

# STAR TREK TO DAY

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NEWS OF TREKDOM

by Jim Meadows

**STAR TREK LIVES?** The Star Trek movie, although much delayed, is still very much alive.

The movie was originally set to be filmed last fall, but this was gradually pushed up until it became this summer (De Forrest Kelley, on NBC's The Tomorrow Show gave July 15 as a date) and I have heard rumors stating that shooting won't start until 1977. Gene Roddenberry, speaking at the University of Nebraska this past April, said he had signed contracts with Paramount to start filming in October of this year.

The fly in the ointment is the script, or lack of one, or lack of one that Paramount will accept.

Originally, Gene Roddenberry was going to write the script, and he did so. The script, by all reports, took place after the Enterprise's five year mission, with the show regulars in different walks of life (Kirk holding down a military desk job, McCoy as a veterinarian, etc). The plot involved bringing the regulars back together in a newer and bigger starship to battle a creature that claimed to be God. That, evidently, was the script Paramount turned down last summer.

Then, there seems to have been a struggle between Roddenberry and Paramount over who had control of the movie. I know little about this at all, except that LOCUS reported at one point last October that Dick Silber was "currently in charge of production" of the Star Trek movie, with out saying that Roddenberry had been thrown out. Apparently, Gene Roddenberry is still very much in at this date.

But he doesn't seem to be in as the scriptwriter. Since throwing out the first script, Paramount has hired five writers to write scripts for the movie, the best one winning production and a sale. LOCUS announced last October that

John D. F. Black and Robert F. <sup>50¢</sup> were two of the people hired. A veteran scriptwriter, was associated with the producer of Star Trek in the 60s, and wrote a first season script, "The Naked Time". Silverberg (who verified the LOCUS report in a letter to Science Fiction Review) has no scriptwriting experience that I know of, but he is a gifted and experienced hand in the science fiction genre, having most recently won the Nebula Award for his novella "Born With The Dead".

The Star Trek newzine THE FINAL FRONTIER went into detail in a piece on the ST movie concerning rumors of Harlan Ellison also being approached to do a script, but these rumors are unsubstantiated, and I have heard them from no other source.

One thing seems certain: when the film does start shooting, the original cast will be there. Paramount seems to have buried the idea of hiring big names in place of the originals. Leonard Nimoy said in a Chicago radio interview this past May that he and Bill Shatner were very close to finalising a deal with Paramount to act in the ST movie, and that other cast members were also near that point, if they had not already signed. At this point, everybody involved seems willing to work in the Star Trek movie, the money and other things being right, of course.

The film's budget has been announced with figures of 3 million dollars from one source, and 5 million at another; typical figures for a major production.

The Magicam process, a process reported last issue which would matte or chroma-key live actors against miniature sets using synchronized cameras has apparently been dropped as a method of filming the Star Trek movie. Evidently, the process is not going to be as cheap as Paramount hoped.

At his University of Nebraska appearance, Gene Roddenberry predicted the Star Trek movie would be released in the summer of 1977, possibly coming in the middle or near the end of a glut of sf features now in production or scheduled for same; many of them have budgets much higher than the ST movie. The success or failure of these other films could have a big effect on the release date of the Star Trek movie, and on its box office appeal. (Sources: LOCUS, THE FINAL FRONTIER, THE HALKAN COUNCIL, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, THE MONSTER TIMES, and Save The Star Trek Cast.)

UPDATE: (June 11) The most recent issue of LOCUS (dated 4/30/76) lists Jud Taylor as the director hired for the Star Trek movie. According to the notice, no script or special effects people have been finalized yet.

STAR TREK IN PRINT Star Trek movie, or no Star Trek movie, ST books sell very well. Here's a brief summary of what's been going on in that area.

The cancellation of the animated Star Trek series brought about a pause in Ballantine's clockwork-regular publication of the Star Trek Log books. But the series was resumed this year, with two more Log adaptations by Alan Dean Foster. The latter of the two, Star Trek Log Seven is devoted to just one script, instead of the usual three, giving Foster more room to develop characters and plot. It also gives Ballantine the chance to squeeze more books out of a limited amount of episodes, as it's been announced that future Log books will also deal with only one episode.

Ballantine has been working in other areas with ST books though, and has done very well with the Enterprise blueprints and the Star Fleet Technical Manual, both from the studio of Franz Josephs. In the works now is a set of Klingon ship blueprints, due for publication sometime this year (and at the steep price of \$9; the Enterprise blueprints were sold at \$5).

Ballantine also plans hardcover publication of the Star Trek Concordance, the Bjo Trimble-Dorothy Jones reference work to the series, which had previously only been available as a fan publication from John Trimble's Mathom House. The Trimbles have sold the publication rights to Ballantine, which will have their edition out this fall, presumably a revision that will combine the first volume with the 3rd season supplement. Revision to include the animated series is as yet unknown.

Bantam, the other major publisher of Star Trek books should be putting out a posthumous final volume of James Blish ST adaptations very soon now. Star Trek 12, which would exhaust the supply of ST episodes to rewrite into print, was tentatively scheduled for this month, but as of this writing (June 14) has not hit the stands.

With ST episodes exhausted as a source of ST fiction, Bantam has already started looking for other sources. One search has resulted in Star Trek: The New Voyages, a collection of ST fiction from the trekzines, edited by Sondra Marshak and Myrna Culbreath. There may be further books in this series. Bantam is

also planning more Star Trek novels; they published James Blish's Spock Must Die in 1970, and Blish had expressed a desire to try another one in his preface to Star Trek 11. Now Bantam has hired sf veteran Ted Cogswell and newcomer Charles Spano, who are writing (and have probably finished by now) a novel with the working title of Spock Messiah. The novel, due in September, has Mr. Spock driven mad by a new planet survey device, which is supposed to give the user a telepathic link with aliens, making language and culture more easily grasped. The backfiring of the mechanism causes Spock to disable the Enterprise, go AWOL, and plot a religious revolution on the planet he had been surveying. Simultaneously, the Enterprise is menaced by a sub-space storm, and Kirk has to save the day. Needless to say, the accent is on action-adventure.

Bantam may be publishing other ST novels in the future. Six are planned, with Cogswell doing one more, and Joe Haldeman (recently nominated for the Hugo award for his novel The Forever War) doing three others.

There may also be future books on Star Trek fandom, from Bantam or elsewhere. Bantam published Star Trek Lives by Jackie Lichtenberg, Sondra Marshak and Joan Winston in 1975. Ms. Lichtenberg has expressed her dissatisfaction with book, which she says was altered against her wishes by editor pressure. All three authors are working on ST projects of one form or another; the New Voyages book is one result of this, and there may be a book on Star Trek conventions in the future.

Meanwhile, Pocket Books has published Six Science Fiction Plays, a collection of sf scripts for stage, screen and video. Included in the collection (edited by Roger Elwood) is the original final draft of Harlan Ellison's "City on the Edge of Forever". Before being rewritten by Gene Roddenberry, the script dwelt more on the conflict of Kirk and Spock than the romance between Kirk and Edith Keeler, and had a drug pusher, rather than a drugged Dr. McCoy making the trip through the Guardian of Forever to Earth of the 1930's.

Finally, Peter Pan/Power records has released a shoddily made children's disk, entitled simply Star Trek. No credits of any kind are given for the three short ST aud plays on the record, but the cast is not the original, and one source (Sharon Ferraro in The Halkan Council) has given the scripts' author to be Alan Dean Foster.

**WILLIAM SHATNER** Bill Shatner keeps busy. The Barbary Coast, the espionage-western on ABC in which he starred was canceled by that network in mid-season, and a CBS Playhouse 90 special "Tenth Level" in which he plays a role has been yanked from the schedule due to the drama's grim content. But this is not keeping Bill Shatner off tv. Scheduled for syndication this fall is Weekend Warriors, a tv series hosted by Shatner which will deal with exotic sports such as hang gliding, karate, sky diving, and so on. Tv Sports Scenes is the production company.

As for Star Trek, Shatner has said repeatedly that if anyone played Capt. Kirk again, he would, and is, according to Leonard Nimoy, very close to signing with Paramount to play Kirk in the proposed ST movie. Meanwhile, he continues his appearances at ST convention, although the high rates he commands have limited his appearances to the largest cons.

Nimoy's acting work on **LEONARD NIMOY** tv and screen has been close to nothin recently, as Nimoy has found his preferred work on the stage. Taking up most of his time during 1976 has been the touring production of William Gillette's play "Sherlock Holmes". Written in 1899 as a starring vehicle for Gillette, the play was revived by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1974, and successfully exported to New York. Leonard Nimoy was hired to play Holmes in the roadshow derived from that production, and has been playing in the production with much box office success across the United States and in Canada, including Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Denver and Chicago (the last stop). The comparison between the cold logical Spock and the cold logical Sherlock Holmes has been often made, yet Nimoy's portrayal of Doyle's great detective is nothing like Spock, and owes little to the standard Basil Rathbone-type portrayal of Holmes. Chicago critics panned Nimoy's breezy interpretation of the role, complaining that he "gives the impression of Johnny Carson trying to play James Bond", and calling his characterization "a well dressed Batman". The fact that the whole production is more a sendup of Gillette's play rather than a straight production probably didn't go well

with critics either, although it seems to have done fine by the audiences who paid up to \$10 to see the play.

Starting July 6, Nimoy will be at the Melody Top Theatre in Milwaukee, playing a role in "My Fair Lady" (Higgins? Pickering? Freddy?!). After that, a lecture tour is planned; Nimoy will speak on "acting, science fiction, my poetry and Star Trek".

In television, Nimoy was to be the host of a David Wolper produced series, "The Unexplained", which would deal with the bizaare and the occult (Bermuda triangle, Big Foot, UFO's and so on). The series would have been syndicated by Columbia Pictures Television this fall, and a pilot show was produced and syndicated as a special. Evidently though, C.P.T. was unable to line up enough stations to make full production worthwhile, and the show was dropped.

However, Alan Landsburg's production company hired Nimoy to host "In Search Of...", a documentary series on the exact same subject as "The Unexplained". Rhodes Productions will definitely syndicate 24 programs in the series this fall to various tv stations.

Nimoy has been working on other projects as well. His third book, I Am Not Spock (recently published by Celestial Arts) does not put down ST as the title suggests, but only tries to draw boundary lines between the man Nimoy and the character Spock that Nimoy was engulfed in for three years. Nimoy has also done for Caedmon records, two disks of readings from the sf of Ray Bradbury. One disk is from The Martian Chronicles, the other is from The Illustrated Man.

**OTHERS** Other cast members aren't quite as busy, although they all seem to show up at the cons. James Doohan reportedly is working steadily on the stage. Nichelle Nichols is developing a singing career, with an album in the works, hopefully. William Campbell, who played Trelane in "The Squire of Gothos" and Koloth in "The Trouble With Tribbles" has an ex-wife who recently confessed to being mistress to the late John F. Kennedy while he was president. This, however does not bring residuals.

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## TREXINDEX

Roberta Rogow has announced the launching of Trexindex, an index for Star Trek fanzines.

Trexindex will attempt to list authors and titles of fiction and non-fiction work in trekzines, along with book reviews and art credits. The cross-referenced index will try to list all ST fan publications ever published, with indications as to whether the publication is still in print.

Rogow, a librarian herself, is working on the index with other trekfen of similar skill to produce what she hopes to be "a serious reference tool for serious reference by serious science fiction fans, creative writing teachers and librarians."

Those wishing to help out Ms. Rogow by sending material (or info about same) for indexing should write her at Box 124, Fair Lawn NJ, 07401 USA, or phone 201-791-6721. She is looking for assistants, especially those with massive collections to draw upon as a reference.



Jim, we can't go on meeting this way; if Harlan ever finds out, he'll KILL me!

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PRO TREKZINE Galaxy News Service of New York City has started professional publication of THE FINAL FRONTIER, a monthly newsletter of Star Trek news.

I have received only two issues of the newsletter on my six issue subscription, dated March and April, and I don't know if the publication is still solvent or not. The two issues I did received were slickly produced and featured a rambling, informal and slightly disorganized style of writing under the hand of editor Allan Asherman. The newsletter gives info on ST toys and merchandising, as well as news on the future of ST itself, and related trivia. Subscriptions (if THE FINAL FRONTIER is still being published) are \$10 a year from Galaxy News Service, 11 West 17th St, New York, NY 10011 USA.

T-NEGITIVE TO Ruth Berman (address in SAY FAREWELL lettercolumn) announced in issue 30-31 of T-NEGITIVE that the venerable trekzine will be discontinued after two more double issues. T-NEGITIVE is ST fandom's longest running zine. It has been published since the late 60's, and is perhaps best known for the publication of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's KRAITH series of ST fiction. Ruth Berman also publishes or has published another fanzine, NO, and has sold a fair deal of sf, including work to Star Trek: The New Voyages.

CONS Star Trek conventions are now a profitable commodity. It may be needless to know here that New York Star Trek '76, a New York City ST con held this past January had attendance of around 30,000. The New York Attounrey General's office investigated the convention's management, after charges of overselling were made (many were turned away from the con because of lack of room) but the investigation was later dropped. Con czar Lisa Boynton has pledged to refund all those who couldn't get in, if money is left over after expenses.

A more detailed report of Lisa Boynton's first convention follows on p. 5. Con listings and more news appears on page 31.

## CON REPORT

The Chicago Star Trek and Science Fiction Spetacular was about 7 months ago. This is in keeping with Star Trek Today's ~~habit~~ habit of publishing very delayed conreps. Oh well.....Anyway, to make up for being late, we have two reports this time, with two slightly different points of views (people being slightly different and all that.) So choose from column A, and then from column B, and learn.....

What Melissa Bayard saw,.....

