

So far, so good. But what does all this imply? The answer will become clearer if we take an analogy from the many Terran cultures where men form strong pair-bonds -- the blood-brother relationship, as it is often called. This bond doesn't always include sex relations, but where it does, it's for a certain reason. It happens not because they find the female body distasteful, as true homosexuals do, for psychological or hormonal reasons, but because they can form no lasting *mental* bond with women, since they are ignorant, trivial and often even dangerous, and the men despise them. (We won't go into whose fault that is!) I'm referring to cultures such as the Spartan civilization, etc., where two warrior-men became lovers, of course, not to decadent cultures where effeminate boys were made use of.

When this analogy is applied to the STAR TREK universe, then, the conclusion is this: Kirk and Spock go to bed together because the sort of women who could give them what they need do not exist. Of course, the solution is very neat -- Kirk and Spock both have the same needs, even though they do show diametrically opposite symptoms; they are very lonely men, and need a companion to share their lives -- a "soul-mate", to use a somewhat hackneyed term. And so they turn to each other.

But this is the easy way out -- a cop-out, ladies, nothing else. A close and sometimes intense relationship with a member of one's own sex is a normal, healthy part of life, one of the important ties one sentient entity will form with another. But it is only one of them. And if the Kirk/Spock relationship blurs into a mate/partner bond, it is purely because the women do not exist who are intelligent enough to understand their needs and subtle enough to be able to fulfill them in a way they can accept (this last is especially important in Spock's case, because of his psychological and cultural inhibitions). This would be a depressing enough thought in real life. In fiction it is even more so -- it means that it is impossible even to *conceive* of such women. But perhaps it's only to be expected when so many female writers, especially sf authors, feel the need to write almost exclusively about men, because they find their own sex so uninteresting.

The classic "starship officers' wives' lot is not a happy one" argument is just not valid. If children are involved, then sea-faring men's wives have watched and waited throughout history and found it worth their while. And the solution is even simpler if the production of children is delayed -- if a homosexual relationship between crewmembers is not detrimental to ship's discipline then what possible objection could there be to having a wife along, especially if she is a crewmember, too?

So, ladies, gird up your loins (if you know where they are). The time has come for a new confidence in our capabilities. Our sex makes up half the human race, and probably half of all the humanoid races in the galaxy. If the males can produce two such wonderful characters as Kirk and Spock, can't we provide female characters who will be a match for them? I challenge you all -- the honor of our sex is at stake. Act now -- or resign yourselves to being called "the weaker sex" for all eternity -- and *deserving* it.

COMING UP IN THE OBSC'ZINE #3: "Sarek and Amanda and Kirk and Spock" by Jean Lorrah
"The Best Is Yet To Come" by Toni Cardinal-Price
"Oriana", Part 4 -- The Lovers, by Roberta Rogow
"Between Friends" by Gayle Feyrer, illustrated by Faddis
"A Time Of Birth" by Elyse M. Grasso, illoed by Grasso & Valenza
... and more!

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The OBSC'ZINE #3 is slated to appear in January, 1978.

Kismet

~ Dani Morin

The fairer partner hovered over the other, smiling with eyes narrowed to slits and caressing her companion's breasts until the nipples stood erect. The blonde head bent then, extending a flicking tongue to tease the darkened tips, as she slowly settled herself astride the darker woman, pausing briefly to admire the blending, contrasting shades of their pubic hair. Pressing her mons veneris against the already engorged clitoris of the other woman, she began to move slowly -- exquisite torture -- all the while continuing to alternately lick then suck her lover's nipples. Again, she adjusted her position so their small sensitive organs met, and she quickened her movements. Their soft sighs and whimpers co-mingled in the room that was silent but for the sounds of their love-making. Then she heard her partner gasp an unintelligible cry, and felt her hips buck

suddenly, her body vibrating. She gentled her movements, aware of the increasing sensitivity, and gradually ceased them as her partner's shuddering subsided. She rolled away from the dark body and paused to look at the closed eyes, lids' lashes fluttering slightly, and extended a hand to her bosom, noting an accelerated heartbeat.

After some moments, the dark lady moved and the blonde smiled. They kissed, soft tongues probing one another, lips hardening to nip each other's neck and ears. The dark hand moved over the smaller pale breasts, massaging them, first gently, then firmly. But she knew from experience that her partner found less than great enjoyment in that. She bent and placed a reverent kiss between the breasts. Her lips trailed downward, kissing and licking, to the blonde forest. In parting it, she tongued the pink nub that recoiled in the suddenness of the assault. She began to lick gently the entire area until she felt the other woman moving her hips to bring the erectile tissue into contact once again. She obliged her friend gladly and paid homage with her tongue -- very gently at first, lapping carefully, then sucking gently and occasionally moving to carefully tease the nearby orifice by inserting the tip of her tongue. Carefully, not moving her mouth from its labors, she inserted a finger into the moist opening, gliding it slowly yet steadily to match the movements the other was making, each time thrusting deeper. Gradually, the one digit became two, inserted to their base, forcefully now, as were the movements of her tongue. An ivory hand covered hers, pushing even deeper, harder, and another stroked her hair. The blonde gasped suddenly and arched her hips, pushing the other's hand still harder. She felt the vaginal contractions swell, then ebb, and when they ceased she withdrew her fingers gently.

