Sir Adamantus bowed to them, and a few moments of embarrassing silence followed. The knight looked uncomfortable, as if wishing they would all go away. At last he said cautiously, "What make you, traveling so near an enchanter's castle?"

"We just escaped from it," said Kirk. "He had us locked up."

"Truly?" said Adamantus eagerly, "then I need not hide my thoughts. Now let me see...the third oak, Lady Cambina said, and the fifth stone. Here is the third oak." He glanced at a large tree at the edge of the wood and turned to the stream. "One...two..." He stopped and wrinkled his eyebrows. "Think you a pebble is a stone?"

"Yes," said Spock.

"No," said the Cocytus, "not for a spell."

"I am no vile sorceror!" Sir Adamantus exclaimed, turning on him.

"I can see that," said the Cocytus, "nut something of sorcery concerns you."

The knight nodded and finished his count. He drew his sword and took as deep a breath as his armor allowed, then stooped and rolled aside the fifth stone at the stream's edge. A fox sprang out of the hole. The sword flashed blue in the sunlight and chopped off its head. A duck flew squawking out of the bloodless carcass. Sir Adamantus grabbed it and wrung its neck. An egg dropped out of it into the stream. Adamantus snatched the egg, leaning so far in that he nearly toppled over, and Kirk had to pull him back.

"Thank you, Sir James," he said, and rose slowly, holding the egg in both hands. "Now I hold the enchanter's heart, and he must do my will -- if I can get to him."

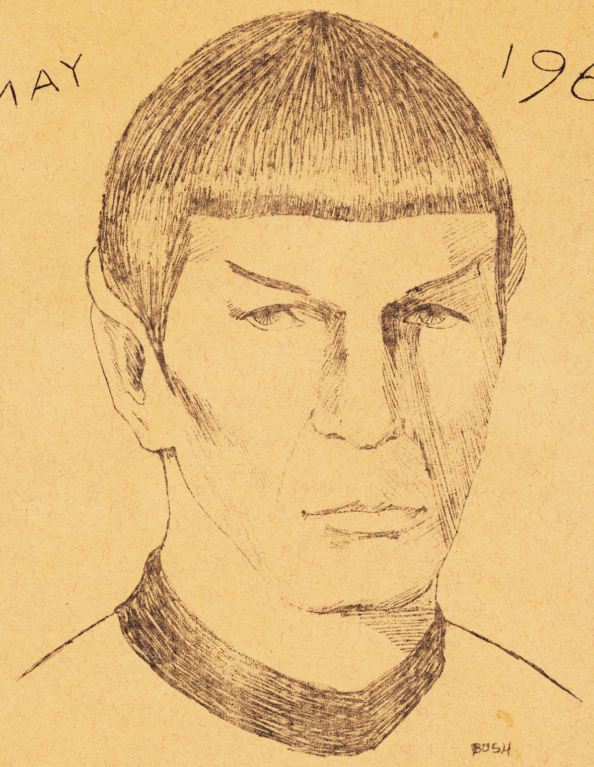
"Oh?" said the Cocytus, "May we know your will?"

"I seek the Lady Constance, stol'n from me by the Titan's daughter, Mutability. I know only that she hid her nowhere in Faery Land. It is my hope that this enchanter can show me the road that leads to my love."

"Sir Adamantus, perhaps we can assist each other," said Kirk. "We were going to go looking for a friendly wizard..."

"You would have looked long!" said Adamantus. "Sir James, know you not that all men of magic are evil? The essence of magic is deceit. So say all wise men, and I know it

THIRD PRINTING
MAY 1968



THE VULCAN GAMBIT

by Shirley Meech

Most authorities agree that the main traits of a winning chess player are power of visualization, memory, alertness, calmness, psychological shrewdness, and will to win. Let us consider the series of games between Captain Kirk and Mr. Spock, of the U. S. S. Enterprise. Several times, we have observed them using that beautiful, unique, and -unhappily- unavailable version of the 3-D chessboard, and we are reliably informed that Captain Kirk generally wins. (1) Comparison of the two men in respect to these six attributes is therefore quite interesting.

Power of visualization: Mr. Spock is clearly superior in this category; he does complicated mathematical computations in his head, and carries on casual conversation at the same time. (2)

Memory: Mr. Spock again has the edge. He has many times demonstrated a memory capacity superior to any other on the Enterprise, with the possible exception of the ship's computer. (3)

Alertness: Spock again probably has the edge here.

Calmness: Spock, easily.

Psychological shrewdness: Again, Spock has the edge. He has been known to trick Kirk into doing things he did not intend to do, (4) and even to talk his way out of following Kirk's orders. (5)

Will to win: The edge here belongs to the Captain. (6)

Of course, it is understood that neither Spock nor Kirk is at all deficient in any of these qualities. However, with Kirk leading in only one of the six categories, how can he possibly win so frequently?

The answer is simple. Spock's psychological shrewdness takes into account Kirk's relentless will to win. (7) His

DEDICATION

SPOCKANALIA - A ONE-SHOT PUBLISHED BY DEVRA LANGSAM, 25D CROWN ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11225 AND SHERNA COMERFORD, 23 LINCOLN AVE, NEWARK, N.J. 07104. THIS FANZINE IS DEDICATED TO LEONARD NIMOY, WITHOUT WHOM MR. SPOCK WOULD NOT BE POSSIBLE.

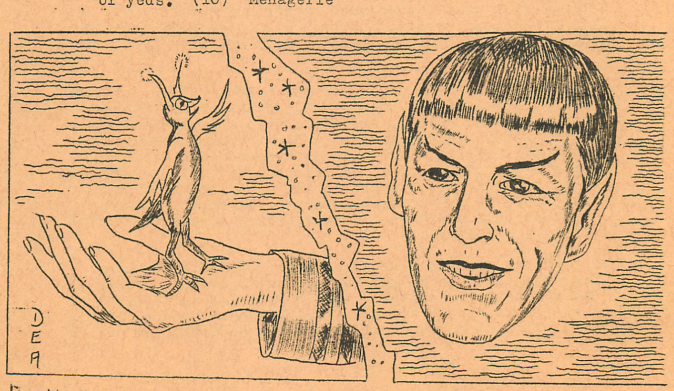
memory and power of visualization paint a vivid picture of Kirk when his will is frustrated, (8) a condition which bodes ill for anyone is range. With alertness and calmness in this crisis, Spock maneuvers the games so that Kirk wins. With a final touch of the psychological shrewdness, he allows Kirk to believe that his "illogical" style of play has triumphed over Spock's logic. This puts the Captain into a frame of mind which is beneficial to his self-image, his efficiency rating, and the well-being of the crew in general. (9)

The Vulcan, of course, would be the last to admit this; but it would not be the first time he has deceived his friend for what he considered a valid logical reason. (10)

Now, if we could only ascertain whether he has accepted Doctor McCoy's offer to teach him the game of poker....or is that why McCoy was seen grumbling along the corridor today, without his shirt?

---

(1) "Charlie X," "Where No Man Has Gone Before," "Court Martial"
(2) "Tomorrow is Yesterday"
(3) "Miri," "Arena," "The Naked Time," others
(4) "Shore Leave"
(5) "Devil in the Dark," "Operation:Annihilate"
(6) "Errand of Mercy," "The Corbomite Maneuver," "The Squire of Gothos," others
(7) "Menagerie"
(8) "The Naked Time," "Charlie X," others
(9) The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of yeds. (10) "Menagerie"



Don't laugh... You are fascinating too.

and set it back in its holder, then dismounted and knelt before Uhura. "I have ridden far today, and my heart is burdened. I did not understand that the ladies of this land could look and... and dress so strangely."

He managed not to stare at her bare legs, left free by her uniform. Uhura, visualizing herself in a long dress with a flowing train, suddenly realized what an arousing sight a woman's ankle must be in his world and said gravely, "Your error is forgiven, sir."



Spock raised an eyebrow at the deep solemnity of her tone, and she nearly broke up. But she swallowed hard and managed not to laugh. Fortunately, the Cocytus distracted the knight's attention. "Then you are not a native to this country, sir?" he said.

"No, I am Adamantus of Faery Land."

Kirk and Spock exchanged congratulatory glances.

"And I serve Queen Gloriana -- and my heart's lady, Constance." Sir Adamantus looked around. "What is this country's name?" he asked.

"Alas, Sir Adamantus, we are strangers to it," said the Cocytus. "We had hoped you could tell us." He went on to introduce the group, tacking a knighthood onto Kirk and calling McCoy "Surgeon McCoy."

McCoy suspected that a few extra syllables were slurred into the word, so that Sir Adamantus would hear it as Chirurgeon.



Garlic Press Publication # 1 September 1, 1967

Totally illogical

Sherna Comerford
83 Lincoln Avenue
Newark, N.J. 07104

CO-EDITORS

Devra Michele Langsam
250 Crown Street
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225

Available for 50¢ or exchange, from Devra Langsam

Copyright Sherna Comerford and Devra Michele Langsam 1967. All rights are assigned to the authors and artists responsible for the material, and nothing may be reprinted without their written permission. In that case, it would be appreciated if Spockanalia were credited as the source, and two copies were sent to the editors.

"Yes, Captain," she said.

"Careful, Jim," McCoy interposed, "Uhura is one of those idiots who hate to admit a weakness. I think it's a bad hab- she picked up from you and Spock.

"I really do feel well enough," she said, and got to her feet unaided to prove it.

"Good," said Kirk, "then we'll follow the stream to where it meets the road and follow the road till we find someone who can direct us to a wizard."

They set off, Uhura taking Spock's arm, but they had only gone a few steps when a knight came riding into view around the curve of the stream. His horse picked its way daintily along the strip of bank between water and wood. The knight was in full plate armor, neatly jointed.

"Well," said Kirk, "he looks like one of Spenser's knights."

"Yes," agreed Spock, "although I don't recall a description of a shield like that."

"Azure, a sphere argent," said the Coceytus. "I don't either."

The knight pushed up the beaver of his helmet with one hand and lowered his lance with the other in a flowing, easy motion which, Kirk suspected, took great strength. The face revealed was fair and conventionally handsome -- he looked a little like Kirk, except that his features were set in a grave expression.

"Looks like Jim when he has to order other people into danger," McCoy thought to himself, and suppressed a smile.

The Coceytus stepped forward. "Good..." He paused and glanced uncertainly at the sun. "Good day, sir knight."

"Good day, youngling. Are you all Paynims?"

"All?" The Coceytus blinked. "None of us are."

"Your lady is, or should be. I have never seen a Christian with so black a Saracen's hide."

Uhura stared at him and decided the words were meant to be insulting. She rummaged through her memory for the few When-Knighthood-Was-in-Flower stories she had read and said coldly, "Sir, a knight is, or should be, courteous."

"I pray your pardon, lady." The knight raised his lance,

VULCAN PSYCHOLOGY

A BRIEF SURVEY OF PERSONALITY DEVELOPMENT AND LIFE ADJUSTMENT IN A HUMAN/VULCAN HYBRID, by Juanita Coulson

SUBJECT: Spock Age ___? Father: Vulcan, Ambassador, deceased(?) Mother: Earthwoman, Scientist/Teacher, deceased(?) Occupation: Science Officer and First Officer of United Star Ship Enterprise.

N.B. Subject has not volunteered himself for therapy, and his dossier is not available. Therefore, this writer is limited to speculation, based on observation over an eight-month period, plus any information disclosed by the subject in the course of conversation with his peer group. His personality and adjustment to his environment have obviously been affected by his total background, but since the observer must garner such background entirely via allusions to past events, and by the subject's present behavior, this analysis is based solely on inference. Caveat.

Spock's father was a native of the planet Vulcan, and his mother was an Earthwoman. From Spock's behavior and statements, we are informed that Vulcans are pacifistic and have eliminated war and other violent anti-social patterns, such as murdur, from their culture. Additional reference has been made to Vulcan control of all emotional display (a quite severe suppression in human terms), dogged loyalty, and blunt honesty; Vulcan demeanor, in human terms, seems to be coldly unemotional, with occasional overtones of patronizing superiority (both intellectual and cultural.)

Since Spock regards himself as more Vulcan than human, it is probable that his mother was of the "convert" personality. Spock's behavior patterns - primarily Vulcan despite his half-human inheritance - are not likely to have occured if his mother had insisted on even partial Terran conditioning during

CONTENTS

Lettercol.....What's a lettercol doing in a one-shot? The logical thing would be to look and see.....7

The Territory of Rigel, by Dorothy Jones.....8

Off the Top; a Bulletin and Editorial, by Yeds.....10

A Most Illogical Song, by Shirley Meech et alia.....12

Physiologica Vulcanensis, by Sherna Comerford, Juanita Coulson, and Kay Anderson.....14

A Proposed Model of the Vulcan Heart, by Sandy Deckinger..21

To A Vulcan, by Sherna Comerford.....24

Also To A Vulcan, by Devra Michele Langsam.....25

The Vulcan Gambit, by Shirley Meech.....26

Vulcan Psychology: A Brief Survey of Personality Development and Life Adjustment in a Human/Vulcan Hybrid, by Juanita Coulson.....28

Spock Shock, by Sherna Comerford.....38

Vulcans and Emotions, by Devra Michele Langsam.....43

Kirk and Spock, by Ruth Berman.....46

'S Blood, by Sherna Comerford and Devra Michele Langsam...47

Thoughts on Vulcan Culture, by Devra Michele Langsam.....48

Excerpt from The Young Vulcan's Handbook of Emotional Control, translated by Shirley Meech.....55

Record Review, by Dorothy Jones.....58

Star Drek, by Ruth Berman.....62

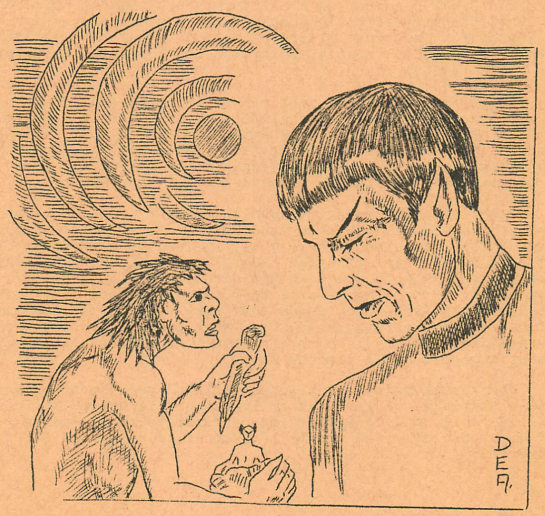
Acknowledgments.....89

Spock's formative period, and we may assume she embraced both the Vulcan culture and its methods of education and child conditioning as superior to those of Earth.

The subject was the child of a family situation in which normal communication between parents was impossible; it was also a situation in which it would be forever impossible for either parent to understand his child completely, or for him to understand either of them.

Spock's only criticism of his father, implied or expressed, has been in regard to his father's inability to comprehend the emotional needs of his mother. Spock not only behaves as much like a Vulcan as he is capable, but he speaks with special pride of his father and his own half-Vulcan ancestry as a point of personal esteem. Nevertheless, he does not completely deny his half-human ancestry, although, as a verbal fencing exchange with certain privileged human peers, he allows himself to seem offended to be reminded of his human inheritance.

Spock has indicated that his mother's dedication to Vulcan culture patterns was not sufficient to enable her to



"Someone in Spenser's world wouldn't know about the Spenserian stanza, unless he was a wizard interested in other worlds. None of the wizards Spenser describes sound as if they'd be much interested in knowledge that isn't immediately useful; they're too busy haring after power -- or dames. A mark of a poor wizard."

"That sounds like a professionally righteous indignation," McCoy commented.

The Cocytus grinned. "I'm not in the profession, but I suppose I've absorbed their attitude. No, our wizard has to be someone who is close enough to Spenser's Faery Land to enjoy making fun of it and learned enough to have run across Spenser."

Spock said, "I wonder if we are justified in assuming that 'our wizard' is hostile."

"Well, I generally assume someone is hostile when a stranger comes to his door to ask for hospitality, and he orders his servants to grab the visitor and lock him up."

