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Please help us plan your activities!

On the Cover

Chief tech sergeant Burakoff instructs cadet Redmond on the new fire control systems of Canada's aging but still effective intercept fighter, the CF-18 Hornet
Photo and cover design by Bernard Reischl.

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Find us on Line!



YAHOO!

MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held
Sundays at 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.
Espresso Hotel, St-François Room, 1005 Guy Street, corner René Lévesque.

Programming is subject to change
Check our website for latest developments.

SEPTEMBER 28

Creative Creatures (Sylvain)
Super Sci-Fi Booksale

OCTOBER 26

From the Convention Floor: Report on the 72nd Worldcon, Loncon 3
You Wear it Well: An appreciation of that increasingly popular staple of sci-fi conventions, costuming, or cosplay.
It Came from the Internet!: We take a jaunt through the vast World Wide Web, exploring some of the cool, fascinating, amusing, and just plain weird sci-fi tidbits to be found on the Internet.

NOVEMBER 16

Strange societies (Sylvain)
Sci-fi cinema's coolest alternate endings and deleted scenes! (Keith)
Planning meeting for 2015

IMPORTANT THAT ALL OUR MEMBERS BE HERE TO HELP US
SCHEDULE AND PLAN OUR ACTIVITIES.

DECEMBER 6

MonSFFA Dinner & Christmas Party
Time and place TBA

JANUARY DATE TBD

Club Elections! As noted in Impulse, our president is stepping down so please put some thought into the organization of our club. Berny is in fact gafiating for the entire year of 2015, and as he is Web master, WARP printer, chair of meetings, transporter of A/V equipment, etc, etc, the club will need its members to step up to the plate!

Consider how you can put your talents to assisting the new president keep up the high standards Berny has maintained though the years of his presidency.

Really Fine Print: WARP is published quarterly by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA), a nonprofit organization of fans interested in sharing their love of science fiction and fantasy. The opinions expressed in WARP are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect those of MonSFFA or the editor. To reprint any article, please contact the writer, or ask the editor to pass on your request. The use of copyrighted material is generally discouraged; but sometimes unavoidable; our apologies to the copyright holders, no serious infringement is intended. This is an amateur production, and your tolerance is appreciated by your fans.

TABLE of CONTENTS

Summer 2014

FEATURE ARTICLES

Starfleet Treachery / 5
MonSFFA goes on a Road Trip / 8

REVIEWS

Movies and Television / 12
Guardians of the Galaxy / Fury

Literature / 14

Hugo nominated short stories / Two L. Neil Smith novels
Hugo nominated novelettes & novellas
Aurora nominated short fiction
Aurora nominated graphic novels / Aurora nominated poetry

Events / 19

Cirque du Soleil: Kurios

DEPARTMENTS

You've Got Mail / 3
Upcoming Conventions & Events / 4
MonSFFA Discount Programme / 13
Awards / 20

MONSFANDOM

Meetings from January to April / 22



Dear MonSFFen:

Cathy has sent Warp 88 to me, and I like the fact the cover is...covered in books! This always appeals to me, but I have to ask a question, which I will ask as soon as I finishing this opening paragraph...

Good to see a wide selection of books, but these days, were they given for the

sale because they were weeding some books out of the collections, or or they getting rid of whole collections with the idea that books are more of a curiosity or even a nuisance or waste of paper in this e-book era. Just wondering...

My letter, and finally, good news. I started a new job with Transcontinental Media at their offices in Mississauga on my birthday, June 2, and Yvonne started a new job with Crown Wallpaper at their offices in Etobicoke on June 16. For the first time in more years than I can count, we are both fully employed, and it looks like we will make it past our three-month reviews. We sold our Loncon 3 memberships and cancelled our hotel room at the Aloft. Shame, but we can't exactly go to the new bosses and say we need at least two weeks off to go to England. We had excellent sales at our tables at CostumeCon 32 and at Anime North, and we had a splendid time at Steam on Queen on the first day of summer in Toronto. Life is finally looking up, and Yvonne's even talking about perhaps going on a road trip or two...I know we both miss the travel. We are planning to go up

to the village of Coldwater, Ontario for their annual steampunk festival.

I need to work on another convention and event list, and get it to you and Grant Duff in Ottawa. On the list there, our next conventions are a single day at ConBravo! in Hamilton, and the Fan Events Forum in Toronto. Afterwards, SFContario 5 and the Toronto Mini Maker Faire.

For a future club meeting, I don't know if Daniel Proulx is a member, but he was at the last Steam on Queen, and he makes some amazing jewellery. Perhaps he could come and say a few words about his Catherinette Rings, and about the steampunk organizations in Montreal and Quebec City.

Sylvain is quite correct about CostumeCon 32...I'd heard that it was the largest CC in its history. Not sure if that is correct, but it looked quite large. The dealer's room was enormous, and most vendors had huge displays...you couldn't see from one end of the room to the other. Our own sales were amazing, and we spent some of those profits on some great things in the room. Hall costumes were great; we didn't stick around for the masquerades, but we gather they were amazing. There was a sudden bid to bring CostumeCon back to the Toronto area in three years, and they were successful!, so keep 2017 in mind for CC35, somewhere in the Toronto/Hamilton area. (I add in Hamilton because the folks who bid for it are the ones who stage ConBravo! in Hamilton, and they are looking at anywhere in the Toronto or Hamilton areas at which to stage it.)

I don't know who won this year's Constellation Awards, but you might have heard on the news that a hotel on the airport strip had been vandalized, and an electrical fire started...that hotel was the Holiday Inn Airport Hotel, and that's where Polar Chill was.

The last day of the convention had to be cancelled because of the damage to the hotel. Someone was arrested and charged for the vandalism, and not to worry, not one of the con's members.

I remember getting good marks in my science classes in school for knowing the planets in the solar system. There's been so many additions over the intervening years, I certainly wouldn't get decent marks for what I reported on then. I've looked for an up-to-date map of the solar system lately, and I couldn't find one. Seeing what's been found beyond Pluto (which may be reinstated as a planet, seeing it's been found to have a thin atmosphere and now five moons), a comprehensive map may not be feasible.

I think that's all for now. I hope everyone's been having a great summer, and there's still more than a couple of months left in it. Enjoy the warmth, and see you all with the next issue.

Yours, Lloyd Penney

Hi, Lloyd!

So glad both you and Yvonne are employed. When I was growing up, a job was likely to be yours unless the company folded or the employee was fired for theft or incompetence. I think I was the very last of the generation that expected that kind of stability.

I really wanted to go to CostumeCon, but London is so

expensive. The prices look reasonable until you do the conversion to Canadian dollars and realize you're paying 40\$ for a meal worth 20\$. LonCon3 was the best World Con ever in my opinion. The science programme was amazing, Yvonne would have loved it.

About the books, the majority of the books came from a fan who is diabetic and going blind, so it was very sad to know he had to part with a collection he must have loved. All the books were in perfect condition, and many classics of the genre.

Inviting Daniel Proulx to a meeting is an excellent idea. We know him through Con*Cept where he was a dealer. His jewellery is beautiful!

The vandalism at the Polar Chill hotel was all over Facebook. I feel really badly for the conrunners, but at least it was not a member of the con.

The best sources for information on the solar system are NASA and the Planetary Society.

<http://solarsystem.nasa.gov/index.cfm>

<http://www.planetary.org/explore/space-topics/>

Take care, say hi to Yvonne for me,

Yours in fandom,
Cathy

Upcoming Events

Lloyd Penny, Cathy Palmer-Lister

November 8 - ConBravo! International Plaza Hotel, Toronto.
www.fanfaregeekfest.com

November 14-16 - SFContario 5, Toronto, ON Guests: Robin Hobb, James Murray www.sfcontario.ca

November 16, 2014 Montreal Toy Con, Courtyard Marriott Montreal Airport
http://site.toysonfire.com/montreal_toy_con/montrealtoycon.html

December 14, 2014 Toronto Comicon, Metro Toronto Convention Centre (One day event)
<http://www.comicontoronto.com/dec14comic/>

January 16-18, 2015 - ConFusion 41, Detroit. Guests include Karen Lord, Dr. Cynthia Chestek, Heather Dale, Subterranean Press Special Guest: Steven Erikson www.confusionsf.org

January 23-25 - GAnime, Palais de Congrès, Gatineau, QC. Guests: Doug Walker, John Lang. www.ganime.ca

April 10, 11 & 12 Ad Astra 2015, Sheraton Parkway Toronto North Hotel, Richmond Hill, ON. Guests include Charles deLint, Anne Bishop, Kelly Armstrong, Ed Greenwood
<http://www.ad-astra.org/>

February 20-22 - Janrucon 2015, Delta Guelph Hotel, Guelph. Gaming/comics/anime convention. www.janrucon.com

March 20-22 - Furnal Equinox 2015 presents Furry Arcade, Sheraton Toronto Airport Hotel & Conference Centre, Toronto.

