

The Nautilus News

Volume 1, Issue 4



NAUTILUS

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Editor.....Richard A. Wyatt
Communications Officer.....Lt. John E. Kemker

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You now hold in your hands a collector's item of extreme rarity and value—the last issue of the *Nautilus News!* As soon as you're finished reading this, seal it in a plastic envelope and file it away for safe keeping—it may someday be worth more than Superman #1! (See the Commander's Report for more details.)

As long as I've got your attention, I might mention that we have some interesting reading in store for you as well. Richard Hogen presents an overview of future plans for America's space programme, as well as some suggestions of what you and I can do to make those plans a reality. Here's your chance to show the world that Star Trek fans are not just a higher class of couch potato.

We also have a report on Starfleet's involvement with several recent conventions. Shuttle Nautilus is rapidly becoming the most talked-about chapter of Starfleet, and our convention presence is one of the many reasons why.

Jonathan Crymes explains what the future holds in store for our sun—read this before making your weekend plans. Unexpected supernovae can ruin your whole day.

We have two short stories for you this time. Robin Campbell's 'Pursuance' takes us to the aptly named ice-world *Hellaius*, and Brian Flatley presents another installment of the adventures of everyone's favourite galactic nuisance, Jack Russell.

As for next time, we'll be back with a new name and a new look, and hopefully lots more stories and artwork from you. If you plan on submitting your work for publication, see John Kemker for a copy of our style manual, which will tell you everything you wanted to know about our requirements, plus a few things you probably didn't want to know.

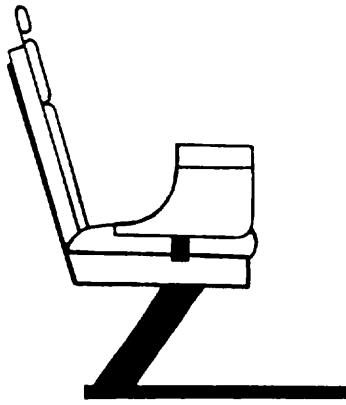
If you have any suggestions, comments, etc., please see me at any Starfleet meeting (I'm the one with more hair than a *Mugato*), or call me at 448-6457 after 6 p.m. This is your newsletter, and feedback, or even (gaggh!) criticism from our readers is always welcome.

Until next time,
Warp Speed!

Richard A. Wyatt
Editor



Our Illustrious Editor



FROM THE CENTER SEAT

By Cmdr. Christopher F. Ernst

"Address intercraft."

"System open, sir."

"Attention all hands..."

Hello again and welcome to this fourth and final issue of *The Nautilus News*. I say final because by the time the next issue would be due we will have been commissioned a Starship and our new publication will be coming out. This is also the first issue handled by our new editor, Richard Wyatt. I'm sure that Richard will do a great job on the newsletter and I wish him all the luck in the world (he'll probably need it).

We have had a few changes on the staff that you should be aware of. Lt. Brian Flatley is our new Security Officer. LCdr. Jon Crymes will be stepping into the position of Science Officer vacated by James Lock in favor of the Associate Membership option (see the next paragraph). I have gotten some feed back on staff/chapter relations. I ask for feedback and ideas so that I can see the problems in the chapter and come up with solutions. I thank those who have brought these problems to my attention; you have helped me and you have helped the chapter. There is a problem in communication between the staff and the general membership and with the staff making decisions without first consulting the membership. While I won't go into a lengthy explanation or try to make excuses, I will say that the problem is being dealt with. This is a very, very busy time for the chapter. We are growing fast, it is the convention season, and we are going to be commissioned very soon. Many issues must be dealt with in a timely manner and if we wait until a meeting to discuss it with the membership we might miss out. I ask that you be patient and hang in there while we get through this rough phase. You wont be disappointed. Continue to give me feedback as to chapter operation. The problems that you bring to my attention will be addressed. Also, come to the meetings. It is the best way to stay informed and the best time to bring up your observations and ideas.

Starfleet has provisions for those members who are not into the para-military aspects of the organization. Its called the Associate Membership option and is outlined in your membership handbook. An Associate Member joins Starfleet and the local chapter (just like an Active Duty Member) but is not assigned into a specific division and is not given a rank or

serial number. An Associate Member can participate in all chapter functions and projects. An Associate Member may not be the Chapter Chairperson or Vice-chairperson and may have no authority within the local chapter. Essentially an Associate Member is a member just like any other but without all the military trappings. In this chapter, one Associate Member will sit on the chapter staff and function (just as any other officer) to advise the Chapter Chairperson, to express the views of the general membership, and to take on responsibility for specific tasks. This "Senior Associate Member" will be nominated and elected in by the Associate Members of the chapter. At the last meeting (E.D. 8804.16) James Lock was voted into this office. Congratulations James!

We will be moving our meetings to the DeVry Institute of Technology starting with our meeting on E.D. 8805.07. As was explained to and approved by the members at the last meeting, DeVry is very anxious for us to use their facilities and we have outgrown the room at Video Tonight. DeVry will be providing us with a 100 seat lecture theater located in the front of their new main building. At this next meeting, our first at this new location, we will be having a presentation by the National Space Association. Don't miss out! More information about the move is on its way to you now.

You are probably wondering what we will be doing at Dixie Trek. We will of course have a recruiting table, much as we did at MOC III. We will host the ST:TNG trivia contest. Several members of our crew are on the Dixie Trek staff. We have a suite and two double rooms reserved for Starfleet members to use. But, most importantly, our chapter will host the Dixie Trek con suite! We can make the con suite a really jumping place, pack it with Starfleet advertisements, recruit members and have our open (but dry) party there. If the con suite is open twenty-four hours a day they can't close us down! Plus, if all goes well there will be a special surprise for you there at Dixie Trek. So go to the con! All our Dixie Trek plans will be finalized at our next meeting - E.D. 8805.07.

Very soon we will be upgrading to full Starship/ chapter status. When we are commissioned as a Starship there are some changes I would like to institute. The name and type of ship we will become was put to the membership at the last meeting. We have requested a Heavy Cruiser (movie style Enterprise) with our name choices as follows (in order): Nautilus, Intrepid, Republic, Farragut, and Defiant. I would also like to instate the division of Ship's Services and re-instate the Operations division. Anyone interested in either of these positions should contact LCdr. Patrick Roberts or myself. I'd like to see a larger magazine, published monthly, with more regular features, and copied on 11" x 17" paper (folded and stapled down the center). This would justify higher annual dues, perhaps in the \$10-\$12 range. Furthermore, I would like to begin more semi-military ceremonies to recognize promotions, achievements or awards, such as Crewman of the Month. I would like to put out a local handbook with guidelines about chapter policy, procedures, structure, ceremonies, uniforms, etc. . And last but not least, I think it would be nice to adopt a chapter charity; something local like the homeless or a local mission or the Braves. Let me know what you think.

