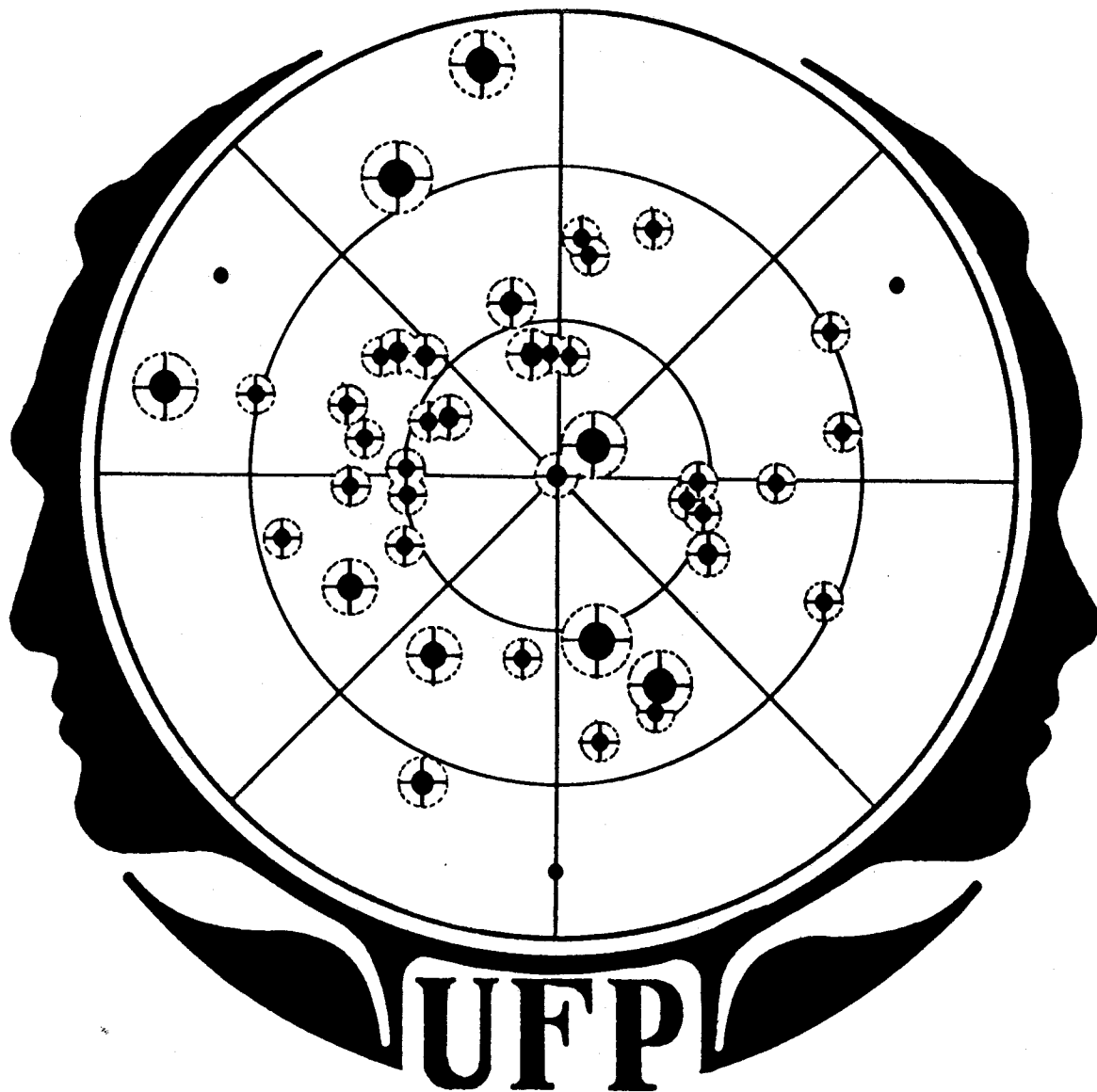


The Nautilus News

VOLUME I, ISSUE I



PREMIER ISSUE!

