



-Negative

XXIII

T-Negative 23 July 1974, comes from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. Published irregularly. I think in future issues will be somewhat shorter and come out less frequently -- partly because postage and paper costs keep going up but mostly because I'm running off so many copies that it just takes a dreadfully long time to run off an issue.

Contents

cover: Kristina Trott	
Speculation: Uhura and Kirk, by Mary Louise Dodge.....	4
The Case Against the Transporter, by Richard G. Van Treuren.....	7
Spock's Last-thoughts to Zarabeth, by Shirley Meech.....	11
Under Review by Carol Ing.....	11
Uhura Gives Up: on a Request for a Song, by Ruth Berman.....	13
In the Maze, by Jennifer Guttridge.....	14
assorted ads & news.....	39
T-Waves: letters.....	41
backcover: Stonn Surak, Sarek's aide (Nimoy's stand-in), Sarek	

artwork: Bunny Jackson, p. 5; Doug Herring, p. 9; Alan Andres, opposite p. 10; Greg Jein, p. 13; Ricky Pearson, pp. 18, 21, 25, 34; Caroline Hillard p. 29; Gennie Summers, p. 38; Janice, p. 42.

mailbox stuffing reasons:

- ☒ I felt like sending it ☐ You contributed
☐ You are just good friends ☐ I have a song to sing O!
☐ You paid money at the rate of 50¢/one or \$2/five.

Your subscription is currently due to end: issue # ☐

this issue ☐

Back issues are 75¢/one or \$2/three. At present, #'s 1, 3-11, 17, and 19-22 are available. I'll be reprinting others later.

Speculation: Uhura and Kirk
by Mary Louise Dodge

There is a question that must occur to most "Star Trek" fans but is rarely voiced publically. Let's get it out in the open: "What's going on between Captain Kirk and Uhura?"

T Negative, in #19, has already tacitly answered the question negatively, ignoring some contrary hints which should be considered. Far from not being in love with Kirk, Uhura appears to have a relationship with the captain extending over a long enough period and deep enough intimacy to amount almost to a marriage.

Some of the details are so subtle as to be indescribable, a fleeting expression or tone of voice; but that seems to be a trade-mark of Gene Roddenberry's (the relationship between Lyra-a and Dylan Hunt in "Genesis II" was equally nebulous, but the viewer was reasonably sure that in spite of a lack of definite word or gesture, the two had been intimate). This characteristic of implication is used, supposedly, for two good reasons: it saves having to deal with romance between two continuing characters which cannot end in marriage, and it drives the viewer crazy trying to figure out what's going on!

Most overt episodes, on first view, are usually overlooked because they seem to have a different purpose. For instance, the wary, recoiling look Uhura gives the captain in "I, Mudd" ostensibly means she wonders if he is going to wring her neck for betraying his scheme, but since her betrayal was actually part of the scheme, insuring its success, instead it must be meant as "Be careful, remember that there are others here," a warning that restrains him from too warm an embrace.

"The Tholian Web" contains some of the most thought provoking scenes. Although Uhura seems to be her usual unshakable self during the memorial service for the missing captain, when a crewman goes berserk she stands uncomprehending, and has to be hauled out of the way, indicating she is in a state of deep shock. Later in the background, Sulu is seen, arm around her waist, leading her away.

Most illuminating is the later scene in her quarters where, still in frozen calm (although a compassionate Mr. Spock must have sent her off duty) she takes out and puts on a pendent, over her negligee. That this is merely costume jewelry is ridiculous. It is more logically a gift from the captain, for as an object associated with him it probably helps her receive the telepathic image, calling to her for help. And since she has actually communicated with Kirk, her agonized collapse is not the space-

break-up sickness causing a hallucination, but the shattering of the shell of protective shock to release naked overwhelming grief.

(My family had a lot of fun with the episode's final scene, with Kirk remarking on the loneliness of his solitary universe, swinging around to exchange smiling looks with Uhura. It looked as if she got right up and went below. But that was undoubtedly just our low minds.)

All of this merely illustrates that Uhura is in love with her captain. What about his feelings in the matter?



In "Operation Annihilate" he yells at her when things go wrong; he does so in "Naked Time" as well, something he never does with other crewmen. (Love means you never have to say you're sorry?) In "Immunity Syndrome" as they are all being drained of energy, he stops and rubs her back rather absently, and touches her several times, comfortingly, as he moves back and forth on the bridge. These are small intimate gestures born of long association and intimacy.

"Gamesters of Triskelion" reveals Kirk's feelings most clearly. Although he fails to help her up when they land rather painfully (Spock should have been along -- he is the only man aboard who consistently practices an old-fashioned courtesy towards women, indicating Vulcan women are not considered liberated), he does inquire anxiously if she has been hurt in the free-for-all that precedes their capture. And when Lars enters Uhura's cell, Kirk goes berserk and tries to tear the door off in his efforts to help her. (He didn't make a fuss when Apollo walked off with Scotty's girl. This time it was his woman, and he lost his head.) Later in the episode he steps forward and takes a beating for her sake...moreover she seems to expect him to do so...and then, when it is over, they merely touch each other briefly, one of those casual gestures more indicative of deep emotion than outright lovemaking.

Even the brutal "Plato's Stepchildren" makes an interesting revelation about Uhura's attitude toward her captain. When Kirk tells her she must not be afraid, although the captain is getting a trauma, Uhura isn't going to be afraid -- absolute trust and acceptance. While Christine weeps, as much for Spock's agony as

her own humiliation; the other couple talk quietly with an air of long relationship.

There are a lot of other small details, all adding up to a love affair of some length. The latest is Uhura's final remark* in "The Lorelei Signal," and even the normally unemotional form of the cartoon captures the tenderness as Uhura kneels beside Kirk's body.

Kirk's feeling for Uhura would have no resemblance to his relationship with other women. Regardless of jokes, he is not a Don Juan type. He certainly doesn't need to prove his masculinity nor fill a need for power. He is under the intolerable weight of command, never free from responsibility. Since he can't use drugs (even sleeping pills) or alcohol, for his mind must be constantly on the alert; he has got into the habit of using sex as a brief respite from the unbearable tension. And since he is sensitive and intelligent, he can't just use women, but feels he must give something in return, some kind of love, if only briefly.

But Uhura is part of the Enterprise, no source of oblivion. His relationship with her is therefore deeper, more real and lasting. But marriage would be a certainty of separation for them. Star Fleet would never allow a captain to keep a wife aboard (too distracting in dangerous situations). Therefore the discretion they practice would be quite in order; a sexual relationship between a commander and his junior officer would be a court martial charge -- something like statutory rape, since there would be a presumption that a woman might not be able to say no; or that, conversely, the junior officer might seek extra privilege. They would have to be very careful and self-controlled.

Last of all, the existence of a long standing love affair between Uhura and Kirk makes Spock and Uhura's relationship clearer. It is a triangle with Kirk on the hypotenuse...Kirk loves each of them and is loved by each of them; therefore they extend affection to each other. Spock, acting as Kirk's proxy, picks Uhura up because he knows the captain has the whole ship to look out for and can't take the moment for her. Uhura teases him and treats him like a member of the family, which in a way he is.

"The Lorelei Signal" seems to indicate that when the people version comes back, we are likely to see a more explicit relationship which will answer the question beyond doubt.

* Kirk asks if the transporter procedure has restored them to their proper selves; Uhura answers "You're more handsome than ever."

The Case Against The Transporter
by Richard G. Van Treuren

"The transporter converts matter into wave-forms, 'broadcasts' the waves to any desired location and re-converts them to matter. The process may sound unlikely scientifically, but dramatically, it speeds up the action and simplifies problems of production."¹

You may have seen an episode of the old "Rifleman" series where little Mark McCain was predicting that machines would someday be built that would wash the dishes and do his homework. In his mind, future technology would be able to do both; but today we see how easy it is to mechanically wash dishes and how difficult it would be to build a machine to "do" homework. They are different concepts, requiring different lines of technology.

This example illustrates a good argument against the transporter. With the evidence of extraterrestrial visits and our own progress in space, few people believe interstellar travel is impossible; how we do it is simply a problem of engineering technology. The starship Enterprise is therefore just a logical extension of our present technology; it's larger, faster, and more powerful than our current vessels and spacecraft. However, the transporter is not such a logical prediction; it is without evidence or theory.

The most common analog given when trying to explain the transporter is today's radio and television. But methods of communication we have today are really just advanced sun mirrors and smoke signals; the only way of getting an object from one place to another is picking it up and carrying it there. Therefore, the transporter could not begin to function by modulating common radio-frequency energy like our present devices, which produce an infinite number of representations without disturbing the original.

However, assuming certain basic discoveries will be made allowing the breakdown and rebuilding of matter, certain details would cause problems. In addition to those mentioned in Mark Schulman's article,² it would be necessary to envelop the object in some sort of impregnable barrier to prevent loose foreign particles from accidentally mixing in the process. The machine would then have to work inside this barrier to break up the object into sub-atomic particles that would be suitable for transiting solid atomic structures. These very same particles

1. Ruth Berman, "Just Ask" column Inside Star Trek #1, 1968.

2. Mark Schulman, "Starship Technical Report/ The Transporter," T Negative 21, 1973; that article was the inspiration for this one.

must then be picked up and moved, something like a strip of adhesive tape capturing a string of ball bearings. Weaving them through solid atoms, they would have to be brought from the speed of transit (probably that of light) to a complete halt a precise distance from a totally unprepared surface. The same impenetrable barrier must now be built again, and this time whatever matter is inside it must be removed before the machine can insert the disassociated object and start re-assembling it.³ The same precautions would be necessary if it had some type of receiver (such as the pads in "The Trouble with Tribbles"), or even if there were two sealed chambers connected together with wires.

Building a machine intricate enough to split atoms (and powerful enough to contain the energy released so as not to destroy everything) would be almost as much challenge as trying to squeeze it and the required power source aboard a ship. It would take quite a memory to replace the quintillions of electrons in their former valence shells and line up all the atoms in their previous vibratory patterns. However, such a machine would be simple indeed compared with one that could transport living beings, where even more problems arise. After development of a paralysis ray (such as Schulman described) to freeze all body activity, provision would have to be added to "memorize" all the body's feeble little electric currents and replace them inside their former nerves and muscles. And, assuming that most human religions are not wrong, there is a supernatural, immortal side to people -- the soul -- which would have to be discovered, understood, and made suitable for transport by a non-supernatural machine.⁴

Let's not go too fast here; Mr. Roddenberry is no empty-headed dreamer. Such a magic machine was not an essential part of the "Star Trek" series idea, for landing the ship and a small shuttlecraft were discussed.⁵ But it was financially impossible for Desilu Studios to fabricate either realistically. "The fact that we didn't have the budget forced us into conceiving the transporter device."⁶ Further, his original transporter concepts show a device that would have been treated with respect.⁷ Be-

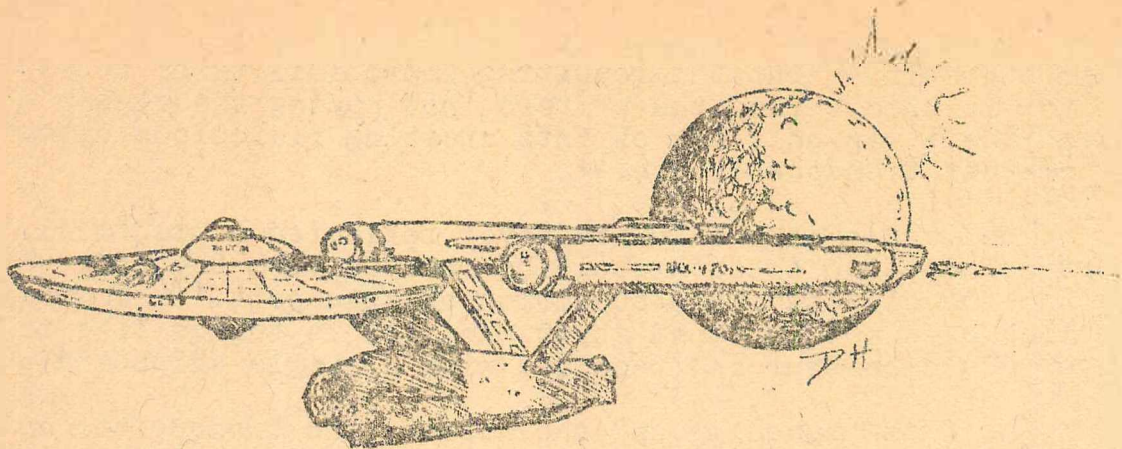
3 Several episodes ("Menagerie," "Day of the Dove," etc.) expressed concern about materializing inside solid material. But a breathable atmosphere is quite solid materially compared with nothing; materializing in the same space would defy physical laws.

