

T-NEGATIVE

32-33



T-Negative 32/33, March 1977, from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Boulevard, Minneapolis Minnesota 55417. Comes out irregularly. The next double issue will be the last T-N (no, I don't know how long it will take me to get it out). I'll include in it an index to T-N 25-33. Previous indexes were in #'s 9, 17, 25.

this issue probably was sent to you because:

④ I felt like sending it

① You contributed

You paid money at the rate of \$1/double issue or \$2.50/six (three doubles); your subscription is either due to end simultaneous with T-N

or with #_____ and another _____ will complete it.

Back issues are 75¢/one or \$2.50/four. At present #'s 1-17, 22-29 are available. I plan eventually to reprint the missing issues.

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bacover: Ricky Pearson	

illustrations: Gennie Summers, pp. 4 top, 27; Gee Moaven, pp. 4 bottom, 22; Mary Ann Emerson, pp. 5, 12; Ricky Pearson, p. 6 top; Bunny Jackson, p. 6 bottom; Janice, p. 7; Suzanne Kirwan, p. 9; Debbie Collin, pp. 13, 18, 19, 30, 31; Connie Faddis, p. 15; Al Kuhfeld, p. 20 (reprinted from T-N #9, but with the artist's original caption; I'd put on a different caption, a change which I realized later was unethical and, as it happened, not really an improvement anyway); Rae Ladore, pp. 24, 25.

filler poems by me, reprinted from various STzines.

Brag Department: poems published: "The Branching Rain" in Creative Moment & Poetry East West 9, fall 1976 (\$1.50, PO Box 391 Sumter SC 29150); "Force of Attraction" & "Enapparitionment" in Poetry Forum, summer 1976 (\$1.50 PO Box 1470, Tustin CA 92680); "Sf Illusion" in Green's Magazine, autumn 1976 (\$1.50, 7012 Michigan Ave Detroit MI 48210). Awards in the New York Poetry Forum 7th annual poetry contest (1976): "The Park's Twain Act," first prize Noe award for a poem about Mark Twain; "Ballade of Fond Absence," second prize Gulnan award for a poem in a French verse form; "The Silver Wine Cup Out of Season," honorable mention Martin award for a religious poem. Stories: "The Hanukah Bush Ghost," Identity Vol 11 No 2, December 1976 (50¢, Jewish Community Center of Greater Minneapolis, 4330 South Cedar Lake Road, Minneapolis MN 55416); "To Ceremarak" in New Voices in Science Fiction, Six stories by Campbell Award Nominees, ed. George R.R. Martin -- NY: Macmillan, January 1977, ISBN 0-02-580870-2 (\$8.95, Macmillan, 866 3 Ave NY NY 10022).

It occurs to me that I haven't made mention of any updates in my photo list since T-N 25. Color (45¢ each): Carolyn Palamas, "Star Trek" over bridge lunch, transporter console, ship from back, Doomsday machine, shuttle in hangar, ship firing phasers; b&w (25¢ each): salt monster, Nancy Crater, drawing of Spockian angel, "Star Trek" & ship over planet, mindmeld Kirok, Kirk CU "Empath," spacesuited Spock, spacesuited 4some, spacesuited 3some with 2 corpses, McCoy with Chapel, McCoy with baby, Eelen with baby, communicator, hand-phaser, phaser-pistol, sculpture in Spock's room, Piper in starbase. (If you don't already have my photo-list, it's available for a stamped addressed envelope.)

KAZ-DHU
by Marcia Ericson

The marriage bells tremble in the wind making a primitive, if not discordant music. I prefer the structured musical forms of civilized times, but the sound of the ancient ritual bells befits the occasion.

T'Pring is walking ahead of me with firm, confident steps. If I could see her face it would doubtless reveal nothing of her purpose. But I know, I know it as I know that sun follows darkness -- She will Challenge.

I wonder if any of the other attendants have guessed. Can they read it in Stonn's arrogant stride, in the way his eyes touch T'Pring as if he possessed her already, as if the thing were accomplished? But it is not. Before his purpose, T'Pring's purpose, is served, Spock will have to lie broken in the dust of Koon-ut-kal-if-fee staring unblinking with sightless eyes at the brilliance of the noon sun.

Something inside my head screams, "No!" It is illogical, but I pray to ancient gods. "Not Spock. It must not be Spock." My own eyes burn and I lower them against the glare, but I cannot blink away the vision of what must follow -- death upon a bright noon.

The sere wind parches my skin, whips my gown. I close my fingers on the slender copper cylinder, my document case, concealed in its folds.

The way seems long. Four days ago, or was it five, I had no premonition of the path I would be treading today. I was concentrating wholly on my music. We were rehearsing S'ardak's Quinaletta when suddenly in the last movement T'Pring faltered. Her bow scraped along the arvenet strings with an agonized screech and then her head dropped forward. The conductor motioned to the rest of us for quiet. I laid my hands against the strings of my harp to silence it.

The conductor spoke to T'Pring, respectfully, but with concern. "Primera?"

She looked up at him as if through a cloud.

"Can you continue?"

She hesitated, then inclined her head.

We played the movement again to

the end, but her fingers were tense and the customarily rich tones of her instrument were shrill.

Dismissed, we returned to the instrument room. As T'Pring was fitting her arvenet into its case I heard a sudden intake of her breath and saw her shoulders twist. I moved closer. The cords on her neck were standing out, and she swayed as she stood. She would not appreciate solicitude but I said, "May I be of help?"

Gradually, as if by supreme effort, the hunched shoulders relaxed and she turned, her face a careful mask. She shook her head and walked past me.

I followed her to the door and saw that Stonn awaited her outside, a puzzled look of anxiety on his face. He spoke to her and she stopped, tilted her head up to his and spoke.

His mouth tightened and one hand went out to her, stopped short of touching her.

I tried to look away but there was a tension in those rigid figures that held my eyes. Their verbal exchange was brief and then he seemed to be asking a question. After a pause she nodded as if a pact had been made, and then an unexpected thing happened. Quickly but unmistakably they touched their palms together.

I stepped backward and turned away, shaken, flooded with the unwanted knowledge of what had occurred.

I knew why T'Pring had faltered -- Spock was on his way to Koon-ut-kal-if-fee to claim her as his wife. The Touch that Always Touches had communicated his need to her across the reaches of space, but I knew the meaning of what I had just witnessed. T'Pring and Stonn had agreed upon Challenge. There would be no marriage until blood had stained the ground of Koon-ut-kal-if-fee.

A flush of heat suffused me. I must escape all eyes, must get home to solitude in which I could regain control. Inside my house I went directly to the door that led to the enclosed Court of Repose. Neither my father nor She-Who-Is-His-Wife could trespass upon me there.

I sank down on a bench and began to examine my thoughts. I felt as if my blood were boiling savagely through my veins and there was pressure behind my eyes hazing my vision.

I must begin by sorting out my atti-



Primera of the orchestra. When had I first begun to hear a note of harshness in her technical virtuosity as if she were pushing each tone just past the point of harmony with the rest of the musicians? Had I long felt this or did I now only imagine that I did? I had never before turned these thoughts over in my mind and yet they seemed old companions. Was I aware of them at that moment because I knew she was going to Challenge, or would it have been the same if I had known only that Spock, even as I sat there meditating, was being pulled to her, inflamed with need.

I dropped my face into trembling hands. "I, T'Lahn, am Vulcan and I must control."

I do not know how long I sat there mentally engaging the Nine Disciplines, but at last a measure of composure came. It was necessary to school myself to think calmly of the events to come. As T'Pring's kinswoman I would attend her at the ceremony. I knew I must be able to watch what would happen, the Challenge and its aftermath, without disgrace to my name. In my imagination I pictured each step, rehearsing it carefully and testing my response. There was only one response allowed -- acceptance of whatever happened. But my mind would not accept the idea of Spock dead at Stonn's hands.

Spock must be victor. And yet

tude toward my kinswoman T'Pring. Her child-like, delicate face is quite perfect by Vulcan standards. When had I begun to think her ugly? The brilliance of her playing has elevated her to

what a sorry victory. There was no dignity in a man who owned a chattel wife. A man of Spock's pride would surely release her, and yet the terrible thirst of the Plak Tow must be slaked. The law allowed him to claim her until the needs were met and then to divorce her by ritual severance. But what a bitter thing for a man of pride to be forced to give himself to a mate who was no wife, who had hoped to see him dead, to sow his seed in the body of a betrayer, perhaps to father a child upon her. Could he ever again feel the heat rising within him without nausea and self-disgust at the memory? And yet the imperatives must be answered.

There was one alternative.

At last I allowed the thought that had been pushing at closed doors in my mind to come out where I could acknowledge it. There was one other choice for Spock, if a woman were to present herself as Kaz-Dhu, a woman with legal documents to attest that she was unencumbered and unbonded and had made the decision beforehand in the coolness of considered thought. Kaz-Dhu, the substitute.

The stars were out when I left the Court of Repose.

The Registrar allowed a flicker of surprise to cross her face when I stated my purpose the next morning. "Articles of Kaz-Dhu are rarely drawn," she said, disapproving.

"Challenges are rarely made," I answered. "We live in civilized times; however, there is always that possibility." I met her look with determination.

"Very well," she said, "it is my duty to make sure you understand the law. The Kaz-Dhu woman has no legal rights. The challenged male may accept her offer or he may choose in favor of the challenging bond-mate. If he accepts the Kaz-Dhu he may use her as his need dictates with no obligation to himself afterward. No marriage may take place until he has returned to the coolness of



thought. If at that time he chooses marriage, the Kaz-Dhu is bound by his decision."

"I understand," I said. "I wish to proceed."

She disappeared to search the records and returned to make out the documents. As befit the solemnity of the situation they were written on the delicate ceremonial loren-paper used by our ancestors. Her black stylus hovered over the first page and then she paused and looked up at me, no longer merely the official, but a woman with concern in her eyes.

"You understand, T'Lahn, that all the advantages of Kaz-Dhu are to the male? To be offered Kaz-Dhu goes a certain way toward erasing the stigma of the Challenge. But the Kaz-Dhu herself will never quite have the respect of her peers. It will be thought -- even whispered -- that it was the only way she could find a husband."

As if I cared for that!

"It has been this way from the time of antiquity," she went on. "Unfair perhaps, but in this one aspect of our lives we are not strictly logical. And if he should decide not to marry you afterward, you will find it difficult to achieve a suitable bonding. I see by the records that your bond-mate died when you were but nineteen. Yet you are of good family; you have a highly regarded profession, and -- you are personable. You should have no difficulty in finding a husband, T'Lahn, but not if you continue with this."

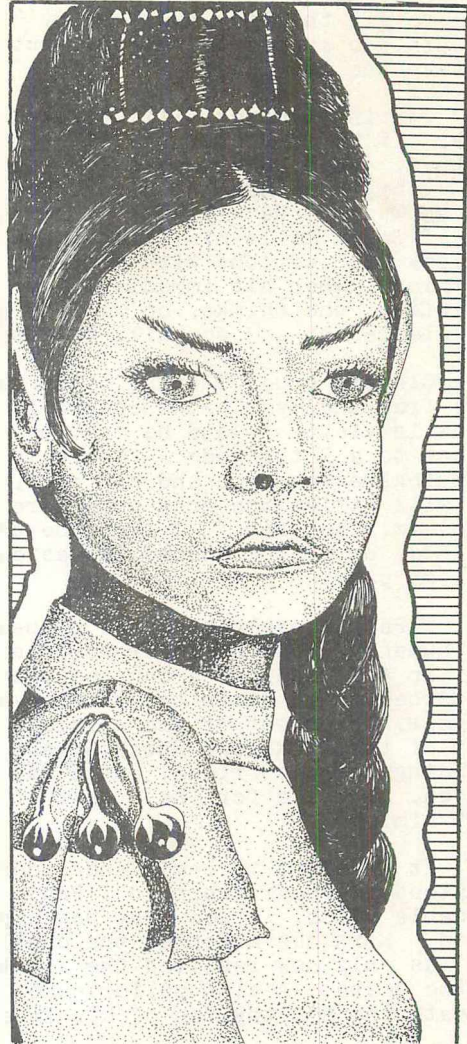
"I wish to proceed," I said. "In the coolness of thought I have made my decision."

But my cheeks were hot and my blood seethed as I signed the articles, and rolling them carefully, slid them into the copper document case etched all over with scrolls and trailing vines.

Now we can see the ancient stones of Koon-ut-kal-if-fee, and as we draw closer, three figures waiting. Even at this distance I recognize the tall slenderness of one of them. All three are in uniform and I see that two are outworlders. I am glad he has friends to attend him, but will he wish them to witness the humiliation of the Challenge?

Spock has matured since I last saw him. The fine angular planes of his face are accentuated by the harsh glare of the sunlight. I can see the ravages of recent torment upon him.

When I can pull my eyes from him I look at his friends. They are human, good men I think, with honest, open countenances. They are very sober now.



T'Pau's litter is set down now and she is not gratified to see outworlders. As she accepts their presence and explains the ancient ritual my eyes turn again to Spock. His solemn face, his proud bearing bring an ache behind my eyes.

Now; now it is coming. T'Pau has proclaimed Kari-far, and T'Pring has taken up the mallet. I brace myself, willing my strength as a shield for Spock. I avert my eyes that I will not witness his moment of shock. Now T'Pring has struck the gong. Its reverberation shivers through me. She has pronounced the terrible words, "Kali-fee!"

I hear Stonn's voice and look up to see that the unthinkable has happened. T'Pring has chosen the outworlder Kirk as her champion. Stonn's face is stupid with bewilderment but instantly I understand. This is treachery beyond forgiveness, cruelty that makes me ashamed of my heritage.

I could almost feel sorry for Stonn, standing safe on the sidelines, sure to get the lady now, but by default, no chance to win her, but only to take the leavings.

T'Pring's hopes will be fixed upon Kirk. If he is victor she will go unscathed. This human has a look about him -- he would have no need of a Vulcan woman. He will not claim her. And if Spock kills his friend, how can he look upon her but with contempt and loathing? When his immediate need is satisfied, she thinks, he will be glad to release her and she will be Stonn's.

Clever, cruel T'Pring. You are more free than you know because if Spock is victor -- and he must be -- please to all the gods -- there is one standing between you and his need, one who will strike the gong once more and proclaim, "Kaz-Dhu." I grip the copper cylinder until the etched leaves cut into my palm.

T'Pau is explaining the ritual to the humans. Most of their words are lost in the wind but I can see they are disturbed. And again the unbelievable happens. From out of the wordless torment of the Plak Tow, Spock speaks, pleading for his friend, but T'Pau denies. I bleed for the effort it has cost him.

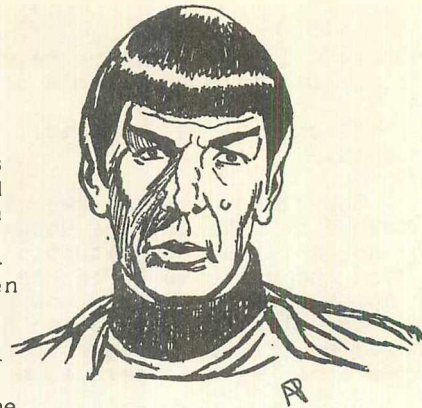
It is about to begin and suddenly it stops. I hear scorn in T'Pau's implacable voice. I see what has happened. Kirk has accepted the challenge but has only now realized the fight is to the death. A sick pallor comes up beneath the healthy tan of his face.

