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Back issues are 75¢/one or \$2/three. At present, #'s 1-11, 19-24 are  
available. I'll be reprinting others later. Available for \$1 is a booklet  
of T-N art (offset, printed one side of the page) containing: Spock of Vulcan  
(#1) by Tim Courtney; T'Pring (#2) TC; Spock at sensor (#16) TC and Spock  
meeting T'Rruel (#8) by Connie Faddis; Gary Mitchell (#12) by Alan Andres;  
Spock fighting a thark (#1) by Alicia Austin; Garth by Kathy Bush (#10);  
Spectre of the Gun/McCoy & Kelley (#4) by Juanita Coulson; McCoy (#11) by  
Jackie Franke; Revenge #3 (#6) by Greg Jein; Romulan Commander (#7) by Chris  
Lofthus; two "Disaffirmed" scenes (#15) by Roz Oberdieck; Klingon from "Elaan"  
(#16) by Anthony Tollin; four crewmen (Uhura #6, Sulu #11, De Paul #4, Kyle  
#6) by AT; Uhura as if to play Aida (#18) by George Barr; four old-age photos  
(#14); four ship photos (#18); 3 scenes (2 "Cage" #7, 1 "Mirror" #11) by  
Bernie Zuber. // I've had to raise prices on photos (color 45¢ each; b&w 20¢),  
and have added a few photos to my list (color: Uhura, Rand, Kara, Shanna, Vina;  
b&w Klingon ship, Gary Seven with Isis, Kirk with phaser rifle, Number One,  
McCoy in lab, McCoy & Chapel, Chapel holding hands with Spock, McCoy with sword  
and shiled, Sp & Mc mind meld, Sp looking as if sucking thumb).

### AT ODDS:

Nurse Chapel, the Original Hard Luck Kid  
by Karen Fleming

Nurse Christine Chapel is undoubtedly the most maligned, misunderstood member of STAR TREK's regular cast. She has been kicked around by certain fan writers, because she has -- as she says, against her will ("Naked Time")-- fallen in love with Spock. She's been verbally slapped down by McCoy and made to play the-love-sick-nurse a la "romance" stories by ST's own writers & producers.

On the professional side, take as an example the chauvinist attitude of the ending of "Return to Tomorrow." Af-

ter Spock gets out of Chapel's mind and back into his own, he says it was "like being in the mind of an alien" and mentions "the jungle of illogic." And McCoy, in a fit of old fashioned male chauvinism, chortles, "Thank the stars that women are different from us!" Everyone conveniently forgets that he was in the mind of an alien. And, from Spock's point of view, everyone else in the room is an alien. If he had been in McCoy's mind, he would have had the same reaction (or worse?). But the incident seems to be typical of STAR TREK's attitude toward women. In "Change-

ling" Spock says of Uhura "That unit is a woman," to which Nomad responds, "A mass of conflicting impulses."

On the fannish side, take as an example the Star Trek Concordance by Dorothy Jones Heydt, in which Chapel is called "perhaps a bit addled" and is said to have "a strong tendency to wenchcraft." Also: "under the influence of the Psi 2000 virus, she flirted with every male in sight, including Spock who believed her foolish words...he avoids her as he can." All of this is misleading, and most of it is completely false.

It is unfair to call Chapel "addled" and imply that it is part of her personality. It is true that she was confused on several occasions. But that was always a temporary condition caused by the situation in which she found her-

self. She was sometimes ordered to do things which made little or no sense in the light of her training. For instance, striking a patient in a coma (translate: Spock in his healing trance in "Private Little War") sounds about as therapeutic as using leeches to bleed a patient. Of course, the technique works for Vulcans -- but I doubt if it could be found in the usual Terran medical journals. On other occasions, she came into a scene in the middle of the action with little or no instruction. The case which comes most readily to my mind is when McCoy ordered her to give Spock, who appeared to be in a coma, a salt-water injection ("By Any Other Name"). No one has told her that McCoy is only trying to deceive an alien enemy. In "Return to Tomorrow" there were six beings hopping back and forth like mental jack rabbits between three globes and three bodies. And one of those beings was trying to kill one of the others! Is it any wonder she gets a little confused from time to time?

"Wenchcraft" isn't in my dictionary, but "wench" is. It means: (a) a young woman, (b) a lewd woman: prostitute, (c) to consort with lewd women. If her alleged "wenchcraft" were the craft of any normal, young woman there would be no need to call attention to it. I sincerely hope (and believe) that the writer didn't mean what the other parts of the definition of "wench" imply! They should have chosen their words more carefully Much more carefully!

And "she flirted with every male in sight" must be closely allied with the Concordance's image of her "wenchcraft." But in "The Naked Time" the first real contact she has with a man is when Riley takes her hand ("affectionately," as the author states it). There was no provocation by Christine. And the only one she expresses love for is Spock. Never has STAR TREK so much as hinted that Christine Chapel is a flirt. On the contrary, except for the brief encounter with her first known love, Dr. Korby ("What Are Little Girls Made Of?"), STAR TREK has steadfastly emphasized her



*Alan E. Anderson*

17.05.71



devotion to Spock (e.g., "Amok Time," "Return to Tomorrow," "Mudd's Passion"). And it all started with "The Naked Time."

What Christine said to Spock in "The Naked Time" was, "I'm in love with you, Mr. Spock... I see things... how honest you are... you do have feeling... how we must hurt you... I don't want to, but I do love you." Are these "foolish" words? I think that, after she was free of the virus, Christine was probably embarrassed that she had told Spock how she felt. (After all, she was embarrassed when M'Benga told her Spock had heard her pour her heart out to him in "Private Little War.") But whether they are actually foolish or not is open to opinion. I think not.

And "he avoids her as he can" is, pardon the expression, pure hogwash. Spock has worked, directly or indirectly, with her a number of times. And he never indicated any objection to her participation. She, in turn, stuck to her professionalism and avoided emotional displays. I cite "Journey to Babel" (the discussions over the advisability of the blood production processes), "Deadly Years" and "Wink of an Eye" (lab scenes), "For the World Is Hollow and I Have Touched the Sky" (curing McCoy), "Paradise Syndrome" (restoring Kirk's memory). There were other times when they were both present in sickbay for one reason or another -- and neither of them gave any indication that there was anything at all between them (e.g., "Operation: Annihilate!" "Changeling," or "Terratin Incident").

In fan written stories, the kind of treatment Christine gets depends on the authors' degree of interest in Spock. (Whenever fan writers use her in a story, they almost always call her by her first name -- whether they like her or not!) The more fanatical members of Spock's flock tend to use her as a door mat. In "The Mifit" (Star Trek Showcase), it's the old nurse-likes-Spockpoo bit again; Christine seems to be there to polish the hero's halo. To my surprise, Chapel comes off rather sympathetically in the Kraith series. Lichtenberg even cites Chapel's courage and professionalism in "Spock's Nemesis" (Kraith III).

In "The Vigil" (T-Negative 7), Spock, who has been carrying on a marathon search/fast and relaying orders only through Conway, snubs Christine when she brings him a sandwich to the bridge. Then Christine gives Conway "a ferocious glare and Spock a worse one, and stomped off the bridge." This behavior seems completely out of character for Chapel. In "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" the author describes her as "a strong, calm woman, very much in control of herself," and, "she's not a hysterical woman." When she saw Andrea, she was suspicious, but there was never a scene like the one in "The Vigil." And it is doubtful there ever could have been, because the Korby/Chapel reunion in that episode was described as "restrained but genuine... propriety observed in the presence of others even now." In other words, she refrains from making emotional displays in public. And, in another instance, when she learned that T'Pol was Spock's wife, she was stunned -- and very quiet. (I suggest that in a situation like the one in "The Vigil," Chapel would simply withdraw as quietly as possible, go to her quarters and have a good cry, and avoid Spock and Conway until she could face them without breaking down. She has too much pride to put on a scene like the one mentioned above.)

Also, in "The Vigil," the authors say in connection with the sandwich incident, "Her concern [Chapel's] for Spock made her nervous and inefficient. My concern [Conway's] made me work harder." It sounds like a deliberate attempt to make Conway look good at Chapel's expense. It also contradicts the description of Chapel in "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" And the description of Chapel in "The Naked Time" refers to her "superb efficiency." When there's an emergency, or even just work to be done, in sickbay Nurse Chapel is right at hand, ready for McCoy's orders, ready with information he may need, doing lab work, anticipating his next steps ("Changeling," "Deadly Years," "Journey to Babel," "Spock's Brain," "Tholian Web," etc.).

In "The Letter" (T-Negative #8), a continuation of the same series of stories, "The Vigil" was part of, the authors seem to try to make amends for their treatment of Christine in "The Vigil." They say, "She [Chapel] took it [the Spock-Conway wedding] like an officer and a gentlewoman and gave me her recipe for plomik for a wedding present." Now, this sounds more like the Christine Chapel I know. But -- the authors can't quite bring themselves to be that generous with Christine. Spock doesn't like Chapel's plomik. Of course.

David Gerrold, who seems to like Nurse Chapel and all of STAR TREK's regulars, has some unusual comments on the relationship -- or apparent lack of it -- between Chapel and the bridge crew. He says that the bridge crew are, for dramatic purposes, basically only "functions of the starship" (Worlds of Star Trek, p. 29), and that Chapel was created to love Mr. Spock. From that he builds the ludicrous assumption that the bridge crew and Chapel are incompatible as personalities, that Scott, Sulu, Uhura, and Chekov are "unable to deal with her except strictly on the most professional level" (p. 30). It doesn't follow that, because they were created for different functions in the series, that there couldn't be friendship -- or "affection" -- between them. There's no evidence. We never saw enough of any of these characters' off-duty lives to know who their personal friends might be. But, before Chapel left to beam down to see Roger Korby ("What Are Little Girls Made Of?"), Uhura, who seems to like just about everyone, jumped up and hugged her. And Chapel used a pretty good Scottish brogue to tease Mr. Scott in "Lights of Zetar." Whether these instances indicate any friendship between the bridge crew and Chapel is anyone's guess, however.

Everyone seems to think of Chapel strictly as a nurse. But has she always been a nurse professionally? In "What

Are Little Girls Made Of?" Kirk says Chapel "gave up a career in bio-research to sign on this starship." The STAR TREK Writer's Guide says she "holds several degrees in research medicine." In any case, she is not simply a dispenser of pills and shots.

