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## Set-to

On July 3, 1968, around nine in the morning, I was trying to plan what materials should go into "Inside Star Trek" #1, and realized that if it was going to have interviews with actors, it was high time I got hold of some actors. I thought it would be nice to run the interviews in order of the characters' star-fleet ranks, a plan which would make it necessary at first to interview them in that order. Which meant interviewing William Shatner, leaving me only one problem.

"How," I said to Penny Unger, "do I get hold of Shatner?"

"Call Paramount. ask for Stage Nine. and ask for William Shatner," she said. "And tell him he owes me five dollars."

I slogged out to the pay telephone at the end of the block (Lincoln Enterprises had just moved, and the new phones weren't in), feeling doubtful all the way -- the procedure seemed much too simple. But it worked, and I explained to Shatner who I was and what I wanted.

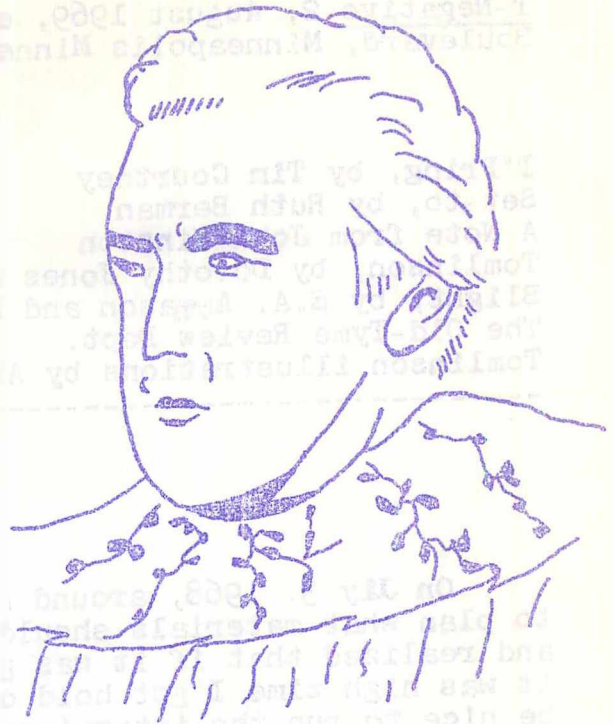
"Well," he said, "Why don't you come over at eleven? I'll probably have some free time then."

"Er...that's fine, thanks," I said. Actually, it had some drawbacks -- such as that I hadn't expected such instant agreement and didn't have questions ready. But I went over to Paramount an hour and a half later and up to Roddenberry's office to take his tape recorder. Anita Doohan showed me how to operate it, and I set out for Stage Nine.

Over at Stage Nine I looked at the big, blank door: featureless, except for a sign with emphatic red letters "CLOSED SET" and in black beneath "NO ADMITTANCE." Just then the door opened, and a little girl with long blonde braids, dressed in a jump-suit

and typical Starfleet boots came skipping out (Pamela Ferdyn, "Mary"). I went on in before the door closed relieved to have seen some proof that I hadn't gotten lost -- she was obviously one of the title characters in " -- And the Children Shall Lead." I knew that " -- And the Children Shall Lead" was the name of the episode they were doing at that time, and that the famous defense attorney, Melvin Belli, was in it, but I didn't know anything about the story.

When I found my way through the gloom of unused sets to the current point of action, I found it to be the bridge, where a broad-faced man in a shimmering robe, alone on the bridge, was doing a close-up. I realized that he had to be Melvin Belli. I looked around some more and saw Shatner come toward me.



He led the way to a large, open space, quite a ways from the bridge. It was partly-enclosed, by two walls of the Rec Room set.

"Is there an electric outlet here?" I asked. "The recorder -- "

"I expect so," he said, and proceeded to hunt up an outlet and two high stools.

"Here's Penny's five dollars," he said, as we sat down. "Now, what did you want to talk about?"

"Well, I stammered, "I wasn't sure. Perhaps..." and I named several possibilities that I'd been thinking over in the couple of hours beforehand.

"That won't do," he said gravely. "You have to take one topic in a short interview."

"Would you like to talk about Captain Kirk a bit?"

"Right. He's a sex maniac," said Shatner, and jumped up to go back to the bridge -- he was now needed in the scene.

The scene was the one in Act IV where Kirk summons Gorgan, and they harangue each other until Kirk turns on pictures of the kids' parents and so breaks the spell Gorgan has on the kids.



"Who has summoned me?" said Belli -- I was startled that his voice seemed rather weak, without the court-room rhetoric I was expecting (and which, in fact, would probably have suited the character).

"I did, Gorgan." said Shatner. "My beast is gone." Then they stopped and had to do that bit over again.

I found the line rather puzzling. (So did others. A reviewer in The Hollywood Reporter, panning the episode later, summarized scornfully, "Fortunately, Capt. Kirk and Spock are made of strong stuff and manage to throw off the 'beats within' called up by the sorcerers, fist-shaking children" -- making sense out of the phrase by connecting it with the children's ritual pounding.) I found the explanation later, in the story outline for the episode; the author had in mind a literal translation of bête noire. But the explanation had gotten lost in the course of writing the script.

They came to a short break, and Shatner trotted back to me.

"Where were we?"

"Kirk's character."

"Yes...well...as a viewer you can probably tell me more about that."

"At first Kirk seemed to be a standard cardboard hero," I said, taking him at his word, "but then you seemed to be playing against the lines to give him more depth, and then the writers seemed to change over to following what you'd done." He looked puzzled. "Like...the emphasis on 'my ship,' 'my crew'."

"That's how it seemed to you," he said thoughtfully.

I nodded and waited.

"No," he said at last, "the writers wanted to give Kirk more depth. But the network was afraid at first of making him unsympathetic."

I had the impression that he did not want to talk about Kirk, as if putting the character into words would fix it in an oversimplification and interfere with his portrayal. So, having gotten one piece of information on the subject (or two, if one agrees that Kirk is a sex maniac), I asked about the movie he'd made during the hiatus. During the next few sentences he took the tape recorder away from me and started operating it himself, and discussed in an orderly way his assorted activities. It was so orderly that I just cut my questions out in writing the interview as an article, re-arranging the order of topics just slightly to make a continuous narrative.

The actual narrative was not at all continuous. Shatner kept jumping up to go do more bits of the scene with Gorgan. I was much impressed by his ability to keep straight where he was in both script and conversation. And I was touched by his kindness in taking over the interview instead of being irritated by my inexperience -- the more so as I had the feeling that he was tired or ill or unhappy at the time. If he was, he hid it well; it was only a slight stiltedness, a formality in his phrasing that made me feel he was not at ease.

On my way out, I saw Melvin Belli and his wife and their son Cesar eating lunch. (Cesar was playing Steve, one of the children in the show.) I stopped to say that I admired Mr. Belli's work, and chatted with them for a bit. I was amused at realizing that Belli was just as excited about Being On Television as any ordinary non-pro, despite being famous in his own right.

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(I found the character of Lt. Kyle, transporter chief and occasional relief-helmsman, appealing, so I wrote to John Winston, asking him for a little information about the character and himself.)

#### A NOTE FROM JOHN WINSTON

My appearing on Star Trek came about through the efforts of the producers to create an "International Flavour" among the crew. I had worked for the casting director at previous times and, as it happens almost constantly out here, if you come to mind and are right...then the job is yours.

Lt. Kyle has no other name. I guess he and I did not rate two names. However, I really did enjoy the short appearances on Star Trek. The rest of the crew, both as actors and as people, were great. In television, time is of the first importance. Shooting schedules are very tight, so there is little time for socializing. However, for the pleasant greeting and brief exchange of news -- there was always time on the Star Trek stage.

I am including a brochure and resume of myself which will fill you in on my background. Personally I'm not a very "hungry type," as they say in this business. In other words, I feel there is more to life than just making money. As a matter of fact, I don't just feel -- I KNOW.



(the brochure)

John Winston:

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Fair

Actor-singer (Baritone)

Features:

The Molly Maguires

Don't Just Stand There

Scorpio Letters

Paramount

Universal

M.G.M.

Television:

Star Trek (Semi running part)

Time Tunnel (2)

12 O'Clock High (2)

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Three years Watford Repertory Company, England. Nine years  
Straight and Musical Leads, Stage, Television, and Radio,  
Australia and Canada. Also over 30 television commercials.

---

Tomlinson  
by Dorothy Jones and Astrid Anderson

Myfanwy

"Point one, six, two, seven, five." said Dave Corey's  
calm voice.

"Check," said Dorothy from her station. "Computing."  
Lights flickered. "Three, eight, nine, 0, 0, three, point  
three, three, three, three -- "

"Check," said Dave, and "Check," I said from a third  
corner of the room. I'm no computerman, but anyone can read  
a screen.

"That's fine," said Dave, clearing the computer and  
cutting off the steady stream of threes.

"It'll do for a first approximation," Dorothy agreed,  
"till the boss comes down to tell it No Nonsense."

"How is he, anyway?" I put in. Mr. Spock had been injured in the recent battle with the Romulan ship. This was why Dave and Dorothy had had to use me in their computer checks.

"Oh, he's fine. (Couldn't kill him with a meat axe. Dr. McCoy's a worrywart.) But he's up on the bridge. Mr. Stiles is on the mend, I understand. So the only one we lost was Mr. Tomlinson."

"Bad enough, to lose him on his wedding day," I said. Dorothy looked blankly Spockian. Dave looked reflectively into the middle distance; he was newly married himself, to a little blonde anthropologist, and was delighted with life.

"When's the funeral?" I continued.

"What there's going to be has already been," Dorothy said. "Mr. Tomlinson was what you might call a materialist."

"Like Mr. Spock."

"Don't get personal. So the captain read the short service over the ashes -- we were still on Yellow Alert -- and that's it. May he rest in peace."