4 A supernatural soul is suggested in "Enemy Within"; even though there were two bodies, there was only one James Kirk. James Blish had McCoy complain about the soul's possible loss of immortality in Spock Must Die! It's questionable whether or not the soul could even be transported.

5 Stephen Whitfield, The Making of Star Trek, pp. 43, 91.

6 Gene Roddenberry, quoted in TMOST, p. 44.

7 TMOST, pp. 26, 89.



sides, it's easy for anyone to complain about such details when the best sight is hindsight. Transferring imaginative ideas onto film with a very un-imaginative time/budget frame is probably among the most difficult jobs on Earth. The imagined machine's nature makes it arguable with varying degrees of seriousness and technical knowledge.⁸ As ridiculous as it seems, the transporter is not impossible. In two hundred years the basic discoveries necessary may have been made; small sources of extreme power may allow such a machine to be mounted in a ship and the enormous problems of three-axis speed/distance reassembly could be solved. With the snowballing technology seen in recent decades, it may be probable.

Why, then, must it be eliminated?

Because it is inconsistent -- with itself, and the rest of the "Star Trek" technology. Not only can it send and receive; it has been used to spread atoms across space ("Wolf in the Fold"), re-assemble people inside themselves ("Tomorrow is Yesterday"), and provide inter-dimensional transportation ("Mirror, Mirror"). By its very nature, such a machine could easily duplicate things; given the right amount of raw material, the transporter could re-assemble something twice or more.⁹ Practical duplication of material objects, let alone people, would change the character of the entire universe.

Modern aircraft carriers have more than one liberty boat each, so obviously more than one transporter would be built into

⁸ David Gerrold, The World of Star Trek, p. 219; anon., "U.S.S. Enterprise/science and technology in the 23rd century," in Star Trek/ an analysis of a phenomenon in science fiction (a fan publication), p. 21.

⁹ -- even without raw material (i.e., the duplicate Kirk in "Enemy Within"). Although it couldn't actually give something for nothing, a machine like Trelane's in "Squire of Gothos" would not be very far behind the transporter.

each starship,¹⁰ but the resulting improbability of total transporter failure forced the writers into hoping the viewer would think there was only one or into creating ridiculous situations to prevent transporter use.¹¹

The rest of the hardware never reflected a practical transporter. Foreign objects could be removed from the body while it was in the disassociated condition of transport.¹² Communication devices need not be toted about when simple things like sound waves could be sent and received with a single shipboard unit.

Far from "speeding up" the action, the transporter actually slowed it down. Occasional trips to a planet-surface by shuttlecraft would quickly explain how commuting took place. But the bizarre concept of living persons broken apart, sent, and rebuilt is so difficult to identify with that it was shown nearly every episode, and many viewers neither understood nor believed it.

True, transporters are not new to science fiction or sf film. However, the best films (e.g., "Forbidden Planet," "2001") never relied upon a magic machine where characters stepped in and came out someplace else without a receiver. Not only is there no current experience to compare it with, but so much beauty and wonder is lost it almost defeats the purpose of being in space. More important, the transporter is too simple for drama; few things would be of concern to a starshipman who could be 16,000 miles away almost instantly.¹³

The poor Gold Key Star Trek comics and the British Star Trek art stories did little or nothing to improve the concept, and now, with the advent of the animated series, the machine's abilities are even more undefined.¹⁴ Armed with such formidable machines, the starshipmen seem God-like in their abilities. In my opinion, this nonsense should never have had a place in "Star Trek"; when the show is returned to live action, the transporter has got to go!

Discussion is welcome: write R.G. Van Treuren, AIMD IM 3, USS Kitty Hawk (CV-63), FPO San Francisco 96601.

¹⁰ Several sources quote more than one transporter room, e.g., TMOST, p. 192.

¹¹ E.g., "Doomsday Machine," "Savage Curtain." See also TWorldOST, p. 220.

¹² The bullet in Spock ("Private Little War") could have been so removed -- or even the disease in "Naked Time."

¹³ "What kind of fun is that? Where is the suspense?" TMOST, p. 95.

¹⁴ E.g., "The Lorelei Signal," "The Terratin Incident."



A.E. Archer
04.10.71

SPOCK'S LAST THOUGHTS* TO ARABETH
by Shirley Meech

You were a flame in caves of ice,
You were a rose in snow --
I would have given all the worlds
To never let you go.

I would have given everything,
My future and my past
To bar the door against all time
And make our moment last.

An hour ago I held you
And took the love you gave --
Now Death is lying with you
In his narrow bed, the grave.

Were we imprisoned, you and I?
A cage, the snow and stone?
I know a worse imprisonment;
Again I am alone.

On all sides stand my captors,
Five thousand guards, the years --
Locked in Time's small prison cell
Of silence and frozen tears.

*"Last-thoughts" are Vulcan writings of farewell, usually composed when no last words could be spoken (such as the death of a loved one suddenly or during absence). Solitude and the writing of last-thoughts are a form of therapy in such cases. The writings are generally not published or even shown to anyone.

UNDER REVIEW
by Carol Ing

((Carol Ing regretfully announces that she will not be able to carry on writing this review column. Don't send her any more review copies; zines she was sent and did not get reviewed she will either return or buy.))

BERENGARIA I -- \$1.50 from Vicki R. Kirlin, 3007 S. 112 Str. Omaha NE 68144, and Richard Heim, Jr. Very good repro (?ditto? with photo-process illos). 60 pp. BERENGARIA is a publication of the Quei-Starmerian Network (an association of ST clubs).

This issue consists primarily of three not-so-short stories (averaging 17 pages). While none of the plots shows any real

genius, all the writers exhibit a tolerable command of the English language. Considering the apparent maturity and literateness of the editors, successive issues (planned to run 100 pages) should bear watching.

In "Apostasy" (the word, my dictionary tells me, means "a turning away from one's beliefs") by Richard Heim, a crippled Enterprise avenges a sabotaged research station and a wrecked cruiser by obliterating two alien spacecraft, whereupon the alien base self-destructs. We get only two disappointingly brief glimpses of the alien culture, however; the one survivor from the research station regains consciousness only to mumble a few disconnected words; and a traitor among the Enterprise crew is captured but never questioned. We see what happens but can only guess at why.

In "Challenges" by Carle' Johnson, Ms. Johnson herself joins the engineering department of Captain Pike's Enterprise as Scotty's yeoman, and saves the day by recording a treacherous enemy on her "pendant" and "makeup case" equipment. Even though this is the only story of the three that ties up its own loose ends in a coherent manner, I must admit to a prejudice against diaries of trekfen serving aboard the Enterprise. If the protagonist's name were Jane Smith, I could read this story more comfortably, but it does exhibit a tinge of the hero-worship that pervades the more flagrant examples of the genre.

Johnson's entry here does, however, use the term "yeoman" correctly. Other writers take note: It is not a rank; it is not the female equivalent of ensign (which is a rank). It is a function. For example, Sulu's rank is lieutenant; his normal function is helmsman. Rand's rank was ensign; her function was yeoman.

In "Rennox Four" by Ken Gooch, the Big E again bursts through that energy barrier at the edge of the Galaxy, like the Platformate test car through a paper hoop, and treks on to where no man etc. This time they destroy an energy creature which was accidentally beamed aboard, and meet a ninety-foot intergalactic peace emissary. All told, there are enough crises to support a novel, but the transition from one incident to the next is mechanical, with little causal relationship shown.

In the thoughtful (in both senses) letter which escorted the review copy of BERENGARIA, Vicki asked for constructive criticism. As long as we're all here, I'll make a couple of suggestions which, although aimed specifically at BERENGARIA, are applicable to a great many publications.

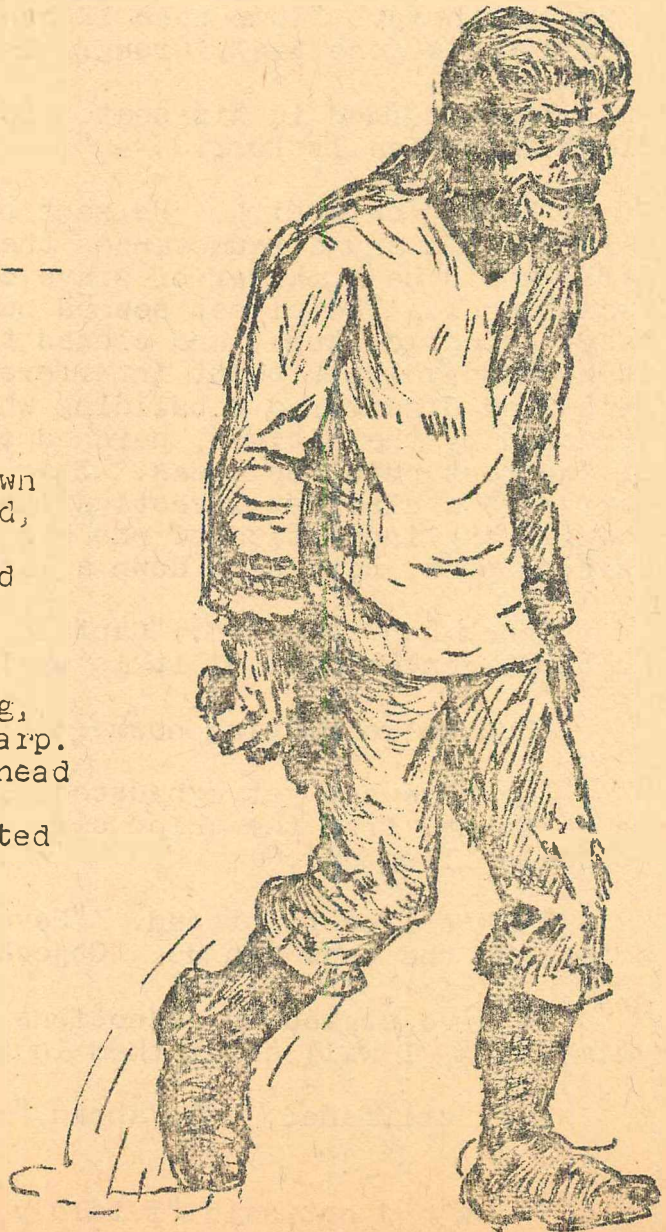
Clean your typewriter often enough to keep the e's and o's from getting filled in. A messy appearance can discourage your readers from proceeding beyond an initial glance at the page. In this same category, BERENGARIA's clear-cut repro of both text

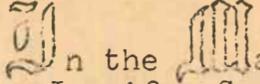
and illos could serve as a model for other beginners, including the early T-NEGATIVE. I ignorantly passed up the excellent content of this zine for several years in favor of a more professional zine with little else to commend it. Luckily I learned the error of my ways, even before Ruth switched from that splotchy old ditto.

Those readers who persevere beyond the mere appearance of the printed page may be turned off or simply confused by misspellings and typographical errors. For instance, I was momentarily puzzled by a captain's "bovicious" order ("Moo"?). Unnumbered pages and poorly credited artists might be thrown into roughly the same category.

Uhura Gives up on a
Request for a Song
by Ruth Berman

"Captain," said the ship's own
bard,
"I do not mean to carp,
But I must say it's very hard
To find a rhyme for warp.
I wanted to construct a song
Well suited to the harp.
So Mr. Spock could sing along,
But strings get snapped in warp.
I think I'll go and hide my head
Beneath a heavy tarp.
With joy I would be transported
If I had rhymes for warp."




by Jennifer Guttridge

Uhura looked up from the communications console. She had a tired, worried frown on her face. "There's still nothing, sir," she said. "No word from the landing party at all, and I can't trace them."

Kirk sighed and turned away, the weariness in his face mirroring hers. "It's been 12 hours," he said fretfully. "Something's gone badly wrong. They must need help."

Spock turned in his seat. "Captain, our orders from Star Fleet specifically forbid -- "

"Bull," said Kirk. He went back to pacing the bridge balcony. In any circumstances the loss of the six-man landing party would be a matter of grave concern, but this case was exceptional. The planet seemed normal enough -- a feudal society, based on agriculture, and closed to visitors from space so that it could develop without interference. But then an automated probe had discovered a building which could not have been constructed by the natives, perched on a high hill just outside one of the most populous areas. Star Fleet had ordered Enterprise to carry out a discreet investigation. When sensor readings failed to give any indication of who had constructed the building or for what purpose, Kirk sent down a landing party on his own initiative.

