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MAYBE, Worlds of Fanfiction/Fandom: issue #13, Summer1971 (quarterly).
Cost: 2/51 or 6/2.50 or trade or printed contrib.

If there is a number by your name on the address, it is your last issue unless you do something. A "T" is a regular trade (to Koch), a "D" "C", or "F" means you got this zine at the behest of Davis, Fox, or Cross. Send to Koch. There are also a pair of characters named Jim Corrick III and his sister Perri who frequently get involved in this too: Jim's zine is CORRELATION & Perri's is CORR--try 2116 Lake Av, Knoxville, TN. 37916 to get ahold of them.

Written contents of this issue: page 2 by INK, page 3 is a note on the following other Star Trek fan items by Jackie Lichtenberg: 2 questionnaires, more articulating on "Strekdom", a letter to prodom on same, and a list of STrekzines. On page 14 starts a story, "T'Zorel", by, who else, Mrs. Lichtenberg again. On page 23 Andy Offutt starts talking interestingly as usual, and at the bottom of page 26 FRANK KELLY FREAS does the same. Finally about page 28 Hank Davis squeezes in two pages.

Art material contents, what didn't get squeezed out, is a cover by Glen Brock. He also did most of the back cover--most of it (the address and the slave girl are by INK and George Proctor respectively. The reason Proctor's slave girl got electrostenciled onto the back cover is ye publisher was trying to save 3 and then couldn't get the slave girl separated & replaced with blocking material without ruining the spaceship---well, what astronaut, especial a shipwrecked one, is going to protest a slave girl in his ship. The pix on pages 8 & 15 are by Knoxville victim Allan Underwood. The puzzled creature on page 24 is a "trekkie" (I don't care what that girl says, cute young fem ale ST fen are trekkies and no insult is intended!) by Nina Nicolof, and if Hank brings it to the Con, there will also be a very small tribble drawn by Nina (signed N³) somewhere.

That brings this up.... This ish is put out at the Gnomoclave in Knoxville just before June 15 so the next issues will run Sep15, Dec15, Mar15, and May15, 1972. The last is because there is a long pro non sf story in the May72 issue that I say is pro and interesting to sf fen. It didn't have a pro market so it wound up here. That is why I have been pubbing fanfiction among other reasons even tho 99% of fandom is either dead against it or avoids fanfiction. That last statement brings up the fact that I/we have all the material we can use except a very very very little space for 600wd or less fillers and a moderate need of art UNTIL MAY 1972!!! Starting now, all contributions go to Hank Davis instead of me (INK) and nothing will be accepted unless it is super-ultra-spectacular. As far as fanfiction goes, due to the unbelievable pressure against it, no more will be accepted even for publication after May72 unless it is twice as good and about 2/5 as long as that piece which I talked about as practically pro.

And lastly, a few notes. There is a list of Trekzines published herein--Mike Sabota, also listed, probably has a more updated and more complete list. I would not advise sending anything to the listed addresses unless you first send a return addressed 1st class item to make sure the adress is still good. A 6month to 1yr old list of fan address entries is usually about 40% out of date (this estimate furnished by the N3F Membership Activities Bureau and 8 years of experience). However, DON'T discount STrekdom; after Ruth Berman got a rewritten ST story published, I suspect someone may get a movie or new TV show out yet.

Irvin Koch, 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402 (PERMANENT home) PUBL.
Hank Davis, box 154, Loyall, KY 40854 EDITOR
Janet Fox, 519 Ellinwood, Osage City, KS 66523 STANDEY & CONTRIBUTING ED
Rick Cross, 345 Fitch St., Presidio of Monterey, CA 93941 ASST
DALLAS73-Dallas73Dallas73Dallas73Dallas73Dallas73Dallas73Dallas in 1973

 A N O T E

JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG, 45 Blauvelt Rd., Monsey, NY 10952
 as of 1 July 71 use: 9 Maple Terrace, Monsey, NY 10952

Dear Irvin,

I have forwarded your card to Michael Sobota, LNSTFCCF President. I hope you will be receiving help from him in a couple of days. Meanwhile, great show on newspaper items! ((I had a letter in Knoxville papers on STAR TREK with my address. ...IMK))

Enclosed are another copy of the Roster Questionnaire, a copy of the Questionnaire from which the Strekzine List has been compiled. The List will be available from Michael Sobota for \$1.50.* It has 59 entries, 33 tabulated from returned questionnaires and it runs 15 pages. I hope Mike will be sending you a proof copy soon as possible. I am enclosing one of my circulating copies of the list of Strekzines who received my questionnaire. I am also enclosing a copy of an essay I sent to Ted White for his Fantasy Fandom Department in FANTASTIC (but he probably won't use it.)

Mike is also taking orders for an Index to THE MAKING OF STAR TREK. The Index will be published soon. SASE Mike for info.

The Questionnaire will be published in PASTAPLAN VES-LA #3, T-NEGATIVE #10, and IMPULSE #3. But these fanzines are limited editions and more copies of the Questionnaire are required. We would be most appreciative of any aid you can give in distributing the Questionnaire. Meanwhile, tell people to place orders for above 3 zines.

We expect 1000 or more returned questionnaires and cannot possibly finance all of them so we are depending on fan publishers to help us provide this service to fandom and to their readers. I've asked Mike (our publisher) to consult with you on the stencil problems. He set the Roster Questionnaire up on 4 long pages. I hope he can help you provide copies to anyone who enquires of you. At any rate, forward me the names and addresses of such enquirers so they won't be lost to Strekdom. We shall bend over backwards to see they are contacted by somebody who can let them have a copy of the Roster Questionnaire.

Michael Sobota's address is #4 on the enclosed list.

May You Live Long and Prosper Greatly,

Jacqueline Lichtenberg

((And now that Jacqueline Lichtenberg's letter has made everything Perfectly Clear, behold: The Questionnaire. . .))

STAR TREK QUESTIONNAIRE #1

Dear Fan Publisher:

If you publish one or more fanzines with a Star Trek orientation, or know of any, please help. I am collecting data in an attempt to construct a comprehensive profile of ST fandom and would appreciate your aid. Please fill out the enclosed questionnaire and return it to me promptly. The results of this poll will be published in the LNSTFCCF's Yearbook. I intend to make this list as widely accessible as possible, so all answers provided by you should be considered a public disclosure.

I am also trying to construct a reader profile of ST fandom. Would you be willing to send me a copy of your mailing list? By cross-correlating mailing lists, I hope to draw some statistical conclusions about the ebb and flow of ST fandom since cancellation. If you can enclose such a list, it would be most appreciated. The

results of this effort (if they materialize) will be made available to fan publishers and readers (potential contributors.)

Please provide one and only one name and address on the zine you publish. Space is limited, brevity essential.

Any further comments you care to make on your publication(s) or suggestions of other ST fanzines which should be placed on this list would be appreciated.

If you have seen T-NEGATIVE #8, your comments on Spock's Affirmation would be most sincerely appreciated.

If you find the query format does not apply to your publication(s) please amend it to suit rather than failing to reply.

This list is meant to include all Strekzines extant. This means zines which are no longer published as well as all "one-shots" which I am calling "pilot-zines" because of the tendency to go serial. This means, as well, special ST issues of non-ST zines like this one.

May You Live Long and Prosper Greatly, (Mrs.) Jacqueline Lichtenberg, 45 Blauvelt Rd., Monsey, NY 10952.

Name of zine(s):

Name and address of Zine's) publisher:

Date of Issue #1 or Pilot Issue:

Date of Final Issue (If Ended):

Total number of issues published before 1/1/71:

Total number of pages published before 1/1/71:

Price per issue:

Subscription rate:

Availability of back issues:

Total number of copies run off (highest/lowest):

Total circulation volume (highest/lowest):

Next issue(s) (deadline/publishing date):

General contents of 'zine (stories, ads, articles, mixed, etc.):

General tone of zine (light, satirical, serious, mixed):

Comments:

* * * * *

QUESTIONNAIRE #2/STREKFAN ROSTER

To All Star Trek Fans: I Greet You,

I am in the process of collecting data on the ebb and flow of ST fandom past, present and future with an ultimate goal of writing an article for the general press. I realize that the accompanying questionnaire may be too deeply searching to allow you to answer candidly, however, since my facilities are extremely limited, this survey is far too small to be statistically valid unless every questionnaire is returned. Please make every effort to respond openly and promptly. If you would rather remain anonymous, just put your name on a separate piece of paper. The fact that you responded to the questionnaire will be recorded separately from the data you have pro-

vided. Even if you don't send in your name, please do return the questionnaire.

One possible outcome of this questionnaire is the construction of a Strekfan Roster for distribution to all Strekfen. Registration on this Roster would be free, but copies would cost an amount calculated to make it self-sustaining. Addresses could not be kept current. So it is advisable to provide your most permanent address (i.e., parents', grandparents' or friend who will forward ST mailings to you to keep you in touch).

Since there are over 50 ST fanzines extant and new ones forming constantly (comprehensive list available from Michael Sobota, address on page 12, item #4), and the field is rapidly re-organizing, it is of interest to every ST fan to keep in touch.

There are many exciting activities in progress ranging from the invention of a Vulcan language by a linguistics professor and several scientifically oriented college students and graduates, to the complete history of the Vulcan Reforms. Other fans are engaged in developing Romulan history and social structure while others are seriously trying to remedy the faults of Federation Law. Some are involved in developing the character-depth of such personages as Dr. McCoy and Chekov while others devote their time to satire of the UFP Universe or collecting "bloopers." There are amateur film makers, film-clip collectors, data organizers, Vulcan Sociologists, and hosts of beginning writers, artists, poets, and literary critics.

Somewhere among all of this intense activity, there may be something that you didn't know was going on. Answering the enclosed questionnaire could bring you this information, and hours of diverting amusement.

If you publish a zine which is regularly but only partially devoted to ST, please note this also; however, there are no current plans to survey this enormous field.

Please fill out one and only one of Questionnaire #2. If you receive copies from other sources, please forward them to interested friends. ((Other fan publications copy and distribute too -- just get the return addresses right. ...IMK))

If you would like to volunteer to help with this project, please so note when you return the questionnaire. If you have seen any of my ST fiction, poetry, or articles and would care to comment, I would be most grateful.

In answering the questions below, please try to be brief enough to fit your answer into the space provided. PRINT or TYPE legibly. Illegible answers will be discarded. If additional space is absolutely necessary, please attach one or more sheets of PLAIN 8 1/2 by 11 paper. Odd sized paper will be discarded. This is a large undertaking by one person. It is conceivable that I will have to handle 1000 of these questionnaires. Your co-operation is absolutely essential if we are to be able to make our existence known and felt in the general press. That sort of publicity is the only way to keep interest in ST alive during the hiatus between cancellation and revival.

