



remember a while back I said I was going to write my book called T\_h\_e\_D\_o\_r\_o\_t\_h\_y\_O\_d\_y\_s\_s\_e\_y. That was the book in which I was going to prove that Dorothy Gail really could have gotten to Oz by being picked up by a Kansas cyclone. Well, I was all set to do the research. I was standing there waiting for the cyclone to pick me

THE MT VOID

Page 2

up. I had a basket and in it I had Toto II (well, he was a loaner whose real name was Rigsey, but if I had actually gone ahead with the whole deal I intended to call him "Toto II" in the book, after a line in the famous film). The I saw the actual cyclone. You ever see one? I mean really see one, not just seen them in the movies? Hoe Lee Cow! That'll make ya swallow your gum! Well, of course I wasn't scared, not a little bit. But Toto started claiming he didn't want to go. (He even said it in English--it is amazing what stress does to some folks!) Well, if Toto II didn't want to go, it just wouldn't have been the same. But I would have gone. Honest.

Anyway, so I got to thinking that there must be some other kind of best seller that didn't perhaps require a dog. So I went to a bookstore and there was this book, see. It was called W\_h\_e\_n\_B\_a\_d\_T\_h\_i\_n\_g\_s\_H\_a\_p\_p\_e\_n\_t\_o\_G\_o\_o\_d\_P\_e\_o\_p\_l\_e. Well, I never really thought about it before, but this kind of book is just someone sitting at a typewriter giving advice. Hey, I know a lot about advice. That's all I got from my parents. I don't listen, but I get it. But I just could not understand that title. I could not identify with the situation. But the situation I face, and I am sure all of you face, happens a good deal more often, particularly in the professional world. Anyway, just wait. help is on the way. I am starting today to write Chapter One of W\_h\_e\_n\_G\_o\_o\_d\_T\_h\_i\_n\_g\_s\_H\_a\_p\_p\_e\_n\_t\_o\_P\_e\_o\_p\_l\_e\_Y\_o\_u\_C\_a\_n't\_S\_t\_a\_n\_d.

3. With this issue we have begun listing the meetings of the Science Fiction Association of Bergen County (SFABC) and the New Jersey Science Fiction Association (NJSFS). Because of the possibilities of last-minute changes to their programs, we will also list a phone number for each where you can get information and directions.

This issue also marks the last of the "Star Trek Funnies." Sorry,

folks. But we shall continue carrying all the other high-quality features that you have come to know and love...like...well, expect from the MT VOID. (For those of you who haven't caught on yet, by the way, that's a pun--"Middletown Void," "M-T (Empty) Void,"...okay, so it's not that funny!) [-ecl]

Mark Leeper  
MT 3E-433 957-5619  
...mtgzz!leeper

FIASCO by Stanislaw Lem  
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$17.95, 1987.  
A book review by Arthur Kaletzky

Lem's latest novel is a book that is quite difficult to read, but well worth it. It shows us how good science fiction can really be when it is unconstrained by low reading ages and by genre conventions influenced by comics and films. It is strangely related (in my mind, at least) to two other recent novels I have liked--Carl Sagan's C\_o\_n\_t\_a\_c\_t, to which it is a pessimistic counterpart, and Margaret Atwood's H\_a\_n\_d\_m\_a\_i\_d'\_s T\_a\_l\_e, with which it shares a deep, unrelenting sense of tragedy.

The tragedy is even more daunting because of the complete absence of evil characters. For most of the book, the worst that one person does to another is to call his opinions "of negative value."

The novel is part of the Search-For-Extraterrestrial-Intelligence (SETI) sub-genre. Unlike C\_o\_n\_t\_a\_c\_t, it assumes that in a highly enlightened, if rather bureaucratic, human society of the future (I would guess of approximately 24th Century) SETI would be given a sizable budget. The solar system has been industrialized and a new technology,

capable of yielding enough energy to change lunar orbits, has been developed. However, SETI remains unsuccessful in that no transmissions are received. An elegant theory is given to account for this, and a large expedition is organized to go to Zeta Harpiyae V, known as Quinta, the nearest planet thought to have ETI, to make contact. The crew consists entirely of men of great intelligence and saintly personalities (particularly the atheists) and some very sassy computers called DEUS. As they near their destination, they notice very strange phenomena on Quinta and a complete refusal to make contact. In spite of their technological superiority, and the obvious evidence of quite advanced civilization on Quinta, the Earthmen cannot force contact. "A dark poetry takes over" (quote from the blurb), and the saintliness disappears. Some chapters later, so does the intelligence.

