

T-Negative 15, May 1972, comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417.

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Illos: Joyce Yasner, pp. 6, 7; Greg Jein, p. 10; Jackie Franke,
p. 12; Rae Ladore, pp. 18, 35, 39; Rosalind Oberdieck, pp. 21,
26, 30, 32.

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- ☐ A Good Doctor prescribed it
- ☐ You communicate
- ☒ You contributed
- ☐ You paid money at the rate of 50¢/one or \$2/five --
- ☐ -- and your subscription just ran out.

Back issues are available for 75¢/one or \$2/three; at present,
#'s 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 12, 13, & 14 are available. I will be
reprinting others later.

STAR TREK CONVENTION

How I spent my vacation,

or

What would I have done for aggravation
if I hadn't been helping run a convention?
by Devra Michele Langsam

When Elyse Pines suggested that it might be fun to have a second STcon, I heartily agreed and imagined an attendance of 250 (triple that of the first STcon, held in Newark by Sherna C. Burley). Kindred lunatics Al Schuster, Eileen Becker, Joan Winston, my cousin Debbie Langsam, Joyce Yasner, Regina Gottesman, Stu Hellinger, Steve Rosenstein, and Allan Asherman gathered, and we organized for a "nice little con." The enthusiastic response encouraged us...an advance registration of 300 should mean attendance of 600.... Advance registration hit 600 about the time that we received confirmation of Dorothy Fontana's appearance as a guest speaker. We started talking about a super-wonderful attendance of 1200 when Gene Roddenberry and Majel Barrett said that they'd be able to come, too.

As con-time came closer and closer, I got more and more nervous. The front page article in Variety "Star Trek' Conclave in N.Y. Looms As Mix Of Campy Set And Sci-Fi Buffs," by Frank Beermann, January 19, 1972, pp. 1, 69] really shook me -- I visualized hordes of people milling about -- but I took comfort in the fact that the total Lunacon registration is usually about double the advance registration -- and our advance was only 800. Just to be on the safe side, though, we decided to prepare for 2,000.

Wednesday night, Jan. 19, I picked up Maureen Wilson at Port Authority Bus Terminal. Thursday, after a restful half-night of sleep, we began to run off 2,000 copies of various con things, like 2-page questionnaire forms. (It takes a helluva lot longer to do 2,000 than it does to print 500!) At 2 pm we hastily zithered out to the airport to pick up Bjo Trimble and Richard Arnold, who'd come in from Ca. and St. Lou., respectively. (This should have been a warning to us, or something.) After depositing them at the hotel, we battled traffic homeward, where we gulped down omelettes and ran off the rest of the conthings. Joyce Yasner, as she helped with the paper cutter, remarked, "You know, if the man from the funny farm came to take us away, there'd be absolutely nothing we could say in our defense."

This truthful comment proved added incentive. We got the printing done, and finally came to rest at the hotel, for the fourth time, around 11 pm.

The room clerk began things suitably by asking if we were from STcon, saying he knew I was because of my pointed ears.

Maureen, previously abandoned at the hotel with our baggage and all the mimeo paper, had already co-erced Judith Brownlee, Carrie Peake, and Steve Barnes into doing some collating. Asked how she'd identified them as Helpful Types, Maureen said, "I stood in the lobby looking hopeless until I spotted people with idics, so I asked if they'd like to help -- PU-LEEZE!" Settled in our room, we staggered up to the con suite, planning to continue collating, stapling, not to mention stuffing. In the hall, we ran into a man who was wandering around saying, "Where the hell is 1051?" Since he bore a remarkable resemblance to Gene Roddenberry, we took him with us, and the collating gave way to a mildly wild party, with Roddenbaby and Majel and several very nice people interested in space travel in a practical way. Not having eaten in a long time, we devoured the cold french fries that were sitting around. YEECH. During one of our periodic attempts to locate Bjo (who'd gone out to dine with Charlie and Dean Brown in Upper God's Country) we missed seeing the private run of the bloopers. This was a leitmotif of the con...Maureen missing the bloopers. We did manage to stay awake long enough to watch "The Cage." It was my first viewing of the complete show, and I must say it's probably one of the best ST episodes ever filmed, even at 2:30 am.

Friday, first official day of the con.... Cursing vigorously, we dragged ourselves out of bed at 9:30 am, and went to Zum-Zum's for breakfast. Then Maureen and I walked 12 blocks looking for a Bank of North America. There not being any, we started back, stopping in at Goldsmith's for a gross of pencils, and some "extra" masking tape. When we got back to the hotel, Judith gave me a post-solstice present -- a photo entitled, "All right, Captain, put it back into your pants." (Copies will be furnished to those idiots who help with next year's art show....)

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, the mobs were gathering. Due to the hotel's error, some people thought that the con was opening at 8 am, whereas in reality it was supposed to begin at 2 pm. By 10:30, the vestibule was frothing over with people, while the registration files were somewhere vague and indistinct, the head of the art show had not shown, there was no way to open the curtains in the art show room AND the hangings we were to use hadn't been nailed together. Every time I walked out of the art show room, I was accosted by dozens of people waving money at me, while my cousin Debbie bobbed hopefully around the back of the mob urging people to go have coffee, have lunch, make a phone call, only go away and come back later.

After gnashing their teeth for a while, (the boards that the hotel was to lend us for the art show never materialized either) Maureen and Bjo pitched in, tying back the curtains with random bits of string, and trying to get the show organized. I pegged up some of the art on the insulating board meant to display

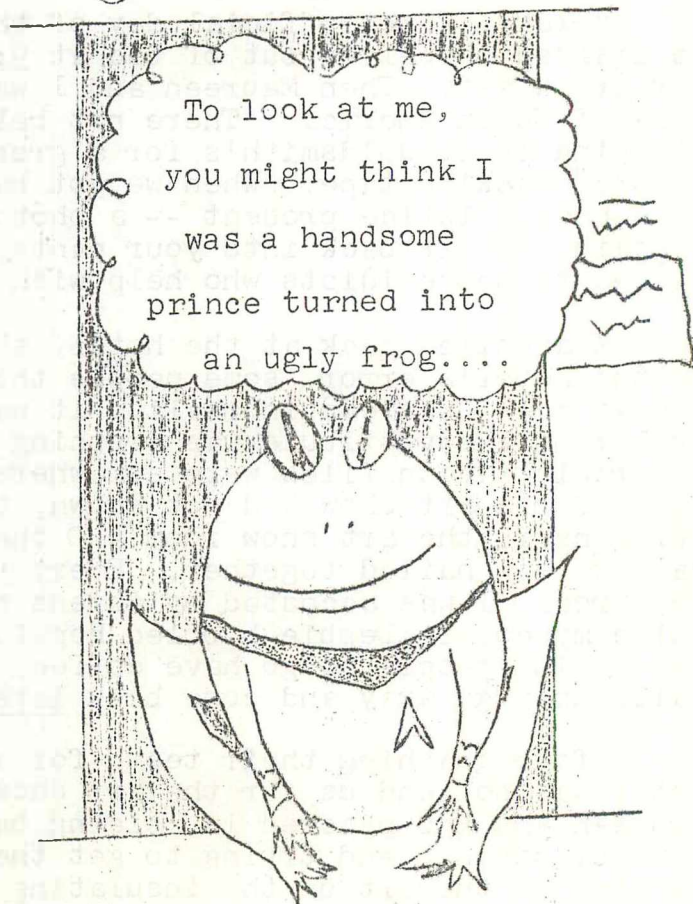
STXmas cards and old Spockanalia art on ("In case there's not enough art to make a nice show..."). Periodically someone would poke a head in and ask, "When's the art show opening?" and we would all scream "GO AWAY!" Two wonderful girls, Fran and Pat, asked if they could help. We still had nowhere to hang the majority of the art, so we exiled them to the consuite, where they cheerfully stuffed about 600 envelopes. Somewhere along the line, Rich Arnold produced FOOD (wonderful man that he is) and eventually registration opened. Every now and then, I would plow my way out to the front desk by screaming "Committee! Committee coming through!" (a suicidal admission, under the circumstances) and remark on the people packing the lobby from wall to wall. We finally got Judith and Pat Kelly to buy us some pegboard, and hung art madly on all available surfaces.

At 3 pm, they sent me up to organize the slide show (another of those leftovers that hadn't gotten done the day before). Barbara Wenk and I got that set, but then snafued on working the taper. Finally, by something little short of a miracle, Judith and I taped the show narrations and hauled everything upstairs, only to find that the screen wasn't ready. Feeling vaguely like a plump Christian before a Roman lion-feeding, we rushed around setting up -- would you believe a 10 foot movie screen that snaps into place? Gene Roddenberry, who'd come up to view the unbelievable mobscene opened the con with a nice improvised speech. Debbie introduced him simply as "The man who gave us 'Star Trek'," and the audience gave him a standing ovation. After his speech, there was a mass movement to follow Gene out, which we forestalled hastily by appeals of "Please don't mob Mr. Roddenberry" and assurances that he would be available for autographs later. Fortunately, people sat down again.

