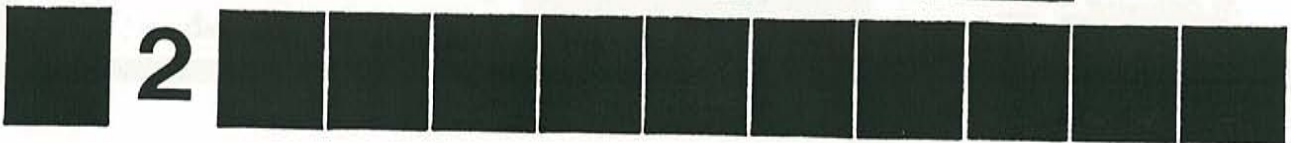


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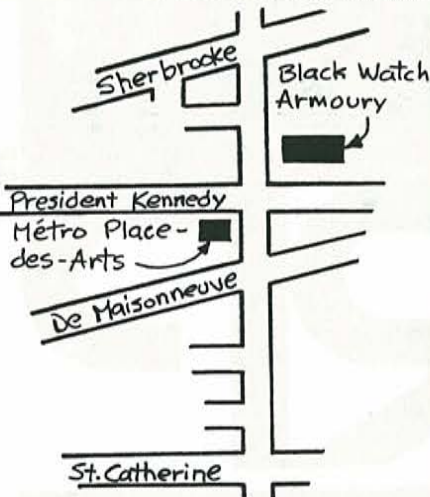
WARP

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MonSFFA AMonSFF

General Meeting Réunion Générale



Sunday/dimanche; Feb/Fev
19, '89, 13h00-17h00; Black
Watch Armoury, 2067
Bleury (Same Bat-time,
same Bat-place!)

Members/Membres: free/
gratuite

Non-Members/- Membres: \$2.00

Roll Call

President

Keith G. Braithwaite

Vice-president

Michael L. Masella

Treasurer

Emile Richard

Recruiting Officer

Alan Keeping

General Activities Officer

Colleen Magnussen

Special Activities Officer

James Poon

Public Relations Officer

Kevin Holden

Advisors

Geoff Bovey

Ignazio Battaglini

Crystal Rothwell

Bryan Ekers

Trudie Mason

Newsletter Editors

Kevin Holden

Michael L. Masella

Munchies

Trudie Mason

Colleen Magnussen

Cover up: This month's cover is a photograph, taken from the television show *Entertainment Tonight*, of Michael Keaton as Batman in the upcoming *Batman* movie. For more on the *Batman* movie, see our *Earthshattering Trumors* section.

MonSFFA Membership Benefits

The **Montreal Science-Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA)** is a non-profit organization dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of science fiction and fantasy in literature, films and television, art, music, costuming, model-making, comics and fanzines, and gaming.

Based in the greater Montreal area, MonSFFA, is open to all interested life-forms. The membership fee is currently \$20.00 per year. Elections for executives are annual, and any paid member may volunteer for a position.

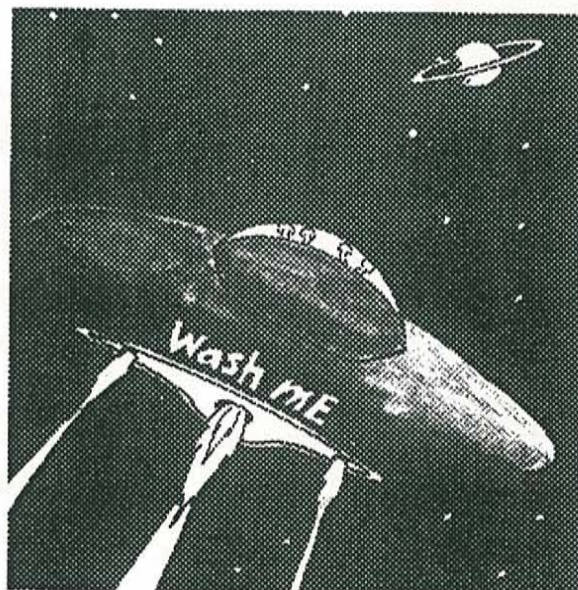
Membership entitles you to the following: (1) A MonSFFA membership card; which allows you free admittance to all MonSFFA general meetings, and entitles you to a minimum 10% discount at sf/f oriented stores in the greater Montreal area; and (2) a subscription to MonSFFA's newsletter, *Warp*.

MonSFFA is regularly approaching stores and asking them to participate in its discount program. The following stores have agreed verbally to implement our program: (1) Ozz Comics, (2) Mars Comics, (3) 1 000 000 Comics, (4) Komico, (5) Librairie Astro, (6) Hobby International, Inc., and (7) all Kangaroo Hobby stores. Further, a legal agreement with Compucentre Fairview and El Paso Comix has been reached. See these establishments for specifics. MonSFFA encourages its members to patronize these businesses.

The signing of an agreement between MonSFFA and the rest of these businesses regarding our discount program is currently being attended to. Subsequent newsletters will report any new information concerning this and any other membership benefits.

Address all correspondence to:

MonSFFA
P.O. Box 2413
Dorval, Quebec
H9S 5N4.



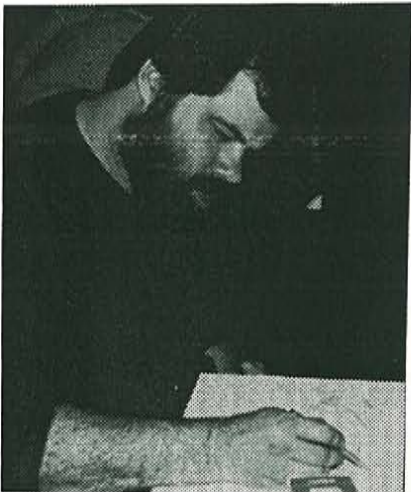
by Gary Larson

President's Letter

Let me begin by congratulating all of the new and returning executives. I look forward to working with them in the upcoming year. Together, we shall strive to achieve some of the goals MonSFFA has set for itself, and we shall be seeking the help of the general membership in so doing. Thus, I also look forward to hearing from and working with you, the members.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank out-going President Luke Fallon and recently retired Vice-President Geoff Bovey, the principal founders of this club. They have seen MonSFFA (originally MonSTA) through what is, perhaps, the most difficult period for any such organization: its genesis. They created, from scratch, the club which I and my fellow newly acclaimed executives now inherit. We (and future executives) will expand upon what they have started, will bring new ideas into play, will continue to build this "house" we call MonSFFA. But all this building will take place atop the foundation laid by Luke and Geoff. That foundation will always be theirs.

I salute them.



OUR
NEW
PREZ

Keith Braithwaite,
President

Received from Ottawa fandom is a nice little letter stating how impressed they are with Warp newsletters. "A great effort, congratulations", plus a generally good review of the issue #11.

It is interesting to note that after some 13 years, the Ottawa club is redoing their newsletter to make it more visually interesting. Someone in Ottawa suggested they do a makeover of the *Ottawa Science Fiction Society Statement*, suggesting *Newswarp* as a new title. (Well, I suppose that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.)

Also, a previous issue of the Ottawa Newsletter carried a cover provided by our own Capucine Plourde. "I consider it a scoop she contributed to our newsletter instead of *Warp*" stated their editor. Well, that was because she was saving the alluring costume photos taken at Gen-Con for our newsletter covers. And wait until you see the future artwork we have planned.

The kind words from Ottawa are appreciated seeing as the Ottawa fan scene has been very active for over 13 years, and the statement has been a vital source of information on the fandom scene.

We wish all the best to the Ottawa fans and look forward to another decade of the statement.

Meanwhile, we invite any contributor of art, fiction, news, photos, jokes, etc. from anywhere in fandom. Letters of comment on the newsletter are always welcome.

