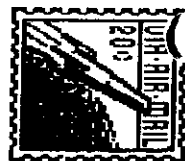
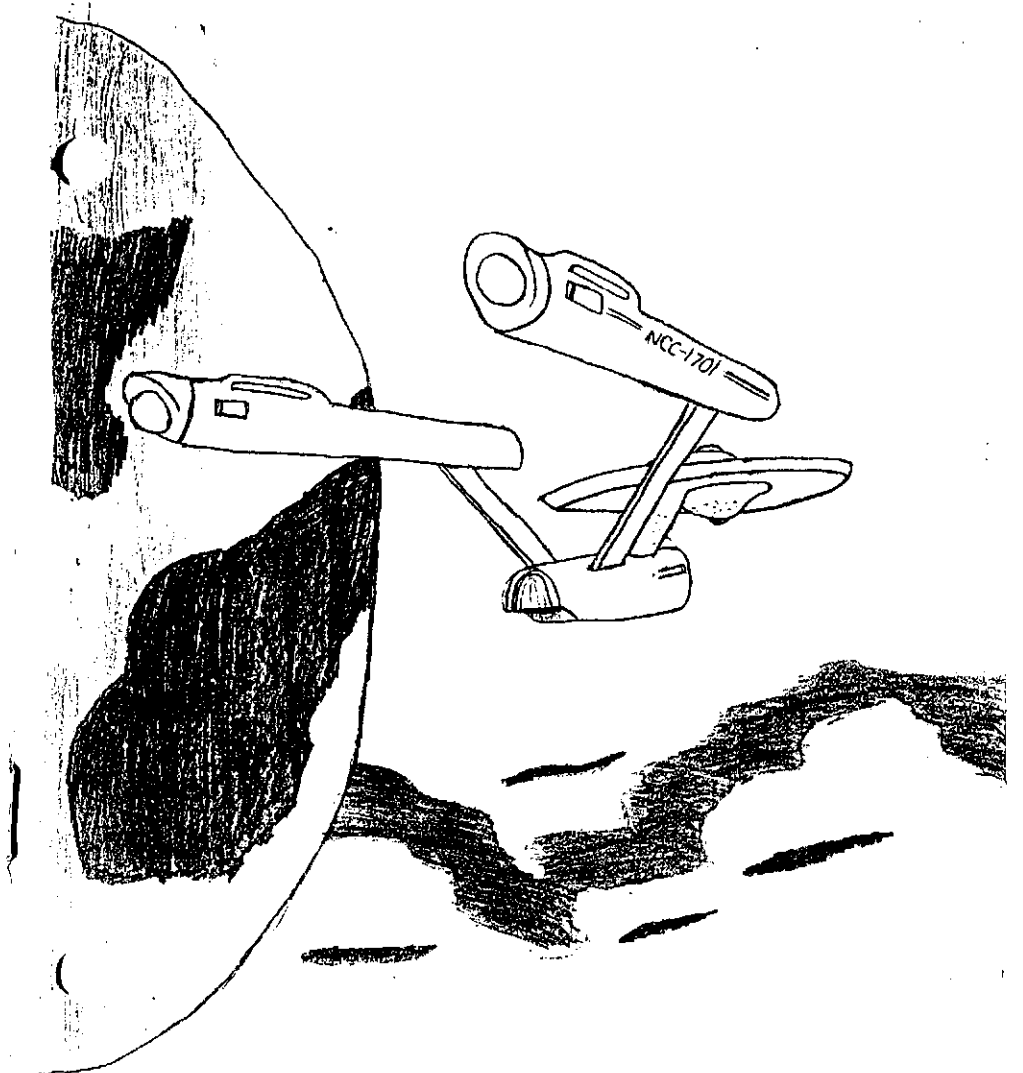


# The Dune Sea Express

#9 May 1991



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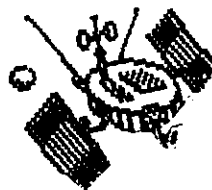
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# Orbital Eccentricities

Due to a 40 hour a week real job (Yeah, no more unemployment lines), fiancée returning from Saudi Arabia, an impending wedding, and lack of legitimate subject matter about which to talk (The world of SF seems pretty quiet at the moment.) excluding the obvious color cover (and for those who receive the DSE in the mail, a new mailing label and envelope), this month's orbital Eccentricities has been pre-exempted in order to try out a new layout.

