

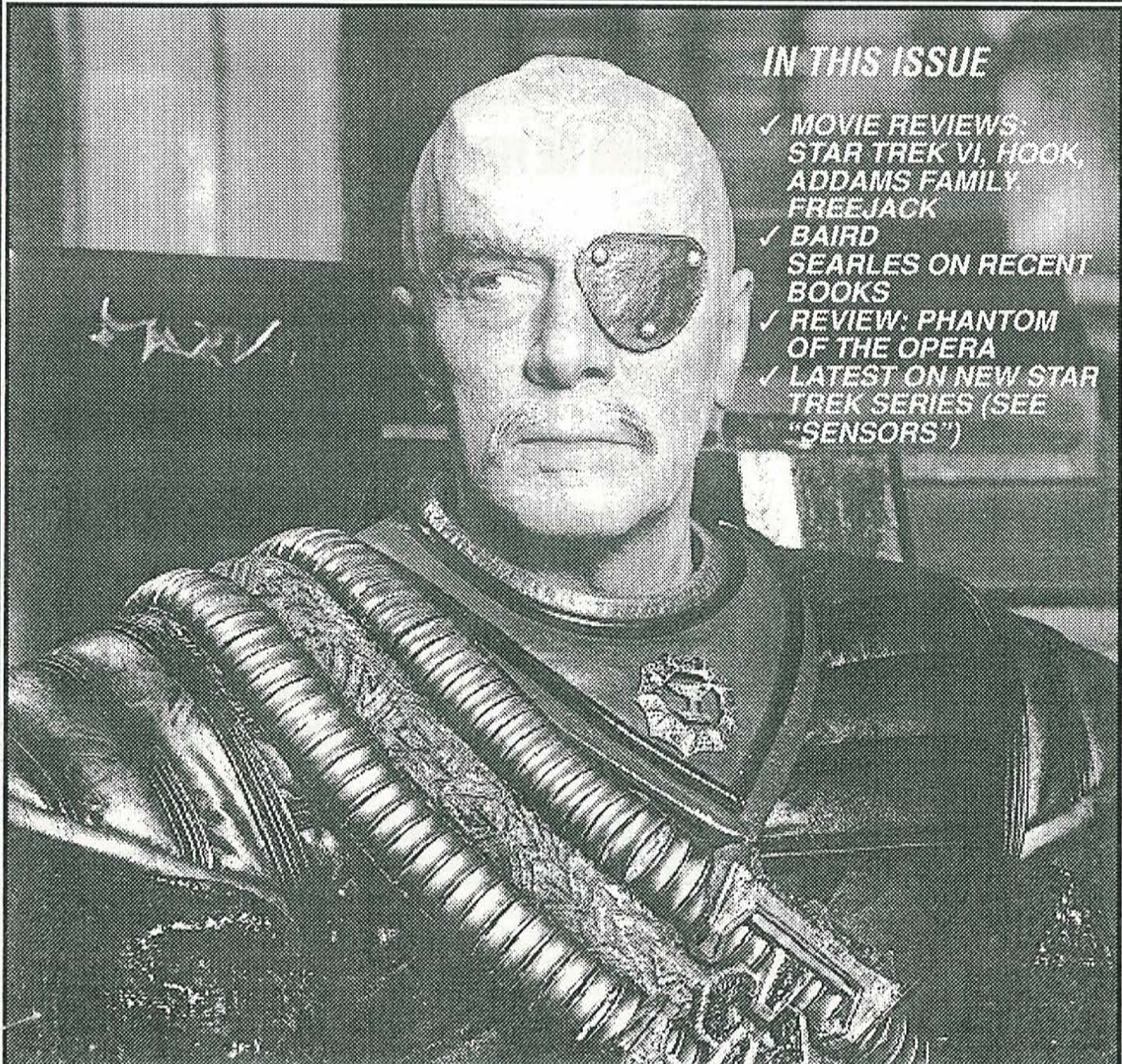
FEBRUARY 1992, VOLUME 6, NUMBER 1 (19th ISSUE)

1

WARP

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The Official Newsletter of the Montreal Science Fiction & Fantasy Association



IN THIS ISSUE

- ✓ MOVIE REVIEWS: STAR TREK VI, HOOK, ADDAMS FAMILY, FREEJACK
- ✓ BAIRD SEARLES ON RECENT BOOKS
- ✓ REVIEW: PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
- ✓ LATEST ON NEW STAR TREK SERIES (SEE "SENSORS")

Roll Call

MonSFFA's Executive Committee

President
Keith G. Braithwaite

Vice-President
Lynda Pelley

Treasurer
Sylvain St-Pierre

MonSFFA's Appointed Officers

Activities
Sue Dunlop

Secretary
Bryan Ekers

Membership
Sylvain St-Pierre

Public Relations and Advertising
Position to be filled

Mailing Manager
Colleen Magnussen

Munchie Maiden
Trudie Mason

Advisors
Michael Masella, Joseph Aspler,
Kevin Holden, Linda Huntoon,
Andrew Weitzman, Marc Durocher,
Zsuzsanna-Lynda Bathory

Newsletter Staff this Issue

Keith Braithwaite: Editing, Layout,
Michael Masella: Typesetting,
Laser-printing
Bernard Reischl: Photostats, Photoscans

Cover up: Canadian actor Christopher Plummer plays warmongering Klingon General Chang in *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country*. Photo courtesy Paramount Pictures.

1992 MonSFFA GENERAL MEETING SCHEDULE

**ALL MEETINGS HELD SUNDAYS,
1:00PM ~ 4:30PM AT DOWNTOWN
YMCA, 1450 STANLEY ST. (ACROSS
FROM THE PEEL METRO), ROOM 307**

**NEXT MEETING: MARCH 15
(PROGRAMMING: DISCUSSION PANEL ON
PREPONDERANCE OF SEQUELS IN SF/F
LITERATURE, FILM—GOOD OR BAD?;
DESIGNING SPACESHIPS; RAFFLE; MORE)**

**APRIL 12: TRANSWARP MEGA-MEETING (DAY-LONG MINI-CON PUT ON
BY MONSFFA, 3 OTHER AREA CLUBS—SEE MONSFFANDOM FOR DETAILS)**

CON•CEPT 1992 DATES: OCTOBER 17, 18

JANUARY
19

FEBRUARY
16

MARCH
15

APRIL 12
TransWarp
10:00 - 18:00

MAY
10

JUNE
14

AUGUST
16

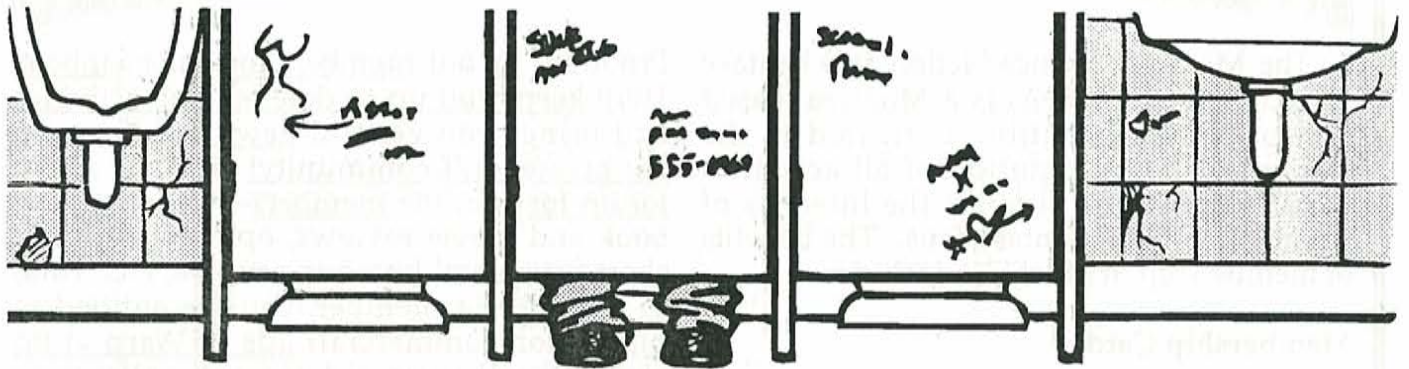
SEPTEMBER
20

NOVEMBER
15

DECEMBER
13

Warp is published six 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, Canada, H2W 2P4. Subscription rate is \$12.00 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 a no-no, but is not intended to infringe on any rights held by the legitimate copyright holders. Come on, people, lighten up! This is an amateur publication, intended for enjoyment only. "Say it with flowers; give her a triffid."—wall graffiti, England.

From the CENTER Seat



Let me begin by thanking the membership for their continued in me as the club's President. Let me also congratulate Sylvain St-Pierre, who, with me, encores on the Executive Council this year (he's the club's Treasurer), and Lynda Pelley, who has stepped forward enthusiastically and been acclaimed our Vice-President. Also, many of '91's officers and advisors have expressed their willingness to continue in those capacities, and several new-comers have volunteered to get more actively involved in MonSFFA through officer and advisor positions. I welcome them all, returning and neophytes, and thank them for their commitment to our club.

Those who are stepping down, this year, from active involvement in running the club also deserve our appreciation, and so, on behalf of MonSFFA, I thank them all very much. And let me add my personal thanks to that.

Some of us put in more—way more, our better halves would say—than our fair share of volunteer

effort into endeavours like MonSFFA. These people, I think, are entitled to special mention when the "thank-you's" are being handed out. Our retiring VP, Kevin Holden, is one such person, and this time around, it's his turn. Kevin is one of MonSFFA's founders and has always been at the forefront of the club's operation. He was one of the founders of this newsletter and was instrumental in getting Con•cept started. He has, in fact, been involved in just about every aspect of MonSFFA at one time or another. In the past year, he helped lessen my workload quite a bit, most notably by taking care of most of the General Meetings—it was Kevin who arranged for the guest speakers we featured in '91. (A note of personal thanks goes out to him on that score.) MonSFFA thanks him very much for his dedication to the cause over these past several years.

Kevin has told me that, while he will be scaling back his fanact considerably, he'd still like to help out whenever he can. The club will be well served when he does.

We've gotten a little behind in processing new and renewing members, and answering mail. As you might expect, nothing much got done during the Christmas/New Year's holidays, and after that, some of us were felled for a couple of weeks by that flu bug that was going around. We're catching up, though, so if you're wondering where your new membership card is or why you haven't got an answer to your letter, hang in there. It'll take a bit longer than usual, but you'll get it.

One last thing. MonSFFA and three other area clubs are combining resources and putting on a big, day-long mega-meeting at the downtown YMCA on April 12 (see "MonSFFandom" for details). Make a point of being there, folks, not only to support your own club, but Montreal fandom in general.

Keith Braithwaite

Keith Braithwaite
President, MonSFFA



Thank Youze

Header illustrations by Keith Braithwaite and Berny Reischl.

Thanks to Jack Gutman and Associates and Unison Metal Products for their assistance in producing this newsletter.

MonSFFA Membership Benefits

The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA) is a Montreal-based non-profit organization dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of all activities which engage and support the interests of science fiction and fantasy fans. The benefits of membership in MonSFFA include:

Membership Card

Your MonSFFA membership card identifies you as a MonSFFA member, allows you free admittance to the club's monthly events and entitles you to certain discounts at sf/f-oriented retailers participating in MonSFFA's discount program!

Monthly Events

Attend MonSFFA's regularly scheduled events, held about every month (except during the summer), and meet other sf/f fans! Share interests, exchange ideas, view current and classic sf/f movies and TV shows, enjoy guest speakers and special presentations, participate in workshops and discussion panels, get involved in various club projects, and more!

Discount Program

As a member of MonSFFA, you are in a position to save on your sf/f purchases, and your membership pays for itself within the year! If you buy and average of only \$4.00 worth of sf/f books, comics, collectibles, gaming and hobby items, etc. per week, your yearly MonSFFA membership will pay for itself in discount savings within the year! Full details of the discount program are printed in each issue of MonSFFA's newsletter.

Newsletter

You will receive a one-year subscription (six issues) to MonSFFA's newsletter, *Warp*!

Produced by our members for our members, *Warp* keeps you up to date on club activities and brings you general news from around the greater sf/f community! *Warp* is also a forum for you, the members—we want your book and movie reviews, opinion columns, short fiction and humour, artwork, etc! And, as a MonSFFA member, you are entitled to place (non-commercial) ads in Warp at no charge—sell your old sf book collection, announce that you're looking for gaming partners, or whatever!

As a MonSFFA member, you'll enjoy these benefits and more!

MonSFFA is administered, on behalf of all of its members, by an executive committee, who are empowered to appoint officers and advisors to assist them with the operation of the club. Executive committee members are elected annually by vote of the general membership; any member in good standing may run for office.

The fee for a one-year membership in MonSFFA is currently \$20.00.

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

MonSFFA Discount Program

Listed on the next page are the sf/f-oriented retailers/dealers participating in the **MonSFFA Discount Program**. *We encourage members to frequent these establishments.* A valid MonSFFA membership card must be presented in order to take advantage of the discounts offered under this program. (Note: Certain exceptions with regard to the MonSFFA Discount Program may exist at some of these establishments. Conditions subject to change.)