As well as having a lot of good ideas, the book is very well crafted. One could perhaps dispense with the very long and slow first chapter, which is prepended to the book (maybe a recycled novella?) and the two stories within the novel. The translation (by Michael Kandler) is quite good, with only a few instances of awkward English ("radiolocation" instead of radar, "deflection in the thrust" instead of thrust deflection). The ship itself is not too original, reminding one of Anderson's T\_a\_u\_Z\_e\_r\_o. One of the characters seems to have been reincarnated from Herbert's D\_e\_s\_t\_i\_n\_a\_t\_i\_o\_n\_V\_o\_i\_d, but who cares? He's well worth reincarnating. Also, one should note that the density of Latin in this book is high, like the density of French in W\_a\_r\_a\_n\_d\_P\_e\_a\_c\_e. It would have been nice to have footnote translations for ignoramuses like this reviewer, although it does give the book a very Continental flavour.

All in all, a very impressive and enjoyable book which repays the initial effort (and cost) required. I find myself re-reading some chapters already.

GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM  
A film review by Mark R. Leeper  
Copyright 1988 Mark R. Leeper

Capsule review: At some point G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m was probably intended to be a biting indictment of Americans in Vietnam. Instead it is a likable comedy with some unusual twists on traditional plots. Robin Williams gets a chance to do his brand of comedy.  
Rating: +2.

There is a spate of films coming out about the Vietnam experience. Most seem to focus on large aspects of the war. F\_u\_l\_l\_M\_e\_t\_a\_l\_J\_a\_c\_k\_e\_t was spread between Marine training and the Tet Offensive. H\_a\_n\_o\_i\_H\_i\_l\_t\_o\_n was about the POW experience. P\_l\_a\_t\_o\_o\_n put us into the boots of American ground troops. G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m is an exception. It is mostly about what would be a minor footnote to the war, a disc jockey (Adrian Cronauer, played by Robin Williams) brought in to keep the troops' morale up. Cronauer has to fight a separate war, not against the enemy but against his own immediate superiors, who want him to play music fit for elevators and to keep his humor toned down. Often in this sort of film it is the brass that does not understand the rebel and people on his own level defend him. One of the interesting reversals in G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m is that here the top brass want to keep the disc jockey. Far from the usual cliché of dehumanized generals making unfeeling decisions, this an anti-military film in which the highest-ranking officer is one of the heroes of the film.

There is another interesting reversal. Many war films have two plot lines, the main character's personal life and his professional life. But the personal plot line will have little to do with the war; only the professional life plot line will really have the war as an important element. T\_h\_e\_C\_a\_i\_n\_e\_M\_u\_t\_i\_n\_y is a good example--the (superfluous) love story could easily have been moved to a non-war setting. G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m does just the reverse. The main plot line could have been moved to WNBC in New York without much change. It is the love story that really requires the Vietnam War setting.

Part of what bothers me about G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m is that it feels like it is rearing back to make some sort of powerful statement, but if the punch ever hit, I missed it. There is some talk about Americans seeing Vietnamese as animals, but much of the film makes the point that there are caring Americans and we see really only two who are not. There is a dab of "horrors of war" scenes but not much to emphasize the point. Director Barry Levin is used to making gentle human dramas like D\_i\_n\_e\_r and T\_i\_n\_M\_e\_n. His most biting film to date was A\_n\_d\_J\_u\_s\_t\_i\_c\_e\_F\_o\_r\_A\_l\_l and his heart just did not seem to be into making a bitter anti-American statement.

G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m leaves ample places for Robin Williams to "do his thing." He does wild improvisational comedy at the microphone, some quite good. It has the feel of being spontaneous and if it is, he must be some sort of genius. G\_o\_o\_d\_M\_o\_r\_n\_i\_n\_g,\_V\_i\_e\_t\_n\_a\_m is not the film it could have been, but deserves a low +2 on the -4 to +4 scale.

