

T-Negative 30/31, March 1976, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. Comes out irregularly, and see page 3.

probable reasons for the arrival of this in your mail-carrier's pack:

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You paid money at the rate of \$1/2 or \$2.50/six, and your subscription is currently due to end:

issue # issue #35 & see page 3 for what else I owe you

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Back issues are 75¢/one or \$2.50/four. At present #'s 1-14, 22-29 are available. I plan eventually to reprint all the missing issues.

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Brag Department: I had a poem, "Winter Solstice," in Green's Magazine, Vol IV No. 2 Winter 1976 (\$1.50, Box 313 Detroit MI 48231); a story by me, "Visit to a Weird Planet Re-visited," reprinted from Spockanalia 5, and a story by me and Eleanor Arnason, "The Face on the Bar-room Floor," reprinted from T-Negative 18, are in Star Trek: The New Voyages, ed. Sondra Marshak & Myrna Culbreath (Bantam #X2719; \$1.75). Also reprinted from T-N in this collection: "Intersection Point" by Juanita Coulson" and "Sonnet from the Vulcan: Omicron Ceti Three" by Shirley Meech. Most of the other story-contributors have also had stories or letters in T-N. Oh, and another poem, "Spinster," in Bitterroot, Autumn 1974 (\$1.50, Blythebourne Station Box 51 Brooklyn NY 11219).

Vulcan Couple
by Shirley Meech

The dark fire smoulders as your eyes meet mine;
Our minds reach out, embrace, enfold, entwine.

The humans say, "See how they stand apart --
It's plain these aliens are cold of heart."

Poor humans -- so imprisoned, so confined,
To never know the joining of the mind!

For all their touching, they can never be
So closely held and truly loved as we.

Matters editorial

As you've probably noticed, I've been running off two issues of T-N at a time in order to save on postage and envelopes. The new changes in book rate vs. printed matter postage are such that I can balance out part of the new postage raise by paginating and stapling the two issues as a single double-size issue big enough to mail as a book. As for the rest of the postage raise -- in switching the subscription rates over to even numbers, I'm making a small raise. To wit: \$1/double issue instead of 50¢/issue; \$2.50/six (three doubles) instead of \$2/five; back issues \$2.50/four instead of \$2/three (that one, however, works out a bit cheaper for you, as a consolation).

Unfortunately, I've been finding the work of putting out T-N getting to be a bit too much for me. I plan to put out four more issues (two doubles) to use up material on hand, and then cease publication. However, I will continue reprinting the out-of-print issues and plan to keep all the issues in print indefinitely. For those of you whose subscriptions run further ahead than #35, I plan to send you the following back issues:

I'll send these issues with the next T-N or as soon thereafter as I get them reprinted. If you already have all the issues of T-N (or if your sub is for more than the back issues you lack), I plan to send you:

I'll send the money with or shortly after the last T-N. If you'd rather have money instead of back issues, or would rather have extra back issues than money, please let me know.



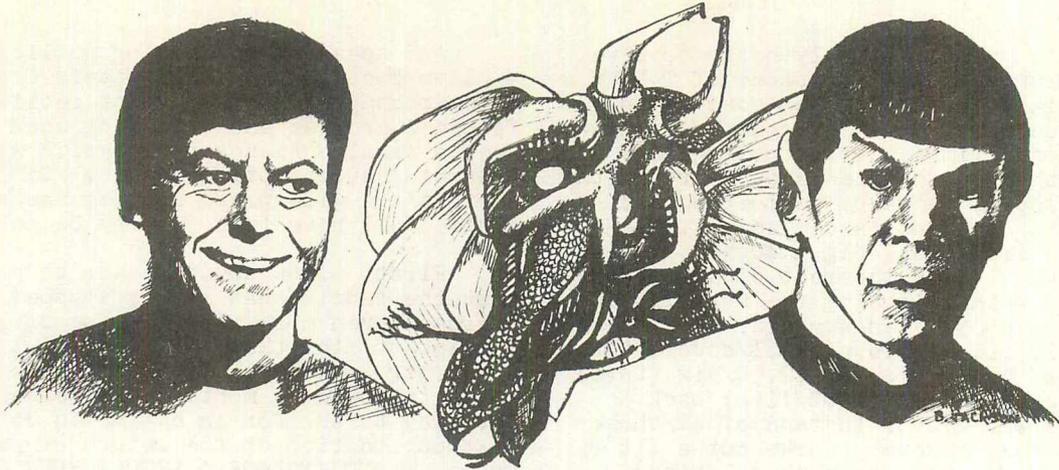
Mira

And speaking of ceasing publication -- I've received several letters from friends complaining about not receiving fanzines ordered and wondering what to do when a fanzine ceases publication without returning subscription monies. So I suspect it's a widespread problem and such advice as I have to offer may be helpful.

First, allow about a year to be sure that the fanzine has really stopped. (Perhaps even more for the type of large, infrequent zine that only comes out once a year or so.) Then write a couple of times (allowing a month or so between letters) to ask for an estimated date-of-next-publication or the return of your money -- AND ENCLOSE A RETURN ENVELOPE AND POSTAGE. Then if there's no response, try locating a friend or relative nearby who could phone or visit on your behalf. Or try writing the community's Better Business Bureau and ask it to enquire on your behalf. Failing all that -- your money is probably lost.

But why do fanzine editors pull such an unfriendly trick on their readers, ask a couple of my correspondents? Not out of intentional dishonesty, I'm sure -- the money involved isn't enough to abscond to Rio and live on it. The usual reasons are illness, love, a new school, or a new job. That's to say, anything demanding enough to stop the editor from putting out the zine in the first place is probably also troublesome enough to keep the editor from getting around to returning subscriptions. (The defaulting editor is probably still holding hopes of getting around to it Real Soon Now, or even holding on to the money in hopes of getting out an issue...someday.) It's foolish, rude, and immoral, but all too human.

In one case that I've heard of, the editors have arranged to have some other fans bring out a large "farewell" issue to be distributed to those with subscriptions yet to be filled -- that's the newsletter Star-borne, which was put out by the Star Trek Association for Revival. (The editorial staff was hit with illness and school, I believe.) So I'd imagine that a sensible procedure in this case would be to wait another year before sending any query letters. (My information is secondhand, but such as it is there it is.)



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G ABOVE HIGH C³
by Phyllis Ann Karr

Captain's Log, Star Date 5634.7.
The landing party has just beamed up
from the surface of the planet Glisson
4 in the Sigmator Bari cluster. After
our help in ridding the planet's sur-
face of a strange swarm of deadly giant
Flectibus Orpati of a type previously
reported nowhere else in the galaxy
except on Garbarish 6 in the Dinterion
Omegan nebula, 10,000 light years away,
the Glissonians insisted on our accept-
ing a large crystalline specimen, one
of the ancient treasures of their
civilization...

"All the same, we shouldn't've taken it, Jim," said Dr. Leonard McCoy. "It's like robbing their temple, taking away the cornerstone of their religion or something."

"I know, Bones, but they didn't give us much choice, did they? I almost got the impression High Priest Zamrod was going to ram it down our throats if we didn't accept it."

"Fascinating," said First Science Officer Spock, gazing into the depths of the large, many-faceted orange crystal threaded with greenish metallic strands which crossed and recrossed at its heart. "Granted that we saved their underground city-state from almost certain extinction at the pincers of the Orpati, still, what emotional quirk would induce a whole people to part with what must have been their greatest national treasure for some centuries?"

"It's called gratitude, Spock," McCoy was beginning, but at that moment an unheard-of sound began to fill the Enterprise. As it increased in volume, Lieutenant Uhura's monitors went crazy;

calls began reaching the bridge from crew members asking whether this was a test of some new alarm system or only another immediately impending catastrophe; and the powdered non-dairy creamer in Kirk's coffee curdled. One young crewman, an assistant in the engine-room, was later reported as having enjoyed the sound, but, as Chief Engineer Scott observed in his gentle burr, "He's an excellent lad and a fine worker, but he has a verra strange ear."

"There!" exclaimed helmsman Sulu, pointing. Between the control panel and the chair in which Spock sat examining the Glissonian crystal, the air was wavering into an elusive outline. Spock's eyebrow shot up. "Obviously a kind of beaming device," he said, "but why here rather than in the transporter room?"

The outline solidified into a blond be-mustached character wearing a checked tunic and poising one hand over the strings of a small lyre. "Fascinating," remarked Spock. "A Gaulish Celt, if I'm not mistaken, from your First or Second century B.C."

The Gaul swept his eyes round the bridge. They naturally came to rest upon Mr. Spock, with his pointed ears and slanting brows. "Are you Toutatis or Belenos?" inquired the Gaul. "I will need to know for the ode I am now going to compose."

* * *

Somewhere on the north coast of Gaul, about the year 50 B.C., there stood an already ancient circle of wooden pillars. To this spot one afternoon came the bard Cacofoonix, to practice singing. Obelix, the menhir delivery boy, who was

replacing the old wood pillars with man-high stone ones hewn from his foundry, was annoyed, but he stuffed his ears with parsley and went on setting up his menhirs. Because of the parsley, he did not hear it happen, but on feeling his little dog Dogmatix tugging at the leg of his striped breeches, Obelix looked up just in time to see the bard dissolving away into the air.

Much puzzled, Obelix went to fetch his clever friend, the small warrior Asterix, who thought it best to bring the wise old village Druid, Getafix, along to help them investigate. In a few minutes, the three companions, and Dogmatix, were gazing intently at the flat stone in the center of the circle. "He was sitting just there," the menhir delivery boy kept assuring his friends.

"I've heard of bards shattering pottery with certain high notes," remarked the Druid, scratching his white beard, "still...."

Obelix's tiny pet, barking, hopped up onto the stone. And vanished, his barks echoing strangely for a moment. Obelix, with a cry of "Dogmatix!" ran forward and, as he neared the place of the earlier disappearances, even his considerable bulk dissolved, first a leg and an arm, and the outer edge of his spherical stomach, and then, within seconds, he was completely gone.

"This is becoming serious," observed the Druid. "Someone seems to have opened a door to the Worlds Beyond, and if we want to find them again, we ought to hurry."

* * *

"I'm sorry, Jim," said Dr. McCoy, looking from the battered lyre in his hand to the unconscious Gaul at his feet. "I probably shouldn't've done that, but I just couldn't take it any more."

"Don't worry about it, Bones," replied the captain, eying the curdled creamer in his coffee. "I'd call it justifiable."

"I must disagree, Captain," said Spock. "As

usual, Doctor McCoy acted with irrational emotionalism. The man was offending nothing except what you are pleased to style your 'esthetic sense,' Doctor."

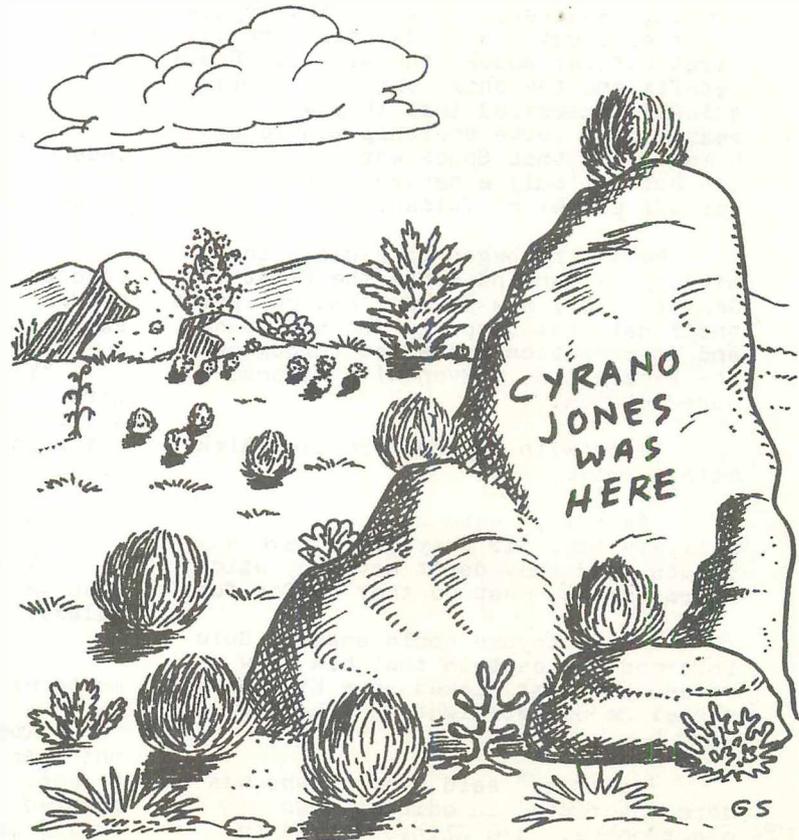
"And yours, too, if you'd admit it, you cold-blooded Vulcan!"

The science officer was about to remind the medical officer of the exact temperature at which the Vulcan metabolism functions under ordinary circumstances, when Mr. Chekov gave a cry: "Oh, no! Now we've got three more of them!"

At the head of the bridge stood an almost spherical giant with red pigtailed, blue-and-white striped breeches, and a friendly, bemused, not overly intelligent face; a bright-eyed ancient with long white hair, long white beard, and long flowing white robe; and a very short warrior with a blond mustache and an irate expression.

"And a little dog!" exclaimed Uura. "Oh, isn't he sweet?"

"What have you done to our bard?" demanded the small warrior. Then suddenly, his belligerence faded. "Oh, maybe he was singing?"



"He was producing a series of tonal vibrations with his vocal chords," replied the ever-ready Spock.

"That's all right, then," said the white-robed ancient, gazing at the First Science Officer. "But may I ask, my dear sir, whether you are Toutatis, or Bellisamas?"

"Asterix," asked the giant, "what are 'tonal vibrations'?"

"I suppose he means what Cacophonix does, Obelix," replied the small warrior, scratching his head beneath his winged helmet.

"Oh, right," beamed Obelix. "I always thought it wasn't singing."

The Gauls, of course, assumed they had come through a magic portal into one of the Celtic otherworlds. It is not certain whether the bard Cacophonix ever bothered to amend this opinion: on reviving, he commented that one would expect better taste in the gods, and set to work mending his lyre. And no one could ever be sure how much of any abstract idea might penetrate the brain of the childlike menhir delivery man Obelix. However, thanks to the crystal-clear elucidations of Captain Kirk and First Officer Spock, the wise old Druid Getafix and the short shrewd Asterix quickly understood that they were really on a large starship manned by humans, and that Spock was not a Gaulish god but only a native of the far-off planet of Vulcan.

Next Kirk began to explain the history of mankind since the First Century B.C., how Terrans had put aside their national disputes and how peace and co-operation prevailed throughout the Federation. "Even with Romans?" asked Obelix.

"Even with Romans," replied Kirk with a smile.

