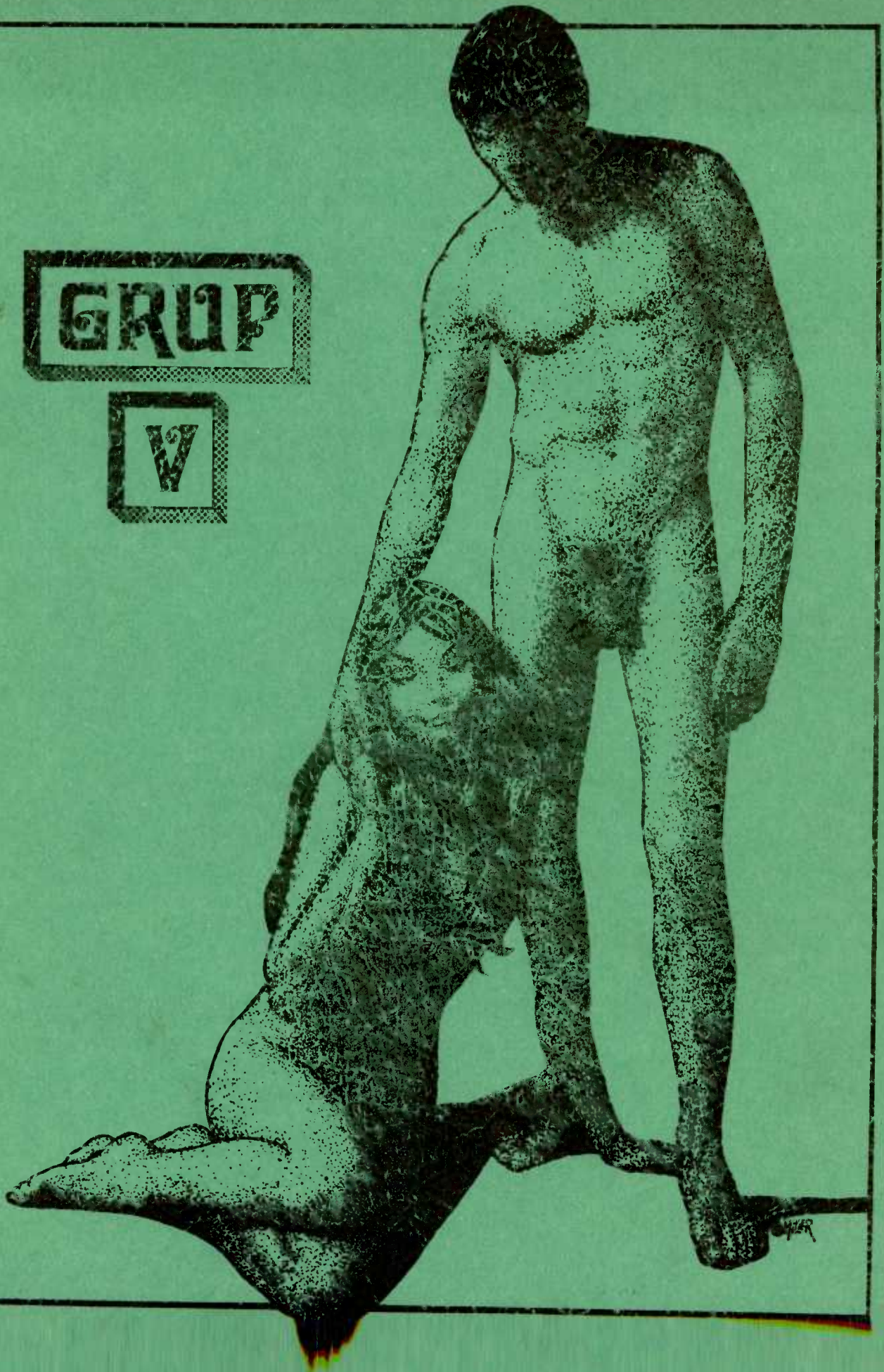


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