

THE WRIGHT STUFF

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE U.S.S. KITTY HAWK NCC 1659

A VIEW FROM THE CATBIRD SEAT

By J.R. Fisher

Wow! Time is flying! It is already the end of August and the holidays will be here before you know it. So the first thing I want to talk about is our tenth anniversary party on December 17th at the Kanki in Crabtree Valley Mall.

Tom Mukoyama is the manager and he has offered us a good deal for our party with a private room and a discount. We have a choice of how we do it: set meal, same for everyone, or each person order a meal of their choice from a short menu and pay their own check. Please come to the September 4th meeting to make this decision or call me before then to express your opinion. We are expecting guests for this occasion and we hope **everyone** on the Kitty Hawk can come to this event. After all we don't get to celebrate ten years but once.

The meeting on September 4th is at the Fisher home and we would like to do a cookout again to get things off to a good start for this coming year. We will provide hot dogs/hamburgers for the crew, you bring the side dishes, drinks and desserts. Let's have as many of you as possible for this meeting so we can plan at least the coming fall events and get an idea of how many people will participate in each of them.

Some of the things that are up for discussion include the possibility of an overnight trip back to the U.S.S. North Carolina in Wilmington, when the weather cools off some.

There has been a suggestion that maybe the crew could volunteer (in mass) to help the N.C. Food Bank sort all of the canned goods they receive after the N.C. State Fair this year. After all we

are behind on our community service work.

Do you want to plan an evening at the Fair this year? The last few years have seen a low turnout by the crew, do we stop or just plan differently?

Conventions. As far as I know, there are no local conventions scheduled before Vulkan, February, 2000. But don't be too surprised if one pops up on short notice.

Do we or do we not want to work Raleigh's First Night this year? If we do, then we will have to have more crew participation than we had last year. It has been our biggest money raiser for the ten years we have been around; if we don't do it we need to look at other possible sources of income for the ship as our dues do not cover our operating costs and donation to the Duke Children's Hospital each year.

Do you want new t-shirts (different colors) for the crew or reruns of existing colors? Would you buy Kitty Hawk hats, license plates for your car, coffee mugs or patches for your jackets? These are all possible choices as revenue generators. We can do them for cost as in the past or we can charge an extra buck or two for the treasury.

Some one has suggested a ship's cookbook as a revenue source. We still have some of our puzzle books from several years ago for those of you who are relatively new to the ship. If you haven't done one yet, you need to try it.

Now to current events, or more correctly recent events.

The Fab Four convention last month is still a mystery to me. I have not found a definitive answer to the question of why it was so successful. Perhaps there are too

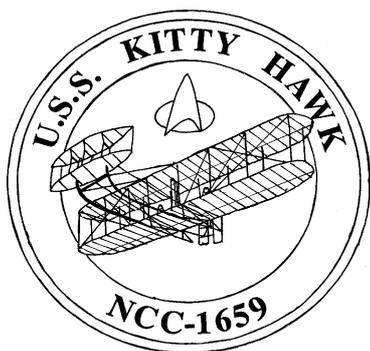
many reasons and yet it does still seem to come down to a matter of luck on the part of the promoter.

Those of you who worked the convention know how different it was from every other con we have had here or have worked. The benefits were certainly nice as most (but not all) were given a chance to spend time with the guests and a free set of autographs. It would be nice to get the reactions and opinions of all of you who attended this convention at the upcoming meeting.

The other con was not so much a con as a conference and that was STARFLEET's International Conference in Charlotte. It would be very nice if **all** of the senior officers (especially department heads) could attend these once a year events. I was the only Kitty Hawk person in attendance but found a lot of old friends from all over the east coast and made a good many new friends.

The workshops (one for each department and recruiting and academy) were well attended and informative. Obviously, I could not attend them all as they overlapped; but it showed me that we need to re-address fitting the right persons to the right jobs. Our senior officers could have learned much from these fleet level people. I don't think I can require people to go, especially when it is farther away, but I can suggest that department heads talk to the corresponding people at the regional and fleet level.

Anyway - we have a lot to talk about on the 4th. Come have some good food, good companionship and help us chart our course for the coming year. and help us find some more good people with the Wright Stuff! *Esse Quam Videri*



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VOLUME 10

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THERE'S TRIBBLE IN THE COLLECTIVE

By Jeff Cohn

Part IV: I need that in Tribblicate!

