

T-Negative 12

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CONTENTS:

Cover: by Connie Reich Faddis	
A Dealer in Kevs -- Ruth Berman.....	4
Spock's Argument (Part 1 of two) -- Jacqueline Lichtenberg.....	8
Prologues -- Pat Kienly.....	35
Review Dept.....	39
T-Waves: Letters.....	42
Old Time Reviews: The Lieutenant.....	46
backover: Alan Andres	

Illos: Rosalind Oberdieck, pp. 4, 6, 14, 18, 25, 41; Connie Reich Faddis, p. 10; D.C. Roberts, p. 23; Rae Ladore, p. 31; Anthony Tollin, pp. 35, 38, 48; David Lomazoff, p. 37; Greg Jein, p. 44; Karen Flanery, opposite p. 45.

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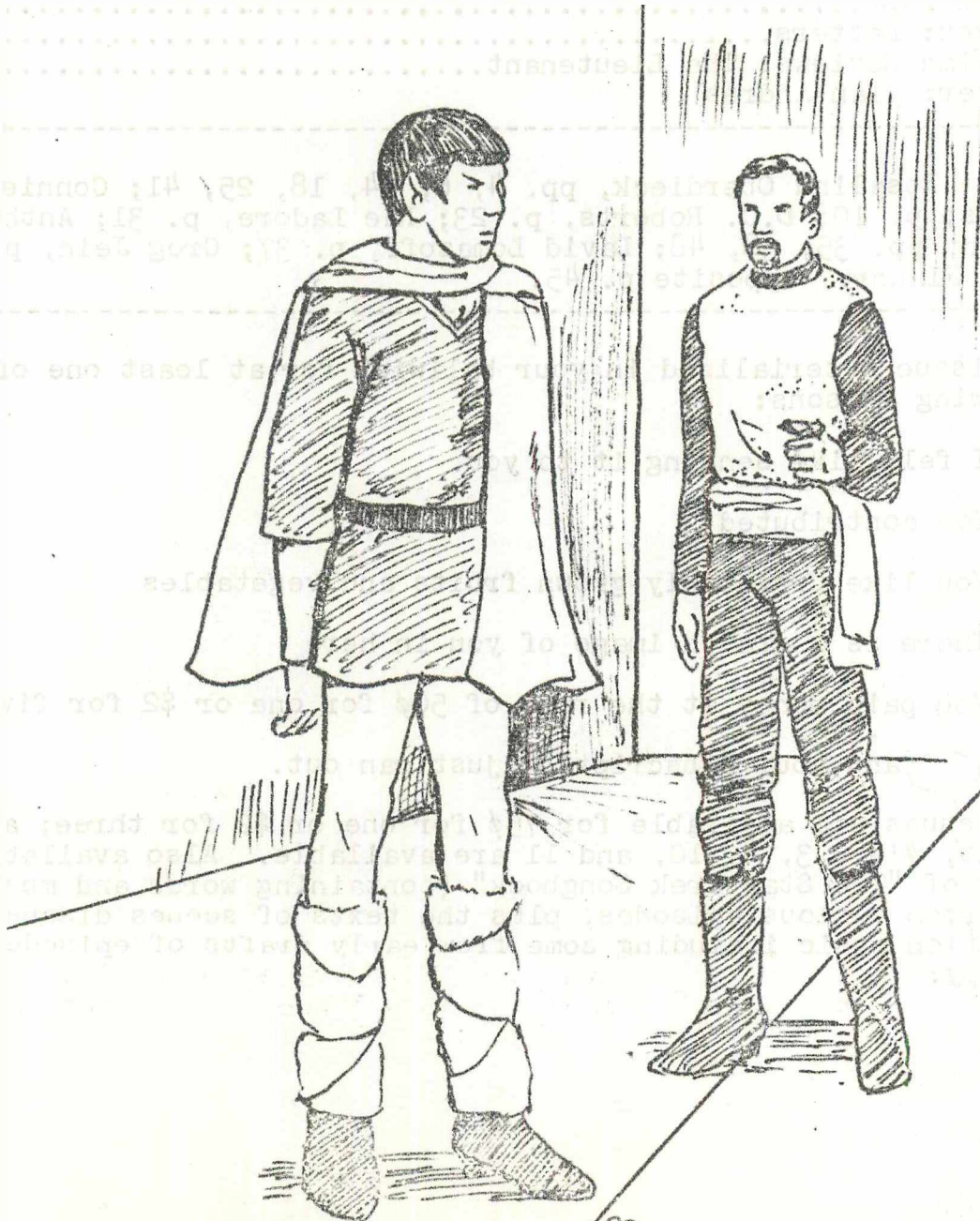
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A DEALER IN KEVAS

by Ruth Berman

In Gene L. Coon's "Errand of Mercy," Spock was disguised as a Vulcan dealer in "kevas and trillium," a fascinating phrase, combining as it does a non-English (presumably Vulcan)



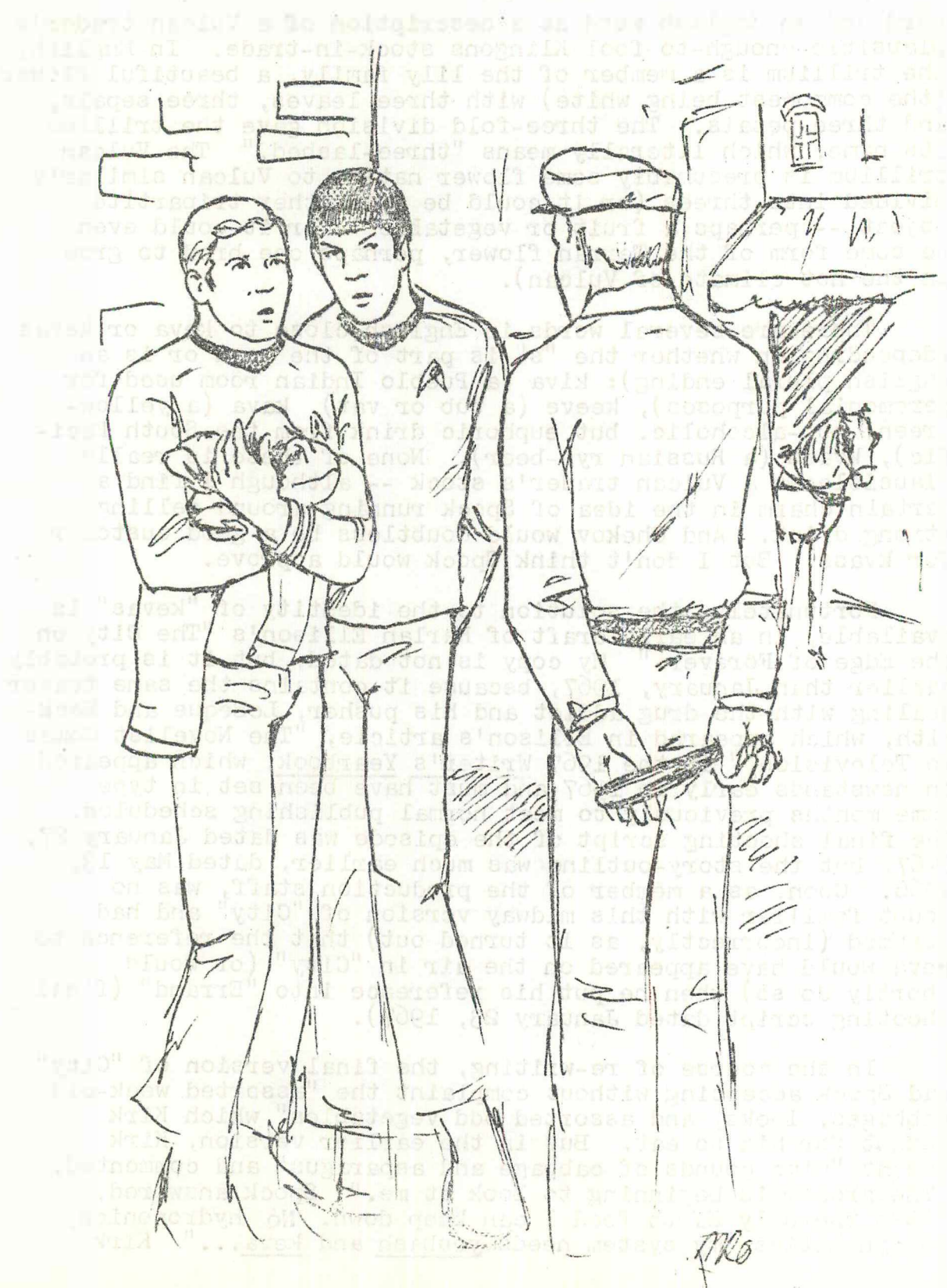
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word and an English word as a description of a Vulcan trader's plausible-enough-to-fool-Klingons stock-in-trade. In English, the trillium is a member of the lily family, a beautiful flower (the commonest being white) with three leaves, three sepals, and three petals. The three-fold division gave the trillium its name, which literally means "three-lashed." The Vulcan trillium is presumably some flower native to Vulcan similarly divided into threes (or it could be some other tripartite object -- perhaps a fruit or vegetable -- or it could even be some form of the Terran flower, perhaps one bred to grow in the hot climate of Vulcan).

There are several words in English close to keva or kevas (depending on whether the "s" is part of the word or is an English plural ending): kiva (a Pueblo Indian room used for ceremonial purposes), keeve (a tub or vat), kava (a yellow-green, non-alcoholic, but euphoric drink from the South Pacific), kvass (a Russian rye-beer). None of these is really plausible as a Vulcan trader's stock -- although I find a certain charm in the idea of Spock running around selling strong drink. And Chekov would doubtless be a good customer for kvass. But I don't think Spock would approve.

Fortunately, the solution to the identity of "kevas" is available, in an early draft of Harlan Ellison's "The City on the Edge of Forever." My copy is not dated, but it is probably earlier than January, 1967, because it contains the same teaser dealing with the drug addict and his pusher, LeBeque and Beckwith, which appeared in Ellison's article, "The Novelist Comes to Television," in the 1967 Writer's Yearbook, which appeared on newstands early in 1967 and must have been set in type some months previously to meet normal publishing schedules. The final shooting script of the episode was dated January 27, 1967, but the story-outline was much earlier, dated May 13, 1966. Coon, as a member of the production staff, was no doubt familiar with this midway version of "City" and had assumed (incorrectly, as it turned out) that the reference to keva would have appeared on the air in "City" (or would shortly do so) when he put his reference into "Errand" (final shooting script dated January 23, 1967).

In the course of re-writing, the final version of "City" had Spock accepting without complaint the "assorted week-old cabbages, leeks, and assorted odd vegetables" which Kirk bought for him to eat. But in the earlier version, Kirk bought "nine pounds of cabbage and asparagus" and commented, "The grocer is beginning to look at me." Spock answered, "It's the only Earth food I can keep down. No hydroponics, no synthetics, my system needs youbash and keva..." Kirk



retorted, "I can imagine how inconspicuous you'd be with purple keva juice running down your Chinese face." (The references to Spock as resembling a Chinese man probably originated before Spock's makeup had been firmly established. The makeup was changed between "Where No Man Has Gone Before" and the first of the shows following its acceptance, "Corbomite Maneuver," and the story-outline to "City" is earlier than the final shooting version of "Corbomite." Spock looked notably improbable as an Oriental by the time "City" was actually finished and filmed, but references to Spock's Oriental appearance -- "My friend, as you see, is Chinese" -- remained in the show.)

Keva, therefore, is a kind of nourishing food, probably some kind of fruit (or possibly a vegetable or berry), since it can be referred to as juicy.

