

PIZZA

No. 1

November, 1975



THE NEW CREED FOR THE SPACE AGE

Disintegrata

Go nastily amid the peace and tranquillity, and remember what satisfaction there may be in genocide. As far as possible, without surrender, move into other people's space. Lie often, and loudly; and listen to the lies of others, even the slow and incompetent - examples can be made of them later. Seek out meek and inoffensive persons: they are annoying; but fun to kill. Do not bother comparing yourself to others: those greater than you will eventually be eliminated, and those lesser than you are dead already. Fart in airlocks. Assassinate your superior as quickly as possible: your own career, however exalted, is not worth a plugged millio if one of your junior officers gets it over your dead body. Exercise caution if one of your course changes suddenly produces a sensor ghost: for the Galaxy is full of Federation vessels. But let this not blind you to the happier side of things: many Starship captains are swaggering, tin-plated dictators with delusions of godhood, and everywhere life is full of incompetence. Advance yourself. Especially do not feign meanness, neither be cynical about hate: you are not likely to run out of either. Take kindly the counsel of the yeas, gracefully surrendering the joys of defenestration and evisceration for more mature pleasures. Nurture a deep-seated suspicion of small furry creatures that purr: you never can tell. File your teeth regularly. Discipline is important: practice holding it in between planetfalls. You are a scourge of the universe, no less than your average interstellar plague or black hole: you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the Universe is going to pieces in a most laudable manner. Therefore do your utmost to annoy the Destroyer, however you may conceive of Him, Big Bang or Entropy Death: and whatever your plans of conquest, as you wade through the morasses of peace with fire and sword, annoy your soul. With all its truth, high resolve, and courage, the world still has its ugly spots. Be thoughtless. Strive to be miserable.

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fizbin

ISSUE # 1

© Mary Ann Sibley
November, 1975

DEDICATED TO:

Lily from Ohio, for nagging me to
get *something* published,
Mary from Wisconsin, for teaching
us Sheepshead one rainy Tuesday
in Michigan,
Judith from Kansas, for her birthday.

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FOOTNOTES	everywhere
CARTOONS	likewise



we the editor

This fanzine began one night on the way to *Star Base Denver*. "I'm Tired of talking Star Trek," we remarked, "Let's publish all the stuff we've written and make our own fanzine."

"Yes," everyone responded.

"I'll be Editor," we¹ remarked. We accepted the resulting silence as unanimous consent and *FISBIN* was officially launched!

So, who are we? We are four roommates, living in a house, variously known as *The Abbey* or *St. Mary's School for Mercenary Soldiers*.² Judith, our resident artist, is a grad student in Library. Carla, our former friend and current tactless critic, works for BankAmericard and goes to college evenings. Figaro, her 15-pound *KZIN*, has mass, occupies space, and provides a modicum of comfort and/or pain to us all on occasion. Marie is a student at University of Colorado.³ Mary Ann works

nights, days, and swears never to go to grad school.³ She is owned by her credit cards, since she lived for three months on them, and now has to work two jobs to catch up. She uses Star Trek to keep herself sane--if you can call it that.

The Inner Circe (Mary Ann and Marie) are the moving force behind *FISBIN*. They have come to Fandom quite late. Both Science Fiction fans for years, we were Star Trek fans, as soon as we finally noticed it, but became active, organized fans only since moving into *The Abbey*. And probably, we are, in many respects, not active, organized fans, yet: we have been to only one con.⁴ And FINAWOF. (Fandom is Not a way of life for either of us.) Paying the rent⁵ is a way of life: Cons in New York and California are not really possible. And yet, we know you are out there somewhere... other semi-rational people like ourselves, who like Star Trek and cannot stand *Space, 1999*.⁶

So much for who we are--now for what we're doing.

*FJZZBIN*⁷ was an imaginary card game, invented by Captain James T. during *4 Piece of the Action*. The rules were eccentric and subject to change without notice, although the basic cards remained the same.⁸

FYZBIN is planned with a similar editorial policy. The words and forms may be similar to other fanzines, but the editorship will be eccentric and subject to change without notice. Like, for example, I was using footnotes and now I'm going to use an italic insert.

