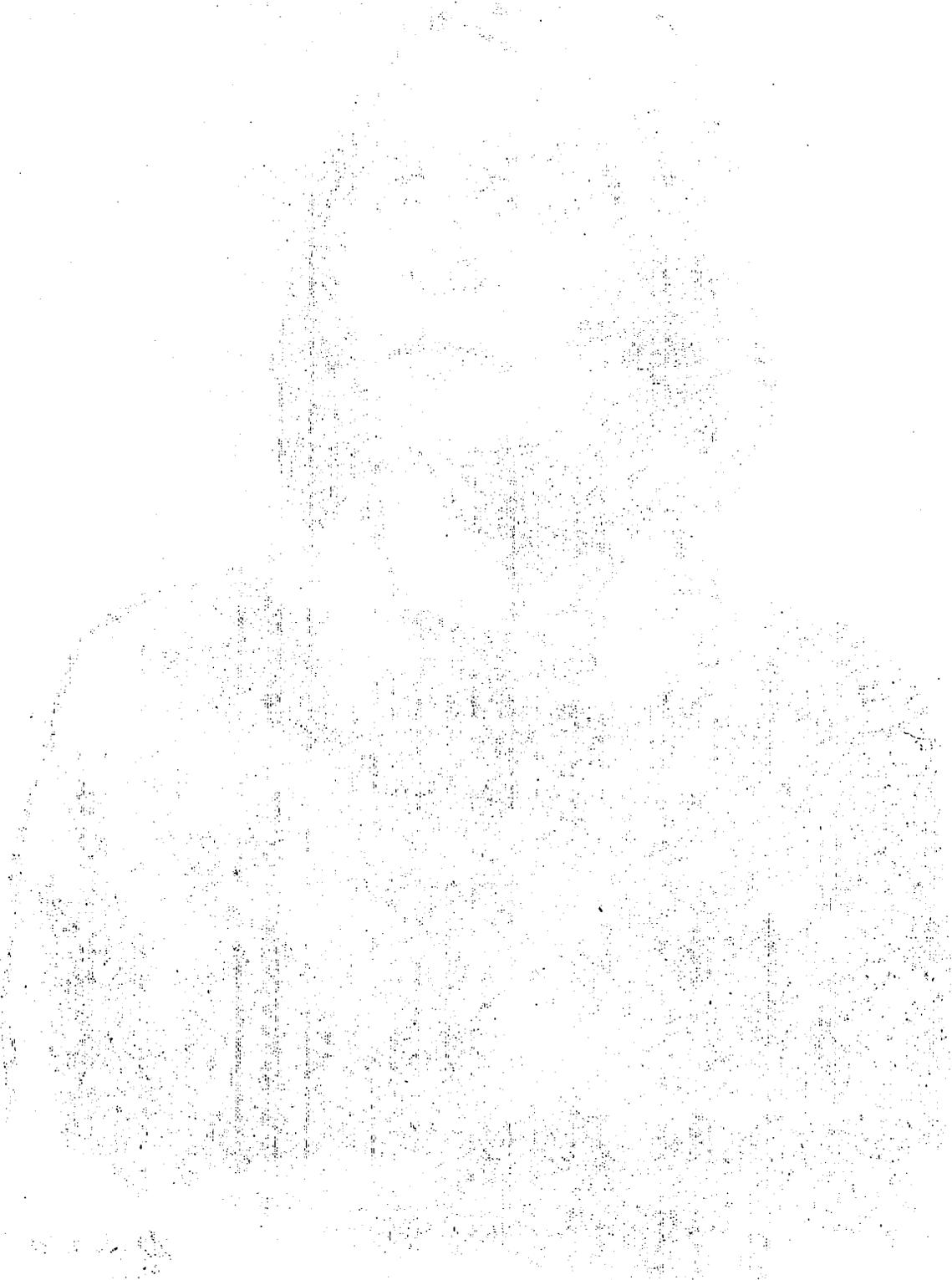




A.E. Hughes
29.09.71

T☆ Negative 22



0
P
0
0

T-Negative 22, January 1974, comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. Published irregularly, repeat, irregularly.

Contents

cover: Elizabeth Dehner, by Alan Andres.4
 Ritual in the Kraith Universe by Joyce Yasner.....11
 My Life as a Star Trek Widower, by Dave Hulan.....11
 USS Enterprise, or, The Lass that loved electronics,
 by John and Sandra Miesel.....13
 Animation Reviews.....24
 ...As the Romans Do, by Gennie Summers.....26
 T-Waves: letters.....27
 Leila's First Song: To One Called Alien, by Shirley Meech...op.34
 Articles of Interest.....35
 more reviews.....37
 bacover: Doug Herring.

illus: C.S. Hillard p. 5; Joyce Yasner p. 8; Janice p. 10; Rae Ladore p. 12; Doug Herring pp. 14, 16, 18, 20; Connie Faddis p. 28; Cory Correll opposite p. 34.

excuses for sending this to you:

I felt like sending it You contributed

You paid money at the rate of 50¢/one or \$2/five.
Your subscription is currently due to end: issue #

this issue

Back issues are 75¢/one or \$2/three. At present, #'s 1, 3-10, & 17-21 are available. I'll be reprinting others later. #9 included an index to #'s 1-8; #17 an index to #'s 9-16. This fall I ran out of copies of "The Star Trek Songbook," and have reprinted it, adding new material. This second edition is 75¢/copy. Copies of the new material alone (three instrumental themes, one romance from "This Side of Paradise" et al, two humorous from "Trouble with Tribbles" et al; description of harpsichord music in "Squire of Gothos" with the Scarlatti sonata played by the squire, the animation-ST theme, and the two song-fragments sung by James Doohan "Lorelei Signal" and "Mudd's Passion") are available for 25¢ each.

Brag Dept: poems, "Frog in Waiting," Poet Lore (\$1/copy, Box 688 Westport CT 06880) Autumn 1973; "Defining Terms" & "Memorable Night," winter 1973 Windless Orchard (\$1, Purdue U. Ft Wayne IN 46805); "Unmoved Sunflower," fall 1973 Amanuensis (\$1, English Dept OT 1215 U. of Kentucky Lexington KY 40506); stories, "A Board in the Other Direction" F&SF January 1974; "Coricopat's Demonstration of the Truth," Cats Magazine November 1973 (85¢?, PO Box 83048 Lincoln NE 68501).

Ritual

in the Kraith Universe
by Joyce Yasner

((This article deals mainly with the Kraith stories by Jacqueline Lichtenberg which have appeared in T-Negative #'s 8, 10, 12-13, and 16-17, but with some reference to other stories in the series. Carol Lynn and Deborah Goldstein are gradually bringing out collections of the Kraith stories. Most of the stories referred to in this article are available from them. For information on the Kraith Collected series, send a stamped addressed envelope to Carol Lynn, 11524 Nashville, Detroit MI 48205.))

A scientist and a mystic, it seems to me, should make strange bedfellows. The scientist's reliance on experimentation and deductive logic and the mystic's reliance on ritual and magic betray fundamentally opposite approaches to life. That the Kraith universe not only fails to make a distinction between the two, but even implies that there is none, puzzles me.

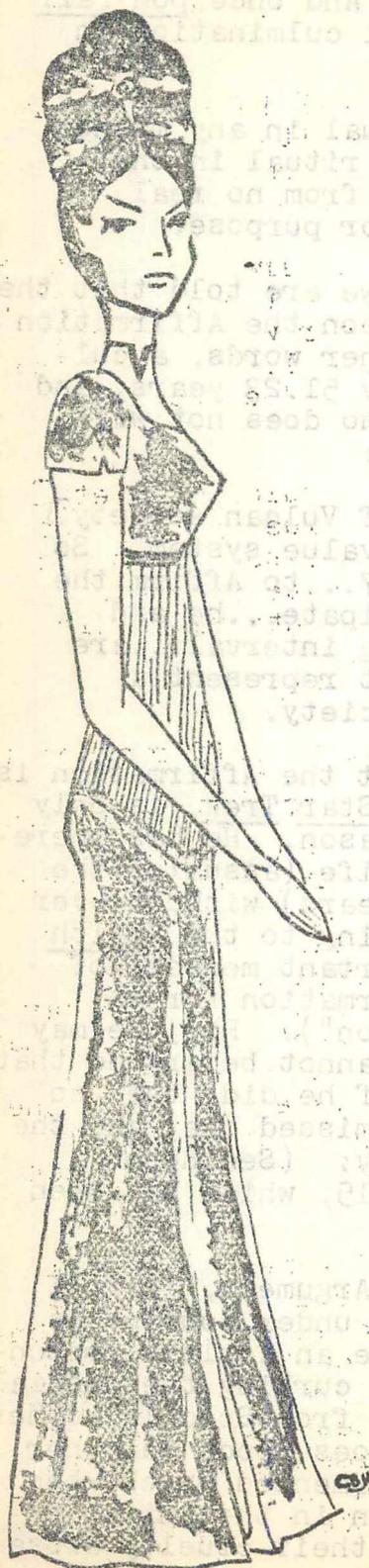
Few of us who watch Star Trek would deny that Spock is a scientist who prides himself on his logic. So, too, are the Vulcan people depicted as logical and scientifically oriented. What place, if any, does ritual have in the Vulcan culture?

To answer this question, we must first ask what function ritual serves. Rituals create, first of all, a sense of belonging or group. They prescribe a series of actions and words that, once performed, serve to distance, remove, or help make more tolerable what would ordinarily be disturbing.

But although rituals serve these valuable social functions, they are essentially illogical.

For instance, saying "Gesundheit!" when someone sneezes is a ritual. Sometimes sneezing indicates that someone is becoming ill, a thought which may disturb his acquaintances. "Gesundheit" means "health" in German. To express the wish that someone who may be becoming ill should, rather, remain healthy is a social gesture. It indicates that a bond of mutual concern exists between the members of the group who participate in the wishing ritual. And yet, while it is kind to hope that someone will not become ill, saying "Health!" to them will not make them healthy. No ritual formula has the power to change objective reality. That we behave as though one does is illogical.

In the episode "Amok Time" Spock tells Kirk that the Vulcans rarely discuss pon-farr among themselves. This is, I believe, primarily because pon-farr makes the Vulcan male behave illogically, something he finds embarrassing. But there is more to his



reticence than that. When Spock asks Kirk if he ever wondered how Vulcans choose their mates, Kirk answers for all of us that he had always assumed it was done logically. Spock says this is not so. For we soon learn that not only does pon-farr make the Vulcan male behave illogically, but it is the very fact that it makes him behave illogically that has dictated the survival of an equally illogical ritual, one which Spock describes, appropriately enough, as "shrouded in antiquity."