The battle begins. It is all unreal. Kirk circles and feints with no wish to hurt his friend. Spock lunges, driven beyond control. It seems to be happening in infinitely slow motion. Eons pass between each slash of the lirpas. The sun glints on the polished blades, blinding me. A life will end before the sun is down, but now there



is time for everything, time for a whole life to be re-wound and unreel itself again on the spindle of memory. I close my eyes against the flashing lights, hypnotized, remembering.

Though both my parents were Vulcans I was born offworld on Tau Chi, a new colony planet of incredible green beauty which was believed to be a paradise without flaw until the series of winter nightmare called Y-detza fever began. It claimed my mother when I was three. My father was an engineer, gone most of the time from the Encampment, but I was cared for by other Vulcans and flourished until the fever struck again.



I can remember only thirst and pain and a spiral into a long darkness. At the other end of the darkness there was a voice that crooned soft words and something that pressed against my cheeks, my neck, my hands. The voice and the pressure were gentle until I tried to slip back into the easy nothing, and then they grew sharp and demanding, pulling me into the harsh light of the living.

Many of the words I heard meant nothing until they were replayed in my memory years later. There was a man's voice saying "You can't do that, Louisa! She's a Vulcan child."

"It's the only kind of healing touch I know, Peter," another voice said. "There are no Vulcans left here to give the mind touch -- and her father on the other side of the planet till God knows when. I can't let her die."

"I doubt he'll thank you for what you're doing."

When I finally came to full consciousness Louisa's was the first face I saw, smiling, saying, "So you're back with us, my pretty poppet." I was so weak I couldn't stand. Louisa carried me each fine day to a mountain meadow where flowers bloomed in profusion and brooks gurgled deliciously cool over white rocks.

"Come and see this lovely blossom," she would urge me. "Come over here and see the pebble I've found, all sparkling with diamond dust." And so my muscles strengthened and I learned to walk and then to run, and hand in hand for the pure joy of it we'd run up and down the mountain meadows, dropping breathless, laughing, tumbled together on the fragrant flowers. She taught me to sing, told me stories, and once when I had been napping

Keena



I woke to find her silently weeping. I pressed my cheek against her wet one, my arms around her neck, and presently she smiled again. "It's all right, poppet. I was only thinking sad thoughts, but your touch has healed me."

The halcyon months slipped by and then my father whom I scarcely knew was back, and I remember hearing his voice like the low threat in thunder saying, "You gave her into the hands of a grief-crazed human who tried to make her into a substitute for -- "

"Your daughter was dying," the doctor interrupted. "I could do nothing more for her. Louisa saved her life."

"At the cost of her character," my father said.

And then we were returning home, my father's hands strong as steel keeping me from running to Louisa.

He took a new wife and my training in the Vulcan way began. The rigors of that time do not need to be remembered. The exercises were necessary for my survival as a Vulcan, and the lessons I practiced became so ingrained in my being that in time it seemed as if the child who had run laughing through a meadow was another child entirely, a child whose very essence had evaporated into the void as our great silver ship swept past Jaelix.

When at last I was judged fit to associate with other children, my father's kinsman S'kilak brought his daughter to meet me. I was to be allowed to start school and T'Pring would be a classmate. I watched her as she approached our house and thought how dainty she was, how gracefully she walked, but when she lifted her head to look at me, her eyes were like chips of ice.

In school it was hard to concentrate on lessons because I was trying so hard not to disgrace my name. I built a shell around myself and found it difficult to care about any of the subjects I studied.

It was music that first pierced the shell. In a comparative course we were exposed to works from other ages, other cultures, and one day while listening to a nineteenth century selection from Earth called "Symphony on a French Mountain Air" suddenly my chest tightened with a pain that was not pain and my mind filled with images of sunlight bouncing merrily off rushing water, flowers gaily nodding to the summer breeze. I was confused and frightened, overwhelmed with a sense of loss. I did not know what was happening to me but when the music ended I found my cheeks were wet with coursing tears.

My disgrace did not go unmarked and after we had filed out of the school, one of my classmates shouted rudely, "T'Lahn is as bad as Spock!"

"As bad as Spock?" I said icily. "Spock's badness is that he outranks you in every subject."

"I should have said as human as Spock."

"More so," I retorted. "You've never seen Spock weep, have you? Not even when you tormented him."

Philana



I looked up to see that Spock had heard. His mouth was tightly compressed and he walked on, his head high, without looking at any of us.

There was to be a family conclave and I sought my father to ask if I might arrange flowers for the entry hall. I paused at the doorway when I heard my father's voice saying, "Perhaps Spock son of Sarek would be a good choice. He would have less basis than others for objecting to T'Lahn's instability."

And then the sharp voice of She-Who-Is-His-Wife. "He would be the worst possible choice for someone with T'Lahn's unfortunate background. She needs a bond-mate completely untainted by non-Vulcan influence. And so does Spock. Sarek would never agree to such folly even if you did. I had thought of my kinsman's son, S'galreg, for T'Lahn. It will not be an easy matter to find a suitable mate for her, but family consideration may be a persuasive factor, and then, too, S'galreg is not a promising student, I understand, so his father cannot be as particular as he might wish."

I melted away into the shadows and went to my bed chamber to stare sleepless into the dark.

In time, in the presence of both families, S'galreg and I were bonded. I found the ritual vaguely alarming, but when the Touch came it was not as terrifying as I expected. I felt a sense of invasion, then a blunt twisting in my mind followed only by a dull heaviness, gray and oppressive, but to my relief, I had no feeling that S'galreg was now able to fathom the secrets of my heart or mind, nor I his. We were not one; we were two separate entities and the future was comfortably distant.

Spock's breath is coming in harsh gasps. I can hear it from where I stand. His face is murderous, Spock, who is the gentlest of men. The lirpas slice the air, and sunlight flashes off Spock's blade blinding me again, sparking another picture in my mind.

I was perhaps twelve years, a serious student of music, and many of my past failures were forgotten by my fellows through the years of my conformity. One thing that never left me was my appreciation of the outdoors, but this was permissible. There was one hillside I particularly enjoyed be-

cause it was hard to climb and thus I could usually find solitude there to sit and weave melodies in my head.

On one occasion I climbed more carelessly than usual and my foot slipped and I plunged down an embankment. I felt myself falling and then an instant of blinding pain followed by blackness.

I came slowly to awareness but it was an awareness unlike any I had known. It was an awareness filled with torment and with fears but also with bright things of astonishing beauty which I could not identify. Above all I had a sense of being more than myself. It was pain, but it was more pleasing than absence-of-pain. Something inside me was saying, "I know and am known," and then slowly I recognized that there was another presence in my mind and I was excited and frightened and fulfilled all at once.

And then the presence withdrew and the cold shock of being alone forced my eyes open. I saw Spock kneeling beside me. He sat back on his heels and let out a long breath. "I found you lying here. I thought you were dead."

"Perhaps I was," I said. "It was very empty where I was. And then it was no longer empty. Perhaps you pulled me back from death."

He caught his lower lip between his teeth.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I should not have done that," he said.

"Shouldn't have saved me?"

"I shouldn't have touched your mind."

"Someone saved me once before with a touch that healed," I said, but I was thinking of Louisa's warm human touch pulling me back from the abyss.

I sat up unsteadily and waited for my head to stop whirling. We were in the midst of a bed of taranbells and their crushed blooms put forth a sweet fragrance.

"The scent of taranbells is like that of a little blue flower that blooms in the meadows of Tau Chi where I was born," I said. "I never knew its name."

"Tau Chi," he said, tasting the words. "Was it very different there?"

"Yes," I said with a small sigh. "Very different."

"Someday," he said hesitantly, "someday it might be -- interesting -- to visit other worlds."

"Yes," I said. "Doesn't it make you shiver, Spock, to think of it? A million worlds out there, a million ways of life, and Vulcan only one small one; the Vulcan way only one choice among a million."

There was a shocked flicker in his eyes. "Which direction is Tau Chi?" I thought he asked in order to change the subject.

"Just over the peak of Mt. Tamisan an hour after sunset in the constellation Cirenee. Tau Chi is the third planet of Jaelix. Jaelix is the center jewel in Cirenee's necklace. Look for

it tonight, Spock. See how sweetly it lies on Cirenee's breast."

Perhaps he found my words uncomfortable. "Can you stand now?" he asked abruptly.

"I think so," I said getting up. "I'm a bit dizzy."

With strong hands he guided me down the slope. Near the foot was a forked path and with wordless consent we parted. "Spock," I called after a few steps. "I won't mention my accident to anyone."

Without looking back he continued on the path he had chosen.

When I was nineteen I was preparing



Suzanne
Kirwan

myself for apprenticeship with the Orchestra Principale. I played the harp competently though I was never satisfied with my work. I practiced ten hours a day but sometimes I despaired of ever attaining the skill I sought. One night after a particularly heavy schedule of work I found myself sleeping fitfully. My dreams were filled with oppressive images and I would wake feeling weighted and dull, doze off to dream again.

Just as dawn came I woke once more and it was as if I had awakened to a brand new world. I sprang out of bed and watched the sunrise with such feelings of delight that I was almost frightened. It seemed that not for years had I felt so alive, so light, so unencumbered, and inside me something was saying, "Free! Free!"

I picked up my harp and ran away to a quiet part of the house where I couldn't be heard. I began to play and the music that floated from my harp seemed to have been there all along just beyond my reach waiting for release. I knew I was playing better than I ever had played before, and I was satisfied at last that music was my true calling. It seemed as if there were a hundred melodies in my head waiting only for me to write them.

I was still playing when my father came to find me, his face even more serious than usual. "I have some grave news for you, daughter," he said. "About S'galreg."

I stared at him blankly.

"There was a ferry accident last night at the spaceport. S'galreg is dead."

Seconds ticked by and then I rose. "I would like to go to the Court of Repose for a little while, father," I said.

"It is appropriate," he said, and so I escaped.

When a year had passed my father spoke to me about a new bonding, but I was able to dissuade him.

"Father, I have only now begun to make real strides in my music. Give me time to decide on my calling. It may be that marriage and children are not for me. I may discover a need to dedicate myself wholly to music."

He accepted this. There had been many musicians among my forefathers, but in this generation only T'Pring and I carried on the tradition.

She was the more gifted performer. She had first studied the reedflute, but later changed to arvenet at which she was equally proficient. Proficient is not a strong enough word. She was brilliant. The arvenet is the backbone of the Vulcan orchestra, and the principal arvanetist is its Primera. There were those who were already predicting that T'Pring would someday be Primera.

When we were twenty-three a group of young members of the Principale were sent on an intercultural tour of seven planets playing Vulcan music to university and other youth groups. Stonn was business manager for the tour and would become manager for the whole Principale when Slador retired. He was not a musician himself. He took care of the thousand practical details, bookings, transportation, accommodations, financial arrangements, right down to making sure of the acoustics in halls where we would play and that the food we were served was suitable.

For many in our group the tour was their first time offworld. On Rigel V T'Pring attracted the attention of the renowned conductor of the Iphsado who invited her to stay as guest artist for a cycle of Sonad Quinalettas under his direction.

It was a great opportunity for her but it meant she would miss the Terran portion of the tour. The timing seemed unfortunate as one of the concerts we would play was at Star Fleet Academy. I knew she had not seen Spock since he left Vulcan for the Academy. Still she chose to stay on Rigel. Professionally it was the logical choice.

There were parts of Terra which I glimpsed from the transport shuttle that looked as green as Tau Chi. I thought it very beautiful.

The Academy concert was the next to last one on Terra. I was putting my music away after it was over when I sensed a presence behind me and turned to see Spock. He had grown even taller but was still reed-slender. He looked different somehow in his perfectly fitting cadet's uniform. He had an air of quiet authority that was new.

"Live long and prosper, T'Lahn," he said, and I returned the greeting.

"It was most gratifying to hear a program of Vulcan music," he said. "Your group is extremely accomplished. I thought the Daviso especially fine."

I felt a flush of gratification as in the Daviso I had played a lengthy solo.

Then an awkward silence fell between us. I did not know if he had expected to see T'Pring or if he knew why she had not come. I did not know whether to mention her name or whether it would be too personal a thing.

He looked uncomfortable but at last he said, "T'Pring is well?"

"Yes, she is very well. I wish you might have had a chance to hear her play. She is a stunning performer."

"So?"

"Yes. I believe she had great things ahead of her." I explained about her invitation to play the Sonad cycle in case he did not know of it. There was a look of vulnerability about him that moved me oddly. I could not look at him while I shaded the truth, so I turned aside busying my hands with music film as I said, "It would naturally be a disappointment to miss the trip to Terra but of course there was nothing to do but stay when the director so ordered. It was a great honor -- for the whole group -- to have one of our number chosen."

"Yes, I see that," he said, but with a note in his voice that made me hastily change the subject.

"Tell me, Spock, have you continued your study of the harp? You used to be quite proficient."

His lips quirked. "I play only a little for relaxation. There is no teacher here capable of giving lessons so I have probably regressed rather than improved."

"Then you must play for me now and I'll correct your bad habits," I said. "Did you know I am a teacher now?"

He tried to protest but I put my harp in his hands and motioned him to sit.

"You have not regressed," I said when he had finished. I put a piece of music film in front of him. "Let me see how you sight read."

It was a composition of my own and I sank down listening. I had played the piece a hundred times myself but now it had a new sound as I heard my ideas, my notes, sliding out from under his strong slender fingers. I found it difficult to speak when he had finished.

"You wrote this?" he asked, and I looked up startled.

"I write a little, nothing very ambitious as yet."

"You write very expressively. I shall await with great anticipation your first quinaletta."

To conceal my pleasure I said, "Play once more for me and then I shall render my professional opinion and set you a series of exercises. I devise an individualized program of study for each of my students. I will send yours to you and you must work very hard. Then you will be able to spread the word of my skill as a teacher throughout the galaxy."

He smiled, amusement brightening the dark of his eyes, and then he bent to the music again. It was the last time I saw him until he stood awaiting the wedding party at Koon-ut-kal-if-fee.

The years between were filled with hard work. My first quinaletta was performed by the Principale. Stonn was appointed general manager just a year after his wife died in childbirth. And T'Pring became the youngest Primera ever appointed.

Meanwhile Spock was living a saga.

On the Pan-Galaxy news whenever mention was made of any Star Fleet exploits in which the Enterprise was involved, the announcement would conclude with the words, "Serving as First Officer of the Enterprise is Spock of Vulcan, son of Sarek."

Offworld delegations were frequently taken to performances of the Principale and entertained at receptions afterward, and during these evenings more times than I can count a visitor from some remote spot would say, "I never met a Vulcan before this trip except one, a Star Fleet officer called Spock. His ship relieved my planet from siege a year ago."

And wherever we performed offworld it seemed that Spock had preceeded us.

When we traveled Stonn arranged the finest accomodations for the Primera and the food she liked, always the fresh vardik that was her favorite until I could hardly look at vardik.

And everywhere we went the Primera was greatly adulated, but I have seen her turn away, cold points of light in her eyes, her lips compressed, when a dignitary would say, "We had a Vulcan visitor here two years ago, Spock of the USS Enterprise," and go on to tell of the daring deeds of the starship.

