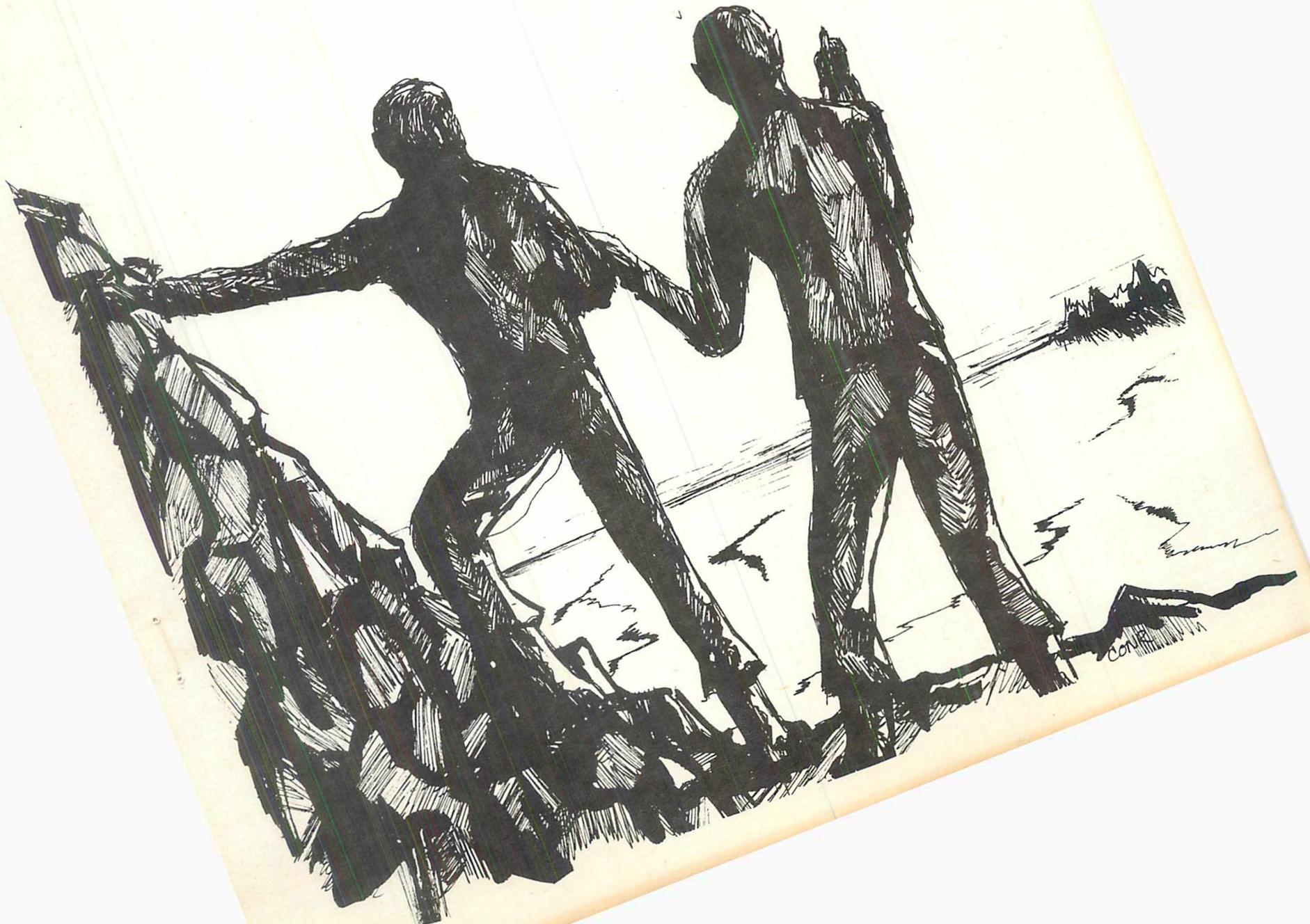
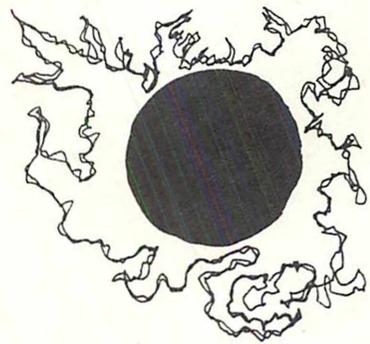


T-NEGATIVE 7





T-Negative 7 comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard,
Minneapolis Minnesota 55417, June 1970.

Cover -- Connie Reich Faddis

Offset -- Ruth Berman

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The Vigil -- Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson

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Post-Menagerie -- Ruth Berman

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linos -- Nan Braude

passim

illos: Anthony Tollin, pp. 4, 7, 11, 18, 22, 24, 26, 28, 31, 35;
Beth Moore, p. 10; Barbara Marczak, pp. 23, 29; Bernie Zuber, p.
25; Chris Lofthus, opposite p. 32; Where No Man Has Gone Before.

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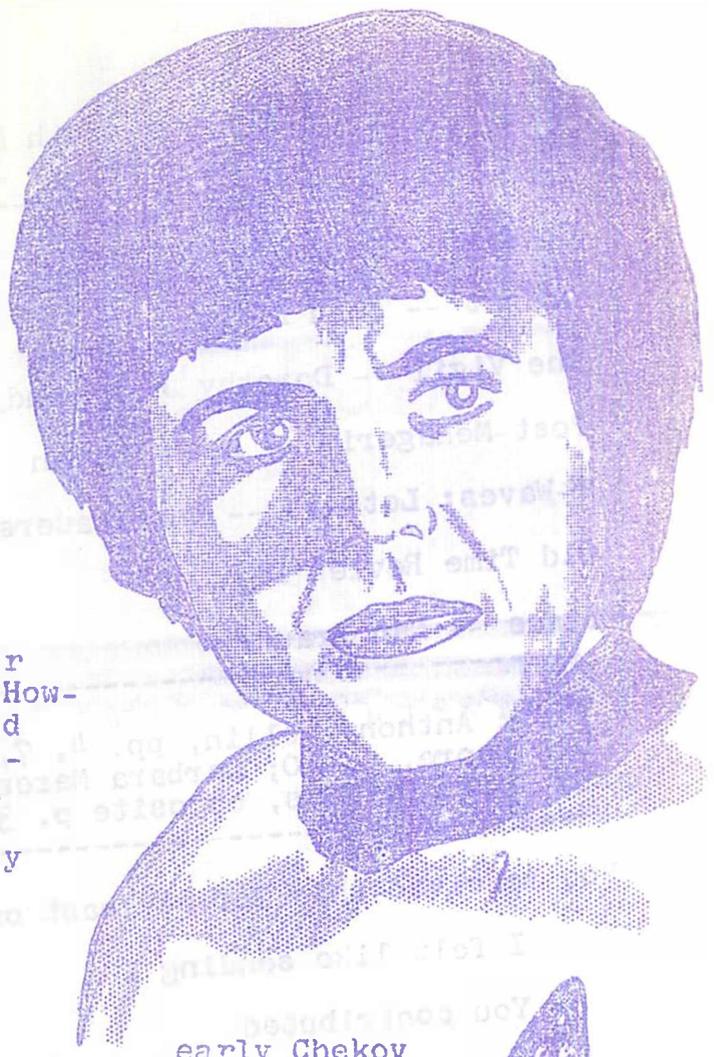
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About back issues -- I have run out of copies of #'s 1-4. As
there are people interested in getting back issues, I've decided
to republish #'s 1-3 this summer and #4 (along with #'s 5-6, if
necessary) next summer. Back issues are 75¢ each or three for
\$2.00.

OFF-SET

Walter Koenig asked me to come out to his house to interview him, if I didn't mind perhaps having to put up with a crying baby. As it turned out, Joshua Koenig slept soundly all the time I was there; the only distraction was provided by the Koenigs' dog, Pan, who interrupted Koenig every couple of questions or so to have a rubber ball thrown for him to fetch. However, Koenig skillfully answered questions and threw balls simultaneously, keeping both dog and interviewer content. I began by asking him about a stage-play he'd been in three months previously, in September, 1968, at the Pheasant Run Playhouse in St. Charles, Illinois.



early Chekov

"Quite a change from Star Trek," he said. "Actually it was a farce-comedy, very broad -- almost pratfallish. It was great fun. I had a marvelous time."

"How did it feel, getting back to theater after several months of straight television work?"

"I enjoyed it very much. I enjoyed the rapport, and the responsiveness -- and the fact that I had something to do."

"Chekov is usually a small role."

"Ah...that's a euphemism," he said. "It gave me an opportunity to exercise a little of the craft in which I was trained lo! these many years ago. So...I was very pleased. I'd love to do it again."

"What kind of shows would you like to do if you had your choice?" I asked.

"You mean theater?"

I nodded.

"I'd like to do everything. I mean, I'm an actor. An actor should be prepared to do everything, from Shakespeare to low comedy. Well," he added, "Shakespeare can be low comedy. But everything from the dramatic tragedies of Shakespeare to a contemporary play like...um...The Odd Couple. The challenge is in the character, and there are as many characters as there are...oh, I don't know. I'd like to do anything."

"What are some of the other roles you've done?"

"Just a couple months prior to my first becoming a member of the Star Trek crew I played a psychopathic Welsh character in a production of a play called Night Must Fall -- the lead in the show, a character with charm who goes around chopping off babies' heads. Robert Montgomery did it as a movie many years ago, and Albert Finney did it again in the early 60's. I never saw the Robert Montgomery production, but I saw Finney, and of course he was marvellous. Prior to that I was in a production of The Deputy -- played three different roles in that. I had a good scene with Robert Brown, who is now the lead in that Here Come the Brides. Then I've done things like La Ronde, and Midsummer Night's Dream in New York -- "

"Who did you play, Robin Goodfellow?"

"No, I played one of the rustics, Peter Quince."

