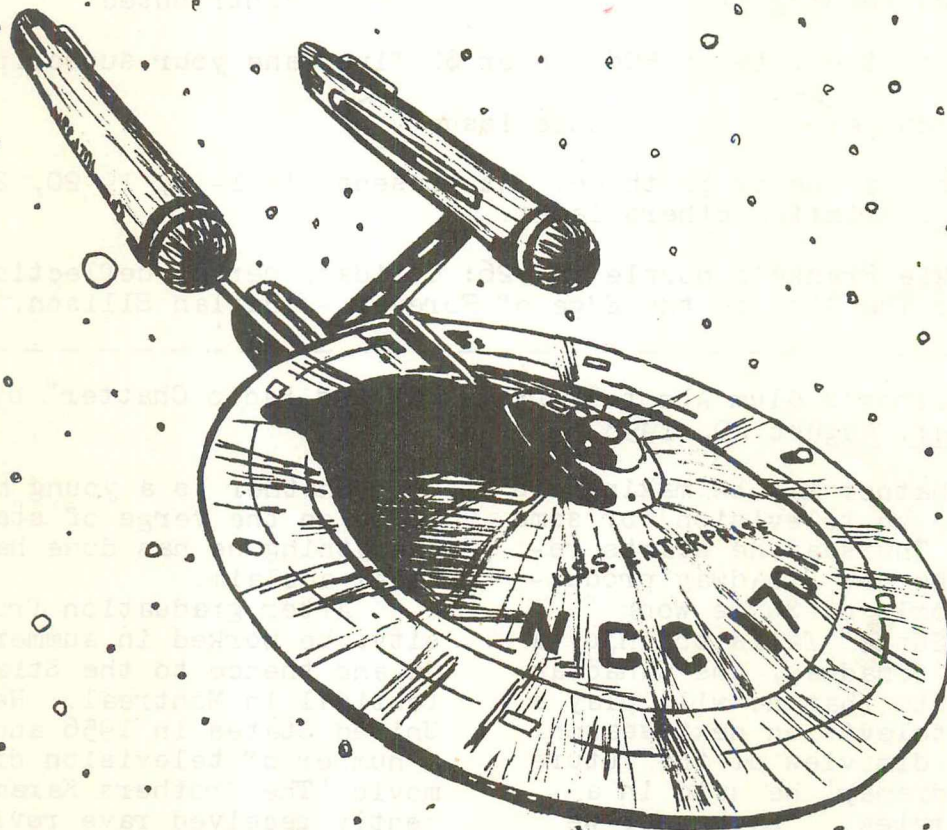


T-Negative 28



T-Negative 28, September 1975, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417 Comes out I*R*R*E*G*U*L*A*R*L*Y.

Contents

cover: Ricky Pearson

The Brooks of Eden, by Marnie Ellingson.....	3
Three musical themes transcribed by Donald Koch....	15
List of STzines received.....	16
T-Waves: Letters	17
Visit to the Set, by Shirley Meech.....	18
illos: D.L. Collin P. 4; Bunny Jackson pp. 6, 14; Janice p. 8; Douglas Herring p. 10; Gee Moaven p. 12.	

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answers to Jackie Franke's puzzle in #26: Coridan, nerve, deflection, foolie, The Glory, thralls; The City on the Edge of Forever -- Harlan Ellison.

a reprint: "Shatner's Glum About TV Drama/ TV and Radio Chatter" by Forrest Powers, Minneapolis Star, August 20, 1958.

William Shatner may be making his last appearance on television for some time tonight. Thursday he starts rehearsals for the new Broadway production of "The World of Suzie Wong"

Even if "Suzie" fails to enjoy a lasting run on Broadway, the Canadian-born actor doubts that he will play a major role in television next season.

"I take a dim view of the future of television drama," he said in a telephone interview. "Each year we lose a couple of dramatic series. Next season looks like slim pickings for both actors and viewers."

Shatner said he had been offered the lead role in a number of television series, but that he has rejected them all.

"I refuse to take a series because I don't care to play the same role week after week," he explained. "The viewers not only begin to associate an actor with a certain type of role, but the actor loses the freshness which a variety of parts provides."

Shatner is a young man (26) who seems to be on the verge of stardom. Almost everything he has done has received critical acclaim.

After graduation from McGill university, he worked in summer theater in Canada and thence to the Stratford Shakespeare festival in Montreal. He came to the United States in 1956 and has appeared in a number of television dramas and in the movie "The Brothers Karamazov." He recently received rave reviews for his performance in Rod Serling's Playhouse 90 drama, "A Town Has Turned to Dust."

Shatner's performance in tonight's CBS drama, "Old Marshals Never Die," will be his third for the U.S. Steel dramatic series. He will star as a young marshal who is forced to choose between his duty and his respect for an old man.

Shatner moved to New York recently from Hollywood. He and his wife, actress Gloria Rand, are in the process of decorating their apartment.

"Top priority went to the nursery," said Shatner. "If you see me pass out cigars during the show -- or just plain pass out -- you'll know I just got the word."

T B E

he Brooks of den
by Marnie Ellingson

Spock arrived at the University three days late for the opening of the spring term. Captain Pike had done his best to get him to a base where he could get passenger transport to Earth in time, but an ion storm had brought about an unavoidable delay.

Of course he could have enrolled at the Vulcan Science Academy for the series of refresher courses required by Star Fleet regulations, but the situation between him and his father was such that it seemed inappropriate for him to spend three months on his home planet. Whether he was acting out of filial courtesy or whether he was avoiding the wound of having his presence on Vulcan go unacknowledged by his father was a question he did not ask himself, but it seemed to him that the logical course was to enroll at the American Institute of Technology.

Missing the first three days of classes did not worry him unduly. He habitually kept up with the scientific journals pertinent to his work and did not anticipate any difficulty with course work.

Registration his first morning did not take long, but his first class in advanced computer techniques had already begun as he slid into the only vacant seat. He had just switched on his desk viewer and was trying to orient himself to the discussion, when a girl in the seat next to his reached over and selected a tape from the cartridge case he had been issued for the course, inserted it, and pushed the fast-forward button until it reached the point illustrating the lecturer's words.

Spock realized immediately that these were indeed advanced concepts under discussion, but ones with which he was familiar.

It was only a few moments until the lecturer asked a question which several class members answered incorrectly. "If we assume the validity of Sokel's Distributive Law, what formula can we use to calculate the limit of possibilities of working out a heuristic that will prove or disprove Orsakov's Theorem?"

Suddenly the girl who had helped him gave an almost inaudible groan and moved nervously in her chair, and Spock realized that now it was she who had

been called on. The dismay in her face told him she was at a loss for an answer, and assuming it was because her attention had been diverted by adjusting his tape, he let the tip of his stylus rest on her desktop, tracing over and over the double-loop sign for infinity.

She gave him a doubtful glance and then said hesitantly, "There is no formula. If Sokel's Law is correct, the possibilities are infinite."

"Very good," the lecturer said, and she let out a long breath of relief and flashed Spock a shyly grateful smile.

When class was over, as she gathered her things together she said, "How on earth did you know the answer to that question? Here I was feeling so sorry for you, thinking you'd never catch up after missing the first three days."

"Computer techniques are a specialty of mine," he said, experiencing mild surprise that it would have occurred to her to anticipate that he might have difficulty.

She shook her head ruefully. "I managed to get through the basic computer courses earlier, but this advanced one is beyond me. I am just not tuned in to computers. It all seems so inhuman -- " She broke off, stricken. "I'm so sorry. That was a stupid thing to say."

For a moment he did not understand her distress, but then he realized that she had perhaps never known an alien and was anxious not to offend. "It's quite all right," he said. "Vulcans are not sensitive to the word 'inhuman'."

She relaxed a bit, but as he left her she was still wearing a look of concern like a polite child at a party who has made an unintentional social gaffe and doesn't know how to make amends.

His next two classes passed uneventfully. The one on gravitational physics promised to be challenging.

The next class, in comparative zoology, was in a building at the other end of the campus, and when he approached the standing where he had been told he could get a transportation tram, he saw that the girl from his computer class was there ahead of him.

