



"JOURNEY
TO BABEL"
WRITTEN BY
D. FONTANA

"Yes, I'd say that's rare."

T-NEGATIVE

20

copy

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Contents

cover: Cory Correll

How I Spent My Thanksgiving Vacation, or, well, anyway --4
the first Fantasy Film Convention, by Dorothy Heydt (also appeared in my genzine, <u>No</u>)	
Dard, by Ellie Bach, LouAnn Jones, Cathy Anderson, Barb Anderson.	12
The Hutch, Parts I & II, by Ruth Berman.....	32
Hucksters.....	34
Reviews.....	35
Articles of Interest.....	39
Under Review (fanzine reviews), by Carol Ing.....	44
T-Waves: letters.....	45

backcover: Carolyn Hillard

illos: Douglas Herring, p. 11; Jackie Franke, pp. 14, 18, 26, 30;
Ricky Pearson, p. 33; Connie Reich Faddis, p. 36; Janice p. 42.

Reasons why you deserve this:

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| <input type="radio"/> You collated | <input type="radio"/> B'reshith Beth |
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Back issues are 75¢/one or \$2/three. At present #'s 1, 3-9, 13, and 15-19 are available. I will be reprinting others later.

Brag Dept. I'm one of six nominated for the first annual John W. Campbell Memorial Award for Best New SF Writer (final voting will be by members of Torcon, & the award will be presented at Torcon). A fantasy-story of mine, "The Blood Thereof," appeared in the January Jewish Frontier (575 6th Ave NYNY 10011, 60¢/copy).

H I S T O R Y

OW I SPENT MY THANKSGIVING VACATION,
or, well, anyway...
by Dorothy Jones Heydt

The Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles is one of those institutions which was exceedingly posh forty years ago (it contains the Coconut Grove and is across the street from the Brown Derby, and if you don't recognize those names, ask Daddy), and has been resisting the downhill slide ever since. It's still quite posh in appearance, but it's Thirties posh. Vast amounts of dark wooden paneling where it isn't really appropriate, acanthus leaves all over the rug, phoney marble doorsills in the bathroom. And I dare say that, like most other hotels that have hosted a science fiction con, it'll never be quite the same. All the other denizens of the hotel were either Los Angeles types in too much glitter going to the Coconut Grove, or elderly people who had their peak around the time the hotel had its. Curiously enough, we didn't attract much in the way of curious stares -- not even Hal and me in our heraldic medievals. I rather think the elderly types had seen everything and were weary of it all, and the glittery Angelenos were going to act as if they'd seen everything if it killed them.

We arrived Thursday evening, which by a strange coincidence was Thanksgiving, and went out to dinner with the Barony of the Angels. This turned out to be a mistake. The Barony of the Angels are lovely people, but they had inadvertently neglected to do a reconnaissance before making reservations at this place called "1520 AD, Los Angeles' only medieval restaurant." Well, Los Angeles' it certainly is, but medieval it ain't. I will not bother you with every last jerk and quiver, but it is staffed by some of the less talented denizens of the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; they wear Renaissance garb and have twentieth-century manners, and the exceedingly inappropriate music (Funiculi, Funicula??) is electronically amplified to a decibel count that well exceeds the pain level. We left early, with Technicolor migraines, and the serving wench was most surprised, remarking that it was an unusually quiet night. This is really hardly surprising, since the staff has obviously cut its teeth on rock concerts and suffered considerable hearing loss. There's one "1520 AD" in central LA and one in Pasadena, at last count. Shun both as you would the plague.

Well, the con. It was well-stocked. Unlike SFCon, which ran each film at least twice so that you could see everything (assuming you had limitless endurance), each film was shown an average of once. (This, of course, had considerable to do with the terms of rental.) Films come in three categories, which I shall define as Hard-Core Science Fiction, Soft and Slitherly Science Fiction, and Vampires, though the Committee had set up definitions slightly more genteel. They did their best to have only one film of a given genre running at a time, but there were

occasional overlaps. (As Eric Hoffman said, "I'm only inhuman, I can't do everything.")

Thus it was that Friday morning began for us with the Price/Lorre/Karloff The Raven overlapping The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. Hal and I made our own executive decisions; he saw The Raven and the last part of Dr. T.; I saw the first part of The Raven and all of Dr. T. Neither of us went to see "Amok Time," which was also on that morning. After Dr. T. Hal saw The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad; I went and had a small headache and returned in time for the last twenty-three special effects of Sinbad, or in other words the last ten minutes. By this time it was mid-afternoon, and we saw "A Piece of the Action" and Chuck Jones' (more on him later) "Pogo Special Birthday Special," which was a better adaptation from comic strip to film than you usually see. We then took a quick look at Galactica -- actually, the title was Galac-some Hungarian inflectional ending which I don't remember. This was its U.S. premiere and no one, including the Committee, knew anything about it. Well, it was a couple of people doing a modern dance against an astronomical background to the accompaniment of some bongo drums and a narration. In Hungarian. The drumming and dancing were amateurish and the astronomy insufficiently inspiring; the narration may have been great but since we didn't have Sarkanyi Gero along to translate we'll never know. We went and took a nap.

Meanwhile the programming had contained such other things as Psycho, The Revenge of Frankenstein, a Draculan panel, and the Frederick March Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

In the evening the Draculans met and somebody premiered The Thing With Two Heads, whereof the advertising slogan is, "They grafted a white bigot's head onto a soul brother's body -- " yes, quite. Some of the ersatz heads were on exhibit in the exhibit rooms, one with buttons hooked up to make it blink. We saw Mission Stardust, which turned out to be a Spanish adaptation of Perry Rhodan, who turns out to be Europe's answer to Captain Future. The special effects were only fair, the plot and acting almost as bad as the worst of Hollywood, but I will say this for Perry Rhodan, he only looks clean-cut. He is slightly more lecherous than James T. Kirk, though not during business hours.

We then saw "I, Mudd," which it transpired Hal had never seen. His helpless giggles of mirth at the illogic were shushed by few, because practically everyone else had gone to see The Night Stalker. Then there was a small Harlan Ellison festival consisting of "City on the Edge of Forever" and "Demon with a Glass Hand." I had not seen "Demon" previously, and enjoyed it. Harlan can indeed write coherently when he wants to. The action took place in a large slumsome building, possibly because all the

stairs were fun to run up and down, but more likely because they'd used up most of their budget in building the very impressive glass hand.* It was now 2:30 in the morning, and we could have stayed up till 4 and seen Dracula, complete with armadillos, but somehow we didn't.

The program book, by the way, had the notation, "6 am. We will be cleaning the room. Go have breakfast for an hour." I don't suppose there were many up at that hour to take them seriously, else the waitresses would have been much more harried than they were by lunchtime.

Let me at this point put in a plug for the Ambassador's coffee shop staff. They were exceedingly pleasant and cheerful even by ordinary standards, and compared to, say, the International, they were dei ex machina. You could get fed in the thirty or forty minutes you had between films, and the food was edible and only decently (not indecently) expensive.

Saturday morning had the Chuck Jones film festival. Chuck Jones is this nice man who does cartoons. He was Jack Warner's personal gadfly in charge of cartoons at Warner Brothers until they closed down their cartoon business. "What's Opera, Doc?" was the last cartoon he did for them, and if you haven't seen it you haven't been to a con for several years. They had other items such as "Duck Dodgers, 24-1/2th Century," and a Joe Friday version of the same thing. And one whose title I've forgotten in which Porky and Sylvester are abducted by a passing Jovian; Sylvester freaks flamboyantly and Porky sleeps through the whole thing, even when they get into free fall and the blankets float away. There were also a couple of more free-form items specifically designed by Jones, in the last days at Warner Bros., to get Jack Warner's goat. One was called "Now Hear This," and involved the misfortunes of an elderly Britisher who got hold of an ear trumpet with a mind of its own. The other was called "Duck Amuck," and involved the struggles of Daffy Duck against the cartoonist, who erases his backgrounds, blots out his sound track, clothes him in inappropriate garb, at one stage turns him into a duck-billed-flower-faced-six-legged lavender whatsit and thoughtfully provides him with a mirror to freak at himself in. At the end we get a look at the cartoonist -- Bugs Bunny. Why not. In between the cartoons Mr. Jones talked about the cartooning business and life with Warners' and what not, and was most charming. Oh, yes, he also did an animated version of Norton Juster's The Dot and the Line (not for Warner Bros., obviously) which is the most faithful adaptation of book to film I've ever seen, and if you think that didn't take work! He

* Someone -- David McDaniel? -- told me that Harlan Ellison wrote the episode with the idea in mind of using that particular building, because of the striking gingerbreadity of the decor.

had also done the Pogo thingie we had seen the day before.

Meanwhile in the main room they were showing Moby Dick, or I believe they were. At any rate they had Ray Bradbury talking afterwards, about the day he looked into his London hotel bedroom mirror and said "I am Herman Melville," and started writing the screenplay. Now he has a play out on the same theme called Leviathan 99 about a Great White Comet, and I want to see it some one of these times.

After that we saw This Island Earth, which had at the last minute replaced something or other that didn't arrive. I always enjoyed that one, though it was a bit weak here and there and Charles Beaumont was perfectly right when he said Jeff Morrow pronounced the word "mutant" in a way that made one think of laryngitic emmets.

What on earth did we do then. Ah yes, there was a six-hour animation festival running and we wandered in long enough to see the old Disneyland program on "The Plausible Impossible." I have just noticed Richard Matheson was supposed to be speaking that afternoon, and if in fact he was there (several people couldn't make it) I wish I'd heard him. I've never even seen him and if he were to create a giant rutabaga that would sit down on me this very day I wouldn't recognize him.

Another short nap, and then we saw the Disney Peter Pan, with Hans Conried as the voices of both Papa and Captain Hook, which was a nice touch.* And then there came the MASQUERADE.

There were, let's see, about ten costumes/acts/what not, some of them containing two people. With one exception, who wasn't really in costume, everyone got a prize for something. Even Ricky Schwartz as "The Real Seymour." Like I say, there were about ten costumes. Hal and I were wearing our formal medievals and if I could have thought of a title in a hurry we'd have entered and probably walked away with a prize or two. There were a few monsters and a few pretty girl costumes and one rather pitiable aged Andorean lady. Also a gentleman from The Omega Man who turned out surprisingly well because of his white-painted contact lenses, and when I consider what contacts cost he deserved an award just for devotion to the original above and beyond the call of duty. Also a nice girl whose name I can never remember, but she won the Westercon's Most Naked Lady contest as Golden-Haired Sif.** She was again in her skin, plus a label and a few gift wrappings, as "A Hannukah Present for David Gerrold." (David was among the judges, because Bill Theiss couldn't make it.) And that was about it. Everybody got an award of some kind and we were out of it in time to go upstairs and see "Journey to Babel."

* A tradition from the stage, ever since Gerald Du Maurier (father of the novelist) doubled the roles.

** Lisa Deutsch.

After that, gee whillikers, there were all sorts of neat things on, such as Son of Blob and Rosemary's Baby. Hal made some wistful noises about staying up till 12:30 to see King Kong, followed by Son of Kong at 2, but I hauled him firmly upstairs and he hadn't the strength left to resist. We had been trading a migraine back and forth at two-hour intervals for some time anyway, and our eyes were running at 24 frames a second. We could have gotten up again at 8:30 for Godzilla's Revenge, but somehow we managed to miss that too. Somebody or other was telling me that all the Japanese monsters are really nice people, who just want to get their kids back that these dumb Japanese scientists insist on hauling off to the middle of Tokyo, but give me a Horta any old day.

We did, however, get up in time for the Star Trek festival at 10. All manner of Trekkian personnel were there, some of them vastly changed. DeForest Kelley and James Doohan still look about the same, but the younger members have let their hair grow since they got out of the UFP Star Fleet. Walter Koenig has a moustache and is completely unrecognizable. Gene Roddenberry is still his sweet self, but Majel Barrett (introduced as "my wife, the nurse") has done her hair back to brown and lost ten pounds she didn't need to; she's still pretty but she looks ill. One hopes not. Everybody was there, in fact, but Nimoy and Shatner. I dare say they've gotten a bit shy. They had surrogates, however, of whom more later.

So they explained how, yes, it's conceivable that Star Trek may be revived, and the people to convince at the moment are Paramount. David Gerrold and Dorothy Fontana supplied names and addresses of people to bug, and I've lost them.* Roddenberry and Fontana are currently working on another projected series (pilot, in the form of a movie-for-TV, is evidently to be shot one of these times real soon now) entitled Genesis II, which takes place 108 years from now and 100 years after the Great Conflict. Civilization is just beginning to struggle back, and of course it takes a different form in every village, which should make life varied.

Then "Where No Man Has Gone Before" was shown, in its form as a pilot, not as an episode. There's an introductory scene which was cut, showing the Galaxy from the outside with a bit of voice over about how they're leaving the Galaxy, et cetera, and leaving their regular law-enforcing job for a bit of exploration, tracking down these strange signals, et cetera. And cut to the chess game.

Then a black-and-white print -- Roddenberry's own -- of The Cage in its original form was shown. If you've seen The Menagerie

* Emmett Iavery or Frank Yablans, 5451 Marathon St. LA 90038; Herb Schlosser NBC-TV 3000 Alameda Ave Burbank 91505; Mort Werner NBC-TV 30 Rockefeller Plaza NY 10029.

you've seen 97% of The Cage. The scene "outside Pike's home town" was somewhat longer, wherein Vina kept trying to distract Pike's questions with "Please, dear, you know I get -- ah -- headaches when you talk like this," and Pike later told her, "You know, those 'headaches' are hereditary. Do you really want to bring up children here?" et cetera. There were a couple of very brief shots of some of the other zoo specimens -- a large apey one and a fairly large birdy one, both looking bored.

Then all three years' blooper films were shown, after which they began a panel discussion and we left, hoping to see what was left of The Time Machine -- another of those overlaps. But it was in its final scenes, so we said the hell with it and had another nap.

At three there was a, yes, banquet. They introduced a small feature for this one which I hope will be copied: there was no High Table. Each table contained one celebrity and a dozen or so other people, and one could sign up ahead of time for the famous person of one's choice. We sat with Robert Bloch, who as I'd suspected is very pleasant company, and Mrs. Bloch took Hal and me for nineteen and somewhat younger respectively, which was great for my ego at any rate. Hal cannot properly appreciate youth, considering he's still got it.

