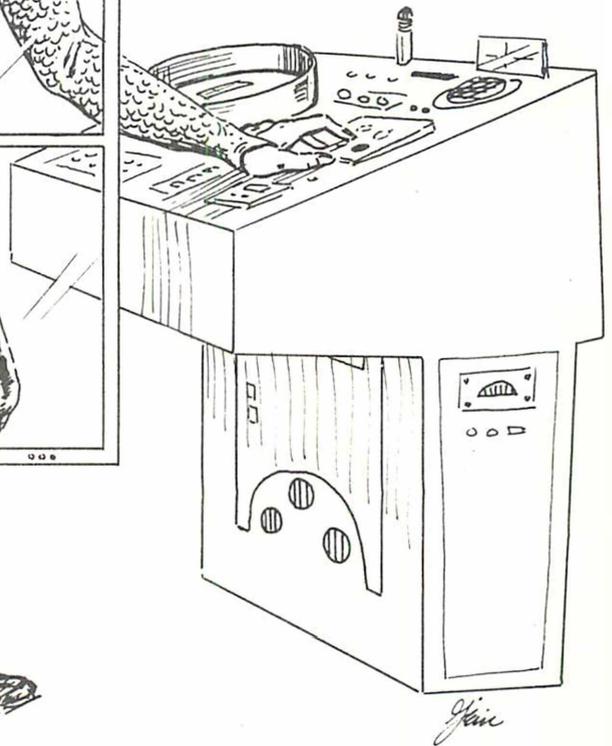
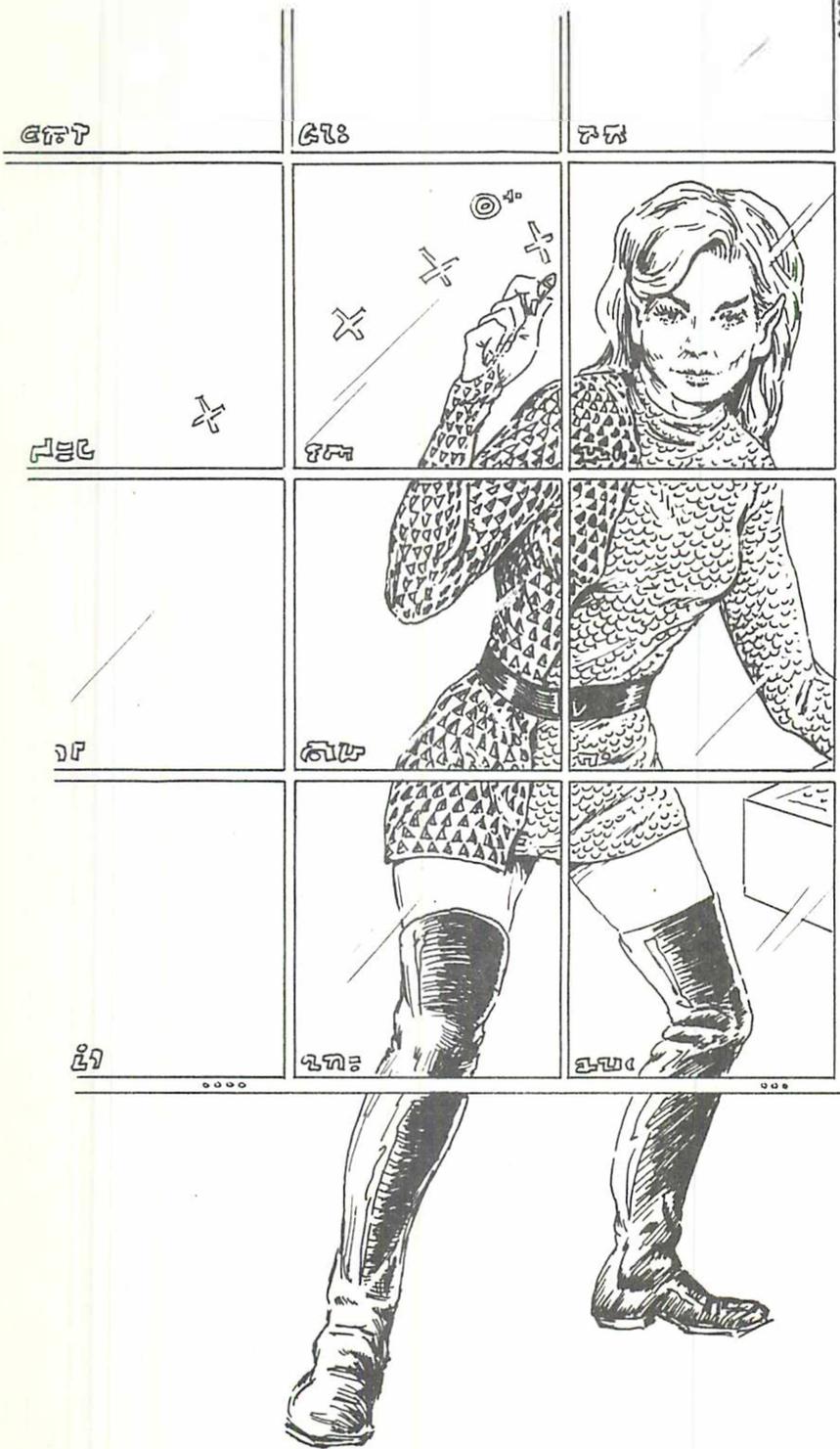


# T-NEGATIVE

## 5



'REVENGE' #2

SECRET

3



T-Negative 5, February, 1970, comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417.

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\* Tim Courtney was a warm-hearted and loving woman, who expressed those qualities both in her work (special-duty nursing) and in her life.

Soon after Star Trek came on the air, she became a fan of the show -- and discovered that nearly all the children in the hospitals she visited were also fans of the show, and could be made to feel more at ease with the (to them) new and frightening environment of the hospital if they thought of it as Dr. McCoy's sickbay. To her ill, blind, or deaf children, she was their own private "Nurse Chapel," bringing Star Trek pictures, stories, and games, and the knowledge that someone cared about them.

She died of cancer on January 16, 1970.

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T-N 5 came to you for at least one of the following reasons:

- I felt like sending it to you.
- You paid money (thank you). Cost per issue is 50¢, subscriptions are three for a dollar --
- and your subscription ran out with this issue.
- Queen's guard or Richillieu's men, D'Artagnan?

## SET - To

On Friday, September 20, 1968, there was some assorted mail to be taken to the studio, so I took it there after work and took advantage of the errand to watch a bit of filming. When I came in they had apparently been working for some time on a tiny scrap of a transporter scene from Act IV of "Wink of an Eye": Deela says, "Come, Captain. Time to leave your pretty ship. Your crew will be all right. You said so yourself," Kirk answers, "I'll make sure of it," and grabs her fancy weapon out of its sleeve pocket.

When I came in they were stopped. Deela had a typical Theiss costume -- it was modestly high in front and slit indecently up the sides. A couple of the side-stiches (what few there were) had torn, and Deela was standing perfectly still (with the anxious expression of one expecting the needle to miss the fabric and start sewing her at any moment) to be sewed up. When the woman mending the costume had finished, something was wrong with the lights, and there was more delay. "Don't just stand there! sew something!" Deela told the mender. But there was nothing more for the mender to do, so Deela wrapped herself in the train of the gown and walked to and fro, shivering in the December chill. Theiss gowns aren't very warm.

It took them several takes to get through the scene. Shatner claimed to be quite willing to go on filming the scene all night, if they didn't mind driving him cra-a-azy. His car was in a garage having some work done on it, and he wanted to get it out before the garage closed for the weekend. When the scene was finally done, he practically hurtled off the set.

Friday, November 8, I was supposed to interview George Takei over lunch. His car broke down, and Rick Carter (who'd set up the meeting and guided me to the commissary) and I were both getting hungry. So we ate, and the interview was a couple hours later, in Carter's office. Some fragments:

Takei was talking about the lack of any dramas that explore the Orinetal American community. I commented that Flower Drum Song did, though not well. Takei made a face. "Well, that's..."

"Schmaltz?" I suggested.

"Yes, schmaltz. That really didn't get into it. I see a lot of this happening with Jewish life in films right now, in Alice B. Toklas or George Segal and Eileen Heckart in No Way to Treat a Lady." The comparison wasn't random -- I'd remarked a few minutes earlier that his description of his family sounded like my family, or any Jewish family. "You know, a real look at the values, attitudes, idiosyncrasies of this American community. But that really hasn't been done with the Oriental community -- aside from that Flower Drum Song kind of puffpastry." He paused to consider the metaphor. "Chinese fortune cookie might be more appropriate."