Spock knows that koon-ut-kal-if-fee is illogical. This is one of the reasons he is so reluctant to tell Kirk anything at all about pon-farr, even to the point of being willing to die rather than reveal the secret. He gives so little information about the koon-ut-kal-if-fee ritual, other than to say it should be brief, because it is illogical to have a ritual. That he makes no reference to the brutality of it certainly should not surprise us. Logical Vulcans should not have to resort to choosing their mates by ritual combat. Koon ut-kal-if-fee may have been an excellent, if brutal, way to pick the warriors fittest to mate thousands of years ago. But it is an illogical way to pick husbands today.

The Vulcans, as we know, are proud of their ability to control themselves. To lose this control during pon-farr is, therefore, so unbearably horrible to them that they can only try to distance the horror by ritual. The important thing is for us to know the Vulcan's attitude toward this ritual. It is my belief that they abhor koon-ut-kal-if-fee. For despite their society's accomplishments, the Vulcans find they must resort to the brutality and illogic they despised themselves for in their early history in order to live with a biological necessity. Spock is as ashamed of the illogic of koon-ut-kal-if-fee as he is ashamed of the illogical behavior he displays during pon-farr. But while he is truly powerless to escape the latter, the same cannot be said of the former. This is the bitter irony of Vulcan life.

There should be no doubt in our minds that pon farr is a necessity. No Vulcan male, not even the half-human Spock, can choose whether or not he will experience it. And once pon-farr begins, the only alternative to its successful culmination in mating is death.

The Kraith universe does not present ritual in any manner similar to that described above. Not only is ritual in the Kraith universe arbitrary, in that it results from no real necessity, but it is also different in kind, or purpose.

In "Spock's Affirmation" (T-Negative 8) we are told that the survival of the Vulcan civilization depends upon the Affirmation of the Continuity. The Affirmation is, in other words, a cultural necessity. It takes place exactly every 51.23 years, and everyone must participate in it, for anyone who does not will begin to display socially disruptive behavior:

the durability of the structure [of Vulcan society] depends on the transmission of our value system. So we meet in groups of no less than 57...to Affirm the Continuity. One who doesn't participate...he and his children born during the ensuing interval...are not only lost to the Continuity, but represent a destructive influence within our society.

There is, however, abundant evidence that the Affirmation is not a necessity at all. Spock, according to Star Trek, is only 36 to 40 years old at the end of the third season. He has therefore lived approximately one quarter of his life (assuming the Vulcan life span to be, on the average, 160 years) without ever experiencing an Affirmation. And yet, according to the Kraith universe, Spock is a successful and even important member of Vulcan society. He is chosen to lead an Affirmation for an important group of people ("Spock's Affirmation"). How, we may ask, did Spock qualify for such a post? It cannot be argued that he experienced an Affirmation vicariously. If he did, then so may everyone else unfortunate enough to have missed one, and the Affirmation would obviously not be a necessity. (See Ruth Berman's story "The Disaffirmed," T-Negative 15, which has been accepted into the Kraith series.)

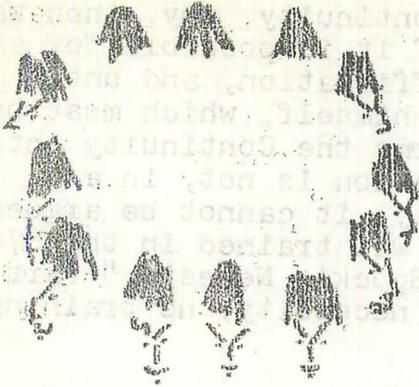
Furthermore, it is asserted in "Spock's Argument," Part I (T-Negative 12), that all Vulcan children are under continuous adult control. In other words, it seems to be an adult's responsibility to act in place of an Affirmation by curbing the asocial, violent tendencies of his children. We learn from Spock's mother in "Journey to Babel," however, and nowhere does Spock deny her assertion, that a group of Vulcan children tormented Spock when he was five years old. (See also the children in the animation-episode "Yesteryear.") If it is argued that their cruelty arose

from their having failed to Affirm the Continuity, why, then was there no adult controlling them? And, if it is possible for an adult to control a child in lieu of an Affirmation, and until such time as he is old enough to control himself, which must be the case with Spock, since he never Affirms the Continuity until he is in his early 40's, then the Affirmation is not, in any sense of the word, a necessity. Similarly, it cannot be argued that Spock behaves acceptably because he was trained in the 670 Disciplines by his grandfather, Suvil ("Spock's Nemesis," Part I, T-Negative 16). If the Affirmation is a necessity, no training should be able to take its place.

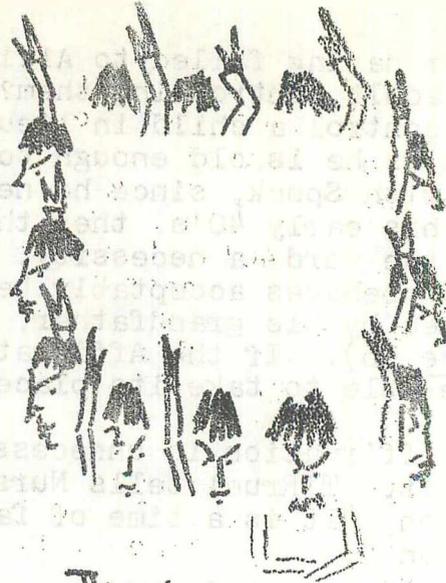
The Affirmation is unnecessary, and yet there is ritual surrounding it. T'Rruel tells Nurse Chapel that, prior to the Affirmation, "It is a time of fasting for us" ("Spock's Affirmation").

Fasting, first of all, finds its place most readily in religion. The religious person fasts for several reasons, most of which are not only basically emotional, but also markedly different from those that motivate such a ritual as koon-ut-kal-if-fee. Koon-ut-kal-if-fee, as we have already seen, is a social ritual that enables the Vulcan people to distance an unpleasant aspect of their lives. Fasting, on the other hand, is an individual ritual. It intensifies rather than distances the event which dictates it. We fast in order that we may remember important, usually painful events. We fast as a kind of self-discipline. We fast as a means of clearing the mind for spiritual thought. But fasting, like most rituals, is illogical and rarely accomplishes its stated purposes. After going hungry for a long enough period of time, we begin to suffer from headaches, dizziness, weakness, a sensation of floating, and, eventually, hallucinations. Fasting, rather than making us remember important events, makes us think about being hungry instead. Aside from that, most people will remember events truly significant to them without such goads. Fasting is undoubtedly a good discipline, once it is determined what, precisely, we are disciplining ourselves for. If it is discipline for no other reason than to experience pain and discomfort, it has no place in the life of a well-adjusted individual. Fasting certainly seems to do little in the way of clearing the mind for spiritual thought, unless the hallucinations that come from persisting in a fast too long are to be identified as religious experience. Arguing that Vulcans would control the deleterious side effects is obviously absurd. Why should they deny themselves food, if they are not going to experience the effects of its lack?

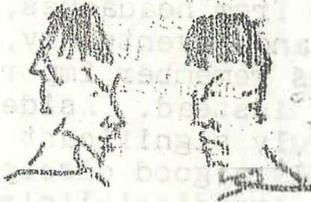
What possible reason is there, then, for a Vulcan, trained in scientific objectivity and emotional control, to fast? A Vulcan will not attribute religious significance to hallucinations. He will not experience emotional satisfaction from masochistic self-discipline. He will not need to have his memory supplemented



We will now vote on
the performance of the
Mobot. Those who vote
affirmative will raise their
right hand. Those who
vote negative will refrain
from raising any hand.



Thank you.



Must be one of
these "new
criticism" people!

JAY 1/24/73

by a gnawing hunger in his belly. Vulcans, like any other living thing, need food. Without it, they will sicken and die. For a Vulcan to go hungry when it is not absolutely necessary is illogical. The absurdity of fasting prior to the Affirmation is all the more apparent when we learn that the Affirmation endangers a Vulcan's health ("Spock's Affirmation").

We know of only two Star Trek episodes, "Amok Time" and "Paradise Syndrome," in which Spock changed his normal eating habits. In "Amok Time" Spock stopped eating during pon-farr. There is some reason to believe he was fasting, but there is much greater reason to believe he was not.

Dr. McCoy explains that the symptoms of pon-farr are much like those a human would experience if

large quantities of adrenaline were pumped into his body. I believe that Spock, rather than fasting, was unable to eat because

of his nervous condition. As we know, Spock tends to have a queasy stomach, frequently complaining that Dr. McCoy's "potions" make him nauseous ("The Apple"). Furthermore, we should note that Spock does try to eat; although he throws Nurse Chapel out of his quarters the first time she brings him soup, he later specifically asks her to make him some plomeek soup. Spock has a great deal of will power. If his refusing food in "Amok Time" were a ritual, it would be unlikely that he would break his fast before the ritual had ended -- and especially unlikely for him to do so at the moment when he has just learned the ritual will soon be completed, for they are on course for Vulcan. It is equally unlikely that he would give it up just to please the nurse.

It is, of course possible that Spock was irrational and forgot that he should have been fasting. This, however, seems unlikely, for what is the significance of fasting under such circumstances? Spock does not have to be reminded that he is in pon-farr. We certainly hope that he does not have to be disciplined through suffering. Spock has no control over his condition and is already suffering physically because of it. Are we to believe he fasts during pon-farr in order to improve his moral condition? He does not; unless, of course, he must be made to see just how helpless and miserable his sexual needs can make him. Such mortification has no place in the psychology of a twenty-second century man, certainly not in a Vulcan. Portraying sex as bestial, because it makes us mad, or degrading, because we have no control over our need, belongs to a different time and culture.

When Kirk learns from McCoy that Spock is not eating, he says that Spock is probably in one of his "contemplative phases." The suggestion is clearly meant to be humorous. Both McCoy and Kirk will only begin to realize the seriousness of Spock's condition after the Vulcan throws Nurse Chapel out of his quarters. We know something is wrong with Spock when McCoy tells Kirk that the Vulcan threatened to break his neck, but McCoy does not merely tell Kirk he was threatened. Rather, he does a more than passable imitation of Spock's voice and mannerisms, carrying still further the humor with which the scene began. We are made all the more sensitive to the seriousness of Spock's condition precisely because it is, at first made light of.

This is not to say that Kirk's remark has meaning solely as humor. Undoubtedly Spock has what Kirk would call his "contemplative phases," and Spock probably refrains from eating during them. But this is not fasting. Kirk is not in the habit of laughing at alien customs. He fully appreciates the significance of Spock's confession of pon-farr and the ritual surrounding it. If fasting is part of this ritual, why does not Spock confess to that as well? Kirk is, obviously familiar with Spock's idiosyncracies, and "contemplative phases" must be one of the ones he

has seen before. To establish ritual fasting in the Kraith stories on the basis of such evidence, especially when we know the significance of ritual in "Amok Time," is too risky.