The first Chicago Star Trek and Science Fiction Spetacular (Aug 22-24, 1975) did live up to its name in many ways. Despite my suspicion of extravagantly labled events, it was (at the time) the largest and best-attended con (guests as well as fans) ever!

Besides all the leads and regulars, we were treated to a veritable paradise of pro sf lectures by Robert Bloch, Hal Clement, Harland Ellison, Philip José Farmer, Frank Kelley Freas, and David Gerrold. There were continuous movies (2001, Apes' movies, Star Trek episodes, etc.), The Andromeda Light Show, an ST song Fest, Costume Call, Dr. Hynneck, a real astronaut, zines for sale (among other things), etc. If you begin to suspect that choosing from among all this made one a little schizophrenic, you're right. But what exquisite torture! And all those other Trekfen running around; when many of us had thought for years that 'I am the only ST fan left alone'.

The Trekstars themselves were in fine form; and it was interesting to see how they had changed and hear about their current activities.

Arlene Martel (T'Pring) spoke briefly; but unfortunately her "act" made her seem rather arrogant and uncooperative, as well as uninformed on some basic Vulcan sociology. She 'invented' a new Vulcan salute because she can't do the original. No, thanks, Arlene.

When Mark Lenard was asked what Amanda did for a living before she married Sarek, the fans coached with 'teacher'. But he came back immediately with "that may have been what she wrote home to the folks, but..." Then a serious-looking fan stumped everybody with "What is the Vulcan gestation period"!

Walter Koenig was cheered when he sort of reluctantly gave a few words in the Chekov accent, and his console buddy George Takei discussed his recent

What Ted Rzepczynski saw,....

I arrived at the Conrad Hilton Hotel on Saturday afternoon at 2:30, just a half-hour ahead of a unique reunion. This would be the first time since Star Trek's cancellation that the entire cast would be assembled again.

I purchased a two-day pass, costing twenty dollars. (Actually, admission for all three days was \$20, or \$15 per day. I opted for 2/3 of a "season ticket" even though there was only one event sceduled on Sunday that I wanted to attend.)

## THE WORLD OF STAR TREK

The International Ballroom attracted about 2,000 conventioners with its life-size replica of the Enterprise' command bridge. This would serve as the stage for the cast.

At 3:00 pm we were treated to an appearance by each cast member lasting an average of 25 minutes. Besides informing the audience of their current projects, the stars also accepted questions. Unfortunately, most inquiries were trite. Some of the more interesting replies, however, were:

"I enjoyed playing the Romulan commander more than Sarek because of the greater acting challenge, but in terms of popularity, Mr. Spock's father wins hands down." -- Mark Lenard. Also from the same man...  
Q: "Why did you marry Amanda, even though she was not a Vulcan?" A: "At the time, it seemed the logical thing to do."

James Doohan explained the manner in which a starship enters warp drive... "not by acceleration but by 'popping into' it."

"What changes would you like to see in the character of Spock, or

work in tv and local California politics. Both were most pleasant at the STW table.

James Doohan sported a most intriguing full beard. Hope they let him keep it for the movie; it seems to fit. Nichelle Nichols really won the crowd when she gingerly tried out the command chair which was part of the bridge mock-up on stage. DeForest Kelley was his usual genial self; fielding fan queries and even honoring a fan-writer's (Paula Block) request for his coin trick.

Leonard Nimoy had been in town doing 'The Fourposter' and he intended to travel to Australia to film a special on the coral reef problem. The official gopher T-shirt, which he designed, was clever, if you don't mind having 'Trekkie' emblazoned on you for three days. He read from I Am Not Spock and cheerfully answered even the most idiotic questions. What patience.

Mr. Shatner, who had broken a leg in a freak riding accident (while filming the now-defunct tv show "Barbary Coast") also tried the command chair. To our horror and surprise, it was so poorly constructed it almost 'threw' him. He recovered nicely, though, and discussed his latest activities. Seems BC was filmed on the same Paramount soundstages as ST and he was working with many of the ST stage crew again.

Meanwhile, the writers and other lecturers took everything in stride, looking much less confused than the rest of us. That convention area was like a maze! When you add the continual whine-shrill of the 'operational' phasers somebody was celling...headaches and con-fusion galore.

Costume Call had some striking entries, and many obligingly circulated all day Saturday so we could all enjoy their work. Downstairs, the Art Show had a lot of variety but could have had better quality overall. A few of the entries looked like summer camp Arts & Crafts efforts. Dr. Von Puttkamer (NASA) gave a tight and literate; while Dr. Hynneck (Northwestern U. astronomer and UFO expert) whom I used to respect, subjected us to an insulting put-down. I don't believe in saucers either, but it is unfair to ridicule everyone who has reported some kind of UFO.

If you were looking, you could have seen Devra Langsam (Masiform D & Spock-analia), Connie Faddis (Interphase), Lori Chapek & Gang (Warped Space), Sharon Ferraro & Paula Smith (Menagerie), Mary Lou Dodge & Laura Scarsdale & Melinda Shreve (Delta Triad), and Jacqueline Lichtenberg (Kraith) with her co-writers Sondra Marshak and Joan Winston (ST Lives!). Helen Young and Jan Scott were spotted at the STW table, busily helping answer fan questions.

There was no Blooper Reel, and while an expensive banquet was easily foregone, we did wish there had been some contests for ordinary fans. The con got good local coverage from the media, and a local fm station ran almost continuous reports and interviews from it during the evenings. Con organizer Lisa Boynton is a law student who runs an accounting business too. She planned the whole thing with an incredibly small staff, but managed to get excellent advice in most areas. During the con she was rarely seen, and often seemed totally exhausted when she did appear.

Realistically, there were problems. Official gophers were not clearly designated, even though Sharon Ferraro (head of gophers) did a fine job considering the monumental task she faced. The registration desk was inadequately prepared and so an incredible line developed which moved at snail's pace. Lisa Boynton was virtually unavailable, even in emergency situations. No lectures were taped, except by some foresighted attending fans, and the Costume Call was held so early Saturday morning that entrants (many of whom were gophers) had no time for their often elaborate make-up, which can take hours.

Most of the snafus can be excused because it was a first con. But Lisa Boynton (and con committee Tellos IV) is getting a lot of fan criticism about the large profit she reportedly made. Many fans see that as a violation of the

continued on page 29.

the others, in the upcoming film?" That challenging question fielded to Leonard Nimoy was, sad to say, by-passed with the response: "Lets worry about that when we get there."

In addition to their Q and A session, several performers demonstrated interests or talents outside of acting. James Doohan ran through the aisles, arms swept out in delta-wing fashion, for the audience to bruch as he jogged past. Otherwise, he would have been shaking hands for three hours. He sang a couple of Irish songs before making his exit.

Nichelle Nichols sang one number, demonstrating here incredible vocal range. She is currently pursuing a singing career.

Leonard Nimoy read excerpts from the introduction to his book I Am Not Spock.

Arlene Martel (who portrayed T'Pring) said she is working on a book relating the events which occurred after she jilted Spock in that famous episode.

DeForest Kelley appeared the least comfortable on stage until he did a feat of manual dexterity which drew heavy applause. He took a 50¢ coin, placed it upright between his knuckles and made it cartwheel back and forth between his fingers.

The only cast members who have altered their physical appearance are George Takei, who has allowed his hair to grow over the collar; and James Doohan, who has sprouted a beard and moustache.

An incident which brought some sad moments to the enthusiastic audience was quickly allayed by moderator David Gerrold. Between appearances on stage by the stars, a person in the audience shouted out his displeasure, "Is this worth twenty dollars?" Gerrold ran down a list of possibilities the irate viewer could avail himself of. "Besides," he explained, "you have five writers who have donated their time. If you were to attend a writer's conference with those same people you would pay as much for the course alone, if not more."

The audience roared its unanimous approval.

To end "The World of Star Trek" the entire cast came out on stage together for bows and to pose for photographs. (Someone had announced moments before that Time and Newsweek were present and had requested the picture session.) Afterward, they were quickly excorted to their suites by armed Klingon bodyguards. (Talk about security.)

The audience was hoping for an autograph session after the three-hour presentation but this wish was not to come true. It was up to each individual's luck to encounter a star milling in the crowd and obtain his signature then. Some people I met said that after the initial stage presentation an autograph session was held, but only 100 people were fortunate to get one before that attempt had to be called off.

A girl I met on Sunday told me she knew firsthand that the event was cancelled after the hundreth person because she was the 100th in line; and her good fortune was the result of some nice guy letting her get in front of him in line.

In retrospect, it is odd that I was not in attendance at any of the factual sessions, e.g., the NASA-sponsored lectures and, by choice, Dr. Hyneck's UFO presentation. Skipping the latter was simply due to hunger pains and a need to stretch after sitting through three hours of "The World of Star Trek."

At this time only half the available rooms were scheduled with activity. The International Ballroom was being set up for Dr. Hyneck's lecture. I never found out whether the costume judging was cancelled or switched to another time. Across the hall, in the Grand Ballroom, "Forbidden Planet" was being shown. I wanted to see the film but hunger dictated otherwise and I knew if I

were to return in time for the Festival, nourishment would have to be obtained now. So off I went, in search of an inexpensive place to dine.

Most of the persons I passed in the corridors did not seem very friendly, unfortunately. I was under the impression that people went to these conventions to find others who shared their likes and dislikes of episodes, heroes and villains.

At dinner, I met one young kid, about fifteen-years-old, from Skokie, Illinois, who was so opinionated about SF writers it was hard to get him to see others' points of view. The subject shifted to the forthcoming science-fiction television series "Space:1999". He really cut down Sir Lew Grade's productions. When a lady next to me joined our conversation and mentioned that our local tv station (WGN/9/Chicago) was running Star Trek episodes each night that week, the kid responded irately, "I don't watch tv anymore." I asked if he had read any of the modern classic sf novels, especially Dune or Stranger In A Stranger Land. His ironic reply was, "I stay away from cult books." He left the food counter and faded into the throngs.

After dinner I returned to the International Ballroom, anxiously awaiting the films from the tv series. It would be a treat to see the episodes in color since I had that opportunity only for the original show back in 1966. And wouldn't we all rather see the programs uninterrupted and on a large theatre screen? Apparently, my presumption was correct. When those programs were run, about 2,000 people were watching. The Ballroom was filled to capacity.

Instead of beginning when scheduled, however, the festival started at 10:45; so I remained only for the first two episodes "The Alternative Factor" and "Mudd's Women". I left for home around 1:00 AM sacrificing viewing of "Journey to Babel" for sleep.

Sunday morning was a delight at the writers' conference. As an amateur author I found those two hours most informative, despite some silly questions about writing from the participants which occasionally slowed down the pace.

Hal Clement and Robert Bloch were very nice to talk to afterward, as was Harlan Ellison, who completely surprised me. I expected an egotistical pessimist. During the lecture, Mr. Clement made some remark about writers and Ellison quickly said, "Now there is a wonderful human being. I am a prick." But not at any time did he come off as such.

Next, I went around to all the vendor's kiosks for some souvenirs since, for all practical purposes, the convention was over. While walking around, I overheard bits of conversations that the stars would be mingling with the crowds to sign autographs.

It was true,

I ran into Mark Lenard in the lobby but could not think of a single question so I only paused to obtain his signature.

It should be noted that George Takei, DeForest Kelley, and William Shatner were not to be seen anywhere off-stage during the entire Con.

Near the end of all festivities, Leonard Nimoy walked through several display corridors, shaking hands along the way as best he could. I managed to get in a handshake before the "conga line" turned into a caterpillar crawl. So I went downstairs. While waiting in the main lobby for someone else to appear, the conga line wound its way down to pass in front of me. Suddenly the line shifted to the right where it could have gone in either of two directions - upstairs via an elevator bank or alongside the main lobby to another entrance foyer. The mob gathered near the elevator bank. Eventually, it dissipated. As I surveyed the situation, attempting to determine which way the celebrity went, a girl on my left said, "Miss Martel, may I have your autograph, please?" Turning, I saw her not more than three feet away from me, accompanied by a Klingon. Because of that unexpected surprise, I moved fast and was second in a swiftly forming queue. From there I went into the elevator area



AN INTERVIEW

WITH

GENE RODDENBERRY

Interviewers: Mike Mooney, John Knoll,  
Kevin Hay, Marylou Cook and Nancy Audette.

In early November of 1974, the Great Bird himself, Gene Roddenberry gave a lecture at Sangamon State University in Springfield, Illinois. After the lecture, Roddenberry was interviewed by a group of people for SunRise, a semi-underground magazine published in the state. It is with their permission that this interview is reprinted here.

-Q: Basically, is your view of our species an optimistic one?

-GR: Well, I think that we're rather like brawling infants now. The question some times comes up, "What would a truly intelligent species think of us?" I think that their attitude would be to look on us as sort of lusty infants. I remember my kids in my first family playing out in the sandbox, beating the neighborhood kids over the head with sand shovels, wrestling, crying, fighting. And I used to look at them and think, "Well, they're healthy kids; they'll come out of it. I'm glad I have this gutsy approach to life." I think probably a truly intelligent species is looking at us in the same way. All this may seem horrible to us, but probably they don't look at it much differently than a lump on the head with a sand shovel.

-Q: Was there any thought given in Star Trek to the evolutions of humans, or why other species look like they do?

-GR: Well, we realized that, with human actors being all that was available to us, we would have to confine things to humanoid planets. That's why we went to what we called class M planets, those remarkably like Earth, parallels of Earth. It would have been more interesting certainly to really explore different life-forms, but we were only able to do that occasionally.

-Q: Could you tell us a little about the physical problems of putting together a television show? For example, with the evolution of Star Trek, how were things worked out?