"Why were you asking for hospitality?" asked Uhura.

"I got lost during a dragon hunt and fell into another country," he answered. "It's easy to do Back of the Beyond."

"Back of what?"

"Back of the Beyond...let's see...I guess you could call it Fairyland in General. The terrains shift a lot, so if you go near the border of one country Back of the Beyond it's easy to find yourself someplace else you'd never heard of. Why do you think our wizard may be friendly, Mr. Spock?"

"He provided you with the means of escape, or so I should assume."

"The means of...? Oh, yes! you and Uhura. Yes, it's a possibility. His dungeon implies a certain piquant sense of humor. But if it's all a joke, I'm not sure I care for his taste in comedy. But as to where we're going -- maybe nowhere. If there's a full moon tonight I may be able to call my people without any help. Otherwise, where we're going is in search of a friendly wonder-worker to help me. If we're in Spenser's world, we could try Lady Cambina. If we're not, I haven't the faintest idea."

Kirk nodded. The whole set-up was ridiculous, but at least it had a modicum of internal consistency. "Uhura, do you feel up to walking again?"

ART CREDITS

Kathy Bushman.....Cover, 23, 33, 53

Sherna Comerford.....13, 22, 35

Juanita Coulson.....9, 65, 69, 72, 76, 80, 83, 86

DEA.....16, 19, 27, 29, 39, 41, 44, 56, 60

Dick Flood.....24

Devra Michele Langsam....."Mr. Ears", 25, 47, 50, 89

Lettering:

Chester Malon, Jr.....3

Sherna Comerford.....all other lettering

TYPISTS: Devra Michele Langsam, Sandy and Mike Deckinger, and Elaine Cooke

HEROIC, VALIANT POORFEATER: Sherna Comerford

ELECTRONIC STENCILS CUT BY: Julius Postal

FILLOS HAND-CUT BY: Juanita Coulson, Sherna Comerford and Brian Burley



"There's no proper proof for it, medically speaking," McCoy answered. "But, medically speaking, a treatment that perhaps helps, does not damage, and is expected by the patient is a treatment that should be applied."

He glanced at Spock, waiting for the Vulcan to comment, "Most illogical," but Spock was silent, lost in thought. When he spoke it was to the Cocytus. "If you don't know where we are, do you know where we are going?"

Kirk broke in, "You know more about where we are than you admitted back in the castle."

"Well, I guessed more. I still don't know. I don't suppose any of you have read Spenser's epic poem The Faerie Queen?"

"No," said Uhura and McCoy.

"Yes," said Kirk and Spock. They looked at each other speculatively.

"You surprise me, Mr. Spock," said Kirk.

"I may say the same, Captain," Spock replied.

Kirk smiled. "You'd be surprised what a serious young man will get through who thinks captains are supposed to be well-read."

"And Spock is a walking reference library, we all know that," said McCoy. "Perfectly simple. Go on, Cocytus."

"I think we are either in Spenser's Faery Land or near it. More likely near it."

"Why?" said Kirk.

overcome human emotionality permanently. Apparently, at some time, she either openly requested or otherwise expressed a desire for affection from Spock. Already conditioned in Vulcan behavior patterns, and denying himself such a (to him) distasteful emotional display, Spock still undoubtedly sensed the intense need of his mother for verbal and/or demonstrative physical affection. Thus, he must have been quite violently torn between the urge to express his love for his mother, to please her and gain her approval, and his irrevocable Vulcan conditioning which made it impossible for him to respond in the way his mother wished. Since he has always spoken of his mother in the past tense, we assume she is dead; any opportunity to express his love for her is now lost, a fact which seems to add to Spock's guilt and unhappy self-image.

Spock has a tremendous sense of duty which amounts at times to an obsession; he has on occasion insisted on performing his duties above and beyond that required by service regulations, even to the point of endangering his health and life. Possibly his obsession with duty is a cultural trait of the Vulcans. But it may also be interpreted as a projective method of gaining approval from his father or a father substitute (the figure in greatest authority in his present sub-culture.) If the Vulcans are totally pacifistic, it's possible Spock's career on a military vessel may be a falling-short in the type of goals Spock imagines his father may have preferred for his son. Obsession with duty may be a subliminal-tion to replace an unsatisfiable wish for normal human relationships and family.

It is probable that Spock can never, physically, mentally, or emotionally, reach the ideal of "Vulcanism" he so admires in his father. Spock can only attempt to reach this goal through the devious method of setting inhumanly high conduct standards for himself, and driving himself to fulfill his duties in spite of all hazards and limitations.

Underlying and co-existing with Spock's obsession with duty are certain masochistic tendencies. These seem to be a form of self-punishment for (1) his failure to respond to his mother's desire for affection and (2) his failure to satisfy what he feels might have been his father's wishes and/or goals. Over and above pushing himself to physical and mental limits, Spock absorbs tremendous amounts of verbal and physical punishment before reacting, even when such punishment is grossly unjustified. (There is a physiological grounding for this behavior, which we will discuss later.)

When Spock reacts even to unjustified punishment by defending himself, he is quick to insist on his error, to point out his fault, and to anticipate appropriate reprimand or worse. Conversely, he rarely if ever demands redress for the



Desilu Productions Inc.
780 North Gower Street
Hollywood, California, 90038
June 22, 1967

Dear Devra and Sherna:

Thank you very much for your letter which was forwarded to me by Mr. Gene Roddenberry. I am enclosing a biography of Mr. Spock, which I hope will satisfy your needs.

I sincerely hope that your magazine will be a success, and want to thank you very much for your interest in STAR TREK and MR. SPOCK.

Best wishes,

Leonard Nimoy

Leonard Nimoy

LN/tv

"Who is Leonard?" - Spock (to Joey Bishop)

---

unjustified pain he himself has suffered. On at least two occasions, he has been severely provoked by his commanding officer. Once, at a time when he was quite ill, the ship's captain struck him three times before Spock retaliated physically. Spock's expression on that occasion plainly implied that he was appalled at his own behavior.

In the second instance, his commanding officer verbally goaded Spock with comments on his alienness, his physical appearance, slurs on his manhood, parentage, personal standards (honesty, logicality), and the object of Spock's suddenly released affections. Again, only after extreme provocation did Spock react. And again, when his anger dissipated, he was at pains to insist that he should be punished; in this case he was satisfied by an additional duty assignment -- a punishment substitute. (N.B. On both occasions, the behavior of the commanding officer was entirely justified by external circumstances, and did not imply a personal hostility toward the subject.)

In a further sense, Spock punishes himself. He sets goals he cannot possibly fulfill without occasional failure, denies himself companionship and (we suspect) many creature comforts, drives himself to duty when ill, and turns both anger and disappointment inward rather than outward.

In addition to his communication conflict with his parents, his obsession with duty, and his masochism, observation shows us that Spock is not totally accepted by his current peer group - quite possibly has never been fully accepted by his human contemporaries. His rank and position indicate considerable success in both career and social strata of his particular sub-culture (Military-Scientific Vessel, Galactic Class.) But the reactions of certain of his human crewmen and chance acquaintances -- both human and alien -- imply that they have a distinctly adverse reaction to him. Since his physical appearance and demeanor are plainly far more Vulcan than human, he is immediately identifiable as a native of that planet. Reaction to this ancestry has ranged from mild surprise and suspicion to outright hostility. In all fairness, it must be pointed out that Spock's alienness is reinforced and made more inhuman by his Vulcan behavior patterns, which make him seem cold and perhaps repellent to some humans.

Though Spock has spoken of human culture patterns as "puzzling" (in some cases a euphemism for uncivilized and barbaric), he is certainly aware of his own human half, and probably identifies at least in part with human motives, including the desire for approval and companionship (though on an emotionally-detached basis.) Therefore, this reaction of suspicion and hostility toward him by human and other species must occasionally dismay him, color his adjustment to his

"As long as we're wet anyway...." Kirk said.

Spock nodded and locked hands with him.

"Come on Lieutenant," Kirk said. "You'll have to get wet, Doctor." They carried Uhura over to the farther side, which was higher and not so grown over with brush. A grassy bank sloped up for several feet before the wood began again. McCoy splashed after them, grumbling at the Cocytus, who arced across in a graceful parabola.

"Cheer up," Kirk told him, "this may free us from pursuit."

"Thanks."

Kirk brushed twigs out of his uniform. "Now what, Bones?"

McCoy took out a small surgical knife from his kit. "I wish I had some proper materials with me," he muttered, "but this will have to - Cocytus, are you wearing a sword?"

"Yes." He shrugged back his cloak to reveal it.

"All right. Use it to cut me a bandage off your cloak. About so wide." McCoy gestured to show the width and turned to Uhura. "I'm sorry, this will hurt. Kneel by the stream."

She managed a smile. "You got it wrong, Doctor. You mean: Now this will only hurt a little bit."

He smiled back. "I'll ask you afterwards. Spock, hold her arm steady for me."

Uhura remained silent as he slashed across the scratch, motioned Spock to let go, and thrust her arm into the stream. He held it there some moments, forcing the blood to flow out freely, then bathed the wound and took the arm out. Instantly, the Cocytus bound the strip of cloth over the wound.

"Neat," McCoy said. "You've had training?"

"A little. First-aid procedures, mostly."

"You'd better lie down, Uhura," McCoy said.

Spock helped her down, and she sighed as she sank into the long grass. "You were right, Doctor," she said.

"Of course," he said smugly, and felt the injured arm. It was cool from the water, so he could not tell if it was cold in itself. He scowled at the arm. "I wish I could be sure lancing was any good against venom."

"Aren't you?" Uhura said, startled.

THE TERRITORY OF RIGEL

(A ni var to be performed by two voices and Vulcan harp)

First Voice

Rigel in the scanner,
blue-white and crystalline,
shining. Light
born in the corona
pours into space.

The instruments whisper,
the panel lights flicker.
The stars are still and clear.

Their song is deliberate,
long years to a cadence.

Dust in their paths
moves in their wake like water,

and Rigel shines.

The stars like ancient trees,
heavy with planets, blazing with life.

I wander the bright roads:
whom no planet claims:
live in the open Galaxy.

I have clarity before me,
and Rigel full of light.

Second Voice

Dark and silent

is the field of space.

The bridge is empty.
The time, three hundred.

The instruments tell little.
The computer absorbs in silence
trivial patterns meaning nothing.

Three-twenty.
The night is very long.

In the dark gulf is the ship,
in the sleeping ship is the bridge,
on the bridge am I,
silence upon silence,

as quiet as memory,
and dark as death.

I am far
from my beginning and my end.

Four hundred and the watch is changed.
I leave the bridge and go
from darkness into darkness.

The Coccytus offered his arm to Uhura, and McCoy smiled, wondering how she would react to the archaic courtesy. She accepted the arm. McCoy stared for a moment and dropped back a pace to cross to the other side of the pair. He touched the wrist with the tiny scratch. It was cold. "How does your wrist feel?" he asked.

"Pretty awful," she said.

They were whispering, but Spock heard anyway. "Lieutenant -" he began.

"My fault, too," the Coccytus interrupted. "Or no one's fault, really. A wizard's castle is just plain dangerous."

McCoy pulled out his diagnostikit and held it to the injured wrist as they walked along. "You keep talking about magic," he remarked, "but..." He paused.

"What is it, Bones?" asked Kirk.

"I can't get a reading."

"That's what happens to precision scientific instruments in a wizard's world," said the Coccytus.

McCoy looked at the diagnostikit again. It was obstinately motionless. He finished his remark:"but you must know what you're talking about, so do you have any ideas on *what* happened to Uhura? Was the ink poisoned?

"Not necessarily," the Coccytus answered, "but poisonous, at any rate."

"Then we'll stop as soon as we cross a stream," McCoy said. "Do you think you can go on farther?" he asked Uhura gently. "We could rig something to carry water back in."

"I can manage," she said.

Spock raised his head and ran a few steps ahead of them. "There's a stream not far away," he called back. "I can hear it."

"How far?" said Kirk.

"I'm not sure. It probably crosses the road, but I think it's closer this way." Spock and Kirk pushed open a way through the underbrush that clogged the wood on the side away from the wizard's castle and held it open as the Coccytus and McCoy helped Uhura after them. Several yards later they came to the stream so suddenly that Kirk and Spock both slipped in.

world, and make such adjustment more difficult.

Spock's behavior indicates his home community is presently the USS Enterprise, not the planet Vulcan. Further, he seems to regard the crew of that ship as the most valuable life form with which he comes in contact; despite his oft-stated concern for "sentient life," if any other form of sentient life threatens the crew of the Enterprise, it is that crew he will risk his life for. Indeed, he will occasionally revert to his predatory Vulcan/human ancestry to protect the crew. (Part of this may be attributed to his loyalty to the ship's captain, an aspect we will discuss later; but not all of it can be dismissed as such.)

Obviously, Spock regards the crew, particularly certain members of that crew, as eminently worth saving. The subject is reluctant to use the emotion-charged word "friendship", but the indications are strong that his relationships with certain crew members fit that category. The Enterprise is his community; the crew members make up his personal sub-culture. When community and citizens are menaced, survival of both takes immediate precedent over earlier cultural conditioning against warfare and the taking of life. Since this reaction not only enables Spock to save the lives of beings emotionally important to him, but enables him to do this with Vulcan logicality (i.e. sentient life of eminent worth whose duty it is to contact and preserve other sentient life forms -- therefore to be themselves preserved against any unfriendly species,) it is both adaptive and adjustive.

Vulcan is a heavy-gravity planet, and since Spock is genetically half-Vulcan, and spent his formative years on that planet, he is physically a great deal stronger than his human peers. While this has sometimes proved an advantage, and has enabled him to perform useful and lifesaving services, it is also an emotional Sword of Damocles. He, so very much concerned with the civilized preservation of sentient life, is potentially quite dangerous to the sentient life form with which he daily works. His Vulcan emotional control is vital. It allows him to use his strength only as a constructive tool, not as the deadly weapon it can be. On the rare occasions when he has used his great strength emotionally, his subsequent reaction has been severe and very masochistic. This is adaptive, for his strength must be turned inward at all psychological costs: both Vulcans and humans have a savage, berserker tendency in their pasts, and any reversion to that past puts Spock's self-image, indeed his sanity, into grave jeopardy. Should his strength (through a loss of emotional control on his part) ever severely injure or kill one of his human peers, in all likelihood his guilt reaction would border on the self-destructive. Hence Spock's continued suppression of normal emotional expression: no expression must be allowed free rein, neither hate

This is a piece supposed to have been written by Spock, many years ago. The idea is that he was on watch aboard some ship or other, all alone on the bridge. It was in the middle of the "night" cycle and the bridge was relatively dark except for the instrument panels. Outside there was also darkness, except for the faint light of the stars and the brighter light of Rigel, which was nearby. The contrast of light and darkness appealed to the duality in Spock, and he attempted (no one being around to interfere) to express it in a Vulcan form called ni var.

Ni var means literally "two form", and it is basically a piece comparing and contrasting two different things or two aspects of the same thing. (It need not be a literary work; a suitably-formed painting or sculpture or dance composition could be a ni var.) So in this piece there are two voices: one singing of light and the other of darkness; the little Vulcan harp accompanies them and plays short solo passages. The first voice is soprano and the second voice bass.

Although the ni var is a purely Vulcan form, Spock decided for reasons of his own to write the text in Terran. This was perhaps his undoing; Terran languages are by their nature more personal and less objective than Vulcan, and he found himself writing not only about the physical surroundings which he set out to describe, but also about himself - a totally unVulcan thing to do. He probably looked at the composition the next morning, blanched, and put the piece away for thirty years.

- Dorothy Jones



You are receiving SPOCKANALIA because:



( ) You contributed

( ) You helped

( ) You encouraged

( ) You are in Spock Shock

( ) You paid cash

( ) You are mentioned

( ) We thought you might be interested

( ) We would like to exchange

( ) You deserve one after listening to us talk about it all these months

( ) We admire you

( ) You are Isaac Asimov

( ) You are totally illogical

( ) You might contribute if we're insane enough to try this again

( ) You tell us



It led them to a flight of winding stairs. There were no bannisters, and the stairs were steep, so they used hands as well as feet in their race. Kirk, scrambling up the stairs, felt he had become one of the pack and wondered why he was not baying. A light flickered from the top of the stairs as they circled, and he ordered him self to concentrate on it.

