

Star Trek Action Group



NEWSLETTER No. 19

*
* SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE *
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Honorary members: Gene Roddenberry, Majel Barrett, James Doohan,
George Takei, Susan Sackett.

DUES

U.K. £1.50 per year.

U.S.A. \$6.00 airmail, \$4 surface.

Australia and West Germany £3 airmail, £2 surface.

Your membership expires with this newsletter.....

(If the space above is blank, ignore it)

Welcome to our anniversary issue. We decided to put out this special issue to celebrate STAR TREK'S 10th Anniversary, which as most of you know falls this September - it was in September 1966 that STAR TREK first appeared on the American TV screens. I'm sure that you all wish to join me in thanking Gene Roddenberry, the production crew and cast for giving us so much enjoyment this last ten years.

Unfortunately, due to the BBC being slow off the mark as usual, we have only had STAR TREK on the screen in Britain for seven years instead of ten. During these seven years, the BBC has shown 75 episodes of ST 3 times. Miri was only shown once, and of course they never showed the other three at all. Whether we get a fourth showing of these 75 episodes depends on how much pressure we can put on the BBC. We must remember, also, that the General Public would probably object to another screening in the near future. If anyone has any suggestions as to what we should all do, send them in to Sheila.

I would like to take this opportunity to welcome all our new members. We hope you will enjoy your membership and be able to take an active interest in the club. Sheila will tell you how you can help.

L.L.& L.

Janet.

WHAT ARE THE STARS DOING?

Information from ST Welcommittee.

Production of a movie Gene Roddenberry scripted, "Magna 1", about man's adapting new lungs to live in an underwater world, has been submerged at 20th Century Fox. (May POTA)

Grace Lee Whitney has written and recorded two STAR TREK songs, 'Star Child' and 'Discotrekkin' (available in America only). (June POTA)

Gene Roddenberry won the television award from the Count Dracula Society at this year's annual banquet honouring books, films, and other entertainment forms in the horror, gothic, science fiction, fantasy, and other imaginative fields. (June POTA)

William Shatner's voice pops up on the STAR TREK station breaks on WJAR-TV, Channel 10 in Providence, RI (America), informing listeners that "STAR TREK will be right back". Future shock occurs when this announcement leads directly into his Wishbone Salad Dressing commercial - as it often does... (June POTA)

William Shatner was a guest on the \$20000 Pyramid on June 24th; while discussing the continued popularity of STAR TREK he said he didn't understand it, but he appreciated it. (August POTA)

Gene Roddenberry is starting recording sessions on his record for Columbia. First sessions were with William Shatner and Ray Bradbury. Portions will be recorded in New York with Mark Lenard and Isaac Asimov, and there will be a conversation with Leonard Nimoy. The record is to be called "Inside STAR TREK" and is expected to be out by September. (August POTA)

Information from Star Trektenial News No. 15 and 16.

Additional info. on "Inside STAR TREK" -

The record will also feature new versions of the STAR TREK theme music by Alexander Courage, some of the familiar STAR TREK sound effects, some humorous recountings and a few serious moments.

Walter Koenig will be touring America with the "Space Circus" playing around the country every weekend from early July through mid-September. He'll also be reviewing science fiction in sci-fi magazines.

Currently being aired in America is an excellent interview with Leonard Nimoy. This is an hour-long programme, on the Public Broadcasting System.

Nichelle Nichols has been touring America under the auspices of N.A.S.A., promoting the United States space programme.

Susan Sackett's book, Letters to STAR TREK (due for release in January) "contains many of our choice fan letters - some funny, some sad, some from kids and many from professors, doctors, business people, etc. There will be many photos throughout (rather than a photo section) which have never been seen by the public before. There are nearly 200 letters in it, some only a few lines and others two or three pages. I've written around the letters, which are organized into nine chapters. There are also quite interesting interviews with Gene Roddenberry on a number of subjects suggested by the letters."

Info. supplied by Susan Sackett.

Bill Shatner features on a brief 'programme' on the radio almost every night. Maybe you would care to listen in - that is, if you can stay awake!

You see, when I say 'night' I refer to its connection with darkness, because the programme is on somewhere between the hours of two and three o'clock in the morning!

The programme is called 'Time Capsule', and is broadcast on the American Forces Network. It deals with technological improvements and where they'll be in a hundred years' time.

One of the programmes is transcribed below :

"This is William Shatner, with Time Capsule...

Today, some women find it gratifying. But to the majority it is boring, tedious, endless, dirty, unfulfilling... it's called 'housework'.

The Home Institute of America guesses that in a hundred years, walls and furniture will be electrostatically charged. When they get dirty you throw a switch and 'WHAM', all the dirt flies off and falls to the floor.

A master vacuum cleaner, with outlets all over the house, sucks up the dirt into a master cylinder which disposes of the waste by a nuclear discharge. The polluting remains are fed back into a household energy generating plant. Silverware and clothing will be disposable, but who will pick up after the kids and make the beds? Worker robots...

That prediction is a hundred years away, so - back to the ironing board..."

and

"'Oh, my aching back' is a cry that whimpers and roars across the land today. In a hundred years, neuro-muscular engineering is a new and growing science. It deals with getting the most from your body.

You take each muscle and tie it into an automatic bio-feedback machine. The function of the machine is to measure the electrical aliveness of each muscle. If the muscle is dead, the neuro-muscular engineer will manipulate, rub, adjust, and stimulate the muscle. The psychic and physical energy level rises.

It'll check the condition of each muscle - you'll be able to control its action with your mind power. You'll know the status of every inch of your body and will be able to strengthen each organ with exercise, relaxation, nutrient, pills, and energy induction - all in front of your eyes. If your back is killing you, you'll be able to fix it yourself.

But for now, don't strain yourself..."

Sound effects reminiscent of Forbidden Planet continue throughout in the background. The oration always ends with the words,

"That's Time Capsule for now. This is your cynologist (is that how you spell it?) William Shatner."

Time Capsule on AFN is on the AM waveband somewhere between 800 and 1000 metres. It drifts. Alternatively somewhere around 275 metres MW.

Info. from Michael Eason.

LATEST ON THE FILM

As of mid-June:

Final contracts between Gene Roddenberry and Paramount Pictures were officially signed on June 4th. This means that we are now ready to begin preproduction. The actors' contracts are still being worked out, but we are close to signing both William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy. Once preproduction gets underway, we hope to have cameras rolling within six months. The earliest this would be is mid-November. Release now seems likely for summer of 1977. We have once again returned to the movie division of Paramount for executive supervision. This seems best to G.R. And Gene is again meeting with writers, looking for "the" script!

Susan Sackett

Star Trektenial News No. 16.

There has been a great surge of interest from NASA, M.I.T. and many well-known space artists. The movie will definitely not lack expert technical assistance. Kitt Peak in Tucson, Arizona - home of the world's largest combination of radio and optical telescopes, has offered assistance on the film.

Star Trektenial News No. 15.

Talking of NASA -

America's first space shuttle is due to be named on 18th September. There is currently a letter campaign going on in America to have the shuttle named U.S.S. Enterprise, as the White House has indicated that this name will be acceptable if there is enough support for it. If I know Star Trek fans, President Ford has already been inundated with letters.

By the time you get this newsletter, it may be rather late for you to write. If you'd like to write, though, the address is

The President of the United States
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington
DC 20500
U.S.A.

Soon to be released in America: STAR TREK Log 8 (August) and Spock Messiah, an original novel by Charles Spano and Ted Cogswell published by Bantam. The story concerns the problems the Enterprise faces when the crew is testing a new survey device that gives a telepathic link to aliens. (September). Info from July POTA.

Corgi are bringing out New Voyages in this country, September/October, 65p. Info. from Kathleen Glancy.

Available from Dark They Were and Golden Eyed (and probably from Andromeda as well, but I've mislaid their catalogue and can't check) Six Science Fiction Plays, edited by Roger Elwood. This contains Harlan Ellison's original script for "City On the Edge of Forever".

OTHER CLUBS

BEYOND ANTARES: Sheila Hull, 49 Southampton Rd., Far Cotton, Northampton.

EMPATHY: Cathy Owens, 30 Ovenden Way, Halifax, West Yorks.
They put out several fanzines.

STCC: Jackie Dunham, 105 Somerleyton Gardens, Norwich.
Zine, Fizzbin.

STERB: John Hind, 14 Bingham Rd., Radcliffe-on-Trent, Notts.

STARBASE 13: Brian Longstaff, 13 Woodfarm Dr., Sheffield S6 5LW.

JDIFC: An American club for Jim Doohan. Dues, £2 surface, £4 airmail. Anna Hreha, 1519 NW 204th Street, Seattle, Washington 98177, U.S.A.

LNAF: An American club for Leonard Nimoy. Dues \$3 annually, surface mail only. Miss Louise Stange, 4612 Denver Court, Englewood, Ohio 45322 U.S.A.

UNITED FRIENDS OF WILLIAM SHATNER: An American club, dues \$7 a year for overseas members, \$1 of this going to Bill's favourite charity, Muscular Dystrophy.
Maxine Lee Broadwater, Acting President United Friends of William Shatner, 37-51 80th Street, Jackson Heights, New York, NY 11372 U.S.A. (info from Sue Bradley.)

DE FOREST KELLEY ASSOC OF FANS: An American club. Karolyn Popovich (president), 1000 South Bryant, Denver, Colorado 80219, U.S.A. (info from Tania Price.)