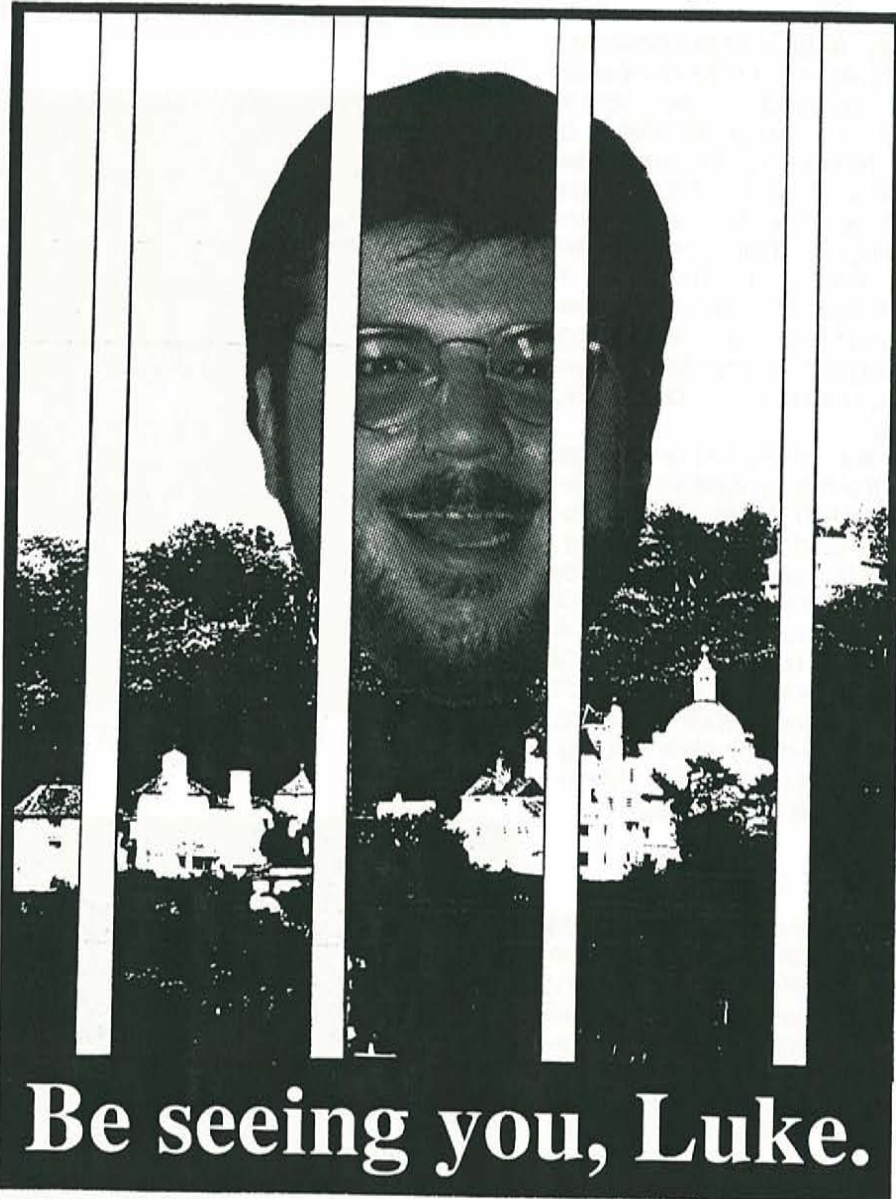
Kevin Holden

MonSFFA ndom

January General Meeting

The first general meeting of the New Year was held at the Black Watch Armoury on January 22. Geoff Bovey, in his capacity as Chief Returning Officer, called the meeting to order and proceeded with the club elections. Actually, *voting* was not necessary because only one person was on the slate for each of the seven executive positions, and so Geoff declared the slate in office by acclamation. (See "Election Wrap-up".) Congratulations to our new executive.

After the elections, ex-Prez Luke Fallon rose to address the assembly and was almost immediately interrupted by several members dressed in *Prisoner* garb who "gassed" him and whisked him out of the room through a back door which, no doubt, led to "The Village". (Be seeing you, Luke.)



Activities included model displays by Berny Reischl and Ken Carroll, an art prints display by Capucine Plourde, a game of "Trek-vial Pursuit" hosted by Lou Israel, an impromptu sketching demonstration by new Prez Keith Braithwaite (later joined by ex-Prez Luke Fallon), and a D&D gaming session, entitled "The Caves of Confection" from Gen Con '88, run by Mike Masella. But the highlights of the meeting had to be Joseph Aspler's slide-show on "Costuming at Worldcons", and a spirited panel discussion entitled "Star Trek: Does it Have a Future and Does it Deserve One?". (The concensus was that Kirk, Spock, et al would always have

a future, but the *Next Generation* commanded no fan loyalty.) The whole meeting was videotaped by a CUTV (Concordia University Television) crew, one of whom was MonSFFA member Andrew Campbell. Regretably, a defective videotape rendered all of the footage shot unusable. MonSFFA extends an invitation to Andrew and his crew to return at some point in the future, if they wish, and tape another of our meetings.

All in all a good meeting, and well attended considering it was "Superbowl Sunday" and notice of the meeting (in the newsletter) arrived late to members.

Newsletter

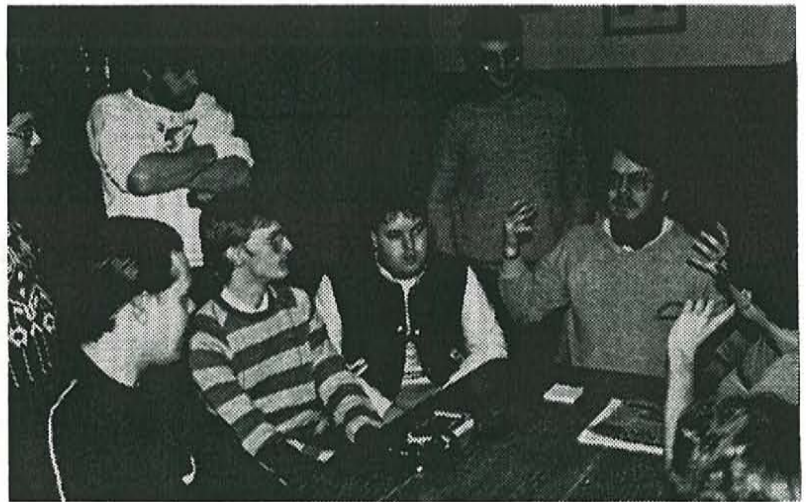
It has come to the attention of the executive that *Warp 1*, the January '89 issue of our newsletter did not get to members in time to announce the January general meeting. Also, some members complained of having received a previous issue (*Warp 11*, November '88) only after the November general meeting. We have been mailing the newsletters out at least a week before the general meetings so that members receive notice of the meetings in time, but it appears that a week is not sufficient—why, we don't know! Rest assured that we'll be looking into this and straightening out the problem somehow. (If you're reading this before February 19, ignore this paragraph!)

Speaking of the newsletter, we're always looking for submissions from our membership (remember, it's *your* newsletter). Send us your stories, opinion pieces, book and movie reviews, art, cartoons, etc. If you've got something to sell or trade, let us know and we'll print your ad; just drop us a line and let us know what you think about the newsletter, the club, anything at all. (If we don't hear from you, it's hard for us to know of any problems—like late mailings—that may crop up, or how you feel about what the club is doing. MonSFFA's address can be found on the "Membership Benefits" page of this newsletter.)

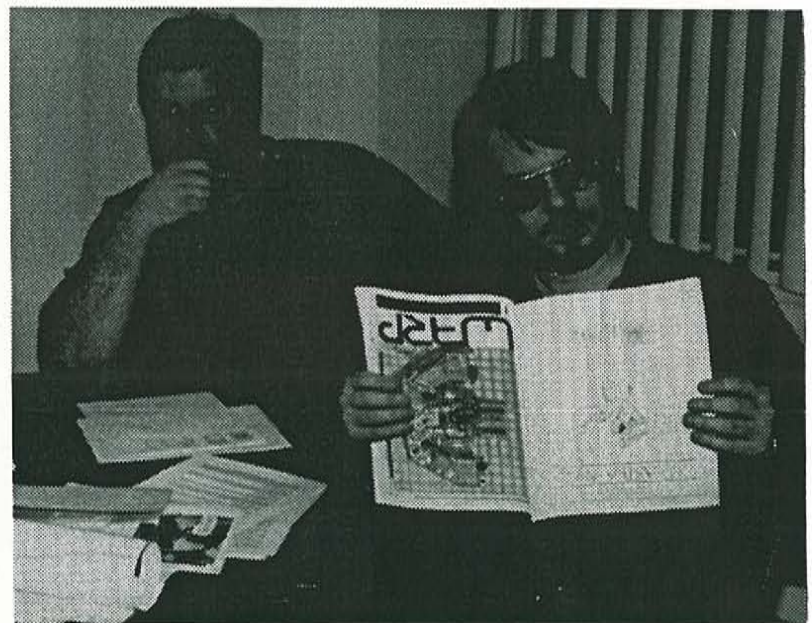
Mini-con. Comics Show

We have had to postpone our planned March mini-con. The committee set up to oversee the con has informed the Board of Advisors that considerably more time will be needed to plan and execute even a small con such as the one proposed. The Black Watch Armoury is booked for us on March 5, and so instead of the mini-con, we're thinking of having a sort of "super general meeting"—essentially a larger version of our standard meetings. Input from the membership on this proposal will be very welcome.

MonSFFA set up a recruitment booth at a Comics Show held at the Beth Zion Synagogue on Sunday, January 29. Business was very slow and we only managed to get one new member signed up. Nevertheless, thanks go out to Al Keiping, Geoff Bovey, Ignazio Battaglini, and Crystal Rothwell for setting up and running the booth.



Panel discussion on "Star Trek"



Prez and P.R. Officer check out "Warp 1"



L to R:
Crystal,
Al, and
Iggy at
Comics
Show.

Election Wrap-up

And so, the election has come to pass, and our club, with a new leadership, can now make bold, new strides into an exciting future. The road ahead is long, and will sometimes be rocky, but the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, led by Keith Braithwaite and the valiant men and women of the Board of Advisors (BOA), will not fear or cower from obstacles in its path, and will overcome them with confidence, strength, and courage. Onward ho, brave myrmidons! We shall find great worlds to conquer, new parties to throw, vast empires to build and to rule, and thrilling newsletters to produce!! We will let nothing stop us, for it is only on that road, however rocky, that destiny calls us!!! We shall never surrender.

