





# ST-PHILE #1

MAY 1976

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Doug Lovenstein - -	Cover and pp. 11, 12, 18, 27, 47
Charles Rein - - -	page 10
Bjo Trimble - - - -	pp. 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 40

## comments from the publisher:

This is the third (and last) printing of ST-PHILE #1, which originally appeared in January 1968. ST-PHILE's reappearance is due almost entirely to the persistence of Devra Langsam, co-editor of the highly regarded Spockanalia; ever since STP went out of print, Devra has been nagging her readers to nag me to re-issue the fanzine. For which Devra earns a gold star for her determination, and a few muttered curses. (And please don't do it again.)

Many changes have taken place since 1968, not the least of which is an inflation rate beyond the power of the Federation Economic Dept. to control (apparently). It is with regret I point out the increased price on this reprint edition. I must charge more to break even. Sorry. Take it up with the Bureau of Complaints, not me.

Another change which took place was in the original stencils for STP. For those unfamiliar with this problem, I'll explain; mimeograph stencils deteriorate with age and accumulated ink, and these stencils are no exception. It was a nail-biting process to get several of them to reprint at all for this issue -- and they will not take another run. They have literally disintegrated.

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Therefore: no matter how much Devra and her faithful fans hound me, there will be no more reprints of ST-PHILES #1 and #2. Even had I energy and time (and I don't) the stencils are kaput. No retyping and redrawing is contemplated. None.

In one respect, though, the deterioration of the stencils produced a bonus for this reprint edition. Doug Lovenstein's beautiful cover was butchered in the electro-stencilling process. So this time I had the cover professionally printed, finally doing justice to Doug's work. Unfortunately, I can't afford to do that with the whole issue, so...

When STAR TREK first went on the air Kay Anderson and I were well-satisfied members of science fiction fandom. There was no ST fandom, then. As science fiction fans, we were entertained and interested in ST, indulged in extrapolations and speculations (like most ST fans and many sf fans), and decided to put out a fanzine. In 1968 I already had sixteen years of experience publishing a science fiction fanzine, so the equipment and the know-how were already mine. Kay and I also decided our ST fanzine would be strictly non-fiction: humor, speculation, verse, art, eye-witness accounts of trips to the set, etc. Our editorial collaboration was difficult, since we live 2000 miles apart, and it took us two issues, not one, to get said all we wished to say. But we did it and closed the book and went back to science fiction fandom.

(Then, in '68, the show was moribund and our feeling was "too bad; it was nice while it lasted". We had worked with Bjo Trimble and other science fiction fans to award Hugos for Dramatic Presentation to ST, participated in the temporarily successful mail deluge to save the show. But now that it was gone, we figured that was that. No one could have predicted the phenomenon that would take place after ST went off the network -- not then.)

The Roddenberry outline beginning on the next page had not been printed professionally, yet, in 1968, and we were very grateful that Gene let us use it here. Since then, of course, it has appeared other places. Since then lots of ST material has appeared lots of places....hasn't it?

During those eight years I've lost track of some of STP's contributors, and kept in friendly touch with others. Bjo Trimble, besides managing the world sf convention art shows and being "the lady who saved STAR TREK" (very nearly literally), has gone onto costume designing, movie making, convention committeeing and too many other projects to name. Kay Anderson has become sf fandom's woman in The Industry, with articles published professionally re SILENT RUNNING, and the popular film and tv column in fandom's fanzine newspaper, Locus, etc. Ruth Berman and Bob Vardeman and I are writing professionally in the sf field, and I hope fate has been kind with the lost, strayed, or stolen contributors to STP, too.

A word of warning: the ads within these pages are -- remember! -- eight years old. Caveat emptor, and be sensible. If you are interested in any of the offerings, drop a postcard or letter (no money) of inquiry -- to see if the people are still at the same stand and/or still have anything to sell, trade, or swap. There was no way to gently remove the advertisements without wrecking the already fragile stencils, so they had to be left in. But I very much suspect the advertisers have long since forgotten they even placed these notices. Please keep that in mind.



# The Original STAR TREK Idea As Submitted To NBC

3

by GENE RODDENBERRY

STAR TREK is a television 'first' ...

A one-hour Science Fiction series with continuing characters.

Combining the most varied in Drama-Action-Adventure with complete production practicality.

And with almost limitless story potential.

STAR TREK is a new kind of television Science Fiction with all the advantages of the successful Science Fiction anthologies, but few of the limitations. How? Astronomers express it this way:

$$Ff^2 (MgE) - C^1Ri^1 \times M = L/So$$

Or to put it in simpler terms:

... The number of stars in the Universe is so infinite that if only one in a billion of these stars is a "sun" with planets ...

... and if only one in a billion of all these planets is of earth size and composition ...

... the Universe would still contain approximately 2,800,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 planets capable of supporting oxygen-carbon life.

... or (by the most conservative estimates of chemical or organic probability) something like three million worlds with a good possibility of intelligent life and social evolution similar to our own.

Or to put STAR TREK into the language of television ...

THE FORMAT is a "Wagon Train" concept -- built around characters who travel to other worlds and meet the jeopardy and adventure which become our stories.

THE TIME could be 1995 or even 2995 -- in other words, close enough to our times for our continuing cast to be identifiable as people like us, but far enough into the future for galaxy travel to be fully established.

THE FAMILIAR LOCALE, or "home base", is their vessel -- THE U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, a naval cruiser-size space ship. The vessel (a permanent set) includes bridge, control rooms, crew quarters and facilities, many science labs and technical departments, plus passenger accommodations. These contain a wide range of personalities we meet during the season, some becoming "Guest Star" roles for stories aboard or on the worlds we visit.

THE LEAD ROLE is Captain Robert T. April, mid-thirties, an unusually strong and colorful personality, the commander of the Cruiser.

OTHER CAST REGULARS are a mixture of types: "Number One", a glacier-like, efficient



female who serves as ship's Executive Officer; José "Joe" Tyler, the brilliant but sometimes immature Navigator; Mister Spock, part-Martian with a red-hued satanic look and surprisingly gentle manners; Phillip "Bones" Boyce, M.D., ship's doctor and worldly cynic; and uncomfortably lovely J.M. Colt, the Captain's Yeoman.

The STAR TREK springboard to 3,000,000 worlds ...

(Excerpted from orders to Captain Robert T. April)

III. You are therefore posted, effective immediately, to command the following:

The U.S.S. YORKTOWN.

Cruiser Class -- Gross 190,000 tons  
Crew Complement --- 203 persons  
Drive -- space-warp  
Range -- 18 years at light-year velocity  
Registry -- Earth, United Space Ship

IV. Nature and duration of mission:

Galaxy exploration and investigation: 5 years

V. You will patrol the ninth quadrant, beginning with Alpha Centauri and extending to the outer Pinial Galaxy limit.

VI. Consistent with the limitations of your vessel and equipment, you will confine your landings and contacts to Class "M" planets approximating Earth-Mars conditions.

VII. You will conduct this patrol to accomplish primarily:

- (a) Earth security, via exploration of intelligence and social systems capable of a galaxial threat, and
- (b) Scientific investigation to add to the Earth's body of knowledge of alien life forms and social systems, and
- (c) Any required assistance to the several Earth colonies in this quadrant, and the enforcement of appropriate statutes affecting such Federated commerce vessels and traders as you may contact in the course of your mission.

And 3,000,000 stories ...

For example, some episodes will take place in space ...

"THE STRANGER". In one of the laboratories aboard the cruiser, a seemingly harmless specimen plant from the last planet landing. But actually it is part of the life cycle of an alien intelligence, seeding itself on to other life (in this case human crew members), with tiny probing tentacles slowly taking over the host's body and mind, spreading unnoticed from one crewman to another, until Captain April finds himself facing an unbelievable and seemingly hopeless mutiny...

Others on visits to far flung Earth colonies ...

"Emperor O'Brien". The settlement on Arcturus IV, weakened by equipment failure, crop losses, and internal strife, has gone the way of "strong man rule". Robert April lands supplies only to find an old friend, Thad O'Brien, had seized power first to save the colony, then slowly became corrupted by it. Ruthlessly dominating the disorganized colonists, O'Brien now leads them on a "Holy War" enslavement of the planet's native creatures. Robert April finds himself facing the prejudice of both colonists and his crew in the dilemma of supporting humans who are wrong or fighting for the rights of strange, ugly aliens ...



On unexplored asteroids ...

"TORX". A landing party entirely wiped out -- or, at least, dead for all practical purposes since "something" has reduced them to helpless idiots. Landing with a rescue party, April, Spock and Boyce discover the existence of "Torx", which seems a being of pure thought and no body. It "devours" intelligence. Wandering through space for eons, near starvation, it has been frantically seeking the type of "food" which the Earth could supply in abundance.

There is action-adventure like something out of the Earth's dim past ...

"TYRANNOSAURUS". Seeking the remains of a space ship crash of a century ago, April and José discover primitive human creatures in this primeval world. Are they descendents of the space crew, or are they natives? Unable to communicate by any other means, April and José are forced to descend to club and fang in order to save their own skins.

And strangeness out of the Earth's possible future ...

"REASON". The planet has obviously once seen the holocaust of atomic war. But under the surface is discovered an advanced civilization almost identical to Earthpeople's, yet with a strangeness the Yorktown recon party is unable to identify. April and the others are made welcome, treated well, given unquestioning cooperation on every request .. until ship's doctor "Bones" Boyce, attracted by the cool logic of one of the hosts, makes a small joke. Trying to explain "humor", he slowly and chillingly becomes aware these are all robots who had accepted the Yorktown party as fellow robots who would share their revulsion for illogical flesh and blood creatures like the ones who had almost destroyed the planet. The crewmen are captured, scheduled for unemotional extermination, and begin a battle of human reason and wit against the frightening, computer-like intelligence of their captors.

Plus, savage parallels ...

"KONGO". By every measurement and indication from The Yorktown's orbit, the planet below has an 1800 A.D. level civilization, worth a brief study, but with no special dangers inherent. On landing, they find "West African" type terrain with evidence of fairly primitive "Plantation"-type agricultural society. Except there is a small mistake in dominant-race identification. The land owners here are black, the slaves (shipped in from foreign ports) are white. Thrown off-guard by their mistaken assumption of white supremacy, April and Yeoman Colt, with the rest of the small recon party, are picked up as "runaways", auctioned off as field and household hands.

And even romance ....

"THE RADIANT ONE". Guest star vehicle for an aging "Charles Boyer" crewman. Something of a nonentity among his fellows, a failure all his life, aging George Ely seems to have gone insane when he falls hopelessly in love with one of the squat, web-footed, monstrously ugly females of an Ogton Group planet. Worse, these creatures have deadly alkaloid glands under the needle claws of their "hands". Attempting to save his crewman's life and sanity, the skipper finds himself betrayed by the desperate George Ely. April seems to be facing poison death from the squat, ugly "female", only to discover in the end the claw injection can also be a narcosis which lets "beauty" become what the Creator intended it to be -- qualities of unselfish love. In George Ely's eyes (and in April's too) as he leaves the old man behind on the planet, the female has become a radiantly beautiful, angelic creature in a Garden of Eden.



The STAR TREK key is the bold establishing of ...

GALAXY TRAVEL FULLY PERFECTED. Allowing us to move efficiently from story to story, freeing the audience from tiresome explanation of technology and hardware, giving us the time to concentrate on drama.

THE U.S.S. YORKTOWN. A permanent set, providing us with a familiar week-to-week locale. Although obviously of highly-advanced space ship design, there is a suggestion of current naval terminology and custom which helps link our own 'today' with STAR TREK'S 'tomorrow'.

As with GUNSMOKE's Dodge City, KILDARE's Blair General Hospital, our Cruiser is a complete and highly-varied community. We can, at any time, take our camera down a passageway and find a guest star (scientist, specialist, ordinary airman, passenger or stowaway), or an unusual department or function, which can propel us

THE "SIMILAR WORLDS" CONCEPT. Just as the laws of matter and energy make probable other planets of Earth composition and atmosphere, certain chemical and organic laws govern animal evolution and make equally probable other human-like creatures and civilizations with points of similarity to our own.

All of which gives extraordinary story latitude -- ranging from the surprisingly parallel to the shockingly different, and from the savagely primitive to the breathtaking distant future.

Result -- STAR TREK keeps all of Science Fiction's variety and excitement, but still stays within a mass audience frame of reference ...

By holding to PERFECTED GALAXY TRAVEL, THE CRUISER and THE "SIMILAR WORLDS" CONCEPT, we avoid "way out" fantasy and cerebral science theorem, and instead concentrate on the problems and perils met by our very human and very identifiable continuing characters.

Fully one-third of the most successful of all Science Fiction is in this "practical" category. Tales of exotic "methane atmosphere worlds with six-headed monsters" are rare among the Science Fiction classics. The best and most popular feature highly-dramatic variations on recognizable things and themes.

But even within these limits there are myriad stories, both bizarre and shocking, plus a few monsters legitimus. Space is a place of infinite variety and danger.

Here are some other STAR TREK keys ...

PLANET SELECTION. There are certain designated "ports of call" (Earth colonies, passenger transport, cargo deliveries, requests for various types of aid, and so on). Planets for general exploration are selected by radio-examination, spectrography (ship's laboratories), telescopic inspection through the astrogation screen on the Cruiser bridge, and by reports from other explorations. Generally, exploration is consistent with Captain April's 'Class M planet' orders -- emphasizing worlds not requiring space suits and other limiting gear.

PLANET LANDINGS. The Cruiser itself stays in space orbit, rarely lands upon a planet. Recon parties (usually featuring continuing characters) are set down by means of the ship's Transporter Room where an Energy-matter scrambler can "materialize" them onto the planet's surface. This requires maximum beam power and is a tremendous drain on the Cruiser's power supply. It can be done only across relatively short line-of-sight distances. (This helps our stories by limiting the size and number of landing parties). Materials and supplies can also be moved in this same manner, but require a less critical power expenditure.

Recon is sent out for a wide variety of reasons -- re-supplying the Cruiser, an aid to an Earth colony, scrutiny of an Earth commercial activity, collection



of rare animal or plant specimens, a courtesy call on alien life contacted by earlier exploration, a survey of mineral deposits, or any combination of scientific, political, security or supply needs.

Recon party landings always include dangerous unknowns -- no amount of monitoring and observation from Cruiser orbit can guarantee complete knowledge of all conditions down there. And the slightest degree of error in beam-alignment can set individuals or a whole recon party down in a highly perilous or embarrassing situation. They can be attacked by alien life, totally ignored, and sometimes even find themselves forced to pose as members of a strange planet's society.

**ALIEN LIFE.** Normal production casting of much of this "Alien" life is one of the great advantages of the SIMILAR WORLDS CONCEPT. To give continual variety, use will of course be made of wigs, skin coloration, changes in noses, hands, ears and even the occasional addition of tails and such.

As well as shockingly different beings, we will also meet some which appear remarkably similar. Often the most exciting and frightening differences can be in that which seems to be familiar -- until the full peril and horror of the real difference becomes apparent.

As exciting as physical differences, and often even more so, will be the universe's incredible differences in social organization, customs, habit nourishment, religion, sex, politics, morals, intellect, locomotion, family life, emotions, etc.

**LANGUAGE.** We establish a "telecommunicator" device early in the series. Carried in a pocket, little more complicated than a small transistor radio, it is a "two-way scrambler" which appears to be converting all alien language into English, and vice-versa.

**RECON COMMUNICATIONS.** Also a function of the small personal "telecommunicator". Generally efficient, it can usually make contact with the Cruiser, but is occasionally hampered by magnetic storms, alien jamming, and a few times by the simple fact of capture or theft. Since return to the Cruiser requires radioing a precise position, loss of the telecommunicator can result in enormous peril to the party on the planet's surface.

**WEAPONRY.** Equally basic and simplified. The Cruiser is armed with Laser Beams for self-protection. Crew sidearms are rifles and pistols which can be adjusted to fire either simple bullets, explosive projectiles, or hypodermic pellets which stun or tranquilize.

The STAR TREK format allows production-budget practicality ...

... by extensive use of a basic and amortized standing set (U.S.S. YORKTOWN) ...

... plus amortization also of any miniaturization cost (i.e. the Cruiser in space or orbit) ...

... permits through its SIMILAR WORLDS CONCEPT a wide use of casting, studio sets, backlots and local locations, plus unusually good use of in-stock costume, contemporary and historical ...

... minimizes special effects and process by establishing simplified equipment and methods (Transporter, Telecommunicator, Stet weapons, no space suits, etc).

#### PRINCIPAL CHARACTER

Robert T. April. The "skipper", about thirty-four, Academy graduate, rank of captain. Clearly the leading man and central character. This role, built about an unusual combination of colorful strengths and flaws, is designated for an



actor of top repute and ability. A shorthand sketch of Robert April might be "A space-age Captain Horatio Hornblower", constantly on trial with himself, lean and capable both mentally and physically.

Captain April will be the focus of many stories -- in still others he may lead us into the introduction of a guest star around whom that episode centers.

A strong, complex personality, he is capable of action and decision which can verge on the heroic -- and at the same time live a continual battle with the self-doubt and the loneliness of command.

As with such men in the past (Drake, Cook, Bougainville and Scott), April's primary weakness is a predilection to action over administration, a temptation to take the greatest risks onto himself. But, unlike most early explorers, he has an almost compulsive compassion for the rights and plights of others, alien as well as human.

#### OTHER CONTINUING CHARACTERS

The Executive Officer. Never referred to as anything but "Number One", this officer is female. Almost mysteriously female, in fact --- slim and dark in a Mile Valley way, age uncertain, one of those women who will always look the same between years twenty to fifty. An extraordinarily efficient space officer, "Number One" enjoys playing it expressionless, cool --- is probably Robert April's superior in detailed knowledge of the equipment, departments and personnel aboard the vessel. When Captain April leaves the craft, "Number One" moves up to Acting Commander.

The Navigator. José (Joe) Tyler, Boston astronomer father and Brazilian mother, is boyishly handsome, still very much in the process of maturing. An unusual combination, he has inherited his father's mathematical ability. José Tyler is, in fact, a phenomenally brilliant mathematician and space theorist. But he has also inherited his mother's Latin temperament, fights a perpetual and highly-personalized battle with his instruments and calculators, suspecting that space, and probably God too, are engaged in a giant conspiracy to make his professional and personal life as difficult and uncomfortable as possible. Joe (or José, depending on the other party) is young enough to be painfully aware of the historical repute of Latins as lovers -- and is in danger of failing this challenge on a cosmic scale.

Ship's Doctor. Phillip Boyce, M.D., is a highly unlikely space traveler. Well into his fifties, he's wordly, humorously cynical, makes it a point to thoroughly enjoy his own weaknesses. He's also engaged in a perpetual battle of ideas and ideals with José. Captain April's only real confidant, "Bones" Boyce considers himself the only realist aboard, measures each new landing in terms of the annoyances it will personally create for him.

The First Lieutenant. The Captain's right-hand man, the working level commander of all the ship's functions -- ranging from manning the bridge to supervising the lowliest scrub detail. His name is "Mr. Spock". And the first view of him can be almost frightening -- a face so heavy-lidded and satanic you might almost expect him to have a forked tail. Probably half Martian, he has a slightly reddish complexion and semi-pointed ears. But strangely -- Mr. Spock's quiet temperament is in dramatic contrast to his satanic look. Of all the crew aboard, he is the nearest to Captain April's equal, physically, emotionally, and as a commander of men. His primary weakness is an almost cat-like curiosity over anything the slightest "alien".

The Captain's Yeoman. Except for problems in naval parlance, J.M. Colt would be called a yeo-woman. With a strip-queen figure even a uniform cannot hide, 'Colt' serves as Captain's secretary, reporter, bookkeeper --- and with surprising efficiency. She undoubtedly dreams of serving Robert April with equal efficiency in more personal departments.



