

VITAGEM

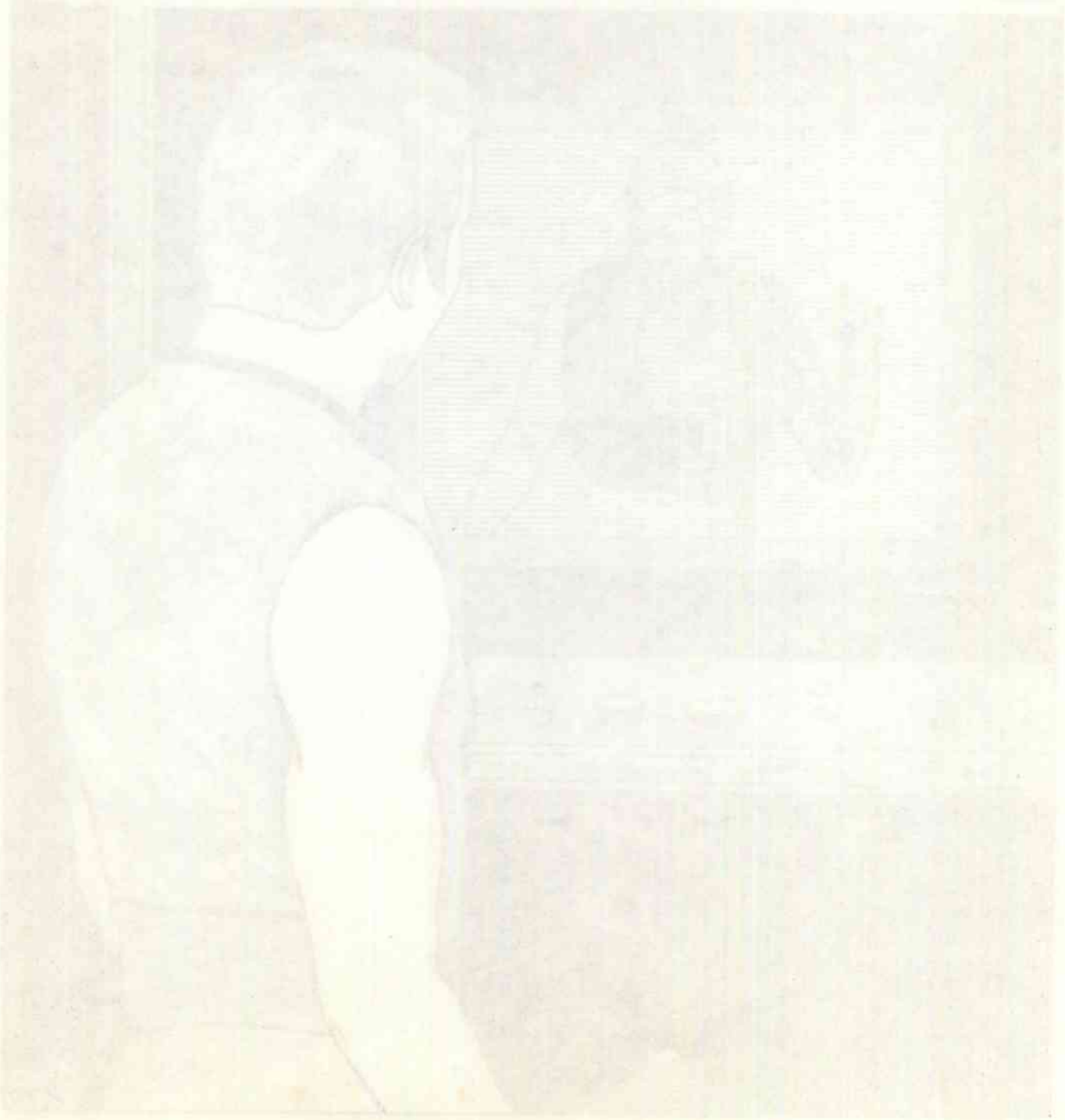


Table of Contents

cover: Commander James T. Kirk of the I.S.S. Enterprise uses
the Tantalus field to assassinate Captain Christopher
Pike -- Anthony Tollin

Star Trek Question & Answer Panel: Funcon '68.....4

The Rainbird -- Dorothy Jones & Astrid Anderson.....16

It Seemed the Logical Thing -- Ruth Berman.....40

Huckster Notes.....43

Old-time Reviews.....44

Star Trek Crosses: Answers -- Clarica Scott.....48

backover: "Look what followed me home" -- Mary Ann Cappa

illos: Gail Barton, p. 10; Anthony Tollin, pp. 14, 16, 21, 40;
Barbi Marczak, p. 44; Al Kuhfeld, p. 47. Linos: Nan Braude.

Reasons why you are getting this:

- ☐ I felt like sending it.
- ☐ You contributed.
- ☐ You paid money (thank you). Subscriptions are 50¢ for
one issue or \$1.00 for three --
- ☐ -- and your subscription ran out with this issue.
- ☐ You were empaneled.
- ☐ You journeyed to Ebel.

T-Negative 9 comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard,
Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. January, 1971. See "Huckster
Notes" for information on available back-issues.

ERRATUM: p. 48, Index, T-N 8, listing should include "T waves:
Fontana Coulson Yasner Lichtenberg."

(The panel was introduced by Bjo Trimble. Panel members were Robert Justman, a co-producer on Star Trek; David Gerrold, author of "Trouble with Tribbles"; Rick Carter, Roddenberry's assistant; Walter Koenig, "Ensign Chekov"; Joan Pearce, researcher; Dorothy C. Fontana, author of several scripts. The panel was taped by Linda Stanley and transcribed by Ruth Berman. Speakers are identified where possible, and numbered where names are not known. There are some ____'s, where audience noises made the remarks indecipherable.) Some repetitive remarks -- e.g., "Any more questions" -- have been eliminated.)

VERA HEMINGER: I heard that Gene Roddenberry invited members of the Science Fiction Writers of America to write for the show. What about that?

ROBERT JUSTMAN: I know that certain writers who are members have written for the show. D.C. can check me if I'm wrong, but I believe Harlan Ellison is one, and Norman Spinrad, Ted Sturgeon, George Clayton Johnson, Robert Bloch -- let's see, who else? Richard Matheson, Jerry Sohl, Jerome Bixby -- Jerome Bixby is working on a Star Trek for us rightnow ("Day of the Dove"), as is Miss Fontana ("Enterprise Incident").

1: I wondered if the show had set its history, say like from 1980 to whenever it takes place, or if that was up to the individual authors.

JUSTMAN: We don't wish to tie down to a particular point in future history. I suppose I could say any real date would be wrong, no matter what --

1: I mean, the program itself has set a version of history, the history of the world -- what happened before the ____ appeared.

2: There've been references to World War III.

JUSTMAN: I think your question is conceptual rather than factual. World War III has been mentioned on the show, but only once that I can remember. We would like to think, personally, that there never will be another war. One of the things we say on the show is that war is not only unnecessary, but it's wrong. We don't think that people should kill people. We've been decrying violence since the show has been on the air -- and that fact has nothing to do with what's happened in our country recently ((the murder of Robert F. Kennedy)). If we sell too much of a message, why.

we're sorry, but it's better to say it a little harder than not to say it at all, we feel. But at the same time we're saying nothing different than anyone else happened to say over the past four or five thousand years, I would imagine. I hope we'll find an answer to your question. I think I kind of skirted around it.

3: What about the story of the Coms and the Yangs? ("Omega Glory")

AUDIENCE: Yeah!

3: I thought it a bit offensive, in the fact that the last ten minutes seemed to be mainly the American flag, waving it back and forth, saying Kah rah rah.

JUSTMAN: Well, I appreciate that ((LAUGHTER)), but sometimes, in fact, quite often, being human, we err. I don't think that our motives were wrong; I just think probably that show -- and I must agree with you -- I think that in that show we overstated our case ((LAUGHTER)) to a great extent. But if you don't venture anything, you never achieve anything. For you people, I assume, and for myself, the case was certainly heavily overstated. Perhaps for other people it wasn't. Perhaps certain people disagree with what we were saying. Mr. Roddenberry wrote that show himself, and he felt it very deeply. And he sat through and personally supervised the editing of that show. There's nothing more I can say, except that we did it attempting to say what we thought was right. You are right; I think that the intelligence of our audience has been greatly over... under-estimated. ((LAUGHTER)) Underestimated not only by networks, but by ourselves, at times. I think that there is an inverse proportion -- as audiences get older, they tend to be a touch less sensitive, on the whole. I've found that our strongest audience is among people who are in school or just out of school -- I mean college, post-graduate students, not just highschool -- and I think they're the most broad-thinking group in our country nowadays.

4: In one of the shows in the first season I believe you used a language translator -- in "Arena"?

JUSTMAN: That was the second season -- or no. First season in "Arena" and second season in a show called "Metamorphosis."

4: Why don't you use it more?

JUSTMAN: We use a universal translator when we're attempting to communicate with life-forms which are non-humanoid. To be

perfectly frank, if we were to attempt to find a way to communicate by means of language with every different life-form that we encounter in the series, we would be spending one hour every Friday night learning how to talk to each other, and we would never get on with the story. So that's what's known as dramatic license. When it suits the purposes of the show we use the universal translator.

5: But why don't we use it when communicating with humanoid peoples instead of having Spock say, "My, my, what a coincidence, they're speaking 20th century English?" It would be much easier to accept lip-synchronization being in with English words, rather than to accept them actually speaking 20th century English.

JUSTMAN: In other words, what you're saying is that -- say, we encounter a life-form, and it is humanoid, and it emits sounds where its mouth is that bear no relationship to English, or French, or Russian, or anything else.

5: Right.

JUSTMAN: How can we do that? We're human, you know, we people who make the show. And the actors who act in the show are human also, and we have, certainly, enough of a problem just getting a performance. ((LAUGHTER)) One actor has to relate to another actor who is mouthing gibberish at him -- he's going to be quite difficult.

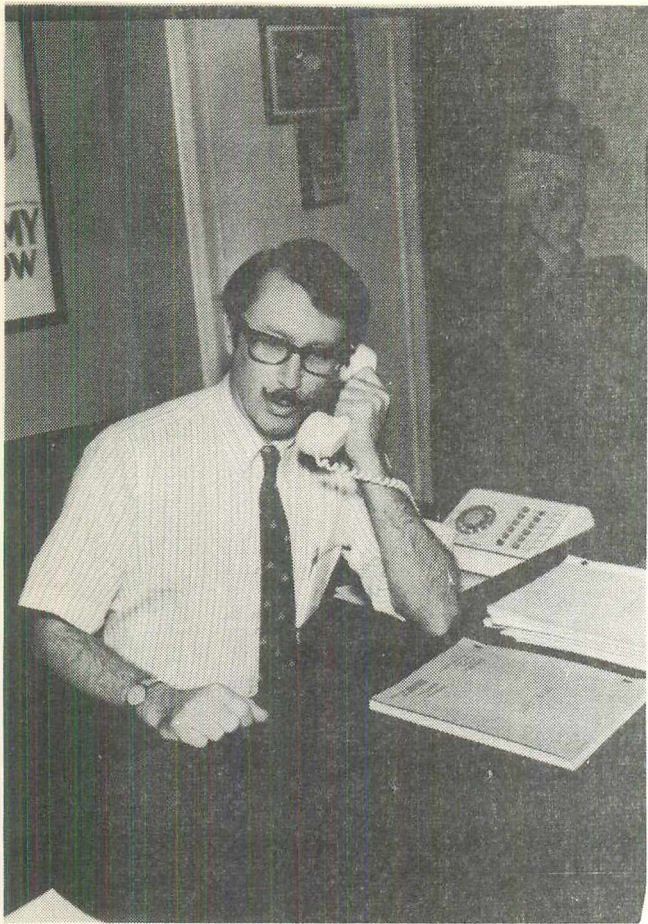
4: That's not what I mean. I mean, why couldn't you use the translator all the time?

