

**T-NEGATIVE 29**

T-Negative 29, October 1975, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. Comes out irregularly. Which means by the way, that there is not much point in writing to me ask Why haven't you received your next issue (because I haven't put it out yet is the usual reason) -- unless you have a real reason, such as having just moved or having heard from someone else who got a copy you didn't, to think that I did put out an issue. And even then there's no point to writing unless you enclose a return envelope stamped (if you want an answer, that is).

## Contents

cover: Douglas Herring

The Unknown Traveller, by Deborah Naffziger.....3

T-Waves: letters.....14

Beach to Walk On (cf. "The Naked Time"), by Shirley Meech.....15

reprint: "Television" column by John Stanley March 10, 1968.....17

backcover: Gennie Summers

illos: Bunny Jackson p. 3; D.L. Collin pp. 5, 11; Janice p. 7; Ricky Pearson p. 8; Gee Moaven p. 13; Alan Andres p. 15.

explanation, excuse, apology, or form of rationalization for arrival:

✓ I felt like sending it

○ You contributed

You paid money at the rate of 50¢/one or \$2/five, and your subscription is currently due to end:

issue # ○ this issue ○

back issues are 75¢/one or \$2/three. At present #'s 1-12, 19 20, 22-28 are available. I'll be reprinting others later.

### Tribbles quadruple -- AB

Brag Department: I had a story, "Lakewood Cemetery," in New Worlds, ed. Hilary Bailey and Charles Platt (#6, Avon, 1975 in USA: #7, Sphere Books, 1974, in Britain); a poem, "Attack from Cumulus" in Amanuensis (Spring 1975, Vol III No 1), \$1 from English Dept, O.T. 1215, U of Kentucky, Lexington KY 40506.

from "Jordan" (1) by George Herbert: -----

Who says that fictions onely and false hair  
Become a verse? Is there in truth no beautie?  
Is all good structure in a winding stair?  
May no lines passe, except they do their dutie  
Not to a true, but painted chair?

(underlining  
added)

Is it no verse, except enchanted groves  
And sudden arbours shadow course-spunne lines?  
Must purling streams refresh a lovers loves?  
Must all be vail'd, while he that reads, divines,  
Catching the sens at two removes?

Shepherds are honest people; let them sing:  
Riddle who list, for me, and pull from Prime:  
I envie no mans nightingale or spring;  
Nor let them punish me with losse of rime,  
Who plainly say, My God, My King.



# The Unknown Traveller

by Deborah Naffziger

"I have it on the screen now, sir. Magnification four."

"Very well, Mr. Sulu. Mr. Spock, is the comet catalogued?"

"Yes, Captain. It is of ordinary class but possessing an unusual orbit. Elliptical but with an eccentricity almost that of a hyperbola rather than an ellipse. It is catalogued as the 'Unknown Traveller'." Spock allowed his voice to take an edge of distaste at the ancient, poetic name.

"Since it parallels our course to Star Base 10, we'll follow it for a while to study it. At least some departments will have something to do." The captain stood and faced Spock.

"Mr. Spock, as science officer I leave it to you to assign personnel to observations. Mr. Sulu, match course and speed with the comet as Mr. Spock requires. I will be in my quarters if needed. Mr. Spock has the con."

The Enterprise was en route to Star Base 10 for routine supply and check-in, on a course paralleling the Romulan Neutral Zone. As of late the Romulans had kept to themselves, so there was no reason to keep any special alerts. Besides, Kirk's turn of duty was over, and it was Spock's problem now. He wasn't sleepy and considered looking up Scotty. But he was probably sleeping. Scotty was fun to be with off duty, but he dearly loved his sleep, so when he did indulge, it was not wise to disturb him unless it was important. So that was out. Well, Kirk could always read. Everybody had been talking about that new adventure novel so he thought he might try reading it. He didn't usually like to read popular fiction but then a little light reading couldn't hurt every now and then.

Kirk's low opinion of popular fiction was reaffirmed when he dozed off about 150 pages into the book. After five hours of nap he was awakened abruptly by Mr. Leslie on the intercom. He shouldn't sleep in chairs, he mused, as he stiffly reached for the intercom to reply.

"Sir, we have been picking up variances in the comet's gravimetric readings. As if there was something hiding in its tail and trying to get out."

"Can you get a fix on what or exactly where in the tail it is?"

"No, sir. Wait -- yes. Whatever it is it's coming out now...at Warp two. Captain, I think it's a Romulan vessel. It's a type I've never seen before."

"Go to Red Alert. Put shields on maximum and lock phasers onto it. I'll be up immediately."

As Kirk stepped out of the lift he noted the activity on the bridge. Even at 'night' it was busy. Spock was at his computer console, efficient as always, taking readings of the intruder.

"Identification, Mr. Spock."

"The vessel is a small shuttle-type craft, sir, but equipped with a limited warp drive. It is now fully away from the tail and has slowed, apparently to take bearings. I read only one life form. Romulan."

"Lt. Uhura, signal the craft. Tell him we will not attack unless provoked. Try to find out why he's there."

As Uhura turned to her board, Kirk wondered why a small, relatively weak vessel was here, definitely on the Federation side of the Neutral Zone. There were no space displacements which signaled that cloaked warships were near, so it wasn't a trap. It was illogical, he mused.

"Captain, I've picked up a microsecond blip issuing from the craft." Uhura faced him. "It's aimed at...at Starfleet Headquarters. I've recorded it and fed it



into the computer for decoding, but I don't think we'll have much luck. I believe it's encoded from the Romulan language."

"Nothing for the Romulans, Lieutenant?"

"No, sir, I've double checked, and there's only the one transmission."

A Romulan sending messages to Starfleet. Next he'd be hearing the Enterprise was going to be redone in pink and purple stripes. No. This was much more serious.

"Captain, I'm getting a standard hailing frequency from the ship, audio only." At Kirk's signal she put it on so all on the bridge could hear.

"I have identified you as the Federation Starship Enterprise, commanded by James T. Kirk at last memory." The voice was feminine and spoke English perfectly. "I am in need of medical aid. Please beam me aboard as my transport device has been damaged."

"Recommendations, Spock? Is it safe to beam aboard a Romulan even though she is injured?"

"Professes to be injured, Captain." Spock could not help pointing out the obvious. "However, it would be illogical for a Romulan to place herself -- herself -- in the hands of the Federation. In fact, the entire action on the part of the Romulan is highly irregular. Fascinating." Kirk exchanged glances with the Vulcan, affirming this as another tough situation.

"Security, send an armed team to the transporter room, phasers on heavy stun. Dr. M'benga and emergency medical team to report also." Kirk snapped off the intercom. "Mr. Spock, you have command." He turned and added as an afterthought to the entire bridge crew, "Don't discuss this with anyone. I want to keep it quiet for the time being." He turned and left.

\* \* \*

Kirk was greeted by an air of tense expectation when he arrived in the transporter room. With his entrance the tableau was complete. Three security guards stood at

either side of the platform, M'benga and McCoy standing beside Kyle at the transporter controls. McCoy was rumpled and blinking awake but intent. He gave Kirk a 'This is too important to miss' look as explanation for his presence.

"We've locked onto the -- ahem -- Romulan, sir. Ready to activate on your order."

Kirk turned. "Gentlemen, I want your phasers aimed at the transporter. No matter how injured, if she should make any hostile move, shoot."

The security team shuffled nervously but gripped their phasers in readiness.

"Dr. McCoy, you and Dr. M'benga will hold off until I give the order. All actions concerning the Romulan are to be regarded as secret and will not be discussed with anyone not directly involved. Activate transporter."