# STAR TREK:

## THE 1966-1967 SEASON

Original Broadcast	Title	Scripter	Rerun Date
9/8/66	"The Man Trap"	Gene Roddenberry(?) *	
9/15/66	"Charlie X"	D.C. Fontana	6/1/67
9/22/66	"Where No Man Has Gone Before"	Sam Peeples	4/20/67
9/29/66	"The Naked Time"	John D.F. Black	4/27/67
10/6/66	"The Enemy Within"	Richard Matheson	
10/13/66	"Mudd's Women"	Stephen Kandel	5/4/67
10/20/66	"What Are Little Girls Made Of?"	Robert Bloch	12/22/66
10/27/66	"Miri"	Adrian Spies	6/29/67
11/3/66	"Dagger of the Mind"	Shimon Wincelberg	
11/10/66	"The Corbomite Maneuver"	Jerry Sohl	5/11/67
11/17/66	"The Menagerie" (Part I)	Gene Roddenberry	5/18/67
11/24/66	"The Menagerie" (Part II)	Gene Roddenberry	5/25/67
12/8/66	"The Conscience of the King"	Barry Trivers	
12/15/66	"Balance of Terror"	Paul Schneider	8/3/67
12/29/66	"Shore Leave"	Theodore Sturgeon	6/8/67
1/5/67	"Galileo Seven"	S.Bar-David and Oliver Crawford	
1/12/67	"Squire of Gothos"	Paul Schneider	6/22/67
1/19/67	"Arena"	Gene L. Coon and Gene Roddenberry	7/6/67
1/26/67	"Yesterday is Tomorrow"	D.C. Fontana	7/13/67
2/2/67	"Court Martial"	Stephen Carabatsos and Don Mankiewicz	
2/9/67	"Return of the Archons"	Boris Sobelman and Gene Roddenberry	7/27/67
2/16/67	"Space Seed"	Carey Wilbur and Gene L. Coon	8/24/67
2/23/67	"A Taste of Armageddon"	Robert Hamner and Gene L. Coon	7/20/67
3/2/67	"This Side of Paradise"	D.C. Fontana and Nathan Butler	8/10/67
3/9/67	"Devil in the Dark"	Gene L. Coon	6/15/67
3/23/67	"Errand of Mercy"	Gene L. Coon	
3/30/67	"Alternative Factor"	Don Ingalls	
4/6/67	"City on the Edge of Forever"	Harlan Ellison	8/31/67
4/13/67	"Operation: Annihilate"	Steven Carabatsos	

\* - notes are uncertain on this entry. Addenda and/or corrections to this list will be welcomed. JWC

COMPILED BY KAY ANDERSON AND JUANITA COULSON



# ST<sup>a</sup> R T RE<sup>k</sup> UC U

by — RUTH BERMAN

When Juanita Coulson asked if I would do an article on dramatic structure in STAR TREK, my first reaction was, no, no! why me? -- after all, I had only been making comments on various aspects of dramatic structure in letters to her all season long. It is easy to talk about aspects of dramatic structure, but it is necessarily more difficult to talk about the whole structure, and it is not necessarily even possible to talk about the structure of a whole series. Still, when I thought it over it seemed to me that there was enough consistency in the series to make it possible to draw some generalizations, so I decided to try.

Dramatic structure is one of the bits of critical jargon that get tossed around and never clearly defined. It cannot be defined completely, because its definition depends on the critic's theory of art, and no critic has ever yet been able to include all art in his theory. But some definition is possible.

It is traditional to start out definitions of such terms by quoting Aristotle, because he was first in the field, and because his definitions are as good as any and better than many. Aristotle said that a good play should have unity of time, place, and action.

Unity of action is a large part of dramatic structure---it means a story should hang together. One change since Aristotle is in the definition of "unity of action". Aristotle seems to have felt that "unity of action" meant that a good play couldn't have any sub-plots, since sub-plots tend to break up a show into a bunch of unrelated shorter shows running in alternation. For example, in "Shore Leave," the sub-plot of McCoy's mild love affair with Yeoman Tonia Barrows had very little to do with the main plot, Kirk's getting rid of a couple of old hang-ups. The two plots were related by the mystery that set them going, but otherwise the show was split in two stories (and some plotless short-shorts concerning Sulu and other members of the landing-party, thrown in to intensify the mystery).

But a play can have unity of action and still have sub-plots, if the sub-plots are related to the main plot closely---usually, by having the same theme (or by having themes which are directly contradictory---a mirror relationship) and by having some plot-elements in common (one event will end all the plots, or several characters will be important in more than one plot). For example, in "This Side of Paradise," the two main plots--Kirk's and Spock's reactions to the spores--were united by a mirror-image plot-development (Spock's happiness caused misery for Kirk, and Kirk ended his misery by blasting Spock's happiness), and by unity of theme (that freedom with sorrow is preferable to artificially imposed happiness).





The two other "unities" are supplemental to "unity of action." "Unity of time" and "unity of place" mean that a play should take place in about the same period of time it takes to perform and in only one location. Sticking to the unities of time and place tends to tighten up the action, and it is fairly easy to do so in a short play (say, half an hour to an hour), like those the Greeks wrote. Later playwrights, writing three-hour shows, discarded the unities of time and place, but television plays have mostly taken them up again. A typical STAR TREK show takes place on the Enterprise along with a single spot on the surface of a near-by planet or along with another space vehicle. Gaps of a few hours may be implied between scenes, especially between acts, but a show like "The City on the Edge of Forever," where the time covers a week, is rare. (Subjective time, that is: time travel stories can leap around over as many centuries as they like--an advantage science fiction has over other genres in getting variety in without letting the story get lost.)

But even with the aid of the unities of time and place, it is hard to unify the action of a story. At least, it is hard to do so while putting in enough variety to keep the audience from getting bored. "Alternative Factor" had unity of action, all right, with its two Lazaruses rhythmically see-sawing in and out of the Enterprise's universe, while Kirk and the rest stood around being bewildered, but it was a bad story, perhaps the worst of the season, because it was dull.

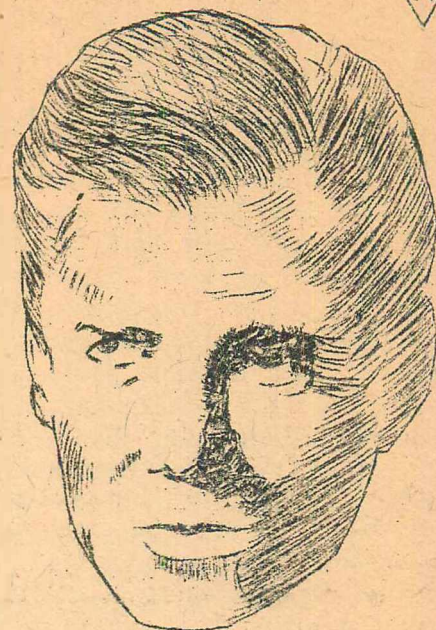
Variety and unity, then, are the elements which make up dramatic structure, and combining them successfully makes good dramatic structure.

One generalization about STAR TREK's dramatic structure that is easy to draw is that it is usually good in providing variety. STAR TREK shows are often bad, but they are almost never dull (with a few exceptions, such as "Alternative Factor," or "Arena," a show in which Kirk fought an alien while discovering gunpowder for nearly the whole hour).

It is not surprising that STAR TREK usually has plenty of variety. Television generally demands more action from its scripts than the stage does, and science fiction generally demands more variety in background material than other genres (so much so that STAR TREK sometimes falls down there---for example, alien races should not all be humanoid, but the budget forbids much more than an occasional lizard man).

In unity of action, however, STAR TREK often fails. Sometimes it is a complete split between major plots, as in "Shore Leave" or in "Operation: Annihilate." The two segments of "Operation: Annihilate" were so good that the show must be counted as one of the best STAR TREK episodes, but they would have been better if they had been separate. First was the tragedy of the death of Kirk's brother and Kirk's failure (also McCoy's failure) to save Kirk's sister-in-law. Then came the suspense story of Spock's blindness and recovery. If Spock's blindness had been permanent the two stories would have fitted together neatly: both would have shown Kirk struggling to save a world with much of his motivation coming from his loyalty to a few people, and saving the world, but losing those few (tragic irony). Of course, permanent injury to a major character would ruin the series, but that is another matter. As it was, after doing a good job with a sob-story, the show asked the audience to turn over and rejoice in the happy ending of a last-minute coincidence which restores Spock's sight. I can't change records that fast.

More often, the plot is unified up until the end, when the writer finds he has written himself into a hole and does a cop-out. Is it impossible for the Enterprise to be saved, because its key personnel were busy going crazy until it was too late ("The Naked Time")? Then when Spock comes out of it, have him announce that there is a way out after all. It is a dangerous way, of course, but when did an undefined danger in the last five minutes of a show ever produce any real feeling of suspense? Does an old man find his personal reason for living in the health of his daughter, thinking her untouched by his crime ("The Conscience of the King")? Then, when he finds out that she is a murderer, too, in his behalf,





kill him off, so he won't have to face the problem of living without her (and so Kirk won't have to face the problem of whether he ought to turn Karidian in for a crime so many years past and so deeply repented). Are the Federation and the Klingons about to go to war and probably destroy small neutral peoples if they do ("Errand of Mercy")? Then have the small neutrals turn out to be supermen who force the combatants to re-negotiate.

It is not just that the last-minute cup-out makes nonsense of most of the plot---it frequently makes nonsense out of the theme, too. In "Errand of Mercy," for instance, there seemed to be two unrelated themes. One was that passive resistance is a better defense than Kirk-like belligerence. It helps a lot to be invulnerable supermen when you're passively resisting. The other theme was that it is never too late to negotiate (a favorite theme on the show, handled more skillfully in "A Taste of Armageddon" and "Devil in the Dark"). Especially it's never too late when you have supermen to force you to do it. Which is all very well, except that there aren't any supermen---if there were, they would be bound to be fallible in some degree (unless they were God...and G.K. Chesterton is about the only one who's ever gotten away with that as a surprise ending), and so far as they were infallible they would be unfit to be dictators (which, indeed, is a theme that STAR TREK has explored often, so often as to make me bored with it by now: "Where No Man Has Gone Before," "Charlie's Law," "Space Seed," etc.).

The problem of repetitive plots is only one aspect of the problem of dramatic structure over the run of a whole season. It is in the creation of a unified world, finally, that STAR TREK has succeeded. This is not, by the way, world-building in the sense it usually has when applied to science fiction. The society which produced the Enterprise is not closely portrayed. It is carefully kept off-stage, in fact. The Enterprise is the "world" of the show, and the development of the characters of the people on the Enterprise is what gives the show stability.

Kirk is the center of the show, even though Spock is the more popular character. Such a is common. In the Arthurian stories, Lancelot (or Gawaine or Percival or Sir Anybody) is the hero of the individual story, but Arthur dominates overall. In STAR TREK, Kirk's dominance and his relationships with the rest of of the crew may be seen in what has become an almost ritualistic ending: Kirk sits down in his chair, Spock comes up from one side and behind on his right, McCoy comes up from the other side and stands behind him on his left, and then any two of them start needling the third. The freedom to annoy each other is the sign of the solidarity of their friendship---and of the solidarity restored to their world after they have overcome whatever menace the writer cared to postulate.

The friendship between Kirk and Spock is one of the major continuing interests in the show. Kay Anderson described the development of their friendship in a letter:

In the Peeples pilot ("Where No Man Has Gone Before") Kirk was apparently fairly new to his command and seemed to know only his second of-







ficer, Gary Mitchell, at all well.

Spock was as alien as we were ever to see him: cold, disdainful, utterly tactless, very touch-me-not, literally. Kirk seemed rather resentful of Spock, who had apparently been with the ship for years, and Spock seemed to have little respect for his Captain, though he respected the rank if not the man....In the first part of the season Spock touched no one and no one touched him; it was quite noticeable. The crew members treated him like a leashed lion. Kirk, on the other hand, is a very physical person; he is always grabbing someone by the arm, patting him on the back. I'll bet he pinches girls too. Throughout the show he has pulled Spock along by the wrist, clapped him on the back, elbowed him, once gotten so tickled by his mulish stubbornness that he hugged him, to Spock's utter amazement. Now, Spock touches people and does not mind being touched,

though he still can't bear to be held on to. He almost climbed the wall when Christine got ahold of both his hands ("The Naked Time").

The two men are well balanced together. Spock is the alienated man, cut off from society, and finding a life of his own in the duties of an off-world society, the ship. Kirk is compulsively devoted to duty and, in his way, he is made as lonely as Spock by his need to be in command. Kirk has apparently gone through life with few male friends and losing every girl he ever considered romantically: Lenore Karidian in "The Conscience of the King," Ruth in "Shore Leave," Areel Shaw in "Court Martial," and Edith Keeler in "The City on the Edge of Forever."

Of course, it is impossible for Kirk to get a girl--the show would end--but William Shatner and the writers have made his bad luck believable by portraying him as a man who thinks of his own sex appeal as a way to manipulate others. There is almost an audible click when he turns on his attractiveness to win trust, as with Edith, when she asks awkward questions about his past, or even with girls who do not attract him romantically, such as Mea 3 in "A Taste of Armageddon," when he needs her help. He and Lenore each try to use each other in "Conscience of the King." It is characteristic of such predatory males and females to avoid close, lasting relationships, because they lose control of the situation if their own emotions become involved.

In addition to each other, Spock and Kirk both have McCoy as a friend--and, outside of that, they seem to have no friends. There are plenty of people they like and respect, but no one else they seem completely at ease with. In Spock's case, I should say "almost at ease." He and McCoy irritate each other a lot despite their liking for each other. Both Kirk and Spock seem to think of McCoy as an older brother, someone to lean on. For instance, in "The Conscience of the King," when Spock is worried about Kirk's behavior, he goes to McCoy for help in finding out what is wrong with Kirk.

The writers often set up a three-way division in which Spock represents logic, McCoy emotion, and Kirk a balance of logic and emotion. They overdo it--McCoy is not, in fact, dominated by





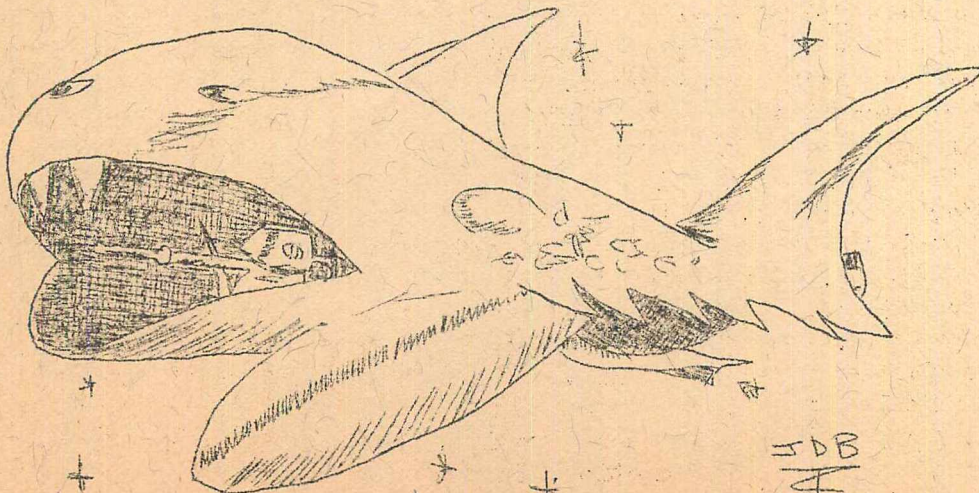
his emotions. Kirk is probably more emotional. For example, in "Operation: Annihilate" Kirk thought he was anxious to save a world without realizing that his extreme anxiety was caused only by his love for a very few people (his brother's family and Spock) until McCoy pointed out to him what he was doing and reminded him to keep his mind on the larger problem.

The three-way division works better when it is used on a related matter: Spock the man of the mind, McCoy the man of the senses, and Kirk the balanced man. This division has produced some of the funniest dialogue in the show (as in the exchange from "The Conscience of the King," when McCoy offers Spock a drink. Spock: "My planet has been spared the dubious benefits of alcohol." McCoy: "Well, if you won't drink with me, don't stand there disapproving of me."), and it is close to the truth. It is not completely true, however. McCoy, much as he likes to pose as an idle, drinking, lovable old lecher, is really an efficient man, who only idles, drinks and leches in his off-hours. It was typical of McCoy in "Mudd's Women," that, while embracing a gorgeous woman, he should look over her shoulder at his instruments to wonder why they were registering abnormalities in her.

In most ways, McCoy is much saner than either Kirk or Spock. McCoy's sanity may be one of the reasons that he is so frequently selected as the character to go mad, as in "The Return of the Archons" (along with Sulu), "This Side of Paradise" (along with everyone), and "The City on the Edge of Forever" (all by himself). It is upsetting for Kirk and Spock when their utterly reliable doctor freaks out. Spock, whose collapses upset Kirk even more than McCoy's, has only been used twice in this way (in "The Naked Time" and "This Side of Paradise") --both times in company with a lot of others, although he was the center of attention.

The minor continuing characters, Uhura, Scott, and Sulu, are also well done, but it is not as easy to discuss them as it is to discuss the major characters. The minor characters are not as complex, and the writers cannot spend as much time in developing them, although they spend enough time--and the actors who portray them are good enough--to leave the audience feeling that it knows them. There are several other characters besides, who have appeared in more than one show, such as Nurse Christine Chapel, Lt. Kyle of Transport, Navigator Riley, or Navigator De Salle (who showed up in the second season of the show on "Tatpaw," mysteriously promoted to Assistant Chief Engineer), but none of them has made much impression on me. However, they add to the feeling of continuity in the show's world.

STAR TREK could use better structure, both in individual episodes (where it usually needs more unity) and as a whole (where it usually needs more variety to avoid repetitive plots, and will need more variety in the second season to keep the characters from going stale), but it is good enough to be, as Spock himself might say, "Fascinating."





# WHAT PRICE KNOWLEDGE?

## ADDRESS OF THE HONORABLE EARTH DELEGATE TO THE FEDERATION COUNCIL - SUBJECT: BUDGET

YOUR REPORTER — BOB VARDEMAN

The immense cost necessary to build any spaceship capable of faster than light speeds has been the subject of countless debates in the Federation Council, but the fact remains that ships like the USS Enterprise have contributed significantly to our fund of knowledge of the universe in which we live. The critics of our Star Fleet have said that the useless frills and unnecessary costs are the rule rather than the exception. Let it be said right now that this charge is simply untrue. It requires immense stores to outfit a starship carrying 430 persons; it requires tremendous engines generating unthinkable energies to propel such a vehicle; it requires much time and planning to ensure the safety of the crew. The cost is great -- but the returns are even greater.

The critics of Star Fleet Command's exploratory cruises know little or nothing of the starships used. They assume that a ship like the Enterprise is but a large version of the interstellar transports we take for granted. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The Enterprise class ships employ an entirely different system of engines than the small, short-range Andromeda class transports that brought many of us to this planet. The Enterprise's warp engines are powered by subatomic matter/anti-matter interactions and are controlled by magnetohydrodynamic fields (or MHD fields as they are commonly called). The principles used were discovered over two hundred years ago, but our scientists have refined the techniques to a high degree to ensure that the forces generated can be properly controlled. The matter/anti-matter reaction causes a warp in space, but this "tearing" or "bending" is non-directional. Using the MHD force fields and dilithium crystals, it is possible to make the field englobe the ship and cause a phase relationship that "sucks" the vessel through the "tear" into subspace and then out again back into our continuum. One of the main devices helping to shape the warp field is the dilithium crystal. These expensive crystals focus the warp field in much the same way the ancients used sodium chloride crystals for focussing the so-called laser beam. If the dilithium crystals weren't used, the only recourse would be to employ a highly complicated and massive mechanical system. Actually, using the dilithium crystal reduces cost rather than adding to it.

Even though it is possible to precisely regulate the ship's velocity by varying the intensity of the warp field (which is measured in the arbitrary "warp factors" by deep spacemen), it is impossible to use the warp field near a planetary magnetic field except in dire emergencies. Therefore, the designers have had to include the impulse engines at the back edge of the main disc. These engines, although of immense power, are not dissimilar to the early 21st Century engines using high specific impulse atomic fuels. Naturally, those used today have been greatly improved and deliver all the power for internal support systems and phaser banks. The impulse engines can also be used to separate the disc from the rest of the ship in case the warp engines go critical, but luckily, in the history of Star Fleet Command, this has never been necessary.

