

TENTATIVE



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Back issues are available for 75¢ for one or \$2 for three; at present, #'s 2, 3, 4, 10, 11, 12 & 13 are available, and I've begun running off #5. I will be reprinting others later.

Belated Brag Dept.: The Portland Oregonian had a poem of mine, "Sea-going House," in the "Oregonian Verse" column, November 19, 1967.

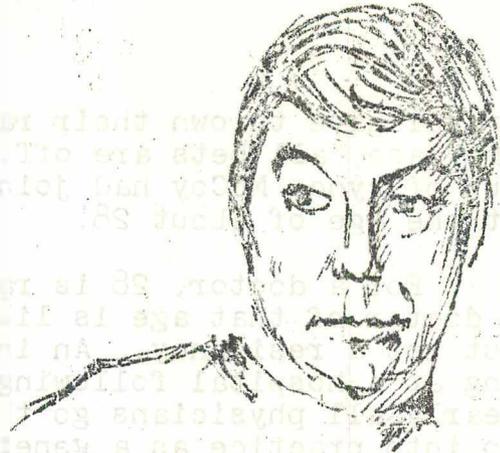
NOTES ON LEONARD MCCOY
by Ruth Berman

The three chief sources for McCoy's history are "The Man Trap," by George Clayton Johnson, which was the first show broadcast, the entry on McCoy in the "Star Trek" Writers Guide (staff-written, mostly the work of Gene Roddenberry), and D.C. Fontana's story-outline, "Joanna." ("The Man Trap" can be seen on syndicated re-runs in many areas; the Guide and the script of "The Man Trap" are available from Star Trek Enterprises, PO Box 38429, Los Angeles California 90038; an article on "Joanna," including a detailed plot-summary, written by Annette Bristol, appeared in Triskelion #3, May 1969, ed. Danielle Dabbs, PO Box 3932, Bryan Texas 77801 -- however, quotations from "Joanna" here are from a copy of the outline, not from the summary.)

In the usual ranking of "authenticity," material broadcast takes precedence over other materials, if there is a conflict. As it happens, there are no conflicts (at least, none that I have spotted) between the entry on McCoy in the Guide and the shows. In the case of "Joanna," the existence of the tv episode which took its place, Arthur Heinemann's "The Way to Eden," causes a conflict, because it is improbable that two sets of incidents so similar could have taken place -- a group of young men and women led by a young man named Sevrin in search of a legendary "perfect" world called Nirvana, and a group of young men and women led by a somewhat older humanoid named Sevrin in search of a legendary "perfect" world called Eden. Still and all, "improbable" does not mean "impossible," and sets of incidents about as similar were in fact broadcast: "All Our Yesterdays" and "This Side of Paradise" (Spock finds love in primitive setting and is forced by duty to reject it); "By Any Other Name" and "Catspaw" (aliens from another galaxy attempt to commandeer the Enterprise as first step in conquering this galaxy). So the information in "Joanna" may be accepted as "real" along with "The Man Trap" and the Guide.

According to the Guide (Third Revision, April 17, 1967), Dr. McCoy is 45 years old and was married at one time. The Guide calls the marriage "something of a mystery that ended in a divorce. He has a daughter, 'Joanna,' who is 20 and in training as a nurse somewhere.... We will suspect that it was the bitterness of this marriage and divorce that turned McCoy to the Space Service." This information about McCoy's background was a fairly late addition to the Guide. Originally, there was no McCoy at all. Dr. Phillip "Bones" Boyce, the ship's doctor in the original pilot episode, was a different sort of person (both as he was played by the actor and as he was described by Roddenberry

in the "Star Trek Format"). He was older (51 at the time of the original pilot), lacked McCoy's sardonic wit showed no signs of feeling himself threatened by the transporter process or by Vulcan imper-turbability, etc. And Dr. Piper, in the second pilot, was similar to Dr. Phillips.



In an early form of the Guide which I have (Revised, August 30, 1966), the description of McCoy has already begun to catch some of the aspects which made McCoy so different from his predecessors; Dr. Boyce was described as "humorously cynical"; McCoy is "very very outspoken" and has an "acid wit." Already in this Guide there is a mention of "something of dislike...but ...there could be some affection hidden" in the Spock/McCoy relationship. There is no mention in this version of the Guide of McCoy's age or past history. Someone at the studio (I think it was Rick Carter) told me that the additional information on McCoy in the later Guide was put there at D.C. Fontana's request, as she had already written a first version of the outline of "Joanna."

The information in "Joanna" adds some approximate dates to McCoy's chronology. To Joanna, McCoy was "the stranger named 'Daddy,' whom she'd seen three times in her life that she could remember." McCoy at the end apologized for not having been much of a father: "merely providing for a child and seeing her once every five years is a poor substitute for being there." It sounds as if a five-year term of duty is a common one for men as well as for ships ("Its five year mission: to explore strange new worlds" etc.). McCoy scolded Joanna for having left the nursing school without letting him know and "for not having communicated with him for three years." These facts account for 18 years of Joanna's life. Another five years could be added if McCoy left on his first tour-of-duty when Joanna was too young to remember him, making her about 23 at the time of "Joanna," or somewhat older if he spent some time on Earth between tours of duty. If she was old enough to remember him from before his first tour-of-duty (approximately three, at the youngest), that would make her about 21 at the time of "Joanna" (or somewhat older if etc.). The younger age is suggested by the description of Joanna in the outline as a "lovely young girl." Allowing her father a few months' leave between each term of duty, she is 22 at the time of "Joanna" to his 47* -- unless the temporal effects of space

* If McCoy was 45 in the shows being done when the Guide was written, during or at the end of the first season, he would presumably be a couple of years older by the time of a third season show, such as "Joanna" was to have been; however, I admit to choosing ages to make the various data match.

travel have thrown their rates of aging out of sync; if that is the case, all bets are off. But, assuming the rates are not out of sync, McCoy had joined Star Fleet some 19 years earlier, at the age of about 28.

For a doctor, 28 is rather young. Under our current system, a doctor of that age is likely to have finished an internship, but not a residency. An internship is a doctor's year of training at a hospital following his graduation from medical school. Nearly all physicians go through internships. A doctor may then go into practice as a general practitioner, or he may take a residency, i.e., study a specialty at a hospital under the tutelage of specialists on the hospital staff. A residency usually takes about three years. This system may have undergone a good deal of modification by McCoy's time, but, in some form, the program of general schooling, medical school, work with patients, and detailed study of an aspect of medicine is probably inevitable, although the use of computer-aids and other advances in education may have speeded up the process.

According to Stephen Whitfield in The Making of Star Trek, McCoy had been a general practitioner until his decision to join Star Fleet. McCoy has retained from that period a habit of downgrading his own competence. "I'm a surgeon, not a psychiatrist," he told Edith Keeler in reference to her "friend who talks about Earth the same way" in "City on the Edge of Forever," despite the fact that, according to Areel Shaw's description of him in "Court Martial," he was "an expert in psychology, especially in space psychiatry"; he has frequently referred to himself as "just a Country Doctor" (e.g., in "The Alternative Factor" and "The Deadly Years"). It would seem that entering Star Fleet initially as a GP, who had to cram in study of a specialty before he could be accepted, left McCoy with a permanent sense of inferiority, well under control and expressed only in joking terms, but still present.

The particular specialty he had to acquire for acceptance into Star Fleet was Space Medicine, according to Whitfield. Since then, he has apparently done considerable work in other specialties. The first of them, perhaps, was surgery. A "ship's surgeon" is, in naval terminology, any physician, not necessarily a specialist in surgery. However, McCoy's remark to Edith -- and the fact that he has performed all the operations on "Star Trek," not delegating them to his staff (as, for example, he delegated pathology to Dr. Harrison in "The Naked Time" or penal psychiatry to Dr. Noel in "Dagger of the Mind") -- suggest that he is a specialist in surgery. Areel Shaw's description implies specialized work in psychology. A physician in Star Fleet obviously needs all the training he can get, in case he is, literally, caught off-Base, with a medical problem outside the official specialties of his staff.

Part of McCoy's service record (given in "Court Martial") lists awards: Legion of Honor, Award of Valor, decorated by Starfleet Surgeons. The last one sounds as if it is an award for research: possibly for McCoy's work in isolating and finding specific antidotes to communicable diseases in "Miri" and "The Naked Time"? -- or perhaps for the paper or book on space psychology which gave him his reputation as an expert in the field. (The Enterprise is a floating laboratory for work in space psychology; the "country doctor" must be turning out quite a series of papers on such topics as Tension in Starship Captains, Terran/Vulcan Interpersonal Relationships, etc.)

But, getting back to that young country doctor and his decision to join Star Fleet.... The Guide says only that McCoy's divorce made him turn to the Space Service. "Joanna" gives some additional information. When McCoy saw Kirk becoming attracted to Joanna, he told Kirk that "Joanna is like her mother, and her mother was a first-class witch.... McCoy insists [Joanna] will cut Kirk's heart out and carry it around in a jar." At the end, apologizing to Joanna for having left, he said that "He'd been emotionally wounded, cut to ribbons; and walking away was the only thing he could think of to do at the time to keep himself whole as a man. So he went -- but not with lack of love for his daughter. And after a while being away became a way of life. He'd quit the Service now if it would help."

These two quotations suggest that, as McCoy sees it, his marriage failed because his wife was an unloving woman who used his love for her to dominate him until he walked out. McCoy is no doubt biased on the subject. Mrs. McCoy's version might be that McCoy demanded a total devotion yet resisted any attempt on her part to share ("dominate") his life. However, some corroboration of McCoy's view of his wife as an unloving woman is given by Joanna; when she tried to tell Kirk why reaching planet Nirvana was so important to her, Kirk asked if her parents didn't count in her life, and she answered that "her mother didn't want her -- didn't care about her very much. It seemed Joanna was too much like her father." (Poor Joanna got it from both sides -- each parent disliked her for being like the other. I wonder -- do the McCoys look alike, and does each one identify Joanna as the other's child out of self-hatred? or is it just that Joanna has her mother's looks and her father's personality? Probably the latter -- the outline remarks that one reason Kirk liked Joanna was that "some of McCoy's gentleness and Southern courtliness are also in her.")

Whatever the reality of the relationship between the McCoys, the fact that McCoy saw it as one in which his love was abused explains his wariness of love as shown in various episodes of "Star Trek." The consistency of his portrayal in this regard from author to author is no doubt the result of the combination

of D.C. Fontana's work as script supervisor over a long period, the authors' use of the information on McCoy given in the Guide, DeForest Kelley's understanding of the character -- and the need of any tv series to keep its heroes clear of permanent relationships.



The first example of McCoy's wariness in love was in "The Man Trap." McCoy's love for Nancy had apparently been idyllic. Unlike his wife, whom he remembered as a "witch," Nancy appeared to him as "a strongly built young woman of almost thirty... Her face has that noble beauty one sees in few women," and he rushed Kirk down "ten minutes early" (according to Kirk) in his eagerness to see her. Crater commented that McCoy still felt genuine affection for Nancy. McCoy, in turn, must have expected Nancy to feel the same, because it was in response to his expectations that the Salt-creature called him by the old nickname, "Plum."* And the real Nancy apparently had still felt that affection for McCoy, because she had spoken of him to her husband as an old friend.

Normally, it would seem curious that such a happy affair did not result in a lasting relationship. McCoy gave no explanation for having left Nancy. He simply said, "We walked out of each other's lives ten years ago." The affair had not been a brief, "summer vacation" type, because, when he told Kirk that Nancy didn't seem to have aged, he said she "looks exactly as I knew her twelve years ago" (two years before they broke up: presumably, the time when they first met). Twelve years previously, McCoy had been 33 (if he was 45 at the time of "The Man Trap," written a few months before the Guide which gives him that age). If he had entered Star Fleet at the age of 28, he had then just completed his first five-year term-of-duty. He may have met Nancy while on leave. However, it does not seem likely that he stayed on leave during the whole two years they were together. They must have done some finagling to get assignments that would let them see each other. Possibly Nancy was teaching archaeology at a Starbase university, and McCoy managed to get a post at the Base hospital or on a ship operating out of that Base; or they may even have been working together on an archaeological assignment, Nancy as a regular archaeologist, and McCoy as the camp doctor (like Janice Lester and Dr. Coleman in "Turnabout Intruder"). At the end of two years -- perhaps under the pressure of divergent career-openings? -- they decided not to marry, and separated permanently. Nancy's reasons for leaving are unknown; McCoy's main reason was evidently his fear of any permanent

* "Plum" is a nickname Nancy "gave Leonard once when -- " McCoy cut her off before she could finish the explanation. I wrote to George Clayton Johnson, asking what the rest of the explanation was, if any. He answered that he didn't know: "'Plum' came out of the tortured brain of Gene Roddenberry." Considering that it was Roddenberry who constructed McCoy's other nickname, I suspect that, as "Bones" is short for "Sawbones," so "Plum" is short for "Sugarplum." Maybe "Plum" was supposed to be less embarrassing for McCoy, but he obviously finds "Plum" sufficiently embarrassing as it is.

In the scene as broadcast, however, McCoy did not interrupt, and Nancy finished her sentence discreetly, "a nickname I gave Leonard when we were very young." "Young," in that context, seemed to mean a state of mind, but perhaps she and McCoy had known each other from childhood.

relationship after his experience with Joanna's mother. Or, as Whitfield put it in The Making of Star Trek, McCoy searches for female companionship "somewhat gingerly.... He is a little afraid of it because of the time it didn't work out." The breakup of his affair with Nancy may mark the date when "being away became a way of life" (as he put it in trying to explain himself to Joanna).

