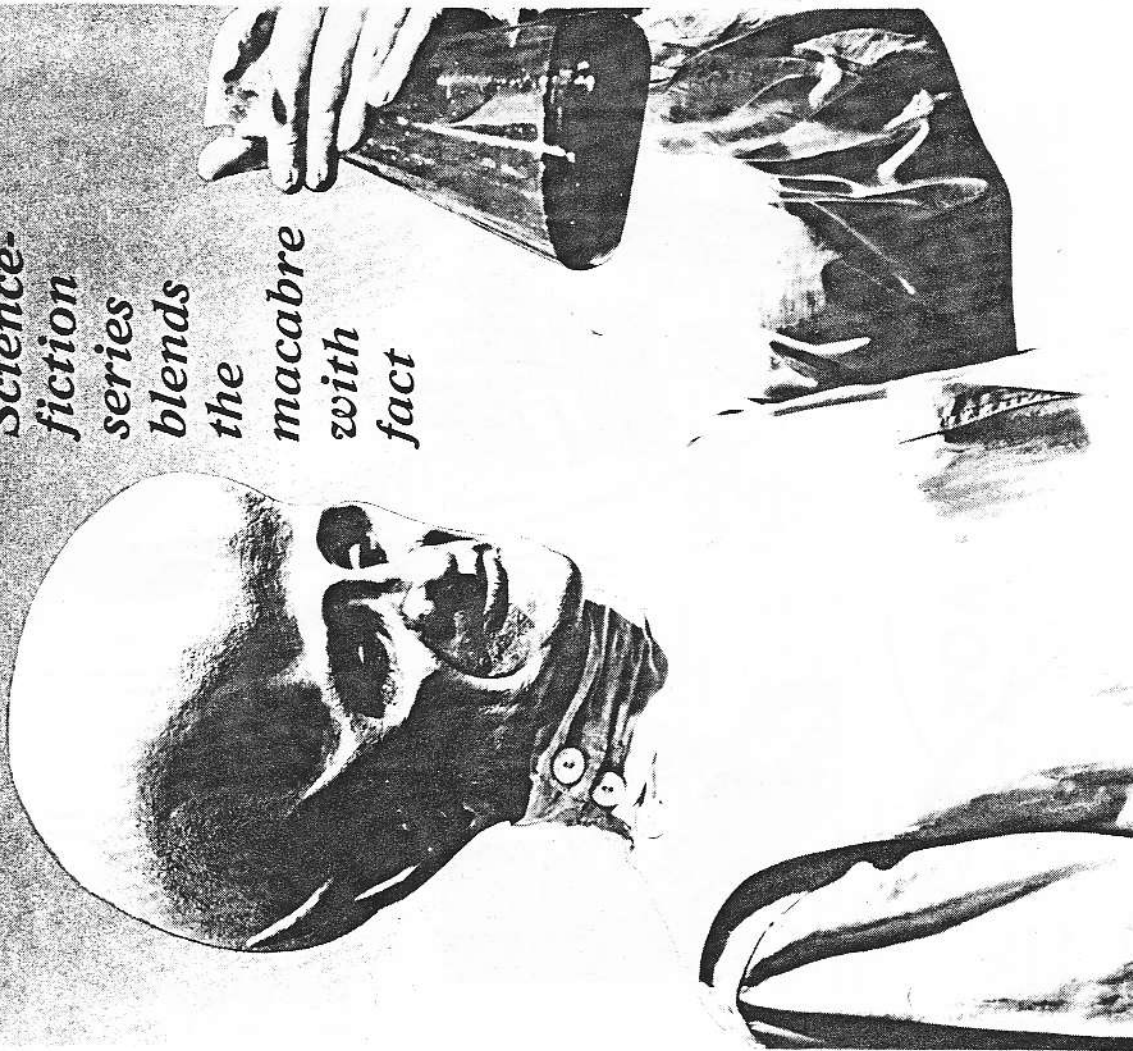
There were other shows. 'Twilight Zone' conflicted with something else so I'm only just seeing it now. 'Outer Limits' was the BEST but it gave me nightmares. I'd love to see that show again!

And in the pages of the tv rags were stories of a new space show, about a weird space craft and a guy with pointy ears.....

(If you have any queries on anything mentioned above, I'd be happy to hear from you)

THE MIND IS STRETCHED TO OUTER LIMITS

Science-fiction series blends the macabre with fact



"DO NOT BE alarmed . . . we are merely taking over control of your TV set."

These words—the standard introduction to Outer Limits—set the pace for a new type of TV entertainment.

It's science-fiction and within the limits of a unique format almost anything goes—monsters, malformation, visitors from outer space, drugs and weapons with extraordinary powers.

Such a program fills a long-felt need by science-fiction addicts and is sure to win many new followers.

Leslie Stevens, who created the show, says the object is to entertain while stretching the writer's mind to outer limits of adult, creative fantasy.

He says: "I was sure millions of people would share my enthusiasm for science-fiction and they would like to see that enthusiasm developed on television.

"I decided to put together an anthology show, with each episode based on just one fact from the world of science.

"By advancing, illuminating and expanding that one fact, an hour show would result.

"I knew that if the job were done properly, the point at which today's act ended and tomorrow's fiction began would be imperceptible . . ."

Stevens collaborated with Joseph Stefano, screenplay writer for Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*. They supervised about 30 episodes for the new series.

Virtually every episode of *Outer Limits* has stirred controversy in America.

One critic wrote: "I keep telling myself that those way-out stories could never really happen, but I find myself answering back, don't be too sure!"

The Stevens-Stefano team is delighted by the controversy. Stefano says the main cause is what he whimsically calls "the bear."

He explains: "The bear is that one

splendid, staggering, shuddering effect that induces awe or wonder or tolerable terror—or even merely conversation and argument."

They strive for one "bear" per episode. They are justifiably proud of their roster of guest stars. "We're not devoted to monsters exclusively," grins Stevens, "and we have our pick of the finest actors in the world.

"So far, we've had Nina Foch, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Miriam Hopkins, David McCallum, Gary Merrill, Mark Richman, Ralph Meeker, Geraldine Brooks and Harry Guardino . . . to name a few."

Other guests are midgets and tall men. Once they used a man from a circus who was 9 feet tall.

They also use "guest" studios.

"We've worked at M-G-M, 20th Century-Fox, Revue, and most of the others," Stevens explains. "By renting from week to week, we keep our overhead down and we can afford to splurge on the finest make-up magic and optical laboratory in television.

"These are vital to our success."

Outer Limits has received more than its share of mail. Stevens says: "Naturally, we get a lot of crank letters from people who claim to have had similar experiences. Others write to ask how certain technical things are accomplished.

"But I'm happy to say that most of it is from people who have become interested in science-fiction since watching the show and they want us to keep it up."

Other letters, mostly from adventure-struck young boys, ask about working on the show in some of the wild stunts. "Some of the stunts may look fun," Stevens says, "but most of them are highly dangerous.

"We almost lost a man when one of our monsters was under water. Inside the monster costume was a professional skin diver. He was to signal by clapping his hands when he wanted to come up for air.

"Unfortunately, he clapped after a rather funny scene and the crew thought he was clowning, applauding himself.

"We got him out of the water just in time!" #

AUGUST 8, 1964—TV WEEK

● A page from history books a million years hence . . . a new science-fiction series probes the outer limits.



'DVARÉ'
GAIL ADAMS 1983