Spock had objected: "Captain, in view of the possibility of cultural contamination, it is unwise to -- "

"But we're getting nowhere from up here."

"We have not yet exhausted all the possible tests which can be performed from the ship, sir. Until we do, a landing party is quite illogical."

Kirk's lips tightened. "Nevertheless, I'm going to see what a team on the spot can do. Objections, Mr. Spock?"

"I have stated my objections already, Captain. With your permission, I will enter them in the log."

Kirk stiffened. "Go ahead," he said, and turned away.

Spock had not said "I told you so" when Wardoff failed to report, but Kirk could read the thought in his face. The two did not speak to each other, except to carry out ship's business.

Kirk paused in his pacing and looked at the screen. Enterprise hung in orbit high above the night side of the planet, and the dark globe filled a third of the screen. It turned slowly against the distant haze of stars. Black seas glinted through the heavy cloud cover, and the land masses were a dead black. The towns were invisible, the sparse fires of hearth and torch being too small to register on that scale.

Kirk paced back round the balcony, his mind made up. "Mr. Spock, equip a landing party. We'll beam down and try to locate Wardoff's team."

Spock looked doubtful. "Captain, if the original landing party has been apprehended, the arrival of a further contingent could only compound the risk to this society."

Kirk slapped his palm against the balcony rail. "We're going, Mr. Spock. Get ready." He turned on his heel and strode to the turbo-lift doors. "Lt. Uhura," he said in passing, "Have Dr. McCoy join us in the transporter room in 15 minutes." The turbo-lift doors closed on him. Spock sighed a silent sigh and turned once more to his computer.

*

The landscape was dark and wet, and the ground underfoot decidedly soggy. As the drone of the transport beam faded away, a drifting rain splattered coldly into the faces of the landing party. All six wore the usual dress of the native people: slack trousers, laced knee-length tunics, and head-dresses fastened to a band round the forehead and draped back over the head and down to cover the neck and shoulder. Spock had pulled his forward to cover his ears, and the result resembled something midway between an Arab sheik and a sophisticated red-Indian.

Kirk studied the black ground. There were clumps of long, rain-flattened grass, an occasional gleam of surface water, and vast tracts of mud. They stood in the middle of a low-lying water-meadow bordered on one side by a wide river and on the other by a dark, humped hill. The meadow was emptied of its grazing daytime occupants, and the starship crew had it to themselves. There was no other living being to be seen.

"Are these the exact co-ordinates Wardoff used?" Kirk asked.

Spock looked up from his tricorder. "Affirmative. There is the structure on the hill."

Kirk looked up, and by squinting his eyes against the rain he could distinguish an angular shape against the skyline. He wiped some of the water off his face. "I see. Their last report was that they had reached it and were investigating." No one

bothered to point out that it was then they had lost contact with the landing party. "Keep together, keep low, and keep quiet." Kirk began to slosh through the mud and water towards the hill.

The hillside was clothed in shrubbery, and they soon found out why no fences were needed to keep the beasts in the field. The bushes had knarled, twisted roots that wriggled across the surface of the ground; in the darkness they were unseen stumbling blocks. The leaves were upright and broad, and razor-sharp at the edges. Several cut fingers quickly taught the landing party not to hold onto the bushes to pull themselves along.

Halfway up Kirk paused for breath and waited for his men to catch up with him: McCoy, three security guards, and Spock.

McCoy looked at the captain with irritation. "How much further is it?" he said, as quietly as he could and be heard over the wind.

Kirk glanced upward. "Not far."

"Nobody said anything about an assault course in a monsoon!"

Kirk grimaced in sympathy and resumed the ascent.

To a local observer they would have appeared no more than a bedraggled line of commoners making their way through the rain, except that on that planet hardly anyone went out at night, and no one at all went towards that hill.

The rain became heavier, driving downhill on the wind and rattling among the foliage. The head-cloths whipped round their faces, and the cold rain-water ran steadily down their backs; by the time they reached the side of the building they were glad to rest in its shelter and attempt to wring some of the water from their clothing.

"Life forms, Mr. Spock?"

Spock raised his eyes from the tricorder and looked non-committal. "Vague readings, Captain. Nothing definite."

"What's behind these walls?!"

"Impossible to say. The substance seems to be resistant to scanning. I get vague indications of life low down on the scale. Location indeterminate, shifting."

"Rats," McCoy said.

Spock raised an eyebrow. "Doctor?!"

"You're picking up the local equivalent of rats. Every place like this has rats."

"If it's responsible for the disappearance of our landing party, that's not all it has," Kirk said. "Spock, can you see any sign of a way in?"

Spock looked both ways along the wall. "Negative, Captain."

"Let's try this way," Kirk said, and started for the nearest corner.

The building was a block, a perfect cube 40 feet on a side, half buried in the hillside. The substance of the walls looked like pebble-dashed concrete, but it registered as an integral substance, not an amalgamate. There was no sign of a door or window. Moss and the green slime of constant damp, together with an occasional climbing vine, found purchase, but the walls were not cracked.

The landing party climbed up along the line where the side wall vanished into the hillside, along the top where the flat roof sloped back into the ground, and down the other side. Nowhere did they see an entrance.

"Comment, Mr. Spock?" Kirk said when they were within one corner of their starting point.

"Interesting," Spock said without interest. By now he was too wet and cold to be "fascinated" by anything.

"The landing party disappeared at this point. They must have gone -- or been taken -- inside."

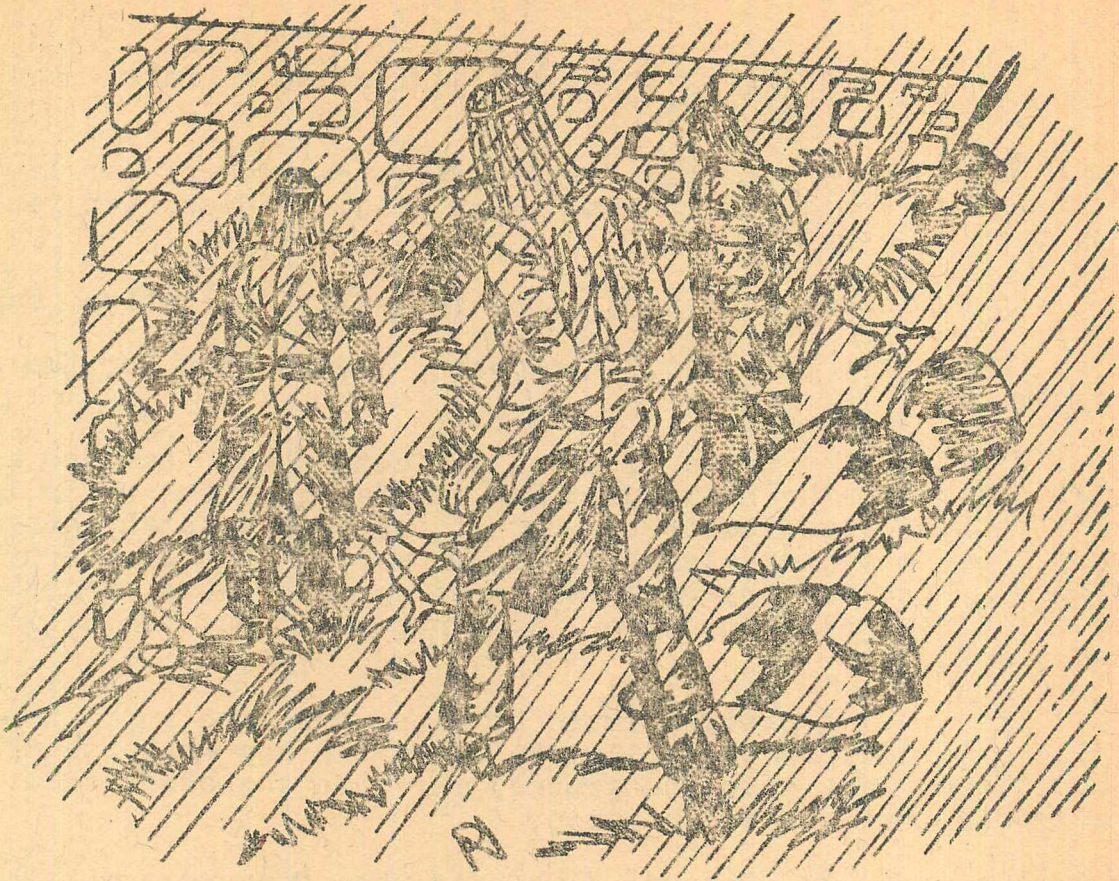
"It is logical to assume so."

"If we're going to follow we'll have to make our own way in." Kirk turned to the security team. "Mr. Sheckley, Mr. Lopez, set your phasers on full; blast a hole through this wall." He stepped aside, and the two men stood shoulder to shoulder and fired in unison. The rain turned into steam, the moss and slime blackened, and the surface of the wall brightened through red to white, but the wall remained intact. "Probe and phaser resistant," Kirk said. "What the devil is that stuff?"

"Captain," Spock called.

Kirk turned and went over. Spock was investigating a place where the sharp-leaved vegetation grew right up to the wall, and the ground sloped steeply upwards.

"There seems to be a sort of doorway, Captain. I can't reach it."



Kirk gestured to the security guards. "Burn these plants down."

The men's phasers made short work of reducing the vegetation to ashes, revealing a low, wide arch in the wall, and in the arch an old, but very solid-looking door.

"The landing party didn't go through there," Kirk said at once. "That door hasn't been opened in years."

"But it is a way in, Captain."

Kirk nodded, frowning, and Spock reached for the catch...

...The door swung slowly inwards. It opened without a sound to reveal an impenetrable blackness beyond. Kirk called Wardoff's name into the opening. His voice seemed to bounce flatly back. No one answered.

They looked at each other.

"Do we go in?" McCoy whispered.

"Not yet." Kirk stepped back from the doorway. "These walls are phaser resistant and impervious to the tricorder. The chances are that the ship's sensors can't penetrate them, either -- the transporter won't be able to reach us. We'll be on our own." He pulled the communicator from under his tunic, shook it dry, and flicked open the lid. "Enterprise. Kirk here."

"Scott here, sir."

"We've found a way into this structure down here. It may put us out of touch for a while, but track us with the sensors if you find you can."

"Aye, sir. How long shall I give ye before I send down a search party?"

Kirk met Spock's eyes over the communicator, and saw that his First Officer agreed with him. "No search party, Mr. Scott. Kirk out."

"Jim, we don't know what's in there," McCoy said, as Kirk put the communicator away.

"No." Kirk eyed the doorway. "We don't. And it obviously isn't going to come out and show itself." He leaned on the arch and squinted into the blackness. "I can't see anything," he said. "Spock, you'd better follow me at a discreet distance."

Spock nodded and watched as Kirk pulled out his phaser and stepped into the doorway. Kirk bent low to pass beneath the arch and...vanished.

"Captain!" Spock stepped to the doorway, his phaser aimed and ready. There was no target. "Captain! Jim!" No answer came.

McCoy joined Spock in the doorway. "What happened to him?"

Spock shook his head. "I do not know, Doctor."

"Then what are we going to do?"

"My orders were explicit," Spock said, checking the charge of his phaser and studying once more the internal blackness.

"What about us?"

Spock raised an eyebrow. "What about you, Doctor?"

"Are you going to leave us standing out here?"

"If you wish to return to the ship you have my consent, Dr. McCoy," Spock said without looking at him.

"And leave Jim in trouble and you walking into the same mess? Not likely! And if you tell me I'm being illogical --!"

Spock considered him for a moment, then looked at the guards. "Keep watch until daybreak. If we are not back then, return to the ship. Shall we go, Doctor?"

McCoy nodded warily, and together he and Spock stepped through the archway.

They dropped into a black vortex. There was a strong, cold blast of air that stung their eyes until tears came. The sensation was one of movement, not exactly of falling, but a displacement. McCoy stretched out a hand, feeling for the touch of Spock's sleeve. There was nothing. He drew breath to call the Vulcan's name, but the wind whipped away the words before he could utter them. He felt a surge of panic, and then even that was driven from him as he landed on a hard floor. Something inside his chest gave, and he gasped at the sharp pain. A sudden redness flooded into his brain, and he lost consciousness.

