



NIMOYAN

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL OFFER!

This has got to be one of the grooviest offers ever made!

As a memorial to Tim Courtney, and an accolade to Leonard Nimoy, a novel 1972 calendar was designed for members of the NIMOYANS-SPOCK'S SCRIBES. Twelve beautiful pages of artwork done by Tim, plus information; special dates, birthdays, and forthcoming events.

The calendar will be offset, so after the year is over, the art may be used for decoration; a multiple value for the collector!

Tim Courtney (female in spite of the name) was a fashion model, a nurse, world traveller, amateur artist and photographer, *bon vivant*, and Star Trek fan. Her artwork reflects her appreciation of Mr. Spock, for the Vulcan illos are the best she's ever done. Those of you who have seen the *Star Trek Concordance of People, Places & Things*, or Ruth Berman's fanzine, *T-Negative*, will remember Tim's fabulous artwork. Tim died of cancer early in 1971, leaving the Trimbles her Star Trek collection, among which was a large portfolio of artwork in various stages of completion.

We are putting the calendar together now, with assistance from Nana Grasmick and others. If you know of a special date pertaining to Star Trek, science fiction or fan-clubbing which you think should be in this calendar, send it in! Or birthdays, anniversaries, occasions...send in your own dates (we need day and month, NOT the year!), or if you think of an event, but don't know the exact date, suggest it anyway and we'll look up the date. **BUT DON'T DELAY!** The calendar goes to press at the end of November!

THIS CALENDAR CANNOT BE PURCHASED! It is a gift from Sam Cole to you, when you renew membership in either club. New memberships will also get a calendar. But the offer extends *ONLY* to February 28, 1972! Pass the word about this calendar offer, and bring in new members for your clubs!

Annual membership dues, either club: U.S.: \$2.00 + 8/8¢ stamps, for Canada & Mexico: \$2.50, and foreign: \$3.00 (in U.S. currency, please!).

Annual membership dues, *BOTH* clubs: U.S.: \$3.50 + 8/8¢ stamps, for Canada & Mexico: \$4.00 and foreign: \$4.50.

Send membership dues to *SAM COLE*, not to the Trimbles, please! She must get the dues, and will mail out the calendars; we are only the editors and publishers of same, and will ship the completed calendars to Sam when they are completed. DO NOT try to order calendars from the Trimbles, please.

To avoid the Christmas mail hassle, renewal calendars may be sent out the week between New Year's and Christmas. If the membership is a Christmas gift for a friend, mention it to Sam, and all efforts will be made to send it in time for the holidays. Get on the mailing list early; send in those renewals now! (*And consider that gift idea; there aren't many good \$2.00 gifts left in this old world!*)

Other projects in the works are a coloring book, cook book, and other goodies; don't miss out on these! **RENEW MEMBERSHIP NOW!**

NEW 1972 CALENDAR!

THE NIMOYAN II

November, 1971

NIMOYAN-SPOCK'S SCRIBES PRESIDENT

Mrs. S. "Sam" Cornelia Cole
314 S. E. 13th Street
Grand Prairie, Texas 75050

EDITOR & PUBLISHER*

John & Bjo Trimble
420 Westminster Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90020

TABLE OF CONTENTS

*one time only; send
material to L'shaya

COVER by Karen

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL OFFER!.....	page 2
COLOPHON & TABLE OF CONTENTS.....	3
DEAR FRIENDS: a Letter From Sam Cole to the Membership.....	4
SAM'S "LEONARD NIMOY" STORYLINES.....	5
HOW TO PRODUCE A BEAUTIFUL FANZINE by Bjo.....	6
CARTOON.....	7
WHAT'S A LEONARD NIMOY? by Beryl Van Riper.....	8
ILLO: PIC OF PARIS by Marty.....	9
REVIEWS: MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE edited by Dee L. Gurnett.....	10
PEEPING THROUGH THE KNOTHOLE...by K-Nut Flanery.....	16
CARTOON: TRIALS OF SPIES by Marty.....	17
UNICEF REPORT by Jeanie Fudala.....	18
TRICK OR TREAT by Bjo.....	19
CARTOON: COOL CATS by Alan Cole.....	20
COMMENTS ON THE REVIEW OF THE BALCONY by L'shaya S. Salkind.....	21
A POEM TO LEONARD NIMOY by Trish.....	22
THE WATCHER by Karen Flanery.....	23
CARTOON.....	26
NO DIFFERENT FLESH by Sylvia Stanczyk.....	27
CARTOON: IMAGES by Karenutt.....	32
FLIGHT #507 by Betty Ann Sheridan.....	33
BIOGRAPHY OF A RETARDED GENIUS by Sam Cole.....	34
THE SUN SHALL RISE TOMORROW...by Karen.....	37
SPOCK-PARIS by Edna Mae Hahn.....	38
CARTOON: PERILS OF THE AUTOGRAPH PURIST by Karen.....	39
A VERSE-A RHYME-A POEM-A GAME by Diane Marchant.....	40
B-JOTTINGS ramblings & rappings from Bjo.....	41

BACOVER by Diane Marchant

CONTEST DEADLINE SET FORWARD!

Due to the delays in getting various publications out, we must once more set the costume design contest deadline forward to give everyone a chance to work out fabulous designs. SPOCKULATIONS should have had a Nov. 31 deadline; well, we've advanced it to Dec. 28. If you do not have a copy of the rules, write to THELMA STONE (gotcha, Thelma!) 112 Thornhill, #10, Fort Worth, TX 76107 and send a SASE.

A special attraction for the winners of this contest will be the possibility of having YOUR design actually made up to be modeled at the World Science Fiction Convention, in Los Angeles, over Labor Day weekend in 1972. Naturally, photographs will be sent to the designer of a costume used.

Dear Friends,

A short note (from Sam?) yeah, well anyway it is intended to thank all of you who have so greatly contributed to my support, morally, physically & emotionally.

A great deal has happened in the last 3 months & I am going through a rather traumatic state at the moment. I've controlled 2 clubs (one for over 4 years & another for 1-1/2 years), and made Chapter Director of the LNAF. Now I've a Co-President, a Vice President, a Secretary of Area Captains, a "Poisonal" Secretary, and Area Captains to handle the club. I suddenly wonder if I am needed all that much. (With all those departmental heads, why do we need a Mayor? A Governor? A President? Because the best divisions in the world have to have a central head to whom they report and who coordinates efforts. That's why your clubs need you! Right, gang? -Bjo) They all seem to be running things fine as Bjo does nice sneakies behind my back making it possible for you to get this double issue. Both are proper length for a Journal. However 14 of you are getting two packets which may confuse you. We have 160 N&S, 14 Nimoyans only & 38 Spock's Scribes only. Jan & Thelma are doing & paying for the SPOCKULATIONS issue of which 14 Nimoyans will get a packet intended for both zines (both clubs).

Many who have not renewed & shouldn't get the Full issue will get it. Each club promised a member 2 Journals a year & newsletters if necessary. Once you get the fulfilled number of issues due you, you must renew in the months of Jan. or Feb. to get the new set-up: 4 Grapevines (newsletters) a year, my Christmas newsletter with clips for as long as they last, and 1 Journal or Yearbook in each club. SPOCKULATIONS can easily run to 100 pages. The length of the NIMOYAN depends on your own ingenuity and imagination concerning Leonard Nimoy. Yes, reports of appearances, etc, but the Scribes are and always have been writers. That is what "scribe" means.

The NIMOYAN is going partially fictional. I want Nimoy stories & enclosed is an impromptu list I made when I got a "what do you mean, 'use LN's name & write an original story for him?'". His "character" must have a name made from the name LEONARD NIMOY. Mix the letters up to form a name, using only those letters. (The storylines are weak because they were scribbled as I made a list of names and picked 4 at random.) The character can be serious, a good guy, a bad guy, or a laugh from beginning to end. Write a short story, because a serial that runs for 3 years with 1 issue carrying each episode just won't cut it. Do it in script style, book or movie. Pretend it is a pilot film for a TV series, but it must be your own story, not one from a book, but your story. The best each issue (NIMOYAN only) will get a prize & free membership.

Naomi Bradfield has given me permission to print "Last Leaf" in our 1972 SPOCKULATIONS. It will not be presented as a serial, but at once, filling 50 to 60 pages. I'll print the last 2 episodes of "Once Upon a ST" (illness prevented me from finishing it for this year as I intended). I hope our Spock stories will also have some mixture of Kirk, McCoy, Scott, Sulu, Uhura, Chekov & Chapel. We are a Spock club, but let's see some material on the others. Thanks to Ruth Berman we have info on shows each has done & is doing. This will come next year.

Two of 3 people complain that we are not printing material adult enough. Our zines are juvenile. Since I write juvenile fiction, and we have a great many under-15 members, I've done what I could to please as many as possible, but I print what I get. Diane Marchant wrote a very beautiful story I haven't published for one reason; Plato's Stepchildren happens a second time & is carried to its fulfillment. It is done with

(Sam's letter: cont.)

taste and well-handled. I am considering the printing of it for just one reason--I want reactions. Am I pampering the members? The complaints on this are limited & mostly it is new members who want a little hanky-panky happening in good taste. I want your opinions on it.

Again thanks to all for the financial aid, (Bjo, one of these days!) & keep those cards & letters coming in. I need my club members like I never needed anyone or anything before. I am asking, indeed, begging that you have patience with my club staff, all of whom are in need of the patience you have shown me. Area Captains work with Nana & acknowledge her position for a smoother-run club or you must be dropped & replaced with reliable people who will respond to her when she write & do what she requests. We are all, after all, working for Leonard Nimoy, the LNAF & ourselves, as fans. Never mind the rumors & gossip, a true fan never repeats such drivel.

Well, my dear friends, I may seem inactive but you will know my hand is in there. The Drs. say 3 to 9 months. Can you see Houston after my "kids" down there and I have a mini-con reunion? Whee! No, Sam no longer exerts herself. I answer fewer letters & tapes. The chapters are what I still actively control as Director. I leave the rest in competent hands until I can be more active. However I make final decisions on actions taken, so if my staff says thus & so, it's me talking.

Live Long & Prosper
in
Health, Peace & Love

Sam

SAM'S "LEONARD NIMOY" STORYLINE #1:

Noel Renard stretched leisurely in his chair. He swiveled it around to look out the window at the thick yellow haze that passed for air these days. He was going to have to get back to the cabin before he forgot what real air was like. Eight years at work and no vacation yet!

He groaned and then laughed at his foolishness. "No rest for the wicked," he thought. "Nor the Private Eye," he said aloud.

The case was a peculiar one this time. He turned back to the spacious, well-furnished office and glanced around it. Renard remembered how he had dreamed of an opulent office like this, and how long it had taken him to get it. "Private Eye": what an obsolete term! It hardly applied to the year 1990, or a Telepath in search of Espers...

...can you take this story from here?

Try to imagine what kind of man Renard would be, who can read minds; why he went into the detecting business? What kind of world is there in 1990 that still has smog in the air; what type of city is he in? And who are these Espers; why must he track them down?

A good story, even a short story, must have a beginning, a middle and a definite ending. Anything else is an interesting incident, nothing more. Consider how many of the above questions can be merely indicated, how many of them might forward the action. Apply this same approach to the other storylines, for fullest development of the character and storyline. And by all means, do not stay with just these ideas; form your own plots, and START WRITING!

HOW TO PRODUCE A BEAUTIFUL FANZINE: STENCILS

Wouldn't you enjoy a more readable fanzine, with finer-drawn artwork? The *NIMOYAN* and *SPOCKULATIONS* are projects for and by club-member writers and artists. The amount of work involved in publishing these fanzines requires that everyone do their own stencilling, if possible, or help the editors by stencilling other's work. A few simple directions can aid your typing tasks, make your publisher happy, and produce a handsome fanzine.

There are those who want to get quality work without paying attention to techniques; it is usually rather dull to follow instructions, but good work habits can save so much time for yourself and increase efficiency of the job at hand. The following suggestions are for those who have been sent stencils with no instructions, and may even nudge those who never bother to read directions and then wonder why they get low-quality work! For supplies mentioned herein, call a dealer of mimeographs; if he doesn't have what you need, he can tell you where to buy it. Some stationery shops also carry duplicating supplies. In nearly 13 years of amateur publishing, we have had to devise some inventive substitutes for expensive materials, so alternate ideas are listed for those who cannot obtain the correct materials, or find their local suppliers are too costly.

1. **READ INSTRUCTIONS!** Directions are on or inside every stencil box.

2. **CLEAN TYPEWRITER KEYS!** If your typer has dirty keys, it won't cut a clear stencil, but will create mushy areas when printed. Get the gunk out of the o's, e's and other letters for a readable page! Use a stiff brush (or a toothbrush) briskly, and a pin to pick out large chunks of gunk and dirt. Use typer cleaner, but don't try cleaning or lighter fluid or other liquids; it could ruin the platen (roller), or make it sticky.

3. **A CUSHION SHEET MAY BE NECESSARY:** if your typer doesn't make indentations into a standard sheet of typing paper when it's been set at heaviest stroke, you need a cushion sheet. This is a lightly waxed (on one side) piece of paper slipped between the stencil and the backing sheet (the stiff sheet of paper the stencil is attached to). A cushion sheet allows the keys to sink through the stencil and cut a clean, deep letter. Kitchen waxed paper will do, though perhaps 2 or 3 sheets at a time may be needed.