Now, how's that for epic elevation (that should be a Star Trek: NG episode. Co-Ed.)? Nonsense, you say? Well, yes and no. Yes, we are new, but no, we are not about to conquer any worlds or build and rule any empires (Keith: "Awwwww, why not?"). Actually, I, Chief Returning Officer, am supposed to submit an article on the club's elections held at our last general meeting, on January 22nd, 1989, at the Black Watch Armoury. Unfortunately, because none of the positions available had more than one person running for it, the election lasted...a whole five minutes (Minute rice took longer to cook! Co-Ed.). So, there ain't much to tell!

Since the printing of Warp 1 last month, in which we presented a list of candidates so far, two adjustments were made. James Poon submitted his name at a BOA meeting for the position of Special Activities Officer, which was previously vacant. However, Norm Champoux, who ran for Public Relations Officer, withdrew his name at the last moment before the election, leaving Kevin Holden uncontested as candidate for P.R.

Upon calling the meeting to order, I immediately proceeded with the election (I was appointed M.C. by the BOA), reading out the list of candidates, followed by a last, last, last moment call to the members in attendance for anyone still wishing to run for a position. Needless to say, no one spoke, thus, by the powers invested in me, I declared the entire executive committee voted in by acclamation. There was an ever-so-slight murmur in the audience, but what can I say? That's politics for ya!

The members gave a warm welcome to the new executive, but former president Luke Fallon gave his formal resignation to the general assembly. Oddly enough, when he uttered his final words, "I hereby resign as president of MonSFFA," mysterious strangers, dressed in black coats with white trim, demanded a reason for his resignation and abducted him, spraying him with an unknown gas. Poor Luke! Last we heard, he had been renamed No. 16, and was living in a place called "The Village", no doubt somewhere near England.

Jubilant with victory, all the newly elected execs gave a wave of thanks, including Keith Braithwaite, who, as MonSFFA's new president, promises a "kinder, gentler club." He sails in on a "new breeze" and envisions a club with "a thousand points of light" (or, at least a few hundred, as the case may be).

Well, there ain't much left to say! On behalf of the club's members, I wish Keith and all the crew the best of success for the future. My position as Chief Returning Officer is hereby terminated. Until next time, be seeing you.

The following is a list of MonSFFA's new executive:

President: Keith Braithwaite
Vice-President: Michael Masella
Treasurer: Emile Richard
Recruitment Officer: Alan Keiping
General Activities Officer: Colleen Magnussen
Special Activities Officer: James Poon
Public Relations Officer: Kevin Holden



"I claim this planet
in the name of Bluggrovia."
JAMES UNGER © 1978 UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

Fear and Loathing in Côte St. Luc

(by Al Keiping)

The sun shone down on the fair. All around were the sounds of the happy villagers enjoying the many wonders. Near a fruit stand, jugglers were displaying their talents with flaming batons, while nearby, warriors clashed in mortal combat for the hearts of the beautiful maidens looking on. I myself was mesmerized by a group of dancing girls from a foreign land.

"Alan! Alan, wake up!" Geoff Bovey was standing beside me shaking my arm. Looking around, my vision quickly faded away. I had returned to Hell! I took in my surroundings. Geoff, Iggy Battaglini, and Crystal Rothwell were with me, looking on with concern. "Al, " continued Geoff, "We were beginning to wonder if you were alright."

I smiled meekly in reply. I glanced around once again to find that the dancing girls were indeed gone.

No, I neither had committed a sin against humanity, nor had sold my soul. I and my companions had volunteered to man the MonSFFA booth at the Comics and Cards Show held at the Beth Zion Synagogue in Cote St. Luc.

It was the 29th of January/89 and we had arrived at 10:30am to set up our table, while others also prepared for the grueling day ahead. To one side of us sat a lovely couple with a display of bagged comic books awaiting sale. Geoff and I had lumbered over to make conversation, when my eyes fell on it!

A copy of 'Justice League' #1 sat there in shining mint condition. I quickly checked the price - It was a true steal! After an exchange of introductions, we learned their names were Charlie and Lisa. They told us they were private comic collectors who attended such shows to market their rare and valuable wares.

An hour raced by (yeah, sure) and we amused ourselves by watching our videos and by chatting with Charlie and Lisa. Around us the merchants were busy servicing, bargaining, and selling their items. Unfortunately for us, interest in our table was low - the videos seemed to be our only attraction.

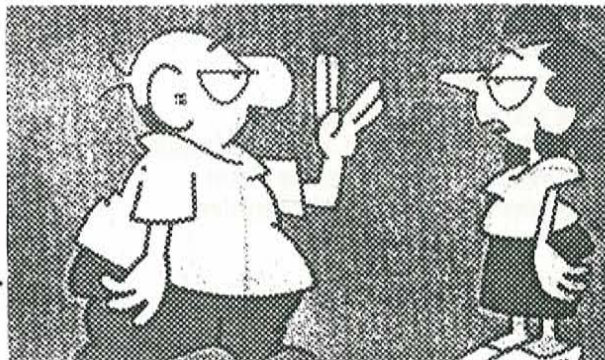
At approximately one hour into the show, the boys from Ozz Comics arrived (thank God!): Bob Shields and Dave Smith, the bad boys of Collectibles. Geoff and I lept from our chairs with joy and rushed to speak with the new faces.

After a good deal of idle chit chat and Geoff's fruitless search for a 'Love and Rockets' comic, we returned to and submerged into the lathargic pace of our table.

I observed my surroundings and formed my thoughts on this show. The clientele consisted mainly of early adolescent children interested not in Montreal's only Science Fiction and Fantasy Association, but in the comic books and trading cards found on other tables.

At three o'clock, we packed our things for our escape. While others had faired well, we had not one new member to boast of. Then it happened: Bob (a member of the club) purchased a membership for his partner Dave.

All in all, we were happy to return to the sunlight of the outdoors and maybe, just maybe, I'll see those dancing girls again real soon.



“'Live long and prosper' is NOT just as good as a hug!”

WorldCon Masquerade

Photos by Joseph Aspler



Each year, one fool-hardy city plays host to the World Science Fiction Convention. With 5000-7000 people attending, the con features, among its myriad highlights, some of the most elaborate amateur costumes ever created. Photographer Joseph Aspler's slide-show at the last MonSFFA general meeting dealt with this subject (see photo, left). "Warp" is pleased to be able to reproduce some of Joe's pix in this issue.



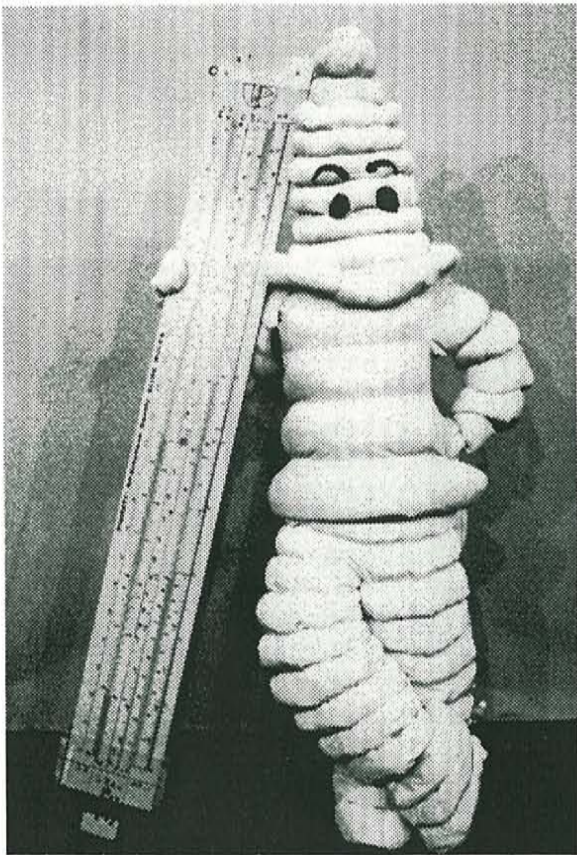
1984, LOS ANGELES

Jackie Ward in a costume based on Egyptian mythology.

1982, CHICAGO

Philip Mercier (formerly of Montreal) as "Man Plus", from Fred Pohl's novel, wins Best Science Fiction. This was only his second Masquerade entry, and it very nearly also won best of show.





1984, LOS ANGELES

The Ringworm Engineer! It's a horrible pun, and the wearer got what he wanted—he was "booted" off the stage.



1981, DENVER

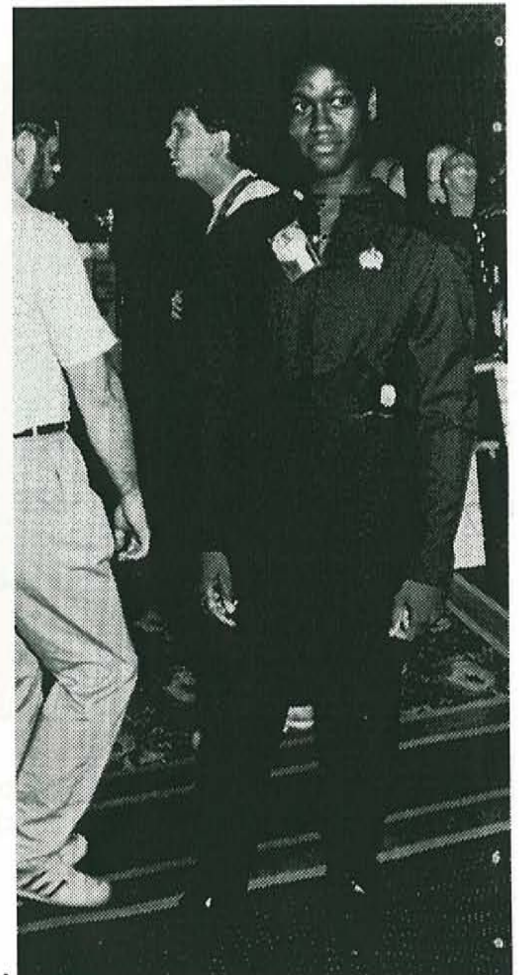
This group, the Egyptian gods, won Best in Show.