In "Naked Time" the author describes Chapel as "a perfect right hand" to McCoy. It seems that in the true sense of the word McCoy and Chapel are a team. On at least two occasions she has questioned his orders and only received a verbal slap in the face ("Operation: Annihilate!" and "By Any Other Name"). And she let him get away with it! (It is her duty to question any order that seems ambiguous or in error. She is legally responsible for the results of any order she carries out.) And on two other occasions she waited for him to give her the OK to follow someone else's orders ("Return to Tomorrow" and "Turnabout Intruder"). These four instances appear to indicate that her trust in McCoy's judgment is complete (It wasn't indecisiveness on her part. She has the grit to stand firm when she believes he is wrong -- as in "For the World Is Hollow and I Have Touched the Sky.") And McCoy returns the compliment by trusting her professionally. In "Lights of Zetar" he says that Chapel went over the brain circuitry pattern of Mira Romane and therefore, "There can't be an error."

But, for all of her efficiency and reserve, Christine Chapel is portrayed as a sympathetic woman on STAR TREK. She is soft, the way a woman is usually said to be soft. She is a woman who finds it easy to care about a group of orphaned children ("And the Children Shall Lead") and an emotionally disturbed scientist ("Turnabout Intruder"), and to love a wayfaring Vulcan. There had been no need for her to take a meal to Garrovick ("Obsession"). Yet she did, trying at the same time to cheer him up. And she displayed sympathy for Uhura while Uhura was relearning all that Nomad had wiped from her mind ("Changeling").

She is definitely attracted to people of integrity, humanity (in the sense of reverence for life), and intelligence. Spock called Dr. Korby, Christine's fiancé, "the Pasteur of archeological medicine" ("What Are Little Girls Made Of?"). Christine told Korby, "life was sacred to you then... it's what I first loved about you." And later, after that love ended tragically, and she finds she now loves Spock, she talks of his honesty ("Naked Time").

Despite any obvious intention, Christine Chapel seems to have evolved as a woman over the years. In the first two years, the situation remained fairly static. She was McCoy's right hand and straight man. And when the script called for it she got misty eyed over Spock or whatever patient happened to have the Disease of the Month. In the third year, Christine's love for Spock almost seemed forgotten; she still got misty eyed from time to time and was McCoy's right hand. Now that she is in animation, her love for Spock is back in force -- but there are also a few subtle changes in her personality. She seems less servile. More spunky.

In "Mudd's Passion" she wasn't as easily taken in by Mudd's glib talk as some might expect. She only used the Venus Drug after he convinced her that her idea of experimentation (chemical analysis) would destroy it. I was surprised to see her hold Mudd at bay in the shuttle hangar as firmly as she did. After all, she's a nurse -- not a security guard. On the other hand, there was the time she fell into the aquarium and had to be rescued by the big, brave captain ("Terratin Incident"). But... that's a life aboard a Saturday morning animation star ship! At least she redeemed her honor by managing to hang onto the mini-laser, which, by their relative sizes and weights at the time, probably should have pulled her straight to the bottom of the tank. And in "Lorelei Signal" her lapses into emotionalism were brief and reasonable under the circumstances.

In Nurse Christine Chapel we find an intelligent, capable, lovely, young woman. She's never been heard to say an unkind word against anyone -- not even against T'Pol. She has a kind of calm, reserved gentility. She is giving but, from what has been shown, has received little in return.

It can't be so difficult to wish her happiness -- now and in the future. Peace and long life. Christine.

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answers to Anne Braude's "Highly Logical":

Terran	Ythrian	Medeusan	Andorian	Vulcan
Tribble	Flat cat	baby Horta	Sehlat	PENGUIN
Card player	Poet	Musician	Fencer	Chess player
Milk	Oolong tea	Water	Saurian	Lemonade
			brandy	
Medical officer	Navigator	Communications officer	Engineering officer	Security officer

Flat cat -- The Rolling Stones by Robert Heinlein  
YTHRIAN -- People of the Wind by Poul Anderson

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SPOCK MUSES ON MOBY DICK, CLOUD-CREATURES, AND OBSESSIONS  
by Ruth Berman

"I can't see me in Queequeg's role," said Spock. "Well, you might do for Ishmael," said McCoy. "The Enterprise won't fit the Pequod's dock," Spock said, ignoring him, "and yet I toy with this disquieting idea, that Kirk, in his obsession with a strange, white creature, Like Ahab, has forgotten his true work, That is, to keep us as a prime-time feature."

*F*IRST *B*ELOVED  
by Melisa Michaels

The first sign of something wrong that Christine noticed was just after the Enterprise had gone, leaving her alone on the planet with Mr. Spock. At best it was an awkward situation, a fact which Christine realized was her own fault. She turned to eye Spock dubiously, only too aware of his displeasure with her presence, and saw to her alarm that his hands were shaking.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

He closed his communicator and shoved it into his belt, then clasped his hands behind his back, out of her sight, and fixed her with his unfathomable dark gaze. "As I'm sure you are well aware, Nurse Chapel," he said stiffly, "if there were nothing amiss we would not be here. Since we are, I would suggest that we set out immediately so that I can make an effort to rectify matters as soon as possible."

She felt sure he knew he hadn't answered her question, but the look in his eyes kept her from speaking further. Instead, she bent to pick up her pack and gestured toward the path before

them. "After you, sir," she said demurely.

He shouldered his own pack and started down the path before her. His long frame bent against the weight of the pack. Christine smiled wistfully and hurried to keep up. When she had first learned they were to be stranded here, she had thought nothing could be more wonderful. If he was forced to spend time alone with her, surely he would have to acknowledge her presence... Maybe even make friends....

But she knew better already. Had known better, really, all along. This cold distance was the only defence he knew against her love. And it was her own fault he felt defence was needed. Hadn't she always leapt at every weakening, watched for every sign of human emotion within him? She had known, perhaps better than anyone except himself, what those moments cost him in peace of mind and self respect. But in her desperation she had been unable to care, and now she knew it had cost her, too. He never could have loved her anyway, but now his friendship would always be withheld as well.

The worst of it was to know there was nothing else he could do. Sometimes she desperately wished they had never met till she'd had a chance to do a little emotional growing up on her own -- But even that, she realized, would have been impossible; it was loving him that had matured her, more than anything.

First beloved/not forgotten/stranger.... The words of the old poem repeated themselves in her mind as she squinted her eyes against the harsh yellow sun and half-walked, half-ran behind him, determined not to ask for rest. First beloved stranger/in the shadow of a statue/watching/with tears in his eyes....\*

If she hadn't met Spock, it would have been someone else she would have "loved" on the rebound when she knew Roger was gone. But Spock was there, and in his strangeness and his forever lostness he was the perfect object for her bewildered affection. And "object" was the right word, too; it had been months before she had thought of him as a

\* Corrina, "Too Many Midnights."





real person, separate from the image she had built. Even now she wondered sometimes how much of him she really saw, and how much was obscured by the image she had created to fit him before she knew who he was.

The ground they covered was barren and dry, and there were sharp rocks all over the path. Space Service uniform boots were never meant for cross-country hikes, though Christine was not the first person to think they should have been. The air was as dry as the earth, and there was no wind to carry away the dust of their passing. She breathed hot acridness and wondered almost bitterly if it felt like home to Spock.

If she hadn't met Spock she would have loved someone else on the rebound, but no one else could have forced her to mature as he had. She wondered if he knew, and decided not, or perhaps he would be less cautious with her now. Because she had learned, and she had grown, and her love for him now was mature and undemanding -- If love unshared can be called love at all. Sometimes she wondered about that, too.

You worry too much, Christine. Roger said that, long years ago now, but it was still true, and she knew it. How do you learn not to worry? How do you learn not to think? First beloved stranger... She forced herself to concentrate on her footing and on keeping up with Spock, nothing more. Moments later, he touched her arm, and she found herself staring up into his eyes. They were gentle upon her, almost anxious. So soon? she thought, then realized it wasn't exactly her own thought, and shook her head in confusion.

"We're near the barrier," he said. "The dome is just on the other side of this rise. You'll have to keep moving, Christine. It's not far, now."

She started to say, I am moving, then realized she must have been standing still for several moments, still thinking she was walking. "I'm



sorry," she muttered vaguely, and with a great effort of will lifted one foot after the other, walking beside him, terribly aware of his hand on her elbow. But when she looked at him, his face shifted and blurred, and she wondered if he was really there at all. "Spock?" she asked, her voice a terrified wail even to her own ears.

"It's all right," he said soothingly -- or did he say it? She answered him in Vulcan, then nearly screamed when she realized what she'd done. She neither understood nor spoke Vulcan -- How could she have answered -- Thought she answered --

"It's all right, Nurse Chapel. Christine."

It was the first time in far too long that she had heard him address her that way. He only did in moments of stress -- She wanted to laugh, to touch his face, to answer him -- But before she could speak she knew with a sense of crushing defeat exactly why he had spoken her first name. Only to soothe her, as one comforts a child. No emotion for her but the concern and kindness he would feel for a sick animal --

But I'm not sick, she thought, and closed her eyes.

"...Not far," he was saying. "You can almost see it from here. Just over the rise -- Keep moving, it'll be all right --"

Such a long speech, for Spock. Maybe she'd been right when she thought it must be someone else. Surely Spock would never say so much, just to comfort her --

She glanced at him again, and his features blurred, then shifted horribly and she found herself staring into the eyes of a madman -- a stranger -- faces of a stranger --

I'm big on poetry this afternoon, she thought. There was an unreal quality to the world around her -- a sense of transience, of impermanence, of vague foolishness -- She stifled hysterical laughter. Keep your head, Christine, she thought. Beware the unnatural clarity -- The sun was very bright, very hot. She was not accustomed to sunlight at all. It shimmered -- it reflected off the hard sky like a mirror. It burned her skin and brought hot tears to her eyes. Someone spoke to her, and she answered in Vulcan, with no surprise this time. It was as natural as sunlight -- Nothing was quite right in this shimmering sunlight, this brilliant hurting yellow-whiteness that glittered so harshly even on the dust motes in the air -- Bright patterns there. Pretty patterns. Eternal. Eternal weariness. She was conscious, vaguely, of Spock somehow floating in and out of her field of vision, and felt a warm rush of love for him. Poor Spock. Lost in the pretty patterns -- Could he see them? Would he recognize their timelessness, their bright place in the world? Or were they wasted on his poor, lost, halfbreed eyes? The human half would see them, the Vulcan half reject them -- What would be left, then?