He talked a little about Sulu, and I said, "You know, he projects an attitude. There was a girl who sent in a group of humorous limericks. She had one about Chekov and Sulu that ended 'When the danger is over, they chatter again.' And Walter Koenig said, 'But we never chatter. Never!'" (Anecdote courtesy of Rick Carter, who made copies of the limericks and gave them to the actors.) "It's true -- you don't get the lines. But it's also true that Chekov and Sulu give the impression of being good friends."

Takei laughed. "They call us the Bobbsey Twins. Walter gets called George, and he's furious about it. For the first time Herb Kenwith called me Walter. None of the other directors has called me Walter yet, thank god, but Walter gets called George more frequently than any poor soul that I know."

"That's not as bad as Vince McEveety calling De 'Nurse'," said Carter.

"Yes, horrible!" Takei exclaimed over laughter.

"I take it he does that on purpose?" I said.

"Yes," said Takei. "Whenever he is trying to catch De's attention, and De is talking to somebody, he'll say, 'De.... De.... Nurse, get over here!'"

(A few weeks later, watching a bit of filming from "The Cloud Minders," I heard director Judd Taylor use the same sort of ploy to get Shatner away from the people he was talking to: "Bill.... Shatner.... Hey, somebody poke the kid in the green shirt!" Actually, it was yellow, but he came anyway.)

Like Kelley, Takei had gone to New York at one time, hoping to get into a Broadway play. "My 'New York' period was very lean," he said, "a miserable, gruesome...the traditional, legendary actor's existence: cold-water flats, odd jobs, a series of odd jobs (a series of cold-water flats, too, for that matter), Off-Broadway, a few television...no Broadway. I actually went with stars in my eyes. I expected to see my name in lights on Broadway. And then I discovered that the legitimate theaters are not on Broadway, but are on side-streets! 44th, 45th.... But that's still one of my dreams. I'm still the stage-struck kid. I want to do something on Broadway. That's...Mecca."

I asked if he'd really started fencing because of 'The Naked Time.'

"I did go out and take fencing lessons. I found that to be a fascinating sport. And I fought another friend, Steve Mines -- he did a Star Trek, too, the only guy that ever got married on Star Trek."

"'Balance of Terror'."

"Right. We were attacked, and he died. Well, he's a good friend of mine. In fact, I went to school at UCLA with his ex-wife. I discovered that he's a fencer, too. So we found occasion to work out, fencing, quite a bit. Of course, he's in New York now, but I was there in September, and we worked out a little again. It's become kind of an avocation of mine, because of 'Naked Time.' I knew nothing about fencing before that. For an actor it pays to have skills -- to be able to play the piano, even to be able to do acrobatics, although the stuntmen usually take care of that. On the stage, of course, you don't have stuntmen. I remember taking a fall, having gotten stabbed, from a platform about that high." (He held up his hand at a level of about six feet.) "Of course, we had elements down there that looked like rocks but were actually disguised mattresses."

On December 12, I took a lot of mail for Walter Koenig over to the studio, hoping to catch him at a time when he might be free for an interview. (I'd suddenly realized that the shows for the season would be completed in a few weeks, and the actors would scatter and be hard to get hold of. Indeed, I never did interview Nichelle Nichols, because she left a few weeks early to accept a singing tour.)

A transporter scene from "The Savage Curtain" was in progress: Lincoln has appeared in the Transporter, the Security Chief pretends to blow a whistle (sound added by Glenn-Glenn), and Kirk, Spock, McCoy, Scott, and a couple guards come to attention while Lincoln steps off the transporter and is introduced all round. I was startled to see, for once, a scene being filmed with no re-takes. It was a complex sequence involving several characters and a good deal of motion, but it went off like dominoes: master shot, close-ups of Lincoln, Kirk, Scott, and Spock; they stopped there for a short break. The only other time I'd seen a shot filmed without re-takes was when Admiral Fitzpatrick denied Spock permission to beam down to the planet in search of Kirk ("Mark of Gideon") -- a scene involving only Admiral Fitzpatrick (and the first assistant director, going "And he says blah blah blah" in between speeches, to represent Spock's lines) fixed in his chair underneath that boomerang-shaped admiral's-wall-hanger.

When the scene was complete, they took a long break, and Kirk, Spock, McCoy, and Scott went to change out of their dress uniforms. The next scene would be the transporter scene where Kirk and Spock beam down to the planet (by which time they're out of dress uniform), and the one after a briefing-room scene, the transporter scenes being completed, in which McCoy and Scott try to talk them out of going (still in dress uniform). Doohan did some grumbling about the amount of time he and the others were going to spend that day changing costumes.

As Doohan started towards his dressing room, his wife came up and asked if he had a dime for a phone call. The question struck me as odd, because none of the uniforms have pockets. I was amazed and amused to see Doohan calmly open his sporran and fish out a dime. I suppose I'd known in a vague sort of way that that over-sized rabbit's foot was really a pouch, but it hadn't occurred to me that they'd given him a functional one. Anite teased him, saying, "You're almost as handy with your purse as a woman." He grumfed.

It turned out that Koenig wasn't there at all that day, so I was not able to reach him till later.

At the end of the following week there was a large Christmas party for the cast and crew, paid for by the producers and the three stars. I went to the studio directly from work, in order to see the tail-end of the day's filming. When I came in, Shatner

and two Fops were dragging through the scene from "All Our Yesterdays" in which they capture Kirk. The show had a large cast (a whole row of make-up tables had been set up at the far edge of the Enterprise sets, just outside the planet sets, and the pretty petty-thief and a few others were lackadaisically removing make-up).

What with cast members still there and people coming early for the party, there was a noise problem of coughing and shuffling, and Marvin Chomsky, the director, had to do a good deal of yelling for silence. He was much annoyed at having to do so -- he was very busy experimenting with various ways of throttling Shatner while the two of them discussed how to block the action of Kirk's fight and capture. The two Fops lounged patiently against the dungeon door, which abutted their alley set. Eventually Chomsky plaintively asked if people who didn't have to be there would go away. I didn't see anyone else moving, but figured I ought to obey anyway. I went over to Rick Carter's office to chat with him and Sherry until the party was ready.

When we returned to the set, it was quite different. A buffet had been set up in front of the bridge, and a Christmas tree shone just outside the transporter's back wall. All the sets were pushed up against the walls, leaving a large open space filled with chairs and tables. Shatner, who had been so tired and depressed a couple hours before, was now ebullient, thoroughly enjoying the role of host, and beaming as he looked around at the huge crowd of people enjoying themselves at his expense. He leaped on a table at the starting time to make a welcome speech, and he spent the next hour or so dashing through the crowd, apparently trying to greet everyone. Carolyn and DeForest Kelley, in contrast, filtered slowly through, greeting guests quietly, although with equal warmth. Shatner and Kelley were the only hosts there, as Roddenberry was home with the Hong-kong flu, and so (I think) were Nimoy and the associate producers.

A new blooper film had been prepared for the party, much of it making use of previous footage, but with some new and original blooping. It opened with a shot of a robin flying in the sky, and cut to Lincoln looking up and shaking his fist. Then it cut to quick views of the regulars, most of them kissing guest-star actresses (my notes say Spock and Nona, but I don't remember that and find it hard to believe), and a final view of Spock sticking his tongue out. The producers' credits came over a shot of the interstellar villains from "Savage Curtain."

There were several bloopers from "Let That Be Your Last Battlefield." Kelley, staring up at the medical indicators, said, "I don't know exactly what's normal for you, but if I had your readings, I'd be the most incredible...guy that ever stood there silly-faced not able to remember his lines." Lou Antonio said solemnly, "I am Bele.... No, I'm not, I'm Lokai." Shots cutting back and forth between close-ups of Antonio and Frank Gorshin running down the corridor suddenly cut to a long shot of one of them (I couldn't tell which, under the makeup -- neither could they, apparently) running. Just then the other appeared at the other end of the corridor, running towards him. They collided, caromed off opposite walls, and one fell to the floor. The other pulled him up, ad-libbing, "Hey, schmuck, this way to the transporter!"

Assorted characters walked confidently into doors that didn't open.

"Can such purity survive?" Kirk tenderly asked Reena.  
"Oh, shit!" she replied.

Kirk cautiously snuck up to the cloaking device, looked all around, heisted it, and started for the door. The bottom fell off the cloaking device.

When the blooper film ended I was getting sleepy (it had been a long day), and, besides, I was curious to see "Elaan of Troyius," so I left.

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WANT: Mrs. S. Lichtenberg, 45 Blauvelt Road, Monsey New York 10952, would like to get a copy each of Spockanalia #1 and #2. Will pay reasonable amount.

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Bantam Books has brought out another book by James Blish based on Star Trek. It is an original novel (if you call 118 pages a novel), not an adaptation from the shows. Spock Must Die!, H5515, 60¢ (probably available from Bantam, 666 Fifth Avenue, NYNY 10019, for 60¢ plus postage, if not available at local stands).

