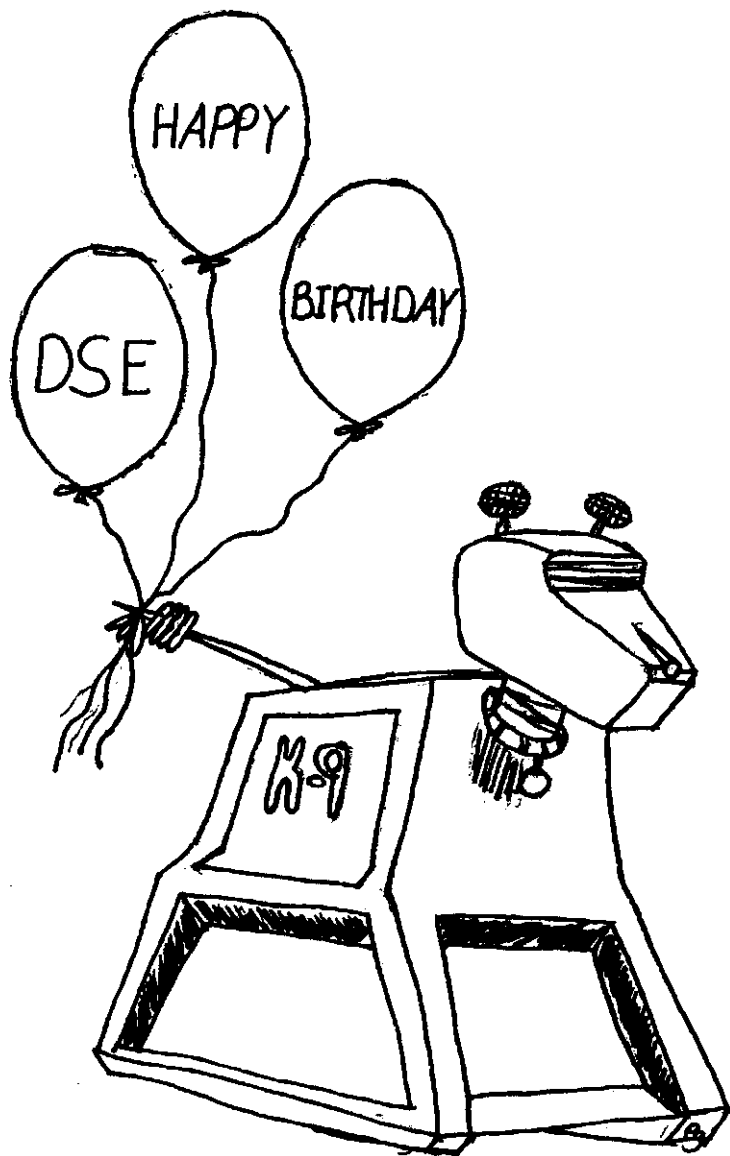


# The Dune Sea Express

#7 January 1991





# Orbital Eccentricities

**JK:** Just in case you're wondering, all the balloons on the DSE this month aren't for travelling in. We're still science fiction, we're just partying this month.

**PG:** About several things, in fact. First and foremost, this is our first anniversary as a publication, and boy have we come a long way!

**JK:** Yeah. Just go look at the first issue if you don't believe us! Just look at this beautiful specimen of fanzinehood you hold in your hands! It's almost twice as big as usual!

**PG:** But this is also a special issue, Joni. We're not going to have this length all the time--even though we'd like to. Right now we don't have the subscribers or the submissions to handle it.

**JK:** That's right, Pam, lay a guilt trip on them.

**PG:** (Ignoring Joni)...so if anyone out there knows of anyplace to hang up an advertisement for us, (bookstore, comic shop, etc.) let us know and we'll add an issue to your subscription.

**JK:** And we'll even send you the advertisement! Aren't we sweet?

**PG:** Now on to the really big news! According to the Star Trek Fan Club Magazine, #77, Star Trek VI will be written and directed by Nicholas Meyer (director and writer of Star Trek II and co-writer of Star Trek IV.) Meyer was quoted in Daily Variety as saying that Spock would fall in love in his script.

**JK:** And don't forget about Nimoy! He was also quoted in the article: "I think it will be a wonderful way to finish our films with a flourish because 1991 is the 25th anniversary of the show...the intention is to really do a grand exit movie for the original group." Don't forget that, Pam, tell them that!

**PG:** Why? You just did. But, before everyone gets excited, we must admit we don't know how reliable our source is, and we won't know until Paramount officially announces it.

**JK:** Yeah, but I sure did like the part about Paramount being in negotiation with Industrial Light and Magic to do the effects.