At precisely 0330 hrs, Commander Benjamin Lawrence awoke with a start as his office door chime sounded. Picking his head up off his desk, he stood, tugged the wrinkles out of his tunic then sat back down before responding. "Come." The door opened, admitting his Vulcan First Officer and Ensign Behran. Satrel nodded at the Tactical Officer, who began the proposal. "Sir, since Ensign Kenney was brought back on board, we have been conducting extensive analyses of the nanoprobes within his body. Based upon these analyses, with supplemental data provided by Captain Picard of the *Enterprise* and our own Digger probe, we are confident we can access the maintenance subroutines on board the Borg vessels." The Ensign looked to Lieutenant Satrel, who nodded and continued. "Rather than attempt to directly control the vessels, we will implant within their maintenance and navigational controls a suggestion." The Vulcan activated a PADD, and a portion of one of the Digger Probe's encounters played upon the desktop Viewer. "As you are aware sir, the Borg vessels are devoting nearly all of their resources to life support, particularly food replicators. These are finite resources, even for Borg technology." The Vulcan activated another control and a star map hovered in three dimensions above the conference table. "We believe that we can 'suggest' to the aforementioned system controls that unusually high concentrations of food can be obtained at these coordinates." Lawrence allowed himself a brief smile. "The Cardassian Home world? Can you just imagine!" "Imagine Sir? No. But I can propose a logical course of action based upon current values of action variables as well as certain other elements that..." "Yes Satrel, I understand,"

Lawrence interjected. "Excellent work. Let's get this plan in motion as soon as possible." "Aye Sir. Sir there is just one other matter about which you should be informed." "Yes?" "You are aware that Klingons are one of the very few species which demonstrate a mutual antipathy with tribbles." "Yes." "Well Sir, there is one other species known to exhibit a similar reaction." "Cardassians?" "Yes Sir, Cardassians. By initiating this project, we could be accused of violating the Primus IV Convention on the use of Biological agents in a combat environment." This time Commander Lawrence smiled broadly. "Thank you for expressing your concern, Lieutenant, however we are merely suggesting that the tribbles search for food in a particular area. We are hardly asking them to attack Cardassian warships or civilian populations. I think the Convention will remain intact. Initiate the plan, continue to keep a sharp eye out for additional Borg activity, and keep me fully informed. Dismissed."

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French mathematician and astronomer Joseph Louis Lagrange showed that three bodies can lie at the apexes of an equilateral triangle, which rotates in its plane. If one of the bodies is sufficiently massive compared with the other two, then the triangular configuration is apparently stable. The leading apex of the triangle is known as the leading Lagrange point or L4; the trailing apex is the trailing Lagrange point or L5."

As all spacefaring civilizations know, an L5 point provides an excellent location at which to construct large-scale space facilities. The Borg, of course, were quite aware of this as well. In an unremarkable corner of the Alpha quadrant lay an unremarkable trinary star system. Two white dwarfs stars and an elderly red giant

danced a slow, graceful pirouette around a cluster of construction yards, command and control centers, and communication facilities comprising the physical aspects of Unimatrix 005. Dozens of Cubes arrived and departed, going about the business of perfecting the Collective. One of these cubes entered normal space and immediately disgorged a spherical scout vessel. The vessel quickly approached the nearest spacedock and attached itself to a robotic arm. Drawn within the spider-like grasp of the dock, the sphere underwent several modifications. Large communication and sensor arrays were fastened about its equatorial region, while several small probe-like craft were loaded through a large access panel. Nearby, six Cubes waited. The work took little time, barely one-quarter rotation of the three stars about the L5 point. Upon completion of these modifications, the Sphere left the spacedock and immediately entered transwarp, trailed closely by the fleet of Cubes. They would travel together, providing substantial backup in case the primary mission strategy should fail. The Borg Queen had learned from her first mistake. Built-in redundancy would virtually eliminate the possibility of any deviation from the expected outcome. Control over species 52339 would be regained, and its unique characteristics would aid in the assimilation of the fluidic life form currently at war with most of the Alpha quadrant.

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"Communications interlink established, ready to commence, Commander." Ensign Behran's hand hovered above the OPS console, awaiting his orders. "Let's get this show on the road," responded Lawrence. "Show, sir?" "A colloquialism, Ensign. Commence the transmission." "Aye sir." A low-pitched, repetitive tone confirmed

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FIRST OFFICER'S LOG

By Carey Muse

Not much to report this month. Hope everybody had a great summer even though it was hot and humid.

