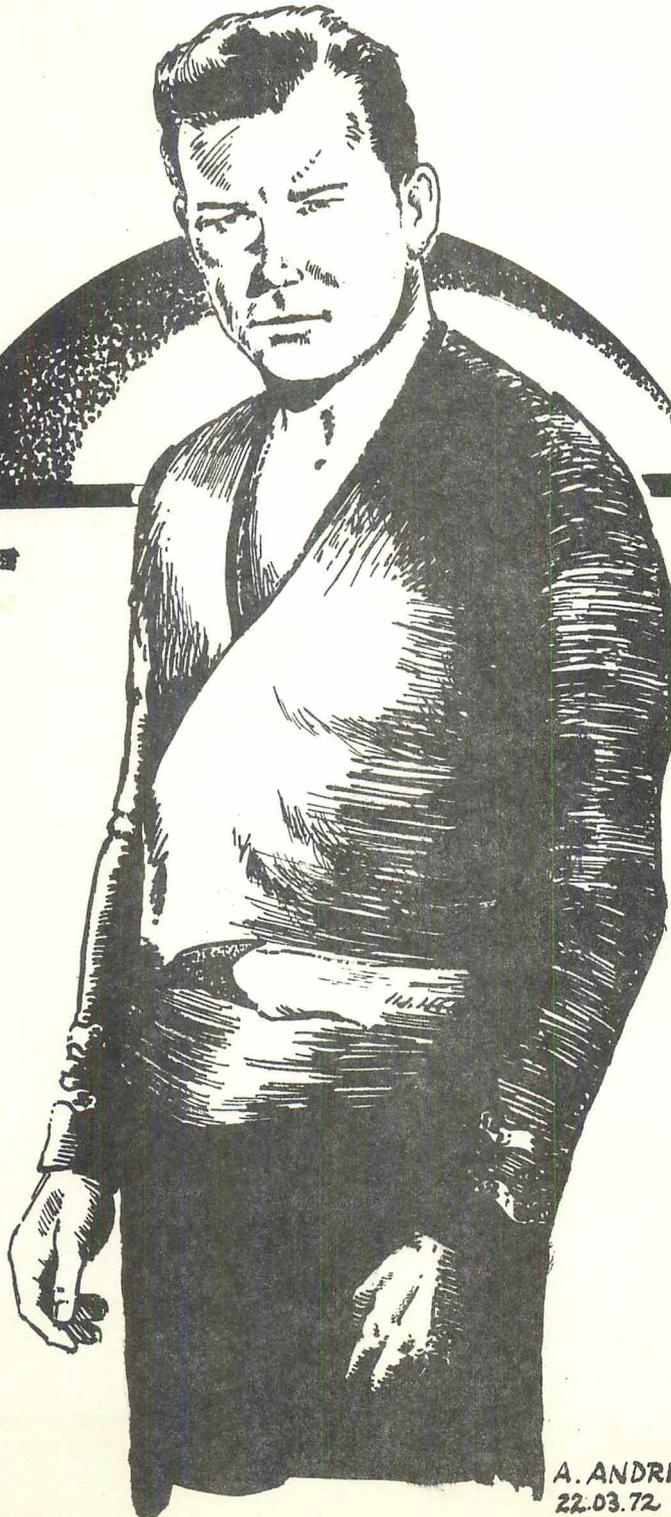


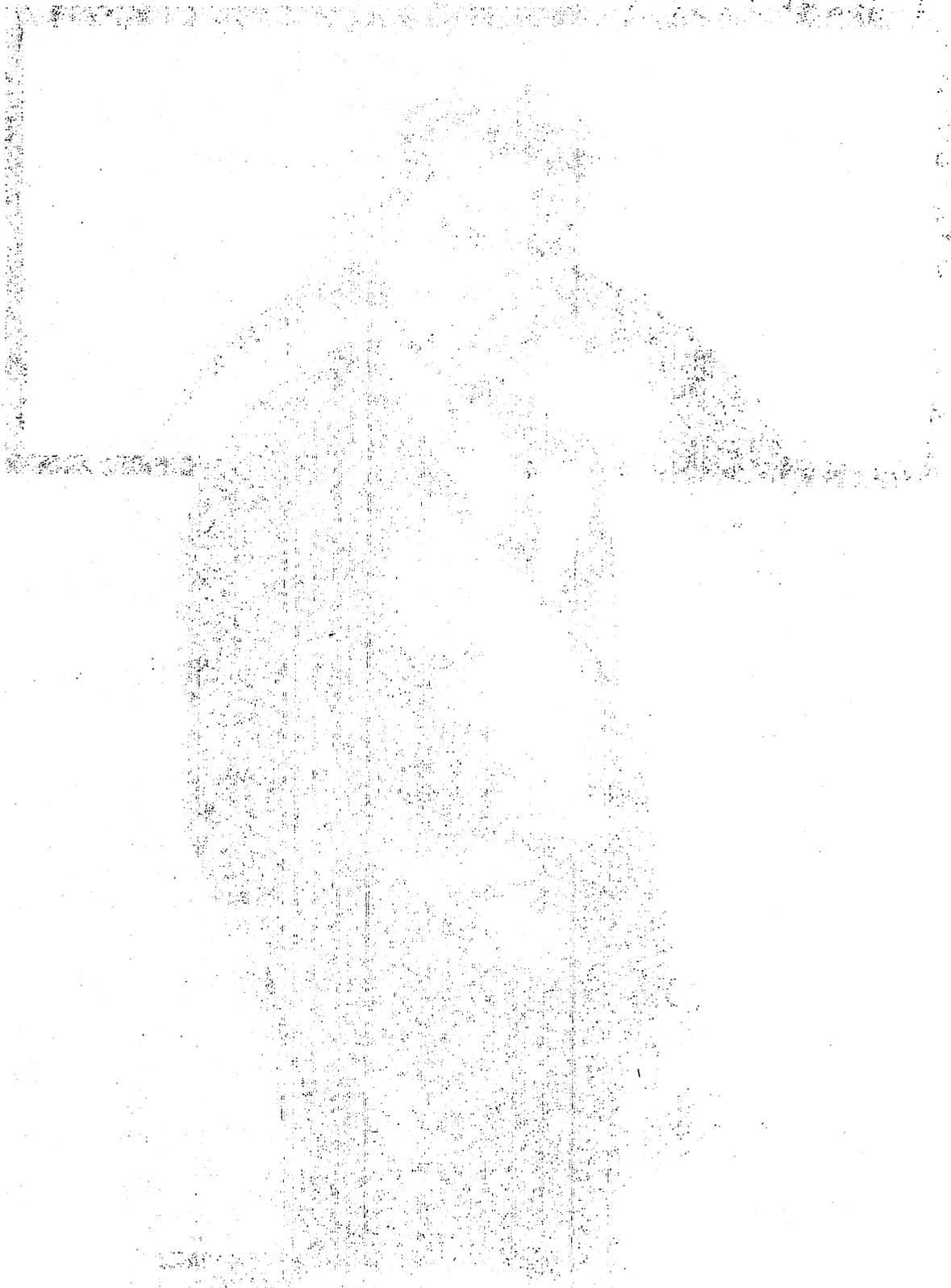
T-Negative 18



1576



A. ANDRES
22.03.72



T Negative 18, October 1972, comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. By the way, contrary to what you might think during the months of summer vacation, this is not a monthly zine. It comes out irregularly -- that's to say, when academic work isn't heavy.

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backcover: Enterprise & sleeper ship (Space Seed); miniature Enterprise in crystal ("Catspaw"); Romulan ship ("Balance of Terror"), Deep Space Station K-7 ("Trouble with Tribbles").

lineo: Larry Nichols. Illos: Rosalind Oberdieck, pp. 15, 17, 18, 19, 21, 30, 37; Rae Ladore p. 41; Gail Barton p. 46; Tim Courtney p. 50.

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- "Captains and conquerors leave a little dust" --
William Watson
- You paid money at the rate of 50¢/one or \$2/five.

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this issue

Back issues are available for 75¢/one or \$2/three; at present #'s 2-8 & 12-17 are available. I will be reprinting others later.
 Eng Dept: The October issue of Analog has a story of mine, "Stretch of Time."

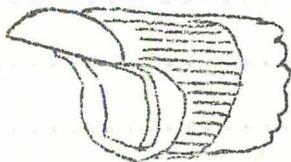
MINIATURE STAR TREK

by Richard G. Van Treuren

The Making of Star Trek did not go into great detail when it came to the models used in filming the show. Let's go over some of the versions of the starships and talk about doing it all yourself.

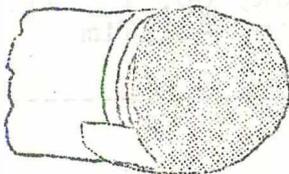
Starship ENTERPRISE NCC-1701

When the design of the starship was finally nailed down, a three-foot plaster model was constructed for the filming of "The Cage." Roddenberry's piloting experience shows in his selection of the NCC prefix. Prior to 1950, all civilian aircraft that carried passengers carried the letters NC before their license numbers. Experimental planes were required to have NX, and racers used NR. Although Roddenberry told me that the NCC was added in haste under the pressure of television production, it would have been an excellent opportunity to classify other ships (such as the Aurora in "The Way to Eden").

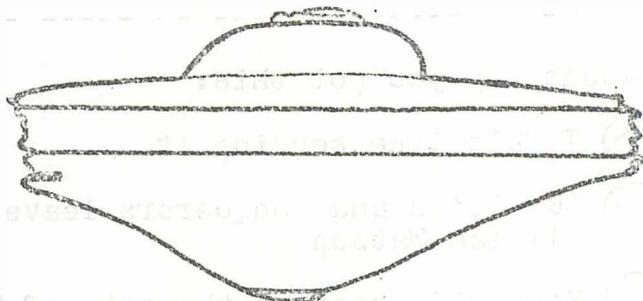


'SLAT' END CAPS

RED CAPS



When the camera closed in on the bridge of the model in the film, it was possible to see many of the tiny details that had been added to it. Unlike the later large model, the saucer lacked the underside numbers and details. The warp nacelles were capped on one end with bright red caps and on the other with the same basic design of end cap, but containing a sort of slat arrangement.



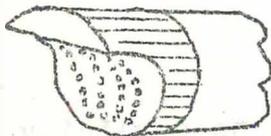
NO UNDERSIDE
NUMBERS

ORIGINAL PILOT FILM VERSION
3 FOOT MODEL

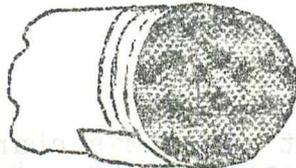
Some stock footage was shot using this model, but it was rather unconvincing in the longer shots. This footage of the pilot model was used regularly up until the eighth episode filmed, "Charlie X." A popular film effect, that of this model coming out of the galaxy energy barrier, was used as late as "Is There in Truth No Beauty?" of the third season.

Roddenberry decided that the show needed a much larger model for regular production, because the smaller model was not impressive enough. When a second pilot film was ordered, a gigantic 14 foot model was assembled from sheet plastic and hardwood.

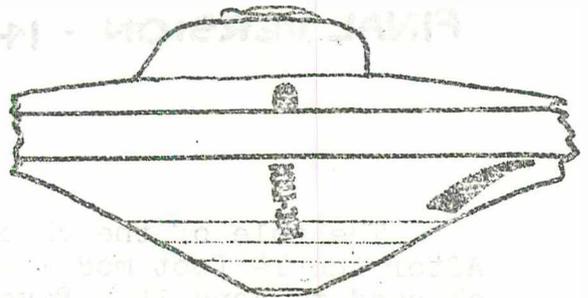
With the larger model many details could be added, the most important being a hangar deck. Again Roddenberry drew on his piloting experience and added navigation lights to his ship like those on modern aircraft; green on the right, red on the left. Numbers were added to the underside of the saucer, though they were reversed from the most popular camera angle. The warp nacelles began with very dark caps, and ended with caps that instead of slats had rows of holes drilled straight in.



**'HOLES'
END CAPS**



**DARK
BLUE CAPS**

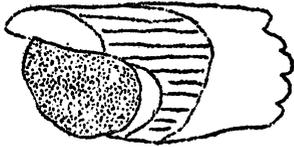


**REVERSED UNDERSIDE
NUMBERS**

FIRST VERSION - 14 FOOT MODEL

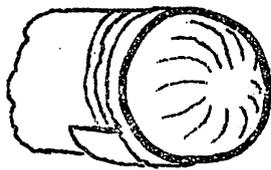
So much stock footage was shot with this version of the model that it has been used in every episode. For instance, this version can be seen in the theme as the Enterprise passes by the red planet.

Some time before the pilot entered production the model was again changed. Twin motors were buried in the warp nacelles, and

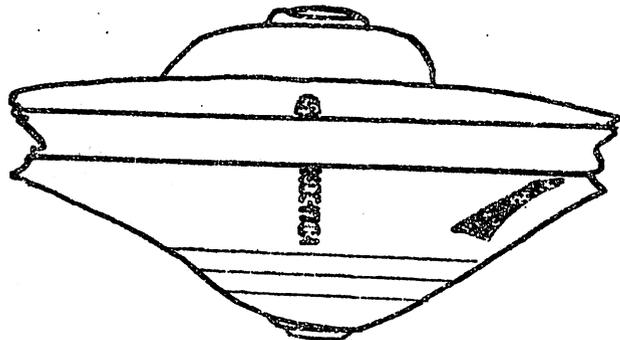


'GLOBE' END CAPS

the caps were lightened to show the new "spinning power" effect. The ends of the warp engines were finished off with glowing globes, with good effect. The underside saucer numbers were rotated 180° to be readable from the most popular camera angle.