"With that great introducing-the-play speech." (My first acquaintance with Shakespeare was a production of Dream in which my oldest brother played Peter Quince, and I memorized all his lines and half the play besides.)

"Yes," said Koenig eagerly. "If we offend it is with our good will/ That you should think we come. Not to offend/ Is none of our intent...." I always remember lines. I know speeches from practically everything I've ever done. I enjoy doing comedy, particularly on the stage. There isn't much opportunity for me on television. Last season we had a kind of cute thing going with Star Trek in terms of...of achieving some degree of levity with the character. That's one of the things I miss -- we haven't come back to that."

"How did you get into acting?"

"Well," he said, "it really goes way back. I guess to when I was eight years old. I was at a resort with my mother. They were casting the little community plays they did, and I started getting involved, and I enjoyed it. Then when I was twelve I did the lead in my sixth-grade play. It was like I'd come out of the woodwork, because I'd been very quiet and kind of withdrawn. Then I went back into the woodwork for a couple more years until I was a sophomore in high school. We did Peer Gynt, and I was cast as Peer Gynt, which was a tremendous challenge; going all the way from a young man to a very old man."

"Did you do the play uncut?"

"Everything. All 28 scenes or whatever it is."

"Must have been a three-hour performance."

"Oh, at least," he agreed. "We only did it twice, once for the parents and once for the entire school. But what it had done was put me on ground where I felt I had some sure footing. When the senior play came around -- it was The Devil's Disciple -- I ended up playing Dick Dudgeon. And then I went on to college, and I did a freshman play. I played Orin in Mourning Becomes Electra. And I did summer stock after that. But I really never thought I'd go on to be an actor professionally. Hollywood, films -- too much for me to grasp. I couldn't quite identify with...Clark Gable. But I came out here to finish school -- I went to college first in the Midwest, Grinnell College in Iowa."

"Why did you start there? Did you want to get to know another part of the country?" Koenig was born in Chicago but grew up in New York.

"Exactly. And Grinnell had a good reputation academically. Now apparently it's improved: it has an excellent reputation. Perhaps there's some kind of connection between my leaving and the school's improving...I don't know. I felt that the idea of leaving the metropolitan, cosmopolitan environment in which I grew up for a bucolic, midwest atmosphere might be kind of fun. It turned out it was hideous. I hated it. I intended to leave after my sophomore year anyway, but then my father passed away, and we -- my family -- decided to leave New York entirely. My brother had just finished medical school, and he was accepted as an intern at Veterans Hospital, Sawtelle, here in Los Angeles. And we had family out here; my mother had relatives. So he started his internship, and I was accepted at UCLA. I still

had no intention of becoming an actor. I majored in psychology. I wasn't terribly happy in psychology. It was the thing I disliked doing least -- which is a hell of a recommendation for a career.

"Then I took one acting course," he went on. "My teacher had great faith in me, thought that I had talent, and said that if I wasn't sold on my major perhaps I should give acting a chance. He was the west coast representative of the Neighborhood Playhouse, in New York. He wrote a letter to them, and they accepted me in the school. As a matter of fact, I received my acceptance in the same week that I received my acceptance in graduate school. It was a cross-roads, a momentous decision -- except it really wasn't. Aside from the satisfaction of being accepted at UCLA Graduate School, I had no intention of following through on it. I went back to New York to the Playhouse, and that first year at the Playhouse was the most exciting I'd ever spent, with acting and theater-connected activities ten, twelve hours a day. The second year," he said, in an on-the-other-hand tone of voice, "was kind of a microcosm of what the business is all about. We all became terribly competitive, all trying to get into good parts in the showcase productions where casting directors and producers and people like that could see some relation to what we might play commercially. And of course in the big showcase production I ended up playing Thomas Putnam, who's 60 years old and fat, in The Crucible. My nose was put a little out of joint by that. But there were good things, and...that's basically how it all started."

"Was it difficult for you to adjust to playing Star Trek?" I asked. "Had you seen the show before when you started working on it, or did you come in cold?"

"I'd seen it, but I hadn't seen it with any dedication or with any continuity. I'd seen a couple episodes. I felt that it



was a fascinating, stimulating...kind of a mind-expanding thing. But I was very early put off by the planet sets. I remember seeing the planets and feeling that they were so obviously man-made. Curiously enough, for that reason I guess I never gave it a chance."

"I got the feeling the first few shows of the second season that there was a kind of rapport between Chekov and Kirk, that Chekov had a kind of hero-worship for Kirk."

Koenig shook his head. "I don't know. It's subjective. I've gotten letters from viewers who thought he was trying emulate Spock, or that my relationship with George -- with Sulu -- was interesting. But I don't think there's been really enough substance in any of the roles to permit that kind of analysis of him. Although at first, when the character was just starting, they made a greater effort to develop the character. But, for example, the biggest part I've ever had on Star Trek was about three weeks ago, in 'The Way to Eden,' in terms of lines and scenes. The only thing was -- it had nothing to do with Chekov. Chekov was brought onto this show to bring some...to give the young people some sense of identification: a little rebellious, a little pugnacious, a bit of a non-conformist -- not undisciplined, not irresponsible, but young. But in 'The Way to Eden' he's played off as the straight, conformist, disciplinarian, unimaginative...." He shrugged. "It was fun acting the part, but I could have done it as Ensign Smirnoff just as much as Ensign Chekov."

"I've heard you modeled Chekov's accent on your father's. Is that right?"

"Well," he said, "only in terms of the mix-up of v's and w's. He used to say things like 'Please pass the wegetables.' But he didn't have a thick accent, the way I'm playing it, just the inversion of v and w."

"Do you do much dialect work? Is that a specialty of yours?"

"I didn't start out to make it a specialty, but I have done several different kinds of dialect roles. I've done French on television, and a Swedish thing. And in The Night Must Fall I was a psychopathic Welsh character."

"Was it difficult for you to do your acting this summer, when you were waiting for your wife to have the baby?"

"It got to be a bit testy," he admitted. "Especially because she wanted me to be there, which is certainly understandable. But at the same time, we needed the money, and I couldn't very well ask them to write me out of episodes. So I was calling home three, four times a day, and asking her to leave word with my answering service every time she went out of the house -- otherwise if I called when she was out I'd think sure she was on her way to the hospital. It turned out we went to Gene Roddenberry's birthday party on a Friday night, and Saturday morning...you know, six in the morning...I took her to the hospital. In fact, we came to the party from the hospital. Judy had some symptoms, so we stopped at the hospital, and they said it was okay, go home. So instead of going home we went to the party."

"You haven't done any movies, have you, except your own?"

"No, that's true. Very true," he added, by way of emphasis. Actually, it wasn't true, as I discovered several months later while going through old Varieties. He'd been in a very minor movie called Strange Lovers, and has, I suppose, repressed the memory of it as too traumatic.

"What kind of a movie is yours? Are you hoping to get it distributed in the underground theaters?"

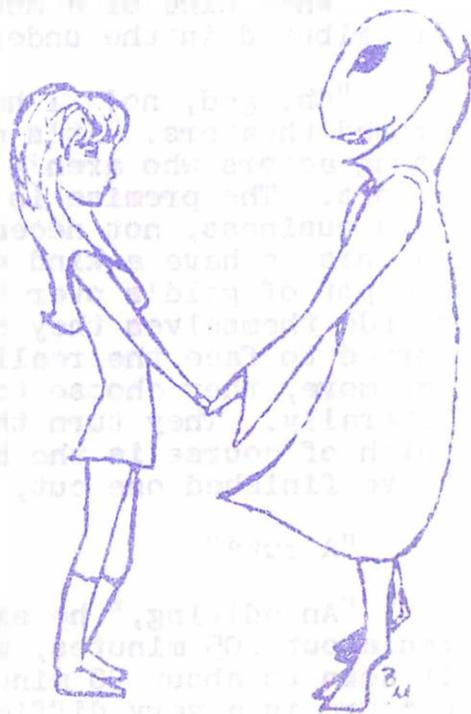
"Oh, god, no! I hope to get it distributed in the...over-ground theaters. It's not a message show. It's a movie about young actors who aren't going anywhere, but consider themselves actors. The premise is sort of that in order to survive in this business, not necessarily to prevail, but just to survive, one has to have a kind of child-like, unrealistic attitude -- the pot of gold's over the next hill. And as long as they can delude themselves they can continue to function. When they're forced to face the reality that they are bit players, never any more, they choose to turn their backs on it...literally. Literally. They turn their backs and run off into the sunset -- which of course is the Hollywood ending. The picture's done. We've finished one cut, and we're working on the second now."

"A cut?"

"An editing," he explained. "We edited it once, and it ran about 105 minutes, which is too long. We're trying to cut it down to about 90 minutes. Chopping 15 minutes out of a picture is a very difficult task, I'm beginning to find, particularly when you've written it and produced it, and every

word is such a pearl. I get a little leery of talking about it, because it takes so long, and we don't really know when it will be done. It takes time. There's a lot to do in post-production work. There's the looping to do -- a lot of the sound was done on location. And there's the musical score -- we contracted for an original musical score, and it's being composed now. And so on. I feel that this picture is the first tentative step in a direction I hope I'll be taking more and more. I can't rely on anyone else to do it for me. The waiting for the phone to ring is about the most demoralizing thing that can happen to any actor. So I try this, and I'm writing a novel -- exploring as many different areas as I possibly can. It's the only..." (He switched to mimicking the voice in the commercial.) "...the only way to fly."

The tape ran out about then, but we talked for a few minutes more. Pan came up for more petting, and Koenig lamented the apparent impression of a love-starved, neglected animal that the dog contrives to give visitors. It gets Pan a lot of extra attention, but gives the wrong impression of his owners (if that's the right word -- Pan seems to have the upper hand, or paw). Regarding Chekov, Koenig remarked that he missed Dorothy Fontana, who was no longer script editor on the show. "She always had an insight into all the characters. It might be just a few lines, but there'd be something in them that brought the character out."

