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### Set-To

On August 2, 1968, I saw DeForest Kelley during a break in the filming of "The Empath" while equipment was moved from the limbo set on Soundstage 1 back to the Enterprise on Stage 9.

Following Shatner's advice, I stuck pretty close to one topic, Kelley's past work in show business. The talk occasionally wandered off into sidelines that I thought interesting but had to cut for lack of space in Inside Star Trek.

One of the "irrelevant" topics was Dr. McCoy. I started out by asking Kelley to talk about the character, but, like Shatner, he seemed uncomfortable doing so. His way of evading the topic was to pull out and read Roddenberry's original description of the character. This description was pretty much the same as the one in the revised (April 1967) "Star Trek Guide," except that the information about McCoy's daughter, Joanna, was added to the later version. However, there was one small difference between the two descriptions, which Kelley pointed out. The later version goes, "Of all the men aboard our starship, McCoy is the least military. He is filled with idiosyncracies which fit the character and are his trademark. For example, he loathes the Transporter System."

The earlier version was, "Of all the men aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise, Bones McCoy is the least military. He is consistently out of uniform and we invite writers to create a number of inconsistencies and idiosyncracies which fit the character and can become his trademark."



Kelley said that the business of hating the transporter "probably replaced the material aspect. I think in the beginning he had something uniform-wise. For a long time they talked about a sweater of some sort that McCoy was in."

My asking about his reactions to "Spectre of the Gun" wandered into talking about scripts generally.

"Hopefully we've done some good shows this year," he said. "It's very hard to tell when you're doing it. and you don't learn much more by going to the dailies. You just see rolls of work-prints, and you don't know what it'll be like put together. Most important thing of all is right here," he added, pointing at the script. "You know, if it's not in the script, we can't do it. From what I read last year, some of the fans were very disappointed with Star Trek, felt we really weren't doing the things they wanted to see us do most. Exactly what that is I don't know, but more pure science fiction."

I commented that a lot of fans were bothered by the over-use of the parallel worlds gimmick.

"Uh-huh. I know they were. Oddly enough, the going back into time -- that's another thing they don't like over-worked -- but to me it's one of the most fascinating things we can do. You can do so many marvelous things by doing that, you know. And by going back into time you can afford actors situations where they can work out and do some purely good stories that may not be pure science fiction but can be good entertainment."

"A good show can overcome an old gimmick," I said. "'The Squire of Gothos' was a lot like 'Visit to a Small Planet' -- "

"Yes," he said, nodding, "yes."

" -- but it was a good show."

"Yes, it was a good show," he said, and went on, "The one that we're doing now is, I think, either going to be terrible or marvelous. I don't think there'll be any in-betweens. And, believe me, it can go either way. It'll be interesting that we're doing it in limbo: all black, everything is suspended, and the action takes place in just a flood of light, with people winking in and out. Pictorially and stage-wise, it might be a very interesting show. If it isn't, it's just going to be a very bad show."

I'd noticed in pictures of McCoy that he always seemed to be wearing a gold ring on the little finger of his left hand. Seeing

He looked pleased that I'd noticed it.

✱                  ✱                  ✱

At first we could not find Michelle, and we went around the

*(continued)*



They finished the scene and went on to the next scene in engineering, where Kirk, McCoy, Kang, and, finally, Spock line up to mock the crystal thing. I was relieved to note that someone (Nimoy, I assume) had decided to ignore the stage direction, which said that Spock thumbed his nose at the crystal while saying, "You will please leave." It would have been funny -- but not Spock.

During the break that followed, I went over to Michael Ansara (Kang) and asked his autograph, mentioning that I'd seen him a few days earlier in a local re-run of "Soldier", an Outer Limits episode. He did not recognize the title, but, when I started to describe the plot, said yes, he remembered that one, and wasn't it by Harlan Ellison? I told him it was, and he commented that Ellison is a good writer, and he'd enjoyed doing that script.

The next scene took place in the elevator -- rather cramped quarters for Kirk, Spock, McCoy, two guards, and a wounded Lt. Johnson. The more so as they all had swords. The first take was ruined by people tripping on swords. The swords clanked, too. "Let's keep our swords down to a minimum," Shatner suggested, as they set up for another take.

That scene was, I think, the last of the day for Kelley. At any rate, when they had finished it, he elbowed himself ahead of Shatner and Nimoy and started off for his dressing room. "Hey," called Shatner, "getting pretty tough, aren't you? Whatever happened to that Southern gentleman?"

"I dunno," said Kelley over his shoulder. "He got lost."

The TV Guide article on Kelley had come out the week before. I suspect he must have taken a fair amount of ribbing over their description of his "usual demeanor as an easy-natured, impeccably mannered, almost placid Southern gentleman."

As Shatner wandered off, he remarked in a burlesque ecstasy over the scene, "So-o-o-o beautiful!"

"It's no good," said a crewman, straight-face.

"It's no good," Shatner repeated mournfully. "That -- that Klingon says it's no good." He swatted at the man with his script.

The two guards and Lt. Johnson proceeded to do part of the same scene over, this time in a close shot showing only them. They had no lines, so it was just a matter of going through the motions of supporting Johnson and then taking him to sickbay as Kirk ordered. Shatner accidentally spoiled the first take. Wandering back, he saw the guards holding Johnson and (knowing no sound was being recorded) said authoritatively, "Take him to sickbay!"

out. The two guards automatically pulled Johnson up and started

"Hold it, fellows," said the director. "You don't take him till the door opens."

The "door" was only a screen set-up, throwing more or less light into the elevator, but it would have been quite noticeable on television if actors had walked out of a "moving" elevator.

Somewhere around then Nichelle Nichols found us and took us around, introducing us to people. Walter Koenig also had some guests with him, some children from his neighborhood, so there was a good deal of to-and-fro introducing and autographing.

Next they set up to rehearse the wall scene fitting in between the two engineering scenes already filmed. Kirk and Kang go to the intercom to call for a cease-fire. Shatner strode confidently up to the wall, hit the button, and commanded, "Lt. Uhura, put me on shipwide intercourse...er...inter... inter...." He stood there stammering, trying despearately to get the right words out.

Beside us, Lt. Uhura doubled up laughing.

The actual filming went smoothly, and after the scene Nichelle asked Shatner to come be introduced to her guests. "And this is Shirley Meech, who edits Plak-tow -- do you know Plak-tow?"

"Do I know Plak-tow?" Shatner cried, throwing his hands melodramtically up and out. "No," he said, deflating himself, "I don't know Plak-tow."