"You'll be saying the same of me, if I don't get my cages cleaned. Come on; you promised to trade off."

"Truth." She looked to Dave for confirmation; he nodded, and we left.

"I always said you'd look good in fur," I said.

"What a pity I can't grow my own," Dorothy retorted. "Hey! Not -- the face!" She was covered with an undulating coat of Martian flat cats, giving them a place to cling while I cleaned their cage. "Is this what they call smother love?" She put the overly affectionate flat cat back on her shoulder where it belonged.

"My goodness," came a voice from the doorway. "Has something attacked you, or vice versa?"

"Hi, Angela. No, just the normal run of housekeeping." I tried to sound cheerful. Angela Martine was the girl Mr. Tomlinson had nearly married. I hadn't seen her since before the Romulan attack. She had dark circles under her eyes, but seemed calm enough.

"I've been housecleaning, too," she said. "I've been going over Bob's things -- packing them to send to his family



-- and I found this." She held up a delicate glass figure of a Pherasic butterfly, like the ones in my cages. "It'll never come through the shipping in one piece. I thought you might like it."

"Why -- thank you." I felt I should say something more, but I didn't know what. Dorothy rescued me with a demand to be de-flatcatted; Angela and I picked them off and returned them to the cage. Angela giggled at the sight of Dorothy, with her best martyred look (hands clasped on breast, eyes raised unto the ceiling), emerging from the pile of fur.

"You need to get out of yourself, Dorothy," she said. Dorothy opened her mouth and shut it again. "So do I, I think," Angela went on. "I've felt like Cassandra or somebody all day. As if some fearful premonition were about to pounce on me. Probably too much coffee. Let's see what you'd look like with short hair." She put the remaining flat cat on Dorothy's head, to which it clung lovingly.

"Od, ni, va, tri, sen, vis, en, lar, si, sho, ka, lin," Dorothy muttered.

"What?! You don't want bangs like Mr. Spock?"

"I don't even want modified bangs like Scotty. They don't match -- " she raised her eyes unto the ceiling again -- "my stern and rockbound personality."

"Very well; we'll scalp you." She gave me the remaining flatcat.

"Earthman speak with forked tongue. What's next? "

"That was the last cage. You're free to go."

"O happy living things! No tongue their beauty might declare!" quoth Dorothy. "But I think I'll be glad to return to computers." She and Angela left.

Sing hey for the life of an exobiologist; most of it is taken up with writing reports. I sat down with a stack of notebooks and began entering the details of the day. But my mind kept wandering. Poor Angela! Though I had no wish for matrimony myself, I could imagine how wretched she felt, with her whole world suddenly snatched out from under her feet. I went on transferring the notebooks from one pile to the other, feeling more and more ill at ease. It was as though the air had gone dank and cold, or as though someone were beaming subsonics at me; I shivered and tried to concentrate on the reports.

So perhaps it's no surprise that I screeched and leaped for the ceiling when something cool and wet touched me on the back

of the neck. Idat knows what I was imagining. But it was only the great grey-green greasy Limpopo waterbeast from Capella VIII, a large, clumsy, and affectionate creature. It shambled toward me, little eyes twinkling, long green tongue lolloping. I patted it shakily on the carapce and began to lead it back to its cage.

That's when I had my second shock. Fully a dozen cages had been opened, and their inhabitants were running, fluttering, or crawling about or just plain weren't there any more. The Martian flatcats had discovered the other Limpopo waterbeast, and it was love at first sight. The Pherasic butterflies, with their gaudy, eight-inch wings, were swooping out the door into the main corridor. A whole cageful of littles from Canopus V had escaped into parts unknown; so had at least one big. I was missing several reptiles, including a three-toed skimeleon. But the larger animals seemed to have stayed put for the most part, except for the giant millipede, the piebald zat from Vulcan, and (oh my word) the Rigellian apebear. I shoved the Limpopo waterbeasts into their cage, along with their Martian admiration society, and ran for the communicator.

Now, most of these critters are not dangerous, though the littles have a nasty bite if they're frightened. The giant millipede can't take on anything above the size of an ant. But the Rigellian apebear is something else again. It has the size, shape and disposition of the Terran grizzly; the hands, face and cunning of the Terran baboon. It is bright orange and ferocious. I called Lt. Commander Glotto, head of the Security Department, and asked him to have men with phasers in the corridors looking for it. Then I set off after the others.

Most of the littles were found under the furniture. I was still missing three, but they would undoubtedly turn up. I took a Vanarian birdlie -- give a cockatiel falcon's eyes and six wings, and you have the general idea -- and went in search of the butterflies.

The Pherasic butterfly lives in the rain forests of Alpheratz B. It prefers to flutter just under the bottom branches, so that it blends in with the brilliant leaves. If it gets into open sky it's a target for assorted predators. I planned to use the gently efficient Vanarian birdlie to catch them, while I looked for the millipede, which couldn't have gotten far. Simple, I thought. Little did I know that this was the beginning of Spock's Quest, which will rank with the journeys of Parzifal and Siegfried.

Uhura told me about it later, when she could stop laughing. Somehow, one each butterfly and flatcat had made their way up to the bridge. The flatcat, after sizing up the available prospects, decided on the most affectionate and cuddly of the bridge personnel: the captain. When the captain realized that



there was something warm and furry clinging to his neck, he very properly said, "Gah!" and scraped it off and threw it away -- onto Mr. Spock, as it happened.

Meanwhile, the butterfly had flown up to the ceiling. But the ceiling of the bridge is a transparent dome, and what's this? there were STARS up there! The poor terrified butterfly turned tail and headed for the most congenial (i.e., colorful) object in sight -- Mr. Spock, with his blue shirt, and bright orange flat cat.

Mr. Spock behaved like the proper gentleman he is. With one hand he picked the butterfly from his ear. With the other he pulled the flat cat from his chest and dangled it disdainfully at arm's length. "I believe these creatures belong in Life Sciences, Captain," he said. "Request permission to take them there."

"Permission granted, Mr. Spock," said the captain, who was waiting for him to get off the bridge so that he could roar with laughter.



So Mr. Spock began his long and perilous Quest.

As he approached Life Sciences country, he heard a strange sound: hundreds of small feet in unison, and the off-key drone of some sort of reeds. A fanciful person might have thought it was a miniature pipe band, made up perhaps of the Little People. Mr. Spock thought nothing of the sort.

He turned the corner and discovered the

giant millipede, all three meters of it, its hundreds of legs stomping busily along and its breath droning in and out of its spiracles. Behind it came I: a carrying cage full of butterflies in one hand, the other holding an indignant little by the neck, and the birdie on my shoulder.

I had been trailing the millipede, trusting the birdie to look out for butterflies, and my gaze was directed toward the floor. Presently I came to the millipede, its legs skittering helplessly along the floor. A large spaceboot was planted on its...well...head, pinning it in place.

"Oh, thanks!" I said to the spaceboot, "Mr...." my eyes traveled up the long length of his body " -- Spock?"

"What else is loose?" he asked coldly.

"Two more of these littles," I said, "And a big. A three-toed skimeleon. A piebald zat. And, er, ah -- "

"Well?"

"The Rigellian apebear, sir."

"Then why are you wasting time chasing these?"

"I don't know where the apebear is, sir. I told Lt. Commander Giotto, and Security is out looking for it."

"Very well. I shall help you to return these animals to their proper places. We will discuss this later."

He tucked the anterior end of the marching band under his arm, and the rest of it scuttled after him. So did I.

While we were stowing our captures in their cages, a report came in that a large spotted creature was running around Deck 6, snarling.

"The piebald zat, sir." I said. He nodded. "What would you suggest they do with it?"

"Spock here," He said into the intercom. "Is the animal within earshot of your communicator?"

"No, sir, it -- wait! Yes, sir! here it comes."

"Very well." Spock turned up the volume on the intercom and began to chirrup into it: soft little sounds that didn't at all go with his hard face.

"It's calmed down, sir," came the crewman's voice.

He turned  
the corner and  
discovered the



"Yes, its nervous system is simple and easily manipulated. If you will now stroke it rhythmically on the head, it will go to sleep. I'll come down and pick it up." He strode out of the lab. I followed at a safe distance.

And this was the second part of his Quest. Long before we reached the piebald zat, we heard a magnificent coloratura scream from the direction of Rec Room 7. (One could almost have said it was Dorothy, but she wouldn't have wasted the energy.) Several crew members came charging down the corridor: they were fairly incoherent, but we were given to understand that something large and fierce had interrupted their supper.

Spock and I exchanged looks. Why, I thought but didn't say, is there never a Security man around when you need one?

Spock raised an eyebrow. "Some questions are not meant to be answered, Dr. Orloff," he said. "Come with me."

In Rec Room 7 we found the apebear -- placid enough for the moment -- sitting on the floor devouring marmalade. "Distract it," said Spock, as he began to edge around behind its back.

"Nice apebear," I began shakily. The apebear snorted. "Good boy." The apebear snarled and began to lumber to its feet. But now Spock was behind it and had placed his hands on either side of its head. It broke off in mid-snort.

"Proceed," said Spock, indicating the door with a motion of his head. His face was tense and pale: he was fighting to control the apebear's natural violence as well as the echoes that violence aroused in his own mind.

I led the way, quaking in my boots. After me came the apebear, still clutching its jar of marmalade. Spock followed the apebear, his hands resting lightly on its shoulders, his face congealed to Ice-IV.

We maneuvered the apebear into its cage (marmalade and all), and I locked the door. Spock shivered slightly, and ran his hands over his face. "Foolishness," he muttered. "I disapprove of power without constructive control."

"Now, Lieutenant," he said aloud, "I would like an explanation of why these cages were left unlocked."

"Sir, they were not unlocked. I cleaned them and locked them myself half an hour before any of this started."