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FIRST ANNUAL SOUTHERN SPACE CONFERENCE

Earthdate: 8801.23 Second of Two Days

This is an expansion of an outline for an oral report given Earthdate 8802.6 by ACO Richard Hogen of the Shuttle Nautilus 2001/6.

What is the need for a national space policy? What goals should such a policy include? What are our options?

Back to Luna What reasons would the USA have for going back to the moon? The moon is composed mostly of metals and metal oxides (ceramics). Lunar metals can have two important uses: 1) they can easily be exported to an Earth-orbiting space station for use in orbital industry and in the construction of interplanetary exploratory vessels, and 2) they can be used to build remotely controlled construction devices and/or self-replicating robot factories which break down metal oxides into usable metals and oxygen. Oxygen is used for life support and fuel oxidizer, two of the most important ingredients in space activity. There is another reason to go back to the moon, but it is an indirect one. The experience we gain in establishing the moon as a resource will have a positive effect on our research into closed-loop ecology.

On to Mars What reasons would the USA have for sending a crewed mission to Mars? Should such a mission be a 'Federal Express' one-shot mission or a natural result of the Lunar activities discussed above? Is a Federal Express mission even possible with current technology? Would the public pay for a gradual expansion to the moon and then to Mars, as such a plan would provide no 'instant gratification'?

There are several reasons to go to Mars: 1) it is a non-hostile environment that would be easily adapted to as living space, 2) its moons, Phobos and Deimos, may be mostly water, which is mostly oxygen, and might serve as refurbishing stations for trips farther outsystem, and 3) it is rich in a variety of volatiles, and detailed exploration of Mars and its composition would prove to be invaluable.

The debate of 'Federal Express' vs. 'Infrastructure' revolves entirely around the issues of public support and investment/return. It is assumed by Carl Sagan and the politicians he lobbies that the American public is uneducable, therefore he proposes a 'Federal Express' mission to capture the spirit of adventure and to rejuvenate the US Space Program. A noble cause, but it is not viable for two reasons:

1) a NASA study has shown that WITH CURRENT TECHNOLOGY, a direct mission to Mars would have to carry something on the order of 4000 spare parts per active part on the vessel in order to complete the entire THREE YEAR JOURNEY, given a CONSERVATIVE part replacement rate, and

2) a closed-loop life support system does not yet exist, and there is some question that it is even possible given current technology. I talked with the Bear-Peckhams, who are working on the space station at Boeing, and they seem to have no doubt that it's possible. Still, they are shooting for a 180 day emergency survival margin, which simply DOESN'T suffice for

a Mars mission. Remember, a Mars mission would be THREE YEARS long, not 3 days like a moon shot. There are those who are daunted by the task of selling a space exploration infrastructure to the American public, and they propose a direct mission to Mars. There are those who realize that the only way to maintain a permanent presence in space is to establish an infrastructure, just as the US government did with the 'wild west' by subsidizing the railroads.

Government or Private? Is it possible to expand into space solely in the private sector or solely by government activity? Which is best?

NASA's operations bureaucracy has proven to be ineffective. The great shuttle compromise serves as a good example of design and implementation which is perverted by political realities. Everything NASA creates itself MUST be 3 or 4 times the cost it would be if created by private entrepreneurs; everything is 'gold-plated', and the most expensive materials and processes are used to ensure success because NASA cannot afford a failure, even though in the long run cheaper systems prove to be MORE reliable. NASA's operations bureaucracy has also proven to be exclusionary; it does not peaceably coexist with the private sector.

Examples : 1) NASA will always use Beryllium instead of Aluminum for a payload chassis because it is lighter than Aluminum. Beryllium costs TWICE as much as Aluminum, but Aluminum is not twice as heavy as Beryllium, can be machined almost anywhere, and can be put into orbit at least as cheaply as a Beryllium payload. 2) Given a launch vehicle that costs \$50 million with a probability of successful launch at 60%, and a \$300 million LV with a 90% probability, NASA would choose the \$300 million system because of its short term success rate, even though it could purchase THREE of the cheaper systems for HALF the cost and gain a HIGHER overall chance of success using the three LVs (93%). 3) NASA does not build anything on a production line due to the special properties of the materials it must use. Thus, nothing produced by NASA is modular or expendable. Private enterprise uses common materials which can be found and machined anywhere, thus making less expensive, more modular systems available which are more cheaply repaired, upgraded, or even replaced. 4) Until the Challenger exploded, NASA had been increasing its efforts to destroy private LV companies. After the explosion, when the United States was left with hundreds of payloads on the ground waiting to be launched, NASA agreed to a COMSTAC (Commercial Space Transportation Advisory Committee) proposal to create a licensing and logistical support structure for the private sector.

Private Enterprise, on the other hand is far better suited to space operations. Accountability is to the market, which is ALWAYS reliable. Entrepreneurial budgeting is more efficient, while competition keeps prices down. Also, the private sector even now has access to more orbits than NASA, which is restricted to the shuttle's LEO (low-Earth orbit). On the other hand, the private sector can be disorganized and perhaps dangerous if not forced to comply with certain guidelines that keep their activities within the interests of the American people.

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SPACE CONFERENCE Continued

Thus, NASA must be the Administrative agent in the allocation of US space resources, but MUST stay out of actual operations.

If you have an opinion to express, you have several options:

1) Join a support group (NSS, SpaceCause, SpacePac)

National Space Society
International Space Center
922 Pennsylvania Avenue SE
Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 543-1900

Cost is \$30 and you receive SPACE WORLD magazine, an excellent educational publication.

SpacePac (Political action)
2801 B Ocean Park Boulevard, Suite S
Santa Monica, California 90405

For more information, contact DARIN BRISKMAN (Sciences).

2) Write your representatives

The Hon. _____
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C. 20515

The Hon. _____
U.S. Senate Washington,
D.C. 20510

3) Contact the presidential candidates

Michael Dukakis
20 Park Plaza #832
Boston, MA 02116
(617) 451-2480

George Bush
733 15th St. NW #800
Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 842-1988

Richard Gephardt
304 Pennsylvania Ave SE
Washington, D.C. 20003
(202) 544-8088

Albert Gore
Box 75663
Washington, D.C. 20013
(202) 224-4944

Jesse Jackson
733 15th St. NW #327
Washington, D.C. 20005
(202) 783-1110

Space Station Update

In response to the report on the National Space Policy, Congress has agreed to the construction of an Earth-orbiting space station. The space station is to be a stepping stone to the Moon or Mars or wherever we plan to go to next, and will

be designed for an orbit of about 250 nautical miles (shuttle-accessible). It uses water as fuel for its OMB (orbital maneuvering booster); the hydrogen and oxygen are separated by electrolysis, and the explosive result of recombination provides motive force. There will be at least three permanent research laboratories, built by the European Space Agency, the Japanese, and the USA. The experience gained in long-term orbital living, closed-loop life support, orbital maneuvering, and industrial research will be essential to all later missions.