## WITHIN THE BARRIER

by Ruth Berman

Vlahm and Kirk arrived at the sick bay door almost at the same moment. The tall, frail Andorian looked as unhappy as Kirk felt. They entered together and stood for a moment without speaking.

Two beds were occupied. McCoy hovered over one, gave the still figure an injection, glanced up at the medical indicators, glanced back at the indicators over the other bed, glanced across the beds at Nurse Chapel. "Call me if there's any change," he said. He went into his office next door, beckoning the intruders to follow.

"Well, Doctor?" said Kirk.

"I don't know."

"Will the gentlemen live?" said Vlahm. The tips of his antennae quivered as he spoke.

"I hope so. I'm sorry. I just don't know yet."

Kirk nodded and turned on the intercom. "Hangar deck."

"Scott here, Captain," came the answer.

"How's the shuttle?"

"Bad enough, but I've seen worse. I think I can maybe have her repaired in a day." Even as he spoke, Scott was busily probing at the Galileo's engines, searching for ways to make the time for repair even less.

"That's fine, Scotty." Kirk switched the intercom off.

Scott blinked. "It is?" he said in a shocked voice, staring at the intercom as if it was to blame for the captain's unusual docility. He shook his head and went ferociously to work.

Vlahm sat down and contemplated the blank face of a viewer.

McCoy said hesitantly, "Dr. Vlahm...did you get the data you wanted? Sulu's background in physics --"

"-- is adequate. Adequate," said Vlahm.

Coming from Vlahm, it was high praise.

"But I must investigate for myself," he went on. "Captain, no matter what your orders, you must let me go. This working with other hands -- you are bringing me data, valuable data, but so slowly! You have not so many men. I perhaps have not so much time."

"I'm beginning to agree," said Kirk. "Bones?"

McCoy looked sour. "Well, maybe. If you could set up adequate monitors for me. If I could go myself --"

"No," said Kirk.

"-- but with Sulu and Hadley so badly hurt, I couldn't go till they're out of danger."

"How is Ryan?" said Kirk abruptly.

"Fine," said McCoy. "Nice, clean fracture. He can't work till the bone knits, if that's what you mean."

Dr. Vlahm stood up. "I shall return to my work."

"Just lie down here a moment," said McCoy.

Vlahm obediently stretched out on the examining table. McCoy's face lightened a little as he saw that the readings indicated reasonably good health for the Andorian.

Kirk left for the bridge.

The faces there swung around to him when he entered.

"They're alive," he said. "Very ill. No visitors for the time being." He sat down and stared morosely at the shifting layers of pink and black on the main screen: the barrier. The Enterprise had crossed it three times, which was three times more than most ships had.

The barrier enclosed the galaxy. It was non-material, yet visible. It took time to cross and so was presumed to have width, but conventional instruments failed to operate within it -- so far as the fragmented nature of readings during emergencies allowed them to observe. And all crossings had been made during emergencies. Its energies were hard for instruments, hell for engines, and, occasionally, death for people. Since its discovery, many scoutships had cruised beside it, trying to discover its mysteries. Even that was dangerous enough. The barrier churned and shifted, and a crippled ship usually was lightyears away from even the closest star-systems.

Vlahm had been one of those on the scoutships. He had published a paper on the structure of the barrier, indicating that a small ship -- especially if it had help nearby in case of trouble -- could dart in and out of the barrier and perhaps, if it could match the energy-structure of the barrier, cruise at will within it. The theory was beyond Kirk. Spock had told him that he thought it was elegant, but was unsure, as there was too much in it that he did not understand himself.

Star Fleet had assigned Dr. Vlahm to the Enterprise and the Enterprise to the task of investigating the barrier, but Vlahm's health had been weakened by his own earlier exploration. Kirk was under orders to give him all possible protection -- which was supposed to mean: keep him out of the barrier. Flights by others into the barrier, in the ship's shuttlecrafts, brought out useful data, but the pace was cruelly slow. Vlahm had not the skill to put into words the tests he wanted to make. He was not himself fully conscious of his intentions. He felt that the barrier was something he could deal with, but he did not know how. Spock, tracing some of the symbolism in Vlahm's paper out on a clipboard, decided not to say, "Illogical."

So Vlahm had given instructions and ordered tests run, and others had gone out into the barrier in his place. He generally sat beside Spock on the bridge during each flight, like a thin blue ghost, with his life spread out before him on the view screen. The casualties had become increasingly serious. The navigational departments were now badly short-staffed. Pavel Chekov was a fully competent officer, and so was Lt. Hansen, the helmsman beside him, but Kirk was uncomfortably aware of the fatigue in the faces of both.

When he had been looking at the screen for perhaps a minute, Kirk became aware of Spock standing at his elbow, head

down like a youngster about to confess to a misdeed. "Did you cut the cherry trees, Spock?"

"Captain?"

"No, I know. You're going to tell me why you should take the Jalileo out as soon as Scotty has her ready."

"Yes, Jim," Spock admitted.

"In the first place, I can't spare you. In the second place, Vlahm needs somebody familiar with our library-computer setup here for the supplemental observations. In the third place, you're a semi-telepath, and the barrier is probably more dangerous to you than it is to us. I know you and other telepaths have crossed it safely, but that may be luck. In the fourth place, Vlahm wants to go himself. He thinks he has to. I'm just about convinced he's right."

Spock, somewhat staggered by the length of the list, was silent for a moment. Then he muttered, "Reasonable," and returned to his post.

Kirk saw that Chekov's head was nodding forward.

"Wake up, Mr. Chekov," Kirk said teasingly. "Are you plotting a course to the Lost Colonies?"

"No, sir," said Chekov, jerking his head up and rubbing his eyes. He added softly. "The Lost Colonies? Real destinations give me enough trouble."

Spock asked, "Will Dr. McCoy allow Dr. Vlahm to go?"

"Yes, if we can arrange for monitors on him," said Kirk.

"I could handle that, Captain," suggested Uhura.

"Yes," said Kirk. "Thank you, Lieutenant. There is still the problem of a navigator."

"I could --"

"No, you could not, Chekov," said Kirk. "Not without rest."

"The Wendover?" said Spock.

"Mmm...yes. Uhura, are they in hailing distance?"

"I'll try them, sir," she said.

Vlahm, in his efforts to make clear what he wanted done, had decided quite early that he wanted more equipment than even the Enterprise had available. Star Fleet had approved the requisition, and the Wendover was almost due with the extra instruments.

"A navigator?" Captain Nkwama repeated a few moments later. "Yes, I can spare one. In fact, I've got one who's put in a request to transfer when we reach Starbase. No reason the transfer couldn't be now."

Kirk hesitated.

"Don't worry," said Nkwama, correctly guessing the cause of the silence, "I'm not trying to get rid of a reject. In fact, I'll be sorry to lose the kid. A natural wanderer -- you'll see on the record. Some navigators are like that. Transfer all the time. Odd type, but nothing wrong in it."

"Thank you, Captain."

"My pleasure, Captain. Be with you shortly."

The Wendover reached beaming distance a few hours later. Kirk went down to the transporter and found that Spock had already begun beaming the instruments aboard. Vlahm was there, already unwrapping one of them.

"You look like a birthday party," said Kirk.

"A -- ?" said Vlahm. "Oh, that custom! Yes. I feel like one."

The door to the room swooshed open, and McCoy entered. "Am I late?"

"Not quite, Doctor," said Spock. "How are your patients?"

McCoy glanced sharply at Spock, wondering if the Vulcan could be got to admit that he felt genuine concern. He decided against it and answered in the same level tone, "No change, But they're holding their own."

A figure materialized in the transporter, and they beheld a young woman of medium height. She had straight, black-brown hair, swept up around her head in a smooth psyche-knot, and a nervous expression.

"Alison Jasper, navigator, reporting for duty," she said formally.

"Welcome aboard, Miss Jasper," said Kirk, shaking hands and drawing her off the platform. "This is Dr. Vlahm, physicist; ship's surgeon, Leonard McCoy -- "

She shook hands with both in turn.

Kirk interrupted himself, " -- you going to want her for her check-up now, Bones?"

She grinned at the nickname and began to relax a little.

McCoy nodded.

" -- and my first officer, Commander Spock," finished Kirk.

"How do you do," she said to them all.

"Now, that's just what I came to ask you," said McCoy. "This way."

"Yes, sir."

McCoy smiled at her formality and led the way out. The nursing staff was attending to Sulu and Hadley, and there was nothing McCoy could do for them, for the time being. He was relieved to have a simple problem to turn to, and he put Alison through a full battery of tests, talking casually throughout. Her nervousness slowly subsided.

"Now, just breathe normally," McCoy said at last.

"I don't think I remember how, sir."

"That's par for the course. Still," he said, glancing at her records, which he had thrown on the viewer, "you ought to be used to it. You've transferred a number of times."

"Yes, sir. Nothing as big as the Enterprise, though."

