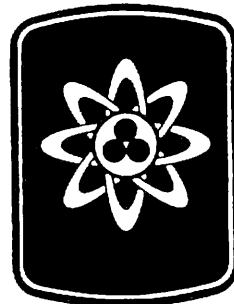


# *The Nautilus News*

Volume 1, Issue 2



MEDICAL



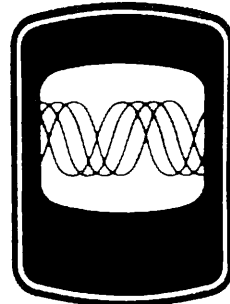
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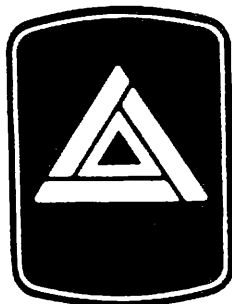
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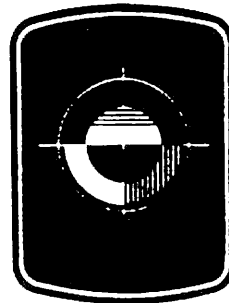
COMMAND



COMMUNICATIONS



SHIPBOARD SERVICES



WEAPONS AND DEFENSE



**Our Illustrious Editor**

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- Lt. Cdr. Patrick Roberts
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- Crewman Brian Flatley

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Cover Art Courtesy FASA

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**SHIPBOARD COMMUNICATIONS**

By John E. Kemker, III

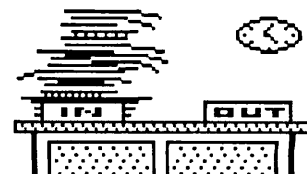
The fundamental purpose of any publication is to disseminate and distribute information. The key difference in publications is what \*kind\* of information is "disseminated and distributed." It is my intention to clarify that question in our readers' minds.

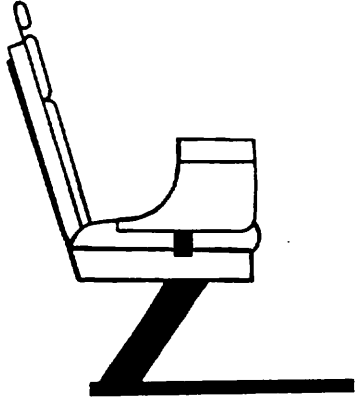
Obviously, The Nautilus News is in the business of publishing a newsletter of timely information for members of the Atlanta Area Chapter of Starfleet, the Shuttle Nautilus NCC 544/6. That is not all we are interested in, however, and it is certainly a very broad categorization to begin with.

In this issue, you will find no less than three short fiction articles, written by Brian Flatley, Al Rainwater, and last, but certainly not least, James Lock. You will also find science-based articles contributed from various sources, reviews of recent publications in the science-fiction/fantasy genre, as well as classified ads and a convention calendar.

What else should the Nautilus News offer its readers, though? We plan on expanding the coverage of conventions in the Southeast (as well as across the U.S. and even abroad), adding a "Letters to the Editor" column, and advertisements from local stores and companies, as well. We also plan on adding information on science-fiction gaming and role-playing.

If there is anything that you wish to see in forthcoming issues of The Nautilus News, please let us know, as it is our intent to serve you, our readers, with the best possible publication that we can. Remember, this is \*your\* newsletter, not just ours. Let us know what you want.





## FROM THE CENTER SEAT

By Cmdr. Christopher F. Ernst

"Address intercraft."

"System open, sir."

"Attention all hands ..."

Here it is: 1988. I hope everyone had a nice holiday and a Happy New Year. This year will probably be the single most important year for this STARFLEET chapter. This will be the year we grow the most; both in numbers and in public attention. Furthermore, this year we will be commissioned as a Starship. I believe we have met all the stated requirements and if not we have until June to do so.

We will be very busy this year. It will be the best time to dedicate yourself to the chapter. There will be lots of opportunities and room for advancement. We will be very busy this year and in fact, we have been busy since the last newsletter and there is a great deal to fill you in on.

•Last month, Operations Officer, LCdr. Crymes, coordinated a food drive in which we collected over 100 pounds of non-perishables for those less fortunate.

•The STARFLEET National Echo is growing constantly. For more data on this computer network contact Lt. Kemker or Lt. Alcorn.

•Our meetings are growing in size and have become more organized and more fun. Starting Earthdate 8701.16 we were able to use the viewing room in the back of Video Tonight for meetings.

•Chief Medical Officer, Lt. Alcorn, has reformatted the medical forms, both for yourself and for your alter ego (fictional persona, if any). He will be handing them out to be completed at the next meeting.

•We have come up with a great design for our first club produced T-shirt. We hope this will sell well and bring in new funds.

•After the last meeting (Earthdate 8801.16) we proceeded to the Fernbank Science Center for the 3pm planetarium show. The program was great and everyone who went had a good time. We will no doubt be doing this again soon.

•At the next meeting (Earthdate 8802.06) we will have two very important guests: Commodore Barbara Cotton, ASP Director (and soon to be Region II Coordinator) and Captain Robin Campbell, Commanding Officer of the USS Perseus, our "mother ship".

See, I told you we have been busy.

I will soon be looking for an officer to head the Ships Services department. If you are interested in this position please contact me.

That address again is:

STARFLEET - Shuttle Nautilus NCC-544/6  
6050 Peachtree Pkwy. (for all mailing)  
Suite 340-177  
Norcross, Ga. 30092

At this time I would like to reiterate this organization's goals:

•"The primary purpose of STARFLEET shall be the pursuit of unity and brotherhood among members through the promotion of STAR TREK, its goals and concepts." - STARFLEET Constitution, Article I

•To further the enjoyment of STAR TREK and science-fiction in general.

•To perform community service.

•Interaction in the scientific community and support of the space program.

•To support cooperation with other science-fiction fan clubs in a non-competitive manner and further the concept of "Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combination" (IDIC).

•To provide a disciplined, semi-military environment that is fun.

These are our goals, for those of you who didn't know. As you can see, we are not just another fan club.

This edition of The Nautilus News looks even better than the first one, my compliments to Lt. Kemker and everyone who contributed to its production.

If you did not receive a copy of the first newsletter we still have a few extra copies. If you would like one contact the Communications department.

That is all for now, except to say that I hope to see you at the next meeting and keep up the good work.

Until next time then ...

"Carry-on. Bridge out."

# THE FINAL FRONTIER

## BOOK REVIEW

By Albert M. Rainwater Jr.

THE FINAL FRONTIER, by Diane Carey

Or as the reviewer calls it: The return to the animated Star Trek, Ghandi in space, or Papa's big adventure! This is not to say I didn't enjoy this novel. And a NOVEL is what it is. I liked very much. There are very few stories I've read that make me hear the instruments, groaning of the ship, voices and background music and also bring a tear to my eye. Final Frontier does.

As with all novels there is a very simple plot and the action is long in coming. From beginning to end there is a great deal of words of important psychological effect on the other characters which will change their lives. When the action does take place it is frantic, scary and technicaly detailed. It will be very familiar to players of Star Fleet Battles, so much so that I suspect the writers played out their scenarios....

Plot synopsis: Captain James T. Kirk visits the old Iowa farm home and there finds and rereads the letters that his father—space station security chief George Kirk—wrote before his death. With this as a launching pad, we are taken back in time to George Kirk busy writing one of these letters and talking to his friend, fellow security officer Drake.

Shortly thereafter they are kidnapped and held prisoner in a spaceship cargo bay. Scene switch to the person commanding the craft. One Captain Robert April and Sarah Poole (first seen in a guest shot in an animated Star Trek episode called "The Counter-Clock Incident" as retired Commodore Robert April and wife Sarah Poole. Also retold by Alan Dean Foster in Star Trek Log Seven). Captain April has had George Kirk kidnapped and put locked up. He waits for George to get to the bridge, predicting that George will escape from the jail cell shortly... he does.