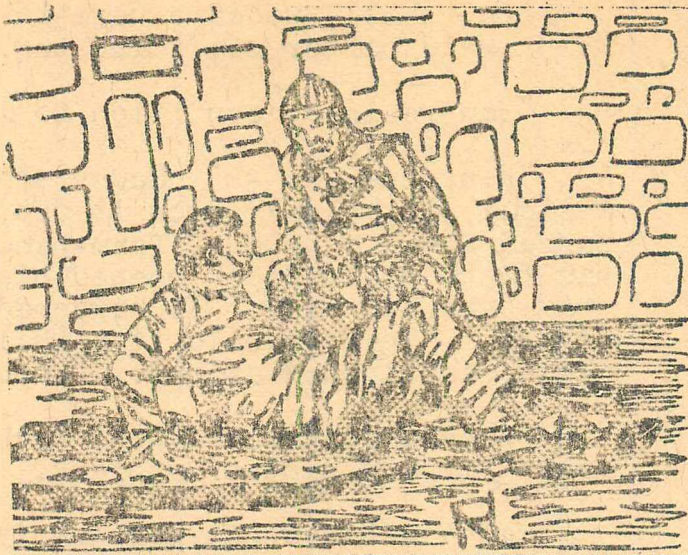
*

Still dazed, Spock rolled over onto his back. The drop had been a long one and the landing heavy. He was essentially undamaged, but he could feel numerous bruises, and he was winded. He lay sprawled on a grey stone plinth in the center of a grey stone room. There was a generalized grey light, a flow of cool air, and utter silence. His own breathing sounded harsh and unnatural, and he could hear the hissing sigh of his blood. His eyes drifted across the featureless grey slab of the ceiling and down the wall. The he blinked and made an attempt to focus, and sat up. He could see no way out. He got up, put a hand to an especially painful muscle in his back, and limped over to where McCoy lay.

The doctor was sprawled over the edge of the plinth, half on it and half off, his eyes closed and his breathing shallow. Spock made a quick examination. The doctor's skin was cold and damp, and his heartbeat rapid. There was a dark, spongy bruise on his left side that Spock didn't like the look of at all. There was nothing he could do for McCoy while he was still unconscious. He made his position as comfortable as he could and went to examine the walls.

They were made of the same substance that formed the walls of the cube: a coarse, lumpy material that felt rough to the fingertips but showed no seams. There was no sign that any segment had been constructed to move aside. Spock stood still

and looked slowly round, his mind pondering the problem. He conjectured that there must be a portal concealed somewhere. But there were no furnishings at all; the grey floor was bare, and its only feature was the central circular plinth. He could find no source for the dim light that filled the room. Spock walked back and inspected the plinth. It was of the same grey material, and it seemed to be of one piece with the floor.



McCoy stirred and groaned. Spock crouched down beside him and held him still. "Try not to move, Doctor."

The blue eyes opened and gazed up at him icily. "What d'you mean, don't move? Where'n hell did you vanish to? And who stuck the knife in my ribs?" He insisted on sitting up, so Spock helped him settle on the edge of the plinth.

"I have been nowhere, Dr. McCoy. Indeed, I can find no means of leaving this place. No one has knifed you. I believe you have broken a rib."

McCoy probed the bruise beneath his tunic and winced. "You're right," he agreed grudgingly. "Where are we? Where's Jim? And for god's sake take that headdress off! The color's running down your neck."

Spock pulled the cloth from the headband and looked at it. "Wherever the captain is, he is not here, Doctor. And I do not know where 'here' is."

"You don't.... But we must be inside that block-shape thing...?"

"I think not." Spock got up and began to prowl round the cell.

"We stepped through the arch, Spock," McCoy grated. "Where can we be except on the other side? -- unless you think it's a transporter of some sort?"

"Possibly."

"Oh. Well, we came here to find the captain. If he's not here, we'd better start looking."

"You're in no condition to move, Doctor."

"Nonsense, I -- " McCoy stopped. He reached for his medical kit, slowly drew it out, and opened it. "Here." He handed Spock a tube of foam-bandage. "Tape me up." He gritted his teeth while Spock opened his leather tunic and sprayed the foam over his side. It hardened as it hit, and he relaxed a little. "That'll hold it a while. Now let's -- " He stopped again, and looked around. "No doors."

Spock shrugged and went back to his pacing, testing the walls for any hint of a break.

McCoy watched him helplessly. The Vulcan favored his left leg as he walked, and McCoy forgetting his own injury, struggled to his feet. The room swayed, but he waited until it steadied and went over to Spock. "You're limping."

"A pulled muscle, Doctor."

"Are you sure?" He tried to hold Spock still for examination, but found himself leaning on the Vulcan for support as another wave of faintness swept through him.

Spock stood with his legs braced and supported McCoy until the weakness passed.

"I'm sorry, Spock," McCoy said. "I didn't mean to -- "

"Quite all right, Doctor," Spock said in a distracted voice, staring over McCoy's head, back toward the plinth.

McCoy turned around carefully. In the air above the plinth there hung a translucent curtain of silver. "What's that?"

"Unknown, Doctor. Possibly the entrance -- or the exit." Spock took a tentative step forward.

McCoy grabbed his arm. "We can't risk being separated."

Spock nodded, and they went slowly toward the plinth. The silver curtain hung from almost the ceiling to almost the floor. They could see the far wall through it, but Spock was quite certain that if they stepped through it they would not find themselves on the other side of the room. The curtain shivered as if it were a fine fabric in an air current.

"Do you think Jim could be on the other side of that?" McCoy asked in a whisper.

"Possibly."

"Then what are we waiting for?"

Spock held him back. "We have no idea what lies on the other side of that curtain. Some entity constructed this place. We may be on the verge of meeting him."

"Someone, or something. Is that what you're saying, Spock? Are you afraid to go through there?"

Spock looked at him sideways. "Not afraid, Doctor. I am merely weighing the possibilities."

"You didn't wait to follow Jim through that first arch. Come on!"

"You were not injured at that time, Doctor. I now have a responsibility -- "

McCoy tore himself away from the Vulcan's support. "You're not responsible for me, Spock. We've got to find the captain."

Spock stared at him, startled by his vehemence. "Doctor -- "

"I'm going through, anyway, with you or without you." McCoy stepped forward, then swayed and had to wait.

Spock steadied him and looked again at the silver curtain. "Very well, Doctor." They stepped up onto the plinth, and Spock reached out a hand towards the silveriness. He felt nothing, but it parted at the touch of his fingers as if it were made of a million strings of minute silver beads. Beyond it was a flat, black void.

"Here we go again," said McCoy.

The two men locked their hands about each other's wrists, and McCoy tucked his elbow in tightly against his injured side. They stepped through the curtain.

They stepped down into a dark, narrow passage with a high ceiling. Water ran freely down walls coated with black patches of slime.

"Well, now where in hell are we?" McCoy growled.

Spock raised an eyebrow at him and started to ask on what grounds McCoy concluded that they were in a mythological domain. Then he thought better of it and remained silent, looking up and down the passage.

"Spock? You're in command here. Which way do we go?"

Spock shook his head as if slightly bewildered, and then he turned abruptly. "This way, Doctor," he said and began to stride along the passage.

McCoy pulled a face at what looked like a purely arbitrary decision, and began to follow, more slowly.

Spock looked back and saw that the doctor was falling behind. He slowed his pace and waited for him to catch up. Then he started on ahead again impatiently. Mentally, McCoy cursed all Vulcans, gritted his teeth, and pressed on as fast as he could.

*

Kirk tested the crystal bars of his cage, trying his best to break one. Beyond the cage the being ignored him. It swayed along almost fluidly on a dozen or more multi-jointed leg-like appendages, moving from one item of complex electronic equipment to the next to make fine adjustments with its almost human, black, shelled hands. Kirk had recovered from the first shock of horror at its ugliness: the insectlike scuttling, the soft, palid flesh of the body, the neckless head with the face of a corpse eight days drowned. Hidden in the bloated, white rolls of skin were two large, round, yellow eyes. Somewhere amidst that damp tissue there might also be a mouth, but Kirk had seen no sign of one. The creature clicked like an excited radiation counter; sometimes fast, sometimes more slowly, but always with a purposeful intensity. Kirk tried to interpret the clicks as a language. He clicked back, trying to mimic it, then talked at it, shouted at it, screamed at it in rage. He only barely refrained from stamping his feet in frustration when it failed to do more than stare at him with apparently startlement out of its unblinking eyes, and then scuttled off crabwise back to its ranked equipment. He told himself firmly that intelligence came in many shapes and sizes, and the packages were not always beautiful. However, communication with the thing seemed impossible.

In his years in space, Kirk had seen a great many alien installations, but he found the equipment around him unfathomable. There were dials and screens alive with shifting, colored shadows; mirror-bright silver panels with complex patterns of controls; tubes and bulbs and cylinders of colored gasses, blue and green and pinkish grey. Beyond these were vague presences, hard even to concentrate on; colored curtains pulsed and faded, patches of light drifted, sourceless and directionless, sounds wavered on the edge of audibility....

There were no walls. Beyond the point where the floor ended, a pink-lit grey mist hung suspended, flaring occasionally as if a firework display were being held somewhere behind the fog. The air was cool.. Kirk shivered.



He decided to try once more to communicate with the being. He gripped the bars hard and pushed his face between them. "Where is this place?" he said. "Where are my men?"

The being turned towards the raised platform where the cage stood. The yellow eyes protruded and looked at him.

"Where's my landing party?" Kirk said. "Where are my officers?"

The soft flesh of the being's back rippled as if the sound-waves of Kirk's voice were hitting it. It clicked thoughtfully and then returned to its devices. Kirk scowled, and rammed the palms of his hands against the bars that shut him in. Then his attention was drawn away from himself.

On one of the larger screens, the colored shadows were clearing. A small patch appeared in the center and enlarged into a picture that filled the screen. Kirk saw Spock and McCoy, walking in a confined passage. They moved slowly, as if swimming in a thick fluid. The being clicked and did something to one of the silver panels, and the movements of the two men became normal. Kirk watched transfixed.

*

The place was an interminable warren of narrow, grey passages, damp-stained stairwells, and misleading cul-de-sacs. Already it seemed to McCoy that they had been exploring the tunnels for half of eternity: retracing their steps from the blind alleys, choosing and then choosing again where many passageways converged, pausing frequently for McCoy to lean against a wall and rest, panting.

It was during one of those rest periods that McCoy put the idea into words. Spock was making use of the time, exploring for a short way down each of two adjoining passages, examining every inch of the rough walls, investigating every corner, and constantly pausing to listen to the dripping silence, his head on one side like an intent bird. "Spock, what if Jim isn't in these passages at all?"

For a moment Spock continued to look back down the passage the way they'd come; then he raised his eyes, turning his head slightly towards McCoy as he did so. McCoy could see that the

same thought had occurred to Spock a long time ago. He must have kept silent about it for McCoy's sake.

McCoy straightened stiffly, aware that the ache in his side had suddenly become almost crippling in its intensity. "Any idea what our next course of action is?"

"We can do one of three things, Doctor. Go on, go back, or stay here."

McCoy looked sour. "They all sound pointless."

"No. If we go on, we may find the captain." Spock eyed the passageway. "I believe he is being used as...bait, to encourage us to go on."

"Like rats in a maze?" McCoy said sceptically. Then he looked around again. "Yes, I see what you mean. But -- "

"I suggest," Spock interrupted, "that you refrain from further discussion, and rest, Dr. McCoy."

McCoy glared at him, making no impression on Spock. McCoy sighed, then obediently lowered himself to the floor, resting his back against the wall. He wrapped his arms round his chest. The wall was cold and damp, and the moisture got inside the leather jerkin and ran down his back. But McCoy was very tired, and pain had exhausted him. His eyes closed, flickered open, and closed again. His head fell forward. Soon his breathing steadied, and he slept.

For a while Spock continued to prowl the passage. Then he crouched at the doctor's side and felt for his pulse. It was rapid but strong. McCoy shifted uneasily but continued to sleep. Spock left him and sat down against the opposite wall, drawing his knees up into his chest and wrapping his arms round them. He watched McCoy for a time and then closed his own eyes, leaning forward so that his forehead rested on his knees, and allowed his metabolism to slow. He was not asleep, but his body relaxed and rested, and after a time a part of his mind switched itself off.