"I remember my first couple days here," said McCoy. "I got lost every time I tried to report to the bridge. I don't suppose a navigator will have that problem, hey?"

"Oh, I guess I'll manage, sir."

"I wish you'd stop calling me sir."

Alison looked apologetic. "I'd feel kind of foolish calling you Bones...uh...Doctor?"

McCoy smiled. "Jim's about the only one who calls me Bones, come to think of it. He thinks that's what a ship's captain should call the ship's surgeon."

"But you don't like it," she guessed.

McCoy shrugged. "It's better than Lennie.... Doctor's fine. Or Doc. Or even Hey-You, if you catch me in a good mood.... Ever been through the barrier before?"

She jerked. "No, sir...Doctor."

"What's wrong? Does the barrier spook you?"

"I guess it does. You hear a lot of stories about what it does to people, and I've never been up close to it."

"Um-hmm," said McCoy, realizing he had found part of the reason for Alison's wariness. "I'd guess you've heard a lot more than what's so. It's dangerous, all right. I've got patients next door in sick bay to prove it. But you live with danger right along out in space."

Alison nodded. "Does it really...?" She stopped. "Has everyone on the ship crossed it before?"

"Yes, I guess we all have."

"Well, I suppose I can, too, then."

She did not look completely convinced, but McCoy saw that she felt less tense. "Seems a pity to put you to work first thing," he said, "but Navigation's short-handed. You'd better run along if you want to get settled in your room before you have to take first crack at finding the bridge."

"Yes, Doctor."

On the bridge, Kirk walked over to Chekov's side of the navigation console.

"Yes, Captain?" Chekov said, locking up.

"Favor to ask," said Kirk.

Chekov blinked and began looking worried.

"We've got a new navigator, Alison Jasper. Can you take time to test her on the Galileo's controls when Scotty has her fixed? She hasn't worked on a Class I starship before, according to her records, but she has worked on ships equipped with regular shuttle craft." Kirk sighed inwardly. Chekov had caught the drift of what he was saying. The ensign did not look reproachful or disappointed, but the imitation-Spock pokerface on his features told Kirk the same story. "If Miss Jasper is at home with the Galileo, I want to send her with Vlahm instead of you. It's important to have someone experienced on the shuttle -- you, for example, or Miss Jasper -- but, if Vlahm gets in trouble, it'll be important to have someone experienced -- you, for example -- on duty here."

"Yes, sir," Chekov said automatically.

"Thank you."

The intercom sounded, and Kirk returned to his chair.

"Vlahm here, Captain," said the Andorian's voice. "I was correct; the new instruments allow me to predict positional shifts in the barrier, to a limited extent. There should be one coming up in the next few minutes. You will want to be ready to take the ship back quickly."

"Very good. Kirk out."

Chekov laid in the expected course, at Kirk's order, and then Kirk announced over shipwide intercom, "Be ready for possible sudden turbulence." They sat back to wait for it.

Alison, just entering the lift, missed the announcement. Arriving on the bridge, she found everyone there looking intently at the viewscreen (except Spock, who was looking even more intently into his scanner). Alison stood looking around, not quite sure where to go.

"Now," said Kirk, as a section of the barrier buckled and bulged out at them.

Lt. Kyle -- the transporter chief, but also a qualified helmsman -- was on duty in Sulu's place. He touched the helm controls and brought the ship scooting away from the electricpink band swirling out at them.

Alison was caught off balance and fell against the railing.

Spock straightened up as she started to fall and reached her only a moment after she was down. He jerked her up, set her on her feet, and went silently back to his post.

Kirk looked around. "Are you all right, Miss Jasper?"

She was holding her left elbow tightly. "Yes, sir. I hit my funnybone, and it stings, that's all." She came down into the center of the bridge, and Chekov rose, relinquishing his post to her with a half-bow.

"You haven't worked with a board like this before," said Kirk, as she sat down.

"No, sir," she said, touching the controls in sequence without moving any of them.

"Try plotting a course to return us to our previous position after the barrier shifts again."

She said, "Aye, sir," and slowly set the controls. Once she started to press the wrong button. Kyle was about to put out his hand to correct her, but she caught the mistake before he moved. "Done, sir."

Kyle checked her work and nodded.

Chekov left to get his supper and took a table by himself. McCoy, arriving for his own supper, was surprised to see the clubbable ensign holding himself aloof. After a moment's consideration, he took his tray and sat down across the table from Chekov. "Problems?"

"No," said Chekov, "the new navigator is not used to the Enterprise. If she can handle the Galileo, the captain will send

her with Dr. Vlahm in my place. It is a wise decision. If I go, someone with more experience than she has would have to take a double-shift in order to -- "

"Chekov," said McCoy.

He stopped, looking startled.

"Don't pretend to like it, and it'll be easier to accept it," said McCoy.

Chekov ate a few bites in silence, considering the statement, and said at last, "Yes, perhaps." He smiled reluctantly. "Thank you, Doctor."

Meanwhile, Scott had his supper sent down to him in the hangar deck, and continued working on the Galileo's engines. An hour or so past the ship's midnight, he completed the last of the work that he either wanted to do himself or wanted done under his supervision. He felt quite pleased. The Galileo would be fully operable by morning, and several of his assistants now had direct experience of the problems involved in recalibrating simple engines.

"Wake me when you've finished, lads," he said. He set a probe down carefully and stood up, squaring off his shoulders to hide his weariness. "And send a memo to the bridge when you're near enough done to let them run some tests on her controls."

He returned in the morning to find Chekov busily checking out Alison Jasper and discovering, rather glumly, that she was skilled at the shuttle controls. Scott checked over his assistants' work approvingly and dismissed them. He finished about the same time as Alison and her examiner, and they left together for breakfast. Scott grabbed a table with a viewer, took out a clip-board, and began making notes, on installing medical monitors, while methodically swallowing oatmeal porridge. When he had done as much as he could without consulting McCoy, he switched the viewer and the clipboard off and began to look about him as he ate. He was a trifle surprised to observe that Alison Jasper was eating alone. Chekov had joined Uhura and Kyle, and the young engineers had taken a table together by themselves.

It all looked quite natural.

Alison finished her breakfast and left the hall. She came to the door and stopped short in the entryway, because

Spock was coming down the corridor. He, in turn, swung wide, and continued on his way.

"And that looks natural, too," Scott said to himself. "But...." He looked around again. Chekov, too, was staring at the door as if he felt something more than traffic control in the little tableau they had just witnessed. The engineer frowned and left for McCoy's office.

"Morning, Scotty," said McCoy. "Going to tell me the monitors I want are impossible?"

"No," said Scott. "No, that's manageable enough, Doctor." He sat down and passed over the clipboard. "You'll want to be having a look at that. But I came to get some advice."

McCoy composed his face into professionally sympathetic lines. "Yes?"

"I'd like to...to put a hypothetical case, Doctor," said Scott. "Suppose you were afraid that the crew was freezing out a newcomer -- not entirely meaning to, you understand, but still -- "

McCoy interrupted, "Suppose we hypothesize that the newcomer's name is Alison Jasper."

Scott waited.

"Ummm," said McCoy, thinking the situation over. "It's hard on the girl, of course, but it'll blow over, in time."

"True enough," said Scott, "but up against the barrier like this -- we need top efficiency, and if there's anger blowing about...." He trailed off and started over. "I'm not wanting to get anyone in trouble with the captain, but if something isn't done the whole ship may be in trouble."

"Mm-hmm. Well, I tell you, Scotty, I think you have to bring the problem to Jim."

"You're closer to him than most...Bones."

"Umph! So that's what you're after." McCoy turned on his intercom. "McCoy to bridge."

"Kirk here."

"Could you come down here for a few minutes? Problem I'd like to ask you about."

"On my way. Kirk out."

McCoy shrugged and took up Scott's notes to study.

Kirk arrived shortly. "Well, Bones?" he said, looking worriedly at the door to the sickbay.

"No, not about them," said McCoy. "They're a little better, looks like."

"Good," said Kirk. He sat down on McCoy's desk. "Well?"

"Well...." McCoy took a breath and launched into explanation.

A lowering expression came over Kirk's face. "Do you mean that Chekov is deliberately --"

"Ah, no!" said Scott.

"No," said McCoy simultaneously. "He's a good boy. He wouldn't consciously take the disappointment out on Alison. But the disappointment shows. People react to it unconsciously."

Scott added, "Even Mr. Spock seems to dislike the lass, and when even a Vulcan dislikes someone...!"

"Spock?" Kirk looked shocked. "What would you suggest, gentlemen? taking Miss Jasper off her assignment for no fault of her own?"

Scott shook his head. "I couldna say, Captain. But something ought to be done, and I thought the problem should be set before you."

Kirk smiled, recognizing the Scotsman's calvinistic conscience at work. "Yes," he said. "You were right to bring it to my attention."

"There's one other factor," McCoy said.

