

DUNE SEA EXPRESS

Spring 92

#14



Nice to see
you in action
one more
time, Captain
Kirk. Take care..

-- Sulu --
The Undiscovered
Country. S

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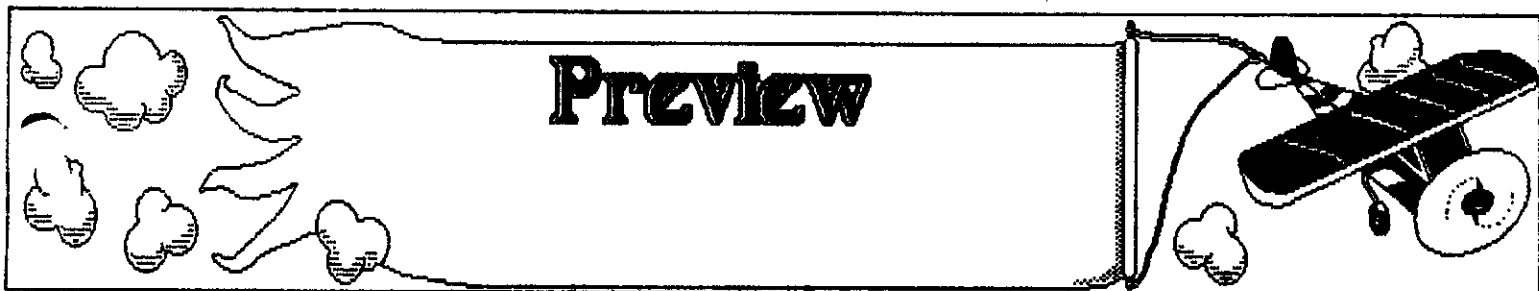
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Interstellar Molecules

Welcome to the first issue of the new format. I think it's turned out pretty well all things considered.

First to all the people who signed up for free issues at the opening of Star Trek VI in Austin. Thanks to UPS, your copies of the January issue never arrived in Austin. And as they were the last 15 copies I had of that issue, I elected to send the Spring issue instead. Again my apologies.

Secondly, we have a new Logo for the DSE. Actually we have two of them. I can't decide which I like better. So I will let you decide. Send me a postcard (See page 1 for address). Tell me which you like. I like them both. I promise a cheap prize too all who vote. You will find the two choices on pages 14 and 16.

The Enterprise Tardis Connection is putting on our first annual trivia contest to benefit the Lighthouse for the Blind. So that is what all my writers were preparing for instead of this issue. So we're trying out some new young blood. The younger members of the group came up with 2 articles for us. Doug Wilson, age 15, wrote a review of the new Star Trek nintendo game. And at the last minute (bless younger sisters) Traci, age 14, came up with a short story she reworked from a school assignment. We both know it could stand a little more work. But on the whole it's a nice little story. And beggars can't be choosers. I really wanted some fiction in this issue.

Speaking of Fiction, since the DSE is now larger, we can accept longer works of fiction. And there are openings in the schedule as of the fall issue (Sept.). Also we are preparing to begin publishing some longer (Novel-length) works separately. Look for ads in upcoming issues. Among these will be "Doctor Who and the Lady of the Lake" (I know some of you have asked, Please stand by. Be patient, We're working on art.) So by summer or fall we will be accepting things longer than a standard short story.

I am also planning to send copies of this issue out to some of the other Star Trek and Doctor Who groups in Texas and the vicinity. Maybe we can involve some other groups besides ETC and STAR (See page 1 for abbreviations). I hope we can drum up some further support. Even if it's just in subscriptions. The more people involved the longer the DSE will survive.

On the gossip front, Officially Paramount has announced that they will make a third Star Trek series called "Deep Space Nine", to begin airing next January. Unofficially, we've heard that it will be set on an alien spacestation monitoring a stationary wormhole that can be used for traveling across the galaxy. More on that later.

The final chapter in the Doctor Who TimeWorm series is out. I highly recommend this series to all Who fans. The second series of original novels will be out soon. I have the first 2 on order at my local independent bookstore. The chain bookstores have been getting these books in but it is taking them much longer, and at least locally they have not been getting the entire series. The second series is called Cat's Cradle and the first book of I believe 3 is called Warhead. See you in June

Pamela

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The Expedition

By Traci Girard

The console was a mess. The access covers had all been removed, wires and cables were hanging everywhere. From beneath the jungle of wire tentacles the Doctor's feet and lower legs protruded. Occasionally he would stick out an arm and ask for a tool. Adric circled the console trying to be a help. Adric wasn't having a good day. He was beginning to think he should have gone with Tegan and Nyssa on their picnic. But no, he'd stayed to help the Doctor correct a fault in the console. Even with his badge for mathematical excellence the Doctor wasn't letting him be anything more than a glorified tool-getter.

"Adric! The fuse nullifier, please pay attention. I'd like to finish this before the girls get back. If Tegan sees the console like this, she'll have a fit." Adric reluctantly handed the requested tool to the disembodied hand reaching out of the cable curtain. Adric leaned against the console and decided to have another look outside. As he reached across the panel toward the knob that would open the door, his hand inadvertently activated another switch. There was a soft explosion and a huge ball of smoke rose out from under the console. The Doctor came up with it, choking. "What are you doing! I told you not to touch anything. This is delicate equipment, you know!"

"I didn't mean to. It was an accident I just wanted to open the door."

"Well, we can't open the door now." the Doctor said as he pushed his head back inside the console. "You've fused the circuits. That's the last thing I need to hear, Tegan beating down the door from the outside. She's upset enough about my tearing the console apart as it is."