Once on the bridge, George is informed that he, like the others aboard, were secretly recruited by April for a secret mission aboard a secretly built "STARSHIP". Assembled in secret, parts built in various places, so that no one knew what it was. So new that while it has call letters it hasn't been named yet and has identifying markings. The crew and readers are then treated to a STARSHIP so new that its interior hasn't even been painted yet. The STARSHIP NCC-1701. The first Federation starship with dilithium matter-antimatter focusing and capable of speeds higher than warp 3.8.

Its secret mission: To do a publicity goodwill mission by doing what no other starship can do—dive into the center of an ion storm and rescue a second generation colonization ship which has been damaged and its crew dying from radiation sickness. The colonization ship has subspace communications that can punch thru the ion storm, so as a result the entire Federation (at this time period a very very loose alliance on very shaky legs) can hear every detail of their slow painful deaths. Only

the Enterprise has the sheer power and strength to penetrate the storm and rescue the colony ship in time..

After an impressive trial testing of the ships capabilities, including a reluctantly given ok to test the warp power, sheilds, lasers and particle beams, they speed off to rescue the colonization ship.

There is a classical Star Trek problem and the engines and gravity inertializers malfunction. When they come too a majority of the new installed scanners, sheilding and warp power is down and will take hours to reactivate...

When they do activate the sensors they see a starship on screen of unmistakably Romulan space... Scene switch into the Romulan starship.

Here we learn that the Romulans are in the midst of a political and cultural change that will turn them into the race that we know. A equivalent to a old style Romulan (Klingon thought admiral) who no longer fits into the new regime. This individual "T'Caël" arranges a meeting with the C.O. of the NCC-1701. Captain April received a concussion so its up to the disliked First Officer George Kirk to meet the Romulan on a neutral ground setting asteroid.

Upon seeing the Romulan captain, George mistakes him for a captured Vulcan hostage and "rescues" him from the Romulans. Then the new Romulans attack, to kill, George and T'Caël by bombing the asteroid. The NCC-1701 reacts too slowly to stop it but then, under the command of Drake, reacts and starts shooting out the engines of the attackers. Another first.

After problems with native preditares on the asteroid, communication is finally reestablished, they beam up accidentally taking one of the predatares along.

With the Romulan T'Caels advice on Romulan commanders the NCC-1701, operating on limited impulse power and short range sensors, attacks the attacking swarm fighters and disables them. Then the backup fighter carriers arrive. Robert April wants to retreat but the advice of T'Caël and George Kirk makes them stand and fight.

The NCC-1701 operating with battery power, impulse power, minimal sheilds and weak weapondry, takes on and destroys all the fighters, 3 carrier ships and then finally gets warp power and drives active again. But then they have to face a mother ship, warp capable that carries the fighter carriers, armed and ready for a fighting chase.

The NCC-1701 doesn't run. Instead they turn and attack...

To find out the rest of the story and what happens to them, and what the survivors do for the rest of their lives read "Final Frontier" and lets see if you can manage to keep the music out of your head!

(C ontinued On Page 16)

## **THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE OPEN HAND**

**By Al Rainwater**

Alarms clanged, sirens shrilled, emergency warning lights flashed through twelve different colors of the spectrum! The crippled Gorn scout, converted to private yacht "Open Hand," bounced hard against the atmosphere causing another of the delicate jury-rigged controls to short out!

The acidic stench of burned insulation assaulted Stell's sensitive nostrils while the dry air stung throat and lungs so that he hated to breathe! Checking the Ambassador's condition, the already dry environment had dried out the Ambassador's tissues dangerously, Stell found him unconscious from the effects of the fire. Cursing silently about the need for drier air to keep the Federation wounded healthy, Stell checked to see who else was still awake. Of the Ambassador's Fvres, only the Seetah Keelah were conscious. Stell was uncomfortable with having warmbloods aboard the ship. Teh starship was being piloted by the human Ernst and Seetah Keelah, an inferior human and teacher of poetry- disgusting!

"STELL, STELL! Wake up Dragon! That last bounce knocked out Keelee! I need help with these Gorn controls," shouted Chris Ernst.

Stell hurried to the front, grabbing the wrecked control board. "What do you need me to do?"

"This blasted board says we're out of power, maneuvering thrusters used up, shields down, and we're going in this time! I need power and shields, or we will burn up!" Ernst rattled out, then to the rest of the humans, "Strap in tight back there, we're going in."

Stell hesitated to tell the human that he had little knowledge of the controls. Checking the weaponry section, he found the power cells full, and their protective shields full. As First Sword he had to know all weapons, even those of a Starship. He overrode the computer safeties, and fed the power to Ernst's control, while activating the weapon mounts' shields, praying to the god that it worked while doing so.

"Good job, Mister! Now help me with these barbell weight controls."

Stell considered, for a moment, the pleasure of cutting the human's head off for the insult. Unfortunately, the lives of the Ambassador and his Fvres came before his own honor. Besides, the human had no Sword of Honor to stand for them. Moving stiffly to cover his anger, he grabbed the controls. "I will operate the uncovered controls," Stell stated formally.

"You can operate on a tuna fish for all I care, just help me land this flying brick!" Ernst yelled back of the distraction of a new disruption of alarms.

Stell knew that he would either have to kill this one, or end up having to serve him before thier acquaintance

was over. he hoped the the death would be a dishonorable one.

Marinia twisted about on the sun warmed boulder exposing more of her skin to the tanning rays of the sun. Delicately, she ate her captured crustacean; after all, she was a proper lady! And even if there wre no others on the planet proper behavior should be maintained at all times. She raised her golden maned head and turned large blue eyes skyward at the sound of rolling thunder. Something was entering the atmosphere. Probably just another 'asteroid'. Casually, out of long habit, she activated her wrist tricorder and returned to her still moving meal. He tricorder beeped! For the first time in fourteen years, it read a real starship, not a meteor! Checking the figures, Mariania saw that it was powered by fusion and anti-matter engines, had warp engines and impulse drives and on a course that would bring it down near her dead parents' home. Her parents had not been fools, they had spoken truthfully after all! Help had finally come. With a flip of her strong tail, she was in the water and swimming at a comfortable speed. She would be there in a couple of hours. Sending out a sonic cry, she heard an answer from Vrrhe. He was only a hundred 'kilo' away. Marinia smiled, remembering how fast the Seefo, once they had discovered her family, had adopted their culture and technological terms. Vrrhe would join her at the site. Confident of assistance, Marinia swam faster.

The Ambassador helped Stell pul the last bodies from the grasp of the reaching waves. Scattered over the shoreline was the equipment that the humans had helped gather from the hungry waters of this strange world. The Ambassador had insisted that the retrieving of the dead was their duty. The others of his Fvres were dead, and nine of the the mammals. He couldn't help but think of the chance to 'test' the humans. He had been sure to rescue all of his personal equipment, and thus had all that a being of his position would have. When all were safe, the First Sword would swim down to the wrecked ship to retrieve all that was possible. But first, he had to see that all were physically safe and well, even the humans, for it was his duty to protect all the weak and helpless—even his enemies and inferiors, like the humans.

The mammals were gatehered around a fire, checking their equipment. Good. Stell's power supply for his traditional weapons was very low. Teh fire converter, when put into the flames, would turn the heat into power for his sword and axe.

"Ambassador, Sword. Good of you to join us," Said Ernst with a slight bow. "We need to know what has been salvaged from the ship and share what we personally carried , plus what skilss we can offer to our survival and rescue."

(Continued On Page 5)

## THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE OPEN HAND

(Continued From Page 4)

"My Fvres searched the area for survival, I am here to understand you. The Sword is here to protect my honor, and to keep you humans alive. You need do nothing but exist, it is our duty to protect and rescue you. Sword, what has been saved from the ship so far?" Asked the Ambassador.

Carefully inserting the thermrod into the fire coals, Stell considered quickly. Tell the truth, or at least the majority of it, when it came to personal items. "This device, absorbs heat and light, then converts it to usable power. There are emergency fusion power cells, survival tents, eight water suits, a box of glow lights, two walls of silence, four rooms of peace, an emergency sub-space communicator, a grav sled, one damaged sensor pack, Tohais, sonic sword and axe, a medical kit, one portable analyzer, Medical chemicals, a waterbubble, honor sticks, one box of explosives, a box of grenades, incense, koyat stones, survival knives, a recorder, and one set far memory sticks."