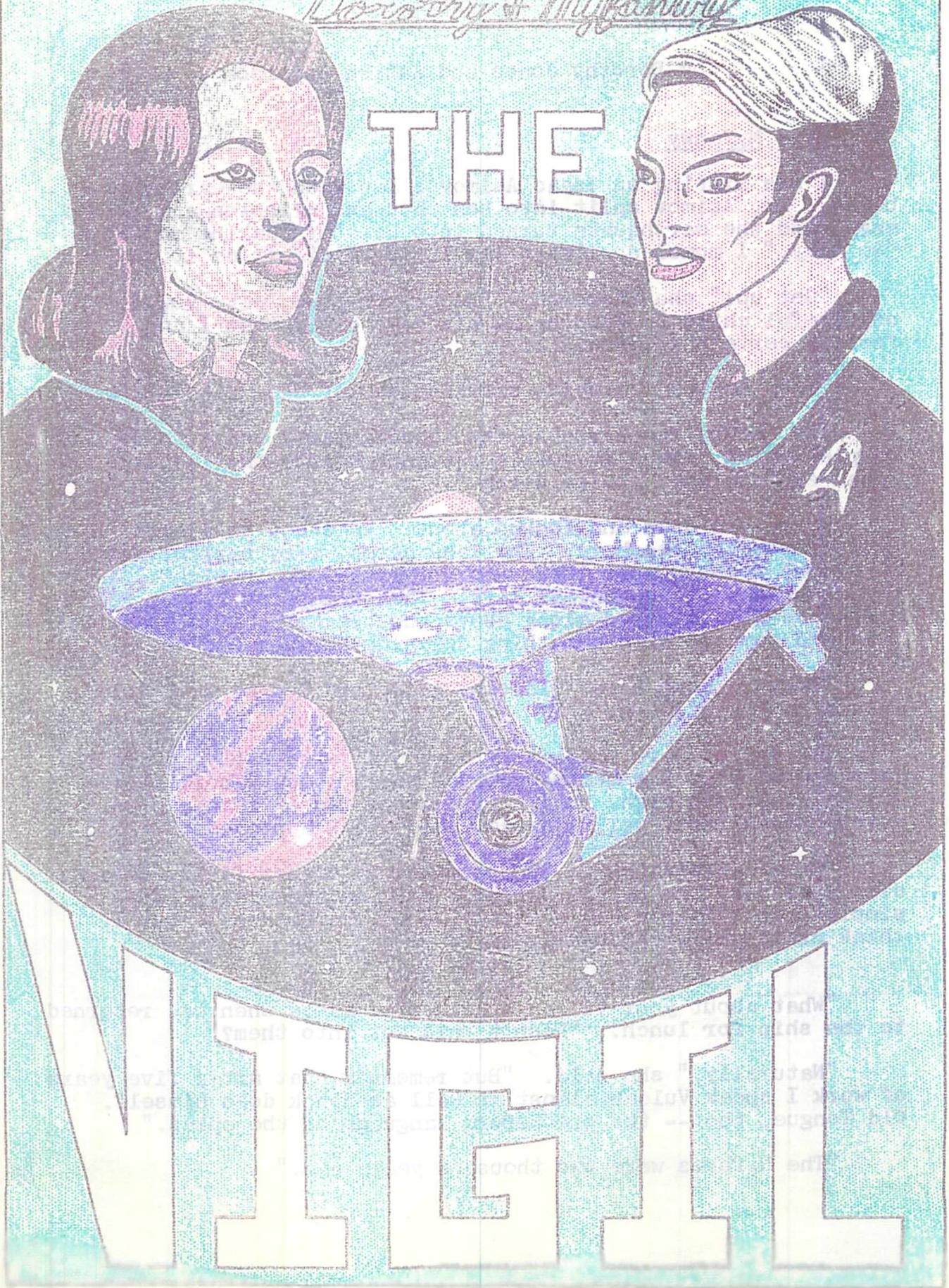


 Captain Kirk's middle name is
 Tamburlaine.

Sulu is scrutable.

Dorothy H. Myfanwy

THE



by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson

Myfanwy

I was sitting on Isaac Asimov's lap when the earthquake began. Dr. Asimov split into ten thousand tribbles and rolled away, and the earthquake turned into Dorothy shaking me awake. "Go 'way," I mumbled. "Whatever it is, I didn't do it."

"Get up!" she answered. "Raug! On your feet, you ungrateful child." Dorothy is six days older than I and feels a certain responsibility.

"Yes, Mother," I said, crawling out of bed. "What's up?"

"Dr. McCoy wants you in the landing party today to do some sample-taking, now I've gotten far enough into the language that I can explain what you're doing."

We beamed down and looked about. We stood on a bare, rocky cliff above the seashore. The land seemed very barren; aside from some scrubby moss there was no vegetation in sight. There also seemed to be no animal life. Then something like a four-winged seagull swooped along above the breakers; it dipped its head and came up with something dripping between its teeth.

"They're down here," Dorothy said, and led me down into a ravine to the village.

The Balgor were moderately humanoid, with webbed hands and feet and nictitating membranes over their eyes. Their basic intelligence was high, but their culture was extremely primitive: a very young race, well started. Mr. Spock approved of them.

Since I wasn't up on the terminology of her field, Dorothy didn't discuss the Balgor language with me in detail. She simply said, "Balgor makes Nootka look like Chinese. But if I think crosseyed I can handle it."

"What about your Vulcan studies?" I asked when we returned to the ship for lunch. "Hasn't this cut into them?"

"Naturally," she said. "But remember that after five years of work I speak Vulcan almost as well as Spock does himself. Old Tongue, too -- the pre-Reform language of the epics."

"The Reforms were two thousand years ago."

She nodded.

"You speak Old Tongue?"

"Spock taught me. And I gather -- if you quote this you've had it -- that his parents speak it at home because Modern Vulcan doesn't include any lovewords."

"Shocking, isn't it?"

"Scandalous." We smirked and drank our tea.

"Are you going to study on Vulcan when our tour of duty's over?" I said. "Bones thinks you should."

"No, I'll stay here."

"But think of the educational -- "

"Myfanwy." She looked me square in the eye. "If you think I am going to leave this ship while Spock is on it, you are out of your tree."

She'd never been frank about it before. "What about Christine?"

"U valde* Christine. What does she know about Vulcans?" She stared into her teacup. "What a magnificent people they are, Myfanwy. They hide it now, but the Reforms didn't change them. They're more like the ancient Irish than any other Earthmen I can think of. Tremendously violent -- and tremendously tender. That's all buried now. They base their lives on logic."

"Conway, ša hai," came a voice from the doorway. It was Spock, with a sheaf of papers in his hand.

Dorothy leaped to her feet. "Mo ši vande," she answered. "See you, Myfanwy." She and Spock were gone.

Had he heard anything? Then it was news to him. Dorothy's telepathic shield, which had been so useful to us on Bright Alpha, had kept her mind to herself all these years.

She speaks Vulcan, I mused, she acts like a Vulcan, she thinks like a Vulcan, she's the despair of McCoy... u valde Christine indeed.

* "May (she) not live long."

I heard loud voices down the corridor: Scotty and...that's never Spock shouting?!

I came out to look. Spock's stiff back was just disappearing into the turbolift. Scotty and Dorothy stood looking after him.

"No one is blaming you, Scotty-me-love," Dorothy said dully. "I only say it will be a good thing when we can get back to Earth and have third-generation transporter coils installed."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Myfanwy, you'd better get to your station, so Dr. McCoy can find you if he needs you. We're going on -- " Audio signals interrupted her, and yellow lights began to flash. "Correction. Mr. Spock has reached the bridge, and we are now on Yellow Alert. The captain beamed down to the surface and now we've lost him."

"Hasn't he got his communicator?"

"Dropped it. It wound up on the beach, but he went somewhere else. And this is a very large planet. And there is no local communication. And the life-form readings are inconclusive."

Dorothy

The next day Spock sent for me -- rather, Uhura called and conveyed the message.

The bridge resembled a beautifully disciplined ants' nest. At least fifteen people were in the different stations or running information between them. Spock, in the captain's chair, was somehow managing to give orders in three directions at once. He looked distinctly harried under his Vulcan calm. I realized that he had been there for the past twenty hours.

"Conway. Over here." I moved to his right side. "Have you a good memory?" he asked in Vulcan.

"Yes, sir," I answered in the same language.

He switched to the Old Tongue. "And can you call forth extra strength for the captain's sake?"

I was close enough to see the strain in his face. "As much as flesh can give," I said, "and a little more from the soul."

Lieutenant Uhura leaned over my head. "Seventeen-Delta-3 reports negative, sir."

"Acknowledged. Hold further reports for thirty seconds."

"Hadn't you better get some rest, sir?" I asked him, in Terran but quietly.

"I won't need rest till this is finished. You will recall that my physical makeup allows me to forego sleep under emergency conditions. But I will need your help. As the hours go on I will become more intently focused on the work at hand. I will ignore outside conditions; speak in fragments; I may become short-tempered. I will probably change from Terran to Vulcan to Old Tongue in mid-sentence. You'll have to be the intermediary -- translate, report, relay commands, coordinate information. It will be arduous. Can you do it?"

I returned to the Old Tongue. "Command me."

Uhura was back. "Seventeen-Delta-4: negative."

"Acknowledged. Show Conway the system of your chart." He turned his attention to Sulu, who was at his left with a topographical report.

I followed Uhura to her station, where she showed me a chart of the planet's dayside, minutely sectioned off. "The planet's about to complete its first rotation since the search began," she told me. "Our pole-to-pole orbit will carry us over every part of its surface in time. Mr. Scott's fragmentary readings from the transporter at the time of malfunction seem to indicate that the captain was beamed into a wooded or jungle area. So we're checking those first. If all reports are negative, we'll start on other areas."