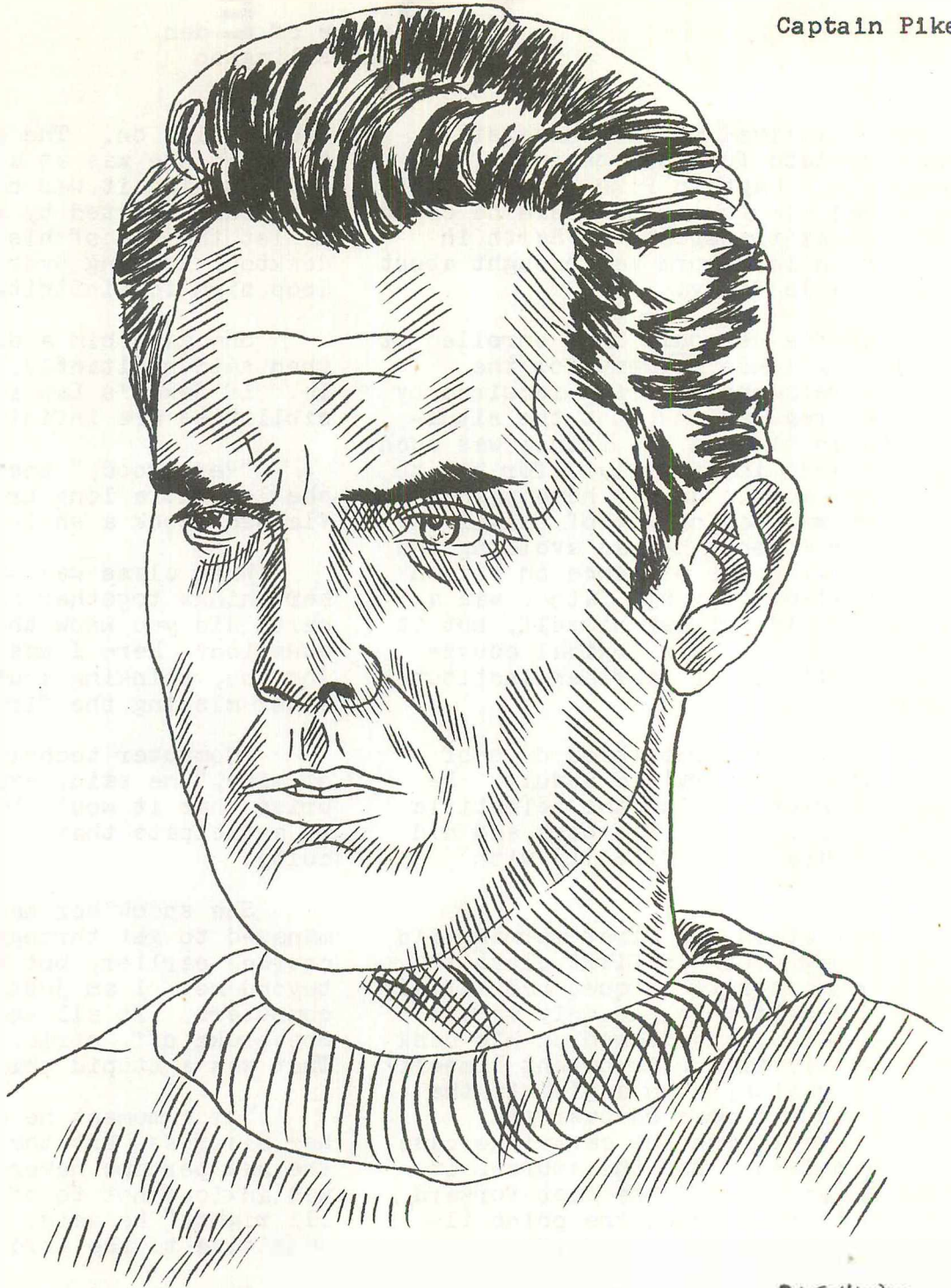
"These are supposed to come every five minutes and I've been waiting fifteen," she told him, impatiently pushing back a strand of long pale gold hair that had escaped the ring which had earlier held it neatly in place. "Wouldn't you think if they can send a rocket probe to the Great Spiral Nebula, they could make a tram that runs on time?"

"It was the Star Fleet Deep Space Agency that was responsible for the rocket probe," he said seriously. "I think it unlikely that they have anything to do with intra-campus transportation."

A sudden smile lit her face though he did not understand why. Then she asked what his next class was. When he told her she said, "I'm in that, too. It's a good course. Tough, but good. Oh, and you're taking Professor Harmon's poetry course," she said, pointing to the black-bound book he was carrying.

A bit defensively he said, "I believe it is a policy of the University to offer only arts courses during the last class period. I understand this is an attempt to produce scientists who are 'well-rounded'."

She smiled again. "Let's hope it works. Professor Harmon's a lamb...a very good teacher," she amended hastily at his startled look. "Do you know why he issued real books instead of tapes? He says it's infinitely more in tune with the nature of poetry to hold a book in your hands and turn its pages than to turn on a machine. Besides, he says it's easier to mark up a book than



D.L. Collins '74

a tape -- and he thinks we should note our reactions to anything that strikes us as particularly meaningful."

The tram arrived then and ended their discussion.

At the end of two weeks Spock was comfortably caught up with all his course work. Feeling somewhat frustrated at not having the Enterprise's computer available for a research problem he was working on in his spare time, he signed up to use one which was available to students in his class.

At the time he signed, his was the last name on the list for the day, and believing that no one else would be using the computer, he worked past the time when his hour was up. When he finally finished he saw the girl sitting in the anteroom waiting. She looked tired, and he was immediately aware that he had been inconsiderate.

"I've used more than my allotted hour," he said. "Why did you not inform me that you were waiting?"

"I looked in and you seemed so intent, I didn't want to disturb you. Anyway, I think I'm here on a hopeless errand. I don't understand tomorrow's assignment at all." She sounded discouraged.

"Perhaps I can help," he offered. When she hesitated he said, "It's the least I can do after delaying you."

She had a quick mind and a sound enough grasp of the basics, but she had not had enough personalized instruction in the advanced course. It did not take Spock long to discover where the weaknesses in her understanding lay, and once he directed his attention to those areas her progress was rapid.

It was late when they finished, but she stood back with a sigh of profound relief. "You make me think there's a chance for me," she said.

"The course is by no means beyond your capability," he told her. "I am quite certain of that. I will help you again if you have difficulty."

The campus was deserted when they left the building. "Where do you live?" he asked abruptly.

She glanced at him, slightly puzzled. "At the Uni-tel East."

"It is late. I will see that you get home safely. I am in the North Uni-tel. It is not out of my way."

A day or two later in his zoology lab, she came to his table and glanced at his work. "You've hardly begun this week's assignment," she said. "If you're having trouble, I'd be happy to help. The Life Sciences are my field, you know."

He started to say that he was having no difficulty, but something in

her face stopped him, as it occurred to him that it would make it easier for her to accept the assistance she needed in computer science, if she could offer something in return.

They fell into a pattern of working two or three evenings a week with the computer. He was favorably impressed by her willingness to put in so much hard work at a task she did not really have great interest in, the more so as she seemed to have many other demands on her time. He supposed by human standards she must be considered attractive since the human males in her classes showed a tendency to make patent gestures indicating a desire for her companionship. She seemed to take their overtures for granted and was undisturbed by them.

It was one of the things he found distasteful about the human social structure. On Vulcan such a thing could never happen. T'Poling would never have to deal with the problem of having young males familiarly approach her or issue invitations that seemed to Spock to be tinged with impropriety.

The human girl seemed capable of dealing with the matter, dismissing the males casually, causing no hard feelings, until one night when he was crossing the campus after a solitary dinner in one of the University cafe-mats and saw her being accosted by a boy he recognized from the computer course. He realized that he did not understand the games that humans played, but it seemed to him that she was shrinking away in real aversion.

To interfere between humans was presumptuous and might be a dangerous error, but if this time she were really afraid-- He made his decision and approached them saying, "I'm sorry I kept you waiting. Are you ready to leave now?"

He read relief and gratitude in the face she turned to him. "Yes, I'm ready, Mr. Spock." Her hand rested on his arm as light as a silverbird as they walked away.

"I'm sorry you had to take this trouble," she said at the entrance to her building, "but I'm very thankful. Bronson is a bully. He frightened me a little."

How much better the Vulcan way was, he reflected as he walked home. He could not have borne the years of separation

with any peace of mind had he not been secure in the knowledge that T'Pring would not be subjected to such offenses. Humans seemed to place great value on their individual freedom of choice, but sometimes it seemed as if freedom placed too heavy a burden on the individual. It was surely a better way to let one's parents make a wise, considered choice. He and T'Pring were both safe in the absolute knowledge of their commitment to each other, a commitment that was inviolable against all outside pressures.

One evening Spock finished an hour's work with the computer to find the girl waiting for the tutoring session they had arranged, but she was so pale he thought she must be ill. Her eyes hardly seemed to focus and her hands shook.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Yes." She had a dazed look. "I just learned that a teacher of mine was killed in a hovercar crash. She lived in my Uni-tel. I saw her just before she left. What a stupid way to die."

There was such bitterness in her voice that Spock was puzzled. It was most uncharacteristic of her. She swayed slightly, and he wondered if she might be about to faint.

"Did you remember to eat dinner tonight?" he asked.

"What?" She pushed her hair back impatiently. "Oh. No, I don't suppose so."

"Come. It would be profitless to work tonight." He led her to the closest cafe-mat and brought her a high-pro dinner tray and a pot of tea.