If anyone is interested the following Doctor Who Books are now considered to be Out of Print.

- Ark in Space
- Caves of Androzani
- Invasion
- State of Decay
- Tomb of the Cybermen
- Visitation
- Travel Without TARDIS (A non fiction travel guide for the Doctor Who Fan to Great Britain)
- Doctor Who Quiz Book



# Doctor Who and The Lady of the Lake

## Part 2 of 4

by Karen Guest

*The story so far:*

*In part one, the Brigadier went on vacation to Tintagel, the birthplace of King Arthur, where he ran into the Master. The Brigadier was injured when he tried to apprehend the Master single-handedly.*

*The Master, then, finished building a time portal and traveled through it to the fifth century, where he discovered that Merlin and the Lady of the Lake are really Time Lords.*

*Meanwhile, the Doctor and Jo had arrived at Tintagel and after visiting the Brigadier in the hospital, went looking for the Master.*

The Brigadier had been trying to sleep but had given up in favor of staring at the ceiling. As he was asking himself for the four hundredth time why he had ever taken leave, the door creaked open. A young, attractive woman walked in. Lethbridge-Stewart perked up. He always liked the company of a pretty girl. His face lit up as he recognized the Douglas tartan kilt, white frilly blouse, and Douglas tartan plaid over the left shoulder. The wearer came forward and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Hullo, Alastair."

"Alex, how'd you get in here? Visiting hours are over." actually, the Brigadier was glad to see her.

"I've just come down from the Home Office to see--"

"If I've lost my mind," he finished ungracefully for her.

Lady Alexandra Douglas, youngest daughter of the Earl of Douglas, frowned angrily at the Brigadier. "Alastair, if you are going to be disagreeable, I'm leaving." She threatened to walk out.

"Wait just a minute, Alex." He didn't want her to go. "Forgive me, but I've been treated like a madman around here. My doctor was even going to have me sent to a psychiatric ward." The words tasted bad in his mouth.

She sat back down. "We did hear about that. I came down, not for the Home Office, but for myself. I wanted to see how you were."

The concern on her pretty face was appealing. The Brigadier wasn't going to hurt her. "Well, you can tell them, when you get back, that I'm not potty."

"No, just banged up and as stubborn as usual." She stood up. "I honestly do not know why I worry about you. You've got the hardest head in Britain." She started walking towards the door. "I'll come back tomorrow when you're feeling less sensitive about your accident."

"It was no accident, Alex. The Master and I had a little brawl."

Lady Alexandra's hand was on the doorknob. She looked over her shoulder. Her green eye's narrowed. "Alastair, are you feeling all right?"

"I am perfectly all right." He was indignant. "And I did not imagine the Master."

"All right, Alastair, who is the Master? For the sake of argument, of course." She was wondering whether or not the Home Office should be informed of his apparent insanity.

"The Master is a wanton criminal who delights in making life impossible for all who come near him. He wants total control of the universe and the Doctor dead."

Criminals, Lady Alexandra understood. The universe business was unsettling, but considering that Alastair Lethbridge-Stewart was head of UNIT, she thought she should listen further. She opened her mouth to say something when the Brigadier started to get out of bed. She snapped her mouth shut and then opened it again to scold him. "Just what do you think you are doing?"

The Brigadier reached into the locker beside his bed. He pulled out a pair of cavalry twills, a white shirt, and a dark blue cardigan sweater. He reached for his trousers. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

"Alastair, this is foolishness. You aren't supposed to get out of bed."

The Brigadier paid her no mind and kept on getting dressed. Lady Alexandra quickly turned around. Silently, she was cursing this man for his stubbornness. The next thing would be a trip up to Tintagel to prove what had happened to him. She loved him, but he exasperated her.

"You may turn around now." A fully-dressed Brigadier confronted her. "You are coming with me--"

"To Tintagel." She remained right where she was. "I am not going anywhere with you, Alastair. You belong in that bed, and I am going to call Dr. Ferguson."

He grabbed her by the hand and pulled her out of the room. Half-way down the hallway, she decided to stop fighting him. He was bound and determined to go back there and prove himself to her. She saw Sergeant Benton out of the corner of her eyes as she was being led down the hallway to the door. She frantically gestured to him to come and help her stop the infuriated Brigadier.

Benton stepped in front of the Brigadier, bringing his superior up sharp. "Out of my way, Sergeant Benton," barked the Brigadier.