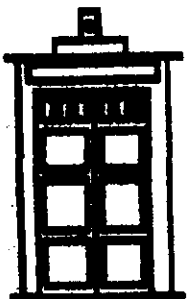
"Tegan this, Tegan that. He's always more worried about Tegan," Adric thought. Well, Adric had had enough. If he couldn't go outside, then he'd go inside. Adric strode purposefully through the inner door and into the TARDIS corridor.

"Adric are you there? I need the particle wave meter."

No answer.

"Oh, never mind, I'll get it myself." A hand reached out and searched the floor with no success. The Doctor stuck his head out a moment to locate the object. He saw the inner door still swinging slightly. Realizing he'd possibly been a little abrupt with Adric, he made a resolution to be more patient. "Hope he doesn't get himself lost."

In the corridor Adric was at a crossroads. Which way should he go? Adric opted instead for the door on the left. Inside was an immense library. The place was warm and den-like, unusual for a room of this size. Adric wandered around for a bit, nothing in particular striking his fancy. In the center of the room was a reading area. He sat on a large stuffed sofa and noticed there was a book on the table in front of him, he picked it up. It was an old Earth book. There was a marker noting the point the last reader had stopped. Adric slumped against the afghan on the back of the sofa, opened the book and began to read.



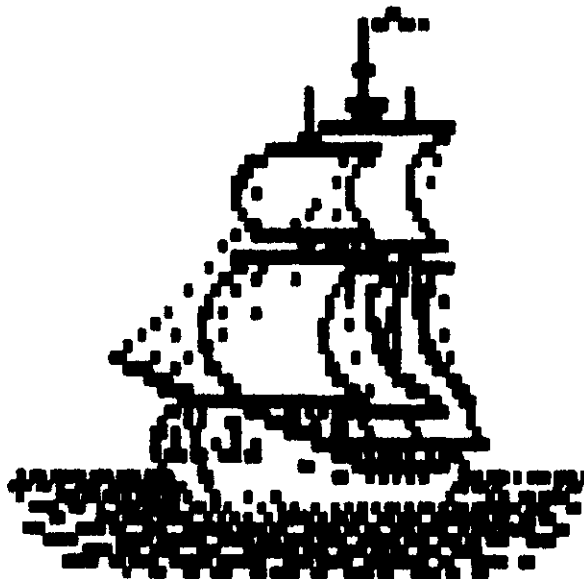
The early morning fog was heavy on the docks. The ship's crew were as ready as one could be for an expedition like this one. All that need be done was say good-bye to family, for the few who had family. This was a suicide expedition. Most men on board were widowed or lone bachelors. Many had broken hearts.

The Captain watched as the few farewells were said. Among them was a young couple. "Very hopeful," he thought. It was very unlikely anyone would return from the expedition alive. He assumed they were probably poor. This was the only way to ensure one's financial security; by possibly forfeiting the other's life.

It had been six months since the first expedition to the Antarctic Circle had been heard from. This expedition was assembled to find the first. The crew included those on the verge of debtor's prison, lonely adventurers, the unemployed bargemen, and possibly some former convicts thrown in. Undoubtedly the government wanted to reduce the prison population. What could be a better way than to send them on a doomed mission?

The Captain, Joseph Saldry, was a widower of 43. He took the position as the only way to take his mind off the grief the death of his wife caused him. He checked the riggings and sails over painstakingly before they left. With a rag-tag crew he was not certain what to expect and he wanted to at least make certain the ship made it out of port without problems.

The *Intrepid* was among the oldest in Her Majesty's Service. She had been repaired somewhat, but not like she should have been for an expedition of this danger. They did not expect her to come out. For being an old ship, her age did not distort her glory on the sea. With her sails unfurled she caught the eye of the passersby along the shore as she sailed out of the harbor.



Thursday, 15th July 1883

I usually don't keep a journal. Why I have decided to now I don't know? We left port today and started for the South Pole. The specifics of reason for the first expedition were never made clear to me. However, I do know that crew was composed like mine. Part poor, part former bargeman, some broken hearted lovers, and some widowers like me. What is it about the Antarctic Circle?

The crew fell asleep to the rhythm of the sea. As the ship rocked them like babies, far off whales sang lullabies to soothe them.

As most crews do, the *Intrepid's* learned to get along fairly well at first. However, there is always a point in a journey when the travelers become tired and cross toward each other. This point only came in only a few weeks. The tension grew as they came farther into the Arctic Circle.

Friday, 19th September 1883

The crew is becoming irritable. And so early in the journey. I am disliked among the crew. They want me to take the ship back to port, but we would just be sent out again. We have not been gone long enough to say we found the other expedition. There is no use going back. Oh, Carmen, why did I take this captainship?

October started like a lion. The weather was unmerciful. Numerous storms caused the once majestic ship to become a battered hull with sails like the rags of street children.

"Captain, there is a storm off the starboard bow coming toward us." a messenger told the Captain. The almost daily routine was not welcomed by the Captain as he went to the deck. As he looked out he saw the storm was dreadfully close.

"Why was I not informed when the storm first appeared?" he asked.

"You were informed as soon as it was seen over the horizon, Sir. The storm has moved that much," replied the messenger.

"Secure the deck!" shouted the Captain. His orders were followed without quarrel. When they had to work together they did their best.

Tuesday, 9th October 1883

I write this in the little time I have to spare before the storm arrives. It is the deepest, darkest storm we have encountered. I feel this dread, like the dread before a battle. A dispatch from an American General, George Washington, to their congress comes to mind: "...As I write these words, the enemy is plainly in sight beyond the river. How it will end only Providence can direct--but dear God! what brave men I shall lose before this business ends."