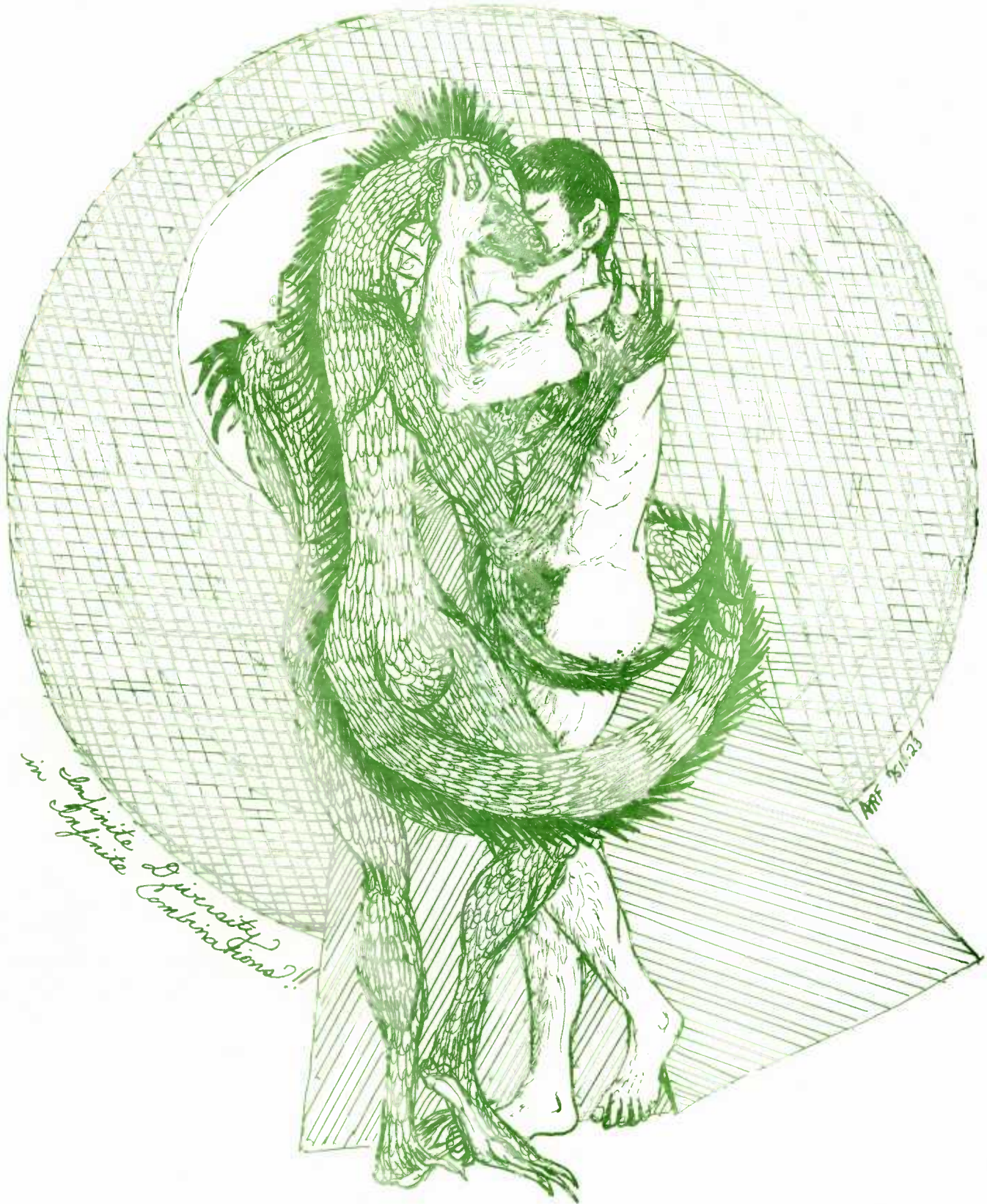




AVID COLLECTOR: "What you got on
Mariette Hartley?"

