

WARF 82

Featuring

Josée Bellmare

Marquise

François Ménard

Barbara Silverman



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Bernard Reischl

Editor of WARP
Cathy Palmer-Lister

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All members in good standing!
Please help us plan **your** activities!

On the Cover

Springtime on Rigel 7: Our hero Bob enjoys a warm springtime slither under the partly cloudy skies of Rigel 7. It's good to be a Gnorfeshter!
Art ©2012 Bernard Reischl

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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.

JUNE 10

Club excursion to Star Wars Identities Exhibition
Montreal Science Centre.



JULY 22

MonSFFA BBQ - Rain date the following Sunday



AUGUST 19

Collectibles: Open Display of personal collections
(actual objects or slide shows)
Why do we start collections?



Craft workshops: Bring in your projects!



SEPTEMBER 23

One season wonders: The Cape, The Middle Man,
No Ordinary Family, etc
Berny Reischl & Josée Bellemare



Sci-Fi Vernisage: Marquise – her life and times
in art



Fund Raiser

OCTOBER 28

Date to be confirmed, check our website.

Top 10 scary moments in SF/F & horror films



Fan Fiction and fan art
as an introduction to the genre



Sean Peatman, Barbara Silverman, & Josée Bellemare

NOVEMBER 18

Dinosaurs & Sci-Fi (Cinemasaurus)
Keith Braithwaite



DECEMBER 8

MonSFFA Christmas Party
Details to be announced



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.



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From the Faned's Facebook page:

Posted by Nalini Haynes of *Dark Matter*, Australia:

I've been having trouble sharing this post with the page. As *Dark Matter* fanzine, I shared the below post on Facebook, also linked with Twitter. On Twitter this is being retweeted and favoured. Thanks to Cathy Palmer-Lister and Monsffa, please pass on thanks to Josée, the reviewer.

Take back Halloween is a female character cosplay website that doesn't sell costumes but gives instructions on how to make them. These costumes aren't the skimpy sex kitten kind and are largely based on real-life kick-ass women who made history for their scientific

breakthroughs or just being Jezebel. There are also costumes for goddesses.

Thanks to Josée Bellemare of the Monsffa SF club in Canada who wrote this review for their zine. Thanks also to Cathy Palmer-Lister who sent me the zine. This kind of networking is the most awesome aspect of the technological era in which we live!

<http://takebackhalloween.org/>

Hi, Nalini!

Technology is shrinking our world to the predicted global village very quickly!

I did pass on your message to Josée and she says thanks! She is pleased as punch!

Yours in fandom,
Cathy

WARP readers: Nalini and *Dark Matter* are on the web:

<http://www.darkmatterfanzine.com/index.html>



Dear Cathy:

Another Warp is up quickly, and another letter goes up, almost as quickly. Here are some comments about issue 81.

That's quite the hubcap on the cover! Or maybe it's swamp gas? Or maybe a

fancy Frisbee with a lighting system? Hello to Steve Green. Getting one of those fancy awards is fine, and helping others get their own award-style egoboo feels pretty good, too. I still want one of the fins off Chris Garcia's Hugo...

Speaking of Hugo...my loc...we did buy Hugo on DVD, and even on the small screen, it is a beautiful movie. Ad Astra comes up shortly, and with \$\$ a concern, and we probably couldn't get the Friday off (I sure can't, seeing I've only been five weeks at my new employer), we've cancelled our room reservation, and we will be there for the Saturday only. (We've found a big vintage clothing show on the Sunday.) I am in a difficult field of employment, and I wouldn't have gotten what I have if not for some effective employment agencies. Some large employers will not advertise their jobs through websites, but only through agencies.

I haven't had contacts with the RASC Toronto Centre in some time. The RASC head office is not a short drive away from Eva Rd., maybe I should go and visit some time. I believe the senior managerial position with RASC is open right now; I was tempted, but I did some work in their old temporary offices on Dupont St. some years ago, and saw how much work it was to manage the central offices of such a large and complex

society.

I'd like to read the report on the steampunk convention in Atlanta. I believe local steampunk fan Adam Smith also attended that con, but I haven't heard anything about his own experiences there.

We have done our duty by nominating for the Hugos and Auroras, and we've nominated for CUFF, but have yet to vote. We watch so little SF TV, and see so few SF movies, we don't feel competent enough to nominate or vote for the Constellations. I have read online that the Constellations are considered by some more of a reflection of the SF TV and movie field than the Saturns, and that is an impressive reaction.

Josée Bellemare's review of the Take Back Hallowe'en website reminds me of our own local costume shop, Amazing Costume on Oxford St., facing the Queen Elizabeth Way. We have purchased a few items there, but not for wearing, but for taking the pattern from them. We bought a poorly-made set of spats for shoes, but they will serve as the basis of the pattern, and Yvonne intends to make at least a few pair.

I had wished the John Carter movie well, but it looks like it's become one of

Hollywood's biggest box office flops. Very often, flops like this will make much of their losses back on the DVD and downloads, and the DVD will probably be out soon.

I wish I could help out and participate in your radio play project. It looks like something similar will become regular programming at upcoming SFContarios.

Our condolences to Lillian Moir on the loss of her mother. It's a difficult time we all must go through, and that time looms for both of us here.

I will wrap this up and get it to you, and we won't have to worry about it until after Ad Astra. It should be fun, but as time goes on, your interests change, the focus of the convention changes, and you can hope that the con will continue to meet your expectations. Fingers crossed on that. See you at the new hotel in Markham!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Hi, Lloyd!

A lot of time has passed since your LoC. This issue of WARP was delayed

first by a crisis in the Con*Cept organization, and then by a worse crisis (at least in my mind) when my 13-year old dog snapped a ligament in her hind leg. The surgery and post-op care is stressing Rus and I to the max. But she is somewhat better, now, we no longer worry that she might fall, so some work is getting done around here, including WARP 82.

I've voted for CUFF and Auroras, but don't feel quite qualified to vote for the Hugos. I did get quite a laugh out of seeing *The Drink Tank's Hugo Acceptance Speech* nominated, though! At Reno, people were kidding Chris Garcia about his performance being Hugo worthy, but I didn't really expect folks really would nominate him!

MonSFFA's radio play is in post production, but Berny's work load has forced a hiatus. Same goes for our MonSFFA calendar. Would be nice to have copies available for Polaris, but the real world also makes demands on our time, and insists on taking priority, too!

Yours in fandom,
Cathy



UPCOMING EVENTS

Compiled by Lloyd Penny & CPL

May 4-6 - Congrès Boréal, Québec, QC.
Guests: Héloïse Côté, Patrick Senecal.
<http://www.congresboreal.ca/>

May 5 & 6 - Toronto Comic Arts Festival, Toronto Reference Library.
<http://torontocomics.com>

May 18- 20 - Keycon 2012, Winnipeg, MB. Guests: Timothy Zahn, others
<http://keycon.org/>

May 25-27 - Anime North, Toronto, ON. Guests: TBA
<http://www.animenorth.com/live/>

June 1-3 - What the Fur? Montreal, QC
Guest: Kanthara (Karine Charlebois)
http://www.whatthefur.ca/home_e.php

June 1-3 - Bloody Words XII, Toronto ON. Mystery convention. Guests:

Linwood Barclay, Gayle Linds, Rick Blechta. www.bloodywords2012.com .

June 10 - ToyCon, Montreal, QC
http://site.toysonfire.com/montreal_toy_con/montrealtoycon.html

July 6-8 - Polaris 26, Richmond Hill, ON. Guests Wil Wheaton, Tony Amendola, Robert O'Reilly, J. G. Hertzler, others. www.tcon.ca.

July 27-29 - Condition:Blue, London ON. Furry convention. Guests: Amber Williams, Mary Minch, www.conditionfurry.ca .

July 28-29 - ConBravo, Burlington, ON. Guests include: James Rolfe, Doug Walker, Noah "Spoony" Antwiler, Lindsay "Nostalgia Chick" Ellis, more.

<http://conbravo.com/location>

August 3-5 - Otakuthon, Montreal, QC.
Guests: Adella (Cosplay), Ejen Chuang (Photographer, Cosplay In America), Daniel Proulx (Steampunk), DreamPod 9 (gaming) & others. www.otakuthon.com/

August 10-12 - When Words Collide / Convention Calgary, AB. Guests: Kevin J. Anderson, Kelley Armstrong, & Vanessa Cardui, & **HOSTING THE AURORA AWARDS** www.whenwordscollide.org

August 23-26 - Fan eXpo, Toronto, ON. Guests: Patrick Stewart, Gillian Anderson, Stan Lee, Amanda Tapping, John Carpenter, many others.
www.hobbystar.com.



August 30 - Sept 3 – Chicon 7, 70th World Con, Chicago, IL Guests: Mike Resnick, Story Musgrave, Morwena Morrell, John Scalzi, others.
<https://chicon.org/>

August 31 - Sept 3 - DragonCon, Atlanta, GA. Guests: Kevin J. Anderson, Bill Fawcett, Laurell K. Hamilton, Todd McCaffrey, Rebecca Moesta, Jody Lynn Nye, R.A. Salvatore, Tony Amendola, Bruce Boxleitner, Jonathan Frakes, Torri Higginson, Saul Rubinek, Patrick Stewart, & many more
<http://dragoncon.org/index.php>

September 21-23 - CanCon, Ottawa, ON. Guests: Hayden Trnholm, Tom Fowler, Alan Neal, others.
<http://www.can-con.org/>

October TBA - ToyCon, Montreal, QC

October 19-21 - Con*Cept 2012, Montreal, QC www.conceptsf.ca
CANCELLED

November 1-4 - World Fantasy Convention 2012, Richmond Hill, ON. Guests: Elizabeth Hand, John Clute, Richard A. Kirk, Gary K. Wolfe, Tanya Huff, Charles DeLint, Tanya Huff,

Mercedes Lackey, Larry Dixon.
www.wfc2012.org.

November 3-4 - Cape & Kimono, Quebec, QC. Guests: Karolina Von Limor(artist), Michaël Larouche (video games) Eddie69 du groupe Phylactère Cola, more. <http://www.capekimono.com>

November 9-11 - SFContario 3, Toronto ON. Guests: Jo Walton, Jon Singer, Chris Garcia. <http://2012.sfcontario.ca/>

April 25-28, 2014 - Costume Con 32, Toronto, ON. www.costumecon32.com



The Winnipeg Fanzine Lounge Lloyd Penny



The year is 1992, and Canadian fandom is excited, because we have a Worldcon coming up, the first one since Torcon II in 1973. Some Canfen have heard of Worldcons, but have never been to one, so we will all be there in force. Conadian is coming.

We get a message from chairman John Mansfield that he wants to talk to us about our involvement with Conadian. It takes three conventions where we fail to meet up with each other before we do, and John asks us to run the Conadian fanzine lounge.

"Oh, okay, sure."

I hadn't been to many fanzine lounges before, mostly because we'd been involved with masquerades in the 80s, and usually, the fanzine lounge was tough to find. All Knowledge is Contained in Fandom, so I put out the word that I needed to find out how to run a fanzine lounge, especially the paperwork.

Don Fitch provided me with what the Magicon used in 1992, and with some figuring out how to register each of the zines provided, how much to charge for each, and what percentage went to what fan fund, it all went in a binder, and we were ready that

way. All we needed was the space and a budget.

The lounge was to be set up in an area on the upper floor of the Winnipeg Convention Centre with the art show and dealers' room, among other attractions, and we were to get pipe and drape, with some miscellaneous furniture. This was what I was told we were supposed to get, but this was before the Winnipeg fire marshal arrived to enforce local fire laws. Once he was gone, various pipe-and-drape walls were moved away from the physical walls, and with the redesign of the floor, the fanzine lounge was...gone.

John had to find a new place for the lounge, and didn't like the solution. The convention centre had 16 clearly marked meeting rooms, and panels were scheduled for each room, but there was an unmarked, 17th room. It had been furnished as a cocktail lounge, but had been shut down and abandoned, and wasn't used. John asked about the room, and was told that it would cost the convention \$500 a day to use. John bit the bullet, and the old cocktail lounge became the fanzine lounge.

John had two large vinyl signs made up to point out the fanzine lounge (I used them for the fanzine lounge at Anticipation), but I asked him about refreshments, and he said, the con was paying \$500 a day for the lounge, what more did we want?

It's convention time...we check into our room at the Hotel Louis-Riel, and go to the convention centre to pick up about a dozen boxes of fanzines to put out at the con for sale or distribution. We get to where the fanzine lounge will take place...great room, and we can definitely do some business here. When the con starts and we get set up, Geri Sullivan joins up with us to see what the room looks like. She has brought large blow-ups of fanzine covers to act as decoration and they truly add to the room. When she asks about refreshments, we show her what John gave us earlier...a can of iced tea mix. Geri rightly says this will not do, and off she goes to the catering office. When she returns with one of the catering office senior staffers, she told us she asked the office how much it would cost to put a bartender and full bar into the cocktail lounge for the benefit of those who will visit the lounge. When quoted about \$500 a day, Geri put down her credit card, and told them that if sales for any of the days the bartender was on duty were below \$500, they were to top up the day's take with her credit card. And that's how we got a bartender for the fanzine lounge. All hail Geri for taking the reins. (Just for the record, sales for each day were way above \$500.)

Continued on page 9



Star Dracula: Part VII

François Ménard

The story so far: When the Jump-gates failed, worlds colonized by humanity were isolated until the invention of the super-light drive. Ships from New London are re-establishing contact with other worlds, one of them being the HCSS Demeter, captained by Jonathan Harker, just arrived in the Carpathian system.

First-Contact Op, Thomas Renfield is sent down to the planet, but crash lands. IGOR takes him to "Master" who introduces himself as Dracula, and explains that an IGOR is an Iso-Genetic Organic Robot.