I had to leave just as the speeches began, alas, because there was another darned overlap and I wanted to see Things to Come. From Hal's fragmentary memories I gather that the Melies Awards were presented, and Harlan got one for "Demon with a Glass Hand." And Mr. Bloch made a speech, saying things like, "If you've ever waited for a hotel elevator, you know why King Kong climbed up the outside of the building," and, "So then they knock him out and decide to put him on a raft and ship him home to his island. Now, in the first place, the ship's too small. In the second place, they can't carry enough food for him. In the third place, I don't want to be on that ship when he wakes up and gets seasick!" and, "After that came Son of Kong -- he wasn't as big as King Kong, but then Fay Wray wasn't very big either."

I was at Things to Come. I am fond of that film. The opening scenes are really awfully accurate (it's a perfectly good World War II film, made in 1935), and the closing scenes are really awfully inaccurate (you shoot a moon rocket out of a series of guns, one inside the other, and the outside gun, get this, has a sight on it. Who's going to sight over it? The Eyeball that Sat Down on Tokyo?), and the middle part is rather good after-the-bomb science fiction before they invented the bomb. Hal arrived for the last bits of it.

By this time, like every con since the hallowed first probably, they were running late. So along came David Gerrold,

saying, "I'm supposed to speak for half an hour, and we're 24 minutes behind schedule. So I'll answer questions for six minutes, and then we'll show 'Tribbles' and be back on schedule. Now, your first question, 'How can you break into television writing?' You can't. Next question?" And he answered a few and then they put on "Tribbles."

By the way, somebody other than David indicated that part of Shatner's Weltschmerz out of that show derived from an allergy to tribble fur. I'd like to hear more about that. Anybody keep track of the Captain's rashes?

After "Tribbles" there was a most agonizing overlap. We had our choice of Metropolis or The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao. We said Woe Alas a lot and saw Metropolis, and it turned out to be the right choice because it seems Dr. Lao is going to be on the telly one of these times. In our area, anyway. So we saw Metropolis and that was the last agonizing conflict of the evening. I mean, we could have seen The Thing instead of Forbidden Planet, but I'd rather read the Campbell version. The print of Forbidden Planet, unfortunately, like most I've seen in recent years, has undergone color changes. The beautiful deep turquoise sky of Altair IV was muddled to a drab olive green. This time, however, I got a slightly better look at the Id Monster and discovered I'd been misinterpreting it all these years. I always thought it was more or less simian, with two arms and two legs and a large massive head set into its large massive shoulders. Uh-uh. It was a large, quasi-round head set on two legs and that was it. Almost like a baby chick, but not the kind you'd want to find in your breakfast egg. It was adept at standing on one leg and doing people or things in with the other, and this explained why it tended to brush people aside rather than grabbing them. It did manage to pick up Lt. Farmer between its pad and its claw, but it didn't have much in the way of manipulation. Perhaps now we know more about what the Krell looked like, because of course this two-legged head was a very good shape for going through a Krell door. But they must have had some tentacles or whatnot somewhere, with all those buttons to push. On the other hand, maybe they hadn't and that's why they were so anxious to develop power without physical instrumentalities.

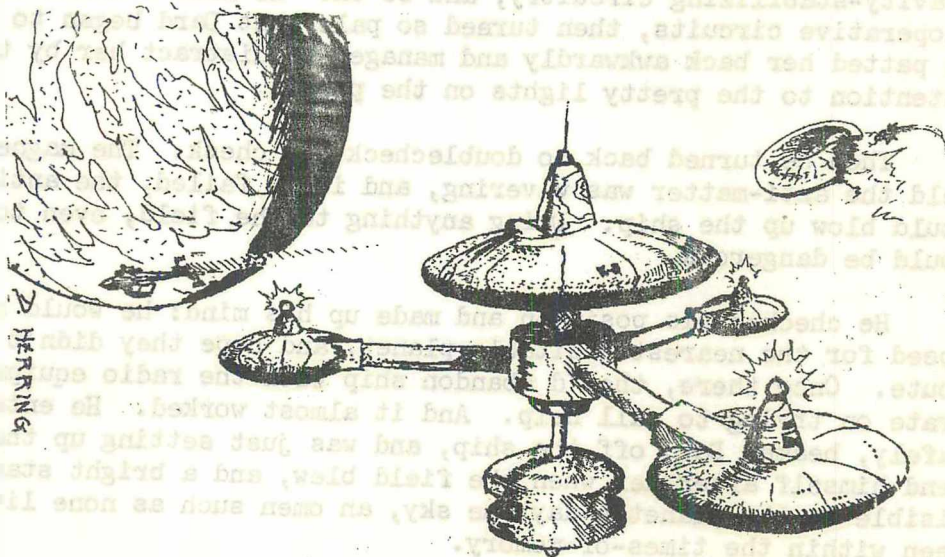
That was the last film. We oozed into bed and left the next morning.

Ah, yes, Seymour. I heard more damned enigmatic references to Seymour all through the convention: "They say Seymour's coming." "I got Seymour's autograph." "Ricky Schwartz as the Real Seymour." "Seymour's supposed to be at Table No. Umpty." He turns out to run the local version of Creature Features, and I still don't know what he looks like but if Ricky Schwartz is to be believed he wears a broad-brimmed black hat like a southern Senator in a cartoon.

Ah, yes, Spock's and Kirk's surrogates. Those who attended LACon will recall a very young man with a lovely blue shirt and shiny black bangs, with Terran ears but all in all looking more like Spock than he has any right to. Well, he's found a buddy who looks more like Kirk than he has any right to, and they go around in their exceedingly well-made uniforms causing whiplash in the suddenly-turned necks of incautious spectators. The trouble is, Spock and Kirk weren't a Commander and a Captain at the age of fifteen or so. They ought to have lovely grey-blue cadets' uniforms with gold sunbursts on them, like Finnegan's. I don't know if you can become a cadet at fifteen or so, but then we all know Spock and Kirk were both demon students. (By which I do not mean to imply they studied demons. I'm sure they left that to the Draculans.)

It was really a very pleasant con, all things considered. I wish there had been less overlapping and more duplications -- maybe not to the extent SFCon took of having everything run at least twice, because nobody is going to want to see every last little frame. At least I hope and trust not. But I wouldn't have missed, say, The Time Machine or The Raven if they hadn't been there at all; and I was exceedingly frustrated that they were there and I couldn't see them. The Committee freely attests that the Filmcon is in an experimental state and will probably change a lot. Maybe they can arrange for some reshewing of some of the older, less expensive films?

Anyhow, it beats turkey at the in-laws'.



DARD

by Ellie Bach, LouAnn Jones, Cathy Anderson, and Barb Anderson

Prologue

It was not until the third day that he discovered it.

The first day he had spent recovering from the battle. It had been violent, and since then he had spent most of the time in the sickbay's automatic care. He was exhausted and slept soundly while recuperating.

The ship's complement of experimental weapons had proven reliable in a test no one had wanted.

Dard was too young to be much help, but the automatic functions of the little ship's sickbay were adequate to care for him. By the end of the second day he was able to get up, and he set about the work of repairing the damage to the ship. The warp drive was locked on, one engine was going to fail if asked to keep on going at that speed, two deflector shields were inoperable, the radio was out, and some of the computer's circuitry was broken. It wasn't bad, considering. It could all be fixed, but it would take time. He cut off the drive and let the ship coast at sub-light speed while he got to work.

The third day was almost ended, and he had made all the repairs that seemed essential. He could safely go into warp drive and head for the nearest base, while going on with the work still remaining -- the radio, the gravity-stabilizing circuitry, and so on. He made a check of operative and inoperative circuits, then turned so pale that Dard began to cry in sympathy. He patted her back awkwardly and managed to distract her by turning her attention to the pretty lights on the panels.

Then he turned back to doublecheck his check. The magnetic field which held the anti-matter was wavering, and if it failed, the anti-matter within would blow up the ship. Doing anything to the field, even to repair it, would be dangerous.

He checked his position and made up his mind: he would head at warp speed for the nearest habitable planet, and hope they didn't blow up en route. Once there, they'd abandon ship with the radio equipment and concentrate on trying to call help. And it almost worked. He entered orbit safely, beamed Dard off the ship, and was just setting up the automatics to send himself after her when the field blew, and a bright star was briefly visible in the planet's daytime sky, an omen such as none living there had seen within the times-of-memory.

I

Edulf son of Edulf, the emperor of Morgi's largest dominion, was pleased to learn that he had important visitors from The-Ship-From-Across-

The-Vast-Waters. If these Strange-ones kept coming to trade their spices and metal ores for a few of his people's common stones, he would soon have the richest kingdom in all of Morgi. Absently, he toyed with one of the dilithium crystals (as the Strange-ones called them), watching it catch the light. It was a pretty plaything, no more. But the Strange-ones seemed to think highly of these stones, and their desire brought him considerable profit.

Vlakaar smiled back at his cousin's smile and touched his cupped hands to his mouth for the emperor's permission to speak. "Your Grace, did not the Strange-ones seem to you most powerful and impressive?" At Edulf's nod, he continued, "Then, would it not be to your advantage to impress these Strange-ones with your own mighty powers?"

Edulf's smile grew broader, and he nodded to Vlakaar to explain.

"A hunt for the demon in the Dark Woods!" Vlakaar said. "Should the Strange-ones capture it, we will know their powers are greater than ours; it would be well to have such a powerful friend -- and we would be rid of the demon. But if our forces should capture the demon, the Strange-ones would be impressed, and they would give you more goods for our rocks. Even if the hunt fails, its size alone will awe them." And, he thought silently, if Edulf should get killed during the fight, I would be the new emperor.

Edulf considered the suggestion. It might get rid of a terrible menace. No one had been able to capture, kill, or even wound the demon, and some of the imperial army had been lost trying. The dangers of the Dark Woods were not to be ignored, but it was the demon that kept his farmers from turning forest into cropland. Many a hunter had gone looking for the demon, but none had returned unharmed. No village would be safe until the demon was destroyed. "Excellent," said the emperor. "We will begin tomorrow when the sun rises."

"I will inform the Strange-ones." Vlakaar triumphantly backed his way out of the room.

II

"Diplomacy!" growled McCoy, swatting at the latest cloud of stinging insects. "If it weren't for diplomacy I could be back on the Enterprise, in safety and comfort, doling out headache pills, instead of tramping off into the unknown wilds where danger lurks behind every -- ouch -- bush." He stared mournfully at the rubber-line vine which had wrapped itself tightly about his left leg. "Hold it!" he said. "I've got another one."

Kirk smiled at McCoy's futile attempts to wrench his leg free. Pulling out his newly-acquired knife, he bent to McCoy's aid. The vine's rubbery exterior made progress slow, but eventually the blade did its duty, and the vine reluctantly parted, leaving McCoy free to maneuver once more. Chekov gave the doctor a hand, pulling him back into line on the trail.



"Well, Bones, that's your fourth. Care to try for five?" said Kirk, cleaning the sticky sap off the knifeblade.

"Four's my limit," McCoy grumbled. "I can't see why the blasted things are so attracted to me, anyway. If we were allowed to use our phasers in the open it wouldn't slow us up so much."

Spock came over, unable to resist the opportunity McCoy's predicament presented. "I believe, Doctor, that they are phonotropic. The louder the sound, the faster they react. And as you are often -- "

"Oh, shut up, Spock," McCoy said wearily. "I'm too tired to argue."

Kirk looked at his medical officer in surprise, then up at the alien sunset. It was not late by the planet's day, but it had been evening of the ship's day when they beamed down. It was no wonder McCoy was getting worn out.

He suddenly realized that he felt ready to drop, too. McCoy was right: it was time to set up camp so they all could get the rest they required. "Your Grace!" he called. They had fallen behind, and they had to run to catch up to the emperor's part of the caravan. They were panting heavily when they reached the emperor's forces. Kirk had to clear a path through what seemed like half of the imperial army to reach the emperor himself. "Your Grace!" Kirk said, making the appropriate gestures of respect, "My men grow weary, and we must rest if we are to continue tomorrow."

"I am not tired." Edulf looked both surprised and pleased.

"Of course you aren't!" McCoy muttered. "You've been carried the entire way by 50 men on that overgrown stretcher -- " He shut up at a look from Kirk.

"Your Grace, the light of day is fading," Kirk said. "Surely we cannot hunt what we cannot see."

Edulf considered this. "Very well. Assemble your tents. We will awaken you at dawn." With a wave of his hand, he dismissed them.

When the Enterprise group finished pitching their alien tent, Kirk was sure he had everything put together upside-down and backwards. "Oh, what the hell," he thought, "as long as we can fit."

They almost didn't. Kirk crawled over Chekov's inert form and plopped down near McCoy, who was muttering something about sardines.

"And we don't even know what we're hunting," McCoy grouched.

"The demon," said Chekov.

McCoy glared at him. "For that answer, I give you a medal. You tell me what 'The Demon' is, and I'll give you a whole box of medals, plus one can of dehydrated plomik soup." He turned on the first officer. "Well, Spock, we haven't heard anything from Mr. Logic. Have you correlated a hypothesis as to the object of this hunt?"

"The main objective of this hunt, Doctor, is to maintain diplomatic relations with the people of this planet in order to gain access to their over-abundant supply of dilithium crystals."

McCoy glared at him, too. "You know very well what I mean. Jim, didn't they tell you what we're after?"

"No, Bones. All the First Minister said was 'We will hunt the terrible demon,' and disappeared. Maybe one of the guards can tell us."

McCoy removed his shirt, shoved his medical kit into it, and rolled it up in lieu of a pillow. "I already asked one, and you can forget it. As closemouthed a bunch of natives as I've ever seen."

"Didn't he say anything?"

The doctor gave a realistic imitation of a guard shaking in fright. "'A most fearsome creature. It will kill us all'."

The conversation died down as one by one the participants dropped slowly off to sleep, leaving only the captain awake in the darkness.

Kirk turned on his back and stared unseeing at the ceiling of the tent. His own frustration over Edulf's protracted haggling, coupled with his burning curiosity, kept him from sleep. He ran back over the day's conversations in his mind, trying to find an answer, but nothing broke through. Finally, he could stand it no longer; he had to do something. He sat up abruptly and squirmed out of the tent in search of someone he could pump for information about this demon thing.

He spied a guard dutifully making his rounds, and set off in that direction. The light of the guard's torch was a long way off, and this planet had no moon to guide his stumbling feet on a straight course. He stopped momentarily to disentangle himself from a tree branch, and it was then that he noticed the guard had more than one follower. Another dark figure was slinking stealthily through the brush -- and having much better luck at it than the captain. Kirk could determine only a vague, humanoid outline, nothing more.