He did not question her, but eventually she seemed compelled to talk. "She was only a few years older than I, but she was my instructor when I was an undergraduate. We were always very close. I could tell her things that...." Her voice trailed



off. "I saw her this morning just before she left. She said she was going to visit her parents. But as it turned out, that wasn't true. She was going away with her lover. He was...married."

"I see," he said. "And which are you mourning: her death, or the fact that she had a married lover?"

The first tinge of color came to her face as she looked at him angrily. "She could have trusted me. She didn't have to treat me like a child. I wouldn't have judged her."

"It seems to me you are judging her," he said mildly, "for not offering you information about her private life."

"It isn't that I wanted to pry," she said with dignity. "It's that I failed her somehow. She helped me with my problems, but she wouldn't let me help her. She must have thought I wasn't the kind of friend to whom she could tell the truth. Her last words to me were a lie."

"It may have been a thing she didn't like about herself very well," he said. "Perhaps she preferred the view of herself she saw reflected in your eyes. You may have helped her more than you know. Perhaps this last lie she told you was itself of comfort to her, seeing in your face her own image as she would have liked to be."

Tears started down her cheeks then. When she finally could speak she said, "It's strange that you should be the one one to help me cry, when Vulcans have no use for tears."

* * *

It happened to be the day mid-term grades were to be posted that Admiral Cadover was on the A.I.T. campus and entered the computer class with the instructor. Noting Spock's uniform, he approached his desk. Spock rose.

The admiral glanced at the braid on his sleeve. "Lieutenant-Commander."

"Spock, sir. USS Enterprise."

"Ah, yes; serving under Chris Pike."

"That is correct, sir."

"Be glad to get back to your ship, I'll wager."

Spock paused. To be "glad" was a human response. To be relieved would be closer to the facts.

The admiral did not seem to expect an answer. "I'm leaving tomorrow for Vulcan when I finish up here. Going to see if we can find any promising teaching methods at the Vulcan Science Academy we can incorporate into Star Fleet training. Are there any messages you'd like me to take home for you?"

The question took Spock by surprise. Messages home. The offer was, by human standards, a courteous one, but it left Spock feeling as if there were a lump of ice inside him.

"No, sir; no messages," he managed to say steadily.

When the grades were posted after class, Spock automatically moved with the others to observe, but though his name was at the head of the list, it hardly registered.... Messages home.

And then a warm voice at his side was saying in delight, "You did it, Mr. Spock! You managed to get me through. Look where my name is," and she pointed it out, well in the upper half.

But another voice cut through the chatter around them. "Oh, there's no doubt a Vulcan should be good at computer science. It's no wonder he can come in here and show up the humans by knowing all the answers and getting grades that make the rest of us look like duds. After all, everybody knows Vulcans have printed circuits where their brains ought to be.

It was Bronson speaking, and he went on with an ugly smile. "The question is, why should he spend so much time teaching a human girl about computers? Unless there's something else he's been teaching her."

With a sense of chill Spock perceived two things at once. One was that Admiral Cadover and the instructor were still in the room, far enough to be out of earshot for the moment, but close enough to observe any disturbance.... Messages home.

The second thing he realized was that unseen battle lines were forming. The implications of Bronson's words had

appealed to what Spock understood to be a most primitive human male instinct -- the arousal of hatred and revulsion at the sight of Their kind of woman with a male who was not one of Them. It was a visceral response strong enough to crack the thin veneer of civilization they wore. He could feel it in the air -- the stirrings of hostility.

"I never would have believed it possible that a Vulcan with printed circuits where his brain ought to be could teach a human woman anything but computer savvy," Bronson repeated. "But who knows? After all, none of us can be sure what a Vulcan's got where -- "

"Hey, Bronson!" The girl moved away from Spock's side with pleasure and amusement evident in her face and voice. "I think you've just invented a great new theory on the distribution of academic excellence. You're absolutely right. Vulcans are good at computers because of their printed circuitry."

Spock was stunned into disbelieving immobility.

"And Danny here" -- she approached a dreamy youth, smiling at him enchantingly -- "is good at meteorology because he's always got his head in the clouds." She moved toward another of them and said in affectionate mockery, "And Pierson's a whiz at astronomy because he's always had stars in his eyes. And Delavan at physics because he's the most physical man I know." She laughed admiringly and went on to Royce, one of the most popular men in the class, touching his arm in a way that delicately implied intimacy. "And of course Royce must be excellent at zoology because" -- she made it the supreme compliment -- "because he's such -- an -- animal!"

There was general laughter now, and someone called out, "Hey, what about me? I'm good at Zo, too."

"But of course, Gordy," she purred. "I always said you were a pussycat."

Slowly Spock had begun to realize what she was doing, moving from one to the other, subtly weaving invisible lines, somehow changing the boundaries.

She turned then, standing very close to Royce. "And Bronson, of course, belongs in outer space, because that's what

Reena
Requiem for Methuselah

he has inside his head, wide-open, empty space."

Spock saw that she had completed her task. The polarization had been altered. Now it was no longer Spock against Them. It was Spock with Them, and Bronson alone.

Bronson took a step toward her, his mouth an angry line, but the others were laughing now, and, his support gone, he reluctantly let the moment slip and turned away.

"Is anybody game to cut fifth hour class and go out to Angelo's for lunch?" she asked.

Relaxed now, they chattered as they moved off, she with her arm linked through Royce's, not giving Spock a backward glance, leaving him to ponder upon the strange disguises that kindness might wear.

* * *

It was two weeks after the confrontation with Bronson, and Spock was sitting in his room motionless. Since the announcement an hour ago on the Inter-Gal news of the loss of a starship, Spock, by a strict adherence to Vulcan discipline, had been holding his mind to the problem of trying to compute the odds. The Enterprise was one of twelve starships, but it was not a simple matter of eleven to one against its being the Enterprise which had been lost in what the bulletin had described only as a deep space accident. The fact that Captain Pike was more skillful than other starship captains must be taken into account. However, it was undeniable that the Enterprise had been headed into a more hazardous area of space than the Yorktown or Potemkin, which were at the moment on virtual milk runs.

He remembered hearing that the Hood had been due for a complete overhaul about the time he had transported to Earth. If it had not had that overhaul, its lowered efficiency would make it a somewhat more likely victim of an accident than a ship in top condition; however, if it were safely at a Star Base undergoing the overhaul at present, it would mean that the Enterprise was one of only eleven operational vessels. He did not understand why this equation was proving so difficult to formulate.



When a buzzer sounded, for an instant he did not recognize its purpose. He had not previously had a caller and so the buzzer was unfamiliar to him, but a small light on a view-panel beside the door showed that there was someone in the lobby to see him. He froze momentarily. Would Star Fleet send a personal representative to notify him? Or did they notify only next of kin of fatalities in that manner?

He pushed the button to activate the picture with such strong expectation of seeing a Star Fleet uniform that the sight of the delicate feminine features, the loosely coiled gold hair, the sound of the soft, hesitant voice, confused him.

"Mr. Spock, I'm sorry to trouble you so late at night," she was saying, "but I understand we may have an unannounced examination on indeterminable variables tomorrow, and I feel totally unprepared. Do you think you could help me?"

As he remained silent, still with a sense of disorientation, she went on, "There's a quiet table at one side of the lobby where we could work." She began systematically listing a series of study aids for him to bring down.

"Very well," he said at last. "I will be down in a moment."

He placed the portaviewer and study tapes on the table she had selected. Though he had a subconscious sense there was something different about her tonight, it was some minutes before he realized that it was her attire. She was wearing a long dress, simply cut but of a material shot with gold, her hair pulled into a formal arrangement, and there were filigree ornaments in her ears.

She seemed to sense his puzzlement and looked down at her dress self-consciously. "I was at a concert this evening," she explained. "I came as soon as I -- as soon as I remembered about the exam."

While he carefully arranged the materials in front of them she chattered about Professor Harmon's anger the previous afternoon when one of their hapless classmates had suggested making a computer analysis of Hopkins' "sprung rhythms."

With one level of his mind Spock was listening to her words, but on a different level he was concentrating on the large newsviewer, now blank, at one side of the lobby. A button on the table in front of them would activate it, but the light above it showed yellow, which meant that only local news was being telecast at the moment. At the next Inter-Gal segment the light would be blue.

Perhaps aware of his divided attention, she said, "Shall we begin our review now, Mr. Spock?"

He pulled his mind away from the newsviewer. "Of course. What is it you don't understand?"

She took a deep breath. "I don't really understand any of it. Could we begin at the beginning?"

Nearly two hours had passed when he realized she was no longer attending to his words, but sitting very still as if arrested in mid-thought. His eyes slid to the light above the news screen. The green light signifying Pan-Earth news had winked out. It was now glowing blue.

Unconsciously he stiffened his spine, but his hand was steady as he reached out and pushed the button. He was unaware that she had moved her chair imperceptibly closer to his in a kind of drawing-in motion.