-GR: The primary thing in putting together a TV show, and the thing that made Star Trek possible was the people behind the camera, as well as the people in front, the actors and crew.

We offered Star Trek to M.G.M., and they said they wouldn't take it. They said it would be impossible to do those effects, to make new costumes every week, new sets and all that. We finally got Desilu to do it. But they were right: it was nearly impossible. The only way we were able to do it was that we put together as good a crew as has ever been seen. And we had some pretty damn fine actors. Because I created a show doesn't mean that I thought of everything in it. I put together a skeleton of a way it should go. For example, a skeleton of Mr. Spock, but it was the fine acting and interpretation of Leonard Nimoy that flourished out into Mr. Spock. You can see in the early shows how Spock evolved as Leonard worked on him. It's the whole unit that's basic to a complex show like that.

-Q: Then production problems were the reason that you stayed away from very exotic life-forms?

-GR: Yeah...we figured our first year it cost us about \$2,000 an episode just to put the ears on Spock. It would take us two hours every morning and an hour at night. It was always being held up when they would start to fall off or get injured in a fight or something.

-Q: We wanted other aliens and exotic creatures, but unfortunately, actors tend to look disgustingly humanoid when you start checking them out. To do anything

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with them is just ungodly expensive. The fourth year, if we'd been on, we'd have introduced one other alien and eventually perhaps gotten more.

In the pilot, the people with the big heads and throbbing veins, we were able to pull off a little trick there. There's more ingenuity than just in the scripts and so on. For those creatures, I hired 65-year old frail little women. Then I dubbed in men's voices and put them in their robes. The throbbing veins were actually a syringe they held in their hands and squeezed when they would think. But it was the bodies of the 65-year old women with the booming men's voices that made you think, "Jesus, there's an alien creature." For some of our other shows we hired children and dubbed in men's voices.

-Q: You said that at the end of the series the actors were all friends. That fits in with what seems to be one of the dominant motifs of the show; it teaches people how to get along in a multi-racial and ethnic environment. That this kind of co-existence was going on in real life seems to be a compliment to the concept of the show.

-GR: I think that when you portray a thing enough, you begin to live it. After we came up with the Vulcan philosophy we all sort of adopted it. It goes something like this: the glory of the universe is in its infinite diversity and infinite combinations. When man matures he'll learn that the lovely thing is diversity and the thing to be frightened of is uniformity.

-Q: One of the puzzles of the program is that Spock is the only one in the show who seems to be able to carry that out. This is centuries from now, and there is still a great deal of manipulation among the members of the crew in terms of interpersonal relationships. The role of women oftentimes doesn't seem to have progressed much from what's happening now. If you take away the costumes, you've got pretty much what we have here today.

-GR: Well, you must remember, we made the program in the mid-60's. We started the first pilot with a woman second in command, and the network made us get rid of the woman. They thought the audience would never believe a woman in command. In the first outline I did of "Star Trek", I had 50 per cent men and 50 percent women, and the network said, "No, you can't do that. It'll make it look like there's a lot of fooling around going on in space." What kind of minds are these? So we had a big argument, and they finally said we could have one-third women, which I didn't understand either, but I thought, "Well, one third good healthy women could certainly take care of the rest of the men."

You have to remember that women's lib hadn't been invented then, although we believed in sexual equality then. It's just that there's no point in my writing a show now that is so bold that people will applaud me for writing it, but it'll never get on the air. What you try to do is push as far as you can, get on the air, and then you can infiltrate as many things as you can. After we got "Star Trek" on the air, we had Uhura--one of the first continuing characters, who was also a co-equal with the men--and captains on other spaceships who were women. We pushed as far as we could. I suppose we could have pushed harder in some areas. We had a letter from the Asian Brotherhood saying, "Look, we've noticed that the Caucasians always gets the girls, but poor Sulu, the Oriental, never gets one." We wrote a letter back and said, "Well, you're right. We'll go back to the old Kellogg-Briand Treaty agreement. For every five girls that Spock and Kirk get, we'll give Sulu three." They seemed to think that was agreeable. We meant it as a joke, but they thought, well, that's better than nothing.

-Q: Given the plans to revive the show and its past success, how is Star Trek going to be different? It seems that starting again, after having been away from it, it's going to be hard to make it evolve from the point you left off.

-GR: You're quite right: that's been a major fear of ours. Star Trek has become something of a legend, and legends have a way of looking larger in people's minds than reality. I think if we went back on the air as we made it before, the fans would be very disappointed. That's one of the reasons we decided we didn't want to make another series of hour shows; we weren't sure that we could do it that much better. However, by going to movies (for tv) we've got long-

AN INTERVIEW

WITH

GENE RODDENBERRY

Interviewers: Mike Mooney, John Knoll, Kevin Hay, Marylou Cook and Nancy Audette.

In early November of 1974, the Great Bird himself, Gene Roddenberry gave a lecture at Sangamon State University in Springfield, Illinois. After the lecture, Roddenberry was interviewed by a group of people for SunRise, a semi-underground magazine published in the state. It is with their permission that this interview is reprinted here.

-Q: Basically, is your view of our species an optimistic one?

-GR: Well, I think that we're rather like brawling infants now. The question sometimes comes up, "What would a truly intelligent species think of us?" I think that their attitude would be to look on us as sort of lusty infants. I remember my kids in my first family playing out in the sandbox, beating the neighborhood kids over the head with sand shovels, wrestling, crying, fighting. And I used to look at them and think, "Well, they're healthy kids; they'll come out of it. I'm glad I have this gutsy approach to life." I think probably a truly intelligent species is looking at us in the same way. All this may seem horrible to us, but probably they don't look at it much differently than a lump on the head with a sand shovel.

-Q: Was there any thought given in Star Trek to the evolutions of humans, or why other species look like they do?

-GR: Well, we realized that, with human actors being all that was available to us, we would have to confine things to humanoid planets. That's why we went to what we called class M planets, those remarkably like Earth, parallels of Earth. It would have been more interesting certainly to really explore different life-forms, but we were only able to do that occasionally.

-Q: Could you tell us a little about the physical problems of putting together a television show? For example, with the evolution of Star Trek, how were things worked out?

-GR: The primary thing in putting together a TV show, and the thing that made Star Trek possible was the people behind the camera, as well as the people in front, the actors and crew.

We offered Star Trek to M.G.M., and they said they wouldn't take it. They said it would be impossible to do those effects, to make new costumes every week, new sets and all that. We finally got Desilu to do it. But they were right; it was nearly impossible. The only way we were able to do it was that we put together as good a crew as has ever been seen. And we had some pretty damn fine actors. Because I created a show doesn't mean that I thought of everything in it. I put together a skeleton of a way it should go. For example, a skeleton of Mr. Spock, but it was the fine acting and interpretation of Leonard Nimoy that flourished out into Mr. Spock. You can see in the early shows how Spock evolved as Leonard worked on him. It's the whole unit that's basic to a complex show like that.

-Q: When production problems were the reason that you stayed away from very exotic life-forms?

-GR: Yeah...we figured our first year it cost us about \$2,000 an episode just to put the ears on Spock. It would take us two hours every morning and an hour at night. It was always being held up when they would start to fall off or get injured in a fight or something.

-Q: We wanted other aliens and exotic creatures, but unfortunately, actors tend to look disgustingly humanoid when you start checking them out. To do anything

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er scripts, we can probe more deeply into the characters. We have longer to prepare them; we can afford better direct

-Q: Will time have evolved for the Star Trek crew? Will technology have gone on? Will there be a new technology?

-GR: Well, we'll have to make some changes. I doubt if we can improve on matter-anti-matter propulsion power, the transporter and that sort of thing. But it is true that some things have happened. We designed the ship over 12 years ago, and although we tried to jump ahead in our instrumentation, science has caught up with us somewhat. In many read-out displays and things like that they've passed us. Our ship, if we did it just as we did it in the past, would look a little old-fashioned. We're going to have to get together with our friends at NASA and JPL and try to jump ahead again. We're going to need some good technicians.

-Q: Is Leonard Nimoy going to play Mr. Spock in the future?

-GR: He's told me a number of times that he'd love to, providing the studio doesn't ask him to work for nothing.

-Q: If he didn't, could you have a Mr. Spock? Could you replace him?

-GR: I'd rather not. I think it'd hurt us if we had to. If we did, I think we'd go with the actor who played Sarek, Spock's father. (Mark Leonard).

-Q: Do you see any good end-point for the series? After all this wandering around, did you conceive of any resolution?

-GR: I never conceived of that. If it goes as it's going and becomes a sort of pop classic, like Sherlock Holmes or Tarzan, I think it could be revived over and over, with new characters. I mean, we're 200 hundred years ahead in the program, so we've got a lot of time before you start catching up with us in that respect.

Eventually though, being a writer and a reasonably proud man, I would like to have something inscribed on my tombstone besides Star Trek. I'll try. I'd like to write some contemporary things; I'd like to do some novels. If I don't, it won't be for lack of trying.

\* \* \* \* \*

-Q: What was working in early television like?

-GR: It was much freer and much more open. Networks were not the absolute arbiters of what got on the air. Good writers and directors were listened to in those days. Unfortunately, television just became too successful. The cost of advertising now is enormous. The profits of the networks are just stupendous and they intend to keep it that way. There's no point in the people writing the networks and saying that they're doing wrong. They just say, "How can you say we're doing wrong? We're making more of a profit than we've ever made in our lives!", and to the corporate mind that is success.

Today, the principle reason television is so bad is that you have only three places to take a product: three networks who are really no different from one another. They have the total choice of what goes on the air. And their choice is made solely on whether it will bring in a mass audience that they can sell a product to.

-Q: What about the educational network (PBS: Public Broadcasting Service)? Do you think a show like Star Trek could succeed there?

-GR: The problem with the educational network is that they have no budget. If I worked free, they still couldn't afford to build one quarter of the sets I'd need, much less hire a good producer and pay top actors and actresses. The only public network that works is the BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation), and that's actually pay television. They put a tax on every television. One way or the other, you've got to pay for what you get. We pay for what we get now with commercial tv-- with every bar of soap you buy, every box of detergent, every spray can. We've got pay tv, already. It's bull when they say don't pay for what you're already getting free now, because you're not getting it free. All you're doing now is paying for stuff you don't want. It would be infinitely better for us to pay specifically for what we want. That's the way the theatre has always supported itself. That's the way the authors

have always supported themselves. It's the only way you can have artists writing for you--no middlemen.

-Q: Do you think that the network executives learned anything from the incredible response of the viewers when Star Trek was threatened with cancellation?

-GR: They consider Star Trek as having some mysterious formula which they're bound and determined to find. They're convinced that when they find the same formula the audiences will flock to them again. It's useless to tell them that it's because we were commenting on important things, because it had meaning. They will not listen to that.

-Q: Don't you think that there's a sort of consciousness-raising going on with the program level of television?

-GR: Well, no. Shows like All In The Family are really happy accidents. It doesn't mean that television is improving. All In The Family was put in the last half of a year, because they didn't have anything else. People have forgotten that they used to make an announcement, when it first came on, to the effect that "We know this is a little rough, and we're just trying to have some fun". They were so nervous. When All In The Family jumped suddenly to a 50 rating, twice that of the average show, the reason you got those other shows, like Maude and Sanford & Son, is that all of a sudden All In The Family was selling so much toothpaste that the producers could push the networks around. But those happy accidents don't mean it's improving. Even with them, 96 percent of television is trivia. You cannot bombard a whole people with trivia day and night without creating trivial minds. This is one place where I get irritated at the thinkers, the philosophers, at the university professors, because they say, "Well, I don't watch television." Well of course they don't; it isn't aimed at minds like theirs. It's aimed at the malleable, impressionable minds. You go down a working man's street in any city, and you'll see, in every window of every house, that flickering light. And it's on from sundown to midnight. You might say, "Well, doesn't television bring some good things--news and special events?" Yes, it does, but again, that overlooks an historical fact: that drama compels people much more strongly than news ever did. I think the best example of that is during the Vietnamese War. There were hundreds of thousands of feet of film, of news television, showing what went on over there--the horror of it, the futility of it, the bombing of villages. It didn't reach the public at all. To them that was fiction. What was real to the public was Marcus Welby. At the time they were seeing Vietnam and not doing the slightest thing about it, the actors in soap operas were hardly able to go out in the streets without being mobbed. That's reality.

-Q: Don't you think though, that the impelling drama of Watergate, as conveyed through television, hit with the kind of dramatic force you're talking about?

-GR: Yes, I think it did in a way. Yet, had writers of the last 20 years on television been able to write truthfully about they knew about government, it wouldn't have gotten that far. I think, had we writers, who all felt very strongly about Vietnam, been able to write what was happening over there--dramatic programs, because drama has this capacity to reach out and make you identify with what's going on--that Watergate just may not have happened. Drama's not like news, where you're just an observer. In drama, you become a participant: you hurt when the actors hurt. Much of what we lost in Vietnam, not only in dignity and morality, but in national treasure, could have been saved. I think that the best example right now is that there is one man in the world that Russia is afraid of: a novelist (Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn). Because in his novels you feel it; it isn't just an historical news thing you're reading. That's why in Europe, in their parks, you see so

many statues to novelists and poets, rather than military figures. Historically, drama has always impelled people. The Civil War is a good example. A very bad novel, Uncle Tom's Cabin, had more to do with involving us in the Civil War than all the news accounts that were written for 10 years before.

-Q: But isn't television making some kind of positive social statement in spite of itself?

-GR: To some degree, but there's still a great deal of trivia. Among most police programs, for example, the total end to the drama, the answer to the thing is to catch the criminal and put him in jail. They don't go too deeply into what it's really all about. And there's still a great deal of censorship in television. I, for example, couldn't write and get on the air a program that was really honest about the industrial-military machine in this country. Cause, man, those are sponsors, and that's a no-no.