It is curious that Coon referred to "kevas" (plural, to judge by the occurrence of "keva" in the early draft of "City") and "trillium" (singular). Possibly the difference is simply one of those oddities that crop up when translations of terms from one language to another are being used. Or possibly the use of the singular for "trillium" means that the average Vulcan trader did not sell individual trillium flowers, as he sold individual kevas, but rather sold some kind of general extract -- trillium seeds, or a medicinal drug extracted from the flower, etc. On the whole, I think the first explanation the more likely -- the usage of plural and singular in English is quite complex enough to justify it.

Ellison was probably going too far in limiting Spock's digestive abilities to cabbage and asparagus among Earth foods. It's true that, as established various episodes, Spock has a notably queasy stomach (cf. his reaction to McCoy's medicine in "The Apple"), but a restriction to two and only two Earth vegetables sounds unlikely; the implication of the re-write, which suggests that he can eat pretty much any Terran vegetable, is more likely. And he was able, although reluctant, to eat Sarpeidonian meat in "All Our Yesterdays" and Gamma Trianguli VI fruits in "The Apple." Some differences in dietary requirements must certainly exist; very likely the Enterprise has to supply a Vulcan salt in addition to regular Terran sodium chloride to keep Spock in good health (cf. his immunity to the salt-sucking monster in "Man Trap").

And I wonder what youbash is....

June 1970

SPOCK'S ARGUMENT

by Jacqueline Lichtenberg

Chief Surgeon Leonard McCoy looked up from his desk as his office door swished open to frame the neatly poised young lady. She marched in with a springy grace that told McCoy of leg muscles still accustomed to a stronger gravity.

"Lt. Tanya Minos reporting for physical, Doctor."

McCoy beamed genially. "Welcome aboard, Tanya. It's been a long time."

"One year, two months, and thirteen days, sir."

"You don't have to 'sir' me. We're old friends."

"I wouldn't put it that way...Doctor."

"You're as bad as Spock!"

"Thank you."

McCoy studied the girl. Her skin had a smooth, healthy glow, unharmed by the fierce Vulcan weather. The glossy, black hair was short, framing her classical Greek features with unflattering severity. The scarlet uniform suited her air of burning vitality under tight control. If she'd been raised by humans, she'd have been a vivacious extrovert. He'd have to watch her psych profile very closely. He filed the observation for future reference and rose. "Step right this way. I've got everything ready for you."

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting, but the Yorktown had to answer a distress call on the way, and I had no recourse but -- "

"Never mind. I had nothing else to do but wait. You won't believe this, but since we moved into the new Enterprise... well, nothing ever happens anymore."

McCoy took a clipboard and activated his wall computer input. "Just lie down right here, Lieutenant, and we'll have this over inside half an hour." He went on taking readings and making notations on his checklist. "We've had her for six months now, and all we've done is beat back and forth on patrol. Except for drills, we haven't even fired the main phasers. Not that I'm complaining, mind you...."

He became lost in his work and, a few minutes later, he tilted the bed down so she could step off. It squeaked. He said, "You see what I mean? Pinches like a new shoe. The beds squeak, there're no acid burns on the work benches...and if I didn't know better, I'd say there was still the smell of shipyard in the air...as if you could still find little piles of shavings in the corners." As he talked he led her through the routine, recording responses and measurements until, finally, he took an instrument like an airhypo, and began to insert the subcutaneous contraceptive pellet. "Left arm, please...."

"No, Doctor. General Regulations, Section D, paragraph 14, subsection Q." McCoy didn't hear the door open behind him.

Blankly, the doctor asked, "Which one is that?"

"The section pertaining to non-human females."

"But you're human!"

"Physically, yes. But I hold Vulcan citizenship."

"That doesn't make you a Vulcan female. And as an unmarried crewmember, you're required --"

"No, I am not required, Doctor. This is an area of extreme sensitivity in all cultures, and Starfleet recognizes that range of variation. The culture to which I belong finds such measures unacceptable."

Spock stepped forward, allowing the door to close behind him. "She is within her rights, Doctor."

McCoy turned, openmouthed. Then he looked from one to the other. Two spacelawyers were two too many for him, so he conceded with bad grace and laid the applicator aside. "It will go into my log, and the captain will undoubtedly see it and have my head."

"I don't think so, Doctor." Spock handed Tanya a tape cartridge. "The regulation is quite explicit in citing citizens of Vulcan among the exemptions."

Tanya turned the cartridge over. "What's this?"

"Mail," answered Spock. "The Stovam Report."

"Oh. Finally. I thought I'd never get a copy."

"I monitored it as it came in. It appears to be a powerful indictment."

"I'll have to read it very carefully."

"Yes," said Spock, "We're already more than seven weeks behind."

She turned to McCoy. "If you're through with me, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes. You can go."

The two left together, and, as McCoy glumly requested a readout of Subsection Q from the computer, he vowed he'd choke before he'd ask what-the-hell the Stovam Report was.

As they paced along the bright corridor, tall Vulcan and short human, Spock said in Low Vulcan, "Perhaps by now you have reconsidered your position?"

"With respect to?" She answered in the same idiom.

"Me."

"I have reconsidered and come to the same conclusion."

"And I still disagree. We must find time to argue the matter in greater depth."

She half turned to search the set of his face and gauge his carriage and general demeanor. Even his voice-pitch and accent underwent critical analysis before she said positively, "There's certainly no hurry, and I should think the Stovam Report would have the highest priority."

"It does. I cannot allow T'Uriamne to remain unopposed now that Stovam has returned this indictment."

T'Aniyeh stifled a gasp.

As they reached the turbolift, Spock said in his deepest, gravest tone, "There will be a battle such as Vulcan hasn't seen for two thousand years. Your presence is a potential



distraction. Therefore, precise definition of our relationship attains an equal priority with the Stovam Report. Think about it, T'Aniyeh. We will discuss it again."

The doors opened, and she took the lift as Spock continued along the corridor. In the privacy of the elevator, she buried her face in her hands for a few seconds, then shook herself, took a deep breath, and said, "Bridge."

By the time the main computer had shunted the car this way and that and then up and opened the doors on the bridge, she had regained her surface composure. She marched to the command chair smartly and presented herself to the captain.

Kirk turned a warm smile to her. "Welcome aboard, Lieutenant. I-A's loss is our gain."

"Oh, they didn't let me go, sir. They just thought a few years starship experience would make me a better officer. And after Thilien requested leave, there was nothing special I could do."

Kirk nodded. "Well, Tanya, I think you'll find we have an unusually well staffed Linguistic Section." The lift doors screeched open, and Kirk winced. "Linguistics is part of the science officer's department, so you'll be working under Mr. Spock." Turning to see who had entered, Kirk called, "Spock," waited for the Vulcan to approach, and continued, "Would you show Miss Minos around Linguistics, introduce her to Lt. Deeman, and see that she gets settled."

Chekov had just been relieved and was poised near the group eyeing the girl who bore the Russian name. She was shorter than he and, to the Russian's eyes, held something of the dark mystery of the gypsy. He said, "If you're busy, sir, I'd be glad to show the Lieutenant around."

Spock turned. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Chekov. I'll see to the details."

"Yes, sir," Chekov said, contriving to observe Tanya's trim figure from various angles as the three of them went to the lift.

Spock took his place by the wall control and set them on course for Linguistics via Chekov's quarters while Chekov managed to turn Tanya away from Spock. As the doors closed, the Vulcan heard Kirk's voice. "Maintenance."

Chekov said, "Have you ever served on a Starship before?"

T'Aniyeh answered distractedly, "No."

"I'm sure you're going to like the Enterprise. I'll introduce you around. There is to be a little get-together in Rec. Room four tonight. I could -- "

"No, thank you, Mr. Chekov. I have other things to do."

"I understand. First day and everything. Perhaps another time. There's always something going on."

"No, Mr. Chekov. I'm always busy."

As Chekov considered this, the doors whined open, and he exited, still considering.

When they were alone, Spock said, "The diversions available aboard the Enterprise are limited, but you might benefit by exploring them. Mr. Chekov knows them all quite well. I suggest you accept his offer the next time he asks."

"He'll ask again?"

Spock assented with one eyebrow.

"Strange people, aren't they?"

"Indeed."

The days passed swiftly for T'Aniyeh as she learned the computerized maze of the Enterprise's Linguistic Laboratory, did her daily stint in a gym cubby adjusted to Vulcan conditions, and buried herself in the Stovam Report. She adopted the habit of taking the report and her lunch to the gym, where she worked through a vigorous exercise routine. Afterwards she would sit cross-legged on the floor and eat, while staring at the viewer.

Then, one day as she finished reading the last part of the report over her lunch, the gymn's intercom whistled and paged her to the captain's quarters. Puzzled, she acknowledged, left her things in a corner, and went directly there.

As she arrived, the door opened, revealing McCoy. "Oh, finally, Tanya, come in."

"Yes, Tanya," said Kirk, "come in." He snapped off his viewer and rose from the desk. "Now, tell me, what's this about regulations you were quoting at Dr. McCoy?"

She blinked, bewildered. Then she remembered. "Section D, paragraph 14, subsection Q. It is applicable, sir."

"I'm sure it is...to the letter...but I'm wondering if you really want to invoke it."

"I am quite certain, sir."

"You realize that if...anything happens...it will effectively end your career on Starships? and for the active branch of the I-A?"

"I am a responsible adult citizen of Vulcan." She answered with the starchy crackle of a plebe answering an upperclassman.

"I realize that. However, you've been seen around the ship with Mr. Chekov." Kirk searched for delicate words. "And I'm wondering if you've had a sufficiently broad grounding in... well, human behavior patterns...."

Impersonal coolness chilled her voice. "I find the habits of the human male...alien."

McCoy doubted that was a healthy attitude and was about to say so when the door chimed, and Kirk said, "Come."

Spock entered, looked about. "I'm sorry, Captain, I didn't realize you had -- "

"Quite all right, Mr. Spock. Perhaps you can help."

McCoy opened his mouth, but T'Aniyeh interposed, "The issue is closed, sir, unless you'd care to take it up with the admiralty."

"I don't think that will be necessary," said Kirk. "It's your career. I'll let Spock try to talk some sense into you."

"About what?" asked Spock.

McCoy said, "This Subsection Q business. Jim, Spock's on her side."

"Oh. Well, as I said, Lieutenant, it's your career and your decision. But I strongly recommend that you reconsider. After all, it's an absolutely harmless and temporary measure." To Spock he said, "What can I do for you?"

Spock approached the desk holding out a clipboard for Kirk's signature. "I need your authorization to tie up this much of our communication potential for private purposes."



Kirk read the form, then looked up at the First Officer. "What do you want to do, send facsimile?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whatever for?"

"I've listed the purpose as outgoing mail." He indicated the clipboard.

"But why fax?"

"Our computers are not programmed to encode High Vulcan Graphics in such a manner that the Vulcan Space Central Complex could decode it reliably enough for my purposes. It would take me three weeks to set up the necessary programs, and that would require scrapping several existing programs. In addition, there is a certain urgency attached to the material I wish to send. Such a delay would be unacceptable."

Kirk examined the lighted clipboard carefully, then looked up again. "This is a very unusual request, Mr. Spock. I'll have to log a more precise reason than 'personal mail.' What is it that's so urgent?"

"I'm engaged in an important argument, Captain, and since we are weeks from Vulcan and headed away, I'm already far behind."

"What kind of an argument?" Kirk was intrigued. Spock rarely sent or received personal mail.

McCoy observed that T'Aniyeh was watching Spock carefully.

Spock said, "I find that I must take exception to some sections of the Stovam Report."

"Stovam Report?"

"Certainly you've heard of it, sir?" said T'Aniyeh.

"No. I don't recall...."

T'Aniyeh said, "The Vulcan Commission that investigated the theft of the Kraith, Captain."

Kirk said, "They've published a report?"

"Yes, sir," said Spock. "Nine weeks ago. We received our copies seven weeks later. I've not yet received any publications discussing Stovam's findings, but I'm certain there are many extant. I wish to put my views on record before the question is called."

McCoy said, "And what did Stovam find?"