'SPINNING POWER'
LIGHT CAPS



STRAIGHT UNDERSIDE
NUMBERS

FINAL VERSION - 14 FOOT MODEL

The role of the three foot model was changed to publicity. After the 14 foot model was built, the "Cage" Enterprise was changed to copy it. Reversed numbers were added to the underside of the saucer, and, for some reason, small shafts were added to the center of the nacelle caps. A large group of promotional pictures was taken (with the cast in the large, bulky, straight-banded uniforms) including this model in the shots, usually in the background. The picture on the cover of Leonard Nimoy's first album, "Leonard Nimoy Presents Mr. Spock's Music from Outer Space," shows him with this model.

When the large model was changed, the smaller was also adapted to look like it. The three-footer wound up with shaft-less, white nacelle caps, globe end caps, and straight underside numbers. Still more publicity pictures were taken of this model, the most popular being the shot from "Tomorrow is Yesterday" on the first cover of The Making of Star Trek. In some prints of this photo you can see its supporting wires. This version of the three-footer also made it into "Requiem for Methuselah."

Roddenberry found out that the selection of a five-year mission for his starship was not without precedent. For instance, the aircraft carrier Enterprise (CVAN - 65) must be docked every five years for refueling. Upon an invitation from the Chief of Naval Operations, Roddenberry went on an eight-day cruise on the carrier.

The only other models of the mighty starship are those made by A.M.T. Corporation. They, too, have undergone changes. The first version of the model, released in 1967, was rather difficult to fit together, and some kits suffered from missing parts. Some people say the mold was broken, and others say the model was recalled, but some time later the mold lines of the model were slightly changed. The box was, of course, the same from the beginning, and the parts fit together just about as well as before.

As the third season approached, the model was changed a great deal. The box was altered from a drawn cover to a photograph of what the model had to look like if you followed the instructions. Grain-of-wheat bulbs were added to the warp engine caps to complement those in the saucer. The lettering and style of the box matched that of the newly released Klingon battle cruiser box.

It is possible to make a rather impressive Enterprise using one of these kits by adding or subtracting details as need be. The lines on the top of the saucer must be sanded away, along with the extra lines on the underside. The numerous cracks and holes that are not on the professional model may be filled with body putty.

Storing the batteries in the bottom section makes it impossible to hide the gaping cracks there, and it has a habit of splitting the decals. Because more lights are needed for realism, I ran two black wires out the back of the impulse power unit. If small weights are added to the inside of the warp engines, these wires will, in addition, allow the model to hang level.

Navigation lights can be added to the top of the saucer easily, and a certain size of flashlite bulb creates a perfect "glowing globe" effect.

A nice effect of plate-assembly can be achieved by squaring off sections, then painting with various shades of white, and sanding smooth. (This effect was used extensively on the models in "2001, A Space Odyssey.")

It helps to paint the backs of the bulbs and the surrounding interior plastic a bright silver. You may want to increase the voltage in the system in order to produce more light; but don't overload those little bulbs, as they will burn out quickly, and they are impossible to replace.

The Shuttlecraft GALILEO NCC-1701/7

When a modern Navy ship pulls into port, there is no magic about going on liberty; the only way off is on crowded liberty boats that take lots of time. Imagine trying to come down from a spaceship! That, plus the cost of building a craft and the expensive and technically difficult measures necessary to make a landing realistic, eliminated a small ship-to-surface shuttle craft in the original pilot film.

Nevertheless, there would be times when a small craft would have to be available. Therefore, in the following episodes, the hangar deck was added and plans designed for the shuttle craft.

There seems to be some confusion as to the exact interior design, presence or absence of warp power, in the shuttle engines, and number of the craft carried aboard a starship.

Some fans have complained that the general design of the craft made it resemble a butter dish; but there is little resemblance to be seen if one examines it from all angles. The shuttle craft, built for the episode "Galileo Seven," was an impressive, simple design.

Two craft were built. The full-size craft, one of the most impressive single props ever made for the show, was 22' long, 14' wide, and 8.5' high (from ground). A second, smaller model was built for long superimposure shots. It is difficult to say just how big it is, but it differs from the large craft in some details. It lacks the small access panel which is directly below what appears to be the center "exhaust" port; also, its large fold-down access panel is not painted red.

The interior of the craft was re-arranged to suit various scripts; it generally improved from season to season. For instance, the chairs installed for "Galileo Seven" were supplemented by units Captain Kirk could switch off in "Menagerie." After "Metamorphosis," those units disappeared, and one of the computers built for the "Taste of Armageddon" war-room was on board when Spock flew the shuttle into the amoeba in "Immunity Syndrome."

The craft's exterior, unfortunately, remained basically the same throughout the three seasons. The craft numbered NCC-1701/7 was destroyed in "Galileo Seven"; even if it was replaced immediately, one would have expected a different registry number, but the same, unchanged ship appeared until somebody woke up in the third season and added a II for "Way to Eden." The rush and expense of TV production caused unfortunate anomalies, such as characters saying "That looks like a starbase shuttlecraft" when the same old stock footage showing the NCC-1701/7, with U.S.S. ENTERPRISE on its side, reeled past.

In the first volume of my collection I have a letter from AMT stating that they have no plans for building a shuttlecraft model since the show is cancelled. But because irate fans like myself have refused to admit that "Star Trek" is dead and have repeatedly written to them about a shuttle model, there is hope. After Star Trek Con One I sent them pictures of my models, plans, and ideas about what they could do; they said they would consider it.

The full size craft was donated to a foundation for the blind after the show disbanded. It was exposed to the elements for years, until recently a fan, Roger Heisman of California, acquired it. He is restoring it to better than new condition by adding an interior; there had been nothing but seven chairs inside.

Unless you are lucky enough to be him, the only way to get a shuttlecraft of your own (model, of course) is to make one. I discovered a relatively easy way, so I built a few.

The drawings of the shuttle craft in The Making of Star Trek provide the plans. A model the size of the drawings would be rather small, but it is easy to double the scale. (Moreover, the decal sheet from the AMT Enterprise model has basically the same design needed for the letters on the craft, and the scale of the decal sheet is almost exactly twice that of the book's drawings. By using the larger scale, extras of the decal sheet from the professional model can be used on a home-made shuttlecraft. Unfortunately, AMT no longer sells decal sheets separately.)

With these plans, I built a structure of 3/8" balsa wood, then a block of wood to form the front shape. The sides present a compound problem, which I solved by carving out 1/2" balsa stock. The sides, roof, and bottom all slope gradually, and are difficult to form, but not impossible. The end "ports" and the front windows can be made in the same way -- a thin piece of balsa with the openings cut out over a solid piece.

After the model has been completely painted, the decals can be added. (Not before, as buterate dope will chew 'em up.) Don't be discouraged -- my first shuttlecraft attempt closely resembled a shoebox.

The ROMULAN WARSHIP

"They're painted like gigantic birds of prey," Stiles said ("Balance of Terror"). The Romulan battle cruiser conveyed a fierce, alien appearance, yet gave a realistic impression.

The model was constructed of the same materials which made the Enterprise look realistic. Originally, there may have been plans to add the same "spinning power" effect to the nacelles, but, if so, no piece of film ever showed it.

The basic design of the craft is quite similar to the Martian craft used in the Gene Barry version of "The War of the Worlds." Photography in "The Balance of Terror" really did not do the model credit; it is a quite striking design. When it reappeared in "The Deadly Years," only stock footage was used. Simple economics destroyed the Romulan ship when the expensive Klingon ship was built for the third season.

There is little evidence to support the rumor that there were two Romulan models due to a studio accident in which the original was broken. Some people seem to think that one of the two models was on display in the Star Trek Con art room back in January, 1972. That's not true, either; I built that one.

The Romulan ship is not an easy model to build, in spite of its lack of intricate detail. Because it was used in only two episodes, close-up pictures of it are in short supply. At first glance the power nacelles look a great deal like the warp engines of the Enterprise, so I began with that scale.

The basic body can be cut from two pieces of 3/4" balsa stock, although the shape must be guessed at. The swept forward "wings," similar in style to a popular German executive jet, can be cut from the same stock then added. It's a good idea to reinforce the joints with hardwood dowels.

To achieve the shape of the bottom and top, pieces of thin, shaped balsa sheets must be added in layers -- this is much like planking. I used 1/16" stock, gradually building the tapering shape.

The nacelles from the Enterprise are not exactly correct, as I found out after receiving good pictures of the ship. They are shorter and tapered, and of course the ends are not even close. After glueing the nacelle front caps securely to the bodies, cut away the three front partial wrap-around slats. The engine support must be cut away, but leave enough to attach it to the "wings."

After the nacelles are added, the final shaping, sanding, and finishing are completed, and the end caps are the only major problem. I used Testor's glue tube caps turned backwards with the stem removed.

Basic painting presents no problem, but the Romulan war bird must be done by hand. It took me eight hours, and I used a black paint pen for the feather lines. Suspension for photography is anyone's guess, but I would tie thread around the nacelle caps in front and in the rear.

KLINGON BATTLE CRUISER

As the second season drew to a close the show's staff was working on the design of the Klingon ship (cf. The Making of Star Trek, p. 400). The ship was badly needed; the Klingons were regular characters, and all too often in the first and second season the Enterprise crewmen were saying, "It's a Klingon warship!" while the viewer was saying, "Where?"

The design is striking and seems to have leaped from the cover of a science fiction novel. It was impressively photographed in its premiere episode, "Enterprise Incident," though strangely enough it was not manned by Klingons. But the shots of the Enterprise surrounded by three of the Klingon ships showed off the new design in all its menacing angles.

The model was not visibly changed during the third season. Though it commanded respect each time it was used, it was used only three times; many viewers never saw it. The lack of exposure on the show, and the show's miserable third season time slot led to the failure of the AMT Klingon model.

AMT changed the Enterprise model box to match the new style of the Klingon model box. The Klingon model was released before the ship was seen on the show. With this model, AMT showed that it really could built a quality kit; the parts fit together well, and a method of overhead suspension is provided. In spite of its quality, the model did not sell well and has since been removed from the AMT model line.

OTHER MODELS

Many times alien ships appeared as flashes of light or globes of light (e.g., "Journey to Babel," "Mudd's Women," "Friday's Child"). The high cost of models made it impossible to design new ones often; however, there were a few other models used on the show such as the submarine-like DY 100 class ship seen in "Space Seed" and again as a drone in "Ultimate Computer"; the ion-powered globe ship in "Spock's Brain"; the Aurora of "Way to Eden"; the space station in "Trouble with Tribbles." Unfortunately, they will probably go the way of the excellent models made for "2001" -- they won't be seen again.

PHOTOGRAPHY

I built most of my "Star Trek" models for the purpose of our film group, Hornet Productions. We never finished a story on film, but I experimented with taking some stills of the models.

An issue of Air/Space Model magazine suggested building a "Star Trek" diorama utilizing a flat black box dotted with fluorescent paint for space. They said to paint the models with this fluorescent paint then suspend them from wires and illuminate the whole thing with black light. This procedure is rather expensive and would not work very well for motion pictures.

Totally ignorant of these "professional" ideas, I wandered around the hangar until I found some flat-black paint. Shortly it was covering a forty square foot sheet of masking paper. (I found the paper extremely portable and easy to hang.) I tried several kinds of stars, including punched-out foil, balled-up foil, and punched-out paper. I suppose a combination of these would give the best effect.

Lighting was the worst problem; I wasted several rolls of film before I found the right combination of lights. If too much light is used the details of the models will be erased; too little, and the film will be blank. The lights must be aimed correctly in order to brighten the models without washing out the film or reflecting off the rear surface.

Group scenes are slightly more difficult. I was able to get a few docking shots by hanging the Enterprise at the extreme end of the frame with the shuttlecraft close to the camera. A linsay water softener brine tank makes an excellent Enterprise nacelle on the scale of the craft I built. A balled-up sheet of foil makes a fair meteor.

Dr. McCoy's medical scanners rub salt in the wound.

-- Larry Nichols

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR
by Eleanor Arnason and Ruth Berman

Spock turned away from his panel of sensors to observe the captain cautiously. Kirk was quickly and efficiently handling a number of tasks: scanning the leave schedules and power consumption reports brought in by yeomen for his signature, exchanging formal greetings with the captain of the Deneb Queen, a freighter also in orbit around Krasni and discussing the possibility of asking Engineer Scott to give the Queen a hand with some trouble they'd had in their drive alignment, checking with Scott that he didn't mind, recording his log report....

If Spock had not been a Vulcan, he would have fidgeted.

McCoy not being a Vulcan, was under no such constraint. "Hurry up, will you?" he said.

"I'll be just a moment, Bones," said Kirk.

McCoy frowned. "Shall I make it doctor's orders? Even captains need to go on leave."

Kirk paid no attention.