SHIPBOARD COMMUNICATIONS

FROM THE CENTER SEAT

Welcome to the Volume I, Issue 1 of *The Nautilus News!* I hope you enjoy this offering and become a regular reader. We have several good articles in store for you in this issue and many more in future issues. Who knows? One of the future articles may be one of yours!

This first issue's feature article is "*Star Trek The Next Generation: Are We Really Going Where No Man Has Gone Before?*" by our First Officer, LtCmdr. Patrick Roberts. In it, he examines the characterizations, plot themes, and acting in the first few episodes. I really enjoyed it and hope that you do, too.

Also featured this issue is a short story by Brian Flatley: "*How Jack Russell Spent His Vacation on Beta IV,*" which has intrepid SFIC agent Jack Russell in the first of many *interesting* situations. Let's hope that Brian continues to bring us more adventures of Jack Russell.

A regular column starting in this issue is "*From the Center Seat,*" from our beloved Commander, Cmdr. Chris Ernst. Chris will be keeping us up-to-date on happenings in the chapter, as well as important news from Starfleet Headquarters. It would probably behoove you to read his column regularly, as Chris is likely to post **orders** in it!

Other contributors to this issue are Jonathan Crymes and Al Rainwater.

(By the way — It has been determined by our Commanding Officer that the *Nautilus* is a *Pulsar* class warpshuttle, capable of warp 9. It can hold up to 15 passengers and crew and carries a single phaser as armament. Our hull number is *N.C.C. 544/6*, as we are presently attached to the *U.S.S. Perseus, N.C.C. 544*, Captain Robin A. Campbell, commanding. The *Perseus* is the Armed Services Program Flagship and has a complement of approximately 30 officers and crew.)

**May the stars rise to our feet, and the
wind be at our backs!**

"Address intercraft."
"System open, sir."
"Attention all hands ..."

We finally got the newsletter out. How about that? It took a lot more time and planning than we thought at first, but I think it was worth it. The title and format of the newsletter are subject to change as the chapter grows and changes, but for now at least, here you have it.

Now for the news. We have received status as a STARFLEET shuttlecraft attached to the USS *Perseus* NCC-544 (Captain Robin A. Campbell, commanding). We are the Shuttle *Nautilus* NCC 544/6. That means that we are now officialy in the STARFLEET Shuttlecraft Program. We will be filing for Starship status between January and July of next year. We have until then to complete all of the requirements of the Shuttlecraft Program which include:

- 1) That the Shuttle Commander and First Officer complete Officers Training School
- 2) That we have a minimum of twelve(12) paid members of STARFLEET (the international organization)
- 3) And most importantly, that we are organized and active.

So, it seems that we have our work cut out for us.

First things first; allow me to introduce those officers who currently make up the ship's senior staff:

Commanding Officer	Cmdr. Christopher F. Ernst
First Officer/	
Engineering Officer	LCdr. Patrick Roberts
Operations Officer	LCdr. Jonathan Crymes
Medical Officer	Lt. Bart Alcorn
Security Officer	Lt. Roger Romage
Science Officer	Lt. James Lock
Communications Officer	Lt. John E. Kemker, III

These ranks and positions are provisional. These officers (with the exception of myself) were appointed by me as part of the chapters organization.(In case you're wondering, my rank and post came down from above, i.e. STARFLEET)

In other business; YES we will be at COMIXTREK. We have a huge room which 'Number One' assures me is perfect for a club party. We will be visible and active at COMIXTREK and recruit lots of new members. And YES we have a new meeting place at VIDEO TONIGHT at I-285 and Chamblee-Tucker Rd., inside the perimeter. (For more information on how to find VIDEO TONIGHT, contact the Communications Chief, John Kemker, who is manager there. The phone number is 457-6010.) Why the change, you ask? Well, the Sandy Springs library is renovating and didn't want anyone in the way. If you have any ideas for a public meeting place for the club please contact the Operations Officer. At the next few meetings we will be getting the crew organized (that is assigning rank and position). And we will be planning trips to Fernbank Science Center, MOC III, and maybe Marshal Spaceflight Center. As always we will be having fun times at the meetings so the message (order) is get yourself to the meetings. Right?! I know that we can get the members the funds, the organization, and the activities needed to be the best ship in the fleet because we have a good ship and a good crew.