You see, I believe in everything that ever appeared on the Star Trek TV Show. It happened before my very eyes, so it's real, no matter how impossible

¹This editorial we is Mary Ann.

² But that's another story.

³ And is half of *The Inner Circe*.

⁴ Mary Ann went. She found it odd. They showed *Planet of the Apes* movies!?

⁵ and Mastercharge and BankAmericard and...

⁶ Presumably soon to be *Space, 2000*?

⁷ For you clods who don't already know.

⁸ *F'zb'n* is the Andorian word for *Schatkopt*, an ancient German game with similar rules. I'ts in Hoyle's: look it up.

it may seem. Everything can be rationalized--I don't care how. Everything on the TV show is part of the Star Trek Universe...EVERYTHING else is Fandom. This includes the Comic Books, the Cartoon Show, and even the Books.⁹ So we have a couple hundred hours of info. Those are immutable, but everything not covered is fair game and can be believed or ignored.¹⁰

OK, so I believe in the shows, but some of them were awful! Even the best episodes were subject to strange oddities. What they need, you see, are frivolous footnotes!

Any fan worth her/his weight in dilithium has watched the show and sniped at it,¹¹ we're sure. Well, *FIZBEN* is a round-robin-free-form-Star Trek fanzine, in which the Editor reserves the right to snipe.

So, as part of our editorial policy, we solicit response: letters, articles, satires, and especially fiction. We won't edit¹² copy we publish, but we will add footnotes¹³ where they seem indicated. (So if you've got a piece, that every other editor has demanded a rewrite on, send it to *PHIZBIN*. We don't believe in rewrites--as Heinlein says, do it right the first time; don't rewrite.) And if you send letters, we don't really want critiques and arguments, but we do want¹⁴ frivolling with us. If we do something you don't like, ignore it. In fact, we *promise* you one piece of trash¹⁵ per issue. Heck, some of the worst episodes of Star Trek were the most fun to watch!

One last word about *FYSBHIN*: it is the official Andorian fanzine, altho I promised my co-editor, we wouldn't have any in the zine. Any word which appears to be a typo, is really an Andorian word of obscure meaning.¹⁶ This zine is perfect. Any apparent error will be due to your anti-Andorian cultural prejudices.

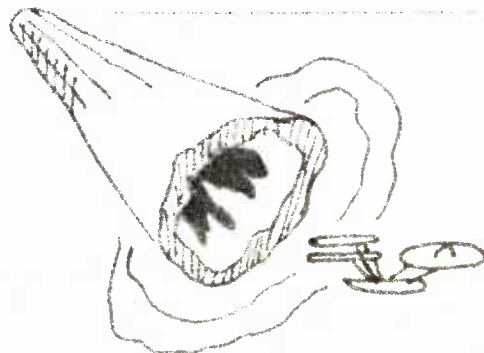
⁹ Or, especially, the books. Blish probably died from the combined psychic emanations of all the Star Trek fans who hated him and chanted, "Blish must die," after reading his books.

¹⁰ Kirk's middle name is not necessarily Tiberius. Vulcans may not have a seven-year cycle. Etc.

¹¹ Japed, even.



No Buts, Spock-
this is not a viable
culture, so the Prime
Directive doesn't apply!



My Life Insurance?
New England Life, of course!
Why?

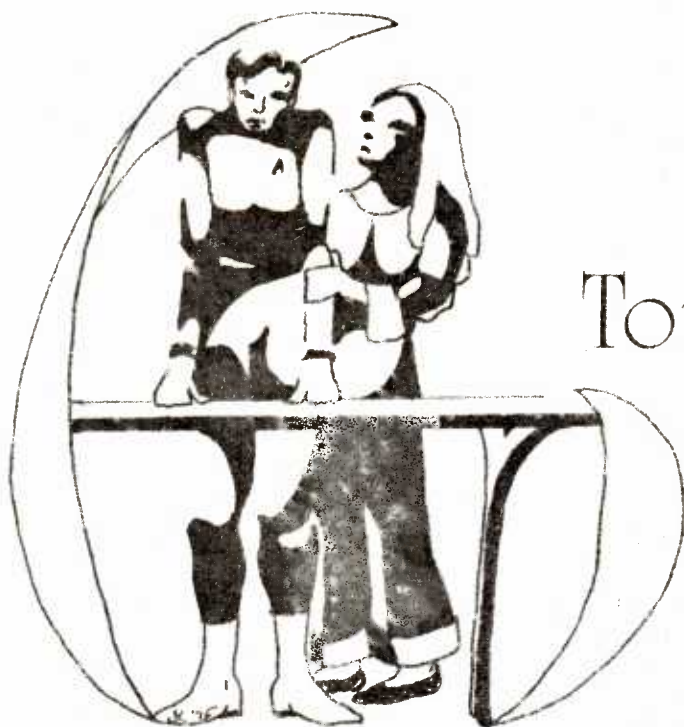
¹² much--hardly at all--I promise.