Spock turned to eye the doctor and then back to Kirk, who was radiating curiosity. He summoned patience and yielded to the inevitable. "Stovam concludes that the Federation was guilty of criminal negligence in failing to give the Kraith protection in accord with its value. He asserts that the cause of this negligence is inherent in the structure of the Federation and cites humanity as the specific source of the difficulty. He claims that subsequent to the event no changes were made that would in any way guard against a future occurrence of a similar nature."

Stunned, Kirk said, "Why that's not true! Security has been tightened all over. Our own mission put a stop to leaks within our Starbases. Personnel are now screened even more thoroughly, and a General Order was issued regarding -- "

"Yes, sir," Spock interrupted, "But all that is irrelevant. That particular type of negligence has been corrected, security increased, and warning issued regarding non-human artifacts. But the psychology of humans hasn't been changed. The attitude which generated the negligence is untouched, and most humans aren't even aware that it exists. It's all around us, all the time, Captain. For example -- " He again turned to eye McCoy. " -- the doctor's attitude toward T'Aniyeh's choice to invoke subsection Q." He turned back to Kirk. "And your own attitude toward her decision. Both reflect an inability to respect the values of others and a tendency to judge others by your own personal standards. It was this trait which led the Security team in charge of the Kraith to treat it merely as a priceless antique."

"Then," said Kirk, "you agree with Stovam?"

"I agree with his observations, but I disagree with his conclusions. I am well enough informed to guess who will agree with him and to construct their argument-lines. Therefore, I've prepared a refutation of the arguments which are, no doubt, currently circulating in favor of Stovam's conclusion."

"Which is...?" prompted Kirk.

McCoy saw the huge, Vulcan lungs fill with air and put in, "Briefly...?"

Spock deflated, considered, then spoke gravely. "His position cannot be stated in a few English words, but it leads inescapably to the conclusion that Vulcan must withdraw from the Federation."

Kirk and McCoy were silent, washed in shock. Finally, Kirk shook his head in bewilderment. "But that's illogical!"

"On the contrary, Captain. Stovam's logic is irreproachable."

"What!" exclaimed McCoy. "I thought you just said you disagree!"

"I do. But I do not impugn his logic. An argument is a complex composition, Doctor. Logic is only one among many elements." He appealed to Kirk. "How could I explain in simple English a counterargument which even our main computers are unable to digest for a High Vulcan presentation? Captain, will you authorize this traffic, or must I seek other means of communicating with the Vulcan electorate?"

"There will be a vote on this?"

"Of course. As soon as all arguments have been heard and there has been time to call a General Question. If I am forced to seek other means of communicating...I may be too late."

Kirk scribbled his initials and handed the clipboard back to the First Officer. "I'll authorize as much time as you need, but perhaps you should take leave...."

"Not yet, Captain. This could go on for many months."

"Let me know if there's anything I can do."

"I will, sir."

When Spock and T'Aniyeh had left, McCoy said to Kirk, "Do you think they'd really do it?"

"Withdraw from the Federation? You know Vulcans. If it's logical, they'll do it. But they have a great sense of responsibility. They know full well how destructive such an act would be."

Spock took his authorization and his tape to the bridge where Uhura had just added a sixth tape to the pile racked beside

her. As the door swished quietly open, Uhura turned. "Oh, Mr. Spock. These are all for you. Looks like another stack of journals or some such."

Spock accepted the rack and placed the clipboard with the tape on her console. "This is to go out immediately. By facsimile."

She checked the authorization and dropped the cartridge into a slot, took one look, and turned with one hand removing her ear speaker. "Mr. Spock, this will take about six hours to transmit by such a high resolution fax. I could move it by squirt in four seconds."

"I am well aware of the operating parameters of your department, Lieutenant. You have your orders."

"Yes, sir." She turned back to her board and went to work. It would be a tedious job to monitor, but the captain's authorization was explicit enough.

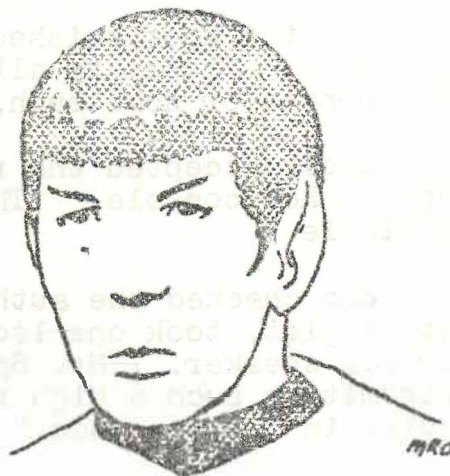
Spock set the rack of tapes aside and went about his routine duties. It was six hours later before he returned to his quarters to fold himself into his desk chair and examine the day's mail. When he did, he took one look at his viewer, then threw a sharp glance in the direction of the bridge, wondering if humanity was really all that valuable an influence after all. The "journals" were the long-awaited commentaries on the Stovam Report. Putting all else aside, he buried himself in the complex graphics.

The spoken form of High Vulcan had to rely on ordinary grammatical forms, but the written language was under no such linear constraint and could be tailored to the argument in hand. Hence, a page of High Vulcan Graphics might resemble a hybrid of a chemical phase diagram, a cubist's nightmare, a Hebrew paradigm, or an Oriental filigree expert's idea of a decorative hiding place for a code. It had been likened to a seven-dimensional creature's efforts to portray the world he saw on a two-dimensional page. If necessary, two-dimensional expression could be abandoned for a three-dimensional model. (High Vulcan Modular looked like abstract sculpture and could be quite beautiful in itself.) But even more powerful than sculpture was tokiel, which used four dimensions (three spacial, one temporal) and 22 color-parameters, as well as 15 pure tones. What would take 10 hours to read out of a two- or three-dimensional argument could be assimilated from a skillful tokiel artist in about an hour.

Communication through ship's mail, unfortunately, was limited to two dimensions. It was a little after ship's mid-

night when Spock snapped off his viewer to stare into space over his clasped hands, straining his powers of visualization. There had to be a way out.

T'Uriamne had drawn the conclusion he'd known she would. In his grandfather's name, he couldn't fail to oppose her. Yet he could see no way to succeed. The idic had been a cornerstone of Tsaichrani since the Guardian Council of the Kataytikhe had adopted Surak's Construct three thousand years ago. But there was no logical reason why it couldn't be amended or even scrapped entirely if the electorate was willing to accept the consequences. The day of the illiterate peasant had long passed, and even the Guardian Council would yield to the will of the electorate if it were expressed clearly enough.



But could he be absolutely sure of his own motives? Could he indeed be guilty of the same crime as Dr. McCoy? Was he truly qualified to mold Tsaichrani?

He brushed his self doubts aside. Even though Sarek still lived, he was Kataytikh in his father's place and by his grandfather's hand. More, he was Kataytikh of the First Realm and thus entitled to speak in Guardian Council, which implied the right to judge Tsaichrani and to mold it. But he must go armed with a perfect presentation.

He racked the tape cartridges and took them in search of T'Aniyeh.

It was late, and the corridors were dim and deserted. Spock had always liked this shift best. With most of the crew asleep, the ship took on an air of quiet that extended deep into the telepathic band giving a kind of privacy he cherished.

He made his way to T'Aniyeh's quarters and rang. The door opened, and he stepped in to find her drawing a wrap around herself. "Get dressed. We've work to do."

She discarded the wrap and quite unselfconsciously reached for her uniform. "At this hour? Remember I'm only human. I do need to sleep once in a while."

Spock paused. "Are you tired?"

She frowned. "Frankly, no. I was thinking seriously about some prookle I made last night."

She'd stripped to her skin and was applying underwear methodically. Spock, ignoring the scenery, went to her desk viewer and inserted one of the tapes, spun it to an overall view of T'Uriamne's proposal, and turned to find T'Aniyeh peering around his elbow clad only in panty and bra.

He said, "What do you think of that?"

She didn't answer. He waited a moment, watching her face, then reached for her dress, gathered it expertly, and passed it over her head with minimum obstruction of her vision. She let him help her squirm into the garment and fasten it.

He asked, "Two portions of prookle?"

"Hmmm." She looked up. "What I don't understand is why my copies of these haven't arrived."

"Unexplainable mail delays are one of the inconveniences of a Service career."

She slipped into her shoes while he retrieved his tape. Stopping at the mirror over her dresser, she ran a brush through her hair. "Humans practice an invasion of privacy they call 'gossip.' It's generally based on exaggerated misinterpretations of minor observations...such as tousled hair and midnight companionship...."

Standing behind her, he took her shoulders and observed her in the mirror, allowing the strength of his touch to say, "It will soon be common knowledge."

She met his eyes analytically in the mirror. Still no sign of urgency. She said, "Not tonight, Spock. Three or four days, all right? We'll argue to a conclusion then."

Blinking assent, he said, "Date."

They walked the darkened corridors breathing deeply of the thought-free air and feeling light and companionable. She led the way through a door into a rectangular room just large enough for a table and six chairs. Spock started feeding his tapes to the large wall viewscreen as T'Aniyeh continued to another door that led to a tiny galley. She took her lock-box from the walk-in refrigerator and shoved the neatly wrapped

prookle squares into the warmer. Then she dialed a steaming red fruitjuice and brought utensils and plates out to the table.

Sipping the juice, she arranged their repast. The aroma of the juice roused Spock from the viewscreen, and he reached over. "May I?"

"Yes. Skip dinner?"

"Yes."

"Like something more?"

"No. May I keep this?"

"I'll get another." She went to dial herself another of the red potions, so thick they resembled applesauce more than juice, and brought the sizzling squares of confection. Prookle was eaten for its high protein content, but wild variations using imported spices were the "in" thing with Vulcan youth who frequented the all-night gathering houses. By Vulcan standards, Spock was still a youth. He fell-to with more enthusiasm than pleased him as T'Aniyeh studied the tapes he'd fed into the viewer. When he'd finished, he sat watching her face as she struggled with the ideas.

Finally, she looked at him. He said, "Excellent prookle."

"Thank you."

"You should have invited me sooner."

"Didn't think of it."

"Remember me next time."

"I will." She nodded at the viewer. "I've only the vaguest idea of what she's driving at, but it's obvious you'll need a total model. If you like, I'll help you build it. Do you have a large acasomy?"

"Yes, but it's not large enough."

"I have a thousand-piece. Together we might be able to cobble something together...at least to get an idea."

"Good. Three thousand pieces should be sufficient." He stacked his dishes and rose, heading for the disposal. "Meet me in Rec Room Eight in ten minutes -- " He paused on the way to the corridor. " -- unless you're too tired?"

"I'm good for a few hours. I don't go on duty until the afternoon, so I can sleep later. This is really the best time to work. It's so quiet."

He left, and she went to find her acasomy, the three-dimensional model kit more inseparable from a Vulcan than a pocket-computer from an engineer.

They worked on their model well into the early morning hours, leaving the Rec Room looking like a primitive printer's workshop. When T'Aniyeh went to sleep, Spock went in search of the captain with a request for exclusive use of Rec. Room Eight.

The next few days passed as Tanya and Spock concentrated on their problem using every tool at their command. With Spock sorting pieces and T'Aniyeh constructing, the three-dimensional model of Tsaichrani as-it-is-now was easily completed by T'Aniyeh from memory (a point which pleased Spock more than he would admit), and she then devoted her time to studying her copies of the commentaries, which finally arrived.

It was slow reading for her, but she persevered until, three days later, she was ready to tackle what Spock had done to the model. He'd incorporated the changes advocated by T'Uriamne and was searching out all the possible repercussions.

Essentially, what she suggested was amending the idic concept to exclude combinations which ran more than a 65% chance of destroying one of the combined elements rather than merely altering it.

In view of the Stovam Report, this would require that all ties with humans be severed. The significance of such an action was not merely economic. It would also affect the large and growing community of resident aliens on Vulcan, as well as people like T'Aniyeh and Spock who belonged to both sides.