Until next time then ...

Carry-on. Bridge out.

ARE WE REALLY GOING WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE?

by Patrick Roberts

When October 1, 1987 rolled around I was, like millions of other STAR TREK fanatics, impatiently awaiting the new series. I don't know how many rumors had passed my way, but I was eager to learn which ones were true. Only the second coming was more anticipated. Saturday October 3rd felt more like Christmas Eve than a day before a new T.V. series. Before I knew it, it was October 4th six p.m. and I was sitting in my living room (with about a billion other people!), in front of the set watching the new STAR TREK series. During that first showing, there were some great surprises and some hard disappointments, but, Hey! it was new STAR TREK and I was really going where no one had gone before. Or was I... Oh sure, I was watching new STAR TREK, but as I watched the first few episodes, some things didn't seem quite right. Now, before I start tearing the series to shreds, I just want to say that for every bad thing I have to say about the new series, there are about twenty good points. So, instead of filling pages and pages with the obvious great points about the new series, I thought that I would discuss some of the items that need a little fix here and there.

First, Riker and Troi have got to lay back and not be so damn stiff. Many people have said that Riker is just a "by the book" kind of person, but he walks around like he has tits. Also, I'm sure that Jonathon Frakes is a great actor, but he looks like someone who would play Potsie's older brother on HAPPY DAYS, not the first officer of the Enterprise. He is also not convincing when he tries to be serious. Whenever I look at Riker's face when he tries to be serious, I swear he looks like he's trying not to laugh. But I'm sure that as time goes by, Frakes will flesh out the character better and everyone will be happy. Troi has been developing a little here and there, but she still has a ways to go.

Some of the dialogue is too "Buck Rogerish." Lines like "there is something on the detector circuit!" is incredibly hokey and has no place in STAR TREK. The characters need to talk in more technical terms and make it seem natural. They need to talk like the people they are portraying: science based, well disciplined, officers on a starship, not characters on some stereotypical network sci-fi T.V. show we have been tortured with for many years. I remember when Roddenberry said how STAR TREK was not a "robots, rockets and ray guns" type of science fiction show. HEY GENE!! REMIND YOUR SCRIPT WRITERS!!

Finally, the characters of Tasha Yar and Worf have got to be given better depth and dialogue. Everytime that the Enterprise is in trouble and Picard asks for advice from one or both of them, all they say is "fire on them!". Don't you think that after a while, Picard isn't going to bother with the advice from those two because it's a little predictable? I cannot believe Roddenberry would allow Klingons to be written so one-dimensionally and stupid. As for Tasha, she is the security chief; her job is to give the best judgment as far as battle tactics, which includes when not to fight as well as when to fight. She comes across as someone who always says "well we ought to fire everything because it's what I do best and it would make me feel so good!". Lets all hope they straighten this out soon.

I should say that overall, I do enjoy the new series and the only reason that I have brought out the negative points is to highlight the obvious problems that simply need ironing out. I'm glad that STAR TREK is being shown as it should be: not just the adventures of the legendary Capt. Kirk and company, but as a philosophy and a platform by which people can communicate ideas. The problems that I have spoken of in this article are not impossible to correct. Even if they are not, the new series will still be a delight. For those who watched the first few episodes and wrote it off saying that it was garbage, I have but one thing to say: We true fans will be going were no one has gone before. Too bad you won't!