MonSFFA Discount Program

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OAS

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Suite 606, 116 Albert Street,
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COMPUTURE

Fairview Shopping Centre
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Telephone: (514) 895 3620

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

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STORIES OF HIS FAVORITE
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• 5345 boul. Decarie, Montréal, Qué. (514) 484-0666
• 1070 rue Notre-Dame, Lachine, Qué. (514) 637-0733

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and more

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jeux de rôle
romans, etc. plus

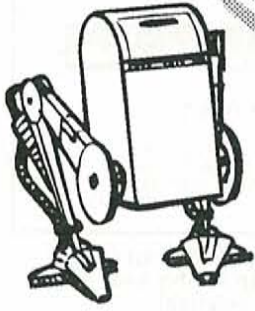
7190 St. Hubert, Montreal, Quebec H2R 2N1 (514) 273-0081
METRO JEAN TALON

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

1,000,000
COMIX

5164 Queen Mary Road
372 Sherbrooke Street W.

20% off on most merchandise.



MonSFFA and *Warp*, 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* reserves the right to edit letters where deemed necessary.

Dear MonSFFen,

Thanks very much for the latest issue of *Warp* (December '91). An example of coincidence...Gene Roddenberry died on October 24, and Irwin Allen died just over a week later. Allen created *Lost in Space*, *Star Trek's* main competition during its initial run. Anyone remember that CBS was first offered *Star Trek*, but said they already had a space series? People would remember Allen's death if there were *LiS* conventions today, but seeing how people would rather snipe at Wesley Crusher than Will Robinson...

Star Trek was the entry into fandom for many people, myself included, but many fans who got their start through books alone are starting to feel closed in by the sheer numbers of media fans. Those book fans resent the media presence, shun these people, who have become the majority of most convention memberships, with their costumes, "weapons" and weird behaviour, and feel they are the only true fans, representing fandom as it started in the '30's, with book and pulp magazines. Questions for the membership at large: Are these concerns of book fans legitimate? Does anyone feel that media sf has damaged the science fiction field as a whole? I enjoy both, but have seen

many articles in fanzines lately, slagging the media fans, talking about banning them from conventions, cooking up new and various derogatory terms for them, and generally saying they are not *real* fans. I think we have here a real generation gap.

The Mega-Meeting (see "From the Center Seat," *Warp* 12, December '91) sounds like a beneficial idea. If it's possible to bring all the clubs and other organizations together so that the general public can see what's happening, it'll be a great opportunity to bring in more new members. It's also a pleasure to hear that more people are getting involved in club management. Keep it up!

The final report on *Con•cept* '91 is welcome news. You got the numbers you wanted, and you made some money. Now, it's time to further develop the Toronto and Ottawa markets, as well as the Quebec market outside of Montreal, and possibly, any markets in the New England states. The growth of this con has been steady and controlled and it looks better every year.

The sixth *Trek* movie seems to be doing well. Not gangbusters, but well enough to pull in \$50 million in its first 24 days of release. Bill Shatner was the only cast member of either crew not to attend Roddenberry's funeral, which, added to the recent rerun of the *Saturday Night Live* hosted by Shatner (get a life, Bill), and his shenanigans behind the scenes, probably makes him the least popular of all the *Trek* stars. (We needed confirmation of this, right?) I'd also heard rumours that Richard Arnold had been fired completely. I am sure that this will make Paramount a better place to work for scriptwriters, book writers, and many others.

I am amazed that there are Sci-Fi Channel fan clubs in Canada, yet it looks like we won't be able to get this signal unless the CRTC loosens its regulations, which isn't likely in the near future. Saw *Hook* in Buffalo...a great, feel-good movie. A word to the wise...grow up, but don't grow up *all the way*.

A new *Dr. Who* convention is being planned. Who Party 10 will

take place August 15 and 16, 1992, at the Ontario College of Art in downtown Toronto. Guests, costs and room info to come, and I'll keep you posted.

Enough letter for right now...thanks for the good read, and see you next time.

Lloyd Penney
Brampton, Ontario

Thanks for the encouragement and advice on Con•cept. As to the book vs. media fan debate, I find the sniping that each side takes at the other regrettable. I enjoy both too, Lloyd, and I do not consider the two rivals. Frankly, comparing books and TV/film is like comparing apples and oranges. They're structured differently, each with its own strengths and weaknesses. I can understand how book fans may feel swamped by the "sheer numbers of media fans" you mention. The reality is that the media generation is predominant in today's society. With the pace of life so quick these days, many simply don't have the time to invest in reading copiously (especially when so much contemporary literature tells the tale in endless, multi-part series)—watching TV or a movie takes less time. It boils down to this: People will enjoy their hobby the way they want to enjoy it, and right now more fans enjoy it through TV/film. Perhaps the book fans can be granted a distinct society status within fandom!-Ed.

Dear MonSFFen,

I would like to make a few comments on Lloyd Penney's letter in *Warp* 12 (December '91), the section on Creation Cons. Let me state first that, as a dealer, I do have a vested interest in the following remarks:

I agree with most of the comments made by Lloyd and Jon Lane. As a local dealer, I believe that I have a responsibility to educate the "new fans" who usually attends these cons. I try to achieve this by talking to the fans about "real" cons and handing out flyers on Ad Astra, Toronto Trek, *Con•cept*, *Maplecon*, etc. Let's face it, there is plenty of time to talk to the dealers at a Creation Con.

It appears to me that Creation has a stable of four or five dealers

that travel with them. The rest are made up from local stores and dealers. So why not take the opportunity to promote oneself. Be it a fan group, real con or local store/dealer. We are the ones that are going to support the new fan after Creation leaves. And we will still be here after Creation burns out.

A word to Montreal dealers/stores: If you feel Creation's table rates are too high, try a boycott. We did this in April '91 in Toronto. They cancelled the con because they could not get enough dealers. The table rates for the October Con were less than half. Enough said.

Paul Bennett
Dunnville, Ontario

For those of you who are interested and want to know more, check out the October '91 issue of Warp. Paul is referring to Lloyd's reference to our report in that issue, which dealt with a fan boycott of Creation Conventions, who, the boycott promoters argue, rip fans off with their high admission prices and scant programming. A number of allegations against Creation were made by these fans regarding attempts to monopolize the Trek convention scene. Our report included Creation's response to the allegations.-Ed.

Dear Fellow SF-Fans,

I would gladly exchange clubzines—ours is called *Probe*. (MonSFFA sent Science Fiction South Africa a copy of *Warp* and asked if they wanted to trade—Ed.) It is a quarterly magazine and has been more or less this format (digest, 80-plus pages, staple-bound) for the whole of its 22 year existence—that must be some sort of record in the fanzine industry where most efforts are short-lived.

Currently, SFSA is the only sf club in South Africa; and *Probe* is the only sf fanzine in South Africa. The science fiction club is run by a group of fans (on a non-profit basis) to promote an interest in sf. We run meetings every second month where we usually have sf film/video shows and talks or discussions of sf. Previously we had monthly meetings but, these were poorly attended sometimes. For that reason, we have reduced the number of meetings in

an effort to increase the quality and draw more members. We have about 100 members in and around Johannesburg that can attend meetings and another 40 members around the country who only receive our magazine. We also run a club library with a great number and variety of sf books.

The club has been in existence for just over 22 years. In that period, we have undergone many changes and have consistently grown in size. We also promote sf through various club activities and therefore try to make it as enjoyable as possible for non-sf fans as well to bring them into the sf field.

This year (1991) will see us running our 13th annual sf convention. It is spread over a day and a half and is basically a much larger version of our monthly meetings, concentrating on sf films. The convention is held at the Wits University campus and attracts between 80 and 100 people.

The annual sf short story competition, now in its 15th year, draws about 100 stories each year even though our prizes are small. Some of the better stories are printed in *Probe*.

Thank you for your interest in our club.

Neil van Niekerk (Editor, *Probe*)
Primrose, South Africa

Thank you very much for your letter, Neil. Our club has only been around for three years (four if you count our initial incarnation as a strictly Star Trek club), and this newsletter celebrated its third year anniversary, as well, just a few months ago. And our local convention, Con•cept, began as a one-day event and last year made the jump to a full weekend. It will see its fourth edition in October of this year. So you guys have a few years on us. Our membership stands at about 80, Con•cept attracts between 400 and 500 fans. What sff books and movies are popular in South Africa these days? No one author or style seems to be really taking off around here—Star Trek novels, as always, remain quite popular. Star Trek: The Next Generation and Quantum Leap are favourites on TV. Britain's Red Dwarf, and of course Doctor Who, run here and have a strong following. Star Trek VI, Hook, Addams Family and

(coming soon) Alien 3 and Batman II top the sf movie charts.-Ed.

Dear Keith Braithwaite,

Thank you for the October (1991) issue of *Warp*. I would be happy to trade "zines," but as VP of the local club, I am having a tough time expanding their awareness. As such, I am forwarding a personal MonSFFA membership and intend on forwarding the local *Intersector* fanzine gratis as it is printed. I asked—told!—the editor to forward you the current issue, but I don't think it happened. I will keep working locally anyways. No one in Camrose other than myself (and local SCA people) are even aware of fandom and conventions. Lots of education to go.

Brett L. McDonald
Ohaton, Alberta

We did get that issue of Intersector. We are pleased to welcome you to our ranks and admire your determination to make your friends more aware of fandom. If you can get them to a convention or two, that may be the eye-opener they need.-Ed.

Dear MonSFFA People,

Have never seen your clubzine, can't afford to subscribe, even if \$10 CDN equals whatever US. Hope you publish b&w spots, and that you'll consider this a trade. Eventually our club (Niagara Falls SF Association) will have a 'zine to trade you, but for now...

I promise not to make any jokes about if you're allowed to speak in English only because Montreal is my second favourite city after Anchorage. So here's some b&w's for you to use or abuse.

Wishing you the best of luck with all your endeavours.

Linda L Michaels
Niagara Falls, New York

Thanks very much for your artwork. It is very, very good and we plan to showcase some of it in our "Main Viewscreen" feature, in which we publish fan art. Can't tell you when that will be, but we'll send you a copy of the issue in which your art appears.-Ed.

MonSFFA Andlom

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

DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING

December's General Meeting was held on Sunday, the 15th, at our usual spot, the downtown YMCA. Attendance stood at about 35.

First order of business: the club's elections. The floor was opened for any last minute nominations, and as none were forthcoming, the membership present acclaimed Keith Braithwaite and Sylvain St-Pierre to another term as President and Treasurer, respectively, and Lynda Pelley to her first term as Vice President, replacing Kevin Holden, who held the post last year and has stepped down. Thus, 1992's Executive Committee officially came into being and were given a congratulatory round of applause.

A suggestion was made, by member Marc Durocher, that, in the spirit of the season, the proceeds from the afternoon's raffle be donated to charity. A brief discussion found all to be in agreement and Sun Youth was unanimously selected to receive our donation. Up for raffle were a *Star Trek VI* poster, a *Trek VI* pre-release poster and an *Addams Family* pre-release poster (all courtesy Paramount's Montreal office). Also up for grabs were some books and magazines (donated by members), and a large, vinyl "Star Trek Movie Marathon" banner (courtesy Ciné Affiches Montreal). In all, some \$70.00 was raised and when added to what Con•cept '91's con suite took in, rafflemaster John Dupuis estimated that about \$300.00 would be making its way in to Sun Youth's coffers. Thanks to those who donated items to the raffle, and to all who bought tickets.

The bulk of the meeting was dedicated to a discussion of *Star Trek VI*, and the future of the *Trek* movie series, if there be one, *ST VI* being, supposedly, the last of 'em. Most members liked *Trek VI*, many rating it the best of the lot. Some held out

that *II* was still the best, with *VI* coming in a close second. A few didn't like it, or at least felt that there were just too many flaws in the story-logic, even for *Trek*. Just about everyone agreed that if a *Trek VII* is ever made, it'll feature the *Next Generation* crew, but a few felt that Sulu, now captain of the *Excelsior*, maybe just might warrant a movie. No one took seriously any suggestion that the whole original cast would be back—*Trek VI*, it was felt, was indeed the last film to star the originals.

In keeping with our Christmas tradition, munchies and drinks were free and members scoffed down munchkins, home-baked cookies, Coke and Sprite. Thanks to Colleen Magnussen for the cookies, and to Beatrice Gasc and Keith Braithwaite, who picked up the munchkins and drinks.

And, thanks to all the members who helped out with December's meeting, thanks to all who attended, and to all a good night.

JANUARY GENERAL MEETING

Our first meeting of 1992 was held at the "Y" on January 19th. 35 or so members were in attendance.

President Keith Braithwaite welcomed everyone back from the holidays, thanked members who had helped run the club in '91, and congratulated and welcomed those staying on in '92 and those volunteering anew. He filled members in on upcoming club activities, including our participation in Conv-iction, our plans regarding the return of *Creation* in March, and the April 12 mega-meeting being organized by MonSFFA in conjunction with three other area clubs.