*

The screen clouded again, and as the picture faded Kirk found himself lonelier than before. He unlocked his clenched fists from around the bars; his fingers were stiff. He stepped back and looked down at the being with growing dislike. "Where are they?" he asked. "What are you doing to them? and why?"

The being ignored him. It was still busy about its equipment and seemed to be switching most of it off; screens and dials darkened, and lights went out. Kirk sat down on the floor and watched, feeling helpless and drained. Beyond the boundaries of

the laboratory the pink mist still hung unmoving, but beyond it the aural displays had brightened and intensified. The being finished what it was doing and came towards him, clicking slowly. In its hands it held a tray bearing a small quantity of pale brown powder. It pushed this into the cage through the narrow gap between the bottom of the bars and the platform top. For a long moment it gazed at its captive with that bright, brassy stare; and Kirk looked back at it hopelessly. Then the being turned and scuttled away between the ranks of equipment to the clear space beyond. It stepped into the folds of a red curtain and vanished, and after it the curtain vanished, too.

At once the lighting dimmed and went out, as if without its owner it knew there were no need for it. The laboratory was lit only by the flaring colors from beyond the mist, and they danced eerily across the floor, casting weird reflections in the silver faces of the machines. Kirk noticed that even in the darkness the crystal bars of the cage seemed to gleam with inner light.

He dipped a finger into the pile of brown powder. It seemed to be intended as nourishment, although it was tasteless and dry. He ate some of it and then returned to the side of the cage. He sat down with his back to the bars and watched the flow of light across the floor, and soon he, too, slept.

*

Spock roused himself. Time had passed, measured by the watchful portion of his mind, and he knew that the time had come to move on. All was as it had been before: the grey light and the damp passages. McCoy still slept, humped awkwardly against the wall. His mouth was open, and his breathing harsh. His face had become grey. Carefully, aware that his body temperature was too low for rapid movement, Spock stretched each muscle in turn and flexed himself. He felt a pang of hunger and frowned at it. He himself could set it aside almost indefinitely, but McCoy, in his weakened condition, would not be able to ignore hunger so easily. Spock stood up slowly and on stiff legs went over to McCoy. The doctor's ashen face was cold to the touch and damp with a thin film of sweat, but he started awake and stared at Spock.

"What is it? Is it time to go? How...how long have we been here?"

"Several hours. Move slowly, Doctor."

McCoy tried to set up and grunted with the pain of cramp. "I see what you mean, Spock."

Spock put a hand under McCoy's armpit and the other arm round his back, and almost lifted him onto his feet. McCoy's face contorted, and he remained doubled over for a long minute,

leaning heavily on the Vulcan before he was able to straighten his back. He was hungry, but realized as Spock had that there was nothing they could do about it and so said nothing. He composed his face and looked at Spock. "I'm not going to get far like this. You'll stand a better chance of finding Jim on your own."

A slight smile flickered for a fraction of a second around Spock's lips. "And what about you, Doctor?" he asked.

"I'll be all right here till you get back. Besides, if something has arranged all this, it'll take me out of here once I've stopped performing tricks for it."

"What do you do with laboratory animals once their usefulness is curtailed, Doctor?"

McCoy met the almost amused black eyes and swallowed hard. "All right, if we can't stay here, we'd better get moving."

Spock's look became anxious, and he eyed the medical kit on the doctor's belt. "I could give you a pain-killing injection--"

"I'm quite capable of seeing to my own injections!" McCoy snapped. "If I'd wanted one I'd have taken one before. How far do you think I'd get filled with dope? We both need clear heads."

"But a light dosage would -- "

"Yes, I know," McCoy interrupted. "But you're not a doctor, and I don't trust me to prescribe it. I'm...not an objective physician with this patient."

Spock nodded, still with a frown of worry between his eyes, and stood back, although he kept one hand under the doctor's arm, in support. More slowly than before, the two men started to limp along the passage.

*

For Kirk it was a relief to see them. Now matter how far they were from him, at least he knew that they still lived. Both he and the being stood quite still, watching, he inside the cage and the other out.

*

The next flight of steps sloped steeply and unevenly downwards into a circular stairwell. The walls were wet, and water dripped from step to step with steady plops. From out of the well came a slow stream of dank, damp air. McCoy deposited himself against the wall and looked down, wheezing painfully. "Do we really have to go down there, Spock?" he asked.

Spock, on his haunches studying the steps, nodded distractedly. "Yes, Doctor. However...." He looked up at McCoy with doubt. "You may rest first if you wish."

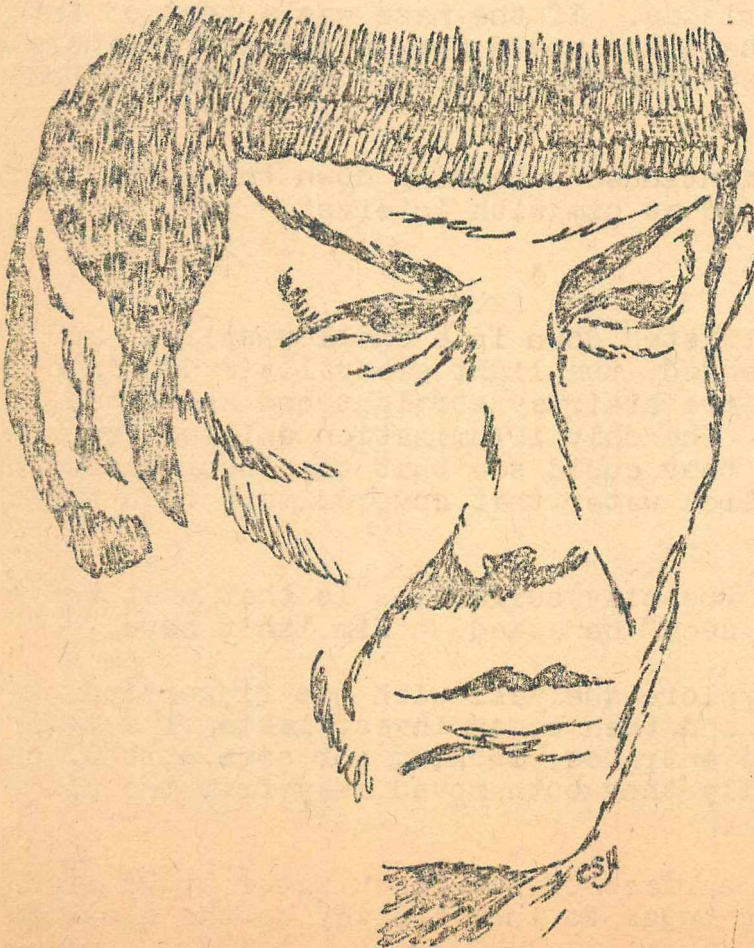
"No, I don't wish. What I mean is, do we have to go that way? Can't we find some other way around?"

"Negative. We have explored the other passages already. If we are to find the captain, our way lies ahead. And he may be in need of our help."

"You still think we're going to find him?"

"I intend to find him, Doctor."

McCoy saw the grim lines of determination in his profile. "You didn't want to be on this landing party at all, did you, Spock?" he asked, with sudden insight.



Spock thought for long seconds before he replied. "In my opinion, none of us should have come here."

McCoy eyed him narrowly. "Did you quarrel with Jim about that?"

"I obey my instructions, Doctor, as you do."

"That doesn't mean you approve?" McCoy allowed the statement to end in a question. Spock did not reply. "Well, maybe you were right. But... whatever this is, it's interfering with the normal development of this planet's culture. Jim has a duty to stop it, if he can."

For a moment Spock was silent. Then he looked round at the stained walls. "However, it is possible that our presence here could be even more...disruptive."

"How?" McCoy asked, his back tingling at the tone of the Vulcan's voice.

"The entity has been experimenting with a primitive native culture. In these clothes we resemble them closely enough, but if it should discover, as it must if its experiments continue, that we possess a higher level of sophistication, it might consider us a threat. The result could be war."

McCoy stared at him in horror. "Yes," he said softly. "I suppose it could."

Spock turned. "Shall we go, Doctor?"

*

Kirk looked from the screen to the creature, and suddenly was afraid for his friends. If the maze was a test of intelligence, then surely the tests would grow progressively more difficult -- and dangerous? "Go back, Spock," he groaned. "Don't come."

Spock and McCoy continued unhearing down the steps, but the being turned and looked at him with interest.

*

The crude steps twisted down in a shallow spiral, and as Spock and McCoy descended, the light gradually faded into darkness. At the bottom the stairway straightened and ended in a large, dark chamber. The only illumination spilled from the stairwell, and in it they could see that the floor sloped down to a pool of still black water that covered more than two thirds of the room.

McCoy scowled at the oily surface. "Is that what we've come all this way to see?" he asked. "Jim isn't here."

Spock began to explore the wall with his fingertips. McCoy watched him a moment and then began investigating the wall on the other side of the entrance, looking for some sort of opening, he presumed. Gradually they both moved away from the single source of light.

Behind Spock the surface of the black water broke without a ripple, and something began to inch its way up the sloping floor.

McCoy's foot struck something in the darkness, something that moved with a grating sound on the floor. He bent down and

groped for it. It was a phaser. As he picked it up he noted automatically that its power level was at zero. He turned with it in his hand. "Spock.... Spock!"

The Vulcan turned, but at the same moment that he raised the alarm the black, whiplike tentacle wrapped itself round the calf of Spock's leg and jerked tight. Spock overbalanced and went down with a crash that drove the breath out of him. The tentacle, stretched straight from the water's edge, began to retract, dragging him with it. Spock's hands scratched for a purchase on the rough floor and found none. He kicked hard, trying to shake the thing loose, and failed. Its grip was strong and very tight; his foot started to ache from blood starvation. He arched his back, struggling, and a wildly flying hand struck something hard: a cold, metal ring solidly imbedded in the floor. Both Spock's hands locked onto it, and Vulcan muscles knotted with effort. The remorseless drag towards the water's edge ceased, but the tentacle continued to retract.

McCoy knelt at his side, the empty phaser and the mystery it posed forgotten. Desperately he fought to unwind the hard coils from the Vulcan's leg, but it was impossible. He pulled out his phaser and sent a beam lancing towards the tentacle. It glanced harmlessly off the armored black rope of muscle and dissipated. He fired again.

"No, Doctor," Spock gasped. "The energy of our phasers has no power in this environment."

That explained the empty phaser, and looking towards the black water McCoy realized what had happened to its owner. Again he tried frantically to free Spock's leg. The Vulcan's body was stretched out as if on the rack. His breath came in agonized gasps, and there were beads of sweat on his face, something McCoy had rarely seen before. His hands were white, knotted about the ring.

McCoy wrenched open his medical kit and snatched out the largest scalpel it contained, cutting himself in his haste to remove the guard from the blade. He slashed at the tentacle, pressing as hard as he could. His hands became covered with thick, black blood, but the cuts were shallow, and the scalpel quickly became blunted on the iron-hard flesh.

Spock looked over his shoulder, trembling in spite of himself. "The leg, Doctor. You'll have to...."

"No! Hold on just a minute longer -- "

"I can't." The white hands were slipping.

McCoy put his hand on the leg, and raised the scalpel. "I can't." He chewed his lip and tightened his hold on the scalpel, then threw it down and rummaged again in the medical kit.

The hands came free of the metal ring. The tentacle began to drag Spock once more towards the water.

McCoy pulled out a hypo, fumbled with a capsule, punched it into the end, and pushed the whole of the contents into the wound he'd made. Then he put Spock's arm around his neck and braced all his weight against the force pulling the Vulcan back. Their progress slowed, but they were still dragged inexorably down to the water's edge. McCoy arched himself up and cried out in pain as movement of the broken rib tore at his lungs. He felt the coldness in his feet as his boots touched the surface of the water and went under. He cursed, wondering first how sluggish the monster's circulation could be and then if the drug had any effect on it at all.

The tentacle heaved, and both men slid deep into the water. McCoy gasped and fought to keep their heads above the surface. He slipped, foundered, and took down a great gulp of the foul liquid. Then he realized that they'd stopped moving. He pulled back, but Spock was still held fast.

McCoy coughed, spat out water and blood, and ducked under, reaching toward the trapped leg. The tentacle was still wound about it, and it resisted his efforts, but he mustered all the strength he had left and loosened it enough to drag Spock's foot through the coils. He dragged the Vulcan back up the slope and half out of the water, where for a long time he lay half sprawled across him, both unconscious.