NASA reported that a space station could be built within a certain budget and time and that it would have every frill a space station could need. As it turned out, the proposed budget soon became insufficient, so NASA decided on a PHASED CONSTRUCTION plan. By this plan, the station would indeed have every frill imaginable, but the station itself would not, at first, be as large or as powerful as it could be. Instead, the original budget estimate would provide the first phase, and the budgets for upgrades would be appropriated later. The upgrades include larger and more efficient photovoltaic arrays, a vertical truss structure to expand the station's ability to accommodate external payloads, a garage with a Canadian manipulator arm on a rail, and possible orbital boosts.

The first phase is divided into several work packages: #1 -- habitat, laboratories, & resource nodes #2 -- overall configuration, truss structure, docking/berthing adaptor #3 -- accommodation of external payloads #4 -- power structure (at 250 nautical miles, the only limiting factor is atmospheric drag!)

There are several technologies important to the space station. The closed-loop life support system must be able to keep the astronauts alive for 180 days after the food supply is exhausted. It is especially difficult to recycle oxygen and water, but it can be done; the space station's life support system will make all later crewed missions possible. The station is to be ergonomically comfortable and efficient; one of the requirements is that every facet of the station is to be fully compatible with the smallest Japanese lady, the largest European male, and everything in between. Studies are being conducted on local verticals, colors, and textures to aid orientation, and the internal mobility system in particular is being thoroughly researched. One goal is to have a station that can be internally repaired. (a 3-inch hole still allows 2.5 minutes of breathable pressure with which to escape--you then don your pressure suit, return to the damaged compartment, and repair the hole.) Radiation shielding is too bulky and heavy to cover the entire station, so the station will make use of 'safe havens', specified areas which are more heavily shielded than the rest of the station and which will probably be the quarters. Interestingly enough, the space station is an international endeavor, it is NASA administered, and it is shuttle-reliant. The first launches have been rescheduled from '92 to '94, and recently NASA has delayed the shuttle again. The fact that it is an international project is a good sign, but I expect the space station to be a fiasco, namely because it is shuttle-reliant. This very fact dooms it to the political climate and NASA's operations mismanagement. I truly believe that

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SPACE CONFERENCE Continued

the only thing that will save this country's space program will be the private launch vehicle and payload companies. The next few years will be crucial to commercial space transportation; let us write our representatives in D.C.

Ethics and Justification on the Frontier

The last part of the conference included a discussion of the ethics of human expansion into space. Although many of us are supporters of expansion into space, we don't always know exactly WHY. Most of us see space as a natural progression, as were the great sailing ships of the 15th century. Many of us, because we grew up with Star Trek and other positive examples of our potential, simply assume that humans should expand into space.

None of us are so blind that we do not see what the latest technological age is doing to our planet at our present stage of social and personal development. For the longest time, humans have abused the Earth for the sake of temporary gain. The Information Age has facilitated the incorporation of shortsightedness into our basic social and economic institutions. The masses perceive no need for space travel.

This is not unusual. The merchants and people of Europe in the 15th century mocked those greedy men who sought the riches of 'Indie' and 'Cathay', just as people mock the supporters of human expansion into space. Mars? Space station? What duzzat got to do with the price of tea in China?

It can be argued that if the 'New World' had not been discovered, the 'Old World' would have destroyed itself for lack of space. It can be argued that the same applies today.

The justification for human expansion into space is simply that the old Earth-bound ways of thinking and of doing things are not sufficient to support an expanding population of 5 billion. The earth-bound population is expanding at an exponential rate, while economic and social systems struggle but fail to keep up. Those who have become enveloped in the institutions of shortsightedness once again mock expansion into new space, while the realists scramble to acquire the riches of the frontier.

It sounds idealistic, but it is in fact the only way this planet will survive. We MUST develop new ways of feeding our people. We MUST find new space for our people to inhabit. But MOST IMPORTANTLY we MUST grow beyond our shortsightedness.

Author/Social Scientist Frank White was at the meeting, and he discussed his discovery of 'The Overview Effect', which he describes fully in his book of the same name. 'The Overview Effect' is his name for the shedding of shortsightedness which occurs when people travel in space. He interviewed people who had gone into space, test pilots, and even some ordinary people who had experienced a change in perception simply by watching recordings of space missions. Every single person he talked with had that experience. It is even more remarkable when you realize that NASA and the USAF were aware of the euphoric feelings of their high-altitude test pilots and had adopted an astronaut recruiting program designed to pick

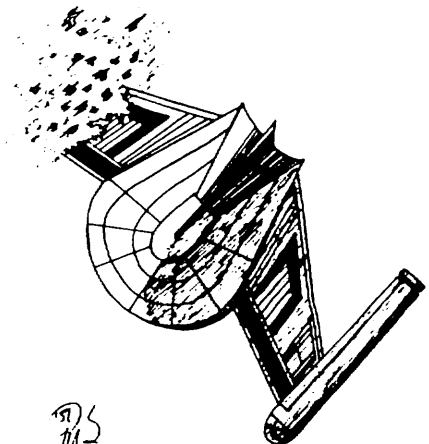
people LEAST LIKELY to have such experiences. It seems that shortsightedness has only a tenuous grip on us.

Perhaps the single greatest benefit of human expansion into space will be the speedy loss of shortsightedness. With every launch and every live link to space vehicles, the public gains a measure of awareness.

The symptoms of our shortsightedness are highly visible. One example is the health care system, which concentrates mostly on acute disease rather than chronic disease; we work very hard at prolonging our lives, but we work very little at making our lives happier and healthier. Just a few years ago, the number of people in the USA ages 65 or over exceeded the number of people ages 18 or younger, and those elderly people suffer from innumerable chronic diseases which prevent them from being productive in society. It is a terrible feeling to be unproductive, especially when the society around you still bears resentment for it. This cycle of ever aging and increasing population has reduced our economic strength and has raised the overall cost of health care. Eventually, the system will break down, and it may drag our economy with it.