I can't write a strong statement, one way or the other, about religion. They know they'd be bombarded with letters. Sex has loosened up a little, which is nice, but that's not the whole basket of problems we've got. On "All In The Family" we finally heard a toilet flush. Big deal, we finally admit humans have bowels. That's hardly a startling advance.

I don't ask that every program on television be grappling with eternal truths. "The Beverly Hillbillies" are fine; I just don't want that to be 90 percent of what's being broadcast.

-Q: Do you have any real fantasy ideas for programs, if you could do what you wanted?

-GR: Well, some of them are just sheer entertainment. I'd like to do a horror, supernatural thing, that had some of the rich old chills of Dracula and Frankenstein -- a continuing character thing. I have a pilot script for that. I think it could be fun.

I have another show in which I want to show police work, done, not as it's done now, but invent a place where they got a huge grant. Having worked in police work -- I was probably the only A.C.L.U. card-carrier they had on the Los Angeles Police Department -- I was always appalled at how police work was done. You can train a man for four months in the Academy (in some cities 90 days), and you give him a gun and the power to take life, power you don't even give to a doctor. I feel strongly that policemen should be trained as we train doctors, and they should be paid accordingly. They should be licensed by the state. I think they should have all the equipment that our technological society can afford them with. For example, I think it is damn foolishness that you give a policeman a gun with which there are two choices: to kill or not to kill. If you kill, there's no way of saying I'm sorry. We have the technology now to have weapons that will stun, that will shoot a mace-ray, a tranquilizing dart, that will shoot many things. It seems to me absolute foolishness that we haven't equipped policemen that way. A policeman goes out with a notebook and a pencil like they did in 1910, when we've got portable video equipment they could use to video-tape the crime scene. I think that once they're properly trained they should have the power of constable for minor crimes, rather than filling up our jails with people waiting to be tried. For minor crimes, with their video equipment going, they could dispose of the case right there if the party agreed. The case would then be recorded and entered in court.

-Q: That's a very interesting concept, hopefully one the networks will pick up on.

Well, it seems we've exhausted you. Thanks for taking time to speak with us.

-GR: Everyone likes to talk about his work, and it's a double pleasure talking to you folks.

Jennifer Guttridge's ST  
story, "The Winged  
Dreamers" appears in  
Star Trek: The New Voy-  
ages, out this year from  
Bantam.

pg. 15

TALE OF A SLEEPLESS SPIRIT

Jennifer Guttridge

"I, for one, do not believe in angels." - Mr. Spock, The Galileo Seven.

Kirk leaned on the back of Uhura's chair and studied the display of lights over her shoulder.

"That's the most unlikely place I can imagine to receive a distress call from, Lieutenant." He was curious and checking his information, not doubting her word.

"The message was brief, Captain, but quite clear. The Nehaptæ colony was mentioned by name."

"But a monastery?" Still frowning, Kirk moved around the balcony to Spock's side. "Anything?"

Spock shook his head without raising his eyes from the sensor screen. "Nothing as yet, Captain. It will be some minutes before Nehaptæ comes into sensor range."

"Let me know as soon as you pick it up." Kirk went down the steps to the command seat and stood beside it, frowning up at the screen.

The stars in this outer fringe of the galaxy were the oldest of all; third generation star, dim cooling suns, red giants and an occasional miserly blue dwarf where a nova had once blazed. Space was alive with the chatter of spent radiations and streaked with rarified elements; the area was unsafe. There were belts of dust and rubble in which could lurk dangerously large asteroids, camouflaged until a ship was upon them and it was too late for any but those with the fastest of reactions or the strongest of deflector shields. Sulu sat hunched over the helm console, a tight white line around his lips.

Kirk was an extrovert type and the religious beliefs he held were liberal ones. Although he accepted the fact that some men felt compelled by their convictions to renounce the galaxy and shut themselves away from it, he found it extremely difficult to understand. The Union of the Three Brothers had excelled themselves. The retreat from life they'd found now formed one of the most distant outposts of mankind. Meheptæ II was a captured asteroid that swung in an almost circular orbit between a ball of scorched black rock and a dense gas giant that was slowly condensing and freezing as the primary star cooled. The odd feature of the asteroid, and the one that rendered it of use to the monks of the Third Brotherhood was the fact that its interior was honeycombed with tunnels and sinks and chambers, and its diamond hard outer crust was impervious to airleakage. It was airtight, barren and isolated, and those qualities made it ideal for its inhabitants - or perhaps occupant would be a better term as they lived on the inside of the rock ball. Everything, down to the water they drank and the air they breathed had to be paid for by charitable donations and delivered by the single once yearly freighter. These two considerations alone were enough to ensure that the brotherhood's claim of poverty was not an idle one.

To Kirk's mind, there were very few emergencies that could have arisen; the loss of contamination of supplies was one, the breakdown of a major recirculation plant was another, an injury or illness too severe for the simple facilities of the monks to cope with was a third. There was the faintest possibility that an impact had damaged the asteroid's outer skin and caused an escape of air, although in that Kirk suspected that they would all have

been dead long before anyone thought of sending a distress call, and there was the almost non-existent chance of attack in this sector was half a galaxy from both the Romulan and Klingon empires. The distress call had come on a tight beam sub-space frequency aimed at Star Base twenty three. Enterprise had intercepted, and now she sped fleetly between the stars, following the beam back to source.

"Neheptæ system coming into sensor range," Spock said from the computer. "I read no previously uncharted bodies, no debris, no radiation, no dispersed atmosphere. Nothing unusual at all, Captain. Coming into visual range."

Kirk looked over his shoulder at Uhura. "Any further message, Lieutenant?"

"Negative, Captain. I'm hailing on all frequencies."

"Very good," Kirk looked again at the screen. The asteroids had a faceted polished black surface that stood out solidly against the dull black of space; one crescent glowed dull orange in the light of the sun. It grew steadily as the starship approached, slowing. "Standard powered orbit, Mr. Sulu," Kirk said, sitting down. "There's not enough gravity to swing us around."

"Standard orbit achieved, sir."

"I have ... Father Richley, Captain," Uhura said, sounding uncertain of the strange title.

"Put him on, Lieutenant," Kirk told her, settling back.

"Captain Kirk?" Richley's voice came from the speakers, a gentle voice, but tense with worry. "I'm very glad you've come so quickly. This terrible thing is affecting us all."

Kirk looked up sharply and found Spock at his side, listening intently.

"What's your problem, sir?" Kirk inquired. "Some form of epidemic?"

"No, Captain, nothing like that," Richley said, sounding even more upset than before. "It's much worse. We're being haunted."

Kirk and Spock materialized side by side in the reception hall of the monastery. They learned at once what the conception of true austerity was. Almost nothing had been done to the apartment since it was formed by a gas bubble in the hardening but still hot and elastic substance of the asteroid, aeons, before. There were two entrances, holes in the rock walls; both had been enlarged. There were 'Everlight' units around the walls, but at only one third the density recommended in the Star Fleet manuals. Consequently, the chamber was dark to the officers' eyes and the light reflected at odd angles from the rock facets. A secondhand collection of old style starship gravitizers bolstered the weak gravity field of the asteroid, but even so, their weight was only eighty percent of normal, and this left them with an unaccustomed light-stomached feeling. There was a steady flow of fresh clean air through the chamber, but the temperature was rather low; another manifestation of self denial.

Father Richley was there to greet them. In the years since Kirk's first and only previous meeting with him, the man's body had grown even frailer inside the drab floor length robes of the Brotherhood. If his head had not been shaved naked, his hair would now have been white, and his ears had grown large with age; but his eyes were the same bright silver blue stars twinkling in the laughter lined face, and as he stepped forward, his hands lost in his vast sleeves, his back was as straight as ever.

"Captain Kirk, you are welcome," he said, bowing so low that they could see the ancient freckles on the top of his head.

"It's good to see you again, sir," Kirk said, smiling. "This is my first



the chapel had received more than the most essential work; each facet of the black rock had been smoothed and polished, and although the light was no stronger here, it reflected back and forth, until the whole chamber was brightened with an indirect glow.

The altar was a low bare shelf above which the native rock had been cut away to form an alcove that filled almost the whole width of the wall and reached up twenty feet to the roof. Kirk and Spock understood at once Richley's concern at the sacrilegious event that had taken place. The cross was tall enough to fill the alcove, and it lay now prostrate on the floor, broken into six large pieces of pale pink stone.

For a long time they stood in awe, simply looking. Around them the brothers began to stir, to rise, bow their heads in supplication at the cross, perhaps more symbolic of the dying God in ruin than before, and then they began to file out, heads bowed and hands lost in their sleeves. Spock turned as his eyes followed them and his pupils opened wide as he discerned the faces inside the shadowed hoods. One face caught his attention and held it. A slight frown creased the flesh between his eyes. They bored into the man's face with all their Vulcan intensity, but he ignored them. He shuffled out of the chapel behind the man in front of him, his eyes downcast, and away out of sight along the passage. Spock looked after him a long minute and then reluctantly set the matter aside for future consideration.

He found that Kirk and Richley had gone forward to examine the fallen cross and went to join them. Both arms had broken off and the main shaft was smashed into four more even sized pieces. The breaks were clean along the lines of cleavage and had clearly been caused by the impact when the monument toppled from the shelf onto the rock floor. The stone was of a fine pink material with brown veins and nodules like imbedded pebbles. Spock provisionally identified it as a petrified sandstone of a type unique to A'Vart II, III and V. It was expensive and the importation of its replacement would cost the Union of Brothers dearly. Spock raised an eyebrow at Kirk and went to examine the altar. The setting of the cross was shattered, but to Spock's inexperienced eye it looked as if it had been secure enough.

"An opinion, Mr. Spock?" Kirk asked from close behind his shoulder.

"At this juncture I can see no reason for the stone to have fallen, Captain."

"It must have taken an almighty push to throw a thing like that over. The weight must have been tremendous."

Spock considered the stone. "Indeed," he said, agreeing to both points.

Richley's hands appeared for the first time and fluttered in the air like a pair of withered white moths. "No one knows for certain what happened," he said. "It was the shortest hour; we were sleeping. The air was... suddenly filled with a great wailing and then there was a crash that shook the bedrock. We came and found this." He gestured in despair at the broken stone.

"A wailing?" Kirk repeated questioningly.

"A terrible noise filled with grief. It was everywhere. In every man's mind."

"It would seem that you do have a problem," Kirk said thoughtfully. "We'll have to make some investigations. Mister Spock, arrange a complete sensor probe and spectrum analysis. I want to know anything unusual about this place."

"Acknowledged."

"Perhaps you could describe the other strange events more fully," Kirk said to Richley.

"Of course, Captain. I'll show you where they happened."

The two men moved slowly off, talking in low tones. Spock watched them go. He could have gone along, but he found the ritual conducted tour somewhat tedious and on this occasion he considered such an inspection would bring him no closer

officer, Commander Spock."

The two men inclined their heads to one another, Spock a trifle warily Kirk thought, but possibly that was because he was among conceptions that he found alien to his nature and perhaps did not altogether trust.

"You are both welcome here, my friends," Richley said. "We are a poor people and have nothing of our own, but what we possess jointly we give to you. Little though it is."

Kirk bowed in modest acceptance. "We thank you, sir. You said something about being...haunted. Would you mind elaborating on that? Regulations require that I log the cause of your emergency at the earliest possible moment."

A look of trouble came into Richley's eyes and turned their blue a deeper shade. "It is, difficult, you understand," he said. "This is a place of peace, a sanctuary of meditation and tranquility. For such a thing to have occurred here..."

"Just what has occurred, sir?"

Richley shot Spock a rapid glance and addressed himself to Kirk. "It began about five months ago. Just little inexplicable events, things were moved; things were missing; things were broken. Once there was salt tipped into the morning meal. A whole sackful of salt! And another time the electricity went off, light, heat, everything. The generator had been switched off. Disconnected from the pile!"

Kirk folded his arms and frowned over them. "But surely there can be a... a physical explanation for all these things? And if it's been happening for for so many months..."

"That's not all, Captain," Richley interrupted darkly. "Last night the cross was thrown down from the alter!" His eyes moved from Kirk's face to Spock's and back, assessing the impact his words had carried. Kirk gazed at him, his mind automatically pondering first the spiritual significance of such an act.

Spock was under no such inhibition. "I fail to see why you would consider such an occurrence to have para-normal connections, sir," he said at once.

"You wouldn't understand," Richley said.

Kirk looked swiftly from one to the other, sensing animosity but finding no visible trace of it. "Mister Spock has a thorough grounding in all fields, Father, including the religious mores of all major cultures," he said in an even tone.

"Oh, I'm sure he has," Richley agreed. "What I meant was, no outsider could understand. Gentlemen, I think the best way to explain would be to take you to the chapel and show you. The time of meditation is almost over and there would be no disturbance."

Kirk nodded. "If you would lead the way, sir."

"Come," Richley turned to the entrance. Kirk nodded to Spock and they followed him, ducking their heads to pass through the improvised doorway.

Beyond was a fissure in the black rock, widened and leveled into a main passageway. It was as bleak and uncompromising as the little used reception hall, as chill and as badly lit. Richley led the way along it, seeming to float swiftly on the hem of his robe. Kirk and Spock, unused to the lesser pull of gravity followed more clumsily. They saw no one. Richley explained that it was a period of regular meditation, and that the brothers were at their prayers. Kirk had half an eye on Spock's face, but his features were stony and not a flicker of expression showed.

