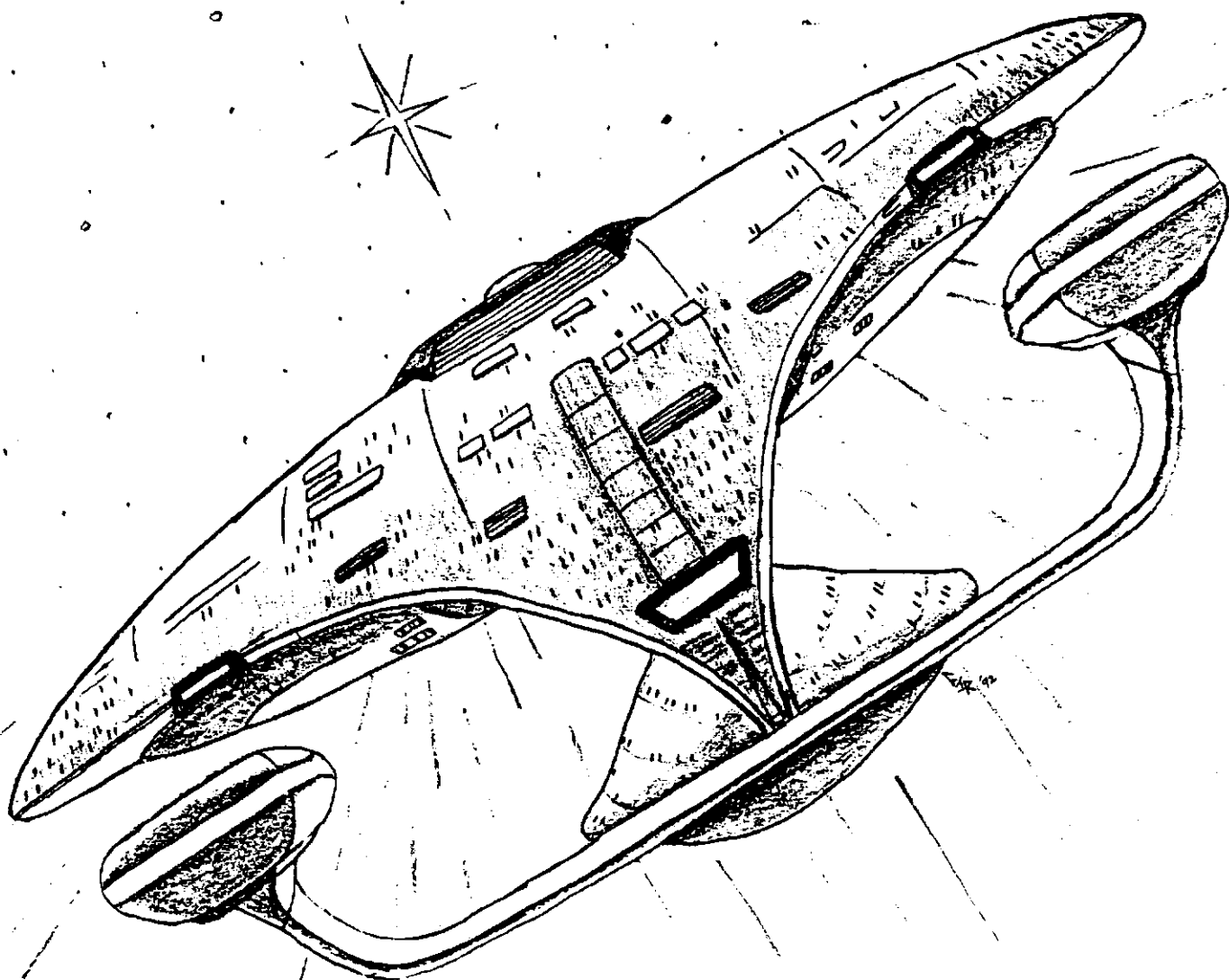


# Dune Sea Express

#15 Summer 1992



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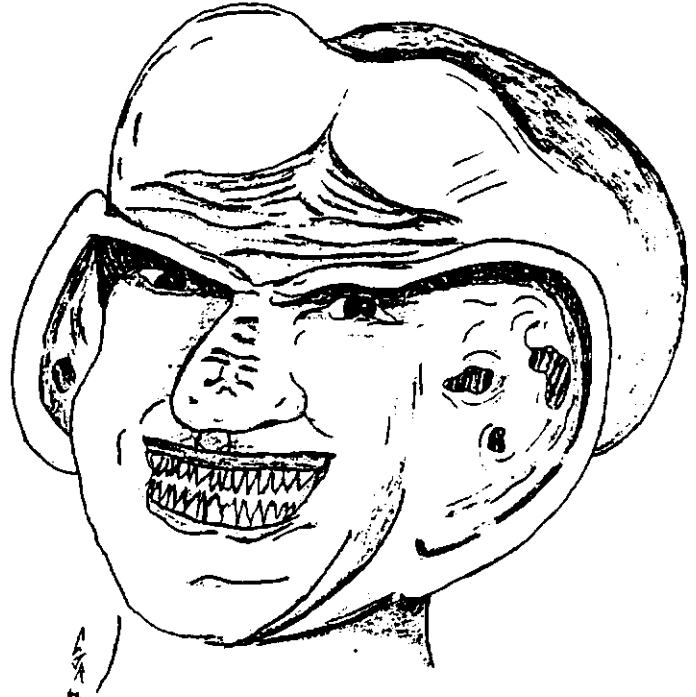
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HEAR NO  
 EVIL  
 SEE NO  
 EVIL



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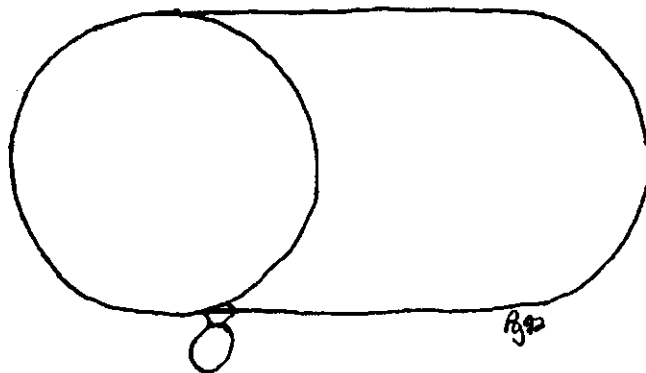
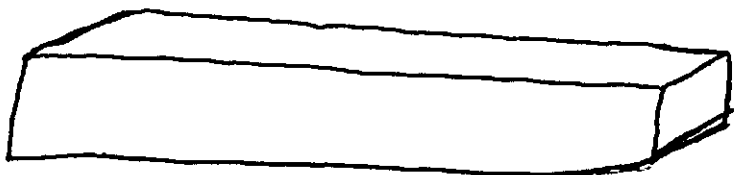


# Space Debris

## Assorted items found in the mail

(The following tidbits are excerpts from The Space-Time Continuum newsletter by Bjo Trimble. Reprinted with permission)

- Paramount worries that fans won't support a movie without Kirk, Spock & McCoy. TELL them Trek fans will gladly pay to see Sulu, Scotty, Chekov, Uhura & Rand, with The Big Three in less expensive cameo appearances. Paramount's Brandon Tartikoff says the studio would rather focus on a Next Generation movie when the series ends. So send a letter, pointing out they could produce STVII while waiting for Next Gen to end & Next Gen movies to gear up, thereby filling studio coffers so the Next Gen movie can afford even more special effects. (Paramount Pictures, 5555 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90038.)
- Early Sci-Fi Channel claims of having Doctor Who & other British TV programming prompted Forrest J. Ackerman to call BBC/Lionheart for more details; he was told they had never heard of the Sci-Fi Channel. British TV Magazine confirmed from the owners of the Gerry Anderson properties that the Sci-fi Channel did not have Space: 1999, either. The USA network cannot inherit non-existent contracts.
- April first ---Sci-Fi Channel claims, then unclaims Star Trek original series...issues debut dates of fall '92, Summer '93, indefinite, and Fall '92.
- Star Wars Producer George Lucas has abandoned plans to make either prequels or sequels to the original trio of films: "I ran out of energy...once you have done it a couple of times, then the thrill wears off & you really want to get into different territory." His new interest, TV series *The Young Indiana Jones Chronicles*, is fighting to survive.
- Majel Barrett-Roddenberry (Nurse Chapel/Lwaxana Troi) wants any articles about Gene Roddenberry's death. (c/o Lincoln Enterprises, PO Box 691370, West Hollywood, CA 90069.)
- Bruce Hyde (Lt. Kevin Riley), who sang "Take Me Home Again Kathleen" & first mentioned the Enterprise bowling alley, is now a University of Minnesota professor.



hmmm?