But the most severe effect would be on the value system underlying the whole structure of Tsaichrani. The interrelationships of Vulcan ethics, morals, and values with the existing social order were so intricate and contained so much inertia that the shock waves would last for generations. It was in this area that Spock groped for a weapon to use against T'Uriamne.

Strive as he might, he couldn't isolate any single effect that was absolutely undesirable. He spent hours tinkering with their model and more hours staring into space over his steeped fingers examining his visualization of the model. Then he'd close his eyes and visualize every movement of T'Rruel's Motek,

and try to recapture that flash of insight he'd had as she concluded her performance...that last time she'd ever danced it.

But to no avail. She had been a true genius of the type that turned up once in three generations. It was in such moments of impass that he found himself nursing an emotional regret that T'Rruel had had to die. He was certain that, if she'd lived to complete her rendition of the Motek, he'd have had his answer. He was not in T'Rruel's class and could not supply the missing threads of her reasoning, yet he knew that, had she lived, there would have been no General Question called on the Stovam Report.

Each time he reached this point, he'd shake himself out of it and go to stare at the model while striving again to grasp the problem as a whole. His ancestors had constricted Tsaichrani, and he'd been trained to understand its operation. He'd worked more complex problems than this hundreds of times.

Then one night, as he lay resting, he switched his attention from the problem to himself. There was no reason for him to be unable to hold the entire structure in his mind and visualize every possible effect of any change, especially with the physical model as a fifth level abstract and all the computer time he could use.

Unless....

Shocked, he sat bolt upright on his bed, considering. Then he lay back and ran a thorough metabolic check. No. He was sound, healthy, and stable. He composed himself and internalized his attention in what Dr. McCoy would have called a self-induced trance for lack of the proper term. He tested every one of his mental "circuits" as carefully as he would a troublesome computer's programs.

The only aberrations he found were the built-in ones of his dual heritage...save one. Quantitatively, it could hardly be considered disabling. But the effect was out of all proportion to the cause. Nature is an implacable mistress...especially if you're a Vulcan male.

Rechecking, to make sure there were no other disturbances originating within himself, he externalized his attention only to find his desk intercom whistling stridently. He rose and answered.

"Mr. Spock!" the captain's voice crackled. "I was about to send a security team looking for you. Where have you been? Didn't you hear the Red Alert?"

"I was asleep, Captain. Trouble?"

"We were only engaged in a battle with a well-armed pirate vessel, that's all. Nothing important." Kirk's thinly veiled sarcasm was lost on the Vulcan. "Now we're about to pick up ten very young children, Mr. Spock, Vulcan children. Adrift in a damaged ship with no adults for god-only-knows how long. Our readings show they're in fair health, but malnourished. Meet me in the transporter room in three minutes. Kirk out."



Spock dove through the door almost before it could fly out of his path, but he turned left, away from the transporter room. When he reached the intersection, he turned left again, but had gone only a few steps when he spotted T'Aniyeh coming toward him.

"Come with me," he said as he about-faced, and made it back to the corner in four long strides. He turned right, sidestepped an astounded yeoman, and cut back into his own room without looking to see if T'Aniyeh were following. As the door closed behind her, he locked it, then disconnected his intercom. "Do you know about the children?" he asked.

"Children? Are the survivors children?"

"Vulcan children. No adults with them."

She gasped and closed her eyes to master the shock. Then her features relaxed into a Vulcan mask that said without words, So that's the way it is to be.

He waited.

She looked up into his eyes calmly. "Whenever you're ready."

He raised his hand in the Vulcan salute. She joined hers to his. The lines of his face melted into a tenderness she'd never seen there and, suddenly, she found it easy to open her mind to him. It felt as if her hand melted into his and then he was there, within her mind, waiting gently at the ramparts of her soul.

She'd never allowed anyone into that inner keep, not even the Vulcan therapists who'd rescued her sanity and taught her control. They'd taught her to guard her innermost self....they had not taught her to share it.

And then his voice came, cool as black velvet. The words were ancient ritual, so old they'd all but lost their meaning, but they held the power to unlock the gates of her soul. She heard herself answering with the same age-old formula. And then she was welcomed to the innermost hearth that is shared only in the ultimate intimacy. And they became one.

It was not a melding of minds, but a mingling of that indefinable substance which burns creating the flame of life. It was a touching that did not touch and yet would always touch.

He withdrew his hand, and, instead of the usual, clean separation she'd always associated with the breaking of such a contact, there was a drawing-out, as if some rope of connective thought-tissue were elongating. She still felt his living presence within her. His emotions were hers to know...always. And she knew he had the same contact with her emotions, that her lack of control could cause him a terrible anguish....

They stood poised, within and without one another, for a breathless moment before Spock said, "We must hurry."

As she trailed after the First Officer, she knew his urgency, the tensing for action on which lives might depend. His steadiness actually flowed through her, damping the rising tide of apprehension and readying her for action. And, somehow, she knew this new steadiness would be hers as long as the relationship endured.

Arriving at the transporter room door, Spock paused to let her catch up, then breasted the door as if it were a gigantic wave. Within, they found an ocean in torment. It was exactly what they'd expected, but even Vulcans can hope things won't be as bad as anticipated.

The captain was struggling to hold two silently bloodthirsty toddlers apart in spite of their expert and dispassionate shinkicking/fingerbiting tactics. Nurse Chapel was striving not to drop one screaming and kicking infant while dealing with two others that still lay on the transporter pads. And three boys and a girl were holding Dr. McCoy at bay. The oldest, a pre-adolescent boy, stood on the rear transporter pad, hands to his ears, too pained by the noise to do anything helpful.

Less than ten seconds after Spock and T'Aniyeh entered to stand side by side, surveying the scene with disapproval, silence descended.

The toddlers froze, turning their heads toward the couple. The infants ceased struggling. The children around Dr. McCoy came to blank-faced attention, and the pre-adolescent removed his hands from his ears to eye Spock with relief. The humans gaped at the sudden quiet disbelievingly, then followed the children's gaze to the still open door.

When the silence had penetrated everyone's nerves, Spock said to Kirk, but including all three humans, "It would be best if you leave this to us."

Kirk straightened. "Spock, where have you been for the last fifteen minutes?"

"With your permission, sir, I'll explain later."

"That should be interesting!" He moved toward the door, avoiding the toddlers, who still resembled statues. "What did you do to them?"

"Nothing, Captain." Spock turned to McCoy, who was extricating himself from the tableau. "Doctor, if you will precede us to sickbay and adjust the environmental controls, T'Aniyeh and I will bring the children. Nurse Chapel," He moved to the transporter platform and plucked an infant from her arms. "I suggest you accompany the doctor." He handed the infant to the oldest boy, one-handed, as if it were a dirty doll. The boy tucked the limp figure under one arm and waited, eyeing T'Aniyeh warily.

T'Aniyeh lifted another of the infants and tucked it, football fashion, but face down, under one arm and went to take one of the toddlers in hand. Spock hefted the remaining



infant, holding it away from him as one might an untrustworthy spitscat, then he tucked it away and took possession of the other toddler, who went docilely beside the tall Vulcan.

A few comments in Low Vulcan sufficed to form the procession that marched the halls of the Enterprise in good order. Meanwhile, McCoy had turned one of his rooms into a dessicating oven and was demanding three cribs from Stores while his left hand worked his reference computer for a Vulcan infant's diet. Nurse Chapel was on another com alerting the commissary when the procession arrived.

After he'd turned the group over to T'Aniyeh, Spock approached McCoy's desk.

The doctor pointed to his viewer. "Any recommendations?"

Spock glanced through the medical reference for about 90 seconds. "This seems complete."

"Pediatrics isn't my line, but I'll do what I can, though I don't relish the idea of working in there." He jerked a thumb toward the room that already shimmered with heat.

"The warmth is necessary, Doctor, as the children can't tolerate the ship's frigid ambient temperature. You'll have to manage."

The intercom bleeped. "McCoy here," he said.

Kirk's voice snapped, "Tell Spock I'm still waiting for an explanation. Kirk out." He sounded angry.

Spock nodded and ducked into the other room long enough to say, "T'Aniyeh, I'll be back as soon as possible." Then he left.

"All right," said Kirk, as the Vulcan entered his quarters, "let's have it. And it better be good. Why didn't you report to the transporter room immediately?"

"Sir. I understood that you wished my aid in handling the children. Had I reported to the transporter room immediately, as ordered, I would have failed to carry out the implied command of calming the children, and, indeed, my presence would only have aggravated the situation. I therefore deemed it necessary to invest 13 minutes in preparation. In doing so, I exercised an officer's judgment, and, if you find the results unsatisfactory, it is your prerogative to take disciplinary action."

Kirk took that in silently and turned away as he mulled over the aspects of the problem. He'd never been one to emphasize the letter of command in preference to results. And there was no denying Spock had achieved results. He said, "Spock, what did you do to that mob of...children?"

"Nothing, Captain."

"I don't understand. You certainly did something. What kind of preparations?"

"I did nothing to the children, sir, only to myself. To create peace, it is necessary to be at peace. I took what steps seemed...appropriate. I regret that it took time during which you were exposed to danger. It was a calculated risk."

"Danger? They're just children!"

"Vulcan children, sir, come equipped with a plethora of survival instincts. Some fade with time, and some must be trained away, but all can be deadly. Fortunately, this group hadn't been beyond the influence of an adult for too long."

Astonished, Kirk was striving not to gape. "I was never aware of that aspect...I mean, they're just..." He sputtered to a halt, one hand circling in the air, searching for an expression.

Meeting Kirk's eyes levelly, Spock said, "There are reasons for our customs, Captain."

Kirk sifted through his paltry inventory of facts on Vulcan children. All he really knew was that they were brought up under a strict regimen requiring obedience, study, and serious approach to exercise and other aspects of physical hygiene. Outworlders practically never even saw Vulcan children. But he'd always thought the severe treatment was merely the Vulcan method of instilling the disciplines of logic.

He left that for the moment. "I filed the report with Starbase XVII. Commodore Kiri has released us from patrol to take the children to Vulcan. We're heading there at warp five."

"Did we take their vessel aboard, sir?"

"No. There wasn't much left. We salvaged some pieces of wreckage for the lab. The survivors were nipped off just in time. Which reminds me...I never knew you were such a sound sleeper?"

"Even Vulcans require rest...and I was off duty."

"Yes, I suppose so...." Kirk turned toward his desk, conceding the point with a shrug of his expressive shoulders. After all, it'd never happened before. "Very well Mr. Spock. Your orders are to turn over your administrative duties to your department heads and devote your time to caring for those children with special emphasis on finding out as much as they know about what happened to their ship. But don't sacrifice their mental health to the Federation's curiosity. I'm sure even Vulcan children must be deeply affected by such a loss."

So, with his job cut out for him, Spock took himself back to Sickbay.

The trip to Vulcan seemed little different from the months spent on border patrol. But Spock and T'Aniyeh took heel-and-toe shifts in the nursery until Christine volunteered for the night shift, leaving the children's waking hours to the tranquilizing effect of the Vulcans.

McCoy now had plenty to occupy him. When he wasn't boning up on Vulcan pediatrics, he was arguing Vulcan child-psychology with an adamant Spock and a faintly amused Tanya. McCoy maintained that the children should be encouraged to release their grief in some fashion, if only in undisciplined motor-activity. The Vulcans maintained that the only hope of salvaging the children's mental health was in organizing an absolutely invariant daily schedule as close to "normal" as possible, and that did not include undisciplined motor-activity.

It took a midnight incident to convince the chief surgeon he'd better leave the care of Vulcans to Vulcans.

During Christine's shift, all three infants awoke vomitting. She called McCoy, then strove to deal with the sudden chaos before it roused the others. But by the time the surgeon arrived, bedlam reigned in the "hotroom," and McCoy called Spock, shouting to be heard over the din, before attempting any medical readings.

