



T-NEGATIVE



VITA-1

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Contents

cover: Connie Reich Faddis

Starship Technical Report: Transporters -- Mark Schulman.....	4
Cyrano's Ballade -- Ruth Berman.....	11
Tunnels of an Imprisoned Mind -- Carmen Carter.....	12
Old Time Article -- "Captain Kirk, a man of tomorrow" -- John Stanley, San Francisco Examiner/Chronicle Datebook.....	29
Puzzle -- Jackie Franke.....	32
Articles of Interest.....	34
limerick -- Judy Warner.....	36
Reviews.....	37
What Have They Done to My Models? -- Richard G. Van Treuren....	39
A Short Vulcon Report -- Ruth Berman.....	40
T-Waves: Letters.....	41
Under Review (fanzine reviews) -- Carol Ing.....	49

backcover: T'Pau, Amanda, T'Pring, and T'Pring.

illios: Rae Ladore, pp. 6, 17; Douglas Herring, opposite p. 8; Rosalind Oberdieck, p. 11; Ricky Pearson, pp. 13, 21, 24, 28; Janice, p. 34. lino: Mary Himmelbach.

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I will be reprinting others later.
Brag Dept. Two of my poems, "Sinai Peninsula Photographed from a Gemini Flight," and "Smokestacks," appeared in the August issue of Jean's Journal (\$1/copy, Box 15, Kanona NY 14856).



Starship Technical Report:
by Mark Schulman



TRANSPORTERS

A transporter is a device that annihilates matter, transmits it to a predetermined spot, and reconverts it back into its original state.

A starship's transporters have an effective range of just under 26,000 kilometers (16,000 miles).¹ The main radio signal which carries the code of how to reconstruct the transported object, called the carrier beam, is probably produced by a 1200-watt transtater.² A second beam, the power beam, is produced by a set of complex electrical circuitry, the main junction circuitry.³ It is this power beam which carries the actual energy of the transported object. The frequencies of these beams cover a wide range of radio and subspace bands, ranging, I would estimate, from 100 to 10,000 megacycles per second.⁴

When an object is placed on a transporter platform, and the transporter is energized, various frequencies of light are fired from the upper platform to the lower. When they strike an atom, the photons of the light are absorbed, and the atom is primed to a higher energy level. This goes on until the atom ionizes. Several seconds later scanners begin to read the pattern in which the object is constructed. A split-second later, magnetic lines, millions of them, begin streaming down from the top platform. Once these lines are firmly established (about 5 milliseconds, say), nuclear particles of anti-matter are fired down along these lines. As each anti-matter particle finds its corresponding particle of matter, they annihilate. Photons are produced, and drawn off along these same magnetic lines toward the bottom platform. From here they are carried away to the main junction circuitry, processed, and transmitted through the ship's high-gain antenna.

The energy released by such a process is of an astronomical order. One 150 lb. man would produce almost 165 billion kilowatt hours of electricity, enough electrical energy to keep the present day United States running for a month, or enough current to sustain a 100-watt bulb for approximately 1.9 million years (assuming the bulb lasted that long). If you were to buy that,

1. Star Trek Writers Guide.
2. The transtater is basic to many Federation machines, such as the transporter, phaser, and communicator. "Piece of the Action."
3. The transporter failed to operate perfectly in "Doomsday Machine" because of a power-drain in the main junction circuitry.
4. Estimated figures. After some research and several suggestions from my cousin, Chris Schulman, we arrived at these figures as being the most likely.

it would cost about \$3.3 million (rates as of August 1972 from Florida Power and Light Corp.).

It goes without saying that no present-day circuitry can handle that amount of current. However, it is logical to assume that at our present rate of advancement, we will have such high-rated circuitry by the Enterprise's time.

Each individual transporter platform must be set on a different frequency. This does not necessarily mean that each one has a set frequency. But no two platforms can simultaneously be used on the same frequency.⁵

On practically all present-day devices, one of the electrical poles -- usually the negative pole -- is grounded. On all automobiles, the entire metal body of the car is connected to the negative side of the battery. Almost every electrical appliance is grounded, from houses to aircraft, and even real spacecraft.

The raised transporter platform looks good to the television audience, but it is not just for looks. It probably serves the same function of grounding. The voltage running through the platforms is around 170,000 volts. Even a small current of only a few amps would place the power level above one million watts. It stands to reason that starships are grounded, too. Since the electrical current runs from the upper platform to the lower, the lower platform is positive. The floor, being grounded, is negative. Were anyone to touch both the "ground" and the energized lower platform, he would probably light up like a light-bulb filament and dissolve quickly into a pile of ashes. It seems logical to assume that the raised platform is an efficient insulator designed to keep personnel from such an accident.

According to The Making of Star Trek, there are eleven transporters on a starship: four are the familiar 6-man type, the main operational ones and the only ones shown on "Star Trek"; there are also two cargo transporters and five 22-man transporters. The last are used only in emergencies, for abandoning ship; the power drain is enormous and can result in a crippled ship.⁶

When an object is to be beamed to another place -- say, perhaps, a planet surface -- the transporter is locked on a few feet above the surface. As the first few atoms and molecules are transformed back into matter, they re-gain a finite weight. This weight pulls them down towards the planet surface. As the other

5. So that if, as in "Tholian Web," only three different transporter frequencies were open, only three people could be beamed aboard.

6. Starfleet must place extremely strict regulations on what is considered an emergency. Drawing that much current could probably burn out both the ship's and the transporter's dilithium crystals in nothing flat.



molecules appear and are joined onto these first molecules, in effect the whole beam is lowered to the surface. Objects must be beamed to a point a little above the desired point to allow a margin for error, to avoid having the object materialize too low and wind up halfway in solid rock, doing, no doubt, great damage to both object and rock. This, clearly, is the reason why landing parties always choose to beam into a large, open area. As mentioned in "Day of the Dove," intra-ship beaming is dangerous because of the chance of materializing inside a bulkhead.

The idea of anti-matter involved in this process invites speculation in several areas.

Some scientists believe that the universe originated from a single particle, called a "universon." It immediately split -- by some unspecified process -- into two equal yet opposite particles: a "cosmon" and an "anti-cosmon." The cosmon became the world we know; the anti-cosmon became a world of anti-matter.⁷

In order to be completely annihilated into energy, matter and anti-matter must be mixed in equal proportions. Energy is neutral in relation to matter or anti-matter, so it is difficult to see how the transporter differentiates the two. In other words, what is to keep a person from materializing as anti-matter instead of matter? Furthermore, it could be that an object could materialize not only as anti-matter, but could materialize in the anti-cosmos. Obviously, the carrier beam is able to differentiate exactly between matter and anti-matter. However, strong interference with the carrier beam might change that. Such may have been the case in "Mirror, Mirror."

⁷ Information from the Atomic Energy Commission; reprint from Scientific American.

When working with a machine of the transporter's capabilities, many interesting possibilities present themselves. Perhaps one -- or both -- of the beams could be knocked into other dimensions of space, causing conditions which allow transport through time. Such may have been the case in "City on the Edge of Forever."

It is even conceivable that the transporter can add molecules onto objects, as atoms are added to crystals, to make them grow. Such an effect could account for Apollo's ability to expand and contract his size in "Who Mourns for Adonais?"

There are problems to be overcome in designing a transporter. Just for a moment, let's say you are a transporter. You see the captain heading for the transporter platform. However, you aren't paying particular attention to him. The chief engineer is programming into you the co-ordinates of where to send the captain. There must be three co-ordinates, to define a point in three-dimensional space. For instance, two spots on the surface of Gideon had the co-ordinates 875-020-079, and 875-020-709.

A small section of you is busy locating the given co-ordinates. Suddenly you feel a tingle. You've turned on. The captain starts to glitter. Now you must remember everything you "see"; the smallest forgotten detail could be death for the captain. His atoms start to sparkle. Every time an atom sparkles, the light it gives off tells you what kind it is, how it's arranged, its energy level, etc. And you remember it all, in the section of the ship's computer which is set aside exclusively for your use. As each layer of the captain's body is annihilated, it reveals a new layer to be ionized, memorized, and dematerialized.

But wait! He moved. What do you do now? When you rematerialize him on the planet surface, should you put him the way he was before or after he moved? How do you figure out the before (or after) positions for atoms you only saw after (or before)? Our captain is in trouble. He's in trouble even if he tries to hold still. The heart beats; blood circulates; electrical impulses travel along nerves. (If a nerve impulse were viewed in several places as it traveled along a nerve, perhaps it would be amplified many times in transmission. A slight itch on the ship, felt all along the nerve could be insufferable pain after materializing on the planet surface.)

The whine which is heard when the transporter is started must be the sign of a paralysis field which freezes all motion in the field -- nerves, muscles, glands, etc.

Another obvious problem would be pressure. If the subject in the transporter room has an internal pressure of 14 lbs per

square inch, he's going to be at 14 p.s.i. when he materializes on the planet surface. Only thing is, what if the pressure on the planet surface isn't 14 p.s.i.? It is logical to assume that the sensors can measure surface pressure and that the transporter has a computer program to compensate for pressure changes.

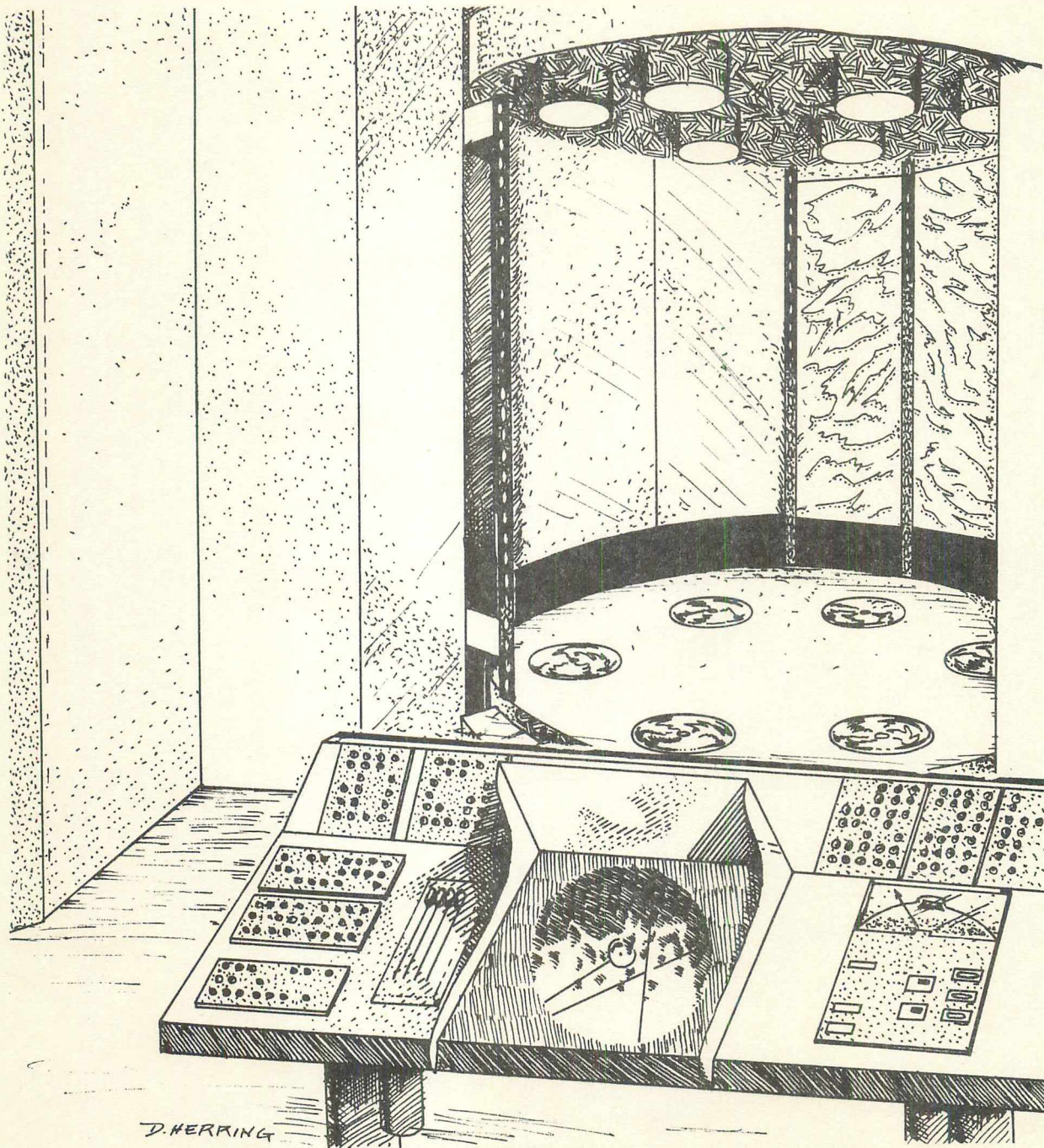
Since the carrier beam is an electro-magnetic radio wave (which is both amplitude and frequency modulated), it theoretically can be jammed, altered, and otherwise tampered with. And that is probably exactly what happened in "The Gamesters of Triskelion." The Triskelions must have altered the carrier wave so as to have the landing party materialize on Triskelion. They must also have added power to the power beam to increase its range.

