

DECEMBER 1990, VOLUME 4, NUMBER 5

ONE DOLLAR

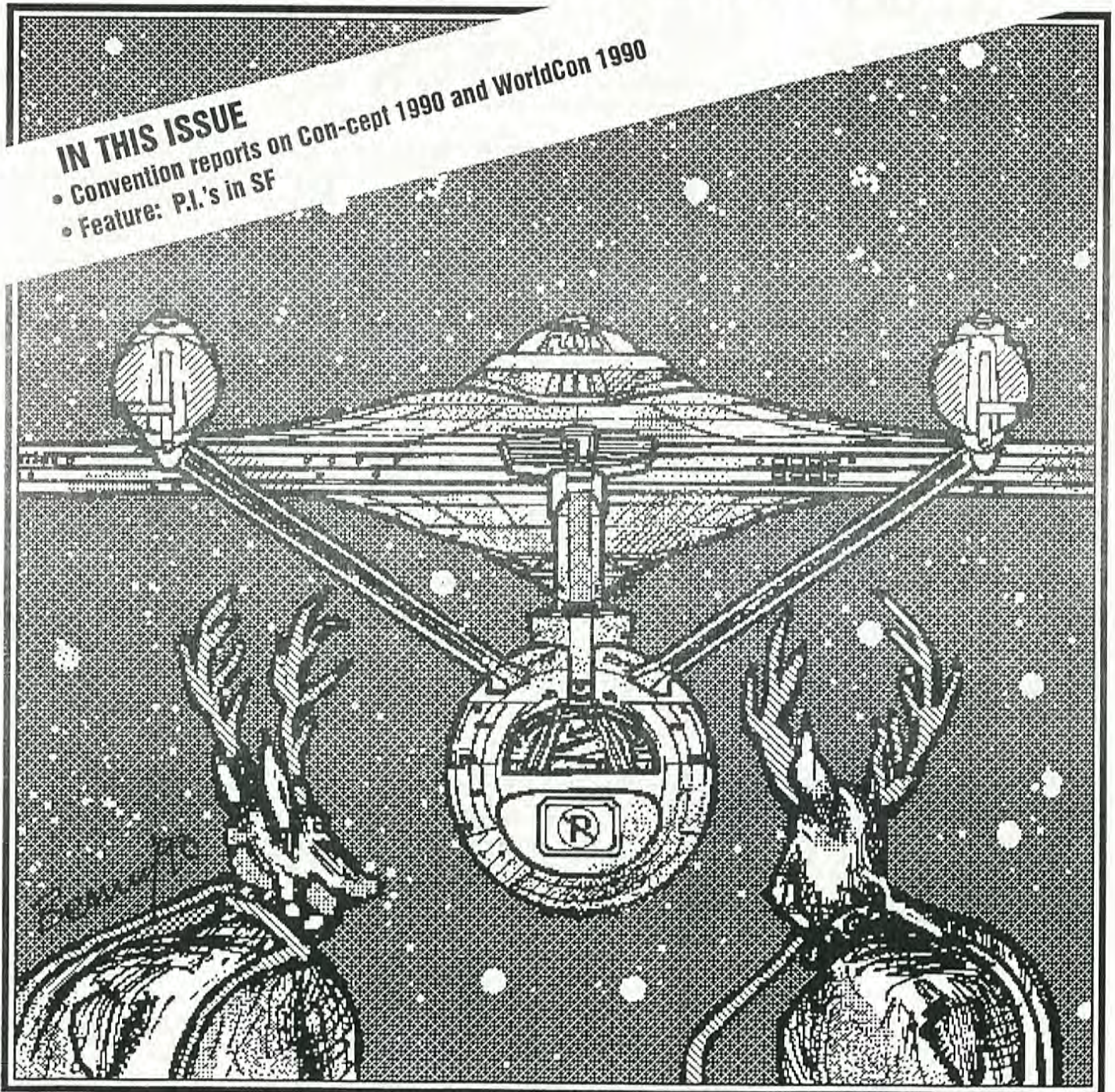
# WARP

12/12

The Official Newsletter of the Montreal Science Fiction & Fantasy Association

## IN THIS ISSUE

- Convention reports on Con-cept 1990 and WorldCon 1990
- Feature: P.I.'s in SF





# Roll Call

## MonSFFA's Executive Committee and Board of Advisors (BOA™)

President  
Keith G. Braithwaite

Vice-President  
Michael L. Masella

Treasurer  
Colleen Magnussen

Recruitment Officer  
position unfilled

General Activities Officer  
Lou Israel

Special Activities Officer  
position unfilled

Public Relations Officer  
position unfilled

Mailing Manager  
Trudie Mason

Correspondence Secretary  
Bryan Ekers

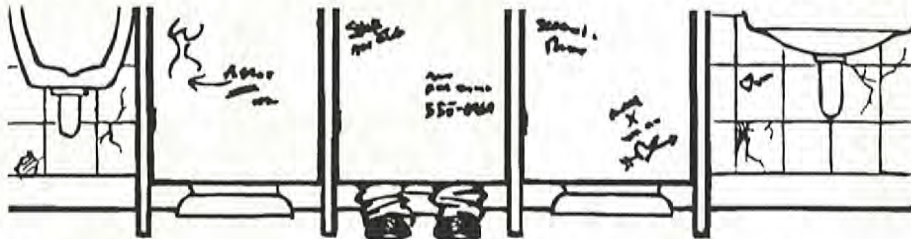
Advisors  
Joseph Aspler  
Eugene Heller  
Graham Darling  
Kevin Holden

## Newsletter Staff this Issue

Keith Braithwaite: Editing, Layout  
Ed Tomlinson: Wordprocessing  
Bernard Reischl (Indentured Servant):  
Typesetting, Layout, Laser-printing,  
Photostats.

Cover up: Artist Bernard Reischl ran his 1989 pen and ink drawing (which he originally used for a homemade Christmas card) through the computer using the Superpaint™ program to provide us with this issue's seasonal cover, entitled "No Parking." Bernard was given the idea for this whole thing by his snugglebunny Klingon war-babe.

## From the CENTER Seat



A few things:

Con-cept 1990 was a great success, proving that '89's con was not just a flash-in-the-pan—there is fan support for a yearly sf/f convention in this city. I would like, on behalf of MonSFFA, to thank the con-com, staff, guests, contributors, and of course, attendees who put Con-cept 1990 together and made it the success that it was. (See page 7 for more on the con. -Ed)

Most of our con-com are the same people who are running the club and something the size of Con-cept tends to demand almost all of the energies of the persons organizing it, leaving little or no time left for folks to work on other projects. Both Con-cept's '89 and 1990 demanded just that of most con-commers and, unfortunately, the club suffered because of it. People were burned out after '89 and didn't relish going right from con to club duties. (I haven't yet had a chance to pow-wow with everyone over this year's con, but they will probably feel pretty much the same.) Those of us who did keep on slogging for MonSFFA after Con-cept '89 were faced with much greater work loads and had a hell of a time just keeping the club walking, let alone running any marathons. MonSFFA can't afford another year like the last one. Club activities suffered and membership dropped because we simply didn't have enough people to do all that is required to make MonSFFA as fun and interesting a club as it should and can be. I can't stress enough the importance of member participation—*your* participation—in this club; without it, we're sunk!

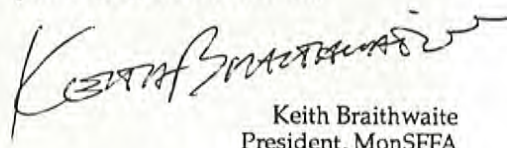
I plan to be back this year and I hope that some of the con-com will find it within themselves to devote as much energy and enthusiasm to MonSFFA as they did to Con-cept; more importantly, though, I hope to see some new faces stepping forward. With more of us pulling the load, it'll be easier for each.

Mars needs women, but *Warp* needs more submissions. Some people have commented that this newsletter has become a model-makers forum of late—a

fair criticism. That's not our intention, of course, but if the modelers in the club submit something and we haven't got anything else to run, well...

If you feel that *Warp* is lacking something, then by all means provide it! Give us your sf/f book, movie and TV reviews, opinion pieces, humour; whatever you would like to see in your newsletter. At the very least, write us a letter and tell us what you think. We'll take anything that wasn't written in crayon and drooled over. Hell, if it strikes us as really interesting, unique or just plain crazy, we may very well take the crayon and drool! We need your sf/f artwork, too. Don't worry that you're not the world's greatest writer or artist; we're not either. We want your ideas more than your writing or drawing skills. If you're still unsure of yourself, we've got some pretty talented people here who are prepared to work with you on your submission until you're comfortable with it. And by the way, we accept submissions not only from MonSFFA members, but from *any* member of fandom. Really! We do! So drop us a line c/o MonSFFA.

(Note: We prefer to receive written material typed and double spaced, or on 3 1/2" computer diskettes or 5 1/4" floppies, saved in Word Perfect, MacWrite, Wordstar, or any similar program—please indicate whether your disk is IBM or Macintosh. This doesn't mean we won't take handwritten stuff, but it makes our job harder when we do, especially if your handwriting is hard to read. We prefer art submissions to be black and white originals or good quality copies. If you're sending us photographs, please send copies. We need originals, laserprints or good quality photos of artwork that has to be screened. If you want your stuff back, please include an SASE. -Ed)

  
Keith Braithwaite  
President, MonSFFA

*Warp* is published 6 times a year by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA). Address all correspondence to *Warp*, c/o MonSFFA, P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, H2W 2P4. Subscription rate is \$10.00 per year; however, the subscription fee is included in the annual membership to MonSFFA, which is \$20.00 per year. 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. The opinions expressed in *Warp* are solely those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of *Warp* or MonSFFA. Original material used herein is copyrighted. The use of previously copyrighted material in this newsletter is not intended to infringe on any rights held by the legitimate copyright holders. This is an amateur publication, intended for enjoyment only. And the Angel said unto the shepherds, "Shove off! This is cattle country." -Grailus



# MonSFFA Membership Benefits

The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA) is a Montreal area-based, non-profit organization dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of all activities which support and compliment the interests of science fiction and fantasy fans.

The membership fee is currently \$20.00 per year. Executive committee members are elected annually. Any member in good standing may run for office.

Membership benefits include a MonSFFA membership card which allows you free admittance to General Meetings, plus a minimum 10% discount at participating sf/f-oriented retailers (see below); and a one-year subscription to MonSFFA's newsletter, *Warp*, and its news bulletin, *Impulse*.

Please address all correspondence to: MonSFFA, P.O.Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4.

Below is the list of sf/f-oriented retailers participating in the MonSFFA Discount Program. We encourage members to frequent these establishments. A valid MonSFFA membership card must be presented to take advantage of the discounts.

(Note: Certain exceptions with regard to this discount program may exist at some of these stores; ask the dealers for details.)

**COMPUTATURE**

Fairview Shopping Centre  
8815 Trans Canada Highway G-19  
Pointe Claire, Quebec H9R 5V1  
Telephone: (514) 695 3620

10% off on computer game and video game software not otherwise on special. Fairview store only, see Mike Masella.

**EL PASO KOMIX**

L'ENDROIT OU L'HOMME-ARAIGNÉE  
LIT LES HISTOIRES DE SES  
SUPER-HÉROS FAVORIS

WHERE SPIDEY READS THE  
STORIES OF HIS FAVORITE  
SUPER HEROES

Ouvert 7 jours/semaine  
Open 7 days a week

2114 Sauvé est, Mtl H2B 1A9 (514) 385-6714

15% off on most merchandise; does not apply to "series discounts" already offered to customers of this establishment.

**HOBBY INTERNATIONAL INC.**

2100 GUY STREET, MONTREAL  
QUEBEC H3H 2M8 • TEL. 514-937-3904

10% off (5% if paying by credit card) on most merchandise, \$10.00 minimum purchase.

**I.D.A.H.S.**

A SCIENCE STORE  
EDUCATIONAL GIFTS

(514) 485-7241  
5270 QUEEN MARY ROAD  
MONTREAL, CANADA  
H3W 1X5

10% off (5% if paying by credit card) on most merchandise.

**JOUETS**

**Kangourou**  
HOBBIES

10% off (5% if paying by credit card) on models and role playing games, \$10.00 minimum purchase. Applies to all locations.

Role Playing Games  
New & Old Comics  
Bags & Supplies  
Retail & Wholesale

4210 Decarie  
Montreal Que. H4A 3K3  
489-4009

**KOMICO**  
One Block South of Villa Marie Metro

10% off on new issues, 15% off on back orders.

**L.A. LIBRAIRIE ASTRO ENRG**  
BOOKS USED AND COLLECTIBLE BOOKS • COMICS • RECORDS

• 1844 St. Catherine ouest, Montréal, Qué. (514) 932-1139  
• 5345 boul. Décarie, Montréal, Qué. (514) 484-0666  
• 1070 rue Notre-Dame, Lachine, Qué. (514) 637-0733

10% off on most merchandise.

**MARS**

COMICS BANDES DESSINEES  
RECORDS (IMPORTS) SCIENCE FICTION  
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS CASSETTES VIDEOS  
CARD'S POSTERS

537 A St. Catherine W.  
metro McGill 844-4329

Between 10% and 15% off on most merchandise.

**N=E=B=U=L=A**

MONTREAL'S **science-fiction** bookshop  
paperbacks, trades, hardcovers and magazines  
u.s. and u.k. small press

FANTASY, HORROR, CINEMA, COMICBOOKS, COMICSTRIPS

SPECIAL AND MAIL ORDERS WELCOME

**open 7 days a week**  
1522 SHERBROOKE W. suite 11, corner Guy  
@ GUY H3B 1J3 932-3930 (514)

10% off on everything except imports and magazines.

**METROPOLIS**  
comics cards

"Montreal's Finest Selection of Silver & Golden Age Comics"  
1418 Pierce, Montreal, Qc H3H 2K2 989-9587

10% off on new issues and specialty books.

**FANTASIE**  
**FANTASIE**  
**FANTASIE**

L'endroit où tout s'ouvre  
B.D. l'achat-vente  
jeux de rôle  
romans... et plus

7130, St-Hubert, Montréal, Québec H2R 2N1 ☎ (514) 273-0081  
METRO JEAN TALON

The place to find it  
all comics (buy-sell)  
role playing, books...  
and more...

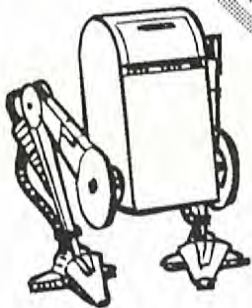
10% off on most merchandise. Does not apply to discounts already offered by this establishment.

**1,000,000**  
**COMIX**

6290 Somerled Ave., N.D.G. (630-4518)  
1539 Van Horne, Outremont (277-5788)  
1260 Dollard, LaSalle (366-1233)

20% off on most merchandise.





MonSFFA, *Warp* and our club news bulletin, *Impulse*, welcome letters of comment and inquiry. Mail letters to: P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4. Unless otherwise instructed, we assume all letters are intended for publication. Published letters become the property of MonSFFA. *Warp* and *Impulse* reserve the right to edit letters where they deem it necessary.

Each MonSFan who went down to WCFE to help with the station's pledge drive received the following letter. We've used the generic term "MonSFan" in place of any one, or all of their names. -Ed

Dear MonSFan,

Thank you so much for helping us during "Hot August Nights." Your direct involvement was instrumental in the success we enjoyed with this fund drive. Over 603 pledges became members or renewed their memberships during this time.

Thanks again, MonSFan, for coming and volunteering some of your valuable time to WCFE. Together, we are making your public television that much better.

Sincerely Yours,  
Diane Hawksby, Membership Manager

Dear Sir or Madam,

In late 1989, I attended a hobby show in Montreal and was extremely impressed by the starships built by Bernard Reischl, particularly the *Black Widow* and *Rommel*. I was told that he made the customized decals on these vessels. I was curious to know if he makes customized decals

for FASA's miniatures? I would also like to know if he has created any other starships since the hobby show?

Sincerely,  
Rob Adornato

MonSFFA member Bernard Reischl, a graphic artist by trade, was able to produce his own decals for the *Widow*,

*Rommel* and many of the other models he has built, but at considerable cost. Berny tells us it would be possible to make such decals for FASA miniatures, however, each sheet would run about \$75.00. Yes indeed, Berny has created other ships since that hobby show. He displayed a good many of his models at Con-cept 1990 and regularly shows them at MonSFFA General Meetings. -Ed

## Bulletin Board

### STILL AVAILABLE:

CON-CEPT '89 and 1990  
colour posters

There are still a few of these 11" X 17" promotional posters left in our warehouse! '89's depicts a rocket blasting-off out of the Olympic Stadium and 1990's shows a space ship hovering over Place Ville Marie at night.