Another example is the so-called 'Information Society'. We gain almost instant knowledge of every kind of event that takes place within a span of 24 hours. Everyone has a watch on their wrist, and even if they don't, there are clocks everywhere reminding us that the day is coming to a close. We are so inundated with DAILY EVENTS that we spend all of our time in a day managing the data, which is comprised mostly of limitations. We also become very individualist (which is euphemistic for selfish) and litigious in our thinking. It is only natural that shortsightedness becomes habitual, and limitation of resources becomes assumed. It is difficult to believe that an individual can make a difference, or that world starvation will not somehow be overcome, or that the resources of space are limitless.

Health care must shift to the chronic, which would be indicative of the acceptance of death as a part of life. Education must shift from the teaching of limitations to the teaching of unlimited potential, including education of the adult population. We must adopt a long-term national space policy aimed at the establishment of a space transportation infrastructure. And, most importantly, we must each sacrifice a little time and energy to promote awareness of the need for human expansion into space.



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A REPORT FROM THE CON

By Cmdr. Christopher F. Ernst

Yes the pun was intentional, but accurate. We piloted the Nautilus to two conventions recently: Magnum Opus Con III in Columbus, Ga. (8803.25 - 8803.27) and Vulkan in Tampa, Fl. (8804.19 - 8804.20). Before I report on our activities and these conventions let me pause to thank LCdr. Patrick Roberts, LCdr. Jon Crymes, LCdr. Bart Alcorn, James Lock, Lt. Brian Flatley, Ens. Richard Hogen, Lorain Bell, and Crewman Karen Jordan for going to one or both cons and helping to represent the Nautilus. I also want to thank the chapter as a whole for all the enthusiasm and support behind these trips.

M.O.C. III - The con was an outstanding achievement for the chapter. We had a great fan table in a pretty good location. At the table we handed out literature, signed up members, talked to people about Starfleet, and got lots of people to sign the Challenger Stamp petition. We had membership packets for those people who joined at the con. This was a big selling point. Of the fifty membership packs we had we sold forty-two including one to con guest Marina Sirtis! We also sold our T-shirts and Division I.D. badges. Both items sold very well. We gave Marina a badge and she wore it the rest of the time. We also gave her a T-shirt while she was signing autographs near the table; this boosted T-shirt sales. We signed up a bunch of people for more information. The people in our area have been mailed an information pack which will hopefully impress them so much that they will join. The names from outside our local area were mailed to the Regional Coordinator to distribute to the other ships in the region.

We hosted the first ST:TNG trivia contest. The turn out could have been better but we had a good time. We gave away some great prizes including one year's membership in Starfleet to the first and second place winners. Of course we held one of the best parties at the con. We had two adjoining double rooms in which to have the party. We advertised at the con and we gave away door prizes. This was a big encouragement for people to come and stay. The party was great; a little to great so as usual the hotel closed us down. But it was still a great party.

Another good thing about M.O.C. III was that it was a good opportunity for us to meet a lot of other people; both within Starfleet and not. I met RAdm. Linda Taylor, several ship and shuttle C/O's, lots of other people in Starfleet and lots of people who were interested in starting chapters. We probably got a dozen new chapters started.

M.O.C. III was especially interesting because it was at M.O.C. II that I found out about Starfleet and this was like a milestone for me. One year ago at this con I decided to start an Atlanta chapter of Starfleet and this year we were very much in charge of the Starfleet presence at M.O.C. . Whenever I talked to someone about starting a chapter I made it clear to them that a year ago I was just like them and that they could see what we have accomplished in just that one year. Overall M.O.C. III was an incredible success.

VULKON - This is what happened with Vulkan. At M.O.C. III we had been told that Comm. Sherry Bowen was the new Regional Coordinator. I received a letter from Sherry describing what was going on at Vulkan with Starfleet; the

opening ceremonies, the Commanders Call and the opportunity to really make your chapter stand out. The staff agreed that we should put it to the membership weather or not we should attend. The membership voted unanimously to send a "landing party" to Vulkan.

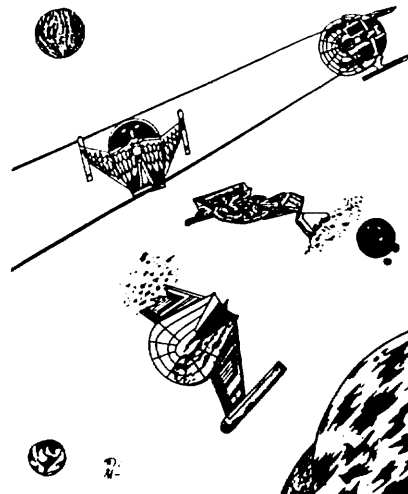
We only had one week to prepare for the con, but even so the chapter did an outstanding job. The con started on Saturday (8804.19), but some of us had to work Friday. We drove straight through Friday night and Saturday morning and arrived at the con around 7:30 a.m. . We set up and ran the Starfleet advertising table (much the same as we did at M.O.C.). Again we sold our T-shirts, I.D. badges, and Starfleet memberships. We signed up more people for more information and on the Challenger Stamp petition.

At the opening ceremonies there was an introduction of all the ship and shuttle C/O's and the chance to tell everyone a little about your group. I had this great little speech all prepared and of course when I got up there I forgot almost all of it, oh well. We still out shined everyone. We gave con guest jonathan Frakes a T-shirt and badge and a first issue Nautilus News. (We will be giving jonathan a Starfleet membership at Dixie Trek, just like we did Marina at M.O.C. III .)

There was a Region II Commander's Call at Vulkan. This was one of the main reasons we went. This meeting was held by the new Regional Coordinator Comm. Sherry Bowen and included all the ship and shuttle C/O's from the region. It was a chance to get to know each other, talk about the problems in the region and how they could be solved, go over proposed regional policy and give input, and express ideas on where the region is headed. The big joke was that I always had something to say on every issue brought up.

There was also an open meeting where we talked about what Starfleet is and the upcoming plans for the region. These plans include a Regional newsletter, a trip to the next Space Shuttle launch, and the introduction of some regional policies (most of which are restating what is in the membership handbook). Comm. Bowen realizes that one of the main problems with the region has been a lack of communication. The regional newsletter and the continued expansion and use of the Starfleet echo will help to remedy this. We will probably see Sherry at Dixie Trek.

The bottom line on Vulkan is that we really impressed a lot of people. The Nautilus is recognized as a very active and outgoing chapter with a lot of new and innovative ideas.



PURSUANCE Continued

During an exploration of an uncharted star system, the ship came upon a beautiful planet they named Empyrean. This planet was classified as a Class M with a tropical surface. The crew agreed to a landing party and Twyla found herself volunteering to go with them. She was as curious as everyone else to see if this was truly paradise.