She was struck, suddenly, with the impermanence of things. The sun, the dust motes, the patterns -- even Spock, with his eternally wary, bewildered loneliness -- Even he would not exist forever. The thought was neither sobering nor amusing -- "Poor Spock," she said aloud. But it didn't matter. Spock kills himself slowly, in little pieces, bleeding all over his life and times, crushing his dreams one by one because there is no surcease and no hiding place from his own divided consciousness. That wasn't quite right, either. She had a strong sense that Spock knew his own strengths and his limitations, and that his dichotomized soul was not the only reason for his chosen separation from the rest of mankind -- Of human-kind, a voice corrected

within her; technically Spock was not human, but humanoid. Old racial separation, her mind said slowly. Prejudice? Forgotten word; forgotten connotations. Mankind has come a long way, she thought. But not Spock? Is he more civilized, or less? Does it matter? Surely love is enough.

He had stopped. She saw that; took a long moment understanding it, then stopped too. Mind working -- filing system sorting through --

"Spock?" she asked. No answer. He was looking at her -- through her -- with a calm patience which frightened her. They were alone. In all this bright, hard world, they were alone. The red sand was hot under her feet -- She felt it even through her boots, and looked down for a moment, puzzling it out. Sunlight, she decided. Somehow caught in the sand -- Bright moving patterns of it caught, clutching at her feet -- Experimentally she shifted, found she could still move her feet, and shrugged.

I've failed.

She looked up suddenly, startled out of her contemplation. "Spock?"

I am damned. This bright world in pieces -- Earth to harbour me -- This sun is not my own. Images of other places caught at her mind. Fleeting glimpse of dancing girls -- Ritual bells like whispers on the wind -- Bright eyes, pointed ears, laughing voices -- Silence. Get out! Leave me alone!

Was that him, or me? she asked herself, wondering, but not alarmed. They stood there for a long time, staring at each other across that bright land, and she saw beads of sweat form on the Vulcan's forehead. His eyes were hard, cold, watching her.

...And the sound of ritual bells in the still air. Distant hills shimmering in the heat... And the sound of ritual bells. Someone waiting... Sunset, and the sound of bells. Bright march of silent figures over the land. Something -- Not quite memory -- The image was gone. Fleeting instant of despair -- Something there I should understand -- She was dismayed, a feeling of something important, lost now -- Always a feeling, understanding just beyond her grasp -- The workings of the universe, lost now --

"Don't touch me," he said aloud.



"How could I?" she asked. "I am at least -- " she calculated quickly, coldly -- "twelve feet from you."

"Don't touch me," he repeated woodenly.

She understood, then, for the first time, what was happening. "Oh, God," she said. All those images, all those bright visions of another world -- The universe tilted crazily. Involuntarily, she put out her hands, as if across this distance she could touch him. And he winced back, away from her -- Accepting my reality, she thought. I think I can touch him, and he pulls away. All those bright images....

And then she understood the other part of it. Not just his images in her head. She wanted to laugh, to cry, to run away -- And she stood still, feet rooted to the hard red earth. From twelve feet away and a strange pair of eyes, she looked oddly distorted. Like a warped mirror. Not the way she saw herself, at all. She looked older, and somehow more vulnerable -- She looked more hurt, and more hurting -- She looked silly, with her outstretched arms only now falling to her sides -- Her hair untidy around her face -- Her face. Not the gentle face, the plain familiar not-quite-pretty face she saw in her mirror. Distorted out of proportion. Hard lines around her mouth. Cold light in her eyes. Cheekbones more angular -- I've lost my baby fat, she thought irrelevantly. Yet it was not a face without beauty. Even now, mouth opened in a silent scream, eyes hard shut against impossible visions --

She clutched her head helplessly and fell to the ground, still screaming, writhing with inexpressible pain -- My body or his? she asked, and dared not open her eyes to see. Not when the question came out more like My body or mine?

There was a feeling of falling. Nauseating vertigo. A sense of having lost something. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry" she said. He opened his eyes and was surprised to be still standing. Looked at his -- her -- body crumpled helplessly on the red sand, crying. "I'm sorry," he repeated. Then -- "No." Those are not my words -- Thought desperately of his station on the bridge, of all the paraphernalia of his work, because that was a separate thing -- Separation.



Experienced for the first time, with infinitely gentle pain, with a strange sense of duality. Separation. Mine? Hers? His? You can't run away from yourself. Man of two worlds, man of no world at all. Alone. For all of time, alone. It doesn't have to be that way, he/she thought, and rejected the implications. "You're very strong," he said in surprise -- or meant to say. The words his mouth formed were "I'm very strong." No separation here. No safety in definitions. No security of identity --

"I'm going crazy," she said wonderingly. "You are twelve feet away from me. Not here, in my mind -- "

"Good," he said quickly, urgently. Voice full of unspoken pain. Her pain, or his? "Christine. Keep that thought. I



am twelve feet away from you -- " and there are bursting bubbles of bright painful dreams in my mind -- "Christine, get up." He made his voice harsh, though it hurt (the pain is not my own. I am Vulcan).

"I am Vulcan," she repeated senselessly, dragging herself unsteadily to her feet. "It doesn't hurt. I am Vulcan." There was a glazed look in her eyes, a dull, dumb, animal look it hurt him to see. Genuine hurt, his own. He knew that. There were some things perhaps it was as well he could not overcome -- "

"Now, walk," he said, forcing the words through clenched teeth. No need now to hide his shaking hands; she knew his terror as her own. Fear of this moment, fear of this place, fear of this semblance of insanity, this loss of privacy that was like a hard, cold knife in his mind --

She walked. Slowly, stumbling, one foot after the other, she walked, and the action seemed to increase the clarity of her mind. This was what had been wrong with Spock. He knew this would happen. Something about this place drew their minds together, and he had immense control over his own, but it was up to her to keep her thoughts private. Love for him welled up again in her mind and she realized, with startling clarity, that it was a weapon against the invisible force that threatened them. Loving him made her separate -- Brought a warm, tangible feeling of their two-ness that gave her something to hold to. This was not the time to question her love. Real or not, it kept her from merging (for it's not me I love; it's Spock, not my image of Spock, not a projection of my mind -- )

Love like a weapon between us Oh, yes, Spock. I am strong. First beloved -- She looked at the frozen animal wariness in his eyes, and almost smiled. Here is my strength, Spock, she thought. The love you deny -- Have to deny -- For now she knew as she otherwise never could have, all the diverse longings of his mind, and she knew why he would never love her. Could never love her. Understood, too, her own love; once it had served this purpose, it would change. Or her attitude toward it would. She understood, now. Love had not been love at all. Not for the two of them.

Not you and me, she thought. No. Not us. My eyes climb too deep inside you hungry and with love. I might touch too many tender secrets -- Already I

know you too well, and if there were no other reasons, this nightmare would be enough. This madness we've shared. I've watched your slender shadows pulled taut in terror and trembling naked beneath my mind. I've watched the ghost of unnamed forever crawling across your face; Not us. Not you and me. We got too close, and both of us will run away now. Too many years -- To late to play games. You've seen what I am, and now I'm going to run like hell. Blind, screaming, running out of every last daydream thick with mid-nights -- I can't play games with my mind around you anymore. You know why I love you. Because you are unattainable. Because I am afraid. And I can't stand your pity, Spock, and you can't stand my pain. I haven't your strength to stand apart on -- I am not Vulcan, I'm only a woman, alone and afraid. But I've built my separation well, and I will keep it. No more dreams -- We've both seen what I am now; we both know. Roger is gone, and I am as alone as you. There is no love for either of us. Not you or me. Not ever.

"There's the dome," he said. She looked ahead, and in the sunlight the dome glistened darkly, ambiguous omen, vague portent of some unspoken future -- "We're near the edge of the barrier," he said.

It was anticlimactic. It was too prosaic -- Her mind couldn't comprehend. What happened to them had been a private, personal event. Beyond the power of barriers and force fields -- Beyond the ken of science. Beyond the reaches of ordinary things. Yet now as they crossed the last rise and the barrier was passed (she felt like dancing, singing -- The world was her own again, her dreams safe, her images caught like price tags on her soul -- ), she knew it had been an outside force that had caused it. A meaningless, impersonal barrier. She shook her head and stood still, staring at the dome. No wonder Spock hadn't wanted her along. And yet, without her, he might never have come through at all. She knew that, though she didn't know why. She didn't question the knowledge. Instead, she turned to look at the familiar angularity of his features and thought, We have shared an experience that was terrifying for me, and must have been sheer hell for him -- Half Vulcan, with all the Vulcan terror of insanity and need of privacy -- How brave he is. And how strong. Aloud she said, "What in heaven's name is so almighty important it needs a protective barrier like that?"

"Nothing," he answered enigmatically, and led her down the slope toward the dome.

So much for love, she thought. And life. And death. She shook her head; after-images from the field they'd passed

through? Her brain garbled forever now, half cooked, confused? Half-phrases of philosophy to remain with her like demons seeking refuge in the corners of her mind? Bits and pieces of Spock to pop out at her at awkward moments far in the unfathomable future? Silently she followed him, noting almost clinically that his usually rounded shoulders seemed to sag more now, and his steps were as heavy, as dragging as her own. So the thing had some effect on him, too. Now I know your secret, Spock. You are a living creature, not quite made of stone. You have imperfect control over the biological organism that houses your inner being. The world can yet affect even you. She smiled at that, grimly, and quickened her pace to keep up with him.

She was not prepared for what they met within the dome. Or rather, who they met. Waiting inside, expecting them, space service uniform neat and clean -- She noticed absurd details and filed them unthinking -- Face white with other-wise concealed emotion, blue eyes dark and deeper than Spock's own, filled with pain -- Surrounded by electronic equipment and all the pitiful accoutrements of bachelor living (single bed, unmade; hot plate with pot of thick, day-old coffee, tube of beard remover absently left lying on floor near washbasin -- ), he waited, and when he saw Christine he almost smiled. Then looked at Spock, gentle light gone from his eyes, replaced with terrifying bleakness -- She wanted to reach out to comfort him, but by effort of sheer will stood still.

"You made it all right," he said hoarsely, and cleared his throat. "I was afraid you might not."

Spock looked at him, one eyebrow raised. "Obviously, Lieutenant," he said gravely.

"I wasn't even sure," began the lieutenant, clearing his throat again; he spoke like one who has been silent for a very long while. "That is, this is a pretty isolated planet. I wasn't sure anyone would hear the distress signal." He paused, and ran one hand through his not-quite-too-long, dark hair.