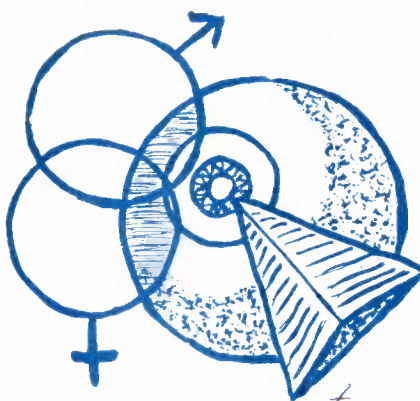
TREK DEALER: "Spock."

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in Infinite Combinations!!*

GRUP V



GRUP Vol. 4 #1 ^{oct}~~aug~~, 1976

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Ex Editorium

Well, here we are with issue #5. This year has been an abominal one financially, which is the only reason for the issue being this late. (We went to a Con in KC and lost our proverbial hat, ass, and overcoat in the hucksters room.)

This printing is 1200 copies, 45 lb. offset paper, 62 lb. leather covers, 90 pages, done entirely offset. We now have a Multilith 1000 press and an IBM Selectric (with--uh--balls) for the type setting.

Issue #6 is mostly together -- although we need more art, cartoons and maybe an article. How 'bout it?

Steve Barnes, our co-editor emeritus, will be joining us for editing 'Best of GRUP' - which will include 'Encounter' from #1 and 'Joy in the Morning' from #2 (both excerpted in Star Trek Lives!) Also the Vulcan-Terran physiology article from #1 and Diane Marchant's controversial Kirk/Spock thingee from #3. The rest is still debatable and we welcome your suggestions.



We're not planning any further ahead than these two issues and will make no radical promises. They will be out as we can afford.

All back issues are out-of-print and will not be reprinted in their entireties. (That means issues 1-4.)

Lots of people new to these pages, this; and all very welcome. We try to provide a place for people to exercise their talents, get a little experience and exposure, and maybe go on to bigger and better things. We're always willing to look at your work, but please include a return mailer with it (just in case).

Lust Long and Perspire!

Carrie

* * * * *

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"Oy vey! Not another GRUP!"



"Is this Romulan wine or
Methylene Blue?"



"Listen Blue Shirt, if you try to hold
my hand again....."

TOUCHED

by Jean Lorrah

"Four months!" gasped Sarek.

"Well, my husband, if you had explained the Pon Farr to me before we were married, I would have told you I had had my annual contraceptive injection. After all, I hadn't even met you at the time of my last checkup."

"But--- four months before it wears off? Amanda, I can't remain in Pon Farr for four months!"

"You didn't tell me I had to get pregnant to stop it, either," she reminded him. "Besides," she continued, throwing her arms around him, "I could go on like this forever!"

At the moment, that was an offer Sarek could not refuse. Later, however, he insisted that they leave off lovemaking long enough to talk.

"I've cancelled all my duties for three weeks," he said, "but two weeks of those are already gone. In seven more days I must resume my schedule-- and the duties of an ambassador are, unfortunately, extremely public."

"Umm-- mine will be, too, you know. I'll have to be there at your side, dedicating starships and greeting prime ministers. And in between, we can sneak off into a closet and----"

"It's not funny, Amanda!"

"I thought you didn't know what 'funny' meant."

"We have been sharing consciousness for two weeks. My mind has been contaminated!"

Amanda laughed. Sarek did not-- even the Pon Farr did not release that inhibition--- but the hint of a smile played about the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, Darling," she said, "surely some of your excess ardor will wear off after a while."

"Have you noticed it doing so?"

"Well,... no. But surely you can go a few hours between...?"

He sighed. "If I must, I must. But you will be with me, Amanda. Here, let me show you something."

Carefully, he touched the first two fingers of his hand to the

first two fingers of hers.