Like all the chambers modified for the occupation of the monks, the entrance to the chapel was doorless, more or less a mere hole in the wall. The chapel was large enough to accommodate all the monks at once with room to spare. Most of them were there now, on their knees and hunched up, heads touching or almost touching the floor. They looked like scattered bundles of brown cloth. Alone,

to solving the mystery of the fallen stone. Painstakingly he examined the back wall of the alcove. It was solid rock without a crack or crevice anywhere. He gave the remainder of the walls a perfunctory look over and as he'd expected, found nothing.

Spock stood alone in the rock room and listened to the silence. It was of a quality he remembered from a day a long time before when he had stood beneath the dome of one of the great ancient cathedrals of Earth, and looked up with youth's wide-eyed wonder at the magnificent architecture. The eerie sense of hollowness was the same here as it had been there, although ten thousand light years and five centuries in time separated the consecration of the two places. Spock could understand the humans' sense of awe, but he could not join with it; to his mind he stood alone in the rock room.

He unhitched his communicator and signaled the starship to beam him aboard.

Somehow, McCoy had contrived to be passing the transporter room doors at just that moment. Spock eyed him coolly and turned toward the turbo lift. Not to be thwarted, McCoy fell into step beside him.

"Spock, what's going down there? I've been hearing all sorts of wild tales about ghosts and hauntings."

"The human race has an amazing capacity for rumor, Doctor," Spock remarked acidly.

McCoy caught his arm and pulled him up short. "I heard that the cross of Pi'Ina has been smashed!"

Spock's face asked the question before his words. "The what, Doctor?"

"The stone cross. It was given to the brotherhood by the people of Pi'Ina for their charitable work during the four season plague."

Spock nodded slowly.

"Well, is it smashed?"

"Yes, Doctor, completely. The Captain is investigating below. I have some surveys to make on the bridge." The turbo lift arrived and Spock stepped into it. McCoy looked after him long after the door had closed, his face creased with frown lines.

The evening shift was changing to the night watch when Spock reported to the Captain's quarters, note pad in hand. Kirk was sitting at his desk and looked up as the Vulcan came in. Spock noted without comment that his eyes were drawn tight with a sort of nervous tiredness.

"I take it your investigations revealed nothing unusual ashore, Captain?" Spock inquired, depositing the pad on the desk.

"Nothing beyond a few unexplained items of broken equipment. Certainly no sign of anything supernatural, although I'm not sure I'd know such a sign if I saw one. Have you turned up anything?"

"A list of negatives. With the exception of known inhabitants and installations, no life forms, no energy fields, no power output."

Kirk allowed his stylus to slip through his fingers until its tip banged on the desk top and then turned it over and let it slide back the other way.

"Is there any chance," he said slowly, "that all this had a psychophysical cause? Say, a mass hallucination?"

"The broken equipment you have seen with your own eyes, and the smashed cross was certainly no hallucination, Captain," Spock said in an even abstracted tone that indicated he didn't consider the proposition worth evaluation. Kirk agreed with him.

"So we haven't moved out of square one," he said, still tapping the stylus.

"Captain, I took it upon myself to do some research with the aid of the

library computer," Spock began with a hesitant frown, and then stopped.

Kirk smiled a slow smile. "That's what we pay you for, Mr. Spock," he said.

Spock looked at him with an expression of mild surprise, but let the remark pass. "While in the chapel, I chanced to see the face of one of the brothers. It was a face I thought I recognized, and on checking with the computer banks, I found that my memory had not played me false." He paused to draw breath, and Kirk considered putting in a remark concerning Spock's memory. He dismissed the idea as frivolous as Spock went on, "The man is Lea Cahn." He let that sink in for a precisely measured two seconds. "Cahn is a remarkable man, Captain. Even as a child he was a brilliant mathematician, and in adolescence, his potential was considered unequalled in the galaxy."

Kirk stopped tapping. "I've heard of him."

"Indeed. There are few who have not."

"But he wasn't a mathematician," Kirk got up and began the agitated pacing that he fancied assisted his thinking. "I met him on Star Base six, years ago. He was introduced to me as a bacteriologist."

Spock nodded. "In his time, Cahn has become proficient, even expert in almost every major field of endeavour; and in each he has made at least one remarkable discovery. He is a genius in every sense of the word. His one, his only failing, is that whatever investigation he happens to be engaged upon very quickly loses its appeal, and within a year or two he moves on to something else."

"How can one man tackle so many specialist subjects in one lifetime?"

"It is in that ability that his genius lies. His mind has an all embracing capacity. He can assimilate knowledge at a speed comparable to our most advanced computer feeds and he continues to build up upon that knowledge at an amazing rate. Until his interest in that particular subject wanes."

"When I met him, I noticed.....a.....curious intensity. Almost an aura about him. A big powerful man that seemed almost to glow."

"He was at one time a champion athlete."

"And you say he's here? At this...." Kirk was about to say 'God forsaken' but thought better of it. "Back end of the galaxy?" he finished.

"He is here. Apparently, he arrived on the last supply freighter, six months ago."

"Six months? Richley said odd things started to happen five months ago. There could be a connection."

"It is a possibility."

For a moment Kirk considered. Then, "Mr. Spock, do you believe in ghosts?"

Spock's mouth opened slowly and Kirk fancied he could see the Vulcan mind's agile attempts to come up with a safe non-committal answer. He never did hear the end result. The alert siren howled, and he was lunging across the desk for the intercom switch.

"Captain," the communications officer's voice said urgently, "emergency reported on planet. Father Richley says something's wrecking the place!"

"Tell him we're on our way," Kirk snapped. "All decks on standby alert. Order Dr. McCoy to the transporter room." Without waiting for an acknowledgement he followed Spock out of the door at a run.

The three officers materialized with a golden shimmer in the reception hall of the monastery, and their ears were immediately assailed by the most fearful wailing. Involuntarily Kirk raised his hands in a defensive gesture and McCoy snarled something ungentlemanly, although Kirk failed to catch what. The noise was all around them and indeed, as Richley said, it pierced their skulls and entered their minds. Kirk caught sight of Spock, noted that he looked pale and drawn, but was still functional. McCoy, on the other hand, was staggering, his arms wrapped around his head. Kirk touched Spock's arm, and they raced

with them is just ungodly expensive. The fourth year, if we'd been on, we'd have introduced one other alien and eventually perhaps gotten more.

In the pilot, the people with the big heads and throbbing veins, we were able to pull off a little trick there. There's more ingenuity than just in the scripts and so on. For those creatures, I hired 65-year old frail little women. Then I dubbed in men's voices and put them in their robes. The throbbing veins were actually a syringe they held in their hands and squeezed when they would think. But it was the bodies of the 65-year old women with the booming men's voices that made you think, "Jesus, there's an alien creature." For some of our other shows we hired children and dubbed in men's voices.

-Q: You said that at the end of the series the actors were all friends. That fits in with what seems to be one of the dominant motifs of the show; it teaches people how to get along in a multi-racial and ethnic environment. That this kind of co-existence was going on in real life seems to be a compliment to the concept of the show.

-GR: I think that when you portray a thing enough, you begin to live it. After we came up with the Vulcan philosophy we all sort of adopted it. It goes something like this: the glory of the universe is in its infinite diversity and infinite combinations. When man matures he'll learn that the lovely thing is diversity and the thing to be frightened of is uniformity.

-Q: One of the puzzles of the program is that Spock is the only one in the show who seems to be able to carry that out. This is centuries from now, and there is still a great deal of manipulation among the members of the crew in terms of interpersonal relationships. The role of women oftentimes doesn't seem to have progressed much from what's happening now. If you take away the costumes, you've got pretty much what we have here today.

-GR: Well, you must remember, we made the program in the mid-60's. We started the first pilot with a woman second in command, and the network made us get rid of the woman. They thought the audience would never believe a woman in command. In the first outline I did of "Star Trek", I had 50 per cent men and 50 percent women, and the network said, "No, you can't do that. It'll make it look like there's a lot of fooling around going on in space." What kind of minds are these? So we had a big argument, and they finally said we could have one-third women, which I didn't understand either, but I thought, "Well, one third good healthy women could certainly take care of the rest of the men."

You have to remember that women's lib hadn't been invented then, although we believed in sexual equality then. It's just that there's no point in my writing a show now that is so bold that people will applaud me for writing it, but it'll never get on the air. What you try to do is push as far as you can, get on the air, and then you can infiltrate as many things as you can. After we got "Star Trek" on the air, we had Uhura--one of the first continuing characters, who was also a co-equal with the men--and captains on other spaceships who were women. We pushed as far as we could. I suppose we could have pushed harder in some areas. We had a letter from the Asian Brotherhood saying, "Look, we've noticed that the Caucasians always gets the girls, but poor Sulu, the Oriental, never gets one." We wrote a letter back and said, "Well, you're right. We'll go back to the old Kellogg-Briand Treaty agreement. For every five girls that Spock and Kirk get, we'll give Sulu three." They seemed to think that was agreeable. We meant it as a joke, but they thought, well, that's better than nothing.

-Q: Given the plans to revive the show and its past success, how is Star Trek going to be different? It seems that starting again, after having been away from it, it's going to be hard to make it evolve from the point you left off.

-GR: You're quite right: that's been a major fear of ours. Star Trek has become something of a legend, and legends have a way of looking larger in people's minds than reality. I think if we went back on the air as we made it before, the fans would be very disappointed. That's one of the reasons we decided we didn't want to make another series of hour shows; we weren't sure that we could do it that much better. However, by going to movies (for tv) we've got long-

down the passage in the direction Richley had led them, hours before.

Richley's quarters served also as his office and contained the radio equipment. It was no more than a cell with a desk, chair and a cot bed with a faded blanket. There was a shelf with a few printed books in well worn drab covers, a thin sheaf of papers on the desk and a miniature crucifix. Richley was not there. Kirk and Spock abandoned the room and ran on.

The wailing rose to an unbearable shriek and the very air seemed to quiver with its intensity. Kirk's sense of direction became confused and it was impossible for him to think against the noise. He came to an intersection and hesitated. Spock ran on past him and led the way unerringly to the floor of the chapel. There they found Richley huddled together with two of his Brotherhood against the wall beside the doorway. They made no move towards the entrance; they merely crouched down on the floor and stared at the shattered remains of the cross, seemingly transfixed. There was a smear of blood on Richley's lip.

Kirk piled into Spock who had stopped in the entrance, phaser in hand, and then edged past him into the chapel and along the wall to Richley's side. He took the old monk somewhat roughly by the arm.

"What the hell's going on?" he asked classically.

Richley came out of his trance and looked at Kirk with dazed eyes.

"I...I'm not sure," he said under the noise. "It's back. It came back. You hear...?" Kirk nodded. Richley's eyes became afraid. "I came to talk to it...to reason..." He put a knuckle to his lip and Kirk frowned at the implication.

He lifted his head. The wailing was everywhere, soaking him to the bone marrow; ever rising in pitch and yet never leaving the range of human hearing. His eyes narrowed against the pain of the sound. On the far side of the chamber one of the lighting units gave vent to a spectacular show of blue white sparks and then popped out, deepening the dimness and intensifying the strange angular shadows. Then, before Kirk's eyes, one of the sections of the broken cross began to move. It shifted and tipped and then very slowly began to lift onto one end. Kirk found himself fascinated, quite unable to take his eyes from the stone block; he knew full well that it weighed in the region of a ton and a half and yet here it was lifting itself of its own volition and with apparent ease. With a deliberate effort of will, Kirk tore his attention away and turned his head. Spock still stood in the doorway, his phaser still in his hand but held straight down at his side. His head was very slightly tilted and his look might have been called expressionless.

"Spock!" Kirk shouted at him. "Spock!" At the sharp tone Spock seemed to come out of deep meditation. He looked at Kirk with interest and then his body tensed. "Help me!" Kirk ordered, hauling Richley into an upright position. The monk staggered and indeed Kirk found his own legs wobbly. The terrible wailing made it difficult to concentrate even on such simple basics as direction and balance. Slipping his phaser under his shirt Spock stepped past him and put an arm round each of the remaining monks, lifting them almost bodily. Kirk staggered out into the corridor with Richley and deposited him against the wall. He turned to help Spock, found that the Vulcan had already managed his burden and so took a second to look back into the chapel. He saw the great block of stone lift into the air, trembling slightly as if it were a prodigious effort. It hovered there a brief immeasurable moment and then it began to move towards the entrance; and Kirk.

Kirk stepped back out of the way, found Spock immediately behind him looking over his shoulder and pulled him down into the shelter of the wall. The block was too great to pass through the entrance. It rammed against the walls of either side with such mighty force that it broke into a dozen much smaller

pieces which fell and half blocked the doorway. Part of the tooled stonework around the entrance collapsed on top of it and for several minutes the air was filled with flying grit.

Kirk rubbed the dust out of his eyes. His head was ringing with sudden relief. The wailing had abruptly diminished to a low moaning and an occasional broken sob. There was silence, and a stillness that reminded Kirk of the peace to be found in the eye of a storm. The moaning ceased. Kirk looked closely at Spock who appeared to be listening to something he could not hear, and then the Vulcan relaxed. Whatever it was that had been present was gone.

McCoy pounded up, panting. He looked ill and more than a little put out. He set himself to tending the monks. Kirk and Spock went to the chapel entrance side by side and looked in over the pile of shattered stone. The remains of the cross had been stirred as if by some child giant's hand, and the sanctity of the place, retained before, had been destroyed. Kirk sensed its absence and though him Spock sensed it. Kirk turned back to Richley.

"Whatever's responsible for this damage is hostile," he said decisively. "Until we're able to do something about it we'll have to evacuate your people to the Enterprise."

Richley stared at him with a horrified countenance. "I'm afraid that's quite out of the question, Captain Kirk. The Brotherhood will not leave Neheptæ."

"A temporary measure only, Father," Kirk reassured him.

The old man became agitated. "But you don't understand, Captain! The third Brotherhood is devoted to a life of austerity and worship. We have renounced everything your starship represents!"