At our own family conclaves there

was much talk of Spock's deeds since through T'Pring he was part of our family too. And as a generation of youngsters grew older there were those who aspired to a career in Star Fleet and talked to T'Pring of nothing else, questioning her about Spock, asking if she thought Spock could advise them, until it sometimes must have seemed to her that her principle identity was not T'Pring the Primera, but T'Pring, wife of Spock. And at family gatherings there was no Stonn to lead the conversation back to T'Pring's accomplishments.

I wonder now that I did not anticipate sooner that the road was leading inevitably to this conclusion.

It cannot last much longer. Kirk is tiring, his face beaded with sweat. In this man there is no desire to kill. He has only defended himself against Spock, and I think in his eyes I have read compassion for Spock's plight. It can only be thought a great sorrow that such a man should have to die for such a reason.

T'Pring can see it coming too.

She is preparing herself to hear the words from T'Pau that she is Spock's chattel to do with as he will. Live the humiliation of it now, T'Pring, for you will live it only in imagination. When the time comes, I, T'Lahn, will strike the gong and proclaim myself Kaz-Dhu.

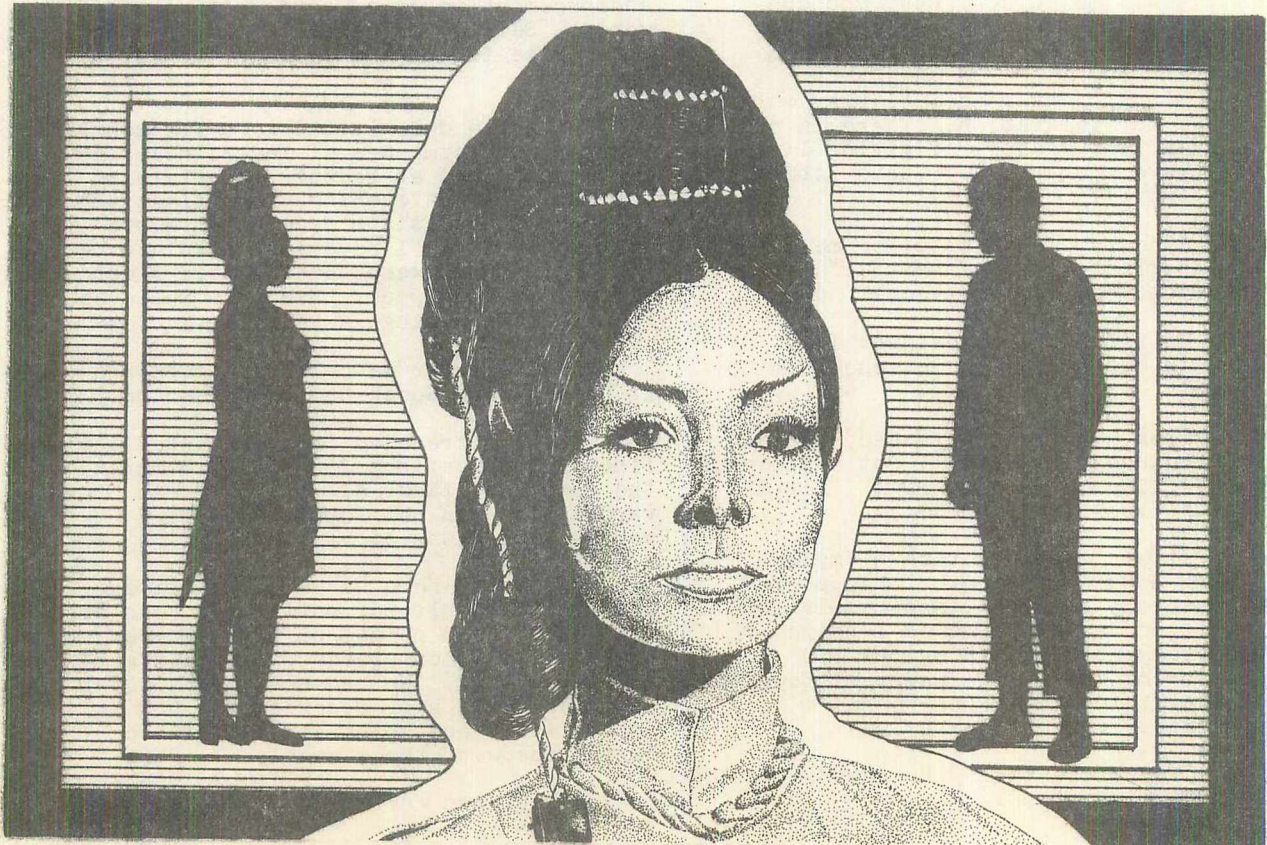
I tremble inside, pierced all through with pain that is not pain.

Now; it is done. The final blow. The pronouncement of death. Spock stands looking on, stunned and silent. As soon as T'Pau announces the victory I will strike the gong. I take one step and stop.

Something is changed. Something is lost. The trembling, the turmoil, the yearned-for pain are gone from me, from me -- because they are gone from Spock. It cannot be, but it is. He is empty of need, calm, grieving, and empty. Can it be the effect of his human blood?

I am not needed. I am empty too.

His face is so grave. I know his heart is heavy with grief and he returns to face what -- arrest? disgrace? imprisonment? And yet he stands with unpromising courage and dignity as he speaks



briefly to T'Pring, Stonn, and T'Pau. With what an air of accustomed authority he moves. It causes strange pulses within me to see him so. How I should have liked to see him at the helm of his starship. Now he is gone, shimmered away into nothingness.

Will the Vulcan elders intervene for him? Will the one called McCoy testify in his behalf? It must be so. Surely it is enough that T'Pring has destroyed one life.

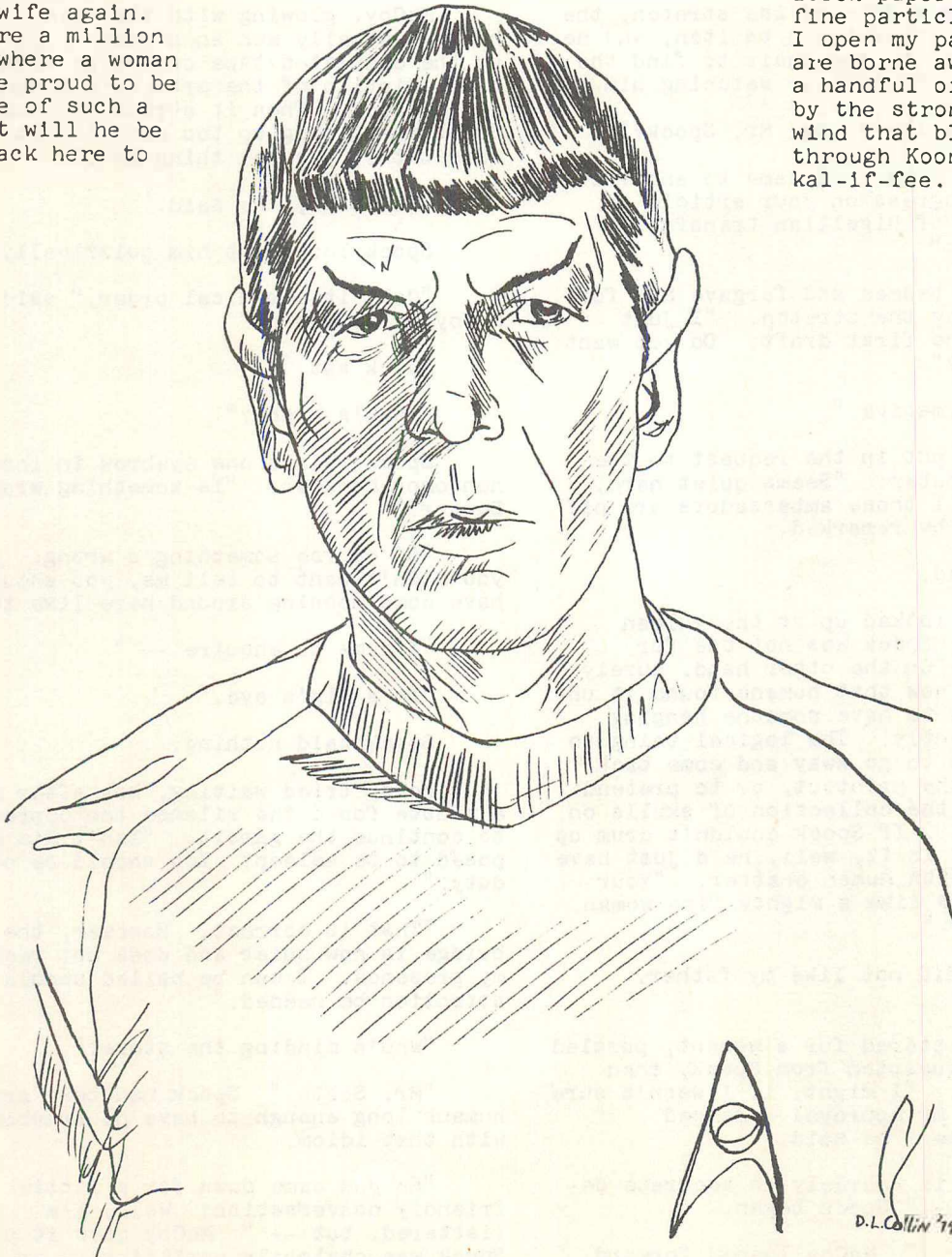
Someday he must seek a wife again. There are a million worlds where a woman would be proud to be the wife of such a one, but will he be drawn back here to

the soil from which he sprang, or will he seek her on an innocent world in which he has not been betrayed?

I am shivering. I remember how the Earthmen wiped the sweat from their faces, but I can feel no warmth from the brilliant Vulcan sun.

I slide the articles of Kaz-Dhu out of the copper cylinder. For a moment the graceful spiraling worlds seem to dance and twist upon the page with life of their own. Then I crush the fragile

loren-paper into fine particles. As I open my palm they are borne away like a handful of dust by the strong dry wind that blows through Koon-ut-kal-if-fee.



JOURNEY *f*ROM BABEL
by Ruth Berman

McCoy leaned back in his chair and examined the chart he had drawn on the clipboard. It was not really neat enough, but it was legible. The computer could polish it later. He touched the button to store the memory, then turned the clipboard off, laid his stylus down, and spread out his arms to stretch.

In the middle of the stretch, the back of his neck began to itch, and he swung around in the chair to find the ship's Science Officer watching him.

"Something wrong, Mr. Spock?"

"No, Doctor. I came to enquire as to your progress on your article on adaptation of Rigellian transfusion techniques."

McCoy beamed and forgave him for interrupting the stretch. "I just finished the first draft. Do you want a copy now?"

"Affirmative."

McCoy put in the request to the ship's computer. "Seems quiet here, now that all those ambassadors are off the ship," he remarked.

"Indeed."

McCoy looked up at the Vulcan curiously. Spock was not one for smalltalk. On the other hand, surely he knew by now that humans found it uncomfortable to have someone hanging around silently. The logical thing to do would be to go away and come back later for the printout, or to pretend to examine the collection of skulls on the shelves. If Spock couldn't drum up an interest in it, well, he'd just have to put up with human chatter. "Your mother seems like a mighty fine woman. I liked her."

"You did not like my father, then?"

McCoy stared for a moment, puzzled by such a question from Spock, then considered. "I might, if I wasn't sure he'd think my approval a damned impertinence," he said.

"That is scarcely an accurate description --" Spock began.

"Oh, no?" McCoy leaned forward and fixed his eyes on Spock's. "Spock," he said earnestly, "you are a good man. I like you."

Spock involuntarily stepped back a pace.

"There, you see?" said McCoy. "I'm invading your privacy with my illogical emotional reactions -- and you're comparatively used to me."

Spock was silent.

McCoy, glowing with the triumph of having actually won an argument, picked up the completed tape cartridge with the transcription of the article and handed it to Spock. Then it struck him that Spock was giving up too easily. It wasn't the Spockian thing to do.

"Don't go," he said.

Spock looked at him quizzically.

"Call it a medical order," said McCoy. "Sit down."

Spock sat.

"What's wrong?"

Spock raised one eyebrow in innocent noncomprehension. "Is something wrong, Doctor?"

"Of course something's wrong. If you didn't want to tell me, you shouldn't have come mooning around here like that."

"I came to enquire --"

"In a pig's eye."

Spock said nothing.

McCoy tried waiting, but after half a minute found the silence too oppressive to continue the gambit. "Isn't Jim supposed to be asleep? You should be on duty."

"That is correct. However, the bridge is now quiet and does not require my presence. I can be hailed should my attention be needed."

"Who's minding the store?"

"Mr. Scott." Spock had been around humans long enough to have no trouble with that idiom.

"So you came down for a little friendly conversation? Well, I'm flattered, but --" McCoy gave it up. Spock was obviously unwilling -- or, maybe more likely, unable -- to explain straight out his sudden need for company. McCoy got up and poured himself a cup of

coffee from the pitcher he kept on a hot-plate when he meant to stay up working. "Like some? Or a drink of water, maybe?"

"Water. Thank you."

Serving out liquids gave McCoy time to stop and mull over Spock's behavior. Finally he decided it had to be something to do with his parents and put out a probe. "I gathered you're on better terms with your father now."

"Affirmative."

Well, so far he wasn't being told to mind his own business. "Wouldn't that be considered a desirable state of affairs, even among Vulcans?"

"Certainly."

McCoy studied Spock's face, not sure whether that line of questioning had deadended, or whether Spock's answers had really been given in a gloomy tone.

"You don't sound very happy about it, though," he said hesitantly. "Are you?"

"I do not know."

McCoy decided that was an emphatic negative. The normal Spock answer would have been a reminder that happiness was an emotional state and as such did not apply to Vulcans. "Well," he said, "I suppose it's a shock to be back in favor -- like taking off a ball and chain. It leaves you walking lopsided for a while."



Spock considered the analysis, metaphorical though it was. "That is possible, Doctor." He looked down at the tape cartridge he held. "When this is published, my parents would like a print."

McCoy accepted the change of subject. "I'll

see that they get one. Do you know any-one else who'd like a copy?"

"I think not."

McCoy shrugged. "Maybe it'd be kind of a morbid gift, at that. But I thought maybe if you had other relatives on Vulcan...or Earth, for that matter. That operation on you and your father made medical history, though I say it as shouldn't. Doesn't your mother have any kinfolk back home?"

"Her parents, in Boston. But Amanda Grayson was an only child."

"Grayson? From Boston?" McCoy sat up with the suddenness of a pointing dog.

"Affirmative, Doctor. Do you know them?"

"Why, my mother's daddy was a Grayson from Boston. He had a brother Leonard -- I'm named for him."

"Indeed. My great grandfather was a Leonard Grayson...Leonard V. Grayson, from the Braintree district?"

"Well, it must be the same!" McCoy shook his head in wonderment. "Spock, do you realize that makes us cousins?"

"Second cousins, once removed," said Spock primly.

McCoy clucked his tongue. "That may be the Vulcan in you, Spock, but it's also the Yankee. Now, where I come from, that makes you plain cousin, Cousin."

"Indeed." Spock finished his glass of water and stood up, tucking the tape cartridge into the pocket

inside the tunic. "Good night, my kinsman."

McCoy's eyes went wide, but all he said was, "Good night." The door hissed open for Spock and closed after him. Whatever he had come for, he'd apparently found it. McCoy had a hunch that the kinship was not one he would be allowed to presume upon. At least, not often; only on those rare occasions when Vulcans make a half-human feel too Vulcan.

((Footnote: in one of his earliest movie roles, DeForest Kelley played one "Vince Grayson," in "Fear in the Night."))