Even if we do make it out our supplies won't last for but a few weeks, because over half of them spoiled because their seals were not secure.

With the storm came torrential rain, lethal lightning, and high winds. At first there was only hard rain. The deck was flooded immediately.

"Get the buckets!" ordered the Captain. The buckets dipped the water out but the rain flowed quicker.

Then the wind came.

The already battered sails had no strength left in them. The wind cut through them as if they were paper. The pounding waves beat the hull like a drum. The Intrepid moaned and creaked under the pressure until it was too much. The hull cracked and splintered into a million pieces. Men and sea became churned together.



"I'm coming, Carmen. I'm coming," the Captain said repeatedly until his head was engulfed in water.

The next day was clear and beautiful. Wreckage of one--possibly two--ships could be seen in a long stretch. Whale song could be heard in the distance. The sea feigns. The raging bull is concealed by the gentle sound of whale song lullabies.

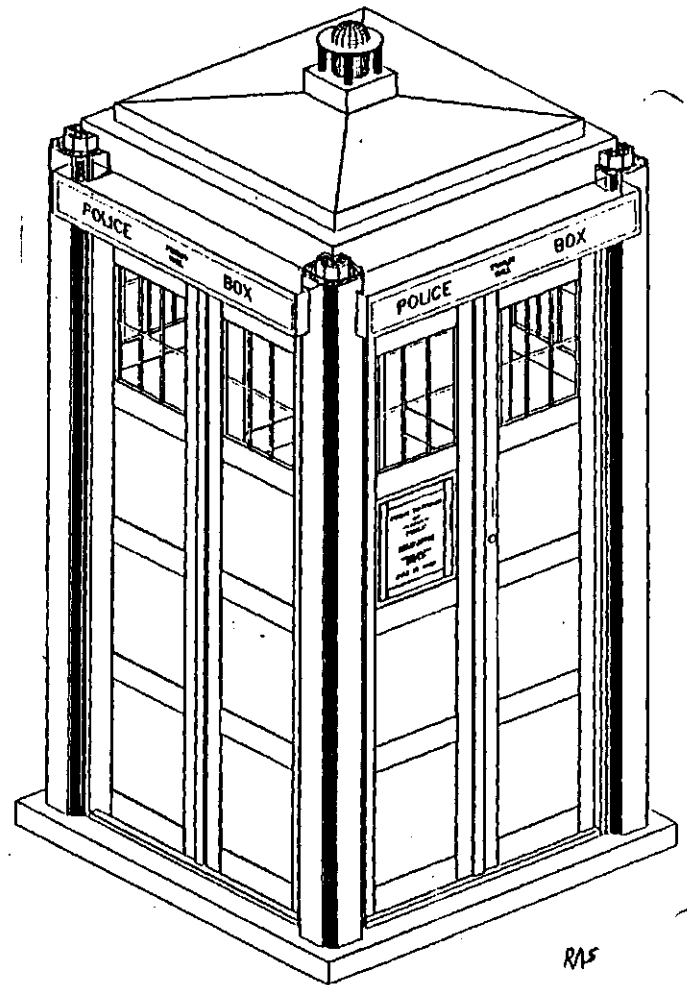
Adric's breathing was deep and regular. His eyes were closed when the Doctor found him. "Asleep," he thought, "libraries are for the stimulation of the mind. If that's true why are they so conducive to sleeping." The Doctor pulled the afghan from the back of the sofa and covered Adric with it. He knelt down and picked the book up from the floor where it had fallen. As he rose he thought he heard a sound from nowhere in the room. It sounded faintly like whalesong. But that was impossible, wasn't it?

TARDIS Blueprints for sale.

Exterior detail.

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Nintendo/Star Trek Game Update

By Doug Wilson

Attention ^{Nintendo} ~~Ninefold~~ Fans and Trekkers!

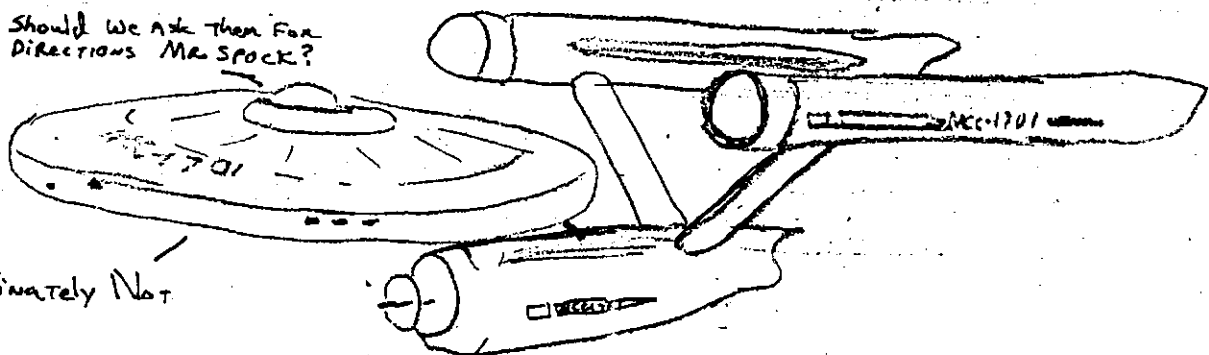
Ultra games Inc. has come out with a Star Trek game for your Nintendo Entertainment system. It is based on the original series and has some pretty good graphics. Ranging from 1 to 5, the graphics and sound are 3.5. Play control - 3.2. Challenge and interest - 4.4. Theme and fun - 4.1. the story goes along the basis of the crew getting caught in a huge dimensional gate and being warped to an unexplored region of the galaxy. As a result the dilithium crystals are drained and the crew must travel from planet to planet to find more dilithium crystals. Some of the planets you might recognize from the original series shows. The game goes from action scenes on the different planets to commanding scenes inside the Enterprise. You can get advice from all the crew members whenever you want, but for action scenes of the planets you must choose an away team of three. There are twenty-six planets but you do not have to visit them all. the whole object of the game is to find more dilithium crystal to power the ship to get back to your own part of the galaxy.

