

T-NEGATIVE 24



As you're probably noticing, There've Been Some Changes Made -- the plain work of cranking out so many copies overcame me. Thanks to the wonders of photo-reduction, this issue has close to the same wordage as a regular one, yet the savings in postage and paper bring the cost down to reasonable limits. (I.e.. it's more costly than mimeoing, but it'll still break even before all the copies are sold.) I'll probably be able to get issues out faster than I'd been planning, although I'm not making any predictions of schedule. I can't because (this is a repeat for those of you who read my general sfzine No -- 3 issues/\$1) I'm in the last year (probably) of working on my Ph.D. I've spent the summer researching fantasy in 19th century English periodicals and will be busy the next several months going on with this research and writing the dissertation based on it. I'll also be busy job-hunting -- which I'm told is a job in itself.

Anyhow, this is T-Negative 24, September 1974, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard Minneapolis Minnesota 55417.

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why this turned up in your mailbox:

- ☒ I felt like sending it ☐ You contributed
- ☐ I have my doubts that you have actually read many sonnets
- ☐ You paid money at the rate of 50¢/one or \$2/five, and
- 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 19-23 are available. I'll be reprinting others later. By next issue I'll have ready a booklet of T-N covers (run on one side of the page so as to be frameable), including photo-pages and work by Andres. Austen, Courtney, Coulson, Faddis, Franke, Jain, Loftus, Oberdieck, and Tollin -- be about 20 pp. and cost 75¢ in advance or \$1 after next issue.

THOUGHTS ON: DARKOVER, STAR TREK, AND CANADA

by Jennifer Bankier

The problem of relations between differing cultures is a major theme of the Darkover novels by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Darkover Landfall, Star of Danger, The Bloody Sun, The Sword of Aldones, The Planet Savers, The Winds of Darkover, The World Wreckers, and, peripherally, The Door Through Space and The Falcons of Narabedla) and also of Star Trek. It is a problem of major interest to a Canadian.

There are four principles that must be taken into account in resolving problems of intercultural relations. The first is the need to recognize that different circumstances may call for different institutions. Thus the form of government that best suits an underdeveloped country may not suit a developed country, and vice versa. It is the failure to recognize this principle that led to the failure of both the American intervention in Viet Nam, and the efforts of certain radicals to transfer tactics that were highly effective in poverty-stricken agrarian economies to industrialized North America. Although this problem is not dealt with at any length in the Darkover series, it is probably one of the considerations underlying Star Trek's prime directive.

The second principle is that there is morally nothing to choose between many of the differing customs of different cultures. However once a person has grown up with one set of habits, or with one language or in one geographic area, it may be highly unpleasant to have to learn the habits of another culture. This discomfort makes any attempt at forced assimilation an immoral act. Canadians are perhaps more aware of this element than people of other countries; we face problems both in terms of the relations between the French and English cultures within our own nation and in terms of the very powerful impact of the much larger American society upon Canada as a whole.

Ever since the conquest, French Canadians have had to face repeated attempts at assimilation by the English majority. Outside Quebec they have been denied the right to an education in their own language. Immigrants to Quebec have learned English and not French, even though the latter tongue is the language of the majority of the province. Even up to the present day, French-speaking people have not been able to find jobs in the business community or, indeed, the federal government unless they were prepared to work in English. The efforts of the Canadian and Quebec governments to correct this situation in recent years are meeting with bitter resent-

ment, while a large part of the Quebec population have become so alienated from Canada that it seems to me (after spending a year in that province) its secession is almost inevitable.

At the same time, even English Canadians face major problems in preserving and, indeed, even creating our own culture because of American influences. The majority of Canadian industry is owned by American companies, which in times of recession tend to close down Canadian plants so as to preserve jobs for their employees in the United States. At all times these companies tend to obey the directives of the U.S. government even when they conflict with Canadian policies (e.g., with regard to trading with China and Cuba). Much of American investment in Canada has gone into primary industries so as to supply the United States with new materials, leaving the job-creating secondary industries comparatively underdeveloped. Until recently, when the Canadian Radio Television Commission imposed Canadian content regulations, most Canadian artists (e.g., William Shatner, Lorne Green, Robert Goulet) had to go to the United States if they wanted to make a living or a name for themselves; and there were few shows or books with Canadian settings. American professors make up a very large proportion of Canadian social science university faculties, so that American problems (e.g., black-white relations) receive greater attention than our own problems with the Indians, between French and English, etc; and American heads of departments tend to give preference to applicants from their old U.S. universities for faculty positions.

In short, any thinking Canadian of either culture rapidly becomes aware of the need to respect other people's cultural preferences. This is one of the major themes of the Darkover series. The heroes and heroines are usually those characters who can respect the values of others and adapt themselves to the culture where they find themselves, out of respect for its inhabitants (e.g., Larry Montray's desire to learn about Darkover in Star of Danger). The awareness of this need is also presumably one of the bases of the Prime Directive in Star Trek. Moreover, the same type of respect is visible in the interchanges between the characters. Spock and McCoy may argue about their respective values, but they respect each other despite and, indeed, because of their differences. It is inconceivable that either would try to force the other to change his position against his will. Cultural tolerance was one of the major themes in some episodes, such as "The Way to Eden," with

Spock's greater empathy to the young people reflecting the greater awareness and tolerance created by his own feeling of being caught between two cultures.

The third principle is the need for people to be open-minded to the ideas and achievements of other cultures so that they may adapt whatever may be of value to their own needs. One of the problems faced by the people of Quebec in gaining access to the levers of economic power was that until recently the conservative nationalists who controlled the government and the Church would not accept adaptations to the educational system designed to teach modern technical and managerial skills. Presentday Quebec "independentistes," in contrast, have mastered these skills as a result of the Quiet Revolution of the early 1960's, and are in a much better position to achieve their goals of preserving the valuable elements of their culture, and their language.

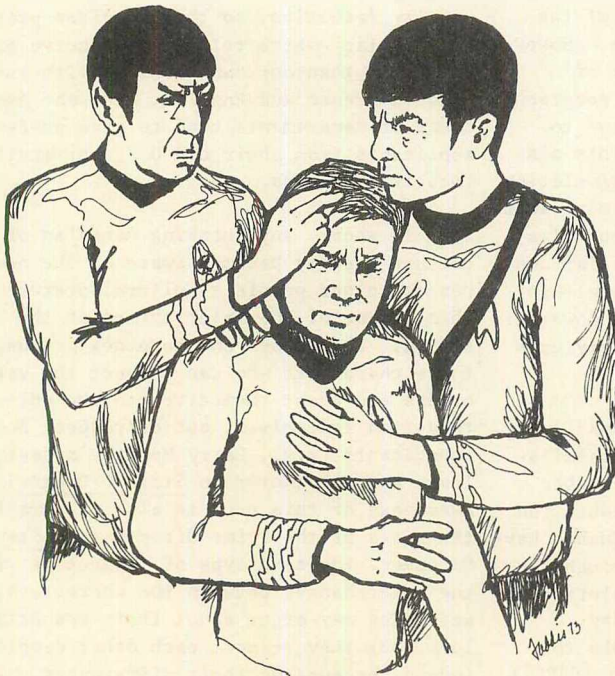
Similarly, in the Darkover series, both Valdir Alton (Star of Danger) and Regis Hastur (throughout the series) are prepared to adapt or use Terran ideas and techniques where these may be of value, while still preserving the essential elements of their own society; and the chief of the trailmen was prepared to accept the use of fire, once Larry had demonstrated that it could

be used in a way that would not destroy the forest (Star of Danger). Jay Allison, who was not prepared to accept his trailman childhood, had to learn to do so (Planet Savers). This theme has received relatively little consideration in Star Trek.

The fourth consideration is that even taking the above three principles into account, there may occasionally be societies or governments whose behaviour is so flagrantly immoral as to justify the intervention by outsiders. Presentday examples are South Africa with its racist oppression of a majority of its population for the exclusive economic and social benefit of a minority, and Nazi Germany with its policy of genocide. However, in view of the first principle, such an intervention should be made only after a great deal of investigation and thought, and in such a way as to minimize adverse effects on the society in question.

This problem is one of the major issues raised repeatedly in Star Trek, although it is not considered in the Darkover series. Kirk's major fault lies not so much in his repeated violations of the Prime Directive, but in the fact that he undertakes them on an ad hoc basis, without prior consultation of the Federation Council, which surely ought to be the body responsible for such a momentous decision, and without any consultation with sociologists or other experts as to the best way of making the intervention. It would seem likely that one of the major reasons for the existence of the Prime Directive is precisely to prevent such uninformed intervention by Starship captains acting on the basis of their personal preferences.

Taking "The Apple" as an example (and leaving aside the difficult issue of whether the Prime Directive or the preservation of a starship should have the greater priority), even if one accepts Kirk's puritanical position that death, birth, and the patterns of human culture are preferable to immortality, peace, beauty and innocence (a position that might well be challenged by many presentday young people) it is hard to believe that the transition would be anything but utterly traumatic for the people of Vaal if it was accomplished in the abrupt manner described in the episode. It would be infinitely preferable if the change could have been made gradually after thorough preparation, so as to give the inhabitants time to adjust.



