

Star Trek, Star Wars and Storm Troopers

DOET COPPERD (ALOCAL BELLEW)

I heard another episode of *Star Trek* where they mentioned duranium, so I looked it up online...

Duranium is an extremely hard alloy, used in starship hulls and hand-held tools.

But at the same time, Google listed a slew of links for this elusive duranium —

and one of them was not for *Star Trek*, but for *Star Wars*.

So, I followed the link because there's a *Wookieepedia* site for the *Star Wars* Wiki...

The *Revenge of the Sith* novel explains that duranium is stronger than either Transparisteel or Bronzium.

Oh, I could go on about other details about this imaginary substance,

but it just made me laugh when I hear terms used in *Star Trek* that were also used in *Star Wars*. Then, of course, my mind went to *Star Wars* again, because if you don't have

science fiction for ideas, you might have to use history itself, because the only difference

between the storm troopers in *Star Wars* is that they wore white versus the Nazi brown shirt stormtroopers.

Because like the Nazi SS, the brownshirts of the stormtroopers, when they all arrived en masse

made them all blend into one large force that no one individual could flee.

I know, I know, storm troopers in *Star Wars* covered their faces with their head gear, but *that* trick

may have been the one thing to make the soldiers better than the SS: they could still say they were only

"following orders", and this way it's much harder to identify your enemy when you can't even see their face...

Nitrium

DODET KUYPERG

(bonus poem from the "Periodic Table of Poetry" series) started 1/16/15, edited and completed 1/29/15 based on the original name (before Natrium) for Sodium, #11, Na

I've been studying elements in the Periodic Table, and when I heard the word "Nitrium," it made me laugh (thinking of Nitrous Oxide). So I looked it up online... The only thing I could find was from the Memory Alpha in *Star Trek* Wikia, and *they* could only guess that Nitrium was either an alloy or a metallic element.

But the history buff in me remembered that Nitrium is a variant of *natrium*, and it was the original name for the element Sodium.

(I mean, doctors even call low sodium levels in the blood hyponatremia...)

So as I read up at my *Star Trek* Wikia — I suddenly realized how essential this Nitrium really was:

If you remember basic chemistry, sodium reacts violently with water, disintegrating, or even exploding (no no no, you're thinking of salt, that's not straight sodium, that's why it mixes with water...)

And as I read, Nitrium (which was the first name for Sodium) was prevalent in asteroids and it was used in so many places in the construction of Federation starships.

Now, when it comes to our *own* bodies, Sodium (or should I say Nitrium) controls blood pressure and blood volume — it's essential in our bodies to keep them running smoothly.

So it makes total sense that Galaxy-glass vessels used Nitrium in their ships, from computers, to engines to their life support systems.

Nitrium was so crucial to the Cost of Living — you see, I expanded my research from *Star Trek* Wikia to straight-up Wikipedia and discovered that parasites were eating the Nitrium all over the Enterprise, jeopardizing the ship's integrity.

Because as I've learned, with every Periodic Table element out there there's a good side and a bad side: if Nitrium is used all over the Enterprise, something could easily come along to destroy it as well.

I mean, think of it in our own bodies: when Sodium (or Nitrium) reacts with water and forms Sodium Hydroxide, but this reaction gets the Hydrogen so hot that it burns.

And if Nitrium was the original name for Sodium, that probably explains why you never see a Galaxy-class starship entering a planet's atmosphere, where there's water in the air. Because really, the people at Star Trek learned that even just a little water in the air would be enough to make their starship disintegrate around them.

...Really, whenever the Enterprise actually goes to a planet, they never land on the planet with their big Galaxy-class starship, they send a shuttle, or they *beam* someone down,

because in this case, the water in the air that's embedded in the atmosphere, that water could react with the Sodium — oops, I mean, that water could react with the Nitrium — and it might actually do the Enterprise in.

As I said,
with all the elements
I've studied,
there's a good side
and a bad side to them.
We might desperately need them,
but they also may somehow
do us in
if they're mixed
in the just the right way.

Because if you sit in a lab in the twenty-first century, you can watch this element react with water in a beaker — and if you're going where no one has gone before in the twenty-fourth century, you might have to be sure your Nitrium-rich ship finds no water in space, and finds no parasites that may eat you out of your only way home.

Kinds of Interference

JUDET KOUPERO STARTED 3/21/15, COMPLETED 3/21/215

Watched an episode of *Star Trek* recently, where the Borg first transported on to the bridge of the star ship Enterprise, and Jean Luc Picard was then abducted — transported to the cubical Borg ship.

And as soon as they realized that Captain Picard was taken, commander Riker talked (through his little com badge) to Chief O'Brien, and asked "O'Brien, can you beam him back?" And Miles O'Brien responded that he can't, that "there's some kind of interference."

All O'Brien says, this man who transports people for a living, is that there's "some kind of interference."

Hmmm.

I wonder
if it's the kind of interference
like when you tell a friend
about someone you've started dating,
and at your own party
they leave to make out with your date.