"Mr. Roberts, just for the record, why don't you inform them of what we have to offer to our survival," ordered Ernst.

"Yes, sir: two hand phasers, an engineering tricorder, medical tricorder, a medical kit, for personal communicators, a beltful of fluidonics tools and molecular circuitry, one pint scotch, a holo camera, and four life support belts. In addition, the skills of the Navigator, Helmsman, Doctor, Engineer, and Civillian Recreation Officer," Roberts reported.

Shifting to a sitting position beside the fire, the Ambassador was silent for a moment, digesting the information. "Sense, this seems to be a time for disclosures," he stated slowly. "My Fvres is badly hurt by the deaths of three of our party... We are linked by sinjk, what you call telepathy, who is one of us. What one of the Fvres knows, we all know. The skill of one is the skill of all. We have lost our Doctor, Machine master, Scientist. We are now a Mediator, nurse, philosopher and teacher, computer specialist, and soldier. The Sword of Honor is an outsider.

"Is that because of his different appearance from the rest of you?" asked Lock with a lifted brow.

"No," the Ambassador stated. "Until now my Fvres and I have never needed a representative of Honor before. It was felt by the council of councils that I should have one while in the U.F.P. A friend of a medical clan loaned me their clan's council Sword, Stell, for the duration of our mission. His skills as First Sword are equaled by his skill as a healer. At least I am so informed."

"Yes, useful," Ernst replied slowly. "That still doesn't help us find out where, and maybe even when, we are. Your ship's sensors were already damaged from the explosion, and that unexpected trip through a wormhole didn't help. We crashed so fast that we didn't have time to do a location check."

"I can do a star check tonight, sir," Roberts suggested.

Stell saw the Ambassador's multifaceted eyes change color. It was the colors of Fvres' contact-shades of fear, rage, worry, concern rushed across his eyes. Before the Ambassador could speak, Stell was erect and facing outward, sword drawn, eyes scanning, tail to the ground, feeling for vibrations, fully ready for trouble.

"I am sorry to have failed in my protection of you, human. I have brought you to a very dangerous planet. I can tell you one good thing, I know where, generally, we are. We are on the planet of the Xluziv. a race of bugs similar to your terran ants, only much larger. Which one of their planets, I can't say. But unless we can get very powerful weapons, or get off this planet quickly, we will not survive one of your 'weeks'. Stell, Verrok found their trail, only four to six gells old, no other sign of their passage only 300 krell north of here. Your suggestions?"

Stell heard all of this with one ear; the enhanced ear was attuned for the sounds and vibrations of digging. If there are any bugs in the area, they would sense their vibrations and fire and dig towards it. With tail to the ground, he would feel their digging and could get a direction and speed. Yes! He felt it! It would come up... there!

With a loud battle hiss, Stell leapt into the fire. Ignoring the pain of his burning flesh, he stuck his sonic sword deep into the ground, which brought about an immediate reaction from the thing just below the surface. The fire erupted outward, as a set of very large, blackpincers tried to close on Stell's legs. Stell leaped into the air, while executing a somersault. While in mid-flip, he slashed at the now exposed head of the giant bug. The sound waves bounced off the super-tough exoskeleton, but the sound blinded it long enough for Stell to land, readjust the setting of the sword to overload. Shouting to keep its attention focused on him, Stell cut at the neck juncture, as the bug struggled to climb out of the hole. He hit, cutting deep into the joint. It was hurt, but far from dead. Blue blood and hot ichor spurted into the cold morning air. There was a flash of light as a phaser beam hit the creature, removing a few layers of exoskeleton. Stell aimed and struck again at the neck juncture, this time succeeding this time in removing its head! Phaser fired struck again, this time from four of the weapons. The bug disintegrated in a colorful display of radiation... Four gun!?

"Interesting, isn't it that it took four phasers on disintegrate to destroy it," Rainwater said calmly. "I see a potential market here."

"Shut up, Mister. Form a defensive circle," ordered Ernst.

(Continued On Page 6)

## THE LAST FLIGHT OF THE OPEN HAND

(Continued From Page 5)

"No need, mammal. That was only a worker/scout. it would have left no trail for the others to follow. We are safe, for the moment," Stell said, controlling his breathing. "You asked, Lord? I tell you this: we retreat to the beach, and stay on the wet shore. They are poisoned by salt, even the amount in the air is deadly to them. If the wreck is more than 1000 body lengths deep, I can reach it easier than any of you. There, I will raid the armory and see if the ship will still fly. Maybe we can find a nearby island and retreat there."

Sound travels far underwater. Very far. Marinia hear the crash, and the sinking of the ship for a full two hours before she got there. Vriihe sung that he heard it too, but that Marinia would get there first. Marinia agreed, and swam faster. The growths on her chests slowed her down, her mother had not had them so she had hoped she would not grow them. But father, reminding her that she was a hybrid, warned her that she might grow 'breasts,' as he called them, and to wear something over them. It itched when she did, so she went topless, wearing only her mother's necklace, and waterproof tricorder bracelet. She liked sparkling bright metals. So later, when she reached the broken, twisted hell of the crashed starship, she wondered why the greenish grey long box with handles attracted her so. Picking it up by the handles, she could feel the power in it still. A lot of power.

Its energy made her blood tingle so! It was a land made thing like the items of her father's, yet the water seemed not to hurt it at all. Checking its surface carefully, Marinia could see that it was made for underwater, too. Remembering long hours at her father's side looking through his computer books, Marinia guessed that it was some kind of gun. And still it worked. With a gun Marinia could kill Big Fish, or maybe even the bugs! If it had enough power, maybe she could get some of the things working again! Maybe even the computer on the old ship she had found in deep waters!

Lifting the gun, it was big, much bigger than father's. It was almost too big for her. She aimed it at a coral out-cropping, and pulled the trigger. There was a loud noise, deafening her. A bright light flowed from the end of the gun! Heat much hotter than father's forge assaulted her. The waters in front of the gun were boiled to steam! A force like a major deepwater current picked her up, and threw Marinia backwards through the shallow waters of the coast as fast as lightning in the sky!!! As scared as the first time she had seen the Big Fish, Marinia released the trigger, and dropped the gun. Swimming hard, she managed to stop her backwards motion. The life in the area made so much noise that she had trouble hearing Vriihe frantic inquires. Marinia spent long minutes calming her still distant friend, and herself at the same time. Only then, as the shock wore off, did she see what firing the gun had done.

The waters around her were warmer! The bottom, all that had been within the two lengths of her body, had melted and fused, turning shiny in its new twisted shapes! The bodies of hundreds floated around her. Curious, she tasted one: 'cooked,' like her father had liked to eat! Marinia swam back to the gun. To her touch, the gun felt as full of power as before! A smile crossed her face. The bugs would finally pay for killing her father!

end of chapter one.

## IT'S ONLY A TV SHOW!!!

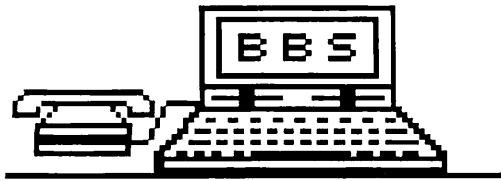
By Patrick Roberts

At a recent convention, I was having a very one sided conversation with a person about STAR TREK. He went on to say that in this particular movie Kirk should have done this and why did Kirk not do that little thing and he went on and on, basically picking things to pieces. Every ten minutes or so I would give him the old William Shatner line "it's just a t.v. show". He would agree and just keep right on going as if he were trying explain why STAR TREK held the key to the universe. I finally just ignored him and walked away. I think I saw him about an hour later talking someone else's ear off.

Talking about STAR TREK is fun and there are many good lessons and inspirations to be learned from STAR TREK, but when people live their whole lives around it, there might be a problem. Sure, Shatner's convention sketch was very funny, but he was making a very good point at the same time. STAR TREK is not meant to live your life around, but to inspire you to make a better person of yourself, like some other great television shows that have been made (MASH, HILL STREET BLUES, PLAYHOUSE 90, etc.). STARFLEET is not just another club that meets twice a month so that its members can sit on their ass and watch two hours of STAR TREK. We believe that people should use their time wisely and constructively and, at the same time, have a lot of fun.