WAGNER, THE WEHR-WOLF by G. W. M. Reynolds  
Dover, 1975 (originally published 1846), ISBN 0-486-220005-2, \$3.50  
A book review by Evelyn C. Leeper  
Copyright 1988 Evelyn C. Leeper

Like V\_a\_r\_n\_e\_y\_t\_h\_e\_V\_a\_m\_p\_i\_r\_e (which I reviewed last year), this is not your normal horror novel. It's old (almost 150 years) and it's deceptively long (though it's only 150 pages, they are 8-1/2" by 11" with very small print, or about 120,000 words). Unlike V\_a\_r\_n\_e\_y\_t\_h\_e\_V\_a\_m\_p\_i\_r\_e, however, people are sure who wrote it. E. F. Bleiler, in his introduction, describes Reynolds as being involved in one "cause" after another, including the temperance movement, the early women's liberation movement, and various political causes. Much of his philosophy comes through in this novel, particularly his campaign against the anti-Semitism of his time.

W\_a\_g\_n\_e\_r,t\_h\_e\_W\_e\_h\_r-W\_o\_l\_f is much more readable than V\_a\_r\_n\_e\_y\_t\_h\_e\_V\_a\_m\_p\_i\_r\_e. It doesn't have the padding that V\_a\_r\_n\_e\_y has. There are two reasons for this. The first is that it is shorter and hence less in need of padding. The second is that Reynolds apparently used every plot thread that occurred to him while he was writing the novel (which, like so many of that time, appeared as a series of installments in magazines). So a plot includes helpless maidens being thrown into brutal convents, shipwrecks on desert islands, the Faust legend, the Rosicrucians, the imperial Turkish court, the Inquisition, and a lot lot more I can't remember. You see, Wagner falls in love with Nisida, the deaf-mute daughter of the Count of Riverola, who dies leaving his estate to his son Francisco, whom he hates, unless Nisida recovers before her thirty-sixth birthday. Francisco loves Flora, Nisida's maid, who was orphaned early in life, as was her brother Alessandro, who got a position in the foreign service and was sent to Turkey, where he became an apostate and rose to become the Grand Vizier. Meanwhile, Nisida has Flora thrown into the Carmelite convent to keep her away from Francisco, and there Flora meets the Countess of Arestino, who had pawned her husband's jewels with the Jewish pawnbroker Issachar ben Solomon to get money for her lover, Manuel d'Orsini, to pay his gambling debts. But The Count of Arestino discovered this and had her thrown into the convent, while Manuel and the bandit Stephano go to Issachar's house, where they fight a duel, so that when the police come they find blood on Issachar's floor and accuse him of sacrificing Christian children children and hand him over to the Inquisition. Meanwhile, Wagner has been thrown into prison and is about to be executed and Nisida has been captured by Stephano, who was carrying her off when their ship was ship-wrecked on a desert island. Just before the execution, Wagner turns into a wolf, scares everyone, and escapes. Then he hears that Nisida has been carried off and then ship-wrecked, so he goes searching for her, runs into a storm, and gets ship-wrecked on--you guessed it--the same island. Of course, this is because the Devil has diverted his ship so that he could tempt him as he did Faust (from whom Wagner got

his lycanthropy), but Wagner resists so an angel appears who sends him to the Rosicrucians. You got that? Anyway, Nisida is rescued by the Grand Vizier, who is really Alessandro, and returns to Florence, as does Wagner in a boat conveniently abandoned by the Turks. Meanwhile, at least three of the main characters are in the hands of the Inquisition, Nisida is still plotting against Flora, the Turkish army is at the gates of the city, and things are generally heating up.

Never let it be said that the plot lags. The writing is florid, but not overly so. Many, but not all, of characters are one-dimensional--but then with this many characters, that's hard to avoid. Those who prefer clean-cut "Campbellian" prose will not find this their cup of tea, but for students of the Gothic horror novel, it's a must-read.

Star Trek Funnies VI  
Anonymous  
Provided by Seth Meyer and William Chao

Scene 1:

[In a low-budget-type universe]

Kirk: Stardate supplemental. With Wesley gone and Troi as working prostitute, everything looks great... Everything is running smoothly, every lonely crew-member is happy, and the morale of the ship is up. Nevertheless, I have this feeling that something is going to go wrong...

[WHOOOOSHH!!]

Spock: Captain, the duck has returned.

Kirk: Open hailing frequencies. [Uhura does and nods] And will you please answer instead of nodding! ["Sorry, Captain"] This is Captain Kirk of the USS Enterprise. What brings you back? After that little stunt, I oughta blast you first and then ask questions!