McCoy was just finishing his examination when the sudden quiet told him Spock had arrived. He turned to the First Officer. "I can't find a thing wrong. We'll give them a drink and put them back to sleep."

"Just a moment, Doctor." Spock inserted his lank frame between the human and his patient and ran a huge hand over the

infant's head and down over its abdomen and then examined the sodden diaper. "Give these babies any more to drink and you'll have it all over the floor within ten minutes. They vomitted because they'd had too much to drink and, I suspect -- " He turned to Nurse Chapel. " -- too much of what you call 'tender-loving-care.' Nurse, did you pick these children up for any reason?"

"Yes, I did. They were fretting just after I came on duty. I rocked them a bit to settle them down and gave them each an ounce of water. A baby needs affection to feel secure."

The Vulcan turned to McCoy, nodding. "You'd better instruct your staff more thoroughly, Doctor, before assigning them. For the present -- " He turned the infant over and stripped off the wet diaper, dropping it into the wall-disposal chute. " -- we'll put them back to sleep. T'Aniyeh will feed them in the morning." He applied the fresh diaper with the impersonal thoroughness he turned on all mechanical routines, flipped the infant onto its stomach, pushed its head firmly down, and left it to fall asleep. After performing the same service for the other two infants with the same abruptness as if regretting each unavoidable contact, he shooed the sweating humans out of the dormitory, forestalling the inevitable comments on humans with a stern eyebrow that had the whole room asleep in three minutes flat. Christine was too shocked to react to the sight of Spock up to his elbows in doemesticity, and McCoy only noted it for future reference. But somehow it seemed no more unusual than Spock up to the elbows in computer circuitry.

Out in McCoy's office, he said to Christine, "You'll remain on duty at these monitors until T'Aniyeh comes. If anything at all happens, however insignificant, you will call me and not undertake any sort of initiative." Then he left.

McCoy stared at the closed door, silently capitulating in all issues regarding Vulcan infants and possibly even children.

From then on, Spock made a habit of dropping in on Christine several times a night. Though his mind was clearer now, he was busier and had even less time to construct his argument. But he worked harder, determined to find some firm grounds on which to challenge T'Uriamne's proposal.

Then, one morning six weeks out of Vulcan, he sat over his model well into the ship's morning hours, desperately groping for something he was certain would have been obvious to T'Rruel. Even though he could now hold the entire fluid structure in his mind and trace effects for three generations, he still hadn't

found one item which spelled sure destruction. The number of permutations was astronomical, and it could take two Vulcan lifetimes just to think of them all. But he was convinced he was onto something and just couldn't interrupt himself.

Meanwhile, T'Aniyeh dismissed Christine and put the children through their morning routine. She'd seen Spock seated cross-legged on the floor by the enormous, gleaming model and had noted the clasped hands with the raised fingers steeped to a position that spelled trance depth concentration. A Vulcan in such a state simply could not be disturbed.

When it came time for Spock to conduct lessons and he still hadn't shown, she determined to improvise for another hour before ordering the children to drill from the computer. While she got the infants settled down, she reviewed the lessons Spock had been emphasizing and cast about for some supplementary material in which she was reasonably competent.

All she could think of was an elementary tokiel exercise she'd learned from one of T'Rruel's recordings. She'd always admired the way T'Rruel specified her quantifiers with graceful head movements that never detracted from the flow of argument. T'Aniyeh had worked long and hard to capture the finer nuances and felt confident that she could teach them to the five older children, and the two toddlers would be well enough interested and might even pick up a point or two.

So, when Spock walked in 55 minutes later, he found T'Aniyeh demonstrating the twelfth Movement of the exercise with the seven children seated in a circle around her, captivated. He paused a moment to watch and was instantly impressed with the human girl's mastery of T'Rruel's style.

He knew the exercise well, of course, but hadn't really thought about its components in years. His own execution had always been termed competent, but he knew he lacked the style that communicated lucidly. The Twelfth Movement was an extremely versatile sequence which turned up in various guises in some of the most sophisticated arguments.

He watched as T'Aniyeh danced through the last half of the Movement, and then, strangely, it seemed to be T'Rruel herself weaving the figures before him, joining the linear argument into a perfectly beautiful circle with singular brilliance.

Spock blinked hard, well aware that the dancer was T'Aniyeh, but unable to dissolve the illusion. When she reached the sequence he'd come in on, she sighted him and stopped, not

abruptly as any amateur would, but with an ad-libbed step that rounded out her motion with a fluid authority that said, To-be-continued.

T'Rruel's influence was so strong that Spock experienced again that flash of extraordinary insight. This time he chased the teaser deep into his mind, refusing to be distracted until he'd exploited every last bit of the momentum the vision had given him.

To the onlookers, he seemed paralyzed by some odd phaser effect. Frozen in mid-step, without blinking, breathing or trembling, he nevertheless exerted himself in the most furious activity he'd undertaken in years. But the Vulcan audience understood instantly and remained still, scarcely daring to breathe. After a few minutes, the younger children began to fret in the cold draft from the still open door.

Before T'Aniyeh could move to close the door manually, Dr. McCoy came up behind Spock reading a clipboard, noted the open door from the corner of his eye, and swerved to enter the room.

"Why is this door open? It's heating up my office unbeara -- " He collided with Spock, who toppled like a statue. McCoy's clipboard flew as the doctor clutched at Spock's arm, trying to let the Vulcan down easily. For one long minute McCoy stood over the rigid body, uncomprehending.

Then the rigor left Spock's limbs, and he melted onto the floor. Not having been aware of the fall, Spock took a moment to get his bearings and note the expression on McCoy's face. Then, realizing what must have happened, he looked at T'Aniyeh. "It's all right. I've got it."

He retrieved McCoy's clipboard and climbed to his feet. "I believe this is yours, Doctor. You should be more careful with Federation property." He pointed the bewildered chief surgeon out the door. "It's getting chilly in here."

As the door closed, he turned and took charge of the class just as if he'd arrived without incident.

Two days later, Spock and T'Aniyeh confronted Kirk in his quarters. It was late, and the captain was tired. He was seated



at his desk, toying with the viewscreen controls as the two Vulcans stood at ease before him. Sometimes Spock's logic gave him a headache.

He leaned back and cocked his head at Spock. "Is this really feasible?"

"I believe it is, Captain," said Spock. Turning to the girl, he snapped a command.

She paced forward, paused a moment, then spun around, reaching high, and lunged forward in a dancer's imitation of a fencer's stance.

For a fleeting instant, Kirk actually thought he saw the jet black crown of T'Rruel's long hair coiled in place of Tanya's short bob. He nodded. "Yes, I see. But a whole composition is more than just a signature. Even I can see that."

"True, Captain. But what is required for the entire Motek is no more than what you've just seen...an ability to copy."

"But," said Kirk, "you said T'Rruel never recorded the Motek?"

"Correct. But she made many recordings of other compositions. T'Aniyeh has studied them carefully, and as you have seen she's captured T'Rruel's style. All tokiel compositions are based on an inventory of standard movements. It's the combinations that convey meaning...as words are taken from a dictionary and placed into meaningful sentences."

Kirk sat forward. "And you believe you've completed T'Rruel's Motek as she would have completed it?"

"Yes, sir." Spock was being patient.

"I still don't understand how this is going to keep Vulcan from seceding from the Federation."

Spock decided to try a less technical explanation. Apparently Kirk wouldn't authorize something he didn't believe he understood...at least in principle. "The subject of the Motek is the connection between the philosophy of Nome and the principle of the domination of logic. As you know, Surak considered these two ideas to be separate elements in his Construct. A number of tokiel artists have proposed views of the connection, but none has ever delineated the relationship with T'Rruel's incisive elegance. The domination of logic is an important concept. Any change which could be shown to

endanger that domination would, I believe, be rejected by the electorate. T'Rruel's Motek, in complete form, demonstrates that T'Uriamne's proposal would result in the eventual weakening of the domination of logic. However, T'Rruel's Motek has never been viewed in complete form. I propose to teach T'Aniyeh to perform T'Rruel's Motek and then provide an opportunity for the electorate to view her performance. I believe T'Rruel's statement is clear enough to delay action on T'Uriamne's proposal at least while we search for other means of dealing with the problems cited by Stovam."

Kirk, head cocked to one side, considered that. It appealed to his sense of humor...a human girl arguing a whole planet full of Vulcans to a standstill. He said, "But what am I going to do for a First Officer for the next six weeks? and what about those children? According to Bones, the only thing between him and destruction is you two."

"My department heads are already handling 90% of my routine work, Captain. I'll still be available for any non-routine problems. And we will remain responsible for the children."

Kirk considered this for a moment. It would be spreading his First Officer pretty thin. And then it struck him that Spock was moving with uncharacteristic haste. "Spock -- " Kirk rose and paced around his desk. " -- what's the hurry? Can't it wait until we deliver the children? You and Tanya could take leave...."

Spock examined his boots for a moment, composed his thoughts, and raised his eyes to his captain. "I received notification this morning that T'Uriamne has called the General Question. The vote will take place the day after we arrive."

"What! I never thought Vulcan law could move so quickly. Who is this...T'Uriamne?"

Pausing a moment to choose his words, Spock said, "She is the hereditary head of the Guardian Council. She has declared a state of Imminent Peril because she believes Federation membership represents a threat to Tsaichrani."

Kirk strained his memory. All Academy applicants had to pass a test on comparative governmental structures of Federation member worlds, but that had been so many years ago, and law wasn't his strongest interest...still.... "State of Imminent Peril? Doesn't that close public debate for several weeks before the vote?"

"It amounts to almost 13 standard days, Captain."

"Then how can you present your argument?"

Spock took a deep breath and turned to pace away from Kirk, circling Tanya, who stood impassively listening. Finally, he turned again to the human, resigned. It seemed that every time he had to do something important he had to start by instructing the captain in the details of Vulcan life. Perhaps it would be better to be a captain.... Spock sighed. "By calling the Guardian Council into session and challenging T'Uriamne's right to the position she holds."

"But you just said it was a hereditary position? What is the Guardian Council? I've never heard of it."

"That's not surprising. It hasn't met in almost two thousand years."

"Two thousand years! Why?"

"Because it wasn't necessary. There's been no serious indictment of any of the elements of Surak's Construct in all that time."

"And the leadership is hereditary?"

"Correct."

"Then how can anyone challenge T'Uriamne's right to it?"

"Her father also has a son. If he can demonstrate superior competence, he will succeed to her position. Such an argument will be the only permitted public debate at that time."

"How can you be sure that he doesn't share her attitude?"

A shadow of Spockian amusement colored his expression as he answered, "Captain, I believe I am familiar enough with my own opinions to make such an evaluation with absolute certainty."

(concluded next issue)

PROLOGUES

by Pat Kienly

"It's almost time for you to go," she said, withdrawing her hand reluctantly. She lay back against the cushions of the hospital bed, looking up at him.

He, too, was unwilling to break their link, and he held her with his eyes for some moments before replying. "I know," he said at last. "My centurion waits outside, and that young pup Decius is probably already on board."

"Pup!" Her voice became harsh with anger. "A pup with the fangs of a full grown logox! He's only too happy to have me out of action so that he can play the sub-commander even temporarily."



She slammed her fist down on the mattress and caught her breath at the pain the movement caused her, but did not cry out. After a moment she said, "I should be reduced in rank for the carelessness which puts me here and sends you beyond the Neutral Zone without me."

"A carelessness which saved my life," he reminded her gently. "But I will miss you this voyage. This voyage.... I do not know." He sounded tired. "We have a chance for victory, now, and we'd be fools not to take it. I have faith in the Praetor's decisions. And yet...."

"I know," she said quietly. "An unprovoked attack against the Federation - that is not entirely honorable."

He bent and stroked her cheek. "Be well."