Kay remarked, "We loved that shipwide intercom blooper."

"Yes, well," said Shatner, "we have a happy ship."

"The captain runs a tight ship," said Shirley.

"Oh, no, we couldn't have that -- that's why we have the ship-wide intercourse. Er..." He noticed Koenig's guests a few feet away. "No one under 16 can listen." He went on over to meet them.

Fred Phillips came over to say hello to me. Inside Star Trek 2 had just come out, with his interview. Aside from being pleased ~~at~~ having been interviewed, he was pleased that I'd quoted him accurately -- I'd gotten into a tangle over the tape recorder and had wound up writing down his answers long-hand. He was impressed that I'd managed it.



Tim took the opportunity to ask why the Klingon makeups had differed from show to show -- dark-skinned with bifurcate eyebrows first time round, in "Errand of Mercy," light-skinned with plain eyebrows in "The Trouble with Tribbles," dark-skinned with bushy eyebrows in following episodes, and back to forked eyebrows in "Day of the Dove." Phillips explained sadly that, in the months between the first and second Klingon appearances, he'd forgotten what they looked like. When he asked for a film clip of them to work by, he had unluckily been given a scene filmed in a strong light which washed out the features and gave them a light-skinned look. "But," he added cheerfully, "it's partly deliberate variation. They have different races, just as Earthmen do."

When Nichelle brought Nimoy over, Tim also took the chance to ask him what was going on in the scene in "Amok Time" where Spock greeted T'Pol and, in responding, she put her hand to his ear.

"Well, it was both sides of the face, really. She touched me like this," he said, putting both hands up to an imaginary head, miming the gesture, "taking a reading. Telepathic."

Shirley mentioned having been able to see Nimoy recently in "Deathwatch" and said what a pity it was Genet's plays weren't likely to show up on television.

"No, they're probably too grim for home viewing," he said drily. "But Genet is a great writer -- a profound writer."

The next scene was a fight between an assortment of Klingon stuntmen and Enterprise stuntmen out in the corridor. They clunked away at each other with rubber swords (the proper tympany to be added later by Glen-Glen Sound) at one end of the corridor. The stars and other bystanders stuck their heads in at the doors all up and down the corridor to watch the fight, without getting in the line of the camera (in the middle of the corridor), and shouted encouraging remarks to the combatants:

"Fall down, goddammit!"

"Get him, Eddie!"

"Attaboy!"

Nichelle stood with us at the far end of the corridor, behind the camera. After a while, musing over the business of having the crystal-thing cause all wounds to heal, she said,



"They ought to have one shot -- oh, they can't, because of No Violence -- where the sword goes in, and the blood spurts out, and then it goes back in. Reverse the film." She decided that was too good not to be shared further, and so she trotted up to the cameraman between takes and told him.

"Thanks a lot," he said.

"Just trying to be helpful," she said demurely.

That scene was the last of the day, I think. The actors scattered for their dressing rooms (Nimoy headed for Fred Phillips' office to have his ears removed). We talked a little with Michael Ansara. I don't remember what was said, except that Tim had asked Nichelle what nationality was, Nichelle then asked Ansara, "You're Indian, aren't you?"

"No," he said courteously, not even wincing at finding himself still confused with his role in Broken Arrow, "I'm Lebanese."

When we got outside to the gate, Nimoy was just driving up to the gates to pick up his "Friday," Teresa Victor, who was going with him to a P.A. for his new record. He waved at us and gave a Vulcan salute.

We were surprised to discover that it was getting dark. The afternoon had seemed short.

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"I am James Hook, Captain of the Jolly Roger." -- Peter Pan

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### Death Be Not Proud

Lt. Uhura turned away from the communications board and looked at Commander Spock. She shook her head and looked forward to the main view screen, across the room from them. The planet shown on it was attractive -- blue, green, and brown, under long swirls of cloud-cover on one side, shading into black partly silvered by moonlight on the other.

The captain, too, was looking at the screen. "Let's have that city again, Mr. Chekov," he told the young ensign.

"Yes, sir." The view on the screen switched from the full planet to a view of a large city, one out of the many their

probes had discovered on the planet. The buildings were fore-shortened by being seen from above. Little could be seen of them except the tops, but all seemed to be made of a smooth, plastic-like material. They were of many colors, although the colors were muted, most of them verging towards grey, so that the effect was not garish.

"We've got a real prize this time, Jim," Dr. McCoy was telling the captain. "What you can see from these photos -- and those abandoned rocket-stages on their satellites -- they're going to be offered Federation membership sooner or later, that's obvious. This is no primitive culture that has to be off-limits because we'd be too much of a shock to them."

Spock broke in. "If we are anything to them, Doctor."

"What does that mean?" asked McCoy.

Spock looked at Uhura.

"I'm not receiving anything," she said. "Radio, electric, atomic -- no communications. In fact, no artificial energy output of any kind, except from stable units that seem to be automatic."

Kirk looked from her to the screen and back. "Explanation, Mr. Spock?"

"Possibly self-imposed, Captain -- as a ritual, perhaps, or a type of rationing -- or possibly this is a dead civilization."

"That doesn't fit with the condition those buildings are in," McCoy objected. "It all looks...you know, cared for."

"I agree," said Spock.

"Well, unless you're going to tell us about beavers and bees and giant eel-birds and the wonderful complexities of the nesting instinct -- "

"No, Doctor. A recent death -- war, plague or other natural disaster, even mass migration to another solar system, perhaps. Or this may be an abandoned colony or resort, the chemically-fueled rockets we have seen representing old toys." He stopped suddenly, blinked, and sat up straighter as if worried that his speculations were coming dangerously close to turning into illogical guesses. "Data insufficient."

Kirk said, "There are humanoid life forms down there."

"Not many," said Spock. "And they may not be intelligent. The gorilla is a humanoid life form."

Kirk stood up. "Well, gentlemen, I think closer investigation is called for. Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy...Lt. Uhura."

Uhura looked startled. Despite the danger, going on landing parties was considered a privilege (for the change of scenery almost as much as the excitement). Out of a misplaced (to her way of thinking) chivalry, Kirk usually left her behind on the ship. Chekov took over for her at communications, and she followed the others off the bridge.

As they entered the elevator, Spock commented, "If we are in fact dealing with a dead civilization, there will most probably be written records. Should someone from Linguistics -- "

"No. If there's been some kind of wide-scale disaster, I want to involve as few of us as possible," said Kirk. "Uhura can handle the hook-up if we need to put Linguistics to work from this end."

