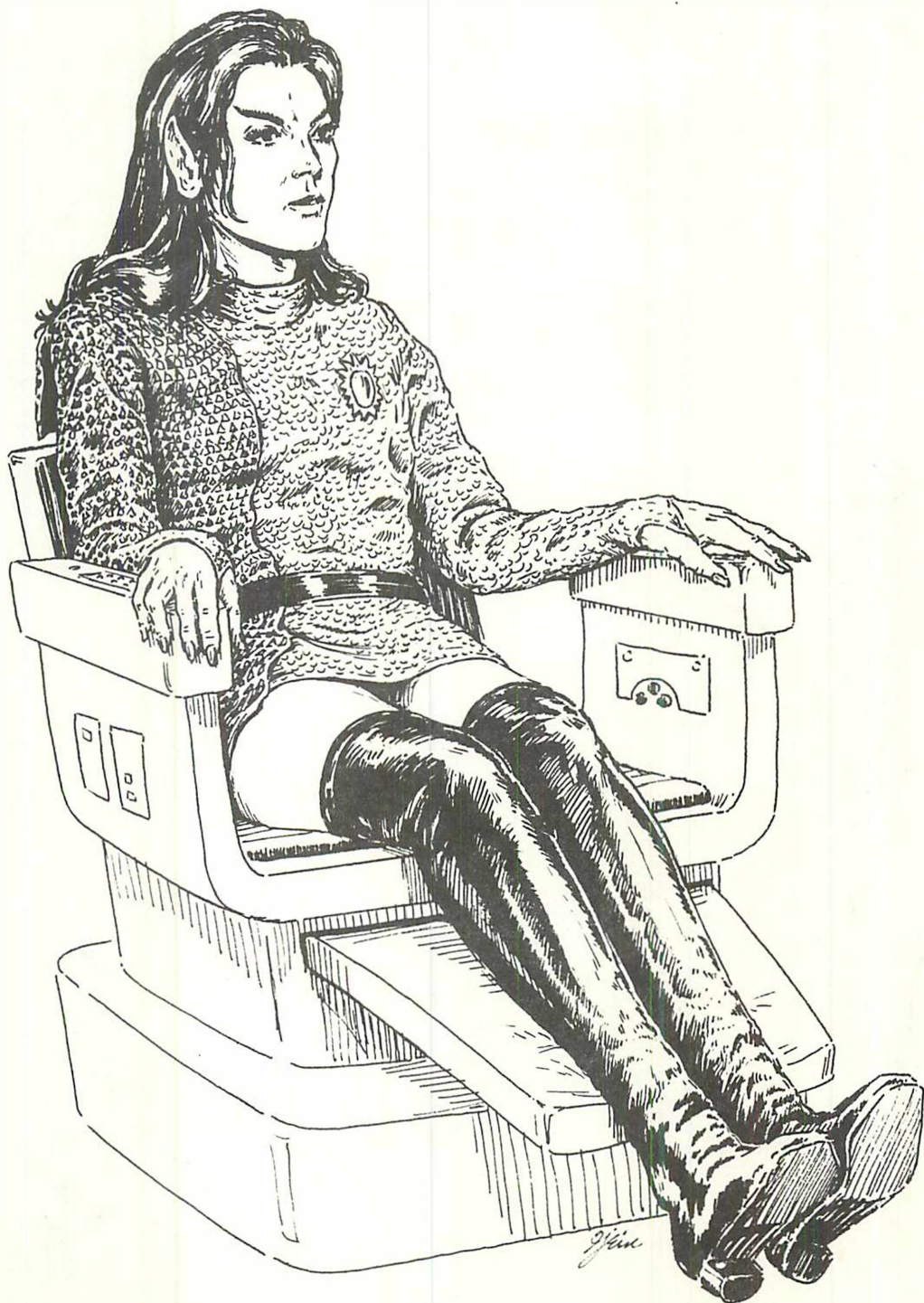


T - NEGATIVE 4



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CONTENTS

Cover: "Revenge #1" by Greg Jein. "#1 is Captain Rigg of the Romulan Star Cruiser Revenge. She's a military protege of the late Commander who met the Enterprise at the edge of the Neutral Zone."

Set-to 4

The Stainless Steel Rose 10

by Dorothy Jones and
Astrid Anderson

A Terran Idea of a Vulcan 34

Lullaby

by Tim Courtney and
Ruth Berman

Old-Time Reviews Dept. 35

Illustrations: p. 9 Jim Young; opposite p. 22 Juanita Coulson;
opposite p. 40 Juanita Coulson; backcover Tim Courtney

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☐ Be not afeard, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. -- Tempest

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik.

☐ In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik,
To speke of phisik and of surgerye,

For he was grounded in astronomye -- Canterbury Tales
Gen. Prol. 411-414

☐ Much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young -- Life of
Johnson

☐ Ὅτι γὰρ δὲ Πάριον μετελεύσομαι -- Iliad.6.280

SET-TO

Friday, September 6, 1968, I went to the studio to watch part of the weekly dubbing session, hoping to gather material on the subject for an article. Unfortunately, I discovered that the topic was too complex for me to take in. I learned an assortment of interesting facts, but not enough to give a full view instead of a purely personal one.

Rick Carter obligingly took me to Glen-Glenn Sound (across the way from the "Star Trek" offices) and introduced me there before leaving to run an errand at the music-recording session. Douglas Grindstaff (Sound Effects Editor), Gordon Day (Re-recording Mixer), and a third man, Bernie (whose full name I didn't get), were in the process of dubbing a scene from "The Enterprise Incident."

They were working in a largish room with a screen at one end and an instrument panel at the other. The panel was covered with bright-colored buttons and switches -- and looked like nothing so much as the Enterprise's transporter controls. The scene they were working on was the section where Kirk talks to Tal, stalling for time, while Scott installs the cloaking device, and, just in time, the Enterprise vanishes, much to Tal's annoyance.

Beneath the screen were two gauges, one clocking seconds, the other measuring loudness. The film on the screen was exactly the same as what would go on the air later -- all the editing was complete -- except that a black line crossed the screen at regular intervals (another timing device for the benefit of the sound men).

They played the scene over several times, trying to figure out how to match it to its music. Somehow, there had been a mix-up in giving them instructions (or, possibly, a mix-up in recording the music). There was music under the dialog, hitting a climax when Scott throws the switch, fading under Tal's line, "Weapons officer, commence..." and ending a moment after the Enterprise begins vanishing. There was music for the jubilation on the Enterprise bridge afterwards. But there was no music for the seconds in between, while the Enterprise finishes vanishing and Tal realizes what has happened, and there were no instructions as to what the sound track was supposed to be doing in those moments. After futzing around with the music in various ways, one of them suggested fading out the music completely during "Weapons officer, commence..."

and letting the full disappearance (and Tal's shocked "Gone.... They have the cloaking device") come in a dead silence. They tried it and decided that it worked. Watching the episode on television three weeks later it struck me that the silence at that moment underscored its importance much more effectively than music would have, because it made such a contrast with the preceding tension-building-type music.

So they recorded the scene that way. I was surprised to hear one of them refer to futzing some of the dialog. I hadn't thought they were having trouble with it -- they weren't. Turned out "futz" is a technical word referring to an extreme filtering out of low tones, and intercom conversations (or communicator, telephone, etc.) generally call for futzing the voice of the individual off-screen. (I don't find the word in my unabridged -- anyone know its derivation and which of its meanings came first?)

The few scenes following presented no particular problems. They dubbed them and then took a break. I started asking questions. I learned that they start out with some half dozen tracks each of dialog and music and a couple tracks of sound effects. When they're done, the tracks have been boiled down to three synchronized tracks: dialog, music, and sound effects. The three groups are kept separate, as it makes it easier if any last-minute changes turn out to be necessary -- it also makes life easier for their counterparts who have to turn the Enterprise crew into speakers of, say, pristine Spanish for the Puerto Rican television. Three men are usually needed to dub a show, although sometimes two are enough and sometimes four are necessary.

The three, I noticed, tended to talk to each other in fragments. So far as possible, they tried to turn into one man with six arms -- and on occasion you'd think they'd succeeded. The equipment they were using at that time had been bought fairly recently. Day told me proudly, "The panel is the most recently designed and constructed that I know of in the industry."

Grindstaff took me upstairs, where there was more equipment, and also their files of tapes. Sound effects such as the noises of Enterprise doors opening or phasers firing, etc., were kept up there. "We had 250 effects when the show started," Grindstaff said. "We're up to 700 now."

There was also a small recording studio upstairs, the looping room. I asked what looping was. Grindstaff said it was recording dialog to be added to the film (and a sound track so recorded, with no accompanying film made at the same

time, is called a wild track). Background dialog, such as the buzz of "Life support, all systems working..." etc., heard on Uhura's intercom, is usually looped. Scenes done on location are frequently looped, because of traffic noises, airplanes, and other audible disturbances. The looping room is also used to record the few sound effects done manually instead of by pre-recorded tapes -- principally footsteps. A large sandbox full of dirt for sound men to tramp around in, synchronizing their footsteps with the actors' movements, takes up about half the floorspace in the looping room.