It should already be released. Rumor has it that a gameboy Star Trek adventure is also to be released. A Super ~~Ninefold~~ Star Trek game should be on the way also.

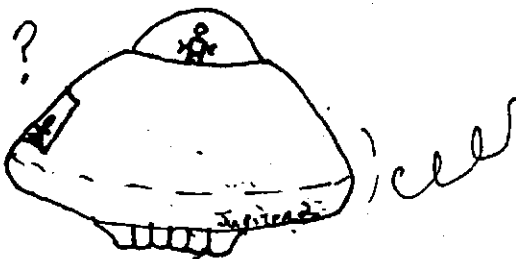
Nintendo

Stardate: 9110.7
ENTERPRISE IS LOST IN SPACE

Should We Ask Them For
Directions MR. SPOCK?



Definately Not



Wagon

Convention Report: Sercon 6

By Austinian Ambassador Sandra Provence Steele

WOW! Fantastic! Impressive!

Sercon 6 is a science fiction convention sponsored by Fandom Association of Central Texas (FACT). The convention is a collective series of readings and discussion panels featuring many popular science fiction authors. Being an impoverished individual I could only afford \$10 for one night. (In advance it was \$25 for 3 days.) But I got to meet and have long discussions with:

Orson Scott Card - *Ender's Game*, *Speaker for the dead*, *Xenocide*, *Songmaster*; Roger Zelazny - (Author of more books than I can ever consider starting to list); Barbara Hambly - *Ishmael*, *Ghostwalker*, and lots of regular science fiction and fantasy.

Orson Scott Card was actually exactly what I thought he'd be; friendly, outspoken and happy. He told me that he was planning on writing a novelization of his short story "Lost Boys" for Fantasy and science Fiction's 25th Anniversary Issue. In my opinion you don't mess with perfection. He does lots of workshops. So any prospective writers may wish to keep their eyes open.

Barbara Hambly and I got into a lengthy discussion over her Trek works. Look for my interview with her in a later issue.

Roger Zelazny wasn't at all what I expected. This quiet, unimpressive man took me by surprise. He doesn't have much hair and looks like a middle-income rancher. He loves children and when asked about his wonderful works, he actually blushes. He did say that we won't get any more Amber novels for at least 5 years and that a sequel to the Madwand series called "Nightmask" will be coming hopefully before he dies. A long time but he did have more in mind for that character.

This convention was much more intellectually stimulating than a "Trek" convention. Probably because writer's fans tend to be more critical and be less awed of their idols. I recommend this convention to anyone. Look for advance ticket sales soon.

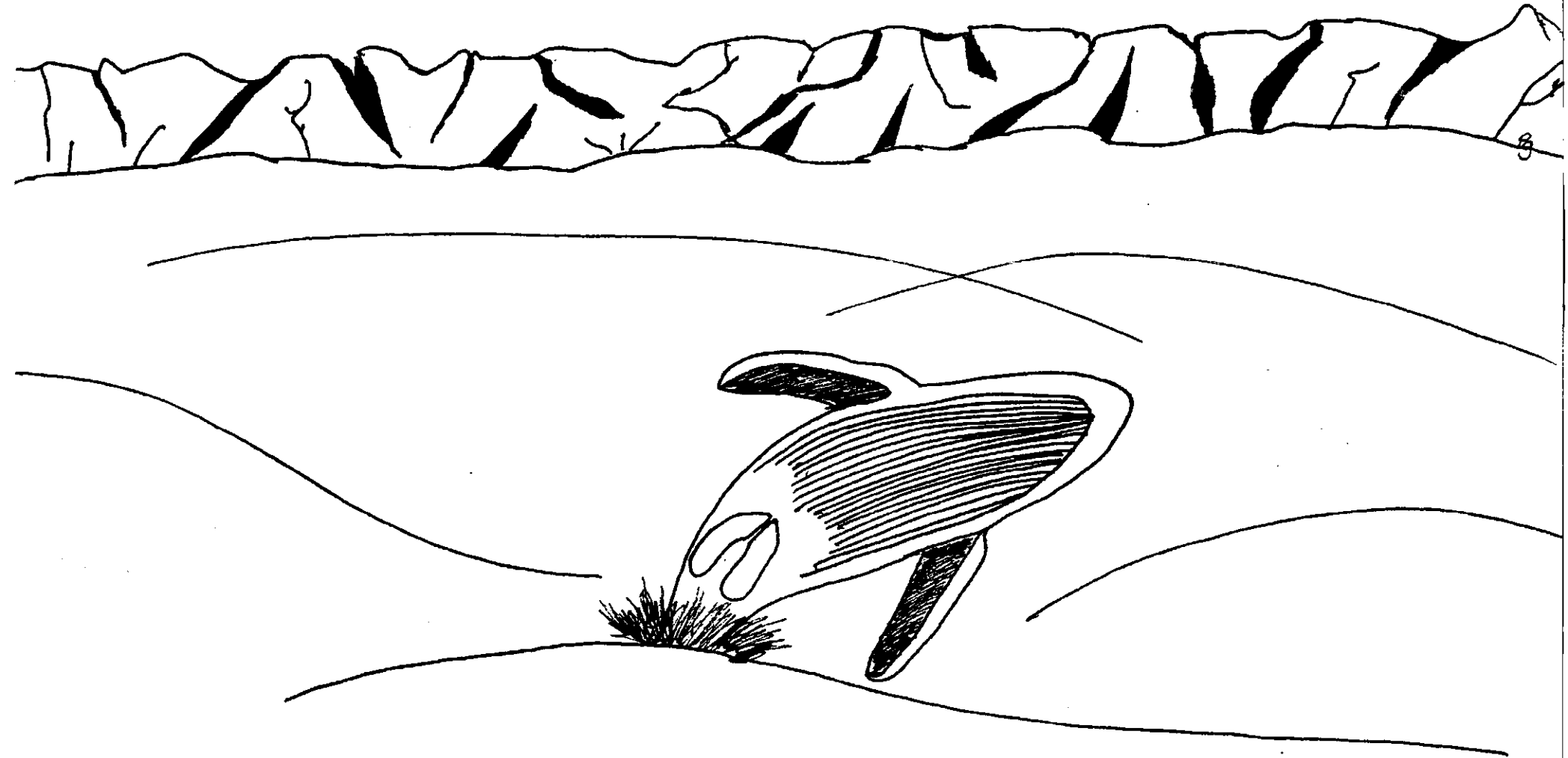
Speaking of conventions...I'm convention committee chairperson for STARFest 92 (see Rick Pearson's picture, next page) It is in Westgate Mall, south Lamar and Ben White, Austin, TX. It will be September 19th, 1992. We are trying to get a guest. Who we get will be dependent on the advance ticket sales. The cost of an advance membership is \$5.00. (Very, extremely modest) It will be \$7.00 at the door. There will be - games, contests, a guest speaker (hopefully a Next Generation actor), magic show, and dealers and club tables. Dealer tables are \$35.00 and Club tables are \$25.00 (\$10.00 discount if you bring your own table and donate a door prize. For memberships, tables, or more information please write, STARFEST 92, P.O. Box 27301, Austin, TX 78755-2301.