ORDER YOUR POSTERS TODAY!

Each poster costs just \$7.00 (postage and handling included).

Send your orders to: P.O. Box 405, Station H, Montreal, PQ, H3G 2L1 (Attn: Posters). Be

sure to include your full mailing address with your request. Make your cheque or money order out to Con-cept. Please indicate how many of the '89 posters and how many of the 1990 posters you want. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

FOR SALE  
COMIC BOOKS  
(STAR TREK, STAR WARS,  
ELFQUEST, OTHERS)  
TEL: 937-9787 (SYLVIE)



# MonSFFA Androm

**"ALL THE CLUB NEWS THAT FITS, WE'LL PRINT!"**

## General Meetings

MonSFFA resumed its regular General Meeting schedule with the September meeting, held on the 30th at the downtown YMCA (our usual meeting hall at the Black Watch Armoury was unavailable). Club president Keith Braithwaite welcomed members back from the summer break, did a little promoting on behalf of Con-cept 1990 and announced that, as always, the club would hold its annual elections in December.

He then led off programming with a slide show on the history of special effects in movies and TV. The presentation covered notable persons and inventions in the field of FX as well as the development and refining of various techniques over the years. Following the slide show, Con-cept 1990 co-chairs Trudie Mason and John Matthias, and treasurer John Dupuis held the con's last fundraising auction. Books, artprints and posters went up for grabs and over \$100.00 was raised. The con thanks all those who donated items for auction and all those who bid on the stuff. Members Claude Marcotte and J. P. Bastien, meanwhile, manned a display table full of souvenirs and photos from their trip to WorldCon 1990 in Holland (see page 13 for a report on the WorldCon) and "The Village" (of *Prisoner* fame) in England. Needless to say, they had many an interesting anecdote to recount.

With the con taking place in the middle of October, no club meeting was planned for that month.

Our next General Meeting was held on November 4th, again at the downtown YMCA. President Keith Braithwaite reminded members that the club's elections would take place at December's meeting and nominations for the club's officers would be accepted up until the close of the November meeting. He added that a proposal had been put forth to

streamline the Board of Advisors (BOA) and simplify the way in which the club is run. After a brief discussion, the proposal was adopted and nominations taken for positions on the Executive (under the just adopted proposal, Advisors are no longer voted into office, but appointed by the Executive; see "Changes to Constitution"). Keith was again nominated for President and Kevin Holden stepped forward to run for Vice-President, as did Sylvain St-Pierre for Treasurer. With only one person running for each of the positions, it was declared that elections would be unnecessary and that Keith, Kevin and Sylvain are the 1991 MonSFFA Executive. They will officially take office on January 1. The assembled membership congratulated them with a round of applause.

Programming began with an audio presentation, by Keith, on the famous *War of the Worlds* radio broadcast by Orson Welles and his Mercury Theatre. Sylvain brought in the costume that won him an award at this year's WorldCon (see Sylvain's report on WorldCon 1990 on page 13) and also showed some of the Con-cept 1990 video footage he shot and is currently editing. The rest of the meeting was given over to a "feedback" panel on Con-cept 1990—the con-com answered questions and took suggestions for improvements next year (see "Con-cept 1990").

MonSFFA thanks everyone who contributed to its September and November General Meetings.

## Con-cept 1990

The con was a success again this year! A profit was again realized and close to \$300.00 was raised for charity through the Space Cantina. The initial feedback received by the con-com from attendees, guests and dealers alike has been almost universally positive. Some folks

commented that gaming and the Art Show needed a little work, exhibitors stressed the need for more space and a storage room next year, but everyone took time to say that they had a good time. Many expressed the wish that Con-cept go to a full-weekend format in '91. (See page 7 for reviews of Con-cept 1990.)



Con-cept 1990 registration desk: attendance was up by close to 25% over last year

## Changes to Constitution

A proposal was put forth at the last General Meeting that the way in which the club is run be streamlined. It was argued that an elected Board of Advisors was unwieldy, often functioning with difficulty because of the high turn-over rate—which constitutionally required many time-consuming by-elections that all too often resulted in vacant positions. It was suggested that only the Executive (President, Vice-President and Treasurer) need be elected and that they could appoint the officers they deemed needed to run the club. In this way, the exec would have an easier time replacing people who move on, and could indeed consolidate some of the positions or appoint several people to a particular post to allow for heavy workloads and the limits on time certain officers may have. Basically,



the Executive would have a little more control over things and be able to better serve the interests of MonSFFA. This proposal was adopted by open vote of the general membership at November's General Meeting.

### Elections

There will be no need for elections this year as only one candidate is running for each position and therefore they all get in automatically! (See "General Meetings" and "Changes to Constitution" for more details.)

### Executive and BOA

Vice-President Mike Masella and Treasurer Colleen Magnussen have announced that they will be stepping down from their positions on the club Executive effective in the new year. Both cited greater demands on their free time as principle reasons. Mike has served the club almost since its inception, serving as an advisor, newsletter editor/staffer (he intends to continue working on the newsletter), head of Gaming for Con-concepts '89 and 1990 and, for the past two years, Vice-President. Colleen has been involved with the running of MonSFFA for almost two years, serving as General Activities Officer, co-editor of *Impulse* and, recently, Treasurer. She also regularly helped with the club mailings and headed up Registration for both Con-concept's. She has offered to act as the club's Mailing Manager next year, a job she expects will be a little less demanding than Treasurer. MonSFFA thanks both Mike and Colleen for their efforts over the years. Trudie Mason, currently Mailing Manager, has also stated that she will be vacating her post in '91. She wishes to remain involved with the club, but has not yet decided in what capacity. Her efforts will be most welcome in whatever area she chooses.

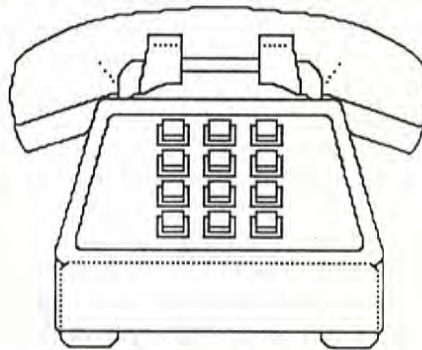
### Increased Operating Costs

Because of an increase in postal rates and the GST, we expect our mailing costs to go up by eight cents per copy of *Warp*, four cents per copy of *Impulse* come the new

year—merry Christmas from Brian. The GST may also affect our costs in other areas; we're looking into it. Despite these increased operating costs, no increase in membership fees is planned at this time. It should be noted, however, that circumstances *may* force us to up the cost of membership, or scale back services. Of course, we'll do whatever we can to avoid doing that, but much of this is beyond our control.

### MonSFFA Info-Line

MonSFFA is currently operating an Info-Line which members may call to receive the latest word on club activities. The number is (514) 363-1768. A recorded message will provide you with up to date information on General Meeting dates and locations, etc. If you wish to leave a message after the beep, please *leave your name and phone number* so that your call can be returned.



### MonSFFA Writers' Group Starting Up

A couple of the writers in the club plan to start up a writers' group. Interested persons are asked to call Bryan Ekers evenings at (514) 842-5971.

### Hobby Show Thank-You Certificates

The club has received a certificate from the people at the Montreal Hobby Show thanking us for taking part in their show. Each of the MonSFFA and Con-concept crew who manned our booths at the show were also sent a thank-you by way of the club—these will be distributed to those people at subsequent General Meetings or through the mail.

### Renewals

Remember to renew your membership! Check the expiry date on your membership card to see when you are due to renew. To renew, simply fill out the membership application on page 29 of this newsletter and mail it to us, along with your payment. Thank you for renewing.

## NEXT GENERAL MEETING:

Sunday, January 20, 1991  
1:00PM-4:30PM

BLACK WATCH ARMOURY  
2067 Bleury Street (near Place  
des-Arts Metro)



MonSFFA/Con-concept's booth attracted many an interested person at the 6th Annual Montreal Hobby Show



# CON-CEPT 1990: 2 REVIEWS

## Flights of Fantasy...Or Was That Sci-Fi?

by Dean Holiday

Reviews are interesting things. Mind you, so are sf/fantasy conventions. And that's a good way of describing Con-cept 1990. This modest, one-day con followed many of the basic tenets of con organization, but also did things that were a little out of the ordinary (if you can call any con ordinary, that is). Even though there were a couple of perceptible glitches, Con-cept 1990 was, nevertheless, quite good.

While the con started at an ungodly hour of the day (and an even more ungodly hour for the con-com), things were kept moving along at a swift pace all the way through some sixteen hours of programming. Any con that manages to keep flat spots from occurring in the programming has done *very* well. Panels ran for most of the day and at times the hour allotted each seemed too short. Better, though, to keep 'em panting for more than praying for a merciful end to a horrendously dull panel.

One of the most interesting concepts at Con-cept 1990 was the display area. I have rarely seen cons put on display areas at all and those

that have didn't come close to the magnitude of Con-cept's. It was a place to see examples of many of the different elements that make up a con. It also gave various sf/f organizations a chance to show con-goers what they (the organizations) are all about. The display area did something else, too: it kept people



Display area

interested if paneling didn't. I should know; I spent many an enjoyable hour in the display area. (I am not now, nor have I ever been, a great fan of panels, or a member of the communist party!) My hat is off to Con-cept for this terrific concept. I am surprised that more con's don't incorporate this kind of thing into their programs—bound by tradition, I guess.

Another wonderful concept (okay, that's the third time you've used the word "concept"—cut it out! -Ed) brought to you by the con-com was the Space Cantina. How many of you realize that your donations to the Cantina went to charity, *not* the con's coffers, as is usually the case. I think that was a good idea for a few reasons. From an economic point of view, slating the proceeds for charity encouraged most of the suppliers to donate their stuff, and so the con didn't have to spend very much on stocking the Cantina—what would most probably have been a money-losing venture (most new cons lose money on their con suites) turned a profit. The capitalist in me has been satisfied. A more important reason, however, is that the proceeds are being put to constructive use in a society that can, quite frankly, use all the help it can get. I only wish that more cons would see that satisfying dionysian urges can also help other people. In short, fandom was able to help the less fortunate of society and in the process benefit from the spinoff of our so doing—we look good, respectable. Putting the monetary aspects aside, the Cantina was an eden in the midst of the mayhem that is an sf/f con. You could actually hear yourself think, and elbow room to boot! I hope that Con-cept can run the Cantina along the same lines in the future.

After thoroughly enjoying the wonders of the rest of the con, I stepped in to the Art Show. Welcome to Dante's inferno. Nothing here ran according to the divine plan. The display panels were appalling; as I walked around, I feared they could (and would) cave in on me. (In the artists' defense, I should point out that the quality of the art on display was excellent.) The Art Show's biggest problem, however, was that the works were not accompanied by bid sheets. Without bid sheets, a silent auction could not take place and therefore every piece went to the Art Auction. The problem here was that piece after piece went up for bid, thus causing the auction to go on twice as

### CON-STATS:

**Con-cept 1990:** General Interest SF/F Convention

**Time and Place:** October 13, 1990, Maritime Hotel, Montreal, P.Q.

**Principle Guests:** Barry B. Longyear, Chester Brown, Bernie Mireault

**M.C.:** Larry "The Doctor" Stewart

**Principle Activities:** Discussion Panels, SF/F Exhibit, Art Show, Masquerade, Amateur Video/Film Festival, Writers's Competitions, Dance

**Paid Attendance:** 391

**Profit:** \$685.65

**Cantina Profit (to be donated to charity):** \$290.00





Leia and Larry



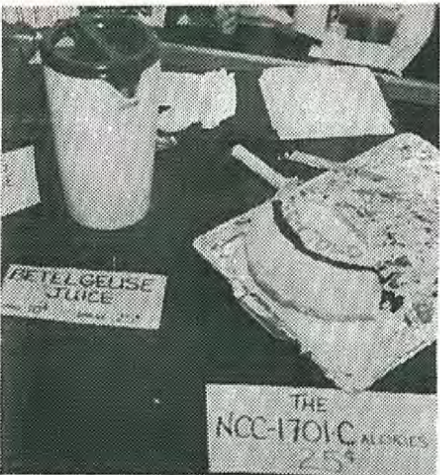
Aliens artist Denis Beauvais admires a model of the dropship in the display area



Discussion panel



Masquerade contestants



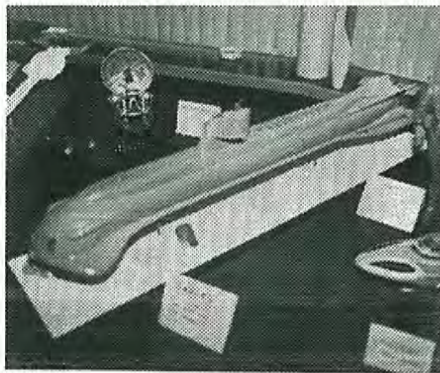
Some of the stuff available at the Space Cantina



Models in the display area



Toronto's Yvonne and Lloyd Penney flank M.C. Larry "The Doctor" Stewart



Seaview



"Let's do the Time Warp..."



Stormtrooper



"To life immortal, Sylvain!"



"... again!"



long as it should have. A silent auction, at least, ensures that only those pieces that genuinely arouse interest get to the Art Auction. (Usually, works that garner only one or two silent bids are sold to the highest bidder at the close of the Art Show; those that attract several silent bids are sent to the Art Auction. -Ed) Definite changes to the Art Show and Auction should be contemplated for next year.

Speaking of changes that should be contemplated for next year, how about the concept (there's that word again!—two minutes for excessive use of "concept!" -Ed) of a full-weekend con? Con-cept 1990 pulled attendance numbers that put a lot of weekend cons to shame. What the organizers of Con-cept 1990 should consider is that a con *needs* to grow; if it stops growing, it stagnates and dies. The tremendous success of Con-cept 1990 shows that there *is* enthusiasm and support for a full-weekend con in this region. The con-com should now move up the evolutionary ladder rather than stagnate and regress into primordial sludge.

Congratulations, Con-cept 1990, on a job well done.

## Con-cept 1990 Con Review

by Lloyd Penney

Ever since hearing that there were hints of fandom in Montreal, I thought I might like to visit some time to see what was happening. Having the Montreal fan community come to Ad Astra got me meeting lots of new people and that's been great, but I wanted to go visit *them*. When I heard about Con-cept '89 I couldn't afford to go, but I wanted to be sure to make it the next year.

I did. Great time people.

Yvonne and I couldn't have done it without help, though, so I'll start off with heartfelt thanks to Sylvain St-Pierre and his parents for being wonderful hosts. We stayed with the St-Pierres for two nights; M. St-Pierre was kind enough to shuttle us to the con hotel a few times, which saved us a bundle of money on cab fare.)

Now, about the convention. I

know many cons need space to operate properly, but I do like a small, cozy little area (where you're going to run into everyone eventually) that's *still* large enough to contain all the things to see and do. That's a pretty good description of the facilities at the Maritime.

The committee was always friendly, always had time to chat a bit and kept close reins on the convention—tough to do all that simultaneously. They remained calm throughout the day and were flexible, like when we needed to set up a table to sell Larry Stewart's booklet on Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.

The programming was varied and you really *did* cram a whole convention into one day, what with the last program item winding up at 1:00AM or so. You used your available space very well and, although it's tough to tear down something like the Dealers' Room or display area quickly, it was still done fast enough for things like the Masquerade and Dance to happen. The Cantina was a comfy little spot, although it is tough to keep the smokers (and smoke) and non-smokers apart in such a small area. The Art Show was small but varied—thanks for letting us judge the show with the Wombat. If you can find more room for the Art Show and con suite next year, I think it would help.

The part of the convention that impressed me the most was the display area. Aside from the fact that modeling is so popular with so many of your people, many groups were able to get together to assist one another with the staging of the convention and run tables to give the new fan in Montreal a fairly complete taste of all there is to do in fandom—everything from *Star Trek* (in both languages) to gaming to other conventions. Everyone in Montreal fandom seems to get along so well. Perhaps because you're so new, you haven't gotten around to starting up feuds or disagreements, as in other cities. You're very lucky.