In "Court Martial" (Star Date 2947) McCoy complained to Areel Shaw, when she said she was an old friend of James Kirk, "All my old friends look like doctors. All his old friends look like you." The statement was not literally correct -- Nancy Crater did not look like a doctor -- but it was nearly correct. And it seems to have been McCoy's own fault that it was.

McCoy's next romance, as far as is known, was in "Shore Leave" (Star Date 3025), when he found himself briefly attracted to Yeoman Tonia Barrows. They were apparently not close before then, judging by the fact that Tonia addressed him as "Doctor" even when they were alone, and a comment in the script said that McCoy was "caught up in the topsy-turvy magic of the moment" (*italics mine*) when Tonia playfully described herself as a princess to be protected and fought for, and McCoy replied seriously, "You are all those things." After his resuscitation he seemed to be quite ready to spend the rest of his shore leave with the simulacra of the two chorus girls from the "little cabaret I know on Rigel II," except that Tonia, taking the initiative, pointed out that she was on leave, too. There is no indication that they spent any time together after returning to the ship. If they did, the relationship apparently did not last long.

(It's tempting to suggest that Tonia found she had more in common with Sulu -- she with her love of medieval finery and he "at heart a swashbuckler out of your eighteenth century," as Spock put it in "The Naked Time." It's true that Sulu apparently no longer saw himself as D'Artagnan in "Shore Leave," being engrossed instead by a collection of 20th century firearms, but he changes hobbies from week to week, according to the Guide and could easily switch periods to match Tonia's interests. As she apparently shares the "Camelot" Guinevere's narcissistic idea of happiness -- to be "on a pedestal, worshipped and competed for...or, better still, cause a little war" -- she would probably be a bad match for the gentle doctor, who does not enjoy wargames, and whose insecurity would not be helped by having to cope with a little narcissism, whereas Sulu does enjoy wargames and seems to have the self-confidence the doctor lacks. A long-term affair between Sulu and someone like Tonia would, moreover, explain the curious fact that Sulu was never shown being attracted to any of the assorted beautiful women they encountered, unlike the other men on the ship. By way of comparison: the

supposedly shy Engineer Scott, whose idea of relaxation was reading technical journals, got involved with Carolyn Palamas, Kara of Argelius, and Mira Romaine; the "emotionless" Spock got involved with Leila Kalomi, T'Pring, the second Romulan Commander, Zarabeth, and possibly Droxine, not to mention Christine Chapel. In a letter to the Oriental Protective Association, reprinted in The Making of Star Trek, Roddenberry jocularly claimed that Sulu "would receive three girls for every five that Kirk and McCoy got." He certainly didn't get them in any of the episodes - not even in "Mirror Mirror," when his counterpart made a play for Uhura but was repulsed. Sulu was occasionally scheduled to get the girl -- e.g., Leila Kalomi in an early draft of "This Side of Paradise," or Taky in "The Gamesters of Pentathlon" who became Chekov's Tamoon in "The Gamesters of Triskelion" -- but Sulu never had a romance in the final versions. An off-screen interest seems to be the probable solution; indeed, an early draft of "The Apple" which included Sulu on the landing party had him pull out photos of his son and daughter to show the Vaalians, in explaining the concept of "children.")

The next episode which found McCoy involved with a woman was D.C. Fontana's "Friday's Child" (Star Date 3497), and the emotion in that case was at first one of dislike. Eelen's hatred of her unborn child and her head-clouting avoidance of medical care made McCoy so angry that he forgot to behave professionally, and he hit Eelen back. McCoy's anger at her rejection of the child and his own obvious delight in the baby ("oochy, woochy, koochy, koo") suggest that the whole incident recalled memories of his own marriage to him. McCoy's easy skill in handling the baby, too, probably came from his memories of Joanna as a baby, because one segment of medicine almost never used on board a starship is pediatrics. It's true that McCoy must have had some practice in pediatrics when he was a GP, but it was evidently not enough to give him much experience with children generally. He was ill at ease with older children: he shoved Charlie's adolescent problems off onto Kirk in "Charlie X," and he complained of his lack of knowledge of pediatrics in " -- And the Children Shall Lead," and left the children mainly in the care of Nurse Chapel.

McCoy's plea to Eelen, in her labor, to say to herself, "The child is mine, it is mine," was professionally justified by the immediate problem, the need to get Eelen's cooperation lest the birth kill her and her baby, but it seems likely that for McCoy, personally, the situation brought back his unhappiness at his wife's lack of love for him and their child. McCoy's success in getting Eelen to accept the baby, even (or should it be -- especially) on the grounds that the child belonged to "Mac-Coy" obviously pleased him greatly. The experience may have left him less bound by the memories of the failure of his first marriage.

At any rate, the next time he felt attracted to a woman ("For the World is Hollow, and I Have Touched the Sky," Star Date 5476), he committed himself wholly to the relationship, even leaving the ship and going through a Yonadan marriage ceremony with Natira. It's true that he acted on the pressure of mortal illness, and, at the end, he allowed the commitments of their careers to drive them apart: she was unwilling to abandon her job of leading the Yonadans to their new world, and he was unwilling to drop medicine, in particular, the search for a cure to his own disease, xeno-polycythemia. As it happened, Spock turned up a cure for xeno-polycythemia in the records of the Yonadans' ancestors, the Fabrini, but he did not know that he had done so until after he and McCoy had returned to the ship; and some unspecified amount of time must have elapsed between the discovery of the cure and its successful testing on McCoy. Once McCoy had begun to recover, Kirk (perhaps remembering McCoy's regretful comment that he and Nancy had walked out of each other's lives?) said that the Yonadans were "scheduled to debark on their promised planet in exactly fourteen months and seven days. We could manage to be in that vicinity at that time -- if you would like to thank the Fabrini personally." McCoy smiled in assent.*

McCoy had, therefore, in the course of the episodes of "Star Trek" broadcast, partially overcome his own fears of women and his self-distrust. It is possible that McCoy might fail to meet Natira again, or that he might find at that meeting that they were no longer in love under their changed circumstances (she being perhaps absorbed by the problems of resettlement and he no longer forced to choose between finding a wife within one year or having none at all). If that happened, he might relapse into his diffidence and wariness, but perhaps not to so great an extent as before. In either case, "For the World is Hollow" probably began a period in which "being away" at last stopped being McCoy's only way of life.

* Sandra Miesel ("Are you married, Dr. McCoy?" Spockanalia 5) gave an amusing account of the red-tape McCoy might have to go through either to get his marriage recognized or annulled; however, I suspect that the Federation automatically recognized the marriage, and divorce-problems, if any, would not arise until later.



a Vulcan woman

PICNIC

by Anna Mary Hall

DAY ONE

"Jim, I want Uhura down on a planet as soon as possible. She's almost completely recovered from Nomad's attack. The technical knowledge and skills, the things we could teach her, are completed. Her recent personal memories are being recovered rapidly, especially since everybody's favorite pastime is telling her 'Remember when' stories. But her early memories, before she joined the service -- No one has the right background to help with those. I want her out in the open under blue skies, surrounded by green plants." As the captain opened his mouth McCoy continued, "And for more than just an hour or two. I'd send her back home for a leave if we weren't so far from Earth."

"I'll arrange to send her on shore leave. There's a Class M planet in the solar system we're passing now. For once we don't have to be any place in a hurry. We'll stop there if it's suitable."

Spock left his station and joined the conference by the captain's chair. "It is suitable, Captain. Previous surveys report it to be quite Earth-like."

McCoy still looked slightly unhappy. "I'd rather she didn't connect the shore leave with her medical treatment. It'll do a lot more good if she doesn't. I want her to enjoy herself, not run around worrying how she feels or what she remembers."

"Well, Bones, we'll just have to think of a logical reason to stop there."

As though it were a cue, Spock said, "Captain, Dalva is a source of formazine, which is a drug relatively hard to synthesize. It occurs naturally in several Dalvan plants. There is a constant call for the drug, and ships passing this way often stop for a few hours and gather some."

"Spock, that won't give her enough time," put in McCoy while Spock was breathing.

McCoy got one of Spock's stares; then Spock continued as though he hadn't interrupted. "Mr. Scott has been wanting to dismantle the transporter ever since he finished reading the latest technical journal on transporters. We would have to use the shuttlecraft to move personnel between the ship and the planet. That would give us a reason for sending down several large parties and leaving them for a few days. The location can be chosen so only mild temperature changes would be encountered. Previous surveys report no intelligent life and only a few dangerous animals."

There was no immediate reaction when Spock finished. They were used to his having the solutions, but this was ridiculous. McCoy managed to speak first. "Spock, did you figure all that out in the two minutes since I mentioned it to Jim?"

In his calmest tone Spock replied, "Why, no, Doctor. I have been following Lt. Uhura's recovery carefully. She is an extremely efficient officer, and I have... and her absence has an adverse effect on the operation of this vessel. I surmised you would consider this step necessary."

"How do we justify sending our best communications officer down to help gather plants?" asked McCoy. Kirk was content for the moment to let them do the planning while he regarded them both, with affection.

"If several groups are sent down, it will facilitate their keeping in contact if a communications officer is among them."

Kirk asked, "Spock, do you have the landing party personnel assigned?"

"Of course not, Captain. You haven't given permission to do so yet."

"You now have permission. Also, inform Mr. Scott he can start working on the transporter immediately. Bones, you'll have some preparations to make. Mr. Chekov, plot a course to Dalva."

"Plotted, sir. Laying it in."

With six parties of a dozen each going down, all needing to be briefed and equipped, it was two hours before the shuttlecraft were ready to take their first loads. Kirk was there to watch them leave. He noted that even though, or perhaps because, each person had a phaser-2, communicator, water, and food, they had the air of weekend picnickers.

He located Spock off in a corner talking to Uhura. She gave a brisk nod and trotted over to the same shuttlecraft McCoy had just boarded. Kirk, watching her, appreciated again the uniform change. The women only wore those pants when they really needed them now. After he and Spock had retreated to the conversation corridor to watch the launch he asked Spock what the conversation had been about.

Spock answered reluctantly, "I was giving her some instructions, Captain."

"I guessed that much, Spock. What kind of instructions?"

"I was reminding her she is third in command, after Dr. McCoy and Mr. Sulu." He saw that wasn't going to satisfy the captain and continued with raised eyebrow. "And to keep an eye on Dr. McCoy."

At this admission Kirk's eyebrows went up, and Spock explained in what could almost (if he weren't a Vulcan) have been called embarrassment, "Jim, you know he is almost as reluctant to use his phaser on a living thing as a Vulcan is, and if he gets involved in a medical problem he forgets everything else."

"I understand, Spock, and you're right about the phaser. Do you think Uhura can take care of him?" Kirk kept his voice

absolutely smooth and his face also, but he wasn't sure how long he could keep either of them that way.

They both almost got out of control when Spock answered seriously, "Yes, Captain. She is in very good shape, and her reflexes are excellent."

The gleaning parties were dropped along the dawn terminator in a transition area where the plants were changing from tall grass prairie to woodland, and the land was changing from rolling hills to more rugged hills. Groups 4, 5, and 6 were in the prairie and the lower hills. Groups 1, 2, and 3 were 40 kilometers east, well into the higher, rougher hills. (There was some discussion about whether they were tall hills or short mountains. After they'd walked in them for a while the vote shifted to short mountains.)

The shuttlecraft had left all the heavy supplies at good campsites and marked them with beacons so they could be located with the communicators. This didn't keep the ground parties from grumbling. They were carrying their food for mid-day, water, gathering equipment, and the plants they gathered. It hadn't seemed like much of a load at first, but its apparent weight increased rapidly.

Kirk busied himself with duties aboard and resisted the temptation to check on the ground parties until it was time for them to be taking a break to eat. Spock reached the bridge only minutes after Kirk and moved immediately to his station. "They won't be checking in for another four minutes, Captain," he murmured as he passed the captain's chair.

"What makes you so sure he'll be right on time?" asked Kirk. "By now enough people must have run into the local equivalent of poison ivy to be keeping him busy."

"Agreed, Captain. That is why they will be on time. Lt. Uhura will be handling communications."

Exactly on time Uhura announced, "Landing Party 4, five-hour check. All" (a definite chuckle crept into her voice) "is well. The other landing parties have reported to me within minutes. They have had no trouble worth mentioning."

"Lt. Uhura, why are you reporting instead of Dr. McCoy?" Kirk asked.

"Dr. McCoy has been busy on medical business, Captain, and I've been directing such things as needed directing. I just didn't think to remind him he should officially report. I'll get --"

"No, that's all right, Uhura. What kind of medical business?"

"Well, first Yeoman Zahra Jamal picked a flower that raised a rash, then one of Sulu's men fell over a six-meter cliff and



sprained his thumb. Ensign Chekov, in our party, discovered a species of poisonous reptile by sitting on it, but the antivenin worked fine. Yeoman Liz Jones sprained her ankle, but she is all right so long as someone else carries her pack. Several -- "

"Thank you, Lieutenant. I get the picture. How is the gathering going?"

"We are exceeding expected quantities, Captain. The growing season has been a very good one."

Kirk heard some confused voices in the background, Uhura said, "Yes, Doctor," then McCoy took over.

"Jim, are you there? I've got some recommendations. We've got to get these people down on planets more often. You get them out here in the open, on uneven ground, and they trip over their own feet. If it weren't so funny it'd be pathetic. And they can't see what's right in front of them. Did Uhura tell you about Chekov's reptile? He actually sat on it. We're going to name it after him."