A Vulcanoid woman in a Romulan Centurion's uniform materialized upon the platform. She looked battered, and blood was trickling from the corner of her mouth. Dried blood indicated older injuries. Her face was bruised and her left arm hung at an odd angle. She was also favoring her left leg. She wavered back and forth trying to keep her balance. She assessed the Federation men and singled out the captain.

"Sir, I place myself under your protection. I have no hostile intent. I will obey any orders you deem fit to give me. Please inform Commodore Xavier Snow that An -- An...." She wavered and grabbed for balance with her right arm. Unfortunately there was nothing to hold onto, and she fell heavily to the floor. McCoy moved to aid her, but the captain held him back.

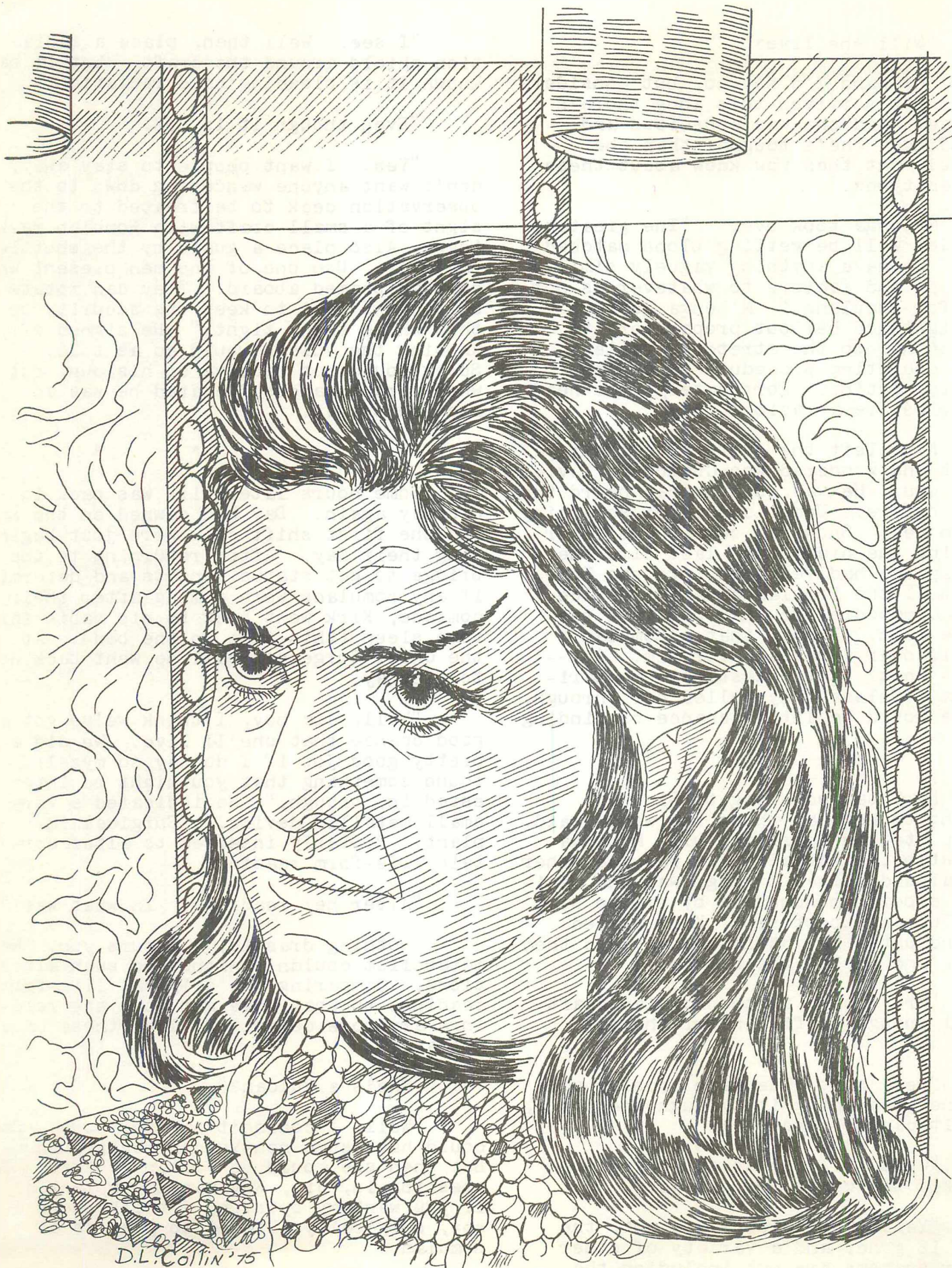
"Bones, make sure she has fainted and is not trying to deceive us."

The doctor took a medical scan, nodded, and proceeded to administer a hypo. "She's in a bad way, Jim. Various internal injuries, untended and days old. We'll probably have to operate. She's got a rib broken which has punctured the right lung."

"What about that arm and leg?"

"Both broken. The pelvis is cracked, and the thigh bone broken."







"Will she live?"

"Offhand I'd say no, but considering she's survived this long there's a chance. And she was conscious and standing. She's tougher than she looks. But then you know about these Vulcan types."

M'benga took over. "The greatest problem will be getting blood matched -- if we have anything vaguely similar in type and factors to whatever is normal for Romulans." M'benga gently straightened her out preparatory to moving her to the stretcher table. "The operating procedure should be fairly routine. Fortunately, the head injuries are abrasions only."

Kirk left the doctors to their patient and wondered who Commodore Xavier Snow was. He was sure he had heard the name before. Under orders or something -- Ah yes! Snow had been the officer issuing the orders the last time the Enterprise had ventured into the Zone, to steal the Romulan cloaking device. This Commodore Snow had outlined the whole plan. Funny, that a Romulan should bear a message for him. An -- an -- what? Antidisestablishmentarianism? Unless they pulled her through, there would be little chance of finding out.

\* \* \*

Kirk tagged along to Sickbay hoping to hear anything the woman said. McCoy started operating with M'benga assisting. (Actually, it was the other way around, since M'benga was the resident expert on Romulans by virtue of his Vulcan expertise.) Kirk stayed around until he got in the way and then left, and called the bridge.

"Mr. Spock, is the Romulan craft small enough to fit in our shuttle bay?"

"Yes, sir. The main problem will be one of guiding it through the doors, but it can be done."

"Good. Please do so. Have you checked the craft for damage?"

"Yes. The shields are out, the fuel is gone, and a variety of other minor systems are out including the transporter. And the Romulan markings are unmistakable."

"I see. Well then, place a radiation shield around the craft. Let it be known it is bleeding hard radiation."

"Even though it is not."

"Yes. I want people to stay away. I don't want anyone wandering down to the observation deck to be treated to the sight of a small craft with Romulan markings. Also place a guard by the shuttle bay door. Use one of the men present when she was beamed aboard. They can rotate shifts. I want to keep the security on this whole thing tight." He signed off, knowing the Vulcan would do as told. Spock would not deceive on his own, but when circumstances dictated he was an excellent liar.

\* \* \*

Some hours later Kirk was back in Sickbay again. Day had dawned on the ship and the first shift crew were just beginning their day. After returning to the bridge to get status reports and determine if any Romulans were coming after their comrade, Kirk went back to his cabin for some sleep (this time in the bed). At the Chief Surgeon's call he went back down to Sickbay.

"Well, Jim boy, I think we've got a good chance that she'll live. We did a pretty good job if I do say so myself. I found something that you might be interested in, though." He indicated a very small metallic device. "Surgical implant. Probably inserted to alter certain life-form readings."

"Alter her readings? In what way?"