The landing party transported themselves down in the middle of a forest. They felt comfortable enough to remove their ebony body suits and feel the warmth of the sun. Teams of two branched out to explore the terrain. Twyla left alone as she had requested. After all, she was quite capable of handling herself in any situation.

Not realizing how far away she had travelled on foot, her wandering mind touched that of another's. She followed the location quietly not making any sound. She heard other voices in the distance and crouched behind a boulder to remain hidden from the alien people. Her eyes narrowed to see in the distance.

There were grass huts, wooden fences, farm animals, and tannish humanoids conversing in an alien tongue. She sharpened her mind to that locale to listen more closely. By their voice inflections, she could tell they were emotionally upset. She moved stealthily closer to find out what the problem was.

In the middle of this circular group, one body laid on a grass stretcher. One female (or what looked like a female) sat on her knees at the head of this person making a wailing sound, her body rocking back and forth. The others stood by quietly, eyes closed, and joining in that horrible sound. Tears streamed down their faces.

Being so entranced by this scene, Twyla accidentally moved, making enough sound for the natives to hear. She heard commotion, looked up, and saw a male walking towards her. Realizing it was too late to escape, she slowly stood, causing little movement which might be construed as hostility. Normally in any other situation, she would have teleported herself to safety. However, she did not feel she was in any danger from these people.

The male motioned for her to follow him. As she came upon the area, she noticed what the problem was. The body on the ground laid still as if in a coma. She detected faint life signs. At this point, her instinct overtook her actions. Bending down, she automatically entered the injured's mind. Her right hand hovered over the heart then moved purposely over the entire body. She felt pain. Shutting her eyes, Twyla concentrated upon healing. A white glow emanated from both of them causing the other primitives to back away. She barely heard their voices filled with terror. AS her hands touched the patient, she felt even more pain. Summoning all of her strength, she physically braced herself to withstand the intensity.

After what appeared to be several hours, the glow dissipated. Twyla collapsed from exhaustion but not to unconsciousness. She could see shadows circling over her body. Finally a hand touched her and as if by surprise, it was lifted quickly. After more alien speech, more hands touched her and she could

feel her body being lifted. Her eyes opened once again with her black double-pupils connecting at the center of each eye due to the darkness. She found herself in a sparsely furnished hut. Someone forced her to drink what tasted like water. She remained still not wanting to use up her renewing strength.

A few minutes later, the newly healed person entered the hut. She felt joy seeing him after he had been so near death. The boy knelt beside her, took her hand, and kissed it. She smiled as sleep overtook her.

Upon awakening, Twyla sat up slowly. Her mind automatically reached out, searching for a presence. A brief moment later, she found people outside of her hut. She could feel their warmth and happiness exude from their very souls.

She leisurely stood while deliberately planting both feet on the ground, testing her strength. Once satisfied, Twyla walked over to the door, slightly opened it, and peeked out. One of the aboriginals noticed the movement and with hand motions, invited their guest to join them.

The young Hellain joined her new found friends. She sat close by the campfire, allowing them to place a flowery wreath around her long raven hair. Twyla had difficulty understanding their speech at first. After awhile, she began comprehending what they were asking. They wanted her to stay and live among them.

Choosing certain words she had already learned, the healer agreed to remain. She explained to them she must leave temporarily, find her people, and notify them of her decision. She promised to return as the natives jumped for joy.

Twyla left them, returning to her vessel. She requested to speak with Captain Procentia alone. She explained everything that had happened to her.

"I would like to return and live there, at least for awhile."

"We knew where you were and sensed no danger. All of us felt one alien to them was enough to handle. So we decided against making ourselves known. I knew you'd return. Why do you want to stay?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I get this feeling of serenity and long awaited happiness. I feel a need to stay."

He knew there wasn't any sense in arguing with a healer. "What do I tell Dr. Pharmenides?"

Twyla smiled. "Tell her I have found my home. She'll understand."

"I have no choice then but to let you go. I do hope you find what you are searching for. Until eternity."

"Captain, I hope I find the answer as well. For Eternity."

She returned to her new home. With the help of these people, Twyla built a grass hut which became her temporary living quarters. She instructed her friends in the craft of woodworking. Together, they built permanent homes within the confines of the wilderness.

PURSUANCE

By Robin Campbell

Twyla Sophylaan stopped to ponder the landscape of her homeworld of Hellaius. She observed the icy sands which illuminated before her eyes. The wind blew strongly against her but she stood steadfast dressed in her outer body suit. Looking further away, she noticed the glacial mountains which seemed to reflect the succulent spirit of her people. The two moons, Mnotos and Quaros, shone brightly through the rainbow-hued clouds and even caused dark shadows upon the varicolored snow. Tranquility transcended the scenery, a serenity which was indescribable. Although her indigenous spirit seemed to harmonize with the elements, she felt a restlessness flourish within her consciousness.

She shivered, not because of the cold, but because of a lost memory from a remembered life which should have been. She turned and walked inside the domed edifice. She sat by her desk staring at the pile of medical reports left undone hours ago. Her perception of another presence entering the room caused her to turn around in her chair. She recognized her superior, Dr. Naana Pharmenides, Imperial Physician.

"I was looking for you. I read your resignation. Why have you decided to leave?"

Twyla sighed, she was not fully prepared to explain the situation. She just wanted to depart quietly without causing a scene.

"You know about the death of my Protector. He was my mate and everything here reminds me of the happiness we once shared. I can't stay here and expect to begin a new life."

"You are an invaluable healer, I hate to lose you. Is it necessary for you to relinquish your position?"

"I make no promises to return. By resigning, you can fill my position with another who is just as qualified. Please understand, Naana, if there was another way, I would have taken a different avenue. I have thought about this for a long time and feel this decision is right for me."

"I'll accept it on one condition: you notify me where you are so we can keep in touch. We are friends and I'm concerned with your well-being."

"Thanks."

"Do you have any definite plans?"

"Negative, my only plan consists of travelling around the galaxy until I find a place which interests me. Then, perhaps, I'll settle wherever that may be."

"I wish you luck for all eternity."

"And I wish you all the happiness for all eternity." The two women hugged, both having an inner feeling neither would ever see each other again.

A few days later while she was packing her belongings, Twyla thought about Phalia. She could almost feel his strong arms around her waist. His words of concern before she was scheduled to leave for the Outpost had meant nothing to her at that moment. She had explained he duty was to those injured

from an alien attack. She had to head the medical team ordered by Dr. Pharmenides to rescue those still living.

Having a form of precognition, Phalia had refused to be deterred. He knew of the impending disaster which would take his life and possibly hers. He clung to her as if he had never wanted to let her go. Sadness had shown on his face, something he had tried to hide. She had taken his actions as just a sign of concern, not a forewarning.

