



T-  
Negative  
6



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Interrogation Officer Ruitt tests her equipment at her  
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which did not exist until after the time of the Klingon-  
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any prisoners.

illustrations: Anthony Tollin, pp. 6, 11, 12, 14, 25, 36;  
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T-N 6 came to you for at least one of the following reasons:

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subscriptions are three for a dollar --

☐ -- and your subscription ran out with this issue.

## OI VAYCON

I actually wrote this con report shortly after the Baycon, but, what with one thing and another, it didn't get published, and I set it aside. But, as another part of this issue makes that period more or less topical....

The Baycon committee promised that theirs would be the only convention in the Claremont Hotel. But Finagel's Law operated, and the convention must have been the only one not only in the Claremont, but in several hotels throughout the Bay Area. The Claremont was too small for the con, and members (if unlucky) had to put up with the nuisances of shuttle-buses, late-night travel in a strange city, and assorted other problems of transportation. The lucky ones merely had the problems of getting in touch with friends scattered from hotel to hotel. I was lucky and had reserved a double. I had felt sure that it would be easy to find someone to share it.

I reached the hotel around noon Friday, checked in, and called the Cartel's suite, figuring there would be a lot of people there gabbing, and asked if anyone wanted to share a double. I acquired a pleasant, quiet-mannered room-mate, Nancy Polk -- and never actually got to talk much to her until after the con (by letter). There are so many people to talk to at cons that everyone races around searching out everyone else, and no one is ever in his own room except to sleep or change into a costume. So fans rarely talk much to their room-mates.

Alicia, Rosemary, and Maureen went with me to the Ark, a seafood restaurant in Oakland that I'm fond of. It's tucked away behind a freeway beside the bay, and I invariably get lost finding it. I got lost about 45 minutes worth that time. Fortunately, there was plenty to talk about. They had formed two fan-clubs in the previous months, one for Mark Lenard, and a sort of one-shot club for Gene Roddenberry. The main purpose of the latter was to surprise hell out of Roddenberry by revealing its existence to him that night and presenting him with various tokens of esteem for having created "Star Trek." Roddenberry's own staff had worked with them to make sure that he would (A) arrive at the convention (B) knowing nothing about the Gene Roddenberry Appreciation Society.

They visited LA a few days before the con and saw Lenard on the set of "Here Come the Brides." They asked him if he could



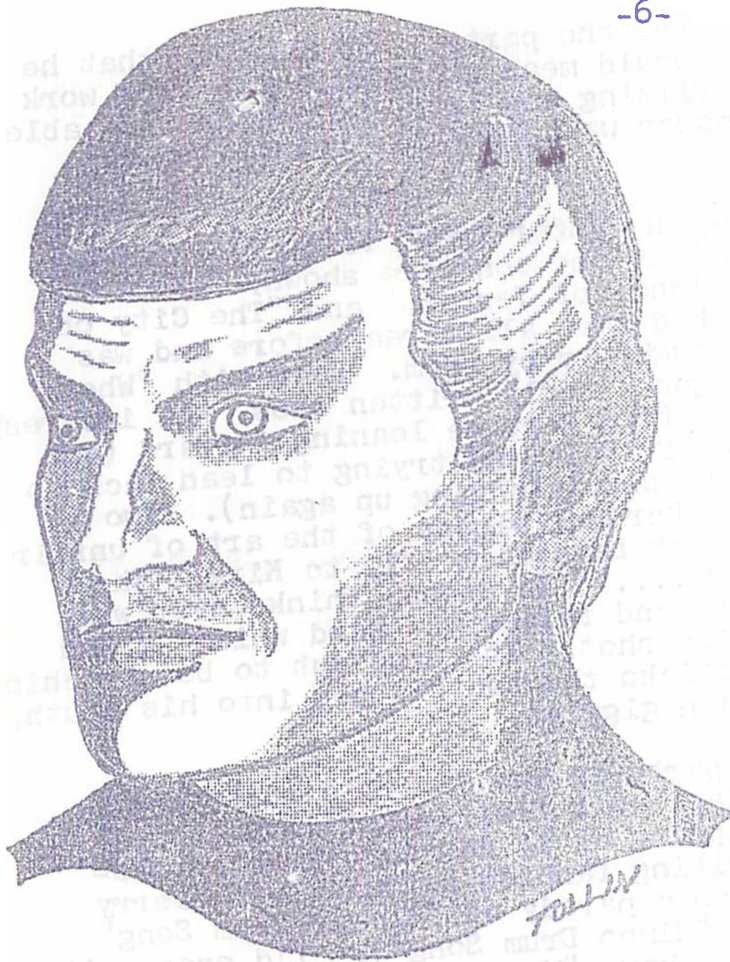
possibly come to the con for the party. Lenard said that he might be able to, but it would mean going directly from work to the airport. If the filming ran late, he wouldn't be able to do it at all. The answer was generally translated as being a courteous no.

Early Friday evening the "Star Trek" films Rick Carter had brought from Paramount to the con were shown, "Where No Man Has Gone Before," "Balance of Terror," and "The City on the Edge of Forever." I had seen all three before and was startled to find myself caught up by them. Even with "Where No Man," which I had thought a badly written show, the interest in the story and the characters kept me leaning forward (and periodically catching myself at it and trying to lean back so as to sit comfortably...and slowly edging up again). Two blooper films were shown, charming pieces of the art of unfair editing. Sample scene: Spock says earnestly to Kirk, "The plants act as a suppository...." He stops, thinks over what he's said, grins foolishly, and raises the hand which he had been holding down out of the shot. It turns out to be clutching a tootsie pop, and he sticks the tootsie pop into his mouth, while Kirk tries to restrain giggles.

After the films, the party in the Cartel's suite began. I took a single glass of Maureen's fruit-cocktail-soaked-in-whiskey punch and began sipping at it cautiously while discussing the problems of writing fannish parodies with Jerry Jacks. Jerry was working on a parody of "Flower Drum Song" at that time (to be called "Mimeo Drum Song"). I'd once written a parody of a song from the show, "Walk like a god" ("Walk like a pro"), and Jerry had thought perhaps it could be incorporated into his parody. It turned out it didn't fit in. (Writing for a cast of fans presents unusual problems. For example, if your lead is supposed to be a neat, methodical fan, and the archtypically neat and methodical fan is Fred Patten, and Fred Patten is willing to play the role -- but cannot sing....)

Roddenberry arrived and was duly surprised with portrait, book of letters-of-comment, and scroll of members' names.

Then a surprise came for the rest of us -- Mark Lenard arrived. I'd met him once before, when Dorothy Jones, the Poul Andersons, the Trimble, and I had gone to see him as Oberon in a production of "Midsummer Night's Dream" Lenard recognized me and asked after the others. I was much impressed, not just by the feat of memory but also by the kindness.



implied by his taking the trouble to remember. Karen Anderson was already the party, and she went to fetch the others, except for Dorothy, who wasn't at the con that night. I heard later that she came to the costume party Saturday dressed in a sort of Arabian outfit that covered all of her face except her eyes. Lenard managed to recognize her anyway, and promptly went over to say hello.

There were limits to his powers of recognition, however (fortunately -- or I might have started wondering if he really was a Vulcan). Bill Theiss, the costume designer for "Star Trek,"

came up to him at the party. "Mark, you don't remember me," he announced confidently.

"Ah...no," said Lenard, examining the long-haired, mustached man in front of him.

"Bill Theiss," said Theiss.

"Bill! How are you?" Lenard exclaimed cordially.

"There's a stuffed doll of you down in the art show," said Theiss, as if answering the question, "and I wondered how you felt about it."

"I didn't know about it; I'll have to take a look; when did you grow the mustache?" said Lenard, as if it was all one thought.

