

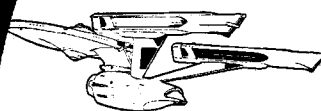
And to the REPUBLIC

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The Official Newsletter of the USS REPUBLIC, NCC-1371

A Chapter of STARFLEET, the International Star Trek Fan Association--Atlanta, Georgia



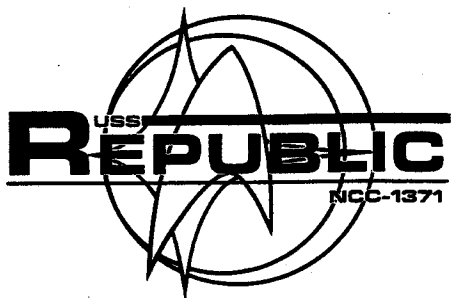
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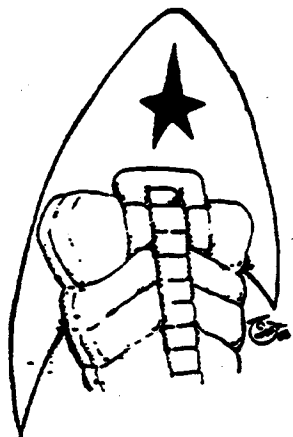
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FROM THE CENTER SEAT



by Capt. Kelly Hilliard

Ship's Status

I hope everyone had a wonderful holiday season. It is a new year and with it a reflection on our accomplishments during the last year. Later in this issue, see a Year in Pictures--a visual record of our many events during the last year.

Group activity is up thanks to new members Tonya Spanks, Matt Ebling, and a return of Robin Bassett. I would like to see more of you at our meetings and events. Remember, this is your club. If you aren't getting anything out of it, you need to let us know. We can't change anything unless you tell us.

A lot has happened with the Republic during the last year, and I have to give thanks where thanks are deserved. I couldn't have done it without the constant help and encouragement of the staff and crew who participated in events or who performed special projects for me. Most I have recognized with the Crewman of the Month honor. But I felt it would be proper to thank everyone once again and to let them know that they are appreciated.

We have gone a long way from a struggling ship with no staff and a crew in name only. We now have a nice core of participating members, we are the flagship for Zone Two, and we have been one of the leading ships in Region Two with our chairing of the Hangover Breakfast for the National Conference in June and possibly the leading fund raiser. We are doing great!!

Super Heroes Needed!

SciTrek is currently recruiting volunteers to staff the new exhibit starting January 29th. The training day is Friday January 28. This is another OSMI exhibit like the Star Trek: Federation Science exhibit we staffed last year. Please help us out here. We need your help in order to staff this exhibit like we did last year. If you have any free time, any at all, please contact me about volunteering. My phone number is 895-5720. Do it today!

Remember Your Valentine

Valentine's Day is fast approaching, and it is time to start thinking about what you are going to give your SO. May I recommend a

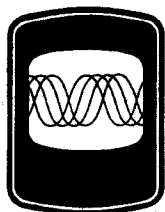


time-honored tradition--flowers. Through a program sponsored by Deborah Nelson with the company she works for, you can order some beautiful flowers by phone and have them shipped directly to the one you care about. I have used this service and the flowers are more beautiful than the pictures show. A glass vase is included in each order. Call me for a brochure or you can call them and ask for the variety at 1-800-947-9700. Be sure to give them the code of 510 when they ask for it. With each purchase, a portion of the price will go to the Region Two fund. Order today and show the one you love you care--and support Region Two at the same time.

Communications

"Hailing Frequencies"

by
Lt.Cmdr. Edmund Trafford,



Just a few things are in the works, including a new handbill distributed for approval at the Captain's holiday party. There was a lot of "communicating" that went on at the party, including a carol singalong orchestrated by our Number One--and a good time was had by all who are in any shape to remember it . . . ("Captain's note to the galley--no more Romulan ale to be served at crew get-togethers.") This is going to turn out to be a short column, but there will be more to report as things gear up for the spring con season (What?! Already!?!). As always, I am eager to receive your articles (or suggestions for articles, or comments on articles) or other items at any time.