Keith then introduced Baird Searles, who was guest speaker at our September '91 meeting and is one of our newest members. Baird reviews books for *Isaac Asimov's*

Science Fiction Magazine and has offered to provide MonSFFA with verbal reviews of upcoming books every few meetings (he's clued in to what's coming up well enough in advance to be able to give us all a bit of a jump on things). He took the podium and covered several books, briefly outlining what each was about and giving it the "yay" or "nay." (Baird has also offered to write the occasional book column for *Warp*—his first appears in this issue, page 11.)

A game of "SF Name-That-Tune," hosted by Keith, followed. The room was divided into three teams of about 10. Short clips of *sf*, fantasy and horror movie and TV themes were played and the teams had to identify the movies or shows that the themes came from. Teams could wager points towards their being correct, and if they were, could earn bonus points by identifying the composers. It must be said that MonSFFA members know their theme music—they identified most of the clips, the winning team running up some half a million points! The losing team, made up mostly of literary fans, vowed revenge by proposing a similiar contest in which players would have to identify a novel or story by its opening sentence. Keith encouraged them to set it up and we look forward to giving it a try at a future meeting. Thanks to Keith, and to Graham Darling, who kept score.

A raffle was held after the game. Up for grabs were three pre-release movie posters: *Batman II*, *Alien 3* and *The Addams Family*. (MonSFFA thanks Warner Bros.' Montreal office, Ciné Affiches Montreal and Paramount's Montreal office for their generous donation of these posters.) Following the raffle, Con•cept ran a fund-raising auction. Items up for bid included a *Trek VI* soundtrack CD, a record album of William Shatner reading Isaac Asimov, several posters (including two more

of those *Batman II*'s), numerous magazines, and many books (including some pre-publication reviewers' copies donated by Baird). The raffle and auction were run by John Dupuis and Trudie Mason, who reported a combined revenue of over \$160.00. The proceeds were divided between MonSFFA and Con•cept. Both organizations thank John and Trudie, all those who donated items, and all who bought tickets and bid.

The meeting wrapped up with the screening of a classic 1950's sf movie, *It! The Terror from Beyond Space*, said to have been the inspiration for Ridley Scott's *Alien*.

MonSFFA thanks all those who helped out with, and attended, the January meeting.

UFO PHOTO CONTEST!

Member Andrew Weitzman has come up with the idea of holding a UFO theme meeting, along with a "Faked UFO Photo Contest." He suggested the idea at a recent Executive/Officers/Advisors meeting and drew up the following contest rules:

1. The contest is open to all.
2. Entries must be either still photographs, home movies or videos, Xeroxs or laser-prints. Naturally, models or paintings may be incorporated into the shot to create the required illusion.
3. The UFO must be shown in relation to some recognizable object or landmark—no strictly outer space shots.
4. Entries must be mailed in (c/o MonSFFA) by April 1, 1992, or may be delivered in person at the April 12 TransWarp Mega-Meeting (see "TransWarp Mega-Meeting," page 10). Include your name, telephone number, and a brief description of how you achieved your UFO effect on each entry. You may submit as many entries as you wish. (If you wish them returned after the contest, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.)
5. Judges will select the most convincing entry, the most intentionally humorous, the most

unintentionally humorous, and the weirdest. Prizes, yet to be determined, will be awarded to the winners and their entries published in *Warp*. The winning entries will also be displayed at Con•cept '92. (In the case of movies or videos, frame enlargements will be published in this newsletter and the entries screened at Con•cept.)

CON•CEPT '92

The latest on Con•cept '92 confirms Saturday, October 17, and Sunday, October 18, as the con dates. The con-com expects to be able to run limited programming the Friday night (October 16), certainly the con-suite and some room parties, but nothing is firm on that right now. The Nouvel Hotel is, once again, the locale.

Award-winning author Roger Zelazny, whose works include *Lord of Light*, *The Dream Master*, *Damnation Alley* and the *Amber* series, has expressed an interest in attending as the principle guest—details are now being worked out and the con-com expects to be able to announce, very soon, that Mr. Zelazny will be Con•cept '92's Guest of Honour. Also, Larry "The Doctor" Stewart has accepted an invitation to return for what will be his fourth year as the con's Master of Ceremonies.

EXECUTIVE/OFFICERS/ADVISORS MEETINGS

The meetings of the club's Executive, Officers and Advisors are



getting back on the rails—they had suffered from sporadic scheduling, infrequency and minimal attendance. Kevin Holden (before stepping down as the club's VP at the end of last year) stressed the importance of getting more people involved in the running of MonSFFA, and of holding regular, productive meetings in order to ensure that the club run effectively and that the work be spread around. His message seems to have gotten through. Meetings are now being held more frequently, more members are getting into the act, and the work is being distributed more equitably.

The group have come up with some interesting ideas for General Meetings: Slide-show presentations ("A History of SF Illustration," "Model-Making Techniques"), theme meetings (Andrew's UFO's, dinosaurs), various games, and discussion panel topics. Plans are afoot to realize these ideas. Also, the group plans to consult the membership regularly to garner their suggestions for General meeting programming. So, if you've got something in mind that you can do, and that you think might be of interest to your fellow members, talk to someone on the Exec, or to an Officer or Advisor, about *doing* it. Remember, this club is driven by its members, and without your active involvement...

CONV-ICTION

MonSFFA participated in Conviction, a one-day mini-con held out in Laval on Saturday, February 8th.



Conv-iction: Galileo 7 diorama (left), sword-fighting demonstration (right)—photos, Daniel P. Kenney

We signed up three new members, sold a few newsletters and handed out a good number of flyers. The Conv-iction people supplied us with some 40 feet of table space, which we covered with models, books, magazines, sf toys, costuming and convention photo albums, and a few ceramic dragons, representative of the diversity of interests embraced by our club. We were housed in a large, church-basement display room, along with other clubs, collectors, and a couple of dealers. Activities included gaming, video screenings, a sword-fighting demonstration and an art show. The organizers also put on a wickedly good snack bar! All in all, a good show.

These are the same people who ran Colloque-Trek last year. The name change to Conv-iction, and twice the floor space, however, didn't seem to increase attendance by much, if at all. It looked like about 100 or so showed—one of our members estimated that they attracted more people last year. We await the final numbers from the organizers and, in the meantime, hope our estimates are on the conservative side.

MonSFFA thanks the following members for bringing stuff and working at our table: Berny Reischl, Lynda Pelley, Sylvain St-Pierre, Sue Dunlop, Daniel P. Kenney, Keith Braithwaite, Bryan Ekers, Andrew Weitzman and Wayne Glover.

TRANSWARP MEGA-MEETING

Our Sunday, April 12, General Meeting will be expanded and given over to a day-long mega-meeting, to be put on by MonSFFA, the Warp Nine sf club, The High Council of Gallifrey, a *Doctor Who* club, and the local chapter of the Klingon Assault Group (K.A.G.). The event is

dubbed TransWarp, "Trans" referring to the multi-club co-operation this meeting is partly designed to encourage within Montreal fandom, and "Warp" giving a nod to this newsletter, the Warp Nine club and their newsletter, *Warp Factor* (TransWarp was originally conceived of as a MonSFFA/Warp Nine venture, but soon grew to include the other two clubs).

The four clubs will share equally the costs and work involved in making TransWarp happen. Each club will be responsible for a couple of tracks of their own programming, and all will co-operate on the running of a video room, a snack bar and some cross-club discussion panels. Also planned is an auction and a display room.

Members of any one or more of the four host clubs will get in free of charge, non-members will pay \$2.00. Members of all clubs are encouraged to attend and to bring a friend. Half of any profits generated, it has been agreed, will be donated to Sun Youth; the clubs will split the remaining half.

The event will run from 10:00AM to 6:00PM and take place in rooms 318, 311, 312 and 313 of the downtown YMCA building, 1450 Stanley Street (Peel Metro)—that's MonSFFA's usual General Meeting location, but *not* our usual room.

CREATION CON

Creation Conventions are returning to Montreal on March 21st and 22nd, bringing with them Brent "Data" Spiner—earlier rumours of Shatner and Frakes coming are now, of course, obsolete. MonSFFA has faxed Creation, offering to again provide them with volunteers for the show in exchange for a table in the Dealers' Room, from which we

would promote the hell out of both MonSFFA and Con•cept. We haven't heard back from them as of yet; stay tuned.

CLUB ELECTIONS

The club's annual elections of its Executive Committee were held at the December 15 General Meeting. Keith Braithwaite, Lynda Pelley and Sylvain St-Pierre ran unopposed for the positions of, respectively, President, Vice President and Treasurer. Keith and Sylvain are returning committee members, Lynda joins the Exec for the first time. MonSFFA's congratulations and thanks goes out to our 1992 Executive Committee.

To date, the following club officers have agreed to continue in their portfolios: Bryan Ekers (Secretary), Sue Dunlop (Activities) and Colleen Magnussen (Mailing Manager). Mike Masella, Linda Huntoon, Zsuzsanna-Lynda Bathory, Joseph Aspler, Marc Durocher, Andrew Weitzman, Berny Reischl and Kevin Holden have volunteered to sit as advisors.

Lou Israel has found that his time is limited these days and has, reluctantly, stepped down from any active involvement in helping to run the club. MonSFFA thanks him for the time he has devoted to us.

OUR PRESIDENT ASKED TO BE MAPLECON FAN GUEST

MonSFFA President Keith Braithwaite has been approached by the Maplecon people, who've asked if he'd be interested in attending Maplecon 13 (Halloween weekend this year) as their fan guest. Keith has said that he would be happy to come down and awaits the word to be given.

Bulletin Board

UFO PHOTO CONTEST!

See "MonSFFAandom—UFO Photo Contest" for details

WHAT: 5TH ANNUAL APRIL FOOL'S DANCE PARTY
WHEN: Saturday, March 28, 1992, 8:00PM
WHERE: Paul Valcour's place, 351-C Craig Henry Drive, Nepean, Ontario (take Woodroffe Avenue South exit off Queensway [417]; 613-723-2485)
WHO: Fans from all over welcome!
WHY: Because it's a party!
THEME: Science fiction music
FEATURES: Dance floor, famous midnight buffet, smoking room, BYOB

A Pre(re)view Post(re)view of Some Recent Books

by Baird Searles

Writing for Asimov's has one major problem, and that is (no, not what you're thinking—he's a pussycat) a disgustingly long lead time. That means that what I submit for print takes months to get *into* print, and unless I've been lucky enough to get a galley way up front, many of my reviews are far behind the book's publication. For instance, the latest issue of *IASFM* as I write this (late December) is February '92. That column was sent in *last July!* So I thought I might at least keep my fellow MonSFFA members a little more up to date, and give some brief previews of reviews that have been submitted, but won't be seen for quite a while. (Given the problems of getting backlist books these days, you've got to grab 'em while they're hot.) So here are some boiled-down tips from upcoming columns on books to watch for or to avoid:

Black Sun Rising by C.S. Friedman (DAW hard-cover): Friedman has always been long-winded, but this one, a desperate attempt to combine sf and fantasy, is endless, and without the brilliant ideas that saved her last book, for instance. This one is about a human-colonized planet the natural laws of which make for a kind of "magic" which left me, for one, thoroughly confused.

The Empire of Fear by Brian Stableford (Carroll & Graf hard-cover) is subtitled "an epic vampire novel" which it almost is. It takes place in an alternate history in which medieval Europe is ruled by an elite aristocracy who are vampires. It turns out that it's a kind of disease (close to AIDS) brought to Europe by Attila, and our hero learns the closely guarded secret of

disseminating it.

Those who know the older works in the genre will know that there was no one like A. Merritt, considered the master fantasist of the '20's and '30's. (There could be some argument as to whether most of his best known novels were fantasies at all, or more likely very prescient sf, but we won't get into that.) His work has been out of print for a shamefully long time, but several novels have reappeared in paperback (*The Ship of Ishtar*, *Dwellers in the Mirage*) and a lush and gloriously illustrated hard-cover of *The Face in the Abyss* has come from the specialty publisher, Don Grant.

Sf and the arts have always been uneasy bedfellows since most sf authors don't know Bach from Braque. However, Christopher Stasheff has demonstrated that he knows a lot about theatre in a novel called *A Company of Stars* (Del Rey, hard-cover) which concerns that particular branch of the arts in the future. It is the first of a series with the outrageous title of "Starship Troupers" (love it!).

Far-Seer by Robert J. Sawyer (Ace, paper) is one of those rare novels dealing entirely with a non-humanoid race, and its discovery that their world is round, revolves around another world, and is about to break up from gravitational forces. It's good, classic sf.

If you're a newcomer to sf fandom, and feel that sometimes you're trapped with a bunch of people speaking an alien language, you might look into *Futurespeak* by Roberta Rogow (Paragon House, hard-cover) which will tell you all you need to know to sound like one of the gang.

Black Unicorn (Atheneum, hard-

cover) is a return by Tanith Lee to the witty, off-the-wall writing and plotting that the lady used to do so well. It's about a heroine named Tanaquil, whose mother is a sorceress, and has one of Lee's little alien beasts in it that invariably steal the show.