In contrast, Kirk's intervention in "A Taste of Armageddon" is the sort that might well have received expert approval and support from the Federation. The destruction of the computer rescued both sides from an intolerable position with a minimum of disruption, and an expert (if pompous) ambassador was available to minimize any ill effects.

Cultural differences requiring the applications of the principles described above are widespread among nations other than Canada, as demonstrated by the upsurge of Welsh, Irish and Scottish nationalism in Britain, linguistic disputes in India, or the Biafran and Bangladesh uprisings. The problem of relations between American Indians and the majority culture is one that can be found throughout much of North and South America. Unfortunately, the rate of success in resolving such conflicts in a mutually satisfactory manner does not seem to be very high, which brings into serious question the ability of humanity to relate to a truly alien culture, if in fact we ever get out into interstellar space.

United States citizens face a particularly difficult problem in terms of understanding the reality of intercultural conflict. The imbalance of power, particularly with regard to the communications media, between the United States and the other non-socialist nations is so great that it is questionable whether most Americans (used in the narrow sense of inhabitants of the U.S., as distinct from the American continents) ever really become aware of the extent to which the values held by other cultures differ from their own. The outflow of American publications to other nations far outweighs the limited selection of material available on the newstands of the U.S. from even the other English-speaking nations, let alone from the foreign language press. Similarly, television producers are likely to buy only those British, Australian, or Canadian shows that do not seriously conflict with the values of their American audience, in order to avoid ratings problems. There are undoubtedly some cultural conflicts within the U.S., e.g., clashes between the values of blacks, chicanos, Indians, or other unassimilated ethnic minorities and those of the majority culture. However, these groups make up a relatively small proportion of the American population, and the differences are often perceived as being political or religious, rather than cultural. Even when a cultural conflict is perceived, the traditional American solution has always been assimilation of the minority into "the American Way," a solution that is of questionable morality, and is certainly not feasible in other nations where the minority culture may constitute a third or more of the population, as in Canada, or where there

no clear majority culture, as in India. (The integration of blacks, to the extent that it implies the elimination of the existing black culture, and Captain Kirk's solution to the Vaal problem may both be considered to be forms of assimilation.) Only Americans who have lived or travelled abroad have a really good opportunity to appreciate the reality of cultural differences, and even there the impact may be reduced if they choose to stay in one of the American hotel chains that are expanding all over the globe.

In view of this, it is hardly surprising that many American science fiction writers seem to find it impossible to portray a truly alien culture. Most sf novels show twentieth century Americans, disguised as human colonists or alien creatures, coping with altered technology or slightly changed geography, animal life, or political or economic structures. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, such as Samuel Delany or Ursula LeGuin in the sf context, and Jacqueline Lichtenberg among ST writers, but the problem remains widespread. As John Brunner pointed out at Torcon, many sf writers are unable even to properly extrapolate the social impact of technological change.

The result of the United States' position of world dominance, therefore, seems to be a tendency toward the kind of cultural blindness demonstrated by Captain Kirk in "The Apple." It is interesting to speculate about the power balance within the Federation that would be necessary to produce such a trait in an otherwise intelligent man, particularly in view of the fact that Kirk does not seem to have been brought to book for his more unjustified violations of the Prime Directive. One cannot help suspecting that Jacqueline Lichtenberg's apparent assumption that humans dominate Star Fleet, if not the Federation as a whole, is correct, resulting in a diminished human perception of the possibility of truly alien but socially valid cultural differences. The fact that Spock had to go to Earth for his Star Fleet training would tend to support this possibility.

One of the major virtues of the Darkover series is the possibility that it may bring to the attention of American readers the fact that there is no easy solution to cultural conflict, through assimilation, or any other means. This is particularly important, since many smaller nations at the present time occupy a position relative to the United States similar to that which Darkover occupied vis-a-vis the Empire in that even the most meritorious intervention can have destructive cultural effects unless it is carefully planned. For example, it is hardly likely that the non-English-speaking nations would take kindly to a suggestion made by Dr.

Asimov in one issue of Fantasy & Science Fiction that English become the world language (a development which some Star Trek scripts suggest has taken place). I am sure that most French Canadians would react with fury to this possibility, and many other linguistic groups would feel the same, since a person working in a language other than his own is likely to be at a severe disadvantage. If there is to be a world language it will have to be an artificial one like Esperanto, so that all linguistic



groups will have to make equal sacrifices in the change.

In any event, it would seem likely that fans of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's Kraith series would enjoy the Darkover books, since they both deal with complex problems of inter-cultural relationships. It is to be hoped that honest discussion of such problems will lead to their reduction, if not their elimination.

ONE LAST TREKZINE UNDER REVIEW COLUMN

by Carol Pruitt Ing

Dear Ruth:

I know I wrote and told you that my job keeps me too busy to do any more trekzine reviews. Blew a whole 8c postcard on it. But guess what came in the mail today. Wasn't it bad enough that there were already three unreviewed zines under that heap of dust in my study?

No, there it was. I'm a sucker for large manila envelopes, so I opened it. Blue cover, dammit. Would you believe just one more little review...? I didn't think so. Well, then, four more little reviews. And they will have to be little, since as I told you on that postcard, my computer is exceeding jealous, and won't let me consort with humans (or even typewriters) to any great length.

MASIFORM D #3 -- 50c from Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Street, Brooklyn NY 11225. Very good repro (mimeo, heavy offset covers, electro-stencilled illos), 84 pp. MD is a general sf fanzine with a strong trekkish bent.

The major ST feature of this issue is the 24 page transcript of a fan-writing panel entitled "Don't Make Him Say THAT!" which should be required reading for all fan writers, including James Blish. I can't do this delightful collage of mad wits (Sherina Burley, Devra and Debbie Langsam, and Joyce Yasner) credit with one example, but let's make do with Sherina's observation on "The Galileo Seven": "I don't think SPOCKANALIA would've accepted that story."

There are a couple of stories from other genres, and an assortment of short pieces, some trekkish and some not. There's a page of ST

graffiti, such as originated in SPOCKANALIA, and the seemingly obligatory Austin cover. As CONSUMER REPORTS would say, it's a check-rated best buy.

MENAGERIE #2 -- No price given: SASE to Sharon Ferraro and Paula Smith, 1309 1/2 South Westnedge Avenue, Kalamazoo MI 49008. Excellent repro (photo reduced). 26 pp.

This one might best be described as an Irreverentzine. There are a couple of moanful satires ("Friday's Paycheck" and "Jesteryear"), a multi-faceted dedication page, and a starship Primer. Then on the serious side there's a brief History of the Klingon Empire, a story which takes place within the Federation but not on the ENTERPRISE (thus exhibiting an imagination rare among trekfen), and a "STAR TREK LIVES" scarf pattern for those of you who knit.

SOL III #1 -- \$1.25 from Rebecca Baggett, 8008 Old Stage Road, Raleigh NC 27603. Excellent repro (offset, heavy covers). 89 pp.

I've mentioned my distaste for "To be continued" stories before, but the installments of two serials in this issue are relatively self-contained stories whose characters elicit enough interest to make one look forward to the next episodes without the frustrated feeling produced by an accursed cliffhanger. I don't usually appreciate trekfen-aboard-the-ENTERPRISE stories either, but the one here contains a self-consistent explanation that takes it out of the daydream/fantasy category and allows the story to stand on its own merits. The other serial takes place in Romulan society, though the ending hints that future epi-

soles may bring the two protagonists into Federation territory. Don't let the title fool you, by the way: "Min the Pram-trained" is no nanny -- she's a centurion who might be played by Diana Rigg.

This issue's non-serial brings Spock's Ter-ran/Vulcan (raised on Earth) cousin aboard the ENTERPRISE, where she joins Scotty in a series of drinking bouts and practical jokes that scandalize her mother's nephew. Also included are a handful of poems, a book-review column by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, and a page entitled "I, Asimov," purportedly written by the author of A GOD MYSELF.

THE TERATOID GUIDE #4 -- \$2 from Claude D. Plum, Jr., P.O. Box 531, Hollywood CA 90028. Very good repro (offset? with heavy covers). 34 pp.

The subtitle on issue #1, "A checklist of magazines dealing with fantasy, science-fiction

and horror films," is as good a description as any. That first issue ran 20 pages and listed around 200 publications (both prozines and fan-zines), including perhaps 20 trekzines. Each subsequent issue has retained most of earlier issues' contents (#4 has fewer pages than did #3 because of a new format), so those of you who missed issues #1-3 (no back issues are available) can obtain virtually all that information, plus a good deal more, by sending for this latest issue. Some 250 magazines (about a third are trekzines) are listed in a 10-page section, along with the publishers' names and addresses. TTG also includes information on books and isolated magazine articles, artwork, editorial material, and advertisements.

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Well, there they are. All you, as my in-laws would say. I've enjoyed reading the zines and writing the reviews, and I will miss doing so. But please, editors, no more review copies!