McCoy paused, and Kirk finally got a word in. "How is the main plan of the expedition working out, Bones?"

"Just a minute, Jim. Uhura! Go see what Chekov's found now. Keep him out of trouble until we finish eating, at least." Laughter sounded from the background, then McCoy continued, "I think it's having the desired effect. I took an opportunity -- and there have been plenty of them -- to start a conversation

about childhood accidents. She could match Chekov story for story." A half heard shout came faintly through the communicator. McCoy said, "I have to go. They're letting my marshmallows burn."

McCoy's last comment left Kirk rather confused. He turned and asked Spock, "Who picked out the food supplies they took with them?"

"Dr. McCoy and Mr. Sulu volunteered to assemble the rations."

Kirk nodded his head. "That explains it."

As the afternoon continued, the landing parties continued to report periodically. The first loads of plants were brought to the Enterprise, and Dr. McCoy reported a decrease in the number of accidents.

On board ship Scott and Kyle had the transporter completely disassembled and were busy planning to incorporate the latest modifications and improvements as they re-assembled it. Kirk, making the rounds of the ship, stopped to watch Scott and Kyle. For two men engaged in serious, necessary work, they looked a lot like two kids playing with an erector set. They seldom got to repair anything leisurely. Finagle's sixth law, he decided: equipment only breaks during emergencies, never in normal use.

"Captain to the bridge! We are receiving a Priority One call. Captain to the bridge! We -- "

Kirk reached the wall communicator. "Kirk, here! Origin and nature of the call?"

"It's from the planet Kalak, sir," Lt. Palmer replied, "They report 3000 fatalities due to Symbalene Blood Burn, inadequate supplies of vaccine, and only enough reganefaline to treat 15% of the people already exposed."

"Have McCoy, Sulu, and Dr. M'Benga contacted by the time I reach the bridge. Scotty, keep working, but listen in."

Spock beat the captain to the bridge, headed immediately for his computer, and had the relevant facts about Kalak, Symbalene Blood Burn (vaccine for, and treatment of) on the screen when Kirk arrived.

"Captain, everyone is ready," Lt. Palmer announced as he entered the bridge.

"McCoy, you know the problem?" At the doctor's affirmative he continued, "Do we have the needed supplies in the needed quantities?"

"We have some and the capability to manufacture more. M'Benga can begin checking quantities available and making estimates on how much more will be needed," McCoy answered.

"First survey already run, Captain," M'Benga said. "We have nowhere near the amounts needed. Should I get the labs started?"

"Immediately! Spock, travel time to Kalak?"

"Eight point 25 hours at Warp 8."

"Mr. Scott, can you hold her together for that long at Warp 8?"

"Aye, like enough. But we'll no be able to get the transporter back in working order by that time, Captain. We'll have to recall the shuttlecraft and use them to get the medicine down to the surface."

"Lt. Palmer, is there a shuttlecraft in the doctor's vicinity?"

A slight pause: then she reported, "Shuttlecraft 4 can reach the doctor in three minutes."

"Have him picked up. Order the other shuttlecraft back to the ship. Spock, can we leave a shuttlecraft with the landing parties?"

"Yes, Captain. Kalak's population is not large and is concentrated in a relatively small area. Five shuttlecraft should be sufficient."

"Lieutenant, all the landing parties should hear this." Kirk waited until she nodded, then continued, "The Enterprise must leave orbit in 25 minutes. We should be back in..." Kirk glanced at Spock, who raised three fingers. "three days. We will leave one shuttlecraft. You have twenty minutes to order any supplies you may need." The captain clicked off the speaker. "Get the supplies on the first shuttle -- "

"There's one on board now, Captain," Palmer interrupted.

"Use it. Lt. Palmer, take their orders. Spock, see the supplies get on the shuttlecraft."

Sulu got in the first comment. "We noticed edible plants. Reports say the grazing animals are tasty fare. Plenty of drinking water. The weather should remain good in this region this season of the year. We have weapons."

"Everyone was healthy when we came down, and Corpman Rainy can handle bites, rashes, and other likely accidents. My shuttlecraft is here," McCoy finished. He handed his medical tricorder and kit to Chekov and ran.

By this time Uhura and Sulu were well surrounded by the members of their parties. One of the girls in Uhura's party said, "Knives! If we're going to be preparing raw plants and animals we'll need suitable knives. And containers to cook in."

"Mr. Spock, should we continue collecting plants?" Sulu asked.

"Yes, Mr. Sulu. The formazine does not deteriorate rapidly. We will be back to collect it, and you, while it is still usable."

"Sir, the knives, pots, some extra medical supplies, and a few miscellaneous items are aboard the shuttlecraft. It is ready to launch. Should they go ahead?" asked Lt. Palmer. At

Spock's nod she announced, "Launch shuttlecraft! Stand by to recover shuttlecraft." Shortly she added, "All shuttlecraft aboard. Prepare to leave orbit."

There was silence among the ground parties for a few minutes, then they wandered apart to return to their gathering. Uhura tentatively cleared her throat and asked, "Are you still there, Sulu?"

"Uh huh."

"Did you ever notice how much bigger a planet is, when the ship isn't up there?"

"Yes! I was just standing here feeling that myself."

"Excuse me, Lieutenants. This is Ensign Ramos in the shuttlecraft. Where should I land?"

There was a slight pause, while Sulu realized he was now in charge. "You have a load for each of the six campsites, don't you? Where would you rather spend the night, plains or mountains?"

"Uh, sir, considering the fact I never really liked mountains, too many edges, I think the plains, sir."

Operating on the principle that you should not do other people's work for them, Sulu asked, "Ensign, you know where you are, and you know where you wish to end up, don't you? What is the logical order to follow?"

"I'll start with Camp 3 in the mountains, work my way south, then west out to the hills and Camp 6, then north to Camp 4, if that meets with your approval, sir."

"Approved. Uhura, check in when you reach your camp. Sooner if you have anything to report."

"Yes, sir. Any orders? After all, you are the ranking officer inside a light-year. You may not get a chance like this again for quite a while."

"Hmmm. I'll have to give that some thought. Let's see, what have I always wanted to order someone to do?"

Uhura got her group back in motion, talked to Groups 5 and 6 to be sure they knew the reason for the change in plans. By that time her own party required attention. Chekov and Li Ching had spotted a herd of the edible grazing animals and were ready to procure one for the evening meal.

Uhura gazed at them for a few seconds and decided she might as well save the animal's life. "Gentlemen, I am not going to say no. But answer a couple of questions before you start." Holding up one finger: "How much farther do we have to go this afternoon?" Second finger: "Li Ching, weren't you complaining about the extra load when you were carrying Liz's pack?" Third finger: "Who is going to car --"

"Stop, Lt. Uhura!" Chekov raised his hands in surrender. "We have at least 5 kilometers to go. Uphill! I will kill one of the beasts only if it promises to walk to camp itself." They moved on, talking, laughing, and gathering plants. Uhura wondered if she was the only one aware of how alone they were. Observing the others closely, she decided she was. Thinking back to some times she had been on a planet with no ship overhead, but someone else in direct command, she found she could remember no feeling like the one she had now. The other half of their group reached the campsite before they did. When some bragging as to speed was heard, Uhura claimed to have planned it that way. As she stated it in imitation of Dr. McCoy at his best, "I'm a communication expert, not a wood-gatherer. Why should I walk fast just to get here in time to help with that job?" She then pitched in and helped with the other camp jobs so wholeheartedly that no one could decide whether it was intentional or not. Shelters were completed, guards assigned, and the meal finished by the time darkness was complete. Uhura assured herself of the safety of groups 5 and 6, reported to Suln, and turned to find her group gathered around the fires they had elected to build rather than use the campfires. A place in the circle was waiting, and Chekov was humming softly, an old Russian ballad he had taught her. They sang it, then switched to songs everyone knew. She sang some alone, on request, and gradually, as the fires died and people wandered off to bed, shifted to Swahili lullabies. She was singing to herself now, but Ramos and Chekov remained by the fire. After the last one she sat gazing into the fire for a few seconds, then roused herself to say, "Chekov, you've had a rough day. You should be resting. Ramos, you have first watch. They did brief the shuttlecraft pilots on the dangerous animals, didn't they?" At his dubious nod (the kind given when the briefing in question had taken place, but you, under the impression you would never need the information being given, didn't pay attention) she continued, "We saw a herd of grazing animals not far from here, so keep an eye out for the catlike predator reported to be found in the same areas. "The fires, of course, keep away most wild animals, but, remember, this is a wild planet. We know only that information gathered through the sensors and by a few landing parties that spent a couple of hours gathering plants during the day." A note of wonder crept into her voice as she continued, "We are the first to spend an entire day here, and things sometimes change by night." Her last thought as she drifted to sleep was a picture of the planet from orbit: half light, half dark, the darkness broken only by six tiny sparks of light.

DAY TWO

She woke a few times during the night (something she never did aboard ship) and checked the guard each time. They were all alert, and most had nothing to report beyond some funny noises. Yeoman Liz Jones reported seeing some eyes in the light. Li Ching, who was replacing her, laughed, but she had marked the place in her mind. When they checked at sunrise, large pugs were found.

Uhura mentioned them when talking to Groups 5 and 6. They had both found tracks. Sulu told her the groups in the mountains had, too. Group 1, the group in the roughest terrain, had actually seen one of the beasts. They were the size and shape of a tiger, but of a solid grayish-brown color.

For no reason she could pin down, Uhura was uneasy. When the other groups asked for operating instructions, she gave them orders to head toward the hills. She arranged for Ramos to shift their heavy gear. Her group and 6 she started on angles toward Group 5.

The day proceeded quietly with no accidents. Sulu called at lunch time to check on progress, and Uhura mentioned how she had her groups moving. After so long a silence she was beginning to wonder if he was still there he answered. "I have my groups moving together and down out of the mountains." There seemed to be no comment to make, so she made none, but the conversation didn't feel finished. "Have you been tripping over people all morning, Uhura?" he finally asked.

"Yes," she replied, after playing the morning back through her mind, "everyone did have a tendency to cling together."

"Check your other groups for similar actions, while I check mine." After finding all the groups had been doing it he gave further orders. "Discuss it with your group and see if anyone knows why they are doing it. Check back in an hour." Sulu thought a few seconds then changed channels on the communicator. "Ensign Ramos."

"Yes, Lt. Sulu?"

"Discontinue collecting plants for now. Pick a Security man -- Kraus with Group 5 would be a good choice -- to ride with you. Cruise up and down the area between the groups. Find us a defensible camping place for the entire group. And find a place to conceal the shuttlecraft. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. That is, I understand the orders. But I don't understand the reasons."



"That's all right, Ramos," answered Sulu, and, more softly, to himself, "I don't understand, either." He headed for the rest of his group, who had built a cooking fire at the base of a steep rock face. They were gathered there, watching all possible approaches, looking remarkably like a group under siege.

They could find no concrete reasons for their actions. About half of the people couldn't recall any attempt to stay close to the others. The other half in varying degrees just felt they shouldn't stray far from the group. It felt safer close to someone else. Yeoman Jones summed up the feelings of those who had them. "There is something out there watching, and it isn't friendly."

Uhura conducted a few experiments. They were in a large, reasonably flat area with nothing to fall over. She tried having people walk away from the group. At about 20 meters most of them were feeling uneasy. If they tried it with their eyes closed, they felt no uneasiness, but by the time they had taken about 30 steps (Liz was beginning to turn on 8, and Peters got to 47) they were heading back for the group. When the group, as a unit, tried moving with their eyes closed, they ended up moving southeast. Further experimentation proved the other groups were on converging courses.

The only ones unaffected were Ramos and Kraus in the shuttlecraft. Once it was in the air and moving Kraus noticed the difference. He reported it, and Sulu had several different people try it out. Even the ones most affected on the surface felt nothing, once the shuttlecraft was in the air and moving.

The personnel of the landing parties reacted in their various ways to the idea something was herding them. Some were frightened, some apprehensive, and many only curious.

Sulu was viewing the occurrence from the point of view of a trained and experienced military man. So far his only worries were that he knew so little of his opponent's capabilities and intentions, if there was an opponent.

Uhura was considering it as a problem in communications, and even though this could hardly be called a friendly contact... now wait a minute! She was drawing a conclusion based on almost nothing. File type of contact under insufficient data and reconsider when more facts are available. Oh, for a universal translator.

"Mr. Sulu, we seem to have the situation defined. What do we do about it?" asked Uhura.

"I've thought of several responses. We can just let them push us into one group. In many situations that would be the safest solution. Since we are now aware of what is being done we can resist unless they can 'push' much harder than they have been. We can continue collection as though nothing has happened. We can try to make contact. We can have Ramos airlift us to an entirely different location and ignore the whole thing." After a

slight pause Sulu continued, "I don't think I would like to go back to the Enterprise and tell the captain and Mr. Spock we just ran."

"Sulu, I want to try contacting them!"

"No! Not yet, Uhura. We don't know enough about them, or it, or whatever. In fact," he said thoughtfully, "we don't even know if they are intelligent. You are the logical one to try contact if we, I, decide it is advisable, but let's wait. The Enterprise won't be back until day after tomorrow, even if everything goes as Mr. Spock expected it to. Let's don't take any chance of stirring things up until we know more."

"Very well, Sulu. What are your orders for now?"

"Continue moving the direction they want you to move. I want to get my groups down out of the mountains. Drag your feet, though. I don't want us in one group until we have some idea what they plan for the next step. Use the tricorders. Find out who they are, and where they are, and what kind of -- of urging equipment they use. And keep your phasers handy until we know their intentions!"