# Fall From Grace

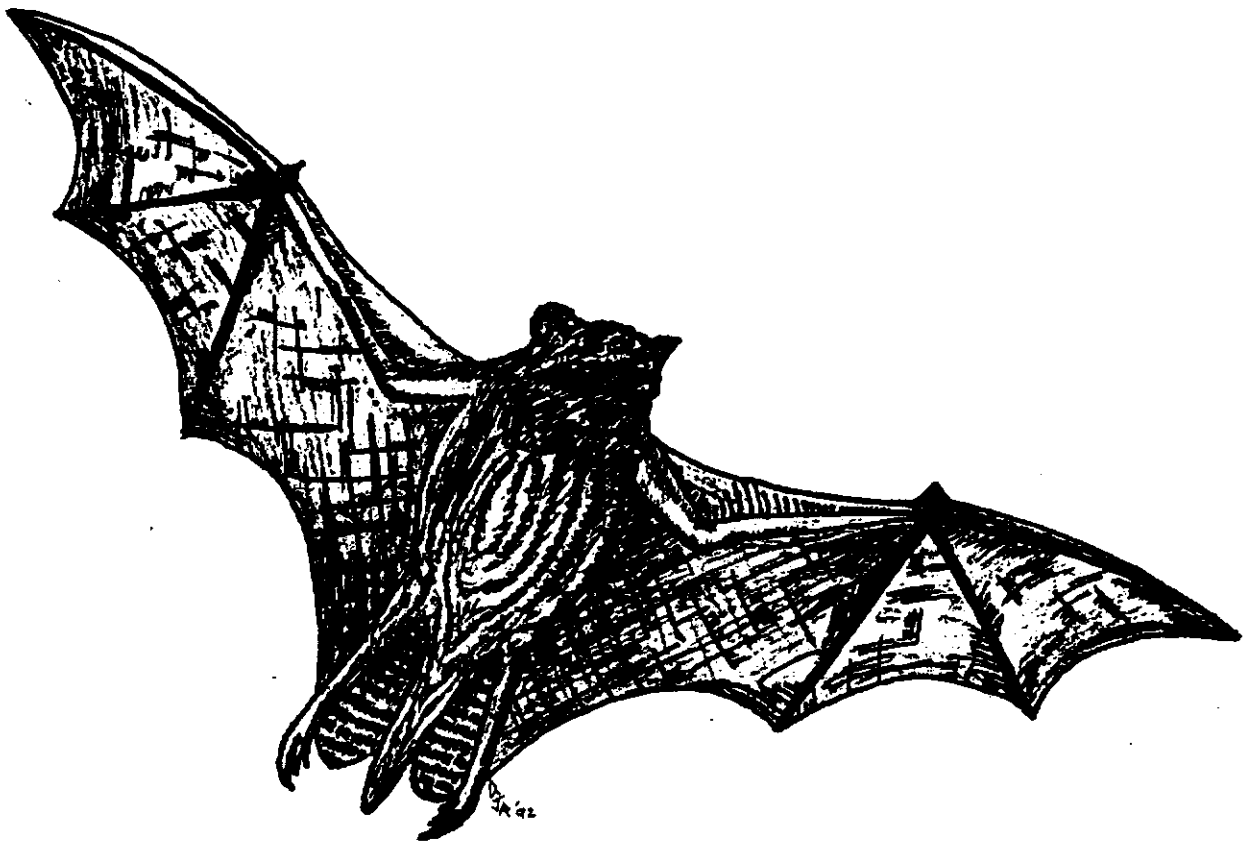
By Caitlin NiAlan

r'Farhion. It was the best of places; it was the worst of places. A grain-producing planet in the middle of nowhere of the Romulan Star Empire was a good place to be. Especially on a summer day. The twin suns hung at forty-five degree angles from one another, and they were low in the sky. The sky was awash with golden light, and the large farmhouse cast a double shadow. The heavy-topped grain in the fields was almost ready to be harvested. It rippled in the gentle breeze like a wave on a lake. High in the golden sky of afternoon flew two creffya. The cries of the fussy, bat-like creatures were plaintively beautiful. The haunting cries pulled the young girl in the serene garden near the house out of her meditations. She glanced up at them and frowned.

Every afternoon it was the custom of the girl, Remar t'Vhaza, to go to the sculptured garden hidden in the shadows of the house. The striking garden contained expensive stone statuary brought from the Two Worlds. Remar had never been to the Two Worlds, but she knew what they were like. The stone of the sculptures was an odd purplish-green stone which was always cold to the touch and which was native only to the two worlds. Remar stretched out a slim hand to touch the one closest to her. It was cold like it was supposed to be. She frowned at that. Cold stone and creffya in the sky. Bad omens they were, and Remar had been unable to meditate properly because of what was happening in the house. She closed her dark eyes and shivered slightly, even though the summer heat was oppressive. It was no good. She couldn't concentrate on the mind rules if her life depended on it. Unfortunately, it just might.