Guests: Xenotropos, H0rs3 www.furnalequinox.com

March 20-22, 2015 - Toronto Comicon, Metro Toronto Convention Centre www.comicontoronto.com

April 16-19, 2015 - FilKONtario 25 www.filkontario.ca

May 22 - 24, 2015 Anime North, Toronto Congress Centre and International Plaza Hotel <http://www.animenorth.com/live/>

May 22-24 2015. What the Fur, Time-Travelling Furies, Holiday Inn Pointe-Claire
http://www.whatthefur.ca/home_e.php

July 3-5, 2015 Montreal Comiccon, NEW DATES, Palais des congrès, Montreal, <http://www.montrealcomiccon.com/>

August 7-9, 2015 Otakuthon Montreal, <http://www.otakuthon.com/>

August 17-21, 2016 MidAmeriCon II 74th World, Kansas City, Missouri <http://midamericon2.org/>

August 19-23, 2015 - Sasquan/73rd World Science Fiction Convention, Spokane, WA. Guests: David Gerrold, Leslie Turek, Tom Smith, Vonda McIntyre, Brad Foster. www.sasquan.org

August 27-30, 2015 Fan Expo, Toronto, <http://fanexpocanada.com/>



Starfleet Treachery

Barbara Silverman

***The story so far:** Admiral Janeway tells his daughter, Kathryn, about Commander Chakotay's defection to the Maquis, soon followed by that of Ro Laren who is rumoured to have recruited over six thousand former resistance fighters. He fears the two forces may be joining up, and he orders her to stop Chakotay and disrupt the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation. Janeway had a mole, Tuvok, in Chakotay's crew and knows that Chakotay has also recruited B'Elanna Torres and Tom Paris. Starfleet reported the suspiciously easy capture and arrest of Tom Paris and Janeway worried that Chakotay may be upping the ante. She ambushed the Maquis, and Chakotay was captured, but the rest of his crew escaped. A conversation with Chakotay left Janeway puzzled as to his motives, and the ease with which he was captured.*

Then Janeway was assigned to exploring the Gamma quadrant for three months. On her return, her father explained it was necessary that she get to know the quadrant and become familiar with the Cardassians. It appears there may be an alliance between the Cardassians and the Dominion, and if so, the Federation needs to know if it's an alliance of mutual protection, or aggression. Chakotay may hold some answers, so Admiral Janeway was bringing him to Starfleet HQ for a meeting with himself and his daughter, but Chakotay was beamed out of the shuttle craft.

The admiral assigns his daughter to search the badlands for the Maquis leader, and she in turn requests the assistance of Tom Paris, who is released from prison for this mission.

Immediately on entering the Badlands, Voyager is detected and scanned by Chakotay's ship. Negotiations are interrupted when both ships are hit by a massive displacement wave, seriously damaging both ships. Heroic efforts bring the engines back on line, but then crew members start vanishing. Janeway orders an emergency lockdown, but it is too late.

CHAPTER 24

Along with her crew, Janeway found herself standing in the middle of a large grassy field. The injured lying on the ground, the others standing in a daze.

On one side, stretching as far as the eye could see, stood a cornfield with long yellowish-green stalks full of growing ears. On the other side, a large two-story rustic house. The brown paint fresh and glistening in the sun, the black singled roof in perfect repair. Several yards past the house, a red-sided barn with a raven black roof. A perfect country setting, straight from a picture-book back on earth.

Except they were not on earth. Instead they were on an alien space station, light-years away from where they should have been.

Close by stood the Maquis, as confused and disconcerted as their Starfleet adversaries. Chakotay immediately headed in Janeway's direction. From the look on his face, and the determination of his stride, he was furious. The strange thought, "So he is human," flashed through her mind. The captain found it interesting that it had taken something of this magnitude to visibly upset the Maquis leader.

Before Chakotay reached her, Janeway found Cavit standing before her. The first officer pointed in Chakotay's direction. "Captain! We must do something about the Maquis!"

"Excuse me!" Responded an already extremely angry Janeway.

Cavit swung his arm. "The outlaws! The rebels...."

"Mr. Cavit!" Janeway interrupted, holding in her temper only by enormous effort. She managed to keep her voice level, her tone no nonsense. "Mr. Cavit! At this moment they are in the same predicament as we are. At this moment they are not the problem!"

She looked around then back at the officer. "Attend to the injured as best you can. Then I want you, and any other member of the crew with a tricorder, to gather as much information as possible. Stay in groups of two or more. If you encounter any of

Chakotay's crew inquire if they have any knowledge or information. Report back here in one hour."

"Yes Captain." Cavit walked away with his hatred of the Maquis rising to a burning level.

Chakotay had been close enough to hear the exchange. "I have a feeling your first officer doesn't like me."

Janeway took a deep breath. "Probably not. However....there is a time and place for everything."

Rubbing her bruised left arm the captain watched as Cavit began to organize members of her crew. Silently she made a mental note to reprimand him. He was a Starfleet officer and should have better control. His judgment, considering the circumstances, disappointed her. In fact, his actions since the moment Chakotay's ship had been spotted back in the Badlands, were not what she expected from a first officer.

She turned her attention to the man now facing her. The man who before today had been her enemy. "Chakotay, I'm prepared to call a truce. My concern is to get everyone, and I mean everyone, safely back home in one piece. Let's worry about what side we're after that."

"Captain, you have my full agreement and cooperation." Chakotay responded wholeheartedly. Pleased that, at least for the present, he would not have to fight this Starfleet captain. One enemy, especially one unseen and unknown, was problem enough.

He glanced around at their surroundings. "The question being who, or what, are we up against?"

Janeway pointed over to her right. "That's a good question. Let's go over to the house, we'll be out of hearing range."

They walked side by side in silence, each trying to make sense of recent events. Reaching their destination, Janeway sat down on the steps, while Chakotay remained standing.

Not one for caution, the captain jumped in with both feet. "Do you have any knowledge of such technology? Perhaps the

Dominion? We know very little about them.”

Chakotay looked warily at the captain. “The Dominion?”

The time had come for cooperation, not distrust. Janeway had unlocked the door, Chakotay pushed it open.

He carefully monitored the captain’s reaction. “No, they don’t have any technology so well advanced. Seventy thousand light-years requires a very high level of scientific achievement. The Dominion, even with Cardassian help, would never have such abilities. I don’t think anybody in, or close to, the Federation that has this capability.”

Janeway was pleased with Chakotay’s response. Not wanting to push too hard, but leaving the door open, she took another direction. “Starfleet does have on record a few species with both the knowledge and the power. However, none have ever acted in this manner, nor have they ever damaged or attacked a Starfleet ship. There is one entity in particular which Starfleet is very distrustful of. His name is Q.”

Chakotay’s face reflected his puzzlement. “Q! I have never heard of this Q. What a strange name. Does Q stand for the letter in the alphabet?”

Janeway could not prevent herself from laughing. “Q belongs to the Q Continuum. All members are called Q.”

Chakotay looked both baffled and amused. “Welllllll, that must lead to some confusion!”

The captain’s mind reviewed whatever her father had told. “We’ve never asked. Starfleet knows very little about the Continuum. Except they are very powerful, apparently immortal beings. There is an advisory out to all Starfleet captains to be watchful. While he has caused numerous problems for Jean-Luc Picard of the Enterprise, so far he has not bothered anyone else. Nor has any of the other Qs. Also, while he has great power, and has taken the Enterprise into the Delta Quadrant, though not this far, he never harmed the crew. Both our ships were almost destroyed.”

Chakotay gave a low whistle. “He certainly does sound like trouble. I don’t think I want to meet him.”

Taking a shot at the Maquis leader was more than Janeway could resist. “Actually, from Jean-Luc told us, Q is considered a bit of a rebel by the Continuum. The two of you should get along well together.”

The Maquis leader decided his future would be best served by keeping his mouth shut.

With effort, the captain refrained from laughing. However, for a moment her voice carried the note of amusement. “Anyway, with that aside, be glad you haven’t met Q. He appears to be more mischievous than malevolent. Though he has threatened to destroy mankind, so far Jean-Luc has managed to prevent him from doing so.”

Chakotay stared at the captain. “Can you be sure this Q is not behind what happened?”

Janeway shook her head. “No, I can’t be sure, but I doubt he is. Based on what happened with Captain Picard, this is not Q’s way. Besides, he usually puts in a personal appearance. Which means....we are probably dealing with a new and dangerous species. One....who has no respect for human life, and with technology far greater than ours. A race we know nothing about, which at this moment renders us helpless.”

For several minutes they continued to toss various theories

back and forth. Matching their knowledge with the circumstances. Finally realizing nothing was being accomplished they grew silent. Each reflecting on what was known, or not known.



Exhausting all her possibilities Janeway’s thoughts drifted to the strangeness of the setting. Glancing up at the Maquis leader a small smile formed on her face.

Seeing the look on Janeway’s face Chakotay inquired cautiously as to her thoughts “Captain?”

Janeway replied with a slight twinkle in her eyes. “I was wondering if the irony of this situation had dawned on you. Our other meetings were under vastly different conditions. The last in the landing bay at the Federation Justice Building.”

Chakotay had the grace to look embarrassed.

The laughter in Janeway’s eyes deepened. “Now....I hold no weapon, and we are both prisoners in surroundings which back home would be quite pleasant.”

Chakotay rubbed his palms together. “I wish you were the one hold the phaser. At least, with you, I would know what to expect.

His eyes wandered over their surroundings. “Whoever they are, they went to the trouble of creating a scene in which we would feel comfortable. Something familiar. I wonder where they obtained knowledge of our environment?”

“Damn!” Janeway’s sudden exclamation startled Chakotay.

The captain quickly explained. “It must have been when they scanned us with the tetraon beam.”

She gestured with her hands, opening arms wide. “Bright sunshine, a slight breeze rustling the overhead leaves. There, off to one side, a holographic pond shimmering in the sunlight, and over there a family of ducks heading in the direction of the water. What more could you ask for?”

She leaned back, placing her elbows on the step above. Her eyes intense as she looked at Chakotay.

It took a moment for the Maquis leader to catch her meaning. “This is beautiful, but it’s not home. Right now even the penal colony would be wel.....

Chakotay stopped in mid-sentence. Realization dawning he stared down at Janeway. “Of course! I see what you mean. When we were scanned....if they obtained this information from our computers, they know about Starfleet and the Maquis. You and me!”