The bilingual program guide was a good idea, but the convention was English for the most part. There didn't seem to be any language barriers at the con and that was a refreshing example from which others could learn. I didn't really see

language as a problem but additional French-language programming might help bring more people to future events.

Overall, very friendly, lots of fun and an achievement when you realize how very young Montreal fandom is. Congratulations to the whole con-com on a smooth job (if there were problems, I didn't see them and that's well done, too). I understand you attracted about 400 people and made another nice bit of profit. Perfect results.

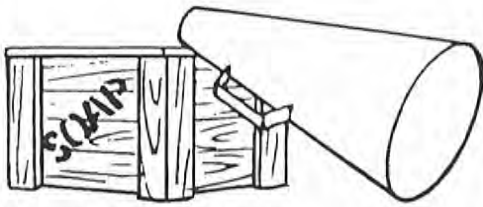
Now the future. I'll definitely try to come up next year and we can do all the silly things we did this year all over again. I'll spread around as many Con-cept '91 flyers as I can once you produce them. But what would you like next year's convention to look like? Would you like to expand physically? Would you like to do two days? I think you've been very smart, testing the local market last year and the short-distance, out-of-town market this year—cautious growth in an untried market. Perhaps one more one-day con to reach all of the people in your market, and then going to two days to start attracting fans from further away (including the American market) would be the way to go. There are plenty of fans in New England who would come to Montreal for a regular con at a good hotel. However you decide to grow, don't expand unless you feel confident enough. Two successful conventions should give you some confidence, though, to try something new next year. I think you're doing everything right.

Well done, everyone; I hope there's more of the same next year.

*Dean Holiday recently moved to Montreal from Winnipeg. When he found out about Con-cept, he enthusiastically jumped aboard, bringing his experience working on KeyCon with him. Lloyd Penney is a long-time fan, con-goer and con organizer. His only failing is that he lives in Toronto (okay, Brampton—close enough!).*







# EDITORIAL

*This column is open to any sentient being who has an opinion on anything at all to do with sfff and fandom. Note that the opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of MonSFFA, or this newsletter. Please submit your editorials to Warp c/o MonSFFA.*

*(Warp began running a series of editorials on the subject of sfff fandom in the March 1990 issue. At the time we anticipated that this series would run for three issues, however, we have since received several more submissions which deal with different aspects of fandom. So, we've decided to extend our series on fandom for a few more issues or until the bovines make like homing pigeons, if necessary. In this Warp, we present not one, but two editorials! -Ed.)*

## FANDOM'S TWO SOLITUDES

by Trudie Mason

Perhaps this can of worms is best left unopened. It certainly would be easier to ignore it and hope it goes away. But as previous editorials in this space have proven, discussion, debate and, yes, controversy can be healthy as fandom struggles to re-establish its footing on the shifting sands of sf/f popularity.

Previous editorials have dealt with the literature-versus-media and fans-versus-fen debates, but the issue preoccupying me primarily concerns sf/f fan groups in Quebec. It involves "the two solitudes" or whatever catch phrase most trendily describes relations between anglophones and francophones these days.

Up until recently, I was ignorant in my bliss. At MonSFFA meetings, our membership is free to speak either English or French. Our reasonably bilingual president fields questions addressed to the club's executive in either language. Both francophones and anglophones contribute, more or less equally, to

club activities, although there is a dearth of francophones on the executive and a lack of French-language submissions for the newsletter. Still, a short story competition at a recent meeting attracted five entrants; two francophones and three anglophones. Con-cept '89's executive had no francophone representation, making it difficult to cull advice about suitable francophone guests. Despite this, the francophone turn-out for the convention itself was solid, and the only language-related complaints the con-com received (to my knowledge) were about the lack of bilingual signs. Con-cept 1990's francophone representation was more than just token and this year the con offered much more to the French-speaking attendee. All of our promotional material was bilingual, for example, as was our program guide.

Happy as a pig in biodegradable waste products, I was oblivious to the tensions which I now recognize as being uncomfortably close to the surface of Quebec fandom. The revelation came last fall in the form of a letter to Con-cept '89 from one of the organizers of Boreal, a French-language sf/f literary con. In absolutely correct English, he thanked me for the flyers I'd sent, then, grammar still perfect, proceeded to ream me out from one end to the other for writing to him in English. He was disappointed, he wrote, that the PR person for a Montreal con would address him in any language other than French. The second jolt came this summer in another letter, this one from a francophone writer who had been sent an invitation, in French, to appear as a guest at Con-cept 1990. In extremely polite terms, she thanked Con-cept for "thinking of" francophones who aren't big media fans and worried that writers would find themselves "isolated" at the convention. She noted that Con-cept could in no way be considered a

"serious" convention and reminded the organizers that at French-language cons, the emphasis is on "serious" discussion. Then she spoke of her efforts over the years to bring about a "rapprochement" of anglo- and francophone fans! I am trying to resist the overwhelming urge to throw my hands up in the air and scream "you just can't win!" and I am beginning to wonder whether the rapprochement mentioned by the aforementioned writer is possible without some major attitude realignments.

It seems to me that here in Quebec, many anglophones have developed the habit of apologizing for their very existence. They shuffle their feet and duck their heads when faced with accusatory finger-pointing. Others wallow in the redneck syndrome, puffing out their chests and wearing their anglo-Quebec roots like a chip on their shoulders, just daring francophones to knock it off. Similar role-playing is seen among francophones. Neither of these responses to this issue is suitable from either side when it comes to fandom.

Sf/f fandom brings together people who, in general, have extraordinary imagination, great open-mindedness and a willingness to consider the unbelievable. Why, then, have we in Quebec been reduced to mean-hearted sniping and insults?

I believe the answer lies partially outside fandom, in the stresses and strains every Quebecker feels as a result of the political situation. It's linked to the decades-old fight over language in Quebec, and the posturing and ranting which accompanies the debate. Another part lies in the petty us-against-them feelings, the xenophobia we all experience when confronted with people who are different from us in some way. The situation is complicated by the great divide seen everywhere between literary and



media fans.

But there are more practical aspects to consider, factors which automatically perpetuate the isolation of anglos and francophones. There's the fundamental problem of bringing together people who aren't necessarily reading or viewing the same material. French-English cross-over is quite common among Quebec fans, but monumentally one-sided: far more francophones can deal with English material than vice-versa. It goes without saying that interaction is improved when everyone knows what the hell everyone else is talking about!

Rapprochement is made even more difficult by simple geography. The vast majority of anglo fans live in the Montreal area, whereas some of the most active francophone groups are based elsewhere. Last fall, MonSFFA learned of a new francophone group in Quebec City only when representatives turned up at the Montreal Hobby Show.

I also believe that fandom tends to be more fragmented in large cities such as Montreal because the population base is wide enough to support many special interest groups. A gamer living here can pick and chose among many gaming clubs operating in the language of his or her choice, whereas in smaller centers, he or she would more likely join an omnibus club like MonSFFA to meet the smaller number of individuals who share an interest in gaming. A related factor is the splintering of fandom as a whole into offshoots with rather rigidly defined interests. This trend may be perpetuated as legions of young fans, weaned on a steady diet of media sf/f, reach club-joining age. Time also enters the picture when a fan is faced with a wide array of clubs. The individual's interests may be varied, but time constraints limit the choices.

Montreal's rather poor track record as a fandom center may also contribute to isolation. Clubs based here tend to last a few years, then disintegrate, making lasting ties between the linguistic groups difficult to establish.

Apathy must also be considered. Fandom, for most, is a recreational activity and is supposed to be fun and relaxing. A few hardy souls

may seek out stimulation in the form of groups operating in their second language, but few are so brave. We are content to stick with what's comfortable. We avoid putting ourselves in situations where the language barrier may cause embarrassment ("Was that a joke? I didn't understand it.") or would make us feel that we aren't keeping up with the conversation. Participation is also limited by language. Very few Quebecers are fluent enough in both languages to, say, compete in a writing competition or pun festival in other than their mother tongue.

Finally, apathy's close cousin, inertia, is a factor. Fandom in Quebec has been sputtering along for years like an engine in need of a tune-up, but the mechanics who might be in a position to engineer repairs are too busy just trying to keep the thing running to consider a major overhaul.

No matter what the causes of fandom's two solitudes, the debate over rapprochement always seems to deteriorate into rampant emotionalism. As I write, my warring feelings are providing the music to which my stomach is trying to dance the lambada. On one hand, I want to be the submissive anglo and mutter an apology: "I'm sorry there wasn't enough French programming at Con-cept 1990, but next year we'll try harder—we really will!" On the other hand, I want to strut my anglo stuff and yell, "Well too bad that letter wasn't written in french but there are half a million anglos in Montreal, ya know, and of several million francophones, not one volunteered to provide us with translation services last fall!" As the twisting in my gut catches the rhythm, I might even take an underhanded shot at how many people those "serious discussions" attracted to Boreal last year. (Not many, we understand -Ed.)

Neither of those approaches would work, for obvious reasons. They'd just alienate everyone and spark another round of tit-for-tat recriminations, serving only to widen the gulf.

I don't have any solutions, no quick fixes, no magic formula to bring the two solitudes together in proverbial peace, love, harmony,

respect and mutual understanding. I could spout some naive pap about unity in diversity, but darn it, that only works on TV. I suppose I could write about the mind-numbing, intellect-crippling results of isolation, but I'll leave that to the sociologists and philosophers. All I know is that the emotional gyrations in my stomach are making me sick. Probably more than most people, I am confronted with the narrow-minded rigidity of rednecks of all persuasions every day on the job (Trudie is a broadcast journalist - Ed.). When I come home to fandom—my recreation, my hobby—I don't want to be hit by the same thing. If you have any solutions, write a letter to *Warp's* editor and share them with fellow fans. Somebody somewhere out there must have some answers.

In the meantime, all I can recommend is that we stop the sniping, the insults, the tit-for-tat. *Stop it right now, dammit!* It has no place in fandom.

Now, I think I'll take an alkaseltzer and lie down for a while. My stomach is killing me.

# EAST- West FAN FEUD?

by Kevin Holden

As if we didn't have enough problems in Canada, now it appears that east coast fans (specifically Ottawa) and west coast fans (mainly Calgary) are at each others throats.

Last year, Pinecone, Ottawa's second major convention, did rather less well than expected. Bad management left the con with a deficit of some \$6,700. Reasons for the failure of the con were many and



varied, but the con-com members decided that they would not be held personally accountable for the debt, and left treasurer Paul Valcour saddled with the bill.

Aghast at this decision, west coast Canadian fans have expressed, through various newsletters and 'zines, their outrage that "one of our own" has been abandoned. Citing the numerous times that west coast fans have reportedly rallied together to bail out their unprofitable cons, the westerners are denouncing Ottawa for what they see as a lack of compassion and comradery. "Get mad at eastern fandom" urged an article in *Xenophile*, a Calgary-based newsletter. An organization, "The Friends of Paul Valcour," has been promoted through west coast 'zines like *BCSFazine* and seeks to raise funds to bail Paul out. Likewise, Edmonton's *Context* is soliciting money to help him. Paul was also selected as this year's beneficiary of the Canadian Unity Fan Fund, which enabled him to fly out west to Convention and meet his supporters. The "rally 'round Paul" lobby say they are surprised that Ottawa and other area cons and clubs are not doing more to help out. They insinuate that Paul was the main reason for Ottawa's convention successes prior to the Pinekone loss, and point out that since Paul's withdrawal from con fandom, Ottawa has practically abandoned holding cons.

Responding to the condemnation of their community, many Ottawa fans have defended themselves and fired counter-attacks at both the western fen and Paul Valcour. "I believe," says Elizabeth Holden, "that I have acted ethically, morally, and even generously." Some fans have argued that they do not believe in bailing out cons that fail because of "corrupt inefficiency due to greedy and incompetent people." They claim that if west coast fans did not pull so many money-losing cons out of the fire, it might force their con-coms to act more prudently and realistically, instead of doing whatever they want and expecting to be rescued later. Some Ottawa fans claim that Paul was singlehandedly responsible for the failure of Pinekone, and thus deserved the debt. Paul does not deny having

made mistakes with the financing of Pinekone and seems not to feel bitter about having been "abandoned" by his colleagues. "I am greatly humbled by, and grateful for the overall fan response," he wrote in a western 'zine.

As for Montreal fandom, we've heard so many different versions of what happened with Pinekone that we really don't know who to believe anymore. New as we are to fan feuding and wishing to avoid such conflicts, we prefer to concentrate on helping to rebuild Ottawa con-dom (You know what he means! -Ed) by supporting them in whatever way we can. We held an auction for Paul at Con-cept and raised a few bucks.

It does seem to us, however, that it would be very difficult for one person to have wreaked as much havoc on a con as Paul is alleged to have done. Where were the rest of the con-com? Do they not equally share blame? Can they just walk away from it all and deny culpability? If Pinekone had been a success, would they have stood beside Paul to share the applause? You bet they would have!

On the other hand, we also remember how easy it is for a well-meaning group to be misled by one individual with too much ambition. Our old fanzine, *Final Frontier*, was financially decimated by someone who was more concerned with his ego than with fluid and sensible management. The rest of his staff was, for months, led to believe that money was in the bank and all the bills paid. How were they to know? Ya gotta trust somebody, right?

Either way, the point is that while the reasons for screw-ups should be sought out and steps taken to avoid the same thing happening again, engaging in unfairly harsh criticism and insults is counterproductive. And with the westerners looking for support for their WorldCon bid (by the way, did anyone from Winnipeg ever think of recruiting someone from Montreal to push for their bid here?-if they have someone representing them in Montreal, we don't know who it is), this is not the time to start casting dispersions at people; that will only divide us further. Let's put the interests of Canada's *whole* fandom community ahead of regional interests for once.

## Movie review: **PREDATOR 2** HE'S IN TOWN WITH A FEW MILLION DOLLARS TO WASTE!

by Kevin Holden

Can you say schlock? Good. can you say recycled schlock? Very good. Now, can you say plagiarism? What? Hard to pronounce? Well, I know that in this era of clone cinema, where every hit movie spawns a dozen cheap lookalikes, that calling something a plagiarism is like handing out littering citations in Beirut, but no other word seems to quite fit.

Specifically, *Predator 2* contains so many elements stolen from James Cameron's *Aliens* that I am surprised Cameron did not sue.

For starters, the cast are complete clones of the *Aliens* characters, except you care a lot less about them. Even Hudson, (same actor) is back, as well as Vasquez- and Gorman-like characters.

More to the point, there is a scene directly ripped off from *Aliens*, where Glover/Weaver watches a bunch of soldiers enter the *Aliens*'/Predators' lair via video cameras on the soldiers' helmets. As the troops are killed in the ensuing mayhem, their lifesigns going flat, the hero loudly demands the troops pull out but the inept leader is too indecisive, so the hero bravely loads up with guns and sets out to do what an army could not. Sound familiar? It is one thing to steal ideas from your own movie for a sequel, but it is something else to steal ideas from someone else's sequel for your sequel; that's called plagiarism.

Wait for this one on home video. You won't have to wait very long.



# CON REPORTS

## CONVALESCENCE by Kevin Holden

Convalescence, held over the weekend of October 26-28 at the Minto Place Suite Hotel in Ottawa, was a Relaxicon—a con designed to enable everyone to relax, party, eat, drink and be merry. (Con and club organizers in particular benefit from relaxicons, as they get a chance to attend a con without the usual pressures of fandom getting in the way.) Convalescence was basically a con-suite without a con; all activities took place in the extra-large con-suite. Programming was light, consisting of a few panels and a video track, which ran in the con-suite bedroom on the hotel TV. Attendance was capped at 100, and reports are that the con came very close to that number.

Many of the attendees were hardcore SMOF-ers (Fandom's organizers) and are familiar faces at cons across Canada and the U.S. Panels focused on issues of concern to fandom (How the media treats us), fannish figures ("The Doctor" roasted Toronto's Penney's, they roasted him) and trivia games. Hall costumes were casual; there was lots of food, soft drinks and beer to be had; and conversation was plentiful and animated, mostly because attendees knew each other fairly well, were catching up on the latest gossip and generally enjoying a good talk with friends. I went to Convalescence to talk fandom with other SMOF-ers, pick people's brains and see old friends, all of which I did. The other Montrealers in attendance had a good time as well, but I suspect a newcomer to fandom might have felt a bit out of place, even bored. Relaxicons are probably not the best way to introduce someone to fandom, but they certainly are fun for those of us who've been involved for a while.