**PG:** We'll keep you up to date as we hear more rumors.

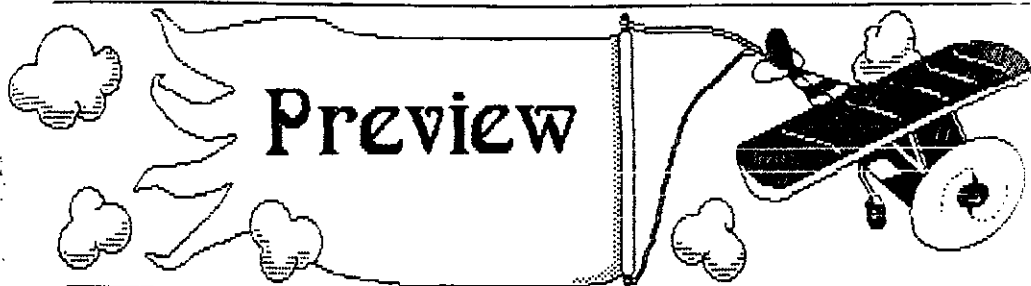
**JK:** Maybe we should rename this column Dear Joni and Pam.  
Letters and advice to the star-crossed lovers of the universe.

**PG:** I think we sound more like Rona Barrett.

**JK:** We'll do both! What a concept. Now we'd like to end this column with a rousing round of "Happy Birthday" to the DSE.

**PG:** Everybody ready? 1...2...3...

**JK & PG:** Happy Birthday to you, Happy Birthday to youooooo....



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# Captain to Crew

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FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY  
O MARK O RSPC

STARDATE:9012.08

THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO TURN THE CENTER SEAT OVER TO A NEW CAPTAIN. MY TIME AS YOUR CAPTAIN WAS ENJOYABLE AND I AM SORRY THAT I HAVE TO BE LEAVING. I AM GOING TO A VERY CHALLENGING AND INTERESTING ASSIGNMENT AT THULE, GREENLAND. I AM GLAD TO SEE TREK AND FRIENDS GROW AND HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING THE DUNE SEA EXPRESS.

So...

- ... KEEP THE DREAM ALIVE,
- ... MAY THE WIND BE AT YOUR BACKS.
- ... LIVE LONG AND PROSPER.

HAILING FREQUENCIES CLOSED.

DAVID M. CRAIG, CAPTAIN, STAR FLEET

## To Sleep.

# Perchance to Dream \*

by Pamela Girard

Commander Will Riker was weaving his way through crewmembers heading toward the bridge. He always enjoyed the morning shift change. He liked to take his time and stopped frequently to exchange greetings with people he knew well and exchanged cheery smiles in passing with those he didn't know as well.

"Commander," he halted so Dr. Beverly Crusher could catch up to him. Will admired the Doctor's fierce dedication to her profession. He also admired her deep brown eyes and red hair that fell in soft curls around her shoulders.

"Are you doing anything terribly important right now Will?" she asked.

"I'm on my way to the bridge."

Dr. Crusher took Will's elbow and steered him down a narrower corridor. "Could you spare a few minutes to help me with something? It would mean a lot."

"What did you have in mind, Doctor?"

"Well," replied Crusher, "there is a little ceremony. Usually it's something we take care of quickly and quietly but in this case it just cries out for an officer of command rank to officiate."

"What kind of ceremony are we talking about Doctor?" Will's curiosity piqued.

Doctor Crusher hesitated before replying, "A...funeral"

"A funeral! Who Doctor? I wasn't aware of...your report didn't indicate anyone was...We should inform the Captain. What happened?"

"Easy Will, this is nothing the Captain Picard would want to be bothered with." Crusher explained, "He died of old age. There were no surviving relatives. He lived a long, full, happy life. He was a faithful companion and he was loved by all."

Will looked around him and realized that Dr. Crusher had steered him into a section containing classrooms for the ship's children. They entered one of the rooms. There were several children perhaps 8 or 9 years old and several adults. Will recognized a couple of teachers among them.

The children were all clustered around a small box sitting on one of the desks. Will peered over the children and his confusion dissipated rapidly. The box contained the body of a small golden-colored hamster lying on a bed of flowers.

\* from Hamlet's Soliloquy. Hamlet Act III, Scene I.

Will turned and gave Dr. Crusher a look of mild amusement, "Hamster funeral, Doctor?"

She smiled, "His name was Roger. He was the class pet. I'm sure the children would appreciate it if you could say a few words."

\*\*\*\*\*

Unseen eyes viewed the entire proceeding. Their interest grew as several of the female children wiped water from their eyes. One of the young males placed the box in a jettison tube. Then, one of the adults depressed some switches, sending the box into space.

Eyes watched as the one called Commander shook the hands of the young ones, occasionally resting his other hand on their shoulders. The touch seemed to be an action of some significance. The teacher also shook the hand of the Commander and thanked him for his concern. The Healing woman smiled and touched her lips to the Commander's cheek as they parted in the hall.

\*\*\*\*\*

Riker entered Captain Picard's Ready Room. Picard looked up from his desk when the door opened.

"You're late Number One. Anything I should know about?"

A smile played about the corners of Will's mouth. "Nothing much, I had to stop and preside over a hamster funeral this morning," he said offhandedly as though it were an everyday occurrence.

Picard paused, "hamster funeral?"

Will grinned, "You did put me in charge of seeing to your image of geniality with the children."

"I see," he thought about it. "Actually I don't, but I'm not going to ask. Shall we get down to business?"

"Certainly, Sir." Will replied as he pulled up a chair.

\*\*\*\*\*

Picard and Riker spent the day discussing and dividing up the work to be done on the Annual Report. The Enterprise was one of the newly designed Galaxy Class ships. So Fleet would be especially interested in how their brain child was faring. The report included all problems that occurred in the last year, recommendations on changes in the ship's design, supply usage, basically anything and everything concerning the ship's operation was to be included.