"Nothing drastic, I assure you. Her metabolism couldn't withstand such alterations. Comparing the original life-form readings to what I've got now, the readings are more definitely like those of a Vulcan."

"She's a Vulcan?"

"Well, I couldn't say for sure. She could have some non-Vulcan background. But then she could be Vulcan at that. The question is, Jim, Why was it implanted? If you want my opinion, I think she's a spy, surgically altered to pass as a Romulan."

"Altered to pass as a Romulan? I would think it would be the other way around."

The doctor, red-eyed and weary, merely shrugged.

The silence was broken by a muttered phrase from sickbay. Both men moved to the bedside.

"Who are you?" Kirk asked gently.

The reply was unintelligible muttering.

"It's obvious we'll get no more English out of her." The doctor indicated the readings on the panel above her head. "She's suffering from post-op shock and isn't fully conscious. The anesthetic is making her talkative."

"Well, let me know when she'll be able to answer questions. And let M'benga take over for a few hours. You need some sleep."

\* \* \*

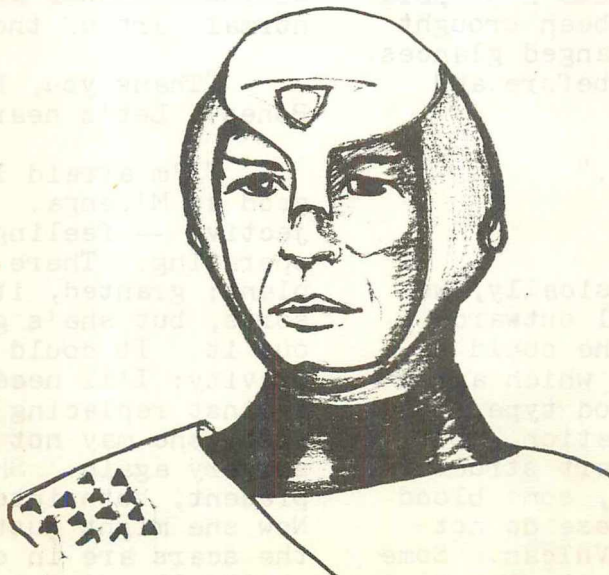
Towards the end of the first duty shift a blip was spotted on the motion sensor.

"I get no readout on visual, sir." The First Officer spoke with his eyes hooded by his viewer. "Merely a motion displacement. Its course emanates from Romulan space."

"Lt. Uhura, hail the Romulan vessel. I want to know what they want with us and why they have violated the Zone. Mr. Sulu, put screens at maximum, arm phaser banks. Navigator, hold our position. Put the ship on red alert." Kirk called down to Engineering. "Mr. Scott, I want full power. Stand by for possible attack."

"Captain!" It was Uhura. "I am receiving a reply to our signal; putting it on visual."

The star pattern resolved into the image of a stern, middle-aged Romulan. Even though Kirk had seen Romulans before, the resemblance to Vulcankind was still startling.



"Captain, I am Subcommander Vor. One of our officers, one Centurion Irin, was injured in a war-games exercise. Her craft was set on this course. We would like you to return her to us. I assure you her breach of the Zone was entirely accidental. Ours is a rescue mission to recover an injured party. We have no hostile intentions. We merely ask the return of Centurion Irin."

"Subcommander Vor," Kirk replied, "we did pick up a Romulan officer in a small craft a short time ago. She was badly injured and is now resting in our Sickbay. We will be happy to return her to you. Stand by." Kirk motioned to Uhura to cut transmission and called down to Sickbay. "Dr. McCoy, ready our patient for transporting to the Romulan vessel. She's going home."

"Jim, you can't return her to them! They'll kill her. I think she's one of us."

"Doctor, that's an order. I don't want to complicate matters more than they already are."

"Jim, you can't! Anyway, as Chief Medical Officer, I have assessed her condition and she can't be moved. She's still too weak."

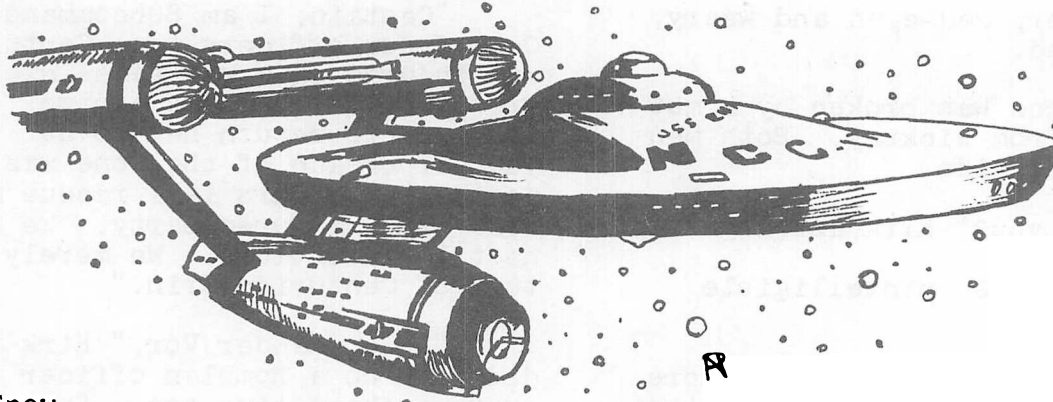
Kirk angrily snapped off the com. He motioned to Uhura to re-establish contact with Vor. "Subcommander Vor, I have spoken to our Chief Medical Officer and he says that Centurion Irin is too weak yet to be moved. She'll be fit in a few days."

"Captain Kirk. Our people are enemies. It would be extremely advantageous for you to have a Romulan officer to question at leisure. I will transport over a team of medical personnel who will see to it that the Centurion is not injured further. We want her back."

"Subcommander Vor, I assure you we are not interrogating your officer. We are merely concerned for her welfare. I will speak with my medical



officer and contact you later." He mentioned that the communication be ended. "Lt. Uhura, any reply yet from Commodore Snow to our message?"



zymes may be a factor of the different diet -- Romulans eat meat, and it could be that these enzymes may

well show up. The blood

"No, sir. At this distance we can expect a reply to our first message in three hours."

"Keep broadcasting reports, but use Code Three." Kirk considered the possibility that the Romulans might have decoded it. "And encode it from Swahili, that should slow the Romulans down. Mr. Spock, you have the con. Hold our position and don't make any sudden moves. But keep the screens at full and the phasers aimed at their ship. If they fire upon us I want to know immediately. Fire a warning shot, but wait for me before taking further action. I'll be in Sickbay."

\* \* \*

"All right, Doctor, I want to know exactly why you don't think our friend here is a Romulan. And it had better be good."

M'benga entered, looking tired; he had been up conducting tests and operating since the woman had been brought aboard. The doctors exchanged glances. They had hashed this out before and had reached an impasse.

"If I might begin...."

McCoy nodded.

M'benga went on, "Basically, we have a woman who is by all outward appearance, a Romulan. She could be a Vulcan. There are things which agree with the Vulcan norm: blood type, bone structure, brain configuration. But there are aberrations: heart structure, certain digestive enzymes, some blood factors and hormones. These do not agree with what I saw on Vulcan. Some may be explained. The heart structure may be a pathological condition which would be the cause for implanting the cardiac stimulator/regulator. The en-

factors may be a hereditary fluke -- but the hormones are the one mystery. They are similar to the secretions present in the bloodstream of Vulcan males during Pon Farr. The release of these hormones is the signal to the body to enter the state."

Kirk was attentive.

McCoy looked uneasy.