As a Tolkien collector from 1954, who has despaired of most Tolkien "art" (illustrated editions, paperback covers, and those ghastly calendars), it's a pleasure to assure you that the centenary edition of *The Lord of the Rings* (Houghton Mifflin, hard-cover) is a beauty, with near perfect illustrations by Alan Lee. It takes one back to the golden age of the illustrated book.

Most of these books should be currently available, but given the confusion of British and American copyrights, no guarantees, which is why I've not listed prices, also; I'm working from U.S. sources for publisher and price, which could vary here—check with your knowledgeable specialty shop.

Editor's note: MonSFFA member Baird Searles reviews books for Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine and has authored A Reader's Guide to Science Fiction and A Reader's Guide to Fantasy, among others. We happily welcome him to the pages of Warp.

BOOK REVIEW STEPHEN KING AND F-STOP FITZGERALD'S NIGHTMARES IN THE SKY (PENGUIN BOOKS)

f-stop Fitzgerald's book is a photo-study of gargoyles. Most people pictures these ugly rainspouts existing on cathedrals or Central European city streets. What we find out here is that, in our own sophisticated age, gargoyles prowl the eaves and ledges of today's cities.

The book is subtitled "Gargoyles and Grotesques." It certainly does deliver: page after page of black and

white and colour pictures of the most twisted features imaginable. The gargoyles come from every branch of ugliness, ranging from the cheerful ugliness of a gargoyle musician to the truly frightening countenance glaring at it from the opposite page. Yet, *Nightmare in the Sky* is not a mere collection of ugly faces. Were it so, the collection would have no more value than a carnival freakshow—titillating, but ultimately gratuitous.

An influential steam of modern fantasy—exemplified by Fritz Leiber, Harlan Ellison, and Charles de Lint—states that modern man has his own myths and gods residing in even the most technological setting. The pictures of this book tap into that consciousness. Like any good photographer, Fitzgerald uses his camera to probe reality rather than to mirror it. He uses camera angles and the setting of the gargoyle to reveal a fundamental truth: we have peopled the city skies with monsters.

There is a striking shot of a derelict building, doors locked and porchlight ripped out; above it is a scowling stone face, like an angered spirit hovering over a plundered tomb. Another shows, among a group of neon signs, a pagan Pan-like figure leering out at the world in defiance. A park fountain is presided over a grinning stone dryad. There is even an unwitting allusion to Leiber: a stone dragon lies curled in a building corner, staring balefully at the world below. This recalls the enchanted stone dragon employed as an assassin in *Conjure Wife*.

The book is accompanied by a Stephen King introduction. Like the gargoyles, it is not gratuitous. The King is in fine form here, relating his reaction to gargoyles in his own enjoyable style. Actually, he writes like Harlan Ellison; both are visceral writers, using anecdote and personal opinions to make an essay's point. King sums up the book in one memorable sentence: "We don't see them...but they see us." He is still one of the few writers I know who can scare the hell out of you in a foreword.

Nightmares in the Sky is an amazing piece of fantastic art. The book has most probably been remaindered; write to the publisher

to see if they still have it in stock. It also makes frequent appearances at Coles' and W.H. Smith's remainder bins. This large, hardcover coffee-table book, 128 pages, comes with a welcome index of the locations of each gargoyle. It is an excellent look at modern society's urban monsters.—reviewed by Andrew Weitzman

BOOK REVIEWS

**STAR TREK: THE NEXT
GENERATION—SPARTACUS**
(T.L. MANCOUR)

**INDIANA JONES AND THE
GENESIS DELUGE**
(ROB MACGREGOR)

I keep vowing never to read another *Star Trek* novel. After reading almost every one that they have printed, you would think that I would have learned by now. But no, I keep subjecting myself to these, even though they have all been repeating the same stories since the original series ended.

Anyway, this new book is another in the series which prefers to play it safe and retread old storylines rather than do anything new with the premise. This story pits Picard and the *Enterprise* crew in a Prime-Directive dilemma when they encounter a shipload of robot/slaves being pursued by their owners.

The conflict, as it is, stems from the compulsion Picard, and especially Data, feel about helping the androids and the requirements of the Directive not to interfere. Author Mancour felt it necessary to call the book *Spartacus*, just to get the point across (the guy on the cover even looks like Kirk Douglas). The bottom line is that there is nothing in the book to rattle Trekkies or convince non-trekkies to read it. It is a typical, ordinary *Trek* book. Keep your fingers crossed that someday they branch out into *really* new worlds.

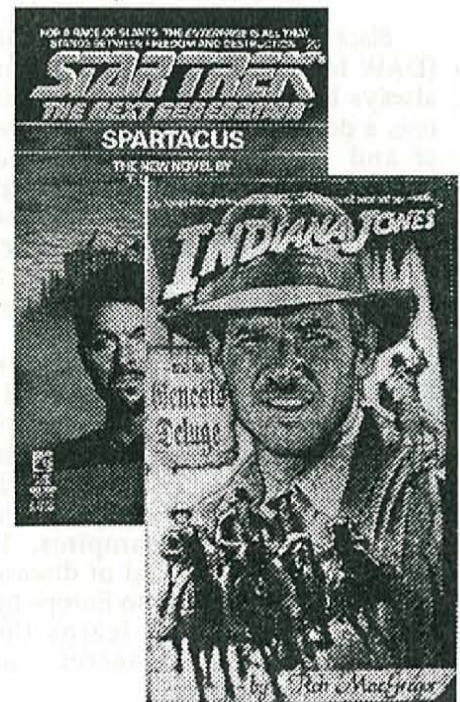
The Genesis Deluge is the fourth book in the Indiana Jones series by Rob MacGregor. It is interesting to note that the series is still remarkably difficult to find in bookstores, as bookdealers consider it *fiction* as opposed to *sf* or *fantasy*. The

scenario portrays the developing years of archaeologist Indiana Jones after college, and before his adventure became movie fodder. The stories have so far taken Jones to the Oracle of Delphi in Greece, the Cave of Merlin and the lost cities of the Amazon. This latest excursion is to Mount Ararat in search of Noah's Ark. (No, it's a different ark this time.)

As I have said of MacGregor's work in the Jones series before, his stories are immensely enriched by his experience and expertise in world travel and archaeology. MacGregor researches his myths and his 1920's colour so thoroughly that the stories are instantly credible and enthralling. The character of Jones is not yet the utterly confident guy we know from the movies, but he is believable and charismatic.

This particular adventure pits Indy, some Russian Czarist agents and half the fanatics in the world in a race to find the ship that would validate the bible and negate the communist revolution. It's daring, gripping stuff, and although MacGregor spends altogether too much time building characters and creating atmosphere in lieu of action, when he serves it, he serves it hot. Definitely worth reading. (Check out the new TV series, *Young Indiana Jones Chronicles*; early March on ABC.)

reviews by Kevin Holden



The PHANTOM of the OPERA.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (*The Phantom-Reviewed*)
by Beatrice Gasc

- Andrew Lloyd Webber's *The Phantom of the Opera*
- The Canadian Tour
- A Cameron Mackintosh/Really Useful Theatre Company production
- Starring Jeff Hyslop, Patti Cohenour, David Rogers and Mary Anne Barcellona
- Directed by Harold Prince

It was great! Really, truly great! No, actually it wasn't just great. It was *more* than fantastic!

I've had the tape of *The Phantom* for a while, now, and I love it. And, I've seen some behind-the-scenes shots from the L.A. and New York shows. But none of what I've seen (or heard) quite prepared me for what I saw that memorable night.

The acting, singing, dancing, decor and effects were truly magnificent. It was perfect. I giggled a few times, I jumped a few times too, and I was amazed more than once by the way they staged the whole thing. The show went smoothly and was evenly paced (read quick!). You could literally feel the heat of the story and the passion burning on that stage. Needless to say, *Phantom* was met with a standing ovation.

My appreciation of the performance: three thumbs up, twenty out of ten, I loved it! Actually, "loved it" is not a strong enough description of my feelings, but it's the only term I can think of right now, writing this, listening to the tape.

It was a wonderful evening.

Photos courtesy
The Live Entertainment Corporation of Canada, ©1991

FICTION

With this first issue of 1992, we begin to serialize a *Trek NG* story, submitted by club secretary Bryan Ekers. We expect that the story will run over the course of six issues, or one year's worth of *Warps*. Bryan would be pleased to receive any constructive comment—on plot, prose, dialogue, etc.—and asks that comments be sent c/o MonSFFA (P.O. Box 1186, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4). Or, you may alternately corner Bryan at a General Meeting and talk to him in person. Following is the first instalment of Bryan's story.—Ed.

PRANKSTER

A *Star Trek: The Next Generation* story
by Bryan Ekers

"Captain's log, stardate 45921.2. While it may be unseemly to complain about receiving an easy mission, the crew and myself are feeling the boredom that always accompanies the routine. A simple patrol across this sector, visiting Starbases 145 through 152, hardly rates as our most exciting tour of duty, and the temptation is to wish that something will occur to break the monotony."

Picard yawned, stretched and left his ready room. On the bridge, he glanced around surreptitiously. He saw Ensign Mason tapping his fingers on the helm station in a repetitious, unconscious manner. At the weapons station, Lieutenant Worf glared at his quiet monitors while alternately clenching and stretching his hands. There was something catlike about the gesture, something dangerous. Picard walked over to him.

"Nothing to do, Lieutenant?" he asked innocently.

Worf started slightly, then snapped ramrod straight. "Situation report negative, sir," he growled.

"Well, don't let it get you down."

Worf's face darkened momentarily. "Sir. A true warrior can withstand all things, including idleness."

Picard suppressed a smile. "Of course."

The turbolift opened behind Picard, and he glanced over his shoulder. Commander William Riker had just walked on to the bridge.

"Ah, Number One," said Picard. With a nod, he turned away from Worf, who stared darkly at his captain's back.

Picard strode over to Riker. "You have the conn." Riker nodded and was about to address the bridge crew when Picard caught his arm. Riker looked back at the captain expectantly.

"And Will? I hope your shift won't be too taxing."

Riker smiled broadly. "I think I can handle it, sir."

Picard nodded and walked into the turbolift. Once the doors shut, Picard released the jaw-breaking yawn he'd been holding back. He yawned again and leaned into the wall.

"Destination, please," prompted the turbolift's computer.

"Hmm? Deck eight."

At once, the lift began to hum. Picard brought his hands up to his eyes and began to rub them. This duty was boring!

He only dimly heard the familiar whine of a transporter beam, and paused for a moment, puzzled. He brought his hands away from his face. And immediately recoiled. The presence of the garishly dressed man, his face only centimeters from Picard's startled him badly. The man had black, unruly hair. Stuck in the middle of his pale, not-handsome face, his button nose twitched slightly. His eyes met Picard's, then crossed.

"Hello, Captain," said the man lightheartedly. "I'm your new tenant."

Picard opened his mouth to form

his first question when something white and soft was thrown into his face. He couldn't help but taste some of the substance, which was cold and very sweet. Immediately, he began to wipe the stuff off, and his fingers touched a dough-like shell covering his face. This crumpled away easily.

Through the white coating, Picard could dimly see the man smile sadly at him, touch something on his wrist and disappear. The effect was exactly the same as the Enterprise's transporters. Picard angrily wiped as much as he could of the remaining white fluff from his face and flung it away.

Even with his limited historical knowledge of such things, even though the exact method had been out of fashion for centuries, Picard knew immediately what sort of attack had been made against him.

He'd been hit in the face with a cream pie.

Lieutenant-Commander Data approached the turbolift doors. As usual they opened almost immediately. What was not usual was the sight of Captain Picard, wiping some sort of white cream from his face. It gave Data's positronic brain pause.

"Sir?" he started hesitantly.

Picard glared up at Data and curtly said: "Close."

The turbolift doors immediately obeyed. Data was left in the corridor, a look of abject confusion across his pale face.

In the briefing room, Lieutenant-Commander Laforge could not quite believe what he'd just heard.

"Hit with a what?"

"A cream pie," offered Data helpfully. "A Terran desert, with a double use in certain comedic forms of entertainment of the 20th century. To hit another person in the face with such a device was considered a humorous act."

Worf, sitting nearby, growled

deep in his throat. "It is a most insulting act. In the Klingon Empire, treating one's enemies in such a fashion is to consider them unworthy of respect."

Laforge glanced over at him curiously. "Klingons hit each other with pies?" Across the table, Doctor Beverly Crusher and Counselor Deanna Troi looked at each other and began to giggle.

Worf, however, nearly snarled. "No. To attack someone with food would be beneath even the lowest Klingon custom. It is a—"

The door opened and Picard and Riker walked in. Crusher and Troi covered their mouths with their hands to smother the laughter. Data, Worf, Laforge and Transporter Chief O'Brien began to stand but were stopped by a subtle gesture from Picard. Dressed in a clean uniform, he walked around the table and settled into the head chair. Riker sat down to his left.