(Right) 1988, NEW ORLEANS

An excellent hall costume. It looked very authentic.

1988, NEW ORLEANS

Steve and Patti Gill (ex-Montrealers) at the Costumers' Guild Pirate Party. They are wearing hall costumes.



Gaming

by Mike Masella

'Tis the season for sequels (see Earthshattering Trumors in this issue) and computer gaming is no exception to the rule. This last month saw the release of some tantalizing new software by different companies.

Notably, New World Computing came out with their new product: *Might & Magic II*. Found in its light-blue box, M&M II offers a whole new adventure in a new land. The land of Cron. With its colorful 3-D style window view of the world (with not so much in the way of cardboard scenery), an auto-mapping feature that keeps track of where you've been, M&M II has even more to offer than its predecessor. Further, new weapons and spells, animated monsters, and a better user-interface makes M&M II a well-rounded adventure game. Hopefully, its story is as captivating as the first....

(For Apple II at the time of printing.)

Another on the list of sequels is *Wizardry V - Heart of the Maelstrom*. With a bold title and bold packaging, Sir-Tech Software has released the latest (*and boldest - Ed.*) edition of the popular Wizardry series. However, the adventure 'realm' is still pretty much the same. The Castle, with Boltac's trading outpost, the Temple of Cant, the tavern of Gilgamesh, the Training Grounds and so forth are all here once again, with the limits of the adventuring area still limited to beneath the Castle. The premise of the story is that the evil wizard Sorn has broken the fabric of reality, and if not stopped, will 'plunge' the entire world into chaos. The only two functions that are really new are swimming (for searching the depths of pools) and summoning (of various monsters from other dimensions to do your bidding against the denizens of the Maelstrom). Apart from this, *Heart of the Maelstrom* is just more of the same (same user-interface, same type of graphics, etc).

(Available for Apple II and IBM at the time of printing.)

Finally, *Déjà Vu II - Lost in Las Vegas* has been released by Mindscape. This time, it's not your memory that's at stake; this time your financial status is being questioned (and it's not the I.R.S. who's calling). *Déjà Vu II* means mobsters, money, and Malone—to whom you apparently owe a great deal of money (on the order of 100 grand!) and you've got seven days to cash in or be cashed out. *Déjà Vu II* offered the same great little user-interface as before (no cumbersome commands to keep track of), while presenting a fresh new adventure in the same Bogart-ish style *Déjà Vu* became famous for.

(Available for Macintosh at the time of printing.)

Star Trek theme night at Station 10

(a review by Bryan Ekers)

After one of our regular Sunday evening Board of Advisors (BOA™) meetings, we broke ranks and headed for Station 10, a club/bar on St. Catherine street.

Our mission: to investigate a "Star Trek theme night". The Hungry and Stupid Players comedy troupe's presentation was not limited to *Star Trek*. There was a fair sampling including "Mister Undressup" (Can you say 'perverted'? I knew you could.), and "Mimestoppers".

But it was *Trek* we were interested in and it was *Trek* we saw, complete with stage-shaking turbulence and Crewman Expendable, whose accent made me wonder when Sheena Easton enlisted. (Speaking of accents, Scotty's was delivered with the proper amount of irritation, and the audience got a chuckle out of Uhura's Jamaican pronunciation.)

One minor problem, I felt: The comedian playing the Romulan had neglected to get the proper ears. I guess he missed the *point* of his character completely.

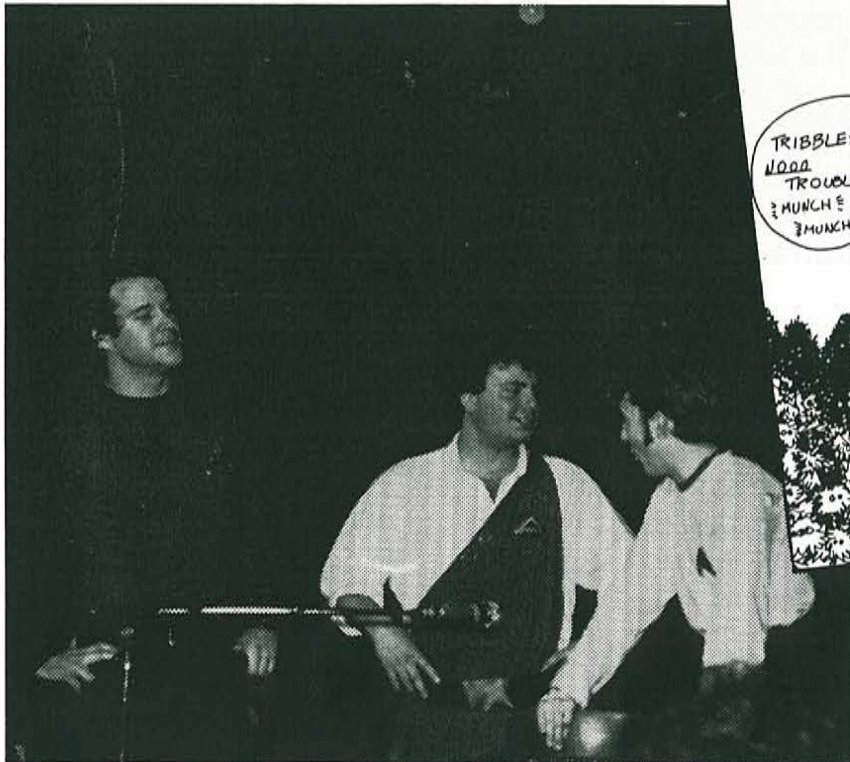
Overacting was the catchword during the sketch, which means it was completely true to the original series.

The Hungry and Stupid Players will be performing on Sundays regularly in February, we hear. I know, I'll go back.

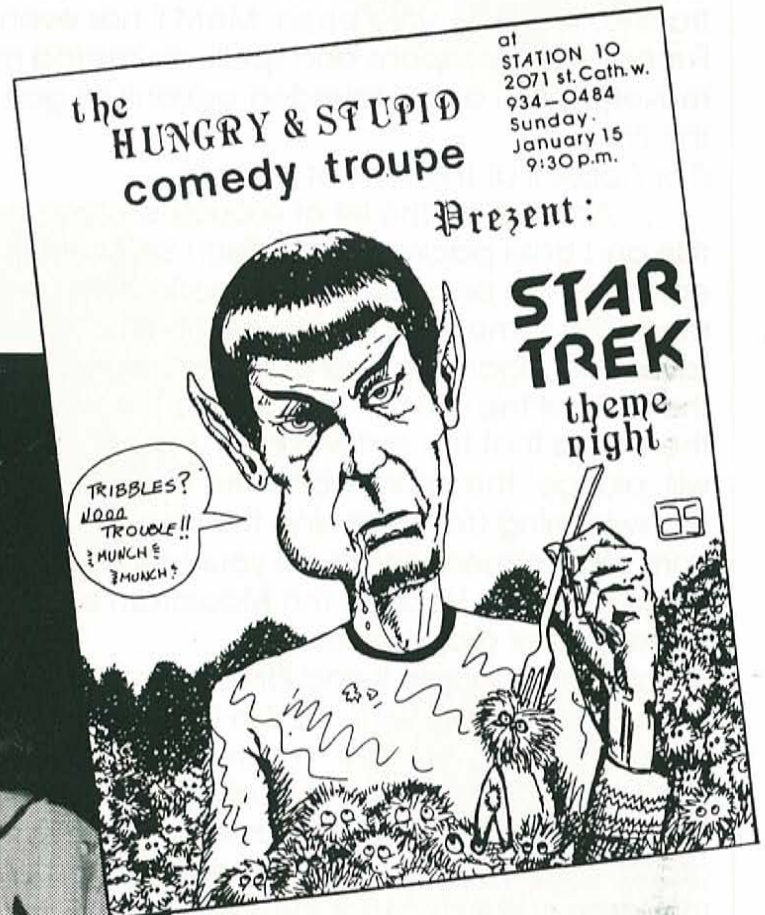
Mission Accomplished.