The presence of heavy duty phasers and protective screens aboard an essentially peaceful exploratory vessel has also been criticized, but again the critics fail to remember such incidents as the recent Romulan breach of peace or the Gorn encounter. Protection of the crew is naturally of importance, but in some cases our starships have been used to protect our entire civilization. Who can help but shudder at the thought of the destruction the alien Doomsday Machine would have caused in the Rigel sector had not Commodore Decker so bravely destroyed it sacrificing both his ship and himself?



Undue luxury aboard an exploratory ship is the chief argument used by the proponents of budget slashing and ignorance in our Council. Gentlebeings, it is a considerable thing to ask of a person in the prime of life to remain aboard a ship for the duration of a five year mission. R&R on various planetfalls is at a minimum and due to this it is necessary to make each vessel a complete, self-contained worldlet. Entertainment is provided through many agencies and in spite of uninformed reactionary claims, the dream chambers do not cause any mental harm and are not in any way addictive. They simply allow a crew member to enjoy a vicarious vacation on a planet of his or her choosing and undergo any preselected adventure that is within the bounds of decency. Star Fleet psychologists have praised this device and it has been shown that the efficiency and morale ratings are being maintained at unheard-of levels.

The turbo elevator is required to guarantee that the commander can reach the bridge of his vessel in as short a time as possible from any part of the ship. To do this, the turbomotor is capable of both lateral and vertical motion and responds to voice commands in the advent of the user being unable to operate it with his hands. The critics who have referred to this device as an expensive "frill" have simply not grasped the rapidity with which events occur during encounters with hostile civilizations or entities; in such situations, a sophisticated turbomotor can give the vessel's commander a time advantage in which to better decide the proper course of action.

The shuttlecraft is absolutely essential for exploration of small planetoids that do not possess high enough magnetic fields to allow the use of the transporter. It is also required as a secondary vehicle in case emergency repairs have to be made outside the main ship.

The matter transporter is such a common mechanism in our culture that it beggars the imagination to think of anyone objecting to its use aboard a starship. The basic concept, as you are aware, is to match a magnetic field probe with an already existing one in a receiver and then transmit the destructured body into the receiver where it is restructured. Immense research went into the transporters used on a starship due to the lack of a receiver on most planets. Almost forty years ago, a Vulcan physicist devised the open-end transporter which makes use of a planet's natural magnetic field to restructure the beamed wave. In addition to not needing a receiver, it was found that the field could also be focussed inside spaceships without appreciable magnetic fields by locking onto any power source emanating waves from subatomic interactions. These might be called luxuries, but they have also been called indispensable by men knowledgeable in the ways of space.

It is a pity that starships are allowed only one medico due to small appropriations. The continual dangers risked by the explorers are great. Unknown diseases or sudden injuries are the stock in trade and, indeed, it has been said by a 20th Century philosopher that "pioneering is the business of learning new and unexpected ways of dying." Why then do our men and women have to rely on only one doctor? True, he is equipped with some modern medical devices. But it is also true that he has to use antique heart-lung machines when all advanced planets use the time-stasis operating table. He has to actually "set" broken limbs when most planet-bound doctors can use the renewer ray and mend the injury in ten minutes. Oh, the list is too long and disheartening. And all the primitive equipment justified on the grounds of cost!

Even the computers aboard a starship are outdated. The computer is perhaps the single most important machine the ship possesses, and is entrusted with astrogation and maintaining internal life support systems. But what are the memory banks built from? The old system of optically implanting data on a ceramic sheet with a coherent light beam is still the one most prevalent in our Star Fleet. It is hard to imagine how such a device can be tolerated, being so inefficient and bulky, but somehow it is. Critics say that this system is capable of recording  $10^6$  times as much information as the even older tape memory banks, and this is true. But these vital parts of our ships could be reduced in size and increased in efficiency by replacing them with our molecular-scan blocks. A cube the size of a fist could record everything that the present bulky computer does and still have half again the room for additional data.

In closing, please consider the cost of the starship but also consider the knowledge we've gained. Time travel has been shown to be possible, the secret of total conversion



power is being studied from the data won from the Doomsday Machine, contact with an alternate universe has been established. But these are minor to our contacts with alien races. The Klingon Empire has entered into preliminary negotiations with us concerning reciprocal trade, the Horta have been a significant element in furthering mining endeavors on planets unsuitable for any but silicon life forms, the existence of pure energy life forms superior to our own material bodies has been discovered.

Can mere monetary values be placed on things like this? Can anyone haggle over a few credits extra to equip our ships with our most modern contrivances. I think not. I therefore urge you to approve Star Fleet Command's budget for the forthcoming fiscal period and to also vote yes on the appropriation pending for the overhauling of seven of our existing starships.

Thank you.

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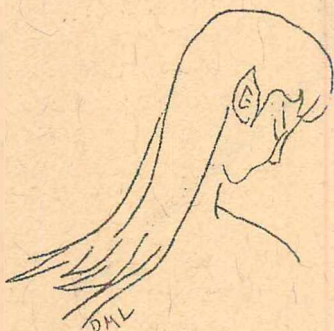
## ROMANTICLERIHEWS

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Leila Kalomi

Helped Spock find a home he  
Loved but left, Paradise.  
She remembers, and sighs.

The Vulcan T'Pring  
Her challenge did fling  
And her ice-logic won.  
(I feel sorry for Stonn.)

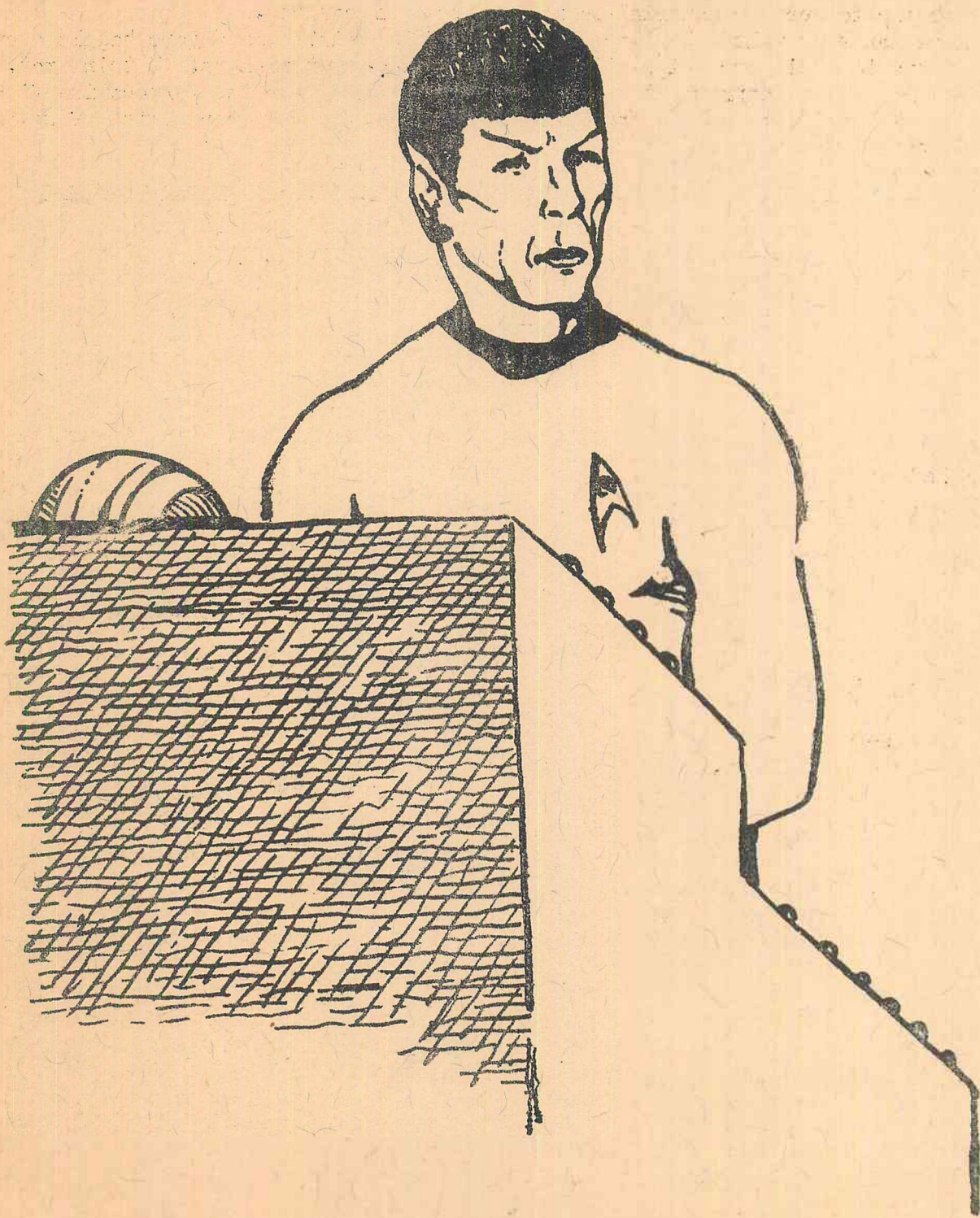


Nurse Christine Chapel  
With her emotions must grapple  
Knowing that Spock  
On his heart keeps a lock.

Someone, one of these years--  
(Dark or fair? What shape ears?)  
In Spock's future awaits  
To open locked gates.

BY *shirley meech*







# A Preliminary Study On Vulcan Cultural Evolution

by: S. M. HEREFORD

In reconstructing the development of the Vulcan social and political structure, the human observer is hampered by the meager amount of information available about this proud and ancient world. However, in this study, I shall employ aesthetic criteria to cover small deficiencies and limit my conjecture to realms where there are some data.

It is useful to think of cultural evolution in three stages: emergence as dominant species; struggle to restore ecological balance (upset by accomplishment of stage 1); conquest of physiological and psychological patterns leading to unstable social structure. These stages overlap, of course, but provide a useful initial structure for cultural data.

The first stage, on Vulcan, was probably much like Terran oriental culture at its height - splendid, but with little value placed on the individual life, though much importance may have been attached to personal and family honor. Even now Vulcan culture bears this mark. Combat to the death is still a legal procedure. It is even possible that this is still the most realistic solution to some personal quarrels. The intense pride and aloof formality with which Vulcans conduct themselves may stem from a still-living form of an ancient honor code. This seems reasonable in the light of the violent passions Vulcans are so determined to control. Very elaborate ritual was probably once required to channel this passion into civilized channels. Their insistence on logical behavior is at least partly a defense mechanism against their emotions.

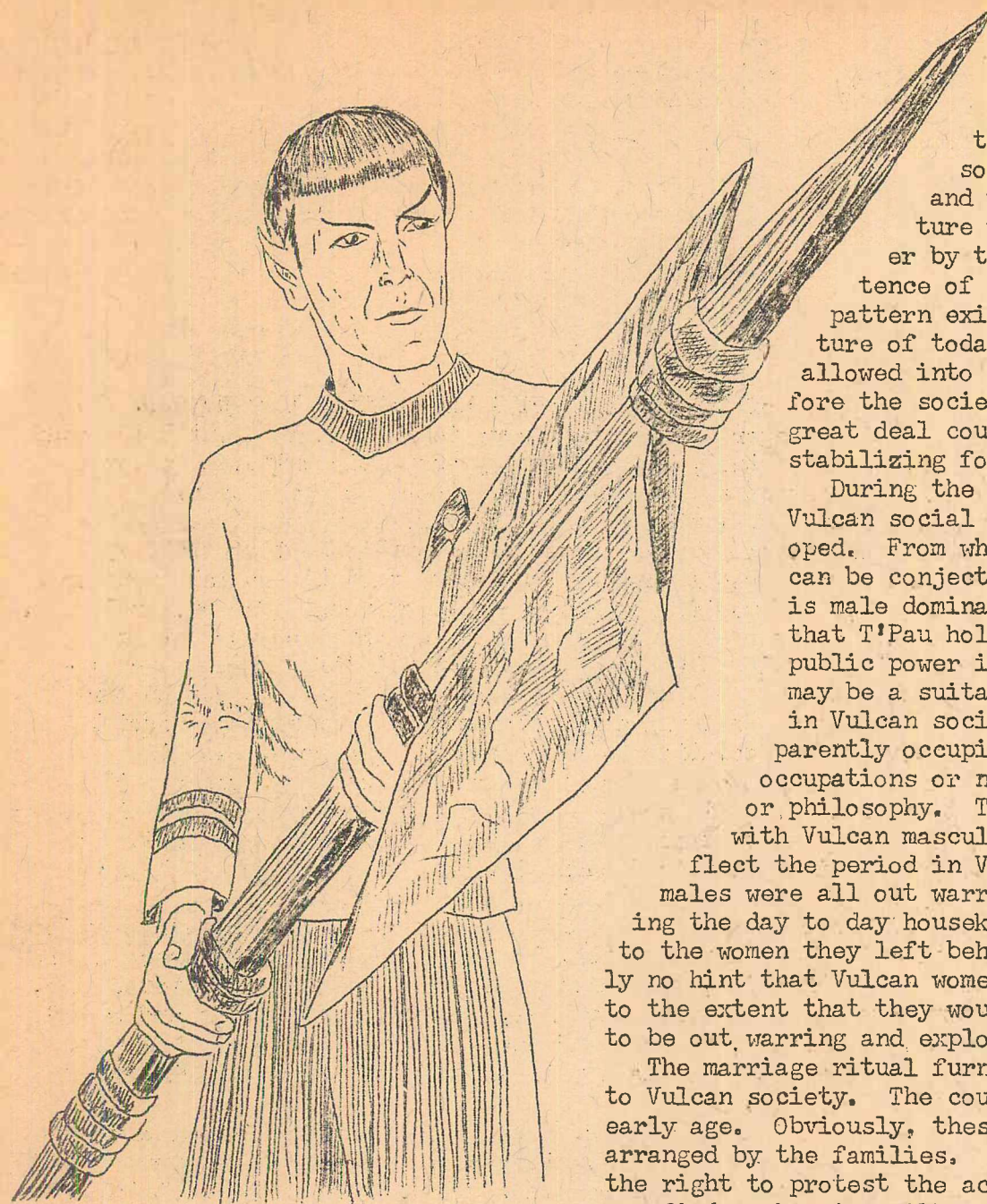
Vulcan is a hot world. Life flourished on it before the war period. The struggle to survive must have been correspondingly more intense. To have won out over the rest of the planet, tamed it and built a civilization, the Vulcans had to be even more vicious. Also, at this time, Vulcans must have been, as Humans are now, continuously fertile and capable of procreation from puberty. Otherwise, there would have been too much chance of them dying before reproduction and they could not have maintained their numbers during the more primitive period of their culture.

So it may be surmised that the original Vulcans, having beaten their vicious environment, discovered a more deadly enemy - their own viciousness, the same enemy every intelligent race must face when it has beaten its environment. It must have been at this point, just entering the second stage of evolution, that the Vulcans began to realize that they had to keep their numbers down and their passions under control.

During the first stage, a clan system of government is the most reasonable postulate, since Vulcan loyalty, apparently deeper on the average than Human, would not transfer from the family to a state or a legislature. Instead, the clans would grow larger and larger until they resembled nations and their legal mechanisms would grow more and more sophisticated to govern new situations and provide acceptable channels for the release of the more anti-social passions. The obvious method for such release would be elaborate ceremonial and involved etiquette which would allow the expression of any emotion in polite phrases and enable proud and hot-tempered people to live in comparative peace with each other without loss of face.

In the early part of the second stage, when their numbers were not yet under control and suitable means of governing passions in the masses had not yet been developed, the principle outlets were evidently war and conquest, including space exploration, colonization, and empire. At this point the demand for technical personnel, and the deeper need for emotional restraint probably combined to make logic in thought and action the highest virtue.





It is this period of Vulcan culture that the Romulans represent. At this point, to maintain order, the society had to be strict and militaristic. The structure was probably held together by the real or fancied existence of an external threat. This pattern exists in the Romulan culture of today and if researchers are allowed into the Romulan Empire before the society changes too much, a great deal could be learned about the stabilizing forces of such a society.

During the second stage the current Vulcan social system probably developed. From what little is known it can be conjectured that the society is male dominated. However, the fact that T'Pol holds such a position of public power indicates that government may be a suitable occupation for women in Vulcan society. The men are apparently occupied in more productive occupations or nobler careers in science or philosophy. This would certainly fit with Vulcan masculine pride and might reflect the period in Vulcan history when the males were all out warring and exploring, leaving the day to day housekeeping of running things to the women they left behind. There is certainly no hint that Vulcan women are considered equals to the extent that they would have been expected to be out warring and exploring with the men.

The marriage ritual furnishes a few more clues to Vulcan society. The couple is betrothed at an early age. Obviously, these are political matches arranged by the families. Yet the woman still has the right to protest the actual marriage if she can find a champion willing to risk death for her.

It would be interesting to know what sort of dowry accompanies the bride and what of the loser's possessions the winner is entitled to in the wedding duel. This duel serves to give the women some voice in her future and also gives the low-ranking male a legal means of winning the wife of his choice, i.e. a higher-ranking one, if she will have him. This was probably a stabilizing influence in the period which gave it legal form. Though apparently fallen into disuse in the third stage, the custom is still usable, and one suspects, still necessary. One could carry this observation over into other customs which developed during the second stage to allow legal outlets for the passions. They are probably still practiced in form and still occasionally provide a release valve for Vulcans whose needs cannot be met by other techniques developed during the third stage.

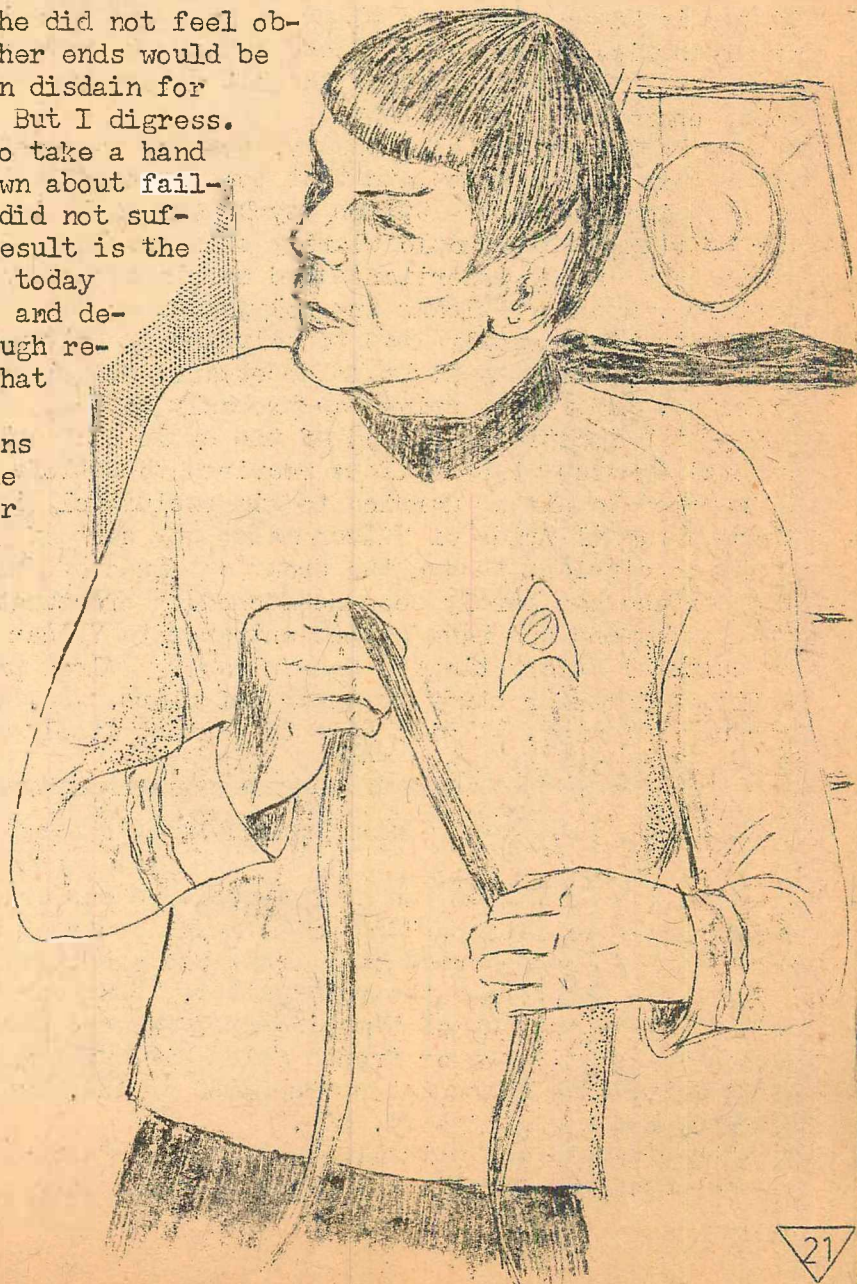
A good deal of conjecture has been built on the one Vulcan marriage ceremony Humans have observed. It must be recalled that this ceremony was incomplete and only the gross legal outline is known. In as complex a society as Vulcan must have, the expressed whim of T'Pol could not be the whole motive behind her efforts to avoid marriage to Spock. Since the betrothal evidently involves mind-sharing, it is reasonable to suppose that marriage does as well. Possibly she wished to keep something from Spock. It is not



likely that T'Pau would have allowed the death of so valuable a member of society as Spock, and so her own actions in encouraging Spock's blood lust and allowing Captain Kirk, an outworlder who obviously did not know what he was getting into, to accept championship of T'Pring, must be examined. Also her actions must be weighed in the light of the fact that she obviously expected Spock and Stonn to duel and Spock to win. Since the duel exhausted Spock's mating drives, it is possible that T'Pau, having more experience in the matter, expected exactly that. Then the duel would have obviated the need for a marriage. Further, it is likely that at the time of his betrothal, Spock was not regarded as a good match since he is a half-breed. His subsequent rise to a place of honor on Vulcan would perhaps make a better marriage possible and desirable. Since T'Pau seems to have interested herself in the matter one may conclude that for reasons of her own, perhaps connected with family politics, she, or her family, would benefit from this. Then when T'Pring chose Captain Kirk for her champion T'Pau must have had her own reasons for allowing him to accept when it is likely he would not have if he had known the nature of the duel. From this two inferences can be drawn: first, that not marrying Spock, T'Pring would be forced to marry Stonn and that this would be sufficiently politically disadvantageous to her that she would not be in any position to threaten T'Pau's schemes; and second that T'Pau had sufficient confidence in Spock that she expected his friends to be able to protect both themselves and him in spite of the situation if they deserved to be his friends. Also, it is possible that T'Pau had a sufficient disdain for Humanity that she did not feel obligated to conserve a Human life when her ends would be served equally well either way. Vulcan disdain for everything Human is hardly debatable. But I digress.