She nodded. “Placed together, we should be fighting, not talking. This could be some sort of experiment.”

Each of Chakotay’s hands formed a tight fist. “There is that possibility, it would not be the first time. Perhaps whoever is behind all this wants to see how much blood humans can shed.”

Janeway’s anger was also evident. “If that is the case, if good men and women have died just so we can be lab rats, for that

matter lose of life is never justifiable, I promise you they will regret their actions. At least they have not given us any weapons. Which means for the moment they do not want us killing each other.”

Placing his hands on his hips, Chakotay glanced downwards. After several seconds of deep thought he looked up, carefully studying their surroundings before turning back to the captain. “For the moment I don’t see any alternative but to wait, continue to gather as much information as possible. Until we have a better understanding of what we are up against, there is little we can do.”

Janeway nodded. “I agree with you on that point! We need more groundwork before making decisions or attempt to formulate any counter measures.”

As he continued, Chakotay was glad the two of them appeared to be similar in reasoning. “Then....if or when we find the alien, or aliens, let’s hope they are reasonable. Eventually....we will find out what this is all about. As you pointed out....we have no weapons. We might find some, then again we might not. Even if we discovered a way back to the ships, what defense do we have against their advanced technology? Especially as both ships have sustained considerable damage. Right now, our best hope would be their intentions are not hostile.”

Janeway found her opinion of Chakotay rapidly changing. He was now standing with one foot resting on the step beside her. Elbow on his knee, head bent, contemplating the situation.

She realized Chakotay was intelligent with keen insight. Quickly analyzing conditions, enabling him to arrive at possible solutions, various courses of actions. Which, in this case, would depend on what the investigating teams discovered.

The captain was beginning to think of Chakotay not as a rebel and outlaw, but as her equal. Despite the situation back in the Alpha Quadrant, years of training instinctively told her this Maquis leader could be depended upon.

The step was hard. To ease her position Janeway leaned forward, resting her hands on her knees. Watching the Maquis leader she regretted the circumstances under which they had met. If the situation had been different, Chakotay could be congenial company. She gave her head a quick shake. Quickly, almost angrily, Janeway attempted to change her line of thought. Uncomfortable with the path her mind was taking.

Glancing up at Chakotay, she met his deep brown eyes as he stared down at her. Obviously, he too had been having similar reflections. Janeway forced herself to remember that once back home she had a duty. A duty to send this man back to prison. Where now he would have to once again stand before the Tribunal. This time to be held accountable to the charge of escaping, something the Federation would not hold in his favor.

Of course, there was her father’s directive to arrange a meeting. This could override the Starfleet order to return Chakotay to prison, even if the opportunity to capture the Maquis leader presented itself. It would depend on what Chakotay had to say and his actions until that time. She had to admit, so far the odds were on his side.

She rose to her feet, breaking the awkward silence. “Let’s see what the crew discovers, fortunately several had tricorders.”

Chakotay brought his foot back down to the ground. “Let’s hope they do find something, even the smallest piece of information would be welcome. Right now we know practically

nothing. Except we are a long, long way from home. Half a dozen of my crew also have tricorders.”

He added innocently while looking at his companion. “Which work! We arrived here about ten minutes before you. I had already sent them off to investigate this....well whatever you call it.”

Out of the corner of her eye Janeway watched the reaction of the Maquis leader. “Since joining Starfleet, I’ve done a lot of exploring, seen many strange things. But never like this! Even in the Gamma Quadrant.”

Chakotay’s head jerked around. “You were in the Gamma Quadrant?”

“Yes twice.” Appearing indifferent Janeway replied very simply to the question.

Knowing she had raised the interest of the Maquis leader, the captain said nothing more on the subject. “I’ve gone over all the knowledge I possess, trying to match this type of technology with know species.”

She threw up her hands, feeling the same frustration Chakotay was experiencing. “Nothing....I can not recall anything like this, or close to it, ever being recorded in Federation records.

Janeway took a couple of small steps away from the house. Stopping she turned and stared at the building standing there, silent and mysterious. Placing both hands in the small of her back, she attempted to work out the kinks. “I do know I don’t like it!”

Chakotay turned to face the Starfleet captain. “Neither do I. I doubt either one of us would ever enjoy being at the mercy of the unknown. When meeting an enemy face to face, you know where you stand.”

Janeway was about to suggest exploring the house, when she noticed a movement off to the side had captured Chakotay’s attention. Turning his head the Maquis leader was standing still, watching something. Slowly folding his arms across his chest he gave a small chuckle.

Janeway followed his line of sight. Harry Kim had just exited a shed, with him Tom Paris. She ran a hand along her neck.

Chakotay turned back to face her, a strange, small grin on his face. “Tom Paris! I was wondering what you would do this time. Obviously, I would never allow Tuvok back into my crew. It also answers why, and how you discovered, the route into Terokof Belt, especially in such a short space of time.”

Janeway laughed. Amusement lit up her eyes. “Yes, I assumed Tuvok would not be able to rejoin your crew. I hypothesize you will be very careful about new crewmembers.....Especially Vulcans.”

Chakotay locked eyes with Janeway. “Captain! As long as both of us occupy the same universe, I intend to be very careful about everything and everyone!”

Only respect. No rancor, no anger. His eyes shone with a challenge. A friendly challenge of wits, not weapons. One that Janeway silently acknowledged and accepted. One that, unknown to both of them, would last until they were no more.

“What.....!” Crying out in unison as a white blinding light suddenly engulfed both of them. Janeway had just enough time to register Chakotay’s startled face, a reflection of her own. In a fraction of a second Janeway found herself transported from an enjoyable farm setting to a hard, cold metal examination table.

Unable to move her body, the captain could see Harry Kim on one side, Chakotay on the other. Without straps or visible restraints

she was held in place by some invisible force. Naked, flat on her back. Eyes staring up at a terrifying assortment of tubes, wires,



probes of various sizes.

Horried, Janeway watched as several long needles disconnected themselves from the assembly. Inch by inch they crept

downward. Inch by inch they slid toward her waiting body. In vain she attempted to twist away. To escape the approaching terror. Hopeless! To her rising panic Janeway realized her body was

locked in position. Gritting her teeth she tried again to twist away. Without success! Terrified, all she could do was wait.

Wait for the coming evil.

Without mercy the instruments forged their painful paths through skin, bone, tissue. More probes, more needles piercing legs, arms, and chest. Only her face remained free from mutilation.

One either side, as in the rest of the laboratory, similar scenarios were being played out. For what seemed an eternity, the anguished screams of the others joined with hers in a chorus of pain and agony. The relentless onslaught continued. A parade of terror. Assisting their comrades, larger needles began injecting a multitude of colored fluids, assisting in the examination of their now unconscious victims.



CLUB VISITS AVIATION MUSEUM

Keith Braithwaite

Photos courtesy of B. Reischl, except where noted



More than a dozen MonSFFen travelled west to Ottawa on June 8 to visit the Canadian Aviation and Space Museum. Several club members graciously volunteered their vehicles as “taxis” so that our group might carpool to the nation’s Capital. Those embarking on this field trip were asked to gather early in the morning at the familiar Hôtel Espresso downtown, from which our convoy departed at about 8:00AM.

We pulled into the museum’s parking lot about 10:30AM and made our way to the main entrance, where one of Canada’s iconic Snowbirds jets was mounted as if in barrel-rolling flight overhead. Our appetites for Canadian aviation history were quickly whet!

With a focus on Canadian achievements in the aviation field, the CASM features a world-class collection of over 130 civilian and military aircraft and artifacts, dating from the early 1900s to the present. We happily spent the next several hours strolling amid the displays snapping photos and admiring the airplanes, perhaps most impressive of which was the giant Lancaster heavy bomber. This champion of the Allied effort in Europe during WWII loomed

over the other aircraft in that part of the museum. These included the RAF’s famous Second World War stalwarts Hurricane, Spitfire, and Typhoon, all present along with their wartime adversary, the Messerschmitt Mf-109.

In contrast to the imposing Lancaster, a number of small early flyers and biplanes seemed almost fragile in comparison. A WWI-era Sopwith Camel was immaculately restored, while a large German plane from that same period showed signs of heavy damage.

There were a number of sleek jet fighters towards the rear of the hangar, including Avro’s legendary CF-100, the Voodoo, Banshee, and Starfighter, and two of Canadair’s compact but deadly Sabres. Next to a modern CF-18 was the nose section of the Avro Arrow, one of but a few surviving components of Canada’s fabled and infamously scrapped Cold War-era supersonic interceptor.



Of the non-military aircraft on view were early airliners, like the Lockheed Electra and the venerable Douglas DC-3, and several of the kind of workhorse airplanes that helped open this country’s North, notably the de Havilland

Beaver, an iconic Canadian bush plane, and it’s big brother, the Otter.

Other types of aircraft included sea planes, bright yellow-painted trainers, and several helicopters.

Finely detailed dioramas and scale models were placed throughout the museum, complementing the displays.