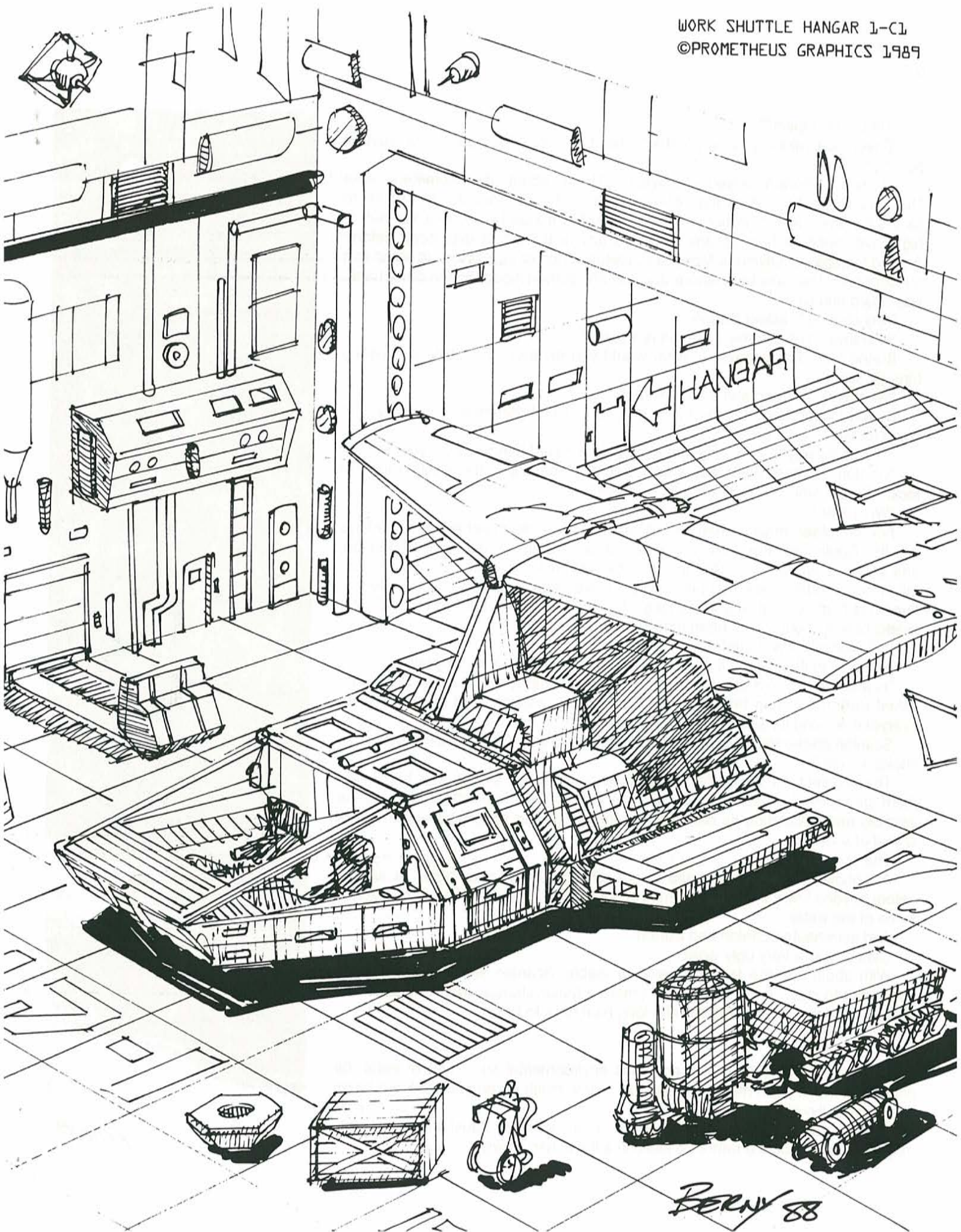


The Hungry and Stupid Players do "Star Trek".



A Romulan on the bridge—check out his ears! The H&S troupe will be doing "Trek" again soon. Watch for it.





BERRY 88

THE MOUNTAIN

by Bryan Ekers

"Time until impact?"

"Seventeen minutes on my mark," said Scanlon. He paused for several seconds. "Mark."

"Uh-huh." Burton looked due west. There, about fifty kilometers, rose Olympus Mons, the tallest mountain on Mars. The astronauts had taken to calling it "Grandfather", in honour of the fact that it was twenty-four kilometers high, over twice as high as any mountain any of them had ever seen before. Around the apex of Olympus Mons, a perpetual cloud of dust drifted in Mars' thin atmosphere. The view from where Scanlon and Burton stood, on the other hand, was sharp and clear.

"Any change?" asked Burton.

"Negative. The asteroid's course is steady."

Burton stared at Scanlon. "What would you expect? The thing's travelling through space."

"Whatever. Sixteen and a half minutes."

Burton looked back at the sky. "How do you feel, Scanlon, knowing you're going to die?"

"The same way it's felt since the accident. A sword hanging over your head."

"Uh-huh. Except that's not a sword coming this way. It's a billion tons of rock." Burton smiled. "A billion tons of *death*."

"Whatever."

For no other reason than to kill time, Burton double-checked Scanlon's results. Confirmed. For some unknown reason, the amusement of God, maybe, one of the asteroids from the field that circled between Mars and Jupiter had fallen out of orbit a few months before. It was now spiraling in, on a course hundreds of millions of kilometers long. The rock had been tracked by NASA for weeks now, its course had been meticulously computed.

In fifteen minutes, Marsfall.

And right in the thick of it, the two remaining members of the expedition.

"Is this where you'd thought you'd be when you signed up for this, Scanlon?" asked Burton. "Sitting here because there wasn't enough food on the ship for everyone, waiting for some rock to mash us flat?"

Scanlon snickered. "Nope." He glanced at Burton. "The accident made my choice for me."

The accident. It was a two-word description of the events that had made them stay behind on Mars, after the *Ares* and its crew had left. Detecting the asteroid and calculating its course, the orbiter had had to leave several weeks ahead of schedule.

The accident.

A pinhole leak had developed in one of the reactor chambers. It spread before anyone knew it existed, ultimately contaminating much of the food supply, some of the water...

And astronauts Scanlon and Burton.

Cancer was a very ugly word.

With about half the food rendered unusable, Scanlon and Burton had little choice but to stay. It would give the others a better chance, and it was unlikely either man would survive the months-long haul back to Earth.

The accident.

Burton shrugged, difficult to do in his environmental suit. Out of habit, he glanced at the oxygen meter. It read full. "How much air do you think we have, if we count all our reserve tanks?"

Scanlon pursed his lips and thought for a moment. "Just the two of us, maybe a month. But I'd rather be killed in a flash than slowly suffocate."



Kent 8/81

"Yeah." Burton looked around him. They were standing on the out edge of Olympus Mons' caldera, a deep, wide trench that circled it. He stared at the Martian landscape, the other mountains, all smaller.

"Grandfather over there's taller than McKinley, Kilimanjaro, and Everest combined," he remarked.

"I guess," said Scanlon, almost shrugging, himself. He glanced skyward. "Look, there it is."

Burton looked up as well. In the distance, he could make out a small object that almost seemed fixed in the sky. But it wasn't fixed. It was hurtling down at them at almost forty kilometers a second. When it hit, there would be a moment of intense heat at ground zero, almost like a nuclear warhead.

Ground zero was Olympus Mons.

"You recording this, Scanlon?"

"Yes. Images should reach Earth in about twenty minutes."

"I hope they'll get a good view."

"Not as good as ours."

"Uh-huh. You know, when I signed up for this, I knew it was risky. I figured I'd probably die in a crash, or oxygen leak. Instead, I'm about to get vapourized by some rock. Couldn't NASA have done anything about it in time?"

"You know the answer to that as well as I do. It was a lot cheaper to just bring everybody back a few weeks early than to take a shot at the asteroid. Probably a lot safer, too. You hit that rock with a few multi-megaton warheads, even assuming you could, and you'll end up turning an asteroid into a hundred meteoroids, each on the same heading as the original. The end result would be the same. Mars becomes uncolonizable for a few years until the dust settles. Ten minutes."

Burton nodded. "How's about we read the twenty-third psalm?"

"What?"

"Just kidding." He paused. "How did people feel back in the 1950's when the cold war was at its peak? After all, you had the government telling you the missiles could fly at any moment."

"Duck and cover," said Scanlon dryly.

Burton laughed. "Those old films are hilarious. As if cowering under your desk was going to save you from a warhead. Stupid."

"Maybe. But there'll always be people like us who see the missile, and stand in its path."

"That's really deep, Scanlon," said Burton scornfully. "Better make sure that gets sent to Earth."

"It already has. Everything we say is being transmitted."

Burton paused. "Really?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? Of course, NASA will edit where necessary before releasing a transcript to the public. After all, we're about to die. That sort of thing has PR value. Makes us look like heroes."

"Well, hell, in that case, I think NASA is run by red-tape-minded idiots. And besides, I haven't been paid this month."

Scanlon smiled. "And I think Colonel Wallens is..." he broke off. "No, I'd better not say."

"Come on, what's old Wall-eyed doing?"

Scanlon shut off the communications link with Earth. "I think he's been sleeping with his secretary."