¹³ See the Tomi-An story for a strange serious little piece that got footnoted into a parody of all half-breed, telepath, down-trodden, noble, and stupid mistresses of Spock.

¹⁴ desperately.

¹⁵ or more.

¹⁶ Well, other fanzines do Vulcan and Klingon words so why not get some use from alien words?



Tomi-an

Mary Ann Sibley

INTRO:

The following story was written eight years ago . . . early in the second season. It was an attempt to explain away discrepancies I saw in a show I loved. It need help and being caught up in the masochistic world of college in the 60's, I wrote a passionate underdog story worthy of your true liberal: Virtue is its own punishment.

Years later, having never, to my memory, reread the story, I set about contemplating revisions. After all, my personal fantasies were not really Star Trek. Some changes would be necessary to bring Tomi closer to the real Star Trek Universe. The revisions were even stranger than the original. And then, when I finally reread the story--well, frankly, I loved it.¹

But I had also become attached to my proposed revisions. So I decided to publish both. Not two stories,² but editorial footnotes and comments are tacked onto the original story. Take your pick, or, as we near 1984, try doublethink and believe both. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day," as the White Queen said. "Why, sometimes, I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." If you have trouble, "Try again: draw a long breath, and shut your eyes. . . you probably haven't had enough practice at it . . ."³

¹ Look, if I were modest, I wouldn't be publishing my own fanzine, would I?

² I'm too lazy for that!

³ All from Lewis Carroll quotes.

Captain Kirk leaned rather heavily against the conference table.⁴ Tomi smiled up at him a little crookedly, somehow shy. She didn't know what he was going to do since he didn't know. He was so tired. He had been operating for some time now on stimulants and sheer force of will. He just stood looking at her, not conscious of time, or anything but her. She came to his shoulder but seemed smaller, her eyes hooded and cautious, her body tight, as if always ready to dodge. She is so beautiful, he thought. No, she was too young yet to be beautiful, but then a telepath never looked much over seventeen.⁵ But there was something there in her face which spoke of courage, a courage she should not have been able to retain but had somehow hung onto.

He thought of the first time he had seen her. She had been curled up on the floor of her dark little cell, hugging her knees to her breast, as much for warmth as anything. The look in her eyes then had been very little removed from the animal, and she had refused to look at him after her first wild glance. Mr. Spock had viewed her dispassionately as was his way, interested only in her capabilities, but both officers had seen not only the pain and fear in her eyes, but the physical marks of deliberate cruelty on her back and arms. Kirk had been suddenly angry, filled with disgust for the kind of man who could do such a thing. She had winced and he realized she was feeling his hatred and trying to shut it out.⁶

"What is your name?" Spock asked her. There was silence and suddenly the dealer stepped forward and jabbed the toe of his boot into the small of her back. She jumped, but although sweat stood out on her forehead and her face whitened, she didn't make a sound.

"Don't touch her again!" warned Kirk, his anger focused on this little toad of a man. And, seeing the savage look on the Starship Captain's face, the dealer fairly jumped for the door.

Hand on the door, he tried to explain, "I was only telling her to answer, sir, you understand, sir? Can't let them

get away with bein' . . ." He trailed off, realizing he was not pacifying Kirk and suddenly aware of Spock's dissecting gaze.⁷

"Then your action, besides being extremely stupid, was also unnecessary, since she answered me immediately." Spock's normally cool voice had dropped many degrees.