The Cocoytus reached the next floor and ran at random to the left. Kirk grabbed him and tugged him to a halt. The others collided with them.

"Look!" said Kirk, trying to pull his arm out of the tangle to point.

"What?" said the Cocoytus. "Oh!"

The light was daylight, shining through a small, dirty window set high in the wall. McCoy, shorter than the others, looked at it dubiously.

The Cocoytus jumped into the air and tugged at the window, but it stuck fast.

"Smash it," ordered Kirk.

The Cocoytus nodded, wrapped his arm in his cloak, and swung. Fresh light streamed in, blinding them.

McCoy reached tentatively for the ledge.

"No need," said the Cocoytus. He dropped to the floor, sprang up past the window, carrying Uhura, and shoved her out.

McCoy shivered as he was pulled up, partly from the rush of cool air, partly from the howls coming up the stairs. He fell heavily to the ground, a few feet below, and stood still, until Uhura grabbed him out of the way of Spock's descending feet. Kirk landed next, but the Cocoytus, dropping after him, hung choking a foor above the ground, his cloak caught securely in a large blue hand.

Spock and Kirk tugged the cloak free, and the young man fell to his knees. They dragged him up again,and the group pelted across the red and orange flowers, a lawn of yellowed grass, up a hill, and down the hill through a wood. At the foot they came out of the wood to a narrow, dusty road.

"Do we dare follow this?" asked Kirk.

"We can make better time on it," said the Cocoytus. "I think we'd better take the risk of being followed."

"All right, let's go," said Kirk.

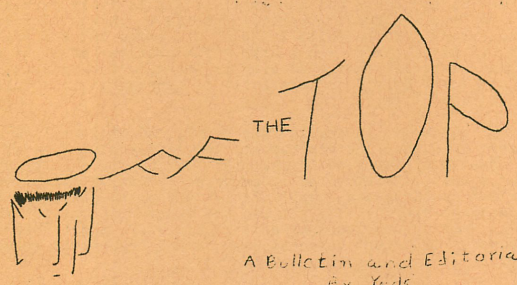
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We would like to express our appreciation to those who helped us to produce this 'zine. Our thanks go to our contributors, many of whom did much more than "merely" contribute, and also to those whose help was invaluable, but whose names don't appear on the contents page: Brian Burley, Jacob Langsam, Julius Postal, Steve Silverberg, Mike Viggiano. We are grateful to Robert H. Justman, Associate Producer of STAR TREK, for his encouragement and help, to Juanita Coulson, whose enthusiasm, encouragement, and hard work, was infectious, and especially to Gene Roddenberry, who started everything.

ADDENDUM

We would like to add a special acknowledgement to Jay Langsam, for his generous, unflagging help with the mimeo work on this third printing, and to Deborah Langsam, for her help with all the work.

Frodo lives!



THE BULLETIN - MORE FUN COMING: In June, we learned from Star Trek's Associate Producer, Robert H. Justman, that the tentatively scheduled season opener (September 15th) will take place, in part, on the planet Vulcan. We have since learned that the show, "Amok Time," was written by no less an author than Theodore Sturgeon. In the course of the program, Spock will meet his assigned wife, for the purpose of satisfying the Vulcan septennial mating drive. Vulcans - or at least Vulcan males (at the moment, we're not quite sure which) must experience sex every seven years, or die.

We have been told that the story is handled with the same care and skill that made Star Trek our favorite program in its first season. Look out, September 15th - here we come!

AND NOW A WORD OR TEN FROM OUR SPONSOR: We are eternally grateful to the people who pick up the check for our favorite program. However, it has come to our attention that small but important segments of action are cut from the broadcast received in some cities, especially those in the parts of the country that get their master broadcasts from New York City. The time gained is used for additional commercials. The most blatant example discovered thus far is in "Dagger of the Mind." Only a fraction of the audience saw the approximately thirty seconds that showed Spock become entrapped in Van Jager's mind, to such a degree that Dr. McCoy was forced to tear him free physically.

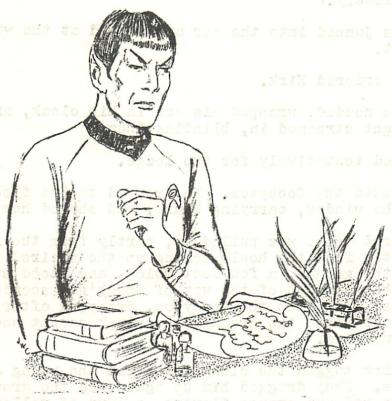
This scene was not vital to the action of the plot, but it

three jars of herbs, a row of quill pens in a stand, a half-written parchment, a plaster bust, and an inkwell full of a golden liquid that gave off a light. It was a faint light, but it seemed sharp after the shadowy blues. The parchment, too, shone gold, and a little pool of gold light was gathering on a furry blotter left beneath the pens.

"Still wet," Spock murmured. "I wonder....."

He reached for the parchment, but the Cocytus whirled, so swiftly that he knocked against Uhura, and caught Spock's arm. "Caref--"

"Master! Master!" yelled the plaster bust. Its voice was high and echoed thinly down the corridors.



Uhura stumbled, and McCoy steadied her. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "one of those pens pricked me, that's all."

A screaming and clattering rose in the distance from the middle corridor. The thing in the cage snored and sighed and made a whistling sound like water boiling. The Cocytus shrugged and then ran headlong down the righthand corridor.

nor love impulses; the human pattern makes it far too easy for his emotional pendulum to shift from one to the other, and when Spock's emotion is hate and/or rage, he is deadly. His suppression of all emotional display is very non-adjustive, and his masochism is unhealthy -- but it adaptive, because his strength makes the alternative too terrible to consider.

Spock's relations with human women, and his entire sexual adjustment, have undoubtedly been strongly influenced by his family history. With such a vivid memory of his parents' own failure to erase successfully the racial and cultural differences which separated them, Spock appears determined to avoid a repetition of that unhappy experiment. Thus he has all but cut himself off from human female companionship (which his human half may desire but his Vulcan inheritance and conditioning will not let him accept.) Quite apart from his possible sterility as a hybrid, he recognizes that he is normally incapable of the sort of demonstrative emotional response most human females expect from a lover. He is indeed not demonstrative; he does not welcome touching or embracing, and is unable to flatter. The aloneness of his situation troubles Spock - he has admitted it is a "purgatory" - but memories of his parents have apparently made him decide another Earthwoman should not suffer as his mother did. The unhappiness must end with him.

The subject is able to respond slightly to a moderate amount of low level sexual flirtation from a human female, but more intense approaches apparently trigger painful memories of his mother's unhappy situation. He rejects such approaches outright. His one deep emotional involvement with a human female occurred during unusual circumstances, when he was able, in effect, to block his Vulcan half and become nearly human for a short time. Under normal conditions, such reaction toward a human female is not possible for him.

Since we have never been permitted to see Spock interacting with Vulcans, and since our knowledge of Vulcan sexual customs is limited to the implication that the marriage between Spock's parents was unusual, no speculation is presently possible on his attitude toward Vulcan females...beyond wondering if he might seem as repellently emotional to Vulcans as he seems coldly unemotional to humans.

His relationship with his peers on board the Enterprise is generally professional, with only occasional lapses into something resembling normal human friendship patterns. Spock treats his human subordinates courteously and correctly, though he now and again displays concern, and some affection, for certain members of the bridge crew with whom he has a close working relationship. The two human crew members with whom Spock has the most human relationship are Ship's Surgeon, Doctor

was quite important in the development of the characters of Spock and McCoy. It also was an extremely dramatic moment.

If you would like to protest this commercial padding, write to WNBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: In "Court Martial," Mr. Spock's rank was given as Lieutenant-Commander. In the third revision of The Star Trek Guide, it is given as Commander. Congratulations on your promotion, sir.

SPEAKING ABOUT RANK: Lest our interest in Mr. Spock make us appear to neglect his companions, it behooves us to say a few words about that other hero. Captain James T. Kirk is a strong, efficient, extremely vital man. He is a very special person, and his command of the Enterprise makes it the ship it is. In his absence, neither the character of Mr. Spock, nor the program itself, could exist. Many thanks to William Shatner for his skillful portrayal of a highly complex character.

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD: Leonard Nimoy has one record album, entitled "Leonard Nimoy presents Mr. Spock's Music from Outer Space," Dot # 3794, and one 45 rpm record from Dot, "The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins/Cotton Candy." At last word, a second album was being considered.

Mr. Nimoy also has a starring role in the movie version of Genet's Deathwatch, which he co-produced. Deathwatch is a strong, bitter story, powerfully done and emotionally devastating. It proves, for those who had any doubts, that Leonard Nimoy is a very fine actor.

TREK TROUBLES: According to Bjo Trimble (via Dorothy Jones) Star Trek still has renewal problems. If we want the show to continue (if we want...!) we must continue the campaign. Letters should be addressed to: Mort Werner, Programming, NBC-TV, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020. Write soon and often. Good continuing public response is a sine qua non for any TV series, especially one in prime-time. If we appear to lose interest, so will NBC.

A LAST WORD: Yeds are aware that when the new season begins, two weeks after our anticipated publication date, many (all?) of our lovely theories will be blown to pieces. On the other hand, we console ourselves with thoughts of all the new material we'll have to play with. Anyone for a Spockanalia #2?

The ship jerked again, and they were back where they had started a few minutes --or hours--ago.

"Goodbye," said the Coceytus, and disappeared.

Spock looked at the empty space and turned to Kirk. "Sir, how will you enter this on the log?"

"Well, Mr. Spock..." Kirk said, and paused. He smiled sweetly. "That's not your concern."

"No, sir," agreed Spock politely.

"Besides, you'll look it up as soon as the Captain goes off duty," said McCoy.

Spock looked hurt.

Sulu leaned back in his chair and counted faces. The right ones were all there. "I don't suppose, Captain," he remarked, "that you have any sureties now about what happened?"

"Oh, yes," said Kirk, "I have one, Mr. Sulu."

"And that is?"

"It never happened. And, since it never happened, I need not record it in the log. Understood?"

They nodded.

"Mr. Sulu," said Spock thoughtfully.

"Yes?"

"I'd like a few more fencing lessons, if you don't mind."

"So would I," said Kirk.

"Me, too," said McCoy.

"I'd be delighted. How about you, Uhura?" said Sulu.

"No, thanks," she said, rising to go off duty, "I'm going to be too busy the next few days -- there's a long poem I want to read, if the ship's library has it."

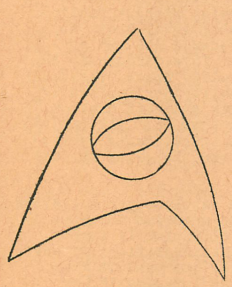
"It does," said Spock.

McCoy, and the ship's commander, Captain James T. Kirk.

McCoy is a sensualist, would-be cynic, and humanitarian. He seems alternately angered by and admiring of Spock. In return, Spock apparently enjoys goading the Doctor with inarguable logic, and appreciates and admires the Doctor's concern with sentient life. Theirs is a companionship based on a mutual enjoyment of verbal fencing, with some under-lying friction resulting from their widely differing methods of attack on the same ultimate goals. But in the end, they display gruding admiration and unvocalized affection for each other.

Spock's friendship and professional relationship with Captain Kirk is a study in itself, calling for a far more thorough analysis than time permits us here. We will confine the present discussion to a few obvious facets. While being fiercely loyal to the Captain, and devoted to his service, Spock is not above arguing his own point of view. Spock is rarely convinced he is in error, and he is rarely proven to be so. However, he nearly always submits to the Captain's orders, even though these orders sometimes countermand Spock's deep cultural and emotional convictions. On the one occasion in which Spock was forced by circumstances to betray Kirk and to disobey direct orders, the action was observably painful for Spock; it was also an emotional and professional shock for the Captain, since Spock's behavior in this respect had been previously so predictable as to seem programmed.

An additional aspect of Spock's reaction to the Captain may be a form of projection. Spock seems to seek approval from the authority figure to whom he gives his loyalty. Presumably, on Vulcan this was his father, and during part of his previous career it was his then-commander, Captain Christopher Pike; now it is Captain James Kirk. While Spock is egosecure and logical enough to argue for his own intellectual convictions, he will not normally disobey. In this sense, perhaps he is seeking Kirk's complete approval as a substitute; it is conceivable Spock's father disapproved of Spock's choice of a career aboard a military vessel -- and approval of an authority figure does seem of great importance to Spock.



In addition to their logic, controlled emotionality, and comparatively great physical strength, Vul-

"Perfectionist," McCoy muttered to himself. "On the other hand, he's probably never kissed her before. Jim doesn't sleep with officers."

One slanting eyebrow slanted higher on Spock's face, and McCoy suddenly remembered the Vulcan's acute hearing. He looked at Spock questioningly. "Your diagnosis is probably correct," Spock said.

"Still locked," the Coceytus announced. "I guess we're stuck. We don't have any elves around."

"What are you?" said Uhura.

"Me? Why, I'm - I suppose it depends on the definition. I was thinking of Spenser's elves - or was it green and yellow creatures sitting on a buttercup I had in mind? Well, that would still leave us needing someone neither elf nor human."

McCoy looked at the ceiling. Uhura looked at her feet, and Kirk looked at Spock. The Coceytus considered all the glances carefully. "I see," he said. "Mr. Spock?"

Spock returned Kirk's glance for a moment, then pulled Uhura to him. McCoy took his gaze off the ceiling.

"Open," the Coceytus said, some moments later.

"Don't I get a turn?" said McCoy plaintively. "Oh, well," he added, "sorry we couldn't find a more Prince Charming sort of neither-nor for you, Uhura."

"Mr. Spock is quite satisfactory," she said calmly as she hurried out the door.

"No accounting for tastes," sighed McCoy, and ran to catch up to them.

They followed the Coceytus down a long corridor, dimly lit by rows of small blue lights set in the floor. The inverted shadows cast up on their faces distorted their looks. Kirk felt as if he was in a pack of monsters and had to fight the impulse to run and get away from the beasts.

The corridor ended, and three narrower corridors branched off from it. They stopped, uncertain which way to go. The Coceytus peered down each one, snuffing the chilly air. The little group pulled together in a cluster at the end of the corridor, hemmed in by a cage on one side and a large roll-top desk at the other. The cage held a stinking creature, something like a small dragon, so far as they could see it. Although it was asleep, they drew away from it and pressed up against the desk. Its surface was hidden by a mass of books,

Spockisms and do something! Sir."

"Spock's done all that's necessary, but I suppose I could escort Sir Adamantus to the transporter room. Sulu, how soon will we be close enough?"

"Five minutes, sir."

"Excellent." Kirk bowed, glancing sideways to see if the Coceytus enjoyed the gesture. He did. "Sir Adamantus, may I show you the way?"

"Lead on, Sir James."

Kirk reappeared by himself shortly. "Uhura," he said, "stand by to notify the transporter room. Sulu, give her the signal directly."

"Yes, sir," they said.

Kirk examined the screen unhappily. "Mr. Spock," he said. "Is there really any life on that Moon?"

Spock checked the sensors. "Affirmative, sir. Quite a large concentration in one spot -- I assume it to be the location of Cynthia's palace."

"What are they breathing?" asked Sulu.

"Ether."

"There isn't any such thing," several voices said.

"If you like attenuated, but breathable, air any better, you may call it air. However, it extends beyond the surface of the Moon. It is, in fact, pervasive, except in our immediate vicinity. I prefer to call it ether."

"Quite right," said the Coceytus.

On the screen the Moon grew larger. Already they could see Cynthia's palace of ivory and silver. Slowly the palace grew, and they could see figures running out of the palace to stare at them.

"Now," said Sulu.

"Now," said Uhura to the intercom.

A silver figure appeared on the plain and moved towards the palace. One of the figures in the group ran forward to meet the newcomer. They embraced.

"Now," said the Coceytus to the empty air.