As I wait to hear from you,
I bid you: Live Long and Prosper Greatly,

Jacqueline Lichtenberg

*

*

*

Return to: Jacqueline Lichtenberg, 45 Blauvelt Rd., Monsey, NY. 10952

(new address on page 3)

STREKFAN QUESTIONNAIRE (#2)

PART A: Stekfan Roster Query.

If you wish to remain anonymous, detach this portion at the dotted line below, enclose it in a separate, sealed envelope, and return it with the questionnaire. If you detach part A, you need not fill out an address.

(Mr./Mrs./Miss) _____
(Last) (First) (Middle)

Current Mailing Address:

Permanent Mailing Address:

Your age: ____ Highest Education Completed: ____ Profession: ____

- 1) Would you be willing to lend your abilities to reviving ST? _____
- 2) Are you a potential Strekzine Contributor? _____ A) Writer? _____; B) Artist _____
- 3) Are you a potential Strekzine subscriber? _____
Do you wish to buy a copy of the Strekzine list? _____
- 4) Do you wish to be on a Strekfan Roster? _____
A) Would you buy a copy of the Roster if it were reasonably priced? _____
B) Would you join a club devoted to ST if you knew of one which was oriented to your tastes? _____

.....
PART B:

1) Which all-ST fanzines have you received? Attach list if necessary.

A) Where did you hear of each of these zines?

B) What did you think of each of these zines? (e.g., dull, disgusting, exciting, (too expensive)

C) Why have you not sought other Strekzines? (If you haven't)

2) Were you connected with organized SF fandom before STAR TREK?

- A) When did you first become interested in ST? _____
- B) Are you now connected with organized SF fandom? _____
- C) Do you read widely in general SF? _____
- D) Did ST spark your interest in general SF? _____
1. Has that interest grown since ST? _____
2. Was ST a major factor in introducing you to Fandom? _____
- E) Do you still watch ST reruns? _____

3) Has your interest in ST lessened since Cancellation? _____ When did it lessen, if it did? _____

4) Has this questionnaire renewed your interest in ST? _____ Have you learned anything you didn't know before? _____

PART D:

1) Which professionally published ST material do you own? (Check)

- STAR TREK #1 _____ SPOCK MUST DIE _____
- STAR TREK #2 _____ MISSION TO HORATIUS _____
- STAR TREK #3 _____ THE MAKING OF STAR TREK _____
- Other? (List below) _____

A) Which have you seen but do not own? _____

B) If you have not bought pro-published ST material, why?

- 1. Anti-Blish? _____
- 2. Not strongly enough interested in ST? _____ (cont.)

3. Have not seen for sale? _____
4. Other? (Specify) _____
- 2) Would you buy an original ST novel by an author other than Blish? _____
- 3) Do you approve of authors adding to what has been established on the air in order to "explain" apparent contradictions? _____
- A) Do you wish to see "fourth season" stories in print? _____
- B) Would you go to see a ST movie in the theaters? _____
- C) Would you watch a ST "special" on TV? _____
- 4) What other television shows do you watch regularly? _____

PART D:

- 1) What is the major reason you are (were) interested in ST? (attach extra sheet if necessary)
- A) Which character "fascinates" you most? _____
- B) Were you most attracted by the strange, life-like aliens? _____
- C) Or the searching and profound themes of ST? _____
- D) Or the sense of reality of the starship? _____
- E) Or do you simply find relaxing diversion in ST? _____
- F) Or is the exciting action/adventure element dominant for you? _____
- G) Or the strong, interpersonal drama created by a living non-human? _____
- H) Other (specify)? _____

PART E:

- 1) Do you have ST film clips?
- A) How many? _____
- B) Where did you get them? _____
- 2) Do you have ST scripts?
- A) How many? _____
- B) Where did you get them? _____
- C) Do you have scripts or clips of other TV shows? _____
- D) Where did you get them? _____

PART G:

- 1) If you would care to report on any interesting ST fan activities of the type mentioned on page 5, it would be appreciated. . .

PART G:

- 1) How would you classify yourself as a ST fan?
- A) Avid (life-long, unflagging devotion) _____
- B) Strongly interested. _____
- C) Inactive, but continuing interest _____
- D) Mildly, occasionally interested _____
- E) Passing interest _____
- F) Long cured of initial fanaticism _____
- 2) Do you consider ST fandom a "childish" activity? _____
- 3) Would you participate in a letter-writing campaign aimed at publishers of ST material? _____

 A N O P E N L E T T E R

FROM: JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG

TO: TED WHITE

Dear Mr. White,

After reading your Fantasy Fandom department, I feel compelled to provide a few words on the newest sub-genre, Star Trek Fandom...or Strekdom.

You might well ask, "Hasn't the SF hysteria pretty well collapsed and faded away by now?" Well, in a way, it has. We are no longer a group of wide-eyed, Spockshocked Trekkies. We have metamorphosed into a serious, dedicated group of fans analogous to the Tolkien Society or the Baker Street Irregulars but with our own, singular hallmarks.

Strekdom received a devastating body-blow from NBC when, despite the million or more letters that deluged their program department, they cancelled Star Trek. And Strekdom shattered into a million fragments. Most of the wide-eyed Trekkies had not been connected with sf fandom and didn't know how to maintain contact with other fans. Nor did these Trekkies believe that Strekdom could survive the cancellation of the show. But it has.

And a remarkable metamorphosis is taking place. The outer layer of Trekkies is sloughing off and the central core of Strekfen is being freed to arise anew from the ashes.

At the present moment, Strekdom is so dreadfully fragmented that no single person can claim to speak comprehensively on "the current activities of Strekfen." However, I shall try to give a brief overview of this startlingly unique international phenomenon. And it is international since the show is being run on foreign stations and groups in various countries are coalescing.

I have been circulating questionnaires, collecting data, and corresponding with many active Strekfen in a concerted attempt to find out what is going on now in Strekdom. During 1970, I contributed more than 80,000 words to Star Trek fanzines and I have another 75,000 words ready to go into final draft and be released in early 1971.

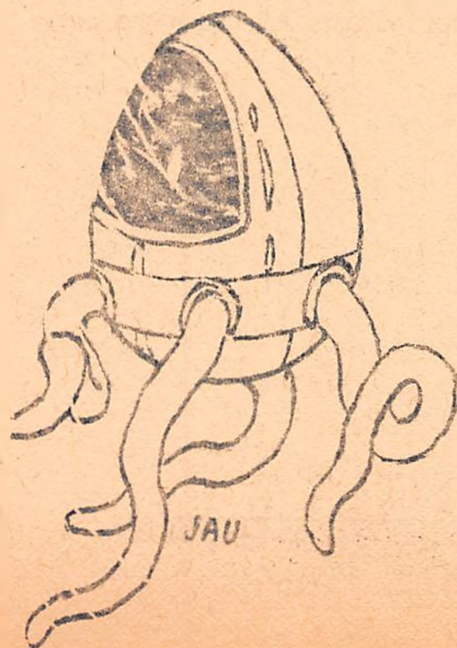
I am not an officer of any ST club, but I am a member of the Leonard Nimoy Star Trek Fan Club of Concerned Fans (LNSITCCF for short). And I have been a member of N3F for 12 years.

It was through the N3F that I discovered Strekdom.

I became an active Strekfan only after cancellation-- and this is not atypical.

I now have in my possession a cardfile amalgamated from the mailing lists of seven Strekzines. It lists some 650 Strekfen. I estimate, crudely, that there may be between 700 and 1000 Strekfen still in contact with some fragment of Strekdom. The problem in making this estimate is that the overlap of readership from one zine to another is seldom more than 50% and is typically closer to 30%. The readers of a zine are not like the members of a club. They don't all know each other. It rarely occurs to a fan publisher to introduce their readers to one another. The result is that there are a number of small ST groups around the country who think they are all there is.

This may be underlined by the fact that, when I sent my prelim-



inary list of Strekzines to Devra Langsen, one of the SPOCKANALIA editors, she discovered several people she had not heard of.

In an attempt to break down some of these barriers, the LNSTFCCF is publishing the Strekzine List which I compiled in an attempt to list all Strekzines extant. (I probably missed as many as I found, but I did get 59 entries. 33 of these answered a questionnaire which enabled me to tabulate such information as number of copies run off, number sold, number of issues, and whether the zine is still published. I am hoping that the remaining zines will report themselves so they can be listed on the first updating of the List. (Strekzine List available from Mike Sobota, ((SASE for info.)) 3321 Commercial Ave., S. Chicago, Ill 60/11)

The LNSTFCCF is also sponsoring another of my projects, the publication of a Strekfan Roster. This is yet another attempt to glue the splinters of Strekdom back together. Registration on the Roster is free, but the Roster itself will be sold to all Strekfen at a price calculated to make it self-sustaining. (Ha!)

All that is required to register is to fill out a rather lengthy questionnaire which will be published in several Strekzines (notably PASTAKLAN VESLA #3, from Michelle Malkin, 1026 Warfield La., Huntingdon Valley, Pa. 19006; and T-NEGATIVE #10, from Ruth Berman 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minn. 55417) starting in Spring 1971. Publication of the Roster is targeted for January 1972.*

To my knowledge, no other group of Strekfen is publishing either a Strekzine List or a Roster intended to unify Strekdom.

But this doesn't mean that Strekfen are inactive. Our presence is still felt at cons. At Philcon, Nov. 1970, two local Strekzine publishers, Micelle Malkin and Kathy Surgenor, sold ST items to raise money (very successfully) for the American Cancer Society. Subsequently, they received special citations from the Society and were invited to appear on a local talk show.

There are about 24 currently active Strekzines. However, publishing isn't the only ST activity. For example, there are a number of serious attempts to invent the Vulcan languages. One most notable pioneer in Vulcan linguistics is Dorothy Jones, author of the STAR TREK CONCORDANCE OF PEOPLE, PLACES AND THINGS and co-author of a series of stories that appeared in T-NEGATIVE, the Strekzine published by Ruth Berman, the former editor of the official ST newsletter, INSIDE STAR TREK. Dorothy is also the originator of a "Vulcan" art form called the Ni Var which has set amateur poets afire wherever it has been seen.

Another, newer, attempt at inventing the Vulcan languages has just been launched in and around Tucson, Arizona where students hooked one unsuspecting linguistics professor into the think-tank and infected him with the mania. I was in on that one and fully intend to pursue it to publication.

As a whole, sf fandom is the most heterogeneous group of atypical individuals you will find. As a subgenre, ST has attracted a similar multitude. Thus, not all ST fans are touched by Spockshock. There is a zine just starting in 1971 which is devoted to Doctor McCoy. There are those who find the Romulans and Klingons Most Fascinating. There are, of course, Kirk fans, Scotty fans, even Chekov fans, but there are also those who find the sense of reality achieved by the whole production more enchanting than any single personality. And there are fans who enjoy creating satire around ST themes. They have contributed richly to Graffiti pages in various zines and even have a parody-zine of their own that just started late in 1970.