HOW JACK RUSSELL SPENT HIS VACATION ON

BETA IV

by Brian Flatley

Jack Russell awoke with a start. "I do hate this place," he muttered to himself, wiping the sweat off his face. The air conditioner was broken. He went over to the vid-phone, tripping over a chair. A bright, cheery looking clerk appeared on screen and asked with a toothy grin, "How may I help you sir?"

"You can start by moving me to another room. This damn A-C is broken again."

The clerk scowled, trying desperately to empathize with Russell. He failed. "I am sorry sir, but we are booked-up. What with all the veterans of the Grand Galactic War here on Beta IV for their reunion, I'm afraid there isn't another room. I'll dispatch a work droid to your room sir."

"I guess that will have to do then," he said. The temperature of the room didn't bother him as much as the dream had. Who were those people, and why were they trying to kill him? He usually didn't take stock in his dreams, but this one had been particularly vivid.

As if to break his thoughts, the work droid arrived through the service hatch near the door, beeping three times before entering.

"*You sent for a service droid*" the short work-bot paused, "*Sir?*" All the research ever put into speech synthesis was wasted on this service unit. Russell replied that he had.

"The air conditioning isn't working properly; fix it, please. And do be quiet about it? I will be trying to get some sleep," he placed emphasis on the last part, hoping the droid was programmed for discretion, as well as precision.

"*I will work quietly, sir?*" as if it hadn't figured out whether or not Russell was actually a male. So many life forms to remember for such a small droid. "*When I finish, is there anything else you would like repaired, sir?*" the droid asked Russell.

Russell looked at the droid. It was about a meter and a half tall, and had appendages that ended with different tools: screwdrivers, wrenches, a mallet, and other items that he could not identify. "No, just fix the damn thing, and turn it on to the recommended temperature for a sleeping human."

"*Thank-you,*" the droid replied. Jack wondered if the droid was made by that big manufacturing company with the great commercials, but felt too tired to ask it. 'Damn thing would probably show me a commercial for the entire product line,'

he thought to himself. He made that mistake once before when he asked a drink-vending machine what else it could do. He had meant it as a joke, but the machine insisted on showing a holo on all 142 options available, including tapping the water table under the machine if it ran low on ice.

Russell got into bed and tried to go to sleep. Someone was knocking on the door. Russell considered answering it, seeing as how he couldn't sleep. He went to the door. The memory of his dream returned to him. 'Should I open the door?' he wondered. 'I'm getting paranoid in my old age,' he said to himself.

As he opened the door, Russell found himself being thrown backwards and hitting the ground. While trying to right himself, Jack was bathed in halogen lights. He also heard the footsteps of several people; two, maybe three others. Russell was then picked up and slammed into one of the chairs in the room.

After his hands were tied behind his back and secured to his ankles, the room lights were turned on, and Jack saw his captors: three men and two women. One of the women and one of the men held state of the art blasters, casually pointed at his skull. The other two were putting the finishing touches on his bondage, and the other woman appeared to be their leader.

"Well, Mr. Russell," the leader stated. "I see that you have the same poor taste in hotels that you do in choosing your employers. Where is Steven Martel?"

"Who?" A punch to the ribs, and a crack. "I don't know whom you are talking about. Really," Jack manage to sputter between attempts to catch his breath.

"Steven Martel," she said it twice, "in case you can't hear too well. Martel hired you to come here."

"Hey friend," he sputtered, along with some blood, "I came here on vacation." He remembered the line from an old movie. it hadn't work then- **CRACK!**- or now.

"Look Russell, we know you came here to deliver the plans for-"

"*I am finished, sir?*" said the almost forgotten droid. (Forgotten by all except the author, that is.) Russell had certainly forgotten it, he had been distracted by having his ribs re-arranged. One of the goons was so surprised by the droid's existence, that he disintegrated it with one shot, out of instinct.

"If this were a movie, the audience would be booing you for doing that," Russell said, buying time he couldn't afford.

"Dis ain't fiction, it's reality," said one of the guards.