"Be well," she answered. She controlled the sudden fear that beat against her and did not call him back, but only whispered, "Be well. And come back to me, my husband."

* * *

Her wound healed quickly. When the news of his death came there was nothing to keep her from accepting the promotion she had planned to turn down.

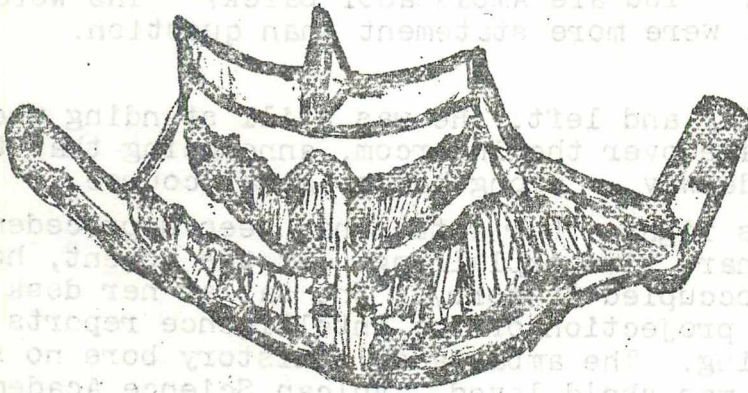
The new command helped. It left her little time to brood over her loss. After some months the grief softened to a dull ache, and she supposed even that would fade, in time. Meanwhile, there was the present situation to contend with.

She turned with determination to her sub commander. "Contact the Vulcan vessel, Tal. Inform her captain that we are aware of her vulnerability. Give them one hour in which to surrender."

"To surrender, Commander?"

"Don't question my orders, Sub-commander." Although her voice was stern, she smiled inwardly at the look of shock on the young officer's face. It was, after all, not unprecedented. Her husband had taught her well how necessary but questionable actions could be justified to the Empire, or, even better, go unnoticed.

She was in her quarters when Tal notified her of the Intrepid's surrender. "Very good," she said. "Assign a boarding party to accompany me. We will soon learn what kind of mission could cause a Vulcan ship to violate the Neutral Zone."



"The former ambassador's wife is dangerously ill, Commander," the ship's captain explained, "and she is not Vulcan. Our physicians judged it necessary to send her to a Terran-staffed Base immediately, where she could be cared for by doctors skilled in the treatment of her species. The course led us briefly into the Neutral Zone.

We can only request your government's indulgence for the breach of treaty. Time was of the essence."

"It is still," his chief surgeon commented, "if the human is to live."

"A former ambassador," she mused. Such a one might prove a valuable pawn in settling one of the Romulan/Federation territorial disputes. The Klingons, she knew, took prisoners for such uses. It was a tactic the Empire might do well to adopt.

The ambassador himself might even be persuaded to cooperate as the price of his wife's life. If he refused, she could always destroy the ship as though it had never surrendered. She would see Sarek and then decide.

Sarek sat on the edge of the bed, watching his wife's shallow breathing. He turned sharply, betraying surprise, when the door slid open, and the Romulan woman strode in.

He analyzed her as she entered: typical Romulan -- autocratic, proud, ruthless -- the woman on whom Amanda's life depended. He saw at once he must meet her with strength, but in their position, threats were out of the question. His only strength, then, was his love for Amanda. Perhaps an emotional outburst might sway her. A distasteful thought, but he was willing to attempt it.

He met her eyes directly and was momentarily confused. It was not pride he saw, but wonder. She approached slowly, as though not daring to make too sudden a move, and all the while her eyes probed him for...what?

She reached out, as if to touch his hand, when Amanda stirred on the bed, catching her attention. The Romulan stared at his wife, seeing her for the first time, and then dragged her attention back to him. "You are Ambassador Sarek?" The words, spoken with an effort, were more statement than question.

"I am Sarek."

She turned abruptly and left. He was still standing when the captain's voice came over the intercom, announcing that the ship was once more underway -- along her original course.

This time Tal was right. Her action had been unprecedented, and she would have a hard time explaining. At the moment, however, she was too preoccupied to worry. She sat at her desk, watching a viewscreen projection of the intelligence reports on the ambassador. Nothing. The ambassador's history bore no similarity to that of the man she'd loved. Vulcan Science Academy... Diplomatic Service... apart from his marriage to the Earth woman, it wasn't even particularly interesting.

She reached for the switch to dismiss the entire incident when something on the screen caught her eye. One fact; she subconsciously filed it for future reference. Ambassador Sarek had a son.



Review Dept

William Shatner

"NBC Movie" -- "Vanished" -- Dave Paulick -- broadcast March 8-9, 1971.

Daily Variety, March 9, 1971, "Telepic Review," by Daku., p. 15.
"There are other fine contributions from...William Shatner."

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, March 10, 1971, "Vanished -- Yes and No," by Morton Moss, p. A-14.

"William Shatner is overly the hectoring wise guy in the role of newspaperman, an almost inevitable ailment in movie versions of the press."

Variety, March 17, 1971, "Television Reviews," by Bok., p. 50.

"Hooks, newsman William Shatner...are limited to one-dimensional portrayals."

(also in cast: Michael Strong ("Roger Korby") as Descowicz and Barry Atwater ("Surak") as Dr. Geoffrey Page.)

"American Sportsman" -- "A Quest for Survival"

syndicated show broadcast c. April, 1971

Shatner visits the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center

"Men At Law" -- "One American" -- Lt.-Colonel Peter Randolph
broadcast April 14, 1971

"Ironside" -- "Walls Are Waiting" -- parole officer Don Brand
broadcast Spril 15, 1971

(also in cast: Roger C. Carmel ("Mudd") as lawyer Mike Elman.)

Leonard Nimoy

"Deathwatch"

Film Quarterly, Summer-Fall 1965-1966, "Dynamic Gesture: by American Independents," by Albert Johnson, section on "Deathwatch," pp. 6-8.

(p. 7) "In the film, it is LeFranc who controls one's consciousness. Leonard Nimoy's portrayal is pure Genet; here is 'the essential man,' branded by thievery, but already carrying within every haunted look his own apprehension of epic evil. Nimoy has controlled the subtle, very French understatement of stunted hope and intellectualized larceny that is a part of the prison psyche. This is emphasized, for Jacques Becker's le Trou achieved greatness because of this characteristic; it was something that he had recognized in his preparation for the film and a trait that he insisted upon.... The French awareness of

these psychological levels in dealing with prison films is non-existent in American cinematics (one suspects that neither Nimoy nor Morrow have seen Becker's film) and that is why Nimoy's impression is so powerful."

"ABC Movie" -- "Assault on the Wayne" -- submarine commander Philip Kettenring -- broadcast January 12, 1971.
Los Angeles Herald-Examiner, January 13, 1971, "Wayne or Brain," by Morton Moss.

"Nimoy figuratively reactivates those Star Trek ears and listens intently to whatever wickedness might be afoot. You can hardly say he lives his part. In truth, no one does. It's as though the cast members tried the characters on for size but never returned for a final fitting. Mostly, the roles are played perfunctorily, from the outside. Nimoy accents agonized faces and comes up a cross between Captain Bligh and Captain Queeg."

Hollywood Reporter, January 14, 1971, "'Assault on the Wayne' Retreat on an Old One," by John Goff, p. 22.

"Nimoy does not sustain a true character, hard one minute and a pushover the next. Windom works but there's little to work with...Malachi Throne is a scientist who doesn't like the sub, and Haynes and Martin hold up their roles as well as can be for what they are given."

Daily Variety, January 14, 1971, "Television Reviews," by Tone.
"Acting abilities of talents such as Lloyd Haynes, William Windom and Keenan Wynn are totally swamped in the silliness.... Nimoy, drugged, staggers around muttering such lines as, 'You want to kill us all for humanitarian...reasons. You're nothing but a murderer.' Whole thing is unbelievably inept. Nimoy gives a try, but is understandably unconvincing.... Haynes tries to take everything seriously, which is an error.... Windom, the villain-doctor, is almost convincing as he wades through the hokum. Almost."

(also in cast: Lloyd Haynes ("Alden") as Dave Burston, William Windom ("Commodore Decker") as Dr. Reardon, Malachi Throne ("Commodore Decker") as Dr. Dykers, and John Winston ("Lt. Kyle") as an English scientist.)

"If the Mind is Free" -- executive producer and narrator broadcast in Chicago, January 31, 1971

Variety, Feb. 3, 1971, "Television Reviews," p. 44, by Mor.

"Leonard Nimoy became interested in Chicago's St. Mary's Center for Learning when he found out the Catholic high school was teaching a course called 'Star Trek' based on the video series. He visited the school, was impressed by the revolutionary teaching methods being employed and determined to do a tv special on the subject. He reportedly picked up the above-

line costs for the special in exchange for all rights to the show other than on NBC stations.

"The show is actually less exciting than the subject it covers. In addition to serving as on-camera narrator, Nimoy had a large hand in the construction of the program and it suffers from a lack of focus and direction. Nimoy's reasonable enthusiasm for the school and his eagerness to 'sell' the concept continually get in the way of the school's built-in excitement."



George Takei

"Marcus Welby, M.D."
-- "To Get Through
the Night" -- dinner
guest Fred.
Broadcast Oct. 20,
1970.
(also in cast:
Barbara Anderson
("Lenore Karidian")
as potential suicide
Marci Shore.)

Majel Barrett

"Young Lawyers" -- "The
Whimper of Whipped Dogs"
by Harlan Ellison --
Grace Delaney, a drug ad-
dict's straight sister.
Broadcast March 10, 1971.

Mark Lenard

"Mission: Impossible" --
Col. Bakram.
Broadcast Nov. 28, 1970.

"Alias Smith and Jones"
-- "Exit from Wickenburg"
-- Jim Plummer.
Broadcast Jan. 28, 1971.

Walter Koenig

"Ironside" -- "The Summer Soldier" -- Leo, a teenage Armenian drug-pusher. Broadcast March 4, 1971.

"The White House Murder Case" by Jules Feiffer -- Capt. Weems. (Theater Now Repertory Troupe Century City Playhouse, Los Angeles, spring, 1967.)

LA Times, "Feiffer's 'Murder Case' More on Target Now," by Dan Sullivan.

"[The director] cast the play shrewdly, selecting smart farceurs who know how to be thin and funny.... GIs Richard S. Fullerton and Walter Koenig...perhaps are best of all, dimensional enough to cast shadows, but antic enough to remain Feiffer people."

(also in cast: William Wintersole ("Abrom") and Lee Delano ("Kalo"), as Sec. of Defense Parson and Attorney Gen. Cole.)

T - WAVES

from Bruce Nardoci

The name of my fanzine has been changed from "The Captains Log" to "The Guardian of Forever." It is available from Bruce Nardoci, 430 Glenwood Road, Asheboro NC 27203, for 65¢/one issue or \$1.75/three. And my ST clip list is available for 15¢.

from Regina Marvinny

The Star Trek Fan Club of Concerned Fans will publish an all Leonard Nimoy issue in September. Copies can be reserved by sending \$1 to Dolores Khula, 4317 South Fairfield, Chicago IL 60632.

from Amanda Bankier

I've really been enjoying T-Negative. Both the writing and the artwork are of very high quality. Also, I seem to share certain passions with some of the authors -- I was delighted by the "ancient folk ballads" in "The Rainbird." (I have one quibble about that story, namely, that surely one of the first things that would be determined about a newly discovered planet would be the length of its day.)

Star Trek is not doing very well in England. I think this is largely due to the fact that the shows are being shown in a haphazard manner with a heavy concentration of the worst of the third year ones right at the beginning. I have shown some of the fanzines I have to some people here, but they don't seem to be very interested, and some seem to regard it as just another form of American insanity. Oh, well....

from James Mule, Jr.