Among Strekfen, there are amateur film makers, film-clip collectors, data organizers (one working on an index of THE MAKING OF STAR TREK), Vulcan sociologists, and hosts-of beginning writers, artists, poets, and literary critics. Insofar as it is possible to make any general statements about this

*This was basically the questionnaire preceding. ...IMK

group and their creations, the towering central figure of the show, in their eyes, seems to be Spock, the charismatic half-Vulcan.

This is not surprising when one considers that fully half of *Strekdom* is female. (Perhaps more than half. We will know when the roster is compiled.) Females are particularly susceptible to Spockshock and notorious for their catlike curiosity.*

The fanzines that *Strekfen* have created are as heterogeneous as their creators. To attempt to characterize them in a few paragraphs is sheerest folly, but I shall try. (On Vulcan, they call it *chutzpah*.)**

The contents of the typical *Strekzine* fall into two categories, "fiction" and "fact." With the notable exception of a number of extremely informative articles by Ruth Berman, "fact" articles are generally written in a mock-erudite style and intended to be taken as a product of a "real" ST universe. Ruth Berman has the double advantage of having access to a wide range of "inside" information (such as several versions of a script) and having the talent and intellect to digest and present this information entertainingly. The result is a unique contribution to our literature which defies classification.

Subjects of the usual "fact" articles range from documents captured from Klingon or Romulan sources to the physiology of the Vulcan Heart. The psychology of the Vulcan heart is also at the top of the list. There have been genuine efforts to delineate the place of music and art in a logical, unsmiling culture. One might almost call it a desperate groping for an understanding of how any humanoid culture could be based on so grimly repulsive a concept as pure logic. In my own work, I attempt to interpret the joys of the logical life into terms humans can comprehend.

It is perhaps, this lack of understanding of the logical life that is the reason so many are inextricably captivated by Spock's one, glaring weakness. . . a periodic loss of the ability to reason, making him both more and less human at the same time. And it creates a dramatic springboard which no amateur Spockshocked author can resist bouncing on a few times.

There have been several "fact" articles written about *pon farr*. But there have been an even greater number of stories and poems. From the viewpoint of Spock fans, the real subject of the Star Trek saga is Spock's life problem. Marry or die. But, since ST died so young, we will never be told whom, when, or how he marries. . . or indeed, if. Undaunted, ST fans have devised any number of alternate fates in alternate universes for the dear pointy-eared freak for whom our hearts bleed greenly.

Those who have read the early *Strekzines* find these themes familiar. They are still around. And to the genuine sufferer of Spockshock, they are still fresh. But, if you pick up a zine put together in 1970 and compare it with one of 1967; you may get a shock.

Comparing the overall quality of the fan-written material published in general sf-dom with that appearing in *Strekdom*, one notes a slight but definitely higher skill in both the editing and the writing of *Strekzines*.

This may be due in part to the vigorous efforts of the pioneers of the field, the publishers of *SPOCKANALIA*, whose policy was to make severe rewrite demands of their contributors. This policy is being continued by the publishers of *GALILEO II*.

But it is not just the old contributors who have learned to write. Many gifted semi-pro talents have been irresistably drawn into *Strekdom* and they have produced some truly memorable works.

The typical *Strekzine* runs about 150 copies. Sometimes as many as 200. . . though *SPOCKANALIA* did top 400 at one time, as did several of the early zines. Very seldom does a zine fail to sell out

*My estimate is *Strekdom* is 70% unmarried girls and regular active sf fandom is 60% male, with 60% of the women married. (NBF Member Activities Bureau & Surveys) ...IMK

**Jackie and I are both full-blooded Vulcans in that case. ...IMK

within a year of publication. Editors will often begin a "reprint" waiting list in anticipation of re-typing the zine one day. But retyping a zine of a hundred pages or so is no small task. And the more durable electrostencils cost a fortune.*

However, from time to time, it is done. The energy for this dedication seems to come from Spock himself, whose elfen-eared mystique never ceases to imbue the pages of a zine with a leaping vitality that I have never seen in other fannish work.

It is perhaps this overflowing wellspring of energy that gives Strekzines their one significant difference from other fanzines. . .and their only claim to unity as a sub-genre. Otherwise it would be very hard to classify a publication like ERIDANI TRIAD with PASTAKLAN VESLA or either of these two together with T-NEGATIVE or IMPULSE. TRIAD is a one-shot zine unified around three plays set on Vulcan at the time of the Reforms. PAS-VES is the spiritual successor of SPOCKANALIA (which folded not due to lack of interest but to the diverging life paths of the editors.) T-NEGATIVE and IMPULSE are representative of the higher aspirations of Strekzine publishers in producing quality fiction.

The reason for the Strekzine publishers seeking quality with greater vigour than is usual in sf-dom is perhaps the limitations inherent in the material. The same themes and situations culled over again and again for story material tend to lose their gloss. . .unless the ideas are presented in slicker packaging.

No overview of Strekdom would be complete without mentioning the pro-published ST works. THE MAKING OF STAR TREK (Ballantine Books) is, I believe, in its eighth printing with a new cover. It has been designated as a text in some writing courses and is still very hard to find on newstands.

From Bantam, there were three STAR TREK books consisting of ST scripts adapted for narrative by James Blish who, living in England at the time, hadn't studied the broadcast versions of the scripts he worked on. The dedicated viewer will get a few surprises from Blish. . .like learning that Blish's plomeek soup is green instead of orange. After cancellation, Bantam published an original Star Trek novel by Blish, SPOCK MUST DIE. It has sold so well, even without advertising, that Bantam is not averse to doing other ST books.

There was a juvenile book by Mack Reynolds titled MISSION TO HORATIOUS. In England there is a comic book that is running a series of ST stories. There have, of course, been innumerable magazine articles about ST, but as far as creative fiction set in the ST universe is concerned, there is so little that Strekfen must satisfy their thirst among the fanzines.

Many fanzine which are not primarily ST-oriented have ST departments, but we have not yet started to compile a comprehensive list of these. We estimate they number in the hundreds and frankly boggle at the task. However, if any fan-ed reading this would care to report a vigorous ST department in his zine, he may be entered on the next Strekzine list.

As to the future of Strekdom, there isn't much that can be said short of opinion and prophecy. I, personally, have material on file with Strekzine editors scheduled for publication in 1973 and I have plans reaching even beyond that. We plan to update the Strekzine List and the Strekfan Roster as many years as seems practical. However, most fanzine publishers work on an issue-to-issue basis and rarely make such long-range commitments.

The law of supply-and-demand seems to govern Strekdom and, since the market is so voracious, where one zine folds, three spring up to take its place. Here and there across the country, fans are still trying to convince the powers-that-be that the time has come to start work on a STAR TREK movie or TV Special, but the tremendous inertia inherent in the Hollywood System

seems to preclude the realization of that joyous event at least until Strekdom can speak with one unified voice.

The only alternative to a revival of ST on the screen is a revival in print, but Bantam does not intend to do more than one ST book a year. . . and they have an exclusive right to the ST name.

In my personal view, the only thing that could shrink Strekdom farther than it is now would be the advent of a successor to ST . . . a real sf tv show of equal stature. . . very hard to imagine in the immediate future.

I have reports from several sources that club memberships and zine subscriptions are increasing as lost Strekdom are driven by their insatiable ST hunger to seek fan-nish sources for nourishment.

This year, the membership of LNSTFCCF has grown by about 50%. Nimoyan Scribes and Spock's Scribes are also growing vitally. New zines in the field are hampered mainly by lack of cross-club-line contacts. In the near future, this should change and new publications should take root and grow more rapidly.

The next question that will have to be faced by Strekdom is, "Can Strekdom survive the demise of ST reruns?" I fervently hope I shall not be called upon to answer this question soon, but I am certain that we can and will survive even such a tragic last blow since the number of possible alternate universes that can be split off from the aired version of the show is close to infinite and there will always be new ST stories to be told.

May You Live Long and Prosper,
Jacqueline Lichtenberg

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A STREKZINE ROSTER Dec1970 version

Compiled by Jacqueline Lichtenberg

- 1) T-NEGATIVE, Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd., Minneapolis, Minnesota, 55417 (active)
- 2) PASTAKLAN VESLA, Michelle Malkin, 1026 Warfield Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Penn., 19006 (active)
- 3) SPOCKANALIA, Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225 (5 issues, ended)
- 4) LNSTFCCF, Michael Sobota, 3321 Commercaill, So. Chicago Heights, Ill., 60411
- 5) LNNAF (Bulletin), Louis Stange, 4612 Denver Ct., Englewood, Ohio, 45322
- 6) Lincoln Enterprises (Star Trek Enterprises), INSIDE STAR TREK (ended - 12 issues?), P.O. Box 38429, Hollywood, Calif., 90038
- 7) Nimoyan Scribes and Spock's Scribes, Mrs. S. C. Cole, 314S.E. 15th St., Grand Prairie, Texas, 75050, (active)
- 8) FAUNCH, Susan Wolfe, 1011 Edgewood, Bryan, Texas, 77801 (Now accepting material for second issue.) ((Juvenile, other one shots, still active. . .IMK))
- 9) RETROSPECT, (memory book for ST fans) Linda Stanley, 1531 Bonnie Doone Terr., Corona del Mar, Calif. 92625
- 10) PLAK TOW, Shirley Meech, 4931 Petit Drive, Apt. 1, Oxnard, Calif. 93030 (ended with fourteenth issue)
- 11) TRISKELION, Danielle Dabbs, P.O. Box 3923, Bryan, Texas, 77801 ((Active. . .IMK))
- 12) STAR DATE, Lois McMaster, 3481 West Henderson Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43221 (one shot?)
- 13) GAILLEO 7, Kathryn Bushman, Box 9, Pearce, Ariz., 85625 (Two issues only - ended?)
- 14) THE VOYAGES (LNSTFCCF; Dr. McCoy oriented), Maureen Burns, 130 Arundel Ave., West Hartford, Conn., 06107 (not sure about address)
- 15) IMPULSE, P.O. Box 9097, Phoenix, Ariz. 84020 (Edited by Carol Roberts, 1010 E. Mabel Apt. 211, Tucson, Ariz. 85019.)
- 16) MENAGERIE (one shot) and TOMORROW IS YESTERDAY and PRELUDE (substituted for MENAG-