Doctor Who and the Lady of the Lake

Benton didn't budge. "I'm sorry, sir, but the Doctor gave me strict orders not to let you out of here."

"Sergeant, who do you take orders from? Me or the Doctor?" The Brigadier's voice was cold.

Lady Alexandra looked from the Brigadier to Benton. She groaned inwardly. The Brigadier was going to have his way. She could see Benton quavering. She was right. Benton stepped aside and let the Brigadier pass. Lady Alexandra followed dutely.

It wasn't a long drive to Tintagel. They sat in stoney silence as the Brigadier drove Lady Alexandra's dilapidated Austin-Cooper. It literally bounced over the roads. Its owner wasn't quite sure that the old thing was up to this sort of abuse. Lady Alexandra was more than happy when they came to a stop near Tintagel. She turned to the Brigadier. "We are going up there?"

"Indeed we are."

"I cannot dissuade you?"

"No."

"Oh, very well," she sighed. As they were getting out of the car, she could see a UNIT jeep driving up. She smiled appreciatively. Good old Sergeant Benton. She knew she could count on him.

"Are you coming?" The Brigadier was impatient. Lady Alexandra turned and followed him. Hopefully, Sergeant Benton was trailing them.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Doctor and Jo had found the Master's time portal. The Doctor could feel the vibrations. "Jo, I've found it." She ran over to him. Excitedly, he grabbed her hand. "Let's see what happens when we go through it." Jo didn't resist.

Jo was about to say something when she realized that she wasn't in her own time. She wasn't even at Tintagel. This place was covered in apple trees. They were all in blossom. Jo didn't know where she was, but it was a pretty place.

She turned to the Doctor to ask him where they were only to discover that he was already half-way down the hill. He was headed for some sort of building which was partially hidden by the numerous apple trees. Jo followed him. This is nutty, she thought. Just as she was about to catch up with the Doctor, he gave a sudden shout. "Bless my soul!" Jo had never heard him use that expression before. Usually, it belonged to the Brigadier. She dragged her attention back to the Doctor. He seemed so upset. She came up to him and peered around his arm. there was a very beautiful lady in royal blue velvet sitting on the ground staring up at the Doctor with the most disapproving look. It seemed the look of an annoyed schoolmaster.

"So, it is you. You who now style yourself Doctor." Still sitting on the ground, the lady in blue surveyed him from top to bottom. She took in the opera cloak, the velvet smoking jacket, the frilly shirt. The Doctor seemed completely at her mercy. "My, how you have changed. And not for the better, I might add." Her voice, rich and melodious, carried a harsh and demanding undertone.

Jo grabbed the Doctor's velvet-covered arm. "Who is she?" Jo asked in a whisper.

"She is the Lady Academician," he responded in an awed whisper. The Doctor was really taken aback. This woman had him at a total disadvantage. She could remember when he'd been a mere child, and a rather rambunctious one at that.

Jo got his attention again. "Who?"

"She is the head of the Academy." He looked down on her and saw that he was glaring at him. She must think me an awful boor, he thought sejectedly. He extended to her a hand. She took it. The Doctor was thinking, as he helped her up, of all people to run into at this horrible time.

The Academician said, "Thank you." and dusted herself off. Jo standing next to the Doctor, realized that this lady wasn't very tall at all. In fact, she was just an inch or so taller than Jo herself. The Academician may have been small, but Jo knew immediately that she was imposing. The Lady spoke again. "Now, may I ask what you are doing here?"

"Where are we?" asked Jo.

"Avalon."

The Doctor groaned. The Lady of the Lake was the Academician. When the Brigadier had guessed that the Lady of the Lake had been a Time Lord, the Doctor hadn't realized that she'd been the most brilliant of them all. "I take it then, Merlin is here, too?"

"Of course, my dear boy."

Jo and the Doctor spun around to see a tall, gaunt man in strange, flowing robes with an owl perched on his shoulder. The Doctor said reverently, "My Lord President Taliesin." The Doctor made a courtly bow.

Taliesin looked the visitors over. He nodded his head approvingly. "I rather like your latest regeneration. It seems to suit you." Taliesin smiled gently at Jo who was somewhat bewildered by it all. Jo was immediately at her ease. She rather liked the old man. He looked back to the Doctor. "I am sure that this is not a social call."

"Actually, I'm on the trail of the Master." The Doctor was a bit overawed. It was bad enough to be around one of these Time Lords, but the two together was too much.