The creffya were still circling the grain fields. Remar shifted her gaze from them to the house and then back to the birds. They were indicative of the message that had come all the way from the Two Worlds. When Commander Ragnell, the youngest Fleet Commander in the Praetor's fleet, had arrived, Remar had felt her heart jump out of her abdomen. r'Farhion was the only home that she had ever known, but if her father hadn't antagonized the Praetor years ago, the family would still be living in the biggest city in the Empire. But House Vhaza had fallen on hard times, thanks to her father's sense of honor and the Praetor's insecurities. Now, Commander Ragnell had come to deliver the message of death.

The suns were setting in the east, and the sky had changed from gold to deep peaches and light roses. This was the most precious time of day for Remar. It gave her a sense of inner peace that had always been hard to catch, living as she was in the shadow of the Praetor's wrath. Her internal time sense now told her that she must go into the house, no matter how much she might dread it. The suns had set, and now, it was time for dinner. But Remar knew that she would choke on her food. If she were right, this would be the last time that she ever saw her parents or r'Farhion's beautiful sunsets. The whole stupid



situation made Remar want to cry and scream with rage.

Remar was still sitting on the stone bench in the serene garden when another person, her father, entered the garden. He was drawn and haggard. Even though Remar's highly sensitive ears had told her that someone was in the garden, she didn't turn her narrow, hawkish face to look at him. Far better that no one should see the emotions on her face. The man's voice was old. "Remar, my daughter--"

"I don't want to hear it, Father." Night was falling now, and Remar knew her life was falling with it. Her chin lifted stubbornly.

"You will hear it. The Praetor is sending a personal envoy to come and arrest your mother and me. We are to stand trial before the Senate. What comes after that we all know." S'Mev zt'Vhaza swallowed sharply. He knew only too well what awaited him and his wife once the Senate was through with them. It would be the execution of state criminals. It was neither painless nor pleasant. The creffya killed more swiftly.

"Oh, then what is Fleet Commander Ragnell doing here? She is the Praetor's cousin. Isn't she the personal envoy?" Remar was afraid of the Praetor and his arbitrary power. It was worse than the summer storms of r'Farhion. They came up swiftly and were terrible in their violence. Remar focused on her father's relatively round face which was pinched. He looked positively ill. At this point, Remar hated the Praetor as much as she feared him.

"Commander Ragnell is a friend. She came to warn me. I have already made my decision." His voice was cracking, and Remar knew that he meant to kill himself. She wanted to cry out against it, but something held her tongue. Probably an inner control that she didn't realize she had. He went on. "Ragnell is going to take you with her. She will see to it that no harm comes to you."

Remar cut him off before he could go any farther. "No! I won't go!" She jumped up from the bench and started striding about the garden like a caged gazelle. "Why, Father, why?" The pain in her voice was evident. "Why, can't the Praetor just leave us alone?"

Her father smiled sardonically. "He can't leave us alone. We are a threat to him because we do not support his ludicrous ideas. His foreign policy is an abomination to all honorable Romulans, and I made the mistake of telling him so. I thought I would be protected under my Right as Warrior. I was wrong, Remar. He has hounded House Vhaza right into the ground. You are the last of our House. Remember who you are." S'Mev stood up. Remar felt herself kneel. She didn't even know how she did it. She was stupefied. He gave her the blessing of House. As he left, the creffya swooped down on some unsuspecting little creature with a great, haunting cry.

The night had fully arrived, and the stars had come out. Darkness came quickly on r'Farhion, and when the light was gone, so was the heat. Remar shivered in her thin silk tunic, but it was not so much the cold, as it was her father's words. The last of our house. That was a very dangerous and tenuous position in the Empire, and it was even worse in the Fleet. Remar stared at



the sky for a few moments, but truly, she saw nothing. Her dark eyes were tear-filled. Quietly, with remorse, Remar left the little garden.

She was about half-way to the house of stone and wood which had been her home for so long when she ran into Commander Ragnell. The starkly severe and beautiful woman was dressed in her uniform. The red mail rank sash fell over her right shoulder, and the deadly short sword was at her left hip. The glossy black hair was pulled into a tight chignon at the nape of her neck. Remar knew that this woman, cousin to the Praetor, was as deadly as the creffya which had just killed some helpless creature. But her face was devoid of everything, and her voice was strangely gentle. "Your things are stowed on my scout ship. You will be coming with me to my flagship *Rapier*. Do not go into the house. Your parents are dead." A haunting cry in the night pulled Ragnell's attention away from Remar. "A creffya. The bird of death."