HIGHLY LOGICAL

BY Anne Braude

On an isolated corridor of the Enterprise is a single row of five cabins, each occupied by a crew member of a different species. The five are good friends, even though they don't seem to have much in common. Each has a different hobby, pet, and favorite beverage. You are thinking of using this little group as an example of Federation interspecies harmony in a speech to a visiting Klingon delegation. Although you have never met them, you recall a few things friends from the Enterprise have told you about them. You imagine you are standing in the corridor facing the cabins, trying to fill in the gaps in your memory. Your recollections run as follows:

1. The navigator lives in the second cabin from the left.
2. The musician keeps a baby horta.
3. A sehlat is kept in the cabin next to the chess player.
4. The Vulcan drinks lemonade.
5. The Terran is a medical officer.
6. The cardplayer drinks milk.
7. The engineering officer drinks Saurian brandy.
8. The Ythrian keeps a flat cat.

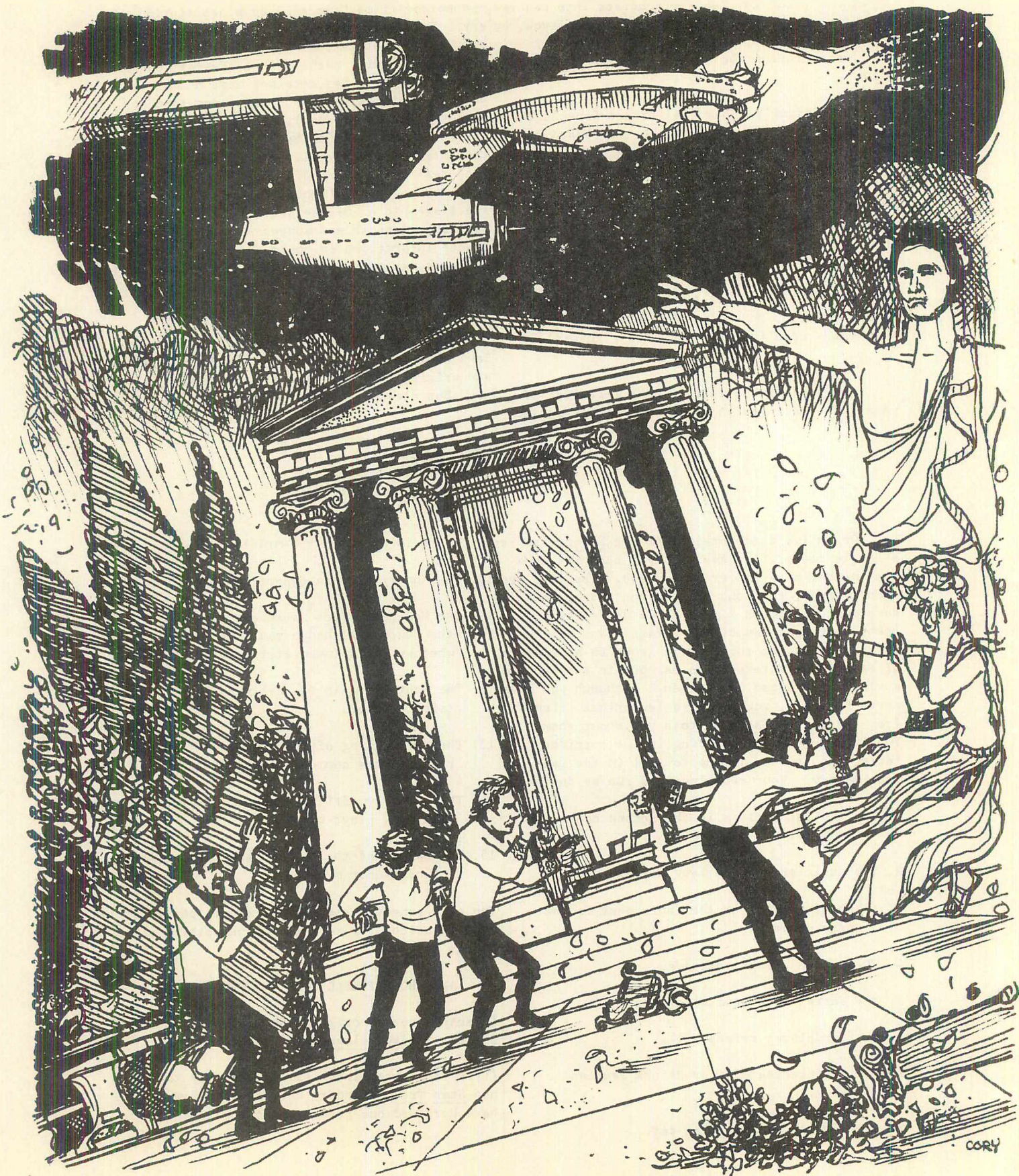
9. Water is drunk in the middle cabin.
10. The Andorian is an expert fencer.
11. The Medeusan lives somewhere to the right of the Ythrian although you cannot remember whether it is immediately next door or not.
12. The poet lives in the cabin next to the tribble owner.
13. The engineering officer is on the immediate right of the communications officer.
14. The security officer, who refuses to keep a flat cat, plays chess.
15. The owners of the tribble and the sehlat are not next-door neighbors.

You also remember that one person is passionately fond of oolong tea and will drink nothing else. Who is he?

AND WHO THE HELL OWNS THE PENGUIN?

(Adapted from an original by Professor S.T. Butler, Sunday Telegraph, 30 Aug 1964.)

((For those who finish early: Identify the non-Star Trek secondary universes from which I have borrowed one person and one pet.))



AND BURNED IS APOLLO'S LAUREL BOUGH

mostly by Ruth Berman

but also with a bit by Gilbert A. Ralston & Gene L. Coon, and a smidgin by Samuel Peeples

McCoy sat at his desk, head propped on one hand, staring at nothing. He put out the other hand to the intercom button, let it fall, and sat some more. At last he shoved the chair back, defiantly thumping the legs, pushed himself out of it, and headed out into the corridor.

The lift took him to the bridge, and he paused as the door slid open. Captain Kirk was in his chair. Spock stood beside him, clipboard in hand, discussing the results of their survey of the planets of the current star-system. The Vulcan looked up at the noise of the lift-door, but, as McCoy did not come forward, he went right on with his report. Lt. Brent was at the secondary computer-station, his black hair glinting blue in the light from the sensor. Uhura was at the communications board, Sulu and Chekov were at the helm, and, most important of all, Lt. Leslie was at the engineering board.

Survey completed, McCoy skirted the safety rail, bounced down the steps into the central area of the bridge, and pulled to a halt on Kirk's left. Spock turned off the clipboard and let an expression of curiosity appear on his face.

"Yes, Bones?" said Kirk.

"I'm used to interesting problems," said McCoy, trying to beat around the bush, "But I've just been confronted with a brand new one. Carolyn Palamas became slightly ill at breakfast this morning."

"Something going around?" said Kirk, looking concerned.

"I certainly hope not," said McCoy acidly. "I just finished examining her. She's pregnant."

"What?"

Even Spock looked surprised.

"You heard me."

Kirk glanced nervously at the engineering board, and back to McCoy. "Apollo?"

McCoy nodded. "Apollo. Positively."

The dead god had fallen out of memory in the weeks since their departure from Pollux IV. Carolyn Palamas had buried herself in work, while she fought with her own grief and guilt

over her part in Apollo's suicide. Engineer Scott, too, was keeping himself as busy as possible, giving her time to recover herself before he tried courting her again.

"Now I'll give you an interesting question to chew on. What will the child be: man? Or god?" He scowled and added, "You want to try that on your computer for size, Spock?"

Spock's eyebrows went up, but he remained silent.

Kirk looked at McCoy, wondering if the doctor had an answer.

McCoy shrugged.

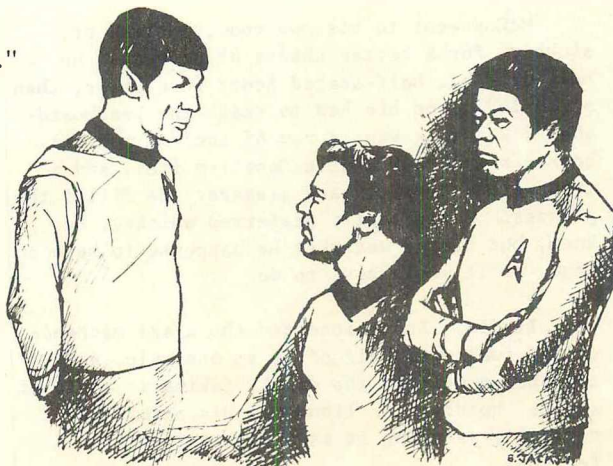
"I suppose," said Kirk, choosing his words carefully, "that it's always hard to say what genetic factors will be dominant in a union between different species."

"Indeed," Spock agreed soberly. "Traditionally, the offspring of a god and a mortal is a hero -- if that is any help to you, Doctor."

Kirk sighed. "She hadn't been on a contraceptive program?"

"No. It didn't matter before -- she hadn't been sleeping with anyone. But now -- "

"What are ye saying, man!"



The three looked up. Consternation showed on two faces, and even Spock looked grim as they beheld Scott, just arrived on the bridge for the upcoming change of watch and about to report to the captain.

"We're discussing one of my patients, Scotty," said McCoy.

He would not accept the evasion. "Ye're discussing Carolyn," he said. He kept his voice down, as they had, but his face began to turn pale. The junior crewmen on the bridge started looking around, aware that there was something wrong.