An unusual condition of the transporter is called "transit." The subject is neither on the platform, nor at his destination. He is somewhere in between. In a sense, he is everywhere in between. During transportation, the matter really consists of nothing more than the power contained in the power beam and the information in the carrier beam. The carrier beam can be taped, and replayed any time, and the power in the power beam can be stored in dilithium crystals. There is a power loss, which must constantly be made up, so the time a person could be held in transit is limited. The Klingons in "Day of the Dove" were held in transit, while the Enterprise crew was allowed to materialize. In "The Enemy Within," it was probably a malfunction during transit which produced two "Kirks," a good one and an evil counterpart.

"What worries me," McCoy said, in James Blish's Spock Must Die, "is whether I'm myself anymore. I have a horrible suspicion that I'm a ghost. And that I've been one for maybe as long as twenty years...THE question is, of course, the soul. If it exists, which I know no more about than the next man. When I was first reassembled by that damnable machine, did my soul, if any, make the crossing with me -- or am I just a reasonable automaton?" McCoy's dilemma merits some thought (a remarkable achievement for Blish).* After all, after the first dematerialization, the original body is destroyed. Then a machine -- the transporter -- puts together atoms and molecules in exactly the same arrangement that the man was before he died. Those atoms and molecules then begin to function just as the original person did. But, as McCoy said, "I am, by definition, not the same man who went into a transporter for the first time twenty years ago. I am a construct made by a machine after the image of a dead man."⁸

* Actually, such metaphysical arguing between characters is probably what Blish has always done best (as in his Hugo-winner, Case of Conscience). -- RB

⁸ James Blish, Spock Must Die (New York: Bantam, 1970), Chapter I, pp. 1, 5, 6.



McCoy has always had a thing about the transporter. Naturally, anything McCoy dislikes, Spock likes. Their feud produced an amusing exchange in "Obsession." An anti-matter bomb had just been exploded, and at the same time Kirk and Ensign Garrovick were beamed up; the transporter platforms lit up, but no one materialized:

McCOY: Do something!

SPOCK (adjusting the transporter): We are, Doctor.
(turns a few dials)

Cross-circuiting to "A."

(A small patch of shimmering lights appear over the platforms.)

SCOTT: Got 'em...a piece of 'em, anyway.

SPOCK: Cross-circuiting to "B."

McCOY: Crazy way to travel -- spreading a man's molecules all over the universe!

(Slowly two human forms materialize.)

SCOTT: Captain! Thank heavens...

SPOCK: Mr. Scott, there was no deity involved. It was my cross-circuiting to "B" that recovered them.

McCOY: Well, then thank pitchforks and pointed ears...as long as it worked!

KIRK: That's a fair statement, Bones.

Several years ago, a number of scientists came up with a theory of what they named tachyons, nuclear particles that travel faster than the speed of light. Within a few years, they were found.

Since it is the carrier beam which ultimately limits the transporter's range to 26,000 kilometers, the range could be increased if the carrier beam could be increased. If the beam were made of tachyons, it might increase this range ten-fold. So far, the Federation does not have such a transporter. Perhaps Gary Seven's instructors had a tachyon transporter, considering that in "Assignment: Earth," he was beamed to Earth from "at least a thousand light years away." However, the script does not offer any definite evidence to back up this suggestion.

It seems possible that a transporter doesn't even need a live person to reproduce an individual. Images of Losira, apparently solid ("That Which Survives"), and an image of Landru, looking non-solid, however ("Return of the Archons"), reproduced at least some of their originals' personalities, and could evidently be made to appear, as if by a transporter process, wherever their computers desired. The Federation does not seem to have the technical capability to store and reproduce an individual -- perhaps the ethical and legal problems involved have discouraged them from trying.

The existence of transporters on the ships suggests many possibilities in Federation daily life. For instance:

Public transportation is obviously fantastic. Depending on the relative expense, a visit (via transporter) could be as easy as a phone call. A central transporter station at the telephone office could allow people to transport anywhere on a world -- or off the world, using space-station relays.⁹

Medicine, too, would be improved. Some brain tumors today are fatal because they can't be removed without cutting through vital surrounding tissue. With the transporter, a miniature waldo-scalpel would be inserted to detach the tumor, and then both scalpel and tumor transported out without damage to the surrounding tissues. A starship's transporters could never do anything so delicate, of course. That's like expecting a BB gun to plaster an elephant.

Mail could be sent more quickly, and perhaps more cheaply, by transporter than by any other means. Given the appropriate relays, any piece of mail could be sent anywhere within our solar system in four hours or less.¹⁰ Of course, a letter in which only the message is important, could be taped and sent out over radio, or sub-space radio. But packages surely are sent by transporter, unless it is over vast distances, in which case cargo ships take over.

Devices such as transporters have long been a dream of science fiction writers. Perhaps someday it will be possible to actually construct them.

9 The telephone service of the Federation must be interesting. Naturally, it's all pictu-phones -- something like the Enterprise's sound plus viewscreen communications. Perhaps there are no toll charges except on out-of-planet calls.

10 If the beam travels at the speed of light, it would take four hours to go from Neptune to Pluto when they are on opposite sides of the sun, a distance of approximately 6.47 billion miles. This is, of course, assuming that no other planets are discovered besides the nine we now know, though it seems that some scientists may be on to a tenth one.

a final footnote: Thanks to Ruth Berman for helping develop some points, and a terrific thanks to Jacqueline Lichtenberg for her help in the collection of these theories.

CYRANO'S 3 ALLADE
by Ruth Berman

My namesake tossed off poetry
While flashing swords would cut and
hack

And, last, he skewered his enemy,
Stabbed, on the last line, front to
back.

But his accomplishments I lack.
I could not strike (except with dag-
gers of the mind), so I must pack
My tribbles in an old kit-bag.

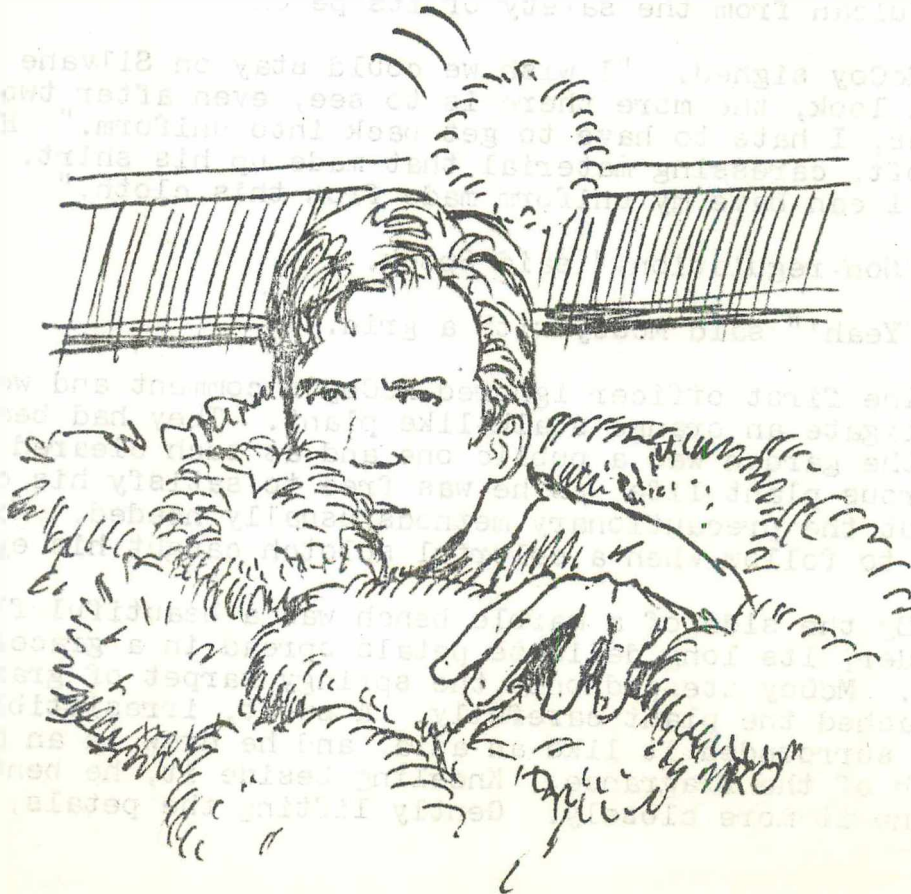
It really isn't fair to me
To make me pace this tribbled track
Clearing the floor unendingly
(Spock's calculations were a frac-
tion off: I'll never get the sack,
Because each time that I can snag
A beast it leaves behind a stack
Of little tribbles still to bag).

"Oh, call it job security,"
Kirk says, "You'll make the floors im-
mac-

ulate" -- Aye! in a century.
But I won't wait. I have a knack
For quick escape: guards will grow
slack,

I'll get some help (I never brag),
And soon I will not have to pack
Up tribbles in an old kit-bag.

1
--- ENVOI:
James Kirk, I won't stay on the rack.
My old friend, Harry Mudd, will drag
Me from this doom, and then we'll pack
These tribbles into your kit-bag.



TUNNELS OF AN IMPRISONED MIND

by Carmen Carter

A multi-colored quanotric swooped down into the garden, its brilliant feathers trailing in the air like a fractured rainbow. Settling on a marble bench with a lazy flap, the quanotric swivelled its orange eye around the ground in search of jertles. A soft puff of wind ruffled its down and moved on to swing the hanging vines that clung among the salfour trees. The quanotric gave a throaty chuckle. Hopping onto the grass below its perch, it snapped a squirming jertle with its scarlet beak. A quiet squish, and the jertle disappeared completely. The scarlet beak commenced a search through the blades of grass when a faint sound stopped it. Squawking angrily, the quanotric flapped its wings and flew hurriedly into the spreading branches of the nearest salfour just as two figures appeared among the trees.

The men were dressed in pale green garments of a silky cloth that glittered in the sun. Their cushioned shoes made little sound against the white flagstones that marked a path through the garden.

"A quanotric," observed Spock, gazing up with interest at the bird. The quanotric merely squawked reproachfully and eyed the Vulcan from the safety of its perch.

McCoy sighed. "I wish we could stay on Silvane longer. The more I look, the more there is to see, even after two weeks. Besides, I hate to have to get back into uniform." He fingered the soft, caressing material that made up his shirt. "Hmm, maybe I can have my uniform made from this cloth."

"Non-regulation," said Spock.

"Yeah!" said McCoy with a grin.

The first officer ignored McCoy's comment and went to investigate an orange stalk-like plant. They had been informed that the garden was a public one and as such cleared of any dangerous plant life, so he was free to satisfy his curiosity without the precautionary methods usually needed. McCoy was about to follow when a colorful splotch caught his eye.

By the side of a marble bench was a beautiful flower of pale lavender, its long delicate petals spread in a graceful fan shape. McCoy stepped onto the springy carpet of grass and approached the plant carefully. A sweet, irresistibly beautiful aroma surrounded it like an aura, and he drew in an appreciative breath of the fragrance. Kneeling beside it, he bent over to examine it more closely. Gently lifting the petals, he glimpsed

the half-hidden body of the plant. Its bulbous form exhibited a thick covering of purplish spines.

McCoy quickly drew back his hand before he touched any of the needle points. But suddenly, the plant seemed to explode. Dozens of sliverlike darts sprayed out against his legs and feet.

"Hey!" he yelled out in surprise, and sprang away.



Spock turned around at the exclamation and strode over to find McCoy standing away from the flower, shaking purple needles off his clothes. Looking up, McCoy grinned wryly. "Friendly little thing, isn't it?"

