



Right: A rare still from Nigel Kneale's *Year of the Sex Olympics*, Elizabeth Staden as Sarah Jane in *Dr Who* and Pamela Hensley as Princess Ardala in *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*.

ATTACK OF THE 50 FT. WOMAN

Below: Barbara Bach in *The Humanoid* and Lynda Carter in *Wonder Woman*. Above: Louise Jameson as Leela from *Dr Who*.



Way back in *Starburst 4* we promised that you would never find scantily-clad heroines in this magazine. The result was that we received a steady stream of letters asking why we were pointedly ignoring the female stars of the fantasy movies we covered. So by way of making up for the last sixteen issues we present a feature by Tony Crawley on . . .

FABULOUS FANTASY FEMALES!



Below: Diana Rigg as she appeared in the infamous Hellfire Club episode of the *Avengers*, a Melvilen from the "Destiny of the Daleks" story in the *Dr Who* series, and the voluptuous Madeline Smith from *Live and Let Die* plus numerous Hammer horror movies.



Below: Jacqueline Pearce as Sevatan in *Blake's 7*.

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Above: Katy Manning as Jo Grant and Mary Tamm as Romana from the BBC tv series *Dr. Who*.



Left: Farrah Fawcett as she appears in *Saturn 3*, a new sf movie from Lew Grade. Right: Jacqueline Pearce as *Blake's 7*'s Servalan poses for a series of BBC Wardrobe Department test shots.



So far, Starburst has run pictorial specials on aliens (issue 10) and robots (issue 12), of which I know little, though I'm learning daily. Now the magazine has moved towards an area I'm more comfortable with. The ladies... The women of the fantasy genre. Or: Fantasy Women. An assignment to drool over, more than to write about. Fortunately, these pictures speak volumes every one, so who wants to hear from me...?

All women in movies are fantasies. That's why we love them. (Much the same goes for movies, themselves, of course). The girl remains in the mind rather than the mind's eye long after her movies because the very fantasy of her

remains. The reverie she builds up within your consciousness plugs into your own dream-wishes, and not only because of the fantasy she has been placed in by any director or scriptwriter... although that helps. Fundamentally, it's the girl, more than her character, that works on you, whether because of her face, form, figure, talent or setting.

Jane Fonda warmed the world with her antics as Barbarella in 1968; she's with us again in what could be termed a fantasy film, *The China Syndrome*. She's changed completely. She's liberated now, politically activated, an assured actress, and a mother to boot. A wholly different woman. A different fantasy to conjure

with. And indeed there are those who prefer her TV news reporter to her Bardot-like fantasy-doll in Vadim's first (and unhappily, last) sf movie.

"Look at Barbarella today and it was a hell of a job," says John Derek. "But her acting, I don't think, is any better now than it was then. She's just doing different parts. Parts that we will accept her doing."

John Derek, it should perhaps be pointed out here, knows all about fantasy women. He's discovered and married about as many of them as Vadim. John's second wife was Ursula Andress. His third was Linda Evans, Steve McQueen's girl in his new Western. Now, John is wed to

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Left: Vintage Welch, from the depths of the sixties Raquel as she appeared in her first starring role — as a lady scientist in *Fantastic Voyage* (1966). She made more of a name for herself in Hammer's *One Million Years BC*.



Left: Caroline Munro, reckoned by many fans to be the undisputed first lady of fantasy. Her films include *Golden Voyage of Sinbad*, *At the Earth's Core* and of course *Stella Star/Starcross*, still to be released nationally in this country.

this year's newest fantasy siren, the 10 girl, Bo Derek. Suppress your envy . . . we also serve, who stand (in cinema queues) and watch (from cinema seats) and dream and hope . . .

Incidentally, Bo tells me she was offered the old Fay Wray role in the new King Kong. She turned it down because the first script wasn't up to much. "It was full of one-liners . . . dirty jokes". Jessica Lange took over the cleaned-up version, and it's good to know she's headed back our way soon as a fantasy figure — the angel of death, no less — in Bob Fosse's extraordinary *All That Jazz* movie.