While he sleeps, Dracula poisons Renfield's mind against Captain Harker. Fearing for his life, Renfield escapes in the lander. Worried when there is no word from Renfield, Harker drops down to the planet to search for him. Dracula welcomes him with drugged wine. When he awakes, Harker is unable to contact Renfield or the ship, and he sprains his ankle while trying to escape the mansion in the dark.

Renfield is running amok on the Demeter and another lander is lost in an attempt to rescue Harker. The first officer orders the launch of an emergency survival pod, hoping Harker will find it, and heads for home.

Six weeks later, the Demeter was on a collision course with the planet Piccadilly, and Harker was still lost on Carpathia. Rescuers found the Demeter's crew all dead of sudden blood loss, except for a delirious Renfield. Carpathia is declared quarantined until the cause is found, but Mina, Lucy and Dr Seward are determined to rescue Harker.

Now, Lucy is in sickbay suffering from anaemia, and Mina has hired a pilot to rescue Harker.

Having returned to medical, Dr. Jack Seward continued to ponder the mysteries of the past few days: the Demeter, Renfield, and now Lucy. Her sudden illness worried him greatly. He only hoped there was no connection. If whatever had killed the Demeter's crew had somehow spread to the station... but no. Lucy had had no contact with the Demeter, neither anything nor anyone from it. His eyes followed his thoughts and moved to the monitor for isolation room 17 where they were keeping the doomed ship's one survivor. A knot instantly formed in Jack's stomach as he jumped to the monitor in order to verify it was the right monitor and showing a live feed. It was. Dr. Seward went instantly into crisis control mode, called for the three orderlies on duty, and ran for the isolation rooms. Room 17 was empty!

"Are you sure no one moved him?" asked Dr. Seward as he and two of the three orderlies he called verified room 17's status. Still sealed and devoid of any occupant, "I know Dr. Howles wanted to do some more blood work on him."

"As I've already said," answered Orderly Nathaniel as he brought up the surveillance records on the room's computer terminal, "No one's asked to have him moved. I checked on him myself four hours ago, and Dempsey gave him his meal not 45 minutes past."

"Then where the hell is Dempsey?" Dr. Seward exclaimed as he joined Nathaniel at the terminal, "I ordered all three of you here! Kensington, go find her!" An image appeared on the terminal screen, recorded 45 minutes ago showing Orderly Dempsey coming to the door of room 17 with a tray. The image from inside the room showing Renfield unusually calm and sedate. Dempsey stops, turns as if she sees something or someone beside her, then the recording skips ahead 12 minutes showing nothing but an empty room and corridor. "What the blazes just happened?"

Nathaniel stood there, dumbfounded. Dr. Jack Seward pulled up the recording again, and again the 12 minute jump.


"Nate," Dr. Seward asked again trying to remain as calm as possible, "You're the tech expert, tell me, how could this happen?"

"I-I don't know, Dr. Seward," haltingly replied the orderly after a few moments, "That should't happen."

"I know it *should't* happen, Nate, but we've both seen it, twice. I need to know how it *could* happen since it obviously did." Dr. Seward tried his best to remain calm. It wasn't working.

"Um, could be the recording was tampered with after the fact. I'd need the main terminal to know for sure." Nathaniel seemed to be in a stupor.

"Well, get on it then! I'll see if there's anything else with the recording and inform station security. Go!"

 **Quincy Morris sat at his desk.** The pieces of his antique slug thrower arrayed out before him. The weapon was nearly 12 centuries old and had been in Quincy's family nearly that entire time. It was, more or less, useless. Quincy had no bullets for it and as far as he knew no chemically propelled ammunition had been produced in over 800 years, having been replaced with first magnetic then gravatonic propulsion methods. Still, Quincy liked to keep the "old girl" in working order. Cleaning and maintaining the weapon gave him a sense of peace and relaxation not unlike meditation. The weapon and its history gave him a sense of connection to his past, especially his father you had taught him to clean and care for it just before his death in the Border Wars when Quincy had been a boy of five years of age.

As Quincy was lost in his thoughts and task his comm let off its' distinctive emergency chime bringing him immediately back to the present. "Morris here," he stated into the device without any trace of his usual jovial humour, "Go."

"Quincy, it's Jack," came the reply from Quincy's comm. Dr. Seward's voice sounded frazzled and frantic, "We have a

situation. Renfield is missing.”

“Come again, Doc?” was Quincy’s reply, some of his good natured humour coming back, “Is this some kinda joke?”

“No joke, Quincy. I’m forwarding you the details. We have to find him, fast.”

“Don’t worry, Doc, we will.” Quincy watched as his comm’s screen filled in the details with hyper-text and video footage. Quincy then switched his comm to the general security channel. “This is Morris. We have a class one security alert, people. I repeat, *class one*. Forwarding details as I speak.” Quincy set his comm to re-transmit Doctor Seward’s data packet, “This individual is to be considered extremely dangerous and I want full emergency medical protocol followed for this one. Let’s go, people!” Quincy knew his people would find Renfield but he was more worried about how it was Renfield had gotten out in the first place.



Captain Julia Anders was waiting for her when Mina reached the commercial dock. A sad look was on her face and in her eyes. “Bad news, Love,” She said, “As if Lucy getting sick weren’t bad enough. Yes she commed and told me and good thing for you she did or I wouldn’t have left. As it is, we ain’t leaving anyways. Looks like some nut got loose from medical and thy’re locking the station down ‘til they find him.”

“Some nut?” Asked Mina. The only ‘nut’ she knew about in medical was Renfield, and there was no way *he* got loose, “Captain Anders, *Julia*, please, we have to find Jonathan before it’s-”

“Sorry, Dearie,” Julia cut her off, “But until we get the all clear from upstairs no one is going anywhere. I wouldn’t worry too much though. Security’s pretty damned good around here, too good if you ask me. I’m sure Morris and his lackeys will-” Captain Julia Anders’ comm beeped, as did the comms of several people around her. She lifted it and studied the display, “Speaking of which, good timing. Looks like the lockdown’s been lifted and we have the all clear. Now, shall we be off before something *else* is up on this station?”

Mina smiled, relieved, “Yes, let’s,” and she followed Captain Anders to her ship.

“I swear,” Julia stated to no one in particular, “Ghost ships, escaped loonies... I’ve got to find a better system to call home.”



Sure enough, Quincy’s people had found Renfield in under 20 minutes. Somehow he had gotten into hydroponics and, according to the report now on Quincy’s comm’s display, was eating a number of insects he had been able to catch there. Now in iso-detention in Carfax Station’s security complex, Quincy watched Renfield through the transpara-steel wall of the interrogation room and waited for Doctor Seward to arrive. Quincy Morris did not like the circumstances regarding Renfield’s escape one iota. That and the fact Orderly Anne Dempsey was still missing meant Quincy needed some answers before he was going to hand Renfield back to medical.

Doctor Seward soon arrived, looking the worse for wear. Quincy had never really liked the man much. The way he looked at Lucy still bothered him, but he had come to have a great deal of respect for him as a doctor. “Alright, Doc,” he said, “We got him,

care to fill me in on how he got loose.”

“Wish I could, Quincy.” Replied Jack as he entered the interrogation room obviously as irritated at the situation as Quincy was. “My people still haven’t been able to piece together what happened to the security recordings.”

“Mind if my folks have a crack at it, then?” Quincy asked more as a respectful courtesy than anything else. Truth was his people were already working on the problem as they spoke.

“Not at all. By all means, please do. Now, as to Renfield-”

“Before you start, Doc, I’m not handing him over until I’m satisfied. Now that you’re here, care to begin,” Quincy then motioned to the transpara-steel. On the other side, apparently oblivious to the two men watching him in the next room, Thomas Renfield paced wildly back and forth across the iso-detention room, occasionally fidgeting or spasming uncontrollably for a few moments before resuming his pacing. Jack went to the closed inter-comm.

“Mister Renfield,” he said in a forced smooth, calm voice. Renfield did not answer or show any kind of acknowledgment. “Mister Renfield, *Thomas*, it’s Doctor Seward. We’d like to ask you some questions.” Still nothing.

Quincy then slammed the transpara-steel with an open palm and shouted, “Renfield!” Renfield suddenly jumped back and looked up. He had a look of hurt, shame, and fear. He then looked down at the floor and began to tilt his head back and forth while fidgeting his feet.

“Thomas,” said Doctor Seward once more, an admonishing sidelong glance at Quincy, “Please, tell us what happened.”

“What happened?” mimicked Renfield as if speaking to a slow child, “*What happened?! Mankind happened!*” he proceeded to shout, “First, came amino acids, then came RNA, then DNA. Life coding life coding life coding life. More complex life feeding on less complex life growing more complex in the *process*. First in a tiny pool, then a lake, then a sea, then an ocean, then all the oceans, then all the planet, and now, out among the stars. Life feeding life feeding life feeding life...”

Quincy closed the inter-comm momentarily, “He’s been babbling like that since we caught him. Any clue what he’s going on about?”

“He’s sick, Quincy. I don’t even think even *he* knows what he’s talking about.” And Doctor Seward switched the inter-comm back on. “Thomas, what happened earlier today? How did you get out of quarantine?”

Renfield folded his arms across his chest and stared at his toes, pouting, “I opened the door and walked out.”

Quincy cocked and eyebrow at Doctor Seward who continued, “How did you open the door, Thomas?”

“Like... **THIS!**” and Renfield suddenly though himself at the transpara-steel, screaming. Both Quincy and Jack jumped back with a start. Renfield then threw himself against the opposite wall. Screaming he threw himself at each of the walls in turn. The only two words either Quincy or Jack could make out were ‘life’ and ‘blood’.

Quincy turned to Doctor Seward, “Well, he’s obviously in dire straits, mentally speaking,”

“Psychologically,” Doctor Seward corrected.

“Fine, psychologically.” Quincy continued, “He’s also a danger to everyone around him, including himself. We’ll sedate

him and send him back to you but I'm sending two armed guard with him, and he'll have two armed guards at all times."

"Fair enough," replied Jack, "I just hope we can figure out what's wrong with him and help him. Whatever it is, we need to contain it. If *this* illness gets loose on the station..."

"You're telling me, Doc. You're telling me..."



The next three days passed more or less without incident on the station. Renfield behaved himself for the most part, though he had somehow secreted several live insects on his person and would pull them out one or two at a time and eat them. Doctor Seward's medical staff had had to search him thoroughly three times before they found them all after which Renfield's better humour was once again replaced with screaming and violence. Thankfully the first of the specialists from New London were arriving and Doctor Seward was at the docks to greet them.

He was both surprised and relieved when he saw the first of the specialists pass through the airlock. An elderly man with a full head of thick, white hair despite his advanced age. He walked with a steady limp aided by the use of an ancient cane. A very unique site in this day and age with medical science so near it's pinnacle, even for one of advanced years, but Doctor Seward knew this particular man quite well and though he did not know his exact age he knew he was far older than his apparent 80 years. Doctor Seward moved forward, smiling, and welcomed his old friend and mentor. "Professor Van Helsing, so good to see you again. When I asked for help I never dreamed they--"

"Jack, Jack, Jack," the older man interrupted playfully admonishing his student with his cane. "You know I always come to the aid of my friends when they need me. Besides, any chance I have to get back into space is a joy I will never tire of, even if only to high orbit."

"But I was sure you had retired by now. Surely the Medical Council and League of Physicians must have--"

"Oh, they tried," the Professor cut Doctor Seward off again, answering his question before he could finish it. "Bunch of *senile old goats!*" he emphasized half turning to the other specialists now exiting the airlock many of whom were members of one if not both organizations, "But it's not that easy to get rid of me, better people have tried in the past and failed just as much. Now, I've read your reports, and I must say success has made you sloppy, Jack. You never would've written so poorly in my class." The older man teased with a wink, "Seeing as the rest of my *colleagues* have arrived, why don't you tell us about this case of yours, and then you can feed me supper, yah?"

"Of course," replied Doctor Seward, laughing inwardly. His old teacher and mentor had not changed at all. After all that had happened, and Lucy making little recovery, seeing the esteemed, near-legendary Professor Abraham Van Helsing again did wonders to raise his spirits.

After briefing the first team of specialists, showing them the bodies and data from the Demeter and seeing them settled into their temporary quarters, Doctor Seward invited Professor Van Helsing to his personal quarters for dinner. "So, Professor," he asked as they ate, "any ideas?"

"Ideas? Yah, lots of ideas," said the older man as he swallowed his mouthful, "But solutions? Not so much yet, Jack.

Still, this Renfield intrigues me. You say he has all the symptoms of the others from the ship, except the blood loss and death, of course, yah?

"As far as we can tell, Professor. He's deluded, demented, and hallucinatory. As to why he hasn't suffered the fate of the others, I can't even begin to guess."

"Hallucinatory? Maybe... Has he appeared to 'see' the figure or whatever it was the others 'saw'?"

"Not since being under observation with us, no. But he talks about seeing it on the ship."

"Interesting. And you say you still have no explanation for his escape from three days ago?"

"None. Not even security has been able to reconstruct the observation video." Doctor Seward's comm chimed, interrupting him. He excused himself to his guest and answered it. "Seward here, go ahead."

"It's Quincy, Jack. We found your Orderly Anne Dempsey, or what's left of her at any rate. As we feared she's dead, I'm sorry. I'd like you to get down here to hydroponics and have a look at this. I think we have a serious problem." came Quincy Morris' voice over the comm.

"Can't it wait, Quincy? I'm with a friend and colleague at the moment. Surely my staff can--" Quincy then cut him off over the comm.

"They're already here, Jack, but I really need you to see this before we quarantine the station."