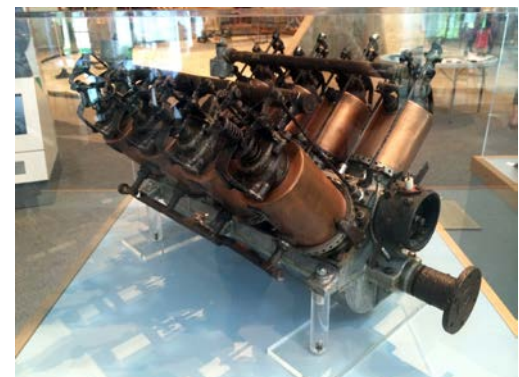
Of interest to sci-fi fans, certainly, was the “Living in Space” exhibition, which featured interactive displays and showcased

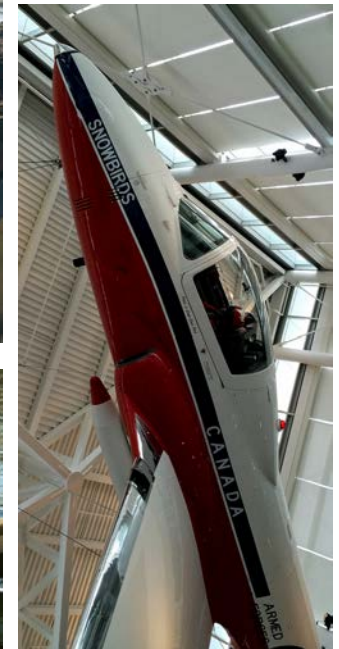
some of the equipment used by astronauts on the ISS. The Canadarm was a highlight, here.

A post-museum visit dinner at a nearby restaurant closed the afternoon for our group, after which we headed for home.



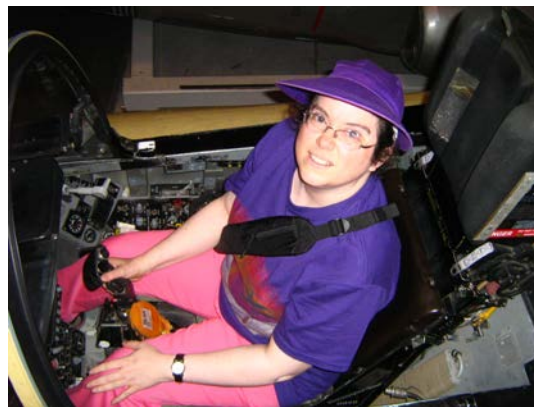
Josée Bellemare







Josée Bellemare



Josée Bellemare



Guardians of the Galaxy
Josée Bellemare

Guardians of the Galaxy is the latest offering from Marvel Studios. While the Guardians are among the lesser known characters from the Marvel Universe, this movie delivers everything we've come to expect from Marvel: relatable flawed heroes, great action and humour and lots of special effects.



With a star-studded cast in our heroes as well as

our villains, one genre celebrity might a little hard to recognise. With a shaved head and blue skin, Karen Gillan is a sadistic assassin. She said that she enjoyed playing a bad guy.

As usual, Stan Lee has a scene, in this case he's just someone having a conversation in a public place.

One thing I found disappointing was the post credit scene. Usually this moment teases us about things to come and after sitting through those credits I expected better than a drunken Howard the Duck making wisecracks. Does this mean Howard is making a comeback or is Marvel joking around with the fans? Time will tell.



Guardians of the Galaxy
Sylvain St-Pierre
All illustrations copyright Marvel

The Marvel Universe is incredibly rich and varied, so the only problem in finding inspiration for a movie in it is one of choosing right. Having had success with the big guns, like Iron Man, Thor and Captain America, the writers are now turning to lesser known characters. With, at least in this particular case, fantastic results.



up and origins changed all the time. **Yondu**, for example, was part of the team at one time, and depicted as a principled noble savage.

Guardians of the Galaxy gathers heroes and villains who have been around for decades in the comic books, but are only now making it to the big screen. The name of the team itself was first coined in 1969, but it depicted an entirely different group of heroes in the alternate reality of Earth-691.

They kept fiddling with time travel and, as a result, their make



Yondu

Star-Lord was originally conceived in 1976 and has been remodeled so many times that the movie version is barely recognizable.



Rocket Raccoon was introduced in a limited series first published in 1985. In it, he is part of a population of sapient animals whose sole purpose was to take care of a society of insane humans. Over the course of four issues, we learn that the humans have been exiled on this world by a civilization that did not tolerate nonsense. They were originally served by robots, but the machines eventually found their wards' illogical behaviour intolerable and genetically engineered the patients' pets to take over the job. The comic book Rocket Raccoon was as resourceful and full of spunk as the movie version, minus the attitude problem of the latter.



Virtually all the other characters in the movie have been similarly adapted from some ink-on-paper ancestor, with minor or major changes. **Thanos**, for instance, appears very close to his comic counterpart; while the Nova Corp seems to have only the costume in common with the source material. Mind you, I do not have in-depth knowledge of all the vast cast, so I may have missed things that would be glaringly evident to the really devoted fan.

Now that we know where the characters came from, how was the movie itself?

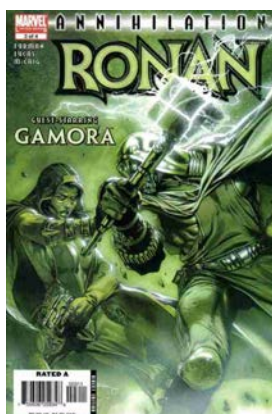
Fabulous!

Even if you do not have any knowledge whatsoever of the protagonists' origins, you will still love this production. I had not gone to the movies in a while, so I decided to splurge and watch it in Imax-3D, and I'm very glad I did.

Visually, this is eye candy practically from start to finish. Fabulous vistas, incredibly imaginative spaceships, colourful characters, lots and lots of action, and a healthy dose of humour thrown in. Not slapstick stuff too, but often quite subtle and amusing. Plenty of drama as well, but no pathos or soul-searching scenes.



Thanos



Collector

Fury (2014) Steven Janssen

I had the opportunity to go see the movie "Fury" with tickets offered to members of MonSffa and I figure I should make an effort to write a review.



**Directed by David Ayer
Starring Brad Pitt, Shia
LeBeouf**

Just another war
movie?

We follow the trek of
a tank and its crew across Germany, at the end of the war in 1945.
The crew is supporting soldiers on foot regaining town after town

and (possibly) making its way toward Berlin.

The action is good, like stand at the edge of your seat good but the dialogue is weird. I am not sure if they wanted to show the stress of warfare on soldiers but some of it didn't make any sense to me. It certainly shows that war is not anything about glory but a dirty, barbaric and brutal situation.

For the faint of hearth, beware. Some of the scenes are really violent and gruesome.

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Hugo-Nominated Short Stories (2013/2014)

Reviewed by Danny Sichel

Again, there's not a full slate of five nominees, because of the "must have at least 5% of the nominations" rule. If anyone's attending Worldcon this year, I request that you go to the business meeting and propose that the rule in question be revoked, or at least changed - perhaps "at least 1% of the nominations" instead? There's just so many stories now.

If You Were a Dinosaur, My Love, by Rachel Swirsky. Poetic little piece about how things would be different if the narrator's beloved were a T. Rex instead of a paleontologist. Takes a rather nasty turn halfway through when it's revealed that one of the major differences would have been that the narrator's beloved would probably not have been beaten into a coma by some drunken assholes. And then... nothing. There's no further twist, no other revelation. A lot of people are rather annoyed that this even got nominated (it won the Nebula!), because... well, is it even SF? It's very artistic, very skilfully done, but does it honestly deserve to be considered as science fiction or fantasy or even magic realism, much less nominated for such major awards? In my opinion: no, it does not. I subsequently rank it 0, below 'no award', and leave it off my ballot.

The Ink Readers of Doi Saket, by Thomas Olde Heuvelt. Mildly interesting piece about a small Thai village whose economy is based largely on making the wishes and prayers of people in other villages come true. Voice is very... *conversational*, perhaps, for lack of a better word? Has lots of footnotes explaining Thai culture, which in some ways help and in some ways are just annoying. This is a lot better than Olde Heuvelt's **Boy Who Cast No Shadow** last year, which I loathed, but I'm still not terribly impressed. I may rank it 3, or I may rank it 0 and leave it off my ballot.

Selkie Stories are for Losers, by Sofia Samatar. You know the legend of the selkie? Magical seals who, when they want to be humans, peel off their sealskins and leave them on a rock so they can run around on two legs until they're ready to put their skins

back on and be seals again. And then one day, a man finds the skins while the selkies are off being humans, and he steals one belonging to a selkie maiden; now she's stuck as a human, and so she agrees to marry him. Years later, she somehow gains access to her stolen skin, immediately puts it on, and forever abandons her life as a human. Fairy tales, y'know?

Now imagine that one day, you went up to the attic to look for a book, and you found a disgusting old coat and brought it downstairs between finger and thumb and said, What's this?.. and you never saw your mom again.. Suddenly the selkie legend feels much different. Everything you thought you knew about your parents, and their relationship, and reality in general, is completely altered. But life goes on, and a few years later you're working in a restaurant, and making plans for the future, and falling in love, and your every action is influenced by this one huge secret that you know about the world. This is nice, it genuinely is, and it's rather sweet, but... I don't know, it feels as if it's missing something. I rank it #2.

The Water That Falls on You from Nowhere, by John Chu. A few years before the story began, there was a change in the world: when people lie, water falls on them from nowhere. The bigger the lie, the more water. Infallible omnipresent lie detection makes it difficult to lead a double life, and so the narrator decides that the time is right come out to his traditional Chinese family. A pleasant little dance on the intersection between fantasy, SF, and magic realism, with perhaps a little too much idealism – but I'd be willing to accept that as a long-term result of infallible omnipresent lie detection. Still, though, this is not what I'd call the Best Short Story of the year. This is my #1 choice, not because it's so good, but simply because it's better than the other options.