THE MISSING LESSON

by Jean Lorrah

Amanda awoke in the night...again. Beside her, Sarek, her Vulcan husband of three months, slept peacefully, the calm sleep of innocence. She loved him dearly, while he, although it was not in him to speak of it, devotedly gave of himself to her in every way he could comprehend she needed.

It was not enough.

More and more often as the months passed, frustration grew in her, demanding to be relieved...but it would be years before Sarek would again feel desire for her, and then only for a brief span of days.

The deep-breathing-and-meditation that Amanda called her "Tri-ox Routine" was failing regularly by now to dampen her unattainable desires, and she found herself resorting to exceedingly common and harmless practices to relieve her tension. They could not, however, wholly satisfy her. Frustration increased...and with it a shame that, while she did nothing unacceptable among women in her situation in her own society, underlined one more, and perhaps the most serious, way in which she was unable to adapt her human emotions to her Vulcan marriage.

Tears burned in her throat as she felt the yearning of her body increasing once again. If she could not control her frustrations, Sarek would feel them through their bonding and waken to ask her again those questions she dared not put an answer to. She must get up and --

Too late. She sensed that her husband was awake, felt his own frustration added to hers. He wished her to be content, but she had carefully

hidden the source of her present dissatisfaction from him, knowing from sore experience that he could not stand, any more than a human male could, to know that he could not sexually satisfy his woman.

"My wife," he murmured in the gentle voice that could command without rising above a whisper, "what is troubling you?"

"Nothing, Sarek. I am well."

"I know that you are physically well. But something disturbs your mind. Why can you not tell me of it? Let me help."

"I...do not understand it myself," she lied, but the answer seemed to satisfy him.

"Then let me help you as I can until you can put it into words," he said, and took her tenderly in his arms, drawing her head against his shoulder. There was no awkwardness left in the gesture, although he had learned only recently of the need she felt for his touch. He felt no such need, but he had no hesitancy in giving of himself to her once he had perceived the nature of her desire.

With this reminder of his generosity, shame burned even more strongly within her at the rebellion of her body against the loving gratitude she wished to feel for her husband at this moment.

"Amanda," said Sarek, a sad puzzlement in his tone, "recently you showed me, very clearly, that you needed to have me touch you. Then you did not feel this... shame at my touch."

"Oh, not at your touch, my husband!"
At the feelings your touch arouses.

She felt his mental wince; once again he had heard her thought. Oh, it was hopeless. She had struck him where he was totally defenseless, where any implication of his incapacity wounded deeply; yet, even as her horror and sympathy went out to him she perceived that he was this time refusing the insistence of his pride that he reject the thought. Instead, he determined to grapple with the problem of satisfying his wife.

His voice was troubled, but he managed to keep it steady, and even inject a hint of irony as he said quietly, "Sexual frustration apparently increases telepathic sensitivity. It... seems to work no matter whether the sender or the receiver is the frustrated party."

"Sarek, I must learn -- "

"No, Amanda, I must learn. I feel ...that you know a way.... I sense that there is something you wish me to do for you."

At his words, the desires that had so far been tightly imprisoned in Amanda's subconscious mind leaped into her consciousness, telling her what she did, indeed, know, but could not ask. The shame she had felt earlier was as nothing to that which seared her nerves as she faced what she had hidden even from herself.

Horrified, she sought to escape from her husband's embrace lest he perceive the humiliating details of her uncontrolled desires, but he held her effortlessly. "It is illogical to deny one's nature," he said. "When I was helpless in the grip of the Pon Farr, you denied me nothing, my wife. You accepted my needs and destroyed my shame. Allow me to try to do as much for you."

It was the first time he had spoken of the Time of Mating since it had ended, and she knew that it cost him dearly to remember that period of blazing desire. But his willingness to attempt even what he could not comprehend brought incredulous gratitude welling up in her, although --

"I cannot explain," she protested. "I dare not ask -- "

"There is nothing that may not be dared, between us," he replied, placing his hand gently along the side of her face. "Teach me."

It was as if her mind were released by the touch of his...and

memories of the waning days of the Pon Farr, when the urgency of his need had begun to recede and he had had time to explore and discover what was possible between them, flooded forth to guide him.

To Amanda's amazement, Sarek kissed her, deeply and tenderly, rediscovering the sensations he awakened in her. Her body responded with twinges of pleasure that were close to pain, and she felt besides her own erotic response her husband's purely esthetic appreciation of the act. Distant memories of what he had once felt echoed at the periphery of his mind, but his central consciousness, she perceived, was occupied with a purely immediate pleasure the nature of which she could not comprehend except that it partook not at all of sexual desire, but did contain an incredulous delight in his ability to please her.

He caressed her breasts, kissing them, making no protest as she ran her fingers through his hair, slid her arms around him and squeezed him -- held him as she had desperately longed to do for so long. His hands slipped up beneath her gown, continuing the movements which aroused her to a full and eager waiting ...yearning....

Memory could serve no further.

She felt her husband's acute frustration, not sexual but physical. He had drawn her to the point of union, but could not join with her. This moment was worse for him than if he had never begun.

"Amanda," he said wretchedly, "I cannot.... You must show me.... How can I satisfy you when I cannot -- "

How could she tell him? Why had she ever allowed this? It would be worse than ever!

"Show me," he insisted, softly but emphatically, reaching toward her face. "I must understand."

If she refused, she would confirm the inadequacy she could feel destroying him, threatening to send him into retreat behind the stone facade she had felt before -- but this time that retreat would be permanent. Courage grew out of desperation, and she caught his hand, kissed it, and whispered, "Here...is your answer. Your hands...can!"

His surprise faded almost immediately into acceptance, and Amanda's inhibitions dissolved before his eager, and successful, efforts to produce in her the fullest possible satisfaction. As she abandoned herself to final delight, she felt his presence on the edges of her

consciousness, perceiving, sharing, and yet not partaking of the sensations he had created.

Spent, unbelieving, Amanda lay in Sarek's arms...her frustration erased at last. Deep satisfaction warmed her, even more because she could feel in her husband a satisfaction of a different nature, proud, accomplished...and solicitous.

"Amanda...you must not allow frustration to become so strong. I shall learn to be more skillful in relieving it, but you must learn to be more open about expressing your desires."

"My husband, I am still learning how to live with you." How inhuman was his pride in being able to satisfy her despite

his state of latency -- and how she loved him for it! She found his hand in the dark, touched her fingers to his in a response to his incomprehensible need, with infinite gratitude for his response to hers.

If he picked up her thought, he found nothing pejorative about being considered inhuman. "I have learned something tonight that possibly no other Vulcan knows how to do."

"Nor has need of," she reminded him.

"That," he replied, drawing her head onto his shoulder once more, as she perceived that they were explicitly sharing one identical emotion of contentment, "is what I believe you humans refer to as... having all the luck!"



TO A SYNDICATED VULCAN:

Yes, I am a fickle woman --
I've loved more than twice,
And given out my promises
More freely than was nice --

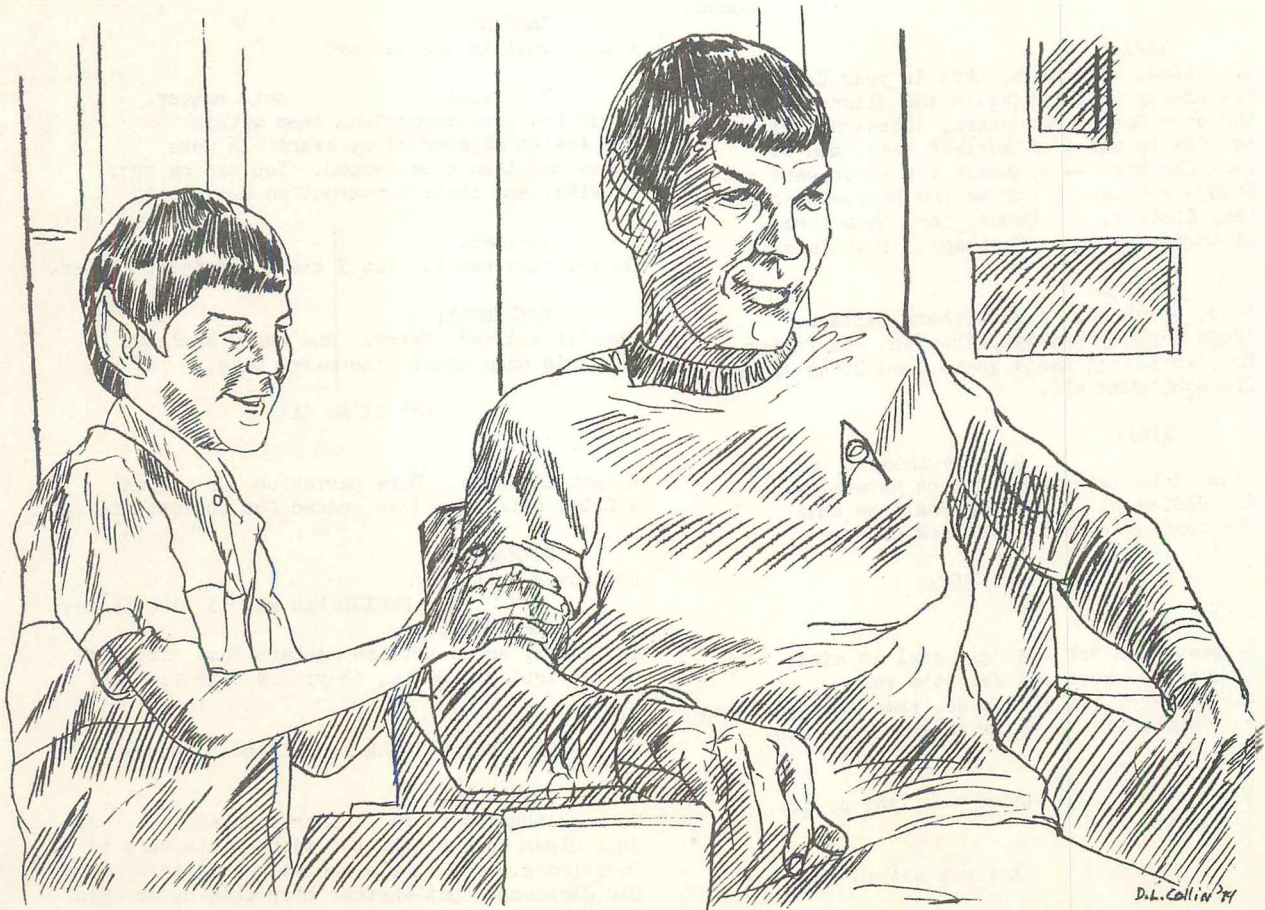
Then broken them as easily
As a gypsy girl might do

Who never had been loved before
And knew not false from true.

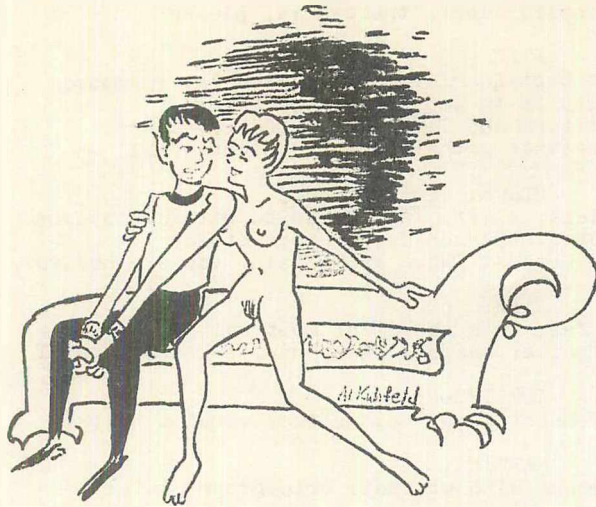
I've loved you now since Saturday --
And if I love you still
When Saturday arrives again
Then I swear I always will.

-- Melisa Michaels

What is it, Spock, that so disturbs thy pure
Serene, calm outlook. Thou art Vulcan, true,
Yet never have I seen thee so outraged.



"Ma'am, this is highly illogical. Being as I'm a hybrid, I'm sterile; so what do you expect to get out of all this?"



SPOCK:
Sir, 'tis the Romulans.

KIRK: 'Tis war.

SPOCK: Indeed.

KIRK:
All hands, all hands, this is your Captain.
Red alert; we fight again the aliens
Who once before our starry shores did storm,
As like to war with ancient Rome, and we
Were Carthage -- although our lands were not
Besown with salt, nor we the Puny warriors.
Aye, Romulus, and Remus, too, once more
Do threaten reborn Carthage. That is all.

STILES:
Alas, the Roms. I knew them, Captain.
'Fore fifty years my father and his father,
Too, contained those gooks, and Stone-Age-ward
Did bomb them all.

KIRK:
A noble thought, and yet
I don't believe that will be necessary.
All officers! A meeting shall we make
The best of courses over Rom to take.

Act II Sc i

KIRK:
We meet with but a single goal in mind:
If possible avoiding War, the red
And thirsty, but if not so, then take our arms
And countervail starship to ship, and win.

STILES:
For my part I say this: we fight or die.
The Romulans --

KIRK: Are yet within the Zone.

Shall we then first offense of record give?
Neutrality officially doth reign. Spock?

SPOCK:
They've weapons, sir; one not the least does rend
A metal wall, starship's or base, it tear
To dust, and blow away i' windy space.
And furthermore, they are invisible.

KIRK:
Invisible, you say.

SPOCK: Aye.

KIRK: That remains
To be seen. I' time between we'll take no less
A course than theirs. We'll mock their moves
And echo them, as Echo mocks her source.
If they flinch, why, this shadow flinches, too.
Let them be wind, the wind wherewith we'll list.
(Exit)

DR. McCOY:
So doth the cautious man behave
Who 'd his own soul and planet save.
(Exeunt omnes)

Act II Sc ii

TOMLINSON:
But soft! what light from yonder Jeffries Tube
Doth break? It is the phaser, and Angela the stun

MARTINE:
O Bob, what is the matter?

TOMLINSON: Anti-matter.
So do the love-explosions seem within
The fusion chamber of my heart. A nova
Glows and shan't be damped. You are my sun,
My wife, and shall construct me many sons.

MARTINE:
Go to, thou swell. Yet I shall wed thee, Mister.

TOMLINSON;
Thou'll wed me? Marry! And merry shall we be,
For I in turn shall also marry thee.

Act II Sc iii

DECIUS:
O Captain, note. Here passes on our screen
A blip, self-same I've traced for thrice a florg.

COMMANDER:
How moves it then?

DECIUS: As we. I like it not.

COMMANDER:
Our likes, and nots, are matters Home discounts
Quite rightly. Serve, obey; and bear to port.

DECIUS: To port.

CENTURIAN: Think thou it be a shadow, sir?

COMMANDER:
No more than stars be feathers, friend. I fear
This cloak doth clothe too much -- its warp be
Overstrong. Too little can we see in this,
Our darkness. But whether blip that be or ship,
I pray we find not out on Homeward trip.

Act III Sc 1

KIRK:
Where do these strange birds fly now on their course
O'er Heaven's vacuous winds? Why bend their wings
To catch this most rare air, and fly not straight?

SPOCK:
To catch a comet, sir.

KIRK: How is that, Spock?
Easier to catch a cold at Sol's bright pole.

SPOCK:
'Tis logical, a means to mask their move.
They hide themselves even now within the flash
Of yonder speeding rock.