"All right, two can play at this game," he thought, and quietly crept after the small figure all the way to the guard's position. Before Kirk could react, the creature grabbed the guard by the ankles, sending him flying on his face and disarming him in the same motion. The torch sputtered and went out in the damp grass. With a yell meant to arouse the camp, Kirk was upon the small creature.

The dazed guard took off for the tents, shrieking, "It's the demon!" and left Kirk holding a viciously biting, kicking, and scratching captive.

Kirk knew he could not hold it for long; the creature fought furiously to regain its freedom. Others in the camp began lighting torches, and Kirk could now see that his struggling prisoner was nothing more than a small girl, about thirteen years old, if she was human. This, then, was the terrible demon? the horrible monster? Kirk started to laugh, but his breath was cut off sharply as a heavy body hit him square in the back. He released his captive as he fell, and she disappeared with a sharp command to her accomplice, who was tearing at Kirk's arm with sharp teeth. It took a final quick nip at Kirk's hand and bounded off after the girl.

Then the torches came, but stood hesitating, a few yards off.

McCoy pushed his way through and knelt by Kirk. The captain heard the sound of a medical scanner as McCoy's gliding hand hovered over him. The doctor gently opened the sleeve of the uniform and sprayed a dressing over the torn flesh. At the familiar hiss of a hypo, Kirk found himself becoming alert again.

"Did you see it, Jim? Did the demon attack you?"

"Yes, I saw her."

"Her?"

Kirk opened his mouth to explain, but was cut off by the arrival of Chekov and Spock. The tone of the latter indicated the need for his immediate attention.

"Captain, our equipment is missing."

"What? All of it?"

"Four communicators, four phasers, and two tricorders. That is, assuming you did not have yours with you."

"I had my phaser." Kirk checked his belt. His phaser was still there, but he had left his communicator in the tent. "Exactly what do we have left?"

"Dr. McCoy's medical kit, Mr. Chekov's tricorder, and your phaser."

"No communicators. Well, gentlemen, we'll have to go get them back from her."

"Her?" repeated McCoy.

"Yes, Bones. This terrible monster we're hunting is just a thirteen-year-old girl."

"Are you sure, Jim?" McCoy was dubious.

"Yes, I'm sure. Be careful, she's got a friend." He glanced down at his hand. "One with teeth."

Silence fell over the group. The sounds of others in the camp were growing louder. Kirk could hardly keep from laughing at the sight of the half-clad emperor running into the pool of torchlight, yelling, "After her! After!"

"Your Grace, our weapons are missing," a guard said.

"Not all?"

"Only a few scattered knives are left. The demon has struck again."

"She must be destroyed. After her!" Edulf didn't suggest how the task was to be accomplished, but the guard ran anyway.

Kirk scrambled to his feet. From the fury and activity going on, he could tell that they meant to kill her, and he didn't want that to happen. Besides, he had to get those communicators back without any of the natives' seeing them. "Stay with the rest of the hunt," he said. "I'm going to try and get those communicators back."

"But, Jim -- " McCoy protested, but the captain had already gone.

From high above McCoy's head came a high-pitched cry of "Edulf is a khalla! Edulf is a khalla!" They had been taught the language in preparation for the mission, but the imprinting of the language tapes, as usual, was deficient in slang. McCoy did not know what a khalla was, but it was clearly an insult. The emperor hotly ordered more men to converge on the area. Moments later the cry was repeated, from a different direction. The whole group scurried after it.

This activity continued most of the night. They had no sooner surrounded one place, when the yell would plague them from another.

When dawn approached, the taunting stopped altogether, and the group returned dejectedly to camp, but there was no sign of the captain. McCoy's

worry rose even as the sun did. "I'm going to look for Jim," he told the others. He set off in the direction he thought the captain had taken, reached a stream, hesitated, and followed it down.

Dard, in the meantime, had returned to her cave, with her companion. She took a quick inventory of her stolen goods: not bad for a night's work. She had all their food, weapons, equipment --

Water! She'd forgotten to get their water. Her own supply was low, and she was already thirsty from the night's exercise. She would have to return to the stream and get a few skins of water in order to last out the day. Soon, she knew, Edulf's men would be combing the woods for her, and she would have to remain in hiding, so it was now or never. She left the cave unguarded and went towards the stream with Jorth still following obediently behind.

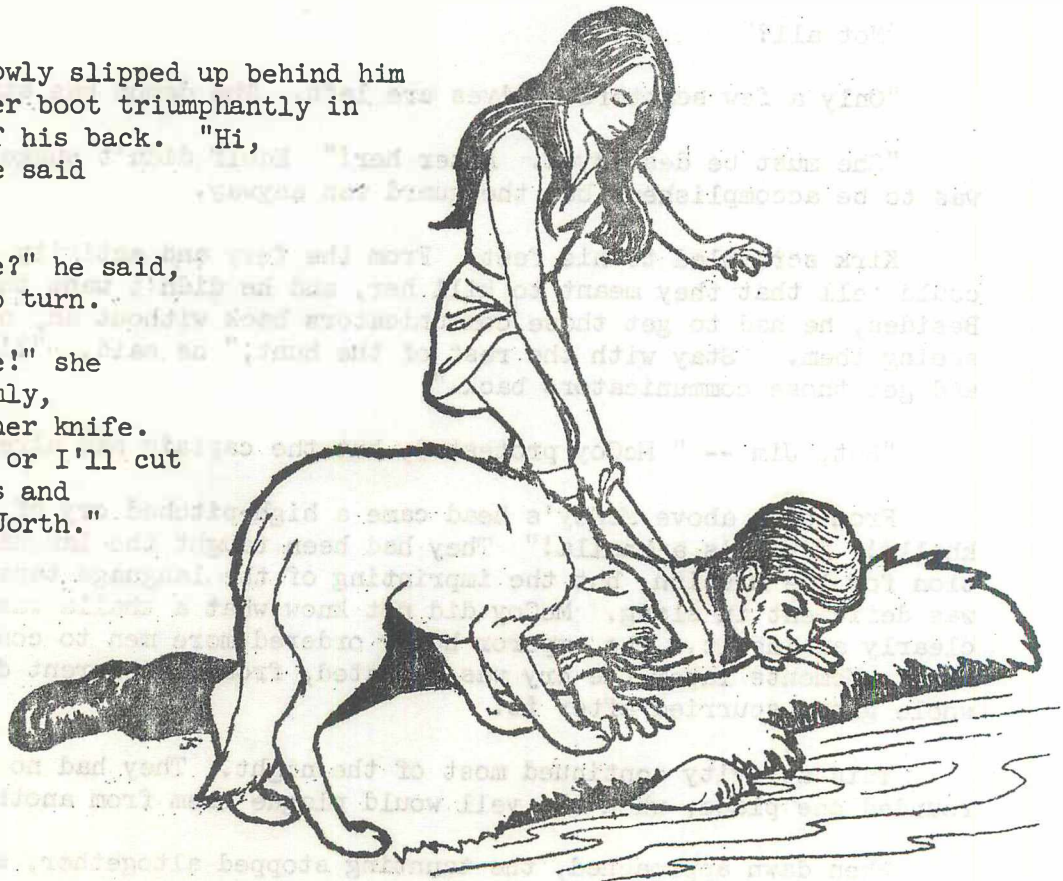
She spied a solitary figure making his way clumsily along the stream bank. Immediately, she dropped to the ground, motioning Jorth to do the same. A cautious glance told her that this was not one of Edulf's men. His dress was like that of the one who had almost captured her. "All right," she thought, pulling out her knife, "now it's my turn."

Her quarry lay on the bank attempting to drink, thus giving up the advantage he had in height.

Dard slowly slipped up behind him and placed her boot triumphantly in the middle of his back. "Hi, hostage!" she said gleefully.

"Hostage?" he said, attempting to turn.

"Hostage!" she repeated firmly, brandishing her knife. "Don't move, or I'll cut you in pieces and feed you to Jorth."



From his position, McCoy could see only a large paw and bared teeth. He readily complied with his captor's order.

"All right, now I want you to get up and follow Jorth. Don't try any tricks, because I have a very sharp knife, and Jorth has a very big appetite. Move!"

He scrambled up the side of the bank, aware of a prodding object poking his back. Jorth led the way to a large cave, and they entered. Darkness enveloped them, and McCoy stumbled blindly about until his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light. They plodded deeper into the cave, until they came upon a solid wall. There was no way through.

"Now what?" he asked. "We're stuck."

Dard made no reply, but felt along the wall. Her hand lifted something black and slippery, and suddenly there appeared a hole. McCoy blinked. One minute there was nothing there, the next minute there was a small passageway. "Very effective," he commented.

Jorth entered first, then Dard motioned McCoy to follow. McCoy hesitated, then got down on all fours and trailed after the animal. They crawled through a short winding tunnel which ended at the mouth of another cave, much smaller than the first one. A little light came in from the top of the cave, but he could tell by the green color that it was filtered through a screen of plants. His heart sank; the landing party would never find him in here.

McCoy stood up and looked around. The cave was well stocked with food, weapons, and supplies. Even their communicators were there. He started forward at the sight of the familiar pieces, but a menacing growl from the wolf-like creature told him it was not a wise move. The girl lit something that looked vaguely like a lamp, and the cave brightened. McCoy turned and got his first real look at his captor.

He agreed with the captain. She was about 13, maybe a little younger. Her long, blue-black hair extended almost to her waist, and her dark eyes seemed to cut right through him. Her slim figure was covered by a leather outfit, and the boot-high moccasins on her feet explained why she was able to travel through the woods without a sound. She stood and stared at him, absently rubbing the ears of her pet, who obviously enjoyed such affection. McCoy estimated the length of the creature as five feet not including the tail. It had smooth, silver-gray fur, and sharp, white fangs.

The girl looked at his arm. "You're not the one who attacked me."

"No, I'm not."

His first thought that she might release him was at once discouraged, as Dard shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, well, he'll come looking for you." She smiled to herself. "And I'll be waiting for him."

Jorth, in the meantime, had disappeared, returning momentarily with the water skins she had dropped.

"Thanks, Jorth. I forgot all about the water," she said, as she took the skins from him and directed the doctor's attention to the corner. "There's some food over there. Make sure you know the difference between food and weapons, because Jorth does, and he hasn't been fed recently."

McCoy stared at her, puzzled. "Aren't you going to tie me up or something?"

"Nope, Jorth is a very effective guard. Besides, I haven't got any rope." With that she disappeared.

McCoy sighed, and reached for a piece of alien something. It was rather agreeable, even though the flavor was about as strong as Scotty's haggis.

If he tried to do anything, the wolf would attack him, and even if he did escape, the girl would not be far behind. The chances of the rest of the landing party's finding him were all too slim, and as far as he knew, the captain was still missing.

He stared mournfully at the pile of equipment on the other side of the cave. Well, it was worth a try. He moved sideways experimentally, but Jorth made no reaction. He continued, but his actions produced a low rumble from Jorth's throat. Nevertheless, he kept moving slowly, until he was directly over the pile of weapons. If he could just reach his phaser -- or even his communicator -- he had a chance. He started to bend, slowly....

With a roar, Jorth was upon him. They rolled on the ground, over and over. McCoy flung one arm up to protect his throat and tried to hold Jorth off with the other, but his strength was rapidly ebbing. Soon he would collapse and leave Jorth a rather large and mutilated meal. There were better ways to go.

Suddenly the wolf was gone, and there stood the girl in the dim light, her eyes flashing sparks of anger. In an instant she was upon him, and he felt her blade against his throat. Even as he braced himself for the pain which would inevitably follow, she hesitated, then slowly replaced her weapon.

"Don't try that again! A dead hostage is better than none at all. Next time I won't hesitate."

McCoy tried a different tactic. "If you were in my place, what would you do?"

She studied him intently for a long moment. "I'd better tie you up." She unwrapped a long piece of vine from around her waist. She pinned his wrists behind him and tied them tightly, making sure the knots would hold. Then, to finish the job, she bound his legs together at the ankles, cutting off the flow of blood. When McCoy winced, she loosened his bonds slightly. She thought again, and gagged him with a wad of leaves held by another length of vine. Then, her task completed, she retired to a distant corner and ignored him totally.

"Well, so what if my tactics are a little off," McCoy thought grimly. Exhausted from his efforts and lack of rest, he was soon dozing. Dard waited until he was snoring regularly before she copied his example and fell asleep, confident that Jorth would wake her if any danger was near. It was going to be a long day, and it had only just begun.

James Kirk rose out of the stream outside the cave. He'd thought he had lost the girl's trace completely when she left the ground for the water, and he had to go slowly, feeling each step, to avoid falling. But then he had spotted a wolf-like animal coming down to the bank. It picked up two water-skins in its teeth. "I wonder," said Kirk.

III

It took Kirk a long time to convince the emperor that he had found the demon's hideout, and an even longer time to get him to approach the cave itself. At least there was no problem in getting him to let Kirk's party go in first, alone.

It was full noon before they reached the cave mouth, and he was hungry and tired, but did his best to ignore it. "What does your tricorder show, Spock?"

"Negative, Captain. No life form readings coming from that area. If she is here, she is far inside the rock."

Kirk scowled at the suggestion of his fallibility. "Where else could she be?" He eyed the cave-mouth. "Do you think she's captured McCoy?!"

"Highly probable, Captain. Had Dr. McCoy become lost, he would have left some indication of his presence, but there was no trail at all. Logically, someone must have wiped out that trail and -- "

"Let's get going." Much as Kirk valued his second-in-command, there were times when his logic lessons were out of place. He motioned Spock and Chekov to follow, then entered the yawning cavity, his phaser held at the ready. As his eyes grew accustomed to the dark, he was impressed at how large it actually was. A cave of this size would take considerable time to search, and the girl could be almost anywhere.

But the captain had been misled by the size of the cave. It was vast, but it was almost circular in shape. They could not find any branching passages that could be a hiding place for their quarry. "Nothing!" muttered Kirk disgustedly. "Not a damn thing."

Spock now had his tricorder out and ran it over the blank wall. Suddenly he turned, as a gauge registered for the first time. "Three life form readings, Captain. Two humanoid, the other canine. In there," said Spock, nodding towards the wall.