"Quarantine the station? Oh no. Quincy, please tell me it's not..." Doctor Seward could not finish his sentence. The implications of what Quincy were alluding to were just too horrible to fathom.

"You'd better get down here, Jack." was all Quincy Morris could answer, himself obviously disturbed as well.

"On my way, Quincy." Doctor Seward then closed his comm and got up from the table. "I'm sorry, Professor. This is an emergency. Please, stay and finish your meal, I'm afraid our work may have just gotten much, much worse."

The older man got up as well, wiping the corners of his mouth. "I come too, Jack," he said, "Maybe I can be of assistance, yah?"

"Thank you, Professor. I'm afraid we're going to need all the help we can get."

Several minutes later both men arrived in hydroponics. The entire area had been sealed off by security and medical personnel. Following the directions they had been given, they soon arrived at one of the huge sealed tanks that provided the facility with water. Quincy Morris came over to greet them. "Thanks for coming. My people had gone over this place three times, no one figured to check the *inside* of the tanks. Still haven't got a clue how she ended up in there. One of the maintenance crew found her when her body finally clogged one of the valves. Took 'em over three hours to get the thing open."

"Quincy, is she..." Doctor Seward could still not finish saying what he dreaded was the case.

"Come see for yourself," and Quincy lead them to the coroner team as they were finishing up. Doctor Travis Veers, chief coroner, welcomed Doctor Seward and Professor Van Helsing grimly. Behind him being placed in a white body case was the bloated, waterlogged corpse of Anne Dempsey. All four

men watched as she was lowered into the plastic casket. Doctor Seward motioned for the coroners to wait before closing and sealing the body case. He and Professor Van Helsing then proceeded to examine the grisly body while Doctor Veers reported his preliminary findings.

"Despite appearances we believe drowning was not the cause of death. There wasn't as much water in the lungs as there would have been had she drowned. Cause of death appears to be massive blood loss as there is no blood in her body nor any traces of it in the tank. We're checking the entire watering system but we believe the blood was removed prior to insertion into the tank. This could explain the unusually large amount of bloating over the short amount of time she was in there. As to how she was put in there, we have no idea. The tank doesn't seem to have been damaged or tampered with prior to maintenance cutting it open.

We'll have a better idea once the autopsy is done."

"No blood, Jack." said Quincy Morris, unable to look away from the horror show that was once a person before him. "Maybe one thing has nothing to do with the other, but--"

Doctor Seward stopped his examination and pulled out his comm. After entering some instructions manually he brought it up and spoke into it. "This is Doctor Jack Seward, head of medical for Carfax Station. Effective immediately I'm instituting full class one medical quarantine of Carfax Station as well as anyone who has been in on the station or in contact with someone who has been on the station over the past five days." with that he closed his comm, closed his eyes, and exhaled harshly. First Lucy, then Renfield, and now this. The nightmare that began with the Demeter arriving in system had just gotten much, much worse.



TO BE CONTINUED IN WARP 83



Continued from Page 5 The Winnipeg Fanzine Lounge

Our bartender is Lisa, and she is charming and helpful, and plies me with Diet Coke and Yvonne with tomato juice whenever we ask. We put the word out in the con newsletter that we have a working BAR!, and we become the social centre of the convention. Geri has no worries about her credit card; business at the bar is brisk. And, a number of people start asking about those fanzine things, and some sit, sip a beer, and peruse some fine fannish publications. (Maybe that's how we get more people into this fandom...large quantities of alcohol.)

We meet with Henry and Letha Welch here, with all three kids, including Kira, who is all of three days old. Yvonne happily goes into doting aunt mode and looks after little Kira while Henry and Letha and their older kids explore the con. We spent a lot of our day in that room each day, but we were spelled occasionally by Tom Feller, who still has our thanks.

Lisa the bartender is there the middle

three days of the convention, and the convention tries its best to drink the bar dry. Not only are bar sales brisk, but so are fanzine sales. I wasn't sure how we were going to get the stacks of fanzines home, but more and more, it looked like that wasn't going to be much of a worry. thanks to a smart suggestion from Yvonne, we toss some bucks into the kitty, and Yvonne buys our sweet lady behind the bar some fantasy earrings as a thank you for her good company and service. She wears them for the rest of the day, and seems genuinely touched. (We know from our own conrunning experience that the service industry is underpaid and underthanked. We can't do much about the former, but we can about the latter.)

It is the last day of the convention, the lounge is pretty quiet, the bar is deserted, and we get a few stragglers coming in to see what we have left fanzine-wise, which isn't much. A local Winnipeg fan, Cheryl if I remember, comes in to see what's left.

She is interested in what she's seen, and wasn't sure how much money she'd have left at the end of the con. She purchases the remaining zines, and picks up the few freebies we have left, and heads out happy. We realize that we have sold or given away every last scrap of paper we had left. The faneds who attended come to be paid for their sales, and later on, we issue US\$ cheques to the other faneds and to those in charge of TAFF, DUFF and CUFF. Our duties are full discharged, Geri picks up her large covers, and we bail. We are successful beyond our expectations, and post-convention praise is fulsome, and we bask in it.

That five days is why I'm up on fanzine lounges. It's a great place to spend some time in a concentrated fanzine atmosphere. And, the egoboo afterwards can't be beat. So, that's why I volunteered to run the fanzine lounge at Anticipation. Maybe I'll write about our experiences that convention, too.

And speaking of zines...Guy Lillian reviews WARPS 80-81 :



A fine clubzine and winner of the first Best Fanzine honor from the fledgling Canadian Fanzine Fanac Awards, *Warp* is a handsome publication showcasing local talent. The cover to #81, for instance, is a collage by Bernard Reischl, MonSFA president. Within, chapters from novels by club members ("Star Dracula" by Francois Menard, "Starfleet Treachery" by Barbara Silverman). There's a near photo-essay by Sylvan St-Pierre on the closing of a venerated planetarium (he'll enjoy First Night at Chicon 7) and a story in French that ... uh ... well, I must admit to being culturally deprived. Also reviews of graphic novels in French, books, websites, and movies. Sylvan is as ambiguous about *John Carter* as I am, but enjoyed *The Hunger Games* and *The Avengers* just as much.

View our Trade Zines on the MonSFFA Trading Post: <http://www.monsffa.com/monsffahtml/tradingpost.html>

Stargate Enterprise: Little Green Men

Josée Bellemare

If you are a new reader of WARP, you can catch up with the adventures of the Stargate Enterprise starting with WARP 74, which explains how O'Neill's dream came true: the SGC finally got a ship named "Enterprise".



The Enterprise was coming out of hyperdrive to answer a distress call.

"This is the Starship Enterprise from the planet Earth. We received your distress call. How can we be of assistance?"

"This is Captain Finn of the Cuchulain. Our propulsion system

has broken down and we could use a few spare parts. I'm sure we can work out a fair trade.

Do you have visual communication? I would like to see who I'm talking too."

Colonel Kramer nodded to Lt Harris and the screen came on. In front of them was a short man with red hair and beard and wearing a green uniform.

"There, that's much better. Earth you say, I didn't know your planet had interstellar travel."

"Neither does most of the population. By the way I'm Colonel Kramer, commander of this ship. Perhaps if my engineers had a look at your ship they might be able to come with a solution."

"That would be grand. The way you and your crew are staring I believe you have a few questions for us. Let me answer the first one. Yes, we are what your people call leprechauns. If any of your crew are Irish they are welcomed to visit us and ask all the questions they want.

Do you have a shuttle or shall we send a ship?"

"That won't be necessary, we have beaming technology. With your permission, we can beam aboard your ship anytime you want."

"That would make things easier. Shall we say in fifteen minutes. We'll send you the coordinates. See you then Colonel Kramer."

The screen went blank.

"Lt Harris, check the crew data-base for Irish ancestors."

"Already on it sir. We have four: Lt Sullivan, Lt Reilly, Sgt Donovan and corporal Shannon."

"Have them report to the transporter room and tell Scotty to put together a team and meet us there."

Colonel Kramer was waiting when Scotty walked in with two other people, each carrying a tool box.

"Ready when you are sir. Looking forward to seeing what their engines look like."

"Just waiting for the Irish."

That's when the other crewmen walked in.

"Sir, why are we here?"

"I thought that you would like the chance to see authentic leprechauns."

They beamed over to the Cuchulain and were greeted by Captain Finn and a female crewmember.

"Colonel Kramer, it's a pleasure to meet you This is my chief engineer Fiona Ulster. She can show your people our propulsion system."

"If you'll follow me please. It happened when we encountered some electro-magnetic interference, after that several circuits blew out. Unfortunately we don't have the replacement parts needed."

"Why don't we have a look. If we don't have the right parts maybe we can improvise something that can get you home."

The technicians disappeared around a corner while the rest of the group went in another direction.

"I must admit, it's a pleasure to see earthlings out here. It's been a long time since I've been to Earth. Here we are. I took the liberty of having some refreshments prepared."

They walked in the conference room and on the table was milk and a large plate of Oreo cookies.

"I discovered these on my first trip to Earth over fifty years ago on a visit to the coast of Ireland."

"I had landed my ship close to a group of trees and when I came out I saw a young man had set up his campsite on the other side of the same trees. We were both standing there, sizing each other up."

"He was tall and athletic. If we had to fight I wouldn't stand a chance. Then he starts looking around his campsite and bends down to pick something up. I'll never forget what happened next: he holds out a bag and offers me a cookie. As a show of good faith he takes one and eats it first."

"Ever since I always think of Oreo cookies as a peace gesture."

"Oh my god! You're Shamus, grandpa Kevin's leprechaun. He told me the very same story when I was ten years old."

"Are you saying that you are the granddaughter of Kevin Sullivan? He has a tattoo on his left shoulder..."

"A green shamrock about 2 inches square. He got it when he was sixteen."

"Wait a minute. Lt Sullivan, are you saying that your family has had contact with these people before?"

"So it would seem, sir. At the time I thought he was just telling stories, but it looks like the story was true."

"Captain Finn, you don't look old enough."

"We age more slowly and live longer than humans. Tell me child, how is my old friend? He told me he wanted to fly and he had a picture of a lovely girl he was in love with."

"That would be my grandmother. They're both doing well and so is the rest of the family. My grandfather joined the Air Force and flew rescue helicopters during the war. After that he opened his own airfield and made a success of it. In fact his pilot



name is Lucky Irish. I can hardly wait to tell him I met you. He'll be so thrilled."

"I hate to interrupt the family reunion but some of us do have questions I'd like to know, do you really have a pot of gold?"

"We have gold, yes, but the cauldron isn't from us. That came from the local population. We used gold to trade for supplies. It's quite abundant on our planet."

"Is it true that some of you married into the local population?"

"Aye, it is. There have been cases where some leprechauns fell in love and stayed on earth of some humans left with the ship to come live on our planet. If you like we can give you information on our genetic code if you ever want to make comparisons."

"That would be very interesting, Thank you."

Just then a beeping sound was heard. Colonel Kramer activated his ear phone.

"Kramer here, what can you tell me Scotty?"

"I've inspected the damaged parts and checked our inventory. We don't have the exact parts they need but I'm confident I can MacGyver something that will last long enough to get them home."

"Good work Scotty. Get started on it right away. Kramer out."

"That is good news. Colonel Kramer, I believe that this is

the start of mutually beneficial relations between our people. I look forward to further contact."

"As do I, Captain. My government will be very interested in hearing about this. I'm sure General O'Neill will be fascinated."

"O'Neill, you say. This could turn out to be very interesting".

"Would you like a tour of the ship?"

"We would be honored."

"Watch your heads. The doorways might be a little low for some of you."

At 6'4", Sgt Donovan rubbed his forehead and ducked before going through. The tour lasted about an hour and by that time Scotty and the other engineers had finished the repairs.

"Well Captain, it's been a pleasure. We look forward to hearing from your people soon."

"So do I, Colonel Kramer, so do I."

The crew of the Enterprise beamed back and each ship went on its way.

A couple of weeks later, March 17th to be precise, the Stargate activated to welcome the leprechaun delegation with General O'Neill first in line to greet them and with former Lt Kevin Sullivan right behind, both grinning ear to ear.



SF/F Sightings!



These images were culled from Facebook and the Gazette. Dog Eat Doug by Brian Anderson.



Starfleet Treachery

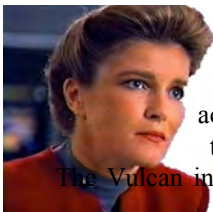
Barbara Silverman

The story so far: On a rare visit to Earth, Kathryn Janeway is called in to her father's office. Admiral Janeway tells her 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 has asked his daughter to come up with a plan to stop Chakotay and disrupt the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation.,

Janeway has a mole, Tuvok, in Chakotay's crew and knows that Chakotay has also recruited B'Elanna Torres and Tom Paris. Starfleet reports the suspiciously easy capture and arrest of Tom Paris and Janeway worries that Chakotay may be upping the ante. She plans an ambush for the Maquis, using a shipment of medical supplies as bait. Chakotay is captured, but the rest of his crew escape.

We pick up the story as Janeway returns to Voyager with her prisoner

CHAPTER 12



Janeway looked back at Tuvok as she stepped down off the transporter pad. "After you escort Chakotay to his new accommodations change back into uniform, then report to my ready room."

The Vulcan inclined his head in acknowledgment. "Yes, Captain. Darwin, Stephens, come with me, the rest of the away team return to your stations. Mr. Chakotay, this way.

Exiting the transporter room ahead of Tuvok, Janeway could feel Chakotay watching her. As she glanced back at the Maquis leader their eyes locked. During those few seconds the captain was bewildered to see no resentment, no bitterness, only curiosity and something else, something akin to amusement.

When Tuvok moved between their line of sight the connection was broken. However, it had lasted long enough for Captain Kathryn Janeway to question what manner of man this Maquis leader was.