After rescuing GR from the ~~XXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ fans, we actually

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A DAY IN THE LIFE

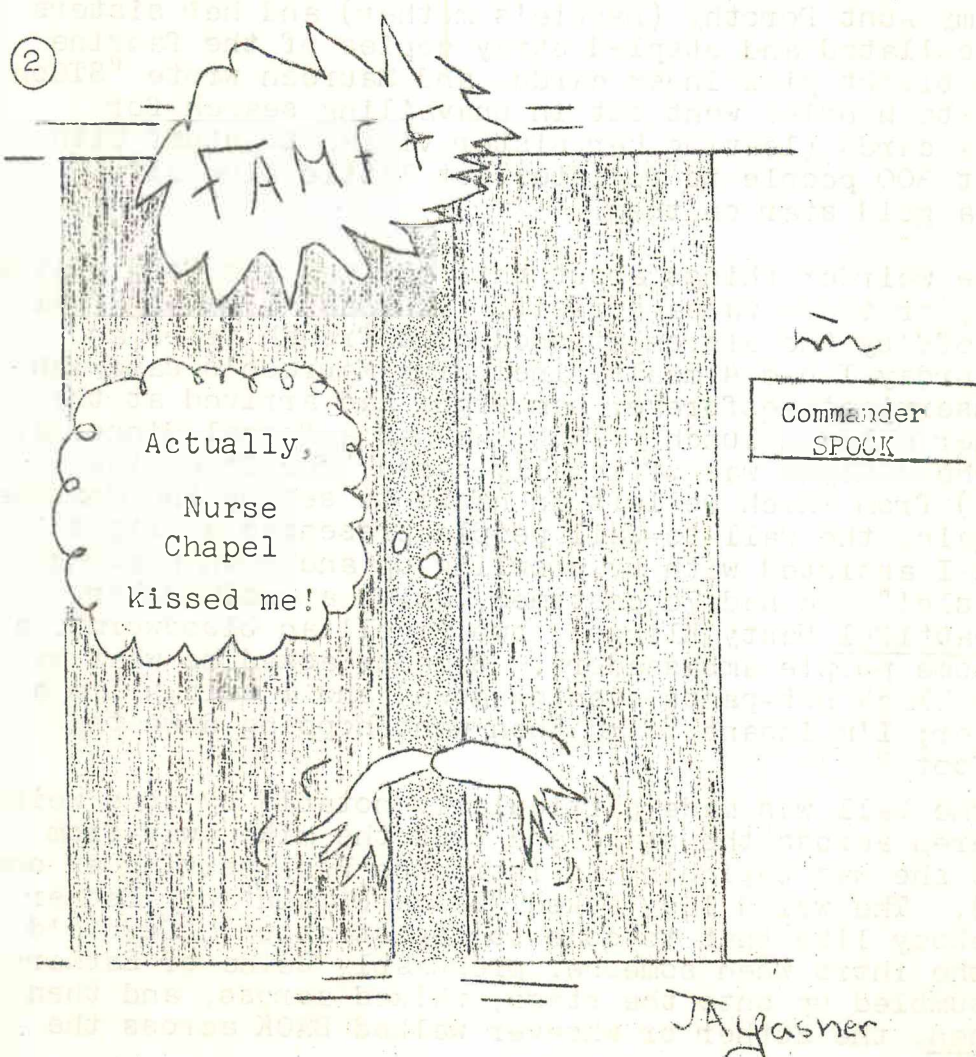


got started more or less on time. Aside from having to share a chair with Elyse as she worked the slides, while Judith ran the taper under the table, everything went quite well. Mary Schaub's tribble poem was the high point of the show.

Next we collected chairs and water; and Sherna Burley, Debbie-my-cousin, Joyce, and I were a fan panel on "How NOT to write an ST story, or: Don't make him say that!" We followed our formal talk with questions from the floor. Ken Scher very helpfully walked around with one of the hand mikes so that questions could be heard. The audience seemed to be quite interested, and I enjoyed the panel very much.

The art show having finally been thrown together, we then went to the hotel's Mayflower coffee shop for dinner, with Bjo, Richard, Daphne Ann Hamilton, and a cast of thousands.

After dinner, I helped at registration for a while. Then we



kidnapped Hal Clement into room 411 and talked until about 3 am. (We knew we'd be all right exposing Hal to this, since he'd unflinchingly or should I say unblushingly entered our room, where there was a dirty naked picture of Spock taped to the lampshade.) The evening was highlighted by a dramatic reading of "Star Dregs," with Sherna Burley as announcer -- a marathon part.

Somewhere during the evening, I offered to help Hal load his slides into the projector, rashly promising to deliver it to him at 9:30. GACK! Bjo lured him away to breakfast with the slide tray, while I pulled myself together. I was all set to follow them, when Joan Winston called from the con suite. "Ya gotta get up here and stuff!" she wailed. (We had run out of prepared packets about 6:30 the night before.) Somehow room service doesn't seem quite so glamorous over a mound of unfilled manilla envelopes.

Eventually Hal got back from breakfast and we got the projector sorted out. I heard his speech only because I was running the slides again. (The only program items I saw were the ones I worked on, since I was too nervous and run-around to sit down even when I didn't have to work.)

There were mass autograph sessions with Gene Roddenberry and Majel Barrett, the running of which I was happy to avoid, since they looked like the last great land run on the frontier. I escaped to the consuite, to find that we'd run out of membership cards. While my Aunt Dorothy (Debbie's mother) and her sisters Bea and Dinah collated and stapled stray copies of the fanzine list, I cut up bright pink index cards, and Maureen wrote "STCon" on them. Roberta Hendler went out in unavailing search for more pink index cards (leaving her sister Vivian to stuff with us) so the last 300 people to register got little blue slips of paper with a gold star on them.

One of the weirder things about this con was the food. Either there was none, or there was a surfeit. Thursday I had 1½ real meals, topped off by the aforementioned cold french fries and red wine. Saturday I had 4 meals, including Maureen's sandwich, since her roomservicetakesforever hamburger had arrived at the same time as her delayed lunch. THEN, we had a formal dinner at Gallagher's (where Elyse was officially named "The Screaming Yellow Zonker") from which we left in haste to set up the Costume Ball. Once again, the wall-to-wall people presented a slight problem, which I assisted with by prowling up and down narking "Out of the aisle!" We had 78 costumes, quite a good number, including a beautiful Nasty Klingon, two Rigellian bloodworms, a tribble, and some purple ambassadors. Someone asked me what my costume was (a black hot-pants evening gown) and I said, "I'm a committee member; I'm insane," and then went hopping down the aisle on one foot."

The costume ball was made particularly notable by some weird lady who wandered across the stage and took the mike away from Debbie just as she was beginning to introduce Bjo (serving as one of the judges). The weird lady asked "Zelda Firkin" or "Esther Aster" or somebody like that to come to Registration. Debbie'd just resumed the intro when someone, presumably Zelda or Esther or whoever, stumbled up onto the stage, walked across, and then off again. Then, the Esther or whoever walked BACK across the

stage, still carrying her oversize shopping bag. As Debbie later explained to Bjo, "We were trying for 6 interruptions, but we had to make do with only 3."

Once again, Maureen missed seeing the bloopers, since we were down in the bar with Dorothy Fontana and a batch of committee types. GR stopped over to say hello and bought our drinks. At about 1 am, we smuggled Dorothy into the art show, which she hadn't gotten a chance to see. Then we lured her up to a party in the infamous 411, where we drank PON FARRS (warm tomato juice, cayenne pepper, vodka, a green cherry, and a slice of cucumber -- symbolic of something or other) and listened to an obscene ST tape. Dorothy had to leave at 10 am Sunday to catch a plane, and we did our best to keep her up until then, giving up at 4 am when our eyelids gummed shut.

Sunday we dragged ourselves up for the final stint. While Isaac spoke, I helped at Registration, where people were still pouring in as a result of the TV news coverage Saturday night. The big item on my day was the art auction, which ran in competition with the bloopers -- naturally Maureen missed them again. I got a beautiful piece by C. Lee Healy, called "Prince of Darkness." We were very pleased with the art show, which despite little or no advance publicity got some really fine art.

After the auction, I was in the Schuyler Room when a reporter from WBAI came looking for committee members to interview. Al (Co-ordinator) Schuster, Steve Rosenstein, and I had a pleasant time talking to her. We managed to get in some good words about the great people who'd helped out, and the generally lovable nature of sf fans in toto.

By 5 pm it was all over except for the clean-up, repacking the NASA exhibit, the filing, the book-keeping, finding some food... At 6 pm, three guys came in, looking for the convention.

After we'd carted all the left-over items up to the consuite, we gathered up the Denver people and went out for a slightly drunken Chinese meal. Deciding we were too tired to go home, we moved down to the consuite, sat around, and talked. Joyce, with great good sense, called her father and went to sleep in her own bed. The rest of us (not counting Maureen, who flaked out at about 11 pm) had a little dessert in the coffee shop (Richard ate coffee and pickles. ugh.) until it was time to see Bjo off for her 1 am bus. Then Barbara Wenk and I talked until about 6 am.

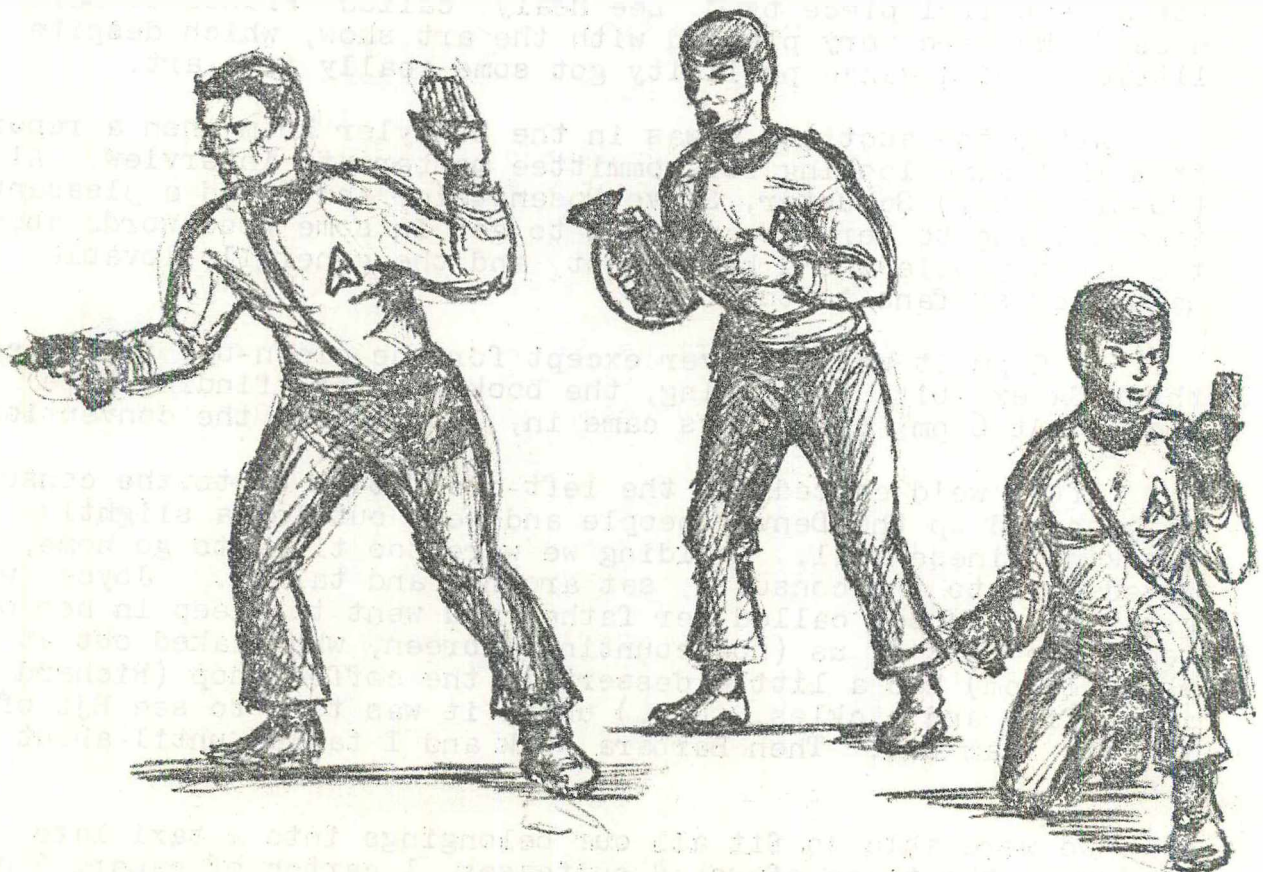
We were able to fit all our belongings into a taxi late Monday -- the three of us, 4 suitcases, 1 carton of paper, 2 cartons of God-knows-what, and a cardboard model of the transporter panel, not to mention the partridge in the pear tree.