"Get out of here," Kirk told the man with dangerous control, "We'll call you when we need you. *If* we need you." The dealer, all too used to dealing with the whims and passions of the rich and capricious, bowed himself out, glad to get off so easily.⁸

⁴ Pay close attention: this is the rape scene! Well, maybe not 'til later . . .

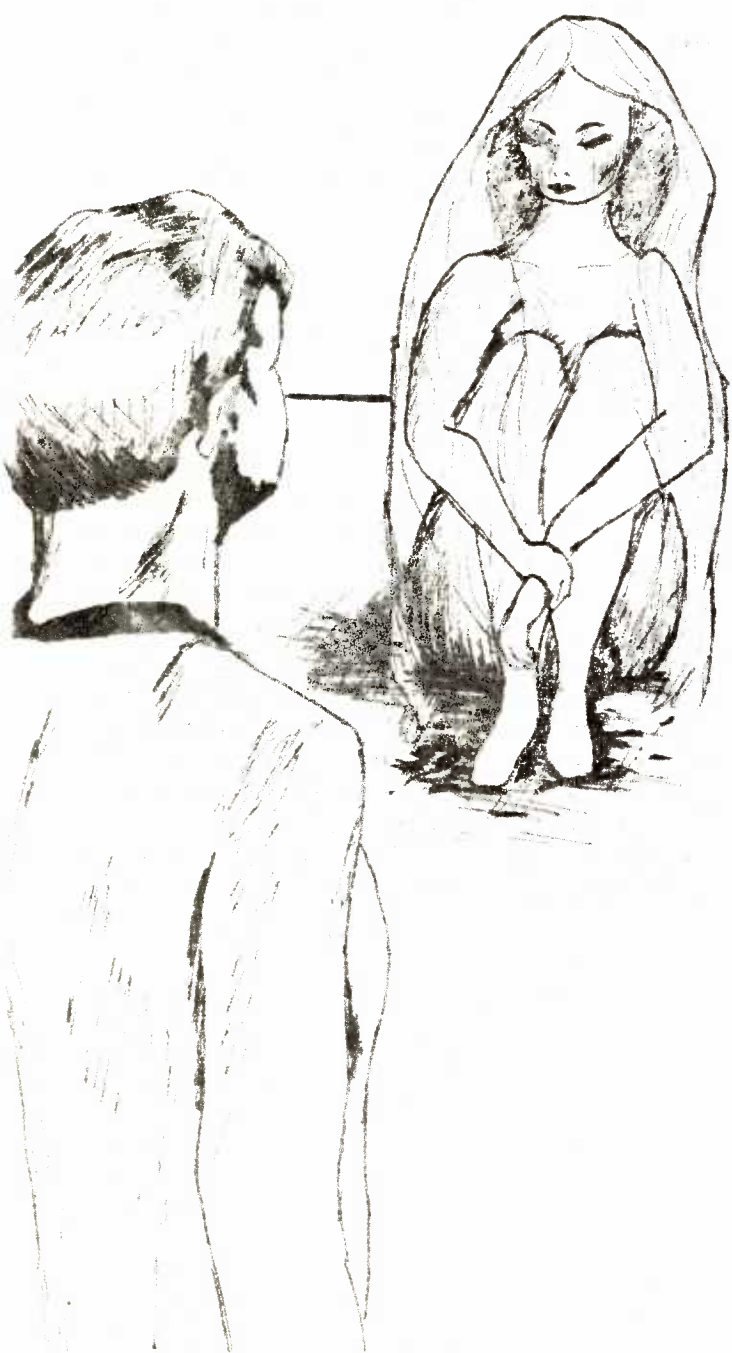
⁵ Would you believe she takes Geritol and is really 47?

⁶ Kinda gets you right here, don't it?

⁷ It's easy when you've got eyebrows like that.

⁸ It has been suggested that this would make a lovely scene with Kirk and Spock disguised as Klingons--and indeed it would. But I think it is valid this way. The Federation apparently doesn't care what happens on any member planet (any more than America cares how governments run which accept our aid.) Internal affairs are one's own, and only interplanetary slave runners (like Harry Mudd?) find themselves in occasional trouble. Still, it's a tempting scene, with Kirk as a Klingon . . .





"You said she answered you?" Kirk asked his First Officer, "Telepathy?"