As Janeway continued to her destination, the Vulcan headed to the brig with their prisoner.

Stepping out of the turbolift, onto the bridge, Janeway was greeted by her, obviously elated, first officer. "Captain, we captured Chakotay?"

Janeway smiled. "Yes, Mr. Cavit, we did. Luck was on our side as I also retrieved Tuvok. Set a course for earth, maximum warp. Run continuous scans for the Maquis, stay at yellow alert. I'll be in my ready room."

Turning away she was stopped by Cavit. "Captain, what about the other outlaws? Are you going to allow them to escape?"

Something in Cavit's voice caught Janeway's attention. Something she did not like. Her tone did not allow for argument. "Mr. Cavit, for the moment there is not much we can do. Our priority is to deliver Chakotay to Federation authorities. What will be done about the remaining Maquis remains the decision of Starfleet Command."



With that the captain turned and walked in the direction of her ready room.

"Yes Captain." Hiding his disappointment, Cavit watched Janeway disappear. He had been a fool to believe a captain such as Janeway could ever complete such an important assignment.

Moments later, sitting at her desk with a fresh cup of coffee before her, Janeway opened her monitor. "Computer, Janeway pi-one-one-zero, cancel any previous orders concerning outgoing communication, connect me to Starfleet Command, Admiral Janeway."

Immediately, her father's anxious face appeared on the screen. "Kathryn?"

She graced her father with a triumphant smile. "I have Chakotay and Tuvok. Unfortunately, the rest of the crew escaped along with their ship."

The admiral's hand slapped his desk. "Well done! Well done indeed! I'm not concerned about the rest of the Maquis, Chakotay was the one I wanted. As for the ship, well.....hopefully, we will be able to get our hands on it at a later date. Congratulations! That was some feat."



She felt pleasure at her father's reaction. He was a man of controlled emotion, very seldom showing such an open reaction for a completed mission. But then, this had been no ordinary assignment. "I have to admit scientific exploration is easier, much less nerve racking than catching Maquis outlaws. Though, this has been a rather interesting experience."

Pride in his daughter's accomplishment shone in the eyes of the admiral. "I'll inform the medical transport to alter course back to their original destination. New orders will be issued to the ships heading to Caprice V, they should rendezvous with you in about four hours. Until then be careful. Any sign of a possible Maquis attack?"

Kathryn shook her head. "No, at least not at the moment. They were taken by surprise, I'm sure their leader's unexpected capture will cause some turmoil and indecision. They also know by launching an assault, there is a risk Chakotay could be injured or killed. I doubt they will take the chance."

The admiral's face sobered. "You're probably right. Still....I'll be glad when the escort is in place. You and Tuvok both have my admiration. We have a great deal to talk about, I'm looking forward to your return. Admiral Janeway out."

As she closed the transmission Tuvok entered. Resting her arms on the desk, Janeway wrapped her hands around the cup of coffee. "The admiral is extremely pleased. We are eager to read your report, sabotaging their equipment must have been difficult."

The Vulcan stood in front of the desk, hands clasped behind his back. “The commander and crew trusted me. I had complete control over their security systems.”

Janeway studied her security chief. As usual his Vulcan face revealed nothing, but she had the feeling it had not been so simple as he claimed. “Well...however you managed, it’s done. Did Chakotay say anything to you?”

Tuvok raised an eyebrow. “Say anything? Could you be more specific.”

“About your part in his capture.” Janeway elaborated.

Tuvok’s response was not what she expected. “No captain. In fact, he has not spoken since we beamed up from the planet.”

To that, Janeway made no comment. The complete manner of the Maquis leader was not as she had anticipated. “Starfleet is sending an escort. We had arranged for several ships to be heading in the direction of Caprice V. This placed them close enough if needed but not so near as to arouse Chakotay’s suspicions. Do you think the Maquis will attack?”

“Unlikely,” Tuvok replied. “Chakotay has a standing order against any rescue attempt, should he at any time be captured. In addition, he instructed Evans to return to the Badlands, in the event the raid was unsuccessful, and meet with Ro Laren immediately. However, Evans and Chakotay spoke privately just before we beamed down. I have no knowledge of that conversation.”

Leaning back Janeway looked up at the Vulcan. “He mentioned being suspicious. Interesting!”

Tuvok looked at his captain. “He was uneasy with your ship in orbit. They ran several scans to ensure it was disabled. His

orders were a logical precaution.”

Janeway was not so sure. “Yes...his orders do make sense, however, he evidently did suspect a trap. The question being...why did he go ahead with the raid. Your reports said Chakotay was exceptionally cautious. The two are paradoxical.

Tuvok raised an eyebrow. “That Captain, is best answered by Mr. Chakotay.”

Janeway’s interest in the outlaw was growing. “Perhaps, Mr. Tuvok. I might do just that.”

Kathryn Janeway definitely wanted a conversation with the Maquis leader. “Until the escort arrives we’ll remain on yellow alert. Now that we have Chakotay, I don’t want to lose him. Since he was suspicious during that meeting with Evans, Chakotay might have issued order regarding a rescue. I want to be ready just in case. Is he secure?”

“Yes Captain,” assured Tuvok. “I stationed two men in the brig area and increased the cell’s doorway force field.”

Janeway tapped a control button on her monitor. “Good, return to your station, report when the escort ships arrive. Take extra precautions to ensure any approaching ships are Starfleet. If in doubt notify me immediately.”

Tuvok acknowledged the order with the usual slight inclination of his head, “Yes, Captain.”

After Tuvok left, Janeway finished her report, little realizing that it was not the Maquis she had to worry about.



CHAPTER 13

Shortly before reaching earth, Janeway decided the time had arrived to meet with the Maquis leader.

When Tuvok entered her ready room with Chakotay, she rose from behind the desk. “Please have a seat Commander. I thought you might enjoy a change of scenery, by now the walls of the brig must be monotonous.”

Chakotay slowly approached the desk, stopping beside the chair as he appraised the Starfleet captain standing before him. “I must admit being imprisoned is tiresome. Unfortunately, I’m sure the Federation will not consider that at my trial.”

Looking at Tuvok, Janeway issued a silent dismissal. When the Vulcan hesitated she glanced meaningfully at the Maquis leader. “Don’t worry Mr. Tuvok, Chakotay is not going anywhere.”

Before turning away Tuvok warned Chakotay. “I’ll be right outside.”

After the Vulcan left, Chakotay, completely at ease, placed one hand on the back of the chair, the other on his hip. He looked intently at the captain who had so successfully engineered his capture. “Not for the lack of desire Captain. You have been on precautionary alert since bringing me onboard. I would have to be an idiot to try an escape, at least until you drop your guard. “Which...I fear you will not do. I’m sure if I made one wrong move, a security detail would be here within seconds.”

Chakotay’s frank assessment of the situation amused Janeway. “Probably two details....that is if I know Tuvok. I see

among your many attributes being foolhardy is not one of them. Would you care for coffee?”

“Thanks. Do you always treat your prisoners so well?” Chakotay inquired as Janeway started towards the replicator.

Walking around the desk, she passed behind Chakotay. “To be honest Commander, I doubt I would. You are my first. How do you like your coffee?”

The Maquis leader was intrigued by her answer. “Cream and sugar.”

To Chakotay’s inquiring look Janeway explained. “In the past my missions have always been of a scientific nature. This was my first assignment which was non-exploratory.”

Returning with two cups, she handed one to her guest.

Chakotay accepted with pleasure. “Thanks, I can use this. It’s difficult not being able to enjoy a cup of coffee or tea, except when your meals are brought in.”

After the captain had taken her seat so too did he.

Janeway studied the man before her. “Strange, I thought you would prefer black coffee.”

He laughed. “Only when trying to make difficult decisions, helps to keep my mind sharp. Though last time....well. I’m honored Starfleet sent someone of such capabilities, it was a very clever, well-prepared trap. You would make a good Maquis. Are you always so successful with new ventures?”

Chakotay was as interested in his captor as the Starfleet captain was in her prisoner.

Cup in hand, Janeway settled back in her chair. "Sorry, though thanks for the offer, I'll remain with Starfleet. As for new ventures....I don't like to fail!"

To Janeway's shock, she found herself sitting relaxed behind her desk, fascinated by the man opposite her. A man who appeared to also be completely at ease. To anyone watching they would see two friends sharing coffee and pleasant conversation.

A deception!

Though relaxed both were carefully watching, scrutinizing the other!

Watching facial expressions!

Listening not to words, but to tone!

A game of cat and mouse!

Each learning about the other....

Knowledge, which would save the lives of almost two hundred people!

Knowledge, which would lead both Kathryn Janeway and Chakotay to make some very quick, unusual decisions!

Intent on the Maquis leader, Janeway raised the cup to her mouth. "I must admit, you are not what I expected."

Her comment startled and surprised Chakotay. About to take a sip of coffee, he lowered his cup. "I'll accept that as a compliment. Should I apologize?"

Janeway laughed. "Yes, it was a compliment. And no....don't apologize."

Over the rim of her cup she monitored Chakotay's reactions. "I expected you to be angry, bitter. Even aggressive. Instead you act as though nothing is wrong. You don't even appear angry at Tuvok."



Lowering the cup she gazed down into the dark liquid. "You didn't resist capture. I had anticipated a fight."

Chakotay sampled his coffee. "Good coffee. Much better than mine. Captain, what advantage would I gain by being angry? I must admit, I do want to wring somebody's neck. My neck! At this moment there is nothing I can do."

He took another mouthful of coffee, then holding his cup in both hands he rested it in his lap. "Right now, if I manage to find a phaser, take you hostage, where would I go? Even if I successfully commandeered a shuttle, I'm sure Starfleet has provided you with an escort. In fact, I bet it would be the ships that had been heading for Caprice V, they are the only Starfleet vessels which could have reached you in a matter of hours."

Chakotay laughed at the surprise look on Janeway's face. "Captain, I was well aware of those five ships. They were several hours away, so I did not worry. I now realize they had been set up to provide you with an escort, should you be successful....as you were. Well....am I correct?"

Janeway smiled. "Your reasoning, Commander, is perfect. You are correct."

The Maquis leader glanced downwards. "I only wish I had realized that possibility at Syzygie, but I did not. Now....If I did steal a shuttle, and if I could not be recaptured, Starfleet would never allow me to escape. As a last resort, they would not hesitate ordering the destruction of the shuttle....even if you were a hostage."

Janeway remained silent. Chakotay's



reasoning was sound, but he was missing some information. Under ordinary circumstances Starfleet would never allow an outlaw of his status to escape, he was too dangerous, even if it resulted in the death of a captain. However, Starfleet Command desperately wanted Chakotay alive, if the choice had to be made, they would allow his escape. This had been her orders at Syzygie.....this Chakotay did not know.

He looked intently at Janeway. "Despite your opinion of me....I don't enjoy killing. On Syzygie, if I had tried to escape, if I had fired on you, what good would that have done? Most probably I would be dead, and perhaps some of your team. Alive, I still have a chance. As for your crew, what would their deaths accomplish? They were only doing their jobs, following your orders. As was Tuvok!"

Grinning he held up his cup. "At least, it has given me the opportunity to try your coffee."

"I'm glad you like it." Janeway was slightly baffled. His answers and attitude were confusing. Not the response one would expect from a cold-blooded outlaw and rebel.

Chakotay gave her a small, sad smile. "Besides, as you pointed out, it was for a good cause. Those drugs will save many Syzygien lives. You might find it hard to accept, I do take comfort in that."

Janeway did not know why, but she believed the Maquis leader. Her perception of Chakotay was beginning to change. She decided to ask the question foremost on her mind. "Why did you go ahead with the raid? You admitted to being suspicious. Also, why were we planning to take only a small amount? Those drugs would bring a good price on the black market."

Chakotay played with his cup, thinking about how best to put his unease into words. "I was not exactly suspicious, you might say I was apprehensive. There were too many coincidences, Tom's capture, the nature of the drugs. However, I did not see how it could be a trap. Of course, I didn't know about Tuvok, about the sabotaged equipment. That....I never expected. Someday, I'll have to ask him how he arranged the false readings."

The Maquis leader shifted in his seat. Janeway's expectations as to why he wanted the drugs made him feel ill at ease. "Why was I planning to take only a portion of the shipment?"

His eyes never wavered from Janeway's face. "Captain, the Syzygiens really need those drugs, but they are not the only ones. You are badly mistaken, I was not planning to sell any of the medications. They were for the colonists, I felt the risk was worth taking. Trying to help as many people as possible, trying to save a few more lives."

Unmoving, Janeway stared at Chakotay, trying to find some falsehood in his words. Something, deep down inside her said he was telling the truth.

Chakotay lowered his eyes, gazing into his cup. His voice was quiet, barely audible. "At least my crew escaped."

Hiding her surprise, at Chakotay's reply concerning the drugs, Janeway responded to his last words. "If you are concerned for the welfare of your crew, convince them to surrender. They will have a fair hearing, as will you. It would be better for members of the Maquis to turn themselves over to Starfleet than risk capture by the Cardassians. I'm sure their justice system is far

more severe.”

Chakotay uttered a small sarcastic laugh. “In that....you are correct. The Cardassian justice system does not exist. Though my crew, for that matter all of the Maquis, would be better off in Federation hands, they would never surrender. I would never ask them to do so. As for a fair trial, can you deny that you have not already tried and convicted me? Have you not already decided on the sentence the court should hand down? Most probably a long one. I’m sure those on the tribunal, and the Federation Justice Minister, feel as you do.”

Waiting for the captain’s reply, Chakotay quietly sipped his coffee. Watching carefully, the Maquis leader knew by the flicker of unease crossing Janeway’s face, he had struck a nerve about being prejudged.