"I find that difficult to believe. None of these creatures has the power of teleportation. Moreover, the doors were open. The animals themselves could not have opened them. Only the Canopian littles and the apebear have the necessary

manipulative abilities; the littles have not sufficient intelligence and the apebear's cage has a combination lock. Logic indicates, therefore, that you have been negligent."

"No, sir."

"Lieutenant -- "

The door slid open, and Dorothy charged in with the three-toed skimeleon flickering in her arms. "Sha hai, Varde. Hi, Myfanwy. Did you know this critter was loose?"

"Matter of fact, I did. Dorothy, you were here earlier today; did I lock the specimens' cages or did I not?"

"You did."

"Are you certain?" Spock put in.

"Quite certain. I saw with my own eyes that she locked each cage after she had cleaned it."

This appeared to settle it for Mr. Spock. "Very well," he said. "Dr. Orloff, my apologies. It now appears that the cages were opened by someone else without your knowledge. I shall investigate -- after I have retrieved the zat." And off he went to fetch it. It is impossible to remain angry with Mr. Spock for more than 15 seconds.

Dorothy turned her attention to the skimeleon, whose scales were still flickering with random lights and colors. "Beautiful, isn't it? Looks like a computer panel. Am I to understand that something else got out, too?"

I looked at her helplessly. Where to begin? I took a deep breath. "Now listen well to my tale," I said, "for I shall tell you of the Perilous Quest of the Lord Spock of Vulcan."

### Dorothy

Around .4 the next morning, I got a call from Myfanwy. "Dorothy, will you come up here and take care of Angela? She's in a terrible state, and I've got to go on duty."

"I'm on duty myself," I protested mildly; but data can wait, and living creatures can't.

I found Angela crying in her room. I stroked her hair and said, "Hey. Hey. Hey," and let her cry it out.

and she had not opened them.

have the necessary



"I'm sorry," she said presently. "It was just the last straw."

"What was?"

"The pictures" She waved a hand toward the far wall. There was a slight dent in it, and little shards of colored plastic lying beneath. I recognized the colors: it had been taken at Angela's and Tomlinson's engagement party.

"It must have fallen off the shelf," said Angela, mopping her face.

"Who took it? Scotty?"

"Yes."

"All right; he'll have the matrix, and he can make you another crystal." That hadn't occurred to Angela, and she began to cheer up.

"Strange," I went on, "I thought you kept that crystal by your bed."

"I did," she said. "I must have moved it in the last day or so."

I looked again at the dent on the wall, and returned to my station thinking hard.

I met Myfanwy for lunch in Rec Room 10. I didn't mention the details of what I'd seen; two hours of thinking had left me exactly nowhere. I didn't want to be guilty of what Mr. Spock would call hura and I would call making too much stew out of one oyster.

I wasn't put to making conversation; Myfanwy chattered like a blackbird. Something was obviously bugging her, but I think neither of us knew what it was.

"Garrett, on the other hand," she said between bites of kraken-lotus-and-tomato sandwich, "was willing to go along with the magic-is-psionics bit, and he wrote some delightful...."

A crash at the end of the room and cries of "Now, wait a minute!" interrupted her. I stood up and craned my neck to find the trouble. Two ensigns, apparently, were accusing each other of having knocked over a chocolate malt, with overpowering results. It was for the ranking officer present to shut them up, and that was Sulu, a table away from us. He put on a stern look (it took some doing) and headed toward them.

As he moved away, his teacup jiggled, teetered, and fell on its side. I could not see anything moving it.

I opened my mouth and shut it again. Perhaps I had been mistaken. Sulu reached the quarrelling ensigns and restored peace. In the sudden quiet, I heard the drip drip drop drip drop of Sulu's spilled tea onto the floor and the hum of the autochef behind us.

The autochef opened and revealed a mound of indeterminate pink-and-white with something pale yellow dribbled over it. At the edge of the plate lay objects which I recognized as asparagus spears and chocolate chip cookies. "Who in blazes ordered that?" asked Sulu.

No one answered. The ensigns wandered over to the autochef to investigate. Each summoned up his courage and stuck a finger into the particolored object.

"Candy-stripe ice cream," said the first, after tasting it.

"With..." the second gingerly touched tongue to fingertip, "...hollandaise sauce?"

They stared at each other for a moment, then turned on their heels and bellowed in unison, "ORLOFF!"

"Gah!" cried Myfanwy.

"You may as well confess," said the ensign à la hollandaise. "Who else eats stuff like that?"

"I don't even have a little brother," muttered Myfanwy.

"I'm afraid I must disagree with you," I told them. "Though it's widely known that Myfanwy uses burnt-out chemosensors for taste buds, even she wouldn't eat that!"

And, since they already had a chewing-out from Sulu hanging over their heads, they let it be.

But I looked at the three catastrophes: what a nice straight line you could draw from the door to the chocolate malt to the teacup to the autochef; and bouncing off the wall at that point, let's see, angle of incidence equals angle of reflection, yes, a nice straight line out the other door.

"Maybe the Fates have switched from chess to billiards," I murmured, but it didn't sound properly classical.

I had been back at my station about half an hour when the computer went off its cork. It interrupted a straight-



forward list of irregular Greater Vegan verbs to give forth with:

"I dearly love the three-toed grynch;  
It grows upon me inch by inch.  
Each home with one should be provided;  
The Lord did not create it, so I did...."

I called on Saint Jerome and keyed CANCEL. Nothing happened. The computer finished the three-toed grynch and started in on the Wendigo. I clutched the edge of the control board and listened dumbly. Suddenly the voice returned to the irregular verbs, which switched almost immediately to Spock's voice.

"Conway? e la he?"

"Sir." I gulped and regained some control. "Conway here. The computer's been -- "

"I know. I regret to say that it was keyed in here on the bridge, though we don't know by whom nor how."

"Sir?"

"The captain was discussing with Lt. Uhura and me the possibilities of making subspace contact with Romulus and informing them that their ship had been destroyed. The lieutenant and I were facing the captain, away from our control boards, when without warning a number of circuits were keyed which were not required. The juxtaposition of computer and communications channels caused other computers to be affected. It was rather as though the lieutenant and I had each placed a hand at random among our controls. But we had not done so."

"Sir, it's very strange."

"Conway, there has been a great deal of strangeness in this past week, and I will be pleased when it stops. Spock out."

The irregular verbs returned, but I froze them. This was getting to be too funny to laugh at.

For some reason (Spock does have a way of getting what he wants), all was quiet for the rest of the day.

The next morning found Sulu and me back in Rec Room 10, discussing Renaissance music over our tea break. I was demonstrating a Landini cadence for him when Myfanwy came in, leading Dr. McCoy by the hand with as much anxious care as if he had been a veteran of the First Romulan War, and he rather

looked it. She seated him next to us, murmured, "Take it easy; he's had a terrible shock!" and headed off for coffee.



Sulu and I looked at one another with alarm; but McCoy let his face relax for a moment and winked at us.

"Now, Doctor, you're going to be just fine," caroled Myfanwy as she returned with the coffee. She put McCoy's cup on the table and put his hands around it. "Now, get a good grip on this -- you can do it --"

"Oh, shaddup!" growled McCoy.

Myfanwy stood arrested in mid-chirp. McCoy spanked her lightly and pushed her down into her chair.

"He did have a terrible experience, though," she went on.

"Ghastly," said McCoy. "I can't bear to tell it."

Myfanwy didn't need a second hint. "I was doing some paper chromatography," she said, "and while I was working with the carbon tet, the bottle of aqua regia fell over and spilled. I had to go to Dr. McCoy for some more. And he gave me a lecture on safety and such -- said that if I stashed things carefully this wouldn't happen. And I said 'Yes, sir,' very meekly, and took my bottle of aqua regia and was going out the door, when I heard a CRASH! tinkle, tinkle, and a bloodcurdling scream."

"I did not scream," said Dr. McCoy with dignity. "Bellowed, perhaps. Or roared."

"And I turned around and saw him staring at a splintery puddle on the floor."

"Twelve-year Saurian brandy," said McCoy gloomily.

"So I brought him down here to recuperate."

"It's like that chocolate malt at lunch yesterday," Sulu pointed out. "It's like a whole lot of things," I agreed. "Things being knocked over, things breaking, things thrown with considerable force across the room --" I told them about Angela's picture, and the other events of the last few days. "And all sorts of havoc in the electronic circuits. I hope to goodness that it stays off the bridge!"



"I'll be darned," said McCoy. "It sounds almost like the traditional poltergeist."

"So it does," I said.

"The what?" Sulu wanted to know.

"A poltergeist," I said, "can be either a ghost or a demon -- usually the latter. They are invisible and break things. They frequently turn up around high-strung adolescents. You have to exorcise them with bell, book and candle."

"That makes sense," said Sulu. "In that case, we could handle them by --"

"There's no such thing, of course," said McCoy.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," I answered. "There have been several very interesting cases --"

"Now, really Dorothy! Can't you imagine what Mr. Spock would say about that idea?"

"There is a word, zac, in the Vulcan language," I pointed out. "It refers to anything that is illogical and usually impossible, but nonetheless true. 'zac sa lai o leni rano/la karek u stoka alu.'\* You'd be surprised how often they use it. It's a small universe."

Myfanwy steered the talk back to paper chromatography.

I worked somewhat overtime that evening, getting the irregular verbs out of my hair. When I became aware of the passage of time, everyone else was long gone. I wandered down a few levels to talk to Scotty, another chronic late-stayer.

We were talking about the newly discovered Callanish alignments, when a shelf behind my head began to rattle. Scotty muttered "Damn!" and got up to check it.

"Watch out for --" I began, and then all hell broke loose. I solemnly assure you that there were tape cartridges, electronic components, hand tools and other Scottian debris flying through the air; my chair rocked back and forth, an undistinguished-looking wrench came up to hit Scotty on the shin, and we both wound up on the floor, tangled up with the chair.