"Well, I borrowed one from Fred Phillips for a party, and I liked it so well I grew one."



Most of the people in the room clustered around Lenard -- literally at his feet, as someone had given up an armchair to him and it was more comfortable for most to sit on the floor than to stand all the time. The scene was uncomfortably reminiscent of "Patience" -- but the Bunthorne in this case and the admirers both seemed to be aware of the foolish aspects of a fawning throng, and so kept the folly down to a minimum.

The throng questioned Lenard eagerly about his roles on "Star Trek" and "Here Come the Brides." He talked about Aaron Stempel readily enough, but fielded most of the questions about "Star Trek" (probably because, after all, there can't be much he knows about the Romulan Commander and Sarek that an attentive fan wouldn't also know).

The Cartel told me that once, in a smaller group, ~~He~~ unbent enough to answer the question of just exactly why did Sarek marry Amanda -- not an "authoritative" answer, however. He said, "In a fit of hot-blooded, illogical emotion at the immature age of 57," paused for a double-take, then aimed a kick at them, saying, "Now you've got me doing it!" (According to Dorothy Fontana's background layout on the characters, as given in The Making of Star Trek, Sarek is 102 and Amanda 58, so Lenard's is presumably incorrect. Unless Amanda was an awfully precocious 13-year-old, of course.)

Watching Lenard fend off questions was amusing. He is an obvious people-collector and kept turning the conversation into a "Tell me about yourself" by asking why the questioner was interested in that aspect of that character or that show. Sometimes he evaded questions by saying, "What do you think?" Once, the following night, when Jane Peyton asked him why Spock and Sarek hadn't spoken to each other for 14 years, he quickly interrupted her. "18." In the ensuing discussion over which number was correct (his), the original question got lost.

I left the party at the unconscionably early hour of midnight. I was tired from the long drive. Besides, while the glass of fruit-cocktail-soaked-in-whiskey wasn't exactly disagreeing with me, we were having a slight difference of opinion, and it seemed prudent to let sleep settle the matter.

Saturday I started to go to the Medieval Fashion Show. I lasted out the first few models, mostly because Jerry Jack's spiel as Mediocrates (slave-merchant and M.C.) was amusing. But I don't really like clothes parades, even medieval ones, and I was beginning to feel ill in the heat of the crowded room.

Saturday evening was the costume party, a rousing failure. Many committees have an idea that people need to be entertained at a costume party. The idea is probably correct for the section of the event when all the costumes have been paraded and the judges are outside trying to decide on winners, but the costumes themselves are entertainment enough otherwise. The Oakland convention a few years earlier (which had pretty much the same committee members as the Baycon) had ruined its costume party with an archery exhibition by Chief Red Feather (who is Chinese) and his Indians -- they needed quiet to concentrate on their shooting so as not to shoot each other, and, in the nature of things, a large group of people wandering about looking at each other's outfits, are not going to be quiet.

This time the entertainment was a light show and several rock bands. The light show required darkness. So it was impossible to see the costumes. It was not even possible to talk to anybody -- the rock bands were too loud. I groped around the hall for a while, taking flash photos whenever a costume loomed up. When the prints came back, I got to see the costumes I'd photographed. I also saw a few more costumes out in the lobby. At the party in the Cartel's suite afterwards, I saw Sherry Greenawalt (now Carter) and Rick Carter as a duo-costume (she wore a red Enterprise uniform, and he wore a Romulan outfit) called "Guess who's coming to dinner." They were all nice costumes, what you could see of them.

The Cartel's party was more or less a continuation of the previous night's conversation. The group was a little smaller, and Lenard talked a bit more about "Star Trek." He mentioned that the Commander in "Balance of Terror" had been his first role after moving to Los Angeles and added, "Funny thing -- I never saw Shatner or Nimoy or any of those people. Our sections were shot all alone. Even at the end, when I spoke directly to Kirk, I didn't see him. I did get to meet Shatner a few months later, when I was on the lot doing a 'Mission: Impossible,' but I didn't speak to Nimoy until the next year, as his father."

Having driven to the con, I had a car with me, and offered Lenard (and others who might be needing rides to other hotels) a lift. I wound up taking Lenard to San Francisco and Jane Peyton to Oakland. "You're sure you know the area?" Lenard asked before we left? It sounded like a straightforward question, but Shirley Meech (I think it was) broke up at it, and I found out the next day that his ride the day had gotten lost for an hour (beating my record for the con by 15 minutes). I hit lucky for once and did not get lost again.

Sunday was the banquet, a dismally long affair, beginning with a dismally long line (stretching from the hall in the



northwest corner of the building to the front door in the southeast corner and on out into the parking lot), because the doors were not opened to let people in to find seats until the time listed in the program for the banquet to start.

The banquet food was banquet food.

The toastmaster, however, was Robert Silverberg. He was delightful, delivering his remarks in a Tom Lehrish, offended sort of voice. He had been chosen under inauspicious circumstances, as a replacement when Tony Boucher died (olev ha shalom), but he managed to be an excellent toastmaster without seeming like an intruder. His technique was a simultaneous praise-and-insulting of all speakers with suave impartiality (e.g., "Lester Del Rey -- the William Jennings Bryan of science fiction"; or, on giving a special award to Roddenberry, because all the nominees in the SF Drama category that year had come from "Star Trek" : "I have here a plaque with long, pointed ears").

After several special awards, Walt Daugherty, as fan guest of honor, gave an anecdotal speech (some of them amusing) with no particular theme. Randall Garrett sang a perversion of Poul Anderson's Three Hearts and Three Lions, managing to rhyme lions with: my hints, thy ends, my yawns, eons, ions, and more.

Then came guest of honor Philip Jose Farmer's speech. Farmer is a great writer.

All over the hall fans were falling asleep, dropping like flies. At my table, Ed Meske dozed off with his nose propped on his name badge. Nan Braude, Devra Langsam, and I contrived to keep awake by writing round-robin limericks. So, both as a description of the speech, and a summary of its contents:

Limericks  
by Braude, Berman, and Langsam

A writer of fiction named Farmer  
Thought cliches could act to alarm, sir.  
He talked on and on  
Till all interest was gone,  
And all of us cursed our foul Karma.  
(Boston pronunciation, please)

There once was a Farmer so dull,  
His hearers to sleep he did lull.  
He spoke non con brio.  
Not even a neo  
Would find him as cool as King Kull.

"I'm in favor of n[redacted]s," said Phil,  
"Of pure air, Great Art, and the Pill;  
Home, Mother, the Flag  
Are all in my bag.  
Be excited! Applaud, if you will!"

At 11:15, after an hour and a half of Farmer, Harlan Ellison took over to award the Hugos. It was a delicate procedure, because Harlan himself was up for three of them. Agberg ceremoniously tweaked the envelopes out of Harlan's hands when those categories came up and opened them himself while Harlan paced up and down at the back of the dais, muttering. Harlan took revenge by opening the envelopes with equal slowness in the two categories where Agberg was among the nominees. The awards: Amra (fanzine), George Barr (fan artist), Ted White (fan writer), Jack Gaughan (artist), If (prozine), Fritz Leiber's "Gonna Roll Them Bones" from Dangerous Visions (novelette), Harlan Ellison's "The City on the Edge of Forever" (drama), Harlan's "I Have No Mouth, and I Must Scream" (short story), Farmer's "Riders of the Purple Wage" from Dangerous Visions (novella), and Roger Zelazny's Lord of Light (novel). There was one final award, a "Baycon committee thanks Robert Silverberg" parchment (a well-deserved tribute -- his wit almost made the banquet palatable).