Picard: <Captain Kirk; I really meant no harm. We request the boy and the Betazoid back.>



Kirk: Why the change of mind?

Picard: <Well, I never meant for them to stay...we were just visiting and...um...I had to get back for an important phone call before lunchtime...and>

Kirk: You could have gone back five days before lunchtime using the slingshot. What's the truth, Picard?

Picard: <Look, there's this lady whose pants I've been trying to get into ever since I brought her husband's remains to her. She won't do anything for me until I get back her son Wesley...okay?>

Kirk: [Rubbing chin] Okay, but it will have to wait until we finish our current assignment.

Picard: <Please give him back now! Dammit she's been putting me off for years! Do you know how it feels not to be able to get a girl?>

Kirk: No. [...well, maybe one particular whale-lady...] Okay, we'll help.

Star Trek Funnies 6 January 15, 1988

Page 2

=====  
Scene 2:

[Aboard the NCC 1701-D...]

[Kirk and Picard pass some time on their way to the Neutral Zone...]

Kirk: Captain's Log...

Picard: ...the way it's at

Kirk: Yo, we're travelin' through space...

Picard: ...To retrieve the brat

Kirk: I wouldn't bother...

Picard: ...it's really insane

Kirk: But Picard wants to get in the pants of this dame!

Crew: Yeah!

Kirk: So here we are...

Picard: ...singin' you this rap

Kirk: To let you all know...

Picard: ...where things are at

Kirk: Hey we're almost there...

Picard: ...Well, how 'bout that

Kirk & Picard: I just hope that Wesley knows  
that he's not wanted back.

Crew: Yeah!!

=====  
Scene 3:

[By computer console of NCC 1701-D]

Picard: And this is our computerized log record...

Kirk: Hmm...mind if I take a look?

Star Trek Funnies 6 January 15, 1988

Page 3

Picard: Certainly!

Kirk: I see you have some old records here, from when I commanded...  
Wait a minute! We never got that disease from another ship!

Picard: We did.

Kirk: Oh. And this one is messed up too! We didn't do that exactly like that either! Oh, and look! There's Trelayne! "Go back from where thou camest!" He was a cute kid...sore loser though.

Picard: He called himself "Q".

Kirk: Your adventures are like our adventures! Don't you have anything original that you've done?

Yar: I can't just stand here listening to him tell us that our adventures are unoriginal!! I won't stand for it!!

Kirk: Dammit, girl! Get a hold of yourself!! \*You\* have got to get ahold of yourself! Stop overreacting!!

Worf: Silence, Kirk!! Look who's talking about overacting!!

Picard: Worf! Why so hostile?

Worf: Permission to speak openly, sir?

Picard: Yes.

Worf: That murderous Terran killed my grandfather on Genesis!!

Kirk: Well your Klingon (bastard!) grandfather's crew tried to kill us! And one member killed my son!

Data: Intriguing...

Worf: [mumbling to himself] (Too bad it wasn't you!)

Kirk: I got to go back to my ship. [into communicator] Beam me up, Scotty. [Kirk fades]

Worf: [mumbling to himself] (Just like a Terran...to run away from a Klingon!)

---

Scene 4:

Beverly: Oh! You must be Dr. McCoy! My goodness! You look so young!

McCoy: Yes, thank you...and you are...?

Beverly: Crusher...Dr. Beverly Crusher.

McCoy: [smile appears on his face] ..Crusher? [starts to laugh]  
Dr. 'Bones' Crusher?

Beverly: Yes...what's so amusing?

McCoy: Bones crusher!!! Oh I'm sure your patients love the name!!  
[Laughing hysterically] Dammit Jim I'm a sadist...not a doctor!!!

Beverly: [Coldly] Really!!

[Kirk enters]

McCoy: Jim!! [Laughing and rasping for breath] Bones crusher!! Ha ha  
ha ha!!!! Dammit Jim, I'm a sa ha ha ha! [exits]

[Beverly, all red in the face with anger, turns to face Kirk]

Beverly: [coldly] What do you want?

Kirk: I want to speak with you for a minute.

Beverly: One minute. That's it.

[typical Star Trek love music is heard...]

Kirk: Every once in a while, a man falls in love with a beautiful lady.  
Sometimeshe doesn't really know how to tell her he loves her. And  
when the guy feels like that his love will not be returned, he  
might do rash things, like even getting rid of anyone in his way,  
in order to love, and be loved.