The telecaster was speaking of the abrogation of the Andorian-Orion peace treaty. There followed a discussion of a new Federation trade agreement with three non-Federation planets. Finally, his face grave, he said, "Star Fleet Command has confirmed news of the space disaster in which a starship was destroyed. The name of the ship was the USS LaFayette. In commenting on the accident Admiral Komak -- "

Spock's rigid posture did not change, but at last he let out the long breath he had been holding and began, with conscious effort, to breathe normally again.

"Those poor people."

He looked across at her. Tears glistened on her lashes, and her clear blue eyes were bright with compassion and -- something else. Relief? But surely that was an inappropriate response. He must be projecting his own attitude onto her.

Then he saw she was piling up the papers and tapes on the table. "We haven't finished our review," he objected.

She gave him a curious half-smile. "We've done enough for one night, Mr. Spock. It's very late. I'm sure you'll be able to sleep now."

It was not until he was lying in the darkness, composed for rest, that he understood why she had come.

* * *

Toward the end of the term one night when she had suggested a cup of coffee in the cafe-mat following one of their tutoring sessions, she said, "Well, it's all downhill from here on, now that you've pulled me through the computer course. One more easy term after this and I'll be ready -- for whatever it is I'm going to do with my life."

"The prospect doesn't seem to give you pleasure," he said.

"My parents are scientists. I wanted to please them," she said, and then her eyes seemed focused on some distant invisible horizon. "But I'm not sure it's the life I want. Maybe I'm a throwback to an earlier age. Sometimes I feel a terrible longing for an uncomplicated existence. Surely there must be some place where people can live simply, be happy, raise their families, be kind and loving and gentle to each other."

"Some place?" he said, his eyebrows raised. "Surely there are no geographical boundaries to kindness and gentleness. We are what we are, no matter where we may find ourselves. You are looking for Utopia, and you must know it doesn't exist. The capability for achieving whatever measure of happiness each of us is allotted lies within us, not without."

"Perhaps you are right, Mr. Spock. Still, you left home in search of something, did you not?"

"Not -- happiness," he said. "Vulcans do not seek happiness."

"But if they should come upon it inadvertently?"

His face was carefully devoid of expression. "There is no Vulcan equivalent for 'happily ever after'."

"I think it must be rare for humans too, but perhaps even a brief span of happiness is enough to sustain the spirit. Can Vulcans not experience this?"

"The probability is vanishingly --" He broke off. Her face was shadowed with anxious concern. His words were distressing her. And it occurred to him tardily that this was not a suitable topic for discussion. "It is late," he said. "We must go."

* * *

The end of the term approached and all his work was finished except for a field project for zoology on insects in metamorphosis. His assignment had been to collect and identify certain specimens in the pupa stage.

One morning the last week the girl came hurrying into class, her hair flying. "Mr. Spock, I just realized where you can get your examples of coleoptera, hymenoptera, and mecoptera," she said. A pleasurable excitement had lent color to her face. "You haven't found them yet have you?"

He admitted that he had not.

"There's a tract about forty kilometers from here with both meadowland and woods on it where you should be able to find everything," she said. "The Zo instructor can get us a pass to enter the area. The only thing is, there's no tram. We'll have to lease a hovercar."

"I can arrange that," he said.

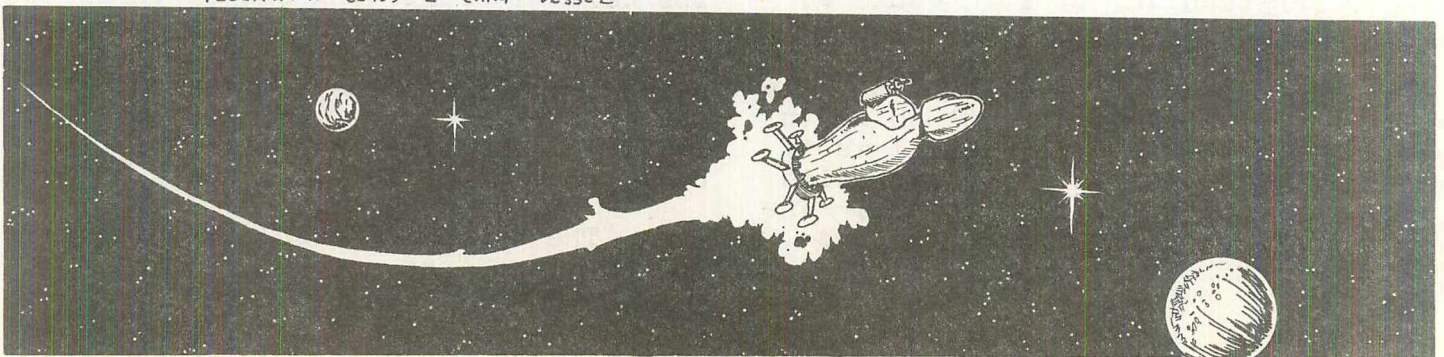
"Good." She smiled. "With the weather so beautiful now I'll pack some food and we'll have a picnic. What a lovely way to end the term."

* * *

"This used to be a recreation area," she told him, as he brought the hovercar to a stop, "but the University bought it, intending to move the Ecological Sciences College here eventually."

There were signs of previous human use, a ruined cupola which had been used as a shelter, once-neat flower beds now gone wild, a lilac hedge, too tall and scraggly but managing a feathering of bloom.

FEDERATION CLASS "L" CARGO VESSEL



She tried to reach one of the blossoms and he bent a branch down and broke one off for her. She buried her face in it in delight and then tucked it through her belt.

"According to the map there are streams running through here," she told him as they walked. And then: "Listen." They stopped and caught the soft babble of running water and saw a glint of silver-blue beyond a stand of pines.

"It's like that Tennyson poem," she said, "'All that bowery loneliness, The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring'."

The sun was hot on their backs as they bent to search out the specimens. She had just located and identified the last chrysalis when Spock, sensing before she did that the unseasonal heat had dissipated, said, "We may not be able to have our picnic after all. I believe a storm is coming."

She seemed unduly dismayed and reluctant to accept a change of plan. "We should at least head back toward the hovercar," he insisted.

They still had some distance to go when they saw the first slashes of lightning, and then there was a sharp crackle, the pungent smell of ozone, a brilliant explosion of crazily dancing lights that left a painful afterimage on Spock's eyelids.

When he could see again he made sure in the first instant that she had not been hit, and then, at a new sound, an ominous splintering noise, he turned to see that the lightning had struck a tall pine which was toppling toward them.

He gathered her up and flung her to the side, then jumped himself, throwing himself over her to shield her body with his own.

The crash shook the ground, but only the very springiest outer branches fell harmlessly across his back.

They lay half-buried under the soft pine boughs and he could feel the wild beating of her heart against his chest. A curious paralysis seemed to hold him. He looked down into her eyes, eyes deep enough for a man to

drown in, as clear and blue as the brooks of Eden. He felt an inner tremor that had nothing to do with fear, and then the sky opened and they were deluged with rain, a torrent which was expected, but which strangely took him as much by surprise as the storm within him.

The shock of the water released him, and he scrambled up, pulling her to her feet, and together they ran for the shelter. The roof of the cupola was intact. Beyond the ruined walls the world was shut out by a shimmering curtain of rain.

Across the reaches of space, with a kind of desperation, his mind cried silently, "Be with me, T'Pring. Be one with me." He had believed (been taught, or led himself to believe?) that when one of a bond-pair was in peril the other would sense his need and somehow respond, evoking a feeling of her presence to sustain him. "Help me, T'Pring."

For answer there was only emptiness.

Here beside him the girl said, "I'm so cold." Her clothes were soaked and clinging to her body. Her face was shining wetly with rain, almost luminous in the gloom of the shelter.

His mind shied away.

"Put your arms around me." She was shivering.

To his shame he found that he was trembling. The bruised lilacs at her waist sent out a poignant fragrance. The air was too sweet and thick to breathe. He was suffocating.

"T'Pring!" How could she not feel his agony? T'Pring, his wife, to whom he owed fidelity.

He felt again the sense of drowning in the depths of these clear blue eyes. He felt the sweet drugged joy of sinking, floating free, down down timelessly to eternity. Any shivering stranger he could have warmed and comforted. But this woman was the one woman he dared not touch again or he would be lost, and he knew it.

Painfully he drew a ragged breath, and the air was air again, and not honey, and he was Spock, a Vulcan.

He took a step away from her on legs



that scarcely faltered, and in a voice that was almost steady he said, "We must exercise. Swing your arms like this and presently you will be warmer."

The storm, the outer storm, was over as quickly as it had begun. "We must see if the specimens are destroyed," he said.

She loosed her hair as they walked, to let it dry in the sultry sun. They found the specimen case undamaged, but a branch had smashed the lunch basket.