"Captain," Uhura said, "what happens if they're in some kind of trouble that we could help. Would the non-interference directive -- "

"Yes," said Kirk. "Or...no. Maybe not. It's pretty clear our survey will result in recommending an offer of Federation membership. Spock, isn't there a precedent for that kind of situation?"

"Affirmative, Captain. The contingent membership proviso, as applied in the Janus IV treaty, the Coridan hurricane-watch program, both later ratified, and -- "

"Thanks," said Kirk, cutting him off. They had reached the transporter. "Energize," he told Lt. Kyle.

The transporter set them down at one end of a city square. They looked around. It did not look like a disaster area. The streets, paved with something like asphalt, were lined with wide, grassy lawns. The grass itself was wider-bladed than most Terran grasses, and it was allowed to grow taller than was customary on Earth. Flower gardens were frequent, but their colors were soft, like the buildings. They seemed to be grown more for scent than for looks. The buildings themselves were puzzling. They were mostly dome-shaped, and the sides were as blank as the tops, with no sign of doors or windows.



McCoy took a deep breath, savoring the flower-smells. "Nice people," he said.

They moved up to the nearest building, and Spock began examining it by means of his tricorder.

"Anyone home?" Kirk asked McCoy, who was also taking readings.

"No life forms in range except for us," the doctor said.

Uhura put out her hand inquisitively to feel if the dome was as smooth to touch as it looked. Her hand went straight through the blue-grey wall. Uhura stared at her arm. It looked as if the wall had chopped off her hand at the wrist, but she had felt nothing. She jerked her hand out and counted to be sure all five fingers were still there. "Captain," she said, "Look!"

She stretched both arms into the wall up to the elbow.

Kirk stared, then bent down swiftly and pulled up a little clod of dirt. He flipped it at the dome. It went splat and slipped back to the ground. "That's...very interesting, Lieutenant," said Kirk. He stared a moment longer, stretched his arms out in front of him, and walked through the wall.

He involuntarily closed his eyes at the point where he should have been hitting his head against the wall. But he still felt nothing, and he forced himself to open his eyes. He beheld a reasonably ordinary room, with three conventional wooden walls and an archway in the opposite wall leading to a corridor. A row of pillars just beyond him took up the rest of the stress of the ceiling. The ceiling was luminescent and lit up the room. The room held rows of cases of shelves, all filled with scrolls. Several low tables with small chairs were scattered about. Kirk turned and called, "Come in." There was no response. He frowned and flipped open his communicator. "Kirk here," he said.

"Are you all right, Captain?" said Spock's voice.

"Yes. Apparently the barrier is sound-proof. Come on in." Kirk looked behind him and saw the rest of his landing party appear through the wall. They, too, came in with eyes squeezed shut, opened their eyes, and stood still to look about them. McCoy squinted over his shoulder and stared uneasily at the wall he had just walked through.

Uhura smiled at him. "Well!" she said. "That's quite a trick."

"Yes," said Kirk. "Keeps the rain out; lets visitors in."

"Don't they have any way to lock up?" said McCoy.

"Most probably, Doctor," said Spock. "We will have much to learn from them."

As they looked around the room, it struck them that there was something oddly familiar about it. Uhura, used to thinking in terms of communicating, was the first to place it. "It's the public library," she said abruptly.

"I think you're right," said Kirk.

"The Children's Room," Spock added, eyeing the small-size furniture.

"That could be their normal adult size," said Kirk.

"Not consistent with the heights of the archway and ceilings," Spock answered.

"The normal ostentation of public buildings," said McCoy lightly, taking down one of the scrolls. He unrolled the first several lines and slowly smiled at Spock. "But you're right. It's the Children's Room."

They looked over his shoulder and saw a few short lines of large type. Pictures in the wide margins portrayed two blue-haired, dark-skinned children running after a yellow-furred creature about the size and shape of a pony.

"Look, Jane!" said McCoy, "See Spot run! Run, Spot, run!"

"Quite possibly," said Spock seriously.

Kirk grinned, then looked thoughtfully at the scroll.

"We'll split up," he said. "Spock, Uhura -- set up a link with Linguistics and start work on the language. If we can find any people, of course, we can get it directly through the communicators, but if not.... We'll check with you at intervals of one hour." He and McCoy disappeared through the outside wall.

For a moment, Uhura thought Spock was going to try to wedge his long frame into one of the little chairs, but he turned away from the table and gathered up an armload of scrolls. Uhura grabbed another armload, and they went across the corridor to another room. They could not tell what it was, except that it was presumably one of the adult sections of the library. The scrolls

had no pictures, and the furniture was more their size. Uhura called the ship, and they set to work.

Outside, McCoy tested his tricorder against the library and discovered that the dome interfered with his readings, but did not blot them out entirely. He could tell that there were two living entities -- Spock and Uhura -- inside, although he could not make out much detail. He and Kirk set off down the street.

They had gone about a hundred meters when McCoy stopped and pointed to a pinkish house on the other side of the street. "I think there's something fairly sizeable alive in there."

They crossed the street and walked on in. This time Kirk kept his eyes open. It was like one inch worth of night-time. When light reached his eyes he was surprised to find that it was mostly daylight. Crescentic strips of the dome were transparent from the inside. One corner of the ceiling glowed, like a night-light. He could not make out details at first, for it was dimmer indoors than out. "Hello," he said. "We come in friendship."

"Maaaaaaah!"

"Oh, no!" said Kirk.

"Sorry," said McCoy, peering over his shoulder. "Hello, Spot," he said, walking slowly towards the frightened animal. He stopped halfway to give it time to look him over and turned towards Kirk. "The tricorder readings -- "

"Well, never mind," said Kirk. His eyes had finished adjusting, and he could see that the animal was leashed to the inner wall. A bowl of water was in front of it. It was the same kind of animal they had seen pictured on the scroll, except that its color was closer to green.

"Poor Spot!" said McCoy soothingly, "did they leave you all tied up and no food?"

The creature backed away from him, but he held out his hands for it to sniff at, and it let him stroke its head.

"Maaaaaaah!"

"It's hungry," said Kirk, feeling frustrated because he couldn't talk to it. The automatic-translation element of his



communicator was a miracle of rare device, but it was not made to cope with dumb beasts. He moved away and began walking about restlessly.