McCoy sighed. The whole crew was still on edge after a rough passage through ion storms, and Kirk was obviously feeling still too jittery to enjoy the thought of visiting Krasni, the most populous of a number of inhabited planets within the star group. The outer members of the cluster were highly active, making it difficult to reach the inner stars. The Enterprise had just completed a difficult escort journey, guiding a shipload of wouldbe colonists through the least active of the outer segments to one of the cluster's habitable planets. After leaving the colonists, the Enterprise proceeded to pay a courtesy call at Krasni to exchange news, make repairs, and take shore leave.

Spock stood up and poised his body to walk toward Kirk's chair. Unconsciously Kirk got up, too. "Mr. Spock, you have the con," he said as Spock slipped into his chair.

A yeoman came up with another report. Spock took it from her so smoothly that it did not look as if he had grabbed it.

Kirk looked at Spock quizzically as the yeoman retreated.

"My responsibility sir," said Spock.

Kirk looked first startled and then amused. Spock seized his advantage. "I am in command of the ship...Captain," he said.

Kirk laughed and joined McCoy, waiting not very patiently by the elevator, and Helmsman Sulu, who was also ready to go on leave.

The doors closed after the three of them, and Spock leaned back in the captain's chair, alone on the bridge, except for Chekov, at the navigational console, and Uhura, at her communications board. Spock, like humans, needed a rest now and then, much as he hated to admit it. With most of the crew down on Krasni, he had the ship almost to himself, and he looked forward to a restful day of silence.

On Krasni's surface, Kirk left the port-of-entry transporter chamber with McCoy and Sulu. As the planet had rather primitive institutions, they had to stop at a bank to get currency -- and then had to begin spending it by getting moneybags to hold it in. They were the last of the crew to come down, and so found themselves going out as a group together in search of amusement, rather to Sulu's surprise. The helmsman was a convivial soul who enjoyed being with people, but he was a little in awe of Kirk. He could not help watching the captain as they walked along girl-watching and window-shopping, to see if he was really human. McCoy, for more professional reasons, was doing the same.

A neo-Samurai outfit in the window of a clothing store caught Sulu's eye, and all three stopped to look at it. It was gaudy with metallic interweaving, and completely different from the austerity of their plain uniforms. "Nonsense," said Kirk, "when would you wear it?"

"Off-duty," said Sulu. "But it doesn't look like my type, anyway."

They wandered on to the end of the block, where they paused again to consider a large bar, the Krasni-Xanadu, suspended in mid-air above an artificial lake. A fountain in the center spurted up a jet of water that ended just beneath the floor, so that the building appeared to be held up by the water.

Sulu whistled. "That's quite an anti-grav unit they've got there."

"Shall we?" said McCoy.

Kirk hesitated. "It looks a little ostentatious."

"Suits your rank," said McCoy. "Besides, I have expensive tastes."

They started up the ramp. Kirk stopped halfway up.

"What's the matter?" said McCoy, halting a few paces further up.

"Nothing. You go ahead, and I'll be there in a moment. Thought of something I should tell Spock."

McCoy gave him a sour look, but went in with Sulu.

Kirk took out his communicator. "Enterprise, Kirk here."

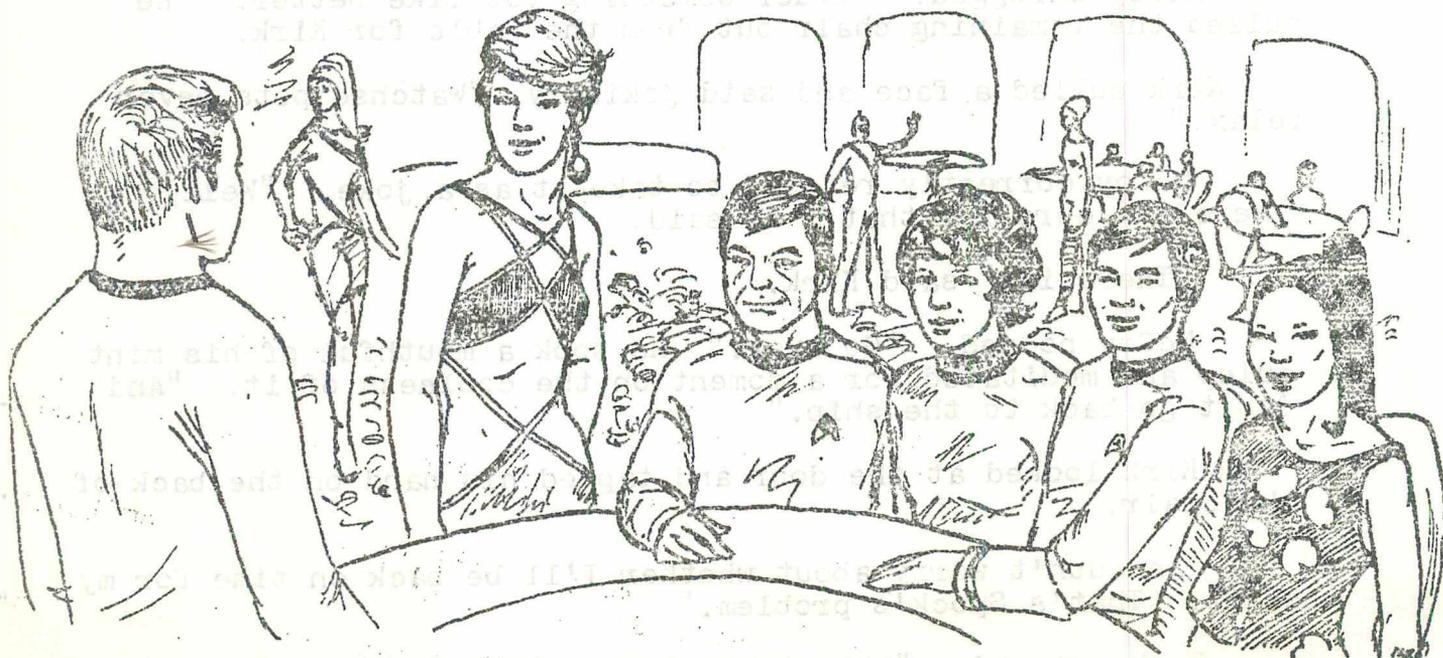
"Spock here, Captain," said Spock's voice.

"It just occurred to me that there's no reason for Scotty to report back when he's through on the Deneb Queen. He ought to go on leave from there directly."

"Very well, Captain," Spock said patiently.

Kirk got the impression that Spock had already had the same bright idea and acted on it. He shrugged. "Kirk out." He closed the communicator and stood absently for a few moments, enjoying the play of light on the water.

When he went inside, he discovered that the floor was transparent from inside, giving a view of the fountain. He also discovered that McCoy and Sulu had acquired a table and three women.



" -- yes, but uniforms are drab," one was saying. She stopped as McCoy looked up and waved.

"Renee, this is Jim," McCoy announced to the one who had spoken. "Take his mind off his work." He looked at Kirk half mischievously, half anxiously.

"Hello, Renee," said Kirk pleasantly.

"Welcome to the Folly," she said, matching his tone.

"The Folly?" said Kirk.

"Krasni's Folly. The planet," she explained. "But they don't like jokes in Records."

"They've got us down on the charts as just Krasni," said one of the other women.

"What was so foolish about Mr. Krasni?" asked Sulu, making conversation.

"Well, to begin with -- " said Renee. " -- Oh, good!" she interrupted herself as the table opened and their drinks arrived.

"Bones!" Kirk protested.

The doctor had ordered a round of mint juleps.

McCoy shrugged. "Order something you like better." He pulled the remaining chair out from the table for Kirk.

Kirk pulled a face and said jokingly, "Watched pots never relax."

McCoy correctly refused to take it as a joke. "Well, there's a cure for that," he said.

"There is?" said Kirk.

McCoy nodded. "Go away." He took a mouthful of his mint julep and meditated for a moment on the coolness of it. "And don't go back to the ship."

Kirk looked at the door and tapped his hand on the back of the chair.

"And don't worry about whether I'll be back on time for my shift. That's Spock's problem."

Kirk grinned. "All right, Bones, Sorry, Renee."

McCoy looked glum as Kirk swung away and disappeared out the door.

"Relax," Sulu suggested.

"I tell other people that," snapped McCoy. "All the same...." He picked up his glass again.

Outside, Kirk meandered down the street and halted in the middle of the block, staring again at the glittering, warlike suit that had caught Sulu's eye.



He looked at himself in the semi-mirror of the storewindow, one half of him yellow, one half black. A bit of braid, a small badge. It wasn't drab, exactly. It was efficient, comfortable, tailored to move to his actions....

After buying the suit, Kirk walked out of the store feeling foolish, but free. He looked at himself again in the window, enjoying the shifting of the light against his new clothes. His uniform was a neat brown-paper package bulking under one arm. Looking at it, he realized that it was a nuisance to carry. He hurried back to the port and dropped a quarter-credit into a voice locker, stashing the uniform inside. "James T. Kirk," he told the locker, and sauntered out, name and uniform behind him.

A short stroll in the direction away from the Krasni-Xanadu brought him to a rougher section of town, and stopped at the first bar he came to. It was full of men, and the buzzings of conversations. Kirk went in. The neo-Samurai clothes stopped conversation for a moment within a radius of three meters or so, and the number of raised eyebrows around made Kirk think of Spock. He felt suddenly lonely for the Enterprise. Then the conversation resumed ("It's not the blue eyes I mind, it's the pink tentacles" was all Kirk heard before the general buzz covered individuals). He began threading his way between tables to the bar.

Kirk gave the barmaid his very best prince charming smile, but she reacted professionally, looking him over carefully and suspiciously.

"I'd like a beer," Kirk said.

"Right," she said, taking down a glass. "You new around here?"

"Yes. My name's Harry Leroy. I'm a relief helmsman on the Deneb Queen." It came out quite smoothly.

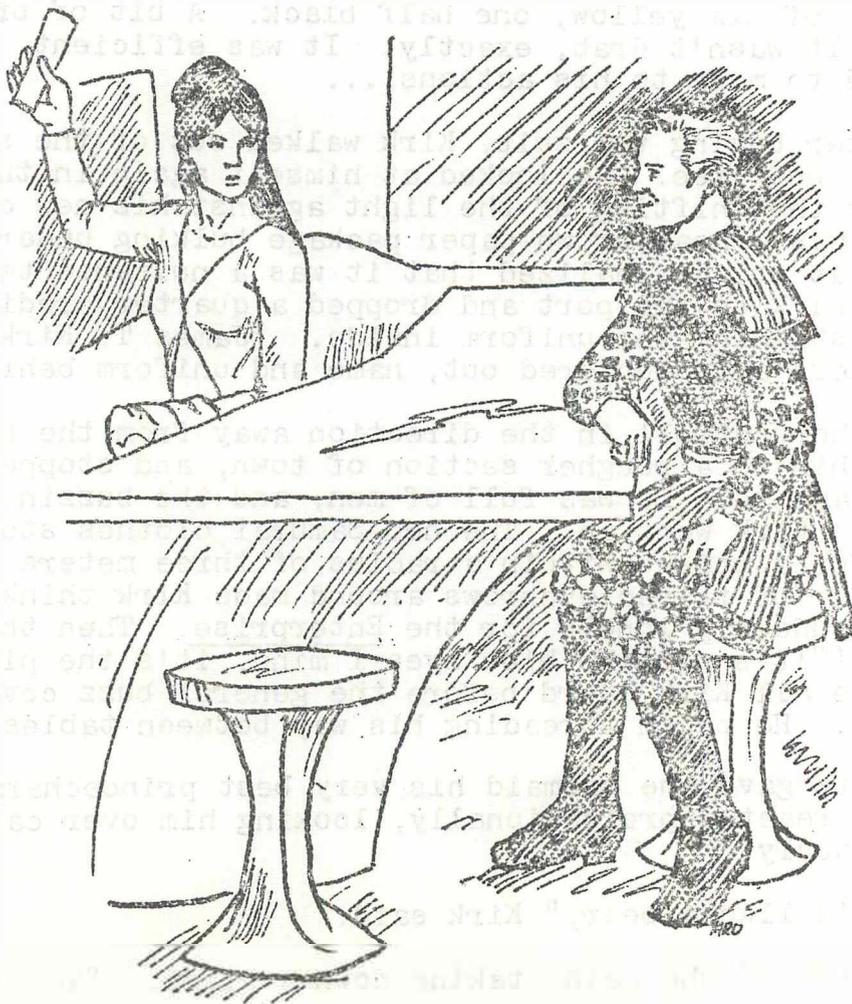
The woman looked displeased. "The Deneb Queen," she muttered. "Here's your beer. One credit."

Kirk gathered that Deneb Queen men were well known and not particularly welcome. "Why is the planet called Krasni's Folly?" he asked as he paid for his drink.

The woman softened a bit. "Now that's a story -- "

The objector-to-pink-tentacles came up just then, a giant ox of a man, wanting refills for his table.

" -- but it'll have to wait."



On board the Enterprise, Chekov was studying Andorian history. He had started at the back of the tape, with the exciting part (meeting of Terrans and Andorians), and was now regretting it as he worked his way diligently through their Age of Exploration. He glanced behind him. Uhura was frankly dozing over her board, and Spock was probably meditating, but it looked much the same to Chekov. He considered imitating them and decided that his conscience would let him nap if he kept going another ten minutes.

Just then something began buzzing at Uhura's board. She woke up with a start, and Chekov put his viewer aside. Perhaps something more interesting was coming in.

Kirk fired a dart. It hit the board, on the outer edge.

