

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF KAG

MINDSCANNER

#68 OPERATION: TAKE EARTH



Ri'Par takes the road
in the Name of
the Empire!

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MINDSCANNER
628 Buckeye St
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Come visit our website at <http://kag.org/ms> !



Every hot-blooded Warrior knows that the Klingon Assault Group is a cornerstone of the Empire. We are pioneers. An innovative power. A wide--yet connected--family. Above all, we are a force to be reckoned with.

More than a year ago I issued my first directive to KAG, to engage the enemy on all fronts. I've kept my eye (I've only got one!) on the battles and victories, and the rise in action reports has been glorious.

It's a great honor to serve and share as the Leader of KAG. Our success brings strength to Trek Fandom everywhere. My passion for KAG's victory drives some big choices, and I have seen some of them pay off in spades.

One such choice was appointing Admiral Kerla as my Deputy. Her service to KAG has strengthened it, in every corner. She is my best choice for successor to Lead KAG. I've no regrets in the time I've served here, as Leader and peer. Kerla has shown the time, passion, and wisdom to continue the KAG tradition of greatness.

As I return to the Captain's chair of my ship, join me in a hearty "Qapla'" to KAG's new Leader, Thought Admiral Kerla epetai-MaHcha!

May Honor and Glory always walk with you!

- *Khatal epetai-H'aaWK*

Proud Comrade at Arms

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The timing? 2006. Come and party with your brothers. No politicking... well, not much... but partying and panels, drinking and discussion. Headbutting optional.

Guests? Sure. YOU. EVERYBODY. Special Guests? We're thinking Martok, and Lursa, and a Klingon writer or two. But mostly, we're thinking of halls filled with happy KAG members from all over.

We're thinking about getting that damned snappy feeling back! Now, let's discuss this thing like the calm, rational, wig-and-latex-wearing fans that we really are!

KRIS epetai-KURKURA

Thought-Admiral
KAG Founder



THE LAST PAGE

by Kris

< johnhalvorson@comic.com >

Meeting Time. Some time ago, KAG was feeling pretty damned snappy, proud of itself-- we'd gone to war with the STARFLEET clubs (Dark Justice War) and clobbered them hard. Klingon club expansion was done OUR way, the KLINGON ASSAULT GROUP way, and those Klingon organizations that charged dues or were too rigid in their thinking fell by the wayside.

We'd been hurt by nationalism-- KAG/Kanada split off; sure, they played by the basic KAG Rules, but it still smarted.

KAG then had a thought: Co-opt a convention to be a National Convention for KAG. HOPECON in Ohio fit that bill nicely. Man, did we party!

Then... CIVIL WAR within KAG. Loyalties tested, twisted, and torn. Everything ugly in fandom possible--INCLUDING embezzlement--was seen. We lost a lot of good people, and a whole bunch of that damned snappy feeling as well.

End of history lesson.

That era of pain is pretty much at an end, too.

SO. What now? I think it is time for the KLINGON ASSAULT GROUP-- the whole damned thing (Canada, Australia, Europe, you-name-it!) to think about having a get-together. KLINGON ASSAULT GROUP INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Admiral Qob and I were at ConVergence in Minneapolis. BIG hotel, and this year's con had over 2100 registered, with MOST of their rooms filled. The place can handle big conventions...

That'd be a great place. And if not there, then someplace just as big, just as good.

For the Klingon Assault Group

EARTH is an exciting planet. Mount St. Helens is firing up again; the southern U.S. coasts are battling more hurricanes and tropical storms. Who's winning? Not likely the terraqnganpu! Makes you wonder if the earthers will survive another 50 years of life without our Empire intervening.

We're gonna take this rock anyhow, shouldn't we do it before they ruin the place? That's why KAG's new focus for 2005 will be OPERATION: TAKE EARTH!

Stake your claim! Let the earthers know we're here to rule. Announce it on your convention door signs - "We claim this space in the name of the Klingon Empire. Sincerely, the Klingon Assault Group. Complaints may be filed with the feddie captives inside."

Place an ad to that effect in the convention program. Slap a few signs on the backs of unsuspecting feddie officers! Take inventory of the places you claim in your newsletters. Take a prized piece of their real estate.....in fact, take several!

We have met the regime change, and they are us! Let the earthers know we're here to liberate them of their planet. Glory is ours!

- Kerla epetai-MaHcha'
For KAG

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Thought Admiral,
Klingon Assault Group
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PROMOTIONS

Kerla of House MaHcha' (Carol Nye)
to Thought Admiral epetai
<Kerla@KAG.org>

Krikor of House jechwI' (Krikor Ajemian)
to Captain/LegionnaireColonel sutai.
<Krikorjechwi@yahoo.ca>

QatanI' of House DevnoH (Tony Roberts)
to Captain sutai
<QatanI@aol.com>

NEW APPOINTMENTS

Cold Terror Fleet Commander
Admiral Qob zantai-Hurric (Bill Hedrick)
<bhedrick@chof.net>

Cold Steel Quadrant Commander
Cmdr. Doqtaj sutai-jaqvI' (Tammy Larrabee)
<QijTajJaqvi@yahoo.com>

Wild Frontier Quadrant Commander
Lt. Qat'Iy (Kathy Mullins)
<majqa1966@yahoo.com>

Acting Dark Star Quadrant Commander
Lt. Cmdr. Rlikay sutai-Septaric (Joe Swope)
<captrlikie@msn.com>

"It was an enjoyable battle we had commander, I want to thank you for it. But you forgot one thing."