Now that it's over, it's still kind of hard to believe. Did we really have more than 3,000 people sign up or come? Were all those strangers really so helpful and understanding? Did they really thank us for letting them help? Did we really get TV coverage? Are we really planning ANOTHER (to a muted chorus of "You must be crazy") next year?

Sigh.

In parting, a very special thank-you to all those good-natured, generous people who helped at the art show, registration, stuffing and collating and stapling: Renee Bodner, Paul Algava, Richard Arnold, Tom Anderson, Dana Frieze, those guys from Princeton who helped set up the NASA things, Liam, DJ, Bjo Trimble, and Maureen Wilson, and most of all, all those people whose names I've forgotten or don't know. Thank you all so much.

((a reprint of Poison Pen Press #9))



BROTHER'S KEEPER

by Ruth Berman

Spock flipped his communicator open. "Enterprise, Spock here," he said, and stood scanning the hill before him without paying any particular attention to the instrument. He completed his survey: no caves. "Enterprise, Spock here," he said again, waited only a moment, and shut the communicator.

"They shouldn't be in range for a couple days," said McCoy. "The distress call that liner sent out was --"

"Be quiet, Doctor," Spock said.

"Nonsense," said McCoy. "The energy I save in not talking is outweighed by the frustration of getting shut up all the time. Who's the doctor around here, anyway?"

"You are," said Spock. "You are also the patient." He knelt and held his tricorder over McCoy.

"Let me see that," said McCoy.

"Temperature up one-tenth degree; no other significant changes," Spock reported, without turning the tricorder to face McCoy.

McCoy sighed and closed his eyes. "And you have dared compare me to a witch doctor. You, my Vulcan friend, should get yourself a set of beads and rattles for all the good you can do me."

Spock balanced the boggy damp of the meadow against the winds on the hill and the danger of moving McCoy any farther. The odds, he decided, favored the latter. He picked McCoy up. The burden blocked his vision, so he did not bother trying to find relatively dry footing, but paced methodically straight through mud or patches of long grass.

McCoy went on muttering irritably, "And I don't see what business you had grabbing me instead of my instruments when we fell over the ledge. You're always saving me. I'm tired of it. Now if you'd saved something useful, for once, like my kit, Li Han wouldn't have died when that wound got infected. And you'd have something to treat my pneumonia, too."

"Yes, Doctor," said Spock. The ground was beginning to feel firmer, and a sharp wind struck him from the side. He turned, to shelter McCoy as much as possible, and waited a moment to allow his own metabolism to adjust to the chill.



"Spock."

"Yes, Doctor?"

"You're supposed to tell me that's illogical."

"Most illogical," said Spock, and began moving up the hill sideways.

The uphill burden tasked even his strength, and he was winded by the time he judged the ground to be sufficiently dry. He set McCoy down and knelt, taking deep breaths for a minute, before he drew his phaser and used it to blast a pit into the hillside to get them out of the wind. The process took only

a few minutes more, but then they had to wait till it cooled enough to use. Spock began to take off the tunic of his uniform to put over McCoy.

"Cut that out," said McCoy, as Spock tugged at a sleeve. "Stop that, Spock!" he added, when Spock paid no attention. "Just because you can keep yourself from feeling the cold doesn't make you immune to pneumonia."

Spock reluctantly re-sealed his tunic. "Are you feeling better, Doctor?"

"Not really, but clear-headed again, anyway."

"Then if you will instruct me in the possible -- "

"Well, basically, you can go jump in the lake," said McCoy.

Spock waited.

McCoy closed his eyes and tried to take a deep breath. A spasm of coughing resulted. He noted clinically that he was bringing up a little blood. When the coughing stopped he tried several shallow breaths and collected enough air for his lecture. "You can go hunt for fish or birds or edible plants in the swamp. You can search for mud with clay in it to make a container to carry water in for me to drink or for you to use to sponge me with when the fever gets bad. You can hunt for wood dry enough to burn, unless you can find a surface that'll radiate back heat from the phaser at a suitable pace. You can give me moral support. In other words -- you can't do anything much. This is something I'll just have to get through the best I can. You'd do better to go back to the village and finish the survey." He smiled a little. "One thing sure, they're going to be closed to outsiders. If ever a planet's culture needed more time to develop freely before finding out about other worlds, this is it. Demons, indeed!" McCoy relaxed and tried to catch his breath carefully.

"You have on some occasions claimed that I resembled a demon," Spock pointed out.

"Yes, but I never said you were one!"

Spock made no answer, but bent down and touched the side of the pit, then stepped in and checked the temperature on the tricorder. Satisfied that the pit was cool enough for McCoy, he reached out and lifted the doctor into it. "Food, water, fire," he said quietly. "Very well, Doctor." He vaulted lightly over the lower rim of the pit and was gone.

McCoy tried to watch him, but from where he lay he could not see the slope, and he was too tired to sit up. He felt lost and lonely, but he told himself he was being childish and closed his eyes. Soon he drifted off into sleep. He was being crushed under the weight of the Enterprise, and then Spock began jumping up and down on his head. He couldn't see why Spock thought that was necessary, and opened his eyes for a better look.

"Are you awake?" said Spock. He paused in dabbing water on McCoy's forehead.

"I guess so. How long has it been?" A small fireplace had been blasted into one side of the pit, and a little fire was going in it, smoking badly.

"5.3 hours." He held out a handful of leaves. "These are not poisonous, and they are reasonably nutritious."

McCoy gagged as he tried to chew one. The taste was dry and bitter. "Sorry," he said, "I can't -- "

"Try it this way." Meanwhile Spock had crumbled several more leaves into the water in one of the crude bowls he had fashioned while McCoy slept. He heated the mixture with his phaser and offered it to McCoy.

McCoy managed to get the stuff down by swallowing fast. "I suppose you like this vegetable what's-it?" he said.

Spock's mouth pursed involuntarily. "Negative," he said.

"Sorry." McCoy lay still a while, then roused himself to use yet another of Spock's ceramic-ware as a bedpan. The effort exhausted him, and he fell asleep again.

Spock made himself a bowl-ful of the leaf-drink, drank it solemnly, and sat still beside McCoy. He passed a few hours playing a chess game in his head. Eventually he fought himself to a draw. He held the tricorder over McCoy again.

There was no particular change. The fever was still high. Spock had interrupted his chess game a few times to bring more water from the swamp, but if the water was helping, it was only keeping McCoy's temperature steady, not bringing it down.

"Food, water, fire," said Spock to himself, checking off the elements of McCoy's prescription. "Moral support," he added. He put one hand on McCoy's head, trying to give the man a sense of his presence telepathically, but he could not get through the pain. He went out briefly to gather more wood and more of the leaves, and considered going in search of something better tasting, but finally decided he should not leave McCoy alone for that long. Besides, it was getting dark behind the clouds. He returned and drank some more of the leaf-mixture. He tried to rouse McCoy to take some, but failed. The attempt brought on another attack of coughing, and Spock held the doctor sitting upright a long time before he dared let him down again. McCoy's skin was pale, almost grey, so far as he could judge by the firelight.

Spock played another game of chess.

The clouds drifted by, and stars came out. Spock searched the tiny lights carefully for a moving one. He did not expect to find one, but he looked methodically and again tried calling the Enterprise. There was no answer.

Spock went over the theory of warp drive, the regulations of Star Fleet, and a short epic on the defenestration of tribbles, composed by Uhura.

McCoy began to moan and toss.

"Doctor, it's all right," said Spock soothingly.

"Stop it! Stop it!" McCoy hit out wildly.

"It's all right," said Spock. "Wake up."

"No!" McCoy screamed without waking.

"Doctor, wake up.... McCoy, it's all right.... Wake up, Leonard."

There was silence. Spock groped for the leaf-drink.

"Spock," McCoy said in exasperation, "Do you have to be formal even when you're trying to be personal? Nobody calls me Leonard."

"Drink this," Spock answered.

"No, no, that's what I'm supposed to tell people," McCoy grumbled. However, he took a few swallows. Then he pushed the bowl away. He was already drifting off into sleep again as Spock lowered him. "Been a long time since anyone called me that," McCoy said dreamily. "My pa used to...."

"Go to sleep, Leonard," said Spock experimentally.

McCoy fell silent.

Spock waited a few minutes and then bent down to touch the doctor's forehead. McCoy was asleep, although his fever was still high. He stirred at the touch and groaned. Spock set himself to concentrating on the memory of Terran lullabies he had heard his mother sing, and on blending the melodies into the background of the sleeping man's dreams. The trick seemed to work, for McCoy's thoughts became peaceful, and he fell into a sounder sleep.