I nodded, noting where she had crossed off the sectors covered so far. The Balgor village where I had worked was in darkness. Not that they were apt to be of help, but.... "Let me know when our first landing site comes back into the daylight."

I moved on along the outer bridge. Dave Corey was at the computer station. An engineering crewman whom I didn't know was running visuals. The viewscreen showed the glittering whiteness of the planet's south pole, currently under us. The other stations were fully manned. One of Myfanwy's admirers, covering six dials at the life detection panel, still had enough energy to smile.

I returned to Spock. "Bring up all of Fourteen," he told me. "Terminator."

"Yes, sir." I checked Uhura's chart; the slice of the planet coded Fourteen-Alpha-through-Tau was indeed about to go into shadow. I called the transporter room and had them bring up the four search parties still in that section. Uhura spoke to me, and I added three parties from Seventeen-Epsilon.

I reported this to Spock. "Put them in the first available wooded areas of Eighteen. You can handle this henceforth. Use your own judgment." After this lengthy discourse of three complete sentences, he relapsed into fragments and monosyllables for the next eight hours.

We were in a two-hour pole-to-pole orbit; each orbit took us over a successive slice of the planet's surface. While we were over the day side, we worked at top speed, relocating search parties and coordinating their information. When we passed into the planet's shadow we relaxed slightly, eating sandwiches, planning for our next pass over the day side, and finding relief crew to replace those who'd been on the bridge or on the planet too long.

All but Spock. He was now in his second 24 hours of continuous vigilance, yet his intensity showed no signs of flagging -- except that his speech grew more and more brief as I took over a larger fraction of his coordinatory work.

Several of the landing parties encountered strangler vines, sunstroke, things with teeth, and other adventuresome occurrences. Dr. McCoy's staff was kept busy. No one liked to think of what the captain might be dealing with.

Around my twentieth hour on the bridge I tripped over my own feet, ricocheted off the navigator's shoulder, and landed square across Spock's lap. He picked me up and set me on my feet. "You haven't my metabolism," he said. "Go and sleep."

"I'm all right, sir," I muttered.

"Sleep, student," he said in Old Tongue, "and come back as soon as you may."

I did as I was told, but went no farther than B Deck. I grudged very moment not spent on the bridge. I curled up on a couch in a Rec Room and slept for seven hours.

On the third day Spock developed a marked distaste for the Terran language. Since he was still speaking very little, I made up a short vocabulary list -- hardly more than Yes, No, and Carry On -- and distributed copies to all stations.

The Balgor were sympathetic but not helpful. The captain hadn't been seen within their village territory (we knew that much) and they never went outside it.

Yeomen took it in turns to supply us with food and coffee. I drank enough tea to float away on; I even occasionally managed to feed Spock a cup of something milky and lavender which, Dr. McCoy said, served the same purpose for him.

On the fourth day Christine Chapel showed up. Some fool yeoman had told her Spock wasn't eating, and, dear Heaven, she took it upon herself to do something about it. If she had brought a tureen of plemik, as she did on a previous occasion, I believe there would have been some screaming. But it was a sandwich. He ignored her, and said to me in Old Tongue, "Conway, check the dawn line. Conway, send out the Columbus. Conway, remove this female from the bridge."

I didn't have to. Christine, understanding not a word but my name, gave me a ferocious glare and Spock a worse one, and stomped off the bridge. She did not return. I promised myself for the sake of conscience that I'd give her an explanatory translation someday. Meanwhile, it was just as well to have her elsewhere. Her (I admit it) concern for Spock made her nervous and inefficient. My concern made me work harder. As for Spock, he was light focused to a burning point through a lens. He had become very pale -- blue-white rather than green-yellow -- and so thin that his face was a mask over the contours of his alien bones.

On the fifth day I began to worry about him. Some years before he had undergone this kind of vigil and survived it, but at the end of four days (the pressure being off) he had gone fuzzy at the nerve endings and had staggered down to sickbay on my arm for a week's semi-hibernation.

Also on the fifth day we ran out of wooded sectors and began to search the adjacent ones.

On the sixth day Spock's silence broke, but all we heard from him was a low, continuous murmur: discussions with himself on what to do next, in Old Tongue supplemented with modern Vulcan technical terms. I gave up listening to him except when he spoke directly to me.

The days blended one into the other.

Spock

"Captain's Log, Supplement.
First Officer Spock reporting
in Captain Kirk's absence. In
the one-hundred ninety-seventh
hour of search, he has not
yet been located. We con-
tinue to survey those areas
adjacent to the sectors
first searched."

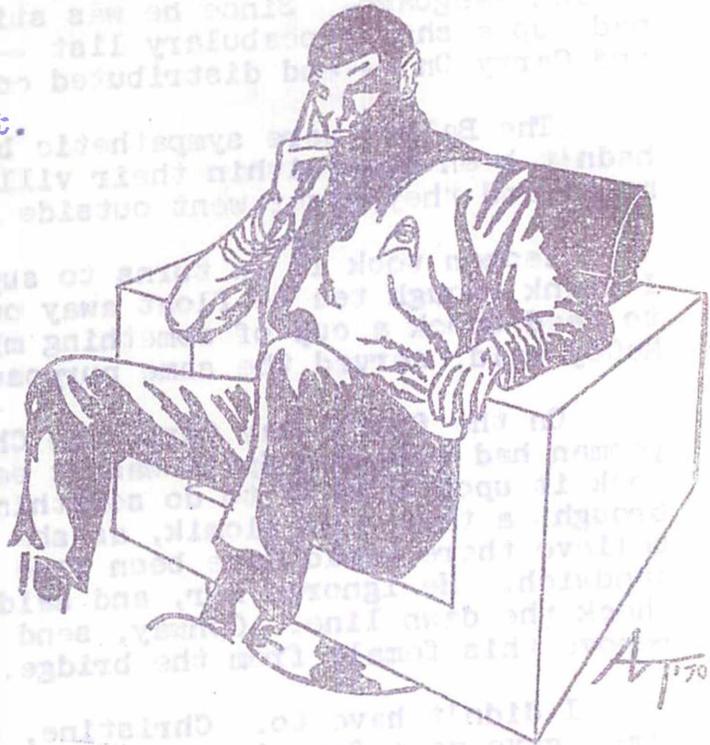
We pass over brilli-
ant desert. I see no
sign of rivers or oases.
If the captain is there,
we have lost him. He
cannot long survive great
heat. Or cold -- yet
the negative reports from
the infrared detectors
told me there was nothing
warm-blooded at either of
the poles, not even in the
first hours of search.

A yellow-green jungle moves across the viewscreen. We
have searched it once already. But I see a shuttlecraft move
over the treetops: Conway has sent it in to take a second look.
A useful assistant.

It occurs to me to wonder how long I can remain at my post.
A strong male of the People can remain alert twice this time.
But my hybrid body may not have that long. Conway is even less
capable than I of enduring a vigil of indefinite length, and I
cannot allow her to risk it. One can only desire earnestly that
the captain be found soon. I am a thread of steel among cotton
threads. Yet I too can break.

Mr. Chekov tells me our orbit position. He waits for an
answer. My mind spins steadily, like a gyroscope, but my body
is inert: I apply energy, pierce the heavy shell, and tell him
to maintain orbit as before.

Conway reports that the circuit-by-circuit check of the
transporter, which I ordered at the beginning of the search,
has been completed; we can be certain at least that none of
the search parties will be lost.



I begin to consider whether Star Base Six or Eight is nearer to us, since it will be my duty to take us there if the captain is dead. The air on the bridge seems flat and the lights dull: doubtless signs of my growing fatigue.

I become aware of a buzz of talk on the bridge. How long has it been going on? Surely it is unnecessary and inefficient for everyone to talk at once. The communicator also is speaking. Conway is at my right ear, saying urgently, " -- two hundred miles downriver from where he landed. He was trapped on a floating log." A log? She shakes me roughly. "Spock, attend! Do you understand me, sir? They've found him!"

The steel thread snaps.

I wish to rise. Conway holds me down. Speak at last:
"Transporter -- "

"Done it, sir."

I hear her in beats.

"He should be up. Very shortly. Please go and rest."

"Let me be." The lights are bright. They fade again.
The communicator.

Conway again: "He's on his way. To the bridge. Come on.
Sir."

The gyroscope wobbles. I rise to my feet. Now my body also spins. The bridge turns around me. I see fragments of light. The moiré of the computer panel. The glint of a steel rail. The sheen of Conway's hair. Darkness.

Dorothy

I caught him as he fell.

Sulu jumped up to help me, but there was no need. I put him back in the captain's chair, where he lay like a rag doll. "It's all right, Sulu. He's light." I bent over him, and saw one tear fall and run across his dry, pale face. Sulu put his arms around me, and I leaned against him. "Oh, Sulu. He doesn't weigh anything."

"Come on, kid. It's all right. He isn't dead, is he?"

I started. "Oh, no! Oh, my lord. No, I don't think so." I felt for the cephalic artery at Spock's throat. There was a pulse, perhaps 120 to the minute. "He's alive. But everything's slowed way down. No wonder. I'll take care of him." I went to the communicator. "Dr. McCoy."

"McCoy here."

"Conway speaking. The captain's been found, and Mr. Spock has collapsed. We'll bring him down at once. Doctor, what do Vulcans use for glucose and saline?"

"I'll ask Dr. Mbenga. McCoy out."

"Security. I want Mr. Ander on the bridge right away." Roal Ander was one of the third-generation Titans of Alpha 3 -- as tall as Spock and three times his mass. I had seen him carrying wounded men to sickbay as gently as a mother.

I returned to Spock. My eyes saw only bones, stark and beautiful, but my fingers told me he still lived.