"Oooh!" she gasped. "That is sensational! Almost as good as the real thing--- and just with the fingertips!" She grinned. "What happens if we try the whole hand?"

"Amanda, please! This is a temporary substitute for sexual union, used on Vulcan on the extremely rare occasions when a couple in Pon Farr must appear in public. It is not a permanent solution, but it must suffice for a few hours."

"Then we find a closet!"

"All right," he said, taking her in his arms, "if you prefer a closet to a big, comfortable bed..."

#

The solution worked, more or less. Under the influence of the Pon Farr, Sarek showed an unfortunate tendency to make jokes--- and then deny that he had said anything funny. When they had been attending to ambassadorial duties for several hours, he became irritable, and Amanda hurried him home as quickly as possible.

Then there was the day of the conference on Arcadian unity, when the debate dragged on and on, with only an hour's break for lunch. That was the time Sarek and Amanda really did find a closet....

Finally, one morning about five months after their marriage, Amanda awoke alone. She dressed hurriedly, and found Sarek in his office. His attitude had reverted to the cool reserve of the days when she had first known him, long before their hasty marriage.

"I think you should see the doctor," Sarek suggested. "He will undoubtedly confirm that you are pregnant."

The doctor confirmed it that afternoon, and by evening nature confirmed that the child was Sarek's. Nausea hit, and hardly let up through the entire pregnancy-- which lasted eleven months, Federation Standard Time. Carrying a child of alien blood turned out to be considerably less than pleasant.

Sarek was solicitous of Amanda's comfort, but there was little he could do except see that she took her medication. Most of the time she lay in a darkened room, trying to drink the chicken soup prepared by her mother while they were still on Earth, and the plomik soup prepared by Sarek's mother after they returned to Vulcan, when she was five months along.

Finally, the child was born: a boy they named Spock. A team of human and Vulcan doctors studied mother and son, and seemed satisfied with the results.

After a few weeks, Amanda's human gynecologist confirmed that it was safe for her to resume sexual relations. That night in bed, she snuggled encouragingly against Sarek. Obliging, he put an arm around her, nothing more.

Oh, well, she would try a bit of subtlety. Taking his hand, she touched fingers. Nothing. Apparently those circuits were only connected at the Pon Farr. She would have to use the direct approach.

"Sarek," she said, "let's make love."

"I cannot," he said matter-of-factly.

"It's all right," she said, "I checked with my doctor."

"Amanda, it is not that I would not like to please you. However, I am physically incapable of doing so. The Vulcan male is potent only at the Pon Farr,"

"And then only until he gets his wife pregnant?"

"That is correct. When her hormone balance indicates that she has conceived, the Pon Farr is dissipated."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Amanda, remembering the miserable pregnancy she had just passed through. "No wonder Vulcans don't get any fun out of life."

"You must endeavor to accept what you cannot change, my wife," Sarek said in the most irritating tones of Vulcan sententiousness.

"Well, how long until your next Pon Farr?" she asked.

"Approximately--" a momentary pause as he translated Vulcan time to Federation Standard "--six more years."

"Six years?!" gasped Amanda.

"Vulcans are long-lived people, Amanda. If we were to reproduce more often, consider the population problem."

"But-- six years before you want me again? Sarek, I can't wait six years!"

"You must, Amanda. There is absolutely nothing that can be done about it."

#

It was some weeks after that fateful night that Amanda, taking Spock in for his regular checkup, was surprised to find both human and Vulcan doctors waiting. Assuring her that there was nothing to worry about, they took blood samples from Amanda and Spock, and asked her to send Sarek in to have one taken, too.

The results of these ominous proceedings were announced to Sarek and Amanda a few days later: during her pregnancy, Amanda's blood had developed antibodies against Vulcan blood. There would be no more children for her and Sarek.

One of the Vulcan healers leaned forward and said, underscoring each word, "You will be unable to conceive another child by your husband, Lady Amanda."