We went back down, and they got to work on "And the Children Shall Lead." They played the teaser and the beginning of the first act (up to the children's being sent to the ship) over several times, running the film back and forth. (Watching Professor Starnes leap from the ground in slow motion, run backwards, and hop backwards over his boulder was amusing.) As they played the film, they considered ways of handling problems that would come up in dubbing the segment. Samples: one of McCoy's lines, "Not until the fabric of traumatization has weakened" did not sound quite clear. Kelley had spoken it slurringly, and the jargon made it hard to understand, anyway. According to the script, "the happy screams of the children" were supposed to be audible during the scene, and the happy screams didn't help any in keeping the dialog clear. They tried various levels of loudness to get the line clear over the noise of the children. Or: when the children are first heard, they are not immediately seen, and Kirk stops what he is saying and reacts to the noise. They had film and a voice track of Shatner, and a wild track of the kids. The sound of the kids had to be synchronized with Kirk's reactions.

"Bernie," said one of the others, "we might as well be realistic. If this show is going to be done today, we'll have to forget about the two reels of 'Mannix'."

"I've got a suggestion," said Bernie, "Why don't we just do a final take? Think of the time it'd save."

"Sure," said one. "You have to do final takes eventually, anyway."

"I've got a better idea," said the other. "Let's just send the units to the tv stations."

When they completed that group of scenes, I left and joined Rick, at the music recording session. The episode was "The

Empath." It was being shown -- a black and white work-print, this time, not a full-color final print. The composer, George Duning, was conducting a group of strings, bells (and other percussion instruments), a harp, a couple of horns, and an organ, in the music to the Enterprise people's first meeting Gem. Again, of course, there was a timer (on the conductor's stand) and a complicated-looking console (the recording equipment).

Julian Davidson, the music co-ordinator for the show, was there, and I asked him a few questions. I learned that the studio did not keep a stable of full-time musicians, but simply hired the players needed for a given score, drawing chiefly on members of the LA Philharmonic and various jazz bands in the area.

During a break, I asked Duning if it bothered him, as a composer, to write background music that had to fit a show instead of shaping its own form. "No," he said flatly. "It's music." He looked annoyed, and I stopped asking questions.

At the next break, I went back to the "Star Trek" offices and met Charlie Washburn (Penny Unger had suggested I interview him). He happened to be free then, so the interview was then. I didn't have a recorder with me, but took notes on what he said, pretty much editing as we went along, so as to be able to keep up. As a result, I have no left-over material from that interview to put here.

At Baycon, the week before, I'd managed to get myself what my doctor called "a touch of bronchitis." It had been getting slowly worse, but the doctor had given me some stuff to take, so I ignored the illness and stopped by Roddenberry's office to see Anita Doochan and set a time to interview Doochan. The time set was the following Monday. Over the weekend, the bronchitis got worse, and on Monday I had to take a pack of throat lozenges with me -- without them I'd have ruined the tape with continuous coughing. I felt tempted to call off the interview, but decided against it, figuring it wouldn't be fair to call it off at the last minute. Doochan, it turned out, had the flu -- and also been tempted to call off the interview but decided it would be unfair. So he lay down on a couch, and I took out the microphone and lozenges, and the interview went through, although, of course, it was shorter than the other interviews.

Fragments: talking about accents, Doochan mentioned Indian accents. "A lot of Indians who speak English.... Depends on

how they were taught -- in England -- but if they were taught by English teachers in India they speak with a Welsh accent. Most of the teachers were Welsh, with the Welsh regiments out there. If you ever saw that terrible film called The Party Peter Sellers is in, he does a very good Indian accent with a Welsh touch to it. They r-round their words so much, you know. But, they put a certain inflection in it, which is Welsh." (Sorry about the inadequacy of that as a phonetic transcription -- but it gives an idea of the pattern.)

I asked if he was homesick for Canada at all.

"Not really, no," he said. "Because I usually...I'm at home wherever my work is."

I said I was surprised to find that I missed the snow.

"Well, the snow in Toronto, that's just dirty old snow. And you don't get out in the countryside. I like the snow way up in the north where it's there all year round, and it's clean all year round. I worked up at the North Bay at 40 below zero, and I just loved it. It was beautiful -- and the Department of Highways keeps the snow off the highways. The banks are about three times as high as this room, so you can't really hurt yourself, unless you run into another car, because you don't get off the road, that's for sure."

The role Doohan would most like to play is Lear. I asked why.

"Well, I dunno. King Lear is such a challenge. It's like a symphony -- I don't understand why composers don't compose a symphony of King Lear. And you have to have a terrific range of voice to be able to cover the whole thing. And I just feel King Lear and myself are allied in a way."

From the theme of the play, I guessed he meant he'd once trusted someone who betrayed him. He admitted that the guess was right, but obviously did not want to talk about it. So instead I said, "You've been in King Lear, haven't you?"

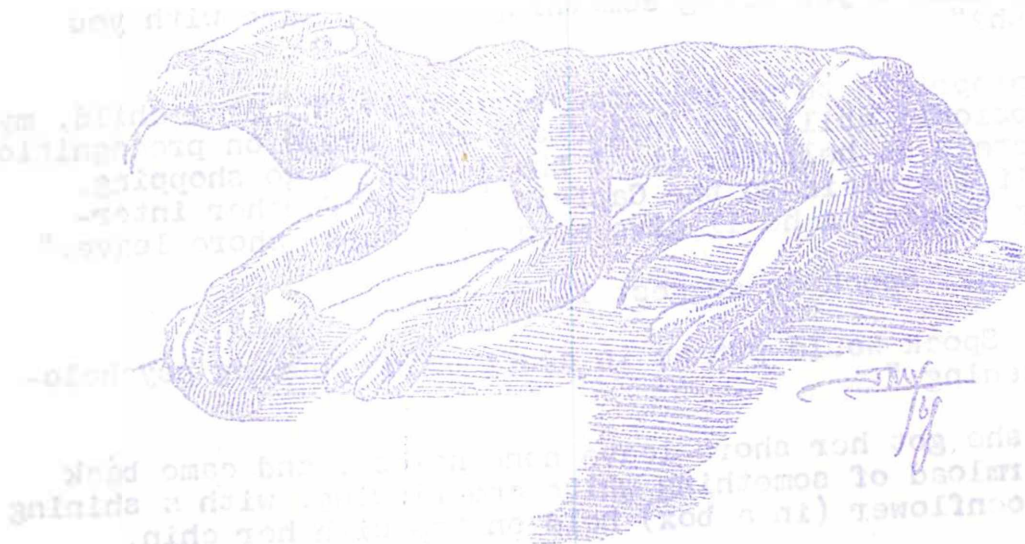
"Oh, yeah," he said. "I played Kent. I had a lovely opportunity there to do a West Country accent, a Cornwall accent, because Kent disguises himself when Lear exiles him."

"When was that?" I asked. "And where?"

"In Toronto, about '58, I guess. There was a beautiful King Lear. He was only supposed to have directed, but they couldn't

get the fellow they wanted. They wanted John Colicos -- you know, John has worked on "Star Trek" a couple of times -- and he wasn't available. So Mavor Moore had to do it. Which was great, because he had already figured out everything he wanted done. He did a beautiful job -- as a matter of fact, I think one of the best jobs I've ever seen him do. Many times, as an actor, I always thought that he was lazy. But he wasn't lazy in King Lear. It's like.... Many times when you see Sinatra...you know, I figure he's lazy. It's a great talent, but sometimes he just says the hell with it and doesn't want to do anything. I think that's a bad attitude for anybody in the business."

On my way out, I went through Stage 10. Workmen were busy pounding away at the walls of Parmen's palace, for "Plato's Stepchildren." Michael Dunn was seated on the outskirts, watching them, and his stand-in was wandering around the fountain. Both were in costume, but it didn't look as if the set was going to be ready to be acted on for quite a while. I took my last throat lozenge and went home.



GORN PUPPY

THE STAINLESS STEEL ROSE

by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson

My fanwy

The planet Salvia is a lovely place -- Earth without the mosquitoes. It has blue skies and green seas and the flowers of a young Eden. The Salvandi are humanoid, and have a culture approximating eighteenth-century Europe. They couldn't last ten minutes against a Klingon attack, and know it; which is why not only Star Base Six but a Federation Embassy and Training Center make their home there.

The Enterprise had been called there for some reason or other -- Captain Kirk doesn't tell me his troubles -- and we found we'd arrived just in time for an Ambassadorial Ball. Yes, ball. A formal dance for embassy staff, Salvandi nobility, starship officers, and other important people. I like eighteenth-century cultures.

"I'm sure I appreciate the honor," Dorothy told me dubiously, "but if we're not encouraged to come in dress uniform I don't know what I will come in. Nothing of yours will fit me."

"Why didn't you bring something appropriate with you from Earth?"

"Appropriate to an Ambassadorial Ball? My dear child, my lack of psionic abilities includes a zero score on precognition. Well, there's no help for it; I shall have to go shopping. Perhaps if I explain to the Captain it's to further inter-planetary relations he'll give me a few hours' shore leave."

"Get Mr. Spock to suggest it to him."

"Mr. Spock would put me in confinement pending psychological screening."

But she got her shore leave nonetheless, and came back with an armload of something white and flowing, with a shining Salvian moonflower (in a box) held on top with her chin.

"Local styles?" I asked.

"Slightly modified. They didn't have what I wanted, so I got what they did have and some fabric and went on from there." She put the dress away and we went to dinner.

Dr. McCoy and I were deep in a discussion of the coloration of insects when Mr. Spock arrived looking for Dorothy.

"Come and join us, sir, and rescue me," she said. "I don't know anything about insects."