"But there's nothing here but rock. Could there be another entrance?" said Kirk. Even as he spoke, his eyes fell on McCoy's medical scanner. So

they did come this way! He bent to pick it up, but stumbled and sent it flying up the wall. Then it was gone. But a scanner couldn't move through solid rock! Kirk groped along where the wall should be, and his fingers found a piece of black, slippery fabric which covered a passageway so well that it seemed to be part of the wall itself. "I'll go in first," he said. "Spock, you follow me. Chekov, you stay here and try to keep the emperor out of my hair if he comes in."

The passageway was wide enough for them to go through together, but they had to crawl, as the ceiling was too low for them to rise. Kirk pulled out his phaser as he emerged into the smaller cave, and quickly scanned the scene: there sat the girl, a knife held to McCoy's throat, and the wolf-like creature stood to one side.

"Captain, our communicators." Spock indicated the instruments with a jerk of his head.

"Get them. I'll cover you."

Spock moved to obey. He stood over the pile of stolen goods and reached for a communicator. In an instant, Jorth was upon him, snarling, biting, tearing at his flesh. Spock held the animal off, but could do no more.

Kirk fought against a sudden rise of panic and aimed the phaser carefully, hoping not to put Spock out of action when he fired it. To his surprise, he made it.

Jorth fell motionless at Spock's feet. Spock swayed back, dazed but conscious.

Kirk swung around, his stomach knotting with fear that the girl would have killed McCoy in vengeance for that moment's attack. But she sat, her hand wavering. Then she steadied the hand and said coldly, "Drop that, or I'll kill him."

Kirk fired the phaser again. She had left him no time to reset it to a lighter charge. Normal stun-force could be a dangerous shock to a child's system.

She crumpled over McCoy, the knife falling across his chest to the floor.

"Spock, are you all right?"

The Vulcan caught his balance and set about gathering their equipment. "Affirmative. And you, Captain?"

Kirk nodded, pushing the question aside with a wave of his hand, and went to McCoy. He removed the gag. The flow of words which had been held in check for such a long time came flooding out so violently that Kirk almost stuffed the gag back in. "All right, Bones, she's unconscious. You're safe now."

"I wasn't damning her, I was damning you!" McCoy sputtered while Kirk untied him. "You two fools hunted her down like a criminal. Which she isn't. She's a child -- she only -- "

"Shhh!" said Kirk. He could hear noises in the passageway. "Here comes the emperor."

The emperor crawled in, followed by Vlakaar, Chekov, and a goodly portion of the imperial army. All eyes stared in wonder and admiration at the two men who had felled the demon. Some of the soldiers bowed their heads and began to mutter garbled sounds, as if in prayer. The emperor gave a triumphant cry of joy. Only his advisor seemed less than joyful. Edulf turned a startled look of surprise on his cousin.

"We honor our friends, who have destroyed the demon." Vlakaar bowed quickly, trying to make up for his first reaction.

"She's not dead," Kirk said. "Just stunned."

"You must kill her quickly!" said the emperor. "Or she will live to kill us all." He gestured to his men to gather swords from the material in the cave.

Kirk and McCoy simultaneously stepped in front of the unmoving figure. "No."

The soldiers stopped in confusion, and Edulf eyed the captain coldly.

Kirk took a deep breath, remembered to touch his hands to his mouth, and plunged into his speech before Edulf could deny permission to speak. "No matter what she's done, she's only a child. Look at her!"

At his words, the soldiers stirred, muttering, "Bewitched."

"Would any man here kill his own daughter? If so, I will gladly give him my knife and stand aside." Kirk held his breath, waiting for an answer, and tried not to look at the emperor. There was silence. From the edge of vision he could see the emperor and Vlakaar drawing away into a huddle. Suddenly Kirk felt tired and drained, and he sat down wearily on the rock floor.

The silence continued. After a few minutes, Edulf shoved Vlakaar away from him, and the man approached Kirk slowly, giving the unconscious girl's body a wide berth. "She is yours."

"Mine?" Kirk looked at Vlakaar, genuinely puzzled.

"You captured her. She belongs to you."

"What happens if I don't want her?"

Vlakaar shrugged. "She will be killed, of course."

But he couldn't take a native aboard the Enterprise without violating General Order Number One, could he?

"If you take this demon from us," Vlakaar was saying, "We will give you your crystals for a smaller amount of goods. But you must keep her under control -- bring her with you each time you return for more of the stones, so that we may know she has not escaped, or we will not give you the stones at all."

Kirk thought it over. Star Fleet had told him to "get those crystals if at all possible." And removing one citizen could not really be called interfering with the development of the civilization. "Agreed."

"We will sign the agreement now," Vlakaar said hurriedly, as if afraid Kirk would change his mind. He sent a servant to the tent for a piece of the official paper used in formal agreements, which he'd "happened" to bring along, he said, glancing timidly at the emperor. Edulf smiled in spite of himself.

IV

Light: bright, intense, hot as the noonday sun, but coming from all over the sky? No. A ceiling. Alien sounds, like the throbbing of a heartbeat. The air -- filled with antiseptic smells, a choking kind of clean. And the walls ---not rock, but metal. All were strange, yet familiar at the same time.

She sat up. Her eyes darted about, trying to see each distinct item, but she could recognize nothing. She was resting on some kind of bed; a bright panel alive with dials and gauges ornamented the wall space above her head. Sounds from the room next to hers told her that someone was moving about -- no escape from that direction. In front of her stood another door, but was it locked? And could she make it without being seen by the unknown person in the other room?

She checked her boot top. Her knife was gone, but on the opposite wall was a plaque with a variety of dagger-like instruments. The largest and sharpest soon became a temporary replacement for her own; that would take care of any interference by the unseen occupant of the next room.

To her surprise, the door opened by itself as she approached. Instantly, she jumped back, expecting to be tackled by someone from the other side. She automatically signalled for Jorth to attack, then memory hit her like a phaser bolt: Jorth was dead, killed by that pointy-eared freak and his friend. Her faithful and loving companion was no more. Tears came to her eyes, but she brushed them away, silently vowing to kill the men who had murdered Jorth. Jorth's untimely end would be avenged; but first she had to escape, and that was not going to be easy.

She stepped lightly into the corridor, hugging the walls closely, afraid to take a step out into the open where she would be easily seen. She soon found out that the halls were deserted, and she grew bolder, stepping confidently from the walls until she was running wildly down the passageway, trying to get as far away as she could from where she had just been.

McCoy entered the sickbay ward rubbing his hands together. The girl should be waking soon. She was going to have a tough time getting used to the ship, but he would be there to help her absorb the shock of being suddenly thrust into an environment totally different from anything she had ever encountered. "Well, how are you feel -- " He stopped abruptly; a quick search confirmed his glance. He thumbed the com button. "McCoy to bridge."

"Kirk here. What is it, Bones?"

"That girl's gone. I left the room for five minutes, and when I came back, she wasn't there."

"Kirk to security. Locate and confine a small girl, about 13 years old. I want her back in sickbay as soon as possible."

She heard footsteps rapidly pacing their way behind her. There was nowhere for her to hide, no nearby corners to turn, no projections to crouch behind. Nothing except an endless line of doors.

She had only a few seconds in which to choose. She ducked into the nearest room, jumping from blinding light to the cool, quiet darkness. The footsteps came and went, leaving her in the safety of non-light. However, she could not see, and that was not desirable. An old memory rose up, startling her. There must be some kind of switch, and she could trigger it by the entrance. She tried to think where such a thought might come from, but she could not pin it down. She groped back towards the door.

The room became flooded with light, searing her eyes with its brilliant fury. She slowly raised her lids, until the flames that danced in her mind gradually disappeared. The walls of this place were totally lined with equipment such as she had taken from the strangers. This place was a storehouse for weapons! And if the weapons worked for them, they would work for her. Now, how did one operate these strange devices?

"Security to Captain Kirk."

"Kirk here. Have you found the girl?"

"No, sir, but we're getting close. There's a big hole in the armory wall. It appears to have been made by phaser fire, and one of the smaller phasers is missing."

"Keep looking. All hands, this is the captain. A young girl is loose on the ship. She is armed and dangerous. Security will issue phasers on light stun. She must be recaptured, but she is not to be harmed. Kirk out." He sat back wearily in his chair, waiting....

Running furiously, trying to find a place to hide, but there was no place she could conceal herself.... And where to go? She didn't know. She could only keep running, dodging, hiding. She would not be captured again!

"Stop!" her mind cried out. Her feet obeyed. Someone up ahead. Good, he had not heard her; she had time to hide. Only...there was something familiar about him....

He turned, and then she knew. He was one of those who had killed Jorth! Now she could kill him in return. The strange weapon? No, she wouldn't rely on something she was unsure of. True, it ate holes through metal walls, but it might not work on flesh. Her hand closed on the alien knife, drawing it upward and out. She inched forward, slowly, carefully....

McCoy impatiently clicked the com button, roaring for attention from the man on the bridge. "Jim, haven't we found her yet?"

"No, we haven't, Doctor." The captain sounded tired. He was. The constant calls from the concerned medic reminded him that -- for the second time in one day -- he was being outsmarted and outmaneuvered by a mere child, and his ego didn't like it.

"Well, let me know when you find her, Jim."

"Doctor, you'll be the first to know."

McCoy clicked off, annoyed. He didn't like it when his own sarcastic nature was mimicked by a grouchy captain. Oh, well, back to the lab reports. He wasn't getting any work done worrying like an expectant father.

Looking up at the sound of the door, McCoy saw Spock standing with the girl's limp form dangling from his arms. "Doctor, I have a patient for you."

McCoy jumped up, took the girl away from him, and began tucking her back into bed. "Spock!" McCoy said angrily, "the captain said she was not to be harmed, and you've -- " He stopped as he saw Spock's left arm dripping green blood all over the floor. The Vulcan closed his eyes and began swaying back and forth. McCoy looked from the unconscious girl to the tipsy Vulcan. "Which one of you is the patient?"



Spock fell to the ground.

"Well, I guess that answers my question."

V

"How is he, Bones?" The captain's voice was full of concern. He had been haunting the sickbay area ever since McCoy had notified him.

"Don't ask me, Jim. I treat people, not computers. He could be like this for hours, maybe even days. I've treated the knife wounds, and stopped the bleeding. He'll come out of it when he comes out of it."

Kirk digested this bit of information and found he did not like the taste. He had seen his first officer in the Vulcan healing trance before, but he could not get used to it. He shifted his gaze to the girl. "What about her?"

"There's nothing wrong with her," McCoy assured him. "Just phaser stun. She'll be coming out of it soon. By the way, Captain, I want to talk to you about her."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing, what do we do with her? She can't stay in sickbay. And what about when she wakes up? She's going to have one hell of a time adjusting to shipboard life -- she's spent half of her life running wild on a primitive planet, and --- "

"Half of her life?"

McCoy did not answer, but retrieved from his desk a small metal disk attached to a fine chain. Kirk recognized it as a medal awarded by the Federation to scientists and inventors. He turned it over in his hands. On the back was a worn, but legible inscription: D05B139LXV782/Zaercon Hagan. "So what's this supposed to prove?" Kirk wasn't too sure what McCoy was leading up to, but it had to be something big. Damn McCoy and his dramatic presentations!

"I found that around her neck and checked the computer banks. Six years ago Zaercon Hagan went on a mission to test some new weapons. It was publicly announced that he was going on a pleasure cruise, and to lend credibility to his story, he brought along his seven-year-old daughter, Dard -- his wife had died a few years before, so it was just the two of them. Then we had that short war with the Klingons near the Rann solar system, and his ship never returned. He was presumed destroyed by the Klingons, and both he and his daughter were listed as dead. The daughter would be about 13 now."

"You mean that menace is the daughter of one of the Federation's top scientists?"

"That's another thing I want to talk to you about!" McCoy was indignant. "You've been treating her like a ruthless savage. Jim, when I was in that

cave, she treated me kindly enough. She's only a child trying to survive; she's not vicious."

Kirk nodded, ashamed. "Yes, I see. And you're right, Bones. I'll try to do better." He glanced in Dard's direction and found her staring intently at him. Kirk didn't know how long she'd been awake, or if she could understand him, but he had a feeling she'd been listening for quite some time. He smiled disarmingly and went to her side. "I'm Captain James T. Kirk. You're on board the starship Enterprise. Relax, Dard, you're among friends," he said in the Morgi tongue. He offered her his hand, but she only tried to bite it. He searched her face, and found not the fear he expected, but hatred. He tried again. "I know all this must be strange and confusing to you, but do you think you could answer a few questions?"

She turned her head away from him, and in doing so caught sight of the medal, which was now dangling from McCoy's fingers. Suddenly, she was struggling violently, trying to break her bonds, to no avail. The restraining straps held her securely. "Give it back!" she screamed in English.

McCoy took a step forward, ready to comply, but the captain motioned him to stop and took the medal from him. He held it up for Dard to see. "Oh, is it your medal?"

Dard was infuriated. "It's mine! Give it back to me!"

Kirk was not yet satisfied. "But on the back it says the medal belongs to Zaercon Hagan. Did he give it to you?"

"It's mine!" she insisted stubbornly, refusing to give out any other information.

"It belongs to Zaercon Hagan. We must give it to him."

She held her eyes wide open, trying not to let the tears come. "You murderer! I'll never tell you anything, no matter what you do to me. I can promise you one thing, Captain: I'll kill you. You and that pointy-eared friend of yours. I swore I would kill you when Jorth died, and I'm saying it again."

"When -- ?" Kirk turned to McCoy. "Is this your kindly child?"

"Jim, you'd better let me handle her. You see, Jorth's the wolf."

A look of understanding came into Kirk's eyes. "She's all yours, Bones."

McCoy approached Dard's bed and laid his hand gently on hers. She flung it away. McCoy ignored this and said, "Dard, the captain didn't kill Jorth. He's alive and here on the ship. He was stunned by a phaser; it only knocked him out for a while."

Dard looked up at him hopefully, not daring to believe what she had just heard. Then her face clouded over again. "Liar!"

"It's the truth," McCoy insisted. "He's in the brig right now, pacing like crazy and scaring the pants off everyone who goes by."

Dard was still reluctant. "Can I.... Prove it to me. Bring him here."

"No," the captain interrupted. "Not here. But I'll take you to him -- if you behave."

Dard nodded, and McCoy removed the restraining straps. She followed Kirk out the door, noting carefully each turn, movement, or change in appearance of the corridor. She inwardly wished McCoy had come along; he was so much nicer than this captain. But she followed obediently and stopped when he did, in front of a seemingly doorless room. The room itself was empty except for one item -- a furry one. "Jorth!" She tried to enter, but Kirk held her back.