I would like to comment on your article "In Re: Star Dates." A problem arises in the meaning of the time sequences. In the second pilot, "Where No Man Has Gone Before," Gary Mitchell creates a grave and headstone for Captain Kirk, and on the gravestone are the "Stardates" 1277.1-1313.7. This gives a difference of 36.6. But the question is 36.6 what? hours? days? years? Obviously, in this case, it is years. Thus Kirk is 36.6 years old. But from then on the time rate of stardates is different. In "Where No Man Has Gone Before" the stardate was broken down as follows: 13 (unknown, but perhaps also standing for years, as in the 19 of our 1971) 13 (years) .7 (tenths of year -- or months). Whereas in all other episodes it was broken down as follows: 1 (unknown) 4 (months of year) 15 (days of month) .9 (tenths of day -- or hours). The problem, of course, is the unknown first number. I submit the following hypotheses:

1) That this first number represents the number of years that a specific ship has been on patrol. This implies that each ship (and even each planet) has its own stardate system. (However, the following problems arise: what happens if a ship is in orbit about a planet; which date is used? or what happens when two or more ships are in formation? How do they standardize two stardates? etc.) If each does have one, then the stardates for ships are probably initiated at the beginning of each tour of duty; and for the planets at the first settling of colonists.

2) That the first number represents the years of duty, but on a standardized system synchronized from starfleet HQ itself. I.e., that the stardate is the same for all starbases, starships, and personnel, and has nothing to do with "normal" chronological-historical datings. The system would probably work in this manner: beginning from the formation of Starfleet itself, a 5-year cycle going from stardate 1000.0 to 5999.9, then reverting to 1000.0 again.

((I am inclined to discount the evidence of Gary Mitchell's stonework, on the grounds that he was not in his right mind at the time. If he could misspell his best friend's name as "James R. Kirk," he could get the dates wrong, too.// In the system you propose, the days and months must be standardized, with 100 days in a month and only 10 months in a year to account for such stardates as 3198 in "Errand of Mercy" and the absence of such a 12-month date as, say, 1(12)34.5. Your first hypothesis, as you suggest, would probably give rise to too many problems of co-ordination to be workable. Your

second hypothesis is similar to what I proposed in "In Re," except that the dates on this system run from 1000 to 5999 instead of from 0000 to 9999. Beginning at zero seems to me more logical, and the longer span seems to me more useful and therefore more probable. // I should also mention here that I later discovered a mistake in one of the examples given in "In Re," that of "Day of the Dove" as an episode in which star-date and order of production give a better chronology than order of broadcast. The order of production does so, but there is no star-date given in "Day of the Dove" -- except that of "Armageddon," and no matter how emotionally accurate Kirk may have considered that dating, it does not lend itself to chronological comparisons.))

from Anna Mary Hall

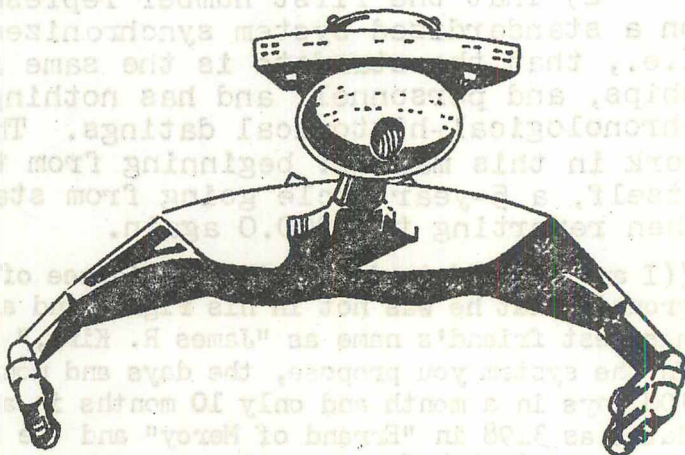
"And Who Will Guide the Blind" -- Good, but it's a shame she didn't go ahead and either do the script, or turn it into a story. "Marginal Existence" -- Good job. It was nice Christine and Chekov got to do something. Chekov especially got some good lines. "The Yeoman's Captain" -- I'm glad someone finally found out what happened to Janice. Now if you'll just find someone to write an ending to "Requiem for Methuselah"....

from Elyse Pines

We will be holding a Star Trek Convention from Friday, January 21, through Sunday, January 23, 1972, at the Statler Hilton Hotel, located on 7th Avenue, between 32 & 33 Street, in New York City.

"Star Trek Con" will be devoted to "Star Trek." It will, however, delve into related fields of science and science fiction. It will feature, among other things, "Star Trek" slide shows and displays, as well as continuous showings of various episodes of the show. In addition, the convention will feature a huckster's room and an art show.

Registration will be \$2.50 in advance,



and \$3.50 at the door. All advance registration should be sent to: Albert Schuster, 31-78 Crescent Street, Long Island City NY 11106. Please make any checks or money orders payable to Albert Schuster. The deadline for advance registration is December 31, 1971.

The Hucksters' Room will be open to all areas of science fiction. Huckster tables will be \$15.00 each for the first table, and \$25.00 each for the second table ordered. They will be available on a "first come, first served" basis. The total number of tables available will be limited only by the available space in the hotel. The deadline for ordering huckster tables is December 31, 1971. Please direct your request to Albert Schuster.

Anyone interested in submitting material for sale and/or display in the Art Show, please contact us for details. The basic theme of this display will, of course, be "Star Trek." However, artwork relating to all aspects of science fiction, as well as comic art, is welcomed. Further information regarding the artshow, as well as all entries, should be submitted to: Allan Asherman, 2112 64th Street, Brooklyn NY 11204. Please do not send any artwork until you have contacted us first. The deadline for all entries is December 31, 1971.

For any additional information regarding any aspect of this convention, please write to Elyse S. Pines, 637 East 8th Street, Brooklyn NY 11218.

from Amelia Rodgers

The William Shatner Letter Exchange will be publishing a Shatner Journal soon. If you'd like to contribute, please send material to Luanne Hofschulte (the club vice president), 435 Inca, Denver CO 80204.

from Sue Clejan

Do you think that I could get a plug for both my club and our poetry book in T-Negative? The William Shatner Appreciation Society is \$2.50 plus twelve 8¢ stamps/year for newsletter, pix and goodies. We will be publishing a book of "ST" poetry (to cost 40-50¢); copies can be reserved now. For other information write Sue Clejan, 22341 Collins Street, Woodland Hills CA 91364.

Old Time Reviews: "The Lieutenant"

Daily Variety, June 26, 1963, "On All Channels/Marines Balk at 'Lt.' Script," by Dave Kaufman, p. 6.

"When a series has one of those 'cooperation' deals with a branch of Government, particularly the Armed Services, it means it will submit scripts to that branch for its approval. In return, the series gets 'cooperation,' which can mean many different things. At Four Star, where the Bob Taylor show is about the Dept. of Health, Education & Welfare, they chose to skip that official seal of approval rather than have to clear their scripts through HEW.

"On the other hand, MGM-TV is filming its new series, 'The Lieutenant,' about a young Marine officer, with the okay of the U.S. Marines and uses their facilities for some of the footage. So scripts must be cleared through the Dept. of Defense and the Marine Corps. All was well and good until the Pentagon recently received a 'Lieutenant' script dealing with a Marine sergeant who applies for officers' training, and a subsequent investigation discloses his mom is a top communist. ((This episode, "Mother Enemy" -- or "Commie Mommie," as the cast referred to it -- was finally produced, and guest-starred Walter Koenig as the officer up for promotion.))

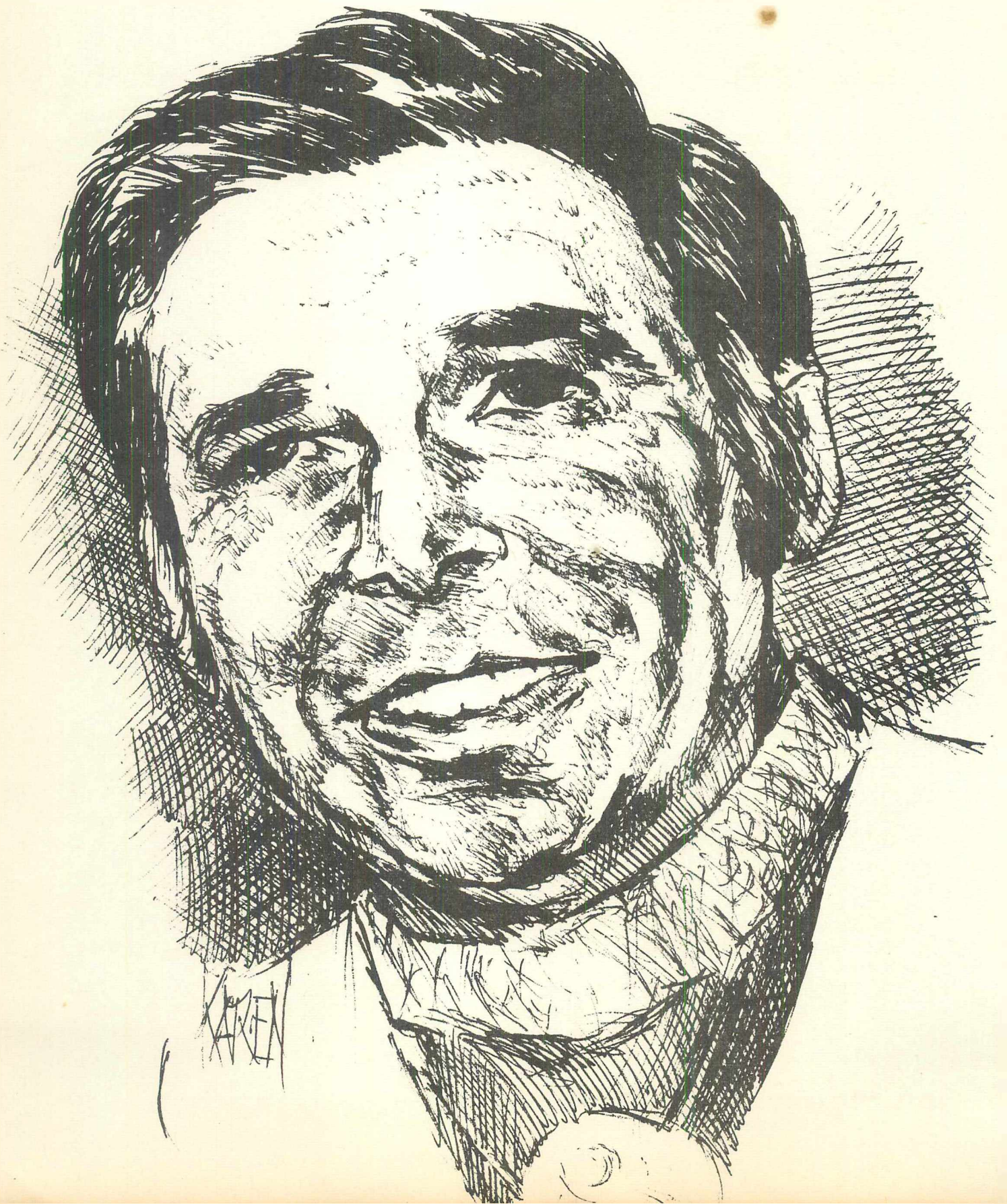
"At the Pentagon's request, Metro has shelved this script until it's cleared with Naval Intelligence. 'They asked us to hold off; it's touchy, they said. They said give us time to think it over,' notes producer Gene Roddenberry.

"All of this, of course, raises the question, is it worth having this official cooperation -- the automatic intrusion of one or more censors into tv which already has a plethora of blue-pencillers. Some producers with similar tie-ins with the Armed Forces on previous series had such sorry experiences the shows wound up virtually as recruiting films, which may have pleased the Govt. branch involved, but they got basement ratings and died. Like 'Steve Canyon,' for one.