Engineering

by Lt. (jg) Shane Shadrix,
Chief Engineer



("click")

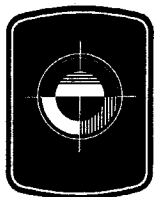
HELLOOOOO REPUBLICANNSS!!!

Well, a new year is upon us, which means a new con season is not far behind! Where has the time gone. Enough of that. Now for some good news. With the Captain's permission, I am pleased to tell ("buzz buzz") Excuse me a moment. Hi, Sara. No, I didn't hear anything. Well, somebody may have dropped something off an antigrave--don't worry about it, OK? Talk to you later. Now, where was I--oh, yeah. I am pleased to tell you that the "Big Guy" has finally granted our wish and filled our stocking with a shiny new Excelsior-classship. Thanks to the infinitely logical reasoning of our dear Captain and a few veiled threats by those who shall remain nameless, Command in its infinite wisdom has finally agreed to our requests for a new ship. This put me in hog heaven. I didn't even mind giving up shore leave to work out the preshakedown bugs. ("buzz buzz") Excuse me again. What can I do for you, Duncan? Well, find out what the malfunction is and tell them we will get to it as soon as possible. I tell you, it's beginning to look like we have a bad computer interface like the one on old 1701-A. You can test and test, but still a few slip through. Well, I better wrap this up and get back to work so we can take the ship out on the shakedown cruise next week. I hope to see everyone at Vulkan in March. Also, don't forget that the International Conference is this June in Orlando, so let's get those tickets ordered and show everyone that Region 2 knows how to throw a party. Well, that's about it. ("swoosh") Yeah, Duncan, what's the matter? You look like you have just seen a ghost. What do you mean--there's an angry crowd of Democrats out there wanting to bring keel-hauling back just for me?! Don't just stand there--get security down here ASAP before they throw me out the airlock or worse! ("click")



SECURITY

by Tonya Spanks,
Chief of Security



Greetings! I'm Tonya and also the Republic's new Chief of Security. I'm sure my name isn't very familiar to many of you, so let me give you a little description of myself. Many of you have seen me at past cons (Dixie Trek and Vulcons) as your friendly neighborhood Cheronian--you know, from Cheron, black on one side, white on the other. Yes, that's me. Bet you thought we all died out. We didn't. Some of us saw past the physical self and learned to get along. As for the security part--bet you've never heard of a nonviolent security chief. That does not mean I'm not ready for battle. There's something about Romulans, Ferengi, and Cardassians that keeps a body on its toes. Upon the last security sweep, all decks were secure, and I'm looking forward to meeting each and every one of my crew members. Security out!

FEATURES*FEATURES*FEATURES

BOOK REVIEW:

"STAR TREK MEMORIES" BY WILLIAM SHATNER

by Lt. Cmdr. Edmund Trafford

I normally don't buy the hard cover "giant" Trek novels that are periodically issued, knowing that I can borrow a copy from the library or a friend and wait for it to come out in paperback. But Star Trek Memories is an exception, a special book written by our old friend James Tiberius Kirk from an inside perspective. It offers a wealth of insight (and some new spins) on some of the Trek lore we've heard for years at various cons. It is an utterly "fascinating" look behind the scenes at ST in its original form.

Shatner bursts some familiar bubbles. Yeoman Rand (Grace Lee Whitney) was not written out in the first season so that Kirk could have more leeway with the ladies, as we've been often told--she was dismissed for drug use (from which she's fully recovered and speaks out publicly about it). And the famous "first interracial kiss" between Kirk and Uhura (Nichelle Nichols) in the episode "Plato's Stepchildren" was no more than a head-and-shoulders embrace with Kirk's back to the camera--it's true, just watch the episode carefully. The TV network censors were scared to death to show an actual kiss, which they thought would be especially offensive to viewers in the South. At a couple of cons, I've heard Nichols joke about rehearsing the scene "again . . . and again . . . and again . . ." loving every second of it. Ultimately, although the "real" kiss was filmed, it was never shown. How Roddenberry rescued the scene from the censors is a wonderful exercise in compromise without abandoning artistic principles.