A MOST ILLOGICAL SONG

by Shirley Meech, Kathy Bushman, and Sherna Comerford

1
I wish I was on board the Enterprise.
I wish I was on board the Enterprise.
If I was on the Enterprise,
I'd look into those Vulcan eyes.
I wish I was on board the Enterprise.

2
I wish that I was Captain James T. Kirk.
I wish that I was Captain James T. Kirk.
If I was Captain James T. Kirk,
Then with the Vulcan I would work.
I wish that I was Captain James T. Kirk.

3
I wish I was a doctor named McCoy.
I wish I was a doctor named McCoy.
If I was a doctor named McCoy,
What arguments I would enjoy.
I wish I was a doctor named McCoy.

4
I wish I was an engineer named Scott.
I wish I was an engineer named Scott.
If I was an engineer named Scott,
I'd get to talk to Spock a lot.
I wish I was an engineer named Scott.

5
I wish that I was Sulu, with a sword.
I wish that I was Sulu, with a sword.
If I was Sulu, with a sword,
By Spock I would not be ignored.
I wish that I was Sulu, with a sword.

and dozens of bright-colored boats sailing the grey stone rivers between each scene. Dr. McCoy grinned as he found the Coceytus staring up at an orgy in the middle of one wall. "There's a more imaginative one to your left in the top corner," he said.

The young man smiled at him. "No, I have more a literary interest." He pointed at a neat inscription covering a fat man's rear. The others joined him in trying to decipher it, but it was upside-down, and all any of them got was a mild attack of vertigo.

The Coceytus blinked and rubbed his forehead. Then he rose in the air, cartwheeling as he went, until he stood on the ceiling, his eyes level with the inscription, and his cloak spreading out beneath him like a storm cloud. He let his feet fall and dropped to the floor, where he stood gazing up at the inscription with a bemused expression.

"Well?" said Kirk.

"Well," he said slowly, "it's an ordinary dirty joke, told in the form of a Spenserian stanza. The names of the protagonists are given as Prince Arthur and Queen Gloriana, fairest Tanaquil."

McCoy snorted.

"However," he went on, "there's a phrase that may be the key to a spell to get us out of here: 'elf's or man's or neither's kiss.' It's just stuck in parenthetically, and it doesn't make any sense in context, except, of course, that it rhymes with 'piss.' Lieutenant Uhura, may I kiss you?"

She was silent, dark face impassive, as she unwound his line of thought. "Very well."

He kissed her lips gently, ran to the door, and shoved it. It moved about half an inch and thumped on its lock. The Coceytus rubbed his bruised arm.

"Not very successful," McCoy commented.

"No. Would one of you humans care to try?"

"Are you serious about this?" Kirk asked.

"Oh, yes." He looked at the skeptical faces and laughed. "It's not all that uncommon - you have to remember that magic is science in this world. It's a standard sort of spell."

"All right." Kirk put his arms around Uhura and kissed her firmly.

cans possess certain extra sensory perception abilities, abilities which Spock has inherited in some part. He is reluctant to display this E.S.P., and his reasons are multiple: (1) because his inheritance is mingled, his "control is not good," (2) these abilities are quite private things, and displaying them is both a physical and emotional trauma which temporarily destroys Spock's image of controlled-emotionality in his own eyes and (he suspects) in the eyes of his human peers, and (3) in exposing himself to the mind of another, he must expose himself to the emotions found within that mind. This is an experience which he would quite probably find distasteful in itself, and unpleasant in that the emotions in question may be unpleasant ones.

Spock has employed these E.S.P. abilities only three times during the eight month observation period. Each time, he was hesitant, even greatly reluctant, and his motive each time has been a need which only his esper abilities could satisfy -- there was no logical alternative.

These extra sensory talents and/or abilities include an empathic capacity to merge his emotions with another life form (a dangerous process, and one in which he has difficulty re-establishing his own personality intact,) the ability to plant a simple telepathic suggestion with some minimal manipulative control, and a mindshield to protect himself against telepathic probing. It is possible that his ability to send either telepathic or empathic impulses is quite limited. And further, we may assume Vulcan concern for privacy (necessary on a world where telepathic or empathic ability is universal) has made it almost destructively traumatic for Spock to intrude on the inner thoughts of another being without invitation -- even given the ability. Presumably then, Spock is reluctant to use these esper abilities because his own control is erratic and the procedure is therefore dangerous, because it distorts his established personality image, because it holds the potential of his own personality destruction if at some point he should be unable to break empathic contact, and because it is a highly unpleasant experience. His behavior in regard to these special Vulcan abilities seems consistent, intelligent, and as adjustive as possible given the unusual circumstances.

If Spock is heir to the normal human emotions (on a reduced level, at the least) and if he is able to suppress these as he consistently and generally does, the clinician is forced to wonder what enables him to avoid the manifestations of any of the commoner anxiety neuroses. Indeed, one wonders what quirk of evolution has enabled the Vulcans (presumably) to eliminate or drastically reduce the incidence of genuine physiologic, psychosomatic change resulting from severe emotional suppression.



6

I wish I was Uhura, with her song.
I wish I was Uhura, with her song.
If I was Uhura, with her song,
I'd sing of Spock the whole trip long.
I wish I was Uhura, with her song.

7

I wish I was a game of 3-D chess.
I wish I was a game of 3-D chess.
If I was a game of 3-D chess,
Then Spock would want to win me, yes!
I wish I was a game of 3-D chess.

8

I wish I was a villain with a wrench.
I wish I was a villain with a wrench.
If I was a villain with a wrench,
Then Spock might use the Vulcan pinch.
I wish I was a villain with a wrench.

9

I wish that I could hold Spock in my arms.
I wish that I could hold Spock in my arms.
If I could hold Spock in my arms,
He'd find emotion has its charms.
I wish that I could hold Spock in my arms.

10

I wish I had some spores from Mira Three.
I wish I had some spores from Mira Three.
If I had spores from Mira Three,
Then Spock might be turned on by me.
I wish I had some spores from Mira Three.

11

I wish I was a horta made of rock.
I wish I was a horta made of rock.
If I was a horta made of rock,
I'd get to share my mind with Spock.
I wish I was a horta made of rock.
- Shirley Meech

12

I wish that I could join and touch Spock's mind.
I wish that I could join and touch Spock's mind.
If I could join and touch Spock's mind,
Just think of all the thoughts he'd find.
I wish that I could join and touch Spock's mind.
- Kathy Bushman

13

I wish that Spock could hear my melody.
I wish that Spock could hear my melody.
If Spock could hear my melody.
He'd raise one eyebrow just for me.
I wish that Spock could hear my melody.
- Sherna Comerford

equally. The blend had a comforting sound. Kirk felt his head fall back, his muscles eased, and the pain left his arm. It occured to him that he should not be staring slack-jawed at the ceiling, but he was too comfortable to do anything about it. He could just see an upside-down Cocytus running towards Uhura before the young man collapsed languidly out of his field of vision.

"Spock!" the Cocytus called. It was meant to be desperate, but it came out in a yawn, blending with the sweet noise.

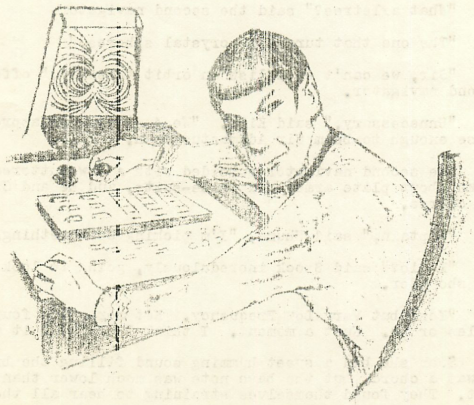
Spock moved one hand slowly past Uhura. At last he fell, knocking them both against the panel, where his hand, dragging among the dials, found the main communicator and turned it off.

Kirk snapped his head down and sprang out of his chair. The Cocytus thrust himself off the floor. Spock and Uhura disentangled themselves, murmuring polite apologies. McCoy rubbed his eyes and asked, "What in heaven's name was that?"

"A most apt expletive, Doctor," said Spock. "The music of the spheres, obviously."

"Oh, obviously," agreed Kirk. A slow, joyous smile crept over his face. McCoy glared at him.

"Stop jotting that down in your mental notebook of



Spock's personality pattern -- masochistic, parent-child conflict, culture conflict, non-acceptance by peers, suppression of essential parts of his nature -- all point to the probable emergence of one or more anxiety neuroses. His intelligence, education, and self-knowledge would seem to preclude any of the hysterias. Any affliction would have to produce genuine physiological change, since his psyche could not be "tricked" by hysteric disorders. If Spock is <u>not</u> troubled by neurotic asthma, emotional hypertension, ulcers, migraine, or any of the other emotion-triggered respiratory, circulatory, or digestive involvements associated with frustration and/or emotional suppression, perhaps his Vulcan physiology is master of the situation. Or, since in the past Spock has spoken of Vulcan mental discipline - particularly, "Pain is a thing of the mind, but the mind can be controlled" - and since the anxiety neuroses are <u>initially</u> things of the mind, it may be that the Vulcans can control and/or eliminate their physical consequences as well. In the light of the pain, and even occasional death, humanity suffers from complications arising from znxiety neuroses and related ailments, it would seem good psychiatric medicine for each doctor pointing toward that field to spend an internship on Vulcan (once communications are fully established,) learning methodology to simulate this envied ability to suppress any given anxiety neuroses without causing another - probably worse - breakout of the psyche.

CONCLUSIONS: All things considered, the subject has made an admirable adjustment to a very difficult life situation. With the exception of his occasionally obsessive masochistic tendencies, his adjustment has been consistent with ego survival, and it enables him to avoid prolonged guilt reactions. The subject is plainly not happy, but in a sense, he seems to have found the one niche he can comfortably occupy, and the adaptive characteristics to live with his human peers with a minimum of friction. Given his unusual family history and professional situation, the most the subject can reasonably expect is some degree of contentment, and in this respect he seems well adjusted. The clinician might recommend occasional therapy away from all peer group observation, in which the subject could release certain suppressed human emotions without fear of face-loss or ego-damage.

* *

ADVERTISEMENT

The Vulcan Educational Board recommends

<u>Examples of logical behavior in difficult situations - an instruction tape for the pre-adolescent Vulcan</u>

It is available at your local tape printout service.



by Ruth Berman

Reprinted from <u>Pantopon</u> #16 (FAPA) by permission of the author

On the Enterprise, Sulu ran his hands through the space which had been occupied a moment ago. "Captain?" he said. "Mr. Spock?" His panic increased as he counted empty spaces.

Captain James Kirk of the Starship Enterprise glared at the young man asleep in the middle of the room. "Where are we?" he demanded.

The question woke the sleeper. "In a dungeon. Beyond that I don't know. Who are you?"

Kirk introduced himself, Lieutenant Uhura, Mr. Spock, and Doctor McCoy.

"How do you do," said the stranger politely. "I'm the Cocytus." He rose and bowed.

The walls were littered with fragmentary murals: here a tournament, there an orgy, or a hunt, or a dance of satyrs,

"Captain," said Sulu unhappily, "is that Earth I see on the screen, or aren't you sure of that, either?"

"I'm not sure, Mr. Sulu," said Kirk cautiously, "but it's an Earth. We won't be here long. Set a course for the Moon."

"Without crossing the Moon's orbit," added the Cocytus.

"Seriously?" said Sulu.

"Yes," said Kirk.

"Otherwise you'll break the crystal sphere," explained the Cocytus.

Sulu and the second navigator looked at each other and then at the Cocytus. "What crystal sphere?" they said in unison.

"The one the Moon is set in. All the planets are set in them. Their turning is what makes everything rotate around the earth, you know. If you can get a view on your screne at right angles to the plane of the ecliptic you should be able to see the axletree."

"Oh," said Sulu.

"What axletree?" said the second navigator.

"The one that turns the crystal spheres."

"Sir, we can't establish an orbit this way," offered the second navigator.

"Unnecessary," said Kirk. "We just want an approach olose enough to beam Sir Adamantus down."

The second navigator subsided with a few muttered remarks about plate armor and space-suits, and he and Sulu set the course.

"Captain," said Uhura, "I'm picking up something."

"Radio?" said Spock incredulously, going to look over her shoulder.

"Yes, but Very Low Frequency. Not more than four kilocycles or so. Just a moment. I think I can make it audible."

Soon she had a sweet humming sound filling the bridge. It was a chord, but the base note was much lower than the rest. They found themselves straining to hear all the notes

PHYSIOLOGICA VULCANENSIS

by Sherna Comerford, Juanita Coulson, and Kay Anderson

The planet Vulcan is very different from Earth. By human standards, it is large, hot, and arid. The gravity is high, and the amount of light (and probably of other solar radiation) reaching the surface is extreme. Despite these non-Terran conditions, evolution on Vulcan has produced a sentient species which bears an astonishingly close resemblance to Homo sapiens. However, selective pressure has necessitated at least a minimal number of differences.

Although there is no evidence to confirm this, it is likely that Vulcans have a rather large amount of pigment in their skin. If this pigment were similar to melanin, they would have extremely dark complexions. However, the color of their pigment is actually quite similar to the shade of human caucasian flesh color. Such a light-colored pigment would be useful in protecting the underlying tissues from solar radiation, as melanin does in humans. The light pigment would reflect, rather than absorb, much of this radiation - a decided advantage with a sun as bright as theirs.

The pigment would also mask, wholly or partially, the decided green cast which the unpigmented skin would necessarily have. (Vulcan blood is green. This will be discussed in more detail). An interesting corollary of a light skin pigment (as opposed to light skin from lack of pigment) is that exposure to sunlight would cause one to become lighter and lighter, in contrast to the human characteristic of sun-tanning.

Another physiological difference dictated by obvious environmental difference is the presence in the eye of a nicitating membrane. This membrane filters the very bright light of the Vulcan sun, but, when withdrawn, allows the eye to be sensitive to dimmer light.

Since their natural environment is comparatively hot, it is likely that Vulcans do not tolerate cold as well as humans do.

The line describing Bilbo as "the greatest little hobbit of them all" might be taken as a slur against Frodo, except that the rest of the song, speaking of Bilbo in the present tense, can clearly be dated between 2942 and 3018 Third Age (1342 and 1418 Shire-Reckoning). Indeed, the piece might well have been composed by one of the Men of Bree; and, since Mr. Nimoy is the only man I ever laid eyes on who could play Strider, the effect is quite pleasant and not at all out of tune with Tolkien's universe.

When I met Mr. Nimoy last December, he had not read The Lord of the Rings. Indeed, I believe he had never heard of it. When Karen Anderson met him this July, she got the impression that he had at least read The Hobbit and had loved it.

If Bilbo Baggins goes well, she told me, he intends to do a whole album of Tolkien songs. This would be a very good thing. He might, perhaps, do the Flanders and Swann settings of some of these songs. Certainly, Mr. Nimoy is capable of doing justice to much better material than Dot has given him so far.

* *

FOR SALE

Sets of 18 film frames from Star Trek 1966-67 - suitable for mounting in 16 mm slide holders or for projection. Shots of Kirk, Spock, various views of the ship. $5 per set.

TO BE AUCTIONED AT NYCON

Incomplete sets of frames as above

Scripts of Star Trek

Sketches of scenes from the new season's shows

Female's tunic, green velour, about size 12

ALL MONIES TO GO TO THE TRANS-OCEANIC FAN FUND (TOFF)

Interested parties contact the Trimbles, 234 Santa Rosa Ave., Oakland, California 94610

* *



SPOCK SHOCK



by Sherna Comerford

(The scene opens on the spacious bridge of the USS Undersize. Captain Curt is in his control chair. At the helm is Lieutenant Solo; the navigator is Lt. Smiley. Also on duty are First Officer Swock, Lt. Alura, and several others who are busily looking efficient.)

CAPTAIN: Sensor readings, Mr. Swock.

SWOCK: Affirmative, Captain. Sensors report a series of protoplasmic bodies, ranging around 61 kilos each, at a mean temperature of 37 degrees Centigrade. They appear to be moving actively.

CAPTAIN: In space, Mr. Swock? Can you account for this?