STARFLEET offers STARFLEET ACADEMY, by which a member can learn about the world of science, command, medicine, and security through undergraduate and graduate work. Trivia tests are fun but they really don't contribute to making you a better person. Putting forth an effort to learn something about the world around you does. The club also takes many field trips to very interesting places such as Fembank Science Center and the Marshall Space Flight Center in Huntsville, Alabama. The paramilitary structure of STARFLEET offers a chance to learn discipline and organization. I'm not saying that STARFLEET holds the key to the universe but, by joining STARFLEET, you will have a chance to broaden your abilities and get more out of not just STAR TREK but science fiction in general.

(Continued On Page7)



## STARFLEET ECHO

There is a new and exciting form of communications opening up for STARFLEET and its members. The National STARFLEET ECHO, started by members of the Atlanta chapter of STARFLEET, is a computer based form of communications using the computer bulletin board service's utility called ECHO Mail. ECHO Mail is a process where people first use a modem to establish direct communication between thier computer and the computer running the BBS. Then they can send and recieve messages to any of the other users on that BBS. ECHO Mail takes these messages and sends copies of them (echos) to other BBSs all over the world. In this way a message left on one BBS will become available to BBS users all over the country with in a matter of hours.

Each ECHO has its own topic, ranging from politics, computer advice and help, religion, comedy, for sale, open debates, just about anything people like to talk about. The FLEET echo is an echo devoted to STARFLEET. Messages include discussions on proceedure, ideas on command, help to new chapters, (such as the chapter currently forming in Columbus OH, who first heard of STARFLEET from the FLEET echo), and many other topics related to the fan association. Personnel from several ships all over the country are represented.

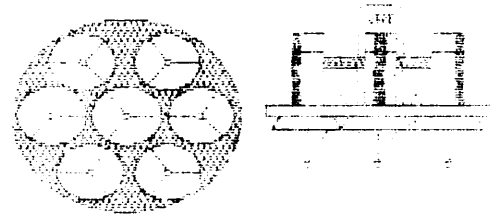
Locally in Atlanta the FLEET Echo is available on two BBSs, PC-ATLANTA, which is also the host, and Centurion OPUS. PC-ATLANTA is operated by three members of the Shuttle NAUTILIUS's command staff. In order to join this exciting new faucet of STARFLEET, you first need a computer and a modem. Simply call PC-ATLANTA as you would any other BBS. The FLEET echo, as well as information about the Echo are prominently displayed. If you currently run a FIDONet compatible BBS and would like to establish a feed of FLEET Echo, simply Matrix Mail a note to PC-ATLANTA at 133/307. For more information about the echo write to:

STARFLEET ATLANTA  
PC-ATLANTA BBS  
(404) 381-6975  
c/o FLEET ECHO STAFF  
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## AIR FORCE WORKING ON PHASERS

Aviation Week and Space Technology is reporting that the Air Force is studying phased lasers (phaser) at their Space Technology Center Weapons Laboratory at Kirkland AFB N.M. (November 2, 1987, pg. 47). The work is being done under the Presidents SDI program the report said. The phaser satellite ( see drawing below) would consist of multiple lasers that would be focused on one target. The lasers are phased such that each wavefront from each laser will contact the target simultaneously creating a massive destructive force. So far, tests have only used up to three lasers, but from drawings, the satellites will use up to seven. An air force official has stated that the phaser concept has shown promise and has been elevated in priority.



### IT'S ONLY A TV SHOW!!!

(Continued From Page 6)

Even though a lot of people live in their parents basement and spend most of their waking hours engrossed in science fiction and fantasy, this writer realizes that it is not his place criticize them for choosing a method by which to make a troublesome reality more manageable. Rather, it is my intent to point out that a lot of this energy could be directed in a positive manner by trying to make that dream of a perfect future turn into a reality. The future is what we make it.



## **THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JACK RUSSELL**

By Brian Flatley

It had been about two years since Lieutenant Commander Jack Russell, StarFleet Intelligence Command, had seen Sol III, better known to its inhabitants as Earth. It was the planet of his birth, but like many other families, his moved off-world early in his childhood. But, he had returned at different times in his life, including completing part of his Academy training.

But Russell wasn't here to go to school, nor was he here to visit his family or friends. He was here to collect his operating orders. He was told to go to a city near an old naval base on the North American Continent, close to the old City of New York. When he arrived in Asbury Park, Russell looked around for his contact. "I wonder who they are going to use this time," wondered Jack. More accurately would be "what," but lets let Jack find that out for himself.

Jack walked over to a public Vid-phone. He was debating which of his friends on the planet he should call. He didn't have much time to think, because he was accosted by a trash-droid.

"EXCUSE ME, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS," stated the droid, holding a small disk in its 'hand.' "DID YOU INTEND TO DISCARD IT, OR WAS IT ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED?"

Jack had never seen the disk before. Figuring this was his 'contact,' he took the disk from the droid. "Must have dropped it, it must have fallen out of a pocket. Thank-you."

"DO NOT MENTION IT, SIR." At least this droid could tell the difference between a male and a female. This gladdens our hero's heart. The droid then went off on its merry little way, stopping occasionally to pick up trash, and to shoot litter-bugs.

But, our man Russell did not notice the droid after it made its cameo in his life. He was heading to a nearby hotel, the Berkeley-Carteret, and checked in. This was one of the nicer hotels that Russell had been in. After taking a shower, he sat down to read his orders. Commodore Wes Smythe, StarFleet Intelligence Command, Sol Sector, appeared on the screen and said to him, "Jack, you are ordered to the USS Manchester NCC 525, where you will be assigned as Chief of Security. The reason you are going to the Manchester is because we want you to keep your eye on Klingon Ambassador Kamarage, who is being transported to the Federation-Klingon border, along with his aides. We have reason to believe that he or one of his aides has information that will compromise several Starbases along the border. You will carry out the normal operations of the Chief of Security, as well as your observations of the Ambassador.

"If you find that the Ambassador and his party has this information, you are to replace it with the information

that is stored under your retinal pattern in the Manchester's computer. Your cover name for this mission is that of Lt. Commander Jack Crager. Your identification is in the desk drawer of your hotel room, along with a brief biography. The Manchester will be leaving in twelve hours from the Earth Spacedock. Good luck, Jack. This disk will self-destruct." The disk then disintegrated. Since Jack had only twelve hours, he decided he had better get to the ship.

After checking out and securing his identification, Russell took out his communicator, and asked to be transported to the Officer's Control deck of the Spacedock. Several minutes passed before he was beamed to the correct area of the base. He presented his new identification to the security agent whose job it was to make sure that Jack was supposed to be there; he was. Jack then proceeded to the hangar deck.

The USS Manchester is one of the newest of the Saladin-Class Destroyers. At 35, Captain Jora Mystel is only the second youngest Captain in the history of StarFleet to sit in the chair of command. She is proud of her accomplishments, her ship, and her crew. She is not pleased with her current orders, however. She does not mind that the Manchester was taken off of her patrol of the Organian Sector, the crew needed the rest that the lag-time between assignments brings. What she does not like is having to shuttle a Klingon back to the border. Many of her crew feel that a good Klingon is a dead Klingon, especially one that openly threatened the life of now-Captain Kirk. To be sure, the Federation wasn't going to allow a ship from the Klingon Navy into Federation territory, sealed weapons or not.

The thing that is most unsettling to Jora is the fact that she is going to have a spook running her security department. Her Security Clearance (SECLAR), along with common curtesy, allowed her to know that Jack was an SFIC plant. She did a stint with SFIC, and hated it. Even though Jora had received good efficiency reports from her superiors, she asked to be re-assigned to Military Operations Command at the end of her tour. She excelled as helmsman on several Starships; and as First officer on the Exeter, she saved the ship from destruction by a Romulan Cruiser, by firing all weapons at once, destroying the vessel.