The Enterprise was involved in a mapping mission which meant charting the various orbits of objects, noting any abnormalities and making special note of any planets that could sustain life. As they might be candidates for colonization.

All this meant that navigation and sciences had plenty to do leaving the Captain and First Officer all the time necessary to complete the Annual Report.

As Will climbed into a hot shower that night, he wondered if they had drawn this assignment because the report had been late last year and this was fleet's way of making sure they had plenty of opportunity to get it in on time this year.

A shower with the option of real water was a luxury on a ship of the line. The water was collected and reprocessed so extremely little was lost. It was one small reason why Will loved his job on the Enterprise so much.

Will stood under the scalding water mentally trying to persuade his body to relax, but he still couldn't shake the odd sensation he'd had all day. The unsettling feeling that he was being watched.

\*\*\*\*\*

Vague, anomalous shapes hung suspended amid the steam in Will's bathroom. "Yes, this is the one. His idealism and passion for life make him the natural selection."

\*\*\*\*\*

That night Will's dreams were unsettling. Wild images passed before his eyes. Silent screams sounded in his ears. A cold presence touched his mind. He rebelled.

Will woke with a start. When his heart stopped pounding he turned and looked at the clock. He would have to get up soon, "Night as well make an early day of it." he thought.

"I can get a good start on the Engineering section of the report."

The engineering section was the longest most involved section, and Will's responsibility. He had scheduled a meeting with Chief Engineer Geordi LaForge for this morning. Geordi was known as an early riser. Maybe he'd like to get started. The sooner he got started, the sooner he'd have the dreadful thing finished.

Will spent the day in Geordi's office going over the recommendations on design changes and meticulously examining the Enterprise blueprints hanging all over the walls. Will tried to pay attention but as the

## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

afternoon wore on he had to stifle yawns more frequently. He also, had to keep resisting the urge to look over his shoulder.

\*\*\*\*\*

That evening Will had dinner in 10-Forward. He sat alone at a table instead of the bar where he usually sat when he didn't have a date. He propped his head up on his arm and he picked at his food. Long fingers touched his shoulder. Will jumped.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you." Guinan sat in the chair opposite Will.

"That's all right I'm not very alert tonight."

"So I notice. I also notice you're not eating. The food's no good tonight?"

"Food's fine. I'm just not hungry." A quiet pause.

"It's unusual for you to be so quiet."

"Sorry, I didn't sleep well last night and I've had the oddest feeling someone's been staring at me all day. I just feel unnerved somehow.

"I have just the thing. Be right back." Guinan headed off behind the bar. She operates 10-Forward, the social center of the ship. In addition, she doubles as ship's enigma.

No one knows how old she is, except maybe Captain Picard and he's not telling. It is rumored that her wisdom knows no bounds. And she always knows just the right thing.

Guinan returned with a tray. On it sat a glass filled with thick, white liquid. Will looked at it with a sinking feeling in his stomach. It was warm to his touch. He picked it up, smelled it. The aroma was all too familiar.

"What is this?"

"Warm milk," she replied. Seeing his look of distaste she added, "Drink it. It will relax you. Put you to sleep."

"I don't know, I don't think I'm quite that far gone yet."

"It'll be here when your ready. Now go to bed before you fall asleep at this table and I have to call somebody to come put you to bed.

\*\*\*\*\*

But Will wasn't sleeping. He was tossing and turning and generally tying knots in the sheets, but he was not sleeping. And he didn't know why. Once that night he had caught the beginning of a dream; it was like no dream he had ever experienced before. It wasn't a nightmare. It was something else. Something different. Something he didn't quite understand.

## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

He wondered if his unusual bout with insomnia had anything to do with it. On the other hand maybe it was nothing, maybe it was the paperwork.

Finally, Will had enough. He got up and vent into the main room of his quarters. He glanced through the shelf of old antique books. Nothing. The pile of music tapes, likewise nothing. Even his favorite holofilm of an Antean quartet left him cold. He finally settled for wearily climbing into his clothes and taking a walk.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Enterprise was deep into her night cycle. Humans needed night and day in order to keep their body cycles running smoothly. Without the simulated night the crew would begin to lose sleep and tempers would become increasingly short. Will encountered no one in his aimless trek along the corridor. It did not surprise him that he eventually ended up in one of the deserted observation lounges. He often came here: To be depressed, sad, introspective, to ponder the meaning of the universe, or when he simply wanted to be left alone. The observation lounge was a place to be alone, meditate, whatever. It was an unwritten rule on any ship that anyone in the observation lounge was to be left to their own thoughts. It was a solitary place. It was a good place for putting life's little problems into perspective.

Will also came here to stare out at the stars and dream. Here, he is First Officer under Captain Picard, but someday he would have a ship of his own. Someday, he would be sitting in the command chair gazing out the view screen into the vast unknown reaches of interstellar space, orbiting worlds as yet undiscovered, reaching out to the inhabitants of those worlds with the hand of friendship...

Will leaned against the viewport and spent the remainder of the night gazing out into an imaginary future of his own design.