SWOCK: (fiddles with dials) Affirmative, Captain. The sensors were focused on the female yeomen's quarters. I believe Doctor McA. was the last one to....

CAPTAIN: Er....yes, that will do, Mr. Swock. Are there any signs of those anomalous readings we've been getting recently?

SWOCK: Negative, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Where's Dr. McA.?

ALURA: I believe he's on the ski slope, sir.

CAPTAIN: Just a moment, Lieutenant.

CHORUS (everyone except Captain and Swock): Yes, sir!

CAPTAIN: Lieutenant Alura, we have a dozen recreation rooms on board this vessel. We have a theatre, and we even

This may be partially the result of an anatomy which allows comparatively poor circulation to the extremities. In addition, their basal metabolism is probably lower than ours.

Vulcans have a very high pulse rate (well over 200 beats per minute) and a consequently low blood pressure, probably on the order of 30 or 40 mm Hg at systole. Pulse pressure would have to be low to avoid the wear and tear on the arteries that would occur if the blood pressure fell low at diastole, then rose precipitously at systole. With a diastolic pressure of less than 20 mm, the blood would become so stagnant that it would begin either to thrombose or to pool and seep out of the blood vessels.

An organism with this combination of high heart rate and low blood pressure would probably require blood vessels of very large diameter to insure adequate circulation. The one subject available for observation (upon observation of whom are based all theories contained herein) does show externally prominent patterns of veination. However, such patterns can be found on some humans, and great care must be taken in generalizing from a single subject.

Whether or not Vulcans have larger blood vessels than humans, the extreme rapidity of the heartbeat would require that their pulse be too rapid to be discernable as more than a faint thrill at the pulse point (if it can be felt at all). Doctors should note that this, in combination with the probable low respiration rate, could make it very difficult to determine quickly whether a Vulcan in coma were in fact dead or alive.

It is possible that Vulcans have a double heart, with separate circulation to the lungs, rather than the system found in humans, where the same pump is used for pulmonary and general body circulation. If this second heart beat asynchronously with the first, and if both beats contribute to the pulse, the extreme rapidity of the pulse would be accounted for. Otherwise, it is so high that even when one considers the low blood pressure, it is difficult to believe. With a double heart of this type, the pulse in the extremities might be slow enough to be discernable. (Appended to this article is another proposed model of the Vulcan heart, somewhat different from the one described here.)

It is also interesting to note that observations made of the behaviour of the subject (and of his doctor) imply that the major portion of the Vulcan heart is on the right side of the chest, and displaced, perhaps drastically, from its position in humans. In fact, it seems likely that their gross internal anatomy is quite different in arrangement from that of Homo sapiens.

The higher gravity of Vulcan has produced a species which is much stronger than Homo sapiens. Observations of the one subject available shows that he has a slow, very fluid manner of moving

"Good. Your turn, Jim." He set to work on Kirk's arm.

"Uhura," said Kirk, "you're relieved from duty, if you want to be. You, too, Spock. We've all had a -- well -- a disquieting time."

"I'd rather not, sir," Uhura said. "At least, not till after we've seen the Ptolemaic Moon."

"Understandable," said Kirk. "Same with you, Spock?"

"Yes, Captain."

McCoy grinned. "Can't I be relieved from duty so I can come hang around the bridge for the fun?"

"Yes, if you're done tying ribbons on me."

"Done, Captain."

"All right." Kirk looked around at his little company. Grass, dirt, and water competed for precedence in staining, and his own uniform had a small patch of dried blood in addition to everything else. "I'll see you on the bridge, when we've changed. Sir Adamantus, Coceytus, would you like to borrow fresh clothes?"

"Better not," said the Coceytus. "We'll be out of here pretty quickly."

A few minutes later they were all gathered on the bridge. Uhura and Kirk were the last. They entered together and found the second navigator and the second communications officer standing by the captain's chair, listening incredulously to a discussion of the advantages of fencing as opposed to sword-fighting with a shield between Sulu and Sir Adamantus. Spock, McCoy, and the Coceytus were listening with less interest, although the Coceytus occasionally threw in remarks, randomly supporting one side or the other.

Spock rose from the captain's chair, in his obtrusively quiet way, and walked to his own when he saw Kirk. Sulu and the navigation and communications officers scurried to theirs. "All in order, Mr. Spock?" said Kirk, ignoring the race to restore order.

"Yes, sir," said Spock.

As Kirk and Uhura took their seats the ship bucked. Kirk clamped his teeth against a cry as his injured arm bumped against the arm of the chair.

have a bowling alley. But I refuse to believe that we have a ski slope.

ALURA: I didn't write the script, sir.

(COMMUNICATOR) Spott to bridge.

CAPTAIN: Curt here, Mr. Spott.

SPOTT: Ach McFain weare wot i' hight nicht daft wee mear.

CAPTAIN: Mr. Swock, did you understand that?

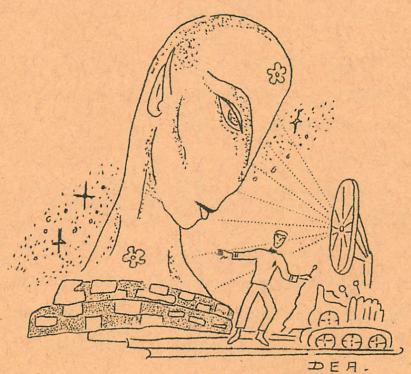
SWOCK: Affirmative, Captain. With my Volcanoan hearing, I was able to distinguish one word and two prefixes, which lead me to the logical conclusion that he said, "Captain, I've just discovered the reason why our equipment is always breaking down at the critical moment."

CAPTAIN: Why, Mr. Spott? Is it sabotage? Do we have a traitor on board?

SPOTT: Dinnae frish ye ken o'gennell, faith.

SWOCK: He said, sir, that we have termites.

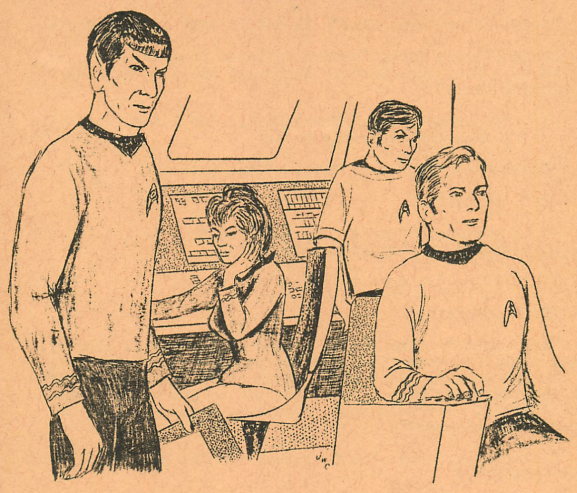
CAPTAIN: Curt to pesticide lab.



time of this writing, but it was performed on July 27th on a truly abominable television program called Malibu U. Mr. Nimoy lounged on a rock and sang to a half dozen addled females who will not, I hope and trust, be part of the record itself.

The song could have been better or worse. Its melody was lifted, I should think, about 50-50 from Davy Crockett and The Purple People Eater. In its general tone it is no more astray than the Ballantine cover of The Hobbit. It is perhaps a bit more patronizing, but not unduly so -- the sort of attitude one of the Big Folk would have taken toward Bilbo's adventures.





Sulu started over to his own seat, but Kirk stopped him. "Keep command, Mr. Sulu. We're going down to the sick-bay for a few minuets."

While McCoy cleansed and bound Uhura's wound properly, Kirk said, "The five minutes' absence is your doing, Coceytus?"

"Yes. My father's, rather."

"How long do we have till the next shift?"

"A few minutes -- longer than it took him to get ready to get us here. It's a more complicated movement."

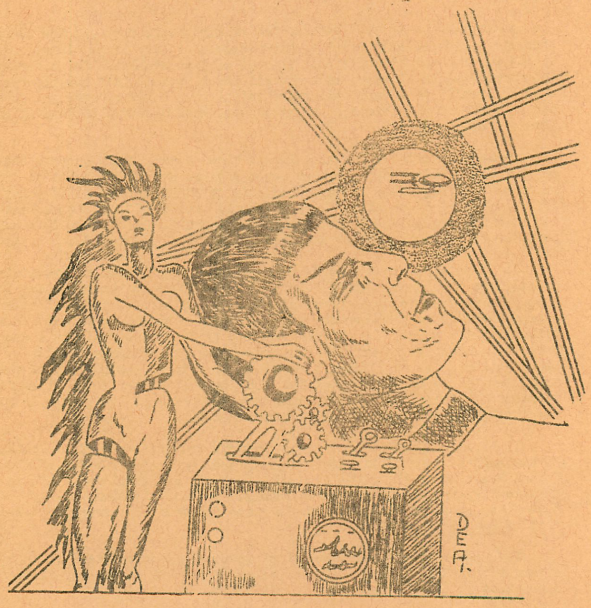
"I appreciate that," Kirk said dryly.

"How does that feel, Uhura?" asked McCoy.

"Not bad. I don't feel shaky all over now."

to Earth-normal gravity (although the subject has also proven capable of great speed and agility when the need arises.) However, his movements, postures, and style of fighting, give rise to the idea that to explain these characteristics, one must look further than a mere difference in gravity.

The interesting theory has arisen that the sentinant species of Vulcan has an ancestry which is far more feline than simian. It is, of course, difficult to distinguish between cultural and genetic influences in these matters, but the following points are offered in evidence. Historically, Vulcans are known to have been a very fierce and warlike race, which suggests a carnivorous (or at least omnivorous) ances-



fully sung.

The third piece, You Are Not Alone, was written for this album. It is a protest against the unpleasantness of mankind which is about to be directed against the inhabitants of other planets. The point is well taken, and both the writer and the singer are very sincere (Mr. Nimoy is one of the people over 30 whom you can trust.) I wish it had been written with a lighter hand; it has an unhappy streak of corn.

The three narrative pieces are reasonably authentic Spock. In Alien he describes himself with fair accuracy: ". . . so much like you, and yet so unalike. . . no feelings show in me. Perhaps I'm better off than you. . . . but I pay a price to be from human feelings free. Perhaps in me you see your destiny."

Mr. Nimoy narrates Visit to a Sad Planet not partially but entirely in the character of Spock, with his level intonation and occasional pauses to check the suitability of a phrase. The material is an anti-war protest: Spock visits a ruined civilization and the last survivor tells him how they had destroyed themselves. Asked the name of his world, he says, "We called it Earth." (And so they undoubtedly did, in their language. Had you forgotten Spock's telepathy?) The tone is taken from You Are Not Alone (as are several of the melodic elements), but the treatment is more subtle.

The tongue-in-cheek Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Earth stretches the imagination a little, but only a little. We know, of course, that Spock doesn't drink. But there must be ways (short of viruses, spores, and the pon far) of getting him to lower his guard. I can imagine the delighted consternation in the Officers' Club, and Captain Kirk grinning into his bourbon on the rocks while his First Officer solemnly declares, "Twinkle, twinkle, little earth, how I wonder what you're worth. . . . On Cestus Omicron Three, the all- time hit song is Earthdust. . . . don't let the earth get in your eyes."

Mr. Nimoy is a true Russian bass: his voice has a dark, velvety sound and some wonderful low notes. He has a natural sense of what to do with a phrase, but he is not a trained singer. He tends to fade out at the end of a phrase, perhaps because of lack of breath. If ever he gets away from that 14-hour day (not likely, if NBC knows a good thing when it sees one), he should be able to correct this with a little study. Of the more common faults of untrained singers -- harshness, nasality, pinched tone, or wobbling tremolo -- he has none. There is a great warmth in his voice: a very tender and gentle sound, when the material permits it.

The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins had not been released at the

(COMMUNICATOR) Lieutenant Flit here, sir.

CAPTAIN: Lieutenant...

CHORUS: Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN: Lieutenant Flit. I want a pesticide that will free this ship of termites. You have one hour.

FLIT: Captain, such a chemical has been mathematically proven to be impossible.

CAPTAIN: All right, two hours. Curt out.

DOCTOR McA: (entering bridge) You wanted me, James.

CAPTAIN: Yes, Boney. What do...

DR. McA.: (interrupting) Well, look who's here! The jolly green giant!

SWOCK: Dr. McA., you are behaving like a human.

DR. McA.: And don't you forget it! I've been wondering about something, Swocky, old boy. What are Volcanoan women like?

SWOCK: In what respect?

DR. McA.: Posterioventrally. By the way, Mr. Swock, considering the impossible genetic situation, how is it you were born?

SWOCK: Dr. McA., logically....

ALURA: Captain! I'm getting a signal.

CAPTAIN: Let's hear it, Lieutenant.

CHORUS: Yes, Sir!!

(COMMUNICATOR) You are now boldly going where no man has gone before. We will not be responsible for the consequences. This is a recording.

SWOCK: That is totally illogical.

SOLO: If he says that word once more, I'll lose my mind.

SWOCK: Mr. Solo, you are not behaving logically.

(Solo stands up straight, a beautiful (albeit foolish) smile

try. The subject, Commander Spock, First Officer of the Starship Enterprise, has himself stated that some Vulcans are known to be predators (although at the present time, this is rare). The subject has extremely keen hearing and eyesight. He dislikes being restrained physically. In combat, he moves quietly and rapidly. He avoids direct hand-to-hand fighting, and prefers to sneak and pounce, dispatching his opponents with a very effective nerve grip, rather than a blow of the fist. (This nerve squeeze definitely requires further investigation. The fact that the technique has not been taught to the Captain and the human crew implies that Vulcan strength, or some other peculiarly Vulcan ability, may be required in applying it).

The subject is clumsy in using his fists, and in making any punching attack-motion with his arms. He swings his arms like flails, rather than employing the jabbing and crossing a skilled human would use in fighting. In one instance, when he attacked in the manner of a fist-fighter, he missed his opponent altogether. With untypical clumsiness, he bashed his hand into the nearby wall. He then opened his hand into a claw, got a handful of his opponent's shirt, and threw him. This is not the only known instance of his throwing opponents about, rather than striking them with closed fists. It is a technique which seems analogous to a cat's batting an object around a room, rather than striking a single, telling blow.

Vulcans have non-feline traits, too. The most obvious, of course, is their rejection of the sensual. This, however, is clearly a cultural matter, and its physiological basis can not, at present, be determined. It would be a mistake to regard the shape of the Vulcan pinnae as evidence of a feline ancestry. They much more resemble the flat, immobile simian ear.

It is hoped that the problem of Vulcan ancestry may be cleared up in the future, through the laudable efforts of the Eugene Roddenberry Foundation for Vulcan Studies.

The external similarities between Vulcans and humans are an example of convergent evolution. A characteristic of this phenomenon is a greater internal difference than is suggested by outward appearance. Although Vulcans (who, for cultural and/or biochemical reasons, are vegetarians) can eat human food, their chemistry is decidedly different from ours. One amusing proof is their (claimed) inability to derive from alcohol any effect of the type manifested by humans. (One must not, of course, discount the probability that they have their own wide range of stimulants, depressants, hallucinogens, and so forth, whether or not they choose to make use of them).

Vulcan blood salts do not include sodium chloride. This

The Cocytus raised his eyebrows. "True love's kiss?"

"Exactly!"

"You wizards seem to like kisses in spells," remarked McCoy.

"Mutability is no wizard," said Threngil. "I like kisses in spells because they provide the maximum embarrassment for the participants --hence, the maximum amusement for me. But lovers feel no embarrassment at kissing. True love's kiss is not only unimaginative but dull. Still, what can you expect from a Titant's daughter?"

The Cocytus stood up. "We'll be off in a minute," he said. The others rose, except Threngil and Adamantus. "You'd better stand up," he told the knight, and turned to the wizard. "Thank you for your unusual hospitality. I've enjoyed myself, I think, in a way, on the whole."

"I'm delighted to hear it," answered Threngil. "Sir Adamantus, tell me, do you insist on dragging my heart all over the universe, or will you consider my part played and leave it behind so that I can spell it back into hiding?"

Adamantus looked at the wizard for a moment and set the egg down carefully. "Farewell, Master Threngil," he said.

"Farewell."