So what (apart from Messrs Vadim and Derek) makes a fantasy woman? You do. In your head. Does Anna Francis count because of *Forbidden Planet*? I suppose so, though she was never my cup of fantasy. I always found Robby the Robot much more of a turn-on. This year we'll have Lily Tomlin, of all people, as *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*. I'm not very excited at the prospect. I'd much rather re-run the final ten minutes of Sigourney Weaver in *Alien* than watch Lily shrink.

Now before our female readership starts reaching for pen and vitriol, I agree with them. Such a view as I've just expressed about the bobbing and weaving Weaver is highly chauvinistic. But surely any true lover of fantasy women has to be a male chauvinist. If he were not, where would the fantasy stem from . . . how would it work? So, before going any further, let's make one point very clear. The nub of any winning fantasy female (or male, come to that) has to be sex-appeal. There's no way around that — it's a fact. If intellect comes into it, it's more on the part of the audience praising a new fantasy find and hypocritically listing reasons for her excellence other than her sexuality, rather than for any intellectual performance or characterisation.

Raquel Welch had her first starring role as a woman scientist entering the bloodstream of a dying scientist in *Fantastic Voyage*. But she only conquered the world, and in particular the newspaper picture-editors, in her doe-skin bikini in *One Million Years BC*. Both films were genuine, 24-karat fantasy films. One had a strong script (it derived, after all, from Isaac Asimov), the other had far more flesh on display. That's the one everyone remembers best. So does Raquel. It made her a star. Her body, what she famously referred to as her "equipment", fed our collective fantasy, more so than the one we happened to be watching her in, and certainly more so than her scientific mind did for us in her Asimovian trip through the human blood stream. Some wags have said *Fantastic Voyage* would have been rather more fantastical, if we had traversed through

Raquel's own abundant corps. Maybe so.

And so, I'll apologise for any further chauvinistic views no more. I don't need to defend myself, or indeed any of my like-minded readers. No fantasy woman can succeed without a touch, at the very least, of eroticism — latent or blatant. The fantasy she fires in our brain has to be bigger, better than the one she plays out on the screen before us. That's why we remember the ladies that we do, and forget the others. Think about it as you browse through this picture gallery. Well, you don't have to think too hard . . . your eye is immediately drawn to the women you remember in that secret place in your head.

No fantasy woman can succeed without a touch, at the very least, of eroticism — latent or blatant. The fantasy she fires in our brain has to be bigger than the one she plays out on the screen.

Now keep quiet! I'm thinking . . .

I'm thinking of Raquel in doe-skin and the best of her camp-followers in those Hammer prehistoric movies . . . Victoria Vetri, Imogen Hassall, Carole White even, and best of them all, Martine Beswick. I'm thinking of Joanna Lumley, dressed to the neck, in *Sapphire and Steel*. I'm thinking of Marisa Mell in *Danger — Diabolik*. I'm thinking of Julie Christie, tv-style, in *A for Andromeda* (but no, I'm not thinking of her successor, Susan Hampshire. Sorry about that, Sue). I'm thinking of Brit Eklund in *The Wicker Man*, but not so much in *The Man with the Golden Gun*. I'm thinking of Corinne Clery in *Moonraker* and *The Humanoid* and the last time I had lunch with her. I'm thinking of Nichelle Nichols in *Star Trek* — the tv series, not the boring Motion Picture.

I can think further back than that, too. Back to Brigitte Helm in *Metropolis* in 1926. (How did a robot get in here?) And if you want to go back that far, you can't help but think and dream of the screen's all-time perfect creation, Louise Brooks, in *Pandora's Box* (1929). But that is another thesis and Ken Tynan has beaten me to it. Damn his nerve.

What's that . . . ? You're thinking of Carolina Munro in *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad*. Are you mad? You're thinking of Heather Menzies in *Logan's Run* and of

Farrah Fawcett in the film version. Well, there's no accounting for taste. What — you're thinking of Margretta Scott in *Korda's Thing To Come*? Well, that'll please her I'm sure; she's 68 this year. And what . . . say again . . . of Elsa Lanchester in *The Bride of Frankenstein* and Gloria Talbot marrying her monster from outer space in 1958?

Good grief . . . I suppose you're musing now of Erin Gray and Pamela Hensley in *Buck Rogers* . . .