\*\*\*\*\*

Veiled shadows lurk nearby. Frustration. He does not understand. He feels threatened. Wait. With his weakness will come acceptance and understanding.

\*\*\*\*\*

Will squirmed uncomfortably in his bridge seat. He couldn't keep his mind on what was going on around him or on the report in front of him. He almost wished something unexpected would happen, maybe the adrenalin would

## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

wake him up but he knew he was in no shape to deal with it. He felt weary. It had been two nights with little sleep and no rest. He didn't smile a good morning to anyone. He was already on the bridge before the shifts changed. Will had been staring at the unfinished report for some time. Staring at it but not seeing it.

"Will, are you all right?" Counselor Troi asked concern written in her face. Will hadn't even heard her approach. She sat down in the observer's seat next to his. "There seems to be a weariness about you."

"Weariness is a good word for it, Deanna. I seem to be suffering from a peculiarly human affliction, insomnia." She knew him so well. It didn't seem that long ago since they were together on her home planet. Close didn't even begin to apply to what they had. But Deanna had ended it. She said he wanted to be married to a ship and not a woman. And deep down he knew she was right, but deep down he wondered if there was still a flame burning somewhere. And couldn't there be a way to have both ship and woman?

"Anything you want to talk about?"

"No," he smiled, that wonderful honest smile, "There isn't anything to talk about, nothing's bothering me that I'm aware of. I just can't sleep well." He stifled a yawn.

"If it isn't psychological, then maybe it's physical?"

"Again nothing that I'm aware of. But it's a thought worth looking into. Thanks." She moved back to her normal seat.

Captain Picard came out of his office and took his seat between Deanna and Will.

"You've finished your reports already, sir?" inquired Troi.

"I have not. I am merely taking a break. A long break."

"In that case, Captain," Will said, "if you will be staying on the bridge for a while, I would like to request permission to report to Medical."

"Are you ill, Number One?", Picard asked giving Will a closer look.

"I'd like Dr. Crusher to make that determination, if you don't mind."

"I assume all's quiet here."

"I wouldn't have asked if it wasn't."

"Very well then, you may consider yourself relieved."

"Thank you, sir." Will turned off his screen and was conscious of the eyes following him up the ramp to the turbolift.

He fought the need to turn and look at what he knew wasn't there.

\*\*\*\*\*

## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

"Will, a little insomnia now and then is normal for people who live in space. The simulated night aboard ship keeps the body's rhythms in line most of the time but there are bound to be minor fluctuations from time to time."

Doctor Crusher was casually leaning against the corner of her desk. Her dark blue lab coat set off her shoulder length red hair magnificently.

"But I've never had a problem with insomnia before, Doctor"

"There is a first time for everything, Will. I can't find anything wrong with you. I don't want to give you anything for it yet because it isn't that bad right now. You're tired, yes, but it's better if your body can correct your sleep cycles for itself. If the sleeplessness continues, then we'll need to look deeper. Until then, trust me on this, your body will sleep when it is ready to sleep."

"And not a moment before, huh."

"My husband always swore a glass of warm milk would work wonders. It never helped me, but it couldn't hurt to try."

A slight smile played about the corners of Will's lips, "Centuries of medical knowledge behind mankind, and my doctor is prescribing folk remedies and remedies that I've already been apprised of. Thank you, Doctor."

\*\*\*\*\*

That evening Will drug himself into 10-Forward and slumped at the bar. Guinan sat the milk in front of him without his having to ask for it.

He stared at the milk. "Guinan, do you really think this will work?"

"We'll never know until you try. What can it hurt?"

He picked up the glass, a resigned expression on his face, and downed the milk in as few gulps as he could manage. And he sighed.

"If it's any consolation, that odd feeling you mentioned. When you're in the room, I feel it, too."

"You think its following me around?"

"I don't know."

\*\*\*\*\*

Sleep came that night but Will couldn't stay asleep. He would almost begin to dream and something would startle him. It was like the feeling that he was falling and woke up just before he hit bottom.

Finally he became so frustrated, he pulled a book at random from the compartment next to the bed and began reading.

Several long chapters later, Will's weariness overcame him and his eyes closed. He dreamed the same wild dreams. Only this time they were bizarre distorted visions of reality. He slept but again he did not rest. He fought the icy tendrils as they crept through his mind.

Gratefully he rose to the voice of the ship's computer. He dressed and retrieved the cup of coffee waiting at the food dispenser, "God," He thought, "Do I need coffee, lots and lots of coffee." He took his cup with him as he headed for the bridge and another long dull day.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Number One!"

Will jumped and found Captain Picard looking sternly down at him.

"Yes, Captain. My apologies. I haven't been sleeping well lately."

"So Counselor Troi tells me. I assume that was the nature of your visit to Medical yesterday."

"Yes sir."

"Just see to it that it doesn't interfere with your duty."

"Yes sir."

"The engineer's report," Picard prompted.

"Oh, the engineer's report, Sir." Will handed him a small stack of computer tapes.