"That's your affair, sir," Kirk said. "But in these circumstances, this asteroid can be regarded as a dependent colony, and as a representative of the Federation, the protection of your people is my responsibility. I can use my authority to enforce the evacuation."

Richley looked from his stern face to Spock's, and then to McCoy's carefully impartial expression. He sighed and made a helpless gesture. "Very well, Captain, I see we have no choice in the matter."

Kirk nodded curtly. "Bones, you'll help Father Richley organize his people for transfer to the Enterprise. Mr. Spock, you'll arrange quarters aboard." He looked back uneasily into the ruined chapel. "Come along, gentlemen, let's not waste any time."

It was during the evacuation that Kirk got his first glimpse of the man Spock had positively identified as Lea Cahn. Impressed as he had been at his first meeting with the man, if it was not for Spock's identification Kirk doubted if he would have recognized him. Cahn had changed. The glowing physique of the athlete was gone, the muscular shoulders shrunken and the ruin of the body cloaked into invisibility beneath the monks garb. But more than anything it was the face that had changed. Cahn's head was hidden in the full folds of his cowl; Kirk saw his face only briefly and it reminded him of a narrow triangular skull. His skin was quite white, stretched over a broad veined forehead, his cheekbones were sharp protruding angles with hollow shadows beneath, his mouth small and petite over a pointed chin. His eyes were lost in the depths of their sockets. He was no more than an apparition of the man Kirk remembered. At that notion he grew strangely cold. He looked at McCoy who, from his expression had been thinking much the same thing, and looked away.

The atmosphere in the briefing room that next morning was somewhat strained. The evacuation was complete and the monks installed safely in the guest quarters on the lower decks. Kirk had granted them the same unrestricted use of the ship's chapel that the crew enjoyed, and that had satisfied their spiritual requirements; and Richley assured him that their physical needs had been more than supplied. However, he had made it amply clear that they desired to return to the asteroid at the earliest possible instant. Kirk was

equally insistent that they stay aboard until their safety was assured. Richley maintained that there was no danger to life or limb but in Kirk's mind was still the vision of a massive stone block sailing through the air towards him. He remained adamant.

Kirk looked across the table at Spock. "Out intensified sensor probes revealed nothing?"

"Nothing at all to account for the phenomenon we witnessed, sir."

Kirk nodded slowly. "Mr. Spock, the Neheptaeasteroid is honeycombed with tunnels and chambers, correct?"

"Correct, Captain."

"What proportion of those tunnels constitute the monastery?"

"Seven point three percent, if you include the chambers which contain the life support systems and other essential equipment."

"I am including them," Kirk said, noticing a slight but distinctive emphasis in the Vulcan's voice. "That leaves an awful lot of unutilized area. What about it? Is it sealed off?"

"Negative. The space acts as an atmospheric reservoir."

"Then it's pressurized. Could there be something lurking down there? Something the sensors can't pick up?" Spock looked doubtful but raised no objection. "Equip security teams," Kirk went on. "I want every inch of those tunnels examined. Doctor McCoy, I believe you've given all of Father Richley's people a medical?"

"I took the opportunity while it was there, Jim," McCoy said with a nod. "They're all healthy. Except for Lea Cahn, of course."

Both Spock and Kirk looked at him sharply. "Lea Cahn?" Kirk asked.

"Why sure," McCoy frowned and glanced at Richley. "Didn't you know?"

"Know?" Kirk demanded. "Know what?"

McCoy looked awkward. Richley sighed and clasped his hands on the tabletop in front of him. "Lea Cahn is dying, Captain," he said with a sort of regal resignation. "He is no longer a young man. After a more than usually full life, he has come to Naheptæto die in solitude and the love of the Lord."

"Lea Cahn isn't dying of old age," McCoy said.

"No," Richley agreed. "He was working in a laboratory on Onyx IV. There was an explosion. He was irradiated."

"There's nothing that can be done?" Kirk asked.

McCoy shook his head. "Lea Cahn is already blind, Jim," he said. "His eyes were destroyed by the radiation dosage within weeks. The rest of him'll go on living for a while; a year or two, maybe. But he's dying by inches. Medical science can only prolong the end."

"Cahn does not want the end prolonged," Richley added.

"A man like that...yes, I can understand," Kirk said. He was silent for a long moment. "Very good, gentlemen. You'll be informed of any further developments."

Dismissed, McCoy and Richley left the room. Spock remained in his seat looking after them with a worried frown. Kirk looked at him.

"You're upset about Lea Cahn?" he asked.

"Upset, no," Spock looked up at him. "Lea Cahn has made many contributions to the advancement of science. His death will be mourned." His voice was controlled, his emotions carefully hidden.

"Richley, then?"

Spock looked at him again, and his eyes were deep. "It is not my place to criticize," he said in a low voice. He stood up and began to gather his tapes.

"Criticize what?" Kirk pressured.

Spock sucked in his lips. "They despise science and the amenities civilization provides, and yet they live here in an artificial environment maintained by specialized equipment and supplied by space freighters," he said.



Kirk nodded. "Hypocrisy?"

"Is it not?"

"I suppose it is."

Spock looked him full in the face, his mouth sad and his slanted eyes narrowed to dark slits. To Kirk he looked suddenly very alien.

"It has been the same with your people through all the ages," Spock said. "The churches plead alms for the poor, and make their idols out of gold. The people have starved while the church extols the virtues of poverty, and the priests grow fat. That too is hypocrisy."

"Say one thing and do another," Kirk said, feeling lost. "I can't explain it to you."

"No," Spock agreed, matter-of-factly.

Kirk went to sick bay to see McCoy.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Bones?" he asked.

"McCoy poured brandy into two slender stemmed glasses and grinned at him over the bottle. "Jim, you know I don't believe in anything I can't see, smell, touch, or pop in a test tube," he said brightly.

"Doctor, you're a cynic."

"Have I ever denied it?" McCoy handed him a glass.

"There's something down there that can't be seen or felt, and we certainly haven't been able to crate it up."

"No," McCoy agreed. "But we sure heard it."

Kirk sipped at his drink. "I've been reading up on psychic phenomenon. The nearest thing that answers the description is a poltergeist. Bones, did you notice that it was particularly cold during the attack?"

"Cold? Nope," McCoy said unhelpfully. "You don't really go for all this things-that-go-bump-in-the-night stuff, do you, Jim?"

"Spirits ... are drawn to certain types of people. Particularly intense people and people under strain."

McCoy sobered. "You're thinking about Cahn."

"Spock told me he arrived just about the time things started happening."

"Cahn's a sick man, Jim. He's dying. Even possessed he could never have smashed that cross."

"No," Kirk said, looking into his drink. "He couldn't."

Lea Cahn rose from him attitude of prayer and turned in the direction of the door. Spock allowed the door to close behind him and stood quite still looking at the frail figure. "I am Spock," he said.

Cahn nodded once. "Spock of Vulcan. I remember you. I knew you were at hand." His voice was a mere whisper of what once had been a lion's roar.

"You are dying, sir," Spock said without preamble. "I ask you why you secret yourself away in this place and refuse the medical treatment which could ease your pain and prolong your life?"

"The pain is insignificant and I have no wish to live longer. You understand that."

"But why here, sir?"

"Why not? I desired to spend my last days in the service of my God. Does that not satisfy you?"

Spock's eyes narrowed. "No, sir."

"No I didn't think it would. Shall we just say I felt called?"

"You have been called to many things. You have contributed much to the progress of mankind. You mind is that of a genius. It is not logical to sacrifice..."

"Logical?" Cahn shook his head. "I'm not sacrificing anything my friend. My body is ruined and my mind played out. I have nothing left to offer. I made a mistake. You are a scientist. You know how rarely mistakes are allowed. I am paying the price for my carelessness." He pulled back the folds of his hood and Spock saw his eyes, sightless and deep scarred, filled with dead blood.

Spock inclined his head. "I was hoping to persuade you to resume your activities. I am sorry to have intruded upon your privacy, sir."

"It has been my honor to meet you again, Spock of Vulcan."

Spock turned slowly towards the door. He had asserted for himself the truth; Cahn was dying, and there was nothing to be done. Spock was resigned and saddened. Behind him Cahn made a strangling noise in his throat. Spock turned back. The man was shaking with palsy and visibly swelling, withered muscles rejuvenating and bulging with strength. The prominent veins stood out like thick dark ropes and the blind eyes were glowing with black fire. Cahn's mouth was open and the choking was coming from deep inside him. He was terrified, his face contorting with fear.

There was no time to run. Spock took a step backwards and slapped the the over-ride home, locking the door. In the same moment Cahn started towards him, striding out beneath the monks' robes.

"Lea Cahn!" Spock shouted at him. "Lea Cahn!"

The monk heard him not. He drew back his arm and lashed out. Spock put up an arm to protect his face and took the blow high on the chest. He was quite literally lifted off his feet. The force of it smashed him back against the wall and he slid down it stunned and quite unable to breath. For an agonized moment he thought he'd been cut in half and then logic reasserted itself. He gasped at the air, made himself swallow some and stared through the flashing lights that filled his head, looking for Lea Cahn.

The monk, or the thing that had taken control of his body had forgotten him. Cahn still stood before the door, looking confused. An odd sound came from his still open mouth, a groan that turned into a deafening wail that denied his human ancestry. He swayed and then his withered hand reached hesitantly out, not to the locking over rides but to the door itself. His fingers fumbled and found a purchase. He heaved. The metal of the door creaked and gradually folded into pleats. Lea Cahn stepped through the hole in the corridor and vanished.

Spock filled his lungs as full as he was able and with the help of the wall stood up. The intercom seemed a long way away. His head spinning, Spock swayed his way over to it.

"Spock to bridge. Security alert. Security...send me a doctor!"

Kirk and McCoy arrived simultaneously at the twisted door. Both stood and stared at it for several stunned instants before they could gather their wits enough to look inside the room.

"Bones!" Kirk jumped through the hole and ran to where Spock lay on the deck beside the desk. "Bones, for God's sake!"

McCoy made a brief examination. "He's alright, Jim. He's been pole-axed, but he's alright."

To underline his words, Spock opened his eyes and struggled to sit up.

"Take it easy a minute," McCoy told him. "I'm just gonna give you a shot."

"Unnecessary, Doctor," Spock gasped, scowling as McCoy went ahead anyway.

"Captain, Lea Cahn..." he gestured towards the door and let it do the talking for him.

"Lea Cahn did that?" McCoy demanded. "And stepped over you to do it?"

Spock managed a nod. "He seemed to be ..."

"Possessed," Kirk finished and stood up, reaching for the intercom. "Lieutenant Uhura, alert all decks. Lea Cahn must be apprehended. He's dangerous. Phasers..."

"Captain," Uhura interrupted, "security reports Lea Cahn has attacked the transporter Chief and beamed himself to the asteroid."

Kirk turned slowly and looked at Spock. "He said he was 'called' ", the Vulcan said.

Kirk nodded slowly. "Yes, but called by what?"

The officers of the Enterprise had encountered before entities that proved quite unrecognizable unless they utilized the body of a host to make their presence known. Kirk was convinced that it was with some such entity that he now dealt; a being that had lain dormant until the arrival of Lea Cahn with his intense and receptive mind had provided it with the medium through which it might express itself. Kirk's prime concern was to recover Lea Cahn, and then if possible to contact the entity and find out why it had caused such destruction.

For safety's sake Kirk had withdrawn the two security details working closest to the monastery his theory being that the fewer people there were about the less likely it was that someone would be hurt. Spock and McCoy had beamed down with him and together the three made a painstaking inspection of the abandoned monastery. It was now an eerie place. The empty dimly lit passageways were filled with shadows and the silence echoed back their footfalls so perfectly that when they walked it sounded as though someone else walked also. Of Lea Cahn there was no sign. The search ended fruitlessly where it had begun, at the entrance of the ruined chapel.

"Is there any sign of him at all, Mr. Spock?" Kirk asked.

"Negative, sir," Spock looked up from the tricorder. "Readings indicate no life forms within range."

Kirk sighed, took a step towards the chapel and then stopped dead in his tracks as afar off the wailing began again. The distance removed the pain and menace from the sound and made it a lost and lonely keening. The three men stood still and listened to it, adjudging the distance and direction...and then came a shriek that sounded more human than alien. Kirk gestured to Spock and McCoy and started towards the noise.

They came to the place where the smoothed and finished passages of the monastery gave way to the natural tunnels of the asteroid. Here too, the lighting came to an end and the way narrowed into a dark twisting fissure. Spock produced an electric flare and ignited it, and in its patch of shifting shadowy brilliance they moved forward again, close ranked and cautious.

The wailing led them, rising and falling; seeming one moment distant and the next tantalizing close at hand, but always out of reach. The walls of the fissure leaned together and the path narrowed until they had to turn sideways to push through it, grinding their backs and bellies against the rock. McCoy was gasping before it widened again and then they came to what appeared to be a blank wall. Spock searched round with the flare and found an opening low down near the floor. They crawled through to another chamber and another fissure. The path took an abrupt right hand turn and began to angle steeply down into a funnel of loose sliding shale. Kirk went first, leading the way and then McCoy with Spock acting as rear guard with the flare. The pathway was dangerous and uneven. McCoy's ankle turned on a larger stone and his feet slipped from under him. He went down with a yelp, struggling gamely not to grabhold of Kirk and drag him down as well. Spock locked a hand round McCoy's arm from behind and added his weight to resisting the avalanche of loose rock that was threatening to carry the doctor away. They came to a sliding halt, but in the scuffle Spock dropped the flare, and they could do nothing but watch it bounce away from them and roll to a halt a long way below.

