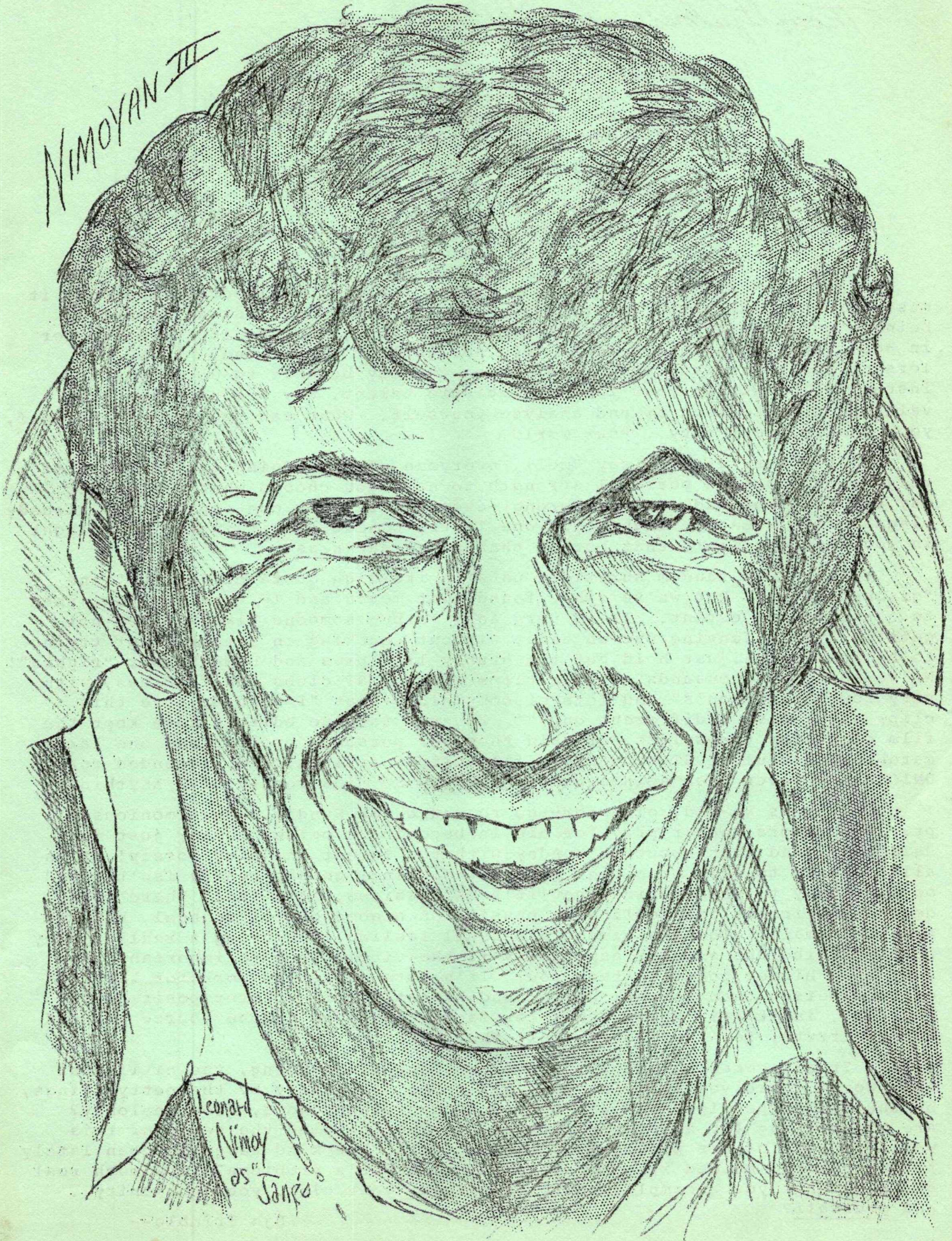


NIMOYAN III



Leonard
Nimoy
as "T'Pol"

Thoughtfulness & Other Comments ---

Not what we have, but what we use,*
Not what we see, but what we choose; **
These are the things that mar or bless
The sun of human happiness.

Not as we take, but as we give +
Not as we pray, but how we live; ++
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

(author unknown)

*Artists often hear the words, "Gee, I wish I could draw like you; it must be wonderful being an artist!". It is, but it is just as wonderful being a good knitter--a talent I've never achieved--or an active do-gooder in Head Start Programs, a local vets hospital or playground. There are lots of things artists cannot do, which you may be able to do very well; instead of bemoaning your lack of artistic talent, why not use that same valuable time to look at and analyse yourself. What can you do for yourself, your family, your city...your world?

**It's very easy to say "well, everyone else is doing it!" instead of relying on your own personal strength to help you choose what's right to say and do. Why add one more wrong--even a very tiny one--to a world already plagued with wrongs? Light your one little candle; if it is the ONLY light in your corner, isn't that better than total darkness?

+ Star Trek fandom surprised us with its high quota of "gimnee" and "grabbee" types, but we've since found that movie and TV fans are like that to a terrifying extent. It is very easy to bug someone like Sam for not getting "your" fanzine out on time, without checking on a reason, or trying to be tolerant...just hold out the grubby li'l paws and DEMAND your "rights"! We've sent out thousands of film clips FREE to ST clubs and fanzines, with very few "thank you's" and lots of complaints that "I already have this clip; can I have a different one?"! Several fanzine editors have kept the film clips for themselves, or sold them for personal profit; and one large cardboard boxful of ST souvenirs, film clips, scripts, etc, intended for UNICEF has never been seen again. How many ST fans really GIVE anything?

++ This is an old, old story: go to church on Sunday, sanctimoniously pray for favors (never pray for aid in becoming a better human; just more "gimnee"), and turn about on Monday with the latest in juicy gossip! It is all too easy to fall into that line of thinking; gossip really isn't "bad" so it's easy to rationalize that it's OK..besides, it's fun! There is a deep-down tickley fun feeling in passing on a good bit of scandal, however mean and small! There's almost a sensual feeling in hearing a really juicy piece of libelous gossip; especially if the victim is more important than you; in a higher position than you. It's lots easier to work for the fall of that person than to work harder and honestly for a better position for yourself, isn't it? Never check for facts; never go to the source and ASK for the truth, for that would spoil the "fun"!

It all comes back to YOU; the fan, the human being, the citizen of this world. Are you allowing yourself to be led astray by the petty things, by the LITTLE people who would tear down everything good, from jealousy? Are YOU working for a better tomorrow, or just helping the nerds of this world be part of the problem? Think about it; how kind have you been lately to someone who needed it? How tolerant of other's problems? How much real BUILDING have you accomplished for a friend, your club, your community.. and yourself?

THE NIMOYAN III

November, 1971

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stencilled by Bjo

(*see Cathy's editorial)

THE STAR TREK CONCORDANCE is still in print, for \$5.25, though there have been some hang-ups in mailing them out: sorry! (We have had our share of problems, too). THE 3rd SEASON SUPPLEMENT, with additions and corrections, is in the works, and will be available the first of the year, with any kind of luck! We are still open for good artwork; send samples of your art to Bjo.

AN EDITORIAL THAT ISN'T REALLY

Hi, everyone. I'm Cathy, Sam's personal secretary. Actually she refers to me as her "poisonal seckiltary". Most of you have already met me through correspondence you've written to Sam.

All of you know by now that she is in the hospital, and of course we are all hoping for her quick return home. No matter how fine the hospital is, it still isn't the place one cares to spend one's time. I and the other officers of the SPOCK'S and NIMOYAN SCRIBES will be answering most of your inquiries while Sam is in the hospital. We hope you will write Sam as usual and say "hello". Just mark the envelopes "personal" and I will forward them on to her unopened. We do ask that anything to do with the club be sent to one of the officers.

I am sure that all of you share the great pride we feel in the success of the play FIDDLER ON THE ROOF, with Leonard Nimoy. Many of you were lucky enough to see the play, and I hope you will share your experience with us, and with all in the LNAF by writing about it to Louise Stange, Pres. of the LNAF. Thank you, Mr. Nimoy, for such a fine performance. We are all very proud of you!

All future material for THE NIMOYAN is to be sent to L'Shaya Salkind, co-pres. She will be putting out the issue in the future. All art work will still be sent to Karen Flanery, our art director as well as vice-pres. Or is that spelled "vece-pres"? I think she is the holder of the big stick. She has those little furry watchers that snitch if we don't do just right. When she reads this, I'm going to catch it!

Please, if any of you have sent in articles for the NIMOYAN and SPOCKULATIONS, do not despair! They will be printed in the Spring issues. Things have been pretty hectic here and I'm not sure if I got everything together that was supposed to get in each issue. Don't blame Sam; yell at me. I'm the dumb cluck that did the goog (that's a good word)...goof.

Well, people, I guess that's about it. I can't think of anything else at the moment. Feel free to write any of us. That's what we are here for. Note, be sure to catch Leonard Nimoy's new movie, soon to be released.

--Cathy Greathouse--

It's so much
FUN
to put out
a fanzine!
Right,
CATHY?



Bjo

FOUR MEN AND A CHALLENGE

Kathy Watkins

Four men and a challenge....
a challenge to their lives.
To quell the evil forces....
forever it, them, drives....
Starts with a recording,
which but the leader hears;
Who calls his men together....
as the deadline nears.
And they go into action....
and together they all work.
Just four men and a challenge....
who's duty, they'll not shirk!
What they'll do and who they'll be..
is secret unto them....
And they are experts in their field;
their ways, do not condemn!
Danger is always with them....
no matter where they go;
The four men and a challenge....
but they always seem to know....
Just what and when to do it,
to accomplish any job;
Whether they take just one man....
or overthrow a mob.
The time is short and critical....
and they must go this day.
The four men and a challenge....
so free the world, will stay.

PARIS

Long and lean and lithe of limb,
energy seems to elate....
Optimistic yet, above all.
Neatness, all to appreciate.
Acting one of many parts....
rotating identities.
Daring what none else can do,
never, that evil might seize.
Imagination, improving upon....
means of mimicking many,
Overthrowing tyrannical rule....
yet never fearing any.
Plans, pretenses must be made....
Around their central theme.
Radiates action from all sides,
Instead of what they seem;
Slips strong and strengthened strides.

NUMBER ONE

Tall walks the man with grey hair;
so proud and so alone.
The three are there to back him up..
their faces can't be shown.
Forces work on secretly....
and death is ever waiting.
And enemies still to hang about...
with traps they're ever baiting.
A known or unknown nemesis....
is ever more their goal.
of the tall and greyed man,
who risks his life and soul.
A twin, a voice, a duplicate....
his own life he must bend,
And take on another character....
the country to defend.
An able, willing subject,
this man of mystery....
His job is nigh impossible;
but done, you know 'twill be...
Plans are careful laid out,
and followed to a rule.
A pattern forms, the net is drawn.
This man is noone's fool!
He runs the operation....
and knows his men and source,
And holds their lives up in his hands.
The Impossible Missions Force!



NUMBER TWO

A man of many faces....
this is how he is known.
And many men, has outwitted....
often, his skills have shown.

Quick and agile, fleet of foot.
It is, this man must be;
Swift and sure, and full of grace...
His life, if not, might pay!

Magician, playboy, gypsy....
sailor and old salt.
This man can change to any....
and never be at fault.

Without an error, takes a part....
and important is his role.
In keeping with security....
the group force as a whole.

Taking on assignments....
attacking savagely....
Ever emerging victor;
so others can stay free.

A voice that is so versatile,
with a deep and manly tone;
Can take on any other....
once the pattern's known.

The second of the deadly team....
as it runs it's narrow course.
The backbone and the stalemate,
of the Impossible Missions Force!

NUMBER THREE

Three's a handsome black man,
stalking thru the night
On his way to do his job....
and try a wrong to right.

Often in a worker's clothes
or another country's garb....
Armed with just a black bag,
He is the deciding barb!

Electronics be his specialty,
tho other jobs he's taken...
And thru them, performed miracles,
and other countries, shaken.

Thru his efforts, others work...
and perform assigned jobs.
Tho not the top man on the rung...
His dignity, none robs.

Tho he stays most behind the scenes,
and isn't seem by most.
He has a job to hold the rest.
to death, is often host.

Without him, none could do as well.
He is the important actor.
His presence there behind the scenes..
contribute a vital factor.

So from the entire daring team,
himself cannot divorce.
For he performs an integral part...
of the Impossible Missions Force.

NUMBER FOUR

Willy's strongman of the team,
and performs mighty feats.
With strength and grace there to
command,
and often death, he cheats.

Again, behind the scenes is he
and commits his important task...
of backing up and filling in;
the others actions mask.

Tall and brawny, handsome too.
A man of mystery....
As are the others in the band,
But this one holds their key.

If the others succeed or fail,
is often up to him,
And getting all to safety....
with recognition dim.

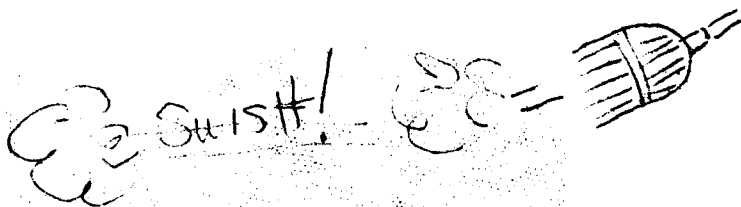
He must be there, just waiting,
and at the precise time;
Or all could fall to shambles...
and no lives worth a dime.