Now that it had been defined the feeling they should move together was both more noticeable and easier to combat. Uhura gave up all pretense of collecting plants, but she had seven of the others continue. She and Chekov concentrated their attention on the tricorders, she using a standard model, he using McCoy's medical tricorder. Li Ching and Liz Jones were located at the ends of the line and had nothing to do but watch, and keep their hands close to their phasers.

The situation, though unusual, became less frightening as time went on and nothing happened. It was easy to forget they were being directed, not choosing their own path. Noise gradually crept back, for the slow pace allowed a lot of cross-comment. Uhura encouraged it. It was normal human behavior under the circumstances. They hadn't identified what was doing whatever was being done, and, for all they knew, it could be something that knew how humans could be expected to act. Therefore, while gathering information, keep things looking normal.

Mid-afternoon brought a welcome discovery. Peters, one of the real botanists, found some edible berries: large, juicy yellow ones, that grew, as so many berries seem to, on prickly bushes. The berries had been certified safe by one of the previous expeditions, so everyone stopped to pick. Uhura saw to it that at least two people were watching at all times, one with eyes, one using a tricorder. At first it was hard to stay by the berries (everyone would end up at the southeast end of the patch), but the urge to move on faded, so gradually that they were not at first aware of its absence. They had discovered that Liz was one of those people who go after the largest berries, even if the largest berries are in the center of the clump, and were rescuing her for the second time when Chekov realized it was gone.

"Now I wonder?" While Uhura reached for her communicator she checked with the yeoman currently using the tricorder. None of the readings had changed. "Group 5! Group 6! We are no longer being urged to move. Have you noticed any change?"

"No, Lt. Uhura."

"Have you seen anything worth mentioning, or picked up any unusual readings on the tricorder?"

"Nothing," reported Group 5. The ensign in charge of Group 6 commented, "We've seen some more of the grazing animals, more of those big paw prints, and some flying creatures. But no sign of humanoid life."

Uhura's voice had a slight edge as she replied, "Humanoid form is not required for intelligence. It's the most common form we've found, but certainly not the only one. We are looking for an unknown: don't approach the hunt with any preconceptions. Uhura out."

They had been picking berries for half an hour when Uhura suddenly decided they had stopped long enough. She started to order the others on, stopped herself, traced down the feeling, thought, "Well, well. Guess who's back?" and called aloud to the others, "That's enough. Let's go!" Chekov and Liz moved immediately; the others hesitated, and Uhura snarled, "Move! Now!" This was so unlike her, she got instant obedience and ten worried stares. "He, she, it, or they are saying 'Get moving!' Don't the rest of you feel it?"

Six people shook their heads. The other four, at approximately the same time said:

"Just a minute ago..."

"I felt a twinge..."

"I started to say something, then it quit."

"I thought it was my imagination. No one else seemed to notice it."

"So! They can direct it at one person in a group. Purpose?" Uhura inquired.

"Well, I don't know whether it was what they were after, but, if they can tell us apart, they now know who the leader is," Peters said thoughtfully.

There was a long silence, broken only by the sound of their footsteps. Uhura finally said, "Back to your gathering. I don't think I need to say it," a slight smile appeared on her face, "but don't spread out too much. Peters, keep watch with your tricorder for a few minutes. I want to talk to Sulu."

Sulu answered immediately, as does one who had the communicator in his hand when you called. "Sulu, they can affect one person in a group without influencing the others."

"I know. Lt. Galloway of Group 1 reported that about five minutes ago. They tried -- that is -- the aliens tried, to separate one of Galloway's men from the rest of the group. He developed a great desire to wander off down every little path they crossed. The aliens can also vary the strength of the...message? signal? command?"

"I've been thinking of it as a signal, Sulu. But, you know, I don't think there is a machine involved. I think we are dealing with telepathy. And it's only a hunch. I don't have a single fact to present. But it just doesn't feel mechanical."

"You're probably correct. Almost anything mechanical would have shown up on the tricorder by now. All we've gotten readings on are various types of animal life."

"Sulu, what do we do about letting them herd us together?"

"We don't let them do it. Ramos has located three good sites to camp. Easy to defend. Or at least they should be easy to defend but since I don't know what we might be defending against, I can't be sure. Your group will join 3 and 5. My group will work a little south and join 1 and 6. The third site is in between the other two. It's where Ramos has been storing the plants. He will deliver a map when he brings your heavy camp gear tonight."

"What do you think will happen tonight when we camp? Do you think they'll try to keep us moving all night?"

"My guess is no. And unless they can apply a lot more force than they've shown so far, it won't work if they try. Check in when you stop for the night. I want to know where everyone is."

As they topped a hill taller than its neighbors they could see they were approaching a good-sized stream. It would soon be time to stop; they should be able to find a good camping spot along the stream. The supplies they had brought from the ship were getting low, so Uhura ordered the others to spread out and watch for game. None of the grazing animals had been seen for several hours. There was, however, a small animal, the local equivalent of a rabbit, that was plentiful, stupid (even for a rabbit), and reportedly tasty. "We only need four, so don't get carried away by the excitement of the hunt," Uhura cautioned.

As the shadows lengthened Uhura picked out a camping place, gave the order to set up camp, and called Ramos. Then she waited to see what would happen. The feeling she should be moving held steady through fuel gathering, Ramos' arrival, shelter erecting, and fire building. It began gathering strength and became so



intense she could no longer stand still. She kept up a running commentary on her feelings and Li Ching and Peters paced with her. The urge ebbed so quickly it left her bracing against a push no longer there, and she almost fell over backwards. When she swayed Li Ching and Peters grabbed, so she didn't go all the way down. Her relief was so great she made no attempt to stand alone for several minutes.

When she did move it was to reach for her communicator and call Sulu. No other group had reported anything at all similar. For each of them the feeling they should move had ended shortly after they had begun to set up camp.

Sulu answered with what she knew was a broad smile, even if she couldn't see it, "You know what, Uhura? I'd say they were experimenting on you. You've been chosen as the experimental group of white rats."

"Right now I feel like one. Do you think I should be flattered or insulted?"

"Since you have a choice, why not be flattered? Hope for a quiet night. Continue reporting any unusual occurrences. I'll talk to you in the morning, if not before. Sulu out."

The night was uneventful. As before, she woke several times and spoke with the guards. Except for Chekov they reported all quiet. Chekov admitted he hadn't seen or heard a thing, but claimed he had felt something watching him.

DAY THREE

Dawn brought a return of pressure, this time to all members of the group. Yeoman Jones started frowning halfway through breakfast. Li Ching finally couldn't stand it any longer and asked, "Why?"

"It doesn't feel the same. It's the same order, but it feels different," she complained.

"Different, how?" inquired Uhura.

"Just different. Like voices are different. You never have to look and see if it was Mr. Spock or the captain who gave an order. You know from the sound of the voice. Well this thought," she paused slightly, but no one argued with her term, "doesn't feel the same. It's less even. The other contained nothing but the feeling you should move. This has -- has overtones!" she finished triumphantly, having put a name to the sensation.

Chekov now joined in. "There are hints of hunger and worry about something I can't identify."

"I got a bit about sore feet," chimed in one of the girls.

Liz and Chekov looked at each other and shook their heads.

"Not from them. Must be your own feet," said Liz.

"A different, at a guess, a less skilled operator? would that be your judgment?" Uhura wanted to know. "Or the same one, showing signs of fatigue?"

The consensus, reached after a noisy five minutes (noise contributed by the five who could feel a difference), was that it was a different individual. As Liz, who had developed into their accepted expert, put it, "It doesn't have the assurance, the power behind it. It's like the difference in being given an order by the captain and being given an order by Chekov." She spared Chekov one apologetic glance, but no more. It was important that Lt. Uhura understand.

"Yes, I comprehend, Liz." Uhura concealed any amusement she might have felt. Chekov was taking enough of a beating this trip without her making it any worse.

The discussion and breakfast were finished about the same time. They were breaking camp by the time Uhura was ready to report to Sulu. Her communicator beeped before she could reach for it, and she acknowledged to hear Sulu's calm voice announce, "We've got trouble, Uhura. Group 1 is under attack. One dead, one injured, and nothing to fight."

"How did it happen, Sulu?"

"At dawn, Farmer, the man on watch, saw another of those gray cats. The signal to move had just come back, and he was nervous and edgy. His phaser was on stun, and he said he just wanted a better look at one of them, so he fired, knowing he couldn't hurt it. He shot just as it was leaping from one rock to another. It slipped over a 40 meter cliff after it landed. The signal to move ended when Farmer hit it. He connected the two, woke the others, and told them what he had done. Lt. Galloway called me, then he and Farmer started down the cliff to the body. About halfway down, Farmer put his weight on a ledge that he had carefully tested. As soon as he turned loose of his hand-hold, the ledge collapsed. He fell straight down on to the rocks. Galloway, who is a very good climber and knows better, was hit by a sudden desire to hurry. He fought it, made it almost to the bottom, then stepped off the end of a ledge. Broke a leg when he hit the rocks. He says he felt something there, solid, then it was just gone. The cat and Farmer are both dead. Galloway says no one else should try climbing down, and I agree. Get Ramos started with the shuttlecraft. Have him swing past my group and pick up Rainy and me."

A nod of her head sent Ramos on his way. Then she asked, "Any of the other groups report trouble, yet?"

"No. Which can have a variety of meanings. They may not have a fast means of long distance communication. Or maybe they don't plan to punish all of us for one mistake. Uhura, do you agree the catlike creatures are probably the ones we're looking for?"

"I had just about reached that conclusion before this happened. I believe this confirms it."

After a brief pause, and in a more formal tone of voice, he asked, "Lt. Uhura, are you ready to try making contact with them?"

"These aren't the best of circumstances, but yes, sir. I'd better go ahead before something else happens. Any orders, or may I handle it as I see fit?" Her voice was solemn enough, but those present could see a gleam in her eye. This was her field, she had been wanting to try it since they first suspected what they had run into, and she was as curious as Spock (and made no attempt to hide it).

"I wouldn't weigh you down with orders in a situation that neither of us knows anything about. Do what needs to be done. Ask for any help you want. And, Uhura."

"Yes, Mr. Sulu?"

"Have fun!"

Uhura's delighted laughter lasted only seconds, but she was smiling broadly as she turned to the others. "I now have permission to try to establish friendly relations with --" a small shrug and a wave to the surrounding land, "-- them. I'll need one..."

Ten eager faces signified their willingness to be the one.

"Thank you. Yeoman Jones, you're the one I want, if your ankle won't slow you down. You seem to be the best receiver we have. That may be useful in locating them." As she talked, she was shedding her back pack and phaser.

"My ankle hasn't bothered me since day before yesterday, Lt. Uhura." (She ignored Li Ching's incredulous stare; he was still carrying her back pack.) Liz looked doubtfully at her phaser. "Do you want me to leave this?"

"I seem to have some sensitivity, too..." Chekov began.

Uhura shook her head and answered Liz's question. "Yes. We're not taking any weapons. Since it's highly likely these people don't produce artifacts, I'm leaving my tricorder, too."

"Lieutenant, without the tricorder, how will you locate them?" asked Peters.

"That's why I need Liz. Unless they change their tactics, all she and I have to do is go the way she doesn't want to go. Based on Group 1's experience they aren't very far off. It will just be a matter of convincing them to meet us. Let's see. We just ate. All the water we've tested has been drinkable, so we won't carry food or water. One communicator. You carry it, Liz. This is for outgoing calls only. Don't call us. You will have no way of knowing what you might be interrupting. Chekov, you are in charge. You may do what you think best; move, stay here, or anything else, with one exception. Don't follow us. When we make contact, what I tell them will be based on those orders. If you don't obey them you could get us killed. Good luck to you all."

She and Liz were walking rapidly in the direction from which they had come. No one had time for more than a hurried, "Good luck."

"Keep walking, Liz. No looking back. I want to be out of sight before anyone organizes an argument." She suited actions to words and kept to a fast walk. She slowed slightly once they had moved far enough along the stream to be out of sight. "That direction, don't you think?" she asked, pointing at a path that angled slightly away from the river.

"I don't like it, so it must be right," Liz answered. "I wish we had some way to say 'Don't shoot! We're friendly!'"

"We do, Liz. Start considering the problem. What is a logical way to convince intelligent beings that make no artifacts, and have just encountered their first long-range weapons, that you do not have one of those weapons?"

Liz took her seriously. They walked in silence for over ten minutes before Liz gave a gasp and came to a sudden halt. She stared at Uhura, who grinned back at her. "That's why you brought me!" she exclaimed, and, at Uhura's solemn nod, they both burst out laughing.

They continued on their way, making no attempt at concealment. They told jokes and stories, giggled, discussed Enterprise personnel and how strange it was to have a real night and day, and commented on the planet, its flora, and fauna.

As they paused at the crest of a steep hill to catch their breath, Uhura finally asked, "How many reasons for going back have you thought of?"

Liz gave a nervous laugh. "About a hundred. Each one more horrible than the one before. How do they know what to pick to scare us?"

"I don't think they are doing a thing but broadcasting a feeling we should go back. We supply our own reasons for doing it."

"Damn!" came a heartfelt comment from Liz. "We're starting to veer to the east again. This is like walking upstream against a fast current, on slippery rocks."

"We'll stop at the next water," said Uhura. "The sun is almost straight overhead. Have you see anything edible? This exercise is making me hungry."

"One hundred one," mumbled Liz.

"What?"