All I can say, dear readers, you think of your fantasy women and leave me to mine . . .

That's the other important aspect of such ladies, of course. They work their magical muses on different people. You may go a bundle on Terri Garr in *Close Encounters*. I prefer Mary Tamm in *Dr Who*. You may carry a torch for the late Susan Danberg from *Frankenstein Created Woman* — but give me Madeline Smith any day.

The fantasy range covers all sizes, colour, creeds, countries and, of course, screens — the big and small. From Barbara Eden, having to keep her navel covered in *I Dream of Jeannie* on American tv, to Ingrid Pitt covering not one square inch of herself in her Hammer and associated genre days. From Valerie Perrine adding the all important sex-appeal to *Vonnegut's* *Montana Wildhack* in *Slaughterhouse 5* to Carrie Fisher's tomboy in *Star Wars*.

Or indeed, from Nic Roeg's hedonistic Theresa Russell in *Bad Timing* with Denholm Elliott, to Judy Lim and Lisa Lu in *Saint Jack* with Denholm Elliott. From Francis de la Tour in *Rising Damp* (The Movie!) with Denholm Elliott to Brooke Adams in *Cuba* with . . . Denholm Elliott. The suave Mr Elliott is winning more work than most fantasy females at present; it's about time his superior talent was put to work in something close to our favoured genre.

Meanwhile, it must now be stated that Brooke Adams, a firm fave rave I gather with many since *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* is really the most miserable looking leading lady on film today. Veronica Cartwright's navigator in *Alien* looks a barrel of laughs compared with her.

I've gone off — well off Brooke Adams. Brooke Bond does more for me.

On closer examination, the fantasy women fell into two broad (hah!) categories. Those who can act. And those who can't. Or, to be even more precise, those who can act and those who are paid not to trouble their pretty little heads too much, beyond looking attractive enough in some form of futuristic and/or prehistoric bikini. There are more starlets in fantasy films



Left: Especially for a group of Humberston fans who have been pestering us for almost a year we present "cute leggy Zoe" (Wendy Padbury). Right: Yet more *Dr Who* assistants (clockwise): Romana (Lalla Ward), Victoria (Deborah Watling), Jo Grant (Katy Manning) and Polly (Anneke Wills).

Below: The last *Avengers* girl, Purdy, was played with panache by Joanna Lumley. Joanna has been seen recently on Independent Television in *Sapphire and Steel*.

Below right: The *Battlestar Galactica* girls: Sirena (Jane Seymour), Athena (Maren Jensen) and Cassiopea (Laurette Sprang).



than actresses (more's the pity). Do I really have to name them? Oh come on, you know who they are . . . Julie Ege, Caroline Munro, Jane Seymour, Maren Jensen, Susan Anton, Batgirl's Yvonne Craig and indeed Catwoman's Julie Newmar and Lee Merrivether, and all five *Charlie's Angels*, headed of course by that complete and utter non-runner as far as fantasy women, or indeed fantasies themselves are concerned, Farrah Fawcett.

Farrah sells — or sold — more pin-up posters than cinema tickets. And if *Saturn 3* emerges as anything like a box-office winner, it won't be anything to do with her, but the star of our next robot pictorial, Hector. Fortunately enough, for

all of the above dross, we still have such talented visions around as Dominique Sanda in *Damnation Alley*, Barbara Bain in *Space 1999* (Catherine Schell, too, come to that), Faith Domergue (a blast from the past in *This Island Earth*), Leigh Taylor-Young in *Soylent Green*, and Lynne Frederick in the abysmally wasted *Phase IV*. And, naturally, Jenny Agutter is acceptable in anything at all. Or, indeed, in nothing at all!

Emma Sams showed more than a hint of Eastern promise in *Arabian Adventure* (I expect to see her joining Tom Baker's *Dr Who* any day now). Sissy Spacek was supreme in *Carrie*, Barbara Kellerman staved off a rotten script and unctuous

co-stars in the last tv *Quatermass*. Jamie Lee Curtis was fair enough in *Halloween*, but P.J. Soles is much livelier. And did you realise it was the great Patricia Neal all those years ago in *The Day the Earth Stood Still* . . . ?