Remar had known her parents were gone. She had felt the telepathic link she had had with them break. It had snapped before she had run into the Commander. The void created by that break would never be filled. It was a deathly silence. Now, the pain in her head made her want to cry and scream, but she kept her control and let no trace of pain be seen on her face. She obeyed the Commander. They crunched across the front yard to the sleek scout craft. Next stop, a Romulan bird of prey.

r'Farhion. It was the best of places; it was the worst of places. A grain-producing planet in the middle of nowhere of the Romulan Star Empire was a good place to be. Unless you had brought disfavor down on your head. Then, it was not such a good place to be. No where was. And suicide had been the only option--the only honorable option--open to her parents. The Praetor would understand their message; they had denied him his victory. She looked at the quiet Ragnell from underneath her eyelashes. The woman next to her was the victor of Kazimith, and not even the Praetor would harm her. If he did, it would topple him from his throne, and the Empire would be convulsed. Ragnell's shadow would protect Remar from her House's fall from grace, and for that reason. Remar would serve the Commander with absolute loyalty. It was the only honorable thing to do. It was the only thing that would keep her alive. And alive was what she wanted to be. She was the last of her House.



"... We've spawned a new race here—rougher, simpler, more violent, more enterprising, and less refined. We're a new nationality... we require a new nation."  
Benjamin Franklin -1776

Happy 4<sup>th</sup> of July



# Convention Report: Majel Barrett-Roddenberry

(The following are excerpts transcribed from Majel Barrett-Roddenberry's appearance in San Antonio on 1 March 1992.)

Majel Barrett-Roddenberry:

"I really have a lot of things to tell you but first I want to thank you all for everything that you have done, everything that you have said, everything that you have sent, letters, cards, flowers. Of course, it's been a difficult time but it's been made a lot lighter by people like you. I love you all very, very dearly and again I thank you. I'll never take a friend for granted again, that's for sure.

Anyway, I have just come back from Washington D.C. where we've opened the exhibit for the National Air and Space Museum on Star Trek, believe it or not. It's been a rather remarkable experience as a matter of fact. I can't believe it. After all this is supposed to be history and here they have a Star Trek exhibit and it was overwhelming. The response that they gave us...This (the Enterprise) is the first ship, remember, that was in the Smithsonian before it was built. So, we do have a distinction. A lot of people there kind of questioned it. You know there were congressmen and senators and everything. believe it or not they're trekkies they just call themselves fans and so on. But they're trekkers or trekkies. I like to call everyone a friend of Star trek. The press were asking questions: "Well, why Star trek?...What is Star Trek? Why is it so different?" Well, Star Trek the series is just that. It's a TV show. Now Star Trek: the Legend is ideal. it's a vision that encompasses all of those as Gene would call them socio-organisms. The living creatures that you and I are a part of like USA or the Peoples Republic of China or Standard Oil or Capital Hill or Paramount...the Smithsonian Institute. To quote Gene, "it encompasses Peace, Love, Unity, and it says that civilization will reach maturity and wisdom on the day it learns to value diversity in life and in ideas. To be different is not necessarily to be ugly. To have a different idea is not necessarily to be wrong." He said the worst possible thing that could happen to us today is for everyone to look, and think, and act, and feel, alike. If we cannot learn to enjoy the small variations between our own kind here on earth. Then, God help us if we get out into space and meet the variation that is almost certainly out there. And of course Star Trek is also a statement of optimism. At a time when many people were saying it's all over, It's all been invented, there are no more frontiers. We were saying exactly the opposite. It really is all





## Convention Report

just beginning. Nothing in the past can compare with the challenge and adventure that we have ahead of us.

When Gene was given these awards, this recognition, (like at the Smithsonian) one of the nicest things about him was that he was always surprised by honors such as these. No matter how many awards were conferred on him, he was always genuinely touched and a little amazed that he was as highly regarded as an educator. Maybe that was because at heart Gene was a learner. As a friend put it, he was a spectacular learner. Gene loved learning. He was a voracious reader. He read, reread and then retained what he read. He spent his life pursuing new ideas, developing new philosophies, reading, discussing, debating, talking, and thinking, always thinking. And although he was always happy to share his own ideas. He was always much happier when he could hear someone say here are my ideas. Here is what I have thought, dreamed, imagined, and figured out. In fact this deep respect for the creative human is perhaps Gene's greatest gift to education. The ability to encourage others to think and dream and to feel that they have a right or even an obligation to do so. So it is not surprising then, that literally thousands of letters have poured in from all over the world. People have written how Gene has changed their lives...To quote just a few "I feel like I've lost someone who encouraged me to dream and to create my own worlds to explore. He helped us to become more by making us yearn for more and strive harder to get it. He showed us life could be better if we all only come together. If that's not a teacher, then what is?" Someone else wrote "Star Trek gave me the courage to face an uncertain future and the belief that I can make a difference. As a result this letter is being written not by a high school drop out but an astronomer, an astronaut hopeful who speaks three languages and enjoys meeting people of different cultures." Now one piece of correspondence that was signed by 1500 people from a computer network, these people work for colleges, universities, corporations, and space-related industries from nearly every state and a dozen foreign countries and they wrote: "We are the scientists, engineers, philosophers, artists and educators who will keep Gene's vision alive. All of us in our own way are doing what we can to make his vision of the future a reality and we will pass on the ideals of optimism, cooperation, and the triumph of the human spirit to those who follow us." In fact the University of California has devoted a bulk of their series of portraits of American genius to the intelligence and creative genius of Gene's mind.