"There, there," said McCoy. The creature still seemed distrustful, but it was a little calmer. He was able to get a full set of readings on it. "Herbivorous, I think," he said to himself. "Well, Spot, you'll be something to study, anyway. Strange, though, I could have sworn those readings indicated something humanoid inside here, even though -- "

"They did," said Kirk.

McCoy held quite still for a moment, then turned quietly and joined Kirk. Exploring the room, Kirk had come to an archway that led to another room in the house. He stood there in the archway, leaning against the smooth, dark wood.

The room beyond seemed to be a kind of study. It contained several cases of scrolls, a couple of big chairs with cushions in them, and, sprawling in the middle of the floor, a corpse.

"I don't see any signs of injuries," said Kirk steadily.

"No, it looks like the operation of some kind of disease," said McCoy. He flipped open his communicator, waited a breath to steady his voice, and said, "McCoy to Enterprise. Give me my office."

"Yes, Doctor?" said Christine Chapel's voice a moment later, cracking slightly in the static interference of the house's dome.

"Nurse, at these co-ordinates we have an apparently healthy domestic animal and a deceased humanoid. I want a team to bring them in for study. Standard quarantine precautions against contamination."

"Yes, Doctor."

"McCoy out." McCoy closed the communicator and looked mournfully at the dead woman. There was a vase of flowers in the room, and the scent was close to honeysuckle. It reminded him of home.

"Bones," said Kirk gently, "we have the rest of the city to cover."

"I know," said McCoy. He smiled a little. "Pathology isn't my specialty, anyway."

Kirk nodded, and they left. Once outside, Kirk looked back at the dome. "Your team will be working blind trying to find out what killed her -- we don't know what's healthy and normal for those people. What are the chances of success, Doctor?"

"I'm not Spock... but I think the chances are my people can handle it. Let it be a challenge to them."

Christine Chapel looked next door into sickbay, where Dr. Mbenga was just completing the follow-up studies of the crewmen who had had attacks of Rigellian fever. The disease could be chronic, but so far there were no signs of recurrence.

"Did you hear that?" Christine asked Mbenga.

He nodded, while saying to Lt. Hadley, "Gain a couple more pounds, and you're fine. Excellent shape."

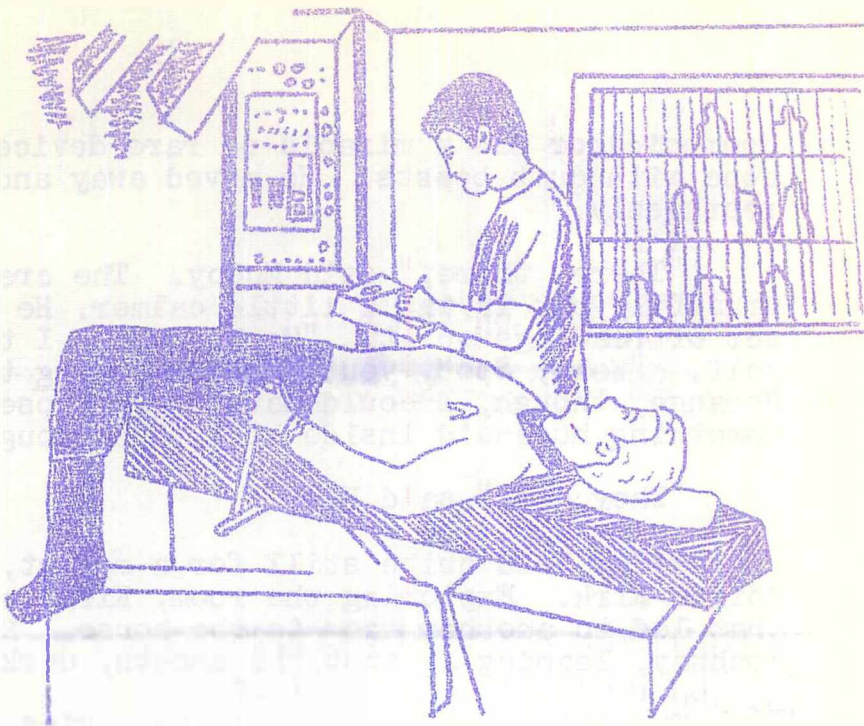
Hadley, a thin, active man who invariably lost weight in any illness, shrugged. "I'll try. Thanks, Doctor." He hopped off the examining table, waving cheerily at Christine, and swung out of the sick-bay.

Mbenga said, "Dr. Harrison for the pathology end, I think. Phillips to start in on the animal?" He made it a question; though he out-ranked Christine, she had been on the ship longer than he had and, though not a doctor, held degrees in research medicine. For practical purposes, they were equals.

"Yes, Doctor," she said, agreeing with his choices. "I'll call them."

Spock had located the library's reference room. He took an armload of thick scrolls in matching dun cases and carried them back to Uhura. "I believe I have found an encyclopedia," he said.

"Oh, good!" said Uhura. Her back ached, and she pushed back





her chair to stand up and stretch, a process that Spock watched with an air of scholarly interest.

McCoy and Kirk walked up a spiraling staircase within a large building divided into office-looking rooms. McCoy nodded at the second archway to their right from the second landing.

"Hello," said Kirk, beginning to speak a meter or so away from the arch. "We come in friendship." He stepped through the arch.

Inside the room a lean, middle-aged man took down the tube he had been holding to his mouth, stared at them, and turned the tube in his trembling hands to point it at them. "Noble words," he said. And fired.

Kirk, trying to step out backwards, felt himself pulled clear of the archway. McCoy's hands, still grabbing his shoulders, steadied him as he staggered at the shock of the hit. Something at his side felt burning-hot.

"Jim, are you all right?"

"Yes." He looked down and discovered that a neat line was scorched through his tunic and halfway through the belt beneath. "I don't think the gentleman believes us," he said. He hesitated, and took his phaser off the belt and set it at stun. It had not been caught in the line of fire and was undamaged.

"No, don't," said McCoy. "The man's ill. If you try to stun him you may kill him."

"I will not be taken," the man announced loudly.

Kirk shrugged. "We only want to talk to you, sir," he called back. "If you insist, we can talk from out here. If you permit, I will call the other two --" he stressed the number to reveal the group's unwarlike size -- "of my party, and they will join us. They have more skill in languages than I do."

There was silence.

"Won't more people frighten him even more?" asked McCoy.

"Possibly. But he seems so sure we're enemies -- Spock is a walking proof that we're representing different cultures that live in peace with each other. And Uhura's resembling his people a little more than we do may influence him." He flipped open his communicator. "Spock."