\* From a description of the setting sun: "it is illogical (but true) that the blotting out of one star should cause others to shine uselessly." -- Satak, called Varan vi Lal, the Last Bard.

We picked ourselves up as best we could. I had nothing bruised but my dignity, but Scotty had come down hard on his right ankle, and it was swelling quickly.

I went to the intercom. While I was explaining to Dr. McCoy what had happened, Mr. Spock walked in.

"I heard several loud noises," he explained drily. "Mr. Scott, may I assist you?"

"That you, Mr. Spock?" came Dr. McCoy's voice. "Get him to his quarters, will you, and I'll meet you there. There's not room in that office to swing a cat. McCoy out."

Spock picked up Scotty as if he were a kitten. It's so nice to have a Vulcan around the ship. As I was about to follow them out, the intercom signaled again.

"Engineering, Conway here."

"Dorothy, I've been turning the ship upside down looking for you," came Myfanwy's voice. "Listen, I was just down at Sulu's and -- "

"Later," I said. "Tell me in person."

"Where are you?" I'll be right down."

"By the time you get anywhere I'll be in Scotty's room. The mad whatsit has struck again. Out." I hurried along after Spock and Scotty.

Dr. McCoy arrived shortly after we did, and took charge. Spock was directed to stand by, in case he was needed (not likely, but good for Spock's ego). I was told to place myself at the head of the bed and Scotty's head on my lap, for moral support, you know. Then the Good Doctor went to work on the ankle, which turned out to be no more than a bad sprain. It is wonderful to see the electronic leech bring down a swelling as fast as it went up.

"Scotty," said I, "we look like the Pietà." He grinned, and his eyes twinkled.

The door gaped, and Myfanwy came charging in. "You





were right," she said between gasps for breath. "Sulu was using his screen on it, and you wouldn't believe the peace and quiet -- "

"Homer," I said in a loud voice, "could begin his story in the middle because everyone already knew the plot. You have to begin at the beginning."

"Well." She took a breath. "I was on my way to dinner, and I stopped by Sulu's to check on the color range of the foliage in the Pherasic rain forests." (Spock favored the ceiling with a thoughtful look in memory of the denizens of those rain forests. Myfanwy didn't notice him.)

"As soon as I stepped inside the door I could feel it," she said.

"What did you feel?"

"Well, it was what I didn't feel, if you know what I mean." I must have given her a dangerous look, because she went on quickly, "The feeling of doom-and-gloom I've had all week. It's all over. The ship is full of it. Except in Sulu's room."

"As if some fearful premonition were about to pounce on you?" I quoted. She nodded. "Angela felt it, too. I, of course, haven't noticed a thing. What about you, sir?"

Myfanwy jumped. She hadn't noticed Spock. He gave me an I-wish-you-hadn't-asked-that-question look. "I am not subject to 'feelings,' Conway," he began.

"No, sir," I answered. "But you do have the highest psionic rating aboard this ship. Have you noticed any such phenomenon as Dr. Orloff describes?" He avoided my eyes. "Sa stoka la igal ceren an." I said quietly.

"You are correct," he said. "I have indeed received certain non-sensory impressions of considerable tension in the past week."

"Aha. Go on, Myfanwy."

"The first thing I noticed when I got inside Sulu's room was the peace -- that brooding feeling was gone. The second thing I noticed was that to get in I'd had to go around a screen which was set up just inside the door." She sketched the angles of the screen in the air with her finger.

"Like radiation baffles," Spock commented.

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\*"It helps to face facts."

"Yes, sir. I asked Sulu what it was for, and he said it was to keep obake out. Spirits. Apparently spirits, like charged particles, can't turn corners."

"Do you know, that's a beautiful image," said McCoy. "Ghosts like alpha particles, flying out in straight lines from the debris of a decayed human consciousness."

I shivered. "It would be a more beautiful image, Doctor, if we did not appear to have such a particle on our hands at the present time."

"Oh, come now, Dorothy," said Dr. McCoy.

"After all," Myfanwy pointed out, "if you set up a screen to keep out spirits and it keeps them out, then they must be there."

"That is not logical," Spock and I said together.

"There are no such things as -- Yowl!" A slide rule had hit McCoy with medium force in the back of the knees, and he fell to all fours. Spock bent over to help him to his feet, and thus missed a shielding sample which was aimed at his head. I had a lap full of Scotty and couldn't move. Myfanwy retreated into a corner, crying, "It's here! It's here!"

I took a deep breath. "In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, mane quo sis!"\*

In the sudden quiet, Spock murmured, "I never taught you that, Conway."

"No, sir. Well, gentlemen, here is our poltergeist. What do we do with it?"

"What is it?" asked Scotty mildly.

"It is a mischievous spirit -- either a demon or a ghost, more likely a demon --" I began. Several loud thumps resounded from the bulkheads, and a fat and ancient book was knocked from Scotty's bedside table. "No? Not a demon?"

"Whose?" asked McCoy. "A human being?"

"I suppose so. Unless -- we did lose a whole shipload of Romulans last week."

\* "In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, stay where you are!"



"Their commander, perhaps, getting a bit of revenge?"

"Absolutely not! He wouldn't stoop to it. That was a man of honor. But I don't know about his crew."

More loud noises. "Not Romulans?" Silence, and the fluttering of the pages of the bound book on the floor. "Myfanwy will you get that book before someone steps on it?"

She picked it up -- she had to tug slightly, I noticed, and she turned pale -- and handed it to me still open.

"Poetry?" I said in disbelief. I turned the book over and read from the spine: The Complete Poems of Rudyard Kipling. "Really, Scotty!"

"What's wrong with Kipling?" said Scotty. "The only poet who ever understood engines. 'From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy hand, O God -- / Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.'"

"I might have known." I turned the book over again and read: "For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw that his soul was bare. / The wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him like a knife."

"What on earth?" said McCoy softly.

I turned to the beginning of the poem and stared. "Tomlinson," I said at length. And pounded my head with the heel of my hand.

"I'll be doggoned," said Dr. McCoy. "Poor fellow," said Scotty. Myfanwy stared dumbly at the book. Spock raised an eyebrow.

"Gentlemen," I said, "we know now who our poltergeist is. The questions remains of what to do with him."

"We inform the captain," said Mr. Spock.

"Sir, I believe that you inform the captain."

"Mr. Spock, if it were anyone but you -- " said the captain presently. "All right; what does one do with a poltergeist?"

That put it back in our laps. "Father Fulbright might know," I said.

"That's true," said the captain. "I'd forgotten we had clergy aboard. We'll all meet with him tomorrow morning and

find out what's in order -- I must confess I don't know what's S.O.P. for a ghost."

"Right after Mass, 0800?" I suggested, and so it was decided.

### Myfanwy

I had always known, in a vague sort of way, that Dorothy was in the habit of getting up at some ghastly hour and trotting off to get her soul recharged. But I had never cared to follow her, preferring to sleep; and so I had no idea what to expect as I approached the chapel on Deck 12. I found Mr. Spock in the corridor outside.

"We are somewhat early," he said. "Their activities are still in progress." He indicated the open door. I edged up to it and peered inside.

Eighteen or twenty people, Dorothy among them, were standing around a small table. At the head of the table, wearing some beautiful garment of white brocade, was the man I knew as Quartermaster Fulbright. His arms were outstretched, and he was saying, -- give to this galaxy, which is dear to us, a peace which we ourselves cannot make and which is more powerful than all violence; your peace, as a bond, a new covenant among all of us, the vital strength of Jesus Christ here in our midst. Then your name will be hallowed, Lord our God, through him and with him and in him in all the worlds, and in the unity of the Holy Spirit, this hour and every day, world without end, Amen."

"Fascinating," murmured Mr. Spock, who was watching over the top of my head. I felt vaguely shocked.

They continued with whatever it was they were doing. Presently Dorothy said aloud, "Number eight." She waited a moment, and began to sing, "We will bless the God of heaven, and before all living we will praise him; because he has shown his mercy to us."

"O Lord, our Lord, how glorious is your name over all the earth!" sang the rest of them. "You have exalted your majesty above the heavens." They continued to sing, with Dorothy's voice ringing above them.

"That is Conway, isn't it?" whispered Mr. Spock.

"Of course," I said in surprise.



"I never knew she could sing like that."

"Oh, she's a regular canary," I murmured. "She's always waking me up in the morning with Gregorian chant."

"Shhh," said Mr. Spock.

In a few minutes it appeared to be over, and practically everyone left. Mr. Fulbright remained to clear up the small table, and in a far corner of the room Dorothy knelt with her chin in her hands, lost in thought or something.

"Good morning, Mr. Spock, Myfanwy," said Mr. Fulbright. Dorothy got to her feet and came toward us.

"Were you praying for Mr. Tomlinson?" I asked lightly.

"No," she said, "For a shipload of Romulans."

"Conway," said Spock, "you should sing more often."

"Oh, you know me, sir," she said, "not good, but loud." But I could tell she was pleased.

"Good morning, Captain, Doctor," said Father Fulbright at this point. "Dorothy, will you find some chairs?"

"As you probably know," he remarked when all had been told, "this is not what we'd ordinarily call a poltergeist. We're not dealing with a demon, whom we must exorcise and send back to Hell, but with the wandering soul of a human being, whom we must point in the direction of Heaven. Now, as to what he's doing here -- do any of you know the legend of the zombi?"

"Yes," said Dorothy and the captain.

"No," said Dr. McCoy and Spock.

"A dead man, animated by a wizard," Dorothy explained to her boss. "If he crosses water, looks in a mirror, or tastes salt, he realizes that he is dead and goes back to his grave."

"Exactly," said Father Fulbright. "That's the point I wanted to make. Does Mr. Tomlinson realize he's dead?"