JUSTMAN: Joan, you want to answer that?

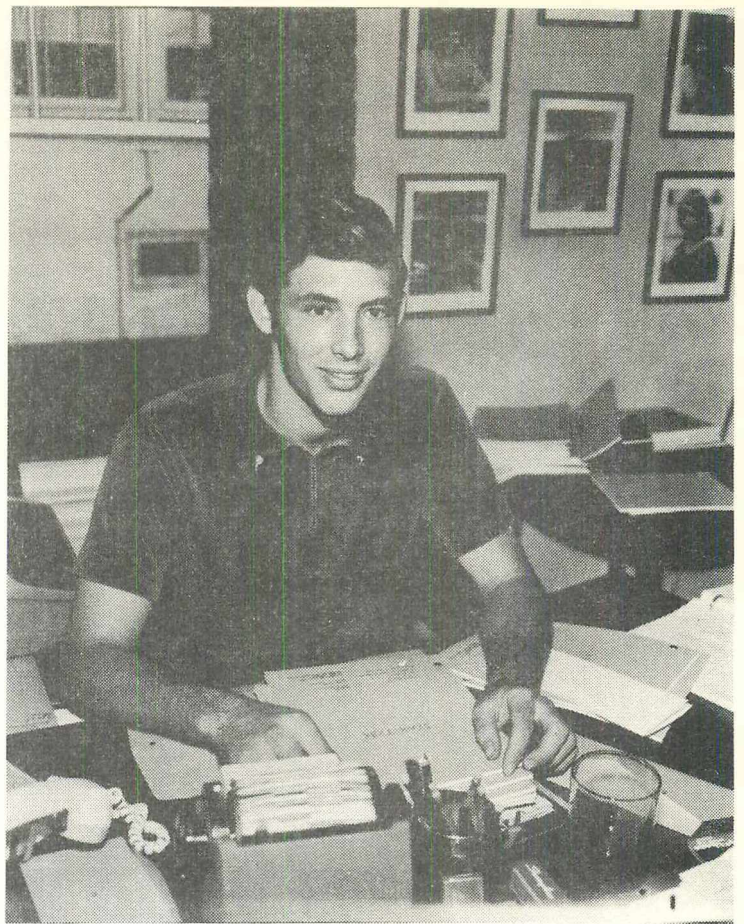
JOAN PEARCE: I understand what you mean, but you have to make a choice. What is your choice? To see the actors acting the role, or to spend all Spock's time dragging around what is classified as a universal-tinkertoy-alien-translator-taperecorder? It becomes a burden, and it becomes unimportant. It's much better to ignore the problem and let them all speak English, let them all understand, than to become burdened down with your leading characters spending all their time dragging around a cumbersome prop.

4: Then why don't you ignore it instead of having things like "What a coincidence, they're speaking 20th century English."

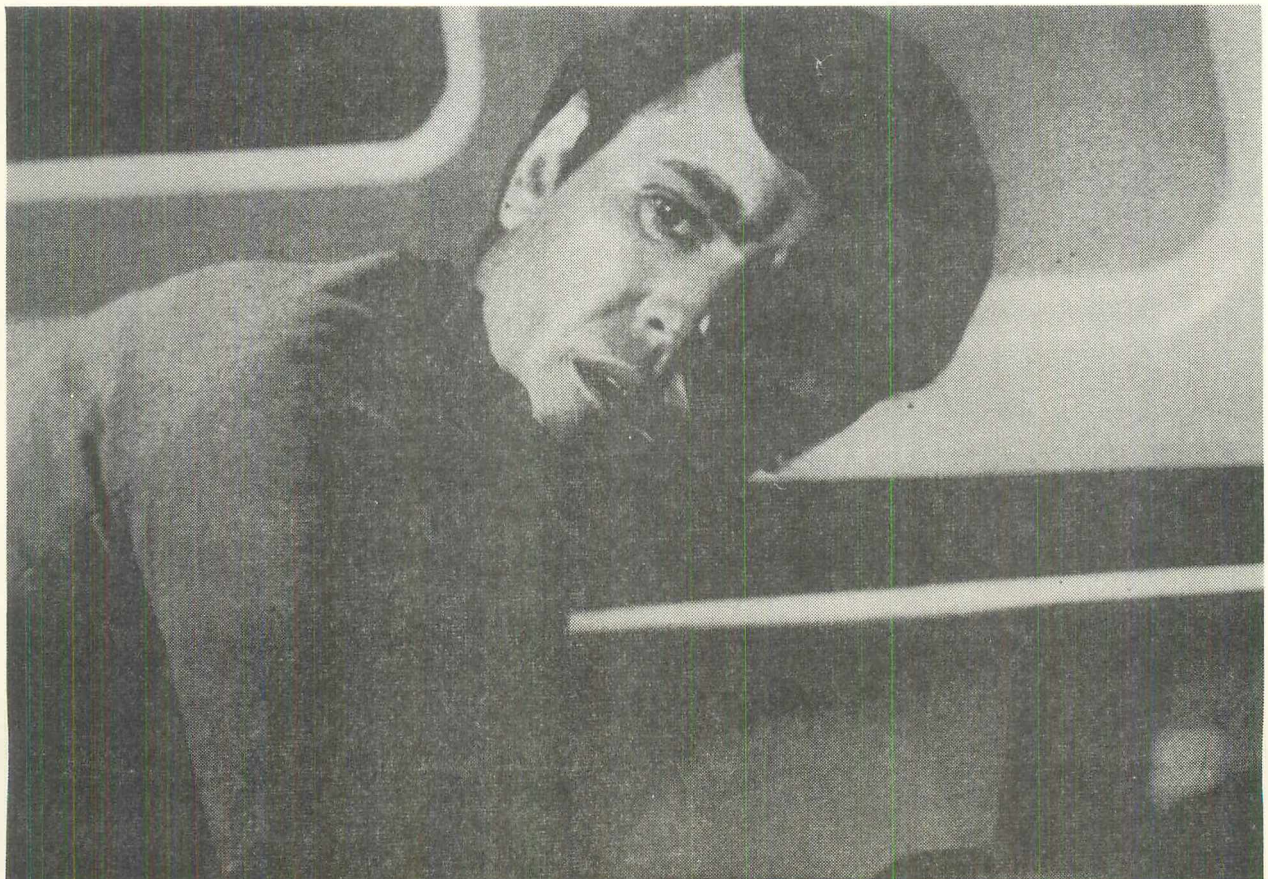
PEARCE: You're speaking of, perhaps, "Omega Glory" again? As you says, it's one line in one show. The translator served a



Robert Justman



Rick Carter



Walter Koenig

useful dramatic purpose in one show, because the creature was so different. On occasion, it serves a dramatic point. Most of the time it would serve the dramatic purpose of encumbering the actors.

JUSTMAN: There was a point made in that show, which is not "what a remarkable coincidence." We purposely attempted to draw as close a parallel as we could with that particular episode. We were after a certain something, a broader, more philosophical concept. There was a purpose in all this. And we hope that the purpose came out by the end of the show. I mean, you're right. We have also done, "My my, what a coincidence," and hopefully we shan't do it so often in the future shows, because of people like you who notice these things.

6: For whoever's in charge of special effects -- there should be a way around that. Couldn't the prop be miniaturized?

JUSTMAN: I don't think it would make much difference even if the universal translator could be grouped with a thousand others on the head of a pin. That's not our problem. We could make any thing as small as we wished for the show. If it doesn't work, we can say it works. But rather than take the time to translate everything, we would rather get on with the story, which is what we're there for.

Technology

certainly surrounds us. If I may throw in a digression, one of the things we attempt to say in the show is that, no matter how technologically advanced we become in the future, we should never lose sight of the fact that we are human beings, and that humanity is more important, and individuals are more important than all the machinery in the world. Or the universe. And the minute we let machines take over, we're in deep, deep trouble.

7: I was wondering why you don't put seatbelts on the bridge.
((LAUGHTER & APPLAUSE.))

JUSTMAN: Well, if we put seatbelts on the bridge, then people wouldn't be able to fall out of their seats. ((LAUGHTER & APPLAUSE.))

11: In relation to this matter of speaking 20th century English -- someone wrote in to a TV magazine ((Linda Stanley to the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner TV Weekly, October 1, 1967)), saying that in "Amok Time" there was supposed to be an extremely old ceremony, completely unchanged, and why then did all the Vulcans speak English -- because the viewer can't understand Vulcan, that's why.

JUSTMAN: I'd like to add an interesting possible view, although we've never said it. I assume that what the people on Star Trek speak, especially the service or members of the Federation -- they don't speak English. They speak a lingua franca which exists throughout the Federation. We just happen to hear it in English, folks. (i.e.: That's a lovely piece of Baker Street Irregularizing, but it wouldn't explain why Kirk et al understand the ancient Vulcan ceremony or the assorted newly-discovered aliens.)

12: There's a translator in every EV set. ((LAUGHTER))

Justman: That's right.

13: Why not have it established that there's some sort of sensor device on the Enterprise that simply picks up the language the aliens speak and feeds it into the translator?

JUSTMAN: If you're going to have a sticky area, like that, of believability, and yet at the same time must get on with the show which is going to have to end in an hour, it's better to never even open the can of peas -- never even mention it on the show. The moment we do, we raise a lot of questions that can't be answered. Perhaps if we had never mentioned the Universal Translator half of your questions wouldn't come up now.

11: I was just wondering -- why does Chekov have such a horrible accent? ((LAUGHTER))

WALTER KOENIG: What is it that you object to in the accent?

11: The extreme use of wubble-yous. ((LAUGHTER))

KOENIG: Well, in my dialect we don't have wubble-yous, either. But my father, who was Russian, always used to ask us to "Pass the vegetables." I can only answer that by saying that I think perhaps it's a colloquial kind of speaking. I know that Slavic people do talk this way, regardless of whatever you've been taught in school, and I know it from firsthand communication. I can't defend it on any other basis than that: people with a Slavic background -- Russians, Poles, etc. -- do have it. Once I worked out the way the character speaks, I found that it gave as

well a very strong but indefinable characteristic for the character. You came to expect Chekov to speak that way, and I think it helped to develop him as someone distinctive on board. ((APPLAUSE))

JUSTMAN: I think that an additional answer to that is that Mr. Koenig is an artist, and an artist must distill his performance into a minute, because that's all the time he's allowed. Walter just spoke to you for a few minutes, and possibly he spoke longer here, today, than you'll ever hear at one time in a Star Trek episode. Therefore, what few things he does say on the show -- and that goes for Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, or anybody on the show.... He doesn't speak very much, you know. Everything is compressed. That is the essence of art: everything is compressed. Just as in poetry! And therefore he must get across what he is all about in the shortest possible amount of time. I think he does it very, very well. ((APPLAUSE.))