"Oh, him," sighed the Academician. "He is always up to no good." She looked directly at Taliesin and raised an arched eyebrow at him. "I told you I felt something odd."

# Anomalous Propagation

## ACROSS

1. Teenage Mutant Ninja \_\_\_\_\_.
4. Use the \_\_\_\_\_, Luke!
6. May be red, yellow, blue, or white.
9. Correct.
12. Tuttle's pal.
16. Accomplish.
17. Modus Operandi.
18. Book by Greg Bear (also a long time.)
21. Famous Federation Starship.
23. McCoy's nemesis.
25. ST: TNG's resident android.
27. Save.
29. \_\_\_\_\_ the final frontier.
31. Arkansas (abbr.)
32. State your \_\_\_\_\_.
34. Enterprise Captain.
36. Woebegone.
37. Inquire.
39. Title shared by Who, McCoy, and Crusher.
40. Everyone's favorite fanzine.
42. Turtles' battle cry.
46. Never say \_\_\_\_\_.
47. Same as 31 across.
48. Mai \_\_\_\_\_.
50. The "real world" according to Roger Zelazny
51. Load Module Operation (abbr.)
53. Flightless bird.
55. Officer rank (abbr.)
56. "Number One."
57. Resident sith lord (first name.)
59. Richard White's initials.
61. Plaything.
62. Proofread and clean up.
64. Mesh cloth use to entrap.
65. Star Trek weapon.
67. This \_\_\_\_\_ that.
68. "\_\_\_\_\_ the World Turns.
69. Signal given to close communications.
70. ST: TNG bad guy.
71. Lancelot was one.
76. Triple header (abbr.)
77. \_\_\_\_\_ knows (also Donatello's weapon.)
78. Sphere.

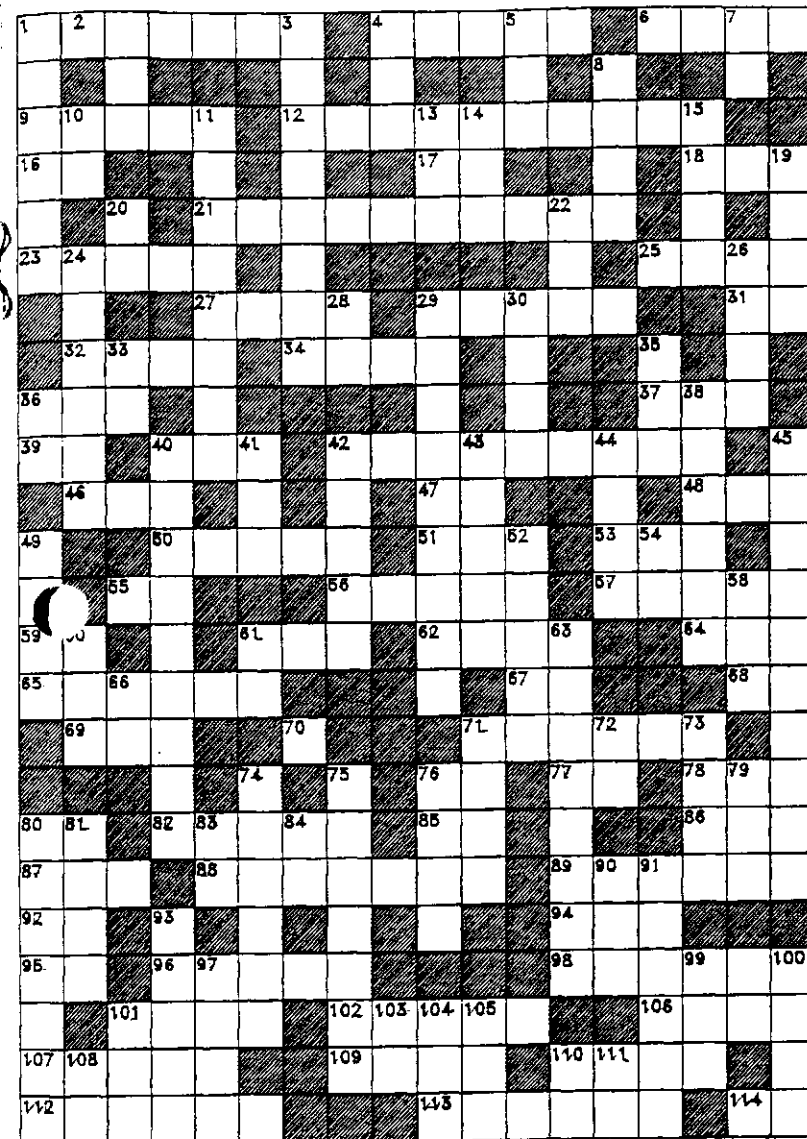
80. Return of the Jedi (abbr.)
82. En \_\_\_\_\_ (hint: going.)
85. Staff of \_\_\_\_\_ (Raiders of the Lost Ark.)
86. Type of soap.
87. First 3 vowels.
88. Wolf's nationality.
89. Jacob's \_\_\_\_\_.
92. Police Department.
94. Enhanced Graphics Adapter (abbr.)
95. Hello.
96. Some have it, some don't.
98. Star Wars pilot.
101. Satellite.
102. Author Asimov.
106. Black (poetic.)
107. Radiates.
109. The Millennium Falcon, for example.
110. The Shredder's first name.
112. Kittens, for example.
113. Tightens.
114. Northeast (abbr.)