We all looked at one another.

"Was he conscious up to the point at which he died?"

"No," said Spock. "He had been overcome by the fumes of the phaser coolant. I attempted to drag him out of the phaser

room, but was myself rendered unconscious. He died within five minutes thereafter. It is regrettable."

"Very much so, Mr. Spock. So he wasn't aware when he died. Next point: I understand that you, Captain, read the short service for him between battle drills. That doesn't take very long, does it?"

"About 90 seconds, I would estimate," said the captain. "Explain."

"Well, this is giving me a considerable insight into the purpose of the funeral services. We pray for the soul of the dead, of course; but I had always felt that the main value of a funeral was to give the bereaved something to do. Now I've changed my mind. You remember that in Classical Grecian and other cultures it is believed that the ghost will wander and find no rest unless his body is buried with the proper ceremonies?"

"Reference Antigone; Iliad, Book 24; Odyssey, Book 11," said Dorothy to Spock, who nodded.

"You are saying that Mr. Tomlinson needs something longer -- something more involved -- to prepare him for death."

"Something more noticeable, Captain. It is obvious that he's bewildered and confused -- wandering the corridors of the Enterprise, the only chunk of matter in this sector that's familiar to him, trying to attract the attention of the people he knew, and unable to understand why they don't notice him. It is now for us to tell him in ways that he can understand that he is dead and his place is not here."

"With black drapes and candles?" said Dr. McCoy dubiously.

"With incense, and singing, and ancient prayers, and all the trappings that he may perhaps recognize. Today is the eighth day since his death, a very appropriate time to offer a Requiem. Dorothy, get out the Liber. You've always been a medievalist; now's your chance. I want all the music, from the Introit to the final Antiphon."

"And the long Dies Irae. Yes, sir!"

"Captain, we'll begin at 1200, if that's convenient. Will you ask all those who knew Mr. Tomlinson to attend, to do him honor?"



"We'll have his entire section, as well as ourselves. Dress uniform, Mr. Spock," he added.

Mr. Spock raised his eyebrows unto the ceiling. "Very well Captain."

"You can be an altar boy, Mr. Spock!" I put in at this point. When will I learn to keep my mouth shut? He gave me a look that froze my bone marrow.

"Actually, I think not," said Dorothy thoughtfully. "Mr. Spock's theological status is undetermined, to say the least. But he has so very little of the old Adam in him that I think he will be counted as a Vulcan in the last analysis."

"Conway," said Spock, "your words are gratifying, but highly il -- "

"Zac is the word, sir," said Dorothy, and Spock did not answer. "You've remarked how little you know of the roots of Terran music," she went on. "Now you'll hear them."

A little before 1200 I arrived at the chapel again, dressed in my best. Starfleet Command had only recently authorized dress uniforms for female junior officers, and I looked down smugly at the blue satin gown with its single gold stripe. No fruit salad yet, of course, but all in all I thought I looked quite glamorous. Then I caught sight of Dorothy looking like a nun in the same uniform.

The service began. I hope it meant more to Mr. Tomlinson than it did to me, but it was beautiful to see and hear, and the air was full of incense. I moved in closer to Mr. Spock, to see his reaction. At the first whiff of the incense, his eyes widened in surprise. I wonder what it smelled like to him. He kept his eyes on the actions of the people around the altar, except when Dorothy was singing. I hoped she was noticing how impressed he was with the ancient Latin music.

During a break in the action, I whispered to him, "You never do things like this on Vulcan, do you, sir?"

"Indeed we don't, Dr. Orloff," he whispered back. "And I'm beginning to regret it. This is beautiful."

Presently it appeared to be over, and Father Fulbright and his half-dozen assistants walked down the aisle carrying Mr. Tomlinson's ashes. "In paradisum deducant te Angeli," Dorothy sang.

Perhaps the solemnity and the music had impressed me more than I thought. I felt light and dizzy, as though I had suddenly stepped out of a two-gravity field, and I found myself on the point of tears. Spock put a kleenex into my hands and didn't so much as raise an eyebrow.

Then he raised his head suddenly, as if he had heard some sound above Dorothy's voice. He stood in intense concentration for a moment, then bent down to me. "He's gone," he said.

And he was.

"You really impressed Mr. Spock with the pomp and circumstances," I told Dorothy as we left the chapel. "Maybe you'll convert him."

"Not me," said Dorothy. "Not him. But if it comes about by other means, let Vulcan look to its Reforms."

### Dorothy

We went to Rec Room 10 for an overdue lunch. Myfanwy confined herself to chili, rather than her usual concoction, but she had a bemused look in her eye. When she had finished her chili, she wandered over to the autochef again and began punching buttons. Presently there appeared a mound of pink and white, topped with pale yellow. At the side of the plate lay chocolate chip cookies and asparagus spears.

"Good grief, Myfanwy!" I cried in shock. "Not after I defended you in front of all those ensigns!"

She punched again and got a glass of iced tea. "It's okay," she said. "I just want to find out how it tastes." She loaded a spoon and took a healthy bite; stood there for a moment considering, then swallowed painfully. "Gaaah!" she choked, and gulped at her glass.

"You've restored my faith in humanity," I said. "Have some more tea."

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Please



Blight

by E. A. Arnason and Ruth Berman

"Contact the base commander for me," Kirk told Uhura, as the Enterprise moved into standard orbit. Sulu and Chekov eyed the main viewscreen with innocent pride and pulled out a portable chess set. Kirk smiled as they clipped the boards to the stems for another round of the ship's never-ending tournament.

"I have Commander Perez, sir," said Uhura.

Tonio Perez's face appeared on the screen. "Hello, Jim. What do you want with a xeno-ecologist?"

Perez was looking cheerful, and Kirk wondered what unsettling surprise his old friend had for him this time. "I don't know. I was hoping you could tell me."

Perez opened his hands in a search-me gesture. "Swifka says they need one on Sarat, and we've got one. I'm glad you got told off for transport. Got time to come down for a drink?"

"Afraid not," said Kirk.

"Clean living is making you old before your time," Perez said mournfully. "Ah, well. Miss T'Kalenayas is ready to beam up at your call."

Uhura alerted the transporter room at Kirk's nod.

"Tell your Mr. Spock I hope he has a pleasant trip. Perez out." The image blacked off the screen.

Kirk rose to go to meet his new passenger. "T'Kalenayas," he said thoughtfully. "Vulcan name?"

"Affirmative, Captain," said Spock.

"You'd better accompany me, then," said Kirk. He reconsidered Tonio's words. "Do you know her?"

"Negative, Captain. I am acquainted with her work, however."

They moved into the elevator. A few moments later they stood in the transporter room. Dr. McCoy strolled in directly behind them. Kirk looked at him.

"Wonderful communications system this ship has," McCoy remarked. "I hear we've got a passenger."

Kirk had no time to answer, for a beam shimmered in the transporter and turned into a tall woman, hair piled high to show off her ears. She carried a large, square case. Kirk stepped forward to greet her. "Miss T'Kalenayas. I'm Captain James Kirk. My first officer, Mr. Spock. Ship's surgeon, Leonard McCoy."

T'Kalenayas held up her hand in the Vulcan salute. "I have some specimens with me, Captain. Yeast cultures. Can you spare me laboratory space?"

"Certainly," said Kirk.

"Laboratory 5B is probably most suitable, Captain," said Spock. "Do you wish me to show Miss T'Kalenayas the way?"

McCoy said, "Er..." They turned to him. "I've been working there."

"You had better come with us, Doctor, to be sure we do not displace any of your work. You do not arrange your experiments methodically, I have observed."

"Is that a polite or a rude way of saying I'm messy?"

"It's accurate," said Spock drily, leading the way out the door.

McCoy reached out to take T'Kalenayas' case, but she was already past him. He gave up and followed them out.

Kirk eyed the little procession.

Behind him, Lt. Kyle commented, "I wouldn't have thought our Mr. Spock was such a fast worker."

Privately, Kirk felt inclined to agree, but in the interests of loyalty to his friend and discipline he gave Kyle a "That'll do," and left. Back on the bridge, Kirk put in a call to Sarat.

"No answer, Captain," said Uhura, after a moment, looking surprised. She began quickly checking her instruments.

"Any reports of trouble from Commander Swifka?" Kirk asked.

"No, sir," said Uhura, "except the original request for a xeno-ecologist." As she spoke she completed her check of the instruments and tried once more to reach the station on Sarat. "I'm alerting Star Fleet of their silence," she said, when the second call produced no response.



"Very good, Lieutenant," said Kirk. "And call Spock to the briefing room."

"Mr. Spock is not in his quarters, sir," she said a moment later. She was beginning to look frustrated, with nothing working right, but she reached to try the ship-wide intercom to call Spock.

"Try sick-bay," said Kirk.

She stopped in mid-reach and obeyed without comment. This time her call went through, and she decided that perhaps it was not going to be one of Those Days after all.

"McCoy here," said the doctor.

"Spock with you?" asked Kirk.

"No. Should he be?"

"No. Meet me in briefing room one. Kirk out."

Uhura put out a general call for Spock, which he answered promptly. She wondered if fleet protocol allowed her to remark "I told you so, sir," and decided not.

"Where are you?" Kirk demanded.

"In briefing room one, Captain. Miss T'Kalenayas and I have been studying the available information on Sarat."

Kirk felt faintly exasperated, but he only said, "Good. Stay there. I'll meet you." He turned to Uhura. "Keep trying to reach Swifka."

"Yes, sir," she said resignedly. It began to look like one of Those Days again.

"Mr. Sulu, you have the con." The elevator door shut Kirk out.

Sulu settled into the captain's chair. "What's with him?" he asked Uhura.

"I don't know," she said. "Looks like Mr. Spock's going to get it."