"I do," he said. "But that's beside the point. I would like you to look over these figures. I tried to correlate these data into a logical pattern, and had no success. It is extremely difficult to make logical statements about the variables of human behavior."

"Of course it is," said Dorothy, scanning the page of data. "Mathematics is practically useless when it comes to human reactions. Now, if you were dealing with, say, the population of a whole quadrant of the Galaxy, you might could use statistical methods with a fair hope of success. But individual reactions -- What is this stuff, anyway?"

"Information on a series of recent thefts in this star sector. The captain asked me to check on it."

"What does he think it is?"

"He used the term 'space pirates'." (Dr. McCoy burst out laughing and choked on his Baked Alaska.) "But I don't think he was entirely serious. Conway, perhaps you can bring these facts into order."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Now, wait a minute!" Dr. McCoy interrupted. "You aren't going to make her work this evening; she's going to the ball!"

"Sir, if it's important, I could -- "

"No, you couldn't!" McCoy cut her off.

"It's not that urgent," Spock said quietly. "Tomorrow will serve."

"Why don't you come along tonight?" McCoy asked him with a grin. "You can watch the savage diplomats at their primitive tribal rites -- "

"No, thank you," said Spock. "I see enough of that here."

At 2000 hours we met Dr. McCoy in the transporter room. I had never seen him in his dress uniform before -- blue satin, with a sprinkling of ribbons across his chest. I resolved to get him to tell me the history of each and every one of them. A man's favorite topic is himself.

We didn't look so bad either. I was wearing silver lame. The gored skirt had a row of three ovals of emerald green lame on each side. Two strips of emerald green chiffon draped over the shoulders and were attached to the bodice by a large green crescent. There were green high-heeled shoes, and earrings, consisting of small green crescents on two-inch chains.

Dorothy's gown was built around a long, slim white sheath. It had a high neck but was sleeveless. There were modest slits in the sides of the skirt, to facilitate walking. To this she had added two long panels of soft, almost transparent crepe, in front and in back. Over this there was draped a circular cape of the same fabric. She turned in it, and the crepe floated out like a cloud. She wore no jewelry at all, only the moonflower in her hair.

We beamed down, along with Kevin Riley, to the steps of the Embassy. We went through a pair of heavy carven doors and found ourselves in an anteroom. About fifteen feet away from us stood the captain, watching the girls go by. As we watched, a beautiful redhead in blue walked past him and stopped to look in a large mirror on the wall. One could almost hear the captain think, "Aha!" He followed her to the mirror, and stood behind her. Their eyes met in the reflected image.

Neither of them spoke a word. He offered his arm, she took it, and they went through another pair of the great carven doors into the ballroom.

Kevin Riley, not to be outdone, offered Dorothy his arm. She raised an eyebrow in true Spockian fashion, but spoiled it with a grin. We all proceeded into the ballroom.

Dorothy

Kevin is a good dancer. I am not. It took all my concentration to keep from stepping on his feet, and I had little opportunity to see what was going on around me. I transferred him to a fragile-looking brunette who didn't come up to his chin, and while they glided across the floor I surveyed the ballroom.

The walls and floor were made of a pale native stone, translucent like alabaster but faintly veined like marble. The hard, angular lines of the stairs, archways and pavilions were softened by the patterns of leaves and vines carved into them. The walls were as smooth as glass; the floor, thank Heaven, somewhat less so.

Those of the Enterprise party that I could see were engaged in typical activities. I saw Myfanwy spinning around the floor in Dr. McCoy's arms. Scotty, bless him, was talking shop with three or four other Chief Engineers over the punchbowl. Sulu was attempting to teach the Viennese waltz to the three-legged ambadress from Hayward's Planet. As I watched, Captain Kirk and his redheaded companion left the dance floor and went out the central archway onto the veranda.

Crossing the floor a few minutes later to escape a beery CPO, I saw them through the archway, leaning against the parapet and watching the two little moons hurtle through the sky. She was entirely beautiful, pale and cool, her soft blue gown glowing like a pearl. Her bright hair fell around her shoulders. Her face could have been carved in alabaster. She was the true redhead I just missed being. I felt a stab of rare envy of such beauty. I hoped she was also beautiful in soul, for the captain's sake. He was following the moons only by their reflections in her eyes.

The dancing went on. I watched the people moving around the floor like flowers in a whirl-pool, followed by their pale white reflections in the polished walls. Presently I looked up at the wide stairs at the end wall. Spock was standing there, searching the faces of the dancers. He was not in dress uniform. He held a communicator in his hand: closed, as if he had given up trying to signal.

I ran up the stairs toward him, white draperies flying. "Mr. Spock! I didn't expect to see you here."

He raised one eyebrow. "I wouldn't be here under normal circumstances. Where is the captain? It's urgent that I speak to him at once."

"He's still here, I believe. He's not alone."

"That is unfortunate."

Well, you never could expect Mr. Spock to have any appreciation of a romantic moment. I led him down the stairs and across

the floor (from the corner of one eye I saw Myfanwy start and stare at us) to the central archway where I had seen the captain and his lady:

They were no longer there. Spock raised both eyebrows and proceeded down the steps into the gardens. Since he didn't forbid me to go along, I followed him, thinking I might prevent friction in this confrontation.

We followed the narrow, flagged paths through the formal gardens. The plants were arranged in elaborate patterns like those of the wall carvings. We encountered several couples, but not the one we sought. I was embarrassed; Spock was imperturbable. We continued in a straight line from the building.

Presently we came to a great tree drooping over the path, from whose branches hung thousands of white flowers, like tulips on threads. Their scene was not so much a perfume as the distilled essence of fresh air. Spock moved slowly among the branches, taking great care to leave the flowers on their stems. I followed in his wake.

Beyond the tree, the paths and the formal gardens came to an end. We stood upon a smooth, soft lawn. In the distance we could see trees and small hills. We had left the rest of the guests behind. In the silence I could hear the whisper of a brook. Spock stopped and listened intently.

"Anything, sir?"

"I see nothing but flora; I hear nothing but the brook. We will continue in this direction. I will search every corner of the grounds if I must."

We walked in silence across the lawn. We came at length to the brook we had heard; it curved around the base of a small hillock topped by a white summerhouse. We crossed the brook -- he with a step, I with a small leap -- and investigated. The summerhouse was empty except for a sleepy bird. On the other side of the hillock, the brook was wider; because of my narrow skirt I couldn't leap across it. He lifted me by the waist, swung me across, and waded through the shallow water -- space-boots are water- as well as all-else-proof.

Before us was a grove of dark trees. "Bronzewood trees," he commented, "related to the silverwood tree of Rigel VII." We entered the grove. In its open center we saw a small statue of

some local celebrity or deity, standing on a pedestal that raised it above our heads. We could see little else at first. "Breathing," Spock whispered. We approached the pedestal.

"At its foot lay the captain.

Myfanwy

"...So we beamed up with him right away," Dorothy told me the next morning, "and Dr. Rienzi took charge of him. He'll be okay: just a slight concussion. Which is one of the strangest things about the whole affair. I can understand their wanting to kill him if they thought he was on their trail. But why just a tap on the head that would only serve to make him suspect the redhead?"

Bones and I had beamed up about 0300, to find the Enterprise in a state of general turmoil. Only Spock and Dorothy had known much about what had happened, and this had been my first opportunity to pry either one of them loose from the computers.

"It did seem kind of strange that you never came back," I said. "When I saw you and Mr. Spock (of all people) heading out into the garden, I thought -- "

"You didn't think," she corrected me. "If you'd thought you would have thought something more reasonable. You know Spock better than that. Hell's bells, you know me better than that!" She slumped in her chair and rubbed her eyes.

"You were up all night again, I bet."

"Of course I was. Running Mr. Spock's data through the computers. Results zero point zero." She showed me the statistical readout. "Some things just aren't meant for computers. Look at this. They've never operated the same way twice. The computer couldn't find any connection. But it was fairly obvious to Mr. Spock, and to me, that this gang varies its pattern every time, to stay unpredictable. Very sensible."

"Do you think Captain Kirk's redhead has anything to do with all this?"

"I betcha dime she does. But I have no facts."

"Did you run her description through the computer?"

"Of course we did. Nothing. Which makes sense; this girl and her buddies are smart enough to stay out of the records."

The intercom signaled. I flipped it open for her. "Orloff and Conway here," I said, "and both dead tired."

"That is unfortunate," came Spock's calm voice. "Nonetheless, I would like to see Lt. Conway in the sickbay one half hour from now."

"Understood," Dorothy put in. "Conway out."

"We have half an hour," I said.

"I have half an hour. You have all day, as far as I know -- "

-- but I had jumped up and was tugging her with me down the corridor and into the nearest elevator.

"What's down here?" she protested, trying to drag me to a stop.

"Sulu."

"Myfanwy, dear addled child: fond as I am of Mr. Sulu, what has he got to do with the price of beans?"

"You've forgotten his hobby." I pounded on his door. A sleep-fuddled Sulu stuck his head out.

"What the hell -- Oh, Myfanwy, sweetheart! What brings you here on this suddenly beautiful morning?"

So I told him.

At the appointed time, we showed up in sickbay with an armload each of flowers -- Sulu's prize pets. Petals scattered over the captain's bedclothes; tendrils twined around our fingers, the telltale contacts, and the captain's ears; and the whole room smelt most sentimental. The captain, of course, was roaring with laughter. I didn't mind; it was good for him. But Dorothy seemed distinctly embarrassed under Spock's cool eye, and tried to act as if she didn't know me.