"I am Commander Spock, first officer of the starship Enterprise," Spock said abruptly. "This is Nurse Christine Chapel."

"I'm Lieutenant Brody," said the lieutenant, and then smiled bleakly. "Obviously."

Christine looked from Spock to Brody and back again. "Obviously?" she asked. "Spock, if it wouldn't be asking too much, could I ask what's going on here?"

Brody looked at her in surprise. "You don't know?" he asked.

"Nurse Chapel," explained Spock, "was on a landing party when we received your distress signal. She had wandered away from the others, without a communicator." His look told them both what he thought of that little omission. Everybody needs a time to cry, she thought. With wind blowing and earth underfoot... She must have kept at least that moment secret, or perhaps he wouldn't show such disapproval now. "Since the Enterprise was needed elsewhere, hastily, he was saying, 'there was no recourse but to beam the others back and send me down to answer your call and, if possible, find Nurse Chapel in time to beam her back aboard. I did not discover her whereabouts until the Enterprise was out of range, so she was obliged to accompany me."

"I see," said Brody.

Spock was eyeing the electronic equipment with obvious fascination. "The information we received was scanty," he said. "Are you familiar with any of the equipment?"

"Only the communications system," said Brody. "The rest was -- Mason's -- responsibility."

"Hmmm," said Spock. He approached a control board curiously and within moments was immersed in his investigation.

"Can I offer you anything?" Brody asked Christine. "Coffee? Lemonade?" He seemed to be recovering his poise, now -- Gaining self-confidence in a difficult situation. Easy to see he had been alone for some time -- Adjustment to presence of strangers was not entirely a simple matter, after prolonged isolation.

"Lemonade," Christine said thankfully. Not that stale coffee. Something cold, after the terrible hot sun outside.

"Was the Barrier very bad?" he asked, opening the refrigerator door. Then, before she could answer, he smiled wryly. "Of course it was. That's what it's for. I'm surprised they sent a Vulcan -- But then, he had a better chance with you along. Maybe good for him the ship was gone when he found you."

He poured a glass of lemonade, dropped in a handful of crushed ice, and smiled again, handing it to her. "All the amenities of home," he said. "Except the little things. Freedom. Companionship. Would you like to hear some music? All the latest recordings of the greatest composers. Popular music, too. Poetry readings. The computer is well-prepared. Noise enough for two. Three. Perhaps a small crowd. If a small crowd could be found. I'm sorry; I'm rambling. Sit down? May as well; there's nothing either of us can do now. It's all up to Spock; his job, now. Is he good? Must be, or they wouldn't have sent him, right? Freedom or eternity -- Or the barrier again. It's his choice, now."

Christine stared at him, nearly spilling her drink in the act of sitting down -- More suddenly than she'd intended -- The barrier again? Funny she hadn't thought of that

before; if there was no other way in, was it true there was also no other way out? Oh, no. Not that. Not again.

"What is it?" Brody asked, gentle eyes concerned.

"I -- It hadn't occurred to me, before," she said with difficulty. "The barrier. Will we have to go through it again? To get out?"

"I sincerely hope not," Brody said, bitter half-smile twisting his lips. "You see, I can't. Not at all. And you can't beam through it, either -- as you may have guessed. If Spock can't turn it off, I'm stuck. It's like that, for some people. They don't know why, yet. But it's probably one of the reasons I was chosen as communications man here. No chance I'd get tired of the job, run away, leave Mason alone -- No place to run. None at all. Outside, out there with the barrier -- Instant insanity, for me. They don't know why, yet. That's what they're working on. One of the things. It's supposed to be a secret, all of it; but you know enough now, anyway. I couldn't help that, could I? I couldn't just sit here, with Mason gone -- All their expensive equipment wasted -- By the time they came by for the quarterly supply dump, who knows? Anything could have happened. I wasn't expected just to sit and wait, surely."

"What's your first name, Lieutenant?" Christine asked gently. His eyes were deep, haunted pools of darkness. Loneliness. And yet, there was a tenderness within him -- Concern -- He saw her, as a real person, a real entity separate from himself; she could tell that. Even in his own pain and confusion, he recognized her individuality. He had not shared her soul, as Spock had, yet he saw her better than Spock did. Or so it seemed. And she wanted to touch him, to comfort him, to reach the tender places within him and soothe his fears.

"Jason," he said. "That's my real name -- Brody isn't. Lieutenant isn't my real rank, either. Not supposed to say that. Secrecy. Here in the middle of nowhere, parses away from the nearest human being, stick to the code name at all costs. Secrecy. Don't divulge anything that could cost the Service its precious weapons -- You're a nurse. D'you keep professional confidence, like a doctor? It doesn't matter. I couldn't tell a doctor, either." He paused, out of breath, and ran one hand through his hair again. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not making much sense. It's been a long time." He didn't say a long time since what. A long time alone; a long time lost; a long time hurt -- It didn't matter. She didn't ask.

"Jason," she said, "it's all right."

"Fascinating," said Spock behind them. Neither of them looked up.

"This is a secret installation," Christine hazarded. "A test area. A new defense -- You and your partner were to work on it here. What happened to him?"

"Gone," said Jason. "Outside. I suppose he's dead by now. It's been over a week. You can't live long out there. Nothing to eat, to drink, and always the barrier. I think he's lost in the barrier. Was lost. He wasn't entirely sane, the last few weeks. They didn't prepare us for that. Seepage. The barrier within. It got to him. They didn't make provisions for that. Their sacred scientists are inviolable. Immune. Untouchable. They don't expect miscalculations. They don't prepare for mistakes. Mason made a mistake, I think. This was his project. Operation Tiffany. He didn't expect it to touch him, too."

"The barrier?" she asked.

"The Barrier," he repeated, sipping lemonade, like afternoon High Tea with the Vicar from an old romantic novel. She smiled at that image, and he smiled, too, confused, uncertain. "It reaches in," he said. "Mason couldn't control it. It's like a live thing, now. An enemy. It got Mason. Now it'll try to get us. If Spock can't handle it." He shook his head. "Maybe it's already reaching me. It takes time, but it reaches in. I've been here a long time, now." Christine, he thought, and she started. Oh, no, not that. Not you or me. Not now, not again....

But it was different with him. Not the alien-ness of Spock. Not the terrible two-ness of them. No dichotomy here; only Jason, only Christine. She felt his hatred of the barrier, and let the comfort of her own security envelope it. Spock can handle this. You'll be all right, Jason. We'll be all right. Spock knows his work well. First beloved stranger -- She wondered with a start which of them she really loved. If she loved at all. If love were a real consideration -- She felt it like a tangible thing, this love she had feared and fought against and sought out blindly all the while -- Love. What is love? Roger gone, but love was not entirely his province alone. He held no patent, no private rights to her personal being. Jason, how can I love you? What do I know of you? Who are you?

Dangerous ground. She dodged the thought, worked around it, looked the other way. Let love potenter here. Some safe subject. Something to cling to --

"Are you hungry?" she asked. "Is there anything to eat? I could fix dinner for us all." They talked about safe things, after that. And after a while they didn't bother to talk at all. Dinner was a silent meal, with Spock still lost in his computations and Christine and Jason comfortable with their mutual differences. The future would care for itself. In some way neither of them tried to understand, they were safe in each other's presence. Neither of them was afraid anymore. Beyond that, they didn't care. And Spock, as always, drew on his own strength, apart from all others, powerful in his aloneness, safe in his separation. All that night he worked alone while the two of them



slept, Christine on the bed and Jason curled on the floor near her. In sleep, their hands touched, and Christine smiled.

By morning the Enterprise had returned. They couldn't communicate much, through the barrier, but she made them aware of her presence, and Jason sent out a message of hope in response. Yet they were trapped. The Enterprise just outside, just beyond, just out of reach, and they were trapped. Spock alone knew how near, or far, they were from release, and he didn't speak. Only silently gulped the breakfast Christine prepared and went back to his work. And they were powerless to help him. Unable to do anything but wait silently, watching, with all the while a growing awareness of each other they neither wanted nor struggled against. Only accepted patiently, and when they spoke it was of other, more prosaic things.

Christine began to clean the room. Jason started to help her, but she waved him away, and with a shrug he moved back to his chair and sat, content just to be watching her. She put on a fresh pot of coffee and made the bed, washed the dishes, swept the floor; the red dust seeped in, even here, and she swept it back out again with a vengeance. Jason cringed, then smiled when she opened the door. The demons are only in my mind, he thought. Not outside the door. Christine smiled at him -- in response to his thought, or only to his smile? He had no way of knowing. It didn't matter. There was no danger there.

And with them always, the knowledge; if Spock failed, the barrier was outside. Could come inside, if he made a mistake. Could come in after them, ravage their little haven, destroy them. Or it could just stay outside, in spite of Spock's efforts, and they would stay inside, until the food and water ran out. Or Jason would. Christine and Spock could try the barrier again. Would try, she supposed. She cringed from the thought, but couldn't escape it; in any case she and Spock would go. Whether Jason went with them or not. She cursed the Federation, cursed Chance and Fate and Hopelessness, and still knew; she and Spock would try to go out again, whatever happened. And Jason might be forever damned. Doomed. Lost. Alone.

Of course, there was the chance -- the hope -- Spock might find a way to turn the thing off. Destroy it. Kill it. There was that possibility, too. And then the Enterprise could collect them all. It was a better possibility; something to hope for. But it didn't satisfy. Still there was something wrong. Whatever happened, there was something wrong. Things didn't work out quite right; all possibilities led to the same thing. The three of them, separate, lost, alone. Forever. We are very private people, Christine thought. We are three people who, even together, can't stop being alone. We don't know how. We don't know anything else. It's what we are. She didn't know if that was good or bad, and didn't care; only knew that whatever happened wouldn't satisfy, and she didn't want to think beyond this moment; beyond standing in this doorway, staring out at the sun-bright sand, with the knowledge of Jason nearby and the world a quiet place. Not quite peace. Not quite safety. But she was comfortable.

Spock stopped his work and sat back, looking at the controls. He didn't speak, but both Christine and Jason were instantly aware of the difference in his attitude, and both of them turned to look at him. He gazed back, impassive eyes revealing nothing, for a long moment. His hands were trembling again. His face a little pale. Christine noted that, and without knowing what she did she moved to Jason's side and took his hand. Still none of them spoke. There was no need. The barrier had come inside them all, seeped in through their defenses, crawled into their minds. And the three of them, each entirely alone with himself, were also alone with each other. There was no longer need for words between them. It wasn't that the thing made them telepathic; they simply knew one another too well for words. Christine and Jason didn't know what Spock was thinking. But they knew the meaning of his silence, his trembling hands, the cold light of fear in his eyes mixed with hope and something like anger. And the three of them looked at each other, as if waiting for the moment to pass.