I'd been one of the nominees in the fan writer category, but had known I was not going to win, because Bill Donaho had betrayed the voters' confidence and told Ted White that the race was entirely between him and Harry Warner. Ted printed the information in FAPA -- an ungracious act that left me hoping Harry Warner would win. He did win the following year, however.

I spent the rest of the night party-hopping, got to sleep around six, and was up at nine to attend the Tolkien meeting. My devotion to Tolkien isn't normally that strong, but I wanted to meet Peter S. Beagle, the author of a magnificent fantasy, The Last Unicorn (also some other good books, but the Unicorn is my favorite). I'd forgotten, until Ed Meskys mentioned it in introducing him, that Beagle is also the author of an article on Tolkien that appeared in The Tolkien Reader. Then I began to feel apprehensive, because I remembered that article. I'd thought it was dull and pretentious. And I

thought his speech that morning was dull and pretentious, too. He berated Tolkien's fans for delaying Tolkien's writing by badgering him with long letters asking about trivial details, all the while missing the true greatness of the books. It's quite true that Tolkien fans mostly talk about trivia -- that's what such clubs are there for. They are basically social groups, which offer an opportunity for serious criticism, but don't expect to get it all of the time or even a majority of the time (because serious criticism is hard work -- both to write and to pay proper attention to). Like the Baker Street Irregulars, Tolkien discussion groups use "hunt the inconsistency" and similar games as a staple of entertainment. As for fans who badger Tolkien himself -- there are plenty of them, but the formally organized Tolkien clubs usually warn their members not to, and so I doubt if there were any badgerers in Beagle's audience that day.

I went away without bothering to try to meet Beagle afterwards. Len Bailles tells me that this was a mistake -- that Beagle is a man of wisdom and humor, and that I misrepresent his remarks. It's quite possible. Nine in the morning is a hell of a time to schedule any event at sf cons.

In the afternoon, after staying long enough to see some of the pageantry of the Anachronists' tournament and to visit with Tim Courtney a while, I drove back to Los Angeles.





(BE IT NOTED that this story takes place in an alternate universe wherein the U.S.S. Enterprise and its crew, including Dorothy Conway and Myfanwy Orloff, are real; thus there can be no fictional television show entitled Star Trek. Other differences between this universe and our own will be noted by the discerning.)

# THE MARRIAGE YESTERDAY

by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson

## Myfanwy

No one was telling us anything, except that the drives were out. But something was terribly wrong. Scotty went to his repair work with a strange lack of enthusiasm. Uhura stayed in her room when she wasn't on duty. Dr. McCoy's Southern accent was coming back, always a sign of stress. The captain looked like the chief mourner at his own funeral. Only Mr. Spock looked calm, and that isn't saying much.

Dorothy had picked up a few hints from him, but then she wouldn't discuss it. "My suspicions are too vague to be shared," she said, and continued to sit in her computer cubby, trying to coax the computer out of acting like a femme fatale (of that no more). I spent my time trying to teach the Vanarian birdlie to talk. Neither of us got anywhere.

I had said "Pretty bird" for the thousandth time, and the birdlie had said "Chork" for ditto, when Lee Graham came charging

in. I sort of mother Lee, and he comes running to me whenever he's in a jam. This one looked like pineapple guava at least.

"Myfanwy, baby, I'll take you out to dinner, I'll buy you a new poison ring, I'll...."

"If I do what?"

"Go Earthside and find Joe Paige. If they find him gone, we'll both get it in the neck."

"And if they find me gone...." Then it hit me. "EARTHside?"

"We're orbiting Earth. Don't ask me how come. But Joe decided he could get a couple hours unauthorized shore leave without anyone being the wiser. So he had me beam him down during my shift at the transporter."

"And?"

"Well, he called me on his communicator almost immediately, and said, 'Hey, Lee, are you sure you got the coordinates right? This looks kind of funny for Berkeley.' And then he said, 'Great jumping ants, here they come!' and that's the last I heard from him. I'm afraid something got him."

"So you want me to go down and find out? Thanks!"

"Who else can I ask? Someone's got to run the transporter." He looked at me beseechingly. I headed for the intercom.

"Conway here."

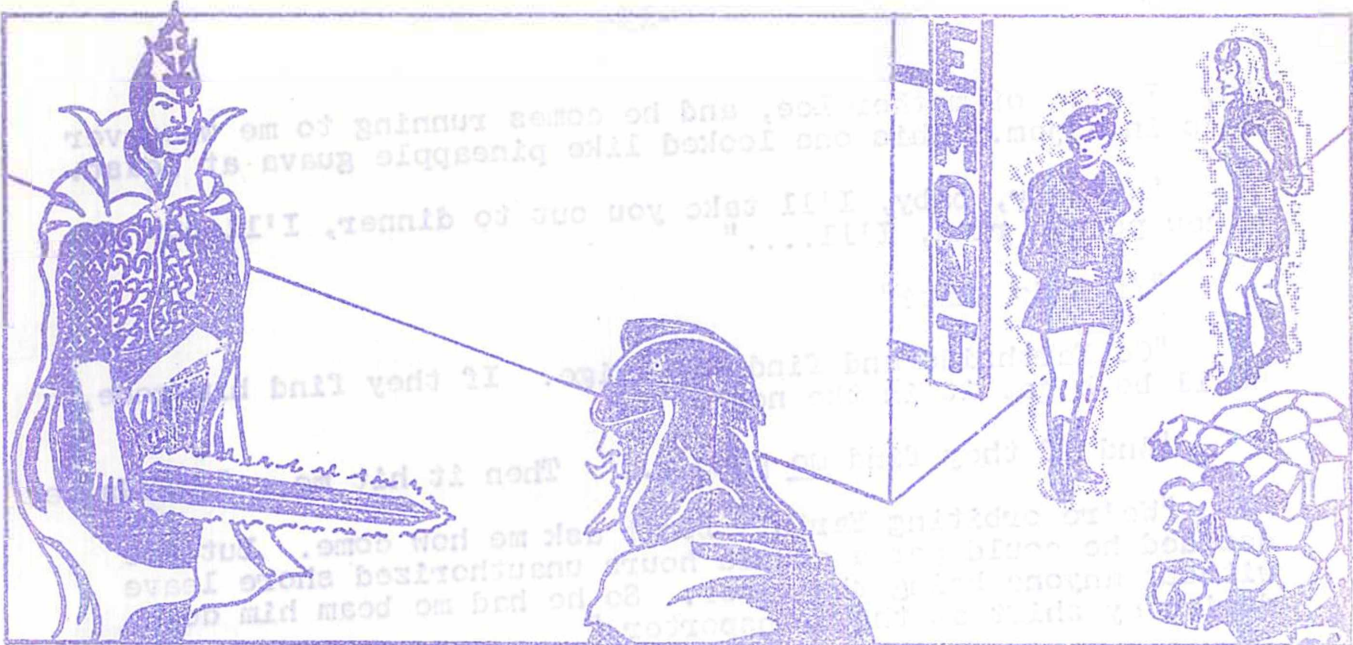
"HELP!"

\* \* \*

"If this teaches Mr. Paige a lesson," Dorothy muttered as we stepped into the transporter, it may even be worth it." The air shimmered and melted around us, and we found ourselves on a green lawn in front of a great white building.

"Looks peaceful enough," I began, and then caught sight of Dorothy staring dumbly ahead of her. "What...?" She pointed to a large metal object in the middle distance. "My word. That's a groundcar?"

"The parking lot is full of them."



"Where on Earth are we?"

"Oh, we're in Berkeley, all right. We're also somewhere in the middle of the twentieth century."

"You're kidding, I hope."

"Something (Mr. Spock wasn't specific) put us in a time warp. Mr. Spock and his crew are now engaged in trying to figure out a way to get back."

"Well, where is Joe?"