4. **INSERTING STENCIL IN TYPER:** put perforated end in first--the part with holes in it at the top. Make sure stencil is taut; release platen and realign stencil, if necessary, just as with typing paper. Disengage ribbon; you can see what you type as the white backing shows through.

5. **TYPING PLATE:** a thin, unmarked plastic sheet, often used under the cushion sheet for sharper, crisper reproduction of a stencil. Older typewriters usually need this. Very thin plastic, such as the acetate used on art at a show, can be cut to fit and may be cheaper; it must be thin enough to roll around the platen easily.

6. **FILM:** with fold-over paper tops to fit over stencil, or sticky dots to attach film to stencil, are used to protect the keys from getting bits of stencil stuck in them, and to prevent the keys from taking holes and chunks out of the stencil. Any pliofilm will do; sandwich wrap or Saran type material (make sure it does not pull the stencil out of shape.) It is placed over the stencil before it is inserted into the typer.

7. **CORFLU: THE MAGIC FORMULA!** Corflu: Correction Fluid is absolutely necessary for typing on stencil! Colorless nail polish can be used, but with indifferent success. Roll stencil up a few lines, place a pencil between stencil and cushion sheet so word to be corrected is not touching anything. Peel film front-wise, but do not remove stencil from typer. Apply corflu sparingly, allow to dry 30 seconds and retype correct word!



I wonder if we ought to admit we know this one...

WHAT'S A LEONARD NIMOY?

As our slogan goes "What's a Leonard Nimoy?" "AH!"

As a whole, let me say first that Leonard Nimoy is a strong and exciting MAN! This, in heart, mind, soul, and body.

He's handsome to look at, not in the classic Hollywood sense of a superbly developed male animal of the blonde, Nordic type, but in a way that comes from a face with a keen mind behind it; an infinitely more fascinating personality.

But do not think I denigrate his good looks. I love his height, his cool eyes, his strong hands and the way he handles himself. Altho he is too thin, except for that ghoul, the camera, I prefer this type of build. It also adds to his ability to wear absolutely anything with a flair, to which he adds his own particular elan to the costume of the moment. I am thinking in particular of that gorgeous red lined magicians cape he wore so spectacularly in "The Falcon" episode on Mission Impossible.

He has a most mobile face that can and has assumed the aloof immobility of a Chinese, a laughing gypsy countenance and the arrogant profile of a ruthless military officer. He can look exceedingly handsome and totally inept with the complete competence of a superb actor.

I hope he never gets "typed" and imprisoned in the static role of a star of a TV series. "And if this be treason" - he may make the most of it. Such a situation may be financially satisfying, but it would be a dead-end for all of us, NO? Feel free to disagree.

As a strong man, secure in his own ability, he has great tenderness and the few times he has been allowed to express it in his TV roles, have been most moving moments.

Because of this, I am looking forward to the "new Paris" in Mission Impossible. To which program, incidentally, I feel he brought a whole new dimension, adding to it's excitement immeasurably.

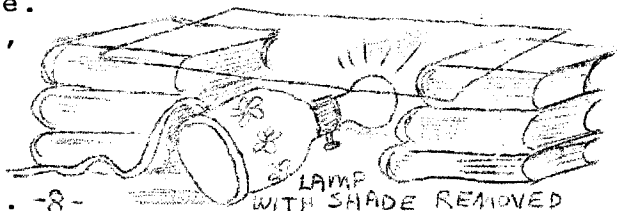
The small glimpses of his personal life we have been permitted to see have shown us a man with both feet on the ground, his heart secure in the center of his family and a mind that is actively concerned with the problems of today.

I enjoy him as an actor immensely and consider it a privilege to have him enter my living room every week. I think highly of him, both as a person and as a man.

Beryl Van Riper

HOW TO PRODUCE A BEAUTIFUL FANZINE: HOMEMADE LIGHTBOX

A lightbox is handy, but expensive. You can trace art or correct mistakes, and proofread easily with a lightbox, lots better than holding the stencil up to the light. Any sheet of glass or plexiglas, frosted or clear, will do. Use masking tape to hold stencil.





M. G. '71

MISSION : IMPOSSIBLE

Edited by...Dee L. Gurnett

LOVER'S KNOT (Rerun: 8/30/70)

Reviewed by: Beryl Van Riper
Clemmons, N.C.

This is a story of espionage and romance with Paris dominating the action.

The mission was to find the leak in the espionage cryptology department in England and discover the leader.

Because the wife of a British peer is known to be involved, Phelps and Paris meet her socially and "seem" to fall for her charms. Unfortunately, Paris really falls in love with her and she reciprocates. A very believable situation as the lady is beautiful and Paris is at his handsomest.

The usual gadgetry takes place under the watchful eye of Barney and with the aid of Willie, the "power" behind the missions. A fake sending station is set up, a car is radar-equipped, Paris wears a "sounding" unit in a cufflink so they can pick up his course when he meets the "boss." Barney goes to the lady's town house and puts a fake front on the furnace, setting a real gas jet alight behind it.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Paris has a date with the lady. When he arrives he takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately. It is then he discovers it has all been filmed by her partner in the next room. Paris is furious, but helpless as they blackmail him into joining their side.

The photographer leaves and Phelps arrives, amorously tipsy. When he tries to embrace the lady, Paris belts him one. Phelps falls, "fatally" striking his head on the fender.

Paris cold-bloodedly tells the girl the body must be disposed of. Wrapping it in a blanket, he takes it downstairs and throws it into the furnace. Barney, waiting on the other side, grabs Phelps as he tumbles through the gas flames. Such is the power of the acting and the story that it gives you a chill to see Paris chuck Phelps into the greedy flames, even though you know it's a fake.

Paris, having impressed the enemy agents with this action, is taken to the enemy headquarters, followed by the M:I forces through the medium of the cuff-link radar.

The leader turns out to be the lady's husband! As Paris is agreeing to work for them, a phone call informs the leader that Paris and Phelps are fake! Now Paris is really in danger, but M:I comes to his rescue.

Safe outside the walls of the estate, Paris insists on going back alone to rescue the lady, as her husband was threatening to kill her.

They all go back, just in time to save her. Telling the husband Scotland Yard is due to arrive in a few minutes, they leave. The husband shoots himself.

Paris and the lady take a sad farewell in the car as the M:I force leaves, passing the Scotland Yard car on the way out.

The action, for M:I, is very light for when romance enters the scene time for action is cut to the minimum. Being a dyed-in-the-wool romanticist, I didn't mind at all. In fact, I would like to see all of the M:I men have a whirl at romance. There are times when I begin to wonder if they know there are two sexes!

But when Paris looks with longing at a pretty lady, there is no doubt!

BORN TO WIN (9/19/70)

Reviewed by: Farren Michaels
Chicago, Ill.

Guest Cast: Eddie Lorca.....Robert Conrad
Barton.....Davis Roberts

Scene opens on shabby room containing a slovenly-looking individual in an undershirt trying to read while a young mini-skirted woman dances to overly-loud music (?). He receives a phone call commissioning him to take on a \$25,000 contract. He is to fly to Los Angeles and receive further instructions there.

In the meantime we are treated to a view of the California coastline and a fisherman trying his luck. Friend Phelps makes an appearance and the fisherman wanders off to allow him to rummage through his bait box.

The assignment is quite simple: all the M:I force has to do (if they will accept...has anyone ever heard of them refusing yet?!) is find out who the victim is, how and when he/she is to be eliminated, and lastly the name of Lorca's boss Scorpio. (Ever wonder how M:I's bosses even get the info they do?) Lorca is an eccentric who doesn't even know what he will do until the last moment himself. (It all goes on a throw of the dice...habitual gambler.) As a result, the M:I force must practically live in Lorca's skin to keep tabs on him.

They succeed, of course. Frankly, I was a bit disappointed with the first M:I show of the new season. What worries me at this time is, how did the M:I force's boss manage to get both so little and so much information at the same time? Perhaps I glanced away at the critical point...or did they bother to give an explanation?

Aside from that, I congratulate them for turning to a much more realistic approach to their story in many instances.

As pointed out by an associate of mine, many of you may note some similarities between Lorca and Richard Speck...the tattoo with the motto, etc. This does show some thought on the part of the authors,

but I would caution them to keep it within more modest bounds. The commandeering of an entire hotel for the entrapment of one criminal organization does sound a little far-fetched.

As for Mr. Nimoy's performance, it was, as always, excellent. When he acts, he believes and makes the audience believe with him. An ability rare even among actors. We saw very little of him in this evening's performance, and deem that a misfortune and a sheer waste of talent. I sincerely hope that he will not continue to be so much in the background as he was on this first show.

MY FRIEND, MY ENEMY (10/24/70

Reviewed by: Luanne Hofschulte
Denver, Colo.

Guest Cast: Enid.....Jill Haworth
 Tabor.....Mark Richman
 Ernst.....Bruce Glover
 Maur.....Wesley Lau
 Meerghan.....Tony Giorgio
 Inga.....Chris Holter
 Desk Clerk.....Aaron Fletcher

Hey! Tony Giorgio is the actor-magician who taught Nimoy his Zastro tricks...

On the way to Geneva after completing a mission, Paris, riding a motorbike, is forced off the road and tranquilized. He has been captured by Karl Maur, an enemy agent that Paris had exposed last year. Maur places him in the hands of Dr. Tabor, who attempts to psychologically program Paris to be an assassin--made to order. Under hypnosis, Paris is repeatedly prodded by painful experiences from out of his past. He is made to hate his father who degraded Maria, the mother Paris never knew; he is reminded of Inga, his sweetheart, who was shot by his idol, Meerghan, a magician. Tabor, through such repeated emotional confrontations, makes Paris hate those he loved and reject all his father figures. An electrode is implanted in the "kill center" of his brain; activated by remote control, the electrode causes Paris to become highly agitated at Tabor's will.

When Paris arrives late, Phelps must assume that he has been in enemy hands. The Secretary is notified and the clearance procedure begins. His motorbike is located and checked. Paris follows the rule book by checking in at the Waldorf Inn under a pseudonym, then reporting to Phelps. Doug checks him medically while Jim analyzes the particles found on his clothes. Paris often gets sudden heavy pains in his head and afterwards becomes easily irritated against Phelps. Also, Paris has been having recurring dreams of Meerghan killing Inga, but doesn't understand them and has no idea he's about to kill his control.

While Paris is staying at the hotel he becomes very attached to a beautiful girl named Enid. She bears a remarkable resemblance to Inga and is an agent of Tabor. She convinces Paris that she wants to defect

and he is willing to go away with her after Phelps informs him that he has been in enemy hands. Paris begins to see Jim as Meerghan and threatens him.

Dana, at an appointment with Maur at the East European Trade Service, covers the entry of Barney and Doug into the building. They discover Tabor's office and see a vicious dog with an electrode protruding from its head. Doug discovers what has happened to Paris and notifies Jim.

Before Phelps arrives to tell Paris the story, Enid calls Paris and frantically says that Phelps is frightening her. By the time Paris comes to her, he finds her shot. The bloody scene between Meerghan and Inga returns, and so when Paris sees Jim, he is out to kill!

Paris fires at him; they struggle and Jim tries to reason with him, but to no avail. Paris is filled with anger, pain, and revenge. As Paris is about to shoot Phelps point-blank, Tabor comes out of hiding and orders him to fire. Confused, Paris whips around and shoots Ernst, Tabor's assistant. Tabor is caught, Paris is remedied, and the final scene pictures Paris happily petting a close friend--the very familiar German shepherd.

Viva M:I and the script writer for giving Paris this much-deserved role! The plot was great (Paris was born in Cleveland!) and the acting, of course, superb! We knew Mr. Nimoy could do it...by the way, was "Fido" a rental from the "Pet Pad"??

MY FRIEND, MY ENEMY (10/24/70

Reviewed by: Betty Ann Sheridan
W. Springfield, Mass.

Finally M:I writers discover PARIS is on the M:I force side! To refresh your memory: our HERO is in a motorcycle accident. Big Bad Enemy car forces Paris off the road. Capture is certain. Now you didn't think the enemy would be as kind to HIM as us fans? Of course not. The enemy fixes him so he could kill his controller (Jim Phelps). The enemy was good to us fans--made Paris reveal his name--Fred Stark of Cleveland, Ohio.

When he is let loose, he goes to a resort lodge. There he meets Jim Phelps, falls in love with an enemy agent (which was planned). In the end, naturally, the enemy plans don't work. You don't think they would allow Paris to really kill Jim Phelps? Heck, no. The enemy did kill the gal Paris loved.

This was a very good story. Finally our HERO was allowed an episode of his very own.

HUNTED (11/28/70

Reviewed by: Luanne Hofschulte
Denver, Colo.

Guest Cast: Gabby.....Ta-Tanisha
Inspector.....Ivor Barry
Follett.....John Alderson
Luddy.....Herbert Jefferson, Jr.

The mission is to free ailing African freedom leader, Colda, from interrogation so that he may establish a government in exile.

Doug and Barney (who's in make-up as a white man) rescue Colda from the hospital where he is being held. They are discovered, however, and Barney is shot in the leg. The IMF must leave him for now, but after Colda is taken to safety, the force, determined to find Barney, begins a massive search. The police force also has a wide-spread search for him, but they still are looking for a white man.

