
TABLE OF CONTENTS

Formazine, and other irritating substances, by yed
Chemistry songs, collected by Debbie Langsam
Fan writing panel, or "Don't make him say THAT!"
with Sherna Burley, Debbie Langsam, Devra Langsam, Joyce Yasner, and a cast of hundreds
Even more illogical verses, by Judith Brownlee
Word search, by Allyson Felix
The secret life of Monica Miller, by Monica Miller
...and divided we fall, by Claudia Jane Peyton
Partial translation, by Debbie Langsam
Eleanor Arnason's farewell to the five boroughs
A further fiendish puzzle, by Miriam Z Langsam
SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD: a review, by Ruth Berman
Training the teacher, by Anne E Trembley
Answers to the fiendish puzzle
Further songs of Collinsport, by Marian Turner
Lady Lilaine and the Green Churl, by Sandra Miesel
I remember, by Steve Young
Lines we'd like to hear, by Carolyn Hillard
Ads
Another episode, by William Pugmire
Beginning, by Joan Verba
Witchcraft, by Nancy Giudice
Warning, by Carolyn Hillard
Graffiti, by Maureen Wilson and Margaret Harris

Devra Michele Langsam, Editor
Deborah Michael Langsam, Assistant Editor
250 Crown Street
Brooklyn New York 11225

Amanita Publications
Poison Pen Press # 14
ART CREDITS

Alan Andres 42, 54, bacover
Alicia Austin cover, 45
Alexis Gilliland 8, 16, 52
Peggy Hagen 40
Carolyn Hillard 53
Janice 22, 38, 50
Sue Johnston 19, 64, 68, 70, 73, 76, 78, 79
Debbie Langsam 3
Devra Langsam 6, 7
Wendy Lindboe 6, 7
Claire Mason 11, 83
Rosalind Oberdieck-Ludwig 14, 25, 32, 49, 66
Andy Porter 4
Gerry Stout 57, 59, 61
Anne E Trembley 28
Mary Ann Walther 29
Joyce Yasner 37

Cover picture, "The Romantic Image", from the collection of Alex Eisenstein

WORK CREDITS

Typing Devra Langsam
Hand-cut stencils Devra Langsam
Electrostenciling Gestetner
Lettering Sue Johnston 68, 81
Debbie Langsam 5, 39
Devra Langsam 37
Jacob L Langsam 3
Joyce Yasner 48, 55, 65, 82

Covers printed by Al Schuster
Poptreating Debbie Langsam, Joyce Yasner
Mimeography The Poison Pen Press
Landlord Jacob L Langsam
General consultant and level-headed advisor Debbie Langsam

MICHAEL DAVID PETTS BROWN MAY
- HJNA CONDE COENSUENSH MILLER
Once again I find myself trapped into writing an editorial. This time I am immured in a hospital, running a Mysterious Fever. Perhaps this is all right in Gothics, but it is pretty damn boring, unless you have a large pile of books. My only alternatives now are: hand sewing stuffed doll legs, the boob tube, or a history of science in two volumes. (sigh)

As usual, we are more irregular than even the TV people. This time it's... June? July? Only we can take 18 months to incubate an issue.

The only good thing about being in the hospital (aside from getting an editorial written) is that my sister may possibly be buffao led into doing another e-vile puzzle for us. Upward and onward! She is also giving strong evidence of insanity; she and Debbie collated an entire 250-copy run of SPOCKANALIA 3. (GASP) (wondery people, marvelous loverly people)

Speaking of SPOCKANALIA, I now have copies of issues 1 and 3, available for $1 each. I'm considering reprinting issue 4, but that would involve either retyping all the stencils, or else having it type-and-off-set. Lots of work, that. DON'T send money in advance, please!

Life moving in its course...well, I have been in a new branch of the library for a year. (Which only proves how long since the last issue.) It's not a bad place, once you discount the lack of air conditioning, and being on the second floor with no elevator. Great little exercise. (Meanwhile two nurses just came and took away the second bed in my room. Just rolled it away. What a weird place this is.)

Ye assistant editor, Debbie, has just completed her Master's degree in oceanography, and is getting ready to spend a summer of dissipation (she doesn't know I have a plan for another issue, heh heh heh heh) before flying off to the wilds of North Carolina to work on a Doctorate.

I might mention (in passing, as it were) that Debbie is maintaining her perfect record of missing the Worldcon; five
out of five. Two years ago she caught mono as a last-ditch effort; this year, she merely arranged her school schedule. North Carolina, humph!

This February, Debbie and I worked on the Second New York STAR TREK Convention. It was a lot calmer than last year's, despite the attendance increase from 3,000 to 6,000. As I was chained by an ankle to one of the Art Show easels I saw very little of the program. However, it was fun in a weird, perverted sort of way. Next year -

STCon III  Feb 15 - 18, 1974

Advance membership  - $4
After Jan 20         - $7  The Americana Hotel
Supporting           - $3

After that - THE UNIVERSE!

Checks, requests for information, etc: International STAR TREK Convention, PO Box 3127, Church Street Station, NY NY 10008.

It has suddenly dawned on me that, due to my (ahem) irregular publishing schedule, it is difficult for our readers to know when the magazine comes out. Therefore, I've decided to accept subs, 2 for $1. (This is no break monetarily; it just assures you of getting our next brilliant, scintillating production.)

Now that STAR TREK is coming back, even if in animation, perhaps we'll have more submissions for "The Free Enterprise." After all, what's a ship without an underground newspaper?

I'm really very hopeful about the new STAR TREK animation. The production staff on it, many of them old TREK people, are very good, and the projected scripts sound pretty good too. Several people who were down at Vulcon saw the opening credits sequence (the only section ready for viewing at that time) and were quite impressed. May the factor of random chance favor us.
( Wouldn't hurt to write
to NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller
Plaza, NY NY 10029, to tell
them you like the idea of the
animation, and want to see it
on a week-night, not Saturday
morning! Or a movie. ) ( Non-
trekkies may ignore this. )

By the way, ads in this
here publication are given on
two bases: 1) I like the pub-
lication and/or 2) they gave
me an ad. However, I prefer
to arrange these things,
rather than having someone
send me a zine with an ad for
MD in it, and demand a return ad. I do not like TABEBUIAN;
it's a personalzine, and just not my thing. I'm giving
them an ad only because they gave me one.

Editorials are the greatest form of time travel ( next
to sleeping ) that I know. You start them in June and hey,
presto! it's July. Wonderful convenience.

One of the things I was planning to include in this
editorial was a plug for Louis Zocchi's STAR TREK Battle
Manual game. It's a strategy game, where you have to figure
firing angles and strike effectiveness, rather than the usual
board game. In the more grandiose form of the game, played
with actual ship models ( rather than cardboard cutouts ) you
practically need a football field to play in, and the mind of
Spock for the calculations. ( " Faster, Mr. Chekov! Faster!" )
' s an interesting game. Unfortunately, Lou brought his game
to the attention of Paramount, who owns the copyrights on
STAR TREK. Paramount considered the game an infringement of
its rights, and Lou had to stop selling it. However, he does
have an " Alien Space Game " which is very similar in manner
of play, and equally interesting. Write him for details.

Louis Zocchi
388 Montana
Victorville, CA 92392

----------------------------------------
What happens to anything
Mr. Spock touches?

It's Vulcanized.

( Groan )

Carolyn Hillard

----------------------------------------
CHEMISTRY SONGS
collected by Deborah Langsam,
from the halls of
Erasmus Hall High School

HYDROGEN (to "Music, Music, Music")

Put sulfuric acid through,
Through that little thistle tube,
When it hits that zinc you get
$\text{H}_2...\text{H}_2...\text{H}_2$.

Displace all that $\text{H}_2\text{O}$,
Add a lit match,
Watch it go.
When the lab blows up you've got
$\text{H}_2...\text{H}_2...\text{H}_2$.

Crazy, I'm going crazy.
I can't recall a single thing I've said,
I can't keep all this in my head.

Put sulfuric acid through...

WATER

Take two atoms of hydrogen,
And one atom of oxygen;
What do you get
That's very wet?
Hurray for $\text{H}_2\text{O}$!

SALT (to "Heart of My Heart")

I am chlorine,
My valence minus-one;
Mine is plus-one,
My name is sodium.
And when we com-pound,
We form ionic bonds;
We are very stable guys
But oh how we can i-onize!
Add $\text{H}_2\text{O}$
And watch that little light glow
(Conductivity!)
We'll never stray a-part.
Because we form NaCl,
And that's so very stable,
You need electrolysis to make us part
(To make us part!)
with Sherna Burley, Debbie Langsam, Devra Langsam, Joyce Yasner, and a cast of hundreds

DEVRA: I'm the moderator of this kind of loose panel. First of all, I'll make it clear that Devra and I are cousins, we're not sisters! We are cousins! Now, first of all, the reason why most of us are up here is that we are editors. We don't claim to be great writers, but we are editors, and we've seen a hell of a lot of STAR TREK stories. Joyce is a writer who has often had the wrath of the editor jounced upon her head. Basically, we thought that we would talk about how NOT to write a STAR TREK story. And perhaps we'll start it off by talking about inconsistency. And perhaps I'll start off the discussion by saying, for God's sake, you're writing about a STAR TREK story, and the STAR TREK universe. You have noticed that Spock never calls Scotty "Scotty"; please don't intersperse your story with "Scotty"s. It's totally unlike Spock. Spock does not go running down the corridor, screaming "SCOTTY!" You've got to be consistent to the character. Now let me throw this open to the other panelists.

DEVRA: It's not only something like Mr. Spock not screaming "Scotty!" You have to remember, when you're writing about STAR TREK characters, they are real, established people. Unless you explain something and give them an excuse for acting weird, they have to act like themselves. This also holds for things like the rules of the ship. This is a military vessel you're writing about, and when you have a military vessel, maybe you haven't noticed but the people have to follow the rules. We've gotten a number of stories in which people have decided to beam down early on vacation leave, or somebody has decided to just go off the bridge because he feels like it. In fact, there was one story in which Mr. Spock slugged a crewmember, then said, "Captain, I was forced to discipline a crewmember." And the Captain says, "That's all right, Spock." I hate to point out that in "This Side of Paradise" (that's the spores, all the friendly little spores) Mr. Spock said to the Captain, "I have struck a fellow officer. That is a court martial offense."
They have said that there are no non-officers on the crew. This is a debatable point, but anyway, it's a court-martial offense to strike a crewmember too, and the Captain could never have just sort of slapped Spock on the back and said, "That's all right, Mr. Spock!" You also do not get people in the Navy going off on leave two days early. You don't get them going off five minutes early. And you'd better not do that on STAR TREK either.

JOYCE: Also, when you are creating new characters, I find that basically it's a good idea to have these characters stand for something. A writer who's probably pretty well known to all of you, Jacqueline Lichtenberg, suggests you give the characters something which everybody can latch onto so they'll know who this person is. And he has a specific function in the story; he just doesn't plop in on page 3 and then sort of say "Hi" and that's the last you see of him. It's nice to give him some small thing that you can pick up on later. That's a good way to sneak in foreshadowing, and things like this, so you'll know what's going on. It's sloppy to have superfluous characters floating around in your story, especially if they have no function except decorative reasons.

SHERNA: Creating new characters is a very difficult job; even being true to the old ones is too much for some people. Ever see "Galileo Seven"? I don't think that SPOCKANALIA would've accepted that story.

DEBBIE: Again, back to the realism. There was one story that we saw in which I think it was Scotty decided to beam down two hours early, without telling anybody. He just decided, "Gee, I think I'll beam down." This would just never happen. That's another part of realism. Another idea about realism is, be realistic in what you're talking about. Now, we had one story submitted in which McCoy quietly vomits in the corner. Now, I don't know whether any of you know anything about the body, and how it works, but I've never heard anybody being sick in that way quietly. It also happened to be at the sight of a corpse, yes, I think, of a rotting rat. Now, McCoy is a doctor. He has probably seen a hell of a many things which are much, much worse than that. It's kind of out of character for McCoy to go and quietly be sick in the corner, or even noisily be sick in the corner.

DEVRA: When you are talking about consistency, you have to remember also that this show has a number of established technical details. When they tell you that the transporter works only 16,000 miles out from the ship, they mean it. When they tell you that the highest warp speed that the ship can attain in safety and continue on is warp nine (which was at the end of the second season) you are not allowed to then go back and say, "Well, we can't catch them because we can only go warp 2," because they told you something else. If you want to play the game, you have to play it by their rules, because it's
their game. They said that the Richter scale is a scale of analyzing cultures. Now, the Richter scale also happens to be an earthquake measurement. But let's not worry about that; you just do what they said, and maybe we'll manage all right.

DEBBIE: I just want to say that you can change the rules, but you
better give a reason for it. If you want the ship to go at warp 30, all right, but you'd better give a good reason for it, or editors like us are going to say, "WHAT are you doing? NO!" And we're going to cross it all off.

SHENA: To get back to the characters for a moment, these are very strong men, and they are very resilient men. And yes, it's a lot of fun to take them apart into little pieces and to see them bleed, but if you do it too often, they're not going to heal. And you know something, they are very interesting characters even when they're whole in one piece walking around doing their daily jobs, and we just don't see any stories about that. I've developed a minor principle called "The Minimum Necessary Distress". If something happens to them, if somebody gets hurt, or the ship is in trouble, they're very resilient men; they're going to show "The Minimum Necessary Distress." They're not going to go into hysterics.

JOYCE: Yes, Spock is also uninclined to weeping sorrowfully on McCoy's shoulder. If you do it, there's got to be a reason for it. This is also another problem that...I'm going to change the subject on you people.

DEBBIE: There's a writer for you.

JOYCE: There's a difference between having plot and having story ideas. Now the best way I can illustrate this is to tell you about something like the episode "Naked Time", which is one you're familiar with....

DEBBIE: Why don't you just give a very short description, so that those who don't know the episodes by name....