"Just a minute," he said, as he reached for a small panel. "There, the force field's off now. You can go in." Kirk wasn't sure which was happier to see the other. As he stood watching, he could sense the loyalty, devotion, and even love that each felt for the other. It was not right that they should be separated, yet he could not jeopardize the safety of the crew by letting Jorth loose. McCoy had been right in insisting they bring the creature aboard, but....

He remained silent, watching, until he felt Dard had spent enough time with her friend. "Come on, Dard, Back to sickbay."

"Let's go, Jorth."

"No," said Kirk. "Just you."

Dard whirled around, enraged. "Why can't he get out?"

"He's staying in the brig until I'm satisfied that he's no danger to anyone on board this ship," Kirk answered sharply. To his surprise, Dard did not protest. Instead, she took a last, longing look at her imprisoned companion, and came out. He turned on the field again and led Dard back down the hallway.

Kirk delivered her into the capable hands of Dr. McCoy with orders for her to remain in sickbay until quarters were arranged for her, then left for the bridge.

McCoy stared at Dard thoughtfully. She seemed preoccupied, but what could she be contemplating after being on the ship such a short time? Jorth? escape? the captain's funeral? He didn't know, but whatever it was, he was sure the captain wouldn't like it.

Nurse Chapel scurried in. "Doctor, Mr. Spock's readings are beginning to fluctuate."

McCoy rushed into the wardroom, knowing that Dard would be left alone -- and he wanted it that way. It was the only way to see if she would trust him and prove to the captain that they could trust her.

Later, after Spock had been revived and his health confirmed, McCoy returned to his office. Dard was gone.

VI

When the security guard called the captain to report that the wolf was out of the brig, Kirk fumed at the thought of having to go through another escapade such as the one that had injured his first officer. He set off .. angrily for sickbay, silently cursing the doctor for allowing Dard to escape and not reporting it. That wolf hadn't escaped on his own, and yet he had heard nothing about a missing Dard from sickbay. "Bones!" he roared as he entered, "why didn't you tell me Dard was missing?"

McCoy appeared and placed himself between the captain and the door to his office. "She isn't."

"Don't try to cover for her, Doctor. Someone released the wolf, and don't try to tell me that someone wasn't Dard." He stepped past McCoy.

McCoy jumped back in his way. "Jim, before you go in there, let me explain."

"Doctor, if you don't let me by, you'll have to do a lot of explaining -- at your court martial." He pushed his way past the doctor and burst into the office, then stopped dead in his tracks.

There sat Dard in the middle of the room, her arms wrapped protectively around Jorth's neck.



As he approached, the wolf gave a warning growl, and Dard did nothing to quiet him. Kirk halted and turned icily to McCoy. "Dr. McCoy, why didn't you report this to me at once?"

"Because," the doctor replied just as icily, "I thought you would come crashing in here like a bull elephant and scare the hell out of them both, as you just did. Come into the lab and let me explain." McCoy waited until the lab door had closed behind them. "She loves that wolf, Jim, can't you see that? He's the only familiar thing -- the only friend -- she's got left in a strange and frightening environment. Both her parents are dead -- "

"We don't know that, Bones. She hasn't confirmed anything."

"Yes, she has," McCoy contradicted. "When I went and told her to come out of the brig -- and let her take Jorth along -- she told me a lot."

"How much?"

"Just an outline. She didn't go into much detail, and I didn't press her. She doesn't remember much about her life before Morgi, although she does remember her father. She doesn't know how she got to Morgi, except she thinks her father did it to save her life. Somehow on Morgi she wandered into the Dark Woods, then blundered around, lost and hungry for some days until the people of the woods found her. They taught her to survive there. She acquired Jorth as a cub when they had to shoot his mother in self-defense. She must have had a dog for a pet some time before -- she trained him, and she did a good job of it. But the people of the woods were afraid of the creature."

"During this time, the emperor was trying to extend farm lands into the woods. He kept sending men in to cut the trees, and the people of the woods gave up and left. They wouldn't take Jorth, and she wouldn't go without him. Besides, by then she thought of the forest as home. So she fought a one-girl K-9 corps guerilla warfare action. She'd steal their weapons and let Jorth rough them up -- that's how she got the reputation of being 'the terrible demon.' But when she saw me, she thought I'd be a way of bargaining with the emperor for her permanent freedom, so she captured me. But instead we've captured her, and she's frightened. She doesn't trust any of us -- especially you. Let her keep Jorth with her -- she has to start learning to trust us somehow."

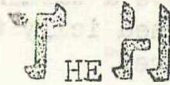
Kirk was silent for a long moment. "All right, Bones, here's how it goes. Have zoology fit up a large cage -- with a bed inside. She can stay with Jorth there, and she can keep the key. But if there's any trouble, the key goes into your keeping. She's your responsibility. Do you accept?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here," the captain said, holding out the medal. "Give it to her when you tell her."

"Why don't you give it to her?" McCoy asked innocently.

Kirk sighed, and marched into the doctor's office as if going into battle. McCoy watched him go, and contemplated his new tasks. "My responsibility!" he muttered. "Me and my big mouth!"



HE HUTCH
Parts I & II
by Ruth Berman

Part I

There came to M-11's Base
One captain (a real flying ace),
One doctor, and a man from space
 (He was half Vulcan),
Beaming at an urgent pace
 Down from the welkin.

When asked why they had come to call
The captain didn't know at all,
And on the scene it cast a pall
 When Mendez said,
"The chance it's Kit Pike's wish
 is small;
The man's half dead."

But Spock begged hard to visit Pike,
His former captain -- he would like
To say hello. Mendez said, "Yike!
 He won't. He's ill."
But from his electronic trike
 Pike said, "I will."

Spock, left alone, knelt down by him
And said, "Though it's unfair to Jim,
Let's take his ship. It is no whim.
 Let's go before
We're caught, and fly with vim
 To Talos Four. "

So Spock, without a by-your-leave,
Vamoosed before Kirk could retrieve
The Enterprise (which did aggrieve
 Kirk, and to scuttle
The mutiny he did perceive
 A handy shuttle).

So Kirk and Mendez followed after.
No matter how far Spock could
 waft her,
They kept trying to come abaft her,
 Till they dropped.
With a sigh that shook the rafter,
 Then, Spock stopped.

Once on board they held a trial .
They would not accept denial.
"Why do you fly to exile?"
 They demanded.
With that question on the file,
 Spock expanded.

Answering at length, he'd ween,
Meant he could show them on the screen
Past events which must be seen.
 They'd not laugh
When they could see what he did mean
 On Pike's behalf.

"Screen on!" At once they did behold
The Enterprise in days of old
Under Captain Pike the bold,
 With his friend, Doc-
Tor Boyce, and Number One there strolled
 And Mr. Spock.

They got a signal of distress.
Reluctantly (they were a mess
From fighting giants), Pike said, "Yes.
 We'll do it.
If they're alive, pure kindness
 Help must recruit."

But when they came, the colonists
Vanished into fogs and mists.
Only Vina kept their tryst.
 Swift as a streak
She dragged Pike into the abyss
 Inside a peak

"Screen off!" Mendez was very mad.
To Kirk he thundered, "We've been had!
That's Talos calling us, my lad!"
 Spock joined the strife:
"Help, Jim! Your job hangs by a thread,
 And it's Pike's life."
 (end of Part I)

Part II

By then the Keeper had control.
They saw Pike wake in rocky hole,
Next seemed to be upon a knoll
Beside a castle
With Vina in a princess-role
And a giant to wrestle.

They tempted Pike with his own
daydreams:
Peace at home, and slaver trade. Reams
Of illusions Talos made stream
Down upon him.
To make him breed with her they
laid schemes
Thus to con him.

When Pike refused, with mental voice
The Keeper said, "You need a choice,"
Then stole two women, and said,
"Rejoice!"

Now you've a flock"
(A theft which quite confounded Boyce
And, likewise, Spock).

But when Pike threatened suicide
And just would not be pacified,
No matter how benign they tried
To make his cell,
The Keeper let him go outside
And said, "Farewell."

"You are too wild, that's plain to see;
Get out of our Menagerie."

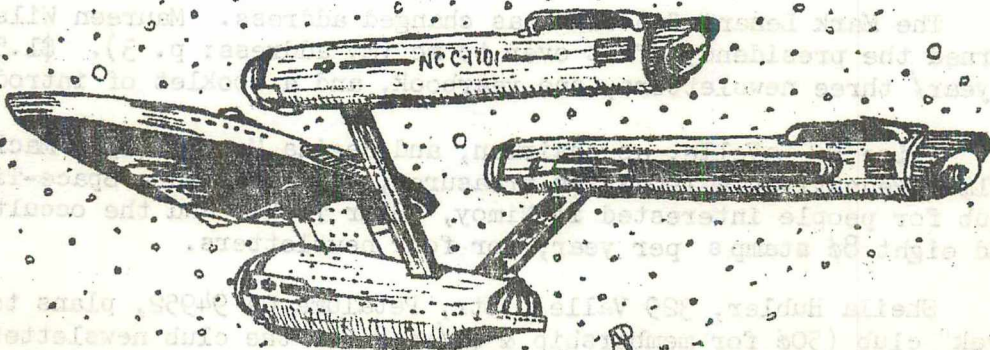
But Vina said, "It seems to me
I'd better stay,
Where I can have my fake beauty."
Pike went away.

But though they left, there stayed behind
The replica of young Pike's mind,
Likewise his body, as a kind-
Ness to poor Vina.

"Now you see what I've designed,"
said Spock, "to glean a

Better life for Pike than he
Can have outside this mimicry.
So tell us, sir, do you agree,
You want to stay?"
And Pike, with great rapidity,
Flashed out, "Okay."

In view of Pike's historic worth,
The Star Fleet said there was a dearth
Of any guilt in Spock. So mirth
Cut short the trial.
They left Pike in Talosian berth,
And closed the file.
(the end)



Hucksters

Lincoln Enterprises/Star Trek Enterprises has acquired a new address (PO Box 69470, Los Angeles California 90069) and a good deal of new merchandise, principally scripts and film clips from "Kung Fu" and "Search," but also the scripts (in various drafts) of Gene Roddenberry's new pilots, "Genesis II," "Spectre," and "Questor," and a pamphlet on writing for television by D.C. Fontana. Catalog available on request.

AMT Corporation (1225 East Maple Troy Michigan 48084), the makers of the Enterprise and Klingon battle cruiser model kits, have brought out a Spock model kit. Local hobby stores may have it, or it's \$3 postpaid. Inside the box is an ad for a "Star Trek Jacket," made by Great Lakes Sportswear Ind. Inc., (11371 East State Fair Detroit Michigan 48234), but to judge by the illustration it is simply an ordinary long-sleeved jacket with rickrack at the wrists and a Star Fleet insignia -- better to get an insignia from Lincoln Enterprises and sew it on one's own jacket.

David Gerrold has written two books due to be published by Ballantine in April (reaching stands in late April or May), The Trouble With Tribbles (the script and an account of how the episode was written and filmed), and The World of Star Trek (about the show as a whole and its fans). He has also started making tribbles to sell; they look just like the ones on the show but are made of more durable material. (A small one for \$3, and a large one for \$5; choice of colors of russet, gray, white, black, calico, zebra, speckled white, speckled brown, tiger, leopard, miscellaneous, but he requests that people give a first and a second choice of color because he sometimes runs out of an individual color.) Tribbles, Box 526, LA CA 90028.

Bjo Trimble (PO Box 74866 Los Angeles California 90004 -- she actually lives in a house, but is finding the PO Box more convenient for mail), has brought out a Star Trek Concordance Color Book, 36 pages of art by Alicia Austin, George Barr, Greg Bear, and Greg Jein, reprinted from the Concordance, but enlarged to 5x7" size. \$1.25. Checks should be made out to John Griffin Trimble. The Concordance itself (a reference guide to all the people, places, and things in the first two seasons of "Star Trek") is \$5/copy. A 3rd season supplement is now available -- write them for information.

The Mark Lenard fan club has changed address. Maureen Wilson has turned the presidency of it over to me (my address: p. 3). \$1.50 for a year/ three newsletters, one yearbook, and a booklet of introduction.

Alice E. LaVelle, as chairman, and Regina Meroth (2303 MacDade Blvd. Holmes Pennsylvania 19043) as treasurer, have started a Space-Time Continuum club for people interested in Nimoy, "Star Trek," and the occult. \$1.50 and eight 8¢ stamps per year, for four newsletters.

Sheila Hubler, 329 Vallejo Str, Petaluma CA 94952, plans to start a "Star Trek" club (50¢ for membership & \$1/year for the club newsletter).

You & I, a book of photos and poems by Leonard Nimoy (the photos are pretty good, the poems not too bad) is available from the publisher, Celestial Arts, 231 Adrian Rd, Millbrae CA 94030, \$4.95 hardback, \$2.95 paperback.

Reviews

((thanks for clippings to Shirley Meech and Sylvia Roston))

William Shatner

"Hawaii Five-O" -- "You Don't Have to Kill to Get Rich -- But It Helps" -- September 26, 1972. private eye Sam Tolliver.

"Owen Marshall" -- "Five Will Get You Six" -- October 26, 1972. Gary Saugus. ((Linda Saugus played by Sandra Smith -- "Janice Lester"; episode written by Shimon Wincelberg -- "Dagger of the Mind."))

"Marcus Welby" -- "Heartbeat for Yesterday" -- December 12, 1972. Dr. Billings.

"Bold Ones" ("The Doctors") -- "A Tightrope to Tomorrow" -- January 9, 1973. patient Richard Burrell. ((Alfred Ryder -- "Bob Crater" -- as patient Gus Stegner; Whit Bissell -- "station manager Lurry" -- as Dr. Alexander.))

"NBC Movie" -- "Incident on a Dark Street" -- January 13, 1973. Deaver Wallace.

"ABC Movie" -- "Go Ask Alice" -- January 24, 1973. Professor (Alice's father) Variety, "TV Reviews," January 31, 1973, p. 44, by Bill.

"Support was first-rate throughout."

Daily Variety, "Television Review" by Tone., January 26, 1973.

"Her father, a teacher, should have better understanding of her, but as played by William Shatner, or as written by Ellen Violet, his surface doltishness won't let him stretch out enough to reach her level."

Hollywood Reivew, "Television Review," by Alan R. Howard.