Barney has been hidden by a beautiful deaf-mute girl who has removed the bullet and given him her loyalty. Barney discovers that her parents died for Colda's cause and that Gabby once lived with Colda's family. He believes that her condition may be psychosomatic and can be helped by American doctors.

When Phelps searches her home, she thinks he is a policeman, so acknowledges nothing. Later, though, she tries to find Barney's friends at the meeting place and is frightened away by the police--but not before Dana sees her and informs Phelps.

Barney is discovered by Gabby's cousin who calls the police for the reward money just as Phelps, Dana, and Doug arrive. They knock him out and drive away with Barney and Gabby to pick up Paris. Paris, who injured some ribs in the chase, is rescued by IMF helicopters in the nick of time, amid a spray of bullets from the police.

This episode was touching and humanistic in the scenes with Gabby and Barney. Paris was also very striking as the limping decoy, and later, when he was struck in the ribs with the pulley, all his fans must surely have cringed in pain with him.

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE (12/26/70) Reviewed by: Luanne Hofschulte
Denver, Colo.

Guest Cast Siomney.....Lou Antonio
Jorge Cabal.....Joe De Santis
Frederico.....Lee Duncan
Carlos Cabal.....David Renard

Walter A Phelan, powerful hotel magnate who had just completed a 30-million dollar deal--this was Paris' cover for his previous mission.

The cover had to be maintained much longer, though, as Phelan is kidnapped by the popular revolution front, headed by Jorge Cabal. Cabal offers to exchange Phelan for three political prisoners being held--

one is his son.

Paris, however, fakes Hodgekins' Disease by eating some berries near his cell. He claims he'll be dead soon without proper medication, so Barney and Doug are permitted an airborne delivery. The phoney medicine is delivered, complete with homing device. After Phelan recovers, he is forced to transmit a message saying he is in good health, then proceeds to convey a message to his "family"--a code to the IMF. Now, along with aerial photographs, the IMF knows where Paris is being held.

The prison refuses to release the prisoners but will cooperate with the IMF. Phelps poses as Colonel Tiba, prosecutor, who publicly rejects the ransom and sentences the three to death if Phelan is not released.

The "execution" of two of the prisoners is televised and no one suspects that the men have been replaced by life-like dummies. Dana poses as young Carlos' fiancée, hazardingly entering San Estevan to beg for the life of Cabal's son.

Secretly Dana is ordered to be killed by Siomney, a young leader, but Barney intervenes in time. Molding a facial mask, Barney takes the place of Frederico, the executioner, and when ordered to kill Phelan also, he slips Paris a compound to simulate death.

Just as Carlos is brought before the firing squad, Cabal calls a halt and is granted reprieve. Cabal is willing to give in but is informed that Phelan is now dead. He begs Col. Tiba to spare his son's life in exchange for the surrender of Siomney and Frederico.

They are driven away along with Phelan's body but as the IMF members reunite, Siomney realizes the farce. Defeated and angry, Siomney and Frederico are sent to prison and the IMF heads for home.

--end--

Sam's "Leonard Nimoy" Storyline # 2:

Adrian Lord read the letter for the fifth time, still refusing to believe it. Marcy dead! Women like Marcy didn't die, not even by murder, though he had often wished to do exactly that to her. She devoured men like a black widow spider; even dead, she could make him blindly angry. She still clutched at a man, reaching out of the grave to hold him; he was to come and collect her two children, for he was their guardian.

Again he read the letter. What the H--- was he going to do with Marcy's brats? He didn't even know what sex they were; the father was an even bigger mystery! There had to be a way out. A writer certainly didn't need kids, not even his, fostered on him. He did wonder who Marcy had blackmailed for the money left to the kids.

"Wasn't it enough for her to destroy me without saddling me with...!" The phone rang and he answered it wearily.

"Mr. Lord, this is Lt. Jim Yoshida, Hawaii Police. It is very important that you come here at once. The children whose care was left in your hands have disappeared..."

PEEPING THRU THE KNOTHOLE IN GRAN'PA'S WOODEN LEG TO SEE A MONKEY
WRAP HIS TAIL AROUND THE FLAGPOLE

by

K-NUT FLANERY

Now. All those who: A. Have been lucky to be within the presence, and breathing the same air as "THE MAN" ...and B., had a camera with you; will recognize the following, THE CHISHOLM EFFECT. (named for it's original author to whom I am, natch, indebted.) This is the basic laws of Frustration, Mishap, and Delay. I am going to illustrate these laws in order that you, hopefully, will recognize what I mean. The first law is: "IF ANYTHING CAN GO WRONG, IT WILL." That means anything. any-ol-thing at all...film, camera, exposures, winders, flashes, batteries, case, lenses, timers, kapooists and ginger-thingies. Now, the corollary of this is: "IF ANYTHING JUST CAN'T GO WRONG, IT WILL." Let me tell you. I had with me one day....the day of all days...., a trusty, reliable, fumble- ginger-proof-karenutt-proof box brownie with color film in. I got virgin batteries! I checked 'em and filed 'em da points! Perfect. New flash-bulbs. I checked the manufacturer's date on them. The film I got from reliable ol' friends...ditto new, said on the box "EXPOSE BEFORE 1972". That gave me a leeway of nearly two years. The film in that box was a baby. I carefully loaded the thing in a near-black room, gently inserted batteries, noting which ends were up, and I was all set. Brove all that way, got to my object, and.... then....! I dropped that camera...a brownie nut-proof,, the thing which never in it's life did before...opened up and the whole roll of baby color film went YAH-HOOO! all over the floor! Well. ahem! Let's scratch THAT effort....! The "curse" struck again. (sob). Well, that illustrates the corollary. Now. Second law: "WHEN THINGS ARE GOING WELL, SOMETHING WILL GO WRONG." You name it. Somebody will pat yo onna back and say "HI!!" just as you push da button..or something. Or! you can zero in on your subject, take a step back and fall over some wires..or someones foot, or a roller skate. Try shooting in a crowd. Yeah, try. When you get the courage to plunk that magic plannger, booiinnng! up pops sum fool in yore view-finder. Now. This law also has it's obvious corollary: "WHEN THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE, THEY WILL." As, the lights will go out, the eclipse of the sun will commence...or another Les Angeles earthquake. Truly, those of you who serenely sail in confidence in your equipment and skill are those doomed to frustration. The only way one can do it is consult the horoscope, inscribe a hex sign in the dirt with your left foot, and pray. Now. - Are you ready for the second corollary? This gem has two. It is: "ANYTIME THINGS APPEAR TO BE GOING BETTER, YOU HAVE OVERLOOKED SOMETHING." Don't laugh. Look again. Is the film in? Is the flash connected? Is the exposure right? Timer? How about distance????? Yeah, and the film comes out and what you got is a gorgeous technicolor blur with a white swath through it, (which you can deduce as= "teeth".) Now. By old superstition, things come in threes, so-ooo what not we commence with the third law. "PURPOSES, AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE PURPOSER (that's you, Dad..)-WILL BE JUDGED OTHERWISE BY OTHERS." Aheheheheh! That why...that why..if by wild miracles, you do get a gorgeous picture, some joker is gonna say.. "why did you take a picture of him?" or worse..(leer!)"Joh-Hoo! I bet I know why..." This latter joker we can strive to ignore entirely. Da bunches of corollaries which go with this are...1. "IF YOU EXPLAIN SO CLEARLY THAT NO ONE CAN MISUNDERSTAND, SOMEONE WILL" and 2. "IF YOU DO SOMETHING WHICH YOU ARE SURE WILL MEET EVERYBODY'S APPROVAL, SOMEBODY WON'T LIKE IT.." (-and that covers the whole ground of what you do with the negative after you got your picture..hehehe le-re-heh.) If things aren't bad enough, there is a final kink which brings you back to the beginning. It is: "PROCEDURES DEVISED TO IMPLEMENT THE PURPOSE WON'T QUITE WORK" .. Hey now...were you planning to send a print to him????? That does bring us around and uh...the less said about that, the better!





whoops! There
blows the image?

U.N.I.C.E.F. REPORT

Poverty is an ugly reality for the majority of humankind. Over half the people of the world are hungry and malnourished. Hunger kills 10,000 people a day and disease kills another 20,000. Death from starvation takes a toll of 40,000,000 people a year. Life expectancy in the underdeveloped parts of the world averages 45 years; as compared to life in the U.S..

Most of us have little conception of what real misery or starvation is, or the extent of it. It may surprise many of you to learn that even in the "affluent" United States, 10 million people are suffering from chronic malnutrition, and 30,000,000 people live at the poverty level.

Another thing scarcely realized is that the situation is not getting better. According to a United Nations study, it is, in fact, getting worse. The poor are getting poorer. The chasm between the wealthy and the impoverished nations is widening. Protein intake on the average in North America is 66 grams a day; while in Asian countries, it is as low as 8 grams a day! A dog in North America receives more protein than a child in India!

For many of the world's children, UNICEF is the only hope. UNICEF is the only factor that keeps them from the brink of starvation, or disease. In this day of waste, a small monetary gift to UNICEF accomplishes a great deal...

5¢ can buy the penicillin needed to cure two children of the yaws; a dread tropical disease.

\$1.00 vaccinates 80 children against T.B.

\$5.00 can furnish the baby fish needed to stock 3 villages with fish ponds for vital protein.

\$10.00 will provide 2,000 servings of protein-rich food, and 2,500 glasses of milk to hungry children.

\$50.00 can buy a set of equipment for mother-and-child health care centers, or 200 baby chicks for an applied nutrition program.

\$100.00 will stock 60 villages with ponds of baby fish for protein.

UNICEF has done a great deal of working to alleviate such disasters as the massive famine in Biafra, the crises faced by the Jordanian and Pakistani refugees, and the destruction wrought by the Peruvian earthquakes and Pakistani floods. Yet, Henry R. Labourisse, Executive Director of the Children's Fund, reminds us that sudden temporary disasters must not make us lose sight of the daily disasters which are around us all the time.

We cannot kid ourselves; in his eloquent TV message for UNICEF, Peter Ustinov stated that while the organization reaches 100,000,000 children, there are 90,000,000 more it cannot reach. UNICEF gets no help from the government's funds for jobs the governments should be doing. Ustinov gave a superb example of what, tragically, are world priorities, when he stated that as much money is spent on the world's children as is spent on two hours of clean modern warfare. If as much money was spent on children as is squandered on ONE DAY of this modern warfare, the hunger problem would be on its way to being eliminated.

(continued...)

(UNICEF REPORT: continued):

UNICEF needs our help. Please share with our fellow human beings in club and individual efforts. An excellent opportunity is coming soon; the annual TRICK OR TREAT for UNICEF. (Well, remember it for next year!)

Some good news: the LNAF project in honor of Leonard Nimoy's birthday raised \$146.15. The Scribes wishes to repeat the LNAF thanks to the following people, who gave so generously in this effort: Gloria Lillibridge, Yvonne Malaczowska, E. Regina Heroth, Doris Nelson, Edna Nelson, Margaret O'Conner, Miriam Rana, Verna Schmidt, Dorothy Schwab, Linda Sensentg, Sarah Smith, Louise Stange and Vickers.

I also want to take the opportunity to say this: Leonard Nimoy has often thanked us very warmly for our efforts in behalf of UNICEF. Speaking for what I know must be the thoughts of many, I wish to gratefully thank Mr. Nimoy on behalf of all of us for contributing so much in arousal of our own interest in this worthy project.

Peace

Jeanie Fudala

TRICK OR TREAT!

Because this issue missed Hallowe'en, and the possibility of reminding you to collect UNICEF pennies, here is an alternate plan...

If you will help vaccinate 80 youngsters against T.B., I'll "treat" you to 20 different film clips! Now that's the kind of "tricks" to play!

Help keep my postal bills down; send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for quick return of the film clips, and \$1.00 for UNICEF.

No choice of film clips; they will all be different but if some of them are duplicates of yours, trade or gift them to someone else. In any case, you've donated your dollar to a good cause, and actually gotten something back out of it; could anyone ask for more?