STARFEST

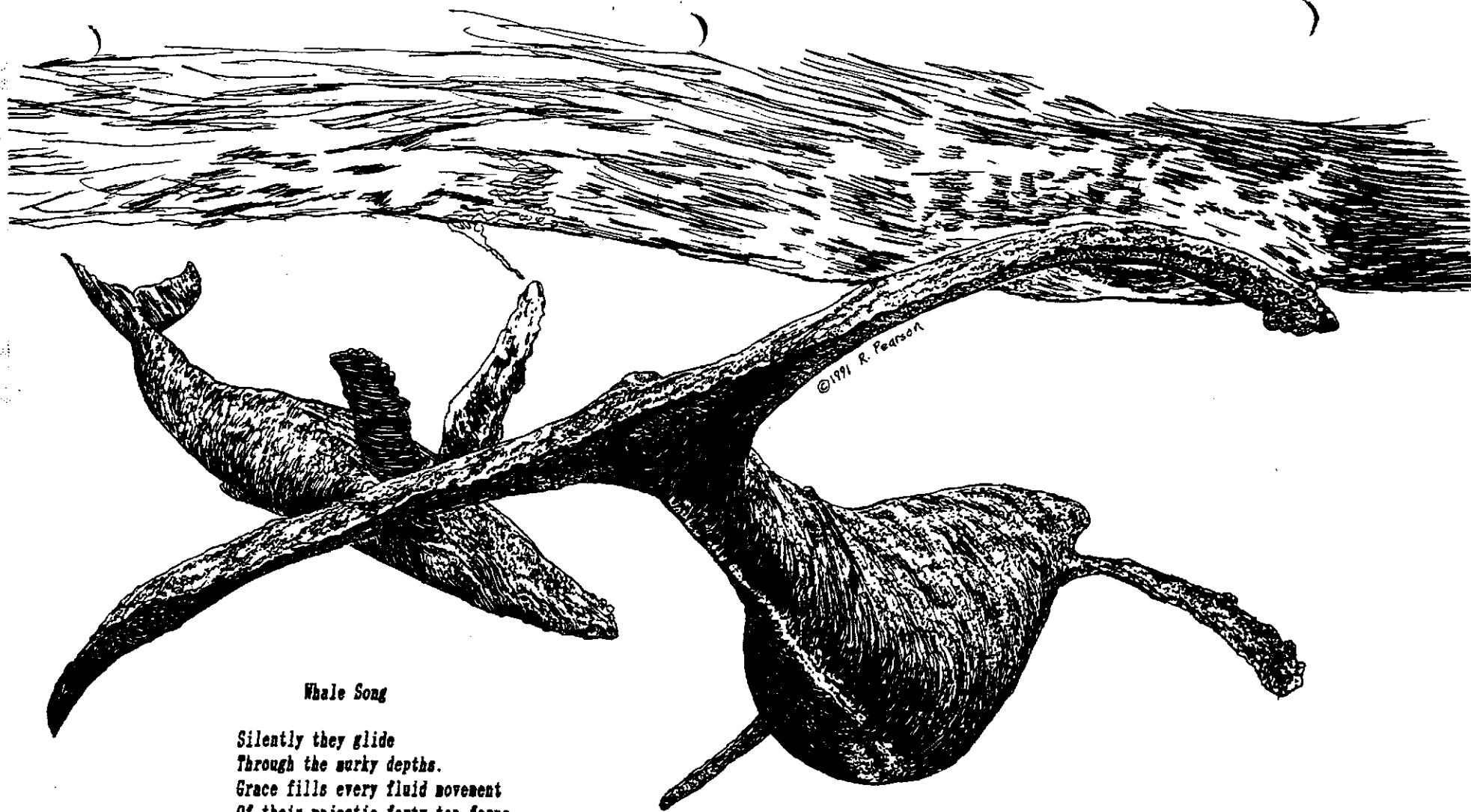
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Dune Sea Express



Whale Song

Silently they glide
Through the surky depths.
Grace fills every fluid movement
Of their majestic forty ton forms,
their beauty soon lost to the Children of Man.