Tho his role is not the greatest,
It's a necessary one!
And he must do what others can't...
until the job is done.

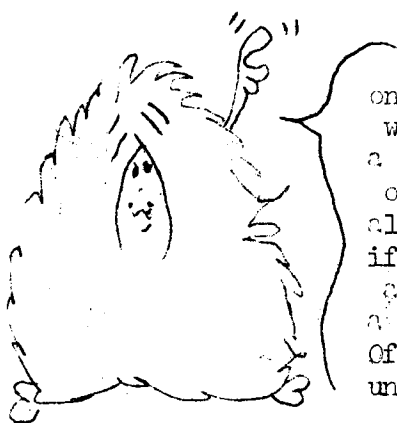
And so the biggest of the four,
with strength his main resource...
Holds together all the rest,
of the Impossible Missions Force.



Sandi, look what followed me home!
Can we keep him?



SAMA LUNA!!! YOU COME BACK HERE WITH MY BIC PENS!



on a sunday evening..karenut and crew went to the airport because there was due a special package stacked to the sky of delicious things that make you fly all kinds of lovelies, imagine if you can if you happen to be an LN fan! and under the top three-quarters inch a wisp of blond hair and a glimpse of twinkling blue eyes..Karenut been waiting fo' this! under it all, her PAULA CRIST!

whccccccccccccc-----*****!

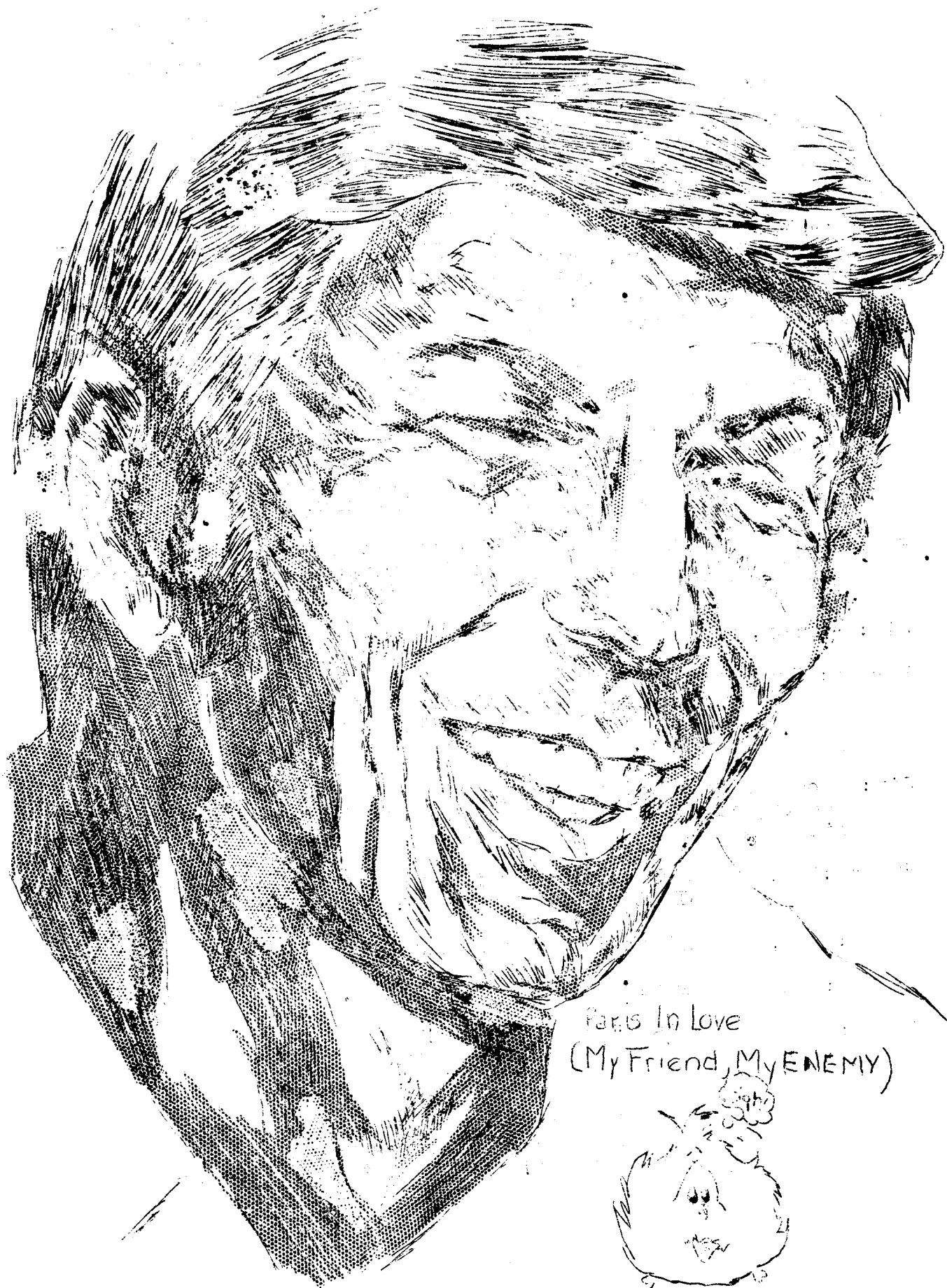
Well gang, you'll never guess what happened to me...oh you guessed! Dern. In September and in that four days..the two opposite (well-ll, nearly) ends of the coast got together! Karenut meets Paula! You think there's a story in this? If y do, read on.....otherwise, just go mesey on down the rest of the journal and THEN come back (heh heh). Well, as she walked into the airport(staggered?) i shoved my beautiful husband...(lissen..he's mine and he's-tronger than i so he's.....y?) forward and he grabbed some stuff. I grabbed some other stuff. Paula told me that what I grabbed was a bag of star-trek uniforms! ***! STAR* TREK*UNIFORMS????? Oo! Yes. I'll carry those! (hug!) Actually only one was, Paula made the rest...but parts of them were....and they looked real ..and I hugged anyway. We got her bags..(yes, there was more) and took all to the car. There is where we started...talking...and we DIDN'T stop for four days. (You think my jaw a little sore, hmmm?) That late evening we swapped goodies. All that night 't was "lookie! Lookie! Lookie!" We went thru pitubes, film clips, thingies, newspaper clippings, just TONS of stuff onevitable of serious fannery.. well, between her and I, would you believe we didn't duplicate each other much. Since I draw and take my own pictures...(as husband calls them..my dirty ol' pictures...hehehe), Paula saw alot she hadn't before. She showed me some of the BEEEE-autiful 8x10's she will have available for LN fans to trade and buy. Gosh. They are really beautiful photographs.....gee I wonder..if ever I could get famous and people take pictures of me....bet I wouldn't turn out nearly that well! Did Karenut order some????? Don't be sillye! There were quite a few dramatic shots that I intend to sketch until my hand falls off! Finally we had to call it a night. It was crowding three in the morning. The next day started out early. The Nimoyan picked THAT day to arrive and wow. 'Ol Karenut indulged herself! So proud of ol' me. I honest critter, it's a thrill to see yourself in print...I enjoyed the fuss. During "mail-call" Paula and I went thru all my drawings to sort out for copies. Gots this copier inna library i feed often! I gave her the latest orders I did for her and as we discussed the story line, a scream came from Krista! She came running in saying "turtle, Mommie! Turtle!" "!! Where?" So we

dropped everything and trotted after Krista into the backyard. Heh! Now I was expecting one of those lil' dime-store critters and.....we turned around a tree and I saw it. Paula was about to step on it..and I yelped! Paula never did step down...I guess she must've flew..'cuz she went UP THAT TREE! The beastie turned out to be seven inches in diameter...and brrrother! Beautiful! Gee. I picked it up babbling "Oh-I-can't-believe-it-it-has-to-belong-to-somebody-isn't-he gorgeous!" I wanted him. I just knew I couldn't have! Darn. I muttered to Kris.."Boy, when you say there's a turtle in the yard, you just not kidding around.." We named the turtle "Paris." Obviously. What else do ya name a guy who drops in from heaven know's where and is kinda purty?? I put the turtle in the kitchen sink and tossed in a grape...now...don't panic..I hadn't scoured the thing yet this morning...and I was planning to...honest! We called Corinne in to see..and to ask around neighborhood for ownership of "Paris." As it turned out later...he DID belong to somebody...and he apparently has the run of the neighborhood. We "borrowed" it for a day. Paula and I went back to sorting. Corinne came in with five assorted kiddles and they went to turtle. Five minutes... "ScreeAM!" I jumped and met Corinne coming out..what in the--. Well, she was on the chair watching turtle inna sink and slipped and knocked mouth on sink ...and out came loose tooth that had been dangling for a week. So good ol' mommie dashes to freezer, gets and ice-cube, wraps it, and gives it to the latest victim of childhood traumas..and swiped tooth for safe-keeping. (Later it goes under pillow...we got a fairy around here that flies upside-down and bumps into things..) Paula and I goback to work. We then bundled up stuff, made a hasty list of things to get at the store, packed car, called kids and vamoosed. (Now, all this happens in less than a half-hour...just to give you an idea of what goes ON at Karenut's house ALL OF THE TIME. Holy peanut butter!) We had a great time at the library..heh, the librarian had to come back and shush us like a buncha kids, come to think of it we WERE a buncha kids! That did, food got, mail delivered, we came home to more goodies. I introduced Paula to Hobbithole N.W. That is my hole in the ground. Literally It's a small corner in an unfinished basement wall- ed' off by upended ping-pong table....stacked to ceiling with bookes paintings, fan*business..etcetcetcetc. I had to drag Paula out. She wanted to stay! All during this sorting, copying, showing, I pumped Paula of all her experiences of trekking and LNAF'ing. We talked about everything..from general opinions on Equality causes, the headlines, War, Life, Man, Us, Art, Acting and Mr. Nimoy. That day lasted until nearly four in the morning. That morning...heh! not so early! I whipped myself up out of bed! Heart and will wanted up! Body said IxDay! Heart and Will won. That day we had things todo! What?? Well-ll, first, Paula acted out a gorgeous play she was in..she had the sound-track on tape and she gave me the whole bit...choreography, songs, and acting. Man. I had a front-row-center in my living room! I laughed, cried, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Then I limbered up my guitar and gave her a shot of me. Then we read a script (what script??Star-Trek!) She was Spock and Scotty...and I was Kirk and McCoy...we had a ball. Always wanted to read a script, but never had anyone to do ~~with~~ it with before. Then we dashed out to store, bagged more food, and wound up another evening. That night we stayed up to watch MervGriffith. Why? Because! Paula was in the front row! When she was in NewYork, she got to see the show...and was on TV for us that night. Karenut grabbed her trusty 35mm camera and took off the pictures. People then went to bed...but not us! we talked. Late that night we called Sam. When Sam answered, I said.."Sam?? this is Karenut! Hang on! I gots something for ya!"....and put Paula on. That was a spark-packed ten minutes I hated to hold a stop-watch on. After the call was over we talked some more. Finally we quit. 2:30. (gahhh!) NEXT MORNING! UPY GO! I dragged Paula and I out of bed. Our darned ol' bodies wanted to WASTE this time SLEEPING. Forget it, bodies! We lit into the day. Paula wanted me to help her to a write-up on one of her set-visits. We got a letter from Louise about idhas for the yearbook. She had some beautes for cartoons. Paula and I roared! Karenuttt gonna

do those...ya. After doing writeup, Paula said, "C'mon, Karen..EveryLNAF fan just has to be a vulcan once!" ...and she put me into a STAR*TREK shirt, and i got my lil blond hair on..and we made me up...ears and all. Y'know..'tis a funny thing. After ears go on, I found it incredibly hard to SMILE! FASCINATING! We took me out back and we took pictures.. When husband came home that day, he was greeted by a stotic blond vulcan witha vulcan salute. First reaction?? "Gasp!" Second? ".....Ka-Ren???Why don't you smile???" Believe me kids, I didn't feel likd it! Later wewent out to dinner...(no...karenut was back to her plain ol' self...) Back from a great evening...which I suspect husband enjoyed. Escorting two beautiful girlswell how about one beautiful girl and a wife? was something he didn't do every day. Later we unwound in the backyard, turning cartwheels??? wrestling?? joking and throwing grass?? It was so much fun. The next morning...was the last day. (sob!) We pitched in ...determined to milk out every second. We took more pictures of us...I drew stuff for her, sorted out all my negatives and clips for her to borrow...and we talked. We talked of how allthe people we met thru LNAF met so much to us...how wonderful it was to find so many truly alive persons who touched your hearts and minds and never left....we hugged, we cried...andloved it all. Finally we packed Paula. We all drove out the the airport...and Paula left for home. I met a friend, a sister, and..another part of me. Look Out California! Sometime soon there's gonna be coming a huge bundle of things with a hint of legs and auburn hair!