"Not bad," said his opponent encouragingly.

The second dart hit the wall.

"The thing of it is, you've got to be able to think like a navigator -- the vector of the force you put on the dart, combined with the vector of gravitational -- "

"Thanks," said Kirk. He threw the third dart, and it hit the wall. He gathered the darts up and handed them to his opponent.

The first dart hit the center ring.

"By the way," said Kirk, "why is the planet called Krasni's Folly?"

"Ah, that's a yarn and a half. Wait till after the game's over."

The second dart hit the edge of the center ring.

"Starship Enterprise acknowledging," said Uhura. "Starship Enterprise acknowledging. Your signal is weak."

"Yes, I know," said a tiny voice. "We can't help it."

Uhura put the volume on high and set the computer to compensate for static.

"Can you hear me?" the voice blasted out of the speaker.

Uhura winced. "Affirmative," she said. "You don't need to shout."

Spock came and leaned over the communications board.
 "Commander Spock, Enterprise here. Please identify yourself."

"Antonio Perez, on board the passenger ship Starfarer.
 Where's Jim?"

"The captain is not on board at present."

"What?" said Perez. "But Kirk and his ship come in a set.
 Like a hermit crab and its shell. How'd you get him out?"

"The captain is on shore leave," said Spock. "Can I help
 you?"

Perez snorted. "If you can't, tell Jim to think of me from
 time to time.... He'll know when. The Starfarer's had some kind
 of blowout. I can't be precise, because it hit the bridge, and
 the auxiliary controls are affected. And the bulkheads slammed
 down to keep the air in. There're about 300 of us alive. We
 think. We haven't finished counting. If we all keep on breathing
 -- and no one's volunteered to stop -- we should be out of air
 in five days. Where are you?"

"In orbit around the planet Krasni of Krasni's Star."

"Krasni.... Oh, that Krasni!" They could hear a hurried
 consultation in the background as Perez and a Starfarer officer
 discussed position and power. "We can get our full speed, but
 that puts eight days away from you."

"That is satisfactory. We will rendezvous with the Star-
farer," said Spock. "What is your present position?"

Perez gave him the co-ordinates.

"Mr. Chekov, compute route and time to rendezvous; Miss
 Uhura, notify Krasni port that we will break orbit in 10 hours."

"That's not very efficient," said Perez reproachfully.

"We have to recall the crew, Commander. A skeleton crew
 can operate the ship, but should another emergency arise -- "

"Don't quote the relevant regulations," said Perez.

Spock closed his mouth, reconsidered, and said, "What
 caused the Starfarer's malfunction?"

The officer whose voice they had heard in the background
 before took the communicator from Perez. "Second Navigator Lo
 Chah here," she said. "Sir, we don't know. We began to lose

air, and the inside locks failed to close immediately. The fore section lost all its air." Her voice was beginning to sound strained. "Your pardon, sir," she said.

In the distance they heard Perez's voice. "Go lie down, lackbrain." He took over the communicator again. "Sorry, Mr. Spock, but an injured second navigator is the best we can do for technicalese, and we're saving that to keep the ship running. Who knows what happened? It's a new ship. My father always told me -- don't try anything new. Wait and see if anyone dies from it. And here I am, wondering how such a smart man got such a halfwit for a son." He sighed. "Perez out."

Spock returned to the command chair and looked thoughtfully from Uhura to Chekov. Uhura had notified the Krasni post, put out a general alert for Enterprise men, and begun specific calls to her fellows in communications and to transporter men -- both groups had hard work ahead in finding and retrieving two-thirds of a crew.

In the second round, Kirk took aim, sighting along the dart, and moved his arm back and forth experimentally without releasing the dart. Then he threw it, and it landed precisely in the middle of the glass of the man who objected to pink tentacles.

"Watch it, willya," said the objector. "Trying to kill someone?"

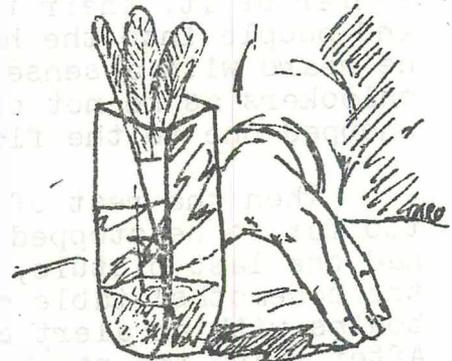
Kirk reached for the dart with one hand and with the other tried to mop up some of the spattered green liquid. He was never quite sure which of his elbows knocked over the rest of the drink.

With a roar, the objector rose out of his chair and took a swing at Kirk, who ducked.

"Lay off," suggested one of the objector's drinking mates. "Leave the little guy alone."

In astonishment, Kirk stared at the men still seated at the table. One was a small, thin-faced man, who could have no business calling Kirk a "little guy." The other....

"Yeah? Wanta stop me?" said the objector.



"Why not?" said the other, rising endlessly out of his chair. The objector had a good four inches on Kirk, but the other was big and burly enough for a Rigellian warrior.

Kirk mentally dropped his objection to the other's description of him and set about trying to restore tranquility to the atmosphere. "Now, look," he began.

"Let's see you try," said the objector to his companion, and the two behemoths fell on each other, the two nearest tables, and half the occupants thereof. The occupants, with shouts of protest, piled into the brawl.

Kirk looked at the dart he still held in his hand with a futile sense of great-oaks-from-little-acorns.

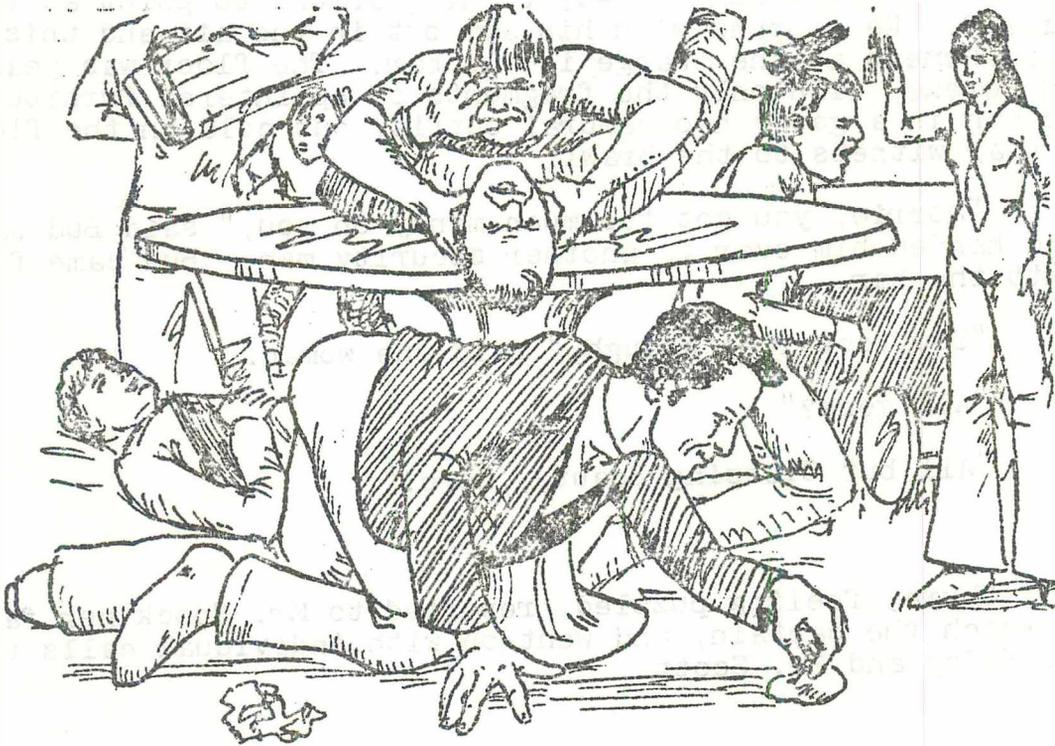
"You Deneb Queen guys," said a disgusted female voice at his shoulder. "You can just stand there looking pretty and get a fight started. No sense of responsibility." The barmaid clicked her tongue.

Kirk winced, scowled, and examined the brawl carefully. For just a moment he could see the two behemoths flailing in the center of it, their thrashings bringing even more tables, chairs, and people into the hogpile. Kirk sprang, at that second, and he heard with a sense of pleasure a gasp of wonder from the onlookers as he not only reached, but separated the behemoths, chopped one to the floor, and turned to deal with the other.

Then the rest of the brawl closed in on him. It had gone too far to be stopped by removing the two who had begun it. Kirk had one last picture, vivid as delirium, of the little man from the behemoths' table crawling on the floor among the floundering bodies with an alert expression of deep interest on his face. After that, the press of bodies and furniture was too close to let Kirk see anything, and his one thought was to keep breathing and get out. As if from far away, he heard the barmaid's voice. "Port security? I got a riot going on.... Yeah.... Thanks."

Uhura finished tracking down all the communications and transporter personnel. It had not been an easy task. Lt. Palmer, now seated beside her at the board with her blonde hair hanging damply down the middle of her back, had been under a hair dryer. Lt. Kyle had been with a woman, and he expressed his unhappiness in a set of curses that fascinated both Spock and Uhura and shocked those on the bridge for whom English was a native language. Kyle returned promptly, however, and Uhura went on with the individual calls, leaving it to Palmer to acknowledge the responses coming in to the general alert.

"Captain Kirk, please acknowledge," she said, touching the frequency to signal his communicator. "Captain Kirk, please acknowledge."



Down in the bar, the small, thin-faced man squirmed himself out of a tangle of arms and legs and seated himself in a dark corner to count his collection of moneybags. One of them began bleeping, and he made a worried noise, sucking his lips against his teeth as he realized that he had picked up someone's communicator. He held it firmly shut and moused his way through shadows to a disposal chute. He slipped the communicator in, and then began taking money out of bags and dropping bags and non-negotiable contents down the chute after the communicator. He estimated that he had time to do that -- and avoid the risk of being picked up with identifiable property in his possession -- and still get clear before the riot squad arrived.

However, he estimated wrong.

Someone at the door gave the ancient cry of "Cheezit!" and the brawl went thundering out the door and vanished into the streets. The man at the disposal chute was furthest from the door. He was therefore the last one out the door, and he caromed into a large, red chest.

"Scuse me," he said, trying to sidle past. A large red arm blocked his way. He looked up. "Oh. Hi, Bud. How're you?"

"Fine, thanks," said Bud. "How're you, Morrie?" Bud twitched Morrie's moneybag out of his hands.

"Now, look, I wasn't fighting anyone. She'll tell you that --" Morrie complained, turning around to point at the barmaid. He stopped with his arm out in the air and whistled in amazement at the change in the bar. The floor was peaceful and serene, with only the fragments of splintered furniture and one man in a gaudy neo-samurai outfit, out cold on the floor, to bear witness to the brawl.

"Morrie, you got too much money on you," said Bud sadly, and handed him over to another security man. Bud came further into the bar.

"You took long enough," said the woman.

"All gone?"

"All but Sleeping Beauty, here."

Uhura, feeling puzzled, reported to Mr. Spock her failure to reach the captain, and went on with individual calls to Dr. McCoy and Mr. Scott.

Kirk spluttered and gagged as a liter of cold water hit him in the face. "Wha...what is it?" he said, trying to sit up.

Bud pulled him to his feet. "Come on, Mister."

"Wait a minute," said the barmaid. "At least this one can pay for his own drinks."

"Oh...sure..." said Kirk, trying to take the words in. "How much?"

"Two-ten."

He fumbled for his moneybag. "I've been robbed."

Bud sighed. "That figures. Well --" He looked at the barmaid. "-- Morrie's haul looks as if it's enough to pay your costs and damages, and --" He looked at Kirk. "-- there'll probably be some of your share left over to help pay your fine. We've got laws against public brawling on this planet, Mister. What's your name?"

"James T. Kirk of the -- "

"That's not what you said before, Leroy," said the barmaid. "His name's Harry Leroy," she added to Bud.

"He was involved in the brawl?"

"Oh, yeah."

"You're under arrest, Mr. Leroy. Come along."

McCoy made a face as his communicator sounded. "You know," he said to Sulu, "I think a fellow could get to like this sake of yours -- if he ever got a chance to try it properly. McCoy here. Take two aspirin -- "

"Sorry, Doctor," said Uhura. "All leaves canceled."

At the jail, Bud booked Kirk in for the night. "Sleep it off, and call your captain in the morning," the officer at the desk told Kirk in a fatherly way.

"I am my captain.... I mean, I am Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise."

"And I am Marie of Roumania," murmured Bud.

"Look, let me call the Xanadu. A couple of my ship-mates are there."

"The Xanadu? Well, well!" The officer and Bud exchanged a look of surprise. The officer shrugged and put through the call for Kirk, but no Dr. McCoy answered the page. Neither did a Mr. Sulu.

"It's not the end of the world, son. This your first time in quod?"

Kirk nodded.

"Well, look at it this way -- it saves you the price of a hotel room, and your captain will bail you out in the morning. Just once won't hurt your record much, and you'll know better another time." He turned to Bud. "Lock him up."

"But -- " Kirk gave up and submitted to the inevitable.

"And you do not know where the captain went?" Spock asked.

"No," said McCoy shortly. "Spock, what all is going on here?"

"We received a distress call," Spock began.

"Here it is again, sir," Uhura said.