"I'll be brief," said Picard tersely and sourly. "Twenty minutes ago, a humanoid male used our own transporters to beam himself in to my turbolift car. There he..." The muscles of Picard's jaw tensed as he ground his teeth, "...assaulted me, clearly as a joke. He then escaped by the same method. Your reports...?"

There was silence for a few seconds.

"Uh, sir?" started O'Brien tentatively.

"Yes, Commander?"

"I've checked the records. There hasn't been any unauthorized use of the transporter within the last month. We could go back further, if you think there's any point, but..." He let the sentence trail off.

Picard nodded impatiently. "I am not imagining this incident. The intruder did use the transporter. Theories?"

O'Brien shrugged. He had no idea how someone could use the transporter without leaving a record.

Worf leaned forward slightly. "He could have beamed over from another ship."

Riker frowned. "There aren't any ships within range."

"A cloaked vessel, perhaps," was Worf's reply.

Picard shook his head. "The man I saw wasn't Romulan, and I have no idea why they should

choose to engage in some meaningless prank. Especially this far into Federation territory."

Data digested the conversation of the last few minutes and began to form hypotheses in descending order of likelihood. "Sir."

Picard looked over at him. "Yes, Mister Data?"

"It is possible that this individual has found a way to mask his use of the transporter. If this is the case, it would be very difficult to trace him. Alternately, the intruder may be a crew member, or collaborating with a crew member."

Picard's hand drifted up to his face, where he had just cleaned away the last of that damned pie. "On your second point, Mister Data, I know the faces of all my crew and this man is not one of them. As for

Picard nodded impatiently. "I am not imagining this incident. The intruder did use the transporter."

collaboration—"

"None of my staff would take part in this, sir," interrupted Chief O'Brien.

"—there isn't anyone I can think of who would..." Picard paused and glanced sharply at Riker.

Riker noticed his captain's scrutiny, and raised his hands in a defensive gesture. "Don't look at me, sir. I was on the bridge, remember?"

Deanna Troi smiled to herself.

Data stared at Picard blankly, as usual. "All the other theories I can form have a probability of less than point one percent, sir. The most likely of these is that this is another intervention by Q."

At the mention of that omnipotent pest, Picard almost

recoiled. "Doubtful. Even though this sort of low humour is hardly beyond Q's limited sensibilities, I cannot see why he would take such an approach. No, I think we'll go with your first idea, Data. The man must be able to use the transporter without leaving an obvious trail, but I can't believe he left no trail at all. Mister Data, Mister Laforge, Chief O'Brien, I'll expect the three of you to find out how this intruder is using the transporters and how to stop him. Counselor?"

Deanna Troi leaned slightly toward Picard. "Captain?"

"Can you sense anything... unusual aboard ship?"

She shrugged. "No, Captain. The crew is bored, that much is certain. A man such as you describe should stand out like a beacon to me, but I sense nothing."

"Very well. Do what you can. That's all."

The crew got out of their chairs and filed out the door. Riker, the last one, stopped and walked back toward Picard.

"Sir?"

"Yes, Number One?"

"Is this too taxing for you?" asked Riker, obviously fighting down a grin.

Picard gave the coldest stare imaginable. "Get out."

Riker tapped a point behind his left ear. "By the way, sir, you missed a spot."

Picard's hand darted up to the point Riker indicated. His fingers came away smeared with whipped cream.

"Get out!" he snarled.

"Yes, sir." Openly smiling now, Riker walked from the room.

Later, Riker walked in on Data, Laforge and O'Brien in transporter room three. They had taken the console apart and were scanning, it seemed, every single component.

"You've been at it for two hours," he said. "Progress?"

O'Brien looked up at Riker. "None, sir. We've checked all the other transporter rooms and have come up negative."

Riker nodded grimly. "I don't quite see how this is possible. Surely there must be a record of some sort."

Laforge pulled himself out from under the transporter console. "Well

if there is, sir, it's very well hidden. It's like Data said, whoever this guy is, he's masking himself. And doing a good job. We may never find out exactly how he does it."

Riker frowned. "Keep at it. If anyone needs me, I'll be on the holodeck."

"Yes, sir," replied Data. Riker let them get back to their work.

Riker stopped briefly at ship's stores to pick up the appropriate costume and made his way down to the holodeck. His spurs clanked as he walked, and his boots made his stride satisfyingly loud. His blue jeans were dusty and faded perfectly, as were his vest and hat. In his backpack, he carried the requisite pan, pick and shovel.

All he needed for some good, old-fashioned prospecting.

He reached the holodeck and pressed a button on the control panel. "Computer, run program Riker 6-A. Stikine Creek, Alaska, circa 1863. Local tavern."

There was a momentary pause. "Program loaded," stated the computer. "Enter now."

"Thanks," said Riker brightly. The heavy doors slid open with a hydraulic sigh. Riker passed through and they closed behind him.

Yes, this was perfect. He had stepped back almost 500 years to this place. Around him, prospectors seeking their wealth from the first big Alaska gold strike were playing cards, smoking, drinking or watching the three lovely dancers on the stage. A piano player was dishing up "Oh! Susanna" off-key.

Riker grinned hugely. This was great. Alaska had been built during the gold rushes, just like California fourteen years earlier, after Sutter's Mill. This was the true America, he reflected. Oops, not America. This was still a Russian territory, not to be sold to America until 1867.

There was an empty stool at the bar. Riker took it. A gigantic bartender, in shirt-sleeves and with his hair parted down the middle, strode over to him. He blew a stinking cloud of cigar smoke before derisively asking: "What'll it be?"

"Whiskey, straight."

Riker waited until the bartender walked away before he allowed himself to cough on the smoke.

After a few seconds, the hack subsided and Riker looked around again.

A shot glass was slammed down on the bar near his elbow. Riker looked at it, then up at the bartender. "That'll be twenty cents."

Riker had thought far enough ahead to get some contemporary currency made up by the replicators, in addition to his costume. He slipped the bartender a quarter. "Keep the change."

The bartender sneered, and bit the coin to test it. "Okay." He walked away.

Riker knocked the whiskey back. He was all right for a few seconds before another coughing spasm caught him. When it subsided, he examined his empty shot glass. "Smooth," he commented in a

There was a momentary pause before the computer's voice answered. "The indicated image is not a hologram."

rasping voice.

A hand fell onto his left shoulder. Riker looked around and came face-to-face with another man, dressed like himself.

"Say," said the man in a broad, friendly voice. "You're that Riker fella I've heard so much about, ain'tcha?" The image's accent was thick and did not sound entirely realistic.

Riker nodded and smiled. So the computer was starting to make it interesting. "Yup. And what's your name?"

"Wells, m'boy. Halder Wells."

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, Riker m'boy. I just wanted to shake your hand. Put 'er there!"

Riker placed his right hand in

Wells'. An electric shock instantly lanced into his palm. Riker cried out in pain and surprise and yanked his hand away.

Wells held his palm up so Riker could see the small device that had delivered the sting. "Joy buzzer, m'boy. All the rage. Say, you look tired. Take a load off." Abruptly, he gave Riker a hard shove to the chest. Riker flew backward and crashed squarely onto a card table. Around him, he could hear the holographic poker players yelling in protest.

"Hey!" cried Riker. "Freeze program!"

The action in the bar was instantly silenced. The dancers froze in mid-kick, the piano player in mid-key. Riker crawled out of the wreckage of the table and glared at the frozen Wells. "Computer, why is this image acting this way?"

There was a momentary pause before the computer's voice answered. "The indicated image is not a hologram."

Riker paused. "What?"

"That's right, m'boy!" yelled Wells, suddenly re-animated. Before Riker could react, Wells had pushed a cream pie into his face. Riker struggled with it for a moment, then wiped the thing away. There was genuine fury in his voice. "Why, you—"

Wells smiled, touched something on his wrist and vanished into a transporter beam. Riker was left facing nothing. Furiously, he yelled, "Exit!"

The holodeck doors opened, leading back in to the corridor. Riker stalked through, leaving the halted program behind him and headed for the turbolift. He wiped ineffectually at the whipped cream on his face, only smearing it further. His spurs, which he'd been so proud of earlier, sounded now like contemptuous laughter.

Before he reached the turbolift, its doors opened and Data stepped out. The android froze as he saw the costumed Riker, his face smeared with cream. Riker brushed past him in to the turbolift car.

"Sir?"

Riker ignored him. "Close!" he said loudly.

The turbolift doors slammed shut, leaving Data in the corridor, alone and confused.

MOVIE REVIEWS

Quite a few MonSFFen attended the Montreal premiere of *Star Trek VI: The Undiscovered Country* back in December, some by virtue of the passes raffled off at our November General Meeting. Everyone had an opinion to offer after the show. *Warp* brings you a cross-section of some of that opinion as five of our members review the film:

STAR TREK VI

This is not the first time that we are told that a *Star Trek* movie is the last, but it looks like *this* one truly is, and I cannot help but to be a little sad.

Fans being an individualistic bunch, there will probably be as many different opinions about this flick as there are Trekkers, Trekkies and tribbles. Personally, I liked it.

The special effects were very well done, but did not take over the story and they blended well with the action. The floating drops of Klingon blood (a nice touch, that colour) were particularly impressive, and I wish my own computer could render something like that.

As most people already knew before seeing the movie, the plot parallels the real-life events which are still unfolding on our present day Earth (collapse of the USSR). Even the spectacular explosion of Praxis can be seen as a glorified Chernobyl.

Of course, you need to know something about the *Trek* universe to really understand what is going on. But since most fans will have seen all the TV episodes and movies about a zillion times, we all can see that *ST VI* wraps up things nicely and paves the way for the events that will unfold in *ST:TNG*.

As I said, I liked this movie, but because it is also the farewell to the old crew, I think that they should have made an effort to avoid such silliness as:

- Not coming up with a reasonable explanation as to how the Praxis blast can possibly destroy ozone layers in the *entire* Klingon realm! Even if the radiation can somehow travel faster than light

because of some property of exploding dilithium, all gamers will tell you that the Empire is parsecs across and has a lot of planets in it.

- The idea that a Starfleet officer could vaporize a kitchen pot with a phaser casually picked from a suspiciously convenient, unlocked cabinet in the galley, just to remind Chekov—who should know better—of the alarm system, is rather hard to swallow! Yes, I know, *we* had to learn about it because it is an important detail in the plot, but it could have been done otherwise.

- Having the crew of the *Enterprise* struggle with their old-fashioned *Klingonaese* handbooks may be great comic relief, but stretches my willingness to suspend disbelief to its very limit. Granted that the Klingons might recognize the output of a universal translator, it does not explain why said device cannot be used to translate the Klingon's queries into Galacta. Why not have the machine whisper the words to you and repeat them aloud?

Some purists might consider that the above is reason enough to scrap the movie as worthless, but this would be a mistake. The good points more than compensate for the bad. How can one resist such nice touches as Sulu finally getting his own ship? Chang quoting Shakespeare? Or a President of the Federation who is obviously not a Terran? The Klingons trying to figure out the napkins made for a great moment, their courtroom was very believable, and where can one

buy those gilded Starfleet china cups?

But *The Undiscovered Country* is more than just cute gimmicks. It is our last chance to get together with old friends, denizens of a rich and diverse universe that was around before some of those reading these lines were born. This place has grown in such a way as to make us feel that we all had a hand in its making and may actually go there through the magic of fandom.

Or by following the directions to another well known fantasy land: second star to the right and on until morning...—Sylvain St-Pierre

Dorothy Parker once said of Oklahoma City: "There's no *there* there."

Welcome to *Star Trek VI*, the Oklahoma City of movies.

Originally, I was going to blast the film's ludicrous characterizations, plotting and direction but a friend of mine pointed out my objections were fairly trivial. Then I realized the reason I was concentrating on these minor points is that the important aspects of the film warranted no thought whatsoever.

Topical-itis: A disease whose worst symptom is a desire to make every movement similar to something which already exists. When the Klingon moon Praxis is destroyed, it is supposed to represent Chernobyl. The peace-seeking Klingon Chancellor Gorkon is Gorbachev with more prominent scalp birthmarks. Chang is the old military guard on the Soviet side,



A nice touch: non-Terran Federation President



Gorkon is Gorbachev

Admiral Cartwright is his American counterpart. In taking its plot directly from 20th century CNN, *Trek VI* has no imagination, no original thought, and is a film aimed directly at Trekkies who will suck up anything with the Paramount logo and mundanes who really should know better.

This is not a good movie. A good movie should be more than a publicity exercise for actors who don't seem to be getting much work elsewhere. A good movie, like the second film in the series, should not involve characters spouting off one-liners meant exclusively to get a laugh or a cheer from the audience. In one scene, as Kirk and McCoy prepare to beam over to the Klingon ship, Spock lightly attaches a transponder to Kirk's shoulder. It's a reasonable precaution, but why couldn't Spock simply hand the device to Kirk? Obviously, for no other reason than it would tip the audience (and I don't want to hear any lame arguments about how Spock didn't want to alert any possible spies on the bridge—this incident took place only minutes after the attack on Gorkon's ship, and none of the characters could have formed a conspiracy theory so early on).