STILES: Sniffing at
The comet's tail, as like the dogs they be.

KIRK:
Aye, Lieutenant, yet watch what ease we tail them.

UHURA:
Sir, message coming in. Methinks it is
The crowing of the very bird we chase.

KIRK:
The screen, Lieutenant, the screen. I cannot see
Insensible pulses, nor photos pure; to ether
Am I blind.

UHURA: Aye, sir.

STILES: What is this sight?
Are these the arms and men who came from the shores
Of Italy? or be by Vulcan forged?
O Traitor Spock! We see thee in this mirror!

KIRK:
Lieutenant Stiles, be still. Explain this, Spock,
Or by lame Vulcan whom thou claimst as sire,
Thou art no man of mine.

SPOCK: Good sir, I beg
Thee, listen me: for even as this man
Was once a child and suckl'd on the breast
Of one of Terra's daughters, and with this mother's
Milk a kindness to Earth cousins form'd;
Yet parents two hath every man, and woman --
Born or not, he hath as well a sire.
Aye, Vulcan is my father, and my father's
Brother's son, my cousin, is the Rom.
But Captain, know: a difference will you find
Within a family, and 'twixt cousin, kith and kind.

Act III Sc 11

CENTURION:
Good sir, we near the treaty zone.

COMMANDER: It cannot
Be too soon for me. But, Decius, if
Thy precious blip should track us in, alert
Me soon'st thou canst, man.

DECIUS: Is this not a blip?
Hath then a blip eyes, hands, organs? hath a blip
Sensibilities that we should fear them?
And if we conquer them, have blips the glory?
I think you worry overmuch of blips, my lord.

COMMANDER:
Thou art not paid to think; thou dost it badly.
Meantime, let's be transparent as thy mind;
Activate the invisibility screen.

CENTURION:
Does Echo act, or alien discipline?
We'll know if mocking spark should trail us in.

Act III Sc 111

SULU:
So do they cross into the no-man's land,
Themselves no-men; and sir, they grow more thin
Than air, as thin as space, and disappear.

KIRK:
To cross or not to cross, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the books to take arms against
A c of aliens, and by opposing end them?
To cross, to war, and by a war what dreams
May end, when we have shuffled off this peaceful coil,
Must give me pause: and yet what choice have I?
If Rome or Rom would war with us, can we
I' truth avoid the carnage? Carthago non
Delenda est. We follow in the Zone.

STILES:
Now you're talking, sir.

KIRK: Shut up, O Stiles.
Good Sulu, fire on the Romulans
Where last we saw the speeding ghost of them.
A photon blast will surely light their shade.

STILES:
He forgets the darkness here within the ship.

SULU:
'Tis wrong thou art, I wager by my lip.

Act IV Sc 1

DECIUS:
We're struck: that spark had more a current to't
Than I had thought; a lightning bolt indeed.

COMMANDER:
Enough of chatter; they are there and we
Are dead. Centurion, my friend, my soul:
But although dead, thy will doth heir me this,
Thy body, and with good will I'll use it, friend.
Expell all trash, and throw out this clay too;
Then sit: for they shall see we can play, too.

Act IV Sc 11

KIRK:
They lie; are they dead ducks or, no wise birds,
Opossums? I see debris. Unriddle this.

SPOCK:
The waste is insufficient, sir; they lie
About their lying dead.

KIRK: Then we shall go
Quietly toward this enemy below.
Cut power save most necess'ry; we'll be
Us atom-quiet -- especially, Stiles, thee.

STILES:
Good Captain Kirk, this fear I feel I must
Give warning on. Your seeming friend, the Vulcan
Spock, methinks doth spy for Romulus.

KIRK:
No way, Lieutenant Stiles. No Vulcan lived
Who was not loyal to his captain and
His ship. Speak not to me of loy'lessness
Unless thou be'st thyself star-constant.
-- What is that noise? Who sounds the traitor klaxon?

SPOCK:
I reached too far; I fear I blew it, sir.

KIRK:
Off from my bridge! (Spock exit) What hopes within us douse
Whene'er a friend doth prove to be a louse.

Act V Sc 1

KIRK:
They fire: evasive maneuvers, Mister Leslie;
Stiles, to the phaser room; Sulu, prepare torpedoes.

STILES, SULU, LESLIE:
Aye aye, sir. (Stiles exit)

KIRK: Scotty, engines ready.

SCOTT (over intercom): Aye.

KIRK:
The ship rocks; a near score for them. Sulu,
Fire phasers.

SULU: They do not operate; they're dead!

KIRK:
Dead and dead, a boneyard they'll make of my ship.
Stiles! Where be our power man?

STILES (over intercom): They've breached
The coolant and young Tomlinson lies dead,
As thus will I; I cannot stand, I fall,
And with me falls this silver ship.

SPOCK (over intercom):
It cannot fall so long as men, and even
Those not men do fight for her. If I
Am suspect, even so I fight my kin,
For brother soul is closer than cousin blood.
Phaser power number one is ready, sir.

KIRK:
Then fire, Sulu.

SULU: Firing, sir.

KIRK: A hit;
A very hit, the bird has fall'n to us.

SULU:
And better, sir, the duck's not dead but lame.
A prize.

KIRK: An Ente-prise. But, lo, the screen!

COMMANDER:
'Tis I, your number opposite, good sir.
No prize are we, nor take we aught in war.

You ask what purpose will it serve to die?
Duty, Captain; creatures such as we
Can have no purpose save to stand and serve
When duty calls, and snuff ourselves as well
To mitigate the shame of screwing up.
And so one duty yet to me remains.

(explodet)

KIRK:

That clown an exit sure knew how to make.

But I would not mine own yet make, and so
Now let us take our leave from here. About,
And homeward go. No lambs, the eagle found
A wolf within the fold; and all our yesterdays
Have shown that patterns of force must fail,
For they're a dagger of the mind, a false
Creation which by any other name
Would raise the enemy within. The thing
To have at last's the conscience of the king.

(exeunt)



JOURNEY TO LIBEL (sung to the tune of Sweet Betsy from Pike, Villikins and his Dinah, etc etc) -- by Ruth Berman

"Dress uniform's itchy," said Dr. McCoy.
He pulled at his collar and looked as if sulkin'.
"An honor, I fear, that I do not enjoy
Is the task of impressing a high-ranking Vulcan."
CHORUS: Singing logical logic, emotion and all.

The ambassador entered. Spock snapped a salute.
Captain Kirk said to Spock, "Why not visit your house?
You could go see your folks. You have time if you scoot."
Spock replied, "But my parents are Sarek and spouse."

"Hooboy," said poor Kirk, "This is no easy job.
I can see that I'll have to watch out, day and night,
In a ship with a hot-tempered diplomat-mob:
Andorian, Vulcan, and grim Tellarite."

Soon Sarek and Gav were squabbling away,
Though Shras found the terms of their dispute unclear.
Pleaded Kirk, "Come now, gentlemen, cease this affray,
For the Coridan problem's not soluble here."

Meanwhile, the doctor was quizzing Amanda.
"When Spock was a boy did he play with kid-gangs?"
She said, "No, but he was very fond of his panda."
He grinned, but Spock squelched him: "It had six-inch fangs."

Sarek, calling Amanda away to their quarters,
Said not to say things that would make Spock lose face.
She beamed and exclaimed, "I can see by your orders
You do love our boy, though he ran off to space."

Now a Lieutenant Josephs was out for a stroll,
When to his amazement he happened to spy a
Dead corpse that was stuffed in a large Jeffries hole.
"Indeed," remarked Spock, "Perhaps killed by tal shaya" --

Which made Sarek suspect. They asked him the question:
Where was he when someone gave Gav that fell smack?
"Oh, out," Sarek said, and collapsed. Indigestion?
"I'm afraid," said McCoy, "It's a real heart attack."

But that wasn't too bad, for McCoy was a surgeon,
And Spock had the right kind of blood for the work.
So there they were set to effect an emergen-
Cy heartwork, when Thelev attacked Captain Kirk.

So Spock said, "Excuse me, a strange ship has struck,
And if Captain Kirk's helpless that means I'm the guy
Who has got to go order the helmsman to duck."
"But, Spock," said Amanda, "your father will die!"

So Kirk pulled a fast one and took back the con
(That old con-man), and made Spock report to McCoy.
Playing dead, Kirk destroyed their attackers anon,
With Sarek's life saved, to Amanda's great joy.

"After which," said Amanda, "You should thank your son."
"For his logic?" said Sarek, "Now, don't be absurd -- "
And they all would have argued it, just for the fun,
But McCoy said, "Shut up! This time I've the last word."
CHORUS: Singing logical logic, emotion and all
Singing logical logic, emotion and all.

The "Star Trek" Phenomenon. "Star Trek": Cartoons Into Literature, or, Spock's Ears vs. War and Peace -- a speech by Alan Dean Foster given as part of the Twin Cities Science Fiction Festival at the Minneapolis Public Library, October 12, 1974. Transcribed by Stephen Borer. (The speech was followed by a slide talk given by Ruth Berman.) ((I've edited the transcript a bit, cutting out notes of pauses and such like. RB))

ADF: Well, this is supposed to be about "Star Trek" -- I'm Ruth Berman, this is Alan Dean Foster over here -- ((laughter)) Ben Bova was supposed to be here to introduce us, but since he isn't here, we'll sort of introduce ourselves, and when Ben comes, we can all introduce him together.

I write science fiction. I also write a lot of bad poetry which, fortunately, none of you have ever seen, and probably never will -- but I do write some science fiction, and a number of months ago, Judy Lynn del Rey, who is the science fiction editor for Ballantine Books, approached me and asked if I would like to do a book -- a book -- based on the Saturday morning cartoon S.T. series. And --

RB: Let us now introduce Ben Bova to the crowd. ((He had just entered at the back of the hall.)) Hello, Ben! ((applause.))

ADF: You haven't missed anything -- we haven't gotten to the slides yet, Ben --

Man in audience: Slides?

ADF: Yes -- tell about the slides.

RB: I hope none of you were misled too much by the title of my section, which is, "How S.T. Got On The Air." It's not a historical lesson on how to sell shows to networks -- it's a slide show of the various problems faced in putting science fiction into a visual medium, specifically, in this case, "Star Trek."

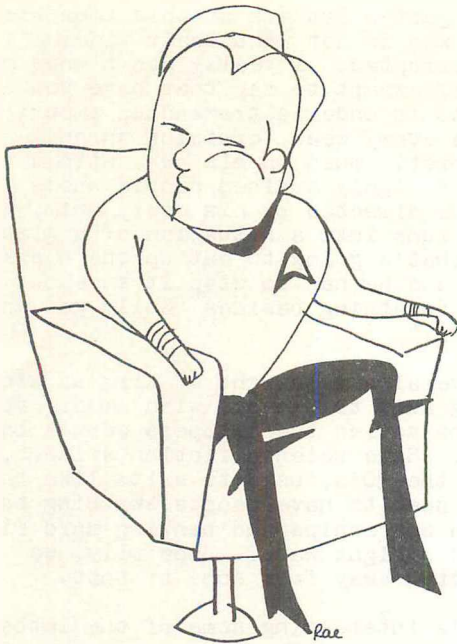
ADF: If you want to know how to sell shows to the networks, just go up and tug on Lester del Rey's coattails ...he'll be happy to give you an hour or two of his time. ((laughter))

Getting back to how the whole project came about, as I said, Judy Lynn del Rey asked me if I would do a book based on the Saturday morning show, so I said, "Well, I'd love to; what does it look like?" Heresy, right? I took a look at the first episode, and was appalled by the animation, as most of you, if you know anything about animation, probably were too -- but it was the same family -- they were a little flat looking, but the people were there.

So I took on the book project, which has now mushroomed into, it seems, a life's work. I have this horrible nightmare of alien visitors coming here several thousand years in the future, and excavating the remains of our civilization and turning up two books, War and Peace and one of the "Star Trek" books and trying to imagine how the two could have been written by the same civilization within a hundred years of each other.

I was asked to say something about how all the books came about. The title in your program, again, is a little misleading; we were looking for something clever, and that was the best thing I could come up with at 10:00 in the evening, with bath water dripping off me. So what I think I'd like to do for about ten minutes -- because we have about a half-hour of slides, most of which probably none of you have ever seen -- is talk a little while about writing the books themselves and how they compare, I suppose to the other "Star Trek" book versions by James Blish, and -- well, I'll just ramble on, and we'll have a little time, I hope, for questions.





Novelizing a screenplay or a teleplay has a lot of advantages, and it has some inherent disadvantages. The most obvious advantage, of course, is that you don't have to create anything in the way of characters or plot -- it's all there. You have a very elaborate outline in the form of these shows.

My first problem, when I looked at the scripts was -- never having read any of James Blish's books -- was to decide how to approach this. There were two ways to go: I could throw out everything that was in the scripts and write my own "Star Trek" book (which is what I did with a book called *Luana*, a movie that I hope missed Minneapolis entirely -- it's not a bad book, but it's an atrocious movie, and since everybody connected with it has already been fired, I feel no shame in mentioning it, cause I can't hurt anyone) -- or to take the episodes essentially as they stood in the scripts, not change much of anything in the scripts and expand upon them, and this is what I decided to do. Those of you who have already read one of the first two Log books -- I turned in *Log Four* this morning -- I said they would go on forever -- will know that we're doing three of the television episodes per book. This was not an arbitrarily set length -- I didn't know how much material I would have to work with and how much I would have to add when I started writing the books. It just worked out to three episodes. Judy Lynn thought two would be nice, and I opted more toward seven or eight, but

as it turned out, once I got into doing them, I found there was a lot more there to work with than I had dared hope, and it just turned out that three episodes seems to be the right amount that works for me, at least, in doing the books.

One of the problems in doing the books from screenplays, particularly these teleplays, because they are cartoons, and they are oriented to a certain extent to a somewhat younger audience than the original "Star Trek," is that people tend to talk in sentences with a lot of words removed, because everything has to be kept short and terse and tight, right? So you can't go on and elaborate the situation or discussion. People have to say, "There is the planet," and the next thing you know, they're on the planet. You do not find out anything about it or what the conditions are like, who lives there or what lives there, or anything lives there, until you actually see it on the screen.

You have no time for characterization. This may not matter so much in regards to somebody like Kirk or Spock, whom we all know and love -- their intimate histories -- but when we meet, for example, a new character -- There are two alien crewmen on the Enterprise in the cartoon show, something they couldn't do with any degree of accuracy on the live show, Lt. Arex, who is Navigator, and Lt. M'Hess, who is sort of Lt. Uhura's backup at Communications. We know nothing about them from the show except that they're there, and they perform similar functions to those performed by Uhura and Sulu. So I had a chance here to develop and elaborate two entirely new characters on the ship itself. With the aliens -- we have no time to characterize any of the aliens; we merely see them. Everybody on the show kind of goes through the motions, and the idea is to get through the plot within twenty minutes so we have ten minutes left for Sugar Pops commercials. So one of the things that I can do in the books, and I'm trying to do, is to deepen -- to give you a picture of the people who are in the show, instead of just a picture of some pretty alien scenery.