"Asterix," said the menhir delivery boy, "if they don't have any fights, and they don't have any wild boars to eat, what do they do for fun?"

Before anyone could answer, Sulu informed the captain that his view-screen had just picked up a Klingon war vessel headed straight for them at warp 6.

"Asterix," said Obelix, who was more interested in edibles than electronics, "are Klingons good to eat?"

The war ship was the Vishus, and

within seconds the ugly face of Kirk's old enemy of the "Planet Grafft" adventure, Captain Kraxtar, appeared on the viewing screen.

"No," mused Asterix, rubbing his chin, "I don't think they'd be good to eat."

"Well, Klaxtar," said Kirk, "since you're obviously about to break the Federation truce again, what's your reason this time?"

"There's going to be a fight!" cried Obelix. "Goody, goody! There's going to be a fight!" and he began to clap his hands and jump up and down, but they begged him to stop because he was jouncing the control panel.

"I'm coming to you about a purely domestic matter, Kirk," replied the Klingon captain. "My grandson is celebrating his fifth birthday next month."

"Many happy returns," said Kirk drily. "How does this affect the Enterprise?"

"I'm getting to that. We had a hard time finding the right birthday present. You know how shopping is, especially when the kid already has everything. Then it came to me, your ebony Uhura will make the perfect gift."

Lieutenant Uhura started violently, though, being an experienced member of the Enterprise crew, she took control of herself again at once.

"I wouldn't go," remarked the bard Cacophonix, glancing up from his half-mended lyre. "It's no honor to be given away like a gaudy bead necklace."

"Your grandson, Klaxtar," snapped Kirk to the image on the screen, "is a selfish, spoiled, rowdy brat, and we're not going to give Lieutenant Uhura to you or anyone else!"

The Gauls cheered.

"You have ten minutes, Kirk, and then we blast the Enterprise out of the galaxy."

"They've tried that before," muttered Dr. McCoy.

"Too much talk," said Obelix. "Come on!" And he started to lunge at the screen, but Asterix and Getafix, who had grasped the truth that the Klingon wasn't really present in the chamber, managed to keep him back until Klaxtar's image had faded away.

"Scottie," said Kirk, speaking into the intercom, "how are our deflector shields?"

"Not good, Captain, not good at all. That last barrage at Gamma Phibetan almost did for the pair things."

"What about the engines? Can you get us up to warp 7?"

"I dinna think I can ask that of them, pair bairns. Our dilithium crystals canna bring us farther than Sigma Sigmator at warp 3 all the way."

"Too bad we couldn't get a new supply on Deltameran 2 because of that war, epidemic, revolt of the natives, and wiping out of supply station," observed Kirk. Then his eye fell on the orange and green Clissonian crystal. "Mr. Spock! Can you take a creading on that crystal?"

Spock did so. "I don't know, Captain. The structure is not quite identical to any other crystalline substance yet recorded. There is some resemblance to dilithium; however, the

danger of damage to a possibly unique specimen -- "

"I appreciate that, Spock, but let's get it down to Scottie anyway and see if he can use it."

As Chekov left with the crystal, the menhir delivery man, who had been listening with an attempt at patience to the Truid's explanations that they were all on some sort of enclosed ship sailing through the skies, and the Klingons were on another such ship, demanded, "Well, when are the Klingons coming aboard, then?"

"They're not, if we can help it," said Kirk.

"Spoilsports!" exclaimed the giant, and went off to pout.

As Kirk was simultaneously directing Sulu what course to set, deciding what their chances were of reaching the nearest star base, and trying to explain to the small Gaul how they could win over their enemies without hand-to-hand combat, providing they could get enough power for their weapons



(star-ship captains function best when they have three or four things on their minds at once; it's part of their training), for the second time that day an unexpected volume level of strange decibels suddenly reverberated through the Enterprise. Everyone looked suspiciously at the bard, but he had not opened his mouth. "The vibrato is shaky," he now observed with professional interest, "but what a tone!" And he began trying to tune his lyre to it.

Scott's voice came over the intercom. "Captain, I think you should come down. It's knocked out Chekov, and I dinna like the way it's sniffing around my engines."

"What, Scottie?"

"It -- I -- the thing that's making the noise, sir. I canna tell what it is, exactly."

They did not wait. Leaving Sulu in charge of the bridge, Kirk, Spock, and McCoy made at once for the engine room, phasers in hand. A little to their annoyance, the four Gauls followed along, accompanied by Dogmatix.

It was, indeed, an "it." It was about as large as a hippo, and in shape something like a slightly flattened football, with about a dozen legs -- though some of them might have been tails -- extruding all round like a fringe. These legs or tails were shiny and jointed, but the body was covered with spinelike fur or furlike spines which clicked and clattered on the metal surfaces of the engine room as the creature snuffed about. No two witnesses had the same opinion as to its color, and instead of a head, it had four prehensile stalks sprouting up from the middle of its back. Three of these stalks it was rubbing together to produce the clamor which had made itself heard throughout the ship.

"Fascinating," said Spock.

"Asterix," asked Obelix, "do you suppose it's good to eat?"

It was obviously vicious, charging sometimes at the machinery, sometimes at Scottie and his assistants, who, dragging along the unconscious Chekov, had sought refuge behind some consoles, where the creature couldn't reach them. It could change direction without turning its body, since it had multi-jointed legs coming out all the way around. Now it made for the newcomers, hesitating a moment, however, when a blast from outside shook the Enterprise.

"Those dirty Klingons," remarked McCoy. "Klaxtar said ten minutes."

Kirk and Spock, meanwhile, had fired their phasers at the thing, but, incredibly, instead of falling, it seemed to gather up the rays and assimilate them, almost as if it were drinking.

"It must have a physiological structure unlike anything that has been reported," said Spock. "Fas -- "

"Don't say it," snapped McCoy. "Just take your readings so we can find out what will stop it before the Klingons blast us all out of the galaxy."

But the menhir delivery boy, whom his small friend had hitherto held back only for the sake of politeness in letting their hosts have first go, now shook off restraint and ran up to the thing. It rose on six or eight of its legs, waving the others like tentacles, and the big Gaul punched it once in the smooth underside. With a rattle of its stalks and a hiss like escaping air, it collapsed, and, within seconds, had deflated into a limp casing, as its insides streamed out in a rush of colorless gaseous substance with a distinct but not disagreeable odor, which Spock's readings showed to be harmless to human life.

"Oh, fooey," said Obelix, shaking the limp shell of a leg, while his little dog sniffed curiously at the stalks. "It's all hollow."

"I will now sing a Victory Ode!" cried Cacophonix.

Chekov, who had revived under McCoy's ministrations, set his phaser on "stun" and fired. "Good," said McCoy. "I was afraid it'd stopped working."

"But -- but -- but -- but -- but..." said Kirk, staring at the hefty pig-tailed Gaul who with one beefy first had defeated the interstellar monster which had defied the phasers.

"Oh, Obelix fell into a cauldron of my magic potion when he was a baby," replied the Druid Getafix with a benign smile, "and it gave him superhuman strength permanently."

James T. Kirk had been brought up as a rational, level-headed man, so it took him a moment to digest this information, at the end of which he asked eagerly whether it would be possible for the Druid to make some of the stuff for the crew of the Enterprise. Getafix's answer was drowned out by the crash of another Klingon shot, and Sulu's voice urgently requesting instructions over the inter-

com. "Return fire," the captain directed him. "Scottie, give him all the power you can."

Meanwhile, Getafix, Spock, and Asterix were all staring at the green-mottled Glissonian crystal.

"You brought this down here," said the small warrior, "and that creature appeared down here."

"And when we had it on the bridge," added Spock, "you materialized on the bridge."

"And the sound emitted by the late creature," observed the Druid, "did bear a certain resemblance to the singing of our bard."

"Right," cried the captain, who didn't take nearly so long to digest these comments as he had the idea of magic potion. "Sulu," he cried into the mouthpiece, "if you've got a charge ready, shoot it off, and then set course back to Glisson 4 at warp 8 -- make that warp 6," he corrected as the alarmed Scott signalled him that the still-tender engines could not do warp 8.

At warp 6, they could not completely shake off Klaxtar's vessel; but, through a series of typically

clever maneuvers, they managed to throw it off their scent long enough to return into orbit around Glisson 4. Leaving Spock in command of the Enterprise lest the Klingons find them again, the captain and McCoy beamed down to the planet, taking along the Druid and Asterix (Obelix was devouring pork roasts and suckling pigs, which were the closest the ship's cooking computer could come to wild boar, and Cacophonix was strapped down in sick bay).

The High Priest Zamrod blanched when he saw them, and began nervously chewing his crimson beard and shredding the hem of his green and white tie-dyed poncho. (I call it a poncho, to give you the best idea of the cut of the vestment, though of course the Glissonians called it something much different.) He hedged and hawed and procrastinated for half an hour, but at last they got the truth out of him.

"Our remote forefathers," said Zamrod, "before the dawn of time, flew to far worlds, even as you fly, and in each world they placed a Rock of Transmittal. Every such Rock is attuned to the Holy Crystal, and whatever creature utters a sound of the right tonal quality while near such a Rock is transmitted to where the Holy Crystal is. Our dim forefathers wished to gather curious specimens, for purposes which have been lost to our knowledge, but whatever means they had of controlling these creatures from far worlds beyond the stars were lost in the Chaos, which some seekers believe was caused by one of these outworld beasts, and since the dawn of time all our seekers have been able to learn only as much as I have told you; but, alas! the crystal itself was among the remnants that survived the Chaos, and all through time we have been plagued with these horrible specimens, which, even when not monstrous in themselves, upset our natural balance. We were most blameworthy not to tell you of this before, but those huge insects which might have destroyed us but for your help, had also been brought by the crystal, and -- and -- " Here the priest broke down, fell to his knees, and clutched Kirk's ankles as he sobbed, his tears soaking the captain's shoes, "you cannot, oh! you cannot make us take it back again!"

The landing party decided to return to the ship without wasting a minute, except to ask ten or twenty further questions of the High Priest by way of rami-fication. Back aboard, they found the corridors strewn with bits of fur and withered leaves, but otherwise things seemed under control. On the bridge, Cbelix and his little Dogmatix were contentedly devouring some kind of roast



meat, while Cacophonix was plunking his lyre near a green and orange plant newly potted in one of Dr. McCoy's largest crucibles.

"We had the crystal locked in maximum security," explained Spock. "However, three mammalian sextupeds of incredible strength and this broad-leaved angiosperm materialized in the cell with it. The animals burst through the doors, and we let Obelix dispose of them -- they proved edible," he added, with a nod at the munching giant, "but the plant had apparently been kept to a reasonable size only by the cries of the animals, and after their extermination we had to start letting Cacophonix sing at ten-minute intervals to keep it from taking over the ship. The Klingons have appeared on our scanners and will find us in a matter of seconds. Otherwise, nothing to report, sir."

"First," said the captain, "jettison that plant, I don't care how fascinating a specimen it may be. And the crystal with it."

"But if we leave the crystal drifting in space, Captain," replied Spock, whose magnificent Vulcan brain had reasoned out independently most of what the landing party had drawn from the Glissonian priest, "all creatures drawn to it in future will be doomed to perish instantly."

"That's true," said Kirk, thinking aloud. "Of course, High Priest Zamrod assured us this is the first time on record the crystal has brought humanoids, and it's highly unlikely to happen again."

"But still possible," replied the Druid.

"And those rocks planted throughout the galaxy obviously stay activated for some time," McCoy pointed out, "or three of the Gauls wouldn't be here."

"Four," Getafix mildly corrected him. "Don't forget Dogmatix."

"Asterix," asked Obelix between bites, "what are 'humanoids'?"

McCoy replied, "Spock is a humanoid, for one."

Spock raised his eyebrow. "I might with almost equal logic refer to you as 'Vulcanoids,' Doctor," he answered, "though it would be paying your race an honor few of you deserve."

"These humanoids are crazy," said Obelix, tapping his forehead.

"Captain!" cried Lieutenant Uhura, "I'm picking up ugly sounds from the Klingon vessel."

Sure enough, the unpleasant countenance of the Klingon captain was already materializing on the Enterprise's viewing screen. "Five minutes, Kirk," snarled Klaxtar, "and then I open up on that planet down there."

Kirk thought desperately. Should he interpose the Enterprise between Glisson⁴ and the Klingon ship, and gamble on the effectiveness of his own ship's weakened shields and phasers? Or should he make for deep space again and gamble that Klaxtar would give immediate chase without opening deadly fire on the planet out of pure Klingon spite? He was having more trouble than usual in making his decision, and, realizing the trouble lay in the knowledge that any minute the alien shrubbery would need a serenade to keep its growth within bounds, he snapped again, "Jettison that plant!"

"NO, by Toutatis!" shouted Asterix, leaping three times his own height into the air. And on coming down again, he began whispering in Kirk's ear. A slow smile spread over the face of the starship captain. "Klaxtar," he told his adversary over the communication lines, "hold your fire and I'll come over to talk terms in person."

The Klingon commander chortled evilly. "There won't be any terms, Kirk, but come on over, bring a whole delegation -- so long as you bring the beautiful Uhura. And don't try to smuggle over any phasers -- our new screening devices will pick them up and knock you flat."

"Agreed. Give me ten minutes to pick my delegation."

"Three minutes."

"Nine."

"Five."

Eventually they agreed on 7½ minutes, and Klaxtar's image faded from the screen. "Jim," began McCoy.

"I know, Bones, he's delighted at the chance he thinks we're giving him. Well, you and Spock keep a second and third line of action ready at this end, but I'm guessing the Klingons are going to get a little surprise."

Seven and a half minutes later, the delegation from the Enterprise beamed aboard the Klingon vessel. Mr. Sulu picked up the whole tableau on the viewing screen. The delegation consisted of

four: the pair of Gaulish fighters, Asterix and Obelix, were gaily bouncing Klingons around every available surface, while Captain Kirk picked off any Klingon who looked about to use a phaser. Kirk's weapon was an antique plastic water pistol, a curiosity from Sulu's collection of old guns, filled with a potion whipped up by the Druid Getafix from ingredients which the computer could supply, and which send everyone it hit into an instant state of drunkenness. From the far wall, where Asterix had hurled it over the heads of the first Klingon onslaught, the alien plant from an unknown solar system was quietly and rapidly spreading its foliage all over the chamber's doorway. The beautiful Uhura stood out of the way, holding the green-mottled Glissonian crystal.

"Now that," said Dr. McCoy, "is the way to talk terms with Klingons."

"Yes, they're good lads, those two," remarked the Druid. "Your captain isn't bad with that curious weapon, either. And Uhura is beautiful, you must admit that."

"And if that's not enough for you, Klaxtar," the doctor went on, "we'll be glad to send over a bard to sing you to sleep."