- ERIE), J. Wedeen, 2153 N. Drake, Chicago, Ill.
- 17) ERIDANI TRIAD (one shot - 3 plays and some stories; very good. A second issue is planned), Gail Barton, 31 Range View Drive, Lakewood, Colorado, 80215
 - 18) S-T REVIEW (One shot), Craig Heiberger, 40 Brucewood Dr., Pittsburg, Pa. 15228
 - 19) WARP 9 (one-shot), Dee L. Gurnitt, 324 Phillip Dr., Huntly, Ill. 60142
 - 20) THE FILM CLIPPER (not a story-zine; ceasing publication because ye ed. is going into the army), P.O. Box 18021, Los Angeles, Calif. 90018
 - 21) GALILEO SEVEN (different from number 13), Sheryl McNevin, Box 754, Shawnee Mission, Kansas 66201
 - 22) OTHERWORDS, David Gerrold, Box 526, Hollywood, Ca. 90028
 - 23) THE CAPTAIN'S LOG, 430 Glenwood Rd., Asheboro, N.C. 27203 (50¢ ea., 6 for \$1.50; also offers a catalog and can supply copies of INSIDE STAR TREK)
 - 24) DECK 6, Carol Prisitt, 62 Dwight St., Apt. 6, Brookline, Mass 02146 (50¢)
 - 25) THE ENTERPRISE PAPERS (forthcoming), WARP ONE, CO-PENDIUM, Linda Brevelle, 4361 Wheeler, Box 405, University of Huston, Huston, Texas 77004
 - 26) ST-PHILE (2 issues, ended), Juanita Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348
 - 27) PENEATHLON, Susan Wolfe, Box 85, Snook, Texas, 77878
 - 28) DIMENSION 8 (address - ?)
 - 29) CONCORDANCE (of people, places, and things; supplement for 3rd season in progress), Matham House, Bjo Trimble, 417 N. Kenmore, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004 (\$5.25)
 - 30) THANK YOU S-T
 - 31) VULCANIAN ENTERPRISES
 - 32) ANTI-MATTER, Tilesk, Carol Lee, 91-46 80th St., Woodhaven, N.Y. 11421
 - 33) SHIP'S LOG, Elyse Pines, 637 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218
 - 34) REQUIEM FOR STAR TREK, Bob Vardeman, P.O. Box 11352, Albuquerque, N.M. 87112
 - 35) CINEFANTASTIQUE... (special ST ish) #20, Frederick S. Clarke, 7471 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Ill. 60635
 - 36) SPOCK UNDERGROUND, Carle Johnson, Honeydel Farm, McLean, Neb. 68747
 - 37) James Doohan International Fan Club (BULLETIN), Mrs. Anna Herchz, 1519 N.W. 204th St., Seattle, Wash. 98177
 - 38) KEVAS & TRILLIUM (ended) and MARK LENARD INT. FAN CLUB BULLETIN, Maureen Wilson (then Bourne), Box 29 Victoria Station, Montreal, 215 Quebec, Canada
 - 39) CALIF. HERE WE COME (THE VULCAN CONSULATE IS ALIVE AND HIDING OUT AT PARAMOUNT STUDIOS), Mildred Tourgerson, Atoni Gourd, 2815 20 Ave. South, Seattle, Wash. 98144
 - 40) HMS TREK-A-STAR, Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, Calif. 94563
 - 41) HUE AND CRY (DeForest Kelley Yoemanry Bulletin), Maureen Burns, 159 Melrose Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94127
 - 42) THE WILLIAM SHATNER FANATIC (Bulletin) and SAND TREKS (ended), Rita Ractliff, 1640 North Harvard #9, Los Angeles Calif., 90027
 - 43) VULCANALIA (club bulletin, ended), Dana Frieze, 380 East 19 Str., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225
 - 44) THE HAILING SIGNAL, Phil Jachem, 263 Grove St., Chicoper, MA 01020
 - 45) DR. MCCOY'S SICK BAY (ended), Barbi Marczak, 5906 Cecil Ave., Detroit, 48210
 - 46) THE CAPTAIN'S LOG (ended; same as #23?), Sylvia Stanczyk, 1902 F Apt. 3, Buffalo Road, Eric PA 16510
 - 47) DILLITHIUM (bulletin; Journal is ANTI-MATTER, from Carol Lee; see #32.)
 - 48) TERRAN TIMES, Shayne McCormack, Pres., Starbase I, 49 Orchard Rd., Bass Hill, NSW 2197, Australia
 - 49) GALILEO 2, Bill Warren, Jr., Qrtrs. #642A, Ft. Lawston, Wash. 98199
 - 50) WARP 1, Ellen Pearce, 4361 Wheeler, Box 343, Houston, Texas, 77004
 - 51) DON'T YOU JUST LOVE LEONARD NIMOY?, Karen Flannery, 991 Cork Dr., Bethel Park, Pa. 15102
 - 52) FASCINATING... BUT FILTHY, 2852 14th Ave. W., Seattle, Wash. 98119
 - 53) STAR TREK GAB (ended), THANK YOU ST(?), Kris Smith, Rt. 4, Box 60, Cle Elum, Wash., 98992
 - 54) THERAGIN, Robin Root, 5522 42nd Ave N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55422
 - 55) TRANSMISSION FROM STARFLEET, Sylvia Stanczyk, see #46 for address.

- 56) WHERE NO FAN HAS GONE BEFORE (ended), Bjo Trimble, address in #29.
 57) CAPE KENNEDY NIMOY FANATICS (ended), Priscilla Hale, 1508 Croton Rd., Eau Gallie, Florida, 32935
 58) BAG'S END JOURNAL (THERE AND BACK AGAIN), New Pres. Mary Kissel, RR 2, New London, Mo. 63459
 59) NIMOYAN FELLOWSHIP (ended), Donna Pace, 394 Bloomfield, W. Hartford, Conn. 06118
 60) OMLCROM CEM III THREE, (ended?), Lyn Veryzer, 773 Keith Lane, West Aslip, L.I., NY 11794
 61) SPOCK'S PEOPLE (ended), Nancyann Hiers, 3419 No. Monticello Ave., Chicago, Ill 60618
 62) TRUMPET #11 (two articles on ST), Tom Reamy, P.O. Box 523, Richardson, Texas 75080

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T R I Z O R E L

by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, 1970

Reprinted from IMPULSE #3, Feb. 1971

((Never before has this zine had a blurb before a story, but this needs it. Most MAYBE readers have seen STAR TREK, now what would happen if Spock had been a girl . . .huh. . .read on. . .))

Captain Kirk punched the intercom button on the arm of the command chair and glumly contemplated the familiar orange-reds of the planet Vulcan filling the main viewscreen. Then he leaned toward the voice pickup on the chair arm. "Mr. Spock!" "Spock here." The miniature voice came crisp with carefully cultured intonation. Nobody who had not heard that throat forming the intricate syllables of Vulcanir could realize how alien English was to him.

Kirk wet his lips, "We've entered standard orbit, Mr. Spock. Meet me in the transporter room in five minutes." Kirk out."

He took a deep breath. He didn't like getting mixed up in planetary politics and he most especially wanted nothing to do with Vulcan planetary politics, but orders were orders. "Lieutenant Uhura, notify Vulcan Space Central we are prepared to beam our passenger aboard."

"They are already standing by, Sir."

"Thank you." He turned to the engineering panel. "Mr. Scott, you have the con."

The dour Scott looked over his shoulder. "Aye, Sir," and went back to polishing adjustments on a digital readout control.

The transporter room was filled with the same sparkling quiet efficiency as usual, but somehow it seemed ominous to the Captain when he entered and nodded briskly to the duty technician. Presently, Spock stepped through the door and assumed a stance beside the Captain.

"What kept you?" asked Kirk.

"I received a mail-packet marked urgent, so I glanced through it before coming."

"Oh. Anything important?"

"Personal."

"Hmm." He turned to the duty technician standing at the transporter controls. "Energize."

"Sorry, sir, but I have a hold-signal from the target."

"Hold, then." Kirk went back to examining his First Officer. "Guess we'll have to wait. I wonder what could be the difficulty."

"I wouldn't know, Sir."

Kirk pursed his lips. "Mr. Spock, what do you know about T'Zorel?"

"She is eighteen standard years old, the daughter of Situr and a human woman named Kathleen Uphouse, a colonial from the Beta Cygni region. T'Zorel was raised as a Daughter of the Tradition, but has recently filed a request in Federation District Court to renounce her Vulcan citizenship. The Daughters are contesting the renunciation on the grounds that it is unconstitutional and that the Federation Court has no jurisdiction."

"I didn't know she was a Daughter!" Kirk searched his mind for what he knew of the Daughters. They were the females of the Kataytikh families. Since they were sterile and possessed none of the usual female drives, they were never mated but raised and trained to be Judges, Arbiters, and Administrators. . . paragons of logical virtue demanding vast respect and earning it.

The technician said, "Ready below, Captain."



"Energize."

Three pads of the transporter platform lit up with columns of sparkle that coalesced into three images. One was a young lady dressed in an unadorned Starfleet Cadet Uniform. The other two were standard luggage pieces issued to Starfleet trainees.

The sparkle cleared and she stepped down briskly, zeroed in on Kirk and braced, "Captain Kirk. Cadet T'Zorel reporting aboard."

Kirk noted her lightly tanned, golden skin and the pert sweep of slanted eyebrow and elongated ear just visible beside softly curled, black hair. She had the fresh-scrubbed, wide-eyed vitality of youth coupled with an ageless poise as . . . as what? As a wise old matriarch? Yes, possibly. The Captain blinked hard and once more confronted a young cadet, "Welcome aboard. . . Cadet T'Zorel. This is Commander Spock, my First Officer. He will escort

you to your quarters and see you settled. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to ask." He found himself becoming hypnotized by her limpid, blue eyes. . .so unusual for a Vulcan. He nodded briskly, "Dismissed."

The transporter technician propped one elbow on the top of the console and cradled his chin in his hand as he stared after the gently swaying, firmly feminine hips that carried their new passenger out the door.

The Captain eyed the long expanse of bared leg, tapered to delicate, but strong ankles. Then, in unison, the two men sighed at the closed door. They looked at each other and the technician said, "I think I've just found a new definition for the word charming. . .Sir."

Kirk nodded sympathetically. Five feet five inches of vibrant female. . .but Vulcan. She was only eighteen, but so bursting with ripe maturity, no man aboard was going to ignore it. And, he reminded himself, she was the center of so much high-level interest, he'd better make sure the "hands-off" rumors started very soon. But, he wondered how effective they would be. His own glands told him it was hardly worth the bother.

He pulled himself together and headed for the bridge.

T'Zorel took her first look around her new quarters, spotted the pile of tapes near the reader and went over to finger them. "Sir, are these the Regulation manuals for the Enterprise?"

"Yes." He added levelly, "My name is Spock. . .T'Zorel."

She refused to meet his eye. "I am honored to meet you."

"But you do not extend

the greeting of Surak?"

"How can I?" Her voice was even with no hint of bitterness in the rhetorical question.

He conceded with one raised brow, "Thus thee sunders the Tradition." He spoke in High Vulcan but with the intonation of a Death Announcement.

She whirled on him, eyes flashing, "What would you know of it?" She caught herself and added coolly, "Sir?"

"T'Zorel, I too bear The Tradition on half-human shoulders."

"I know. And you have chosen a different path from mine."

"This is not a question of --"

"Your pardon, Sir, but it is definitely a question of difference. I know your chosen path and I know that my feet cannot travel it."

"But do you know the path you have chosen?"