"Since Dr. McCoy assures me that you are not seriously injured," Mr. Spock began, "but also that you would do better

to remain here for the rest of the day: I have brought Lt. Conway here so that we may discuss the matter that concerns us."

"Yes, Mr. Spock." Captain Kirk was wearing the fond, "silly old Vulcan" smile that usually appeared in interchanges like this.

"We have information on a number of moderately successful robberies performed in this sector. These data are familiar to all of us -- except, perhaps, for Dr. Orloff -- " (He cast a cool eye in my direction, and I wondered whether to run or hide) " -- who may as well stay, since she was a witness to part of this occurrence. When I beamed down in search of you last night, it was because I had come upon a piece of information that seemed of primary importance."

"And this was?" prompted the captain. You have to be very patient with Mr. Spock sometimes.

"As you know, our next scheduled port of call is Berengaria VII. And on that planet, twenty days from now, the Interstellar Lapidary Society is presenting an exhibition of gemstones. If both those facts are known to the group under discussion -- "

"As they may well be, Mr. Spock," the captain put in.

"Captain, would you please describe in detail everything that took place in connection with the female in question?"

"Well, I beamed down at 2000 hours and stood in the ante-room for a moment looking around. I met her eyes in the mirror -- as the girls have undoubtedly told you. We went out into the ballroom and danced. I told her my name; she said her name was Rose."

"Last name?"

"She didn't say. She asked how long we were going to be here and where we were going next, and I told her."

"That was perhaps unwise, in view of later events."

"Perhaps, Mr. Spock. But our route isn't a secret, and her questions then seemed no more than friendly curiosity. She didn't tell me anything about herself, and I didn't feel like asking. We just danced.... She left me for about ten minutes at one point -- I suppose that was when she called the guy that slugged me."

"Undoubtedly."

"When she came back, she didn't seem to want to dance any more, so we went outside -- watched the moons...when they set we wandered out into the gardens."

"All this time nothing was said?"

"Nothing of consequence. I think my longest speech was 'Watch out, you'll get your feet wet.' So I picked her up and carried her across the brook...." His eyes went out of focus.

"And then, sir?"

The captain came back to the here and now. "Well, and then I kissed her, Mr. Spock. Several times. And then we went on into the grove of trees, and we admired the statue, and I was just about to kiss her again, when -- " His hand made a slugging motion.

"Yes. Conway and I found you lying at the foot of the statue. I returned there this morning as soon as it was light, and found footprints in the muddy stream bed nearby. The long, narrow feet of a man -- in (so far as I can tell) ordinary civilian shoes."

"Long, narrow feet. So were Rose's. Smaller, of course." The captain began to laugh. "Maybe we're barking up the wrong tree, Mr. Spock. Maybe that was her brother or her father, who didn't approve of her taking up with me!" He calmed down again. "But aside from that, why would they want to set me deliberately on their trail?"

"A false trail, Captain," said Mr. Spock.

"Yes, sir," Dorothy put in. "To make us think that the trouble is here on Salvia, and delay us in reaching Berengaria VII. This is Mr. Spock's opinion, and I believe he's correct."

"Well. In that case, we ought to keep our schedule, don't you think?"

"Affirmative."

So we left (very quietly) for Berengaria VII. It would take us another three weeks, which meant that we would arrive just as the exhibition opened.

Mr. Spock was heard to express his displeasure at the fact that Rose had been too smart to tell the captain her last name. In spite of it, he set Dorothy to running a computer search of all humanoid females, first name Rose, recorded doing anything whatever in the last fifty years.

("Fifty?" the captain protested. "She can't have been more than twenty-five!")

"If she is Earth-human," Mr. Spock said. Which effectively shut up the captain.)

No one was more surprised than Dorothy when her search actually turned up something.

"The Extra-Social Philosophy, by Rose Farquhar," she read.

"What's it about?"

"It's a very nicely written treatise on the 'soldier of fortune' type of criminal -- the person who lives outside the rules, not because of mental aberration, but simply out of a wish for adventure. If you've got to have criminals about, I suppose that's the best kind. They never kill anyone, and they concentrate on places that are heavily insured. Remember Leinster's theory that space piracy is good for insterstellar economics?"

"No."

"Mph. Well, listen to this: 'At a certain stage the realization strikes through that one must either live outside of society's bonds or die of absolute boredom. There is no future or freedom in the circumscribed life, and the only other life is complete rejection of the rules. There is no longer room for the soldier of fortune or the gentleman adventurer who can live both within and outside of society. Today, it is all or nothing.'* Now, doesn't that sound rather like our Rose?"

"Well, maybe. So her name's Rose Farquhar?"

"That her name's Farquhar I seriously doubt. But she probably uses her own Christian name in all her aliases; this is quite common, I'm told."

* from The Stainless Steel Rat, by Harry Harrison, Pyramid, 1961, pp. 12-13.

"There's one thing that puzzles me. She keeps talking about the circumscribed life within the bonds of society. But there's plenty of room for adventure in the Galaxy! Look at us, for Pete's sake."

"There is, most places. But there are some worlds where life has gotten so stylized that there's little or no leeway for individuality. Earth isn't one of these, but Alpha III is, for instance. Bellatrix IV, V, and VI are. (Vulcan is, of course, but the Vulcans like it that way.) And there are others. On some, the only outlet for an adventuresome spirit is to go into space. But there are planets where spacemen are considered gypsies or infidels or what not, and you can't get into space without sneaking. If Rose comes from a planet like that, I don't think I blame her. Much."

"What do the captain and Mr. Spock think of all this?"

"They're up in the briefing room talking about it now."

"Without you?"

"The captain doesn't tell me his troubles, either."

And they told us nothing at all for the rest of the journey. I went back to my specimens and Dorothy to her epics.

When we arrived at Berengaria VII, a small and stealthy landing party was organized: the two of us, Mr. Spock, and two Security men just in case. The captain wasn't going (though he was anxious to get his hands on Rose for more reasons than one). There was a chance that she wouldn't recognize us, and we would have a chance to investigate.

The procedure had been worked out carefully: Dorothy and I (the only ones who knew Rose by sight) would separate and scout out the whole exhibit, then report back to Mr. Spock in the main room. The Security men were to keep within calling distance, but not too close to Spock: a Star Fleet senior officer flanked by two Security men spelled "official business" in large letters.

The exhibit occupied several rooms of the governmental building. We divided the floor between us, left Mr. Spock in front of a case of signet rings, and began our search.

Dorothy

The first room I saw was filled with carved jade; the second with onyx and chalcedony and petrified wood from a dozen planets. No sign of Rose. I walked into the third room, and my breath deserted me. The walls were lined with Bellatrixian crystal.

The hard, prismatic crystals of Bellatrix II are mined by IV and V and cut on VI. They refract even dim light into a blaze, and here they were exhibited to their best advantage. I saw myself drowned in light like the wild sea, overwhelmed in the waves, distracted by the foaming breakers, and finally dashed against the hard rocks...but it was a mirror against which I leaned, my back against a thousand rainbows.

I collected my thoughts and attempted to see if Rose was there. I thought not, but in the maze of light I couldn't be certain. In any case, I thought, Rose or no Rose, Mr. Spock has got to see this. I made my way back toward the main room.

Mr. Spock stood with his back to me, examining a case at the far end of the room. I started toward him, then stopped dead in my tracks. Ten feet away from him, and cautiously moving closer, was unmistakably Rose.

I didn't dare try to intercept her; I wasn't supposed to know her. I hid behind a panel of iridescent quartz and peeped out the other side.

Spock was examining a ring mounted on a pillar of black velvet. The pointed face of a demon (or, perhaps, a Vulcan) was carved in sparkling emerald.

"Look familiar?" said Rose behind him.

He turned and looked at her calmly. "Yes," he said, "A very fine example of the stonework of Betelgeuse IX."

Rose laughed. "That isn't what I meant. What's that one?"

"A large baroque pearl, probably from Terra, set in beaten gold."

"And that one?"

At this point I caught sight of Myfanwy in the doorway. I managed to catch her eye and made frantic "over-here, -not-there"

motions. She understood and sidled around three sides of the room to join me without being seen by Rose -- or so we hoped.

"Keep an eye and ear on them," I whispered. "I've got to contact the captain." She took over my post, and I slipped away out of earshot. "Conway to Enterprise. Urgent."

A few beeps, then the captain's voice. "Kirk here. What is it, Lieutenant?"

"We've located Rose, sir -- or perhaps she's located us. She's striking up an acquaintance with Mr. Spock. Dr. Orloff and I are keeping an eye on them, but they...." I looked in their direction, and looked for another place to hide. "They're coming this way. More later. Conway out."

I tucked away the communicator and tried to look like one of the tourists. Spock and Rose were indeed headed in my direction, leaving Myfanwy to stare after them goggle-eyed. I quickly became interested in another display case, holding a tall, spidery crown carved from a single piece of the Bellatrixian crystal, reflecting all the surrounding colors. Then there was only blue in the crystal, and I looked up into Rose's eyes.

We smiled politely, like strangers. I had no idea whether or not to seem to recognize her or even Mr. Spock, and she also seemed ill at ease. "My grouncar's outside," she said to him, and they left.

I made my way back to Myfanwy. "What in the name of wonder?"