Spock punched the voice on. "Yes, Commander?" he said.

"We have the figures on our population and life expectancy ready now," said Perez. "You got Jim?"

"We have not located him yet, Commander," said Spock.

"You've lost Jim? You took him out of his shell, and now something's eaten him."

McCoy grinned despite himself.

"You spoke of more precise data." Spock changed the subject.

"Oh, that. We have 311 survivors and enough air for four days 10 hours plus or minus three. If you leave as scheduled, that gives us a margin of two to eight hours."

"Thank you," said Spock.

"You're very welcome, Mr. Spock. May I suggest that the margin could be fattened up a little if you left sooner?"

"We will attempt to do so," said Spock. He cut the connection and asked Uhura, "Estimated time for recall?"

"We have enough of the crew to leave now, sir. It looks as if we'll have almost everyone back soon." She waited, but Spock made no comment on the fact that Communications and Transport were doing a good job.

Lt. Palmer leaned over and whispered, "'Once more, dear friends, into the breach'." Uhura chuckled, and the two went on with their manhunt.

McCoy said in a low voice, "Spock, you softy!"

"Doctor?"

"You don't want to leave Jim behind because our schedule's so tight we won't get back for three months, and he'll miss that visit he's got lined up from his nephews while we're at the Starbase."

"You overlook the fact, Doctor, that the purpose of our visit to the Base is to give the ship its periodic repair-and-updating. The captain knows the ship better than any other single officer, and the work cannot be done adequately in his absence; the Enterprise is overdue for its checkup, and further delay would be unsafe."

"You're a softy," repeated McCoy, and beat a retreat to the lift before Spock could tell him he was being illogical.

Kirk paced back and forth in the little cell which he shared with the little man he had last seen on the floor in the brawl. Bud had introduced him as Morrie Singh.

Morrie lay on the right hand bunk, watching him, and kept count up to 50 turns, at which point he decided that his cell mate had had his fair share of nuisance-making. "Hey, Leroy, will you cut that out?" he said. "I can't sleep with you padding around like an imitation tiger."

"Wh -- ? Oh, sorry," said Kirk, sitting down on the left-hand bunk and holding his head in his hands. "I'm worried about my ship."

"Why, you the captain or something?"

"Something," said Kirk grimly.

"Well, calm down, you'll get tried tomorrow afternoon, maybe day after tomorrow -- "

"But my ship was scheduled to leave tomorrow afternoon."

"The Deneb Queen? No, it isn't."

Kirk's shoulders slumped. How far had his innocent lie circulated? "Not the Queen. The Enterprise."

Morrie eyed Kirk's battered face and the gaudy clothes, ripped at the shoulder. "If you say so. Make enough of a fuss tomorrow morning, and they'll maybe get you tried early. So they'll fine you maybe a hundred for Drunk and Disorderly, and you'll call your ship and get the captain to pay the fine and dock it off your salary. What's to worry?"

"I don't think the captain will be in when they call."

"Oh, first mate got it in for you?" said Morrie, nodding wisely.

"No, he.... Forget it," said Kirk.

"Yeah, that's what I told you. Now me, I got a real problem."

"Oh?" said Kirk, without enthusiasm.

"That rat, Bud."

"Who's he?" said Kirk, beginning to feel faintly interested.

"The nosy who arrested me tonight. He could have waited till tomorrow night. I mean, I might've spent the money by then, but I'd probably have had most of it left. But the thing of it is, I wanted to be free tomorrow. And he knew it. I told him so way last week when I got Charlie's invite. Charlie's getting married tomorrow. And he's my only brother."

"That's too bad."

"Yeah. Charlie always throws a good wedding." Morrie sighed noisily, got up, and began to pace. "My turn," he said apologetically, and went from wall to wall, back and forth, like a pingpong ball in a volley.

"If it was anyone else -- " he said at one wall. " -- I wouldn't mind so much -- " he said at the other. " -- but Charlie's a great guy -- "

"Why don't we break out?" said Kirk sardonically.

Morrie halted with his nose up against a wall and tapped his fingers against it meditatively, then turned around and took his seat on the bunk. "That's a good idea," he said. "You got a pick on you? Bud always confiscates mine."

"A pick?" said Kirk. "For an electronic lock?"

"Sure. It gets the classical music stations, too."

Kirk eyed him doubtfully, but he seemed to be serious. "Well," Kirk said, "one of us could pretend to be sick and call for the guard, and then we could jump him when he came."

Morrie winced and addressed the wall plaintively. "All the cells in the world, and I get one with a cornball in it. There's no justice!"

"It can't hurt to try," said Kirk. "Just fake a little delirium, can't you? Babble of green fields or something." He got up and tested the bars. They were solid. "I wish we had Spock here," he said to himself.

"Oh? He's good at getaways?" Morrie had overheard him.

"Well, he.... Yes, he is." Kirk grinned as it occurred to him that he and Spock actually were an accomplished pair of jail-breakers, what with one hostile society and another. Even without Spock, he thought, he should be able to manage something. "Do you want to play sick, or shall I?"

"No." Morrie rolled his knuckles along the blanket, looked at Kirk, then hopped to his feet. "You want to do it cornball, we do it cornball. But we don't do it so one of us has to be lying down when the guard shows up. We fight."

"Fight?" said Kirk, not immediately comprehending.

"Leroy, you purple bloodworm, say that again!" shouted Morrie, putting up his fists.

Kirk looked bewildered as Morrie advanced upon him, waving a fist in the general direction of his nose.

"Call me a dirty ground-crawler, will you?" said Morrie.

"No," said Kirk in a smug tone of voice, catching on, "I call you an arrant malmsy-nosed knave, and I'm going to wipe the floor with your head." He fastened his hands loosely around Morrie's throat.

"Help! He'll kill me!" Morrie thrashed about a bit. "Get your hands off me, babyface!" Kirk's hands tightened involuntarily at that particular insult, and Morrie's next "Help!" sounded convincingly choky.

"Say that again, you crack-brained garbage-head, and I'll -- "

A guard came to the door and aimed a phaser in through the bars. "Cut it out, boys," he said soothingly.

"All right," said Kirk, dropping Morrie, and grabbing at the guard's arm. Morrie, simultaneously, went low to grab at the legs, and the guard's stun-beam went high, hitting on the ceiling in a burst of pretty red fireworks.

Kirk snatched the phaser away and stunned the guard. Morrie caught the body so that it fell where they could reach out and get the keys.

As they opened the door, an alarm sounded.

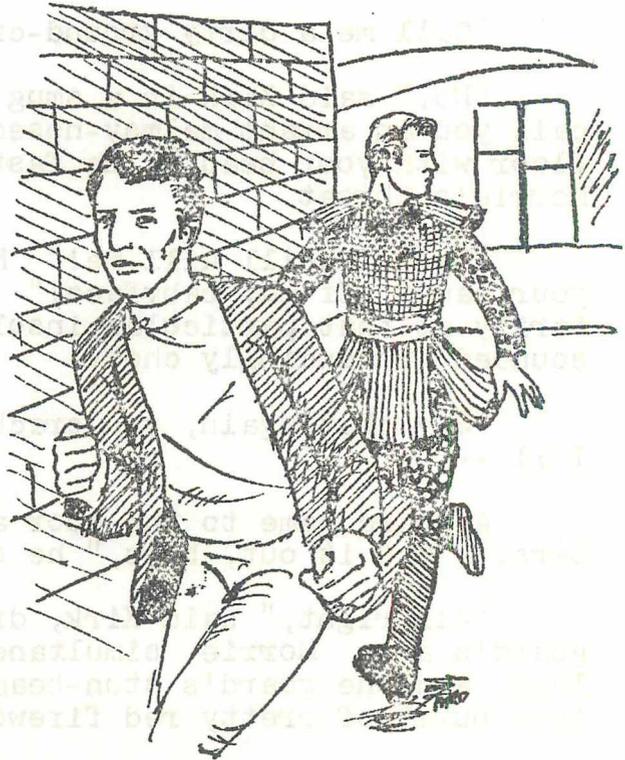
They sprinted down the hall. Morrie flung the door open and announced, "I told Bud I wanted out," then ducked as the officer at the desk fired at him. Kirk leaned in and fired back. The officer slumped in his chair, and the two of them went on through the main door, pulling it shut after them just in time to block the phaser-beams of two more guards, roused too late by the alarm from their graveyard shift napping to catch the fugitives.

It was a good thing, Kirk thought, that phasers were routinely left on stun. A full strength shot would have killed him and/or Morrie right through the door, not to mention doing considerable damage to the door.

Outside, Kirk followed Morrie as he skittered down the block to an alley, cut into the alley, and ran one mile with scarcely three yards of it in a straight line, and slid into a dark doorway to wait for some brightly-lit traffic passing in the street ahead of them to go past their current alley. "Do you need a hideout?" he said hospitably.

"No, thanks," said Kirk. "Just tell me how to get to the Port-master's Office."

"Take the third door from the end on the right, and sneak down to the basement. Go through the door marked 'Keep Out' -- " Morrie scowled, his eyes squeezed shut as he visualized. "No, no," he said, opening his eyes, "not that one, the one that says 'Keep this door locked' -- go through the tunnel, into the warehouse, out the back door, and turn -- " He stopped again, his body twisting in the imagined turns. "No, there'll be a Nosy directing traffic at the corner. Well...go out the window with the loose catch on the east side and cut across the



lot to Third and go -- " He stopped again and squinted up at Kirk. "Are you getting all this?"

"Yes," said Kirk uncertainly.

"Okay. Well, you go left two blocks, and there's another Detention Station, so go through the all-night shoe-store to the alley, and.... Or no. It'll be blocked. This was Mrs. Krasni's day to move her pianos. So you go through the.... No, that doesn't work. So you take.... Leroy, you know something?"

Kirk shook his head.

"You can't get there from here. You come to the wedding. Charlie'll find you a guide."

"But.... How about the nearest public communications outlet? I could call the Portmaster -- "

"Should be one on the corner. You got any change on you?"

Kirk sighed and shook his head.

"Well, come on, then. And keep your head down." Morrie slid out into the alley, and they headed into the night, hugging the darkest shadows.

Uhura rubbed her eyes and stretched in her chair, then swung it around. "That's the last of the bars, sir. He isn't in any of them."

"He isn't in any of the restaurants, nightclubs, or bordellos," added Lt. Palmer.

"The Portmaster scanned the Security and Hospital Services reports for us," Uhura said, by way of appendix, "and nobody has a record on James T. Kirk. Nobody."

McCoy sat down in Spock's chair, leaned back in it, and stared down his nose at Spock's head, rising over the top of the command chair. "You know, Uhura," he said wearily, "I wonder if James T. Kirk could be a mass hallucination dreamed up jointly by the crew of the Enterprise."

Uhura wrinkled up her face as if tasting a lemon. "You have a morbid imagination, Doctor."

"Oh, I don't know," said McCoy. "Spock, can you prove you're not the real captain?"

"Affirmative, Doctor," said Spock, without looking around at him, and raised one blue-sleeved arm in the air. The commander's rank double-line of braid caught the light.

McCoy blinked, trying to decide if Spock was taking him literally or making fun of him, and fell silent.

The two fugitives darted through the last of the shadows into an obscure doorway, its surface made of the same violet plastic as the wall and set flush with the wall so that the entrance was almost invisible. Kirk glanced nervously up at the sky and around the street. The sky was getting light overhead, and he could make out figures even at a little distance -- the windows across the street, a few early risers visible behind them, the fashionably crenelated line of the rooftop.

Morrie told the door, "Let me in."

It creaked and stuck.

"Let me in!" Morrie bellowed.

The door groaned open, and a blast of noise hit them. Kirk involuntarily covered his ears, thinking that it was a wonder the door could respond to voice-cues at all in that racket.

Morrie beamed.

The tail end of a conga line came tramping past the doorway, and it reeled inward to make room for the newcomers to enter.

"They've started the party already," Morrie explained unnecessarily.

The door slammed behind them.

The last man in line dropped off and embraced Morrie, exclaiming, "Morrie!"

"Charlie! Congratulations!"

"Drinks that way, food that way, bathrooms that way," said Charlie, waving expansively. "The ceremony'll be that end of the room at noon. Got it?"

"Got it."

Charlie hugged his brother again, pumped Kirk's hand, saying "Any friend of Morrie's..." and ran to rejoin the conga line.

Morrie trotted over to the food and began stuffing an improbable set of ingredients in between two slices of orange bread.

Bud slammed the corridor window down, so hard that its crystal structure chimed once like a striking clock.

His assistant squatted down and retrieved his phaser, turning a look of reproach up at Bud all the while.

Bud sat down on the windowsill, cutting off the silvery note. "What the hell were you doing?" he asked in a tone of courteous interest.

"I was trying to stun them before they could get inside and get away. Sir."

"Nonsense," said Bud. "Nobody goes to Charlie's wedding and just gets away like --" He snapped his fingers. "-- that."

"How do you know?"

"Off-worlders!" Bud shook his head at such ignorance. "Same way I knew Morrie'd come here. If he went to all the trouble to break jail, we can at least let him stay for the wedding." He looked out the window meditatively, then turned and started back down the hallway to the lift.

"What are we doing?" his assistant said, hitching his phaser on his belt and running to catch up.

"Going to crash the party. We can't keep an eye on them from out here -- and Charlie always throws a good wedding."