"The levels of these hormones have not decreased as they would if these were artificially induced into the system. Moreover, the levels are not as high as they would be in a Vulcan male in the Mating Fever. This seems normal, and if so, I think I've found the reason Romulans have emotion where Vulcans do not." M'benga looked triumphant. "These hormones, through centuries of breeding and suppression were eliminated in the Vulcan race, except in the males where they trigger the state of Pon Farr. In the Romulans, a Vulcanoid offshoot, they never bothered to try to suppress their emotions so the hormones are still present as a normal part of their physiology."

"Thank you, Dr. M'benga. All right, Bones. Let's hear your side of it."

"I'm afraid I don't have anything as good as M'benga. My evidence is more subjective -- feelings I got when I was operating. There is the matter of the implant; granted, it could be a pacemaker of sorts, but she's getting along fine without it. It could just be the lighter gravity; I'll need more time to tell. I'm against replacing it for that reason, and also, she may not survive the shock of surgery again. She also has scar tissue present, both internally and externally. Now she might just be accident prone, but the scars are in convenient spots and are skillfully disguised. I don't think I could do that good a job. They're on the heart, of course, and certain other organs, particularly the digestive tract; and then



the hands and feet, and the retinas. Now I checked her eyes very carefully -- I'd give anything to have the skill of the guy who did it -- well, as much as I could, and I couldn't find anything wrong. They're perfect, like most Vulcans. So why monkey around with her retinas?" McCoy paused dramatically to let Kirk think about it. "It could be her retinal pattern was altered. And we all know that the retinal pattern is one of the most foolproof means of identification. The hand and foot scars might be from the changing of hand and footprints, another form of identification. Jim, why would anyone do that except to disguise a spy? This is all I have. What I do know is this: I found the implant. Why would a Romulan have it? And there are the scars. Add to that what she said when we beamed her aboard. She did not ask to be returned, and she said she'd obey any orders you'd give her. Now what Romulan would say that?"

"One who didn't want any trouble and expected a rescue. Can you prove, for certain, that she is a Vulcan and that she had surgery to alter her internal structure and retinal pattern?"

"No. Like I said, it's not concrete, only a feeling I have based on what I saw when I operated and when I examined her. Jim, at least wait until we hear from this Commodore Xavier Snow. He may have some answers."

"I can't afford to wait. The Romulans are getting testy and think we are interrogating her. I've got the feeling that if she's not returned, we'll be forced to fight. Bones, can you wake her up so we can ask her who she is? If she is a Federation spy, she may be more than willing to tell us."

"It's risky, but I'll do it. It seems to be her only chance."

M'benga administered the stimulant and the men waited. In a few moments the woman opened her eyes. Her expression was veiled.

Kirk bent over her. "Who are you?"

He received no reply except a long measured gaze.

He looked at McCoy. The doctor was not daunted. "I'll try again. You

are aboard the USS Enterprise. We picked you up in your craft after you had apparently hitched a ride on a comet to the Federation side of the Romulan Neutral Zone. A Romulan ship claims you as one of its officers and demands your return. The doctor thinks you are a Federation spy. Are you?"

She shot a glance at the doctor and then looked at the captain. She then mumbled something unintelligible and closed her eyes.

Kirk turned to McCoy. "I think that's ample proof that she's Romulan. Make her ready to be transported."

"Jim, I still think I'm right. She has just gone through major surgery. She is disoriented and confused. Besides, if she's a spy, and she was leaving the Zone, it's probable that she'd been found out. What better way for the Romulans to discover what she knows, than to make her believe she is on a Starship? She may believe that."

"Doctor, you are too stubborn. I want her out. NOW!"

"And as Chief Medical Officer, I say she can't be moved!"

"Dr. McCoy." M'benga turned from checking the woman. "We've discussed this before. Now where I do admit such a thing is possible -- surgical alteration of a Vulcan to pass as a Romulan -- there are too many factors arguing against it here. Add to that the fact that if the woman was Vulcan, she'd have a hell of a time adjusting emotionally."

"All right, M'benga, I'll concede that, but tell the captain just how she survived until we got to her. You listen to this, Jim. It's interesting."

"Well, Captain, as far as I can tell, she sustained her injuries three days ago. What happened is quite common. When a Vulcan is injured and knows aid will not come, they will put themselves in a trance-like state; it slows the reaction to injuries and minimizes hemorrhaging. I would guess she was nearly cataleptic when we found her."

"You see, Jim? That's a Vulcan trick. What business does a Romulan have knowing it?"

"Dr. McCoy, I said Vulcans did it,

but there is no reason that Romulans can't have learned the trick also."

"But I say she's no Romulan. Jim, if you send her back, they'll kill her."

"Dr. McCoy, I have my ship and crew to think of. I can't let us risk our lives for a hunch. Dr. M'benga has stated concrete evidence and you gave us only impressions and opinions. Bones, give up. Admit when you're beaten. Hunches aren't always right."

The men stared at each other. Kirk turned to the wall com. "Kirk to bridge."

"Bridge. Spock here."

"Mr. Spock, please come to Sickbay. I need your opinion." He switched off.

After a few moments, Spock entered Sickbay.

"Mr. Spock. The doctor thinks our passenger is a Vulcan, surgically altered to pass as a Romulan. Dr. M'benga thinks not. What is your opinion?"

"Sir, I've examined the craft. It is entirely Romulan in origin. There are no devices, codebooks, or micro-transmitters to facilitate sending messages back to the Federation. Based upon my examination of the craft, I believe the woman is indeed a Romulan Centurion."

"Spock." M'benga faced him. "How do you account for the ~~implant~~?"

"I read your report, Dr. M'benga. I believe it could function as a pacemaker. I do not believe that it is powerful enough to change the readings of a Vulcan to those of a Romulan, no matter how close the two species are in physiology."

"Well, Bones, it's two against one. Now will you release her?"

"Captain, no matter what she is, she still can't be moved. Vulcan or Romulan, she is simply too weak."

"If we don't get her off my ship we may all be dead!" Kirk racked his brain for a final definitive test. He

hit on it, but was it worth it? It wasn't easy, but they were in danger of starting a new Romulan war. "Spock, I want you to mind link with her. Find out if she is Vulcan."

"Very well, sir."

He turned to the bed. The woman stared intently at Spock but made no visible effort to stop him. The Vulcan went through the physical motions necessary for achieving the mind link. After a time Spock stood, dazed. He spoke slowly and with an effort.

"Captain, all I can get are surface thoughts of being a Romulan Centurion."

"Well, Bones -- "

"But," Spock continued, ignoring the interruption, "she has too much shielded. I could not get past her barriers. It is as if she only wished to let me see those surface thoughts. Sir, no Romulan would have such intensive training needed for control as strong as it is here. Romulans have developed their telepathic abilities little if at all. Captain, I believe that Dr. McCoy may be right."

"Well, then, we have to get ourselves -- and her -- out of here without getting blown out of space. Any recommendations, Spock?"

"None."

Kirk looked disparagingly at his first officer. "Let's go to the bridge. Maybe something will happen that will decide it for us."

\* \* \*

As Kirk stepped onto the bridge, Uhura turned to him.