But the captain’s gaze never wavered. “I cannot speak for the Tribunal. As for myself, you are correct. I do hope that you enjoy the pleasures of prison life for a long, long time. You do realize....Starfleet will hunt down the Maquis. As will the Cardassians. They are rebels, outlaws, breaking Federation laws. We signed a peace treaty to stop a war. You are only serving to prevent complete peace from being achieved.”

Heaving a long sigh, for a moment Chakotay glanced down at the floor. When again he looked up there was a deep sadness in his eyes. “Captain, I’m sorry you feel this way. Are you certain that you know the truth? You have not seen what I, or others, have. The way the Cardassians are slaughtering the colonists who have refused to move.”

Moving forward in her seat, Janeway placed an elbow on the desk. “Chakotay, I am also upset that people have died. I understand your parents were among those killed. You claim it was the Cardassians, where is the proof? The Cardassians are denying it. In fact, they are pointing the finger right back at the Maquis. Rebels and outlaws among rebels and outlaws.”

Rubbing her hand along her chin, Janeway spoke with deep sincerity. “The whole situation is regrettable.”

She again leaned back in her chair. “I was not happy when the Cardassian Empire requested our colonies, in exchange for signing the peace accord. If the Federation council could have found a better way, they would have done so.”

Chakotay remained silent, drinking his coffee, watching the Starfleet captain. Never realizing their destinies were intertwined.

When Chakotay did not respond, Janeway continued. “Don’t forget, the Federation did offer to relocate everyone in the transferred territories.”

She held up her hand when Chakotay started to speak. “I know what you are going to say. These colonies are their homes, and have been for generations. Moving is never easy, especially to new worlds light-years away. However, new homes and peace are better than old homes and war.”

Once again, the Maquis leader remained silent. Drinking his

coffee, learning. Gaining knowledge that would shape their futures. Knowledge, which would lead them down a pathway neither could ever envision.

In puzzled frustration at his silence, Janeway stared at the outlaw. “Look Chakotay, we are aware that the Cardassians are trying to convince all the remaining colonists, in what is now Cardassian territory, to leave. They do have that right. However! No one has provided evidence proving they are using the violent methods that you claim. Just words, accusations, no hard proof. From where I sit....the Maquis are the terrorists.”

Chakotay longed to speak freely with this Starfleet captain. But he could not! At least not yet! “Captain, proof does exist. If I could supply you with it, I would. I truly wish I could do so right now, but I cannot! Unfortunately, at this time evidence is incomplete, but it does exist. Providing the proof we have now, would endanger those risking their lives gathering the information.”

Looking closing at the Maquis leader, Janeway wondered to what, and to whom, he was referring.

In a voice that conveyed earnest desire to convince, Chakotay continued. “We are not the rebels, or the terrorists, which you think we are. Most of the Maquis would like nothing better than to return home, live in peace and get on with their lives. Do what they were meant to do instead of raging war. I hope you will not learn this, that we are decent people, the hard way.”

He stood up, as did Janeway.

Chakotay placed the empty cup on the desk. “Thanks for the coffee. Perhaps someday we will continue this conversation.”

Looking at Chakotay, she was unsure of how to take, or reply to, his remark concerning the Maquis. “Perhaps Commander, someday we will. Tuvok, report to my ready room.”

Instantaneously the Vulcan entered. Obviously he had been waiting just outside the door, a fact that did not go unnoticed by the amused Maquis leader.

Standing with fingertips touching her desk, Janeway looked intently at the outlaw. She had found the conversation unsettling. “Tuvok, please escort Mr. Chakotay back to his cell.”

He turned to leave.

The captain stopped him. Commander!”

Chakotay turned back.

Janeway had one last statement. “I do hope somehow all this can be resolved without more bloodshed.”

Chakotay took a long, deep breath. “No one could wish for a peaceful solution more than myself. However, I fear it will be the opposite. Again thanks for the coffee.”

There was a strange look on his face as he locked eyes with Janeway. “And thanks for the conversation!”

With that the Maquis leader turned and walked out of the captain’s ready room, leaving behind a very puzzled Kathryn Janeway.



TO BE CONTINUED IN WARP 83



Did you know? Impulse is available free to anyone interested in our news bulletins!

<http://www.monsffa.com/monsffahtml/impulse.html>

LES COUILLES DANS L'ESPACE

Marquise ☆

le phénomène surnommé “Les couilles dans l'espace”, par un humoriste de même origine que l'astronaute Québécois accidenté par cette matière organique, s'avéra être le pied d'un modèle vivant. Cependant sur Terre, ce modèle toujours vivant pourtant encore attaché à ses pieds entreprends une excursion sans papiers vers la frontière Américaine. Afin de mieux communiquer avec la NASA, il est accompagné d'une artiste-graphique lui servant de traductrice qui le ralentit pourtant avec sa piteuse santé. Et maintenant, la conclusion...



NASA: On installa même une chaise sur la table pour dénuder les pieds actuels de Maxime et essayer de comprendre. Assez rapidement, nous passions sur tout ce qui nous semblait impossible. De la chair résistant au zéro absolu de l'espace, ne présentant aucun dommage apparent aux rayons X et aux UV. Comment l'expliquer?

Ce fut bientôt le temps de dormir dans des appartements qui nous furent réservés. On nous traitait aux petits soins. Pourtant, après ma prière du soir, au moment de me mettre au lit, je me mis à pleurer sottement pour mes chattes qui me manquaient fort, et pour la perte du joyau de la création Divine... Pour la perte de la Terre! Ce pied devait être contre toute attente tout ce qui resterait de notre berceau terrestre si nous n'intervenions pas. Ce ne fut ni les tubes, ni les ronflements qui me tinrent éveillée pour ce qui me sembla toute la nuit. Ce fut la crainte que l'affaire soit étouffée pour rassurer le public alors qu'il lui fallait réagir et prendre une toute nouvelle tangente! Mais comment la NASA, Maxime et moi pouvions donner une voix aux événements? À la Terre? À la volonté probable de son Créateur?

Le regard fixé sur ma montre, au fil des secondes, il me semblait dans ma fatigue égrener la vie de tout l'ensemble la société mondiale et de la vie de l'écosystème dont elle dépend.

S'il y avait une course à gagner contre le temps, ce devait bien être cette course à la vie!

Maxime fut le plus rapide à prendre l'opportunité de cette liberté d'action que la NASA nous laissait. Il se rendit tôt le matin dans la chambre qui m'était assignée. Il fut surpris que je ne pris point le CPAP pour dormir. Je n'avais même pas remarqué ce respirateur sur la table de chevet à mes côtés. Maxime sut que j'avais tenté de dormir sur le ventre et que dans mon cas même si vital, ce n'était pas confortable. Sans perdre de temps, il m'exposa le plan qu'il avait échafaudé. Partir de là, se rendre à l'ONU avant que les Américains n'étouffent le tout. Laisant de prime abord mon besoin de sommeil parler, je grommelai et rechignai contre l'idée, car je croyais que nous étions en parfaite sécurité là où nous nous trouvions et que nous aurions toutes les réponses... du moins, je l'espérais, les plus sages! Pour une fois, je voulais croire en l'espèce humaine, lui donner une chance... Donner une chance à ses représentants scientifiques de me prouver que plutôt que d'aller trop loin et de finir par tout détruire, la science allait nous sauver ici.

Maxime se fortifia sur mes paroles et me dit que justement, notre rôle était joué ici. Que ces hommes de sciences étaient prévenus et en marche. Que je m'étais rendue si loin déjà, que je ne devais pas m'arrêter! Que vu la portée de ce que nous avions entre les mains, nous n'ayons d'autres choix que de persister et d'aller plus loin. De ne pas que se cantonner là! De propager la chose! De la propager globalement! Alors que mes yeux s'agrandirent, Maxime me rassura que «mondialement» dans notre cas pouvait seulement ne pouvoir dire qu'aux Nations Unies à New York. En guise de motivation, il insinua que Dieu voudrait probablement que je propage Son avertissement! Je mis au point que j'étais loin d'être à comparer avec le Messie ou toute autre figure Biblique. Que cela n'avait rien d'excitant d'aller annoncer l'apocalypse! Mais je fus quand même sur mes pieds et rapidement vêtue. Maxime partagea avec moi mes réserves alors que je pris ma médication. Il crut bon de me dire que nous pouvions justement prévenir l'apocalypse... que si c'était un avertissement, il était fait pour être entendu! Oui, il avait raison, je croyais que le Seigneur ne laisserait jamais arriver une telle chose sans nous laisser une chance d'être avertis et repentis.

Maxime avait déjà changé sa monnaie canadienne en argent américain chez son ami avant de passer la frontière. Du moins, je le compris quand nous nous embarquâmes sans problème dans l'autobus qui menait à New York. Il était vrai que ni Marc, ni les autres hommes de science ne nous avaient retenus. Pas plus que le service de sécurité de la NASA. Si ce n'était pas de cette insolite quête, nous étions parfaitement libres. Mais d'un commun accord, nous nous étions engagés à ébruiter la chose, à disperser la nouvelle à tous vents. Maxime portait le plus grand fardeau

d'entre nous. Mais j'étais la plus fébrile et je me sentais la plus étrangère en ce pays; comme un élément de discord.

Une fois rendus devant l'Organisation des Nations Unies, nous nous mêlons avec un groupe de visiteurs. Alors que je croyais qu'ils allaient demander à Maxime de laisser son portable derrière, je fus surprise que pour une raison quelconque les gardiens de sécurité étaient trop occupés pour nous prêter une quelconque attention et remettre au guide le nombre exact de badges que le nombre de personnes que notre groupe constituait. Hormis pour les objets métalliques, ils nous laissèrent passer avec nos badges. Une fois à l'intérieur, et les gardes qui continuaient leurs discussions autour d'un morceau de papier loin derrière, nous prenions notes de tous les détails que nous pouvions sur les lieux afin de mieux pouvoir nous orienter et trouver la bonne des trois grandes salles d'assemblée qui nous fut présentée alors qu'elles n'étaient pas en usage.

Maxime et moi s'arrêtons enfin à la cafétéria. Nous discutons dans notre français québécois de notre futur plan d'action. Puisque Maxime avait son portable ouvert, un ensemble de traducteurs de diverses langues latines vinrent s'installer parmi nous. Entre les lignes, pendant que Maxime recherchait divers moyens pour aller de l'avant et s'adresser à l'assemblée, j'entendis quelques bribes de conversations en créole, en portugais, en espagnol et en italien. Alors que Maxime et moi parlons de son pied perdu, il me semblait entendre parler de pied. Je découvris que la traductrice créole en parlait avec le traducteur français. Sans perdre de temps, nous sautâmes dans la conversation... Dans cet extraordinaire fait divers... et nous dirigeons la conversation sur le vif du sujet; comment pourrait bien se faire entendre de l'assemblée, le propriétaire original du pied, avant qu'on n'étouffe son affaire? On entendit parler d'assemblée extraordinaire et de huis clos et de courte adresse spéciale faite par des officiels ou des responsables. Je devins silencieuse alors que Maxime continuait la conversation en partant sur le fait que le propriétaire devait être une personne ordinaire déjà vue par la NASA, mais enfuie de là-bas pour tenter de se faire entendre. Alors que je tentai de trouver une réponse de là-haut, le groupe se mit à rire et plaisanter de l'histoire que cela ferait... de ce que nous étions bons conteurs.

Je repris mon bâton de marche et marchai du bord de la table où Maxime se tenait. Maintenant, toute la tablée se fit silencieuse en me regardant comme si j'allais faire un tour de magie. Je sentis Maxime retenir son souffle et il me sembla que toute la cafétéria portait son attention sur nous vu le silence soudain de notre bruyante tablée. Je lui dis « Enlève ta chaussure et ton bas. » Maxime hésita et me fit me répéter sur un ton plus autoritaire avant de s'exécuter. Il sembla à la tablée, qui se leva ou se pencha pour voir de près, qu'ils étaient déçus de ne pas me voir le faire puisqu'ils semblaient me soupçonner d'avoir perdu un pied. Cependant, l'Italien et l'Espagnol ou le Portugais s'agitèrent en ayant reconnu la chose hélas familière aux médias... Excepté, toujours attaché à son propriétaire. Il fut question de fraude des médias ou de notre part et je dus faire valoir que je n'étais qu'une artiste qui l'avait dessiné beaucoup de fois, mais qu'il me semblait que son ongle incarné n'était pas encore tout à fait guéri. Comme Maxime insista, d'une façon ou d'une autre, soit nous étions là pour mettre à jour une fraude, ou soit nous devions être entendus pour un sujet beaucoup plus sérieux que nous n'exposerions

qu'aux membres de l'Organisation des Nations Unies.

Malgré quelques personnes avisées et responsables de la bonne marche des assemblées venant de notre côté pour nous mettre à l'épreuve et nous fouiller, nous n'en démordions pas. Ils avaient même contacté la NASA qui réfutait tout jusqu'à ce que Marc lui-même nous téléphone sur les lieux sur des lignes surveillées en nous disant qu'il arrivait. Il devint évident, pour la sécurité présente, que Maxime devait être convoqué en assemblée extraordinaire. Cependant, vu son accent Québécois persistant, et que des deux je fus la seule bilingue à la bonne élocution, les traducteurs furent convaincus de demander que je sois aussi présente. Je me résumai la situation mentalement; des deux, je suis la seule forcée de devenir interprète et de semer la panique.

« On a trouvé le propriétaire du pied; il est intact! Ce pied a traversé un futur immédiat... Probablement une catastrophe humainement apocalyptique! Notre pollution causera cette catastrophe qui créera cette onde de choc dans l'espace-temps qui nous aurait créé ce message pour nous prévenir. » fut le résumé de ce que je lançai aux représentants de l'Organisation des Nations Unies digne des en-têtes des médias et des journaux à potins.