It was, McCoy realized, probably hopeless to try to respect the rights-of-privacy of any of the people involved. The ship was as gossipy as a small town, and it held fewer hiding places. Still.... "Mr. Scott, you'd better come down to sickbay," he said, catching the engineer under one elbow and steering him around towards the door. "You don't look well."

Leslie, who wanted his dinner, settled down at the engineering board again, looking disgruntled.

Kirk spotted the young man's reaction and nodded at Uhura. "Find someone to relieve Mr. Leslie; his watch is almost through."

The order helped to distract attention from Scott's departure.

Spock turned his clipboard on and took up his report again, starting precisely where he had left off, in mid-sentence.

The other crewmen quietly dropped back into the routines of their work, reserving comment until off-duty.

McCoy went to his own room, instead of sickbay, for a better chance at privacy. He half-dropped, half-seated Scott in a chair, then scrambled up on his bed to reach the headboard-shelf, where he kept a row of ancient medical books, a watchful little Capellan idol, and a tray with a decanter and glasses. He filled the glasses. Scott really preferred whiskey, he knew, but brandy was what he happened to have on hand, so it would have to do.

It did. Scott accepted the glass mechanically, swallowed half of it at one gulp, and then began nursing the drink, taking it a sip at a time, holding the liquor on his palate and carefully savoring it as a distraction from feeling.

McCoy relaxed a little, watching him. Despite his own devotion to alcohol, he was, as a doctor, too much aware of its long-term effects to use it or recommend it indiscriminately. He thought a drink was a good prescription at the moment, but he didn't want to trigger a full-scale binge. He poured himself half a glass, then set the tray back under the guard of the little Capellan and perched himself on the edge of the bed. He took a sip and waited.

Scott finally looked at him. "She could ha' told me!" he said bitterly.

McCoy reflected that if he were Spock he would say that such a reaction was illogical. Instead, he waited some more.

"I know," Scott answered himself. "I dinna have the right. But.... I suppose she'll be leaving the ship?"

McCoy nodded. "A starship is no place for a newborn, even if regulations allowed it. And she doesn't want an abortion."

Scott said to himself, "I could get a ground job. She'd maybe not want to face raising the child by her lone...."

"Is that supposed to be noble," said McCoy roughly, "or is it what you really want?"

Another sip. "I don't know." Scott held the glass up, watching the play of light caught along the curves of the glass. He finished what was left and sat still a few moments longer. "Thank you, Doctor." He shoved himself up out of the chair. "I have work waiting."

McCoy picked up the glasses, stared at them morosely, and walked down the hall to the lavatory to rinse them out. "While I'm at it..." he said to himself. He stripped, flung his clothes on a bench, wrapping his tunic around the glasses to keep them safe, and entered a shower cubicle. He set the water as hot as he could without quite parboiling himself, and surrendered himself to awareness of nothing but warmth and running water.

Some 15 minutes later, he dried himself in the air-jet and emerged from the cubicle, feeling more at peace with himself. He dressed, called sickbay to be sure nothing had come up, and wandered off to the nearest rec room.

There he found a poetry-reading in session. Poetry was not normally his idea of recreation, but at the moment Lt. Kyle was doing cat-poems by T.S. Eliot. The jingle of extravagant rhymes caught his attention and amused him. He started

to sit down in the back. Then he noticed Carolyn Palamas in the audience and chose a seat closer in, where he could keep an eye on her. "A doctor's work is never done," he muttered. However, she seemed to be enjoying herself.

"Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like
Macavity!
For he's a fiend in feline shape,
a monster of depravity."

McCoy smiled and leaned back into the chair.

Unfortunately, as a balance to the nonsense verse, Kyle went on to something serious.

"My love has wings, slender, feathered things,
With grace and upswept curve and tapered tip,
Soft and sliding underneath the grip
Of my bewildered, alien hands. She sings:
Curving tunes that bind my mind in rings
Of turning sound, soft silver notes that rip
My heart, though they are gentle as the dip
And swirl of brown and russet on her wings.
It is impossible that we should fit
Body to body, desire to desire.
My lips touch hers. She sings afresh,
Voice rising like the double moon that lit
Us through her trees. She steps from her attire.
Her wings spread wide, then close about my flesh."

"'Nightingale Woman'," McCoy thought to himself. "Dammit, Kyle, did you have to read love poetry?" Carolyn's back was rigid, and her shoulders were jerking up and down with the sobs that she tried to suppress. McCoy slithered himself in between chairs, apologizing to the feet he stumbled on, and reached her. He pulled her up from behind and pushed her out into the hall.

As he hoped, her surprise at being suddenly and mysteriously rescued kept her from bursting into real tears until they were safely out of the crowded room. By the time they got into the corridor, however, she had identified him, and her bewilderment went away and left only the grief behind. She put her arms around his waist and stood bawling in the middle of the corridor.

McCoy felt the shoulder of his tunic growing damp, and he was suddenly reminded of his daughter. Carolyn was not really as young as Joanna, but for the moment she seemed so. And McCoy felt miserably old. He unwound the arm and turned her so that he could lead her to sickbay. A tranquilizer, he thought, was more in order this time round than alcohol.

Carolyn had stopped crying by the time they reached sickbay, and McCoy decided to forego the tranquilizer. He was beginning to wonder if he would be needing one himself by the end of the day, but Carolyn seemed to have herself under control again.

"I'm sorry," she said, pulling several tissues out of the wall dispenser. She wiped her eyes, blew her nose, threw the tissues away, and stood blankly in the center of the room.

"It's all right," he said gently. "Would you like to lie down here a while, or would you rather go back to your room?"

"Here, I guess. My room-mate's taking a nap, and I don't want to disturb her." She got up on a bed, but she did not lie down. "Did you talk to the captain?"

"Uh...yes, but we...were interrupted. I didn't get a chance to ask him if you'd have to resign your commission. But I did check the regs -- there's no problem. You just go ahead and apply for indefinite leave. I'm sure even without asking that the captain will approve it. You saved our lives, in case you've forgotten."

"No. I haven't forgotten," she said. She rested her hands in her lap. "I'll leave the ship when we reach Star-base, then."

"We'll be sorry to see you go," said McCoy cautiously.

"You mean Scotty will?"

McCoy shrugged.

"Doctor!"

"Yes?"

"He...he isn't thinking of coming with me?"

"He's thinking of it," McCoy admitted.

"Please -- would you tell him it's no good?"

"No. You'll have to do that yourself."

She shook her head. "It's a big ship. I can keep out of his way." She smiled sadly. "Dear Scotty. I'd like to love him. But I just don't."

"It happens." McCoy thought ruefully of his own past. "What will you do after you leave?"

"I'm going to apply for a grant to do an archeological study of Pollux IV."

McCoy blinked, then frowned. "Do you think that's wise?"

"Yes, she said firmly. "For one thing, it's Ion's world."

"Ion?"

"Or Diana, if it's a girl. Our child should know both our cultures."

"Maybe so. Maybe so," he repeated, thinking of Spock.

She lay down and looked at the ceiling. "Could I have something to make me sleep?"

"Yes." McCoy set a hypo, and the injection hissed against her arm. She turned over, snuggled up against the pillow, and was asleep.

As McCoy had expected, the true story -- along with several false ones -- was all over the ship before the day was out. Some of the false versions attributed Carolyn's illness to something rare and incurable picked up on Pol-lux IV. Some of them correctly attributed her illness to the morning-sickness of pregnancy, but nominated Scott (or other crewmen who had dated her) as the father. As the weeks went by, however, and Carolyn stuck to her room when off-duty, neither reporting to sickbay much nor showing up anywhere with Scott (or with anyone else), the truth became obvious, even though it was still too early in the pregnancy for her figure to show the difference.

The result was a nervous, unspoken sympathy for both Carolyn and Scott. The general opinion was that, in the face of Scott's continued interest, Carolyn should marry him, but no one could figure out a way to bring about that happy solution. Carolyn's room-mate tried to find tactful ways of accidentally putting them together, and got herself chewed out by Carolyn for her trouble. A day of silence between the two women was ended in tearful, and mutual apology, but left a mutual awkwardness behind. Scott's subordinates tried to lure Carolyn down into engineering, and got themselves collectively chewed out by Scott. He had not accepted her decision, "but that," he told his squirming engineers, "is no excuse for the lot o' ye to go plaguing the lass like a pack o' border-raiders." Efficiency dropped markedly in Engineering and all the engineers' attempts to behave normally did not improve it.

Carolyn could not, however, evade Scott forever. On her last day on the Enterprise she was called to sickbay for a final examination, and she found Scott awaiting her there.

"I'm sorry," said McCoy. "But he's a stubborn one, and otherwise he would've booted Kyle out of the transporter and taken his place on duty. I figured you'd rather fight it out in private."

"Well...I guess so," she said.

McCoy shook his head sourly and left the room.

She sat down on a bed, and Scott stood before her: a not-very-tall, sturdy, dark-haired man, with dark eyes shadowed further by the weeks of worrying about her. He was utterly trustworthy, as Apollo had never been.

"Carolyn," he said softly, "ye like me weel enough, and raising a bairn is easier with two around."