JOYCE: The basic idea is a planet which is about to break up because it's all frozen and everything. Well, I don't know if it's about to break up because it's frozen, but it's breaking up anyway. The people beam down to the planet, Spock and another crewmember, and they go snooping around, find out what happened and discover that all these people have very strangely died. They've turned off the life support systems and somebody died in the shower and somebody else strangled himself and all of this. Somebody picks up a water-borne disease and comes aboard the ship, and what happens is that everybody literally kind of flakes out. Spock starts crying in the corridors, and all kinds of weird things happen, but the basic problem is that the ship is going to fall into this planet, which is busily cracking up all over the place, and they've got to get everybody back to some semblance of sanity before the ship is destroyed. So you have such story ideas as Spock seeing in the corridor "Love mankind", or Kirk seeing in the elevator "Sinner, repent!" These are little story ideas that are stuck in. They're not the plot, and the plot is not those ideas. It's a good idea to have an IDEA in your story, rather than just having people
dribbling along. I used to do this in my stories, and they would kill me for it. You know, I call them up and tell them the plot, with no ideas to it, just rambling on and on.

DEVRA: Being an editor, I'd rather have a story with a very strong plot line and a medium idea than a story with a marvelous idea and no plot, because you can hang onto a good strong action plot. That's what most of the STAR TREK episodes had; they had action. Things happened. What happens next? Say you've got a marvelous idea; like what happens when the Captain suddenly realizes that he is frightening the wits out of a crew-member. What does this do to the Captain? That was a great idea, but we couldn't write a story about it, because we couldn't get the action right. We had a marvelous feeling about what it would do to Kirk to realize that he's a nasty son of a bitch inside.

DEBBIE: I'm going to interrupt for a minute, because it leads directly into the cult of stories that popped up about "Let's get Spock into bed."

SHERPA: The 'lay-Spock' stories.

DEBBIE: Right, the 'lay-Spock' stories. And as fanzine editors, if we've seen one, we've seen six dozen of them.

SHERPA: We've written a couple of them too.

DEBBIE: Right. And this is not to say that it's not a valid story line. But, that's only an idea, as Joyce was saying. If you want to get Spock into bed, that's only one part of the idea. You have to have a plot to go around it. Otherwise, you might be able to sell it to a good porno house. But to a STAR TREK fanzine, in general, you're going to have to think up a reason why, and you're going to have to make it logical, and make it follow, and make it work.

SHERPA: Actually, that's a pretty good thing to think of, whatever you write, STAR TREK or not. Everything that happens must be important to the progression of the story. Everything that happens must be important to the progression of the story. Engrave that on your brain. It's very difficult to remember. I'll give you an example. There's another story that, if it had been sent to us, would have been rejected, entitled "Spock's Brain." Every time the story slowed down, every time they decided they needed a little pizzazz, the characters fell down writhing. That's an external gimmick, and it wasn't internally necessary to the story, and why bother?

JOYCE: Also, Spock was beginning to look like Don Martin. They sort of took a chuck hammer and - buzzz - took off the top of his head. Chopped out the ol' golfball and carted it off
and plugged it into this machine, which is all very nice, and they didn't even give him any bandages, the poor man. And his hair was still on; they just glued it on with Elmer's, and hooked it on, screws here and there, to keep the guy together.

SHERMA: That's all right. McCoy was attaching his brain, which gets attached by the brain stem way down here, and he was working on the crown of his head.

DEVRA: That's his weird Vulcan physiology.

DEBBIE: Also, more about this idea of progressing the plot. In a story we received, there was a place where I think it was McCoy found a melting black diamond. And they talk about this melting black diamond. And that is all we hear about the melting black diamond. What is it doing there? I know not.

DEVRA: It just evaporated.

SHERMA: It just melted...

DEVRA: Disappeared.

TRAPPED...
DEBBIE: Yeah. We have no idea what it was there for. It was just there, and there was no explanation. It might have been a very good idea; there might have been some idea around it, but - we were never told what it was about. Another thing: being a moderator - AH HA - I have a certain amount of POWER! So I'm going to change the subject.

JOYCE: Hey, that's my job here!

DEBBIE: Be sneaky. Some of you may have seen old Buck Rogers comics, in which Buck Rogers, or maybe it's Flash Gordon, holds out - thing - some thing - and there's a little balloon that appears over it and says, "Disintegrator Ray," as though the stupid audience cannot figure out what the heck they're doing. Now, one of the things that I think we all liked about STAR TREK was that, in general (look at all this activity in front of me!) was that, in general, they did not over-explain. They fired a phaser and they expected you to understand what was going on. And most of the audience did understand what was going on. They didn't stop and say, "By the way, Mr. Spock, why don't you tell the new crewmember about how the phaser works?"

DEVRA: Like picking up a telephone and using it, without an explanation of how it works....

SHERNA: ...while Spock is dusting the mantle.

DEVRA: This is a problem that many people who have never written science fiction before have. You can always tell when a mainstream author is writing his first science fiction. For instance, there was a book called THE MAN WHOSE NAME DIDN'T FIT, about a man who got fired because his name didn't fit on the computer cards his company had just switched over to, and how he mucked up the computer systems by introducing an accidentally mutated bacteria or virus or mold that melted the plastic of the computer cards and the chips and everything, and everything went 'phuuut.' Well, maybe I'm very bright, but I figured what he was going to do with that mutated mold a long time before the author did, and I got very tired of him sort of antsing around, explaining things. The same thing, I was told, is true with THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, although I didn't read it.

JOYCE: Yes, yes.

DEVRA: I understand they told you a lot more than you wanted to know. That was one of the most exciting things about STAR TREK. Toward the end of the second season, they didn't explain anything. They just kept dropping these little things in here and there, "Doesn't that make your hand hurt, Captain?" "Isn't that a little old-fashioned, Mr. Spock?" I mean, just keep on zipping back and forth and keep everybody
happy. This is not to say that you should not explain a change in a character's behavior. It's just don't explain the technicalities. Mr. Spock is a cold fish generally on the outside. You don't have to explain that. Only if he changes his behavior do you have to explain it. And you don't have to tell us how the engines work because, frankly, I'm a librarian. I don't care how the engines work.

AND THUS, CHILDREN, THE EYE OF THE SHARK FOCUSES BY MOVING BACK AND FORTH THE LEN. 

JOYCE: Also, there's another way of doing things too, in your stories. It's better to do it in dialog. It's more snappy and it's more interesting. Say you have a story line. What's going to happen is that the Captain is in a crummy mood. Right? Okay, so, Spock walks onto the bridge, and he says, "Good morning, Captain," if he ever says anything as peculiar as that. Kirk turns around and says, "Drop dead, you pointy-eared son of a bitch!" Then you know Kirk is in a bad mood. You don't have to say, in your little paragraph, 'The Captain was in a bad mood.' Just have him say, "You're a son of a bitch, Spock," and you keep going on like that. It's not necessary, and it's also sort of untidy. Works much better if you can introduce it into your dialog.

JOYCE: Also, there's another way of doing things too, in your stories. It's better to do it in dialog. It's more snappy and it's more interesting. Say you have a story line. What's going to happen is that the Captain is in a crummy mood. Right? Okay, so, Spock walks onto the bridge, and he says, "Good morning, Captain," if he ever says anything as peculiar as that. Kirk turns around and says, "Drop dead, you pointy-eared son of a bitch!" Then you know Kirk is in a bad mood. You don't have to say, in your little paragraph, 'The Captain was in a bad mood.' Just have him say, "You're a son of a bitch, Spock," and you keep going on like that. It's not necessary, and it's also sort of untidy. Works much better if you can introduce it into your dialog.

DEBBIE: Do you have any new topics to introduce, Sherna? The moderator is running out. Or anybody want to throw something else into the panel?

DEVRA: Facts. Scientific facts. Now, I, as I say, am a children's librarian, not an engineer. But I at least know that a light-year is not a measure of time. If you don't know that a light-year is not a measure of time, be informed! It is a nice idea to get most of your real science facts, from the present-day world, right! And if you're not sure, ask.

DEBBIE: I don't know how many of you are aware of it, but this is
not the first STAR TREK convention. This is the second STAR TREK convention. What year was your convention, Sherna?

SHERNA: '68.

DEBBIE: 1968 there was a very small STAR TREK convention in New-ark, New Jersey. Hal Clement -

JOYCE: The audience was small.

SHERNA: Yeah, about 60 or 69, and it was only one afternoon....

JOYCE: In Spock's linen closet, that's where they had it.

DEBBIE: Hal Clement spoke - he'll be speaking here tomorrow, at 11 am - about STAR TREK and science. And he pointed out that there was absolutely no validity in the way that STAR TREK had made their speeds. He had no quarrel with the idea of above-light speeds, but he showed by measurements that planets were too far away for the Enterprise to be zipping back and forth at the speeds that they said they were going at. If they wanted to zip back and forth, either they should have said, "Well, we're going at warp 20," and just let the audience assume that the space ship could go that fast, or they should have limited themselves to a single sector. Now this was a science fault in STAR TREK, and these are the same kinds of science faults that aren't particularly good in a STAR TREK story. If a man's temperature is 98.6, then it's 98.6. You can't say, "He's normal; his temperature is 96.5." You have to be accurate with the scientific facts that we have, unless you have a good explanation for the change.

DEVRA: Also, a story should progress from the beginning, to the middle, and go to the end. If you want to use a flashback, please be sure that people recognise it's a flashback. And there is nothing like consulting a dictionary, and also putting periods in the right places. I have a great fondness for one of my writers, who likes to make sentences that are about a paragraph long. You wade your way through it, and you get to the end of the paragraph, and you don't know what she's said. Actually, it's really four sentences, and she's just left out the periods. This is known as general story construction. Of course nobody expects you to be a professional quality in your writing, but it does help to pay attention to the commas, and things like that.

JOYCE: Oh - Also, a word on getting criticism. (It's written down on Debbie's sheet over there.) It's a good idea when you're getting criticism to give it to someone who's not your bosom buddy, because you don't want to get into this GNRA-I-hate-you kind of thing. You know, you start tearing each other to shreds and screaming and yelling and this sort of thing. And also you don't want somebody who's going to say, "It's MARVELOUS! It's wonderful. Why don't you send it to Mr. Rod-
DENBERRY: I'm sure he'd fall all over it. You know, and love it to death! and actually the thing stinks. You have to find a happy medium. It's a good idea also to send it around to other editors and to get a general idea of who would appreciate your story style. If you find someone like Devra who isn't into literary stuff, you know, send it around to other people, who might follow the kind of things that you're trying to do in your stories. Editors sometimes seem to be mean lousy bastards, like these people over here, but they help. You have to be very firm with yourself, because you don't know what you're doing. You immediately fall in love with it, because it's your baby, and you wrote it or bashed it out on the typewriter. "IT'S NINE!" You don't want anybody saying, "That's stupid," or "it doesn't say anything to me," or something like this. Your immediate response is, "Of course, you stupid fool, it doesn't say anything to you; how would you know?" Really, they do know; you must remember that you're trying to communicate with somebody else. They don't know what's going on in your head. The only way you're going to find out if they understand is to have them tell you what's going on in their head, and so you need somewhat objective criticism, if it's possible.

DEVRA: This is a problem sometimes, when you're reading a friend's story, and you say, "Well, what does this scene mean?" And the friend starts to describe it, usually waving hands around wildly and sort of grinning and such things as that. Now, we once tried to package slices of an author in with the magazines, but it was extremely untidy, and the Post Office said it smelled. If you are writing a story, or editing a story for somebody, the explanations must be in the story. This goes for articles, also. I mean, I'm not going to say you can't use footnotes if you want. We always use footnotes, because we like to tell people the episodes that the facts came from. But if you can't understand it from what's in the story, it's no good having them write you a letter telling you what it means; it has to be written INTO the story.

SHERNA: I'd like to say a word in the defense of the "Poor Editors." Devra and I started out in this business, lo these many years ago, we didn't know from editing. We didn't know from fanzine writing, we were very very lucky to have a subject that turned people on, and we were horribly heavy-handed. If you think we're heavy-handed now, you should have seen us then! I'm sure you've all heard of Juanita Coulson; she's a very big-name fan, a STAR TREK fan, a fine writer; she's a professional now, a lovely lady. The first article that she sent to us we laced into stylistically. The article was fine, it went into SPOCKANALIA I; you can read it -

DEVRA: No, you can't; it's out of print.

DEBBIE: No plugs from the panel.
SHERNA: In any case, she sent back a very kind, gentle letter, saying, "It's your fanzine, ladies; you have the right to do anything you want with a story. But I suggest that you learn to distinguish between editorial judgment and simply stylistic judgment." From that point on, we started learning to be editors, and it's just as difficult to learn to be an editor as it is to learn to be a writer.

JOYCE: That's another problem Devra was mentioning. I think it's perfectly acceptable to publish stories that you don't agree with. Jacqueline Lichtenberg again is a prime example of creating minor furors wherever she goes. She opens her mouth and says some weird thing, and everybody goes, "AHHHHH!" you know, and starts immediate fights and everything. Her stories are good, you know...

DEBBIE: Wait, I'm going to interrupt you for a minute. Just out of curiosity, how many of you people have read STAR TREK fanzines before? I just want to get an idea, because we're throwing names around that may not be known. These are all people who write for STAR TREK fanzines, and who have written articles. Jacqueline in particular has written several articles or stories about Vulcan culture, and apparently has caused a great deal of furor. So, for those of you who haven't read STAR TREK fanzines yet, this is what this is all about. Go on.

JOYCE: If you're an editor, you've got to be able to understand what your writer is doing. There are three questions that I guess you can ask: what are they doing? are they doing it?
and do they do it well? These are three prime questions, and that is from Goethe, for any of you literary people out there. These are the kinds of things that you have to watch out for. 'Do they do it well?' is almost last. Ask yourself what the heck they're doing in the thing. Don't expect a whoopie adventure story if we're trying to unravel 'Is Spock queer?' All right, you know, understand that this is what it's about. Therefore we aren't going to have these phenomenal chase scenes going on around Spock's bedroom, and all these other interesting things like that. Find out what your writer is trying to do, and ask yourself, "Does he do it well?" It is not necessary that their style BE yours, or that you try to write stories like your editor's. Devra over here writes the kind of story that I don't. I like kind of involved, crazy stories that are very complicated and literary and all this sort of stuff, and Devra writes good straight fun adventure stories. Each to her own, but appreciate what the other person is doing.

DEBBIE: I have something to bring up. I - what were you going to say?