She looked at Sarek. His face was a mask. His expression had not changed, but it was as if every muscle had petrified. She took his hand-- she, after all, was human, and Sarek would understand that she meant to comfort him, even if he could not respond.

Finally he said, "Thank you, Doctors, Healers," and got up to leave.

They said nothing all the way home, Amanda because Sarek was so stiff that she feared one word might destroy his Vulcan reserve. She was astonished that he was so affected by what seemed to her not particularly bad news. They had a son. She would have liked to have a daughter as well, but had already been wondering if she could take another pregnancy like her first.

"Sarek," she said once they were alone, "please don't feel so bad. Be happy with the son we have."

"Happy?"

"Satisfied, then. Let's not quibble over words. I love you, and I love Spock. We're enough to make a family. Surely Vulcan men don't suffer from machismo."

"From what?"

"The need to prove your virility. Surely not having more children won't make you feel inadequate-- especially when it's my fault, not yours."

"Amanda--- you have not grasped the total implications of this situation. You cannot conceive my child. I am bonded to you. At my next Pon Farr, I will be drawn to you, my wife, no one else. But you cannot conceive my child!"

She realized what he was saying. "Then there will be no way to end---"

"The madness! The stripping away of logic! The--"

"Sexual desire!" she finished triumphantly, with a superhuman effort she managed not to laugh out loud.

"Don't you understand?" he asked. "It will mean the end of my usefulness as an ambassador. The end of public appearances for me."

"Nonsense," replied Amanda. "We managed for four months on Earth."

"With many embarrassing moments," he reminded her.

"Perhaps a few-- but I don't mind if you don't, Sarek. Look at it logically, Darling. You must endeavor to accept what cannot be changed."

"That is true," he replied.

"So I must accept the next six years," said Amanda, "but after that," and this time her laughter bubbled over, "just make sure we're never assigned to a planet where they don't have closets!"



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Sulu was startled , "I don't understand," he said,
flattered
appalled
ready

"Where am I and who are you?" "Come, Sulu," the Queen
Who are you where am I?"
Why is there air what's a stardate?"
What do I do with whom?"

replied, "we hardly expected anything so conventional !
unconventional
ethereal
all encompassing

" However,you are on Botanica and we brought you here to
Earth
Vulcan
Vulgaria

improve the breed," the Queen finished, caressing a small flower .
whip
breast
Sulu

"How charming ." he replied, "but I am afraid I can't ."
nasty period
awful I'm not
conventional in Pon Farr
I have a
headache

"Oh, but you will," the Queen replied, " you will wear
garlands of roses and be very happy ."
rings and things busy
and buttons and bows miserable
a collar and chains lovely
a skirt

Sulu hesitated but at the sight of her lovely face
grinned his bed
whimpered its body
tried to run their whip

alive with hope , he capitulated . He entered the garden room ,
bedbugs surrendered bedroom
passion refused torture chamber
lust got hard Queen

and began to work with enthusiasm. He enjoyed himself and so did the
strained
outdid
abused

watching natives. Then the inevitable happened: theEnterprise appeared,
unlikely
deplorable
usual

By tracing Sulu's communicator , Spock had tracked him down.
body heat
unique odor
emission pattern

In the twinkling of an eye, Sulu was transported up to the ship,
Before winter set in
Sooner than expected
Without sufficient warning

leaving bewildered natives behind.
enraged
horny
unsatisfied

"Sulu has gone ," they lamented .
come cheered
escaped sighed
got his pouted

"But we will always remember him, announced the head gardener ,
eunuch
slave
Queen

with a tear in one lovely eye ,
ear
nose
throat

Meanwhile, back on the Enterprise, Kirk demanded , "what was
pleaded
stormed
pouted

that all about?"

Replied Sulu, "I have no idea ."
time
recollection
regrets

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"If there be anyone with a reason this marriage should not take place, let him speak now, or forever hold his piece."