The July convention will no doubt be discussed in September. There were some problems and these need to be addressed. We did not have enough volunteers to

work and our responsibilities changed from the initial discussions we had. Although I did not volunteer to work the convention, I am not criticizing anyone and I appreciate those who did volunteer their time to work. We have no other commitments until First Night and in order for it

to be successful we need to participate at 100%. NOW is the time to start considering what you would like to accomplish/contribute on behalf of our ship. The Captain and the Senior Officers can't and shouldn't do it all.

SCIENCE REPORT

By Elaine Pischke

News from the realm of science: Here's something that sounds more like science fiction than fact: a new idea for space ship propulsion involves incasing the ship in an electromagnetic bubble designed to catch the solar wind, boosting the speed of a 300 pound spacecraft up to 180,000 mph, 10 times the speed of the space shuttle. Scientists are excited about this plan because, in theory, there is no reason why it shouldn't work. The idea is based on well-founded principles of science. The idea of propulsion by solar wind has been around for a while, but other plans involved employing large, fold-out sails, which created potential problems with launching and then unfolding them – if they didn't employ properly, they would be useless. The electromagnetic bubble idea uses a device the size of a mayonnaise jar, which heats helium to superhot temperatures,

creating plasma. Electrons in the plasma attach themselves to the bubble's magnetic field, blowing it up like a balloon. Charged particles from the sun push the back of the magnetic balloon and propel the vehicle. According to the report I read, a vehicle launched today with this propulsion system would catch up to Pioneer 10 and Voyager 1 in about 10 years, despite their 20 year head start. But don't pack your bags for interstellar travel just yet. Even at these increased speeds, it would take 18,000 years to reach our nearest neighbor, Alpha Centauri. I don't have that much vacation time.

For those of you who missed the N&O article on August 19, 1999, Walter Koenig has become a partner with a local company, Design Magic, which is developing a "virtual reality" stage – sort of an open-sided holodeck for use in the theater. It's supposed to bring movie-style special

effects to live theater, allowing actors to interact with virtual objects and even wear virtual costumes.

I hope everyone was able to make the convention at the North Raleigh Hilton in July. The guests were accessible and friendly. I got a few more autographs and pictures. It was a little sad, because I realized that this would probably be the last time we'd see some of these people whom we have come to know and love over the years, particularly Jimmy Doohan, so I was really glad I went. It was also a pleasure to meet new guests, especially Chase Masterson, who was very sweet, open and friendly (and generous – she bought me and Larry dinner and drinks! Okay, so she charged it to the convention. It's the thought that counts).

I hope everyone had a pleasant, fun summer.

OPERATION'S REPORT

By Larry Pischke

Ho-hum. How do I talk about inactivity in a way that I haven't already done already? Sorry, I don't feel that creative.

THERE'S NOTHING GOING ON!!!!

I think I saw another Ops member at the recent

Slanted Fedora convention. If that was you, Margaret, I'm sorry we didn't get to talk. It's so rare that ANY of the Ops people get together, let alone Margaret and I. Besides, I was so hard at work, sitting there next to Chase Masterson and all. Yes, it's us little folks behind the scenes, working our fingers to the bone with no consideration, that make everything go so smoothly.

SECURITY REPORT

By Spring Brooks



MEDICAL REPORT

By Amy DeJongh

Things you'd like to hear on Star Trek

Deanna: "I sense that this particular species is quite unlike any life form ever before encountered by humanoids."

Picard: "Well, then it's a damned good thing they speak English."

Picard to Darmok: "You're talking gibberish! Try putting a subject and verb together to make a complete sentence."

Odo: "I'll let you off with a warning this time."

Quark: "No strings attached."

Picard: "Tea. Lipton. Iced."

Wes: "That's a lot better than what I had in mind."

"Ensign, assume a very peculiar orbit."

Everyone agreeing on someone's opinion on this discussion group.

Q: "You really *don't* want me on your starship? Sorry... I'll leave now..."

Lwaxana: "Well, you're right, Little One. It's none of my business."

Guinan: "***** if *I* have any clue."

Dax: This has never happened in any of my lives.

Kira: The Cardassians may be right.

Spock: I get choked up just thinking about it.

Chekov: (any word having a "W" in it)

Enterprise speech pathologist: "Mr. Data, repeat after me: can't,

Every day, the world of Star Trek becomes more of a reality. The communicators from the original series exist today as cell phone (which are getting smaller and smaller). A short time ago, Earth scientists managed to "beam" materials using a transporter. Now, medical research is exploring the possibilities of pain free injections following Roddenberry's hypospray device.