"Doctor," said Spock, "Plants do not harbor feelings of either geniality or animosity."

Picking off the last spine, McCoy straightened. "Compared to you, Spock, a Rigellian cactus is downright lovable."

"If by that comment you mean to imply that I am not 'lovable,' I welcome the comparison."

"Oh, and I -- "

A shrill beeping interrupted the doctor's intended reply. The Vulcan pulled a communicator from a pocket in his shirt and flipped open the grid. "Spock here."

"Kirk here, Mr. Spock. The supply delay has been cleared up, and we should be ready to leave in a few hours, so I suggest that you and Bones return now."

"Affirmative, Captain," said Spock.

"Well, so much for a great vacation," grumbled McCoy pleasantly as they turned to stroll back.

"I would be more inclined to call it a waste of time. If you humans did not have such a delicate nature -- "

"I swear, Spock, when we get back on board ship I'm going to plug you into the computer where you'll feel at home."

Their voices faded away as they moved into the distance. With a satisfied trill, the quanotric fluttered down. Carefully avoiding the purple spines scattered on the ground, it continued its interrupted search for jertles.

* * *

"Here are the tapes you wanted, Mr. Spock," said Nurse Chapel, placing a stack of cartridges on the library room table.

"Thank you, Nurse," said Spock without lifting his eyes from the viewscreen before him.

McCoy came up behind Chapel, his hands full of tapes also. "You know, it's almost worth the trouble of searching these tapes all morning just to have the satisfaction of knowing your computer brain forgot where something was."

Spock's eyebrows twitched in slight annoyance. "Doctor, I consider it a feat of memory to have remembered there was information on diseases related to Digron scitolis in the library. Besides, you are supposed to be the doctor on board this ship, not I."

Miffed, McCoy started to put down his tapes, only to accidentally knock Spock's stack to the floor. Grumbling, he bent down to pick them up and succeeded in sweeping his off the table as well.

"I suggest more caution if we are to finish within the next day," remarked Spock, still absorbed in his viewer.

McCoy's face flushed pink, and he slammed the cartridges back on the table. After a brief scuffle with a recalcitrant chair, he eased himself next to a desk viewer. He picked up the nearest tape and attempted to insert it into a slot. Still angry, he missed the slot and jammed his thumb instead. Stifling a curse, McCoy contemplated going back to bed to start the day over. However, with a second careful effort he inserted his tape. Before long he, too, was absorbed in reading.

Several hours passed by in silence. The only sounds were the almost inaudible humming of the ship's machinery and the occasional click of changing tapes. The door to the room slid open, and Chapel looked in. Both Spock and McCoy were still hunched over the viewers, oblivious to their surroundings.

"Dr. McCoy," called the nurse.

He stirred slightly, but it wasn't until her second call that he pulled his concentration away from his screen.

"You have an appointment in ten minutes."

"Oh, thank you." Wearily, McCoy stretched back in his chair. "Hey, Spock! We'd better stop for now. I've been at this so long my fingers are numb."

"Very well, Doctor," replied Spock, flicking off his viewer. "I, too, have other business." He rose smoothly, without the slightest indication of stiffness.

McCoy rose also, and pushing his chair aside, took a step towards the door. He fell spread-eagle to the floor instead.

"Doctor!" cried out Chapel in alarm.

"I'm all right," snapped McCoy. "Just tripped, that's all." He started to push himself up from the floor, then stopped. For a still moment he remained frozen, then announced, "I can't move my legs."

* * *

Mbenga lifted the tweezers up to the light for everyone to see. Gripped between the tips was a thin, purplish spine an inch long.

"This may be the cause of your trouble, Doctor," said Mbenga and moved to the head of the examining table where McCoy lay. Kirk and Spock came up to inspect it, also.

McCoy scrutinized the sliver closely and nodded. "A spine from a plant on Silvane. It shot quite a few of these at me yesterday, but I didn't feel this one go in." He frowned. "The fact that I didn't feel it in my foot is a pretty good indication of how fast the poison works. Get a message off to Silvane and ask for all the information they have on it. Spock, can you describe the plant for him?" he asked.

With a nod, Spock turned, and he and Mbenga headed out the door of sick-bay.

McCoy glanced up at the captain. "Don't look so worried, Jim," he chided.

Kirk smiled. "I guess I'm not used to seeing my chief medical officer out of commission instead of me."

"Hmph," snorted McCoy. "I may be flat on my back, but I'm not out of commission. My arms and legs are numb, not my brain. "Nurse!" he yelled. "Call someone in here to get me off this examining table and on to a bed. Then bring me the test results on that Digron scitosis case. Let's get some work done around here!"

* * *

Uhura tensed, then sent her fingers flying over the communications board. "The message from Silvane is coming in, Captain."

"Relay to main view screen and record, Lieutenant," said Kirk.

An image appeared on the front screen of the bridge. Kirk was startled to see that it was the planet's Secretary of Federation Affairs. This matter was more important than he had suspected. The man before him began to speak.

"Captain Kirk, I offer my deepest regrets over the accident which befell your medical officer here on Silvane -- though they will be of little help now."

Kirk felt himself go cold.

The secretary's face was grim as he continued. "The plant which poisoned Dr. McCoy was supposedly eradicated from this planet years ago. It seems we were not as thorough as we thought, and a spore survived. This is the first case reported in fifteen years.

"All information and data on the Spicuane will be sent after this message, but there isn't much. The poison causes a temporary paralysis lasting approximately a month or more. Since you found the spine early, the paralysis should not be longer than a few weeks." The man paused before his next statement. "However, the spine also brings a permanent insanity. All attempts to discover what chemical in the spines causes this madness have failed.

"I will make a full report of this incident to Star Fleet at once. Silvane will accept full responsibility. Goodby, Captain."

The secretary's image faded and was replaced by the data findings on the plant. Silence had settled over the bridge -- Sulu and Chekov at the helm with solemn faces, Uhura fighting back tears. Try as he might, Kirk could not concentrate on the data before him. Meaningless symbols rolled over the viewscreen in a confused blur. Yet Spock and Mbenga stared intently at the flow of medical and chemical information with a look of deter-

mined concentration. As the data stream finally came to an end, Mbenga reached down to the library panel and pulled out a recording cartridge.

"I'd better get this to sick-bay."

Kirk shook himself out of his initial shock. "There's a chance for a cure?"

"The last research on this plant was done fifteen years ago, Captain," said Mbenga. "I'll be damned if we can't do better than that now."

* * *

McCoy watched the last figures roll by on the screen. He nodded, and Mbenga switched off the bedside viewer. The doctor's face was ashen-white, but otherwise showed no personal reaction to the tape's contents.

"I want full-spectrum analysis on the spine," ordered McCoy. "Synthesize quantities and start lab experimentation on the effects. Run what we've got through the computer and add all the new data as we get it. See that I get a copy of all reports."

Within an hour, Mbenga and a large, special staff were hard at work. Concentrating on the insanity factor first, they worked through the night, but report after report brought no clue to the unknown substance that caused the madness. Late the next afternoon, a few results of the laboratory experimentation on animals were achieved.

"Short-term paralysis with small quantities of the poison brings about no adverse reactions." Shaking his head, Mbenga puzzled over the new data. "Whatever the cause is, it needs time to affect the mind. If we could stop the paralysis somehow, it might help us to observe the effects, but we haven't found a way to do that, either. It may be days before we get any more results."

"At its present rate the paralysis will be complete in a few hours. Maybe sooner." McCoy moved his head -- the only part of his body he could move now -- and gazed at the light purple tinge of his skin. Hour after hour he had watched it advance over his limbs. "But keep at it. I want an answer found even if it's too late to do me any good. There will probably be more cases on Silvane."



Christine Chapel came up to his bed. "Doctor, you've been working all day. You've got to get some rest, and that's final," she ordered. McCoy put up no verbal resistance. With Mbenga's help, Chapel lowered him down from his propped-up position and rearranged the cushions under his head.

"There now, that should...."

Slowly, her voice began to fade away. Lights began to dim. A strange sensation took hold of McCoy -- it was as if he had been turned off, his energy was draining away. He was left alone to float in a sea of oblivion: no light, or sound, or feeling. Only a solitary spark of consciousness remained.

THE PARALYSIS IS COMPLETE, he thought. I'M ALL ALONE... WHEN WILL I GO MAD? OR PERHAPS I'M MAD ALREADY? A sudden panic assailed him, a swaying, blind fear. Somehow, he forced it away. THIS IS A SURE WAY TO INSANITY IF I KEEP ON. I MUST CONCENTRATE ON SOMETHING ELSE. I CAN FIGHT OFF THE MADNESS IF I JUST CONCENTRATE HARD ENOUGH.

He started with his earliest memories. Earth. Back home in Georgia. That Christmas when he was four...his fifteenth birthday and a beautiful new flyercraft...a growing interest in medicine...papa's funeral...medical school...Joanna and....

The memories grew too painful.

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN? he wondered. A FEW HOURS, DAYS? There was no way to tell. The ever-present nothing surrounded him, emptier than space. I MUST CONCENTRATE! He started with "A" in the medical files and tried to recall all the entries:

...Bromalgan -- dark, red splotches, nausea, caused by a microbe from...Gavatrix...use ten cc's of triglyceraol...Miafyl...discovered by Salmer...Andorian biologist...Ricorex...fever, chills...treat with...treat with...with...

* * *

The panel indicator jumped for the third time and then settled back.

"The brain wave patterns are beginning to show slight deviations."

"Is he going mad already?"

"No, not yet, Captain. It's been 24 hours since the paralysis took over, and this is the first irregularity we've seen. But we haven't made any more progress on experimentation."

* * *

McCoy's footsteps echoed loudly in the empty corridors. The surroundings were familiar -- it was the Enterprise -- but something was wrong, very wrong -- something more than just the abandoned rooms, the silent intercom. Yet he couldn't think what it was; the elusive answer stayed out of reach.

WHERE IS EVERYONE? "Hello!" he called out again, as he had before, over and over. The echo bounced back and forth between the walls, traveling farther and farther away, going ever deeper into the entrails of the ship. No answer.

Suddenly the very wrong something became apparent. It was in him. His body was still and quiet -- no feel of a beating heart, no rush of air through his chest. He wasn't breathing. He felt for his pulse -- there was none.

I MUST BE DEAD! BUT WHY HERE? WHY ALL ALONE? I CAN'T REMEMBER AN ATTACK ON THE SHIP.

McCoy continued down the corridor until he found a turbo-elevator, its doors open. Stepping in, he called out, "Bridge." The doors snapped shut, and the slightest quiver and whining marked the movement sideways, then upward. With a gentle bump it stopped.

Sweeping open, the elevator doors revealed the abandoned bridge. Blinking lights flashed across the faces of the computers that lined the walls. Humming softly to themselves, they ignored the intruder that crossed the deck. The viewscreens were gray, dead.

I'D BETTER FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON.

McCoy approached a computer and pushed a few buttons. Nothing happened. The blinking, flashing lights continued without change. Puzzled, the doctor tried another sequence, then another. Still no response. Angrily, he slammed his fist across a row of buttons and switches. The computer continued to ignore him. Stalking over to Spock's library station, McCoy attempted to work the sensors and bring life to the viewscreens. The sensors spit back a meaningless jumble, and the screens remained blind.

THEY'RE DOING THIS ON PURPOSE. THEY'VE ALWAYS HATED ME, AND NOW THEY THINK THEY'LL GET REVENGE. WELL, THEY WON'T. Turning, he prepared to leave the bridge.

The turbo-elevator was gone.

Where the doors had been was now a smooth, metallic wall gleaming softly in the dim light. He was surrounded, and there was no way out. The flashing, blinking lights around him seemed to grow in intensity and tempo -- brighter and brighter, faster and faster, around and around the room. The humming was growing louder and higher. And the walls...the walls were closing in...

* * *

"You've found the substance?" asked Kirk anxiously. Both Spock and Mbenga stood before him in McCoy's office.

"No," replied Mbenga. "I don't believe there is a substance in the Spicuane which causes insanity."

"What do you mean? You just said that the indicators show that McCoy's going mad!"

"He is beginning to show aberrations of his mental processes," confirmed Spock. "However, they are not due to the poison of the spine."

"Spock -- !"