In the third stage, Vulcans began to take a hand in their own genetics. Nothing is known about failures and I can only surmise that they did not suffer long in Vulcan society. The end result is the highly-strung, well-disciplined people today known as Vulcans. The more aggressive and destructive passions were apparently enough related to the sex drive in Vulcans so that by regulating that drive to a cycle of years, at least in the male, the Vulcans have managed to solve the two principle problems that plagued them during their second stage, numbers and passion. It must be emphasized that this has not been accomplished at the expense of the emotions. In order to preserve them the Vulcans walk a line between over-logical self-repression and near madness. Possibly they have tried and found that it also destroyed their creative faculties. Possible they discovered that logic will not hold a society together alone. Possibly they just did not want to give up the pleasures of friendship and love just to escape the dangers of anger and hate. As it is, Vulcans have conquered their environment and themselves to the extent that they now, and from the beginning of their third stage, have, and have had, a stable but not stagnant society.

There are many problems still to





be explored in this field. Information is scarce, in many cases due to the aloofness of the Vulcans themselves. For instance, the economics of the current clan structure is unknown. They may operate on either a communal or tax based system. Since the ownership of possessions would provide an outlet for aggressiveness, I favor a system that would include property, but all of the factors operating in this area are not known. The method of determining clan status is not known, though it is known that Spock has gained more of it. Without a clear idea of the current structure of the clans it is difficult to see how they might have been in the second stage of development without more knowledge of the Romulan culture.

In fact the notion of clan structure itself is based on Human parallels and nuances in the Vulcan and Romulan data. The strongest argument for it is the importance in Vulcan and Romulan society attached to the maintenance of "face". This strong personal honor code has always been linked with family honor and tradition. This, in turn, would be difficult to preserve in a society in which the nuclear family were the norm. For instance, it had all but disappeared in 20th century Western culture. Also, when one imagines the task of bringing up sensitive, passionate, intelligent children to be secure and self-contained adults, it is immediately obvious that the nuclear family does not have the requisite resources of time and patience even if the skill is assumed to be present. An institutional method would not produce the necessary emotional security nor would it produce the distinct individuals needed to keep society from stagnating. Unfortunately, little is known about the place of home and school in Vulcan culture, if the institutions are recognizable as such. Spock appears to have been brought up in a family situation of some sort, though whether or to what extent his experience was the usual Vulcan one remains unknown.

The basis for the clan theory, besides non-conflict with present data and aesthetics, comes down to the postulate that the extended family is the best solution to the stresses of civilization on the Vulcan psychology as it is currently understood. There are a number of things which would clarify this problem. One is a study of Romulan society. Another is data on the inheritance and marriage customs of the Vulcans. It is not known, for instance, whether Vulcans are polygamous or not. The cyclic nature of male (at least) fertility might easily lead to polygamy or polyandry. If females are also fertile only cyclically, polygamy might be necessary; but since it is the male sex drive which is aggressive, the female drive has probably not been altered. If the male drive is so strong during the functional period of the cycle that only violent killing can sublimate it, several females might well be required to satisfy some. Whether all such females would be married to him or married to him exclusively is another question. In view of the intense personal pride of Vulcan males any sort of polyandry is very unlikely, however.

In conclusion, though the broad outlines of Vulcan cultural evolution can be posited, the surface has barely been scratched. Unfortunately, neither the Vulcans themselves nor the few Humans who have gained entrance to Vulcan society see fit to offer any historical or cultural information to non-Vulcans. Vulcan pride apparently does not consider this a fit subject for study by their inferiors. So, as long as Human society remains demonstrably inferior, it will have to content itself with indirect sources and the risky business of spying on Spock Friday nights.

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NEWS ITEM: "A Chance To Win Leonard Nimoy's Ears" - in Movie Stars, December issue

In a restaurant on the Moon a creature was ordering some edibles from the menu. He signaled the robotwaiter: "And bring me an order of Leonard Nimoy's ears, well done....an extra dish of french fried Star Treks and a bottle of Red Enterprise, 2050."

"Sorry, sir," said the robotwaiter. "But our duplicating unit just broke down from overuse and we are out of Nimoy's-Ears. We are also out of the second order. But you can get Star Treks, rare or french fried, in our new restaurant on Marsport. We do have several bottles of White Enterprise 2050 on ice, but my sensors warn me your order will be dangerous for your system, sir."

The creature was whistling peevishly. "And why is it dangerous? Why?"

Robotwaiter, evenly: "It might blow out your guts, sir. Next order, please."



# STAR TREK

23

## MATERIA MEDICA

by KAY ANDERSON

STAR TREK is a television series unusually rich in imagination and attention to detail. The instruments, machinery, and electronic equipment glimpsed in the backgrounds of scenes give the impression of having real functions to perform beyond providing a futuristic backdrop of blinking lights. In most cases the purpose of the equipment is evident enough so that we viewers can see what it does even if we have no idea how it does it. The barely-comprehensible paraphernalia coupled with the casual routine with which the cast treat them give a credible impression of an advanced technology.

While a large part of the STAR TREK audience may have only a vague idea of the appearance of the engine room of even a sea-going vessel or the instrument panels of a space capsule of the present, almost everyone is familiar with what a doctor's office looks like. The sickbay complex of the Enterprise is a good place to observe and compare materia medica of the future as STAR TREK presents it.

The sickbay is a complex of several rooms including an office, examination and operating facilities, and a hospital area. There is little that is familiar to 20th Century eyes. A bed is still recognizably a bed, but it is covered with some shiny red material that looks hard and scratchy but doubtless is not. It is apparently some sort of efficient thermal material used to keep the patient as warm or cool as desired. The impressive clutter of cabinets and trays of shiny instruments are missing: the surgical instruments of the time are evidently radically different from what we are familiar with, as we will see later; and the apparatus for physical examination have been replaced by some sophisticated electronic instruments.

Above each bed in the hospital area, and over each of the operating tables, is a hooded panel displaying six graduated columns with indicator needles, and two red monitor lights. A sort of combination nursemaid and tattle-tale, the panel monitors the life functions of the patient beneath it without physically touching him. During a show the camera doesn't stop on a panel long enough to allow us to read what it is the columns are registering, but in a still photograph we can see that they are labelled Brain K<sub>3</sub>, Lungs, Cell Rate, Blood Q<sub>5</sub> and Blood with an indistinguishable subscript. The far left-hand column is not visible in the photograph. Each column is graduated into a different scale from its fellows, and each has an area of red, yellow, and green apparently indicating dangerous, borderline, and normal areas of readings. A triangular indicator moves along the right-hand side of each column. We can only guess what is measured on each of the columns, since the labels do not seem to directly correspond to areas of findings now in use.

The Brain column no doubt pertains to neural activity, but of what sort there is no indication. It could show anything from the presence of neural activity per se to some sort of condensation of the eight channels of an EEG into one reading. The next column is labelled Lungs and is graduated in tenths of a unit from 0 to 4, with the green range of normal falling between 1.6 and 2.2. Perhaps this measurement is of the efficiency of the lungs in exchanging gasses...the only other measurable aspect of the lungs that comes to mind is the amounts of vital capacity, total volume, and tidal air, which at least in our time are more details of a physical examination than vital signs. In the center of the panel, between the third and fourth columns, is a space containing two red lights which visually monitor heartbeat and respiration. Additionally there is an audio monitor for heartbeat. For human subjects the audio signal beeps with each pulse, but in the case of







a non-human crewmember it makes a distinctive tweeting sound to indicate a normal reading. The next column to the right of the lights is marked Cell Rate...the first notion that comes to mind is that this column measures the rate at which the cells of the body age and die and are replaced, roughly once in seven years. Since this is scarcely a vital sign, it is more likely that the column measures some form of metabolic activity.

The subject of the last two columns is Blood. One label is marked with a Q and a numerical subscript, apparently a 5, and the other with an I and a number. Since blood pressure is certainly a vital sign, one would expect one of the columns to be a futuristic sphygmomanometer. But neither column has the double indicator which would seem necessary to show the systolic and diastolic pressures. The difference between the two readings -- the pulse pressure -- is important as well as the actual pressure readings; so both readings should logically be demonstrated on the same column. The other Blood column is almost hidden in both photographs available to this writer. It might register blood temperature, which is body temperature, or the sedimentation rate, or oxygen-bearing efficiency, or the numbers and proportions of the various cells comprising the solids of the blood. It would be possible to have all six columns concerned with the blood alone; in fact, at least to us such an arrangement might be more logical and understandable than the one which exists.

Seeing one of the panels in operation, the observer is struck with its extreme sensitivity. The indicator needles are in constant motion, registering minute changes in status by nervous bobblings beside the columns. The response time is very rapid, too -- sometimes inexplicably faster than the human body itself responds to a change in conditions. One wonders how the panel can react faster than the body it monitors. In one case of a patient who died while the panel was monitoring him the needles dropped immediately and abruptly to the bottom of the scales. Some vital signs might fall that precipitously: blood pressure and neural activity might quickly fall to nothing, or off the lower limit of the scale, or they might continue to register for a time and fall slowly. But even if it is assumed that a scale is only as long as it needs to be under ordinary circumstances, just as a clinical thermometer covers only the 18 degrees in which human body temperature is expected to fall under any but very abnormal circumstances, still the indicators should not be able to move faster than the body they are monitoring can react. Body temperature, if one of the columns registers it, should fall quite gradually after death. However, without knowing exactly what it is the columns are registering it is a meaningless quibble to challenge their response time.

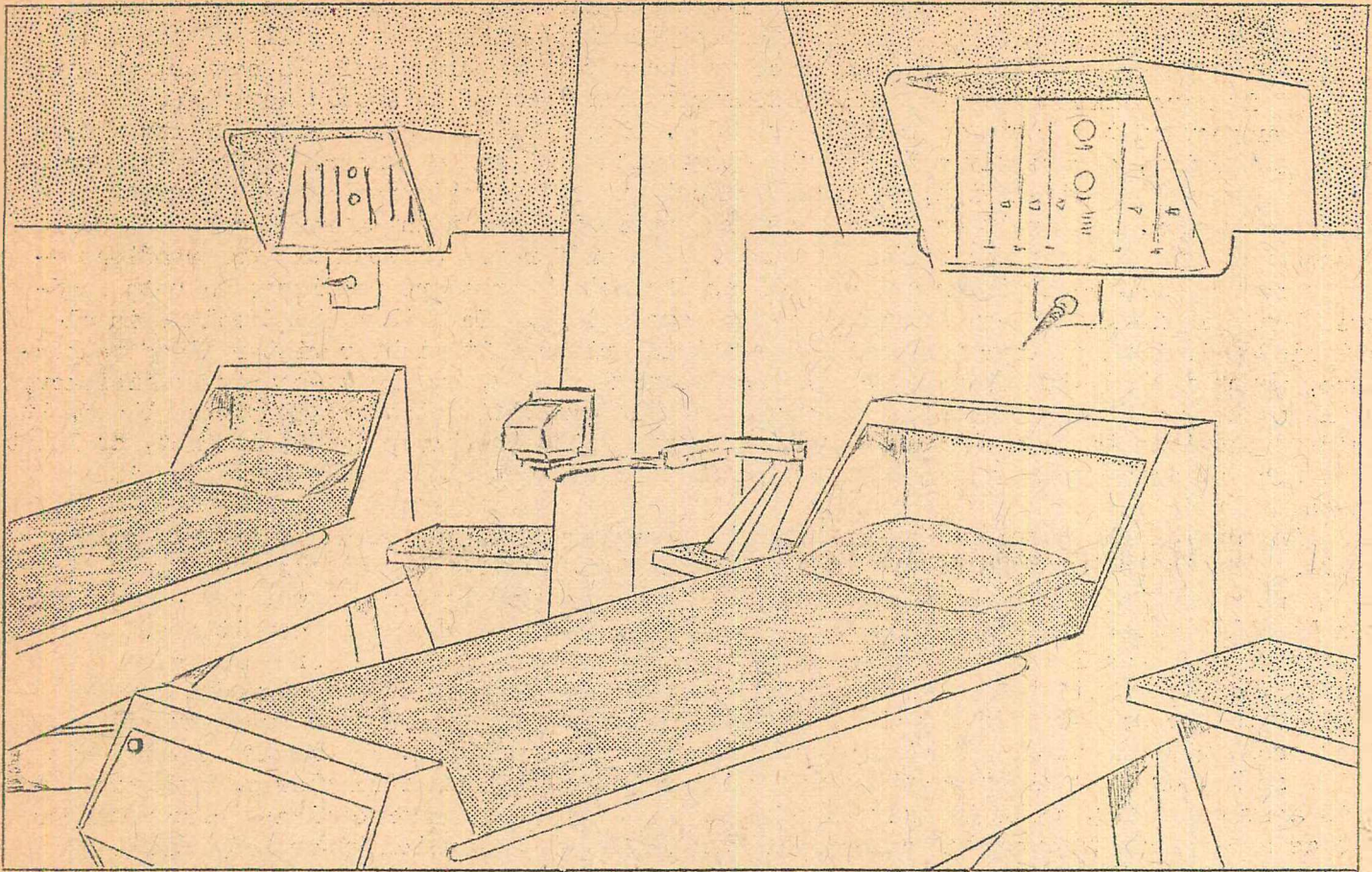
Interesting--and challenging to the imagination--as the monitor panel is, it is the hardware of the art that has undergone the greatest change from our time to the time in which STAR TREK is set. Most of the familiar instruments are gone from use, though in one room there is a display of scalpels, hemostats, a curette, and a pair of obstetrical forceps on the wall, no doubt as grisly reminders of the past.

The hypodermic "needles" are metal cylinders six or eight inches long and a bit over an inch in diameter. Evidently the grandchildren of the sort of pneumatic "air gun" hypo presently used by the armed forces for multiple inoculations of inductees, they do not actually puncture the skin. With a business-like hiss, and from what we've seen, not entirely painlessly, they force medication through the pores of the skin. The design has several advantages over the type of hypodermic with a puncturing needle and telescoping plunger. They can be carried filled; in fact, they seem to contain a number of doses or a selection of different loads within the cylinder, and one is chosen by means of a dial. Secondly, lacking a puncturing needle to cause damage or be broken off within the body, the pneumatic hypodermics can be used through clothing and on any convenient portion of the anatomy with sufficient circulation to absorb the medicine.

Another item of medical equipment with roots in our time is the aerosol wound sealant which replaces sutures. A fibrin-like spray sealant which arrests bleeding and has some ability to hold the edges of wounds shut is in use now with the troops in Vietnam. The sealant used on board the Enterprise dries to a meringue-like semi-flexible white material that seems to have considerable strength, and which eliminates the tedious chore of stitching and tying layers of sutures.

Most of the poking, prodding, peering, and listening that are involved in a physical examination have been eliminated by use of a gadget about the size of a pair of binoculars,



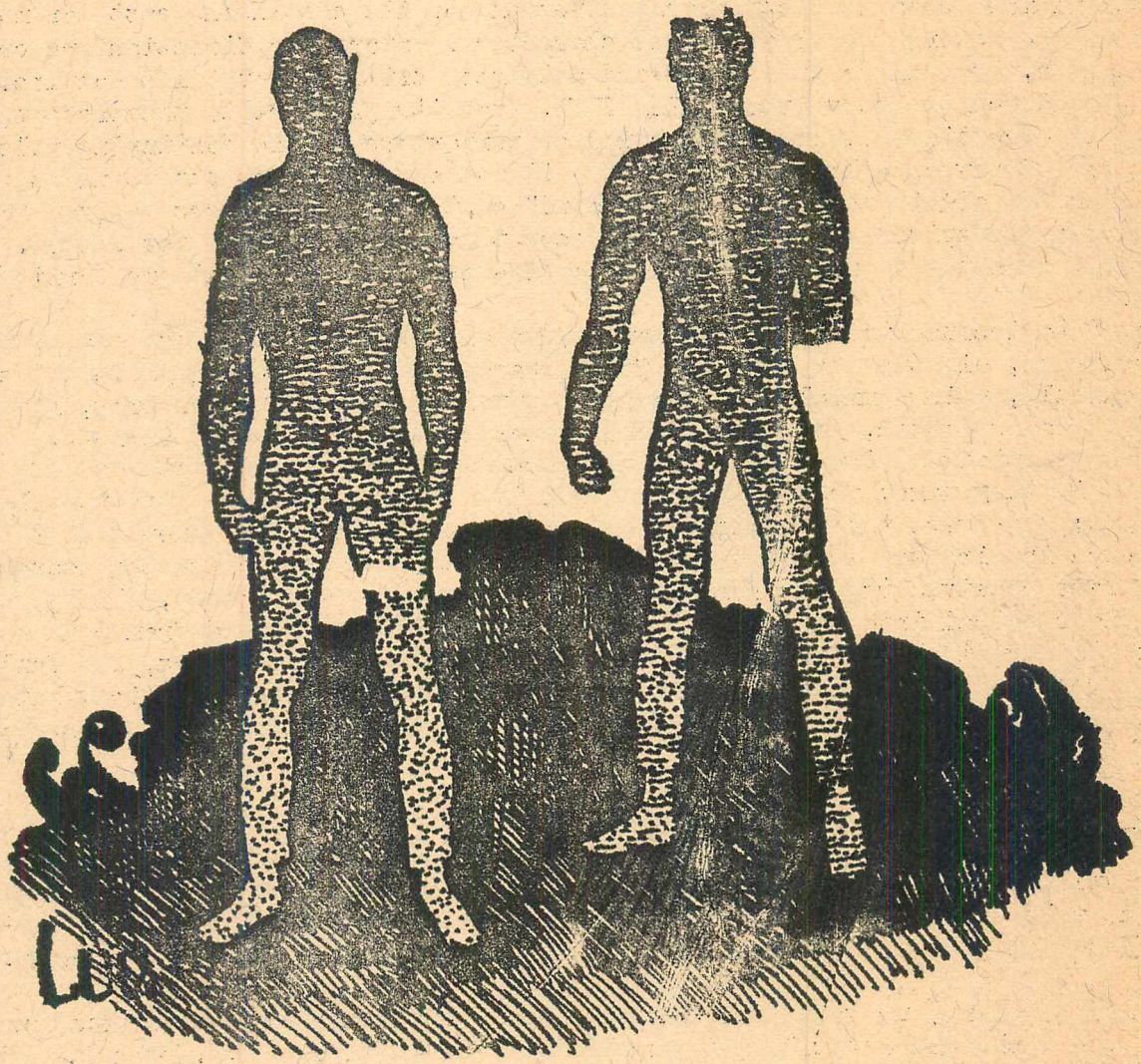


called a tricorder. Possibly a smaller version of the intriguing wall panel, this device is able to detect the presence of life, even of unfamiliar sorts, and tell a good deal about the condition and function of whatever living thing it is examining. There seem to be various types of tricorders with different ranges of sensitivity; they all look much alike but the medical tricorder can be singled out by a difference in tempo and tone of its twinkling operational sound.