About the only criticism I have is that the panels weren't terribly meaty. Such a setting as Convalescence would have been ideal to discuss various issues of importance to fandom and possibly resolve them. But on second

thought, that would perhaps have taken away from the party atmosphere—Relaxicon, after all, doesn't have the word *relax* in it for nothing!

One last item of note: the hotel. WOW! It's located right downtown, within easy walking distance of restaurants, bank machines and shopping. We stayed in a fantastic suite, equipped like a luxury condo. The hotel's elevators were fast and high-tech—right out of ST:TNG. All of this and more for a very reasonable rate, made even more affordable when costs are split among several people. Montreal fandom has this message for Ottawa fandom: Hold Maplecon at the Minto Place!

---

## WORLDCON 1990

by Sylvain St-Pierre

I think that this convention must have been the most international WorldCon in a long time, if not ever. There were fans from all over (including quite a few from Eastern Europe) and the programming reflected that quite well with panels in Dutch, German and French in addition to those in English, the official convention language.

The mundane piece of the world surrounding us was quite nice, The Hague having much in common with Ottawa: clean with a lot of well-tended green spaces. The weather cooperated, which was very much appreciated as there are no hotels directly connected to the convention center and we had to walk a bit.

Finding a given panel room once there was an exercise in four dimensional geometry. The layout of the Congress Center is somewhat confusing—even with a map—and everything was labeled in Dutch.

The content of those panels, however, was very diverse, with a strong emphasis on the international aspects of fandom. The convention's pocket schedule mirrored the floor plan and was not easy to navigate, but here are a few of the offerings: "Milking Bestselling Ideas," "Juvenile

SF and Fantasy," "Fandom of Fern" (with Anne McCaffrey), "How to Enjoy Your First WorldCon," "I Hate SF—We Love SF," "Safe Sex and the Single Fan," "Designing a Tribble History," "Dropouts Make Good Authors," "The Esthetics of Diagrams of Rhodan Space Ships," "Jouw Eerste Wereldconventie," "SF as a Teaching Aid for Slow Readers," "How to Use Life to Work out Distances and the Greenhouse Effect," "Alternative Narrative Styles," "Science et science-fiction: un (sic) autre approche; la lecture de texte de science fiction consideree comme un (sic) activite scientifique," "SF Book Clubs: For Better or For Worse?," "SF in Israel," "SF in Denmark," "SF in China," in Poland, in Australia, in Bulgaria, in...

Master fan Forrest J. Ackerman presented a slide-show cross-section of his vast collection, to sighs of envy from the assembled spectators (I have been to his place and I drool every time I think about it).

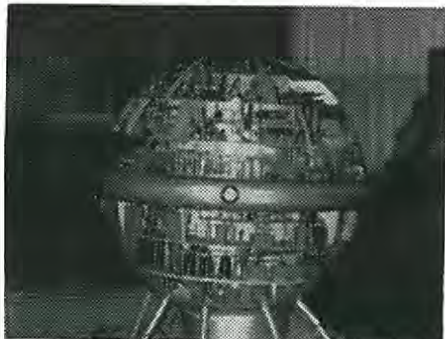
Of particular interest were several panels and exhibits devoted to Perry Rhodan, a German-created space opera that was seeing the publication of its thousandth issue in Dutch translation at the time of the convention. While not a major literary achievement, the series is



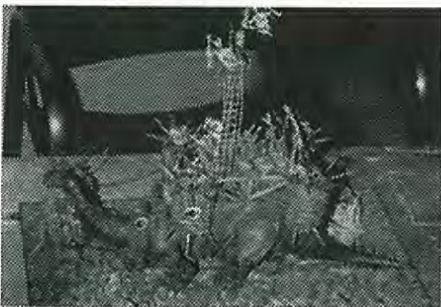
Forrest J. Ackerman: he was there when it all started



famous for its cut-away views of mile-wide spaceships and exotic hardware. One fan-made model of such a ship must have been four feet in diameter and rivaled, in its own fashion, the best our local award-winning modelers have produced so far.



*Fan built model of a Perry Rhodan Spaceship (No Benny, I don't think that they would accept your grandmother in exchange!)*



*A scratchbuilt German fantasy diorama*

Perry Rhodan books, and a few other European goodies, could be found in the Dealers' Room, which was otherwise unremarkable. This is mostly due to the fact that there was a considerable amount of red tape involved in getting anything into Holland, something that was also deplored by the people responsible for the Art Show. The smallest space available in the Art Show cost over \$100.00 Canadian, which is why I did not bring anything. A number of artists must have felt the same way, because there were a lot of empty spaces, which tended to give the immense room a somewhat sparse look. Art by local artists, not subjected to customs hassles, was of a high quality but tended to be a little grim for my tastes. Sharing the same space as the Art Show was an exhibit on previous WorldCons, showing some very, very old program books. Believe me, this event has come a long way since its beginning!

There were a few events at which the panelists outnumbered the spectators, but this had nothing to do with the quality of the presentations. Well known Toronto fans Lloyd and Yvonne Penney were on the panel on Canadian fandom and I learned a few things about us there!

Overall Canadian presence was strong; our country had the sixth largest delegation. The WorldCon in Winnipeg Bid Committee did a superb job of pushing their city and I think that they stand a very good chance of winning when the 1994 site is voted upon next year in Chicago. I am told that the parties were somewhat sedated by North American standard: this may be explained by the combined facts that Europeans tend to behave themselves more, the place lacked air conditioning and party supplies were rather expensive, and therefore scarce. There were quite a few ingenious advertising gimmicks though, such as sci-fi fortune cookies (Phoenix) and helium-filled parrot balloons (Hawaii). San Francisco won the the 1993 bid. Frisco is a bit far away for the average Montreal fan, but I have been there and the city alone is well worth the trip.

The hall costumers were few, but enthusiastic. They were judged at a semi-formal gathering that was quite fun. The Masquerade proper almost did not take place! Only ten people had registered for it when the convention started and serious consideration was given to canceling the event. Fortunately, things picked up at the desk and there were thirty of us waiting in line when the curtain rose. The craftsmanship of some of the local costumers was astounding. One trio wore fantasy armour made of real lacquered metal, inscribed with an incredible amount of detail which, sadly, went largely unnoticed because they chose a dimly lit setting for their presentation. There is no Masquerade tradition at continental European cons, hence the lack of practiced presentations by the few that indulge in the art. This is unfortunate, because there is obviously a lot of talent over there. I owe it to fairness to mention that there were no Master Level entries to compete against, but I won the Best Presentation Award, which was

sweet compensation for spending three hours in a very stifling costume, half-melting in the process.

With everything taken into consideration, this WorldCon (my third) proved to be a very worthwhile experience. I especially enjoyed talking to European fans and discovered that Montrealers are regarded as fortunate over there. Many envy us our position at the crossroads of American, English and French cultures and our easy access to a wide variety of books, movies and other merchandise. If you think that we are struggling to get fandom going in Montreal—we are just starting to put on conventions—you should hear how the fans in places like Holland or Germany fare, where minuscule groups have a hell of a time getting together. Even in a country like France, which has over twice the population of Canada in an area a third the size of Quebec, fans just do not have the resources and facilities at their disposal that we have. As for language, the interaction between our French and English fannish communities is quite simply unbelievable to fans in Belgium, where the Waloons and the Flemish do not speak to each other if they can avoid it. Nobody there would even think of holding a bilingual convention such as Concept. It therefore comes as no surprise that there has not been a convention on either side for years in Belgium.

I certainly hope that we will exercise more sense on this side of the Atlantic. We'll need it when we hold *our* WorldCon!



*My award winning costume, Mazegreen*



# SHORT FICTION

## LEAPFROG

by Bryan Ekers

Grand Duke Jakonn fretted. Thirteen times he had sent agents into the past, using the realm's TimeJump machine, and thirteen times his rival, Grand Duke Lappa, had sent agents back to assassinate Jakonn's agents, using his realm's TimeJump machine. The whole matter was very confusing, even to Jakonn, who held twenty-four degrees in temporal engineering, all of them honorary.

And it was such a minor change that Jakonn wanted. Two hundred and fifty years earlier, a man named Vohn Lax invented the tachyon-powered laser, a device so remarkable that it was capable of hitting the target before it fired the shot! It was a blatant violation of cause-and-effect, but it made the TimeJump machines possible.

In a royal snit one morning because his aircar wouldn't start, Jakonn had concluded it was all the fault of a tachyon laser (why was unclear). He decided to send one of his best assassins back in time to liquidate Vohn Lax before he could develop his invention. Jakonn watched the assassin disappear into the TimeJump then sat back and waited for history to change. After five minutes, with no alteration in the time stream apparent, Jakonn got very angry and ordered a second man to follow the first. And then a third to follow the second. He was about to send a fourth when the head of his spy network burst in to

the room.

"Your Grace!" yelled the man, "Our intelligence reports Grand Duke Lappa is using his own TimeJump to intercept our men!"

Jakonn frowned. "Well then send our men back earlier! Kill Vohn Lax as a young man, a child, an infant!"

And they tried, but to no avail.

"Kill Vohn Lax's mother before she gives birth!" screamed Jakonn.

"We tried, your Grace, but Lappa beat our man there by five minutes and killed him before he could do anything," was the reply.

And so it went. Every man they sent back, each to an earlier time than his predecessor, was met and killed by a man Lappa had sent back even earlier. History had continued along in its annoying way, oblivious to all of this, and led up to the failure of Jakonn's aircar, which started the whole tangle in the first place.

The battle had progressed to the point where Jakonn was sending men to kill Vohn Lax's great, great, great, grandmother as a young girl. Lappa adjusted his TimeJump and continued to stymie Jakonn's efforts.

"Enough of this!" roared Jakonn as he grabbed an archaic but still functional weapon from his armoury. He borrowed his Duchess's aircar and flew at top speed towards Lappa's castle. Landing in the courtyard beside the startled Lappa, Jakonn gave him two blasts from the weapon, a twelve-gauge shotgun. Lappa fell over dead.

Jakonn smiled. Worrying about the past wasn't nearly as satisfying as direct action in the present.

did not catch the broadcast, *It* was superb. Director Lee Wallace captured as much of the original feel of the book as anyone could. Instead of sacrificing character and plot for gore, as many other King-inspired films have done, *It* revered its characters highly, devoting adequate time to their personalities and histories to make them seem real, instead of cardboard targets.

For those who've not read the book or seen the ABC series, I'll not say too much about the plot, save that a group of kids in the 50's confront a supernatural terror that is murdering children in their town and must return as adults over twenty years later to finish what they started.

The first two hours is concerned with mainly the kids, and features some of the better juvenile acting I've seen recently.

The second half of the series focuses in the kids grown up, who return to their hometown to confront the nightmare that has haunted them for years. The first half is by far the stronger and more effective, the juvenile characters easily stealing the limelight from their adult counterparts.

The ending is a bit sloppy, (not surprising as the director chose to veer away from King's original ending), and leaves too many questions unanswered.

Overall, however, a great job worthy of the novel and a revered place in a video collection.

ABC will re-broadcast the series later this year.

## IT'S GREAT: TV MOVIE REVIEW

by Kevin Holden

For those who have read Stephen King's magnum opus *It*, the announcement that the massive novel would be translated into a film was greeted with skepticism and disdain. *It* is one of King's best works, and my personal favourite.

The book is so rich in characterization and so full of colour and warmth, while at the same time terrifying, that it appeared nobody could pull this off and keep any of the warmth and characterization so vital to the story, intact. News that the production would be made for TV and be played as a four-hour movie, gave hope that *It* might be given a chance to keep some of King's original flavour alive, but skepticism was still high.

Well ne worry pas, for those who



Tim Curry as Pennywise in *It*.





# Book Review

Jennifer Roberson's *Flight of the Raven*

It's volume seven and those Cheysuli shape-changers are still following and arguing with that blessed tahlmorra (fate) of theirs. This time around, the story centers on Aidan, only son of Brennan and Aileen and eventual heir to the Lion Throne of Homana. Aidan, however, is cast in a slightly different mold than his illustrious forefathers.

As a young boy, Aidan is plagued by dreams and nightmares to which there appear to be no explanation. He is also a sickly child and there are many doubts as to his ability to eventually rule. He grows up alone and confused, the price of being different. Even his lir, the cantankerous raven Teel, is different from the other supportive familiars we have come to know.

As a man, Aidan sets out on a search for a bride and the answers to the many questions he has about himself and his destiny. We meet many old friends and foes: Brennan's siblings Hart, Corin and Keely; their families; the Ihlini sorcerers, whose main aim is to destroy the Prophecy of the Firstborn.

In this volume the idea of genetic breeding is explored in more depth than in previous installments. It is up to Aidan to marry a woman with the correct bloodlines to produce the prophesized Firstborn. It is his tahlmorra to do so. Or is it? Who are the mysterious figures who appear in times of great stress and confusion? Do their words help or hinder? Is Aidan destined to continue the chain of the Lion or break it?

Adventure, joy, tragedy, love and heartbreak; this is a novel filled with all that and more. Aidan's tahlmorra is delightful and unexpected, answering many questions and raising many more. *Flight of the Raven* is sure to please Ms. Roberson's fans. Unlike many other fantasy series', *The Chronicles of the Cheysuli* get better with each new



offering. The tapestry is being woven to its conclusion with an artistry designed to keep you panting for the next volume. The characters are alive, vibrant and absolutely not interchangeable with those who have gone before. Ms. Roberson has created a land and a

dynasty worth knowing. I highly recommend the series. The concluding volume of the *Cheysuli* series, *A Tapestry Of Lions*, is due to be published sometime in 1991 and is anxiously awaited.

reviewed by Sue Dunlop



# DOWN THOSE MEAN SKIES



## The Case of the Private Detective in Science Fiction, Fantasy and Other Related Genres

by Kevin Smith

Let's get one thing straight—I'm not a big sci-fi or fantasy or speculative fiction or whatever-the-hell-you-call-it fan, particularly when it comes to television. However, I did tune in the electronic nipple a few months ago to catch *Quantum Leap*. That night's episode promised our intrepid time traveller's reincarnation as a hard-boiled 1953 private eye charged with his partner's murder. Now, if there's one thing that I am interested in, it's private eyes. Gumshoes, shamuses, private dicks, ops, P.I.'s. Catch my drift? Well, I know the show is not a mystery program, much less a detective show, but a little sci-fi never hurt anyone, right?

Wrong. That show was pure agony. Sort of like brushing your teeth with a brick. A bunch of shopworn clichés sprinkled over a generic plot that gives new meaning to the word hackneyed. The show wasn't so much written as photocopied.

Now, my pals are always after me, telling me about all these great sci-fi detectives I should check out. They suggested the film *Bladerunner*, Larry Niven's *Gil Hamilton* and Isaac Asimov's *Elijah Baley* and *R.D. Olivaw* series and a host of others.

Well, that show left such a bad taste in my mouth that I just had to give the whole concept of a crossover between the two genres another shot.

First of all, I'm talking private eyes here. Not cops, or soldiers, or mercenaries, all of which appear with alarming frequency in sci-fi. Probably something to do with sci-fi's basic conservatism and love of authority and organization, whereas the private eye tends to be a loner, a rebel. After all, he's doing a job

the police can't or won't or maybe even shouldn't do. The private eye serves no master but his own code of ethics.

Despite that, sci-fi and the detective story have a lot in common. They share parallel histories, both tracing their roots back to the last part of the last century (Jules Verne, H.G. Wells; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Edgar Allan Poe). Both were reborn in the early part of this century and gained large followings due to the pulp magazines of the day. Gradually, the best of the pulp writers (and, yes, some of the worst) graduated to novels. Later exposure through film and television greatly expanded the genres' audiences. So greatly in fact that, to the general public, science fiction and private detectives conjure up images of *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, or old Humphrey Bogart movies, or even, God forbid, *Magnum, P.I.* And, to top it off, both genres have experienced a tremendous growth in popularity and sales in the last fifteen years or so. Just take a gander at any decently-sized bookstore and notice the size of the science and crime fiction sections. The only other genre that even comes close is Romance. Western, War, Men's Adventure and everything else falls far behind.