*

Kirk dropped back from the crystal bars of the cage. His face was ridged with the marks of the bars. He looked at the being, his eyes blazing with hatred. "You tried to kill them! What sort of bloody evil monstrosity are you?"

The being gazed at him out of the large, golden eyes. He could not read expression on the alien features. Its face was still, but the soft white flesh of its body was rippling beneath its skin, and it was clicking rapidly.

Kirk seized the glowing crystal bars in his fists and tried to heave them apart.

The pattern of rippling flesh on the being's body changed. It shifted uncertainly from one set of legs to another, studying Kirk intently. Then, abruptly, as if it had reached an important decision, it turned and scuttled to the silver consoles.

*

McCoy stirred and sat up shakily. He coughed a little and swallowed blood. Spock lay quite still beside him, with his feet in the water. That alarmed McCoy. With a grunt he got to his knees and wedged his hands under the Vulcan's arms. Inch by inch he dragged him up the slope to the entrance of the chamber and the stairway beyond. The effort exhausted him. He sat down on the bottom step and watched the black water, searching for the quiver or flick of a tentacle. All he wanted was to get as far from that dark pool as he could, but he was scarcely able to move himself, let alone carry Spock.

He looked down at Spock and saw that the leather jerkin was contracting across his chest as it dried. He unlaced it, thought for a moment, and then removed it. Shaking the water out of the medical scanner, he passed it over Spock's chest. There were distinct indications of water in each of his lung sacs. Clearly, he'd come very close to drowning. And now there would be the possibility of pneumonia.

McCoy took Spock's arm and heaved him over onto his belly. Then he leaned on his back, pumping. Spock's breathing rasped, and then he retched and vomited, bringing up black water. McCoy sighed with relief, and then turned sharply. Something had moved. The tip of a tentacle was visible at the water's edge, exploring upwards.

He shook Spock. "Wake up! We've got to get out of here."

Spock was only just conscious, but something of McCoy's urgency communicated itself to him. He fought to get onto his knees. McCoy took his arm around his shoulders and stood up. Spock staggered onto his feet. The injured leg promptly collapsed under him, and they both fell.

McCoy looked up and stared. At the first turn of the stairway a silver curtain hung across the steps. McCoy tightened his grip round Spock's back and started upward. Mindlessly, Spock followed his urging, crawling up the steps on hands and knees. McCoy pulled the tenuous strands of the curtain apart, and they tumbled into the void beyond.

*

The screen clouded. "Where have you put them?" Kirk demanded, glaring at his captor.

The being's back rippled and flowed, but it ignored Kirk. Its eyes had vanished into the folds of flesh, and its hands were moving rapidly over the controls. There was a flash and a flow of light over a hump in the floor. The being scurried away in that direction and stood clicking excitedly. The out-

line of the two men appeared on the top of the hump, shimmered silver, and slowly solidified. Spock lay quite still, sprawled face down. McCoy sat up slowly. He shook his head groggily and then looked at his surroundings with bewilderment. His eyes then fell on the being, and Kirk saw his face register the same alarm and disgust he had experienced himself at first sight of it. Then McCoy saw the circle of tall crystal bars that formed Kirk's cage. "Jim!"

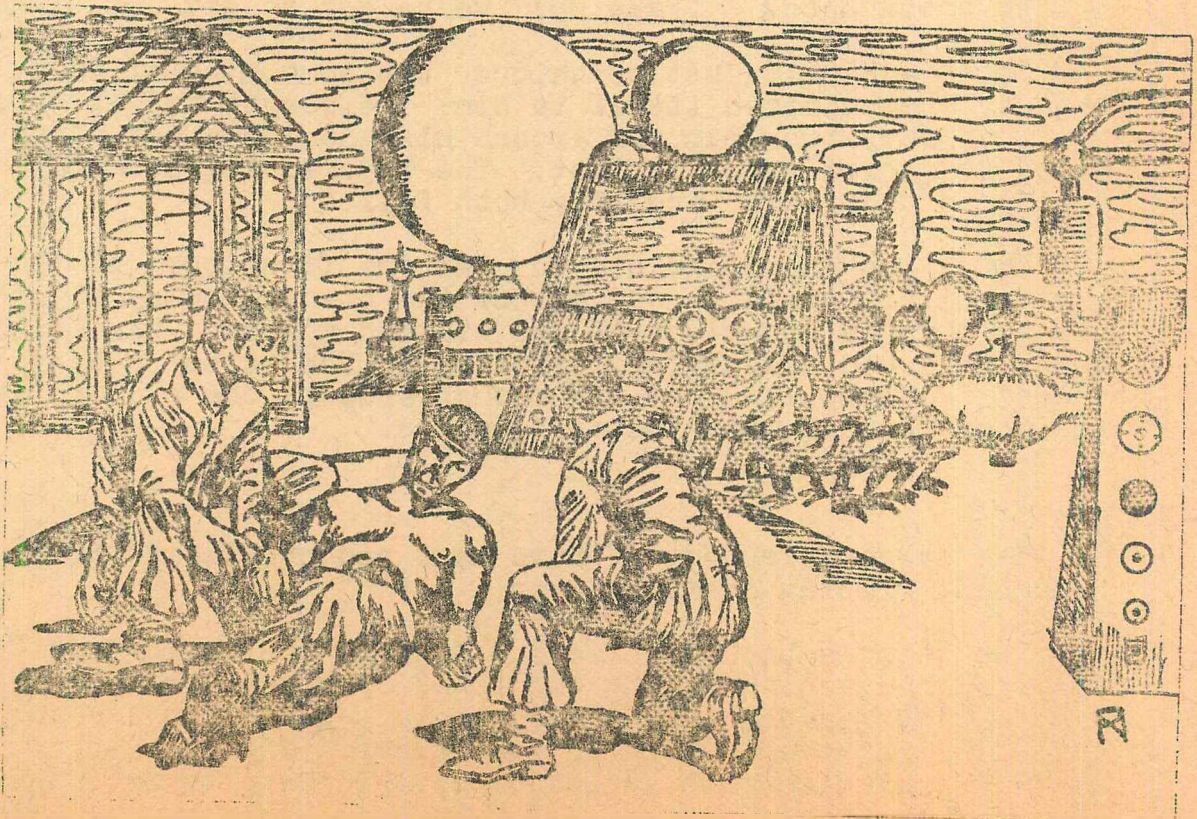
"I'm all right," said Kirk. "What about Spock?" He tried frantically to free himself from his prison, but the bars moved not one fraction of a centimeter.

The being turned towards him and studied him again. Then it seemed almost to shrug, and it scuttled sideways, back to the silver consoles. It did something to the controls, and a section of the bars flicked out of existence. Kirk forgot about wanting to throttle the creature, and raced to the top of the hump. The being followed, clicking. Kirk dropped to his knees beside McCoy.

"Bones, is he -- "

"I think he's all right. There was a thing -- "

"I know. I saw what happened."



McCoy adjusted a hypo and pumped a dose into Spock's shoulder. "He should come round in a minute or two. Jim, where are we? And..." He stared at the being. "What...is...that...thing?"

The creature stood still, clicking slowly.

"I don't know what it is. I can't communicate with it," Kirk said. "I don't think there's any way. We're...more than worlds apart."

Spock groaned, and his eyes opened and focused on McCoy's face. "Dr. McCoy," he said. "My leg. I can't feel it. Did you..."

"No. The leg's numb, but it's still there," McCoy said.

Spock's eyes bored into his as if for a moment he didn't believe him, and then he nodded slightly, and the lines of his face relaxed. Briefly, his eyes closed. Then he opened them and started trying to get up. For a few moments McCoy tried to discourage him, then let it go and waved Kirk to help Spock sit up.

McCoy checked him with the scanner and grunted with satisfaction. "Constitution of a slime-devil. He'll be all right."

Spock's eyes turned towards him, formal once more. "That is obvious, Doctor."

"Well, you were worried enough about that leg for a while there," McCoy growled, but Spock was no longer listening. His eyes roamed about the laboratory with intense interest. Kirk had the feeling that Spock's hands were itching to explore the possibilities of the silver consoles, if only his legs would carry him there.

Spock's restless eyes settled on the alien being. "Fascinating," he murmured. "Quite fascinating."

The skin on the being's back rippled. Spock drew a sharp breath and put a hand to his head.

"What's wrong, Spock?" said McCoy. "Does it hurt?"

"No. A...mixture of sensations."

The being took three slow steps sideways towards them, and its skin rippled again.

"It is inquiring...if we are harmed," Spock said.

"Harmed?" McCoy glared at him, then at the being. "Why, that cold-blooded --"

"Doctor." Kirk silenced him with an up-raised hand.
"Spock, is it telepathic?"

"A little. Not exactly." Spock's eyes were vacant, his mind concentrated on the foreign sensations. "It did not realize that beings with such a paucity of manipulative limbs could have developed intelligence, until your reactions to the screened image of our actions, Captain, made it realize you were capable of analyzing a set of visual cues and responding compassionately to the peril of others." Spock suddenly gave them a startled look. "It does not distinguish between the concepts of compassion and intelligence," he said. "It communicates chiefly by the radiation and reception of emotions. Fascinating!"

McCoy's face lit up, but Kirk shook his head. "Ask it about Mr. Wardoff's party," Kirk said.

"It regrets...two are dead," Spock said. "The others are well and will be returned."

"Then it means to let us go?"

Spock nodded. He seemed slightly surprised himself. "Indeed. And it assures me that its experiments will cease forthwith. It considers it unethical to interfere with developing intelligences. Such as ours." He looked at Kirk with ironic amusement.

"Well, just tell it to be a little more careful whose intelligence it picks on next time," McCoy said.

"There will be no next time," said Spock. "If it performs any further experiments it will be most careful to check first for potential intelligence."

Kirk was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Ask it the way home, Mr. Spock."

"Unnecessary, Captain. Your desire has communicated itself."

The being had already turned to a console, and in a few seconds a shimmering silver curtain materialized beside them.

Kirk looked at the Vulcan. "Can you stand?"

"I can try."

Kirk held out his hand, and Spock gripped his forearm. The Vulcan lurched onto his feet, swayed a moment, and steadied.

"Bones?"

McCoy sighed. "Give me a hand, Jim."

Kirk stretched out his free hand and helped McCoy to his feet.

Spock gazed wistfully at the pink-lit mist.

"One universe at a time, Spock," Kirk said softly. He started forward, supporting his two officers.

The being watched the three men step through the curtain. Its bright, yellow eyes vanished into the flesh of its face. It clicked what could have been farewell, and then it turned to its equipment. Its flesh moved slowly beneath its skin, displaying regret, perhaps, or sorrow, or maybe it was loneliness....

*

The water meadow was lightening with the first streaks of a watery dawn. It was the long, cold hour when everything was still and colorless. Even the rain had for the moment stopped falling, and the grey river flowed placidly. The flattened grass was grey, and the hill where the cube stood was silhouetted against a grey sky.

The rest of their landing party was there, and so were Wardoff and the remains of his group, looking bewildered and slightly ridiculous in their native headcloths. Wardoff stared at Kirk, and then shook his head, spreading his hands helplessly. "Sir? How did we get here? We were looking for a way into that building, and then -- "

"We'll explain it to you later, Mr. Wardoff," said Kirk. "Just as soon as we finish figuring it out." He flipped open his communicator. "Enterprise. Kirk here."

"Scott here, sir. Did ye find them, then?"

"No, they were...returned to us. There are ten to beam up, Mr. Scott. You may take us in any order that's convenient."

"Captain," Scott said, with a note of urgency in his voice, "Sensors report somethin' odd down there. On the hill."

All eyes turned towards the grey tor. The square outline of the cube was shimmering, and as they watched the entire structure faded away. Nothing remained but a patch of dry earth beginning to turn to mud as the rain started again.

"It's all right, Scotty. Just...an ethical scientist closing up shop and going home." He glanced at Spock and McCoy. "Have a medical team on hand. Prepare to beam us up, Mr. Scott."

*

Kirk grinned at the Vulcan, settled somewhat unwillingly in a sickbay bed. "You don't have to apologize, Mr. Spock," he said. "Your objections had merit. I don't expect you to agree with me all the time -- just most of it."

Spock's eyebrows climbed towards the top of his forehead. "I was not apologizing, Captain. I still consider your sending two landing parties down illogical."

McCoy could not snort with his ribs tightly bound up, but he grinned, and Kirk shook his head ruefully. "Well, it worked," he said mildly.