Jason glanced at the communications equipment. Spock shook his head. So there would be no final message. No last communication. No dreams for the damned... Christine ran her hand through her hair, unaware of the action, the imitation; it wasn't imitation. They were alone, and they were not alone. They knew each other too well. There were beads of sweat on Spock's forehead. He can't stand much more of this, she thought. He needs his privacy even more than we do.

"Do it," she said aloud. And then they were committed. To whatever happened. It was as if they had waited for some signal, some indication, and Christine's utterance satisfied. Spock turned back to his controls, and Christine squeezed Jason's hand. As if physical contact would protect them. There wasn't time for anything else.

For one terrible, eternal instant, she/they thought it had gone wrong. Thought he/they had failed (we/I am lost...) For one terrible, eternal instant, it reached inside for them, threw them all together in one mad, bewildered, weary being-ness --

There was cold. There was terror. She/they screamed, and clutched at nothing, fingers closing like claws on air. There was nothing. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, nothing. Everything. Thoughts tangled beyond recall. Images shattered against each other. Castles falling. Darkness. Light. Nothing complete, nothing whole, nothing separate. Three parts do not make a whole... Three lost don't make one found...

I am Vulcan. I am Vulcan. I am Jason. I am Christine. I am Vulcan. This is delusion, this is reality, this is all.

She/they felt falling, felt terror, felt the Outside thing tearing at their guts, wrenching their minds, felt for an instant that one-ness was not damnation, then realized one-ness was a lie. (We/I am alone...)

And then it was over. They were still standing/sitting in the little room, and Christine still held Jason's hand, only now it was her hand holding his, not mine holding mine. Brief scenes observed through each other's eyes faded back into the limbo of memory, not ever to be forgotten but at least escaped for now. The world shifted back into proper perspective and Jason smiled.

"It's gone," he said, wonderingly, clinging to Christine's hand like a frightened child.

"It's over," she told him. "We can go now." We are alone.

Spock rose, and shakily walked to the communications console to call the Enterprise.

We are alone, she thought. For better or for worse, in sickness or in health. We are alone. Goodbye, Jason. Goodbye, Spock, first beloved, first-lost. Goodbye, Roger. It was hell, while it lasted. But now we're alone again. Now maybe each of us has learned enough to try to live with that. If that lesson is ever learned, then will be the time for love. Whatever love is. I think it will be a good thing. When I'm ready. But I am not ready now.

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Spock's Nemesis Part II by Jacqueline Lichtenberg  
The Pastel Terror by Larry Niven  
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#18 October 1972

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The Face on the Bar-room Floor by Eleanor Arnason & Ruth Berman  
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Old Time Review (of "The Lieutenant")  
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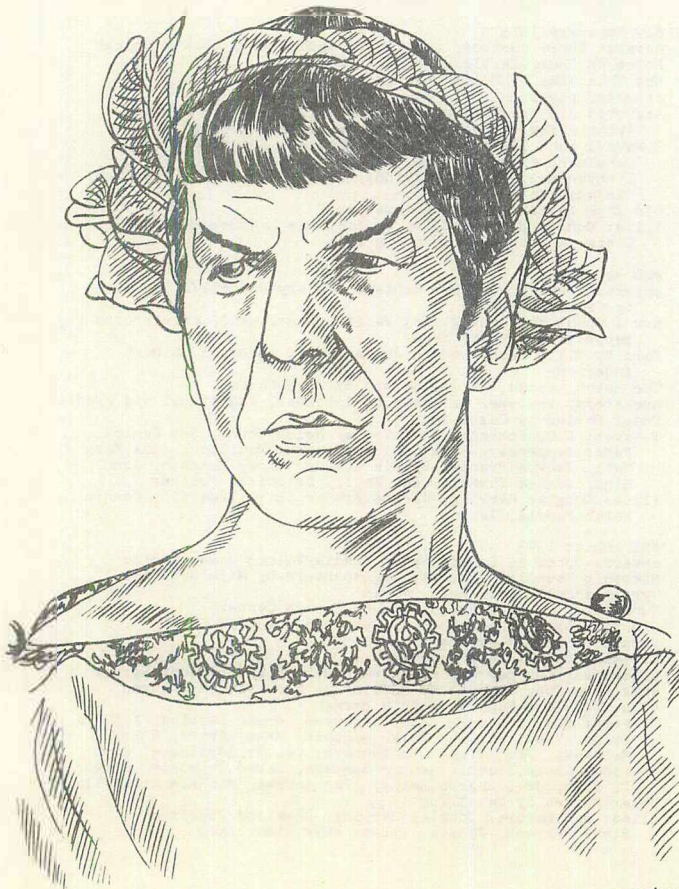
covers: Elizabeth Dehner by Alan Andres/USS Enterprise on the bridge by Doug Herring  
Ritual in the Kraith Universe by Joyce Yasner  
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"Who Mourns for Adonais" montage by Cory Correll  
And Burned is Apollo's Laurel Bough by Ruth Berman  
Yr Hufen Maly'n The Yellow Cream (cf. "Lorelei Signal")  
Uhura's Hum ("Once Upon a Planet") transcribed by Steve VanderArk  
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Booklegger Magazine #1 Nov.-Dec. 1973, "Tribble Fever" by Jerri Quinn (of LA Public Library) in column "Se Habla Y.A. Aquí" edited by Patty Campbell, pp. 51-54. (On possible uses of ST for library programs.)

AP, c. February 1974, article on NY ST con, various titles various papers, by Malcolm Carter

Citizen Journal (Columbus OH), April 13, 1974, "'Planet Earth'/'Trek' creator may have new series," by David Drake. p. 32. (A description of the show & cast.)

Monster Times, June 1974, "Star Trek Lives!" p. 9 (photos from NY ST con); "An Exclusive TMT Interview With William Shanter," pp. 10-11 (standard summary of past roles, current projects, comments value of ST); a cast photo printed on center sheet pp. 16-17; "Trek Talk," p. 27 (a column of ST news, since then appearing regularly in TMT -- not likely to have much that will be news to those getting a couple ST fanzines).

Bluefield (WV) Daily Telegraph, letters on "The Magicks of Megas-tu," from Sandra Hedrick deploring its praise of the devil (February 24, 1974) and from Janice Scott deploring such a misinterpretation of the episode (April 7).

Los Angeles Herald Tribune, April 16, 1974, "Compromises" by Morton Moss, p. B-4 (Interview with WS, mainly about "The Four Lives of Benjamin Franklin," as he has a role in the fourth episode of the group).

San Francisco Chronicle, "Star Trek Still Spellbinds 'Em," by Royce Brier, (a standard set of speculations on why the show remains popular).

TV Guide, April 27, 1974, "What Makes a Hit?" by Edith Efron, pp. 2-4, 6-7 (interview with Lee Rich, Grant Tinker, Quinn Martin, & GR -- some interesting comments, although mostly all four stick to self-advertisement).

syndicated column by Joan Crosby, c. April 1974, (amusing account of her playing a small role, Kyla, in "Planet Earth," plus anecdotes about the production).

AP, c. April 1974, article by Jerry Buck (description of "Planet Earth").

Read Magazine, April 26, 1974, (annual Student Issue, most of the material written by high school students), "Star Heck" by Garry Nolan and Christopher Johnson, pp. 4-8 (reasonably clever parody).

State Journal (Lansing MI), April 14, 1974, "Fans Enjoy 'Galaxy Ride' with Star Trek's Nimoy," by David Bohardt (short description of an appearance at MSU by Nimoy).

Minneapolis Tribune, April 21, 1974, "What's doing?/Entertainment news/'Star Trek' man is back with new TV pilot," by Irv Letofsky, pp. 1D, 5D (description of "Planet Earth," containing more anecdotes and longer than most such).

Miami Herald, April 21, 1974, "Women Rule, and Men Are Slaves," by Jack E. Anderson, p. 3 (description "Planet Earth").

Fighting Stars, April 1974, Vol I no 4, Rainbow Publications (5455 Wilshire #1814 LA 90036), "William Shatner, Mister Versatility," by Steve Jacques, pp. 30-35 plus cover (interview with WS on his interest in martial sports; interesting photos of him practicing karate by Ed Ikuta).

Show December 1973 "Otto Preminger Directs a Play" by Henry Weil, pp. 62-65 (interesting description of work on "Full Circle" -- includes material about Nimoy and photos of him in rehearsal).

New York Times, December 23, 1973, "Is This Why We Go On Raising Cain?" by Fay Beauchamp, p. D19 (interesting article on tv use of halfbreeds and outcasts, especially Spock and Caine).

LA Times, January 23, 1974, "The Mechanics of Portraying a Robot," by Cecil Smith (description "Questor" & Foxworth).

Minneapolis Star, January 24, 1974, "'Star Trek' Given a Rest" by Forrest Powers, p. 23B (a plea from the local syndication channel to fans to stop protesting absence of ST, as it would return later).

Miami Herald February 15, 1974, "'Star Trekkies' Gathering," by Jay Maeder (about Miami SF & Comics group ST con)

Democrat & Chronicle (Rochester NY), "Leonard Nimoy Sang," by Mary Rita Kurycki, pp. 1C-2C, February 15, 1974. (interview in connection with Shrine Circus appearance)

Times Union (Rochester NY), "His Star Trek Is Over," by Bob Dardenne, February 16, 1974 (similar; also contains comments by Nimoy about his two poetry/photo books).

Philadelphia Inquirer, February 20, 1974, "12,000 at Star Trek Convention Know a Klingon When They See One," by Lee Winfrey, p. 10-C (description NY ST con).

LA Times, "Cher's Swinging Surprise Party," February 22, 1974, by James Bacon, p. B-4 (includes cutesy description of "Planet Earth"). March 5, 1974, "When the World Ran Out Of Gas," by Cecil Smith, Part IV pp. 1, 11 (straightforward description).

San Francisco Chronicle, April 29, 1972, "The Tenth Planet Theory/Astrologers Suspected All Along," by Lena Baker, p. 4 (an astrologer attempts to identify possible new planet with Vulcan of both ST and astrology).



Galaxy, Vol 34 No 8, September 1973, "Galaxy Bookshelf," by Theodore Sturgeon, praise of David Gerrold's work, including The World of Star Trek and The Trouble with Tribbles, pp. 86-87.