As well, several writers have moved beyond the genre borders, working in both fields. Among the science fiction writers who have crossed over are Leigh Brackett, queen of the space operas, who wrote a very well-received private eye novel, *No Good From a Corpse* (1944). She also wrote the screenplays for *The Big Sleep* and *The Long Goodbye*, two classic P.I. films based on novels by Raymond Chandler as well as *The Empire Strikes Back*. Manly Wade Wellman has written a straight P.I. novel, *Find My Killer* (1949). So has Keith Laumer with *Deadfall* in 1971. Anthony Boucher, reknowned sci-fi author and editor of *The Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy*, was also edi-

tor of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* and a huge influence on the entire mystery field. In fact, the most important annual convention for crime and detective fiction buffs is called the Bouchercon, in his honour. He also wrote perhaps the first amalgam of the mystery and sci-fi fields in his classic 1942 short story "*Rocket to the Morgue*."

Crime and detective writers who have dabbled in sci-fi/fantasy include Donald Westlake, John D. MacDonald, Michael Collins (not the astronaut), and Lawrence Sanders. Even Chandler himself reportedly wrote a fantasy short story. And then there are those writers who belong to neither one or the other camp but both, particularly Ron Goulart and William Nolan.

However, our concern here is not with who has written books in both genres, but who has written books combining both genres, creating a whole new sub-genre: the sci-fi/P.I. sub-genre, if you will.

Surprisingly, quite a few people have tried it. And some of them are even worth the paper they're printed on. Not all of them, though. There were quite a few heartbreaks along the road. Anyway, here they are, all neatly arranged in a handy dandy form suitable for reading or wrapping particularly malodorous foodstuffs.

### Suggested Reading List

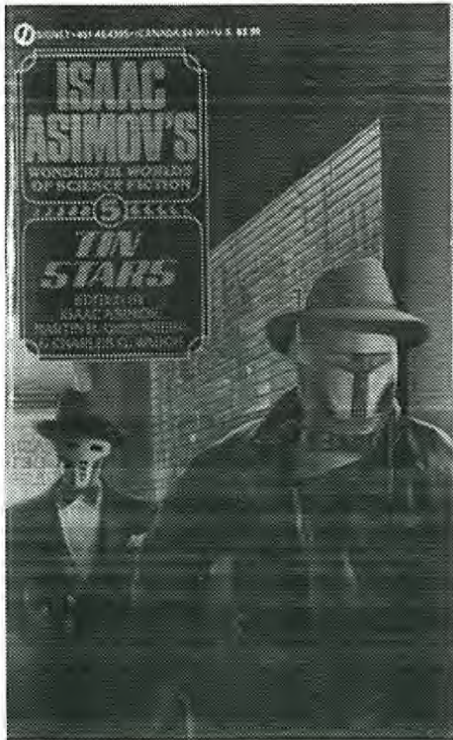
Now, this is by no means a comprehensive list and shouldn't be taken as such. Sherlock Holmes/sci-fi pastiches haven't been included, for example, being numerous enough to warrant an entire article on their own. So, use this list as a starting point. If I've missed someone, please let me know.

Short stories are in quotations and listed by date only, as the source of their first appearance may not mean much ex-

---

Kevin Smith watched too much television as a child and now reads too many books. He lives in Montreal.





cept to the most rabid of collectors. Many of these books and stories may be extremely difficult to find. Short stories, however, are constantly being reprinted in collections and anthologies. One particularly good collection is *Thirteen Crimes of Science Fiction* (1979) edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin Greenberg and Charles Waugh. Another is *Tin Stars*, a more recent collection edited by the same people. Neither collection deals solely with sci-fi/P.I.'s however, but with the sci-fi/mystery field in general.

As I said, some of these may require a bit of legwork, not to mention luck, but you never know. Check out the used-bookstores, the libraries, flea markets, Aunt Edna's basement, wherever. Happy hunting.

#### Adams, Douglas

- *Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency* (1987)
- *The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul* (1988)

The author of *The Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* strikes again. Pizza-chomping, self-styled private investigator **Dirk Gently** runs a holistic detective agency in London, where he offers to solve the whole crime, find the whole person. Dirk, it seems, is a believer in the interconnectedness of all things. A good thing, too. His first recorded case involves a murdered professor, aliens and Coleridge's Kubla Khan; his second con-

cerns an irate Norse god, advertising and a possible terrorist bombing at an airport. As the author himself immodestly puts it, "thumping good detective-ghost-horror-who dunnit-time travel-romantic-musical comedy-epics." Or at least two of the best that I've ever read. Lighten up, enjoy.

#### Asimov, Isaac

- *The Caves of Steel* (1953)
- *The Naked Sun* (1956)
- *The Robots of Dawn* (1984)
- *Robot and Empire* (1985)
- "Mirror Image" (1972)

Sorry, Isaac, but **Elijah Baley** and his robot partner **R.D. Olivaw** just don't cut it as private eyes. As members of the New York City police, they fail to meet the minimum standard for private eye status. Listed here because of the importance of this series, and the tremendous influence it has had on the entire science fiction/mystery sub-genre and, no doubt, quite a few of the books in this list.

#### Bear, David

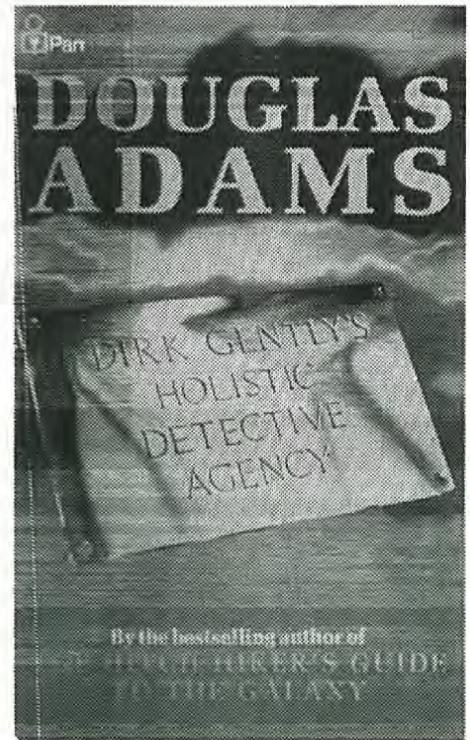
- *Keeping Time* (1979)

**Jack Hughes** is a rather moody, contemplative private eye, not unlike Ross MacDonald's Lew Archer, with a dark past struggling to make a living in a very bleak Manhattan of the very near future. In 1999, the Big Apple is a dying city of slums, suicide and giant, indestructible cockroaches. And nobody seems to care very much about it. In fact, the whole country's going through something called the Apathera and our boy Jack's one of the few who seems to give a damn about anything. In this one, he's hired to investigate a theft from the world's only time bank. Has a dark, moody feel to it that's quite hard to pull off. Recommended.

#### Biggle, Lloyd Jr.

- *All the Colors of Darkness* (1963)
- *Watchers of the Dark* (1969)
- *This Darkening Universe* (1975)
- *Silence is Deadly* (1977)
- *The Whirligig of Time* (1979)

**Jan Darzek's** one of those dashing, gentlemanly sleuths who are in it for the love of the game. (Well, he certainly doesn't need the money.) Blonde-haired, blue-eyed Jan is a late 20th Century private eye who frequently works for the Council of the Supreme, the rulers of our galaxy. His cases usually have him saving THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT from the evil clutches of the nasty Udef empire from the galaxy next door. He's ably aid-



ed in his work by his faithful companion/secretary/assistant Miss Effie Schulpe, a hard-drinking, fast-typing, jujitsu-fighting, little old lady. Not much more than a token element of detective work here, but well-written, good, goofy fun.

#### Blake, William Dorsey

- *My Time or Yours* (1980)

After a wild New Year's Eve party in New York, P.I. **Reggie Moon** is on his way home to Paris on the Concorde but, like J. Geils said, he "musta got lost somewhere down the line." He wakes up in the wild west of 1846 with a girl from the party, a murdered lawman and an angry posse and the real killer after him. This is a recurring plotline in this list: a more or less straight private eye gets involved in something not dreamt of in his philosophies.

#### Chandler, A. Bertram

- *Bring Back Yesterday* (1982)

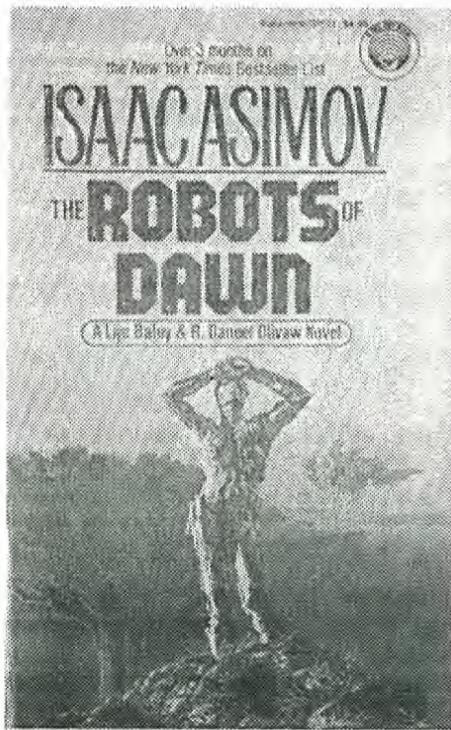
No relation to Raymond Chandler, although this isn't that bad. It concerns a private eye/spaceman, **John Peterson**, caught in a rather nasty time loop.

#### Cohen, Barney

- *The Taking of SATCON* (1983)
- *Blood on the Moon* (1984)

**Asher Bockhorn** is an operative employed by MexAmerica and Pacific Security who has a rather nifty hobby—he collects old





(ie: 20th century) detective and science fiction paperbacks. Supposedly, these are quite well-done, but that's about all I can tell you about this hard-to-find series.

#### Dick, Philip K.

- *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* (1968)

When the topic of sci-fi/P.I.'s comes up, so does this book, or more often the film *Bladerunner* which was based (very, very loosely) on it. The film, starring Harrison Ford, is a classic, no doubt, but a flawed one. It concerns a professional bounty hunter, **Rick Deckard**, who tracks down runaway androids for the price on their heads in 2021 L.A. The film is visually stunning, full of gloomy, smoke-filled shots of an over-crowded decaying city, rife with corruption. Deckard is a loner, an angst-ridden killer who's starting to identify more with the androids he's tracking down than the people he's supposedly protecting. The phony, tacked-on ending makes this one of the most ultimately unsatisfying and disappointing films in ages.

The book, on the other hand, is a true classic by one of the acknowledged masters of sci-fi. But I'm not sure if it qualifies as a private detective novel. Rick Deckard, in print, also tracks down runaway androids for the bounty but he's a cop employed by the city. He's hopelessly middle-class, with a bad case of coveting his neighbour's horse and a nagging

wife addicted to her empathy box. Seems in this future, L.A. is under-populated, due to massive amounts of radiation, and the majority of the planet's people have emigrated to other worlds. Another consequence of the fallout is the extinction of most animal life on the planet. Owning a live animal becomes the ultimate status symbol. For those unable to afford one, lifelike replicas are available. Rick, to his chagrin, owns an electric sheep himself. But when a gang of rebel androids make their way to Earth, Rick sees his chance for a ticket to Easy Street. Under a pretty straightforward tale lies a complex novel which questions our perceptions of reality, empathy, religion and morality. Recommended reading, but don't expect the film in printed form. The word "*bladerunner*" never even appears.

#### Dozois, Gardner and George Alec Effinger

- *Nightmare Blue* (1975)

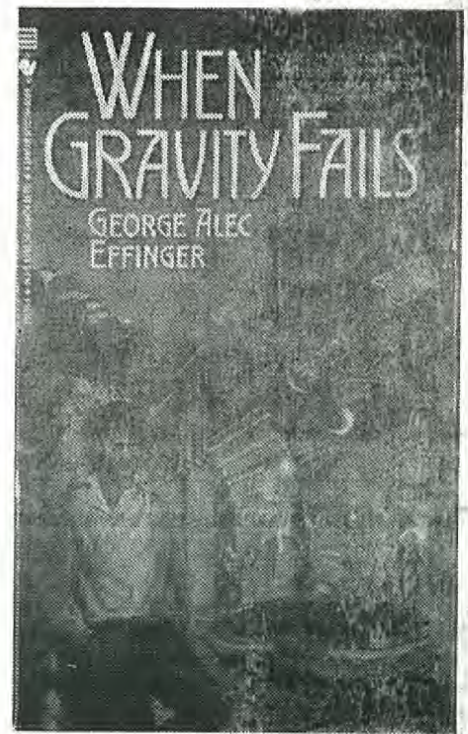
Supposedly the last private eye on Earth, **Karl Jaeger** is an ex-cop, ex-soldier with a load of grenade shrapnel in his leg and a taste for bourbon and scotch. In a world where everything from cops to crooks is centralized, organized and institutionalized, Karl values his independence. He runs a one-man agency in Nurnberg and is as tough as they come. In this one, he teams up with his alien pal Corcail Sendyen, half-lobster, half-octopus, to track down the source of *Nightmare Blue*, a new drug that's ravaging the planet. It turns out those black-hearts from another world, the evil Aensalords, are up to something...

#### Effinger, George Alec

- *When Gravity Fails* (1987)
- *A Fire in the Sun* (1990)
- *The Exile Kiss* (1990)

This one reads pretty well, an almost cyberpunk combination of Raymond Chandler and 1001 Arabian Nights. Actually, cyberpunk owes a lot of its feeling to the hardboiled private eyes of the pulps and the old film noir school. Just check out the opening paragraphs of William Gibson's *Necromancer* for the best Chandleresque prose in years. If any one's going to write a sci-fi/P.I. classic, my bet is on one of the young cyberpunk authors.

*When Gravity Fails* isn't that classic, but it's good, very, very good. It's the late 22nd century and pill-popping "private strongarm" **Marid Audran** lives in an unnamed Arab city in the Budayeen "a



poly-cultural...underworld, so grim, stark and sleazy that," according to Spider Robinson, "it makes *Bladerunner's* Los Angeles look like Sunnybrook Farm." It's a world where people can plug a new personality module into their brain when life gets boring. When a psychopath who can't decide if he's Jack the Ripper or James Bond starts terrorizing the Budayeen and Friedlander Bey, local godfather, hires Marid to make the streets safe for crime again, our hero's fierce independence, as well as his life, are put to the test. Especially when he must get his own brain wired to catch the killer. Literate and provocative, also a hell of a good read. I haven't checked out the sequels yet, but I'm looking forward to it.

#### Garrett, Randall

- *Too Many Magicians* (1967)
- *Murder and Magic* (1979, collection)
- *Lord Darcy Investigates* (1981, collection)
- *"The Eyes Have It"* (1964)
- *"A Matter of Gravity"* (1974)
- *"The Ipswich Phil"* (1976)
- *"The Spell of War"* (1978)

In a sort of parallel world where magic and ESP, not to mention knights and castles, co-exist peacefully alongside railroads, handguns and various other modern technology, **Lord Darcy** is chief criminal inspector for the Duke of



Rouen. He uses forensic magic as an aid to his detective work, in much the same way that Sherlock Holmes uses science. Playing Watson to Darcy's Holmes is Master Sean O Lochlainn, licensed sorcerer. Definitely not a hard-boiled private eye kind of guy, either by temperament or occupation. More of a cross between Holmes and Merlin. Not to everyone's taste, perhaps, but bound to appeal to those who like ladies in waiting, damsels in distress and men in panty-hose.

### Goulart, Ron

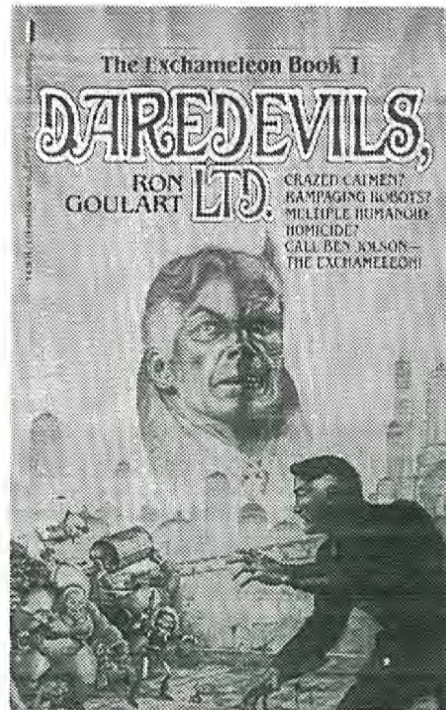
- *After Things Fall Apart* (1970)

Ron Goulart's novels and numerous short stories transcend genre, being a general mish mash of detective, fantasy, satire, straight sci-fi, parody and just plain silliness. Goulart is also a very serious scholar of both science and detective fiction and has published several seminal works of non-fiction in each, particularly concerning the pulp era. His love of that era shows through in most of his fiction.