"Reasons. For going back. A thick, juicy steak, bowl of crisp salad, tall glass of something cold..."

"And a small glass of Dr. McCoy's Saurian brandy. But I don't like juicy steaks."

"I don't either," admitted Liz in a small voice.

They located water and some of the yellow berries. Several dumb bunnies were sighted, and they were sure they could knock one over with a rock, but neither wanted meat badly enough to try skinning one with a sharp stone. "Next time we bring a knife," vowed Uhura.

Uhura called Sulu while they rested. He had some developments to report, good and bad. No one had been able to reach Galloway to help him. There was barely room to land beside him, which meant Ramos had to come in slowly. He had made two attempts to land. Both times buttons and switches moved without his touching them. He had barely averted a crash each time.

Corpsman Rainy had talked Sulu into letting him try to climb down. He had to stop after only a few feet and was lucky to make it back to the top. "One second he would feel he must hurry, then he would want to go back to the top. Apparently-solid rocks would slide just after he tested them and found them solid. Galloway finally talked him into giving up. Told him he wasn't in too bad a shape now, but if we kept trying to drop shuttlecraft and rocks on him eventually he'd really get hurt. He has water, and the leg isn't too bad as broken legs go, but..."

"Yes, Sulu. That will be the first concern. You did say there was some good news?"

"Oh, yes. None of the other groups is having any trouble. They're proceeding toward the rendezvous points. Chekov said to tell you the original operator was back."

Uhura and Liz stared at each other when Uhura gave the communicator back to Liz. They had been wondering whether any notice was being taken of them. "So! We are getting individual attention. Good! -- I think?"

The sun was well down in the western sky before they noticed a change in the strength of the signal. It seemed to increase with each step they took. Then, between one step and the next, the signal was gone. As before, Uhura swayed, but this time she, and Liz, ended up on the ground. Uhura sat up immediately, but made no attempt to get to her feet. Liz contented herself with just rolling over so she was face up.

"What now, Lieutenant?"

Climbing wearily to her feet Uhura said, "First we will remove the rest of this gear. Then I want to check in one last...each. Wish I hadn't used that word. Check in again; then we leave it all, and the next move is up to the other side."

"They are very close, ma'am. I can feel them. I hope they recognize a friendly gesture when they see one."

Uhura flipped open the communicator. "Come in, Sulu."

"Yes, Uhura?"

"We're very close. I'm leaving the communicator here. It will probably be some time before we check in again."

"Good luck, Uhura!"

"Find happiness, Sulu. Uhura out." She laid the communicator carefully on the top of the heap and turned quickly away.

"Which way do you recommend, Liz?"

"Uh, Lieutenant...I think...over that way. Where the cat is." Liz managed to keep her voice calm and even, but the long pauses ruined the attempt to be natural.

Uhura turned smoothly to face the indicated direction. A large, grayish-brown cat was sitting on a small knoll 20 meters away watching them. "I didn't remember tigers as being that large," she whispered. "I wonder if they are all that big?"

"Yes!" said Liz.

Uhura pivoted slowly to see they now had an audience of four. She examined them carefully in light of her years of observing aliens and immediately began picking out observable differences: a difference of color, a suggestion of stripes, a slightly shaggy coat, size of ears, expression of face. Now to see if she was really a communications officer, or just someone who ran a sub-space radio.

Ten slow minutes passed while she held her mind to a picture of her slowly approaching one of the cats. "Liz, I don't think they can read thoughts from my mind. Let's try yours. Hold to the thought of you approaching one of them. See if you get any response."

Ten more minutes that felt like days dragged by. "Relax, Liz. I'm going to move toward one of them. You remain still for now." She studied each of the cats once more, then began walking toward the one she designated Leader in her mind. Five steps later she felt she should stop, and did so immediately. When nothing else happened she tried moving toward the cat on the west. One step later she stopped when signaled to do so. She next moved south. Ten steps; 15 steps. At 20 there was a very faint signal to stop. She halted. The cat toward whom she had been moving rose to its feet and padded silently toward her.

The desire to run that immediately developed she identified as originating within herself, and ignored as best she could. She remained motionless until the cat halted less than a meter from her. Remembering lions she had known, and hoping these cats also used their noses to collect information, she gingerly extended one hand.

It was sniffed deeply, then licked carefully, giving her a view of the teeth she had expected, and the feeling the skin was being removed from her hand. The cat then sat down and stared at her in a manner she interpreted as quizzical. She slowly raised her hand and placed it on the cat's head.

The fur was soft and sun-warmed. There was no adverse reaction from the cat, so she slid her hand down the side of its head and gently worked her fingers through the fur into contact with the skull. She felt an upsurge in curiosity with a weak sideband of apprehension. She and the cat both remained motionless, and the apprehension died away.

Uhura sighed in relief. They weren't going to be torn to pieces by a bunch of dumb animals. There was an aura of intelligence as definite as the one you received when Mr. Spock touched you.

Now for the next step. Would they be able to read her thoughts when they were in physical contact? Something simple first. She let her mind dwell on how tired she was, and what she would like to do about it. The cat pricked its ears, glanced at her, opened its mouth as if smiling, and slowly stretched out on the ground.

"Lieutenant!" There was a definite hint of strain in Liz's voice, but she hadn't let it go shrill, or turn into a shout. The cat at Uhura's feet sat up and looked Liz's way.

Uhura turned slowly - no need to throw in any fast movements yet -- to see Liz being licked by a cat. "It's all right, Liz. Lay your hand, slowly, on his head and concentrate. I can pick up emotions and attitudes that way. You may be able to get more."

By the time an hour had passed they had established the limits of their ability to communicate. Uhura and Liz could receive emotions, feelings, and attitudes -- love, hate, fear, hunger, thirst, cold, amusement, opposition, agreement, indifference.

The cats could apparently get more from them. If Uhura or Liz held a pictured thought in their minds for a few seconds, the cats would give a response.



Uhura and Liz were beginning to shiver as the sun dropped behind the hills. Just as she was about to try some suggestions to relieve this problem, she was abruptly shut out. It was as though something had removed the intelligence from the cat she was touching, and left only an animal. She was worried until she recognized the same expression Spock got when he was concentrating his entire being on some problem. A glance showed her that all the cats, except the one between them and their gear, had this expression.

Twenty minutes, which she and Liz spent sitting quietly by the cats they had been "talking to" passed before she was once more aware of touching an intelligent being. She received an order to accompany (two of the cats moved away, she felt lonely, moved after them, felt happy) this group to another location. It was definitely an order, not a request. She tried a thought about not moving and was shown a paw of unsheathed claws.

The direction they took, north, led past the pile of gear. A small deviation toward it brought a rumble she was certain wouldn't classify as a purr. Picturing a cat carrying a communicator in its mouth got another toothy smile, and an unexpected result. The communicator floated into the air, took up station beside the cat she still thought of as Leader and remained there during the whole walk.

They quickly discovered that the cats could see in what Uhura and Liz considered pitch darkness. They were moving under trees that shut out the faint starlight. Progress improved once each of the women walked beside a cat and let someone with a sharper set of eyes be the guide. Uhura ran into a low branch only once; then the guides took that into consideration.

Forty-five minutes of stumbling through the woods brought them to a smooth dirt trail leading into a rockier region of hills. Shortly after, they reached an area where Uhura received an impression of many eyes looking at her. It was not an entirely friendly sensation, but she was too tired, hungry, and cold to care.

They were shown a spot where a spring bubbled up out of the ground, and allowed to drink. Some raw meat was also offered, but neither was that hungry, and the idea of fire seemed too complicated to tackle at this time. Their guard sprang lightly to the entrance of a cave ten feet above ground level. When it was made obvious they were to follow, Uhura took a short run, jumped, caught the edge, and was pulling herself up, when several soft paws seemed to give her a boost, and she was up. A rather white-faced Liz rose slowly up the rock face until she could just step in. She then sat down rather suddenly on the soft, sandy floor.

Uhura and Liz huddled together in an attempt to get warm, but Uhura was still cold when she fell asleep. She woke some time in the night to discover a warm, furry barrier between her and the cool night air. A grateful thought elicited a short purr, and she snuggled down and went back to sleep.

DAY FOUR

The fact that she was alone when she woke didn't worry Uhura until she remembered where she was. She crawled to the edge and immediately spotted Liz close to the spring and surrounded by kittens.

Sitting on the rim of the ledge Uhura got her first good look at the dwelling place of the cats. It was a rocky-walled U-shaped valley. The sides were no more than 10 meters high, and there were paths leading up them in several places. Three springs were visible on the acre or two of grassy floor. From her vantage point she could see the openings of seven other caves: very open, no attempt made to conceal, no provision for defense.

In addition to Liz and the kittens there were nine adults in view, one of whom Uhura was sure had been in their escort the night before. Several of the others were females, she decided. They were slightly smaller, more slender, and had faint stripes. None of them seemed to be paying the slightest attention to Liz or her.

Seeing no other way to get down, Uhura jumped, and discovered the cats had been paying attention after all. She floated to the ground and landed more softly than if she had merely taken a step. She joined Liz by the spring. After being inspected by the kittens, who then left in a noisy group, she drank from the spring.

"Well, Liz, ready to try some of the raw meat this morning? I am."

"Does hunger cause hallucinations? If it doesn't, I don't think we will have to eat raw meat."

Breakfast sailed serenely through the air to land gently in front of them. A large green leaf bore a load of large ripe yellow berries and two other types of fruit classified as edible by previous landing parties.

They ate for a few minutes in a thoughtful and hungry manner. After finishing her second handful of berries, Uhura commented, "I'm beginning to wonder just who is making contact with whom."

"They do seem to know an awful lot about us, don't they?"

"Did you pick up anything new from the kittens?"

"Yes, ma'am, I believe so. The kittens don't use any telepathy, even among themselves. There seems to be an extensive spoken language. Their vocal cords are as versatile as ours."

"Learn any words?"

"I can say a word that means either water or spring, and words for grass, sky, and what I believe is their name for themselves. Reegulls."

"It's time we got back to work. Let's find Leader and get on with it." Uhura looked around the valley, spotted Leader lying on a rock ledge cleaning his paw, and started toward him. He looked up as they approached, then jumped down and came to meet them. The other adults began drifting in their direction, too.

Uhura bowed, sat down, and held out her hand. Leader came and lay where she could put her hand on his head. The other Reegulls sat or lay in a circle around them. It was obviously a council circle. As the conference began Leader relayed answers and questions both directions.

Galloway was the first order of business, and the Reegulls paid close attention to her pictured version of what had happened. She didn't try to avoid admitting the mistake was on the human side. She did try to explain why it had happened. Within an hour the Reegulls had agreed to allow help to reach Galloway.

Trying to find out how long it would take before the Reegulls around Group 1 were informed of the decision, she discovered they already knew, had in fact helped reach the decision. She revised upward her estimate of how far their telepathy reached and the importance of the council with whom she was conferring.

Her communicator was returned so she could get word to Sulu. He was pleased to hear from her and accepted the information without wasting time asking questions. He told her none of the groups had had any contact with the Reegulls that morning, but were moving ahead to the rendezvous points.

"Sulu, better have the captain get in touch with me as soon as the Enterprise is in range. I'm going to need some help. Oh, yes. You might tell him the other survey parties didn't find the Reegulls because they weren't ready to be found."

Mustering all she had learned of diplomacy (and it was considerable; she had watched some top people at work) she returned to the task of finding out enough about the Reegulls to be able to make a recommendation about their status. She also felt it her duty to give them as much information about the Federation as possible. It was a frustrating task, because she could only guess how much of her explanations they were getting, and she couldn't understand their questions.

Progress was made. Communication and trust improved so much that the equipment she and Liz had abandoned was sent for, but it had not arrived when her communicator beeped.

Dr. McCoy reached the bridge as the Enterprise once more went into orbit around Dalva. Spock was just turning from his station with a report for the captain, so McCoy remained quiet for the moment.

"Sir, the landing parties are not at the co-ordinates we anticipated. However, we have located all six beacons and the shuttlecraft."

"Very well, Spock. Lt. Palmer, please notify Mr. Sulu we can begin beaming up personnel immediately." Seeing the doctor he asked, "Bones, what's the latest report from Kalak?"

"Everything under control. No new cases for nine hours. The infection chain has apparently been broken. They estimate the final death toll will probably reach 11,000. Almost a fifteenth of the population, and they're lucky at that."

"11,000 would be 6.2% of the population, Doctor, not one fifteenth of it."

McCoy glared at Spock, but before he could speak Lt. Palmer announced, "Captain, Mr. Sulu wishes to speak to you."

"Go ahead, Mr. Sulu."

"Captain, make contact with Lt. Uhura before anyone comes down from the ship. She is in the process of establishing friendly relations with the intelligent inhabitants of this planet."

"With the what?" asked Kirk.

"We were a bit startled ourselves, Captain. Uhura says they deliberately concealed themselves from the other parties that have landed here. You'll find out what's going on much faster if you call her, sir. She has been handling the contact. Sulu out."

After a blank stare at a science officer who wouldn't admit he was startled, too, Kirk asked, "Have you established contact with Lt. Uhura?"

Uhura's own voice answered his question. "Captain, it's good to have you back. The Reegulls are friendly, but until relations are formalized, they request that all Federation personnel, except for Yeoman Jones and myself, leave the planet. Mr. Scott does have the transporter working again?"

"Do you need anything down there, Lieutenant?"

"Yes, sir. I have explained to the Reegulls that there are others more qualified to deal with them. They are telepaths. They have agreed to allow two people to beam down to this location."

"Telepaths! I assume you want Mr. Spock?"