"Yes, Captain, she is called Tomi-an. She is obviously still capable of the basic elements of telepathy since she directed her answer to me alone. However I am unable to say whether she is capable of long range telepathy. I would judge from her present state, that she has not completely recovered from her cat-aleptic withdrawal. It might be several days before I could adequately judge her capabilities."

The Captain frowned. Spock was indisputably the expert on telepathy since Vulcan "mind-melding" was telepathy. But Vulcan telepathy was scientific, logical, and limited by physical laws: it was a measurable function of the brain. Human telepathy was limited by neither space nor time. It was instantaneous and depended only on the will of the telepath, and to some extent, physical and emotional health. It could be described as a function of the mind, or, perhaps, of the soul.⁹

⁹ Ah ha! Here we break with the original concept: in the revision, Tomi isn't human--or only half. (I know the half-breed thing has been over-done, but listen . . .)

INTERLUDE:

One upon a time there was a race of lovely people now known as Göks, on another planet (where else), who were really charming people, but eccentric, even frivolous, from the Human standpoint. In the normal course of events, this would not have mattered since they were not destined to meet Humans. However.

The Göks, though erratic, could not help but notice that their star was about to nova. Naturally they searched for a way to continue their race. They chose the genetic approach. (I told you they were odd!) They found a way to send out spores, or viruses, or something even more eccentric, containing their chosen gene pattern. But. They used their own brand of logic in choosing the gene pattern. And. They were incompetant genetic engineers.

Number one, their anonymous pattern carried only half (or less?) the code.

They could be only the fathers of their continuing, modified race, not the mother. Being warm-hearted people with no concept of alien races different from their own, they assumed a warm welcome for their little bundles from Heaven (literally): But. They decided to add a few things just for luck. Quite logical. But. First, all of the offspring would be daughters (at least until the breed was absorbed into the total gene pool) so they could have physical control of the unborn second generation. (The Góks had a soft spot for grandchildren.) Second, they developed telepathy. Logical, again. A telepathic child should be able to convey her needs and so survive more easily. It is not known whether the sexual aspects of telepathy were planned for. A telepathic woman would certainly have little trouble finding a mate, but were the Góks this innocently hedonistic? (Believe what you like.)

The problem with all this was that they went too far and too carelessly.

In getting the genes they wanted, they neglected to eliminate the ones that happened to appear on the same chromosome (or whatever). So.

Along with genes for youth and endurance and all them there good things, went such physical traits as transparent hair (think of a shining halo floating around her face--or think of her as appearing bald--your choice). Eyes that have polarized irises to reflect light like a mirror in bright light and which dissolve into the pupil in the dark, and oh, yes, they are vertically slitted like a cat's. Six fingers, lungs, etc.

Telepathy tied to a precocious gene to produce a newborn child with undirected projective telepathy. And later, sexually stimulated telepathic response beyond conscious control. So.

The upshoot was that few of the children thus born lived. Well, obviously, here is this lady--of any sentient species (No, I don't know **how** they directed this. It was eccentric genius, not biology) in the family way. (There is some disagreement as to whether the process causes pregnancy or simply alters a gamete in viral fashion.) She may be a Terran colonist, an Andorian, or even an intelligent water-dweller. She pro-

duces a creature with transparent hair, eyes like the devil and too many, or too few, fingers. (Oh, it has gills, if its mother did, but it may be drowning by instinctive use of the lungs it also has.) The birth is attended by a feeling of unease, turning to panic as the **moment of birth arrives. All those around are hit by a feeling of suffocation, cold, fear, vertigo, and terror.** If this devil's spawn is not killed by the right-thinking relatives then, it is unlikely to survive its first hunger pangs. An uncontrolled projective telepath is not comfortable to be around and if not recognized as such, the Gók's feelings continue to dominate the emotions of those around her. However, with luck the mother *might* be allowed to live. (This is unlikely.)

The few Góks who, for reasons unknown, do survive are premium merchandise. White slavery is not unknown in Star Trek's universe and a telepath would be a novelty worth any price. When even rape is a novel and sensual experience, it is easy to slip into more direct sadism. (Read *The Shiek*.)

End of INTERLUDE. Better go reread that last paragraph . . . strike human.