*After Things Fall Apart* is an early example of Goulart's style and still one of his best books, a sort of state of the union address on helium sense of giddiness about it. In it, San Francisco detective **Jim Haley** works for the Private Inquiry Office in the not too distant future, "after things fell apart". It's a world that features the Richard Nixon Institute for balding rock stars, the Amateur Mafia (no Italians allowed), the Monterey Mechanical Jazz Festival and the Republic of Southern California. Goulart's sense of humour is an acquired taste, to be sure. The Mystery Writers of America liked this one enough, though, to award it an Edgar, their version of the Nebula.

- *Daredevils, Ltd.* (1987)
- *Starpirate's Brain* (1987)
- *Everybody Comes to Cosmo's* (1988)

**Ben Jolson** is a rather unique twist on the old master of disguise bit. It seems Ben is a chameleon, a former member of the Galactic Chameleon Corps, able to assume the shape of any lifeform. But that was in the past. Now all Ben wants to do is run his tidy little ceramics business and take it easy. Unfortunately, Molly Briggs, of the Briggs Interplanetary Detective Service on the planet Barnum, has other plans for Ben. She wants him to join the agency and become a full-time private investigator for her. That way she can also



keep an eye on him. Seems she's had a crush on him for years. Reluctantly, Ben agrees to work part-time for Molly. The series is full of typical Goulart touches—robot attorneys, android dogs with medical degrees, double entendres, puns, and entire worlds populated by catmen, toadmen and birdmen. An enjoyable series, a bit less slapstick than some of Goulart's other work.

An earlier series of short stories and novels dealt with Ben's days in the Chameleon Corps.

- "Fill in the Blank" (1968)
- *Ghost Breaker* (1971)

Another reluctant detective, **Max Kearney** is a specialist in investigating the occult. He works as an art director at a San Francisco ad agency, having given up ghostbusting/private eying when he got married. However, that doesn't seem to stop his wife, Jillian, from accepting cases on his behalf. Needless to say, Goulart has a hoot with this high-spirited series. Besides *Ghost Breaker*, there was a whole string of short stories published in *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* in the late sixties and early seventies.

- "Odd Job #101" (1974)
- *Calling Dr. Patchwork* (1978)
- *Hail Hibbler* (1980)
- *Big Bang* (1982)
- *Brainz, Inc.* (1985)

Another husband and wife team, **Jake**

and **Hildy Pace** run the Odd Jobs Inc. Detective Agency, specializing in affairs of national, international and interplanetary significance in the 21st Century. It's a particularly surreal 21st Century, however, full of piano-playing chimps, decorative wheat, Martian catmen and a pair of Siamese twins as the President of the United States (on the Republican/Democrat ticket). We're deep into Goulart country here. Pack a swimsuit. Probably Goulart's most off-the-wall series. Imagine the Marx Brothers bridging the gap between private eyes and science fiction.

### Gunn, James

- *The Magicians* (1976)

**Casey** is a nice guy, a P.I. who gets in way over his head when he takes a case revolving around a magician's convention and ends up battling warlocks, witches and other forces of Black Magic in a full-tilt war between good and evil. A bit light, as much a love story as anything else. A mush warning is in effect. You've been duly notified.

### Hjortsberg, William

- *Falling Angel*

You've seen the movie *Angel Heart*, starring Mickey Rourke's stubble, Robert DeNiro's fingernails, Lisa Bonet's nipples and lots of chickens. Now read the book. New York gumshoe **Harry Angel** is having his problems. His client, Louis Cyphre, has hired him to track down a long-lost 1940s singer, Johnny Favorite, but everyone but Cyphre thinks Johnny is dead. To further complicate things, Harry's client just may be Satan. Happens all the time, right? A rich gumbo of voodoo, witchcraft, and the dark arts. Harry has a hell of a time dealing with it all. A good read, especially for Halloween.

### Karlins, Marvin and Lewis M. Andrews

- *Gomorrhah* (1974)

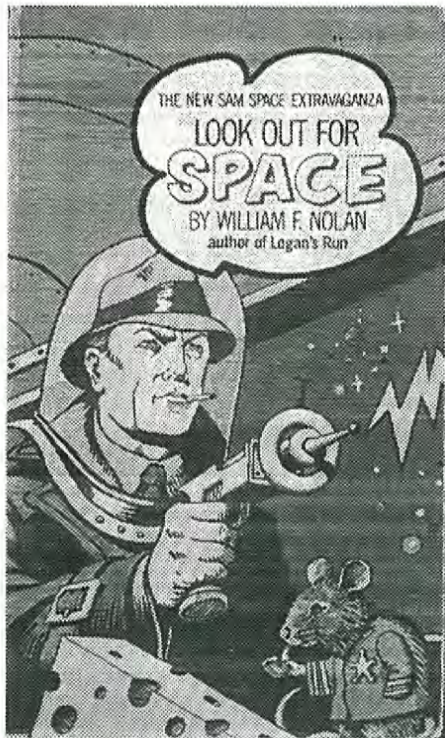
The detective in this one's called (get this) **Victor Slaughter**. Pretty funky, eh? About all I know about this one is that it exists.

### MacLean, Katherine

- *Missing Man* (1975)

A series of short stories, all featuring **George Sandford**, was later adapted to form this novel. In fact, the original story won a Nebula. The setting is New York in the near future and the Big Apple is suffer-





ing from a population of over two billion people. George is one of many people just falling through the cracks of the system, a painfully shy under-achiever who has one special gift. His telepathic skills are quite developed. Through a friend, he lands a part-time job with the Rescue Squad, an elite corps who act as a combination fire and police department. They use George as a "fear hound." He uses his powers to sniff out people in trouble and to track down runaways and criminals. George's weaknesses make for a rather different kind of private eye hero and a rather different kind of tale. Intriguing. It's a shame there wasn't a sequel.

#### McQuay, Mike

- *Hot Time in Old Town* (1981)
- *When Trouble Beckons* (1981)
- *The Deadliest Show in Town* (1982)
- *The Odds are Murder* (1983)

Disappointing. McQuay dedicated the whole series to the memory of Raymond Chandler, "because he understood." It's too bad McQuay didn't. Chandler wanted to rise above the pulps, not wallow in them. But a bit of misguided name-dropping aside, the series isn't all bad. Private eye **Mathew Swain** meets all the requirements of the pulp P.I. He's tough, carries a gun, drinks too much, has a seedy office and gets bonked on the back of the head with alarming frequency. The only difference is that the gun is a frump-

gun which turns people into "nothing but a pile of warm goo on the ground" and the seedy office is in a large, unnamed city somewhere in south-central Texas somewhere in 2083 AD. And the streets were never meaner. Only the very rich can afford the police so those with any money at all hire private security guards, called Fancy Dans, who are basically fascist thugs. Entire parts of the city are closed off, due to massive radiation, garbage is everywhere, poverty is rampant and death, by violence, starvation or disease, is so common that Meat Wagons prowl the city, sweeping up the dead. Good pulpy fun, if you've run out of comic books.

#### Niven, Larry

- *"Death by Ecstasy"* (1969)
- *"The Defenceless Dead"* (1973)
- *"ARM"* (1975)
- *The Long ARM of Gil Hamilton* (1976, collection)
- *The Patchwork Girl* (1980)
- *Death by Ecstasy* (1990, comic book adaptation)

**Gil Hamilton** isn't actually a private eye, but he sure acts like one. He's a member of ARM, a special police unit of the U.N. dedicated to the task of tracking down organleggers. You see, in the future, medical knowledge has arrived at the point where almost any body part is transplantable. But the demand for organs and other spare parts is so high that criminals can make a living murdering their victims and selling the bodies off piece by piece. It's a nasty business and it's up to ARM to stop it. Gil is a tough, resourceful operative, a man who works alone and takes a personal interest in his cases. Maybe it's because he lost an arm once due to a mining accident in outer space and benefitted from a transplant. Well-drawn characters, interesting concept, a tough, hardboiled feel that matches the subject matter. One of the best sci-fi/P.I.s. The recent comic book version plays it all a little too slick. Stick to the originals. They're worth hunting down.

#### Nolan, William F.

- *Space for Hire* (1971)
- *Look Out for Space* (1985)

William Nolan, like Ron Goulart, is a pulp historian with a special fondness for science and detective fiction. He's written novels in both genres—the very successful *Logan's Run* series in sci-fi and the straight P.I. series featuring L.A. pri-



vate peeper **Bart Challis**. In fact, it's Bart's great-grandson who's the hero of Nolan's two sci-fi/P.I. books. **Sam Space** works out of a standard rundown office in Bubble City, on Mars. He's trained in seventeen forms of solar combat. He's a sucker for a good-looking dame—even if she does have three heads. Not quite as off the wall as Goulart's work but there seems to be more of a method to Nolan's madness, which makes it all the more of a hoot. Recommended to anyone who enjoys either genre.

#### Padgett, Lewis

- *Private Eye* (1949)

An absolute classic of the genre, according to Isaac Asimov. But unless you happen to own a copy of the January 1949 issue of *Astounding*, we'll have to take his word for it.

#### Panshin, Alexi

- *Star Well* (1968)
- *The Thurb Revolution* (1968)
- *Masque World* (1969)

**Anthony Villiers**, sometime-Viscount, is a sort of travelling adventurer/gambler/private eye, an interplanetary Simon Templar (*The Saint*), with a bit of Bret Maverick tossed in, living off his wits. He's young and slight of build but that doesn't seem to stop him or his faithful companion, Torve the Trog, a large furry toad who rides a red tricycle, from wandering the universe having wildly im-



probable adventures rescuing fair maidens and thwarting the bad guys. A combination of the Brothers Grimm, *The Rockford Files* and *Star Trek*.

#### Randisi, Robert and Kevin D. Randle

- *Once Upon a Murder* (1987)

1939 Chicago shamus **Miles Paladon** is gunned down in a back alley and comes to on a bloody medieval battlefield with an arrow sticking out of his chest and a bunch of Prince Valiant look-a-likes calling him Prince Paladon. Yep, it's another of those "how the hell did I end up here?" stories I told you about. Randisi's best known for his detective novels and as founder of The Private Eye Writers of America. Randle, a sci-fi/fantasy writer, is probably best known for *Seeds of War*. Randisi? Randle? Same guy? Hmmm...

#### Reamy, Tom

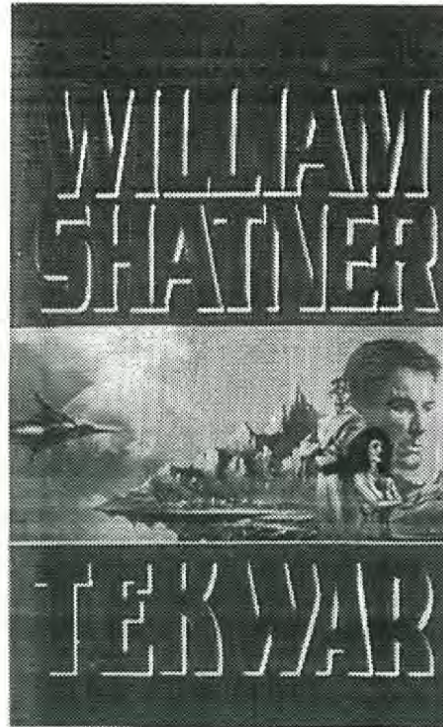
- "Under the Hollywood Sign"
- "The Detweiler Boy"

Tom Reamy was a young sci-fi writer who showed exceptional promise. He passed away in the late 70s. Had Reamy lived, he may have been the one to bridge the gap between the two genres with a definitive classic that would appeal to both camps. As it was, this young writer passed away too soon, leaving us only one novel and a handful of short stories, including these two little gems, both gritty, hardboiled detective tales set in L.A., narrated in the first person. *The Detweiler Boy* is particularly good, revolving around P.I. **Bert Mallory's** investigation in to a friend's murder and the mysterious stranger who seems to be involved.

#### Reaves, J. Michael

- *Darkworld Detective* (1982)

Chandler and Robert E. Howard are both quoted at the beginning. That's a pretty good indication of where Reaves wants to take us. Think of it as a sword, sorcery and trenchcoat kinda thing. **Kamus of Kadhizar** lives on the planet Ja-Lur, also known as the Darkworld. Ja-Lur is a strange planet where technology doesn't work but magic, or Darklore, does. It's ruled by the powerful Darklord who lives in the midst of a remote region called the Darkland. Those who possess the power of Darklore are, for the most part, feared. But young Kamus is himself half-Darklander, something he doesn't want to get around. After a visit to Earth, he decided to become Ja-Lur's only private eye. Business could be better. His sword needs polishing, his trenchcloak is torn



and his office needs cleaning. A very neat stunt, pulling this off. At times more of an adventure than a detective story, but still highly recommended. When's the sequel?

#### Resnick, Mike

- *Stalking the Unicorn: A Fable of Tonight* (1987)

And again. Down on his luck New York gumshoe **John Justin Mallory** needs a bit of sunshine in his life right now—his wife has run off with his partner, the business is going to hell, a couple of legbreakers are after him and his drinking is getting way out of hand. Or at least that's what John keeps telling himself when he takes on a small green elf as a client who wants him to recover a missing unicorn. Or when he finds himself in a parallel Manhattan populated by dastardly demons, rampaging rogue elephants, kinky cat-women and lascivious leprachauns.

#### Ryan, Alan

- *Kiss the Vampire Goodbye* (1985)

Ho-hum. Standard-issue hardboiled California P.I. **Mike Kendall** is hired by a beautiful young heiress to investigate her father's mysterious death. It turns out dear old dad's the latest victim of a vampire stalking the sunny climes of L.A. Coulda been a contender, but a good idea, some cliches and a plotline right out of a thousand dull B-films isn't enough to sink your teeth into.

#### Shatner, William

- *Tek War* (1989)

I was all set to lace into this one. I mean, T.J. Hambone a writer? But he pulls it off. Very well. **Jake Cardigan** (great P.I. name, that) is an ex-cop and an ex-con fresh out of the slammer and out to clear his name. Falsely accused of dealing a deadly drug, Tek, Jake does all the private eye things, in a surprisingly bleak Southern California. A sequel could be very interesting. And it would keep Shatner from making more bad movies.

#### Stith, John E.

- *Deep Quarry* (1989)

**Ben "Bug Eye" Takent** is an Earth-born P.I. plying his trade on Tankur, a "dust-ball of a planet". It's permanent daytime on this hot desert world thanks to its rotation having stopped ages ago. Ben doesn't particularly enjoy the heat, but several species on the planet thrive on it which works out pretty well. Seems Bug Eye prefers to work for non-humans, whom he gets along with better. In *Deep Quarry*, he becomes involved in thefts at an archeological dig and winds up digging through murder, deceit, giant spaceships and evil aliens out to rule the universe. Of course.

#### Vance, Jack

- *The Galactic Effectuator* (1981)

Yeah, I had to look it up, too. According to the dictionary, an effectuator is "one who brings about or causes; accomplishes or affects." **Miro Hetzel** is the galactic effectuator of the title, a rather grand title for gumshoe. See, Miro's wants to be thought of as a rather hightone, gentleman detective. What he really is is a pretty shrewd investigator (and a bit of a con artist) with a taste for large fees, high living and attractive women. Miro's beat is the known universe, which numbers hundreds of populated worlds. Very good. A traditional private eye in many ways, but with all the strange aliens on all the strange planets he runs into, nobody's going to mistake this for *Simon and Simon*. Recommended.

Note: Vance wrote a series of short stories about an earlier version of Miro Hetzel. These were collected in *The Many Worlds of Magnus Ridolph* (1966).

#### Watt-Evans, Lawrence

- *Nightside City* (1989)

The female private eye has become something of a sub-genre itself, thanks to the work of Sue Grafton, Sara Paretsky, P.D.