WELL, THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



Paris In Love
(My Friend, My ENEMY)



MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE

by: Betty Ann Sheridan
&
Linda Frappier

Good Morning Mr. Phelps. The gal you are looking at is Miss Carol Lee. Miss Lee is the Commandant of TILOSK. She also belongs to the LNAF & Nimoyan and Spock Scribes. The next pic is of Bilbo Baggins of Middle Earth. On the Weekend of February 6 & 7 Bilbo tried to Telephone Miss Lee. The last and third pic is of the Telephone Company. In April of "71" there is to be a very important SCIENCE FICTION Convention in New York City. Your mission should you accept it is to solve Bilbo & Miss Lee's problem of communication. As always if you or any of your I:M Force are caught or killed the Secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions. Good Luck, Jim.

Scene: Jim's Pad

Jim: On the first weekend in February Bilbo attempted to contact Miss Lee (shows pic of Carol Lee). In April there will be a very important Science Fiction Convention. Paris, have you been doing your homework?

Paris: Yes Jim. Miss Lee Telephone number is (212) 646-2809. Bilbo kept on getting one or two rings than a busy signal. I'll be helping Barney to do his 'thing'.

Jim: Barney, whay have been working on?

Barney: These mock telephones are simular to the ones Bilbo used to call Carol Lee. While Paris is helping me, I'll be really doing my 'thing'. We'll be impersonating Telephone repairmen.

Jim: Good Barney and Paris. Our glamer gal is "Sam" Cole, whose had experience in the buisness. Thus knowing where it's at.

"Sam": Yes, I was on assignment for the Hawaiian Telephone, you know WHAT it's like out there!

Paris: Yes, I think you'll do just fine.

Barney: Keep your mind on Business, Paris.

Paris: (leers at "Sam") I am! I am!

Commercial

Use Bright White toothpaste
because if you use the other toothpaste
Your teeth will fall out! (shows teeth falling out)

Commercial (contd)
(Second Verse)

Use Bright White Toothpaste
the Light up at night type toothpaste
and have a neon smile (light fades, showing
a neon smile)

Scene: Telephone Company. Barney and Paris are now dressed
as telephone repairmen.

Barney: (at the place of ~~the~~ his "thing". Opens communicator)
Jim, it took them 94 yrs to get into this mess. I should
have it straighten out in about 94 minutes.

Paris: (looks at Barney) But we only have an hour show to do
it in. I better help you.

Barney: Well, if you are going to assist me, I'll need a screw-
driver.

Paris: I beleive you have one right there in your hand.

Barney: I ddon't mean THAT kind, I meant the other kind of
screwdriver.

Paris: I'll see what I can do. (with that Paris walks slowly
out)

Scene: Telephone Company corridor. In the corridor Paris meets
up with "Sam".

Paris: How are you at stalling Telephone Company Presidents?

"Sam" (leers at Paris) How come you want to know?

Paris: I don't know right now. Give me a minute to think of it.

"Sam" Would a station break do? (with that . . .)
Station break

You are turned on to Paris - ites Broadcasting Company.

(switch to commercial).

The LNAF WANTS YOU!!! You can enlist by contacting:
Louise Stango
4612 Denver Court
Englewood, Ohio 45322 (couldn't help to put
the plug in "Sam")

"Sam" : Well Paris did you think of it?

Paris: (looks at "Sam") Yes, how would you like to preOccuppy
the company president. I have to get into his office to
get a screwdriver for Barney.

"Sam": What can I do with him.

Paris: You'll think of something.

"Sam": Just remembered, he's at a meeting.

Paris: Good, you can help me make a screwdriver for Barney.

"Sam": (now walking up the hall) Why does Barney need a screwdriver?

Paris: Because I'm helping him.

"Sam": I understand the situation completely.

Scene: Presidents office.

Paris: While I'm making this contraption for Barney, don't suppose you want one.

"Sam": Yes, I'll have a PURPLE Pussycat.

Paris: Hun!? You're kidding. How do you make THAT.

"Sam" (typical female) Well, you put a little bit of this and a little of that. Than add some first class Purple colouring. Vintage 1928 will do.

Paris: Why vintage 1928?

"Sam": That's the year I was born.

Paris: You don't look THAT old. Can find any purple colouring for that year. Would 1969 do?

"Sam": Why 1969?

Paris: That's the year I joined the I:M Force. ("Sam" nods yes) Here's your drink. Shall we make a toast?

"Sam": What shall we toast to?

Paris: Here's to us, my dear.

"Sam": I'll drink to that.

Paris: I have never known anyone like you before.

Jim: (over communicator) (Puzzled) Paris, Barney wants to know what happened to his screwdriver?

Paris: (over communicator) One screwdriver coming up!

Paris: (contd) fixes screwdriver) Well "Sam", perhaps after this mission is over, we can get together.

"Sam": Sounds fine with me.

Scene: Paris is entering the electrical wire room.

Paris: I have your screwdriver.

Barney: (looks up) What took you so long?

Paris: Met up with "Sam".

Barney: Told you to keep your mind on business.

Paris: I am. Got a date with her after we finish this mission. What can I do to help?

Barney: First, you can hand me the screwdriver. With any luck this won't be a two parter. (sometime later). This just about completes it. Go get "Sam" so we can make our get-a-way.

Scene: "Sam" Paris and Barney are driving away.

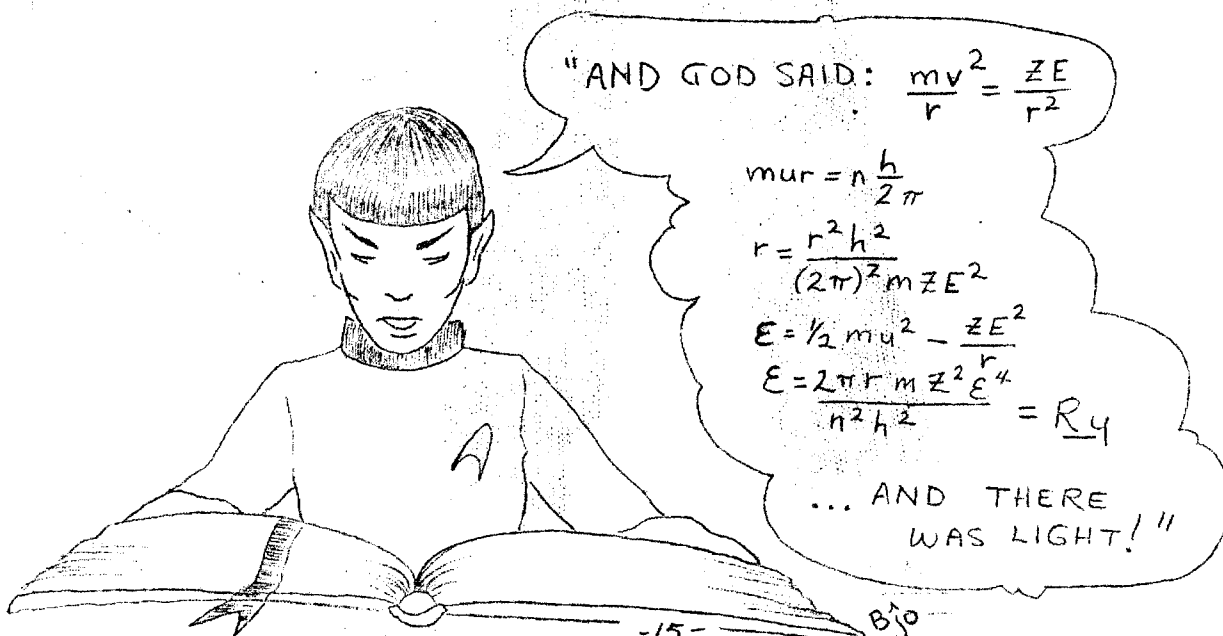
Paris: (to "Sam") Would you like to come to my pad for a drink or two?

"Sam" Sounds terrific.

Paris: Later we can cuddle up by a nice cozy fire, and watch my favorite T.V. show.

"Sam" (looks up) what show is that?

Paris: IMPROBABLE:MISSION.





Let's see, where did I put that falcon's whistle?

Luanne Hofschulte
534 Inca Street
Denver, Colo. 80204
Age 17

"Assault on the Wayne"

1/12/71

By Jackson Gillis

Produced by Bruce Lansbury

The "Anthony Wayne" is embarking on a top secret mission to test the feasibility of nuclear submarines as movable ABM sites. It is carrying a classified cargo on board: two miniature computers which will take over fire control (target selection and guidance) automatically.

Captain Phil Kettering has been bailed out of the hospital to command this mission. He has been recovering from a physical and emotional breakdown resulting from a recent divorce. Phil is strict, friendly, and admirable, and is on a first-name basis with many of his men, but commands respect and efficiency of them. Suspicious of sabotage, he orders Ensign Sandover to make a complete inventory of the Wayne and orders top security on the fire control units.

Forced by Dr. Reardon to take medication, Kettering gradually grows irritable and feverish, becoming rough on the crew. He knows there is at least one foreign agent on board and finally realizes that Reardon is an enemy also, but not before another enemy agent is brought on board and Sandover is killed. Executive officer Dave Burston, a close friend of Kettering, takes command as the Captain's condition grows worse.

Unfortunately, Burston also is a traitor, maneuvering the Wayne toward the rendezvous point with the enemy. Kettering revives to discover Dave's treachery, and the scene becomes chaotic as one bomb explodes, another is ticking away, and a struggle ensues between the two forces. The enemy agents are caught escaping with the computers and at the last minute the other explosive is discovered and disarmed. Phil exclaims with relief: "...Do not stand by to abandon ship!" Control regained, Kettering decides to take a second look at his friends - and Janice, his wife, as the Wayne recovers to proceed with its vital mission.

Leonard Nimoy played a brilliantly effective role as Captain Kettering and looked very professional in the part. It doesn't seem to take him very long to get a promotion: science officer, first officer, commander, captain - surely he will soon be an admiral, if not the president himself! I also notice a familiar name here...Sam Elliot... Are you sure Kettering wasn't really The Great Paris in disguise? At any rate, "Assault on the Wayne" completed a very successful television mission!

CAST

Phil Kettering: Leonard Nimoy
Dave Burston: Lloyd Haynes
Orville Kelly: Keenan Wynn
Admiral: Joseph Cotten
Dr. Reardon: William Windom
Dr. Dykers: Malachi Throne

Skip Langley: Dewey Martin
Clarence Karp: Gordon Hoban
William Sandover: Sam Elliot
Ellington: Ivor Barry
Corky Schmidt: Ron Masak
Manners: Lee Stanley

ASSAULT ON THE WAYNE
A Review by Farren Michaels

First I should be perfectly honest with you, my readers, and tell you that I dislike war and submarine movies from the word go and only the fact that Mr. Nimoy was to make an appearance, and that I would possibly review it made me turn on the set this evening. I have been nursing a 'sick' computer since yesterday (two banks and 11 crt machines down and the idiot that was sent to assist me strolled in and after messing up a couple more machines, said, 'yup, you got a problem;' I will not say what was passing through my mind at that moment, needless to say I sent for another assistant). So then, after fighting my way through a super mart (or whatever you call it), waiting behind a stupid cow who had 20 items in a 6 or less line, charring my dinner and boiling a pot of coffee to stay awake, settling down for the onslaught.

OK, before you all send me nasty letters, I'll tell you, I liked it. I really liked it. (That's why I am still up writing this instead of knocking off 40). I was leery for several reasons: 1. Several of the so-called made for television movies have been cheap imitations of other, better movies; 2. While Mr. Nimoy is one of the finest actors, if not the finest actor around, I felt that he would be pushed into the background as he has been on 'Mission', or at least badly upstaged by super star Joseph Cotten. (As it was, Mr. Cotten, whom my Mother had the privilege of meeting, only had a cameo role). I could go on, but I think you get the idea.

Most of you have seen 'Assault' so know what all the shouting is about, but for those of you who missed because of an urgent appointment elsewhere, I will now give a brief synopsis:

A seaman on his way to his assignment aboard the Wayne is killed by his cabbie and replaced by another man. The Wayne is on a top secret mission to determine if nuclear subs can be used as travelling ABM missile sites. As the Captain, Phil (LN) Kettering (forget the last name, even the few times the other actors tried to use it, it sounded like a bad accident...before you all get on my back about family names, my own family name before I assumed an alias, ended with a cki...no one can mispronounce Michaels, can they?) was a tough efficient captain, who ran a tight ship. In fact, there were several complaints from the crew as to how tight it was run. (If you have ever speculated about what kind of Captain Spock would have made, take this and multiply by 10?)

The ship's doctor makes a point of dragging his file out and starts pushing 'pills' on the excuse that the Captain is perhaps run-down. The medication seems to have a detrimental effect and he starts taking them in greater and greater doses, with the medical man's approval. (I start wondering about this; I have never heard of a doctor giving an apparently worn down individual what seems to be speed). It becomes all too clear when our medicine man is joined by the dead man's 'replacement'. They are to snatch the two mini-computers, blow the ship (oh, OK, boat..I am not a Navy man) and blow.