Scott tactfully changed the subject. "What I canna understand, sir, is how all that laboratory fitted into that wee block, let alone the maze Mr. Spock an' the doctor reported."

"Well, they weren't exactly there...you see," said McCoy.

Scott didn't see. "Then...where were they?"

Kirk shrugged. "Elsewhere on the planet? Another planet? Another dimension?"

"Our phasers had no effect there," Spock pointed out. "Your third suggestion is, in all probability, the most logical."

Kirk winced. "Thank you, Mr. Spock." He flicked on the intercom. "Mr. Sulu, take us out of orbit. Ahead warp factor two."

ERRATUM T-N 22:
"Leila's First
Song," line 3;
"That worlds"
should be "the
worlds."
Apologies.



Assorted Ads & News

Joyce Yasner, 1420 Cadman Plaza West Brooklyn NY 11201, published THE HOLY QUAIL, #1, Sept. 1973, 4 pp., 25¢. Satire.

D.Carol Roberts, PO Box 1042, Tempe AZ 85281, regretfully announces that they have discontinued IMPULSE, VULCAN COOKBOOK, NI-VARIATIONS & FRIENDS OF MIND, but hope to bring out some long one-shots in future.

Geoffrey Mandel, 201 West 16 Str #20A, NY NY 10011, edits THE STARFLEET HANDBOOK, mostly articles. 10pp. Issues #1, 2, and 3 available 25¢ plus 10¢ postage. Looking for articles and artwork, especially technical stuff about Federation equipment.

Dan Munson, 502 Westdale, Winona MN 55987 plans to start a zine, PHASER BLAST, and is looking for contributions.

STAR TREK WELCOMMITTEE has a new address: c/o Shirley Maiewski, RFD Box 501, South Deerfield Massachusetts 01373. Their directory of ST organizations is 50¢ from STW Directory Sales, 13627 Tosca Lane, Houston TX 77024.

Conrad Felber, 1319 Rosemarie Ave, Sudbury Ontario P3A 4E4, Canada, has a combination pen-pal service and ST information service, similar to the Welcomittee, except charging a small fee (10 or 15¢); send 10¢ for details.

Jacqueline Lichtenberg writes that F.C. Durant, III, assistant director astronautics, National Air and Space Museum, Smithsonian Insitution, Washington DC 20560, is compiling a collection of ST material, and would like to have a sampling (but not everything) of fanzines. If you have something you'd like to donate, write and ask if the museum would like to have it.

And some newsnotes on the subject of JL. She and Laura Basta are among the nominees for the 1973 Hugo for best fan writer (Hugo awards are made each year at the Labor Day weekend con, this year the Discon in DC; for info on joining and getting to vote on the Hugos -- sf's equivalent of the Oscar -- write Discon 2, Box 31127, Washington DC 20031). Congratulations, both. And, likewise congratulations, House of Zeor, by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, has been published by Doubleday, her first professionally published novel. Local bookstores ought to be able to order it, or try a mail-order sfbook dealer (F and SF Book Co., POBox 415, Staten Island NY 10302 is convenient because it sends on request a catalog of available sf). On the fan-novel level, her Kraith novel, Federation Centennial, is in Kraith Collected II ed. by Carol Lynn, 11524 Nashville Detroit MI 48205 -- send her a stamped return envelope for info.

There are assorted ST conventions coming up. For general coverage of that sort of thing & ST news, subscribe to STAR-BORNE, PO Box 886 Dearborn MI 48120, \$3/six issues (or \$4 6 issues, membership in the Star Trek Association for Revival, and a packet of STish stuff). But I'll mention two. The ST Con is sort of daughter-of-NYSTCon (minus Al Schuster; committee chairman is Devra Langsam), GPO Box 951, Brooklyn NY 11201. Non-attending membership \$5; attending \$7.50 until 9/9/74, \$10 from 9/10/74 to 1/15/74. To be held at Commodore Hotel in NY February 1-17, 1975. Registration will be limited to 8,000 members. Checks payable to The Star Trek Associates.

And I'll mention KWest-Con, put on by the Kalamazoo STAR branch, November 1-3, 1974, because they've invited me to be fan guest of honor. For more info, write the con c/o of Sharon Ferraro, 1302½ South Westnedge Avenue Kalamazoo MI 49008. I don't know membership fee. I should have mentioned under Discon, membership there is \$7 attending, \$3 non-attending.

Daphne Hamilton, 79 West Street, Worcester MA 01609, is starting a fan club (non-official) for DeForest Kelley. \$2.50 plus 80¢ postage/year (\$4 overseas).

Margaret Campbell (writing on behalf of Squire Trelane/Captain Koloth William Campbell, Funding Director of the Motion Picture & Television Relief Fund, which raises money for the MP & T Hospital, Country House and Lodge), reports on a project to raise money for their organization. It's a "Salute to the Movies" poster (showing a montage of drawings of famous movie scenes with explanatory text), available for \$2.60 (plus 6% tax in California). Checks payable to 28 Charities PLUS ONE; order from 28 Charities PLUS ONE (Star Trek Supporter) PO Box 467, Palo Alto CA 94302.

Rebecca Baggett, 8008 Old Stage Road, Raleigh NC 27603, edits SOL III #1, April 1974. STStories, articles, poems. 88 pp. \$1.25.

Sharon Emily, RR 3 Box 224, Rockport IN 47635, who edited ST SHOWCASE is looking for material for a second issue. She'd like to have stories using the theme "While we are apart..." (Kirk from his ship, Spock from his world, Sulu from his hobbies, Scott from his engines, etc etc). She'd appreciate submissions typed double-spaced, and a return envelope enclosed. Artwork will be electrostanciled.

The animated ST was among the four nominees this year in the Emmy category of Outstanding Entertainment Children's series daytime program.

Janos Prohaska (the Horta, the "ugato, Yarnek) and his son Robert were among the cast and crew of the television special "Primal Man/ The Struggle for Survival," who died when the plane bringing them back from filming a few last scenes crashed.

Gene Roddenberry announced at Equicon that Paramount is seriously interested in doing a ST feature film, but so far they have made no firm commitment. Eugene Roddenberry, Jr., was born February 5 to Majel Barrett Roddenberry.

Ballantine has brought out Star Trek Log One, "Beyond the Farthest Star," "Yesteryear," and "One of Our Planets is Missing," adapted from the animated series by Alan Dean Foster. I haven't had a chance to read it yet, but the fact that a full book contains three adaptations of half-hour plays instead of six to 12 adaptations of hour-plays, obviously means a better chance for a good adaptation. // Although Carol Ing won't have time to do any future reviews, I do have one more group of reviews on hand from her to include now. // I just don't seem to have room to keep up the listings of what other shows the ST actors do, but I think I can manage to have room every couple of issues for the listing of interesting articles and occasional reprints.

T-Waves: Letters

from Sarah Thompson, 4-32-9 Matsubara, Satayaya-ku, Tokyo 156 Japan

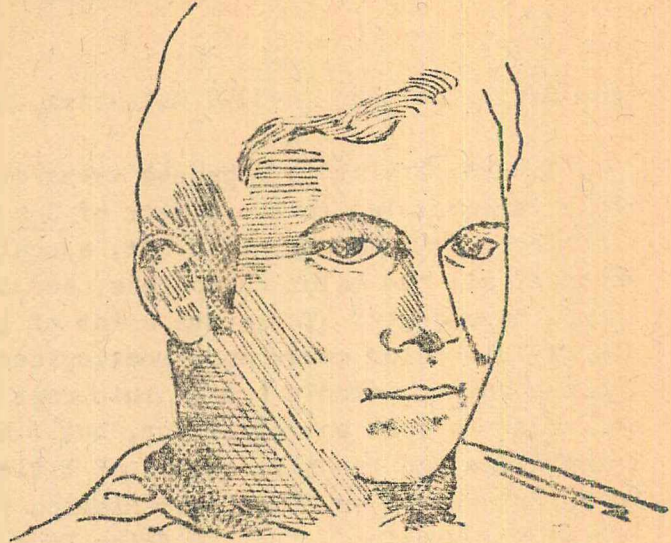
I have obtained a Japanese translation of Spock Must Die -- the Japanese title is something to the effect of Spock Squared, which I think sounds much classier. It includes, in front, a scale drawing of the Enterprise and small photo of all the major characters, and in back, a nine-page analysis of the show's popularity. There are a lot of line drawings, some of them rather nice, plus a full-color cover and frontispiece by the same artist. Spock comes off looking rather demonic but in this case perhaps that's appropriate. I have not tried to read any of it yet, but I have been amusing myself by studying the translation and transliteration of titles and names. Star Trek itself is Uchuu Daisakusen or "The Great Mission in Space" (cf. Supai Daisakusen -- "Great Spy Mission," i.e., Mission Impossible). The English-language names come over fairly well: Kaaku, Supokku, Makko and Sukotto actually sound pretty much like the original names when said fast enough. Entapuraizu is probably the closest of all. However, Chehofu, Uura, and Zuuruu do not fare so well. The first case is probably based on the original Russian (I don't know Russian but I would guess that kh is closer to h than to k, and that the final y is devoiced); the second is explainable by the fact that there is no hu in Japanese; but as for the third example, I am quite at a loss. The long vowels are probably so the accent will come out right, but why zu instead of su I don't know. Maybe it sounds more exotic that way.

from Cara Sherman, 1660 South Marsh, Reno Nevada 89502

"Genesis II" missed with me because I was expecting and hoping for more. Alex Cord, alias Mark Spitz, alias superjock scientist, makes Kirk at his worst seem brilliant by comparison. I think the show has possibilities, but it was working with some ideas which after eight years of "Star Trek" reruns seem almost trite by now. I had the feeling GR said to himself, "Well, I've got to try to get all those 'Star Trek' fans to switch their loyalty from reviving 'Star Trek' to promoting 'Genesis'; to do that I have to work with ideas I've already proven, that I know they turn on to." ZINGO! FLASH! You've got a dedicated, if somewhat transparent, attractive male character who is our identity-focus; you've got a half human half mutant second lead whose human half feels love, sympathy, concern and whose alien half is selfish, cold, self-centered, utterly devoted to the superiority of the Terraneans, in a vicious perversion of the logical but gentle Vulcans; you've got strange new worlds in the form of different civilizations which we know Dylan Hunt is going to end up in sooner or later; and of course Pax itself -- the Federation terrestrialized, the Enterprise grounded. These ideas are not bad, they're good, but I was hoping for something a little more DIFFERENT. Like making the MUTANTS the good guys, at least at this moment in history; or at least not making them so patently rotten. Some of the parallels to "Star Trek" are almost eerie. Like the bit with Lyra-a and Harper-Smythe. If the series goes on with Hunt bouncing back and forth between the mutant and the Pax girl -- who under his urbane tutelage will soon learn to shed her misguided unisex philosophy and gratefully

return to the stimulating role nature, God (Capital Him) and Man designed for her -- there will be an echoing of the triangle situation Roddenberry had in mind for Pike with Number One and Yeoman Colt. (I was quite disgusted when I saw the uncut "Cage" but was willing to excuse it because of its age -- I'll watch and see if "Genesis" gets on the air, what it does with the explosive problem of sex role vs. inherent behavior before I axe it, but I have this dreadful sinking feeling...)

from Stephen E. Clarke,
104 Benzell Drive
Dayton Ohio 45459



I believe that everyone in "Star Trek" fandom is pretty well aware of the campaigns to revive "Star Trek," to encourage Paramount to produce a full-length "Star Trek" movie, and of course the campaigns to persuade local TV stations to syndicate the reruns. I would like to see one crucial element emphasized: that "Star Trek" fans write to acknowledge and compliment a job well done by the TV stations, Paramount, and the networks. For example, if a TV station in one's area is doing a fine job with "Star Trek" reruns, good time slot, not cut up with excessive commercials, then one should write, not once, but periodically, and let the station manager or programming director know about it. It is simple courtesy to thank someone. Furthermore, this practice will also promote good relations with TV station people, Paramount, and the network executives, and thereby increase our chances of realizing our goal, the revival of "Star Trek." Writing on a periodic basis assures these people that we are still around, and still interested. Station and network executives are people, too, and like the rest of us, appreciate an appropriate thank-you note or compliment. ((Paramount address: Frank Yablans, Paramount 780 N. Gower LA CA.))

from Maurcen Wilson, 190 Cote Vertu #311, St. Laurent Quebec Canada

A check of a tape of "Court Martial" shows that Spock is clearly referred to as Lieutenant Commander.