Picard took them and strode into his office. Will understood his outburst, sleeping on the job was not looked on highly. Will glanced over at Troi. Deanna smiled at him reassuringly and returned to updating her personnel files. Will monitored the incoming data from the ship's sensors on his console. Again his mind began to drift. He couldn't keep his eyes open. His head felt heavy. It was as if he was being lulled to sleep. "Oh come on," he thought to himself, "last night you couldn't keep your eyes closed for an instant, now you can't keep them open."

In another moment Will shuddered as if he was intensely cold and was asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Counselor Troi was deeply involved in familiarizing herself with the records of new personnel taken aboard at Starbase 17. Otherwise, she should have sensed the presence which had entered Will's mind sooner. Her body tensed. Instantly she opened a channel from the bridge to the Captain's ready-room.

"Captain, come to the bridge, now!" The urgency in her voice caused Captain Picard to emerge from his office immediately. He recognized Troi's

trance-like state, but he was not prepared for Will's.

Will sat. His eyes were empty, glazed, staring. Their usual sparkle was gone. His face was blank. Picard had stopped in midstep. Slowly he approached Troi.

"What is it? What's happening?"

"I'm not certain, sir. A presence...several presences...one of them has joined minds with Will."

"I see nothing." Picard squinted his eyes as if trying to discern something that wasn't there.

"Nevertheless, there is something there, sir."

"He is hardly breathing, sir," Data reported. He had moved from Ops to the observer's seat next to Will's. Data appeared more than a little concerned.

"Medical to the Bridge, at once!" Picard ordered.

Troi's voice was little more than a whisper, "They do not intend to harm...human conscience...too fragile...only in subconscious...must find..."

"Must find what, Counselor?"

"I don't know, sir."

\*\*\*\*\*

Suddenly Will was flying. He didn't know how or why, but he was flying. No ship, nothing about him but the atmosphere. He looked below himself seeking some bearing. He was above a cloud. Arm's spread wide, he soared like a bird, swooped down into the cloud. He could feel the mist on his face. The nothingness of the cloud blew through his hair and he was through it. Below him, he beheld the most beautiful landscape he had ever seen. Hills of rolling blue leading to a clear green river bubbling through snow-capped mountains. Will was flying.

\*\*\*\*\*

A slow smile spread over Will's face. He rose like a marionette having its strings pulled. He turned and walked up the ramp to the upper deck, Data followed. Picard paced them around the bridge via the other ramp. As he passed, the turbolift doors opened and Doctor Crusher entered, medikit in hand. Picard motioned her to silence behind him.

Will faced the science console and began accessing the Enterprise's memory banks. Screenfuls of information began flicking across the panels at a dizzying rate.

"Data?" Picard inquired.

"He is pulling up information on planetary bodies, their type and location. Intriguing, sir. He is searching mythological as well as factual."

"Troi, what are you getting from this?" Picard asked.

"It's not hurting him. I sense a need, a deep longing for some knowledge."

"But there is no malevolence?"

"Quite the opposite, sir," she responded, "I sense only goodness. I—"

Suddenly Will collapsed against the console, but caught himself before he hit. However he leaned heavily against it. Data pulled out the chair from it's position under the console and helped Will into it. Crusher was there, med scanner in hand.

"Commander, are you all right? Will?"

"I'm all right, I think." His voice trembled when he spoke. His face was deathly pale.

"Will," the Captain asked, "What happened? What or who are they?"

"I'm not sure." a pause, "Such beauty..." his eyes glassed over, his body shuddered again and he was gone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Will stood next to the green river in the valley he'd flown over earlier. He stepped away from the river before the water lapping against the shore got into his shoes. He saw a bird of some sort sitting on a branch. It was partially hidden behind the blue leaves. It had a furred body and feathers only on its wings and tail.

Will breathed in the sweet air and moved toward a nearby rock to sit down and drink in the natural beauty of the place. He felt very calm and at peace here, but when he placed his weight on the rock it gave way and he was sitting on the ground inside the rock. It wasn't real. It was like sitting inside a hologram. He could pass right through it.

He stood up again and stepped from the rock. Realizing that this was not the paradise it appeared, he took a closer look at his surroundings. He noticed that the bird had still not moved. He walked right up to it and saw it wasn't breathing.

He tried to touch a leaf on the tree but his fingers couldn't hold on to the ghost-like images. They were perfect to all appearances right down to the tiny veins in their surfaces but they were not tangible. At least in the holodeck you could touch things.

Will could see the water bubbling in the river but there was no sound. There were no sounds anywhere except his own.

He took a deep breath. The air was no longer sweet. It was his imagination. As he looked around, he realized that this must be what its like to be locked in a painting. Everything appears real but none of it is real except the canvas beneath his feet.

"A painting is an excellent analogy, Commander."

Will turned back toward the trees but nothing was there. The voice had come from inside his own head.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Come out and show yourselves."

"Please do not be defensive. It makes communication difficult. We will try to make ourselves visible to your senses."

Gradually a thin veil-like form appeared about 5 meters in front of Will. It was completely transparent, like a thin, wispy cloud.

"What do you want with me? Why are you doing this?" Will asked.

"We mean you and your companions no harm. We merely wished to have a mutual exchange of information" The voice was still coming from inside Will's head. It continued, "You see we may have very different forms and levels of existence but we have very similar perceptions in other ways. We each seek to explore what is. We relish the joy of discovery. We seek the place of inherent beauty."