As trusty native guides go, Kirk decided, Morrie was a frail reed. He gave up trying to get the little man's attention, turned his back on the dance, and went to the wall. He began prowling along it, looking for a communications outlet.

Bud's assistant cleared his throat as softly as he could and still expect to attract his partner's attention.

"Right. You keep an eye on Morrie." Bud slipped into the crowd, heading to the other side of the room, where the fugitive was exploring the wall.

"Jim!" said a high, clear voice. "Jim?"

Kirk came to with a start, as he realized that someone was actually calling him by his own name. He turned. "Hello, Renee," he said quietly, feeling suddenly too tired after a sleepless night to show surprise.

"I didn't know you knew Charlie."

"I don't. I came with Morrie."

"Oh, you did!" she said, looking half surprised and half amused. "Looking for a hidden safe?" she asked, as he continued his inspection of the wall.

"No, a communicator."

"Well, you won't find one there. It's in the next room." She led the way.

The next room turned out to be a small office, thickly carpeted, and hung with heavy Rigellian tapestry-work. The sudden quiet beat on Kirk's ears. He flung himself into the desk-chair and said to the communications outlet, "Portmaster's Office. James Kirk speaking. Relay to the Enterprise." His sense of relief was marred only by the fear that, somehow, something could still go wrong.

And something did.

The door slid open, and Bud appeared in the entrance, just as Kirk said, "Beam me a-- "

"Why, Bud Krasni! What's going on?" Renee said.

"Get out of the way, Renee," said Bud, and sidestepped around her before she could obey, even if she had intended to. The door closed behind him, and he fired.

The whistle of the phaser beam and the hum of a transporter beam sounded together. Kirk fell, sprawled over the top of the desk, turned gold, and vanished.

Bud pulled out his communicator. "Calling Deneb Queen."

"Deneb Queen?" said Renee. She looked from Bud to the desk and back again. "I think I need a cup of coffee," she said. She pursed her lips. "I think you need a cup of coffee, too," she added. She marched out the door and headed for the refreshments.

Lt. Kyle signalled the bridge. "The captain's aboard, sir." Then he re-focussed his eyes, and said, "I think."

"Confirmation requested, Mr. Kyle," said Spock's pedantic voice.

"Yes, sir. It's the captain. He seems to be unconscious, though," said Kyle, not daring to try a description of what the captain looked like.

Spock ordered McCoy to go examine the captain and told Sulu to take the ship out of orbit.

The Enterprise practically purred as it picked up speed. They were already beyond Krasni's Star and approaching the outer members of the cluster as McCoy told Kyle, "Looks as if the captain's been phaser-stunned." McCoy proceeded to slap Kirk's face lightly, several times.

Kirk grabbed his assailant by the throat, rolled him down, and raised one hand to strike, but happily woke up before his instincts could complete the reaction. "Bones!" he said, looking down at the startled and annoyed face of his chief surgeon.

"Yes, and I'd like to keep mine in working order, thank you," wheezed McCoy, removing the other hand from his throat.

"Oh. Sorry," said Kirk. He sat back on his heels and let McCoy up. Then he put his hand to his forehead.

"Headache?"

"Yes."

McCoy sat up, straightened his tunic, and picked up the kit-bag he had dropped. He took out a hypo and gave Kirk an injection of Masiform-D. The stimulant took effect quickly, and Kirk stood up, reaching to straighten his own tunic as he did so. He cringed as his hands met the fabric of the neo-samurai outfit.

"I see you got it." McCoy nodded at Kirk's clothes, grinning.

"Yes," said Kirk forbiddingly, and changed the subject. "How long till we leave orbit? I ought to call the Portmaster and arrange...to have some things straightened out."

McCoy shrugged. "You can call the Portmaster, but we're already out of orbit."

"What?"

"We received a distress call several hours ago from Starfarer, sir," Kyle said.

"From Antonio Perez," McCoy added.

"Tonio?" Kirk set off for the bridge, with McCoy close behind.

In the elevator, the double-take McCoy was waiting for hit Kirk. "Received several hours ago?" he asked.

"Yes," said McCoy. "There was some safety margin, so... Spock waited."

"I see." They reached the bridge and found Spock explaining to the Starfarer that the Enterprise was now on its way to their rendezvous.

"I take it you found Jim," said Perez.

"Yes," said Kirk, leaning down to speak into the communicator at Uhura's station.

All eyes turned to the captain and stayed there.

Kirk looked down at his clothes and cringed again. Then he carefully ignored his crew and went on in a cheerful voice, "Having a little trouble, Tonio?"

"A little trouble? The second navigator is holding the ship together with baling wire and worry beads, if that's your idea of a little trouble. Where were you, anyway?"

Kirk sighed and decided to brazen it out. "In jail."

"James T. Kirk has a record?" said Perez.

"No. Besides, I was innocent."

"That's what you said the night the goat turned up in my uncle Garcia's bed."

"Give him my regards the next time you see him."

"Uncle Garcia or the goat?"

"Both. Kirk out." He inspected the bridge with a look that dared anyone to say anything. After a suitable interval he announced, "Mr. Spock, you have the con." He turned, and turned back again. "Oh, and Spock...thank you."

"Captain?" said Spock, with a puzzled air.

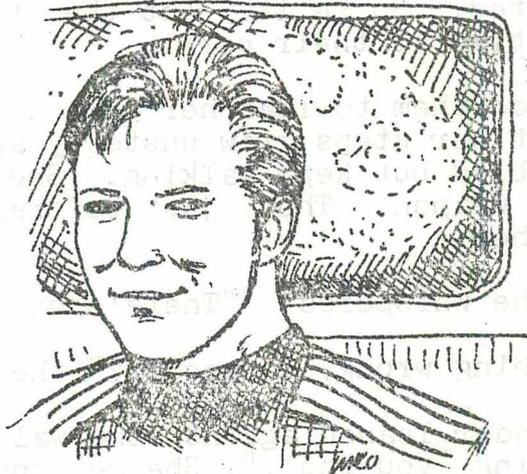
"For waiting."

Spock opened his mouth.

"Don't bother," Kirk said. "I'm sure you had a good reason. Thanks anyway. I...appreciate it." He yawned more widely than he needed to, smiled sweetly at them all, and left the bridge.

"Mr. Spock," said McCoy, gazing at the closed door of the lift, "next time -- you take shore leave, all right?" He turned to face Spock.

Spock steeped his fingers and looked into the hollow of his hands for a moment, then looked back up at McCoy. "Your suggestion, Doctor, is...highly logical."



A LIMERICK

by Mary Himmelbach

Once a young girl expressed fears
Of Mr. Spock's elegant ears.

McCoy said, "Relax,

He only attacks

About once every seven years."

THE INJURED PARTY

by G. L. Natho & Pat Kienly

"It will be our secret." The turbo-lift closed, cutting Spock from her sight, and the commander turned to face the waiting security team. She read contempt in the eyes of the older one, admiration in those of the other, and knew that her costume was responsible for both. They had been called to escort a Romulan Officer, and saw instead a woman in a night dress.

Her reaction was instinctive. The force of her will rushed through her body, and she straightened with an air of command. If Kirk could not control the impudence of his men, by-the-Warrior she would! Then, without speaking, she dropped her head. It was an indulgence she could not afford. They had chosen to fight her not as a soldier but as a woman; and as a woman she had been defeated. So be it. Let them think of her as a woman still -- this time at their peril.

She allowed them to lead her down the corridor towards her "quarters," but her steps grew unsteady as they moved along. Twice she stumbled but kept walking. She saw one guard's hand tighten on his weapon. Then, just before Bio Research, she halted altogether.

"Stop," she whispered. "There's no point in going further."

"Is something wrong, Commander?" the older man asked sharply.

The commander leaned against the wall and tilted her head back. "I'm dying, you fool." She met their gaze steadily, concealing her impatience. "Poison," she explained, "on the bridge." The words seemed an effort. "It was -- expected."

The older man kept his weapon leveled and gazed at her suspiciously. "Call sickbay," he said.

The other man moved to obey, but the commander stopped him with her voice. "No!" she snapped. "No time. Call Spock.!"

The two men exchanged glances. She began to slide towards the floor. "Let me see him once more," she begged. "Please."

Still he hesitated.

"What are you in the Federation?" Her voice was shrill. "You have beaten me, humiliated me -- will you now deny me this? Get Spock."

He ran. The first guard put away his weapon and bent down. "Easy," he said, pitching his voice to a soothing murmur. "Easy." It was the last thing he said.

The commander's hand shot up to his face. Her thumb pressed into his temple as he bent over her, and he went limp. She had his phaser even before he hit the floor.

The younger guard vanished only a few steps from the intercom. She turned the phaser on his partner and ran for the turbo-lift.

The lift doors hissed shut, and she began her descent. Deck 3...5...7. Intelligence reports placed deflector control on deck 11. She hoped they were right.

The alarm sounded as she passed deck 10.

"Intruder alert. All available security to engineering." Spock knew her well.

So now it was a race. The doors opened on deck 11, and she ran. Betrayed...Tal in command of the fleet...Cloaking device and Enterprise lost. She kept running.

As she rounded the corner she heard the guards approaching. Too late! She flung herself through an open doorway into a small, deserted lounge.

The metal wall was cool where she leaned against it, listening. Her Romulan hearing placed their number at three; three already, more on the way.

A weariness, prelude to despair, threatened, but she forced the feeling back and tried to remember the layouts on Federation starships. Engineering was on this level, next to that, freight storage. Fuel supply...waste conversion...life support...life support!

There was an intercom on the far wall; she activated it. "Emergency!" she shouted. "Security to life support! Intrud -- " She broke off abruptly and waited. From down the corridor, the sound of retreating guards. Closest to the area of disturbance, they had to respond. But time was short.

She slipped out of the room and moved forward swiftly, stealth sacrificed to speed. She came within range of the remaining security man. He whirled, but her weapon was ready. A phaser blast dispatched him, and she broke through to engineering. Before her lay the gray, crystal bulb of the cloaking device.

"Hold it right there, Lass."

She froze at the sound as Scott stepped up behind her. The human with the brave noise. Of course he would not leave his post unguarded. She cursed silently.

"Turn around douce and easy-like, now," he said, "and toss your weapon away. One false move and I'll blast ye where ye stand, lady or no."

It was unthinkable, to fail now after coming so close! She turned slowly and did as he directed. The phaser clattered to the floor behind him, and she saw his face relax into a smug grin.

"Now we'll just wait right here until the guards get back."

"I don't advise it, Engineer," she mocked. "I took the precaution of setting that phaser to overload. It's building up now."

The engineer's grin faded. She held her breath while affection for his machinery wrestled with suspicion. Then, as she had hoped, his concern won out. He stepped back carefully and stooped to retrieve the discarded weapon.

Catching the moment he was most off-balance, she lunged at him, forcing his phaser aside. As they toppled over, her fingers found the spot at his temple, and he went limp.

The cloaking device! She sprang toward it, the sound of the returning guards ringing in her ears. Scott himself had removed the adjustment panel. She reached inside, fumbling for the switch. Then she had it and it was done. Only one thing remained.

She closed her eyes to concentrate and breathed deeply in the coded pattern which triggered the catalyst, then opened them to see Spock, phaser ready, preceeding the guards through the door. He glanced past Scott, sprawled out unconscious beside the inactive phaser, to the cloaking device, and the commander.

"Stand aside," he ordered.

She obeyed, but there was triumph in her voice. "You're too late, Spock," she said. "I have set the device for self-destruct. The process is irreversible."

Spock moved to the device, but an examination was unnecessary. The entire machine had begun to throb rhythmically, and his ears detected the dangerous, low hum not yet audible to the others. He hit the intercom. "Transporter control, set engineering mechanism for infinity."

He turned back to the security team, and at his orders they lifted the device to carry it out. Kirk, one ear still longer than the other, arrived in time to see it go.

"What's going on here, Spock?" he demanded.

"The cloaking device has been set on self-destruct, Captain. I'm afraid we shall have to rely on Mr. Scott's memory of the instrument." Spock turned to the Romulan woman. "My compliments, Commander -- though I am puzzled as to how you managed to overpower our engineer."

"Spock!" Kirk exploded. "This is no time to exchange compliments. I risked my ship and the lives of the entire crew for that device, and now you tell me it's lost!"

The commander smiled slightly when Spock did not reply. "I am told, Captain, that military secrets are most fleeting. And as the device was, after all, stolen...." She winced suddenly, gripped by a sharp spasm of pain. The poison was swift.

The pain shot through her again, and she swayed with it. Spock reached out his arm to steady her.

"Are you ill, Commander?" Kirk asked.

Spock's hand had moved to her wrist. "Dying, Captain." His voice was impersonal, but she understood his touch. Her one question was answered.

The room lurched. She closed her eyes and felt Spock's hold on her tighten. From somewhere in the darkness she heard Kirk speak again.

"We would have freed you. I should have made that clear. And the cloaking device would never have been used to attack Romulus. There was no need for you to pay so heavy a price."

"The commander had her duty, Captain," Spock said. "The price was irrelevant."

The commander smiled weakly and looked a last time into the Vulcan's eyes. She was slipping, but she braced herself and, for a moment, fought off the darkness that waited for her. "Mr. Spock," she whispered, "it seems you are forever stating the obvious."