The Star Trek Philosophy has been taught at colleges and universities all across America for over twenty years...A particularly significant contribution of Star trek to education is a class now being given to children with learning disabilities because these children have almost no motivation to read the teacher brought in Star Trek scripts and found that the response was overwhelming the pupils delighted in taking the parts of their favorite characters and learning to read about strange new worlds. One letter I received summarized Gene's legacy to education very succinctly "What he has given us can never be taken away. It will always be part of our society." And I would



like to urge all of you here to make that same commitment that Gene did to bringing education into the living rooms of all American families and through media enlightenment to free the human spirit to soar where no one has ever gone before

This experience in Washington D.C. was a total revelation to me. It was an extremely exhilarating experience. You see when in the course of human events someone stops, takes a look at that course and those events. Then you've got a television show that's lasted for over 25 years. you know Star Trek's been called a phenomenon, a cult classic, and a philosophy but what Gene called it was a kind of an art. In a 1980 lecture he said "Am I calling television art, yes of course I am, most of the human accomplishments begin that way. With the artist, storyteller, the poet, the painter so on. The artist listens watches feels, searches for patterns and meanings, then begins to pull a few strands out of this tangle surrounding us and says here this is what I think it means. So why was Einstein fascinated with art? and why the directors of the Smithsonian acknowledged its (Star Trek's) place in the space program. Because art is necessary for civilization. There are a great many thousands of people that think that Star Trek is necessary for civilization.

we've all heard about the remarkable stories about men and women who have been inspired by the characters in Star Trek to become scientists, doctors, engineers, astronauts. But the true significance of Gene vision becomes apparent when you read so many letters that think things like "Gene taught me right from wrong. I learned from watching Star Trek that it is wrong to judge someone by gender or color. I learned how wrong it is to not believe in myself despite my circumstances. And what does this have to do with art. Well it goes back to something else Gene said which is, "Star Trek was not designed as a show principally about science and space it's about what art and drama are always about. It's about you and it's about me. you see he believed in people. Not only did he believe he knew that we truly belong to an evolved future. He created Star Trek to be a catalyst to evolution. He created it because he wanted to communicate with intelligent people and he succeeded. He found you.

But being in Washington D.C. It brought to mind one episode in particular. Now this is not the best episode he ever wrote, and he wrote it, because I watched him do it. And (it's) not one of the most exemplary but it does reveal the very magnetic core of Star Trek. It recounts how a colony on a distant planet had over the years distorted the meaning of the constitution of the United States which their ancestors had brought with them two hundred years before. Their culture was torn by pettiness, violence, despair. In an effort to remind the colonists of their innate ability to change their own destiny Captain Kirk pulled the tattered remains of the constitution from an ancient box and said, "Among my people we carry many such words as these from many lands and many worlds, equally as good and as well respected but wherever we have gone no words have said this thing of importance in quite this way. Look at these three words written larger than the rest with a special pride never written before.



## Convention Report

Tall words, proudly saying WE THE PEOPLE. This was not written for chiefs or kings or warriors, or the rich and powerful but for all people. These words and all that follow must apply to all people or they mean nothing. You understand?" Well I know that those millions of people who respond to Star Trek do understand. It is they who will build the kind of future that Gene wanted and only a few months ago a friend of mine asked Gene what one sentence he would choose for an epitaph. Without hesitation he smiled and answered, "He loved Humanity." Well, looking at all of you that have come here today it seems very evident that humanity loved him. See Gene knew there would be wonders in our future, not just the wonders of technology but the marvels of human evolution. He believed in the greatness of the human spirit, our sense of discovery, our ability to go beyond the limitations of the present and through imagination and determination into a wonderful future. You see we will survive this century and it's seemingly insurmountable problems and we will do it by believing in the dreams of men like Gene Roddenberry, people who believe in a future. Because of Gene there are thousands and perhaps millions of people who will believe in a future and over the past few weeks so many thousands of letters have arrived at the house each describing how in some significant way Gene and Star Trek have changed someone's life...