NICHELLE NICHOLS CLUB: Virginia Walker, PO Drawer 350, Ayer, Mass. 01609, U.S.A.

WALTER KOENIG FAN CLUB: Jackie Townsend, Rt. 7 - Box 195, Lenoir, North Carolina 28645, U.S.A.

OMICORN: A new club. Dues, £1 a year. For this you get 5 newsletters and a mag. at Christmas. There will also be STAR TREK things to buy. Tracy Cooke, 67 Eden Grove, Horfield, Bristol, B57 0PQ

HOSATO: We hear from Jenny Elson that she should soon get Hosato going again.

THE FRIENDS OF TOM BAKER: This is a newly launched fan-club for this very talented actor currently playing Dr. Who. For details send SAE to Linda Williams, 45 Durham Rd., Blackhill, Consett, Co. Durham, DH8 8RS.

Mr. M. Whitehouse, 122 Radford Rd., Coventry, has just received permission from Science Fiction author Michael Moorcock to start O.M.M.A.S., the Official Michael Moorcock Appreciation Society. He is not yet open to membership applications, but would appreciate it if anyone interested in helping in organisation would contact him (enclosing SAE). You don't have to live in the Coventry area to help. Come on, you Michael Moorcock fans, how about it!

For Space 1999 fans: ALPHA 1, a fanzine/newsletter put out in America. Stephen Eramo, 5 Kimball Drive, Stoneham, Mass 02180, U.S.A. (info from LNAF newsletter postmarked June 17th.)

Inquiries to any of the above should be accompanied by SAE (Britain) or International Reply Coupan (America)

EMPATHY CONVENTION, LEEDS.

This will be held in the Dragonara Hotel, Neville St., Leeds, on October 9th and 10th. Numbers will be limited to 400.

A single room costs £7.50, a double room costs £9.50. This does not include any meals, but there is a kettle in each bedroom with a supply of tea, coffee, etc..

Registrations: until end of August, £4.50
 September 1-30th £5.00
 Non-attending £1.00

No registrations will be accepted at the door.

For a non-attending registration you will get a copy of the con book and a report on the convention.

Contact Cathy Owens, 30 Ovenden Way, Halifax, West Yorkshire, enclosing SAE for further information.

Peter Grant, Pentland, 73 Needless Rd., Perth, would like a lift from anyone going to the convention, sharing expenses.

STAG needs three volunteers for a team to enter the inter-club quiz at the convention. While Beth, Janet and I could form the team, we all feel that it would be fairer if it was made up from among the club members. If you're going to the convention and interested in doing something for the club, please contact Sheila.

ZINES

GROPE - The new "adult" zine. 2 issues to date.

GROPE 50p

MORE GROPE 50p

plus 15p postage per zine.

ALNITAH 1 65p including postage

ALNITAH 3 75p including postage

NEW - ALNITAH 4 75p including postage.

All the above zines available from Ann Locker, The Forge, 41 Main Street, Weston Turville, Aylesbury. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Ann.

These zines are all excellent in quality and content and we fully recommend them. Editor.

If you have trouble getting copies of books issued by Corgi, try

Corgi Book Cash Sale,
 Dept P.O. Box 11,
 Falmouth,
 Cornwall.

Info. from Ian Watson.

PENPALS

The following people would like penpals.

Miss Linda K.P. Page, 45 Cheviotdale, Sutton Park Estate, Hull HU7 4AW, North Humberside. Linda was born August 7th 1955. She is a student about to enter her fourth year at teacher training college, and is studying mathematics and computer science. Her interests are STAR TREK, science fiction, writing (at least trying to), mathematical puzzles and crosswords

Helen Joy Hibbert, Knouchley, West Bank, Winster, Matlock, Derbyshire, DE4 2DQ would like a penfriend who is a Northern (or Southern) Premier Football fan, a Trekker, and preferably a Liberal as well. Helen is 17.

Irene Carter, 4 Kingston Rd., Exmouth, Devon, would like a penfriend anywhere. She is 21. Interests - STAR TREK, reading, friendship, letter writing, houseplants, collecting, U.S.A., walking, pets, music, television.

Beverly Glielmi, 553 Cherokee Court, Carol Stream, Illinois 60187, U.S.A. Likes Scotland, STAR TREK, reading, collecting comic books, glass statues and pics of unicorns, dogs, UFOs, films, correspondence, sketching and travelling. Age 21.

Jean Thompson, 12 Robertson Crescent, Saltcoats, Ayrshire, would like to get in touch with any Trekkies living in her area.

STAR TREK recordings available to be re-recorded onto cassettes. For list of episodes, send a S.A.E. to:
Paul Dakeyne
21 Woodlands Crescent
Station Road
Hemsworth
Nr. Pontefract
West Yorkshire.

Starfleet Insignia, Command, Science and Support Systems badges in leather. On sale at the con., 60p a set on the Starbase 13 club table. Also on sale from the club after the con.

WANTED: Clips or photos to borrow or buy from "Whom Gods Desrtoy". Has anyone a script they want to sell? Also any info wanted on Steve Ihnat who played Garth. Sue Bradley, 15 Queen Mary Avenue, Colchester, Essex.

Jan Boll, 1235 Colfax Avenue, Grand Haven, MI 49417 U.S.A. loves "The Rat Patrol" but only has books nos. 1, 4 and 6. If anyone can help her with others, please contact.

You might find in your local toyshop a mask/costume for Spock under the title 'Superheroes'. The costume, to fit a 4 - 8 year-old, is yellow, with cartoon-type drawings on it, and the mask is a perfect fit for an adult. Price, £2.50 to £3.95 depending on the shop. I can't recommend it - merely state its existence.

3
AUCTION

Kathleen Glancy has very kindly donated a copy of Leonard Nimoy's "I Am Not Spock" to be auctioned for club funds. Reserve price £2.50p. Send your bids to me (Sheila) before September 30th. I will let the successful bidder know immediately, and as soon as we have our grubby little paws on the money, Kathleen will forward the book. (She is also donating the postage on it). For any Leonard Nimoy fan, this is a very interesting book.

COMPETITION

There were four entries in our competition for a story about an attack, submitted by Sue Bradley, Joyce Deeming, Valerie Piacentini and Helen Sneddon. All four were excellent and it was very difficult to select a winner. In the end, we (Janet and I) chose the story by Valerie as being the one that, as well as adhering to the subject, best brought out the interrelationship between Kirk, Spock and McCoy. Valerie's story "The Attack" is in the fiction section of this newsletter, and we hope you enjoy it as much as we did.

We also got a large number of ads. for Security personnel, some serious and some funny. Several of the funniest are also printed in the fiction section. The winner is the ad. by Ann Wigmore.

This month's competition - again we're having a double one. First, the story. We would like a story in which Kirk is injured but due to pressure of circumstances must remain on duty. Closing date for entries, September 30th. Normally I allow an extra day in case of hold-ups in the mail, but I will be away from home from October 1st to 11th so I won't be able to do that this time.

The second competition is to identify the following quotations. Who said them and in what episode? In the event of a tie, correct entries will be put into a hat and a winner drawn from among them.

- 1) I have killed my Captain - and my friend.
- 2) We are to kill the strangers.
- 3) We're not going to kill today.
- 4) No kill I.
- 5) You can't kill me. You can't.
- 6) It could kill you.
- 7) You're killing me!
- 8) In time?! They kill your people!
- 9) To kill is a breaking of civil and moral laws.

If you can only identify eight of the nine, send an entry in anyway - maybe no-one knows them all. Closing date, again, 30 Sept. Prizes in both categories, a photo.

Send entries to Sheila at the usual address.

Quite apart from the competitions for stories, I'm always looking out for stories, poetry and artwork (black and white line drawings only, I'm afraid. One or two people recently have sent in coloured pictures. Unfortunately, there's no way we can print colour.) We want longish stories for zines, and short ones (less than 2000 words) for newsletters. Don't be bashful just because you're a new member. We value your contributions, be they long or short.

Send all contributions to me (Sheila) Contributors automatically get a copy of any zine in which their work appears.

Mego Corporation in America has introduced a series of aliens to compliment the STAR TREK action figures put out last year. The new figures are also 8 inches tall and posable. These characters are The Gorn, The Keeper, The Nepuntian and a Cheron. Sticklers may object to the fact that the Cheron's clothes as well as his skin is half black, half white; and fans will find the Keeper more closely resembles a Vian. Info from STW, May POTA.

New Eye Studio, P.O. Box 10193 Elmwood, Conn. 06110, U.S.A. are beginning to accept a limited number of foreign orders. However, all orders to them must be typed. All questions must be accompanied by a self addressed envelope plus two postal postage slips (IRCs) Add to the total cost of your order the following amounts for postage and shipping. (I quote from their flier)

England 25% (now does that mean that people living in Scotland, Wales and Ireland don't have to add anything extra?)

Europe and Germany 50% (I always thought Germany was in Europe)

Japan 50%

Australia 100%

Mexico and South America 50%

All orders must be paid with an international money order available at your local post office. They do not accept local money or personal cheques from outside the U.S.A.

One of the most interesting items on the flier is a shirt for members of Starfleet Security. Made of red cotton, the shirt has a motif that says "Starship Security" framing a large red and white bullseye...

Sydney, Australia, rejoiced in a 17-episode rerun of STAR TREK in the last quarter of 1976 - albeit out of sequence and only a fill-in, it was more than welcome in this deserted wasteland.