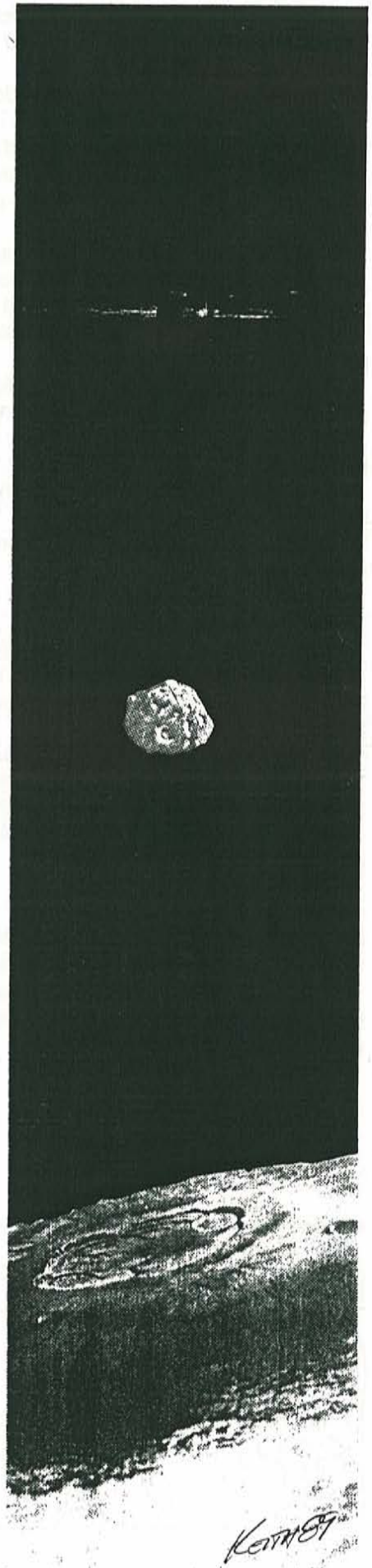
"Big deal. Have you seen his secretary? Given half a chance, I'd sleep with her."

"You've run out of chances, partner," said Scanlon. He reactivated the communications circuit and noticed the red light. "I've got an incoming signal from Earth." He pressed the button that would play the message on the headsets installed in the men's suits.

"To David Scanlon and Michael Burton," it started. "Full military and civilian honours for your self-sacrifice. There exists no greater love than..."

"Oh, brother," muttered Burton.

"...that of a man who would lay down his life for his friends."



"He got the quote wrong, too," said Burton.

"...the two of you will be honoured at a parade down New York's fifth avenue, like the early astronauts."

"Too bad we'll miss it," muttered Scanlon.

"...and you will not be forgotten." The machine went silent.

"Damn piece of propoganda," said Burton. "That line of bull was more for the media than us." He did not care that he was being recorded. Immediately his anger faded. He started to laugh, progressively louder until he was in near hysterics.

Scanlon stared at him darkly. "Four minutes."

Eventually, even Burton's amusement was spent, and he sat down on the ground. Aimlessly, he pawed through the red dirt.

Scanlon looked up. Gradually the speck of dust in the sky had grown to a pebble, then to a small stone.

Burton adjusted the air feed in his suit to 100% oxygen. No point trying to conserve it, now. Scanlon did the same.

"By the way," said Burton, "Sorry I never got a chance to pay you back that twenty dollars."

Scanlon half-smiled. "Don't worry, I lifted it from your wallet before we left Earth."

Burton started to laugh again, somewhat less than hysterically. "I hope you spent it well."

"Sure, if that's how you feel about six vodka martinis."

"I didn't know you drank."

"I stopped right after that. Two minutes."

The small stone was now a large boulder. For a moment, Burton thought the temperature was rising, so he adjusted his suit controls. "Did you finish your will, David?"

"Yes. I left everything I had to you."

"Really," replied Burton. "I left everything I had to you."

Scanlon nodded. "I'd like to see them try to probate that one."

Burton smiled. "Looks like your calculations were off, partner. I'd say we've got a little more than two minutes."

"Ninety seconds."

"What if everybody was wrong? What if the asteroid misses Mars? What if..." he stopped. The thought was not worth pursuing.

"No chance, partner. Seventy-five seconds."

The next minute passed in silence as each man's mind wandered over random thoughts. By now, the asteroid was huge in the sky. Each bump on it, each scrape, each dent was visible.

A billion tons of death.

"Goodbye, David."

"Goodbye, Michael."

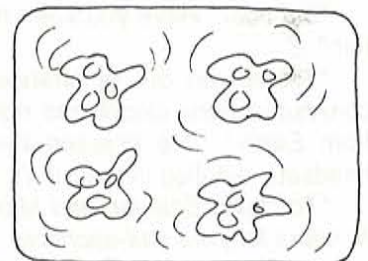
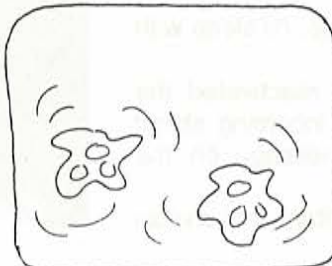
The sky went brilliant white.



KENTON

PRIMORDIAL SOUP by KGB

1989



STAR TREK

THE NEXT GENERATION

CANCELLED

If by chance you happen to be watching an episode of The Next Generation on your local station and you begin to discern a groaning on the audio track, have no fear.

That sound is not a phaser on overload, a Romulan decloaking, or an overworked picture tube about to POP! No, it is merely the audible, collective anguish of millions of disenfranchised Trekkers. Fans of the show are growing discouraged and bitter over numerous production problems and decisions, or lack of them.

Firstly, the most often repeated complaint, "Too damn many reruns!" True enough, only every second show is new, and this does not help to establish a faithful bond between the series and its fans. Television viewers (including Trekkers) are a habitual breed. They don't want their schedule continually thrown into chaos by unwelcome repeats. The show is simply not old enough yet to have achieved the vintage appeal of the original series, the reruns of which are still in great demand.

The other chief complaint by fans is the appalling quality of the scripts. They are possibly some of the worst scripts being produced in television today (yes, including "Kate and Allie"). When watching a show, one almost suspects that some horrendous mistake has occurred in the editing room and fifteen minutes of each show has been accidentally left on the shelf. How else can one explain the uneven pacing of the stories?

Take for example a recently-aired episode wherein the Enterprise crew must escort an ambassador to a planet to negotiate a peace treaty. As the boring and effortless adventure plods along, Captain Picard (always on the ball, as usual) sits in his ready-room, contemplating why the planet pursues an impossible orbit. We see an elaborate hologram of the planet and its sun and hear a few minutes of conversation between Picard and Riker on the inconsistency. Then the adventure carries on and no further mention of the orbit is ever made. The story ends with the ambassador's party getting skragged and the ambassador left alone to accomplish his mission. The Enterprise crew served virtually no purpose on the mission and left the future looking bleak. The incidental issue of the orbit is never resolved, leaving us to ask why it was ever mentioned in the first place.

This would indicate that someplace in the ranks of the "Next Generation" production house there are some serious problems with the script process. Interviewed in Cinefantastique magazine, longtime Trek writer Dorothy Fontana states of writing staff changes: "I've never seen such a turnover in personnel. It's not normal. It's not done. You don't have people going through revolving doors...Why waste my time? The first series was a great experience, this one wasn't." Former Trekker David Gerold is also suing Paramount for breach of promise on the series.

The two are not alone. The Scriptwriter's Guild will not reveal how many writers are complaining about their treatment at Paramount but do acknowledge a number of grievances have been filed.

Although nobody is pointing any fingers at the moment, the ultimate responsibility for the program falls on creator/producer Gene Roddenberry. Unlike the original series, wherein Roddenberry was forced to contend with belligerent studio executives intent on "dumbing down" the show, the Next Generation is strictly Gene's baby. He is in creative control and the show is, or should be, his vision.

This may account for the feeling of Deja Vu one gets when watching the show. The series follows a too-rigid pattern of narrative; Enterprise is putting along, safe and secure. Suddenly, an alien life-form with amazing godlike powers appears and toys with the crew, curious about the human race. The alien is intent on domination but Captain Shakespeare makes a self-righteous speech about the indomitable will of the human spirit and the alien/god gets bored and decides to leave. The crew sails on, more smug than ever.

Lack of action is the biggest problem with the new series. Each episode, with rare exception, sees the crew talk their way from problem to problem and resolve all conflicts with a good dose of Liberal philosophy.

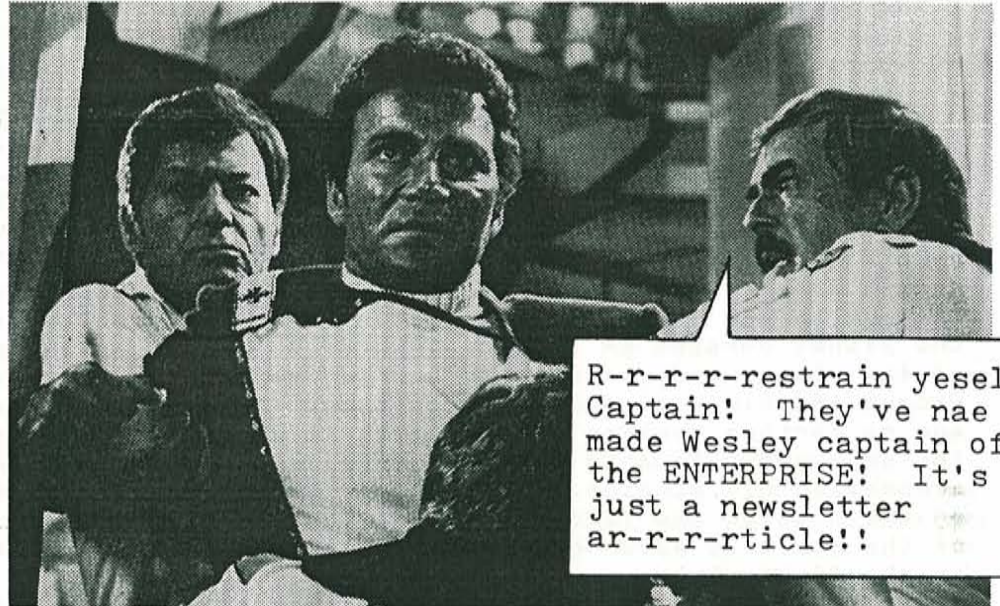
What the show needs is a better balance between soapbox morality and action, in favor of the latter. It would not be betraying the peaceful directives of the characters to put them in a scrap more often. "More phasers" is the familiar battle-cry of viewers. After all, who was it who said: "Risk is our business"?