James, et al, so it was only a matter of time before the sci fi/fantasy field caught up. **Carlisle Hsing** is a cut-rate P.I. working the mean streets of the doomed Nightside City on the darkside of Epimetheus, a planet everyone thought had stopped revolving ages ago (shades of Bug Eye's Tankur!). Not so, it seems, and now the city, a gambling resort, faces imminent destruction as the dawn slowly approaches. A good, gritty feel to this. Nightside City is a wonder, a dark, lurid, garish hellhole where advertisements for anything from easy money to sleazy sex fly through the air, targetting prospective customers. More, please.

#### Wellen, Edward

- *Finger of Fate* (1980)

A classic. Worth searching for. The private eye is a computer. A case of hard-boiled hardware, you could say. Perfect. Recently reprinted in *Tin Stars*.

#### Westlake, Donald

- *The Risk Profession* (1961)

**Ged Stanton's** a soft-spoken roving claims investigator for The Tangier Mutual Insurance Company who doesn't enjoy rockets or space travel. He'll put up with it, though, because he likes his job. A good early example of the sci-fi/P.I. genre. Can also be found in Westlake's recently reprinted *Tomorrow's Crimes*.

#### Wilson, F. Paul

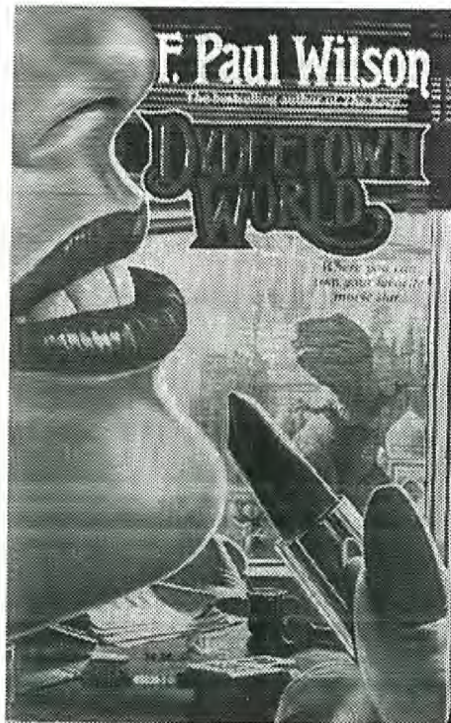
- *Dydeetown World* (1989)

Another gloomy future. Most of Earth's population has got out while the gettings good, out to outer space. The rest are still here where, thanks to genetic engineering and cloning, anyone can now have tyrannosouruses as pets (and you thought pit bulls were bad) and a movie star for a date. That's the way things go in Dydeetown World, a place wheredreams are for sale to the highest bidder and everything else for the going rate. It's like a Sin City version of Clones-R-Us. **Sig Dreyer** is a down-at-the-heels private op, complete with cockroach droppings on his desk, who's trying to keep body and soul together in Dydeetown World and not doing too well. And then this Jean Harlow dame comes waltzing in, see?

#### Wolfe, Gene

- *Free Live Free* (1985)

Another genre mix-and-match. Not really a detective story. Down and out P.I. **Jim Stubb** is only one of four main characters. In 1983, an old man, Ben Free,



offers free room and board to anyone who will come live with him and help him save his house from demolition. Jim and three others, an overweight hooker, an unemployed salesman and a self-professed witch, take the old man up on his offer. But it's too late and the house is torn down and Free disappears, but not before hinting that there's something valuable hidden in the house. The four team up to find it, each with a different idea of what the treasure is. The plot jumps from character to character, heading for a final showdown. Along the way, there's wizards, shootouts, gypsies, men with goat heads, flying saucers, puns, word play, deceit, some scenes right out of the Marx Brothers, government conspiracies, time travel, treachery, two-timing broads, and lots of other good stuff. Reads like a Stephen King novel at times, but only if there was a sale on Valium in Castle Rock when he wrote it. A strange book, hard to get a grip on.

#### Conclusion

Despite the number of attempts to combine the two genres, it seems many of these authors have missed the point. I think it comes down to the fact that the private eye novel and the science fiction/fantasy novel have very different preoccupations

The sci-fi novel is preoccupied with creating a setting, a certain concept. The creative energy goes towards creating a vision of this alternative world and the

technology to keep it going, be it science or magic or government or whatever. The problem then is to see how the people in this world live and get along. Characterization often becomes secondary to the setting.

In the private eye novel, the world is a given. It is an unfriendly place, dark and corrupt and one man won't make much of a difference. Still, as Chandler once said, "down these mean streets a man must go." It is the character of the detective that matters in these books. The setting becomes just a backdrop for the private eye's struggle to be a man (or woman) of honour in a world where honour doesn't seem to count for much anymore. It is this inner struggle that becomes the central conflict in the detective novel. And you can't have a deep inner conflict in a cardboard character.

So, perhaps it's no surprise, then, that the best of these books and stories feature the best-developed detectives. All the nifty ideas in the world won't help if the hero has the depth of a dinner mint. Bear's **Jack Hughes**, Effinger's **Marid Audran**, Reave's **Kamus**, Vance's **Miro Hetzel**, Watt-Evans' **Carlisle Hsing** and Niven's **Gil Hamilton**, not to mention the detectives in the short stories by Westlake, Reamy and Wellen all struck me as well-developed characters I wouldn't mind seeing again. These are all recommended as worthy additions to both genres. These stories are more than just a sad attempt to take a few P.I. cliches from the late show, throw in a few martians or werewolves and call it something new. Stories like that usually end up coming off as unintended parodies. And usually not very funny ones.

It's interesting to note that almost all these stories were written by sci-fi writers. Perhaps those books which I felt weren't successful are the result of a lack, not of talent, but of understanding the private detective genre. Too many of them run down a checklist of private eye mannerisms instead of creating a believable character. The parodies that work best (ie: those that were intended as such) were written by authors who understand the genre (ie: Goulart and Nolan). The key-word here appears to be "understand."

The time seems ripe for someone to come along and write a classic sci-fi/P.I. tale that will blow everyone away. It seems like an honorable quest. With the rising popularity of both genres, I only hope the next writer to attempt to storm the citadel comes prepared.



# SENSORS

## FACT, RUMOUR AND SPECULATION FROM AROUND SF/F-DOM

Information for this column was culled primarily from: Starlog magazine, The Star, The Montreal Gazette, Science Fiction Chronicle magazine, Entertainment Tonight, and the fandom grapevine.

### Trek News

A *Trek VI* script has, apparently, been completed and shooting is scheduled to start this coming March. Number six will be the last *Trek* movie starring the cast of the original TV series. (A *ST:TNG* movie is planned for the mid 1990s.) The *ST 6* story will see Spock take a wife, Kirk become a monk (really!) and most of the others die defending the *Enterprise* from attack. Paramount still insists that *ST 6* will be in theatres for September '91, to coincide with the original show's 25th anniversary, but that seems a long shot.

An upcoming *ST:TNG* episode will bring Diana Muldaur back as Kate Pulaski. Paramount has reportedly bought eleven *ST:TNG* stories from fans. Our information is that they pay \$5000.00 (US) for a story outline and \$22,000.00 (US) for a script. Budding TV writers can drop Paramount a line and request a copy of their standard contract and the *Next Generation Writer's Guide*. The address we have is: Paramount Pictures, 5555 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California, USA, 90038. (Don't take all of this as gospel; we heard it second hand and can't vouch for its accuracy -Ed.)

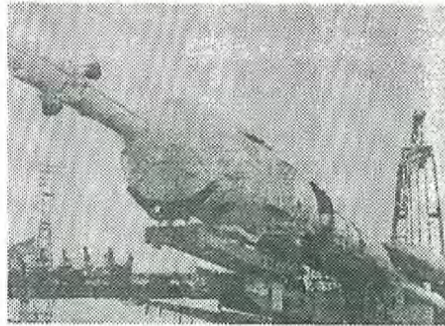
### Young Indy

Harrison Ford will appear in framing sequences, setting up the action as he looks back on his boyhood days in the *Young Indiana Jones* TV series being prepared for the '91 season by Lucasfilm and Paramount. Also, Clint Eastwood has been approached to play Indy's long lost older brother, Illinois Jones.

He hasn't, as yet, made the producers' day by saying he'll do it.

### Japanese Advertise on Soviet Rocket

The booster rocket that carried a Soviet crew and a Japanese journalist into orbit last month was plastered with ads for various Japanese companies. The huge Japanese TBS television network payed the



Soviet booster was plastered with advertisements

Russians \$13 million to send their man, Toyohiro Akiyama, into orbit (Boy, Toyo must not get along too well with the others in his office! -Ed.). The Soviets are taking the money and running; their space program is in dire need of bucks these days. Capitalist comrades; who woulda thunk it?

### Montreal Team Wins Gigaflop Award

A team of Pratt and Whitney Canada Inc. scientists has won the Cray Gigaflop Award, beating out 28 other aerospace engineering teams, including NASA's. The Montreal-based group, headed by Concordia University professor Wadgi Habashi, succeeded in designing the world's fastest computer code, capable of reaching 2.3 gigaflops on a Cray Y-MP supercomputer. The previous record was 1.5 gigaflops. A gigaflop is term meaning one billion actions per second. "We have reached close to peak efficiency with this code," said Habashi.

### The Antici.....pation is Over

*The Rocky Horror Picture Show* is out on video, but in limited quantities and, according to sources, it's virtually impossible to copy. After fifteen years of waiting, *Rocky* fans greeted the news of the cult classic's release on video with great enthusiasm, but had to move quickly to secure themselves a copy—no orders were accepted after October 25. And the price was high: about \$100.00 per. Fans planning to copy the tape will be faced with the latest in copy-inhibiting technology. Any bootleg tapes that are made will be easily identifiable to potential buyers as illegal copies; the legitimate product is expensively packaged (a glossy black box, embossed red lips, a red cassette shell) and pirates will find it next to impossible to mimic the packaging—consumers will know just by looking at the box whether a tape is the genuine article or not. *Rocky* won't be available on video again until 1993, nor will it appear on cable or network TV until late 1992, at the earliest. Dammit, Janet!





## Lovecraft Honoured

A bronze plaque honouring horror writer H. P. Lovecraft was dedicated last July 20 (the 100th anniversary of Lovecraft's birth) in Providence, Rhode Island. The memorial sits in a garden next to Brown University's John Hay Library, where Lovecraft's papers are kept.



Lovecraft memorial plaque

Take a Long Ewok off a Short Pier, Pal!

A Calgary writer named Dean Preston tried to claim that he, not George Lucas, had created the Ewoks of *Star Wars* fame in a legal action against Lucas (see "Earthshattering Trumors" in *Warp 3*, March 1990). His case was dismissed and he was ordered to pay Lucas' court costs.

## Only 14% Vote on Hugos

The percentage of WorldCon members who vote on the Hugos has been steadily dropping since 1971 and this year reached an all-time low of 14 percent. It seems that out of several thousand fans, only a few hundred decide on the outcome of the prestigious award, which sort of takes away from the validity of the Hugos, now, doesn't it campers.

## Big Bucks for Gibson

William Gibson's latest book, *Virtual Light*, was acquired by Bantam Books for over a half million dollars. The novel, set in turn-of-the-millennium California and unconnected to anything the author has done before, will be out next year says Bantam.

## Paperback Books

Out this month from Ace Books: *Clarke County, Space* by Allen Steele; *Jefferson's War 2: The Price of Command* by Kevin Randle; *Sam McCade, Volume 4: McCade's Bounty* by William C. Dietz. From Avon comes this seasonal anthology: *Christmas on Ganymede and Other Stories*, edited by Martin H. Greenberg. Baen Books offers Keith Laumer's *Zone Yellow* and Bob Shaw's *The Fugitive Worlds*. Coming in March from Baen: *Lion's Heart* by Karen Wehrstein and *World Spirits* by Aline Boucher Kaplan. Bantam brings us John Saul's *Sleep Walk* and John R. Holt's *When We Dead Awaken*. Peter Morwood's *The Book of Years 4: The Warlord's Domain* and the anthology *Sword and Sorceress VII*, edited by Marion Zimmer Bradley, come from Daw Books. Del Rey offers Robert A. Heinlein's *Grumbles from the Grave*, edited by Virginia A. Heinlein, and *Rinn's Star* by Paula E. Downing. Pinnacle Books releases Lois Tilton's *Vampire Winter* and Pocket Books' latest *Star Trek* novel, *Home is the Hunter* by Dana Kramer-Rolls, is out. *The Ring of Charon* by Roger McBride Allen, *The Worthing Saga* by Orson Scott Card, *Chronosequence* by Hilbert Schenck and *Boundries* by T. M. Wright are up this month from Tor Books.



Books



## Movies

Stephen Spielberg will direct an update of *Peter Pan* entitled *Hook* and starring Dustin Hoffman. Laurel Entertainment is making *Little Heroes*, based on Norman Spinrad's novel. *Stranger in a Strange Land* will be made into a movie and rights to Heinlein's *The Puppet Master* have been snapped up by Disney, who are behind director John McTiernan's film version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' *A Princess of Mars*, budgeted at some \$60 million and due out in 1992. Geffen Films is producing Anne Rice's *Interview With a Vampire* and have talked to Leonard Nimoy and John Travolta about starring. Vampires seem to be popular these days, with half a dozen or so vampire flicks in various stages of production. Some of the titles: *Nightland*, *Blue Blood*, *Innocent Blood*, and *Love at Second Bite*, with George Hamilton back as Drac.

## Movies: The Sequels

Wes Craven plans to shock us again with *Shocker 2*. A sequel to *Children of the Corn* is in the works. No, it won't be called "Teenagers of the Corn," but Mel Brooks' sequel to *Spaceballs* will be called *Spaceballs III: The Search for II! Scanners III: The Takeover* is also on the way and was filmed here in Montreal. Sigourney Weaver will definitely be in *Aliens III*, but the project has been plagued by so many script rewrites and a revolving plethora of directors that it's hard to say when this sucker will be in theatres, or whether it'll be worth seeing. Bill and Ted will go to hell in their sequel, appropriately dubbed *Bill & Ted go to Hell* (sounds like an old Alice Cooper album -Ed.). *Tales From the Darkside: The Movie II* is being scripted by Michael McDowell and cartoonist Gahan Wilson and will feature stories by Wilson, Robert Bloch and Stephen King. John Landis will direct *The Return of Willard*. Unknown Robert Burke takes over from Peter Weller in *RoboCop III*, which promises to be far less violent than the first two. Arnold Schwarzenegger plays another robot, identical to his *Terminator* character in *Terminator II: Judgement Day*, due out next summer.

*The Lost Boys II* and *Short Circuit 3* are currently in production with 1991 release dates planned. Tim Burton will direct *Batman II*, scheduled for a summer '92 release. Walter Koenig's *Moontrap* did well enough on video to warrant a sequel: *Moontrap II: The Pyramids of Mars*.

## News from Stephen's Kingdom

Aside from the above mentioned *Children of the Corn* sequel and the *Darkside II* adaptation of one of his tales, Stephen King's fans can look forward to film versions of *Thinner*, starring Timothy Bottoms, and *The Dark Half*, to be directed by George Romero and released this Spring.

## She-Wolf of London

British viewers will have to wait until next year to see *The She-Wolf of London*, currently playing in syndication in the States, even though a Brit company, HTV, is co-producing the series with Universal Pictures. Diane Youdale stars as an American student studying in England who, while on a camping trip, is bitten by a strange creature and becomes a werewolf. From then on, she searches for a cure to her affliction, aided by her university lecturer. Make-up FX are by Chris Tucker, who worked on *Star Wars*, *Quest for Fire* and *Company of Wolves*. No way of knowing when, or if, we'll see this show here in the Great White North.

## Tid-bits

The next James Bond movie is called *If Looks Could Kill* and some scenes were filmed here in Montreal at the posh Mount Stephen Club on Drummond street.

*A Land of the Giants* TV movie is currently under development.

*Jetsons: The Movie*, *Dick Tracy* and *RoboCop II*, having failed miserably at the box office, are now out on video.

WCFF, Channel 57, will be running all 18 episodes of *Red Dwarf* beginning in March of next year. (They're always eager to hear viewer reaction to the sf shows they put on,

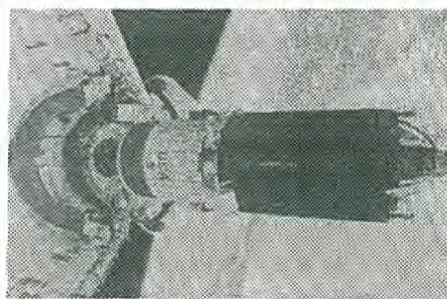
so let 'em know what you think -Ed.) YTV started running *Blake's 7* this month; Saturdays at 4:30PM.