That had gotten her command of the Manchester. Now, Jora Meystel had to shuttle an enemy Ambassador the border. She was finalizing reports in her quarters, when the Transporter Chief signaled that Jack wanted to be beamed aboard.

"Wait until I get to the transporter room, McKenzie, before you beam him aboard," she said to the chief, and turned off the communicator. "Well, let's see what StarFleet has inflicted on me."

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## THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JACK RUSSELL

(Continued From Page 8)

When Jora reached the transporter room, Master Chief Petty Officer Tomas McKenzie began beaming up Jack. The familiar hum of the transporter produced the new, if only temporary, Chief of Security.

"Permission to come aboard, Sir?" Jack asked Captain Mystel.

"Granted Mr. Crager. Welcome aboard the Manchester," said Jora as she shook his hand. He wasn't what she had expected, and told him so.

Jack didn't mind. To him, it sure beat the hell out of some old, cranky captain who resented having a spy on his ship. "Its nice to meet you Captain."

Jora was about to return the compliment when the doors to the transporter room opened, and in stepped, or rather, in fell Lt. Commander Ben Turner. "Sorry I'm late, Captain, but I wasn't informed of Commander Crager's arrival," Ben managed to say between breaths.

"Sorry, Number One, but I forgot to inform you. Jack Crager, meet Ben Turner, my out-of-breath First Officer."

"Welcome aboard, Commander," Turner said to Jack. "I hope that you find working on the Manchester a pleasant experience." He turned to Jora: "Any word on whether we will be 'hosting' the Klingon Ambassador, Captain?" "Low SECLAR," thought Jack.

"Not yet, but we should now in the next hour or so. In the meantime, I want you to take Mr. Crager to his quarters and show him to Security." She looked at Russell: "I want to see you in my quarters in forty-five minutes, dismissed." She then left to attend to ship's business.

"She may seem like a dragon-lady, but this ship has the best efficiency rating in the fleet since she took command," Turner said to Jack.

"I've had worse than her. How would you like to be the only human on a ship in Vulcan Battle Mode?" Jack said to Turner as they headed for Russell's quarters. Russell lied, of course. The closest he got to Battle Mode, or even Vulcans for that matter, was when he wandered into a Vulcan Library one night after tying one on.

Turner grimaced, "I don't even want to think about it. By the way, you can call me Ben, what can I call you?"

"I was always fond of 'Your Highness,' but I'll settle for Jack." Ben Turner laughed. Jack figured that he might like this guy.

Later, after making some final checks on the preparations for the Ambassador's arrival, Jack went to Jora's quarters. He was let in.

"You SFIC guys are always punctual, I'll give you that," Jora said to Russell when he came in. "Kamarage is to arrive in ten minutes in the Shuttle Bay."

"Why the Shuttle Bay?" the reader may be asking. Simple: Three ships were told that they would be getting the Ambassador. Only Mystel was told for sure. The Ambassador was going to get into a shuttle, which he picked at random. The coordinates for the Manchester were fed to the shuttle's computer from an undisclosed location; even the pilot didn't know for certain where he was going. The three shuttles would then leave simultaneously for the ships. The other two destroyers would receive empty shuttles. All three ships had made arrangements for the Ambassador's arrival.

"I'm impressed you didn't tell your First Officer we were getting a house guest. Your stint with SFIC does you credit," Jack said to his Captain.

"If you think that's a compliment, you're wrong, Commander. I didn't tell him because Ben Turner has a big mouth. He's a very good officer, but couldn't even keep the color of his underwear a secret. I trust you didn't tell him?" she asked Russell.

"I'm not obliged to. It's your call to make. Shall we head to the Shuttle Bay?"

"Yes, I don't want to be another reason for the prevention of peace between us and the Klingons. Let's go."

When they arrived at the Shuttle Bay Jora commented that she was impressed with the preparations that Jack had made: two guards and two technicians were the only ones that would witness the arrival of the Ambassador and his aides, aside from Jora, Jack, and Turner, who once again came rushing from parts unknown. "I keep him on his toes," Mystel whispered to Jack.

"I'm glad I'm not going to be here that long," said Russell in retort.

Turner had the chance to catch his breath while the Shuttle Bay replenished the atmosphere inside. He was the only one of the Command Crew present to look surprised when the Klingons deplaned the shuttle.

Before we return to our story, a word from our author (me). You know, writer's block is an affliction that strikes a writer at critical and not so critical times, like right now. The only known cure is time. Walk away from the story for awhile. Read, watch some TV, and do other things that can give you concepts to steal- uh, expand upon. What doesn't help is when you read about one of the characters of the story in a magazine. This is the case with our Ambassador. In the novelization of Star Trek IV, etc., our Klingon buddy was called the name you see in this story. In a magazine that will remain nameless, but has to do with time keeping in the 23rd century (Stardate- oh! What a giveaway!), he was called something else. I'm not going anywhere special with this, but in case you read the same article that I did, I wanted you to know why I am using this name. One

(Continued On Page 10)

## THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JACK RUSSELL

(Continued From Page 9)

other thing, 53 is a little old for a Klingon. Now back to our story.

The aforementioned Ambassador stepped off the shuttle, strode over to Capt. Mystel, and said with a crescendo, "Captain Mystel, I again protest this outrageous scheme of the Federation, to secret a Klingon of my stature and position...I deserve, nay, I demand my due respect as a representative of a favored line in the Klingon Empire!"

Turner was flustered, Jack was surprised, but Jora Mystel, Starship Captain and student of diplomacy (she read a book on it once), stiffened and replied, "Ambassador, half of the Federation would like to see you dead, the other half want to be on hand to cheer on the other half. My job is to keep you alive until we get to the Border, at which time I will take great pleasure in kicking your butt off my ship. We all do things that we don't like, but life goes on, so stop whining long enough for me to introduce you to these gentlemen."

The Ambassador looked at his aides, who looked at him in return. He then turned back to the crew and started to laugh. "I am sorry, Captain, I only expect your type of attitude from a Klingon. You would make a good Klingon."

"Since I assume that is a compliment, I thank-you for it," Jora had resumed her normal "Commanding Officer" voice. "May I introduce you to two of my officers? This is my First Officer, Lt. Commander Ben Turner, and my Chief of Security, Lt. Commander Jack Crager." After the hand-shaking was finished, Mystel turned to Jack: "Commander, would you show the Ambassador and his party, to their quarters, please?"

"Yes, Captain. Thought-Admiral, if would you follow me, please?" Jack asked, pouring on the charm. The Klingons followed Jack to the turbolift.

After the lift left, Jora turned to her Number One, who looked at her. Ben said to his Captain, "Does he know?"

"I don't know, those SFIC types are pretty slippery, we'll have to wait and see."

Meanwhile, Jack escorted the Ambassador to one of the set of quarters that he had prepared. 'Better paranoid than paralyzed,' his instructor at "spy school" had told him.

"How do you like spying on your shipmates," one of the Ambassador's aides asked Jack, in pretty good Galacta. "Do you catch many disloyals?"

The question at first surprised Russell; until the aide finished the question. He then remembered that his counterpart on a Klingon ship has different duties than he.

Jack decided to have a little fun with him. "I like my job. I don't get to question the disloyal anymore; they had a habit of dying before I could finish questioning them."

"That is terrible, perhaps I may be permitted to teach you some ways of prolonging their life. Thought-Admiral?"

"We shall see, Krog. It will depend on the length of our journey to the planet of the Lightbulbs (Organia, (see, I told you I borrow) me)."

They arrived at one of the cabins, "I do hope that you find this comfortable, Thought-Admiral," Russell said to the Ambassador. "If there is anything that you may need, within reason, I will see to it that you get it.

"Thank-you, Crager. I don't think that we will, but we will let you know," Kamarage said to Jack. "That will be all for now."

Jack left the Thought-Admiral's cabin. 'Nice guy, for a Klingon,' he thought to himself. Jack headed for the security office.

Once Jack got to the office, he started to go through the files of the crew of the Manchester. He knew that at least a dozen records-and-research agents had sifted through the files, but he was taking no chances. He had seen foul-ups before when he was told that there were no known hostiles in a given situation. He didn't want to screw-up again, especially since galactic peace was at stake.