In the meantime they receive a distress signal, which is really a ruse to get the explosives and a couple more of their men on board. Then the Ensign discovers the ruse to his sorrow, and is killed before he can make a report of what he has learned. Not that it does our baddies much good; Orville (Keenan Wynn) realizes that the young crewman is not the man who served with him a few years back and spills to the skipper (LN).

Nothing is done right away as the Captain passes out (after having received an injection from the quack that morning). They then give him what is supposed to be aspirin, which fortunately he palms. (Ok you reincarnation enthusiasts, you could build a really wild theory as to why Spock distrusts doctors now, couldn't you?)

Phil awakens from a sleep that he was never supposed to waken from by Orville, who has overheard the plot. Orville takes off to catch the bomber and Phil goes to engineering to find out what's been happening since he's been out. Dave claiming that the Captain is out of his head, has 4 or 5 crewmen subdue him and return him to his cabin. He is saved from being locked in by an explosion in another part of the boat.

Orville has caught up with the young imposter and in the ensuing struggle, the plastic explosive had more handling than it needed. The young reprobate is killed, making another problem...in which a hunt for the second bomb is organized, the mini-computers are found to be missing and the Captain finds that he has been betrayed by a friend of 15 years standing; Dave is one of them.

The baddies are caught before they can make their exit and, thanks to the Captain's marksmanship, the enemy helicopter leaves without its intended cargo. While the action was an act of war, it is summarized by Captain Kettering that for the most part the whole incident will be officially forgotten, as it would be most convenient for both countries involved. Alls well that ends well, and the good feeling is so high that Captain unbends enough to ask Orville to come to his cabin to pick up the three 'packages' which he has confiscated from him earlier. Orville says he will drink to that...yes, literally.

The closing scene somehow vaguely reminds me of the final sequences in many a ST story, (Sorry, but there is the similarity and I am a SF writer of sorts, so I think in terms of...).

Assault on the Wayne was a far cry from the thing with the Seaview, which I have had the misfortune to see possibly 3 or 4 times. The plot was well knit and interesting. There were small elements of mystery that held the attention and the parts interlocked smoothly with no one actor obviously making large sweeping speeches; in other words, it was believable, there was a naturalness throughout which I appreciated. Mr. Nimoy was entirely believable in the part of Captain Kettering, the tough, efficient man who tried to play it by the book, but made grave mistakes in judgement in assessing the character of those closest to him. He, along with the others, make it a most interesting evening. One of the few interesting television evenings I have had in quite some time. If you missed it this evening, catch it on the reruns, its worthwhile seeing.

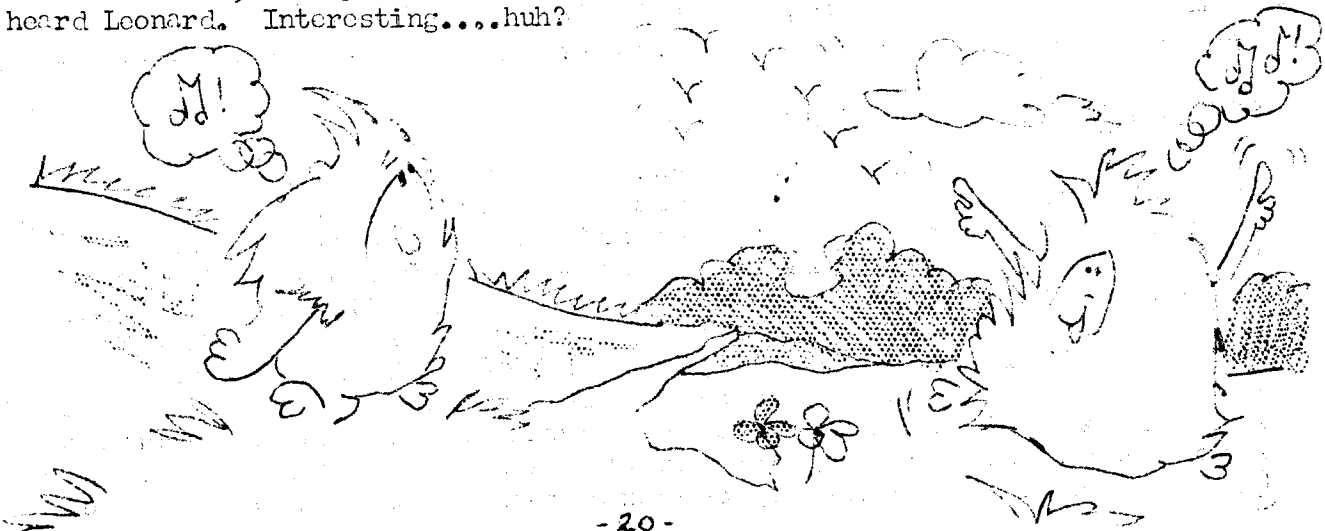
SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM NOTES:

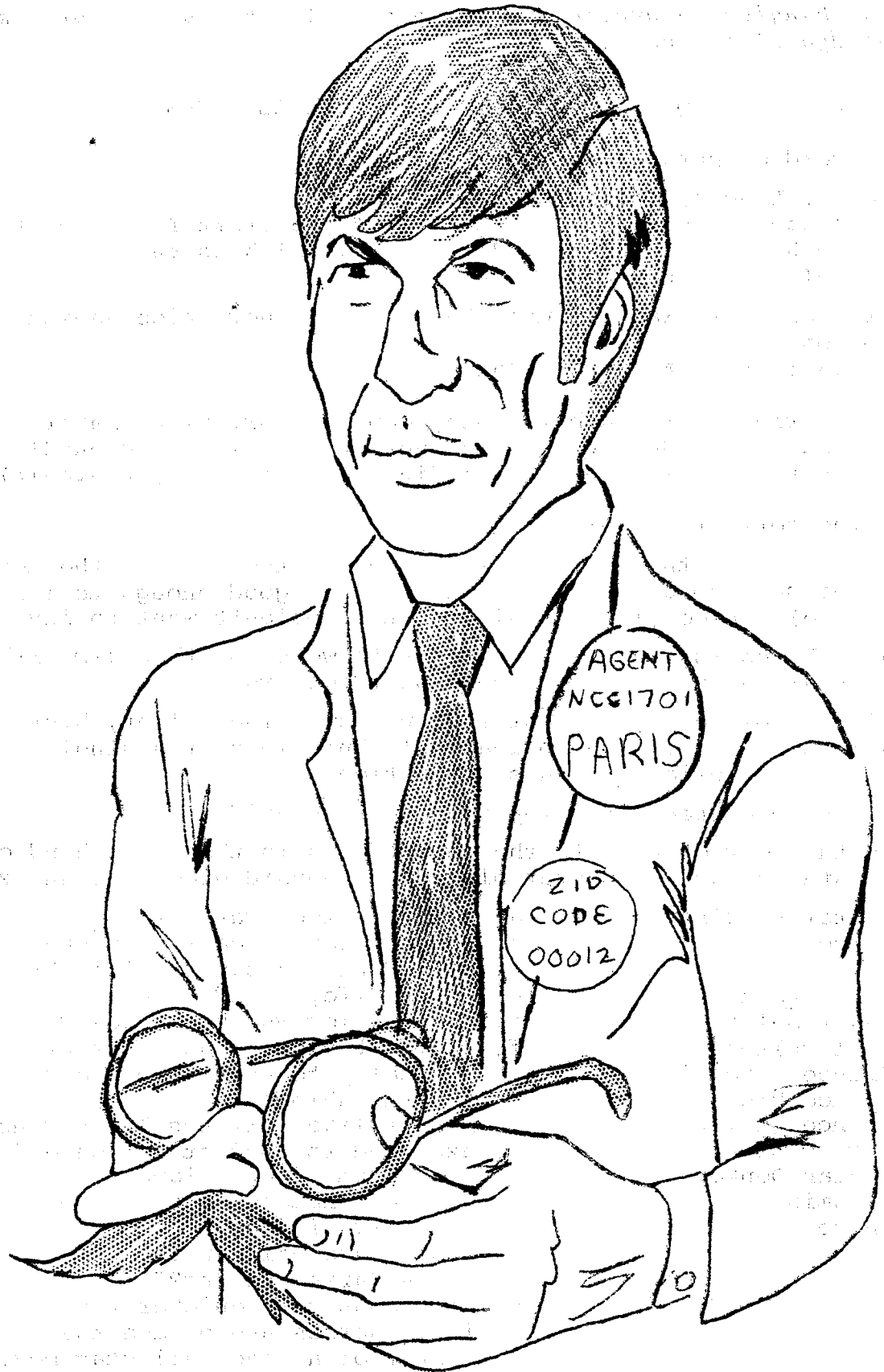
For news and information about SF fandom, what's happening, who has moved or sold a story or whatever; for reviews (with addresses) of fanzines, and other pertinent info about fandom, it is advisable to subscribe to a newszine. For all-over news, get LOCUS from Charlie & Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, NY 10457, for 12 issues for \$3.00 (overseas; inquire rates). For regional news on the West Coast, try SANDERS, from Dave Nee, 977 Kains Ave., Albany, CA 94706 at \$1.00 for 5 issues; this also contains some national info. Another good regional zine is INSTANT MESSAGE, newsletter of the New England SF Association, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139. Ask them about subs; mostly concerns club meetings, parties, etc.

A SOUND OF SILENCE

.....Without a whisper, the soaring flight of birds seems through their rhythm, to conduct a silent symphony. One who watches could almost imagine the strains of a stringed orchestra tracing their flight. Without sound, the mind catches a melody and with it, plays itself to it's own.

All my life I have been a dweller in the twilight world of the hearing and the deaf. Thanks to modern electronics and science, I speak and hear well enough to function in the formal world of hearing people. From my vantage point, it is often incredibly interesting to be an observer of things that pass unnoticed by others. Being as I am, a flick of a switch changes me from a functional hearing (although not normal, I've been told) to a me totally emmersed in silence. Often!! People tell me that I am luckier than most, being able to shut off annoying noise. This is quite true, but on the other hand, I can not fully appreciate music, or enjoy a conversation in a crowded room. Since I was very young, I had learned automatically the art of lipreading. With people I know quite well, and friends, I am able to keep track of conversation quite easily whether "off" or "on". The other night, preparing to watch a re-run of Mission:Impossible, I decided an experiment. Since I was the only one watching that night, I left the sound portion off. And...I turned myself "off". I wanted to know just how well I could "read" the dialogue of the episode. I know from experience that I am not always able to "read" anyone....as people speak with varying degrees of perfection. There are a few "strangers" I am able to pick up immediately. As expected, I did have some trouble following the dialogue.....until Mr.Nimoy spoke. Wow! That was as if someone had turned everything ON! I could literally "read every word" he spoke! I was so pleased! Well! Not only THAT, but it was possible to follow inflection. The sound alone does not express tempo or emphasis of speech. If done clearly enough, it should be seen. It was. I could not only see word, but also inflection, dialect, and emotional stress. Fascinating! (s'cuse me, but 'tis appropriate!) Watching, I could imagine sound, the frequency, and expression. Echoing within my memory, I could follow Mr. Nimoy as if I heard him speak. I thought I would share this little experiment with you, if for nothing else, to further stress a point in communication. Given the desire and the will, the gift of speech in communication is not limited to those who hear. Clearly, it should also be seen and felt. When I was a very small girl, I remember climbing up in my Grandad's lap and laying my head against his chest when he sang to me. His was a beautiful baritone voice and he often sang solo in the church chair. What I could not hear...I could, by laying my head upon his chest...feel. A piano piece of moving beauty is not lost on the deaf. With the laying of hands on the piano-top, they can "hear" with touch. Even so speech. If I also could not see, I would be willing to bet I could "hear" Mr. Nimoy still. In that whole cast I watched, all spoke clearly and professionally. But given no sound, I heard Leonard. Interesting....huh?





...allright, gang, it's Nostalgia Time...remember good ol' Paris? well, here we have a QUIZ, which consists of two parts...the first one can be bungled by anyone, the second part takes a bit more exact knowledge of the show.

QUIZ FOR MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE BUFFS

Which word or phrase does not fit:

1. Paris, London, Collier, Armitage
(Answer: London does not fit, if you start from back to front; otherwise, Collier and Armitage, which is cheating, in terms of the intentions of the quiz)
2. Arab officer, Nazi SS man, Catholic Brother, nice Jewish boy from Boston.
(Ans: they ALL fit. Think about it)
3. Lee Meriweather, Barbara Luna, Jane Merrow, Diane Baker
(Ans: Jane Merrow, who was not only an imported bundle from Britain, but with all the other ladies, it was purely platonic)

Pick the correct answers:

1. Paris is: a) the capital of France, b) the king of the mountain, c) the spy who came in from the cold, d) good enough to leave home for, e) a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live with him.
2. Jim Phelps is: a) more hazardous to work for than Jim Kirk, b) prettier than Jim Arness, c) hard on tape recorders.
3. Willy Armitage is: a) faster than a speeding bullet, b) stronger than a locomotive, c) able to leap tall buildings at a single bound, d) in the wrong series, by this definition.

"Will the real Leonard Nimoy please stand up?"

Match the correct name to the description in the right hand column. Then put a star by any character played by Leonard Nimoy for an extra 5 points.