"No." She faced him squarely and inquired with one raised brow, "Who asked you to dissuade me?"

"T'Voah."

"Yes. I should have guessed. And will you?"

"I will try."

"Here you are my superior officer."

"I will not use that. When we speak privately of this matter, you are T'Zorel and I am Spock. We have a grave difference of opinion to resolve."

"You must resolve your differences with yourself. You must grant me the right --"

"To abandon your responsibilities? No. Such rights do not exist to be granted. Only death absolves."

"I cannot abandon a responsibility that ne never existed. I seek only the right to be myself."

"And who are you. . .T'Zorel?"

"I --" She stopped. She was a Daughter. Her name said so. Her upbringing said so. He had asked, "who" in English just to confound her! She opened her mouth to request a more specific phrasing, but he said, "We must find time to argue at greater length. We will be in transit eight days so there should be ample opportunity. Right now, I must go."

He walked to the door, hesitated and turned back to her, holding his right hand up in the Vulcan salute, and said, "Live Long and Prosper, T'Zorel."

She stood, hands at her sides, barely breathing.

"T'Zorel, even a human answers. In Starfleet, we do not require the Commitment of Surak merely because of traded courtesy."

Still, she hesitated. He waited, hand raised.

Vulcans at the Academy. . ."

He said, "There are many

She raised her hand, fingers separated, and said in carefully enunciated English, "Peace and Long Life, Spock."

then turned and left abruptly.

He held her eyes a moment and

She looked at her hand, lowered it, and looked at the closing door. He had won the first round. But he didn't understand. He was a Kat-aytikh and he had been mated at the age of seven.

T'Zorel spent the next few days exploring her first Starship and getting the feel of wearing a Starfleet Cadet Uniform. Everybody in Starfleet outranked her and the experience was disorienting. All her life, she'd outranked more than 99% of all Vulcans just because her father was a Guardian of the Tradition.

On the third day out of Vulcan, she stepped into a turbolift, turned to command the doors to close and found Captain Kirk standing with his hand on the doorjam.

She said, "Oh, I'm sorry, Captain," She conceded her place, "Your lift. . ." As she started to sidle around him, he moved to bar her way.

"Where were you going, Cadet?"

"Deck five, Sir."

"Fine." He stepped in, letting the doors close, and said, "Deck Five."

The lift vibrated gently under their feet.

"Cadet T'Zorel, these last few days you have given me a number of headaches. . ."

"I've made your head -- hurt you, Captain?"

Kirk thought, damn, she's just like Spock was a few years ago. "Only figuratively. You've been all over the ship. . ."

"I've been careful of regulations, Sir. And I haven't been in anybody's way. . ."

"I know. You've been very scrupulous. It's just that -- well, the men all stop what they're doing to look at you."

"I try to be unobtrusive, Captain. If there's something additional I could do. . . ?"

"Well, no. I mean, yes. You're a very attractive young lady, Miss T'Zorel, but you don't seem to. . ."

She watched him, listening patiently while trying to make sense of what he was saying.

Kirk blushed. How does a man explain sex-appeal to the equivalent of a nun? "Well, look, all you really have to do is stop flirting."

"Begging the Captain's pardon. 'Flirting' means?"

Kirk gestured, "Well, it's --"

The turbo-lift stopped and he put a hanc out to hold the door shut, "Look,

"I'll send Lieutenant Uhura around to your quarters. She can explain it better than I can."

"The Communications Officer? Very well, Sir. Thank you, Sir. When shall I expect Lieutenant Uhura?"

"She'll call you." Kirk lifted his hand from the door-hold and dove out of the suddenly confining box almost before the doors had opened. He was haunted by visions of wide, blue eyes, deep as the ocean and innocent as a virgin's -- hell, he thought, she is a virgin.

The next evening, Spock sat on one corner of T'Zorel's desk watching her pace the room in a strained imitation of human nervousness. He decided she wasn't getting the turns right, and it was spoiling the effect. He said, "You haven't heard a word I've said for the last half hour, have you?"

His sudden switch to English caught her attention. She stopped pacing to look at him. "I heard you. I will listen to what you said later."

"Very well. Then there is little point in continuing tonight."

"There is little point in continuing -- ever. I have gone through all of this many times. T'Voah herself presided over the Council of Daughters that turned down my request."

"Which request?" he prompted.

"To. . ." she took a breath. "It was a private matter, but all these arguments were cited. I can listen but I will not change my opinion. Your logic is flawless -- but it simply does not apply to me."

"What I have been trying to show you is that it does apply to you. You did Affirm the Continuity --"

"Yes, of course I did. But that is irrelevant."

"Then what is relevant?"

She cocked her head to one side and examined the way the light fell across his face. "Spock. . .do I flirt? Lieutenant Uhura said to ask a man if I didn't believe her. So I'm asking you."

"Yes. You do flirt. And it is most unbecoming for a Daughter."

"But I am NOT a Daughter."

"You have not changed your name."

"I am. . .half-Vulcan. I will keep the name my mother chose for me."

"Does your behavior honor your name?"

She came close to him, their eyes meeting on a level because he remained seated. "Spock, I do not flirt intentionally. It is possible that my actions are misinterpreted by humans. I find humans fascinating, but I have not deliberately tried to attract attention."

"Then you'd best learn to control your actions. Humans will not understand. You may believe they are very casual about their relationships, but they will tolerate only so much. . .flirtation. And they can be very. . .insistent. You could get into trouble -- even here on the Enterprise."

She turned away. "They? You forget I am human, too. Perhaps I want to get into trouble. Perhaps I want to use that part of me which is not a Daughter!"

"Then you'd best talk to Dr. McCoy first."

His tone was so flat, she turned to examine his face for the meaning of that, but his back was retreating out the door and she caught only a glimpse of his expression -- chiseled from stone. Then she understood. Starfleet regulations provided an exemption for Vulcan females from the standart contraceptive measures. Spock's swift exit told well enough what he thought about Vulcan females who'd waive that exemption and even seek casual rela-

tions. . .but she wasn't truly Vulcan.

She went to turn up the thermostat, wondering why she suddenly felt so cold. She didn't need Spock's approval. She still intended to find a human husband.

Yet, for the first time since she'd filed her renouncement of Vulcan citizenship with the Federation Court, she felt truly alone. . .a Federation citizen-at-large, without a family, without a world. She had severed all ties. Ties that had really never existed. But if they'd never existed, why did the severing leave such. . .desolation?

Four days went by and the Enterprise bored smoothly on toward the academy graduation exercises. T'Zorel moved about the ship as usual, but somehow encountered the First Officer very rarely. When they did meet, he addressed her distantly as Cadet, refusing to use any form of her given name.

The night before their arrival at the Academy, she accepted one of Mr. Chekov's numerous proposals to attend a group entertainment. Several members of the Engineering crew were staging a production of a play written by a botanist who was an amateur expert on the early Earth colonies. The audience seemed to enjoy it vigorously -- if their stomach-clutching and cries of anguish were indeed to be taken as signs of enjoyment. But she found the play not only confusing but self-contradictory. And when the actors became infected with the... laughter...they were unintelligible.

After those two wasted hours, the Russian insisted on taking her to a Recreation Room where he spent another hour coaxing her to drink fluids she didn't really want. She was trying valiantly to be polite when she saw Spock pause in the corridor to watch them.

She turned back to the Navigator and essayed a smile as she sipped her drink. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the Vulcan start as if shocked. Then he hastened on.

Chekov was chattering about something she couldn't understand in the pl-y. He seemed willing to do all the talking, so she let him. Of the three human officers she'd spent evenings with, Chekov was by far the most interesting. She liked to watch him talk and wanted to tell him so with a smile. Watching the way he gestured with his hands when he made a point, she reflected that humans communicated with their bodies more than with their words.

English was so imprecise when merely spoken, but she had the strong impression from Chekov that if she but could read his sign language, she would understand him clearly. The more she watched him the more enthused he became with his explanations. It seemed to her that the expressions of his face were meant to carry important information and she was wondering what it would be like to touch this glowing young man who seemed about to explode with the pressure of some repressed. . .emotion. . . when suddenly, he said, "If you've finished your drink, I'll walk you back to your quarters. . .if that's where you'd like to go."

She looked down at the glass full of amber liquid and melting icecubes. "I'm finished with this, yes. But I'm sure I can find my own way back to my quarters."

He rose, took their glasses to the disposal and returned just as she was getting to her feet. She said, "I see that it is very late. I wouldn't want to keep you up if you need sleep."

"Oh, I'm not sleepy, T'Zorel . . .and the corridors are deserted now. I'll walk you back."

T'Zorel frowned. They all insisted on accompanying her to her door and then made it very difficult to say goodnight. She started for the door walking briskly, but the Russian caught up with her and took her by the elbow as if she couldn't support her own weight.

His

hand rested lightly on hers and through the contact his mind burst onto her consciousness amplified a hundred times. But it was like no contact she'd ever known before. It was a whirling, patternless smear of severe contrasts. . . a rolling mix- of. . . emotions? Yes. That must be it. It attracted her and she allowed the con- tact to remain while she searched for the source of the attraction.

"T'Zorel, you are the strangest Vulcan I have ever met."

"I am only half Vulcan, Mr. Chekov."

"Yes, but which half? You are so. . . different. . . from Mr. Spock. . . so. . . well, human. You are very beautiful."

It was a sincere compliment and she found no offense.

His hand tightened on hers, sending exciting shivers down her spine. The closeness, the liveness of him was pleasant. She said, "It pleases me that you find merit in my appearance, Mr. Chekov."

They stopped before the turbo-lift doors and Chekov faced her, placing both his hands on her shoulders. "We have spent three delightful evenings together and still I am only Mr. Chekov?"

His hands on her shoulders and his face so near hers were confusing. She knew it was wrong. Yet she desired the harmless indignity. She said, her voice quieter than she'd intended, "Is that not your name, Mr. Chekov?"

"For you, I am Pavel."

"Pavel? Very well. It is a nice name. It has meaning for you?"

He put out one hand to the lift call-plate, but kept his eyes on her. "It is an old and honored Russian name. But T'Zorel is also a very nice name. It suits your beauty."

The lift doors opened and she turned to enter. avoiding his eyes as she said, "I am not certain that I still have the right to use that name."

"Why? Has it some special significance on Vulcan?"

As the doors closed behind him, she said, "Yes, it has. And I am no longer entitled to call myself Vulcan." It was strange how cold she felt when she said that. It was the first time she'd said it to a human.

"They cannot force you to change your name, can they?"

"No. But perhaps I shall want to."

Chekov instructed the lift, "Deck Five." Then he moved close to her side, taking her hand in his, flooding her mind with a lulling confusion that made her forget the cold. . .