It had been many years since Spock had heard or thought of the old songs. He had not heard them since becoming proficient in English. It gave him an odd sensation to hear the familiar nonsense syllables and understand their meaning. They were, after all, he thought, almost as nonsensical when understood as they had been before. It was not reasonable to expect a child -- much less a grown man -- to go to sleep in return for such

unlikely toys as a mocking bird, a diamond ring, or a looking glass. But the effect of the foolish words was undeniably soothing. Spock was surprised at the number of different songs he found stored in his mind.

Voices roused him. The sky was light, with a layer of pink off to one side. His fingers were stiff from being held in one position for so long. He peered over the rim of the pit and drew his phaser with his left hand. The communicator translated their words for him.

"There they are," said one, approaching cautiously.

"That demon's sick, don't you think?" another asked.

"Yes, he is," said Spock.

They jumped back a pace.

"We killed one of the demons," said a third, sounding puzzled by the fact.

"Are they true demons?" the second asked daringly.

"No," said Spock.

They jumped back again and gathered into an argumentative huddle.

Spock's communicator shrilled.

They all jerked at the noise, even Spock.

"Spock here," he said, opening the communicator.

"Report, Mr. Spock," said Kirk's voice.

"Survey incomplete, but data sufficient to recommend isolation. Lt. Li Han is dead. Dr. McCoy is ill. May I ask if the liner -- "

"We were in time to save about half of them."

Spock tried to think of a relevant comment, but the mixture of success and failure eluded his attempt at analysis. He realized then that he was weary and said nothing.

"Ready to beam you aboard," said Kirk. "Kirk out."

Spock closed the communicator and stood up, lifting McCoy.

The men outside the pit shrank back.

"Demons!" said the first, shuddering. He traced a protective circle in the air between him and the strangers.

The others looked doubtful. One started to trace his own magic circle, then looked at McCoy again and dropped his hand.

It occurred to Spock that when their people had space travel their history would record this incident -- if it was remembered at all -- as an indication that strange beings were not necessarily demonic.

The familiar brilliance closed around Spock and McCoy. When it left them they were back on board the Enterprise. Kirk was there to meet them, and Dr. Mbenga was waiting with a cart. Spock set McCoy down on it, and Mbenga leaned over the sick man.

McCoy groaned.

"It's all right, Leonard," said Spock softly. He did not, however, succeed in speaking too softly for the others to hear.

McCoy relaxed.

Kirk opened his eyes very wide. Mbenga straightened up and aimed his diagnostic scanner up and down Spock. From behind the transporter controls, Scott leaned forward, looking both startled and amused.

Mbenga said, "I think Dr. McCoy'll pull through. Commander, you're well enough, except you need a good, solid meal, and some rest."

McCoy said in a loud, clear voice, without opening his eyes, "And that's a medical order, Spock."

"Very well, Doctor," said Spock. He handed his tricorder to Kirk, and marched off in the direction of the nearest dining hall.

Mbenga grinned. It's easy to tell who's the doctor around here, isn't it?" he said as he wheeled McCoy out of the transporter room.

"I wonder," said Kirk. He gazed down the corridor after Spock. "I wonder." He shook his head and walked over to an intercom. "Survey party on board. Prepare to leave orbit." He hefted the tricorder Spock had turned over to him. Its tapes, he thought, should make interesting viewing.

S ONNET

FROM

THE

U LSCAN:

W MICRON

C ETI

E HREE

by

S HIRLEY

M LEECH



I thought the memory of you was gone --
I thought it buried underneath the years.
But now it rises, bright as Vulcan dawn,
And I remember you, and Earth, and tears.
Your tears were falling like the rains of Earth;
You were the storms and roses of Earth's spring.
You could not know that, almost from my birth
The rites of Vulcan bound me to T'Pring.
I could not break those ties; I had no choice --
Returned to space, left you and Earth behind.
But still I heard the echo of your voice,
Found rain and wind and roses in my mind.
You told me that you loved me, and you cried.
I said I had no feelings. And I lied.

THE DISAFFIRMED

by Ruth Berman

((A note to the reader from Jacqueline Lichtenberg: "The Disaffirmed" is number IIB in the Kraith Series, occurring between Kraith II, "Spock's Mission," which was in T-Negative 10, and Kraith III, "Spock's Argument," which was in T-N 12 & 13. Kraith IV, "Spock's Nemesis," is scheduled to appear in T-N 16 & 17.))

"Lieutenant, call sickbay and find out how Mr. Spock is -- " the captain was saying.

The signal was very weak, but Uhura had trained her subconscious to be alert. When the whoops of the Federation's standard distress call began registering as a miniscule jiggling on her instruments, she was jerked out of her conscious attention to the captain's orders.

"Distress signal, sir," she interrupted, already at work trying to bring it in more clearly and to track down its location. The buttons on the new board were still a little stiff, but she simply grimaced at them and punched harder, without even wasting time to wish that they had not lost the old Enterprise.

Kirk left his sentence unfinished and instead said, "Mr. Chekov," in a low voice, so as not to disturb Uhura, and pointed at Spock's station.

The ensign swung out of his chair and hurried to the sensors to help in tracing the call. He bent down, blinking into the blue light, then dialled a star-chart onto the viewscreen above the panel, replacing the ornamental rainbownebulae left on it from last usage. He threw the computer's estimated triangulation on over the chart. "Probably a planet of XA-792, Captain," he reported.

"Signal is automatic, sir," Uhura began at the same moment. They both stopped and both hesitated, about to repeat, but Kirk waved Uhura to continue. He had the command knack of taking in reports from all sides. "I'm sending an acknowledgment of the signal, sir," she said. "Shall I say we are on our way to them?"

"Yes, Lieutenant," said Kirk. "Mr. Chekov -- anything more?"

"Affirmative, Captain. One-man scout was reported lost in this quadrant 341 standard days ago. Menash, manned by Lt. S'darmeg. No other ships on record as missing."

"A Vulcan craft?" said Kirk, incredulous despite his own knowledge of the names and registries of Star Fleet vessels.

Chekov, taking the question seriously, obediently looked up the Menash's registry before Kirk could tell him not to bother. "Affirmative, Captain," he reported.

"Thank you," said Kirk, and swung his chair around to face front, so as to hide his look of distress from Chekov. If the signaller was Lt. S'darmeg of the Menash, he had missed the Affirmation. Spock's own father had missed it, and Spock had been perfectly ready to disown Sarek and ignore him as a non-person on that account, until the chance of Spock's illness made necessary an otherwise forbidden joining of minds through which Sarek shared in his son's Affirmation. That was fine for Sarek, by now safe home on Vulcan, and it was fine for Spock, even if he was confined to sickbay again after trying to resume his work too quickly following his exertions in Romulan territory; but Kirk wondered how it would be for Lt. S'darmeg.

His first thought was to blame the Vulcan ships for not finding their compatriot in the first place, but then he reflected that they probably had searched for him up until the last possible minute. Space was large. If, say, his transmitter had been broken, and if he had not been able to mend it until long after.... Kirk scowled and made himself concentrate on logging the events. "So far we do not know if the caller is alive or not; his signal is automatic," he finished up his entry. Possibly, he thought, S'darmeg was dead. That would solve matters, but it was not his idea of a reasonable solution.

They moved in toward XA 792, and the automatic call continued to come in through the rest of the day. Kirk went to bed still wondering if he ought to hope S'darmeg was dead.

The next morning, upon learning the truth, he felt grieved, and then scolded himself for the -- he stopped his thought, examined it, and let it go on -- for the inhumanity of his reaction. S'darmeg was alive.

Scott's log entries for the watch while Kirk had been asleep included a notice of an end to the distress signal and the reception of a message of thanks from S'darmeg. Kirk ordered Uhura to play him the tape.

"Enterprise, Lt. S'darmeg, on the second planet of XA-792, I camp at the confluence of two rivers, running in the direction of the planet's rotation, on the smallest of three continents. I await your coming."

His English was accented, reminding Kirk of T'Pol's speech, although it lacked her formal archaisms. The Enterprise's acknowledgement had been sent through the translator, which

meant, Kirk realized, that S'darmeg had recognized "Enterprise" as the name of the Terran-based vessel, or he would not have replied in English. Which in turn made it a good guess that S'darmeg knew that its personnel included the legendary Spock.

Kirk's face twisted wryly as he considered how amusing it would be to ask Spock the precise odds. Instead, he played through the rest of the log entries covering the ship's "night," forcing his mind into careful attentiveness to the routine.



Two days later they entered orbit. Kyle located the castaway within minutes with the aid of the directions given, and Kirk went down to the transporter to meet him.

"Captain Kirk, how do you do?" said S'darmeg, limping off the transporter disc. His crutches slipped on the step, but Kirk caught him. "I thank you," said S'darmeg quietly. He recovered his balance and, rather to Kirk's surprise, shook hands with him.

"When did that happen?" asked Kirk, looking at the twisted leg.

"When I crashed. The bones will have to be broken again and re-set. I applied splints as soon as I could, but it knit imperfectly."

The stoicism reminded Kirk of his First Officer, although the younger Vulcan did not resemble Spock much, having brown hair and a straggling beard, skin pigmented yellow by exposure to the weather, and wide ears that stuck out jughead-style. His uniform was ragged at the wrists and cuffs but otherwise, Kirk thought, it had stood the strain better than the wearer had; the cloth flapped loosely on the lieutenant's skinny frame.

S'darmeg started out the door, saying, "Your sickbay is on level seven, I presume."

"Yes, but --" Kirk said, and stopped. He could not very well tell S'darmeg to stay out of sickbay until he could get Spock out of it.

S'darmeg paused out in the corridor and looked back at Kirk, waiting for him to catch up. The corridor was empty, except for a dark-skinned Terran female, who turned around and came toward S'darmeg. Kirk smiled, recognizing Uhura, hoping to gratify her curiosity with a look at the castaway who was, after all, her discovery, by loitering in the vicinity of the transporter.