DEVRA: I was going to say, the problem is recognizing when you are starting to impose your own style on your authors. I don't know how you do that, because I think that I do do it, sometimes. Anyway, when you start adding commas just because you kind of feel that there should be a comma in there, or you want them to change a word just because you want to, and not because it's a purple-neon word that you should never use more than once in a thirty-five page story....

DEBBIE: "Here I am, I'm that little purple-neon word that keeps on popping up!"

DEVRA: I think - what was it? - not 'diffidently" but a word like that. Somebody used it twice in one story, and I hit it the second time on page ten and I said, "Nighod! There's that word again!"

DEBBIE: Another thing that somebody brought up on my little sheet of paper is, "Don't be confused with other people's story ideas." If you are writing a STAR TREK story, and you have read other fanzines, you must be very careful not to incorporate their facts as the Gospel. You have to be careful; you can use them, but be very careful with it. In general, if I were to say what kind of a story do I like, I like a story that has a good, solid base in the STAR TREK universe. You can extrapolate. If they say that Spock was on the Enterprise 13 years ago, and that 6 years ago he went to Earth, where he met Leila, you can think up any reason why you want him to be down to Earth. You can say he went on a leave of absence; you can say that the Enterprise went down on a leave of absence. But, be careful if you're taking someone else's story idea,
Don't take that as fact. Be sure that you be critical about it. Decide whether that's logical.

DEVRA: Of course, what I really meant by that cryptic note was that sometimes people pick up other people's story ideas, and you, as the reader, might get a little confused. For instance, Ruth Berman wrote a story in which she happened to mention that Mr. Spock...

DEBBIE: She's the publisher of T-NEGATIVE, by the way.

DEVRA: Publishes T-NEGATIVE...Mr. Spock was teaching Scotty to read Vulcan, because Scotty wanted to read Vulcan technical manuals in the original. Now, I feel this is a perfectly elegant sort of thing; it's exactly what Scotty would do. He probably reads German and Russian also - maybe Andorian. And I can certainly see Spock teaching Scotty to read Vulcan. I incorporated this in one of my stories. Now, it's quite possible that somebody who has never read the original stories would wander over and read this and say, "Where did they get that fact from?" Well, it sort of goes on a lot. It's like a cross-fertilization, especially in magazines where people read each other's stories and then send each other stories to be published. As Debbie says, you should be careful not to base an entire story on somebody else's made-up idea. But, on the other hand, don't let your mind be flaked out if you come across The Vulcan Book of Humor, the first line of which is, "Vulcans never tell jokes."

DEBBIE: Before it goes over to Sherna, there's an example again, in one of Ruth's stories. Ruth had a beautiful line about Captain Kirk taking breakfast with the crew. He hates breakfast, but he realizes it sets a good example for the crew. And this to me was a perfect example of Captain Kirk; that is Kirk, at his finest. You know, it just caught the character, and I would've grabbed that in: taken that into my story, if I were writing one.

SHERNA: I think that it might be a good idea, if you fall in love with somebody else's idea, to get their permission to use it.

JOYCE: Also, a thing that occurs every once in a while is people retelling STAR TREK stories; regular episodes, real live episodes that've been on the TV. You're reading along and all of a sudden you say, "Wait a minute! I just saw that one last week! What's going on here?" You know, this person has filched stories. And I've actually seen things strung together in long episodic STAR TREK stories. They're just going along, and all of a sudden you've gone from "Naked Time" to "Amok Time" and back and forth and here and there. It's sort of disappointing in one way, you know. You figure, I can watch the show, if necessary resort to Hideous Blish, but still (sorry about that, Mr. Blish, if you're out there) but - you don't want people retelling the stories, unless you can do it better
and get it published, which would be nice. This is the kind of thing that you have to watch out for: retelling people's stories.

DEVRA: What about our lovely genres of STAR TREK stories?

JOYCE: Our genres of Spock stories...yeah, two kinds of Spock stories, namely, murder the bastard, or get him in bed. "Get-Spock" and "Lay-Spock": these are the two genres. And of course, the better you get, the more you can combine the two; torture the guy, and then get him into bed with your head torturer, whatever - and all sorts of funny things like this.

DEBBIE: I think I'm going to throw this open to the audience, see if there are any questions, or anything, but first I just want to say one thing. Don't give up. I must say that there is one striking example, in the files of SPOCKANALIA. One day, we received an absolutely terrible story. There was nothing that was good about it. Characterization was terrible,
Spock was running down the corridors yelling "Jim!" all over the place, for no reason at all. Characterization was just awful, inconsistent; there was bad grammar, bad punctuation, bad plot line -

DEVRA: - no action...

DEBBIE: There was no action, right. Somebody got into an elevator, and for three pages, he was going through his whole life, and then the elevator opened. And believe me, it did not follow right. You might say, "Gee, that might be a good idea, in certain ways, your whole life passing through..." but believe me, this wasn't. But lo and behold, about a month later, we received a very nice little article. And we read it through, and we said, "Gee, this is a nice little article. You know, not brilliant, but we certainly would like to publish it; it's got nice writing style." And lo and behold, it was the same girl. I don't know whether she went through a character transformation, or had a sex-change operation, or what, but something happened, and the girl had written us a really nice article. Now, naturally, when we had rejected her story, we did not say, "This story is TERRIBLE!" We had said, "Gee, we don't think we can use it right now," because we don't like to discourage people that much. You should keep on writing, keep on trying, and the more you write, the more experience you'll gain. And read fanzines, because you'll see other people's errors, or other people's good work.

("We now had Ken Scher carry the portable mike down into the audience, so that people's questions could be heard by the whole audience. He did an excellent job, and we would like to thank him very much.)

JOYCE: I'm being strangled by a mad microphone cord... "Jim," he shouted, being strangled by a mad microphone cord...

FIRST SPEAKER: I've got one comment to make about the writers taking from each other. Jackie Lichtenberg (you probably know about it) is doing a Kraith writers' book, so people can follow her guidelines, and her Spock and Vulcan universe if they want to write the....

DEBBIE: Wait a minute. Can people hear?

FIRST SPEAKER: Can anyone hear? Okay... and that's sort of a cross-section now, but it's a full writers' guide for her story cycle, with permission and all that. It's a lot of fun to get into it; it's a totally different world. The other comment is: What do you do with a story that is totally inane, say, somebody's dropped a cargo of wild horses
on board the Enterprise (which I've read) and they have races around the deck... What can you do with that?

DEBBIE: I'll tell you what you do. You go quietly into the corner and vomit.

SHERNA: You write a long, long, gentle letter explaining why we can't print this.

FIRST SPEAKER: What if you get a letter back saying, "Prove to me that it can't happen!"

DEVRA: What you do is you write a little note saying, "Thank you very much for sending us your story. We found it very interesting, but our files are full at the moment. We are afraid that we cannot..." There is another method now, but this only works if you don't know the person face-to-face. What you do is you say, "I LOVED your story. It is marvelous. But you know, my cousin (now that's me) is furnishing all the money for this magazine's production, and she is a stinking rat fink and she hates your story and she won't let me print it!"

SHERNA: Disclaimer! She's speaking of the editorial policy on MASIFOR! D and more power to you! But if NEVERTRODDEN WORLDS ever gets out, I'm the sole editor, and I will try to explain why we can't use the stories we can't use.

DEBBIE: Well, I do believe in explaining to an extent, for example, if we have a story in which there are a few faults. Now, some stories we really have returned because our files were full, or because the other editor didn't like it. I mean, that is true. So for all of you who got rejected, it wasn't necessarily because we hated your story. For those people who have truly only a few faults, we try and explain it. But those which are really terrible, we may explain only one or two faults, because ripping into the story totally would just devastate the writer. It's a very embarrassing thing; I've had it happen to me; I know everybody else has had it happen to them - to send in a story which you thought was very good, and then the other person said, "What kind of junk are you sending me?" You know, it's a very terrible thing to happen. We in general will not write very devastating criticisms. If the story is hopeless, we won't go into everything that's wrong with it, unless we receive a couple of letters from the author saying, "Please tell me exactly what is wrong with it." Because you don't want to hurt people's feelings, really. That just shows that we're not that professional. Next question?

SECOND SPEAKER: You mentioned that Hal Clement had mentioned the science faults in the actual production of STAR TREK. Is a writer supposed to go along with these mistakes, or correct them, or ignore them, or what?
DEVRA: Well, it depends. Some things were established in the WRITERS' GUIDE. The STAR TREK - what do you call it, not the studio - the production staff of STAR TREK produced a writers' guide which said, "Don't do this and do do that." And one of the things they put in, along with information about Dr. McCoy being divorced and having a 21-year old daughter, is how fast the warp engines go. This is an example; isn't it beautiful. You can probably buy it from STAR TREK Enterprises, a good organization which sells scripts and things. I have nothing to do with that. I might add. You have to go along with certain things they say. They say that warp speed is the cube of light times the number, like, warp 2 is 8 times the speed of light. At least, I think this is how it works. You've got to go along with that. But, you don't have to go along with the mistakes that they made that are not bound integrally into the story. For instance, if you use ultra-violet light, remember that it cooks things. We never did figure out how they got rid of those "Operation: Annihilate" creatures without completely...well...

SHERNA: That's a very interesting case in point. There are one or two incidents - that's one of them - where I prefer Blish's version to the broadcast one.

DEBBIE: Yeah. I would say again, that's a very very tricky question. I would say, use your judgment. I wouldn't try to change warp speeds; that's just let's say too established a fact in STAR TREK to go around changing it. In general, STAR TREK was very good on their science. Generally, they had a few flaws - I know that John Boardman will argue with me - but, in general, for the most part - we won't even hear John Boardman's arguments...

SHERNA: John Boardman is a physics professor; he knows too much.

DEBBIE: We've often tried to shut him up, but somehow he always gets protected by somebody. But, in general, their science was pretty good. But something like warp speed you just can't do anything with. You just have to look the other way and quiver, or something like that. Any more questions?

THIRD SPEAKER: Two small technical points here. In what episode was it established that warp 9 was the fastest the Enterprise could go?

DEVRA: That was in "By Any Other Name" - the Kelvans adjusted the engines...

THIRD PERSON: Kelvans.
DEVRA: Apparently the adjustment was permanent, unlike the adjustment that Nomad made, which I believe he undid, because the ship was falling apart. The Kelvans did adjust the engines, and in the third season episodes they do go warp 7 and warp 8 and Scotty does not fly up to the bridge screaming, "You're killing ma' babies!"

DEBBIE: That's another thing. One of the very good things that I know that we all liked on STAR TREK was the fact that they did remember and pick up on certain things. Like, which was the episode with the Organian peace treaty? Thank you—that was "Errand of Mercy". And then, in "Trouble with Tribbles", somebody says, "Ah, we have the Organian peace treaty." If you had not seen STAR TREK before, it wouldn't have mattered, because it was a peace treaty; obviously you could understand it was some kind of treaty going on. And, if you had seen STAR TREK before, all of a sudden the memory starts to go, "The Organian peace treaty! They stuck it in again!" Or Dr. M'Benga, who showed up a second time to treat Spock. *

SHERNA: On the other hand, those gentle people in—what was it, "Return to Yesterday"? The ones in the globes? "Return to Tomorrow."

DEVRA: This has also been known as "Brains in the Balls."

SHERNA: We ignore that. Why couldn't Sargon and Company use the "I, Mudd" android bodies?

DEVRA: Then there wouldn't have been a story.

SHERNA: But, consistency wasn't perfect. I think that we could have made it better than the STAR TREK people, frankly.

THIRD SPEAKER: One other thing. Was impulse power slower than light or faster than light?

DEBBIE: Slower than light.

DEVRA: It was battery power.

DEBBIE: Are there any more questions?

KEN SCHER: Anyone who wants to speak, this is as far as the cord will go on the mike. So if you're behind this table, please come forward.

DEBBIE: Anyone who wants to speak, please get up.

* Actually, M'Benga was reporting to Spock on an autopsy in "That Which Survives". - Ruth Berman.
FOURTH PERSON: Would you care to elaborate on your opinion of James Blish?

DEBBIE: Well, my personal opinion is...

DEVRA: Don't get vulgar.

DEBBIE: My personal opinion is I dislike what he has done to most of the STAR TREK stories. I don't like most of his characterization. I think that he does some very poor things with the characters, and when I'm reading it, every once in a while I'll say, "I can't understand where he got that from." It doesn't sound as though he understands them.

SHERNA: I sometimes think that it's harder for an established writer to write someone else's characters than it is for a new writer. Blish said to an audience at Lunacon, some years ago, before the first book came out, that the reason he was writing these books was that they offered him too large a contract; he couldn't afford to turn it down. I think that he has become more interested in it as time went on and he got so many, many letters, enthusiastic letters, about the books. He doesn't handle the characters right; on the other hand, he knows his science. And he has corrected a few faults, and I think that it's a good idea to take what is available in his stories and just not worry about the characterizations.

DEVRA: We should mention that the STAR TREK 4 and 5, the two books, are now available, here and there in the city, maybe even in the hucksters' room. I would like to mention, though, that one of my friends was running a contest on SPOCK MUST DIE. She wanted to see who could pick out the most errors, and we will not allow you to count the pockets, because that is too obvious.

JOYCE: Finding things that they leave hanging in the shows is one of the good sources of story material. For instance, Kirk, in that marvelous vituperative speech at Spock in
"This Side of Paradise", where he casts all kinds of asparagus on his manhood, as Devra would say, decided that Spock came from a planet of traitors, and it was never said again, never mentioned again. We'd like to see people pick up on that; that's a good way to find stories. What if... There are lots of stories running around - picking up on who married whom, later on, and Kirk's old girl friends... many of them, yes, and then many illegitimate sons of... That's another whole sequence of stories - sons of Kirk...

DEVRA: Many sons of Kirk -

SOMEBODY: Son of a Spock!

SHERNA: In "Wink of an Eye", remember when we caught the Captain pulling his boots back on? Well, there may very well be a son of Kirk.

DEBBIE: Another question?

FIFTH PERSON: What about the process of saluting? It seemed to be lost in STAR TREK.

DEBBIE: I don't think that it ever really happened in STAR TREK.