The elevator opened, and Roal Ander and Captain Kirk came onto the bridge together. The captain was weatherbeaten and had lost weight, but he looked healthy, had a beautiful tan, and seemed to have enjoyed his adventure. But his face was filled with concern for Spock. We had seen the change in him over the week; the captain saw it all at once, and was taken aback. "Get him to sickbay," he said to no one in particular.

"That's where he's going, sir," I told him. "Mr. Ander?" The big man picked Spock up like a child, and we headed for the elevator.

"You could have used a gravity-shielded stretcher," the captain pointed out.

"Yes, sir, I could have. But Mr. Ander is alive."

Myfanwy

Dr. Mbenga took Spock in charge and said he would probably be all right. He put him in one room of sickbay, and Dr. McCoy continued to hold general clinic for sunburn and lizard bite in the other.

Christine was under some kind of cloud, and McCoy was careful to keep her as busy as possible in the clinic.

Dorothy was ready to collapse herself, but she wouldn't leave Spock. Mbenga put her in a chair by his bed, rationalizing that if he woke still speaking Old Tongue she could translate. He didn't go into the fact that he and Scotty both spoke adequate Vulcan.

I spent many hours in sickbay myself -- ostensibly to study biochemistry tapes, but more to keep an eye on her. You wouldn't think anyone could be so fascinated by the sight of a man breathing slowly in and out. And as the days went by the shadows went out of her eyes.

That wasn't all. In the middle of the first week she suddenly turned to me and said irritably, "Stop broadcasting! I can hear your worrying from here!"

"What...? happened to your shield?"

"Gone. I've been so tired...glad it didn't happen on Bright Alpha."

This, I thought, will make life interesting Spock wakes.

"Very."

It was a full two weeks before he woke. Dorothy was still there, but the sunburn and lizard-bite clinic had disbanded. I could hear voices in the next room: the captain and Scotty had each come in to be told "no change."

Spock said, "Conway, vande hai," and then he opened his eyes. She jumped up and bent over him. They spoke together in some variety of Vulcan.

Kirk and McCoy stood in the doorway; Scotty leaned over their shoulders, saying, "He asked about you, Captain; she's telling him you're all right."

Spock's eyes focused on her then, and he said, "Sal min."

Scotty stared, and clutched Kirk's and McCoy's shoulders. "He's saying that to Conway?"

I cringed behind the library station, wishing I could get out without being seen.

"Saying what?" asked McCoy.

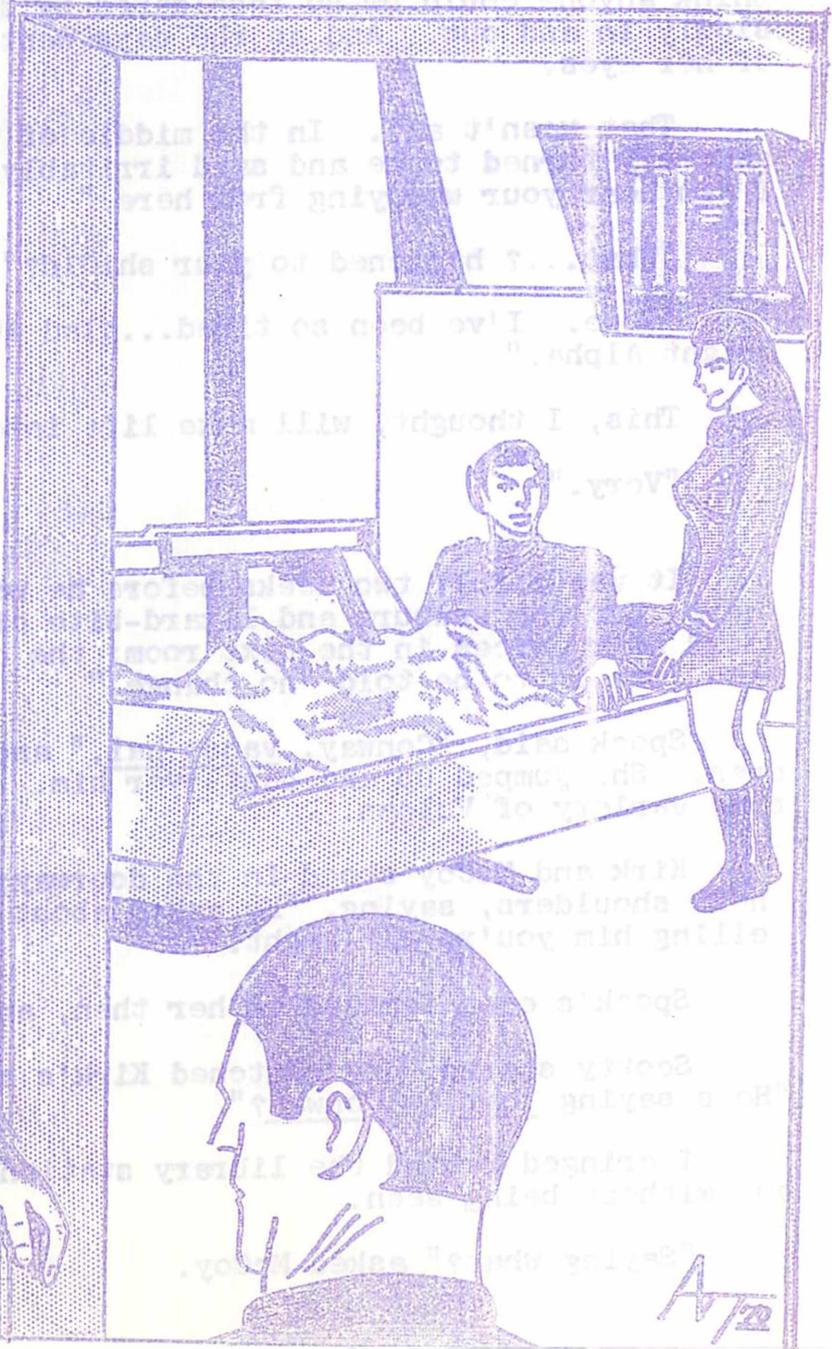
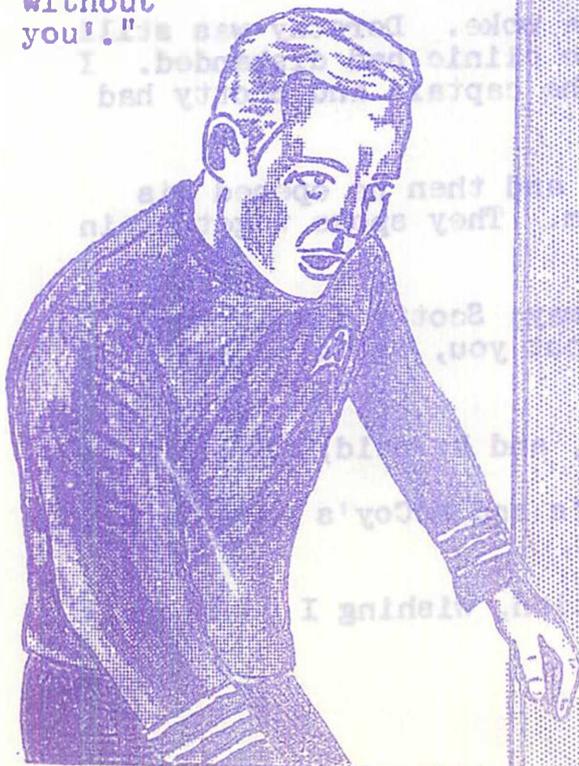
Dorothy looked at Spock in disbelief. His face had softened somehow. "Mo va kar hai nai li marus," he said.

"Now I know where this day has led'," whispered Scotty. "He's quoting."

"E la?" Dorothy said, which means "???"

"Dadre mark na nai val mo vi voril, vi hara," Spock said earnestly. "Lor va nar paran hai a i leni, a mo va kar la tur u val su lor."

"I'm dreaming," said Scotty. The other two men looked at him impatiently. "All the' -- uh -- 'patterns of my life are turned and changed. You stand between me and the stars, and I want no life without you'."



Dorothy (after several false starts) found her voice.
"Halde.... He nai li elu hai leni arban, ler vi gar nai val.
A nai va sim u val ti ler." She dropped her head and stared
at the blanket.

"'My lord'," Scotty translated. To hear him, it was better
than Burns. "'The day I saw this starship, you became my life.
And I have no life but you'."

Spock reached up his hands and turned her face toward him.
"Nai va dak lor paran i koi, halda min ke peri alu."

"Ler da nakri," she said, beginning to smile.

"'I hold you between my hands like a crystal filled with
light'," said Scotty. "He's quoting again, and she told him so."

"I don't believe my ears," said Kirk.

"E aran ralm?" Spock said at last.

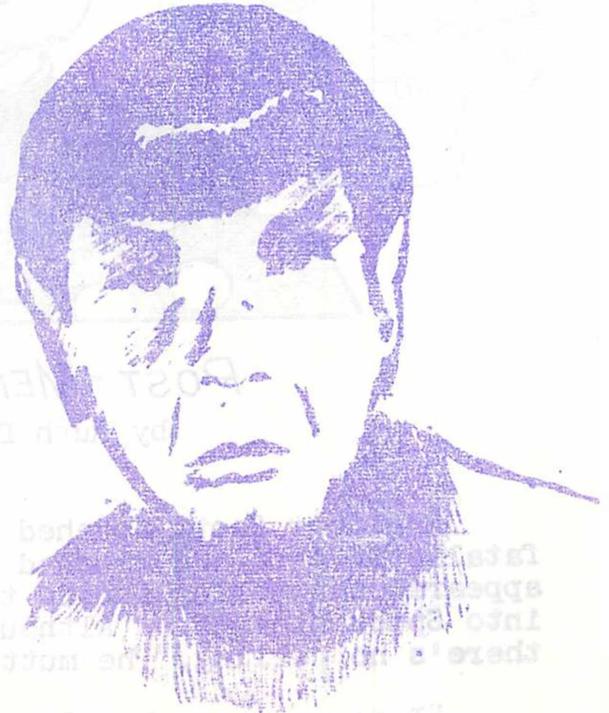
"Mo di ralm."