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 1. Lester Parkins | a. a royal clock watcher |
| 2. Jango | b. wore a beard & carried a bugging device |
| 3. Zastro | c. got "hung up" over a girl, Franchesca |
| 4. Major Reva | d. had a wife, 2 kids and an extra personality |
| 5. Major Sulti | e. lady-healer who had a way with kidneys |
| 6. Bill Fulton | f. accident victim who was regressed hypnotically to age 10 in search for a metal shipment |
| 7. Prince Nikolai | g. didn't like earrings but had no choice |
| 8. Prince Victor | h. expected to conduct his case "with a modicum of brilliance" |
| 9. Prince Stefan | i. a stamp snatcher who was, oddly enough, afraid of dogs |
| 10. Cora Weston | j. could have written the original script of "Is Paris Burning?" (He was.) |
| 11. Stefan Denker | k. his hands were quicker than <u>anyone's</u> eyes |
| 12. Miasmin | l. liked horses and became the inadvertent star of a blackmail stag movie |
| 13. Chico | m. head of a travelling dancing troupe, and temporary "head" of a royal family |

ANSWERS TO "MATCH UP"

1. d. He was the inarticulate truck driver who became "mind linked" with a gangster, and kept protesting, when they threatened him, that he had a wife and two children.
2. m. Gypsy character who "rescued" Prince Victor from his assassins, and dressed him as a girl.
3. k. Magician who entertained the Royal Family of _____.
4. h. Major Deva was a lawyer whose identity was assumed by Paris in an episode concerning the manufacture of some deadly germs.
5. b. Arab officer who was attempting to weasel info out of a terrorist.
6. l. Character Paris assumed when he fell in love with Cora Weston, British lady spy extraordinaire, whose friend was waiting in the wings behind a two-way mirror with movie camera (and lots of gall).
7. a. Charming nut played by Noel Harrison in the 3-parter "The Falcon"; a collector of timepieces -- including one time bomb.
8. g. While hiding out in a gypsy troupe, the Prince was dressed as a girl.
9. c. Prince Stefan was hung up in a dungeon, to be exact, by his wrists. But that was nothing -- Franchesca was buried alive.
10. j. Aforementioned lady spy who probably got Paris' brains all befuddled when she took him out bouncing around on a horse; something he has never been observed doing before.
11. f. Actually, Denker didn't exist, being only a character assumed by Paris, who assumed everyone else would assume he was a character assumed by a man named Otto Silff, who -- oh well, you know how Mission: Impossible goes...
12. e. Barbara Luna played this lady, whose job it was to convince a prince that he had a disease which she alone could cure - but of course his symptoms had been induced by the IMF, who -- and there we go again.
13. i. A small trained dog which Barney introduced down an air shaft (a friend of Rusty, the trained cat, from last year, probably). Chico was frightened into immobility by the barking of a German Shepherd watchdog in the room housing the stamps he was to steal.

Well? Didya enjoy that? Thank you, Rusty Hancock, for giving this gem to us!

BRIDE of SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM NOTES:

Conventions proliferate all over the place; usually on a long weekend, and anybody is welcome to attend. There will be one Dec 3-5, in Philadelphia, for instance; contact Sanford Meschow, 4413 Larvwood, Phila., PA 19104 for more information concerning this one. There will be a Westercon in Long Beach, CA over 4th of July weekend; Dave Hulan, 9070 Huntington Dr #14, San Gabriel 91776 is the one to ask about it. And the BIGGIE; the world SF convention, over Labor Day weekend, 1972, will be at the International Hotel in Los Angeles; ask Bruce Pelz, 1543 - 15th St., #3, Santa Monica, CA to send you particulars on it. LOCUS will give you listings about small regional cons, too.

SUN SIGNS

The twelve phases, or zones, of the zodiac through which the sun usually passes each year. These signs do not go by the months, but usually begin in the third week, around the twenty-first. Also, they do not change at twelve midnight, and a person born on the day a sign changes could be one of two signs, the correct one of which can only be determined if exact time longitude and latitude is known.

This is true of Leonard Nimoy, and it is quite possible that his sign is Pisces instead of Aries. Those born in the last five days of a sign, or the first five days of another sign, are most likely to have characteristics of both signs. The sun signs are only a general idea of a person born during this phase of the sun.

The positions of the moon, planets, and stars also influence a persons potential character. I use "potential" because every person, to a certain extent, controls his or her own destiny, so no one can say that because someone was born on a certain day under a certain sign, he will become a certain type of person. even a horoscope, which is much more detailed, cannot predict exactly what a person will be like, or what will happen to that person.

The twelve signs are:

Aries-March 21st-April 20th
Taurus-April 21st-May 21st
Gemini-May 22d-June 21st
Cancer-June 22nd-July 23rd
Leo-July 24th-August 23rd
Virgo-August 24th-Sept. 23rd

Libra-Sept. 24th-Oct. 23rd
Scorpio-Oct. 24th-Nov. 22nd
Sagittarius-Nov. 23rd-Dec. 21st
Capricorn-Dec. 22nd-Jan. 20th
Aquarius-Jan. 21st-Feb. 19th
Pisces-Feb. 20th-March 20th

The information for the sun signs Aries and Aquarius was taken from Linda Goodman's "Sun Signs", and "It's All in the Stars", by Zolar; and represents only a small amount of the information given on these two signs. The sketches of the signs and symbols of Aries and Aquarius were taken from "The Coffee Table Book of Astrology".

ARIES - THE RAM - March 21st to April 20th

Planet: Mars
Sign of: The Warrior
Governs: The Head
Color: Red

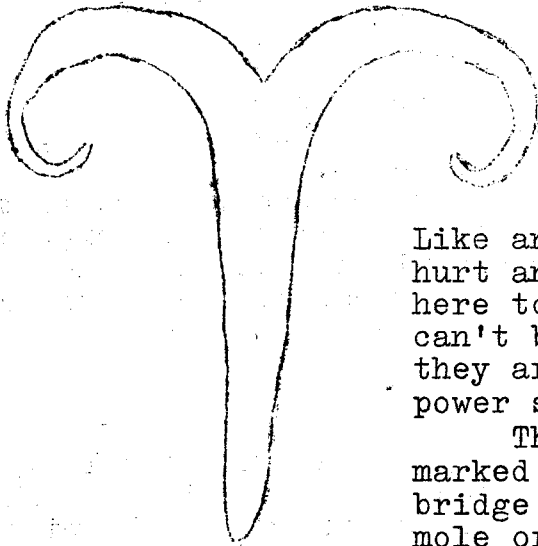
Flower: Daisy
Gem: Diamond
Metal: Iron
Element: Fire (a cardinal sign)

Friends: Sagittarius, Leo, Gemini, Aquarius

Opponents: Capricorn, Cancer

Attraction: Libra

Aries is positive, energetic, enterprising, and bossy.



SYMBOL

Aries is the first sign of the zodiac, the birth sign, the infant. The aries is conscious of self and in many ways acts as infant wanting things now; yet totally innocent of causing anyone any inconvenience.

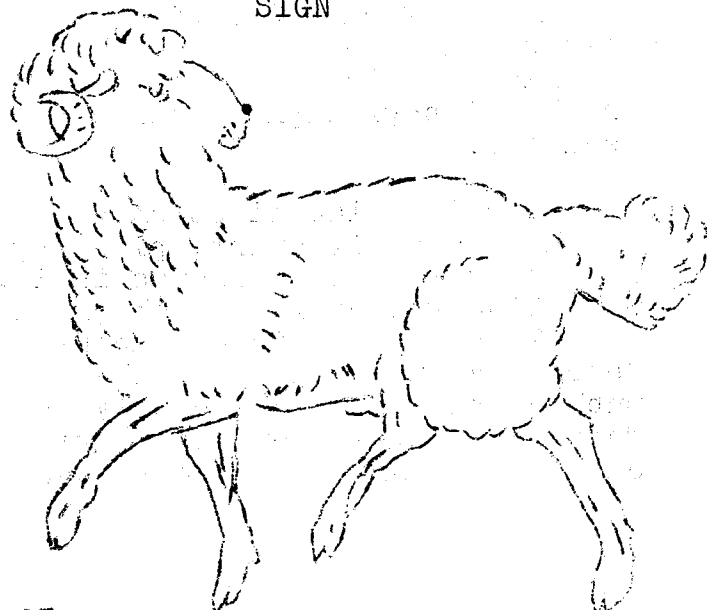
Like an infant Aries is trusting even when hurt and have no wile; they make believe from here to tomorrow and spin fabulous dreams that can't be. But it should be remembered although they are vulnerable they are not helpless; lung power seems to get Aries his or her way.

The Aries features are sharp with well-marked brows that join with a narrow nose bridge to form the sign of the ram; many have mole or scar on face. Hair has reddish cast in sun and complexion has more color than average. Bone structure is usually fine and posture is straight; slumping shoulders indicating an Aries with a badly hurt ego. Movements are usually quick and capable with a mental process to match. Shoulders are broad and may walk with body slightly bent forward; there is little that is graceful about an Aries except their smooth way of handling a crisis. They are most always in a great hurry. Others may sense invisible sparks shooting out in all directions from Aries people.

Aries character is warm and generous; needs acceptance but will court rejection. Although Aries has a terrible temper it is short lived and he is not cruel. It may take him years to learn diplomacy; but when it happens success can be big. Is full of creative ideas; many of which will make wealth for others instead of self. Aries honestly believes he can do things better than anyone else and is fonder of glory than money. Aries hate gossip and has little prejudice to him everything is either black or white. Since he is discontent submitting to others Aries is usually head of his CHOSEN CAREER OR INVOLVED IN a profession. Is lavish with time and material things. Liabilities include short on patience, subtlety, tact and humility; also is not good credit risk; but eventually will cheerfully and willingly pay all debts. Aries would rather be caught dead than caught weak and can face anything but physical pain.

Aries constitution is tough and strong if it is not abused, something he usually does by ignoring it. He is hard to keep down even when really sick and seldom falls

SIGN



victim to lingering illnesses. There is little chance of an Aries becoming an addict since he normally won't even take a sleeping pill for fear of missing something. Aries is susceptible to cuts and burns of head or face, migraine headaches, and dental problems, skin rashes, and painful kneecaps and stomach disorders. Aries should guard eyesight, watch diet, treat headaches seriously, and avoid alcohol as it is bad for the kidneys.

Aries is interested in today, now, the present. A realist, yet a decided idealist, Aries often defies emotional description. Far happier talking about himself or his plans than anything else except a loved one. Aries enjoys doing favors, but he wants credit when it's due, too. To an Aries, miracles are a dime a dozen: if you run out, he'll make some more, wrapped in brave, scarlet dreams.

THE ARIES MAN

If you are looking for excitement, you can find it aplenty with an Aries man. In love, he's convinced each one is the only time love is ever to exist. When this is shattered, he'll pick up the pieces and try to put them together: if he can't, he'll start over with another. He's incapable of fooling around, and wants a storybook romance. Possessive and jealous, Aries will never give the blind faith he expects from his partner. He'll always find a way to keep the money flowing in, though it may go right out again.

As a father, he is proud and devoted: but as his children grow older may be a little bossy and try to dictate their careers. He enjoys the role of fatherhood.

Aries fires burn hot and quickly, but ice can be eternal.

AQUARIUS - THE WATERBEARER - January 21st to February 19th

Planet: Uranus-the future
Sign of: persistence, trust
Governs: The Calves
Color: Electric Blue

Flower: Daffodile
Gem: Amethyst
Metal: Uranium
Element: Air (afixed sign)

Friends: Libra, Gemini, Aries, Sagittarius

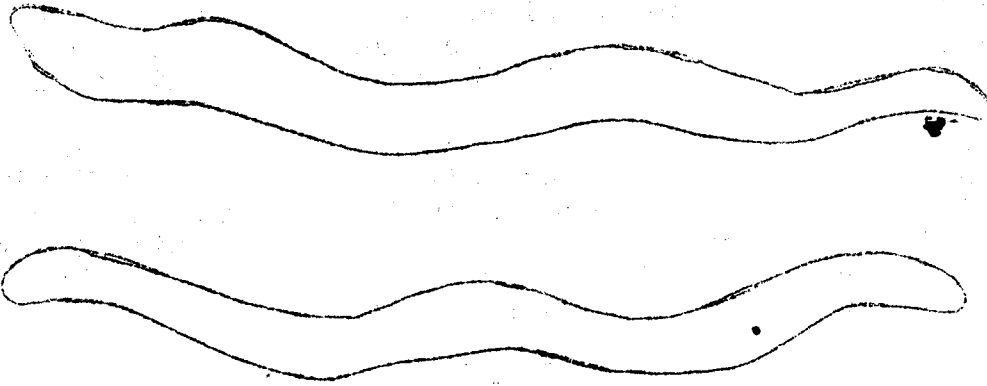
Opponents: Taurus, Scorpio

Attraction: Leo

Aquarian ideals: Equality, brotherhood, love for all, a 'let live and live' philosophy, seek the truth, experiment, and retire to meditate.

The Aquarian lives on a rainbow, but since she is a realist, she has taken it apart, piece by piece, color by color, and examined it: yet she still believes in it. Her address is tomorrow with a wild blue yonder zip code: or maybe just USS Enterprise.