FIFTH PERSON: Well, no; not that it never happened -

DEBBIE: Oh, why?

FIFTH PERSON: Yeah. It seems to be a take-off of officers and things, and the whole process. You see Sulu walk by and... nothing happens.

SHERNA: They run a very informal ship.

CARRIE PEAK (from the audience): The British navy doesn't salute on the ship.

SHERNA: They don't? Can you imagine having to? Your arm would fall off after a while; it's not that big a ship.
SOMEBODY: The Romulans salute.

DEBBIE: Stevie Barnes and Carrie Peak are trying to give us some information.

STEVIE: I believe this was explained a little bit in Making of STAR TREK, where Roddenberry said that he projects in the future this will just be a sign of—possibly you stand when an officer enters the room. You're paying homage, but you're not being servile about it. It's like that.

CARRIE: The navy does not salute on shipboard, because of space, primarily.

DEBBIE: There, we have our answer. If the navy doesn't do it, then Star Fleet doesn't do it.

DEVRA: Actually, the ranks are something like British navy rather than American, which is why everybody gets so mixed up.

DEBBIE: Right after the next question, there's one fellow on the other side of the room, and I'm dying to hear what his question is. So I want Ken to get over there next. All right, fine.

SIXTH SPEAKER: It's really a rather simple question. I just wanted to know exactly...I've tried to follow STAR TREK and everything that goes on as finely as possible. I could never quite understand how the deflector shields work. I just thought that you might know, since you probably helped create them.

DEBBIE: Well, uh...

SIXTH SPEAKER: How the devil they work...

DEBBIE: I must tell you that there are Some Things That Are Not Meant For Man to Know. I think that's a classified security information fact, and in any case, there are women and children here.

SEVENTH PERSON: I'd just like to say that you said that an author, when they make a story, should explain everything, and it's not that I'm that interested in deflector shields, but it is part of the story, and it should be explained.

DEBBIE: I...

EIGHTH PERSON: It is explained.
DEVRA: All right, we're talking about the difference between explaining technicalities, and explaining certain things in the stories. In other words, why do we say, "Don't explain," and then, "Do explain." We contradicted ourselves. We said, "Don't explain technicalities, don't explain how the deflector shields work, but do explain certain things." You should explain differences in character; when a person changes from a known course, explain it. It's a very hard line, it's a very fine line to follow, and you just have to use your judgment.

SHERMA: Don't try to explain how the deflector shields work if you're writing a STAR TREK story, but if you're writing an article for NEVERTRODDEN WORLDS, I'd love to have it.

EIGHTH PERSON: I know how the deflector shields work. The physics department at Brooklyn College - they found a supernova which exploded. According to all the laws of modern physics, you're not supposed to go beyond the speed of light, and what happened is that they found this thing was traveling at about six or seven times the speed of light. They couldn't figure it out. So, we know that some things have to give somewhere, just like Newtonian physics gave way before Einsteinian physics. There's going to have to be some kind of explanation. The shields are worked on energy currents. If you listen to many STAR TREK episodes, they talk about energy currents, vacuums; they work on a magnetic and matter-anti-matter basis, and just as you can form a shield by shooting radiation or negative fields, negative matter, negative energy fields... these things are conceivable. The only thing is that we don't have full technology yet on this, and it's a matter of making energy solid enough in a sense to repel any matter or other attack energies...

JOHN BOARDMAN: I would like to speak to that.

DEBBIE: No, wait a second...

DEVRA: No, John.

DEBBIE: John, I know that you want to argue with his physics; the two of you may go out and argue.

DEVRA: No weapons.

DEBBIE: I'll tell you that John Boardman disagrees with his physics.

DEVRA: This very thing happened when my cousin and I were talking about the panel a couple of nights ago. We started talking about consistency, and somehow we ended up talking about the stories we'd written, and at about 3 o'clock in the morning I said, "Mighed, we never talked about the panel!" We are still trying to talk about how to write a STAR TREK story - or rather, about how to not write it, so if there are any
NINTH PERSON: I'd like to ask what happened to the show in the third year. I think that everyone who watched the show realized that there was a tremendous decline in quality. I think we'd all like to know what happened; why the decline?

SHERNA: That's a long and sad story. It's an unofficial story... just opinion. What we heard is this, and let me emphasize that this is only rumor. Remember second season? The show had been switched from Thursday to Friday - Friday at 8:30. Mr. Roddenberry told the network that this timeslot was destroying the show. Its audience consisted of young married couples who went out, dating couples who went out, and kids, and he was losing everything but the kids, and, if they didn't give him a better timeslot, on a different night, he would just have very little to do with the show. And they changed the timeslot - to 10 o'clock on Friday night, and that cut out the kids as well. So, if he was ever to have his word respected by a network again, Mr. Roddenberry had to keep his word. And he had very little to do with the third season. And in my personal opinion, and in the opinion of the questioner and a great number of other people, the show declined terribly in that season.
DEBBIE: Amazingly, there were, at least in my opinion, in the third season there were a few really good episodes. I enjoyed "Tholian Web" very much; that was about the Enterprise caught in a web, where Captain Kirk goes into interspace. There was another one called "Lights of Zetar", which I enjoyed. It was written by Shari Lewis, I think. It had Scotty and a girl friend. I enjoyed that one. I'm not saying that it was great.

DEVRA: It's a matter of taste.

DEBBIE: Now "The Empath" I didn't enjoy at all.

DEVRA: It's purely a matter of taste. I liked "Specter of the Gun"; I thought it was really spooky, and a lot of people say it's old hat. So there's a lot more difference of opinion about third season, I think. Also, I believe that Ms. Fontana, who had been story consultant, left the set. She stopped working for them, and there were no people checking on the consistency as carefully, which is one of the reasons that a few of these little errors crept in. When Ms. Fontana was working as continuity editor, there were very few of these little mistakes where a person was in the same place twice - that is to say, like Kirk being an ensign at the same time that he was a lieutenant.

DEBBIE: I just want to say another word - that this is just rumor that we have heard. We don't know whether this is true. We are just fans like you, and have no inside connections. I personally would not quote anybody as to the truth of this; this is just one of the stories that was floating around. So, don't quote us, and don't say it was true.

TENTH SPEAKER: Did Freiberg's becoming producer have anything to do with the decline?

PANEL IN CHORUS: We don't know.

SHERNA: We really don't know, and we would rather not discuss personalities that we don't know anything about.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER: To get back to the 'how-to-write-a-story'...

PANEL: Oh, wonderful. YEA!

ELEVENTH SPEAKER: Does your magazine accept scripts, or does it only accept prose?

DEBBIE: We have a very good script called "Pierce" from Sherna Burley in one of our magazines.

SHERNA: As a matter of fact, I had been debating with myself whether to send that in as a TV script, you know, in a different version of course, when they stopped taking scripts be-
cause the show was going to be cancelled. So I made it into a stage play. But yes, certainly.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER: And to get back to the third season for a second, the episode "That Which Survives" - to me it seemed one of the most pointless, going-nowhere episodes. I'd like to know if you agree on that point?

DEVRA: We don't give opinions in case the author might be around. The only thing about publishing scripts is that usually a script is more difficult to read than a story. It's sometimes easier and sometimes harder to write. In a script, you can always say, "Spock Looks vague," and you know that everybody will be able to fill in the expression, but when you have to do it three times in a story narrative, it's much harder.

DEBBIE: The guy in front?

SHERNA: I just want to say that I agree about "That Which Survives". The science certainly was totally worthless.

TWELFTH PERSON: What do you think about obscenity, four-letter words, bastard, hippie, or anything like that, written in something for a fanzine? I am talking about censorship. They changed something from 'second-degree hickey's to 'severe lacerations.'

JOYCE: Hickies are fun.

DEBBIE: Devra has to talk about that.

DEVRA: I have to talk about that because, in the story that I had printed in our magazine - that's the great thing about being an editor; you can get your own stories in, and nobody can say 'no' to you - I had a character say the word 'shit' because she was real pissed-off at her husband, who happened to be a Vulcan.

DEBBIE: We'll have to bleep two things out now...

DEVRA: Now, I get a weird letter from a lady who said that I should have sent my story to a porno-zine, because I kept saying 'hell' and 'damn'. Now, I am publishing a magazine for my friends; I am not publishing it for ten-year old children. If a ten-year old wishes to purchase my magazine, and he has the cash, I figure he's old enough and bright enough to read the hard words. Because you can't be a science fiction fan if you're not bright enough and old enough to read the hard words. Now, I don't like the thought of somebody cutting out my one or two obscenities; I don't use very much myself. I don't think that an editor should cut anything without consulting the author. If you feel that it is so terrible that you just can't bear to print it the way it is, ask the author to change
it. Maybe they will. If you still can't bear it, send it back to them. It's their story. Somebody else will probably print it; somebody else probably won't mind the obscenity.

JOYCE: I had a run-in; I think it was Sherna who was feeling fastidious about shit. This was when they were first publishing. I wrote a story in keeping with John Lennon's writing style, which is sort of a business of stringing together whole bunches of puns, using words; you're telling a story line and also you've got all the jokes going on because of the words that you've changed their meaning. So, in other words, I wanted to say 'aboard the ship'; this was a line in the story. And I converted it, with Lennonistic style, to 'abloat arse shit,' which also means that your ass is full of shit. So Sherna didn't like the idea of the ship being 'shit' so I had to change it to 'shot'. Which, if you like having your ass full of shot, that's all right with me, but I was not particularly fond of that.

DEVRA: This is quite a while ago, after all. This was I think our very first issue, and we were extremely uptight.

DEBBIE: Now we're liberated - yea!

SHERNA: To redeem my reputation: actually as I very very vaguely recall the incident, we just simply didn't know at that time whether we could get away with it, whether we would have piles and piles of criticism...no pun intended...using obscenity, but we gradually relaxed and found that we could. And I'm perfectly willing to use it as long as it fits and isn't just in there for the sake of being obscene.

DEBBIE: I believe that there are more questions, but I also see that there are some people falling on the floor from hunger, and so I'm going to get two questions. We'll get one over here, and Judith Brownlee, who looks as though she's going to split a gut.

JUDITH BROWNLEE: Right. Well, I have a disagreement.

DEVRA: She's going to swallow the microphone if we don't let her talk.

JUDITH: I have a disagreement with Devra. I want to go back to the discussion of script versus prose form, you know, regular narrative form, that she was talking about. I believe you said that you felt that script writing was easier than narrative writing.

DEVRA: Sometimes.

JUDITH: I'm going to disagree with that strenuously, as co-editor of ERIDANI TRIAD. I have said this to my co-editor, who filled a good portion of our first issue with some script writing.
Dialogue - realistic effective, consistent-with-character dialogue - is extremely difficult to write, especially for the STAR TREK characters. Plus, when you're writing in script form, this means that your story line, plot, everything, must be carried by dialogue. You do not have the out of taking time out for a couple of paragraphs of explanation, of description, of filling in the reader on the background. So you've got a double burden. First of all, you've got the hard job of writing the dialogue, and second of all, you've got the added burden of carrying your story line with it.

And the narrative form, in that case, for new writers, for beginning writers, is a much more usable, sensible form of writing. Don't make the dramatic form your first try. For instance, my co-editor, who wrote the plays in our first issue, wrote three-act plays with 2 scenes in each act, because she thought that was the way plays were written. She had no concept of the construction of a play, with climax and denouement and so forth.

DEBBIE: Well, I'll just say about that that from my experience I just find that it's a matter of opinion. Some people are very good at dialogue. I find in my own writing I am much better at dialogue than I am at description. I know some other writers who are just terrible at dialogue: They are uncomfortable with it; they just can't write it, and they write beautiful narrative. So I really think that, although I agree with you that a script can be a very very difficult thing to write, that it depends on the writer. You know, I wouldn't suggest it as the first thing to write, but after you're sophisticated to the extent, it depends on how you feel about it.

JOYCE: Again, this goes into problems of relations of scripts and narratives also, or purpose again. Purpose is always cropping up as a good thing. What do you want to do with a thing? You can have practically anything going on in a novel; the damn things ramble all over the place: twenty chapters, everybody take vacations, have a grand time - or, you can write very nice, tight plays, which are extremely difficult to write, you know - or stick with average-length short stories. Mine mostly run 30 to 35 pages. Also, in relation to obscenity. Again, there is a purpose, and where does it become obscenity? If it's necessary, if you're writing bedroom scenes...I suggest that anybody wanting to write nice bedroom scenes read LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER. Marvelous bedroom scenes in it. They're funny and somehow inevitably the sex act never comes across as what it should, and so they're always funny. And while you're laughing at Lawrence, you still know that he's done it right. It's just true. So if anyone wants to get a good idea, read D. H Lawrence's LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER on how to do nice sex scenes, really well-done. Purpose - again - as to what you're trying to do.

DEBBIE: I just want one very short question over here.
LAST SPEAKER: At one time I wanted to use Captain Kirk's relationship with Yeoman Rand, but there's one slight problem. She disappeared right after the first season. Whatever happened to her?

DEBBIE: Well, Ruth Berman wrote a very lovely story about what Happened to Yeoman Janice Rand. And, according to Ruth, I believe she married Captain Finnegan.* I'm going to kind of end this up right now. Let me say that it's been a lot of fun, and we hope that you have a good time at STAR TREK Convention, and thanks for coming, and have a good dinner.

*I can't claim originating this idea. I stole it from H.M.S. Trek-a-star. Ruth Berman

EVEN MORE ILLOGICAL
by
Judith Brownlee

I wish I was T'Pring on Vulcan grim,
I wish I was T'Pring on Vulcan grim.
If I were T'Pring on Vulcan grim,
I'd change my mind and marry him.
I wish I was T'Pring on Vulcan grim.

I wish I was a girl named Leila K,
I wish I was a girl named Leila K.
If I were a girl named Leila K,
I'd never let Spock get away.
I wish I was a girl named Leila K.

I wish I was that Romulan commander,
I wish I was that Romulan commander.
If I were that Romulan commander,
Then with that Vulcan I'd philander.
I wish I was that Romulan commander.