Forrest J. Ackerman, Boris Karloff and Vincent Price were inducted into the Horror Hall of Fame at a ceremony on the *Conan* set at Universal Studios. Also inducted were the films *Night of the Living Dead*, *Psycho* and *The Exorcist*.

AMT/Ertl has announced that they will be re-releasing most of the the original *Star Trek* TV series model kits, including the Klingon cruiser, the *Enterprise* bridge and the *Galileo 7* shuttlecraft, sometime in March or April of next year.

1991 will mark Avon Books' fiftieth anniversary of paperback publishing.

The new IMAX movie, *Blue Planet*, is now playing at Montreal's Old Port. The film looks at various of our world's environmental problems, both at ground level and from the vantage point of an orbiting space shuttle.



Scene from *Blue Planet*

## CREDITS AND THANK YOUS

All the photographs in this issue were shot by Daniel P. Kenney and Bernard Reischl except those on pages 24, 25 and 26, which belong to their respective film and publishing companies, and those on pages 13 and 14, which were shot by Sylvain St-Pierre.

Header illustrations by Keith Braithwaite and Bernard Reischl.

The staff of Warp extends a special thank you to Jack Gutman & Associates and Unison Metal Products for their assistance in the production of this newsletter.

We also wish to thank anyone we may have neglected to thank!



# TrekKomedy Korner

LOU ISRAEL AND ELLIOT MILLER'S *STAR TREK* EPISODES THAT NEVER QUITE MADE IT INTO PRODUCTION

**Sitting on the Edge of Never-Never Land:** Passing through the Guardian to Never-Never Land, the *Enterprise's* landing party finds itself aboard a pirate ship which is firing at a little guy dressed in a funny suit flying around the boat.

**Alpo Time:** Spock develops a sudden craving for dog food, explaining to Kirk and McCoy that this affliction strikes Vulcan's every forty-nine years (that's seven to you and me). Kirk decides to ferry Spock to Vulcan for treatment after the first officer digs a hole and tries to bury McCoy!

**The Chesterfielding:** The *Enterprise* encounters a discarded sofa which has collided and fused with an alien probe sent out to collect soil samples. The thing gathers up piece after piece of dirt and rock, until Nomad is an island. Sofa, so good.

**Golf in the Cold:** Scotty loses his memory one blustery day after being hit by a stray golf ball and is brought up on charges of murdering a local golf pro. Kirk, Spock and McCoy discover that the engineer has been framed and, acting in his legal defense, get him off Scott-free.

**Pluto's Grandchildren:** The *Enterprise* visits a planet of telepathic canines who use mind control to make the landing party chase sticks. When Kirk discovers that, after a while, his people develop telepathic powers too, he tries to teach old dogs new tricks.

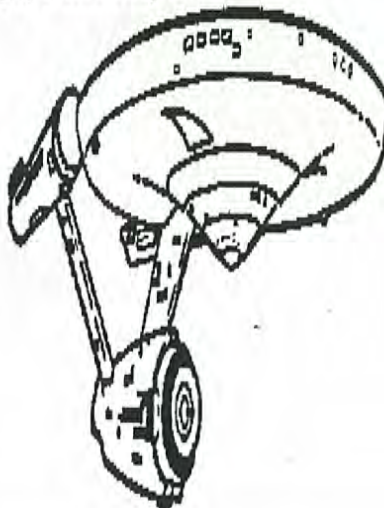
**The Ernest and Julio Gallo Seven:** Spock, McCoy, Scotty and four others get bombed on cheap California wine and are forced to crash-land their shuttle.

**The Return of the Archies:** After saving a planet from the mind-numbing effects of having to listen to a cartoon, bubblegum-pop music band, Kirk relaxes on the bridge with a cup of Yeoman Rand's coffee-cream and sugar, sugar.

**The Im-Panama Syndrome:** The *Enterprise* encounters a giant, single-celled creature in space. Upon seeing the creature on screen, substitute helmsman Jose "Speedy" Gonzales exclaims, "Amoeba, Amoeba! Andele, Andele!"

**A Rose by Any Other Name is A Weed:** A race of aliens called the Kelvins plan to use the *Enterprise* as a taxi to the Andromeda galaxy and stiff Kirk for the fare, but he manages to rid the ship of the Kelvins by turning the thermostat down to minus 273° celsius.

**A Private Little Whore:** While on this week's mission, Kirk is attacked by a monster but is saved from almost certain death by an old friend's wife, Nono, whom the guys call Yesyes!



## TOP 10 EXCUSES FOR AVOIDING EXCITEMENT ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE-D

by Kevin Holden

10. Wesley has dismantled the warp engines for a school project.
9. Deanna Troi feels "very disturbed" about something.
8. Captain Picard is relaxing/trapped on the Holodeck.
7. Let's all go to 10-forward for a drink first.
6. Deanna Troi's mom is on board, Picard is hiding.
5. The Romulans have turned chicken again!
4. Worf has to attend his EST/sensitivity class.
3. Some god-like superbeing will fix it anyway.
2. Geordi has his visor tuned in to Much Music.
1. Riker still hasn't pulled that broom out of his ass.





# What is Gravity?

Gravity is made by the Gravco Corporation in Greenwich, Connecticut, a small mom-and-pop operation that has supplied the world's gravitational needs for thousands of years.

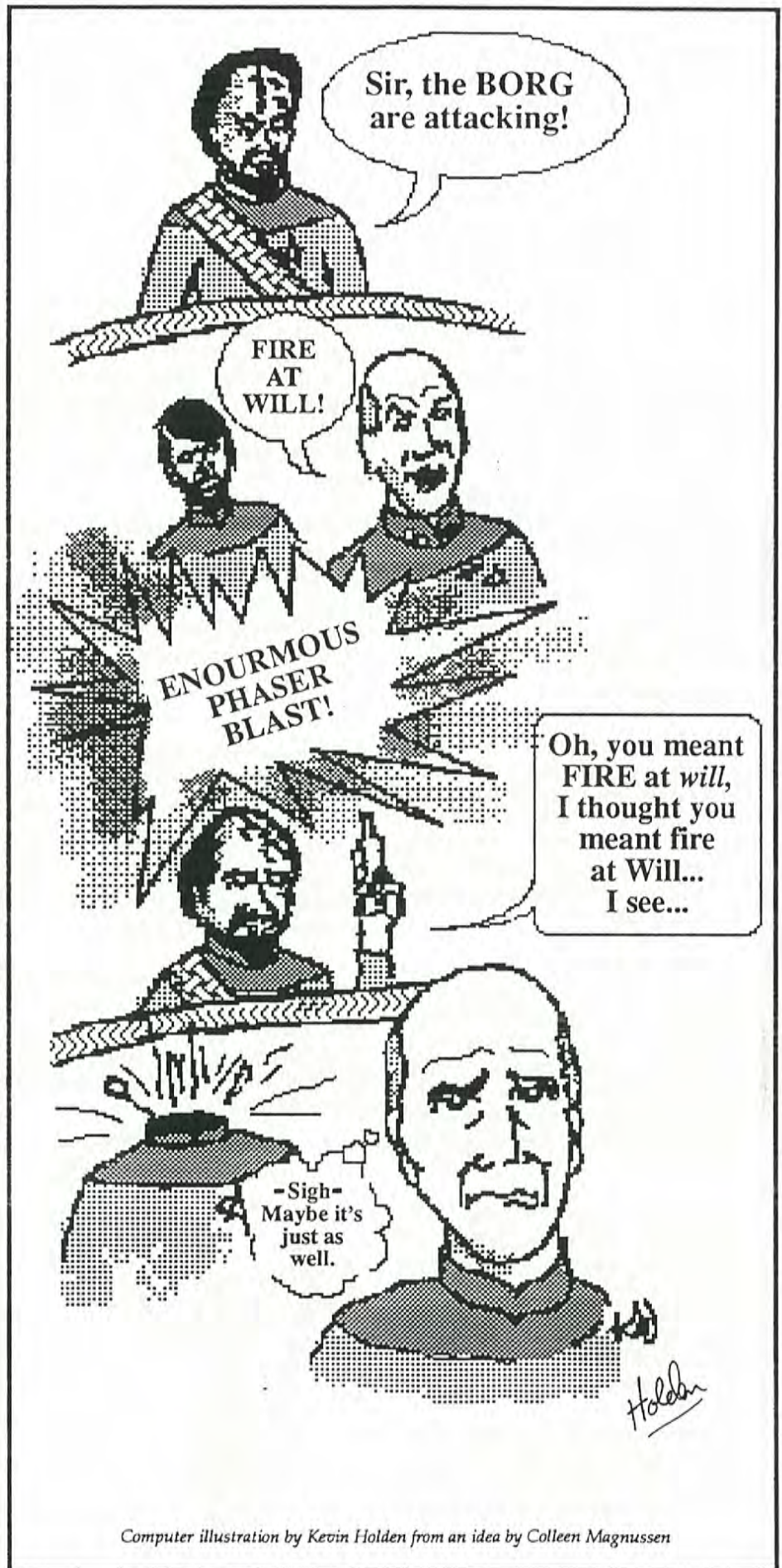
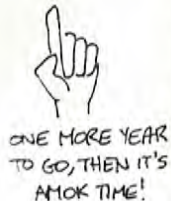
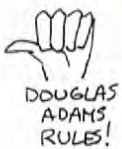
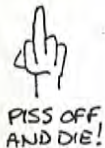
The recipe for gravity is secret, protected by seventeen patents, but some of the process is public knowledge. Take twelve parts Elmer's Glue, four parts centrifugal force, five parts electro-magnetic radiation; stir in a bag of snips, snails, puppy dog tails, calico, gingham, the smiles of a summer night—it's all kind of sappy and sentimental, really, but it beats floating off into the vacuum of space and imploding. -Duck's Breath Mystery Theatre, 1986

## MONTEREY'S BUSINESS



## VULCAN HAND-SIGNS

by KGB



Computer illustration by Kevin Holden from an idea by Colleen Magnussen



If you would like to join, please fill in the membership application and mail it to **MonSFFA**, along with a cheque or money order made out to **MonSFFA** for the amount of \$20.00. Feel free to write us for more information.

**MonSFFA**

P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc  
 Montreal, Quebec  
 Canada, H2W 2P4

Si vous voulez vous joindre au club, veuillez remplir le formulaire d'adhésion et nous le faire parvenir à l'adresse si-dessous avec un chèque ou un mandat-poste, payable à l'ordre de l'**AMonSFF**, au montant de 20,00\$. N'hésitez pas à nous écrire si vous avez besoin de plus amples renseignements.

**AMonSFF**

C.P. 1186, Place du Parc  
 Montréal (Québec)  
 Canada, H2W 2P4

**The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA): Membership Application**

**Name** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Birthdate** (optional) \_\_\_\_\_  
**Mailing address** \_\_\_\_\_  
 Apt. \_\_\_\_\_ City/Town \_\_\_\_\_  
 Province/State \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_  
**Telephone** (home) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (work) \_\_\_\_\_

**Interests** (optional)

- Science Fiction \_\_\_\_\_
- Others \_\_\_\_\_
- Fantasy \_\_\_\_\_
- Horror \_\_\_\_\_
- Movies/TV \_\_\_\_\_
- Writing \_\_\_\_\_
- Art \_\_\_\_\_
- Gaming \_\_\_\_\_

**Others** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

We are sometimes approached by other organizations interested in soliciting our members. Please indicate whether or not you give your permission to pass on the information contained in this application to any such organizations.

- You have my permission to pass on said information.
- Please do not pass on any of said information.

**Formulaire d'adhésion à l'Association Montréalaise de Science-Fiction et de Fantastique (AMonSFF) :**

**Nom** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Date de naissance** (optionelle) \_\_\_\_\_  
**Adresse** \_\_\_\_\_  
 App. \_\_\_\_\_ Ville \_\_\_\_\_  
 Province/État \_\_\_\_\_ Code Postal \_\_\_\_\_  
**Téléphone** (rés.) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (trav.) \_\_\_\_\_

**Intérêts personnels** (optionels)

- Science-Fiction \_\_\_\_\_
- Autres \_\_\_\_\_
- Fantastique \_\_\_\_\_
- Horreur \_\_\_\_\_
- Films/TV \_\_\_\_\_
- Écriture \_\_\_\_\_
- Art \_\_\_\_\_
- Jeux de rôles \_\_\_\_\_

**Autres** \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

Il arrive que d'autres organismes nous demandent la liste de nos membres afin de les contacter. Veuillez indiquer ci-dessous si vous nous autorisez à transmettre les renseignements inscrits sur ce formulaire à ces organismes.

- Je vous autorise à transmettre ces renseignements.
- Veuillez ne pas transmettre ces renseignements.





# Chicon V

The 49th World Science Fiction Convention

**Hal Clement**  
(Author Guest of Honor)

**Jon & Joni Stopa**  
(Fan Guests of Honor)

**Martin Harry Greenberg**  
(Editor Guest of Honor)

**Marta Randall**  
(Toastmaster)

**Richard Powers**  
(Artist Guest of Honor)

29 Aug. - 2 Sep. 1991  
Hyatt Regency Chicago

**To Join, Write Us At:**  
Chicon V Registration  
PO Box 218121  
Upper Arlington, OH 43221-8121

**Rates for Attending memberships:**

**\$95** until **31 Dec '90**  
**\$110** from **1 Jan '91**  
until **31 Mar '91**  
**\$125** from **1 Apr '91**  
until **15 Jul '91**  
**\$150** at the door

Supporting memberships \$30  
(not available after 15 July '91)  
Child's memberships \$75  
(not available after 15 July '91)

A child is any person born after 28 August 1980.  
Children's Memberships will include the use of  
Chicon V child-care services.

All members will receive publications, nomination  
and voting rights for the 1991 Hugo Awards, and  
(with payment of additional fees) the right to vote  
for the site of the 1994 Worldcon. Attending and  
Child members also get to show up and participate.

All membership fees are quoted in US dollars;  
please make checks payable to "Chicon V". All  
checks must be drawn on US or Canadian banks;  
we can also accept Postal Money Orders as long as  
they are payable in US currency.

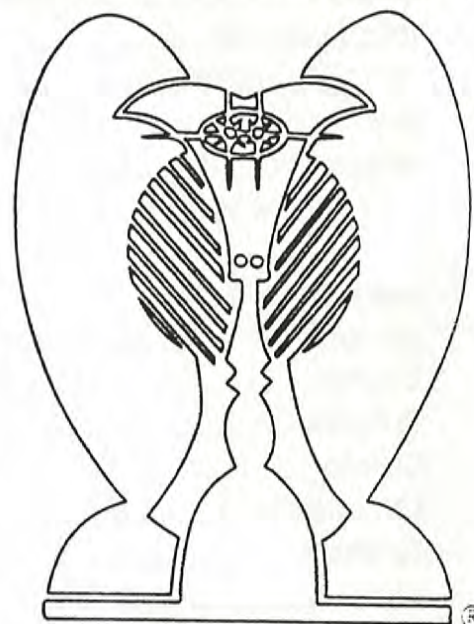
**Hotel:** Room rates for Chicon V will be  
\$70 per night single/double, \$90 triple  
and \$110 quad. We will NOT be ac-  
cepting room reservations until early  
1991.

**Activities:** Chicon V will have all of the  
usual activities of a modern Worldcon—  
including Panels and Workshops, the  
Masquerade, Dealers Room (which is  
already sold out), Art Show, Con Suite,  
Video/Films, Gaming, and Filking.

**Volunteers:** If you would like to become  
involved in Chicon V as more than an  
attendee, we invite you to join our staff.  
To volunteer, please contact us at the  
Chicago PO Box. Give us some idea of  
what you would like to do at Chicon, and  
any convention experience you may have.

**General info:** Chicon V  
PO Box A3120  
Chicago, IL 60690-3120

**Art Show:** Saddened by the tragic loss  
of Elizabeth Pearse, we are exploring our  
options for the art show. Please direct  
comments or inquiries to the general  
Chicon V PO Box listed above.



**Publications & Advertising:** John Ayotte  
528 Whitson Drive  
Gahanna, OH 43230



**Chicon V Registration Form**

Chicon V Registration  
PO Box 218121  
Upper Arlington, OH 43221-8121

Please supply the following information for each membership.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Funds Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

"Fannish" or badge name \_\_\_\_\_