"Spock here, Captain." His voice was distorted, coming through two of the domes, but understandable.

"You and Uhura join us at these co-ordinates. We've found someone alive."

A new voice cut in. "Conway from Linguistics, sir. Can they take time to beam up the encyclopedia so we can go on working with the written records?"

"Affirmative. Kirk out..."

"...Encyclopedia?" the two men said in unison.

"Hmmm," McCoy added, "I hope my team is doing that well."

Christine pressed the palms of her hands against her eyes before turning away from the lab's computer to see who was on the intercom. She had been working steadily since McCoy's call. Dr. Phillips' face appeared on the small screen.

"I've got an extrapolation for you of normal enzyme reactions in the native humanoids," he said. "Dr. Mbenga's just checking it over now but it's ready in the computer banks if you need it."

"Thanks," said Christine, "yes, we do."

Harrison came up behind her. "How accurate?"

Phillips threw one hand up. "Not very. But --" he pointed the other hand forward -- "the degree of inaccuracy is pretty clear. You should be able to eliminate possibilities systematically."

"Good," said Harrison, turning away.

Christine, about to switch off the intercom, noted with surprise that some scrolls were in view beside Phillips. She said curiously "I thought Linguistics had all those."

"What?" said Phillips. "Oh, these! No." He smiled sweetly at her. "These are kashrut tables."

"Pardon?" said Christine.

"Well, for example, Fido here is a beautiful example of domestic symbiosis, but he's not kosher."

"I thought you were an agnostic," said Harrison, startled into turning back to the intercom.

"You don't have to believe it to practice it. Haven't I ever given you my speech on the beauty of discipline and the warmth of tradition? Besides, someone has to decide which new species are kosher, and it might as well be someone who's busy classifying species anyway...also someone who likes to take nutrition and tastiness into account."

Harrison disapproved of frivolity. He frowned at Phillips' chatter, but was quick to pick a factual point out of it. "This creature is not a food animal, then?"

"For them, you mean? I don't have enough data. For us, no. The sugars take a different breakdown. Unusually complex enzyme set-up here -- complicated nervous system, too."

"Even more so in the humanoid," said Harrison. The frown on one face and the smile on the other vanished. Both men, already deep in contemplation, wheeled around from the intercoms and headed back to work.

Christine switched the intercom off and went back to the computer.

Spock and Uhura gathered up the library scrolls yet to be scanned from the encyclopedia and beamed up to the Enterprise with them. They beamed down again to Kirk's co-ordinates, arriving only a few minutes after his call.

"Sir," Kirk called out, as the two figures started to take form in the corridor, "may we enter, or shall we talk from here?"

There was no answer.

Kirk, remembering the man's illness, decided he could side-step if he was fired at again. spread his hands out in a look-no-weapons openness, and walked through the archway, stopping just beyond.

The room was empty.

Kirk peered around and spotted another archway in the room. Unlike any other he had seen so far on this world, it had a door set in it. Rather, the opening was filled with what looked like black plastic. Kirk assumed that it was a non-material shielding like the outside domes, but, when he touched it, it felt solid. If it was the same as the domes, it was locked. Meanwhile, the other three had followed him in.

"Sir," Kirk called, and then remembered that his voice would not carry through the barrier. "You'd expect them to have some kind of intercom set-up," he said thoughtfully.

"Here, sir," said Uhura. She had spotted a grill in the desk-top and found behind it a simple wire linkage. There was a button next to the grill. "That should be the control." At Kirk's nod she turned it on.

"Can you hear me?" he asked. "We come in friendship."

"Then I tell you in friendship: go away," said a voice from the grillwork. "I have the sickness."

"We have already been exposed to it," said Kirk.

There was a pause, and then the voice said, "This room is guarded against unpermitted entry. I had only limited permission. I am not sure I can let you in safely. I am not sure I can let you out."

"If necessary, Captain, we could use the transporter," said Spock.

"Pardon?" said the voice.

"A machine that can take us to our ship without being affected by things in the way," Kirk said, trying to keep it simple.

"As you say," the voice said resignedly.

A bell rang, and the barrier ahead of them turned pale and finally vanished.

McCoy, feeling edgy, tucked his hands behind his back as a room full of assorted machinery came into view, and turned away to look back the way they had come. "Captain," he said softly.

Kirk looked around. A grey barrier covered the archway to the hall. Even as they watched, the grey deepened to black.

"Now we're locked in for the night," McCoy said wryly.

"Come on, Bones," said Kirk.

The landing party advanced into the second room. The man was seated in a swivel-base armchair. His tube-weapon lay on one of the arms, and he kept a hand on it, but did not take aim.



"I am Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise." said Kirk, offering his hand. The man took it awkwardly, not used to the gesture, but understanding its meaning.

"I am Hlalmis, under-chairman of Farms.... No. I am chairman of the nation as I believe."

"Hlalmis," said Kirk, stumbling over the aspirated initial, "May I present Lt. Uhura of communications, my first officer. Commander Spock, and Dr. Leonard McCoy. We represent a federation of united planets."

Hlalmis shrugged. "You can have this planet, if it pleases you. We are dying."

"No," said McCoy, "we think we may be able to find a cure."

"No!" said Hlalmis. His vehemence startled them.

"Why not, sir?" asked Spock.

"Because my...because too many are dead. There are not even enough men to run the harvest machines -- perhaps none with the knowledge to repair them or build more when they break." He added bitterly. "Winter is coming."

"If you allow it," said Kirk, "the Federation can send men to help your peoples along until your civilization is balanced again."

"It will be your civilization," Hlalmis retorted. "You do not know our ways. Save a few people, if you like, but our world is already dead."

"Will you help us offer help to those few, then?" said Kirk.

"Why not?" Hlalmis leaned back and closed his eyes. After a while he said, without opening his eyes, "Would it be enough for you to speak to the leaders of the nations? I would mean, as many as are alive or have representatives alive."

"Yes," said Kirk. "That is, if they can accept a provisional membership or treaty. I suppose the people in each nation would have to ratify any agreement?"

"Some yes, some no." Hlalmis opened his eyes and looked up at them. "Is your provisional membership binding upon us?"

"No," said Kirk, "not binding on either side. A council vote of Federation members, arrangement by your nations to act jointly as one member...many factors could delay membership or prevent it. But it would make it possible for us to try to help you. Otherwise our laws forbid interference, no matter how good the intentions."

"Oh?" Hlalmis held one hand up a little, as if weighing Kirk's words. "Why do you not simply obey your law?"