I've been a Science Fiction 'nut' for over 20 years, and a STAR TREK fan since it first came out. But it was only by pure chance that I found out about the Science Fiction World Con in Melbourne, Victoria, last August; so I was lucky I went down there, because I was introduced to the world of STAR TREK fandom, and found out there were others like me. All this time I thought I was alone, like a hermit living in a valley, when just over the next hill there was a whole tribe of people just like me.

I have many favourite episodes, but as complete viewing of the whole series was 5 years ago, some are lost in the mists of time - 'til the next entire rerun. Three spring to mind though: "City on the Edge of Forever", "Tomorrow is Yesterday", "All Our Yesterdays". And the scene that has imprinted itself on my mind, is from "City" - as they step back through the Time Portal - the emotions on Kirk's face! I get a lump in my throat whenever I think of that scene, even after all this time! On thinking about it, I guess all my favourite shows seem to revolve around some sort of time travel. And the reason I relate to the show so deeply, is because I want to be involved in Space travel so very much.

Valmai Rogers.

Something highly emotional occurred in Richmond one Saturday; the Alnitah committee arranged a mini-con.

Most ST/SF clubs were represented, and had sales tables - Empathy, STAG, London Plus Group - and sold everything from photos to tribbles to fanzines. (Have you read the 'Tribble Owner's Handbook'? No? Well, you should. R.H. has been creating again).

Various interesting films were shown during the day: Dracula's Wedding, Son of Dracula, Daughter of Frankenstein, Frankenstein's Son-in-law Meets Dracula's Mother, etc.

The highlight of the day was, of course, Bouncing Beth and her Bedfordshire Bumpkins - that is, if you like to be tortured slowly with red hot needles. A rendering was given of The Captain's Lament, to the tune of Widdicombe Fair!

The auction followed, ably organised by that "well-known" Canadian, John Mansfield, and various fans bought ST things they had always wanted.

Emotion was running high later when it was discovered that the bar was not open! It eventually opened ten minutes before "Them" was shown, a crawly SF pic about ants. L.N. appeared in this and there were no prizes for those who recognised him. Beth said you could find him by one special feature - no, not his nose! I know what feature; last time I saw it, Beth grabbed an arm and screamed!!

Was it a successful mini-con? I think so. It was certainly enjoyable and plenty happened. Most people saw what they wanted to see and bought various things, and if nothing else, you could register for the Empathy con in October!

Jackie Wright.

Bill Everton writes

Now that the Beeb accept that ST is a cult, do you think a letter campaign by our membership could get them to produce one of their special colour souvenir books? I tried some time back and they said they had no plans as they did not think there would be enough demand.

Editor's comment. I think this is a good idea - unfortunately, according to our information, BBC's contract with Paramount expires in September, so they would no longer have the material to produce such a book. Still, if enough of us wrote in...

OUTER SPACE, INNER MIND by Leonard Nimoy

Record Label Famous Twin Sets P.A.S.-2-1030

The best track I think is "A Visit to a Sad Planet". It tells us what will happen if people and governments carry on as they are now. Now is the time certain governments should stop thinking of power and glory and start thinking about peace and improving the world.

Other tracks include 'Theme From Star Trek', 'Where is Love', 'Beyond Antares', 'Mission Impossible Theme', 'Where No Man Has Gone Before' and other popular tunes.

E.M. Corner.

LIKES AND DISLIKES IN EPISODES

Hilda Carvell writes

I just love City of the Edge, Spectre of the Gun and the one where Spock falls in love with the ice age girl (All Our Yesterdays) I'm a Spock fan... if I ever feel despressed and want to cry I tell myself that a Vulcan wouldn't behave this way. I always have Spock in mind when I feel sad.

Jerry Savoie writes

There are two episodes which I dislike in particular but I cannot decide which I dislike more: "And the Children Shall Lead" or "Miri" (Editor's comment - I wish we could get the chance to decide whether we liked "Miri" or not!)... On the other hand my favourite episode without question is "Balance of Terror". I like it because of the interaction between Kirk and the Romulan Commander. A close second is the second pilot film "Where No Man Has Gone

Before" because it shows the agonising choices a Captain of a ship must make when the safety of the entire ship is concerned.

Joyce Deeming writes

I don't think I have any particular un-favourite episode, but my favourite is definitely "Balance of Terror". My favourite scene? The one in "Balance of Terror" where the Romulan Commander makes his last appearance on the Enterprise bridge screen and says to Kirk "...in a different reality, I could have called you friend..." Such a tragic scene - listening to it always makes me feel very sad.

But favourite scenes aside - how about favourite titles? I'm not exceptionally fond of the episode "For the World is Hollow and I Have Touched the Sky", but the title is surely one of the most beautiful. Each time I contemplate it it seems to have a different meaning. Another contender for my favourite title is "Is There in Truth No Beauty?" My most un-favourite titles include "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" and "Amok Time" (although I think the episode "Amok Time" is one of the best). No doubt I dislike the title "What Are Little Girls Made Of?" because I could never stand the nursery rhyme of the same name. "Amok Time" I don't like because someone I know invariably calls it "A-muk Time", which makes it sound like a very smutty story!

(Well, how about it? Which are your favourite titles? I can't think, myself, of one that stands out as a top favourite for beauty, but for effectiveness I think my vote would go to City on the Edge of Forever. It always gives me a feeling of continuation and great empty spaces where you have room to be, to expand and fulfill yourself. Editor)

Christine Bayliss writes

I think my least favourite STAR TREK episode of those I have seen so far is "Spock's Brain". I found this rather hilarious, due to the robot-like actions of Spock, especially during the action scenes where he stands there like a tailor's dummy! Also the part where Dr. McCoy is supposed to be re-connecting Spock's brain is pretty funny too. This was one of the few STAR TREK episodes which I found better described in James Blish's book.

(I think the episode would have been much improved if, instead of kidnapping his brain only, the Y-morgs had taken Spock's entire body. Script changes would have been minimal - the only good point that would have been lost was the very effective way in which Kirk, every time Spock spoke, looked over, and even moved towards, Spock's body. Editor)

Sue Bradley writes

It's hard to choose one scene for favourite, but here goes. In "Assignment Earth", Isis the cat is a woman for a split second. Roberta Lincoln asks Gary Seven, "Who's that?" He replies, "That, Miss Lincoln, is my cat!" Of course Isis returns to her cat form, and everyone just stares in disbelief! Super scene!

I can't actually remember seeing "Children Shall Lead" (Sue's letter was sent to me before it was repeated recently - Ed.) so can't comment on it. My worst episode is "Omega Glory", and "Spock's Brain" is rather embarrassing too. I felt like laughing when Spock walks zombie-like along with the others. Difficult when I'm trying to convince my husband how fantastic ST is, and they go and put on an ep. which is hardly representative of ST at its best. But I guess I enjoy any chance to see the Enterprise and crew, regardless of how poor the script is.

Now for a question - has "The Cage" been shown here as such, or have we only had those glimpses in "Menagerie"?

Editor's comment - to the best of my knowledge, "The Cage" has only ever been shown as such at one or two cons in America - somewhere, and I can't remember where, I did read an American con report that mentioned specifically that "The Cage" had been shown. It would be interesting to see it in full, though. I envy the people who attended that con!

Lynda Chambers writes

I think my favourite scene is from "Enterprise Incident" - the very last, in fact, in which Spock urges the Captain to the sick bay in order to have his ears trimmed. Although I have to admit that I'm Spock orientated, William Shatner's face as he left the bridge will always be, for me at least, the very purest form of silent humour.

Marian Kennedy writes

My favourite STAR TREK episode is from "City at the Edge of Forever". When Edith Keeler caught Kirk and Spock with the jewellers tools borrowed from a closed box in the mission.

Edith - Question - why? I want to hear only one answer. Please make it the honest one.

Spock - I needed delicate tools. They would have been returned in the morning.

Kirk - Miss Keeler, if Spock said you'd get them back in the morning, you may depend on his word...

This is an amusing interplay, with Kirk knowing Spock and making Edith understand his character.

Janet and I had an interview from the Scottish Daily Record printed on August 4th. This was a very fair report, not patronising as so many of these reports are (mark you, the reporter admitted to watching STAR TREK himself). We were both amused by the introduction to the article, however -

"A Scot accused in court recently of being the worse for drink, was alleged to have snatched a two-way radio from the arresting policeman's tunic and called into it:

"Beam me up, Mr. Spock!" *

Perhaps he should have tried calling Mr. Scott?

We had originally intended to let the STAR TREK/Space 1999 discussion die a quiet death, and personally I would rather have confined this newsletter purely to STAR TREK. However, it has come to our attention that several people think we are biased against Space 1999. We're not. In fact, Janet has seen several of the episodes three times, thanks to living in an area that got reception of three ITV channels. We print what members send us. Therefore we have decided to print the following letter this time. Unfortunately this was the only letter sent to me that was wholly in favour of Space 1999. There are still several letters in the files criticising it, and in particular criticising the characterisations.

In answer to Mr. Brian Lynch's letter in Newsletter No. 16, I totally disagree with his comments on Space 1999. I too as a science fiction fan would like to voice my opinion.

The effects in Space 1999 are far superior to those of STAR TREK which are sometimes pathetic and look very cheap (yes, I know how much a ST episode costs). The models in Space 1999 are excellent, up to 2001 standards. The planet scenery in STAR TREK was usually the same old plaster rocks with a bit of vegetation and a weird colour sky. The planet scenes in Space 1999 were TOTALLY different every time, and great imagination was put into them as you will have seen if you watched it.