A number of companies, including Meridian, Weston Medical, and Activa are conducting clinical trials utilizing injection devices WITHOUT NEEDLES! Finally, diabetics and other patients who are required to inject medication daily may have relief from the pain and complications of needles.

The device by Activa has been developed specifically for diabetic patients. A micro-jet stream of insulin painlessly mists through the outer skin and into the subcutaneous

layer below. This process eliminates the skin trauma caused by needle and syringe injections. As well, jet injection results in a more rapid increase in plasma insulin concentration.

The insulin is actually injected through tiny orifice at the head of the injector, penetrating the skin through an opening less than 1/4 the size of a conventional needle. The insulin then spreads through the tissue at the injection site. The size of the orifice opening is 0.006 inches, where the size of a needle is 0.28 inches.

Weston Medical's device uses high pressure gas to force the liquid into a tiny jet which pierces the skin and deposits the drug with minimal tissue damage. This is the first time the technology has been compressed into a cheap disposable form.

Who can imagine what the future holds for the world of medicine?

COLLECTOR'S CORNER

By Carey Muse

Two final Star Wars notes. The movie, like it or not, was successful at the box office. The merchandising tie-ins were not. There are still a lot of figures, etc., available. Next, I can't confirm for certain but the belief is the movie will be released on video during the first part of 2000.

Star Trek as I mentioned at the July meeting it appears Target Stores have the greater supply of

wouldn't, shouldn't."

Picard: Beer, Blatz, luke-warm.

In re DS9: ". . . to boldly stay where someone has stayed before."

The port power coupling going down.

figures. KayBee Toys is putting out exclusive 9". There is a total of six calendars for 2000, one for each of the series are available, one featuring the Women of Star Trek and the daily calendar.

The only book worth noting comes out in September and the title is I, Q and is written by Peter David and John Delancie. The book will also be available on audio.

Picard (to Worf): Lieutenant, open hailing frequencies.

Worf hits a button, phasers fire, alien ship destroyed

Picard: Lieutenant!!! What in the name of...

Worf: Sorry. Those two buttons are so close together.

ENGINEERING REPORT

By Brad McDonald

With the recent conclusion of the Fab Four Convention at the North Raleigh Hilton, I feel it's necessary to review the process and point out the strengths and weaknesses. While many of the items I will discuss were out of our hands and beyond our control, maybe we can help to avoid similar problems at future cons.

Many times during the convention it seemed that the powers that be seemed to be letting things happen on their own accord with little rhyme, reason or planning. This brings me to my first observation, don't print a schedule if you don't plan to use it. It frustrates the fans, especially those on a tight schedule. Many people asked me why events weren't running as planned, several even vented on me as if I had control. I politely explained that those of us in Kitty hawk were simply 'peons' and then pointed out the producer (or more appropriately, his wife). Whether those fans received a satisfactory response or not is a mystery.

The next area of concern centers around the autograph process. Although well organized on the surface, (dismissal row by row from the performance), it simply did not work due to a few exceptions. While all of us had to form a line and wait our turn, vendors would cut in line, with permission of the producer, and hand the star 50 items or more to sign at a time. While we stood there with our single token, good for one autograph, they got as many as they wanted, **gratis**. All we fans want is our little piece of 'history' to treasure. As I told George Takei, when he asked me why we wanted his worthless signature (his words), "George, since we can't take **you** home, it's the next best thing." He laughed, but I was serious and so are the fans, it's their piece of history and memory they can hold. It's very important to us and fans everywhere. The dealers and vendors have access we don't after hours. George, frustrated with the

process even commented to one vendor, "Why didn't you bring this to me last night?" George did not like being an 'autograph automaton', signing like a madman without being able to talk to his fans. He loves to converse with the fans, learning just a bit from each one. I was with him all day Sunday and he lamented about this over and over. Still, his main concern was that every fan was given a chance to get his autograph, he was very adamant about this. He is very much aware of, and concerned about, his fans getting what they came for. So he signed like a crazed person, gritting his teeth.