However, the second line of attack was not necessary. Terms were quickly agreed upon. In a few moments all Klingon underlings in the chamber were counting stars, no more could get in from the rest of the warship because of the plant blocking the doorway, and Obelix was joyously negotiating with Klaxtar. "Remember, Obelix," said Asterix, "not too hard."

The Klingon captain soon told Kirk he could keep Uhura, only go away and take these monsters with him. "I thought you needed a gift for your grandson, Klaxtar?" Kirk asked innocently.



The Klingon replied with several obscenities, but Kirk smiled. "We wouldn't want the tyke to go without some special birthday present," he said, "so, just to show you there're no hard feelings, we of the Enterprise would like to leave you a little remembrance for him. I think you'll find it... rather unusual," he added as Uhura laid down the Glissonian crystal at the feet of the Klingon commander, who gazed at it dazedly.

Obelix wanted to clear the doorway and let more Klingons in, but Kirk insisted on returning to his own ship without further loss of time. The menhir delivery boy was still pouting when they materialized in the transporter room of the Enterprise. "They were much nicer to fight than the Romans," he grumbled. "Not so soft. But you never do anything to please me. You put upon me because of my weakness."

"Where, may I ask, have you all been?" inquired the bard, unaware he had been the second line of attack. On learning where they had been, he tried to sing a victory anthem, but Sulu and Chekov joined forces to stop him; and Obelix was brought out of his bad temper by a light snack of four or five pork roasts.

"How will we get home again, humanoid?" asked the small warrior, rubbing his chin.

"No problem," replied Kirk, and told him of the Time Portal, where they would go as soon as they could repair the starship at the nearest star station. Meanwhile, he asked again if the Druid could brew up a supply of magic potion for his own crew? Getafix doubted the availability of all the necessary ingredients, but agreed to try, and repaired in private with Dr. McCoy to the laboratory.

"One thing bothers me, Jim," said Spock. "If any more humanoids should be drawn to the crystal, the Klingons are

*E*YE-OPENER
by Ruth Berman

Uhura switched the picture of the Scalosians off the screen.

"Goodbye, Deela," said Kirk quietly. He touched his fingers to his lips, remembering the warmth of hers. A lovely woman -- and so loyal to Rael, for all her infuriating pretense at flightiness. If only he could find a woman that loyal to him... That was the rub. Rael didn't really understand the strength of his wife's loyalty. Perhaps no emotional being could seriously believe himself worthy of so much trust unless he was too vain to inspire it. Perhaps Vulcans didn't have that problem.... Kirk shook himself and opened his intercom. "Kirk to sickbay. Dr. McCoy, I want you and some of your staff to meet me in your office for a conference." He snapped the intercom off, leaving McCoy to guess at the purpose of the meeting, stood up, nodded to Spock to take the con, hesitated, and went to the lift.

At McCoy's office, he found Drs. McCoy, M'benga, and Philips awaiting him. Kirk remained standing and leaned against the back of a chair. "Bones," he said, "that antidote you gave Spock and me -- it wouldn't work on the Scalosians?"

McCoy did not look surprised. "It would work, but it would kill them, too. They've been living a few thousand times normal speed all their lives. It isn't easy to play around with metabolism."

"That's what I thought." Kirk pulled out the chair and sat down. "We can't stay here to help them. The Andorian colony on Bzerid reports a comet group heading close enough to cause tidal floods too large for ground control. They need help deflecting the comets before that happens, and we're the only ship close enough to get there in time. So I want you to set up a sperm bank for the Scalosians to keep them...their race...alive until we can get back. Or until some other ship can get here to help them search for a cure." He rubbed one hand back and forth along the edge of the table. "By the time we return, this generation, by their own time-sense, could be centuries dead."

McCoy sat musing for a moment. He glanced at M'benga and Philips as he made a mental count of skills on board the ship. At last he nodded. "Some technical problems there in keeping the



sperm viable, but we should be able to manage it. I think."

"There's something else we could try, besides that, sir," M'benga put in.

"Explain."

"Leave someone behind to run experiments in search of an antidote for them. The whole medical section can be working on the problem from this end if one of us is there to do the leg-work."

"Are you volunteering?" Philips asked him dryly.

"Well..." said M'benga, "Well...yes...I guess I am."

"You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din'," Philips quoted under his breath, thought again, and made a face. "Unfortunately, you're the Vulcan expert around here, and I've had more landing-party experience than you have, so, logically speaking, if you'll pardon the expression, if we're leaving anyone behind -- "

"I'm not accepting volunteers," Kirk interrupted.

The two younger doctors stopped and looked at him questioningly. McCoy was silent, waiting.

"You're guilty of cultural chauvinism, gentlemen," he told them. "Did you see that little suspended animation gadget they were going to hook up to the ship?"

"Not yet," said McCoy. "Physics section still has it."

"Believe me," said Kirk, "any experiment you want run, they can run. Or learn to run...in the wink of an eye."

We'll leave them a sub-space radio. We can record their messages to us and play them at low speed; they can play ours fast. Maybe our two cultures can accomplish what theirs alone couldn't. Maybe." Kirk fixed his eyes on a stuffed lizard hanging on the wall. "Any questions, gentlemen? Further suggestions?"

The physicians looked at each other. "No," said McCoy. "It should work, with a little luck."

"Very well." Kirk stood up. "Dismissed. Get the equipment set up as fast as possible. The comets won't wait." As Kirk left the room a little song sang itself in his head: "By the time you get back, she'll be dead." He shook his head, but the song would not go away.

Three hours later they were set for departure. Most of the time was spent filing all the men in the crew through the ship's medical stations, so that the identities of those who actually chose to contribute to the sperm bank could be kept confidential. Even Spock went through the line, although it was obvious that he was not going to put a single half-Vulcan strain into a society where it would be so markedly out of joint.

When the final tabulations were in, about a third of the men had contributed. Ethical, religious, and straightforwardly emotional reasons stopped the rest.

Kirk had thought himself a sophisticated man, and the sampling machine was, after all, only a machine, and it was done with him in seconds --

but after being processed Kirk found himself feeling so miserably embarrassed that he went to his cabin to lie down and wonder how any of the men were able to overcome the emotional reluctance. "But most of them never even saw Deela," he reminded himself. "And I slept with her -- once. Why should I get upset over... over...." The unbidden song came back and thudded in his head. "She'll be dead, she'll be dead, she'll be dead." He called the bridge and ordered Spock to take the ship out of orbit. Then he took a sleeping-pill, undressed, got into bed, and stuffed the pillow over his ears. It did not shut out the song, but soon the drug took effect, and he was asleep.

Meanwhile, the medical staff was hard at work. Kirk's pessimistic fear that two cultures would not be sufficiently better than one at problem-solving was unjustified. The Scalosian culture was one culture, but the Federation was made up of many peoples. In the ninth hour after breaking orbit, while Kirk was still asleep, McCoy found a likely-seeming set of Tellarite experiments in metabolic control. In the tenth hour, Kirk woke to the news that the Scalosians were going to synthesize and test the adapted drug. Five minutes later a second message came. It said, "It seems to be working," and it was only a quarter of the speed of the preceding messages.



The emotional reactions this information produced in sickbay were restrained by sheer fatigue. Kirk ordered them all off to bed, then went to the bridge and took back possession of the ship. He still had not had the courage to ask them to tell him how long those ten hours had been on Scalos.

The flight to Bzerid was uneventful. Messages came from Scalos at intervals, reporting further decrease in their rate of living. At the end of three days (Enterprise-time), they could understand each other without changing the speed of the message. Two days later, the Scalosians were living at the same rate as most other humanoids. Jokes about the engendering of children became temporarily taboo on the Enterprise, and Kirk had to break up several fights arising when the taboo was transgressed. The comet group was successfully deflected, and the authorization came through for them to return to Scalos to check on their progress. A team of Tellarite scientists was already on its way there, they were told, to help the Scalosians search for a cure to their remaining medical problem, sterility in the males.

Three and a half weeks after leaving, they were once more in orbit around Scalos.

"Oh, yes, all doing most splendid," rumbled the Tellarite biologist in response to Kirk's call, stroking her fur complacently. "Infertility seems have been caused also by metabolic problem. Too soon to be sure. In some few months, we see."

Kirk was slow and hesitant in forming a landing party. He was supposed to supplement the Tellarite group with some ecologists and assorted other specialists to help the Scalosians readjust to their own world; these would stay behind. And it was easy enough to be sure that the medical staff would like to go down and see how things were. And Spock ought to visit, too, as chief science officer. The question was, should he allow shore leave generally?

Eventually he decided that he could allow shore leave if he restricted it to areas outside the single inhabited city. Letting men go there who might have fathered Scalosian children and might want to try to trace down the possible offspring seemed to Kirk to open the way to far too many psychological shocks. He considered allowing female crewmembers to go into the city, but decided it would be unfair to the men. The problem was unavoidable in choosing the ones to stay behind with the Tellarites, but some of the candidates were female, and McCoy's psychological profiles would help him find the men least likely to be upset by the knowledge that most of the "aliens" were their own children, or at least their shipmates' children.

With that decision out of the way, Kirk discovered that he'd been avoiding the real question: should he go himself? He couldn't see any diplomatic way out. He had to go and face...whatever was there.

They beamed down to the central square, where tall, white buildings shone around them in the sunlight.

The song came back. "She's dead, she's dead, she's -- " It stopped abruptly. Deela was among the crowd of Scalosians -- a few adults and some dozens of children -- coming out to meet them. She looked older, perhaps some ten or fifteen years older than Kirk in appearance, but still very lovely. Kirk smiled at her, but her face remained blank, and her eyes continued to rove over the visitors' faces. Kirk held his face carefully steady. The thought came to him: "It's not Deela, it's her daughter...my daughter."

And then Rael was on him, clapping his shoulders. "Welcome, Captain."

The woman followed him and kissed Kirk's cheek, saying, "It's good to see you again, Captain. I'd forgotten how young you were."

"Deela?" said Kirk.

"That's not very gallant of you," she said teasingly. "Am I so changed?"

"No," said Kirk, "but when you didn't recognize me, I -- "

"It's been a long time -- for me," she said. She glanced swiftly from Kirk to Rael and said in a puzzled voice, "But I thought you looked more alike than that."

"No," said Kirk. "You just wanted me to be Rael, once upon a time."

A slight stiffness melted in Rael suddenly. He beckoned to an adolescent girl standing behind them. She came up and stood half hidden behind Rael. "My oldest daughter, Captain," he said. "This is Raellor."

The girl had blonde hair and hazel eyes, and she looked at least two years older than any of the other children. "How do you do," said Kirk.

She hid further behind Rael, but looked out from around him, meeting Kirk's gaze.

"Cap!" called Deela.

A golden-skinned boy with slanting



eyes, looking about 10 years old, ran out from the crowd and took Deela's hand, leaning against her side.

"This is Captain, Captain," she said. "We named him after you."

"Thank you," said Kirk. He felt half-dizzy. Suddenly he became aware of Spock, standing at his shoulder. The tilted feeling began to fade. These children would have to recognize some element of the Terran in themselves someday, as Spock did. But they would find life easier than the Vulcan/human had, perhaps, growing up wholly within the one culture. Faellor had Kirk's eyes, but her shy dependence on Fael showed whose daughter she truly was.

"In a sense, however," he heard Spock saying to him, "all these children are your godchildren, if I understand the term correctly." Was he commenting on Deela's introduction of the boy, or was he answering Kirk's thought? Kirk took a breath and let it out. It didn't matter.

He knelt suddenly, to put himself on a level with Cap. He was awkward around children, but he knew a few tricks, like that one, for relieving their mutual embarrassment. "It's my understanding, Cap," he said, "that godparents bring presents. I've got some candy here for you and your friends."

"Where?" said Cap, practically.

"Waiting while I check that it's all right with your parents. I don't want to spoil your dinner...or anything." He glanced up, first at Deela, then at Fael.

"It's all right," said Deela.

"The digestive systems are compatible," Fael said quietly.

Kirk pulled out his communicator. "Enterprise, Kirk here. Beam me down one gross of peppermint sticks," he said in a but-me-no-buts tone of voice.

"Acknowledged, Captain," said Uhura, managing to sound thoroughly businesslike.

Kirk heard a muffled voice in the background begin to chant, "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die -- "

"And," said Kirk firmly, "a gross of chocolate bars. Kirk out."

Meanwhile some of the Tellarite team had come out from one of the tall buildings. Their cold-suits and fur looked dark against the brightness of the city. Kirk rose and went forward to greet them as protocol demanded.

THE **B**IRTHDAY **G**IFT by Melisa Michaels

For eons, men have watched the stars,
and wondered what they hid:
what myriad wonders would unfold
beneath new suns amid
the splendid swirl and skirl of dust
alight by primal fire:
What planets peopled by what men?
What wealth to sate desire?

Not even Janus could have said
what it would mean to you,
the heir of men who fled their homes
in search of derring-do
beneath the arches of strange skies
where men of alien kind
had watched for eons other stars
with other dreams in mind.

Your forebears found companions there
and bedded alien wives:
took to their wombs an alien seed:
took up new, alien lives.
Their blood could blend in progeny
but not their intellect:
the one spontaneous to a fault;
the other circumspect.

And what's a son of Janus do,
locked in his loneliness?
To choose one way denies the dream;
the other, happiness.
You cannot laugh, you cannot cry,
you cannot welcome bliss;
you cannot wholly give yourself
to either that or this.

You cannot feel the grief and joy
which drive Earthmen to tears:
but still you are too much aware
beyond the Vulcan spheres:
You cannot watch emotions and
claim not to understand
-- and yet you don't; oh! that you could!
Your life's a countermand.

Not even Janus has a key
to mend your sundered soul.
Not all the gods at heaven's gate
can make two halves a whole.
But you control the pain you can
with comprehension lift:
Each half is half a blessing, and
duality's a gift!

m usic

((In T-N 28 there were three themes from ST music transcribed by Donald Koch. One of these did not reproduce well, so is repeated here.))

Theme associated with Scott



((In T-N 27 was a "Fragment of a Klingon Kapstan Chantey" by Dean Dickensheet. Amy Falkowitz decided it ought to have original music to go with it.))

FRAGMENT of a KLINGON KAPSTAN CHANTEY

Now in every landing party they take a long hearty young rating who has nothing much to do. For they know their 5 year mission has a high rate of attrition so they need to take some peanuts for the Cosmic monster Zoo. ZIP! You're a meagre pile of ash. Zapp! You're a lump of stone. Glop! You're down the gullet of some species yet unknown. The only grave you have may be in Mister Spock's re-port. The Fedar-ation Cadet has a merry life but short.

(last time add: The Fedar-ation Cadet has a merry life but short! (play fully to end, then add repeated line.)

(A) For verse: 2 & 3

rather try a worship on for size.
look of Dawning Horror on its face.