Shatner's insights into the dramatic failures and ultimate cancellation in the third season are informative and sometimes eye-opening. He spares no one--and even skewers the "Great Bird of the Galaxy" himself for deliberately writing a scene into "Is There No Truth in Beauty" in which Spock explains the significance of the IDIC medallion he was made to wear; Roddenberry was in the process of marketing the medallion and wanted to plug it on the show.

But in addition to the inside tidbits and reminiscences, there are some genuine heroes involved in struggling to see that ST made it to the small screen and, once there, stayed there in style and dignity. The late great Gene Coon had an immense though often overlooked influence on the show. Majel Barrett (later Gene Roddenberry's wife) had a few things to say behind the scenes about the show which affected Roddenberry's approach. And the story of the first season's mail blitz to the network (not the well-known second-season fan response organized by the legendary Bjo Trimble) is an enlightening moment of ST history.

This book is well worth the cost--it's chatty, personal, insightful, and enjoyable, and as a long-time committed Trekker, I thoroughly recommend it.



Did you know that before Roddenberry offered the role of Spock to Leonard Nimoy, he offered it to--no, can't reveal that. Did you know that before Roddenberry offered the role of Kirk to Shatner (after Jeffrey Hunter could not do the second pilot), the role was first offered to--no, can't tell that either! Read it for yourself!

CREWMAN OF THE YEAR

by Capt. Kelly Hilliard

This is our first crewman of the year. All through this year, many people have helped make the Republic what it is through their time, money, and ideas. As a result, we have had an exciting year with many successes. The choice of Crewman of the Year is a difficult one to make. Everyone has earned the honors, but only one can hold the title. This year's first annual Crewman of the Year is . . . Shane Shadrix!

Shane has consistently devoted his time and ideas to help make this chapter work. Through his efforts, we finally established a good ongoing money-maker through the sales of Division badges. He continuously strives for more participation of the membership. Though his drive to the meetings is long (one hour) and he must leave for work afterwards, he regularly attends meetings. This is a dedicated member who I am proud to call one of my own.

Congratulations, Shane!

SUREFIRE SIGNS THAT STAR TREK IS TAKING OVER YOUR LIFE

1. Saying "Make it so" in casual conversation.
2. Indignation because the periodic table doesn't include dilithium and tritanium.
3. Able to use "variable phase inverter" in a sentence without excessive thought first.
4. More than one pair of Spock ears in the junk drawer.
5. Have figured out the stardate system.
6. Sudden urge to wear lots of lycra.
7. Scanning shelves at local liquor stores for synthehol.

8. The Star Trek theme becomes background music for your dreams.

9. Major quote sources for your thesis are Shakespeare, the Bible, and "The Omega Glory."

10. Memorizing the crew's authorization codes.

11. Forgetting that present-day elevators don't have voice interface.

12. Attending a convention wearing non-Terran vestments.

13. Actual serious thoughts about buying that \$300 model of the Enterprise from the Franklin Mint.

14. Understanding Klingon.

15. Lecturing a science professor on how the transporter works.

16. Playing fizzbin and understanding it.

17. "The Outrageous Okona" seems like a fine piece of writing and dramatic stylistics.

18. Paying rapt attention during those endless special effects sequences in Star Trek: TMP.

19. More than three original episode outlines buried in your drawers.

20. You spend all your free time playing on the IRC #startrek channel like a giant geek.

MIRROR, MIRROR: THE NEXT GENERATION

"Errand of Malice" by Michael Montoure
(continued)

O'Brien looked up from his work to see Commander Riker standing over him. "Morning, Commander," he said uneasily. "What brings you down to Engineering?"

"The collimeter coils, Engineer. We had a little trouble with them during the last phaser drills."