"I still don't understand why you picked me."

"You understand more than you know. We are, as you say, artists or painters. This is, indeed, one of our works. You also noticed that it is real only in appearance. Only to the sense of sight. We have other works of sound, touch, and thought, but as yet we have not been able to achieve an effective union.

"The beauty we perceive is the sense of beauty that we project into the work itself. The work is not inherently beautiful. We seek the place of inherent beauty that we believe will enable us to paint with all senses instead of just the one sense we perceive beautiful in the work.

"Your passion for life and beauty extends to all your senses. You were the necessary choice because you could comprehend our quest."

"Necessary choice for what? What was I chosen to do?"

"As you see we have no physical form in your plane of existence. We needed to speak to your computer."

"And to do that you needed a physical form. I see." Will thought a moment. "Has my insomnia been because I have been fighting your attempts to contact me.?"

"Yes," they replied. "We have what we need to know. We thank you for your help. Your Dr. Crusher is becoming very distressed over your condition. We shall not worry her any longer."

\*\*\*\*\*



## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

Dr. Crusher called for a stretcher after Will collapsed. He was near coma, totally withdrawn into himself. The med-teen had just picked up the stretcher to take Will to Sickbay when he moaned and opened his eyes.

"Wait. Put him back down. Will, can you hear me?"

"Yes." He sat up.

"How do you feel?" Crusher began running the scanner over him.

"Tired, but otherwise okay."

Picard knelt next to him, "Will, what happened?"

"I was in a place. It must've been in my own head." Will paused to gather his thoughts. "They're artists, painters, seeking out landscapes to paint."

"Paint how? They have no form we can detect."

"With a mental canvas, Captain. They take pictures with their minds. Whatever images they choose to 'paint' they remember with the detail of a photograph. I saw one of them." Will floundered for words, "They are totally amorphous beings. A completely different level of existence from us."

"This planet that they are searching for, sir," Data inquired, "Did they find it?"

"No, it wasn't here, but I think they have a direction now." Will glanced at the console, "I got the feeling that they aren't sure it exists themselves."

"It is a myth, then?"

"Yes, Data, but if they find it," He inhaled slowly, "To see such a painting. Such absolute beauty."

Doctor Crusher finished her exam. "He appears fine, but I'd like to examine him more closely in Sickbay."

Picard turned to Troi, "Do you sense anything, Counselor? Are they gone?"

"Yes, Captain, I can sense nothing."

"Will?" Picard asked.

"They're gone, sir, I hope they find what they're searching for someday."

"Very well, I agree, Doctor. Report to Medical, Number One."

Will nodded and followed Doctor Crusher into the turbolift. Captain Picard returned to his seat in the center of the bridge.

"Well, Counselor, at least it won't be another totally uneventful day."

Troi had resumed reading her files, "Perhaps Will will be able to get some sleep now."

At Picard's questioning glance, Troi explained, "The beings had to contact Will's subconscious mind. His subconscious sensed their presences and not sleeping was the only way to refuse their entry. So they had to

## To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

wait until Will was too tired to put up much of a fight and they could overpower his subconscious without harming him."

"I understand they needed to join with someone, not having any physical mass, they couldn't work the console. But why choose Will? Why not you or one of the Vulcans onboard, who have greater telepathic abilities?"

"Evidently our minds were not as compatible as a human's would be. As for why Will. I'm afraid that's probably partially my doing. When Will was stationed on my home planet, we became close. He developed the ability to read my thoughts at times. That left him open to receive them."

"I see," he reflected a moment, "Incredible that such beings exist. The diversity of life in the universe never ceases to amaze me and just imagine the pictures they must have painted during their journey."

Data turned from the Ops station, "Captain, there is a new file in the memory banks and it is currently downloading to the navigation systems."

"A new file, Data?"

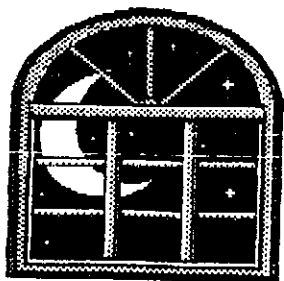
"Yes, sir. It is a map of this system and the next one on our course with planetary bodies, their types and locations noted and cross referenced."

"We helped them on their way and they helped us on ours." Wesley Crusher commented from the Helm.

Picard nodded, "The search for knowledge is our primary mission. It is comforting to know we are not the only ones searching."



"I AM THE MIGHTY AND POWERFUL OZ"



# Voices From Space

by Tom Helms

The following transmissions were intercepted by a Federation listening post monitoring the Romulan Neutral Zone.

FROM: Merchant ship Anomaly  
TO: Romulan Warbird Shadowhawk

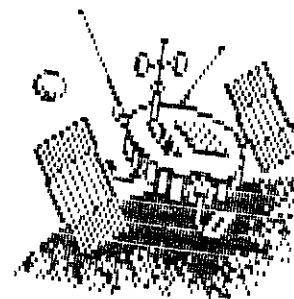
FOR SALE: The specks to a new top-secret anti-cloak device.  
Will sell for a load of Romulan Ale.

FROM: Romulan Warbird Stormwing  
TO: Merchant Ship Al Capone

The next shipment of Romulan Ale is ready. We will meet at the normal place stardate 45321.5. Be there with the Russian Vodka at set time.