L-00 AVES: LETTERS

from PAT GILDERSLEEVE, 1861 Dakota Lincoln NE 68502

Your article on Vulcan mythology ((#27)) was very enlightening. I'd never noticed the two artifacts you discussed. I am curious, though, why you didn't mention the IDIC, "the most revered Vulcan symbol." Strictly speaking, it hasn't anything to do with mythology, I suppose ((yes, that was why)), but you did mention religion in more general terms, too, in your article. I would think the IDIC might be considered a religious symbol if you define "religion" in the broad sense as "a belief upheld or pursued with zeal and devotion"; it's just the sort of symbol a deistic society might adopt. Do we know the origin of the IDIC? Does it date from Surak's time, or is that just my own inference? Another question I've pondered is whether T'Pol might be a religious leader; a sort of Vulcan equivalent of the Pope, or perhaps a combination of religious and secular figure. Do you have any theories on this point?

That survey which Paula Smith and Sharon Ferrara made on blonds and brunettes was very interesting. I wonder if the same ratio would hold true for women characters on other series? Or what a survey of hair color of men characters on ST would reveal. I once made a similar survey -- I rated the women characters as positive or negative, depending on how their image reflected on women in general, and came up with a figure of 19 positive and 36 negative. Unlike Sharon and Paula, I counted all female type creatures, including aliens and androids (I rated the Horta as positive), but such a rating is subjective and open to controversy. Although this would seem to indicate an anti-female bias on the part of ST's producers, I'm not sure this is actually the case. It may be simply the natural inclination of the writers to create an interesting conflict by introducing some bad characters for the good characters to triumph over. One would have to make a similar tally of the men characters to see how they add up, and by that time I was tired of the whole thing.

I thought you might like to have a copy of this index to the British books that I compiled. It's getting increasingly tedious to thumb through the whole set looking for a particular episode. The first number indicates the volume # of the ST book series, the second number the first page in that volume. Titles with no location can be filled in later, if the series is completed.

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Battlefield.....	5:40	Wink of an Eye.....	11:73
Lights of Zetar.....	6:26	Wolf in the Fold.....	8:112

from JOAN VERBA, CRC Rm S114 Weatherly Hall Bloomington IN

In reviewing my astronomy books, I've pondered more on items we discussed. First of all, I've done direct computation on how fast a shuttlecraft should travel to keep and achieve a reasonable orbit. If the ship gets to escape velocity, it should be completely safe -- if it doesn't orbit the planet, it orbits the star. It only takes a fraction of escape velocity to get it into an orbit which does

not intersect the planet. The orbit is critically dependent on the velocity at burn-out. It is quite possible that the shuttlecraft in "Galileo Seven" never reached a sufficiently high burn-out velocity to do more than get up arc for a distance, and then come down again (like a long-range missile). On the other hand, there is no reason I can think of for the Enterprise in "Court Martial" to have an orbit decay as quickly as they portrayed it if it was stable before. (Though a "repair" orbit might be the closest one available to the planet, and therefore have a greater chance of decay.)

On quasi-stellar objects -- the identifying characteristics of these are intense radio emissions (and a large luminosity in all wavelengths overall), and an immense red shift. The red shift can be accounted for by only two phenomena (that I know of): either a large gravity well (similar to a black hole) or movement away from an observation post at great speed. Many astronomers don't think it's a gravity well (probably because QSCs look like stars in a telescope -- you can't see a black hole). A few QSCs are associated with distant galaxies, which means some, at least, are far away. Still, some astronomers think QSCs could be quite close to our own galaxy. ((And the quasar in "07" comes out sounding unlikely either way.))

The scientific inconsistency that always gets me, however, is the "comet" business in "Balance of Terror." I am still trying to figure out how something going through a comet's tail leaves a visible trail. Another thing that bothers me is that, in order to have a tail, a comet must be fairly close to a star. In our solar system, a tail begins somewhere between the orbits of Jupiter and Saturn. To have a tail the size of the one shown in the episode, though, the comet must have been extremely close to a star. And if the star has planets, this gets even more complex. What, may I ask rhetorically, are two starships doing maneuvering at warp speed this close to a star system? -- and this close to a star (particularly)?

About the visible trail -- I presume that the author of that particular script was counting on suction. This works fine in an atmosphere, but am not sure whether it would work at all in a vacuum. Even if it does work, would a starship be able to carry off sufficient particles with it for them to be visible to the human eye (or the photomultipliers aboard the Enterprise)?

I saw "Paradise Syndrome" again, and I knew something was bothering me more than the Roche Limit, which would theoretically have broken the asteroid up when it had gotten close enough. (It is unlikely, considering that Spock fully expected to break it up by phaser fire, that its internal cohesion would have been stronger than the breakup induced by differential gravitation -- tides -- on the asteroid by the planet.) The thing that was bothering me was that it is very unlikely that an object of that size (about the size of Earth's moon) could even have come up to the Roche limit without being deflected by the planet's own gravity. The script writer was probably thinking of the planet and the asteroid as two trains on a straight track headed toward each other. This is not so in space. Not only does a planet not travel in a straight line, but objects that size affect each other gravitationally. Conceivably, the planet should have either deflected the planet by its own gravity or made the asteroid a new satellite once it got inside the instability limit. (The "instability limit" is that point at which a body will neither be pulled in by the planet, nor be pulled into an orbit around the planet.)

The other thing the story writer might have been thinking of is a meteorite. The reason meteorites can go into an atmosphere inside the Roche limit is that meteorites are so small that the differential gravitational (tidal) force is very small, and the internal cohesion of the rock is more than sufficient to hold it together. However, when you get the size of Earth's moon, this no longer holds.

I have an inside line on a galactic "barrier" ((as in "Where No Man")). There is work going on in the astronomical community, and specifically here at Indiana U, studying the galactic "halo" -- a sphere around the galaxy that is centered on the galaxy which is believed to be the original "cloud" that collapsed to form the galaxy. Astronomers are beginning to believe not only that the halo has a definite composition, but also that there is an interface between the halo and the intergalactic medium (which, for example, will stop radio sources from extending beyond it). From what I've heard so far, there is nothing in this model that might stop a starship (except maybe the possibility of a strong magnetic field), but it is very interesting.

from SHIRLEY MAIEWSKI, 481 Main Str Hatfield MA 01038

I'm so pleased to see Shirley Keech's name and talent appearing again; it has been quite awhile since anything of hers has been published. Also, I am delighted to see you are using the fine talent of Cec McAvan as an illustrator. Her pictures are always a treat.

I enjoyed Marnie Ellingson's "The Brooks of Eden" up to a point -- the point where the tree fell down. That was a bit much -- I suppose she had to get a physical contact between Spock and the girl, but it seemed a bit contrived to me. I'd like to read a story sometime where Spock can meet

a female and NOT have her fall in love with him -- yes, I KNOW!! That would be difficult, but different. It was interesting that this happened while Pike was captain -- THAT was different, at least. I wish we could have more Pike stories.

from GEORGE PERKINS, 1102 Third Str Brookings SD 57006

Another great ish! (#28) What really set it off for me was the before-Kirk story. I am obsessed with Star Fleet history, Chris Pike, and "The Menagerie" -- so much as to be planning to someday do a zine, with contents built totally around Star Fleet history (Captain April, Captain Pike, the Academy, "The Cage," and any related technology). I am anxious to get in touch with any fan interested in this area and get comments or contributions for a fanzine of this type.

from JEAN LORRAH, 301 S 15 Str Murray KY 42071

Ran across this entry in a TV Guide:

MEDICAL CENTER

On his 36th birthday, Gannon is beset by peculiar symptoms. He is short-tempered, suffers from tremors and fainting spells, hears voices from his childhood and is unable to discuss death with a patient.

Was I the only strung-out Trekfan who went into a fit of giggles over imagining the good doctor in Pon Farr? Oh, well, I never was the dignified professional type.

I really liked "The Brooks of Eden," for in spite of being another story in which a female "moons over" Spock (I tend to agree with Cheryl Rice in theory, but enjoy reading Spocklit anyway), it is based on an established incident. I'm surprised that I haven't read any other version of Spock's affair with Leila -- have I missed some? Most of us never did like her much, and Marnie Ellingson's story makes her sympathetic. At last I could comprehend something of what Spock might have seen in her. Am I wrong in saying that this is one of very few stories written completely from Spock's point of view? When I came to write "Epilogue II," (in Triskellon #5, if it ever comes out) I realized that I had gotten myself into a situation where I had to tell the story of Spock's first real command from his point of view, and that was more difficult than you might think. We all have some idea of what he feels, but what does he think?

Only in one place in Ellingson's story did I feel that Spock "wouldn't think that," and that was "the Yorktown or Potemkin, which were at the moment on virtual milk runs" (p. 8). Spock may sometimes deliberately use human slang when speaking to humans, but I don't think he would use it to himself. Also, in working on a logical problem in order to control his emotions, he would be verbalizing, if at all, in Vulcan -- and I am sure there is no equivalent term to "milk run" in that language. Of course, as Vulcans are mammals, there might have at one time been such a thing as a milk run, but Vulcans would have never later used the term figuratively. (The logical quantum jump there says that if a planet produced one mammalian species, it might well have produced others.)

I found "The Unknown Traveler" unsatisfying -- the traveler should not have remained unknown. What was the point of the sex hormone in her bloodstream, through which M'Benga identified her as Romulan, when in the end she turned out to be Vulcan? He hypothesized that it was "the reasons Romulans have emotions where Vulcans do not," in which case, as the hormone was not synthetic, it should not have been in a Vulcan bloodstream. I suppose it was supposed to be the result of her having developed some emotions while living among the Romulans -- but in that case, Spock, living among humans, would be in Pon Farr all the time (third season, here we come!). Also, hasn't fandom adopted the convention that Romulans do not hand out their names to their enemies -- and not even to one another? No Romulan we ever met had a name except the second Commander -- and she made a really big deal out of whispering it to Spock. All Romulans we have seen address one another by title, and I think most fanfiction writers have assumed that there is a cultural inhibition against giving out names -- the name is the thing, and gives one's enemies a handle by which to manipulate one through magic. ((There may be some element of that in some stories, but Tal and possibly Decius seem to be names, not titles.))

In this area of the country it is impossible to escape country-western music. One song, "You Don't Have to Call Me Darlin', Darlin'" describes the "perfect country-western song" as one which manages to include mother, trucks, trains, rain, getting drunk, and jail -- aside from the basic tale of unrequited love which somehow includes the names of several country-western singers. Upon hearing the song for the forty-third time, it occurred to me that it might be interesting to list the ingredients for "the perfect ST fan-tale." Let me start off anyone who'd like to make suggestions with the following list: a woman after Spock, the word "illogical," an attack on the Enterprise, a spat between McCoy and Spock, a chance for Kirk to do something heroic, a practical joke by junior crew members, a brand-new alien life-form, a punning female crew member, a chance for Scotty to kiss his engines, a reason for Scotty to get drunk, a brand-new ancient Vulcan custom, and an explanation of why it was the logical thing to do. Additions to the list are welcome!

from ALISA COHEN, 2514 Lyndale Ave South Mpls MN 55405

This is a letter I've been meaning to hack out sooner or later. Sooner finally hit when I went to the dentist and he filled my head so full of novocaine and silver my pillow won't accommodate it. Later hit when I read Debbie's story ("The Unknown Traveller") for about the seventy-fifth time. And I figured out why I like it. (Once my jealousy subsided, of course.) Nobody dies! Nobody gets laid. Nobody is hurt. By nobody I mean Kirk, Bones, Spock, Scotty -- none of our usual characters most often identified with. The story succeeds on plot alone. I realize that not all fan fiction need rely on aroused passions instead of a substantially interesting plot, but much of it does. But then again, since the mainstay of my existence is fan fiction (at least, right now), I read whatever falls into my Trekkish hands, obviously, since I still buy that comic book.

To return to the point, another outstanding quality of Debbie's story is that a logical statement has been made that no Federation member would like to admit to, viz., the Federation uses spies. Now, this is an obvious extrapolation from "The Enterprise Incident." So why hasn't the idea been more fully treated? The possibilities are limitless. With the territory to be covered and the species available (people, not monies) an elaborate spy web could be weaved. I feel as though most fan would prefer to believe that the Federation is above such trickery. But let's face it, the Federation is a political governmental body, and as such, has as much right to trickery as any political governmental body.

Now I have a harder question to ask, dear stater of answers: What is the official position on the animation? We can't just ignore it, because there was much good in it. The new shuttlecraft, the bridge defense system, the addition of M'Ress and Arex are valuable to the show. But that transporter! That is probably my main objection. There is no need for a medical department. No cures needed, just send 'em back through, Scotty. If the animation transporter is kept, there is no need for Bones outside of research and comic relief. It looks like that transporter could get the last word over Bones!

from JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG, 9 Maple Terr. Monsey NY 10952

"The Unknown Traveller" was fascinating and I hope we'll learn more of this unique spy's adventures. However, I wish the dilemma of diagnoses had been a bit tighter. "Brooks of Eden" is also a top contender. I don't empathize with her view of Spock, but I can suspend disbelief long enough to enjoy the story.

from ANGELA WILSON, 610 Cornhill, Peoria IL 61603

I really liked the cover on both ((28 & 29)) -- particularly enjoyed the sketch of Amanda on the back of #29. The sketch of the injured Vulcan woman on p. 5 of #29 is beautiful! The sketch on p. 11 is very nice. "Beach to Walk on" is a pretty little piece of verse -- like the pic of Yeoman Rand, too. "The Brooks of Eden" is a very interesting story -- I've always speculated on Spock and Leila Kalom's relationship before his life in the Service under Kirk's command. ("This Side of Paradise" is one of my favorite ST episodes.) Was so terribly sad to hear about the death of James Blish; he will be very much missed by us all.

from DIXIE G. OWEN, PO Box 126, Wisner LA 71378

I was delighted with Marnie Ellingson's charming and sensitive "The Brooks of Eden." It is easy to believe Mr. Spock's emotional vulnerability in those early years in Starfleet, back in "The Menagerie" days, and before he learned to practice the almost-total self-control we are accustomed to in the later stories, and while I never think of Mr. Spock as enjoying anything so romanticist as poetry, he makes music, so why not?

I love the front and back covers on #29: that looks just like the devil with horns and a tail striding along the low mountains in front of the interesting Enterprise operation -- perhaps a game of pounce on some unsuspecting aliens living beneath the dome, maybe escaping a couple of Klingon ships behind the whole drawing. Something sure scared them out of the frame.