Again, they lay side by side, only their hands touching. Their bodies glistened with the perspiration brought on by their exertions -- one like fine porcelain, one like polished ebony, their skins glowed. They slithered against each other in serene embrace, reveling in the moment.

As they had on other shoreleaves, they had rented a cottage at the edge of the city, away from the center of activities where their associates might suspect. Caution was their watchword, even though they knew that 'retribution' for their 'crime' would come only in social pressure. Still, aboard the enclosed starship world, ostracism would be more than sufficient chastisement. Amazing how the pendulum had swung. By the end of the 20th century their relationship would have been completely acceptable. But the Genetic Wars had changed that and now, 200 years later, their choice would make them outcasts.

But discovery was far from their thoughts that evening in their hideaway. Now they thought only of themselves, of each other, and of their mutual pleasure.

"Do you want a drink?" Uhura called.

Christine Chapel peered out of the bathroom. "Yes, a small one if you please. That claret we brought in last night is fine. I'll be out in a minute."

Uhura poured two glasses half full, then returned to her dressing. She slipped a brightly colored caftan over her head and stuck her feet into heeled sandals. As she brushed her hair, Christine came from the bathroom. She wore a blue ankle-length dress that was somehow dressy and formal yet all Christine, form-fitting, to be sure, but with long sleeves and a high collar.

"Can you zip me?" she asked, presenting her back to Uhura.

"Sure." She complied. "Your drink's on the table."

Christine crossed the room, looked thoughtfully at the glass she picked up, and chuckled.

"What's the joke?" Uhura asked as she joined her.

"Every now and then I have to laugh at it, really. Or else I'd cry a lot more. But sometimes it really does strike me as funny, how everyone thinks I'm so much in love with Spock. It worked out better than I'd ever planned when I started it all, just so the other men would leave me alone. Spock's the perfect choice because he'll never give a damn -- and so they all think I would never care about anyone else." She paused and sipped from the glass. "And so many of them think you and the Captain would at least like to be more than friends, if you aren't already ..."

Uhura smiled and drank, then said, "And all the time none of them know we are in love -- with each other. Perhaps it's Fate's way of compensating us for what it deprives us of socially. It gives us a little more convenience than we'd ordinarily get." She drank again. "Where are you going tonight?"

"I'm going to do my 'stiff upper lip' routine at Serrel's with a couple of the girls from Entomology. Kind of a convention of wallflowers. And you?"

"Sulu asked me to sing, of course, at one of the parties tonight. I won't be late. You know I hate to refuse him when he's been such a good sport, and such a good friend, keeping our secret."

"I won't be late, either. A couple hours of listening to how simply wonderful Spock is is about all I can bear for an evening." She finished the contents of her glass and patted Uhura on the cheek. "If you come in first, leave the lights on."

Uhura nodded, then set down her glass, her eyes twinkling. "You know, there's something even funnier. Sulu told me there's a very hush-hush rumor that the Captain and Spock are ... like us, that they're in love."

Christine laughed. "You're kidding?"

"No, seriously. He said ... oh, whatshisname in Cartography told him, and he heard it from Stein in Engineering. Evidently someone postulated that their friendship is more than friendly." Unable to contain it, Uhura burst into giggles.

"Wouldn't it be funny if it were true?" Christine mused. "Oh, well, that's their problem, just like we have ours. We don't have to worry about them until somebody proves it. Then our charade goes right down the porcelain convenience."

"Does that worry you?"

"Not really, not anymore. I stopped worrying about that a long time ago, somewhere around the time I realized what I am. It's not my fault. It's not my fault that social acceptance sways back and forth like a pendulum on an antique timepiece. We're 200 years late to be fashionable. Or maybe we're 200 years ahead of our time. Either way, it doesn't change right now." She paused and looked at Uhura -- shorter than her, night to her day, soft brown eyes and that ever-present aura of affection. "And I don't think I'd have 'now' changed anyway." She touched the other woman's forehead. "Don't worry," she continued emphatically, "it makes wrinkles." She looked at her wrist chronometer. "I've got to run, I'm late."

"Christine -- "

"Hm?"

"Do you suppose it is true, about the Captain and Spock?"

"Sure -- it's about as possible as Spock's proposing to me." She laughed and left.