To shake up the audience, you have to first shake up that crew, make them earn their pay, remind them they're mortal and shouldn't be so complacent. Snuffing out Tasha Yar was a good beginning, but why stop when you're on a roll? You don't have to kill them all, just let us see 'em sweat. Otherwise, a bored and distracted crew will make for a bored and distracted audience. That would mean the show's demise and considering Star Trek's tendency to resurrect itself, you know what that will mean, don't you?

Star Trek; The Last Generation.

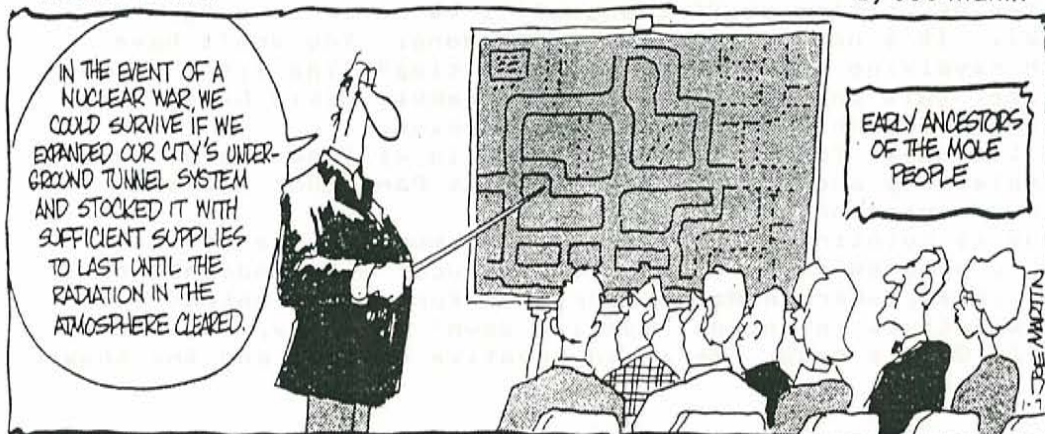
USS Enterprise, NCC 1701-Z, Captain Wesley Crusher commanding...

God help us.



Mister Boffo

By Joe Martin





Earthshattering Trumors



Batman: The Movie

Okay, in the absense of hard data, (as Tasha Yar might say), we'll make due with what we do know about the film.

Those who've seen early trailers are responding very enthusiastically, even those who were reluctant to see Michael Keaton in the title role. Warner Bros. (who also own DC Comics) are keeping a tight lid on the story, but it is known that the better part of the film concerns the origin of Batman and his arrival on the crime-fighter scene. Jack Nicholson as the Joker and Jack Palance as his crime boss are Batman's chief opponents. Also, Bruce Wayne's butler, Alfred, (played by British actor Michael Gough) and his girlfriend, Vicki Vale, (originally played by Sean 'Blade Runner' Young who fell off a horse) portrayed now by Kim 'My Stepmother is a Bimbo' Bassinger.

For his role, Keaton reportedly spent six months in a gym, much like the once skinny Christopher Reeve did for Superman.

The Batmobile has no similarity to the car of the television series. Speaking of which, the director, Tim Burton, reassures devotees of the comic that the theatrical version will bear no relation to the series, but will take its cues from the original 1940's comic series.

The script was written by Sam Hamm who also wrote the script for the DC *Watchmen* movie. (He is currently writing the *Avengers* movie.)

Also starring in the film are Catherine O'Hara (*SCTV* and *Bee-teejuice*) and Jeri Hall (*Mick's* girl). Pat Hingle is Commisioner Gordon and Billy Dee Williams is Gotham City DA Harvey Dent. Earlier rumors that Cher would play Catwoman are untrue. Bob Kane, creator of Batman will make a cameo appearance.



Michael Keaton as Batman



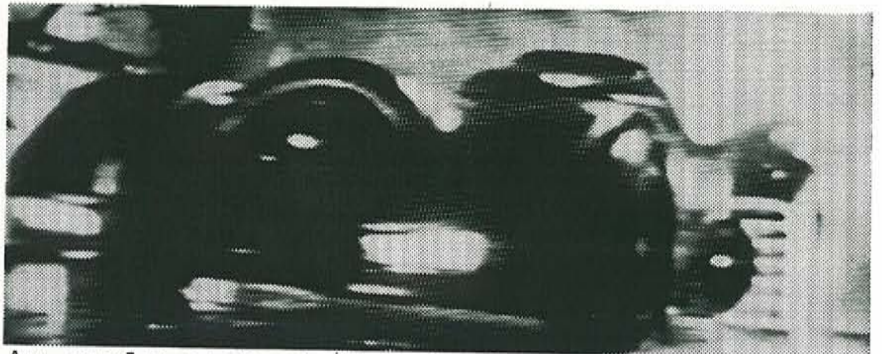
Jack Nicholson as the Joker



Keaton as Bruce Wayne



Kim Bassinger as Vicki Vale



An early peek at the sleek new Batmobile

Star Trek V: The Final Frontier

The plot is no longer a closely guarded secret. According to a well-known super-market tabloid, the film opens with Kirk and crew being ordered to fly to the planet Nimbus III, where a group of rebels are holding three interplanetary diplomats as hostages. While attempting a rescue, Kirk and cohorts are they themselves captured by the pointy-eared rebel leader, Sybok, played by Laurence Luckinbill.

Kirk attacks Sybok allowing Spock to grab the rebel's gun, but the Vulcan finds himself unable to pull the trigger. Spock then reveals that Sybok is his half-brother.

Sybok manages to take over the Enterprise and, in search of heaven, orders it to traverse a giant cluster of stars called the Great Barrier. Landing on a planet, the travellers are greeted by a powerful energy force. When asked if it is God, the force takes on many God-like forms which man has worshipped through the years. When a skeptical Kirk continues to question it, the force blasts him with a bolt of energy. Sybok comes to his senses and sacrifices himself by attacking the force. Meantime, Kirk orders the Enterprise to fire a photon torpedo at the being, killing it and Sybok. Kirk and his friends then escape, but not before battling horrifying rock creatures on the planet.

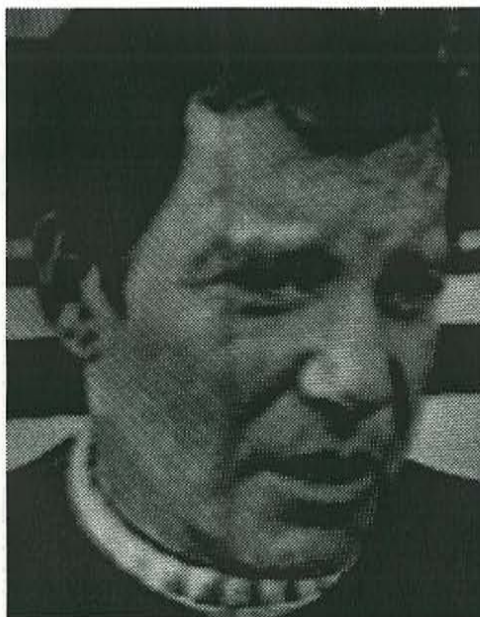
The Klingons play a major role in this film, repeatedly threatening and attacking the *Star Trek* space heroes. One Klingon female is portrayed by Spice Williams, a champion body-builder-turned-actress.

David Warner (*Time after Time*, *Time Bandits*) also stars.

Special effects are being created by East Coast Associates and Ferren, the company which did *Little shop of Horrors*, *Altered States* and *The Manhattan Project*. One effect which should prove to be interesting has Spock, wearing anti-gravity boots zipping through the air (*with the greatest of ease - Ed.*), to stage a dramatic rescue of Kirk, who had plummeted from a cliff.

When this plotline was leaked to the tabloid, many fans were dubious of its authenticity. However, previews on *Entertainment Tonight* appear to substantiate the tabloid article.

Star Trek: The Final Frontier cost about \$30 million dollars to make. Filming wrapped up in December. Release is scheduled for June.