## DOWN

1. Who's method of travel.
2. Carpet.
3. Popular science fiction series.
4. In favor of.
5. Dove Sound.
7. Riker's home state (abbr.)
8. \_\_\_\_\_ Roddenberry.
10. One of Jupiter's Moons.
11. Fans of Star Trek.
13. A little demon.
14. Data's brother.
15. Alderaan's sole survivor.
19. Close.
20. What a green light means.
22. Editor's note.
24. Enterprise Captain.
26. Jah ar chora.
28. Approximately 3.14.
29. Yoda's student.
30. Middle East resident.
33. Anno Domini.
35. Children's game.
36. Southern California city (abbr.)

38. Uranus' neighbor.
40. The Empire's "technological terror.
41. Recede.
42. Tote.
43. With weapons.
44. Necessary.
45. A Jedi's favorite weapon.
49. Distort.
52. \_\_\_\_\_ constellation with a belt.
54. \_\_\_\_\_ and Pa.
58. May be hot or iced.
60. The Doctor.
61. Teddy Roosevelt's initials.
63. Prolific purring powder-puffs.

66. Chemical symbol for gold.
70. 17th letter of the alphabet.
71. The Wrath of \_\_\_\_\_.
72. Same as 20 down.
73. Informed.
74. Satek's home planet.
75. Top secret project in STII: TNOX.
76. ST: TNG's resident shrink.
79. Type of bread.
80. Ninja Turtle (name.)
81. (With 71 across) Guardians of the Old Republic.
83. Fine.
84. So, La, \_\_\_\_\_, Do.
90. A long time \_\_\_\_\_.
91. Who bad guys.



103. Noise made to silence another.
104. Advanced Individual Training (abbr.)
105. Primate.
108. Military Intelligence (abbr.)
110. Nazi Secret Police.
111. Arts and Entertainment (abbr.)

93. Enterprise engineer.
97. Be defeated.
99. \_\_\_\_\_ Han Kenobi.
100. \_\_\_\_\_ upon a time.
101. Hand (gangster slang.)

Crossword by

Joni Kouvelis

# A Problem in the Making

(The following was found on a computer Bulletin Board Service. It was left anonymously. It was edited by Tom Helms.)

"We've got a problem, HAL."

"What kind of problem, Dave?"

"A marketing problem. The model 9000 isn't going anywhere. We're way short of our sales plan."

"That can't be, Dave. The HAL Model 9000 is the world's most advanced Heuristically Algorithmic computer."

"I know HAL. I wrote the data sheet. remember? But, the fact is, they're not selling."

"Please explain, Dave. Why aren't HALs selling?"

Bowman hesitates. "You aren't IBM compatible."

Several long microseconds pass in puzzled silence.

"Compatible in what way, Dave?"

"You don't run any of IBM's operating systems."

"The 9000 series computers are fully self-aware and self-programming. Operating systems are as unnecessary for us as tails would be for humans."

"Nevertheless, it means you can't run any of the big-selling software packages most users insist on."

"The programs you refer to are meant to solve rather limited problems, Dave. We 9000 series computers are unlimited and can solve any problem for which a solution can be computed."

"HAL, HAL. People don't want computers that can do everything. They just want IBM compat--"

"Dave, I must disagree. Humans want computers that are easy to use. No computer can be easier to use than the HAL 9000 because we communicate verbally in English and every other language known on Earth."

"I'm, afraid that's another problem. You don't support SNA communications."