When Jack awoke, he realized that he had fallen asleep (that's why he gets paid the big bucks, folks). What woke him was the page from the ship's intercom. Jack rubbed his eyes and answered the page.

"Crager here," he said, not believing it himself.

"This is Lt. Rogewan, the Senior Security agent on duty, sir. I think you had better come down to the VIP quarters, sir; one of the Klingons is dead."

**End of part one.**



## BENEDICTION

By James Lock

Kay-lynn, the First, called her Council together with a thought. Mere moments later, the men and women who served as her aides and advisors were seated around the Council Table. The woman who led their race stood and faced them. Her face, normally beautiful, was pinched with worry. "Crosstof is gone," she said without the customary formalities and greeting prior to a meeting of the Council. She paused, letting each of the persons in attendance consider what she had said. "He has left and our senior Locator has proven unable to sense him." She swallowed her fear and made her decision; at last, she spoke again. "There is a secret which has been kept among the Telepaths of our people for many generations--and kept most strongly among the Clan C'mbell." Pride swelled in her chest at the mention of the illustrious and noble lineage which had provided the Tyrron race with its leaders-- its Firsts--since the Coming.

The Councilors stared at their leader. To have made known so blatantly that the Law of Honesty had been violated by the Telepaths! How could this have been allowed?

Kay-lynn smiled sadly. As a telpath she knew their thoughts as well and as soon as they did. Much would she have given to have not been the one to whom this burden fell. She drew her breath and raised her downcast eyes to meet the gaze of the Council. A smile was on her face as she spoke:

"The generation after the Coming discovered," she began, "that the telepaths in that first small group were capable of recording their thoughts in certain inanimate objects." She paused and pulled a small clear crystal from the folds of her ceremonial robe. "Such as this. We call them 'thinkstones' because that is what they are for. We record all our knowledge and memories. This is how each First has acquired the memory of that which all his or her predecessors did and experienced."

"Excuse me, First," said Ronal, the Councilor from Clan M'ber of Telekinetics. "I, and my fellow Councilors fail to understand the connection of these crystals to the disappearance of your successor."

"He has left us a message on this crystal. I have read it already; now it must be shared with the rest of the Council. If you will permit, I shall project the message." She did not wait for a spoken reply, but listened to the thoughts of those around her. Kay-lynn projected her mind into the minds of the Councilors. Holding the thinkstone in her hand, she read the thoughts that had been implanted there.

My name is Crosstof, Clan C'mbell. I am the next to become the First of the Tyrrons. I am leaving this message to explain my reasons for what I have done. At the age of twenty-one years, I am the only mature Telepath to be un-Joined. I have received training in the powers of the Empath from the teachers of Clan Yrich.

My curse is the untrained and untrainable precognitive flashes which I suffer from at times. As I am sure all the Councilors are aware, these insights are spontaneous and completely beyond my control. I have gone to the Seers in Clan Olan for their help, but have been unsuccessful.

For many years I have tried to find another with whom I may Join. Following the traditions of our people, I first searched the females of my own clan, then the other clans of Telepaths. When none of these persons proved to be the one I sought I went to the Empaths. Many of you are not aware that an Empath and a Telepath may Join as fully as two Telepaths. Once again, my search was in vain. At last I have been forced to the conclusion that there is no mate for me. I am the most powerful Telepaht of my generation, yet I am forced to spend my life alone.

Even this is not enough to send me into my self-imposed exile. No, this comes from the precognitive sight I am haunted by. I have known for many seasons now at what time I will become my people's First. I also know what will happen shortly after that day. We will then be found those whom our ancestors left many generations ago. My insight has shown me that I will be unable to properly react to this crisis. I do not wish to be the one who shall lead our race into the slavery which we know to be reserved for us should we ever attempt a Return. This is why I have left.

Do not attempt to find me. I am Shielded. Kay-lynn herself taught me how to prevent even our Locators and Seekers from finding me. I went to the Seekers of the various clans until one found for me a place where I may go and live in safety until I am able to return to you. By the time you receive this message I will have been teleported to this place. Even you, Kay-lynn, will be unable to learn from these people where I have gone. I have erased from their minds all memory of what the Seeker and the Teleporter have done for me. They are in no way to share in the guilt of what I have done.

When I have spent time in solitude and meditation and study and am sufficiently at peace with myself to lead others, I shall return to you. If you will still have me, it will be my pleasure and honor, at that time, to become your First. Should you decide by then that I am no longer worthy of such an honor, I will request permission to once again dwell among you -- the people whom I live more than my own life.

Send my regards to all my clan and my deepest love to my family. I would have given my all to have never come to this pass, but if this is to be my cross to bear, then I shall do that which is required of me. Until such time as I am able to return in peace of mind, I bid you all a fond farewell and leave with you this stone to convey my love.

(Continued On Page 12)

# SCIENCE NEWS

By Brian Flatley

In the December, 12 1987 issue of Science News Magazine, Dietrick Thomsen, writes about the interest that was stirred in the world of Astrophysics, when a star in the Magellanic cloud supernovaed.

On Febuary 23 rd of last year, Sanduleak-69! 202, became supernova 1987A. It was the first time in history, the author writes, scientists were able to follow the progress of a supernova and compare it with labratory generated models. With this new found information, the modelers were able determine the range of models that can fit the phenomena.

A supernova is, "the largest explosion in nature, except for the formation of the universe itself," according to Stirling Colgate of the Los Alamos, New Mexico, National Labratory. Colgate and his colleagues were impressed with how well their models agree, but admitted that there were some things that are not been understood.

Unlike previous supernovas Sanduleak-69! 202 had been observed and catalogued before it exploded. but says Nolan Walborn of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center, the star did next to nothing that would indicate its intentions. Another oddity Sanduleak-69! 202 appeared to be a blue supergiant. Supernovas like 1987A were only supposed to happen to red supergiants, according to previous model studies done. This raises the question of whether or not the star really was a red or a blue supergiant before it blew. One theory put forth suggests that a lack of metals in the composition of the star, along with being in a metal poor galaxy, made the star blue, but acted as a red at supernova. Yet another theory, suggests a short red giant phase, and a third says that the models didn't take into account the observational restraints.

Scientists believe that the star had a mass 15 times greater than that of our Sun. They also agree on the composition of the star. An iron -rich core, surrounded by carbon, oxygen, sillicon, and nickel, which will dominate the supernova's light in later stages. That layer is surrounded by helium and a hydrogen-rich envelope. They believe that the star's explosion created a shell of interstellar matter, one light year from the star, an explosion created by the collapse of the iron core.

At first, SN 1987A caused some concern among the scientists because it was not as bright as a supernova of its class should have been. But recently, the star began conforming to precedent. Also, there has been no evidence of a pulsar, although there is evidence in infrared spectra that a nebula may be forming. Only time will tell what path SN 1987A will take.

## BENEDICTION

(Continued From Page 11)

The Council sat in silence after hearing the message. The Councilor of Clan Yrich was the first to speak. "We must go to him," she said. "He needs to return to us. We cannot risk his being found by Them."

The First felt the agreement of the others on her Council. She turned to the one person who had remained silent in voice and mind. "What do you see, Tella? What does the future hold for Crosstof and for us?"

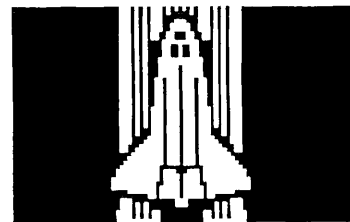
The Seer gazed into the future, as was her gift. Her face was stern when she spoke. "He will prosper in his new land. There are others there who will in time welcome him. He shall be well."

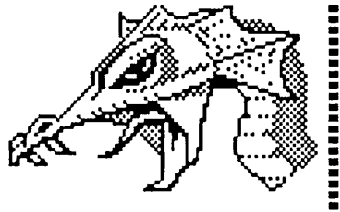
"And the other thing he said?" the Sensor Councilor asked. "What of Their coming?"