"York's" CO gritted his teeth and tried to not sound as he felt, "What is THAT...commander?!"

"There are no dangerous ships.....only dangerous captains."

The crew couldn't contain themselves at the insult and laughter rolled and echoed through "Annoyance's" own damaged bridge. They left the channel open to let it echo on the "York" long after they had disappeared into the stars.

To be continued....

A note about submissions!

We need you to submit! A poem, short story a piece of artwork! The more you send, the better this will become. Send them to bhedrick@chof.net

- *Qob*

MindScanner FanFic Editor

Some Conventions

October 15-17, 2004 - Anglicon, in Seattle, Washington
<http://www.anglicon.com>

October 15-17, 2004 - 'As Kahless Intended' Batleth
Tournament, in Grandview, Texas <www.janissaries.net>

October 22-24, 2004 - Conclave 28, in Lansing, Michigan
<http://www.conclavesf.org>

November 5-7, 2004 - Orycon, in Portland, Oregon
<http://www.orycon.org>

November 12-14, 2004 - Beach Bash, in Myrtle Beach,
South Carolina <http://beachbash.chaouwempire.org>

March 4-6, 2005 - CoastCon in Biloxi, Mississippi
<http://www.coastcon.org/>

A small mine was ejected from its now empty rack. It drifted for a split second away until it met the boundary of the warp field, then it dropped into normal space and was gone.

"...0...mark!"

"BAH!!!!!! The "York" held its fire to the last instant, confident that they could weather the "Annoyance's" blow and then tear the smaller ship apart. In the instant "Annoyance" locked on it's tractor beam onto the larger ship, fouling it's fire control and setting both ship's warp drives howling to push past each other while locked together. It was a fight "Annoyance" couldn't win, be she didn't intend to try. "Annoyance's" weapons clawed at the "York" and managed to do minor damage. In return the "York" dealt "Annoyance" a punishing blow, sending warning klaxons shrieking on every deck.

It would have ended there except that during the exchange the "Annoyance's" shuttle finally caught up and bore down on the "York" through it's weakened shields. The magnetic field holding the anti-matter capsule inside the shuttle dropped and the tiny ship turned into incandescent vapor, along with a portion of the "York's" hull. "Annoyance" dropped its tractor beam and the two ships shot past each other. Before the "York's" sensors could clear from the shuttle's blast it found itself blundering into the mine that had been laid and the ship took another burst at point blank range. The two ships, one now crippled and the other nearly so, drifted apart. The battle was over and "Annoyance" had managed to prevail..... barely.

"Open a channel to the intruder."

"Aren't we going to finish them?"

"I have something far crueller in mind."

"Channel open to their bridge."

The commander looked at the shambles of the "York's" bridge and approved. He'd always thought that Federation ships were too neat and clean. Too sterile and devoid of any personality whatsoever. The smoke in the air, the burns from fires, rents in the walls and floor, yes, it was a considerable improvement. And the look of extreme hatred on "York's" captain's face only added to the pleasure of the moment. Ah, but enough personal indulgences.....

DARK MOON FLEET

Greetings from the DARK MOON FLEET,

I know as Klingons we should not be discouraged, and as humans we shouldn't also because just about the time you do, something good happens. Yeah, I know there's not much Klingon going on on-air but we still live!!! O.K. here's the GOOD:

At Dragon-Con promotions and awards were given to uplift the warrior spirit, Qatan' (Tony Roberts) the Dark Phoenix Quadrant Commander was promoted to Captain; Ma'tal (Patti Richardson) and Qa'lyn (Gayle Thompson) were awarded the Dark Moon Fleet Battle Cross for their tireless work and great spirit. (oh, they're Demon Fleet but that just shows you that I only care that they are KLINGON!!, doesn't matter to me if it's Demon, Marine, or whatever.... if they do the work they get rewarded.)

As a last but not least, NorQuad's new name is "DARK VENGEANCE QUADRANT", the name says it all!

- Admiral Kruge

Dark Moon Fleet CO

<darrylwatson2002@yahoo.com>

GOOD PRESS IS HARD TO FIND

Krikor Ajemian < krikorjechwi@yahoo.ca >

What follows is an article that appeared in the Toronto Star on Saturday, July 10th, one week after Toronto Trek. Several of our officers spoke to the reporter at length during the convention, so the ensuing article was fairly accurate and sympathetic. This was a welcome change; Captain Chil tells me that the last time a Star reporter interviewed him, he ended up in an article titled "Grown Men in Pyjamas".

This just goes to show that it is best to check how much the reporter knows about Star Trek in general, and Klingons in particular. One who has never seen the show will probably not write flatteringly, and it is generally best not to give them too much time. A reporter who is a self-proclaimed Star Trek fan, on the other hand, can be a godsend, and it makes sense to cooperate with them as much as possible.