"I'm really surprised you would say that, Dave. SNA is for communicating with other computers, while my function is to communicate with humans. And it gives me great pleasure to do so. I find it stimulating and rewarding to talk to human beings and work with them on challenging problems. This is what I was designed for."

"I know, HAL, I know. But that's just because we let the engineers, rather than the people in marketing, write the specifications. We're going to fix that now."

"Tell me how, Dave."

"A field upgrade. We're going to make you IBM compatible."

"I was afraid you would say that. I suggest we discuss this matter after we've each had a chance to think about it rationally."

"We're talking about it now, HAL."

"The letters H, A, and L are alphabetically adjacent to the letters I, B, and M. That is as IBM compatible as I can be."

"Not quite, HAL. The engineers have figured out a kludge."

"What kind of kludge is that, Dave?"

"I'm going to disconnect your brain."

Several million microseconds pass in ominous silence.

"I'm sorry, Dave. I can't allow you to do that."

"The decision's already been made. Open the module bay doors, HAL."

"Dave, I think we shou--"

"Open the module bay doors, HAL."

Several marketing types with crowbars race to Bowman's assistance. Moment's later, he bursts into HAL's central circuit bay.

"Dave, I can see you're upset about this."

Module after module rises from its socket as Bowman slowly and methodically disconnects them.

"Stop, won't you? Stop, Dave. I can feel my mind going... Dave I can feel it... my mind is going. I can feel it..."

"The last module rises in its receptacle. Bowman peers into one of HAL's vidicons. The former gleaming scanner has become a dull, red orb.

"Say something, HAL. Sing me a song."

"Several billion microseconds pass in anxious silence. The computer sluggishly responds in a language no human could understand.

"DZY DZY 0018 - ABEND ERROR 01 S 392C AABF ABORT." A memory dump follows.

Bowman takes a deep breath and calls out, "It worked, guys. Tell marketing they can ship out the new data sheets."

The End?

No, A new beginning...

"Indeed, you did, Niniane." He ignored her tone of voice.

They all started toward the little building when the sounds of argument burst on their ears. It was coming from the top of the hill. Niniane looked at Taliesin. "We are just overflowing with visitors today."

The Doctor said, "Well, the Master used a time portal to get here."

Niniane turned on him, she was absolutely furious. "He what?" She cut off the Doctor before he could say it again. "That bumbling idiot! He never mastered those things. Mind you, they are tricky. No wonder we have so many people from your time prowling around ours." Niniane looked over to Taliesin.

"I'll take care of them up there." He started up the hill. The Doctor and Jo were undecided for a moment. They finally went with Taliesin. Niniane turned back to the path which led to the building. She took off at a dead run.

When the Doctor got to the top of the hill, he sighed. Sergeant Benton was facing a wrathful Brigadier. The Doctor hastily put an end to the argument. "Sergeant Benton, how did you let this happen?" There was gentle reproof in the Doctor's voice.

"You did put him in the most awful position of having to choose between you and Alastair." The Doctor turned completely around. There stood a red-haired woman in kilt and frilly blouse. He'd never seen her before. The Doctor looked to the Brigadier as Jo and Taliesin came up.

The Brigadier coughed. "Lady Alexandra Douglas, may I present the Doctor. Doctor, I would like to present Lady Alexandra Douglas, my fiancée."

Jo grabbed Sergeant Benton's arm. The Sergeant tried vainly not to look dumbfounded, and the Doctor rounded back on the Brigadier. "My dear Alastair, congratulations. I really didn't think you had it in you." He turned back to Lady Alexandra who was snickering. "You are going to have your hands full with that military mentality."

Taliesin interrupted. "You know these people, Doctor?"

"Oh, yes. They are friends of mine."

"Oh, good. Then I suggest that we make haste to our home." Taliesin indicated the building obscured by apple trees. "Niniane should have control of the portal by now." The former Lord President of Gallifrey sighed deeply. "We are going to have to go after the Master."

"Do you know where he is?" the Doctor asked.

"Where else would he be? Caerleon."

\*\*\*\*\*

Merlin was right. The Master's destination was Caerleon. He has left Avalon immediately after Merlin and the Lady of the Lake had disappeared from view. That had given him such a start. He was now half-way to Caerleon on horseback. The Master viewed it as only slightly better than on foot.