"She invited him out to her uncle's place for lunch," Myfanwy said. "I hope she knows he's a vegetarian!"

"She has an uncle : like I have...." I ran out of similes. "On the other hand, we wanted to investigate them, didn't we? Mr. Spock will probably find himself right in their midst."

"You're not worried about him?"

"No particularly -- he's famous for being able to take care of himself."

"Himself is the one thing he can't take care of. Remember when you had to carry him like a rag doll to sickbay?"



"Do you want me to worry? Come on. Let's get back to the ship."

I think the captain was worried, too, but he was even less willing than I to admit it. He had Lieutenant Uhura set up a communicator channel into his quarters -- he didn't want Rose's pursuit of Spock going all over the bridge -- and the three of us set up watch.

No one spoke much. There was a cloud over the captain. Either he was concerned for Mr. Spock's safety, or he was miffed because the fair Rose was trying to inveigle someone else. Or both.

The communicator's beep made us all jump. Myfanwy turned it on. The captain leaned over her shoulder. "Kirk here."

"Spock here, Captain. Request that the transporter track me. I am not able to stop long enough for transport, but I may be presently."

"Stop? Where are you?"

"I am on the back of a large sexipedal mammal, known as a soracq, which is running up into the foothills. I am being pursued by seven people riding similar creatures. As soon as I have gained sufficient distance on them, I will be able to stop and beam up."

Over the beat of the animal's paws, he filled us in.

Rose evidently knew a Vulcan when she saw one, and knew that a Vulcan Star Fleet Lt.-Commander was the First Officer of the Enterprise. But her supplementary information on Vulcans was obviously spotty. She had paid what Spock called insufficient attention to the road, edging as close to him as she could and still drive, asking charming little questions about his home and family (in terminology most foreign to Vulcan). It would have been something to see.

The uncle's country place was on the edge of the green lowlands, with its back to the dry foothills of the Mountains of the Morning. It must have been a large and impressive establishment, though Spock didn't elaborate. The uncle gave him the royal treatment with flourishes, and it took him more than an hour to get away long enough to snoop.

His snooping was fruitful. The so-called uncle turned out to be an ancient and venerable con man from Rigel II, currently set up as the biggest fence on Berengaria VII. There was evidence of his dealings with Rose's group and others -- enough to convict several people on several planets. It all went into Spock's pouch -- pity he hadn't had his tricorder -- and he was about to rejoin Rose when the study door opened.

In walked the uncle, with a phaser in his hand. Behind him were two large and unimaginative strongarm men. One was the typical Rigellian tough. The other (here Myfanwy and I looked at each other in a kind of delight) was tall and slender, with long, narrow hands and feet, and hair the color of Rose's. And all three of them looked most uncordial.

The uncle was closest. A Vulcan pinch on the wrist doesn't knock a man out, but it does cause him to scream and drop what he's holding. And a knuckle in the temple dropped him to the floor. Rose's tall kinsman got a solid, unsophisticated Terran right to the jaw. The third man turned to run, setting himself up for the shoulder pinch.

So far, so good. But the scream had undoubtedly been heard. He picked up the phaser, checked to see that he still had the papers, and ran out the door.

He didn't know where the groundcar had been parked, and to waste time looking for it would be suicidal. But they had shown him the stables, and he could handle animals as well as any Vulcan. He had just set foot on the path when Rose screamed, "After him!"

He made it to the stables (he said) in 7.5 seconds. The soracqi were the placid, unambitious type, but they responded to his touch. He leaped onto the back of a likely-looking one and charged out the stable door. He barely missed trampling Rose and the others -- though the animal's soft pads would have done them little harm. As he rode off he could hear them leading out the other soracqi.

One thing he knew for certain: no groundcar could follow him into the hills. They were dry and scrubby, filled with hollows and sand dunes. They supported little life: a heatherlike groundcover, the camel-like soracqi that ate the heather, and were themselves eaten by the dragons.

The dragons, also six-legged, had the long tail and toothed jaws of a Tyrannosaurus and the glittering scales and

pointed dorsal spines of a conventional medieval dragon. They didn't breathe fire, but they did eat anything they could catch, and it was unlikely that they would stand still long enough to be gentled by even the most persuasive of Vulcans.

However (he said), the odds were approximately 2.18 to 1 in his favor. He was not trying to cross the mountains, nor to double back to civilization; his destination was simply Elsewhere, so that he could stop long enough to be beamed up to the Enterprise.

"I neither see nor hear anyone, Captain," he said at this point. "I will ride to the top of a hill and see if I am still being pursued.

"There were seven following me," he said after a moment. "There now appears to be only one. The others may have lost the trail, given up, or been delayed by a dragon."

"Who is the one that's still following?" asked the captain.

"I am not certain," Spock answered. "I can see red hair, but there were several individuals of that type in the house. Whoever it is now seems to have lost my trail; I am ready to beam up."

And then we heard Rose scream.

Myfanwy

After that, things happened very quickly. The captain jumped to his feet and ran out the door. I ran after him. And Dorothy flipped the communicator to in-ship. "Security!" I heard her say before I ran out of earshot.

The captain was, of course, headed for the transporter room. I think I was hoping to catch him in time to talk him out of beaming down and fighting that critter singlehanded. A vain hope.

At the third bend of the corridor, Dorothy caught up with me. "I called Security," she panted. "They'll have some -- " The three of us reached the elevator together, and piled in. The captain didn't really notice we were there. The doors opened, and we followed him out and into the transporter room.

A Security man was there, holding two phaser rifles. The captain took no notice. He shouted, "Energize!" and leaped onto the transporter. Dorothy and I each snatched a phaser and followed him, landing on the transport discs in the nick of time.

We stood in a gully between two dry brown hills. The captain, looking around for Rose, saw us for the first time. "What are you two doing here?"

"Be reasonable, Captain," I said, and gave him my phaser rifle. "You can't fight a dragon with a hand phaser!"

"Over here," called Dorothy. She had found Mr. Spock on his hilltop and was scrambling up the slope to him with the other phaser. We followed.

"Where?" the captain asked. Spock had dismounted and was searching the terrain with eyes and ears.

"I'm not certain," he began; but then we heard the dragon's metallic growl. "This way," said Spock, and we ran down the hill.

The dragon had cornered Rose between two hills. It had killed her soracq (probably with a blow of its tail) and was now chewing on its head. Rose lay unmoving under the animal's body.

The captain and Mr. Spock opened fire on it, and it roared and turned in their direction. Its hide, though tough, was seared by the phaser beams. It headed for the captain, not in a friendly way.

"We have work to do, too," Dorothy said. I followed her to the dead soracq. We pulled Rose from beneath its body and laid her down in the shelter of the next hill. So I didn't get to see much of the dragon-slaying. I gather the captain kept its head end occupied while Mr. Spock sneaked up close and got it in the soft underside. Then the captain finished it off with a blast in the eye.

They came over to us, where we sat beside Rose. I think the captain would have given much for some of Mr. Spock's control. "How is she?" he asked.

"Alive, sir," Dorothy answered.

"I think she'll be all right," I added. "Just a concussion; she must have fallen on her head."

In the distance we heard the pawbeats of several soracqi approaching. The captain picked up Rose in his arms. Mr. Spock pulled out his communicator.

"Enterprise! Five to beam up. Quickly."

We saw Rose settled in sickbay under Dr. McCoy's care. He said she'd regain consciousness in a few hours. Captain Kirk went off to tell Security to beam down and pick up the rest of the gang. Mr. Spock was about to accompany him, but Dorothy stopped him.

"Before we all go back to normal routine," she said, "could you spend about an hour back at the exhibition with me?"

"Why -- yes, if it's important."

"It is. Though not as you might think."

They were gone for two hours, not one, and when they came back they were very quiet.

Later that day we all met again in sickbay: Rose was awake. She seemed entirely subdued by her discovery and capture. She avoided the captain's eyes. When she was told the rest of her group were in Security's hands, she only said, "Oh," and closed her eyes.

She wouldn't answer any questions. There was no defiance; she just lay back and closed her eyes and looked exhausted.

The captain was upset, and so was Dorothy. "It doesn't seem logical (pardon my language) that a bump on the head, or even capture, would flatten her out so completely. There's something else wrong."

"Then Dr. McCoy will find it. I'm going down to Engineering to find some cheerful faces."

And I went and talked to Scotty. So I wasn't around when Rose suddenly jumped out of bed, throttled her guard into unconsciousness, and escaped.

I left Scotty's pocket-sized office and headed down the corridor. As I passed the Feed Control Station, I heard a soft thud inside.

No, we don't keep prize cows in the Feed Control Station! It handles the flow of antimatter particles in the drive engines. There is always someone keeping an eye on it. And it's a deathly quiet place. Even the instruments make no sound. So what had I heard?

I opened the door and went in. The first thing I saw was the panel lights, flickering erratically. The second was the Engineering crewman lying on the floor. And the third was Rose, charging across the room toward me.

I screamed as loudly as I could, and ducked her. She ran past me to the door and closed it -- the lock was broken. "No, you don't," she said calmly. I ran to the intercom, but she was there before me. I flipped it open with one hand and with the other tried to pry her fingers off my throat. What I wouldn't have given for some of Mr. Spock's techniques!

"Orloff to anybody!" I pushed her away. "She's trying to kill me!"

"I don't intend to kill you," she said, pinning my arms behind my back. "But I've got to keep you out of the way."