INTRODUCING.....

or

"Just What This Ship Needs, Another Vulcan"

by Vivian Meltz Bregman

The U.S.S. Enterprise was orbiting Starbase 9 ... waiting. Captain Kirk was in the transporter room with Commander Spock and Doctor McCoy ... waiting.

Kirk turned to Spock: "Sometimes I think we spend most of our time doing nothing or waiting for something, and the rest of the time try- to keep from getting killed."

"Accurate, Captain. I would say 53.54% of the time doing the former, 12.42% doing the latter and 34.04% going from one situation to the other."

"Thank you, Mr. Spock, I don't know what I would do without that priceless bit of information," interjected McCoy.

"Cut it out, you two. I wish I'd had the time to look over the file on this new officer. All I know is his name and rank---Lt. Cmdr. Tracy Cane. Why do you suppose they decided that we needed a Second Off-icer?"

"I assume, Captain, that the reason would be 'policy'."

"Well, here he comes... well, well, well, here SHE comes!!" The officer appearing on the transporter as the transport officer worked the console, was indeed female. Kirk thought * about 5'8'"--- built like an athlete-- not really pretty--- too bad--- probably just as well. She's a Lieutenant Commander, so she must know something---- or someone. *

She stepped off the transporter grid and handed the Captain her orders. "I'm Lt. Cmdr. Cane, Captain Kirk. Here are my papers, sir."

Kirk indicated Spock and started to introduce them when she raised her right hand in the Vulcan salute and said, "Lash d'oro v'suka,¹ M'kutan² Spock." His eyebrows went up as did his hand and he responded, "Pastak v'doro lashe,³ M'kutan?" *Her accent is flawless, and yet she looks human-- ah, T'Racy, not Tracy! * She started to explain, "My father

1: Vulcan, Live Long and Prosper, ref: Kraith

2: Vulcan, Cousin, or any family member not a parent or sibling. ref: VMB

3: Vulcan, Peace and Long Life, ref: Kraith

is Sadik, son of Silad, son of..." Spock cut her off with "The m'kutan with the ears!!"⁴

McCoy's cry of "Spock" was interrupted by Kirk's "Old home week can wait, you two. This is my Chief Medical Officer, Leonard McCoy. I see that you already know my First Officer."

"Yes, sir, we are cousins, - of a sort."

The intercom called "Captain Kirk to the Bridge," and he responded with a quick "On my way, Lieutenant." He turned to Spock. "Show her to her quarters and meet me on the bridge, Spock. You have to report to Dr. McCoy for your physical, Commander. Can you find the Sick Bay?"

"Yes, sir. The Enterprise is the same as the Hornet, and I served on her for thirteen months."

Kirk dashed for the lift and was gone.

"Another Vulcan!" harrumphed McCoy. "I don't know if I can take two on the same ship!"

She responded sweetly, "Perhaps, Doctor, you can if you think of me as one quarter Vulcan and Commander Spock as one half Vulcan. Surely you could put up with only three-quarters of a Vulcan on this ship."

"Touche, Doctor. If you will follow me, Commander."

She returned to the transporter to get her case, which was rather large. She picked it up and started to follow Spock to the lift.

"Aren't you going to help her, Spock? I see chivalry is dead on-board this ship!"

She turned to face him, without putting down the case. "Mr. Spock knows that if I could not carry it, I would ask for help. As I did not, I need none. Chivalry IS unknown on Vulcan, Doctor. It comes from YOUR planet, and as you did not offer to carry this for me, I see that chivalry is INDEED dead." At this, the two Vulcans entered the lift.

McCoy thought * Just what I needed, another Spock! A female one at that!"

Her quarters were across from Spock's. He left her there after making sure that she did not need anything, and proceeded to the bridge.

Lt. Cmdr. Cane decided to leave unpacking until later, and went off to sickbay and Dr. McCoy.

"I don't suppose you can tell me how to set this thing," he complained, indicating the diagnostic bed. "Just how Vulcan are you?!"

"Actually, I believe I can be of assistance. My parents are

4: Another story.