When she saw it, tears welled in her eyes. Surprised, he said helplessly,

"It's all right. It doesn't matter."

"It does matter," she said as if heartbroken. "I wanted it to be -- special -- perfect." And then, almost impatiently, "Oh, surely you know that I love you."

Like the afterimage from the lightning bolt, but indelible, that fragment of time was forever afterward imprinted in his memory -- the smell of the pine needles crushed beneath his feet, overlaid with the smoky odor of lightning-scorched wood; the chatter of the now-swollen brook; the rain-washed meadow glistening with crystal droplets; the sun in her hair which was drying now in tender, fragile

wisps around the ivory pallor of her face.

"Come," he said gently. "It is time to go back."

He was painfully aware of her effort at control as they walked in silence, she two steps ahead so that he could not see her face. As they reached the hovercar she drew in a sudden sharp breath as she looked at the sky. He followed her gaze but seeing only the prismatic effect of the sun through the moisture in the air, he continued arranging the specimens in the storage compartment. When he had finished she was still staring at the rainbow arc in mute anguish, one hand pressed to her throat, and not until the last trace of color had faded did she turn blindly to enter the car.

That night as he sat alone, all his work finished, he picked up the book of poetry and read. Though he had not previously marked the volume, he came upon one poem that struck him so that he involuntarily reached for a pencil and the point was resting below the opening word of the passage before he realized what he was doing. With a breath that was almost a sigh he laid the pencil down, read through the poem once again, and closing the book, composed himself for a night of rest, if not of sleep.

He was to leave immediately after his last class. They would not meet again. Her face was grave and sad. In the end he did not know any words that would not betray them both, so he only repeated the formalized words of parting. "May you live long and prosper."

And she, not knowing the Vulcan response, said, "I wish you happiness, Mr. Spock."

Their books were lying together on the desk, and hesitating only an instant, he picked one up and walked away.

* * *

Spock was unpacking when the door buzzer sounded. He released the lock to find Captain Christopher Pike standing there holding two mugs of coffee.

"Welcome back, Mr. Spock. I thought we might have some coffee while

we talk. Am I interrupting?" He indicated the open travel case.

"No, sir; it is of no consequence." He stood stiffly, but Pike thought he was not displeased at his captain's visit. Spock took the cups and put the lids into the waste chute.

"Well, Scotty finally got the Number 2 engine overhauled to his satisfaction," Pike began, and caught Spock up on the ship's news.

When he had finished his coffee he stood and said, "It's good to have you back, Mr. Spock. Did you find it worthwhile?"

"Worthwhile?" Spock looked suddenly at such a loss that Pike wondered if he had said something inadvertently tactless. He tried again. "Were the courses of any benefit?"

Spock seemed to find that phrasing more satisfactory. "Yes, each added something to the total of my information."

Idly, Pike picked up a book from Spock's desk and looked at the gold lettering. "English poetry."

Spock hesitated and then said, "An arts course was required. This was the textbook."

"Look, this isn't your book," Pike said, holding it out.

Spock took it, glancing at the flyleaf. "It -- belongs to another student in the class. I must have picked it up by mistake."

He appeared so uncomfortable that Pike thought he must be embarrassed at having been discovered in error. "Well, I'll let you get on with your unpacking. I just wanted to say welcome aboard."

When he had gone Spock sat at his desk and opened the book. She had underlined here and there. As he read his face softened briefly. Then he saw

"The hawthorne hedge puts forth its buds
And my heart puts forth its pain."

His breath went ragged just for a moment. He would not read further now. Later, perhaps, when time had smoothed the edges. And then his eyes were caught by one more passage which she had carefully encircled.



"When June is come, then all the day
I'll sit with my love in the scented hay:
And watch the sunshot palaces high
That the white clouds build in the
breezy sky."

He turned to the lines he had so
nearly marked in his own copy and read
them through.

"When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers
A moment linger'd near the gate,
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,
He learnt to bear his load of grief;
Just gave a sigh to other times,
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,
And I must view thy charms no more;
For, while I linger near to thee,
I sigh for all I knew before

In flight I shall be surely wise,
Escaping from temptation's snare;
I cannot view my paradise
Without the wish of dwelling there."

It was well he had not marked the
passage. To leave a message would have
been too personal a thing.

He turned to the flyleaf and with one
finger touched the delicately graceful
letters she had penned there. Leila
Kalomi.

He opened his desk, put the slender
volume far to the back, under a pile of
monographs, and quietly closed the drawer.

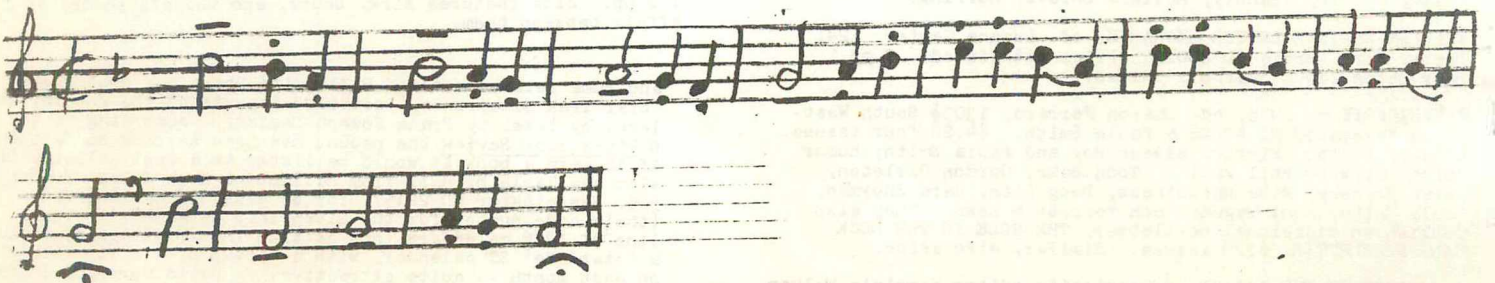
Again the words "watch the sunshot
palaces high that the white clouds build"
drifted through his mind like a promise,
and for a moment he felt a warmth like
sunlight on his face.

Three Themes
transcribed by Donald Koch

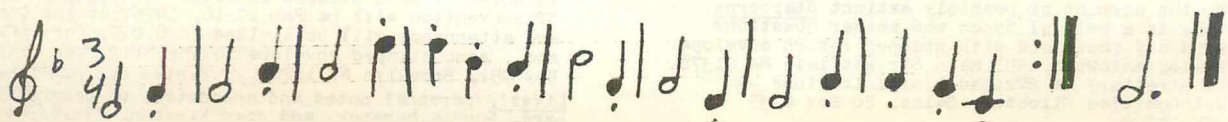
Associated with Spock ("Immunity Syndrome," etc.)



Theme from "The Paradise Syndrome"



Theme associated with Scott



List of STzines received: I'm going to try this for a while, in place of an actual review column. However, I'm putting * by zines which, for one reason or another, usually literary merit or informational quality, I think are particularly good. This method of reviewing-without-reviewing infuriates me when it's done to my work, so I apologize to the editors involved -- but it's better than no notice at all, and may be helpful to readers, so....

* INTRODUCTION TO STAR TREK FANZINES, ed. D.E. Dabbs, 7000 Westview #122, Houston TX 77055. 75¢. Mimeo with offset cover and some illos (and two dittoed pages). Essay by Dabbs on fanzine publishing (why and how), reprints of fiction by Nikke Grayson, Doris Beetem, Lillian Stewart, Jean Lorrain. Cover by Barr.

THE BABELIAN COUNCIL II, 7, ed. Shelley Allan, 4704 SE 34 Ave Portland OR 97202 & Paula Nass. 85¢. Xerox, 15 pp. Crossword by Nass, reprints of newspaper articles; parody by Amy Clarke.

BERENGARIA 4 March 1975, ed. Mrs. L.F. Kirlin, 3007 South 112 Str Omaha NE 68144, & Richard Heim, Jr. \$1.50. Offset. 52 pp. Fiction by Barbara Katherine, Sharon Emily, Trish McDaniel, Heim, Wayne Allen Dick. Poetry by Barbara Brink. Artwork by Larry Greider, Karen Flanery, Tinker Lowe, Bev Parrish, Rick Kingalan, Douglas Herring.

ANTARES 1 March 1974, ed. Sezar Erkin Ergin, Bakanliklar, PO Box 56, Ankara G-10, Turkey. Not ST, but interesting to note because of an introductory essay in English (the rest of the magazine is about as generally and is in Turkish) mentioning that the showing of ST in Turkey, the publication of Erich von Daniken's books, and the showing of "2001" have "caused a revolution in the history of science-fiction in Turkey." I'm not sure of sub-rate.

SUBSPACE CHATTER 4 spring 1975, ed. Gerald Williams, PO Box 283, Magna UT 84044. \$1.25. Xeroxed, 48 pp. News, reprint some Cory Correll work, puzzles, interview with Nimoy by Williams, various cartoons.