I tried to pull loose and couldn't. So I jerked my whole body toward the panels, banging her head against them. On the third bang she let go, and I threw her across the room. She fell across a bank of controls, dropped to the floor, and was still.

"Report your situation, Dr. Orloff!" came Uhura's voice from the communicator.

"Everything all right, I think --" I began; but then I saw that a deep red panel had begun to flash above Rose's head, and the alert siren was sounding, and I could hear the emergency doors sliding into place down the corridor.

"The controls are misaligned in there," came Scotty's voice. "Antimatter particles are flowing into the atmosphere, generating Lattimer radiation. Myfanwy, what's the light look like in there?"

I looked around. "Now that you mention it, the air's beginning to glow."

"Can she make the necessary adjustments?" asked the captain.

"Impossible. Takes four years' study. And it'll take me twenty minutes to get through the emergency door."

I wasn't listening as closely as I might have been. I was remembering all I'd read about the effects of Lattimer radiation, and felt very cold. Twenty minutes would be about eighteen minutes too long.

"And there's no one else in that section," Scotty was saying.

"Correction," said Spock's voice. "I am in the corridor outside. I heard Dr. Orloff's scream and was heading in this direction before the section was sealed off."

I ran to the door and threw my arms across the panels. "Don't try to come in! You're more susceptible to Lattimer radiation than I am."

"But it is necessary," said Spock calmly. "You are not familiar with these controls."

"I'm familiar enough with your metabolism. You wouldn't last fifteen seconds in here!"

The voices argued back and forth while I leaned against the door -- as if my muscles could hold it shut.

Spock: Fifteen seconds might be long enough.

Kirk: Stay where you are, Mr. Spock; that's an order.

Scotty: Radiation level increasing.

Spock: Captain, I must go in.

Dorothy: Mr. Spock!

Kirk: Stay out of there!

Dorothy: Mr. Spock! Spock, devi nai!

Spock: Captain, let me go!

Dorothy: Spock, karek des; stal i koi! Myfanwy, blank
out your mind; let go!

I was too dizzy (with the radiation or from fright) to argue with her. I thought of darkness, and silence, and tried to think of nothing. And I felt someone beside me.

He was like a pillar of light. Or, he was like a garden filled with tall pines and little fragrant roses. Or, I stood in the shadow of a great computer that sparkled like all the stars of heaven. Or, I heard the whisper of a cool wind that smelt of the sea. Or, I felt strong arms around me. And they held me warmly, so that I could not be frightened, and guided me. I watched while he took my feet and made me walk across the room, slowly and carefully to keep from breaking the link, and took my hands and made them do strange things among the controls.

The red light went out, and the air stopped glowing. The sirens were silent. I heard the doors slide back at the ends of the corridor. And he was gone. I was alone and cold, and the room was very still. I heard Spock's footsteps hurrying away down the corridor. I stepped over Rose, who still lay there, and knelt on the floor and began to cry.

That night, I tried to explain to Dorothy what I had felt, but she stopped me. "I know the Vulcan mind -- second hand, at least. They're like that: but they never let it out. That damnable Vulcan conditioning!"

"Can anything break it?"

"Who knows? There's always hope, I keep telling myself -- perhaps in a hundred years someone will teach him to smile. Oh, let's get some sleep." She turned out the light. "By the bye -- I'll make you one prediction. He won't speak to you for a week."

He didn't.

Dorothy

Spock really was embarrassed. He wouldn't talk about it even to me. I wondered idly if Myfanwy had some secret inner vice I didn't know about, but decided probably not. Spock is a Vulcan of the Vulcans.

Rose, of course, wound up in Security. Lt.-Commander Giotto put double guard on her -- married men mostly. I think he would have preferred a few policewomen, but he didn't have any. (A pity, Mr. Spock pointed out, that he didn't have half a dozen Vulcans on his staff.) So instead he asked Myfanwy and me to help keep an eye on her and on her poor guards.

In truth, they didn't have it so rough; Rose had apparently become convinced that no deception would get her out of the brig this time, and she didn't try any more tricks.

I found that she and her cohorts (most of whom were her cousins) came from Bellatrix VI. They had smuggled themselves off their rigidly controlled planet to seek independence the only way they could. Rose's elder brother had started it some six years before.

Rose, when deprived of reasons to flirt or connive, turned out to be a delightful person. She made her grim life on Bellatrix sound like a situation comedy. She taught us some of the most beautiful folk songs I've ever heard. She had a very gentle disposition, and seemed disinclined to hurt a fly. I didn't like to think of her being sent to a rehabilitation colony, even one of the pleasant ones like Tantalus. Darn it all, she was a nice girl!

So it surprised me to see Mr. Matthews standing guard outside her door with a bruised cheekbone and a bewildered expression. "I don't know what I did," he told me. "We were talking -- you know how silly she is sometimes -- we were cracking jokes about her name, 'a rose is a rose is a rose' and so forth, and I said 'a zwilnik by any other name would smell as sweet,' and she damn near picked me up and threw me out."

"All right," I said to Rose presently. "So what's a zwilnik?"

"Old twentieth century term for a drug smuggler," she said sullenly.

"Good lord, Rose, your bunch never handled drugs! Or did you?"

"No, we didn't! That's why I blew up. I've told you before: we go after money, not people. I wouldn't be caught dead in something that did people that much harm."

"Oh, ja, ^Vsa, ita vero, I've heard all about that. Nor do I disbelieve it. But don't get so self-righteous. Consider the following. You enticed Mr. Spock out to what's-his-face's place -- "

"Nobody hurt him -- "

"Attend. When he had collected his data and started to leave, you set the hue and cry after him -- "

"To keep him from exposing us! Do you think I'd have harmed him?"

"Maybe not intentionally. But did it ever occur to you what would have happened to Mr. Spock if your Rigellian buddy -- with three murders on his record already -- had caught up with him?"

Rose stared at me. Then, before my bugging eyes, she turned away and began to cry.

Myfanwy came in at this point. "What's going on now?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I think we're living in the nineteenth century." I handed Rose a kleenex. "Come on; mop up and smile. You're right, nobody hurt him. But that, sweet innocence, is what you have to watch out for if you go into the pirate business. Try something legal next time."

"What next time?"

She had me there.

Presently we returned to Salvia and Star Base 6, and Rose and company were handed over. The captain and Mr. Spock began spending long hours closeted with Commodore Swenson. We weren't

in on it. We wandered around and around the city, under the beautiful trees, doing nothing practical.

On the third afternoon we were called to a hearing in the Commodore's office. We beamed down with the captain and Mr. Spock. Rose was there, and her brother, and the others. Ambassador Hunter was also there. "Where will wants not, a way opens," I said in Myfanwy's ear as we took our seats.

Ambassador Hunter rose to his feet. "We can dispose with most of the preliminary remarks," he said. "We all know why we are here: to insure both that justice will be done and that a reservoir of unique talent will not be wasted. Commodore Swenson and I have come to a tentative agreement.

"The situation resolved itself quite easily once it was accurately defined. The problem that faced us was not the rehabilitation and/or punishment of a band of hardened criminals, but the the utilization of the energies and abilities of a group of young people who refused, understandably, to conform to the social pressures of their own planet.

"There are two basic types of criminal (so to speak) in the Galaxy today. First, the soldier-of-fortune phenomenon, such as we have here; individualists who have perhaps carried their individualism to extremes. A twentieth century writer has described them as 'stainless steel rats' in the wainscoting of modern technical civilization.

"Then, there are the real criminals -- those who rob, defraud, murder, conquer, because they enjoy it -- or because they are too apathetic or too ill to seek a less anti-social way of life.

"Both varieties of crime are well represented in this highly civilized sector of the Galaxy. Keeping the level down has been very largely the responsibility of the Star Fleet. But Star Fleet is handicapped by being just that: it has minimal ground power and little experience in dealing by stealth in the cities of alien planets. Witness this past affair, in which all the action not carried out by Captain Kirk himself or by his First Officer -- neither easily spared -- was entrusted to a pair of young and naïve girls."

Myfanwy opened her mouth to protest. "Basingstoke," I hissed into her ear. "He's building up to a point."

"Therefore," the ambassador continued, "the Embassy is of the opinion that these talented, ambitious and highly efficient stainless steel rats should be trained and utilized as rat-catchers -- stainless steel ferrets, as it were -- to serve as the planetside undercover Intelligence of Star Fleet. Embassy and Star Base staffs will have to spend some weeks working out the details, but -- "

"But the ambassador and I have agreed on the basic outline," said Commodore Swendon. "This is assuming, Captain, that you are willing to drop, and to keep quiet, the evidence you have against them."

"Delighted," said the captain.

And before we could straighten it out in our young-and-naïve little minds, it was all settled. Mr. Spock sent us back to the ship.

The last time we saw Rose, she was in the Training Center learning to pick electronic locks. Sometimes I hope we did the right thing.

A Terran /dea of a Vulcan Lullaby
by Tim Courtney and Ruth Berman

Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You can control it if you try,
But if you cannot, don't say a word --
Sentiments are extremely absurd.
Hush, little baby, don't laugh aloud --
Vulcans are silent, strong, and proud.
If you behave as I suggest,
You'll grow up logical, wise, and repressed.

OLD-TIME REVIEWS DEPT.

Nimoy addenda

"Old Overland Trail"

Variety, February 25, 1953, "Film Reviews," pp. 6, 18, by Brog.