I wonder if it's the kind of interference when the one your love calls you, to tell you they're getting on an airplane on the other side of the planet, but that a connecting flight was just cancelled, so they won't see you soon, and by the way, this phone call costs over two dollars a minute from the other side of the world.

That's what you get for getting your hopes up.

I wonder if it's the kind of interference like when, a week before you're supposed to stand up in a wedding, your significant other tells you they want to break up, but... they understand you're a part of someone else's wedding, they'll tag along, you know, act like your date, to not cause waves for you.

I wonder if it's the kind of interference that when you're driving to see you parents, that while stopped at an intersection you see a car speeding toward your stopped car, so you turn your car wheels so the crash won't kill the motorcyclist in front of you, and what they do drops you into a coma for weeks, where at the hospital they put a tub down your throat to breathe for you.

You know, that kind of interference.

I wonder
if it's the kind of interference
when you're finally off on your own,
and you feel like you can trust people,
and someone gets you drunk enough
to not fight back
when they sexually
get off on you.
And you later hear
of "rape rooms" in fraternity basements
that are rooms with floors
literally covered in dingy mattresses,
you know,
in case the girl falls down
as soon as they enter the room.

You know, that kind of interference.

I wonder
if it's the kind of interference
you get after you questioned your gender preference,
started relationships with a few
until one of them
from a one night stand
gave you the Human immunodeficiency virus.
After you contracted full-blown AIDS
you cocktailed your way
through the world
with anything other than liquor,
wondering how long you'd live,
wondering if you'd ever have and raise kids.

You know, that kind of interference.

But you know, often when you hear them say on Star Trek that there's "some kind of interference," they continue by saying "I don't have a positive lock on the away team". Which makes me think of the times when you want to find the one you love, and some kind of interference keeps you away from your chances of finding the one you love.

uncuffed

ERBAGUA TBOOL ENSING

when i was arrested they put handcuffs a little too tight around my wrists behind my back.

they put me in the back of their squad car, took me to their headquarters,

a little building you can only get to through the off ramp of the expressway.

they sat me down, uncuffed one hand, cuffed the other to the bench.

tried to charm them so i might get off easy.

looking back, i thought it was nothing like the holding cells

on the Enterprise, where prisoners are escorted and not handcuffed

they're escorted to a room all their own, with a force field for a wall.

well,
I must have
sweet talked them,
i didn't go to jail —

but i imagine prisons aren't as roomy

or as clean

as they are on a star ship like the Enterprise.

and prison bars just aren't the same as a force field.

#

it would have been nice to touch a force field, see what it felt like.

did it hurt.

it probably would, and would hurt more than those handcuffs.

#

I know I have a Dali lithograph, a cooler one than Kivas Fajo's,

but I didn't steal it like he did, before he stole Data, before he was caught.

he thought of that holding cell as an exhibit where anyone could walk by and observe him,

like the priceless things we all like to keep and show off.

we all want to be the one with the most toys, don't we.

but no matter what century you live in, no matter what fantasy world you live in,

getting caught is never an option.

you'll only want to be free from that force field

or hope your time will come and you'll be uncuffed.

Full Stop

ERBYCON TBOOK

When you're driving down the expressway, you see rush hour traffic slowing the lanes down, but you look up and the car in front of you is at a full stop, and a lot closer than you realized. So you slam on the brakes as hard as you can, you feel your car shuddering and screeching 'til you feel your car rock back from the brakes once you've come to a full stop, just in time.

In our short time here on planet Earth, we all understand the concept of a "full stop." In the U.K., a full stop is another term for a period, to bring a sentence to a full stop... But in *Star Trek*, Captain Kirk, Jean Luc Picard, or even Commander Riker, have all been known to tell their crew to take the Enterprise to a "full stop."

But I have to ask: in relation to *what?* In relation to the stellar objects nearby? Because from what I've heard, the universe doesn't sit still, but that everything's expanding away from everything else.

Are we at a full stop right now, on Earth, when the planet spins, and orbits the Sun, and our solar system is at the edge of an arm of the Milky Way Galaxy, spinning like mad. And think of it — our own galaxy is speeding away from everything *else* out there.

So what is full stop, I'd have to ask. A full stop, in reference to what? Because without a reference point, we're all just moving, faster than we can imagine. We'll never stop.

But I mean, it *feels* like we're still, so I guess it's all relative. If you're in an unmoving line at a grocery store, or if you've turned off the engines of the Enterprise, you can at least say that suddenly, everything *feels* like a full stop.

Chicago poet Janet Kuypers is a professional performance artist, a writer, photographer, and a literary magazine editor running Scars Publications, which hosts two literary magazines, publishes books and releases CDs. With over 90 books published (as of 02/27/15 of poetry, prose, novels and art), she has sung in 3 acoustic bands, and worked with 8 music groups (combining her poetry with music. In 2010 she will begin hosting a weekly Chicago open mic the Café Gallery, with a weekly podcast. Her CD releases (40+ in 2012) appear at iTunes and other online vendors, found on line through http://scars.tv or http://www.janetkuypers.com.

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