Sulu grinned. "Well, sooner him...."

In the briefing room Kirk found Spock and T'Kalenayas lecturing in tandem to an astonished McCoy.

" -- the Sarat station asked for a xeno-ecologist specializing in agriculture -- " T'Kalenayas was saying.

" -- that is, the study of plants and animals domesticated by alien cultures and the inter-relationships -- " Spock went on.

"I think Bones knows how to use a dictionary," Kirk said. McCoy flashed him a look of gratitude. "Sarat," said Kirk, seating himself, "is an earth-type planet, dominant species humanoid, several cultures, all sub-industrial. I suppose we can assume that some crisis is taking place in the native agriculture."

The two Vulcans nodded approval. McCoy looked suspicious of Kirk's air of logical deduction.

"However," Kirk went on, "the station has its own supplies and should be unaffected by the planet's difficulties. Mr. Spock, can you suggest any reason for the Sarat station's failure to answer any calls since their initial request for a xeno-ecologist?"

"Negative, Captain," said Spock.

"Red letter day," murmured McCoy.

"A Terran idiom," Spock said softly to T'Kalenayas.

She nodded and took up Kirk's argument. "Since, as you have pointed out, the station should be unaffected by native agricultural problems, the probability is that their silence is deliberate."

"But why?" said McCoy.

Kirk looked at the two Vulcans.

"Insufficient data," said Spock.

Kirk nodded. "Care to theorize?"

Spock considered carefully, then shook his head.

"Very well. Dismissed," said Kirk.

Spock and T'Kalenayas left together. McCoy examined Kirk's unhappy face and stayed put. After a moment he said, "Jim, you didn't really expect him to come up with an explanation, did you?"

Kirk shrugged. "I know I expect too much of him -- and of you, too, as far as that goes. But I usually get it. Bones, he's changed."

"Spock's the way he's always been: irritating."



"No," said Kirk. He stared down at the table, looking for words. "Spock plays at being totally Vulcan with us. He makes inspired guesses and calls them deductions. Now -- she's willing to make more of a guess than he is."

"Well, maybe," said McCoy, "but it's Spock's business, not yours. And don't tell me a captain's a father to his crew. Which reminds me of a story -- "

"I've heard it."

"You have?" McCoy stopped, his hands already out in a story-teller's gesture. Slowly, he put his hands back down at his sides.

"I heard you tell it to Spock once." Kirk smiled reminiscently. "He said it was an interesting illustration of our tendency to retain primitive taboos long after they had lost their social utility."

McCoy relaxed, seeing the story had accomplished its purpose anyway. "You must've memorized that."

"I did. It's one of his better ones."

"How about the one about the zookeeper and the Rigellian centaur?"

"Heard it."

"The one about the planet-to-planet Fuller Dome salesman?" Kirk looked startled, and McCoy launched into the story. Kirk knew he was being tricked out of depression, and McCoy knew that he knew it. And they both knew it was going to work -- for the time being.

The journey to Sarat was uneventful. Sulu lost a game of chess to Chekov. Chekov lost a game to Sulu. Spock spent most of his time studying exotic yeast cultures under the tutelage of T'Kalenayas. The Sarat station did not answer their calls.

But when they entered standard orbit around the planet, Lt. Kyle called Kirk from the transporter room. "Someone beaming up from the station, sir," he reported.

"On my way," Kirk said. He looked behind and frowned irritably, because Spock was not on the bridge at the moment. His automatic reactions to Kyle's message had him out of his chair and heading for the door before his annoyance could be seen. "Mr. Scott, take over," he said, reaching the elevator on the last word.

"Aye, sir," said Scott to the elevator door.

In the transporter room Kirk found a short man a few years older than himself. He was still standing on the platform, rubbing one hand against the other. He looked up eagerly as Kirk entered and smiled, seeing the uniform. "Captain Kirk?"

"Yes," said Kirk, and waited.

"Commmander Swifka," Swifka said, stepping off the platform to shake hands.

"You owe me some explanations, Commander," said Kirk.

"That's right," said Swifka, looking off through the wall into nowhere. He looked back at Kirk. "That's right. You have standard viewers? I have some films."

Kirk hesitated. "Very well, sir. We'll play it your way." He stepped to the intercom to tell Spock, T'Kalenayas, and McCoy to meet them. Swifka watched him and was already moving for the door when he finished and started out.

They reached the briefing room a little ahead of the others. Swifka sat quietly rubbing his hands until they were all there. He rose to address them, thought better of it, and sat down. "We've had an unusual situation on Sarat," he said conversationally.

"So we had assumed," said T'Kalenayas. Even seated, she was taller than Swifka. He had to look up to meet her eyes.

His tone became more formal, as if he had memorized the words. "It is within my authority as base commander to order all personnel to relinquish other tasks in order to make full studies of a given situation. I have done so. I assume that you -- and Star Fleet -- have tried to reach me. Our communications officers were occupied with field studies. Both of them are, of course, trained anthropologists -- took up communications as a secondary field for this assignment. Like all personnel in small observational stations...." He trailed off, realizing that his listeners were familiar with such stations.

"I find it hard to believe that the 'situation' required such drastic measures," suggested Kirk.

Swifka smiled and leaned back, relaxing into his chair. "I don't doubt it. Mr. Pei finds it difficult, too. But that's what's on the record. Now this film...ah...." The commander was apparently not manually dexterous. The switch eluded him.



Spock quietly took the film from him and inserted it into the viewer. A map appeared on each of its screens.

"Our main observation station and two of the secondary posts are on the large continent in the southern hemisphere," Swifka lectured. "The two most advanced cultures, the Nakoi and the Sikwara, are located along the two main rivers."

The map split into two closeup charts, one of each river system. A red dot on each marked the location of a sub-station. "The last two summers have been cold and wet, and, therefore, the harvests have been poor. This year...."

Spock inserted the second film and gave the first back to Swifka. A grain field appeared on the screen, waves of light green mottled with red. The camera moved in for a closeup of a few individual ears. The dark red spotting showed up clearly as a thick mold.

"Miss T'Kalenayas?" Swifka's tone of voice was a challenge, as he stopped the viewer to give her a still view.

"Obviously, a parasitic growth," she said. "How much of the crop is affected?"

"Ten percent of the Sikwara crop. Five percent of the Nakoi. Approximately. We're not equipped for large-scale studies, you understand."

She nodded. "And how rapid is the spread?"

"We estimate it'll double in the next 20 days. That crop -- it's similar to rye -- is the main food staple for both cultures. In some districts the famine's already begun. This film was taken from sub-station two, in Sikwai." He let the viewer go on again. For a few seconds it cut around giving views of fields of grain. Then it cut to a steep hillside, viewed from the top, looking down towards a village of wooden huts and out into the valley beyond. A few men were visible in the distance, working in the field. The village itself hid any people who might be in it. Then a woman appeared at the back of the village and began to climb the hill. She held a nondescript bundle which impeded her progress. At last she reached the first outcropping of bedrock, still several yards below the hidden tricorder, and stopped. She sat, rested a while, then opened her bundle of rags. A baby, apparently a few days old, was inside. She rested a while longer, her head on her knees, then set the bundle down, rose, and walked back to the village. She did not look behind her."

Swifka took the film out without help and looked around, trying not to appear triumphant while he waited for a reaction.

He waited too long.

Kirk and McCoy were silent, too deeply disturbed by what he had shown them to speak immediately.

So it was T'Kalenayas who broke the silence. "They practice infanticide, Commander?" she asked.

Swifka was not prepared for such bald phrasing. "In...in bad years," he said, stammering.

Spock's tone of dispassionate curiosity matched T'Kalenayas' as he said, "How does this affect the station, Commander?"

Swifka hesitated.

Kirk had by now overcome his first reaction. "I'd like to know the answer to that, too."

"You're asking about 36 people, Captain," said Swifka. "Thousands of the natives will die."

"Yes, you just showed us," said Kirk. "But how does it affect the station? The prime directive --"

"Not to interfere," Swifka quoted sharply. "But this isn't interfering with the culture. It's saving lives -- saving the culture, for that matter."

Kirk winced, hearing for the first time in words a thought that had sometimes motivated his actions and, he suspected, the Federation Council's actions, too. If he had put the thought into words before? He shoved the problem aside. "Commander, is there any danger to the station? Why is Miss T'Kalenayas here?"

"To study that red stuff," Swifka said steadily. "That's legal, you know. And if she finds a way to destroy it fast enough to prevent the famine...I'll implement it."

"Impossible, Commander," T'Kalenayas said.

"Why? What's wrong with it?" he demanded, like a child.

"Sarat is a class five planet, closed to aliens, except for the observation station."

"The planet's closed to protect the natives from explorers and traders -- idiots and crooks," Swifka said angrily.

"Thank you," said Kirk.

trying to help and looking around  
while he waited for a reaction



"Oh, not the Enterprise -- "

"Yes, the Enterprise," said Kirk. "Sarat is closed to us."

"All right," said Swifka. "But then we're not protecting them, we're killing them."

"The planet could be considered for reclassification," Spock said, "to permit limited contact. But I doubt that even this situation -- "

"Do you know how long that would take?" said Swifka, sarcastically.

"Eighty to 100 days if given emergency priority," said Spock promptly.

"If this thing's going to be stopped in time to do them any good, we've got less than a month."

McCoy spoke at last -- very slowly, for he was not sure of himself. "So we just let them die? Sorry, but you're better off dead than different?"

"They will be different -- and not dead -- in any case," T'Kalenayas replied. "It is most probable that a remnant of the cultures will survive and -- "

"Probable!" said Swifka.

"Yes," said Spock. "The odds -- "

Kirk stopped him with a gesture.