Then, of course, there is the Bond bunch. Ursula Andress still leads this field. She is, along with Bardot, the very model for each and every fantasy woman since the 50s became the 60s. Ian Fleming created the mould: read any 007 book and when he draws his picture of the leading lady, the description is always the same. It's Bardot, from tip to toe. Brigitte, however, was never interested in filming outside of France — or French



Left: *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* was livened up by the presence of Princess Ardala (Pamela Hensley). Right: Meanwhile, 44 years ago, Princess Aura (Pricilla Lawson) was livening up *Flash Gordon* (1938).



The Girl with the Golden Tonsils, the lovely screamer herself, Fay Wray, as she appeared in *King Kong*.





Left: Margot Kidder brought *Superman's* Lois Lane right up to date with her hard-nosed portrayal in the 1978 movie. **Right:** Another *Superman* lovely, Eve Teschmacher. Somehow Valerie Perrine seemed more glamorous in this role than in her earlier fantasy outing, *Slaughterhouse 5*, despite the fact that she wore more clothes in *Superman!*

companies. So, enter Ursula. Alas she only visited the fantasy screen twice since Bond, in Italy's rarely seen *The Tenth Victim* and in Hammer's *She*, though she's due back in *Clash of Titans*.

In Connery's *Bondage*, the only distinct successor of Ursula was Martine Beswick, the Jamaican firebrand who later fought Raquel to a frazzle in *One Million Years BC* and stayed in the doo-skins for more of the prehistoric Hammer movies. Martine is, remembered far more for being the result of the cocktail Ralph Bates stirred, shook and drunk in *Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde*. Bates turning into Beswick, and Martine examining the transformation in front of her mirror is



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—Tony Crawley.

something you don't forget in a hurry.

During Roger Moore's shaky stab at Bondmanship, we've had very little to write to M about. Jane Seymour has so much hair she should be in shampoo commercials. Still, she's flowering, slightly, after *Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger* and Chris Reeve's first post-Supie film, *Somewhere in Time*. Britt Ekland and Maud Adams were decorative drags and the less said about Lois Chiles in *Moonraker*, the better, hrm?

However, Moore's Bond did also unearth Barbara Bach, the very stuff of which fantasy images are bred. She's also sticking close to the fantastical with *The Humanoid* and other shock-horror opuses. Hidden away in *Moonraker*, though, was the girl who could outstrip — and I use the word advisedly — them all. Corrine Clery. She first made her start in the greatest French fantasy of them all, *The Story of O*. But she did well in *The Humanoid* and wants, or so she tells me, to do more. What she should do is one more Bond at least; she is the only member of the cast to have survived the gadgetry of *Moonraker*.

Helping out 007 from time to time has been the best of *The Avengers*. Where else did *Goldfinger's* Pussy Galore come from... or *On Her Majesty's Secret Service's* Tracy. Honor Blackman and Diana Rigg had their mark on secret service duty with Patrick MacNee. Joanna Lumley, too, though for some reason everyone tends to forget Linda Thorsen, I relished her rather more than any of them, with the possible exception of Joanna's winning Purdey. But as I've expressed already, it's really horses for courses in fantasy women. No producer or director can legislate which women will work out best in what film... which perhaps explains Farrah Fawcett in *Saturn 3* if anything can explain Farrah Fawcett in *Saturn 3*.

Auntie BBC has always had more room for fantasy women — girls then — than t'other side. There is the never-ending supply of assistants to the similarly never-ending supply of Dr Whos — from whom,



I recall Louise Jameson, Elisabeth Sladen and Mary Tamm more easily than the rest. And there is now the increasing amount of pulchritude on galactic service with Blake's 7. Pity to see Sally Knyvette depart, though I've been enjoying Jan Chappell and Josette Simon, and feel it's about time Michael Keating's Vila went the way of Gareth Thomas and was succeeded by bird. Jacqueline Pearce's Servalan is your average enough fantasy villainess. I find it rather hard to believe in her after once sitting for a week or more on a Shepperton set when she was making a madcap comedy co-starring Jerry Lewis!