Mais quand Marc arriva sur les lieux et se fit admettre pendant que nous narrions nos aventures, il ne se fit guère plus rassurant en confirmant la chose. Même l'homme de science qu'il était devait admettre que notre histoire semblait surnaturelle!

La réaction des représentants nous fit placer sous garde si étroite que je perdis espoir de revoir un jour mes chattes. Maxime, Marc et moi, pourtant pensèrent à résumer à fond les raisons et causes pour cette théorie pouvant provoquer cet extraordinaire événement que ces représentants interprétèrent comme un danger d'appel mondial à la panique de masse. Cependant, personne n'avait à réfuter que l'avertissement existât et que le plus de têtes possible dussent se pencher sur la solution. À ceux qui s'objectaient qu'il était impossible que l'humanité soit aussi folle pour se détruire elle-même sans raison, Marc me laissa souligner que la raison unique devait être l'économie. Tout comme nos ambitions de grandeurs guident nos habitudes agricoles industrielles à détruire nos forêts – les poumons de notre monde – et notre écologie avec des excès de fertilisants et de pesticides qui non seulement polluaient nos eaux, mais aussi continuaient de tuer des milliers d'êtres humains au nom du profit! Il y eut des hurlements et des grincements de dents, non parce que la catastrophe arriva sur commande, mais bel et bien parce que tous niaient leurs responsabilités, les rejetaient sur les autres ou mieux, nous mettaient sur le nez le G8 et les politiques et mesures spéciales développées par leur pays contre pareilles catastrophes.

Bien que Maxime, Marc et moi ayons été isolés dans quelque appartement spécialement aménagé pour nous à l'ambassade canadienne, nous avions désormais peur de la suite des événements. Marc me demanda si le courant gouvernement canadien avait ma confiance. Je lui répondis, sans vouloir porter préjudice à la politique courante, que selon moi, il n'y avait pas assez de sièges québécois à la Chambre des communes. Maxime sembla garder quelque appréhension. Tout ce qui appuyait des faits illogiques dans l'espace et dans le temps présent était simultanément attaché à lui et à la NASA. Si quelque esprit malicieux devait démentir un quelconque voyage dans le temps, cette personne trouverait le moyen d'éliminer au moins un pied...

Ou son détenteur! Marc et moi nous nous rapprochâmes de Maxime plus protecteurs... Craignant une pareille éventualité. En signe de bonne volonté, le Canada lui-même fermerait-il les yeux sur pareille chose?

Tout ce huis clos fut inutile à la fin; il y eut des fuites. Quelques activistes firent courir la nouvelle à travers le monde en usant tous les médias connus et les enregistrements de nos discours d'origines de certains traducteurs ainsi que les bandes vidéo de sécurité sur place. Cachés du monde, moi et Maxime, nous restions fort heureusement intacts et bien traités. À mon grand plaisir, nous fûmes rapatriés au Canada avant que la situation devienne insoutenable.

La nouvelle s'était répandue, mais nos visages n'étaient pas reconnaissables sur YouTube. Tout en continuant à parler français dans nos quartiers respectifs, personne de notre entourage ne semblait être capable de nous pointer du doigt. Les vidéos ne nous montraient pas en sac à dos et en manteaux. Quelques fois, certaines personnes se retournaient sur la rue quand nous passions. Mais seuls mes amis coréens suivaient l'affaire de près et me servaient de confidents. J'étais heureuse de ravoir et revoir mes petites chattes et il sembla que ce fut réciproque. Les poissons dans les aquariums géants avaient cessé depuis long de les divertir.

Mais tandis que je me régalaï des caresses affectueuses de leurs moustaches et de leurs pelages qui me souhaitaient la bienvenue, le reste du monde continuait à tourner... À tourner beaucoup plus vite... plus vite à vide! En fait, les choses changeaient dans un certain climat de panique. Les gens se mirent à faire des réserves, à s'acheter tout en double, au cas où. Plus il y avait manque de ressources, plus on en empilait de côté; surconsommant par prévention pour fins de provision à long terme... Tout, tout de suite, maintenant... Comme le scandaient si souvent si bien les messages publicitaires sur les ondes, diamétralement opposés aux appels à la raison des médias et des gouvernements qui nous avertissaient contre ces démesures... Ces gaspillages! La folie humaine qui s'en suivit fit que plutôt que de stopper les exploiters-producteurs insensibles, les intérêts égocentriques humains reprirent le dessus de plus belle. Même si l'on récupérait tout, on oubliait qu'à la base de la chaîne, on rejetait en masse dans l'environnement un tas de polluants et de toxines pour produire ces surplus et leurs emballages récupérés. Quoi qu'en disaient les propagandes commerciales des médias, nous glissions de plus en plus rapidement vers l'abysse. Comme si nous n'avions pas été déjà, et depuis si longtemps, avertis des milliers d'années déjà dans tous les textes sacrés de tant de religions. Il semblait que nous préférions payer la note au plus vite!

Les effets de plus en plus évidents de la démesure humaine

firent que la crainte et la panique s'installèrent avec les catastrophes naturelles de plus en plus nombreuses et apparentes. Mais l'humanité éprouvée mi-tremblante, mi-inconsciente, s'agrippant à ses illusions - à ses rêves -, se mit à pointer tout le monde du doigt, à chercher des responsables, des coupables... Sans que chacun ne fasse son propre examen de conscience... N'admettent ses propres torts! Il ne prit pas long pour que les diverses puissances mondiales, frustrées de perdre le contrôle et pour épancher leurs envies, menèrent une guerre globale pour consommer le plus de ressources possible avant la fin. Alors que les vents bellicistes soufflèrent sur le monde en anesthésiant les rêves déçus, les espoirs déçus, les valeurs morales prétendues révolues, il sembla que tous oublièrent même de préserver la planète. Sa planète... notre propre planète à tous... Plutôt que de la réduire à néant.

Je ne devrais pas pleurer; j'ai vécu, j'ai souffert, j'ai rêvé, espéré dans ce monde où pourtant même si j'ai dû, pour un temps, tant lutter pour survivre afin de poursuivre les mêmes illusions que le reste du monde. Cependant, même si je réalise trop tard être comblée dans mes lacunes et entourée de mes félins qui m'aiment et que j'aime, le monde que j'aurais voulu sauver... voir un jour étendre sa civilisation guérie dans les étoiles... basculait. Il s'effondrait sous les bombes, créant cet avertissement que la vaste majorité eut choisit d'ignorer et dont j'écris les derniers moments. Hélas, la seule façon que l'humanité trouva pour quitter son berceau fut de le briser de toute part. Et la Terre de crier sa douleur... d'envoyer une seule partie d'humanité infime dans les étoiles dans le pied de Maxime.

Et si le Seigneur ne nous laissait qu'une minute pour sauver le monde, que ferions-nous de cette minute?



Fin



Did you know? MonSFFA has a Yahoo group: <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/MonSFFA/>



THE AURORA AWARDS: The Aurora Awards for best book, short stories, and related works in French, were presented at the Boréal convention, May 4-6, in Quebec City. The winners are:

Best Novel: *Montréal*, by Eric Gauthier, (Alire)
Best Short Story: *L'enfant sans visage*, by Ariane Gélinas, (XYZ)

Best Related Work: *Le Dictionnaire des auteurs des littératures de l'imaginaire en Amérique française*, by Claude Janelle, (Alire)

Nominations for the English Aurora Awards closed on the 31st of March. Voting began on April 16, and ends on July 23rd. Trophies will be presented at **When Words Collide** in Calgary <http://www.whenwordscollide.org/>
 The CSFFA site has a **voter's package** on line to assist voters in making their choices. <http://www.prixaurorawards.ca/>

Best Novel

Enter, Night by Michael Rowe, ChiZine Publications
Eutopia: A Novel of Terrible Optimism by David Nickle, ChiZine Publications
Napier's Bones by Derryl Murphy, ChiZine Publications
The Pattern Scars by Caitlin Sweet, ChiZine Publications
Technicolor Ultra Mall by Ryan Oakley, EDGE
Wonder by Robert J. Sawyer, Penguin Canada

Best Short Fiction

"The Legend of Gluck" by Marie Bilodeau, When the Hero Comes Home, Dragon Moon Press
 "The Needle's Eye" by Suzanne Church, Chilling Tales: Evil Did I Dwell; Lewd I Did Live, EDGE
 "One Horrible Day" by Randy McCharles, The 2nd Circle, The 10th Circle Project
 "Turning It Off" by Susan Forest, Analog, December
 "To Live and Die in Gibbontown" by Derek Künsken, Asimov's, October/November

Best Poem / Song

"A Good Catch" by Colleen Anderson, Polu Texni, April
 "Ode to the Mongolian Death Worm" by Sandra Kasturi, ChiZine, Supergod Mega-Issue, Volume 47
 "Skeleton Leaves" by Helen Marshall, Kelp Queen Press
 "Skeleton Woman" by Heather Dale and Ben Deschamps, Fairytale, CD
 "Zombie Bees of Winnipeg" by Carolyn Clink, ChiZine, Supergod Mega-Issue, Volume 47

Best Graphic Novel

Goblins, webcomic, created by Tarol Hunt
Imagination Manifesto, Book 2 by GMB Chomichuk, James Rewucki and John Toone, Alchemical Press
Weregeek, webcomic, created by Alina Pete

Best Related Work

Fairytale, CD by Heather Dale, HeatherDale.com
The First Circle: Volume One of the Tenth Circle Project, edited by Eileen Bell and Ryan McFadden
Neo-Opsis, edited by Karl Johanson
On Spec, published by the Copper Pig Writers' Society
Tesseract Fifteen: A Case of Quite Curious Tales, edited by

Julie Czerneda and Susan MacGregor, EDGE

Best Artist (Professional and Amateur Nominations)

An example of each artist's work is listed below but they are to be judged on the body of work they have produced in the award year

Janice Blaine, "Cat in Space", Cover art for Neo-Opsis, Issue 20
 Costi Gurgu, cover art for *Outer Diverse*, Starfire
 Erik Mohr, cover art for ChiZine Publications
 Dan O'Driscoll, "Deep Blue Seven", cover art for On Spec magazine, Summer issue
 Martin Springett, Interior art for *The Pattern Scars*,

Fan Publication

BCSFazine, edited by Felicity Walker
Bourbon and Eggnog by Eileen Bell, Ryan McFadden, Billie Milholland and Randy McCharles, 10th Circle Project
In Places Between: The Robin Herrington Memorial Short Story Contest book, edited by Reneé Bennett
Sol Rising newsmagazine, edited by Michael Matheson
Space Cadet, edited by R. Graeme Cameron

Best Fan Filk

Stone Dragons (Tom and Sue Jeffers), concert at FilKONtario
 Phil Mills, Body of Song-Writing Work including FAWM and 50/90
 Cindy Turner, Interfilk concert at OVFF

Best Fan Organizational

Andrew Gurudata, chair of the Constellation Awards committee
 Peter Halasz, administrator of the Sunburst Awards
 Helen Marshall and Sandra Kasturi, chairs of the Chiaroscuro Reading Series (Toronto)
 Randy McCharles, founder and chair of When Words Collide (Calgary)
 Alex von Thorn, chair of SFContario 2 (Toronto)
 Rose Wilson, for organizing the Art Show at V-Con

Best Fan Other

Lloyd Penney, letters of comment
 Peter Watts, "Reality: The Ultimate Mythology" lecture, Toronto SpecFic Colloquium
 Taral Wayne, Canadian Fanzine Fanac Awards art



THE CONSTELLATION AWARDS: Now in their 6th year, the Constellations will be awarded on July 6th at Polaris.

**Best Male Performance in a 2011 Science Fiction
Television Episode.**

Colin Ferguson, Eureka, Do You See What I See?
Dan Payne, Divine The Series, Lips Of Men
David Blue, Stargate Universe, Gauntlet
Jim Beaver, Supernatural, Death's Door
Misha Collins, Supernatural, The French Mistake
Robert Carlyle, Stargate Universe, Twin Destinies
Robin Dunne, Sanctuary, Fugue

**Best Female Performance in a 2011 Science Fiction
Television Episode.**

Alaina Huffman, Stargate Universe, Epilogue
Amanda Tapping, Sanctuary, Normandy
Chasty Ballesteros, Divine The Series, Choices
Karen Gillan, Doctor Who, The Girl Who Waited
Meaghan Rath, Being Human, You're The One That I Haunt
Ming-Na, Stargate Universe, Epilogue
Yvonne Strahovski, Chuck, Chuck Versus The Baby

Best Science Fiction Television Series of 2011.

Doctor Who
Eureka

Fringe
Game Of Thrones

Stargate Universe
Supernatural

The Walking Dead

**Best Male Performance in a 2011 Science Fiction Film, TV
Movie, or Mini-Series.**

Andy Serkis, Rise Of The Planet Of The Apes
Chris Evans, Captain America: The First Avenger
Chris Hemsworth, Thor
Daniel Craig, Cowboys & Aliens
Daniel Radcliffe, Harry Potter & The Deathly Hallows: Part 2
James McAvoy, X-Men: First Class
Ryan Reynolds, Green Lantern

Movie, or Mini-Series.

Elle Fanning, Super 8
Emma Watson, Harry Potter & The Deathly Hallows: Part 2
Hayley Atwell, Captain America: The First Avenger
Jennifer Lawrence, X-Men: First Class
Natalie Portman, Thor
Olivia Wilde, Cowboys & Aliens



Best Female Performance in a 2011 Science Fiction Film, TV

Best Science Fiction Film, TV Movie, or Mini-Series of 2011.