I wish I was a tribble made of fur,
I wish I was a tribble made of fur.
If I were a tribble made of fur,
Then Spock could really make me purr!
I wish I was a tribble made of fur.
WORD SEARCH
by
Allyson Felix

1. Capt Kirk
2. Chapel
3. Chekov
4. dilithium
5. Empath
6. Enterprise
7. Federation
8. horta
9. Isis
10. Klingons
11. Lt Uhura
12. McCoy
13. Miranda
14. Natira
15. Organia
16. quadrotriticale
17. ritallin
18. Romulans
19. Sarek
20. Scalosians
21. Scotty
22. Spock
23. STAR TREK
24. Sulu
25. transporter
26. tribbles
27. tricorder
28. USS Defiant
29. USS Farragut
30. Vulcan
31. Zarabeth
"Monica," demanded the teacher, "Monica Miller! Name a method of characterization used in 'The secret life of Walter Mitty'!"

"Wha? - Oh - uh - " We were on the unit of James Thurber stories so I guessed logically. "James Thurber."

There were unwanted snickers from the outside English class minority.

The teacher smiled sardonically. "Would you mind explaining your newly founded 'Thurber Method' to your classmates?"

"Well - uh - wait a minute," I said, barely coming out of my day dream. "There is no such thing."

The teacher's eyes met the ceiling. "Yes there is! You just invented it."

I glanced at the board and saw the heading "Characterization." Closing my eyes (to block out my classmates' leering faces) I guessed again. "Dialogue."

"You finally got it right," said the teacher, turning toward her next victim.

Fascinating...

Dr. Monica Miller, astro-biologist, walked resolutely into Dr. Roddenberry's office, without knocking. "All right, sir, what is so important that you simply must take me away from my Martian septipig in the act of its rare, once every seven year reproduction?"

Dr. Sturgeon, who had been trying to get Miller to like him, turned from the desk. "Here she is, Miss 'monica! Hello, Sweety!" he mumbled, approaching her.

Miss Miller, a fifteenth degree diamond belt in Martian judo, flung him aside, lightly. "You are needed in the element room," she said to the shaken Sturgeon. "My specialists are in demand of five grams each of Monium, Millium, Millicanium, and Monericam. Also," she added, "you will find a small vial in my office, on my desk. It is my newest element, number 109, Monicalium. Please inform the President of its existence."

Grumbling, Sturgeon left.
Miller turned to Dr. Roddenberry. "What is so important, sir?"

Roddenberry's stoic features frowned ever so slightly. "We have been receiving strong radio signals from Milleran, the eleventh planet from the sun - "

A loud sharp voice blared from seemingly everywhere at once. "Ib conar ebjack soran eklanaar! Kir kleegan ericart!"

Dr. Miller looked amused. "If you will accompany me, Dr. Roddenberry."

"Where to?"

"To the Millerites' landing site, of course."

Roddenberry, for the first time in his entire life, was astonished. "Millerites? From Milleran? Don't tell me you understood that?"

"Of course," Monica said, matter-of-factly. "Now please step into the transporter booth with me."

"That's one thing you didn't invent," Roddenberry said, entering.

"No," Dr. Miller said thoughtfully. "I was third in line at the patent office. The inventor was second."

"ZAP!"

Both doctors stood placidly, amid the crowd of apprehensive bystanders, gazing up at the flying saucer that was slowly descending. "Fascinating," said Dr. Roddenberry as the disturbed dust settled on the spaceship's shiny hull. The outside airlock slid open to reveal an alien - a Millerite. Tall, thin, and highly attractive, if you could overlook his smooth green skin, he strode down the ramp onto Terran soil. "Kalib ib eccar," he snarled softly.

Monica turned to Dr. Roddenberry. "Good-by, sir. It was a pleasure working with you."

"What?"

Dr. Miller explained, "He wants to take me home to Mother before the wedding."

"Wedding?" asked Roddenberry, unusually astonished.

"Yes, he's just asked me to marry him."
"Will I hear from you again? I don't know if I can keep Sturgeon under control after he hears about this."

"I'll write a book about my adventures on Milleran," she assured him. "I'll call it MY WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT...."

"Monica! Who wrote MY WORLD AND WELCOME TO IT?"

"Dr. Monica Miller."

Five hundred times - "I will not daydream in English class." I'll get writer's cramp! This assignment was bad enough! I don't want to do it, but if I don't I'll -

-die!" said Agent X, "unless you write the formula for your cancer cure on the paper before you within the next twelve hours!"
"... and divided we fall"
by C. J. Peyton

My being is a battleground,
And I cannot comprehend why.
Conflicts have always been
And perhaps always will be.
There is a certain logic
To the defense of a homeland,
To the protection of a right to believe,
To taking a stand against oppression.
But what do I defend?
And what do I protect?
Against whom do I take my stand?
Myself?
I am my only target
and my only thing to defend.

Where is the logic
In an entity that is divided against itself?
How can it function?
How can it survive?
And why does it exist?
No logic can defend remaining
in a state of unresolved conflict.
There is little enough logic
in the existence of the conflict, itself.
What is it inside my heart
that refuses to renounce
A part of me that is useless?
What makes me cling
... to the wastefulness
Of a soul that feels emotion?

Why do I live among men?
Why can I not renounce them?
Why have I chosen my friend from among them?
It is but one step further
That I should exhibit this emotion
which surges within me.
All my living
And all my being
Is continually rent with the illogic
of feeling one thing
And seeming to feel another.
I can find no peace,
For it lies just short of my grasp,
And despite all the understanding I strive for,
all the logic at my employ,
all the rigidity of a life of training,
I still cannot comprehend why.
PARTIAL TRANSLATION
of Expanded Outlines for Instructors
at the Vulcan Academy

Translator,
Deborah M Langsam

Translator's Note: This microfilm was made available for translation by the authorities on the planet Vulcan and through the Galactic Copyright Agreement. Course 3.14 was taught to young Vulcans studying sociology.

Records of the Vulcan Academy

Course 3.14: Fundamentals of Twentieth Century Socialization on the planet Earth.


Historians consider Earth's Twentieth Century as part of the 'Primitive Era'. Sociology students, however, should give credit to Terran leaders for such admirable establishments as the Transit Systems. Scanty records indicate that these systems not only provided transportation, but, through careful manipulation by the authorities, served as practical training grounds for young Terrans. Today's discussion will be concerned with the trains which ran underground and were commonly known as subways.

Technologists think that the seemingly impractical construction of the subway cars substantiates theories of underlying motives by Transit System leaders. Cars crowded with people, especially during the early morning and evening hours, served as a practical answer to the growing expense of heating subways during the winter months. Body heat generated by the riders was sufficient to warm the cars. More important than this, the crowded conditions, linked with the inconvenience of narrow entrances, helped to train the young in maneuverability and speed. To get off the subway, Terrans had to calculate the amount of time needed to reach the doors by laying out mental tactics for weaving around the other passengers. The readjustment of plans to the impulsive actions of other riders gave training in flexibility. These obstacles also helped to increase the faculties of observation.
The unreliability of the subways probably helped to teach young Terrans foresight. Since the wait for a subway could never be estimated, ample traveling time had to be provided. We might add that even this extra time was used constructively by Terran leaders; reading material placed on walls, and changed periodically, not only helped to alleviate boredom, but also gave the children a chance to improve their reading skills. These experiences probably provided the young Terran with his most important lessons in tenacity. Vending machines, found on subway platforms and used to supply passengers with between-meal nourishment, provided Terrans with lessons in caution and restraint. Extreme care had to be observed when using these machines because of the high rate of non-functioning units. Those who used poor judgment in choosing a vending machine were mildly punished by having their money confiscated without compensation of food.

Our last topic for discussion today is the training in self-reliance prompted by the Transit Systems. The distortions found upon the review of old subway maps reinforces this theory. These inaccuracies were obviously meant, in their crude way, to provide a challenge to the passenger's ingenuity. The frequency with which the subway riders had to change trains may have also given the Terrans a sense of accomplishment. Safe arrival at their destinations indicated jobs well done.

Assignment: Completion of tape readings three and four by the next meeting.

That will be all for today.

End of lecture

ELEANOR ARMASON'S FAREWELL TO THE FIVE BOROUGHS

Ye island of Manhattan
Bristly with spires
Which house the homes of multitudes
Of mercantile empires.

Ye factories of Brooklyn
That fill the sky with smoke,
Ye hills of Staten Island
The home of elm and oak.

And ye other boroughs
(Though ye I know less well).
I'm on my way to Kennedy
And so must say farewell.
A FURTHER FIENDISH PUZZLE
by Miriam Z. Langsam

A dastardly alien has reduced seven members of the Enterprise to small cubes, each with a distinctive color (red, blue, yellow, green, silver, orange, lavender) and a distinct symbol (question mark (?) eye, alien thingie, bell, finger, penny, cat). In order to restore Uhura, Nurse Chapel, Spock, Scott, Sulu, McCoy, and Kirk, they must be placed in an enlarger while their brain-wave patterns are fed into the machine. If the wrong pattern is used, it will result in insanity or death. From the clues below, identify the right color, symbol, and order they went through the enlarger, for each of the Enterprise members.

1. McCoy's box, the green box, and the 'finger' box were not discovered in the initial search for missing crew members.

2. Ironically, the 'cat' box was not either of the women, and no crewmember's box color was the same as his/her uniform color. (If you get stuck, look at the upside-down note, for the uniform colors.)

3. The boxes were placed in the enlarger in the following order:
   - number 1 - orange
   - number 2 - 'question mark'
   - number 3 - Nurse Chapel
   - number 4 - red
   - number 5 - blue
   - number 6 - 'eye'
   - number 7 - lavender

   Spock later remarked that the order was illogical, because the women did not go first according to the Pre-Liberation Terran manner, nor was the order according to old Terran sailing-ship customs nor, in fact, according to Star Fleet regulations.

4. Spock asked the owners of the 'bell', 'alien thingie' and green boxes to allow him to keep their boxes, since they were not planning to keep them. McCoy warned the owners that Spock was no doubt trying to figure out how the boxes worked, and they might be returned to boxes if they gave theirs to Spock. The yellow box owner, hearing McCoy's comments, told Kirk that he/she had destroyed the yellow box.

5. The 'question mark' told the lavender and red boxes that Sulu and Uhura were working on a skit about the boxes, but that Scott thought it was better to get back to work.

6. In Uhura's skit, she mentioned that, unlike Terran mothers, the aliens didn't use red and blue for the right sexes. Sulu told her later that the 'penny' and green boxes seemed puzzled at the show, but that the 'question mark'
was amused. The fourth person enlarged, not part of the cast, introduced the skit.

7. For several weeks afterwards, the crew speculated on the incident. Jokes floated around, such as "Why does a 'red cat' outrank a 'lavender penny'?" or "If you have an 'alien thingie' as Number 1 and a 'question mark' as Number 2, was it polite to get a 'finger' as third?" The captain was heard asking Scott whether he thought a penny was appropriate for the person it was given to. McCoy said he thought it a bit too dear, but Scott said that since his box was green, he wasn't teasing anyone, and he didn't think the doctor, as Number 2, could either. The captain winked and said, "True, Mr. Scott, the Doctor had better get back to Sickbay, since as Number 2, he has to try harder."

EYE

ALIEN

CAT

BELL

PENNY

FINGER

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

RED

YELLOW

BLUE

GREEN

ORANGE

LAVENDER

SILVER

ANSWERS ON PAGE 53
SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD is solidly entertaining reading. Taking off from recent studies of brain wave patterns, it presents the archtypical science fictional situation of one man against society. Rafe Harald is a cosmonaut-to-be in a stalled program of stellar exploration, and he suspects that the program has been held back because it threatens the status quo. The power needs of Earth are supplied by tapping the heat of the central core and broadcasting the power to factories, but the broadcast includes the pattern which in a brain signals sleep, and so it has the side effect of putting everyone to sleep for miles around. Exploring the stars would remove some people from the power of the broadcasts, and might result in the discovery of power sources which would make the broadcasts unnecessary.

Dickson makes use of this situation to set up a symbolic pattern of light against dark, rational thinking against the mythic night-terrors. Rafe's first impulse is to deny the existence of any kind of non-rational, nighttime powers (represented in the story by The Old Man of the Mountain and his shadow-men.) Gradually, Rafe discovers that the night powers exist, and that he cannot overcome them by purely rational, "daytime" powers. He has to learn to think with the sub-verbal, animal-like depth of his mind even to resist, and, in the end, a part of him is killed in the battle with The Old Man. Indeed, Rafe insists that he is dead, when he recovers consciousness. But Gabrielle Leesing, the woman who has accompanied him throughout his fight, refuses to believe that he is "dead" in any sense.

Implicitly, Dickson seems to be setting up the force of love as the power which both unites and subdues the rational and non-rational sides of humanity. However, the counter-point of rational and non-rational forces is not as effective in SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD as it should be, because the non-rational elements are described in rational terms, in the same straight-forward, linear prose used in the rest of the book.

When Rafe learns to think "without the concrete imagery of words and symbols," he promptly proceeds to hold a telepathic conversation, presented to the reader in the words of
an ordinary conversation: "Can you tell me, Lucas," he thought, "are we -- Gaby and I and the rest of us on this plane -- going toward where Ab is now?"' When he tries to explain to Gabrielle the non-rational forces they are fighting, he sounds like a lecturer explaining the principles of a spaceship's drive: "Our technological civilization assumes its own fund of knowledge is growing all the time, continually expanding into new areas of ignorance, building more and more complicated tools for discovering what's unknown. With that going on and supposing that somewhere there actually is an unreal area of the supernatural waiting to be discovered, doesn't it seem inevitable that sooner or later technology itself would build instruments that would bring us face to face with the unreal?"

Rafe himself is an interesting character, an example of a type that Dickson has been exploring in several books: the heroic man who finds that his strength and authority cut him off from other people so that he is, finally, a less than fully human person, because his super-abilities have made it impossible for him to relate to others - unless one of the others (Gabrielle Leesing, in this case) is willing to force a relationship on him. However, the characterizations of both Rafe and Gaby are somewhat thin; the growing affection between them is unconvincing, because it is never shown in depth.

The most interesting of the characters is Lucas, a semi-intelligent wolf with a mechanical speech center. Most sf writers, for some reason, seem to be fascinated by cats, but the canine family has been less well represented. Lucas, with his unwavering directness of thought and his capacity for loyalty, on his animal level, is a type of the synthesis of rational and non-rational which Rafe must learn to attempt on the human level.