Mbenga quickly interrupted to explain. "We have checked thoroughly, and there is no chemical in the spine which can cause insanity. However, our lab experimentation revealed that the Spicuane paralyzes the nervous system -- it cuts off the subject's ability to move or even to feel. In effect, the subject is deprived of sensation. And that, it seems, is the answer -- we think."

"I don't follow," said Kirk.

"It's an old field of research -- work done in the latter part of the 20th century on Earth. Volunteers were padded with cushions and placed in sound-proof rooms where all sensory impressions -- sight, sound, touch -- were stopped. The results were hallucinations, delusions, a temporary insanity."

"Temporary?"

"Yes," said Spock and took up the narrative. "But the experimental duration lasted only for a few days; Dr. McCoy has been isolated two days, and unless a cure can be found for the paralysis he may remain this way for two or three weeks: enough time, perhaps, to make the insanity permanent."

"Then we're no closer to helping Bones than before."

"But we are, Captain," said Mbenga. "I'm sure we'll have a counter-acting chemical to the paralysis within days, maybe hours. Until then...." He looked towards the science officer.

"Until then," continued Spock, "I can use a mind-meld."

"What! And risk both of you going mad?"

"There is a certain amount of danger involved, but the probability of success is within the range of acceptability. It is his only chance."

Spock's voice was calm and even, but Kirk felt the hidden undercurrent of deep concern: his only chance. Kirk nodded his agreement.

* * *

Faster...brighter...faster and faster...colors...humming... louder...flashing...the walls...faster...faster...the walls... closer...colors...brighter...closer...closer...closer....

"McCoy!"



The walls retreated. The blinking, flashing colors slowed and quieted down. Stars appeared amid a black velvet backdrop on the viewscreens. The Enterprise was floating calm and serene through space.

McCoy looked up and found Spock kneeling over him. The doctor struggled to his feet and steadied himself on the arm of the command-chair. Glancing around the bridge -- still deserted but functioning normally -- McCoy grinned. "The computers always liked you." Then he paused and frowned. "But what are you doing here? Are you dead, too?"

"No, I am not dead, and neither are you, Doctor."

"I must be!" insisted McCoy. "Can't you see that?" His eyes began to wander across the bridge. "Those machines...if you hadn't come they would have...."

"Would have what?" asked Spock. "Killed you? They can't kill you if you are dead."

McCoy grew confused by Spock's statement. "But it's so lonely..." he said. "So very lonely...."

The walls began to dissolve, and all matter began to swirl and blur....

* * *

Spock slumped over the bed before Kirk or Mbenga could catch him. Dazed, the first officer shook his head as he tried to adjust to his surroundings.

"Are you all right?" questioned Mbenga worriedly.

"Yes," answered Spock. He was silent for a moment. "I made the contact just in time. Unfortunately, though, I miscalculated the effects of one of my statements and set off a new train of thought. The switch was too fast for me, and I lost him momentarily. I'll have to return."

* * *

McCoy tried to stand still and get his bearings, but the rushing, jolting crowd kept pushing him forwards, making him bob around like a stick among the waves of the sea, this way, then that. Tall people, short people, all colors and shapes, strode past him, but all had the same bland, expressionless faces. And they kept shoving and moving around him -- cold and alien despite their human features.

Then he saw her --

-- off in the distance, almost out of sight, but he would recognize that hair, that special walk anywhere.

"Wait!" he cried out and tried to fight his way towards her. But the rushing crowd kept moving him away, tripping and blocking him. I MUSTN'T LOSE HER! Step by step he battled his way against the human stream, losing sight of her for heart-stopping seconds, then spotting her again as the crowd shifted and flowed. I'M GETTING CLOSER, he thought, when a firm hand grasped his arm and held him. He struggled to break loose, but Spock's grip hardened.

"Let me go, Spock! I've got to reach her," McCoy cried out in anger.

"You mustn't, Doctor. Stay back. I can get you to the Enterprise," said Spock. "Come back before it is too late."

"No, I can't go without her. I have to reach her."

"Reach who? Who is she?"

McCoy searched his memory for her name, but couldn't find it. That didn't matter, though -- he would find out. "Let me go!" He wrenched free.

The crowd had thinned away, and he saw her walking across a plaza. He began running, boots pounding against the hard pavement. He drew closer; his hand stretched out and touched her shoulder, pulling her around.

She had no face.

* * *

"How can you be sure this will break the paralysis?"

"We can't, but there's no time to experiment with it."

"And Spock won't know you've injected the serum?"

"No."

* * *

Acrid smoke filled the air. Dust fell from the walls as the building shook during each thunderous roar. Lighting the room with an unnatural glare, the explosives scattered over and around; yet the ancient, stone structure stood firm. How, McCoy didn't stop to wonder.

Groans and cries inside the room competed against the sounds of war outside. The wounded, the dying, were on the floor -- in

corners, against walls, anywhere there was space, until there wasn't any more. And still the wounded came.

McCoy's shoulders sagged in defeat as he gazed down at the man lying before him, scarcely more than a boy. He was bleeding in several places from imbedded shell fragments, but there was nothing McCoy could do.



The bandages were all gone now. So was the medicine. If the loss of blood didn't kill the boy, infection would -- if shock didn't get him first.

Two men with a stretcher stumbled through the door. Another injury, and all McCoy could do was watch him die.

Spock allowed the stretcher to pass by, then moved to the doorway and looked out. He recognized the setting; this was Talian V, and McCoy had been on the planet during their civil war, nearly ten years ago. It had been a fierce and bloody incident -- a mixture of modern, technological-warfare weapons and ancient stone defenses.

A whirring buzz split the air as a blue fireball hit a building nearby. With a shaking blast the structure vaporized, sending stone fragments flying through the air. Instinctively, Spock ducked back from the opening, but not before he felt a sharp impact against his arm. Looking down, he stared in surprise at the greenish patch of blood spreading on his sleeve. He was wounded: But McCoy's delusions should have no effect on him.

"Spock!" yelled the doctor. "Get away from that door. The last thing I need is for you to get hurt, also." McCoy went back to his work, if only to comfort the dying.

With an effort of concentration, Spock forced his wound away, trying to shake the influence of McCoy's mind. Slowly, the patch grew lighter and lighter, then disappeared. No sign of injury was left.

GOOD, thought Spock, but McCoy's influence was growing stronger. If he wasn't careful McCoy could gain control over him. There was little chance left of helping the doctor while he himself was growing weaker from the strain of continuing the mind contact. Yet Spock knew that if he broke the link there would be no coming back -- McCoy would slip into insanity for certain.

Another blast rocked the building, shaking loose a shower of rubble from the ceiling. Disgusted, McCoy knocked the fragments and dust from his head and knelt to brush them from a man huddled on the floor. There was no need -- the man was dead. With a cry of rage and frustration McCoy jumped to his feet.

"I need bandages, medicine! What's the use of bringing me these people if I can't do anything for them?" He turned to the Vulcan. "Spock! We've got to do something. They're dying all around me while I'm just standing here doing nothing. I'm a doctor, I could save these people if I just had enough supplies...."

Wave after wave of anguish and pain rolled over him, mounting and mounting until the pressure was too great to withstand.

The world exploded in a flash of light.

Floating, no up or down. White, misty fog -- not wet or dry -- without substance. Cold -- the cold of a vacuum, of nothing, of oblivion. Floating.

McCoy was. He was, and nothing more. Floating.

A hand drifted into his line of vision -- his hand. The edges were blurred and indistinct against the fog. The tips and sides of the fingers were slowly drifting, melting away to become one with the mist. Perhaps the rest of him was dissolving, also. McCoy wasn't interested, he just was.

* * *

Kirk stared in helpless frustration at the erratically jerking indicator of the panel. Below it stood Spock, his body locked in a rigid pose, hands spread on McCoy's head.

"We can't leave him there any longer!" exploded Kirk.

Mbenga shook his head. "There's no way we can break the contact without damage to both Mr. Spock and Dr. McCoy. It must be severed from within."

"And if it isn't?" said Kirk. "They both go insane, and Spock spends the rest of this voyage in a catatonic state propped up against that bed like a marble statue."

Mbenga bit back a sharp reply. The long, anxious vigil was beginning to strain both of them. "What would you have me do, sir? I'm no telepath. Neither is anyone else on this ship. And only a trained, skilled telepath can help them."

With a tired sag of his shoulders, Kirk nodded agreement. "Yes, I know you're right, Doctor. It's just that we're so... helpless." He turned to the bed where McCoy lay. "If we can't break the contact, what can we do until we reach port and get a telepath?"

"Not much," admitted Mbenga. He paused a moment. "There is one thing, though. It's worth a try." Reaching into a drawer, he pulled out a hypo. "This is a stimulant...."

* * *

With an effort, Spock made out the blurred outline of his arm. Almost imperceptibly its edges were smoothing away, growing faint in the clogging mist.

This was more than just a delusion -- this was the true beginning of insanity, McCoy's insanity. Soon it would be his, too, for he was losing control. This time, instead of following McCoy's train of thought, Spock had been pulled along, into the melting fog. His hardest efforts had only slowed its disintegrating effect. In fact, he hadn't enough power to end the mind-contact now. And once he drifted apart entirely there would be no breaking of minds; they would be as one -- one mind sunk in the depths of unfathomable madness.

If the contact could not be broken, he would have to make the best use of it that he could. There was still a chance that Mbenga had found an antidote to the paralysis, so he must try as long as possible to retain some portion of McCoy's sanity.

McCoy was close. Though Spock couldn't see him in the cloaking mist, he could feel him. Spock drew nearer. A shadowy form seemed to drift out of the fog in front of the Vulcan -- slowly, lazily, an unmoving shape that blended with the surrounding wisps.

"Dr. McCoy!" cried Spock. But the words that he spoke sounded small and fell heavily against the dampening emptiness. A SUBSTANCE WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, thought Spock of the mist. A VACUUM FILLED WITH CLOGGING MIST THAT HAS NO MASS. It was a contradiction, an impossibility, but it existed here. Here, where there would be no logic....

Spock shouted louder. "Dr. McCoy!"

A flicker of response seemed to pass over the doctor's features.

"You must fight this madness."

McCoy stirred slightly and tried to speak. "I'm...trying ...can't...."

"But you must," said Spock. Yet McCoy continued to melt slowly into the fog, his image growing faint around the edges. New stimulus was needed, a focal point of concentration. But what?

Suddenly a surge of power overtook the Vulcan. Energy returned to his mind. Somehow Mbenga must be helping, probably with a stimulant. If so, the effects would be short-lived, and the contact must be ended immediately.

"I must go now," said Spock.

"No!" said McCoy. "If you leave I can't...concentrate... please...."

Spock hesitated. He had to end the contact, but doing so meant....

"WHAT IS THE EFFECT, SO FAR?" A voice echoed through the mist, faint and muffled, as if from far away.

"NONE THAT I CAN TELL, CAPTAIN."

"It's Jim and Mbenga!" exclaimed Spock.

"But how...?"

Realization struck Spock. "You are hearing them; the paralysis is wearing off. We've made it, Bones. You'll be all right," said Spock. "But I must end the contact now while I can. You won't be needing my help any longer. Concentrate on the voices." His image faded away, and McCoy was left alone, drifting in the mist.

"MBENGA, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY DID HE COLLAPSE?"

"NOTHING'S WRONG. MR. SPOCK IS SIMPLY SLEEPING. MIND CONTACT IS QUITE EXHAUSTING. ORDERLY, HELP ME GET HIM TO ANOTHER..."

The voice faded away slightly, but the mist around McCoy was thinning out. The cloudy white was becoming lighter.

"LOOK! THE PURPLE TINT ON THE DOCTOR'S SKIN IS FADING." The sounds were getting closer, sharper. McCoy could distinguish the last voice as Nurse Chapel's.

"IF ONLY HE HASN'T GONE INSANE."

The white mist was almost gone now. Shapes and colors were forming instead. A bright light shone steadily and filled the space around him.

"I THINK THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT SPOCK SUCCEEDED. THEY'RE BOTH VERY DETERMINED MEN."

The forms wavered in and out of focus before they finally solidified. McCoy found himself gazing out into sick-bay and blinked against the unaccustomed glare of the lights.

"Hello, Bones." Kirk was standing over one side of his bed; Mbenga was on the other. Both leaned over him anxiously.

"Hello, Jim," answered McCoy weakly.