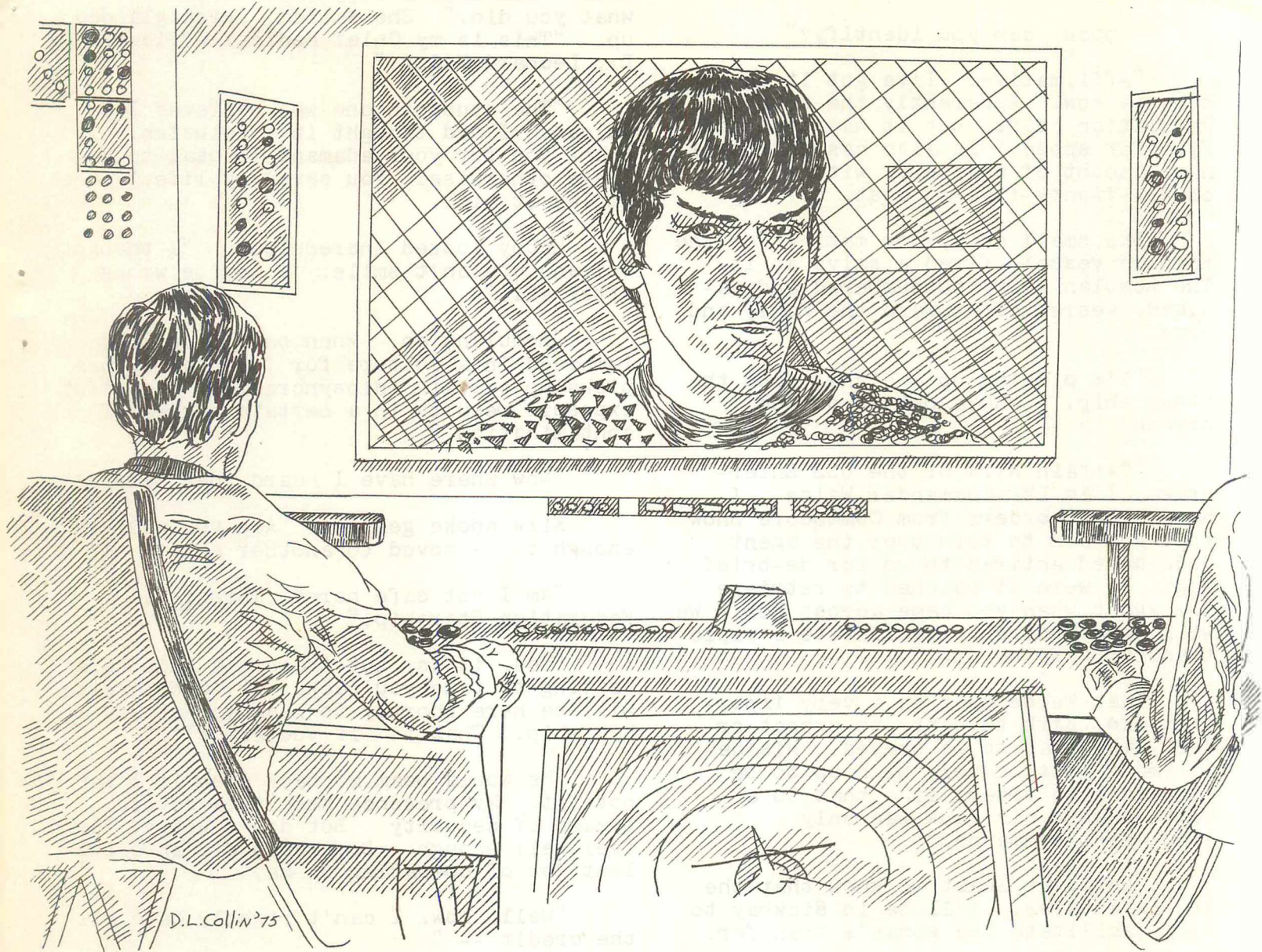
"Captain, the Romulan vessel is signalling us again. Subcommander Vor wants to speak to you."

"Put it on. Subcommander Vor."

"Captain Kirk, I have my medical team team ready to transport aboard and bring Centurion Irin back."

"Subcommander Vor, I have just returned from Sickbay, and the Centurion is not responding to treatment. Should she be moved now, it might kill her."





"Captain. I want the Centurion within fifteen minutes or I will fire upon your ship."

"That would be an act of war. You have violated the Zone."

"To rescue an injured officer. I must believe that you are interrogating her. That, Captain Kirk, is an act of war. Fifteen minutes, no more." The screen went blank.

The Romulans wanted her back for something -- that's for sure -- otherwise the Enterprise would've been blasted to atoms long ago. Kirk doubted any officer was so valuable as to risk war for. Maybe she had been discovered spying and they wanted her back to interrogate

and/or punish. He shuddered. Even if she was Vulcan, eventually she would've broken and it would've been a long and painful process. The bigger they are.... She had been brave to attempt it, and extremely skillful and lucky to get away with it. Kirk found his admiration for the woman growing. He'd better do something to insure the Romulans couldn't get her.

"Sulu, break away at Warp nine. We'll try to outrun him. Keep shields at maximum. If he fires, prepare to return. All hands to battle stations."

The ship hummed with the acceleration. Sulu spoke. "Captain, we caught them off guard. They are pursuing, but our headstart put us out of range." Sulu started. "Sir, I'm picking up another



vessel headed directly for us at Warp nine."

"Spock, can you identify?"

"Affirmative. I've got it on my sensors now. Apparently the ship is a Federation craft, but it has been modified for speed. It also has an inordinate amount of weaponry, with a small crew. Twenty-five at most, sir."

The small ship, now making for the Romulan vessel, fired a salvo at it. The Romulan ship, outnumbered and damaged, veered off toward the Zone, and home.

"I'm picking up a signal from the other ship." Uhura put it on the screen.

"Captain Kirk of the USS Enterprise: I am Lt.-Commander Weise. I have direct orders from Commodore Snow that you are to turn over the agent code-named Antares to us for de-briefing. We were dispatched to retrieve the agent when you came across her. We will beam aboard to facilitate a rapid transfer. Weise out."

That Weise must be a very important man, Kirk thought, to expect orders like that to be obeyed. His department must be very high up to be able to give orders like that to a captain when his rank was only lieutenant-commander.

"Well, at least we know that the An- is Antares. I'll be in Sickbay to help facilitate the woman's transfer.

\* \* \*

Pain and mist resolved into the Sickbay ceiling. Drums pounding turned out to be the monitor above her head, making her heartbeat audible. A face, a Terran face, stared down at her. She reached out and probed his surface mind gently, so he would not suspect. He really was Terran.

"I did not dream then. I have escaped Vor's pursuit."

"Yes. I am Captain James T. Kirk commanding the Starship Enterprise. Your refusal to acknowledge me or my questions nearly got you sent back."

"You could have been Romulans trying to get me to tell what I know. I could not risk the mission for that."

"Fortunately we found out who you were. You were a very brave woman to do what you did." She smiled. Kirk glanced up. "This is my Chief Medical Officer, Dr. Leonard McCoy."

"The stubborn one who believes I am Vulcan. I had thought it a delusion. I thank you for your adamant refusal to believe otherwise. You saved my life." She smiled at him.

McCoy looked incredulous. "I thought Vulcans couldn't smile. I may be wrong after all."

"Romulans do. When one is totally immersed in a culture for four years, one picks up certain idiosyncracies. Constant exposure results in a certain degree of contamination."

"Now where have I heard that before?"

Kirk spoke gently. "Are you well enough to be moved to another ship?"

"Am I not safe here? This is a Federation Starship."

"Yes, it is, but there's a ship here waiting to take you back. Lt.-Cmdr. Weise will be here shortly to beam you aboard his ship. That is, if you are fit."

"He would beam me back even if I was not fit. My presence here is a severe breach of security. But don't worry. I feel well enough. Dr. McCoy did an excellent job of operating on me."

"Well, now, I can't rightly take all the credit -- "

"Nonsense. But extend my appreciation to the rest of the operating team."

Just then Weise and his crew entered and all conversation ceased as the woman was moved to the other ship. Kirk would have liked to have talked to her more.

\* \* \*

"Bones, I hate to admit it, but you were right," the captain said later. "I suppose we'll never know what really happened."