Another Earth
Captain America: The First Avenger
Cowboys & Aliens
Harry Potter & The Deathly Hallows: Part 2

Rise Of The Planet Of The Apes
Thor
X-Men: First Class

Best Technical Accomplishment in a 2011 Science Fiction Film or Television Production.

"Real Steel", Animatronic Effects
"Sanctuary - Fugue", Composition & Score
"Stargate Universe", Music

"Supernatural – Meet The New Boss", Visual Effects
"The Walking Dead", Special Effects Makeup

Best Overall 2011 Science Fiction Film or Television Script.

Being Erica, Dr. Erica
Fringe, Subject 13
Once Upon A Time, The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter
Sanctuary, Normandy

Stargate Universe, Twin Destinies
Supernatural, The French Mistake
Thor

Outstanding Canadian Contribution to Science Fiction Film or Television in 2011.

InnerSPACE
Stargate Universe

Muse Entertainment ("Being Human")
Sanctuary

Shawn Levy (Director, "Real Steel")
Supernatural

CANADIAN FAN UNITY FUND 2012: The CUFF Administrators announced **Debra Yeung** will be the CUFF delegate to When Words Collide Convention in Calgary Aug 10-12, 2012



<http://www.whenwordscollide.org/> Debra's biography and campaign information can be downloaded from <http://cometdust.ca/CUFF/cuffwinner2012.pdf>



THE HUGO NOMINEES: The finalists for this year's Hugo Awards and John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer were announced on Saturday, April 7. 1101 valid nominating ballots were received and counted. You will notice there is a new category, that for best fancast. Whether this category becomes a permanent fixture will depend on the business meeting at Chicon.

Best Novel

Among Others by Jo Walton
A Dance With Dragons by George R. R. Martin
Deadline by Mira Grant
Embassytown by China Miéville
Leviathan Wakes by James S. A.

Best Novella

"Countdown" by Mira Grant (Orbit)
"The Ice Owl" by Carolyn Ives Gilman (The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, November/December 2011)
"Kiss Me Twice" by Mary Robinette Kowal (Asimov's, June 2011)
"The Man Who Bridged the Mist" by Kij Johnson (Asimov's, September/October 2011)
"The Man Who Ended History: A Documentary" by Ken Liu (Panverse 3)
Silently and Very Fast by Catherynne M. Valente (Clarkesworld / WSFA)

Best Novelette

"The Copenhagen Interpretation" by Paul Cornell (Asimov's, July 2011)
"Fields of Gold" by Rachel Swirsky (Eclipse Four)
"Ray of Light" by Brad R. Torgersen (Analog, December 2011)
"Six Months, Three Days" by Charlie Jane Anders (Tor.com)
"What We Found" by Geoff Ryman (The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, September/October 2011)

Best Short Story

"The Cartographer Wasps and the Anarchist Bees" by E. Lily Yu (Clarkesworld, April 2011)
"The Homecoming" by Mike Resnick (Asimov's, April/May 2011)
"Movement" by Nancy Fulda (Asimov's, March 2011)
"The Paper Menagerie" by Ken Liu (The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction, March/April 2011)
"Shadow War of the Night Dragons: Book One: The Dead City: Prologue" by John Scalzi (Tor.com)

Best Related Work

The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, Third Edition
Jar Jar Binks Must Die... and Other Observations about Science Fiction Movies
The Steampunk Bible: An Illustrated Guide to the World of Imaginary Airships, Corsets
Wicked Girls by Seanan McGuire
Writing Excuses, Season 6

Best Graphic Story

Digger by Ursula Vernon
Fables Vol 15: Rose Red by Bill Willingham and Mark Buckingham
Locke & Key Volume 4, Keys to the Kingdom written by Joe Hill, illustrated by Gabriel Rodriguez



Schlock Mercenary: Force Multiplication written and illustrated by Howard Tayler, colors by Travis
The Unwritten (Volume 4): Leviathan created by Mike Carey and Peter Gross. Written by Mike Carey, illustrated by Peter Gross

Best Dramatic Presentation (Long Form)

Captain America: The First Avenger
Game of Thrones (Season 1)
Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows Part 2
Hugo
Source Code

Best Dramatic Presentation (Short Form)

"The Doctor's Wife" (Doctor Who)
"The Drink Tank's Hugo Acceptance Speech at Renovation"
"The Girl Who Waited" (Doctor Who)
"A Good Man Goes to War" (Doctor Who)
"Remedial Chaos Theory" (Community)

Best Editor - Short Form

John Joseph Adams
Neil Clarke
Stanley Schmidt
Jonathan Strahan
Sheila Williams

Best Editor - Long Form

Lou Anders
Liz Gorinsky
Anne Lesley Groell
Patrick Nielsen Hayden
Betsy Wollheim

Best Professional Artist

Dan dos Santos
Michael Komarck
John Picacio
Bob Eggleton
Stephan Martinieri

Best Semiprozine

Apex Magazine
Lightspeed
New York Review of Science Fiction
Interzone
Locus

Best Fanzine

Banana Wings
File 770
Signal
The Drink Tank
Journey Planet

Best Fan Writer

James Bacon
Christopher J Garcia
Steven H Silver
Claire Brialey
Jim C. Hines

Best Fan Artist

Brad W. Foster
Spring Schoenhuth
Steve Stiles
Randall Munroe
Maurine Starkey
Taral Wayne

Best Fancast

The Coode Street Podcast
SF Signal Podcast
StarShipSofa
Galactic Suburbia Podcast
SF Squeecast



Avengers Josée Bellemare



If you like movies based on comic book heroes The Avengers is a must see this summer. The characters are well developed, the action scenes will have you on the edge of your seat and the villains, especially Loki, get thoroughly stomped on and demolished.

As for Stan Lee's customary appearance, you have to wait for the last 10 minutes or so and his line was made for him.

This could be the start of a whole new franchise and I am looking forward to the sequels.

Wrath of the Titans François Ménard



In 2010 we saw the remake of Clash of the Titans, in my opinion a fun, enjoyable, good looking film that was highly underrated. This year we have it's sequel, Wrath of the Titans. Is it as good as it's predecessor? Unfortunately not, in my opinion, but still worth a watch, even if only on cheapy-Tuesday or a rental.

The time of the Gods is coming to an end. Starved of men's prayers they begin to weaken and die. Unfortunately as the gods come to an end, so too do their works. Should Hades (Again played by Ralph Feinnes) and Zeus (Liam Neeson also reprising his role) fall, the Titans would be once again set free upon the world. In a last ditch effort Zeus tries to recruit his wayward son Perseus (Portrayed once more by Sam Worthington), to join him and the remaining gods, Poseidon (Danny Huston) and Ares (Edgar Ramirez), in a journey to the Underworld to make certain Kronos (the film uses this incorrect spelling) and the other Titans are safely contained. Perseus, now a simple fisherman, widower and single father refuses. Unfortunately Hades and Ares have decided to align with Kronos and capture Zeus so that Kronos can absorb his power and free himself. After his village is attacked by a chimera, Perseus goes to ask Zeus for help, only to learn of Hades' and Ares' treachery from a mortally wounded Poseidon. Enlisting the aid of

Poseidon's half mortal son Agenor (played by Tony Kebbell), Andromeda (with Rosamund Pike replacing Alexa Davolos in the role), and the fallen god Hephaestus (Bill Nighy with the best performance of the film) Perseus sets out to find a way into the Underworld, free Zeus, and save the world from the return of Kronos and the Titans.

The acting runs from great with Ralph Feinnes, Liam Neeson, and Bill Nighy, who steals the show, to Sam Worthington's adequate, to the abysmal Rosamund Pike and Edgar Ramirez. The visual effects and action sequences are passable, with the cgi creatures done quite well, the chimera and cyclops in particular. The overall 'look' of the film is a step down from it's predecessor in my opinion, the costumes of the gods and some of the sets in particular. The film has a 'rushed' and in some cases even 'budget' feel to it.



For those of us that loved the 1981 original Clash, Bubo II once again makes a quick cameo, though it makes far more sense in this film than it did in the Clash remake.

Again, not a great film but worth a watch. Especially if, like me, you're a fan of this sort of fantasy/mythology epic.

Mirror Mirror Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre



You would think that the Snow White story has been done and spoofed to death, but this new version did manage to pleasantly surprise me. The plot is imaginative without sinking to the crude and easy, as is often the case in such efforts, and the visual signature is truly superb.

I admittedly have a weakness for fantasy architecture, and the Evil Queen's fairy tale palace is truly magnificent. For

all it's dreamlike quality, you can easily believe that it could actually be built, albeit at great expense. The costumes are equally superb - though probably uncomfortable as hell - and will certainly enliven the masquerade if they are ever used as inspiration for some future con.

The story contains enough of the classical elements that you will not be at a lost to follow it, but with some very interesting and innovative twists. Perhaps not Oscar material, but certainly an enjoyable little side trip.



Lock Out

François Ménard



Remember the 80s? More specifically the action/adventure movies of the 1980s? The cinematic vehicles of the likes of Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jean-Claude Van Dam, Michael Pare, Oliver Gruner and the like. If, like me, you enjoyed those kinds of films and aren't too worried about plot holes and scientific inconsistencies, of which there are many, then Lockout might be worth a watch on 'cheap day' Tuesdays or as a rental once it's out on DVD, which shouldn't be too long.

Co-written and produced by Luc Besson based on his original idea, though obviously most of the writing was done by the directing team of Stephen St. Leger and James Mather (more on that later), one of interesting things about Lockout is it's dual plot. How one has absolutely nothing to do with the other yet intertwine due to one little circumstance. Set in the 'near future' (2050's) one plot revolves around a riot and subsequent hostage taking of the U.S. President's daughter (Maggie Grace) aboard the orbital prison called MS One. The other involves someone selling 'space secrets' to foreign powers and C.I.A. operative Snow (Guy Pearce) being implicated and his efforts to clear his name. The twist at the end could have been interesting but falls flat due to the writing.

The writing is, unfortunately, sub-pare. While he does share the writing credit with directors James Mather and Stephen St. Leger, none of Luc Besson's usually fantastic screenwriting shows through. The acting, on the other hand, is really something to watch, especially considering what they had to work with. Guy Pearce's sarcastic, insubordinate Snow is a real treat as is Maggie Grace who somehow makes her one dimensional character, First Daughter Emilie Warnock, interesting. The chemistry between these two characters is also quite well done. Of particular note are Vincent Regan as Alex and especially Joseph Gilgun as Hydel, the sibling convicts who respectively lead and start the inmate riot aboard the orbital prison. The entire cast really shines in this, especially consider what they had to work with.

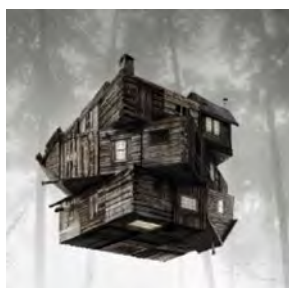


The visual effects are passable but nothing overly fantastic. The orbital station and vehicle designs don't quite fit the 'near future' setting of the film, especially when shown in contrast to the ISS in one scene.

In the end, not a great film, but maybe worth watching depending on your taste. For the acting alone or even to see what 'might have been' had Besson written and directed the film himself.

The Cabin in the Woods

François Ménard



The poster for this film shows a log cabin in the form of a Rubik's Cube and is probably the best way to describe the film. I found myself trying to puzzle out what was 'really going on' throughout the movie. There is so much going on in this film and it's going on on so many levels. It doesn't hide the fact that there's more going on than the typical 'Cabin in the Woods' horror story but it's putting the pieces together that make it so much fun.

On the surface, it's a horror movie about horror movies with nods and references to everything from the Evil Dead films to Hellraiser to Dead Snow to Japanese horror films. Like with M. Night Shyamalan's films built around a single twist you think you're watching one story when you're really watching another. However, rather than one twist this movie is filled with twists (Making the Rubik's Cube symbol even that much more relevant). Some more obvious than others but still a joy to watch.

I may seem to be very cryptic with this review and that is not by accident. I really was left scratching my head as to how to review this film without giving away any spoilers and believe me, this film is best watched without spoilers. And I highly recommend you see this movie, especially if you enjoy good horror films, Joss Whedon's writing, or both.

Speaking of which the writing, in particular the dialog, is absolutely brilliant. Typical Whedon style banter, but that's always a good thing in my book.

The acting is great all around with some familiar genre faces and a great cameo at the end. Of particular note are Fran Kranz as Marty and Tim De Zarn as Mordecai but everyone does a great job.

Not really much more I can say about this film other than go see it. Now! TWICE!!!!



PADD iPad App Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

I already had a Tricorder App for my iPod Touch, and it was an amusing enough little thing. So it was only natural that I should look for something similar after I purchased my iPad. When I saw that they had an App called "PADD", I expected to get some simple coloured buttons that would beep and display a few images and a bit of text.

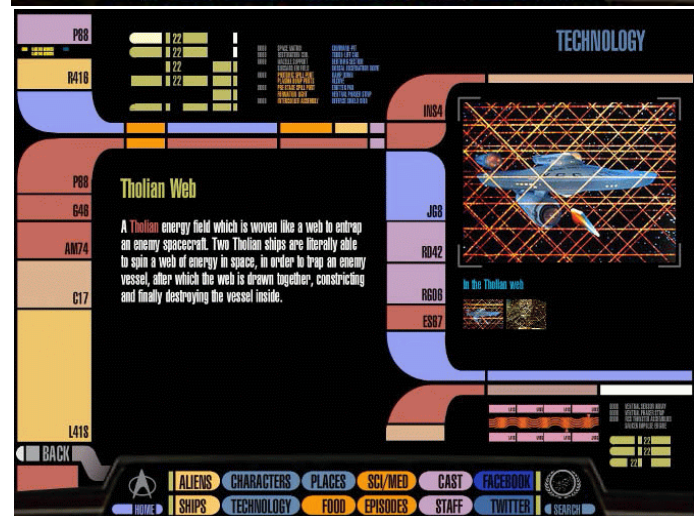
Not so! "PADD" is an exhaustive and very slick database covering just about everything Trek. You can call up loads of information about every single episode of all the series, including the animated ones!