The Aquarian is a nonconformist-don't say you weren't warned. Generally kind and tranquil, by nature they still enjoy defying public opinion, and secretly enjoy shocking the conventional. They are soft-spoken and courteous, but when they cut loose, look out. An Aquarian can be recognized by the frequent use of the word



SYMBOL

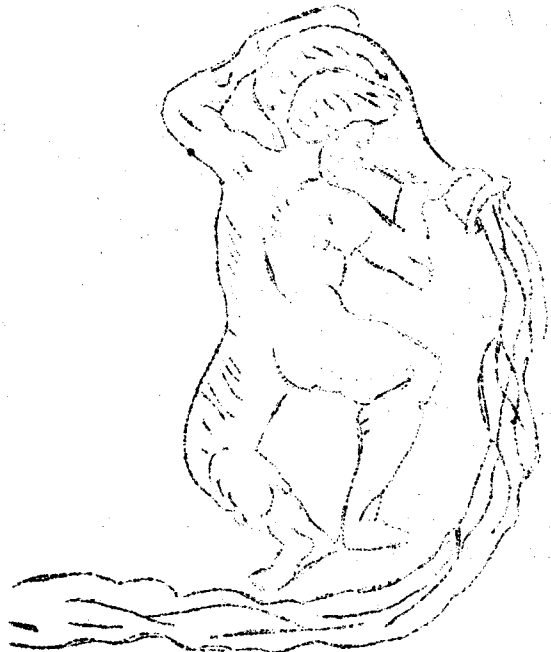
friend. They're interested in all kinds of people, and curious about everything; but their approach is coolly impersonal.

Aquarius physical appearance, besides the strangely inappropriate dress, include: Eyes, often blue, green or grey, with a faraway look; hair will be blond, sandy, or light brown, straight and silky; Complexion is pale and height will be taller than average with a noble carriage except when thinking, or, (now you know where the word 'daffy' originated), just after asking a question when they will often adopt a pose of drooping head. Profile has a marked mobility, with fairly chiseled features. Female bodies may have male characteristics, just as the male may have female.

Astrology teaches "As Aquarius thinks, so will the world think; in fifty years", because Aquarius seems ahead of her time. Aquarius is also the sign of genius and over seventy per cent of the people in the Hall of Fame have the sign Aquarius, or have Aquarian ascendants. Then again, a high percentage of those in mental institutions, or who consult psychologists, are also Aquarians.

An Aquarian is rarely prejudiced and if she is, she will be deeply shocked when it's pointed out to her. She rarely makes a definite appointment, but if she does, she will be punctual. Aquarius will give her opinion frankly, but won't dictate, and in return doesn't want to be dictated to. She will rarely fight fiercely for a cause; but her mind is hard to change. Aquarius may be a dreamer, but she will scrutinize your motives, even your soul. Once she becomes your true friend she will always be loyal.

SIGN



Aquarius gets little physical exercise, most of her exercise is mental. She has many phobias, and is extremely susceptible to hypnosis. Illnesses are usually connected with the circulatory system; they are often cold in the winter, and minds the humidity in the summer.

The Aquarian doesn't have a good memory; but seems to pick knowledge out of the air; they can't be bothered cluttering up their minds with - to them- the non-essential things. They seem able to communicate without speaking. Aquarians despise lying and cheating and avoids borrowing and lending. They have an unrelenting search for truth; but will leave subtle false impressions to hide their own motives.

THE AQUARIUS WOMAN

She is self-reliant and able to make her own way. In appearance, she is lovely with a haunting, wistful beauty, but changeable and at least interesting looking. Dress and the way she wears her hair is unconventional. She doesn't like being talked down to and will withdraw. As a mother she is bewildered at first, but she is tolerant, understanding, and kind as well as helpful and gentle.

THE AQUARIAN BOSS

The Aquarian boss is rare, because they dislike making decisions and are uncomfortable giving orders. They have no particular desire to direct others and are incompatible with stuffy board meetings or vice-presidents.

The Aquarian boss can be absent-minded, forgetful, eccentric, unpredictable; shy then bold. They have a mind like a bear-trap, a highly tuned perceptive intuitiveness and an uncanny abilityth to analyze, dissect, and weigh the facts; combined with a keen insight and sure instinct for making a warm friend of almost anyone.

Like all Aquarians, they lack a broad liberal philosophy which sees tomorrow and watches the whole picture. They're full of surprises.

SPEAKING OF HOROSCOPES...

Nancy Nagel, R.D. 4, Albion, NY 14411, has some really nice zodiac jewelry for sale, at very reasonable prices. She can send you (1) a heavy open-work 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " pendant on chain: \$2. (2) charm bracelet with 1 individual 3/4" zodiac dangle: \$1. or (3) an unusual 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " X 1-3/4" oval Regency brooch w/black china insert painted w/gold old-fashioned zodiac sign: \$2. Nancy also has a coin-type charm that has the entire zodiac on it, in (4) charm bracelet w/1" charm: \$1. (5) cuff links and tie bar (or tack): \$2.25. (6) 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " brooch & 5/8" earrings: \$2.25. (7) 5/8" earrings & pin: \$2.00.

Please add 25¢ postage and handling. Gift-boxes are also available for every item; white bottom, clear plastic tops with sky blue inserts at 35¢ each; please indicate if so desired.

REMEMBER to send full address (INCLUDING ZIP!), # of each item ordered, your choice of gold or silver color, and birth sign for #'s 1 or 2.

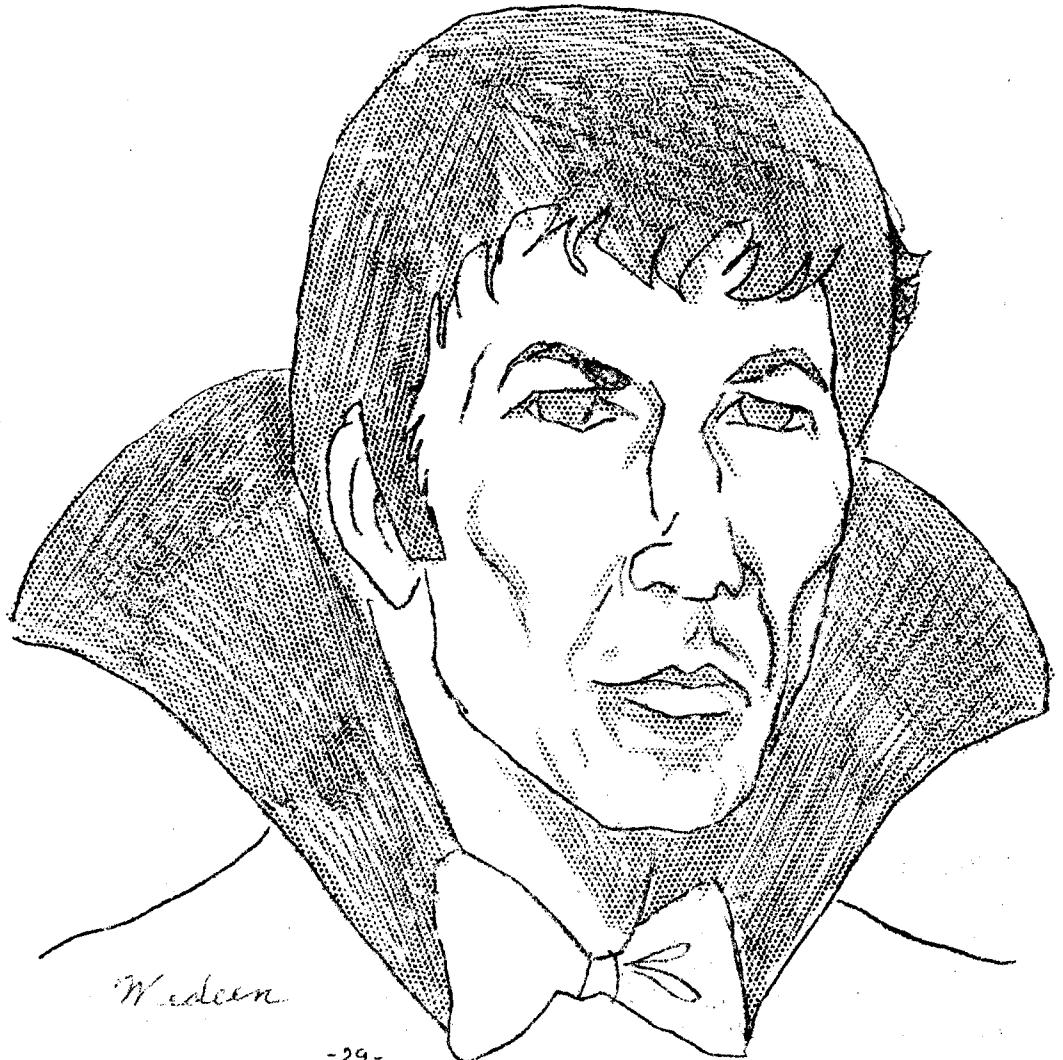
Talk to Nancy about special orders, zodiac buttons, etc...

Paris

"Man of a thousand faces" -
An actor's title,
Belonging to one
Who played the parts for life;
But you too play a thousand roles
For life or death
And for thousands not your own.
But who are you
Behind the masks?
We do not know you,
We have never seen you -
Only the player, playing.
Does the mask mold,
Sometimes,
Close to your own face?
What is the line you have drawn
Between being and seeming?

Man of a thousand faces,
Who are you
Behind the mask?

Daphne Ann Hamilton



WRITING FOR M:I--MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE

Perhaps that title is a little over-drawn...not impossible, merely terribly difficult. Especially for one who claims LN as a fave, and is not particularly a fan of M:I. Why do I make that statement? For about as many reasons as there are disguises for Paris.

First off, Paris himself. How can you write for this character? What's he like? What are his hopes, his dreams, his ambitions? What makes him tick? The show won't tell. Paris, as created by the producers of M:I, is a flat, featureless person, without a past, a future or a soul. It's impossible to get inside a cardboard figure.

True, as an admirer of Leonard Nimoy, I can't help but get a kick out of seeing him run through the gamut of characters that portraying Paris allows him to do. But it's frightfully hard to get to know the man when his identity changes like quicksilver with each passing week. Paris as a showcase? Fabulous! As a character a fan can get his/her teeth into? A total flop!

From the information about LN as a person, that is his own feelings about the world in which we live, from various interviews, talk shows, etc., it also seems that Paris, and the entire M:I concept, is an anti-thesis to all that he believes in. Nimoy's espousal of the cause for peace (i.e. his support of certain political candidates, the words to the songs he writes, etc.) would seem to oppose the very purpose for which the Impossible Missions Force was created. The fighting of fire with fire...to outsmart the Bad Guys in their very own game...to bring about death to avoid more deaths. While it makes for exciting stories, it does little to emphasize the utter futility of war and the debasement of the persons involved in such actions as spying, cracking dictatorships through unethical means, etc. When the Good Guys use the same methods as the Bad Guys, are they the Good Guys anymore? What's the difference then between them? Perhaps that's the main reason that most fan-produced M:I material is satirical in nature. It's awfully hard to put LN in that group and be serious about the whole thing!

Until Leonard Nimoy leaves M:I, or the show changes drastically, I don't think that the Nimoyan Scribes ever will get much M:I material. Writing for that show is just simply that...an Impossible Mission! Here is one fan who ardently hopes that LN will get a new, better series soon! A show in which we can empathize with, a show that fits his talents!

Jackie Franke

SON OF SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM NOTES:

One project in the works is a listing of SF short stories and novels which are very much like some ST episodes, to encourage new fans to read more science fiction, and learn to enjoy the fullness of a really engrossing hobby. For instance, if you liked "DOOMSDAY MACHINE", you'll love Fred Saberhagen's BERSERKER series; if you enjoyed "CHANGELING", you'll probably really dig anything Isaac Asimov wrote about robotics. Trekkers who loved the TRIBBLES will enjoy more SF tales about small fuzzy and furry friends of the animal kingdom..how many can you think of? Will you help us make up the list? Consider the basis for any episode, and make a list of all the SF you've read that comes anywhere near that subject! Send suggestions to Bjo.



ORDERS OR NO, ... I WON'T SWALLOW THIS STUFF!

REVIEW: *SEA HUNT*

In this "SEA HUNT" story, Leonard Nimoy played a man named Hoyo, a member of a revolutionary group. Somehow, a boat mined with dynamite had been sunk in the harbor of the capital city of some South American country. Hoyo had been captured by government navel troops. I missed the first few minutes and don't know how these events came about; when I turned it on, Commander Vargas was trying to get Hoyo to tell them how many and where the detonators were.

When Hoyo wouldn't tell them, Commander Vargas decided to put him in a roundboat without oars, tow it out over the sunken boat and let Hoyo be blown up with the boat. They carried out this threat, but before the tender got back to the ship, Hoyo changed his mind; he wouldn't tell them, but he would show Mike where and in what order the detonators were to be disarmed.

The first two - there were five in all - were easily located and disarmed; but while they were searching for the third in the hold, several cases of dynamite slipped and pinned Mike. Hoyo took off. But he didn't go far; just to the surface for a crowbar to free Mike. With one more detonator to be found, Hoyo gave out, and Mike had to take him to the surface. But Hoyo passed out before he could tell where it was, and Mike went down to search. While Mike was searching, Hoyo recovered enough to take the tender back to the ship; now everyone waited.