"Or anything else about her," the doctor finished. They took everything I had. All the tapes, test results, even the implant."

"Especially the implant, Doctor," Spock amended. "Such a sophisticated de-



vice must not be made common if its effective use is to continue. They will learn much by studying the craft she returned in and, I suspect, even more from her. It is not surprising that the Romulans were willing to risk so much to get her back."

"Bones, I was wondering. You've said that Vulcans are not the most favorite company of yours. Yet you spotted her quick enough, and sure

wanted her to stick around. I wonder if you could explain that?" Kirk struck a pose of polite attentiveness.

"No matter what she was I couldn't let her die. Besides, she wasn't a true Vulcan. The Romulans had corrupted her." Spock's eyebrows shot up, and Kirk looked shocked. "She actually smiled at me and thanked me for my stubbornness. Any Vulcan that acknowledges that Human emotion saved her can't be all bad. There's hope yet."

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# T - W

AVES: letters

from GENNIE SUMMERS, Rt 2 Box 155  
Cassville MO 65620

"Sleep Not, Dream Not": I got started on this story and could scarcely put it down. Have you ever prepared dinner with a fanzine in one hand? Connie's character descriptions of Kirk, Scott and McCoy were especially good and accurate. I love accents and dialects; I always enjoy Scotty's dialect, and Connie uses it especially well; but I haven't read a story in which Chekov's accent is imitated. For myself, I would want to at least change his short i's to "ee," e.g. "eet ees," etc; and change the v's to W (or wubble-yous as someone said). How do you feel about that?

((My own feeling is that the visual change from i to ee is so much more obtrusive than the aural difference in speech as to be -- psychologically -- a misrepresentation. Representation of Scottish dialect is so well-known in English literature that it is visually familiar and easy to read. Although even there writers make more use of dialect words such as bairn and less use of accentual spelling changes than in drama where you want the proportions just the other way around. But a writer with a knack for dialects can handle it either way -- or both ways. RB))

"The Case of Jonathan Doe Starship" (cute title): well researched and thought out. The numbers do not correspond with those of Franz Joseph published by Ballantine. Steve VanderArk said he "knew" of only three, two of which were shown on the air, the Enterprise and the Constellation; I wonder where his number for the Potemkin (7101) came from? The projected list on p. 6 includes the name "Tashik-Sotra" -- where'd that come from? It's not listed in The Making of Star Trek. I wonder, since the Constitution was the first of its class, and the Enterprise the 2nd, the Potemkin given as 3rd (1702), and the Hood 4th (1703), what happened to ships numbered between these and 1709 (Lexington) and also between 1709 and 1717, and from 1718 to 1732; then a jump to 1865, and so forth. Are all starships of the Constitution class? The Excalibur was one of the four starships engaged in the

war games in "Ultimate Computer," yet its number, according to Greg's list, falls below 1700, being given as 1664. I would believe ships with numbers below 1700 were not of starship/Constitution class, except that the Constellation is definitely known to be 1071, the lowest of all the registry numbers. Not all ships in port at Starbase 11 as shown on "Court Martial" would necessarily be starships, would they? ((The chart on Stone's wall was headed "STAR SHIP STATUS," so unless there's a difference between starships and Starships it would seem the list was only of Constitution class ships. RB))

Greg rationalizes that the Farragut has become a training vessel because of its stigmatic disaster and not returned to the front lines, or combat status. I agree that the ship was not destroyed; about half its crew was destroyed by the vampire cloud, as I recall. And granted there was not ever another ship named Titanic; however, there were two Valiants: the one lost in the galaxy's barrier prior to the events of "Where No Man Has Gone Before" and the one mentioned as destroyed in "Taste of Armageddon." Whichever spider spin web, is very complex web; or else, too many spiders spoil web. Anyhow, is interesting, if confusing web.

"Some Second Thoughts on Vulcans." Concerning Sarek's relationship with his son: Amanda told Kirk that the Vulcan way "is a better way than ours," but that it had kept them from speaking as father and son for 18 years. Was this only Amanda's subjective opinion as a human observer? It doesn't seem possible that the Vulcan ideal of emotional control could have kept them from speaking; indeed as Pat Gildersleeve says, it isn't Vulcanlike. Sarek might have rationalized that if reasoning with Spock wouldn't work, his only recourse was to give his son the silent treatment, which might have an effect in time. Requesting another guide might have been part of his plan to bring Spock around, since the father image means so much to Vulcans. Otherwise Sarek was being just plain spiteful! That's unthinkable to an admirer of Sarek. Also note that they had not spoken "as father and son"; this need not imply complete silence between them at all times, but a break in the Vulcan equivalent of a normal father-son relationship. The word "embarrass" has other connotations than emotional; meaning 2 in my dic-  
((continued page 16))





BEACH TO WALK ON  
by Shirley Meech

One shell-pink, sky-blue ocean dawn  
I walked a silent strand with you,

One sun-gold, sea-green summer day  
I spent in surf and sand with you.

One night of moonlight-silvered skies  
We saw stars in each other's eyes--

When did it happen, where and when?  
If it wasn't real...it should have been.

tionary says "to hinder impede, cause difficulties to." This is borne out in Sarek's words "He must command respect if he is to function." He also might have been thinking more of the humans' reactions. ("A Teddy bear?" Sarek should have stuck around a bit longer; Spock's reply to McCoy would have really made him proud.) If he meant the emotion of embarrassment, Sarek knows Spock is half human; though he declares "He is a Vulcan" he cannot and does not deny it when Amanda says "He's also human." Sarek likes to think of Spock as Vulcan. Period. Sarek seems to be contemptuous of humans when he says that "Such meditation is a very personal experience, not to be discussed, especially with humans." And right in the presence of Amanda! Well, he was about to have a heart attack. And T'pol's voice was full of contempt when she asked Spock "Are these Vulcans or are these humans?" Yet such attitudes on the part of Vulcans contradict the concept of the IDIC.

Pat states that Spock has been absent from Vulcan for 21 years, but Amanda said to Spock "You haven't come to visit us in four years." If he came to visit them four years ago, one would presume it was at his home on Vulcan. Whether or not he saw T'Pol during that visit we don't know, of course; and we know nothing about any previous visits he might have made.

I can't agree with Darlene Fouquet that Kirk didn't care for the Vaalians; that's just not Kirk's character, not to care about others. I rather think that he believed what he did was right for them: Vaal had to go the way of Landru. Despite David Gerrold's statement that they didn't even try to "tame" him, Kirk made serious attempts to contact him -- and got lightning bolts for his efforts. Kirk said he agreed with Bones that this wasn't living, it was "stagnation." In leaving them, he did promise "our help." Let each one judge whether he was right or not; the issue here is, does Kirk care?

Beautiful artwork, this time around: Bunny Jackson's cover, Doug Herring's CVS with the Klingon ship, Jackie Franke's Nal and Alan Andres' Andorian in #26; Collin's Kor the Klingon, the Shar-el and firepot by Alan, and Ricky Pearson's Enterprise in #27 are my pick for really professional looking work

from STEVE ASHLEE, PO Box 9713 Birmingham Alabama 35215

I'm interested in trading cassette tapes of ST -- send envelope for list of shows I have.

Speculation on time travel: During the course of ST's history, the viewers and crew of the Enterprise have ventured through time as easily as one travels to Europe. Several mind boggling questions pop up from these episodes. I will try to examine these -- unless I get too confused. First was "The Naked Time." The Enterprise's engines were imploded, bringing about such fantastic velocities that Sulu's velocity meter went off the scale. How? Einstein's Theory of time dilation states that light is the ultimate speed, but we've all seen it's not true. So if light isn't the ultimate speed, what is? -- nothing. But they traveled fast enough to regress 71 hours in time. We have seen the Enterprise travel at Warp 14 point 7. So, since the crew did not regress in time then, how fast did they go? They couldn't go any faster, because the ship will blow at higher speeds (Making of Star Trek p. 191).