12: I'd like to know how come on a Red Alert everyone's always flopping around the halls, and no one ever breaks anything. The whole ship lurches, and everyone goes flying into the halls -- don't they have some position to stay where they're safe?

JUSTMAN: Well, yes. When a Red Alert sounds, if you see anyone walking about in the halls, they're on their way to their action stations -- and they get caught off-base. Nothing ever gets broken because the ship is pretty strong. Maybe the actors get broken or damaged every now and then. ((LAUGHTER))

13: Last season you had the Galileo, and it was destroyed in "Galileo Seven." Only this season it was back.

JUSTMAN: Well, we carry more shuttlecraft.

13: Others named the Galileo Seven?

JUSTMAN: No, some are named the Galileo Six, or Galileo Nine, or... only, you know, we were able to photograph one miniature, and it happened to say Galileo Seven on it, and it would cost us many thousands of dollars to rephotograph it.

14: Is there any chance of there being a Star Trek movie?

JUSTMAN: Nothing formalized yet. There is a possibility of that, but we've only been talking about it, and nothing's been done yet.

15: So many people have enjoyed the Tribbles, I wanted to ask David if there's any chance of their coming back.



"tribbles & flat cats"

DAVID CERROLD: I'm glad you asked that question. ((LAUGHTER)) I did have some thoughts on such a Tribble show. However, it's up to the production staff as to what they want to do this season, and I'm not in a position to say that we ARE going to do one. It's up to them.

JUSTMAN: The gentleman with the two cameras -- er -- one camera and one plastic.

16: Who came up with the idea of the pointed sideburns on everyone?

JUSTMAN: That was Gene Roddenberry, also known as the Great Bird of the Galaxy.

17: I wanted to know about the new timeslot -- is that set positively?

JUSTMAN: As with all the networks, it's set positively until they change their minds. But that's how we stand right now. We will be supposed to be starting on the air September 20 with our new shows. on Friday nights at 10:00. Yes, Mrs. Tribble... er, Trimble?

BJO TRIMBLE: He has started more trouble with that.... Is there any chance of a time change at mid-season, if there's enough objection?

JUSTMAN: The network sets the policy. It's their network, so to speak. The only thing that might influence them is viewer response. I suppose that, if the network has a couple shows that are in trouble by mid-season, and, if Star Trek is doing well enough, why, they might consider switching it. As long as we're about it, I'll also mention that there are other shows on the air which are valuable, and that, if you ever care about any show, no one's going to know it unless you let the networks know how you feel. Ordinarily the networks pay no attention to mail, because it's usually what they call crank mail. But being human and being under all sorts of pressures at times, they will listen to listener response.

18: What happened to "Assignment: Earth"?

JUSTMAN: That was a real off. It met its fate -- it's been on the air, and that's it. There won't, so far as I know, be a series out of it. Sorry, but that's show business, as they say.

19: Do you buy scripts of a political nature?

JUSTMAN: We buy scripts of any nature, as long as they fit the requirements of this show. I might mention, however, that, while we have purchased stories and scripts from new writers at the present time we're completely filled on story assignments. I venture to say that we've done more than our share at encouraging new writers -- of course, submissions have to be sent in by a reputable literary agent; otherwise we can't read them.

20: First season you had a character called Yeoman Hand. Second season she was not there. What happened?

21: She married Finnegan.

JUSTMAN: She was very good, but it reached the point where we had to write things specifically for the character, which means you're dragging a character in by the heels. We'd been trying to find suitable vehicles for her, and we'd been unsuccessful. It ends up shoe-horning a character into the show. I'm sorry about that. I would've liked to have had her around, strictly for decorative reasons.

RUTH BERMAN: Question for D.C. Fontana -- you've written scripts that are both mainly comic and mainly serious. What special

advantages and disadvantages do you find in writing either kind for this format?

D.C. FONTANA: Well, I've found that we tend to get a little too serious sometimes, and on Star Trek we've always had the ability to laugh -- particularly if you've always got a lot of witty actors. "Tomorrow is Yesterday" started out very serious, and it got funny as we realized the kind of predicament that the captain would be in, facing a 20th century background when he came from the 23rd century -- or whatever century it is we're in. The advantage to injecting humor in a show is obvious; we want you to enjoy the show, and we feel that if it gets a little too serious, you might turn away, whereas if we can make you laugh you enjoy it more.

22: Why don't the people wear seat-belts?

JUSTMAN: When it's no longer dramatically necessary for people to fall out of their seats... There really is a reason for it. If you want to examine it really critically, we could never have anyone fall out of their seats in space. But it isn't very dramatic to have people sit there safely.

23: Why do the women's hairstyles change so much from week to week? Is there some problem with audience identification?

JUSTMAN: No, usually the main problem is with actresses. At times we cast the part so late -- this is one of the problems in doing television -- that by the time we get the actress into the makeup room in the morning and attempt to get a far-out style on her... sometimes it works, and sometimes it doesn't work. Sometimes she won't work, and we've had actresses who got kind of emotional and refused to come out of the dressing room or out of the makeup room, so we compromised.

24: Will there be more repartee between Spock and Dr. McCoy?

JUSTMAN: Yes, there will be. As long as we're on, I'm sure there will be.

25: While we're on hair-styles -- who designed Yeoman Land's hairstyle?

JUSTMAN: That was mostly Gene Roddenberry.

26: When you're traveling at warp speed, say 266 times the speed of light, how can you see anything, when you're travelling faster than the light you would see it by?

JUSTMAN: Well, we pretend a lot. ((APPLAUSE))

27: I have a question for Rick Carter. In that Andromeda story ("By Any Other Name") the ship had to cross that barrier, and the way it looked on the television screen, the ship could have gone over the barrier. The barrier didn't fill the whole screen.

RICK CARTER: You've asked the wrong person. I thought that was an optical illusion -- the part that is the center of attention is where the ship is, and that's where they show the barrier. But it's like the edge of a bubble, and it really does extend over the whole screen.

27: Well, okay.

JUSTMAN: There is no way in a two-dimensional medium to show something approaching something out in the distance unless you give it certain limitations. If it covered the whole screen, you wouldn't know how far away it was. In a two-dimensional medium there's no way to show how far away something is, unless it has a top and a bottom that seem to spread out as you get closer. If we were in a three-dimensional medium, we might have different kinds of problems.

28: Occasionally in the program some kind of technical advance will occur. For instance, in the Andromeda adventure, the Andromedans souped up the Enterprise so it could travel much faster than it previously could. Are these things cumulative, or are they just ignored for future episodes?

JUSTMAN: When it suits the show's dramatic purposes they can be cumulative; otherwise it's a forget-it-ever-happened kind of thing.

28: Well, do any of these things suit the purpose?

JUSTMAN: Yes, things have suited -- we use certain medical equipment that we developed and used again. The Universal Translator was developed for one show and has been used again. The Galileo Seven was developed for one show and has been used. There will be a new ship which you haven't seen yet, which will be a Klingon vessel, and it will be used by nomulans at certain times.

29: Klingons have been used as a background -- I was wondering, do you have any planet that was used for one sequence that will be used for another -- re-visiting the same planet again?

JUSTMAN: That happens from time to time, yes.

30: In various shows we have seen four or five other ships in Star Fleet, and I was wondering if we would be seeing the rest of the fleet.

JUSTMAN: Not the rest of the fleet at one time, no. As I remember, Dorothy Fontane created 12 starships and named them -- and I can't remember the names of all of them -- we've shown some of them. And some of them have been blown to bits. Luckily, we've always survived in ours.

31: If the phasers can shoot to stun, why should they ever be used to kill? For example, that white bear kind of thing on that planet where they had this situation of arming native peoples ((the Mugato in "Private Little War")), and they shot this white kind of bear, and it disappeared -- why couldn't they have just stunned it?

JUSTMAN: I can answer that in several different ways. I kind of prefer not to. But one way -- sometimes it's more exciting -- when it isn't a human being -- to "wipe 'em out."

31: But it's not right for an advanced civilization, not for the Star Fleet. The other people can do it, but our people shouldn't.

JUSTMAN: Well, we can talk all around this problem for quite a while. As you will note, when a character has had forewarning, he attempts to stun, not to kill. In that situation I don't think anything like that was expected, and perhaps the setting was inadvertently set too high. But it is imperative that when it's your life or his, most of the time it's going to be his.

31: But it wasn't imperative. They can set to stun, not kill.



JUSTMAN: That's right. But supposing he didn't have time to decide what setting he was going to get it on; he just had to squeeze the trigger.

31: But why should it ever be set to kill?

JUSTMAN: Because we're human, and we're foul.

31: But not them. They're honorable.

JUSTMAN: Well, we're honorable humans, and we're terrible.

31: But don't you think you should demand that the writers create situations where the Enterprise people wouldn't have to kill?

JUSTMAN: No. We will never demand that.

KOENIG: I think that there's an interesting point that has been brought up with this question. I think that no television show, regardless of ^{how} altruistic the motives, should ever deviate from depicting human behavior. If we get a kind of antiseptic objective, we're no longer showing human beings. In danger, when there's a threat, certain personal motivations become very important, regardless of humanitarian characteristics that may otherwise hold sway -- he's going to try to preserve his own life.

31: But then you should have it so that they try first not to kill, and then that doesn't work, and they're still in danger, and then they kill. ((GROANS.))

JUSTMAN: Mainly, the phaser itself was designed to stun.
((APPLAUSE.))

There once was a tribble named Tex
Who had no conception of sex.
But tribbles don't need it;
Just take one and feed it --
Its offspring will litter the decks.

-- Nan Braude

THE RAINBOW

by Astrid Anderson & Dorothy Jones



A Vulcan or other sensitive would have felt the tension among the five humans who stood in front of the ranger station at Crescent Meadow. A Vulcan, however, might not have recognized its source.

A young pan Oriental with the far look in his eyes chattered nonstop about exobotany to a tall blond beanpole already turning away from the sun, who listened with dogged determination.

A dark-eyed gallant, sleek in hair, beard, and voice, was busy with idle conversation a fair young woman who kept her eyes fixed on the western sky.

The fifth human, a man of perhaps forty, leaned against the station wall, trying not to glower too obviously, and the thoughts of his heart were straight out of the Confessio Amantis.

"I wish I were a Regenswelter," said the gallant.

"You do not."

"You never waited so eagerly for me to appear out of the sky."

"I'm always glad to see you, Dominic," the woman said absently, "but as a member of an Earth species you aren't very interesting to an exobiologist. Bones, what time is it?"