"Enough of this idle banter," said the obviously pissed-off leader. "Where is Martel. This is the last time, tell me, and not only will I spare your life, I won't let Max here burn your leg off. And Max loves to burn legs off." The leader smiled at Max. Max had a glazed look in his eyes, as he adjusted the power lever on his blaster-rifle to "Toast Flesh."

Needless to say, Russell was nervous. In his early days in the StarFleet, he saw "persuasion" sessions like he was about to undergo. It wasn't legal, but most of the officers turned their heads when it occurred. After all, it was useful for extracting information out of a prisoner, if it didn't kill him. Jack never liked seeing a prisoner undergoing the "treatment," as Max and his peers called it. And he was damn sure it wasn't pleasant for the receiver of the torture method.

"Time for your treatment, pal. Say your prayers," Said Max.

"O.K., Max, I will," Russell said, buying more time on an already stretched credit limit. "I pray that the whole damn world ends before you start."

BOOMM!!! Russell thought, sliding into unconsciousness, "Wow, be careful of what you ask for, you might get it."

The author of the story realized that he had backed himself into a rather nasty corner. Blowing up the planet would have been a way out of the hole that he was in, but realized that his readers would kill him for wasting so much time and space that could have been used for other things. So he decided that he would do something. It was not going to be as spectacular as the destruction of a planet, but it would seem like the end of the world for Russell, and his "guests." For a little while anyway.

So what happened was this: when the guard blasted our little droid friend, an alarm went off in the manager's office in the hotel lobby. The manager, being the panicky stereotype of an incidental character that hotel managers usually are, panicked in character, and sent the hotel's crack security team to Russell's room, thinking that some evil force picked his room for the staging area for an invasion (I told you he was the panicky type).

The security team commander, being the overkill artist that his type of incidental character is, ordered a stun-grenade be thrown into the room. Fortunately, in this case, it was the proper order.

The assault team moved in. Expecting to see an unconscious couple in a compromising position, which is what they usually found in these cases, they found instead a half a dozen mercenaries, and one man tied to a chair all unconscious on the floor. Disappointed that they weren't going to

get a cheap thrill, they did what every other hotel security force does in similar circumstances: they arrested everyone in the room.

A few hours later, Russell woke up. "Well, at least I'm not dead," he muttered to himself. "But, where am I now?"

"You are in *Starbase 13's* sickbay. I'm Dr. Christine Chapel, Mr. Russell. How are you feeling?"

Russell looked at the pleasant looking physician, "Look on your board and tell me, Doc."

"I'd like to hear it from you. I like to have my patients tell me what's wrong in case these machines miss something." It was something she had learned from a colleague.

"Well, my ribs are killing me, and I have one helluva headache. Did I miss anything?" Russell said, sarcasm set on high.

"No, what those goons didn't do to you, the hotel's security team did. You know you should be more careful, Commander."

"How did you know that?" Russell asked the doctor.

"When you don't use a cover, it is easy to check your identity. Besides, I remember you from my days on the *Enterprise*. Capt. Kirk picked you up from *Gamma Phi Four*, about three years ago. You looked about the same then as you do now."

"You have a wonderful bedside manner, Doctor. When can I get out of here?"

"In a few days, I want to keep you here for observation. Besides, StarFleet Intelligence wants to debrief you. I want you to get some of your strength back, before they work you over. I don't want my work to go to waste."

A few days passed while Jack was healing. It was another two before Dr. Chapel allow the SFIC agents near Russell. Jack then realized why Chapel was being so protective of him. The SFIC agents went over every last detail of the operation at least five times. While Russell thought he could handle the debriefing, he was still a little weak from his late-night visitors.

When it was finally time to leave the Star Base, he stopped by a florist and had a dozen roses sent to Dr. Chapel. When Cristine received the flowers, she read the note that Russell sent along with them: "Thanks for your help, Doctor. Maybe the next time I get blown-up and shot at on this planet, we can have dinner. Sincerely, Jack Russell. P.S. You should have kept me away from the SFIC guys a little longer; they took a lot out of me."