T'Kalenayas politely ignored the interruptions. "The survivors will begin again. Consider what is involved, Doctor," she said to McCoy. "Suppose it is necessary to burn off the infected crops. I doubt that farmers of the indicated cultural levels could be convinced that such a step was beneficial. What if they try to stop us? Do we prevent them with open force? Or use native agents? How does that affect their present social, political, even religious structures? We are agreed that our interference would have its effects?"

She looked around. The humans listening would have liked to disagree, but they had to control the emotion.

"We change their society and history -- and our own. Contact between cultures affects both cultures, and we would be setting a precedent." She looked at Swifka and spoke gently. "You wish to be a hero and save men from the monsters of chaos. I do not think I am T'Avyas." She stopped, expecting a reaction, but she had forgotten the nature of her audience.

Spock had to footnote. "An ancient goddess of war. In recent centuries, she has become a literary device."

T'Kalenayas rose, looked around at them, said, "Gentlemen," in an an excuse-me tone of voice, and left.

Spock moved to stand up.

"Stay here, Mr. Spock," said Kirk.

Spock raised an eyebrow and waited politely.

McCoy burst in ahead of Kirk. "Can't you talk to her, Spock?"

"No, Doctor."

"Why not?" said Swifka.

"I agree with T'Kalenayas."

Swifka looked incredulous. Kirk and McCoy found Spock's attitude quite credible, but they weren't happy about it.

Spock looked at his friends for a moment, then carefully directed his words to Swifka. "Your people have been fortunate. You are young, aggressive -- you have largely taken the initiative in exploration. You do not fully comprehend the cultural trauma of...being discovered."

"Oh," snapped McCoy, knowing perfectly well where Spock's lecture was really aimed. "So all this is because Vulcans don't like us."

"Negative, Doctor. Vulcans do not allow dislike -- or liking -- to interfere with -- "

"-- with reason," McCoy chimed. "You should like a parrot with three words: reason, logic...." He couldn't think of a way to finish.

"And the third one?" asked Kirk, momentarily distracted.

"Possibly a connective," said Spock.

"Mr. Spock," Kirk said, "do you mind keeping your jokes for the next crew amateur night?"

Spock was silent.

"No emotions," thought McCoy to himself. "Su-u-ure there aren't." He glanced at Swifka and said, "Commander, when was your last check-up?"

"Just recently," Swifka said, looking bewildered. "We have a doctor, you know."

"I've met station doctors," McCoy said blandly. "Most of them wouldn't notice if you had the usual number of heads. But I have to run now anyway -- the day's consignment of hypo-chondriacs is due in." McCoy started out and politely turned to allow Swifka to go ahead of him. After a moment's hesitation, Swifka did. McCoy looked back from the door. "Have fun," he said, and got out fast.

Kirk was silent, searching for the words to persuade Spock.

The science officer spoke first. "Jim, if you help Commander Swifka, you may be court-martialed."

Kirk shrugged. "That's my concern, Spock. Not yours."

"Negative, Captain. If I fail to relieve you of command, I may be court-martialed as well."

Kirk stiffened. "Are you going to try?"

"Negative," said Spock. "The situation is, I admit, ambiguous. If I ordered the crew to disobey you, I would be disobeyed by them -- and there would probably be several courts martial."

Kirk nodded. "Logical."

"Thank you, Captain."

"However," Kirk went on, "I am beaming down to Sarat with Commander Swifka. and I'm going to ask Miss T'Kalenayas to join us. At the least, she can convince him that she means 'No' when she still says it on his home ground."

"Possible," said Spock. He paused, considering the idea. He did not quite approve of it, but he could not find any obvious flaws.

"Mr. Spock, you'll stay on the ship."

Spock looked surprised. "That seems hardly necessary," sir. Mr. Scott -- "

"Will you follow an order for once -- without commenting on it?"

Spock silently moved to the door to go back to the bridge. He paused in the opening and said, quite seriously, "It's irrational to be angry, Jim, simply because I prefer Vulcans."



Surprise delayed Kirk. The door shut, and it was too late for him to be exasperated with any dignity. He held himself rigid for a moment, then opened the intercom and began issuing his orders.

The Sarat station combined transporter and conference room. A blonde woman, almost as tall as T'Kalenayas, stepped out from behind the transporter, glanced at Swifka, then at the conference table -- littered with book tapes and assorted artifacts -- then back to Swifka.

"Yes, stay," he told her.

She joined the two already seated.

Swifka stood rubbing one hand against the other. "Well," he said, "Let me see. That's Miss Hjelvik, communications, and next to her Mr. Pei, also communications -- also my chief assistant -- and Dr. Varian." He looked sideways at McCoy.

Dr. Varian was dark-haired, pleasant-looking, and female. "I just decided I've been unfair to station doctors," McCoy said softly.

Dr. Varian smiled at him, guessing the probable context of the remark.

Kirk impatiently ignored the by-play and picked up the flow of formalities. "I'm Captain James T. Kirk of the starship Enterprise. Ship's surgeon Leonard McCoy. Miss T'Kalenayas, the geno-ecologist you requested."

Pei hissed in his breath. He looked rather more angry than surprised. He stood up. "Hal, what is this?"

Swifka sat down and began toying with a black clay pot on the table. "Sit down," he told Pei. "I don't like looking up."

Pei waited for the visitors to seat themselves and then dropped into his chair, without saying a word.

"I knew you wouldn't like it," Swifka said to Pei. "So... I didn't tell you."

Pei waited.

"I'm trying to save the people we're studying, Mr. Pei. You can't study the culture patterns of corpses."

"I prefer Vulcans."

Pei chose to take him literally. "I can," he said.  
"I've also trained in archaeology, remember?"

The remarks were logical in themselves, but illogically -- and passionately -- irrelevant. T'Kalenayas found it boorish. "Commander Swifka has asked me to study the crop parasite," she said, to bring them back to the point.

"What do you think you are? The king of Sarat?" Pei demanded of Swifka.

T'Kalenayas looked down, embarrassed.

Pei charged on, "Who'd you tell about this, Hal? Anyone?"

"No one."

Pei came to a stop. He looked at Swifka closely, shook his head, then looked at Miss Hjelvik.

"Hal told me," she said.

Swifka cut in impatiently. "If you want legalities, I've got them. Officially, I've asked Miss T'Kalenayas here to study an unusual parasite. If she finds a method to kill it, and I apply that method -- there'll be plenty of time to courtmartial me then. And the rest of you will be safe. Legally," he finished bitterly.

"I think you're wrong about that, Commander," Kirk said, leaning back in his chair. But that's not the point. We're not afraid."

"You should be," said T'Kalenayas.

Kirk was at a loss for words, with his rhetoric broken into so abruptly.

She went on, "I know you are not reluctant to sacrifice yourself -- "

"What!" Kirk exclaimed.

She took it as a question. "Mr. Spock has explained your behavior patterns to me." Kirk said nothing, but she sensed his emotion, although she did not understand it. The pain of his anger made it difficult for her to speak clearly. However, she courteously ignored the problem and went on, enunciating carefully. "You would be sacrificing a social principle as well as yourself." She stopped and looked at Swifka. Their words had

made no impression. His face was still quiet and resolute. "I am weary," she said. "I would like to go where I may be alone for a few minutes, and then I shall return to the Enterprise." She rose.

Swifka said gently, "Sit down, please. You can rest here. We'll go. The conference is ended." He put down the clay pot he had been figeting with and went to the door.

Miss Hjelvik caught up with him before he got out. "Hal, I'm on duty. I'm...catching up on my reports. I'd appreciate it if you could give me a hand."

"Show of confidence?" he said. "Thanks, anyway."

Kirk followed them out, without looking back.

Dr. Varian followed close behind, but McCoy turned, looking regretful as he dropped back from his colleague. "You know, there's a possible compromise," he said.

"Indeed?" said T'Kalenayas, picking up the clay pot Swifka had left. It was highly polished, but not glazed, and the slight roughness of the texture was pleasant to the touch.

"You could look for a long term way to help the planet's ecology get back on keel - something that would help the people a little, without changing the culture."

"Possibly," she said. "I do not have the necessary anthropological training to do it alone. Still, it is possible -- but not under Commander Swifka. He is too...emotionally involved...to accept a slow answer."

McCoy smiled. "And besides, you don't like him."

"That is an emotion, and -- "

"You are not influenced by your emotions. Yes, I know. But you do dislike him, don't you?"

"That is irrelevant, Doctor."

McCoy sighed. "I'll never understand Vulcans."

"I shall never understand Earthmen."

McCoy was startled. He had thought his behavior was transparently simple. "I'm a doctor -- I think people are important," he explained.

bad show time



"So do I."

"I know -- I think," he said. He leaned forward, not quite sure if he was nodding goodbye or bowing, and said, "I'm going to join the others."

T'Kalenayas nodded, but made no comment. McCoy left quickly.

Dr. Varian, he found, had poured a small drink for Kirk. She offered the same to McCoy. "You're an angel, Doctor," he said. "Well," he added after trying the drink and discovering that it was non-alcoholic, "maybe not quite an angel -- " Then the calming properties of the caffeine base crept up on him. " -- but little lower than."

"Native drink?" asked Kirk.

She nodded.

T'Kalenayas, meanwhile, left alone, put her elbows on the table, set her fingertips together, and withdrew into herself.

Soft footsteps brought her back. Ordinary noises would have passed unheard, but these steps were wrong. She looked up.

Swifka thumped out of tiptoe to a firm footing. He held a hand-phaser, pointed at T'Kalenayas.

"Yes, Commander?" she said.

"I feel like something out of a melodrama," he complained. "I'm sorry. You're coming with me. Get into the transporter." He hesitated and added. "If I have to knock you out and carry you, I will."

T'Kalenayas nodded thoughtfully. "Very well," she said, and went to the transporter. She stood waiting while Swifka, fumbling the controls in his impatience, set his co-ordinates and put them on delayed-action. He hustled onto the platform beside her. She started to speak, but the room sparkled out into darkness. Swifka knew even before his sight cleared in the sub-station that the word she would complete was "Illogical."