"I like you very much, Scotty. If I'd never met Apollo...but I did. You read about that kind of thing -- Romantic Love." She spoke in capitals and tried to put a joking tone in her voice, but failed. "Rapture, and fire, and ecstasy, and all that Nightingale-Woman-stuff.... Did you ever read the kind of novel that talks about 'hot, burning kisses'? The words are silly, but there's a truth behind them."

"I know," said Scott, his eyes still fixed on her face.

"Do you want to settle for less?"

He shook his head silently, understanding her meaning.

"Neither do I."

He turned aside and said to the wall, "But happen someday you'll feel that again -- for someone...."

"Maybe."

The silence was heavy on them.

Carolyn rose and kissed Scott, quickly and formally, putting her mouth against his and stepping back again, all in one motion. She was not sure if he groaned. If he did not, his eyes were so full of pain that it felt like sound. She reached up on tiptoe to kiss him again, this time slowly and tenderly. But she held her lips closed against his, and when he put his arms around her, she could not relax the muscles that held her upright.

He dropped his arms and drew his face away.

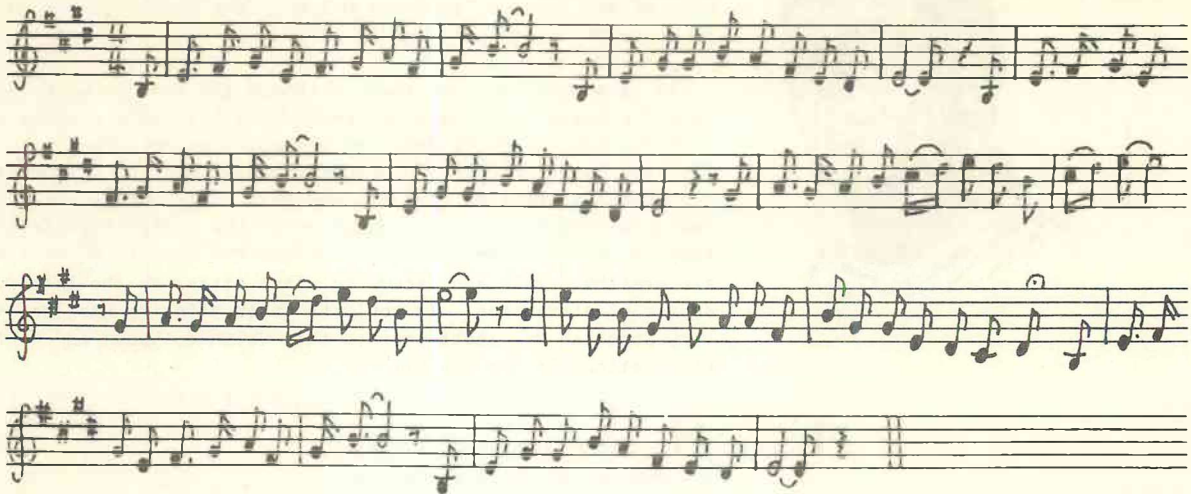
She had not the heart to say it after all, so he said it for her.

"Goodbye."

Y_R HUFEN MELYN / T_{HE} YELLOW CREAM

Welsh words by Eifim Wyn

English words by A.P. Graves



Er caru'r fun yn fwy nag un, ni fedrwn
Mo ddweyd fy serch, na gofyn am ei llaw.
At feudy'r coed ei stol drithroed a ddygwn,
Bob dydd wrth nol ei buchod oddi draw.
A phan y doent dan chwarae gylch ei chunnog.
Eu rhwymo wnawn yn ddwy res o dan do,
Dwyres dirion o forwynion, duon brithion,
teccaf bro
O borfa fras y dalar las feill ionog,
A Gwen yn godro'r deuddeg yn eu tro.

Ar fis o haf pan own yn glaf o gariad,
Mi glywn y gog yn kann yn y llwyn;
A daeth i'mryd ei bod yn bryd i'm siarad
Am wneud fy nyth, fel pob addern mwyn.
Eisteddai Gwen gan fedrus, fedrus odro,
A chanu uwch ei sten yr hen Ben Rhaw;
Minnau'n gwranddo, ac yn gwrido, a phetruso'n
hir o draw,
Swyn serch ei hun oedd yn ei llun a'i hosgo,
A'r buchod wrth eu bodd o dan ei llaw.

Eu trin a wnaeth a hel y llaeth i'w phiser,
Cyn imi wybod sut i dorri gair;
O fewn fy mron mi deimlwn don o bryder,
A dim ond un diwrnod hyd y ffair!
Ond Gwen a droes, gan wrido fel fy hunan,
Ac uwch yr hufen melyn gwyn fy myd!
Cefais felus win ei gwefus wedi ofnus oedi cyd;
A rhoes ei gair y cawn cyn ffair Gwyl Ifan,
Ro'r fodrwy ar ei llaw, a newid byd.

EXPLANATION: In the otherwise execrable episode, "The Lorelei Signal," Mr. Scott sang a fragment of a song. Joan Verba told me it was one that James Doohan had been singing at ST cons, and that he had said it was a Welsh

The winter thru I lov'd her true, but tarried,
Till when the blossom laugh'd upon the boughs.
In shadow cool her milking stool I carried,
While Gwen went calling, calling home the cows.
Then as they ran around her can in riot,
I hooshed them, hooshed them all into the shed;
With buck and bellow, black and yellow, dun and
sallow, white and red,
On litter good to chew the cud in quiet,
Then to the milking each in turn be led.

From sweet bird throats a thousand notes were
thronging,
While cuckoo called to cuckoo soft and clear,
"They mate," thought I, "to satisfy Love's longing:
'Tis time I, too, make bold to woo my dear!"
Her milker's skill each warm white rill set flowing
Across her pail she crooned the Penrhaw air;
With look entreating, colour fleeting, heart loud
beating, I watched her there,
Her lovely face with joyous grace was glowing;
The happy cows stood still to seek her care.

Her touch of silk of milk had eased each udder,
Yet beating, beating on in wild unrest,
My heart of doubt, a boat without a rudder
Still rode the sighing billow of my breast;
Till Gwen, her eyes with soft surprise upturning,
Read all the trouble written in my own,
And lucky fellow, lucky fellow, lucky fellow
that I'd grown,
Her pride forsook, gave back my look of yearning,
Then brightly blushing from my arms was flown.

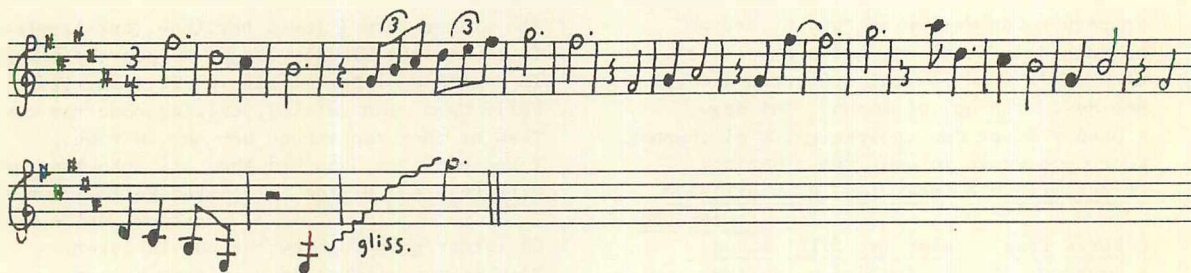
lovesong, but he didn't know what the song was; he had learned it by rote when working on a movie similar to "The Corn is Green." Later "The Corn Is Green" was on tv locally, and Joan noticed that the same song was in it.



So I dropped by the library and checked Emlyn Williams' Collected Plays, and found that "The Corn is Green" gave the name of the song -- "Yr Hufen Melyn." The lines underlined are the ones Mr. Scott sang in "Lorelei."

It is amusing to note that, although the song as a whole is indeed a Welsh love-song, the particular bit Scott sang is a list of cows. Dorothy Heydt points out that even the love involved is not precisely romantic; traditionally, milkmaids are considered attractive because they have clear skin (because they don't get smallpox, being immunized by the lesser illness of cowpox), but also because (if they own the cows they tend) they are wealthy. This song seems to place stress on the latter source of attraction. It would be interesting to know how the very Scottish Mr. Scott learned this Welsh folksong and what associations it has for him.

UHURA'S HUM (from "Once Upon a Planet") transcribed by Steve VanderArk



Hucksters

Shirley Maiewski (of the Star Trek Welcom-
ittee) has been re-addressed by the Post:
481 Main Street, Hatfield MA 01038. She is also
the source of a new trekzine, Alternate Universe
Four #1 (a trek-alternate-world) with stories by
Anna Mary Hall, Virginia Tilley, and herself.
\$2/3rd class; \$2.75/1st class; \$3.50/overseas.

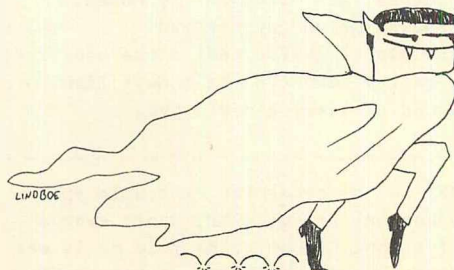
Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Str, Brooklyn NY
11225, still has copies of the old mimeo'd
Spockanalia #3 for \$1 each; she's getting all
five issues reprinted by photo offset, and until
Nov. 1 these may be ordered \$1.75/issue or \$8
for the set of five; after Nov. 1, \$2/issue or
\$10 for the five.