"Eleven twenty-three," said the man by the wall, with a patience commendable in one asked the same question every three minutes for an hour. "Myfanwy, hasn't anyone told you about watched pots?"

"That's right," said the opportunistic Dominic. "Let the alien arrive in his own good time, and come walk in the woods with me."

"I've seen those words," Myfanwy said. "I've never seen a Regenswelter -- not in the flesh and feathers."

"A year ago you wouldn't have wanted to," said the older man. "They were fighting us harder than the Klingons, and if you met one, either you were armed or you were dinner."

"Oh, but that was last year," she said. "And here he comes." There was a tiny dot in the sky where she looked that swelled rapidly, humming like a bumblebee, and became an aircar.

Dominic gave up for the moment. "Were you in on the fighting, Dr. McCoy?"

"Not on Regenswelt," McCoy answered. "We were out by the edge of the Galaxy -- Klingons mostly, and a few Romulans."

The aircar landed in a rush of wind, and before the grass was still the Regenswelter had opened the door and sprung out.

"My mistake," Myfanwy whispered to McCoy. "It isn't a he; it's a that."

"How are you so sure?"

"A male or female wouldn't be so tall, and a transmitter would have narrower hips and shoulders. So that's an incubator."

Incubator or no, the Regenswelter was not broad-beamed by human standards. Fully seven feet tall, more slender than a man, that resembled a flightless, tailless black bird, with four opposing claws on hands and feet, and the great eyes and terrible curved beak of a bird of prey. Trailing that backpack from one hand, that strode quickly across the grass to the humans.

"Good mhorning Gentlebheings," that said. "I'mh sorry I'mh late."

"That's all right. Scholar Karkaran," said Myfanwy. "We can still reach Bear Paw by evening. We're very happy to have you with us."

"Mhy thanks fhor your whelcomhe, Lt. Orloffh," the alien answered. That spoke better English than most Regenswelters, and one quickly got used to the little puffing sounds from a beak never designed to shape labials. "I know you and Lt. Sulu, and Commander McCoy --" (that nodded to each in turn) "-- by the identification Star Fleet gave me. Mr. Ryder, we meet again."

"Good morning, Scholar Karkaran," said Dominic, shifting into diplomatic gear. "Welcome to the Western Region. May I present our sixth member, Peter MacDonald, systems analyst, and our guide in these mountains. I hope this expedition will not only give you the biologic data you need, but also develop good will between our species, and --"

"Nick, you'll need your breath for walking," said Myfanwy. "Speechless at camp. This is an informal group, anyway."

They shouldered their packs and began to climb: Peter, Sulu, Dominic, Karkaran, Myfanwy, McCoy. The path was steep, and no one spent breath on speech.

....I shouldn't have come. Five years it's been, and you'd think after three years of marriage -- but she's still so fair and brilliant -- like the stars she lives in...I wish I hadn't seen her. I shouldn't have come....

...A strange bird, that. Not an idiom. Lord, look at those trees! Sequoia sempervivens. I should have brought wine -- and all her sisters, to turn the ratio the other way. McCoy: "Suffering; blast her, hasn't she any eyes?...."

....Alien. Really alien. This isn't like working with Andrians or Rigellians. How, for starters, do you understand a beak with four sexes? And this is the sex that doesn't have sex at all -- poor old bird, can't appreciate fluffy little blondes. Nick: "Mind's wandering. I must be so careful. This could be it...."

....Green, green and blue. And no proper time. It was night now it's day, but for me it is deep night -- black night....

....Green, green and blue. And no proper time. It was night and now it's day, but for me it is deep night -- black night....

....O wonderful wonderful! what a glorious creature. The nostrils are on the underside of the beak so rain won't fall into them. That's feathers are so black. I must get a look at those hands, they're like a parrot's claws. Praise God Who made that, Dorothy would say....

....Forty-three. Count 'em. Old enough to be her father. No, be honest, McCoy, not unless you were awfully quick. We've been five years in space; now she's 28... Twice divorced -- or one divorce and one blunder... They were like two old maids with the Enterprise for a cat, and then Conway up and married Spock... good ol' Spock... lucky Spock... if only it hadn't been Spock the unconquerable! it makes you believe in miracles, and that's dangerous. Mind, shut UP....

They continued to climb, under the shade of the sequoias. Half a mile out, the path was crossed by another that ambled through the trees from somewhere to somewhere. Sulu, following Peter, started and tripped at a sudden yelp from M'fanwy. Karkaran had wandered onto the left hand path, and was just now turning back to the crossroads. "My apologies, gentlebeings," that said mildly. "I was not paying a tention." That rejoined the line and said no more.

They came into terrain strewn with white rocks. The path cut into the sides of cliffs; and McCoy looked askance at the drop over the edge, and walked closer to M'fanwy, who paid no heed. Springs began to run out of the rock, and Karkaran turned to look at these, and that's hands through them.

Some little in past noon, Peter led them downhill into a gully floored with mossy grass and a number of admirable boulders. To their right a stream poured down from the cliffs in the form of a little waterfall, clear and lovely in the direct sun. Karkaran let out a trill, dropped that's pack, and went to sit under the rush of water.

"Now what's the matter with him?" Peter asked sotto voce. "Lunch!" he added in a voice meant to carry.

"Misses that's home planet, maybe," Sulu suggested. "It rains there, I understand."

"He understands," Myfanwy chortled. "In German yet?"

"Sie sind erstaunt: dass ich Ihre Sprache spreche, Herr Regenswelter...?" * Sulu retorted. Myfanwy, who knew as much German as the next Ph.D., chortled again, aimed a fist two inches from Sulu's nose, and went bounding up and down the rocks like a goat. McCoy watched her sombrely. Peter looked away.

Sulu and Peter slipped out of their backpacks and stretched. The others followed suit. McCoy took a few steps, and his eyes widened in surprise.

"Nice, isn't it," Sulu said. "You forget the pack's there till you take it off, and then it's like stepping into a low-gravity field. About like Rigel IV, only the trees are too tall."

Karkaran remained under the waterfall while the others ate. "Regenswelters don't eat lunch?" McCoy asked Dominic.

"The office did say that'd eat at odd hours. I wish they'd assigned me to a species I knew something about." He looked at Karkaran dubiously, and turned his attention to Myfanwy. McCoy munched his sandwiches as if they were made of dried leaves.

When they set out again, McCoy took the second place behind Peter, and climbed doggedly, looking straight ahead. Sulu dropped back behind Karkaran and walked beside Myfanwy. They climbed together for two or three miles, pointing out oddities of flora and fauna to each other. Presently Sulu slowed his pace, and they fell behind.

"I've begun to wonder about our guest," Sulu said, when he judged the rest were out of earshot.

"I think that's lovely," Myfanwy answered.

"Sure, but what's that doing here?"

Myfanwy gave him a peculiar look. "Studying Earth plants and animals to see if any will adapt to Regenswelter conditions," she said. "You remember Dominic told us --"

"I know, I know. And so he brought that backpacking with us. But if that's an exobiologist, why isn't that biologizing?"

* "You are astonished that I speak your language, Mr. Rain-worlder?" -- the Federation name for Regenswelt was apparently bestowed by a German.

Sulu shook his head, and they climbed in silence.

Five miles later they came to a riverbed. In the spring (Peter said) it had been full of water, but this was July, and a few small streams trickled through its bottom. The riverbed and the bank were smooth, water-polished granite, with here and there a sinkhole full of still warm water. Myfanwy shuffled off shoes and paddled through them.

"This one's large enough for a bathtub," she called to Karkaran, "if you'd care to indulge."

Dominic turned white, and McCoy raised his eyes unto the bottomside of a sequoia. "Thank you, I will," said Karkaran. That dropped thatspack and stepped into the pool, and spent the next 10 minutes splashing and preening, while Myfanwy improvised a pail from a sandwich bag to pour over that's head, and sang hobbitish bath songs and got almost as soaked as the Regenswelter.

"That turned out well." Sulu told Myfanwy when they resumed their march. "but you should have watched your tongue. What if that had taken offense "

"If Mr. Spock admits I have a touch of ESP, you may as well go along," she answered. "I knew it would be all right. And now we're friends, sort of."

The sun sank behind the trees, and the air grew chill. "How far to Bear Paw, Peter?" Sulu called ahead.

"About a mile," Peter answered, "but it's all switchback. We'll get there eventually."

They walked on, back and forth, uphill and down. The dusk thickened. Something rumbled in the woods to their left.

"What was that " Dominic asked Peter.

"Just a bear," Myfanwy answered for him. "They don't attack people. Much."

"You're palling our legs, I hope -- " McCoy began. The bear growled again, closer. Peter stopped, and the others came up to him.

"It's possible, of course," Peter said, "that the bear -- "

"Does not realize that I am 'people'," Karkaran finished for him. "Shall we teach him differently?"

"This is a national park," Dominic explained. "and the animals are protected by --"

Another growl, and a crunch of leaves. They shrank against the cliff face. Karkaran shrugged out of that pack and stepped forward. The bear came running out of the forest like a horse at the gallop. They caught a glimpse of tiny fierce eyes and gleaming teeth, and then Karkaran leaped.

It was over too quickly to comprehend. The bear reared onto its hind legs, throwing Karkaran over its shoulder, and stumbled and fell. Karkaran picked thatself up and rejoined the party, running a narrow tongue around that's beak.

"Quite palatable," he remarked. "You cook your meat, don't you? It's a pity he's too heavy for us to carry. Mr. Ryder, were you saying these animals were protected? I didn't sense any kind of force field, and he was certainly not wearing armor."

"Protected by law, I was going to say," said Dominic, looking at the bear. "I'll have to explain this to the Rangers." He grinned. "I can always claim diplomatic immunity for Scholar Karkaran."

"Fine," said Peter, "and while you're at it, oil up your tongue and talk them out of a couple of bear steaks. Tell them they're preventing an interstellar incident."

Bear Paw was a small resort on the top of the slope, with camping sites and running water and (for the effete) cabins and a small cafeteria.

The humans ate their supper around a campfire; Karkaran perched on an outcrop of rock, apparently asleep. It was a merry evening; Dominic was exhilarated by his successful encounter with the Rangers (six pounds of bear steak had been distributed among their packs); Myfanwy and Sulu took it into their heads to perform an ancient folk ballad about an old lecher who seduced a young maiden with the aid of a bottle of Madeira, and McCoy and Peter were taken enough out of themselves to laugh and relax.

"When he asked 'What in heaven?' she made no reply, up her mind, and a dash for the door'," McCoy sang as he spread out his sleeping bag. He stood up to stretch, and fell silent; across the clearing he saw Myfanwy and Dominic disappearing into a clump of trees. "Oh, Lord," he muttered, being reminded with a jolt that his heart ached and (more to the point) his muscles did, too. He crawled into his sleeping bag and pulled his head into it turtle-fashion. Thus it was that he didn't see Myfanwy slip out of the grove alone, and join Sulu by the ashes of the campfire.

"It's hard to get that to talk," she reported. "But I don't feel that's being evasive; just distracted somehow. While we were setting up for supper, that asked me if our cultures had customs of special sayings before a meal; so I described the Standing Silence in Tolkien, and Dorothy saying grace. That said, 'Ah,' and went to perch without another word."