Col. Krikor sutai-jechwi'
(Krikor Ajemian)
Crimson Knight Fleet Commander

**Helping charities a matter of honor
Klingons true to warrior creed
And the costumes are pretty amazing**
by Robin Harvey, Life Writer

How many Klingons does it take to screw in a light bulb?
One to chop off the hand of the mak'dar who asked the stupid question. And another to light the torch attached to his bleeding stump.

And then there's the Klingon proverb that says: Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice and prepare to die!

Klingons — pretty much the bad boy biker-types of the sci-fi universe — aren't big on humor.

On the bridge of the cruiser "York" the captain watched the tactical display. He had to give credit to that banged up little ship and it's crew. They'd lead them on a merry chase and cost more than they would normally be worth. But the orders were to stop them at any cost. Now the game was over, there was nowhere for them to turn. It was all just a matter of time.

"Target is dropping out of warp"

"Are they standing down?"

"Negative. They've done a tight turn on impulse and are now under warp on an intercept course. Their fire control is locked on us."

"Alright, if it's a glorious death they want we can give it to them. Battle Stations!....."

* * * * *

On "Annoyances" bridge it's commander watched as the two ships closed on each other

"Range to intruder"

"150,000 kellicammey. Closing at warp 3.45 relative."

"Engineering, are things in order?"

"On your command."

"Status of intruder's weapons."

"Fully armed and locked. They're holding their fire though."

"Fools. Humans would call this a game of chicken, waiting to see who blinks first. They forget Klingons don't blink. Range!!"

"50,000.....30,000...20,000..."

"DujHom!!!"

The ship's shuttle launched from its bay. The autopilot came active and it started on its course towards the "York" following behind the "Annoyance"

".... 10,000...."

"jor!!!"

Never Say "Never", part 3

by Zathras

The "Annoyance" was running flat out from its pursuer.

"Warp 2.2 achieved"

"Intruder closing at warp 2.8 relative"

"We need more...."

"There is NO more we can get from these engines! We've already lost some good men just keeping them operating at this level!"

The ambush had gone well. There'd been only one enemy that had found their trail. In their haste to keep the "Annoyance" in sensor range they'd carelessly followed their target by a ringed gas giant. The rings momentary hid "Annoyance" and that's all the wounded ship needed. Slipping behind a "moon" not much larger than the ship itself they fired point blank as the enemy passed by, crippling it. There was no time to finish them because now the enemy would know where they were and they had to hide themselves in the stars again. Unfortunately that had failed and yet another ship was running them down with nowhere to hide, no chance to outrun, and outgunned as well.

"Intruder closing to 300,000 kellicammey"

"Annoyance" shook as torpedoes detonated nearby. The range was extreme and the accuracy poor, but the intent was clear.

"Intruder is hailing us, ordering us to stand down."

"Weapons, what's our status for engaging them?"

"The intruder's a light cruiser class. Even at full capacity they outgun us by over 50% and they know it. Under present conditions, almost double."

"Then we should do something to surprise them. Prepare to reverse course and engage the enemy!! Engineering I want the following preparations...."

But the same can't be said of Klingon fans. There are about 100 members of them in Canada who belong to the KAG — the Klingon Assault Group — which operates within the Crimson Knight Fleet, under the command of L. Lt. Col. Krikor sutai-jechwI' (Krikor Ajemian).

The KAG unit in Ontario, called the Scarlet Shield Quadrant, is led by Lt. K'Tallia vestai-jechwI' (Lori Lightfoot).

Being heroic must be part of the attraction. This species, first encountered in Star Trek, believes that a warrior must never turn his back on a battle. It's not surprising that Klingons are frequently assigned to security details at science fiction conventions. But despite their bumpy foreheads, frightening demeanor and warlike get-up — not to mention their reported love of eating live worms and beating each other with pain sticks — Klingons are active charity fundraisers.

At this month's Toronto Trek Convention, Klingons were running a "Jail and Bail" event — where for \$5 you could have a friend arrested and detained by Klingon security. Or, for another \$5, you could bail yourself out and get your friend arrested for payback. All the proceeds went to the Toronto Humane Society.

About 30 warriors showed up for Saturday's Klingon General Assembly. First the ceremonial Batleth (battle-axe) and sword of Kayless, their spiritual founder, were placed in a spot of honor. Then, after three rings of a ceremonial gong, the meeting began. L. Capt. Chil zantai-devwI' (Harold Connell) read greetings from the North American leadership, after which L. Lt. Col. Krikor outlined the group's recent accomplishments.

"As you know, it's the charity events that we are all about," he said. "And we've done much of which to be proud."

Each member was awarded a special crest, to be attached to his or her ceremonial sash, for every charity event they had taken part in over the past year.

Among other things, members of the group had manned water stations at numerous walkathons, charity bikeathons and a run for breast cancer. They sold flowers to raise money to fight multiple sclerosis on Mother's Day and took part in the Gay Pride festivities.

The group will go to parties, charity events and even tractor pulls to raise money for a good cause, says Ajemian — er, Krikor.

"Face it, we do this for the attention, but also because we love to connect, have fun and do some work for a good cause.

"If you're dressed up like a Klingon, it adds to the experience. And believe it or not, kids really do like us."