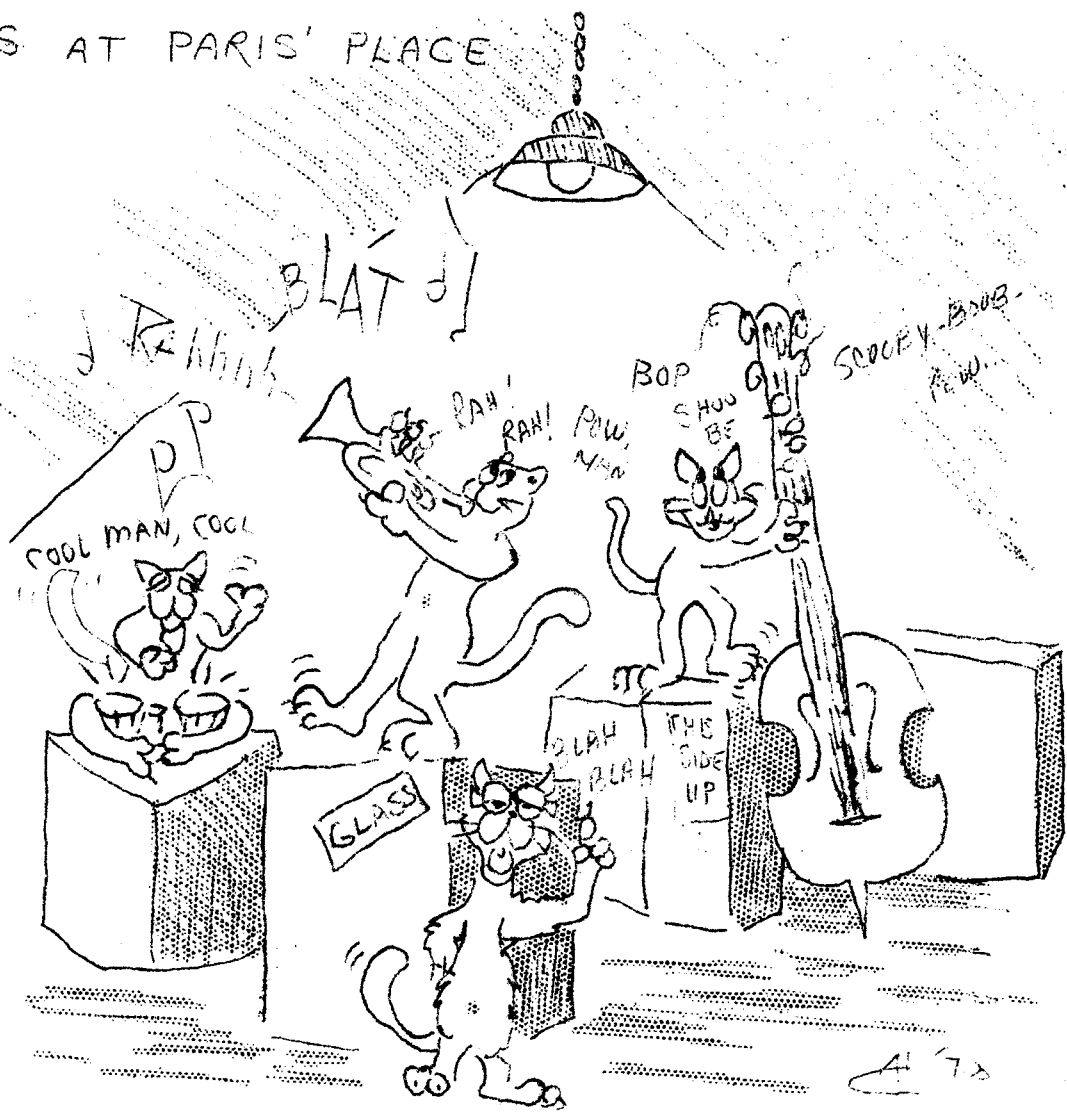
Anyone who wishes to buy 5 ponds of baby fish will get "treated" with 100 all different film clips, but unless the \$5.00 is sent in one envelope, I don't guarantee the clips will be different. That is, you may "trick or treat" as often as you wish, but I won't be able to keep track of which clips I send out at any specific time, to avoid overlap at a later date. This "treat" offer ends on Feb. 28, 1972.

I'll publish a detailed report for the *Nimoyan* and *Spockulations*, after closing date. Tell your friends, too. Mail to this address:

Bjo Trimble
420 Westminster Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90020

Bruce Nardoci, 430 Glenwood Rd., Asheboro, N.C. 27203, wishes it known that he no longer publishes *The Captain's Log*. He now plans to publish a fanzine titled *The Guardian of Forever*; contact Bruce for more information on subscription rates, schedul of publication, contributions of art or material to it, etc., etc.

COOL CATS AT PARIS' PLACE



SAM'S "LEONARD NI IOY" STORYLINE # 3:

Reed Adams drove his small car expertly through the traffic, fully aware that he was being followed. He could have lost the man easily, but didn't see any threat to his plans. Actually, he was safe as long as he was tailed, for these men didn't want him dead. Those who did want Adams out of the way did not dare attempt anything while he was being professionally observed by the other side.

A grim smile didn't soften the rather chiselled features, as he remembered the chilling trip in from Ganymede. They nearly got him at Marsport, for he didn't pick up his "tail" until the Moonshuttle was ready to leave. Reed knew he must reach the Emperor in time. Assassination was an ugly word. The Emperor must not die, or Reed's life and that of the future federation would cease. Time Balance must be kept!...

(Storylines continued on page 36)

Comments on the review of THE BALCONY

This is certainly not a put-down of the reviewer, or anything like that. Rather, it is a defense of Genet, who wrote the play. (You did not mention this. By the way, do you know who wrote the screenplay?)

It seems to have been changed rather much. First, Madame Irma (not Emma) herself accepted the part of queen...Oh, there are many, many discrepancies. But as I said, this is a defense of Genet.

Genet has always written in what is 'bad taste' to the people-at-large. But taste is not the most important thing in a play; in fact, if the play is for adults, taste is of little consequence. Now this play, if the play is...taste is... most definitely for adults only, and not in the way in which X films are. The philosophical significance of Genet's works is far too much for a kid to handle, besides the manner in which Genet makes his points. Many times he used 'vulgarisms' to shock his readers and disturb their complacency--a noble goal, I think. After all, taboos, specially in language, are completely tied up with superstitions. (And ironically, euphemisms become themselves taboo.)

Besides shock value, mores of the street carry honesty. They are significant of the honesty-within-the-'whirligig' (to use Sartre's term for one of Genet's favourite devices). Genet builds up mirror image after image till one must seek and find something to hang onto within oneself, irrelevant of the little games we all must play most of our lives, just in order to survive. Genet wrote most of his finest work while in the different game of prison, as exercises in testing the fabric of illusion, and he found his own reality. One morally should never condemn or even praise Genet's morals. Judgment should be left to the judges, if any, and Genet believes that he and God are the only (qualified) judges. (Draw your own conclusions; Genet himself is not certain of this aspect of his reality).

Because the play is what it is, an acknowledged game, Madame Irma's last statement, as she snuffs out the candles, is quite accurate. And please remember, Genet's works do not have resolutions, or any sort of standard form. They are meant to be distinctly dreamlike, only moreso. They appeal (or should appeal most) to the intellect-within-the-emotions. Forget the stiff framework of what you must think of as reality or go mad. Instead, go temporarily mad and find a truer, individual truth: let Genet be your guide (however incidentally). And Remember also that life can be and often is very ugly, 'sick and in poor taste with no redeeming aspects...' or so it seems. Again, this is where the 'adult rating' comes in. It was not meant to be spicy, and that includes the original (don't forget, it mainly takes place in a brothel, and originally Roger castrates himself in honour of the police chief), whether or not it seems that way.

THE BALCONY is great art, and great philosophy. Take it at its own value for it cannot be judged (even as a play) by ordinary standards. (Thank Bog....) and Leonard Nimoy is a Genet 'fan' or he wouldn't have dedicated so much of himself to DEATHWATCH, though he also had other reasons.

by L'shaya S. Salkind

QUESTION & ANSWER COLUMN planned for future issues; ask Bjo anything about making TV shows, Star Trek, actors (no intimate questions will be answered)--answers will be published, NO personal replies due to heavy work schedule. If she doesn't know, she'll go looking for the answers! New address listed in colophon: 869 Irclo no longer valid!

A Poem to Leonard Nimoy

By Trish.

Infallible obsession of my life,
yearning to grope through an impossible,
outrageous conceived madness,
when I met you: intangible dream,

Not ever that barrier will I overcome,
For a being as you is never conquerable,
Yet my entire soul I offer you,
and the Glory of the artist too.

For conquering your heart I'd give you,
A thousand treasures with blood obtained,
And yield them before you,
Silencing my beats with death.


Trish.



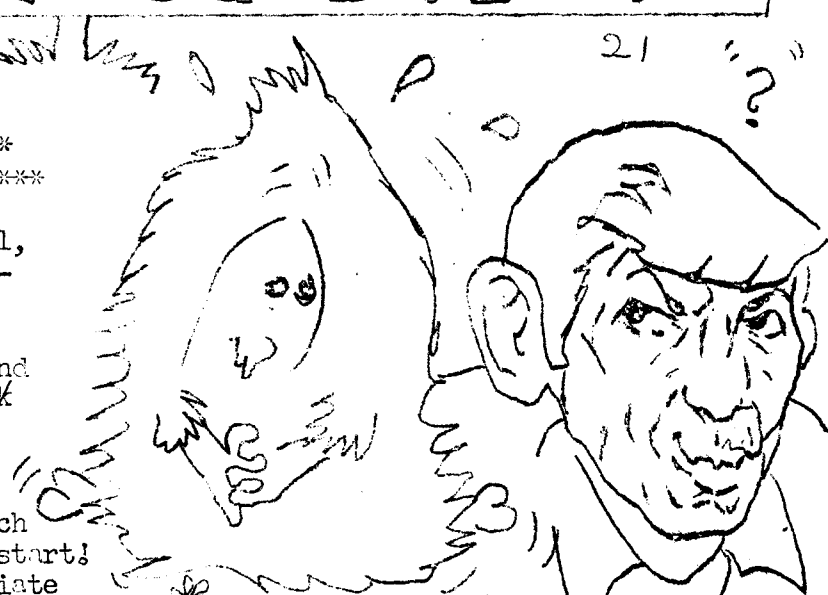
THE WATCHER

** Echoes From The Hobbithole**


Hi! Yrenalf here. You know...
 Hi-Yo-Yrenalf?? No? Oh WELL-ll,
 i am going to start sumpin..hoo-
 boy am i gonna start sumpin..i
 figger, start an ish; get lotsa
 slaves, eventually branch out and
 be king-editor-chief..fulla ~~stax~~
 wise thoughts and witty-sez-ims
 and benevolent crusades...have
 me quoted in "..."s all over a
 place..ya. Goes to show how much
 i know about what i'm going to start!
 sigh..So what i'll do is initiate
 (gol! dat's a good word..) and lean
 heavily on those kind souls who feel
 sorry for me long enough to get under enuf
 steam. Then i can fly on solo on my own
 ol' pinions..(oh barff!) So..lets go and
 i'll do th s thing..only i can't tell you
 how often cuz i dunno. i welcome all kinds
 of opinions that aren't necessarily mine,
 all poems, treatises, sketches, ramblings
 vacation reports, sightings, stories....
 (short..mini..miniscule) ya know..like the
 history of the flea.."Adam..Had'em"
 (thank you, Odgen..) i figger they gotta
 be short cuz i gots these pigeons who do
 my mail service..ho-ho! and they got a
 16 inch wing-spread and a 8 ounce load..
 and da microfilms can't be too windy.
 When i get the Eagles! Den; we can have
 longer stories..but until then..gotta
 make do with the existing airforce. Now
 our first column; i will innerdoooc your
 chief commentator 'sides ye ol' me..da
 Watcher! Toodles, kids..Yrenalf.

***PS any complaints about Art Dept of
 'Karen' 'Nerak' and etc go to me..? If not
 like, send in a better pitchur! Which i
 keeps! (Yahahahaha!) 

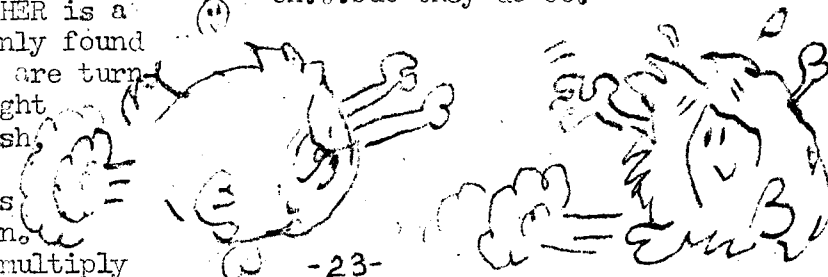
 THE WATCHER (ahem!) THE WATCHER, or as
 commonly known as the NIMOYWATCHER is a
 small, fur-bearing animal commonly found
 in places where television sets are turn-
 ed on. They exist in the twilight
 world between the floor, the Wish,
 and the ground below. They are
 elusive to the eye, and for this
 reason; not commonly believed in.
 They exist on affection. They multiply



in homes of kind souls who believe in
 things. Often they are found around
 sorrow and the person grieving will
 sometimes feel their presense in the
 lifting of the heavy spirit. If a
 child falls and hurts enough to cry,
 the watchers come and crowd around
 until the tears cease. They are pure
 joy, solely living in the belief that
 each person, no matter how small or
 dull he believes himself to be..is
 really a very important person, and
 quite unique. The watchers come in
 all colors, radiating the favorite
 colors of the people they are around.
 Small children can see them, and recog-
 nize them. Older people forget to look
 for them, but they will not forget those
 who were once children. They stay and
 live in the hope that men everywhere
 can some day live and be..as children
 to one another..again.

Q: Why does slacks come with two legs??
 A: Beacause one leg ain't as useful as
 a Par-is!  EFYUC!

Oh no no oh no no no Oh noone does!
 Oh...but they do-co!