Sulu looked blank. "Doesn't seem to tie in with anything. Well, keep at it. I don't seem to have the knack; that hasn't said five words to me all day. Good night." He went and lay down, across the fire pit from the quietly fuming Dominic.

McCoy lay awake, staring up into dark trees patched with stars. Peter snored softly at the outskirts of his hearing. McCoy had learned that this young man had been one of Myfanwy's suitors five years back; had, in fact, proposed to her the night before she left Earth. Myfanwy had told him "No, thanks" and gone out among the stars, and Peter had married someone else. Myfanwy's reappearance had made him of two minds to the point of distraction. McCoy himself was of one mind only and thus (he thought glumly) the more likely to be sent out of it. Since his return from Yonada there had been no other fish in all the seas of the galaxy. He rolled onto his front and groaned at the dull aches in calves and shoulders.

"The first hundred miles are the hardest," a soft voice said. McCoy froze.

"Just think of all the splendid exercise you're getting," Myfanwy went on, kneeling beside him. "When you get back to the Enterprise, Dr. Mbenga can give you a physical and tell you your muscle tone has improved by a factor of three." She kneaded his shoulders gently, walking her knuckles over the scapulars and down the spine. McCoy lay still, his soul feeling the same pleasant agony that the massage gave his muscles. Myfanwy prattled on (considerately, in a whisper) about their next day's climb to Middle Lake Hamilton. "Better now?" she asked presently.

He sighed. "If I had a tail, I'd wag it."

"I'll take the will for the deed. Good night." She slipped away into the darkness. McCoy stretched luxuriously and turned over and thought, "That's funny, I thought the moon had set." He squinted into the night, and saw Karkaran's great golden eye blink at him, and close again in sleep.

McCoy looked up into the stars, and presently he was Trelane of Gothos, running among them like a field of daisies; and then it was morning.

The morning's march went up and down and up through deciduous trees to the Kern River. The river was said to swarm with fish but no one could catch anything. Then it was uphill again, through more of the same with a few sequoias mixed in, like stalks of rhubarb tossed into the green salad. They encountered another waterfall, and Karkaran stood under it while the others picked berries, slapped at mosquitoes and wished for feathers of their own.

They passed Lower Lake Hamilton in mid-afternoon: a sheet of bright blue set in emerald green. It was still light when they reached Middle Lake Hamilton, and they took their time about making camp. Dominic and Myfanwy set off for a walk around the lake. The others built a fire; even Karkaran (whose experience with the nasty red tongues seemed to be limited) clawed bark from a fallen tree with that's great talons for tinder. McCoy swung a hatchet with perhaps more energy than was necessary, watching the opposite shore of the lake for glimpses of the explorers, and nearly got himself in the knee.

Bear meat was on the grill when Myfanwy returned to camp, dripping wet and with muddy feet. "Dominic'll be along in a few minutes," she said calmly. "I always could outswim him."

"I've heard of girls walking home from a date," Sulu commented, "but this is something new."

"Oh, nothing to see," she said. "You see, there used to be a path around the lake. Now there's a three-quarters of a path; the brush has grown into a great prickly lump on the north side. So we had to swim for it. Is that the bear? It smells elegant."

Dominic appeared, not sleek now, and stalked to the fire. "Not a word," he said.

They chewed their bear steak in silence; but the dark cloud that might have been expected to hang over them began and ended with Dominic. Peter was decidedly cheerful for the first time since the trip began - uncharitable of him, perhaps, but there you are. And Myfanwy and McCoy grinned like conspirators across the fire, as they had done on the Enterprise at each choice Spockism.

Sulu cast calculating glances at the entire group. The camaraderie of the normal clump of backpackers was absent, and the party had settled into an uneasy polarization, thus:

Dominic Peter Myfanwy Sulu McCoy

Karkaran

antipathy to the other side varying directly with distance to the center. At some level he had begun to think of this expedition as his first command, and felt a responsibility for maintaining morale.

Karkaran slept like gentle death atop that's rock.

The sun rose, and a spotted towhee began to defend his territory in the tree above them: a soft little motif of about five notes, probably scored by Sibelius. Wrong continent, though, Sulu thought fuzzily. A jay called "Shriek? Shriek? Shriek?" and another answered, "Shriek." Scrub jay and Stellar's jay, Myfanwy noted. A woodpecker began to drill for his breakfast on the side of an oak (sequoias offer sparse hunting), and McCoy pulled his head deeper into his sleeping bag.

SLEEPERS, AWAKE! IT COMES, IT COMES, IT COMES!

McCoy sat bolt upright. Sulu was already on his feet, and the rest were struggling with their sleeping bag closures. But who the hell was playing the trumpet on this mountain at this hour of the morning?

Karkaran stood atop that's rock, singing like Gabriel. The feathers of head and neck were fluffed out like a lion's mane. The head was thrown back and the terrible beak wide open, filled with incredible music. The melodies were like Western Terran bugle calls.

"The first six or seven notes were just like the Purcell thing Dorothy used to sing in the morning," Myfanwy said later. "For a moment I thought I was back on the Enterprise."

"You thought," McCoy said softly. "I thought it was Judgment Day."

Karkaran finished that's song and leaped off the rock, and caught sight of the jawdropping Terrans. "My apologies," that said. "I can see that I woke you all up. But I gathered that birds sing in the morning on this planet, so I joined in."

"But you don't sing like a bird, Karkaran," Myfanwy said in indignation. "You sing like a trumpet, or an angel."

"That's a trumpet, and what's an angel?"

"A trumpet is a musical instrument, a metallic tube which produces the natural harmonics," Sulu said, "and an angel...." He

looked helplessly at Myfanwy, who looked helplessly back. The only believer (current or quondam) in the group, took over and delivered a short lecture on the traditional structure and habits of angels.

"Ah yes," Karkaran said. "I've seen pictures of angels with trumpets -- in the Earthport museum. But I look more like the creatures on the other side of the tryptich, don't I, with beak and claws and the rest?"

"And those beautiful Hieronymus Bosch eyes," Myfanwy said. "But how did you learn to sing like a trumpet, since an entity with a beak can't play one?"

Karkaran blinked. "My throat is the shape it is, that's all, and makes the sound. Oh, you mean the harmonics. The music on my continent has sounded like that since Paratta the Geometer, who worked out the mathematics of the monochord. It's an instrument they had then, it had one string and you divided the length...."

"Monochord," said Sulu. "It was Pythagoras on this planet."

Talking sixteen to the dozen ("I wish Dorothy were here!") they trooped off for breakfast. Karkaran ate a pound and a half of raw bear and a talonful of dried something (seaweed, spring lichen?) from that's pack. That also tried a bite of Myfanwy's bacon and eggs, but said they must be an acquired taste.

"I haven't seen such a change in anyone since the spores got Spock," Sulu said after breakfast. Karkaran had gone to take a long drink from the lake.

"Maybe he -- that, I mean -- didn't trust us at first," McCoy suggested. "Or he could've been ill, or altitude-sick, coming up from Earthport, or -- blazes, any number of things. I've got my medikit; I'll take a reading, but I don't know what those normal values are."

"Leave it to me," said Myfanwy. She picked up her pack and Karkaran's and headed off toward the lake.

The terrain above the lake was sandy, dotted with little green shrubs. The air was thin at this altitude and cold; McCoy puffed on the steeper slopes, and remembered scorching Vulcan and a dose of tri-ox compound. And that turned out all right, he told himself, and took a long breath and continued to climb.

Somewhere beside them a waterfall poured down, feeding Middle Lake Hamilton; they heard it continually, but could never see it. Myfanwy quoted segments of "The Waste Land," and Karkaran (who

seemed to give not a damn about the waterfall) described the hot plains where that had lived; barren or lichenous rocks, and baked red clay where little creepers sprouted hastily in the morning, before the blazing white sun dried them into tinder. "But it's different at night, of course," that said, and then they found the water.

Upper Lake Hamilton spilled over its rim and became the waterfall they had heard. Above it the water was still and clear, and reflected the bright trees and some lingering snow on the mountaintops.

Karkaran knelt by the shore and plunged that's beak into the water. "Wait a minute," Myfanwy cried, "It's..." Karkaran leaped to that's feet, spluttering. "...cold, it's just melted from the snowpack," she finished lamely.

"So I have just discovered," that said softly. "Nothing is ever that cold on Regenswelt. Never. Krrrrrk!"

("So Jim's name is an expletive in Regensweltish," McCoy told Sulu. "We'll find a suitable way to tell him.")

"Never mind," Myfanwy was saying, "I'll fill a water bag and warm it against my skin for you. Meanwhile we'll walk around and keep you warm. You were talking about those furry lichens; do you suppose..." They wandered away.

The slope was downhill from the lake, and they passed a string of tiny lakes like ornamental fishponds full of little peeping frogs.

"They're saying. 'Knee deep! Knee deep!'" Myfanwy sang.

"What?" asked Karkaran.

"Knee deep," she repeated in a normal voice.

"Oh." That looked curiously at her legs. "Yes, on you it would be." That's own knees were nearly on a level with her waist.

"Are we coming to open ground up ahead?" Dominic asked Peter. "There seems to be an unusual amount of sunlight ahead of us."

"Kiwiah Gap," Peter told him. "You can see for miles."

As they approached the open space, McCoy began to peer uneasily about him. "I feel as though I'm being watched," he told Sulu. "Where's Karkaran got to?"

"I know what you mean," Sulu said. "I've gotten half-naked, walking around on a planet's surface without clothes. They came to the edge of the gap, and blinked as the sun streamed into their faces. "O-ho," Sulu said softly. "That explains it. McCoy?" McCoy was still looking into the gap behind them. Sulu took him by the shoulder and turned him around. "You said somebody was looking at you."

"Good lord," McCoy said.

Something was looking at them: a small black creature, glared at them across the gap. It looked like a landscape like an elemental. One felt the trees dared not look at it.

"...No, but the transmitters have ornamental crests of feathers," came Karkaran's voice behind them. "The male to court both the male and the female, which is something of a trick."

"And the incubator?" Myfanwy asked.

"Transmitter and incubator court each other, you know, with an eye to producing a common sense, not pretty feathers."

"And what does the incubator do while the transmitter is courting the other way?"

"Not much," Karkaran said frankly. "Stand around and twiddle your fingers -- twiddles that's fingers." (Myfanwy snorted) "And presently they give that some eggs to hatch. I speak facetiously, of course, but that's basically how it works."

"Now, in our species," Myfanwy began. "That's black Kawiah; isn't it impressive? Hi, Bones. Hi, Sulu. You're ahead of us. -- In our species, both sexes put on displays to impress the other; the female does things to her appearance like these silly earrings I'm wearing, and the male shows off by accomplishing things, like killing a dragon or building a house or beating up every other male in the territory. The followed the trail down the slope. The rest came after."