(p. 18) "...and Leonard Nimoy [sic], Apache Chief, provide acceptable support."

"Mission: Impossible

Variety, October 1, 1969, "Television Reviews," p. 48, by Syd.

"It will take time to tell whether the loss of Martin Landau and Barbara Bain will affect the successful 'Mission Impossible' track record. For the present, it suffices that all the essential ingredients of the past three years were present in the new season's first stanza. Leonard Nimoy has taken over the Landau, man of 1,000 faces role; and though different in the part, he handled it with enough distinction to make it authentic, within the context of the script."

Minneapolis Star, October 27, 1969, "TV-Radio Chatter," p. 15A, by Forrest Powers.

"Unlike Landau, who said little and looked wise a lot, Leonard Nimoy, his replacement, raised questions from time to time and actually smiled on occasion. Of course, it might have been that he was overjoyed at being rid of those silly ears he wore on 'Star Trek'."

Minneapolis Tribune, November 23, 1969, "TV and Radio Week," p. 18, by Will Jones.

"There's a good chance that the forever opaque 'Mission Impossible' may be even more impossible for us non-fans to figure out tonight. In the episode scheduled, Leonard Nimoy plays no fewer than five characters in a script that's complex even by 'Mission: Impossible' standards."

"He plays a man made up as the double of a would-be dictator, the double's double, plus a robot with the double's face. He also plays a watchman, and then his regular character role, Paris, the fellow who does a lot of work as a double."

"Originally separate actors were to have played the various parts, until producer Bruce Geller got the notion of murking up the scene by having Nimoy do them all."

note from Beth Moore re: "Francis Goes to West Point"

"I don't really think his part could be classed as 'non-dialogue'... 'very little dialogue' perhaps, but he did speak. Also managed to clumsily trip over his own feet."

Shatner -- television

"General Motors Theatre" -- "The Big Leap"

Variety, October 13, 1954, "Television Reviews," p. 40, by Gorm.

"Standouts were... Bill Shatner as Lucky, a naive kid whose love of the river and [Lorne] Greene's promises of farm and fortune led him into a deal that got far beyond his depth and set him dangerously between two rival mobsters and the promoter."

"Ford Theatre Playbill" -- "Mr. Finchly vs. the Bomb"

broadcast January 26, 1955, Shatner in cast. Script by Rod Serling.

"Goodyear Playhouse" -- "All Summer Long" (by Robert Anderson)

Variety, October 31, 1956, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 42, by Jess.

"The Munson family, faced with an impending disaster which only a 10-year-old boy and his lame elder brother are willing to recognize.... The performances were all good. Raymond Massey, as the father, headed the cast, while others in the lineup included William Shatner, as the boy...."

[As a 10-year-old??]

"Studio One" -- "The Defender" (by Reginald Rose)

Variety, March 6, 1957, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 31, by Chan.

"Performances were excellent throughout.... Shatner as [Ralph] Bellamy's bright and convincing son... delivered topflight portrayals."

"Alfred Hitchcock Presents" -- "The Glass Eye"

broadcast October 6, 1957, Shatner in cast.

"The Deadly Machine"

Variety, December 18, 1957, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 31, by Chan.

"The story of a tired old doctor who's fought all his battles and who's given way to slovenliness, carelessness and stubbornness, finally to be replaced by a young and vigorous medic.... Fine supporting cast, including William Shatner as the young successor."

"United States Steel Hour" -- "Walk with a Stranger"
Variety, March 5, 1958, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 48, by Rans.

"A compactly-directed cast including William Shatner....
'Walk with a Stranger' told the tale of an old man, played by [Ed] Begley, who stops at a farm seeking food and shelter. Shatner, in the role of the farmer's son, crippled and embittered by his misfortune, thinks the stranger fits the description of an escaped convict carrying \$50,000 in his possession. The cripple attempts at first to blackmail him saying he'll be quiet if the money is produced but the stranger denies he is the prisoner on the run. A series of dramatic encounters between the crippled boy and the stranger...turns the snarling, scheming young man into a more human individual with a desire not to waste his days in vengeance and defeat."

"Playhouse 90" -- "A Town Turned to Dust" (by Rod Serling)
Variety, June 25, 1958, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 39, by Rans.

"Rod Steiger played the cowardly sheriff with magnificent understanding.... There were also superb performances by William Shatner as the ringleader of the lynchers...."

"United States Steel Hour" -- "Old Marshals Never Die"
Variety, August 20, 1958, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 35, by Rans.

"There were good performances by Cameron Prud'homme as a former town marshal in his declining years and William Shatner as the present marshal who learned all about law enforcement from the old man.

"Play was set in a tiny western town in the late 19th century and dealt with the young lawman's crisis when forced to choose between doing his duty and his extraordinary affection for the ex-peace officer who went around shooting firearms at imaginary outlaws.... Conflict scenes between Emhardt and Shatner were caught with imagination and skill by the cameramen."

"Hallmark Hall of Fame" -- "The Christmas Tree"
Variety, December 17, 1958, "Television Reviews," p. 35, by Rose.

"The show's format roamed far and wide without much cohesion.... There was a brief teleplay, 'Light One Candle,' with Ralph Bellamy and William Shatner, which was a variation on a theme done so much more brilliantly two hours earlier (same network) in 'Amahl and the Night Visitors'."

"Tactic"
Variety, May 6, 1959, "Television Reviews," p. 36, by Gilb.

"Under the overall title of 'Tactic,' a series of six half-hour tv shows is attempting to set the public straight on proper attitudes toward cancer.... The opening episode on WRCA-TV,

N.Y., Saturday (2) was fascinating viewing.... [Diane] van der Vlis portrayed a fashion model faced with breast cancer which requires immediate surgery. Naturally, she fears disfigurement. Shatner, as a physician, eases her anxiety and convinces her of the operation's necessity."

"Play of the Week" -- "Night of the Auk" (by Arch Oboler)
Variety, May 4, 1960, "Tele Follow-up Comment," p. 30, by Chan.
"Auk' takes place on a spaceship returning from the first flight to the moon. William Shatner is fairly effective in a difficult role as an egocentric, driving civilian who has made the flight possible; Shatner succeeds in making the frayed nerve-ends of egomania visible."

"Outlaws" -- "Starfall" (2-parter)
Variety, December 7, 1960, "Tele Follow-up Comment," pp. 39, 60, by Tube.
(p. 60) "A few fair performances manage to seep through the melodramatic melange.... William Shatner and Paul Richards play with great intensity in a pair of key roles."

"77 Sunset Strip," season premiere, broadcast September 20, 1963, Shatner in cast.

"Channing"
Variety, October 30, 1963, "Television Followup Comment," p. 34, by Les.

"William Shatner played a Channing alumnus running for state attorney who is about to be smeared for his theft of \$850 from the college exchequer back in the days when he was a student. The good dean, Henry Jones, had covered up the theft at the time and given the lad another chance, and that's how he gets involved in the scandal. Had Shatner heeded Jones' advice and faced his public with an honest explanation of the incident, the whole drama could have been wrapped up in a 30 minute show. Instead, he allowed himself to be manipulated by his cynical and machiavellian campaign manager (Denver Pyle); and it all got quite messy, in a trite sort of way.

"Shatner performed rather woodenly, and carried the political forensics into his love scenes with Maggie Pierce, the coed who follows him down the path of corruption.... Jones was much too flippant for the circumstances and Jason Evers almost unsympathetic as a goody-goody."

"For the People" (Shatner starring)

Variety, February 3, 1965, "Television Reviews," p. 33, by Horo.

"William Shatner appealingly played the young assistant district attorney, pinched by a strain of impracticability. He was the young man out to become a hero, chopped down to human proportions by outside forces. Howard Da Silva, as Shatner's boss, was more of the anti-hero, a man who has accepted life's limitations, who had given up the chase for glory for practicality. The other regulars in the series are Lonny Chapman, effectively essaying the role as side-kick to Shatner in the D.A.'s office, and Jessica Walter, portraying Shatner's wife."

"Off to See the Wizard" -- "Alexander the Great"

Variety, January 31, 1968, "Television Reviews," p. 47, by Pit.

"As if there wasn't enough nonsensical violence in the normal runoff of small fry programming, ABC's Friday night family anthology resorted to yet another stiff dose.... Scripters Robert Pirosh and William Yates contrived a reasonably tight yarn about palace conniving to kill Alexander (Shatner) and the final all-out tilt with the Persians."

"CBS Playhouse" -- "Shadow Game"

Variety, May 14, 1969, "Television Reviews," p. 56, by Mor.

"William Shatner turned in a superior performance as the chief viper in the agency pit, part of which can be attributed to the author's gift for language nuance. [Loring] Mandel made Shatner almost beyond redemption as a human being, but not quite, a shading that made his snaky machinations just that much more evil. William Windom excelled as the aging exec who is just trying to keep afloat in his job and in life."

Minneapolis Star, May 9, 1969, review by Judith Gerstel, p. 24A.

"Surely our clever directors and talented actors, whose labors make even these mediocre dramas bearable, deserve something better."

"Prudential's On-Stage" -- "The Skirts of Happy Chance"

Variety, June 4, 1969, "Television Reviews," p. 48, by Mor.