Mr. Lynch mentioned that Alpha Control was not as logically built as the Enterprise's bridge. One should take into account that the Enterprise is a Starship, built and designed for deep space travel, while Alpha Control was merely the control room of a small community on the moon which went for an involuntary trip through time and space.

Maybe some of you weren't, but I was completely familiar with Alpha Control by the second episode.

Mr. Lynch said there has to be a comparison between the cast of the two programmes. Why MUST there be, everyone seems to compare them to each other which is wrong. All right, you want to compare them - then why not compare STAR TREK with 2001. Now which one is the best?

Science fiction changes all the time, so SF in TV and films must change with it too. Space 1999 is keeping up with the times with excellent stories.

It seems to me that STAR TREK fans think that it's THE science fiction programme.

Admittedly Space 1999 has its bad episodes and mistakes just like any other programme. But it seems that Space 1999 must be liked by someone or ATV would not spend millions on a second series.

Please tell me why everything you see on the TV screen must have a message. Why can't we sit down and enjoy an entertaining story?

It was also stated in Mr. Lynch's letter that in Space 1999 they don't explain things. Perhaps this is due to the fact that they do not know the answer. The day that man thinks he knows everything to know, that day will be his last. O.K., it's a cheap lazy way out, but it's also very realistic. After all, Space 1999 takes place only twenty-three years in the future, not two hundred plus like STAR TREK.

The production crew of Space 1999 is made up of the most talented people in the business and it shows. I for one think we should be extremely proud to have a series like this produced in this country. The scripts in Space 1999 really rock your mind, eg. the origin of man. Some episodes really moved me, while none of STAR TREK did.

Some STAR TREK fans act as if it's a god to be worshipped. If this is the case, then they have made total nonsense out of the programme.

A great fan of both STAR TREK and Space 1999,
Malcolm Gibb.

/ 4
THE SHOW HAS BEEN THE THING

I'm very interested in this phenomenon of analysing the characters in Star Trek. This must surely be a great compliment to Gene Roddenberry, and also the actors who made the parts they played so very believable. For me, however, the whole show has been the thing.

When I first saw '2001, A Space Odyssey', it made me feel so old to realise that I definitely wouldn't be around when all these things came to pass, and my dreams of so many years would never eventuate. And when Star Trek happened just after the birth of my second child, I was practically climbing the walls, bowed down with that constant feeling of one-step-forward, two-steps-backwards, like swimming underwater - never to surface. So Star Trek was like seeing the mirage in the desert become a reality, and at last I could, however vicariously, get into Space. Of course it was the believable interaction of the characters that made it so real and all the more easy to wallow in, incommunicado for the whole hour; on pain of total annihilation for anyone who dared break the spell. It was soul-curing. I didn't even want to share it with anyone - selfish, I know, but it became so personal to me - all I wanted to do was transport myself aboard the Enterprise.

Whether you prefer Spock to Leonard Nimoy is a minute point, as Len is Spock is Len. I doubt if you can separate Leonard Nimoy from his portrayal too clearly, because he WAS Spock. The same with the other actors - they WERE the parts they played, no one else could fill the roles as they did.

Bill Shatner was out here (Australia) some time ago for the TV Logie Awards; and Leonard Nimoy was here last year to do some filming, but no one knew he was here, because the media gave no coverage at all - 'til he'd left!

Valmai Rogers.

Some months ago, member Gloria Mitchell went to India on a business holiday. She left the following letter to be sent to me in case she did not return. After her return home, however, she sent it on to me anyway.

Dear Sheila,

I write the following as an open letter to all of you who, like myself, love Star Trek - as a programme - as a way of life - as a dream for the future. You may wonder at the serious note of my opening remarks, and by way of explanation I quote from one of my favourite S/T episodes, "Tholian Web":

"If you are reading this we must assume that I am dead!"

Tomorrow I leave for India on a business/cum holiday, and who knows what danger awaits - this is the sort of occasion where the Guardian of Forever could be invaluable!

Anyway, enough said - if anything should go wrong and I don't make it back, please publish this letter - it's all I can leave to all of you friends - joining STAG and attending the conventions has been for me "a prime ingredient" towards a very happy life.

We've all experienced the feeling of being alone, not being understood. Before I knew about STAG - there was no-one I could talk to, discuss, laugh with about the programme called 'Star Trek'. What was a mere 'kiddie programme' to others, was, to me, a way of life, it became and still is my ideal dream for the future of man. If we can - and one day will, of that I am sure - "Seek out strange new worlds and boldly go where no man has gone before" then we will need to possess a strength, but a strength compassionate

and humble. Man is not the greatest being in the universe, viz episodes of S/T which brought this home to us, eg. Apollo, Sargon, "Errand of Mercy".

Star Trek teaches us in parables, it is a modern day Bible! How many subjects were dealt with if one looks beyond pure story content. - I mention first "Empath" - your favourite, Sheila, and I know many others too! Love, compassion, self sacrifice. Non-interference, racial harmony, morality, elimination of war, the memorable "I will not kill today" from "A Taste of Armageddon", and also "Let me help" from City. The list is never-ending. You all have your favourites, and don't need convincing. All I wanted to say really is - thank you for your friendship, companionship - and, you are never alone no matter how often you think you are. I wish you all what you wish yourselves, not forgetting the phrase to end all phrases, "May you all live long and prosper", and may Star Trek come true in you and those that follow you.

Peace and love
Gloria Mitchell.

From another letter...

In newsletter 15 you suggested a couple of bookshops, the most likely to stock S.T. material. Since then I have visited 'Dark They Were and Golden-eyed'. My first impression was that it was a bit off the beaten track for a shop in a street just off Oxford St. Anyway, it really is worth a visit for those who haven't been...

After a lot of 'excuse me's and sorries' I eventually reached the S.T. section. It has about every type of S.T. book - Star Trek 1 - 11 and 'Spock Must Die', Log 1 - 6 (but I must warn you, these are American imports costing 65p). If you go down the road a bit to Foyle's you find the British editions costing from 40p for Log 1 to 50p for Log 4 (the latest they had in). Getting back to 'Dark They Were', they also had a few Leonard Nimoy books, but not the latest, 'I Am Not Spock'. Their latest arrival was the Starfleet Technical Manual costing £3.75 which was the thing I specifically went for and was slightly disappointed by. For those fans expecting a book about the Enterprise and its crew then this is not the book for you. It's more a general look at Starfleet, blueprints of about every gadget aboard Starships and other vessels, how to make uniforms, articles of the Federation, and that's about all. (Editor's comment - there are so many gaps marked 'classified information' that someone - I think it was Bill Everton - suggested that it will shortly be followed by 'The Starfleet Classified Information Manual'.) I feel it's a type of book you give a quick glance to, put with the rest of your S.T. books and consider that you're really a dedicated fan for owning a copy. They also had the S.T. calendar. It's about poster size, has little pictures of various scenes from S.T. and costs around £2, which I consider is a bit much for what it is. I think they might have done much better if they'd had one large picture with dates at the bottom for each month, instead of them all being on just one sheet of paper. (Editor's comment - Ballantine's calendar, which must have been out of stock when Linda was there, is much better than the one described, with one big colour pic. and several small B/W ones for each month) They also sell TV Sci-Fi Monthly.

As for the rest of the Sci Fi material in this book shop, I've never seen so much under one roof. It really is worth a visit for a ny fans in the London area.

Linda J. Jones.

HOW OLD IS SPOCK?

Science fiction is not new. Munchhausen's tales were written in the eighteenth century and Jules Verne wrote his famous stories "Journey to the Moon" and "Journey Around the Moon" about 100 years ago. Whereas their heroes did not venture beyond the moon, writers of the very early twentieth century went further, such as Curd Larsen (I hope I remember the name correctly) whose books "The Plant from the Neptune Moon" and "On Two Planets" were very well known even before the Great War. However, all these books were confined to the limits of our own solar system. In recent times, these limits have become too narrow and other solar systems have become the targets.

Stars are suns and there is every reason to believe that they - or most of them - are surrounded by satellites in the same manner as our sun is surrounded by planets and planetoids. Nor is there any reason to doubt why forms of life should not have developed on such satellites, although they may differ very much from the forms of life we know on our earth; in fact, their whole chemical structure and appearance may well be unimaginable to us.

Life spans are counted in years and fractions of it. A year is the time required by a planet to complete a full orbit around its sun. We subdivide our year into months, weeks, days, etc., a day being the time required by the earth to complete a full circle around its axis.

So far, so good, but the time required for a planet to complete a full orbit around its sun varies greatly. If we take the earth year as a single unit ('year'), Mercury completes its path around the sun in only 88 days, whereas Jupiter requires 11.9 years and Pluto even 247.7 years. Here comes the problem!

If we assume that a year on any other planet is equal to one full orbit, a man of 70 earth years would have the age

on Mercury of about	290 Mercury years
on Jupiter of about	5.9 Jupiter years
on Pluto of about	0.28 Pluto years (less than $3\frac{1}{2}$ months!)

Another example: at the completion of 70 local years, a man would be

on Mercury	16.8 Earth years old
on Jupiter	833 Earth years old, and
on Pluto	17339 Earth years old.

Thus, in the last case, he would have been born during the glacial period on Earth and would have enjoyed his old age pension since the time when the Arabs were expelled from Southern France and before Charlmagne was born - provided that old age pensions were already known at that time.