The land under Karkaran's cold eye was a bare plain, with occasional trees that looked deliberately planted. But weren't, Peter said. A few streams ran at random across their path. Between one stream and the next they stopped to eat lunch. Myfanwy and Karkaran had gotten to comparing the institution of agriculture in Terran and Regensweiler societies.

Then trees began to grow again, and the forest grew wilder and thickened and grew wilder and thickened and it became noticeably dark. The stream had become a full-sized river.

"Has my watch gone out?" McCoy asked. "It's damn near nightfall."

"No, it's only 5:30," Peter said. "There are clouds gathering somewhere on the other side of this foliage. We'll probably have some rain tonight." Karkaran clucked softly. No one noticed. "There's a ranger station where we can stay," Peter continued. "We'll get there in plenty of time."

He was wrong by half an hour. The rain began as a gentle pattering on the tops of the trees. This grew to a loud drumming, almost of tin-roof intensity. minutes before the first drop penetrated the leaf cover. Karkaran's head turned from side to side indecisively; that's pupils were dilated in the darkness, and the eyes were great golden circles flickering over the branches. Sable, a roundel voided or, Myfanwy thought absently, and more to the point, Claustrophobia. That's nervous. There probably aren't any closed spaces on those plains. She took Karkaran's great talon in her hands, and they walked along in silence, while the rain drummed on the leaves and the first drops leaked through.

("Since I began traveling," Karkaran had said, "I've learned that our four-way system is practically unique in the galaxy. Your male-female system is standard on most planets. But both ways seem to work.")

"So they do," she had said.

"I have been trying to decide," Karkaran had said diffidently "whether the five of you are a family group. Is it permissible to ask?"

"Oh, sure. No, we're not. Just me and some friends. Sulu and Dr. McCoy are friends from the Enterprise, and Peter and Dominic are friends from school."

"You are all males except for yourself?"

"Right."

"And you are -- forgive me if I step on custom. Are you the female of any of these males?"

"No. Peter is married -- his wife isn't here with us because she's pregnant (we're placental mammals, don't forget) and can't deliver. Dr. McCoy has been married, but isn't now; the rest of us are single and uncomplicated. May I return the question? Are you a married being, Karkaran? That is, if they marry on your world?"

"We do, and I am. I have mates, and we have children. They're old enough now for Haranga to look after them by itself so I could leave them in its hands and come to Earth. But I hope to finish this mission soon and return before they're much older; I miss them very much."

And they had gone on to talk of courting habits and the long crests of transmitters. But why had Karkaran suddenly been so full of questions? Without a doubt that could tell a sole human from a female. And hadn't that had briefings in human habit patterns, and what questions not to ask? "Forgive me if I step on custom." No, that knew what that was doing... which was what?)

Now it was raining in earnest, and there was no dry ground under the trees. McCoy sneezed. Drops of water ran along Myfanwy's bangs and dripped in her face; she wiped them away. Karkaran drew a pair of rose-colored nictitating membranes over that's eyes. That's black-feathered body was almost invisible in the darkness, and it was as if two will-o'-the-wisps were striding along together, lanterns in hand.

They reached the ranger station at last and hurried inside. Some previous occupant, worthy to be blessed by every saint in the calendar, had left a supply of dry wood. While the humans built a fire in the fireplace, Karkaran huddled in a corner, chattering to thatself in sounds like a falcon trying to speak Chicken.

"What, what, what?" Myfanwy asked, drying her hair with a towel. There was no need to offer it to Karkaran; the rain ran off that's feathers in a way that would have shamed a duck.

The soft grey eyelids blinked, and the nictitating membranes receded. "What a world," that translated or paraphrased. "What a planet! When I'm ready for night, it's dry as a bone, and as soon as I wake up it rains!"

"Aha!" said Myfanwy softly, and McCoy and Sulu nodded. She sat on the floor beside the shivering legendwelter, and began to warm the cold talons under her arms. She wrapped that's feet in her towel and put them in her lap. "How long is your day, Karkaran?" she asked, in the voice of one about to prove a point.

"One planetary rotation is 165 Terran hours," that answered.

"Almost exactly a week," Sulu said.

"And your sun is very bright," Myfanwy pursued, "and during the day most of the surface water evaporates." Karkaran nodded. "At night, therefore, it rains, 'by the pail'," she quoted solemnly.

"By the basket, by the bushel, by the teacup, by the schooner" she rubbed Karkaran's scaly ankles to warm them.

Her classical references passed McCoy by, but now he knew what had been wrong with the alien the first two days: that had been climbing mountains in what that's internal clock told that was the middle of the night, in dry air when that's body was expecting soaking rain. He pulled out his medikit and took a reading: body temperature and other functions were down from this morning, but only slightly. All that needed at this point was to get warm, and Myfanwy was ensuring that. His mind suddenly presented him with a picture of Myfanwy with a child in her arms, and his eyes stung. He turned away and said harshly, "I'll put some water on to boil. We could use some coffee."

While the humans slept, Karkaran (instructed by Myfanwy) tended the fire, relocating half-burnt logs with that's tough-scaled hands; and when they woke, the coffee was perking. "Not bad for a being that never cooked before," McCoy judged.

Sulu said nothing; his mind was still occupied with morale. The polarization of the group had not improved; even Myfanwy was now noticing the friction between Dominic and McCoy. Two australopithecids circling one another, looking for an opening. If only Myfanwy could be coaxed into declaring for one or the other, that part of the conflict would collapse and the group (hopefully) would move together instead of drawing apart.

He grinned, and looked like Sulu again instead of like Kirk with a lapful of Klingons. "I don't have wings," he thought, "and I can't hit a sleepy Horta with a bow and arrow -- but we'll see."

"We had better," he said to the group at large, "replace the firewood we've burned. Everything outside is wet now, but we'll stack it with plenty of air space, and it'll dry out."

"I'll get some pine cones," Myfanwy volunteered, "they burn like charcoal" and dashed out. Sulu got to the door in time to see her vanish among the trees. The others followed Sulu out of the station. Karkaran again set to shredding bark. The men collected pieces of varied dimensions.

Karkaran finished stripping an available log, and Dominic picked it up and rolled it out to be segmented by the hatchets. As he picked at a splinter in his palm, Karkaran caught Sulu's arm and held it for a moment. "There are other logs of suitable construction," that said, "at the edge of this clearing. Dominic, come and help me carry bark?"

"Sure," said Dominic, who had just extracted his splinter. They started toward the indicated logs. Karkaran swiveled that head straight back on that shoulders and looked again at Sulu. Hegenwelters do not wink, but Karkaran's feathers fluffed and ruffled with a look of self-satisfaction.

"All right," Sulu took his cue. "Peter, let's get cheerful. Bones, why don't you get us some more kindling. Over there."

McCoy wandered through the trees in the direction indicated, and presently he heard a voice singing.

There was another clearing among the trees: a small open half-filled with a fallen redwood, floored with little yellow flowers and white flowers. Myfanwy's jacket lay in the middle of it, full of pine cones, and Myfanwy walked up and down the fallen tree, twining flowers in her hair.

"Tempus transi goldum, / mundus renovatur." * she sang.

"Heaven help us all," McCoy said. "Now you've been studying Vulcan."

"Silly, it's Latin," she said, "even though Dorothea taught it to me." She turned at the end of the log and looked at him. His eyes were most improbably blue, like patches of sky or bluejay's feathers; perhaps this can be ascribed to the bright sun that shone in the clearing. And what a nice comfortable face he has, she thought, and that sort of crombly voice. Bones is good people.

She walked back along the log to him. "Have a flower. Take two, they're small." She deposited a flower behind each of his ears. "White and yellow, let's see. Will that pass the inter-planetary signaling convention? They should be red and green, but there aren't any. I never could tell port from starboard anyway."

"You're teched," McCoy growled. "That's the only explanation," and bent down to kiss her.

They wandered into trap some minutes later, flowers tucked into every lock, each carrying a jacket full of pine cones, singing. "No one ever wants to court a warthog." Peter and Dominic looked elsewhere, but Dominic, when they had passed, kicked a cone (dropped by McCoy) into the underbrush.

That's one step, Sulu thought, as they shouldered their packs and crossed the stream by means of a shaky log.

* "The winter passes, the world is renewed."

Now they went up again, through miles of switchback shaded by pines and other vegetables. The ground was soggy from the last night's rain, and now and again they crossed small earth-slides; but the terrain was not so steep that anyone feared an avalanche. Karkaran and Myfanwy led the way, chattering like magpies. The others trailed behind; there was really not room for two abreast on that path unless one of them were a Regenswelter.

"Strike a light or light a lantern!" Myfanwy called out. Since the pine shade was hardly as dark as all that, her meaning was not immediately apparent.

"It's a cave of sorts," Karkaran explained. "What might live in here?"

"Bears, for one thing," puffed McCoy, scrambling up the path, "so...stay...."

"Excellent," said Karkaran, and he and Myfanwy disappeared into the cave.

"...OUT!" McCoy finished belatedly. Sulu and Peter edged past him and hurried up the path.

On the slope above them, something ~~went~~ LOOF, and the hillside began to slide. Sulu and Peter arrived just as the cave mouth collapsed. Dominic and McCoy joined them. A dislodged poison oak waved its forlorn ~~arms~~ in the air where the cave had been. The men stood unmoving.

"I'll be damned," said Dominic dull. "Peter, what's the shortest way out of here? I've got to ~~notify~~ the office."

Peter stared at him, ashen-faced. "Out of here?" McCoy said in amazement. "What do you mean? We've got to dig them out."

No reason to," said Dominic. "They're obviously dead. Let's go."

McCoy dropped his pack and headed for Dominic.

"Delay it, you two!" Sulu shouted. "Dominic, you can clear out if you like. Peter, where's your shovel?"

With the shovel, and a likely-looking stick and Sulu's bare hands, they set to work on the earthslide. Dominic stood by for a while, muttering "Waste of time," and then slowly took up a shovel and joined them.

"How long can they last in there?" Sulu asked McCoy.

"Depends on how much air they have -- " McCoy muttered.
"-- which I don't know."

Inside of half an hour they struck empty space. While the others enlarged the opening, McCoy exchanged stick for medikit and wriggled through.

It was a tiny space that could never have contained half an hour's air for two. Karkaran sat curled into a ball. Myfanwy lay face down on the cave floor.

"They're dead," Dominic said flatly.

"In a pig's eye," said McCoy bending over Myfanwy. "It isn't even anoxia. Concussion, and -- " He turned to Karkaran. "-- damn if I know what, but that's alive. Let's get them out of here." He carried Myfanwy out into the open, and let the others cope with the unending Regenswelter.

Myfanwy had a lump on her forehead, acquired with the concussion, and another on her left wrist that stopped just short of a bone bruise. Something had hit her rather hard. McCoy looked dubiously at Karkaran, and gave Myfanwy an injection.

She opened her eyes, sneezed, and smiled at him.

"What hit you?" he asked.

"Stop stealing my lines," she chided. "I'm trying to remember. I know I was awake; I could hear you digging. Probably some stones fell in as you broke through, and -- " She followed his gaze. "Karkaran? Oh, no, not a chance. He conked out immediately, to conserve -- He's still out, silly old bird. I'll wake him up."