Rather than a big goodbye for the original crew, it seems they sort of waved idiotically for two hours and wandered away aimlessly. There's no drama, no nail-biting tension in this film. The original seven were given more exposure



Valeris: should have been Saavik

than was necessary. Why would the entire bridge crew beam down to stop an assassination? Where are the expendable redshirts?

There's one thing to be proud of, however; as lame self-parodies go, *Trek VI* is way up there with, say, *Trek V*. One advantage of the sixth film is it may be less humiliating than its predecessor.

Star Trek may not survive the death of its creator, and that would be a shame. But considering this last film, and the ongoing shambles that is the *Next Generation*, perhaps it's time for all of us to let go.—Bryan Ekers

It was December 5, 1991, thirty below, and cold enough to freeze Terran flesh and Klingon ridged foreheads alike. I arrived an hour and a half early to ensure a good seat, visions of Rura Penthe dancing through my head. I was not one of MonSFFA's lucky raffle winners, chosen to receive tickets to the premiere. Instead I won the privilege of being there through a *Star Trek* crossword puzzle contest in our local newspaper, the Gazette. And what a privilege it was!

I wore my Starfleet movie uniform and sat with the costumed members of K.A.G. in Montreal's very best cinema, the Imperial. We watched as *Star Trek VI* exploded onto the screen, enveloped in glorious THX sound. The shock wave from Praxis rocking the *Excelsior*, those wonderful shots of *Kronos 1*, the Klingons doing lunch with the Feddies, the whodunit plot and the exciting conclusion as *Enterprise* and *Excelsior* battled General Chang's Bird of Prey prototype, highlighted this treat of sight and sound. Strong performances by the cast—especially Christopher Plummer—a well-written script, good directing by Nicholas Meyer, and special effects provided by the aces at ILM, helped the *Enterprise* crew redeem themselves after *Star Trek V*.

There were many nice moments, both touching and humorous, amongst the established *Enterprise* crew members. I felt that the introduction of a new character, Valeris, was unnecessary. Given *Star Trek's* history of events, Saavik would have worked much better in

the Valeris role. I also didn't understand the choice of a new Klingon wardrobe, considering that the uniforms they wear in *Star Trek—The Next Generation* are consistent with those established in the *Trek* movies I, III and V. Otherwise, bridging the gap to the *Next Generation* (Worf, Khitomer) worked well.

I had obtained a script copy on my last journey to New York and in a lapse of will power, read it. Expect for some minor changes, it was very close to what we saw on the screen. Knowing what I knew, it still did not diminish my enjoyment of the film. It was everything that the script was and more! Was it the best of the *Trek* movies? Only time and repeated viewing will tell. It was *Star Trek* and it was done well. Christmas came early in 1991.—Lynda Pelley

Star Trek VI gives us a galaxy of aliens, most of whom (unrealistically) look and act like humans; silly plot devices which stretch credibility; spaceships that bank and turn like airplanes; and no really neat idea. All of that makes for pretty bad science fiction, but not necessarily bad *Trek*! *Trek* has always been more adventure and space opera than hard sf, and as such, this final voyage of the original crew is quite good.

Don't take it too seriously! Don't count the number of scientific inaccuracies on screen, or the number of holes in the mediocre, who-dunnit plot, and I think you'll enjoy this movie. The producers have given fans a fast-paced, action-packed romp, and have taken a few good natured pokes at some of the characters—and the whole *Trek* phenomenon—along the way, culminating in a nice send-off for the original gang.

Star Trek has become a pop culture icon, and who knows where it'll go from here or how the next generation of characters will fare over the long haul, but I think those original characters (and the actors who've played them)—say what you will about 'em—deserve a nice send-off.—Carl Philips

Okay, so the dust has settled and we have seen the film and bought the ancillary merchandise, read the

books and have actually begun to talk about the *next Trek* movie. So now, the final word on the *Undiscovered Country*:

Nicholas Meyer inherited the *Trek* directorship from Shatner (*rescued* might be a better word) and was charged by Paramount with providing a satisfying and appropriate ending for the series. Paramount's motives were purely financial. They had lost a bundle on *Trek V*, and wanted to regain their investment with as little risk as possible. They would likely not have bothered had it not been for all the hoopla generated over *Trek's* 25th anniversary. Paramount smelled money, and so *Trek VI* was born. Meyer found himself severely constrained by the budget Paramount assigned him, and the production difficulties inherent in the series (such as the insurance companies refusing to insure Kelley and Doohan, making it a major risk to even allow them on the lot). Further, the taste left in the mouths of viewers after the previous fiasco, and the rising popularity of the *Next Gen* crew, meant that the valuable ready-made audience that had guaranteed the success of the previous films might not come back. So Meyer was operating under the most difficult of circumstances when he agreed to take the film on. All things considered, he turned out quite a fine piece of work. *Trek VI* manages to do what Paramount hoped it would, and what fans would settle for: wrap the original series up with style and panache.

The all-important characterizations are faithful to the established norms, but add some interesting wrinkles. Kirk's

antagonistic relationship with Spock is a natural extension of the characters' histories. As Kirk ages quicker than Spock, his reactionary vitrolism is in sharper contrast than ever with Spock's enthusiastic idealism. The two are moving apart from each other, as time and circumstance demand. The character of McCoy is honest about DeForest Kelley's age. In fact, it becomes a relevant plot point. Most of the characters endure their age with humour, and manage to turn out sympathetic performances. It is doubtful that they will reprise their roles again, so it is important that their final performances leave a good impression.

The design of the film, its *mise en scene* (I learned that term in film school—fancy, huh?) was substantially altered from previous efforts. Meyer decided to go full-tilt in his own milieu, his love for nautical ships. He designed the *Enterprise's* lighting and style as if to suggest a cramped, battered old ship that had seen lots of action and was ready to retire. Cinematographer Hiro Narita assisted Meyer by suggesting a tightly focused lighting pattern for the *Enterprise's* interior, to suggest spartan and claustrophobic accommodations. (Meyer reportedly detests the *Next Generation Enterprise*, which he calls a "flying four-star hotel.") The art direction of the film is, overall, satisfactory, given the budget. In some cases, it is quite outstanding. The courtroom trial of Kirk is particularly effective. The darkness, mist and chiaracuso lighting lending a surreal atmosphere that portents doom. Rather than trying to match the glossy, bright and comfortable techno-

design of other sf movies and shows, Meyer wisely decided to hide the papier-mache sets in darkness and fog. What is unseen is left to the imagination.

The music, a vital element to a *Trek* film, was composed by Hollywood's

youngest composer-conductor, 26-year old Cliff Eidelman. It's dynamic overture is a refreshing break from the tired themes employed in past films.

The effects, as they are, are competent. The producers had neither the money nor inclination to make an effects-heavy film. They could not match *T2*, which has redrawn the scale for SFX, so they decided to minimize the effects, relying instead on the actors to tell the story. (The exciting run through Klingon space to reach Rura Penthe has virtually no effects, but is told entirely through interior drama). ILM provided the effects material which broke absolutely no new ground, but complemented the story effectively.

Which leaves us with the plot. I need not recount it. The 23rd century *Perestroika* is the weakest element in the film. It is not, strictly speaking, much of a science-fiction story. The parallel to contemporary news stories leaves the audience with a feeling of *déjà vu*, which, strictly speaking, should not be the case with a science fiction story. This is *not* a strange new world we are exploring, it is our own world, and there are no new ideas to be found here. The superpower-collapsing angle is from today's headlines, and *Trek*, or any sf story, should say something *new*, something *ahead* of our time. *Trek* has been lauded for breaking barriers—racial, sexual, technological. However, with the *Next Generation* Klingons already accepted and the new series moving onto even newer frontiers, it left *Trek VI* with little to do but fill in the gaps in the *Next Gen* history. Had the old crew fulfilled its original mandate, visited a totally alien world, or dealt with some wholly unexplored issue in this film, it would have been a more fitting ending to their legend. However, all they chose to do was to retread old ground and stay with familiar ideas—Klingons and the Federation again, Kirk and McCoy captured again, Spock saves the day with an unlikely gimmick again. (The one groaner for me was the suggestion that the locator gadget which Spock deftly placed on Kirk's back would go unnoticed by the Klingons in all the time that Kirk was their captive.



Spock: Enthusiastic idealism

No wonder their empire fell. *Idiots!* Seeing as how this was their grand finale, it should have been a bigger, better idea. As it is, the producers chose this storyline and chose to make the most of it. They took the material very seriously, as opposed to the camp direction that *IV* and *V* went in. This was my biggest concern for the film. Would they make it into a joke? Would they rip off other films, or sink to the level of self-parody as they almost did in *V*? Fortunately, they did not. They took it as seriously as we did. They afforded the *Trek* family the one thing they needed most to make their final call: dignity.

Overall, *Trek VI* fills the bill nicely. It concludes the original series with a competent, respectful statement, and keeps the legacy intact enough to continue past this crew. It is not by any means a great film, it could not have survived on its own had it not been for the rest of the series to sustain it. But it is a terrific episode in a bigger story, and a graceful and happy conclusion to our favourite legend.—Kevin Holden

HOOK

reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre

Second star to the right and on until morning. If you do not have a starship available, you might try seeing the latest Spielberg extravaganza to get a glimpse of one of the better known fantasy worlds in the dream circuit. While most people are already acquainted with the adventures of Peter Pan from a number of previous books and movies, *Hook*, as the title implies, concentrates more on the other major character created by Sir James Matthew Barrie. Indeed, as the good captain himself puts it, "Without me, there is no Neverland."

Dustin Hoffman does a superb job of bringing the colourful villain to life. Robin Williams can be very enjoyable when he refrains from letting loose his silly side, as he does in this movie. He plays very well the role of Peter Pan, grown up with two kids.

Blasphemy? Not at all! A number of ideas were taken from the original books (did you know that there were three of them?) and



Captain Hook: "Without me, there is no Neverland."

expanded upon very cleverly, such as the Nevertree, which grew so fast that it had to be cut twice a day and is gigantic in the movie because the *Lost Boys* have not been trimming it for some 80 years. (Reading the books will also tell you why there are no *Lost Girls*—its a complicated story.)

The special effects, while no doubt numerous, are unobtrusive and it seems that the current trend is away from flicks which are nothing but FX showcases—a move that I most welcome. Visually, *Hook* is a feast for the eyes. The first, brief aerial view of Neverland is one of the great moments in fantasy cinema, and to say that Pirate Town is a quaint place is like calling Keith Braithwaite chubby. Even the "real" world nursery that serves as a launchpad is a delightful place, halfway in to the dream world.

The plot is well built, the sets imaginative, the acting excellent. And, any notion that this might be a coyly sweet story is quickly dispelled when Captain Hook casually sentences a pirate to the Boo Boo Box (shudder).

A definite holiday treat. Mr. Spielberg has not disappointed us, and may he keep churning out these wonderful movies.

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

reviewed by Kevin Holden

Ya gotta love any movie that opens with Christmas carollers about to be boiled in oil.

The producers of this film had to work extraordinarily hard to make us forget the wonderfully creepy



Robin Williams: Peter Pan grown up with two kids

impression that John Astin and Caroline Jones left us with from the original television series. For me, Astin will always be the epitome of Gomez. But in every other respect, the *Addams Family* movie is a wonderful surprise. It works because it is faithful to the macabre-humour spirit of the original cartoons upon which the concept is based.

There is an element of genuine gothic horror in this work, enough to make it occasionally, well, not scary,



Above: The Addams Family—mondo psycho!
Below: Scene-stealing Wednesday





Hopkins, Estevez, Jagger on the set of *Freejack*; the movie sucks

but very *erie*, very *ooky*, *mysterious* and *spooky*. You are not always sure just now far the characters would really go in their mad schemes. This is where the humour works best. When little Wednesday fastens her brother Pugsley to an electric chair to play "Is There a God?" and then turns on the juice, one wonders if they really *mean* it. One suspects they do. That is what makes the whole thing work so well. The horror element which in any other film, or in reality, is enough to give you the shivers is turned here into a *catharsis*, a way to laugh off our fear and take delight in some harmless skullduggery.

The key is that nobody actually gets hurt. The Addams', for all their menacing posturing, are actually nice people who (whether they like it or not) do a lot of good. They suggest a dark, sinister side, but it is largely unseen. Thanks to their struggle, justice and virtue (sort of) triumph, and *real* evil is vanquished. The Addams end up endorsing true American values, such as family and friendship, honesty and community, no matter how hard they try not to.

Still, I don't want to make them sound like the *Cosby's* or such. This is one *sicko* movie. The scene that will live forever in my mind is the performance of Shakespeare that the kids give in their school play. *Mondo*

you are a concerned parent, or just a wuss, and aren't sure about the violence and horror, I give you the words of the scene-stealing Wednesday, as her brother wonders whether the vanquished baddies they are about to bury are indeed dead: "Does it really matter?"

FREEJACK

reviewed by Keith Braithwaite

Alex Furlong should have died in a racing car crash. Instead, he's been plucked from the jaws of death and whisked 17 years into the future. Problem is, the future is pretty bleak, especially for a "freejack," which Alex discovers himself to be in the year 2009. Worst of all, though, Alex drags us along for the ride.