"Yes, Bones?"

"Alison is afraid of the bardler. She's willing to face that fear -- it's my opinion that it'd be good for her to face it -- but I wonder if you want her to risk it with Dr. Vlahm along. Especially considering the other tensions."

Kirk was silent, musing.

McCoy added, "If it's just an excuse to get her off the assignment -- you can put it down to my anxiety to have someone there with as much experience as possible -- someone who can get Vlahm back to the Enterprise in no time flat, without so much as turning one of his antennae."

Kirk looked sharply at the doctor. "You are worried about him, aren't you," he said.

"I've studied Andorian physiology, Jim, but I haven't had much practical experience in the field. If only he was a Vulcan, now, it'd be easy enough to...." McCoy stopped and snorted. "Don't tell Spock I said that."

"How long till that monitoring equipment is set up, Scotty?" Kirk asked.

"About three hours, Captain."

"Then again," Kirk murmured to himself, "with Chekov gone someone's going to have to take a double-shift...." He slid off the desk and started for the door. He glanced back. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said.

Kirk called the three involved by the changed assignment to the briefing-room. Farrell was willing, Chekov eager and willing, and Alison somewhere in between.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked, sounding slightly woebegone.

"Yes," said Kirk, "if you stay on the bridge you'll be available to spell Mr. Farrell and to keep an eye on one of the standby monitors. Thank you. Dismissed." He left, and Farrell followed him. Alison and Chekov, still feeling startled at the change, sat still for a moment.

Chekov came out of the daze first. "Take care of my board, Miss Jasper!" he ordered, half sternly, half joking, as he stood up.

"Yes, Mr. Chekov," she said soberly. She smiled at him, and he smiled back. "Good luck," she added.

It struck him then, for the first time, that he was taking on a dangerous task, one that might actually need good luck. He faltered in his step and looked back at Alison. She was gazing at him sympathetically. "Don't do that!" he said angrily, and stomped out. His pride was hurt. How dared she behave as if he was afraid! "But I am afraid," he muttered, as he signaled the lift.

"Huh?" said a technician, stepping out of the lift.

"Nothing." He went back to apologize, but Alison had already left for the bridge. He shrugged and went to the sickbay.

Christine Chapel came out as he drew near. "You can go in and visit for a minute, if you like," she said.

"I can? Thank you!"

"I'll be timing you," she said.

Inside he found both Sulu and Hadley awake, although too weak to sit up. He hastened to stand where he could be seen, between the beds near the foot, and they smiled in welcome.

"Hi!" said Sulu.

"Hi!" said Chekov. He was not sure what to say next.

"I bet you've got the whole ship lost without us," said Sulu.

Chekov glanced furtively to right and left, put a finger to his lips, and hissed, "Say nothing to anyone! I have put us on course for Moscow."

"Moscow?" said Sulu.

"What's in Moscow?" said Hadley.

"Vodka."

"I don't even like vodka," Sulu complained.

"My friend, in Moscow you will drink vodka -- and like it!"

Both invalids laughed, and Christine re-appeared. She commented, "Laughter's the best medicine...but your time's up."

"But -- " said Sulu.

"You don't want to get all tired out," she said sternly. "Shoo now," she told Chekov, and flapped him out of the room. "The doctor said you're going with Professor Vlahm -- Good luck," she said, when they were outside.

"Thank you," he said, and went to his quarters to rest until it was time to leave.

The Galileo glided out of the Enterprise shortly after the middle of the ship's day. Uhura gasped as the barrier's brilliancy of rose-light hit her eyes. She felt for a moment as if she was drowning in essence of scarlet and should be struggling to breathe. She forced herself to focus on the blue of Vlahm's tunic and skin as they dropped into the barrier. Chekov, seated at the controls, directly ahead of the professor, was visible to her only as a slice of yellow in the shape of a shoulder. The little craft slid into the barrier, hung there a moment, slipped out again, giving them a glimpse of stars, then in, and out, and....

To the watchers on the ship, the Galileo looked like a tiny, hard-edged stone they had flung out, skipping the surface of an ocean of rose waves.

For the next few hours, the operation went smoothly. The Galileo kept scudding along the surface of the barrier, and the Enterprise held a parallel course a few hundred kilometers away. Alison spelled Farrell a few times, long enough for him to leave the bridge and lie down for a bit. Otherwise, she stayed at the computer station just past the engineering console. McCoy sat across the bridge from her, at the computer station next to Spock's, which Vlahm had haunted so long. Now its sensors were keyed to the medical monitors aboard the Galileo, while Uhura broadcast their readings back to the ship.

Kirk noted that Alison was diligently practising navigation even though she was not actually at the board. Her hands moved to match every move that Farrell made, and she plotted the ship's complete course on an imaginary board a few inches above the computer controls.

After a while, Spock's hands began twitching at the movements of navigator and shadow-navigator. Kirk grinned, wondering how long it would take the Vulcan to become aware of the tic. After a minute, Spock held up his hands, looked at them in surprise, and then looked around the bridge until he spotted Alison practising. He stared at her until she turned around. She looked at her hands, put them down at her sides apologetically, and turned back to her station. At that point, Spock became aware of Kirk's observation, and answered it silently with a somewhat shamefaced look before turning back to his own station. Kirk frowned, remembering Scott's warning about the crew's reactions to the newcomer.

Near the scheduled end of the Galileo's run, the barrier shifted towards the ship just at the moment when the Galileo should have been slipping out of the barrier. The barrier continued to move in at them, and they gave way to it, moving further from it.

"Monitors inoperative," McCoy reported.

At the communications panel, Lt. Palmer shifted frequencies rapidly, her fingernails ticking out a tap-dance against the buttons. "Static interference. No contact, sir," she said, and went on trying.

"Spock," said Kirk.

"No sensor readings beyond the surface of the barrier," said Spock. His face looked gaunt in the blue light from the scanner.

Instead of shifting back, the barrier began steaming like a beet borsht and hung churning in place.

The Galileo did not appear.

"Is that just a surface turbulence?" Kirk demanded.

"Negative," said Spock. "Dr. Vlahm's findings indicate a correspondence between the surface and depths of the barrier."

"The Galileo canna take a pounding like yon for long, Captain," said Scott.

"Neither can the people inside," muttered McCoy.

"Chances of finding them if we go in after them?"

"Very poor, Captain," said Spock. "Our sensors would be effectively inoperative."

"Spock! The Vulcan technique of -- the mind meld...?"

"Negative, Captain."

"You could try, anyway!" exclaimed McCoy.

"I could. But to work from a distance...and none of them has telepathic ability. I could not possibly do it...alone."

Kirk started at the change in Spock's voice. "What does that mean?" he demanded.

"It means me," said Alison Jasper.

Heads jerked around to stare at her.

"You?" said Kirk.

She suddenly collapsed in her chair and rolled off it to the floor.

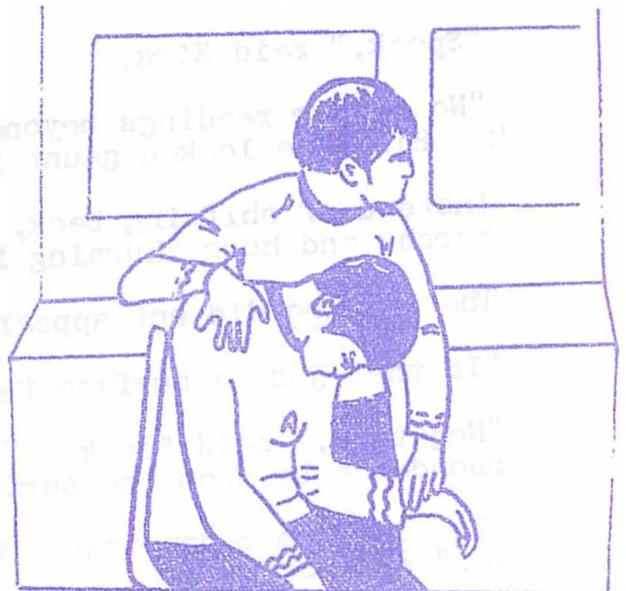
Spock screamed and began to sway.

McCoy raced to hold the Vulcan steady and ease him into his chair. "Stop it," he shouted back over his shoulder at Alison. "What are you doing to him? Stop it!"

"It is...all right...Doctor," said Spock, opening his eyes.

Alison took a deep breath and picked herself off the floor, with a hand from Scott. She sat down again.

"That was hardly necessary, Miss Jasper," said Spock. "It could have waited."



"I couldn't help it," she said. "It was a post-hypnotic command that I had to tell them if I ever revealed the secret -- "

"I gather you're a telepath, Miss Jasper," Kirk interrupted. "Can you and Spock reach the Galileo?"

"I can do it alone." She folded her arms on the panel in front of her and rested her head on them, withdrawing all attention and energy from the muscles of her own body. There was a silence, broken only by her muttering, "Wake up...let me in...."