FROM: Romulan Warbird Shadowhawk  
TO: Merchant ship Anomaly

We do not trade good ale for such meaningless information. Being the best in cloaking device technology for 25 years running, we do not fear any new innovations in cloaking technology.



FROM: Empirical Command  
TO: All Romulan ships in sector 653

A cloaked Klingon ship has been detected in the sector. Seek out and capture. Their presence is a violation of our pact and they must not be allowed an honorable death.

\*\*\*\*\* DISTRESS!!! DISTRESS!!! DISTRESS!!! \*\*\*\*\*

FROM: Romulan Warbird Shadowhawk  
TO: All Romulan ships in sector 653

Under attack by unidentified ship, presumed Klingon. Warp drive and sensors are out. They fired from behind. We have been forced to uncloak, and have not received additional fire.

FROM: Romulan Scout Scavenger  
TO: Romulan Warbird Shadowhawk  
ETA: 12.3 flicks

En route to cover your rear. Klingon ships don't fire from behind. What other ships are in the vicinity?

FROM: Romulan Warbird Stormwing  
TO: Empirical Command

Requesting transfer to another sector. Calling in all favors.

# Interstellar Molecules

The release dates for this years Next Generation Magazine are:

#13 November 13, 1990 (Currently available)

#14 February 12, 1991

#15 April 11, 1991

#16 June 11, 1991

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The title of the sequel to *Moontrap* has been announced as  
*Moontrap II: The Pyramids of Mars.*

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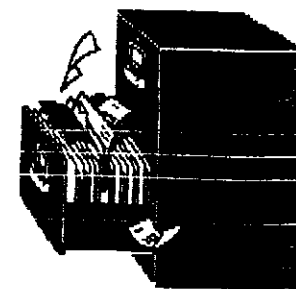
While many Doctor Who fans know that it was discovered in 1979 that a large number of episodes from the early Doctors had been lost due to economics at the BBC. When video tape was first used it was very expensive, so recordings were routinely erased 2 days after airing so that the tape could be reused. At the time no one foresaw the recent fan explosion in other countries. So in 1979 the BBC published a list of the missing episodes in the hope that copies might exist outside of their vaults. Many episodes were found. The early episodes of Doctor Who were seen in Canada, Australia, parts of Africa, and as early as Pertwee in the U.S. The Pertwee episodes were copied in Black and White for foreign sale. Only 2 Pertwee episodes are still missing completely, the rest have been restored in black and white. The BBC does not want the copies back they only want to borrow them to copy for themselves. Information about missing tapes should be reported to : The Doctor Who Production Office, BBC-TV, TV Centre Wood Lane, London W12, England. The following is a current list of the missing episodes:

WILLIAM HARTNELL: "Marco Polo"- 1-7, "The Reign of Terror"- 4 & 5, "The Crusade" - 1 & 2, "The Time Meddler"- 4, "Galaxy Four"- 1-4, "Mission to the Unknown"- 1, "The Mythmakers"- 1-4, "The Dalek Master Plan"- 1-4 & 6-9 & 11 & 12, "The Massacre"- 1-4, "The Celestial Toymaker"- 1-3, "The Savages"- 1-4, "The Smugglers"- 1-4, "The Tenth Planet"- 4.

Patrick Troughton: "The Power of the Daleks"- 1-6, "The Highlanders"- 1-4, "The Underwater Menace"- 1 & 2 & 4, "The Moonbase"- 1 & 3, "The Macra Terror"- 1-4, "The Faceless Ones"- 2-6, "The Evil of the Daleks"- 1-7, "Tomb of the Cybermen"- 1-4, "The Abominable Snowmen"- 1 & 3-6, "The Ice Warriors"- 1-6, "The Enemy of the World"- 1-2 & 4-6, "The Web of Fear"- 2-6, "Fury From the Deep"- 1-6, "The Wheel in Space"- 1-2 & 4-5, "The Invasion"- 2-3 & 5-8, "The Space Pirates"- 1 & 3-6.

Jon Pertwee: (Missing the color copies, unless noted otherwise the stories are complete in B & W.) "The Silurians"- 1-7, "The Ambassadors of Death"- 2-7, "The Terror of the Autons"- 1-4, "The Mind of Evil"- 1-6, "The Dæmons"- 1-3 & 5, "Planet of the Daleks"- 3 (missing in B & W, reedited for U.S. sale), "Invasion of the Dinosaurs"- 1 (missing in B & W, reedited for U.S. sale.)

# Anomalous Propagation



(A.K.A. assorted things we found in the files)

*How Can I Keep From Singing?*

Trivia by Ron Butler

Certain pieces of music have become identified with SF/Fantasy films. Identify the film or series that the following tunes figured in:

1. "Johnny B Goode"
2. "A Bicycle Built For Two"
3. "Anything Goes" (in Chinese)
4. "Waltzing Matilda"
5. "Singing in the Rain"
6. "Tocatta and Fugue in D" by J.S. Bach
7. "Putting on the Ritz"
8. "Benson, Arizona"
9. "Journey of the Sorcerer"

*How The Villians Die*

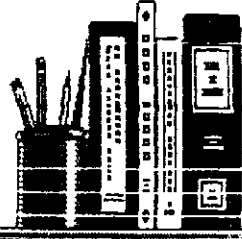
Trivia by Ron Butler

How did the villians from the SF and Fantasy movies below die?