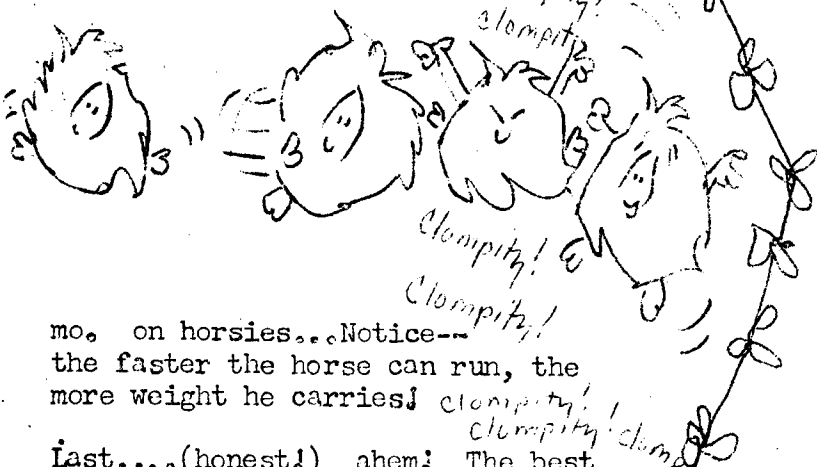
From The Laundry Chute

Hi Gang! Proverb time! Let's have a lil' levity...the better to throw bricks at ol'Yrenalf when done... What's zis? Oh.. observe....this way:

1) The older i get and reach the age of reason, the more i realize there ain't any! ...now that ain't hard, 'ey??

Ugh! Ouch! another..2) He who tells the Truth should have one foot in the stirrup. Old Turkish Proverb. See? Ya also helps to have a horsie!!!!

LET'S PLAY CARDS! I a fool wid da Paris-dice!



mo. on horsies...Notice-- the faster the horse can run, the more weight he carries!

Last....(honest!) ahem: The best things in life are truly paid for!****see proverbs ain't hard....uh, hey! Eeazy! Bricks ARE! Wowtch! ★★

Ok. enuf. Now Yrenalf sign off.....(Yaaaay whee! rah!) umm..... c'mon guys! Don't shoot the Piano player! He's doin' the best he can!

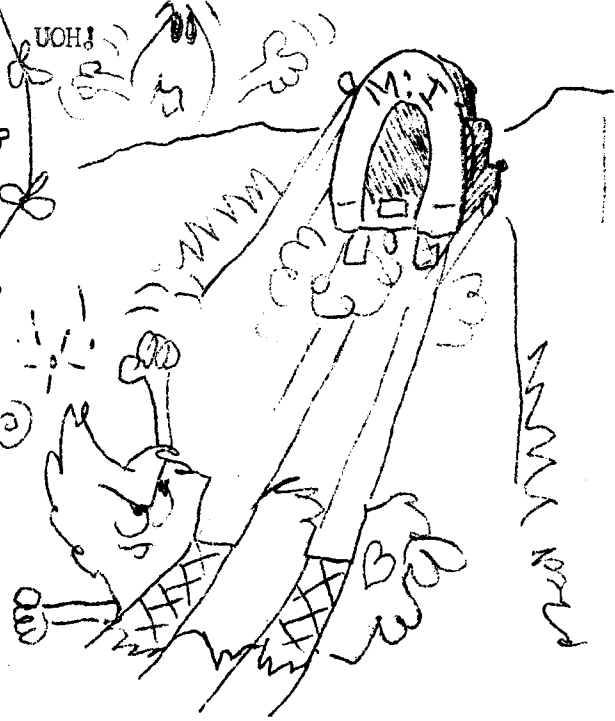
Poetry Corner

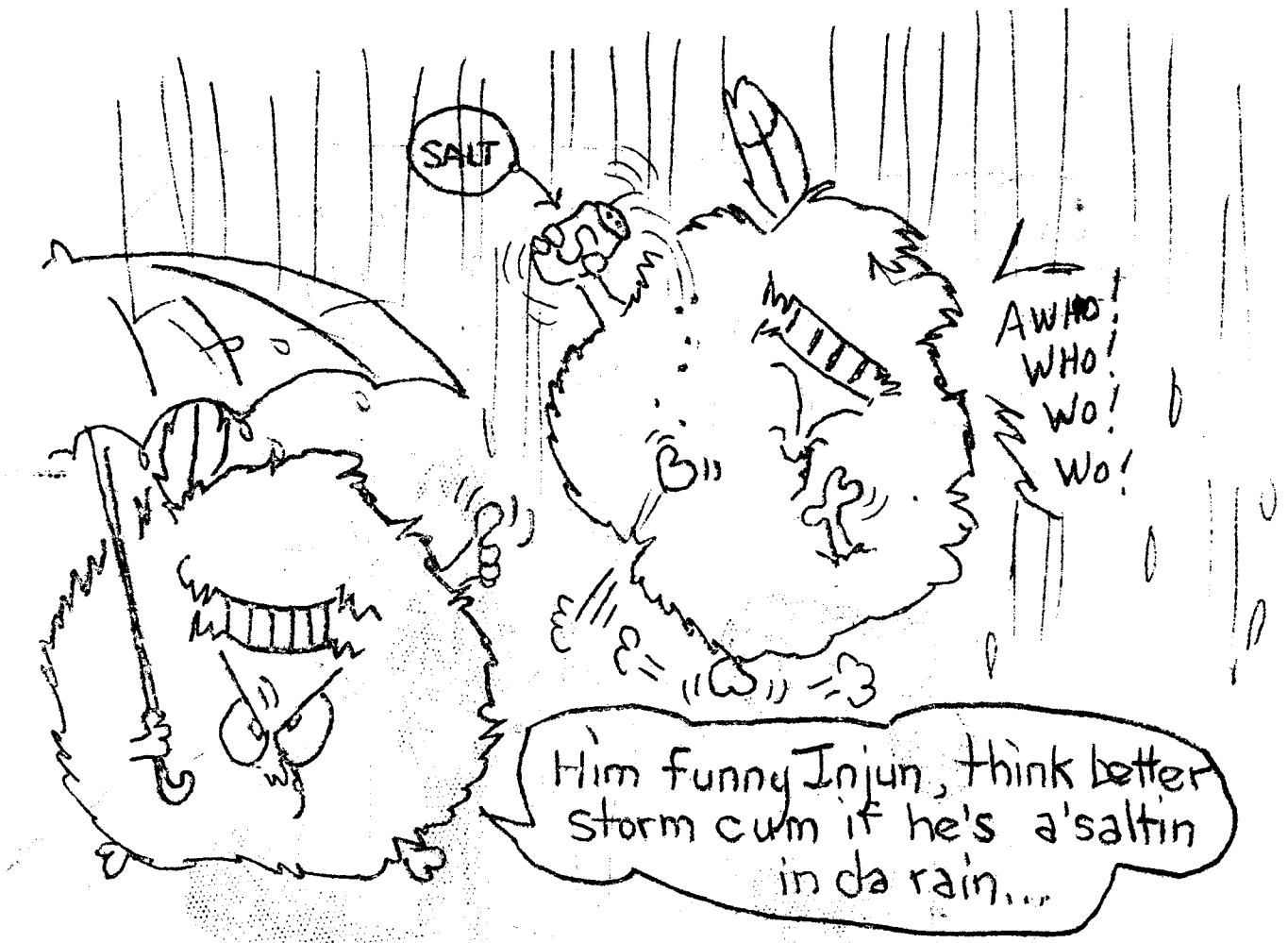
Hit it, Watcher! ahem! "To Paris" When Distance does not lessen the pain And Reason does not relieve, Time appears a friendly thing To spur the hopeless on And yet, you do....you ask me why I love you....i'm bound Determined yet, i will climb the sky Gather stars, and bring the moon down.

ok?

oo! sniff! sniff! uh! wah! Ah-hah hahaha! SoBS!

Watcher! Enuf! Goodnite, he gets carried away! Watcher!! It's getting deep in here! For heavensake! go pull the plug! Gee!



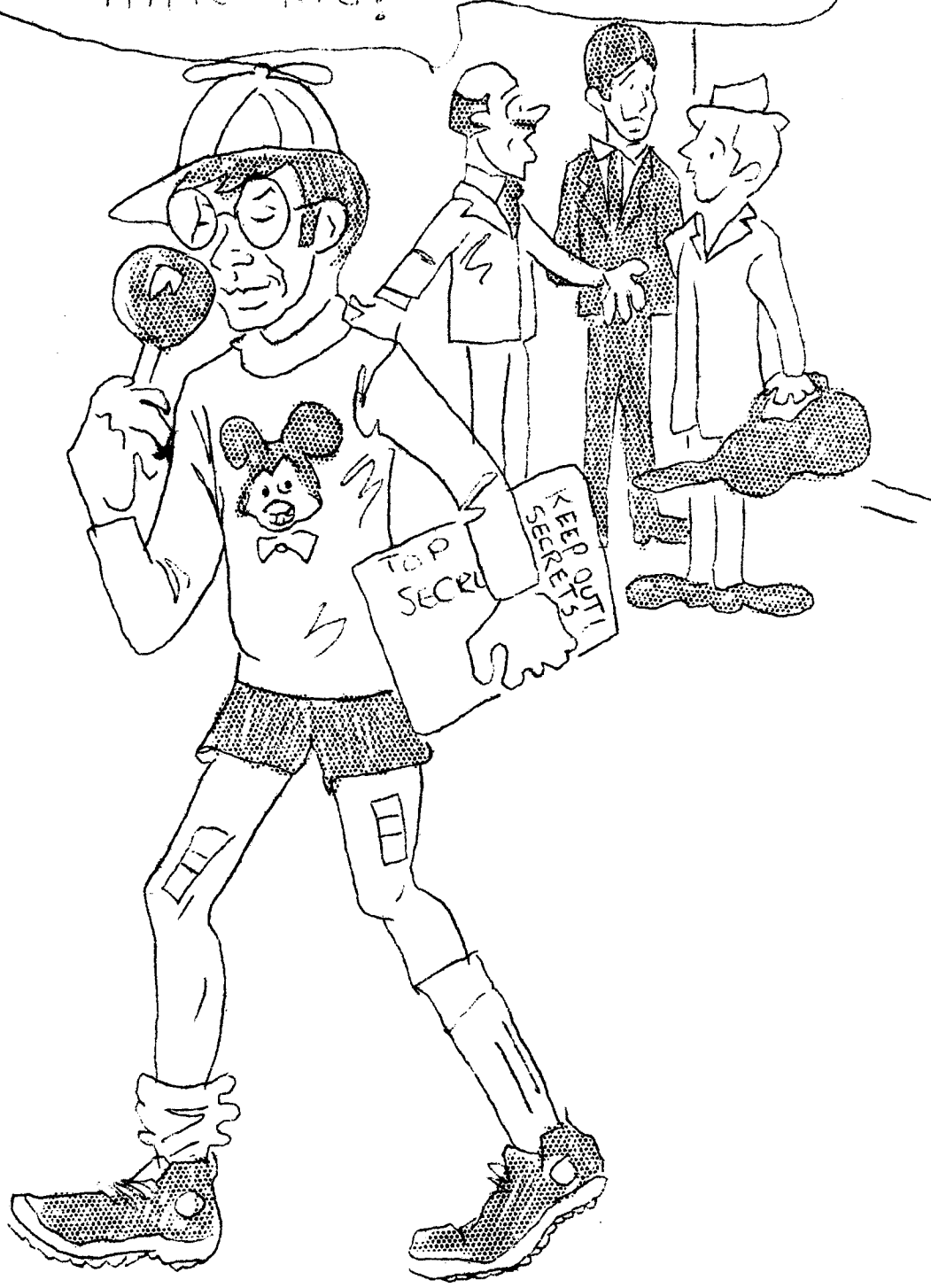


...finallies...there is the occupational hazard of permanently crossed eyes from trying to skim the T/V GUIDE. 'at's right... skim the T/V GUIDE.....

"Have you read a good T/V GUIDE lately?? "



Our TOP SECRET PLANS STOLEN !!
But that's impossible! The only
person who went anywhere
near them was an innocent
little kid!





"Good morning, Mr. Phelps. The photo you are looking at is that of Christine Campbell, she is being held at the Happy Hills State Sanatorium." Phelps studied her features. The tape continued, "There are a group of men behind the plot who call themselves, The Empire. They are ruthless and will stop at nothing to prevent this woman from being freed. Your mission should you choose to accept it, is to free Miss Campbell within twenty four hours. Remember Jim, should you or any of your IM force be caught or killed the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your names. This tape will self-destruct in 5 seconds. Phelps turned off the machine and watched till the process was complete before leaving.

Back at Phelps apartment, "Barney your job is to smuggle Paris in there as a new patient. That shouldn't be too difficult."

"Right, Jim." Barney answered nodding while studying Miss Campbell's photograph.

"Paris, I want you to get word to Miss Campbell about the plan. Remember you'll be under constant surveillance," Phelps warned him, then turned to Willie, "Willie, I want you to come with me."

The guard at the sanatorium looked suspiciously at Barney who stood impatiently by the truck. "Hey, listen I already explained I got my orders," the guard said irritated.

"And I got mine. Now are you going to open up or do I take your number and hand it in to the boss when I see him," Barney was now clad in a white uniform typical of the workers at the sanatorium.

"Oh, all right." The guard went back to the gate and opened it for Barney who drove the truck onto the grounds and up to the entrance hall. Parking the truck, he got out, took a key out of his pocket and opened the back doors to the truck. He stepped into the truck and assisted a very pale looking Paris out of the truck.