AMANI 7 July 1975, ed. Virginia Walker, PO Box 1701, Bedford MA 01730. Mimeo, 6 pp. plus inserts, price not listed. Publication of Nichelle Nichols fan club.

(Oh, and I'll mention here that I'm not trying to list every issue of every zine, but only the recent ones -- for information on available issues, send a stamped return envelope and query to the editor.)

* HALKAN COUNCIL 5 April 1975, ed. Shirley Huang, 74 Berwick Rd, Delmar NY 12054 & Sandy Yingling, 12 Snowden Ave, Delmar NY 12054. 35¢/one, \$1.80/six. Mimeo, 14 pp., plus 2 offset. Discussionzine. Letters from Karen Fleming, Jeff Johnston, Sharon Ferraro, Mandi Schultz, Shirley Malewski, Kay Houston, Joan Verba, Ruth Berman, Robert Coulson. Other issues similar; sometimes has artwork, conreports, fanzine reviews, etc.

SATIRE TREK COMIX CARTOONS, 42 pp., 75¢, and SATIRE TREK COMICORDANCE A PORTAL PARODY, 34 pp., \$1.00, both photo-offset, by Henry Roll, 2419 Greensburg Pike, Pittsburgh PA 15221. First is cartoons, second a close parody of the ST Concordance.

* ENERGIZE 1, ed. Candy Silver, 469 Lorlita Lane, Bethel Park PA 15102, and Connie Faddis. 116 pp., \$3 (\$4.75 overseas). Fiction by Faddis, Anna Mary Hall, Berman, Candy Silver, Shirley Malewski, Marion Silver; articles by Jacqueline Lichtenberg (commentary on a portfolio of Kraith illustrations by Faddis) and Karen Flanery & C Silver; artwork by Grant Canfield, Debbie Collin, Faddis, Flanery, Jackie Franke, Kathie Maynard, Eric Mendlow, Silver. Photo-offset with cover & centerfold 2-color printing.

SHOWCASE 2, ed. Sharon Emily, RR3 Box 224 Rockport IN 47634. Mimeo with some art photo-offset, \$6 (?), 300 pp. Fiction by Emily, Malewski, Hall; artwork by Claire Mason, Barb Liltz, Collin, Flanery, Melinda Shreve, Herring.

WILLIAM SHATNER LETTER EXCHANGE, ed. Luanne Carter, 1241 Beeler Str, Aurora CO 80010. Price not listed. 7 pp. News notes about Shatner. Mimeo.

* MENAGERIE 6, 1975, ed. Sharon Ferraro, 1309 1/2 South West-nedge Kalamazoo MI 49008 & Paula Smith. \$4.20/four issues. Offset, 26 pp. Fiction Eileen Roy and Paula Smith; humor Smith; artwork Phil Foglio, Todd Bake, Gordon Carleton, Karen Flanery, Mike McGuinness, Doug Rice, Cara Sherman, Paula Smith, Joni Wagner; con reports & news. They also publish an occasional newsletter, THE HOLE IN THE DECK GANG NEWSLETTER, \$2/8 issues. Similar, size aside.

* A PIECE OF THE ACTION, subscription editor Virginia Walker PO Box 1701 Bedford MA 01730. 30¢/one, \$3.30/12. Usually about 20 pp. Newszine of Star Trek Welcomittee. A good substitute for the dormant or possibly extinct Starborne. The Welcomittee is a helpful bunch who answer questions about ST -- send any questions with stamped return envelope to STW c/o Shirley Malewski, 481 Main Str Hatfield MA 01378. They publish a directory of STzines & organizations -- 75¢ from ST Welcomittee Directory Sales, PO Box C-35 New Rochelle NY 10804.

STAR TREK NUTS AND BOLTS #1, ed. Mark Behrend, 707 Six Str Brookings SD 57006, and George Perkins. Mimeo, covers offset. Price not listed. Fiction by Dave Simmons, Elfreda Cox, Peter Veters, Ken Fredrickson & Perkins, LouAnn Jones, Joe Walter; poetry by Veters, Jones, Cox; articles by Tom Freeman, Rich Woolworth & Perkins; art by Herring, Faddis, Janice, Rick Havermann. 62 pp.

PHASER 1, February 1975, ed. Michael Fisher, 38 West Manheim Str, Philadelphia PA 19144. Price not listed. 66 pp., black ditto. Fiction by Geoffrey Michael John, Geoffrey Hamell, David Lomazoff, Mike Fisher; articles by Milton Streeter, Mike Fisher, Lomazoff; cartoons by Swoboda, other art by Streeter, Lisa Gould, Janet Wagner, Fisher, Hamell, Tobar, Lomazoff.

1974 WALTER KOENIG FAN CLUB YEARBOOK, ed. Jack Townsend, Rt 7 Box 195, Lenoir NC 28645. Price not listed. 44 pp. Offset. Fiction by Cathy Drew, Karla Steinhoff; artwork by Signe Landon, Townsend, Carol Akelatis, Susan Houck, Fran Sukhapinda, Leila McMichael, Hanley; 3 photo-pages; verse by Jeff Johnston; answers to fans' questions by Koenig.

* QUARTET PLUS ONE, ed. Carol Lynn, 11524 Nashville, Detroit MI 48205 and Deborah Goldstein. \$3.25. 89 pp, offset (reduced size, similar in format to their collections of Kraith stories). Five stories by Claire Gabril (four of them forming a series about Spock and his parents); a letter on "Yesteryear" from D.C. Fontana; artwork by Roberta Brown, Debbie Collin, Pat Foley, Herring, Gee Moaven.

SPECTRUM Vol III No. 1 July 1975, ed. M.J. Fisher, PO Box 8854 Toledo OH 43623. 45¢/one, \$1.90/five. Mimeo, 11 pp. Cover by Mary Seymour. Articles by Fisher (editorial policy, whither ST fandom, fanzine reviews, assorted); letters.

GOING ON 1 June 1975, ed. Karen Fleming, 6905 West First Str Tulsa OK 74127, 2 pp., price not listed. Newsletter, on current activities of ST cast.

PHASER BLAST 2 February 1975, ed. Dan Munson, 502 Westdale, Winona MN 55987, 50¢/one or \$2.25/five, 34 pp. Fiction by Lyle Jordon, George Perkins; articles by Daryl Lanz; artwork by Munson, Dave Hultgren, Craig Morton.

HOSATO 3, Jenny Elson ed., 16 Stafford Drive, Wigston Leicesters LE 8 2YA England. Newsletter George Takei club, 8 pp. \$4/year for 6 newsletters, 1 yearbook.)

* INTERPHASE 1 July 1975, ed. Connie Faddis, 5731 Kentucky Ave Pittsburgh Pennsylvania 15232. \$3.25 (book rate). Offset 100 pp. Fiction by Diane McClaugherty, Eileen Roy, Anna Mary Hall, reprint of a J Lichtenberg script; poetry by Carrie Brennan, Rebecca Baggett, Beth Robertson, Janice Scott, Berman; artwork by Faddis, Collin, Amy Falkowitz, Foglio, Elizabeth Marshall, Kathi Maynard, McClaugherty, Gee Moaven; special feature mixed media art folio of Faddis' drawings of Kirk, illustrated by prose interpretations by Berman, Brennan, Hall, Lichtenberg, Malewski.

KEEP ON TREKKIN' August 1975, ed. Regina Marvinny, 7 Toucan Ct, Wayne NJ 07470. Farewell issue, mainly a list of items from her collection she wants to sell to other fans who will give them a good home; list available for stamped (largish) return envelope.

FEDERATION TRADING POST, 2556 Telegraph Ave Berkeley CA 94704. Catalog of Charles Weiss' ST souvenir shop; available for stamped (largish) return envelope.

* DELTA TRIAD 1, 1975, ed. Laura Scarsdale, 1627 East 17 Str Owensboro KY 42301 & Melinda Shreve, PO Box 387, Brownsville KY 42210. Price not listed, but reservations being accepted for #2, planned for February 1976, for 75¢ plus stamped envelope & full price when ready expected to be \$3 -- a postcard enclosed could query price of #1. Fiction M.L. Dodge, also Dodge plus editors; poetry D.C. Tapp, L. Symenek; artwork. 132 pp. Zine features Kirk, Uhura, and Dodge's theory of an affair between them.

and some related notes. Ballantine Books has published "Star Trek Blueprints," detailed layouts of the Enterprise level by level by Franz Joseph Designs. According to the NYTimes Book Review the packet has been selling so fast that if it were a book it would be listed as a best-seller. It's also available by mail from Ballantine Cash Sales, PO Box 505, Westminster MD 21157, for \$5 plus 50¢ mailing fee (their code-number for the Blueprints is #24471). Their line of 1976 calendars (now getting into bookstores) includes a "stardate" ST calendar, with a blowup of a color film clip on each month -- quite attractive. // David Gerrold, in the guise of the Dage CO, Box 11890, LA CA 90028, sells copies of his books, some ST photos, buttons, and various sizes of tribbles -- send stamped envelope for list. // The next NYC ST convention will be Feb 12-16, 1976, at the Commodore Hotel, and attendance will be limited to 6,000; for info on prices etc., send stamped envelope to The Star Trek Convention, GPO Box 951, Brooklyn NY 11201. // Bantam has published Star Trek Lives!, personal notes and anecdotes, by Jacqueline Lichtenberg, Sondra Marshak, and Joan Winston, #Y2151; \$1.95. Copies can be bought from Bantam for price plus 35¢ mailing from Bantam Books Dept ST 414 East Gold Rd DesPlaines IL 60016.