"Because it's designed to protect weaker civilizations."

"Is not mine weak?" Hlalmis made an effort and sat up straight. "In this room are voice-links to the other leaders. That is one reason the room was guarded. The links are there." He gestured to one corner. "If you can drive the machines...."

Kirk pointed at Uhura and Spock, and they went quietly to the corner Hlalmis had indicated and began tracing out the operation of the machinery there.

While they waited, McCoy came up to Hlalmis. "Mr. Chairman," he said, avoiding the difficult name, "Do you know anything about this illness that might help us find a cure? -- where it began, how it spread -- "

"I am afraid it began here," said Hlalmis. "There are records of attempts to develop controlled diseases in the circles of the chairman of wars." He pointed to a group of cabinets.

"You were at war?" said McCoy.

time." "No," said Hlalmis. "Perhaps it would have come to that in

McCoy looked puzzled, as did Kirk.

"Eighty years since the Great War," Hlalmis said, as if to himself. "Time enough to forget the misery." He sighed and folded one hand within the other. "I was myself a member of the readiness group. Not to be confused with the true war group -- so we thought." He peeked up at Kirk quizzically. "Perhaps you are responsible."

"Me?" said Kirk.

"Your nation. Two years ago our astronomers became convinced that there was intelligent life among the stars, because there was a regular progression of energy releasing from a group of black stars. The astronomers could not explain it in terms of natural

reactions, and there had been traces of what could have been languages in radio studies of the stars, and so...." He trailed off.

"Black stars," Kirk repeated. "That could be the time experiments. Mr. Spock?"

"Quite possible, Captain," Spock said, without faltering in his work on the mechanisms.

Hlalmis smiled suddenly, child-like. "Zonhlas will be so pleased to know you exist!" The smile left as quickly as it had come. "That is...he would have been. He took the illness at the same time as...." He stopped again and waited to control his face. "Some social-relationists in several of the nations -- peace group members, most of them -- suggested that we would move our differences aside in uniting against these hypothetical aliens who could easily be hostile. And the readiness groups took up the idea. We said it didn't matter if it was a family fight of our own nations or a war against alien monsters." at that phrase he glanced at Kirk and humphed, "but we must be prepared in case war came. So there were preparations. I think someone lost control of one of the controlled diseases, and...." He stopped.

A bell rang.

"What's that?" asked Kirk.

"I think.... It is." Hlalmis took a breath, held it, exhaled carefully, and said, "You must hurry with your message. In a few minutes the cabinets of records will explode. You must be out of here before then, or the explosion will kill you."

No one spoke. All four stared at him, almost in disbelief.

"I told you I did not know how to lift the barrier safely."

"So you did," said Kirk. "Uhura: report?"

"We've got the communications system traced out, sir," she said. "I could duplicate it on the Enterprise, I think."

"Very well." Kirk took out his communicator. "Kirk to Enterprise."

No answer.

Uhura tried her communicator.

No answer.



Uhura spun round to the wall and took tricorder readings. "Captain," she said, "I think we're blocked by an energy barrier. The room is shielded -- shielded much too well."

Spock, looking at the instrument over her shoulder, said, "I must agree. We cannot get out."

"I am sorry," said Hlalmis. "I told you to go away."

Kirk whirled towards Hlalmis. He stopped himself and held rigid not wanting to let his anger out on the sick man, no matter how infuriating the I-told-you-sos were. As he stopped he felt McCoy's restraining hand on his shoulder.

"Jim," McCoy whispered, "Don't -- "

"It's all right, Bones." He walked briskly over to Spock and Uhura. "Set up for broadcast."

"Why?" said Hlalmis.

"Why?" repeated Kirk. "Do you think we should sit down and wait for death?"

Kirk did not add "like you." but Hlalmis understood it and dropped his head into one hand. "You could try to find a way out," he said, his voice muffled into his arm.

"Your scientists put a great deal of ingenuity into this room," said Spock soberly. "The odds are far against our finding the ways to disarm the traps. And meanwhile we have the chance to succeed in our primary mission."

Uhura broke in. "Ready for broadcast, sir. But I'll need help running the equipment. If Mr. Spock and Dr. McCoy could do the sound engineering work -- ?"

Spock nodded.

McCoy said irritably "I'm a doctor -- "

" -- not a sound engineer," said Uhura, mischievously chiming in with him on his favorite complaint.

Kirk raised one arm. "You're a doctor, Doctor," he said, and straightened the arm to point it at McCoy, "And, as of now, a sound engineer." He turned to Hlalmis. "I'll -- make the speech, but I'll need you to...to introduce me. Can you do that?"

Hlalmis nodded without lifting his head.

Christine Chapel brought coffee in to the doctors. Phillips refused it. "Thanks, love, but I've had it. I'm going to bed. I've finished the stuff Mbenga can use. It's his problem now." He yawned regretfully and left.

Harrison, too, had pretty much done all that he could in finding material to help Mbenga's search for a cure, but he felt stubbornly determined to carry out one last analysis. He took some coffee, but a little spilled over as he raised the cup, and he realized his hands were shaking a little with fatigue. He shook his head, put the cup down the chute, and left the lab.

Christine went on to Mbenga and found him sitting on a bed in sickbay, staring at his clasped hands. "Doctor, are you all right?" She set down the tray and hurried to him.

"Yes, quite." He blinked up at her. "The computer seems to think we have a cure for...." He paused and grinned. "I've been calling it McCoy's Disease."

"Why, that's grand!" she said. "Have you informed the landing party?"

"I'm just about to," he said. "But -- I shall have to ask them to bring me a subject to try it on. I can't be positive it works safely until it is tested."

"How much doubt is there?"

"Not much." He stood up. "But it hurts to think: I may kill him."

Christine put a cup of coffee into his hand. "I'm surprised, Doctor. You always seem so confident."

"Thank you." He took a sip of coffee and turned on the intercom. "Sickbay to bridge. Can you get me Dr. McCoy?"

"One moment," said Chekov. "Enterprise to Dr. McCoy... Dr. McCoy...." He looked around at Scott. "He doesn't answer!"

"Try to call the captain. And alert Security and the Transporter." Scott opened the intercom on Kirk's chair and told Mbenga, "Dr. McCoy hasn't answered yet. We'll put him through to you as soon as may be, Doctor." He looked at Chekov. "Have you tried all channels, lad?"