The two men sighed with visible relief. "It's good to have you back, Doctor." Mbenga studied the diagnostic panel once more. "Though it'll probably be a few days before you're completely back to normal. And right now you need rest as much as our First Officer." He motioned the captain away and dimmed the lights. "Try and get some sleep." They both left quietly.

The chief surgeon relaxed and breathed deeply -- contentedly feeling the rise and fall of his chest. Familiar, reassuring sounds of the medical department filtered through to his room. He was alive and safely back on the Enterprise. But he must be hallucinating again, because he could swear that was Spock who got up and started to leave the room, but stopped at the door to loock back at him -- smiling.

McCoy drifted into sleep.



Old-time Article: "Captain Kirk, a Man of Tomorrow"
by John Stanley

((San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle Datebook, March 12, 1967))

Hollywood

Lights wink red, green and yellow on the intricate control-board. All manner of weird electronic noises -- humms, beeps, buzzes -- fill the bridge as an electric-eye panel slides back to admit the captain, a handsome alert young officer clad in a tight-fitting uniform of yellow velour and black space trousers.

A zzzzz flows from the comm board and he turns, his face graven with the weight of command. He speaks swiftly, confidently: "Bridge to Security 054. Go to capacity alert decks 5 through 13. All sensors and probing scanners to become fully operational. All phaser guns to be set and locked on target. Mark and move. Kirk out."

Then to the navigator: "Mr. Sulu, set a course for Earth Observation Post on Tarsus IV, stellar co-ordinates five six five, three zero five. Proceed all ahead full at Warp Factor eight."

* * *

A bizarre scene, perhaps, in terms of the 20th Century, but projected two hundred years into the future it depicts the kind of routine one could expect to find on the bridge of a mammoth starship, cruising through the universe on a five-year search for new worlds and forms of alien life.

This center of command aboard the USS Enterprise has become a focal point of action on "Star Trek" (Thursdays at 8:30 p.m. on Channels 4 and 3), Gene Roddenberry's gem of science-fiction which can honestly be called the most off-the-beaten orbit offering of any season in memory.

Thanks to the use of a standardized set of principles which is basic to the realm of science-fiction, life on board the 3000,000-ton spacecraft has become a reality within a fantasy. The vessel's sophisticated weaponry and gadgetry function in a consistent, limited way, and therefore seem as real to its time as machine guns and rockets do to ours.

Roddenberry's promise last summer that "we're taking the weirdest stuff and making it as believable as possible" has been realized.

Even the main character -- James T. Kirk, Captain, Space Service, Starfleet Command -- has become a "futuristic" personality as portrayed by William Shatner. Because Shatner has labored to make him a well-fleshed individual, Kirk has emerged a firm symbol of authority who makes mind-boggling decisions with the calm efficiency and certainty of a man accustomed to moving through space at 186,000 miles per second.

Recently, on a Desilu sound stage, Shatner was completing an episode set on a planet in a distant galaxy which houses the vortex of time, a gimmick to permit traveling into the past. As usual, the dialogue was cloaked in the pseudo-scientific jargon of the Enterprise -- with references to memory bank tapes,

body-analyzing apparatus, the teleporter room (where men are "energized" and "beamed" from place to place) and more security alerts.

Shatner seems to be a fast-paced actor, his train of thought sharp, his speech fast-flowing. He is eager to compare his opinions of certain "Star Trek" episodes with those of others, and his interest perks up noticeably when his knowledge of science-fiction is called upon.

"This is not a device of the future," began Shatner, pointing to a towel wrapped around one hand, its interior crammed with ice cubes.

"We were doing a fight sequence this morning and I think I sprained it. I'll have it X-rayed later today to find out. Isn't it marvelous the inventions man has today?"

And the inventions of the Enterprise? "Yes, those are marvelous, too, but you must suspend disbelief to appreciate them. For our reality is not your reality. Our reality is a turbo-lift that goes instantly to any level of the Enterprise. Our reality is the teleportation of matter. Our reality is the crossing of space at the speed of light.

"Besides asking for that suspension, we assume a lot of science-fiction knowledge on the part of our viewers -- we consider our audience highly sophisticated in terms of future centuries."

Because there has been nothing comparable to "Star Trek" in the history of television fantasies, said Shatner, "we have had no precedent to follow. Thus we have established our own formula as we progressed.

"We have been fortunate. Despite some initially clumsy footwork, and despite the fact some of our writers used the inevitability of destiny (or external forces) instead of wits to get the spacemen out of some untenable situations, we have been renewed and will be back next season on Tuesday nights."

Shatner insisted that "Star Trek" has enriched itself with later episodes by better exploiting the entertainment aspects of science-fiction and by better understanding the interplay among the main characters.

This emphasis on character has resulted in a number of recurring crew members, the most predominant being Mr. Spock, the alien from the planet Vulcan with pointed ears, emotionless green blood in his veins and uplifted eyebrows.

"Spock," explained Shatner, "is my main foil for it is he who often suggests I disown my compassion in time of duress. Despite his lack of humanity, it is with the help of his logic and strength that I can solve certain dilemmas my command confronts me with. Kirk and Spock respect each other and this allows them to function as men of action, unhampered by any petty jealousies.

"In the case of Dr. McCoy, he is a humanitarian always appealing to Kirk's basic instincts of decency. Thus Kirk is torn between these factors -- cold logic (Spock) and humanity (McCoy) -- and must take a stand somewhere in the middle."

The Canadian born Shatner has undergone a considerable change of pace since his early Shakespearean training with the National Repertory Theater of Ottawa. He later appeared on Broadway in a number of diverse plays (including a 300-year-old Christopher Marlowe drama) and eventually had many parts in live TV shows in the 1950s.

He has starred in one previous series, "For the People," which he felt was more "esthetic and philosophical" than entertaining, and recently he was seen in Leslie Nielsen's fantastic "Incubus," the first film to be made entirely in Esperanto, the Universal language.

Knowing many science-fiction writers personally -- William Nolan, Harlan Ellison, Robert Bloch, Richard Matheson -- Shatner feels they are a strange lot, but nonetheless admires their contribution to the world of fantastic literature. One of his favorites (and a close friend as well) was Charles Beaumont, who recently died at the age of 38 of a rare nerve disease.

In 1961 Shatner and Beaumont traveled into the Deep South to make "The Intruder," a film on integration. For his performance Shatner received a foreign film festival award the following year.

The film was never put into general release due to complications over its controversial nature, but it was later exploited under the misnomer, "I Hate Your Guts," which is obviously a sore point with Shatner, for he became suddenly quiet for a full minute, as though reflecting on this effrontery with some inner grievance.

"Beaumont was a fine writer," said Shatner, picking up his line of thought once again. "An exceptionally imaginative contributor to a form of fiction that is as fascinating as it is fantastic. Especially to our generation. Because like no former generation, we have a chance to learn the answers to questions that s-f poses.

"We can ask, 'Is there life on other worlds? Are flying saucers for real?' and expect an answer within our life-time.... In a way, science-fiction tries to tell us what history is going to be like. It tells us about fiction tomorrow today as though it were yesterday.

"There is a cliché that applies perfectly here. The human race is limited only by its imagination. The same is true of 'Star Trek.'"

by coincidence in the dictionary....or, good news for Capt. Kirk he' ro (hēr' ō), n.; pl. -roes (-ōz). 1. The principia male personage, usually of noble character, in a poem, story, drama, or the like.

2. A person of distinguished valor or ENTERPRISE in danger.

-- Mary Himmelbach

PUZZLE

- A. Federation branch headquarters 9 109 234 150 35 102 178 200
- B. Federation planet, __V__ (2 words) 158 32 240 208 41 93 68
- C. Planet given Nazi culture 52 90 211 2
- D. Temporary tap into Communication Circuitry, Uhura's chore 168 4 127 121 218
- E. Federation starship 111 162 75 139
- F. Horta's Concern 115 45 106 198
- G. Is There In Truth ____ (2 words) 228 131 140 7 225 156 12 64
- H. Main drive of a starship 196 241 179 6 223 105 10 233 56
- I. Shuttlecraft shelter 166 14 126 142 72 177 220 25 190 42
- J. Native with a mobster culture 170 146 80 16 60 39
- K. Planet whose rulers wagered for their pleasure 145 63 112 243 191 29 214 21 180 54
- L. Earth, Vulcan, et al 133 36 79 175 232 118 24 237 169 94
- M. Persecuted alien from Zeon 125 19 160 213
- N. ____ Vaal, a title (2 words) 66 98 33 153 110 231
- O. Short-term military unit, usually 6 members or less 210 38 78 120 23 103 201 192 1 242
74 226
- P. Episode Title, War & peace theme (2 words) 174 122 130 47 92 164 13 107 57 69
61 136
- Q. Guardians of Charlie X 104 184 55 91 134 193 44 50
- R. Person usurped by "Red Jack" 3 222 144 101 215 59 165
- S. ____ Barrier, galactic boundary 82 117 62 22 207 34
- T. New "teer" who sacrificed himself 129 197 137 221
- U. "The ____ Eden" (2 words) 77 5 149 224 84
- V. Foes of the Yangs 235 128 239 87 159
- W. Alternate propulsion system 43 123 188 70 114 186 49
- X. "The ____" (2 words) 206 176 48 173 26 238 58 40 86
- Y. Trelane liked this 229 88 113 147
- Z. Episode title, vengeance theme 155 99 187 124 152 83 185 53 8

a. Space travel; 132 181 205 17 81 108

b. Cover wide area,
as with sensors 65 236 217 100 20

c. Chess variation,
with "D" 172 18 194 182 219

d. Landru's people
waited for these 230 28 135 15 189 138 71

e. List of awards,
posts, etc. 119 167 27 209 76 154

f. Fuzzy critter 31 67 227 161 199 97 141

g. Kelvan
leader 89 212 46 143 203

h. Starship 151 148 73 95 51

11 157 163 85

i. Galac-
tic 216 96 202 171 37
Empire 116 204

	1	O	2	C		3	R	4	D	5	U	6	H	7	G	8	Z	9	A		10	H	11	b	12	G			
13	P		14	I		15	d	16	J	17	a	18	c			19	M	20	b	21	K	22	S	23	O	24	L		
25	I	26	X		27	e	28	d	29	K	30	W			31	f	32	B	33	N	34	S		35	A	36	L		
37	i	38	O	39	J		40	X	41	B	42	I	43	W	44	Q	45	F			46	g	47	P	48	X	49	W	
50	Q		51	h	52	C	53	Z	54	K	55	Q	56	H	57	P			58	X	59	R			60	J			
61	P	62	S	63	K	64	G			65	b	66	N	67	f	68	B	69	P	70	W	71	d			72	I	73	h
74	O	75	E	76	e			77	U	78	O	79	L			80	J	81	a	82	S	83	Z	84	U			85	h
86	X	87	V	88	Y	89	g	90	C	91	Q			92	P	93	B	94	L	95	h	96	i	97	f	98	N		
99	Z	100	b	101	R	102	A	103	o			104	Q	105	H			106	F	107	P	108	A			109	T	110	N
		111	E	112	K	113	Y			114	W	115	F	116	i	117	S	118	L	119	e	120	o			121	D	122	P
123	W	124	Z			125	M	126	I	127	D	128	V			129	T	130	P			131	G	132	a	133	L	134	Q
135	a	136	P			137	T	138	d	139	E			140	G	141	f	142	I	143	g	144	R			145	K	146	J
		147	Y	148	h	149	U	150	A	151	h	152	Z	153	N			154	e	155	Z	156	G	157	h	158	B	159	V
		160	M	161	f	162	E	163	h	164	P			165	R	166	I	167	e			168	D	169	L	170	J	171	i
172	c	173	X	174	P			175	L	176	X	177	I	178	A			179	H	180	K	181	a	182	c			183	T
184	Q	185	Z	186	W			187	Z	188	W	189	d	190	I	191	K			192	o	193	Q	194	c	195			
196	H	197	T	198	F			199	f	200	A	201	o	202	i	203	g	204	i	205	a	206	X	207	S			208	B
209	e			210	o	211	C	212	g	213	M			214	K	215	R	216	i	217	b			218	D	219	c	220	I
		221	T	222	R			223	H	224	U	225	G	226	O	227	f	228	G	229	Y			230	d			231	N
232	L	233	H	234	A	235	V			236	b	237	L	238	X	239	V			240	B	241	H	242	o	243	K		

HOW TO SOLVE: Fill in blanks with word you think best fits each definition. Each dash represents a square in the diagram, which is a quotation from a book. As the squares are filled in, words and phrases should begin to appear; it should be possible to work from the diagram to the definitions after filling in a few definitions, so it is not necessary to fill in all blanks before transferring letters. The first letters of the definitions spell out the Author's name and title of the work that is quoted.