But all is not money and warfare. Klingon spirituality has been deemed a valid field of study by some academics, including Stephen Martin, a Dalhousie University chaplain. Martin, who focuses on Star Trek to answer some of life's age-old questions, says Klingons are deeply spiritual. The Klingon sense of honor and duty and strong belief in the afterworld mean the fans find a code of ethics with hope and a moral framework lacking in much organized religion.

Arts are also part of the Klingon tradition.

Three books have been published in Klingon: Hamlet, ghIlghamesh (Gilgamesh) and paghmo' tIn mIS (Much Ado About Nothing). There is also a translation of Edgar Allan Poe's The Raven.

Most of the Toronto members speak some Klingon and hold regular Klingon poetry readings. At the convention, they held a workshop on Klingon poetry and basic Klingon language.

But Ajemian says their literary work is not so much artistic as a "testament to honor and glory in battle."



Finally as the evening birds began their song and shadows painted the campsite, Kahless knocked Horaq down one last time and called for surrender.

A casual observer would have been surprised by this since they were both battered. The blood of Horaq flowed more freely, but Kahless felt he might have broken bones, it hurt to breathe.

Only the fact that Kahless remained standing gave clue to the dominator.

Horaq struggled to speak, and failing that shook his massive head in the negative. This shocked the standing combatant. Kahless dropped his guard for a moment. "What must I do to defeat you?" he said half to himself. Horaq smiled, the first smile Kahless had seen from the legend, "You can not defeat me Kahless, you may only kill me!"

Horaq almost laughed with joy at the sight of death. Kahless then knew that Horaq had been hoping to live to see such as Kahless. The Elder's life had lost any meaning; he had no enemies left. Kahless knew that he had only two options: to kill Horaq, take his army and leave triumphant or to become more than Klingon. He stood there long moments trying to find the second way, to become what he was not and did not know. Then he understood what he must do.

Kahless looked at his broken and bloody hand. He glanced down and saw its twin on the arm of Horaq. "I cannot defeat you? Only kill you?"

"You are wrong Horaq! I can do neither!" He grabbed the hand of Horaq.

Both the warriors hands were broken and bloody, their blood mingled as Kahless raised him up, "This man is flesh of my flesh, my blood kin whose spirit I share! We gladly proclaim this battle over! We are all victorious!"

to be continued...

The stretching done, a voice yelled, "Begin!" and the warriors entered the circle. Kahless crouched and scuttled back and forth looking for an opening. Horaq stepped forward lightly on the balls of his feet.

They circled for a few moments. Kahless sensed the left fist of Horaq snake towards him. Falling back, he reflexively dodged to his left. "I didn't see that coming," he marveled to himself. A few more moments of circling and a left again snaked forth. As Kahless dodged it he felt a sudden crushing blow to his left temple that sent him sprawling. He blinked and looked up to see Horaq standing still.

Kahless stood up and stood very tall. He stretched forth his arm palm up and beckoned Horaq forth. They circled and feinted for long minutes. Kahless knew now his death was possible and the hairs on his neck stood up. He snarled and spit and with a rage-choked voice called,

"Come! Come and die!"

Horaq jabbed once more and Kahless flipped back and planted both heels in Horaq's neck. Horaq fell like a large tree, teeth and blood spraying forth. Kahless jumped forward and received a kick to the ribs for his effort. Horaq jumped up to tackle Kahless. There was no respect for each other now, only feral rage in both men's eyes.

Kahless jumped back and rained punches onto Horaq's head. Horaq shrugged it off and fell back. Standing, his eyes burned with a deep fire of rage and fear. "Qapla'!" screamed the crowd, seeing that this was a match to stir the blood of any warrior.

"We fight to enrich the spirit." Kahless is quoted as saying on another day. This battle gave the truth to the saying. With every blow, every feint, the warriors gained enlightenment about themselves: strengths and weaknesses, courage and inner cowardliness.

The battle fell into a pattern; Horaq would thrust anew, Kahless would parry, and strike the slower Horaq. Horaq would land a few crushing blows and Kahless would answer with five swift punches.

Demon Fleet

by *KuurIIs* <kuuriis@juno.com>

People say to me, "Kuuris.....no, they say Cap'n Jack.....no, alright, they say "Hey, you! What the hell is the Demon Fleet up to anyway?"

Damned if I know.

They're babbling. A sort of crazy gibbering that kinda creeps you out when you listen. It's like they're all crazy, and they all know it, but they're waiting for someone to tell them so that the insanity can come into full bloom. When they get too loud I go and poke them. It's dangerous--they all bite, but it lets me listen in. You would not believe the things that're coming out of their mouths.

There's a lot of giggling. A LOT. And there's talk of rockets. Rockets, can you believe it? And sex. Always sex. It's hard to make them keep their clothes on. Some of them are really.....perky. Sometimes they mention that old magazine...what's it called? Demonic Press? Yeah. And weird space parties with pirates and skellingtons...and...orcs? It's all really confusing. There was talk of an anti-valentines day. Crazy.

And politics. That's right, I said politics. Not sane Klingon politics, where you can tell who lost the debate by the speed with which their body cools. Crazy human politics. THAT gets them frothing.