Kirk stared down at Tomi, huddled there apparently heedless of their appraisal. He was aware of a strong desire to get her out of here regardless of her possible use to Star Fleet's new communication network. He didn't really understand the theory of telepathy. The standard argument was that telepaths were dangerous mutations, bent on enslaving the minds of normal humans and therefore the worst threat mankind ever faced, because it came in a sense, from mankind itself.¹⁰ Somehow, looking

¹⁰ Obviously, this is an alien invasion which may be crushed any way it is convenient. Oh, did I mention, the telepath syndrome was described by Dr. Holm. He called them "Góks", which is the Swedish word for Cuckoo, a bird which lays its eggs in other birds' nests. The pronunciation has been variously corrupted to rhyme with "block" or "duck" (and since all telepaths are female, they are occasionally called--you guessed it--"mother-gókkers!")

at the tortured girl at his feet, he could not work up so great a fear and hatred as to understand the skew logic of this kind of subjugation. Tomi didn't look vicious; she only looked vulnerable.

A feeling and Spock's rather negative evaluation, Kirk thought, not much to justify what it would cost to buy this pretty child. A telepath was a rare enough human mutation, and though they never seemed to age, the average life expectancy was only a little more than twenty years; they never died of natural causes.¹¹ He wished Star Fleet had chosen another ship for the initial trials. Dealing with that damn little toad left him feeling dirty. And slavery, no matter what the justification, was an ugly affair.¹² She was not the first telepath he and Spock had inspected, as they checked out rumor after rumor, on half a dozen planets, trying to find a telepath capable of meeting Star Fleet's specifications. He was not sure that this girl did meet them, but she was somehow different, though in a way he could not pinpoint. But she seemed in better condition than any of the others, at least.

He flipped open his communicator, "Kirk to Enterprise."

"Enterprise, Scott here, Captain."

Kirk spoke rapidly to his Engineer, "Please prepare to beam us aboard in a few minutes. And notify Dr. McCoy that we'll be bringing him a patient. Kirk out."

He put away the communicator and turned to Tomi. "Alright, Tomi, stand up." She seemed not to hear, or hearing, to ignore him. But, then, she leaned forward, trying to balance and stand. She managed only to exchange her crouch for a kneeling position. She spoke for the first time, in a soft low voice, "I . . . it hurts." Then she reluctantly took Spock's proffered hands and allowed him to pull her to her feet. She disengaged her hands as quickly as she could. She seemed barely able to tolerate being touched, Kirk thought, as though she felt dirtied by the contact.

Dr. McCoy met them at the trans-

porter and took immediate charge of Tomi-an. When he reported to the Captain later he was mad. He had a vendetta against pain and it goaded him beyond endurance to see suffering and be helpless against it. "Jim, that's the damndest thing I've ever seen. I don't see how she's conscious, let alone on her feet. Did you get a good look at her back? They used a Nerve Whip on her."¹³ Leaves halfway between a cut and an electric burn. Where it doesn't bleed outright, she has second degree burns! And the devil is, I can't even give her a painkiller because her cock-eyed mutant physiology is just as likely to interpret it as a stimulant instead of a narcotic."¹⁴

Kirk had gotten a good look at her back, and he wished fervently that he hadn't. "No wonder they go cataleptic periodically."

"Captain," Mr. Spock said, "as far as we know, this cataleptic state is a withdrawal from psychological and emotional pressures rather than from pain alone. It is forced on the telepath when, in fact, it ceases to be possible to function as a sentient being."¹⁵

"Yes, Jim," McCoy added, "an injury alone won't do it. But pain and fear, coupled with the continual degradation of slavery, and the inability of a telepath ever to be totally alone with whatever the "self" is can sometimes build up to an unendurable load. Then they become cataleptic. If the environment doesn't change, they simply never regain consciousness; they die in a few days regardless of all efforts to keep them alive. So usually they are sold while in this state since it is supposed to be bad luck to kill a telepath."

¹¹ True enough. But other than that, they are probably immortal. Who knows?

¹² When it gets in his way . . . otherwise, let the Troggs eat cake!

¹³ Courtesy of Dr. Asimov.

¹⁴ Oh, yes, she's allergic to everything. When you mix amino acids indiscriminately you can get anythin'!

¹⁵ This was on the gene with strong bones and healthy teeth.