The Cocytus looked at the egg. "Why not put it back where it belongs?"

Haze closed around them as the wizard answered, "That is a --" Their ears popped at the slight difference in air-pressure between Threngil's castle and the bridge of the Enterprise.

"Captain!" said Sulu, jumping out of the captain's chair, "Where've you been the last five minutes?"

"Five minutes?" said Kirk.

"Yes, and who's that?" asked Sulu. "And that?" he added, a moment later. Adamantus' armor was so spectacularly out of place that the Cocytus was at first invisible.

Kirk looked around at the familiar chairs and panels. His arm hurt, and he could feel a little blood oozing out of the cut. A bit of wadded-up cobweb fell from his sleeve to the floor. "I'm not sure I know the answers to any of your questions, Mr. Sulu, but these gentlemen are called Sir Adamantus and the Cocytus."

lighting his face. One hand is at his side, the other across his chest.)

DR. McA.: I believe Mr. Solo thinks he's Napoleon.

SWOCK: Mr. Solo is alone in his opinion.

SOLO: (sings) O Solo Mio....

ALURA: He's doing a solo.

CAPTAIN: He looks sallow.

SOLO: You have no soul.



DR. McA.: (hands him a pill) Swallow!

SOLO: (struggles with the pill, finally gets it down) That's pretty hard to take.

SWOCK: Likewise these puns.

RECORD REVIEW
by Dorothy Jones

In January of this year I sent Mr. Nimoy a copy of "The Territory of Rigel," explaining that it was a song text but that the music was yet to come.

"This leads to another point," I continued; "does Spock sing? which is to say: do you? If so, what range?"

"I doubt that Mr. Spock will ever sing," he wrote back, "but Leonard Nimoy has on occasion. The range is very low, there have been some inquiries about the possibility of recording, and I frankly have not yet decided what to do about it."

It must have been only shortly thereafter that he did decide, and arranged to record with Dot Records. An album called Leonard Nimoy Presents Mr. Spock's Music from Outer Space has been out for three or four months; a single, The Ballad of Bilbo Baggins, is about to be released.

The five instrumental pieces in the album are among its weakest parts. The Mission Impossible theme and Music to Watch Space Girls By are purely fillers and add nothing to the record. The Star Trek theme -- embellished with bongo drums, electric organ, and female voices going aaaaaaah -- is not much better. Beyond Antares (an instrumental setting of Lt. Uhura's song in "The Conscience of the King") is much easier to listen to, although it suffers from the same embellishments. I would have preferred to hear it sung, either by Mr. Nimoy or by Miss Nichols. The fifth piece, Where No Man Has Gone Before, is a surprise: a competent arrangement of an interesting melodic line based on the few phrases (under "Space, the final frontier....") which lead from the teaser into the Star Trek theme. Why weren't they all as good as that?

Of the three songs in the album, two were taken from musical comedies. Where is Love (from Oliver) is a beautiful song of its type: its tender melodic line is well suited to Mr. Nimoy's very gentle voice, and its lyrics are entirely appropriate to Spock. Mr. Nimoy selected the song for that reason. I consider it the best band on the record.

Lost in the Stars (from the musical of the same name, based on Alan Paton's Cry, The Beloved Country), the song of the man who feels God has forgotten him, is perhaps more suitable to the denizens of the Twentieth Century than to Spock. Though he may occasionally indulge in desperation, he never despairs. However, the song is again well written and beauti-

McCoy touched his diagnostikit. "The Enterprise won't operate Back of the Beyond, will it?" he said.

"Normally, no," said the Coccytus. "However, things could be arranged." He rose. "May I?"

Threngil nodded, and the Coccytus took the crystal ball off the mantelpiece and sat down with it. He stroked it with his right hand, never taking his finger-tips off it, and croonod a spell over it softly.

A cloud of color grew up in the crystal -- shapeless, so far as Kirk could see, but the Coccytus spoke to it happily.

"Hello, Father....Yes, I'm in trouble again....No, I'd like to be transported to a ship called the Enterprise. I've got four members of its crew here with me....No, six of us all together. Sir Adamantus of Spenser's Faery.....Just a moment." He turned to Kirk. "Where is the Enterprise now?"

Kirk gave him the co-ordinates, wondering what, if anything, they would mean to the young jack-of-all-trades. He rattled them off to the crystal ball and went on, "And then, can you transport the Enterprise to the Spenserian world with enough of its own space to leave it operable?...Thanks --oh, anywhere between the Moon's orbit and Mercury's will do. Can you keep in touch with me through all that?.....Right. Bye."

"Between the Moon and Mercury?" said Kirk.

The Coccytus nodded.

"A Ptolemaic universe, sir," said Spock.

"I should have known," said Kirk ruefully. "It's described in the Mutability Cantos. That reminds me of something." He stared into his glass of wine as the lines came back to him. "Cynthia lives in her palace on the Moon. Couldn't she send Lady Constance back to Earth? Why hasn't she done something to help her?"

"Because Mutability put a spell of silence on the lady's lips and told Cynthia that the parents of the speechless maiden begged her to take the girl under her protection. Not a very good lie, but she left before anyone could challenge it."

"A spell of silence," mused the Coccytus. "Do you know what can break it?"

Threngil let his head fall back and nearly choked on howls of rusty laughter. "What would you guess, Coccytus?" he gasped at last, "what would you guess?"

implies a profoundly different system for the transmission of nerve impulses (to name just one necessary consequence). In Terran animals, nerve impulses are transmitted by a wave of depolarization of the membrane of the nerve cell. This depolarization (and subsequent repolarization) involves a shifting of ions across the membrane. In this shifting, an integral part is played by the sodium ion.

The Vulcan blood pigment itself is green. This pigment is not necessarily the oxygen carrier, as it is in Terran species. Haemoglobin, however, could not be present in any meaningful amount, or the blood would appear brownish or olive grey. It is possible that there is a green compound related to haemoglobin which has the property of being an extremely efficient oxygen carrier. (Vulcan blood is superiour to human blood in this respect). However, it is more likely that an entirely different molecule is used.

The difference in Vulcan blood chemistry leads to an interesting question. The subject under discussion is actually a Vulcan-human hybrid. One wonders how a human female could carry a half-Vulcan foetus (one possessing such non-human chemistry). It seems likely that her own body chemistry would cause her to abort the anomaly quickly - probably even before implantation of the embryo could occur. Although it has not been possible to question the subject on this matter, it seems likely that he was gestated <u>in vitro</u> rather than <u>in vivo</u>, despite a rumor to the contrary.

Far more profound than the question of gestation, or even of fertilization, is the problem of the compatability of human-Vulcan genetic materials. It is truly incredible that species from two entirely different evolutionary lines should be able, physically or chemically, to produce viable offspring. Since this clearly has happened, one must seek in amazement for the mechanism.

Two possibilities present themselves. One is that somehow the familiar double helix of DNA has evolved on Vulcan, producing an organically and biochemically different animal, and yet having the millions of atomic details necessary for it to combine with the version of DNA found in <u>Homo sapiens</u>. The other possibility is that Vulcan genes (or rather, reproductive units) are very different from ours, but so constituted that they can combine with ours in a way very different from the way that ours normally combine. If this is the case, it is purely fortuitous! Vulcan genes would have to be unable to so combine with other genes in their own evolutionary lines, or speciation would not have taken place, and there would be no multi-cellular Vulcan organisms (assuming that Vulcan life is cellular in nature).

It is very definitely possible that the subject is stronger and healthier

actions. Count to ten, repeat the multiplication table, verbalize your personal strength, etc.

6. Emotions cause premature, uncontrolled release of physical energy, which must be supressed until it can be channelled into constructive activity or released in an acceptable manner, such as extra calisthenics.

<u>Specific Emotions</u>

In addition to the Basic Ideas and Basic Techniques, the following specific dangers must be remembered in dealing with emotions.

Anger - Those who succumb to this most illogical of behaviors often injure persons or objects. They may be so gauche as to shout or use abusive language. Therefore, confine your words to statements of fact and do not raise your voice.

Grief - You must not give in to tears. Remember your age, your responsibilities, and your duties.

Fear - Remember that you are a Vulcan. There is <u>never</u> any cause to demonstrate such a weakness.

Love - Care must be taken to avoid showing this emotion by words, and especially by touch. It is best to avoid touching other persons entirely except for specific, acceptable reasons.

Happiness - This is a much overrated emotional state, which leads to such unsophisticated behavior as laughter. This is undignified and unacceptable. A silent smile may be permitted on rare occasion, but never laughter. However, when you are engaged in subduing all the emotions, the temptation to indulge in this state will greatly diminish.

(TRANSLATOR'S NOTE: You bet your pointed ears, it will.)

* *

Mr. Spock's ears meet the requirements set by the Cat Fanciers Society of America for the Abyssinian breed of feline. The Abyssinian cat is said to be a direct descendent of the Kaffir cat of Egypt, one of the first cats on this planet.

Courtesy of Sandy Deckinger

DR. McA.: Why Mr. Swock, are you making a joke?

SWOCK: Affirmative, Dr. McA.

DR. McA.: But jokes are illogical!

(Swock's eyes widen slightly. His chin rises half an inch. It is clear that he is extremely agitated.)

SWOCK: Doctor, it was not my intention.....

(From beyond the hull of the ship there is heard a roll of thunder.)

.... I was not actually.....

(On the bridge, above the heads of the crew, gather black, angry thunder clouds.)

.... I appear to have made an error.

(Swiftly and cleanly comes the stroke of lightening which cuts down the hapless Volcanoan. Maniacal laughter sounds in the distance. Blackout.)

* *

WHOOPS!

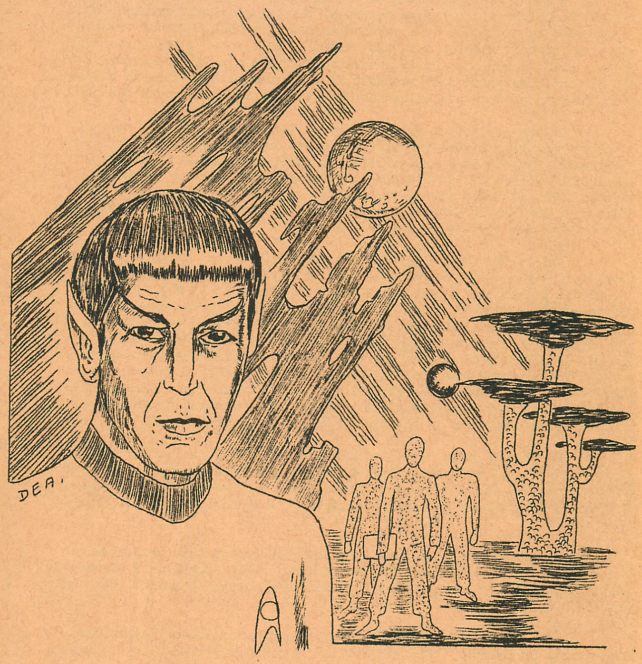
Why couldn't Captain Pike use Morse Code?
("Menagerie")

Why didn't the ultra-violet parboil every living thing on the planet?
("Operation:Annihilate")

How did Spock manage to record two different time-lines on a single recording?
("City on the Edge of Forever")

Why can't anything be perfect?

19



than either parent species, although there is no necessary reason for the (non-universal) principle of hybrid vigor to apply here. On the other hand, it is almost certain that the subject exhibits the phenomenon known as hybrid sterility. At this writing, the probability of his fertility seems almost as low as the vanishingly low probability of his genetic existence.

That the subject is sterile, at least to Vulcans, may also be inferred from sociological evidence. The Vulcans have put many generations of effort t- the breeding of their species in a carefully chosen direction. The subject's father may have been willing to remove his own genes from the Vulcan genetic pool (although he

both the light-bodied rosé and Spock's look of disapproval. "You really ought to try it, Spock," he said.



"Give up, Doctor," said Uhura, "you'll never change him."

"A teetotaller?" said Threngil. "Dear me, how interesting. And he sent the goblin back to bring Spock some water. "Now, Sir Adamantus," he said, "my plan originally was to take you prisoner, because I thought I could not fulfill your demands. I know where the Lady Constance is, but I cannot get there."

"Where?" said Adamantus eagerly.

"On the Moon."

"That's impossible," said McCoy. "She couldn't live there -- or is she there but not alive?"

"Master Leech, do not say it," begged Adamantus.

"She is alive," said Threngil. He added to the doctor, "You know and I know that the moon is an airless rock, but in Queen Gloriana's realm they do not know it -- and, I believe, it is not so in their sky. I changed my plan, however, when the Cocytus arrived, for I found in his mind an image he calls a spaceship. I took him prisoner and set about trying to transport a spaceship here for him to fly --"

"You could have asked me."

"Would you have agreed?"

"Oh --probably."

"I preferred the certainty. I worked through the night and, indeed, found a spaceship. But my attempt to bring the whole ship here, as you see, foundered." He gestured at the four from the Enterprise.

"Look here," said Kirk, "one man alone couldn't operate my ship."

"Indeed?" said Threngil. "Then it is fortunate that you have already promised Sir Adamantus your assistance."

Vulcans and Emotions

by Devra Michele Langsam

The foundation of Vulcan culture is the absence of emotion. Since their almost suicidal planetary wars, Vulcans have breed themselves selectively to eliminate emotion from their species. Upon superficial inspection, they have succeeded. However, there are telling indications that, although Vulcans may be far less reactive than humans, they do have some emotional reactivity.

According to Commander Spock, a Vulcan-human hybrid, Vulcans have no emotions. This is in direct opposition to observations of Leonard Nimoy, well-known human scholar of Vulcan psychology. Mr. Nimoy states that Vulcans have a definite degree of emotional reactivity, although it is far less than the normal human level. In Mr. Nimoy's opinion, the effect of Vulcan selective breeding, at least in part, has actually been to strengthen the inherited capacity to suppress and control behavioral manifestations of emotion.

Mr. Nimoy's opinions cannot be disregarded lightly, although one trusts that Vulcans have a slight "edge" on knowledge of their own reactions. It is possible that the Vulcans themselves do not know the answer - that they lack true self-knowledge. It is also possible that they have, intentionally or unconsciously, lied, although the logical rationale for such deception is difficult to find. One must depend upon other factors as signposts in considering this crucial question.

All data are based on the reactions of a single subject; therefore, great care must be taken in generalization. The fact that the subject, Mr. Spock, is known to feel emotions is not a reliable basis for argument, since it is possible that all the reactions which he demonstrates derive from the human portion of his ancestry.

By far the most significant clue, in the opinion of the author, was revealed in a remark Mr. Spock made at a time when he was under abnormal stress. According to Mr. Spock, on his planet love and emotion are considered "bad taste." (1) At the same time, he said that he felt shame because of his friendship for Captain Kirk. Apparently, the Vulcan culture harbors such emotion-laden concepts as "shame" and "bad taste." Fur-

Use these Basic Techniques

1. Check first impulse to emotional action.
2. Control physical reactions such as tears, laughter, trembling, etc. Breathe deeply; keep your hands at your sides or behind your back, or turn away; use pain control when necessary.
3. Mentally repeat the Basic Ideas.
4. Concentrate on positive action which will improve the situation.
5. If no positive action can be taken, divert the mind from dwelling upon thoughts which will produce undesirable re-



I forgot to wake you for breakfast."

"You expected me?"

"Yes," said the wizard, "what kept you?"

"An old man was trying to get in his harvest, and his son was ill." Adamantus looked ashamed. "It is not work fit for a knight, but they needed help."

"You mortals have such inconsistent ideals," murmured Threngil. "I sometimes wonder how you ever disentangle them. However, you are here now. My intention, you see, was to send my servants to capture you before you reached the stream."

"But how did you know I was --"

"It is not so easy to sneak up on a wizard's heart as you suppose. One feels these things. And one has equipment to substantiate one's feeling." Threngil nodded at a crystal ball on the mantelpiece. "As it turned out, the Coceytus occupied the dungeon meant for you. And, as I inadvertently provided him with the means of escape, he escaped just when I should have sent my guards out to meet you, and they spent so much time chasing him that they missed you. A pity -- such an ingenious plan."