A Very Short Guide to Fandom

Many "Star Trek" fans, by getting involved with that fandom's activities, have found themselves on the periphery of another, more general fandom, science fiction fandom, and found that it also sounds interesting, but is harder to get to know, as it is older and more wide-spread.

So, for those Trek fans who knew nothing of sf fandom and perhaps nothing of sf before "Star Trek" came along....

Science Fiction as a genre can be said to have begun in April 1926, when Hugo Gernsback brought out the first issue of Amazing Stories (the thing existed before then, but there was not much consciousness of these utopian satires, scientific romances, moon voyages, etc., as a genre until the magazines specializing in them began). Fandom got its start in the early 1930's, when people who had been reading science fiction magazines and writing letters to the zines' letter-columns, began writing to each other as well. Soon groups of fans began forming clubs and publishing amateur science fiction magazines.

At first the fanzines, like the professional magazines they imitated, carried mostly fiction, but gradually the fanzine came to be a forum for criticism, personal essays, light scholarship, humor -- anything that appealed to the editor.

In 1939 the first Science Fiction Convention was held, in New York, the Nycon I. About 200 people attended. Chicon I (Chicago, 1940) and the Denvention (Denver, 1941) followed, but there were no cons during World War II. In 1946, with the Pacificon I in Los Angeles, the conventions began again, and there has been one main sf con every year from then to the present. There are also, of course, subsidiary cons. Indeed, at present, sf fandom is so large that it would be possible to go to a con a week, what with Westercons (west coast), Lunacons (New York City), etc., but the main con each year is the Worldcon, held over Labor Day Weekend. The location varies each year according to a rotation scheme which allows Europe, and eastern, middle and western North America to take turns at it. (South America, Australia, Africa, and Asia have so far not hosted any World Cons, although there are sf fans in those areas.)

One of the highlights of every World Con is the awarding of the Hugos -- annual awards, named after Hugo Gernsback, and selected by the votes of sf fans, for the year's best in sf novel, novelet, short story, drama, magazine, and artist, and for the best fanzine, fan writer, and fan artist. (Usually. The exact categories vary a little from year to year.)

Indeed, perhaps the simplest guide to both science fiction and science fiction fandom is to read the Hugo-winning novels and those of the Hugo-winning fanzines still being published. The winners, naturally enough, contain a few clinkers -- although every individual's choice for clinkers would

probably be different (I consider Dune, for instance, to be abysmally bad, but many people love it). Still, the average quality is high.

Novels remain more-or-less constantly available. Even if they're out of print, and the local libraries don't buy sf, they can often be found in a used book store. Out of print fanzines, for the most part are unavailable. As the list of fanzine winners is highly abridged, being restricted here to winners which are still being published and are open to new subscribers (some try to keep a limit on the size of the mailing list), I'm adding to it the names of some runner-ups.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1953: <u>The Demolished Man</u> , Alfred Bester | 1963: <u>The Man in the High Castle</u> , Philip K. Dick |
| 1954: no awards | |
| 1955: <u>They'd Rather Be Right</u> , Mark Clifton & Frank Riley | 1964: <u>Way Station</u> , Clifford Simak |
| 1956: <u>Double Star</u> , Robert Heinlein | 1965: <u>The Wanderer</u> , Fritz Leiber |
| 1957: no novel award | 1966: tie: <u>And Call Me Conrad</u> (book version: <u>This Immortal</u>), Roger Zelazny/ <u>Dune</u> , Frank Herbert |
| 1958: <u>The Big Time</u> , Fritz Leiber | 1967: <u>The Moon is a Harsh Mistress</u> , Robert Heinlein |
| 1959: <u>A Case of Conscience</u> , James Blish | 1968: <u>Lord of Light</u> , Roger Zelazny |
| 1960: <u>Starship Trooper</u> , Robert Heinlein | 1969: <u>Stand on Zanzibar</u> , John Brunner |
| 1961: <u>A Canticle for Leibowitz</u> , Walter M. Miller, Jr. | 1970: <u>Left Hand of Darkness</u> , Ursula K. LeGuin |
| 1962: <u>Stranger in a Strange Land</u> , Robert Heinlein | 1971: <u>Ringworld</u> , Larry Niven |
| | 1972: <u>To Your Scattered Bodies Go</u> , Philip Jose Farmer |

Amra (won 1964, 1968), George Scithers, Box 8243, Philadelphia PA 19101, 50¢ each, 10/¢4. Specializes in sword & sorcery articles.

Beabohema, Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown PA 18951, 50¢ each.

Emergumen, Mike & Sue Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Avenue #205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada, 75¢ each, 3/¢2 (but no checks, no US stamps).

Granfalloon, Linda & Rom Bushyager, 1614 Evans Avenue, Prospect Park PA 19076, 75¢ each, 3/¢2.

Locus, Dena & Charlie Brown, 3400 Ulloa Street, San Francisco, CA 94116, 12/¢3, 26/¢5 (Canadians please use US funds); 12/¢4, 26/¢7 in Central & South America (airmail); 10/¢3.50, 26/¢8 in Europe (airmail). (won 1971, 1972) A news bulletin; the handiest method of keeping up with what conventions are where, what books and magazines are being published, etc.

Outworlds, Bill & Joan Bowers, Box 354, Wadsworth OH 44281, 60¢ each, 4/¢2.

SF Commentary, Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 519AA, Melbourne, Vic. 3001, Australia, 97/¢3 (US agent: Dena & Charlie Brown -- see Locus for address).

Speculation, Peter Weston, 31 Pinewall Avenue, Birmingham 30, England, 50¢ each.

The next worldcon will be the Torcon 2, at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto, September 1-3, 1972. Memberships are \$5/attending and \$3/supporting (supporting members receive the progress reports and the program booklet and are able to nominate and vote for the Hugos), until December 1, 1972. After that, rates will increase. Checks are payable to Torcon 2. Address: PO Box 4, Station K, Toronto 12, Ontario Canada. Ballots for Hugo nominations usually go out in January or February (or sometimes a month or so later), and ballots for final voting usually appear in late spring or early summer (with dates in late spring and late summer as deadlines for nominating and voting, respectively).

Articles of Interest

(thanks for clippings: Alan Andres, Margaret & Laura Basta, Carolyn Ager, Irene Carter, Sue Clejan, Adrienne Levine, Shirley Meech, Peggy Skelly, Beth Slick, Elorie Weir, Helen Young.)

Pace, "What on earth can you do in space?" by Susan Vibert & Meema Keene, August 1969, pp. 53-55. (Comments on subject of making life in a spaceship livable, commenters including Roddenberry and Nimoy.)

Radio Times (England), "How Gene Roddenberry got the world to love a freak with pointed ears and no emotions" by Daniel Yergin, June 25, 1970, pp. 48, 51, 52. (brief comments by Roddenberry; most of the rest repeats information from The Making of Star Trek.)

Radio Times (England) "Letters/ 'Star Trek's' creator comments on viewers' letters," December 1970. (Discussion by readers of good and bad points of series; Roddenberry's letter acknowledges the criticism and discusses briefly running themes in the show; pages of viewers' letters on ST appeared in Radio Times on August 27, 1970, and September 17, 1970, and occasional letters about ST have appeared there since.)

Radio Times, "Trekking on to stardom," by Renate Kohler, December 1971. (short interview with Nimoy, mostly about Spock.)

Detroit Free Press, "The Ironic Story of 'Star Trek' -- It Just Can't Die," by Bettelou Peterson, March 17, 1972, p. 7-B. (mostly repeats information from the Buck article; cf. T-N 15.)

Houston Chronicle, "TV Scene/ Warner Bros. Happily Marks Return to the Video Business," by Ann Hodges, June 26, 1972, Section 2, p. 3. (Much of article discusses ST's continued popularity and GR's plans for new shows with Warner Bros: "'Genesis 2' is being developed for CBS as a possible entry for the 1973-74 season and it's a story about our own Earth, 107 years in the future.")

Los Angeles Times, "Star Trek: Still Luring a Galaxy of Aficionados," by Doug Shuit, June 27, 1972, pp. 1, 3. (Description of fan activities & discussion of reasons for show's continued popularity.)

Daily Variety, "Roddenberry Shrugs NBC-TV Plea to Revive 'Star Trek'," June 28, 1972, p. 1. ("It's not that Roddenberry is adverse to his sci-fi creation returning; he didn't like one specific term. NBC asked him to produce a pilot for a new version of 'Trek,' and, the producer remarks, 'I felt, as did Paramount, that we had 78 in the can. To do it as a speculative venture again would be like 1961'.")

Variety, "Roddenberry Cool on NBC-TV Offer to Go Through 'Trek' Pilot," July 5, 1972, p. 29. (Same material as Daily Variety article.)

San Diego Union, column by Don Freeman, July 1972. (Interview with Roddenberry on ST revival, saying that there's nothing definite, but "something's bound to jell.")

Fantastic, "According to You," August 1972, pp. 115-123. (Letters in response to Ted White's editorial attacking ST in the April issue; most of the letters take the opposite viewpoint.)

LA Times, "Science Fiction Fans Touch Down in L.A.," by Alan Cartnal, Sept. 10, 1972, Section K, pp. 1, 12. (Article about LA Worldcom. No material about ST as such, but includes photos of Rick Johnson in a Spock costume, Eridani Triad co-editor Gail Barton, and ST Concordance author Dorothy Jones Heydt.)

Newsweek, "The Media/ Star Trek Lives," September 11, 1972, pp. 76, 79, 80. (Mostly repeats material from the Shuit article.)

and Reviews

William Shatner

"The Tender Trap"

Portland Press Herald, "Happy Captives See Ogunquit Play," by Franklin Wright, July 1970. "Foolish, frantic, fearful Charlie is played with great verve by Shatner who reveals a fine flair for comedy. Precise timing, polished reaction and exuberant feeling mark his performance in the kind of role that should delight those who know him primarily as Capt. James Kirk, commanding officer of the Star Ship Enterprise."

York County Coast Star, "'Tender Trap' hit at Ogunquit," July 1970. "William Shatner is a gas. He plays the lead role of Charlie Reader in the Ogunquit Playhouse's comedy this week, 'The Tender Trap,' and makes the evening unquestionably a hit. Shatner is the man who played the serious, intent space ship captain on television's 'Star Trek' series. But during this week at Ogunquit he is anything but serious and intent. Instead he plays the part of an affable, free and easy bachelor with an ample seasoning of gusto."

"Hound of the Baskervilles"

Hollywood Reporter, "Television Review/Sherlock Holmes chases the hound," by Rochelle Reed, February 15, 1972. "Supporting performances by all were good, with William Shatner appearing as Stapleton...."

Daily Variety, "Television Reviews/ The Hound of the Baskervilles," by Tone., February 1972. "William Shatner, Sally Ann Howes, John Williams and Anthony Zzerbe fare less well than the leads."

Leonard Nimoy

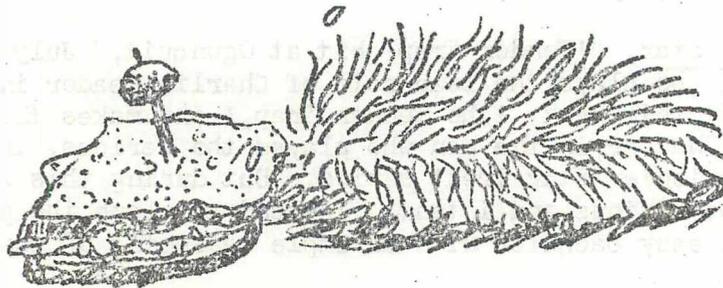
"Oliver" -- Melody Top Theater, Milwaukee, August 1-13, 1972 -- Fagin

Milwaukee Sentinel, "'Oliver' Cast Keeps Nimoy on His Toes," Part I, p. 9, by Jay Joslyn, August 2, 1972. "While his performance failed to have the out of this world quality of Mr. Spock, Leonard Nimoy at the Melody Top Theater Tuesday night created a wonderfully warm*and friendly portrayal of the master crime teacher Fagin. The agile, lithe Nimoy, as good as he is, has to keep on his toes to stay on top of the production of Lionel Bart's 'Oliver' director Stuart Bishop has put together."

Milwaukee Journal, August 2, 1972, "Oliver Gets a Plus and a Minus on Report Card," by Michael H. Drew, p. 16. "As Fagin, softened by Bart from a Jewish to a cockney miser, TV's Leonard Nimoy is billed above the title. Never has a Melody Top star been less glamorously turned out, with teeth yellowed, costume of threads and patches and graying hair and beard covering those Mr. Spock 'Star Trek' ears. Nimoy skulks around snakily and sings in a commednable baritone."

DeForest Kelley

"Night of the Lepus" -- premiered Hollywood June 29, 1972 -- Elgin Clark. Hollywood Reporter, "Movie Review/MGM provides a plague of rabbits," July 3, 1972, by Hal Bates, pp. 3, 7. (p. 7) "Except for the beleaguered rabbits, none of the principals in the cast appeared to extend themselves.... All, including De Forest Kelley and Paul Fix, suffer the tortures of speaking lines that cause gushes of laughter in the wrong places."



* Eaa: note the new and original use of the magic W.