Freejack is most definitely a "B" movie. Unlike the best B flicks, however, which transcend their low budgets and come across with a solid story or an original idea, *Freejack* sucks the big wazoo!

Emilio Estevez, who plays Alex, is chased all over New York City by Mick Jagger and his boys, a team of futuristic body snatchers who drive around in day-glo red and blue APC's.

The acting? Pretty lame. I can forgive Jagger, who does a passable job considering he's a rock and roll

psycho! But undeniably hilarious. My only complaint is that Lurch, a potentially funny character, got the shaft screentime-wise. And I won't even stoop to commenting on the irritating M.C. Hammer (oh, I'm sorry, that's just *Hammer* now—excuuuuse me!) soundtrack.

Anyway, by the time you read this, the film will be on its way to the video stores and it is definitely worth a look. And if

singer, not an actor, but Estevez and the others, including Anthony "Hannibal the Cannibal" Hopkins, aren't even trying. Not that the material is worthy of any effort, mind you.

Freejack offers nothing new, nothing that hasn't been done before, and better. It reminded me, at various times, of *Millennium*, *Blade Runner* and *The Running Man*. It's a painfully pedestrian chase movie with easily predictable plot twists.

So as not to feel that my money was totally wasted (although I know deep down that it was), I'll give good marks to Amanda Plumer, who plays a gun-toting, ball-kicking nun and who delivers the movie's best lines. The role is a minor one, however, and not terribly demanding of an actress who exercised her craft to far more admirable effect as Benny's girlfriend on *L.A. Law*, and as Robin Williams' main squeeze in *The Fisher King*. And, I suppose I can also give a nod to the production designers, who managed some interesting futuristic cars and a few nifty skylines under the constraints of what, I'm sure, was a very modest budget.

Let me wrap up by telling you what a freejack is, so you don't have to waste your time and money going to see this turkey to find out. Seems that in the future, you can pay to have your mind transferred to a young, healthy body after your own body assumes room temperature. The replacement body is snatched from the past, moments before its owner dies (in this case in an auto crash), and voilà! Just drain the brain and fill it with your own. You get to live on in a new and healthy body. Why pick on folks from the past? Pollution and a depleted ozone layer make using a 2009 body—which has been exposed to all those unhealthy elements—undesirable, and the guy from the past was gonna buy the farm anyhow, right!

Thank me. I just saved you eight bucks.

Star Trek VI, *Addams Family* photos property Paramount Pictures; *Hook* photos property Tri-Star Pictures; *Freejack* photo property Morgan Creek Productions.

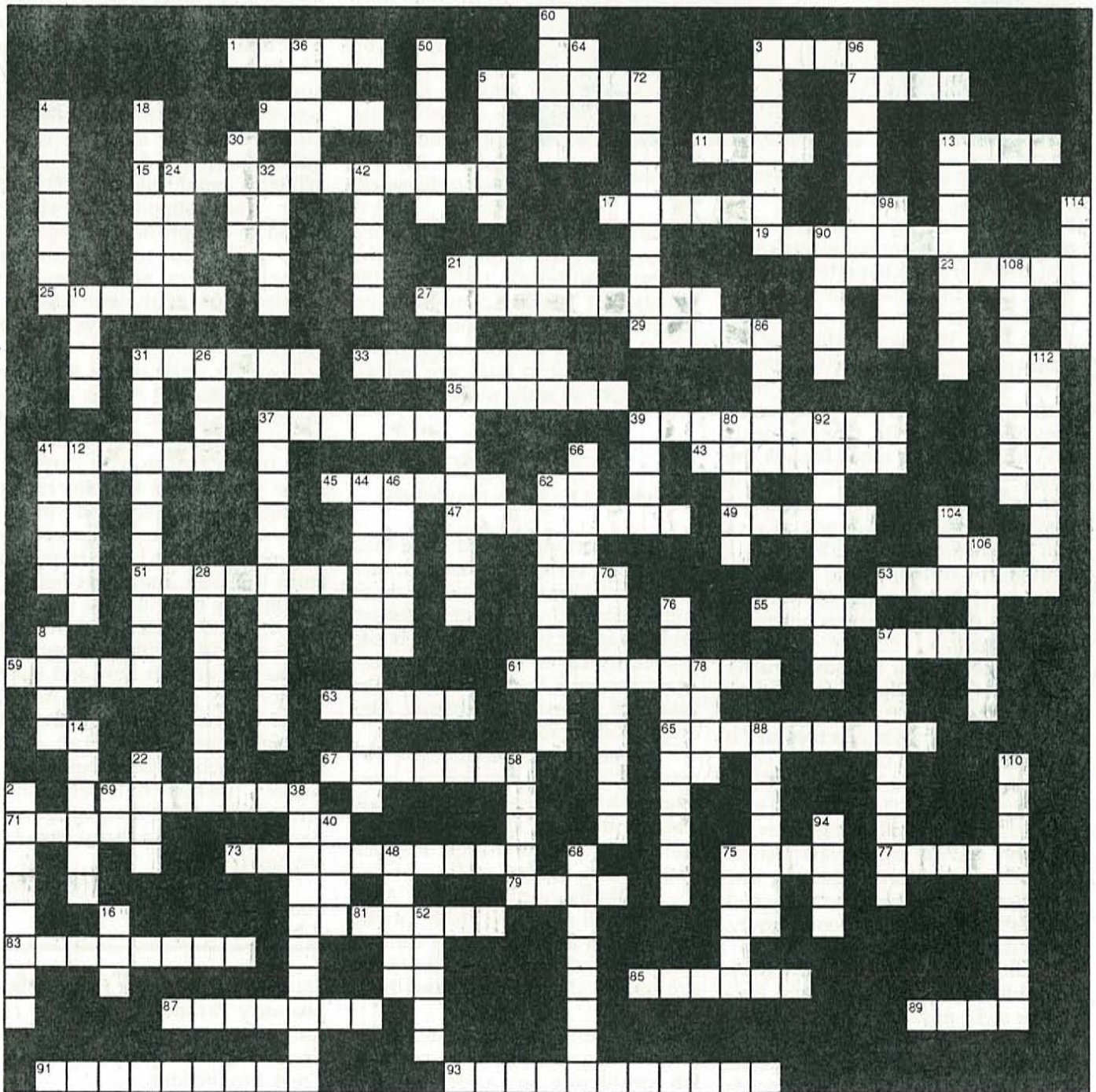
Sci-Fi Crossword

This crossword puzzle was meant to be just a little difficult. My hope was that what you didn't know, you might try to find out from another member of MonSFFA who might have a different area of knowledge than yours. Some of the definitions are purposely a little

obscure, but I didn't want to give answers away. I hope you have fun. Please let me know your reactions and comments about this puzzle either in person or care of this newsletter.

Capucine Plourde

Editor's note: You'll notice a thicker line at 24, 51, 69 and 81 across. This means that these words begin (or end) at those barriers. Due to the nature of this puzzle, this could not be avoided. The author of this puzzle apologizes for any inconvenience.



Across	73)	Federation starship		resurrected as a film, title is
	75)	Captain of the <i>Millenium Falcon</i>	38)	also hero's name
1) Intense, concentrated beam of light	77)	Examples: Maria, Robby, C-3PO	39)	1926 b&w sf silent film, also Superman's city
3) Measure of velocity	79)	James T. _____	40)	SF film where hero goes inside a computer
5) Human being augmented with machine parts	81)	1978 sf film, _____'s <i>Run</i> (5 letters)	41)	<i>Star Wars</i> knight
7) Planet of the _____	83)	Lost continent, <i>Man from _____</i>	42)	Darth _____
9) Spy	85)	Tall, furry, bipedal alien	44)	Commander _____ from Battlestar
11) "_____ me up"	87)	Sub-warp, _____ engines	46)	Late Creator of <i>Trek</i>
13) Central body of a solar system	89)	Powerful space probe that annihilated Klingon fleet	48)	Leia _____
17) Jean-Luc	91)	Humanoid aliens, with two hearts who use TARDISes	50)	Long distance sensor and recording device
19) Woody Allen' SF movie	93)	Beam used to move objects or beings by converting them into pure energy	52)	Author, Isaac _____
21) Energy field generated by all living things	Down		57)	Alien, copper-based blood colour
23) Pulitzer Prize winner, "Billions and billions..."	2)	Eight-foot tall animals native to planet Hoth	58)	Stanley Kubrick's 1971 film version of Anthony Burgess' novel, <i>A _____ Orange</i>
24) Creature from the _____ (12 letters)	3)	Ralph Bakshi's animated sf film, also magical men		Robot-like enemy of the Doctor
25) <i>Star Trek</i> weapon	4)	Heavily armoured police agent	60)	Han owes him lots of money
27) Canadian writer-director of SF and horror films	5)	A person who is an exact duplicate of another	62)	James Bond space adventure
29) <i>Star Wars</i> rebel freedom fighters installed a secret base on this planet's fourth moon	8)	_____ Rogers	64)	Little green knight
31) Actor, plays Luke in <i>Star Wars</i>	10)	Collapsed star, 1979 Disney film <i>The Black _____</i>	66)	1979 Canadian-made horror film, also the young of one mother, to be moody
33) Only actor to play a Vulcan, Romulan and a Klingon	12)	A perfect state where mankind lives in harmony and equality, without poverty, war or hunger	68)	Freezing corpses for future reviving
35) Obi-Wan	13)	Type of Federation vessel	70)	Furry co-pilot of the <i>Millenium Falcon</i>
37) Amateur SF magazine or newsletter	14)	_____ <i>Strikes Back</i>	72)	Home planet of the Doctor
39) <i>Star Trek</i> shoulder-slung sensor	16)	_____ of the <i>Worlds</i>	75)	Noted diplomat and ambassador who married Amanda and Perrin
41) Logical being	18)	_____ device used to fill dead planet with new life	76)	Process of filming a 3D image
43) 1973 sf movie, artificial food wafers, _____ <i>Green</i>	21)	<i>Bride of _____</i>	78)	Nooniam Singh's first name
45) Actor's name who played Darth	22)	House Atreides home planet, Frank Herbert novel title	80)	Halley's _____
47) Luke's home planet	24)	Harrison Ford starred in _____ runner	86)	Boston-native actor, played in <i>Mission Impossible</i> and in <i>Trek</i>
49) Third planet from the sun	26)	Planet's natural satellite	88)	Artificial person made by man to look and act like a human
51) Spiny-headed alien (7 letters)	28)	_____ of the <i>Body Snatchers</i>	90)	Teddy bear aliens
53) NCC-1701's chief engineer	30)	Red planet, fourth from the sun	92)	Empire's doomsday weapon
55) Brother to Lore	31)	Douglas Adams novel, radio and TV series	94)	_____ and <i>Mindy</i>
57) 1978 sf medical thriller, prolonged unconsciousness	32)	_____ <i>Encounters of the Third Kind</i>	96)	Two similar universes, existing side by side
59) Director/Producer of <i>THX-1138</i> and <i>American Graffiti</i>	36)	Science officer of NCC-1701	104)	Alien ship nickname
61) Hero of <i>Star Wars</i>	37)	1934 comic strip, later	106)	_____ of the <i>Killer Tomatoes</i>
63) 19th century novelist, H.G. _____, <i>The Time Machine</i>			108)	_____ Stormtroopers
65) Spaceship seeking lost 13th colony called Earth, movie			110)	Luke's dueling weapon
67) 1963 sf film, mobile man-eating plants			112)	Author, <i>Martian Chronicles</i> , <i>Farenheir 451</i> and <i>The Illustrated Man</i>
69) _____ <i>Leap</i> (7 letters)			114)	Known as the day or evening star
71) 1979 sf film, creature with three life cycles				

SENSORS

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

Information for this article was culled primarily from Lloyd Penney, the OSFS Statement, BCSFAzine, TrekLetter, Neology, Paramount Pictures, The Montreal Gazette, Starlog Magazine, Locus Magazine, People Magazine, and the fandom grapevine.

CANFANDOM

It's been a while since we talked Canadian fandom; time to get caught up a little. Following is a quick review of what's been going on in Canfandom these past many months, based on what we've garnered from the various newsletters and fanzines that MonSFFA receives, in exchange for *Warp*, from other clubs and fannish organizations across the land. Also, some of our information comes word of mouth through the grapevine. If you read on and note that we mention nada about fandom in your neck of the woods, it's probably because we don't have any sources of info in your particular part of the country. If you can fill us in on what's going down in your city/town/pasture, please drop us a line (see our address on page 2). Indeed, if we *have* covered your area, but missed something, or got something wrong, write us and bring us up to speed. So, this is by *no means* complete coverage of the country's last six months—a year of fanact, but here goes:

The big news last year, of course, was the success of Winnipeg fandom's bid to hold the 1994 WorldCon in their city. Fans voted on the '94 site at last year's WorldCon, Chicon V, in Chicago. Winnipeg was up against Louisville, Kentucky, and voter turnout was reported to be heavier than it has been for some time. It was close, with Winnipeg edging out Louisville by a 55-vote margin.