"Around here somewhere, I hope. He may have gotten lost -- and obviously the address Lee gave us is no use. Hey, watch out." She pulled me to one side of the porte-cochere, into the shadow of a wall. Several people were approaching.

They were a varied group, tall and short, sleek and shaggy; most of the men were bearded, and nearly all wore long, flowing cloaks.

"That's twentieth-century clothes?" I said.

"Not noticeably -- but wait a minute, this is Berkeley. That would place us around the 1960's or '70's, a time when everyone in Berkeley dressed, and did, just about exactly as he damn pleased. The bureaucrats were closing in everywhere else, but not here. And a good thing, too, because no one will ask us too many questions. Come on."

"Where?"



"Wherever they're going. I recognize this place now; it's the old Hotel Claremont. Some festivity is probably going on."

We followed the Berkeley people up the steps, through the doors, and up some more steps. My mind had begun to spin. I was thinking Berkeley and Claremont and 1960's and festivity.

Then we saw a man coming down the stair. As he passed us, we got a good look. He was tall and slender, beautifully muscled, and he walked like a born fighter. He had dark hair and rugged features, and although he had a gentle and slightly absent-minded expression, there was something very noble about him.

"Hi, Poul," said the Berkeley people as they passed him.

"Mmmmm?" he answered. "Oh, yes. Er, ah, hi."

"Now I have news for you," I hissed into Dorothy's ear. "That festivity of yours is a science fiction convention. Probably the Worldcon of 1968."

"Oh, my word."

"And that man - do you know who he is?"

"No, who is he?" She craned her neck to get a last look at him. "He's certainly an impressive figure."

"That," I said in tones of awe, "is Poul Anderson!"

Dorothy was speechless.

### Dorothy

I have never been an expert at thinking fast on my feet, but I was doing my best. The science fiction convention was probably the best environment into which we could have dropped; it would be very unlikely that anything we said or did would be recognized as alien to the culture, and we could look for Mr. Paige in peace and quiet without causing anachronisms. Always assuming he was here.

We had arrived at the lobby, and were continuing to follow the Berkeley people through an increasingly thick crowd. They stopped without warning to get their bearings, and we suddenly found ourselves in their midst.

"Hey, you look great!" exclaimed a young man with long, curled moustachios. "Where'd you come from?"

"We just stepped off a starship," I said.

"Marvelous," he said. "But you don't want to wear your costumes the whole four days of the con; you'll get them dirty. Why don't you change into slacks or something?"

"We haven't any," Myfanwy said.

"We had to travel very light in order to get here at all," I added.

"Well, when in doubt, ask Bjo," said a tall, suave blond. "She has some jeans and shirts and stuff to put on people working in the art show. Come on."

The group swallowed us bodily, and propelled us across the floor to one of the meeting rooms that ringed the lobby. From within we heard a woman's voice crying out, in the last stages of desperation, "This damn art show is not open yet! Will you guys either get to work or stay out till this evening?"

The owner of the voice also owned red hair -- it figured -- and a face that was lively and friendly in spite of a harried expression. "Hi, Bjo," said the Berkeley people. "Can these girls borrow some of your jeans?"

"If they work," she said.

And so presently we found ourselves encased in blue jeans and paint-spattered shirts, hanging pictures. I was rolling my eyes heavenward at somebody's ichorous conception of the natives of Capella XI (those harmless creatures) when a voice behind us called out, "Bjo! There you are! Look what I brought you."

We turned and saw Bjo stepping over a free-form something-or-other to meet a tall man at the doorway.

It is hard for me to describe him now. It goes without saying that I will never see him again in this life, and this is a great sorrow for me. Never doubt that there have been civilized people in every generation. This one was perhaps fifty. He was tall, as I said, and very large and stocky without being heavy. He had shaggy eyebrows and greying hair, and his face was like sunlight on Earth's craggy mountains.

He and Bjo were examining a chunk of rock. "My gosh, native opal," she said. "Where'd you find it?"

"I dug it up while we were on location last week," he said. "I figured you'd appreciate it." Then he looked up and saw us. "Hello," he said. "Are you rockhounds, too?"

"Not yet," I said, "but the Galaxy is full of surprises."

Bjo made introductions. The tall rockhound was a television producer, currently in charge of something called "Police Story."

"But he's a fan from way back," Bjo said. "He has a science fiction TV show on the drawing board."

"Sometimes I wonder if it'll ever get off the drawing board," he said. "I've made two pilots and had them both turned down. But I happen to believe that good science fiction can be made popular without descending to the 'Lost in Space' level. I intend to contact good writers and pay them what they deserve for writing good science fiction. Television's a very limiting field, granted. But it also has its strong points. Can you imagine what Sturgeon, for instance, could do with the visual and dramatic aspects of the medium?"

"Ted would find his true niche in television," Bjo agreed. "Don't get me wrong, I love his stories, but did you ever try to describe one of them to someone? Ted doesn't write plots, he induces emotions. He'd be the best thing that ever happened to the idiot box -- saving your presence."

He laughed. Myfanwy was looking at him with adoring eyes, and I gather that I was, too. Myfanwy, of course, was hearing her own opinions expressed by a member of the Golden Age of Fandom. I offer no explanations.

"Bjo," a helper said, coming up with a frantic expression and an ornately framed oil. "This damn thing's too heavy for the burlap."

"Put it -- "

"Are there any more push pins?" said a woman hidden behind a watercolor dragon.

"In that drawer -- against the wall."

"I'll see you when you get the art show finished," he said, and smiled at us. "Back to work, girls." We sighed and went back to the artwork.



Around 8 p.m. the walls were filled with pictures, and the floor was (practically) emptied of pushpins. Bjo hadn't a ribbon to cut, but she threw the door open with a flourish. A small herd thundered in. Admittedly, many of them directed themselves to the art show, but at least two dozen males made beelines for Myfanwy. She could have made dates then and there for the next two months, if she'd had the two months. This is typical. I was swept off by the sketch table in the backwash. This is also typical. I stood and watched, trusting that she would accept one or more of the dinner invitations and find some means of taking me along.

Suddenly there was a disturbance at the door. A path cleared (except around Myfanwy), and I saw a man like a small tornado, with a voice like a microtome and the face of a tragic mask. He was surrounded by a small cloud of creatures like himself but less polished. Even I (what with Myfanwy's descriptions) recognized him at once.

He looked around the room, muttering something to his followers. Then he saw Myfanwy, and with a one-side-you-peasants air he plowed through the crowd to reach her, shedding his own satellites as he went. One of them, a dapper young man, wound up by sketch table next to me. He looked wistfully at Myfanwy, to whom the tornado was talking at full speed. "Well," he said to me, "would you like to go to dinner?"

"No reason why not," I said. "Let me collect my friend."

I wormed my way through the populace (Mr. Spock has taught me a few things, though I'll never have his strength) till I reached Myfanwy. The tornado was saying, "Or, there's the Ho-Kuo right here in Berkeley, or...." and Myfanwy was saying, "But, but, but...."

"Tell him yes," I said to her, "and we can all go together."

The tragic mask turned its dark eyeholes on us for a moment. "All right," it said. And off we went.

The less said about that dinner the better. The tornado made so much fuss about petty details that Myfanwy was near tears, and I was smoldering under two years' worth of quasi-Vulcan calm. In the Old Tongue there are words for such a person, but I am not supposed to know them. My escort took it all in his stride, I think.

Thence we went to a party: rather, to a series of parties which progressed from one hotel room to another. We were

introduced to vast numbers of people, most of whom I have forgotten. We kept our eyes open for Joe Paige, but there was no sign of him. Around the third party, however, we overheard some talk about "that guy from the starship," and sneaked up to listen. Evidently some nut had wandered in in an elegant costume, insisting that he'd just teleported off a starship. The fen had promptly taken him to their hearts. But where was he? Oh, at some party or other. So we continued searching, from one party to the next. I lost count.