Her quick sympathy brought her to a halt, exclaiming "Oh!" as she saw the crutches. Then, realizing it would be bad form to express pain on his behalf, she said instead, "what beautiful carving!"

Kirk looked again and saw that the crutches had an intricate design of animals of many worlds twining around the staves. The amplesces were the open jaws of two Berengarian dragons. "Lt. Uhura, communications; Lt. S'darmeg, detached duty," he said, glad of a chance to delay the journey to sickbay.

"Communications," S'darmeg repeated. "You are, then, my rescuer?" he said gravely.

"That's right," said Kirk. "You were lucky that one of our best officers was at the communications board when we first came in range of your signal."

"So I had surmised when your acknowledgment came from such a distance." He looked at Uhura. "Your voice was...most welcome."

"I'm glad to have been of service," Uhura said. He was really quite charming, she thought. "I can see you've had a time of it!"

"A time?" said S'darmeg, hesitating at the idiom.

"Interesting and difficult experiences," she said, as an approximation. "Dr. McCoy should see to you," she went on.

"Yes," said Kirk, giving in to the inevitable. "We're on our way there."

Spock looked up, and his eyes widened as the trio entered. The First Officer had heard that they were going to pick up a Vulcan castaway, but he had not heard how long the newcomer had been lost. The length of S'darmeg's untrimmed beard was not a precise measure, and it was even just possible that S'darmeg had affected such an unfashionable style before the shipwreck. Spock closed his eyes and reached inside, toward S'darmeg's mind.

"Live long and prosper, Commander," said S'darmeg, continuing on towards the examining table in the next room.

"May you not live long and prosper, Lieutenant," Spock answered.

Kirk felt himself sagging inside. Spock could at least have held off until the poor fellow had had a decent meal. On the other hand, S'darmeg had given the opening.

Uhura looked at the three faces, and held her own face in a professional impassivity. Her communications training had given her an almost Vulcan control of her expression, when needed.

"I do not thank you, Commander," said S'darmeg.

Kirk stared, but caught himself and forced his eyes away from S'darmeg. The lieutenant was not following the lines Kirk remembered. Then, mercifully, they were around the corner and into the next room. Before Kirk could even offer to help, S'darmeg had pulled himself up on to the examining table. He left his crutches leaning precariously against the side. Uhura caught them and carried them into a corner. "You won't be wanting these again, I hope," she said, "unless you collect souvenirs. Have you been to Berengaria, or did you see films of the dragons?"

S'darmeg took a deep breath, turned his head so that he could see Uhura, and said, "Both. I have been there, and I have seen the Ozawa Tale of Beren."

"That's a beautiful film, isn't it," she said, delighted that her attempt at easing the mysterious tension was succeeding. "Did you...."

Kirk left them and went in search of McCoy. He found him in a nearby lab watching test-tubes peacefully boiling. "Bones, get Spock out of sickbay."

"Back to work, Jim? I don't think he -- "

"Just out of sickbay," Kirk said. "And fast."

"Well, I guess he'd be all right in his quarters. But why?"

"Lt. S'darmeg is on board, and he's going to need medical attention."

"Our castaway? But -- "

"He was down there since before the Affirmation."

"He.... That sure does tear it, doesn't it?" McCoy turned off the plates, capped the tubes and shoved them away from the heat, then spun around on one foot, heading off to sickbay to discharge Spock as the first step in taking care of the new patient.

In the evening Kirk went to Spock's quarters.

"Enter, Captain," Spock answered the buzzer.

Kirk stepped in wearily, and found Spock sitting up in bed and just putting aside a viewer. Kirk wondered fleetingly if he should warn McCoy to make sure that Spock didn't overwork himself with study now that he was out from under direct supervision. He cast about for an effective opening, without expecting to find one. If Spock had understood that he would come about S'darmeg, he no doubt already had his own arguments marshaled. Still.... "Spock, if Vulcan continues to take part in the exploration of space, there will be more cases like this one. A synchronous, universal ceremony is barely possible on a single planetary surface, but between worlds! Your own father missed the Affirmation. You nearly missed it yourself. If Vulcan does not do something to change the nature of the ceremony, there will be even more absences next time, lost forever to...to the tradition. If you should have a son who goes into space...Katytikh...he may be one such."

Spock was silent, staring at his steepled fingers a long time. At length he said, "Sit down, Captain."

Kirk shook his head.

"As you please." Spock looked up. "What you want is impossible. Jim, if the lieutenant had lost his vocal chords in the crash, would you let him sing in a choir?"

"I would put him up in a white robe and let him hold his mouth open with the others," said Kirk bitterly.

"Argument by analogy is invalid, Captain. You press the comparison further than it will go. However.... If the lieutenant had been deafened in the crash and could not tell if he was emitting sounds or not, would you..." Spock hesitated, searching for a name to give the human the full emotional weight. "Would you put him in the chorus for the 'Ode to Joy' in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony?"

Kirk winced, despite himself. Unbidden, pealing chords of Freude! Freude! sounded in his head. He shook it convulsively and sat down. "Then where does he go, what does he do? You said your society does not ostracize its members, but -- "

"He does what he did before. But he does not...participate ...in the meetings of the minds. And the ceremonials which are meaningless applied to him are...not applied. It is fortunate for the lieutenant that he has been trained as a scout."

"Good night, Spock," said Kirk, leaving without waiting to hear if Spock made the response to that human ceremony of day's-end leavetaking. He could not shake Spock's logic, and he could not admit that, for the moment, he loathed all that was Vulcan in Spock; surely such loathing must be bigotry. He fell asleep, still trying to admit to prejudice and still trying to find a hole in Spock's reasoning.

In the morning he went to visit S'darmeg in sickbay. His entrance went un-noticed, however, for the young Vulcan already had a visitor. Uhura was singing the songs from the Tale of Beren. Kirk sat down in a chair in the corner to enjoy the performance himself. He observed with relief that she was playing a Berengarian dulciewires to accompany herself, not a Vulcan Harp. The thrumming of the soft arpeggios blended with her clear voice.

S'darmeg was listening intently, meanwhile spooning the last of a bowl of thick, red soup into his mouth. It looked vaguely familiar, but Kirk, his mind running on Christine Chapels and plomik, did not identify the stuff until S'darmeg finished



the bowl and lay back to listen more comfortably. It was Russian beet borscht. A gift from Chekov, presumably. The junior officers did not know that S'darmeg was still cut off from home, in a sense, but they knew that he had been by himself for months, and sympathy for their Robinson Crusoe (it was, after all, a fate which could befall any one of them) seemed to be provoking attempts at an acceptable expression of the feeling. The borscht and the music seemed to be fairly successful.

S'darmeg shifted restlessly in between songs, apparently trying to ease his twisted leg, but was silent otherwise. Kirk glanced again at the empty bowl and estimated that the Vulcan would have recovered enough strength to undergo operations on his leg in less than a week.

Uhura came to the final chords and looked brightly to S'darmeg for a reaction.

"Will you marry me?" he said.

"What?" she said, astonished. Feeling absolutely sure that she had misheard, she amended it. "I mean, I beg your pardon?"

"Why?"

Kirk sat stone-still, trying to figure out a way to remove himself from a scene where he had no right to be and meanwhile hoping to remain unobserved.

It took Uhura a couple seconds to figure out why "why." She said, "I don't mean I ask forgiveness. I mean, I didn't quite hear you."

"Will you marry me?" he said, in a somewhat louder voice.

"Right now?" said Uhura, feeling herself at a loss for words.

"Not necessarily," said S'darmeg, "but within a year, perhaps, you would be willing?"

"But, S'darmeg -- " She stopped and tried to translate the underlying meanings. A face came to her mind. She tried to dismiss the image, because it interfered with her thinking, but she could not shake it off. Suddenly she recognized it: T'Pring, dark hair vivid against the red sky, framed within the Enterprise's main viewscreen. "You are expecting to enter the port then," she said.

A faint green color rose in S'darmeg's cheeks, showing through the strong, yellow pigmentation. "That is correct," he said.

"But, my poor dear," she said, causing a slightly shocked look to come over S'darmeg's face, "don't you have a...an affianced bride?"

He hesitated, weighing the accuracy of the phrase. "That is essentially correct," he admitted. "But her mind will be closed to mine. The odds are 62.3% against her accepting me in that state."

"That's close to an even chance," Uhura began slowly.

"The union of bodies without a union of minds is against the traditions," he went on, not noticing the interruption, "and I myself am unwilling to allow her to accept me."

"But why will her mind be closed?" Uhura asked in bewilderment. "You're not a -- " She stopped herself from finishing the sentence: half-breed like Spock. Instead she said, "How can you be so sure that...that..."

"I missed the Affirmation," he said simply.

Uhura knew enough of the implications to make no argument. She sat in silence, going over the words she had heard the two Vulcans exchange the night before. What had been confusing then was becoming miserably clear. "Oh, you poor darling," she said, and added, "If you're going to react to endearments that way, you'll have to give up the idea of marrying a human."

"I believe I can accustom myself to them, my...." He tried to force himself to use a similar phrase in response, but, failing, closed his sentence "...in time."

Uhura glanced at him sharply. "In time," she repeated. "You've got a year, S'darmeg. What's the hurry? Why me?"

S'darmeg hesitated.

An unflattering thought came to her. "If you think one Terran is just like another and you could just as well take the first one you meet -- you're wrong."

"Indeed," said S'darmeg. "Would you recommend one more suitable than yourself?"

He made the question sound so matter-of-fact that she actually took it seriously for a moment, and tried to think of a good match for him. Her first thought was Christine Chapel. The unfortunate nurse's love for Spock might lead her to take S'darmeg as a substitute. Her second thought was that Christine would probably tell her she was wrong if she thought one Vulcan was just like another. "What do you think I am, a marriage broker? I don't know what you need -- I'm no telepath, and -- " She broke off, struck by a new obstacle to S'darmeg's already improbable plans. "I'm no telepath," she repeated, more quietly. "This union of minds you talk about -- "

"But I am a telepath. There need be no barrier. If I may demonstrate...." He reached one hand towards her forehead.