Now: how old is Spock? It depends on the distance of Vulcan from, and the speed of its revolution around, its sun. Let us assume he is about forty earth years old. If the conditions of Mercury apply, this would mean 166 Mercury years, but in the case of those existing on Pluto he would have been born about 8900 earth years ago.

Furthermore, how is the aging process of space travellers affected by landing on planets with widely different orbits? Is it speeded up or reduced by them?

It is interesting to note that - at least as far as I know - no science fiction writer has ever touched this problem.

Fancy if Lt. Uhura would spend a Pluto year on some distant planet and return after 250 years, still as beautiful as she is now.

Theo Krik.

Theo is our club translator; if anyone has an item - say - cut from the German publication Gong that they would like translated, we'll forward it to him. He handles most modern languages.

MISTAKES?

STAR TREK is a great TV show, and is my favourite TV show, and as far as I am concerned, always will be. But like any other show, it has its own mistakes; here are two of them.

1) It is (at this moment, as well as the next 50 - 100 years at least, impossible to travel faster than light. If you could, you would be totally distorted and your ship would stretch and break up into infinity. Man can't stand up to that sort of treatment. (Editor's comment - it is set at least 200 years into the future, after all)

2) When they (the Enterprise) go off on a mission, faster than the speed of light, and then come back to base, everything is the same, both the base and the Enterprise are exactly the same. But in real life, even if you travel half the speed of light, you on board ship will have aged perhaps six months but when you get back, the people you once knew when they were in their thirties or forties have now aged fifty or sixty years - so when Kirk says goodbye to his thirty year old commissioner and sets off, when he returns he is only one year older than when he set off. But the commissioner is now a hundred years old and his children are in their sixties. The Apollo astronauts who went to the moon are now fifteen minutes younger than they would be if they had never gone.

Apart from these, STAR TREK is a possible and viable world. We will build Starships; whether they will be manned or not is another story. It might be possible to have artificial gravity just as we have artificial weightlessness, though at the moment it cannot be accomplished. And there are other life-forms out there. Logically and statistically there must be. (You can read these facts and figures in books written by respected lecturers and scientists).

E. Mooney

Editor's note. Not everyone has a copy of "The Making of Star Trek"; this seems an appropriate time to quote from it, P. 212 -

"One subject STAR TREK avoids completely is the problem of aging in space.

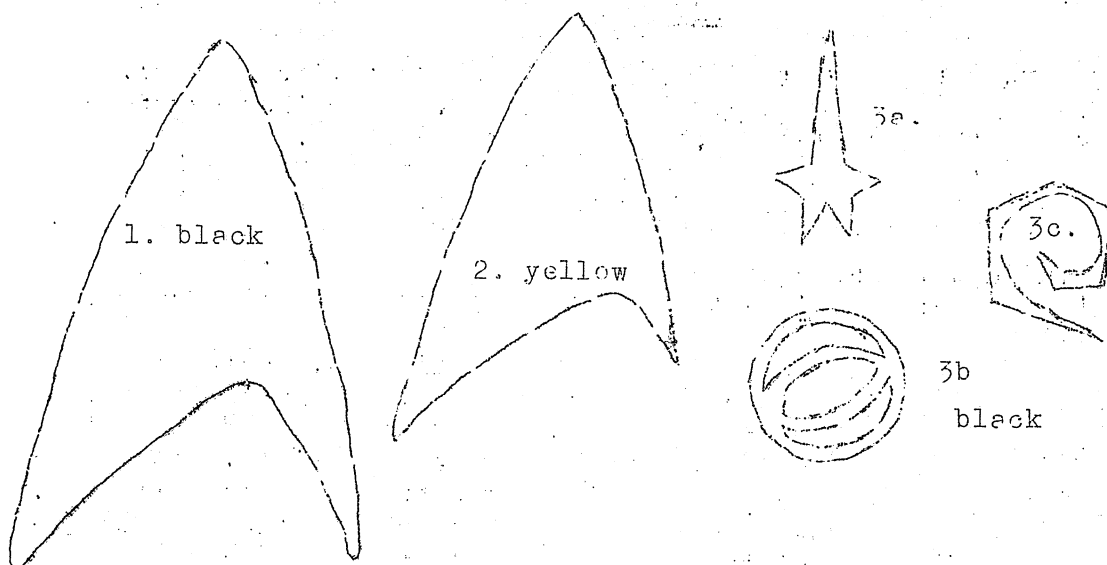
Accepted theory now is that any spaceship travelling at any significant fraction of the speed of light would encounter some frightening problems regarding the relative passage of time on Earth and on the spaceship. You could go from Earth to some distant star, and on your return find you'd aged only one year, while your contemporaries were dead and gone. Presumably if you went at faster-than-light speeds, when you got back to Earth you might meet your great-great-grandchildren. STAR TREK avoids this problem entirely. On this point the show is inaccurate, and of necessity it must be so, in order to entertain. STAR TREK stays scientifically accurate in those things that have true meaning. It stays dramatically accurate in those things that create action, adventure, fun, entertainment, and thought-provoking statements.....

In the original format Kirk's age was established as appearing to be in the early thirties. Gene is not at all sure, though, that the life span of people in STAR TREK'S century may not be 130 years.

The way medical science is progressing today, it seems reasonable to assume men will live longer... It wasn't too many years ago that if you were a man of forty-six, you should be dead... Today forty-six year old men are riding surfboards, motorcycles, and perhaps next week are planning to take up skydiving.

Three hundred years from now, who knows?"

Now available on general release; Star Trek Technical manual, £2.95p
Enterprise Blueprints £2.50p



MAKE YOUR OWN STARFLEET INSIGNIA

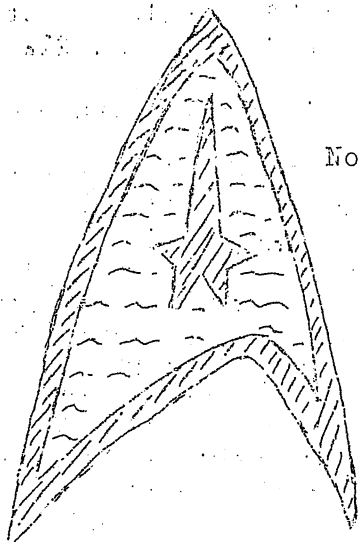
You need 1 square yellow felt
1 square black felt
yellow and black cotton

METHOD:

Trace the above drawings. Put tracings No. 1 and either No. 3a, 3b or 3c (depending on which insignia you want to make - 3a worn by Kirk, 3b by Spock and McCoy, 3c by Scotty) on black felt and cut out. Place tracing No. 2 on yellow felt and do the same. Once the shapes are cut out, remove tracing paper and sew No. 2 onto No. 1, being careful to make sure the stitches do not show. Then sew No. 3a (or b or c) on top of the joined Nos 1 and 2. Once this is done, sew rows of black stitching haphazardly across the yellow felt, as shown in illustration No. 4. Once this is done, the insignia is now ready to sew onto any jumper, jacket, etc..

By this method, it is also possible to make a felt copy of Mr. Spock's Idic.

For the Idic, you need
1 square yellow felt
1 square white felt
1 square red felt
yellow, white and red cotton.



No. 4

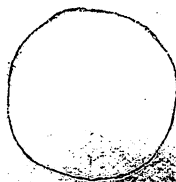
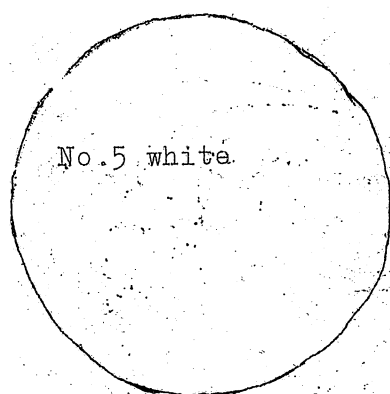
METHOD:-

Trace the drawings Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 and cut out in their appropriate colour as before.

Sew No. 6 onto No. 5, then sew No. 7 onto No. 6, then No. 8 onto No. 7. Lastly, sew No. 9 on, with its tip over No. 8, in the positions

shown in illustration No. 10. Once this is sewn, sew in the 3-D effect of the triangle with black cotton. It is now ready to sew on to an article of clothing.

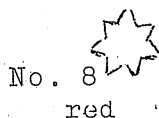
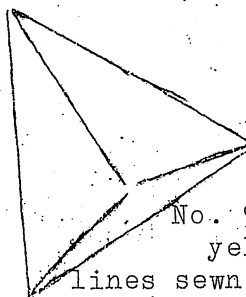
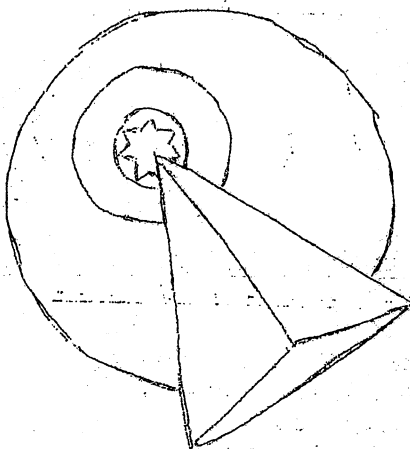
This looks quite authentic sewn onto a jumper similar to the ones worn by the crew. You can also add the braid by using more yellow felt.