Sickbay was dimly lit and deserted as Spock let himself into McCoy's office. He turned up the lights, and sat down in the desk chair. There were no patients and M'benga, the duty officer, was working in the lab. Spock was unlikely to be interrupted in his search of the Medical Log. Technically, as First Officer, the ship's records were part of his responsibility and as Science Officer, the Medical Department was under him, but in practice he only initialled the Chief Surgeon's Report. He flicked on the viewer and began a swift review of the last week's entries.

In the corridor outside her room, Chekov leaned his hand against the closed door and effectively dominated T'Zorel. "I have never seen a Vulcan Komatt."

"It is merely a medallion with inscribed heraldic symbols."

"And you have the Komatt of T'Zorel with you?"

"I have it. . . yes. But I will soon have to return it."

"Could I see it?"

"It is nothing special to look at. Its significance is purely symbolic."

"But this is your last night on the Enterprise. I will never get another chance to see it." He moved a fraction of an inch closer and whispered, "Please?"

She had a sudden desire not to answer, but merely to stand there for the rest of eternity. The restrained energy in him seemed to feed on her will. His hands sought hers where she'd hidden them behind her back and he whispered in her ear, his breath trembling with sincerity, "Please?"

Suddenly, she thought she was going to faint. She pushed away and took a deep breath of the rich, moist and chilly ship's air. "Very well, Come in."

But once inside, the human seemed to lose interest in the Komatt. He laced his hands across the small of her back and smiled the strangest smile she'd ever seen. It seemed to transform his face into a glow in the dim light as he blocked her reach for the lightswitch. Then his arms tightened about her body and he whispered in her ear, "There, now that's much better. I knew you'd see it my way."

His smooth, oddly fragrant cheek moved against hers and then his lips fastened on hers. The turbulence of his mind amplified a thousand times surged through her, shocking her numbed senses.

With sudden strength, she pushed against his muscular chest. "What are you doing!?"

The glow died from his face as if she'd drenched him with ice water. "You invited me in. We are not children playing games. . ."

His anger, and other fierce emotions for which she knew no names washed through her like a flood of lava. The pain of it sent her staggering against him.

His arms tightened about her again. . .not squeezing her, but protecting and supporting her with a driving strength of will that was totally lacking in her.

He was whispering in her ear again, "There now, that's better. You can tease and flirt only so far. . . You've been leading me on all night. You can't stop now. You wouldn't do that to me, would you? No," he answered himself, "I know you wouldn't. You aren't the type to be cruel."

She knew what he wanted now. She didn't remember doing anything to indicate a willingness to assume such a relationship, but evidently he'd misunderstood something she'd said. It would be wrong to send him away unsatisfied.

And something in her responded to his sudden need. She'd made up her mind that such things were to become part of her life. Since she was no longer Vulcan, it was harmless to yield to the social pattern of her mother's people.

His lips on hers again cut off the orderly flow of logic and she was drowning in a maelstrom that kindled an answering fire in her green blood. He moved against her and she felt the urgent hardening in his body as his hands held her strongly in place.

His tongue moved between her lips seeking hers. The deepening contact amplified his thoughts again and suddenly she sensed his attitude toward her. It was physical. Purely physical and nothing more. Nowhere in his mind was there thought for the purpose of the act he desired to perform. . .nor had he any true interest in her future. He desired only pleasure. . . and for him it was a minor pleasure. A moment that had little significance in the stream of moments that made up his life. He'd found that her presence kindled his desire and he wished to satiate that desire. Nothing more.

It was the human attitude she'd read about. But, first hand it was far more repellant than she'd ever thought.

All at once, his body disgusted her. She pushed away with all her strength,

stumbled in a wave of dizziness as his shock washed through her nerves, a blinding white sheet of pain. She fell against the door, bracing herself with both arms, gasping in lung-wracking sobs.

Abruptly, the door slid open and she staggered, off balance, out into the corridor, her vision blurred by the mind-link that had been forming with the human and was not yet properly severed. Then, strong arms caught her and cool, clear thoughts quested her mind, deftly disengaging the aborted mind-link. Her vision cleared for a moment and she looked up into the classical Vulcan face as Spock said over her head, "Good night, Mr. Chekov."

She tried to turn to apologize to the Russian for her disgraceful behavior but her body failed her and she plunged into unconsciousness as two strong arms took her weight, cradling her like a baby.

She came to awareness lying on a bed. Even with her eyes closed, she knew there was another presence in the room. A Vulcan presence.

She opened her eyes and sat up. Spock was seated in her desk chair, hands flat on the hard surface, eyes focused on her. He said, "So, you have found one unpleasant aspect of the path you have chosen. Are you now ready to consider a third path lying somewhere in between?"

"There exists no third path."

"One does exist. It is the path I travel. Another can be constructed for you."

"The Council of Daughters. . ."

". . .can be convinced."

"I have tried. And failed."

"I am not without influence."

"But you were unwilling to aid me."

"I did not understand the nature of the problem. Now I have additional data. Your human genes dominate the kataytikh genes in one important aspect. You are functionally female. Adjustments must be made to allow for that."

"I'm not sure. . .why couldn't I. . .?"

"Chekov is human. You are Vulcan. Cultural patterns cannot be changed by court decree. I knew that. I should not have suggested that you see Dr. McCoy, I should have known you would not consider such a recourse."

She said nothing.

She had considered it. . .and she wasn't sure why she had rejected it.

He continued, "Nor can a Federation Court absolve a Daughter of her obligations. Adjustments can be made, though it often takes time. Grant me the right to speak in your behalf and I will see what can be arranged with T'Voah. If necessary, I also have the ear of T'Pau. Now that I am Kataytikh in my father's place, nobody doubts my allegiance. The compromises that I have made are looked upon with tolerance." He paused, carefully selecting a trem for a distant kinswoman. "Nathu, Vulcan needs all the Daughters in these trying times."

"Then speak for me, nathu, and I will accept what must be."

Spock rose and approached the door, but before it opened he turned and said, "Some humans are able to enter into more meaningful relationships. . .it seems to depend largely on the individual involved, on maturity and on cultural background. I have met human couples who approach our ideal very closely." He raised his hand in salute. "May You Live Long and Prosper, T'Zorel."

Live Long and Prosper, Spock."

She answered in kind. "May You

((And then what happened; Jackie?? :::(MK))..

LETTERS TO THE (Motley Crew of) EDITORS DEPARTMENT:

andrew j. offutt, Funny Farm, Haldeman, Kentucky, 40329

It was interesting, gratifying, and coincidental that Dean Koontz said in M-11 that he enjoyed reading offutt talking about writing. There's nothing I love talking about more. (Aside from offutt, I mean.) And I've found there's little fans love more than hearing pros talking "Inside." That's why my "Letters FROM Editors, or Why Writers Get Gray and Drink and Like That" was so popular in THE ESSENCE awhile back, so that I have sent editor Jay Zaremba another collection of some of the . . .uh, fascinating letters I have garnered from this and that publisher and editor. That's why Jerry Lapidus and I are calling me "Writer in Residence" at his TOMORROW AND. . ., and he printed a longish article--excerpts from my letters to him--about how my novel EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS got writ: from outline (4 drafts) through creation (1 draft, edited/corrected/revise, then subtyped) to sendoff to contract to title change and its bad pub-date: the week after Christmas, 1970. And that's hwy there will be an article like that in every issue, with yours truly also answering any questions readers ask about "Inside" stuff. That's why my last EMBELYON column was also about writing, and why I've written and sent out here and there four or five other articles on . . .writing.

Do you people ever realize how much material some of us hardworking writers give away? I figure that I must send out about 4 articles and columns and about 15 LoCs a month, which probably accounts for one week's typewriter production per month. In the other three weeks I support myself and the dogs and the cars and the offuttspring and three dentists --not to mention most of my neighbors, here in Appalachia.

I said that Koontz' letter was coincidental, along with those other adjectives. Well, see, I've just Discovered Dean Koontz. Look, HE understands, but you've got to try to. Those few of us who write for a living have to spend so damned much time reading our own stuff and research-mind-expanding-enlightenment material, we have to fight for time to read fiction for pleasure like everyone else. I get about five books read a week, but that means that every now and then I go on a wild jag and read thirteen in a week. Then for days and days something Hot is coming out of my brain onto the typewriter, or there is a subtyped ms to proofread, plus another to edit-revise-read before handing it over to be subtyped, plus a set of galleys or page-proofs from a publisher. . . Then a fat book comes along, like FOURTH MANSIONS, and the damned thing takes two mornings rather than the usual one, or something like AND CHAOS DIED comes along, and it doesn't take very long, but it's so erky that it puts me off reading for a couple of days. Or I send money to someone in New York for five or ten books in this or that specific field, a field I think maybe I want to do a book in.

Anyhow, time gets short, and I receive something like a hundred free paperbacks a year, and buy another fifty or so, and read PSYCHOLOGY TODAY cover-to-cover, and most of MANKIND, and there are nonfiction books that have to be got and read: things like FUTURE SHOCK, which sure isn't a one-night or one-morning or even one-week book, if you're trying to read and digest all that Toffler throws at you. So one do get behind. ((I get two free paperbacks a year -- wonder how many Geis gets? ...IMK)) So last week I read a book of short stories and really enjoyed it, and looked in the front. It had been sent to me by Ballantine in March 1969 and "last week" was the final week of February 1971! (The book was by James White, and next day I read two m more by him, and I will read the next ones quickly. James White ain't no bad writer, and there sure are a lot of writers, "writers," and typists who are.)

Anyhow, along about January sometime I finally read one Wollheim had sent me as an example of good Ace-double writing. The novel, DARK OF THE WOODS, was pretty good, certainly kept my interest, and the ending reached up and grabbed my head and gave it such a wrench I had to look at things sidelong for two days, sort of like a bird. Then I turned that

Ace Double over and read the short stories, a collection called SOFT COME THE DRAGONS, and I really liked those stories, every darned one of them. They were science fiction stories. Really. It's fun to read science fiction every now and then, you know? I mean as opposed to FOURTH MANSIONS and ORBIT and things. (I swear, I may have to subscribe to ANALOG one of these days.)

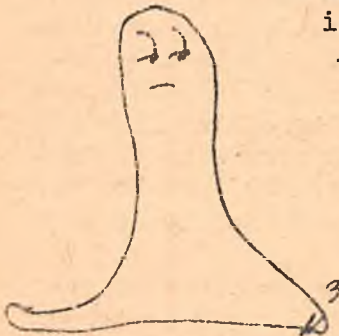
Anyhow, that Ace double was by Dean Koontz, and I immediately started looking around the shelves for more, and I found a couple and read those too. It was fun. I don't know if I'd ever read anything by Dean Koontz before or not. Fiction, I mean. I knew I remembered having read some letters, and learning that he writes the way I do, evidently: easily, swiftly, prolifically, and he probably does what I do: puts about two ideas into his Idea Notebook every time he takes one out. (That means you never catch up, and that is a very nice situation for a writer with all those dentists to support.) Also he is apparently a bit, but not much, younger than I, and I remember thinking we'd undoubtedly get along. (We're probably better off reading what each other has to say about his writing. Face to face, any two guys who write as much as we do are gonna be Talkers, and those egos are gonna go Bang, sure as hell!)