Beverly: [In a much calmer and sensuous tone] Oh, James...

Kirk: Yes Dr. Crushummmmmmp. [...As Beverly jumps on Kirk and they  
tumble to the floor of her cabin.]

---

Scene 5:

[Aboard USS Enterprise NCC-1701-D...]

[corridor]

Scotty: Ach! Hows someone supposed ta find their way in this bucket-of-bolts?

Star Trek Funnies 6 January 15, 1988

Page 5

Voice: May I help you?

Scotty: Aye, ye sure can. I was looking for the chief engineer, MacDougal. [Suddenly realizing that no one is around him] Who's sayin' that? [Sees wall computer in corridor]

Computer: Chief Engineer MacDougal is in Engineering. Just follow the arrows below. Have a nice day, and maybe next time we could do tea or maybe we can talk about anything you want, or...

Scotty: Up yer' shaft!

[Scotty follows arrows until he enters...]

[Engineering]

MacDougal: Scotty, according to my teachings, you are known as "the miracle worker." I am honored to have you here talking to me!

Scotty: Aye, I'm sure it tis lassie. So what's the maximum warp you have been able to get to?

MacDougal: Very close to 10 sir. We are very proud to be one of the...

Scotty: Less than warp 10! Wouldn't ye be havin' transwarp?

MacDougal: Well, no...

Scotty: Well let me see...[looks at panel of chips in wall]...lets see... Well, if my miracle instincts are still workin', all you need to do is switch this chip with this one, get rid of this one, an' put this, an' that should do it!

MacDougal: What did you do?

Scotty: I just simply removed the chip which prevented the extra flow of energy from goin' into the warp drive, but I also added a protector chip, which will prevent the warp chips from burning out. Actually it was quite easy.

MacDougal: You *\*are\** a miracle worker.

Scotty: Aye!...an' let me show you some more miracles...

[A grin appears on Scotty's face...]

[Scotty and MacDougal proceed to her quarters...]

---

Scene 6:

Star Trek Funnies 6 January 15, 1988

Page 6

[In lounge of NCC 1701-D]

Chapel: ...so you see, I am *\*not\** your mother.

Troi: I m sorry. I really did think that you were my mother. I do not understand. Confusion...

Chapel: Well it's really quite easy. It's a matter of my personal marital status. Y'see, I am married to the boss, so I get to have a role in every series of his that I want to appear in.

Troi: I see, so for special favors, you can get multiple roles?

Chapel: Sure. Take the actor Mark Lenard for instance. We've seen him as a Romulan, a Klingon, and as Spock's Vulcan father. He is going to appear as a Ferengi, even though we're not supposed to know that Ferengi exist. [whispers] I have the script, so I know everything about everyone.

Troi: What did he do for the boss to be given multi-roles? Did he do a special favor?

Chapel: Oh he did a special favor...but for me. [winks at Troi]

---

Scene 7:

[Aboard USS Enterprise NCC-1701...]

Picard: You mean to tell me that she [points to Troi] can be used like that?? I've been sitting next to her for 18 episodes and I could of been...DAMN!

Chekov: [to Sulu] Sounds sexually fwustratid. Eh?

Sulu: [smiles and nods, then says to Chekov...] Our captain never had it \*that\* bad.

Spock: [To Picard] Affirmative. It even took me by surprise, but I am in control of my emotions. I am in control of my emotions!! I \*am\* in control of my emotions!!! ARG! [Leaps onto Troi and mind-melds.]

[Kirk enters bridge, straightening out shirt, and looks around... when the other crew members look at Kirk and give him a knowing smile, he smiles and winks back.]

Kirk: Status report. [moment passes, and Kirk sees Spock] Spock!!

Spock: [regaining control of his emotions] Aye, Captain.

Star Trek Funnies 6 January 15, 1988

Page 7

Kirk: Status report.

Spock: Oh. [He goes to his station and looks into viewer...after a second he replies in a calm voice] Klingons approaching...

Kirk: Red alert! Shields up! Arm phasers! Magnification full!

Picard: I must prepare my crew to go to get off the main bridge and get ready for battle! [Pressing insignia] Ryker, get everyone off of the main bridge and into the battle bridge!!

Riker: <Sir, we left the main bridge in the computerized universe... remember?>

Picard: Good work! [Turns to Kirk] Anyone have a suggestion to what I should do?