Another thing is the show does not use the -- It's bad animation, sort of midway, in my opinion, anyway, between Yogi Bear, and good animation, which is the full animated style of Walt Disney and the old MGM cartoonists. Even so, they do not do a lot of things with this show that could be done. You can do, literally, anything with animation -- you can have worlds collide, you can draw as big as you want to, as alien as you want. The trouble is that the people who are drawing "Star Trek" -- not the people who

are writing it so much, although that's partially true - but the people who are drawing "Star Trek" are not science fiction illustrators. They're used to drawing things like "Dorothy Meets the Wizard of Oz" and the other shows that Filmation has done, and they're very good at drawing faces of people with four lines and a cross in one corner, but they know nothing, really, about science fiction, so you don't see the elaborateness of the imagination that you might otherwise see in an animated show.

In the books, however, since I'm a science fiction fan from way back, I try to put in some of the things that you can do from your own mind. I have an unlimited budget in my head, and so if you find some elaborate devices in a "Star Trek" book that you don't remember from the episode, they're because I'm trying to take advantage of that financial leeway and put as much in as I can. You can detail the places, as I said, and the planets. You can explain hardware. For example, you may remember the episode in which Harry Mudd returns with his marvelous love crystals which make everybody fall in love with everybody else, except they don't really. We simply know that those are love crystals, and if you break one, anybody in the immediate vicinity of it immediately falls in love with the first person they see. You don't find out how, or why, or the internal physics of the love crystals, which presumably don't matter to the Saturday morning audience -- I disagree -- this is the sort of thing that I'm trying to do, which you can do in the book.

The most interesting thing from my standpoint is -- it's just as true of the "Star Trek" books as it is with any of the other original stuff I've written -- is that, after a while, when you get into a situation you find that it begins to write itself. The greatest thrill I have as an author is when the characters take the story away from me. And I suddenly find myself saying when Kirk is doing something, "Hey! That's not in the script, where'd that come from?" and it just goes on. Kirk looks up from the page and says, "Well, this is the way I react in a situation like this, dummy!" and I say, "All right, all right -- you're the boss, you're the character, you go ahead and do it." So you find that the people, after a while, if you leave them alone, will elaborate the situation themselves, and it makes my job that much easier.

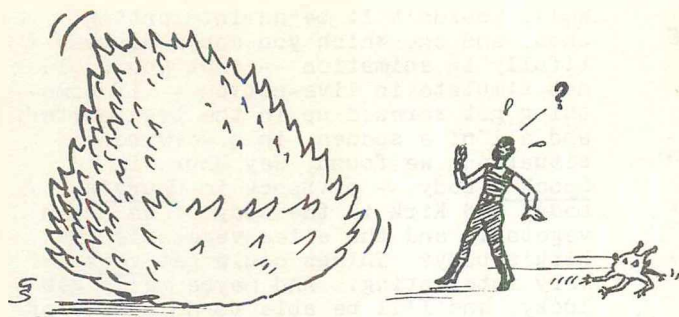
You do get into some problem areas with this. For example, I've had Kirk

say "Damn" a number of times in the books. We have gotten letters on this from irate mothers who do not want their kiddies' minds corrupted. I really don't know how to react, except to say that here you have a man who is under a tremendous amount of pressure every week, cruising through space, pretty much on his own, with a number of highly trained people whose lives are directed by his every whim, and when he runs into a situation of a giant planet that's going to eat up the nearest colony, and he has to stop it somehow, he may say something besides "Golly gee-whiz gosh-darn."

I've always thought of Kirk as kind of being akin to the old windjammer captains who sailed the clippers across the Pacific. Some science fiction writers, back in the 30's, used to write like this -- they used to have people swabbing the decks in spaceships and banking hard right to avoid a light wave. Hopefully, we have gotten away from some of that.

It's interesting some of the letters that we do get -- There are a number of people among you who, I think, did not study "Star Trek" -- you invented it, and you spend time correcting some of the things that I miss. This is a lot of fun -- I enjoy it. I enjoy having things pointed out to me that are wrong. Sometimes I take issue with you; for example, I think it was in the second book, there was a very, very tense situation when everybody was suddenly very unhappy with everybody else -- "The Lorelei Factor," the planet of giant ladies who were looking for friendship and companionship and couldn't find it through their local Lonely Hearts Club, so they captured the Enterprise? Anyway, it was a very tense, awkward situation on the bridge, and nobody was particularly enamoured at the way their fellows had reacted to this situation, and Scott says to Spock, after Spock says something particularly literate and logical, "How would you like a punch in the snoot, pointy-ears?" ((Slip of title and story. The reference is not to "The Lorelei Signal," but to "Beyond the Farthest Star" in Log One, p. 14. SB))

This prompted an avalanche of mail from people who said, "This is not a military sort of comment," and "It's not the type of thing that Scott would say to a superior officer under any situation." And my only reaction to that is a qualified "Phooey!" Because one of the problems with the cartoon show, and to a certain extent with the live-action show, due to the restrictions of television, is that when you have some of these enormously difficult situations -- people under tremendous stress -- they're not allowed to react as their characters



dictate. And so you have moments in the show which seem false and unreal, because the characters are forced to say what the network's vice-president will permit them to say, instead of what the characters themselves would actually say.

((Hmmm. While the general principle is unarguable, I must admit that in the given situation -- and with Scott as the speaker! -- my only reaction is "No." Sorry. FB))

I've never read any of James Blish's books, but I understand he uses something like six episodes from the hour show in each book -- is that correct?

Young man in audience: Four to six.

ADF: Four to six episodes from the hour show? I have nothing against Jim Blish, who's a fine writer, whom I admire very much, but I would feel guilty taking the money if I did that. I think that if you're paid to turn out an original book people have a right to expect something more for their money than a retyping of the scripts into book form.

FB: I think the format was imposed on him by the publisher in that case.

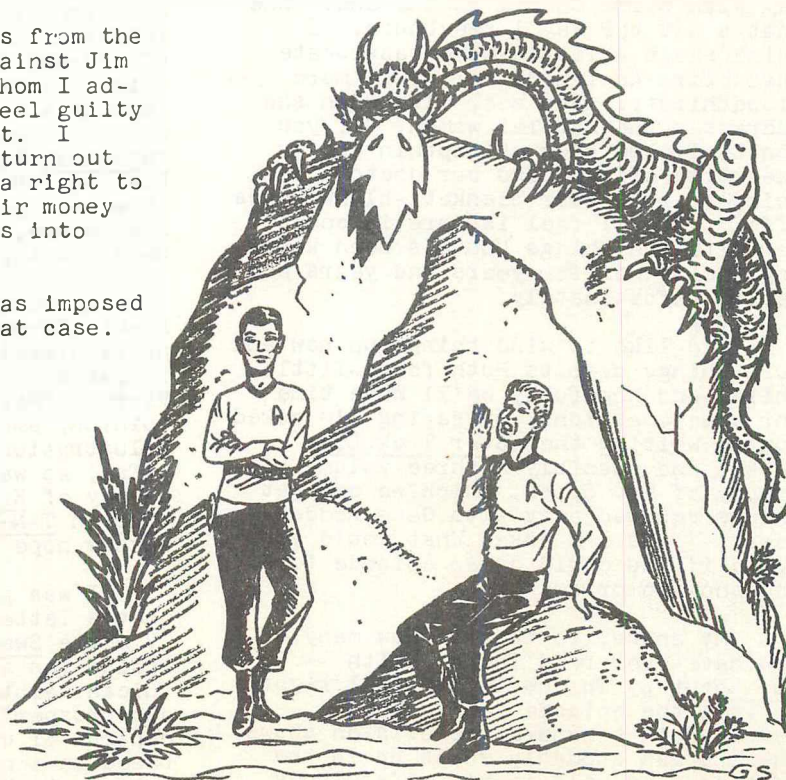
ADF: Let's hope so.

I've wondered sometimes what the appeal of "Star Trek" is -- beyond the fact that it was the only science fiction show on the air, and we know that's why a lot of people watched it, but I think there's more to it than that. For one thing, Kirk was about the only man, the only leading male, when "Star Trek" came on the air, in any regular series, who acted with a degree of intelligence above that of the average fifth-

grader. We had horrible visions, sometimes, of some woman-monster/mother-monster of the week, coming in and telling Kirk why he did something wrong about taking out the garbage last week, as so many daddies in the tv shows did, whereas Kirk was allowed to act like a human being, and a mature one. Another thing is that "Star Trek," the animated as well as the live show, is not restricted in anything that it does. You're not set into a format where you know that the same essential

thing is going to happen next week, as you are in a western or detective show, for example.

My own personal interest, as far as the characters go -- I happen to find Dr. McCoy the most interesting character on board, because he's certainly one of the most highly trained and most intelligent, but at the same time he's always wandering around on the bridge looking for something to do. Now, rather than brush this off and say that, well, he just belongs there and he's up there for psychiatric purposes, I try to dig into it a little deeper. And in some of the books I've gotten into the fact that McCoy feels this way -- he feels very inadequate on the bridge, but he doesn't know what to do with himself in a tense situation, so he wanders around, and by wan-



dering around, making his snide little jokes and comments, he keeps everything loose on the bridge, you see, so he -- he's sort of an empathetic sponge. He's someone that Kirk and Sulu and Uhura and everyone else can kind of laugh at, maybe, a little bit, but he's always there with a friendly word or a piece of advice, whether it's asked for or not sometimes, and he helps keep things very comfortable. He also does, admittedly, offer comic relief, but that's part of his job.

Another one I've been trying to develop a little more is Sulu, because I get tired of Sulu, who again is a major character, sitting up there at the helm saying "Yes, Captain" -- "Yes, Captain" -- "Yes, Captain" every time Kirk gives him instructions for a course change. Presumably he has feelings and emotions just like all the rest of them, and I've tried to dig into his character a little bit more.

Uhura, also. There's one episode where she -- the Lorelei episode -- where she takes over the Enterprise because Kirk is incapacitated, Spock is incapacitated, everyone but the women on the ship are incapacitated, and in the episode Sulu -- uh -- Uhura, excuse me, was simply there at the beginning when the men landed down -- when the crew landed down on the planet, and she was there to rescue them kind of halfway with Nurse Chapel at the end. And that's not the way I see Uhura. I think she's a little more passionate character, so I made her a bit more bloodthirsty. You see, like when she addresses the Lorelei women, "If you don't give me back my captain and my executive officer and our doctor, I'm going to blow your blankety-blank heads off!" Which I feel is more in character with the things Uhura's been keeping inside her for years and years and years, unfortunately.

I'd like to wind things up now and turn things over to Ruth for a little while, and hopefully we'll have time for some questions, by saying I'm asked You're writing the Star Trek Log books, and possibly a three volume biography of Mr. Spock, which we can get things squared away with Gene Roddenberry -- and I'm asked What would you write if you could do an episode for the show tomorrow?

My answer to that is How many of you have ever read Thorne Smith -- Turnabout by Thorne Smith? All right -- it's the episode you've seen reworked in a hundred television shows, where a man suddenly wakes up in the morning, and he's in his wife's body and the wife is in the man's body.

Well, wouldn't it be an interesting show, and one which you could do beautifully in animation -- that you could not simulate in live-action -- if something got screwed up in the transporter, and all of a sudden, in a very tense situation, we found, say Uhura in Spock's body -- or Spock in Uhura's body, and Kirk in the body of an alien vegetable and the alien vegetable in Kirk's body? Things could get very, very interesting. And maybe we'll get lucky, and I'll be able to do it one of these days....

T-Waves: LETTERS

from CAROL SPRINGS, Rt 9 Box 168
Monroe NC 28110

"Eye-opener" was interesting, but I don't seem to recall an opportunity in "Wink of an Eye" for Kirk to have slept with Deela. Or did this story take place in an alternate universe? ((You forget a scene between them in Kirk's quarters followed by an unspecified lapse of time, after which Kirk is seen pulling on his boots and Deela brushing her hair. RB))

Having Deela's son called "Captain" was a cute, and fairly believable, touch. "A golden-skinned boy with slanting eyes"...I wonder if he was any relation to a certain young helmsman? Of course, the odds would be against this -- if we're to believe the first season, with its abundance of Oriental extras. Besides, no matter who fathered either of Deela's children, Rael was the real father of both of them -- a point well made. The plot was a good one, though perhaps it could have been developed better in a longer story.

Artwork was gorgeous, as usual. Dickie Horowitz shows promise, and could prove himself a quite capable fan artist in years to come. Seriously, Heather Firth's "Mirror" Spock was, in my opinion, among the issue's best-rendered illustrations. The "C Waves" were beautiful, as was "Spock's Whatsis." (A parody of Kraith in a parody of T-Negative in T-Negative -- what more could anyone hope for?)

I was glad to see by Darlene Fouquet's letter than somebody else saw the TV movie Sweet Hostage in which an Indian gas station attendant uses the Vulcan salute and the words "Live long and prosper" as Martin Sheen is about to depart. I understand that the movie was based on a novel by Nathaniel Benchely, Welcome to Xanadu, which I'd like to read but haven't been able to locate. I

don't know whether the character used the phrase and/or gesture in the book, or whether he even appeared in the book -- can anyone tell me?

from GEORGE PERKINS 1102 3 Str Brookings SD 57006

((Paula Smith's))T-Minus 30. It does have promis. Tell Ruth Verman that if she keeps trying, someday she'll have a good zine. Maybe by issue #137. What I thought was so funny was "Spock's Whatsis." I actually read the microscopic print. I got a chuckle out of the Klingon sequence and think it is good enough to be re-printed for the other readers: "According to the Klingon medical officer's report, you "lacerated Kadob's orbicularis oculi, both the greater and lesser zygozatics and the masseter" or their equivalent and he "expired due to severe hematorrhea". Pariah looked up. "In other words, you ripped his face off, and he bled to death'."

And how about all those incomplete sentences at the beginnings of paragraphs that appear not to belong there: The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog, which only goes to prove one should let slipping dogs lie; My name it is Mouser, my attitude cheerful, but never gay; May the girls adore us, may the thieves abhor us; Be totally illegible, I hope; With any nice luck it indeed will.

Where did she get that stuff?
((The Klingon sequence is from a story of Paula's in Menagerie 6; I think the rest are lino's from Menagerie. RB))

What did the printers say when you said, "But I want it to be illegible!"? ((Nothing. Anna understands. Or she thinks I'm crazy. RB.))

from ROBERTA MORRIS, 1770 Tonto Trail Maitland FL 32751

Darlene Fouquet's comment on "Live Long and Prosper" in "Sweet Hostage" prompted me to write this before I forgot. If anyone happens to see the movie "Logan's Run," pay close attention during the crowd scene at the end of the movie. When the people are outside the domes and approaching the old man, look closely at the person waving in the foreground (closest to the audience). Will somebody tell me that I did see a person waving with the Vulcan salute, so I will know I am not imagining things?

from MARILYN ESTLIP 553 East Water Chillicothe OH 45601

I made the mistake of reading

"G Above High C" late one night after I had some home from work. I was munching along on my usual snack, reading, my mind slightly befuddled. I was beginning to wonder what was going on in that story. What in the world would a five year old boy want with Miss Uhura? Then it hit me. I started laughing. With another cup of coffee and my quick-fried Cheetos I returned to the beginning and read a perfectly delightful parody.

"The Birthday Gift" is the essence of Spock. I don't see how any of the many factions on Spock's personality could disagree with it.

from CHUCK RAUE, 804 Rowell Str Mobile AL

The poem "Vulcan Couple" was a touching piece of verse which shows just how Earthlings would tend to try to judge Vulcans, or any other alien race for that matter, by human standards.