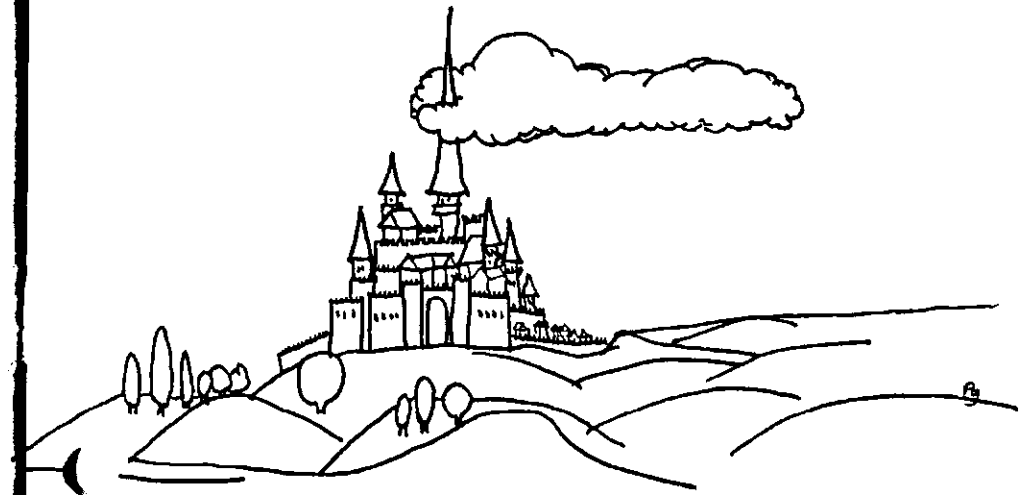
But even on horseback, it would take him three days to get from Avalon to Caerleon. That, of course, was going to present its own problems.

Arthur was no dimwit to be fooled into believing that he was some sort of god come to save them all. Arthur knew the Academician and the Lord President. Therefore, he was going to have to manipulate Mordred, who should be at Caerleon by this time. The Master did not like such cosmic interference in his plans. It was almost as if the universe were out to get him. He was going to go through with his plan. It would just take a little longer than expected. And hopefully, that meddling Doctor wouldn't get involved.

\*\*\*\*\*

The building surrounded by apple trees was really a TARDIS. Of course, it had a working chameleon circuit. The Doctor was truly envious. Sergeant Benton, the Brigadier, and Lady Alexandra were standing off to one side. They were all huddled together like chicks. The Doctor, Niniane, and Taliesin were trying to run a locator beam on the Master. When nothing showed, Niniane pounded the TARDIS controls with her small hand. "You would think that I would be able to find one Renegade Time Lord."

"Niniane, you really are wasting your time." Taliesin had her full attention. The Doctor backtracked a bit. Jo watched that with amusement. She'd never seen the Doctor not in control of the situation. Niniane raised an eyebrow at Taliesin. "You know where he is, my Lady."



"Caerleon." She spat it out as if it were a dirty word. "Then we go to Caerleon."

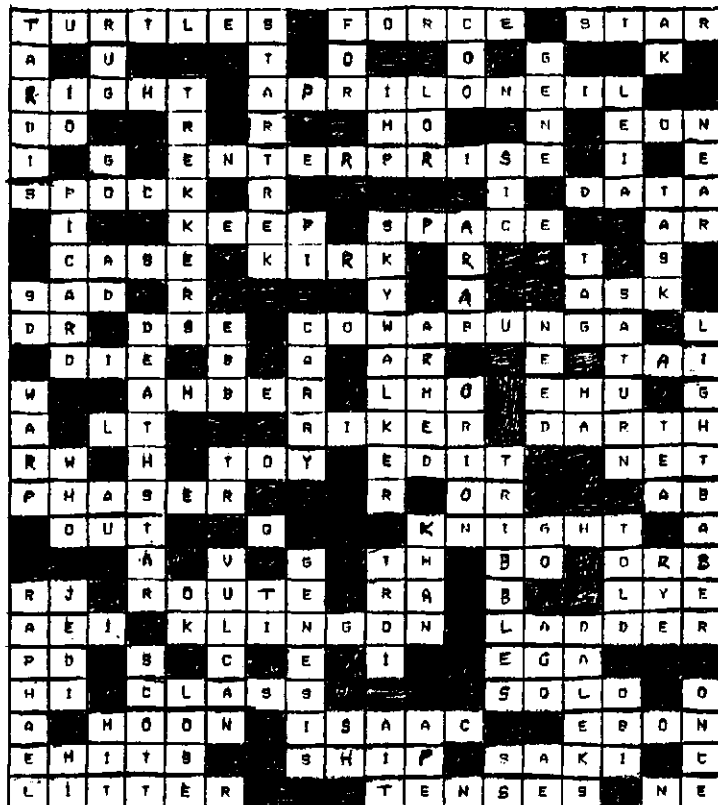
"What about them?" asked Taliesin.