You can access sections about aliens, ships, technology, food, characters, cast, staff and more. You can easily scroll or jump ahead, and touching an entry will expand it to a longer version if needed. There is a "back" button to return to the section you were looking at, and a search function to find anything that may interest you (that button is a bit small and hard to hit, though). For

instance, if you type "Tholian", you will get a single page with the entries for the aliens themselves, their signature web weapon and their ships, even though all of these are in separate sections. The text is also liberally sprinkled with hyperlinks that will instantly refer you to the corresponding word, and everything is cross-referenced.

Many entries have at least one high quality picture illustrating them, and for the episodes you can have as many as half a dozen for each. Entries which do not have an actual picture do have space for one, so I would not be surprised if they were added in a later update. One can hope that the few details that can stand improvement, like the lack of reference to the episode an item belongs to, will be as well improved in the future (this is one of the strong features of electronic books).

All this resides on the iPad itself, and there is no need to be connected to enjoy it. There is a certain irony in the fact that the device this App runs on looks better - and in some ways outperforms - the props that were supposed to do the same job on the show itself.



FEBRUARY

MonSFFA's February 19 meeting drew a good crowd and the group began by ambitiously drawing up a list of the 60 top, must-see sci-fi films of all time, giving themselves just 60 minutes to do so. Four panellists—Keith Braithwaite, Bernard Reischl, Sylvain St-Pierre, and François Menard—were selected to proffer their choices, with the rest of the group having opportunity to pitch suggestions as well. The idea was to put together a list of not only the very best in terms of script, performances, production values, and sciencefictional quality, but of films most notable for one reason or another—unique visual design, landmark special effects, historical importance within the genre. A majority of the group had to agree on a selection before it could be added to the list and only science fiction films were to be considered; that is, movies with a predominantly science fictional theme or setting. The group had

to agree on whether or not a film qualified as SF.

The exercise began effortlessly enough with several apparent nominees put forth and quickly approved by the group. But before too long, debates arose either as to whether a film qualified as SF, or was worthy of inclusion. As the clock inexorably advanced, panellists began to forget some of the films they had had in mind just minutes before, finding themselves desperately searching for a viable suggestion as replacement, all of the time conscious of the ticking clock. With only minutes left, the group had managed to list 60 films but then realized they had completely overlooked a number of obvious examples. The list was quickly reviewed and a few selections tossed in favour of the better choices that had just come to mind! It was both interesting and amusing to hear the torrent of titles that issued forth only after time ran out,

accompanied by comments along the lines of “how did we miss that one?”

The mid-meeting break was followed by Cathy Palmer-Lister's treatise on locating important stars and planets in the night sky. Distributing a series of star maps to the group, Cathy took her audience on a tour of the night sky over Montreal and environs, pointing out the brightest stars and planets and showing folk how to locate others by “jumping off” from those most prominent. Along the way, she detailed many of the constellations and a few of the stories behind them. Ideal stargazing conditions were discussed, with Cathy suggesting that in some cases, the light pollution experienced in or near cities actually helps in finding certain stars by washing out the thousands of dimmer stars surrounding them, and so making them easier to locate.

We thank our panellists, and all who helped to plan and run this meeting.

MonSFFA's list of the 60 must-see science fiction films of all time, as recorded at our February meeting, is as follows, the films in no particular order of mention or preference:



- Forbidden Planet
- Star Wars, Episode 4, Original Edit
- Iron Giant
- Blade Runner
- War of the Worlds
- Invasion of the Body Snatchers
- Planet of the Apes
- The Day the Earth Stood Still
- 2001: A Space Odyssey
- The Andromeda Strain
- Silent Running
- Conquest of Space
- The Fifth Element
- The First Men in the Moon

- The Empire Strikes Back
- District 9
- Metropolis
- The Island Earth
- Voyage dans la lune
- Aliens
- Robocop
- Destination Moon
- Dark City
- Colossus: The Forbin Project
- Godzilla
- The Thing From Another World
- Wings of Honneamise
- Chronicles of Riddick
- Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan
- Logan's Run
- The Thing, John Carpenter remake
- Escape from New York
- Them
- Gattaca
- The Omega Man
- The Time Machine
- Soylent Green



- Rise of the Planet of the Apes
- The Boys from Brazil
- Serenity
- Fantastic Voyage
- E.T.
- Westworld
- Close Encounter
- Final Countdown
- Terminator
- Time After Time
- The Monolith Monsters
- TRON
- 5 Millions Years to Earth (Quatermass and the Pit)
- Back to the Future
- Minority Report
- Stargate
- Terminator II: Judgement Day
- The Incredibles
- The Fly
- The Incredible Shrinking Man
- The Matrix
- Galaxy Quest
- Superman



MARCH

MonSFFA welcomed three guest speakers to a packed room for its March 25 meeting. The afternoon's topic centred on the differences between the science fiction and fantasy genres and the increasingly blurred line between the two.

Locally-based writers **Mark Shainblum** (Northguard, Angloman), **Jo Walton** (Tooth and Claw, Farthing, Ha'penny, Half a Crown), and **Alison Sinclair** (Cavalcade, Darkborn series) found the presence of magic to be an element often found in fantasy but not in science fiction. But on the surface of it, the book-cover trappings of fantasy – dragons, chain mail-clad chicks, armoured knights and muscled barbarians swinging enormous great broadswords – almost always signal that the story is firmly in the fantasy arena, specifically epic fantasy. But the fantasy genre also encompasses horror and such recently popular fare as the paranormal romance. Similarly, the trappings of science fiction, including spaceships, alien worlds, bug-eyed monsters, astronauts and inexplicably bikini-clad astronettes, suggest that a story is SF.



Our three guests offered that there are so many crossovers these days that in some cases it's hard to classify

a book as one thing or another. This began a tangent on marketing books, which demands a certain classification for all but a few major mainstream authors, like Michael Crichton or Margaret Atwood, whose clearly SF novels nevertheless sat on the mainstream fiction shelves of bookstores. At the end of the day, whether a book is science fiction or fantasy was of no particular concern to our guests, or to many of the folk in the audience, either. Whether or not it is a good book is the most important consideration.

The mid-meeting break gave way to **François Menard's** presentation on sound effects and music in sci-fi. François began



with a brief treatise on the creation of sound effects for genre film, in which ray-guns, space monsters, and such – things that do not exist – must be given an aural signature. For a conventional movie, the sound effects crew record, for example, a car screeching to a halt, a gunshot, or a barking dog without the need to alter the sound

very much. But in a sci-fi flick, sounds must be created whole. To do this, sound men record, combine, and alter the tempo and pitch of sounds to fashion something completely original. The Enterprise's distinctive engine rumble, for example, combines the sounds of a white noise generator, an exhaust fan, and an air conditioner. The hum of Luke Skywalker's landspeeder is, in fact, the distant sound of traffic on the Los Angeles Harbour Freeway as heard through a vacuum cleaner tube. A microphone covered with a condom and thrust into a bowl of flour and water while an aerosol product is sprayed into the mixture produced the unique sound of Terminator 2's liquid-metal T-1000 morphing.

François continued with a quick overview of genre soundtrack music, noting that strings and horns often provide the



grand tenor required of big sci-fi or fantasy adventure movies. Synthesizers lend a futuristic sound to sci-fi, and such devices as the Theremin, an electronic gadget that creates an

eerie, otherworldly oscillating whine, are perfectly suited to science fiction. The Theremin was used to memorable effect in the original *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, for instance. François also highlighted the works of some of his favourite composers – John Williams (*Star Wars*, *Superman*, *Jaws*, *Indiana Jones*, *E.T.*, *Jurassic Park*, to name a few of his many award-winning compositions), Jerry Goldsmith (*Star Trek*, *The Omen*, *Planet of the Apes*, *Alien*), James Horner (also *Star Trek*, *Cocoon*, *Aliens*, *Avatar*), Danny Elfman (*Beetlejuice*, *Batman*, *Mars Attacks*, and of course, *The Simpsons*), Graeme Revell (*Daredevil*, *Sin City*, *Chronicles of Riddick*, *The Crow*), and Basil Poledouris (*Hunt for Red October*, *Conan the Barbarian*, *Robocop*, *Starship Troopers*).

He closed his presentation with a game. Playing a number of short music excerpts, François challenged his audience to



identify the film or TV series for which the compositions were employed. Some were easy enough to identify – *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Halloween*, *X-Files* – while others proved more challenging, like *Waterworld*, *The Crow*, *Scanners*, and *Suspiria*. Included were several sound effects, like the Doctor's sonic screwdriver, the Martian heat ray from the original *War of the Worlds*, and *Star Trek's* transporter. The group correctly identified all of the sound effects except a few of the roars of several of *Godzilla's* fellow monsters. Of the 96 pieces of music and sound, the MonSFFen present correctly identified 76. Not a bad score!

We thank our three guest speakers, as well as panellist François Menard, for a most enjoyable and informative afternoon.

Thanks, also, to those MonSFFen who planned and ran this meeting.

APRIL



MonSFFA's April meeting was held on the 22nd and kicked off with an amusing presentation by **Joe Aspler** on the laws of physics in cartoons.



Outlining first the Newtonian laws of physics, Joe detailed how the physics of cartoon space, or c-space, differed from the familiar ways of things in our own universe. Gravity, for example, only acts upon a cartoon character when he realizes that he has

walked several yards off the edge of a cliff or the roof of a tall building. Said character remains suspended in mid-air until the moment he glances down to find that he has marched himself into a bit of a predicament, whereupon he begins to fall.

Mechanical devices – particularly those manufactured by the Acme corporation – employed by 'toons like Wile E. Coyote and Yosemite Sam to best their foes perform to spec during test rehearsals but inevitably fail to operate as advertised when they need to. In fact, they often backfire on their operators with disastrous results as the intended targets sail through the set-up without suffering so much as a scratch.



The Law of Dramatic Necessity suspends the physical laws that govern our lives in order that dramatic purposes are satisfied. For instance, a 'toon will survive an explosion or vehicular impact that would maim or kill a human being to insure that the 'toon may return for the next scene.

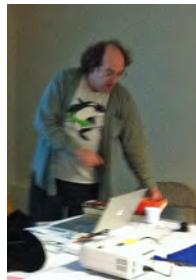
To the delight of his audience, Joe screened clips from Disney and Warner Bros. classics to illustrate the c-space laws of which he spoke.

The mid-meeting break led to a lively and longer than intended discussion of apathy within the club (a particular concern of MonSFFA president **Berny Reischl**), addressed a few reservations from members as to the structure of meetings and related issues, and examined possible reasons for a certain

dissatisfaction with MonSFFA recently expressed by some, including former members. So as not to focus solely on the negative, the group also outlined what it is that they like about the club. Notes were taken as a guide to drafting a questionnaire that the Executive hopes will help zero in on and remedy discontent. We do, after all, sincerely want folk to enjoy themselves as members of the club.



Danny Sichel covered the topic of "Disabilities in SF" during the latter half of the meeting, examining SF's technological solutions to such conditions as paralysis or blindness. Disability is a matter of perspective, of course. Professor Xavier is confined to a wheelchair, but



the psychic power of his mutant mind certainly overcomes any mobility issues. Can he really be considered disabled? And are what we deem disabilities necessarily so? An alien race, presumably, does not perceive the universe as we do and so may not have developed eyes, for instance. From the perspective of the aliens, then, their "blindness" would not be a disability. Danny cited numerous

examples from the lexicon of SF literature to illustrate his treatise.

During the course of the afternoon, a bake sale was held, boosting substantially the revenues normally generated by our snack bar. This extra cash will be directed to covering the cost of club operations. We thank those members who provided the food and drink, and of course, those who purchased a snack or two.



We thank, too, our panellists for their entertaining and edifying presentations, as well as those MonSFFen who planned and ran this meeting.



Use your MonSFFA membership card and save at these fine stores!

LEGENDS ACTION FIGURES
10% off all merchandise (7104 St-Hubert)
<http://www.legendSACTIONfigures.com>

IMAGINATION HOBBY & COLLECTION, INC
10% off all merchandise (Webstore)
www.imaginationhobby.com

MÉLANGE MAGIQUE
15% off all merchandise (1928 St-Catherine West)
<http://www.themagicalblend.com/>

MILLENNIUM COMICS
15% off all merchandise (451 Marrriane-est)
<http://www.milleniumcomics.com/english/about.php>

Alice in Wonderland in the works at MonSFFA Fan Films Company!

ROLLIE POLLIE MonSFFA Roving Reporter

Rumour has it that Keith has already chosen his cast.

The following pictures show the roles and cast member chosen :



Josée as Alice



Cathy as the White Rabbit



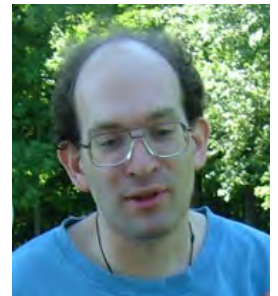
Danny as the Mad Hatter



Sylvain as the Cheshire Cat



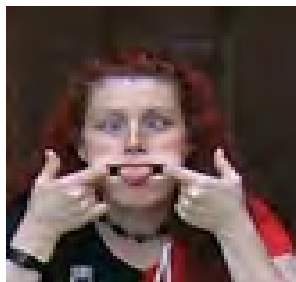
Keith as the Caterpillar



Berny as the King of Hearts



Lindsay as Queen of Hearts



Wayne as Tweedledee



Mark as Tweedledum