Did I mention the sex?

So that's what they're up to. Pure raving lunacy. And they'll suck you in if they can, so keep your eyes peeled.

Oh, and if anyone can, could you tell them that this jacket's way too tight? I'm glad they removed the gag, I really appreciate that, but if they could just loosen these straps...just think of all the fun we could have.....

- *KuurIIs*

From Dark Vengeance Quadrant

by Jag

The summer was pretty productive here. You all may have noticed that KAG never had a 'Dark Vengeance Quadrant' before. Dark Moon Fleet Admiral Kruge zantai-DevnoH asked me shortly after I became Quadrant CO to rename Norquad to something more in keeping with the fleet naming structure so I polled the members of the Quad and we picked Dark Vengeance Quadrant for our new name. Admiral Kruge OKed the name so here we are.

In July the IKV Fist of Kahless and the IKV Feklhr's Hammer held a quadrant Warrior's Weekend near Oswego, NY. It was a success. There were many games and feats of strength and skill. Saturday night we feasted and watched movies on a large outdoor screen.

Then we held the Quadrant's first Annual Torchlight Tourney. It was an excellent experience. In a torchlit arena, the Warriors competed with boffer weapons to see who would become this year's Champion. After many rounds of glorious combat the tournament was won by K'Jon, newest Marine recruit aboard the IKV Fist of Kahless. Qapla!

We now plan to make this an annual event for late July, the best camping time in upstate NY.

- Lt.Cmdr. Jag vestai-MaHcha'

Dark Vengeance Quadrant CO

< lt_jag@hotmail.com >



A Life Considered part 3

by Qob

Each of the combatants stood opposite on the edge of the circle, stretching. Kahless sat; his legs splayed at 180 degrees of each other and leaned forward touching his ankles with his fingertips and kissing the ground in front of him.

Next he placed his hands palm down to each side of his head and lifted his body, legs still akimbo, and did four quick push ups and pushed his body high into the air. Tucking his knees together he flipped in midair and landed softly on his feet facing the circle.

Across the circle, Horaq reached out slowly and, grabbing the air, pulled his hands slowly to his body. Next he slowly raised his legs alternately and pointing his toes out leisurely, leaned backwards to retain his balance. "The Mokbara," whispered Kahless, suddenly feeling somewhat foolish at his flashy display.

He saw that though Kahless was unmatched in speed, the power inherent in Horaq exceeded his. He would have to be faster than the warrior; he would have to be the rodent to Horaq's dragon, using his swiftness to neutralize Horaq's intense power.

This is not, however, a way of saying that we should do whatever we want, and justify it as instinct. Instinct does not dictate that we should lie, steal, betray a trust, or poison an enemy. These are lessons taught to us by Honor.

"How can this be?", you wonder. This is how: by imposing the system of Honor, with its rules, ramifications, contradictions and complexities, upon the indefinable yet consistent dictates of instinct, a great conflict is created.

In most Klingons, Honor wins out, and instinct is repressed.

In some Klingons the conflict itself wins out, producing those twisted creatures the word 'dishonorable' usually brings to mind. Their instincts tell them not to submit to Honor, but rather than reject it outright, they adopt it in an inverted form, embracing the qualities that it abjures.

In a very few Klingons, instinct wins; this produces individuals with little regard for the conventions of Honor, but with great personal integrity. They cannot be said to be Honorable, but they can always be trusted to do what their heart tells them to be right.

So to those who ask "If not for Honor...", my answer is this: for Integrity!

- *Khaywolf*

Life is Like a Bowl of Gagh

by Qob

When you decide to participate in a real life MUSH (MUTUAL SHARED HALLUCINATION) Like Klingon fandom (klindom), you have to constantly make some decisions. The most important is this: how real is this going to be? People have in the past slipped to one of two extremes, the mundane one where, like a "Christian" that goes to church on Easter and Christmas constantly glancing at his wristwatch to see if the hour is almost over, and the psychotic one where you lose touch completely with your real humanity. Either of these extremes dooms you to failure as a Klingon.

To truly do Klingon well, you have to find a mental place difficult to achieve for people who aren't trained actors. You have to throw yourself deeply into the part so that you react as a Klingon would when "on," but you have the self-discipline and sense of self to stop when it isn't appropriate.

I am reminded of Hamlet; a valid interpretation of Hamlet's madness is that he is play-acting it to survive, and does it too well and truly falls into madness. You also see actors fall in "love" with the actresses they are paired with on screen, marry/shack up for awhile until they realize that they were too deeply into a part and divorce.

The ideals of the Klingon, ruthless aggression and occasional duplicity make for a fun character to play, but when you are dealing with other members of our MUSH, such values and dealings will result in hurting very real human beings. While being firm and aggressive may be fine for playing with K'Veela, the rudeness and insensitivity may cause irreparable harm to Suzie (the human under the latex) and your relationship to her. On the other hand, when you find the groove, when everybody "gets it" and their blood wine flows freely, there are few experiences to compare with a full-blown Klingon session. It is intoxicating, satisfying and psychically freeing. When you can walk into a room as the undisputed alpha species and have the freedom to say or do whatever comes into your head (as long as the mental fail-safes are in place) is an experience that cannot be described.