The three officers clung together and stood as still as they could against the wall, regaining their breath, their balance and their wits. Kirk could see the faint light of the flare reflecting on the rock at the mouth of the funnel,

but all around him was complete and utter darkness. He put a careful foot forward and a piece of rock tumbled away. He murmured a word of warning to Spock and McCoy and started to ease himself downwards.

The flare had come to rest on the very edge of a precipice. A crumbling shelf of rock fell away into a bottomless black chasm; a narrow ledge clung to the side of a sheer wall and the flare became merely a firefly of light in the darkness, wavering hesitantly before the crowding shadows. Kirk crouched down and stretched his back and arm and fingers, trying to reach the torch without upsetting his precarious balance and sending himself and the flare tumbling away into oblivion. His fingertips brushed the smooth casing. The loose edge of the shelf crumbled and fell beneath his weight, pieces of rock skittered and bounced down the side of the cliff and the reverberations gave the fall the dimensions of a landslide. The flare rocked, teetering on the edge of the drop. A stream of cold sweat ran down Kirk's back. He strained himself further out over the treacherous rock, touched the case and snatched at it. Kirk swayed, on the verge of losing his balance, one hand stretched out in front of him grasping the flare and the other behind. He was afraid to move, unable to move, unable to cry out. The strength of Spock's warm hand locked round his wrist, pulling him back.

McCoy touched Kirk's arm, but his concern was not with the Captain's bloodless sweating face or the uncontrolled trembling of his limbs. He was not even looking at Kirk. The doctor raised a hand and pointed along the ledge to where the pre-hiphery of the flare light wavered. A pair of thin legs protruded from a bundle of dusty grey looking cloth.

Kirk forgot his own fright, and holding the flare aloft, he edged carefully along the ledge. The bundle was, as he'd expected, Lea Cahn, in his monks robes. The monk lay face down, both arms flung out in front of him as though he'd fallen while running full pelt. How an aging sick man had got this far Kirk didn't dare think; although of course, the lack of light hadn't mattered to Lea Cahn's blind eyes. McCoy pushed past Kirk and knelt down.

"He's dead," the doctor said at once. "Whatever it was his presence here summoned up finally took him over, and burned out the last of an old man's strength."

The wailing, which for some minutes had been little more than a low moan suddenly increased to a scream of grief that made their ear drums throb. They were assailed by a crushing awareness of presence, and then it was gone and there was silence.

They all jumped when Kirk's communicator bleeped. "Kirk here," Kirk said unhitching it.

"Willis here, sir," a distant disembodied voice said. "Search party number four. We've found something, sir. I think it might be what you're looking for."

Kirk looked a last time at Lea Cahn, no longer a great athlete, a great scientist or a great mathematician, merely what all men come to, an empty shell. "On my way, Mr. Willis," he said, and looked to Spock to supply the coordinates from the tricorder.

What Willis had found could not really be described as a tomb; it was simply a dying place, and it was very very old. The bones of its single occupant were fragile and flaking, brown with age and preserved by what had been until the comparatively recent arrival of the monks, an atmosphere of dry inert gas. It had been a large creature, half again as tall as a man. A biped with five long fingers and four long toes and a stub of a tail. The broad head bespoke intelligence and the long snout still boasted a formidable array of teeth; a mail of iridescent blue scales still adhered to the skull. It had died on its side, curled up into a ball with its knees drawn up tight into its chest like a little child afraid of the dark.

The small chamber where it lay was completely undecorated. There was no sign at all of formality or ritual burial. It had been alone, and it had lain alone and in darkness from the moment it had fallen until the light of Willis' flares had revealed its resting place.

Kirk looked down at it and a great sensation of grief that was not his own welled up and filled him to the brim. The voice of the dead alien sobbed in his ear, conveying to him the feeling of an unrestful death and the grief of a lost Paradise. "All right," Kirk murmured, beginning at last to comprehend. "All right." He turned to Spock. "Mr. Spock, call up the Enterprise. Have Father Richley beam down and tell him to come prepared to conduct a burial service."

Spock looked beyond him at the crumbling bones and his face took on a distinctly skeptical expression. "I do not understand, Captain," he said slowly.

Kirk followed his gaze. "I'm playing a hunch, Mr. Spock. On old Earth, the Apache Indians disliked fighting at night; they were afraid that if they died in the dark they would never be given a proper burial and their souls would never find the way to heaven. It's an ancient fear, call it a superstition if you like, but even today we don't let a body lay in the dark. There's always candles."

Spock opened his mouth as if he were about to say something and then closed it again. His expression of skepticism deepened, but all he said was, "Your hunches have been known to pay off before, Captain."

Richley came down and brought with him a cross and a tattered prayer book and with Kirk and his officers standing round, he began to intone a simple service. All they had was a heap of mouldering bones. There were no artifacts, not even clothing remained. There was nothing by which to tell the beliefs of the creature they committed to eternity. It had probably been a traveller like themselves, an explorer maybe, a journeyman of some unknown race, a castaway or a hermit in this lonely place, prince and pauper all look alike in death. In any event it had died alone and now they buried it officially.

Richley had not finished the first sentence of the ritual when the sobbing ceased with a final sigh and there was silence. A feeling of oppression which had been constantly present but never consciously acknowledged, lifted and became noticeable by its sudden absence. They felt glad, as if the sorrow of ages were ended.

Somewhere in the middle of the service, Spock left. Kirk was not sure exactly when or how but when he lifted his head from prayer the Vulcan was gone. Kirk thought he knew why. He saw to the sealing of the tomb and arranged for the repatriation of the monks to their monastery before he looked for him. Spock was in the chapel gazing at the shattered cross with dark and brooding eyes. Kirk went in quietly and stood beside him, and although Spock said nothing Kirk knew he was aware of him.

"You're thinking about Lea Cahn," Kirk said.

"No", Spock negated. "Lea Cahn was a great man. His life was over, he was prepared to die. It's this," he indicated the cross with a sweep of the hand.

"The alien smashed the cross to draw attention to itself. In the same way that races live differently the ways of death are sometimes different. The spirit couldn't die until the body was properly committed."

"So that its eternal soul might rest?"

Kirk looked at him oddly. "Are you getting religion, Mr. Spock?"

Spock shook his head. "My people do not acknowledge a god as you do, Jim. We have never felt the need for one. If there is a force of creation somewhere, it is either outside our comprehension, or within us all. We do not know. But if it does exist, it doesn't care for us; it merely is, or we would not be. We see no reason to fall down and worship it."

"An uncaring creator," Kirk said. "I see what you're getting at. Poverty and pain and hatred through all the ages."

Ted Rzepczynski's Con report, concluded....

p.29

where I met three girls, one of whom was relating a breathtaking adventure of how she met Leonard Nimoy moments before. She just happened to be in the elevator that the Nimoy entourage chose to escape from their fans in. On the way up, she asked him for an autograph on the only writing surface she had -- a glossy for Dr. McCoy. But she said Leonard was very good natured about it. Upon her return to the ground floor we met. Introductory data were exchanged and we decided to hang out in the 25th floor lobby with the hopes of meeting some of the other cast members as they left their suites.

We remained there until 4:45 pm. During those three hours, we saw the following celebrities depart: Nimoy; Martel, who was the most gracious person we met; Koenig, who simply refused to grant us a signature; Nichols; Ellison; Bjo Trimble; and David Gerrold. Whether anyone else remained after that point was unverifiable. We were told that Doohan and Kelley had exited by a service elevator. Shatner had left earlier that day.

What better way to top off this capstone of my summer than with Leonard Nimoy's answer to questions about casting the upcoming motion picture:

"I hear that Robert Redford wants to play Captain Kirk."

(audience responds with a loud chorus of "NO!".)

"Paul Newman wants to play Mr. Spock."

(audience reaction is a mixture of boos, laughs, hisses, and demands of "NO!".)

"I heard this somewhere, and I suspect this is true...Flip Wilson wants to play Lt. Uhura."

(uproarious laughter and applause)

- Ted Rzepczynski

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Melissa Bayrd's Con report, concluded....

non-profit ST con tradition and something which exalts appearance fees. Also, some gophers were promised full refunds of their registration fees and were told (after the con) that Lisa could not afford that much!

But just from the standpoint of having a first con run that well, offer such a variety of entertainment, and reach so many new fans; Lisa's 18 months of planning were worth it. It was an incredible first Chicago con, and we owe Lisa for making it obvious that our area can support one with style and flair. Thanks to her success, we can expect another one, and while it may be bigger, our first one will always be special.

-Melissa Bayard

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Tale of a Sleepless Spirit, concluded...

"And the wars fought in the name of religion, and the children born without limbs, and the deceased that die in agony," Spock added with such savage vehemence that Kirk was startled.

"The sins of the fathers...", he quoted. Spock tossed his head...angrily?

"No. I didn't think you'd be able to swallow that. Some people need the ideal of a God as much as they need food to eat. They can't live without it in just the same way that you can't accept it. Each man must believe what his own needs and his own conscience dictate that he believe."

Spock stood still a long moment and then nodded without looking up, and slowly walked away.

- Jennifer Guttridge

We'll be having a short lettercolumn this issue. Partly my fault; with an 8 months gap between issues, I tend to lose things or file them before I get a chance to print them. But it's your fault too! Where are my acres of witty letters. Where are the angry accusations, the loving bouquets, the verbal funny hats. Something will have to be done about this. Meanwhile, write.

Melissa Mayard  
Box 156  
Tinley Park, IL  
60477 USA

Space:1999 isn't even amusing. All that money, just wasted! Bain and Landau have always been good before, but here they have no plot to support them. MI was edited so intelligently and often scripted well; we never noticed that her style was a little wooden at times. I'm afraid '99 is going to do well, and furthermore, there are going to be more and more of (their fans) among the Trekkies at the cons. Not to the same degree, perhaps! You just don't have the kind of background with '99 to support the kind of fan Trekkies seem to be. The details just aren't consistent or even sufficiently interesting to be the basis of fan investigation the way trekstuff was and still is. There will always be some who will try to go that route, of course. But they will find it hard, because the Andersons don't seem to be set up to succor or encourage that kind of response. Gene, et al, were surprised a little by the response, but they handled it well, back in '68. The Andersons and their production people, and even the stars, don't seem to be ready or interested in their fans. They may want an enormous response, but they haven't done their homework, and you can guess the problems involved with trying to locate the various cast members & staff, crew etc. with such an eclectic (and scattered, by now) bunch, to answer questions. If it had been filmed over here, with American actors, it might have been more lively, therefore more successful to our tastes. And easier to get responses because of the distance and minor postage problems. That may seem small to you, but if you have ever worked publicity, you know small things like that can make a big difference.

((Now you know why general sf fans are often hostile to ST fans. Just as you view Space:1999 as an inferior work that does not deserve all the attention it has been getting, so many sf fans view Star Trek. And they often sound as irritated as you, although they usually hide it in mockery.))

Yes, Ted's (Ted White, editor of the sf magazine Amazing and the fantasy magazine Fantastic who has criticised ST in his editorials) prejudices do seem to be directed to overzealous fans, and with a certain amount of good reason. To be honest, some things in Trek are awful, and a lot of us will admit it. The problem is that Ted only looks at that extreme and refuses to see that most of us are fans, not fanatics. He does ignore the idiots that write him about extreme views from other pro-sf material, so I guess the sheer numbers got to him. The very ability to be so vocal and literarily prolific in which we take such pride, just might have caught up with us in this case.

Ruth Berman  
5620 Edgewater Blvd.  
Minneapolis, Minn.  
55417 USA

It's a valiant defense, but it won't work. ((Ruth is talking of my defense for addressing Lt. Commander Grant (of Jeanne Butler's Till Woman Smiled series) as Lieutenant instead of the usual Commander.) In anybody's army/navy/military of any sort, a lieutenant blank gets called a blank. "Lieutenant" means "place-holder", i.e., "not as good as/substitute/assistant." You don't call an Assistant Professor "Assistant", and you don't call a Lt. Commander "Lieutenant". If you for some reason don't want to call them Professor and Commander, you don't in effect call them "not as good as". In the case you mention, of setting up good patient/psychologist relations, the shrink would be called "Dr." ((\*sigh\*))

## STAR TREK CONVENTION LISTINGS

July 2-10 London; July 9-17 Paris  
International Star Fleet Conventions  
"Special activities during three day  
cons. Many specifications, receptions,  
sight seeing, etc." For info, call 202-  
362-6100.

July 9-11 Washington D.C.; Star Trek Ex-  
po of Washington D.C.; Hyatt Regency Ho-  
tel; Proceeds donated to Children's Hos-  
pital. Guests: James Doohan, Nichelle Ni-  
chols, George Takei. Membership: \$18.  
Info: Box 3127, Falls Church, VA 22043 USA.

July 16-18 Phoenix, Arizona; Phoenix Com-  
ic and Star Trek Convention. Info: 1235  
E. Christy Drive, Phoenix, AZ 85020. USA

July 23-25 Toronto; Toronto Star Trek  
'76. Royal York Hotel. Guests: James  
Doohan, Walt Koenig, Grace Lee Whitney,  
Harlan Ellison, Gordon Dickson, the  
Trimbles. Membership: \$20. Info: c/o  
Curt Clemmer, 420 South Austin, Oak  
Park, IL 60304 USA.

July 30-Aug. 1 College Park, Maryland;  
The August Party, University of Mary-  
land. Membership limited to 1500.  
\$3.50 til July 10, \$5 at doo. Info:  
c/o UMAST, Maryland Student Union, U.  
of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742 USA.

July 30-Aug 1 Toledo, Ohio; Tol-Con 1.  
Info: Box 8073, Station A, 2nd St., Tol-  
edo, OH 43605. USA

Aug 6-8; Norfolk Virginia Star Trek  
Convention. Guests: Nichelle Nichols,  
Gordon Dickson, Frank Kelley Freas,  
Joan Winston. \$5 advance, \$7 at door.  
Info: Box 4187, South Station, Arling-  
ton VA 22204 USA.