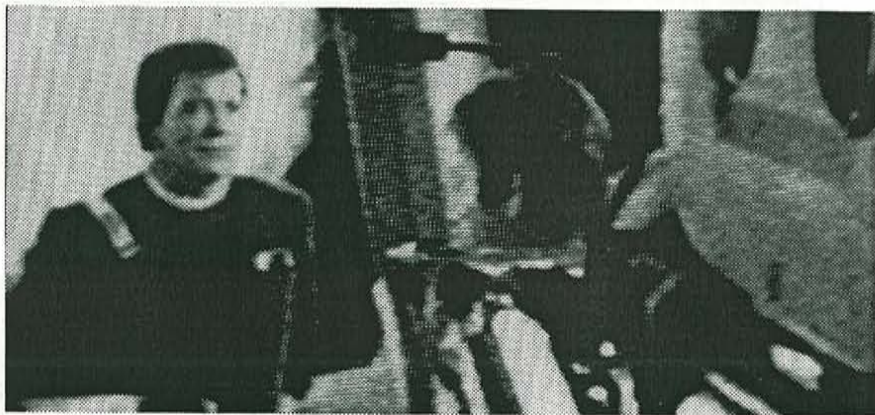


Left: "Trek V" Writer/Director/Star William Shatner.

Center top: Shatner directs himself on set of "Trek V".

Center bottom: Shatner and Leonard Nimoy on the set.

Bottom: Shatner as Kirk and Nimoy as Spock in scene from "Trek V".



Ghostbusters II

Bill Murray has confirmed that he will be starring in *Ghostbusters II* (currently untitled). Murray suggests, in *Starlog* magazine, "It's not going to be called *Ghostbusters II*. We'll burn in hell if we call it *Ghostbusters II*. I've suggested *The Last of the Ghostbusters*, to make sure there won't be anything like a *Ghostbusters III*." Rick Moranis and Sigourney Weaver also co-star.

James Bond: Title Revoked

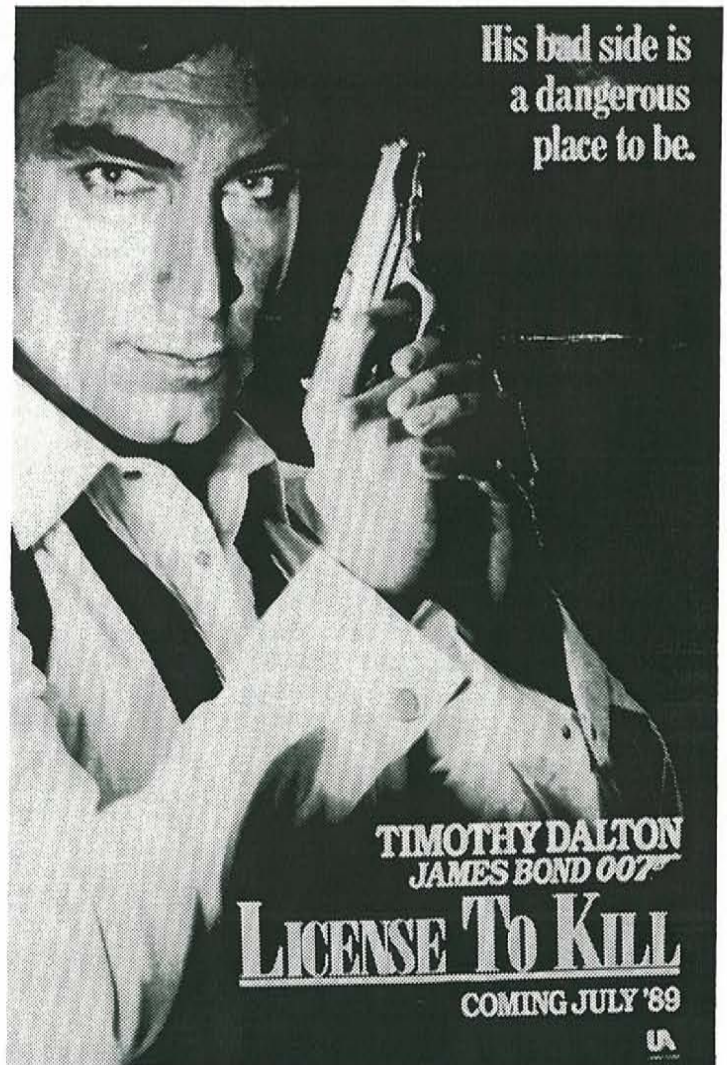
The James Bond film has had its title changed from *License Revoked* to *License to Kill*. Carrie Lowell is the latest "Bond babe". The film will have its world premiere in London, England, on June 13 and is due for release in North America in mid-July.

Indiana Jones: The Last Crusade

Due out in May, the third and last Indy epic will again pit Indy against the Nazis (he, in fact, will actually meet Hitler). Also along for the ride, as reported in previous *Warps*, are Sean Connery as Indy's father, Dr. Henry Jones, and River Phoenix as the young Indy (in flashback sequences). An early rumor of ILM providing go-motion dinosaurs to hassle Indy is dubious.

Aliens Again

It is confirmed that Ridley Scott, director of *Alien*, will not return to direct *Aliens III*. Instead, Renny Harlin, director of *Nightmare on Elm Street IV* will be in charge of this expedition. Rumor has it the story will revolve around the characters of Hicks and Bishop (Michael Biehn and Lance Hendrickson). Previous rumors that Jones the cat would star, have proven false, as he has demanded too much money forcing his agent to sell him to Mary Kay Cosmetics.



Bond is back this summer, and as always, he'll have a "Licence to Kill".

Publishing News

New Heinlein Book

Grumbles from the Grave by Robert Heinlein. A collection of letters written by Heinlein and set aside by himself for posthumous publication. They reflect his feelings on a variety of topics spanning his long career. Del Rey will release the book in hardcover in 1990.

New Magazines

Several new magazines have arrived on the scene of late. *Aboriginal Science Fiction*, *Interzone Science Fiction and Fantasy*, *Fear*, the *World of Fantasy and Horror Fantasy Tales*, and *Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine*. Most of these pub-

lications started out as amateur publications and grew over several years to professional status.

Shatner Pens Novel

William Shatner has reportedly sold an sf novel to Ace Books. It is not a *Star Trek* novel.

Barker Plays 20 Questions with F.B.I.

Clive Barker was questioned by F.B.I. officials when it was alleged that his novel "Babel's Children" was actually written by an escaped murderer. Barker was cleared by the Bureau, but was admittedly very intimidated by the interrogation. He has since returned to England.

Star Trek: The Secret Scripts

(by Lou Israel, Elliot Miller, and Bryan Ekers)

The rumors are true. A secret vault in the basement of Paramount Pictures has been opened by Geraldo Rivera, who really should know better by now. The contents: a collection of Star Trek scripts that were never filmed. After reading the synopses, one doesn't have to wonder why.

1. While playing golf on Planet M113, an alien creature deliberately louses up Kirk's score. Title: "The Sand Trap."
2. A transporter malfunction gives Kirk intestinal discomfort. Title: "The Enema Within."
3. During a Romulan attack, Kirk gets laid off due to problems in the accounting department. Title: "Balancing Errors."
4. In punishment for disrupting the crew, Kirk puts five orphans to work in the botanical lab. Title: "And the Children Shall Weed."
5. During a trip to a planet startlingly similar to war-torn 20th-century Earth, Uhura must contend with the primitive methods of communication. Title: "Patterns of Morse."
6. The Enterprise protects the universe's T4 cells from an invading virus. Title: "The Acquired Immunity Deficiency Syndrome."
7. The Enterprise crew accidentally gets warped into an alternate dimension where three-hundred-year-old children are mean and tyrannical. Title: "Miri, Miri."

And the movie plot that was never realized (thank God):

8. The original Saavik travels to Organia to stop a second Klingon invasion. Title: "Errand of Kirstie."

And these exciting (?) "Star Trek"/"Star Trek: The Next Generation" crossovers were found as well.

9. The life essence of Gary Seven impregnates Counselor Troi. Title: "Assignment: Birth."
10. The woman-killer Redjac survives to the 24th century and possesses the Enterprise's Chief of Security. Title: "Worf in the Fold."
11. The ship's counselor and her twin sister are mistaken for a rather uncouth woman. Title: "Elaan of Troi? Us?"
12. Eighty years after the original adventure of Capella IV, the new Enterprise visits and finds Leonard James Akkar hailed as some sort of savior to his people. Title: "Thank God it's Friday's Child."

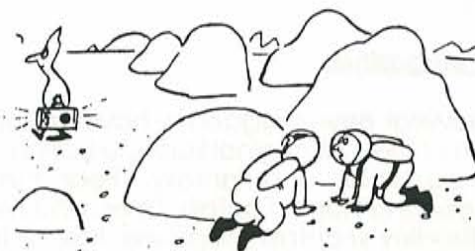
Finally, a special show dealing with Paramount's attempt to bring back Star Trek. Title: "That Which Revives."

At the request of Trekkers everywhere, the scripts were put back in the vault and sealed for all eternity. There was a motion to put Geraldo Rivera in a vault and sealing him for all eternity, but those nasty people at the ACLU intervened.

Lou Israel is an actor, writer, singer and agent.

Bryan Ekers is none of the above, but at least there's less stress in his life.

Elliot Miller was sucked into a Black Hole two years ago and hasn't been seen since.



"Perhaps they're not as intelligent as we originally thought."

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