"Ellen Violet's adaptation is uneven.... There are some sketchy characterizations, particularly Alice's parents, although sympathetically played by William Shatner and Julie Adams."

"Barnaby Jones" -- "To Catch a Dead Man" -- February 4, 1973. Phil Carlyle. ((Lee Meriwether -- "Losira" -- is a regular in the show as Betty Jones.))

"New CBS Tuesday Night Movie" -- "The Horror at 37,000 Feet" -- February 13, 1973. ex-priest Kovalik. ((France Nuyen -- "Elaan" -- as Annalik.))

Los Angeles Times, "Tammy Grimes Stars in New CBS Movie" by Kevin Thomas

"While everyone registers effectively, Shatner, who is delightfully hammy, and Miss Grimes, who is wonderfully mischievous, have the best of it."

Hollywood Review, "Television Review," February 13, 1973, by Alan R. Howard.

"There are at least three stand-out performances. Tammy Grimes...is extraordinary. William Shatner is complex, neurotic and ultimately heroic as a self-destructive ex-priest. Lynn Loring was intensity and depth as Shatner's traveling companion. Everybody gets to chew the scenery, but no one goes too far. Chuck Connor, Buddy Ebsen, France Nuyen...all give credible performances etched in broad, crisp strokes."

Daily Variety, "Television Review," by Tone., p. 12.

"Shatner limns fallen priest with strong pitch for understanding."

Leonard Nimoy

"Catlow" (continued)

London Times, June 16, 1972, "Sam Wanamaker Takes the Road West."

"Crenna, Jeff Corey, and Nimoy (marvelously alien despite his normal ears) are particularly good."

"Night Gallery"

-- "Shell Be

Company for

You" --

December 24,

1972. Henry

Auden.

((Kathryn

Hayes -- Gem

-- as June.))

"NBC Movie" --

"Baffled" --

January 30,

1973. race

driver Tom

Kovack.

"Columbo" --

"A Stitch in

Crime" --

February 11,

1973. Dr.

Mayfield.

"NightGallery"

-- "Death on

a Barge" ---

March 4, 1973.

1973.

directed.

((Lou

Antonio --

"Lokai"-- as

Jake; Lesley

Warren --

"Dana" on M:I

-- as the

vampire

Hyacinth.))

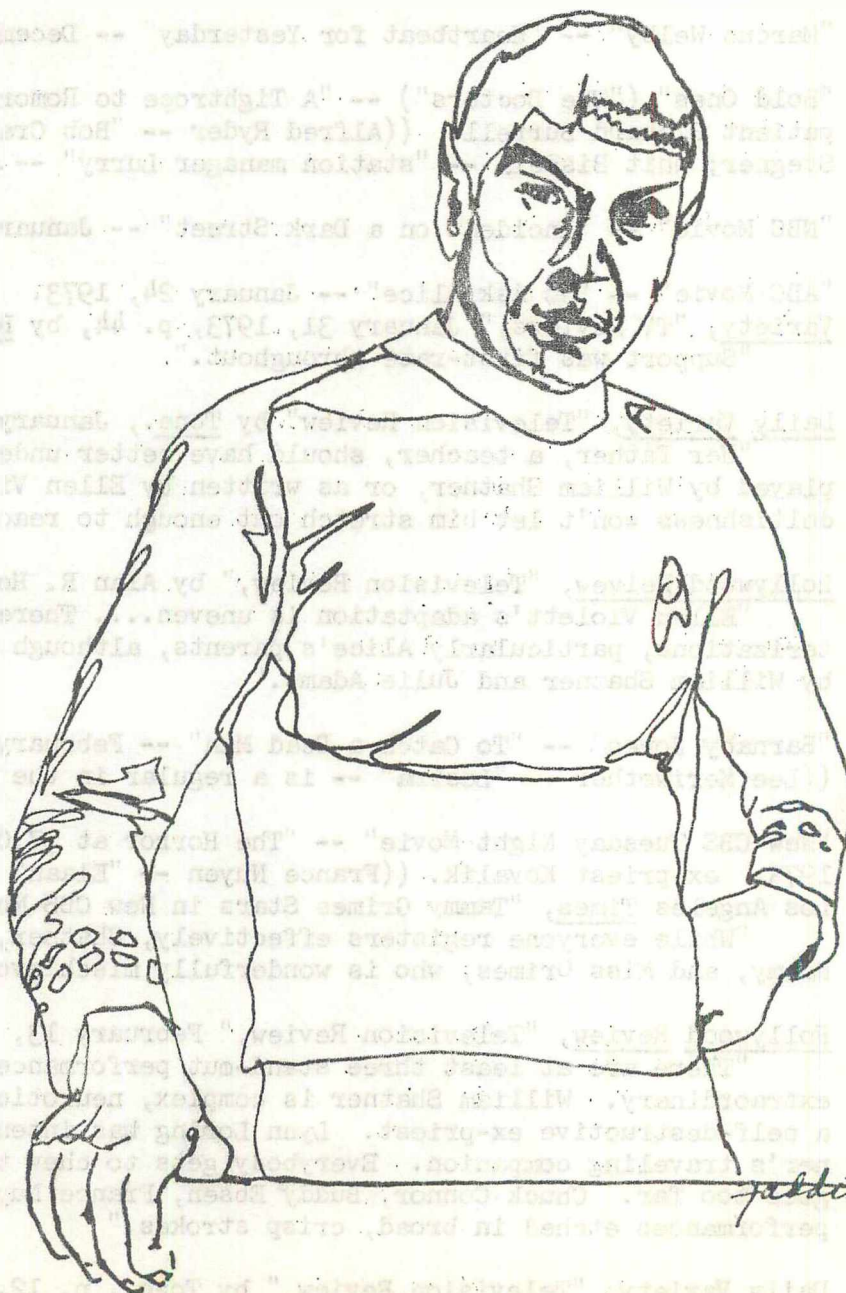
"6 RMS RIV

VU" -- Florida

theaters --

March 1973.

Paul Friedman.



Miami Herald, "Theater Review/ Apartment Hunt Clever, Witty," by Candice Russell, March 8, 1973, p. 12-D.

"It's an intelligently scripted foray into the Pandora's box of marital infidelity, executed by actors who have an intuitive feel for their roles and their ever-so-brief fling.... Though his part offers less scope and range ((than Sandy Dennis's)), Nimoy infuses his character with a warm vulnerability, a deep human need for Anne as a very special person. The clearly-drawn brash, flamboyant side of him only sketches the tender moments in greater relief." ((illustrated with a photo of Nimoy & Dennis. Another photo of the two was on p. 8-C, March 9.))

Miami Daily Sun-Reporter, "Dennis, Nimoy -- Not a bad Combination," by Paul M. Bruun II, March 8, 1973, p. 32.

"The opposite of Sandy Dennis (Anne Miller) is Leonard Nimoy (Paul Friedman) whom you will immediately recognize from his often watched television roles of "Mission Impossible" and "Star Trek." Nimoy is without his Mr. Spock outfit but still manages to put the grip on a startled and delighted girl who seemingly spends her life sorting socks, feeding two children and fighting for pollution (or against it).

"Dennis and Nimoy are very funny and particularly brilliant at tossing off amusing situations as they both inspect the rambling apartment where they chance to meet.... I am afraid that playwright Bob Randall needs exciting actors such as Dennis and Nimoy more than they need his work.... Nimoy is equally enjoyable ((as Dennis)) as he keeps pace with the dramatic Dennis and her spring loaded asides (Oh, my heart, and the familiar My God, My God). These glib remarks might throw an unthinking player. Nimoy pursues the wittiest portion of the production when he suggests they meet for an evening in the vacant apartment.... With actors Dennis and Nimoy, Grove producers Arthur Cantor and Robert S. Fishko have held to their promise of delivering the best available talent to Miami audiences.... Sandy Dennis will tickle you and Leonard Nimoy will impress you. Not a bad combination."

Mark Lenard

"Search" -- "The Gold Machine" -- December 20, 1972. Karl August Speer.

"Rookies" -- "Tribute for a Veteran" -- February 26, 1973. Fred Cox.

"Hawaii Five-0" -- "Will the Real Mr. Winkler Please Die?" -- February 6, 1973. Rogloff.

Dorothy C. Fontana

"Ghost Story" -- "Alter Ego" -- October 27, 1972. ((Janet MacLachlan -- "Lt. Charlene Masters" -- as Mrs. Dillon.))

"Assignment: Vienna" -- "Queen's Gambit" -- November 9, 1972.

"Circle of Fear" (formerly "Ghost Story") -- "Earth, Air, Fire and Water" (teleplay by DCF: story by Harlan Ellison and DCF) -- January 19, 1973.

more Shatner

"Mission: Impossible" -- "Cocaine" -- October 21, 1972. Conrad. ((also in cast: Barbara Anderson -- "Lenore Karidian" -- as Mimi.))

"Police Surgeon" -- "Ten Kilos of Trouble" -- syndicated show, various air-dates. Police Sergeant Joe Flatt.

Gene Roddenberry

"Genesis II" March 23, 1973, "CBS Friday Movie."
Los Angeles Times, "'Genesis II' Takes Look at AD 2133," by Cecil Smith, March 23, 1973, Part IV page 21.

"I wish I felt more enthusiastic than I do about Gene Roddenberry's 'Genesis II' tonight (Channel 2 at 9:30).

"The basic idea really interests me more than Roddenberry's Star Trek. And Star Trek had so profound an effect on much of the country -- much of the best of the country, I may add -- that another series from his fertile imagination would seem to me an immense asset to the sterile world of television.

"But then I was never much of a science fiction bug. I preferred Terry and the Pirates to Buck Rogers. Maybe that's what troubles me about 'Genesis II.' It looks like a road company Buck Rogers.

"Not, I must add, that the twin bellybuttons of Maritette Hartley, placed one above the other and on vivid display in the film, failed to have a fascination all their own. After seeing them, I don't think you will ever feel the same about a one-navel girl. Mariette plays a statuesque and exceedingly lovely Tyranian female -- these Tyranians are mutations -- called Lyra-A. But she's really the Dragon Lady -- I kid you not.

"Roddenberry's thesis in 'Genesis II' is to give us another Dark Ages in AD 2133, long after the 'death bombs' wiped out much that we call civilization today. It is a cleansing period of rebirth on this planet. Regeneration of man. Skies are clean again, the air pure; great herds of animals again roam the plain; sweet water flows in streams choked with fish.

"Only men -- the ones who are left -- still seem mostly bent on their old, murderous, thieving, grasping pathways. The Tyranian mutants in their glorious marble city atop a mountain are apparently the 22nd century Romans, bent on conquering and enslaving the world. Their primary opponents: the people of Pax, whose ancestors during the great wars hid away in the Carlsbad Caverns the great books and works of art of our civilization. Also saved: an underground railway system that sends streamlined cars hurtling at blistering speeds under oceans to every continent on earth.

"This is all very well in prospect but in execution as seen through the eyes of a man from the 20th century, one Dylan Hunt, played by Alex Cord, it's mostly furious comic strip. Hunt is a scientist who was conducting experiments in suspended animation for NASA and the Carlsbad Caverns in 1979 when an earthquake buried his capsule. He is found still alive 154 years later. The film, directed by John Llewellyn Moxey, spends so much time in waking him up that some of the later action in Roddenberry's script seems as abrupt as cinematic shorthand -- particularly, Hunt's escape from Tyrania which happens almost before you can tell about it.

"Oh, the people of Pax discover Hunt but it is Lyra-A, a spy from Tyrania, who nurses him back to health and then lures him away to her wicked people. It just goes to show that you can't trust a girl with two belly-buttons." ((illustrated with a photo of Hartley as Lyra-A.))

Variety, "Television Reviews," by Bok., March 28, 1973, p. 42.

"'Genesis II', a CBS-TV pilot produced by Gene Roddenberry's Norway Productions in association with Warner Bros. TV, is a futuristic science-fiction drama aimed at mining the same vein as producer-writer Roddenberry's successful 'Star Trek' of past seasons. Not without its limited virtues, it nevertheless looks like a concept rooted in a genre whose time has pretty much passed.

"The pilot put NASA scientist Alex Cord in the year 2133, confronted with a Pax civilization that is striving to preserve the cultural value standards of present-day civilization and to do it in a peaceful way -- and Pax's immediate enemy, Tyrania, where nuclear mutants keep humans in slavery, primarily by the use of a super electronic cattle prod which has eight gear-shifts of ascending pain.

"Pilot spent most of its time having Cord sort out which side of the coin he's on, led down the primrose path by Mariette Hartley as a Tyranian spy with eyes for Cord causing her some inner conflict. The result was a mixture of some helpful sets and gimmicks vs. some rather old-hat scenes of the human rabble being first subjugated and then liberated to torment their tormentors that had the look and ring of French revolution flick mob scenes -- and about as persuasive.

"What was salvagable were earnest performances by Cord, Pax leader Percy Rodrigues, Indian Ted Cassidy and Miss Hartley -- latter turning her role into much more than the script provided. Despite these assets and a conscious attempt to mold the Pax values to fit the peace-and-ecology standards of today's young, the pilot's general doses of hokum negated against it having much appeal beyond its young people's demographics. Either you enjoy these fanciful things or you are bored by them. CBS' faith in Roddenberry's know-how will determine its fate.

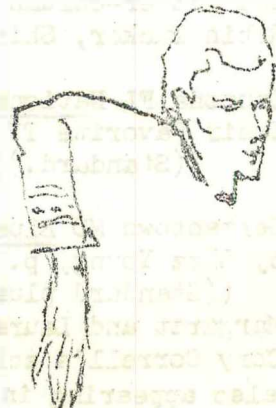
((also in cast: Majel Barret as a Prima, Liam Dunn -- "Parmen" -- as a Tyranian. Probably further reviews next time.))

articles of interest

((thanks Daphne Hamilton, Amy Zenick, Alan Andres, Shirley Meech, Joyce Muskat, Cory Correll, M.J. Olinski, Kathi Maynard, Robin Tucker.))

Air Space Model, book review "The Making of Star Trek," by Phil Cameron, March 1969.

"Not only has he succeeded in creating a most authentic and enlightening chronicle, but while encompassing every minute detail, he always conveys -- and sustains -- the inspired sense of wonder and awesome beauty of the Star Trek production.... It is Steve Whitfield's personality, attitudes, reactions and easy-going style which make this a fast-reading and thoroughly entertaining, as well as informative, book."