"Yes, Captain."

"He and I will be down immediately."

Uhura said firmly, "Captain, due to certain conditions I will be happy to explain at a later time, I would prefer that Dr. McCoy accompany Mr. Spock."

Dr. McCoy's eyebrows went up almost as far as Spock's at this request. Kirk paused, taken aback, then shrugged. "They," he said, stressing the word slightly, "will be right down."

"Thank you, sir. Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy, don't bring any equipment with you except your communicators. After Mr. Spock confers with them, all the instruments will be allowed, I'm sure. But for now, only the communicators."

As Uhura had surmised, Mr. Spock and the Reegulls were able to accomplish in a short time what she had been struggling to achieve. They were, despite their lack of artifacts, highly advanced, and fully qualified to join the Federation. Diplomatic visits -- of Kirk to the planet, of the Reegull council to the Enterprise -- occupied the captain's time until the ship left on its way to the next scheduled destination.

It wasn't until then that Kirk had time to indulge his curiosity and find out why Uhura had wanted Bones instead of him to accompany Spock. He settled down in his quarters and considered. Whose version did he want? -- Spock's recital of actual observable events, or McCoy's view, complete with emotional coloring?

"Dr. McCoy, I would like to see you in my quarters as soon as is convenient."

"I'll be right there, Captain."

The doctor arrived a few minutes later and looked questioningly at Kirk.

"I had some questions about Lt. Uhura's choice of a landing party."

"Oh, that," said McCoy, settling into a chair.

"Yes, that."

"Well...." McCoy grinned. "When Spock and I beamed down, we materialized in the center of that grassy little valley. Uhura, Yeoman Jones, and about a dozen of the full-grown Reegulls were waiting for us. Luckily, I half-choked when I gasped and couldn't talk immediately, or I might have shaken Uhura's faith in me."

"Good old Spock came through like the gentleman he is. His eyebrows didn't even twitch. All he said was, 'You're out of uniform, Lieutenant.'"

"She answered him just as calmly, 'There is a logical reason, sir,' and went right ahead with the introductions. I

got a chance to get her explanation while Spock was conferring with the Reegulls."

"Good grief, Bones! Her explanation of what?"

"Of being out of uniform. Remember the situation. She had to convince a bunch of intelligent creatures that didn't manufacture artifacts that she had nothing dangerous with her. What is the logical way to do it?"

Kirk lay back and considered. Then slowly a smile began to spread across his face.

McCoy watched a few seconds, then said, "Right! Uhura and Jones were conducting negotiations au naturel. Uhura had hoped to have their clothes back by the time the Enterprise arrived, but she didn't quite make it. So she counted on Spock being Spock and on my profession to enable us to accept it without demanding an explanation or letting it affect our performance."

Kirk lay there considering it a few moments, then abruptly sat up. "Have I been insulted by one of my junior officers? Just



why did Uhura think you would handle seeing her nude better than I would? I'm not an utter barbarian. I would never have reacted hastily in such a situation."

"I'm sure she knows that. However. Uhura is a very beautiful woman -- correct?" Kirk nodded. "Then why don't you treat her as you do the beautiful women we meet on the planets we visit?"

"They're not officers serving on board my -- " Kirk paused. "Oh. She was just making sure the relationship didn't change."

McCoy nodded. "The memory would distract you from treating her as you would any officer, don't you think, Jim?"

"You're right, and so was she. Thank you, Bones." Kirk escorted McCoy to the door and practically shoved him out.

"What's the rush? Are you that tired?"

"I'm not going to sleep yet. Now that I know what really happened down there, I want to hear Spock's version!"



Old-Time Reviews:
GENE RODDENBERRY

Variety, Aug 19, 1964, "Desilu Stockholders Sold 22 Shows in Development for TV Schedule," p. 29.

"Oscar Katz, exec v.p., in spelling out the details, reported that the company now has the record total of 22 programs in various stages of development.... He listed them as follows: For NBC-TV, 'Tar Trek,' [sic] a one-hour program created by Gene Roddenberry, creator and producer of 'The Lieutenant,'...and 'Assignment 100,' a police action-drama on which Roddenberry and Robert Blues are collaborating."



Variety, Dec. 2, 1964, "Desilu's 'Star Trek'," p. 4.

"Jeffrey Hunter has been signed to star in 'Star Trek,' hourlong pilot being produced by Gene Roddenberry for Desilu and NBC-TV for next season.

"Sci-fi series pilot will be directed by Robert Butler, and goes into production this week at Desilu Culver studios. Susan Oliver has been signed to gestar ir the pilot, 'The Cage.' Roddenberry created 'Trek,' and scripted the pilot."

Variety, Feb. 10, 1965, "'65-'66," pp. 23, 39.

(p. 39.) "On Friday 7:30 to 8:30 NBC is mulling hourlong 'Star Trek' a far-out series set in far-out space."

Variety, June 23, 1965, "Desilu Plots 17 Series for '66," p. 34.

"Production chief Oscar Katz' two NBC-TV deals are a second pilot of 'Star Trek,' hour-long sci-fi show rolling July 14, and 'Police Story,' a half-hour series, with that pilot lensing Aug. 11. Both are being produced by Gene Roddenberry."

Variety, Nov. 10, 1965, "Pilot Projects Jelling at NBC," p. 35.

"At NBC, some 70 projects for '66-67 are hanging fire. These 70 are due to be reduced to about 30 for piloting, as developmental plans jell. In the sci-fi vein, NBC has Desilu's 'Star Trek,' two episodes of which have been completed."

Variety, Aug. 23, 1967, "Sheldon Added to NBC Stable of 'House' Producers; Multi Projects Via Huggins, Sommers, Roddenberry," p. 29.

"Web's veepee of programs and talent, Mort Werner says the producer parts represent a trend away from past development seasons, where major, minor and independent film production outfits brought piloted product in, and toward a time when the network and a producer work up projects on an exchange of ideas from the start.... NBC has producer Gene Roddenberry working on three projects out of Desilu -- 'Police Story,' half-hour urban copper yarn in the current vogue, 'Assignment Earth,' sci-fi hour (pumped up from a half-hour project) in the current vogue; and 'Yankee Gunfighter,' oater in the chronic vogue."

Variety, Sept. 13, 1967, "Television Reviews," by Les., p. 50.

"If inexplicably there should be an insane demand this year for still another half-hour police show and NBC just had to act hastily, it might choose to fill the order by reviving this Gene Roddenberry project. Otherwise, there's absolutely no reason why the network should have given its rejection a second thought, assuming it ever really did.

"'Police Story' doesn't have a lot of things -- originality, dramatic tension, character interest or good writing -- but chiefly what it lacks is that ineffable chemistry in a pilot that conveys a sense of all the elements working together, whatever their individual worth.

"The two leads, Steve Ihnat and Gary Clarke, are goodlooking fellows who don't for a minute convince that they're on a police force, and only convention gives them presumed regard for each other. They're somehow an unsuited pair, and while their relationship to the detective lieutenant is at least not cliché, it's not much else, either.

"This is a cold pilot. The people in it don't seem to feel a thing for each other, and needless to say the viewer maintains his own aloofness all the way."

((Steve Ihnat, "Capt. James Paige," was Garth in "Whom Gods Destroy"; also in cast were Malachi Throne, "Commodore Mendez" as Lt. Garrison, DeForest Kelley as Lab Chief Charley Greene, and Grace Lee Whitney as Sgt. Lily Monroe.))

Daily Variety, Sept. 25, 1967, "Light and Airy," by Jack Hellman.

"Gene Roddenberry, who used to pound the skid row beat for LAPD, has soared into the heights of science as executive producer of 'Star Trek.' He has traded dialog with knowledgeable men in the field for the purpose of reflecting accuracy in every segment of the series and to set it apart from the sci-fi'ers that resort to tricks and gimmickry. For its second season 'Trek' has been moved into a Friday night time but Roddenberry insists the network had other reasons than any weakness of the show. 'It should run for seven years because it's the only honest sci-fi show on television,' crows Roddenberry. 'We don't spoof the space shows. Everything we do is scientifically possible. Our space ship has served as a model for the Navy, our pilot is the only tv show in the Smithsonian Institution, we've won the Hugo Award at the World Science-Fiction convention, we get the most literate mail of any tv show and our beep sound has been adopted by hospitals. All of which should establish us in the industry as more contributory to science than sending out into space an entertainment series.' One new member is added to the cast after a protest by the Russians that they should be represented in the crew being the first in space. He's Walter Koenig with all the Beatle-type rigging.

"Roddenberry is a hyphenate and this doesn't mean cop-producer. He not only writes and rewrites but has invented many of the gadgets and optical devices used on the show. The new 'community center,' which he devised, is said to be scientifically sound. He has also created in his own mind the growing threat of a revolution in television. 'The viewer is entitled to more respect for his intelligence,' he declared, 'and pure gimmickry won't win him over. Maybe for the kids who buy our toys and even they know when they're being put on.' Now that he's the pride of the L.A. Police Department, it won't hurt his image any by the confession that he learned to write while on duty. Boasts Roddenberry, 'it was one of the best policed beats in town.' His 'Police Story,' which appeared on NBC as a sneak preview, will form the nucleus of his next project."

"Pretty Maids All In a Row" -- producer/script-writer. James Doohan played policeman Pollo, William Campbell, "Trelane" and "Koloth," was policeman Grady, Nichelle Nichols' son Kyle Johnson was Dave, and Dawn Roddenberry was First Girl. Bill Theis designed the costumes.

Hollywood Reporter, March 9, 1971, "'Pretty Maids in a Row' Go Down Just Like Ten Pins," by Craig Fisher.

"Although it ties up very neatly at the end, nothing is carried through in MGM's 'Pretty Maids All in a Row,' the first American feature by Roger Vadim -- not the characterizations, not the ideas, not even the style. Produced by Gene Roddenberry and adapted by him from Francis Pollini's novel, it appears to have little box-office potential. But it's especially surprising as an American debut for Vadim, because it's such a throwaway movie -- totally amoral and yet totally innocuous."

Time, May 10, 1971, "Shedding Darkness on the Youth Culture," by Jay Cocks, pp. 99-100 (a review of four films, including "Pretty Maids.")

(p. 100) "The best way to appreciate what is good in Roger Vadim's 'Pretty Maids All in a Row' is to make your way through some of the nonsense listed above; it's a terrible price to pay and may not be worth it. But by comparison, 'Pretty Maids' is truly comic relief -- a kinky, funny, often on-target satire about libidinous teen-agers and their equally eager elders.... The film does not completely work, either as thriller or farce...but there are good supporting performances...some agile plot twists, and an abundance of savage little insights into affluent California adolescents."

Los Angeles Herald Examiner, "Vadim's 'Pretty Maids': Bizarre, Lots of Fun," by Winfred Blevins.

"'Pretty Maids All in a Row'...is deft, jaded, slightly bizarre, distinctly erotic, and a lot of fun.

"It is full of faults, if one is more interested in polish than in high (but black) spirits."

Los Angeles Times, "Vadim in U.S. Debut in 'Pretty Maids!'," by Kevin Thomas.

"Vadim and his writer-producer Gene Roddenberry hit the bull's-eye every time they strike out at their primary target, which is the puritanism that lurks just beneath the surface of these supposedly emancipated times.... The movie succeeds, finally, because Vadim and Roddenberry remain in control of the material they exaggerated to such satirical effect."

Louisville Courier-Journal, May 4, 1971, "'Pretty Maids' Has an Ugly Message," by William Mootz, p. 34.

"One of the crudest, most distasteful films to hit Louisville in a long time.... When murder breaks out, it is obvious that an aberrant mind is loose in the school. To say nothing of the aberrant mind behind the script."

"Star Trek" episodes by GR

"Charlie X" story-outline (script by D.C. Fontana), September 15, 1966.
"Mudd's Women" story-outline (script by Stephen Kandel), October 13, 1966.
"The Cage" (first pilot)
"The Menagerie" (2-part show incorporating "Cage"), November 17, 24, 1966.
"The Return of the Archons" story-outline (script by Boris Sobelman), Feb 9, 1967.
"Space Seed" (script title-page gives authors as Gene L. Coon & GR; screen credit, however, was to Coon & Carey Wilbur), February 16, 1967.

"A Private Little War" (from a story-outline by Jud Crucis -- pseudonym of Don Ingalls), February 2, 1968.

"Return to Tomorrow" (the script gives the authors as GR from a story by John T. Dugan; however, several of the staff took part in re-writing Dugan's script, and screen credit was to a house name, John Kingsbridge), February 9, 1968.

"The Omega Glory" (one of the scripts sent to NBC as a choice for the second pilot, though not used at that time), March 1, 1968.

"Bread and Circuses" (with co-author Gene L. Coon; story by John Kneubuhl), March 15, 1968.

"Assignment: Earth" (script by Art Wallace from story-outline by Wallace & GR), March 29, 1968.

"The Savage Curtain" (co-author Arthur Heinemann, story by GR), March 7, 1969.

"Turnabout Intruder" story-outline (script by Arthur H. Singer) June 3, 1969.

other writings on "Star Trek" by GR

"Star Trek Format" (description of show-idea and characters, with brief story-outlines, used to sell the series; privately printed by Star Trek Enterprises).

"Star Trek Writers Guide" (similar to "Format" but with more detail and without story-outlines, written by Roddenberry and the staff-members; privately printed by Star Trek Enterprises).

The Making of Star Trek (with main author Stephen E. Whitfield), New York: Ballantine, 1968.