No. 6 yellow



No. 7 white

No. 8
redNo. 9
yellow
lines sewn in blackNo. 10 -
Idic when
finished..

Julie Hunter

I know this isn't the last page - there are several pages of poems and stories after this, including the funniest of the ads. for security men and the winner of the competition story about an attack. But since I typed them out first, I know there isn't room on the last page for me to say anything more.

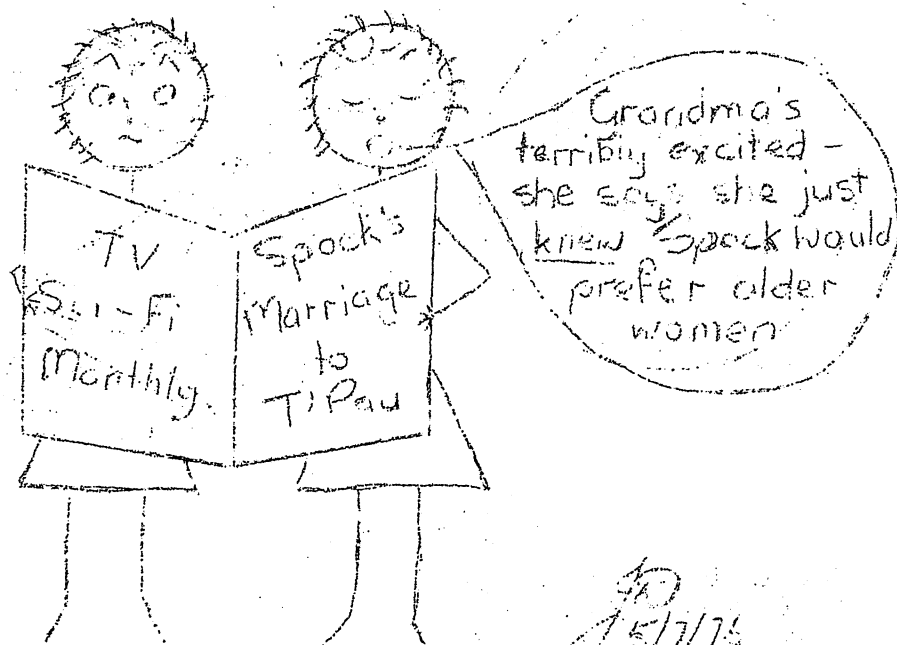
We hope you enjoy reading this special tenth anniversary newsletter - and on your behalf, I'd like to say a very special "Thank you" to Gene Roddenberry for giving us STAR TREK in the first place, and to all the actors, directors and technicians who helped to make STAR TREK one of the most remarkable programmes ever produced. Whatever happens in the future, STAR TREK will not be forgotten. In this tenth anniversary year, STAR TREK most definitely LIVES.

We'll continue with some of the discussions started in the last two newsletters in newsletter No. 20 - but as always, I'm anxious for comments arising from any item in this newsletter.

Janet, Beth and I will all be at Leeds, and hope to see as many of you as possible there. And for anyone who can't go - a non-attending registration is only £1, and from what Dorothy Owens tells me, their con book is going to be rather good. In addition, you'll get a full report of what happened as soon as possible afterwards.

And that's it for another newsletter. Carry on and read the fiction section - and if you like having a fiction section, let me know... and send me in some poems and short stories, too, please. Peace and prosperity to you all. Sheila.

Neofan...



DEAR NEOFAN... by J. D.

Dear Neofan, the world you've found
Of STAR TREK, Kirk and Bones McCoy,
Of Spock, Uhura, Scotty too,
Is one in which you'll find much joy.

Aspects of STAR TREK manifold
Wait for discovery anew
By neofan, but please, my friend,
A word of warning here to you:

The traps you'll find do lie in wait,
To catch the unsuspecting one,
With information wrongly given,
You'll come to know them all anon.

Blish for fans a service did -
And many through his books, I know,
Did first encounter Captain Kirk,
And other heroes of the show.

But wary be, for Blish did err,
His detail often strayed, I fear,
From story as in eps. we see -
The 'truth' that each true fan holds dear.

Alan Foster, writer good,
In STAR TREK 'Logs' the stories told
Of animation episodes,
In high repute his tales I hold.

But, neofan, I beg, beware,
Though Foster's books are written well,
They are elaborated and
Invented details he does tell.

The world of Kraith, by fans brought forth,
Tells of the Vulcan culture, way,
Of things we never knew before,
But of this world I this needs say:

'Fascinating' though they be,
These tales of Spock, his family too -
Remember, they no more would stand
If they invented were by you.

In magazines and papers oft
We read of STAR TREK and the cast,
But do not take for gospel truth
The information that they pass.

Especially one, while seeming good,
(And honest, I believe, its aim)
Does mix and get all wrong the facts -
It 'TV Sci-Fi Monthly's' names.

Within this mag, with good intent,
They write of 'T'Urianne' and how
Our hero Spock with Kirk did fight
For not T'Pring, but old T'Pau!

They mix the facts and quote as true
Such forms as Blish and even Kraith -
In serious talk no fan of worth
Authorities like these would take!

And by Gene R. himself - no less -
Well and truly warned are we
That neither 'Manual' nor 'Blueprints'
Are 'official' STAR TREK lore.

Blish and Foster, magazine,
Fan fiction gen'rally and Kraith,
- All fun, but 'gainst the episodes,
They mostly are, I fear, but fake.

The 'real' shows, it has been known
Have contradicted their own tale,
But placed against them most would say
The animations even fail!

Some condescensions are allowed,
But such are few and far between:
Such books as 'Making', 'Tribbles' are
'Official' works that I do mean.

So neofan, so newly come
To STAR TREK worlds, exciting, rare,
Remember, when you quote a fact -
Of other's fantasies beware!

I'd like to apologise to Joyce for having to trace her
cartoon 'Neofan' instead of getting it cut on an electric stencil.
Reason is, I have to get these stencils cut while I'm still on
holiday if we're to get the newsletter out on time. There's
another of Joyce's 'Neofan' cartoons in Alnitah 4, obtainable from
Ann Looker, The Forge, 41 Main Street, Weston Turville, Aylesbury.

ON DISCOVERING STAR TREK by Gail.

A long time ago I was quite unaware
That a programme called Star Trek was then on the air,
Just another pop fan, that was me,
With the mildest interest in TV.

Then came a day I will never regret,
While commercials were on I switched over the set;
Computers and lights all flashed into view -
What in heaven was this? Something quite new!

Then to my amazement this strange guy appears -
He's got funny eyebrows and very long ears!
My family were laughing - I was appalled,
"Don't laugh at it please, I'm really enthralled!"

So week after week I tuned in for a treat,
Mum even gave up Coronation Street!
(For though they pretended they just didn't care
When Star Trek was on they all pulled up a chair).

I collected each picture, each critic's review,
Bubble-gum cards (gum too awful to chew)
Books, magazines, chocolate wrappers galore,
Dolls, and models, and comics by the score.

I tore down pop pictures, and Spock soon became
My new heartthrob, my life's never been quite the same,
Whether during the day or when sleeping at night,
My dreams are all based on an Enterprise flight.

So since then I have been a confirmed Star Trek freak,
I'd never go out that one night of the week.
They're all real to me, the ship and the crew -
Didn't guess I could be so enchanted, did you?

Nervous fingers drumming, drumming,
mighty engines, quietly humming,
nervous tension, now increasing,
extraneous chatter slowly ceasing.

Decision time; annihilation,
destroy the enemy, save the nation,
desperate choice, kill or let kill,
fire quickly, and harden the will.

Ignore the sound of the dead and dying,
forget the thoughts of the widows crying,
bitter now is the taste of success,
but the Federation's safe at rest.

It's never easy, a Captain's choice,
and it's never easy to make the voice
say the words that can mean lives' ends -
that's why a Captain needs special friends.

Lynda Chambers.

Extract from letter from Valmai Rogers -

"I must thank Beverly Volker for her poem - I really appreciated it. Can we have more of her work?"

Read on, Valmai!

COMMAND DECISION by Beverly Volker.

How could he choose,
 And yet a choice, he knew he had to make
 For either way, he had to lose
 The one he let them take.

Both were his friends
 He could not bear to sentence either man.
 Is this the way at last it ends?
 Part of the Vians plan.

He looked at Spock,
 His dearest friend; could he destroy his brain?
 The Vians threatened that the shock
 Would leave him quite insane.

His eyes met Bones,
 And in his heart he felt that quiet dread.
 The Vians warned in spoken tones
 McCoy would end up dead.

"I've chosen men
 To die before," he once had made the bluff
 And now to face that choice again
 When once had been enough.

He looked at Gem
 And wondered now, so tiny and afraid
 What is it she must do for them?
 This game the Vians played.

Is she the seed,
 The central part, for which the stage is set?
 What is it that the Vians need?
 What testing must be met?

"I'll be the one,"
 Each volunteered, to save the other two.
 But if a choosing must be done,
 T'was his alone, he knew.

He weighed the odds,
 It couldn't be a thing done with the mind.
 To play the part of greater gods,
 The Vians victim find.

Captain, was he,
 And rank doth oft its pressures bring to bear.
 Spock or Bones? It had to be
 Decision, none could share.

"I've made my choice,"
 At last he knew. His heart felt bitter grief
 Then sudden hypo stayed his voice
 And offered sweet relief.

How could he choose?
 And yet a choice, they knew he had to make.
 Each friend was willing, here to lose
 Himself, for the other's sake.