Spock also stopped eating in the episode "Paradise Syndrome." This, I believe, is one of his contemplative phases. A college student today, looking at Spock's behavior, would say he had "pulled an all-nighter," albeit one of mammoth proportion. Much depends on Spock's solving the riddle of the obelisk symbols within a given period of time. Usually reliant on his own judgment, Spock feels he has made an error. He is responsible for burning out the ship's engines. His will be the blame if Kirk, and the planet's inhabitants, die. Undoubtedly Spock is guilt-ridden and driving himself harder than usual. He abandons his normal eating habits, and falls back on his Vulcan training and stamina to see him through. But there is nothing of cultural ritual in this. If Spock is doing penance for what he feels is an error, it is a penance of an extremely personal kind, known only to Spock and to no other Vulcan. We can hardly attribute ritual fasting to the Vulcan people on the basis of Spock's emotional trauma!

We have, therefore, seen only one Vulcan ritual on Star Trek (koon-ut-kal-if-fee). Like most rituals, it is illogical and acknowledged to be such. Yet it serves an indispensable function for the Vulcan people, distancing for them the one most abhorrent aspect of their lives, the biological necessity pon-farr.



The Kraith universe, too, shows us ritual, but it is not in the least like that which we have seen on Star Trek. Motivated by religious reasons, and without physical necessity so far as we are shown, the Kraith universe's ritual deviates in spirit from what we have seen on Star Trek. It establishes for the Vulcan people a radically different world view, one which changes their character as established by the show and changes the meaning of the show. ((This article is intended as the first of a two-part series.))

MY LIFE AS A STAR TREK WIDOWER
by Dave Hulan

Not that "widower" is a very accurate word, I not being married, but whatever.

Every fall the papers are full of the complaints of the "football widows," the poor wives whose husbands plunk themselves in front of the TV about noon Saturday and spend the next six hours watching a college double-header, repeat the performance Sunday with a pro double-header, and then watch the Monday night pro game on ABC. And in December, when the bowl games and pro playoffs come around, it's even worse.

I know how the wives feel. Star Trek has been re-running here in Los Angeles on Channel 13, every night at 6 PM.

Now, I'm sure that Star Trek is a worthy program in its way. So many of my respected friends wouldn't be freaked out on it if it weren't. Unfortunately, there is evidently something lacking in my esthetic sense, because I am as incapable of enjoying Star Trek as Horatio Hornblower was of enjoying music. I've made an honest, sincere effort to acquire a taste for it, but all I can see is a show with nice technicals, unbelievable plots, unreal characters, inane dialog, and far too much tendency to take itself seriously. I'll admit to not being a great TV buff in any case, but there have been shows -- Maverick, The Rogues, I Spy, early Avengers, Alias Smith and Jones -- that I found quite enjoyable. So it's not entirely the medium, though it doesn't help.

But that's not my problem. It's of as little consequence to anyone else as it is to me that I don't enjoy the bloody show. I don't enjoy Marcus Welby, either, but I don't write about it. The problem is that all my girl-friends are hooked on it. Every ...Single...One. It's not only impossible to have dates that commence before 7 PM Monday through Friday. It's impossible to make phone calls without getting yelled at. It's useless to go see anyone during That Hour unless I want to suffer through whatever part of an episode remains when I arrive. It's especi-ally unwise for me to get trapped into watching an episode, because I have to preserve an impassive mask throughout while my emotions are running directly counter to the ones being indulged in all around me. I generally find that the lines that strike me as hilarious are drawing Vibrant Emotion from the girls... while the ones that make them squeal with laughter strike me as meaningless noises. All I have to do is laugh and/or groan when I feel like it and I receive anything from a dirty look to a hurled pillow. (So far nothing more lethal has been sent my way, but that may be because I've learned to be Inscrutable....)

I don't know what I'm going to do Equicon weekend. That is, I'll be going to the con -- there's a girl from up north who's going to be there whom I wouldn't miss seeing, and since all my other girl-friends are going to be there, too, my only alternative would be to sit home alone all weekend. But once there, how do I avoid making 8000 enemies? By being Inscrutable, I suppose. (Maybe that would be good. Being Inscrutable seems to be a desideratum for admiration by Trekkies....) But how long can I keep it up?

I think someone should come up with Trekanon -- they have Alanon that's supposed to help mates and children of alcoholics learn how to cope with the addiction of their relative; there needs to be something to clue in the husbands and boy-friends (since Trekkies out of their mid-teens seem to be almost exclusively female) how to cope with this basically harmless but excessively frustrating mania. If anybody does, let me know, and I'll join.



U. S. S. *E* NTERPRISE
The Lass that loved Electronics
by John and Sandra Miesel

((reprinted by the authors' permission from Nargothrond 2, 1968, ed. Rick Brooks.))

I

"Captain to all hands: The Enterprise has been chosen for a special mission. We are to transport Supreme Starfleet Commander, Admiral Joseph Porter, from Earth to Starbase 12. The admiral will be beamed aboard at 1600. He will occupy my quarters for the duration of the trip. Kirk out."

This announcement sent a whirr of excitement through the starship. After one of the Enterprise's infrequent calls at Earth, a routine two weeks' voyage would seem almost like an extension of liberty.

II

Several hours later, Ensign Josephine Corcoran, promising junior communications officer, approached the bridge. A deceptively fragile-looking beauty with mahogany-red hair, Miss Corcoran was always far too absorbed in electronics to notice the consternation she aroused in the bachelor crewmen. In her wake trailed an uncommonly persistent admirer, recreation officer Lt. George Power.

"Captain Kirk, Captain Kirk, sir," she began excitedly, "Would it be possible to present a small entertainment for Admiral Porter while he is our guest?"

"Just what did you have in mind?"

"While on leave I purchased some musical tapes in England. Among these was a series of nineteenth century operettas. You are of course familiar with the works of Gilbert and Sullivan?"

"Gilbert and Sullivan?" the captain repeated blankly.

"William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan were notable British operetta composers in Victorian times. Their most popular work, a satire on the navy, was called H.M.S. Pinafore. I think it would be most amusing to stage this for the admiral, and Mr. Power agrees."

Mr. Power nodded without undue enthusiasm.



"In a crew of this size," she continued not pausing for breath, "There are certainly enough talented people to fill the cast. With our modern mnemonic techniques, role learning would not present a problem. While no area on board is large enough to serve as a theater, we could broadcast the performance to all hands over the ship's internal communications network."

"You seem to have anticipated all my objections."

"Such was my intention, sir," she replied primly. "Do you not agree that this gesture would give Admiral Porter an even more favorable impression of the Enterprise?"

Across the control room, Mr. Spock slowly raised his right eyebrow.

The captain was spared the necessity of a reply by the approach of Dr. McCoy, who had been listening nearby.

"Couldn't help but overhear the ensign's request. Her idea isn't so far-fetched. It might be fun. I had a roommate once in med school who was an antique music buff. I remember him playing H.M.S. Pinafore, and it really was sort of cute. Let her try it, Jim."

"Your choice still seems quaint to me, Miss Corcoran, but then I've never heard the operetta. If the admiral gives his permission for the performance, you have mine."

"Oh, thank you, sir. I am sure I will be able to secure the admiral's agreement." She and her escort hurried away.

"I'm sure you will, too," muttered Kirk at the two departing officers. Then he turned to McCoy. "Miss Corcoran's a brilliant engineer, Bones. Now we'll see how brilliant she is at theatrics."

"She's brilliant, all right, but a little too intense for my taste. Not for Mr. Power's, though, or so I've heard."

"You shouldn't listen to ship's gossip, Bones," reproved the captain, barely suppressing a smile.

III

Promptly at 1600 Admiral Joseph Porter and his aides materialized in the Transporter Room and were greeted with all due ceremony. The Supreme Starfleet Commander proved to be a lumbering woolly mammoth of a man who assiduously cultivated an image of hearty friendliness toward the lower ranks. Not even an icy stare from Mr. Spock could stay the tide of jolly familiarity that swelled about him.

As the First Officer remarked later in private, "No doubt the good admiral possesses many excellent qualities which escape our casual observation."

"Yes," replied Dr. McCoy, "I understand his political connections are superb. And not a blemish on his record. He never had the imagination to make any major mistakes."

As might be expected, the admiral was delighted by Miss Corcoran's proposal. Although most of the Enterprise's crew did not share his enthusiasm, enough volunteers were found to mount a production of Pinafore. Chief Engineer Scott was chosen to play the Pinafore's captain, while Ensign Corcoran sang the role of his daughter and long-suffering Mr. Power her lover. Once parts were mastered via hypnotic techniques, the operetta was taped piecemeal to avoid disrupting ship's routine.

Miss Corcoran's happy absorption in her project was ruined when she began to hear disparaging remarks about it. Some of the crew looked upon the entertainment as a shameless attempt to curry favor with the admiral; others thought that it would be a monument to her vanity and Mr. Power's compliancy. All agreed that Pinafore was hopelessly outdated and irrelevant. They could not conceive of enjoying an operetta about the wooden navy of centuries past. Betting pools had sprung up, wagering on the magnitude of the expected disaster.

Ensign Corcoran was deeply wounded. "We will see about that," she vowed. "They are going to madly enjoy Pinafore whether they wish to or not." She spent every spare moment in the electronics laboratory but confided her plans to no one.

IV

Finally broadcast time arrived. The performance was scheduled to catch the minimum number of crewmen on duty. Although signals would be carried to the Bridge, vital stations, and every other part of the ship, most of the audience would be watching on large viewscreens set up in the recreation lounges.

Visibly nervous and exhausted from lack of sleep, Ensign Corcoran was making last minute adjustments in the circuitry of a control console. Her anxious fingers slipped -- there was a blinding blue flash, and the unlucky girl was knocked flat. A quick call summoned Dr. McCoy to the scene. While her condition did not appear serious, he ordered her carried to Sick Bay. Mr. Power felt that the broadcast should proceed on schedule and so ordered. After gingerly turning off the control which had stunned Miss Corcoran, he hurried off to check on her injury.

McCoy dismissed everyone from Sick Bay once the unconscious girl had been placed on the examination table. "She's in no danger," he said. "I can manage this alone. No reason for you all to miss the show."

When the others had left, he switched off his own viewscreen to avoid distraction. His first estimate was correct: a dose of neuroregulators, a sedative, dressings on her burned hands, and the effects of the shock were corrected. Assured by his instruments that all had returned to normal, McCoy filed his report on the injury and its treatment.