But for the sake of argument let's say that the Enterprise did travel fast enough to regress in time. Then the last three days simply wouldn't have happened. (Can you see Starfleet asking Kirk why the heck he didn't record the destruction of the planet?) Joe Tormolen would be alive again -- but he wasn't. Could it be that dead people simply do not come to life as a person passes through time? No. We've seen that they do: Edith Keeler, Captain Christopher, the whole population of Earth. People do come alive. But Joe didn't (unless you count Hanar in "By Any Other Name" -- Stewart Moss played both); Robert Tomlinson ("Balance of Terror") didn't in "Tomorrow is Yesterday." Perhaps the people traveling cannot be brought to life, but only people in the time to which they are traveling.

The Enterprise goes through extreme structural stress during the voyage through time. So why not simply use the Guardian to transport the necessary scientists into 1969 to study our lovely planet ("Assignment: Earth"). Then Gary Seven could have gone on with his work, uninterrupted. But you could say history had planned it that way.

That answer is too easy, but there is no other. In "Tomorrow is Yesterday" the Enterprise pulled away from a black star and was thrown back into time. Captain Christopher and others were beamed back into themselves and remembered nothing -- why didn't they remember everything, as the crew did? If it holds true that in completing a "loop" in time you forget about it, why did Kirk, Spock, and everyone else remember what had happened? It gets sticky. I keep answering my questions with more questions. Perhaps someone else could answer some of them for me.

from AMY FALKOWITZ, 1420 Mary Ave, Sunnyvale CA 94087

Where can I find the melody for "A Capital Ship"? ((I don't really know. Try collections of songs for children -- I learned it years ago from someone else's copy of a collection of songs to sing at camp. The original words were by Charles Carrol, from his otherwise rather uninspired Davy and the Goblin. RB))

I'm not sure which I like better -- Connie Faddis' art or her writing. I enjoyed both in T-N 26 & 27. Her story was interesting both in concepts and actual story. I found it very moving since, as she has said to me, she likes to do stories that reveal the inter-personal relationships of the characters. The story certainly did that. The scene where Spock takes McCoy in his arms was excellent -- it seems that most people are a little afraid to show that Spock has such a depth of compassion and a surprisingly sensitive understanding of humans, especially his friends. Then there was the cover on 27. I took one look at it and went into a fit of hysterics -- outrageous! And now I have sort of been challenged by her to do a story or vignette about it. If I get a chance, I will.

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

T-N may be the most influential fanzine currently in ST-fandom. (Possibly excluding the Kraith manuals, which obviously are in a class by themselves; teaching the class, in fact!) The extremely small type in the lettercol allows for more letters but is hard on the eyes -- whether the one balances the other effect is hard to say.

from JEAN LORRAH, 301 South 15 Str Murray KY 42071

I was interested to see Pat Gildersleeve's comment about the telepathy in recent ST fiction -- it was certainly there when I started writing the stuff ((cf. Spockanalia 2-4; query Devra Langsam, 250 Crown Str Brooklyn NY 11225 as to availability)), as it was established in Star Trek as a relatively common phenomenon; all Vulcans are touch-telepaths, and other people, like Miranda Jones, have extremely powerful ability. So why object to telepathy in fanfiction?

However, I think there is another reason we use it so much. We're mostly female and bright -- and that combination generally spells frustration in our society. We've been brought up to believe in "the marriage of true minds," and when you posit telepathy, you can take that literally. We've all read enough liberation material to know that something makes us go around saying, "But there must be something more to life!" But recognizing a problem doesn't solve it. So we fantasize, and we share our fantasies through the fanzines (pun intended).

Telepathy is more intimate than sex. What's more, it is an acceptable activity between persons of different races or similar sexes. Consider Priscilla Goodbody's reaction if she ever found out how Gene Roddenberry found a way to create intensity deeper than that of sexuality, and still avoid the open-mouthed kiss!

Dorothy Sayers once said, in a different context, "If it ever occurs to people to value the honour of the mind equally with the honour of the body, we shall get a social revolution of a quite unparalleled sort." (Any other Peter Wimsey fans out there?) ((Quantities. RB)) If art shapes life, perhaps that revolution is on its way, for telepathy is an established part of science fiction, and aside from politicians, those who shape our society tend to have at least some knowledge of science fiction. In fact, even the politicians are learning what it is like to have their thoughts tapped, even though those thoughts were verbalized in letters or telephone conversations.

Telepathy is the ultimate invasion of privacy. Melisa Michaels recognizes this in "First Beloved." The barrier in that story is far more devastating to Spock and Chapel than the physical intimacy forced upon them by the Platonians. It's a beautiful concept, and relies upon our subconscious understanding that the marriage of true minds is rape if it does not have the consent of both parties.

from CHERYL RICE, 4158 Alicia Trl, Stow OH 44224

Having said that ((a paragraph about enjoying T-N)), however, there are a couple of things that bother me in your zine. Actually they are common to other publications, too. They are the number of stories in which Spock is either mooned over, saved from certain death, or at the end married to some female (hopefully) member of the Enterprise; and the blurring of the difference between fiction & reality when it comes to discussing the show.

To a certain extent, of course, fans have to discuss & write about the characters as if they were real people. For one thing, they are more real and important to us than many people in our "real" world and for another it's just more fun that way. It's just when people have to start explaining away mistakes that things start to get sticky. Your article on Star Dating was one of these, or Third Season Inconsistencies in the Concordance. The whole thing is schizophrenic. For example, one can say Yeoman Rand left because someone in charge decided she wasn't aiding the show & her lines could be given to someone else or she left because she was in love with Captain Kirk & got out to save her pride but you can't have it both ways in the same article. Even in a fine article like Ms. Bankier's there is something a little eerie. It's easy to get the feeling that to her ST is as real as the United States -- at least in some ways. It's, to say the least, a bit unnerving.

((I'd have to disagree. Art that pretends to any degree of realism can be criticized for any lapses in the pretense; it



is possible to "explain" a lapse -- implicitly either criticizing the artist for not including the explanation or the critic who shouldn't have needed everything spelled out -- or to describe the production problems causing the lapse -- implicitly admitting the fault as a fault. It's true that a lapse can't be both a fault and something obvious the audience should have figured out on its own, but a lapse can be both a fault and something the artist should have explained. Providing the explanations -- and making them noticeably far-fetched -- is a form of criticism as well as an amusing game. Any work of art has several layers of significance between pure realism and pure artistry, and there's no reason why a given discussion can't tackle more than one layer, surely? RB))

My real pet peeve, though, is the number of young maidens chasing Spock through the cosmos. Now I'll take second place to none in my regard for him (yes, I know I'm talking as if he were real) but he'd be an unsatisfactory husband for a non-Vulcan. The characteristics that make him a good officer would weigh against him as a mate. His devotion to duty, loyalty to the captain, not to mention his curious way of reacting to emotion, might make him a great friend and Science Officer but would send any real life human wife to the nearest divorce court. Not to mention his unusual sexual habits. A girl would be better off married to a salmon heading upstream.