"G Above C³" was a rather confusing, and if you'll excuse my saying so, boring piece of attempted satire, humor, or whatever it was supposed to be. The characters introduced into the story from out of the Earth's past were a little hard to follow and the characterization was a bit difficult to keep straight. The story plot could've been re-worked as it seemed to become muddled in a few places.

"T-Minus and Counting" was a really funny take off on your zine. I thought I was going to laugh my head off just after reading page 2. Paula Smith has a really imaginative sense of humor.

from JIM MEADOWS III, 31 Apple Court Park Forest IL 60466

Phyllis Ann Karr is obviously an Asterix freak, and that particular comic strip mixes in interestingly, if not exactly smoothly with ST in "G Above High C³." This is the sort of thing that might best be handled in a comic strip form, if you can find an artist good enough to handle both ST and Asterix competently. However, even a comic strip frame of mind does not keep me from asking how all these first century Gaul types are so adept at speaking English, which hadn't really developed to what it is today, much less the 23rd century. Gauls do not speak English, not even in Asterix, which is originally in French. ((Automatic translators in operation, evidement. Besides, as any Frenchman could tell you, everybody either does or ought to speak French. RB))

The perfect ST fan-tale? I suppose so, since David Gerrold has already given us a synopsis for the "perfect" ST episode. Always remember, that it isn't

enough in a Vulcan Romances story for a woman to have the hots for Spock. Spock, that cold emotionless s.o.b., has to have "feelings he, himself, could not bring himself to understand, much less admit to" about the fictional projection of the author. McCoy needs the chance to say, "I'm a doctor, not a ." (This is also mandatory for the perfect episode.) Sulu needs an excuse to practice fencing, or talk to his plants. Dr. M'Benga has to be written in; of all the semi-regulars, or twice used crew-members, he seems to be the most popular. Plausible excuse for violating the Prime Directive is not mandatory in the perfect ST fan-story (it is essential in the perfect ST episode); however, someone should be court-martialed somewhere. Is Spock accused of sodomy? Dr. McCoy hit for malpractice? did Kirk forget to file his V-24C forms? Whatever the reason, bring in the commodores, and let's have a trial.

And oh yes. The perfect ST fan-story must be a sequel to a ST episode, live action and 3rd season preferred.

A problem with "The Brooks of Eden" is that I don't think Spock was even trying that hard to

kill his emotions when he was under Pike's command. The first pilot for ST (GR, bless him, hadn't yet figured out what Spock would do, except have pointed ears) had Spock smiling at a tinkling flower. The Spock at "The Brooks of Eden" may like poetry, but he certainly does not smile at tinkling flowers. What sort of Spock does?

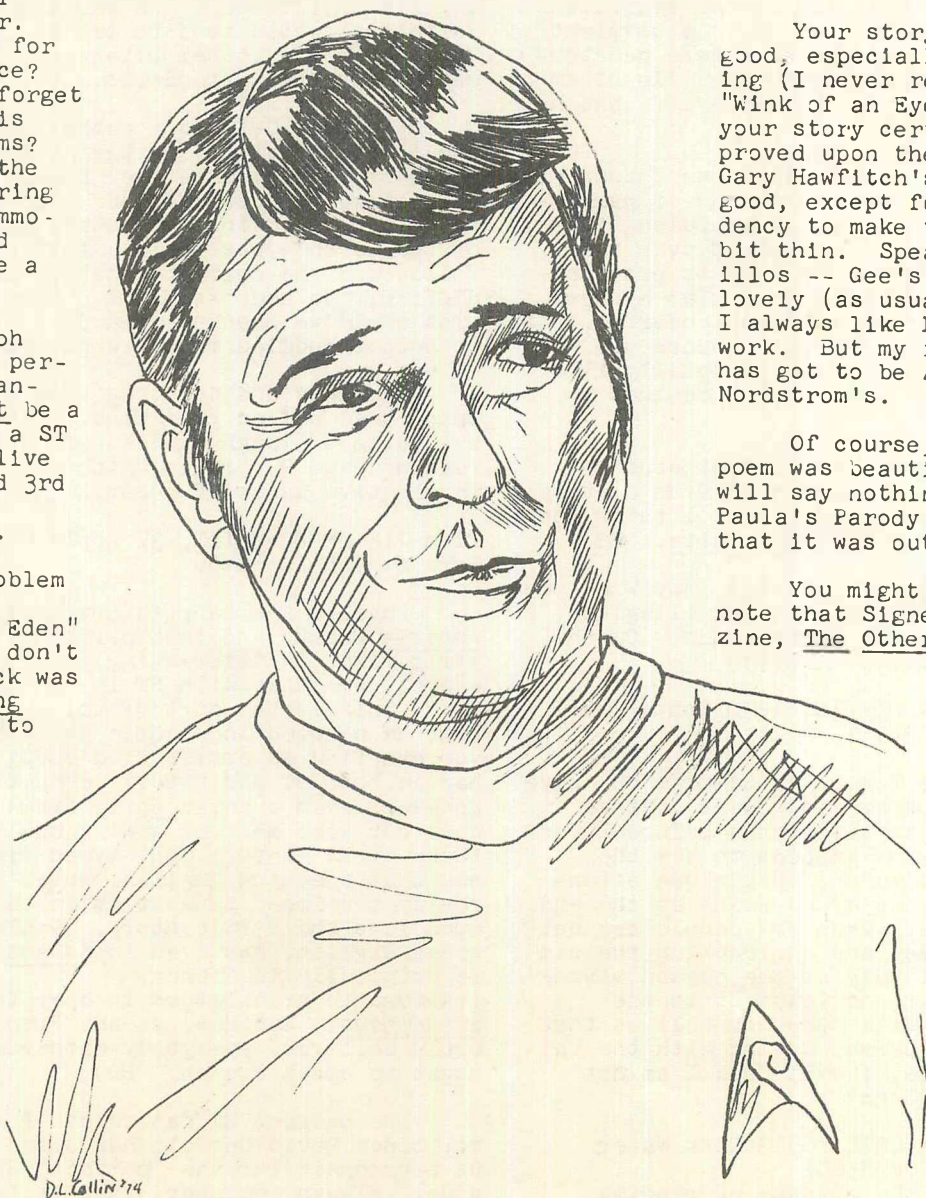
from AMY FALKOWITZ, 323 Higdon Ave #3
Mountain View CA 94041

I have seen one or two of the Asterix strips, so I was slightly familiar with the characters. The story itself was mildly entertaining -- to be honest, someone with no knowledge of Asterix & friends probably wouldn't have enjoyed the story.

Your story was very good, especially the ending (I never really liked "Wink of an Eye" -- & your story certainly improved upon the episode). Gary Hawfitch's illo was good, except for a tendency to make the arms a bit thin. Speaking of illos -- Gee's cover was lovely (as usual). And I always like Debbie's work. But my favorite has got to be Anita Nordstrom's.

Of course, Shirley's poem was beautiful. I will say nothing on Paula's Parody (except that it was outrageous!).

You might possibly note that Signe's & my zine, The Other Side of



Paradise #1 is out of print. However, we are planning #2 now, for the end of this year. ((1976 -- send her a stamped envelope for info. KB))

from PAMELA DALE, Hillscresc, St. Mary's Rd, Riddlesden Keighley Yorkshire England

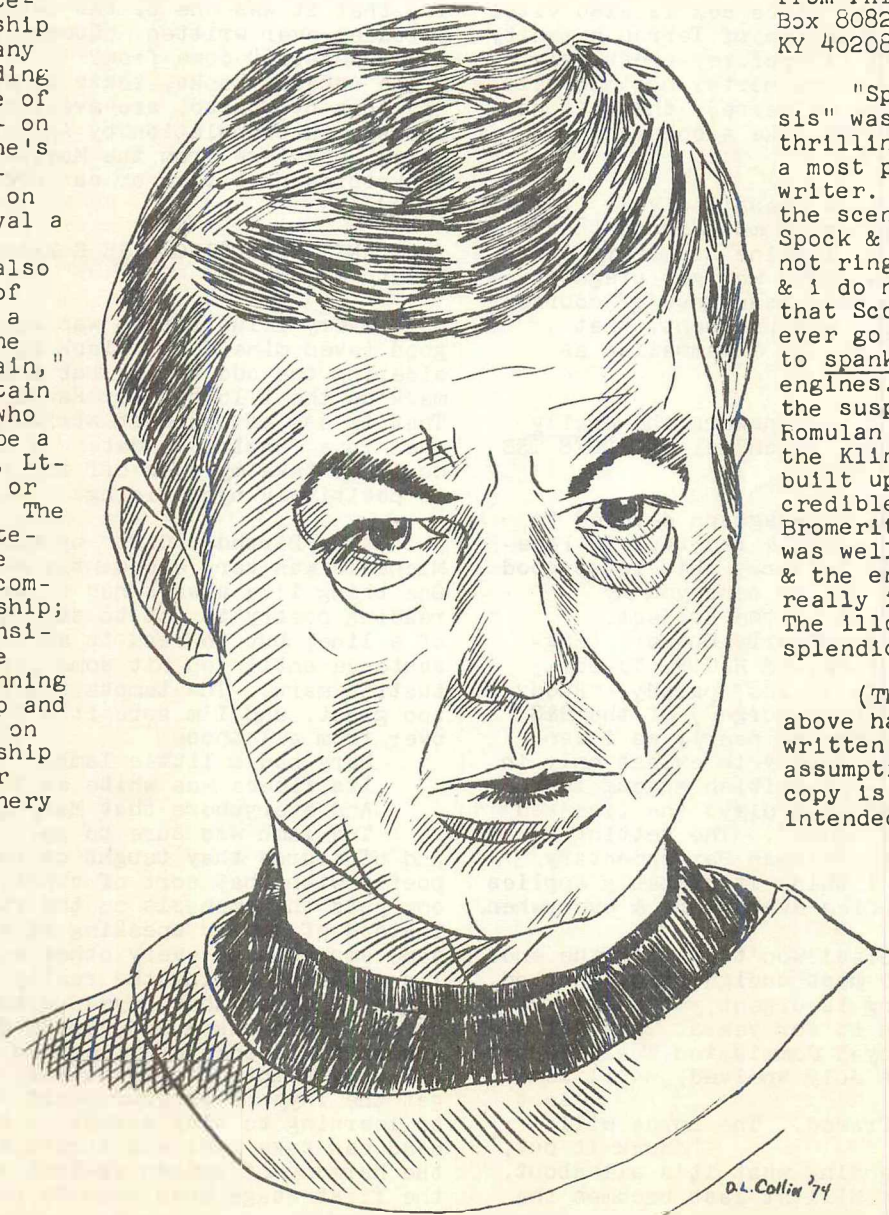
In T-N 13 you wrote an article about the English comic version of Star Trek. I have never seen this but I can answer your query about Royal Navy terminology -- I have several Naval relatives. The officer ranks are Sub-Lieutenant, Lieutenant, Lieutenant-Commander, Commander, Captain, Rear Admiral, Vice Admiral, Admiral, Admiral of the Fleet. The First Lieutenant of a ship can be of any rank depending on the size of the ship -- on a frigate he's usually Lt-Commander, on the Ark Royal a Commander. There are also two types of Captain -- a man with the rank "Captain," or the captain of a ship who need only be a Lieutenant, Lt-Commander, or Commander. The First Lieutenant is the second in command on a ship; he's responsible for the general running of the ship and is usually on the seamanship side rather than a gunnery expert for

example. He's often known as "Jimmy" to the lower deck which is short for the old nickname "Jimmy-the-one," the origins of which go back to the 18th century and beyond. I asked one of my naval relatives for the American equivalent of the First Lieutenant & he said it was the Executive Officer -- I hope that means something to you. In any case, it means that S'Horek can hold any rank between a Lieutenant & Commander, but it would be most likely to be Lt-Commander if we assume a guardship has a crew of about 200 like a frigate of the present Royal Navy. It's more likely that Starfleet ranks follow American terminology judging from the ranks already shown -- we don't use the rank Ensign for example.

from PHYLLIS KARR
Box 8082 Louisville
KY 40208

"Spock's What-sis" was a truly thrilling piece by a most promising writer. Of course, the scenes between Spock & McCoy did not ring quite true, & I do not think that Scotty would ever go so far as to spank his engines. However, the suspense of the Romulan attack on the Klingon outpost built up to an incredible pitch; the Bromerite invasion was well handled; & the ending had me really in tears. The illos were splendid.

(The paragraph above has been written under the assumption that my copy is complete as intended. I have 5



lines of text, with on the next page two columns of print so fine & blurry as to be impossible to read, but in which sunny hospital rooms & quick brown foxes seem recurrent, & then a line & a half about somebody shouldering a dead friend.)

I notice that there seems to be a controversy on "The Apple" raging. Let me say that this is so far my least favorite show, which I hate so much that I found "Spock's Brain" & "The Omega Glory" highly enjoyable by comparison. The major objections can be summed up:

1. It is based on the tired old misconception that Sex, rather than Disobedience, was the Original Sin. And, of course, since sex is also vital for the continuation of Terran humanity as we know it (therefore, presumably, for humanoid forms mortal or immortal throughout the universe), there is no hope of anything like a coherent philosophy.

2. If Kirk doesn't give a little more explanation of motherhood than shown, can you imagine how terrified the first few girls who get pregnant are going to be? Assuming, of course, that they will get pregnant, that they're as humanoid & mammalian as they look.

3. It never answers the really vital question, which is: WHO DOES THE NATIVE MEN'S HAIR?

I notice a paragraph devoted to bureaucratic snarl & red tape in Penelope Warren's letter. This is as good an excuse as any to send you my favorite verses on the subject. They are by an Utterly Obscure (English?) writer called H.G.F. Taylor; they appear in an 1887 parody, "Ruddy George" (or "Rougeorge") of the G&S opera Ruddigore; as nearly as I can discover this parody is extant only in one place -- the British Museum in the Lord Chamberlain's plays (he licensed them for the stage). The setting is the Victorian British Parliamentary system, but I think it probably applies to bureaucracies everywhere & everywhen.

The means, alas! won't justify the end. And haste is most undignified. Attend. When anything is urgent, you should wait And sleep on it for years. Then agitate And get a Royal Commission. Their report Of course is duly shelved, until some sort

Of Bill is framed. The Lords will "chuck it out," Not understanding what it's all about. And when the Bill at last becomes the law,

The lawyers twist it inside out, by jaw. You see your proper course. Meantime it's found, The man you stirred to save is very drowned, And by the time his family's in crape, You chuck him out a line of old red tape.

from LISA WAHL, 14 Ogden Str, Glens Falls NY 12801

I spent my entire reading of "G above High C³" trying to determine if it was a parody or a humorous ST story that wasn't too well-written. Most of the "flaws" of writing a ST story showed up such as the over-use of "Fascinating," and I was really unsure of whether or not they were intentional. Well, since the story was hysterically funny, I'm assuming that it was one of the best written parodies ever written. Question: where does "Asterix" come from? ((The Asterix books, texts by Goscinny, drawings by Uderzo, are available in this country in translation by Anthea Bell and Derek Hockridge from the Morrow Co. Bookstores have them or can order them. RB.))

from ANITA NORDSTROM, 15 E Artavia Str Duluth MN 55811

Every illustration was remarkably good (even mine didn't look too bad, considering the odd angle) but I have to remark on the illo by Gary Hawfitch, p. 16. That is one of the most striking I've seen in a fanzine to date. I honestly couldn't take my eyes off it; the style is positively hypnotizing.