"Why didn't you just hide your heart someplace else?" said McCoy.

"I cannot touch it. That is the penalty for security. I could have sent my servants, if they were fit to be trusted, but they are not."

"Are you?" said Adamantus suddenly.

"It all depends. For example, I am perfectly trustworthy so long as you hold my heart. I would be more comfortable, I may say, if you held it a little less tightly."

Adamantus relaxed his grip, after a suspicious glance, and Threngil slumped down in his chair. "Thank you," he said, straightening up again, "that is better. And here is your food. Excellent."

Threngil poured himself some wine and took a pear and some meat, tasted each, nodded his approval, and sent the goblin on to serve the others. Kirk wondered if the wizard was eating only to prove to his guests that they were not being poisoned, and decided that he probably was. With or without poison, the food was good and the wine excellent.

McCoy sipped his wine and carefully tasted it, enjoying

probably could have contributed to a bank for artificial insemination) but he probably would not have committed the illogical and criminal act of introducing the genes of a physically and (from his point of view) mentally inferior species into the carefully cultivated Vulcan gene pool via a hybrid offspring. First generation hybrids may well be superior to both parent species in some respects, but it seems likely that no Vulcan would plan to produce one unless he knew the greater harm would not occur.

On the subject of Vulcan reproduction, mention must be made of an as yet unsubstantiated rumor. Vulcan men are reputed to have a seven year sexual cycle. They are required to experience sex at least once during the cycle, and the biological penalty for failure is death. If this is true, it would appear to be a result, wholly or in part, of the efforts of the Vulcan Genetic Control Board to prevent lack of emotion from causing the species to die out.

Before the physiological basis for this cycle can be discussed (beyond labelling it a long-term circadian rhythm) many questions must be answered. Is the statement accurate as it stands? If so, can Vulcan men reproduce at any time during the cycle, or only at the seven-year high? (The latter would seem very illogical and anti-survival, but it may act as a control of excess reproduction.) If sex is experienced in the middle of the cycle, does the cycle re-set or must sex occur every seventh year regardless? Do all Vulcan men reach their peak together, producing seventh year waves of children, or, as seems more likely, does the individual cycle set itself at puberty? What are the physiological and behavioral symptoms of the high point of the cycle?

Do Vulcan women have a similar cycle? (If it is culturally necessary in the men, it should also be necessary in the women.) If so, is it also a seven-year cycle, or is it shorter, to take better advantage of the period of greatest physical ability to withstand the strain of childbearing?

It should be noted here that the presence of this mechanism in the subject in question need have no bearing on his previously discussed fertility, as there is no necessary connection between hormonal state and gametic vigor.

It is unfortunate that so many questions of Vulcan physiology must remain unanswered. The subject is fascinating (indeed, it has kept the ship's chief medical officer extremely busy, since he must minister to the medical needs of two very different species.) Investigation into these problems had been intended. However, the investigator unwisely chose to begin with a subject she found of particular personal interest. When she questioned the subject (the investigation concerned the question: Are Vulcans ticklish?) the subject regarded her interest as "Totally illogical," and claimed that Vulcans had shed such useless reflexes long ago.

In the true spirit of scientific investigation, the experimenter attempted to verify this. She reports that she experienced a sudden loss of consciousness. She awakened "alone, and with a very stiff shoulder," and thus found it necessary to curtail any further inquiries.

EXCERPT FROM

THE YOUNG VULCAN'S HANDBOOK OF EMOTIONAL CONTROL

translated by Shirley Meech

(The following is an excerpt from a Vulcan book-tape, obtained via the Baggins method from the possessions of Commander Spock, on his recent visit to Earth. The tape is well worn, and sensor readings show that it is nearly as old as the subject himself, suggesting that he made frequent use of it from an early age.)

Historical fact: Actions based on primitive emotion nearly destroyed our race, our culture, and even our planet. Actions based on reason and logic prevented this catastrophe.

Sociological fact: The preservation of our civilization depends upon the suppression by every individual of all emotions. One uncontrolled emotion leads to another as a spark leads to a roaring inferno, and one person's unrestrained emotion can lead to the breakdown of control in many others. Therefore, it is expected that every person shall do his duty in upholding logic and eradicating emotion.

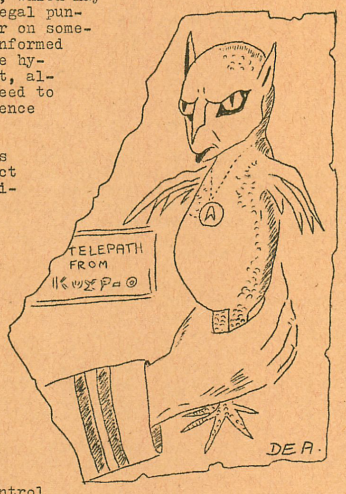
The standard instruction in logical behavior will teach you many techniques useful for developing and maintaining the controlled personality. The following instructions have been found useful in the acquisition of these skills.

When at all possible, avoid or withdraw from situations which will place your emotional control in jeopardy. When this is not possible:

Keep in mind these Basic Ideas

1. You are not an infant.
2. You are not a savage or a predator.
3. To give in to emotion never improves a situation; it can only create greater difficulties.
4. Each instance of successful control makes the practice easier; any lapse makes future control more difficult.
5. Civilization depends upon your logic and emotional control. You must not fail.

ther, the frown of society, which may be of greater force than legal punishment, is brought to bear on something which we have been informed does not exist. It must be hypothesized, therefore, that, although they have a great need to deny it, Vulcans do experience emotions.



A point which supports the above thesis is the fact that the Vulcans can experience emotion vicariously, through the mind-touch. Whence comes the capacity for such experience, if they themselves have no emotions? And there can be no doubt of the reality of such shared experiences, if Mr. Spock's behavior during his contact with the alien life form known as the Horta is a just example. (2)

It is interesting to examine Mr. Spock's statement that he has spent his entire life learning to control his emotions. (3) From this and other statements, (4) one infers that Vulcans practice techniques of mental and bodily discipline similar to those of Yoga. These techniques result in an enormous self-control; they are Vulcan, and the implication is that they were not developed solely for the training of Vulcan-Terran hybrids. It is strange that such extensive training patterns were developed if there is nothing to control.

This thought also applies to the hormonal control which enables Vulcans to "turn it off, unless they want it." (5) If this hormonal control is acquired, rather than a part of their evolved genetic inheritance, one must ask why such patterns are needed.

There is a possibility that Vulcans experience non-human emotions, whose nature is such that they could not be satisfactorially explained to humans, even did the Vulcans desire to do so. An apt analogy might be the old one of explaining the concept of color to one blind from birth. For this theory, of

A PROPOSED MODEL OF THE VULCAN HEART

(Part of a seminar report on e-t biology given at the Federated Planets Academy on 21-19-2258, by Lieutenant Sandra Dockinger, R.N.)

I would like to propose a six-chambered model for the Vulcan heart. Please refer to your diagram slides, as I explain this model of the circulatory pattern and give my reasons for its unusual features.

As in the human, unoxygenated blood enters the heart from the superiour and inferiour vena cavae into the right atrium. From the atrium, the blood passes into the right ventricle. Both the atrium and the ventricle are much larger than in the human, because they must be more muscular to handle a greater blood volume.

From the ventricle, the blood goes via two pulmonary arteries to the lungs. The lungs are much larger than ours, and can take on more oxygen. They have greater expansion than human lungs, because the respiratory muscles are larger as an adaption to the heavier gravity. More oxygen is taken into the body because the greater lung expansion leads to greater negative pressure in the lungs, and this in turn increases the amount of oxygen pulled into the body.

From the lungs, the blood goes back to the heart via two pulmonary veins. Here, each vein enters into a separate left atrium. The blood flows into the ventricle from the atrium, and then is pumped to the body through the aortae. The double system allows the heart to handle a very high blood volume.

Vulcans require a larger heart than humans because their blood is more dilute, and must therefore flow at a higher rate than ours does. Having a double left-sided heart would decrease blood pressure, and result in an almost indetectable pulse at the extremities. A low blood-pressure would also decrease blood flow to peripheral areas, and this would result in an inability to tolerate cold.

It has been said that the Vulcan heart rate is about 250 beats per minute. A heart beating that quickly needs more oxygen than a human heart beating at 80. This would certainly require a very

"Wicked," the wizard repeated. "That is a curious word you humans use."

"Not just humans," interrupted the Cocytus.

The wizard paid no attention. "As I understand it," he went on, "it describes one who puts his own interests above those of others. Yes, of course I am wicked. However, I find it to my interest to grant your wishes."

"You must, vile enchanter, for I hold your heart."

"Yes, Sir Adamantus, precisely. My name, by the way, is Threngil. I prefer it to 'lord of the house' or...other titles."

His guests were all seated now, except Adamantus. The knight shook his head and sat down. Threngil arched his back once against the fire's warmth, then drew up a chair and sat down, too. "Tell me, Mr. Spock," he said, "how did you discover my stratagem?"

"Captain Kirk is not a skilled swordsman. The Cocytus obviously is, if I may judge by speed and appearance of ease. Yet each was driving his opponent back at the same pace. The discrepancy could not reasonably be due to chance."

"Thank you," said Threngil. "Now your wounds should be seen to." He rose, and Kirk pressed back into his chair, shrinking away from him. The wizard smiled bitterly and held out his hands to the ceiling. A quantity of white bandages fell into them. "Here," he said to McCoy, "but remember to change them when you return to your...spaceship. They will turn into cobwebs."

McCoy glanced at the Cocytus, who nodded. So McCoy bound up Kirk's wonds, and, after a moment's hesitation, put a fresh bandage on Uhura's arm.

Meanwhile Threngil went on, "Would you like some food or drink?"

"Master Threngil!" Adamantus burst out, but then stopped.

"We would, thank you," said the Cocytus.

Threngil clapped his hands and told the goblin who ran to the door to bring wine, fruit, and meat. "You are quite correct, Sir Adamantus," he remarked. "I enjoy your torment. But, aside from that, your companions are hungry. The Cocytus, for example, has eaten nothing for some twelve hours. You must forgive me," he said, turning to the Cocytus, "but I expected Sir Adamantus to arrive this morning. When he didn't

course, there can be no verification. Even the sharing of minds might not be adequate for the comprehension of something so qualitatively different from normal human experience. The human nervous system might be physiologically incapable of receiving such emotions.

It is the firm conviction of the author that Vulcan emotions do exist, however unlike human emotions they may be, and that these cannot be ignored in dealing with that planet's sentient species.

---

(1) "The Naked Time"
(2) "Devil in the Dark"
(3) "The Naked Time"
(4) "Errand of Mercy"
(5) "Mudd's Women"

****

A doctor named Leonard McCoy
Found great and continuous joy
In arguing through,
With a Vulcan he knew,
The where and the whichness of why.

The Vulcan commander, named Spock,
Took pleasure in vexing the Doc.
"McCoy," he would say,
In his logical way,
"Your cerebrum shows signs of a crack."

that mind-sharing is not part of a socially accepted release pattern, still, there may be aspects of it which do not conform to the public image given. An overwhelming blast of emotional contact might bring catharsis, almost orgasm, to the frigidly controlled members of that culture. Dare we conveive, among perhaps the deviant fringe, of mind-sharing jags, on a par with the LSD parties of our own culture? Is it possible that groups of "anti-social" teen-agers get together for trips into one another's minds?

This is a fascinating thought, although Vulcans are unlikely ever to be persuaded to confirm or deny it. Such activities would be likely to take place on the verges of their society, and the practitioners would strive to avoid calling attention to themselves.

This discussion has not touched on the most extreme form of cultural release, that of insanity. Vulcan forms of insanity must be very different from ours. They need not necessarily be in the direction of human emotional releases. Perhaps such releases would be something peculiar, possible only to a Vulcan. After all, fission-sexual animals do not have incest taboos.

A myriad of unanswered questions remain, upon which only the vaguest of specualtion is possible at this point. The author looks forward to the additional information on Vulcan which will soon become available.

---

(1) "The Naked Time"
(2) "This Side of Paradise"
(3) "Court Martial"
(4) "Squire of Gothos"
(5) "A Taste of Armageddon"
(6) "Dagger of the Mind"
(7) "Conscience of the King"

* *

IN PREPARATION:

Concordance to people, places, and star dates.
Edited by Dorothy Jones.

ALL MONIES TO GO TO THE TRANS-OCEANIC FAN FUND (TOFF)

Contact Bjo Trimble, 234 Santa Rosa Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94610

The Coccytus beat his opponent's sword upwards, stepped back, and lowered his sword.

"You say true, Master Spock," said Adamantus, wonderingly.

Kirk let his arm fall.

The trolls stared at each other in consternation.

"Wizard!" yelled the Coccytus, "What's your game?"

A tall form stepped into the doorway. "To get you into this room. As you seem to have discovered my little device, I shall simply invite you in. If you'll step aside, I'll send your escort away."

The Coccytus stepped back to one side, shielding Adamantus.

The trolls looked miserable.

"You have done well," the wizard reassured them, "but now go and rest."

They stomped down the corridor and around the corner. Their footsteps echoed all the way to the staircase. The wizard shouted after them, "Find the glazier and tell him to fix the window, while you're at it," then stepped out of the doorway.

"Now what do we do?" said Kirk.

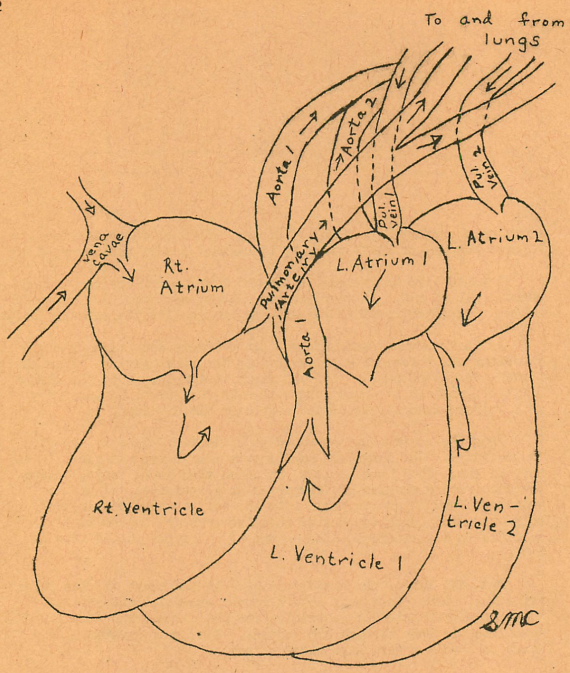
"Go on, I guess," said the Coccytus.

The room they came into was warmer than the corridor had been, for a large fire was lit and trying hard to take the chill off the stones. The wizard, a cadaverous man dressed in black, stood leaning against the mantelpiece. If he had stood upright he would have been taller than any of them, even Sir Adamantus. As it was, the Coccytus and McCoy looked like two small boys, and the others felt uncomfortably shrunken.

"Welcome, madam and gentlemen," said the wizard. "Won't you sit down?"

After a moment the Coccytus held a chair for Uhura and sat down next to her. "We thank you, lord of the house," he said.

McCoy followed suit and said meditatively, "Well, it seems you're not a wicked wizard after all."



A proposed six-chambered model of the Vulcan heart.
(from a sketch by Sandy Deckinger)

rapid respiration, or an oxygen carrier of greater efficiency than hemoglobin, or both.

The next paper will discuss this problem, and the physiologically related one of the carbon dioxide feedback system, which is one of the regulators of the respiratory rate.

Are there any questions?