Several of the Myfanwy & Dorothy stories strike me this way -- especially "The Vigil." Even if one ignores the obvious unlikelihood of Spock's going for a young officer on his own ship (it isn't logical) there is the complete impossibility of this same girl's practically running the ship. ((I think you're misreading the military setup involved -- a commanding officer can delegate command to a junior officer. RB))

When they aren't pursuing Spock, they're great. I especially liked "Tomlinson." Every starship needs a ghost. I just wondered how they got the Latin liturgy back again. I know some people who have been trying that trick for years.

from JUDY CATALDO, 32 Linden Str Needham MA 02192

Maybe it's being picky, but I find improper medical terminology annoying in the stories. For instance -- in "Sleep Not, Dream Not" where McCoy is supposed to have nearly died of palpitations of the heart -- palpitation is hard beating of the heart that can be felt by the person. An irregularity that could cause death would be an arrhythmia.

from TERI HOWARD, RR 1 Box 198 Floyd Knobs IN 47119

"Sleep Not, Dream Not" was fascinating (to coin a phrase), but I can't picture McCoy painting a mural on the sickbay wall; I just never thought he was the artistic type. I was glad he was the one to make contact with the Nal, because he is the most compassionate of the group. I would love to hear from any McCoy fans there might be out there.

from IRENE BERMAN, 494 Forest Ave, Teaneck NJ 07666

Who designed the Vulcan warrior's head mentioned in your article in T-N 27? Was it made specifically for *Star Trek* or was it, like the firepot, a copy of an existing item? ((Anyone know? ))

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Reprint: "Television/'Star Trek' -- Cause of the Greatest Public Uprising" by John Stanley, Examiner/Chronicle Datebook (San Francisco), March 10, 1968, p. 14.

Nine nights ago, as "Star Trek" was leaving the air, something unusual occurred on NBC. Something unique.

An announcer cut in abruptly to inform fans of the science-fiction series...they would be treated to a third season of Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy and other regular crew members of the starship Enterprise.

In a medium where shows come and go with the acceleration of comets, this was an unprecedented gesture. For never before has a TV series been dropped or picked up with vocal hoopla from its network.

Why, then, had NBC interrupted proceedings with what had all the earmarks of a "special announcement"?

There are more than a million reasons. For that is the estimated number of "Star Trek" viewers who, when hearing last January the series had been death-rayed out of the line-up, wrote to NBC to voice their wrath.

Such loyalty! There is no recorded instance of any network receiving that many letters protesting a cancellation -- even in the case of "Playhouse 90" and "Robert Montgomery Presents."

This corps of "Star Trek" enthusiasts demonstrated itself in countless ways. Five hundred Caltech students marched on NBC Studio in Burbank; the Oregon Hockett Society filed a formal protest, and even the Andrew School for Girls in Willoughby, Ohio, participated with a petition of 1764 names.

There has been public reaction to threatened TV series in the past ("Slatery's People," "It's a Man's World," "For the People" etc.) but generally it is flatly ignored, the programs dropped just the same. However, so intense and fervent were the letters regarding "Star Trek" that NBC's statistical and audience survey experts were shaken up -- as was their faith in the Nielsen ratings, which had placed the series low, low, low on the so-called popularity charts.

What is so special about "Star Trek" that it prompted the greatest public uprising in the history of television?

In the eyes of many there is nothing special about it. It is "Buck Rogers trash," so outrageous as to make no sense whatsoever. Others believe it to be a trend-setting attempt to relate space stories with some maturity and semblance of reality.

Let "Star Trek" creator and executive producer Gene Roddenberry, who was as surprised as anyone over the sudden reinstatement of the show, comment: "I tried in the beginning to treat science-fiction not as The Blob that Absorbed Cleveland or the Giant Moth that Sat on Tokyo. I didn't play it, 'Lo, the Wonder of It All,' which is how most film-makers, regrettably, have approached science-fiction in the past."

"Regardless of how bizarre the ingredients, we ask they have a tie-in with scientific possibilities, we ask that whatever is done must at least have a theory behind it to make it work."

Roddenberry insists he has built the show "on high believability. For science fiction to succeed it must first create a world of reality within its fantasy. This is achieved by establishing a few standard principles and remaining consistent with them from week to week." And: "We seek all the authoritative and authentic advice and aid we can get, so that what we present is a normal, logical progression from what we have today. Not only in technical science but sociology as well."

All quite interesting, but stuff that is estimated to go right over the heads of 20 million "Star Trek" viewers. That is the number Roddenberry estimates has never read a science-fiction story and has not even a modicum of appreciation for such sophisticated refinements.

That leaves three million others who are considered hard-core viewers, and it is this loyal band that has made life for Roddenberry and his staff occasionally perplexing, sometimes difficult, frequently hopeless, but always fascinating.

"We've created quite an environment -- quite a family of characters, quite a system of gadgets, and the fans who watch us regularly don't like any fooling around with them. They want the phasers to shoot a blue beam, not a red one. One viewer noticed a computer blinking four times one week, six times the next. He wrote in to ask if we had perfected the machine. Another espied that when Kirk ordered deflectors up, Sulu the navigator hit the phaser button -- You wouldn't believe the fan mail. Literate mail from the young

in mind chronologically or mentally. We get advice, suggestions, even character analyses from professional psychiatrists."

Roddenberry has been labeled a "driving force" in the production of "Star Trek," but on the surface he seems as becalmed as a starship without warp factor power. He speaks gently, soothingly, without a note of urgency and affectation.

His urge for authenticity can perhaps best be elucidated by the fact he first worked with Jack Webb as a "Dragnet" writer. "I watched Webb taking photos of robberies and duplicating the sets down to the pinholes in the wall. An audience smells authenticity, damn it, it's smarter than most producers will give it credit for being." Prior to "Star Trek" Roddenberry produced the short-lived "Lieutenant."

Recalls one working associate: "He stuck his neck out in that show to tell the story of a bigoted Negro." "That's nothing," elaborates another. "Roddenberry's noted for sticking his neck out every day of the week." Says a more intimate companion: "Gene has offers standing in line and he could go on making more money doing other things but 'Star Trek' has now become a matter of pride."

Gene L. Coon, an ex-producer of "Star Trek," is less laudatory about Roddenberry, though his voice is tinged with respect when he says: "Gene's of the opinion we can do anything, even on our limited budget. He says, 'Ah, it won't cost that much.' Well, it does cost that much. Gene's not concerned with details, he just wants the job done. Sometimes it's tough on the people who have to do it."

Leonard Nimoy, the seriously mannered albeit warm and friendly actor who portrays Mr. Spock of the satanic ears, jaundice-colored face and elevated eyebrows, exhibits a genuine enthusiasm for Roddenberry. He especially praises his "terribly, terribly personal form of writing. This is a tremendous strain on him, to implant his style, his signature if you will, on various stories. I sympathize with him for I know the cost, the price one pays to do so."

DeForest Kelley, who portrays the Enterprise's Dr. McCoy (described as "a future-day H.L. Mencken with a cynical bite"), recalls how Roddenberry "went out on a limb for me. The town had forgotten the actor I used to be, then he pulled me out of a deep rut. I feel very lucky to have this role."

As for the third season of "Star Trek," Roddenberry has fought to keep all recurring characters intact, rejecting suggestions of adding a "space cadet" or "Lassie."

"One of the new directions," he says, "will be to do more topical shows. Perhaps an episode on heart transplanting, since that is very much in the public consciousness."

The show, he feels, has "definitely opened the door into the science-fiction genre -- it is becoming more readily accepted by the public. The public is becoming conditioned to better quality science-fiction, and this evident in such forthcoming productions as 'The Illustrated Man' and 'Planet of the Apes.' ((the movie))

"I'll let 'Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea' and 'Lost in Space' continue to appeal to the juvenile mind. I'll let 'Star Trek' continue to contribute to adult entertainment and the maturity of science-fiction in general."