"Yeah, I know," he said, before she could get it out. "Come on."

The sub-station was built into the hill itself. When they came out and closed the door there was little sign of any building. T'Kalenayas quickly turned in a full circle, memorizing landmarks.

She could not tell directions, for the sun was hidden behind thick clouds. A light rain was falling, and she shivered, for the air was chilly to a Vulcan, at first. Below them she recognized the village they had seen in the film and started toward it.

"No, this way," said Swifka, angling off to the right, towards some of the blighted fields and a row of narrow, rectangular structures.

In the main station Miss Hjelvik finished her tape-work and returned to the transporter. A little surprised at finding it empty, she called Pei to ask if T'Kalenayas was with him.

Each of the narrow buildings was about seven feet tall, raised off the ground on short stilts, and protected above by a slanting straw roof. At Swifka's nod, T'Kalenayas opened the shutter on the first one they came to and reached in. She found herself grasping a handful of fine dust, with a few bits of straw mixed in.

In the main station, Kirk felt worried enough at Pei's report to check further. "Kirk to Enterprise," he told his communicator.

"Spock here," came the answer.

"Has Miss T'Kalenayas returned to the ship?"

"Negative, Captain."

Kirk frowned. "She doesn't seem to be around the station. Neither is Commander Swifka."

T'Kalenayas waited quietly for Swifka's explanation.

"They store the village grain in these buildings," Swifka said. "They line them up east to west and use the grain in the 'Morning House' first, then work their way west. This is the 'Evening House'."

T'Kalenayas automatically used the information to orient herself before commenting, "And the 'Evening House' is empty."

Swifka nodded. "Now I want you to see the village."

On the Enterprise Spock got out of the command chair and went to his own station. Sulu and Chekov turned from their chess to watch.



"Computer...working," said the computer's jerking, high-pitched voice.

"Co-ordinates of the Sarat sub-stations. Correlate with data on the areas of famine districts," said Spock.

Sulu and Chekov exchanged looks of silent commentary with Uhura. Scotty was not on the bridge at the moment, so, when the computer gave Spock a single set of co-ordinates, Sulu shrugged and started towards the command chair.

Spock acknowledged his action with a nod and continued on out.

Swifka led T'Kalenayas to one of the nearest huts. An old man squatted at the entrance. "Su ba hy?" said Swifka.

T'Kalenayas looked at him in surprise. As a good anthropologist, Swifka naturally had to be at home in as many native tongues as possible and not rely on communicators. But she would have needed a communicator to understand, and it seemed to her irrational of him to expect that she would believe his translations.

At the main station, Pei told Kirk uncertainly, "Hal's not crazy enough to kidnap her."

"If it's not likely Miss T'Kalenayas and the Commander would have disappeared separately, they're together. If it's not likely she'd go with him willingly, she went unwillingly." Kirk couldn't help smiling. "I think Spock would approve of my logic,"

"He would," said McCoy wryly. He stopped and considered. "Why not ask Spock if he's got any bright ideas on where?"

Kirk nodded. Whoever had used the station transporter last -- Swifka, they assumed -- had set the controls to return to neutral after use, wiping out the record of the destination.

"Sulu here," came the answer to Kirk's call.

"Where's Mr. Spock?"

"He left the ship a minute ago, Captain. I thought he was going to join you at the station."

Chekov, muttering, "Trouble. I knew it would be trouble," rose and walked over to Spock's station to be ready to check any information with the computer Kirk might demand.

"Check co-ordinates and send them to us. And beam down a security squad to the same co-ordinates. Kirk out."

"Kwara koto arai aka," the old man told Swifka.

Swifka turned to T'Kalenayas. "I asked how he was. He said it's bad for a man to live longer than his grandsons."

T'Kalenayas moved away into the field of grain beside them. "Do they practice crop rotation?" she asked suddenly.

"No. They let old fields lie fallow," said Swifka. "Why?"

"I wondered if there might be a secondary crop -- legumes, perhaps -- unaffected by the blight."

Swifka managed to match her scholarly tone. "So the problem interests you?"

"Yes."

"Will you help?"

"No." As she turned away, she caught a glimpse of the hill. She stopped and stared at it, looking totally bewildered.

Swifka, seeing her reaction, whirled to behold Spock on the hill. Spock was not running, but his long legs on a downhill stretch turned a walk into a charge.

T'Kalenayas also saw Kirk's party emerging from the sub-station at the top of the hill, but Swifka's eyes were fixed on Spock. She noted with surprise that the Earthman's emotions were still. He was quite calm as he waited for Spock to get within a range where he was sure of his aim and then fired. The sharp whistle of the phaser beam took both Vulcans by surprise. Even as Spock fell, he and T'Kalenayas shared a look of puzzlement.

Swifka's shot took only a little time, but it was more than he could spare. Kirk's party, with heavier phasers and more skill in using them, was within range. Both security guards fired. Swifka collapsed, hit by two stunning charges.

McCoy hurried to Spock's side. The Vulcan was conscious, but badly burned. He said nothing as McCoy applied emergency treatment. McCoy did not even notice when a body blocked some of the drizzle falling on him and his patient, until T'Kalenayas spoke. "Why did he come?"

The question did not register with McCoy until after he had snapped, "To rescue you." Then he repeated, "Why?"



"I could be in no danger unless the Commander was given cause to panic. He needed me alive."

Spock closed his eyes. "It was illogical," he murmured. His tense muscles relaxed. He was out.

McCoy glared, but could not waste time to scold. "Get him to the ship," he said, tossing her Spock's communicator. He hurried on to check Swifka. Kirk and the security team were already there, waiting for him. Behind him, McCoy was vaguely aware of Pei's voice as Pei moved among the villagers, improvising a calming explanation of the disturbance. McCoy had a scanner out as he knelt by Swifka. "Unconscious, but he's fine otherwise," he told Kirk.

"And Spock?"

"Some burns. They'll need attention, but it'll be all right."

Kirk flipped open his communicator. "Kirk to Enterprise. Ready to beam up."

Dr. M'Benga was already with Spock in sickbay when McCoy arrived. Spock's burns kept them occupied for the next half-hour. M'Benga went on to another case. McCoy went to sit down in his office, suddenly worn out. Kirk was waiting for him there alone, and it took McCoy a moment to realize who was missing. "Where's Miss What's-her-name?" he demanded.

"Back on Sarat," said Kirk.

McCoy raised one eyebrow, looking as much like Spock for the moment as a round-faced man could.

"She's going to study the blight -- with a view towards possible restoration of Sarat's ecological balance during the next several years. In conjunction with acting-Commander Pei. Emphasis on 'possible.' And on 'years.' We're taking Swifka to Star Base. Star Fleet orders."

"Oh," said McCoy. He sat down.

"Well?" said Kirk.

"Well; Spock's not awake yet, but there's nothing to worry about."

Kirk nodded and stood up. "Bones, I'd prescribe a drink," he said, and left for the bridge.

McCoy sat still, wondering if he felt like taking the advice. A voice in the next room said uncertainly, "I am awake."

McCoy shoved weariness aside as he rose and went to Spock, saying cheerfully, "Well, so you've decided to rejoin us?" He realized at once that it was the wrong cliché and began mentally kicking himself.

"Yes," said Spock. He turned his head to the wall.

McCoy moved closer and peered up at the readings on the indicators. "It's good to have you back."

Spock did not answer, but it was the right cliché, and they both knew it.

On the bridge, Sulu and Chekov first ignored and then forgot their unfinished game as they guided the Enterprise out of orbit and away from Sarat.

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Old Time Review Dept.

Variety, reviews of San Francisco Film Festival, November 2, 1966, p. 19.

"Incubus" is the first feature film with the dialogue entirely in Esperanto, the invented language. It is a pre-tentious piece of hocus-pocus of evil demons vs. good in the mythical land of Nomen Tuum.

Esperanto is an artificial tongue that cultists have been trying unsuccessfully to promote as an international language since 1887. The strange tongue is used in the film with the intention of giving it a supernatural feel. It only succeeds in making the film unsuitable for a quick-buck via the horror pix double bills. The use of sub-titles underscores the absolute banality of the dialogue which sent the festival audience -- those remaining from the general exodus -- into laughter. Perhaps Esperanto loses something in translation.

It sounds like Latin recited in a Brooklyn classroom, which also pretty well describes the performances director-writer Leslie Stevens gets from the cast, which learned their roles by phonetics.



Actually, the film is handsome visually. The fairy tale was shot entirely on location in Big Sur, and Conrad Hall's photography is brooding and impressive.

William Shatner looks competent in his role as the good man who is so hard to find, and once having found him the black spirits try to destroy. An incubus, incidentally, is a satyric demon who seduces women and claims their soul for the devil. The female counterpart, the succubi, is Allyson Ames, a fetching blonde with a believably wicked look in her eye.

She goes about in a black chin-to-ankle smock inviting men to come down to the beach and romp in the nude with her. It is symbolic of the film's completely unrealized possibilities that she never displays more than a knee.

Ann Atman, as Shatner's angelic sister, is also extremely attractive, but like the others she is destroyed by the dialogue.

Milos Milos is the incubus brought forth from the earth to rape Miss Altman in revenge for the succubi falling in love with Shatner. He plays the unbelievable the same way, unbelievably. The way Stevens stages the subsequent black masses and atrocities, they are actually laughable.

Perhaps, if producer Anthony M. Taylor re-edited, had the dialogue totally rewritten, and re-dubbed the pic in English, it might be salvaged. Otherwise, the land of Nomen Tuum is a total disaster area.

Apparently director-writer Stevens was trying to be like Ingmar Bergman but simply went too far out of his "Outer Limits."

Rick.