Two novels by L. Neil Smith
The Venus Belt & Their Majesties' Bucketeers
reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre



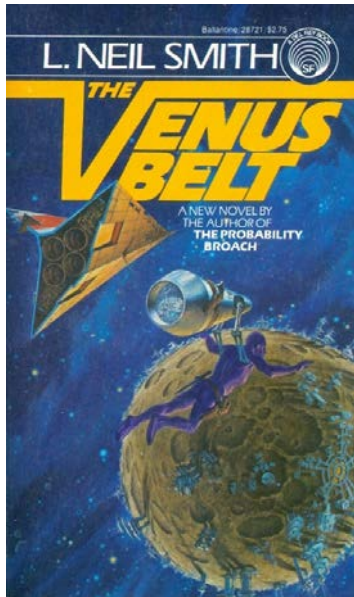
In Warp issue 77 (Winter 2011), I reviewed the Big Head Press Web comic adaptation of L.Neil Smith's *The Probability Broach* <http://www.bigheadpress.com/tpbtgn>. I have been trying to find the actual novel to compare, but never succeeded. During our fabulously successful MonSFFA book sale last April, I chanced to come across a sequel by the same author: *The Venus Belt* (1980), which I quickly snatched.

I am very glad that I paid so little for the book, for in my opinion it is overpriced even at a quarter, except as a curiosity, and I strongly suspect that the first novel is no better. It would appear that the comic version, which I found so preposterous, was unfortunately quite faithful to the original story.

Bringing back Detective Win Bear, *The Venus Belt* is a continuation of the notion that if only we would abolish government and if everybody was to wear a weapon, then every problem would go away as if by magic and we would live in paradise. The number of contradictions in this book goes way beyond critical mass. It is very hard, for instance, to believe the claim that this is a peaceful world when the unofficial motto of the most successful private police agency is "We Take No Prisoners"! (What would happen in case of conflicts between people who subscribe to different security companies is a topic that Libertarians tend to avoid...)

Some economist must have succeeded in getting across the

notion that gold and other precious metals are not the only worthwhile sort of money, because the author does grudgingly acknowledge that there are alternatives. (Libertarians have a hard time understanding that using anything physical as money means that that you cannot get any other service out of that substance; and that in the case of gold, the “value” is mostly imaginary.)



Occasionally, somebody in that world tries to do something that we would find sensible, like the owners of a privately owned highway limiting speed to 85 mph to reduce casualties, but such freedom-stealing actions are perceived as foolish and that particular highway will probably go bankrupt soon. And, no, this part was likely not meant as satire in the book. (Libertarians might counter that German autobahns are doing fine without a speed limit, but conveniently ignore the fact that Germans tend to be disciplined and mindful of

others, unlike the wild, unfettered and virtually non-existing “perfect American” type they worship.)

As for the plot of the novel, it involves the kidnapping of thousands of women by the Hamiltonians, who are the bad guys by virtue of wanting to re-establish a strong government, which is the most horrible thing anybody can think of in that parallel universe. Why, they might even try to control guns! (In *The Probability Broach*, they wanted to import atomic bombs and could not be stopped from doing so because it would have been an intolerable infringement on their right to bear arms...)

This goes on for 211 pages, and I needed all my patience to reach the last one because all there is to support the basic premises of the story is the fact that we are told that it would work.

If all of the above sounds like the ranting of somebody who has a pet peeve against that author, please consider that another one of his novels is actually among my list of favourites! Although I must admit that I would probably have been reluctant to buy it if I had come across his two previous books first.

The action of *Their Majesties' Bucketeers*, first published in 1981, is set on a hot and dry planet populated by imaginatively designed aliens that look like three legged crabs with three genders, who get drunk on electricity and have a society that is very similar to our own Victorian era, down to rather hypocritical morals. (They barely tolerate brothels, but only as long as the activities involve the proper number of three participants. Doing

it with two, four, or some unnatural combinations of sexes will get you in trouble...)

Technology is just starting to get a serious start, but since Lams – this is how they are called – view electricity and volatile combustibles much like we do hard liquor and tobacco, it's an uphill battle to get the new devices accepted by well-thinking people.

The natives have a profound disgust of water, and the “bucketeers” of the title refer to the practice of firelams of putting out fires with bucketfuls of sand. As the story starts, this venerable institution has branched out into peacekeeping as well. The narrator, a member of a gender that is neither male nor female, is the medical assistant of a person who turns out to be, save for the number of limbs and a few other details, pretty much a reincarnation of our earthly Sherlock Holmes.

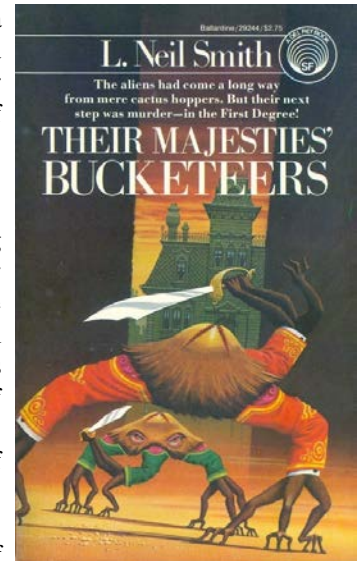
This does not, however, make the novel a ripoff of Conan Doyle, for the environment is very much different and the casual description of the lams' every day life makes reading the story quite enjoyable. As murder mysteries go, this one is full of interesting twists and turns and contains no Deus Ex Machina: one can figure out who did it by paying attention to the clues.

Save for a few minor jabs, this novel is mercifully free of politico-economic propaganda. This is a bit surprising, as it is apparently set in the very same universe as *The Venus Belt*, which we can deduce by the fact that the human Chief Cultorologist who wrote the short prologue is named EdWina Olson-Bear.

Author Sovereign Citizen Smith is a prominent member of the Libertarian Party and has written at least two other novels that, like *The Probability Broach*, won the Libertarian Futurist Society's Prometheus Award: *Pallas* and *The Forge of the Elders*.

His non-Libertarian works include a trilogy of Lando Calrissian novels: *Lando Calrissian and the Mindharp of Sharu* (1983), *Lando Calrissian and the Flamewind of Oseon* (1983), *Lando Calrissian and the Starcave of ThonBoka* (1983), all combined in an Omnibus edition under the title *The Lando Calrissian Adventures*.

A textbook example on how the theme of a novel can make a world of difference.



Hugo-Nominated Graphic Novels
Reviewed by Danny Sichel



Girl Genius vol. 13
Agatha Heterodyne and the Sleeping City, by the Foglios.

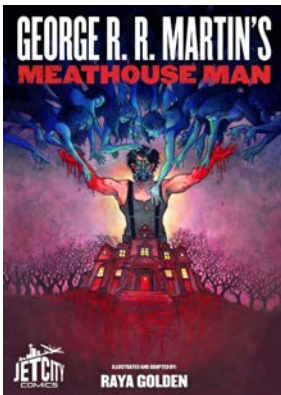
It's about Mechanicsburg as its own environment, not just as the setting for Castle Heterodyne. It's the usual Girl Genius stuff – steampunk mad science that took over the world and now it's a few hundred years later – with the usual Girl Genius positives and negatives. I rank it #2.

The Girl Who Loved Doctor Who written by Paul Cornell,
illustrated by Jimmy Broxton

The Eleventh Doctor gets knocked into the real world, and finds himself on the set of an episode of 'Dr Who'. He befriends a young Dr Who fan, discovers fandom, has an existential crisis or two, meets Matt Smith, loses a costume competition, etc. A lot of clever touches -- "if I'd known it was called 'the android invasion', that would have saved me a lot of trouble!", and some pleasingly sensible reactions, but ultimately it's not anything truly novel. I rank it #4.



The Meathouse Man, adapted from the George RR Martin
story, art by Raya Golden.



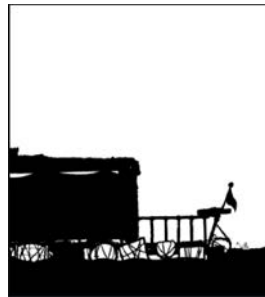
I'm reminded of what Philip Pullman said, about one of his novels: "Nobody has to read this book. Nobody has to pick it up. Nobody has to open it. And if you open it and read it, you don't have to like it. And if you read it and you dislike it, you don't have to remain silent about it. You can write to me, you can complain about it, you can write to the publisher, you can write to the papers, you can write your own book. You can do all those things, but there your rights stop. No one has the right to stop me writing this book. No one has the right to stop it being published, or bought, or sold or read."

I approve of freedom of speech. I'm glad that there was no law, no official government censor, which stopped GRRM from writing this story back in 1976. I didn't have to read it. I didn't have to download the official Hugo-voter .pdf. I didn't have to open the file. And once I opened the .pdf and read it, I didn't have to like it. And once I read it and disliked it, I didn't have to remain silent about it. And so I'm not. I dislike 'the Meathouse Man', and

I doubt it would have ever been made into a comic if GRRM hadn't become famous for 'Game of Thrones'. I concede that this is very skilfully done, mind you. If one *must* write a story about a young corpse-handler who discovers that sex with brainless meatpuppets is emotionally unsatisfying, then tries to fall in love with live women instead, but gets his heart broken and goes back to necrophilia instead... it could be done much worse than this. But this is still dreadful material. I rank it 0, and leave it off my ballot.

XKCD: TIME, by Randall Munroe

From March to July of 2013, Randall Munroe published a huge epic story in the form of a stick-figure webcomic that



updated itself, one frame at a time every 30-to-60 minutes for a total of 3099 images. Ultimately, it's a story set 11,000 years in the future, about a man and a woman who discover a very, very important thing about the world. Munroe consulted with astronomers to make sure he got the starfields right, he consulted with botanists and zoologists to make sure he got the flora and fauna right, he

devised a language that he claims is a reasonably plausible extrapolation. It's an amazing feat, especially since he didn't explain what he was doing in advance. But honestly, I think that a lot of the attention the story gets is the result of the novelty of the experiment. Rock-hard science fiction in a place one would never expect it. I rank this #3.