"Don't let them get me! Don't..keep away...", Paris fought off an invisible barrage pulling away from Barney.

Barney grabbed firmly onto Paris and a violent struggle ensued. "Everything's going to be all right, Mr. Vance. Its all right. Just let me help you", he soothed his apparent patient.

"You won't let them get me, will you...please don't let them get me...I'll be good..." Paris gripped Barney's coat lapels and pleaded with him staring wildly around his surroundings. "Please, I promise I'll be good. Just don't let them get me..."

By now several attendants came out of the building and took Paris from Barney. Barney followed them into the main hall where the entrance examining room was.

The two attendants seated Paris in a chair nearby, while the obvious head of the institute surveyed this new patient with careful probing glances. Mr. Kiln, the head of the sanatorium was a young man in his forties, with deep black hair and dark features more characteristic of a Mexican. He had a Fu-manchu moustache which drooped to his chin on either side of his nose.

Paris sat cowering in the chair glancing fearfully around the room while Barney filled out the necessary papers. "May I see your credentials?", Kiln asked, suspicious of Barney.

Barney pulled out the papers and showed them to Kiln, who thoroughly examined them before handing them back to him.

Then Kiln dismissed Barney leaving Paris and him the only occupants of the room. "So you are Mr. Vance?"

"Yes...yes...you'll keep them away from me won't you?...they come all the time and try to take me away, but you won't let them will you?" Paris cowered in the chair.

"Of course not Mr. Vance, we'll take very good care of you. We'll protect you." Kiln put his arm around Paris' shoulder and led him out of the office and down the corridor. "We even have a nice room just waiting for you. Sec." Kiln showed Paris into a modest room with a small bed, a table and chair and a washbasin. "Do you like it?" Kiln asked.

Paris nodded absently then went in. Behind him he heard the door shut and lock.

Phelps and Willie sat impatiently in Kiln's office, waiting for his return. The second Kiln entered the office, Phelps jumped up and quickly shook his hand. "Ah, good to see you Mr. Kiln, I'm Dr. Charles Corbett and this is my assistant, Mr. Frederics." Willie nodded. "I've been assigned to your new patient, that just arrived this morning. He is very important to the government and we must not lose him."

"I see." Kiln glanced over Phelps' credentials and handed them back. "This is all so sudden...I'm not prepared for such a thing."

"I know, but we must take very good care of Mr. Vance. He must be brought out of this mind block back to reality. We need his great mind."

First, we must find someone, perhaps one of your inmates."

"One of the inmates?"

"Yes, a Miss Campbell, I believe. She will do perfectly. Let them share adjoining rooms. She is our only hope of breaking this mental block because she resembles a lost love of his. Can this be arranged?"

"I don't know, I'm under strict orders to keep her under constant surveillance...I don't know." Kiln stroked his chin with his fingers.

"Yes or no, Dr. Kiln!", Phelps said impatiently.

"Well, all right. But only for a few days." Kiln gave in.

"Very well."

The door to Christine's room opened and one of the women orderlys stepped in carrying a tray. Before she could set it down, Christine dealt her a karate chop across the neck and darted out into the hall, she raced down the corridor seeking escape only to run smack into Phelps and Dr. Kiln, who were headed that way. Phelps grabbed her. She struggled against his iron grip. "Well, I see Miss Campbell here anticipated our arrival."

"Leave me alone! I don't belong here!" she said angrily at Phelps, twisting to free herself.

"Now...now, Miss Campbell, just calm down, "Kiln told her.

"Very well, doctor. Just tell this ape to let me go. I'll behave." She ceased her struggle and when Phelps let her go she stood defiantly eyeing Kiln and Phelps. "Look, gentlemen, why don't we act rationally. You just let me go and everything'll be just fine."

"I'm afraid we can't do that, Miss Campbell. You know why you're here and you're to be forced to stay here until you're well again," Kiln told her, then aside to Phelps he whispered, "She thinks she's from another time." Kiln said, pointing to his head and nodding gravely. "Now, Miss Campbell, we have new quarters for you just ahead, why don't we look at them?"

Resigned to her fate she followed Phelps and Kiln to the room. She went in and sat on the bed staring at the nearby wall resigned to her present situation, at least for the time being.

"Perhaps it would be best if we leave her alone. Are the doors between Mr. Vance's room and hers securely locked for the time being?" Phelps asked.

"Yes. Then shall we leave her to contemplate her future." Kiln patted Phelps on the back and they left.

Paris already searched the room for bugs and finding none, listened at the door. Once he was satisfied that there was no one

there, he pulled out a thin wire from his shirt sleeve and began to work on the lock to the door which led to the other room.

Hearing the noise Christine looked around and her eyes lit on the door. She quietly went up to it and listened. Someone was trying to get in, she backed away. Her eyes frantically searched the room for a weapon, she found a small vase and stood prepared behind the door waiting for the intruder to enter. The lock clicked and the door creaked open, she lifted the vase ready to strike.

Paris cautiously edged around the door. She sent the vase crashing down on his head, he slumped to the floor dazed.

A look of recognition came over her face and she quickly bent down beside him, cradling his head in her lap. "I'm sorry, I didn't know it was you," she apologized,

He shook the glass out of his hair and stood up, helping her up at the same time. "Do I know you?" Paris asked, puzzled by her statements.

"Don't you recognize me?" she asked helping him over to the bed, where they both sat down on the edge. "What's the use...I'll never get back. Never..."

"Get back where?" he held her in his arms trying to comfort her as she wept.

Tears cascading down her cheek she looked up at him, "Back there.. back on board my ship. I can't stand it anymore, I've got to get out of here and now."

"We're here to help you but we've got to work fast and there isn't much time. Now listen..." Paris filled her in on the details.

During the next day, Paris and Christine were let out onto the grounds in hopes that the fresh air would help their conditions. Christine slid to the ground under a large shade tree and blinked up at Paris. "I don't understand why you're doing this for me?" she shaded her eyes and squinted up at him.

He came to sit beside her. "Let's not complicate matters and just say that its my duty to help you."

She touched his face and ran her fingers in his hair. "You remind me so much of someone I know..yet you're so different from him." He gathered her in his arms and kissed her. She pushed away embarrassed. "No..I can't..its just that you don't understand, if only I could tell you...make you understand, then you would know."

"But I do know."

She looked at him shocked, "You know?"

"Yes, I know that you're a beautiful woman..someone I could learn to love," he said and leaned closer.

"No...please don't! I've got to have time to think. My duty comes before this." She got up and walked the grounds with him at her side.

Then there was no time to think, just to do what they were supposed to do. Paris pulled the gun he had secretly kept and fired at her. She screamed but once and fell limply to the ground.

Phelps ran up to the scene and quickly kneeled beside her checking for a pulse. Then nodding his head gravely he dropped her limp hand. "She's dead."

Paris stood over her body laughing wildly and was immediately taken away by Willie and Barney who hustled him into a nearby ambulance. Kiln rushed to the scene and broke through the crowd. "What has happened?"

Phelps stood up as Christine's body was borne away on a stretcher and taken to the awaiting ambulance. "I'm afraid our Mr. Vance has committed murder. He's shot Miss Campbell, she's dead. I'm afraid we'll have to put him away permanently. There is no hope of cure for him."

Kiln caught in the confusion nodded dumbly, "Yes..yes...ah...I'll take care of the necessary publicity reports and tone them down. We mustn't have this sort of thing connected with Happy Hills must we?"

"No, it would be best if we didn't. I must see to Mr. Vance."

"Ah...yes...of course."

The ambulance left with Phelps, Paris, Barney, Willie and Miss Campbell.

In a nearby wooded region, they climbed out of the truck and helped Christine down out of the back. "How do you feel?"

"I'm all right, thanks to you men. Paris, I'll never be able to thank you for what you've done." She pecked him on the cheek.

"Oh, Miss Campbell, I was told to give you this. We found it after your capture and repaired it." Barney handed her a communicator. "By the way, what do you call it? I've never seen anything like it."

"I'm afraid I can't reveal that to you at this time. Let's just say its what you 20th century men call a walkie-talkie." She smiled and flipped it open, adjusting the frequency. "Nurse Chapel to Enterprise."

"Kirl here."

"Christine where the devil are you?" McCoy's voice sounded over the communicator.

"Never mind Bones, she'll tell you as soon as she's back on board."

Beside her a thin column of light appeared and fully materialized into a person, Mr. Spock to be exact. Phelps, Barney and Willie stood transfixed as Spock looked at Paris and Paris at Spock. "I see what you meant when you said I reminded you of someone else," Paris commented, then he kissed Christine for the last time. "Goodbye."

Spock, hands behind his back, uttered, "Fascinating."

Spock gave the command and the two of them vanished from the face of the earth, leaving the IM force alone to wonder just exactly what they had accomplished in the past two days. Their thoughts were interrupted by a handsome looking gentleman in a Chevrolet who pulled up by the roadside. He rolled down his car window and spoke, "Pardon me, but could you gentlemen direct me to the road that leads to Los Angeles. I seem to have lost my way."

"If you'll just take the left turn at the end of this road you should be there fairly soon." Paris informed him.

"Thanks." He drove off down the road with his family, "See Sandi, didn't I tell you that Julie and Adam were right in the first place."



By Betty Ann Sheridan

Well now, about me vacation. Ya Chap prexy take vacations too. Figured I'd be different this year. Well, ya know what the booby tube says, "Discover America." Figured I'd take them up on their offer.

Upon hijacking the nearest plane, I was off. It only took 5 hrs. to fly down. Met "Fearless Leader" at the baggage area of Dallas Love Field. Upon meeting, she almost broke down in tears. Not because she was glad to see me, on the contrary. She wanted to send me back. Seeing fangs, pointed ears and horns is a 'bit much'. She was soon followed by scribes Jan and Thelma. After stopping for coffee, it was Grand Prairie look out!

Arrived at headquarters at 10:30 (cst). Jan and Thelma stayed and chatted awhile. Later 'Sam' intro me to Sherlock Holmes. Which I must say was a mistake. Sherlock is a kitten just claimed by Alan and later myself. Sherlock personality is another book within itself.

On Friday 'Sam' ironed film clips. Later we watched DARK SHADOWS and STAR TREK. During the week of my stay: Obsession, Gangsters, By any other name were shown. 'Sam' and I went shopping 3 times. Twice in Downtown G.P. and once with Rebecca at the Mall. For those who doubt 'Sam' doesn't like purple, watch out! We went to Sears to locate a Yellow Rubber Duck for Susan La Vasseur. While there, 'Sam' spied a large purple bear. Naturally Rebecca and I pretended to get it for her. 'Sam' hadn't taken us as serious until Rebecca asked the clerk if it was \$6.00. When she did, 'Sam' turned red! Knew she didn't really want it 'cause of the REAL price. 'Sam' took us as serious. (Sorry, I couldn't help pretending serious).

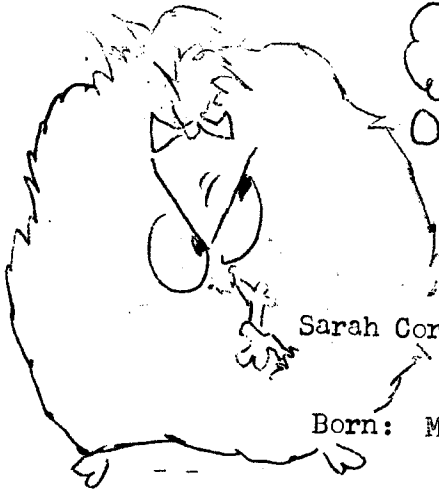
On that weekend I met Rebecca and Susan La Vasseur of the loco's. Also Mike Gonser and some other wonderful people.

The day before I left we exchanged tapes. That night 'Sam' finished. On Saturday morning I had to leave. It took a lot out of me to say farewell to all. Had to look straight ahead from then on. When I looked back on the plane, tears filled my eyes.

At this time I wish to thank Jan and Thelma for picking me up at the airport, Bill Gonser who took me back to the airport. A special thanks goes to 'Ganny' Gonser, Rebecca Odle, Susan La Vasseur for being so nice. Not to forget "Fearless Leader" for making this vacation so memorable.

HOW TO PRODUCE A BEAUTIFUL FANZINE: ART

Get a drawing plate; a sheet of plastic thicker than a typing plate with a "tooth" to it (a slightly embossed pattern, which a slick typing plate does not have). The rough side of frosted glass or plastic will do, or thin screening silk or muslin, stretched tightly over a board. Any blunt item will do for a stylus; an old ball-point pen or wooden skewer, but a real stylus will give finer lines, of course. Do not "shade" with a scribbling line; will only tear up the stencil and produce a messy-looking printed page. It is not fair to the artist to reproduce sloppy art, but shading techniques require a whole article; is there any interest? 33 (continued on page)



BIOGRAPHY OF A RETARDED GENIUS
by
SAM COLE

(I was going to get someone else to do this but I get Traumas , when I think people will reveal my real image. So here is the truth as I see it.