"Maybe you'd better now," Sulu said. Myfanwy stared at him. "Are you sure it was a rock that hit you? We still haven't figured out their motivations, and -- "

"Of course I'm sure," she said in irritation. "Didn't I just tell you that ~~was~~ before I did? And that's motivations, I know that too -- ~~SERENING!~~" In attempting to crawl across the path to Karkaran, she had discovered her wrist, and she finished the journey on her feet. She shook the great bird with her right hand while Karkaran ~~was~~ up the other.

"Karkaran, wake up. Get out. Lots of nice fresh oxygen. Come on, featherhead, ~~was~~ UP. WAKE UP!"

The alien uncurled, and spread that's alarming beak in a yawn. "That used to be my ear." That complained mildly. "Are you all right, Myfanwy?"

"Sure I am. A rock fell on me." She waved her taped wrist. McCoy captured the arm again and began to improvise a sling.

Karkaran yawned again. "This planet!" that said ruefully. "I am always managing to go to sleep in the daytime."

"Well, take a deep breath," said Myfanwy. "It's tell-the-truth-and-shame-the-devil-time -- saving your presence, Mr. Spock," she interjected, throwing her eyes upward. This had limited effect, since Vulcan was in the opposite celestial hemisphere. "Karkaran, what are you on your own planet?"

That blinked. "A scholar. You know that."

"But not an exobiologist." That said nothing. "The only Terran life form you've looked at this whole trip has been us. Come on, fess up. Exoanthropologist? Exosociologist?"

"Well, r r r r r. xalaratto would really include both meanings. Yes."

"Why didn't you say so?" Dominic put in.

"If you'd known it was you I was observing, your reactions would have been altered. As it is, I got all kinds of data on interpersonal tensions, group dynamics, the mechanics of leadership...." That glanced at Sulu. "...subterfuges.... Gentlebeings you know what governments are like. They wanted to be reassured that you are human after all -- or a reasonable facsimile...."

"And what are your findings?" asked McCoy.

Karkaran chuckled. "You people are as crazy as your planet, completely irrational, and quite delightful; I'd like to take you on a tour of *hepensewelt* some day. Bring your umbrellas." That yawned again, the sharp beak shining dully in the dim, pine-scented day.

While they waited for Karkaran to recover that's breath, Sulu drew Peter aside. Peter still looked white and sick. "What's the problem?" Sulu asked.

"I'm ashamed," Peter said.

Sulu waited

"Because when I thought she was dead, my first thought was one of relief -- now I wouldn't have to make decisions. And besides -- it's hard to explain. She was so important to me for so many years -- "

"And now she isn't."

"No. It took me all these years -- to find out I really prefer Joan!"

"Never mind it," said Sulu. "After all, this isn't the twentieth century; we're a rational civilization; it's no disgrace for a man to be in love with his wife."

Sulu's words to Dorothy are short and to the point and may be paraphrased for a glossed readership as "There aren't enough hours in the day to be Retief and Lothario both. A man has to choose one, and I usually his job" (end paraphrase). Dominic nodded, and grinned at Sulu's phraseology and went to help Karkaran to the ground.

Myfanwy was amusing herself by climbing onto each separate rock and jumping down again. McCoy stood near her, with a cautious eye on the disabled arm. "Irrational, quotha!" she said. "Karkaran and Spock should meet. They'd have somewhat in common."

"I intend to arrange it," McCoy told her. "He's bound to be back on Earth within the month, to supervise installation of the new computer elements. Besides, isn't Dorothy going to want to introduce him to her family?"

"She hasn't any." Myfanwy began to navigate a half-buried log. "Just a Mother Superior. She was raised in a convent. Didn't you know?"

"Good lord," McCoy mused. "So that's what turned her into the perfect Vulcan bride. Why didn't she -- Get down from there! -- why didn't she take the veil herself?"

"I asked her once," Myfanwy said, continuing along the log where it extended over the switchbacked trail. "She said one doesn't marry anybody unless one's asked, including God. And -- " The log tipped, and she disappeared behind the slope.

McCoy dashed around the intervening earth masses and found her on her feet, calmly picking leaf mould out of her hair. "And God didn't ask," she finished, "and Spock did. Bones. Is this sling necessary?"

"No, but a leash is," he growled, and seized her in his arms. "You stupid idiot," he said, by way of an endearment. "Are you trying to break your neck? Myfanwy, for God's sake marry me before you kill yourself."

She stood very still. "That's a reversal of the classic line," she said, "which is 'Marry me or I'll --'"

"I meant it anyway," said McCoy.

"Did you really?" she said into his left, or closest ear. "Well, let me think."

They found a convenient rock and sat down, hands clasped. McCoy gave only part of his attention to her wrist.

"It's the best idea I've heard in weeks," she said at last, "but do you think it'll work?"

McCoy's face fell, and he turned away. "That's a good point," he said. "You know that my first two marriages ended in divorce; you'd simply have to take the chance that --"

"Oh, my dear heart, I didn't mean you; I meant me!" Myfanwy cried. "I've been single so long that it would take some studying to learn to be anything else -- but if Dorothy could adjust, I bet I could."

McCoy turned back to her, eyes blazing. (So the bright blue can't have been dependent on solar output; here they were shining like armor, deep under the pines where sunlight never fell.) "Then let's both think about it," he said, "take our time, and, if we decide Yes, if we're back in space by then --"

"-- then Captain Kirk can do the honors --"

"-- and be compensated for not doing them for Spock!"
McCoy finished. "Thinking time it is. All right?"

"All right."

"Gee!" Galt called from the path by the cave.

McCoy found him unpacking his pack in random fashion. Something in the bottom of it was going "beep-beep."

McCoy pulled out his communicator and flipped it open. "Galt"

"Finally!" came Uhura's voice. "Captain, I have Mr. Sulu."

"Sulu, Kirk here. Lieutenant... Commander... Sulu, you owe me a drink."

"I what?" Sulu stopped, blinked, stared, and suddenly began to grin. "Very good, sir," he said. "When we next meet this civilization."

McCoy beamed, and started to congratulate Sulu on the promotion, but Kirk's voice was going on, "That's the other part of it. I know you're on leave, but the new helm and navigation consoles have arrived and are being installed ahead of schedule. So suppose you could come up and supervise?"

"Certainly, Captain, I'll be right up." There went the mechanics of leadership, but --

"Make that three to beam up," McCoy put in. "I want to take a look at that wrist under the diffraction scanner."

-- but McCoy was holding her hand, and the other one, at that. --

"Can I come with you?" he asked. "I've always wanted a look at the Enterprise."

-- well, well. Sulu looked around the group. Farrar's job was finished; and Kirk's was Dominic's job, which was also finished -- "Enterprise, six to beam up. Energize."

The six figures on the path disintegrated into sparkles of light. A soft hum rose and died.

A towhee shuffled across the path, turning over leaves as if he had lost a contact lens. A Stellar's Jay, his crest rippling in the wind of his own flight, pounced on the turned-up earth by the cave and flew away with a Jerusalem cricket wriggling in his grasp. From a pine came the steady tap-tap-tap of a determined beak; a woodpecker could finally get his work done: the trumpets had gone home.

the end

It Seemed the Logical Thing...
by Ruth Berman



"You're what?"

"You heard me." She turned, still sitting on the window-ledge, to gaze out, past the high towers of Boston and the quaint, short buildings of Old Boston, to the surrounding parkland. The leaves had already begun to turn to the sharp fire-colors of a New England autumn. She would have to take him on a picnic now that the colors were a little more homelike for him, if she ever saw him again. He had never said that plants the color of his own blood disturbed him, but she had observed that he never walked on the grass if he could help it. She drew her own conclusions.

"That should be impossible," he said thoughtfully.

She slammed her two fists on the window, hoping against hope that the plastic would shatter. It gave back a low, thudding note, and remained solid. She would have to break the hurt some

other way, and yelling at him would only bring a cool request for control that would hurt her more.

"Funny," she said, after a while, "I used to be so... well bred. Cool and collected. If I'd known there was so much human emotion waiting in me I wouldn't have tried to help."

"Nor would I have permitted it," he said gravely. "I was most gracious of you --"

She controlled the spasm in her throat with effort. Whether it was laughter or a scream, it would not help them.

"-- but I could have broken off the negotiations long enough. Long enough to go home." He put his hands together and examined them. "I should not have waited so long after my bond-mate's ship was lost. I know she did not die then, but over the years a bonding weakens. And it is long now, very long. The probability that she is dead is 87.5%."

She stared at him in horror, turning back toward the room. She knew it was unusual among his people for one of his age to be still a bachelor, but they were not people who spoke easily of themselves, and New England upbringing had taught her to respect reserve. "I'm sorry, so sorry..." She broke off, remembering that open sympathy would hurt him. Was she in the diplomatic service, too?

"No, in the military."

"Oh." She began to see why his people contributed so few ships to the Fleet and why it was rare for any of their people to stay in the Fleet for long.

"She desired knowledge greatly," he remarked. "As curious as a cat, do you say?"

"Yes. That was why she joined? to take part in the explorations?"

"That is correct." He let his hands fall apart and looked up at her, perched on the sill. His eyes were used to strong contrasts, and he could see her features, although the red veiled her was bright. Sympathy for him had wiped out her immediate passions. "Do you plan to have the child? Will you be able to?"

"The doctor isn't sure. She says at a guess I can have this one, with the aid of a few minor miracles. But I'm not going to, even if my genes are dominant, it's bound to inherit enough of your people to need some of your people's training. And we don't know whose characteristics would be dominant."

"No," he agreed. "It is a most interesting problem."

"I suppose you'd like to take the child and research 'the problem'."

"I would."

She could not help being shocked by his frankness, but the sensation of being able to step outside the limits of her own upbringing seized her again. He was alien, but, just because of that, she was more truly herself when she was with him.

"And yet the problem is the same in either case," he went on. "Even if it were mainly like my people, it would need help from you to recognize and control its heritage from you. We would have to marry so that we would be together to bring it up jointly."

Surely he wasn't serious. She had felt it would be unfair to destroy his child without telling him. He would have said it was illogical to act on a mere feeling. And it certainly was -- why try to give him any say in it, when there was nothing he could say? Except what he had said, and that was no solution. How could she marry him? Their differences would drive them both crazy inside of a year. "I don't think we could stand each other that long." It was strange to speak frankly to a man without worrying about wounding his vanity.

"That," he said wryly, "is the very problem our two peoples are facing collectively."

"We've managed so far." The words rang with an individual significance she had not intended. She stared at her hands, trying to concentrate, then realized that was his gesture and jerked her head up. She looked at him, instead: deep, brown eyes, black hair with a strong hint of curling to it no matter how firmly he pressed it down, long, gentle hands.... Something was wrong. It took her a full 15 seconds of inspection to realize that she was no longer seeing his ears and eyebrows as either peculiar or individual. They were just ordinary, everyday features, not as interesting as, say, the curve of his cheekbones. "I will, if you will."

"I will."