No, Josette is my favourite of the new team. She's the small screen's successor to Nichelle Nichols.

Which brings us to the current crop of the fantasy harvest. Persis Khambatta was looked after better by the make-up department than the script unit in *Star Trek — The Motion Picture*. (I still can't get over the "Motion Picture" bit; the Trades Description Act should prosecute this lame film). Yvette Mimieux was better suited for the events of *The Black Hole*. Ms Mimieux has been around since she was but a memo on George Pal's pad with *The Time Machine* in mind, plus long service in various disaster and other related movies: *Skyjacked*, *The Neptune Factor* and *Disaster on the Coastliner*. Blondes, I'm told in Hollywood, are essential for the people-in-jeopardy syndrome.

As for the rest of the breed, Hammer Films supplied them all. Didn't they though? As Chris Lee and Peter Cushing took it in turns to head up a cast, the



Hammer list of fantasy women began to take on the appearance of a ceaseless production line. From Hazel Court, of the low-hung neckline, in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, to Ursula Andress as She. From Kate O'Mara, Ingrid Pitt, Caroline Munro, to the flawless blondes, Veronica Carlson, Yutte Stensgaard and the loveliest Czech-mate of them all, Olinka Berova.

I must admit it helps a lot if you can get to meet some of these fantastics and I spent a most enjoyable day with Olinka when she was the Andress successor in what can only be termed as a Shequel in 1970.

From all these wonder women — sorry, Lynda Carter, did I forget you? How remiss of me... From all these ladies and so many others that I cannot mention or there'd be no room for the pictures, and they, after all, are the purpose of this feature — there has to be a No 1 Fantasy Woman. Of course, there does.

And this is where the fur starts flying. For I cannot expect you to agree with my choice. Nor would I particularly want you to.

My choice, as a chauvinist, both male and nationalistic, is the British girl our studios let get away. Barbara Steele!

Barbara, also known in some quarters as Barbaric Steele, is the pre-eminent star attraction on the fantasy genre scene, past, present and future. For me, she is without equal in the horror department of the field — *The Pit and the Pendulum*, *The Terror of Dr Hitchcock*, *The Spectre*, *8½*, *Castle of Blood*, *The Long Hair of Death* etc. . .

Far left: Barbara Bach made us all sit up and take notice in *The Spy Who Loved Me* though she went on to Italy's *The Humanoid*. Left: Singer Dana Gillespie turned up as Ajor in *The People Time Forgot*. Far right: Anita Pallenberg almost stole the show in *Barbarella* (1967) as The Black Queen. Above: Marisa Mell provided the glamour in Mario Bava's *Danger Diabolik* (1967). Right: Jane Fonda's first starring role was *Barbarella*, in which the title sequences caused something of a sensation.



You want more? Terror Creatures from *The Grave*, *The Faceless Monster*, *An Angel for Satan*, *Revenge of the Blood Beast*, *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, *Shivers* . . . The most Pinewood could do with her was things like the 1959 re-make of *The 39 Steps*!

Roger Corman made her a star, Italy reinforced her appeal. The French adored her. Vincent Price and Boris Karloff worked with her — so did Michael Reeves and Fellini. She generated a heady mix of high-fashioned intellectualism and voluptuous sadism, which, like her, we don't see enough of anymore. She still makes the odd film — usual for Roger Corman *Piranha* was the last.

Barbara Steele rapidly became a cult figure. She once summed up for me the dangers of being a fantasy woman, which, in the end, is another expression for being a cult, and which explained why she planned to escape into other roles. Being a cult, she said, did not put food on the table.

Once only did the international screen get close to matching the essential — and sensual — appeal of Barbara Steele. And that proved that the best fantasy woman, like the best fantasy, is not real at all, but needs to be fabricated. I refer to The Black Queen in Fonda-Vadim's *Barbarella*.

The face and the body belonged to Anita Pallenberg. The voice was that of Fennella Fielding. The marriage was quite sublime.

If only Caroline Munro would talk like Andress, then I'd understand what the fuss about her was all about . . .

Below: Cult horror queen Barbara Steele has appeared mainly in foreign horror offerings after being ignored by British film-makers. Her most recent film was Cronenberg's *Shivers*.