Spock leaned his elbows on the panel in front of him, set his fingertips together, and stared into the hollow of his hands.

Alison shuddered.

Silence.

Spock and Alison muttered, "Course 116 mark 2...."

Silence.

The Galileo appeared on the screen, a tiny grey oblong against the brightness of the barrier.

"All right, helm, let's go pick them up," Kirk ordered. "Scotty, get down to the transporter and stand by to beam them aboard."

"Aye, sir." The engineer disappeared into the lift.

"Kyle, put a tractor beam on the Galileo as soon as it's in range."

Spock's elbows slipped, and he slumped forward.

"Spock!" said McCoy.

"It's all right. We're just tired," said Spock and Alison.

"Perhaps you'd better report to McCoy's office, Spock," said Kirk.

"Unnecessary," said Spock.

"Don't ask him, just tell him!" said McCoy and Alison. McCoy clapped his hands to his head and stared in horror at Alison. She smiled bitterly. "That wasn't telepathy, Doctor. Just common sense, where Spock's concerned."

"Get out of here, Spock," said Kirk. "You, too, Miss Jasper. Mr. Farrell, as soon as the shuttle's aboard, take the

ship back till we're a safe distance from the barrier. Mr. Kyle, you have the con." He stepped into the lift and gave Alison his arm. McCoy was supporting Spock, who seemed more exhausted than Alison.

The doors closed in front of them, and McCoy burst out, "Why didn't you say you were a telepath? You shouldn't have been considered for work in the barrier in the first place!"

"You said that was just a story."

"I didn't."

"You didn't?" She reconsidered. "No, you didn't. But your thoughts were so sure that whatever I'd heard about the barrier was wrong -- I forgot you might be mistaken."

Examinations proved that Spock and Alison were unharmed, except that Spock was worn out.

"You go to your quarters and get some rest," McCoy ordered.

"Very well, Doctor." Spock stepped off the diagnostic bed. "Live long and prosper, Alison."

"I'll try. Live long and prosper, Spock."

Kirk said suddenly, "Spock, why didn't you tell me she was a telepath?"

"I thought you knew, Jim." Spock left.

"Well!" McCoy sat down on top of his desk and stared at the door closing after Spock.

Alison smiled at their bewilderment. "Captain, I don't think you realize how much Spock looks up to you."

"He what?" said Kirk.

"Besides," she said, "telepaths are so obvious to each other, mostly -- they forget others can't tell. But you must have seen how we avoided each other."

"We thought Spock didn't like you," said Kirk.

I'm too tired." She tried to obey, but I can't

"A Vulcan? Oh, no. It's just that it was hard for us to respect each other's privacy. Shutting out his thoughts gave me quite a bad headache."

"I see," said Kirk. He added, "I think you owe us the whole story. What's the secret -- where do you come from? You're not human."

"I am so."

"Yes, she is, Jim," said McCoy.

"At least," she said, "my ancestors were. I guess they're one of what we call the Lost Colonies. But they're...we're...not lost. Something happened to them. I don't know what -- I suppose it's even possible they went through the barrier, and that's what did it. But they'd turned into a race of telepaths, and they decided to keep themselves isolated from Earth." She added thoughtfully, "I can see why. Living in a society that permits war... Violent emotions are hard on telepaths. Real telepaths, I mean, not like the Vulcans."

"They don't exactly approve of violent emotions, either," commented McCoy. "What happened? How did you come to Earth?"

"My parents belonged to a group that disagreed with the rule of total isolation. They thought at least we should keep in touch with cultural advances. They got special permission to visit Earth. I was a baby. I don't remember it, but it seems we went straight into one of the big cities. On an election day. The passions confused them. They stepped on a moving walkway, got thrown, landed wrong... Their people...my people didn't know I was still alive until I grew up, and my telepathy developed. Then they came and tried to take me away, but I wouldn't go. Earth is my home, the only home I know. They let me stay if I promised to keep their existence a secret -- that meant keeping my telepathy a secret, too, as much as possible, and never merging with anyone else's mind. They made me forget their location, but the hypnosis wouldn't stand up to a thorough probing. If I broke the promise, they couldn't let me stay."

"That's nonsense," said Kirk. "The Federation would respect a civilization's right to privacy. Tell them so."

"It's no use."

"Try." She shook her head. "That's an order."

She tried to obey, but slumped in the chair. "I can't. I'm too tired."

"Give her a stimulant, Doctor."

"Get back up there," McCoy told her.

Alison lay down again on the bed, and McCoy put a hypo to her shoulder. For a few moments he stood watching the readings on the board. Then, satisfied that the stimulant was not overtaxing Alison's reserves, he stepped back and let Kirk take his place.

Kirk looked at her and, for a dizzy moment, saw trees and a twilight sky beyond them. He felt a cool breeze go by. Then Alison closed her eyes, and he lost the vision.

"I am Council Leader," Alison said. Her accent was strange, with long, drawling vowels. "The Council is met. What would you say, Captain Kirk?"

Kirk looked uneasily around at the commonplace room, at the standardized equipment, at McCoy's face, at Alison Jasper's closed eyes. "Alison Jasper is a citizen of the Federation," he said. "You have no right to kidnap her. You want to hold aloof from the Federation. Very well. That is your right, and the Federation will respect it. Miss Jasper will not be asked to reveal your location."

"She believes you," Alison's voice said. "You probably speak truth. But can you answer for your government twenty -- forty years hence? Can you answer for Alison now? She thought she had the strength to refrain from using the power. But it is like walking through life with one eye closed and the other half-shut, Captain, and even with co-operation it is difficult to keep a secret locked away when minds meet."

"I won't use the power again," said Alison.

"You are not sure of that," she answered herself.

"Your isolation won't last forever, in any case," said McCoy. "The Enterprise, or a ship like us, will run across you someday."

"The galaxy is large," she said imperturbably.

"Miss Jasper will hate you for what you are doing," said Kirk, trying to imagine to himself what it would feel like to be able to

read minds. "Do you want to live with so much hatred always before you?"

This time there was a long silence. "Hatred is difficult for such as us to sustain," she said at last. "The mind that sends it out receives its full weight back. If she can live with that, so can we."

The intercom sounded. "They're coming aboard, Doctor," said Scott's voice.

McCoy looked from Alison to the door, torn by conflicting interests. "On my way," he growled, and left.

"The Council is decided, Captain," said Alison.

"No!" said Kirk. "You admit that you can live with violent emotions -- at least to some extent. Then what are you afraid of? Why hide --" But the contact was broken. The Council shut Alison out, and Kirk felt a dim echo of her pain at being left alone again. He stopped and fell silent.

"You're...a clever rhetorician, sir," Alison said a few moments later. "I'll bring them that last argument. The time must come...someday...I think...when the Isolationists must lose their majority. Maybe I can make that happen a little sooner." She opened her eyes and looked around at the room. "They're right about one thing, sir. It has been like walking around almost blind. And it would be harder than ever now to keep it up."

"Because of using your telepathy just once?"

"No, because of.... Thank you for trying."

"What happens now?" Kirk asked, after a moment.

"Now? They'll -- it's like beaming, they said. Except over vast distances. They'll beam me away to their...to our planet. I ought to go pack. There are a few things I'd like to take with me." But she lay still. After a moment she said, "You'll tell my parents?"

"Your parents?"

"My foster-parents," she said dully.

"Yes," said Kirk. He added, "They should be proud of you."

"Thank you." One tear spilled over and ran down to the bed. Alison sat up and climbed off the bed slowly. She looked past Kirk to the door.

It opened, and Chekov appeared. He had a bump on his forehead, but seemed all right otherwise. He went to Alison and took her hands in his. "I'll find you."

"Oh, Pavel...."

He leaned forward and kissed her. She moved closer to hold on to him tightly for a moment, then broke away and ran out of the room.

Chekov went to the door and watched her until she entered the lift. Then he turned to Kirk and said roughly, "Shall I report to the bridge, Captain, and relieve Mr. Farrell?"

"No.... Yes, go ahead, Chekov." Kirk hesitated, then said, "Chekov -- I understand."

Chekov nodded without looking at him and left the room. McCoy entered a moment after, shepherding two stretcher carts.

"How are they?" said Kirk.

"Uhura's all right, I think -- just knocked out. Vlahm...I don't know. We'll see."

Vlahm said, "I intend to live. I have enough data to return to the Academy...and...theory." He spoke weakly and, apparently, without really waking up, but quite matter-of-factly.

"We'll see," McCoy repeated.