Pat (short for Peripatetic?) Zotti has
moved to 5932 Fallbrook Ave, Woodland Hills CA
91364. Voyages #3 (her McCoy-zine) contains a
novel by Carmen Carter, Kathie Farnell, and
herself. \$2.70/3rd class; \$3.30/1st class.

Karen Fleming, 6908 West First Str
Tulsa OK 74127, has Sol Plus, half sf,
half ST. 85 pp. \$1.25/copy.

Professional Photographer Stan Burns offers origi-
nal unpublished photos of the entire ST cast, taken
for David Gerrold's book The Trouble With Tribbles.
Also available: photos from Equicon 2, including
the casts of Questor and Planet Earth. Send a
self addressed stamped envelope for list and
prices to Stan Burns, PO Box 1381, Glendale CA
91209.

T NEGATIVE
IS MY FAVORITE!



T-Waves:
Letters

from Kay Anderson, 2610 Trinity Place, Oxnard CA 93030

I thought I'd write and give you a brief account of my impression of Planet Earth, which I visited the set of in March. It's set in the same universe as Genesis II, post-holocaust Earth of 2133, and involves many of the same characters, though with the exception of Ted Cassidy as Isiah they're played by different actors. In PE Dylan Hunt and his band of Paxers encounter the Confederacy of Ruth, a pseudo-Amazon society with a touch of Lotus Eaters stirred in. The women are dominant and the men are peta/slaves/inferiors. I don't find that a particularly new or enthralling premise, but possibly the great unwashed in television-land would. I wasn't particularly looking forward to visiting the set, recalling that while visiting GII a year before I'd happened to come on a day when the filming required endless set-up and lighting time after every take. They had been shooting the climactic atomic bomb blast, involving at least a dozen actors on a huge set, with a big wind machine and some light effects thrown in. When I saw the PE subshuttle I feared interminable set-ups. But they were doing short scenes, and the filming moved briskly.

This go-round Dylan Hunt is played by John Saxon, which is certainly an improvement. Saxon is a far stronger more authoritative, and more intelligent actor than the rather waxy, spacey Alex Cord, and he makes Hunt a far more viable character. I was glad to see that Saxon was not in his Marlon Brando mode, which he seems to favor in guest star roles, but he was wandering around singing loudly and slightly off-key, saying he was keeping his voice in shape. For what I don't know. It appeared that either he was on an ego trip or was keyed up and trying to dissipate some tension, and in either event I thought it was more politic to talk to the others and leave him for another time.

Janet Margolin plays Harper-Smythe. She is a lot less unisex-looking than Lynne Marta, and no big deal was made in the script of her being a unisex character. She seemed a better actress than Marta, also. The relationship between Hunt and Harper-Smythe has matured considerably in the script and there is no longer the cloyingly cutesy kidding between them, or rather from Hunt to H-S.

Rai Tasco, a delightful black about 40, with a curly little patriarch beard and a cheerful hang-loose disposition, plays Pater Kimbridge.

Ted Cassidy, as I mentioned, returns as Isiah. Isiah looks a lot better this time around, too. He has a shoulder-length grey and ginger wig that makes a very attractive contrast to Ted's rugged face. Like the other Paxers he wears a two-tone green jumpsuit affair made of heavy stretch ski-suit material. As usual the costume would look atrocious on someone without a good build, so it will be the despair of fans who try to duplicate it. I spent a lot of my nine hours at the set talking to Ted, and I found him a fascinating conversationalist, intelligent, educated, well-read, with a lovely dry sense of humor. It's also nice to look way up at a man -- with the boots I was wearing I was about six feet tall, slightly taller than John Saxon was in his boots. In the fairly low-heeled moccasin-like boots he had on Ted was probably very nearly seven feet tall. He's a remarkably ugly man, taken feature by feature but he's also a gorgeous man, and I'm mad about him.

A new regular in this go-round is Chris Cary, who plays the esper Pax member, Baylok. I wish they had chosen a different name for the character, since to my mind the name (spelled Balok) is a plastic dummy who looks vaguely like Herb Solow. Chris doesn't. He's a small (to me -- I'd say he's about 5-6), slight, worn-looking man with bleached blond hair and deep blue eyes. The hair is bleached, poorly, for the role, and they have elected to attempt to give him an alien appearance by shaving his hair halfway up his skull in back, and leaving the top looking rather the color, texture, and shape of a haystack. It looks terrible and makes him look like the village idiot. I think his hair is probably normally dark blond to medium brown. He said that if the haircut looked as awful on film as he thought it would, they were going to try something else. Striped hair would look nice, I think, and give him the desired different look without being grotesque. I don't know why they feel he has to look different, anyway. Blond hair in itself would be enough without the run-over-by-a-lawnmower look, and no matter what color hair he had he is easy to pick out in the group because he's the smallest. Baylok is an esper... his mutation is within, and there's no reason for him to need to look like other than an ordinary human.

I don't know quite what to say about Chris and his character. It's a little like the problem someone would have had describing Spock, both in appearance and personality, before ST was ever aired. Or worse yet, from the crude early makeup of the first pilot. Chris is an ordinary-looking man who somehow manages to be absolutely fascinating (to coin a phrase). At least to me, at least on the set. Perhaps he won't come across on film, but if he does I think he is going to make Baylok a fine and complex character, perhaps as good an alien in his own way as Spock was. The personality of Baylok is far different

from that of Spock. Baylok does not have the core of pride, self-sufficiency, almost arrogance that Spock had. He has a quiet courage that seems to have a surprising extent at times, but in general he's a rather withdrawn, leery, unhappy person. I asked Chris if he was a neurotic esper, and he blinked and looked a little taken aback and then said, "Oh yes, I'm a very neurotic esper." It was my first comment to him, and I was delighted that he picked up instantly on what I was talking about. He has a surprisingly deep voice for a man his size, a gentle, slightly melancholy baritone. He has read a few years he said, and he too finds Baylok a fascinating character, though an exhausting and depressing one. I would imagine that Chris is in his thirties, but his face looks 50, lined and ravaged from within, and his eyes look at least a thousand years old. Just as Nimoy gave the impression of being taller and more muscular than he really was, Chris as Baylok manages to give the impression of a bedraggled cat, though actually he is not really thin or haggard, and was dressed just as neatly as the rest of them. He can say a lot about his character and about the background of the character and his relationship with the others without saying a word, and by tones of voice and facial expressions he can get an amazing amount of mileage out of a few lines of dialog. He painted an entire picture, in the scenes I saw him in, while the other actors were pencilling in the outlines. In watching two scenes I saw Chris give a detailed impression that Baylok is more or less used as a type of precision tool by the Paxers, regarded as not entirely human, and subconsciously shunned and snubbed on the suspicion (despite his constant denials and reassurances, evidently) that he is a mental eavesdropper. Baylok seems a desperately lonely person who is being rapidly burnt out physically and probably mentally by his psi powers and by the rejection of the others. One has the impression that for all their altruism the Paxers treat the espers the same way what's-his-name said about actors: They're like Kleenex -- you use one up and reach for another.

Though naturally he's not as poker-faced as Spock, Baylok shows the same ability to combine three or four reactions or statements into one fleeting facial expression, so that he can say more in one look than in three lines of dialog. In one scene I saw them shoot, Harper-Smythe was being questioned about her relationship with another character, and she ended a sentence by shooting a glare at Baylok, who replied to the unspoken accusation "My dear, for the hundredth time, I do not spy on my friends' thoughts." H-S said "It's the way you look at a person" (which is true; Chris' eyes look like they've seen it all, from here to there and back), and Baylok replied with a sort of facial shrug that combined: I can't help the way I look; That's your problem, not mine; Go to hell; and. Everyone always picks on me. Lovely.

As I was saying earlier, I was delighted with Chris because he was so thoroughly into his character at the set, giving the distinct impression that I was talking to Baylok the esper, not the actor playing him. Ted, on the other hand, was definitely not his character, whom he finds almost beneath his dignity. I asked Chris if he was a telepath, an empath, a sensitive, or what. He looked flustered and said Well actually he was an empath but if he pushed it he was a low-grade telepath but it was hard on him, and it was really very personal and he couldn't talk about it because it upset him too much. Which is just exactly what I'd imagine Baylok would say if anyone were so impolite as to try to pin him down on such a personal subject. I don't know what Chris is really like, since he was so thoroughly Baylok all day, unless he's really neurotic himself. I'd never given a lot of thought to what a human esper would act or look like, but having met Chris I now can't imagine an esper any other way.

Chris does such a lovely job with Baylok that I'm afraid to talk him up too much for fear that it won't come across on film. I think you and I both know actors who are intensely magnetic and personable in person but have nothing on film, and the opposite, the actors with great presence on the screen who are virtually invisible in person.

((from a later letter))

For a while there it looked as if ABC was definitely interested in holding PE for a mid-season replacement. There seemed to be some question of who had artistic control, however, and overnight negotiations ran aground. One day I talked to the office and everything looked good; the next day everything had fallen through and they were vacating the office on the Burbank Studios lot because the studio had another tenant who wanted it. Currently there is no office; everyone is scattered to the winds.