"The Birthday Gift" by Melisa Michaels was very eloquently written. One thing I've always had to watch when reading poetry is not to stop at the end of a line, but to read it as an entire sentence until you hit some sort of punctuation mark. The temptation is almost too great, and I'm sure it's a bad hold-over from all those

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

And of course they taught us to read poetry with that sort of start, so everyone puts the emphasis on the rhyming word instead of simply speaking it with the same emphasis as every other word in the line (and accenting the really important words, whether they rhymed with anything or not). Thanks a lot, Grade School! I wonder how people ever learned anything. ((Tumpty tumpty style's likely needed to get the rhythms in your heart -- similar to learning to sing doremi -- then the head can take over and stress meaning in the harmony of speech against meter. But the first stage does seem to get overstressed for many people. RB))

List of STzines received
(* means specially recommended)

* THE SOUNDS OF STAR TREK, arranged & compiled by Jean Peacock & Chuck Graham. \$3.50 from S.T.A.F. San Diego, 4486 Berting Str San Diego CA 92115. 80 pp., photo-offset. Piano settings of music from ST.

HARTLINES 4, April 1976, ed. Rusty Hancock, Richard and Mandi Schultz, 1649 Longfellow Court, Rochester MI 48063. 21 pp, mimeo (some offset). Bulletin of the Mariette Hartley (Zarabeth) Fan Network. A one-shot, BETA NICBE FE-VISITED (\$2) is devoted entirely to Zarabeth and "All Our Yesterdays."

SPOCK'S ARTHROPODS, ed. Signe Landon & Amy Falkowitz (etc), 1566 Scott Str #25 San Jose CA 95126. 14 pp, litho (?). Parody of Kraith stories.

STAR TREK TODAY Vol 2 No 1, June 1976, ed. Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Ct Park Forest IL 60466. 35¢/one or \$1.90/six. 34 pp, litho (?). Articles by Meadows, Bayard, Kzeczynski, a reprint of a GR interview, fiction by Guttridge, art & cartoons by MFB Meadows, Libe & Sherman, Evans, Nieves.

* CHEKOV'S STATION, 1975 yearbook, ed. Jack Townsend, Rt 7 Box 195 Lenoir NC 28645. 71 pp, photo offset. \$2.50/copy or \$4/year's membership Koenig Club. Letter from Koenig, articles by Townsend, Winslow, Heineman, Kunkel (reprint), Steinhoff & Lehrer, also question columns by Walter & Judy Koenig and material on "Starlost" & Koenig's "The Infinite Vulcan"; fiction by F. Miller & Lehrer; verse by Drew & Johnston, art by Townsend, Olimski, Bloemker, Taylor, Landon, Moaven, Waitkus, Houck, photos, etc.

NEUTRAL ZONE OUTPOST 2 Aug, ed. ETN2 Elizabeth Marshall, Box 14 GEMD, USNS Midway Island, FPO SF 96614. 62 pp, mimeo (cover silk-screened?). Articles by Partlow, McKenzie, Marshall; fiction by Partlow; art & cartoons by Marshall, Faddis, Hyde, J Brown. price?

* MENAGERIE 9, March 1976, ed. Sharon Ferraro (1309 1/2 S Westnedge Ave Kalamazoo MI 49008) & Paula Smith. \$1.35/one or \$5.50/four. Photo-offset, 30 pp. Articles by Ferraro, Smith, D Goldstein Lynn; comedy by Smith; fiction by AM Hall; art & cartoons by Carleton, Faddis, Foglio, Herring, Lindboe, Rice, Shull, Valenza, Wagner, Wright, Wyman, Marshall. Also * #10, August.

ALL MY CREWMEN, ed. Carol Andrus (160 First Ave #404, Salt Lake City UT

84103), Julia Howarth, Nerissa Wilbite. 8 pp, ditto. 25¢ & 2 1st-class stamps. First segment of a serial by Howarth & Andrus; this part features McCoy.

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE 2, ed. Stephen Borer, 2135 Iglehart Ave, St. Paul MN 55104. Offset, 36 pp. Special interest. ST tie-ins include info on Nimoy/Paris & Meriwether(Losira)/Tracey.

* FURAHA 4, December 1975, journal of Nichelle Nichols fan club, ed. Virginia Walker, PO Drawer 350, Ayer MA 01432. Mimeo (some offset), 88 pp. \$2.75/copy, \$6/year. Fiction by AM Hall (reprint), Faddis, poetry by Nichols, art by Virgil, Andres, Marshall, Faddis, Moaven, Vartanoff.

* THE WITCH & THE CHAMELEON 5/6, ed. Amanda Bankier, 2 Paisley Ave S #6, Hamilton Ontario Canada. 36 pp, offset. \$1.50. Special interest. Feminist sf discussionzine.

AMBROV ZEOR, ed. Elisabeth Waters, 379 Cascade Rd, Stamford CT 06903. 30 pp, mimeo. \$1. June 1976. Special interest. Deals with J.Lichtenberg's Sime tales.

THE EXOSPHERE, ed M.L. Todd, 1022 NW 18 Portland OR 97209. 19 pp, offset. 75¢. 1976. Fiction by May Gisbourne & Todd, articles by Todd.

STAR-WAVE, ed. Richard Helm Jr., PO Box 81571 Lincoln NE 68501. 19 pp, mimeo (offset cover). 50¢. June 1976. A serial, news, reviews.

CLIPPER TRADE SHIP 11, ed. Jim Rondeau, 943 Lorraine Ave Los Altos CA 94022. 50 pp, mimeo (offset covers), \$1. July 1976. Specialty: ads to buy/sell/trade ST or sf film material. Also articles by Rondeau, F Harris, Leveille, Summers; fiction by Webster, Neville, D Clark; art by Collin, Landon, Tyler, Summers, a photo-page of Equicon shots.

THE TREK TIMES 1, published Gary Berman (no, not related), Box 6547 Flushing NY 11365, ed Jim Burns. 24 pp, offset, \$1. June 1976. News, reviews, an interview with GR. Photos.

ONE TREK MIND 5, May 1976, ed. Donna Chisholm, 678 Hingham Str, Rockland MA 02370. 12 pp, litho (?). Fiction by Collin, Butler, M Grant, C Davis, Abend, MAE, Sinclair, Shadle, Feinman, me (reprint); article by Grant; verse by De Fazio, Fish, Sinclair, Hartery, Boehme, Abend, Courville, Jefferson, Collin.

AT THE HELM (newsletter of the Takei Fan Club), July-Nov. 1976, ed. Mae Sanchez, Charter House #M-15, Rt 1 & Old Trevoise Rd, Trevoise PA 19047. Litho. News, photos, etc. \$4.50/year.

CHRONICLES 1, Winter 76-77, ed. John Pivovarnick (1316 Capouse Ave, Scranton PA 18509), Tom Santoski, Michael Logan. Offset, 48 pp. \$1.25 (add some extra for postage if outside US). General-zine with special interests in ST & Tolkien. Mostly fiction.

* A PIECE OF THE ACTION, February 1977, published by KathE Donnelly & Carolyn Popovich (checks to Star Trek Welcom-mittee), PO Box 19413, Denver CO 80219. 10 pp, photo offset. 60¢/copy, \$5.50/year (monthly) in US, \$8.50/year Canada (for airmail overseas \$20/year -- rate for surface not given). News. The STW keeps a "Mail Room" service going, too -- will answer any questions about ST (enclose stamped return envelope); the Mail Room address is Star Trek Welcom-mittee, Mary Louise Dodge, POBox 207, 93 Vosper Str, Saranac MI 48881.

* THE NIGHT OF THE TWIN MOONS by Jean Lorrach, 301 South 15 Str, Murray KY 42071. Offset, 158 pp. \$3.25. A story about Sarek & Amanda. (I haven't seen it yet, but I note in APotA that a group of related stories by Jean has been published as Full Moon Rising by Yeoman Press 5442 Valles Ave Bronx NY 10471, \$3.75.)

* MASIFORM-D 5, December 1976, ed. Devra Langsam, 627 E 8 Str, Brooklyn NY 11218. Mimeo (offset covers), 100 pp. \$1. Articles by Langsam, Burwasser, ROLudwig, Beetem; humor by THoward Johnpoll Stout CHansen, BMiller, Wilgus, Huffman; fiction by Stout (special interest for Larry Niven fans), Lorrach, PSmith, Sherman; verse by Giudice, Wilgus, me. Mine, by the way, is a sonnet sequence taking off from the fragment of "Nightingale Woman" quoted in "Where No Man Has Gone Before; the first sonnet in the sequence appeared in T-N 24 as part of my story, "And Burned is Apollo's Laurel Bough." Note new address for Devra above, by the way. Several of you, after reading my "Visit to a Weird Planet Revisited" in New Voyages (Bantam Books, ed. Marshak & Culbreath) asked where to get the story that preceded it, "Visit to a Weird Planet" by Jean Lorrach & Willard Hunt. It was in Spockanalia 3. There were five issues of this first-and-foremost STzine, which Devra co-edited. Reprints available: \$2.25/issue or \$10.50/all five. Devra puts out a lot of other assorted stuff -- ST greetings & stationery, a discount deal on some books of medieval cookery, etc. Send a stamped envelope for details.

* FRIENDS OF DARKOVER NEWSLETTER, January 1977, ed Theodore Laurens Bryan, Thendara Council, Box 72 Berkeley CA 94701. Special interest: Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover books. MezB contributes much of the material. Litho (?), 8 pp. \$1/four.

(Oops. Forgot to include list of artists on M-D: Andres, Asherman, Bushman, Collin, Faddis, Gilliland, Hillard, Johnston, Lindboe, Miesel, O'Beirne-Ranelagh, ROLudwig, O'Brien, O'Neill, Porter, Sherman, Stout, Summers, Walther, Wyant.)

FESARIUS 1, November 1976, ed. Richard Robinson, PO Box 172, Dardanelle Arkansas 72834 (& T.J. Burnside). Mimeo, 72 pp. I don't find a price listed. Articles by me (reprint) & the editors; fiction by Spinks, Necchi; verse by Powers, Chapman; art by Andres, Burnside, Frame, Kirwan, "Marshmelly," Powers, Tutihasi.

* GRUP 5, October 1976, ed. Carrie Brennan, 3405 N Sinton Rd #107, Colorado Springs CO 80907. Litho (?) 92 pp. \$2.60. Fiction by Lorrach, Bregman, Feyrer, RROSS, Bethann, Fleming, Cantor; humor by Sibley, Gent; verse by Jemison, CHansen, Carrie, Haydon; art by MMiller, Barnes, Collin, Falkowitz, Landon, Sapp, Feyrer, Marchant, Prentiss, Cappel, Angel, JAdams. X-rated for sex (which reminds me; Jean Lorrach suggests Twin Moons also be X-rated).

* INTERPHASE 3, August 1976, ed. Connie Faddis, 5731 Kentucky Ave, Pittsburgh PA 15232. Out of print already, so I won't give details, except to remark that Lori Chapek, 608 Virginia, E Lansing MI 48823 (schoolyear 557 Cornell, E Lansing) is willing to xerox copies. #4 will be the last issue -- send a stamped envelope Connie Faddis for notification. The issues run between 100-200 pp, offset (usually with some multi-color work).

assorted information:

Maxine Broadwater* 37-51 80 Str, JacksonHtsNY 11372, is one of the heads of a group trying to promote better business ethics in huckstering; she has the ST section. She wants to hear about any complaints of incompetence or fraud among dealers in ST souvenirs. *replacing Mandi Schultz, who got overworked.

Judith Brownlee, 1553 Fillmore, Denver CO 80206, is reprinting the three issues of Eridani Triad. \$2.75/copy (or overseas, figure \$2 plus postage for 12 oz. package). I'm not sure which #'s are currently available -- better send a stamped envelope & ask. Several of you have kindly asked how to get my "Rose for Miranda," quoted in the Lichtenberg/Marshak/Winston Star Trek Lives (Bantam). It was in E-T #3.

Sharon Emily, RR 2 Box 100, Washington IN 47501, is going to put out a third issue of Showcase, including a continuation of her Sarek stories. \$5 (\$6.40 overseas). She's taken over the Mark Lenard International Fan Club, and now edits its Despatch, which gives news of Lenard's doings, and prints stories, etc., about his roles, especially Sarek & the Romcom, and including reprints of the best such work from other STzines, so that the club is of interest particularly to those who like the Vulcan and Romulan cultures. I don't have a note handy of the price -- send her a stamped envelope for details. I have three years' worth of back issues of the Despatch from when I was its editor, at \$1.75/year.

Elyze Rosenstein says that the Tellurian Enterprises have divided. The cards and stationery remain available from Devra Langsam (see Masiform-D above). Other Tellurian material, such as the program books from The NY ST-cons, are available from Nova Enterprises, PO Box 149 Parkville Station Brooklyn NY 11204 (send a stamped envelope for a flyer). Nova sells general sf with a special emphasis on ST, including various records and games as well as books.

Another mail-order house with a generous selection of ST material is T-K Graphics, PO Box 1951, Baltimore MD 21203. T-K also sells a pamphlet of mine, "Patterns of Unification in Sylvie and Bruno" (on Lewis Carroll) for \$1.50.

Lincoln Enterprises, PO Box 38429 LA CA 90038, is the official ST-souvenir company, set up by GR. Send for a flyer. Lincoln announces Columbia Records' Inside ST featuring Roddenberry giving his speech about ST and short talks by Shatner, Asimov, Lenard, Kelley. Most record stores have it by now, or it can be ordered by mail from Nova (or, I assume, Lincoln).

Aeonian Press, Box 1200 Mattituck NY 11952, has reprinted some ST paperbacks in hardcover (e.g., Foster's Logs, Fontana's Questor) -- send for a flyer.

Star Fleet Fabrications, PO Box 506 Rochdale MA 01542, sells assorted hand-crafted models. Send for a flyer.

An additional zine, STAR TREK ADVENTURE (5 stories reprinted from the Archives Log) by D.J. Wheeler. Each story concentrates on a different crew-member. \$2 (overseas \$2.10) from Ell/Tee Services Unlimited, 740 Bockman Rd San Lorenzo CA 94580. Offset, 78 pp, illustrated with photos.

filler poems by Ruth Berman

Lonely Transporter Operator: haiku sequence (reprinted from Energize! copyright 1975 by Candy Silver)

Golden dust trembles,
Hesitant in taking shape.
What treasure nears me?

I heard a tale once,
Of spinning straw into gold.
I spin gold to life.

Pygmalion, I
Daily sculpt perfect statues
Which grow warm, and walk.

My holograms wake
Regularly, but not one
Is Galatea.

Imagining Enterprise (reprinted from Neutral Outpost 1, copyright Elizabeth Marshall)

Across the stars the Enterprise
Floats in the dark behind our eyes.
There are no hindrances, no bars.
In thought set free, the starship flies.

Across its wild ecliptic rise
All suns and planets. One describes
Far galaxies and homely Mars,
Across the stars.
The ship's course cuts beyond surmise,
And yet, wherever her course lies,
Whatever nears, whatever fars,
Imagination's silent spars
Have sailed before across the skies,
Across the stars.

Advertisement (reprinted from Rigel, ed. Carol Lee)

The cabarets of Rigel
Are intime, hedonistic,
And eager to oblige all,
Materialist or mystic.

Rigelian cabaret-ers
Take pride in their variety,
With games to suit all players,
Of any sun's society.

Stop off by Rigel, Spacers,
Come to the cabaret,
Leave care -- and check your phasers --
And learn again to play.