Only then did he remember to turn on the operetta. The announced channel was dark. "Damn, the performance must be over. Let's see what they're doing on the Bridge." He flipped the control knob and gasped at the grotesque sight the screen revealed.

Surrounded by serried ranks of crew, Captain Kirk struck a melodramatic pose in his command chair and proclaimed in a pleasant tenor:

(tune: I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE)

Kirk: I am the Captain of the Enterprise!

crew: And a right good captain too!

Kirk: You're very, very good
And be it understood,
I command a right good crew.

crew: We're very, very good
And be it understood
He commands a right good crew.



Kirk: Not a terror I can't face
In n-dimensional space
Throughout the galaxy.
I am never known to quail
At any fierce ionic gale,
And I am never space-sick, you see!

crew: What never?

Kirk: No, never!

crew: What never?

Kirk: Hardly ever!

crew: He's hardly ever space-sick, you see!
Then give three cheers and a reprise
For the hardy Captain of the Enterprise!
Then give three cheers and a reprise
For the Captain of the Enterprise!

"What in heaven's going on? Is this some kind of joke?"
One glance at his sleeping patient and McCoy dashed off to
investigate.

V

All along the passageway clusters of crewmen were merrily
echoing the song of their mates on the Bridge:

We're very, very good
Be it understood
He commands a right good crew.

The doctor's arrival disturbed them not at all, and his
frantic questions brought no reply other than:

Give three cheers and a reprise
For the hardy Captain of the Enterprise!

The ensembles melted into orderly choruses, nearly blocking
his path to the elevator. Just then a mighty bull elephant roar
shook the corridor:

(tune: I AM THE MONARCH OF THE SEA)

admiral: Known throughout the galaxy
Commander of the Space Navy....

A happy malfunction of the elevator intercom blotted out the rest
of Admiral Porter's bellowing.



As McCoy reached the Bridge, the stage-set atmosphere still prevailed. But now the lovely senior communications officer held the spotlight. For some reason, McCoy did not choose to interrupt her.

(tune: I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP)

Oh, I'm called Miss Uhura,
Lieutenant Uhura,
For I'm a little bit shy.
Always say: 'Miss Uhura,
Lieutenant Uhura,'
If you should ever pass by.
I've pretty resistors
And micro-transistors
Too small to be seen with the eye.
I've whole banks of switches,
But my skirt never twitches,
For you see I'm modest and shy.

Scarcely had she curtsied and retired when another young lady bounded forward. This was Janice, Captain Kirk's blonde yeoman. She grasped the captain's hands, spun him out of his command chair and drew him close.

Janice: Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks and therefore:
Though your station's high and mighty,
Though stupendous be your brain,
Though my tastes are light and flighty,
And my rank so poor and plain.

A warm and beatific glow spread over Kirk's face. He responded:

Never mind the why and wherefore,
Love can level ranks and therefore:
I admit this sweet affliction,
Ablly have you played your part,
You have carried firm conviction,
To my hesitating heart.

McCoy repressed an urgent desire to retch and was nearly deafened by the jubilance of the answering chorus:

Let the air with joy be laden,
Strike with song the stars above,
For the romance of our captain
With the girl who owns his love.

"Jim! What the hell's gotten into you? Won't somebody tell me what's going on?" No reaction. McCoy could not penetrate their persistent euphoria. Now the group's attention swung to Mr. Spock. As might be expected, the Vulcanian possessed an excellent voice.

Spock: Kind Captain, I've important information,
Sing hey, the kind commander that you are,
About a new enlarged computer station.
Say yes, O kind commander that you are.

"Wouldn't you know it -- all the others sing of love but Spock about his computer. But if even Spock's been caught by this delusion, I'm wasting my time here." He withdrew in dejection. Then an alarming thought galvanized the doctor: "Good grief!" he yelled, "Who's minding the ship?" and sped off to the engine room. There was some basis for his anxiety since automatic controls were not entirely foolproof.

Alas, the situation was no different in Engineering Section. Oblivious to their control panels, Scotty and his crew were cheerily proclaiming:



(tune: WE SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE)

We sail the sea of space
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
A smile's on every face,
We're attentive to our duty.

"Why don't you pay some attention then! You might start checking those warning lights." McCoy shouted himself hoarse but the chorus continued undisturbed:

Our saucy ship's a beauty,
We're attentive to our duty,
With a smile on each face
We sail the sea of space.

By this time the doctor was reeling with anxiety and frustration. As he wearily turned back to Sick Bay, he began to question his own sanity. Was he the one listening to the sound of a different drummer?

As McCoy passed Mr. Spock's cabin, he found his chief nurse leaning against the door. Her tear-streaked face kindled a brief hope that she was untouched by the mass delusion. "Christine, girl, are you all right?" he cried with relief. But her sob-wracked answer was:

Sorry her lot who loves too well,
Heavy the heart that hopes but vainly.
Heavy the sorrow that bows the head
When love is alive and hope is dead!

McCoy shook her by the shoulders. "Stop mooning over Spock and come to your senses!" But she only wailed the louder:

When love is alive and hope is dead!

He left her to her lament. Clearly then, the only ally he could hope for would be Miss Corcoran. It was time to rouse her.

VI

An injection of stimulant quickly revived the ensign. She stared blankly at the doctor, then noticed her bandaged hands. "I had an accident?"

"You took quite a jolt of current from a piece of your broadcasting equipment."

"But how was Finafore received?" she asked with a touch of her usual animation.

McCoy's face turned grim.

"Did something go wrong, Doctor?"

"Go wrong? Go wrong? Oh, nothing much," he replied with exaggerated gentleness, then savagely flicked on his viewer.

Admiral Porter appeared on the screen declaiming to an enraptured audience of Mr. Sulu, Mr. Chekov, and other young officers:

(tune: WHEN I WAS A LAD)

Porter: I polished up my record so carefully,
That now I am commander of the Space Navy!

crew: He polished up his record so carefully,
That now he is commander of the Space Navy!

Porter: Now spacemen all, whoever you may be,
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule:
If you show too much initiative, you're a fool.

crew: If you show too much initiative, you're a fool.

Porter: Stick close to your posts and you all may be
Great future commanders of the Space Navy!

crew: If we stick close to our posts, we all may be
Great future commanders of the Space Navy!

"JUST THAT THE WHOLE DAMN CREW THINKS THEY'RE JOLLY TARS!"

"You need not shout, sir!"

"It so happens I feel like shouting! I've been all over this ship trying to find one sane person who can still speak!"
Then more softly: "Why did your program trigger a mass hallucination? Answer me, Ensign."

In a comparatively meek voice she replied: "A great many of the crew laughed at my plans. Nevertheless I was determined to insure an overwhelming success for the operetta. So I prepared tapes of aural and visual subliminal signals to be broadcast

simultaneously with the performance. These were designed to elicit reactions of delight and...identification from the audience. I was working on the modulator control for these tapes at the time of the accident. With it damaged, the suggestion must have been transmitted far more intensely than I intended."

"Far more intensely. They even affected Mr. Spock. Do you have any ideas on undoing the damage?" he inquired drily.

"I could devise counter-suggestions. It would take perhaps an hour to cut the tapes, my fingers not being at their nimblest."

"But how can we attract the crew's attention?" McCoy objected.

"If they cannot reply to speech, we shall have to break into their Gilbert and Sullivan world by singing to them."

"Afraid my voice won't be much help. Strictly a whiskey base."

"So it seems is the admiral. That is irrelevant." She was rapidly regaining composure. "Captain Kirk, being an authority figure as well as your close friend will provide the focus for our efforts."

"Well, what are we going to sing to him?" He was still unconvinced.

"There is a song in the real Pinafore score which might serve." Now she became slightly patronizing: "Dr. McCoy, as a physician, you must have been liberally educated. See if you can modify this libretto for our needs. To the studio now." She unwisely broke into song. "Carefully on tiptoe stealing...." A single glower from McCoy struck her silent.

VII

An hour and a half later after some judicious nudging and trilling had enticed Captain Kirk from the Bridge, the great experiment was ready. As the beaming commander stood before a live camera, McCoy began self-consciously:

McCoy: Things are seldom what they seem.
Synth-milk masquerades as cream.
Plastics look just like real leathers.
Sparrows strut in peacocks' feathers.

Kirk: Very true, so they do.
Stern conviction's o'er me stealing
That the mystic doctor's dealing
In oracular revealing.

McCoy: Very true, so I do.
You require illumination:
This is all hallucination.
Here's the fact that you must face:
We can't sing our way through space!

Kirk: Is this so?

McCoy: I should know.
Tho' a mystic tone I borrow,
You will learn the truth with sorrow,
Here today and gone tomorrow.

Kirk: Is this so?

McCoy: I should know!

Then he gently turned the captain to face a monitor screen while Miss Corcoran played back the new recording with her subliminal signals superimposed. Kirk's smile faded to mild puzzlement.

"Bones, what am I doing here?"

"Were you daydreaming or something, Jim? The ensign has just been showing us the studio. Been having memory lapses lately? Any other symptoms? Maybe I should look you over. Let's go down to Sick Bay right now."

As McCoy steered the baffled captain out the studio door, Miss Corcoran began broadcasting the rigged duet to all hands.

VIII

Captain Kirk once more sat in his rightful place on the Bridge. "Now that everything's back to normal," he said, "I'm going to recommend that Ensign Corcoran be transferred to the Intelligence Corps."

McCoy chuckled. "I can see her now, beaming peaceful thoughts at the Romulans and Klingons."

"Such would be an apt utilization for her talents," Mr. Spock observed. "But I still should like to see exactly what transpired during those four hours. All records seem to have been mysteriously erased."

"Oh, come on, Spock. A little uncertainty's good for your soul."

"You Vulcans do have souls?" asked McCoy innocently.

"Hmpf!"

The Enterprise raised Starbase 12 without further incident.

Animation Reviews

Los Angeles Times, Sept. 10, 1973, "Star Trek Bows in Animated Version," by Cecil Smith, Part IV p. 18.

NBC's new animated Star Trek is as out of place in the Saturday morning kiddie ghetto as a Mercedes in a soapbox derby.

Don't be put off by the fact it's now a cartoon -- and TV has managed to corrupt animation from an art into a disease. It is fascinating fare, written, produced and executed with all the imaginative skill, the intellectual flare and the literary level that made Gene Roddenberry's famous old science fiction epic the most avidly followed program in TV history, particularly in high IQ circles.

NBC might do well to consider moving it into prime time at midseason, but it probably won't -- the network never understood the appeal of the live program; there's no reason to believe it is any more aware of its animated godson.