-- Jackie Franke

Articles of Interest

(thanks Shirley Meech, Ted Berman, Norma Smith, Alan Andres, Cory Correll, Bruce Robbins, Janet Haan, Judy Cataldo, Sylvia Roston.)

Los Angeles Herald Examiner
"The Breed Apart" by Ava C'Neill, pp. 12, 14, 15, October 15, 1972.

((interview with five batchelors, the first being George Takei, who talks mostly about the double heritage of the Japanese-American.))

Scholastic Voice, "Star Trek Contest Winners," April 30, 1973, pp. 16-19, 24.

((("Science Fiction and Star Trek" by Bridget Mintz, "Why Star Trek Lives" by Kathi Swan, "Spock: A Character Sketch" by Diane LaPage, "The Human Half Escapes" by Tom Hammond, "The End of Talus IV" by Michael Gotberg, and "Pike Thinks His Way Out," by Steven Johnson. The "teacher's edition" accompanying the issue includes a description of T-Negative and a summary of a letter I sent them suggesting that "trekkies" is an insulting term.))



The (Hollywood) Staff, March 23, 1973, "Visual Communication" by J.E. Holland, pp. 15-18.

((Article about a photography teacher, Kirk Kirkpatrick. Illos include one photo, p. 17, taken by one of his students, Leonard Nimoy.))

Baltimore Sun, March 25, 1973, "'Star Trek' now an odyssey of the mind," by Daniel Goldman, Section D, pp. 1, 3.

((Article about NY STcon and some U. of Maryland students who wrote a parody of ST and performed it at the con. Illoed with a photo of the play.))

Blue and Gold, "Star Bleep" by Cory Correll, April 13, May 9, etc., 1973. ((satire.))

Western Photographer (San Diego), "The Actor as Photographer: Leonard Nimoy," May 1973, Vol. 13 No. 5, by Joyce Widoff, pp. 2-3.

((An account of Nimoy's interest in photography. Illoed by six photos from Nimoy's You and I and one publicity shot of him.))

San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle, May 20, 1973, "Trekkies -- TV's Fervid Groupies," by Susan Berman ((no relation)), Sunday Scene, p. 4.

((Condescendingly cute report of a discussion by Dorothy Heydt, Jerold Jacks, Don Simpson, Jim Thomas, and George Barr on the reasons for ST's popularity. Illoed with a publicity photo of Spock and photos of Heydt and Jacks.))

Miami News, May 23, 1973, "Our Hearts Still need to trek among the stars," by Ralph Bennett (Copley News Service), p. 7B.

((Essay suggested by his attending Equicon. He argues that the idealism ST inspires in its audience is similar to what politicians should attempt to inspire in life.))

Canadian Film Theatre & TV Motion, May-June 1973, "Captain Kirk Doesn't Live Here Any More" by P.M. Evanchuck, pp. 28-31.

((interview with Shatner -- some standard material, some interesting anecdotes about movies he's been in. Illoed by photos of some of Shatner's roles.))

Show, June 1973, "New High, TV Sci-fi," by Robert Allen Levine, pp. 36-39.

((interview with Roddenberry about his new projects -- more detailed than similar newspaper articles. Quote to compare with Enquirer article below: Roddenberry: "NBC requested a new pilot ((of ST)) be submitted. Paramount replied that the rebuilding of the sets and replacement of the costumes and props would cost \$750,000. At this price, they would proceed only if NBC would order four shows. NBC nixed the whole thing, and I went on a vacation to dream up something new." Illoed with two photos of Robert Foxworth as "Questor" and one of Percy Rodriguez in "Genesis II."))

Boston Globe, June 6, 1973, "Night Watch" by Percy Shain.
((Interview with Roddenberry when he received honorary
doctorate from Boston's Emerson College. Usual info.))

Florida Enquirer, July 1, 1973, "14,000 Enquirer Readers Write in
Support of Reviving 'Star Trek'," by Iain Calder.

((Followup on response to an earlier article, March 4.
Quote to compare with Show article above: Paramount
executive Frank Wright: "It's a remarkable mail response.
Paramount is certainly ready to undertake a new 'Star Trek'
series if NBC gives us the go-ahead. We still have the
costumes, props and sets." Illoed with photo of Shatner,
Roddenberry, Wright, and an NBC man with sacks of mail.))

U. of MN Daily, July 6, 1973, "Equicon '73: reviving Star Trek,"
by J. Robert Tebbel, pp. 9, 14, 15.

((Con report, describing the fashion show, the costume
ball, and a couple of the exhibits, also some impressions
of con-goers. Moderately snide.))

Associated Press (various papers and titles), mid-July interview
with Nimoy by Jay Sharbutt.

((Reports on his interest in flying his own plane. Nimoy
discusses several topics briefly: the work he's done
other than Spock, his awareness of being still identified
with the role, his preference for playing not himself in a
role but lots of different roles.))

Newsday, February 23, 1973, "A trek back for Star Trek?" by
Dennis Duggan.

((Article about the 2nd NY STcon and the possibility of a
return of ST to tv. Illoed with photo of Kang and Kirk.))

Fantastic, September 1973, "Editorial" by Ted White, pp. 4,
123-125.

((Bulk of editorial is made up of a pro-ST letter by Les
Cammer and an anti-Genesis II letter by Michael Girsdansky.))
(additional tnx: Ted Schulz)

One day Mr. Spock was quite ill.
Doc wanted to give him a pill.
But Kirk said, "Forget it."
So he got the credit
For Spock's not receiving a bill.

-- Judy Warner

Reviews

Publisher's Weekly, August 19, 1968, "Paperbacks, Nonfiction," anonymous, p. 79.

"The Making of Star Trek.... Gene Roddenberry first had the idea for a 'Star Trek' television series in 1960; the program premiered on NBC in September 1966. This book gives an exhaustive picture of the myriad obstacles that had to be surmounted between conception and telecast. In scores of letters, memos, taped interviews, first drafts and story analyses, the tremendous job of mounting a TV series is graphically presented. Finding a studio, writing a shooting script, checking the sci-fic verisimilitude, casting making a pilot film, selling the show to a network, nursing a stable of writers, and the 1001 production problems that cropped up in creating a whole new spaceship world. Stephen Whitfield was busy all over the sets and in the files, and he seems to have included every piece of Roddenberry correspondence in this long book. But, for would-be TV writers, directors and producers, this will be an education in itself, a polished but non-varnished look at how TV really works. 64 pages of photos."

The Village Voice, tv column by Daniel Goldberg, October 5, 1972, pp. 47, 52.

"Television like old Hollywood, has evolved a paradoxical art form. The things that seem at first the blandest and most contrived are frequently the best since their very blandness and contrivance allow them to sneak in a complicated message. 'Star Trek,' whose characters at first may have seemed agonizingly cardboard, was such a show. It became the object of a cult which even today grows and whose continued pressure on NBC may yet result in it being one of the very few dramatic series to be revived. Despite unspectacular ratings, the intensity of 'Star Trek's' fans kept it on the air for three years. Channel 11 telecasts re-runs on weeknights at 9.

"The five-year mission of the star ship Enterprise is 'to seek out new life forms and to journey into previously unexplored parts of the universe.' The ship holds several hundred people and thus enough variables for most episodes to take place on board. Producer Gene Roddenberry, like any good science fiction author, placed great emphasis on believability and also tried to use his vision of the future to make statements about mankind. (The action is set in the 22nd century, I think.) Part of the fun of watching is to notice the attention to detail -- futuristic bottles and even medical operating instruments. The crew was self-consciously balanced to show the message that mankind had overcome prejudice. High-ranking members of the crew are Russian, African, Japanese, etc. Women are portrayed in high-ranking positions also -- interesting since 'Star Trek' was made before woman's lib consciousness had entered tv land.

"William Shatner, as James Kirk, commander of the ship, is marvelous; one-dimensionally earnest, he is a perfect tv hero -- intelligent, compassionate, resourceful, and above all strong-willed. Since several episodes involve strange mind-affecting beings, travel in time, extreme temptation, emotional manipulation, and constant confrontation with death, the viewer gets to see the captain's limitations -- and, since he is such a strong man, mankind's as well. One of my favorite episodes involves some form of radiation that separates Kirk into his good and evil natures. (("Enemy Within.")) It turns out that his good half, which is still in charge of the ship while his evil half is kept imprisoned, is experiencing a loss of will power, the raw animal strength that his selfish evil half possesses. The dramatization of Kirk struggling with his evil self is phenomenal. "Star Trek" used the cream of science fiction writers, resulting in the best-written scripts of television drama of their time. Another show has the Enterprise fighting with an alien space ship, when suddenly both ships are halted by an unknown power, which does not allow war. (("Arena")) The two captains are whisked away to an abandoned planet to fight it out. After Kirk struggles to victory over the alien captain, he refuses to kill him. The power returns Kirk to the Enterprise and tells him, "your species may develop into something good in a couple of thousand years."

"Mr. Spock, played by Leonard Nimoy, is half-human and half-Vulcan. His personality is dominated by the latter, an evolution of life that is completely logical in behavior. Thus he shows no emotion and claims to feel none, but his computer-like mind is an invaluable asset to the Enterprise. NBC was so scared of the Spock character (he's the one with the funny ears -- remember?) that he was almost eliminated from the show. That he became its most popular character was completely unexpected. In early episodes of 'Star Trek,' Spock's emotionlessness is the subject of derision and breast-beating by the human crew members who despise his dispassion in crises. In later shows, among the best, the friendship between Spock and the Captain is a major theme.

"There were several lousy 'Star Trek' episodes, incidentally, where the plots lost all credibility, or dragged out a 20-minute idea through a full hour of predictable plot spirals. But over-all, the 'Star Trek' series is the best dramatization of science fiction in any medium during the last 10 years. Several of its scripts won Hugo awards, the science fiction prize that previously had never been given to a tv show ((error: "Twilight Zone" won three Hugos)), and its pilot is in the Smithsonian Institute, the only tv series so honored. By the way, the use of color in 'Star Trek' is pleasantly surreal.

"It's hard to imagine that any of this fall's new entries will be as daring, as intellectually stimulating, or even as entertaining as 'Star Trek.' It was one of the '60s' true works of art."

((more reviews next time.))

What Have They Done To My Models?

by Richard G. Van Treuren

Last time the Enterprise model was re-released, the letters of NBC-TV had been removed from the box along with the nacelle illumination from the model itself. This time the box is the same, but the two bulbs the model had originally have been removed. The instruction sheet has been reprinted without any reference to light bulbs, making four different versions of the instructions.

Re-releasing the Klingon kit showed courage on AMT's part; the model had not done very well the first time around. The box has been dressed up by removing any reference to NBC and adding the "STAR TREK Jacket" offer; the cover painting lost its large, Saturn-like planet and gained a tiny Federation starship. Inside, it's the same story: no lights, and a new instruction sheet.

These changes are no problem for the determined builder, as the molds were not modified; grain-of-wheat bulbs can easily be installed in any way desired. (A source of illumination under the bridge was never correct anyway.) The translucent nacelle caps that were eliminated before represent the biggest challenge; they are difficult to manufacture. Rummaging through old, out-of-the-way hobby shops in hopes of finding the old version of the Enterprise kit is hopeless, because the old cannot be distinguished from the new by looking at the box.

Then, of course, there is the Mr. Spock model, the manifestation of the "Trouble With Tribbles" Trekkie image that evolved in the rerun years. While it may be insulting to buy the model, things can be done with it. I threw away the stand with its ridiculous monster and assembled Spock by himself, filling the gaping cracks with putty. (Care must be taken to prevent the tiny details from being wiped out.) The Spock section can be made to stand by itself; save the boots for last; cut off the tabs that would have fit into the stand, and sand the soles smooth. Then, using a liberal amount of glue, insert the boots and stand the model up. When you find the point where the figure balances and stands alone, brace it and wait for the glue to dry. Also, a small chip of balsa or plastic can be glued to the top of the incomplete communicator; a coat of gold paint adds the final touch to the radio. After the glue and paint have dried, Mr. Spock can be set up in any locale. (And the single figure is a lot easier to hide in a hurry.)