She thought how ironic to think of the situation in retrospect. She realized afterwards he had been trying to warn her of danger. He had nearly broken his vow as a Precog, never being allowed to interfere with what he envisioned with his gifted sight. Still his love for her had been strong so he tried to hint of a disaster. That way his vow would not have been totally undermined.

Phalia did not fear death itself but was concerned because he could not see beyond his own fate to that of his mate's. Like any other Hellain Precog, he accepted the visions as a way of life even in their limitations. Usually, he saw several roads to one possible future, but this time, there was but one vision. He had no choice but accepting what was to be. He had tried to save his mate from disaster without knowing what was in store for her. All of this she surmised after it was too late.

She remembered seeing him for that last time with tears flowing down her brownish-highlighted golden cheeks. His lingering kiss could still be felt upon her lips. She had felt his presence on the ship which was trying to divert the fire from the alien vessels who had returned to annihilate the base. An error in judgement had caused the destruction of the Hellain vessel. At the moment of the explosion meaning the death of her beloved, Twyla's mind blanked out due to the breaking of the bond. She remembered falling as darkness enveloped her but never landing on the floor.

When awakened, Twyla had found herself back on her homeworld. Naana fully explained the events after she was found unconscious by the medical team. More Hellain vessels had appeared, destroyed the enemy, and rescued the survivors. Although Hellains are taught to accept situations as they are, she found herself unable to accept Phalia's death.

During the ensuing tow years, Twyla kept to herself. She cut herself off from everyone, including her friends. Life had no meaning to her any longer and she wished for eternal peace from the turmoil which raged inside of her. Only change could bring peace.

With finality of the decision, she turned in her resignation to her superior, Naana. Hellaius held no meaning to her any longer for too many memories clogged her mind. Her routine performance as a healer even suffered because of lack of concentration.

She applied and was accepted on board a research vessel. As an empath and a healer, she was a valuable member. Her mind opened up to the challenges of research. Phalia no longer remained prevalent in her memories. She kept herself busy with the crew as well as the alien lifeforms which they encountered. Still, an emptiness remained.

Continued Next Page

PURSUANCE Continued

During an exploration of an uncharted star system, the ship came upon a beautiful planet they named Empyrean. This planet was classified as a Class M with a tropical surface. The crew agreed to a landing party and Twyla found herself volunteering to go with them. She was as curious as everyone else to see if this was truly paradise.

The landing party transported themselves down in the middle of a forest. They felt comfortable enough to remove their ebony body suits and feel the warmth of the sun. Teams of two branched out to explore the terrain. Twyla left alone as she had requested. After all, she was quite capable of handling herself in any situation.

Not realizing how far away she had travelled on foot, her wandering mind touched that of another's. She followed the location quietly not making any sound. She heard other voices in the distance and crouched behind a boulder to remain hidden from the alien people. Her eyes narrowed to see in the distance.

There were grass huts, wooden fences, farm animals, and tannish humanoids conversing in an alien tongue. She sharpened her mind to that locale to listen more closely. By their voice inflections, she could tell they were emotionally upset. She moved stealthily closer to find out what the problem was.

In the middle of this circular group, one body laid on a grass stretcher. One female (or what looked like a female) sat on her knees at the head of this person making a wailing sound, her body rocking back and forth. The others stood by quietly, eyes closed, and joining in that horrible sound. Tears streamed down their faces.

Being so entranced by this scene, Twyla accidentally moved, making enough sound for the natives to hear. She heard commotion, looked up, and saw a male walking towards her. Realizing it was too late to escape, she slowly stood, causing little movement which might be construed as hostility. Normally in any other situation, she would have teleported herself to safety. However, she did not feel she was in any danger from these people.

The male motioned for her to follow him. As she came upon the area, she noticed what the problem was. The body on the ground laid still as if in a coma. She detected faint life signs. At this point, her instinct overtook her actions. Bending down, she automatically entered the injured's mind. Her right hand hovered over the heart then moved purposely over the entire body. She felt pain. Shutting her eyes, Twyla concentrated upon healing. A white glow emanated from both of them causing the other primitives to back away. She barely heard their voices filled with terror. AS her hands touched the patient, she felt even more pain. Summoning all of her strength, she physically braced herself to withstand the intensity.

After what appeared to be several hours, the glow dissipated. Twyla collapsed from exhaustion but not to unconsciousness. She could see shadows circling over her body. Finally a hand touched her and as if by surprise, it was lifted quickly. After more alien speech, more hands touched her and she could

feel her body being lifted. Her eyes opened once again with her black double-pupils connecting at the center of each eye due to the darkness. She found herself in a sparsely furnished hut. Someone forced her to drink what tasted like water. She remained still not wanting to use up her renewing strength.

A few minutes later, the newly healed person entered the hut. She felt joy seeing him after he had been so near death. The boy knelt beside her, took her hand, and kissed it. She smiled as sleep overtook her.

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KLINGONS 1, FEDERATION 0

By Brian Flatley

In the last chapter in the life of Jack Russell, Jack was left for dead on a planet made up of young, nubile sixteen year-olds. I realized that Jack would die a horrible, agonizing death, so I sent Jack back to the USS Manchester, where his cover as Jack Crager, Chief of Security hadn't been broken, yet. Now he had to investigate the death of one of the Klingons that the Manchester was taking to the border.

"I wouldn't have died a horrible death, you two-bit John Ford," Jack said to me, in his one and I hope last conversations with the author.

"Jack, you, Captain Mystel, the readers, and myself are the only ones who know that you are a Starfleet Intelligence agent. Do you want one of us to tell the Klingons, who would then probably kill you," I said.

"But I have a- hey! What happened to my phaser?!"

"Heh, heh, heh. I'll give it back if you promise not to do any more talking back to me, o.k.?"

"Sure."

"Sure what, Jack?"

"Sure, sir," I forced Jack to voice.

Now, on with the story. As I said, Jack was heading to the area where one of the redshirts (I know the uniforms have changed, but it is still a nickname used for Security personnel) reported finding a body. When he got to the Rec Deck, he saw Lt. Rogewan, and a Gorn. Not sure what to do about the Gorn, he did what he is supposed to do: act as if nothing is out of order.

"Who's the Gorn?" Jack said, starting to piss me off.

"I am Sssword Massster Lettsss, Sssir. I am in the Federassshun Gorn exchange program, Sssir," Lettsss- I mean Letts said to Jack.

"I see," Jack turned to the Lieutenant, "Mr. Rogewan, report."