Making the situation worse, the producer had a policy of selling extra autograph tokens. Some people had as many as twenty or more tokens which I then had to count out, then count the items themselves and wait for all these things to be signed. Meanwhile, the rest of us had to wait, missing other opportunities in the process. If the producer wants to do this, fine, but it should be with the understanding that **everyone** gets **one** first! Then they can get back in line for extras. If they don't get to the extras before the stars have to leave, no big deal, they get a refund. Meanwhile, George gets to talk to the fans and take his time and **everyone** is happy.

There were complaints from the dealers as well because, thanks to some of our people, they were told to get in line like everyone else. Give me a break. The dealers have repeated access to the stars, we have our one day. If you choose to make a living by buying and selling autographs, then stand in line like the rest of us and quit crying. (Or use your special access through the producer to get what you want.)

Going back to scheduling for a moment, the advertising clearly stated that the hours would be 10am to 6pm, both Saturday and Sunday. When a few fans showed up on Sunday afternoon at 3:30, they found half of the Fab Four already packed up to go and another on his way.

The dealers were already taking things out and closing up. All right, so their airplane was leaving soon, next time schedule a later flight. I know that several people were **very** disappointed. They simply could not get off work until 2:00 or later and came to a closed out convention. Stuck with useless autograph tokens and nothing to do, they left disappointed. That's not right, it's a case of false advertising at worse, misleading at best.

While we're on that subject, they also advertised the retirement of one or more of the stars, implying this would be the last time to see them. The hype was just that, no truth at all. I personally asked each of the Fab Four and they were 'irritated' about the suggestion of retiring. This was especially true of James Doohan, who had just been given a clean bill of health by his doctors. The small heart attack (his words) he had 15 years ago, was completely healed and he stated he still had several appearances to make just in the next month. George was horrified at the notion, he's still lobbying Paramount for the 'Further Adventures of Captain Sulu'. So much for retirement!

The last advertising glitch centers around the surprise guest star. There never was one. First it was Herbert Jefferson, Boomer of Battlestar Galactica. Later we were told it was Chase Masterson, but wasn't she part of the original billing?

Any critique which seeks to be honest and forthright, must point out the good as well as the bad and ugly. On that note I will comment first on the special dinner Saturday night. Okay, it was \$50.00, pretty steep, but the food was very good and there was a lot more than food. Pictures with the stars, time with them and not as rushed as the autograph lines. (Although Nichelle Nichols got a late start.) We even got a gift, a photo with all four stars autographs. Most enjoyable though, was the stage

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that the transmission was in progress. After a moment it stopped, interrupted by a warning chirp from the Deflector panel. "Navigation? What do we have?" "Nothing to worry about sir," responded Ensign Brett, currently occupying the NAV station. "An asteroid just crossed the proximity border. We've kept an eye on it, it will pass us by approximately 15000 kilometers." "Transmission continuing, sir," interjected Ensign Behran. "No response detected yet, but we anticipate it taking approximately 30 minutes before we see anything." Lawrence fidgeted in his Command chair. Waiting was never his strong suit. He gazed out the main viewer at the two vessels, looking by this time very much like huge furry beanbags. He shook his head. "It's like something out of a toymaker's hallucination. Giant stuffed animals with anti-proton beams and transwarp capability. How's it coming Behran?" A warning chimed from the OPS station, simultaneously the Deflector panel chirped again. "Sir!" exclaimed Brett excitedly. "One of the vessels has just hit that asteroid with a tractor beam. It's altered its trajectory to bring it on a near intercept course." "With us?" Lawrence stood quickly, ready to bark out orders initiating evasive action. "No sir." This came from Ensign Behran. "Towards the Borg, er, tribble vessel." "Confirmed Commander," added Lieutenant Satrel from the Science station. "If all other factors remain constant, the asteroid will now pass within 10 kilometers of the first vessel."

"Let's have some input, people." Lawrence was stumped, not a state he was accustomed to experiencing. "An explanation suggests itself, sir" responded the always-reliable Satrel, "However I would prefer to wait for some additional data before I..." "Lieutenant, if you have a hypothesis please, let's hear it." "Very well sir. I believe..." "Commander, the viewscreen!" The tone of Ensign Brett's voice brought Lawrence's attention immediately forward. The first Borg, er tribble vessel had unleashed its anti-proton weaponry upon the asteroid. Large chunks of debris were sliced clear, and immediately grabbed by an

associated tractor beam. The pieces of asteroid were pulled without ceremony into what could now simply be described as a mouth. Lawrence could imagine hearing the vessel chew. The second vessel adjusted its position slightly, and joined the first at the impromptu feast. "I've conducted an analyses of the asteroid, Commander. Predominantly iron-nickel, with a high concentration of gold, platinum, and iridium alloys. The vessels do in fact appear to be feeding."