The molds of the Enterprise and Mr. Spock were rented to Aurora Plastics, who released the models in England. The Spock kit appears to be different, with its deep, square box and large instruction sheet; but even though the pictures are sometimes printed backwards, it is the same kit moulded in black plastic.

As the premiere of the animated series draws near, one wonders what will happen in the model department. There might be yet another re-release, this time with the starships drawn as they will appear in animation. One thing is certain: the new series has sealed the fate of the present shuttlecraft. Though the full-size mock-up may yet be restored, and the professional model located and fixed up, the only other models of that ship will be those fans like myself have built. Since the sharp little shuttle looks too much like a butter dish in cartoon form, the design has been changed.

Of course, as the new craft is to be designed by Matt Jefferies himself, it will probably be rather impressive. If the new series catches on, there may even be a model of it. Perhaps there will also be more figure models or even a cast group standing in a model of one of the sets.

A Short Vulcon Report


((reprinted from the Despatch of the Mark Lenard fan club -- which I've been running for a few months now, taking over from Maureen Wilson. Lenard's roles have included the Romulan Commander, Sarek, and -- for D.C. Fontana's "Yesteryear" in animation -- the voice of Sarek. Membership is \$1.50/year for three bulletins and a yearbook. -- RB))

It was held as scheduled in New Orleans June 22-24, and I had a fine time as fan guest of honor. Gene Roddenberry, D.C. Fontana, and David Gerrold were there to talk about the animated ST, the possibility of eventually getting back a live ST, and GR's other projects (mainly "Genesis II" and "Questor"). A trial version of the opening credits of the animated version was shown, and I found it very impressive. It's not a fair sample, of course, because the opening credits are space scenes, with no people to be drawn -- but at least the space shots are excellent, and I'm looking forward to seeing what the whole will be like.

I took part in a panel on various aspects of ST fandom, along with Jacqueline Lichtenberg, David Gerrold, and Captain Kirk. (Captain Pierre D. Kirk of the U.S. Army Transport Corps. For more information, see his letter in the preface of #6 of the Bantam ST collections.) Margaret and Laura Basta asked if I would make an announcement about the STAR (Star Trek Association for Revival) organization and their newsletter Star-borne (\$4 for membership including packet of information and 12 issues of the newsletter, or \$2 for eight issues of the newsletter only). I said no -- they should come up and be part of the panel, too. So they did. At the banquet, I gave a slide show and talked about the effects ST has had on me and my writing.

There was a good selection of films running almost constantly: a few ST episodes, the ST bloopers, "Genesis II," "2001," "Forbidden Planet," "Destination Moon," "Things to Come" (as usual, its "ever outward" ending set me weeping), etc.

Met some old friends and some new ones and spent so much time gabbing with people I never really got around to doing any sight-seeing.

T-Waves:  ETTERS

from D.C. Fontana ((June 5, 1973))

This is just a quick note to keep you and your fanzine readers apprised of what is happening on "Star Trek" in animation. We have all but one of our sixteen scripts assigned. David Gerrold, Margaret Armen, Stephen Kandel, and Larry Brody have been asked to do second scripts. The quality of the stories has been excellent, and we believe that fans will find the mood and tone of "Star Trek" IN ANIMATION much like the original filmed version.

I can also relay the happy news that both Nichelle Nichols and George Takei are rejoining us and will be doing the voices of Uhura and Sulu in all episodes. To alternate with the characters of Uhura and Sulu, two new aliens have been created, a female feline communications officer named M'Ress and a male tripod navigator named Arex. Both are lieutenants. Thus, in those scripts where Uhura and Sulu might be limited to four lines of "Yes sir" and "no sir" and "hailing frequencies open, sir," we will be using the alien characters instead. The stories in which Uhura and Sulu appear (at least 12 of the 16) will see them in roles that are meaningful.

We have been most fortunate in our guest voices. Mark Lenard has recreated the role of Sarek in my script, "Yesteryear." Roger C. Carmel has recreated Harcourt Fenton Mudd in Steve Kandel's script, "Mudd's Passion." And Stanley Adams again played Cyrano Jones in David Gerrold's script, "More Tribbles, More Troubles." David himself did the voice of Korax in his script. We have also used the voice of Ed Bishop, star of UFO, as the Megan Prosecutor in Larry Brody's script, "The Magicks of Megas-Tu." We anticipate having Ed back to do other roles. In Margaret Armen's script, "The Lorelei Signal," Nichelle Nichols and Majel Barrett did all the women's voices. Also in "The Lorelei Signal," Jimm Joohan sings the Welsh love song he sang for fans at the New York convention and Equicon. He has a pleasant voice, and we think fans will be pleased with this extra little bonus.

((and a letter from DCF July 10))

It is my unhappy duty to announce the death of a prominent member of the "Star Trek" "family."

Mr. Gene L. Coon passed away early Sunday morning, July 8. He was afflicted with lung cancer, but did not know it. He was hospitalized only a few days, and his death was both sudden and peaceful.

Those of us who worked with him and knew him as a friend will miss him greatly. We know his work was admired by many fans. If anyone would wish to do so, we would like to suggest that a donation in Gene's memory be made to any local chapter of the Cancer Society. If you do make a donation, ask to use the American Cancer Society's memorial program, so Gene's widow will know you thought of him. The address at which she can be notified is c/o Star Trek Enterprises, PO Box 69470, Los Angeles California 90069.

((Variety notes: "One of the leading forces in the Writers Guild, Coon was part of the negotiating committee during the recent strike. Producer-writer for the 'Star Trek' series, Coon, long-time Universal Studios contractee, was associated with most of the top teleseries, including 'Wagon Train'." Coon wrote or co-authored "Arena," "Space Seed," "A Taste of Armageddon," "The Devil in the Dark," "Errand of Mercy," "Who Mourns for Adonais?" "The Apple," "Metamorphosis," "A Piece of the Action," and "Bread and Circuses." Under the pseudonym Lee Cronin he wrote "Spock's Brain" and "Spectre of the Gun" and the outlines for "Let That Be Your Last Battlefield" and "Wink of an Eye." He wrote the teleplay "Questor" from GR's story and series-concept "Questor."

Who mourns for Adonais?...
The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments....
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.
-- Shelley, "Adonais."))

from Cathy Anderson, 3624 June Ave North, Robbinsdale MN 55422

I was watching "Love -- American Style" early this season, and on a short story, "Love and the Spaced-out Chick," the woman, who was from another planet, had a costume like Kara's ("Spock's Brain"), her father's costume was like the men's in "Wink of an Eye," and in the end the father held up a weapon which was unmistakeably a Klingon handgun.

from Bruce Robbins, PO Box 396 Station B Montreal 110 PQ Canada

I stopped off at the movies one day to unwind, and when a short feature about the Army came on I started to daydream until I caught a "Star Trek" reference. I then paid attention to the rest of the feature. It's called "Running Jump," a National Film Board of Canada film, made for the Canadian Armed Forces. It recounts recent war games manoeuvres at Camp Gagetown in New Brunswick. During the evening relaxing of the invaders called, so help me, "Fantasians," there are some jokes in English about the food cooking, then one soldier picks up a walkie-talkie and in French says, "Spock to Enterprise -- Spock to Enterprise -- Beam us up at once -- Beam us up at once." This was a mild wish to be out of the war games. The lucky ones get "killed" early and can leave the battlefield and relax on the sidelines.

from A.E. LaVelle, 845 Bryn Mawr Ave, Newtown Square PA 19073

I appreciate the mention of our club, "Space-Time Continuum," but some of your information was out of date. Our dues are \$2.50, and applications go to me, not to Regina. (Also 8 8¢ stamps/year, in the US. Dues for non-US, \$3.50.)

from Vicki Kirlin, 524 North 76 Street, Omaha Nebraska 68114

Would you put in a note for my fanzine, Berengaria? #1 has ST-Rennox Four, Tiny Bit of Trouble, Apostasy, The Girl of Your Dreams, SF-The Uncovered, Drifting, etc. #2 has ST-The Lost Child, More About Rennox Four, etc. \$1.25 each, plus 25¢ postage. Contributions welcomed and needed. Please do not send any Tribbles, "not even one -- remember they're born pregnant," Confederate money, Klingons or Romulans. Will accept any Vulcan named Spock, any Captain named Kirk, and any slightly used Starship that may need an overhaul.

from Becky Baggett, Rt 3 Box 587-A, Raleigh NC 27603

I'm starting a science fiction/Star Trek fanzine, Sol III. I'll welcome any literary or artistic contributions. Issue One should be out by next February.

from Matt Harris, 429 Bradley, Jackson MI 49201

I was surprised to find out that NBC considers 10:30 late Saturday morning.

I will soon be publishing my fanzine Parakletos. If anyone wants to reserve a copy, please send me a stamped return envelope.

from Shirley Maiewski, RFD Hatfield, South Deerfield MA 01373

T-N #20. I am enjoying it -- as always. With one exception -- I do not like the cover. Except for the Enterprise in the top corner. I don't like to criticize, when I know I couldn't begin to do better. But it jars -- makes McCoy ugly! The rest of the artwork, I like. The article about the Film Convention was most interesting. Imagine a con where things run on schedule! Must go to one of those sometime.

I liked the story "Dard" (an odd name, by the way -- much more sensible than a "Peggy" or a "Virginia" or something, 200 plus years from now). I have a few reservations about it -- that wolf should have killed Kirk, when the captain captured Dard -- but of course then we'd have no captain and no story. Secondly, where did Kirk go? Why didn't the wolf smell him out? Otherwise it is enjoyable reading. One question? How do you housebreak a wolf on a starship? Especially one without newspapers? Oh. Sorry! And how do four people write one story? That might be a story in itself.

from Jacqueline Lichtenberg, 9 Maple Terrace Monsey NY 10952

I've been watching "Have Gun; Will Travel" reruns here, and there are quite a few (I think 4 so far) scripts by GR. Last night I saw one which was about a priest named Robert April -- a generous, strong, brave, and perhaps somewhat over-trusting man, who died saving the life of an escaped convict. He was the "only" man whom Paladin really respected, so much so that Paladin refrained from killing the convict. I don't think he was canny enough to make a good starship captain. I waited on pins and needles to see if it was a GR script when they rolled the credits. I just knew it couldn't be coincidence, and it wasn't.

I have found that I enjoyed the GR episodes of that show more than any others. They have a sort of savage vibrance that the other scripts lack. I've also been watching reruns of "Lost in Space," which I could never stomach first run. But the kids are watching it, and I can't help watching some of it. I've found I've developed a critical detachment. I can dissect them without wincing if I keep asking myself what's wrong and how would ST (or any good drama) have made that same point without the hokey.

What bothers me is that I'm not terribly good at defining the difference between LiS and ST. It's not just the unimaginative and implausible sets and props -- ST had some far-fetched backgrounding, too. It's not just the idiotic dialogue, or unsubstantiated motivations, "thin" storyline, etc.; ST had some of that, too. The acting isn't all that bad, either. So

what is the defining trait? How do you avoid writing a LiS type story? How do you know when you've got good drama or hokey? I can see it, feel it, judge bit, but I can't define it!

from Pat Gildersleeve, 1861 Dakota, Lincoln Nebraska 68502

I ran across a note on ST in Television for the Family, 1967 edition: "Expensive sets and elaborate production, plus expert performances and strongly written scripts, make this show an ambitious entry in the season's network schedule. Much of the material is frightening. Violence and horror are portrayed in graphic detail. The space gadgetry is vivid and impressive. Plots and characterizations are well developed. Star Trek is most certainly unsuitable for younger children. It does, however, have an interest for mature teens and adults." You might not suspect it, but they actually gave "Star Trek" one of their more enthusiastic ratings; there was very little that this group liked in the 1967 season. Anything with crime, violence, or scary effects was automatically downgraded as being bad for children.