Around three in the morning my little friend began to suggest that we should seek out some room that did not contain a party. Not trusting my voice to answer, I retreated into the bathroom, not sure whether to be angry or flattered. Considering that he had taken for granted that I would agree, I decided to be angry.

Myfanwy followed me in. "Someone's got to do something about that creature," she said. "He's calling our friend the producer every name in the book; it took me ten minutes to find out why."

"Why?"

"He rewrote a script he sent in to Police Story."

"That's the producer's privilege, no?"

"Of course it is, but this guy looks on all his own stuff as Holy Writ. I haven't heard such language since that field trip to South Africa. In between attempts to get me off in some dark corner."

"Would you believe I've been getting the same thing from the other one?"

"Easily. It's the cultural pattern. And you have a figure that works on men of this century like a red flag on a bull."

"Dadre sharek," I muttered.

"Sha," she said, surprising me, "but logic doesn't enter into it. Purely reflex. I've gotten the same thing six times out of that cluck I'm with."

I leaped to my feet. "Don't tempt me!"

Myfanwy's eyes lit up. "You've got a fiendash idea," she said. "Give, give!"

"Well, I will regret this presently," I told her, "but meanwhile...."

"Look, I have to get rid of Myfanwy," I explained a few moments later. "She's awfully young. But I'll meet you down by the swimming pool in half an hour -- that'll be 0330."

"Do you have to talk like an officer all the time?" he murmured.

I dredged up a sweet smile from somewhere and escaped. Myfanwy joined me at the door, and we hurried away.

"Hi, there," said Bjo. She and her husband John were waiting for an elevator. Do you two have a place to stay tonight?"

"Truthfully, no," I answered.

"Let's see, who's got some floor space?" The elevator arrived, and we all piled in. Bjo spotted someone from a group with a suite. "Hey, Maureen," said Bjo, "you look cheerful and magnanimous...."

The room's window faced North over the tennis courts, swimming pool, and such. The weather was warm, and the window was open. As we wrapped ourselves in blankets and prepared for sleep, from the swimming pool we heard:

"You?"

"You!"

"Blankety-blank, double blue and green starred dash blank etcetera...!"

We drifted happily off to sleep.

\* \* \*

### Myfanwy

The next morning we continued our search, but with no result except to get thrown into the swimming pool by some huskular scrapling whose name I never learned. But Dorothy reached out a foot as she fell and brought him down after us



with a tremendous WHACK. (I must start working out with Mr. Spock myself.) We snorkeled to the other end of the pool and got away while our assailant was still searching for his epidermis.

Sitting on the lawn to dry out, we discussed the situation. "It's fairly obvious," Dorothy said, "that Mr. Paige changed out of his uniform into 20th-century garb, just as we did. I have never met him, and you know him only remotely. Thus, it is going to be very difficult to recognize him."

"The masquerade ball is tonight," I said. "Logic indicates that he'll get back into uniform, just as we will. That's our chance. He may not recognize us, but he will recognize our uniforms, and we both rank him."

That left us with nothing to do till evening, and we went back into the hotel intending to amuse ourselves. Ha.

We found several indignant fans surrounding a calm producer. "And you're not going to do anything to stop him?" one of them asked in dismay.

"What could I do?" He replied calmly. "Anyone who knows us will know he's wrong."

I detached one of the less furious onlookers and found out what was going on. My last night's escort was scheduled to make a speech at 2:00 that afternoon, on a topic I could very easily guess.

I told Dorothy this, and she turned very white. "Damn my hands," she whispered. "They're not strong enough for the koi dar...but we will not permit this --" Her eyes locked on something across the room.

"Now what?"

"I see a plant," she said. "Or, alternatively, a solution."

Hydroponics? I thought fuzzily, and turned to look. The plant she seemed to have in mind stood in a large pot on the other side of the lobby. It had broad yellow leaves veined with green. "That's a differnbachia, I believe."

"That is exactly what it is." She took my sleeve, and we strolled across the lobby. "Used extensively in this century as a house plant, and people were continually being warned to keep

children and parakeets away from them. Now, I'm sure it's against the rules to pick leaves off the hotel's plants, so cover me. Any official types around?"

I checked. The desk clerk was on the phone, her eyes elsewhere, and all the bystanders were distinctly bleary-eyed. "Clear." Dorothy quickly nipped off a leaf with her fingernails and tucked it under her shirt.

We retreated down the stairs, out of sight. Dorothy began to crush the leaf's fleshy stem, and a drop of sap gathered at the tip. "Diffenbachia, called dumbcane," she said happily. "What have you in your poison ring today?"

"Salt."

"Throw it over whatever shoulder is auspicious and put this in." She filled the ring's cup with the sap, and closed it carefully.

"Now what?"

"Now we go and find that little Klingon where he is lurking, and then -- well, then we play it by ear."

The little Klingon was at lunch, surrounded by equal parts of sycophants and archenemies. He was talking them all down, pausing occasionally to gulp at a glass of water.

"The rim of the glass is our best bet," Dorothy said, "and when it's empty is our best chance. Go."

I sneaked up behind our ranting foe. His glass was empty. I took a filled one from a passing waitress, smeared the rim with the sap, and put it into his hand. He took a gulp and went on talking.

I made my way back to Dorothy. "How long does it take?"

"I don't know. We'll have to wait and -- attend!"

"He's a sharp operator," he was saying, "and the more fool I not to have spotted him. He's a...ah...ah...." He took another gulp of water, swallowing with difficulty, and was silent, his rage building up behind a locked tongue.

"The effect will last for several hours," said Dorothy. "Let's go."

There was a last-minute rearrangement, and the 2:00 speech was given by Fred Patten on collating racks or something.

\* \* \*

That evening we changed back into our uniforms, and I maneuvered myself between Dorothy and the door. "Just one minute."

"We'll be late."

"No matter; we'll make a grand entrance. After I put some makeup on you."

"What on Earth for?"

"To dazzle the onlookers. To beautify the landscape. Because I say so. I've wanted to touch up those eyebrows for years. Just think," I added craftily, "if you'd been wearing makeup at the Ambassador's Ball, Mr. Speck might have stayed to dance with you!"

"You are a fool, Myfanwy," she said, but I caught a wistful look in her eyes, and she offered no further resistance as I got out the warpaint and went to work.

"Next, Karen Anderson," someone said into a microphone as we arrived, "A Lady of Diaspar, from Clarke's The City and the Stars." A tall woman walked across the stage. Masses of dark hair were piled atop her head, sparkling with brilliants like stars. Over a long dark gown she wore an overtunic of something that glittered like fragments of mirror. Her shoes were transparent as glass. She was unbelievably beautiful.

"She walks in beauty," Dorothy quoted as Mrs. Anderson approached, "like the night

Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

"Thank you," she said, and went to join her cloak-and-sworded lord.

We toured about the room. We passed our fallen adversary, using his newly-regained powers of speech with great caution and judgment. We passed also the producer, surrounded by admirers; would we could have joined them. We passed an innocent young neo standing frozen in Fan Position #1 in front of Robert



Heinlein. And presently we arrived at the bar, and there we found Joe Paige.

He was in his uniform and out of his skull. His tongue was three sheets to the wind, and his eyes were contemplating the Cosmic All. He was discoursing on the principle of the warp drive, but fortunately his enunciation was too sloppy to cause anachronisms. In a word, he had had four nuclear fizzes and was feeling no pain.

Reason didn't work. Pulling rank didn't work. Dorothy imitated Spock's voice and made me jump, but Joe was too far gone even to twitch. The night was passing, and Lee would be going off shift at the transporter within the hour.