"Sir, while the Ensign and I were making our normal rounds, we encountered the prone body of one of the escorts. We checked for life signs, but found none. We then signaled for you, Sir. We have not moved the body."

"Which means that you have not determined what apparently caused his death," said Jack.

"No, Sir. We did notify sickbay, a medical team is coming to remove the body, and we have sealed off the area, sir."

"Human author, I been in thiss sstory for more than five paragraphsss, and haven't had anything to sssay sssince I wasss introducsssed," said the ticked off Gorn. "I wisssh to protesst thiss obviousss rassscial biasss. I alssso wisssh to object to all thessse wordsss with ssss in them. I may hisss a little, but you are overdoing it."

"Listen, lizard lips, I brought you into thiss sstory, and I can take you out. Had you been patient, you would have stated something that would have led Jack to the Klingon's killer. Now, you'll be lucky not to be the one in the next landing party

to test the weird alien monster," I said, feeling that I was losing control of the story.

Jack, feeling a little uneasy about having me around, decided that he better get back in character, and act like a Security Chief, "Letts, tell me what you think happened to this Klingon."

"Well, sir (that's better, thank-you), I think that either a member of the crew, or one of the Ambassador's party, killed the Klingon."

"What advantage would the Klingons gain by killing one of their own?" Jack asked, testing the Gorn.

"I thought that would be obvious, Sir. The death of one of their people would give the Klingons yet another reason to show that this mission was a bad idea, another item of anti-Federation Propaganda. If nothing else, it is a good excuse to get rid of a rival officer, and pin the blame on the Federation."

"Impressive presentation, Ensign," Jack told Letts. As the medical team arrived, he took the ranking officer aside and said to her, "Ensign, I do not want the rest of the crew to know about this. I know who knows about it, and if anyone talks about it, they will be severely disciplined, understood?"

"Commander, its just a Klingon. Why would any of the crew care that a Klingon is dead, Sir?"

"Because I said they would care, Ensign. Tell the CMO that I want a report on the cause of death as soon as possible," Jack told the young Andorian.

"Sir, shouldn't you inform the Captain?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Inform me of what, Mr. Rogewan?" Said Jora Mystel as she entered the area where the Security convention was taking place. "Good God, what happened to him?" looking not the least bit happy.

"He's dead, Captain," reported Russell. "The Lieutenant and the Ensign discovered his body while they were making their rounds. They signaled for me, and then a medical team. I was taking their reports when you arrived, Sir."

"Very good, Commander, keep me informed of any progress towards finding the murderer. Carry on," Jora said to the group, then left.

As if on cue, the medical team began to remove the Klingon. Jack told them that he wanted the CMO's report. "In fact," he told them, "tell Dr. Albert that I want him to give me his report before he delivers it to the Captain, understood?"

"Yes, Sir," The paramedic told Jack.

"Sir," asked Rogewan, "why should the Doctor give you the report before the Captain gets it?"

"I thought that would be obvious. The investigation is a Security matter, therefore, we should get the report first, because it will aid our investigation. Besides, with over 200 crew, plus the Klingons, everyone is a suspect."

"Including us, Sir," added the Gorn.

Continued Next Page

ENGINEERING REPORT

My staff and I are currently working on a book detailing warp engines: how they work. This book will attempt to be the bottom line on EVERYTHING about warp engines. We are using fan produced magazines as well as FASA material and of course Paramount material. Anything you might have to contribute would be very much appreciated. We continue to work on the fan table for upcoming conventions. Remember, any technical questions you have should be brought to the engineering section. Until next issue.

LCDR Pat Roberts,
Executive Officer/Chief Engineer
Shuttle Nautilus N.C.C. 2001/6

JACK RUSSELL
Continued

"Correct, even we are suspects. Dismissed."

Jack decided that he should go tell the Admiral that one of his party is dead. He can almost hear the reaction: "What do you mean..."

"...mean that one of my escorts are dead!! THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!!! (where have we heard that one before.) My government will not put up with the outright murder of a Klingon national by Federation scum."

"Hold it! What makes you think it was one of my people? No offense, but Klingons are known to kill their own comrades," Jack retorted.

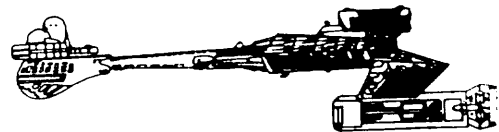
"I trust my aides implicitly, Commander," said Ambassador Kamarage. "I personally screened each member of my party before we left for your third-rate 'Federation'."

"Well, in any case, I have a killer to catch, be they from the Federation, or the Klingon Empire," Jack told Kamarage. Jack left for his office.

When Jack got there, he decided to review the personnel files again. He wasn't sure why, but a voice inside his head was telling him that he had the answer.

Jack did not hear the door to his office open because Jack likes to listen to twentieth century rock music. Jack was listening to a Rolling Stones disc, when he realized that he was not alone in the room. He couldn't see who it was, but he was certain that they were holding a gun. He tried to use the desk as a shield by trying to duck under it. The figure fired.

End of Part Two



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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.

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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

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CONVENTION CALENDER

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AMIGOCON 3, APR 29-MAY 1 '88
El Paso, TX. Holiday Inn-Sunland Park.
AGoH: George Alec Effinger. AuGoH: Brad Foster (creator of "Mechthings"). Art shows, dealers tables, panels. Registration: 3-day: \$12 before 4/22/88, \$15 at door, Reception: 1-day: \$7.50, \$2.50 with 1 day membership. For info: Amigocon 3
P.O. Box 3177
El Paso, TX 79923.

SWASH-BUCKLIN' CONTRAPTION, APR 29-MAY 1 '88
Southfield, MI. Southfield Hilton.
SF con. Guests: Octavia Butler and Arthur Hlavaty. Masquerade and costume contest, Troupe Ta' Amullat Dancers, wandering Mensans and Julia Ecklar. For info: Contraption
P.O. Box 2285
Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

DIXIE TREK '88, MAY 13-15'88
Atlanta, GA. Sheraton Century Center Hotel.
The 8TH annual science fiction con. GoH: Jonathan Frakes, Julie Newmar, Jon Pertwee (tentative). Other guests: George Perez, Joel Eisner, Jerry & Sharon Ahern, Brad Strickland. Other events include: films, contests, videos, gaming, charaties, comics, dealers room, and much more. Memberships are \$24 until 4/28. \$28 at the door. For more info:
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Cornwall, Ont., Canada. Cornwall Civic Complex & Convention Center.
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6142 Waterloo Rd.
Columbia, MD 21045
For info: Valley Con 1