T-WAVES: letters

from BEVERLY CLARK, 574 Latimer Circle, Campbell CA 95008

Connie Faddis' story in #26 was very good, although it had a few weaknesses -- e.g., what did the Klingons want with the Nal's planet? That subplot seemed to get a bit lost toward the end of the story. I was also pleased by the article on Chapel an issue or two back. I've had a sneaking sympathy and liking for her since the days of the show: I admire the dignity that the character was usually allowed to display, even though she wasn't shown in her fullest capacity. She's suffered terribly at the fans' hands especially, I suspect, in the stories whose main character is the author and whose focus is Spock -- she gets in the way of the fantasy, and so she must be made unacceptable -- too clinging, or emotional, or insensitive, or downright stupid -- so the heroine can get Spock. My own suspicion is that Chapel would maintain the circumspect dignity she usually does on the show, and if the situation remained at stalemate, eventually leave the Enterprise as being an intolerable situation.

Why the variety of type size in #26? It's quite a shock to turn a page and suddenly have to focus on radically smaller print.

((Problem of trying to fit into an issue something like as much as I want to and not drive readers blind -- changing typeface within a story, especially, is regrettable, but in the case of C.Faddis' story, it was either that or serialize it, and I don't want to serialize any more. RB))

from JOAN VERBA, 5137 Clear Springs, Minnetonka MN 55343

I liked "Sleep Not, Dream Not" very much. Enjoyed it through and through. I like puzzles; I'm pleased to see inventive people submit them once in a while. The limerick, too, was refreshing to read, not only because it was good, but also because I've recently read poetry passing as limericks which were just awful. "A Capital Ship" -- well, of course, solar winds. What else?

I found #27 particularly amusing throughout. The cover, of course, was self-explanatory. The Klingon Kapstan Chantey was also amusing. And, though I found "Some Second Thoughts on Vulcan" well reasoned, I couldn't help but interpret the observation that Spock may have been at the Academy three years before having a falling out with Sarek as Sarek thinking, "Well, let the kid have his fling -- he'll be back."

On the serious side, the Greg Jain article, I believe, is on solid ground. Your "Notes and Theories on Vulcan Mythology" struck me as quite reasonable. Finally, about the blooper photos in the back -- I guess GR can't be said not to run a happy ship.

from ALAN DEAN FOSTER

You might be interested to know that I've entered into an agreement with Peter Pan Industries, of New Jersey, to write at least one original Star Trek record for them. The record will consist of three original stories of my own devising, each running about 15 minutes in length. That's not much time to get into an idea overmuch, but it's not a five minute hello, either. I've no idea when they plan to release it, what their voice arrangements are, etc. But it's being done.

Skimming through T-negative 27, I noticed the discussion involving Cruiser names, especially references to the fact that they're primarily Anglo-Saxon names. There was some question as to the origin of a cruiser named KONGO. Now, this may just be a makeup name, but your readers might be interested to note that there was a real KONGO. It was an elderly 14-inch gun battleship of the Imperial Japanese fleet, sunk off Samar Island during the battle for Leyte Gulf. And I believe ships of its type were called KONGO "class." Hence the lineage to the Federation cruiser of the same name. As if that weren't enough, the KONGO was a "converted battle cruiser." (Quote from the source, US NAVAL OPERATIONS IN WORLD WAR II, vol. XII.)

from PRISCILLA POLLNER, Rm 409 Craige UNC Chapel Hill NC27514

Re Sharon Ferraro's letter in #27: Who said that Vulcans had to be brunettes? (Besides -- regardless of all those Kraith models -- I'm working on something to show Vulcans are birds anyway -- but definitely not necessarily brunettes.)

Did I mention this to you before? Log 4 -- Foster states that Scotty is married (?) -- also that he drinks darjeeling tea with nutmeg (I think it was) which I have henceforth tried (just to see if a normal person would voluntarily do it) -- it's a terrible thing to do to a good darjeeling.

from LISA WAHL, 14 Ogden Str Glens Falls NY 12801

I found Ms. Dodge's speculation on Kirk & Uhura fascinating but flawed. She specifically mentions Uhura's see-

ing Kirk in her quarters in "The Tholian Web," but note she says, "Captain! Captain Kirk!" Even Spock in all his Vulcan-ness would have shouted "Jim!" if he'd seen Kirk in private. Likewise, in "Gamesters of Triskelion," in Kirk's great concern he yells, "What's happening to Lt. Uhura?" (actually, it sounded like Juhura to me). I know they're supposed to be involved in a very secretive romance, but that's ridiculous.

I love Foster's series. He seems to put in all the little things I expect to happen during the episodes. Most of all, I think McCoy's puns are horrible, and there's nothing I like better than a bad pun.

Where does Karen Fleming get her quotes for "At Odds"? I never heard most of those attributed to ST episodes. I recognize some as Blish adaptations, but I'm lost about the rest.

((Quotes attributed to ST in this zine come from tapes of the show -- sometimes a specific line may be left out in re-run, unfortunately -- or from the script of an episode. A quotation is not from Blish unless specifically attributed to Blish. And speaking of James Blish -- I'm sorry to report that he died July 30 of lung cancer, aged 54. Anyone who hasn't yet read Case of Conscience go out and do so.RB))

from KAREN FLEMING, 6908 W First Str Tulsa OK 74127

I think "Sleep Not, Dream Not" is the best story you've printed by Connie Faddis. I loved the way she handled Kirk, Spock, and McCoy and the parts at the beginning and end about painting on the ship's bulkheads and McCoy's attempts to help the Nal. The Nal was a very intriguing and believable alien. But there were two parts of the story that bothered me. The major one was that Kirk brought a potentially dangerous alien aboard his ship. I don't think there's a precedent for his doing that willingly. (He had no alternative in "Changeling.") He knew what the Nal had done to his mind, and he had no proof that she hadn't caused the deaths on the Klingon ship. Also, it made a large chunk of the story annoyingly predictable. My other objection is more personal. Why should McCoy use "Vulcan mind techniques"? From reading ST literature, you'd think that Vulcans were the only race that had such disciplines. But some of Earth's Eastern religions use various methods for controlling mental and physical functions. Research is being done now on conscious control of certain brain functions. That research appears to be leading toward the kind of techniques that McCoy needed to approach the Nal.

I enjoyed your article on Vulcan mythology. Could the objects in Spock's quarters be more links with his culture than actual current religious objects? Perhaps he has created an island of his culture aboard the ship -- an island to which he can retire and sustain his own individual identity.

The "Second Thoughts on Vulcans" seems to be little more than another rehashing of a well worn theme -- "Yes, Virginia, Vulcans do have emotions." What appalls me is that we keep trying to judge Vulcans by human standards. Emotions, yes? Emotions, no? I doubt that it's that simple. Instead of saying that Vulcans are a logical, emotionless (or almost so) race of telepaths and then turning around and saying that they do have emotions...Why didn't ST's creators say that because Vulcans have an entirely different physiology, history, evolution, social structure, and language they would probably have a different psychology. Perhaps they have something that is vaguely similar to what we call emotion. But because their body chemistry and everything else is so different perhaps what we see in Spock, and occasionally in other Vulcans, and call emotion isn't exactly what we think we see. Perhaps, when Spock and McCoy discuss "emotion" they're not really talking about quite the same thing. (When ST makes an alien, why can't they let him be alien!)

Who are we to say what's logical for the Vulcans? Being so far removed from Earth -- in space and in evolution -- how can they help but have an entirely different point of view on life and all that it consists of? To them, T'Pol's ethics weren't deplorable -- at least, not from what was shown. (Perhaps it was a time honored method of culling out weaklings and cowards.) Vulcans would say that slaughtering animals for food is deplorable. And I don't think that Sarek's not talking to Spock for 18 years was necessarily illogical; why argue over and over the same points when both of them were quite possibly correct in their viewpoints?

If we say that Vulcan women have less than equal rights, how can we explain T'Pol's influence? Perhaps the Vulcan male's walking several steps ahead of his wife was an ancient protective strategy that continued as a tradition even after the need to protect his mate passed.