The cartoon version, produced by Filmation under Roddenberry's guidance, made its debut on the network Saturday seven years to the day after the premiere of the original Star Trek. The opening play across the nation (but not here) was "Beyond the Farthest Star" ((sic)) by Samuel A. Peeples, who wrote the original Star Trek pilot.

In this play, the spaceship USS Enterprise and its crew discover a fantastic starship that has been anchored for milleniums to a dead sun. The ancient ship, which could only exist in a drawing, covers miles of sky -- its many rooms like the pods of a metallic vine crawling across the cold sky. Each of these chambers or pods has been burst open by some incredible force.

Capt. Kirk and his team of earth scientists, investigating this ancient vessel, find it possessed by a malevolent force, a green pulsing organism marooned for millions of years on this derelict. This parasitic being takes over the Enterprise and its crew -- as the Vulcan scientist Spock explains: "We are like organisms within it -- like white corpuscles in the bloodstream."

When the Enterprise escapes, the cry of this thing echoes across limitless skies: "Don't leave me alone..."

Because of an idiotic interpretation of the fairness regulation of the FCC, the Peeples could not be shown here because a cartoon of George Takei as helmsman Lt. Sulu and his voice occupied perhaps 30 seconds of the show. Takei is one of a dozen aspirants for the City Council seat vacated by Mayor Bradley and until the election next week no program in which he or his facsimile appears can be shown on KNBC without providing equal time for the other candidates. Substituted was "Tomorrow Is Yesterday" ((sic)), a play by story editor Dorothy C. Fontana detailing Spock's early life on the planet Vulcan.

Ms. Fontana's drama perhaps made more of a concession to a youthful audience than others. Spock was transported back 30 years to see himself at 7 at which time he was scorned by small Vulcan bigots because he was half-human (his mother was from earth). He suffered the death of a pet, a massive saber-toothed creation. Which I suppose, offered moral lessons ((sic)). It's next Saturday's edition on the network; Star Trek is pre-empted here.

The animation is several cuts above the TV level. There are some magnificent effects which could never be achieved on a sound stage. On the other hand, a drawing is not a man and the reality Bill Shatner, Leonard Nimoy and others on the Star Trek crew gave the characters cannot be approximated, even though the voices of the actors are recognizably present.

Hollywood Reporter, Sept. 10, 1973, "Television Review/Star Trek," by Annette Duffly.

It's terrific! Producers Lou Scheimer and Norm Prescott have done the one sure thing that could make the animated "Star Trek" as concurrently fascinating and amusing as was the perennial original: they've followed it step for step -- tone, characters, writers -- everything.

What animation can add -- glorious, ethereal alien ships and visuals, and a few non-humanoid central characters -- has been added, and what dangers animation presented -- childishness and outrageous plots, among other things -- have been utterly avoided.

A quibbler might say Mr. Spock is ever so slightly less interesting, simply because a cartoon drawing is one step removed from the human face of a human actor, and Leonard Nimoy's flesh and blood reality on film heightened the tension between his visual humanity and his Vulcan impassiveness, but quibblers do tend to raise moot points.

The press screening was of "Beyond the Farthest Star," the premiere episode everywhere in the country except for Los Angeles. (L.A. won't see this one till after George Takei and competitors have run their race for Mayor Bradley's old Council seat -- such are the petty stupidities of politics here.)

The highpoints of the screened episode, which is entirely wonderful and makes outstanding moments hard to choose, are the delicate, organic-looking pink and green spaceship encountered by Capt. Kirk and crew, the use of trumpets and other good musical accents, and the piercingly sad moment when the monster of primal energy they have defeated cries out from afar, "Don't leave me alone, please, please..." and his voice thins in the distance... "so alone." It is a moment of sympathy for the devil, complex, thought-provoking and moving.

Samuel A. Peoples, author of the live action Star Trek pilot film seven years ago, wrote this episode. Scheimer and Prescott produced for Filmation Associates, with Hal Sutherland as supervising director. Gene Roddenberry is creator and executive producer. Dorothy C. Fontana is story editor and associate producer, Don Christianson is art director, and Ervin Kaplan is background director.

Daily Variety, Sept. 17, 1973, "Telefilm Review/Star Trek," by Whit., p. 10.

"Star Trek" series switches to animation and further exploits in space for its return to the airways after a four-year hiatus. The same characters, for the most part, reprise their original roles and voices of the same cast principals who appeared in the onetime NBC-TV series are heard, headed by William Shatner as Capt. James T. Kirk and Leonard Nimoy as Mr. Spock.

Same format is utilized, of the USS Enterprise space ship exploring the heavens and meeting with perilous adventures. Considerable attention is given to scientific terms and accomplishment, so scientific, in fact, that perhaps only the moppet audience for which series is intended may be able to comprehend, since most are up on the terms through their cartoon books.

This one centres around the Enterprise discovering an immense ethereal starship inhabited by a parasitic life form more than 300,000,000 years old. In an effort to escape to their mother ship after visiting the other, Kirk and Spock discover they have brought back this malevolent life form which threatens to take over their ship.

Like all sci-fi forms, this one leaves plenty to the imagination, but result makes good use of its theme and purposes of the series. Gene Roddenberry

who created, is responsible for excellent imaginative effects, and Lou Scheimer and Norm Prescott as producers and Hal Sutherland as supervising director have jockeyed their material to the type of proportions expected by moppet audiences. Don Christianson's art direction is exciting.

Minneapolis Tribune, Sept. 23, 1973, "Kiddie shows reflect the malaise of tv" by Irv Letofsky, p. 4D.

"The new 'Star Trek' is a humorless copy of the real original, with some of the same voices."

Variety, Sept. 12, 1973, "Webs' Saturday Morning Blocks Children's Television Junkshop," by Bill Greeley, p. 42.

"The programming has a lot of junk...[but] it figures that out of so thick a creative smog a couple of programming items would have to emerge. Among the cartoons there is NBC's 'Star Trek.' Although this falls into the category of Saturday morning's shrunken adult programming this science-fiction remake is superior enough in animation, scoring and narrative to create an atmosphere of reality against the frenzied product all around it. The voice-over of the lead characters is by the original cast, and there are original credits down the list -- Dorothy C. Fontana, for example, as story editor and associate producer."

The Monster Times, December 1973, "TMT TV Cartoon Guide" by M.C. Richards, p.15.

"We could go on for pages about this long-awaited spin-off from the STAR TREK live action program, but we'll try to contain ourselves. The animation is pretty, even though it is of the 'limited animation' variety. The problem is that it is probably too pretty for the time slot. It didn't have to be so complete to capture the audience. The story lines (we watched the first two episodes of this show) are interesting, although considerably lowered in sophistication from the level of the live action program. To substitute for the lower level, the dialogue was incredibly pyrotechnic. In all, the show was probably the best of the new Saturday morning offerings. However, STAR TREK was decimated in the 70 market Neilson ratings, finishing a poor third behind the CBS and ABC entries." ((Illoed with a shot of Spock, McCoy, and Kirk in front of the Time Portal, as in "Yesteryear." A second review in the issue, by Ed Summer, p. 28, has about the same reactions.))

...As the Romans Do

On a planet of twentieth century Rome
The Captain was trying to see his men home
To the Enterprise orbiting high up above.
Kirk scarcely had time then to think about love,
But Drusilla, "To please him," she said, made it hard
To stay on the alert and to be on his guard,
For she seemed to be willing for cooing and billing,
And Kirk found her warmth and her beauty un-chilling.
"It won't work!" he cried out in Marcus's home;
Cooed Drusilla, "Relax now, and do as in Rome...."

-- Gennie Summers

T-Waves

from John Robinson, 1-101 Street Troy NY 12180

In case you've wondered why Mr. Spock's ears are so very long and pointed in the ST comic books put out by Gold Key: It's because every time he tells a lie....

from Alisa Cohen, 240 Brunswick, Golden Valley MN 55416

"Tunnels of an Imprisoned Mind" shows fantastic insight into McCoy's mind. When he was chasing the faceless woman -- how moving; it jarred me that the ideal woman for McCoy had no face. The quality of the whole story is remarkably high.

Captain Kirk does go to bed with a woman as often as possible! ((c.f. Gennie Summers' letter T-N 21)) Dr. Helen Noel apparently didn't resist the good Captain at Christmastime. And what else would a Tiberias do with a slave girl come to serve him? As far as Sylvia goes, he'd have done what was necessary to free his men -- and liberate Sylvia a bit, too. If you want to be perfectly prudish, no, Kirk doesn't ever do anything with anyone, at least, not from a witness point-of-view. But for us D.O.W.'s with a sense of realism, he puts Kissinger to shame.

from Gail Abend, 27 Michael Rd, Randolph MA 02368

The Boston Star Trek Association has just been formed, and is now seeking members. Business meetings are held approximately once every three weeks in the Greater Boston area. In addition there will be one social event planned approximately every two months. Executive memberships are \$10 yearly (for those people who feel especially involved in all phases of ST). Regular memberships are \$5, and supporting memberships are \$3. All members will receive the newsletter, Warped Mind, monthly. Executive and regular members will receive, in addition, three issues per year of One Trek Mind, the Association fanzine.

from Pat Zotti, 18242 Calvert Str, Reseda CA 91335

Voyages 3 will be a special issue, "Odyssey," a 200 page story by Carmen Carter, Kathie Farnell, and Pat Zotti, illustrated by Alan Andres, Pat Carroll, Marilyn Hawkes, Janice, and Denise Peterson. "Odyssey" is part of the "Amy" series. \$1.50 plus postage (96¢ first class or 48¢ third class, or the equivalent in stamps).