FULL NAME Sarah Cornelia Gonsler Cole AGE: 43 WEIGHT: 135
(nicknames: Toni & Sam) Height: 5'6" EYES: Hazel-Brown.
Born: Mason City, Iowa HAIR: Vanilla Fudge (used to be Chocolate Ripple)

Ambitions: Age 3: To fly! Age 6: To be a mother or a teacher with 36 children. Why 36? That was all the names I could think of that I liked. To be older than my brother. Age 7: TO OWN A WHITE TABLE AND PIANO, TO DANCE ON...LIKE SHIRLEY TEMPLE; to marry Gene Autry and be a cowboy and raise horses, and be older than Bill. Also as smart. Age 9: To be adopted by Gene Autry and be a cowboy and wear only cowboy pants and no dresses. (I had bought my first movie magazine and learned Gene Autry was married.) To be older than Bill even if I couldn't be smarter. Dumb boys! Age 10: To be an acrobatical dancer and a ballet dancer, singer, and actress. To write my own stories as I had been doing for years. To go to Hawaii. To be older than Bill. Age 12: To get rid of a back brace and get well enough to dance, (I knew now I'd never be a singer unless it was "JOHNNY ONE NOTE" off key.) And go to California. Phooey on being smarter than Bill or Older than he was. Dumb boys! Age 13: To be a writer and an actress because dancing was out. To be an airline stewardess and a pilot. To have fourteen kids, to marry a 6'4" Texan who owned a big horse ranch so I could be a cowGIRL weekends. Age 14: To be a man so I could go to war. To be a spy. To gather more scrap than anyone else in the neighborhood. Age 16: To see the way end before my brother went in. (He enlisted as soon as he was 18.) To join the Women's Army Corps. To expand my G.I. correspondence to 200. (it was 163) and get enough baby sitting jobs to pay for the stamps and stationary. To someday prove the Drs. wrong and have at least ~~one~~ one child. Age 18: To go to California and be an Actress and Blues singer with my bass treble. (the chance proved itself 3 weeks before I had to return home, after 6 months in Calif.) (My father was ill.) To sell one of my many stories. Age 19: To finish High school by being well enough to attend a full winter's classes. (After a three year struggle to finish 10th, I quit & went to business college.) Age 21: Business college finished I joined the Woman's Army Corps. I knew the acting, singing, and dancing were out but also knew someday, I just had to come in contact with Show Biz, in some way. I had met some stars by now, most in weird circumstances. Age 23: Married to Benjamin Harrison Cole Jr. Discharged a month later. Age 26: Alan Bryan Cole born in San Francisco. Age 27: Moved to Hawaii. Age 30: To live and raise my son. Age 32: Divorced. Age 34: heart attack & Slow Fight for existance. Age 37: Ex-Husband killed in an accident. Age 38: To live and make it to Texas so my borther could take Alan and Mother when I died before the year was up. I made it and settled back to wait and watch T.V. I heaved a sigh of relief. No more worries. The T.V. proved a fatal mistake. I saw Star Trek and the rest is ancient history. Actually, It's all Gene Roddenberry's Fault...Leonard Nimoy's, Peggye Vicker's and Alan Cole's Fault. I mean, Gee Whiz, I could have been dead by now, but look what they did to me. I done got me. a connection with Show Biz, I write (?), I fly (as Sama Luna, Sue!) I got more'n 36 kids, I sing (to torture the LOCO staff, if they get out of line.. but, put cotton in my ears, first. I'm in Texas, I've lived in Hawaii, and

San Francisco and I AM OLDER THAN MY BROTHER!!! (He's 39.) (He will always be 39.0 (Does that mean I am smarter too??))



I LIKE: COLORS: Violet, purple, lilac, lavender mauve, pink, green, blue, gold, silver and white.

T.V. SHOWS:

STAR TREK, Here Come The Brides, Ghost And Mrs. Muir, Mission Impossible, Mod Squad, McCloud, Tom Jones, Dean Martin, F.B.I. It Takes A Thief, Movies & Many specials... and plus more since this was first written;)

DAYTIME T.V.: Another World, Days Of Our Lives, One Life To Live, The Drs. ~~Dark~~ Dark Shadows, (Personality, Hollywood Squares, & You Don't Say are faves but only watch these if a special guest I like is on.) (No time.. Jeopardy is my fave quiz show and Mike Douglas my fave variety-interview show.)

Actor: Leonard Nimoy leads a list of many.

Actress: SUSAN FLANNERY, BARBARA EDEN, Barbara Bain, Hope Lange, Marlo Thomas, Elizabeth Montgomery, Sally Field, Joyce Jillson, Lara Parker, Debbie Reynolds.

MOVIE: The Robe, It's Sequel, Greatest Story Ever Told, Silver Chalice, The Egyptian, Quo Vadis, All of Walt Disney's, and Gone With The Wind.. I love Epics.

Music: All kinds..and I mean ALL kinds.

I love the late show on T.V., Science Fiction, Swashbucklers, Musicals and 3 hanky shows.

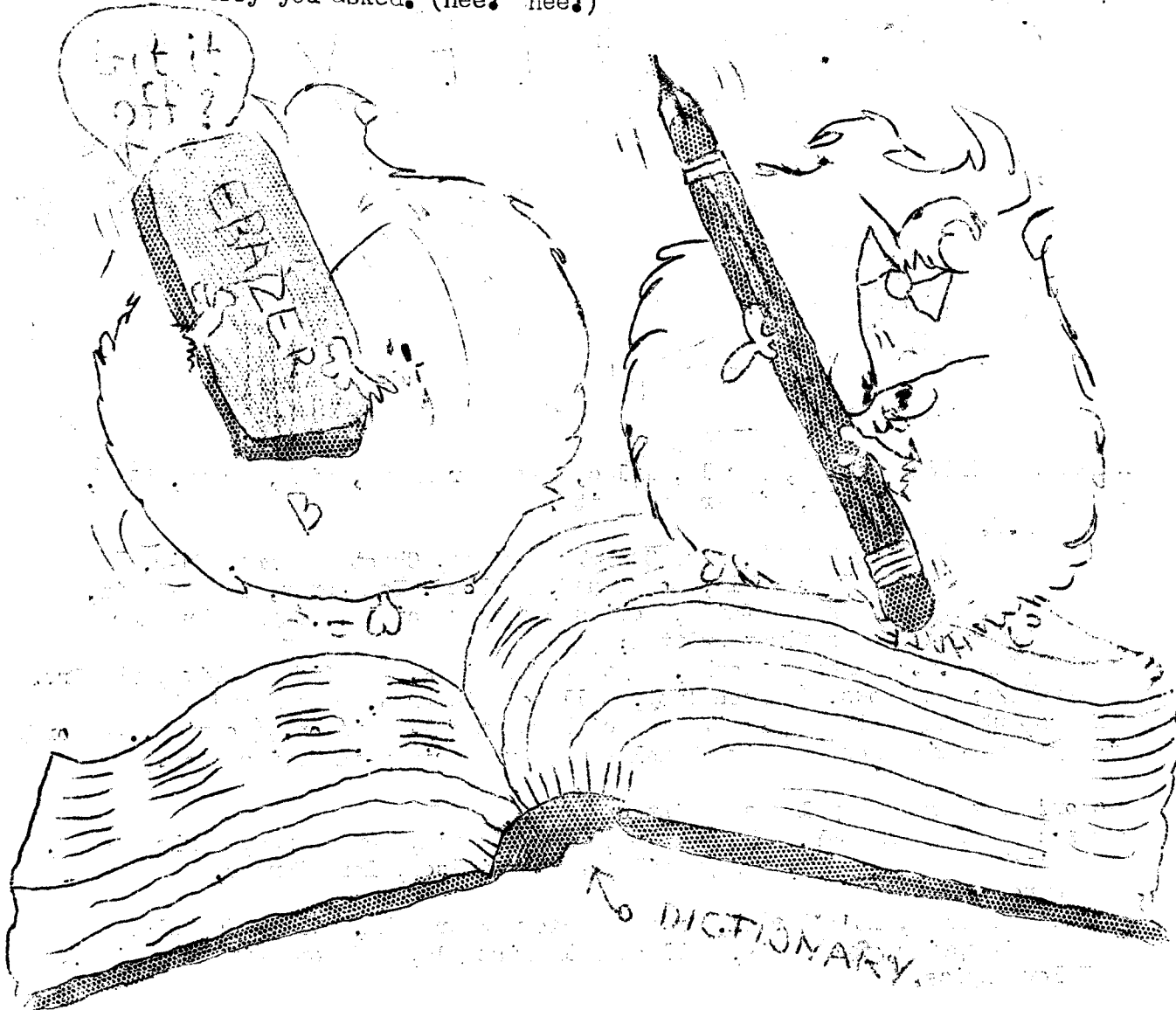
FOODS: Fresh fruit and berries, Pizza, Salads and Casseroles, Lenon Merangue pie, Berrie pies, and Chocolate Cake, Iced Coffee, Grape Soda, Grape Juice, Lemon and Orange Juice, Coke.

I LOVE: GOD, PEOPLE, ANIMALS AND ALL LIFE. AND I AM NOT AFRAID TO ADMIT LOUD AND LONG.

DISLIKES: WAITING FOR ANYTHING, Being late. People who lie to me or 2 faced. Parents who haven't time to listen. Insincerity, Unfair attitudes in any age, race or creed and blaming God, for letting all the ills of the world happen. Illness!!! People who have narrow closed minds. War.

HATES: NONE!!!! There is too much hate in this world, now. I would like to delete the word from the dictionary. Hate precludes understanding. Dislike is a strong word but does leave room for understanding and forgiveness.

So my friends, there you have me, the sum of my life thus far. Yeah ; I know. You're sorry you asked. (Hee! Hee!)



SAM'S "LEONARD NIMOY" STORYLINE #4 :

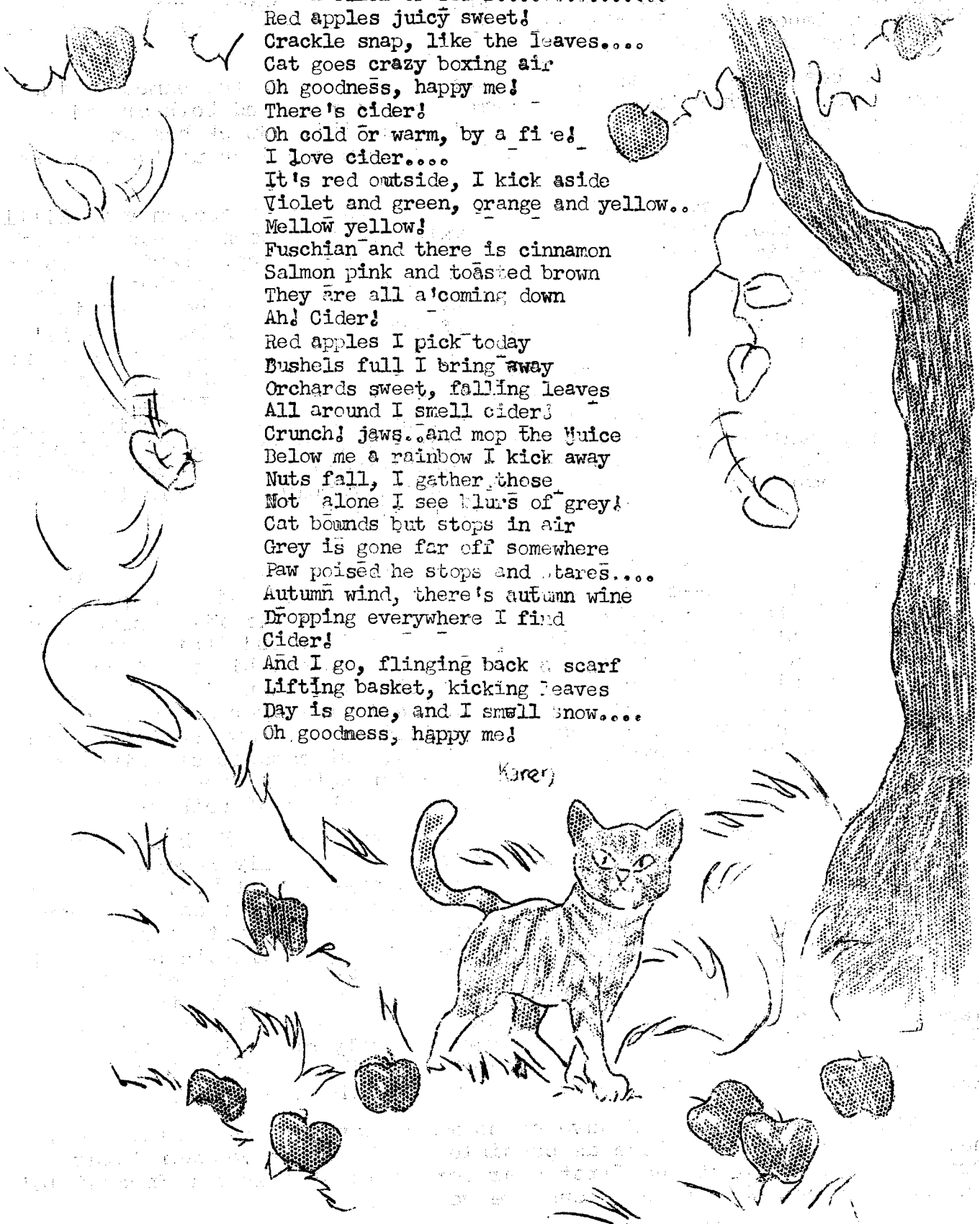
Randy Maine continued his head-long escape on the narrow bridge, in spite of the pain in his side and lack of breath causing a faintness; hesitation could cost him everything. He had to reach Jason before he got to the enemy. Randy stumbled and nearly went over the railing as he fell. A bullet whizzed over his head. "Too late! Too late," he muttered, shattered with fatigue, "Too late..."