Gennie said the Prime Directive should be more flexible so that Kirk won't seem to be breaking it. NO, no, no! It's a very good rule, and if it's loosened much it'll lose all of its force. It's a difficult rule to live up to and it occasionally might not fit a given situation. But more often than not it's better to keep hands off other peoples' affairs.

Gregory Jain's article was very good. T-N's technical articles generally are very informative without being stuffy. I like that.

from MARY SCHAUB, c/o C.S. Schaub, Box 218, Apex NC 27502

The cover for #26 is especially interesting. Jackson has a good eye for planar construction. Connie Faddis's

"Sleep Not, Dream Not" was stimulating on several grounds. The dream deprivation studies that I have read about made the underlying science plausible, and the puzzle of the Nal's terror field made a suspenseful plot theme. In 27 the absolute highlight has to be Dickensheet's inspired poetical summation of the hazards attending the career (short, as he so acutely notes) of the average Starfleet Cadet. The chorus, in particular, moves me with its poignant -- if somewhat graphic -- descriptions of the frequent demises visited upon the hapless cadets ("Glupp! You're down the gullet" being, I think, my favorite). Do pray congratulate the author for putting into words what so many of us have undoubtedly thought. Delightful!

from TOM FREEMAN, 5803 153 Ave NW Anoka MN 55303

Karen Fleming's article on Nurse Chapel in T-Negative #25 was excellent. It brought forth an understanding of the controversial nurse, which I never had before. My own zine, *Universal Transmitter* #1, will be dedicated to Nurse Chapel (contributions are requested).

D.L. Collin's drawing of the Klingon in 27 was as good as her drawing of Spock in #25. Her artwork has distinguishable touches which I recognize before I ever read the signature.

from PAT McCORMACK, 101 Maryland Ln Scranton PA 18505

"Sleep Not, Dream Not" -- beautiful & touching. It was a rare and deep look at the humanity lurking beneath the efficiency of the Enterprise crew. (I say rare because I have never encountered a fan story where so many of the characters -- Spock, Scotty, McCoy, Chapel & M'benga, especially -- reacted to crises in such emotional ways.) The Enterprise crew usually must sublimate their normal reactions to the quick efficiency needed, and often the sublimated emotion is never explored (or insufficiently so) by writers. The scene between Spock & Scotty was quite lovely -- Spock's handling of Scotty's despair and grief was entirely in Vulcan character.

Sharon & Paula's research on ♀ ST characters and hair color was something I would've loved to do. (As a brunette, I say right on!)

from CONNIE FADDIS, 5731 Kentucky Ave Pittsburgh PA 15232

The poem on the ToC page of #26 was priceless -- especially the lines "where seldom is heard an emotional word," and "they warped away on the same star day, a few times faster than light." Also the poem at the end of #27 -- the lament of the fate of young ensigns and security men -- gads, hilarious! Feed 'em another greenhorn and keep 'em quiet down there, won't you, Commander? -- I'm writing a letter to my Mom.... Jackie Franke gets better and better! I thought her drawing was superb and felt honored to have it accompany "Sleep Not."

from SHIRLEY MEECH, 1336 Brampton Rd Los Angeles CA 90041

Chortled delightedly through "A Capital Ship," the Klingon Chantey, and Gennie Summers' transporter song. Was fascinated by Connie Faddis' cover on #27, and would love to hear some explanation of it. ((There are some things fan was not meant to know? RB))

Greg pointed out a typo in his starship article -- page 5, second paragraph, the Constellation's number, 1017, came out 1701. ((Much apologies. Also to Darlene Fouquet and Al Sirols, whose names I misspelled, and especially to Rick Pearson, whose drawing I printed upsidedown -- by way of making amends, it's on the cover this time. Rightsideup, I hope.))

All right, what is dirty about The Adventures of Humphrey Clinker? When was that? ((18th century, when "clinker" was slang for bits of fecal matter caught around the anus.)) I like the idea of "little green men" as Vulcan elves, fairies, or other magic -- it always did seem unlikely that the slang phrase would have lasted so long. Afterthought -- Spock might have picked up the meaning of the phrase from Christopher's mind, assuming a little mental eavesdropping is permissible in the case of possible problems or menaces like Christopher. On picking up the mental image of "outworlders" tinged with scorn, the response of "Neither have I," could mean, "I don't think much of (you) outworlders myself."

from TED SCHULZ, 180 Mt. Lassen Dr San Rafael CA 94903

I liked and laughed at "Capital Ship" in 26 and Dean's poem in 27 -- even my son, who's only a passing ST fan (when he's passing the TV) recognizes that the odd man in the landing party is out. And why, he asks, does Captain Kirk have them go off in four different directions?

from DEBBIE COLLIN, 14329 Cerritos Ave Bellflower CA 90706

I particularly enjoyed your article on Vulcan mythology, since my favorite ST alien artifact is the "smith-god." The creature's animal face could represent an evolutionary ancestor. I know of no Earth parallel, no lemur-cult, but the Vulcans probably had no equivalent to our Victorian age: the thought of an ancestor happily brachiating (or flying) through the family tree might not have offended them. Vulcans do have some feline characters, as mentioned in "Physiologica Vulcanensis" (Spockanalia #1).

Somewhat disturbed by Alan Andres' illo of the firepot (I'd become accustomed to quite another smith-god), I began checking filmclips. There are two different statues! The one I was familiar with has smooth, unruffled wings, folded back in a more "relaxed" position. It resembles a squat mountain lion -- even to the head, although the muzzle is narrower, more canine. The legs are ape-like and not especially crooked. The claws or talons are clearly visible. It holds a very round golden "bowl" from which a flame emanates. I recently acquired a new slide of Spock's quarters, but until now I hadn't examined it closely. It supports the Andres illo. The feathers are ruffled and the wings are hunched forward. The face is not so much an animal's as a demon's. The figure seems to hold a jug or vase the same color as the statue itself. A very different, flameless golden "bowl," almost a small cauldron, complete with thick gold chain, sits at its feet, concealing them. ((Not having seen your clips, I can't be sure, but I have similar shots, and it seems to me that the statue is the same, the differences in appearance coming from different angles of vision. The difference in things held and type of light described by you are in these shots, too. I can't remember if both versions actually appeared in different scenes of "Amok Time," but suspect they did. RB))

I'm at a loss to account for this discrepancy. Careless prop men aside, perhaps it has something to do with the onset of Pon Farr. The demon figure -- with no "flame" -- was from a "biology lecture" scene; Spock was just entering Pon Farr. The animal figure -- with "flame" -- was from the Christine-Spock plomeek soup incident. He was in the depths of Pon Farr. There could easily be a significance for each icon. The existence of two figures gives rise to the possibility of others. (A gargoyle for every occasion?) On the other hand, the beloved "smith-god" might be nothing more than a night-light for an adolescent Vulcan.

"Some Second Thoughts on Vulcans" was also engrossing. The big snag with any speculation is that we've never seen any "ordinary" Vulcans under "normal" situations. After thirty-plus years with Amanda, Sarek is bound to have acquired some human characteristics. The marriage party isn't very helpful, either. The nature of the ceremony and the shock of T'Pol's challenge would no doubt have been terribly upsetting. The comment on page 12 about T'Pol's "tradition bound" phrase, "live long and prosper," overlooks something. Since Vulcan "biology" is so distasteful to them, and the male's sex drive is cyclical, with a probability that the female is not always fertile, they might very well have trouble maintaining a stable population. It might be Spock's duty to "live long and prosper" and contribute to the gene pool. T'Pol's parting words could have been less a blessing than a reminder of that obligation.

Gennie Summer's comments on T'Pol were interesting, but she missed one point. T'Pol became "property" only after challenging Spock. The fact that she was giving up her rights is a clear indication that she had rights to give up. Personally, I found nothing offensive in either "Journey to Babel" or "Amok Time." My quarrel is with "Turnabout Intruder." If that episode isn't offensive, what is?

Why is the Enterprise warping along upside down on page 15? Another virus attacked the crew? A Klingon plot? A hostile alien life form? Gremlins? A little exercise never hurt anyone, but it would have been a great time to have seat belts. ((I could remark that position in space is relative anyway, but.... RB))

VISIT TO THE SET

A room with just three walls, a sea of cables, The watchful cameras and the hot bright lights, Technicians at their thousand detailed tasks

The actor, in today's disguise, With script in hand and head, Ready for the daily alchemy Of mixing printed page with unmarked film, Creating something bright and strange as life.

The actors are inside the three-walled room, The crew outside; a scene is being filmed. But when the camera stops, between the scenes -- A make-up man comes in to do his artwork; Props are carried in and carried out; The cameramen and sound men shift equipment; Director and assistants come and go. The actor looks through the camera's eye, Seeing the three-walled room from its other side -- The mixture of the hardware and the dream.

The spark that makes the actor what he is Lives in the three-walled room; Magician, casting spells, The camera his familiar, In this, his electronic lair.

-- Shirley Meech