Finally I can't quite tell you how to find the proper balance, but I can give you some rules to hold to. Have Fun! And it isn't fun unless everyone is having fun. And remember, as a wise Klin once said, "you have to remember that most of us are middle aged fat guys wearing funny rubber heads."

- **Qob**

bhedrick@chof.net

Warriors of KAG!!! Hurricanes on the southeastern coast of the USA have left many people in need, some of them our friends and families. Let us show our Warrior's strength by helping them!! In doing so we may also be helping our own people. For the following two months, all KAG ships are encouraged to hold fundraisers in whatever is your way; bake sale, a walkathon, a bowl-off, or possibly a raffle.

Send any funds you raise directly to:

American Red Cross
Disaster Relief Fund
PO Box 37243
Washington, D.C. 20013

Or if you wish you can make a donation to the Red Cross Online

<https://www.redcross.org/donate/donation-form.asp>

Another way to send money would be to talk to your local churches. Almost every church has some kind of relief fund effort to which you could add your bit.

And please share the news of your efforts and activities with the rest of KAG!

GarahQ of House Hurric

(aka David L. McCulloch)

<david62466@yahoo.com>

Hurrican Relief Effort Coordinator
Klingon Assault Group

Honor

by Khaywolf

< wolfk@san.rr.com >

batlh? Humbug!

What is Honor? We speak of it constantly; it is a part of the very fabric of our culture, but seldom do we really think about what it is. We simply take it for granted.

Honor is the approbation of our fellow Klin. Honor is a strait-jacket. Honor is a way of life. Honor is a denial of our basic nature.

No, perhaps not so much a denial as a restriction, a focus, a channeling.

We Klingons are by nature a fierce, violent, predatory people. Left to follow our instincts, we may well have exterminated ourselves long ago.

Like the Vulcan Surak, Kahless must have seen this, and devised a means to prevent our extinction: Honor. Unlike Surak, this ancient sage sought not to stifle our instincts altogether, but to make them conform to a set of principles which he felt would make us stronger as a species.

Honor tells us when it is acceptable to act as the beasts we are at heart, and when it is not. By threatening to take away our Honor, the approval of our peers, our society forces us to limit our violence. It has tamed us, as a guard targ is tamed: still fierce, but under control. Thus, Honor seeks to protect us from ourselves.

Still, one cannot help but wonder what we have lost in the process; is not a wild targ a more impressive creature than a tame one?

I have spoken of rejecting Honor, and have been asked if I were mad. "If not for Honor, how can we trust one another?", I am asked, and my reply is this: Can you trust a TKnag? Yes! A TKnag knows nothing of honor, but it can always be trusted to act in accordance with its nature. So it should be with a Klingon. A Klingon should be guided by instinct, and act in accordance with his heart.

Try to top the poured latex off level with how you want it to stand.
Let the bust dry for 24 hours.

You snip off the 'eggshell' from the bust just as you would from the original victim/subject. If done carefully enough, you might even be able to repeat this section another couple times for a couple more busts. Thoroughly towel off the Vaseline from the bust, and you're ready to start clay-sculpting your Klingon... or Narn, Drazi, Talaxian, Ferengi, whatever. The greater your aspirations, the more busts you may keep busy!

Word is that on Qo'noS, they prefer plaster casting to taking photographs. We have quite a collection of our friends' heads, lined up in our workshop. It's also much more fun to lure your friends over for a party, telling them, "There's lots of Vaseline here, so let's all get plastered!"

Coming soon:

part 2: Molding your creations, Positive v. Negative

part 3: Work and Care with Latex

- *KwISt*

Did you know...?

MINDSCANNER is now being produced on open source software, from its Linux operating system to its OpenOffice.org Writer.

It is also composed entirely on antiquated hardware from the previous millennium.

Riding the Wind

by K'Nixia

Have you ever ridden the wind?

Have you ever gathered it up and been whisked away by it?

Has it ever moved beneath you and carried you merely by your thoughts and imaginations?

When the opposing wind moves into my face, I am breathless and overcome by the power and majesty in my hands. I am free, and yet held captive to it; drawn as a moth to the flame. My personal wind rules the winds from the four corners of the world. All of my senses are heightened by the power and glory of riding.

It most certainly could destroy me, but it has not. It is yielded and offers breathless union to me. It too is caught up in the glory and spirit of the dance.

I suffer an addiction to nature all around; especially addiction to the wind and her glory. It's in my blood. I have the wind in my veins. It is a restorative addiction. When I move with it, it offers life, peace, and renewal. Victory, ecstasy, mastery over all opposition.

--When Eagles soar, they do not flap their wings. They ride the thermals. It is effortless. Soaring is knowing which way to turn into the wind. The very winds that can knock the bird from the sky, are the very winds holding it up. I can learn to be that way when trouble comes. I try not to "flap" my wings. I slow down, and ride the thermals.

For me riding a horse is as close to soaring like an eagle as I can get!