Just as the time was up, there was a loud explosion and everyone ducked, thinking it was the dynamite. It was just a cannon on shore signaling noon. Right after this, Mike surfaced and was brought to the ship. Commander Vargas ordered Hoyo taken below and locked up. Mike stopped them, saying he wanted to put in a good word for Hoyo, because he had saved Mike's life and made it possible to disarm the dynamite.

In this story, the character went from a stubborn patriot to scared when freeing Mike, and later collapsing from exhaustion and finally worrying about Mike. I thought he was most convincing as a man afraid, not just of dying, but of leaving his family - who were hidden in the hills - without his protection and support.

Besides Leonard Nimoy as Louis Hoyo, and Lloyd Bridges as Mike Nelson, Rodolfo Hoyas played Ramon Vargas who was Commander of the Naval Vessel.

The other show two weeks later again had Leonard Nimoy as a South American, but this time he was on the other side, training under Mike Nelson for underwater demolition. He played Indio Ramaras. He was one of two students who remained, out of a class of twenty-two. The other was Tamos, who is rich, college-educated, maybe spoiled by having everything he wants, and has a liking for girls. Indio came from a poor family and augmented his high school education with a lot of reading and several years of military service. The two don't get along and the leader of the opposition party thinks of Mike as a mercenary, and Mike suspects that one of his students - probably Indio - is a Sorano man.

The students' training is almost completed when Sorano makes a surprise move. Unable to stir up a revolution because most of the military backed the President, Sorano kidnapped the President. With a

(SEA HUNT Review: continued:)

company of hand-picked men, Sorano took him to a nearby island, and then threatened to kill him, if anyone tried to rescue him. Despite this threat, Mike decides to rescue the President. To prevent an underwater rescue attempt, Sorano has placed a steel-mesh fence underwater. This must be blown, yet in such a way that it won't tip Sorano off that they're there. The three of them planted decoy charges to confuse the soldiers, and at the same time they planted a charge on the fence. Once through the fence, Tomas speeds ahead and climbs on the sea wall. When he surfaces, Mike gets a surprise; one of his students is a Sorano man; but not Indio.

Tomas is about to signal the soldiers with a flare pistol. Tomas is captured, tied up, and placed on a small rubber raft and a smoke bomb is released. This attracts the soldiers, who start shooting. Mike and Indio immediately dive. The fate of Tomas is not revealed. After swimming around to the other side of the island, they shed their diving gear. Indio creates a distraction by tossing small explosives, and Mike slips into the island prison and captures Sorano, who all this time has stayed where it was safe and yelled commands at his men.

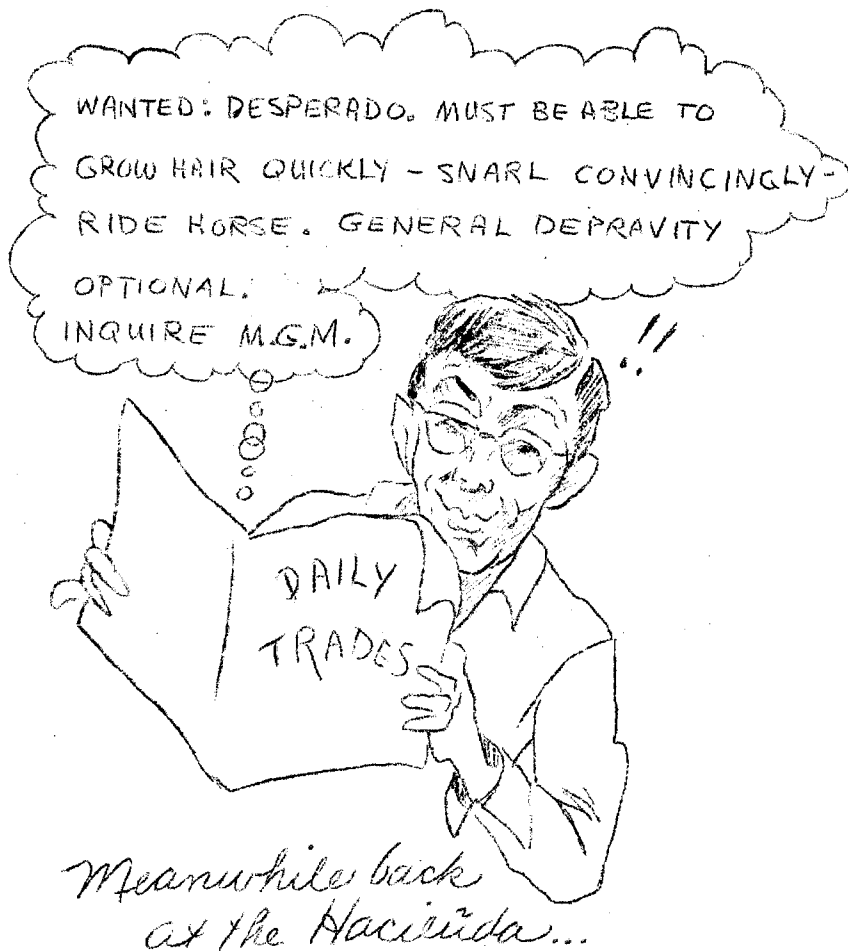
The outcome of all this is that Indio is made head of the underwater military unit - it had a high-sounding name which I cannot remember - which he is first going to have to train. Mike Nelson receives a medal from the government for his services.

As Indio, Leonard Nimoy had little to say - in fact most of the story was narration. But he put across beautifully Indio's feelings by his actions alone.

Besides Leonard Nimoy as Indio Ramoras, and Lloyd Bridges as Mike Nelson, Ric Marlo played Tomas, and Al Rosco played Sorano.

(Editor's Note: this review was handwritten, on both sides of the paper, and had no name on it at all. It is a shame to publish anonymously any art or writing: why not remember to put your full name and address on the back of all artwork & cartoons, and all writings, too? It'd be nice to know who you are!

A plea for better eyesight; double-space even handwritten articles and stories, please? And only one side of the paper; it makes life so much easier in planning out the fanzine for each issue! Thanx!)



Luvly Paris
(Lovely)

By Trish (Patricia Hernandez)
Mexico, age 15

It's 9 o'clock, Friday, you find me watching TV, Channel 2,
program: Mission Impossible.

My heart beats very fast when the heavenly figure of Paris appears
on the screen.

Paris' character is really sensational, his smile and his look make
me shiver, his personality can be N.E.A.S. Isn't emotive, active,
secondary. His emotivity is 4.6°, activity 6.9° and secondary 8.1°.
This in psychology is:

N.E. - He isn't impressed or affected by anything.

A. - He works all the time even if he doesn't need it, inclusive
in his spare time.

S. - His heart is noble and sincere all the time, especially in
love. When he is angry, he can be even more angry the next day.
Apart from gentle, romantic, sincere, caricative, he is a most
attractive man and his love for America is really fascinating, his
ability for the work is very efficient and exact. I classify him as
one of the better men of the IM Force, the best of all. I admire
his courage and ingenuity with which he works out his missions.

His favorite colors, also in psychology, the green describes him
nervous, but also calm. This is the state in which he prefers to stay.
Blue: means that he likes dreams and makes big castles with strong
bases. He is very romantic.

His crane's form tells that he's a nervous man.

In his hand's form you can see a great part of his personality,
excels in sincerity, especially in love, if he is married, the most
logical thing is to continue to love her through the years. Also
the devotion to his family, love, and work. Also, he is very
optimistic. In his hand you can feel elasticity, but a bit dry in
oil means that he has suffered several times. Before people he will
always be optimistic and in good humor. He will always know how to
come out with his troubles (from work or family) with great happiness
and pride. Never will he need affect from a person and for his
intelligence and ability, he will be very solicited.

If the IM Force have many men like Paris, it will be the strongest
in the world.

My congratulations to Paris and his Fans because you know and love
the prototype of the Man Sensation for many cycles.

Live long and prosper,

Trish

CHECK OUT RENEWAL OFFER IN
N-E: GET YOUR SPOCK CALENDAR!

I've got a great plan PARIS!
Look at it!

But...

PARIS! I assure you
my plan
is foolproof!

PLAN

Heh! Heh! Now for my alternate plan!



LOVE

IT COMES IN ALL COLORS

You see one-hundred and eleven people jammed together as one, singing in full voice, "LET THE SUN SHINE IN." It is not a riot, and not a protest. These people of all colors, creeds and careers have joined with the National Urban Coalition in making a television commercial which makes the plea to the world to stop a minute - and love.

One of the faces on the "Love" spot is that of Leonard Nimoy, who took time from his busy schedule to work for something that he believes in. Love is the essence of Leonard Nimoy. That fact is most obviously present in his marriage, for as Sam Cole says, "He is very married!"

Many actors concentrate only on their careers and their popularity. Acting sometimes seems to be a sideline with Mr. Nimoy. He is so involved in trying to help others: marching with grape strikers, Synanon for drug addicts, boosting liberal political candidates, peace rallies, working for better education in schools, promoting a creative TV station in Los Angeles, etc.

Nimoy's albums are all songs of deep human meaning that directly reflect his personal attitudes. And, as Spock, Nimoy made use of his chance to comment on humanity and bring insight on our human weaknesses and hypocracies. And Leonard played The Great Paris, a fitting title for one so skilled in aiding world justice.

Nearly everything Mr. Nimoy does shows a genuine love, interest and care. He is sincere, tender and definitely not a hypocrite. We are his Scribes: molded to reflect the ideals of Leonard Nimoy. So when we see the "LOVE - it comes in all colors" film, let's *listen...* and then pass the word along.

--Luanne Hofschulte--



by Bjo (With thanks to black cartoonist MORRIE, and his cartoon "WEE PALS")

The Inquiring Mind -

Questions from YOU: answers from Bjo

Q: How are the titles for the show chosen, and what do they mean?

A: Usually this is left up to the author, who titles a story or show more or less intuitively; titles can be part of a quote, a reference or even a pun or double entendre. For instance, *Catspaw* means "a pawn", and on the show, the Enterprise people were just that in the quarrel between Sylvia and Korob. But it was a double entendre, for there was the real danger of a cat's paw at every turn, too. There is an ancient Gaelic belief that faeries can steal an unbaptized baby, leaving an unloving and unruly elf-child in its place; a *Changeling*. Then there is allegory, such as when the Enterprise people were the "snakes" in an all-providing "Garden", offering *The Apple* of knowledge to the natives. Sayings such as "...*Friday's Child* is full of woe..." or "*Whom Gods would Destroy*, they first make mad.." or Shakespeare's famous "A rose *By Any Other Name* would smell as sweet.."; a reference to accepting this universe instead of Andromeda, which had been their original goal. You need to know a bit of history to catch such things as *Plato's Stepchildren*, for Plato was a woman-hater and homosexual; any children of his would have to be stepchildren! The title was a fitting comment of the decadence of that world. You get the idea...try to find your own references!

Q: Where can I get a pattern for the uniforms used on the show?

A: I wish I knew! I can get the velour textile and gold braid used, but have never come across a pattern. Perhaps a reader can help by telling us his or her own methods for making ST costumes? A combination of patterns (if so, give # and Brand-name of each, please), or freehand drafting? I'll print the answers, if you'll all help me find them!

Q: Where did Gene Roddenberry get the idea for Spock, originally?

A: In the very first outline for the show, of which we have a Xerox copy, it says that Spock was supposed to be red-skinned, and look "devilish". He was, in effect, just going to be an interesting addition to a space travelling ship, by being alien. The red skin didn't work; on black & white TV, it looked too dark, so they switched to the light Chinese base makeup. Gradually the character developed a personality; the one you know and love today was basically the work of D.C. Fontana, who "understood" Spock perhaps better than the show's originator.

Q: Is it true that you, Bjo, quarreled with Theresa Victor, calling names?

A: No, this is only one of a series of rumors started by jealous and sick Spockies. For some weird reason, it just drives certain types crazy to know that one fan enjoys something that they cannot; in this case, my visits to the studio and the set. To "compensate", they wrote odd letters and started kooky rumors. Actually, we've met Theresa only a few times, at parties or on the set, but found her to be a lively, pretty girl with an intense involvement in her job. There has never been any enmity between us, nor any reason for us to have quarreled, since we just didn't have that much association, and of course, no reason at all for calling names. Try to keep this kind of stupid incident in mind when you hear a "juicy rumor"; ask yourself if there is any real reason why the person being slandered would do what is being claimed. Then look at the person spreading the rumor; are they happy about it; do they enjoy telling a tale on someone? Then they'll enjoy telling one on YOU, first chance they get; remember that!

(Q & A: continued)

Q: *What would happen to Spock if he had to use a mind-touch and there was no one there to pull him out of it? Would the other entity control Spock?*

A: Depends on how strong the other entity was. Seems to me that a Vulcan would have natural safeguards against that. But Spock is only half-V and he forgot about his nictating membranes, too, didn't he? There's the basis for an interesting story here; get to work, everyone!