"Trouble? I wasn't aware of any trouble."

"Could you come here and take a look at them?" Riker smiled. "If you're not busy here, of course."

O'Brien hurriedly dropped the sonic driver into his tool kit and stood up. "No, sir, I'm not busy. What seems to be the problem?"

He opened up the collimeter coil access cover and looked inside.



Riker casually reached out and raised the power level to full capacity. Within seconds, he heard the most satisfying scream.

O'Brien staggered back, his hands clutching at this face. "My eyes! I can't see!"

Riker tapped the planet-and-dagger shaped communicator pinned to his chest. "Riker to Sick Bay," he said calmly.

"Sick Bay, Pulaski here."

"Please send a medical team to Engineering, Doctor. There's just been a most unfortunate accident."

O'Brien opened his eyes--and immediately wished he hadn't.

He tried to close them again, but discovered that it made no difference. He still was seeing, somehow impossibly seeing, distorted shapes, colors that he didn't have names for . . .

He screamed, and the nebulous mass that hovered over him told him to calm down. The voice sounded like Doctor Pulaski, but it sounded impossibly far away. He tried to claw at his eyes, but all he could feel was a band of cold metal.

The last thing he remembered was a blinding flash of light, and then his eyes had stopped working. He was taken to Sick Bay, and . . . and . . .

Oh, no. Oh, no. They couldn't have.

He looked across the room in the mirror, and when he could make sense of what he saw, he realized it was Geordi's VISOR staring back at him.

He screamed again, and pushed Pulaski away. He darted out into the corridor, running down the shifting, changing, garish hallways, not knowing where he was going, and not caring.

Vaguely, from someone ahead of him, O'Brien heard a shouted warning, but he didn't know what it was. The constant flow of data driving into his mind was making his head pound, shoving all thoughts aside.

He just knew he wanted to get away. And he knew just how to do it. Back when he still had his job as Transporter Chief, he'd always joked that he could do his job blindfolded. He never thought he'd have to prove it.

Someone approached and clapped an agonizer to his chest. The pain was nothing compared to the roaring in his head. He ignored it and shoved the person aside.

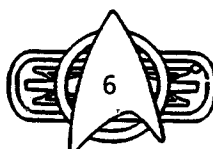
He set the transport controls by touch for the planet below and dived onto the platform just in time to be swept away by the transporter beam.

(to be continued)

RUSS REPUBLIC

NCC-1371

The Atlanta Chapter Of Starfleet



Meet **ARMIN SHIMERMAN** "QUARK"

our favorite Ferengi in this universe or any other!

**March 12-13, 1994 at the Castlegate Hotel & Convention Center
ATLANTA, GEORGIA**

He will take your questions on Saturday and Sunday and sign autographs both days!

DOORS OPEN: Friday, 7pm - midnight, Saturday, 10am - midnight; Sunday, 10am - 6pm.

MEMBERSHIPS: Mail orders postmarked by February 4, two-day memberships \$30. Children under 10 are one free per adult. Make check or money order payable to Devlin Associates, write "Quark" on it and send it to the convention address. No mail order for single day tickets. You must enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a receipt which you will exchange for your badge at the con. **Tickets at the door:** cash or money order only, \$40 full weekend, \$25 Saturday, \$20 Sunday. First chance to buy tickets at the door will be Friday night. Otherwise, from 9am Saturday on.

RESERVED SEATING: Available for two-day memberships and via mail order only and costs \$10 per person. Payment should be sent at the same time you do your mail order for memberships. If you wish to sit with someone, you must order together. Reserved seating is not free for children.

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS: Rooms will be available at the Castlegate. More information in the final brochure which will be mailed to anyone on Vulkan's mailing list. Sign up for the list at the con!

CAMERAS: Videotaping and still photography is OK.