A photograph of an operation shows a scene so different from what we are accustomed to associating with surgery that we feel a little lost. Instead of the patient being in the center of a football-huddle of personnel, only two people are present: the surgeon and a nurse-anesthetist. Neither wears a cap or mask, and their large, loose gowns open down the front. They are wearing a double pair of gloves, a gauntlet-length loose plastic pair over short, light colored ones apparently made of fabric. The nurse is holding a small inhalator mask with a short blunt stem and no trailing hoses; the anesthesia is apparently contained in the stem, in a concentrated volatile form. The surgeon has in his hands what looks for all the world like a socket wrench, and on the nurse's tray are two objects that look like plumb bobs: an ultrasonic or laser knife and its attachments. Surgery with such a scalpel would be almost bloodless and require a fraction of the number of instruments now used. A strong ruby-colored light has been seen to flood the operating field. It is probably part of a sophisticated asepsis environment growing out of the current trend toward "clean room" surgery with barrier or laminar air flow and ionization of airborne contaminant particles.

STAR TREK's medical equipment and techniques are imaginative and extrapolation from some of the latest developments of our time. But imaginative as they are they will probably turn out to be not nearly fantastic enough -- almost all of the drugs and medicines now in used have been discovered within the past thirty years, and most of the instruments and devices of surgery and clinical practice were invented or assumed their present form within the last century.







# ONE SHIP'S FAMILY...

(i.e. THE NON-STARRING ENTERPRISING ACTORS  
AND ACTRESSES OF STAR TREK'S FIRST SEASON.)

Series television drama is particularly dependent on its continuing cast for much of its effect, and on the actors who create those characters. Story and direction are crucial elements, of course, but unless the actors and actresses bring plot to life convincingly the best story and direction are wasted. STAR TREK, from its premiere to the present, has been blessed with an exceptionally fine collection of performers in the continuing roles; and "continuing roles" covers a lot of territory - it not only includes the regulars we see almost every week but also a number of "background" continuing characters who may have no more than a few lines per episode and/or are only seen three or four times per season. With a few exceptions, even these minor roles come to life and fit into a pattern forming the STAR TREK family.

I had hoped to include in this issue some personal comments from these characters who, while not starring, did much to make the first season of STAR TREK enjoyable and stimulating. Consequently, using guidelines generously supplied by Gene Roddenberry, I wrote DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, Nichelle Nichols, George Takei, and Majel Barrett. Primarily I was seeking reactions of the actors and actresses to their roles: what sort of preparations if any did they make; what might they wish the writers would do with the characters they portrayed; what were their reactions to the roles? (This is a general list of the questions; each inquiry was individual and pertinent to the actor/character addressed.) At this date I have received replies from DeForest Kelley and James Doohan, plus an assortment of general biographical information on these and the others mentioned from Gene Roddenberry. I would like to have included replies from all the continuing characters, but failing that, here are the replies from Kelley and Doohan and summaries of the biographical material concerning the STAR TREK regulars who have become likable and admired friends since September 1966.

DeForest Kelley: I asked Mr. Kelley several questions: 1) What preparations he made to portray the role of McCoy, 2) had he ever played a doctor before? (a heroic one, or one of the many villains he brought to despicable life?), 3) was there anything of DeForest Kelley in the role of McCoy?, 4) was any love interest contemplated for McCoy in the future?, and 5) how did he like working in a series for a change? Here is his reply.

"Thank you for your very nice letter - and I shall try and answer your questions:

1. - I checked out all of the material I could find on H.L. Mencken. McCoy was planned to be a future-day Mencken - a complete realist.
2. - I portrayed a doctor some years ago on a "Bonanza" and, you are correct, he had been accused of malpractice somewhere in his background - but he saved Hoss Cartwright's life!
3. - Yes - but I hesitate to tell you. I'd rather have you guess.
4. - Yes - I suspect he is capable of charming the proper female.
5. - I find the series a welcome change - but most confining. However, we can't have everything, can we?"

(Very well, I shall speculate about #3. I think perhaps some of McCoy's teasing, elaborately overdone "bad temper" and grouching might have been constructed from similar habits of the actor who brought McCoy to life. One also wonders if McCoy's alter ego might be a bit of a sensualist and hedonist with a heart of idealism?)



James Doohan. I asked Mr. Doohan: 1) if his previous radio experience had been a particular help in mastering the dialect for Scotty, 2) whether there was any of the character of James Doohan incorporated into the character of Scotty, 3) what would he like the writers to do with the role in the future?, 4) whether he enjoyed himself at the Westercon XX, where he served as m.c. at the fashion show. His reply:

"Radio did help me a lot in my accumulating experience in all accents but I have had twenty years experience in acting and it is difficult to pinpoint from whence the character comes. Mostly, with me, I feel it - if I don't, then I have a lot of work ahead of me.

I don't think there is too much of J. Doohan in Scotty, except maybe his loyalty.

I would like Scotty to be allowed a closer relationship with others instead of constantly affectionate with the engines, etc.

I have found it easy to submit changes in any given situation because of what I consider Scotty would do.

Yes, I did enjoy myself at the Westercon very much and hope I can go to the Worldcon next Labor Day."

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARIES

DeForest Kelley Birth date: Jan. 20 - 6' - 158 lbs. - Hair: Brown Eyes: Blue

Born in Atlanta, Ga., graduated from h.s. at 16 and at 17 went to California to visit an uncle and eventually moved there to pursue an acting career. (This was over the objections of his father, a Baptist minister.) In the Navy in WWII, he was spotted by a Paramount talent scout when he performed in a Navy training film. TV and movie credits include "Playhouse 90," "Rawhide," "Bonanza," "Tension at Table Rock," "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral," "Raintree County," "The Law and Jake Wade," and "Warlock."

James Doohan Birthdate: March 3 - 5'10" - 165 lbs. - Hair: Dark brown Eyes: Hazel

Native of Vancouver, British Columbia and a veteran radio performer with over 3,500 shows to his credit. First came to the US in 1946. Stage appearances include roles in "King Lear" and "Macbeth." TV and movie credits include: "Bonanza," "Gunsmoke," "The FBI," "The Virginian," "Ben Casey," "The Wheeler Dealers," and "The Satan Bug."

Nichelle Nichols Birthdate: Dec. 28 - 5'4½" - 115 lbs. - Hair: Black Eyes: Brown

"Lieutenant Uhura" is the latest role for the actress, dancer and singer who has twice been nominated for the Sara Siddons award (for her performances in "Kicks and Co." and "The Blacks." She toured as a vocalist with Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton bands. Her stage and TV work includes "Carmen Jones," "Roar of the Greasepaint," "Blues for Mr. Charlie," "The Lieutenant," and "CBS Repertory Theatre."

George Takei Birthdate: April 20 - 5'7½" - 135 lbs. Hair: Black Eyes: Brown

Takei is a native of L.A. and lived in the Boyle Heights district there until his family was relocated to Arkansas during WWII. He studied architecture originally, later transferred both college and major, to UCLA and Theatre Arts. While studying at the Desilu Workshop he debuted in a "Playhouse 90" production. His TV credits (besides STAR TREK) include "Perry Mason," "Alcoa Premiere," "Mr. Novak," and "Mission: Impossible." Movie roles in "Ice Palace," "A Majority of One," and "Red Light 7000."

Majel Barrett (I have very little information on Miss Barrett, though I have been informed by non-studio sources that she is a native of the Southwestern US and approximately 5'9".) Majel has had a number of lead and feature roles in Broadway, East and West coast theatre, including roles in "The Solid Gold Cadillac," and "The Skin of Our Teeth." Her motion picture credits include "The Quick and the Dead," "Love in a Goldfish Bowl," and "As Young As We Are." TV performances in (among others) "Dr. Kildare," "Eleventh Hour," "The Lieutenant," "Untouchables," "Westinghouse Playhouse," "Wackiest Ship in the Army," "Please Don't Eat the Daisies," and "The Second Hundred Years."



ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY - LAST MINUTE FINAL Just before this magazine went to press I received a communication from George Takei in answer to my query. It seems highly unlikely at this already excessively late date that I will be able to include any further responses. If Miss Nichols and Miss Barrett reply, I shall include their letters in the next issue of this publication (and a second issue seems almost assured at this time).

My questions to George Takei were similar to those asked of DeForest Kelley and James Doohan: What preparations did he make for the role of Sulu, was there any of Takei's character in the character of Sulu, and did he prefer a continuing characterization in a series or a one shot role. In addition, I offered a comment on his guest appearance on MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE during the first season of that series; my co-editor, Kay Anderson, had remarked that the basement-vault set used in the MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE episode in question looked very much like the corridors of the Enterprise - so much so that one half expected Mr. Spock to appear and demand to know why Mr. Sulu was out of uniform, and who are all these people? His reply to this has been included with the other material.

"First, let me apologize for being so tardy...but you see, I've been out of town for a little over three months shooting a feature film, John Wayne's "The Green Berets" on location in Georgia. In this film, I play Captain Nim, the commander of a South Vietnamese army outpost, so in terms of military rank it's a promotion from Lt. Sulu. But you can't imagine how I missed the amenities of civilized life shooting on a sound stage in Desilu Studios in Hollywood while working in the wilds of Fort Benning, Georgia. It really becomes LABOR and Not acting at all when you spend half the time running yourself to death in a sultry swamp carrying heavy weaponry and gear and the other half trying to get phonetically memorized Vietnamese dialogue out of frozen lips while playing a scene in an icy downpour. Believe me, I'm very happy to be back sitting at the helm of the good ship Enterprise.

As to the first of your interesting questions; yes, I did make certain preparations for my role in STAR TREK, but of course, at the beginning of a new series one doesn't have any definite idea of how the upcoming scripts stack up, what their requirements are, so any preparations have to be fairly broad in scope and primarily for the psychological attuning of oneself to the general format of the show. The preparations I made were to visit the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California to not only get an appreciation of the current achievements in rocketry, and they are staggeringly impressive, but also to get a sense of the "ambience" of a place where human beings relate to a highly sophisticated technology. Also, a visit to the Engineering Dept. at the University of California at Los Angeles, my alma mater, incidentally, but in the Theater Arts Dept, and a lecture in elementary astronomy at Cal Tech in Pasadena.

As for the development of the character of Sulu; yes, there is quite a bit of me in him, but I'm sure a wise producer always considers the advantages of incorporating as much of an actor's personal characteristics to make a fictional character, particularly a continuing series character, interesting, believable and fully rounded. I think the very idea of space travel is compatible with my sense of wanderlust. I've travelled all over the U.S. including Alaska, and south of the border into Mexico, attended school in England and roamed over the Continent including France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy via every conceivable mode of transportation except warp power. Being trilingual - English, Spanish and Japanese - communication in foreign lands isn't too difficult for me. Another trait that we share; Sulu cares about physical fitness and so do I. However, there are some aspects of physical fitness that I don't share with the script-created Sulu. I know some judo but have a strong antipathy to Karate. Judo, as you know, is a form of self defense where one uses the opponent's aggressiveness to one's advantage. Karate, on the other hand, is an aggressive, brutal and sometimes fatal form of destructive self defense. I'm told a true Karate master has to register his calloused hands as a lethal weapon. But in the segment of "Cat's Paw" Sulu uses Karate movements, and against his own Captain Kirk at that! But the director felt that it was more theatrically effective, so there was Sulu using movements that I personally abhor.

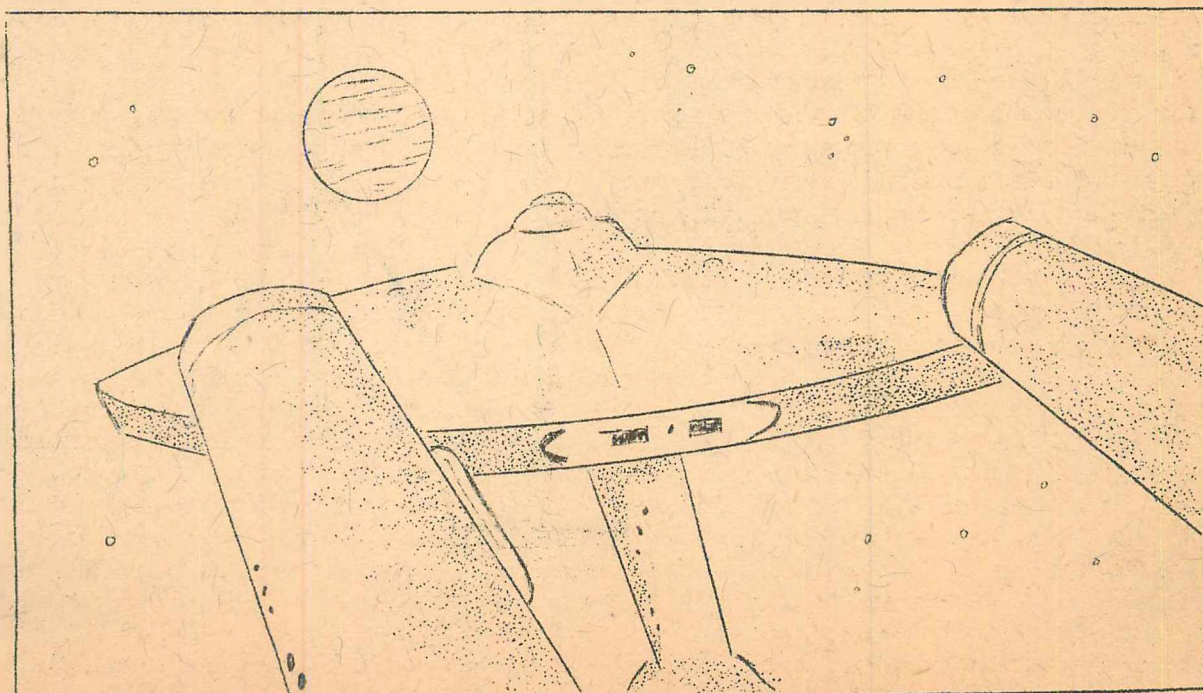


I rationalized it to myself as Sulu being under the influence of this evil power and thus resorted to defensive tactics that Sulu wouldn't normally use. Did you know that fictional characters can sometimes bring out things that may have been lying dormant in you? Fencing was a sport I always admired but never had taken up until the script "Naked Time" came up. Sulu introduced me to the joys of fencing. That show was filmed with only two weeks of fencing lessons behind me but now I really enjoy it. Great relaxation! Botany is another minor interest of mine. I have a small collection of rare Japanese bonsai plants. For your information, bonsai plants (pronounced bohn-sahy, not banzai!) are ancient dwarf trees, usually pines, sometimes something as exotic as willows or cypress, no more than ten inches high and usually less. The artistry is in reproducing nature's sylvan forestscape in miniature.

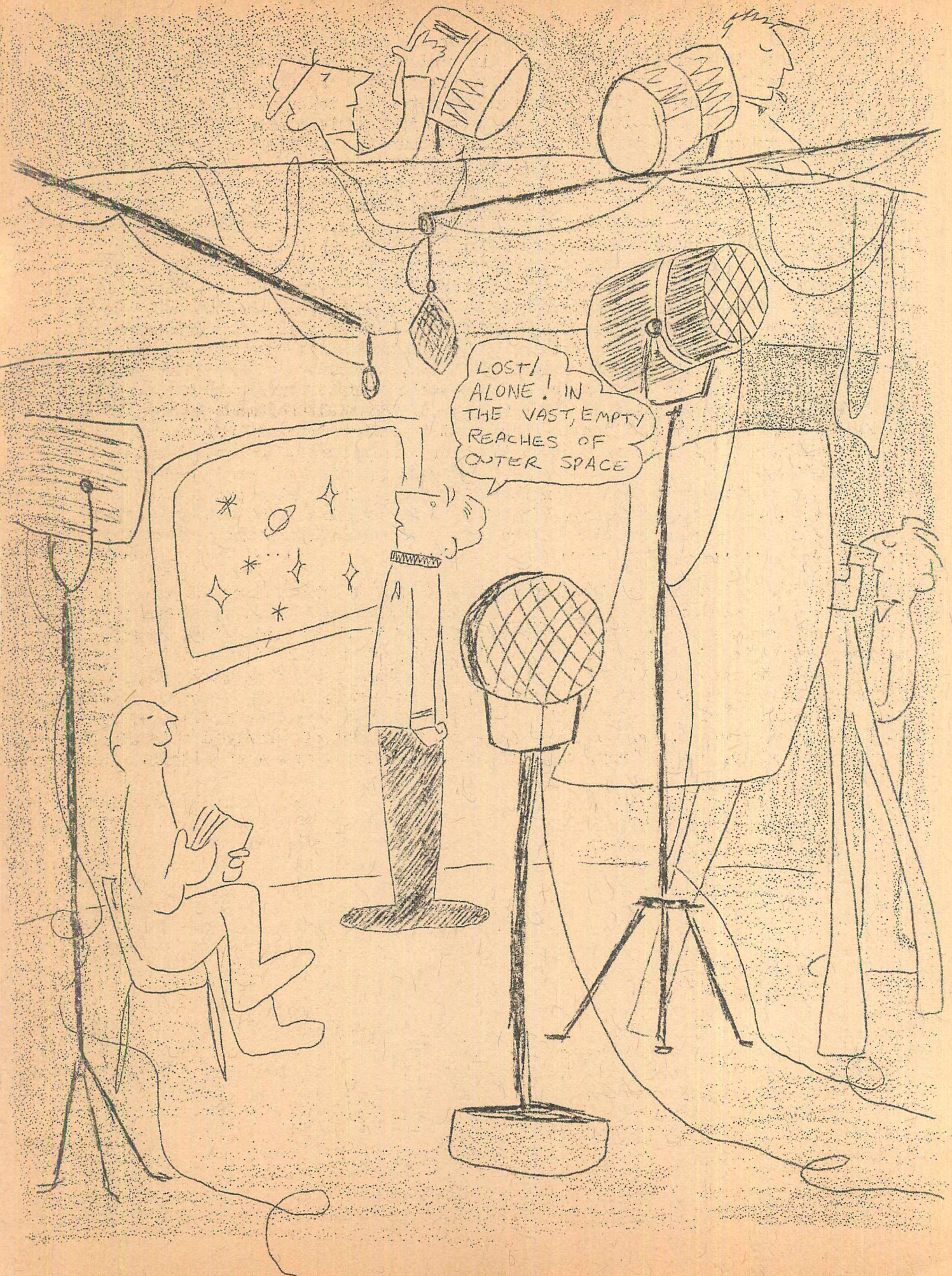
As for my preference between a continuing character and one-shot roles, I must say that we have a really unique situation with STAR TREK. Because of the science fiction nature of our show, we are not necessarily wedded to one single character for weeks on end. We can be affected by various phenomena that totally change our characteristics from crazy to evil to senile to anything an imaginative writer can come up with. It's almost like repertory theater and I love it! Also, because of a very indulgent and wonderful producer we are allowed to accept interesting outside offers if the script situations allow. Your observation of the corridors of the vault-basement in the MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE segment on which I appeared as guest is rather interesting. I suppose there was some similarity to our corridors on the U.S.S. Enterprise, but actually they were totally different sets on neighboring sound stages. The thought never occurred to me while working on it but it would be interesting if the Enterprise crew could get mixed up with the I.M. force in some way. It would be fun working with that crew again. However, they are a CBS show and since we're NBC, the probabilities are against it."