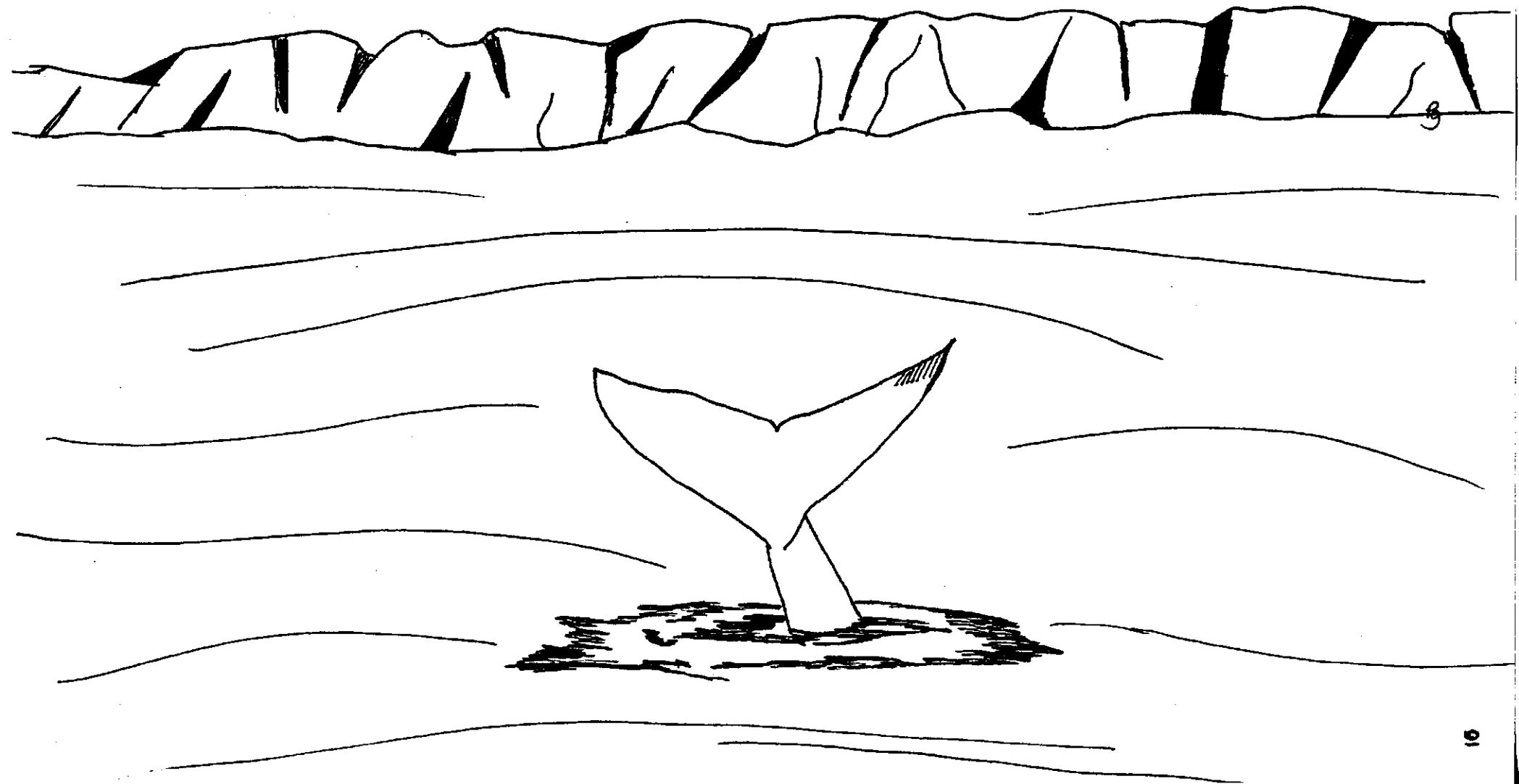
the song begins-
A lonely haunting melody
Carried across the sea
And passed one to another,
Til it circumvents the Earth and beyond.

The sailors of ages past
Dubbed it a siren song,
Calling them to their deaths.
But it is a song of life, love, history,
Sung by ever dwindling numbers.

their blood warned the oceans
And their song graced the Earth,
Ten million years before the birth of Man.
Yet it is man,
Who ends the Whale Song.

Pamela Girard

Dune Sea Express



Interview With Michael Dorn

By Donna Goad

[Article reprinted by permission of the author. Interview originally printed in Starfleet Communications, The Official Newsletter of Starfleet Command, Issue number 16, 1987. The interview was conducted at the Starbase Indy convention 26 March 1987.)

We did this interview "on the run" - actually, we were walking down for the autograph session. By this time, I had lost my voice and doing this interview was the most interesting and challenging I'd ever done.

Donna: If you can't understand me, I'm sorry.

Michael: Lost your voice?

Donna: Totally. Don Dailey loves it. -He has a Chief of Communications who can't communicate!

Michael: That's OK, we have a navigator who is blind.