1. Ming the Merciless (Flash Gordon, 1980)
2. Baron Vladimir Harkonnen (Dune)
3. The Martian Invaders (War of the Worlds)
4. The Fire Chief (Fahrenheit 451)
5. The "Terminator" (Terminator)
6. Rene Belloch (Raiders of the Lost Ark)
7. Captain Kruge (Star Trek III: The Search For Spock)
8. General Jack D. Ripper (Dr. Strangelove)
9. Carter Burke (Aliens)
10. Jabba the Hutt (Return of the Jedi)
11. The Wicked Witch of the East (The Wizard of Oz)
12. Dr. Michaels (Fantastic Voyage)
13. Duran Duran (Barbarella)
14. The Dragon Vermithrax Pejorum (Draconslayer)
15. Charles Luther (Runaway)

Answers are on the following page. No Cheating!!!

# Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac



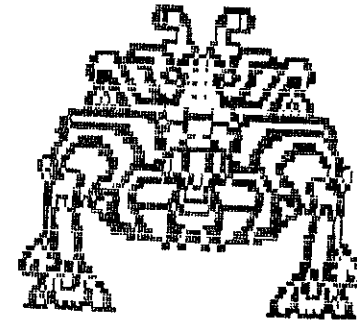
By Sandra Provence Steele

Prime Directive by Judith and Garfield Reeves-Stevens  
4 out of 5 Stars  
Pocket Books Hardcover \$18.95

This book might just grab you by the... well, just make sure you don't start this novel unless there is enough time to complete the first half at one sitting. This is the second Star Trek novel by this husband and wife team and it is decidedly better in consistency and quality than their first attempt. Don't get any ideas, Memory Prime is cleverly engineered work and one of the better ones released in its publishing year, unfortunately it was difficult for many people to keep up with the numerous plot shifts in such a short work.

The premise of the new novel is the dream of every Kirk-basher in the universe. James T. Kirk is dismissed from Starfleet for violation of the Prime Directive. His actions have caused the near destruction of the Enterprise (which, by the way, accounts for the never ship we saw in the first movie) and the destruction of a planet. The first chapter and the whole novel really shows the reader a new side of life in the Federation. The remainder of the novel reads like a classic who-dun-it. The plot takes several surprising twists and turns and on the whole leaves the reader impressed with the overall outcome.

My suggestion is for the reader to lightly skim the prologue and then really start reading the first chapter. I did have some problems with the lack of an accurate stardate in which to place the story. There was also a bit of a lag near the middle but I liked this one anyway.



How Can I Keep from Singing?  
1. Back to the Future. Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) stands in for Marvin Berry (That's Chuck's cousin) at the "Enchantment Under the Sea" dance.  
2. 2001: A Space Odyssey. "Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true..." HAL 9000 sings this ditty as Dave Bowman (Keir Dullea) robotizes him.  
3. Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom. The big opening number sung by Willie Scott (Kate Capshaw) in a Shanghai nightclub. The credits say "music and lyrics by Cole Porter" not these lyrics I think...  
4. On the Beach. The ultimate cliché Australian song, sung by Aussies waiting to die of creeping fallout.  
5. A Clockwork Orange. Sung by Alex (Malcolm McDowell) as he savagely beats bourgeois homeowner Mr. Alexander and rapes his wife. (I wonder if Gene Kelly has seen this movie...)  
6. Rollerball. Opening sequence, as the Houston rollerball team rumbles into the arena.  
7. Young Frankenstein. Song and dance number performed by Dr. Fred Frankenstein (that's "Fronk-en-steen"--Gene Wilder) and "The Monster" (Peter Boyle) before the Budapest Neurological Society.  
8. Dark Star. Country and Western ballad dealing with the heartbreak of near light speed temporal dilation.  
9. Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. It's the signature music, by "Eagles", from their One of Those Nights album. You may have this and never knew it.

How the Villains Die

1. Impaled on the nose boom of a rocketship.
2. Picked with a gon jabbar, then eaten by a giant sandworm.
3. Succumbed to terrestrial bacteria.
4. Firearm Montag turned a flamethrower on him.
5. Flattened when a machine press developed a "Crush" on him.
6. Head exploded after he ignored the "NO USER SERVICABLE PARTS INSIDE" sticker on the Ark of the Covenant.
7. Booted off a cliff by James Kirk.
8. Shot himself with his .45 automatic while shaving.
9. Captured by aliens, presumably impregnated then vaporized in the explosion of colony's fusion powerplant. (Yes, I know that in Alan Dean Foster's novelization, Ripley mercy-killed him, but this is the movie.
10. Strangled by Princess Leia, using her slave chains.
11. Dorothy's house fell on her.
12. Eaten by a white blood cell, along with the submarine Proteus.
13. Eaten by "The Mamos", a pool of energy that fed on evil.
14. Blasted out of the sky when the wizard Ulrich exploded in her belly.
15. Injected with acid by his own killer micro-robots.

Answers