"The writing in this romantic political soap opera was so dismal as to vitiate first-rate performances by William Shatner, Elizabeth Ashley and Claudia McNeil.... The tipoff should have been the cutesy names of the main characters -- Chris Pardee and Laddie Turnbow. As Pardee, Shatner struggled manfully with an 'aw shucks' characterization."

Minneapolis Star, May 30, 1969, "TV Radio Chatter," by Forrest Powers, p. 19A.

"Shatner deserves an 'A' for effort, at least, but there were times when I'm sure he'd rather have been back on the spaceship Enterprise as Captain Kirk."

DeForest Kelley

"Fear in the Night" -- Vince Grayson

[Spock's several greats maternal grandfather?]

Variety, February 19, 1947, "Film Reviews," p. 9, by Brog.

"Paul Kelly is a believable cop who adds DeForest Kelley solve nightmare riddle. Latter also is good as bewildered young man."

Newsweek, May 12, 1947, "Murder in a Trance," p. 104.

"'Fear in the Night' is a strange kind of movie. It is fairly interesting in the beginning, but as it goes along it succumbs to choppy continuity and mediocre acting, and winds up as a B picture on a subject over its depth.

"The subject is hypnotism. 'Fear' tells how a young man (DeForest Kelley) is hypnotized into killing a man. In spite of the dubious medical support for such an instance, there are some good sequences when Kelley comes out of the trape, at first thinking it a dream, and finds marks on himself which indicate that the dream was real."

[Illustrated with small photo of Kelly and Kelley.]

"Taxi" -- Fred. Premiered January 13, 1953.

"House of Bamboo" -- Charlie. Premiered July 1, 1955.

"Illegal" -- Clary. Premiered August 20, 1955.

"You Are There" -- "The Fall of Ft. Sumter"
Broadcast September 2, 1956. Kelley in cast.

"Tension at Table Rock" -- Breck

Variety, October 3, 1956, "Film Reviews," p. 26, by Brog.

"Performances are all competent, but the pacing keeps them from being as colorful as they might have been. The three stars are helped by...DeForest Kelley...."

"Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" -- Morgan Earp

Variety, May 15, 1957, "Film Reviews," pp. 7, 22, by Whit.

(p. 22) "Colorful support is afforded by...DeForest Kelley."

"Raintree County" -- Southern Officer

Variety, October 9, 1957, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Gene.

"Forceful are the characters rendered by...DeForest Kelley...."

SPECTER OF THE GUN



"The Law and Jake Wade" -- Wexler
Variety, June 4, 1958, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Powe.
"[Robert Taylor and Richard Widmark] begin their trek after Widmark's gang, Robert Middleton, Henry Silva, DeForest Kelley and Eddie Firestone kidnap Taylor's fiancée.... The members of Widmark's gang, Middleton, Silva, Kelley and Firestone, each create individual characters."

"Warlock" -- Curley
Variety, April 1, 1959, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Powe.
"...memorable minor characters.... DeForest Kelley, Regis Toomey, Frank Gorshin and David Gavin are outstanding."

Library Journal, Vol. 84, May 15, 1959, "New Films from Books," ed. Marilla Waite Freeman, "Warlock," reviewed by Earle F. Walbridge, p. 1593.

"A young actor named DeForest Kelley looks as though he might have a future in Westerns as good as or better than this."

"Two Faces West"
Variety, September 27, 1961, "Syndication Reviews," p. 44, by Horo.

"Supporting players DeForest Kelley, as the heavy, Francis De Sales, as the sheriff, and June Blair, as femme interest, were competent."

"Gunfight at Comanche Creek" -- Troop
Variety, March 4, 1964, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Tube.

"Useful performances are also delivered by Ben Cooper, Colleen Miller, DeForest Kelley, Jan Merlin...."

"Where Love Has Gone" -- Sam Corwin
Variety, October 14, 1964, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Whit.
"Proving the claim [that the world has lost all its standards and all its taste, made by one of the characters], however, with an irrefutable eloquence, are Joey Heatherton; the world's least promising starlet, Susan Hayward...indeed, everyone but Jane Greer and DeForest Kelley, who keep some shreds of dignity."

"Black Spurs" -- First Sheriff. Premiered April 30, 1965.

"Town Tamer" - Guy Taverner. Premiered July 19, 1965.

"Marriage on the Rocks" -- Mr. Turner. Premiered September 14, 1965.

"Apache Uprising" -- Toby Jack Saunders
Variety, January 12, 1966, "Film Reviews," p. 28, by Murf.

"DeForest Kelley is good as the paranoid gunfighter who is shot down by the script long before a few Apaches nail him with an arrow."

"Waco" -- Bill Rike. Premiered August 5, 1966.

Shatner -- Movies addenda

"Outrage" -- Preacher
Variety, September 30, 1964, "Film Reviews," p. 6, by Whit.

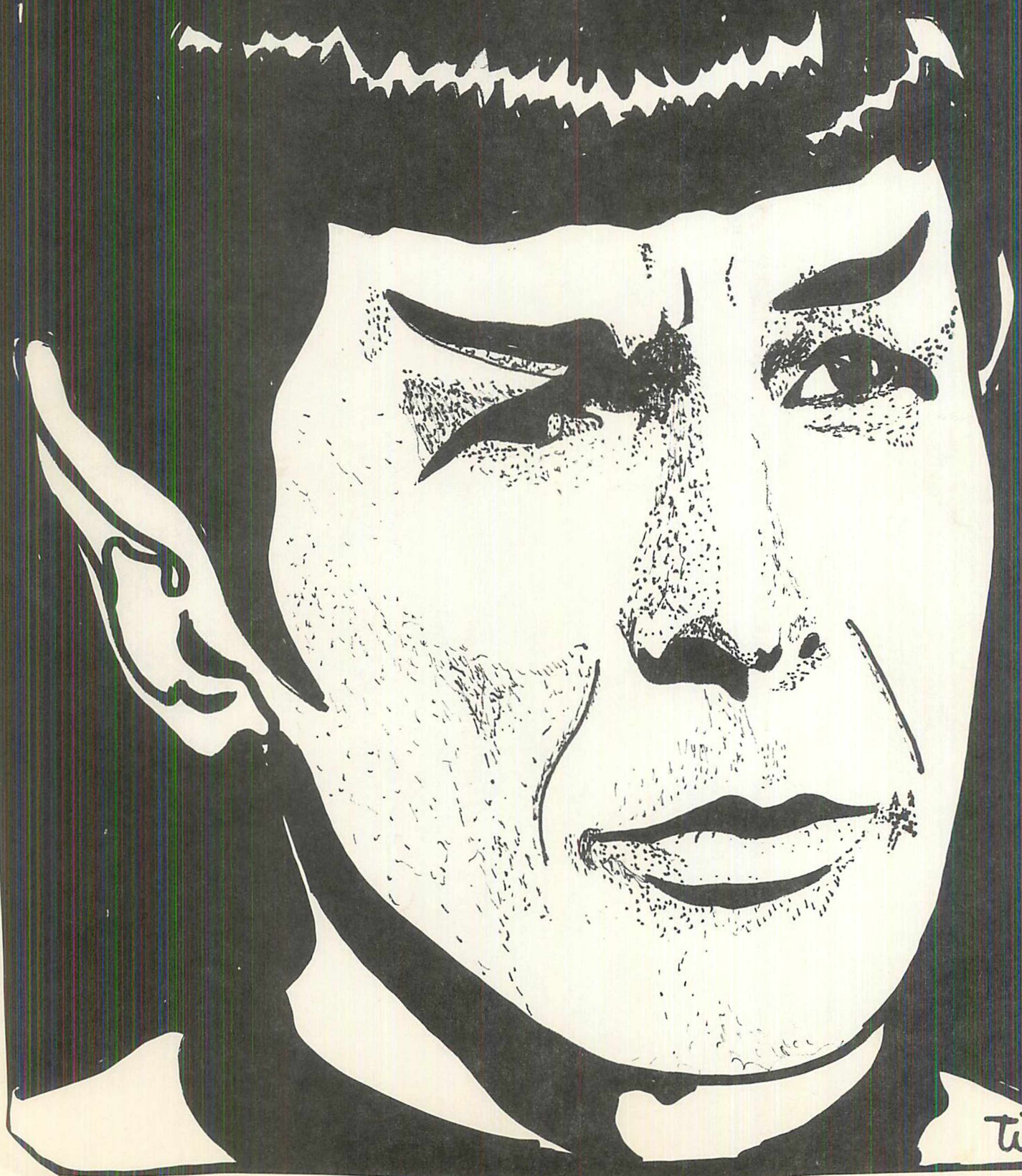
"Howard Da Silva scores as the prospector, as does William Shatner in preacher role. Albert Salmi, Paul Fix and Thomas Chalmers also contribute."

Commonweal. Vol 81, October 23, 1964, "The Screen," p. 136, by Philip T. Hartung.

"The three men discussing the tale (and providing the framework to which the camera returns from time to time) are waiting for the train at the railroad station at Silver Gulch. They are played by William Shatner, as the disillusioned Preacher who feels he has failed&is leaving his flock, Howard da Silva as the wiley Prospector, and Edward G. Robinson as the foul-mouthed, mean Con Man. While they wait in the rain, they talk over the recent baffling trial of the Bandit for rape and murder."

America, Vol. 111, October 31, 1964, "Films," p. 533, by Moira Walsh.

"Edward G. Robinson,...William Shatner, as a naive and troubled minister, and Howard Da Silva...figure extremely loquaciously in the prologue and epilogue."



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