...Star Trek will continue on, They (Next Gen) are penciled in definitely for seven years...there will be a seventh year as much as there will be a seventh movie. I don't know which cast...We've got another problem now. A problem called Deep Space Nine. Which they are going to start shooting in August. There will be a 2-hour movie first and then there will be 18 episodes. That has been sold for January of '93. I have stuff here I can tell you about it too which is kind of like fun because they said sure go ahead. It's going to cross-pollinate between the people in The Next Generation and it will be running concurrently I would imagine that the Next Gen will be the lead off and Deep Space, which the title is not written in granite in all likelihood. Well, the Next Generation was not going to be the title of the Next Generation. Gene said "well I've got time, I'll get around to changing that. By the time he wanted to change it and I forget what the change was going to be. He called up and the guy said hey wait a minute we've got all this in print. We've spent thousands of dollars already on the thing we've got publicity out, the promotions. And Gene had been so busy working on this thing that he had no idea there had been publicity and stuff like this going on. So, that's how he got stuck with the name the Next Generation. And I have the sneaking suspicion that could happen again this time. People will be crossing over. Some of the people who you are seeing over and over again on the Next Generation who are not regulars are being asked to cross-over. Since there are no contracts signed I'm not able to tell you who they are except for me. Lwaxana will be working both shows. I'm not sure that station is ready for her but she's coming anyway..."



# Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac

By Ted Foster

"Chains of Command"

Star Trek - The Next Generation Novel #21

by Bill McCay and Eloise Flood, Pocket Books

Whenever starting a new Trek novel, I can usually get a moderate idea of how well the rest of the book will pan out by the "hook" used in the introduction and first chapters to perk my interest. And this book has a several memorable opening plots; a tragic end to an away team mission led by Will Riker, dozens of worlds found totally lifeless from an ages-old war, and the discovery of human slaves being held by the apparent race who caused those worlds to be annihilated. The authors have by this time set up a Riker doubting his actions, a Picard trying disparately to save the slaves and prevent a war with the oppressive Tseetsk race, and a charismatic slave leader who is barely keeping his followers in line.

Unfortunately, the story takes this promising beginning and begins to run a standard, predictable course. The story degenerates into the Enterprise being held over a barrel by the Prime Directive while the officers try to find a peaceful solution for everyone concerned. The story ends with our heroes making everyone listen to common sense rather than stating anything profound.

The story also suffers from several incongruities throughout. At the beginning tragedy strikes a landing party when one crew member ignores the safety regulations and opens the "required" environmental suit too early. Will Riker is devastated that standard procedures weren't followed, and wonders if he could have done more. However, only a few pages later we find him leading another away team onto an identical planet with no suits at all! At times the characters can be also found in actions which go significantly against the established personalities we have come to know. For example, when sensors are knocked out from an unknown source and a potential threat is detected, Picard orders phasers fired without determining if the threat is real or even if his target is inhabited. This clearly goes against the phasers-as-a-last-option captain we have come to love, and the book suffers because of it.

I do hope that the authors try again, for with the shortcomings already in mind the book is still a pleasant read. Points go to them for at least trying to come up with an alien species who aren't simply human-like people with extra bumps on their foreheads. It is also obvious that they have tried to do their homework as to the science of the worlds they have created. Still, Science Fiction must be first and foremost be good fiction, and when Mr. McCay and Ms. Flood combine a stronger future story with their hard work and active imaginations it will definitely be worth picking up.