SAGA, Volume 2, by Brian K. Vaughan (story)
and Fiona Staples (art)

Last year, after I finished reading my voter copy of Saga-volume-1.pdf, I went out and bought a physical copy of volume 2. It's that good. After getting off-planet at the end of volume 1, Alanna and Marko (and their daughter Hazel, and her ghost babysitter Izabel) have more ... I don't know if "adventures" is really the right word, they're desperately trying to avoid adventures. They want to settle down together and be in love and raise Hazel, they want to not be hunted by their respective armies, they want Marko's parents to accept them, they want to not be destroyed by the giant space fetus... and of course, there's Lying Cat, and the Will, and Gwendolyn, and they rescue a little girl from slavery, and there's a cyclopean romance novelist, and science and magic and... it's just so full of story, and it all flows so well, and ... it's not a situation of good guys vs bad guys, of simple morality. Just because someone opposes the protagonists, that doesn't make them bad. I've said it before: **Saga** is just like *Star Wars*, and it's also *nothing* like *Star Wars*. It's much, much better. I rank this #1.



Hugo-Nominated Novelettes (2013/2014)

Reviewed by Danny Sichel

“Opera Vita Aeterna”, by Theodore “Vox Day” Beale

My detailed review for this one was published last time. In brief: it is not good. It is not even mediocre. It is very bad, and was only nominated as a proof that the nominations can be swayed for political reasons. I rank it 0, and leave it off my ballot.

“The Truth of Fact, the Truth of Feeling”, by Ted Chiang

What would it be like if you had a brain implant that recorded and indexed everything for you, giving you a perfect memory? And what would it be like to argue with someone who had one of these? And how does this compare to the introduction of writing? Some clever ideas, particularly with the parallel story about how westerners introduced writing to the Tiv, and I appreciate Chiang’s character-building and attention to detail there, but he ultimately squanders all of that parallel strand’s power; the remaining characters aren’t really shown strongly enough for us to genuinely care about what happens to them. I rank this #3.

“The Exchange Officers”, by Brad Torgersen

There’s some suspicion that Torgersen is only on the ballot because of the same shenanigans that put Beale on the ballot. The crucial difference is that Torgersen is competent. This story is okay: telepresence Americans fight Chinese bandits in low orbit, in a hard-SF story that asks a few interesting questions, and

develops a reasonably clever solution to a nasty problem. But it takes too many things for granted about how readers think, and puts far too much emphasis on specific details of technology and orbital mechanics. I rank this #4.

“The Lady Astronaut of Mars”, by Mary Robinette Kowal

Elma has lived on Mars ever since the colonization rush of the 1950s, when she became famous for being the first Lady Astronaut. But now it’s the late ‘80s, and she’s old, and her husband Nathaniel is withering away. And then the government makes her an amazing offer. Interesting, poignant, sweet, with tantalizing hints as to the nature of that timeline, but overall maybe a little too much emphasis on geriatric issues, and not quite enough things that actually happen instead of being remembered. I rank this #1 - again, not because it’s the best of the year, but because it’s the best of the *nominees*.

“The Waiting Stars”, by Aliette de Bodard

Another look at the Dai Viet (de Bodard’s society of offworld Vietnamese); this time, we learn more about the AI Minds that help run their ships and stations... when one effectively gets kidnapped. It’s well done, but too ornate and flowery, with not enough story, and the eventual resolution being foreshadowed much too strongly. I rank this #2.

Hugo-Nominted Novellas

Reviewed by Danny Sichel



Six-Gun Snow White, by Catherynne Valente

As the title indicates, this is a retelling of the story of Snow White, set in the American Old West. But it’s not what you’d expect from such a description. Valente’s trademark prose style make this much more vivid – and bittersweet, and sad, and oh so gloriously mythical. And the ending is... it made my brain feel sideways. When you have the story of Snow White, there’s really only one way – maybe two or three, depending on the fine details – that it can possibly end, right? Wrong. This is a very, very good story. It does exactly what you expect, and it does nothing that you expect. The descriptions are so vivid and lush it’s beautiful.

The Butcher of Khardov (volume 2), by Dan Wells

The two things you should know before reading: 1) TBoK is media tie-in fiction, based on the award-winning Warmachine tabletop war game from Privateer Press. In fact, it’s the first piece of media tie-in fiction ever nominated for a Hugo award for written fiction. 2) It was nominated as part of Larry Correia’s “Sad Puppy” project (the “everyone who reads my blog, buy a membership and nominate the following list of authors whose politics I like” stunt which I mentioned last time). That said, this isn’t horrible; Dan Wells is neither untalented nor unskilled. Orsus is the Butcher of Khardov, a (very powerful Warmachine piece, representing a) huge and powerful and brutal man who kills and kills and kills, and this is his backstory. His depressing, trauma-filled backstory. The first chapter genuinely made me feel

sorry for him, and if things had stopped there this would have made a not-terrible short story, but then it goes on and on and on. I’ve praised Valente for her lush descriptions, but when Wells tries that here, he applies it to the fight scenes. There’s a difference between painting a picture, and describing a fight blow-by-blow and play-by-play. I get the feeling that these are scenes which could literally be played out with the Warmachine figures. Ultimately, I think that’s TBoK’s greatest weakness: Orsus’s world is designed not to be functional, but to support people who play Warmachine. Wells does his best to show the world *outside* the war, but there’s always a feeling that the non-violence has only been thrown in so as to make a greater contrast with the bloodshed. Which is exactly why Wells did it, of course: we can’t sympathize with Orsus unless we know what he’s lost. The problem is that everything he loses might as well have a big “DISPOSABLE” stamp on it. The world doesn’t exist for itself, only to be torn apart. Dan Wells is a good guy, and he did a damn good job of trying to write good fiction involving the pre-existing character “Orsus, the Butcher of Khardov” in the pre-existing “Iron Kingdoms” setting. But this is not Hugo Award material. It’s not even close. I cannot vote for this. I rank it 0, and leave it off my ballot.

Equoid, by Charlie Stross

I read this before it was nominated for a Hugo. It’s another installment in Charlie’s “Laundry” series - the British

government's secret agency that deals with supernatural threats. This one is about unicorns (humanoids are to humans as equoids are to equines, see?), and as is standard for the Laundry stories, it's viciously evil and wonderfully snide and brilliantly inventive. Yes, unicorns are horribly dangerous supernatural menaces. I like it. #1 on my ballot.

The Chaplain's Legacy, by Brad Torgerson

Atheist aliens want to learn about Earth religions. Not to be converted, but to understand why religion exists. And then there's all this stuff about the role it plays in their decision on whether or not to wipe us out. It's very... it feels *strict*, and *rigid*, it feels like classic old-timey Analog stories. I've said this about Torgerson's work before – it's not *bad*, it's just... stylistically it's old-fashioned (relatively), and content-wise it's nothing special. It's better than 'No Award', but that's the best I can say for it.

Wakulla Springs, by Andy Duncan and Ellen Klages

Stuff that happened in Wakulla Springs down in Florida, in the 40s, and the 50s, and the 70s, and today, mostly connected to the films that were produced there (Tarzan, and Creature from the Black Lagoon). It's well written, but it's *not SF*. It's not fantasy. It's not magic realism. It's not even alt-history. At about 90% of the way through, there's one scene that's definitely extraordinary... unless it was a hallucination or a dream, the character isn't sure. And then at the very end, there's some tiny hints at more magic, but they could also be symbolic. Honestly, I'm disappointed. I'm reminded of Elizabeth Hand's "The Maiden Flight of McCauley's Bellerophon", where none of the viewpoint characters ever figured out what was going on... but at least in *that* story there was something utterly weird and crazy and impossible and magical that happened. "Wakulla Springs" is like what Gertrude Stein said about Oakland: "there's no *there* there". If I wanted to read straight historical fiction, I'd read straight historical fiction. I rank this 0, and leave it off my ballot.

Aurora-Nominated Short Fiction
Reviewed by Danny Sichel



Living Bargains, by Suzanne Church

Oh God. Oh my dear god. This is horrific, and extraordinarily well done. Earth has been conquered, and conquered thoroughly, by the grotesquely evil Larynth. In small-town Newfoundland, Abigail has made a horrible bargain with a Larynth in order to get her husband back... even if only temporarily. I don't want to rank this highly, I really don't, because it's so vividly nasty, but it's better than 'no award'.

The Gift, by Susan Forest

Bleh. Syd dances with a goddess. I don't like this.

Ghost in the Machine, by Ryan McFadden

Sam and Lucy are in love. Lucy has another boyfriend (it's complicated), and a puzzle box. Then terrible things happen. Then amazing things happen. Pretty good, albeit with a predictable ending (no pun intended).

Green Man, She Restless, by Billie Milholland

There's stuff about GMOs being the product of an evil world-destroying corporation and stuff about a heroic plant scientist who's being persecuted and arrested and tormented in prison and stuff about the magical spirit that talks to her and the voices she hears in her head and the magic turns out to be real

and.... bleh. I don't like this.

Angela and Her Three Wishes, by Eileen Bell

Angela doesn't get along well at ALL with her mother, but she's essentially not a bad person. Then she gets a genie. And things with the genie are a lot more complicated than things with genies usually are. Very, *very* good.

A Bunny Hug for Karl, by Mike Rimar

A guy out in Nowhere, Saskatchewan, discovers that his old buddy Karl has superpowers. And things don't go how either of them expects. Not terrible, but not award material.