"Enterprise to Captain Kirk...." Chekov swung his chair around. "No answers, Mr. Scott. Nothing." He threw up his hands in dismay. "I -- what is this?" He swung back franti-

cally, tested ... frequencies, and keyed in the translator, wishing he were Uhura to do it all in a breath without stopping to think.

" -- Hlalmis, by succession, chairman. This message to any who are alive -- "

"Locate that!" said Scott.

"Same co-ordinates as landing party...when last heard from," Chekov answered.

Sulu and Hadley turned away from the navigational board to watch Chekov and Scott intently.

Scott made his decision swiftly. "Beam down a security man," he said to the intercom.

Hlalmis was describing visitors from another world. Scott, assuming that the landing party had been taken for an invasion, was startled, but he did not call back his order when Hlalmis finished, "...they wish to help us. One speaks now."

"He sounds maybe friendly enough, but the communicators are silent for all of that," Scott muttered to himself.

Kirk stepped up to the microphone, glancing nervously back at the recd cabinets, which had begun to make an alarming whining noise. "I am James T. Kirk, captain of the starship Enterprise. If I do not have time to finish, call my ship on every frequency you can."

"James T. Kirk!" Hlalmis exclaimed.

Kirk looked back at Hlalmis. Between them was a golden shaft, taking human shape.

The cabinets whined louder and higher.

"Correction: I will speak to you shortly from my ship. Scotty, get us out of here!"

The guard finished materializing, phaser at the ready, and looked quickly to all sides. "Captain, are you all right?"

"Over there, Mr. Leslie," said Kirk, shoving the bewildered man into the corner furthest from the cabinets. "Bones." He and McCoy pulled Hlalmis up and helped him over to the corner. Spock and Uhura had already joined the guard. Spock took Hlalmis from them and turned him into the sheltered corner between Uhura



and the guard. They did not hear the explosion. There wasn't time. The room faded out. the transporter room appeared for their eyes, and they all fell forward in a heap.

The visual impression of impact was so convincing that Lt. Kyle shrank back behind the transporter console. He recovered quickly and raced around to help the arrivals to their feet, colliding midway with Mbenga and Christine, who had come at Scott's order. Scott believed in being prepared for the worst.

The two groups picked themselves up, and Spock handed Hlalmis over to Mbenga.

"Patient for you. Doctor," McCoy managed to say briskly. "How soon do you think you can have a cure for him?"

"Right now, sir."

"Oh. Good," said McCoy.

"Doctor," said Christine. "the landing party had better report to sickbay. too." She looked at Spock, looked away, and looked at the captain.

"Nonsense. Later," said Kirk, waving them out. He took a step forward. He stopped. "Bones. I think someone just peppered and salted my back."

"I'm afraid I know just what you mean," said McCoy. "Uhura? Mr. Leslie?"

They shook their heads. "We were further from the blast," said Uhura.

"Spock? I suppose you're too thick-skinned to -- "

"Unfortunately, Doctor: no." Spock said, without moving.

"Sickbay," Kirk ordered, glancing at Spock and McCoy. "I'll join you later." He turned to Uhura. "Lieutenant, we have a broadcast to make." He went out, wincing at the pain of moving, and the rest of the landing party followed him out.

Lt. Leslie looked at Lt. Kyle. Kyle looked at Leslie. Leslie spoke. "Did we just save their lives? I didn't have time to notice."

"Well," said Kyle helpfully, "we can check the records tomorrow. If there're commendations for us, we did."

"Yeah," said Leslie. He went out, shaking his head.

The broadcast did not take long. Kirk was able to get through to leaders in 22 of the 31 nations. Of these, three thought the whole story was a plot, or possibly a morbid joke, two accepted provisional membership, and the rest, although willing to try the plan, asked for time, wanting to consult councillors, cabinets, electorates, and what-have-you. Kirk readily agreed, made his log report, sent a message to Star Fleet explaining the situation and requesting permission to go ahead, and left for sickbay. There he found Hlalmis, in one of the beds, with Mbenga beside him taking readings; Spock, in the next bed, dressed in a loose, blue coverall, sitting up and reading; and McCoy, face down on a third bed, submitting unwillingly to Christine's application of a healing cream.

"That stings!" McCoy complained.

"Now hold still, Doctor," said Christine.

"It's for your own good, Bones," said Kirk cheerfully.

"My friends!" McCoy growled into the pillow.

Kirk sat down gingerly to await his turn. "How do you feel, sir?" he asked Hlalmis.

"Well enough."

"The anti-toxin seems to be taking effect rapidly," said Mbenga. "No observable side-effects so far, except possibly a slight increase in pulse-rate. We seem to be immune, by the way."

"How fortunate," said Hlalmis dully.

Mbenga looked down at him. "Yes. The disease attacks complex nervous tissue, and your nervous systems are more complicated than ours. Dr. Harrison is of the opinion that your scientists were deliberately trying to spare your animal-life."

"Oh?" Hlalmis seemed genuinely touched.

Kirk could not resist the opening. "You might consider applying the same thoughtfulness to yourself."

"Let me alone."

"You're a fraud," said Kirk.

"What?" Hialmis tried to sit up in his anger.

"If you're so set on dying, why did you want us to find a way out of there?" said Kirk.

    Hlalmis was silent for a spell. "I want to die," he said, "but I do not want to die."

Spock looked up from his viewer. "In context, Captain, he is drawing a distinction between soul and will. Those are the closest translations, at least."

Hlalmis nodded.

"Although," Spock went on imperturbably, "in some contexts the concept of honor might be involved. And some of their writers seem to give the idea a value which can only be translated as 'pig-headedness'."

"How dare you -- !" Hlalmis coughed and choked.

Mbenga forced him to lie down.

Hlalmis lay still, waiting for his breath to steady. By then he was calm again. He sighed, and then smiled slightly. "As you say. And perhaps they are correct. I will find out."

Christine finished with McCoy, sealed his coverall, and advanced upon Kirk. Kirk looked somewhat dubious.

"It's for your own good, Jim," McCoy said smugly, as Christine set about transforming the captain into a patient.

Mbenga went round to check readings on them all. "You may as well go to your own rooms, gentlemen," he said. "You should be feeling fine after you've had some sleep." Spock and McCoy waited for Kirk, and they left together. Behind them, Mbenga and Christine dimmed the sickbay lights, called up the relief staff, and also left.