Boston Massachusetts Midnight, "Network Turns Deaf Ear to Thousands of Requests for Return of Star Trek" by Ralph Landon, October 23, 1972, p. 2.

((article on the continued popularity of the show -- similar to articles on the same subject in other papers.))

Scholastic Voice, "Who Decides What You'll See on TV?" by Peggy Hudson, November 13, 1972, pp. 3-6.

((includes ST as an example, quoting John Otter, VP of sales for NBC-TV))

"'Sometimes,' Otter said, 'we all agree that this or that program has lost its drawing power and its card has to come off the board. Do you remember Star Trek?'

"I assured him I did.

"'Star Trek was on for three years. Emotionally, there was not a man in an executive position in NBC who didn't want Star Trek to succeed. We realized it had a small but very loyal audience of young adults, and we kept hoping they would tell other young adults to watch the show. We tried it in different time slots, but it showed no growth. It had many advertisers, and they liked it too, but we had to keep lowering the price for them. There just weren't enough viewers. Many people still can't resign themselves to the fact that we took the program off the air.'

"By the way, if you're among the unresigned, you'll be glad to hear that...Voice will print a Star Trek script next semester."

Cleveland Plain Dealer, "'Star Trek' Popularity Puzzles Show's Dr. McCoy," by Raymond P. Hart, January 14, 1973, p. 7-G.

((A phone-interview with Kelley. He speaks of his hope that "Star Trek" may be revived, of the pleasure of working on the show -- "It was a fun show to do. It was so unique that each episode presented a challenge" -- and of the problem of being type-cast as a doctor, a problem now easing up -- "I probably can go out and be a mean guy in a show and swing away from my typecasting situation." It closes with his description of a UFO he saw once.))

Scholastic Voice, January 29 & February 5, 1973, "The Menagerie," pp. 8-12; 1, 5-11, 22.

((An abridgement of the script -- made from a tape and not quite accurate in spellings -- illustrated by several publicity stills and stills from "The Cage." The second half includes "A Contest for Trekkies" -- a discussion of the themes of the show and the episode, and an invitation to readers to send in alternative endings to the show before March 5, 1973. The letter-column in the January 29 issue has letters discussing ST by Robin Tucker, Shirley Huang, Herman Carter, Jr., and William Auclair.))

Lantona FL National Enquirer, "'Star Trek' Fans Still Trying to Revive Their Favorite TV Series," February ? 1973, by Iain Calder.

((Standard.))

Germantown MD Blue and Gold, "STAR treks toward revival," February 9, 1973, by Lizz Young, p. 5.

((Standard plus account of the Star Trek Association for Revival, run by Margaret and Laura Basta, 8043 Pinehurst, Detroit MI 48204. The paper is Cory Correll's school paper, and has been running his parody, "Star Bleep," also appearing in STAR's newsletter, "Star-borne.))

Daily Variety, "On All Channels/ Gene Roddenberry Back in the Tv Swim With Flock of New Projects," by Dave Kaufman, February ? 1973.

"...Roddenberry has made deals with Warner Bros. and CBS-TV for 'Genesis II,' a sci-fi entry; 'Specter,' a supernatural series with the same studio and web; 'The Tribunes,' a 90-minute pilot with NBC-TV on a cop show unlike any on the air; 'Questor,' a sci-fi'er taking place in contemporary times, that deal with Universal-TV and NBC-TV, with a two-hour 'World Premiere' pilot planned.... As for 'Specter,' Roddenberry believes most supernatural series have failed because they say there really are no ghosts, spirits nor demons. He asks why? In his show the lead is a man who was the world's greatest criminologist, is now interested in the occult. They will deal with sorcery, demons, witchcraft, possession and other supernatural wares. 'I think the audience wants to be frightened, not cheated, at the end,' remarks Roddenberry who feels most of today's efforts in this area do cheat storywise. 'We haven't had a supernatural series where reality was the base,' he adds.

"He and Sam Peeples came up with 'Tribunes,' drawn from their experience in police work, Roddenberry as a onetime Los Angeles cop, Peeples once a police commissioner upstate. With society polarized, the policy has become to get more cops, more equipment for them, and this is a blind end, in Roddenberry's view. In their series, the law-and-order question has come up in a city where the solution is seen in an experimental police division of 40-50 men and women with the latest scientific and technological developments to aid them. They no longer carry guns, but weapons which splash high intensity light which temporarily blinds a suspect or spray nonlethal chemicals. They also are magistrates, can take testimony, settle cases on the spot, issue subpoenas, etc.

"'Questor,' a concept by Roddenberry, U-TV prez Sid Sheinberg and U veepee Norman Glenn, is about an android robot, a perfect man in every external respect."

((Agggh. To my mind, the problem with most recent supernatural series, such as "Sixth Sense," "Ghost Story," and, to a lesser extent, "Night Gallery," has been precisely that they wasted time trying to preach the reality of the occult instead of getting on with the story, and that they tied themselves to a one-note weekly evocation of Fear, thereby making themselves not terrifying but terribly monotonous. The police sound suspiciously like any standard tyranny's Secret Police/Gestapo/OGPU -- or Lewis Carroll's "Mouse's Tale": "'I'll be judge, I'll be jury,' Said the cunning old fury, 'I'll try the whole cause and condemn you to death'." The robot sounds all right, although if we're going to have humanoid robots, I'd much rather have R. Daneel Olivaw -- either Asimov's Caves of Steel or The Naked Sun could make a fine movie. End of editorial. Footnote: Gene L. Coon, author of many ST scripts, co-authored "Questor" with GR.))

Daily Variety, February 13, 1973: "Births/ Mr. and Mrs. Walter Koenig, daughter, Danielle Beth, 6 lbs., 4 oz., Feb. 5, Cedars of Lebanon. Father is actor-writer, mother is Judy Levitt, actress."

LA Times, "Roddenberry Sires Son of Star Trek," by Decil Smith, February 16, 1973, Part IV, pp. 1, 26. ((illosed with photo of GR.))
((Mostly a description of "Genesis II.))

NY Times, "'Star Trek' Sparks Future Nostalgia," by Paul L. Montgomery, February 19, 1973, p. 38.

((Description of the 1973 NY STcon, in reasonably neutral tones.))

Minnesota Daily, "Futurist prophesies a better world in liberated 'Star Trek' tomorrow," by Patrick Henry Darcy, February 26, 1973, p. 1.

((About futurist scholar Arthur Harkins, who is teaching courses in "Societies of the Future" and "Alternative Futures" at the U. of MN this term. The title comes from a paragraph stating that Harkins "believes that Star Trek is the greatest thing television has ever accomplished. 'Star Trek is an absolute miracle,' he said expansively. 'I think it's better than the Hallmark Hall of Fame programs or the Shakespeare it does or anything. That show is way ahead of its time in ideas. Captain Kirk goes to bed with a woman in almost every show; there is an enlightened view about race and there is a casualness about electronics'." I have my doubts that the freedom -- but also the shallowness -- of Kirk's sexual relationships is a useful ideal, but oh, well....))

F = K #2, Winter 1973 (Donald Jackson, 1043 Vine Str, Adrian MI 49221).

((A fanzine. Has a page of photos from the Detroit Fan Fare, including a large shot of Majel Barrett, and small shots of Roddenberry, Barrett, Doohan, Fontana, and some ST costumes.))

The Monster Times Special Collectors Issue #1, 1973 (\$1/copy, 11 W 17 Str NY NY 10011). ((Most of the issue deals with ST. Most of the text gives standard information. There are a lot of photos, some of them rare, but the reproduction is poor in b&w and lousy in its color.))

The Monster Times Vol I #20, March 1973.

(50¢? Sub is \$6/12 issues.)

((Has a set of mini-reviews of all the episodes by Gary Gerani, a silly "keep on trekkin" centerfold cartoon by R. Crumb, a list of trekzines & clubs by P.L. Caruthers & Gary Brown, and a review of the Blish ST books by Joe Thomasino. Lots of photos.))

Read, March 2 & 16, 1973, "Journey to Babel," pp. 12-21; 12-21.

((Abridged version of the script -- but adds a number of details, evidently with the aid of DC Fontana: Nurse Kay Michaels replaces Christine Chapel, Spock tries to defend Sarek's innocence to the Andorian Shras, other starships, including the Essex & the Eagle are also attacked, and mention is made of Sarek's father, Shariel, the Vulcan Ambassador during the Romulan War.))



UPI, article (various titles) by Vernon Scott, early March 1973.
((description of "Genesis II."))

TV Guide, "Energy Crisis Solved!" March 17, 1973, pp. 18-19. ((Photo-article on "Genesis II," with shots of the subterranean shuttle train and a text indicating humorous regret that they're not real.))

AP, article by Jay Sharbutt (various titles), mid-March 1973.
((Similar to UPI.))

Cincinnati Enquirer, "Now Television/ A Cult Is Born," by Steve Hoffman, March 18, 1973.
((description of GR's various activities, a little about ST fans, a little about possibility of ST returning and about the cartoon version.))

Minneapolis Star, "'Star Trek' to Resume as Cartoon," by Forrest Powers, March 30, 1973, p. 25A.
((information about the cartoon series.))

Universal Press Syndicated comics, "Doonesbury," by Garry Trudeau, March 22 & 24, 1973. ((Sequence in which B.D.'s father is hooked on television, any and all television -- but especially ST.))

King Features Syndicate, "Tumbleweeds," by Tom K. Ryan, March 31, 1973
((Sequence with Lotsaluck (I think it is) lost in desert and describing the experience in what sounds like a parody of ST: "Time: 1500 hrs. Continue to trek trackless desert under merciless sun. Still no sign of a horse. No water. No sun-tan lotion." "Time: 1501 hrs. Attacked by unidentified beast -- creature lies stunned by the force of my blow.))

Variety quotes: March 28, "Dopesheet on Webs' Fall Schedules," p. 36: "Friday at 8 vacancy could boost Gene Roddenberry's 'Genesis II' futuristic science-fiction hour'." "NBC Axes All 7 Kidvid Frosh, Adds ABC'er In New Sat. Shake for Fall," p. 50: "NBC-TV's Saturday morning kidvid sked for 1973-74 season is as follows...10:30 Star Trek.... The predominant focus is on animated programs that have a link to present or past primetime shows and characters.... 'Star Trek' will be produced by Filmation Associates, with the primetime show's producer, Gene Roddenberry, as creative consultant and William Shatner voice-overing his original starring role." April 11, "Sets-in-use Fall As Rerun Season Opens for Webs," p. 36: "Three pilots cracked the top 30, the best numbers ((Nielsen ratings)) (37 share and 18th place tie) going to 'Genesis II,' which nevertheless did not make the CBS sked."

Australia, TV Week, "Star Trek Comes Streaking Back," July 29, 1972, pp. 10-11.
((Brief discussion of possibility of show's return, illoed by photos of Shatner with Nimoy & Shatner with Ambassador Petri.))

Sacramento Bee, "Nimoy Does an About-Face," Sept. 14, 1969, by Vernon Scott, pp. 72-73. ((Short interview with Nimoy at start of his work on M:I.))

England, Film 66, "The Great Trek Television," by Barrie Pattison, ?1972, pp. 24-25. ((General review of the series: "Star Trek is one of the most remarkable things television has thrown up.... Its three years are an indication that popular TV need not be trash." Illoed by photo McCoy & Tonia Barrows.))

((Trekzines for review should be sent to Carol Ing, 22 Centre Str Apt 9, Cambridge Massachusetts 02139.))

REVIEW

UNDER
by Carol Ing

THE FEDERATION CHRONICLE 2 -- 80¢ from Hal Wilson, 14127 Kingsride Lane, Houston TX 77024. Good repro: photo offset (?). 28 pp.

This zine is a publication of the Final Frontier ST Club, but is also available to non-members. #'s 3 and 4 are scheduled for March and May respectively (planned to be mimeographed and so will probably cost less than this issue; send a return envelope for prices).

After admiring the ST Trivia Test and glancing through the rest of the zine, I turned back to the editor's page and found, to my great surprise, that he and the other charter members of the FFSTC are seventh graders. They've put out a nice-looking zine by anyone's standards. And although this is a short issue and the contents vary in quality from excellent to fair, the overall tone is dignified (not stuffy, but not giggly either). The contents include the above-mentioned (and excellent) trivia test, a "mail interview" with the omnipresent Jacqueline Lichtenberg, and a humorous Christmas-on-the-Enterprise story.

KRAITH COLLECTED, Volume One -- \$3 from Carol Lynn, 11524 Nashville, Detroit MI 48205. Very good (though myopic) repro: photo-reduced offset. 67 pp. (equivalent to 268 normal pp.).

Being asked to review Kraith Collected is something like being asked to describe The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe -- it is what the title implies. This is the first in an intended series of collections of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's patchwork Vulcan epic (with additional entries by Ruth Berman, Doris Boetem, Anna Mary Hall, and Pat Zotti; artwork by Roberta Brown and Therri Moore).

The Kraith, for those of you who just tuned in, is the Vulcan Holy Grail; it is recovered before the series even begins, and returned to Vulcan (for ceremonial destruction) early on in the game, but the attendant tangle of philosophies forms the framework for the subsequent stories. (Those of you who prefer straightforward and-then-Kirk-shoots-the-monster Treks will not care for Kraith.) I enjoyed my first couple of exposures to the series, but Ms. Lichtenberg now admits (in the preface) that she was giving it to us slow and easy at first, hoping to addict everyone before they realized how complicated things were getting. I'm afraid I started to slip along about the third installment, but there are plenty of fans upon whom this devious strategy did work.

The main complaint, I think, against the Kraith stories (and they are, if anything, controversial) is that they portray such an alien Spock. (This is obviously not going to sit well with the under-that-facade-he's-sickeningly-

human school of Spockfen.) Although "alienness" should be no indictment of any portrayal of a character with (after all) pointed ears and green blood, it does seem to me a valid complaint that the Lichtenberg Spock lacks the compassion (or perhaps I should say the relatively obvious compassion) of Leonard Nimoy's portrayal. He is completely bound up in Tradition. He is, then, a different Spock, although perhaps an equally valid one.

All this discussion is really beside the point, however, since the protagonist of the Kraith series is neither Spock nor the Kraith, but rather Vulcan: the Vulcan people, their folkways, mores, traditions, philosophies, art forms....