"The Unknown Traveller" has a great story idea and holds the reader's interest in spite of some awkward-feeling dialog, and Captain Kirk's unaccountable apparent hostility and lack of his usual sympathetic interest in Antares. The Captain Kirk and Dr. McCoy I know would not have allowed her to fall "heavily to the floor," nor would McCoy have allowed himself to be held back from rendering assistance. He has a very strong sense of his responsibilities toward the sick even when his actions sometimes run contrary to the captain's orders based on snap judgments. D.L. Collins has a very lovely portrait illustrating the story, but has to be the Spock-seducing Romulan commander we met in the original series. On the other hand, the Romulan shown on p. 7 does not have the slanted eyebrows as I remembered him, I thought.

I love the portrait of Janice Rand on p. 15 and the poem extrapolated from "The Naked Time." It is so strange

to me now in 1975 to be reading what other fans' interpretations are of Kirk's relationship to his pretty yeoman -- back in 1966 all adults immediately (and happily) assumed her intimacy with the good captain, what with him always watching her, grabbing her when disaster seemed about to strike (on the bridge yet, in spite of all Gene R.'s book of instructions to writers, in "Balance of Terror"). I remember how put out we were when she disappeared off the shows, as it seemed a very tidy and cozy arrangement. This affair was probably easier to accept back in pre-11b days, also because some chauvinist connected with NASA gave an interview in which he said "why, certainly women will be going along on the extended space journeys, for the usual reasons (emphasis mine)". His statement infuriated me, but it seems practical to assume that all those single people on the Enterprise (no marriages ever admitted! Like school teachers used to be, no doubt, fired when they married, in my childhood), would be happily pairing and re-pairing as the notion struck them, off duty..

from DARLENE FOUQUET, 1557 North 13 Str Laramie WY 82070

I hope you watched some TV ((Friday 7510.10)). On the NBC Nightly News, a segment on the current UFO mystery in Oregon was introduced with the caption "STAR TREK ---- ?" Unfortunately I had turned away from the TV when it came on, and I turned back just in time to catch the words STAR TREK, but no more. I would greatly appreciate knowing what the rest of the sentence was. Then later, on the ABC Friday Night Movie "Sweet Hostage," an Indian character named Harry Fox twice used the greeting "Live long and prosper," the second time also using the Vulcan salute. The first time he said it was just in passing and I was sure I'd heard wrong, but the second time it was played up quite a bit. I wonder how it appeared to those watching who still aren't familiar with Spock and didn't recognize it? I think they would associate it with the hippie movement; the way the character was played, he could be a flower child who just refuses to give up the dream. A relic of the 60's, as it were.

I was surprised and pleased to read Gennie Summers' comments on my reaction to "The Apple." Yes, Kirk is a deeply caring person, which is why I react rather violently to this particular episode; in my opinion, the characterization of the captain is simply wrong. Try as I might to see him from Gennie's point of view, I still maintain that he is concerned about the Vaalians primarily because his ship is in danger. It's only at the very end of the fourth act, when Vaal has been destroyed, that I think he is truly himself, i.e., concerned about the natives for their own sake. Now, I realize that a Starship captain is supposed to put his ship and crew above all else, theoretically at least, but I can't believe that they would take precedence over an entire civilization. That would defeat the very purpose of the Enterprise and its mission. I think the very fact that Gennie and I seem to disagree over whether Kirk, of all people, really cares for the Vaalians is proof of how poorly his character is drawn in this one instance.

from ANNA MARY HALL, Derby Indiana 47525

"The Brooks of Eden" -- well written, predictable but interesting in detail. "The Unknown Traveller" I found a bit flat after a good beginning. The trouble, I decided, is in the characterization of Kirk. He behaves so sensibly, which isn't like him. Given even the faintest hint that the woman was a spy I expected him to start delaying tactics; instead he says in effect, "Well, if you're not positive I'm going to return her."

Tell Amy that Glenn Yarbrough recorded "A Capital Ship" for Tradition Records. Title of the record is Come and Sit By My Side.

from NANCY KLOC, 525 Hornell La Va Beach VA 23452

((The Brooks of Eden)) was decidedly soap operish. Also a lot of poetic license as in the original script the girl was an Eurasian with black hair and brown eyes. ((The script description descended from a version in which Lella Kalomi was to be Sulu's former girlfriend. But Sulu being apparently fated never to get the girl, the script was changed, and the actress who actually played the role, Jill Ireland, looked as the story described her.))

from JANICE DICKSON, 1015 Mallet Court Menlo Park CA 94025

Your notes and theories on Vulcan Mythology caused me to remember a recent experience. I went to a Science and Star Trek program at a local college, and one of the speakers -- John Dobson -- gave an astronomy lecture which was brilliant in its juxtaposition of astronomical information with absurd and vivid similes. In his talk he was explaining the formation of galaxies and how everything evolves from simple hydrogen. The talk was accompanied by some beautiful slides showing galaxies, stars, etc. Now you may be wondering how Vulcan mythology gets involved. Bear with me. My husband -- who is a physicist -- tells me that he believes that God is a hydrogen cloud. With that thought very much in my mind as Dobson's talk progressed, I found myself listening as though it was a theological lecture with God as a hydrogen cloud. And when he was done, I found that I was a believer in the idea.

It is intriguing to ponder the possibility that the logical Vulcans might believe that the concept of a prime mover or motivating force in the universe is hydrogen. Of course, that would not explain pre-logic Vulcan beliefs. But it is an amusing idea to contemplate.

Regarding discussions about telepathy in Star Trek and in science fiction in general -- I find that telepathy has always been my very special sf avocation. The concept of total communication without lies and subterfuge somehow has great appeal -- not to mention the total communication and sharing between lovers which would be possible -- and I am continually fascinated by various conceptions of telepathic societies and their problems. I have been wondering if it is possible that in passing from the pre-logic to the logic stage, Vulcans did not speed up their development and use of telepathic powers. With the distasteful mingling of turbulent emotions reduced by the powers of the logical mind, perhaps the development of the science of the mind was facilitated.

from DEBBIE COLLIN, 14329 Cerritos Ave Bellflower CA 90706

I happened across a book called Actor's Television Credits by Parish (R752.95), looked up "Mimoy" and found some additional information to supplement your TV credit list in T-N 19, MEN OF WEST FOINT, "Cold Peril," 4-12-57 CBS. M SQUAD "The Firemaker" dated 4-17-59; "Badge of Courage" dated 5-24-60. CUNSMOKE episode (John Walking Horse, most probably, unless he was in more than 2) dated 4-16-66. PERRY MASON episode dated 1-3-69. WAGON TRAIN "The Tiburcio Mendez Story" 3-22-61 NBC; "The Estaban Zamora Story" (Bernabe), SR or 2GL (this isn't listed, but I've seen it). SEA HUNT -- dates only -- 1-24-59, 12-3-60. THE LIEUTENANT, 2-29-64 NBC. THE REBEL 11-16-60 AEC. CUTER LIMITS "I, Robot," 11-14-64 ABC. IARAME "The Fun," 2-20-62, listed 1-23-65 AEC. BONANZA "The Ape" (Freddie) 12-17-60 NBC. KHART SUSPENSE THEATER (episode listed in T-N under "Suspense Theater") 10-1-64 NBC. 7TH PRECINCT "The Very Hard Sell" 12-14-61 NBC. ROUGH RIDERS "Gunpoint Persuasion" 4-30-59 ABC. TATE "Comanche Scallops" 6-10-60 NBC. TALL MAN "A Bounty for Billy" 10-15-60 NBC.

from M.L. TODD 1022 NW 16 #3, Portland Oregon 97205

On reading the "Klingon Capstan Chantey" I thought of two possible morals to the tale: a) that someone has to be the guinea pig (and the officers had better watch where they're walking, or the next might be one of them) and b)

that the Universe is full of Unfriendlies, but that all are eventually understandable, even if only in terms of hunger. Maybe not lovable, but you can cope with them. Somehow.

from GENNIE SUMMERS Rt 2 Box 155 Cassville MO 65625

"The Brooks of Eden": one of those stories that makes you want to go back and reread it. When I found out who "she" is, I just had to re-examine her in a brand new light, and for me, her handling of the situation with Bronson and the boys adds a new dimension to Lella's character, one of wit and courage, whereas in "This Side of Paradise" she's rather one-dimensional. In spite of that I've always loved Lella and felt for her. Her coming to be with Spock in his time of need showed genuine love and concern. I'll enjoy TSP even more after reading this story. T-Waves: Karen Fleming: Everybody's touchy about the Prime Directive, it seems. But I do think I goofed in using the words "make it more flexible" in T-N 27. Yes, it is a good rule. I think the controversy lies in its interpretation. I guess I'm bugged at hearing Kirk accused and berated so much for "breaking" it. In the words of Jamie Pinney, "I was only thinking of Jim."

"I Love a Mystery," title of a long-extinct radio drama, describes my feelings as I read "The Unknown Traveller." I feel like Kirk, I'd like to have known her better. The whole thing really has a TV-episode flavor, with suspense on many levels. And I adored McCoy's final quips.

Ricky Pearson's rightsideup Enterprise looks as good large as it did small, if not better. Must be in the Counterclock Universe, with white space. Debbie Collin's Pike is a beautiful likeness. No matter how good the technique, if the likeness isn't caught, the effort is wasted. And Debbie has a talent in both areas. I could go into raptures over Bunny Jackson's Lella; there's another artist with real talent and a beautiful technique. Alan's Janice Rand's expression doesn't match the beautiful poem, but it's a nice rendition. Gee Moaven has a nice technique, also. My Amanda looks like it came out darker than the original. The eyes look dull, and her lashes all ran together. The picture I used didn't show any real sparkle to her eyes, either, but anyhow, maybe I'll learn. Debbie's KomCom or anyway, Romuloid looking woman, really has sparkle in her eyes. Doug Herring's space scenes are welcome any time!

from PENSLOPE WARREN, 2803 Locust Str Laredo TX 78040

Unless my eyes and a very good color set deceive me, the "Smith-god" first appeared perched atop a lintel of the Craters' quarters in "Man Trap." Shar-el also showed up earlier, in Lt. McGivers' cabin in "Space Seed"; Kahn identified it there, I believe, as Leif Erikson. Waste not, want not.



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BETA NIOBE 3, ed. Jenny Elson, Beth Hallam, etc., 16 Stafford Dr Wigston leicester LE8 2YA; 70p surface or L1.10 airmail. 35 pp. (mimeo?). Fiction by Johanna Butler, Ann Wigmore, Elson, Frances Ball, Beryl Waters, Robin Hill, Roseanne C'Kane, Helen McCarthy; art by Marianne Tieleesch, Phyllis Bridgeland, Rosemary Chivers, Hill, McCarthy. Also, ANGRY SUNSET by Jenny Elson (artwork by McCarthy), 56 pp., 80p surface or L1.20 airmail -- a McCoy's-first-marriage story.

CLIPPER TRADE SHIP 8, Oct. 1975, ed. Jim Rondeau (subs to Michael Siladi, 1752 Peartree Ln Mountain View CA 94040), 35 pp.; 75¢/one or \$3/five. Xeroxed? Specialty: ads to buy, sell, or trade ST (or related) material. Articles by Rondeau & Terrence Knova, fiction by Barbara Marczak, art by Debbie Collin, Melody Frame. C.L. Healy, Knova, J. Alan Tyler, Signe Landon, Doug Herring.

* MENAGERIE 7 & 8, Oct. 1975, a double issue ed. Sharon Ferraro 1309½ S. Westnedge Kalamazoo MI 49008 & Paula Smith. \$2/copy (regular subs \$4.25/4), 48 pp., offset. Novel by Smith, art by V.M. Wyman. Opening segment x-rated for violence.

* UNIVERSAL TRANSMITTER 1, Nov. 1975, ed. Gerald Malis, 738-84 Ave NE Spring Lake Park MN 55432 & Tom Freeman. \$1.75, 50 pp., mimeo (offset covers). This issue devoted to Christine Chapel. Fiction by Connie Faddis, Jacqueline Bielowicz, Malis; articles by Malis, Freeman, John Purcell, Darlene Hawfitch; poetry by Berman and Shirley Malewski; art by Faddis, Gee Moaven, Gary Hawfitch.

SUBSPACE CHATTER 6 Dec. 1975, ed. Gerald Williams, Star Trek Interstellar, PO Box 82245 San Diego CA 92138. \$1.25 (\$4/4), 36 pp., offset. News, ads, reviews.

STAR DATA 2, 1975, clubzine for Star Trek Federation of Fans, St. Petersburg Chapter, PO Box 10354 St. Petersburg FL 33733, ed. Bill Buckingham. 5 pp., mimeo (offset covers).

* MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE, Dec. 1975, ed. Stephen Borer, 2135 Iglehart Ave St. Paul MN 55104. \$1, 45 pp., mimeo, some offset. Index of the M:I shows, information on the actors, some parodies, criticism.

BERENGARIA VI, Dec. 1975, ed. Vicki Kirlin, 3007 S 112 Str Omaha NB 68144. \$2, 54 pp., offset. Fiction by Kirlin, Paul Gadzikowski, Wayne Allen Dick; poetry by Carmen Dexter, Scott Noel;

review Carmen Dexter; artwork Larry Greider, Mike Maley, Herring, Andres, John Price, Russell Parkhurst, Tinker Lowe, Rick Kingslan.

* INTERPHASE 2, 1975, ed. Connie Faddis, 5731 Kentucky Ave Pittsburgh PA 15232. \$3.40, offset, 125 pp., color cover. Fiction by Eileen Roy, Paula Smith, Barbara Letson, Faddis; art portfolios by Monica Miller, Faddis, Elizabeth Marshall, Signe Landon (with interpretations by Claire Gabriel, Roy, Smith, D.T. Steiner), other art by Debbie Collin, Kathi Maynard, Gee Moaven, Gennie Summers, Anji Valenza; poetry by Berman, Landon, L.V. Fargas, Beth Robertson; reviews by Robertson, Faddis. Some art x-rated for sex.

FIZBIN 1, Nov. 1975, ed. Mary Ann Sibley, 115 S Emerson Denver CO 80209. \$2.50, mimeo (offset covers?). Humorzine. Sibley, Doris & Rose Beetem, Paul Angel, Marie Crout (special interest for Dorothy Dunnet fans), Carla Batchler, Barbara Holder, Scot Simpson, Kathi Windell, Ellen Evans, Louise Stefan, Judith King, Barbara Malmsten, Gail Barton.