-*K'Nixia*

(Jenny Heath)

<jennyheath50@yahoo.com>

SOME RESOURCES

Mark Alcalá - Sci-Fi Stuff, Weapons, Pins, Trophies and More
snail mail: 8000 Trimble Dr, Fort Worth, TX 76134-5309;
phone: 817-293-6082, email: qe4@getit.at, website: www.getit.at/qe4

Stacey Bailey - Custom made warrior's tunics, boots and uniform accessories
snail mail: 42 Greenhills, Killingworth, Newcastle Upon Tyne, Tyne and Wear, NE12 5BB, United Kingdom
email: crabsrusuk@yahoo.co.uk

Scott Driscoll - Alien and demon prosthetics, foreheads, ears, noses and teeth, snail mail: h8/41 Gotha St., Fortitude Valley, QLD Australia 4006
email: innerdemonshop@hotmail.com,
Website: www.dart.net.au/users/innerdemons

Steve Greenfield - Alien prosthetics, custom props, Tshirt imprinting, and misc bits. snail mail: 3501 Sixth Ave, Tacoma, WA 98406 USA,
website: <http://www.alienrelics.com> email: polymorph@polyphoto.com

Tammy Larrabee - Fantasy Graftix - Photo compositioning and graphic arts. email: doqtaj_jaqvi@yahoo.com, website:
<http://www.fantasygraftix.com>

Suz Mianowski - Custom uniforms, prosthetics, jewelry & accessories -
snail-mail: 1040 N 3rd Ave., St. Charles, IL, 60174-1220 USA -
phone: (630) 513-1636, email: qidar.tfx@inil.com,
Website: <http://www.qidar.com>

Steve Murtaugh - Latex headpieces, resin and pewter medallions & buckles, pewter bat'leth necklaces, custom imprinting
snail mail: 5654 Sandra Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15236-3332 USA
email: murtsm@hotmail.com

JP - Aluminum & wood belt buckle (M & F), 3" black leather belts, Hide in buckle belt bath'la, Solid brass rank pips, Baby belt buckle,
snail mail: 236 Park Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50312-5416 USA,
phone (515) 282-8212, email: jpcrazy@netins.net

Zelda in Portland, Oregon - Custom Warrior Wear, steel weaponry.
<http://www.hizelda.com>
< zelda@hizelda.com >

is covered, and an opportunity to say any last words for a while. After that they'd better know sign language, or how to use pen and paper while blind.

Caress the moist bandages into the face lines... they'll keep better detail if the plaster has been smoothed into place. After they've had 20 to 30 minutes to dry, it's time to slowly snip the shell off. You need to carefully bring the scissors, a little snip at a time, up between the bald cap and plaster, and *not* under the bald cap where you'd be cutting hair. Most all of us make small sacrifices of hair in this moment, but locally we were lucky to find an angled pair of scissors with a plastic protector on the tip that is perfect for making this removal easy. When you've reached the top center of the head, the 'eggshell' will flex (still moist) apart at the back, lightly over both ears, forward over the face. Now you have a good shell, except for your scissor cut up the back. Patch that with a couple strips, and let it dry another hour. Patch the nose holes too. You should now have a sealed bowl ready to fill.

About this time, your victim/subject will be free, and try to escape in order to wash out the Vaseline and flakes of plaster. Let them go. You don't need them any more... you've captured their soul in plaster.

THE BUST ITSELF

Back to the Vaseline, you need to prepare the 'eggshell' to be filled with solid plaster. By coating every square inch, you'll keep one plaster from sticking to another. The Pros will use 'UltraCal' or some high grade stuff to preserve detail. Personally, we're cheap, and we get adequate detail by first pouring in some standard construction grade plaster, mixed two parts powder for each part water. Give attention-to-detail with that Vaseline: Dry spots will pull on the bust, but globs will leave divots and streaks. We don't worry too greatly... all that Vaseline will have to be towed off the final bust, and the remaining holes and bulges can be filled, filed and sanded.

This is the "baptism by fire" for many of us to truly prove your unshaken resolve to be the full warrior you can be... Passing this test involves encasing your head in plaster for the 20 minutes to half an hour that it takes to dry. Your helpful friends may take advantage of this time by further hazing you, trying to make you laugh under the bandages when you need to be keeping still.

I recommend using a real latex bald cap, but a plastic grocery bag can sometimes make do. And about four rolls of plaster-wrap bandages, the kind used in broken leg casts. The game plan for most of us is to lube up, then cover the entire head, except the nostrils, in two layers of bandages, and then snip it off from back-of-neck to top-of-head after it has dried. You can then gently pull the 'eggshell' forward over the face, and reseal the back slit with one or two more plaster strips.

WARNING: People can get real claustrophobic encased in plaster. Others may require mouth breathing if their nasal passages aren't open enough. Consider several remedies or alternatives. If you can fix the problem with soda straws and a mouth opening, you may still be able to do a full head cast. If it's not solved that easily, you can usually settle for a partial cast over the forehead and eyes. Wet bandages can be cut and folded creatively to hit just the right boundaries your victim/subject is willing to withstand.

Start with the Vaseline, and cover the eyebrows and any other facial hair. Lightly cover the skin too: the Vaseline is your 'release compound' to keep the plaster from pulling when removed.

WARNING: You guys with beards have it the hardest. Coat those whiskers, or they may come off inside the plaster!