The above poem first appeared in Contact, and is reprinted by
 permission of Beverly Volker and Nancy Kippax, to whom it is copy-
 righted. Contact is an excellent zine, and can be obtained from
 Beverly Volker, 5657 Utrecht Rd., Baltimore, MD 21206.

IT WAS BETTER LEFT UNASKED by Sheila Cornall

The strangers came to the derelict world
 in search of their sick friend
 And stood before the imposing Arch -
 all that of a civilisation remained.
 One voiced aloud a query
 that each of the others thought;
 The Arch glowed, came alive
 and this to them spoke -

'A question, long have I awaited a question, ask me what you will
 for I can show you all that's past, and is your future still.'
 History filled the mighty Arch, flashing by so fast;
 their attention held, too late they saw the sick comrade
 leap into the past.
 The vision faded, the Arch grew dark for history had been re-arranged -
 two more must now go back in time, find a friend, undo
 what was changed.
 Their mission must be successful for the future of all mankind
 and they bid farewell to those who must remain behind.
 The search was to take days, and nothing was easy for the starmen
 in the past -
 hardships and incidents had to be endured, before reunion
 at last.
 Love came into the life of one, so tender, gentle and true
 it almost hid his reason for being there from view.
 That happiness would be short-lived, their fevered friend soon
 arrive
 and this new-found object of his love must die, if
 mankind were to survive.
 The fateful day arrived unheralded, their reunion with the lost
 one now complete
 when his love saw the happy trio from across the street,
 And terror gripped him and the friends as they could only stand by
 and watch in anguish as she - stepped out to die!
 The three came back through the portal into their present world -
 in reality only a few seconds had passed for this
 tragedy to unfurl.

'Time has resumed its shape, all things are as they were,'
 proclaims the Arch
 And history as we have come to know it
 continues on its march.
 But for the three time travellers
 nothing can be the same;
 One understands, one tries hard to -
 for the other, there's only empty
 longing and pain.

END THE by R.H.

"Finished, Spock?"

"I believe so, Captain."

"Will it work?" Kirk cast a dubious glance at the device his First Officer had been working on for the past five weeks or so.

"The basic concept is, theoretically, sound; however certain practical considerations..."

"Will it work, yes or no?"

"In that we will have the first machine that can reverse the flow of time, yes. However, the fundamental physical implications..."

"Spock." Kirk stood before his fellow crew-member, what he hoped the other took to be a look of profound sincerity on his face. "Let me worry about the implications, physical or otherwise."

"So be it." Spock turned back to his machine. "Prepare yourself, Captain." His hand closed on the operating switch.

"I am energising the apparatus..."

Now.

... apparatus the energising am I"

.switch operating the on closed hand His ".Captain, self
-your Prepare" .machine his to back turned Spock ".it be So"

".wise

-other or physical, implications the about worry me Let" .face

his on sincerity profound of look a be to took other the hoped

he what, member-crew fellow his before stood Kirk ".Spock"

"...implications physical fundamental the, However .yes, time of flow
the reverse can that machine first the have will we that In"

"?no or yes ,work it will"

"...considerations practical

certain however ;sound ,theoretically ,is concept basic The"

.so or weeks five past the for on working been had Officer First
his device the at glance dubious a cast Kirk "?work it Will"

".Captain ,so believe I"

"?Spock ,Finished"

.H.R by THE END

Secure within a

Private world,

Obviously needing no-one.

Concealing his pain and

Keeping all emotion tightly furled.

Lynne Bates.

KIRK: Spock, do you think I'd have any chance with that blonde computer technician you were telling me about?

SPOCK: Captain, taking into consideration the young lady's apparent acquaintance with your amatory proclivities and her expressed disapprobation of what she defines as masculine chauvanistic posings, I would consider the eventuation improbable to a degree.

KIRK: I don't get it!

SPOCK: I believe I said that, Captain.

Kathleen Glancy.

INCIDENT by Sheila Clark

Ever since the day when he first realised that his wife, whom he loved passionately, cared nothing for him any more, Dr. Leonard McCoy had been subject to periods of depression; hours when it seemed that nothing would ever go right again; days when it seemed that no-one cared what happened to him or ever could care; times when it even seemed that nothing he did was of any use to anyone. His professionalism kept his depression from ever harming his patients, but in his less despondant moments he often worried that one day it would, that one day his judgement would fail, he would make a terrible mistake, reach the wrong decision and a patient die. It made him irritable, edgy, brusque; and as his marriage plunged deeper and deeper into the depths of failure, he became more and more irascible. The eventual divorce came as something of a relief.

Once the divorce was final, McCoy realised fully, for the first time, just how much it had meant to him to have someone there, someone who loved him... and buried himself in his work in a vain attempt to recover from the shattering blow of learning that she did not. He had never felt so alone. The fits of depression became more frequent.

It was in an attempt to escape from the past that McCoy decided to join Starfleet. Assigned to the U.S.S. Enterprise, he had at first been slow to relate to anyone again - even to the ship's Chief Engineer, a man McCoy had known in the past and whom he thought of as a friend. Until the day that Captain Kirk had risked his life to save that of his withdrawn and apparently self-sufficient Chief Medical Officer. To his own surprise, McCoy had found himself glad to respond to the Captain's offered friendship; and while he had initially been a little jealous of the ship's First Officer, who was the only other person on the ship with whom Kirk could - and did - relax fully, slowly he discovered proof that the Vulcan, far from being the cold unemotional machine he pretended to be, was a warm, affectionate being who needed friendship even as McCoy himself did, and who was as afraid as McCoy was of having his affection rejected - from a different, but equally valid, reason. Scotty, too, had proved to be an even better friend that McCoy had ever realised.

Yet, in spite of the many proofs of their friendship that he had been given, McCoy still had occasional fits of depression; mornings when he woke from a nightmare in which the black demon of loneliness and despair threatened to overwhelm him, shaking, terrified, convinced that no-one really cared... On such days he normally shut himself away in his office with a set of test results while he tried to persuade himself that he was indeed imagining things. Usually he failed and did not regain emotional equilibrium until after he had slept again.

The Enterprise swung into orbit around the uninterestingly standard M-class planet that sensors had indicated as the only sizeable body orbiting the red dwarf sun, having with difficulty negotiated the massive asteroid belt that separated the small world from outer space.

"Readings, Mr. Spock?"

"Standard M-class planet, Captain. Mass, gravity, atmosphere, all standard. Temperature ranges from sub-zero at the poles to a possible maximum of 65 degrees Fahrenheit at the equator. No animal life - extensive plant cover. Little obvious surface water... Captain, some readings do indicate the presence of life at an indeterminate stage between plant and animal. However, if this does indicate the evolution of animal life on the planet, rather than the degeneration of animal life back into plant forms, there will not be

time - geologically speaking - for it to develop much further."

"Worth investigating?"

"I would think so, Captain."

"Right. Lieutenant Uhura, tell Dr. McCoy to meet us in the transporter room in ten minutes. Those results he's checking can wait another day. Mr. Sulu, you have the con. Let's go and have a look at those animated plants, Mr. Spock."

McCoy, self-incarcerated in his office, gripped by one of his now rare fits of depression, received the call with a complete lack of enthusiasm. He knew he should be pleased that Jim wanted him along instead of one of the almost equally well qualified and fully experienced biologists on board; but the monster of doubt of his own ability to be liked that his wife had spawned hissed discouragingly in his ear - It's not you they want but your medical expertise, your qualifications, your knowledge...

It struck both Kirk and Spock that McCoy was unusually quiet when he joined them in the transporter room. Kirk guessed that McCoy was displeased at being dragged away from his research results, and grinned to himself at his friend's brusqueness. It wouldn't last once Bones got down to the surface and started exploring the life forms there.

But it did last, and Kirk found himself watching McCoy surreptitiously, wondering what was wrong. He noticed Spock doing the same, and realised that the Vulcan must be very concerned to allow his attention to be distracted from his investigations. At last, as McCoy moved over towards a verdant green patch, eyes fixed on his tricorder, Kirk drifted across to join his First Officer.

"What do you make of it?" he asked quietly, deliberately making his question ambiguous; and knew instantly, by Spock's response, that he had been right.

"Something is worrying Dr. McCoy."

"Yes, but what? He was O.K. last night, he hasn't had any external messages - and he's not the man to let himself get upset over being pulled away from one job to do another."

Spock nodded. "I thought at first that he was pretending to be - he would do that - but he exhibits no enthusiasm over what we are finding here - and normally he would."

Subconsciously, Kirk noted that Spock had revealed an understanding of McCoy that normally he would have denied possessing, and set that fact also with the evidence of Spock's concern about the doctor.

They were interrupted by a muffled splash from McCoy's direction and swung round to see what had caused it. The ship's doctor had vanished.

Spock reached the bright green patch just ahead of Kirk. The surface was no longer a smooth unbroken sward, but was marred by an uneven hole that showed the 'ground' to be merely a thin crust of matted vegetation floating on water. A short distance from the hole, the green carpet was shaking, heaving as if something below was trying to surface.

"McCoy!" Even as he spoke, Spock dived unhesitatingly into the hole, disappearing into the shadowed obscurity of the water. Kirk waited anxiously; the agitation under the vegetable mat had now subsided, and he guessed that McCoy had lost consciousness. It strained his will-power to the utmost to remain there instead of diving in too to help Spock look for their friend, and had it been open water he would have succumbed; as it was, he realised that one of them had to remain in safety. He would give Spock another minute, he decided, then call the ship for help...