from Kathi Swan, 257 West "H" Benicia CA 94510

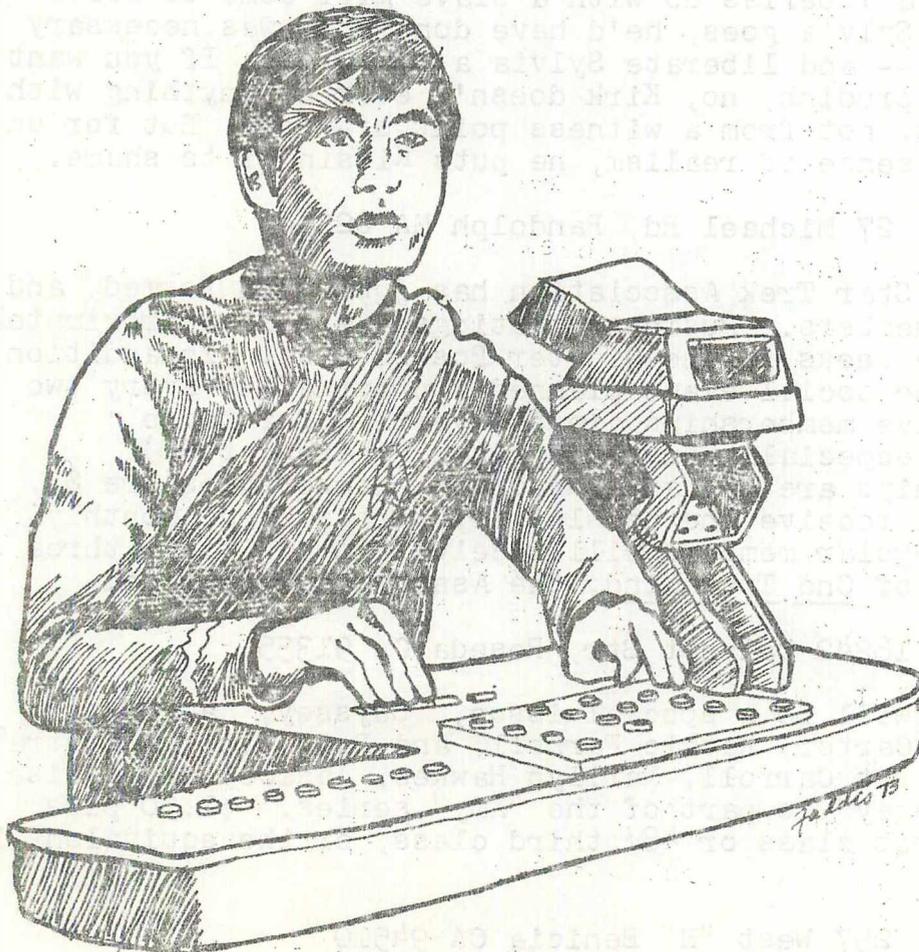
On the bridge, just below the Alert mount, there's a plaque nearest Scotty's (or Leslie's) engineering station -- of three

lines. The first reads USS Enterprise (of course) -- do you know what the other two say? ((STARSHIP CLASS/ SAN FRANCISCO CALIF))

Personally, I don't see why you object to the term Trekkie; I am very fond of it myself. ((For the same reason that adult Blacks object to being called "Boy." Diminutives applied to adults, except between intimates, are demeaning. Also, if a groupie is an adolescent who spends her time trying to go to bed with rock stars, and so far as I can tell, that is the usual meaning of the word, then a trekkie....))

from Carol Ing, 22 Centre Str Apt 9 Cambridge MA 02139

On Sarah Thompson's letter: "Sulu" was not originally meant to be a Japanese (or even Oriental) name. In Deck Six #7 I quoted excerpts of a letter from George Takei, as follows:



"Did you know that the character of Sulu as originally conceived by Gene Roddenberry was black? At least he was black until Gene interviewed me early in the game. How I rationalized that bit of early script history goes like this -- STAR TREK takes place two centuries from now and what unimaginable interculturalization must have taken place within that great time span! So it really wouldn't be unbelievable for an Asian appearing, Asian cultured person, indeed, one quite proud

of his Asian heritage, to wear an originally black name with ease and pride. Of course, now that we know about the 'highly cultivated' Sulu people ((my dictionary describes the inhabitants of the Sulu Archipelago in those terms -- CI)), we could alter that thought and make Sulu more organically Asian."

I suspect that Roddenberry derived the name "Sulu" from "Zulu," but it may well be a real African name. Lt. Whatisname Sulu could very well be an African on his father's father's father's (etc.) side, too. An "English" friend of mine just found out that the name "Lee" is (in her case) Chinese.

As for that other African name, "Uhura," it's possible that the lieutenant's 20th-Century ancestors do not use a family name (assuming that "Uhura" is not her given name -- used either because she has no family name or, as in Spock's case, because the family name is difficult for her shipmates to pronounce). A family in a newly independent nation might choose a derivative of the word "freedom" for use as their name.

The reference to a Japanese spirit-blocking screen is from "Tomlinson," by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson, in T-N 2.

from Karen Fleming, 6908 West First Str Tulsa OK 74127

Do you know if Kirk is supposed to be 34 years old or just "appear" to be that age? If he were only 34, that would make him only 14 when Kodos slaughtered half the population of Tarsus IV as mentioned in "Conscience of the King." The lowest age a person can be to enter the Academy is 17. But in the script Kirk says he was a midshipman fresh out of the Academy.

from Amy Zenick, 5131 Longton Lyndhurst OH 44124

We had a table in the dealers' room at the Cleveland Comic Con on Aug. 25. In the afternoon, a lady came up in ballet shoes and a very old crocheted shawl. She had a copy of the script from "Way to Eden" and some publicity stills. It seems she was Deborah Downey, who played the Hippie girl who played the round harp opposite LN. She was extremely nice, and had two copies for us to display or sell. We told her to send the good copy to those running StarCon, and raffle it off for Gene Coon. She thought that a good idea, as she had not heard of his death and had worked with him on the set. We asked how she had landed the part. She had been doing some film work with the man who had played Adam, and he recommended her for the part. She is now married to the man who did the music for the show.

from Priscilla Pollner, Craige #247, UNC Chapel Hill NC 27514

Did you ever read P.J. Farmer's The Other Log of Phileas Fogg? I hope you realized that the Eridaneans were really Vulcans(?). But is Vanadium Oxide green??

from Gennie Summers, Route 2 Box 155 Cassville Missouri 65625

"Tunnels of an Imprisoned Mind" was something right down my alley. The mind is a fascinating study. I kept wondering how Spock must have felt experiencing all of those hallucinations along with McCoy. Even under normal circumstances, the Vulcan would be reluctant to get inside what he considers an illogical and over-emotional mind; he must have really had to set his will to it to force himself to become one with a mad McCoy. But it shows he does care for the doctor -- even tho' he would probably only admit that it was logical to do so in order to prevent the loss of the Chief Medical Officer of the Enterprise. And I enjoyed reading a story with Dr. Mbenga. We should have seen more of him on STAR TREK. (In the company of Uhura, as well as in sick bay...) I wonder if Spock's smile was one of a new appreciation, or sheer relief?

I was looking in the directory to my Atlas the other day, and I came across the name Berthold, N. Dak. I've wondered where they got that strange name for the deadly rays on Omicron Ceti III ("This Side of Paradise"). I wonder if they may have been named for the town, or for some person from there, or some person with that name, as towns are often named after persons. In any case, I don't see how it could have been a compliment to have deadly rays named after you, whether you are a town or a person.

The Cover, before I forget it -- this is the type of bold sketching I am always afraid to try -- afraid I'll spoil the likeness with too much shadows and "extra" lines -- it looks as if it was done mostly with a brush; in some ways I like it, in some ways I don't -- Spock just doesn't look as handsome as he should. (And I do think Spock is handsome.) I think it's the bold approach I like, but, personally, feel it's a bit overdone. It's most likely a matter of personal taste, however.

There was only one thing wrong with Sarah Thompson's discussion of Sulu -- it wasn't long enough. I share her interest in things oriental, and I also think Sulu is extremely good looking; in fact, I think he's a doll. (However, I wasn't aware that constituted lechery; Sarah was doubtless being facetious, however, so, move over, Sarah!) Her observations on our handsome Oriental helmsman came to my mind while watching two STAR TREK episodes recently. One was "Shore Leave," where Sulu dreamed up a Samurai warrior who popped out of the ground and chased him with a slashing sword; so Sulu obviously does think about his ancestry and its history at times. The other was "Squire of Gothos," where, when Kirk introduces him to Trelane, the latter bows and calls him "honorable gentlemen"; Sulu replies, "Is he kidding?" So although he likes to research his past roots, Sulu doesn't think of himself as being distinctly different. I hope that by that time the charm of oriental politeness and courtesy will not

have ceased to grace the Orientals. Sulu does have both, under normal circumstances, i.e., when not under the influence of some nasty disease or space beastie, but he obviously does not care for too much ceremony.

I really appreciated the transporter illo. I've always wanted a slide of that console as well as any and every other piece of equipment on the Enterprise. I love gadgetry and flashing lights and bright colors and special effects. (They make even the not so good episodes worth watching.)

Now that the long-anticipated (or dreaded, depending) Animation has begun, how about some reviews, opinions, comments, or whatever? I was disappointed with the likenesses and the mouth movements of the characters, but there were a few times when I caught some good characterizations or similarities to the live actors. The big pod-ship, of course, was something they never could have done live. The space shots were beautiful. In any case, it made an absolutely marvelous sound recording. The actors speak more distinctly, no doubt because of needing to help the artists match lip movements, and the sound effects and music together with the familiar voices make great listening afterwards. And I think I can get used to the faces, too, after a little while. One thing for sure -- they aren't going to put any of the good STAR TREK artists out of business! I watched the Lost in Space cartoon, and in spite of the poerility, it seemed to me the lip movements were better than those of the ST Animation. Story-wise, the ST episode was very enjoyable to me. Too bad it's only a half-hour show. They don't have time to flesh out the story more or deal with personalities. McCoy's "Hurry up, Spock," and Spock's "Patience, Doctor," are really "short-hand" for their frequent feuds! Although "Beyond the Farthest Star" is no "Where No Man Has Gone Before," it did have a rather poignant ending -- I could actually feel sorry for the Magnetic Monster in spite of all the nasty things he did to our friends as he wailed, "It's so lonely...."

from Warren Erickson, 3325 49 Avenue North, Minneapolis MN 55429

I thought "Yesteryear" was excellent considering the limitations of the media in which it was presented. Particularly liked the Vulcan landscapes and interiors and of course I Chaya.

from Judith Brownlee, 1556 Detroit #1, Denver CO 80206

Gail and Dee have sold me their interests in ERIDANI TRIAD. I am now sole proprietor. Only issue in print is no. 3, at \$1.00 plus postage. I have plans to reprint earlier issues and even to do a no. 4, but as I am currently without a mimeo, it will not be in the immediate future. All inquiries and orders for no. 3 can come to me.

from Larry Madsen, 229 Nest Washington Port Washington WI 53074

If there is no notice of the results of the Torcon Campbell Award for best new writer, drop a note with one issue. I know you were nominated, but I have been unable to find the results. ((Jerry Pournelle won, with George Alec Effinger second.))

from Stephen Langford, 23950 South Woodland Shaker Hts. OH 44122

I and a few friends are putting together a new fanzine, Obsession. We would appreciate art work, articles, stories, poetry, and any Vulcan named Spock. Send with s.a.s.e. to Amy Zenick, 5131 Longton Road, Lyndhurst OH 44124.