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Editor's note: Lest there be misunderstanding, I wish to stress that the above article was designed to concentrate on the first season of STAR TREK and the non-starring continuing characters who were introduced and featured in plots during that season. Ensign Chekhov belongs to the second season, and in a projected second issue of this publication, we hope to consider his role and the actor behind it; and possibly attention will be paid to Stephen Brooks' Mr. Garrovick if, as projected, his role becomes a continuing one. (It would be nice to also write up the myriad STAR TREK subsidiaries - Mr. Kyle, Mr. Lesley, Mr. Farrell, Mr. DeSalle, etc - but that sort of information is almost too much to ask, of Mr. Roddenberry, the many actors involved, and your editors.)









# WHAT WE DID ON OUR VISIT TO DESILU

(BEING A TRIP THRU DEEPEST STAR TREK TERRITORY WITHOUT CAMERA  
BUT WITH SKETCHBOOK AND ENTHUSIASM...)

by JOHN & BJO TRIMBLE

Harlan Ellison started the whole thing, really, by enthusiastically introducing a brand new TV show at Westercon 19, in San Diego. He went on at great length about how great it was; a new concept in TV SF, since it didn't insult the viewers' (and most particularly, the SF fans') intelligence. Harlan then had the room darkened, and showed the color pilot film of Gene Roddenberry's STAR TREK. The reaction was mixed; many fans immediately deciding that here, at last, was a show worth their time and attention, while others laughed at the various mistakes in the film, and nitpicked the ideas presented. Basically, however, most of us were simply interested to see something more mature than LOST IN SPACE, and had hopes that it would develop into something worthwhile as more and more stf writers submitted scripts for the show.

At Tricon, we met Gene Roddenberry and his wife Eileen, and because of our active interest in fandom, and Bjo's involvement in the Galaxy of Fashion show and the art show, we found many facets of interest in each other and started what has now become a warm relationship. Gene showed up with the main interest of "pushing" his show to the fullest, of course, and with practically no background to prepare him for acti-fandom. He claims to be a "fan" but actually he is an avid reader of stf from 'way back; Tricon was one of his first contacts with stf Fans (who, as we all know, may or may not actually read the stuff), and we believe it was here that Roddenberry became a neo-Fan.

Bjo didn't get around to writing to Mr. Gene Roddenberry, c/o Desilu Studios, until after we'd moved out of the Los Angeles area. When she finally wrote, asking him if he remembered her, she got a warm letter back with every evidence that he did indeed remember her (this may or may not be true; being Irish, Bjo's just as susceptible to charming liars, so it doesn't matter). Her name was misspelled, but we found out the reason for that much later; Penny can't spell!

When we wrote to Gene about our Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund to bring Takumi Shibano over from Japan, Bjo made a half-kidding remark that if he had any old thing to donate to convention auctions for the benefit of TOFF, we'd love to have it. He answered that he was having Bob Hellstrom, his right-hand man, pick out some items and send them to us. We expected maybe some "still" photos, and perhaps some posters or something (as it turns out, one of the most rare things obtainable are the advertising posters, since they disappear as fast as the local TV stations can put them up!). Instead of these simple things, we got a boxful of goodies, including several autographed scripts, a couple of costume tunics (made of velvet, and quite wearable), some hobby kit models of the Enterprise, the record by Nimoy, and other very salable things.

The TOFFund, which hadn't been progressing too well until then, went halfway to its goal at Westercon XX, in Los Angeles, due entirely to the goodies auctioned by Walt Daugherty, and donated to us by STAR TREK. We were even more ecstatic when, at Westercon XX, Gene asked if we needed more items to auction off at the coming Worldcon. He promised to send some things along; as it turned out, he brought them, instead.

Gene had invited us to visit the STAR TREK set, but our main problem was that John's job didn't allow us any travel time during the week when Desilu Studios are open, and so when we'd go down to L.A. for a weekend visit, we could only chafe at not being able to see the STAR TREK lot. Many of the old motion picture studio lots are open for tourists, and some run trams through during weekends, but the tourists never see any real shooting of films; they see clever mock-ups of the work, and go home to tell everyone that they



actually saw a Real Movie Being Shot. However, sober thought on the subject will lead you to the correct conclusion that a crowd of hundreds of tourists couldn't possibly be quiet enough for a real film to be shot in their presence; with the best will in the world, there will always be someone who'll snifle, sneeze, cough, shuffle his feet, rustle a brochure, click a camera, whisper, or do some other small thing which, under normal circumstances, would not matter. With microphones so sensitive that they can pick up a hairpin dropping from an extra's curls, any outside sounds would have to be taken out (meaning that sounds would have to be "dubbed" later to fill in), or the whole scene would have to be re-shot. Desilu runs "closed set" filming; no visitors except under unusual circumstances, and no tourists just to sight-see. Only a large studio could make this sort of thing profitable enough to make the worry and extra trouble worth its time.

Finally, John got a Friday off, and that morning saw the Trimbles, along with Tom and Terri Pinckard, and Al Lewis at Desilu. Al brought along Mats Linder, a fan from Sweden who was working for the summer in the Southern California aerospace industry. By this time, letters back and forth from Gene and other members of the STAR TREK production staff had begun to take on the feeling of a pen-pal set-up, so we felt right at home when we finally got to the studio. We were directed to the reception office, through one of the doors in the several-blocks-long, blank-fronted building, and after the receptionist checked to see that we were expected, she directed us to the STAR TREK offices.

We walked through another door, and out into the inner courtyard of Desilu Studios. Which is rather like stepping, if one will pardon the cliché, into another world. A broad lawn separated the first building from one much like it, and down the sides of the lawn were "fronts" of buildings, built right onto the actual studio structures. Behind the lovely facade of apartment houses with awning fronts, pretty brick Tudor-style houses, and Cape Cod two-story homes were sound stages, storage buildings, and so on. What is now Desilu was formerly a movie studio, and then, as now, these fronts were a fine way to ut-

ilize every available space for filming various exteriors which might be needed. John and Tom were entranced by the Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud, belonging to "Miss Ball", which was parked near the doorway from which we'd entered, but we pried them away and wandered past the exterior sets toward the building housing the STAR TREK offices, with me guiding John past the beautiful girls who went by at astoundingly rapid intervals.

We went into an office which had Gene Roddenberry's name on it, passing doors labelled "Production" and "Gene L. Coon", to find ourselves confronting a large blonde with a big smile (John, it's alleged, wasn't watching her smile, however). The blonde introduced herself as Penny Unger, Gene's secretary, and Bjo had found a soul-mate as soon as she spied the pinata... It was almost four feet tall, and shaped like a llama-or-possibly-giraffe type animal in Kelly green and chartreuse stripes with large purple eyes. Bjo not only loved it, but we have his little brother here at home, in chartreuse and purple stripes with red eyes and turquoise



PIÑATAS

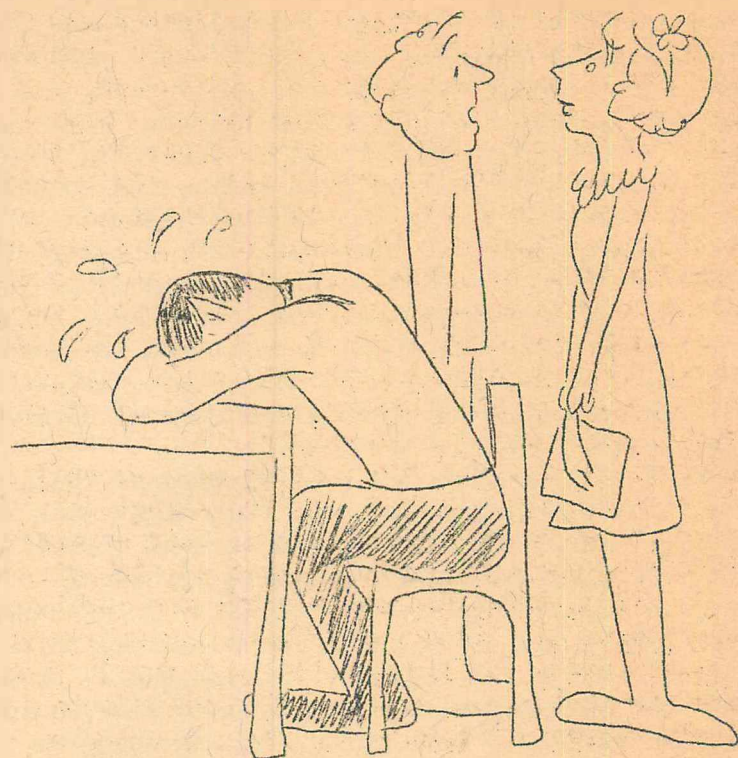


tail! She told Penny about this; and each knew that they'd found an understanding person in the other; everyone else who's seen their respective pinatas thinks they are crazy! (A pinata, for those who don't live near Mexico, is a papier maché figure, usually in the shape of an animal, but just as often in a geometric or human form, covered with ruffles of crepe or tissue paper. South of the border, pinatas are used on holidays, including birthdays, and especially at Christmas. They are filled with candy and small toys from a hole in the top, and then swung by a rope, while blindfolded children and adults try to hit the pinata with a stick to break it open so all the goodies will spill out; naturally, the rope is pulled to make it sway and dance out of the way of the stick.) Of all the shapes of pinata to pick, we'd loved this particular critter best, and while it makes a great conversation-piece (usually starting something like: "Why do you have that thing hanging in your den?"), we never expected to find anyone else who dug the beast as well!

Dorothy Fontana came in to say "hello", but had to leave to finish some script consultation, which is her job when she's not writing STAR TREK scripts on her own as D.C. Fontana. Bjo'd been writing to her since she'd bought a Bjo cartoon at Westerncon XX, and had attended the performance of H.M.S. TREK-A-STAR. Penny offered Gene Roddenberry's apologies, explaining that he'd been called away for the day and would not be around to see us at all. Later we were to get a regretful letter from Gene on this, saying that he'd really felt sorry to have missed us when he saw by Bjo's cartoons how much fun we'd had that day.

Penny told us, while we waited for Al and the others to join us, about how terribly difficult it was to be Gene Roddenberry's secretary and screen all the people who tried to see him. She claimed that while she couldn't type, take dictation, or even make good coffee, Gene kept her on because she could get anything wholesale. We asked her how she managed the big electric typewriter she had nearby, and Penny claimed not to know where the "on" button was. "What do you do around her?" Bjo asked. "Oh, I let Gene type up his letters," Penny said airily, "and then I proofread them, make corrections, and after he's typed up the final draft, I stamp them and mail them out for him."

Bob Hellstrom showed up, and left to get us some coffee, as Penny told us about one obstreperous, self-important person who called to demand an interview with Gene Roddenberry, claiming that he was in a position to "do a lot of good for the show". Penny allowed herself to be browbeaten into granting an interview, and a snotty, barely teen-aged kid showed up! He wanted some STAR TREK material to put on an exhibit at his school, and when shown some of the items they were willing to let out of their hands (a policy which has obviously had to be closed down), he got very picky about things. "This is really a pretty shoddy mock-up, when you see it closely," he said about one item, or "Haven't you anything better than this?" about something else, etc. He took up most of an afternoon, and made everyone so thoroughly sick of his type of fan that it will be a long time before people are just let in to the studio again without careful screening. Bob Hellstrom handed us our coffee and commented that there are limits to being polite to one's "fans", and that they'd certainly reached them that day.



"YOU'RE THE FIFTH VISITOR  
THIS WEEK, MA'AM, TO ASK HIM  
ABOUT CURING DIAPER RASH!"



Al, Mats, and the Pinckards arrived about then, and Mats' day was considerably brightened by the discovery that Bob Hellstrom was from Sweden, too, and they shared another language besides English. Bob showed us a scrapbook that the staff had started, containing just about every news article, photograph, and odds and ends of things that fans had sent in; poems, sketches, and other things. When Roddenberry writes to a fan, telling them that he is treasuring some trinket or fan-thing they've sent him, he is really sincere about it; the offices were full of such items, and so was the scrapbook.

Bob took us over to the studio cafeteria to join the lunch line-up. The food was about like that at all such places...flat, uninteresting, and generally griped about by the employees; John played it safe with some fruit yoghurt. People came in with costumes and make-up on, in everything from cowboy and Indian gear to the now-familiar STAR TREK uniforms. One long-haired girl sauntered in wearing a trench coat over a very sheer nightie. The males in our party were doing more girl-watching than eating or talking; even the secretary-types were beautiful, and several mini-skirts looked well on their way to becoming blouses, as the girls sat down.

We then went with Bob to a viewing of "dailies", where each day's shots are looked over for various mistakes and such that might mean retakes before sets are "struck", or extras let go. These were uncut, and several viewpoints were taken of each scene, so that one line might go over and over, with a shot of how each actor reacted to it. When a scene went well, everyone on the set said, in a condescending tone of voice, "Beautiful, beautiful!", which was still on the sound track, to be taken off by the editors later as they spliced everything together to make the TV show itself. Some of the lines were "blown", and when this happened often someone else would put the finishing touches to the scene with an ad-lib of some kind. In one scene we saw, two incredibly old people, who had been young last time Kirk had seen them, were trying to remember how old they were, with the lines going something like this:

KIRK: (staring in surprise) How old are you?

ACTOR: I...I'm...29 years...old. And my wife...is....(too long a pause here, and obviously the scene has been blown)...27....

KIRK: That's funny; she doesn't look a day over 30!

We went from there, after watching the dailies, to a sound stage containing part of the set from the films we'd just seen. This was an "outdoor" set, and it seemed strange to walk around on dirt and leaves inside a building. (The sets, lighting systems, and other paraphernalia of Hollywood was setting up an awful itch in Bjo to once more get into the business of putting on plays and such.)

Bob Hellstrom started the unnerving habit of introducing us to various members of the cast and crew, as we went along our tour, making it sound as if we were especial, personal, and important friends of Gene Roddenberry, and therefore we should be treated with respect and deference. And sure enough, everyone did just that! We felt somewhat as if we'd be exposed any minute for what we were; merely drooling STAR TREK fans, but it never happened.

So when Bill Theiss, the dapper

CAFETERIA





little costume designer for STAR TREK came along, Bjo was quite ready to split off from the main party and be led into the costume department. Theiss also designed the costumes for Ray Bradbury's trio of Paramount Theatre plays, produced in Los Angeles a couple of years ago.

BJO: We talked costumes for a while, and Bill showed me some of the sketches he'd done for various shows, and I asked him to display them at the forthcoming NYCon Art Show. He promised to send them to the show, and then surprised us all by bringing them in person. He was called away for a meeting, but left me in the hands of his assistant, who then showed me all the costumes for the forthcoming shows, along with various beautiful materials from their stocks. I discovered later that this is not a part of the usual tour, and everyone there thought I was some kind of VIP to be treated so well by the STAR TREK staff.

Meanwhile...

JOHN: We were taken into the set to watch some dress rehearsals for a bit of action on the bridge. It was currently "break" time on the bridge set being used (we seemed to hit the day they were shooting a lot of action on the bridge...I don't know if this was all from one show or not; possibly they were simply using the bridge set to do lots of bits from different stories), so Bob Hellstrom showed us some of the other sets around. We saw Capt. Kirk's room, and Dr. McCoy's office (each with only three walls, of course), which happen to face each other. And we wandered thru a corridor or two, and came upon the Transporter, shoved off to one side.

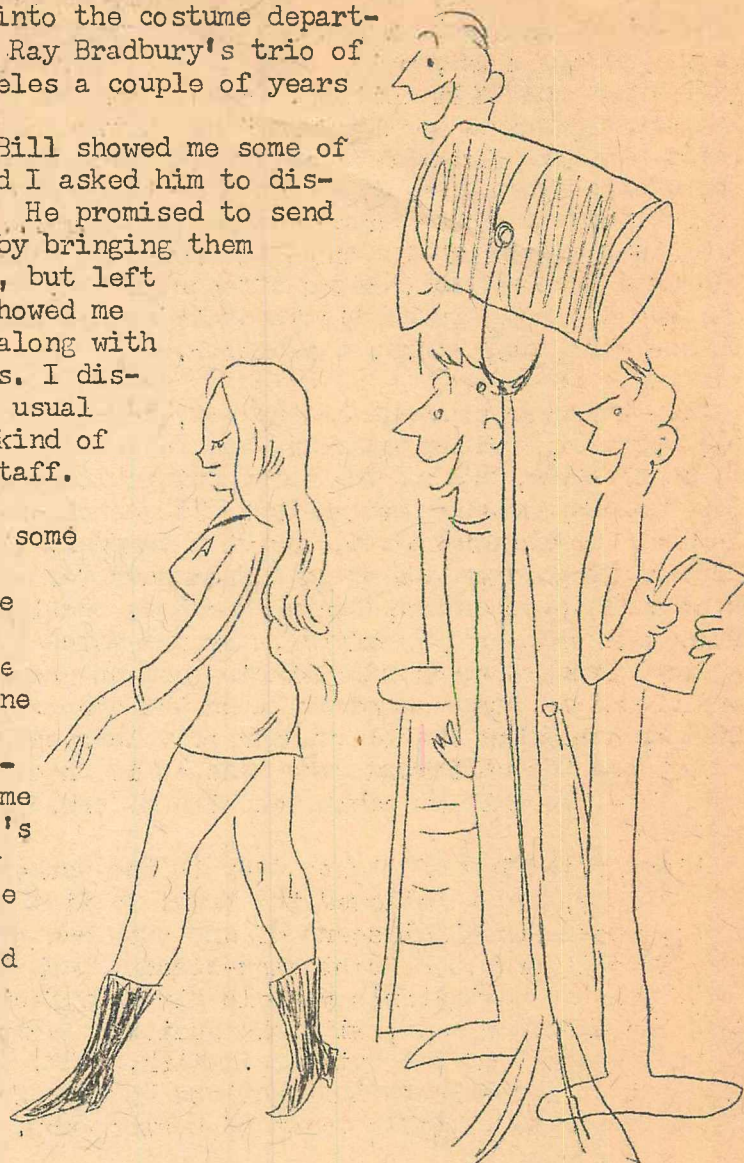
Having just read Ted White's gripes re STAR TREK in a recent Yandro, I was primed with questions to ask; I'd determined to play Devil's Advocate, whenever I had a chance to ask questions about methodology used on the show.

"Where did the idea of the Transporter come from," I asked Bob, "and why did you decide to use that instead of shuttlecraft?"

Bob explained that the idea of shuttlecraft was a little too cumbersome in several ways. First of all, it would require too much time not devoted to advancing the action, which is always of prime importance in any dramatic TV show. In addition, while the cost would not be what it is for the Transporter process shots, shuttlecraft transportation would still require process shots. (A "process shot" is one wherein you take a shot of five men standing on Transporter plates in the Enterprise, and a shot of five men standing in the same position on a planet (or vice-versa), and hand them to the lab together with about \$600, and---presto!---you have the shimmering effect of matter transmission.

So they fed the problems of budget, action desired, probably level of technology, etc., into the RAND corporation, and out came the idea of the Transporter. The range is limited, Bob explained, to a couple of hundred thousand miles...less than interplanetary distances. The machine is capable of scanning the area to find a clear spot upon which to focus the beam (and it is this---tight focussing---which limits the distance for transporting, not a lack of power, etc.), for transmission of personnel from the ship. In order to preclude the beaming up of bunches of unwanted natives, etc., the pick-up beam must have the communicator each crewman carries as a receiver.

There were a couple of other groups of non-staff people around on the set, and Bob soon



"BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!"



passed the word that we were going to leave the set for a while so that these other folk could be cleared out without putting any noses out of joint. We left then, and went down to the cutting room, which took us past that wiggin' Rolls of "Miss Ball's" again. We met one of the main film editors, watched some cutting and what-have-you being done. The editor scrounged some strips from "the cutting room floor" for each of us, and then we went off to see the mixing room on our way back to the sound stage. Upon examination later, John found that all of the frames on the strip he'd been given were of Spock, and he grouched that he'd much rather have had some of Uhura...

The "mixing room" is where the sound is matched up to the pictures, and where background noise is filtered out, sound effects put in, etc. All of this sort of processing costs money, of course, so as little of it as has to be done (as in the case of filtering out background noise, etc.), the better.