Donna: Who is Michael Dorn, besides the character of Worf?

Michael: Who is Michael Dorn - a serious actor, a fortunate actor, a musician, and a nice guy.

Donna: Family man?

Michael: No, a bachelor.

Donna: My husband is one of your greatest fans. He would like to know why Worf isn't Chief of Security? (This interview was conducted before Yar's death aired.-Pam)

Michael: Because all of the positions were filled when Worf came on the show, and the way things are going, we just don't know. He could be, he couldn't be - we just have to wait until next year. But he is perfect for that position.

Donna: If you could make a comment about Star Trek, the original show, what would it be?

Michael: Ahead of it's time, sensitive portrayal of people and conflict, a more festive portrayal of what things will be like in the future. Sure would like to live in the future.

Donna: Do you think that your new Star Trek will have the lasting effects of the original Trek?


Michael: No, its going to be different. We're going to do more shows than they did. they only did 79 shows, and we're scheduled to do 130, and it may be more. It won't have the same effect because our fans are more mature now and they are looking for something different from the original show. And that was 20 years age. It's not going to have the same effect.

Donna: You've has a chance to work with Patrick Stewart.

Michael: Yes, quite a bit.

Donna: He is a very classic actor, trained in the classics. How do you feel about the Shakespearean-trained actors as compared to the Hollywood-trained actors?

(Interview concludes on the bottom of page 19.)



Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac

By Sandra Provence Steele

The Rift

by Peter David

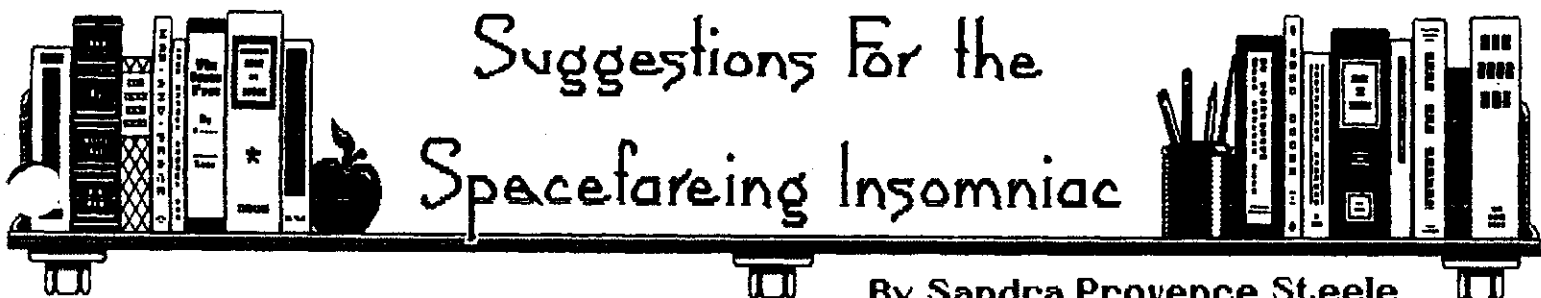
**** (4 of 5 Stars)

It's about time Pocket released a decent classic novel. The last couple of books are decidedly mediocre and all lately (even the decent reads) have had flawed storylines. *The Rift* spans an immense gap of time and does it effectively. My only complaint is that there is too much linkage with *The Next Generation*. (Note: Peter David was a writer of ST-NG novels first.)

Part 1- Time: Pre-classic Trek. Place: USS Enterprise, Captain Christopher Pike, commanding. With artful skill, Peter David brings to life the truly original crew of the "Enterprise." The reader is introduced to all of the character's personalities as the plot line develops. They have discovered a temporal rift in the fabric of space, that is open only once each 33,4 years for about seventy-two hours. Then they discover that there is a race of people living on the other side. Pike takes the Enterprise through and we meet the mysterious race of the Calligar. Spock and Number One put together a computer and give it "Number One's Voice!" (Cute explanation.) The Enterprise has to leave quickly in order to prevent being trapped. A Lt. Tyler leaves his heart behind after his short-lived romance with a Calligar woman named Ecind.

Part 2- Time: Post Star Trek IV. Place: USS Enterprise, James T. Kirk, commanding. the Federation has a team of diplomats ready to visit the rift when it opens this time. (Read this section as "Journey to Babel" reprised.) We have a reappearance of Admiral Fox (*Prime Directive*) and an Andorian and Tellerite thrown in for color. Also Commodore Tyler is eagerly awaiting the opening. The reader gets to finish the story at a rapid pace as complications develop.

I loved the way this novel fell together. In terms of story elements it wasn't very original and it liberally borrowed from the Next Generation universe. However, the elements were arranged in a fresh new angle and therefore it avoided plagiarism. this one is worth it's \$4.99 cover. for associated reading try: *Prime Directive* by Judith and Garfield Reeves-Stevens, *Watchstar* by Pamela Sargent (not a Trek novel), and (as much as this one stunk) *Vulcan's Glory* by D.C. Fontana.



Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac

By Sandra Provence Steele

Teklords

by William Shatner

*** (3 of 5 stars)

Somehow it figures that just about the time I review this book; the next one is out. (*Teklab*, Ace/Putnam, \$19.95-Pam) I have heard multitudinous, nasty rumors that say Shatner didn't write this. Shatner does get help from author/editor Ron Goulart. However, in this novel there are fewer of Goulart's style elements than in *Tekwar*. This story is better in overall concept and theme than in the previous novel and events aren't quite as transparent. On the whole I liked this one. the flaws in detail continuity are typical of Shatner's own style. He loves to "improve" things. Most of the detail changes involve terminology and on the whole the changes improve the story flow. for example, Plasglas is now plastiglass and lasgun-laser rifle, etc. Now on to our story...