Zoo World, August 30, 1973, "Books," by Harold Waldrop (similar to above).

Crawdaddy, April 2, 1972, "Klaatu Borada Nikto, But Star Trek Lives," by Mike Olshan, p. 12 (description of '72 NY ST Con).

LA Herald-Examiner TV Weekly, August 17, 1974, "Back to Earth" by Frank Torrez, p. 7 (about George Takei's work as host and producer of "Expression: East-West," a series about the Asian-American community).

Daily Pilot (Costa Mesa CA), September 20, 1974, "Star Trekkies Rejoice/Sci Fi Stars Hint at Movie at County Dedication," by William Schreiber (about installation of ST figures at Movieland Wax Museum and possibility of ST movie).

LA Herald-Examiner, August 22, 1974, "A New 'Star Trek'?" by Frank Torrez, p. B-7 (interview with GR about possibility of ST movie).

Trapeze, October 8, 1974 "Trekking with Roddenberry," by Kevin Turcotte, pp. 7-8 (interview about problems of writing good material, especially good sf, for tv -- interesting).

Movie Monsters, Vol I No 1 December 1974 "Star Trek," pp. 74-75 (inaccurate, condescending analysis).

(thanks Pat Gildersleeve, Richard Van Treuren, Shirley Franklin, Janice, Elsie Oeschler, David Clark, Mary Jo Olinski, Sylvia Boston, Shirley Meech, Mary Manchester, Darlene Fouquet, Dennis Lien, Kathi Swan, Alan Lawson, Helen Busch, Steve O'Neill.)

Forthcoming zines looking for contributors & subscribers:

ST Nuts and Bolts, ed. George Perkins 1102 3rd Str Brookings SD 57006 and Mark Behrend, first issue planned for January 1975; Independent Entity, ed. Sheryl Prybylski 222 North Creek Drive, Cheektowaga NY 14225 (first issue ready, \$1, 60 pp. includes material by Sharon Emily, Cars Sherman, Maryann Walther); That Which Survives ed. Kathy Anderson 92 Edgeworth Str, Valley Stream NY 11581 & Cindy Sampson (first issue planned for October, material by Jo Hofstetter & Anna Mary Hall, reprint of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's "Remote Control"); Nichelle Nichols fan club being formed by Virginia Walker, PO Box 1701 Bedford MA 01730; Enterprise ed. Candy Silver 469 Lorita Lane, Bethel Park PA 15102 & Connie Fad-dis (first issue planned early 1975); Halkan Council, to be a letter-column zine, ed. Shirley Huang 74 Berwick Rd Delmar NY 12054 & Sandy Yingling, 35¢/one or \$1.20/four (first issue planned for December 1974) & want stories & artwork as well as letters of opinion on all matters STish. For further info on any of these, send a stamped addressed envelope to the appropriate editor.

## T-WAVES

from RICHARD VAN TREUREN, AIMD (IM3-AV-1) USS Kitty Hawk (CV 63)PPO San Francisco 96601

A response to the response to "The Case Against the Transporter." I tried to point out the transporter's inconsistency, not its impossibility; someone standing up saying something is impossible is often run down by someone doing that very thing. It was a device born in the haste and budget limitations of television, and its science-fiction and scientific explanations were dreamt up later when there was no time or money to consider the fact that it did not agree with the rest of the created technology. Roddenberry told writers to keep the technology constant ("don't give the enemy starflight capability and then have them attack the ship with grappling hooks"), but such things as the transporter slipped through. (It was, of course, not the only thing; a race capable of controlling gravity would certainly do a few things differently than presented on the show, and so on.)

Expense of regular shuttles? Sure, it would have cost hundreds of thousands -- the optics, the miniatures, the location work -- but in the long run, it wouldn't have been overwhelmingly more, considering that eventually they did have to build a shuttlecraft anyway. Whether or not a trip from a spaceship to a surface would be boring is a matter of opinion, but since such trips would soon be commonplace, a lap dissolve could be used to get from the ship to the surface.

It's trekie to argue about frivolous details, so I'll be the first to admit a transporter may be invented day after tomorrow; but if it is, a practical duplicator would be made the day before. With duplication, it might not be necessary to travel space; at least, 90% of the reasons the Enterprise went anywhere would be unnecessary. (Well, not the Enterprise, as it was supposed to be mainly exploring, but the cargo ships and traders, etc./RB)

There is always the argument that "it was successful, so it was good and we'll keep it" -- but remember Irwin Allen's ridiculous TV programs totaled more than three times the length of "Star Trek." When the show returns it will be in films -- and the laws of TV S-P (sound in a vacuum, inconsistent machines like transporters, tilting the ship on its side and having people fall out of their chairs) need not apply. The result can only be better -- closer to what Roddenberry wanted to do back in 1964; and that, in my opinion, is "Star Trek."

from VIRGINIA WALKER, 126 Page Road, Bedford MA 01730

I was intrigued by Joyce Yaaner's critique of certain aspects of the Kraith universe, so I borrowed Shirley Malew-ski's set of the Kraith Collected and Creator's Manual, and read them all last weekend. Now I'm even more looking forward to the second part of Joyce's article. I do agree with what she has said so far; I find it particularly abhorrent to believe that a rational intelligent life form that has lived a fruitful and productive life could suddenly metamorphose into a "destructive influence within [the] society" solely because he/she did not join minds with at least 56 other individuals of his species at a particular point in time. ((How about gradually?/RB)) The implication that one gets from this necessity is that the Vulcanian culture is extremely fragile -- and that idea is directly contradicted by everything else written about Vulcanian culture, both in Kraith and by Roddenberry, Fontana, et al.

A friend of mine has remarked to me that she is somewhat put off by the Kraith treatment of Kirk, and I suspect of other Terrans in general. She is right; one does not become a starship captain by being a little boy that needs to be led around by the hand. But this attitude could be valid, provided that one accepts the premise that (To slightly misquote Sarah Thompson) "[Vulcans] are about the most chauvinistic [humanoids] around. One is either [Vulcan] or Not." The latter category includes all other sentient life forms including [Terrans], Romulans, Klingons, Gorns, and Hortas, all on approximately equal terms, and the premise that all the Kraith literature is written from this particular Vulcan viewpoint. Possibly the Kraith Vulcans feel that all other intelligent life forms oughtn't to be allowed out without their keepers, but this attitude doesn't really wash either, according to the rest of the literature.

Another objection that I have had lies with the Kraith treatment of Spock. The K. Creator's Manual says "Kraith was originally conceived as a counter statement to the most prevalent type of fan-fiction presentation of Vulcan," and the preface to K Collected I asserts that in the tv show and most fan-fiction "Spock constantly triumphs and is never called upon to stretch to the ultimate of his capabilities," and that "Kraith allows some of his greatness to be realized while at the same time frustrating other aspects of his capabilities." While this is certainly a laudable aim, I think that Kraith made the same mistakes. The K. stories present just as artificial a picture as anyone else's: in nearly every story so far, we have seen Spock forced to operate under equally artificial circumstances. Either he is suffering from incipient Fon Farr, or from the after effects of a debilitating mind-function of some variety. Never do we see him operating under his own ordinary Vulcan/Terran limitations. Surely Spock isn't always physically or mentally unfit?

In a less literary vein, may I point out that there is a certain sameness to the vocabulary that becomes rather wearing -- for example, when "marched" is used to describe the act of forward locomotion 27 times in one story. A more personal objection is to the overlong prefaces in which constant reference is made to how difficult Kraith is to understand ("not one in five hundred" could possibly "grasp the Kraith concepts"). Now I lay no claim to being overly brilliant, but I do not have any difficulty in grasping the Kraith concepts. Furthermore, I find it rather insulting to be told at the beginning of a volume that I am undoubtedly incapable of grasping the essentials of what I am about to read. What I almost did was put the volume down and read no further. A direct reply to one of Jacqueline Lichtenberg's questions in the foreword of KC I: If the reader is made to discover later on the invalidity of an earlier interpretation of something left unclear by the author, I would say that either the author has expressed himself poorly the first time, or is on a deliberate ego-trip and playing games with his readers. In neither case would I consider it good writing or valid technique.

Now, I don't think that anyone could seriously disagree with the statement that the creation of the entire Kraith universe is a work of near-genius. I refer in particular to the completeness, down to the last detail: genetics, language, medicine, the whole culture. (I do, however, object to the contradiction of an established premise -- ie that Sarek had a wife and child previous to Amanda and Spock -- just to reinforce a new theory.) The brilliance of this creation is obvious; it is not necessary to force it down the throats of readers before they even start in on the stories.

One comment on the "Thoughts on Darkover, Star Trek, and Canada" article. Where does she get the idea that Spock received his Star Fleet training on Earth? I'm sure I recall a comment of GR's somewhere on how Spock was one of the few Vulcan Star Fleet Academy graduates, but I don't see how that translates as getting his Star Fleet training on Earth. In fact, I interpreted it as a graduate of the Vulcan Star Fleet Academy. ((Would a Vulcan academy have few graduates? More likely "Vulcan" modifies "graduates," not "academy"/RB))

In general, I do agree with a great deal in the article. One reason Americans are so provincial in their attitudes is that the country is so big. One tends to get the idea that the whole world is just an extension of the country. One can travel anywhere within approximately six million square miles and still tune in NBC News from New York City. In a way, I think it might be better for the country if the people still spoke German in New York, Spanish in California, French in New Orleans, and Swedish in Wisconsin...or whatever. We would all be regularly hearing TV news in languages other than our own. That would probably be the most obvious effect, and it would keep reminding us all that the entire world is NOT just like us individually, and that our differences are valuable, and that we should learn from each other.

from G.M. CARR, 5319 Ballard Ave NW Seattle WA 98107

Congratulations to Pat Gildersleeve for pointing out the underlying fallacy in Joyce Yasner's article on "Ritual." There were other instances of fallacious reasoning in that article, particularly in her remarks about fasting. In "Paradise Syndrome" Joyce Yasner seems to regard Spock's abstinence from food as a form of self-punishment induced by guilt-feelings. Although she recognizes that Mr. Spock refrains from food during his "contemplative phases" she does not recognize any element of ritual. On the contrary, she makes an unsupported statement, "But there is nothing of cultural ritual in this."