\* \* \*

BJO: I wandered about on the lot, looking confused, until I spotted an extra in STAR TREK costume, out for a smoke, and followed him back into a large sound stage building.

It was dark, and my unwitting guide disappeared into a maze of sets; here was the entire interior of the Enterprise! It is not one big ship, as one might imagine, since that would be impractical to handle with cameras, lights, sound equipment, and the myriad cords, cables, tracks, and other gear necessary for shooting the program. Instead, there were odds and ends of walls, parts of rooms, sections of corridor, and miscellaneous parts of the ship. Dr. McCoy's office, through which I wandered in my search for the rest of my party, actually opens into Kirk's room on one side (and not a hallway, as seen on the show), and an empty sound stage on the other. I stepped carefully over cables and set braces, following the low murmur of voices deep in the bowels of this two-storey high building. The unlighted sets made an it an eerie place to wander alone, and an occasional snake-like coil of cable touching my ankle only added to the effect of being in another world.

Finally, a glow of lights deep in the darkened bowels of the high building showed me where to go, and I followed the trail to find myself facing the main bridge of the Enterprise, where the final scene of one show was being shot. This part of the bridge is looking directly from the front view-screen, back to the elevator door, with Uhura at stage left, and the navigator's console directly facing the audience. The view of the bridge from the elevator door, with the audience facing the viewscreens over Sulu's shoulder, is in another part of the building. Kirk, Sulu, Chekov, Spock and Uhura were in their places, being given last-minute instructions by the director, when I tippy-toed over the cables and other noise pitfalls to stand beside John.

\* \* \*

Bob Hellstrom joined us, and whispered that they were about the shoot the scene. Kirk was to give the coordinates for leaving the planetary orbit they were in, and he started on his lines with a sharp, military sort of snap-command: "Mr. Sulu, lay in a course of.." He'd forgotten the numerals involved, but waved his hand at the script-girl, and said "Don't help me...!" so no one else said anything. He stepped back into place, assumed his commanding expression, and began again: "Mr. Sulu, lay in a course of 9 point...er...9 point...uh...." Whereupon he glanced helplessly at the script-girl and said, "So help me!" And everyone broke up.

A short time later, as they were going over the same scene (Hollywood is the archetype of the hurry-up-and-wait school, where two or three minutes of violent, fast-paced action on your screen may actually take hours of going over one or two lines and pieces of "business"), and Kirk snapped out the numerical coordinates only to have Uhura turn in astonishment and say "Oh, no!" Action stopped, and Kirk turned in puzzlement to his communications officer, who explained her outburst by saying, "But that's back the way we came!" They finally got the coordinates straight, and then Kirk began a bit of business with Sulu, where he'd snap out a different set of numbers each time they ran through the scene; Sulu has to snap back the numbers in his acknowledgment. He gave as good as he got, however, and finally the scene was shot.

Everyone took a short break while a different lighting effect was arranged for some close-up shots, and Terri cornered a willing Mr. Sulu to autograph photographs for her four children (one adopted son is Korean, and looks enough like George Takei to be his



son). We talked a bit with George about the show, science fiction, Gene Roddenberry, etc. Takei was quite enthusiastic about the show, of course, and about Roddenberry, holding that Gene is an idealist who is putting his ideals to work. It seemed that Roddenberry was about to be given an award by the NAACP for the multi-race cooperation depicted on STAR TREK.

DeForest Kelley autographed the photos Hellstrom had given us for Katwen and Lora, but we didn't get any other signatures before the crew was called back to work. Leonard Nimoy, who turned out to have a very soft voice, was cornered by another visitor on the set who wanted to discuss flying saucers. Bjo tried to break in a couple of times, but Mr. Spock was courtesy itself to a man who was obviously boring everyone within hearing distance, and finally the bore had used up all the time and Mr. Nimoy had to return to the set.

While on the set, we talked for a short time with Chekov, whose real name is Walter Koenig (pronounced Kay-nig), and he mentioned that he was a science fiction reader. Almost everyone we asked said that they read, when they had time, quite a bit of SF...which figures, somehow. Chekov also admitted to being a friend of (pause, to look around conspiratorially) Harlan Ellison, too. [Harlan's early enthusiasm for the show was later replaced by a strong antagonism which Ellison spelled out graphically at Westercon XXI; apparently the feeling is reciprocated by the STAR TREK staff. Editor's note.] Koenig had once played a gang-juvie in a show scripted by Harlan, and they'd struck up a friendship. Harlan was on the set that day, to interview Nimoy and Shatner for an article he was doing for the L.A. TIMES' WEST magazine. We haven't seen the article, and have no idea what the slant would be; no one else seemed to have any idea either, but nobody seemed worried. Harlan was not nearly as serious to the STAR TREK people as he seemed to think he was.

At another break, Bjo asked Nichelle Nichols if the earrings she wore were always the same, and she admitted they were; something on the order of "good luck" pieces. We were very pleased to find that Lt. Uhura was just as beautiful in person as she is on our TV screen (or even the few color TV sets over which we've viewed the show), and that she has a bubbling sense of humor, also. When a scene was blown, either Kirk or Uhura could be depended upon to supply a perfect ad-lib for a capper.

We left the set to go back to the office, passing en route a cute, leggy blonde in Enterprise uniform. John, Mats, Al and Tom helped Bob Hellstrom watch her go by, and John said, "Yessir, I sure do like the uniforms of the future...yes, indeed!" They were casting that day for the show about Mudd and the androids, and we saw sets of twins go by that would make girl-watching sheer heaven. Blondes, brunettes, redheads - all in their early bloom of youth, all in mini-dresses, and all extremely beautiful. They walked by in pairs and made the male observers doubly happy.

In the office we talked some more to Penny, who was putting on some semblance of working. In another office, a handsome Negro secretary had just shaken hands with an athletic type, and he's crushed her large, ornate ring into her fingers. She wandered all the way thru several connecting offices to get some sympathy from Penny, saying as she came in the door, "Oi vey...whatever that means!"

Penny mentioned that she used Bjo's letter file to separate Harlan's letters from everyone else's, giving rise to a cartoon for her. It turned out that she didn't file things alphabetically, but in order of importance, or frequency of use. I pointed out that this would make a replacement for her almost impossible, since no one else could figure out what she was doing, and Penny smiled smugly. Bjo's not sure that she's a very good asbestos buffer between Harlan and the rest of the world, but it was nice knowing that they actually filed her letters instead of throwing them away.

At Westercon XX, Harlan retracted everything nice he'd said about STAR TREK the previous year and made the point that we shouldn't settle for crap, even if it was slightly better crap than that which we'd thus far been served on TV. His point was taken, but he ruined the effect by going on at great lengths to explain his own disillusionment with Roddenberry and STAR TREK, which mainly came out that his script had been tampered with, and he felt miffed about it. Even that would have been accepted sympathetically if he'd appeared more sincere about it, but when he admitted that he'd taken the money for the script, while wishing it to be utterly anonymous, he lost a great deal of his audience. As it happened, he wanted Roddenberry to put another Ellison pen-name on the script, at the very least, but was told that unless they could use his real name, they wouldn't pay



him for it. So Harlan, grouching all the while, took the money, and allowed this "prostitution" of his art. Most con-attendees wondered where his gripe was; and while most people found his speech fascinating, as all Ellison speeches are, they didn't have much sympathy for his "cause".

Harlan was then enamoured of the new Western show, CIMMARON STRIP, and was talking it up. No word recently as to his feelings on that; we don't know if they've "tampered with his words" or not.

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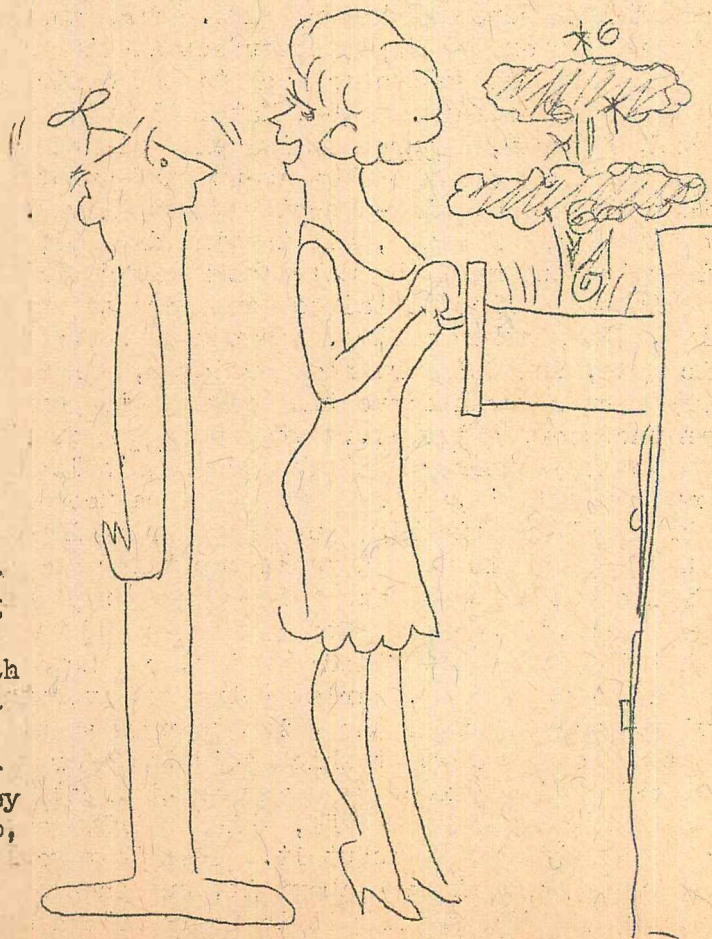
BJO: While we were in the office, Bill Theiss came in and took me away to see some "rushes" on the opening sequences of "Wolf in the Fold", where most of the costumes were in evidence. We talked, while waiting for the film to be ready, about my plans and hopes for the future, and Bill gave me a couple of addresses to check out in Hollywood; possibilities for jobs in wardrobe if not costume design.

Each little theatre on the lot contains big, soft, overstuffed chairs that swivel and tilt, some tables for ashtrays and notebooks, and a screen at one end of the room; it's like having your own private little movie house. Depending on the size of the viewing room, anywhere from a dozen to several hundred people can be seated; the room where we'd seen the dailies was very large, but the room where Bill took me was one of the smallest. Two other people joined us, and we watched a Casbah-type cabaret scene with dancing girls and serving wenches and so on; McCoy, Scotty, and Kirk are seated at a table, watching an exotic girl in a fluorescent red costume dance. The idea was to see how many of the costumes used actually showed, so that in another cabaret scene later on in the story, some of the same costumes could be used again, if possible. Budgets are always a problem, and when the extra actors are in special costume, one has to cut corners everywhere, or the bills mount up.

We watched several showings of the cabaret scene, and part where the murdered girl is found, with Scotty standing nearby holding a bloody knife. The ground fog, swirling only mid-calf around the men, made this lump of fluorescent red which was the murdered girl in her costume an eerie and horrible thing. Very effective.

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JOHN: Bill brought Bjo back to the office, and we gathered ourselves for leaving. On the way out, we met the publicity man, who seemed most anxious to aid us in programming should we win the 1968 WorldCon bid (we didn't) coming up in a month or so, and Bob took Bjo into the office of the STAR TREK lawyer to discuss possibilities for a game idea some of us had. It turned out that a STAR TREK game had already been sold to a company, and would be in production very soon. However, he gave her the name of their licensing corporation, in case they would be willing to look at our game, and was most helpful in discussing the problems of the whole idea. Both Bob and the lawyer, Ed Perlstein, talked about the various troubles that a studio has with fans who request souvenirs -- such as the little girl who wrote in to ask for a phaser ("They cost us \$10,000 to design and build," said Bob, "and we only have six of them!" She offered to pay up to \$8.00 for one....") Of course, there are hundreds of requests for costumes (most of which are much too expensive to be given away, and can be used over again in



"AND HERE'S WHERE WE FILE  
HARLAN'S LETTERS..."



many instances), and requests--demands, even--for photos, locks of hair (guess whose?), personal letters, and so on. Some fans want a "piece" of a set; nobody is quite sure what they mean by that, except that they seem to be under the impression that a set is made of old gingerbread that will break into small chunks for their convenience.

The other problem is unsolicited scripts and unagented scripts, scripts and ideas. Most neo-writers don't realize how much danger a studio is in when they get stuff like this, because should they then have a show with an idea that even vaguely resembles the one in the neo's script, the studio can well be open for lawsuit; "stealing" the idea. Gene has the problem that fans will write him in what seems to be a personal letter, and then say something like.... "I have this idea, see, about these large purple monsters..." and Gene has to turn the letter over to the legal department, which sends a form letter back, stating that the studio cannot consider screen ideas without an agent as go-between. If fans realized just how much trouble this cause a studio every year, they might be more thoughtful. Besides, if the idea is any good, they'll find an agent ready and willing to handle it; if the idea is no good, an agent will say so and save everyone some time and trouble. Even ideas and "treatments" (a story outline which is bought and given to a staff member to script) are bought only through agents. There is nothing in the movie and TV industry even remotely similar to the SF prozines' "slush-pile".

Many fans seem to think that because a studio won't drop everything and attend to his/her demands (based only on the grounds that heshe is a fan of the show) that such and such a souvenir be sent or something, that the studio is purposely and maliciously ignoring him/her. If each person realized that there are several hundred fans per day who write in with the same unthinking requests, heshe might stop and think that no studio could possibly answer all letters or fill all orders for souvenirs. For a good cause, such as his own personal VISTA project, or fandom's Trans-Oceanic Fan Fund (to bring a Japanese fan to the '68 WorldCon), Gene Roddenberry is a generous and thoughtful person. For causes like these, he is willing to give costumes and scripts and other goodies to help build a recreation hall in Watts, or help out a fund, and fans benefit by being able to buy at auction or take a chance at raffle, some of the things they'd not otherwise be able to obtain.

During these revelations, Bob had been rummaging around in the lawyer's office, and finally came up with a poster for us. It was a large one showing Mr. Spock holding the Enterprise model, and was used for TV stations until they all got stolen. Bob told us how rare this poster is now, and admitted that even the STAR TREK staff had only a couple of them left. We thanked him, and took it home for Lora and Katwen to someday appreciate.

We finally left, after over-staying our visit by several hours, we're sure. But we were having so much fun that it was difficult to tear ourselves away from the studio (especially since beautiful twins kept arriving and leaving at almost regular intervals). Bob had given us some film clips, still photos, and other small tokens, and we walked out of Desilu Studios into the bright, smoggy Los Angeles afternoon with a feeling that we'd actually been "transported" from a warm, hospitable other planet, one which we wished to visit again as soon as possible.

## AND ONE...MORE...TIME

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Continuing the saga of visiting the STAR TREK lots.... Thanksgiving weekend we'd hoped to go camping out on the desert, but found that we didn't have enough gear to do so comfortably with two small children. So, we decided to go down to LA. 450 miles away, and visit people.

We got in San Fernando Valley about 9pm, Thanksgiving Day, after a fairly easy drive down, and stayed with Ed and Anne Cox. The next morning, I wondered if possibly they'd be shooting at Desilu or not, and decided to find out. When I phoned, I asked for Penny Unger (Gene's secretary) figuring I'd have a better chance of getting through to her than directly to Gene. I was correct; she came on the line almost immediately.



I said, "Hello, Miss Unger, this is the president of the R\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\* fan club, and I.. I...." Which is as far as I got before she bellowed "WHAT!!!" at me. I broke up, and told her who I was. She said, "Bjo, get your fanny over here, so I can kick it out the door!" When I mentioned that we had these people we were staying with, she said I could bring them along too.

What I'd meant to say, before being so rudely interrupted, was: "This is the president of the R\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\* fan club, and we'd like for you to send Leonard Nimoy over to our next meeting to be raffled off as a door prize...", but I was afraid Penny would hang up on me before I got all that said.

So, with Anne in tow, I get our pass at the front door and head for the STAR TREK offices. Ed, John and Dave (Hulan) had gone mimeo-hunting and joined us much later in the afternoon. Anne is an avid ST fan and seemed to enjoy her day there, in spite of a sprained toe that made walking around the lots rather a chore for her.

We got to the office just as Penny was trying to go to lunch. This seems to involve a long process of starting out saying "Gee, I'm hungry, it must be time to go to lunch," and then getting very busy, and finally saying "I've got to get out of here and get something to eat!" and having 50 more things happen, and so on... well into the afternoon. The VISTA representative was there, with a token kid from Watts, to see the studio and all; this is part of Gene's own private project to build a recreation hall in Watts. He tried to get the studio to back him, and nobody else would go along with it, so he ran it on his own. It was very successful, and the drawing for prizes had been the day or so before this. The VISTA rep was a nice-looking young man with a fringe of beard and hair just long enough to make him "one of the gang". He was normally dressed, except for a large button on his shirt with a photo of Cassius Clay on it. The kid was a cute Negro boy with such a baby face and short stature we were stunned to find he was 15 years old (a conservative guess would have been perhaps 10 or 12 at best). Lance, the guy from VISTA, and Darmin, the boy from Watts, were both sitting on the office couch, wondering how to contribute to the project of getting something to eat. Finally, after many starts and stops, I was about to help by insisting on going to lunch, when Leonard Nimoy walked in the door.

Penny introduced us, and in his soft, soft voice he was quite polite and nice. Anne mentioned something about being second-place winner in the raffle for his ears at Westercon XX, which seemed to startle him. There was only a moment of polite exchange, and then he asked Penny to deliver a script to a friend who was supposed to call for it soon.

"Is he cute?" says Penny, and Nimoy gave her that "it depends on how you look at it" sort of Spock shrug and smiled. "Well, is he married?" persisted Penny.

"No, he's not married," said Nimoy, heading for the door (he was not in costume, having already filmed his part of the show much earlier that day, and was dressed in the faded blue that seems to be almost a trademark of him when in mufti).

"Is he straight?" asks Penny, and Nimoy gave her an embarrassed smile as he glanced at the roomful of people, and walked out without answering.

Lunch as the next project came up again, and Penny asked if we wanted to join them at the commissary, commonly known as "Vomit Gulch" around the studio. I said that I'd eaten there once, thanks, and would just take a cup of coffee with them instead. On the way to the cafeteria Lance and I got into a discussion of the ethics of protesting wars, in reference in particular to Clay, but we'd drawn no conclusions by the time we got to the lunch line.

While everyone was choking down lunch, we saw Peter Graves come in with what looked to be his entire family plus several school chums of his kids. Sheldon Leonard stopped outside the door long enough to buy a candy bar, and left again. And a tall, handsome Negro walked past, getting a smart-aleck remark from Penny. "Who's that?" I asked, and she explained that he was the local "pick-up" man from NBC. They'd learn through him if they'd been picked up for next season, and so far there'd not been any word on the subject.

We went back to the office, and the "pick-up" man was there. He was busy teasing the Negro girl we mentioned in our earlier report (who is now the secretary of the new person taking Gene Coon's place). We were to see this man all over the studio that day, but this was not surprising, as practically everyone was in a holiday mood and with school being out there were loads more visitors than usual.

Penny gave me a white t-shirt with a silver and red Enterprise on it, and the lettering



STAR TREK; I'm going to have some "pin-up" photos taken of me in that shirt, and send them to Gene as a gag. Darrin and Lance seemed a bit surprised at the friendliness between Penny and me, but we liked each other from our first meeting, and the feeling has grown.