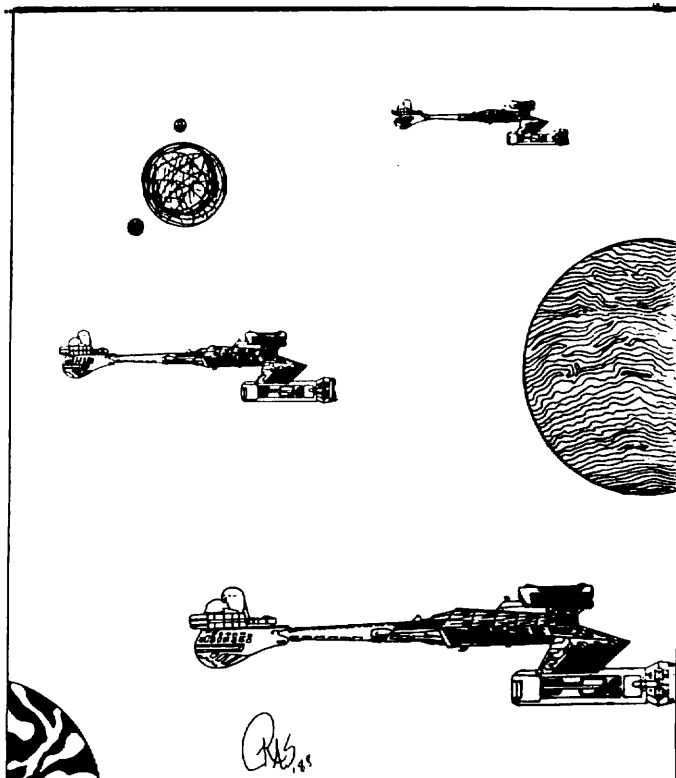
Box 1576,
Cornwall, Ont. K6H 5V6, Canada.

CONQUEST 19, MAY 20-22 '88
Kansas City, MO.
SF con. GoH: Howard Waldrop. FGoH: Bob Hise. TM: David Hartwell. Art show, readings, stardance, masquerade, panels, trivia, banquet, hucksters room, gaming tournament, open gaming, filking, videos. For more info: ConQuest 19
Box 63212
Kansas City, MO 64111.

BAYCON '88, MAY 27-30 '88
Sunnyvale, CA. Red Lion Inn, San Jose.
SF & F con. Masquerade, dealer's room, art show, colorful japanimation, dancing, gaming. Registration: \$35 until 4/30/88, \$40 after that. For info: BayCon '88
P.O. Box 70393
Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

88TH ABA CONVENTION & EXHIBIT, MAY 28-31 '88
Anaheim, CA.
Trade show. For info: American Booksellers Association
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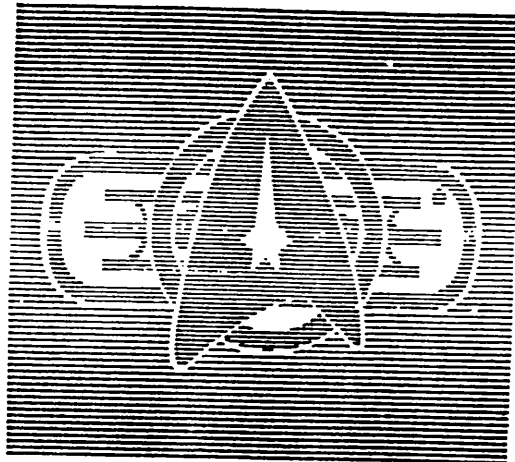
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STARFLEET is the fan organization with something for everyone! Members the world over are united in appreciation of Star Trek - the greatest human adventure. Dozens of chapters spread across the planet link members into local fandom and the central organization.

Annual membership in STARFLEET begins with a package containing a membership handbook, a membership card and certificate, STARFLEET memo pad and listing of all chapters including the one nearest you! The membership handbook will introduce you to STARFLEET's unique infrastructure that offers several membership options. One of which allows you to be an "associate member" with little or no obligation other than receiving the membership materials and newsletters. Another option provides a more futuristic atmosphere for those fans intrigued by the paramilitary aspects of Star Trek. After receiving their membership package, a new member will have the opportunity to sign aboard the starship (chapter) of their choice and hold a fictional rank and position! They will even be able to attend STARFLEET Academy, STARFLEET's correspondence program!



ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP RATES

United States **\$8.00**
Overseas, Canada & Mexico **\$12.00**

Another element of STARFLEET is your year's subscription to the COMMUNIQUE, which is included in our membership fee. The COMMUNIQUE provides updated news and information on Star Trek, as well as current information on STARFLEET operations, and STARFLEET chapter operations, in addition to analysis and reviews of past Star Trek adventures and upcoming conventions.

When joining in the U.S., please send check or money order. For overseas, foreign currency is welcome. Send to: STARFLEET, P.O. Box 843 / Newton, IA 50208-0843 / U.S.A. Please allow 2-4 weeks for membership package to arrive.

STARFLEET MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Check One

- New Member
- I am also enclosing \$1.00 for the STARFLEET Challenger Memorial Fund

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Recruited by: ATLANTA AREA CHAPTER
SHUTTLE NAUTILUS NCC-2001/6 DATE OF BIRTH: _____

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THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES!

STARFLEET®

Welcome to the Atlanta Chapter of Starfleet!

STARFLEET is an international association of Star Trek fans with chapters across the planet. Chapters all over the world link members into a network of well-structured activities. In Atlanta, the local chapter (presently the Shuttlecraft Nautilus) has been in existence for over a year, providing Atlanta-area Star Trek fans an opportunity to participate in the fastest-growing science fiction fan club in Georgia!

The Atlanta Chapter wants YOU!!!

The Atlanta Chapter of Starfleet is a progressive young group of science fiction fans dedicated to the spirit of IDIC: Infinite Diversity in Infinite Combinations. We encourage unity between our chapter and other organizations in Atlanta and elsewhere.

Starfleet offers two different styles of memberships: Associate and Active Duty. Associate Membership offers a plethora of activities, wherein an Associate Member can participate in whatever activity he or she desires. Activities include outing, field trips, conventions, picnics, parties, and more!

Active Duty members have the full rights and privileges of Associate members with the addition of Rank and Position as if aboard a real starship. This offers them the opportunity to advance in rank and gain more responsibilities within the organization.

The Atlanta Chapter of Starfleet meets every first and third Saturdays of each month at DeVry Institute of Technology at 12:00 noon. If you are interested in Starfleet or just curious, please feel free to come to one of the meetings or contact one of the names below.

Chris Ernst.....998-1070
Jon Crymes.....448-7494
Pat Roberts.....455-9347
John Kemker.....491-8423

Or write to:
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