We withdrew to discuss strategy. "What would Spock say to a situation like this?"

She considered. "He would say -- " she dropped through most of an octave into Spock's voice again -- "Captain, I believe it is said on Earth that one can capture more flies with honey than with acetic acid."

"Joe, love, there's a moon out," I said, snuggling under his arm.

"It has several thousand craters on this side alone," Dorothy said in her most silvery voice. "Let's go count them" She captured his right side, and we marched him off without a struggle.

In a dark corner, Dorothy called Lee for transporter control, and I supported Joe, who was weaving back and forth and muttering "Thou art God" and "Fen are slen."

"Having trouble?" asked a voice, and I looked up with horror into the not at all horrifying face of the tall producer. And then the transporter beam hit us.

He watched us with a dazed expression for a moment, then took pen and notebook from his pocket. As he faded from sight, we saw him scribbling furiously.

Lee smuggled Joe back to his quarters, and we minded the transporter until he returned. Almost on his heels came the captain, Mr. Kyle, and someone in a 20th-century pressure suit. We've all been having fun, I thought, and we ducked out.



In the corridor we met Mr. Spock. "Conway, I've been looking for you," he said. "Go down to your station and secure for high acceleration and...Conway, what have you been doing to your face?"

"Arrant foolishness, sir," she answered, "and I am going to wash it off."

"But he noticed you!"

"Indeed he did," she spluttered. "Hand me that towel."



# ENCOUNTER

by Connie Reich Faddis

When the nova suddenly burst near the Enterprise, the resulting ion storm rattled the living hell out of the starship. Kirk came to with McCoy bending over him on the bridge. When his eyes focused, the captain could see his science officer over the doctor's shoulder, and Uhura, her uniform opened at the sleeve to leave room for a first-aid dressing.

"...was a hell of a fire, Jim," McCoy was saying, "...running poor Scotty ragged." There was a hypo hiss. "You'll be stronger in a few minutes." He helped the captain to his feet and deposited him in the command chair.

Kirk rubbed his eyes with his arm and stabbed the intercom button. "Engineering. Mr. Scott, what's our status?"

No answer.

"Intercom systems are temporarily out, Captain," Uhura said. "I'm trying to rig up the auxiliary now, sir."

Spock added, "We are on impulse power only, Captain. The storm, however, has moved away. Life support systems are on auxiliary power, but the gravity-systems on Decks six and seven are out."

"Lieutenant Uhura, the minute you get the intercom going, order a damage-control team to the grav systems, and then get me Mr. Scott."

"Yes, sir."

Ensign Chekov turned towards the command chair. "Captain, the storm carried us a long way. We are in unsurveyed section of space."

Kirk considered the unfamiliar patterns of stars visible on the main view screen. A Klingon ship had been near them when the storm broke. He did not see it ahead of them now, but a check of the secondary screens located it off to one side, barely within hailing distance. They both seemed to be approaching one of the stars. Kirk nodded at it. "Analysis, Spock?"

"A yellow sun of medium age with...one moment...with 12 planets. If the long-range sensors are in operable condition, I will have a more precise report shortly," said Spock.



Kirk let his gaze sweep over the entire bridge. The engineering panels to his left were blackened and the circuits melted. Kirk thanked fate that Scotty hadn't been at the console when the circuits blew. Sulu and Chekov seemed all right, and the helm was responding, though only on impulse power. Doctor McCoy had disappeared back to his sickbay. A red-shirted engineer was helping Uhura with her communications panels. She seemed all right despite burned hands. Spock had apparently had one of his ears singed: it was lightly dressed, and the hair around it was singed and curled. Once things had returned to normal there would be no end to the ribbing the Vulcan would take from that, especially from Mr --



"Engineering. Scotty here," the intercom blurted, crackling a little with static, but working adequately.

"What's the damage, Scotty?" Kirk asked.

"It hurts ma heart to say it, Captain, but we'll not be using the warp engines for a good twenty-four hours. Trying to maintain stability against an ion storm will knock them out for certain. But we'll be having the life-support and gravity systems back on regular power in an hour, I hope."

"Do what you can Scotty, and keep me posted on your progress. Kirk out." He turned to Spock. "Any further report on that solar system?"

"I have located two class M planets, Captain. I am scanning for other information now."

"Very good." He opened the intercom. "Sickbay."

"Sickbay, Dr. M'Benga."

"What's the report?"

"Not too bad here, mostly minor burns and bruises and such. Dr. McCoy and I have -- "

Something exploded at the edge of the hull. The ship skewed to the side, jolting.

Kirk banged the p-a button. "Yellow alert," he ordered. "Sulu, deflectors. Spock -- that wasn't the Klingons? -- "

"Apparently, Captain, the inhabitants of the two class M planets are civilized: they have developed spacetravel, and they have developed weapons. And we...are under attack."

The ship bounced as the deflector shields stopped another missile.

"Three -- no, four -- alien ships on the screen, sir," Chekov reported.

"I am picking up, in addition to those ships, a distant vessel on my scanners under similar attack," said Spock. "Captain, it is the Klingon ship."

"Lieutenant, open a channel to the attacking vessels and put it on the universal translator," said Kirk. "This is Captain James T. Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise. We are on a peaceful mission. An ion storm took us off course and left us here. We are damaged and in need of assistance. We mean you no harm."

There was no answer. Then two of the aliens fired in sequence.

"Red alert."

Sulu brought up the phaser-sight.

"Hold your fire, Mr. Sulu. I want to find out what's going on here."

"Captain, I'm picking up a weak transmission from the Klingon ship," said Uhura.

"Put them on, Lieutenant."

The Klingons didn't know what was going on, either, but they were worried enough to suggest that the Enterprise and the Klingon battleship join forces and fight as a unit. Kirk refused. "Our shields are holding, and our weapons are ready. The aliens appear to have primitive vessels and are using primitive weapons. I'm not going to fire yet. Kirk out."



"The Klingons have re-opened fire on the aliens in their sector, sir," Sulu reported.

"Repeat the transmission to the aliens," Kirk told Uhura. "And get all channels working."

Spock broke in, "The aliens have not replied to our transmission because -- "

The shock threw Spock out of his seat and against the console. He regained his feet and checked the computer readings. "Shields are weakening, Captain," he called over the confusion. "The aliens do not -- "

Uhura screamed as the communications panel's jerry-rigged circuits sputtered and flamed. The Vulcan threw himself toward her and pushed her to the deck until the sparks stopped flying. There was a moment of silence. Spock helped Uhura to her feet. "As I was about to say, the aliens do not have sub-space radio communications. They transmit on regular frequencies only."

The communications panel itself was obviously inoperable, but the intercom was still holding together. "Captain! This is Scott!" it said. "What in the devil's name is going on up there? The shields are strained to the limit!"

"Scotty, get up here and help Lt. Uhura patch her communications panel together. I need a short-wave channel right away."

The ship jolted. This time Spock came up with blood streaming down his chin, but he hovered over his instruments. "Shields...are down."

"Ready main phaser banks, Mr. Sulu," Kirk said grimly. He punched the intercom. "This is the captain. We are under attack by unidentified alien ships employing only primitive laser and atomic weapons. We are, however, outnumbered, and our shields are down. Ready battle-stations. Kirk out."

"The aliens are regrouping for another salvo," Chekov reported.

"Lock Phaser One on the lead attacker Mr. Chekov, and let's hope that a response from us will scare them into pulling off."

It was difficult to have to sit and watch the alien ships grouping for a dive. Chekov's face was taut with tension. Sulu



held his hand nervously poised over the phaser controls, waiting.

The aliens closed in for the strafing run. Spock's fingers tightened their firm hold on his panel, and he watched his instruments grimly.