But the minute was only half up when the sleek dark head surfaced, a brown head held close to it. Kirk reached down and pulled the unconscious McCoy on to dry land.

When McCoy regained consciousness, his first awareness was of pain in his chest, then, secondly, of a mouth covering his. Air was forced into his lungs; as the mouth lifted, McCoy grunted. His head was lifted gently and pillowed on something softer than the hard ground. He opened his eyes and looked up at two faces watching him, concern and affection in both pairs of eyes. There was nothing to indicate which of them had been giving him artificial respiration.

He coughed and choked. Four gentle hands steadied him as he rolled over, retching.

At last he stopped coughing up water. The burning pain in his chest had eased a little. They helped him to turn onto his back again and his head was pulled back against Kirk's arm.

McCoy could see now that Spock was soaking, and knew who had risked his life to save him. He smiled up at them, their open concern banishing the mood of utter despondency that had been threatening to overpower his very sanity, knowing that thanks were unnecessary and would only embarrass them.

"All right, Bones?"

McCoy nodded. "I feel... great, Jim."

And he did. Somehow he was sure that depression would never again trouble him. He was finally healed.

The above segment is part of a longer story that I hope to print in Log Entries early next year. Sheila.

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Robin Nelson.

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"Sir, what does 'shanghai' mean?"

Susan Clarke

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Signed, (if you're in any doubt
after that joke)

James T. Kirk.

Helen Sneddon.

THE ATTACK by Valerie Piacentini

Sooner or later, they all get round to it.

"What's he really like?" they want to know, "He" being of course Commander Spock, First Officer of the Enterprise, and a Vulcan.

My answer usually depends on how much I've had to drink at the time. I guess I didn't think too much about it one way or the other at first. A starship security officer isn't usually given to asking too many questions about his superiors - better just to get on with the job. At least nobody ever pulled any strokes when he was around; some people tried it, but only once - he'd hand you that frozen stare, and cut you down to size without really trying.

Well, like I say, I kept my head down, and stayed out of his way as much as possible. I ran into him once, though, and after that I changed my mind about him more than somewhat.

I'd been working in Hold Four on the cargo deck, helping out Dr. Tarrant and her team of geologists. They were cataloguing some new specimens, and needed a hand with the heavy work. My shift was just about over, so I finished up, and set off back to my quarters, making plans for the evening. Just as the door to Hold Four closed behind me, the Red Alert went off, and the call to battle stations came over the intercom. In this situation, you don't hang about, so I'm heading towards the turbo-lift when suddenly the world blows up in my face.

When I come to, the place is full of smoke, the lift doors are blown in, and the damage alert warnings are sounding full blast. I decide I'd rather be somewhere else at this point, so I'm heading off down the corridor when I run into Spock at the intercom; he's talking to the Captain, and by the look on his face, you'd think he was discussing the weather.

"Spock out," he tells the Captain; then he sees me.

"Mr. Baillie," he says, "are there any more security personnel on this deck?"

"I don't think so, Sir," I tell him. "It was just about the end of the shift, and the replacements wouldn't have arrived yet. What happened?"

"The Captain informs me that we have been attacked by a Romulan cruiser, and our deflector shields have been seriously weakened. Damage is severe in this area; life support systems are unreliable, and there is a risk of fire in the cargo holds, as the heating circuits have been overloaded. In addition, the turbo-elevators are not working, so we are effectively trapped here until Mr. Scott can effect repairs."

"Excuse me, Sir," I say, "but Dr. Tarrant and a team of geologists were working in Hold Four; they must have been trapped there." He turns back to the intercom, and speaks to the bridge. When he comes back, he looks even more frozen-faced than usual.

"We have a problem, Mr. Baillie. Hold Four seems to be an area of high risk; repairs cannot be undertaken until the Romulan attack has been defeated. If the circuits break down in the meantime, Dr. Tarrant and her team will certainly die."

"Transporter?" I ask, pretty sure even then that it was too simple a solution.

"Contra-indicated, Mr. Baillie. Our power reserves are too low. It seems that we must attempt to effect a rescue."

He tells me to check the corridor to Hold Four, and I find that fire has already broken out here; the emergency doors have locked automatically, and will stop the fire spreading to where we are, but there's no way through.

Meanwhile, the Romulans are still attacking. We're hit badly just then, and I go sprawling across the deck. I'd have crashed into the bulkhead, but Spock grabs hold of me, and keeps me on my feet. I hang onto him until the ship settles down, and I'm thinking that he must be a lot stronger than he looks to keep his own balance, and support my weight as well.

Then it turns out that at the same time he's been working on the problem of getting to Hold Four. I've heard McCoy call him "That walking computer", and I guess that just about sums him up, because he turns to me and says, "The inspection crawlway, Mr. Baillie. I believe I can use that to reach Hold Four, and bring Dr. Tarrant's people back through to this safer area."

It seems to be the only idea around, so I open up the access hatch; the crawlway is clear of smoke, but it's getting pretty hot, so he doesn't waste any time.

"Please remain here, Mr. Baillie," he says. "The doctor will undoubtedly require your assistance at this end. I shall send everyone through as swiftly as possible."

"Yes, Commander," I reply. "Uh, good luck, Sir."

He raises an eyebrow at me, but mercifully doesn't stop to give me a lecture on the non-existence of luck. He's soon out of sight, and I've nothing to do but wait.

I'm just starting to feel nervous when I hear sounds from the crawlway, and Dr. Tarrant's people are coming through, six of them, some bruised, some with burns, but none of them seriously hurt. I look them over, then do a recount.

"Where's Mr. Spock?" I ask.

Dr. Tarrant peers anxiously along the tube. "He should be coming," she says worriedly. "He thought it might be possible to shut off the heating circuits in Hold Four in case they overload and spread the fire."

"I wish he's get a move on," I grumble. To tell the truth, I'm getting anxious myself. The Romulan attack isn't letting up any, the heat is steadily getting worse, and I'd rather get Dr. Tarrant's people - and myself - well away from the fire area. I'm just thinking about sticking my head into the tube to see if Spock's coming, when I hear a muffled explosion, and a blast of smoke pours out of the access hatch. When the smoke clears, I go back for a look, and I can see that the crawlspace has collapsed.

The only thing I can do is get the geologists well away from the area, then go looking for another intercom station.

At this point, I'm wishing myself in a more comfortable location, say a Klingon R & R base, because it's up to me to break it to Captain James T. Kirk that his favourite Vulcan is missing in the path of an explosion. I'll gloss over the next few minutes, except to say that some of his expressions are new even to me. When he's calmed down a bit, he tells me to stay where I am until a rescue team reaches us. They've disposed of the Romulans, he tells me, and damage control are already on the job.

It's about an hour later, though, that they get to us, and it's the top team in person. When Kirk comes through the door, I find myself very busy paying attention somewhere else; I don't want to see that look on a man's face ever again. I take over, and guide the security team to where the geologists were working. From the look of things, this part of the ship took quite a pounding. We've got floor plates buckled, wiring hanging loose, smoke everywhere. What we haven't got is one Vulcan science officer.

We reach the circuit control panel, and it's obvious he's been working on it. Scott takes a look.

"Spock managed to shut off the controls," he reports. "It's lucky he did, or the circuits would have overloaded, and the damage would have breached the hull."

Can't leave an engineering problem alone, our Scotty; he goes to check the wiring for himself, then pulls back with a cry of pain.

"The metal must have been red-hot when Spock was working on it," he says, "and it's my guess some of the wiring flared up in his face."

"Find him," says the Captain, and we take one look at him, and spread out.

Spock didn't get far; I spot the blue shirt at the end of the corridor and raise the alarm. Kirk beats me to him by a mile, and when I get there, he has the Vulcan's head on his knee. McCoy's not far behind, and he gets to work fast. Spock's face is badly burned, and from where I am, I can't see his hands, for which I'm grateful.

"His eyes, Bones?" It takes a couple of seconds to recognise the Captain's voice.

"I can't tell; we must get him to sickbay," McCoy says, the same desperate anguish in his face.

Scotty doesn't say anything, just picks Spock up and heads off down the corridor. I'm about to make a tactful exit when McCoy notices that I've picked up a few knocks myself, and orders me to join the party.

In sickbay, one of the nurses patches me up, while McCoy works on Spock - at this point, I get a glimpse of his hands, and I feel sick. Seems, though, that's the least of McCoy's worries - it's his eyes that are the problem. It takes quite a while to complete the tests, and when McCoy says Spock can't see, I go cold, but then he says something about an inner eyelid, and that the optic nerve is undamaged; he'll be blind for a couple of days, but his sight will come back. Kirk doesn't say anything to this, but he sits down suddenly, and drops his head into his hands. McCoy leans over and says something to him, but the nurse has finished with me, and packs me off, so that's the last I see of them for a bit.

When it's all over, we find out just what happened. By shutting off the circuits, Spock prevented an explosion which would have breached the hull; that in turn would have ruptured our deflector shields, and, "Goodbye, Enterprise."

Now, say what you like about Vulcans having no emotion, but the way I see it, they must feel pain just as we do. Spock worked on those circuits with his hands on fire; if he hadn't stuck to it, I wouldn't be talking to you now.

So, if you catch me when I've had enough to drink, and ask me, "What's he like?"

I'll tell you that every man on the Enterprise would follow him blindfolded into Hell; and they'd know he's bring them out again.

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