Our hero, Jake cardigan, has been exonerated from his past deeds. He is working as a detective for Cosmos Defective Agency. A police officer has been murdered. (We met this guy in the last book.) While having sex with his male lover. The lover hires Cardigan to inquire into the matter.

As Jake starts searching, he is attacked by zombies and his ex-wife is infected with a deadly virus concocted in the Teklabs to use as a device to legalize TEK. the reader is taken into the depths of this future society to find the cure.

Once again due to the fact that this is a detective story I am not telling you any more of the story. Suffice to say this one is a fun light read. Don't look for any depth you'll just hit your head on the bottom.

(Continued from page 17.)

Michael: It gives the show an air of respectability. He's more than just a character or a "go get them and shoot them up" type actor. He brings an air of sophistication to the show. He's a very settling influence that we need.

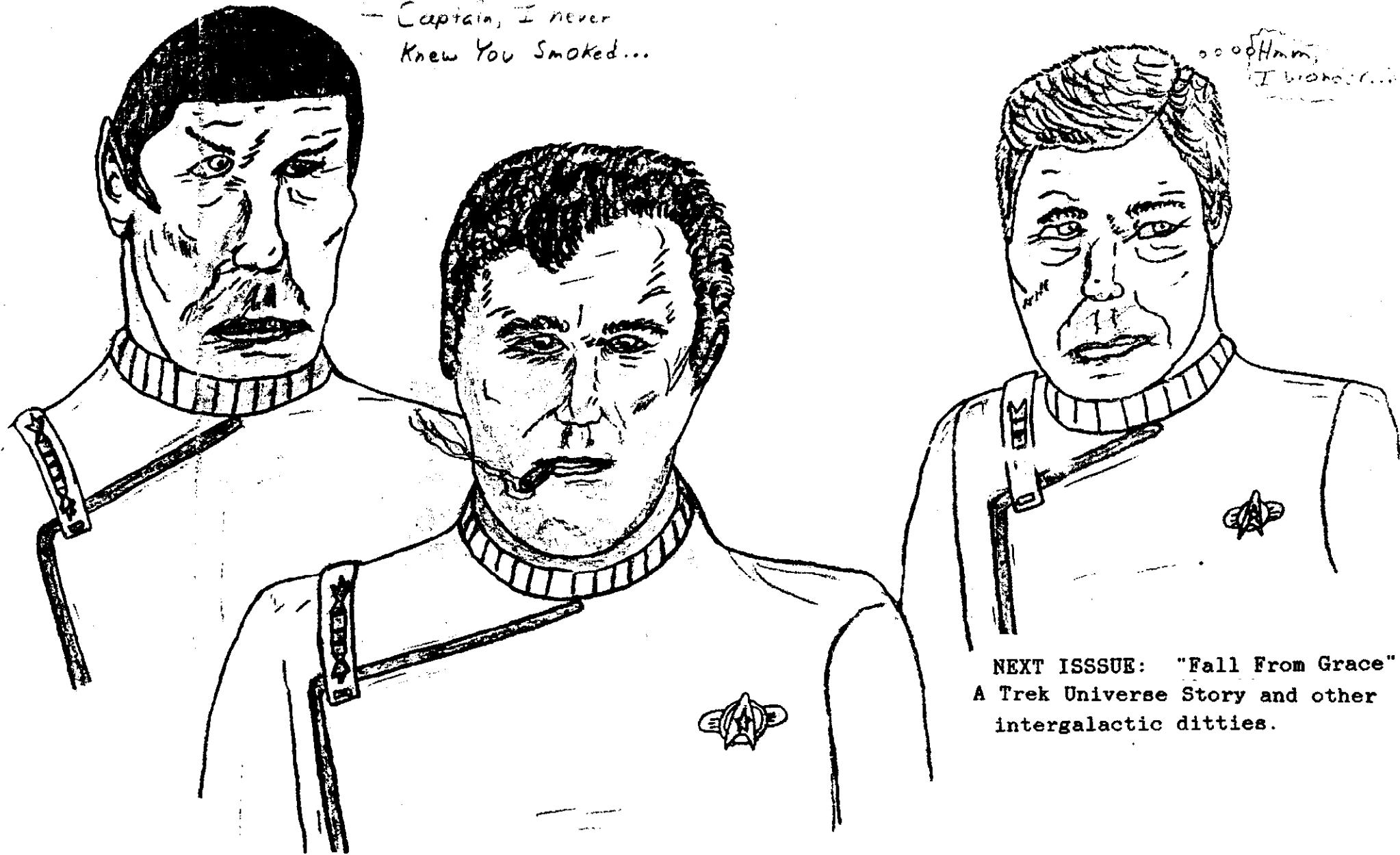
As actors, we've learned so much more from him and his area of business. we are television and he is theatre and really, it's nice to play off him.

Donna: I've noticed the difference between the television-trained actors and the classically-trained actors. I can see the contrasts. Do you think we'll see much more of it in the future?

Michael: Well, we've already had some people on the show who are classically-trained. But I wouldn't say that one is better than the other. because if you can get two people to work together, then you'll have a good combination. I think it's a wonderful thing - I bring the television-talented person and he brings the serious note to it. It's a joy to work with.

Captain, I never
knew you smoked...

... Hmm,
I wonder...



NEXT ISSUE: "Fall From Grace"
A Trek Universe Story and other
intergalactic ditties.

"To Boldly Go Where No Man...
Where No One Has Gone Before..."