((I suspect the reports of tapes in which he's referred to as Commander were made from the syndicated broadcasts. By then there would have been time for the show to snip out the "lieutenant" from the sound track, thereby belatedly bringing Spock's rank in that show into line with the other shows.))

from Brenda Buchar, 2614 Pelham Avenue Baltimore Maryland 21213

In T-N 22, Karen Fleming raises the question of Kirk's age (34) not corresponding to a midshipmanship at age 14 ("Conscience of the King"). It seems

to me that 22nd century people must have accelerated education, since we are in the process of doing the same thing in this century. If formal education began at three, a midshipman at age 14 would not be unusual.

((Possibly, but then one must explain away the statement in Making of ST that Kirk became a midshipman at the minimum age, 17.))

from Shirley Majewski, RFD Hatfield South Deerfield MA 01373

Especially enjoyed Joyce Yasner's article on KRAITH. Now I happen to enjoy the KRAITH series very much, find them very interesting and creative. However, I have often thought that they make Spock such an important person -- both on Vulcan and also on the Enterprise -- that I wonder why he is content to continue as a mere Science Officer and second in command to that "obviously inferior human, James Kirk." I don't happen to think that James Kirk IS inferior, and I sometimes resent the light in which he is presented. In KRAITH, that is! I agree with Joyce's reservations about the Affirmation -- it doesn't seem logical. The Pinafore parody was very clever. Found myself humming away on the tunes and giggling at the pictures the story brought to mind -- poor McCoy!

from Pat Gildersleeve, 1861 Dakota Lincoln Nebraska 68502

"Ritual in the Kraith Universe" was interesting because it gave me something to think about. I just wish you could have printed the whole thing at one time, so I could see how she develops her argument. As it is, I found several bones to pick. For one thing, Joyce says, "A scientist and a mystic, it seems to me, should make strange bedfellows." I wonder if she has read any of the books by Loren Eiseley? No one has questioned his credentials as a scientist, as far as I know, but who can read The Invisible Pyramid, or The Immense Journey, or Night Country, without being impressed by the mystical vision that illuminates Eiseley's scientific speculations? He is a scientist with the soul of a poet, and he also writes beautifully. Thoreau is another one who is half scientist, half mystic.

The second point I question is her definition of ritual. If I read it correctly, she argues that ritual is illogical; that ritual in the Kraith stories is religiously motivated, and therefore un-Vulcanlike. Something about this interpretation bothered me, but I couldn't put my finger on it. The dictionary was no help. Finally I remembered a book I read last year, On Aggression by Konrad Lorenz. It has an interesting chapter on "Habit, Ritual, and Magic" in both animal and human societies; a point Joyce ignores: that ritualization channels the aggressive instinct into harmless outlets. As an example of this in human society, he gives the Indian ritual of the peace pipe, in which a potentially aggressive situation is defused by a ritual ceremony. We know that the Vulcans were originally a very aggressive species. What could have been more logical than for them to have developed rituals to neutralize their aggressive instincts? According to Lorenz, ritual has three functions: to suppress fighting within the group, to hold the group together, and to set it off, as an independent entity, against other, similar units. Obviously, ritual in the Kraith stories can fit quite comfortably into this interpretation, without violating any of the Vulcan devotion to logic. As Spock says to Kirk in "Spock's Argument," "There are reasons for our customs, Captain."

Speaking of Kraith, isn't it about time for the next episode?
((Kraith V, "Spock's Decision," appeared in Berengaria 2 -- cf. Carol Ing's column for address. I was getting swamped with material to publish and couldn't keep up any longer. Also, "Decision" did not seem to me as good a story as the earlier ones -- and with other editors eager for material and the Kraith Collected series gradually bringing the whole lot into print, I didn't feel obliged to carry on the sequence here.))

from Diane McClaugherty, 513 Creek Crossing Road NE Vienna Virginia 22180

Question for Joyce Yasner. If the children of those who miss the affirmation are lost to the Vulcan culture, why are not the children of those who partake considered as affirmed? You imply that because Spock has never experienced one, he, too, in a way, is lost. Or should be considered lost. I do agree, tho, that the Kraith series depicts a Spock and Vulcan society quite different from the one "Star Trek" drew for me. (I like some of the Kraith premises but it becomes too austere and morose for me.)

from Steve VanderArk, 7126 Willard Avenue SE Grand Rapids Michigan 49508

What are the registry numbers of the rest of the starships? I know only the Enterprise (NCC-1701), the Potemkin (NCC-7101) and the Constellation (NCC-1017).

((Unknown. The other ships shown weren't shown closely enough to reveal registry numbers. However, in "Court Martial," a chart in Stone's office was labeled "STAR SHIP STATUS / % COMPLETE." It was a simple bar graph marked off into 10's up to 100 -- with, curiously enough, two unmarked lines following beyond 100. No ship-names were on it, but the numbers given were: NCC 1708, NCC 1831, NCC 1703, NCC 1672, illegible, illegible, NCC 1701, NCC 1718, NCC 1835, and NCC 1760. The figures are small and I'm not quite sure of the accuracy of any of these readings. Possibly the extra set of lines represents the start of a new mission for one ship -- the second in the list -- which is marked as having a bar out to 100% and beyond that a bar between the two extra lines.))

from Amy Falkowitz, 119-9 Felix Street Santa Cruz California 95060

I'm wondering about John and Sandra Miesel's story (which I found quite amusing). What I'm wondering is which came first: their story or Karen Anderson's etc.'s "H.M.S. Trek-a-Star" libretto?

(("Trek-a-Star" was earlier by a few months, but neither influenced the other. Great minds run in the same gutter.))

I was moved by Shirley Meech's "Leila's First Song." (Good timing -- I finally saw "This Side of Paradise" for the very first time last Wednesday.)

Joyce Yasner's Kraith article was very thoughtful, but has she thought of this? She presented ritual from mostly human viewpoints. I see one of the things that Kraith is attempting to do is to give us a really alien viewpoint -- or at least make us realize that we can't interpret everything from our own point of view; that what seems to have a referent in our culture may only do so on the surface and may not be really knowable for us as humans.

Have you ever thought of printing separate copies of the Tim Courtney drawings that you print in T-Negative? I would love to have them to mat or frame for display, but I don't want to remove the covers to any of my copies.

((Well, I suppose it'd be easy enough to do. I think there'd have to be about 100 people wanting to get the set to make it economical.

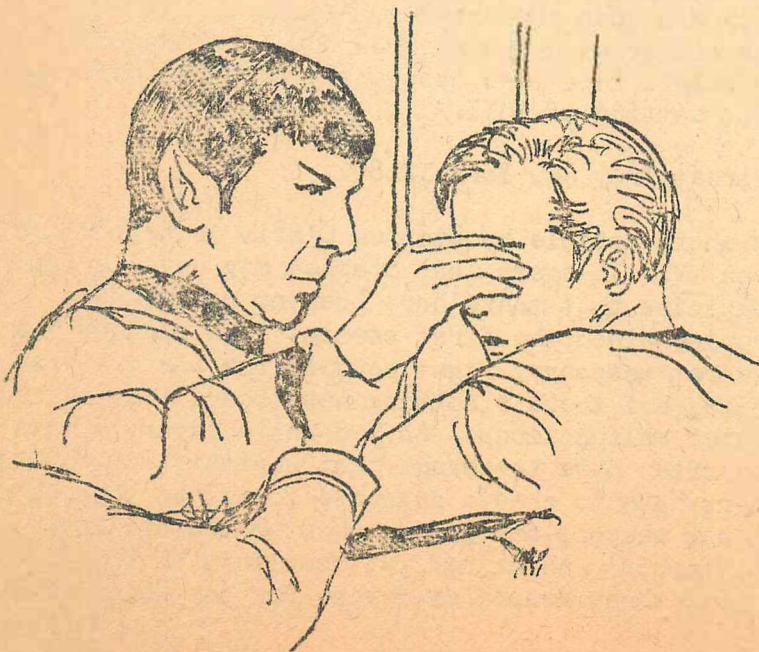
If, say, I made up a booklet of the half dozen or so Courtney covers, plus a few by other artists, plus some of the photo pages, 15-18 sheets, I suppose I could sell it as an extra issue of T-N. Those who wanted it could have it sent with the following issue of T-N, reducing their subscriptions by one, or could buy it separately for 50¢. Don't anyone send any money, but let me know if you'd want to buy such a booklet and which covers should go in it.))

from Beverly Clark, 251 More Avenue Los Gatos California 95030

Two friends and I went to see "The Trial of James McNeill Whistler" in San Francisco, which has James Doohan as Perry, the defense attorney. The play itself is marvelous, both funny and serious (and a little pathetic at the end). Doohan's character seems to be a straight lawyer-type all the way through -- a little upset by his client's dandyism and disregard of proper behavior -- until the last scene or two, when he reveals his reasons for being Whistler's lawyer: he'd always wanted to go to India and meet a tiger face to face.

from Priscilla Pollner, Rm. 247 Craige Hall U of NC Chapel Hill NC 27514

Re John Robinson's letter about Spock's ears: I was under the impression that it had already been established (personal communication, Olson, 1972) that Vulcan ears are long and pointed so that doughnuts can be conveniently hung from them during coffee breaks.



from Sandra Miesel
8744 North Pennsylvania Str
Indianapolis IN 46240

One observation to add to the debate on the merits of the cartoon ST: our children don't like it. It doesn't hold their interest. The two older ones, 8 and 5, do enjoy the live version. I've only watched the cartoon once (the episode where Kirk defends the Devil who is in actuality an alien) and was greatly disappointed. It would seem to have carried over more of the faults than the virtues of the original.

Neither did I care for Roddenberry's TV movie, "The Questor Tapes." It was another case of an interesting idea given a banal treatment.

from Karen Fleming, 6908 West First Street, Tulsa Oklahoma 74127

What is all this talk about Kirk's being a dirty old man? On "Star Trek" he seemed to be just a normal, adult male (surrounded by normal, adult females!). Of course, they indicated he didn't get as much activity as he would have liked (being on guard about his image and all that). He seemed a little old-fashioned about the love-and-marriage routine. In "Where No Man Has Gone Before," he said he almost married a certain lab technician Gary Mitchell. had "aimed" at him. Three of the women on "Star Trek" were old girl friends of his -- all very serious ones at one time. And he wanted to take Methuselah's android away with him. But what really sparked this was the incorrect statement in T-Negative 22, "Dr. Helen Noel apparently didn't resist the good captain at Christmastime." In "Dagger of the Mind" Kirk and Noel are testing the prison planet's wonder chair, and he tells her to pick an unusual suggestion. She says "You were interested in me...but with so many of your crew around.... I suggest now that it happened another way. You...you swept me off my feet, took me to your cabin." Then it fades into a hallucination of Kirk and Noel in his quarters.

from Mary Schaub, Box 218 c/o C.S. Schaub, Apex North Carolina 27502

I enjoyed "Questor" considerably -- at last Foxworth got a role wherein his blank stare was an advantage! Actually, he's a good actor. I had seen him in some decidedly non-challenging roles (he was a warlock, for instance, in a made-for-TV yawner "The Devil's Daughter," with Joseph Cotton, of all people, as the devil; Foxworth got to show the fluorescent eyes effect toward the end, one of the few bright points in an otherwise mediocre sludge). I did appreciate the dialogue; too bad poor John Vernon had to get blasted in that nice Lear jet. It depends on who does the writing, I expect, but I believe that "Questor" might go over better with the general audience than "Genesis II." It might be easier to relate to a time apparently near in the future instead of the post-holocaust setting of "GII."

from John Robinson, 1-101 Street Troy New York 12180

I want to talk about a short article by Stephen O'Neil in Beth Nlick's Science Fiction & Fantasy on TV. It seems that Stephen may develop into the Henry Jackson of ST. He complains that there have been no new weapons introduced aboard the Enterprise since the first season. The baddies are always coming up with new secret weaponry, right down to the Larry Niven episode in the animated series, but there's nothing new aboard the Enterprise except crewmembers and computer malfunctions. As Ted White says: to make criticisms of such shows you often have to assume that what's going on is the truth. But it isn't. Writers have to create suspense for ST so they do it, quite often, by dreaming up new weapons and giving them to the baddies. How about a minor concession to Stephen's thinking? It shouldn't be too difficult for some writer to come up with a new weapon or device for the Federation by next season.