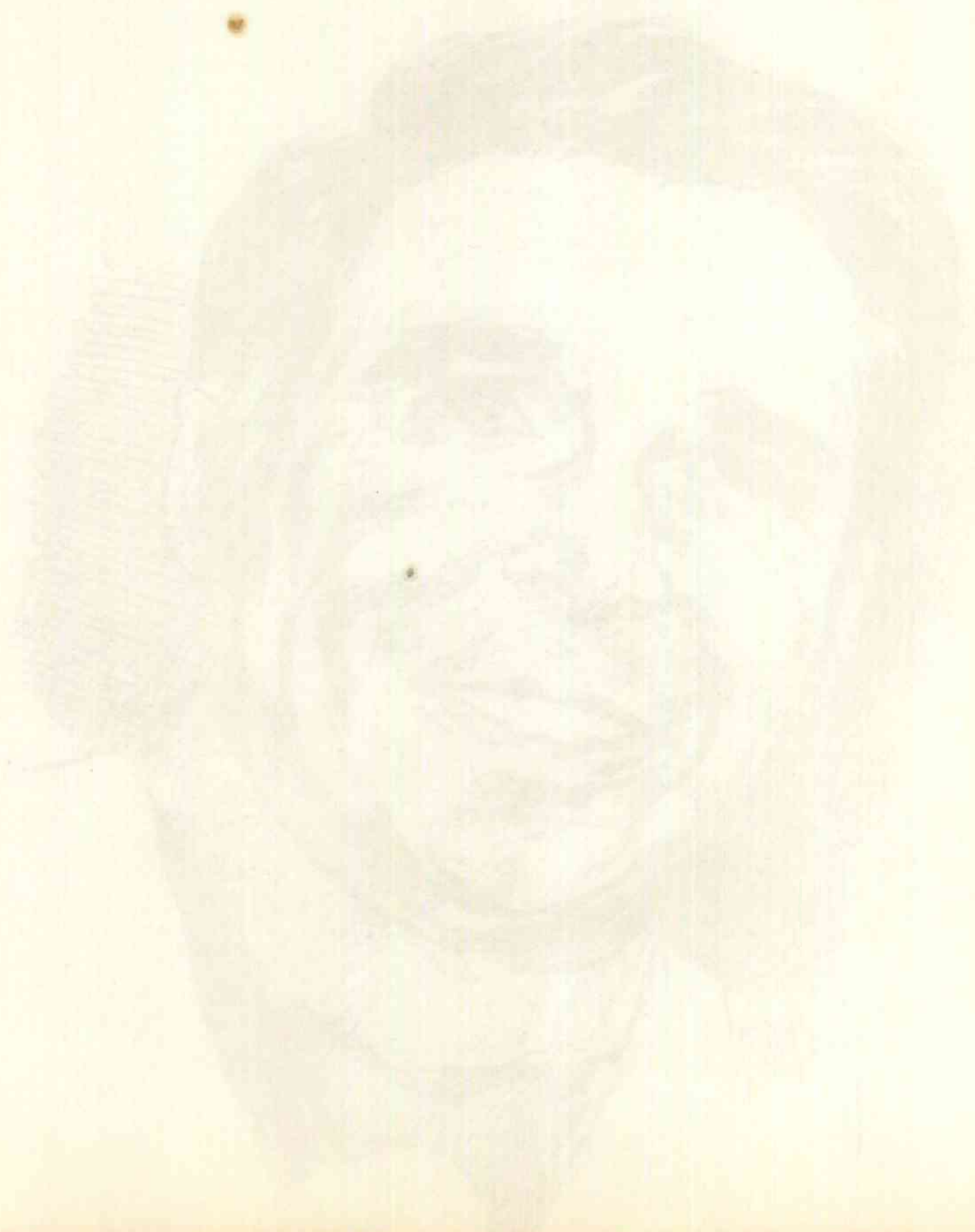
"Comments Roddenberry: 'The Marines have a mature attitude on publicity. We understand if we went too far in one direction, they would withdraw, and they understand if we had to make the films without entertainment included, we would stop asking their help.'

"Aside from toiling on 'Lieutenant,' Roddenberry is developing a new hour-long series for 1964-65 for MGM-TV. It's going to be a turn-of-the-century adventure-comedy-drama, and he is going back 60 years because of its nostalgia and because life then was simpler.

Gene Roddenberry



George Rodd Bennett



"I want to go back to entertainment. "Naked City" and "The Defenders" were reactions from the insipid pabulum we had had, and I applaud them. Now we have shows vying with each other to prove they are adult. However, the pendulum is now swinging almost to the place where when you turn on tv at a top hour any night, the shows are all dealing with an eternal truth.

"None of us wants too much of anything. We should now have a leavening of tv fare, with just great entertainment -- alternate sections of adventure and humor. I would like to see that instead of another story about a narcotic addict," the producer-writer says. As for 'Lieutenant,' debuting next season on NBC-TV, he describes it as the 'serious story of a young man, but done with lightness and zest'."

Variety, Sept. 18, 1963, "Television Reviews," by Les., p. 28.

"Like all tv series that are based on a profession (medicine, law, teaching, etc.), the success of 'The Lieutenant' will depend to a large extent on (1) whether military careerism with its special conflicts can sustain mass interest on a weekly basis, and (2) the plausibility of the dramatic situations that arise. The debut of Gene Roddenberry's video brainchild showed some promise on the first count, but struck out on the second with the premiere script. Clearly, the new series can't afford to be just a potboiler when it's up against Jackie Gleason and 'Hootenanny.'"

"The new offering has good potential in its star, Gary Lockwood, who is well cast as the green, but dedicated second looney in the peacetime Marine Corps, a spiritual descendant of Jack Armstrong knighted with the gold bars. Lockwood has the looks, a special pensive quality and the basic acting ability to arrest the public fancy as a new tv star; but the character he portrays will have to give off more heroic magic than he did in the initial chapter. Here he was unforgiveably dense with a con artist who joined his platoon. Since he supposedly knew the fellow from boyhood, and knew him to be a habitual angle-player even then, it was disenchanting to see him taken in wholesale.

"The script grew hard to believe before it got very far. The obnoxious rookie joined the Corps because it was his dying father's last wish, and the lieutenant took the kid into his outfit as a favor to the old guy, to whom he was beholden. But the old man waited until the turning point in the show to tell the officer that his son lacked moral fibre and needed to be made a man of, when he might logically have said so in the beginning.

"Also the rookie's motives were hard to accept. He conned his way out of duty and discipline every chance he got, and then went about bragging to the troops about his clout with the platoon commander when obviously, as he would certainly realize,

that could only bring it down on his head. Presumably, if the kid had played it smarter, he could have gotten away with the game indefinitely; and that's what reflected embarrassingly upon the title character. Ed Waters' script was flawed too by stilted dialog, and the story had trouble overcoming the artificiality of the opening scene, which involved the meeting of old friends.

"The preem show seemed to have as its purpose an explanation of why there can be no fraternizing between officers and enlisted men in the military service. A preview of the next outing indicated that Lockwood' gold bars figure to be in jeopardy every week. At that rate, there's little chance of his ever being promoted to captain even if the series should last five years." ((Lockwood played Lt.-Com. Gary Mitchell in "Where No Man Has Gone Before."))

Daily Variety, "Telepix Followup/
The Lieutenant 'To Set It Right'"
Feb. 24, 1964, p. 8, by Daku.

"Avoiding the customary cliches in integration dramas, this episode of 'The Lieutenant' is an engrossing tale of the racial situation as applied to a pair of Marines. Department of Defense was so uneasy at the thought people would suspect the Marine Corps has such problems that it yanked its seal of approval from this segment, a ridiculous move which indicates the Defense Dept. is far removed from the citizenry it protects.

"Lee Erwin's tight teleplay pulls no punches in unraveling the conflict between a white corporal (Dennis Hopper) and Negro private (Don Marshall). Enemies from civilian days, they carry their feud on when they meet as Marines. The white makes no secret of his prejudice towards Negroes and the Negro is equally prejudiced against the white.

"Not pat answers, no happy and neat solutions are found by



the young lieutenant attempting to solve age-old problem of racial bigotry, and this gives it more realism and impact. There is a tiny spark of hope at the end, not much, but enough to cue the belief that something has been accomplished, if only in having members of the races working together.

"Hopper contributes a good portrayal of the corporal; Marshall turns in a fine performance as the rebellious young Negro; Nichelle Nichols is very good as Marshall's fiancée; Gary Lockwood and Robert Vaughn are competent in their set roles. Direction by Vince McEveety is sensitive and briskly tempoed. Producer Gene Roddenberry handles a delicate subject sensibly and in good taste."

((The role was Nichelle Nichols' network tv debut; Lee Erwin wrote "Whom Gods Destroy"; Marshall played Boma in "Galileo Seven," and McEveety directed many episodes of ST.))

Daily Variety, March 10, 1964, "On All Channels/Hour of Videcision for Many Series," by Dave Kaufman, p. 8.

"This is the Chinese torture season, when many producers wait nervously for the networks to make decisions on life or death for a series. Some producers already know the verdict, but quite a few still await the word.

"'It's like being shot at. By the time you're on, you're off again. You reach the point where you're completely ambivalent about it, and don't care if you continue or not,' observes 'The Lieutenant' producer Gene Roddenberry, one of the producers yet to hear the verdict on his series (NBC-TV). All this uncertainty presents a number of problems, he points out. Roddenberry himself has a number of offers from companies around town, but his situation as he describes it is 'up in the air -- unless I deliberately want to break faith with the studio (MGM-TV).' Additionally, the cast and crew don't know what their future is.

"'It reaches the point where it's painful. I'm reasonably proud of what we did. Were it a bad series, I would be upset. My main irritation is over the sense of efficiency. It takes a year to get the bugs out of a series, to find out what works and the best potential stories. If they tore down a factory in private business, the man who did it would be fired, but in tv they do that. It offends your sense of efficiency,' he remarks.

Roddenberry's series, being about a young Marine lieutenant, is made with the cooperation of the Marine Corps and Dept. of Defense. This season he has had problems with the Leathernecks -- more specific, with the Defense Dept., which didn't want a 'Lieutenant' story on integration. When Roddenberry and MGM-TV proceeded anyway, DD withdrew its seal of approval from that seg.

"Also, early in the season, Roddenberry submitted to the Pentagon a script about a Marine up for officers' candidate school, and in the customary investigation of the Marine, they learn his mother is a member of the Communist Party. DD didn't like this, in so many words suggested it would be better NOT done. However, Roddenberry and the studio have lensed the episode, 'Mother Enemy,' anyway. It was shot without a seal and now the DD has said in effect it will wait to see the finished print before deciding.

"This story is an interesting one, dealing with a complex problem, as the producer points out. 'It's alright to say don't practice guilt by association, and that the Declaration of Independence protects the individual, but in our story the Marines are concerned because the young Marine is influenced by his mother, and the Corps has a responsibility.

"'I feel we have avoided becoming a recruiting series. We have ignored too technical advice, because we never would get the show under way if we didn't. We have taken a second lieutenant who had become the butt of jokes since World War I and made him popular,' observes Roddenberry.

"Of the entire season, 'one thing annoys me,' the exec remarks, explaining: 'I have yet to see any critical review, any appreciation of what we have done, aside from the local press. We have made efforts to portray honestly the very best in youth, a man who is responsible, intelligent and patriotic. It is the type of show parents should have their kids watch.'

"Cast of the series, which stars Gary Lockwood, has been invited to entertain Marines in Hong Kong, South Vietnam, Japan, Honolulu, Korea and Okinawa.

"Defense Dept. and series have now reached a better understanding, but the producer observes that 'unfortunately on tv, by the time this rapport is reached, half your season is over, and many exciting themes have hit the wayside'."

((plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose...)) Five years later Kaufman interviewed Shatner on the subject of renewal, regarding "Star Trek," in the Daily Variety, January 14, 1969. In both cases, the shows were canceled shortly after.))



Gary Mitchell