She drew back hastily. "No. Wait." His tranquility in reaching out for the unknown -- specifically, herself -- baffled her. "You should at least wait till you got to know me better, or check my service-record, or something, but -- "

"I did check your service-record," he interrupted.

"You did?"

"The First Officer speaks highly of your ability to communicate with, and understand, alien beings."

"Yes, but -- " She halted, unable to continue the sentence. She had run out of arguments. She looked down at him and smoothed his hair once with her hand, then put her hands in her lap and sat silent for a long time.

"S'darmeg," she said at last, "I scarcely know you. I'm not going to make any kind of agreement now tying my life to yours. But I'll promise you this: if you need someone when the fever comes, I will be yours -- for that time. I won't promise to stay afterwards."

"That is a pollution of the mating," he said flatly.

"In Vulcan terms," she said.

"That is true," he said. "Your standards are your own."

She blinked and then stared at him, not used to such ready acceptance of variation in standards. Suddenly she smiled at him. "You take that very logically."

"Thank you."

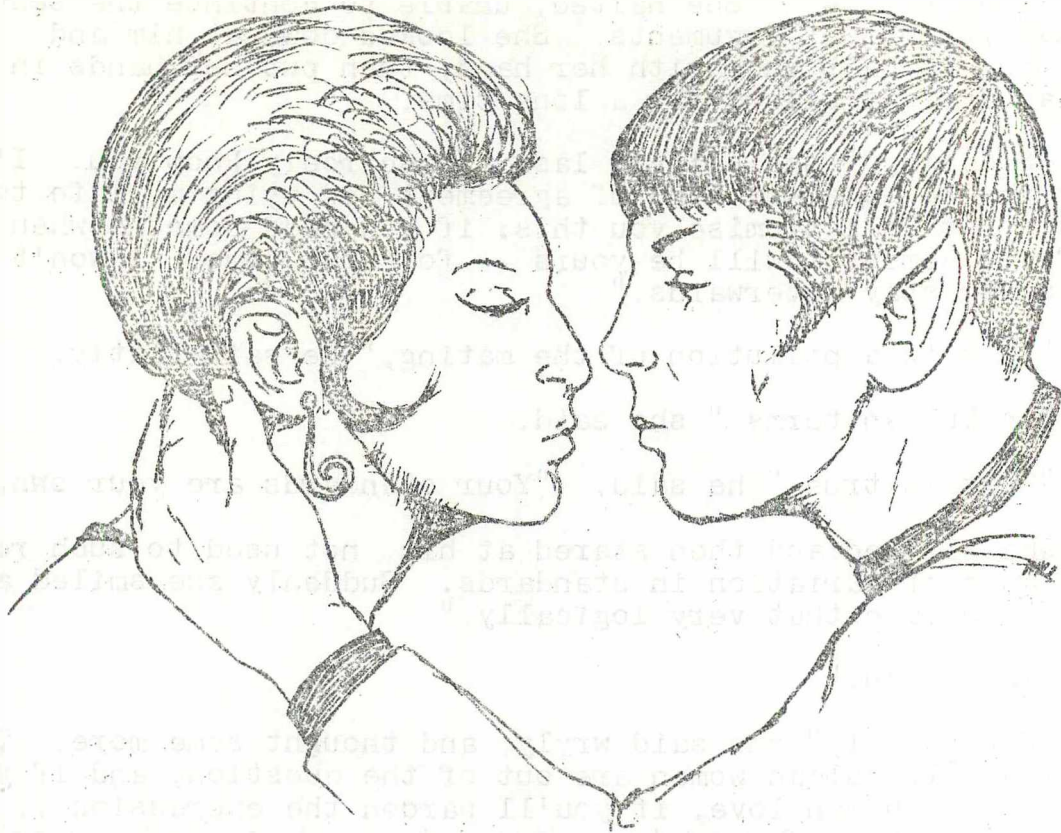
"Not at all," she said wryly, and thought some more. Then she said, "If Vulcan women are out of the question, and if you don't find...human love, if you'll pardon the expression... you're going to be forced to choose between death and a purely physical mating. Let's hope that doesn't happen, and you find someone else -- " He raised one hand in a negative gesture, whether at the idea of engaging in the activity of hoping or at the idea of finding someone else she did now know, but hurried on. "If the worst comes to worst -- " She remembered to pause to see if he understood the idiom, and saw that he did. " -- I will be there."

"I thank thee."

She shivered suddenly, and turned to look again into the long, yellow face, expecting to see repugnance or stiff control hiding it, but there was only a quietness. She said softly, "If I come to love you, I will be yours always -- if you find you can accept love."

He reached up again, not towards her forehead, but to her neck, drew her head down, and kissed her.

She knew at once that he had only seen it in films. His lips were stiff and shut, and it did not seem to occur to him that anything was supposed to happen beyond the meeting of



faces. She touched her tongue softly to his lips. She did not feel them move, but she became aware of a sense of well-being and was puzzled to realize that it was not her own. Then she understood that it was a perception of his reaction to her kiss. She tried to hold her mind open to the feeling, but in her attempt to concentrate on it she drew away from his awkward kiss, and the link was broken.

"Thee will teach me, and I thee," he said.

She nodded, unable to speak, and left the room.

S'darmeg lay with his face turned up to the ceiling and wriggled himself deeper into the warmth of the covers.

Kirk felt deeply ashamed of himself for having witnessed so much, but, seeing no way he could have avoided it, he set himself instead to thinking what he could do to repair the blunder. He decided, after a moment, that the best thing he could do was to behave as if he had seen nothing and hope that neither Uhura nor S'darmeg would see through the pretense. He was not entirely sure that a Vulcan male would be upset by an accidental trespass

of his privacy, but he was sure a Terran female would be. He rose, stepped silently to the door, stood still a minute to arrange his face, and then said cordially, "Good morning, Lieutenant. How are you?"

"Better, I thank you, sir. Your Dr. Mbenga tells me that he thinks a complete repair of the injured leg will be possible."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"I have a favor to ask of you, sir."

"Yes?"

"The Menash operated out of Vulcan Star Base and was under orders directly from Vulcan. I wish to transfer to scoutwork further out on the Federation frontiers."

"That would mean operating out of one of the more distant bases," Kirk mused. "25, or 26, perhaps? Or would you prefer to join explorations on a Starship such as the Enterprise?" S'darmeg could probably arrange his course to cross theirs fairly often, but it would be easier for him to be with Uhura if they were both on the same ship.

S'darmeg hesitated. "No," he said finally. "My training has been for the scoutcraft. And I should not remain on your ship, sir, because I am no longer a part of the tradition, and -- But you perhaps do not know what that means to -- "

"I know something of it."

"Indeed? Ah, from the Commander. Of course." S'darmeg hesitated again. "There have been few like me in our past, sir. I am, I imagine, the only Exile of the new Cycle."

Kirk started to tell him about Sarek, then stopped. The case did not apply.

"In the past there has been no choice except to hold to what little of the traditions remained open, or to live a hermit's life." S'darmeg closed his eyes and stirred restlessly for a moment before opening them and going on again, no longer looking at Kirk. "I have considered this problem carefully during the past months. I think I may call myself expert in it. There is now a better solution: to adopt the culture of another people. The Commander will no doubt approve my solution and agree that I must therefore be out of his society. Will you inform him of my decision?"

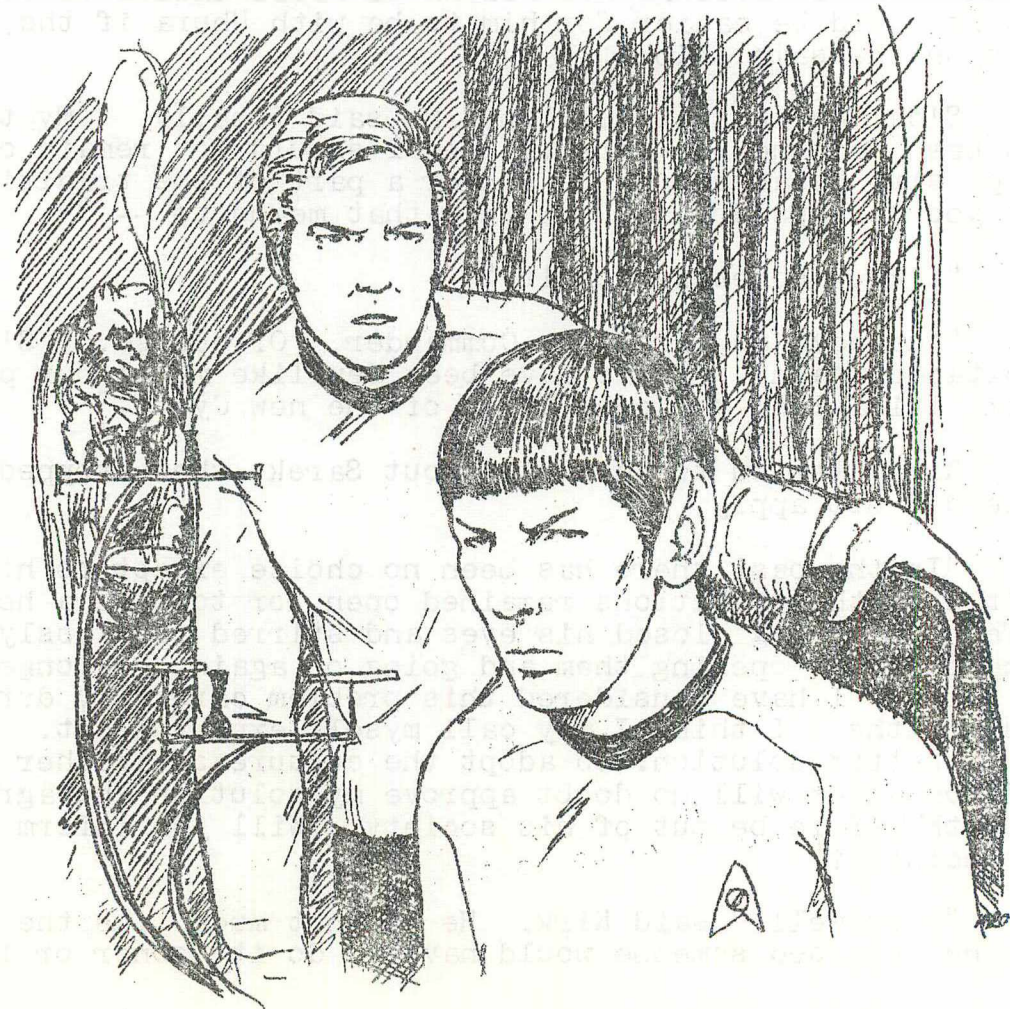
"Very well," said Kirk. He did not much like the commission, but he supposed someone would have to do it sooner or later. He

went to Spock's quarters and found his First Officer up and playing chess with the computer.