One of the earliest discoveries in studies of learning behavior was that learning takes place most quickly when the subject is undergoing mild hunger. (Note: a "fast" is not necessarily, as Ms. Yasner seems to imply, a condition of advanced starvation.) It would seem more logical to assume that Mr. Spock, under urgent pressure to decipher the alien symbols in "Paradise Syndrome" had employed the ritual of the so-called "contemplative phase" to increase his mental efficiency. No need for any postulated "guilt-ridden" self-punishment to account for his behavior.

Perhaps her misunderstanding of the function of fasting is explained by her own words: "A scientist and a mystic, it seems to me, should make strange bedfellows. The scientist's reliance on experimentation and deductive logic and the mystic's reliance on ritual and magic betray fundamentally opposite approaches to life. That the Kraith universe not only fails to make a distinction between the two, but even implies that there is none, puzzles me." A scientist experiments on objective phenomena; a mystic experiments with subjective phenomena. What Ms Yasner mistakes for "magic" are subjective experiments in which the formulae produce phenomena as regularly as the formulae of a scientist in his often-repeated experiments. Each has its own laws, although they are -- as she correctly perceives -- "fundamentally opposite approaches to life."

One factual mis-statement. "We know of only two 'Star Trek' episodes, 'Amok Time' and 'Paradise Syndrome' in which Spock changed his normal eating habits." Add "All Our Yesterdays," when he ate flesh and enjoyed it. Also implicit in that episode was sexual involvement with Zarabeth, although the only apparent symptom of a possible ~~pon-farr~~ was an outburst of irrational anger. She may have omitted this change in eating habits deliberately as irrelevant to consideration of ritual fasting.

from DEBBIE NAPFZIGER, E-114 Comstock Hall U. of M. Mpls MN

A note about "Operation Annihilate." The frequency Kirk requests Uhura to call is GSK 835 (listed in the Concordance as DPK 783 or DPJ 783) -- his late brother George Samuel evidently had his own initials as part of his frequency code identification.

At Torcon DC Fontana mentioned that Sulu and Uhura indeed did have first names -- they just never came out in the series. Sulu's is Itaka (1 as in machine; accent on second syllable), and Uhura's is Love in Swahili -- probably properly feminized like her last name

from PAT GILDERSLEEVE, 1861 Dakota, Lincoln NB 68502

The article by Jennifer Bankier was very thought-provoking. My first reaction was disappointment at finding such a serious, thoughtful piece on the problems of the real world in a ST fanzine, but on second thought, I realized that this was a rather narrow minded attitude. One of the reasons that ST continues to hold our interest year after year is that it does deal with real human problems, at least in some of the better episodes.

Have you noticed that the Prime Directive seems to be followed much more faithfully in the animations than it was in the live ST? In some of the episodes this season they seem to be almost harping on the right of every race of culture to develop in their own way, in a rather didactic manner. I wonder if the message is getting through to the children that are watching. I also wonder if this is the result of a conscious effort on the part of the producers of the animated ST to correct one of the faults of the original series.

from WARREN ERICKSON, 3325 North 49 Ave Minneapolis MN

Just saw the last animated episode of this year, "The Counter Clock Incident." Interesting, but somewhat hairy concept -- seemed to have some flaws. First Captain April became younger and then at this younger age remembered that he has led a full life and doesn't want to remain young while the crew is losing knowledge of how to run the ship. Maybe they were only emotionally and physically unable to operate the ship, but memory and aging are both chemical reactions and both should be reversed. April should have forgotten what the problem was in the first place. Then to top it all off, again the transporter is used to return them to normal. If I remember correctly from another episode ("Lorelei Signal") there was 97% chance of failure. Unless they have improved things greatly, a few deaths should occur. If they have perfected it, then if Kirk is killed they could return him to his original image, which was stored. Also, changing a child into a full grown man involves a mass change. They must have strong ethical beliefs in uniqueness and the natural order, and laws against doppelgangers, immortality, etc. All these faults could have been easily eliminated. It would have been interesting to see them regress into death. Think of how ridiculous it could get, people disgorging food, etc. New idea, for ST.

Overall quality this year almost up to acceptable level, better than last year. I thought the first show, "The Pirates of Orion," was a dud, but maybe I am getting jaded. In "BEM" Gerrold's colony creature was an interesting idea, even though it possessed disgusting cartoon levels. May have been more interesting to learn more about its personality interactions with itself. "The Practical Joker" was a new twist on the monster in the computer. I liked the crew's reaction to bad jokes. Kirk's feigning fear was a surprising touch. I have doubts about that decoy's fooling the Klingons. "How Sharper than a Serpent's Tooth" was another of the Von Daniken type episodes which Roddenberry seems fond of. About time an Indian appeared.

from MARY LOU DODGE, 93 Vesper Str Saranac MI 48881

I'm always astonished at the differences in interpretation that viewers give episodes. Alan Andreas on Darrow astounded me; I never considered that Darrow was a racist, or that he was even meant for a villain. Indeed, he represented the objection to the one factor I disliked in "Questror," that mankind must rely on outside super-beings to solve its problems. As far as his remark about normality, it meant just that, that the robot represented an average individual without distinctive features to identify him. Darrow (his name is significant) was spokesman for the intelligent, skeptical man, curious about how things worked (even if he had to dismantle a miraculous android to find out) and suspicious of the unhuman... but capable of sacrificing himself if that would help mankind.

Along the same lines, Jennifer Bankier's article ignored the basic meaning of "The Apple." A strong vein of Humanism runs all the way through "Star Trek," most visibly voiced in "Who Mourns for Adonais," when Kirk denounced the shadowy Unkind with "a bag of tricks" and pointed out mankind's duty is to the hand of his fellows, stretched out for help, not to supernatural agencies. In "The Apple" it was correctly pointed out that there was no culture but merely a stagnation, for thousands of years; without learning or thought, art or science -- just endless service to their God, who provided them with all the basic necessities, and dictated absolutely their every habit. It's true as she said that many young people would prefer (or rather think they would) immortality and innocence, though I doubt whether they were capable of appreciating beauty to any degree since even their thoughts were regulated... but a week of such a simple life would drive a normal human frantic for some nourishment to his brain. Miss Bankier can hope to sit under a flowering tree staring dreamily at the scenic hills while supernatural forces drop food into her hands; but I'm inclined to agree with Archibald McLeish that eating the apple was the most courageous and noblest act of mankind ((She would probably choose to eat the apple; the problem is whether she has the right to force someone else to do so, though, isn't it?/RB))

For Karen Fleming, don't say in 200 years mores will be different -- I wouldn't bet on it; they haven't changed in the last 200 or the last 2000. Fashions change, but that's a brief surface thing. The basic rules are still recognizable, even if they get only lip service. No armed service in the past or present would allow an independent commander, in complete charge of a large number of people, to take along his family, any more than a doctor is allowed to treat his own family -- personal factors can distort their judgment. When a moment of danger arrives that might call for sacrifice of lives, a man might expect to hesitate just those brief vital seconds if one of those lives was his wife's. Even 200 years is not going to produce a human being so selfless that he will feel an equal responsibility to each member of the crew as he would to a personal beloved, and "Star Fleet" would be pretty stupid to rely on such an eventuality. As for the Statutory Rape angle -- Spock comments on the rule that makes it a crime for a blow to be struck between superior and inferior officers ("This Side of Paradise"), so that hasn't changed. He struck the captain and considered himself under arrest (he didn't wait for anyone to complain; it was a breach of discipline, and he acknowledged it). With the introduction of co-ed service with all the problems that can arise from quarrels over women in confined numbers we can be fairly sure they will have some equally stringent rules on seduction, not as a matter of morality but of basic discipline.

Oh, by the way, re the "Conscience of the King" argument. At no place does Kirk claim to have been in Star Fleet; he could simply have been visiting the colony, probably a guest of the Leighton family; there's no particular necessity for assuming he was more than just a youngster, as it is clear Riley was at the time. ((According to the script Kirk says he was "Fresh out of the Academy. Young, inexperienced, a midshipman."/RB)) As for recognizing the voice after twenty years -- I was an Arnold Moss fan on CBS more than twenty years ago, and the first time I heard him speak, I sat up and said, "That's Arnold Moss!" So it is a completely unforgettable voice even in impersonal situations.

from CANDY SILVER 469 Lorlita Lane, Bethel Park PA 15102

I really enjoyed T-N #24. That cover is tremendous. Only one bone of contention on your Apollo story; I cannot help but question if an unmarried pregnant girl would be required to resign her commission. Even today, this issue has come under question (notably with the Army nurse), and I should hope that by their time we should have progressed that far! ((I think you misread; she wasn't required to resign, but to go on indefinite leave, and not for being pregnant but for being pregnant and not liking either the option of an abortion or the option of getting someone else to raise the child. I did assume that going on indefinite leave required commanding officer's approval, and that if she could not get that the only remaining option would be resignation, but it seems to me that amount of noseparking is built into a military system./RB))



from JACQUELINE LICHTENBERG, 9 Maple Terr Monsey NY 10952

The Darkover novels list is incorrect (a bit). This is the list I would have used two years ago. This year's list is as follows: Darkover Landfall (DAW 1972), Spell Sword: A Darkover Novel (DAW 1974), Quadrille (working title, outline only, 1974), Star of Danger (Ace 1965), Winds of Darkover (Ace 1970), Bloody Sun (Ace 1964), Heritage of Haatur (DAW scheduled for 1975), Sword of Aldones (Ace 1962), Planet Savers (reverse of above), World Wreckers (Ace 1971). Jennifer included (as did Ace for commercial reasons) two books which Marion insists don't belong in the series, Door Through Space and Falcons of Narabedla. (I assume that's correct as regards Falcons. Door, however, is part of the Darkover world, and was set on a separate planet for what turned out to be the mistaken commercial reason that the Darkover series wouldn't sell as a series. There are still references to the Darkover Dry Towns where married women wear symbolic chains scattered through the Darkover books./rb))

The possible novel Quadrille is a sequel occurring within weeks after the end of Spell Sword. (Note: Hunters of the Red Moon, DAW 1973, is not a Darkover book, but it's a fine piece of ActionAdventure sf on its own.) I have reason to be "up" on the Darkover series, because the Kraith series does, indeed, attempt to fill out the already obvious parallels between "Star Trek" and Darkover. Anyone really interested in pursuing this should try to get a copy of The Gemini Problem ((by Marion Bradley's husband Walter Breen)) from TK Graphics, Box 1951, Baltimore MD 21203. ((TK Graphics has also published a pamphlet of mine, Patterns of Unification in Sylvie & Bruno -- a study of Lewis Carroll's immensely flawed and immensely intriguing last major book, \$1.50/copy. I can't at the moment find the price on Breen's pamphlet. They also publish some pamphlets by Bradley, two on Tolkien and one on Robert W. Chambers. In addition, TKGraphics is a good mail-order bookstore for sf and fantasy./rb))

On the question of the Prime Directive that Jennifer raises; a more detailed consideration of the problem from a different angle is made by Sylvia Louise Engdahl in many of her books, notably The Far Side of Evil (Atheneum), which most children's libraries have several copies of -- it's marketed as a "juvenile," but I'm over 30 and I LOVED it. Also, Alternate Universe Four tackles this problem in "Star Trek" much more directly than Kraith does. Kraith assumes it's being done unintentionally on both sides while AU-4 shows what happens when it's done intentionally.