ALPHA TO OMEGA

by
Jonathan B. Crymes

Warm greetings and welcome Star Trek fans. At this time I would like to tell you about the past and future of Star Fleet Atlanta. Or, in the Greek terms, alpha to omega—beginning to end.

Star Fleet Atlanta first became an idea in the mind of Chris Ernst while attending Magnum Opus Con - II in Columbus, Georgia. A large number of Star Fleet club members were there and Chris was shocked to discover that there was **no chapter in Atlanta!** Rather than remain shocked and inert about this gross negligence, he immediately set out on a long, hard journey to establish a Star Fleet chapter in the South's fastest growing and greatest city. Since April, organizational meetings have presently shaped the Atlanta chapter. We were at Fantasy Fair and passed out complete information on the new series, allowed a glimpse at it, and sponsored and ran this year's Star Trek trivia contest. Throughout this time, among other activities and setbacks, our Fleet papers went through and we have become the shuttle **Nautilus** (the largest in the Fleet right now), working on becoming a starship at this very moment. Among future activities, we will be having a **party at Comix Trek!** The room is already bought and we are looking to have a **blowout celebration!** There will be a graphics design contest for our ship's emblem, a trip to Fernbank in December, and plans for Magnum Opus Con-III are in the works now.

On a more serious side, however, Star Fleet Atlanta is looking forward to doing charity work in the community. Drives to raise money for telethons, sponsoring a child or two or several, in an underprivileged country, etc., and challenging other Starships to do the same. We are also planning letter writing drives to politicians to bolster funds output towards the space program.

The future and possibilities are as endless as time and as expansive as the universe. May the wind be at our backs and yours! Live long and prosper.

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*Lt. John E. Kemker, III
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PERSEUS CELEBRATES 1ST YEAR

VIDEO TONIGHT IS NEW HOME FOR THE NAUTILUS!

Video Tonight, located at I-285 and Chamblee-Tucker Road, is the new meeting place for the shuttle Nautilus. The Nautilus meets there every first and third Saturdays of the month at 12:00 noon.

Video Tonight has over 2000 movies in stock with a large portion of those being science-fiction/fantasy oriented. Video Tonight has friendly, knowledgeable salespeople who are willing to help you find the video you are looking for. If you prefer to own your own copies of movies, Video Tonight has several well-stocked distributors at its command. If one does not have the movie you want, Video Tonight will find one that does. Most special orders are filled within just a few working days.

Video Tonight
3352-A Chamblee-Tucker Rd.
Chamblee, GA 30341
457-6010

On December 7, 1987, the U.S.S. Perseus, N.C.C. 544 will celebrate its first year as a starship. We aboard her newest shuttle, the Nautilus, wish her and her crew the best of luck in the upcoming years.

The Perseus is commanded by Captain Robin A. Campbell, from Columbus, Georgia. Captain Campbell and her crew of 27 have been plying the starways in Georgia longer than any other ship. The Perseus is the Armed Forces Program Flagship, located in Columbus. She presently has three other shuttles about to go to starship status. Two of these shuttles are located in Florida, with the third located in Arizona!

At present, the Perseus' plans for a party to commemorate her first year are unknown to us, other than the fact that the Captain and crew have definitely planned one. The Nautilus News will strive to keep you informed on the situation and promises to have more up-to-date information in the next issue!

NAUTILUS TO DOCK AT COMIX TREK

The shuttle Nautilus will be docking at Comix Trek on November 21-22, 1987. The Nautilus has procured suite 1104 at the Sheraton Century Center Hotel for shore leave for its crew. Commander Ernst has authorized shore leave for the entire crew, with a party to be held at 7:30 pm for the crew and all guests. Non-crewmembers are invited to attend as guests of the Nautilus.

Sheraton Century Center Hotel
Suite 1104
7:30 pm

All welcome!