I gather that even our careers sort of parallel; in writing, that is. We sort of wrote and wrote along, doing Idea short stories --the only kind I can write --and trying to sell novels and then one day all the novels started selling about as fast as we could write them and wow, how marvy that is, because novels are about three times as easy to write as short stories. I just looked us up. We don't use the same agent. Apparently he doesn't use an agent at all, meaning he makes ten percent more per book than I do. Well, HE can buy the drink when we meet. . .I will also enjoy meeting someone named Gerda, because I have never met anyone named Gerda. She sounds like someone who might enjoy my Norse mythology juvenile novel. And I'll bet she and my Jodie would have a lot to talk about!

Look, I don't even know Dean Koontz, and furthermore, he's a competitor, and dangerously prolific and all that, and here I've spent all this time and space talking about him. I must be outta my mind. Anyhow, this letter started as just a little note to tell you I'm sending MAYBE a little article about how hard it is to Catch Up and Keep Up with Science, in writing fiction. And now this letter has done gone and run so long yall may want to hold the article for another issue. I'll see all you crazy people in June. Why don't we get Kelly and Polly Freas to stop by and pick up Dean and Gerda in their camper on the way down?

Stay well, and please be careful, and Write On!

Positively,
offutt



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+++++

W H E R E A S,

andrew j. offutt shall demonstrate his Extraordinary Ability. as a Master of Ceremonies by serving in that Capacity at this Gathering of the Fen known as the Gnomoclave, it is Meet and Just that said Fen should know More of His Career. Thus:
andrew j offutt

was born in Louisville, Kentucky and raised on a farm, in a log cabin, with a lot of holstein cattle and a couple of coonhounds and six acres of burley tobacco (which were NOT in the cabin);

skipped his senior year of high school to enter U of Louisville(Ky) on a Ford Foun-

ation Scholarship;
 sold first story at age 20, winning IF's \$1,000 College Science Fiction Contest;
 graduated 1955, having majored in English with double minor in history and psychology--
 and at this point began to educate himself;
 spent 6-plus years with Procter & Gamble(Food Sales) in Lexington Kentucky, where he
 met and married red-haired green-eyed Jodie: the names of the four offspring may
 be found in The Forgotten Gods of Earth, spelled backwards;

entered insurance business, formed own agency, moved to Morehead, wound up managing
 life and hospitalization agencies in Morehead, Richmond, and Lexington. Primary com-
 pany was Coastal States Life(Atlanta).
 That covers his childhood and apprenticeship.

He sold his first novel in 1967, followed by two more that year and four more in 1968.
 He sold another ten in 1969 and an even dozen in 1970, the first year he sold anything
 other than short fiction under his own name.
 That covers his later childhood and journeyman years.

Now he
 began writing full time in August 1970, and is a real oddball among sf writers: he has
 no other employment;
 loves people, clothes, dogs; dislikes housedogs, loudmouthed people and children in
 general;
 loves conversation and drinking: is compulsive talker and writer;
 has been toastmaster and after-dinner speaker, lectured various college classes, made
 seven half-hour radio programs for broad FM distribution, and currently has a 5-minute-
 weekly FM radio program, offutt Raps, with an audience consisting primarily of college
 students;
 Writes every day, 30-35,000 words weekly, about 20-25,000 of which are fiction;-Writes
 columns for Embelyon and Tomorrow And. . . (where he is writer-in-residence, answering
 any questions asked), and publishes 2-3 articles and LoCs monthly in various fanzines,
 for which he is a sucker.

offutt
 prefers being called "offutt," prefers young people to old --but hastens to point out
 that "some people are born Old, while others remain young at 80" and "Children come in
 all ages, and I most abhor those above the age of 20; younger ones have an excuse."

Iconoclastic, outspoken, swift-witted, he swears he was into FemLib, seriously, before
 "such un-women as Friedan, Millet, and Ti-Grace started trying to strap on balls,"
 and would certainly not deny any woman the pleasure of being a slave if that's her
 Thing. He lives in an enormous old solid-brick house atop a high hill in Appalachia,
 drives a Mercedes, drinks beer, brandy, bourbon-soda-lemon, Martinis, and "also gin and
 tonic, in season. Got to be careful about malaria, you see."

offutt holds strong beliefs in freedom, independence, the Power of Believing (his caps;
 "I would say the Power of Positive Thinking, but not after Peale's lies in the 1960
 Presidential elections"), and Vitamin C. Oh, and he's a sucker for movies, fanzines,
 and goodlooking women.

+++++

andrew j offutt
 bibliography of published works --and a few soon-to-be-published

N = novelet; a = article; s= short story.
 I: solo short material
 12/54, IF: And Gone Tomorrow(N) (as 'Andy Offut')

- 12/59, GALAXY: Blacksword (N) (reprinted in Mind Partner and 8 other Novelets from GALAXY: Doubleday, 1961; SF Book Club, 1962; Pocket Books, Inc., 1963)
- 12/66, IF: The Forgotten Gods of Earth(s)
- 7/67, IF: Population Implosion(N) (reprinted in World's Best ST: 1968, Ace)
- 2/69, IF: The Defendant Earth (s)
- 7/70, GALAXY: Ask A Silly Question (s)
- 12/70, DAPPER: Symbiote(s)
- 6/67, SEWA BULLETIN: A Dull Thud Rang Out In The Gray Dawn, etc. (a)
- 1/71, SCREW: The Pleasure of Pain(as 'John Cleve') (a)
- 11/71, PROTOSTARS: My Country, Right or Wrong or The Chauvinist(N)(Ballantine)
- 11/71, AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS: For Value Received(s)

II: collaborations

- 6/66, IF: Mandroid(with Robert E. Margroff and Piers Anthony)
- 12/67, IF: Swordsmen of the Stars(with Robert E. Margroff)
- 12/70, Orbit 8: The Book(with and with thanks to Robert E. Margroff)

III: Novels

a: pseudonymous

IN PRINT: six under assorted house pennames; three as 'Jay Andrews' and 15 as 'John Cleve' (Brandon/Exxex, Midwood, Orpheus). Of these, Barbarana and Fruit of the Loin are sf (and the writer seriously recommends the first only to those who are really into sadism); Jodinareh is set in ancient Atlantis (with a bare minimum of background); and the recent The Devoured (Midwood #508M-195-29; \$1.95) is about a brother-sister vampire team in present-day New York City (they don't suck necks). Historicals, written in styles of their settings, are Nero's Mistress, Slave of the Sudan, and Mongol! (which seems to be everybody's favorite).

b: novels as andrew j offutt

Evil Is Live Spelled Backwards; Paperback Library, 12/70

The Castle Keeps; Berkley, 8/71

Messenger of Zhuvastou; 12/71, Berkley (title to be changed)

The Great 24-Hour THING; 5/71, Pinnacle

Ardor on Aros; Dell, 1972 (included because bought in 2/1970!)

c: novels as andrew offutt with later publication dates

The Star Pearls, with D. Bruce Berry

No Son of Adam, with Robert E. Margroff

In Quest of Qalara or The Gray Universe

The New World Symphony

current projects: In 1971 offutt is writing rather fewer penname books and more sf, more than one of which will be juvenile. Also in works is Herakles, a "sort of big-kid juvenile" and, hopefully, an Ace double "because I love them and always have." He does not plan any short stories.

Funny Farm
2/20/71

Another L E T T E R, this time from illustrator for ANALOG and Hugo Award winner,

FRANK KELLY FREAS

Dear Mr. Corrick: ((Jim C. III ...IMK))

Thank you for your letter of February 16. I am enclosing a recent write-up of me done by the Chesapeake schools where I gave a talk recently. Since this gives most of the information you wanted and saves me a lot

of typing, I got a few extras.

As to how I got into Science Fiction; I began to read it at just about the time I began to read. Then when I decided to go into editorial illustration, it was the obvious first choice. I sold my first cover to Weird Tales when I was still in art school. Then when I first went to New York, I worked for If, Planet Stories, Tops in Science Fiction, 2-Science Adventure, Magazine of Fantasy, Rocket Stories, Fantastic Stories, Super Science-Fiction, etc.

After getting a few of the above under my belt I went to see John Campbell at what was then Astounding Science Fiction. We clicked and that began a long association, both friendly and business-wise.

In the late fifties I gave up S-F for a while because I felt stale and out of ideas. I had too long been concentrating in the one field. I changed to MAD magazine where I drew Alfie for the next several years, and in 1960 we went off to Mexico. There I did MAD by mail for two years, then concentrated in fine arts for a year.

When we came back I did advertising art for a spell, and then went back into Science Fiction, which is again my primary interest. However, this time I am keeping enough work going outside the field to provide a continuous flow of ideas.

As to bibliography, I would love to have a copy if one were compiled, but I would never be able to. There has just been too much work done over too long a spell. I regret to say I don't even have copies of all of it. ((Jim is doing a Freas biblio for Gnomoclave. ...IMK))

I'll be very happy to sign your originals and am very much looking forward to your Con in June.

++++
((Below, we reproduce the text of the poster announcing the talk which Mr. Freas referred to above.))

"GRAPHIC METHODS FOR DESIGN"

CHESAPEAKE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

ADULT EDUCATION SERVICE

February 25, 7:30 p.m. Indian River High School

Internationally Known Illustrator
KELLY FREAS Presents

"THE MODERN ILLUSTRATOR"

Like most artists, Kelly Freas wants to do everything: draw, paint, sculpture, do portraits, paint landscapes, design furniture and anything and everything else both related to art and completely irrelevant. Unlike most artists, he has been able to do a lot of it. Fundamentally, he began and ended as a portrait artist. In between he had done many other things. His first actual job as an artist was as a visualizer for Curtis Wright converting blueprints into 3 dimensional drawings so that the people in the shop could recognize the part when it fell on their feet. From Curtis

Wright he graduated to the Air Force where he spent a great deal of his time painting pinup girls on airplanes, and portraits of colonels. He began free lancing while going to art school and got into a wide variety of interesting projects, such as producing slot machine designs, bill boards, transit ads, car cards, political propaganda, newspaper ads and directmail pieces. After leaving art school, he directed two trade magazines in Pittsburgh. When TV came to Pittsburgh he found himself doing mostly TV commercials. Kelly Freas has always been particularly interested in illustration,

and when he decided to leave Pittsburgh for New York, he chose to go into editorial rather than advertising art. As every school boy knows it pays less, but is more fun. He shortly became known as a science fiction illustrator, and won several awards for his work in the field. This led by some unlikely paths to further specialization as a painter of Gothic saints, specifically Franciscans. He was doing a paper book jacket, among other things, when he met a little man with a missing tooth, and began the association for which he probably is best known, mainly Mad Magazine's Alfred E. Neuman, whose face he put on Mad for over five years.