A tautness she had not known was there went out of his spine. He could feel her own muscles wanting to give way. It would not be to cry. She came away from the window, put up her hands to press his cheeks, and leaned against him. It was a relief to feel

the sturdy reality of him. She'd imagined so many versions of the meeting since leaving the doctor's office.

He stood without speaking, his hands resting lightly on her head. Almost, she thought, she could feel his thoughts. That was an illusion, no doubt, but it was a pleasant one. She felt loved, illogical as that might be. She stepped back a pace, and the illusion faded, but did not altogether go out. She looked up at him and found him looking intently down at her. He did not seem to realize that she had returned his gaze, but simply stood with his eyes fixed on her. She had either done something very wrong or very right. She wondered which and began to tremble as she realized that she could ask him, at any time she pleased. He turned her around and swiftly sat her down in the nearest chair.

"Thanks," she said, coming back into its contours. The trembling stopped and he was at peace. "The leaves are turning," she heard him say. "Would you like to take a picnic supper and walk in the trees?"

"Yes, my wife."

Market Notes

Back-issues of T-Negative 1-3 are available for 75¢ each or \$2.00 for three issues.

CORRECTION: Last issue, Eridani Triad, from Gail Barton and Doris Beetem, 31 Range View Drive, Lakewood CO 80215, was listed as costing \$1/copy. It is \$1.75/copy.

Bruce Nardoci, 430 Glenwood Drive, Asheboro NC 27203, has an assortment of STish pictures, etc., to sell. The etc. includes a new STzine, The Captain's Log, which is also available from the editor, Craig Fincannon, 820 Kildare Road, Asheboro NC 27203. Features articles and stories; first issue was 12 pages. 55¢/copy.

Susan Wolfe and Cecily Horton, Box 85, Snook TX 77878, edit a new STzine, Pentathlon, featuring articles, poems, and fanzine reviews. 50¢/copy.

Sylvia Stanczyk, 1902 F #3, Buffalo Road, Erie PA 16510, is going to bring out a new STzine soon, Tholian Web. 75¢/copy.

Will Line Reviews

Variety, Sept. 20, 1967. "TV Reviews," p. 40, by Will.

"This NBC sophomore delivers as much character interest as it does sci-fi gimmickry, and the savvy balance should see it through another semester.

"Star Trek's" season preem last week focussed on Leonard Nimoy, the series' long-eared Dr. Spock (not to be confused with the pediatrician-peacenik). In a complicated plot that at the finale had him in supposedly mortal combat with space commander William Shatner. The winnah was to get this cute chick on Vulcan, Spock's home planet. Well, anyway, the Theodore Sturgeon script was a video-land tear jerk in the best suds fashion (which may be moot praise), and thesp Nimoy writhed his way through it with some pretty convincing moments of mental anguish, etc.

Show's other prime leads, Shatner and DeForest Kelley, delivered per the series standard, and there was a good guest stint from Celia Lovsky as a kind of Vulcan sachem with overtones of Maria Ouspenskaya. Production values, as per usual, were fine.

As before, the space age 'Wagon Train' analogy is apt, and 'Trek' should do okay again this term."

Ottawa Journal, March 28, 1968, "Television," by Sandy Gardiner.

Several seasons ago a show called 'Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea' initiated a new television trend.... Across the dial, another network was planning to launch a new space vehicle called 'Star Trek'.... The 'Star Trek' idea was more adult and immediately built a following of viewers.... But just in case things didn't work out, the network looked around for another science-fiction plot.

It found it in 'Assignment: Earth,' the story of a human cosmonaut returning to earth with an alien friend and trying to change the course of history.

Of course the network didn't want to incur the additional



expense of the pilot so the word went out to the 'Star Trek' team -- incorporate the story for a special segment.

"Last night it cropped up as one of the episodes in the current series, with Robert Lansing as the man on a mission.

"The result was one of the weakest of this season's episodes.

"Star Trek's' success has been mainly due to public acceptance of future theories. Making the impossible sound probable has been the task of the writers and they have carried it out with a fair measure of logic.

"That is, until last night. The return into time of an intelligent human is an old science-fiction plot. But when his alien companion looks no more than a common, old tabby cat, things have gotten a bit out of hand.

"Humans in different forms were easily grasped by the imagination. But to use a cat to illustrate an alien was the biggest comedown of the series.

"In the first place, it's been done so often in B grade horror films. And in the second, the show relies on a mental association with whatever creature is involved.

"A plain black cat isn't the kind of thing that would be palatable to viewers in the situation.

"Assignment: Earth is obviously being thought of as the natural successor to 'Star Trek.' But if the pilot was a clue to a future series, then it should be quickly forgotten.

"Credibility is the credo of all science-fiction programs -- and this was its major fault."

Addenda:

Shatner:

"Swing Out, Sweet Land" (John Wayne's America) -- John Adams broadcast Nov. 29, 1970.

"FBI" -- "Antennae of Death" -- Arthur Majors, dope peddler broadcast Nov. 29, 1970.

"Name of the Game" -- "The Glory Shouter" -- evangelist Ronald Payden -- broadcast Dec. 18, 1970. (also in cast: William Smithers "Merlous" as Dave Martin, Arthur Batanides "D'Amato" as detective; Joe Pevney directed.)

"Remote Asylum" -- Tom -- opened Los Angeles, Dec. 2, 1970. Variety, Dec. 9, 1970, "Shows Out of Town," p. 56, by Edwa.

"The actors do what they can with the impossible material. Anne Francis plays the former picture actress, William Shatner portrays her inadequate lover..."

Los Angeles Times, Dec. 3, 1970, "Stage Review," by Dan Sullivan, Part IV, pp. 1, 28.

(p. 28): [The play] wobbles -- never more so than during Miss Francis' and Shatner's last act argument, which becomes an almost comical whose-turn-next disquisition. In themselves, the players are fine.... Miss Francis and Shatner have wooden moments, but he, particularly, is quite sympathetic as a jock way over his head.

New York Times, Dec. 13, 1970, "'Asylum' Doesn't Beat the Band'," by Dick Adler, pp. 1D, 5D.

(p. 1): "an event which did nothing to enrich the reputation of anyone concerned.... All five of the principals are incredibly needy people:...the tennis player needs his runaway wife (and, judging from appearances, about a week in the steam room before his next match).... (p. 5) William Shatner is lost and out of place, both physically and spiritually, as the tennis player. The part appears to have been written for a Farley Granger -- probably another example of misplaced cinematic influence."
(illustrated with a photo including WS.)

DeForest Kelley:

"Silent Force" -- Curston, a mob layer -- broadcast Oct. 19, 1970.
(also in cast: Paul Carr "Lt. Keiso" as Dr. Morris, Percy Rodriguez "Commodore Stone" as Jason, one of the leads.)

"Bold Ones" -- "The Doctors" -- "Giants Never Kneel" -- Parrish, as side -- broadcast Oct. 25, 1970. (also in cast: Roger Perry "Col. Christopher" as Carmichael.)

Walter Koenig:

"Ten from Shilo" -- "Crooked Corner" -- Paul Erlich, a German immigrant -- broadcast Oct. 28, 1970.

June, 1969

Cover: "Peak of Vulcan: Tim Courtney
"Spectre of the Gun" set-to): Ruth Berman
"Alpha: Dorothy Jones & Astrid Anderson
"The Good of the Service: Ruth Berman & Nan Braude
Illustration: Alicia Austin

#2, August, 1969

cover: T'Poling: Tim Courtney
Set-to (Shatner/"Children Shall
Lead"): Ruth Berman

Note: John Winston ("Lt. Kyle")

Tomlinson: Dorothy Jones &
Astrid Anderson

Blight: E.A. Arnason & Ruth
Berman

Old-time Reviews (Shatner,
"Incubus")

illustrations: Al Kahnfeld

#3, October, 1969

covers: mirror Uhura: Greg Jain
& Vina as Orion

Greg Jain

Set-to (Kelley/"Day of
Dove"): Ruth Berman

Death Be Not Proud
Berman

Old-time Reviews (Shatner, S.T.C.,
other movies/Nimoy)



"Ma'am, isn't this highly illogical?"

#4, December, 1969

covers: Revenge #1 Captain
Rigg: Greg Jain/Spock:

Tim Courtney

Set-to (sound/music/Doochan): Ruth Berman

The Stainless Steel Rose: Dorothy Jones & Astrid Anderson

Lullaby (verse): Tim Courtney & Ruth Berman

Old-time Reviews (Nimoy addenda/Shatner tv/Kelley/Shatner movie
addenda)

illustrations: Jim Young, Juanita Coulson

#5, February, 1970

covers: Revenge #2 Cloaking Engineer Bain: Greg Jain/Christine
Chapel: Tim Courtney

Set-to (Take 1/"Savage Curtain"/party): Ruth Berman

Within the Barrier: Ruth Berman

Old-time Reviews (Shatner theater, tv addenda/Doochan/Take 1/list
of ST episodes)

illustration: Kathy Bushman

#6, April, 1970

covers: mirror Spock & woman: Mary Ann Cappa/Revenge #3 Interro-
gation Officer Ruitt: Greg Jain

of Vaycon (convention report): Ruth Berman

Tomorrow is Yesterday: Dorothy Jones & Astrid Anderson

Encounter: Connie Reich Faddis
Old-time Reviews (addenda: Shatner, Kelley, Takei/Nichols/Koenig/
Barrett/recordings: Shatner, Nichols)
illustrations: Anthony Tollin, Ron Miller, Connie Reich Faddis

#7, June, 1970

Covers: eclipse: Connie Reich Faddis/"Where No Man Has Gone Before"
Offset (Koenig): Ruth Berman
The Vigil: Dorothy Jones & Astrid Anderson
Post-Menagerie: Ruth Berman
T-Waves: Dickensheet, Tamborello, Barton, Neech, Lichtenberg
Old-time Reviews (Mark Lenard/D.C. Fontana/addenda: Shatner,
Kelley, Doohan, Nichols)
Hinos: Nan Braude
illustrations: Anthony Tollin, Beth Moore, Barbara Marczak,
Bernard Zuber, Chris Lofthus

#8, August, 1970

Covers: The Guitar Lesson: Clarica Scott/Chekov: Evelyn Turner
Endset ("Turnabout Intruder"): Ruth Berman
Speck's Affirmation: Jacqueline Lichtenberg
A Letter: Dorothy Jones & Astrid Anderson
Old-time Reviews (ST first season/addenda: Nichols, Koenig, Takei)
Star Trek Crosses (puzzle): Clarica Scott
Hinos: Nan Braude
Illustrations: Anthony Tollin, Connie Reich Faddis, Ron Miller,
Greg Jein, Bernard Zuber, Barbara Marczak, Gail Barton

Star Trek Crosses - Answers

SC IF COS SC DA
PRUNE OUT ORLOP
USSCONSTITUTION
MOS DAY FOR GNE
ENERGY FLY SHEA
NAY MAEWEST
MATE PAC ANECHO
OME CULTURE RAS
AIRCAB OSS SULU
PHASERS PEI
MIRI INS CLASSM
ENI AGE SAE EAC
ASSIGNMENTEARTH
SEETO YOU TISIA
ET OG SNB SR NM