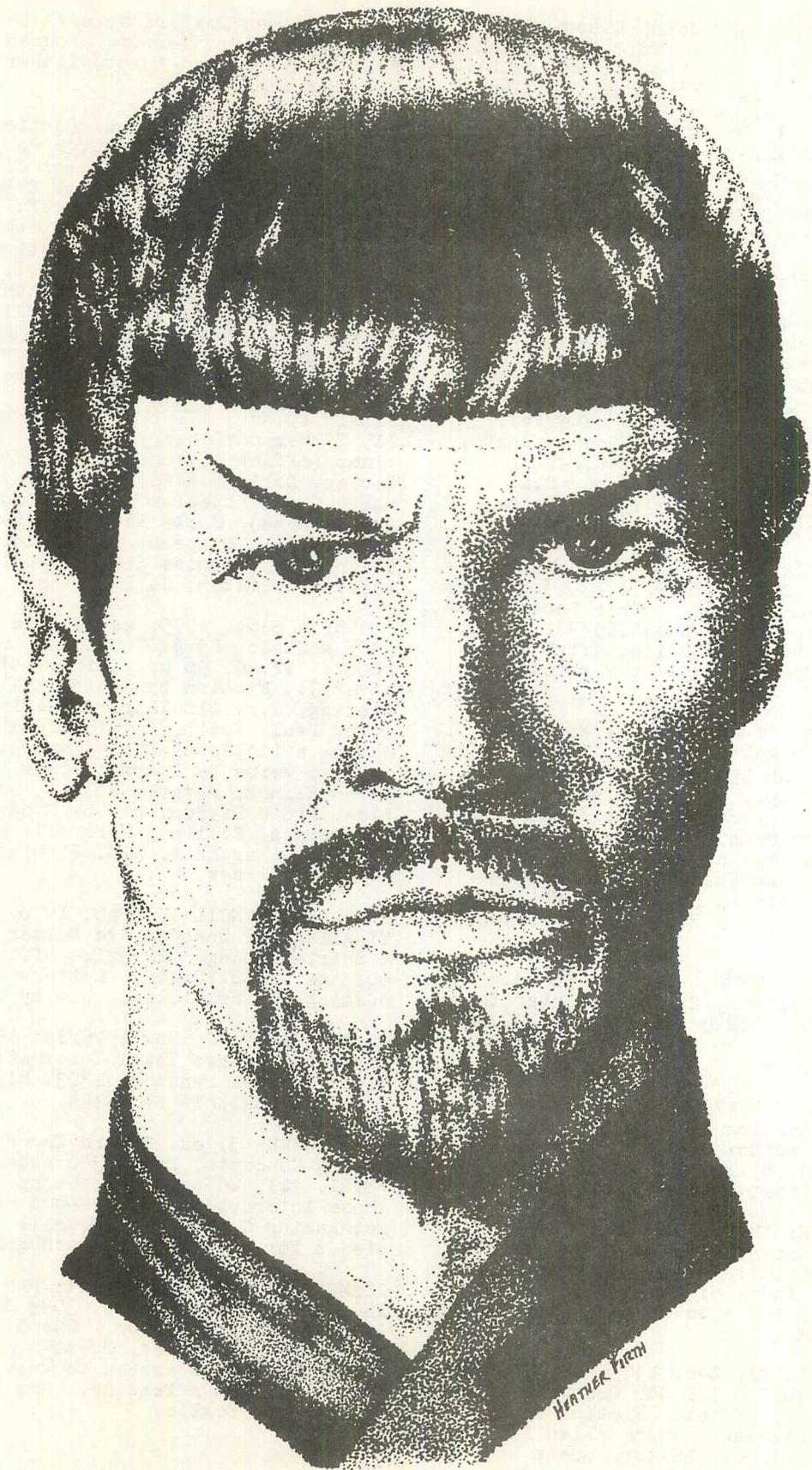
* GRUP 4 Sept. 1975, ed. Carrie Brennan, 3405 N Sinton Rd #107 Colorado Springs CO 80907. \$2.40, 96 pp., mimeo (offset covers). Fiction by Monica Miller, Karen Fleming, J.P. Sinclair, Catherine Bechtold, Paula Smith, Marcia Ericson, Gret Wolfe; articles by Diane Marchant, M.L. Barnes; verse by Brenna, Steve Barnes, Karen Klinck, Beverly Miller, Cheryl Rice, Ardie Haydon; art by Faddis, Barnes, Don Barnes, Collins, Marshall, Martynn, M Miller, Marchant, J.E. Fleming. X-rated for sex.

* HALKAN COUNCIL 15, Feb. 1976, ed. Sandy Yingling, 12 Snowden Ave Delmar NY 12054 & Shirley Huang. 20 ½size offset pp., 50¢/one or \$2.70/six. Letterzine: discussion and criticism. Art by Moaven.

AT THE HELM 1/2, Nov 1975/Jan 1976, newsletter of George Takei International Fan Club, ed. Mae Sanchez, 13038 Millbrook Rd., Philadelphia PA 19154.

SPACE GAMER 3, ed. Howard Thompson, Meta-Gaming Concepts, Box 15346 Austin TX 78761. \$1, 24 ½size offset pp. For those interested in space-set wargaming; Metagaming Concepts also sells boards & pieces for a variety of such games.

COMMUNICATION THE HARD WAY: FAN PUBLISHING, ed. Sharon Ferraro, 309½ S Westnedge Ave Kalamazoo MI 49008. 25¢ & 2 first class stamps, offset, 8 ½size pp. Everything you always wanted to know about how to publish a fanzine. Art by Herring and Foglio.



HENRIK VIKARI

they would have found it as it had been three days ago, while everyone was actually 3 days older and had an extra 3 day's memories. The same sort of thing applies to Captain Christopher. The Enterprise just put him back into the time plane as it would have been if the Enterprise hadn't been there (the other was another time plane. How permanent it was depends on your feelings about Gerrold's time theories in The Man Who Folded Himself). ((This doesn't, I think, explain why the Christopher who was put back loses the memories acquired along the way -- or appears to do so.))

The whole idea of "Assignment: Earth" was to study Earth by observation only. Any direct contact risks the chance of losing something up. Now, if you transported who and what you need through the Guardian, they'll have to live on Earth and act in it, not just floating around the unused sky. Even if the Guardian could arrange to put them in orbit, I don't think a shuttlecraft would fit through it. Anything smaller wouldn't have the room for the equipment and personnel necessary, probably.

from JEANNE POWERS, Rt 1 Box 29, Hayai, VA 24256

While re-reading T-N, I came across a question of why Harry Mudd assumed that Spock was only half-Vulcan. I hadn't really considered the question, mostly because of a particular photo that is buried in the depths of my room. It is a side view of Spock and Sarek, and the formation of their ears is different. I considered the possibility that the difference was simply that of individuals but dismissed it because the difference was so much. Also, Harry was looking at Spock from the side at the time he made the remark. (However, the shape of Spock's ears seemed to change in the 3rd season -- "All Our Yesterdays" in particular -- and became more like Sarek's. An ear job, perhaps?) Also, I took Spock's remark about Balok being like his father to mean in personality, mostly because of Scotty's following remark. ("Then heaven help your poor mother!") I hardly think that Scotty would be cruel enough to be commenting on Vulcan physical characteristics to Mr. Spock. However (apparently that's my favorite word) if I commented that my father was like Adolf Hitler, a response such as Scotty's would have been acceptable, not to mention appropriate.

from JO LONG, Box 39 Wirtz Lane R#2 Keokuk IA 52632

I really liked "The Brooks of Eden." I wonder, was the poem at the end continuous with "When June is come" as a first and "When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers" as a second paragraph, or are they two separate poems? Also, did the author make the poems up? ((Symbolically, they're continuous, but the first is Robert Bridges and the second Lord Byron. And the preceding quotation, "The Hawthorne hedge puts forth its buds," is Rupert Brooke.

from CAROL SPRINGS Route 9 Box 168 Monroe NC 28110

In response to Amy Falkowitz's question about where to find the tune to "A Capital Ship": The Fireside Book of Children's Songs, ed. Marie Winn.

another from PAT GILDERSLEEVE

I appreciated Jean Lorrain's answer to my question about why was there so much telepathy in ST fan fiction. She's right, of course. It was there, in the aired ST, and is a common theme in sf. But I do think it's being overdone lately. Too many of the ST stories are beginning to sound alike. My feelings about telepathy were perhaps molded by reading "Journey's End" by Poul Anderson, years ago. In that story, you may recall, a boy and girl, apparently the only telepaths on earth, finally locate each other and come together in what they expect to be a joyous meeting. They open their minds to each other, and then, that devastating final line: "Get out I hate your bloody guts!" It's a gloomy story but unforgettable. It's haunted me all these years whenever I've read a story about the beauty and joy of touching minds with someone you love. I'm afraid Anderson is right; there are too many dark corners of the soul. It's better to keep some things hidden, especially from your loved ones.

I also enjoyed the comments on my "Second thoughts on Vulcans." As Kaien Fleming pointed out, Vulcans are aliens, and have a very different psychology than humans. It's very difficult to imagine how another species thinks. But emotions are another matter. For instance, I have no idea what my cat is thinking, but her emotions come through loud and clear. Even the pet pigeons in the garage, in their birdlike way, seem to be showing emotions very similar to love, fear, curiosity, rage (when a hated rival comes too close to their nest, for instance), etc. Vulcans, although an alien species, are closer to man than cats or birds. Therefore, when they show behavior that would be interpreted as having an emotional basis in any other creature, I can only assume that this is, in fact, the case. But no one can deny that Vulcans handle their emotions far differently than we do.

How come everybody in the galaxy looks just like us? -- AB

HUCKSTERS

Lincoln Enterprises, PO Box 69470, LA CA 90069, the official purveyor of ST souvenirs, has put out a new catalog, with many added souvenirs, mostly in the field of jewelry. The most interesting to me, though is a reprinting of "Inside Star Trek," the newsletter which I edited for eight of its 12 issues. The arrangement of code #'s and varying postage charges is rather too complex to summarize, but they'll send a full catalog on request. IST 1 featured a speech by Roddenberry and interviews with Shatner and set-designer John Dwyer; #2 an interview with make-up man Fred Phillips; #3 Kelley; #4 art designer Matt Jefferies and prop master Irving Feinberg; #5 Doohan; 6 & 7 costume designer Bill Theiss; #8 Takei. DC Fontana did the Dwyer, Jefferies, and Theiss interviews, Feinberg did his own, and I did the rest. One more of my interviews, with assistant director Charles Washburn, was in #9; #10 music editor Richard Lapham and in #10 & #11 a reprint from ST-ophile of Kay Anderson's description of the ST soundstages; #12 gaffer George Merhoff. (Also, #6 had a short interview with Nimoy, but it was semi-phony, being made up of short separate conversations put together, as he was then too busy to pin down for an interview; the result, naturally, is a choppy article, not as readable as the rest.)

The Federation Trading Post, 2556 Telegraph Ave Berkeley CA 94704 (mail-order or drop in; also an outlet 210 E 53 St NY NY 10022) gathers together and sells the confusingly large number of separate ST material put out by separate companies: toys, books, posters, records, etc. The owners, Charles Weiss and Sandy Sarris, were written up in People, Jan. 12, 1976. A mail order bookstore, Nova Enterprises, PO Box 148 Parkville Station Brooklyn NY 11204, also has a special interest in ST material. They'd probably appreciate a stamp with requests for their catalogs.

Another sf mail-order bookshop, T-K Graphics, PO Box 1951 Baltimore MD 21203, is also a specialty publisher, and has published a booklet, Vulcan Reflections, #T022, \$1.95, essays reprinted from Spockanalia, one of the first and best STzines ever. Some back issues of Spockanalia are available from Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St Brooklyn NY 11225. Again, stamps appreciated. T-K Graphics also published a booklet of mine, Patterns of Unification in Sylvie and Bruno (novel by Lewis Carroll), #T010, \$1.50.

The ST Welcomitte sells its directory of ST organizations for 75¢, PO Box #206, New Rochelle NY 10804. For a stamped envelope they answer questions about ST: STWelcomitte, c/o Shirley Malewski, 481 Main St Hatfield MA 01036. Extra stamps as a thank-you for this service appreciated.

John Woodward, 4010 Underwood Str Hyattsville MD 20782, wants to start a zine devoted to science fictional poetry, Headout Poetry, planned to be \$1.20/3 issues, and would appreciate submissions of material. Rebecca Baggett, who edited Sal III 1 & 2 (\$1.30 each) notes a change of address, 1003 Buckingham Rd Garner NC 27529. Lawrence Pine, 7108 Briar Cove, Dallas TX 75240, a Grace Lee Whitney/Janice Rand fan, is looking for information about her and would like to buy slides, photos, etc. Handiana. Sharon Emily, RR 2 Box 100 Washington IN 47501, is selling some of her ST collection (or was -- this letter's a bit old) and will send a description for a stamped envelope.

List of ST-zines received

((Some of these may have raised prices somewhat since postage went up. * denotes a zine I find especially worthwhile for literary or informational quality.))

STAR TREK TC DAY, ed. Jim Meadows III, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest IL 60466. #6 September 1975. 21 (legal length) pp. Mimeo and offset. 35¢/one, \$2.25/7. Articles by Meadows and Eric Wolff, conreport & story by Jeanne Butler. Art by Mary Meadows, Robert Nieves, Sue Evans, Burt Libe/Cara Sherman.

MAYBE ST, September 1975, ed. Irvin Koch, 835 Chattanooga Bldg Chattanooga TN 37402. 18 pp. Mimeo, 25¢. (Maybe is a gazette, 75¢/one, but occasionally has a supplement such as this or articles on ST.) Con report and book reviews by Koch, parody by Jane Astor.

*FURAHA 2, July 1975, and AMANI 8/9, August-September 1975, journal and newsletter of the Nichelle Nichols Fan Club, Virginia Walker, PO Drawer #350, Ayer MA 01432. \$2.50 for years' worth of newsletters only (approx 8 pp./month) or \$5.50/year for newsletters and quarterly journals.

THE MONTHLY SPACER, Aug-Sept. 1975, ed. Eugene Turnbull, 1410 North Brighton Str Burbank CA 91506, and Kevin Brand. \$1.50 /three. General sf, but with occasional ST material. 8 (½size) pages.

STAG AND EMPATHY PRESENT TRIBBLES (cartoons by R.H.), available from Beth Hallam, Flat 3, 36 Clapham Rd, Bedford England. 75p surface mail; £1.10 airmail. 35 pp.

STARDATE 5-6, Nov. 1975, published by Sacramento Valley STAR chapter, PO Box 22584, Sacramento CA 95882, 30¢ in stamps (ed. Terry Whittier, 3809 Meramonte Way, North Highlands CA 95660). Newsletter, 14 (½size) pp., offset.

The prohibition mentioned by Mary Lou Dodge is against striking a fellow officer, not an inferior or superior. Kirk considers himself equally guilty with Spock: "Well, if we're both in the brig, who's going to build the subsonic transmitter?" Presumably blows exchanged between officers of equal rank are likewise punishable.