T Waves

from Bert McCumber, 127 Canal Street, Frankfort NY 13340

A friend and I have decided to get really involved in the bring back Star Trek campaign. We intend to take out newspaper ads and get time on local radio stations. In order to raise money for these ideas, we are going to offer color ST prints. Please send a dime and an addressed envelope for list.

from M.L. Barnes, Rt 3 Box 186, Brighton CO 80601

Carrie Peak (702 Bruce Drive, Colorado Springs CO 80910) and I are editing a new Trekzine, Grup, the Trekzine for adults. \$1.50/copy, available from either editor.

from Jennifer Bankier, 8 Assiniboine Rd #210, Downsview Ontario

With regard to T-N 16 I disagree with some of Deborah Goldstein's comment. I admit that the Kraith Spock is alien, but this is precisely why I find that series impressive and convincing. One would expect Vulcan to have a truly alien society and the series does a marvellous job of evoking it (so far as I can tell without T-N 8). It does have the unfortunate effect of making most Spock stories I read now seem unrealistic, but it's worth it. On the other hand, I was alienated by the Spock personality presented in "The Disaffirmed." One of the marked characteristics of the Lichtenberg Spock in the earlier stories was that he had an unusual degree of tolerance of cultural differences for a Vulcan, and I find it hard to believe that he would have so violently rejected S'darmeg's solution to the problem of his isolation.

from Cora Cox, 3405 Fensmuir Street, Riverside CA 92505

I'm in the process of starting a fan club for George Takei, and would welcome members. Please send a stamped return envelope for information.

from Carol Ing, 22 Centre Street #9, Cambridge MA 02139

No reviews this time -- haven't received any trekzines to review. Perhaps you could mention in #18 that I'm still alive and willing to do reviews (even if I don't answer my mail). And perhaps people who admire other trekzines (but who are not the editors thereof) could drop the editors a note re submitting a review copy (since not all eds read T-N).

from Alan Andres, RFD #2, North Nerwick Maine 03906

A couple of sad notes: from the 14 June Variety, "Lee Erwin, 57...died of cancer in Hollywood, June 4." Erwin was

the author of "Whom Gods Destroy" and "The Mark of Gideon." And, as mentioned last time, Steve Ihnat, Garth in "Whom Gods Destroy," has also died. According to 24 May Variety, he was 37, and died "of a heart attack in Cannes May 12" (while at the Canne Film Festival).

In T-N 16, p. 13, in Mrs. Lichtenberg's story, this line appeared: "The turbo-lift brought a shuttlecraft, Galileo 7, up into launch position on the deck, and he loaded his somnolent passengers aboard." I've always been under the impression that the name of the shuttle (NCC-1701/7) was Galileo, and that the term "Galileo Seven" was used as the title of the episode to refer to the passengers of the wrecked shuttle (Spock, McCoy, Scott, Boma, Gaetano, Latimer, and Mears) in the same sense as "The Catonsville Nine" refers to the people arrested in Catonsville for burning draft records. Secondly, since the Enterprise has only six shuttlecraft, I find it inconsistent that one would bear the number seven.

((With the "7" in the registration number distinguishing it from the Enterprise's plain NCC-1701, it would seem that the "Seven" in the title does refer to the shuttlecraft -- although quite possibly the authors intended it to have both senses. If the Enterprise itself is thought of as taking up the number one position, perhaps the six shuttlecraft have registration numbers /2 through /7?))

In T-N 7 you mentioned the "Andersonville Trial" -- you failed to mention the fact that Ian Wolfe (Mr. Atoz in "All Our Yesterdays" and Septimus in "Bread and Circuses") played one of the non-speaking trial judges, and that according to the credits rolled at the end of the program the research was done by the Kellam Deforest Research Agency.

from Becca Oroukin, 128 Ormsby Drive, Irwin PA 15642

Kraith seems to be getting longer and more abominable. I loved T-N 17's front cover. It's about the most unusual one I've seen. I assume it's McCoy? I'm starting a chapter of the Leonard Nimoy Association of Fans -- this is the LPOF, a club for "slightly demented" LN fans, and am looking for more members. For info send stamped return envelope. Also, I am interested in obtaining a copy of the ST comic "The Day of the Inquisitors" -- anyone have one to sell me?

from Carolyn Ager, 12721 Buaro, Apt B, Garden Grove CA 92640

Gene Roddenberry was on the "Hour 25" show discussing ST. I hoped to tape it, but missed the repeat. Perhaps one of your other subscribers in the L.A. area managed to get it on tape? David Gerrold was on the show a couple of weeks ago (ending up talking more about ST than about his own things, like Yesterday's Children published by Dell; he is presently working on two books related to ST, one of them a behind-the-scenes look at the people connected with the show).

from Diane T. Steiner, Box 242, Grand View Idaho..83624

I particularly enjoyed "Spock's Nemesis"; I read the second part through in record time to see what was going to happen. The beauty of Jacqueline's stories is that you're never sure of the outcome. You can't trust her to always provide the happy ending. That adds up to suspense and good writing. Of course, Hal Clement was as readable as ever and I also liked the cute limerick done by Mary Himmelbach. Barbi Marczak's cover was very good, too, in my opinion. How come nobody ever compliments the artists on their art work? You've got some fine artists contributing material. Are we all so jaded that we just take it all for granted?

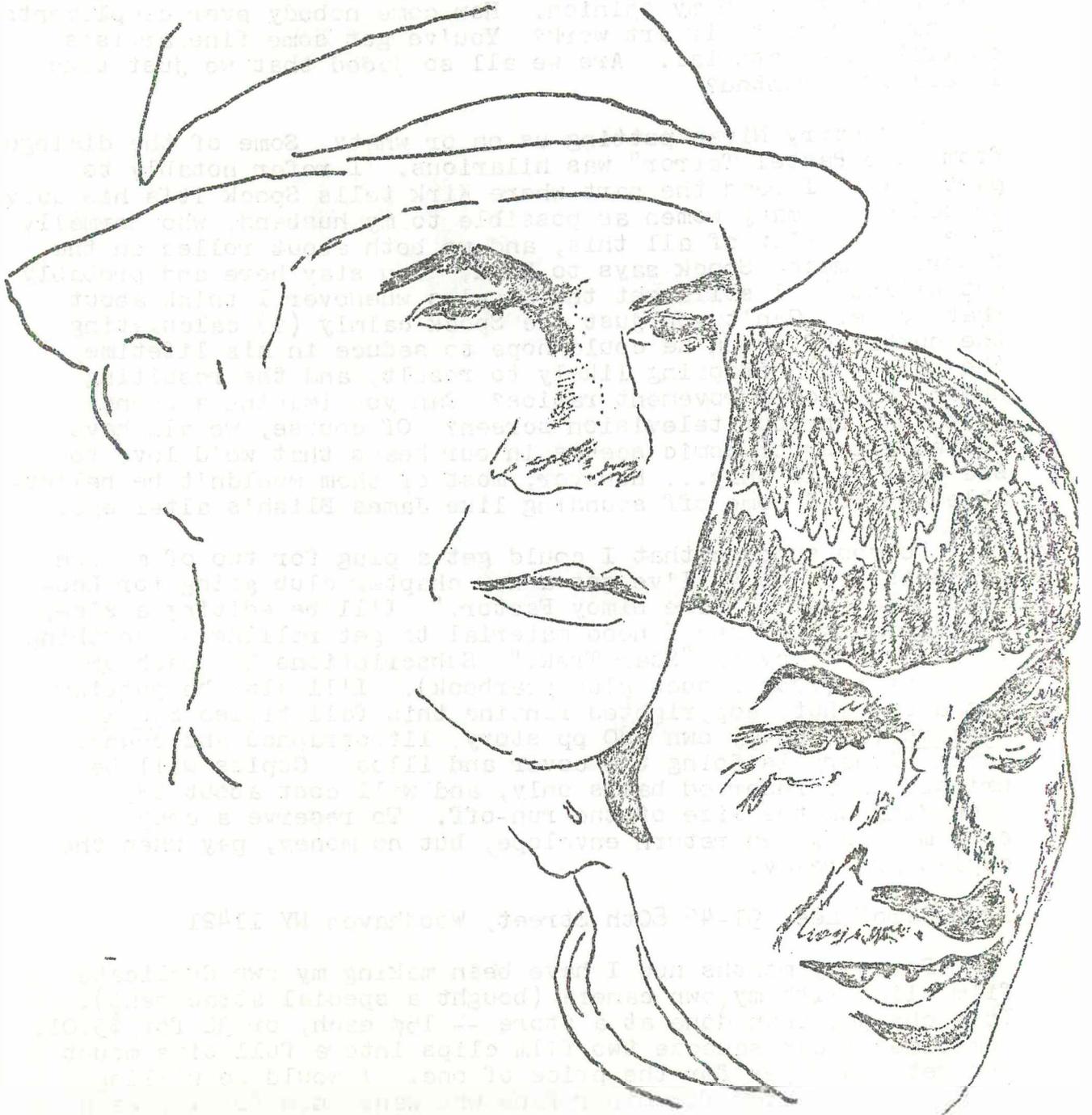
Was Larry Niven putting us on or what? Some of the dialogue from "The Pastel Terror" was hilarious. I refer notably to part VIII. I read the part where Kirk tells Spock it's his duty to seduce as many women as possible to my husband, who normally takes a dim view of all this, and we both about rolled on the floor. I mean, Spock says to Kirk, "You stay here and probably get killed." I still get the giggles whenever I think about that scene. Can't you just see Spock calmly (?) calculating the number of women he could hope to seduce in his lifetime, the number of offspring likely to result, and the resulting human genetic improvement ratios? Can you imagine a scene like that on your television screen? Of course, we all have these fantasy or comic scenes in our heads that we'd love to see done--- if only... However, most of them wouldn't be believable and we'd come off sounding like James Blish's alter ego.

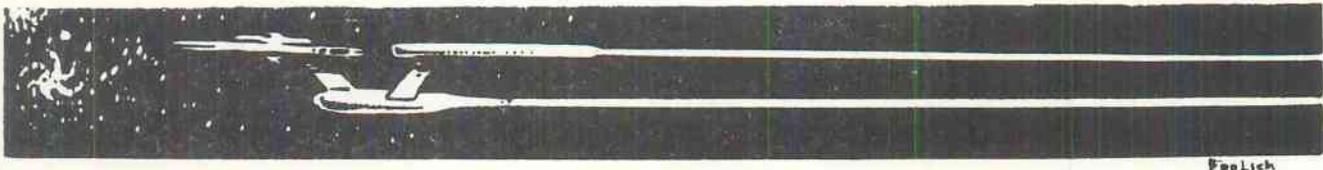
Do you suppose that I could get a plug for two of my own projects from you? I've got a new chapter club going for Leonard Nimoy called "The Nimoy Factor." I'll be editing a zine, "Metamorphosis," and I need material to get rolling -- anything related to Nimoy or "Star Trek." Subscriptions 50¢ each or \$2.50/year (four issues plus yearbook). I'll also be putting out a one-shot, copyrighted fanzine this fall titled Spock Enslaved. It's my own 180 pp story, lithographed and bound. Karen Flanery is doing the cover and illos. Copies will be printed on a reserved basis only, and will cost about \$3, depending on the size of the run-off. To reserve a copy, send me a stamped return envelope, but no money; pay when the copies are ready.

from Carol Lee, 91-46 80th Street, Woodhaven NY 11421

For many months now I have been making my own duplicate film clips with my own camera (bought a special attachment). It's cheaper than done at a store -- 15¢ each, or 36 for \$5.01. Sometimes I can squeeze two film clips into a full size mount and get two dupes for the price of one. I would be willing to make duplicates for other fans who want them for 15¢ each

or \$5.01 for 36, plus enough to cover postage (refund sent if I can do some of them two together). In order to do two together the originals have to be either unmounted or in the kind of mounting that allows the film to be slipped out and put back. I can usually have the dupes done within two weeks. I'm also interested in trading -- for every five slides lent me to copy for my own collection, I'll make one duplicate slide of the lender's choice. Copies of my film clip list are available for 25¢.





Frolich

VUL-CON I

P.O. Box 8087
New Orleans,
Louisiana
70180

Dear Star Trek Fan,

This is the second flyer put out to keep you informed of the progress being made on our convention. The first important notice is that our address has been changed to the above. All inquiries about the con or memberships should be mailed to this address.

The date of our convention has been set. The convention will begin Thursday evening, June 21; and end Sunday afternoon, June 24, 1973. We have acquired the Jung Hotel as the site of our convention, and we expect nothing but great cooperation and good work from them. But they also need our cooperation, so those planning to come and stay at the Jung are asked to get their reservations in at least 20 days before the convention (by June 1, 1973).

The next important item for those who are interested is our guest list. It now consists of the editor of T-Negative, Ruth Berman; and as our toastmistress we have Dorothy C. Fontana, script consultant for Star Trek.

We are planning an art show for the convention. Those who would like to display their work may write for details to the above address. Those writing just for information on the art show are asked to address the inquiry c/o Art Show. There will also be an area for those who wish to sell material. Tables in the huckster room will sell for \$10.00 each. Those who wish these must order them at least two weeks before the con or the committee can not guarantee their availability.

Memberships are available now. The rates are:

- Supporting---\$2.00
- Attending---- 3.00 Before April 1,1973
- 4.50 After April 1,1973
- 5.00 At the door.

Those in the Metropolitan area who would like to contact other SF fans in this area, may make inquiries about the New Orleans S.F. Association which meets every two weeks at the above address.

We hope to see you at our con. Until then
Live Long and Prosper,

*James M. ulé, Capto
Vul-Con I*