The sound of their heartbeats, made audible by the medical indicators, drummed in Kirk's ears. "Keep me informed, Doctor," he told McCoy, and left. He went to the bridge, dropped into his chair, and stared glumly down at the controls on its arms for a moment to avoid looking at the main screen, where the barrier pulsed quietly in reds and blacks. He looked up enough to examine the rigid back in the navigator's chair and made a mental note to himself to be somewhere accessible taking a coffee-break when Chekov went off-duty. He would not be able to tell Chekov anything that would help in locating Alison's star, but he knew that the young man would methodically consider all possibilities. All Kirk could really offer was sympathy, but Chekov would perhaps be needing that, too. Kirk looked back down at the chair-arm, turned on the log-recorder, and began making his report. "Captain's log," he said wearily, "star date...."

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Old-Tyme Review Dept.



Capt Nim -  
THE GREEN BERETS

BUSH

REVIEW DEPT.

William Shatner -- Theater

"Nightmare Abbey" -- WS in cast -- Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa, opened March 24, 1953.

"His Excellency" -- WS in cast -- Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa, opened April 29, 1953.

"Tartuffe" -- WS in cast -- Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa, opened November 25, 1953.

"Relative Values" by Noel Coward, Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa.

Variety, December 16, 1953, "Plays Out of Town," by Gorm, p. 56.

"The part of Lucas, the ardent ex-flame who wins the femme back, is a cliché, and William Shatner makes it an okay cliché."

"Mr. Belfry" by James Bridie, Canadian Repertory Theatre, Ottawa.

Variety, December 30, 1953, "Plays Out of Town," by Gard, p. 56.

"The thinker who conjures up the Devil is done quite well by William Shatner."

"Julius Caesar" -- Lucius -- Stratford Ontario, opened June 27, 1955.

"Oedipus Rex" -- member of Chorus -- Stratford Ontario, opened June 28, 1955.

"Merchant of Venice," -- Gratiano -- Stratford Ontario, opened June 29, 1955.

"Tamburlaine the Great" -- Usumcasane -- Stratford Festival Foundation; opened January 4, 1956, Toronto; January 19, 1956, New York.

"Henry V" -- Duke of Gloucester -- Stratford Ontario, opened June 18, 1956.

"Merry Wives of Windsor" -- Fenton -- Stratford Ontario, opened June 19, 1956.

"The World of Susie Wong" -- Robert Lomax -- opened in Boston. Variety, September 17, 1958, "Shows Out of Town," by Guy, P. 80.

"William Shatner is fine as the artist who is torn by his love for the Chinese girl whose 'work' disturbs him, but not by her."

Life, October 6, 1958, "Young Star Rises as Susie Wong," pp. 95-96, 97.

(p. 97; speaker is France Nuyen) "Mr. Logan does not like us to get emotional when we do our lines. Only he can get emotional. But everybody gets emotional sometimes. If it's not him, then it's me. When we rehearsed till 4 in the morning, I got so tense I started to cry. Bill Shatner got so nervous I had to massage him for 20 minutes. I learned how to do this in France. Little boy has no tensions. Only big boy has tensions'." (illustrated; two photos include Shatner.)

New York Theatre Critics' Reviews, 1958, Vol. 19, pp. 266-269.  
New York World Telegram and The Sun, October 15, 1958.

"'World of Susie Wong' Bows at the Broadhurst" by Frank Aston.  
"William Shatner is manly and versatile as the uncertain artist."

New York Herald Tribune, October 15, 1958

"First Night Report -- 'The World of Susie Wong'" by Walter Kerr.

"William Shatner, an excellent young actor, who has done genuinely imaginative work at the Canadian Shakespearean Festival, now finds himself clenching his fists and working his adam's apple mightily as one curtain descends (he is, perhaps unfortunately, dressed in an open-throated lumberjack sort of shirt at the time, and he does look as though he had just finished the first act of 'White Cargo'). At another time he and the man who has been living with the unhappy heroine face each other down, heads turned slightly front, in a bold confrontation that is solid statuary. As he snatches up his paint brush and threatens to wipe it clean on his dinner jacket, the oddly stagey mood is with us once more. What causes an able actor and a brilliant director to lapse into hollowness when the evening should be at its most touching? In part, I think, because the thread of Richard Mason's novel, as adapted by Paul Osborne, is spun much too fine for a substantial evening: we spend two full hours waiting for the painter to decide to spend a night in the arms of his straightforward enchantress. The language does not help us a great deal ('Now see here, Lomax, you're going a bit far'). And, most curious of all, a play that spends most of its time being ingenuously candid about sex has very little sex in its bloodstream: the relationship between a willing girl and a wavering man never does become truly personal."

Daily Mirror, October 15, 1958

"'Susie Wong'll Do All Right" by Robert Coleman.

"William Shatner, the present-day Pinkerton, is a bit stiff in the earlier passages, but sparks up when he has to fight for what he wants."

New York Post, October 15, 1958

"Two on the Aisle/The Chinese Girl and the Artist," by Richard Watts, Jr.

"The only possible trouble with Miss Nuyen's work is that her appeal makes the artist's hesitancy so unreasonable that William Shatner has quite a problem in making his role sympathetic. On the whole, he manages it fairly well."

New York Times -- October 15, 1958

"Theatre: 'Susie Wong'" by Brooks Atkinson

"As the bemused painter, William Shatner gives a modest performance that is also attractive -- a little wooden, perhaps, which is one way of avoiding maudlin scenes."

New York Journal American -- October 15, 1958

"A Tender Drama That Can Survive" by John McClain.

"I think that Joshua Logan, the director, and the superlative team of France Nuyen and William Shatner bring off a compelling evening.... Mr. Shatner is a very assured and attractive young man, never giving the impression that he is working very hard at his trade, and hence succeeding prodigiously."

Variety, October 22, 1958, "Shows on Broadway," by Hobe, p. 72.

"William Shatner, also a newcomer to Broadway, is engaging as the confused but steadfast artist."

New Yorker, October 25, 1958, "The Theatre/Hong Kong Girls and Republic Girls," by John Lardner, pp. 88, 90.

(p. 88) "Acting still is another thing that can usually be depended on these days.... William Shatner grapples bravely with the role of [p. 90] Susie Wong's most virtuous lover, a spectacularly coy Canadian artist who settles in the brothel to paint and who tortures himself and the audience with morbid oratory because he cannot afford to buy exclusive rights to Susie's love. Mr. Shatner is an attractive, straightforward kind of actor, and I expect that if he had been given anything believable to do or say, he would have done or said it believably."

New Republic, October 27, 1958, "The Bigger They Come...." by Patrick Dennis, p. 22.

"William Shatner does more as Robert Lomax, the All-Canadian Boy, than anyone has a right to expect."

Vogue, November 15, 1958, p. 105.

"As the young girl, France Nuyen has a little French rasp in her soft voice, looks as pretty as a plum, and has a skin that looks delectable. It is just that to the young hero, a part that is almost unplayable. Somehow, William Shatner manages to do well with what is left."

(illustrated; one photo includes Shatner.)

Time, October 27, 1958, "Theater," p. 84

(illustrated with photo WS and France Nuyen)

"A Shot in the Dark" -- Paul Sevigne -- opened in New Haven Variety, October 4, 1961, "Shows Out of Town," by Bone, p. 78.

"William Shatner, third member of the trio, impresses favorably as the conscientious young magistrate."

New York Theatre Critics' Reviews, 1961, Vol. 22, pp. 216-219.  
New York Times, October 19, 1961

"Theatre: Paris Comedy" by Howard Taubman

"The eager, earnest young magistrate, played attractively by William Shatner...."

New York Herald Tribune, October 19, 1961

"First Night Report/'A Shot in the Dark'" by Walter Kerr

"A police examiner who has himself only just been brought up from the provinces (William Shatner, shy but determined)....

The Company is in fine form at every thrust and counterthrust as possible scapegoats pile up. Mr. Shatner is especially attractive as he quietly asks his wife if, following his failure on the case, she could get along without a new car."

New York Journal American, October 19, 1961

"Julie Harris Proves Murder Can Be Fun" by John McClain

"William Shatner, stubborn, practical and honest, is the young magistrate, and must thus remain reasonably sane while advancing the plot."

Daily News, October 19, 1961

"'A Shot in the Dark' Saucy Fun" by John Chapman

"William Shatner is a splendid straight man as the young examining magistrate."

New York World Telegram and The Sun, October 19, 1961

"'Shot in Dark' Heard at Booth" by Norman Nadel

"Playing somewhat tentatively at first, William Shatner eventually fit himself into the role of the dedicated but vulnerable magistrate."

New York Mirror, October 19, 1961

"'Shot in Dark' Misses Mark" by Robert Coleman

"William Shatner, Gene Saks and Diana van der Vlis give good, straightforward performances."

New York Post, October 19, 1961

"Two on the Aisle/The Murder in the Maid's Room" by Richard Watts, Jr.

"In a role that keeps him onstage almost all of the evening, William Shatner is engaging and expert as the magistrate."

Variety, October 25, 1961, "Shows on Broadway," by Hobe., p. 60.