"'Will you answer?'"
Scotty translated, "and she
said, well, 'I seem to have
answered already'."

"This is a hell of a
place for a proposal of
marriage," McCoy commented.
Scotty and Kirk glared
at him.

Spock held out two
fingers, and Dorothy touched
them with her own. And there
they sat, like a pair of
carven angels, speaking in
no language at all.

Romulans use seat belts.





POST-MENAGERIE

by Ruth Berman

Engineer Scott touched the transporter controls with fatalistic care and watched dourly as Mr. Spock's outline appeared shimmering inside the transporter, solidifying shortly into Spock himself. "Although whether it's you or no, sir, there's no telling," he muttered.

"I assure you, Mr. Scott, I am quite real," said Spock, stepping out of the transporter. "The Talosians will cast no more illusions upon us."

Scott looked unconvinced, but called the bridge to say that Spock was back on board.



"Ahead warp factor six, Mr. Hansen," said Kirk. "Take us out of orbit." Kirk, too, looked up dubiously as his first officer walked quietly to his post. The Talosian broadcasts had shown them a younger Spock, in some ways, a human Spock, at ease with his shipmates and able to smile. Kirk wondered what had driven him back to rigid reliance on the Vulcan half of his heritage. The Talosian picture was vividly in his mind still. "Spock," he said suddenly, "Jose

Mendez -- the illusion of Jose Mendez came on board the base shuttlecraft with me before I left the base."

Spock nodded.

Despite himself, Kirk was irritated by Spock's imperturbability. "But don't you realize? -- that means they could take over the star base on M 11. If they wanted to, they could take over the whole Federation."

"Their physical ties to their own planet are too great to allow them to leave," said Spock. "Their only temptation has been to bring others to them -- or, at the least, news of others. They have tried to resist that temptation."

"Tried?" Lt. Hansen repeated, looking warily at the helm controls under his hands, and wondering if he really had them on course for Planet M-11.

"They have not brought anyone to them -- since their failure with Captain





failure with Captain Pike. When I first heard of Captain Pike's injuries, however, I also learned that the Talosians had followed the life of the Enterprise ever since the captain...ever since Captain Pike left Talos, thirteen years ago. They did so by reading my mind throughout that interval, unknown to me."

Spock looked faintly sick. Kirk, knowing how deeply the Vulcan valued his privacy, searched for a way to express his sympathy. Spock would never accept a direct statement of it, he was sure. "Are they gone now?" he asked softly.

"Affirmative," said Spock, and looked more at ease. "They knew I had the power to shut them out if I knew they were there. They revealed their presence to me on Captain Pike's behalf. I agreed, then, to let them stay with me long enough for us to offer him a haven with them. In themselves, they have not the power to set an illusion beyond the bounds of their own system. They used me as a medium to produce the illusion of Commodore Mendez. Now they are alone."

"Do you feel sorry for them?"

"That is...a most human question, Captain," said Spock, without answering it.

"Never mind," said Kirk, smiling.

They reached the base a week later and picked up Sulu and a few others who had been on shore leave and had been left behind when Spock absconded with the Enterprise. Kirk and Spock beamed down to pay their respects to Commodore Mendez. They paused at the door of his office, however, because someone was there ahead of them, a tall, dark-haired woman in a captain's uniform. As there had been only one other ship in orbit when they came in, a small probe ship called the Tori, Kirk deduced that she was its captain.

" -- to attempt a study of the Galactic barrier," she was saying. "We will be operating out of this star base."

Spock's eyebrows went up.

"Pleased to have you with us, Captain," said Mendez courteously. He started to nod to Kirk and Spock to come in, but stopped. The captain of the Tori had not moved to go, but stood hesitating, apparently wanting to say something more. "Yes?" said Mendez helpfully.

"Fleet-Captain Christopher Pike is in the hospital here," she stated. "May I visit him?"

Mendez stared, shook his head, and beckoned the Enterprise men to come in.

She stared back for a moment, then turned to see who was there. "Spock!" she said.

"Number One." He took a step forward and stopped. "I should say: Captain -- "

"Never mind," she said. "'Number One' will do."

Kirk recognized her now as the coolly efficient Enterprise officer of thirteen years ago he had been shown by the Talosians. The years had not changed her. She was still handsome, still rigidly controlled, almost to the point of seeming a Vulcan herself. She and Spock did not shake hands. Kirk wondered irritably if any other man and woman with a friendship of more than a dozen years' standing could have met so quietly, not exchanging even a touch.



Spock glanced at Kirk, as if sensing his line of thought, and reached out to take the woman's hands in his own. "It is good to see you, Number One."

"Thank you. It's been a long time -- you needn't tell me exactly," she added hastily. "Spock, where is the captain?"

"On Talos."

She studied his impassive face, then slid her hands out of his grasp and retreated further into Mendez's office. "Is he happy?"

"Affirmative," said Spock.

She fell silent.

"Excuse me," said a new voice.

Kirk apologized and moved out of the doorway to let in Mendez's aide with a group of reports for Mendez to check.

"Thank you, Miss Piper," Mendez said formally, sitting down at his desk with an apologetic "Excuse me" to the others.

"Thank you, Mr. Spock," Number One said, falling into the formal rhythms. She nodded to them and left the room.

Spock half put out a hand to detain her, but let it fall back.

There was a short silence. Mendez and Miss Piper were efficiently disposing of the reports. Kirk looked at them, then out after the Tori's captain. She disappeared around a

corner. "Studying the Barrier," he said thoughtfully. "That's a dangerous assignment."

"Number One will consider it a challenge," said Spock.

"Yes," said Kirk drily. "Spock -- we don't have to leave for a few minutes. Why not get over to the base stores and order a bouquet of flowers sent to her? -- to congratulate her on her new assignment."

"That seems a highly illogical action," said Spock.

"I know," said Kirk. "But a little illogic will do you good." He looked down the corridor again. "Do you both good. Besides, it'd be courteous."

"Most illogical," said Spock, moving out of the room.

Mendez finished with the reports and looked up to find Spock gone. "Something wrong?" he asked.

"No, on the contrary," said Kirk. "I've just persuaded my half-Vulcan science officer to do something illogical."

Mendez's mouth quirked, and he raised an eyebrow. "Fascinating!" he said.

Scotty hides haggis in the antimatter pod.



"Natira of Yonada"

T-WAVES: LETTERS

from Dean Dickensheet:

Thank you for the T-Negatives. I enjoy reading them, although I disapprove of them on principle. One comment I might make (since no one else did, apparently) is regarding the technical term "futz" and its slang origin. Despite the tendency to identify it with the Anglo-Saxon word of similar length and beginning (see the contemporary play "Futz"), the word is probably traceable to the Yiddish "fus" and, thence, to the German "Fuss," therefore "foot." The root humor doubtless involved trampling aimlessly in search of a solution, like Sherlock Holmes's herd of Scotland Yard buffalos. In the non-derogative, and hence the television sense, it probably refers to experimenting until something finally works. Eric Partridge I'm not, and I am sure I can coin false etymologies with the worst of them, but I think it sounds right, at least.

I doubt if you would have the temerity to publish this in any of your fanzines. If you do use it, you can credit it to me (although it's really Shirley's find). Please title it:

Department of Modern, Intelligent, Mature and
Original Science Fiction

or

Down Memory Lane with Pick and Spade

"Kirk and company fall prey to their old nemesis Harry Mudd, who is now both ruler and captive of an android civilization. The androids grant their human guinea pigs any wish -- except to leave their gilded cages."

TV Guide write-up of "I, Mudd," April 5, 1968.

"Buck, Wilma, and Huer crash-landed on a mysterious planet in a later sequence, a world inhabited solely by robots. The robots were programmed to look after and guard all human beings. Unfortunately, to guard them, the robots had to see to it that they never left that world. Not wishing to remain in such delightful company forever, Buck managed to break into the factory where new robots were programmed with information tapes and to change those tapes so that the robots would obey him. The reprogrammed chief robot, called One, became a new sidekick for Buck and followed him through later exploits."

Jim Harmon in The Great Radio-Heroes, describing a Buck Rogers script circa 1940.

Actually, the resemblances are far greater than the TV Guide listing shows.

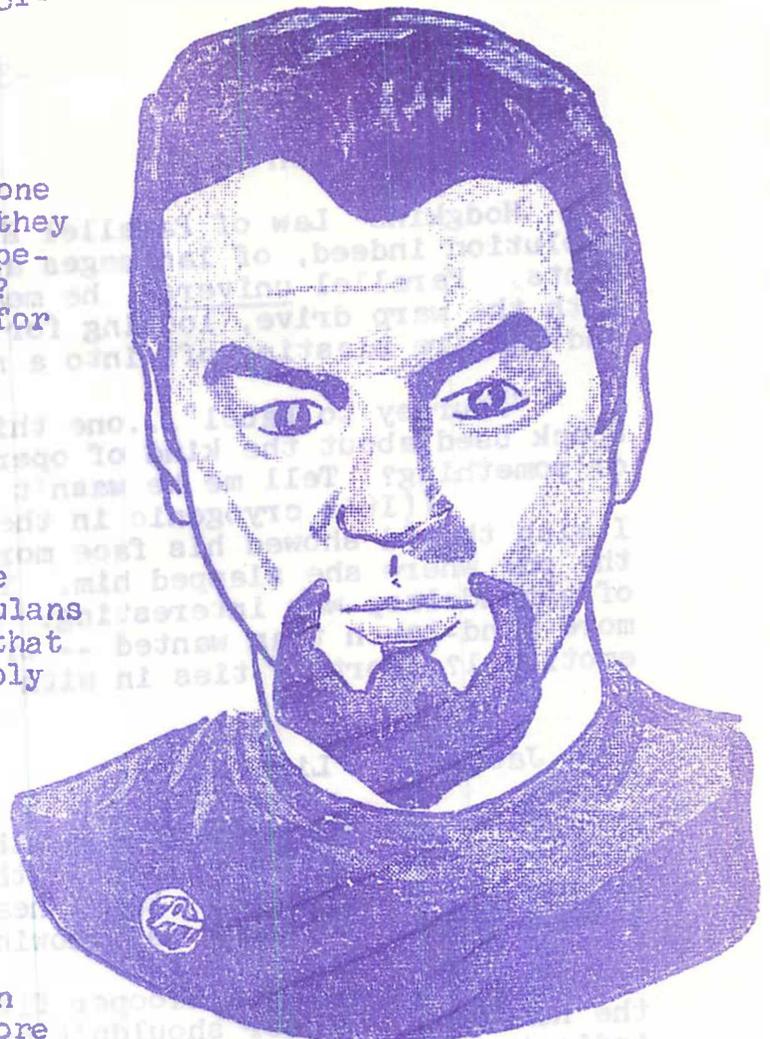
from Mandi Tamborello

Klingons are my favorite minority. I've yet to find anyone who understands them. I mean, they were made the intergalactic scapegoats, and there it lies, right? I was forever indebted to Mara for her few lines about the Empire. Captains like Koloth give the whole fleet a bad name.