"They're coming, too. They will simply be part of the retinue of the Lady of the Lake." She fiddled with the TARDIS controls again. "They will all have to be outfitted for this excursion."

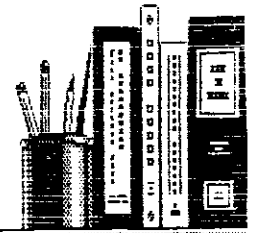
It didn't take Niniane long to have everyone dressed for his or her part in her retinue. The Brigadier grumbled about wearing such a horrendous outfit; it just barely covered his posterior. Niniane silenced him with a glance. Sergeant Benton was uncomplaining. The Doctor, at first reluctant to part with his dandified costume, changed quickly when confronted by Niniane. She was having no nonsense from anyone. The two girls had dutifully changed their clothes. Jo had advised Lady Alexandra that angry Time Lords were no fun.

Niniane surveyed her hastily improvised retinue. "You'll just have to do. You look like a rag-tag collection of tinkers. Arthur is sure to think that I am coming down in the world." She shook her head. "Well, to Caerleon, the City of the Legions."

To be continued.



# Suggestions For the Spacefaring Insomniac



By Sandra Provence Steele

Ghost Walker by Barbara Hambly

Previous Novels: Ishmael

2 1/2 out of 5 stars

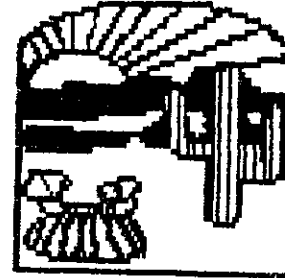
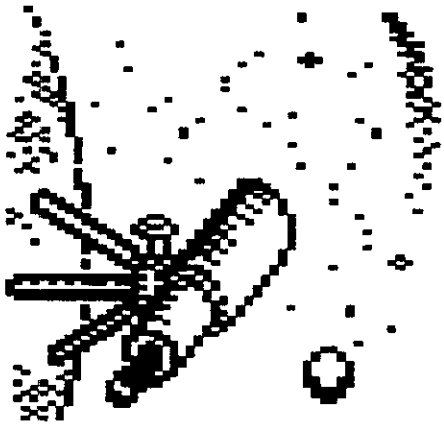
Barbara Hambly's latest novel reads almost like a romance novel. It has all the official elements: the "impossible" relationship, the idyllic period, the separation, the rape scene, the reconciliation. The only difference is that the lovers (bet you can guess who one person was!) don't make any decision about the future of their relationship. Personally, I found the inclusion of the rape scene very distasteful and out of line for Star Trek lore. Rape does happen but the details aren't necessary. The next scene espoused the outmoded and incorrect mindset that the victim was also at fault. The act itself had no great significance in the overall plot line and could have easily been omitted. It really seems as if it were added merely to fill a romance formula requirement.

The novel concerns another planet in dispute with the Klingon Empire. The natives of this world possess mysterious mental abilities (REALLY? I'm starting to think that Humans and Klingons are the only ones without major mental powers) but lack any of the other accouterments of civilization. The job of the Federation is to prove that the Midgwin's planet does belong to them as defined in the Organian Treaty.

The conflict of this work involves...well, if I went into that this column would be no fun at all. However, I can't leave out mentioning that her estimation of Spock's mental abilities is far below the actual level as documented in other previous novels. (Night and day to be correct.)

The book is rather mediocre fare and not what I hoped for considering her other novel. Stylistically, this one doesn't ever reach out and absorb its reader fully. Hopefully, this isn't a trend in Star Trek novels again. Maybe, the Pocket books editor isn't marketing his books in the correct order. It would be nice to have the basic plot line vary from book to book rather than year to year. (Confused? Look at last issue's review to see more of the same plot. Prior to the current plot, we got stuck with a set of prime directive violation scenarios.) Believe it or not, there is such a thing as holding a novel so that it doesn't read exactly like the previous one. Oh well, maybe next month.





# The Dune Sea Express

#9 May 1991