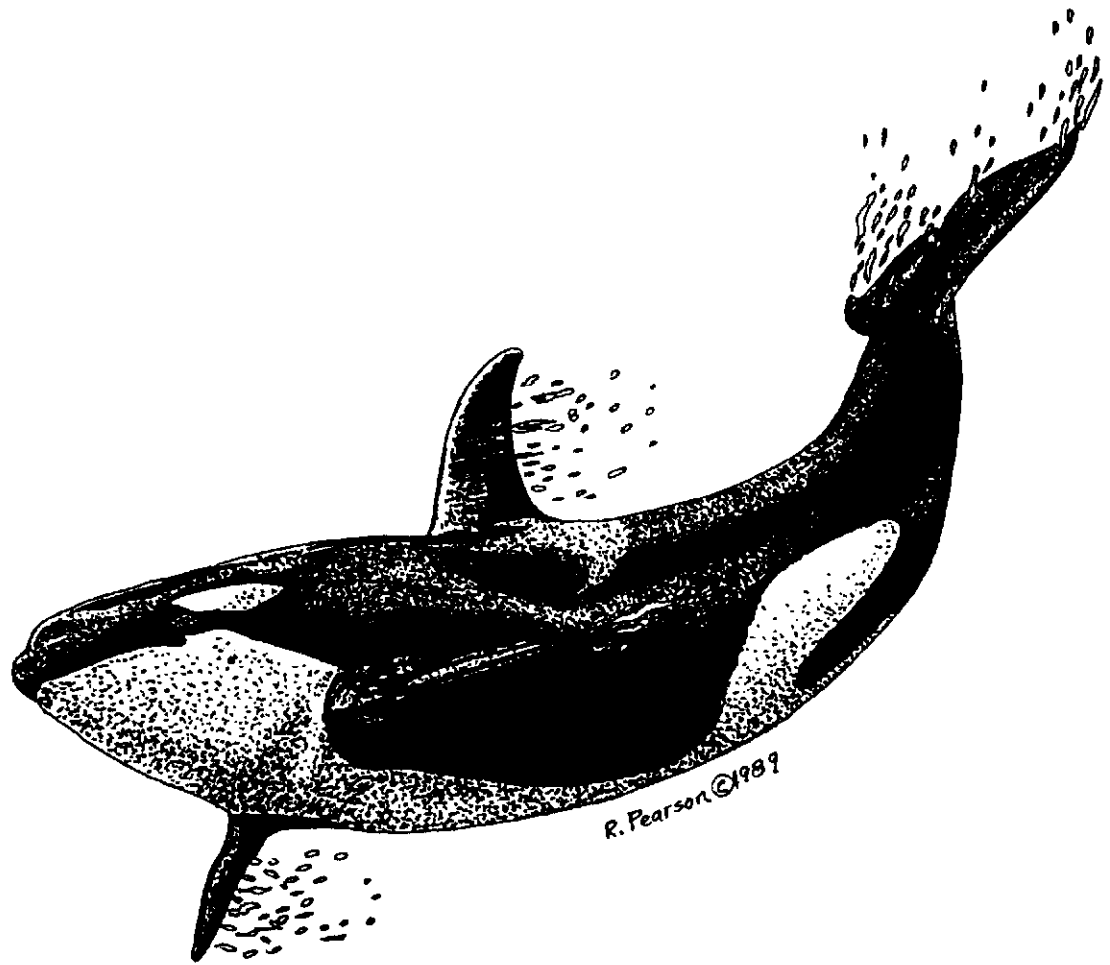


(In the April 24th *Entertainment Weekly* Margaret Bonanno disowned *Probe*. Paramount did not approve her first draft because she focused on original characters and not on Kirk and Spock. She went on to say she would only autograph page 25 as that is all that noticeably remains of her work. *Probe* was rewritten by Gene DeWeese (*The Final Nexus, Renegade*).

*Probe* by Margaret Wander Bonanno (?)  
\*1/2 stars of 5

Welcome to the latest episode of "Schlock Trek". Another mediocre novel to add to the Pocket/Paramount stable. there has been an ardent disclaimer pertaining to this novel from Ms. Bonanno. (Affectionately known as the Wonder Banana, due to my looking for the novel without my glasses.) Her disclaimer straightened out some problems with her style in this book. Her previous works - *Dwellers in the Crucible* and *Strangers From the Sky* - read better than this one did. Enough griping on with the story such as it is...

The *Probe* from STIV: The Voyage Home is back. This time its heading for the Romulan Empire. the Romulans are undergoing a major governmental upheaval and discussing glastnost and peristroika. Funny, I always thought that the Klingons were the Soviet equivalent. there is no way anyone could convince me that the "Soviet threat" merits having every other Non-Federation race represent them. I never did agree with the Us or Them theory of race relations. However, this gives a thin reason for a cooperative effort in the Neutral Zone. then, after we all get buddy-buddy, the Romulans turn on us again. (Oh Please!) But the *Probe* had other ideas and kidnapped both sides. After six plus chapters filled with petty arguments the "right" people get control and the story is over before the last chapter. The end was completely disjointed from the story. Technically this book is even worse. New subsidiary characters played a strong part in the beginning but by the middle we no longer saw them. there were several sub-plots that not only fizzled but disappeared altogether. the main plot was ragged and disjointed with no clear direction or goal other than to finish the book. I personally stalled out by chapter fourteen and then I continued and stalled again in the next to the last chapter. In my opinion if a book can't deliver what it promises in the beginning it's worse than a book with no promises at all. *Probe* was eagerly awaited and long in coming. But now I wonder why I even bothered.



**NEXT ISSUE: Shatner and Nimoy and the 25th Anniversary tour**