"Fans Launch 'Star Trek' into another season's orbit," (article appearing in a syndicated TV Guide-type publication), TV-Radio Datebook, March 17, 1968. (Describes fans' activities in saving show and discusses coming season: "We have a perfect vehicle (no pun intended) for adventure, satire and social comment. Next season, for example, we will travel to a planet which closely parallels earth, with one difference. The police are the best educated, and most highly respected citizens of the land, the equivalent of scientists and educators here. If this raises any questions about our own society, so be it. ((Episode never materialized.)) Another episode will deal with medical research into brain transplants. ((which isn't how I'd describe "Spock's Brain," but.....))"

letter, Yandro (fanzine published by Buck & Juanita Coulson) #167, Vol. 15, No. 1, January, 1967, pp. 25-26. (discusses briefly problems of creating and maintaining a consistent sf world within limits of tv and defends the Theory and Practice of Transporters.)

letter, Mad Magazine, Vol. 1, No. 117, March 1968, p. 2 (letter from Roddenberry, Shatner, & Nimoy in re: Mad's "Star Blecch": "You are lunatics and your magazine is sheer idiocy. We hope they gather you up in white sheets and take you to the booby hatch where you belong. As a matter of fact, you can join us in ours. We loved the story and we love you all -- in a decent manly way, of course!")

other scripts by GR (dates given are those of the completion of the script, not the date of broadcast.)

"Robert Taylor's Detectives" -- "Blue Fire" -- November 18, 1959.

"The Jane Wyman Theatre" -- "The Perfect Alibi" (teleplay by GR, story by Patricia Highsmith), September 30, 1957.

"West Point Story" -- "Guest of Honor" April 2, 1957. (The protagonist is Second Classman Dick McKinley, who is "Thin, bony, extremely serious features, not at all good-looking. Sits erect, nearly in a brace. He's Army through and through and through, but carried beyond the point the Academy desires -- to where thinking, acting, and talking Army is almost a fetish." He is "nicknamed 'Zombie,' and for good reason. He's got a calculating-machine for a mind and a regulation book for a heart.")

"WPS" -- "Operation Benning" (By Sam Rolfe & GR), February 11, 1957.

"WPS" -- "Jet Flight," January 5, 1957.

"WPS" -- "Water Main," October 17, 1956.

"Police Story," July 30, 1965 (broadcast September 8, 1967).

"Chevron Theatre" -- "The Secret Defense of 117" (sf story, starring Ricardo Montalban, "Khan" in "Space Seed").

"Have Gun, Will Travel" -- "Helen of Abajinian" (script won a Writers Guild award for Best Western; GR was a head-writer on "HG,WT," and wrote several scripts for it).

scripts for: "Dagnet," "Four Star Theatre," "Kaiser Aluminum Hour," "Dr. Kildare" (MGM), "Naked City," etc.

((Some of his early scripts were written under the pseudonym Robert Wesley; I don't know which. GR also wrote articles in flying magazines and some fiction.))

produced by GR:

"The Lieutenant," MGM, NBC-TV 1963-1964 (see T-N 12 for reviews).

"Star Trek," Desilu/Paramount, NBC-TV 1966-1969 (see T-N's 8, 9, & 11 for reviews).

"Police Story," Desilu, unsold pilot August 1965, broadcast NBC-TV, Sept 8, 1967.

"The Long Hunt of April Savage," unsold pilot by Sam Rolfe, September 1965.

"Pretty Maids All in a Row," film, March 1971.

(titles of shows which were planned, although I don't know if they ever got as far as the script/production stages: "Assignment 100," 1964 police action-drama by GR and Robert Blues; "Yankee Gunfighter" 1967.)

William Shatner

"Mike Douglas" -- talkshow -- c. May 31, 1971

"Mantrap" -- talkshow -- c. November 2, 1971

"ABC Sunday Night Movie" -- "Owen Marshall, Counselor at Law" -- prosecutor Dave Blankenship -- broadcast September 1, 1971.

Daily Variety, September 13, 1971, "Review" by Tone.
"Shatner is especially strong as prosecutor hammering home in ingratiating fashion dangers of living outside community standards."

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, September 13, 1971, "The Odds Are Right," by Morton Moss, pp. B4-B5.

(p. B5) "William Shatner was adequate as the prosecutor."

"Cade's County" -- "The Armageddon Contract" -- Jack Pilgrim (saboteur) Broadcast November 7, 1971.

((also in cast: Mariette Hartley, "Zarabeth," as Frances Pilgrim.))

"Norman Corwin Presents" -- "The Discovery" -- Theodore Bigelow. Date?

"Mission Impossible" -- "Encore" -- Kroll -- broadcast Sept. 25 & Dec. 25, 1971.
((The episode must have seemed amusingly familiar to Shatner, as its plot was similar to the plots of "The Deadly Years" and "A Piece of the Action," and it was filmed on the Paramount-30's lots used in "A Piece of the Action" and "The City on the Edge of Forever."))



"Movie of the Weekend" -- "The People" (adapted from Zenna Henderson's Pilgrimage) -- January 22, 1972 -- Dr. Curtis

Daily Variety, January 24, 1972, "Telepic Review" by Tone.

"Kim Darby arrives in rural town of Bendo.... Only other outsider tolerated is William Shatner, doctor who performs duties with almost marvelous lack of interest in his patients' peculiar mannerisms.... Miss Darby is distinctive personality in the community of strange souls.... Shatner...contribute [s] to the atmospheric piece." ((Kim Darby, "Miri," as Melody Anderson))

"Movie of the Weekend" -- "The Hound of the Baskervilles" -- February 12, 1972 -- Stapleton

Variety, February 16, 1972, "Television Reviews" by Bok., p. 43.

"An exceedingly abrupt and limp demise of villain William Shatner... lessened dramatic suspense to a trickle. The feature had been nicely seeded with good players (Shatner...) but only Zerbe stood out."

"Sixth Sense" -- "Can a Dead Man Strike from the Grave?" by Gene L. Coon -- February 26, 1972 -- Edwin Danbury.

O Brutus, / The heavens speed thee in thine Enterprise!
-- Portia, "Julius Caesar," II.iv.40-41

Leonard Nimoy

"Catlow" -- premiered fall, 1971, Houston -- bounty-hunter Miller ((also in cast: Jeff Corey, "Plasus," as Merridew)

Daily Variety, October 12, 1971, "Film Reviews" by Murf.

"Nimoy's characterization as the heavy is good.... Jeff Corey stands out as one of Brynner's gang."

Hollywood Reporter, October 13, 1971, "Movie Review" by Ron Pennington

"In major roles, Richard Crenna is the only one who comes across with any dimension."

Hollywood Citizen-News, November 4, 1971, "'Catlow' Showing in City Theaters," by Ralph Kaminsky, p. 6.

"Nimoy follows them and gets killed in the end. And he deserved it, too -- he's about the meanest killer we've seen in a long time."

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, November 4, 1971, "'Catlow' Matches Studio Description -- Tough, Lusty," by Winfred Blevins.

"Leonard Nimoy gives entirely too thin a portrait of the killer in black. Jeff Corey is Catlow's wise, crusty sidekick."

Los Angeles Times, November 4, 1971, "Brynner in Nonviolent Western," by Kevin Thomas, Part IV, p. 16.

"Able supported by Leonard Nimoy as the humorless heavy...."

"Catlow"! Nimoy's first Wet stern

"Assault on the Wayne" (see also T-N 12)
Los Angeles Times, "Sabotage Theme for 'Assault on the Wayne'," January 12, 1971,
by Kevin Thomas.

"Nimoy excels, expressing in completely convincing fashion the contradictory behavior of a complex but essentially admirable and even likeable leader of men. He is well-matched by Lloyd Haynes...and William Windom who play officers of varying loyalty."

"Fiddler on the Roof" -- Tevye -- summer stock, 1971.

Cape Cod Standard-Times, July 22, 1971, "A Review: 'Fiddler,' Nimoy receive raves," by Jan Pooler.

"Drawing raves from almost a complete sell-out of the 1,470 seat capacity at the Cape Cod Melody Tent nightly is 'Fiddler on the Roof' with Leonard Nimoy.

"Nimoy, given standing ovations, has a fine supporting cast backed up with excellent lighting, fine orchestration and superb choreography -- a totally enjoyable evening.

"Nimoy as a Russian Jew, a dairy farmer with five unmarried daughters and no means of providing a dowry, hasn't the finest singing voice in the world, but really doesn't need it. His speaking role is more demanding than the singing and actually there are really no outstanding voices in the cast."

a Hyannis paper, July 1971, "Leonard Nimoy Fine in 'Fiddler'," by Elliot Norton.

"One of the most pleasant surprises of the summer theater season is the performance of Leonard Nimoy in 'Fiddler on the Roof.' After a few years on TV, during which he played various popular roles as a 'star-trekker' and such, he has undertaken the part of Tevye the Milman [sic], which might have been a 'mission impossible' but which suits him perfectly.

"At the Cape Cod Melody Tent, beginning a tour that will take him around the summer circuit and back to Hyannis, with intermediate performances in such places as the North Shore Music Theater, at Beverly, he started slowly, in a low key. He looked at first a little young for Tevye, who has five daughters of more or less marriageable age, and too casual. He talked to God, with whom Tevye often carries on conversations in this great musical play, without much zeal, as though he wasn't interested. That, of course, is wrong; although he scolds Him, Tevye has a warm relationship with the deity. He is sure God has made some questionable decisions, but he relies heavily on Him. After all, God may be listening and Golda, his wife, rarely is. It is always nice to have someone -- or Someone -- who listens, or, in any case, doesn't talk back.

"At Wednesday night's performance, his fourth in the role, it became apparent after a while that Mr. Nimoy was feeling his way, not yet quite sure of himself. It also appeared that, under the wise guidance of Director Ben Shaktman, he was creating his own Tevye.

"His comparative youth becomes acceptable in a matter of minutes. He and Golda must have been married young at the urging of an insistent matchmaker; there is no more to it than that. His casualness seems to be part of a pattern. This Tevye, except when he is aroused, is mild, very modest -- pigheaded, of course, and stubborn! -- but easygoing and kindly most of the time; and so, very, very likeable.

"From the time of Zero Mostel, who originated the part, more than one actor has played Tevye with flourishes: with rollings of the eyes to heaven, and with

heavy emphasis on the jokes, which are generally irresistible. Leonard Nimoy avoids trickery for truth and sincerity and in the end his simplicity and sincerity are irresistible.

"At the end of the show, most of the audience stood up in a spontaneous ovation. He accepted the tribute as he had played the character, with simple modesty: He bowed and ducked offstage, leaving behind good memories.

"Mr. Nimoy is lean and strong. His hair and beard are black. He walks like a man who works hard as a dairyman and who, when his horse becomes lame, has to pull his own cart. He doesn't shuffle. He doesn't hunch his shoulders or wave his hands. There is no hint of stereotype in his acting, but affection for Tevye and for his people, affection that brims over into love.

"The others in his company take their cue from the star. They play for truth."

Rochester NY Democrat and Chronicle People, August 3, 1971, "Last Night in Review/A Flawed 'Fiddler'," by Jean Walrath.

"Nimoy [sic] is a young and slender Tevye who dances with a bit of a swinger's step and gestures with the slender well kept hands of an urbanite. Last night his voice was near breakdown from obvious fatigue and over use during the strenuous week preceding the Rochester engagement opening. He plays Tevye with a faithfulness to his good spirit, but without adding anything to the depth or breadth of it. He goes through the motions of Tevye, but he isn't Tevye.

"At least, he ought to look like the father of marrying daughters, and robust enough to carry milk pails without staggering to the ground. Why can't the makeup department do something about that young and glossy hair?"

However, last night's audience by its approving reaction at every little opportunity showed that a nation of television fans has the upper hand, or surely the loudest pairs of clapping hands."

Rochester NY Times-Union Region, August 3, 1971, "Tuneful 'Fiddler' at East Rochester," by Hamilton B. Allen, p. 12B.

"This is a comparatively small company, this troupe headed by television's Leonard Nimoy, but it has good singers and dancers and the acting performances knit it all together in nice entertaining style.... Nimoy's voice was hoarse and in some of his numbers he seemed trying to spare it.... Nimoy and Tresa Hughes, playing the role of his wife, Golde, caught the full flavor of their sentimental 'Do You Love Me?'"

Toledo OH Blade, August 10, 1971, "One on the Aisle/'Fiddler' Makes Beautiful Music" by Norman Dresser.

"You may ask, to borrow Tevye's expression, how doeth Leonard Nimoy in that all-important role of Tevye? Nimoy is no Zero Mostel (an absurdity on the face of it, since there is only one Zero), perhaps he is not even a Bernie Landis. But he does well in a most demanding role, and his voice is surprisingly good.... Before this show came to town, fears were expressed because Nimoy, best known for his TV series, 'Star Trek,' had the all-important role of Tevye. While his work does somewhat lack depth and he does not quite bring to life that irrepressible dairyman who talks companionably to God, Nimoy brings zest and brightness to the part."

Toledo Times, August 11, 1971, "Shifting Scenes/'Fiddler on Roof'
Given Enjoyable Presentation Here," by Ruth Elgutter, p. 8.

"Type casting? That's not for Leonard Nimoy. Most of the country has known him for his Mr. Spock of television's science fiction 'Star Trek,' followed by as different a role as Paris, master of intrigue and disguise in 'Mission: Impossible.'... Those who have seen his latest transition in character can testify to his dramatic skill. Of course, clever makeup and costuming aided in this characterization, but Nimoy himself entered sufficiently into the humor, the tenderness, the poignancy of his role in the popular play that credit is due him. All of these are inherent in the Sholom Aleichem Jewish folk tales on which the play is based. But the star made much of each scene and each gesture.