Kirk, rather enjoying a state of mild ill health with no need to struggle against it, sat up a while. It would be a few days before the necessary permissions could be got through. It would make a nice rest for the crew, except for the few who would be supervising the manufacture of a sufficient quantity of the anti-toxin. It would make a nice rest for James T. Kirk. He answered the last tape from his nephew, and then sat musing a while over nothing in particular. After a while his head began to nod. He stood up, stretched (carefully, on account of his back), and went to bed.



The Old-Tyme Review Dept.

Shatner movies

"The Brothers Karamazov" -- Alexey (Alyosha) Karamazov

Variety, February 19, 1958. "Film Reviews," p. 6., by Pow.  
"William Shatner has the difficult task of portraying youthful male goodness, and he does it with such gentle candor it is effective."

The Commonweal, February 28, 1958, Vol. 67, "The Screen / Woe is Me, Woe is You," p. 568, by Phillip T. Hartung.

"William Shatner...smiles sweetly and does the best he can with the errand-boy role of gentle, mystic Alexey."

The Christian Century, April 2, 1958, Vol. 75, "Drama / Two 'Brothers'," p. 411, by Tom F. Driver.

"One is tempted to say that the inferiority of the movie results from the failure quite to bring off the characterization of Alexey; but it is probably more nearly correct to say that that deficiency is the primary symptom of a deeper flaw. The romantic elements of the film do not succeed in becoming fused with the moral concerns; and in the balance, romance predominates. Dmitri ...tends to run away with the picture .... The roles of both Alexey (William Shatner) and Ivan (Richard Basehart) suffer. Mr. Basehart, a very fine actor, was miscast; and Alexey was treated throughout as an innocent bystander."

Reporter, April 3, 1958, Vol. 18. "Movies: Grushenka's Lovers," p. 35, by Stanley Kauffmann.

"Yet, even with the same script, the same lighting and editing, this film could have been much more successful if four of the leading roles had been well played.... As Alyosha, the young embodiment of Russian mystic fervor, William Shatner is a nullity; his bland face and voice contradict everything he says and does."

"The Explosive Generation" -- Peter Gifford  
Variety, September 13, 1961, "Stratford Festival Reviews," p. 6, by Prat.

"Canadian actor William Shatner doesn't have a large role as the teacher, but he registers sympathetically and effectively. He has a pleasant screen personality and brings a moving power of oratory to his short speech about students 'protesting all over the world'."

"Judgment at Nuremberg" -- Captain Byers  
Variety, October 18, 1961, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Tube.  
"A number of fine players appear in support, and do strong jobs. Among the most prominent of these are William Shatner...."

"The Intruder" -- Adam Cramer  
Variety, May 23, 1962, "Film Reviews," p. 16, by Tube.  
"Charles Beaumont's screenplay, from his novel, dramatizes the campaign instigated in a Southern U.S. town by a slick, cocky, vain, unstable merchant of hate (from the so-called 'Patrick Henry Society' in Washington) to urge the white residents to strike back against the law of integration.... William Shatner, a fine young actor who deserves to be seen on the screen more frequently, masterfully plays the bigot."

Leonard Nimoy

"Queen for a Day" -- "High Dive" segment -- Chief.  
Premiered March 14, 1951.

"Rhubarb" -- non-dialogue baseball player.  
Premiered August 2, 1951.

"Kid Monk Baroni" -- Paul "Monk" Baroni  
Variety, April 23, 1952, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Brog.  
"Harold Schuster's direction and the Aben Kandel script stress a hearts-and-flowers tearjerking that's old fashioned. Players are saddled with dialog and situations that fail to ring true. Only a few of the cast are able to give the characters anything. Nimoy, despite what he has to work with, is good, as are (Richard) Rober and (Bruce) Cabot."

"Francis Goes to West Point" -- a football player.  
Premiered June 13, 1952.

"The Lonely Ship" -- Jean Claudel.  
Play about the voyage of a ship of Jewish refugees from Nazi terrorism, by Moshe Dlusnovsky, premiered April 30, 1958, in Hollywood.

"The Brain Eaters" -- the Protector.  
Premiered October 31, 1955.

"The Balcony" -- Roger  
Saturday Review, March 30, 1963, "SR Goes to the Movies/ Cinema of the Absurd," p. 39, by Hollis Alpert.

"Arnette Jens and Leonard Nimoy give what might be called run-of-the-mill 'off-Broadway' performances, but they are unsatisfactory for film."



"Deathwatch" -- Jules LaFranc  
Variety, March 23, 1966, "San Francisco Festival Reviews," p. 6,  
by Mitt.

"Michael Forest is a condemned murderer, Greeneyes, awaiting the guillotine who has achieved top status with other inmates because of the immensity of his crime. He is looked up to by his other two cellmates, Leonard Nimoy as LaFranc and Paul Mazursky as Maurice.

"Nimoy is a loner, feeling a void because his only crime is that of a petty thief. He is constantly arguing and bickering with Mazursky -- a thief and a homosexual -- over the attention of Forest, while Mazursky is attempting to throw a wedge between Forest and his off-screen wife. His failure at this results in a strong final exchange with Nimoy, who strangles him. Nimoy then turns to Forest, who respects him completely.

"Nimoy, who co-produced the film with Morrow, is excellent as the 'outsider' not quite accepted by prison society, even though he has withstood extreme tortures in solitary confinement. Forest and Mazursky both give fine performances."

"Malibu U." -- guest spot

Variety, August 2, 1967, "Tele Follow-up," p. 38, by Bill.

"Leonard Nimoy. Mr. Spock of ABC's (sic) 'Star Trek,' can't sing...except within a range of a couple of notes, and doesn't have pointed ears either."

"Two Sides of Leonard Nimoy" -- 2nd record

Variety, March 27, 1968, "Record Reviews," p. 88.

"Leonard Nimoy, the Mr. Spock of the 'Star Trek' tv series, has developed a neat groove for himself with his talk-sing disk performances. In this outing, he has some sharply written material in 'Highly Illogical,' 'Once I Smiled,' 'Follow Your Star,' 'The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins,' 'Love of the Common People,' among some contemporary hits."

"Leonard Nimoy: The Way I Feel" -- 3rd record

Variety, August 21, 1968, "Record Reviews," p. 42.

"Leonard Nimoy, the Mr. Spock of the tv 'Star Trek' series, continues to register as a highly attractive recording personality with his rugged vocalizing and narrative style. In his latest outing, Nimoy registers strongly on such numbers as 'Here We Go Round Again,' 'I'd Love Making Love To You,' 'Where It's At,' 'Billy Don't Play the Banjo Anymore,' and 'Love is Sweet'."