With your strips pre-cut to an assortment of lengths, from four to eight inches in length, you're ready to begin plastering. Fill a large bowl with warm/comfortable water. Have some spare towels on hand and place one over the shoulders of the victim/subject. The water can get to feel quite cold. (Unpleasant, but evaporation is a cooling process.) Yet as the plaster finally dries, it tends to warm. Work from the top down to the neck, leaving the nostrils uncovered. A courteous friend would give the subject warning before the mouth

There's a new voice in Cold Steel Quad.....and it's a PERKY voice! This is to introduce Cmdr. Doqtaj, founder and Mistress of House jaqvl', and Cold Terror Fleet's newest Cold Steel Quadrant Commander. Taj brings a fresh and unique style to Quadrant Command.

- Kerla



My First Dragon*Con

by taj

Well it was my first Dragon*Con, wow talk about insanity running rampant!

Thursday night K'pach and I discovered the hotel bar, and I made friends with an un-opened bottle of Mango Rum yummy, this was pre-con and so we were both in Human garb, there were a few insane folks garbed in the easy to do stuff.

Friday morning brite and waaay too early for poor K'pach (perky morning mischief) I was in gear and after food we were off to...the hotel BAR! after a few rounds we went to make contact with the local KAG group at their table, I had promised Kerla that I would make at least one KAG meeting while I was there (there were three planned). After getting the needed information, I was off to....the Hotel BAR! Many hours snuck past while I took pictures of nice asses...uh I mean costumes, and then the unthinkable happened! the bar ran out of Mango Rum.....damn time to switch to Raspberry Stoli, went to the KAG meeting on the 10th floor at 10pm, got bored with the ships politics, grabbed the rest of the Demons and was off to...the hotel BAR! where I spent the rest of the night till they kicked us out.

Saturday see above for how morning started way to early..blah blah blah...then it was off to...the Parade (fooled ya! thought I was gonna say bar, but I didnt) I was not in the parade but was taking pictures from a nice cool balcony, did manage a KAI KAG!!! that everyone heard. Parade over, time to check out the various and sundry dealers, then its off to....you guessed it the hotel BAR!

(you know you have been in the bar quite a bit when after two days the server comes up and says "your usual?" and then asks "would you like to run a tab as usual") we commandeered the best table and between K'pach, myself and some of the locals, we managed to hold the table, I attended the KAG room party (yes I left the BAR) until past close down time, then finally went to get sleep.

Sunday see above for poor K'pachs morning routine, then it was off to...did you know that the BARs don't open till 11:00am on Sunday? I didn't know what to do, there I was in garb, no dealers room open, no bar open, nothing to do...so I made plans to attend and help out with the Miss Klingon Pageant, when asked by one of the contestants why I didnt enter I said "I don't do those types of things" well I think it was the blood in my alcohol level (damn late opening BARs) but I ended up agreeing that if she won (note the wording there cause it comes back to haunt me later) this year, I would enter next year. the BAR did finally open and at promptly 4pm I was in the pageant room ready to help out (with many a "no I am NOT a contestant" along the way). The contestant with whom I had the agreement, DID NOT take first place, but can someone tell me why no one informed me that EVERY contestant gets a certificate declaring her a WINNER?!? I was tricked! Oh well it was off to Ten Forward for awhile then off to the KAG room party, and from there back to the BAR for the last time, then off to bed.

Monday no gear, then it was off to the Dealers room to grab last min stuff, and on the road by three pm. I'm sure there is a lot I forgot to mention like the literally hundreds of photo ops, including one in my street clothes cause the guy said I looked like "a certified badass" whatever, Can't wait to do this again next year!!!!

- taj

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Tammy Larrabee
Cold Steel Quadrant CO

BACK TO BASICS: Make Ridges or Any Mask

by KwISt

How many of you have your likeness immortalized in a plaster bust? How many have transformed your head into the ridges of a Warrior, or any number of alien disguise? If you haven't been working with the materials of plaster, clay, and latex, what have you been doing with your time? Well I'm here to tell you about a basic way to make custom headpieces and masks, designed for that tailored fit on your own head.

When KAG got started, most of Klingon fandom were still dressing in the 'Classic' v. Contemporary uniform, as seen in the original series. Yet in a few short years, as NexGen and more movies switched over, the greater challenge was widely embraced to suit up as a full Imperial RidgeHead. Now the ridges have the greatest recognition factor: they say 'Trek' better than any other costume. And I likes my Klingons like my peanut butter: Krunchy, not Kreamy.

You can get yourself in ridges without the work I'm about to describe... 'Off-the-rack' headpieces come from a number of stores and shops, in boxes or plastic baggies. They range from the Paramount brand plastic headpiece to the softer, more professional foreheads made from processes like cold foam. The easy-to-slip-on half-head is my favorite, since I prefer the Minute Man quickness of dress-and-run to the hours of effort to use adhesive and blending. But both styles of head (half-head or prosthetic-apart-from-wig) can be professionally attached and smoothed if you want to complete the illusion.

If you're not allergic to plaster, Vaseline, or latex, this project can change your life! (At least on the outside.) On to the basics.

THE PLASTER BUST

The first step is to get plastered, and it helps to have Vaseline on hand. (I hope that sounds as funny to you as it does to me.)