"Eight thousand meters and closing," said Sulu.

"Hold your fire." Kirk wiped sweat off his forehead with his sleeve.

One of the aliens fired prematurely.

"Get that one, Sulu!"

The phaser whined. The alien blew up, and the other aliens changed course immediately and veered off, regrouping. Kirk stared grimly at the debris from the shattered alien ship scattering randomly into the sterile infinite. "Report on the Klingon?" he asked no one in particular.

"Difficult to determine, Captain," Spock answered. "Their battle has moved out of our present effective sensor range."

"Coming in again, Captain," Sulu said.

"Try for the lead ship again, Mr. Sulu, and be ready to initiate evasive maneuvers."

There were three alien ships now, coming in fast, one behind the other. Kirk saw that, unless he managed to divert them, at least one of them was sure to get a direct hit on the Enterprise."

"Ready photon torpedoes," he ordered. "Random scatter."

It was hard to fight to kill without a specific hate for the enemy, and Kirk found it hard to believe that those men, or whatever they were in those sub-light-speed ships, were really enemies. It was a monstrous mistake, an error of identification, a useless superstitious fear with a stupid, thoughtless reaction. Kirk's thoughts raced, circling. Surely he could only defend, not attack and kill. Yet it seemed that unless he killed them, those asses in their lumbering ships would pound the Enterprise into cosmic dust. The captain envied, for once, Spock's near-perfect control of his emotions: they never visibly affected the man's efficiency.

"Fire phaser Two."

Sulu and the computer were a nearly unbeatable team: the phaser bolt was directly on target, and the lead alien disintegrated. The others veered slightly to avoid the debris. At that point, Kirk ordered the photon torpedoes fired.

"Got one!" Chekov yelled.

The undamaged alien pulled away, getting out of phaser range, but the one hit by the torpedo corrected its course and came straight for the Enterprise. Too late, Kirk realized its suicidal intention.

"Hard to port!"

The alien hit glancingly, making a collision that surely jarred the foundations of the galaxy. Kirk picked himself painfully off the deck and scanned the darkened bridge dizzily. Spock groaned, then sat up. The others seemed dazed, but unharmed.

"Where'd it hit?" Kirk asked.

"I don't know, sir," Chekov gasped. "The fourth and fifth decks are on fire; the fifth is depressurizing."

Kirk headed for the elevator. "The con is yours, Spock," he croaked.

Spock nodded, and called for a report on the remaining alien, as Chekov took his place at the sensors.

Kirk stepped off the elevator into a hell of panic. The air smelled bad, and the smoke was heavy. He helped a yeoman herd some injured men into the elevator.

"Abandon the entire deck," he bawled, and was surprised that it came out with a sob. He stood at a catwalk, helping terrified crewmen and women off the deck. Someone was dragging casualties from warping, twisted rooms into the corridor. Kirk headed to sickbay through the milling security men and damage control crews. McCoy would have to move his sickbay to another deck, and the doctor had better not try to argue the point.

Somebody was yelling Kirk's name over the din. Engineer Scott tugged at his sleeve.

"Captain, we've got to seal off the deck!" Scott shouted. "I canna keep pressure up much longer. The depressurization's getting ahead o' us."

"Keep it up till we get everyone out," the captain yelled back, "the damage crews, everyone!" He pushed past the engineer, past a weeping woman, past security men who tried to turn him around, his eyes seeing, but his brain refusing to record the horrors that milled around him. He saw familiar faces: two nurses, dragging a casualty between them. Kirk stood in their path. "McCoy -- he's to set up sickbay on Deck Two. Where's McCoy?"

Nurse Chapel stared at the captain and then looked at the limp head of the blood-soaked form she was supporting. Kirk bit his lip until it bled, to keep from speaking.

"Captain, get the hell out of here!" a security man bellowed, heedless of rank. "Clear the deck!"

Kirk helped the women carry McCoy to the catwalk. They handed the limp doctor up to Scotty, who was directing the evacuation. Kirk turned and stared incredulously at the emptied, burning corridors, and the security men herding the last survivors out, sealing cabins and corridors behind them.

"Captain, hurry," Scott pleaded.

Kirk swung up the ladder, and they sealed the deck.

Spock turned and actually looked relieved when Kirk appeared on the bridge.

"Chekov, locate M'Benga. Tell <sup>him</sup> sickbay is temporarily on Deck Two, and that, as Dr. McCoy is critically injured, he's in charge. Status, Mr. Spock?"

"Life support systems on all decks but four and five are functional, Captain. Impulse power is unimpaired, although the hulk of the crashed alien vessel is causing some drag. Phasers and photon torpedoes are ready. The aliens have not attempted any attacks since the collision; apparently they are waiting to see how badly damaged we are. The Klingon has drifted back into sensor range, and appears to be 'dead,' with power emanations from their life-support systems out."

"Serves them right!" Chekov muttered.

"The Klingon appears to have destroyed its attackers, except for the two vessels which have joined the last of our attackers," Spock finished.



Kirk nodded and gazed through the main screen into space. "Why?" he demanded. "Why, in the eight million names of god, are we here beating each other to atoms? What possible act of ours provoked this? Did the Klingons do something we don't know about before they showed up on our screens? What are those people out there so damned afraid of?"

"I am afraid we will never know, Captain. They are grouping for another straffing run. We are sure to get at least one of them, but the odds are equally favorable that they will get us," the Vulcan estimated. "Another direct hit without our shields, and we will either break up or blow up."

Kirk slammed on the intercom button. "Mr. Scott, meet me in the transporter room in three minutes! Miss Chapel, I don't care how you do it; if Dr. McCoy is still alive, bring him to the transporter room. Mr. Sulu, cut power on all decks but the phaser deck and life-support! That should hold them off a few minutes. Mr. Spock, you're in command."

The first officer seemed unsurprised. "Of course, Captain. If I may invoke one of your superstitions: Good luck."

Scotty was waiting at the transporter complex when Kirk ran in. In seconds, Nurse Chapel followed with a security man, supporting a semi-conscious McCoy. She glared at Kirk. "He's full of stimulants," she reported. "It's all I could do."

Kirk nodded, and turned to the transporter chief. "Mr. Kyle, I want you to put us right on the bridge of the lead alien ship."

Scott's eyes nearly bulged out of his head, and he stepped back from the transporter. "Captain! Have ye gone mad?"

The aliens on the bridge of the attacking vessel were taken by surprise when the captain and his companions materialized in their midst. Action stopped as faces turned to stare at them. They were very human-looking, Kirk thought hopefully. Someone, apparently the leader, ordered the ship's course altered. Two officers drew weapons of some kind, but the commander waved them away, and waited.

Kirk spoke into a translator. "I have tried to contact you before, but my ship's radio was damaged. I am Captain James Kirk of the U.S.S. Enterprise. What have we done that you would wish to do this to us?" he said, pointing at McCoy. "We are on a peaceful mission."

The alien commander's mouth dropped open. "I am under orders of the Worlds-Council to prevent at all costs the return of the Invaders who loot and devastate our planets," he said after a moment. "You arrived at ultra-light speed and gave no identification, nor did you acknowledge our challenges. Your other ship opened fire on our scout ship and destroyed it without mercy. We could do nothing but retaliate."

McCoy sagged, and Nurse Chapel lowered him to the floor. One of the alien women knelt with her beside him. "This man will -- " It suddenly occurred to her that she had acted without orders, Kirk saw. "Your pardon, sir," she said, sounding slightly defiant. "This man will die without surgery."

The alien commander looked back at her gravely, then walked up to Kirk and studied the captain's eyes. Kirk gazed back at him steadily, then said quietly, "If you have a surgeon, won't you please help my friend? Our fight is a terrible mistake. We mean no harm to you. I'm sure you are aware of the ion storm that passed by here. We -- the other ship and mine -- were caught in it and brought here. The other ship was not one of my people's. The Klingons have been the Invaders in my part of the galaxy.