Even the actors are scattered. Ted Cassidy is quite disappointed about the whole thing, since he evidently liked the character of Isiah a lot more than I thought on first impression, to judge from what he said at Filmecon, and he had wanted to play him, considering that it was one of the best characters he'd ever had, especially in a series. He was enumerating Isiah's good points: he got to talk intelligently (his lines came out more intelligent than they were written in the script), he got to take his shirt off and show off his muscles, and in the end he got to kiss a girl, which he said was a first in his 10-year acting career.

Chris Cary went to Australia shortly after PE was finished and as far as I know hasn't come back yet and has never seen the finished print. Neither of them -- there

were two different cuts. The one I saw at the cast and crew screening had a great many shots of the subshuttle in the tunnel, so many that one had the impression that they were being used as a wipe at the end of virtually every scene, and one soon got heartily sick of them. In it Chris' role had been edited down to a bare minimum and there was no indication that his character, Baylok, was an esper. The barest hints, if you already knew it and what to look for. Like in the subshuttle he just momentarily touched Kimbridge's arm before announcing he was alive -- it looked as if he was poorly faking taking a pulse, halfway up his forearm and through his coverall sleeve. And later, in the dink pen, the entire scene between him and Hunt looked pointless. Puzzling, and weird with all indication that he was an esper cut out; Hunt seemed to be urging him to meet his eyes simply because he, Hunt, had pretty brown eyes and looked trustworthy. There were other changes, but the virtual elimination of the esper character, or at least of his abilities, was the most striking. After the screening I asked Bob Justman what had ever happened to the esper, and he said that it had been decided that it was such a good character, and that Chris had done such a fine job with it, that both the character and the actor deserved better than the quick introduction and almost throw-away scenes in the pilot, and they wanted to develop him slowly, over several episodes, in the series. I had mixed feelings about that. True, Chris did deserve more but on the proverbial other hand if the series didn't sell all that beautiful performance and elaborate creation of the character from what amounted in the script to a blash of McCoy's personality and some of Spock's abilities, would have all been wasted.

Whatever the decision, and whosoever it was, by the time the show was aired 4 days later Baylok was back in business as an esper and most of the subshuttle shots were gone. Even so the script had still been trimmed back considerably and a number of scenes I watched them shooting had gone on the good old cutting room floor. Mainly because it was a long, detailed script to start with and would have run quite overlength if everything had been left in, I think. The final cut was to play up the action, so the characterization that was originally present suffered. Probably a wise decision, though I missed all the background-laying and the detailing of the complex characters making up the Pax team. But better to grab an audience with fast action and bring in characterization in future episodes, than have a draggy show full of characters the audience may not find interesting. I think that was what happened in *Genesis II* -- by the time everyone was introduced and the problem was stated, I didn't care anymore.

The show got hideous reviews in the trades and the *LA Times* but everyone I've talked to personally has said he thought it was at least all right, and many liked it.

from George Senda, 340 Jones Str #1163, SF CA 94102

I read the technical article on transporters with interest, as I do all technical articles on ST. It seems that no one has noticed the error in "City on the Edge of Forever." It appears that since McCoy beamed down to the planet and a landing party of six went after him, that seven people beamed up with a transporter designed for six. Did they use the 22-man transporter? Also, are those glass grids that people stand on used in the cargo transporters? I would think that the weight of the materials transported would shatter the glass unless some kind of anti-grav unit was used during or after transport of cargo. Of course, the Federation may have stronger glass than we do.

((Quite possibly the 22-man transporter was used -- the scene of leaving was shown, but not their arrival back on the ship. However, the use of the standard smaller transporter in "Day of the Dove" to beam up half a dozen each of humans and Klingons at once, suggests that the 6-people transporters can de-materialize bodies more quickly than it can take them in; in "Day," first the humans and then the Klingons were materialized, one group at a time. // I'd guess that the glass is a type of plastic, probably very strong.))

from Ricky Pearson, 500 Irma Drive, Austin TX 78752

I have seen all 16 of the animated Star Treks, and I must say that they were much better than I expected. At least half of them were well done, with "Yesteryear," "Mudd's Passion," and "The Slaver Weapon" being the three best. Some of the stories, however, were not quite as good as they could have been. A good many episodes contained major technical flaws, and too many used ideas that were similar to ones already done on the live Star Trek. The giant cloud-creature in "One of Our Planets is Missing" was too close to the amoeba in "Immunity Syndrome" and the planet-killer in "Doomsday Machine." The animation itself is quite well done, particularly of the spaceships. However, the animation of the characters leaves something to be desired. The computer that Filmation uses can handle only nine separate movements in one frame, which explains why the movements of the characters are so jerky. (The animation of the spaceships is realistic because Filmation uses a different process, roto-scoping, which was first used extensively by Walt Disney in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." In roto-scoping film of live action is transferred, frame by frame, onto animation cells. This is the first time roto-scoping has been used on a made-for-television animated program.)

Many fans suggested that Star Trek use actual science fiction short stories as a basis for scripts. Larry Niven's animation script, "The Slaver Weapon," was based on a short story of his called "The Soft Weapon," in his collection *Neutron Star*.

Can anyone tell me where I can obtain issues 20, 21, and 22 of the Gold Key Star Trek comic book?
((And, like Ricky Pearson, Jeanne Powers, Rt 1 Box 29, Hays VA 24256 is looking for an issue of it; she's after #24.))

from Gennie Summers, Rt 2 Box 155, Cassville MO 65625

T-N 22. Alan Andres has rendered an excellent likeness of the "walking freezer unit"; even a non-Star Trekking friend of mine recognized her as Sally Kellerman immediately. I like the technique. I'm wondering if the top of the head was purposely left unfinished or if the copy I got just came out that way. Her eyes are doubtless at the "silvery" stage, but they, too, seem incomplete, with only one small curve representing her left pupil. This isn't meant as criticism; I'm wondering because I want to know how the fainter lines reproduce.
((Pretty accurately -- that was offset, which is usually pretty good at picking up fine points of detail. RB))

On "Ritual in the Krath Universes," I appreciated such an article very much, as all I've read of Krath is "Spock's Nemesis" (T-N 16-17). I await the 2nd part of the article eagerly. ((First Joyce has to finish writing it. RB)) The article said "That (Spock) makes no reference to the brutality of (Koon-ut-kal-i-fee) certainly should not surprise us" as "logical Vulcans should not have to resort to choosing their mates by ritual combat." I believe that Spock saw no necessity to mention the combat part of it because he did not expect there would be one. He was obviously surprised when T'Pol stepped forward and called for the challenge. About fasting per se I agree that a prolonged fast of one's own choosing may well produce hallucinations, but there are special cases. Moses, summoned by God to the top of Mt. Sinai, fasted 40 days (Exodus 34:38) and brought down the Mosaic Law which has been the inspiration of individuals and of nations ever since.

"My Life as a Star Trek Widower" -- an amusing view of the other side of the coin. I ponder whether Dave Hulan is some kind of a masochist, or really a "secret" Star Trek fan who doesn't want to admit it.

"U.S.S. ENTERPRISE" -- a delightful bit of nonsense. I wish I remembered the tunes of "Pinafore" better. McCoy, with his impatient nature and no reluctance to show it was the ideal one thru whose eyes to observe all that was going on, and with whom to share the frustration. However, there is a theatre on the Enterprise ("Conscience of the King"), and for those on duty, there are monitor screens most everywhere. I don't want to make any LN fans mad at me, but Spock's singing voice, as evidenced in "Plato's Stepchildren," was not as "excellent" as one might expect it to be from his speaking voice. Now Scottie, on the other hand, does indeed possess an excellent voice.

I greatly enjoy the Animation. I have gotten used to the likenesses enough not to resent them, and there are certain moments -- I wonder if even the live Sulu could give a cuter wink, for example. I loved "Yesteryear"; it was good to see a pretty good likeness of Sarek and to hear that incomparable Mark Lenard voice. But a couple of things bothered me. Sarek told young Spock that the Vulcan way means, among other things, "no crime," yet when Amanda expressed fears as to whether Sarek might harm Spock, Sarek replied, "I don't know...I will notify the authorities." Seemed a bit contradictory. The other thing struck me like an Ahn Woon. "I am on my way to the family shrine to honor our gods," Spock (as Sarek) told Sarek. Polytheism and logic make strange bedfellows, to me. On Earth polytheism went out as science advanced. As I pondered, trying to think of some rationalization for this, I first noted that the word "honor" was used, not "worship." Perhaps "gods" means something different on Vulcan; could these be persons in the family line who thru their lives and deeds merit honor, and could this honor be comparable to our hanging a picture of a revered ancestor over the mantel as a memorial? Could the "shrine" be the burial place of their ancestors, where they go to meditate?
((I shouldn't think the term "gods" would be used in such a case. // Polytheism is found among some advanced cultures -- RB))

from Mary Schaub, Box 218 Apex NC 27502

I found Alan Dean Foster's *ST Log One* to be a distinct improvement over Blish's prose adaptations. Foster did take more space per story, but even so, he managed to catch more of the spirit of the series than Blish, I thought, in terms of characterizations and inter-relationships.

from George Perkins, 1102 Third Str Brookings SD 57006

Just what does T-Negative mean; why did you pick that name?
((It's the bloodtype of Spock and his father Sarek, mentioned in "Journey to Babel." As I like both those characters and that episode and wanted an "alien"-sounding name.... Presumably the "T" is an arbitrary label, but whether it's from an alphabet like our A and B or an abbreviation like our Rh or other kind of symbol as with our AB and O is unknown -- RB))

from Alan Andres, RFD 2, North Berwick ME 03906

I will miss Carol Ing's zine review column. I hope someone will have the enterprise to carry on where she left off.