Jennifer's remark contrasting Ursula LeGuin among sf writers with me "among ST writers" set my teeth on edge because it seems to blithely exclude me from the ranks of sf writers. ((No, only from the ranks of sf writers who've published enough novels to make it possible to start making generalizations about their work -- which is natural even after the publication of one's first novel, but inevitable when the article is written before the novel is published./rb))

Jennifer's statement, "One cannot help suspecting that Jacqueline Lichtenberg's apparent assumption that humans dominate Star Fleet, if not the Federation as a whole, is correct" also needs a bit of qualification. This assumption is made in Kraith, but it predates Kraith's appearance on the "Star Trek" fan scene by a very long time and was not original with me. Kraith's assumption that this is the case is in response to other fan writing indicating they thought it to be true. It is true that while we have a lot of evidence to support this assumption, there is no concrete evidence contradicting that assumption. However, giving the benefit of the doubt, Kraith assumes that the "human domination" is quite unconscious, unintentional and unmalicious. Humanity is pictured more like an exuberant bull in a china closet than as a malevolent devil out to homogenize the universe. A little education and maturity is all that's needed to right the current wrongs. Nobody but a human can appreciate just how tall an order that is, though.

from CONNIE PADDIS, 5731 Kentucky, Pittsburgh PA 15232

I like your new T-N format, but shed a wee tear for the old, which was "homey." Excellent artwork this time around. It's pleasant to see someone tackling the various unsatisfying ST episode endings, and tying up the loose ends. You manage to make the characters into living beings. McCoy and Scotty -- so appealing, and the woman, touching. And believable.

from CAROL ANN LEE, 9031 Manchester Road, Silver Spring MD

I enjoyed T-N 23, art and stories, but I have a bone to pick with Mary Louise Dodge's "Speculation: Uhura and Kirk." She says Kirk can't use drugs, even sleeping pills or alcohol, because he must be constantly on the alert. In "The Man Trap," in an exchange between McCoy and Kirk, the doctor was told to rest, and McCoy said he couldn't sleep; Kirk told the doctor to take one of his own red sleeping pills -- and commented "he'll sleep." Sounds like first-hand experience with those pills. And in many episodes the captain is seen having a drink, perhaps not to the point of being drunk, but for relaxation.

Shirley Meech's "Spock's Last-thoughts to Zarabeth" was beautiful, and I feel sure Spock could have written such words, because he has such beautiful emotions behind his quiet eyes.

from KAREN FLEMING, 6908 West First Str Tulsa OK 74127

Ms. Bankier's article was fascinating. She brought up some very valid points. She mentions Kirk's interference in "The Apple." I think "The Apple" is the result of the combination of ST's two phobias: over mechanization and false utopia. ST has had an assortment of robots, androids, and computers. The message has been that man should dominate machines -- not the other way around ("What Are Little Girls Made Of?", "Return of the Archons," "Changeling," "The Apple," "I, Mudd," "Ultimate Computer"). And several episodes dealt with isolation from reality or avoidance of "life as it's supposed to be lived." ("The Cage," "Mudd's Women," "This Side of Paradise," "The Apple," "Way to Eden.") Perhaps this was due to concern about the growing drug abuse problem that was big news at the time ST was filmed. I believe ST saw Vaal not as a protector/provider but as an overlord; and the Feeders of Vaal as a group who were existing merely to serve the machine/god. The Prime Directive got lost in the shuffle. (When was the Prime Directive introduced, anyway? In "The Apple"? In this episode it sounds as if it were tossed in just for a little extra conflict.) ((Under the name of General Order Number One it appears in the Writers Guide in the first season./rb))

On the basis of what we've seen on ST, it looks as if humans might dominate Star Fleet and the Federation. But we may not have seen the complete picture. In "Court-Martial" Kirk was judged by four humans (alas, all male); perhaps whenever it's possible the Federation has defendants judged by members of their own race. The Enterprise is just one of 12 Starships; do Andorians, Tellarites, etc. dominate others just as Vulcans do on the Intrepid? I like to think that other races have just as influential a role in the Federation as do the Terrans. I hope it's not just wishful thinking.

Jacqueline Lichtenberg is an excellent writer. But one thing bothers me about Kraith: Vulcan seems to be just as overpowering as Earth allegedly is in ST. I love Vulcan as ST sees it -- a race totally dedicated to truth, logic, and peace. But in Kraith Vulcan seems to be presented as Saviors of the Galaxy. It seems that no one but a Vulcan or someone who is a telepath (usually raised and trained on Vulcan) can do anything right. And Spock is Super Vulcan.

from BEN SAND, 15 Rose Court, Altany NY 12203

As to Joyce's article on the Kraith world, while I agree with her conclusions (I've often said she is one of the few English majors I respect; we science types are prejudiced that way), I take exception to some of her evidence. It isn't at all difficult to believe that a scientifically oriented person may have a mystical bent. Kepler was a mystic. Newton said late in life that he thought his best work was an interpretation of the Book of Revelations. Einstein's disagreement with Bohr was on mystical/aesthetic grounds, not experimental/rational, as we see from his statement, "This does not bring us any closer to the secrets of the old one." As a general rule theoreticians are mystics; experimentalists agnostic, rationalists. This dichotomy is one of the things that keeps science running. The fact that the Vulcans have a monolithic philosophical world-view is probably why humans are running the Federation. It's more creative to be wrong five ways than to be almost right only one.

from DEVRA LANGSAM, 250 Crown Str Brooklyn NY 11225

I noticed something interesting while examining slides of dress uniforms preparatory to making a female doll dress uniform. Has anyone else noticed -- ?

Lt. Commander has narrow round gold piping on top of collar, down one side of front. Commander has wide braid around collars down one side of front. Captain has narrow round gold piping down raglan shoulder/sleeve seams, wide braid around collar and down one side of front. Commodore same as Captain but has wide braid down both sides of front.

Hmmm -- wonder what the logical extrapolations back to Lieutenant and Ensign and forth to Admiral would be?

REPRINT DEPT: Hollywood Reporter, March 9, 1973, "Book Reviews," You and I; Leonard Nimoy; Celestial Arts Publishing; 96 pages. Reviewed by Paul Vangelisti

Leonard Nimoy's "You and I," a book of poems and photographs, smacks of vanity press. Whatever financial arrangement Nimoy has made with the publisher, Celestial Arts Publishing, one wonders why any commercial interest would risk putting its name on such a volume.

No one's name, short of Richard Nixon's or Mark Spitz's, could begin to compensate for the contents of "You and I." Nimoy's verse is not only flaccid, without skill and of little technical interest -- witness the rapturous five lines, "I am/I am ready/I am ready to give/I am ready to give and to receive/I am ready to give and to receive love" -- but the sentiment behind such lines is equally banal.

On the back cover, under Nimoy's photo, one finds what may pass for the book's apology: "This is the most passionate and personal statement that I've ever made. It is totally my own."

Without being unkind to his personal feelings, it is apparent that in Nimoy's case there is an overwhelming disparity between intention and execution.

As for the photography in the volume, with few exceptions, the technical effects and composition are also undistinguished, and do little more than emphasize the triteness of the verse.







This study of Star Trek's "Bones" is a sample from a portfolio of nine 8½ x 11" character studies including: Captain Kirk, Spock, Dr. McCoy, Scotty, Uhura, Nurse Chapel, Sulu, Chekov, and Yeoman Janice Rand. The portraits are printed on a heavy tag board, serially numbered and packaged in a 9 x 12" envelope featuring the U.S.S. Enterprise.

To order, send a check or money order payable to Gary Hawfitch in the amount of \$6.50 per set to: Gary Hawfitch, The Stars of Star Trek, 2148 Beam Avenue, North St. Paul, Minn. 55109. This price includes postage. Please allow three weeks for delivery.

ALIEN SET COMING SOON!

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a note from rb, as Gary Hawfitch left this white space in his ad and suggested I might want to use it.

The Aussiecon, the 1975 World SF Convention (to be held in Australia) will soon be sending out Hugo Nomination ballots. I don't imagine that many T-N readers will be planning to attend the convention, but many may want to send nominations and vote on the Hugos, the annual awards for best science fiction. The categories (more or less -- sometimes with a few variations) are novel, novella, novelet, short story, drama, artist, editor; fanzine, fan writer, fan artist; also included in the Hugo ballots is the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer in the field of sf. If you're reading more than a couple fanzines you'll probably see as much discussion of Hugo recommendations as you can stand, so I'll only mention a couple. In the category of drama, two movies are due out in December which (if they are as good as they promise to be, and if they come out in time to be eligible for this year's voting) ought to be excellent: Young Frankenstein (comedy by Mel Brooks) and The Little Prince (from the book by Antoine de St. Exupery). Failing these, a possibility to consider is Roddenberry's "Questor." In the field of Best New Writer, I'd like to draw attention to Eleanor Arnason (some of her work has been in T-N), whose "Clear Air Day in the Motor City" appeared in New Worlds 6 (ed. Moorcock & Platt) and "Ace 167" in Orbit 15 (ed. Damon Knight). (And New Worlds 7, due out in England in December, is supposed to have another of hers.)

Hugo nominations can be made only by members of Aussiecon or by members of Discon II; final voting restricted to Aussiecon members. An attending membership is Australian\$10, US\$12, Canada \$12, £5 British. A supporting membership (for those not going but wanting to vote on Hugos) is A\$3, US\$4, or £1.50 British. Money can be sent to Aussiecon Box 4039 Melbourne Vic 3001 Australia; Fred Patten 11863 W Jefferson Blvd Culver City CA 90230 USA; or Peter Roberts Flat 4, 6 Westbourne Park Villas London W2 U.K. Deadline for sending nomination ballots in will be March 15 for American and European agents, March 25 in Australia.