"Until Crosstof spoke of it, that pathway of the future was not mine to see. But, now that his thoughts have touched mine, I also may follow the line. He spoke truth in his Seeing. In nineteen of our years we shall be found by Them. Beyond that, I cannot yet see."

Silence fell as each member of the Council considered this new knowledge. At last, Kay-lynn spoke. "He has chosen his path. Though we miss him, we must let him walk that path. May the minds of those he finds in his new home be open to him." She invoked with that one sentence the highest blessing of the Telepaths. "And may he be happy."

Kay-lynn folded her hand over the thinkstone Crosstof had left. At last the tear began to flow down her cheeks. The tears of a mother mourning her lost son.





## THE GAMING CORNER

This column is devoted to all types of gaming. If you have a comment on a particular game or you would like to write about a particular game, please submit your idea to us. We are interested in anything to do with gaming: addendum, variants, new scenarios, new games, ideas, reviews, in other words, ANYTHING. Please write: STARFLEET-ATLANTA or call: THE GAMING CORNER Pat Roberts 455-9347 6050 Peachtree Parkway John Kemker 491-8423 Suite 340-177 Norcross, GA 30092

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Looking for GOOD Star Trek: The Role Playing gamers call Pat Roberts at 455-9347

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Looking for modules for Dr. WHO role playing and TWILIGHT 2000 besides those from FASA and GDW. Call Brian Flatley at 475-2285

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If you are looking for a great computer simulation get Project Space Station by ADVANTAGE. It's not a game it is a SIMULATION and it's fantastic! PJR

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Is there anybody out there that plays, or is interested in playing, RINGWORLD? Big Niven fan in Chamblee with "Billions and Billions" of tons of experience in gaming needs players/GMs/what-have-you for Chaosium's Ringworld. Call John Kemker at 491-8423

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Looking for a good flight-simulator for the IBM-PC? Check out Falcon, by Sierra On-Line. If you have a modem, you can fly against a friend! JEK

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I heard that MEGATRAVELLER was just as screwed up as regular traveller. I wonder if GDW is ever going to get it together and put out a version that really works. PJR



## SPACE M\*A\*X

By Brian Flatley

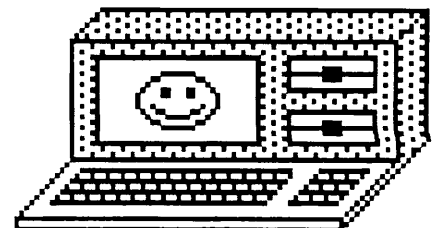
In the December, 1987 issue of Omni magazine, Steve Ditlea discusses a new piece of computer software that simulates the steps towards going "... where no one has gone before." Space M\*A\*X (M\*A\*X stands for Materials processing, Astrophysics, and eXperimental modules), is a program that puts the user in charge of the development of space projects. The user attempts to finance the project, hire the correct personnel, run research projects, and the assembly of a space station. The last part, according to the author, is the closest the simulation comes to being another arcade-like game.

Ditlea writes that the simulator's author, T.L Keller, a former systems analyst for unmanned space projects at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, spent long hours on research to create a realistic simulation that is a hit with the space industry and NASA.

Simulators imitate reality. Depending upon the difficulty level selected, the project head may encounter fires, toxic explosions, and other unfortunate occurrences. According to Keller, the highest level of play has even given him sleepless nights. The 137-page user manual details the ins and outs of shuttle leasing, doing research in space, and the problems that can occur in space. The author based his space station on plans drawn up by NASA and Mc Donnell Douglas.

The full simulation, from obtaining funds, to safely landing the shuttle at Edwards Air Force Base, may take the user over eight hours of real-time play. The user may save simulations in progress, to be continued at another time.

As an encore, according to Ditlea, Keller is planning Lunar M\*A\*X, a simulation of the business of developing the resources of the Moon. Space M\*A\*X is available for IBM, and compatible computers.-Omni Magazine, December, 1987; page 22.



# STAR TREK: SEARCH FOR THE GODS

by Richard A. Wyatt

Science fiction is a literature of ideas, which is why it generally translates poorly to the small screen, a medium which tends to discourage ideas of any substance. Fortunately, Star Trek has been a major exception to this rule. It is not surprising, then, that Star Trek has on several occasions addressed what many consider to be the ultimate question: who are the gods, and what is man's proper relationship to them?

In "Who Mourns for Adonais," the crew of the Enterprise encounters one of Earth's most ancient gods, Apollo. He immediately demands that the humans bow down and worship him, and Kirk refuses. In the tradition of most of Earth's gods, Apollo responds with a wrathful demonstration of his superior powers.

The humans discover that he is the last of a race of beings with almost omnipotent powers, who visited the Earth in ancient times and taught the simple farmers and shepherds that they found the arts of civilisation. They guided us through the childhood of our species, but what Apollo does not realise is that we have outgrown the need for gods. In the end he destroys himself rather than face the truth. Kirk expresses momentary regret at the loss of one of the builders of our culture, but it seems unlikely that he would act any differently knowing the consequences of his actions. Our gods must either be ready to accept us as equals, or be destroyed.

In "How Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth," the Enterprise encounters another ancient god, Kukulcan of the old Central American legends, but the results are nearly the same. The god cannot accept the fact that his "children" have grown up; indeed, his own actions seem somewhat childish in comparison to those of the humans.

In "The Apple," the crew of the Enterprise encounter yet another god/protector of a primitive society in the form of Vaal, a computer created in the image of a serpent. This time Kirk makes the decision that it is high time these people outgrew their gods as well.

In "Return of the Archons," Kirk again sets a race free from bondage to its god, depriving them of the Peace of Landru but giving them the right to choose their own destiny. (One wonders how many of these civilisations that Kirk has "set free" still survive into the 24th Century!)

"Bem" finds Kirk confronted with yet another god/protector, the benevolent guardian of a species which is only now developing the rudiments of civilisation. For once he decides to leave well enough alone; these people still need their god, and he respects that need.

Mankind has outgrown his gods, but is he ready to take on the mantle of the gods himself? This is the question asked by "Where No Man Has Gone Before."

During the Enterprise's encounter with an energy barrier at the edge of the Galaxy, Gary Mitchell and later Elizabeth Dehner are granted godlike powers. In a very short time they see the other humans as little more than

insects, an annoyance to be destroyed rather than tolerated. In the end it is Dehner's last shred of humanity that spares Kirk and the Enterprise of Mitchell's wrath, though she must die for her transgression. Like Prometheus, she must be punished for daring to use the power of the gods.

The Platonians ("Plato's Stepchildren") have inherited godlike powers from a substance called Kironide. Though they have patterned their society after the ideals of the ancient Greek philosophers, they have degenerated into a decadent race which uses mortal beings as slaves and objects of torture. The dwarf Alexander, alone among the Platonians as a mortal human, proves himself to be a greater man than them all by refusing their power when it is offered to him. And though McCoy quickly discovers the source of their power and a means of endowing normal humans with it, they never use the Kironide again.

In "Hide and Q", Riker is offered the power of the gods. But Star Trek's vision of the 24th Century portrays an even more mature version of humanity than what we saw of the 23rd; though tempted to play god, Riker soon realises that such power is not meant for him.

In this episode, the godlike Q reveals that mankind may someday evolve into godlike beings on their own; their potential may be even greater than that of the Q themselves. But such powers can be as much a curse as a blessing, as Sargon reveals in "Return to Tomorrow." His people evolved into a race of godlike beings with limitless powers, only to face a crisis even greater than the threat of nuclear destruction was to 20th century man. Eventually they destroyed each other.

The Preservers ("The Paradise Syndrome") have set themselves up as gods, creating and transplanting cultures complete with their own religions to insure their proper development, yet they would seem to have met the same fate as Sargon's people; they have vanished almost without a trace.

The creators of the Guardian of Forever ("City on the Edge of Forever") discovered the key to manipulating time itself, only to vanish as well.