Q: *In the various panels of the ship, Sulu's navigation station, and Uhura's communications, every time they press a button, there is a musical sound. What actually produced that sound?*

A: Glen-Glen Sound. None of the props on the set made a sound, or shot out light; sounds were "dubbed" in when the full sound track was added to the final film, and Special Effects provided the lights, phaser-shots, photon bombs, "edge of the galaxy", etc.

Q: *Where can I reach Gene Roddenberry, now that Star Trek has ended?*

A: He worked for a time at MGM, but now, according to latest report, works at home. You might try to reach him via Star Trek Enterprises, but the odds are that you'll only get a catalog, and he won't get the letter though GR purportedly owns the company.

Q: *Can you explain how the computer in the transporter room works?*

A: No.

Q: *Well, then, can you explain anything of the M-5 computer?*

A: Talk to a local IBM representative; I think you have a great future in computer programming! Actually, as with all the futuristic machinery on the show, the computers were writer's extrapolations of how sophisticated computers could become. Nobody can explain their workings, because they are only theoretical today; IDEAS rather than actual pieces of working machinery. We can theorize that a computer--such as HAL in the movie *2001: a Space Odyssey*--could become humanized enough that it would have feelings of hostility or feel threatened and react, but so far nobody has developed such a machine. Perhaps in 200 years...

Q: *How did the shows get correlated, so that data for scripts had no inconsistencies?*

A: Each show has a Script Consultant, whose job it is to read scripts, and reject the ones which do not show an understanding of the show and its characters. This person--or sometimes an entire office staff--also keeps a file on names used, people involved, planets, etc, in an effort to avoid inconsistencies. TV shows often hire a research agency to look up names, and keep track of scientific facts, etc; Star Trek had Kellum DeForest Research--no relation whatsoever to DeForest Kelley!--to do this kind of work, though they disclaim the unscientific lurches. In spite of all this, inconsistencies crept in: the dating for *Omega Glory*, or Amanda's age; it happens on weekly shows where the pace is terrific just getting the scripts and shows ready for your TV screen.

Q: *Were the Trimbles and Roddenberry close friends?*

A: We thought we were, after we'd planned and run the 1-million-letters-to-NBC "Save Star Trek" campaign. However, after we'd installed Star Trek Enterprises as a going business, the relationship was terminated by GR. Though we've seen some of the stars of ST since, we have had very little contact with GR, though we've always hoped the misunderstanding could be cleared up.

STAR TREK CON

Jan. 21, 22, 23, 1972

As implied by its title, STAR TREK CON will be involved with STAR TREK, although not necessarily limited to it. The convention will be held at the Statler Hilton Hotel, located on 7th Avenue between W. 32nd Street and W. 33rd Street, in New York, opposite Penn Station and Madison Square Garden. It will run between Star Date 2021.6 and 2023.6 (Friday, January 21st, and Sunday, January 23rd, 1972). Advance registration and Non-Attending membership are available at \$2.50. They will be accepted through December 31, 1971. Registration at the door will be \$3.50. Advance registration and Non-Attending membership should be sent to: Eileen Becker, 3901 Independence Avenue, Riverdale, N.Y. 10463. Huckster tables will be available at \$15.00 for the first, and \$25.00 for the second. Reservations must be in for tables no later than December 31, 1971. Requests and information concerning the hucksters' room should be addressed to: Joan Winston, 334 E. 54th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Make all checks and money orders payable to Albert Schuster. Please do not send any Klingon Koins.

Included in the program will be a talk on Mr. Spock by Dr. Isaac Asimov, and a discussion by members who have had the opportunity to visit the STAR TREK set, and watched the actual filming of the series. We have also approached several of the original cast and crew, and have invited them to attend. The regular program will include several slide shows. These will be based around various episodes of the show, as well as general information. Some of these have been presented in the past, and have been quite successful. We are still looking for additional items to include in the program. If you have a poem, story, essay, or idea which may apply, we would appreciate hearing of it. Please contact Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225.

We are hoping to obtain a number of STAR TREK episodes which will be shown as part of a film program, with the generous cooperation of Paramount Pictures Corp. Other items will include a display of two uniform shirts, a phaser, and several of the original tribbles. There will be a fairly comprehensive fanzine display, including ones both currently available, and discontinued. Some of these will be on sale at the convention. Also on display will be pieces of STAR TREK, and related, jewelry crafted by individuals. For additional information, please contact Elyse S. Pines, 637 East 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

The Art Show will be open to all areas of science fiction. The deadline for submission of material for display and/or sale is December 31, 1971. All inquiries and material should be directed to Allan Asherman, 2112 64th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204. Please do not send us any material until you have contacted us first.

We are planning to have several industrial displays. We already have a tentative committment from NASA to provide us with one. We are in the process of contacting several other companies in this regard. Any interested parties should contact Elyse S. Pines. All inquiries concerning any aspect of the program, displays, and the convention in general should be directed to Elyse S. Pines. All specific questions and comments pertaining to areas outlined above should be addressed to the committee member named.

We are looking foward to seeing you at the STAR TREK CONVENTION!

A CONVENTION IN PLANNING

Elsewhere in this issue, you will find an announcement of a Star Trek Convention, in New York this coming January. New conventions pop up all the time; comics cons, witchcraft & sorcery cons, mystery cons, and now a Star Trek con! It should work; there are certainly enough fans, but most of all, it should work here in Los Angeles where the show started. Would two such cons in one year be too much? Would you go to both? Could you attend a California con where you might not make it to New York? Give us your ideas, affirmative or negative, on this, please?

Having a full-fledged convention is not as easy as a one-day gathering in some hall. All you have to do then is rent the hall, or convince the owners to volunteer it "for a good cause" in some cases. Then let the event occur; people will arrive and rap and enjoy themselves, trading film clips and experiences. But the minute a conventioner pays a nominal sum for membership to a *convention*, he has bought a license to gripe! It is a wonder that anyone ever throws a con again, but people do!

A convention involves setting up exhibits, spaces for hucksters (sales) and guaranteeing the hotel that enough people will rent rooms and buy banquet tickets to help pay for the meeting rooms and banquet hall! Any standard hotel will charge around \$350 to \$600 a day for a ballroom, unless the convention meets its guarantees. Along with arranging several days worth of programming, a convention committee can end up with a huge bill, if the convention is not a whopping success! It's hard work, but it *can* be rewarding for the committee, if a really good convention has been run.

However, before a convention even starts, there are publicity and mailing expenses, speaker's fees, hotel and travel expenses for some of the guests, display cases to be rented, fashion shows to pay for, and the extras charged by the hotel; costume balls involve lighting and music, and so on. Out-of-pocket expenses can be staggering; plus the extra work of convincing people that the convention is important enough to attend, and celebrities that it will be of any use whatsoever to their career, so they will come and speak or at least show up!

But several local ST fans have been kicking the idea around for some time, and would like to try it. We have the experience of putting on some very successful (and fun!) science fiction conventions, and the others have the fannish enthusiasm necessary for the hard work involved. What do you think? What kind of program would you like to have? Actors? Writers? Technical people? What movies would you like to see as part of the late-night program? How about an art show? Would slides--made from film clips--shows be of interest? Would you like to know more about the movie-making and TV industry in general, or stay just with Star Trek, or at least only science fiction shows? Outside the convention hotel, what would you like to see in the Southern California area? What else would you like to know about? What would *YOU* suggest for such a convention?

If we had the support of ST fans, we could arrange a really fun (as well as informative) convention. If you agree, write the Trimbles with your suggestions and answers to the questions posed. If you *disagree*, by all means write the Trimbles and tell them why!

Please note that the *NEW ADDRESS* for John & Bjo Trimble is 420 Westminster Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90020. We no longer live at either 417 N. Kenmore or 869 Irolo, so please change your address listing on us. The Westminster address is also the *ONLY* one for the Star Trek Concordance, as well as George Barr and Alicia Austin.

ANOTHER STAR TREK SONG?

There's a hole in the middle of the sky,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky,
There's a hole,
There's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's a cell in the hole in the middle of the sky,
There's a cell in the hole in the middle of the sky,
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's a system in the cell in the hole in the middle of the sky
(repeat)

There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's a starship in the system in the cell in the hole in the
middle of the sky (repeat)

There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's a shuttlecraft from the starship in the system in the
cell in the hole in the middle of the sky (repeat)

There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's a Science Officer in the shuttlecraft from the starship
in the system in the cell in the hole in the middle of
the sky (repeat)

There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's Spock who's the Science Officer in the shuttlecraft from
the starship in the system in the cell in the hole in the
middle of the sky (repeat)

There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

There's a streak of stubbornness in Spock who's the Science Officer
in the shuttlecraft from the starship in the system in the
cell in the hole in the middle of the sky (repeat)

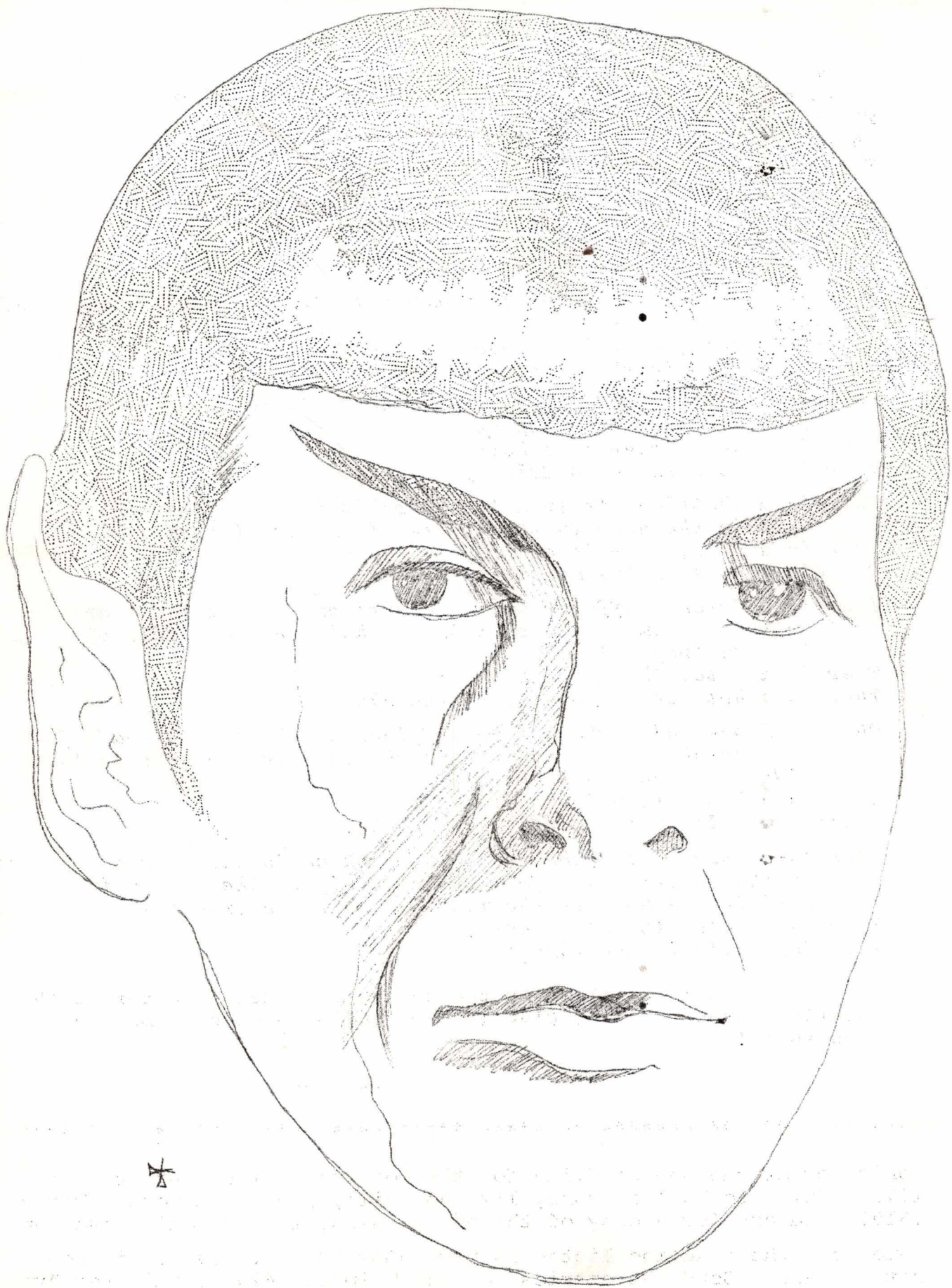
There's a hole, there's a hole,
There's a hole in the middle of the sky.

Composed 'a capella' by the Northern Eastern Chapter of the
Ontario Science Fiction Club (NEC-OSFiC) -- & we were more or
less sober!

"Fascinating..."

Don't forget the new deadline for the costume design contest: Dec. 23,
1971. Write to Thelma Stone, 112 Thornhill, #10, Fort Worth, Texas
76107, and ask for a copy of the entry rules, if you don't have 'em.

Remember, the deadline listed in SPOCKULATIONS, of Nov. 31 is now
set forward. Send the entries to: Bjo Trimble, 420 Westminster Ave.,
Los Angeles, CA 90020.



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