The Awakening of Master March, by Randy McCharles

Warlock joins a coven. "Warlock" is just his name, though, and he expects that the coven will just be a way to meet chicks. Things don't work out that way. It's okay.

MY RANKING:

Angela and Her Three Wishes (1), Awakening of Master March (2), Living Bargains (3), Ghost in the Machine (4), and then the rest come below 'no award' so I leave 'em off my ballot.

Aurora 2013/2014 Nominees for Best Graphic Novel
Reviewed by Danny Sichel



Peter Chiukowski, *Rock Paper Cynic* uh. The hell is this. There's no "novel" content here. These are basically



Amusing Meme Motivational Images For Geeks, with shoddy art. One of them made me smile, briefly. This is not any form of graphic storytelling. This does not deserve to win. This does not deserve anything. I rank it as 0, below 'no award',

and leave it off my ballot, and I seriously question the judgement of everyone who nominated it.

Alina Pete, *Weregeek* long-running webcomic, of which I've been asked to limit myself to only the material published in 2013. So, the first month and a half is "Have You Heard



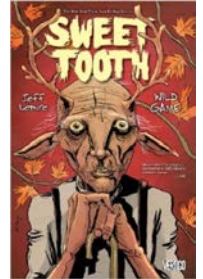
About Recent Bit Of News In Fandom”, told in strip form with recurring characters. This is technically a form of graphic storytelling, but only technically. Then there’s stuff where a guy’s gaming habits ruin his relationship. And more gaming stuff. And more Geek News stuff. I do like slice-of-life strips on occasion, if they’re good, but this is barely good. It can’t even decide whether it wants to be slice-of-life, gag-a-day, or recent-news-item. Leaving aside the question of whether something counts as SF just because it’s about fans, this does not deserve to win. I rank it as 0, below ‘no award’, and leave it off my ballot.

Ryan Sohmer and Lar deSouza, *Looking for Group* long-running webcomic, of which I’ve been asked to limit myself to only the material published in 2013. Standard epic fantasy, with the twist that there’s an evil wizard who’s also a Hilariouly Wacky Duuuuude who kills lots of NPCs ‘for the



lulz’, with everyone just ignoring this as the laugh-track plays. It’s hysterical, in the sense of “you’ll want to slap the story in the face to make it stop”. The art is decent, though – Lar deSouza is not unskilled. But that’s not enough to keep me from ranking it as 0, below ‘no award’, and leaving it off my ballot.

Jeff LeMire, *Sweet Tooth, volume 6* (“Wild Game”), from Vertigo. It’s about ten years after the apocalypse, when some horrible disease wiped out most of humanity, and there’s also these strange animal-human hybrids -- all of whom are just little kids. It’s poignant, and creepy, and weird, and sad, and I’m genuinely disappointed that the voter .pdf doesn’t seem to include the full content of the 6th compilation. I don’t know whether this would be my #1 choice in a year with better nominations, but this is the only one that I genuinely like.



Aurora Nominees for Best Poem or Song Reviewed By Danny Sichel



“Lost”, by Amal El-Mohtar: No. This is not good. Ranked zero.

“Turning the Leaves”, by Amal El-Mohtar: Marginally better than ‘Lost’, but only marginally. Still ranked zero.

“A City of Buried Rivers”, by David Clink: *blink, blink* what? No. Insomniac babblings? No. I refuse to support this. Zero.

“Night Journey: West Coast”, by Eileen Kernaghan: huh. I was starting to think that nothing here would be any good. This one is actually good. I felt it. It made me think, was I being too

harsh on the other poems, and I went back and had a second look at them, and no I wasn’t being too harsh on them. This is good.

“The Collected Postcards of Billy the Kid”, by Helen Marshall: hmm. Not bad. Definite visualization of imagery. Not bad at all. Not great, but definitely not a zero.

“Awake”, by Peter Storey: Not bad either. Good imagery, but the language isn’t as artisanal as it could be.

My rankings: Eileen Kernaghan - 1; Helen Marshall - 2; Peter Storey - 3; David Clink and Amal El-Mohtar - 0.

REVIEWS: Events

Cirque du Soleil: *Kurios* Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

Virtually all of the Cirque du Soleil shows have at least a tinge of our genre in them. Their latest production, *Kurios*, more so than most, and that is fine with me.

I usually wait for the tours to come back to Montreal at the Bell Center, but this one looked so promising that I went directly to the opening stretch under the big top at the Old Port. While the tickets were a bit more expensive than a Tuesday matinee at the Bijou, I did not regret it one bit!

The sets are wonderfully steampunkish, and most of the costumes would earn high marks at the best convention masquerades.

The storyline involves a lone scientist who builds a strange

machine in a dusty museum of curiosities and finds himself in a circus-themed parallel universe full of wonders.

All this visual splendour in no way eclipses the fact that the actual acrobatics are of the highest order. One act, in particular, especially grabbed my attention. It started ordinarily enough with a piling of chairs at precarious angles by performers trying to reach a high candelabra. At one




Sylvain St-Pierre

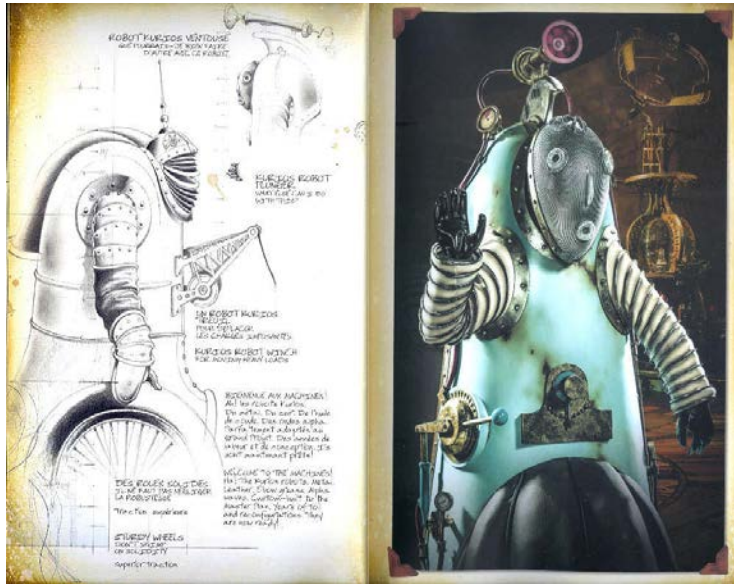


©Cirque du Soleil

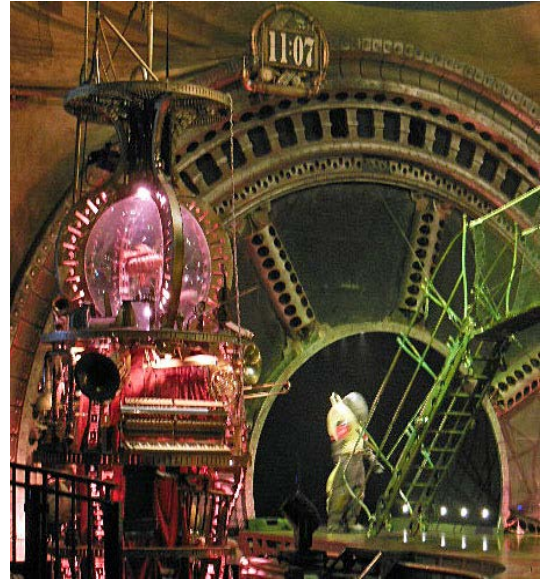
point, we noticed what appeared to be a reflection of the acrobats in a mirror set in the ceiling. We then realized that we were actually seeing *another* group of actors, identically dressed, *hanging upside-down* and building a reverse pile of chairs to reach those on the ground!

The souvenir book for this show is also amongst the most stylish that I have seen, and perfectly in tune with the theme of the spectacle.

A wonderful show, and you have to be quite jaded  not to like it.



A couple of pages from the souvenir book © Cirque du Soleil



Sylvain St-Pierre

SF/F AWARDS

C. Palmer-Lister

The Aurora Awards

The Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Association presented the 2014 Aurora Awards at Canvention 34, hosted by VCON, Oct 4, 2014.

Best English Novel: A Turn of Light by Julie E. Czerneda, DAW Books

Pig Writers' Society

Best English YA Novel: The Rising by Kelley Armstrong, Doubleday Canada

Best Artist: Erik Mohr, cover art for ChiZine Publications

Best English Short Fiction: "Ghost in the Machine" by Ryan McFadden, The Puzzle Box, EDGE

Best Fan Music: Chris Hadfield for his performance of Space Oddity

Best English Poem/Song: "Night Journey: West Coast" by Eileen Kernaghan, Tesseract Seventeen: Speculating Canada from Coast to Coast to Coast, EDGE

Best Fan Organizational: Randy McCharles, Chair and Programming, When Words Collide, Calgary

Best English Graphic Novel: Rock, Paper, Cynic by Peter Chiarkowski, webcomic

Best Fan Related Work: Robert Runté, "Why I Read Canadian Speculative Fiction: The Social Dimension of Reading", Scholar Keynote Address at ACCSFF '13, Toronto

Best English Related Work: On Spec published by the Copper

A special recognition Aurora Award also was given to Frank Johnson for producing the Aurora awards for the past 23 years. Frank created the design in 1991.

A new design will be unveiled in 2015. *Photo courtesy Ron Friedman*



CSFFA Hall of Fame: The 2104 Inductees

New this year, the CSFFA launched its Hall of Fame award at Convention, hosted by VCON. Winners of an Aurora Award for Lifetime Achievement at some time in the past were automatically inducted into the HoF. *Photos courtesy Ron Friedman*

A.E. van Vogt (1980)
Susan Wood (1981)
Phyllis Gotlieb (1982)

Judith Merril (1983 & 1986)
Dennis Mullin (2008)
Robert J. Sawyer (2013)



Rob Sawyer with Clint Budd, chair of the Hall of Fame committee.