Gordon Dickson, for a Leading Science Fiction Writer, is surprisingly little known. I think it's because he writes so much that he is taken for granted, and the best books in his output get lost in the pile of average-entertaining. SLEEPWALKER'S WORLD isn't quite in the group of his best books, but it's more than average level.
TRAINING THE TEACHER

BY

ANNE E. TREMBLEY

It was a massively hot, stickily Amazonian summer with Mr. Carstairs, the minor psychology teacher. He wasn't as completely awful as some people say, but it was a miserable summer, and he kept harping on Pavlov. Pavlov's dogs, Pavlov's theories Pavlov this., Pavlov that... I think even the Vulcans were getting bored, but with a Vulcan you can't quite tell.

What Carstairs' lecturing boiled down to was one point: "No thinking being can fall under Pavlov's response technique if he is still thinking and not a vegetable."

We had a grim lot. Then, one day after class, as I passed Spock and Tycho in conversation, I heard Spock say, "Mr. C. does not seem to realize how easy it would be to train him."

I stopped immediately and said politely, "How?" and I trust I did not slaver too much.

I knew Spock from the year before, at Field Camp. After saving each other's lives for the fourth or fifth time that dangerous summer, he had stopped freezing me politely out. (Besides, unlike an awful lot of other girls, I wasn't running after him. You see, there was this short blond... well that's something else.) Anyway, he said somewhat sardonically, "Operant conditioning."

I stumbled over it in my mind a moment before replying, "Aha. So that the behavior pattern persists even when the stimulus is no longer applied?"

"Somewhat."

I considered a moment how to phrase the next part. "How would one go about training Mr. C.?"

I could read Spock reasonably well; I knew he was amused.
"An interesting question. All that is needed is something he likes or dislikes enough to make him react more unconsciously than consciously.

Tycho's eyes twinkled. "I think I know what disturbs Mr. C."

Mordecai Jones had drawn up by now and was listening avidly. "He seems to dislike inattention of the obvious sort. Of course, a slouch, closed eyes, sagging bodies..." he said.

"Such an operation would need joint effort by the class," Spock said thoughtfully.

"How does one go about it?" I said wolfishly.

"We have yet to decide what he is to be conditioned to do," admonished Tycho.

"The least obvious thing would be to hold something, or sit, or stand."

"But he always stands."

"Make him hold his chalk in one hand? Make him wave it around?"

"How would you do that?"

"Make him stand on one side of the room," whispered Tycho.

Everyone beamed, it was too perfect for words.

It took a few days of quiet negotiations with the rest of the class, but pretty soon, when Mr. C. stood near the door, everyone, but everyone, gradually fell asleep or slouched, or leaned, or whispered or... well, didn't pay attention. When he moved to the windows there was a subtle but definite upswing of interest. Within a month Mr. C. was standing by the windows like a bird in its nest, or maybe a lamb by its mother. Except to get a chart, book, chalk or something vital, which he did in increasingly hasty fashion, he stuck like glue.

The bomb dropped about three days after he was thoroughly conditioned. Mr. Fritzli, the major psychology teacher,
came to class one day. (Maybe he had heard rumors.) He was a sharp old guy. After class that day he asked Mr. C. to his office. Our spies reported that Mr. C. emerged in a state of emotions indescribable, but that his color was definitely nearer to purple than red.

Everyone was early to class the next day. You would have thought we'd have had the sense to flee. Mr. Fritzli came in, which ruffled us.

He glared at us all for a long while before saying, "I know. You know I know. The fact that Mr. Carstairs is new does not excuse you. I think you've both learned something. I hope you can recognize it from now on." He glanced at the door. "And one more thing, I know this is going to be all over campus, so I'm not asking you to hush it, but if I ever catch any of you doing anything remotely resembling this affair again, you will all be very, very sorry."

Leaving us with that tidbit, he went to the door, checked the hall, and disappeared. Mr. C. came in a moment later, somewhat flustered, and stood determinedly near the door (though for the next six months he was always drifting to the windows, which fascinated three new classes.) Our spies learned that Mr. C. had been late that day because his campus bicycle had been mysteriously moved....

Oh, well, needless to say, the Diabolic Four got together immediately afterwards and the next thing we did....

ANSWERS:

Kirk - red, cat, fourth;
Spock - lavender, penny, seventh; Scott - green, eye, sixth;
McCoy - silver, question mark, second; Uhura - blue, bell, fifth; Nurse Chapel - yellow, finger, third; Sulu - orange, alien thingie, first.
FURTHER SONGS OF COLLINSPORT
by Marian Turner

Oh, little town of Collinsport,
How still we see thee lie.
Above thy shallow, troubled sleep
A bat goes winging by.
But in thy dark streets shineth
The torches all alight.
Our hopes and fears - espec'ly fears --
Are met in thee tonight!

It came upon a midnight clear
That old, familiar sound
Of victims bending near the earth
And thudding to the ground.

God rest ye, Cousin Barnabas
Let no one you display.
Remember what will happen
Should you see the light of day.
If sunlight ever touched you
You'd dry up and blow away.
Oh, vampire too charming to destroy -
To destroy - Oh-h va-ampire too
charming to destroy!

God rest ye, Cousin Quentin, may
You always get your prey.
Deep down, you're not an animal
No matter what they say.
When is the time for kindness, if
It's not on Christmas Day?
May God send you a tender little boy -
Little boy - May God send to you a
tender little boy!
Smallest of stature but fairest of form,
In wit she outshone the proud ladies of Logres....

On Christmas Day in Camelot, Lady Lilaine sat and mused,
"When will this tiresome Yuletide feast be done?" and shuddered at a boar's head carried past by clumsy pages. She stared at the vituals on her wooden plate. For this had she forsaken golden-walled Byzantium and crossed the perilous seas? Was this uncouth fortress the palace of marvels Sir Percivale had described for her at home? "No less a fool am I," she thought, "for all my vaunted learning."

Now Lilaine of the Eastern Isles was an enchantress of no small skill. Well schooled in antique lore of every sort, she had journeyed from New Rome to study with Merlin, the far-famed in magic. But ere she came, Merlin had vanished - no man could say where. Only his books remained, which Lilaine perused with the greatest diligence.

To her alien eyes, Arthur's court lay in vile disarray. There the flower of chivalry had sadly withered. Only the King himself, and a handful of others, hinted at bygone glories. All the tender lovers were dead and the most gallant knights scattered or slain. With none of the sorry remnant deigned Lilaine pledge her love and thus she sat at table amongst the uncomely damosels. Their prattle and slovenly
manners drove her back to the bestiary she had been covertly reading. Its Latin was barbarous, but to her, Latin and all the other western tongues had ever seemed barbarous.

Her thoughts were shattered by the ring of steel-shod hooves on tile. A huge courser bearing a giant knight galloped past astonished guards and plunged to a halt before the royal dais. The whole court gasped in keen alarm, for the horse and rider alike were a most vivid green. Like a phantom of faery he seemed, as the knight was taller and longer of limb than any man should be. His beard and long hair were like green moss. Red eyes blazed in his baleful face. He wore no armour or weapons save a great gilded axe, and was clad in tunic and mantle of deep green fur. His boots were of lizard skin spurred with bright gold. The green-skinned charger's equipment was all gilt leather and green velvet, while its mane and tail were plaited with holly.

In a hollow, rasping voice, the grim intruder cried, "Who dares to joust with me some twelve days hence?" and flung down his fur-trimmed gage.

Disgraceful silence was the court's reply. Each knight and squire sat as though transfixed. One recalled a different deed or errantry would claim him on that day, another an old wound's ache, and yet a third the illness of his leman. The aged King himself rose to take the glove lest Camelot be shamed, but in a swirl of purple robes Lilaine rushed from her seat and pounced on the token, quick as any cat.

"My lord, you are too full of years and majesty to struggle with this brute. If those craven scoundrels called your knights are too afraid, we shall see what a woman - a woman of the Empire - can do. I claim the honor of defense myself."

The court laughed for mirth - but the grey-eyed Queen for scorn - so frail the damosel seemed beside the Green One's looming bulk. King Arthur smiled, for he knew well Lilaine's high spirit and her magic arts.

"Our thanks to you, bold lady, for rescuing our court's fair name. It would be a feat for minstrels' tales if you could strike this interloper down. Our blessings on your mission."

"And you, Sir Churl," she commanded, "name your meeting ground."

The masklike face replied, "By Swythamely Hill in Wirral Wood shall be your doom." With a hideous attempt at laughter he wheeled his mount and galloped from the hall.
Lilaine hoped to prevail, surely not by force of arms, but by her craft. Yet she knew the peril might be dire, for Swythamely Hill was a faery mound, unwholesome by repute. In her chamber she conferred with her cat, Omiletis, a whilom magician's pet from Massilia who had the power of human speech. He was of a peculiar long-haired breed, all black save for white paws and whiskers. There was but one flaw in his beauty: his great blue eyes were distinctly crossed.

"Why do you rush so, milady, to meet with the fearsome wight?" Omiletis complained, for he was loath to stray from the castle's meagre comforts.

"What adventures have we had in this dismal place? What foes save mice and spiders?" she replied. "And with you and my best book of spells beside me, I feel the equal of any elven knight."

The cat remained less certain of victory than his mistress. He murmured against her purpose but Lilaine paid him scant heed. The next morn, muffled in warm furs, she mounted and rode out of Camelot, carrying Omiletis in a pannier behind her. Her steed was neither destrier nor ambling palfrey but a small, nimble-hooved black horse she called Petisomai. At suitable command, this beast could rise and gallop through the insubstantial air as though it were a high-road. Such potent magic Lilaine wrought only in great need, for Petisomai feared to travel so. Then too, she was wise enough to reserve some surprises for her foes.

Northward and westward they fared into Wales, Through craggy lands hostile and drear...

For days, no trace of men had they seen in the endless wildwood, when the dying sun's rays picked out a line of battlements behind some trees. Lilaine urged her weary mount up the hill where the glowing palace stood. Its copper-studded gate swung open at her plea for shelter, and guardsmen in red livery brought her to their lord. This handsome fair-haired castellan was called Sir Orian le Blonde.

"O dark beauty," he inquired, "who might you be? Whence and wither do you ride through perils all alone?"

"Lilaine of the Eastern Isles is my name, for I come from far Byzance, where yet the Caesars reign. On Swythamely Hill I seek a fell green knight who spoiled our Christmas feast at Camelot and hope to mend his manners."
"I know the savage fellow well. He abides a mere day's journey hence. Abandon this quest, I pray you, before you come to harm. I would mourn to hear that so fair a damosel had been foully slain or ravished by the brute."

"How chivalrous is your concern," said she. "But I am pledged to this task, and other folk may thank me if I bring the Green One's mischief to an end."

"I see my warning is in vain, but if you accept my poor roof's shelter this one night, we can beguile the time with pleasurinies of every sort."

So saying, he bestowed the traditional kiss of welcome,
but lingered so at this Lilaine feared she might swoon in his embrace.

"Scarcely have I met such courtesy in all the West," And she suffered Sir Orian to take her hand.

Omiletis wandered where he would, but a tower chamber was prepared for his mistress. The walls of this bower were entirely covered with tapestries worked with amorous scenes from ancient tales. Both bed curtains and coverlet were rose-coloured velvet richly embroidered with flowers and doves. The furnishings were all carven cedar and the wood’s pungent scent hung thick in the air. The floor was carpeted with thick russet furs and lamps of red enameled bronze hung from the gilded ceiling.

A bevy of smiling, soft-voiced maids dressed Lilaine in costly red robes of velvet and tissue silk, which displayed her fine bosom to best advantage. They arranged her black hair skillfully, netting it with gold thread and pearls. Thus gorgeously arrayed, she took supper with their lord.

Throughout the meal, Sir Orian proclaimed his love with elegant flatteries and plaintive sighs. Lilaine was sorely pressed to parry his advances gracefully. Long hours passed over spiced winecups ere she could retire. She was about to cast a spell on her chamber door for safety’s sake when there came a frantic mewing and scratching without. Omiletis rushed through the opened door, eyes wild, coat fouled with mud and straw.

"Flee! Milady, we must flee! I had it direct from the stable cat: Sir Orian’s an elvish thrall of Morgan le Fay. This castle’s a faery stew. And be quick, milady! That sly bit of fur boasted time goes slower in here than in the world outside."

"By Saint Jachomius! Luxuries must have dazzled my wits! I deemed him a lecherous foy but nothing so deadly. This glamourie was meant to keep us from the rendezvous to our great shame and Camelot’s. Some greater malice lurks here, too, but who knows what snares that Queen of Evil Morgan sets? They will not suffer us to leave, you may be sure, unless they can corrupt us."

In a rage she stripped the elven finery off and put her own stained garments on. Then with a shriek of glee, she spied a horsehair on her mantle’s hem, plucked it off, and placed it in a square of straws from her cat’s coat. She flung the shutters wide and cast a levitation spell. When she had drawn the horsehair from the square and laid it on the sill, Petisomai cantered up through the air and stepped uneasily onto the window ledge.
"Be still, good mount, and brave. We only wish an airy ride by the dark of the moon."

Taking Omiletis and her bundle of goods, she climbed on the horse's back. They rose like a shadow over the walls and rushed to the woods beyond. When Lilaine glanced back for fear of pursuit, no trace of the enchanted castle could be seen.

Riding in such fashion, without saddle or bridle, was most wearisome, and Lilaine cursed the loss of her splendid equippage. "Yet better purple leather and silver bells than one's own soul," was her rueful sigh.

Many hours of travel brought them at last to a tiny village where they found honest shelter. Here the party was refreshed and Lilaine was able to purchase a crude saddle. She learned from the parish priest that this day was Epiphany Eve. Thus an entire week had passed during her hours in Sir Orian's hold. The villagers lived in direst fear of the Green Knight, whom they said had come but lately to the region. Armed with their directions, Lilaine and her beasts hastened to the heart of Wirral Wood.
Fierce glowed the sun on the fell foeman's gear,
His ghastly harness blazed in the noonday glare....