In regard to "The Apple," what Miss Bankier sees as "immortality, peace, beauty, and innocence" probably looks to Kirk more like ignorance, futility, and moral retardation. Aside from McCoy's contention that intelligent beings should devote their lives to something more than "servicing a hunk of tin," the Vaalians have literally no idea of the difference between right and wrong. Akuta does not distinguish between smashing a coconut and smashing a human being's skull: "It is a thing to do." Vaal told him to do it, therefore he will do it. That's the kind of "innocence" that gave our world the Crusades, the Inquisition, and assorted other horrors. We don't need it, and the Vaalians don't need it.

As for consulting with government officials, sociologists, etc., "Star Trek" in general regards the bureaucrat as a lower form of life. The Commissioner in "The Calles Seven" is a pompous ass, as is Robert Fox. Nancy Hedford is no improvement. Kirk sums up the show's attitude very neatly in "Errand of Mercy" when he says, "I'm a soldier, not a diplomat. I can only tell you the truth." ST, rightly, I think, prefers prompt, independent action by an intelligent person on the scene, rather than the delay and red tape involved in going through channels. The bureaucratic snarl Spock has to deal with in "Mark of Gideon" seems to indicate a belief that such things don't change much over the centuries.

I also wonder why Vaal should deal any differently with a team of sociologists than he does with the starship officers. Given that his response to any questioning of his authority, or even to an intruder, is "Zip!! You're a meagre pile of ash," I don't see how a gradual reorientation of the Vaalians would be possible. Nor do I see how it would be significantly less traumatic for them. (Remember the old saw about cutting off the dog's tail an inch at a time?) Granted that it's going to hurt however it's done: better to do it quickly, and let the Vaalians see for themselves that the sun still shines, the rains still fall, and the trees still bear their fruit. And Kirk does promise to leave people behind to help them over the rough spots.

I find myself in equally strong disagreement with Miss Bankier concerning American sf writers' alleged inability to portray alien beings and cultures. James Blish's Lithians, Hiven's Kzinti and Puppetteers, Anderson's native Rolandans, among others, are well done and distinctly non-human. (Speaking of Paul Anderson, his "Journey's End" has the last, mordant word on the "marriage of true minds.") LeGuin's favorite theme, in contrast, is the human as alien among humans, e.g., George Orr, Genly Ai and Estraven, and Shevek. Whatever their idiosyncracies, her cultures, too, are human, complete with kings, palace intrigues, concentration camps, female sex objects and male chauvinist pigs. The nations in The Dispossessed, in fact, are only very thinly disguised renditions of present-day earthly socioeconomic systems.

One last item. What kind of name is Heysoso? It looks like a more or less phonetic spelling of Jesus. ((Yes.))
from JENNIFER BANKIER, 405 Huron Str #1104, Toronto Ontario

I am rather at odds with Bruce Robbins' letter about my article in #27. (I initially was going to make some remarks about the status of an English-speaking Montrealer to advocate the universal use of English, but since I just criticized Joanna Russ' critics for making ad feminam attacks on her I shouldn't make ad hominem attacks on other people.) I think it is sufficient answer for me to point out that if the test of the universal language is "to multiply the number of people who speak a particular language by the average wealth of such people" that in fifty years from now the universal language is likely to be Japanese, Arabic, or Chinese, and how will Mr. Robbins like that?

Re Cheryl Rice's comments about ST being more real to me than the U.S., this isn't the case now and wasn't the case then, although in the intervening period I have seen much more of the U.S. as a result of my Society for Creative Anachronism activities. Fictional works do, however, often reflect certain attitudes or assumptions and it is possible to criticize these assumptions on the basis that they are unrealistic, or to debate the ethical validity of the attitudes, in the hopes of changing those same attitudes in the minds of any real people who currently hold them. In the Darkover article I was hoping to challenge the world-view of those Americans who assume that the rest of the world is exactly like the U.S.; in The Witch and the Chameleon my sister is attempting to challenge the sexist attitudes toward women that are reflected in many sf stories. ((Amanda Bankier, 2 Paisley Ave S #6, Hamilton Ontario Canada, #3Canadian or #3.25American/four issues.))

I note Ms. Rice's reference to the Myfanwy and Dorothy stories, which I greatly enjoyed, especially the one where the animals got loose. They rank with the work of Anna

Mary Hall, J. Lichtenberg, and your own stories as being my favourite ST fiction. Any chance of more stories from these people?

from SIGNE LANDON, 600 Park Avenue Capitola CA 95010

#28 -- in response to Lisa Wahl -- Kirk's shouting "Lt. Uhura," and vice versa...this could be used to refute the idea of a "secret romance" even more than to support it. Spock shouts "Jim!" under stress because, as we all know, there is a deep bond between him and Kirk, even though he normally won't admit it. With Uhura and Kirk, though, assuming that there is no romance, then their relationship is mostly that of Captain to Officer. Each normally thinks of the other as "Lt." or "Captain."

to Debbie Collin -- I have film clips of those two "Amok Time" scenes, and have examined them carefully. I'm sure the statues in Spock's room are the same -- slightly different angles and lighting make the wings appear rougher. In one clip from the "Biology" sequence, it is virtually impossible to see the golden bowl the creature is holding, if indeed he is holding it. I have another clip from the same sequence, different angle, which shows it clearly, however. And of course, it's quite visible in the Spock/Christine scene. They may have switched bowls in the middle of the Biology scene, but I think it unlikely. Later -- I believe I have the solution: the bowl with the chain by the statue's feet is an out-take. I just watched the episode very carefully, and it is never shown in any scene. It is only in film clips. Incidentally, that same statue was used in "Khantrap" -- the professor was hiding behind it on the planet surface. I also have a lovely blooper where someone has stuck a cigar in its mouth! (Sacrilege.)

"The Brooks of Eden" is lovely. I'm always a sucker for Lella stories, and this is the first one I've seen where the author explores that first abortive romance. Now why hasn't anybody written on that before? Anyway, it's very touching and beautifully written, and quite plausible. Of course, you know who it must be from near the beginning, but the lack of a specific name doesn't bother me -- you don't realize until the end that her name has never been mentioned.

Didn't like "Unknown Traveller" so well -- some (relatively small) discrepancies. McCoy's evidence for her being a Vulcan spy -- hand, foot, and eye scars, etc. -- was sufficient to make it unwise for Kirk to simply discard it without some definite proof one way or the other. If she was a Federation spy, it was his duty to protect her. Also, there was a quite obvious way to allay the Romulans' suspicion that she was being interrogated -- beam over a Romulan, probably exchanging him with an Enterprise crewmember, and let him observe the Centurion for himself (under guard, of course). He could have stayed until she was well enough to be moved, or at least, that would have been the story. It would have bought them some time, anyway, until Snow arrived. Kirk, of all starship commanders, shouldn't have been so reluctant to accept the possibility that she might be a Federation spy, since he himself once performed that function.

Off at a tangent, this is a common failing of fan-written stories -- to preserve the story, an obvious solution to the problem is entirely overlooked. Of course, the series had that problem, too -- not using shuttlecraft when the transporter was disabled, in particular, even when there was no reason not to. It would have solved so many problems -- and ruined so many stories.

Alan Andres' lib of Rand is lovely, as is the poem.

Amy Falkowitz and I are doing a zine called "The Other Side of Paradise," ST/SF. We can use submissions for future issues.

from TERI HOWARD, 1639 Crantline Rd New Albany IN 47150

At first I thought "The Unknown Traveller" was going to be a Kirk story, but it wasn't all Kirk. It kept my interest to the point that I couldn't put it down. It's like McCoy to fight for what he believed in. Being a McCoy fan I would like to see more stories dealing with McCoy. I've started an opinion poll I think I'll regret later. Do you think McCoy likes the nickname "Jones"?

from LISA WAHL, 14 Ogden Street Glens Falls NY 12001

I spent a whole viewing of "Amok Time" watching for that fire pot. Never once did I see it as clearly as everyone describes it. I did notice, though, that in the scene with Kirk, it seemed to pulse with red light, while in the "Let me alone!" scene it did nothing but smoke. Maybe the thing does reflect mood.

I love speculation on time travel. In "The Naked Time" it wasn't the ship's speed that pushed them back in time, but that "theoretical relationship between time and antimatter." Both the speed and the time travel were a result of the implosion, but neither was a result of the other. When time travel occurs, the people who experience it leave our immovable time plane. That way, they can travel through time and not just backwards in it. The ship and crew left our time plane, yet if they went back to the planet, Psi 2000,

* A PIECE OF THE ACTION, March 1976, subs to Star Trek Welcomittee, Josi Williams PC B 345 Littleton CO 80120. 14 pp. offset. Newszine. \$5.50/year (monthly).

* SPECTRUM, Feb. 1976, ed M.J. Fisher PC Box 8554 Toledo OH 43623. Mimeo (some color work on cover), 10 pp., 45¢ (\$1.90/5). News, reviews, commentary.

* ALNITAH 3, 1976, ed. Ann Looker, The Forge, 41 Main Str, Weston Turville Aylesbury Bucks England. 66 pp. offset (?), 95p. Fiction by Margaret Draper, Helen McCarthy, Helen Sneddon, Looker, Sheila Clark; poetry etc by Sneddon, Jackie Wright, Beth Hallam, Joyce Deeming; art by Michael Eason, Margaret Austin, McCarthy, Sneddon.

Some "Genesis II" Reviews

Daily Variety, March 23, 1973, "Tele-Film Review/Genesis II," by Mish.

Sci-fi television takes on a couple of lively issues of today in "Genesis II," to be aired by CBS-TV tonight. Ninety-minute telefilm shows what's going to happen to the world a century and a half from now at the present rate of air, water and environmental pollution, and if the current nuclear detente among nations breaks apart in total H-bomb war.

Written and produced by Gene Roddenberry for Norway Prods. and Warner Bros. TV, and starring Alex Cord as a NASA scientist of the not too distant future, the futuristic drama has its hero undergoing a scientific test in the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico (brought there by a sub-shuttle traveling underground from Washington, D.C., at 1100 m.p.h.) only to be frozen into immobility for 154 years when the electronic instruments for the test are knocked out of kilter by a subterranean rock fall.

The scientist is brought back to life again by a team of explorers, citizens of an underground civilization called Pax. They are dedicated to preserving the best features of our present day -- art galleries with paintings of Van Gogh, Botticelli and Rembrandt, string quartets playing chamber music, kindergarten children singing nursery songs, etc.

The people of Pax are descendants of the soldiers who fought in the last nuclear war, and many of them are "mutants" transformed into their present state by radiation effects handed down from generation to generation. The girl member of the exploring team, wearing a mini-bikini under her jumpsuit, shows she has two navels, and tells the reawakened scientist she also has two hearts.

Up on the surface of the earth, however, there's another civilization, Tyrania; seeking domination over what's left of the world, enslaving captured peoples from all other nations with electronic rods, and now seeking to

destroy Pax once and for all. "Blue sky!" exclaims the scientist when he emerges from the underground. "Clear water! Fish and game!... The earth has been given a second chance!"

That girl explorer (Mariette Hartley, a look-alike for Ursula Andress) turns out to be a secret spy for Tyrania, however. When the scientist is himself enslaved, so he can repair a nuclear generator that seems to be weakening, he turns on his captors, organizes a slave revolt in which the rebels gang up on their oppressors with their own stolen electronic rods, and all of them go back underground again to peace and beauty of Pax. The escape and ensuing pursuit from Tyrania are made on horseback, across a green and fertile Arizona. Tyrania itself is destroyed by a rigged nuclear blast.

Telefilm was directed by John Llewellyn Moxey with proper regard for speed and pace; lively camera work and special effects were contributed by Gerald Finnerman and Hilyard Brown. In addition to Cord and Miss Hartley, also in the cast are Ted Cassidy as a Pax descendant of an Apache chieftain, Percy Rodrigues as a black governor of Pax, and Lynne Marta as a Pax maiden who saves Cord from Tyrania.

Hollywood Reporter, "Television Review/Genesis II," by Sue Cameron.

"Genesis II" is a high camp movie that was not intended to be one. It probably was supposed to be an entertaining but semi-serious science-fiction show where the earth had been recreated after atomic warfare and the year is 2133. The opportunities for interesting issues are all over the place, but the show got bogged down in corny dialogue, cheap costumes, bad wigs, make-up and phony sets.

Nevertheless there was an element of escapist entertainment that might be strong enough for a network to give it a shot to cash in on the "Star Trek" cult, since this show, too, was created by Gene Roddenberry.

Alex Cord stars as an astronaut who was put to sleep in an experiment in our

time and was buried when the war came. He is found in the year 2133 by a group called PAX and is immediately attracted to a mutant infiltrator from Tyrannea played by Mariette Hartley.

PAX are the good guys and the Tyrannea are the bad guys, but in the beginning it's hard to tell. The visual appeal of Miss Hartley was the best part of the show and if it ever went to series, they must use her as a running character because the others are boring. Percy Rodrigues is head of PAX and Lynne Marta plays a unisex girl from PAX.

The poor technical credits belong to art director Hilyard Brown, set designers Gilbert Clayton and George Fowler and Tom Burman's make-up. The laughable costumes are by Bill Theiss. Gene Roddenberry produced and wrote the show and John Llewelyn Moxey directed. Music was by Harry Sukman.

Variety, March 28, 1973, "Television Reviews/Genesis II," by Bok., p. 42.

"Genesis II", a CBS-TV pilot produced by Gene Roddenberry's Norway Productions in association with Warner Bros. TV, is a futuristic science-fiction drama aimed at mining the same vein as producer-writer Roddenberry's successful "Star Trek" of past seasons. Not without its limited virtues, it nevertheless looks like a concept rooted in a genre whose time has pretty much passed.

The pilot put NASA scientist Alex Cord in the year 2133, confronted with a Pax civilization that is striving to preserve the cultural value standards of present-day civilization and to do it in a peaceful way -- and Pax's immediate enemy, Tyrannia, where nuclear mutants keep humans in slavery, primarily by the use of a super electronic cattle prod which has eight gearshifts of ascending pain.

Pilot spent most of its time having Cord sort out which side of the coin he's on, led down the primrose path by Mariette Hartley as a Tyrannian spy with eyes for Cord causing her some inner conflict. The result was a mixture of some helpful sets and gimmicks vs. some rather old-hat scenes of the human rabble being first subjugated and then liberated to torment their tormentors that had the look and ring of French revolution flick mob scenes -- and about as persuasive.

What was salvagable were earnest performances by Cord, Pax leader Percy Rodrigues, Indian Ted Cassidy and Miss Hartley -- latter turning her role into much more than the script provided. Despite these assets and a conscious attempt to mold the Pax values to fit the peace-and-ecology standards of today's young, the pilot's general

doses of hokum negated against it having much appeal beyond its young people's demographics. Either you enjoy these fanciful things or you are bored by them. CBS' faith in Roddenberry's know-how will determine its fate.

Los Angeles Times, March 23, 1973, "Genesis II' Takes Look at 2133 AD" by Cecil Smith, Part IV p. 21.