Aug 13-14, Salt Lake City; Intermoun-  
tain Star Trek/Science Fiction Con-  
vention (Intercon). Tri-Arc Travelodge,  
Salt Lake City, Utah (161 W. 600 South).  
Guests: Alan D. Foster, the Trimbles,  
Bob ("The ST Dream") Wilkins, Darren  
McGavin, Jerry Purnelle, Kathie ("Wink  
of an Eye") Brown. Membership: \$5 sup-  
porting/non-attending; \$12 otherwise.  
Info: Box 11057, Salt Lake City, UT  
84147. USA.

Sept 3-6; Bi-Centennial-10. Info: 88 New  
Dorp Plaza, Staten Island, NY 10306 USA.

Nov 26-29, Washington Star Trek Conven-  
tion, Sheraton Park Hotel (Wash. D.C.)  
Info: Box 4086, Sunnyside, NY 11104 USA.

PARODY Star Trek once again found it-  
self the target of humorists,  
this time on the television series  
"Saturday Night".

The program, aired live over NBC 3  
Saturdays a month, aired a skit on its  
May 29 program in which the Enterprise  
found itself being chased across the  
galaxy by a band of NBC executives, who  
finally boarded the starship and can-  
celled the show. Kirk (John Belushi) and  
Spock (Chevy Chase) found their phasers  
being snatched from them and returned  
to the prop department as the skit ended.  
Guest host Elliot Gould played one of  
the executives.

I have not been able to see the show  
myself, but one observer tells me that  
John Belushi's imitation of Kirk is ex-  
cellent, especially considering he looks  
nothing like him.

In its few months on the air, "Satur-  
day Night" has earned a reputation for  
open satire previously unknown on Amer-  
ican commercial tv, making one of its  
regulars, Chevy Chase, an overnight star.  
Chase, like John Belushi and others in  
the cast and writing team are formerly  
of the National Lampoon.

FRED FREIBERGER Fred Freiberger, 3rd sea-  
son producer for Star  
Trek has been hired to produce the second  
season of "Space:1999", the I.T.C. show that  
met with tremendous success this past  
season in American syndication, after the  
three U.S. networks turned the series  
down. The sf show was previously pro-  
duced by Sylvia Anderson, wife of exec  
producer Gerry Anderson. The duo had worked  
together on previous shows such as "UFO"  
and various marionette adventure shows,  
but the producing team broke up this year,  
(apparently along with a breakup in  
marriage). The 2nd season has the series  
operating with a larger budget, and with  
Catherine Schell in place of Barry Morse  
as third banana. Freiberger has evidently  
made several changes in the show, which  
had been criticised as being stodgy and  
hoplessly ignorant of science. I.T.C.  
ran a 4 page ad in the trade weekly Broad-  
casting (June 7) in which the enthusiasm  
of 28 affiliates for the 2nd season epi-  
sodes was quoted, several of them noting  
the new producer, Martin Landau and Bar-  
bara Bain star in the British produced  
series.





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### FANZINES

THE CHIMARON REVIEW, the fanzine of the Southern Illinois University SF Society. In the latest issue, a discussion of Gordon Dickson's Dorsail series, plus arguments back and forth on sf cinema from Don Ayres and Ben Indick. 75¢ a copy from Bill Roper, 217 Smith Hall, Thompson Point, SIU, Carbondale, IL, 62901 USA.

THE HALKAN COUNCIL, the monthly ST letterzine. A trekzine of discussion and reviews. 50¢/1 or \$2.70/6. From Shirley Huang, 74 Berwick Road, Delmar, NY, 12054 USA.

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### STUFF FOR SALE

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

\_\_\_\_\_ IS A MEMBER OF THE  
**STAR TREK NATIONAL FAN CLUB**  
AND ENTITLED TO ALL ITS PRIVILEGES

GENE RODDENBERRY, HONORARY PRESIDENT

ONE THOUSAND CARDS of the type seen above were printed for the Star Trek National Fan Club, which later became the United Federation of Star Trek Fans, now defunct. The remaining 915 cards (give or take a few) are now up for auction. Each card is on thin white cardboard with embossed lettering. Card shown above is actual size. Minimum bid is one (1) U.S. dollar for whole set of 915. Bids must be postmarked by October 31st, 1976. Send all bids to Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest, IL 60466 USA.

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### STUFF FOR SALE, cont.

UNITED FEDERATION OF STAR TREK FANS liqu' dation sale! I want to get rid of the following:

- 1: Various unused pencils with messages emblazoned on them: UNITE TO SAVE THE SHOW; MR. SPOCK FOR PRESIDENT; I GROK SPOCK; SPOCK IT TO ME. 10¢ ea. Limited Supply. Please indicate message.
- 2: Buttons, black lettering on green: I GROK MR. SPOCK. Only two left. 15¢ each or 25¢ for both.
- 3: Photos: wallet sized b&w pix from first season, of various cast members in character. All are 'signed' as follows: "My best, William Shatner", "Logically, Leonard Nimoy", "James Doohan", "Grace Lee Whitney". 10¢ each, please specify which photo you want. Supply limited.
- 4: Photos: 5"x6½", 3rd season b&w group shot of Sulu, Scott, Uhura & Chekov standing in transporter chamber waiting for something to happen. 20¢ each. Supply limited.

No postal charge for USA & Canada. Others go by honor system: when you receive package, check postage on it, and send back 75% of that amount by M.O. or P.R.C.

Small amounts of coin will probably survive being mailed if not left rattling in envelope. Larger amounts safer by check or M.O.

Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest, Illinois, USA 60466.

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Send ads with payment to Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest, IL 60466 USA.

Robert A. W. Lowndes on James Blish's Star Trek fiction....

"I cannot comment on his series of "Star Trek" books. The first few came out when I was still seeing him regularly on the train Friday evenings and I mentioned once that I hadn't gotten around to them yet. His reply was, "Don't bother," so (thus far) I never have. I would however, expect them to be well done on their own level and enjoyable reading. They were done as a matter of economic necessity, so to that extent they might be considered hack work - but no more so than Jim's western and detective pulp stories back in the 40's and early 50's. I would not expect to find any sloppiness in them nor any implications of contempt for the stories, the medium, or the readers - the marks of a real hack."

-from Lowndes' eulogy for Blish, who died July 30, 1975. Reprinted from LOCUS.

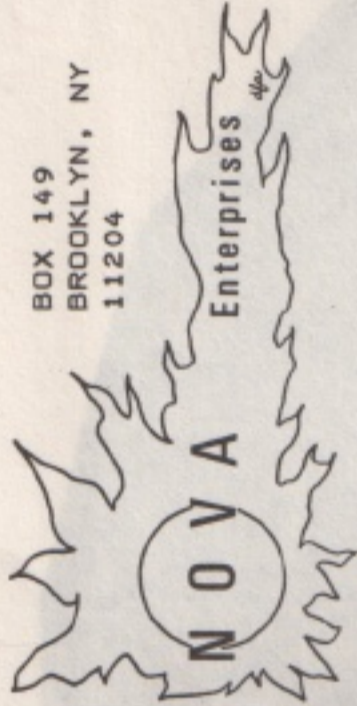


# I am not SPOCK

Leonard Nimoy



BOX 149  
BROOKLYN, NY  
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## "I AM NOT SPOCK"

LEONARD NIMOY

'IF I AM NOT SPOCK, WHO IS?' THE LIFE AND WORK OF ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT ACTORS AS HE REVEALS THE EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES HE HAS SHARED WITH THE CHARACTER HE CREATED -- MR. SPOCK, FIRST OFFICER OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE.

There has never been a television show quite like STAR TREK. Even now, years after the last episode was filmed, it can be seen almost any night of the week in almost any part of the world. This year hundreds of thousands of copies of the "blueprints" of the Enterprise have been sold. There are several million copies of books about the show or stories adapted from it in paperback. Conventions of fans are held throughout the country all year long and draw enormous crowds. In short, STAR TREK not only lives, it has come to represent classic science fiction.

By far the most fascinating member of the cast has been the alien, Mr. Spock. He has remained intriguing, in part, because the one person who could talk about him did not. Now, at last, the actor who created the role tells what it was like to think and act as a character who operated totally on logic and possesses superhuman capacities.

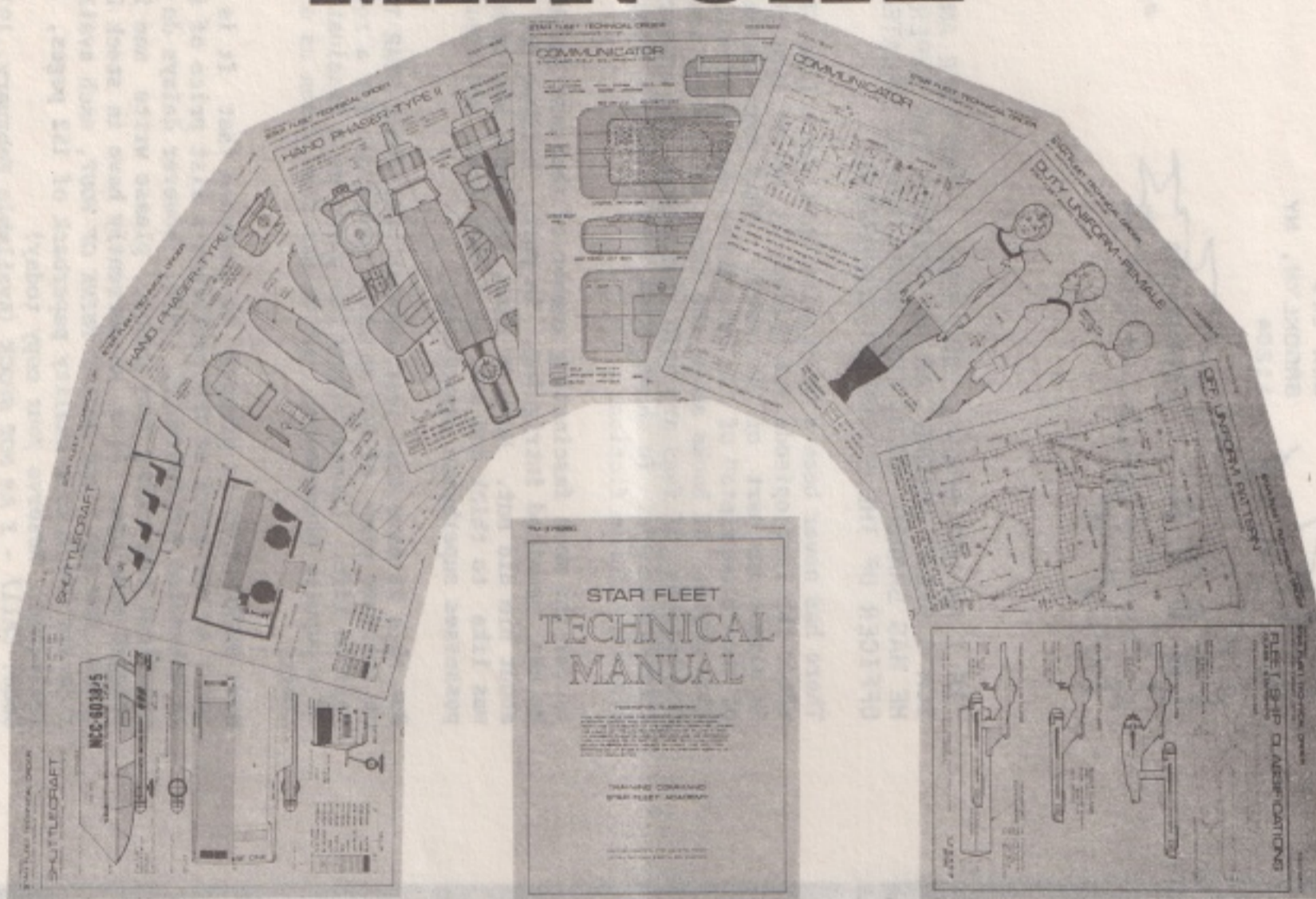
But this is more than just another book about STAR TREK and its stars. It is an intimate view of how an actor prepares for a role and how he brings that role to life. Leonard Nimoy has given us a fascinating behind-the-scenes look at a popular phenomenon, but he has also given us a portrait of a man and his craft.

NOVA ENTERPRISES is pleased to announce that it is accepting advance orders for *I AM NOT SPOCK* at the publisher's list price of \$4.95 post-paid. Release is scheduled for February, 1976, however delays do occur. If you have any questions concerning your order, please write and include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Also, we currently have in stock Leonard Nimoy's two poetry books, *YOU AND I* and *WILL I THINK OF YOU?*, each available for \$3.95 post-paid. *I AM NOT SPOCK* is a quality paperback of 152 pages, 5½ X 8½, and is fully illustrated. Reserve your copy today!

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Ballantine Book's

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- THE SHUTTLECRAFT: Exterior and interior diagrams and descriptions.
- WEAPONS: Including Phaser I & II among others, and data on scale, power, range, and other important operational parameters.
- COMMUNICATORS: Including a schematic of the circuitry for a working communicator on the 27Mhz Citizen's Band.
- STARFLEET UNIFORMS: Both male and female dress, duty, medical, and others, and sewing patterns for each.
- STAR CHARTS & MAPS: Covering all areas of the STAR TREK Universe. Included are a chart of the Milky Way Galaxy showing the location of known space (UPP, Klingon & Romulan Empires), a more detailed map showing Starbase locations, Starship patrol areas, and major UPP Star-Systems, and a map of all the stellar systems of the United Federation of Planets.
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