Kirk: Relax. Just sit on the floor and watch an old pro in action. Uhura, open hailing frequencies.

Uhura: Aye, Captain...sir, the Klingons are sending a distress signal... code red.

Kirk: Analysis, Mr Spock?

Spock: They are in perfect condition. No external or interior damage. However, they are not cloaked and their shields are down. All weapon systems are off.

Uhura: They are signaling us, sir.

Kirk: [Surprised] On viewer.

Captain Dk'ls: Kirk!! You win!! We surrender!

Picard: Hey! That's my line!

Dk'ls: You want peace, you got peace! Just take back Wesley!!

Kirk: What happened?

Dk'ls: Well, we confined Wesley to a prison cell, but he escaped. He took over engineering, and looked over our cloaking device, and replied 'How primitive'. He then made another cloaking device, which taps into the energy of our ship. His cloaking device, however, fits on his belt, and no one can see him. Oh please help us! He's driving us crazy!!

Kirk: [sarcastically] What makes you think we want him back? [Picard glances and growls at Kirk] Maybe this is a trick. Maybe you are...



Dk'ls: [whining] Please!!!

Kirk: All right already. [Into chair intercom] Scotty, beam up the little pest using the signal his insignia gives off as a position.

Scotty: [sighing] <<Aye Sir..>> [pause] <<Got him, Captain...>>

Kirk: [Into chair intercom] Good. Beam him to the duck ship...  
[Picard glances at Kirk again] ...err, I mean the other Enterprise. Kirk out. [sighs and faces viewer]

Dk'ls: Thank you. We will \*consider\* peace.

Picard: Gotta go. Crusher must be waiting for me!!

Sulu: The Klingon ship has just warped out of the system.

Picard: Kirk, thanks for your help. I think I've learned a lot.  
Bye. [Picard beams back to his ship]

[McCoy materializes on bridge]

McCoy: Hi Jim! How was "Bones" Crusher? Was that just her name or sexual tendencies? [laughs hysterically]

Kirk: Speaking of which, they forgot to beam Troi [who now fades] back....Oh well [sigh]

[Every other male member on bridge sighs]

-----  
Epilogue:

Picard: Bev? Are you in?

Beverly: Yes. What do you want.

Picard: [enters] Are you ready to have some fun?..hmmm...

Beverly: Not tonight. I've got a headache.

Picard: What? Why not take something for it? You are a doctor y'know.

Beverly: Oh, Captain! Don't you get the picture? No, I don't have a headache. It's just that, well after Kirk, I know I can do much better than you.

Picard: [flushed with anger] I...you...umph! [Starts to walk out of her room...] That's all right...there's something I've been dying to try with Troi anyway...'Bones' Crusher... [Laughs

as he exits]

[Beverly's face reddens with anger]

[The End!]

---

This episode of Star Trek: The Next Generation, has been created, thanks to the following older episodes:

Trek Classic (old series)      Diet Trek (cartoons)

Episodes 1 - 79

Episodes 1A - 22A

Cherry Trek (Movies)

New Trek (new series)

Movies I - IV

Episodes 1 - 20

can compare this episode to...

---====> Seth Meyer <====---

---

You've seen it in the episode, now hear it on laser disc...

\* Kirk and Picard Rappin' Through Space \*

You get some of your favorites, like Picard singing...

"I Surrender...But not every show...once in a while...Like every \*second\* show"

"Get off...I said get off...The bridge ain't for you to be...Take the hint from me...Before Worf pulls out his disrupter, I think you better leave!"

and of course...

"Crisis time...Yo, it's crisis time, you see...gotta go!.. Beverly's waiting for me!"

Kirk, as he raps:

"Need a girl...I say, I need one soon...need a girl...Any gorgeous one will do"

"Enterprise, Reliant, Botany Bay...At least it don't look like some fowl play! <QUACK!>"

Star Trek Funnies 6 January 15, 1988

Page 10

and the famous...

"Shoot to Kill, Shoot to Kill...we come in peace..."

BUT WAIT!!! Order now and you will receive \*Absolutely Free\*

Wesley and Troi rappin'!

"I'm tying up the turbolift, and I don't care...Only when I'm ensign, I'll get out of here!"

"Pain...P-p-pain...Yeah I feel Pain! Too much! Ugh!"

---ORDER TODAY ---

I started at episode 19, so there are only three that I have written (including this one). Why 19? Seemed like a nice number...

Until next episode...