I wish I felt more enthusiastic than I do about Gene Roddenberry's "Genesis II" tonight (Channel 2 at 9:30).

The basic idea really interests me more than Roddenberry's Star Trek. And Star Trek has so profound an effect on much of the country -- much of the best of the country, I may add -- that another series from his fertile imagination would seem to me an immense asset to the sterile world of television.

But then I was never much of a science fiction bug. I preferred Terry and the Pirates to Buck Rogers. Maybe that's what's troublesome about "Genesis II." It looks like a road company Buck Rogers.

Not, I must add, that the twin bellybuttons of Mariette Hartley, placed one above the other and on vivid display in the film, failed to have a fascination all their own. After seeing them, I don't think you will ever feel the same about a one-navel girl. Mariette plays a statuesque and exceedingly lovely Tyrannian female -- these Tyrannians are mutations -- called Lyra-A. But she's really the Dragon Lady -- I kid you not.

Roddenberry's thesis in "Genesis II" is to give us another Dark Ages in 2133 AD, long after "death bombs" wiped out much that we call civilization today. It is a cleansing period of rebirth on this planet. Regeneration of man. Skies are clean again, the air pure; great herds of animals again roam the plain; sweet water flows in streams choked with fish.

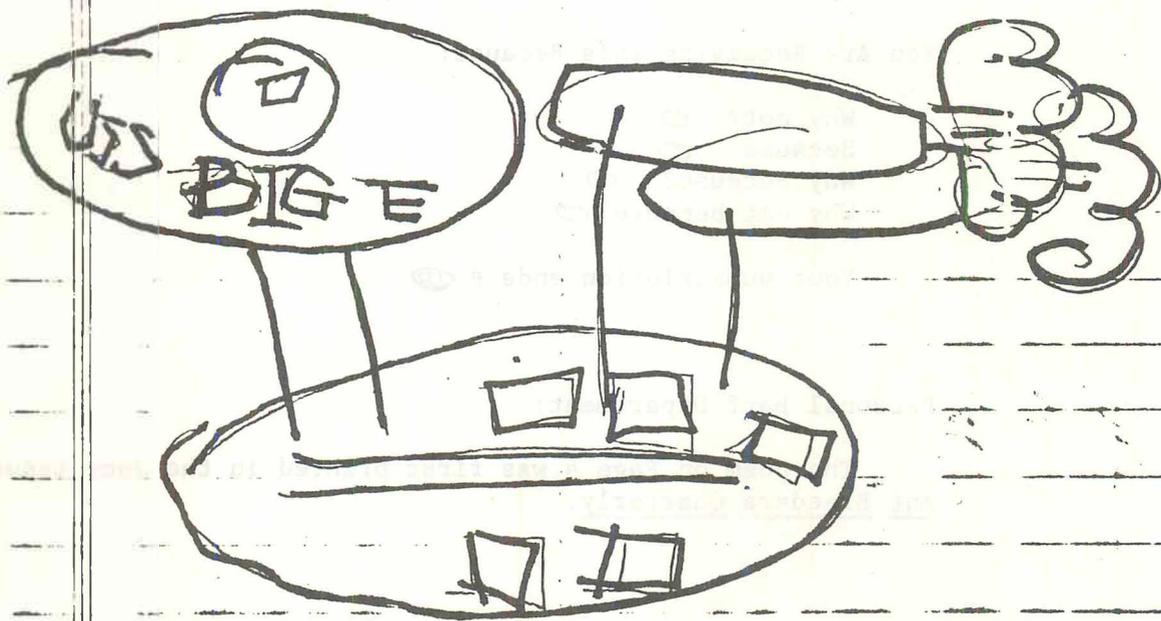
Only men -- the ones who are left -- still seem mostly bent on their old, murderous, thieving, grasping pathways. The Tyrannian mutants in their glorious marble city atop a mountain are apparently the 22nd century Romans, bent on conquering and enslaving the world. Their primary opponents: the people of Pax, whose ancestors during the great wars hid away in the Carlsbad Caverns the great books and works of art of our civilization. Also saved: an underground railway system that sends streamlined cars hurtling at blistering speeds under oceans to every continent on earth.

This is all very well in prospect but in execution as seen through the eyes of a man from the 20th century, one Dylan Hunt, played by Alex Cord, it's mostly furious comic strip. Hunt is a scientist who was conducting experiments in suspended animation for NASA and the Carlsbad Caverns in 1979 when an earthquake buried his capsule. He is found still alive 154 years later. The film, directed by John Llewellyn Moxey, spends so much time in waking him up that some of the later action in Roddenberry's script seems as abrupt as cinematic shorthand -- particularly Hunt's escape from Tyrannia which happens almost before you can tell about it.

Oh, the people of Pax discover Hunt but it is Lyra-A, a spy from Tyrannia, who nurses him back to health and then lures him away to her wicked people. It just goes to show that you can't trust a girl with two bellybuttons.

I Minus 30

and counting



by dixie
Horowitz
AGE 5

T Minus can be obtained for the usual* or else at the rates of 50¢ for one, \$2 for three, or \$5 for six.

All rights reserved to the editor; the authors and artists will have to take what's left.

Table of Contention

- p. 1: cover
- p. 2: second page
- p. 3: third page
- p. 4: the page after the third page
(fooled ya, didn't I?)
- p. 5: illegible
- p. 6: last page

You Are Receiving This Because:

- Why not?
- Because
- Why because?
- Why not because?

Your subscription ends #

Personal Barf Department:

The poem on Page 4 was first printed in the June issue of the Ant Breeders Quarterly.

Errata:

- p. 7: for 'seen' read 'telephone'
- p.12: for 'quincunx' read 'wyvern'
- p.23: for 'laughs' read 'Menagerie'

*blackmail, personal threats on the lives of my parents, or just plain five-finger reduction

Sat - On

I had made the trip to Morocco to interview the elusive Mr. Edward Madden (who played Technician Fischer in The Cadge and The Enema Within), but was unable to locate him, even through the services of the American Embassy, the International Red Cross, and the Marakesh Police Bureau. Reluctantly, I returned to Spain, and boarded a night coach to Madrid. But to my amazement, at Granada, who should enter my second class compartment but Mr. Madden himself, escorted by an armed detachment of the Spanish National Police. So I was able to obtain the following interview, after all.

Ruth Verman: Mr. Madden, you once played Technician Fischer in two episodes of Star Trek, did you not?
Edward Madden: What? What are you talking about?
RV: You played a part in a couple of episodes of Star Trek, about eight years ago, am I correct?
EM: Ya got me, lady; I can't seem to remember that far back.
Spanish Policeman: No molestad la senora.
EM: Shut up, pig, the lady asked me a question. Wait a minute. Yeah, I think I did do a couple turns on that thing. Was that the show that had that dude with the pointy ears?
RV: Well, yes.
EM: Then I guess I was. Sure was a stupid show. I've been in better scripted Drāno commercials.
RV: Have you done very much acting since then?
EM: Nah. I split to Morocco on this arms smuggling deal shortly after the cops ran me outta LA. But nothing much came of it. Get your paws off me, Porco!
SP: ¡Sede!
RV: I see. Would you say that working on Star Trek affected your life very much?
EM: I'll say! There was this lighting guy on that set there that turned me onto the most outtasite acid you ever--
RV: That's very nice, Mr. Madden. Would you care to tell me the story behind your police escort?
EM: Ah, it's only as far as the border. They're kinda p----- o--- because I brought some hash into the country. It was only a little bit.
RV: I see.
EM: Anyway, after I got outta the mental hospital at Cordoba, they told me I hadda split Spain. So they're taking me to France.
SP: ¡Callate, perro!
EM: F--- y----, you f----- c---! I don't give a s--- about you or your b----- country! So t--- it and q---- it!
SP: ¡Suficiente! ¡Alte se el tren!

At this point, the train stopped and the Spanish officer led Mr. Madden off. I couldn't see quite clearly from my window, but as the train pulled out, the police were preparing a 5 gun salute for Mr. Madden, who was standing before the train station wall. Obviously, even in Spain, they like Star Trek enough to honor even one of its minor players so--penetratingly.

Where No Man Has Gone Before



A. Andes

TO THE OBSCURE MUSE

-or-

Play It Again, Sam, And This Time Use the Calliope

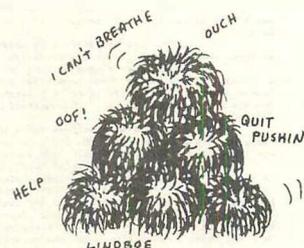
by Ruth Verman

I'm told my allusions admit of no room
To inform one what I mean to say.
Why quote things like "Henri, through Godes fultume,"
"La plume de ma tante," and "Ole"?

Well, I like to quote pieces of things I have read.
"Eschew obfuscation," I say.
As Shakespeare had said--but then, he is dead;
Requiescat in pace.

"Timeo Danaos ferentes dona,"
"The ultimate reason of kings,"
And "Wann kommt der Zug an dem Bahnhof in Bonn?"
Are a "few of my favorite things."

I'll stick anything in if it only sounds keen.
If you cannot translate, why, you're stuck.
If you don't understand me, you can't disagree.
Eh, logic. Think I give a φυκ?



Spock's
Whatsis

KRAIOLATH (13-Q) A11jXLV3f-Y*

by Susann Kohinoor

"Well, we're finally on our way, Spock," said Captain Kirk, relaxing back in his command chair. "Nothing can happen to Vulcan's precious relic now."

"Indeed, Captain, nothing must happen to it," Spock replied, staring distantly at the receding planet on the viewscreen. "The fate of the galaxy rests on that."

Suddenly, behind them, the elevator door crumpled and onto the bridge stalked

and as the alien sun sank beneath the horizon, he shouldered his dead friend and walked sadly toward the fading light.

wavy line

C Waves

Jennifer Gutteridge's story in T Minus 28 was quite good, but I personally would have lengthened the scenes inside the edifice. There was not enough explanation of the alien's religious psychology, either. I think she could very well do a series of sequels to this story--at the very least, expand it into a novel.

--Susann Kohinoor

Hi, people. I'm back from the grocery store. I had gafiated from SchTick fandom for seven years, but I'm back now, and trying to catch up. Right now, I just have one question: what's a film clip?

--Mandie Schlitz

Joyce Yasyulykit brought up a good point in her article. It's seldom that we see such penetrating thought. Pretty sharp, Joyce.

--Karian Fleming

Why not awards??!?!?

--Connie Fascist

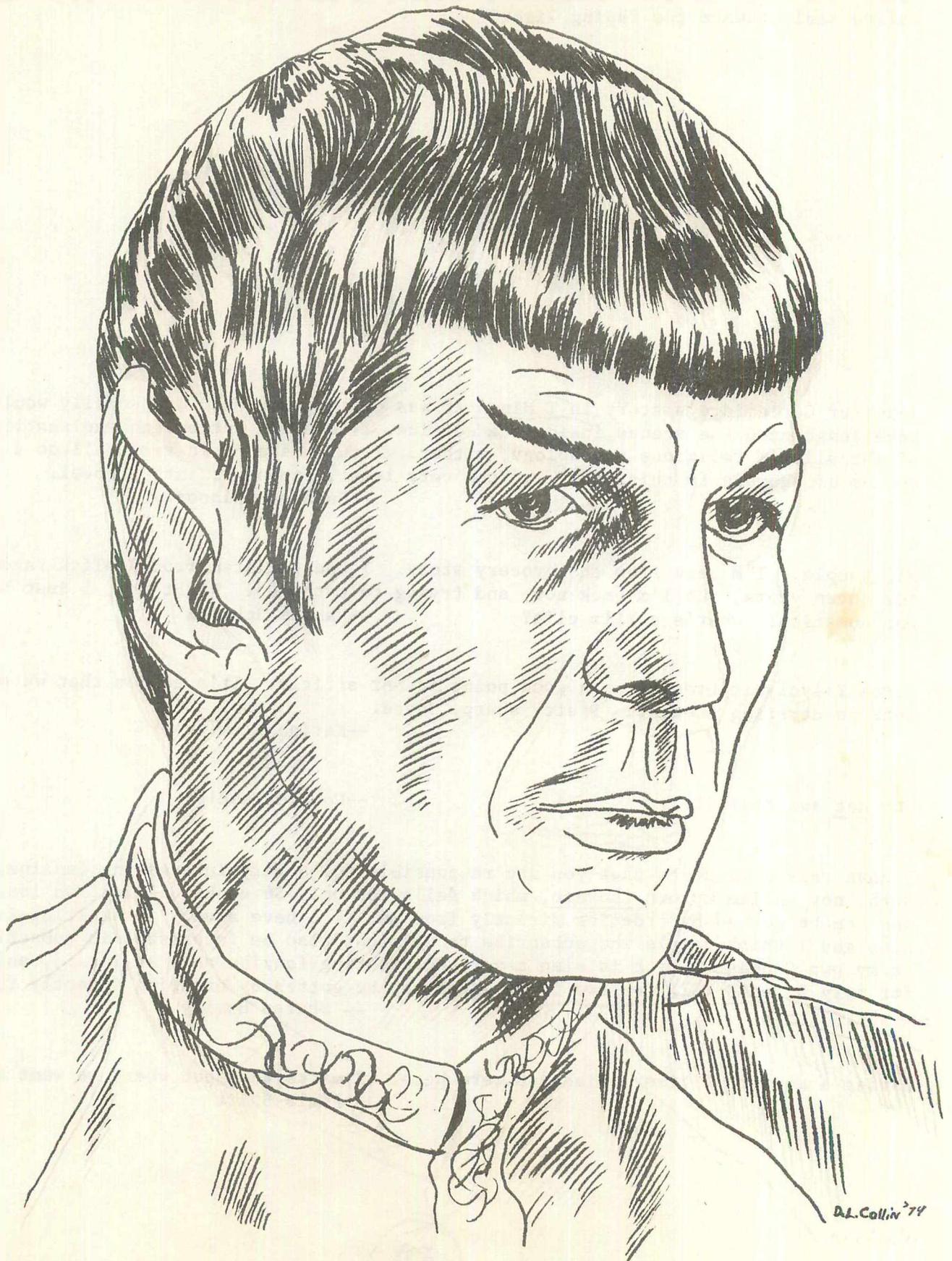
I have reason to state that you are responsible for a very interesting fanzine, Ruth, not unlike my own Chokase, which sells for only \$6 each (\$11 for two issues) and can be gotten by ordering directly from me. You have a very interesting fanzine and I think people who subscribe to it might also be interested in subscribing to my own Chokase, which is also a very interesting fanzine and, as I said, sells for only \$6 each (\$11 for two issues) and can be gotten by ordering directly from me.

-- Shuran Homily

Having a wonderful time. Wish you were here. X marks the spot where we went fishing.

--Phula Shmit





D.L. Collin '74