from Joyce Thompson, "Star Trek Lives Correspondence Service," PO Box 40 St. Joseph MO 64505

This correspondence service (or pen pal organization) is for those fans who would like to write to others who share their interest in STAR TREK and its ideas, ideals, and characters. If someone sends us the following information about himself or herself, we will match him or her with someone of similar age or interest: full name, complete address (please include zip code), date of birth, occupation or grade in school, favorite STAR TREK episodes, favorite STAR TREK character, any special hobby or interests other than STAR TREK, preference as to type of pen pal wanted. In addition to this information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 50¢ (for our costs in postage, paper, and so on). We do not guarantee a sustained correspondence; we merely provide the addresses.

from Dianne Hudson, Rt 3 Coldwater MS 38618

Would you mention our new club? The Society for Earthbound Vulcans. For more information, send s.a.s.envelope to Geri Gralewski, 905 Jewell Rd Bellevue NB 68005, or Dianne Hudson.

from Dave Hulan, PO Box 1403 Costa Mesa CA 92626

While I was in Santa Clara with nothing much to do I actually watched STAR TREK a lot; Channel 2 in Oakland was showing them daily, in sequence and with very little cutting. I'm still hardly a fan of the show, but I have more appreciation for its merits. I managed to see the tag-end of the first season and most of the second. Some of the episodes I really do think were quite good, though a lot of them I think were as stupid as my general previous opinion had it. I'd rate "Charlie X," "Amok Time," and "Metamorphosis" all first-class, and some of the others were worth watching again if I had a chance. Though there were some, like "A Taste of Armageddon" and "The Doomsday Machine" (How did that turkey ever get a Hugo nomination?), that were so bad I almost quit watching for fear another one like it would come along.

And I've watched most of the animated Treks this year, and have been generally fairly favorably impressed. I don't like the animation, but the scripts have averaged a good bit higher than those of the live show in intelligence and imagination, and the artwork is quite attractive. All they really need are more pictures per second and to have the actors doing their voices live, working against each other, rather than in isolation and then splicing it together. Then it could be a genuinely first-class show. I like it better than the live show even as it is.

from Patti Heylin, Apt #I Glen Meadows, Franklin MA 02038

Thought you'd like to know about our new club -- the Walter Koenig Fan Club, the only official club for "Mr. Chekov." Members receive five newsletters and a yearbook each year. Dues: \$2.50 in North America, \$3 for overseas members.

from Nancy Polk, 4754 19 Avenue NE Seattle WA 98105

I haven't enjoyed anything in T-Neg as much as the article on Uhura ((#19)). I think you are right to say she is the strongest, or most independent, of all the women in Star Trek, although Christine gets her licks in occasionally. Mulling the article over I've come to the conclusion that Nichelle Nichols probably had more to do with making her a strong person than anyone else. All of the other women were created and "controlled" by men's scripts, while Uhura is mostly a product of a woman. Without getting too feminist, women (or at least this woman) have (or has) more to expect out of a woman than men do. The script of "The Turnabout Intruder" in general, and the story in Star Trek Five, in particular, are enough to drive me up the wall. Obviously the script was a script by group. The discussion by Kirk and Janice Lester (approx. "Yes, it is unfair that we haven't let women captains into Starfleet" -- Kirk) in the beginning is markedly different from the ending ("She could have had a good life if only she had enjoyed being a woman," credited to Spock in ST5, with Kirk nodding in agreement). If Dorothy Fontana had something to do with that rape I think I'd die. ((That script was produced months after DCF left the show.)) I certainly credit her with more sensitivity. And personally I wouldn't give Spock credit for that line myself. It sounds more like something Scotty would say (even if I am the Veep of Jimmy Doohan's fan club, Scotty is a little Male Chauvinist piglet), or maybe McCoy. ((The wording of the script is carefully ambiguous. "Your world of Star Ship Captain doesn't admit women" is clearly meant to imply that no woman can be a starship captain, but it could mean that Kirk as a captain must devote most of his time and care to a starship and is unable to devote himself to a lover. The closing lines of the short story version are Blish's invention and do not occur in any version of the script.))

I honestly liked Number One and thought highly of Roddenberry's creation of her. Considering she is circa 1965-6 or even earlier, I think it is a remarkably complimentary role for a woman. I agree that the Sally Kellerman part was a "frigid bitch," but not Number One. She just is not fully developed within "The Cage."

((Last issue the letter column included a letter from Burt Libe. I want to apologize to Burt for abridging his letter in such a way as to make him appear to use a plural pronoun to refer to a singular noun. I also apologize for having caused him distress by abridging and, in some cases, changing his phrasing. However, I cannot apologize for the changes themselves, because I thought and think them justified. Letter writers should consider themselves warned: I abridge letters, I make whatever changes in phrasing are necessary to smooth over a gap resulting from such abridgement, and I change phrasing which seems to me unnecessarily pompous or cute. I do not have time to check with the letter-writers beforehand. (If you're wondering, I do check changes for the stories etc. with their authors.) If you don't trust my editing, then mark any letter you may send "Do Not Print." Here follows Burt's original paragraph, which you may compare to the version in #21 to see what kind of editing is involved.))

from Burt Libe PO Box 1196, Los Altos CA 94022

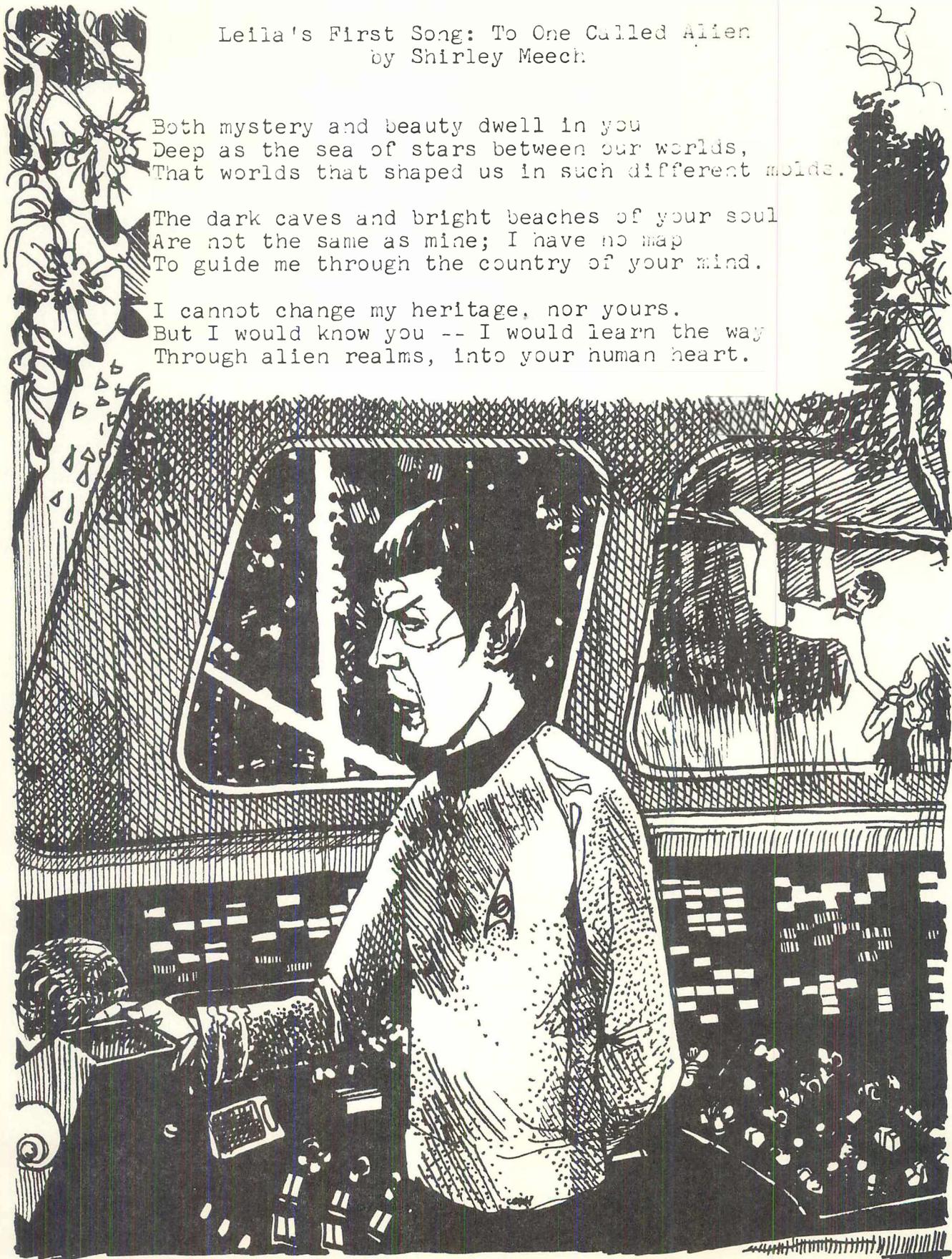
A second observation (unrelated to the above) ((a preceding paragraph in the letter)) is regarding Dorothy Heydt's comments re Majel Roddenberry (TTN #20, page 8, para. 2, lines 7, 8, 9). The thinness and also shortness of actresses in person has something to do with the way they photograph. It seems that, in order to photograph properly, an actress must be EXTREMELY THIN and usually very short. I have been studying this phenomenon. If anyone is personally familiar with how to look for it and better understand it, would appreciate hearing from them. Buck Coulson also made some similar observations about Nichelle Nichols. My personal experience in this phenomenon was meeting Barbara Eden (my favorite "Jeannie") in person. She was much shorter than I had expected and, again, EXTREMELY THIN (thought about reprimanding "Mr. Kang" for starving his poor wife). I was worried that she would be unrecognizable in the picture we took together. However, the photograph was an entirely different story. Barbara Eden came out looking more beautiful than ever and I came out looking like hell! Phenomenal explanation, please!

Leila's First Song: To One Called Alien
by Shirley Meech

Both mystery and beauty dwell in you
Deep as the sea of stars between our worlds,
That worlds that shaped us in such different molds.

The dark caves and bright beaches of your soul
Are not the same as mine; I have no map
To guide me through the country of your mind.

I cannot change my heritage, nor yours.
But I would know you -- I would learn the way
Through alien realms, into your human heart.



Articles of Interest

((thanks for clippings to Amy Zenick, Cory Correll, Warren Erickson, Robin Tucker, Gerald Savoie, Burt Libe, Devra Langsam, Darlene Fouquet, Michele Citarella, Shirley Franklin, and the indefatigable Shirley Meech. M.L. Dodge Steve O'Neil, and Ted Schulz))

The Monster Times, August 1973, "Tribble Trouble" by Joe Thomasino, p. 9.
(review of David Gerrold's The Trouble with Tribbles.)