He felt strong arms lift him, and wondered why he was being carried in the direction of his escape, instead of back where he'd been. The ominous sound of another bullet echoed, making his head feel strange...dark...as he passed out...

THE SUN SHALL RISE TOMORROW MORNING, BUT UNTIL THEN LET'S HAVE
A PIECE OF TODAY.....

Red apples juicy sweet!
Crackle snap, like the leaves....
Cat goes crazy boxing air
Oh goodness, happy me!
There's cider!
Oh cold or warm, by a fire!
I love cider....
It's red outside, I kick aside
Violet and green, orange and yellow..
Mellow yellow!
Fuschian and there is cinnamon
Salmon pink and toasted brown
They are all a'coming down
Ah! Cider!
Red apples I pick today
Bushels full I bring away
Orchards sweet, falling leaves
All around I smell cider!
Crunch! jaws..and mop the juice
Below me a rainbow I kick away
Nuts fall, I gather those
Not alone I see blurs of grey!
Cat bounds but stops in air
Grey is gone far off somewhere
Paw poised he stops and stares....
Autumn wind, there's autumn wine
Dropping everywhere I find
Cider!
And I go, flinging back a scarf
Lifting basket, kicking leaves
Day is gone, and I smell snow....
Oh goodness, happy me!

Karen



SPOCK PARIS

In this article, I will endeavor to make a comparison of the two roles Leonard Nimoy has played on a continuing television series. This will not be complete, but just the main points of certain areas that I think are important. In the case of Spock, I am using only that information that was revealed the first year.

The best place to start, I guess; would be with the names of the characters. Neither is a common name for a person and both are five letters long and contain the letters 'S' and 'P'. Spock has one syllable while Paris has two and both are pronounced about the same as they are spelled.

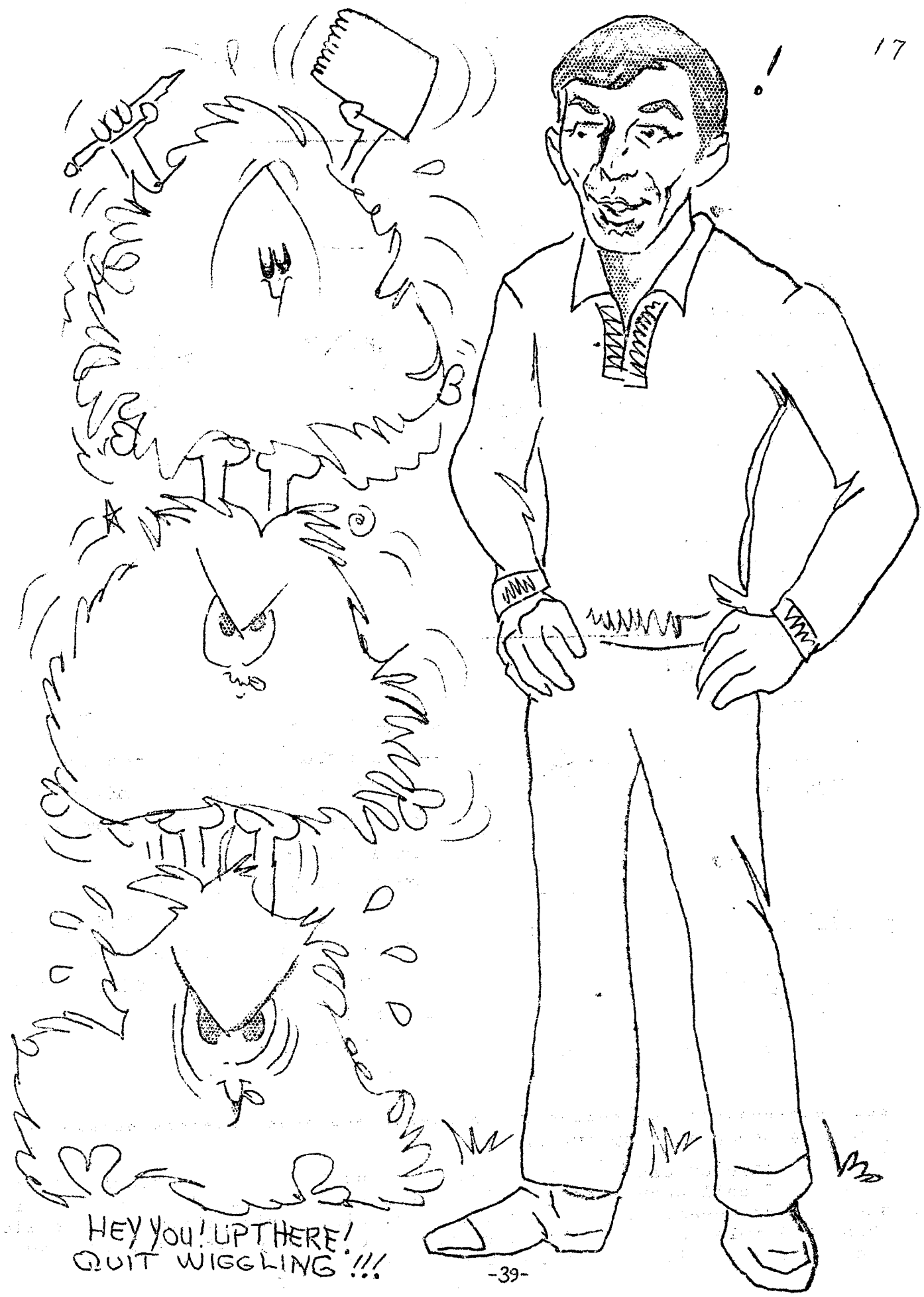
Now for the personalities of each. In the first season very little was revealed about their pasts or private lives. Spock spends some of his off-duty time playing 3-D chess or the Vulcan harp. Paris seems to enjoy some night life and can sketch; although if he does that in his spare time, I don't know. Age and family background of both men is unknown. We do know that Spock is half Vulcan and half human; Paris' nationality is unknown. Both men are still young and appear to have no close family ties. (We learned in later years that Spock's parents are still living). Both men have undergone a great deal of training in order to do their jobs properly and are, no doubt, still learning. Each has been romantically involved; Paris more openly; and Spock's relationship with his fellow crew members is more developed. Although Paris is the more human and emotional, he like Spock, rarely shows his true feelings. It is the abilities and skills of both men that has been stressed.

Next, is the people both work with. The thing that stands out most--at least to me--is the first names of their immediate superiors. Both are fair haired men who command respect and their first names are both Jim. Captain Kirk is probably the closest friend that Spock has and understands him best; most certainly he respects his feelings. As a whole, Captain Kirk is closer to his whole crew than Jim Phelps is to his; then the Enterprise crew have been together longer and are more isolated. Each group is composed of a mixed races, nationalities, and sexes; each being a specialist in one field, but capable of doing other jobs if necessary. While there is a friction between Spock and McCoy, they still work well together as do all the members of both groups.

Last, the organization for which each man works. Both are government controlled; and while the I.M.F. is not officially recognized, orders come from high up. Star Fleet is galaxy-wide; I.M.F. world-wide and in this case Earth-wide, and little is known about those that hand out the assignments and make final decisions. The object of both organizations is to prevent or stop oppression and maintain peace; while Star Fleet has the added responsibility of seeking out new civilizations. There are other groups in the field, but Star Fleet has by far the largest area and most diversified. Orders are received from Star Fleet Command by radio; from Secretary by tape, rarely are orders given in person. (Does anyone know if Secretary is of U.S. or U.N.?) Mission of Enterprise was to be five years; that of the I.M.F. undetermined.

There you have it. I have by no means covered everything and I have tried to stay as close as possible to the first years of 'Star Trek' and to the past and first year for Paris of 'Mission Impossible'. Any corrections and/or additions are welcome.

Note: personally I think that if Spock and Paris had known each other, they would have gotten along quite well.



HEY YOU! UP THERE!
QUIT WIGGLING !!!

A VERSE--A RHYME--A POEM A GAME

by Diane Marchant

CAN YOU GUESS WHICH EPISODE IS DEPICTED IN EACH PICTORIAL?

The room is dark excepting for an erradescent glow from one corner.

Within me is a glow of warmth I know I could never explain.

An air of expectancy is all around.

I can feel the blood pulsing through my veins.

It's almost time!

How dreadfully slow, the minutes-as they tick on by.

The darkness is now becoming oppressive.

My breathing is laboured and spasmodic.

My mouth is dry.

I perspire.

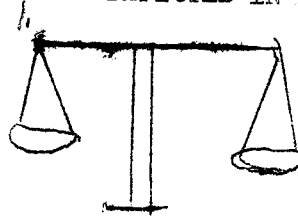
It's about to begin.

My senses reel.

My stomach's Tense.

My heart misses a beat.-----

"Star Trek" has begun!



of



+

$$\begin{array}{r} 6 \\ + 1 \\ \hline 10 \end{array}$$

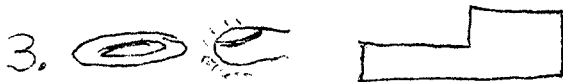
(Balance of Terror)

ANOTHER PICTORIAL!

2,



(MINK OF AN EYE)



(PLATO'S STEPCHILDREN)

Spock- what are you?

--An idea from the mind of a creator;

A hybrid from two different worlds;

A challenge to females the Universe over,

A contradiction;

A finely developed sense of humor

concealed beneath a severe exterior;

An interesting physical appearance;

One heart beat in the veil of life's fears,

An ever Alert mind;

A Freudian Puzzle;

A MAN????????

HOW TO PRODUCE A BEAUTIFUL FANZINE:

SIGNATURES can be easily done without tearing the stencil; take a piece of cellophane--from a cigarette package or candy wrapping, or sandwich wrap--and place it over the stencil. Write through the cellophane. Simple, and the signature comes out nicely without a drawing plate under it, if none is readily available!

B-JOTTINGS

A series of unlikely events have placed two NIMOYANS at once in your hot li'l hands. Sam Cole has been ill for some time, growing progressively less able to handle everything by herself. Most of us were hundreds of miles away, unable to be of any real aid to her. Cathy Greathouse moved to Grand Prairie to help Sam, which has to be the greatest example of friendship since Ruth said "Whither thou goest..." to Naomi! Moving family and home-life to a new state is not a simple decision, and is a complicated endeavor!

There was one thing John and I knew how to do; publish fanzines! So we relieved Sam of the task of getting out the now long-delayed NIMOYANS. I offered to do SPOCKULATIONS, too, but Sam wisely divided the jobs and sent that publication to Thelma Stone and Jan Gohmert.

However, it turned out to be no simple matter to transfer stencils, materials, and information (often scribbled on the side of a stencil, or in cryptic notes on small bits of paper; almost all of which I ignored anyway!) Sam was admitted to the hospital sooner than expected, and complete attention was paid to packing her off to Houston, so more delays ensued. Then we went to Noreascon, making the 6000+ mile round trip to Boston by VW van, and came home to find that the NIMOYAN stencils still had not arrived! Frantic notes to Cathy, for she had no phone for frantic calls, got the replies that she was wending her unguided way through the mysteries of putting material on stencil and waiting for promised material which had not come in yet. I said to go ahead and send it all to me, and we'd forge ahead with what we had!

During this time, we were house-hunting, getting kids back in school, and trying to pack. We found a house (note new address!), the NIMOYAN stuff arrived, and several of the stencils had to be retyped, taking up much time. Moving went on, with the usual frustrations, hassles and misplacings of items we'd especially set aside to "keep out and use"! I fought off concerted attempts to pack the NIMOYAN material, for fear of never finding it again!

So here we are in the new house, where we can't find the kids' sweaters, the lawn sprinkler, or the canned goods! We *have* found my rock collection, several pounds of carefully packed trash, and an 8' dragon..all terribly essential to our well-being, of course! And two issues of NIMOYAN, in various stages of being put on stencil, are spread all over our living room while boxes of unpacked necessities are stacked in every room! In the muddle of all this, I've tried to present two balanced fanzines.

Now collating a fanzine can be a drag, but we get neo-fans to help "whitewash our fanzine" (instead of a back fence, as Tom Sawyer did!), by making it a party where food, good company, lots of talking, and a communal spirit of having done something for someone else, is fostered. Thanks in advance to the local fans who have helped collate these fanzines; they don;t know who they are, yet, as I've not volunteered them, so far ahead of time!

Thanks also to Rita Ractliffe, who typed up the entire mailing list, to the people who helped with the Sam Cole Fund raffle at Noreascon for providing us with enough money--at Sam's request--to publish without dipping into Trimble family funds (most of which are going into schooling and tests). Thanks most of all to John Griffin Trimble, good friend and long-suffering husband, for running this off, for putting up with me, and "going along".

Those of you who'd like some of the supplies mentioned in my fanzine article; contact me for prices, and I'll buy them here for you, if needed.

Now I must return to finishing the Concordance *SUPPLEMENT*, which we hope to have in publication by the first of the year, with luck.