Spider Robinson & William Gibson



Steve Fahnestalk presents the CSFFA Hall of Fame plaque to Spider Robinson.

In addition, the jury inducted the following new members:

William Gibson
Jeanne & Spider Robinson



The Constellation Awards Winners for 2014



The Constellation Awards were presented at Polar Chill in Toronto, July 5, 2014. Mark Askwith was keynote speaker and Rick Green host.

TV CATEGORIES

1. Best Male Performance: Jordan Gavaris, "Orphan Black" ("Variations Under Domestication")
2. Best Female Performance: Tatiana Maslany, "Orphan Black" ("Variations Under Domestication")

3. Best Series: "Orphan Black"

MOVIE CATEGORIES

4. Best Male Performance: Benedict Cumberbatch, "Star Trek Into Darkness"

5. Best Female Performance: Sandra Bullock, "Gravity"

6. Best Movie: Gravity

OTHER CATEGORIES

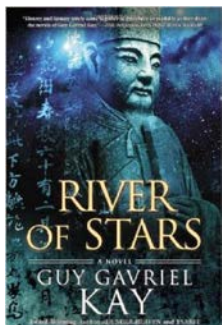
7. Best Technical Accomplishment: Tim Webber, Visual Effects, "Gravity"

8. Best Script: "Doctor Who", "The Day Of The Doctor" (Stephen Moffat)

9. Outstanding Canadian Contribution: Tatiana Maslany, Actress "Orphan Black"



Mark Askwith & Rick Green



The Copper Cylinder Award

The winner of the 2014 Copper Cylinder Adult Award is

River of Stars by Guy Gavriel Kay

The Copper Cylinder Award is an annual member's choice award selected by members of the Sunburst Award Society for books published during the previous year. The Copper Cylinder Award derives its name from the first Canadian scientific romance, "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," by **James De Mille** (1833-1880). The winners receive a unique, handcrafted, copper cylinder trophy.



2014 Hugo Award Winners

2014 Hugo Awards were presented at Loncon 3, the 72nd World Science Fiction Convention. 3587 valid ballots were received and counted in the final ballot. The ceremony was hosted by Justina Robson, Geoff Ryman.

Best Novel: Ancillary Justice, by Ann Leckie (Orbit US / Orbit UK)

Best Novella: “Equoid” by Charles Stross (Tor.com, 09-2013)

Best Novelette: “The Lady Astronaut of Mars” by Mary Robinette Kowal (maryrobinettekowal.com / Tor.com, 09-2013)

Best Short Story: “The Water That Falls on You from Nowhere” by John Chu (Tor.com, 02-2013)

Best Related Work: “We Have Always Fought: Challenging the Women, Cattle and Slaves Narrative” by Kameron Hurley (A Dribble of Ink)

Best Graphic Story: “Time” by Randall Munroe (xkcd)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Long Form: Gravity written by Alfonso Cuarón & Jonás Cuarón, directed by Alfonso Cuarón (Esperanto Filmoj; Heyday Films; Warner Bros.)

Best Dramatic Presentation, Short Form: Game of Thrones “The Rains of Castamere” written by David Benioff & D.B. Weiss, directed by David Nutter

Best Editor, Short Form: Ellen Datlow

Best Editor, Long Form: Ginjer Buchanan

Best Professional Artist: Julie Dillon

Best Semiprozine: Lightspeed Magazine edited by John Joseph Adams, Rich Horton, and Stefan Rudnicki

Best Fanzine: A Dribble of Ink edited by Aidan Moher

Best Fancast: SF Signal Podcast, Patrick Hester

Best Fan Writer: Kameron Hurley

Best Fan Artist: Sarah Webb



MonSFFandom: May to August

Keith Braithwaite, photos courtesy of B. Reischl & CPL

MAY

MonSFFA's get-together of the 25th of May was well attended and proved a busy meeting. The afternoon's agenda listed three presentations plus a session devoted to the discussion of proposals for a group outing in early June, and the formulation of a plan of action regarding said outing.

After a brief round of departmental reports, announcements of importance and interest to club members, and expressions of thanks from the club's Executive to the many MonSFFen who pitched in to help run last month's successful fund-raising book



sale, **François Ménard** took centre stage for his presentation on Filmation Associates.

An American production studio that steadfastly resisted the common practise of shopping out work to cheaper overseas animation houses, Filmation was responsible for the many cartoon comic book, sci-fi, and adventure TV series that were ubiquitous in the 1960s, '70s, and '80s. François screened numerous clips and his audience recalled The New Adventures of Superman (cartoons from which were later recycled for The Superman/Aquaman Hour of Adventure and the Batman/Superman Hour), The Groovie Goolies, Fantastic Voyage (based on the 1966 film starring Raquel Welch), Star Trek: The Animated Series, He-Man and the Masters

of the Universe, and BraveStarr.

Cutting corners by employing “limited animation”, the repeated use of the same sequences ad nauseam, and a reduced frame rate gave Filmation's cartoons a signature low-quality yet somehow endearing look.

Live-action productions included Space Academy, Jason of Star Command, Ark II, The Ghost Busters (pre-dating by nine years the similar but unrelated 1984 feature film comedy), and Shazam! The studio folded in 1989.

Alice Novo followed with her stories of “little people” working in the film and television industry. (We erroneously described Alice's presentation, which she had dubbed “Short Stories”, as an appreciation of favourite genre short fiction; sorry for the misleading information!)



Putting up a variety of stills, Alice outlined the careers of such early “little” movie stars as Harry Earles (Freaks, The Wizard of Oz), Angelo Rossitto (Freaks, Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome), and the prolific Billy Barty, who has appeared in over 170 film and television roles, from The Bride of Frankenstein in the 1930s to Alfred Hitchcock Presents, Sigmund and the

Seamonsters, and Man from Atlantis in the '60s and '70s to Masters of the Universe and Willow in the '80s. An activist, Barty founded the *Little People of America* to provide information about and support for little people and coined the very term as a gentler alternative to dwarf and midget.

Other actors highlighted in Alice's presentation included Kenny Baker (Star Wars trilogy), Warwick Davis (Return of the Jedi, Willow), Felix Silla (the original Battlestar Galactica, Buck Rogers in the 25th Century), Zelda Rubenstein (Poltergeist), and

the award-winning Peter Dinklage (Game of Thrones, X-Men: Days of Future Past).

Mark Burakoff, Keith Braithwaite, and Steven Janssen capped the afternoon with a primer on sci-fi board and card games, discussing the likes of 4000 A.D., Starfleet Battles, Centurion, and Talisman. Mark and Steven spoke on collectible card games and demonstrated for folk a hand of Magic: The Gathering.



JUNE

More than a dozen MonSFFen travelled west to Ottawa on June 8 to visit the **Canadian Aviation and Space Museum**. Several club members graciously volunteered their vehicles as

"taxis" so that our group might carpool to the nation's Capital.

A detailed trip report and photo spread appears on page 8 of this issue.

JULY



With perfect weather bestowed upon us, MonSFFA's annual summer barbecue this season took place on Sunday, July 20, at our usual Parc Angrignon locale in Lasalle. It was a warm, sunny day and all present thoroughly enjoyed a pleasant afternoon among friends, not to mention their delectable barbecued beef, pork, and chicken. Sipping refreshing drinks and partaking of the variety of tasty snacks provided, conversation flowed liberally under the shade of several large trees near the

middle of an expansive meadow that makes up but one corner of this vast city park.

We can easily chalk this one up as another marvellous club outing and offer a nod of thanks to club president Berny Reischl for providing the cooking grill, and a second to those folk who shared several trays of delicious snacks



with the group.

Unfortunately, another MonSFFA summer mainstay, Wayne Glover's backyard barbecue and pool party, did not take place this

year. This event usually unfolds within a week or two of the club's barbecue-in-the-park in Lasalle, but ongoing repairs to Wayne's pool left his backyard unavailable for entertaining.



AUGUST

As has become MonSFFA's practice, we followed our summer break with a meeting dedicated to "fancraft" and collecting which, this year, took place on Sunday, August 17.

Keith Braithwaite opened proceedings with the screening of an old home-video, circa 1995, showcasing the artistic talents of three MonSFFen as applied to sci-fi illustration. The **artists** – **Jean-Pierre Normand**, **John Matthias**, and **Berny Reischl** – detailed and demonstrated such illustration techniques as airbrush, pen-and-ink, and marker rendering, as well as the then nascent field of computer-generated imaging and animation. Despite the somewhat poor picture and sound quality in some sequences (these old analog recordings have deteriorated over time), the audience was, all the same, able to enjoy a kind of show-and-tell by three skilled artists.

After the video screening, MonSFFen took turns showing to their fellow members and speaking about their oldest collectibles. Most, but not all of the items presented were related in some way to the sci-fi genre, like a couple of vintage Tom Swift novels and a yellowed comic book featuring the first appearance of Marvel's X-Men. A period medallion commemorating the death of British admiral Horatio Nelson in 1805 at the Battle of Trafalgar was one of the non-SF/F pieces of interest.

The mid-meeting break gave way to a series of "fancraft" demonstrations and workshops. MonSFFen were invited to try their hand at Halloween face-painting/make-up application, the fashioning of science fiction-themed Christmas ornaments, or the construction of a working miniature crossbow that fires matchstick or Q-tip bolts.