Cleveland Press, August 2, 1973, "TV-Radio/Star Trek never went away for 'Captain Kirk' Shatner," by Bill Barrett. (interview with Shatner when he appeared there in "Arsenic and Old Lace.")

Minneapolis Tribune TV Week, July 8, 1973, "NBC Reactivates the Starship Enterprise," pp. 12-13. (publicity puff, with illo of animation-form Scott, Kirk, Spock, McCoy, with Enterprise overhead. Essentially the same article appeared in several newspapers around that date.)

Washington D.C. News Sunday Star TV Magazine, "On the Air/Star Trek Keeps on Truckin'," by Louise Lague, pp. 1-2. (inaccurate publicity puff, but with cover illo from animation of Spock and Kirk on bridge.)

LA Free Press, July 13, 1973, "An interview with Leonard Nimoy/How to make the world a home" by Peggy Holter, pp. 11, 17. (interview with Nimoy, more detailed than most, about his book You & I, theater vs. tv, the animated ST, and science fiction.)

Louisville Courier-Journal, August ? 1973, "Star Trek returns in animated form in fall" by James Doussard. (standard info, but includes a tribute to Matt Jefferies' work as a designer.)

The Monster Times, September 1973, "Star Trek Lives," by Mark Evanier, p. 15. (standard info, illoed with Filmation drawings of 5 main characters, plus a photo of Questor.)

UPI September 1973, interview with Nimoy by Vernon Scott. (about the animation. "It was good seeing all the old familiar faces again.... It's weird seeing yourself as a cartoon for the first time.")

Big Times (940 Howard Str SF CA), Sept. 21, 1973, "Media/Breaking the Vulcan Death Grip: An Interview with Leonard Nimoy," by Margo Skinner, p. 11. (despite title, is mostly about why Spock was an interesting role to play.)

AP, interview with Nimoy by Jay Sharbutt, July 1973. (about Nimoy's acquiring a pilot's license and a single-engine plane, and about You & I.)

Minnesota Daily, editorial cartoons, weekly or semi-weekly October, November, 1973. (satire of current events with Captain Nixon, First Officer Spirok, replacement Commander Furd, Dr. Kissinger, etc., on the Starship Temporizer.)

The Writer, October 1973, "Off the Cuff/Why 'ot Monsters?" by Leslie Conger, pp. 9-10. (article on uses & meanings of monsters in art, including praise of "Devil in the Dark.")

Woodwind, October 4, 1973, "Books" by Grant Carrington, p. 12. (review praising MoST and TTWT as of interest to anyone interested in tv, but suggesting that WoST is for trekkies only.)

Orbit 12, ed. Damon Knight (New York: Putnam, 1973), "The Windows in Dante's Hell" by Michael Bishop, pp. 28-45. (Story about the death of a woman who was a fan of a 20th century science fiction show. Diary excerpt: "Tonight I saw the episode entitled 'Between the Star Mirrors' for the third time. Is there an alternate Almira somewhere in the universe? I wish that I could break through for a moment and visit my other self. The Higelian first officer is an honorable man in both universes. What would I be?" etc.)

Fantastic, January 1974, letters column (letters from Buck Coulson, Roy Schenck, John Robinson, and David Taggart commenting on Michael Girsdansky's criticisms of "Genesis II.")

AP, interview with Nimoy by Charles MacFadden, September 1973. (about the "class reunion" feeling of doing the animated series.)

LA Times, November 16, 1973, "Takei Named to RTD Unit." ("Mayor Tom Bradley has named George Takei, an actor and television moderator, to represent Los Angeles on the Southern California Rapid Transit District's board of directors.... Takei was an unsuccessful candidate in the 10th Councilmanic District special election in September to fill the City Council seat vacated by Bradley." He had been 2nd among 29 candidates.)

UPI, interview with Nimoy by Vernon Scott, October 1973 (similar to MacFadden)

Daily Variety, "Equal-Time Problem As 'Trek' Star Running For Council With 33 Votes" by Army Archerd, and Hollywood Reporter, "'Star Trek' Grounding Threatened by Hassle Over Political Race," by Annette Duffy, both July 27, 1973, commenting on implications of removal of be-Sulued ST during Councilman election.

National Enquirer, "'He's Fantastic, Very Male and I Love Him'," by Jim Whelan. (Interview with Marcy Lafferty about her engagement to Shatner, and their working together in a film, "Want a Ride, Little Girl." The couple were married October 20.) August 12.

Gallery, July 1973, letter by Richard Van Treuren correcting inaccuracies in an article in the May issue (which I haven't seen) describing "The Cage."

Minneapolis Tribune, December 2, 1973, "Now 'Star Trek' fans can do their thing for credit," by Jack Coffman, p. 5D. (about a course in ST at Mankato MN State College, taught by a member of the astronomy/math department. Followed by a letter Dec. 7 deploring such trivial courses and a letter Dec. 16 praising the show's relevance.)

More Reviews

Leonard Nimoy

Cape Cod Standard Times, July 24, 1973, "A Review/'Camelot' is 'regal'," by Evelyn Lawson. "Leonard Nimoy gave a noble performance as King Arthur. He obviously enjoyed the role and so did the capacity audience."

Sacramento Bee, August 21, 1973, "Arts in Review/A Brilliantly Convincing 'Oliver!'," by William S. Glackin. "Leonard Nimoy turns out to be not just another television actor trying his stage wings, but a gifted, secure musical performer who knows exactly what to do and how to get there to do it. He sings well, moves with unerring grace and fills 'agin with humorous charm. His 'Reviewing the Situation' is a remarkable example of timing."

ABC Movie, "The Alpha Capter," October 6, 1973. LN as Mitch, the electronics expert among three ex-cons cajoled into a robbery by their parole officer, Henry Fonda.

"Full Circle" by Erich Maria Remarque/Peter Stone -- Rhode Variety, October 10, "Show Out of Town," by Mick. "Leonard Nimoy is trapped in an impossible role as a brave and resourceful escapee of a prison camp."

Washington Post, "Going 'Full Circle'," by Richard Coe, October 8, 1973, pp. B1, 3. "Leonard Nimoy's Rhode suggests that his TV impact as Mr. Spock of 'Star Trek' was no fluke. He is a real actor, sensitively avoiding pyrotechnics. Though there is some cost to his underplaying, I think the approach is right."

Georgetown Voice, October 16, 1973, "Preminger's Full Circle at KC," by Carolyn Johnson, p. 15. "Chosen for the role by Preminger partly because he had the 'proper pallor,' Leonard Nimoy...is co-starring in this play as the German POW. Rhode seems somewhat weak and incongruous as a character at times; he lived through years of prison camp, but isn't strong when faced with the German officer Schmidt. Whether this weakness is due to the script or the interpretation of the actor. Nimoy said in his interview that, as writer, he would make some major changes in the script, perhaps if Remarque had lived longer he would have rewritten some parts too." (accompanied by an interview by Jeanne O'Brien in which LN discusses the role and the play's meaning.)

Woodwind, October 16, 1973, "Performance," p. 4. "Full Circle is worth seeing for the actors alone. Nimoy and especially Miss Anderson find much in their parts to develop.... Full Circle is no classic and will probably not be remembered past this season, but it does provide an excellent showcase for its actors and a diverting evening as well."

Christian Science Monitor, November 9, "Theater/Bibi Andersson makes US. stage debut in 'Full Circle'," by John Beaufort. "She seizes upon not only its romantic possibilities but its occasional comic opportunities. Leonard Nimoy

faces a similar assignment which he handles stalwartly, right up to and including Rohde's denunciation of both Nazi and Communist dictatorships."

Daily Variety, November 9, "Broadway Opening," by Hobe. "Nimoy is reasonably convincing as the idealistic fugitive who has just killed a Nazi guard but lacks the toughness to shoot the Gestapo officer. Since the character is apparently the focus of Remarque's original yarn, it's curiously lacking in substance." (reprinted in Variety, November 14, p. 62.)

Hollywood Reporter, November 10, "Theatre Review" by Angele de T. Gingras, p. 4. "Rohde...played with ...low-keyed effectiveness by Leonard Nimoy." November 16, another review by Ben Washer, p. 14. "Everyone involved is especially fortunate in the casting of Bibi Andersson and Leonard Nimoy as Anna and Rohde. They give full-bodied, meaningful, and touching performances. But they do not have the material to make the play dynamic."

NY Times, November 18, "What's Opened in the Theater?" p. 17D. "FULL CIRCLE, a play by Erich Maria Remarque, adapted by Peter Stone, got four favorable reviews (Watts, Holder, Scudder, Woodruff), four mixed (Barnes, Wallach; Alan Burke, WPIX-TV; Feingold, Village Voice) and 14 unfavorable reviews (Watt, Gottfried, Haidy, Lewis, Glover, Gaver, Harris, Steward Klein, Sanders, Alvin Klein; Gill, New Yorker; Simon, Stasio, Hewes)." The quotation from Clive Barnes' review includes: "Bibi Andersson, as a very disenchanting but beautiful widow, impresses by the total reality of her playing and she has found a very fine counterpart in Leonard Nimoy as an escaped prisoner slowly warming himself to life." A review by Walter Kerr, p. 3D, is generally unfavorable, without specific mention of Nimoy.

DeForest Kelley,
"ABC'S Matinee Today" -- "I Never Said Good-bye," December 3, 1973 -- lawyer of doctor accused of euthanasia. Starring June Lockhart & Jack Pataufford.

Dorothy C. Fontana
"ABC Afternoon Playbreak," "A Special Act of Love," November 14, 1973.
Starring Diana Muldaur and Laurence Luckinbill.
"Streets of San Francisco" "Shield of Honor," November 15, 1973.
Starring Mariette Hartley and Robert Foxworth.

Assorted Info: As of January 5, the animated "Star Trek" is on the air Saturday mornings one half hour later. It has done poorly on the air at 10:30 (9:30 in the Midwest) in the morning; letters to NBC (Programming Dept. 30 Rockefeller Plaza NY NY 10020) commenting on the show and pointing out that adults, who would prefer prime-time viewing, are watching, perhaps would help. // The Wormwood Review, a poetry magazine, ed. Marvin Malone, PO Box 8840, Stockton CA 95024, included a supplement of poems by Gerald Locklin entitled "Star Trek & Such," in #31, 1968. The title poem describes a woman losing her virginity, "anti-climax/ of twenty years of preliminary play,/ a sofa agony, Star Trek on the telly." Copies are available from Mr. Malone, \$1/issue// I've added some items (as of last October) to my photo list; copy of list sent for a stamped return envelope.