"Leave the traditions!" Spock repeated, when Kirk had explained his errand. His vehemence startled Kirk -- and struck the human as being downright unvulcan. Kirk stooped and retrieved a pawn which Spock's involuntary gesture had brushed off the topmost board.

"He thought you would approve," Kirk said, replacing the piece.

"He is in error," said Spock, as if that was a serious crime. "It is true that he is shut out from a large part of our culture, but it is his culture all the same, the society in which he grew up. I do not see how he can hope to find greater peace elsewhere. What does he want? -- the uncontrolled passions of Terrans, the violence of Andorians, the -- "



"Spock!"

Spock stopped and looked surprised at the captain's horrified expression. "What is it, Jim?"

"What makes you so damn sure Vulcan culture is better than the others? Haven't you heard something about infinite diversity and -- "

"I am sure it is better for those who have been reared in it," Spock interrupted.

"And better for someone who wasn't reared in it, such as your -- "

"Be quiet." Spock's voice was soft, but the chill in the contemptuous tone stopped Kirk momentarily.

"Don't give me orders, Mister," Kirk said at last, matching Spock's cold intensity. "I give the orders on board this ship. If you don't like it, go home to Vulcan, where you seem to think you belong."

Spock shuddered and turned away from him, staring at the flickering of the dark red flame in his firepot. "I don't belong there -- entirely," he said. "I chose a middle way."

"But, naturally, S'darmeg isn't allowed to do that."

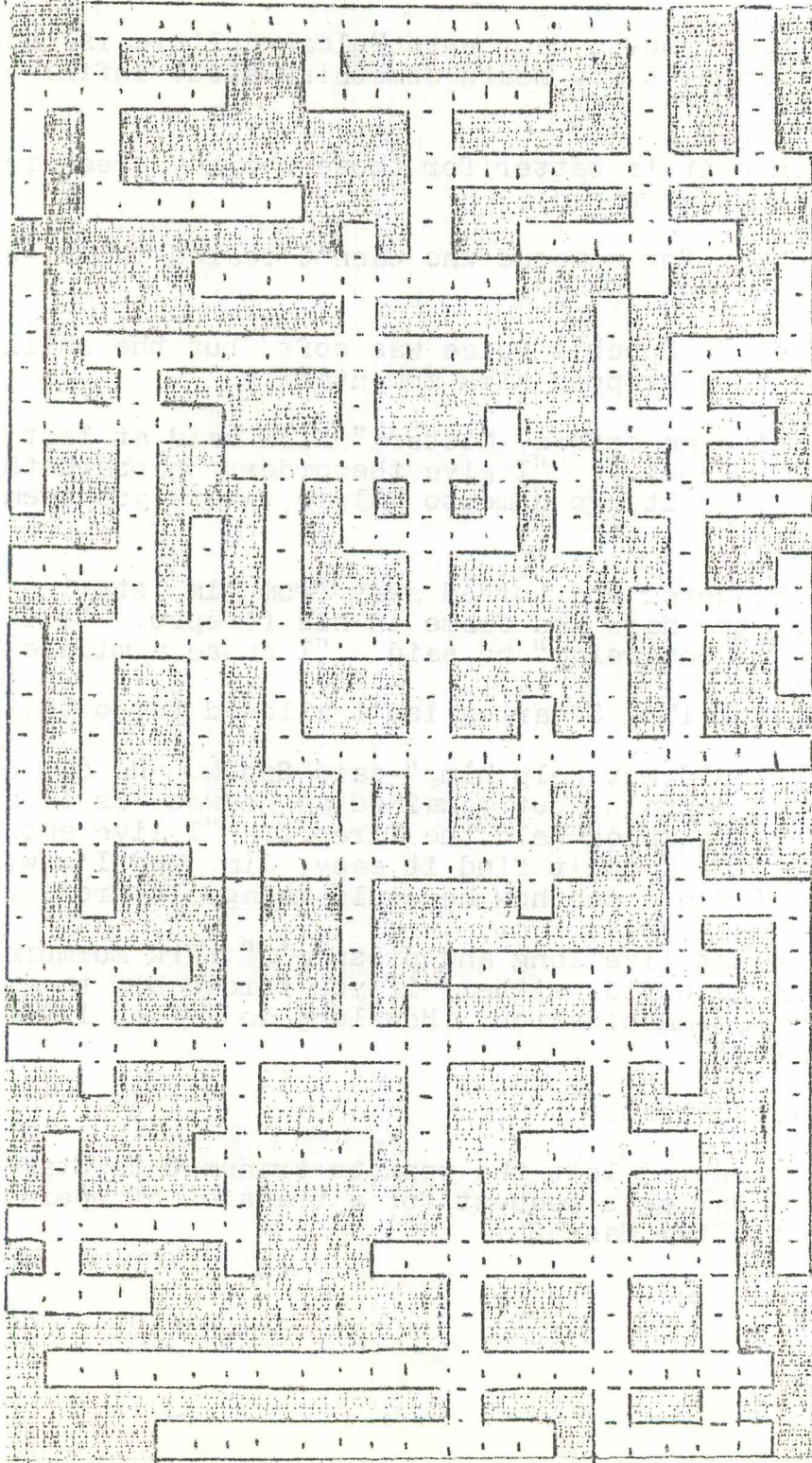
"My way would not help him," said Spock. He did not turn to look at the captain, but remained as he was, as if addressing the little statue which held the firepot. "I live among aliens as a Vulcan. I...I don't find it easy, Jim, and I'm within the traditions. I don't see how he could manage it from outside."

"'May he not live long and prosper'," Kirk murmured. "I don't suppose he would, either, if you forced him to go on receiving that communication. How long do Exiles live on the average, anyway?"

Spock was silent.

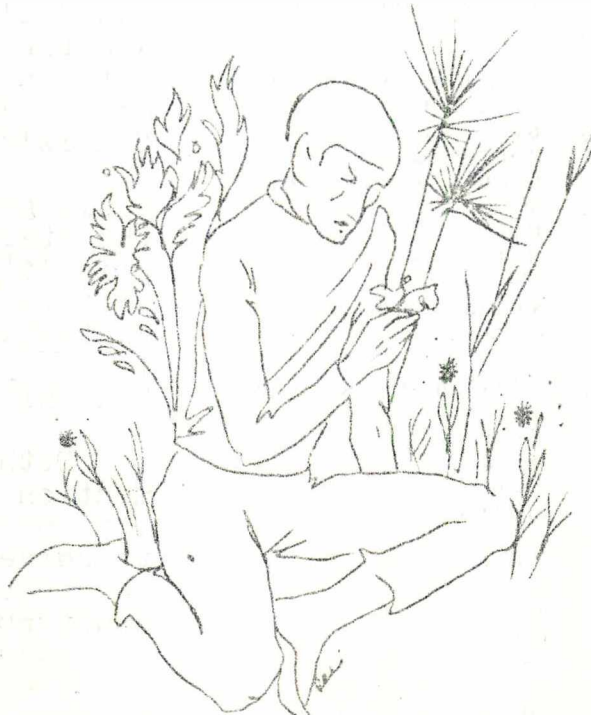
Kirk sighed and left the room to transmit to Star Fleet Command Lt. S'darmeg's request for a transfer of operations-base from Vulcan to Star Base 26.

S T R
TAR REK RISS-KROSS
by Agnes Nissen



To solve this puzzle, fit the words given below (in alphabetical order according to length) into their proper places in the diagram.

<u>3 letters</u>	Earth	<u>7 letters</u>	<u>10 letters</u>	<u>13 letters</u>
ETA	McCoy	Console	Deflectors	Saurian brandy
Log	Orbit	Galileo	Enterprise	
UFP	Probe	Phasers	Shore leave	<u>14 letters</u>
	Sarek	Sickbay	Transtator	Battle stations
<u>4 letters</u>	Spock			
Code	Stars	<u>8 letters</u>	<u>11 letters</u>	<u>15 letters</u>
Deck	Surak	Formulae	Captain Pike	Research station
Helm	Uhura	Romulans	Memory Alpha	
Kirk		Scanners	Neutral Zone	<u>16 letters</u>
Kyle	<u>6 letters</u>	Starbase	Tractor beam	General order four
RHIP	Bridge	Stardate	Transporter	
Ship	Chapel			<u>19 letters</u>
Sulu	Chekov	<u>9 letters</u>	<u>12 letters</u>	Universal translator
Vent	Galley	Andromeda	Program banks	
	Ion pod	Computers	Shuttlecraft	<u>20 letters</u>
<u>5 letters</u>	Mbenga	Navigator		Psychological profile
Alert	Scotty	Starfleet		
Cabin	Vulcan	Tricorder		
	Yeoman	Warp speed		



HOLLYWOOD, Calif. (AP) — Nothing fades faster than a canceled television series they say. So how come "Star Trek" won't go away?

This show about galaxy-hopping spacemen of the future went off the network nearly four years ago, yet enthusiasm still waxes hot among its fans.

"Star Trek" has engendered a cult unlike any other series, and for thousands of people the Star Ship Enterprise is still out there exploring new worlds.

Nearly 4,000 people attended a "Star Trek" convention in New York last January and conventions are planned next year for New York and Santa Barbara, Calif. Enthusiasts in Manchester, England, started a "Star Trek" festival.

In Boston, episodes are used in graduate seminars at Emerson College to get students talking. Other colleges and high schools also use the show, and a few hospitals show certain episodes to mental patients.

Several community playhouses have put on original "Star Trek" plays, including the one in Denham Springs, La., which staged "The Romulan Encounter" last November.