The commander turned to the thick crystal window in his bridge and for a long moment examined the damaged Enterprise, adrift in space. "Malkar, break the radio silence and contact the Council. Tell them what has happened. Tell them that we -- that I -- have made a grave miscalculation. These people are not the Invaders. They can suspend the general alert. Ask them to send out tow-ships and medical teams." He turned to the woman beside Nurse Chapel. "Get the surgeon." He swung back to Kirk. "I was ready to kill you when you appeared on my bridge," he said. "I do not know what it was that stopped me, except the thought that only a fool or a very wise man would have attempted such a tactic. You seem to be a very brave species, Captain Kirk.

Kirk smiled and tried to relax the muscles still taut in his back. "I have a very logical first officer, sir, who will insist that it was all a matter of mathematical odds. You must meet him."

## Old-Tyme Review Dept.

### William Shatner -- addenda

"The Name of the Game" -- "Tarot" -- Friday, February 13 (that figures), 1970. Peter (a satanist).

"Paris 7000" -- "The Shattered Idol" -- March 5, 1970  
Jade Baron (also Jade Baron as Hamlet). Also in cast, Roger Perry (Captain Christopher, "Tomorrow is Yesterday") as Bruce Malloy, a press agent.

"Ironside" -- "Little Jerry Jessup"  
March 12, 1970. Marty Jessup.

"Medical Center" -- "The Bombatants"  
(by Oliver Crawford, "Galileo 7") --  
March 18, 1970.  
Dr. Eli Neily. Also in cast, Hagan  
Beggs (Lt. Hansen, "The Monagerie,"  
"Court Martial") as First Doctor.

### DeForest Kelley -- addenda

Variety Girl -- Bob Kirby  
Variety, July 16, 1947, "Film Re-  
views," by Abel., p. 14.

"DeForest Kelley looms as a  
good new juvenile potential. He  
personates the sympathetic talent  
scout."

The View from Pompey's Head -- Hotel  
Clerk.  
Premiered October 21, 1955.

"Ironside" -- "Warrior's Return" --  
March 5, 1970.  
Fowler (jewelery salesman).

### George Takei -- addendum

"The Courtship of Eddie's Father" -- episode  
broadcast November 12, 1970. Saito.





Nichelle Nichols

"Kicks & Co." -- Hazel Sharpe  
Variety, October 18, 1961,  
"Shows Out of Town," by Les., p. 69.

"Nichelle Nichols is talented and at ease as one of the two femme leads."

"Repertoire Workshop" --  
"Ghost of Mister Kicks"  
Variety, February 6, 1963,  
"Television Reviews," by Bill., p. 55.

"Nichelle Nichols of the original cast sang the femme parts with flair...."

"The Blacks" by Jean Genet  
Studebaker Theater, Chicago  
Variety, July 31, 1963,  
"Legit Follow-ups," by Les., p. 109.

"Nichelle Nichols [is] eloquent with her hips."

Mister Buddwing -- Dice Player  
premiered September, 1966.

Walter Koenig

"General Hospital" -- premiere episode,  
April, 1963, WK in cast.

Strange Lovers

Variety, July 10, 1963, "Film Reviews," by Tube., p. 6.

"Three tales concerned with facets of homosexuality....  
The principal players, all of whom emote rather well under the circumstances, are Walter Koenig, Joe D'Agosta...."

Majel Barrett

As Young as We Are (screenplay by Meyer Dolinsky, "Spock's Brain") -- Joyce Goodwin

Variety, September 24, 1958, "Film Reviews," by Ron., p. 6.

"Tops in support is Majel Barrett, as another young teacher."



"The Desilu Revue" -- MB in cast  
opened October 7, 1959, Desilu Theater, Los Angeles

"The Heretic" -- Hecate Bard  
opened October 2, 1960, Santa Monica  
Variety, October 26, 1960, "Shows Out of Town," by Whit., p. 72.

"The protagonists are an Oklahoma farm boy seduced by a wealthy girl who persuades him to leave home with her.... Majel Barrett and Bill Gaskin play the leads, but have little opportunity for more than stilted performances."

Love in a Goldfish Bowl - Alice  
Variety, June 7, 1961, "Film Reviews," by Tube., p. 20.

"Others who contribute most favorably are...Majel Barrett...."

"The Deadly" -- MB in cast  
Variety, November 29, 1961, "Shows Out of Town," by Dale.,  
p. 64.

"Harry Townes has style even though his character has no identification. Majel Barrett, a three-day replacement, does nicely with an unsuitable role. Yvonne Craig comes through with bright qualities."

(Townes -- Reger, "Return of the Archons." Craig -- Marta, "Whom Gods Destroy.")

The Quick and the Dead -- Teresa  
Variety, March 6, 1963, "Film Reviews," by Tube., p. 6.

"Majel Barrett and Sandy Donigan have some strong moments as the distaff members of the war party."

Sylvia -- Anne  
February, 1965

(also in cast, Nancy Kovack, Nona in "Private Little War" as Big Shirley.)

Track of Thunder -- Georgia Clark  
February, 1968.

some record reviews

"The Transformed Man" by William Shatner, Decca.  
The American Record Guide (date? -- text taken from reprint in Gry, November, 1969, p. 36)

"Shatner is, in real life, Captain Kirk of 'Star Trek.' Or so it seems to say on the liner notes. Why does a clean-cut space pilot get himself involved in this sort of earthbound



pretentiousness? Simply to break out of orbit? Perhaps to opt for some of that synthetic Broadway stardust? Anyway, he has enmeshed himself in a mismatched mishmash entertainment that trades on pseudo-artful contrasts in mood -- coupling a schmaltzed-up 'To be or not to be' with a McKuenish piece of doggerel on love's joys, Baudelaire with a John Lennon rock-away, 'Cyrano' swagger with a Bob Dylan extravaganza. And so forth. This overproduced disc does not appear to know where it is going, nor why, and seems designed mainly as a showpiece for the full (but limited) gamut of Shatner's Thespian competence. Meanwhile the music of Don Ralke (who must be a disciple of Max Steiner) has its independent go at all the moods, unblushingly surging through Shakespeare, Rostand, and 'pop' alike. As for the stops-away grand climax, 'Transformed Man' (words by Frank Davenport, music by Ralke, posturing by Shatner), it tries awfully hard."

"Nichelle Nichols: Down to Earth," Epic.  
HiFi/Stereo Review, July, 1968, Vol 21 No 1, p. 99, by R.R.

"Performance: Tempestuous and sensitive

Recording: Good

Stereo Quality: Good

Nichelle Nichols is Lieutenant Uhura, the communications officer on the NBC television series Star Trek. If her acting is as interesting as her singing, I plan to become a regular viewer. She has been a band vocalist with Duke Ellington and Lionel Hampton, which explains her ease before the microphone. She has a wide vocal range, which runs the gamut from Lena Horne sexiness in an enchanting song called Home Lovin' Man to Blossom Dearie innocence in The Lady Is a Tramp. She uses Nancy Wilson's breathy whisper to good advantage on If He Walked into My Life, and her ending on The More I See You is like an Eydie Gormé crash landing. All of these comparisons are not meant to imply that Nichelle Nichols does not have an individual sound of her own. She is her own girl on You'd Better Love Me (from Martin and Gray's score for the short-lived musical High Spirits), and her closing bars on Tenderly have an un-earthly excitement. With wider exposure, she could become a staple. She also has the hipness and good taste to use Gerald Wilson's big jazz orchestra to back up her many moods. The combination is a heady one."