from Gail Barton

The drawings of Revenge are good. I sort of doubt that Romulans would use anything so crude as that torture chamber, though. Probably borrow some Klingon ultrasonics. As telepaths they would avoid mind-probe as unfair tactic. It would go against too many of their cultural taboos. It is evident that like many highly conservative warrior societies they are very much enmeshed in their concept of honor. I doubt that a Romulan would break under pressure any more readily than a Vulcan. The Pride would compensate for the lesser skill. Hence torture (save for deterrent execution) would not be common in the cultural pattern, as it would be ineffective for questioning purposes.

I've got a mild crush on Subcommander Tal. That was such a woebegone tone of voice when he saw his Commander on the Enterprise bridge. I like Romulans. Too many people confuse them with Klingon-mind types. They are Vulcanoid. Vulcans were probably very much like them 2,300 or so years ago.



"Captain Koloth"

Our Vulcan First Officer, Spock
Has a mind that's a regular clock.
When he gets to speaking,
McCoy begins shrieking,
Or weeps in his beer (which is bock).

from Shirley Meech

Hodgkins' Law of Parallel Evolution bugs me. Parallel evolution indeed, of languages and names and identical documents. Parallel universe he means. I think Spock tampers with the warp drive, looking for a universe he'd like better, and they're blasting off into a new one every week.

"Journey to Babel"...one thing that worries me is the word Spock used about the kind of operation. Cryogenic or serogenic or something? Tell me he wasn't trying to say cryogenic....
((It's cryogenic in the script.))

I wish they'd showed his face more in the scene with his mother, the one where she slapped him. The two-fingered touch instead of a handclasp was interesting. Maybe holding hands would give more mind-touch than wanted -- or just be considered too emotional? Sort of ties in with the hand salute.

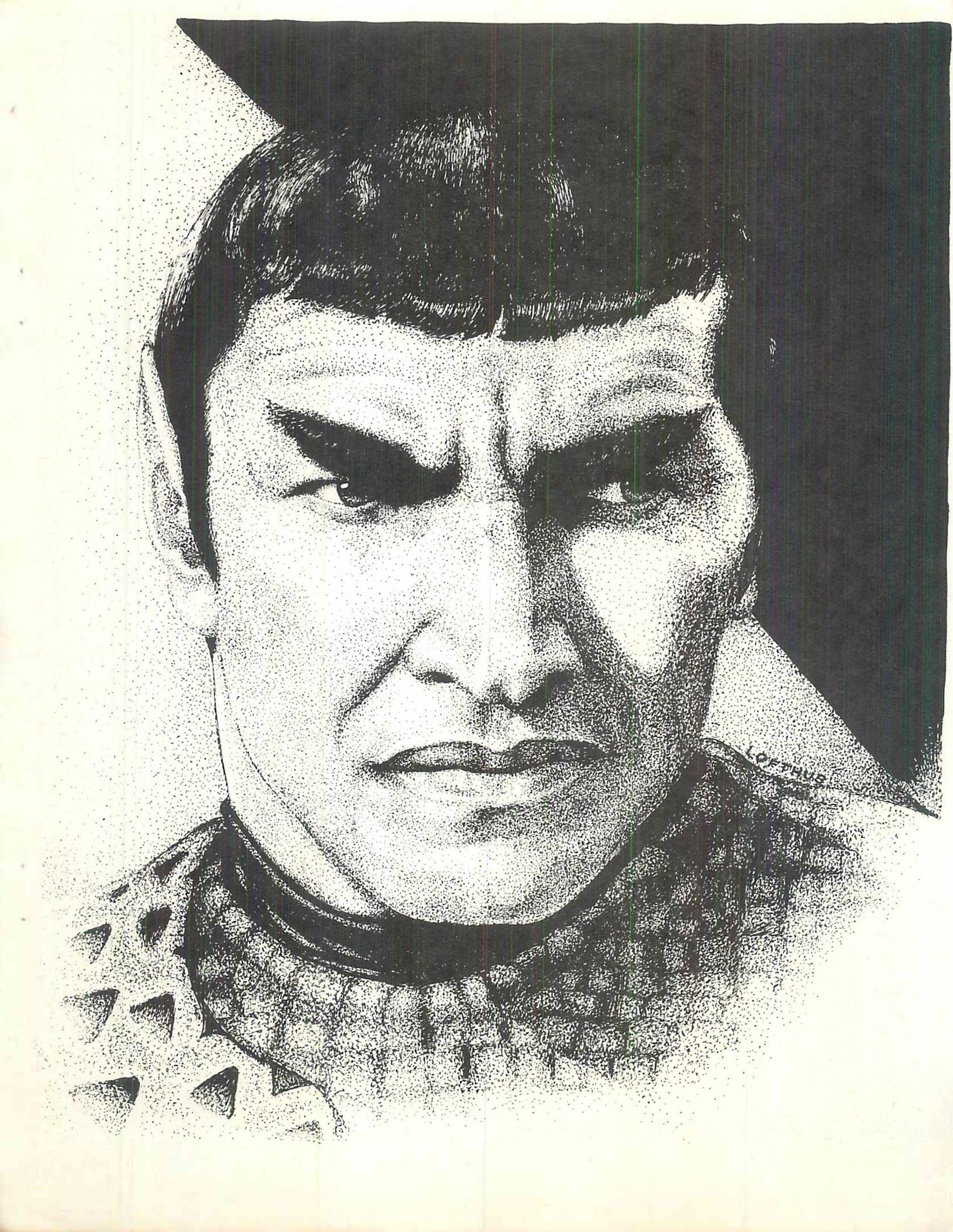
from Jacqueline Lichtenberg

What type of procedure was that heart surgery performed on Sarek? Cryogenic? If so, I thought I heard Spock mispronounce it syrogenic. Was I hearing things or did somebody goof? Maybe his accent was showing?

Something for the blooper file -- in "Balance of Terror," the Romulan Commander shouldn't have shaken his head to indicate negation...that is a cultural convention, and one can excuse it in Vulcans who've been exposed, but this was a first-visual contact. Also, H. Mudd knowing right off that Spock is only part Vulcan. If you listen carefully to the tone of the delivery, it's almost as if full blood Vulcans look substantially different than mixtures; say in skin tone or perhaps nictatating membranes (a version of which they're supposed to have but which are not visible) or perhaps they're hairless -- that's the impression Mudd conveys. I doubt if they'd really decided at that point.

((I suggested that Spock's remark in "Corbomite Maneuver" about the pseudo-Balok's resembling his father is another inconsistency of the same sort.))

I haven't seen that show recently, but I distinctly remember entertaining the idea that full blooded Vulcans looked that... and discarded it on the basis of the intonations, again. I believe they were speaking of personality similarity...that indefinable aura or drive...and, indeed, there seems to have been a similarity there, of sorts. At least enough to remind.



Old-Time Review Dept.

Mark Lenard

"Much Ado About Nothing" -- Conrade (Gielgud production)
Boston, September 1, 1959; New York, Sept. 17, 1959.
(review from New York Theatre Critics Reviews, Vol. XX --
Sept. 21, 1959 -- p. 297.)

New York Post, September 18, 1959 -- "Two on the Aisle/ A Great
Comedy Brilliantly Done" by Richard Watts, Jr.

"The other roles are far from neglected.... There is fine
skill in...Mark Lenard's Conrade."

"Measure for Measure" -- Duke of Vienna
(Joseph Papp, NY Shakespeare Festival production)
Variety, Aug. 3, 1960, "Off-Broadway Show," by Ster., p. 59.

"The Duke, who has most of the lines, seems almost a
secondary figure. Played by Mark Lenard with strength but
sometimes monotonous delivery, the Duke casually comments on
the action, and gives the plot a shove in one direction or the
other, with the wry and dispassionate manner of a child playing
with a doll's house.

"Mariette Hartley makes Isabella sweet but not cloying."
(also in cast: Roger C. Carmel, "Mudd," as Friar Thomas.)

"Hedda Gabler" -- Eilert Lovborg
Commonweal, LXXIV (June 16, 1961), 304-5. "The Stage: Hamlet
and Hedda: Now," by Richard Hayes.

(p. 304) "and a Lovborg that the wholly remarkable Mr. Mark
Lenard scorches with virility, magnetism and a kind of intelli-
gent brutality."

"DuPont Show of the Week" -- "The Battle of the Paper Bullet"
-- a Nazi (broadcast Oct. 15, 1961).

"The Power and the Glory" -- Miguel (broadcast Oct. 29, 1961).