CONVENTION ADDRESS: Vulkan, C/O Joe Motes, 12237 SW 50th Street, Cooper City, FL 33330



PANELS

AUTOGRAPHS

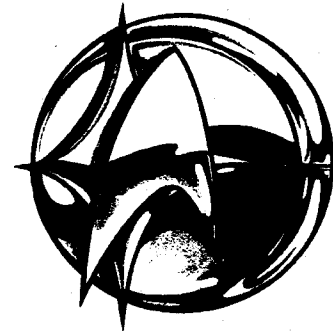
FILM ROOMS

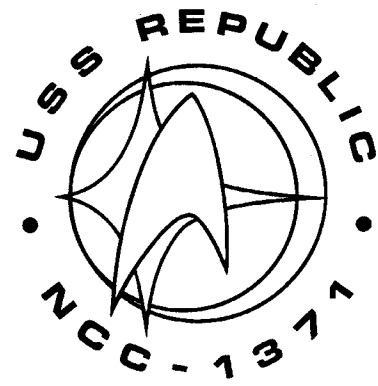
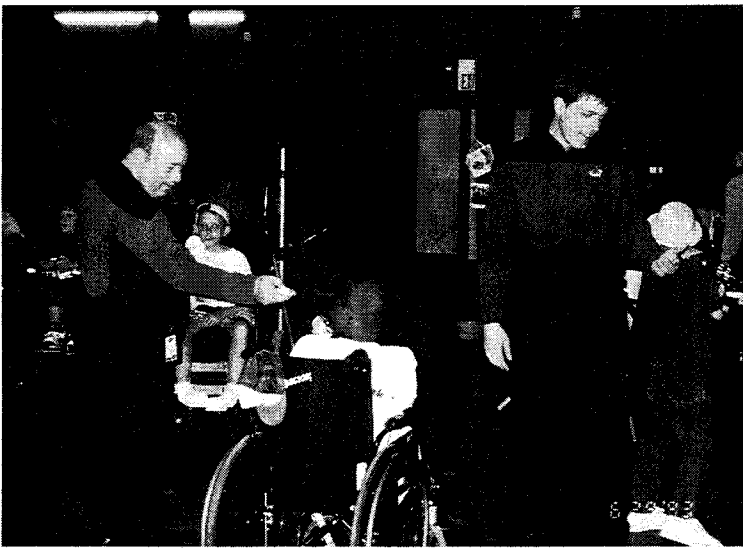
COSTUME CONTEST

GAMES

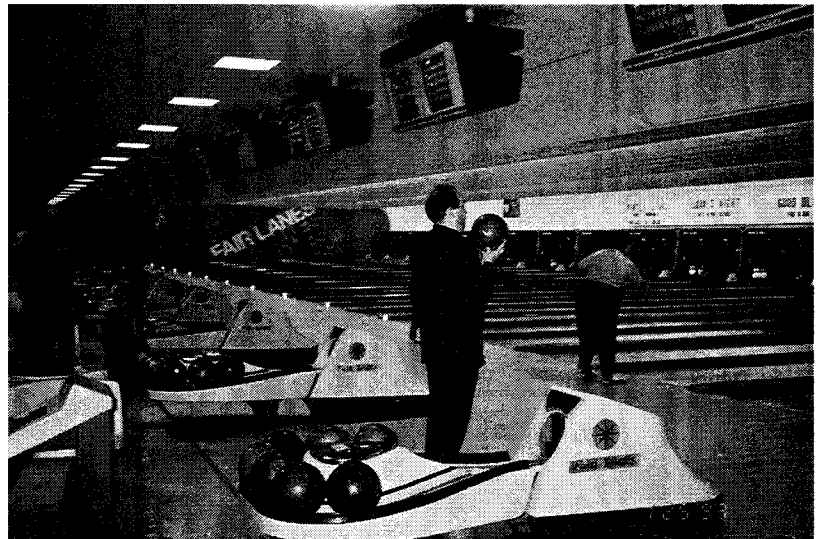
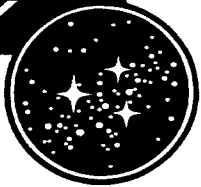
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NCC-1371





BRINGING YOU
THE 23RD CENTURY
TODAY



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