About midday they emerged from the forest into the broad clearing surrounding Swythamley Hill, to find their green-armoured adversary already in waiting. For the moment paying her foe no heed, Lilaine paused to gaze at the melancholy scene. At the foot of the fairy mound lay the tumbled ruins of a Roman chapel, stained sickly green by moss, and webbed all over with sere vines. Beyond the hill, a jagged ravine slashed across the weald and stark, treeless crags rose on the other side. There was no sound save the rush of a hidden torrent and the restless stamping of the Green Knight's charger on the frozen turf. The giant did not so much as raise his visor for greeting. Instead he set his lance and raised his dragon-blazoned shield for battle.

Waking from her reverie, Lilaine clutched her sorcery book in dismay, for she realized time was too scant for weaving subtle spells. Quick cunning must prove her salvation. Omiletis prudently sprang to the ground as, without warning, the grim enemy thundered toward them. Waiting until he was scarcely a spear-throw distant, Lilaine spurred Petisomal into the air. The green charger shied in keen alarm as the little horse nimbly avoided the Green Knight's outthrust lance, and wheeled up behind his plunging mount. The grimoire was now put to novel use: grasping that ponderous tome with both hands, Lilaine dealt her foe such a mighty blow that his helmet flew off and his weapon clattered to the ground. To her amazement, the hovering sorceress now saw that the knight's armour was but a shell encasing an ordinary man.

"By the great St. Sazianzus! Dismount and strip that mummery off before I change you into a toad as you sit! Be quick about it, ere I devise a worse punishment!"

Thinking that a damosel who could compel her horse to fly was well able to carry out such a threat, he speedily complied. Shivering without his hauberk, he stood revealed as a tall youth with ill-kempt brown hair and overly large green eyes.

"Tell us your name, wretch, and the cause of this audacious masquerade," she commanded.

"I am called Narrhelm," he began. "My father was a powerful lord in a distant land. Nothing I could do was pleasing in his eyes. He said I lacked both the courtesy to be a knight and the wit to be a clerk. I left my home in shame and wandered long, until Sir Orian le Blonde, that
most noble and generous...."

"I have already made his acquaintance."

"Ah, then his gallantry is known to you. Sir Orian heard my tale with pity and allowed me to enter his service. He gave me this horse and cunning garb to wear as a jest and set me to discipline the peasants roundabout. I delighted in striking lesser folk with fear, so he sent me to Camelot, saying all its knights were craven fools and none would dare oppose me. I thought to win fame in the venture. When you took my gage, Sir Orian called it a foreign woman's passing whim, and said you would never appear at the appointed time."

"With my good beasts' aid, I escaped your liege's trap. No mortal man is he, but a lover of Morgan le Fay. You have been a pawn in darker schemes than you know. Your green disguise was wrought by most foul magic."

"Can this be so?"

"Tis so. And had you met with the likes of a Percivale or Gawaine, you'd have lost your natural head," purred Omiletis, flicking his tail in menace.

"We shall do you no harm, Sir Churl," said Lilaine mildly. "You were never suited for knighthood, yet you need some honest trade."

"Well, you've given us all such a laugh," said the cat, "if you sang, you might be a fair jongleur."

"St. Pantaleon be praised!" cried Lilaine. "If you were schooled in civility, my magic could make you the finest minstrel of your ill-starred generation. But Narrhelm is a barbarous name. Instead you shall be known as Chlorus, after Constantine's great sire."

The unhappy churl assented.

"Now I shall lay penance upon you. No doubt yonder chapel has been profaned by the heathen rites of Morgan's crew. Turn their own works against them: smite those vines and rank growths with your axe. Were the chapel cleansed and blessed anew, it would once more check the unholy power of this place."

This task grudgingly accomplished, she motioned Chlorus to remount his steed.

"Wither do we ride?" sighed the weary youth.

"To the village the Green Knight visited with terror."
Lilaine affected not to notice his distress. "There you will show yourself in your natural guise and humbly beg for pardon. You must mend your old mischief ere your new life can begin."

Chlorus wept and pleaded to be spared this ordeal. But his dread of Lilaine surpassed his fear of the villagers, so at length, he obeyed. During the month they remained in that village, the Byzantine enchantress used her art and learning to drive out fear and mend misfortune. Nor did she forget her promise to transform the churl. Skillful sorcery and patience wrought such changes the youth astonished all Camelot with his marvelous music and faultless courtesy. The courtiers were glad to see their shame swallowed up in Lilaine's triumph. Though Guinevere rued the venture's happy outcome, the King and all the rest applauded as Chlorus sang of Lady Lilaine and the Green Churl:

Smallest of stature but fairest of form,
In wit she outshone the proud ladies of Logres....

I REMEMBER
BY STEVE YOUNG

The murdered children
Sadness, the end of things
I remember
And a tear to my eye it brings
A spark of light
Then a Horta, a Vulcan, a Gorn
And what of Lazarus
T'was five years ago I was born.
A future
Spock and Leila, their first kiss
I remember all
But more, I remember this:
As long as I shall live
My Star Trek will go on forever
Never lose you, never.
LINES WE'D LIKE TO HEAR

BY CAROLYN HILLARD

"Are you surprised to find I've read Byron, Doctor?"
"I was more surprised to find those copies of PLAYBOY in your quarters."

"You never told me whether you had a first name, Mr. Spock."
"You never asked me, madam."

"Irritation? I am not capable of that emotion, Captain."
"What emotion? You're standing in poison ivy."

Yeoman Barrows: "He had a cloak, sir -- and a dagger with jewels on it."
Kirk: "I've really got to talk to Sulu about these wild kicks he gets on."

"That one looks like a dragon -- you see the tail and the dorsal spines -- "
"Is that your complete report, Mr. Spock?"

"I was looking right at him -- I was looking right at him and then he just wasn't there!"
"Sure, Bones -- just give me the pretty colored bottle and then we'll go back to our quarters and have a nice long nap."

"Your illogical approach to chess does have its advantages on occasion, Captain."
"It's called 'cheating', Mr. Spock."

"--- that's not a dirty word, you're human too ---"
"Please, Mother, not while I'm eating."
ERIDANI TRIAD. A solid (120 page) package of excellent fiction, interesting articles, some very good poetry. Ceased publication, but issue number 3 is available. $1 an issue, plus 30¢ postage. Editors: Gail Barton, Dee Beetem, Judith Brownlee. Money to Judith Brownlee, 1556 Detroit #1, Denver CO 80206. *

GRUP. The ADULT trekzine. See Sulu's navel! Fiction, poetry, articles. Two issues so far, and looking for material. $1.80 from Stevie Barnes, Rte. 3, Box 186, Brighton, CO 80601.

T-NEGATIVE. An excellent Trekzine, longest continuous publication in the field. Interesting speculative articles, occasional fanzine reviews, good fiction. 50¢ for 1, $2 for 5. Some back issues available. Published irregularly but fairly frequently. From Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn 55417.


* Judith is considering reprints and/or revival. Inquire.

HOLY QUAIL. A fanzine of satire and criticism. First issue contains an anti-Kraith poem, editorial, cartoons. Seeking contributions. 15¢, contributions, exchange or review. Joyce Yasner, 140 Cadman Plaza West, Bklyn NY 11201.
The appointed crew members landed on the planet, equipped to explore and dissect anything and everything they could. The planet resembled Earth very much. The sky was darker, with blends of red, blue, gray and purple. The captain ordered the party to divide into twos. He took with him the First Officer. As they began their exploration they saw what seemed to be a shooting star floating in the distance. The object came closer to them, and the air was filled with a wee tinkling sound. The object flew over them, past their heads, and vanished in the distance. The mechanical object the First Officer held couldn't detect where the object came from, where it went, or what it was.

"Most unusual," he muttered to himself.

"What was that sound?" asked the captain.

"I don't know, sir. Obviously from the - creature. This is most fascinating."

Before they could say any more, a scream pierced the air. Running toward the sound, they encountered a few of the other crew members. The screams continued. The captain ran and the others followed, until they came to a body of water. There they found one of the party on the ground, mumbling about the thing -- the thing. They noticed his hand missing from his left arm. A splash was heard in the water. As they looked, they beheld a group of women gazing at them from behind rocks, in the middle of lilypads. The captain got up to get a better look. The women sank beneath the black water. As some of them did so, the captain could view huge fish tails where legs should have been.

As they stood in confusion, the small tinkling light appeared in the distance, followed by a larger flying object which they couldn't make out. The sound of a flute filled the air, followed by a gay boyish laughter.
Beginning
by Joan Verba
Sati looked out over the empty council chamber. His gray, wrinkled face was peaceful and expressionless, the usual appearance of an Elder of the Telepathic Empire. Inside himself, however, Sati was experiencing a gripping, gnawing feeling of expectancy. Soon Lin-an would become an Elder.

Sitting motionless, Sati tuned into the network. He could have found Lin-an himself, but that would take more time than to tune into the Empire-wide stream of thought.

His mind merged with the familiar drone. Two people on two distant continents playing a mathematical game, a group of physicists working on a new theory, a family romping in the wilds, playing hide-and-seek, a company of warriors working out. "Lin-an?" No response.

Sati had the right place; Lin-an was among the warriors he had found. He could not contact her, however, because she was in a wrestling contest with Kith, who had defeated her twice before. Sati watched the contest through the eyes of one of the spectators. Lin-an was holding Kith in a hammer lock. In addition, she had her head down close to Kith's, indicating that she was trying to break down his resistance further through mind control. It would be of no use to try to contact Lin-an now, since she would probably win in less time than it would take Sati to break through her concentration. "Let her finish," he thought to the spectators. They would inform Lin-an that he was trying to contact her.

Sati withdrew his mind from the network in order to keep his distaste to himself. He didn't like warriors, which was no secret, but he pulled his thoughts away from the warriors nevertheless, so as not to offend. Sati would have liked to outlaw the whole organization, despite the fact that they were only .0113% of the population, but he recognized that they served a vital purpose. Most telepaths didn't know how to fight or defend themselves, and didn't care to know. However, telepaths existed who were power-hungry or violent, or potentially so, and who would probably cause bloodshed or tyranny, if it were not for the warriors. Warriors would be unnecessary if a group of telepaths could combine their power in order to control a violent person, but that was not the case.

Many cycles ago, a power-hungry telepath left the Empire, and took over a non-telepathic planet, by gaining control over the minds of key government officials. Other telepaths of worlds outside the Empire tried to break his control, but they were unsuccessful. Word of the incident reached the Empire, and the Commander of warriors went to break his hold, escorted by a group of telepaths. Prominent among these were the Elder surgeon and his protege, Sati. It had been decided, from reports, that physical combat combined with telepathy would be the only way to break this particular telepath's control of the planet. This form of combat was tricky busi-
ness: the object was mind control, but an opponent could gain an advantage by wounding or knocking out an adversary. At the same time, one could not kill his opponent, or inflict more pain on his opponent than he himself could resist. Making an opponent bleed severely was a common tactic. Horrible business, Sati thought to himself. Unfortunately, since he was the Elder surgeon now, and mortal nature hadn't changed, he would probably witness another of those grotesque battles in his lifetime. Lin-an was now Commander, but, happily, she would not be in that post for much longer...

As soon as possible after the match, Lin-an went to the Council chambers. Her companions had told her that Sati wanted to see her, but he was deep in thought when she arrived, so she stood at a respectful distance, waiting for him to come out of his reverie. She could see him through the marble columns of the chamber. He was about half the size of an average member of his species, which made him almost three-fourths Lin-an's height, which was average for her humanoid species. Other than that, though, he looked like an average Norvite: the stiff, wiry hair arranged in a neat sphere, the width from root to end being about as wide as the diameter of his head; the round eyes, also like spheres, compared to the slit-like eyes of a humanoid; the short, slender nose; and the dark line that was his mouth. He was wearing a white, hooded robe, and on his forehead he wore a v-shaped piece of copper with a white stone at the point: the traditional Elder's costume.

Lin-an did not like Sati. She didn't like too many surgeons, but Sati seemed particularly offensive. He had an irritating habit of criticizing her telepathic performance, saying that it was not up to "acceptable standards" because of her "warmongering brawls" which wasted energy that was better put to use in "peaceful contemplation." These insults in themselves were enough to touch off a smouldering rage in her, but Sati did not even stop at that. It seemed, in addition, that he was deliberately aggravating her by constantly interrupting her work with the warriors on some piddling excuse. Sati challenged her ideas every time she attended a council meeting, and seemed to make every possible effort to restrict warrior activities. It was true that all Elders throughout the 217 cycle history of the Empire had regarded warriors at best as a necessary evil, but Sati was the first that she knew of that went beyond mere condensation to overt interference. At least Monad, the ruler of the Empire, had a touch of understanding (or was it only the memory of being Commander himself?) behind his critical attitude. Sati, on the other hand, seemed to have an active distaste toward the warriors.

Another annoying characteristic of Sati was that he was always trying to get her to become an Elder. She undoubtedly had the capacity for it (which was not surprising -- 99.73 per cent of the Empire's population did) but she had always
refused. She liked being a warrior, and all Elders in the history of the Empire who had been warriors left when they became Elders. Being an Elder meant that she had to rule, that there would be a telepathic difference between her and her husband, and it meant other changes that she didn't think she'd like.

Sati came out of his trance. Lin-an sensed recognition and went in. "You summoned me?"

"Yes. You will become an Elder very soon now."
"You've been saying that since I was twelve."
"The time is very near."
"Unacceptable. I do not feel any different; I do not wish to become an Elder, and I will not become an Elder. You are merely trying to frighten me into going into an Elder's trance."

"You yourself do not believe that."

Lin-an felt like an idiot. She should have guarded her feelings better than that. "You cannot deny that I have doubts."

"They will soon be dispelled. But that is not why I called you. You must prepare yourself. Although I prefer that you stay with me or some other Elder, I cannot legally force you to do that. However, I must insist that you at least stay with a group of three or four non-Elders until the trance comes on."

"Every minute of the day? It may not happen at all!"
"It will occur."
"I do not relish the idea of being watched for six or eight days."
"It will not take that long."
"I do not want to become an Elder."
"You can now no more control that than you can control becoming one cycle older."
"Why should it happen to me? Other telepaths of my class live out their lives without becoming Elders unless they want to. Why do I have no control over it?"