T - W AVES: letters

from D.C. Fontana

Star Trek is coming back as an animated series. On first hearing this news, some Star Trek fans have been disappointed; but they have not heard or considered all the facts. Gene Roddenberry has full creative control and will function as Executive Producer. I am associate producer and story editor. Well-known science fiction and previous Star Trek writers have expressed interest in writing new scripts for the show. Writers working on stories and scripts at this moment ((April 9)) are: Larry Niven, David Gerrold, Stephen Kandel, Margaret Armen, Samuel A. Peeples, Larry Brody, James Schmerer, Mark Daniels, Walter Koenig, Paul Robert Coyle (a writing student of mine from LACC, and a very talented young man). On "hold" for approval is a story by Jerry Sohl. We expect to get a script from Gene R. and one more each from David Gerrold and Steve Kandel. I am writing "Yesterday," a time travel story in which we return with Spock to the time in his life when he was seven years old. Sarek will be seen as a younger Vulcan, approximately 73, and Amanda in her early thirties. (I don't know if we can get Jane Wyatt to do her own voice in the animation -- hers is actually a small role in this story. But I am going to do my darndest to have Mark do Sarek's voice. No one, but no one, can imitate the Lenard voice quality.) Larry Brody is co-creator with Harlan Ellison of The Dark Forces series project. He is also a young man with excellent credits on Hawaii Five-O, Jigsaw, The Rookies, The Interns, etc. He is a science fiction, Star Trek, and comics fan, and a fine writer. James Schmerer is also a long-time Star Trek fan. He has produced on The High Chaparral (produced the one I wrote about the two young girls) and on The Delphi Bureau, and has a score of good credits. We have signed up William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Deforest Kelley, James Doohan, and Majel Barrett to do their own voices as their respective characters. Jim and Majel will probably double on other voices, too, as both have done before.

Gene Roddenberry chose an excellent animation house, FILMATION, to do the series. The president of the company, Mr. Lou Scheimer, is an avid Star Trek fan and a science fiction fan. He is as determined as Gene to produce an outstanding series. The quality of his artists' work is comparable to that of

Walt Disney Studios. Initial drawings will be on display at the Art Show of Equicon and Vul-Con so fans can see some of the quality of the animation. Since it takes $4\frac{1}{2}$ months to do a 22 minute film, we will not have a completed film to show until Torcon in September. I will be there with at least one and probably two episodes to screen for fans. I am also trying to get Lou Scheimer to attend. ((Torcon 2, the World Science Fiction Convention, Toronto, August 31-September 3, PO Box 4 Station K Toronto L2 Ontario Canada; memberships are \$4 supporting or \$7 attending until August 1, \$10 after August 1.))

The show will not be a kiddie show, nor will it include any juvenile characters. It will be STAR TREK, with the same quality, intelligent approach, and respect for science fiction that the original series had. There is the additional asset that animation allows us to consider stories we could not do before because of cost or production limitation -- great alien landscapes and cities, adventures in the vacuum of space or on planets that are not "Class M" types, exciting and imaginative alien creatures who are not humanoid.

And I will personally destroy the next person I hear dismissing Star Trek as "just a cartoon" not worthy of attention. I am working hard -- and so are all the other people I mentioned -- to give them Star Trek just the way it was. That goes down to the point of having exact color matches on sets and uniforms. There are a couple of small changes -- the pants have to be grey, because so much black on an animated character makes it hard to see where his body is when he sits or is shaded. The shuttlecraft will have a new design, primarily because no one was ever really pleased with the one we got originally. And we have decided to add a few new devices with new capabilities here and there, such as an automatic bridge defense system to replace those security men who always had to stand around in the background. These would be "updates" expected when the ship was given complete overhaul from time to time, and I don't think they would upset anyone's concept of Star Trek. Incidentally, both Matt Jefferies and Bill Theiss are acting as consultants in their respective areas of set design/art direction and costumes.

NBC will begin broadcasting the series in the fall, but we do not yet have a debut date. It will be on late on Saturday mornings on your local NBC station. Look for it, watch it -- then decide on it. Please do not prejudge the series or dismiss it as a "kiddie" show not worthy of your attention, because you will be doing a great injustice to Gene Roddenberry and all the other talented people who will be working hard to give you Star Trek again -- and you will be missing a fine show.

JOAN VERBA, 1224 Woodward Ct. 5824 S. Kimbark Ave. Chicago IL 60637

An "Old Television Credit" -- I saw DeForest Kelley as a guest star on an old Bonanza rerun (so old, in fact, that Pernell Roberts was still in the cast), portraying (what else?) a doctor by the name of Jones. TVG summary: "with Boss in deperate need of medical attention, Ben tries to halt the execution of the town's only doctor, a convicted murderer." (Of course, he's innocent and cleared at the end.)

I was surprised to find out recently that there really is such a substance as acetylcholine. ("Immunity Syndrome": "Don't be so smart, Spock, you botched the acetylcholine test.") According to my professor, acetylcholine is a substance involved in the transmission of electrical impulses in nervous systems of vertebrates (and, I assume, other species as well).

By the way, this may be an obvious question, but is the drawing on the cover of #19 supposed to be of Uhura? ((Well, not exactly --- Nichelle Nichols as she might look playing Aida.))

HELEN YOUNG 13627 Tosca Lane, Houston TX 77024

I have become Chairman of STWelcommittee. We have 105 volunteer workers currently, and have decided not to accept any more for the moment. There are so many ST activities -- over 100 fanzines, the conventions, various clubs and organizations -- few fans realize all that is really available. STAR TREK Welcommittee is a group of fans who devote their time to answering questions, a non-profit organization acting as a central information center. Whatever your question on ST or ST fandom, or how to get involved in helping bring ST back on the air, chances are we've got the answer -- or can get it for you.

Please send questions to STAR TREK Welcommittee, 8002 Skyline, Houston TX 77042, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for answer.

AMY ZENICK, 5131 Longton, Lyndhurst OH 44124

Saw DeForest Kelley in an old movie, "Illegal," with Edward G. Robinson. Kelley played the poor boy (in reality innocent) accused of killing the girl. We here in Cleveland are in the process of starting a chapter of S.T.A.R. We would enjoy hearing from all STfans in our area.

PETER KAPPESSER, RD 2, Pulaski NY 13142

I especially liked "Miniature Star Trek" in #18. I have something to add on putting lights in the models -- I suggest using light fibers. They are relatively inexpensive, and several fibers can be attached to one light source (in other words, you can get about 10 lights from one). The fibers are about 1/32" thick and can be inserted through tiny holes drilled into the model body and taped or glued into place. When the entire model is lighted, many tiny points of light appear, giving a "porthole" effect which is impressive.

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Hartford City IN 47348

Interested in the comments on Uhura, of course. I always did find Uhura the most fascinating member of the crew. (Though it was sort of a shock to meet her in person; I had this image from the show of someone above average height, and I kept thinking she'd shrunk. But every bit as fascinating in person as on screen.) Too bad the show didn't do more with her -- I always wished they had left Chekov out and done more with Uhura and Sulu (one reason "Mirror Mirror" was one of my favorite shows). I had this vision of an

alien contact script, with these non-Galactic-speaking fuzzies or whatever, with whom it is urgent to get into contact. Spock gets put out of action early (secondary plot; the aliens presumably have a cure for what ails him), so Captain Kirk turns to Uhura and says "You're the Communications Officer; all right, communicate!" And in between crises, Uhura gets to carry the show. Presumably from the comment on shooting down Fontana's idea, it wouldn't have been allowed.

The letter on security personnel -- considering the way security guards were constantly getting clobbered, I suspect there was a considerable turnover of personnel. I can't imagine anyone in his right mind signing on for security division or department or whatever on the Enterprise after he'd had a taste of it. They probably had to roll dice for it, low man getting security detail.

DAPHNE HAMILTON, 79 West Str, Worcester MA 01609

Credits --- I saw De Kelley on an old "Black Saddle" (being rerun as part of "The Westerners"). He played a crooked Indian agent (not to mention rapist) named King. Real nasty character. I believe the episode was called "Apache Justice."

ANNA MARY HALL, Derby Indiana 47525

The cover of #19 is beautiful! I enjoyed "Not This Time," but I do have a few small complaints, mostly about technical details. The Enterprise was in a high orbit just inside the moon. That translates as at least 200,000 miles from earth. The transporter's range is only about 1/20 of that according to any authority I can find. And they used the communicators over the same distance; communicators are supposed to have the same range as the transporter. It was nice to read a story where Scotty and Chekov get good parts.

Of course your statement that you think Minnesota is the best state in the union doesn't bother out-of-state readers. People from Indiana are very forgiving of honest mistakes.

JACKIE FRANKE, Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher IL 60401

Your article on Uhura was very good. So little is written about Nichelle's role, and yet the Lieutenant is certainly so strikingly different from the other female characters on the series that you'd think far more discussion was warranted. Perhaps because she typified the possible-future result of Black Power and Women's Lib her role was a bit uncomfortable to comment on? (Or script-write for, for that matter?) Anyway, the people of the Enterprise-future show no mental jarring at the notion of a black female being competent as well as pretty -- points which gladden the heart of anyone who wishes such things were commonplace in the Here-and-now. I've often wished that somehow her role had been beefed up -- "All hailing frequencies open, sir," seems rather limiting in dramatic potential. But at least the occasional touches gave the regular viewer some hints about the person.

SYLVIA ROSTON, 7735 Abbot Ave #3B, Miami Beach FL 33141

About "6 RMS" -- I had gone downstairs to see if my neighbors the Weinstains happened to have the paper. I was telling Mr. Weinstein that you were interested in Leonard Nimoy. "Lennie?" he said. It turned out that he knew his parents and grandparents, and Leonard and his brother. Leonard and his brother almost every week would meet him at the terminal when he came to see the Nimoy's. He didn't go to see the play, but he did go to see Leonard Nimoy's parents when they came to Miami.

RICKY PEARSON, 500 Irma Dr, Austin TX 78752

You mentioned the question of Spock's rank in "Son of Star Date," and said that in "Court Martial" his rank was given as Full Commander. I watched that episode the same day that I received the fanzine. The computer gave Spock's rank as Lieutenant Commander, not Commander -- even though The Making of Star Trek says that Spock's rank was established as a full Commander in "Court Martial." So there's no anachronism in the stardates as broadcast, although there had been in the script.

JOHN HIND 14 Bingham Rd, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Nottinghamshire England

I am the director for a British ST club, STERB. The club has printed a zine called "Murasaki Journal," and it is available for 25p. & 7¹/₂p. to English citizens. Maybe you could mention it in T-N.

GENNIE SUMMERS, Rt 2 Box 155, Cassville MO 65625

"Not This Time" -- positively delightful. I'd have liked to have had some direct dialog between the Velvet Lady and Kirk & McCoy -- I felt we never got to know even a little about her really, except in a sort of second handed way. The picture of Spock with green measles really is hilarious to imagine. He'd have that expression he wore when the Nazi officer made him remove his helmet in "Patterns of Force" -- resigned, because logic told him he couldn't escape. It must have been hard for McCoy to resist some comment.

About Uhura -- I don't think she made the remark about considering her color better than others in the broadcast. (My tape recording isn't of the original broadcast, but is of the network re-run, not the syndication.) She only replies to Lincoln's apologizing for the term "Negress": "But why should I object to that term, sir? You see, in our century we've learned not to fear words."

PAT ZOTTI, 5003 Tyrone Ave #5, Sherman Oaks CA 91403

I particularly enjoyed the fantastic George Barr cover -- beautiful! Uhura has always been one of my favorites.

PRISCILLA POLLNER, Box 8188 Harpur College Binghamton NY 13901

What is the relationship of Fredric Brown's short story "Arena" to the ST episode of the same name? The plot is almost identical. ((An

account of it, without names, is given in Harlan Ellison's introduction to Robert Bloch's "A Toy for Juliette" in Dangerous Visions, as part of a discussion of the role of the unconscious in story-writing. Briefly -- but with names -- At one point ST's filming ran ahead of the completed scripts, so Gene L. Coon hastily wrote a script, "Arena," to fill the gap. The research department pointed out the resemblance to Brown's story, whereupon Coon remembered that he'd read the story 15 years before. As Roddenberry pointed out later, Coon was obviously telling the truth when he said he had no conscious knowledge of imitating someone else -- if he'd been plagiarizing knowingly he wouldn't have kept the same title. Rather than throw out the script, they wrote to Brown, explained the situation, and bought the right to do an adaptation; the screen credit includes Brown as well as Coon.))

I wonder if the "Great Bird of the Galaxy" stems in any way from "The Bird" mentioned in Heinlein's "The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathon Hoag." The Flying Sorcerers by Larry Niven and David Gerrold makes somewhat insulting analogies (pp. 20-35): Nils'n (Nielson), "the god of mud creatures," and Rotn'bair, "god of sheep" (although after the con, I'm somewhat inclined to agree). The moons, Owells and Virn, and most of the assorted Gods in the book equal various sf writers.

Some additional credits:

Dochan

- C Jericho "Eric the Redhead" Pastor Lutjens (2GL) 11/23/66.
- N Laredo "I See By Your Outfit" Mike Prepton (MR) 9/23/65.
- N The Man from U.N.C.L.E. "The Bridge of Lions Affair" Phillip Bainbridge (MR) 2-parter, with 1st part 2/4/66.
- A The Fugitive "Middle of a Heat Wave" Doctor (SR) rerun 6/28/66.

Kelley

- N The Virginian "Duel at Shiloh" Ben Tully (SR) rerun 5/12/65.
- Benanza "Ride the Wind" episode was a 2 parter.
- N Laredo "Sound of Terror" Dr. David Inghram (SR) 4/17/66.
- DDnna Reed episode (playing Williams) was originally telecast 12/16/65.
- syndicated Death Valley Days "Lady of the Plains" Elliot Webster (2L).

Takei

- C Mission: Impossible "?" Lee (GL) 11/19/66.
- N John Forsythe "Doctor Soo" Dr. Soo (SR) 4/4/66.
- N John Forsythe "It Takes a Heap of Sergeants" Gung Ho (SR) 6/13/66.
- The Wackiest Ship in the Army -- the role was Miiko, not Miko. 10/23/65.
- My Three Sons episode (playing Won Tsu) telecast 12/9/65.

Koenig

- N I Spy "?" Bobby Seville (2GL) 10/26/66.
- N Mr. Novak "The Firebrand" (GL) Paul Ryder 4/15/65.

Barrett

- N The Wackiest Ship in the Army "?" Laura (MR) ?11/10/66.



T - NEGATIVE 20