"I don't like the sound of that Satrel. You do remember what happens when you feed a tribble?" "Yes sir. One obtains a ravenous litter of diminutive tribbles." "I don't want to see that happen people. We may need to reassess our objectives. We..." "Sir, I believe it may be too late," interjected Ensign Brett. Forcing down a shudder, Commander Lawrence again turned to the main viewer. The gorging vessels were already looking rather swollen. The facing portion of the first vessel's hull stretched and formed itself into a three-tiered lattice. With astonishing speed for so large a vessel, each tier then divided into three cells, producing a three by three array. The nine resultant cells immediately began to swell within the lattice. While he knew what would happen next, Lawrence was awed at the reality. One, then three, then all nine cells burst open. Borg cubes were ejected from each. While very small relative to the parent vessel, they each dwarfed the tiny *Defiant*-class starship. The new cubes immediately took up positions near the asteroid and assisted in its dissolution with their own little anti-proton and tractor beams. Within a short time thereafter, a second set of nine little Borg cubes were ejected from the second ship. All twenty remained in position around the rapidly disappearing asteroid. On board the now seriously outnumbered Federation vessel, Lawrence let out an exasperated sigh. "Happy Birthday."

* This passage was obtained *in toto* from a very useful glossary of astronomical terms which can be found at: <http://seasky.org/skyla.html>

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show. This was the chance to see the Star Trek folks out of character. All four sang and Nichelle had everyone on their feet. (And yes, Jimmy can sing and no, George can't, but then he never promised anything either.) Comedy in song and comments and some great fun. On top of this was the real treat of Chase Masterson. Wow! A real cabaret artist, she worked the audience with her own renditions of "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" and others, with the words altered to fit the Trek universe. She left everyone begging for more, especially the men on the first row!

While we're on the subject, part of the reason the convention had a positive feel was due to the guests themselves. You can't ask for more friendly stars. James Doohan said that anyone who wanted a picture with him could have one. He said he'd sign autographs all day, if he could just stretch every 30 minutes and have someone shake his hand now and then to give his old hand a massage and he'd keep signing. True to his word, he kept going, right through lunch until the line was gone. He didn't eat until 2:45, I know, because I took him to lunch, and he bought mine! What more can you ask of a guest?

In defense of the promoter/producer, he staved off a 'dedicated reporter', determined to interview the stars while they were in the autograph lines. She acted rather put out when he insisted on no photography and no conversation until the autograph process was complete. (Maybe he was just trying to avoid a lynching by the fans.) Both George and Jimmy had problems with this on Saturday and Sunday, I'm not sure if the other guests had similar problems.

Because the convention was located all in the same area, there was little, if any confusion over where the events were. Since there were no panels or workshops, it was either autographs or question and answers with the dealers room to fill in. The dealers room opened

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into the convention hall, which led to a few minor noise problems that were easily corrected, but it allowed people to come and go freely without having to go through security again.

Otherwise, people with convention reservations got them, refunds were given or adjustments made for errors in services received and so on. Also, the hotel staff was very helpful, providing much needed air conditioning adjustments and other help. The staff member assigned to the convention was quick to respond to requests for ice water, table cloths and such.

Overall, I'd give the convention three out of four stars. Since I'm a former teacher, I'd make it a B-. The main problems centered on the

autograph lines and the scheduling, both easy to correct before the next time.

I haven't said anything about the lack of panels and such. Several fans asked me why there weren't any, probably because I was easy to see and was wearing a security badge. Again, I told them to speak to the promoter, whether they did or not, I don't know. Whether he listened or not is another unknown.

One question to the producer/promoter. I know he won't hear it and I won't get an answer, but why didn't the convention have a tie in to the 30th anniversary of the moon landing? I would have enjoyed hearing from a NASA representative on the program and the future of the space program.

One last observation. The convention was well attended, despite poor advertising. The promoter probably believes he made all the right decisions, but he's wrong. Many fans said they did not find out about the convention until the last minute and almost didn't make it. Also, there were those who said if it hadn't been for the flyers that we handed out, they wouldn't have known either. I believe that a large number of fans were already on the mailing lists for conventions or found it on the internet. Since the convention did well, I doubt it will come up again. Anyway, thanks for allowing me to vent my feelings.

See you later. Live long and prosper.

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