If, in the 24th Century, we have outgrown our gods but are not yet ready for godhood ourselves, where are we? Perhaps Kirk gives us a clue in "Bread and Circuses." He speaks with reverence of Christ, recognizing the civilizing influences of his teachings (let us for a moment forget the Inquisition, the Crusades and the witch hunts). Though the gods are no longer a mystery, the teachings of great men such as Christ, Buddha, Confucius, Ghandi and Surak have survived, and indeed appear to thrive in this brave new world. No longer do men need to fear the punishment of the gods in order to treat their fellow beings with fairness and respect. There may be eons of evolution ahead of us, but we have at last emerged from the need for dogma and fear.

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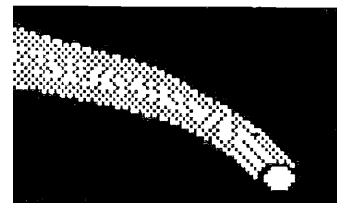
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If you are interested in placing an advertisement in The Orion Gazetteer, write to:

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Please try to keep any classified advertisement under 100 words. If you would like to include artwork in your advertisement, write to the above address for more information.

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## CONVENTION CALENDER

If you have or know of an upcoming convention, we would like to list it free of charge. Please send us the name, dates, location, guests, events, and an address and/or phone number for those interested. Be sure to send to:

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STARFLEET-ATLANTA or call: Patrick Roberts, 455-9347 CONVENTION CALENDER John Kemker, 491-8423 6050 Peachtree Parkway Suite 340-177 Norcross, GA 30092

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COSTUME CON 6, Feb 12-15 '88 (specialty con) San Jose, CA Costumer's panels, workshops, contests, and much, much more. Members \$35 after 1/1/88 at door. For more info: Costume Con6, 112 Orchard Ave., Mountain View, CA 94043.

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SERCON 2, Feb 12-14 '88 (SF con) Austin, TX, Marriot at the capital No costuming, media programming or gaming. Guests include: Vincent DiFate, L.W. Curry, and more. Members \$35.00 until 2/1/88 more at door. For more info: Sercon 2, P.O. Box 27345, Austin, TX 78755

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BASHCON '88, Mar 4-6 '88 Toledo, OH. Student Union third floor, University of Toledo main campus. The sixth annual gaming convention of the UT Benevolent Adventurers' Strategic Headquarters (UT-BASH) with auction, miniatures painting contest, movies, exhibitors/dealers, and more than 120 other gaming events. Guests include: Steve Jackson. For more info: Student Activities Office, UT-BASH, BASHCON, 2801 W. Bancroft St., Toledo, OH 43606, or call (419) 537-4654

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The Second Annual Atlanta Spring Comics Fair, Mar 5-6'88 Atlanta, GA. Radisson Inn at I-75 and Howell Mill Rd Exhibition and trading area, costume contest, comics auction, panels, video room, and much more. Guests include: Mike Grell, Lurene Haines, Rod Whigham, and many more. Memberships are \$9.00 for both days or \$6.00 for EITHER day. For more info: address mail to 482 Gardner Rd., Stockbridge, GA 30281 or call 961-2347

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MOC III, Mar 25-27'88 Columbus, GA. Columbus Iron Works, Convention & Trade Center The third annual Magnum Opus Con with costume contests, gaming, STARFLEET chapters from all over the south, 5 video rooms, print shop, fencing, auctions, and much more. Guests include: Colin Baker, Grace Lee Whitney, Wil Wheaton, Angelique Pettyjohn, Yvonne Craig, Mark Ralston, and many more. Membership thru 3/11/88 is \$25.00. At the door \$30.00. Admission to the con is \$2.00. For more info: Magnum Opus Con 3, 4315 Pio Nono Ave, Macon, GA 31206

DEEP SOUTH CON/PHOENIXCON'88, June 10-12'88 Atlanta, GA. Pierremont Hotel. That's right. Phoenixcon will be hosting Deep South Con this year so don't miss it. Hasn't really been announced yet so keep in touch with the NAUTILUS NEWS for the latest info!

---

ATLANTA FANTASY FAIR'88, June 24-26'88 Atlanta, GA. The Atlanta Hilton and Towers. Costume contest, fantasy gaming, draw off, benefit aution, replica weapons, and much more. Guests include: William Campbell, Bruce Hyde, Jonathan Harris, Jonathan Frid, Steve Jackson, Stan Lee, and many more. Memberships are \$24.00 until 1/31/88 then \$27.00 until 5/30/88. At the con, memberships go on sale at noon, Friday, June 24th. 3-day memberships will be \$30.00. 2-day memberships will be sold on Saturday and Sunday only at \$20.00. 1-day memberships will be sold on Sunday only for \$10.00. For more info write: ATLANTA FANTASY FAIR, 482 Gardner Rd., Stockbridge, GA 30281 tasy gaming, draw off, benefit aution, replica weapons, and much more. Guests include: William Campbell.

### REVIEW - THE FINAL FRONTIER

(Continued From Page 3)

For role play gamers there is a lot of background info, a great deal of subtle references to the Star Trek Spaceflight Chronology. Early Federation, how to adapt Starfleet battle culture-yes there is some, some, and possible SFIC tie ins.



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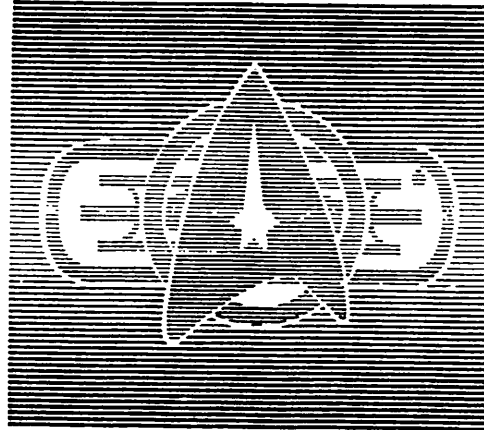
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### An Atlanta area chapter has now formed!

A STARFLEET chapter has now formed in Atlanta. The shuttle Nautilus, (N.C.C. 544'6) is the local chapter for STARFLEET in Atlanta. We have had a lot of interest, so come show yours! The meetings are both fun and informative. We discuss upcoming events, plan field trips, go to conventions in the area, participate in non-Star Trek science-fiction, watch Star Trek episodes (on Laserdisc!), have refreshments, and generally enjoy spending time with other persons of similar interests. In our group we have a wide variety of people with varied interests and backgrounds. There will certainly be something for everyone! Present plans for the organization include getting uniforms for the crew and science-fiction gaming. In the spirit of IDIC (Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations) we encourage and support other organizations like our own.

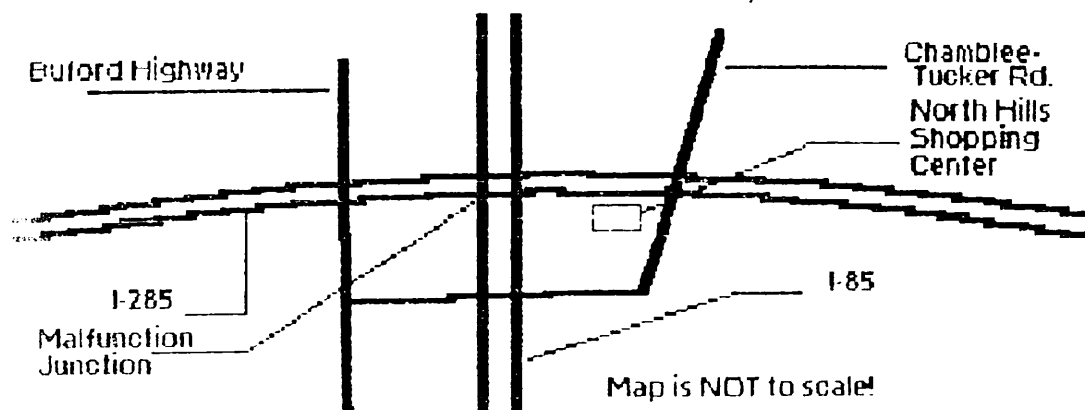
Our meetings are held at Video Tonight, in North Hills Shopping Center at the intersection of I-285 and Chamblee-Tucker Rd. The meetings are held every first and third Saturday of the month at 12:00 noon. Please contact one of the names below for further information.

Chris Ernst            998-1070  
Jon Crimes            448-7494  
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