"William Shatner, who was the unbelievably moral young painter in the Broadway production of 'The World of Susie Wong' is credible and engaging as the dedicated magistrate who risks his legal career in pushing through with the investigation of a murder case that powerful interests would like to have dropped."

Time, October 27, 1961, "Theater," p. 79.  
(illustrated with photo WS and Julie Harris.)

New Yorker, October 28, 1961, "The Theatre/Up in Josefa's Room"  
by John McCarten, p. 135.

"From the minute Julie Harris, who plays Josefa with a self-conscious appreciation of her own devilishness, meets William Shatner, who plays the youthful and engaging examining magistrate, it is evident that there's a lot of rapport between the accused and the examiner, and that the examiner, having grave intuitive doubts about the maid's guilt, will move heaven, earth, and even the public prosecutor to prove her innocence.

Nation, November 4, 1961, "Theatre" by David Ross, pp. 362-363.  
(p. 363) "William Shatner's young lawyer is more like a Harvard graduate on a Fullbright than an ambitious, idealistic young Frenchman from Lyons."

Commonweal, November 10, 1961, "The Stage/But Does It Go?" by Richard Gilman, pp. 176-177.

(p. 177) "As Played by William Shatner. Julie Harris and especially Walter Matthau... 'A Shot in the Dark' clicks beautifully down its narrow-gauge track."

"There's a Girl in my Soup" -- Robert Danvers -- road show, summer, 1969. Shatner also directed.

#### Shatner -- Television Addenda

"The Virginian" -- episode broadcast December 31, 1969 -- Henry Swann (bigoted outlaw/gambler).

"Sole Survivor" -- Col. Gronke

The Minneapolis Star, "TV-Radio Chatter/Ghosts Add Zest to TV 'Movie'," by Forrest Powers, January 12, 1970, p. 17A.

"In charge of the investigation were a colonel (William Shatner) and a major (Vince Edwards). The colonel wanted the report on the incident whitewashed.... The Major, though, was determined to uncover the truth.... All of the principal characters were well drawn, and the acting, for the most part, was first rate. Edwards, however, still scowls a lot."

(also in cast: Lou Antonio -- Lokai in "Let That Be Your Last Battlefield" -- as Tony, one of the ghosts.)

James Doohan

"The Blood is Strong"

Variety, December 30, 1953, "Plays Out of Town," by McStay, p. 56.  
(Toronto) "In a Daniel Boone getup, complete with coonskin cap, James Doohan slips up as the leather-stocking lover who woos the daughter (Margaret Griffin) to accompanying him to a life on the trap-line."

"CBS-TV Theatre" -- "Shadow of Suspicion"

Variety, October 10, 1956, "Television Reviews," by McStay, pp. 35, 42.

(p. 42) "'Shadow' was a spine-tingling story of mistaken identity that could happen to anyone, plus police aggression in 'breaking a case,' with several harsh things said about sensational press practices. James Doohan was excellent throughout as the victim of a horrible injustice."

"Every Bed is Narrow" -- Donald Burns

Variety, December 19, 1956, "Shows Out of Town," by McStay, p. 72.  
(Toronto) "James Doohan and George Luscombe are efficient in their respective caricatures of the big businessman and the shoulder-holstered thug."

"The Satan Bug" -- No Dialog government agent -- premiered March 2, 1965.

"Then Came Bronson" -- "Amid Splinters of the Thunderbolt" by Donald G. Ingalls (wrote "The Alternative Factor"), October 22, 1969 -- Dr. Wilson.

"Daniel Boone" -- "The Cache," December 4, 1969 -- MacFarland (a trapper).

"Marcus Welby, M.D." -- "Let Earnest Come Over," December 9, 1969 -- Sergeant Brenner (with Percy Rodriguez -- Commodore Stone in "Court Martial" -- as Sergeant Earnest Jackson).

"Daniel Boone" -- "The Perilous Passage," January 15, 1970 -- Fletcher (an American agent).

George Takei

"Ice Palace" -- Wang

Variety, June 15, 1960, "Film Reviews" by Gene, p. 6.

"...George Takei and Steve Harris round out the overall competent cast."

"Hell to Eternity" -- George  
Variety, August 3, 1960, "Film Reviews," by Tube, p. 7.  
"Competent support is contributed by George Takei [sic]...."

"American Dream" -- premiered summer, 1966 -- Ord Long

"Walk, Don't Run" -- Police Captain  
Variety, June 29, 1966, "Film Reviews," by Murf, p. 6.  
"George Takei impresses as the urbane cop who helps unsnarl matters."

"Green Berets" -- Nim  
Variety, June 19, 1968, "Film Reviews," by Murf., p. 37.  
"George Takei, a sharp South Vietnamese Officer, and a good portrayal...."

"A Choice of Wars" -- narrator  
(two linked one-act plays, "A War Several Wars Ago" and "By the Old Moulmein Pagoda")  
The Hollywood Reporter, October 8, 1968, "Play Review," by John Mahoney, p. 4.

(UCLA) "First in the second season series of Actors Studio - West Plays in Progress, Irwin Shaw's 'A Choice of Wars' was as much a non-event as 'Bury the Dead,' his 32-year-old outcropping of the war theme, was an event.... The device by which Shaw held together this old school tract was the intrusion of Patrick Takei [sic], whose lines at least acknowledged the weaknesses of the play and took pains to boast any guilt before the accusations could be made."

(William Smithers -- Captain Merik/Merikus in "Bread and Circuses" -- starred.)

"Macbeth" -- Lord Ross -- Inner City Repertory Company, Los Angeles, opened January 17, 1969.

"Bracken's World" -- "It's the Power Structure, Baby," December 5, 1969 -- Akira (a photographer).

EPISODE LIST: A list of ST shows in order of production, to serve as a memo for catching particular episodes in the reruns (most stations seem to be showing them in this order) and as a guide to identifying filmclips in which a clapboard is visible. The clapboard includes in its data the production number: 6149-X. And X equals:

- |                                |                                      |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| FIRST SEASON                   |                                      |
| 1 The Cage                     | 40 The Deadly Years                  |
| 2 Where No Man Has Gone Before | 41 I, Mudd                           |
| 3 The Corbomite Maneuver       | 42 The Trouble with Tribbles         |
| 4 Mudd's Women                 | 43 Bread and Circuses                |
| 5 The Enemy Within             | 44 Journey to Babel                  |
| 6 The Man Trap                 | 45 A Private Little War              |
| 7 The Naked Time               | 46 The Gamesters of Triskelion       |
| 8 Charlie X                    | 47 Obsession                         |
| 9 The Balance of Terror        | 48 The Immunity Syndrome             |
| 10 What Are Little Girls       | 49 A Piece of the Action             |
| 11 Dagger of the Mind          | 50 By Any Other Name                 |
| 12 Miri                        | 51 Return to Tomorrow                |
| 13 The Conscience of the King  | 52 Patterns of Force                 |
| 14 Galileo Seven               | 53 The Ultimate Computer             |
| 15 Court Martial               | 54 The Omega Glory                   |
| 16 The Menagerie               | 55 Assignment: Earth                 |
| 17 Shore Leave                 | THIRD SEASON                         |
| 18 The Squire of Gothos        | 56 Specter of the Gun                |
| 19 Arena                       | 57 Elaan of Troyius                  |
| 20 The Alternative Factor      | 58 The Paradise Syndrome             |
| 21 Tomorrow is Yesterday       | 59 The Enterprise Incident           |
| 22 Return of the Archons       | 60 And the Children Shall Lead       |
| 23 Taste of Armageddon         | 61 Spock's Brain                     |
| 24 Space Seed                  | 62 Is There in Truth No Beauty?      |
| 25 This Side of Paradise       | 63 The Empath                        |
| 26 The Devil in the Dark       | 64 The Tholian Web                   |
| 27 Errand of Mercy             | 65 For the World is Hollow           |
| 28 City on the Edge of Forever | 66 The Day of the Dove               |
| 29 Operation: Annihilate       | 67 Plato's Stepchildren              |
| SECOND SEASON                  | 68 Wink of an Eye                    |
| 30 Catspaw                     | 69 That Which Survives               |
| 31 Metamorphosis               | 70 Let That Be Your Last Battlefield |
| 32 Friday's Child              | 71 Whom Gods Destroy                 |
| 33 Who Mourns for Adonais?     | 72 The Mark of Gideon                |
| 34 Amok Time                   | 73 The Lights of Zetar               |
| 35 The Doomsday Machine        | 74 The Cloud Minders                 |
| 36 The Wolf in the Fold        | 75 The Way to Eden                   |
| 37 The Changeling              | 76 Requiem for Methuselah            |
| 38 The Apple                   | 77 The Savage Curtain                |
| 39 Mirror Mirror               | 78 All Our Yesterdays                |
|                                | 79 Turnabout Intruder                |



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Christene Chappel