Every commercial artist has the problem of due dates, and they finally caught up with Kelly. He packed up and went off to Mexico to paint for a year, what he wanted to paint, without due dates or editorial restrictions. He ended up by staying nearly four years, but by then he had gotten a lot of painting done. He came back with a new lease on life. He is now back in general illustrations, some religious art, lots of science fic-

tion, and some mysteries and of course doing portraits and paintings in whatever other time his commitments will allow.

Kelly Freas is of English-Irish extraction and born in Hornell, New York, and attended Catholic and Georgetown Universities, Washington, D.C.; Columbus Arts School, Columbus, Ohio; Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh; and the Art Institute of Pittsburgh. He has been in Virginia for three years and commutes throughout the world. His most recent jaunts include a trip aboard one of our atomic submarines, the USS Lapon, and art coverage of the Apollo 14 Launch for Analog.

Kelly's topic for tonight is "The Modern Illustrator". He will discuss problems, challenges, and techniques.

-oOo-

((The "several awards for his work" in sf alluded to above were five Hugos -- awarded in 1955, 1956, 1958, 1959, and 1970. ...HD))

F I L T R A T I O N

(or, the Davis Guy's [somewhat shrunken] Space. . .)

I will, will, will get around to reviewing the issues of COVEN 13/WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY published to date; but later. This time, room's a-lacking. So I will amuse all here assembled with my Hugo choices for this year. . .

Novels first, of course.

There's Robert Silverberg's TOWER OF GLASS, a thoroughly bad novel, and Hal Clement's thoroughly bland novel, STAR LIGHT. I have never been taken with a Silverberg tale, but Clement is the man who wrote MISSION OF GRAVITY and I expect better from him than a nearly unreadable setting in search of a story. Heinlein's I WILL FEAR NO EVIL did not deserve to be nominated and was not, but it deserved a nomination more than the preceding two novels. Wilson Tucker has often written ~~of~~ novels and spoiled them by trying childishly to surprise the reader (in WILD TALENT, THE TIME MASTERS, etc.) and last year he did it again. Pity, for the novel was otherwise ~~enjoyable~~, though not of Hugo caliber. I have read Poul Anderson's TAU ZERO only in the shortened GALAXY serial version (1967). The full novel is about a third longer. Finally, Larry Niven's novel RINGWORLD is nothing short of brilliant, as I said a couple of issues back, and towers over its four competitors. Unfortunately, several deserving novels were not nominated; and one of these -- AND CHAOS DIED by Joanna Russ -- only happens to be the best sf novel of the year, pushing RINGWORLD down to #2. For this inexcusable lapse of judgment, fie on you, my fellow fen. Too, there are several novels I would rather see on the ballot than Silverberg, Clement, or Tucker, including Roger Zelazny's NINE PRINCES

IN AMBER, John Boyd's SEX AND THE HIGH COMMAND, and Frank Herbert's WHIPPING STAR.

Now, novellas. Silverberg's "The World Outside" is very much like a Mack Reynolds story-lecture, and has smoother prose than its model, but is just as boring. "The Thing in the Stone" by Clifford D. Simak is as disappointing as his novels have been since he wrote ALL FLESH IS GRASS and revealed that he had forgotten how to write stories with endings. Much of Dean Koontz's "Beastchild" (magazine version) is enjoyable, but some of the action/suspense seems contrived. "Ill Met in Lankmar" ought to provide grounds for Fafhrd and the Mouser to sue Fritz Leiber, for the plot makes them out to be idiots. In spite of which, it was enjoyable. Finally, my choice is Harlan Ellison's virtuoso performance in "The Region Between." Harlan has gotten three Hugos for poor stories, which may lead some fans to discriminate against a story which deserves one, unfortunately. Some may tout this story as "experimental" but it is not experimental: merely brilliant.

The five short stories are good, but not outstanding. The outstanding stories in this category, such as "Dear Aunt Annie" by Gordon Eklund and "The Final Inquisition" by Joanna Russ were overlooked. Fine again, fen. Only R.A. Lafferty's "Continued on Next Rock" (my choice) and Gordon R. Dickson's "Jean Dupres" are of Hugo caliber. "Slo Sculpture", much as I hate to agree with Ted White, is substandard Sturgeon, "Brillo" by Ellison and Bova is good but not good enough. Keith Laumer's "In the Queue" was interesting only while I was reading it.

As for the Dramatic Presentation Hugo, I will abstain -- unless I am exposed to more than one of the five nominees. I was disappointed that Rod Serling's excellent adaptation of Kornbluth's "The Little Black Bag" (the only bright spot in the otherwise dreary NIGHT GALLERY) was not nominated.

Professional artists includes Leo and Diane Dillon, who are at the bottom of my list. Sorry, gang, but they just are not my kind of artists. Jeff Jones and Jack Gaughan are my kind of artists, but they are outclassed by the competition. I would have liked to see James Bama (who does the covers for the Doc Savage paperbacks) nominated, though he, too, would have been outclassed by Eddie Jones and Frank Kelly Freas, who are tied -- which results in my giving the nod to Eddie (who has zilch Hugos over Freas (who has five)).

Professional Magazine. First place to VISION OF TOMORROW, second to ANALOG, a shaky third to AMAZING (for improvement rather than quality) and as for GALAXY and F&SF -- forget it!

Fanzines -- First is SPECULATION (long overdue), then SF REVIEW, then OUTWORLDS, then ~~EMERGENT~~ EMERGENT. LOCUS is good, very good, in fact -- but I refuse to consider a publication as limited as a newszine for the Hugo.

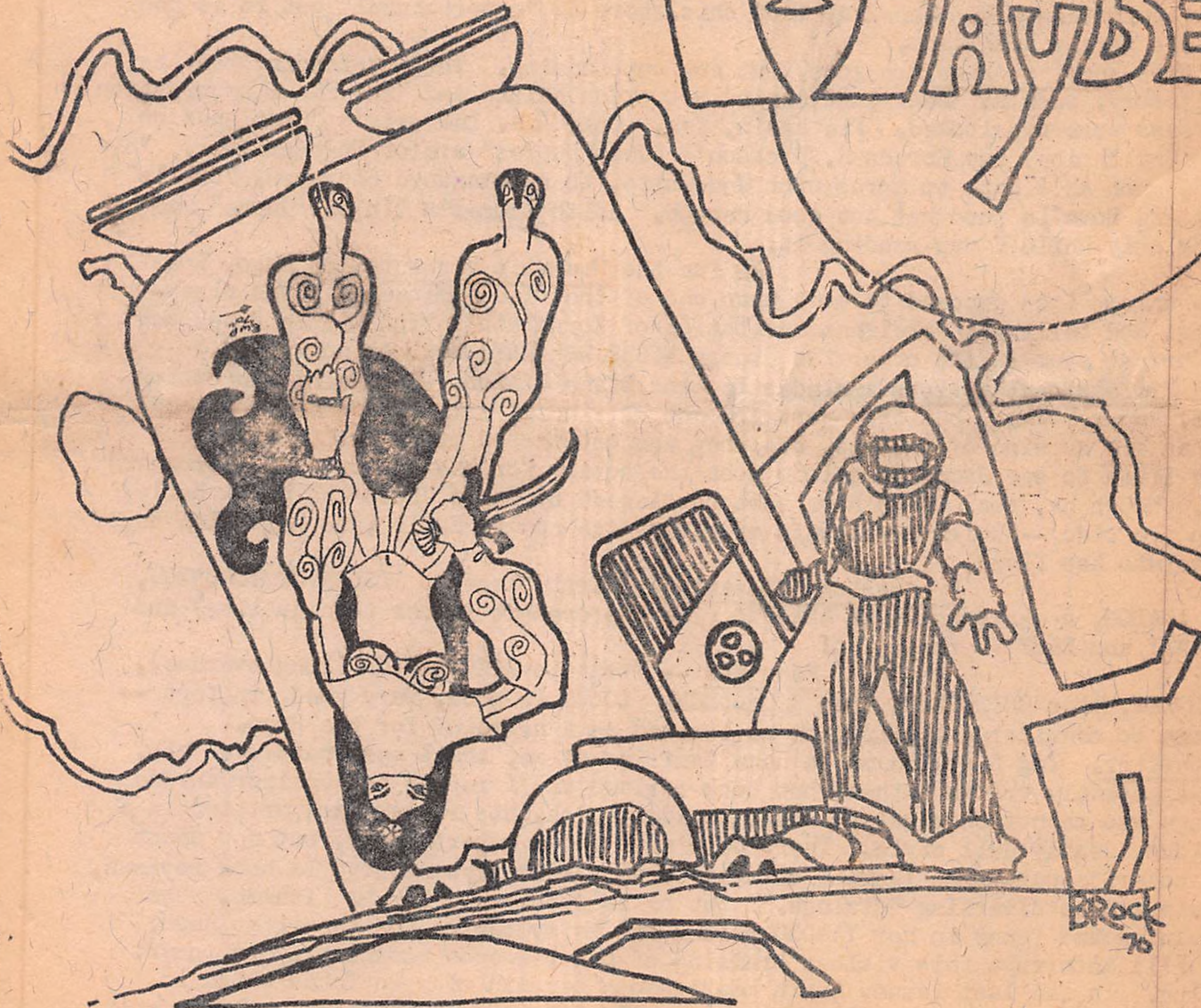
Fan Writer. Tom Digby is not a name familiar to me, and I must pass over him. Ted Pauls apparently writes nothing but book reviews and I refuse to consider anyone for the Hugo who cannot show versatility; besides which, his reviews are written in a super-serious, deadly dull style. Terry Carr used to be entertaining, but now seems to prefer to write put-downs lacking wit and taste. Aside from enjoyable book reviews, Richard Geis writes diverting "dialogs." But he is outclassed by Jiz Fishman. She is entertaining and funny in her YANDRO column and is my choice for fanwriter Hugo.

//And I'll interrupt this vicious bruising of other's egos momentarily to insert a brief plug. In the last issue, Irvin mentioned a certain city in Texas which is trying for the 1973 worldcon, so I will give equal time to my favorite; namely.....

 TORONTO in '73! / TORONTO in '73! / TORONTO in '73! / TORONTO in '73! / TORONTO in '73!

Now, back to the Hugos -- Fan Artist, that is. All nominees -- Alicia Austin, Steve Fabian, Mike Gilbert, Tim Kirk, and William Rotsler -- are excellent and awarding them a Hugo apiece would not be out of order (indeed, Tim Kirk already has one!), but only one can walk off with a little metal rocket so I am forced to apply unfair criteria. Three are eliminated by considering that Alicia Austin is three years overdue for a Hugo and Bill Rotsler is even longer overdue. And, though the choice hurts, Alicia Austin is my kind of artist and will get my vote. Oops, no more room... --Hank Davis

Maybe



IRVIN KOCH
c/o 835 Chatt. Bk. Bldg.
From: Chattanooga, TN 37402
"new" address

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