"On rare occasions, we find a telepath so highly developed that he has the power of an Elder, but does not have the characteristics of one, since he has not gone through an Elder's
trance. That is, a telepath who has all the mental energy of an Elder without the mental restraints that we Elders develop through the trance. When this type of telepath reaches a certain energy level, an Elder's trance occurs -- involuntarily. You are this kind of telepath. The Elders before me suspected this when you were born, but we were not certain you were at this level until you reached the age of twelve. Since then, we have been trying to spare you an involuntary trance by persuading you to take on the trance yourself, while you still have a choice. Now you have no choice. It is unfortunate that you have compared yourself to the other telepaths of your class. They were not born with the energy level you were born with, and they shall never reach the energy level that you have -- unless they become Elders. To them, being an Elder is something that can be, but does not have to be, achieved. You have already achieved it. To them, being an Elder is the highest point they can strive for. You are already there. Your condition is rare, but it exists, and you must accept that."

"I have no desire to rule."

"Neither did I, nor do I. But I do remember that you were one of those who did not want
to repeal the old law that the Elders must rule. We told you that one day you might regret supporting that action."

"I never thought that I'd become an Elder." Lin-an started to leave.

"You will take my advice?" Sati asked, searchingly.

"I'll think about it."

"If you do not choose an escort, I am authorized to set one over you. Remember that, before the Empire was founded, people died in the process of becoming Elders."

"I remember," thought Lin-an softly, and went to find Monad. For many cycles now, the Elders had told her that one day she'd join them, but she always dismissed their predictions, thinking that it would be with her as with the other telepaths. However, now she could not dismiss the certainty that Sati and the other eight Elders had in their minds and their expressions when they told her that she would become an Elder, also.

As soon as she was out of sight-range of Sati, Lin-an tuned into the network. "Monad?"

"Here."

Lin-an opened her mind and projected her conversation with Sati, her reactions to it, her request to remain with him until the trance came on, a desire to talk to someone about the trance, and all other details and feelings she thought he should know. At the back of her mind, in addition, was a vague curiosity about how nontelepaths got along without the nano-second economy of telepathic thought.

"They manage."

"What?"

"Certainly."

Lin-an had not expected Monad to go that fast. She had to pause a few moments to sort out what he had communicated. Nontelepaths manage and certainly she could stay with him. Fine. With that, she withdrew from the network.

"Was that Lin-an who was just talking to you?"

"Yes."

"What was it about?"

Flash of information.
"I'll be there."

"She won't like it."

"She won't know."

"Your risk, Sati."

"My risk, Monad."

A few seconds later, Lin-an decided that it might be a good idea to have a non-Elder around, for moral support at least. Inevitable or not, Lin-an intended to keep a level head about an Elder's trance and not get carried away by an Elder's enthusiasm. A non-Elder would be of help in that area. Lin-an decided to bypass her husband; his present studies were very important to him. Besides, he worried too much. She contacted her best friend via the network.

"Riza?"

Lying in a field, touching a flower to his nose. "Huh?"

"Lin-an."

"Oh, can it...?"

"Well..." Explanation.

"Sure. Your friendly, faithful second-in-command shall come through, as usual." (To another) "Sorry, sugar." (Kiss) "Save my place."

Lin-an had already withdrawn from the contact. She wondered how Riza could keep men interested in her when she treated them like that. When the flush of embarrassment died, she hailed Monad again.

"Yes?"

"May Riza be present?"

"No objections."

Another Elder's thought pattern interjected, "May another former commander join this convention?"

"Only if you're good," Lin-an thought, not at all trying to hide the teasing behind it. Tag was the only Elder with an open sense of humor.

"But of course."

"I'll be expecting you." Monad was about to withdraw
from the network when another thought pattern interrupted.

"What's going on?"

Lin-an sighed. It was Aklar, her husband. "Nothing, love."

"The network doesn't go 'buzz buzz, Lin-an, buzz, buzz, Lin-an, buzz buzz, Lin-an' about 'nothing' even when you're arguing with the Elders."

"How much do you know?" Lin-an asked.

"Just that there's an awful lot in the network about you. I was only tuned in casually so my colleagues could monitor me."

Despite Lin-an's explanation, and the Elders' supplemental information and reassurance, Aklar was insistent. Monad privately advised Lin-an to give up and let him come. She did.

Tag was already with Monad when Lin-an arrived. After the usual greetings, she made herself comfortable and composed herself so that she could express her thoughts with maximum clarity. The two Elders waited until she was ready to communicate.

"I do not want to become an Elder."

"I know." Tag was sympathetic.

"It is inevitable." Monad was factual.

"What's it like..."
to be an Elder?"

"Very peaceful," thought Monad. "One's mind is at ease, and one sees things differently. It is like having a second point of view, seeing old, familiar things for the first time."

"Besides being quite amusing at times," Tag added.

"But I will no longer want to be a warrior."

"Yes, but you will not mind not wanting to be a warrior," answered Monad.

"But I mind now."

The Elders were silent. There was nothing more that could be said on that topic. Riza came in, extended her respects, and sat down, cross-legged, on the floor.

"Is there any way I can stop it?" continued Lin-an.

"I'm afraid not," answered Tag. "You see, I was one of those telepaths to whom an Elder's trance came involuntarily. However, when the Elders warned me, I took them seriously and had time to do very thorough research: through histories, records, going outside the Empire to other worlds with telepaths and checking their records... I even questioned the Old Ones, but I had no luck. None of my sources indicated anything that might stop an oncoming Elder's trance. I empathize with you, and I assure you that if I knew a way to stop the reaction, I would tell you."

Lin-an sensed his complete sincerity. Monad, too, did not seem to be hiding anything. Lin-an felt a surge of great hopelessness and fear. She shivered, as if something freezing had touched her.

Aklar came in a few minutes later, hurriedly paid his respects, and sat down beside his wife, putting her head on his chest. "Isn't there anything that can be done?" he asked.

"Actually, becoming an Elder is quite a satisfying experience," Monad thought consolingly.

Lin-an was barely aware that Aklar had come in. She felt as if something was pulling her into sleep. She felt her neck becoming extremely warm as Aklar pulled her to him. She closed her eyes, and it seemed as if the only existence in the universe was her head, pillowed by her long, thick hair, Aklar's chest, the heaving of his lungs, the throbbing of his heart. Then all of that was gone. There was no existence. She panicked, searching with her mind for a piece of matter, a thought, a sensation. She searched the length, breadth, and depth of nothingness, searching, searching.....
Riza had never seen anyone in an Elder's trance before. In fact, like Lin-an, she thought that no situation existed in which an Elder's trance could be involuntary. Lin-an would always be Commander, and she, Riza, would always remain her carefree self, loving men and fun and games, with just the right amount of responsibility. The Elders were always saying what a fine person she was, and that she could take on a lot more than she did, if she would just apply herself, but she nonchalantly brushed off such ideas. She liked things the way they were.

Riza took a detached look at Lin-an. She was doing a pretty good fake job. Riza sensed that this was just what the Elders were looking for. Good old Lin-an. Probably found out what an Elder's trance was supposed to look like, and decided to play along with what the Elders wanted. Riza contacted Lin-an's mind, discretely of course, to see if there was anything she could do to add to the effect. But there was nothing there.

"She's gone!" Riza shouted, as if communicating with a nontelepath. At the same time, she scrambled awkwardly to her feet and lunged towards Lin-an, with the intention of shaking her back to normalcy. Before she reached Lin-an, however, Riza was restrained by Monad and Tag. She tried to fight them off. "She's gone! She's dead!" Riza shouted.
"She is not dead," Sati thought in a factual tone. Now that Lin-an could not protest his presence, he felt free to come in. "She has only gone far into her mind, where you cannot reach her."

"But there's nothing there, I tell you!"

"No need to shout, Riza," thought Monad gently. "We can sense your thoughts well enough."

"But she's gone," Riza repeated, to fill the silence. She was calmer now, fully realizing for the first time that this was not a simulation of an Elder's trance. "She's gone." Riza repeated, listlessly.

"Not really. She'll be back to normal in a few days."

"Never," thought Riza. As she turned to leave, she stopped and took one last look at Lin-an. She felt empty inside. Then she went home to mourn the loss of her Commander.

Tag moved closer to Aklar, looking at the wide-eyed, blank expression on his face. "So this is what my wife looked like when I went into my trance," he thought.

"It is good that he is just being affected by her, and not in the trance himself, or we'd have two new Elders to worry about," Monad added.

Lin-an was still searching the nothingness around her. As she searched, though, she became less and less concerned about whether or not anything was there. Soon she didn't care at all, but just accepted the nothingness calmly, feeling a peace she had never
felt before.

"It is completed," thought Monad at that moment. "We have a new Elder."

"I think we had better leave these two alone," thought Tag, sensing in Lin-an a feeling similar to one he had had in the trance.

"She might hurt herself," protested Sati.

"We'll stay close enough," answered Tag. "This won't take long."

Lin-an could not recall how long she had felt the peacefulness when she began to have sensations of something else, something soft, something of flesh. She touched it experimentally. It stirred. It was Aklar. She moved closer to him, wanting to share this newfound peace with him.

To Lin-an, as to all those emerging from an Elder's trance, the only reality was that of telepathic sensation. She did not realize, therefore, that she was about to walk through a floor-length, open window. Fortunately, Monad and Tag were alert to this and rushed in before she hurt herself.

At the same time Monad and Tag ran in to restrain Lin-an, Sati went over to Aklar. Aklar looked immensely pleased, like a man who had entered the sweepstakes in hopes of winning the thousand-to-one prize, and had just been informed instead that he had won the million-to-one prize. Sati looked inside his mind. "No adverse effects," he thought, "but he won't return to his normal state for at least three days."

"At least he will be in touch with reality enough not to walk out of a window," thought Tag, who was still holding Lin-an.

Lin-an felt an overwhelming sense of peace, bursting within her and radiating outward, a feeling of brilliance. This is wonderful, she thought, so wonderful, I must share this with everyone. She sensed many minds, but they seemed far away. Monad, who understood her frustration from his own experience, linked with her mind and guided her outreach to the network. The sense of peace and exhilaration filled the Empire.

A few days later, when Lin-an's brilliance had faded to a soft glow, she officially resigned her command by going to Riza and ceremoniously handing her the symbols of command. Riza was scarcely able to confront her.

"Surely we can still be friends," thought Lin-an.
"You are not my friend," thought Riza in a factual tone, "Lin-an died. You are someone else."

"I have merely changed. That is the state of all things."

"There is too much of the new and not enough of the old for you to be my old Commander," thought Riza as she walked away.

Unfortunate that people must be warriors, thought Lin-an to herself. A necessary evil.

end.

WITCHCRAFT
by Nancy Giudice

I know very well what it meant - witches and madness and moonlight.
I saw her lick the wrist of another there in the full moonlight by the water with the cool silver light reflecting on the white waves of lakewater and the eyes of the women.
I saw the light turn on, the sun brighten, gold and day and life turning on, turning off moonlight and witches' madness, when he came there;
and I know very well what it meant - to him and them and to me though we never will speak of it.

I am sometimes regretful for that rescue out of darkness and silver to day.
Though I long loved the sun, there is no mystery or magic in it to match witches' madness in high noon darkness of moon time. We all know what it meant though we do not speak of it.

Someday it may come to you.
For those of you out there who plan to bag yourself a Vulcan this summer, (the word 'bag' constituting a maneuvering into the 'married state') and especially those casting calculating eyes at the First Officer of that well known starship (no, not the good ship Lollipop), please reconsider. Sure, he looks good now, but what about 100 years from now? Say you won't be around that long? True. But you haven't let me finish.

Take Mr. Spock (figuratively, of course), maximum perfecto, huh? Well -- assume a small miracle does happen and you at last manage to jar him up long enough to affect his better judgment. The odds are for the ceremony being on Vulcan. Wanting to make the best impression possible on the homefront, you practice being entirely serious for the length of the trip there. On your arrival, before the ceremony, presiding officials and guests all want to take a look-see at what Spock's brought down upon them, with expressions vaguely similar to that of a Siamese cat that's just been baptized in a barrel of pickle juice. You manage to resist the immature impulse to make faces at some of the more conservative-looking ones, and maintain your deportment until the ceremony actually starts.

Somebody shows you where to stand and you start to get a blissful smile on your face watching Spock bang away at the overgrown dinner gong in the center of the 'arena'. Forty-five minutes later, the novelty starts to fade. The person nearest you decides to refresh you by enthusiastically shaking jingle bells in your face. When you come out of shock, T'Pau is saying a few words over you. Apparently, it is all over (an appropriate choice of words) and you have just been pronounced the Vulcan equivalent of 'man and wife'. You only wish you'd brought your tricorder to tape the ceremony, as you slept through most of it, and you make a mental note to remember what it was T'Pau kept muttering under her breath whenever she looked at you so you can ask Spock to translate it later.

During the first month of marriage, you make many fascinating discoveries; i.e., between those cunningly pointed ears lies a mouth -- out of which proceeds the wisdom of the universe -- continually! i.e., Spockie-poo snores with Red Alert intensity (to be fair, this happens with little frequency but the golden memory lingers for days) i.e., somewhere in the
ceremony you were duped into being obligated to listen to him play that darn harp of his! i.e. you have to sleep on the side with that unsavory-looking statuette and the blinking light is driving you crazy!

Even these and similar revelations do not deter your devotion to the Science Officer of your dreams. So he has a few more little quirks than you expected -- nothing really to get excited about. Right?

Happy trapping, dear hearts. I think I'll adore from afar a bit longer.
Spock is addicted to k'vas.

LANDRU IS A REACTIONARY UTOPIAN.

SCOTTY IS A WARPED ENGINEER.

Is "Sosser" a mediocre Vulcan?

KIRK IS A BAD ACTOR.

Support the committee to keep Spock from Flak-Tow.

Who's been snarlin' mull stew?

That's not water, that's vodka!

Spock is ethnocentric.

Dr. McCoy is under arrest for impersonating an archangel.

Thomas More is a reactionary utopian.

Gabriel.

Live up, you dirty Klingons; you're surrounded by 8 starships!

Would you believe six?

How about James T. Kirk in a shuttlecraft?