"Gideon" -- Malchiel
Variety, November 15, 1961, "Shows on Broadway," by Hobe., p. 64.

"There are convincing performances by a number of talented
players, almost all individually unrecognizable in the bushy
beards, flowing wigs and nondescript costumes. They include...
Mark Lenard."

Newsweek, November 20, 1961. "Theater," p. 69.

"Eric Berry, Alan Manson, and Mark Lenard are robust in
lesser roles."

(reviews from New York Theatre Critics' Reviews, Vol. XXII -- November 13, 1961 -- pp. 174-176.)

New York Mirror, Nov. 10, 1961, "'Gideon' Stirring, Humorous," by Robert Coleman.

"Eric Berry, Alan Manson, Mark Lenard, and Mitchell Jason stood out in other roles."

New York Journal American, Nov. 10, 1961, "Chayefsky's Drama an Unqualified Hit," by John McClain.

"In the large cast there are other notable performances by...Mark Lenard."

The New York Times, Nov. 10, 1961, "Theatre: Biblical Drama," by Howard Taubman.

"Eric Berry, Alan Manson, and Mark Lenard are others who do well."

"A Far Country" -- Sigmund Freud

Variety, Nov. 12, 1962, "Shows Out of Town," by Klep., p. 56.

"Mark Lenard is impressive as the Viennese pioneer who has to fight through a maze of ignorance, prejudice, and opposition from his colleagues to gain acceptance of his psychological theories. His scenes of tenderness with his pregnant wife contrasts effectively with his refusal to compromise his ideas for a life of security."

"My Mother My Father and Me" -- Dr. Zachary Katz
opened New York, March, 1963.

"The Greatest Story Ever Told" -- Balthazar
premiered February, 1964.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" -- Oberon
(Inner City Repertory, Los Angeles) opened April 11, 1968.

"Here Come the Brides" -- Aaron Stempel
TV Guide, Dec. 28, 1968, "Review," by Cleveland Amory, p. 2.

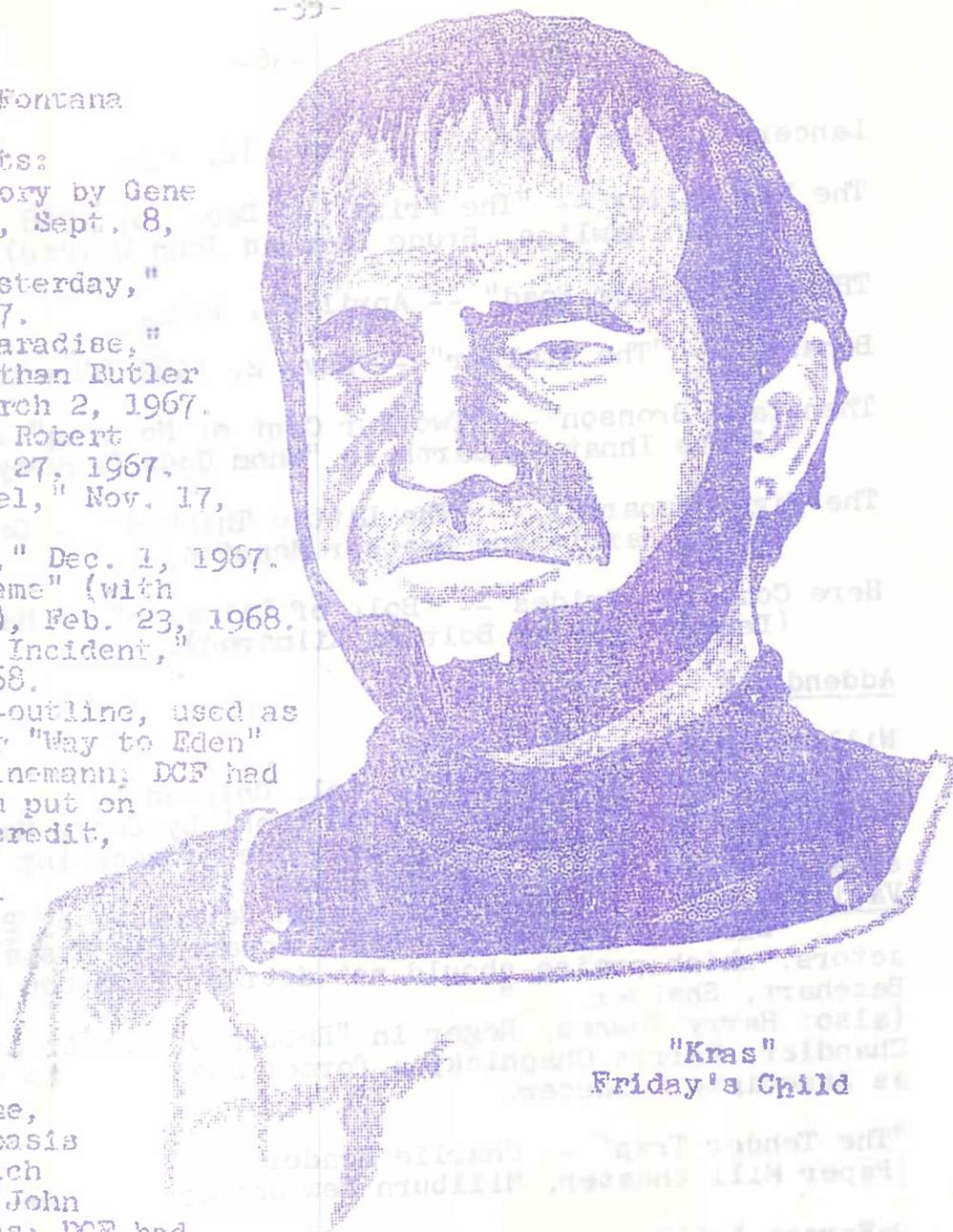
"The recurring villain here, sawmill-owner Aaron Stempel (Mark Lenard) is really the only one who's a stereotype."
Los Angeles Times, Sept. 26, 1968, "TV Reviews/ Brides Premieres on ABC," by Hal Humphrey, p. IV-27.

"They just don't make actors like they used to.... This story needed the late Victor McLaglen, or Wallace Beery or Clark Gable playing it rough and tough.... Even the conniving saw mill owner, Aaron Stempel, who's supposed to be the villain of the piece, is played by Mark Lenard as if he really wanted to join the good guys."

D.C. Fontana

Star Trek scripts:

- "Charlie X" (story by Gene Roddenberry), Sept. 8, 1966.
- "Tomorrow Is Yesterday," Jan. 26, 1967.
- "This Side of Paradise," (story by Nathan Butler and DCF), March 2, 1967.
- "Catspaw" (with Robert Bloch), Oct. 27, 1967.
- "Journey to Ebel," Nov. 17, 1967.
- "Friday's Child," Dec. 1, 1967.
- "By Any Other Name" (with Jerome Bixby), Feb. 23, 1968.
- "The Enterprise Incident," Sept. 27, 1968.
- "Joanna" (story-outline, used as the basis for "Way to Eden" by Arthur Heinemann; DCF had her pseudonym put on the outline-credit, "Story by Arthur Heinemann and Michael Richards"), Jan. 24, 1969.
- "Survival" (story-outline, used as the basis for "That Which Survives" by John Meredyth Lucas; DCF had her pseudonym put out the outline-credit, "story by Michael Richards"), Feb. 21, 1969.



"Kras"
Friday's Child

other shows (main guest-stars, where I know them, listed as an aid to catching the shows on re-runs):

Tall Man -- "Bounty for Billy" -- date? (Leonard Nimoy).

The High Chaparral -- "North to Tucson" -- Nov. 8, 1968, (Kevin McCarthy as James Forrest, Jack Elam as Macklin).

- Lancer -- "The Prodigal" -- Nov. 12, 1968.
- The Big Valley -- "The Prize" -- Dec. 16, 1968 (Peter Haskell as Ben Rawlins, Bruce Dern as John Weaver).
- TBV -- "Danger Road" -- April 21, 1969.
- Bonanza -- "The Stalker" -- Nov. 2, 1969 (Charlotte Stuart).
- Then Came Bronson -- "Two Per Cent of Nothing" -- Nov. 26, 1969 (Steve Ihnat -- Garth in "Whom Gods Destroy").
- The High Chaparral -- "The Little Thieves" -- Dec. 26, 1969 (Joann Harris and Heather Menzies).
- Here Come the Brides -- "Bolt of Kilmaron" -- March 13, 1970 (Denver Pyle as Bolt of Kilmaron).

Addenda:

William Shatner

- "The Andersonville Trial" -- Col. Chipman
TV Guide, May 16, 1970, "Second Look" by Scott MacDonough, p. A-5.
"William Shatner's Chipman, the prosecuting lawyer, is steady, sturdy and sanely idealistic."
Variety, May 20, 1970, "Television Reviews," by Bok., p. 40.
"Director George C. Scott apparently has a way with actors, which praise should not detract from the fine work of Basehart, Shatner...."
(also: Harry Townes, Reger in "Return of the Archons," as Col. Chandler; Morris Chapnick, a former assistant to Roddenberry, as Associate Producer.

"The Tender Trap" -- Charlie Reader
(Paper Mill theater, Millburn New Jersey, May 19-June 7, 1970.)

DeForest Kelley

"The Virginian," "Duel at Shilo" -- Ben Tully (a cowboy from Texas)
(re-run April 22, 1970. First broadcast ?)

James Doohan

"The Virginian" "The Man Who Wouldn't Die" -- George Mitchell
(assistant in villainous railroad company)
(re-run May 13, 1970. First broadcast 1963.)

Nichelle Nichols

"Doctor, You've Got to Be Kidding" -- Jenny Ribbock (a secretary)
premiered February 23, 1967. (also: Jon Lormer -- a survivor in "Menagerie," Tamar in "Return of the Archons," and old man in "For the World is Hollow" -- as the doctor of the title.)