"He seemed, however, to lack a warmth at times -- possibly because of his emphasis on these. His striving for effect was such that it lacked a heart-to-heart communication with the audience."

Beverly MA Times, August 17, 1971, "Theatre Review/Nimoy wins audience hearts," by Rita Jean Dunn, pp. 1, 8.

(p. 1) "Nimoy in the well loved 'Fiddler on the Roof' held the audience spellbound through the performance.... Nimoy's portrayal of Tevye has a slighter, more humorous touch than the pathos that Zero Mostel originally gave to the role. Either interpretation has a validity.

"The classic theme of the show as written retains its ageless quality of basic philosophy. The intimacy of Tevye with his God, the common sense of his reasoning even in situations which shake his traditions and the resignation of accepting the inevitable, all are portrayed with the utmost professionalism and sincerity of interpretation by Nimoy. The Spock image disappears, as it should with the ability of so capable an actor.... Nimoy gives full play to his lightness that rescues both the production and the people he portrays from dreary despondency in the face of forces beyond their control...."

(p. 8) "It was Nimoy and the large cast of players that made the evening its greatest success. The entire cast is excellent, but there is at the opening moments a slight question as to whether Nimoy can become Tevye. He succeeds so completely that one leaves the theatre wondering just what role he did play on television. With the true gift of the accomplished professional he has now become in the mind of the audience the character he just portrayed."

Boston Herald-Traveler, August 25, 1971, "Hirsch on Theater/Leonard Nimoy in 'Fiddler on the Roof,'" by Samuel Hirsch.

"Each actor brings something of himself to a great role, something uniquely his own that infuses his performance with his personality. That's what Leonard Nimoy does so magnificently with Tevye, the Dairyman.... Nimoy's Tevye is not the characterization created originally by Zero Mostel on Broadway -- the chubby clown and shoulder-shrugging philosopher. From his first entrance, he stands tall, a thin man, poor, humble and eager to please, but not one who can be

pushed around. He's younger than most Tevye's we've seen and, with his flashing smile and strong, straight back could be a modern Israeli rather than the traditional middle European Jew of the little village of Anatevka.... Here Tevye is a virile and good-humored man of the people. He is firm, yet gentle with his wife, Golde, and five daughters. When he talks to God it is a conversation between good friends. When he tricks Golde into changing her mind about a match for his eldest daughter, it is the act of an inspired man and a good-natured deception. Then when he must disown another daughter for marrying outside his faith, he is adamant but able to express his grief with tears.

"His songs are sung with superb mastery of content and clarity, making you overlook the fact that he really has no voice. Moreover, his inner sense of the man creates an ambiance that carries over into his singing and when he wonders how it feels to be a rich man, he's a healthy, exultant dreamer willing to work hard to make his wishes come true."

"The Man in the Glass Booth" -- Goldman -- November 16-December 19, 1971.
(Old Globe Theatre, San Diego.)

Los Angeles Times, November 27, 1971, "'Glass Booth' Staged at San Diego's Old Globe," by John C. Mahoney.

"The play inspires a superlative performance from Leonard Nimoy as the self-proclaimed Messiah posing as a Jew posing as an ex-Nazi at a war crimes trial in Israel.... From his introduction with sharp wit in boorish elegance through his too-willing arrest and trial, mocking and exposing testimony brought against him, boasting motives no Nazi on trial would claim, asking questions few Jews would answer, Nimoy hints of a determined intelligence and messianic zeal beneath theatrical surface.

"He smooths the twists and turns of the play with a mad logic and the fateful confidence of would-be martyrs."

Daily Variety, November 26, 1971, "Legit Review," by Don.

"Robert Shaw's puzzling drama demands an extraordinary starring performance, fortunately supplied by Leonard Nimoy with virtuoso drive and intensity.... A powerhouse on stage, Nimoy sums up with unflagging energy and insights the nature of an extremely complex, driving personality.... For two hours, Nimoy remains onstage with no letdown. It is a crackling portrayal, a tour de force that continually builds."

San Diego Union, November 18, 1971, "Admirable Old Globe Production/Leonard Nimoy Shines in 'Booth'," by Welton Jones.

"Overkill haunts Robert Shaw's 'The Man in the Glass Booth'.... Shaw's failure as a playwright is akin to Goldman's, in that he abandons logic and seeks the truth through more and more bombast until all of Nimoy's focused energy cannot maintain the weight of the material.

"But Nimoy tries gloriously and he's fascinating for two and a half hours, never leaving the stage, never faltering from the tempo."

Mark Lenard

"Good Life" -- episode broadcast October 30, 1971 -- salesman/burglar Sawyer.

DeForest Kelley

"Owen Marshall, Counselor At Law" --
"Make No Mistake" -- Frank Slater.
Broadcast October 14, 1971.
((also in cast: Paul Fix, "Dr. Piper"
as Dr. Mel Woodruff; Davis Roberts,
"Dr. Ozaba," as a specialist.))

"Room 222" -- former judge Matt
Silverton -- broadcast December 10,
1971.
((Lloyd Haynes, "Alden," is series
lead Pete Dixon.))

Walter Koenig

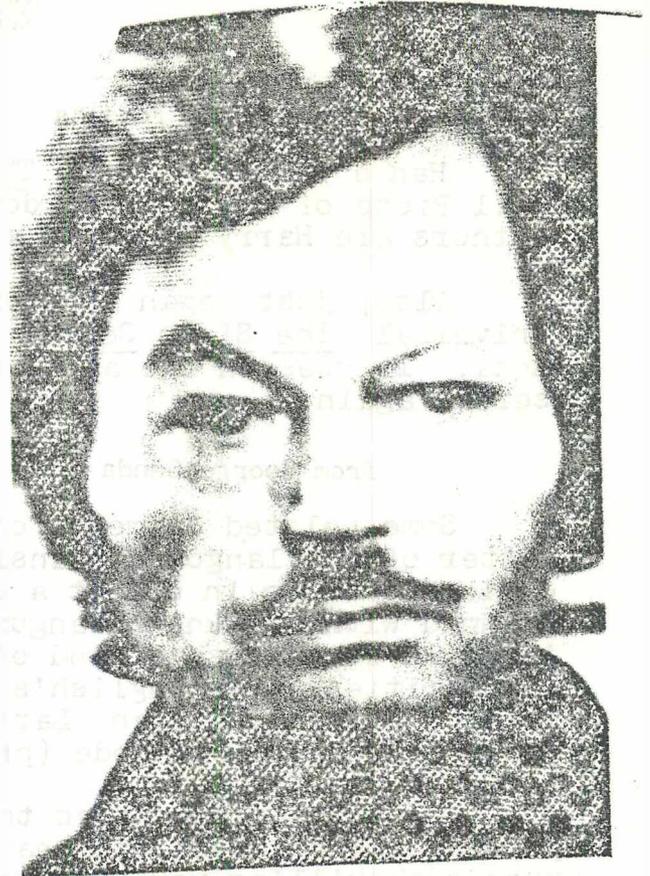
"The White House Murder Case" --
Capt. Weems (see also T-N 12)
Los Angeles Magazine, April 1971.
"Richard S. Fullerton and Walter
Koenig, as a couple of American
warriors slowly and quite literally
coming apart in a jungle clearing
from the effects of a nerve gas, do
manage to be gruesomely funny, but
the rest of the cast, back in Wash-
ington, huff and puff to little avail.

"New CBS Friday Night Movie" -- "Goodbye, Raggedy Ann" -- Jerry Keller --
broadcast October 22, 1971.
Variety, October 27, 1971, "Television Reviews," by Bok., p. 50.
"John Colicos was saddled with unplayable role of a stuffy millionaire."
((also in cast: John Colicos, "Kor," as Paul Jamison.))

George Takei

"O'Hara, United States Treasury" -- premiere episode -- Joe Lew -- broadcast
September 17, 1971.
Variety, September 22, 1971, "Television Review," by Bok., p. 30.
"Star David Janssen and fellow agent George Takei were put through rather
mechanical paces as front men for an import-export business.... Takei, Stacy
Harris and Felton Perry were typical one-dimensional fellow agents." ((also
in cast: Blaizdell Makee, "Spinelli" and "Singh," as Peliana; episode was
written by Gilbert Ralston, "Who Mourns for Adonais," with Robert Holt.))

"Ironside" -- "No Motive for Murder" -- Tsutomu Watari -- broadcast
September 23, 1971.



 Waves: LETTERS

from Dorothy Fontana

Had a western novel, The Brayos River, published by Lenox Hill Press of N.Y., in hardcover. It's a collaboration; the authors are Harry Sangford and D.C. Fontana.

Also, just began as story editor on a new series at Universal, The Sixth Sense - deals with ESP and psychic phenomena. It goes on the air Jan. 15, ABC. Nice to be on a series again.

from George Senda

Some belated comments on the Funcon Q&A panel: As to the matter of the language translator. Well...I assume that such a device would be in effect a small mini-computer that is programmed with all known languages, both past and present. Also, it would contain some kind of "glossary" with root words and similarities. (As English's root words are similar to those in French, Spanish, German, Latin, etc.) Failing that, then some kind of mathematical code (probably based on binary) would be used.

About the argument as to whether or not the Federation's personnel should utilize phasers to kill: There would be times when such killing would be warranted, as in the case of the Mugato. If non-intelligent alien creatures we will meet have certain characteristics common to many wild animals here on Earth, then they'd be highly dangerous if aroused or wounded. Also, while the phaser seems to have three or four settings (heat, stun, kill, blast, and melt), one would assume that there would be some kind of general orders that say in effect, "Use the kill setting only when it has been determined that the use of 'stun' would not subdue the attacker or would produce a situation of undesirable danger to the individual." As a matter of fact, a friend and I have designed a working phaser and will build a model for patent use sometime in the near future. (That is, it uses the same principles as the phaser, but will not be designated as such.)

((The language translator would no doubt use some such principles when dealing with known languages or languages cognate to known ones, but its instant translation of new, non-cognate languages (as in "The Apple") is inexplicable unless it includes a telepathic receptor. McCoy's complaint that medicine had managed to "tie into every organ except the brain" -- "The Menagerie" -- would seem to contradict this idea. However, it is possible that the telepathic translator, capable of handling the kind of situation found in "The Apple," S.D. 3715, did not exist at the time of "The Menagerie," S.D. 3012. Of the shows with earlier stardates, only "The Corbomite Man eu-

ver," S.D. 1512, "Balance of Terror," S.D. 1709, and "Patterns of Force," S.D. 2534, involve contact with beings who presumably are not speaking English. The Ekosians and Zeons had been previously surveyed, and their languages had presumably been learned then. The Romulan language must have been learned at the time of the First Romulan War, as otherwise it would have been difficult or impossible for the two peoples to negotiate a treaty as they did. As for Balok -- he may have had a telepathic translator himself. Support for the suggestion that the ship did not have a telepathic translator in the early shows is found in "Devil in the Dark," S.D. 3196, when Kirk had to depend on Spock's telepathic abilities to communicate with the non-verbal Horta, whereas in "Metamorphosis," S.D. 3219, Spock was able to handle a similar situation by tinkering with a translator, instead of having to undergo the strain of direct telepathic contact himself. Possibly the Federation first acquired the telepathic translator at the time of "Arena" S.D. 3045, when the Metrons gave Kirk a recorder which also functioned as a translator; and the Federation only gradually learned to reproduce it and exploit its full range of use. // In addition to the points you suggest justifying the lethal range of phaser-power, there is the fact that the difference between a stunning and a deadly force varies according to the target's defenses; the Horta, for example, was merely wounded by the full force of two phasers.))

||·|| UCKSTER NOTES

Michelle Malkin (of Pastaklan Vesla) is still selling ST clips for the American Cancer Society. The clips come in packs of 20-25 for \$1.00. All proceeds go to the American Cancer Society. Send orders to Michelle Malkin, 1026 Warfield Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006. Copies of Pastaklan Vesla #4 are \$1 each, from the same address.

Voyages #2 is available from Pat Zotti, 100 Gage Street, Apt. 4, Bennington Vermont 05201, or from Jim Thomas, PO Box 474, Los Altos California 94022, for \$1 plus ten 8¢ stamps for first-class postage. This fanzine features Dr. McCoy.

Deck Six will publish its final issue (#16) sometime early in 1972. Back issues (#'s 1-16) will remain available indefinitely, at 50¢/3 issues (or 20¢ each), from Carol Pruitt Ing, 22 Centre Street, Apt. 9, Cambridge Massachusetts 02139.

I (Ruth Berman) have edited a third SH-sf Fanthology. This one has some ST material in it, Priscilla Pollner's "Holmes was a Vulcan" (an expansion of her "Was Sherlock Holmes a Vulcan" in Son of a Beach) and a limerick on the same topic by Mary Ellen Rabogliatti. Copies are 50¢ apiece. Copies of #2 (no ST material in that issue) are still available, and are also 50¢ apiece. The SH-sf zines consist of writings on Sherlock Holmes by sf fans.

Eridani Triad II, ed. Gail Barton (31 Rangeview Drive, Lakewood Colorado 80215), Doris Beetem, and Judith Brownlee, costs \$1.30/issue, and features stories, articles, poems, and artworks, mostly on Vulcan subjects (e.g., Surak, Sarek, and Starfleet's Captain T'Pelle). #II was 120 pages. #III (price & length not yet set) will probably be ready this summer.

Captain
T'Pelle
of
Starfleet