In browsing through this book, I was surprised to see how many programs in 1967 had a science fiction slant. Some of the other titles were: Invaders, Invisible Man, Lost in Space, My Favorite Martian (Stephen Whitfield was wrong; Spock was not the first alien to be starred in a television series), Outer Limits, Rocky Jones Space Ranger, Science Fiction Theater, Space Patrol, Time Tunnel, Twilight Zone, Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea -- and this doesn't include all the kiddie cartoon shows with robots, space ships, etc. Looking at this list, it's no wonder the critics (and much of the public) had a built-in prejudice against another science fiction series. (Actually, Twilight Zone was often pretty good.)

from Burt Libe, PO Box 1196, Los Altos California 94022

Regarding Dorothy Heydt's comments re Majel Roddenberry's being thinner and shorter in person -- it has something to do with the way they photograph. It seems that in order to photograph properly an actress must be Extremely Thin and usually very short. Buck Coulson also made some similar observations about Nichelle Nichols. When I met Barbara Eden (my favorite "Jeannie") she was much shorter than I had expected and, again, extremely thin (thought about reprimanding "Mr. Kang" for starving his poor wife). I was worried that she would be unrecognizable in the picture we took together. However, Barbara Eden came out looking more beautiful than ever, and I came out looking like hell! Anyone know how this phenomenon occurs?

from Louis Zocchi, 338 Montana, Victorville California 92392

Would you announce: I used to sell "Star Trek" games, but have discontinued them. They are no longer available at any price. However, I am selling a similar game, "Alien Space" (\$4), with the ST names and ship drawings eliminated. Alien Space has more goodies than did the old game. I also sell a "Lensman" game for \$5, as well as other battle or computer games.

from Gennie Summers, Route 2 Box 155, Cassville Missouri 65625

"Dard": Kirk and McCoy almost switch identities. McCoy "so much nicer than this captain"? I can't help contrasting this story with "Miri"; she was like a frightened little animal, too, and it was Kirk's winsome charms that won her confidence, while McCoy stood by. But Dard did not meet the captain under the best of circumstances, to say the least -- made for an amusing twist. I liked the description "The flow of words which had been held in check for such a long time came flooding out so violently that Kirk almost stuffed the gag back in." Now that's the real McCoy!

That comment by Arthur Harkins quoted in your "Articles of Interest": "Captain Kirk goes to bed with a woman in almost every show." I read this to my 70-yr old mother. "Wh-a-at?? They never showed anything like that!" was her reaction. I've got this picture in my head of some dirty old man who never saw "Star Trek" before. On hearing this, he tunes in the next ST program, expectantly. The episode is "The Corbomite Maneuver," "Balance of Terror," "Calileo Seven" -- shall I go on? You get the idea. Nobody gets closer to the captain than perhaps a female yeoman who hands him a report to sign. Our d.o.m. keeps wondering "Where's the girl? Where's the girl?" If he expected anything to happen between Kirk and the dutiful and distant Uhura he is disappointed. Unless it's "Plato's Stepchildren," in which case he says, "Dag-nab it, they faded them out!" Or maybe there is a beautiful guest-star, and our d.o.m. watches with protruding eyes, but it's "The Lights of Zetar," or "This Side of Paradise," or "The Menagerie" -- it's somebody else's girl. Next time he gets lucky: "The Conscience of the King," "Gamesters of Triskelion" -- Kirk's kissing her -- now his eyeballs bulge. But that's the end of it, as far as what's actually shown. He's watching "Dagger of the Mind" with eyes on stalks, but the blame girl keeps resisting him! In "Bread and Circuses" Kirk gathers the slave girl into his arms, but then -- (Do you think Kirk takes full advantage of a poor slave girl who is ordered to "please him"? It has to depend on your own concept of the captain's character) -- the camera pans up to the chandelier, which slowly goes out, and we see the captain alone on a couch which is only wide enough for one! ("Never mind how wide the couch is -- how high is the ceiling?" a d.o.m.))

In "Catspaw" Sylvia tears herself from him and holds him at arm's length. "There is no fire in your mind!" she cries. So our c.o.m. snaps off his TV and goes to an X-rated movie. There's a wide gulf between my mother's ideas and that of Arthur Harkins. You see what you want to see. Or as Thoreau put it, "It's not what you look at, but what you see." Shows what your imagination can do for you -- or to you. I'm just as glad ST left it that way.

from Sarah Thompson, 225 Culpepper Road, Lexington Kentucky 40502
((on being asked to discuss Sulu))

What aspects of Oriental culture do I find demonstrated in Mr. Sulu? Well, none, really, except perhaps his gift for tactfulness and apparent ease in handling social situations. That seems to be basic Takei, like most of Mr. Sulu's personality (what little we have seen of it). Whether in either case it is merely a pleasant personal idiosyncrasy or is the result of some contact, however indirect, with a social system much more complicated (in terms of formal etiquette and nuances of relationships) than the one in which the individual is presently operating, I would not venture to guess. Probably my remark about finding him interesting because of my interest in the Oriental cultures was misleading. Actually I just think he's extremely good looking, but as lechery is often considered an ignoble motive, one feels obliged to proffer some other explanation.

We are told that Mr. Sulu is of mixed ancestry, predominantly Japanese; but I have often wondered about the unidentified elements. The peculiar thing is that Sulu is not a Japanese name; indeed, it is quite unpronounceable in Japanese, as the language contains no l. The l might be a transcription of Japanese r, which sounds notoriously l-like to foreigners, but there is no Japanese proper name remotely resembling Suru, either. The word suru is a common verb meaning "to do." In my atlas, Sulu refers to: a river in northwestern China; also an archipelago, the province containing it, and an adjoining sea, all in the Philippines. Mr. Sulu's ancestor must have been a very mixed lot indeed! Making of Star Trek says "mixed Oriental and Filipino background," so it must be the archipelago.

I am still curious as to where Gene Roddenberry, or whoever, encountered the name. I have yet to find any other example of it as a personal name, but then I've never known of any present-day individual named Uhura (or even Uhuru) either. Perhaps this is a similar case of an invented personal name derived from some other appropriate source.

One wonders why Mr. Sulu emphasizes the Japanese portion of his background (more, at least, than any of the other parts, though I doubt that he gives it more than an occasional passing thought; in fact, I find the fannish references connecting him

with clichéd aspects of Japanese culture rather galling). Perhaps it is simply the most easily identifiable. He is probably conforming to the tendency, displayed by all of the other characters in greatly varying degrees, to maintain some simple, almost stereotypical evidence of ethnic identity to counteract the boredom of a basically homogeneous culture. One could even use this as an explanation for certain slip-ups in the marginal literature with respect to his probable unfamiliarity with old-fashioned Oriental culture. I was thinking particularly of a reference in one of the Blish books (I think; I can't find it now) to the use of a traditional Japanese ghost-blocking screen, a bit of esoterica which I doubt very much that such a thoroughly Westernized individual as Mr. Sulu would ever have heard of. We might, however, assume that he had coincidentally just found out about the thing and was showing off his newly-acquired ethnic knowledge.

If "Star Trek" is really being re-run in Japan, it will be interesting to see their reaction to a character of such diverse background and interests as Mr. Sulu, played by such a typically Japanese-looking individual as George Takei. The Japanese are about the most chauvinistic people around. One is either Japanese or Not. The latter category includes all other Asians, as well as blacks, whites, Vulcans, Romulans, Klingons, Gorns, Hortas, and other sentient creatures, on approximately equal terms.

from Claude D. Plum, Jr., PO Box 531, Los Angeles CA 90028

The Teratoid Guide is a listing of hundreds of magazines dealing with fantasy, science fiction, and horror films. Listings for many "Star Trek" zines, also. Magazines from England, France, Spain, Argentina, and West Germany are listed. \$1.25.

from Sharon Emily, RR 3 Box 224, Rockport Indiana 47635

Spockulations '70 published Norma Smith's short story, "Stay!", about a young woman from 1969 who was accidentally transported to the USS Enterprise. The story ended as she faced a terrible choice: should she remain in the future to help Sarek (who had become a widower) or take her only chance to return to her own era -- which might mean that Sarek would die? With Norma's approval, another author has written a continuation of this story, "The Misfit." It is 200 pages long. To reserve a copy, send \$3, a stamped return envelope, and two 8¢ stamps to Sharon Emily. It will probably be mimeographed and have illustrations. Around the first of the year (I hope), I'll either write those who've contributed to tell them when "The Misfit" will be ready or (if there is not enough response to justify printing the story in a one-shot fanzine) return the contributions.

(cont. p. 50)

REVIEW
UNDER

by Carol Pruitt Ing
(22 Centre Street #9, Cambridge Massachuseets 02139)

In T-N 16, I stated that I would not review a zine unless the editor requested it. Does the appearance on my doorstep of a trekzine in a plain brown wrapper constitute such a request? I am currently operating under the gross assumption that it does, but do realize that I may inadvertently review a foundling. A request: will editors submitting their zines for review please state that purpose? (Just to ease my mind.) Marking the word "review" on the zine or envelope is quite sufficient. Thank you.

In the same column, I requested that zines not be submitted unless they would be available for some time (or unless a subsequent issue of similar description was forthcoming). I'd like to up the lead time from four months to a minimum of six months. What with my periodically hectic work schedule (the month of May galloped by in a great multi-colored swirl which engulfed the front half of June), and Ruth's irregular publishing schedule, it's very difficult to predict when the next review column will appear.

STAR TREK TODAY #5 -- 30¢ from Jim Meadows III, 62 Hemlock Street, Park Forest IL 60466. Legible repro (mimeo on legal-size paper). 17 pp. STT is an "irregular" publication of the United Federation of ST Fans, but is also available to non-members at 30¢ each (including back issues) or seven for two dollars.

This issue begins with a we-sent-you-this-because page. (I got a copy because "This unit must survive.") From that clue, it is a short, easy step to the logical conclusion that this is an old-school trekzine. In the time warp from whence this publication emerged, ST is not yet a Cause, and the editors are on the easy-going side of the STIAWOL/STIJAGH battle. They can't spell worth a damn, and they've never heard of Jacqueline Lichtenberg! In other words, it's the sort of zine you can relax with.

The lead story is part one of "Till Woman Smiled." The protagonist, Lt. Cdr. Kerenon Grant, is a beautiful, scatterbrained female psychiatrist (author Jeanne Butler appears to be a Male Chauvinist Pig) who constantly befuddles Spock, much to the delight of McCoy, et al. We've seen all this before, but perhaps part two will take us into new territory. A nit-picking observation: a lieutenant commander would be addressed as "Commander" rather than as "Lieutenant."

Also included is part three of another serial (by editor Meadows), in which Kirk, Spock, and Scott are trapped in a series of parallel universes. There are no complete stories, at least in this issue.

About half the zine consists of editorials, open letters (explaining that former editor Eric Wolff had gaffed but is now back, sort of), brief articles, and news items, including a Noreascon report. I received the review copy in February, but believe it was published last fall (there is no date); this makes the con report only about a year late -- not too bad for a fanzine (unless you're Locus). Then there's a page or so of reviews, including one of the late ST Battle Manual (see next review) and one of Masiform D 2, which I reviewed in T-N 16. Interesting to compare our descriptions. Meadows also reviews numbers 5, 6, and 7 of Blish's travesties, with the conclusion "we are being used." Hear, hear.

BATTLE MANUAL FOR ALIEN SPACE -- \$4.00 from Lou Zocchi, 388 Montana, Victorville CA 92392. Professional repro (photo offset). 12 pp. plus playing sheets.

This is essentially a "war game" manual, which I would not ordinarily review. However, such clues as terminology ("warp one," "blazer," and "proton torpedo") indicate that this game was designed to appeal to trekfen without infringing upon copy-rights.

The rules are far too complex to tempt a non-games type like me, but look like fun for one with that bent (or even for me, if I were talked into playing). As for the relatively high price, note that the manual is offset, with a heavy-stock insert for the playing pieces, and quite a bit of time and thought appear to have gone into it. I don't doubt that Zocchi is nonetheless making a comfortable profit, but on a good product at least. Would make a nice present for a war-games buff or for any games enthusiast with a trekkish bent.

T-Waves (continued)

from Alan Andres, RFD 2, North Berwick Maine 03906

When commenting on the cast of "Genesis II" you mentioned "Liam Dunn" -- "Parmen" -- as a Tyranian. Liam Sullivan played the role of Parmen. Liam Dunn played Janos, the human slave Hunt encountered in training school.

from Michele Citarella, 2224 Charlotte Avenue, Concord CA 94518

There is a line in the story "Dard" which struck me as kind of funny. McCoy rushes off to the "wardroom" to tend the wounded Spock. Well, as an ex-Navy Officer, I know that the wardroom on a ship is the officers' rec room, usually dominated by a large pot of coffee. As ST uses many nautical terms, it seems likely that "wardroom" would retain its original meaning. I can just imagine the reaction you'd get at any Navy base to a doctor rushing off to treat his patient in the wardroom.