KIRK AND SPOCK

by Ruth Berman

Reprinted from Pantopon #17 (FAPA) by permission of the author

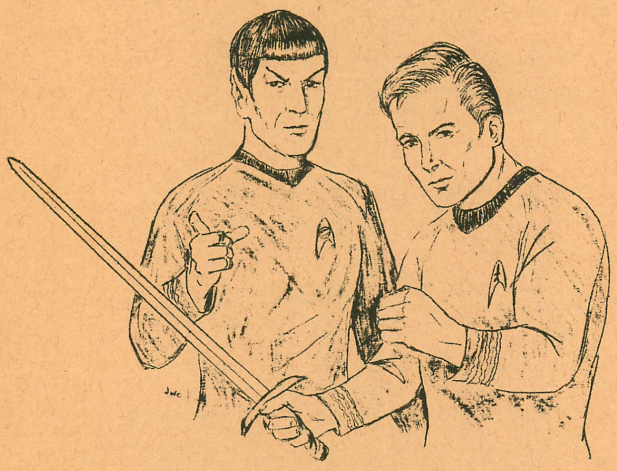
Two tall and well-matched bookends:
One light, one dark,
One whole, born of earth,
One torn, half earth, half other --
Both wilfully lonely,
Pressed for years together in their cosmopolitan
Small town (Pop 430) exploring space,
Kirk pulls rank,
And Spock plays simple alien.
Spock's adamant logic drives his fellow crewmen
Up the walls,
And they all think that they like Kirk,
Even when he shuts them out,
Demanding danger as a privilege,
Till Spock teams up with one of them
To trick him into sharing pain.
These two, even when they disagree
(And they generally do)
Seek out each other's company.



Kirk thrust again, half seeing out of one eye that the Cocytus, his cloak whirled around his left arm as a shield, was driving the other troll slowly back. Kirk wondered if his fencing stance was wrong. The Cocytus, facing his opponent directly, instead of turning his body sideways, thrust and slashed and darted to one side or another at his case, while Kirk moved rigidly straight ahead, his thighs aching with the unaccustomed strain of the crab-like steps. But still his troll gave ground before his thrusts, and still he parried its strokes successfully.

Kirk gasped as the troll's sword jabbed his arm. He paused for a moment at the hot sting, but the wound was slight, and he was able to thrust once more. Even in that thrust he was wondering why the troll looked so upset, but it was his last stroke.

Spock announced loudly from behind him, "This is no battle."





One important Terran cultural outlet is the use of strong drink, with its attendant pleasures and ills. Most Terran cultures have produced some form of alcoholic beverage, from brandy to fermented mare's milk. But alcohol has no effect upon the Vulcan. Our subject, Mr. Spock, has commented rather acidly on the values of alcohol (7) and claims that he derives no effect from its use. Yet surely there is some form of depressant or stimulant which would have a parallel effect upon Vulcan body chemistry. Those who support the theory of feline Vulcan ancestry have suggested that catnip might have an invigorating, not to say intoxicating, effect upon them. Since catnip is a Terran herb, and its known effects are on Terran felines, rather than Vulcan ones, this seems unlikely. However, native equivalents, used in the period before the radical reforms which produced modern Vulcan culture, might well still be remembered, and even used in secret by some social elements.

It seems quite wonderful that some ambitious young human biochemist, driven a trifle berserk from excessive exposure to Vulcan superiority, has not calculated the necessary formula and brewed up the equivalent of a Vulcan vodka. The havoc that such a drink would cause among unsuspecting Vulcans is rather tempting to dwell on, although they could probably counter-act the bodily reactions, were they aware of what was being done. (Most unsuitable thoughts for a supposedly sober and objective anthropologist.)

In the area of cultural releases, the Vulcan technique of mind-sharing offers another field for consideration. We have been informed that it is exhausting and emotionally shocking. The practitioner must lower all of his cherished and defended personal barriers, and immerse himself totally in another's mind. Deep empathy is difficult and traumatic for a Terran; how much more so then for one who assiduously avoids communication on such a level? If the union were with a disturbed mind (and presumably this would include all humans, to some extent) no doubt the burden and the distaste would be even greater.

And yet, one wonders. Perhaps, despite its unpleasant aspects, the mind-touch technique offers Vulcans a possibility of emotional contact within accepted social patterns. Assuming that Vulcans do not repress their pleasure in the physical, is it possible that in the moment of intercourse, at the height of physical intimacy, Vulcans permit their precious barriers to slip, in order to enjoy the doubled pleasure of mind and body, of each other's delight? Is their public denial of emotion, and of emotional release, compensated for by immersion in the mind/body of another, however privately it may be done?

Another possibility also presents itself. If it is true

was heavier than it looked, and he felt like a fool as he tried to find some way of holding it that would not result in his tripping the moment he took a step. Sulu, an enthusiastic fencer, had managed to persuade them all to learn the rudiments of fencing, but Kirk had never gone beyond, preferring to study more generally useful forms of in-fighting. He wished that he had accepted more of Sulu's tutelage, although he was not sure that it would have helped him at all with the monster, heavier than a saber, which he now held.

"Lady," said Adamantus, "will you please to ride?"

"Thank you," said Uhura uncertainly, and started towards the horse. The Cocytus steered her to the left side and helped her mount.

They went silently back to the road, back to the hill, through the wood to the hilltop, and down across the wizard'S garden. Uhura looked in the broken window and peered carefully to both sides. "It's --" she began, and then remembered how the Cocytus had hovered in the air to read the inscription. So she craned her neck for a careful look upwards before leaning down from the horse to tell the others, "It's safe."

"Go ahead," said Kirk, "we'll follow."

The horse protested softly as she stepped to the saddle and into the hall through the window, but its master stroked it and held it steady. One after another the rest mounted the horse and scrambled into the castle, Adamantus last of all.

Something small squeaked on the right and dashed gibbering around a corner before they could see what it was. Kirk and the Cocytus looked at each other. Holding their swords ready, they stepped out in front of the rest and walked towards the corner.

Sir Adamantus forgot he had no sword and moved up beside them, grinding his teeth in frustration when Spock pulled him back. He glared at the egg in his hands and muttered "Sorcery!"

They reached the corner, turned it, and stopped. Two large, blue trolls stood blocking their way with drawn swords.

"En garde!" yelled Kirk, and feinted to the right, cursing the sword's weight which slowed him down as he went under the troll's parry and thrust at its breast. But the thrust almost went home. The troll had to jump back a pace to avoid it.

TO A VULCAN
by Sherna Comerford

There is a sharing of self,
Reaching...
Taking...
Joining...
Love.

There is understanding, and quiet pride.
Wild, passionate shouting.
A seeking and a growing.
Life, and a purpose in living.

There is sorrow and pain.
A drawing in,
Weeping,
An agony,
Despair.
Sometimes there is death.

I weep for you. You will not weep for yourself.
You know sorrow, have known love,
And deny it.
Is life worth this price?
A man-machine would pay no price.
Would die. What logic bids you live?



Mr. Spock. It is likely that both admonition and approval are used in discipline, although among such undemonstrative people as Vulcans, one does not expect to find approval bestowed lavishly.

If, as we suspect, Vulcans do have rigorously suppressed emotions, then the question of socialization becomes even more interesting. When and how does one begin the training in suppression? The adult would probably begin an infant's training by failing to respond to "display" or attention-calling cries. If one may validly compare Vulcan children to the known examples of love-deprived human children, it is not surprising that Vulcans, unexposed to love in infancy, should mature into adults with stunted emotional capacities, regardless of genetic patterns.

Rigid early training can produce a socialized child with great efficiency. During the training period, however, children often manage to select activities and topics of conversation which completely flabbergast their elders. These things are unacceptable within their culture, but have never been specifically forbidden, probably because they would never occur to an adult. How many human parents tell their children not to eat ants, for example? General, far-reaching prohibitions and rules are effective, but cramping to the development of an inquisitive, alert mind, and in any case, they can never cover all possibilities. There appears to be an excellent chance that Vulcan children might, by their actions, produce acute embarrassment in adults.

As a corollary to this, since kin relationships are probably of minor importance, it would presumably be the duty of any mature Vulcan to supervise and correct any child whom he was with, regardless of relationship. This is a logical development of the need for rapid socialization of the young.

Even more interesting than the problem of family structure and socialization is that of cultural release. There is no Earth culture which does not offer temporary release, of one form or another, from its self-imposed restrictions. Presumably, some such outlet must also exist in the Vulcan culture. Of course, Vulcans are not human, and this argument may therefore be invalid. Yet it seems incredible that any sentient species could produce a culture so perfect that it needed no escape valves, no loopholes for the relief of anti-social impulses. Such a culture is almost unnerving to contemplate, and the mind boggles at imagining the super-beings who could function within it. On first acquaintance, Vulcans may appear to have achieved just such a lofty, serene dimension. Upon longer acquaintance, however, discrepancies appear which indicate control, rather than absence of, emotions, and hence the pertinence of this question.

THOUGHTS ON VULCAN CULTURE

by Devra Michele Langsam

To study the Vulcan culture properly, one must live on the planet, in personal contact with the society. This has not proven possible for the author, who has been forced to reconstruct a culture from the behavior of a single individual living among those of a different culture, and, indeed, of a different species.

The basic structural element of all known cultures is the family unit. There is some evidence that Vulcan family life is patterned around the nuclear family, or parent-child group. Our subject has shown evidence that he was on terms of some familiarity with his parents. He must either have lived with them, or else have seen them fairly frequently. On one occasion, he showed distress regarding his lack of communication with his mother, (1) implying that he was near her frequently.

The most efficient alternative to the nuclear family is the group rearing pattern, such as is often practiced in socialist societies. In such cultures, the children have minimal contact with their parents. Even if they are permitted to visit each other, the majority of the children's time is spent with their peer groups.

The subject has never spoken of any other Vulcan besides his parents. It seems likely, had he been reared with a peer group, that he might have mentioned them. This, however, is conjecture, as the subject rarely discusses himself or refers to his background.

A second alternative to the nuclear family is the extended family. This generally includes all of the blood- and marriage-tie kin of either one or both parents. This pattern is most often found in cultures where there is a strong interest in the reckoning of relationships, and where family ties are stronger and more effective than overall social controls and legal actions.

A relationship depending upon the reckoning of descent seems unVulcan. The function of keeping track of genetic relationships, one feature of the extended family system, most

ALSO TO A VULCAN

by Devra Michele Langsam

You will not hold love, honey sweet, upon your tongue.
"I believe, Doctor, that you are a sensualist."

Outside the circle of your world,
I watch
You hang, pierced by words.
Afire,
Smoldering, under banked coals,
Yet who has seen you flame?
"I am in control of my emotions. I am an officer."

Who holds the key
That can unlock your shackled heart,
Unloose the flood torrent of your blood?
"There are some planets where to be red-blooded is considered gauche."

Needle in hand,
I prowl the fringes of your world,
Pricking,
To make you notice me.
Earning at last
A faint smile, eyebrow raised:
"That is one of your Earth emotions?"

I weep for yŏu, who will not weep;
I care for you, who must not care.
"On Vulcan, love and emotion are in bad taste."



to be true, for, look you, what is magic but the shifting of appearances and the changing of true substance to false? A thing which my lady could never abide."

"She will have to," suggested the Cocytus, "if magic is the only way for you to rescue her."

The knight looked with horrow at the egg in his hands. "True -- and I am already stained with sorcerous dealing. How shall I face my lady?" He turned to his horse and fumbled in his saddlebag with one hand, drawing out at last a sort of canvas sack, which he proceeded to draw over his shield.

"What are you doing?" asked McCoy.

"I cannot bear my lady's moon, the emblem of constancy, on my shield while the taint of magic is upon me."

"But I thought the moon was the emblem of inconstancy," said McCoy.

Kirk and Spock made "shut up!" gestures at him. "Not in the Spenserian universe, Doctor," whispered Spock.

Kirk drew his imaginary knighthood around him and held Adamantus' hand from fastening the cover. "Sir Adamantus," he said, "it may be you mistake the matter." He pulled the cover off. "Behold your moon -- always in the full upon your shield. But in the unchanging heavens she waxes and wanes in her appointed course. Surely the changes of magic, rightly used, can be as regular?"

Kirk paused to kick the Cocytus, who was grinning in frank appreciation of the Platonic sophistries, and went on, "Would your lady disdain to meet the Lady Cambina?"

"I do not know," said Adamantus. "It may be as you say."

The Cocytus slid smoothly into the attack. "You have lost your love, Sir Adamantus, and we have lost ourselves. If we help you win your way to the enchanter, will you ask him to help me call my people as well as help you find Lady Constance?"

"Yes," said Adamantus, and repeated it with more conviction, "yes, and gladly. If I do this thing at all I must do it with some hope of success, and I will freely tell you that it puzzled me much to consider how I should pass the enchanter's guards and protect myself without losing the egg. Sir James, will you do me the honor of wearing my sword? for I see yours is lost."

"I would be honored," said Kirk, accepting the sword. It

certainly could be performed more efficiently and more accurately by a computer. The protection-aid-dependence pattern, which is basic to this institution, is unnecessary in a mechanized society. One need not depend upon one's kin for labor aid, or for help in raising a dowry for one's children. Nepotism, and the entire system of clan solidarity and mutual backscratching, would have no place in an ability (rather than power) oriented society.

It is likely that Vulcan naming patterns are not related to family descent. The inheritance of a family name, practiced in most human cultures, has its source in emotional needs, and hence is illogical. At the time when the Vulcans began their selective breeding program, it is probable that they made a conscious effort to eliminate all such emotion-based features from their culture. Although names are useful tools, the first name-second name pattern, such as humans use, is not logically necessary.

Among Terrans, the second name also serves to distinguish among the multitude of Jims and Leonards. Possibly the Vulcans avoid this difficulty by seeing that no two children are given the same name. It is more likely, however, that for purposes of records, a systematic form (perhaps a number) follows the easily verbalized single name.

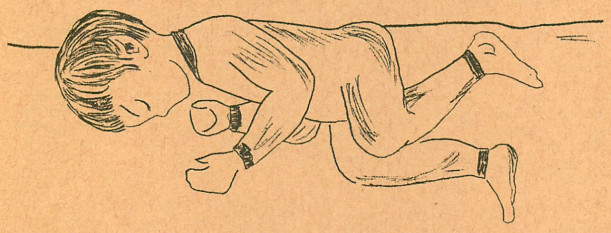
It is interesting to speculate that "Spock" is not actually a Vulcan name, but rather one adopted for the convenience of humans. When questioned by Leila, (2) Mr. Spock admitted to having "another name" (not necessarily a first name) but quickly followed this by saying that she could not pronounce it. This could explain the fact that his StarFleet record does not list any other name for him. (3)

The most important function of the family is the raising of children. Mr. Spock may never have been a "mischievous small boy," (4) but no humanoid species produces young fully socialized at birth. Indeed, among the most important traits of humanoids is their generalized (rather than rigidly predetermined) reaction patterns, and their great capacity for learning. Surely Vulcan children must be socialized -- taught the mores of their culture. Even unemotional young must do things unacceptable to the fully socialized adult.

One feels a slight sympathy for an adult trying to train a child without the crutch of "Because I say so." It is possible that the Vulcan culture has no taboos that are without a logical basis, but even so, constant explanation can still be wearing. In discussing why one eats certain foods, or needs a particular amount of sleep, humans easily descend to a ridiculous level, and logic perforce gives way to common sense. Very few human six-year-olds are interested in logical

reasons when something conflicts with what they want. Children do not always respond to reasoning, although probably Vulcan children differ in this respect. One might ask whether the "want" pattern is visible in Vulcan children, even if they have less emotional reactivity than their human counterparts.

The suggestion has been made that mind-touch may be used in the instruction and discipline of the young. This theory deserves serious consideration. Undoubtedly, it would be a distasteful and jarring process to enter contact with an un-



trained, undisciplined mind. Probably such contact would be as painful to the adult as to the child. The devious trails of childhood reasoning can be confusing to humans; even Vulcans might not care to explore them too deeply.

In addition, it is likely that the Vulcan mind touch is not strong enough to be used consistently in this respect. The subject himself has described it as a low degree of telepathy (5) and has stated that it is considerd a very private and personal thing, to be used with great care. (6)

Vulcans are a practical people. Although to some, their efforts to prevent war by eliminating emotion may seem like cutting one's throat to stop a nosebleed, one cannot deny that they have been straightforward and efficient. It is doubtful that physical discipline would be used in childrearing. It is antithetical to the Vulcan attempts to eliminate violence from their culture, and, in any case, it would be useless if the children have the ability to block pain which is found in adults. However, training through shame is apparently widely and effectively used, as witness the inner-directed nature of