Mary Louise Dodge's speculation on Uhura I found rather amusing. Drawing conclusions from insignificant events written by different people, like some cases of supposed literary symbolism, can be a bit dangerous. For instance, talking with other viewers of "The Questor Tapes" I found that I probably read too much into one of Darrow's statements. Finding the android gone from the lab one of the scientists relates to Darrow that Questor has the appearance of a white male, to which Darrow says, "In other words, he's normal." Reading too much into this I figured that the project head was probably a racist; however it has been pointed out to me that he was probably "normal" as opposed to pink with green spots. However knowing how picky Broadcast Standards can be, and the background both Gene Roddenberry and the late Gene Coon used in their other characters, I still wonder.

Is there any record of the name of the actor who played Sturgeon in "Man Trep"? Despite the fact he was killed in that episode he reappears as an engineer listening to Spock's address in "Balance of Terror," and as a security guard in both "Dagger of the Mind" (running after Van Gelder in Act I) and "Miri." I believe the only time he spoke was in "Dagger" yelling something like "Hey you!" ((Must be John Arndt, identified in "Dagger" credits as a Crewman -- RB))

I notice new details with every airing. Two interesting ones that I don't believe have been touched upon: Kirk recites a Shakespeare sonnet in "Plato's Stepchildren" ("Being your slave, what should I do but tend/ Upon the hours and times of your desires"). sonnet #57. It's interesting that the Platonians would never have known it, yet forced Kirk into reciting it. (And Trelayne's quotation from Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus." "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships/ And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?/ Fair Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!" while well known, has not been credited.) (2) The Widen Dairy truck from "City on the Edge of Forever" seems to be named after Bernard Widen, Post Production Supervisor during the first season.

from Sheila Strickland, Rt 1 Box 386B, Baker LA 70714

"Speculation: Uhura and Kirk." Very interesting and almost convincing. I had gotten much the same impression, but recently decided it was my imagination. The implications are fairly nebulous, though, and I suspect one could interpret according to one's own opinion. About Vulcan women not appearing to be liberated because Spock occasionally picks Uhura up -- I agree from what little of Vulcan women has been seen ("Amok Time" and perhaps "Journey to Babel") they don't appear to be liberated. But a man's picking up a woman who is lying on the floor hardly seems to unliberate her! Every other time Spock seems to have full confidence in Uhura's professional ability -- which is liberation.

"The Case Against the Transporter" bothered me. Granted, the transporter never was explained fully. However, to paraphrase Isaac Asimov (in From Earth to Heaven), if writers don't provide blueprints, they predict the consequences of such inventions. Some of the transporter's capabilities seem to be impossible to us, but who wants to say it won't be possible two or three hundred years from now?

from Karen Fleming, 6908 West First Str Tulsa OK 74127

I loved T-N 23, especially the Uhura-Kirk article. I must admit I'm prejudiced though; I think Kirk and Uhura would make a very good couple. (And I've been intrigued by the fact that Uhura's quarters was the first place Kirk went -- or drifted? -- in "The Tholian Web.") But I think Ms. Dodge reaches a bit far for some of her conclusions. And I object to a couple of her statements. Why should Star Fleet separate them if they were to marry? How could he worry any more about her safety than he does about the 430 odd other crewmembers? All for one and one for all. And I can't buy the statement that a sexual relationship between them would be statutory rape. If he's taking unfair advantage of their respective ranks and she complains or the reverse of that and someone else complains -- then I could see Star Fleet stepping in there and saying, "Ah, hold on a minute -- what's going on here?" But 200 years in the future, mores will be different from what they are now. No one but the gossips will be interested.

At Equicon a man asked Arlene Martel how "T'Pring" would be translated into English. She said it really couldn't be translated -- which was the answer I expected. But then she paused and continued, saying that Vulcan children were given names according to the "vibrations" at the time they are born. And she said that Vulcans graduate from one name to another as they grow in wisdom and knowledge. That impressed me as being the most imaginative answer of any Q&A panel at Equicon. Do you know if it was an explanation she devised on the spur of the moment, or if it's background information on Vulcan that never sifted its way out to fandom? ((Her own invention, I should think, seeing that young Spock was called Spock in "Yesteryear" -- RB))

from John Robinson, 1-101st Str Troy NY 12180

I wonder if Van Treuren was as bored with the copper causeway sliding by in both Genesis II and Planet Earth as I was, and I wonder if he realizes how expensive it would be to simulate shuttle-craft landings and take-offs superimposing these on different backgrounds and sometimes reversing frames so take-offs and landings are not always in the same direction? Not only is the transporter an economy item, it captures attention about as well as anything ever used in sf on film or tv. Clarke's third law: any advanced technology will first appear to be magic. The Enterprise has such systems -- like faster than light drives. Physicists would say this is impossible unless the Federation knows something we don't know. The transporter is just another step in the sf game which says: You can do magic with advanced technology, but you must also show that the magic is incomplete -- as with the 16,000 mile limit on the range of the transporter. That's the most fuel-consuming part of any space journey. I suspect that if there was any invention space technologists would like most it's a way to save fuel and boost payloads. And that's what sf does: it takes our daydreams and fantasies and fabricates a scientific framework in which their realization is plausible.

Sandra Miesel is missing out on a lot of the impact of the animated ST series by watching it. As long as re-runs are on and you've seen a particular episode, take your FM radio and listen to the episode instead of watching it (or blacken-out the picture on the tv). There's a lot more going on scriptwise than the animation would indicate.

from Connie Faddis

Carol Ing writes a mean (as in excellent) review column, this time around especially good, since she comments on specific stories and styles. This is a much needed service in ST fandom, since a woeful share of the fiction is so badly written and so insipidly plotted.

"In the Maze" was particularly nice. It had good pacing, and the action sequences were by far some of the best ever to appear in T-N. Above all, it treated the characters and the situation with a touch of genuine reality -- the characters with that usually-ignored factor of human ambiguity (especially in giving Spock reluctance to follow Kirk's decision through, but his determination to do it nevertheless; and in giving McCoy's character the right to be human and frightened without being fugg-headed, as he is so often treated). And for one of the first times in ST fan-fiction, it was admitted by the writer that starship duty is really dangerous, and people can actually get hurt. And often do. Ricky Pearson's drawing of the Maze creature didn't do justice to Jennifer's description, which was quite vividly drawn in my mental processes while reading the story. But then, different artists have different approaches. A couple small gripes: once Spock and McCoy materialized in the creature's laboratory, McCoy, who supposedly had a punctured lung by that time, was in much too good shape. The med student upstairs who read the story, too, commented on that; he said the man would have been prostrated by shock or unconscious by that time, after those efforts. He also said that pharmacology has several leads on drugs which will relieve pain without narcotic side effects, like a dulling of thought and overall drowsiness. Seems they're looking for something which works directly on nerve trunk-lines in a specific rather than a general manner. Presumably in 200plus years McCoy would have been able to inject himself with such a pain-killer without being "doped up." But it made for a good story, anyhow. The style, overall, was very nice, though one tires of the rehashing of the "alien-being experiments on Kirk, Spock and McCoy" (or some variation of it), tied together with the premise from "Arena" that mankind is "developing" into a higher form, and shouldn't be tampered with. It's been done. (I confess my personal writing guilt on all the above-mentioned accounts. Just trying to offer some constructive criticism: look for new approaches, gang.)

"The Case Against the Transporter" was lost in the court of appeals: tv drama makes shortcuts an absolute necessity, and the transporter idea met everyone's criteria to at least a reasonable degree; if it hadn't, it would have been scrapped in the first season. Besides, so many other factors involved in ST required a suspension of logic that the transporter was really a minor detail. After all, Jules Verne's books, many of them, are obviously no longer technically valid, but they still make fascinating reading.

from Debbie Frey, 1916 North Str Logansport IN 46947

I had never really thought too much about Uhura and Kirk before, especially since Kirk had all the other love interests. I'm not really too sure if I am completely convinced about their off-duty activity, but there was one event that was or would be important as far as their relationship is concerned. In "The City on the Edge of Forever" when Kirk and Spock were getting ready to go through the Guardian, Scotty told them, "Good luck, gentlemen"; Uhura said "Happiness at least, sir." Evidently she was very interested only in the captain's welfare.

from Shirley Malowski, 481 Main Str Hatfield MA 01038

I thought she would mention the place in "Savage Curtain" where Lincoln mentions Uhura's color, and Kirk, who is standing very close to her, moves even closer and says words to the effect "we've learned to enjoy the differences." Also the scene on the the bridge in "Mirror" where he has to leave her there -- she looks up at him pleadingly and he shakes his head slightly to tell her she must stay, looking very anguished at the same time.



T-NEGATIVE