More than 100 privately published fan magazines are devoted to this series and its character.

NBC has asked its creator, Gene Roddenberry, to do a "Star Trek Returns" movie, which in turn would be a pilot for a new series. "Star Trek" is syndicated to about 125 stations in the United States, re-runs are seen in 60 foreign countries.

Roddenberry is a tall, ruggedly built man who could pass for a policeman or an airline pilot, two occupations he pursued on his

way to becoming a writer and producer. He now is preparing his movie script of "The Blue Line" for production, he said.

"I think the thing people dug was that 'Star Trek' was one show that was optimistic about the future.

"Kids today are growing up at a time when people are saying there is no tomorrow, that it all may be over in 20 years. 'Star Trek' said there is a tomorrow and that it can be as challenging and as exciting as the past. It said there are things to be done, places to be explored, that things are not at a standstill."

Roddenberry poured a lot of his own philosophy into the series.

"One reason I went to science fiction was because I was looking for a way to talk about things that are meaningful to me. I figured if I went to a strange planet I could talk about war and race and all the things you couldn't talk about on television," he said.

"The series constantly asked, is this good, is this bad, is this beautiful? We had themes that to be different is not to be bad. 'Star Trek' emphasized that we shouldn't interfere in the lives of other people. Maybe the kids saw something about Vietnam in that."

The care that went into the creation not only of the hardware but also the premises for other civilizations won the show a loyal following.

Fans write episodes, poetry and music, and some cannot resist the God-like opportunity to create new — and perhaps more perfect — worlds. Inspired by Mr. Spock, the Vulcan officer with pointed ears, one fan created a Vulcan musical scale, a Vulcan book of songs and a Vulcan dictionary.

Star Trek RENEWAL?

"Star Trek" is suddenly back in the news. The article to the left, by Jerry Buck, went over the AP wire and appeared in many papers throughout the U.S. TV Guide, March 25, had William Marsano's "Grokking Mr. Spock, or, may you never find a tribble in your chicken soup," a report of the ST convention.

The second issue of Monster Times (February 16) devoted most of its space to articles on ST (including an informative article on the Gold Key ST comic by its scripter, Len Wein; the other articles repeat information which is mostly available elsewhere, and some of them are inaccurate). Al Capp had "Li'l Abner's" Honest Abe take part January in a tv show, "Star Schlep," and in February Charles Schulz's Snoopy asked in a logical manner, "Who could get bored flying the star ship 'Enterprise'?" Ted White's editorial in the April Fantastic consisted of a letter praising ST and Ted White's rebuttal.

Both Marsano and Buck mention NBC's interest in a tv movie of ST, possibly to serve as a pilot for a return of the series. No doubt public response to this assorted publicity would encourage NBC to go ahead with such plans.

Those who want to encourage them would do well to write NBC, TV Guide, Paramount & local NBC-affiliate stations saying that they've seen articles discussing a return of ST, hope it is true, and would like to know if it is. (NBC-TV Programming, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NY NY 10020; Frank Yablans, Pres., Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon LA CA 90038; Letters Dept. TV Guide Radnor PA 19088). Such letters should be legible (preferably typed), neat, courteous, and originally phrased (imitating someone else's words would make them think only one person was doing the writing).

T-WAVES

from Bruce Robbins

An interesting ST influence you might want for the record -- the episode of Ironsides seen in the states January 20. "And Then There Was One" with Percy Rodrigues and produced by Fred Freiberger had one character say something about "the infinite variety of life" and/or "the infinite diversity..." and remember having heard it on a science fiction show on television. It was sarcastically juxtaposed to some remarks about the natives of Viet-Nam.

from Pat Zotti

Got TN-13 and congrats on another fine ish. However! I think you've been working too hard.... "The House of Fear"???? A combination of "House of Bamboo" and "Fear in the Night," no doubt. ((Mope. Too much watching of old Sherlock Homes movies.))

from Fred Patten

I'm checking for Bjo on the availability of TV21, the British weekly comic with original "Star Trek" strips in it. Bjo says that several fans have tried to subscribe to it and have been turned down because the publisher won't accept individual North American subscriptions; but that if I can use my contacts to order a large quantity of each issue -- 25 or more -- she guarantees I can sell every copy to Trek fandom. Well, I'd rather have a firmer commitment from fans before I commit myself to buying 25 copies each of a weekly comic for the indefinite future. Fans interested in subscribing to the comic should write to me at 11863 West Jefferson Boulevard, Apt 1, Culver City California 90230.

from Weems

I suppose you heard about the con. The three highlights were Gene R. and the blooper films (tied for first place) and

Dr. Asimov. (Asimov delivered a speech entitled "The Original Mr. Spock," but the only time the First Officer of the Enterprise even got mentioned was while Asimov was telling about the article, "Three Cheers for Mr. Spock," he wrote for TV Guide. The rest of the time was devoted to "the original Dr. Asimov.")

I was one of two Regular bloodworms (NOT a matched set!) at the costume call, and it was dressed up as such that I met Dr. Asimov. My visibility was very nearly nothing because of the red bag costume I had on, and I needed help from somebody to tell me when the elevator door was open. (I'm pretty sure it was Devra Langsam who gave me a push at the proper moment.) Anyway, I waited to no one in particular that during the contest judging I had been perhaps four feet from G.R., M. Barrett, and Dr. Asimov. As it turned out, the Good Doctor was at that moment about six inches away. We shook hands through the costume, and he felt around to make sure I was a girl (after all, he's got a reputation as a dirty old man to protect).

from Devra Langsam

All in all, I think that "Notes on Leonard McCoy" is an interesting and amusing article. A note on Boyce not having felt threatened by Vulcan imperturbability...at that time Spock had not exhibited any, so how could he have felt threatened by it?

((By our-world chronology he couldn't.-- although Dr. Piper, who was being discussed at the same time, could, Spock having developed enough imperturbability by the time of "Where No Man" to annoy Kirk somewhat. By ST-world chronology, it's fair to point out that Phillip Boyce was, like Piper, and unlike McCoy, not bothered by Spock's behavior.))

from Shirley Maiewski

I wish they'd done Joanna -- from the bits I've heard, it would have been a great show. Somehow I always felt McCoy had only recently joined Star Fleet. Seems he'd be a little more -- well, "military" if he'd been in too long. But, of course, being McCoy, he'd probably never be military!

I loved "Picnic" by Anna Mary Hall. So good to read something about somebody besides Spock! Nothing against Spock, but he is overdone sometimes.

from Steve O'Neil

"Cousinage" is fine in that it keeps us in touch with what's going on. But not all things, ideas, put out by either bad or good authors have to be incorporated into the ST universe. Of course Spock probably has a male cousin of some type, with the

childhood experiences as expressed. But considering the mistakes made in the strip's construction (his name, rank, and line of reasoning and actions in regard to capture and Spock's actions), I myself would hardly use the specific character in writings of my own (meaning I don't believe he exists).

The fascination for Vulcans is a little disturbing. The word Jacqueline is doing is fine, but it seems almost everyone has jumped on the bandwagon. It's a big universe out there.

from Ginie Reynolds

Thoroughly enjoyed "Picnic" in this last issue of T-N -- so much so I missed my bus to go to work. I forgot about the time and didn't stop reading till I finished it. Have an understanding boss, fortunately -- in fact, he's got T-N now to read the story.

The sons of Vulcan vomit smoak -- Milton, "Comus," 655.



OLD-TIME REVIEW

Nimoy -- theater

Rockford Morning Star, "Box Office," by James E. Sullivan, March 10, 1968, p.D-1.
 "Leonard Nimoy fits into that unique category of an 'overnight' star -- after years of work and years of acceptance by the industry as a skilled performer.

"His current phenomenal popularity, of course, is the result of his Mr. Spock characterization on NBC-TV's 'Star Trek,' seen locally at 7:30 p.m. Fridays on WTVO. But Nimoy has been a sought-after performer for years, with over 50 television shows to his credit and an equal number of stage performances.

"The stage is what brought him into this area, a windfall for his fans and for fans of fine acting. He is the star of 'Visit to a Small Planet,' which opened this past week at producer Carl Stohn's Pheasant Run Playhouse near St. Charles. The Gore Vidal comedy will run through Sunday, March 24.

"Nimoy understands the 'overnight' tag on his career and rather enjoys it. 'People,' he said, 'merely identify an actor with what they see him in regularly. If he's a hit, he's suddenly someone important to them. But in the industry, it's all treated as sort of an ironic joke; like, newcomer makes good.'

"Vidal's 'Visit' is a comedy about a man from another planet or 'place' who lands on earth 'next summer' to sightsee and watch the Battle of Bull Run. Disappointed at missing one war, he decides to start his own. A hit in 1957, the play has worn very well and remains both entertaining and thought-provoking. With a combination of wild humor and subtle jabs, it takes off on smugness, pomposity and passions of all types, including war, militarism, sex and status.

"Nimoy is right at home in the role of Kreton, the play's visitor, since Mr. Spock is from another planet, a Vulcan serving as second in command of the star ship Enterprise on 'Star Trek.' There the similarity stops, of course, but Mr. Spock would be the first to admit that it is entirely logical for Kreton to behave with an air of whimsy. Earth is his hobby, and he has a 'delicious' time causing turmoil and observing the strange customs of humans.

"With the exception of Bill More and Geraldine Kay, the current Pheasant Run supporting cast is weaker than usual for that fine theater. Nimoy, however, easily pays off in entertainment for the miles and hours invested. He is a smooth, highly confident worker on stage and a friendly, warm personality off.

"Nimoy's opening night was a double pleasure for him since he had just received word that contracts for 'Star Trek's' renewal were signed on Tuesday. 'We also have a new time slot,' he said, 'we'll be on at 6:30 p.m. your time on Monday nights.'

"According to Nimoy, the original concept of Mr. Spock was 'just a man with pointed ears and a scientific mind. He developed his unusual appeal through the work of script writers over a long period of time.' That's one theory, but no one who sees the able Leonard Nimoy at work could doubt that his skill has carried Mr. Spock on to 'fascinating' heights."

Uhura