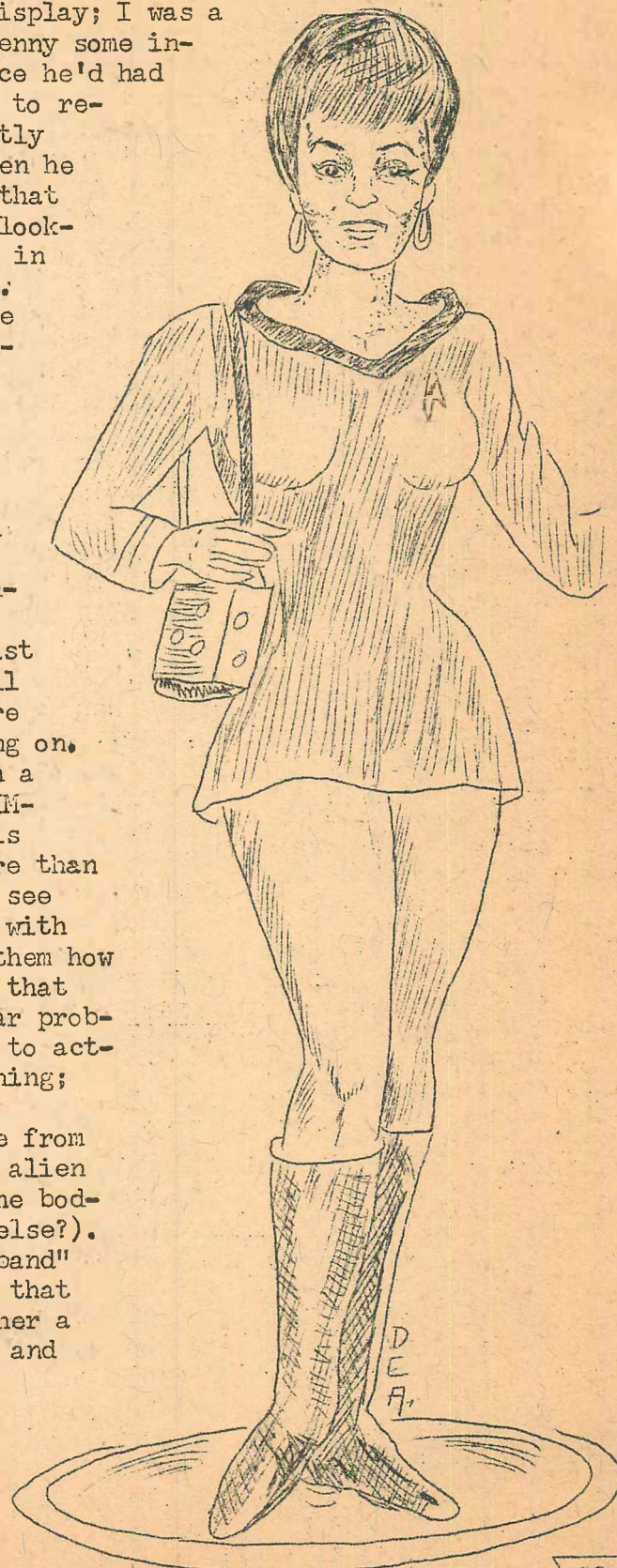
Gene popped out of his office long enough to grab me, give me a rib-cracking hug that lifted me right off the floor, and make a suggestive remark, which he had to take back, due to a lack of time to do more than hug and kiss me. Anne sat there agog, and the boys were quite taken back by this display; I was a bit surprised by it, myself, in fact! He gave Penny some instructions, told me how many hours it had been since he'd had any sleep, and reluctantly went back to his office to re-write four more pages on the show they were currently shooting. This was to be the only time, except when he passed us in the sound stage much later that day, that we talked to The Man. He was terribly tired, and looked it, but had the time and grace to meet everyone in the office, and say something pleasant to everyone. (If I were going to fall madly in love with someone besides John, this is my #1 candidate: Gene Roddenberry. You gals can have Mr. Spock!).

Rick Carter, who is replacing Bob Hellstrom as Gene's assistant (Bob having returned to Sweden due to a death in the family, and evidently not planning to return to the US), offered to show us some filming; so Lance, Darren, Anne and I trailed after him toward the STAR TREK set. He explained that they'd been having troubles with this particular script, and that Gene Roddenberry had been up all night before Thanksgiving, and then most of last night, trying to get everything in shape. It still wasn't working right, and the script revisions were being handed to people while the shooting was going on.

We rounded the corner, and walked right through a "frizbee" game being played by the whole MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE crew, which was sort of a gas. I dig this show almost as much as I like I SPY, and loads more than MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E., so it was rather a thrill to see everyone "in the flesh". We went on, and left me with the feeling that I'd have liked to stop and tell them how much I enjoyed their show, except for the feeling that I'd probably have blown my cool. This sort of fear probably stops many people from expressing themselves to actors that they really like, and it is not a good thing; actors need egoboo (even more than fans!).

They (the STAR TREK crew) were shooting a scene from a story whose title I've forgotten. At any rate, alien minds that once occupied robots have taken over the bodies of Kirk and a very pretty young yeoman (what else?). Mentally, these minds consider themselves as "husband" and "wife", and the dialogue is based on the fact that while the male considers controlling the body rather a chore, the female rather enjoys the tactile sense and other pleasures of controlling a human body.

The scene progresses to where Kirk is facing the yeoman, who is saying something like, "Can a robot hand touch like this?" (she touches Kirk's cheek), and "Can robot lips kiss like this?" (there is a very solid kissing scene), and then Kirk gets a glassy stare on his face,





staggers and falls. The girl registers acute distress, of course, and cries, "Zoran! What is the matter?"

From the floor, in a death-rattle, Kirk moans, "Lunch!"

This, naturally, breaks up most of the crew. I didn't mention before that this is one of the most professional groups I have ever seen at work, and it is a pleasure to watch them. You'd just not believe in the camera-man; he is short, squarish built, and wears white trousers, a black sweater, and carries a riding crop! "Where's his little black beret?" I asked. "I don't know," whispered Rick, "he usually wears one." I crogged. Just too, too much; but the man is extremely good and that is all anyone really cares about. The director wears a jumpsuit, and everyone else wears pretty much what they please. The whole atmosphere is one of general good-will and fine feeling; usually the tension is something that builds up over several days' shooting, until you just can't wait to get the whole fool thing over with and get away from all these people. But the STAR TREK people have parties after difficult shows are filmed, which proves something, I guess.

We talked of that, and Rick said that if this cast and crew ever disbanded, they would never be able to get them together again. For one thing, most of them would be snapped up by other studios or TV shows who are just waiting with contracts for that very thing. For another, the actors would commit themselves and not be able to return to making STAR TREK again. "What about THE AVENGERS?" asked Anne. "They seem to come back every time people demand it." Rick went on to explain that, in the first place, THE AVENGERS has been filmed for a couple of years in England (they are not being filmed now), and that the studio bought up the whole set of films, but releases them as "fill in" when a dying show had to be dropped completely. The situation is different with STAR TREK.

The "pick up" man was back on the set, and I asked him about all the letters that had been sent in to save STAR TREK its first season. Reports say there were at least 70,000 letters. "I wrote 'em all," said the man, with a smile. "You had help," I said. "But how many letters do we need to keep STAR TREK on the air for a third season?" "Oh, say about 100,000 letters..." said the man, his interest wandering to a passing young starlet.

"Is he serious?" I asked Rick. "How about writing to sponsors, too?"

"Yes, we need all the help we can get," said Rick; "while we rate with the top shows on informal polls, in magazines, etc., we don't have a very high Neilson rating, and that is what NBC Programming is going to pay attention to. Unless they get enough letters to offset that, they'll drop the show for next season." He went on to explain that NBC bought the show, and then found sponsors for it, so the control of STAR TREK was in the hands of NBC, not the people who sponsored it. He pointed out that there were different sponsors in different parts of the country, too.

While I agree with him on this, to some extent, I have found that an indignant letter can often get quite good results anyway. For instance, on many of the old movies, ad space is sold, and the sponsors don't even know (or care) what they are sponsoring. However, one night they ran a movie during commercials, and it happened to be a favorite of mine, so I sat down and wrote nasty letters to all the dozens of sponsors, telling them what I thought of the practice. I also pointed out that it was illegal (it is) to do this, and that I was surprised that they allowed their good name to be connected with such a practice. Then I "sugared" the letter (when I could do so honestly) with a comment about the product, or whatever, and mailed them all off.

In a very short time, I got answers from Ford Motor Company, Thrifty Drug Stores, and a few others of that ilk, plus apologetic letters from the head of CBS programming, the person in charge of movies, and several other people; all of whom had been contacted by the sponsors, who said in effect that they didn't like having a potential customer upset! So, you can see that writing to a sponsor can be effective. A praising letter (few companies get these, after all) telling the sponsors what you think of their intelligence in sponsoring a TV show worth watching would be a good idea. And you can write that kind of letter to a type of sponsor whose product you couldn't possibly promise to buy. Of course, if you can promise to buy the product, or if it happens to be one you usually buy anyway, it certainly won't hurt to add that in the letter, either. Threats to stop buying the product if the show is dropped should be subtle, in the line of: "I will be so brokenhearted about losing STAR TREK next season I'll probably have to take lots more aspirin than usual, and by the way, is it really true that the cheapest drug store aspirin is just as effective



as your brand? (OK, you be subtle your way and I'll do it my way.)

Darrin and Lance had lost themselves in the intriguing sets of the Enterprise and we didn't see them again for the rest of the day. Movie sets are obviously a kid's paradise; there are so many wonderful things to see and do. Today was an especially acute "hurry up and wait" sort of day, so there wasn't much doing on the set, either.

Rick took us to the "outdoor" set, which is housed in another part of the building, and we looked at the aluminum foil "cliff" that had just been moved out of the way so that workers could get to something else. Rick showed us how the foil is stapled into place, rumped so

it looks right, and then a sort of styrofoam spray is applied to the back (and to the front, if that sort of texture is needed) where it hardens and keeps the foil from being so easy to fall through. I touched the styrofoam, and began to laugh. Rick looked at me in puzzlement, and I explained that I'd just written the earlier section of this article where I'd said that STAR TREK sets did not break off like gingerbread...but they did! Rick broke off a large piece of it and handed it to me.

Meanwhile, back aboard the Enterprise, we went back to the set, where shooting had stopped and they were rehearsing the same scene with emphasis on another angle. Kirk forgot a line and stopped. The cameraman looked up from his viewer to ask what was wrong. "I think," says Kirk, grabbing the surprised yeoman, "that it's time to kiss some more." Which he proceeded to do until called back to his lines.

Majel Barrett was standing by in full make-up and costume, since she had a quick part in the next scene where Nurse Chapel and Dr. McCoy walk in and apply first-aid to Kirk at the yeoman's call for help. She'd been standing by for some hours and was rather tired. We talked a bit about the costumes, which the men enjoyed (having found a mimeo they joined us on the set), and Majel made a very feminine comment that she didn't like the outfit because it was a uniform. John said it was a very sexy uniform, and he'd sign up for This Man's Army any day. "Yes," said Majel, "but it is still a uniform." She told us how she'd tried to lower the neckline but Bill Theiss wouldn't let her, and how he'd finally sewed her little Enterprise badge to the dipped part of the neckline to prevent her from making it any lower. She went on to tell about the running battle between the costume director and Michelle Nichols, who wanted her hemline a bit higher. Michelle would whip-stitch the hem higher just before going on, and Theiss would take it out every time he could get his hands on the costume.

The new costumes for the women are much better fitting, and are made of a soft banded knit jersey type material. So if your color tv seems to be showing a different texture for some of the major characters' costumes, you know why. The men and most of the extras still wear velour (some of the yeomans' costumes are velveteen), but the dress jackets are of either satin or this banded material. The colors are slightly different too; the blue is a lighter one than the velour colors of the first season's shows, though the reds seem the same.

DeForest Kelley, waiting for his scene, was wandering around the set, speaking to all the guests and generally creating an atmosphere of glowing geniality. When he came our way I said, "Dr., there's this problem I've been having with my vertebrae, here," pointing to my neck. He assumed a professionally serious look, felt the back of my neck with firm, doctor-like hands, and said, "I'm sorry, there's nothing I can do for your back; it's been there too long."

Rick wandered off, and of course that was when an important-acting little man came bustling up, demanding to know who we were and where our passes were. We showed the pass, and he then wanted to know who authorized anyone to sign a pass for us. John commented



mildly that he didn't check the credentials of the pass-signer, but just took what was handed to him. The man crumpled the pass in exasperation and hurried off to corner more visitors; he'd had a long tiring day and we didn't feel like bugging him. It was pure accident that he was within hearing distance when a harried, tired Gene Roddenberry strode into a sound stage, carrying a bundle of papers. "You there!" I said, pointing an imperious finger at Gene, "who are you and where is your pass?" Gene, not even pausing, walked past me with a wan smile and a muttered comment about smart-alecky fans. My letter file is probably demoted back between Harlan Ellison and the rest of the world, after Rick told me I'd been "promoted" to between "Rejected Stories" and "New Ideas". Oh well.

Just before Gene arrived, they began rehearsing the scene where Kirk is lying on the floor and the yeoman is calling for help. Nurse Chapel and Dr. McCoy dash in the door and start helping. The cameraman is practically on his stomach, trying to get the shot from Kirk's angle, and they do a run-through on the scene. Nurse Chapel kneels, giving Kirk a shot, while McCoy kneels beside her, checks Kirk, and then stands up. "I can only see the bottom half of you, Doctor," says the cameraman.

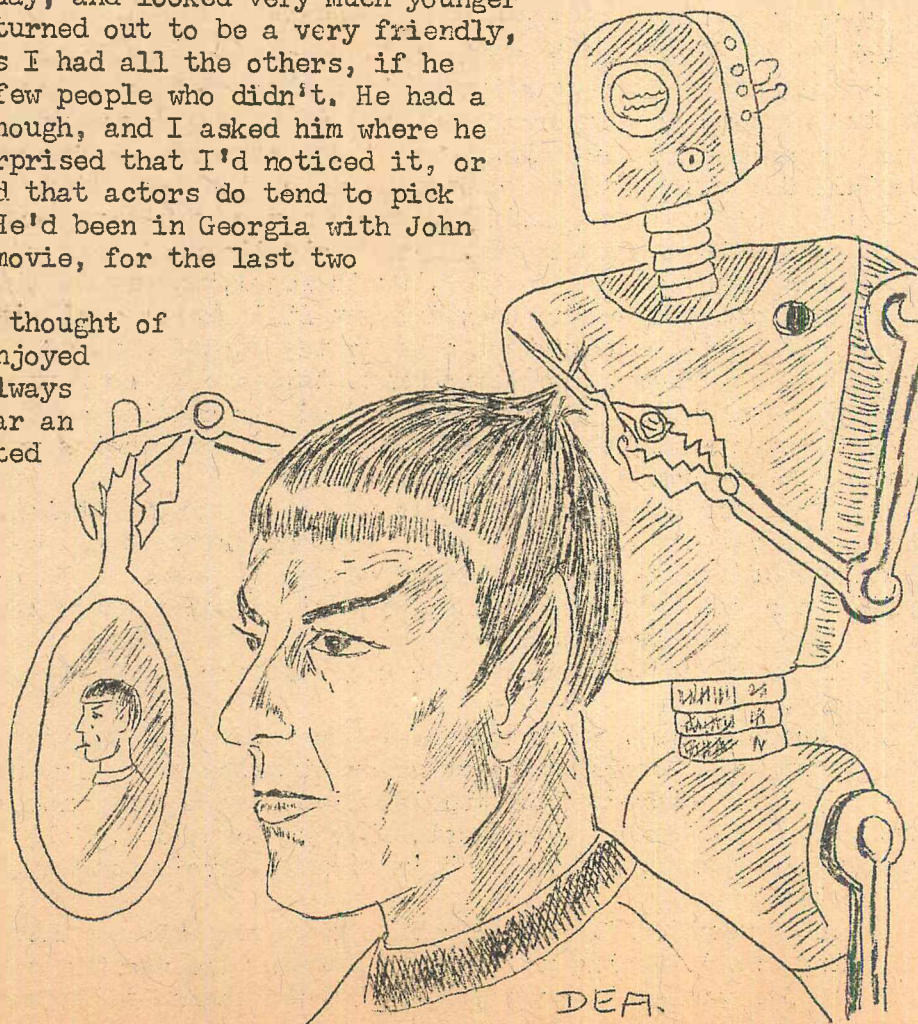
"That's his best side," says Kirk, from the floor. "Turn a bit, Doctor, and give your audience a good profile shot!" This brought a pretend-kick from McCoy and the rest of the people started breaking up again, until someone sternly reminded them that there were children present as guest observers.

They didn't get to shoot that scene before Gene called a general scripting conference (I'd have loved to listen in on that!) and everyone who wasn't in on that confab gathered into small groups to play Gin or Whist until time to shoot some more. It looked, as Majel had predicted, that shooting would go well into the evening, and probably into Saturday as well.

During the rehearsals George Takei was showing some friends or relatives around, and we managed to meet him, too. He was in a heavy turtleneck sweater, having no scenes to shoot that day, and looked very much younger than he does on screen. George turned out to be a very friendly, out-going type. I asked him, as I had all the others, if he read SF, and he was one of the few people who didn't. He had a cute li'l ol' Georgia accent, though, and I asked him where he he'd picked it up. He acted surprised that I'd noticed it, or that he even had one, but agreed that actors do tend to pick up accents wherever they are. He'd been in Georgia with John Wayne, shooting a Green Berets movie, for the last two weeks.

I asked George Takei what he thought of fans telling actors that they enjoyed seeing them on the screen. "I always laugh," said George, "when I hear an actor say that he's not interested in his fans or what they think. All of us live on ego! That is what we work with; ego, and we went it fed!" He went on to say that fan mail was quite encouraging to him, and that he felt it was probably as encouraging to even the "cool" actors who pretend not to be affected. Sulu became a big favorite of mine, suddenly; I am powerfully affected by personalities, and George Takei has enough to spare for several more people!

Dorothy Fontana, who had been standing next to me all





this time said, "Didn't I see you on the late show the other night in PT 109?" At which George cringed and said, "Just when you think you've got your past buried it shows up on the late late show and somebody recognizes you! I was only doing my duty, ma'am, as an honorable officer of the Japanese Army"....a funny look crossed his face, giving him very much the appearance of a Siamese cat I once knew..."Navy!" he said. "Japanese Navy, wasn't it?"

"Do you play villainous Orientals very often?" I asked him. "Oh no," said George, with that disarming smile. "I'm much too sweet-looking, trustworthy and innocent to be cast as a villain!" He excused himself and went off to show his companions more of the studio, while Dorothy and I laughed.

I asked Dorothy about how she was doing, and she offered me the script to her latest show, "Journey to Babel," which I accepted. I was interested to note the colors of paper; there was no white in the script! In script changes, to keep track of what has been revised, each change is put on different colors of paper, starting with pink, going through blue, green, yellow, and so on. "Babel" had goldenrod and Tru-Ray green in it - a rainbow of colors! Actually, Rick gave me the script, after we returned to the office, as Dorothy had to leave, and I didn't see her again that day.

We finally left and went back to Penny's office, where we sat for a few moments, resting. The "pick up" man came in and asked for some coffee. "No," said Penny, "not until you tell us that STAR TREK comes back next season!" "I can't tell you that!" protested the man. "C'mon, let me have just one cup of coffee, please? I need it." "We need that pick up," said Penny implacably; "let us know and you can have the coffee." He finally left, presumably to get his own coffee, or talk someone else into getting it for him. I expressed amazement that she could treat him that way, but I fully understood the tension that everyone was under, wondering if they'd make it into the third year or not.

Rick came in to give us some photographs of the various people on the show, and was kind enough to give Anne duplicates of almost everything he gave me. I asked about the cutting rooms, which I'd missed on the first trip, and we went down to see those.

Again, a spirit of friendly interest prevailed. Usually they don't have such nice people working all over a studio, and cutting room people tend to be on the grouchy side. But these men were interesting in stopping their work to show us what was going on, and answer questions. The man in the "mixing room", where sound and film are put together, and cut for certain effects, was quite a nice guy. He asked us gals to step out of the room for a minute or two, while he showed the men a film being rigged for the New Year's party. Knowing that John would tell me what went on, I willingly cooperated. John said later that it was mainly standard shots of STAR TREK scenes interspersed with the expected nudes. They'd used short strips of the same scene, spliced together, to make an ordinary motion or movement look pretty suggestive; a girl slinking toward Kirk became something downright sensual, for instance. We were not given short film clips of STAR TREK scenes this time; Rick explained that they just were not even throwing away anything until they knew whether or not they could afford to do so. (No grotch there; we were certainly gifted with many nice souvenirs.)

Rick walked us back to the front door, and as the sun slowly set in the West (where else?), we walked out to the car, discussing the fine day we'd had. Again, I had the distinct impression that we'd overstayed our welcome, but it was so very difficult to tear ourselves away. I'm already looking forward to the next visit!