The '94 WorldCon, dubbed "Conadian A," will be the 52nd edition of the con, and only the third

WorldCon ever held in Canada (the first two were held in Toronto). Conadian runs September 1 through 5 at the Winnipeg Convention Centre. Guests are Anne McCaffrey, George Barr, Barry B. Longyear (who was Guest of Honour at our own Con•cept 1990) and western Canadian fan Robert Runte. John Mansfield is the con chair. Memberships were \$70.00 until the end of last year; no doubt, they have since increased, but we haven't yet heard by how much. (For more info write: P.O. Box 2430, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3C 4A7; fax: 204-942-3427.)

The Winnipeg win certainly signaled a strong Canadian presence at the above mentioned Chicon V. We let'em know we were there at the masquerade, too. And, we partied hearty!

Sandi Marie McLaughlin, in the September '91 issue of Ottawa fandom's *OSFS Statement*, described Chicon's masquerade as "decidedly Canadian dominated." She lists Jackie Ward, Kim Koffmel and Penny Lipton as winners. In the same issue, Charles Mohapel comments on Jackie's win: "It's always a treat when a nice person from your own country is a winner."

MonSFFA member Lloyd Penney lives in the Toronto area and is very active in that city's fandom. He wrote us a letter, published in the December '91 issue of this very newsletter, describing the Slightly Higher in Canada Party, held on Saturday night at Chicon, as one of the con's most successful, and *the* most successful SHiCP yet. Fans from Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal pitched in and the party outlasted many of the bigger bashes running that night.

We have virtually no word on fandom in the Atlantic provinces, other than what was contained in another of Lloyd's letters, published in the October '91 *Warp*. He passed

on info that he had received from out east: Novacon '91 was set to go early in November in Halifax, and Wolfcon was (is) scheduled for March 6-8, '92, in Greenwich, Nova Scotia—Guest of Honour, Guy Gavriel Kay. (For more info on Wolfcon V, write: P.O. Box 796, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, P0B 1X0.) And, a "regional letterzine," *The Seeress*, has started up and is out to discover what's up in Atlantic, and more broadly, Canadian fandom. It's also asking what Atlantic fans want in their conventions.

Lloyd hasn't heard from the Atlantic fans since; we don't know how Novacon did—hope it went well.

Ottawa fandom was looking pretty burned out a while back. Their principle convention, Maplecon, had been losing money and seeing attendance drop in recent years and the decision was made, after Maplecon 11 (1989), to skip a year and reorganize. Rumours flew fast and furious that Maplecon's planned comeback in '91 wasn't going to come off. Funds were tight, and the con-com had scaled the con back from the activity levels fans were used to seeing at a Maplecon. But Maplecon 12 did come off, and was a success. *OSFS Statement* editor Lionel Wagner reported, in his January '92 issue, that "preliminary attendance figures are close to 400 with a net surplus in revenue of (a little) less than \$1000." Maplecon 12 was well received by the majority of attendees, including then MonSFFA VP Kevin Holden, who described the con as "a great party" and said "it was the most fun in fandom I have had in a long time" (from his review of the con, *Warp*, December '91).

MonSFFA's president, Keith Braithwaite, has been approached by the Maplecon 13 people and asked if he'd be interested in attending as Fan Guest of Honour this year. He has said he'd be pleased to come

down and help out. Maplecon 13 is tentatively set for Halloween weekend.

A new Ottawa convention, called CanCon, is set for May 22-24, '92. Guy Gavriel Kay and Montreal's own Donald Kingsbury are the principle guests. (For more info, write: 2-45 Somerset Street West, Ottawa, Ontario, K2P 0H3.)

We hear from Alberta fandom sporadically, of late.

In the June '91 issue of *Neology*, published by the Edmonton Science Fiction and Comic Arts Society, we read that ESFACAS, with only 17 local and five out-of-town members left (the club once boasted 300 members), was in danger of dying. We haven't heard anything from them since. About that same time, Edmonton's con, ConText, played host to the Canadian National Convention, Convention.

Ron Currie, editor of the Calgary-based 'zine *Xenofile*, has announced that he's stepping down from the editorship. Ron is quitting because the 'zine is taking up too much of his time and he finds it difficult to stay on top of all the Canadian fandom news—*Xenofile* strove to cover Canfandom coast to coast (and didn't do too badly at it, either). It isn't clear if *Xenofile* will continue under another editor. We haven't received any issues for quite a while, though, and our guess is that the 'zine is dead.

We have nothing on Calgary's cons, Con-version and ST Con. We assume that all is proceeding as it should. Interestingly, the Alberta Regional Science Fiction Convention, Noncon, is being held, this year, in Vancouver, August 14-16. (For info on Noncon 15, write: P.O. Box 75, Student Union Building, 6138 S.U.B. Boulevard, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C., V6T 1Z1.)

A brief note concerning fandom in Saskatchewan: We are hearing, through the grapevine, that Regina fandom is slowly reviving.

Lloyd Penney has just started writing a column for a new fan mag out of the Buffalo area, called *Astromancer Quarterly*. He's covering Toronto fandom under the heading

"Fantattle from Toronto," and sent us a copy of his first column, written in January, inviting us to use his info on T.O. fandom for our purposes here.

Lloyd writes of a city that supports five conventions and a gaggle of clubs. Canada's largest city, it seems, is also the center of the nation's fannish activity.

Lloyd reports on *Trek* clubs: "Veteran fans Barb Schofield, Martin Miller and Joe Marcovic are now in charge of Toronto's oldest *Star Trek* club, namely *Star Trek Toronto*. One of the International Federation of Trekkers clubs in town, the U.S.S. Confederation, closed shop on September 1, 1991. The other IFT club, the U.S.S. Hudson's Bay, is thriving."

Perusing last year's issues of *Star Trek Toronto's* newsletter, *Trekletter*, one gets the impression that personality conflicts amongst STT's higher-ups were plaguing the club. In the March issue, (then) president Peter Bloch-Hansen makes reference to the club having had "some problems in the recent past." Rumours circulating at the time suggested that much bickering and infighting had taken place within the upper levels of STT, and that the club had been on the verge of collapse. It survived, but some animosities, apparently, remained—in the May '91 *Trekletter*, Peter expressed concern over "those who speak against me, impugning my integrity and intentions." By the end of '91, things appeared to have settled down somewhat, and STT seemed back on track—*Trekletter*, November '91: "Like a phoenix, the club has risen from the ashes many had anticipated it would fall into."

STT founded the Toronto *Trek* convention, which, last year, in its fifth incarnation, became an entity independent of STT. The July con, with guests Michael Dorn and Walter Koenig, drew over 3200 people, far more than anticipated by organizers, and made a whopping \$16,000 profit! This year's Toronto *Trek* takes place on July 24-26. Principle guests: James Doohan and John DeLancie. (For more info on Toronto *Trek VI*, write: Suite 0116, P.O. Box 187, 65 Front Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M5J 1E6.)

Another *Trek* club, a national club based in Toronto, has many of its

members wondering what's going on. *Star Trek Canada: The Active Fan Network* appears not to be honouring its commitments to its members. A number of MonSFFen joined this club when its representatives were in town at last summer's Montreal Creation Con. They have received little of what was promised them; some have received nothing at all. A lot of STC members are pissed and want answers from the club's officials. *Warp*, after repeated phone calls to STC, has received a promise of a complete explanation from the club's president, Randi Ryborg, which we'll be running in our next issue in April. Stay tuned.

Lloyd on Toronto's *Doctor Who* news: "There will be a Who Party 10! It's on August 15-16 at the Ontario College of Art building in downtown Toronto. Guests are to be announced, although the committee's looking at folks like John Peel, Sarah Sutton and Janet Fielding as potential invitees. Membership cap is 400, and chairman is Ed Charpentier. (For more info, write: Who Party 10, c/o 40 Frankdale Drive, Toronto, Ontario, M4J 3Z9.) DWIN, the Doctor Who Information Network, has elected a new executive, consisting of Ed Charpentier as president, Chrissy Carr as vice-president, and Peter Maloney as chapter coordinator. DWIN has many chapters in Toronto and vicinity."

Last year, Toronto's general interest sf con, Ad Astra, moved away from its traditional weekend and was up against a number of other cons and events, resulting in lower than usual, but still respectable, attendance levels. Lloyd is on the Ad Astra con-com and puts in a plug for this year's AA: "Ad Astra 12 takes place June 5-7, 1992, at the Sheraton Toronto East Hotel and Towers in Scarborough. Our guests are Katherine Kurtz, Lois McMaster Bujold and the Wombat. Also, the hotel is great...lots of room, nice suites, and there's a large recreation area. Twin pools, squash courts, a putting green, a jacuzzi, exercise room, lots of big leafy greens to pose in front of, the whole works. Membership is \$24 CDN, or \$21 US, until May 26. Pre-registration is

getting close to 200, so send in those pre-reg's now! The address is Ad Astra 12, P.O. Box 7276, Station A, Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1X9."

A few more bits of T.O. fan news from Lloyd:

"SF novelist Karen Wehrstein is also an active fan in Toronto...not only is she chairing Ad Astra for the second straight year, but she is also bidding to bring the World Fantasy Convention to Toronto. Bidding for a WFC is different than for a WorldCon, and Karen says she is aiming for 1995 or 1996.

"FilKONtario 2, the new annual filking con, will take place on April 10-12. Guest of Honour is Tom Smith, other guests include John Hall, Clif Flynt, Mary Ellen Wessels, and Bill Roper, and chair is Heather Borean. It's at the Holiday Inn in Mississauga, just west of Toronto. For more info, write: FilKONtario 2, c/o 38 Sledman Street, Mississauga, Ontario, L4T 1K5.

"One field of literature that has always had close ties to sf is mystery/suspense/detective fiction, because of Anthony Boucher, who edited sf and mystery magazines, and because sf fans also started up the World Mystery Convention. For the first time, the 1992 World Mystery Convention, Bouchercon XXIII, will be in Toronto at the Royal York Hotel, the site of the 1973 WorldCon. It takes place October 8-11, and memberships are now \$60 US. For more information, write to Bouchercon XXIII, P.O. Box 23, Station S, Toronto, Ontario, M5M 4L6."

The popularity of klingon fandom continues to grow by leaps and bounds. The American-based Klingon Assault Group's Canadian arm is called K.A.G. Kanada, and reports pan-Canadian membership at about 275 klin, most of 'em in Ontario and Quebec.

K.A.G. Kanada membership is free. The group does not hold regular General Meetings along the lines of clubs like MonSFFA, OSFS and Star Trek Toronto, but rather, gets together and parties at conventions. Until the end of last year, K.A.G.'s quarterly newsletter, *The Disruptor*, was also free to members, but increased production

and mailing costs have prompted them to begin charging an \$8.00 per year subscription fee.

MonSFFA member Berny Reischl is also the kommander of the local K.A.G. chapter, and recently attended a meeting of the organization's high mucky-mucks in Borden, Ontario, at which K.A.G. plotted strategies for the coming months. Berny reports that the KAGsters will descend, en masse, on Toronto Trek VI this summer, and will run another food drive while there (they ran a very successful drive last year at TT5). Also in the works is a laser-tag tournament, location to be determined.

K.A.G.'s high command, conscious that some of their members take their Klingon personas little bit too seriously, are asking those members to "tone things down" a little and "just have fun."

Here in Montreal, MonSFFA's April General Meeting (Sunday the 12th) gives way to a cooperative venture we are undertaking with three other area clubs. The TransWarp Mega-Meeting will run all day and offer fans discussion panels, displays and videos, as well as a chance to check out the different clubs (see "MonSFFA—TransWarp..." for details). MonSFFA will soon be expanding the programming at its monthly General Meetings—beginning in May, a second function room will be rented to accommodate a second track of programming.

The relatively new Warp Nine sf media club—they're in on TransWarp—began holding meetings in '91. W9 grew out of what began as a fanzine called *Warp Nine* (to avoid confusion over which is which, from now on, the club will go by the name Warp Nine and the 'zine will be called *Warp Factor*). W9's president, Chris Chartier, is feeling the burden, these days, of running a club, and of publishing its 'zine, but his enthusiasm seems boundless.

The executive of the local *Doctor Who* club, High Council of Gallifrey—also in on TransWarp—say they're feeling a bit burned out after a year or so of building up their club.

Nevertheless, these two fairly new additions to Montreal's sf/f club scene are soldiering on and coping with the growing pains all clubs experience.

Conv-iction, a one-day mini-con, was held out in Laval at the beginning of this month (see "MonSFFA—Conv-iction" for details). We mistakenly believed the con to be run by the French-language Quebec Trek club; in fact, it is put on by several fans independent of any club affiliation. So then, in fact, we haven't heard from Quebec Trek for some time. We hear through the grapevine that they're still operating—haven't seen their fanzine around for a long while, either, and suspect that it is dead.

Another French-language club, similar to MonSFFA in its orientation (but perhaps more media focused), is dead, or at least its Montreal branch is dead. Astriex's sole Montreal member says that his buddies have gafiated or moved away and that he's the only vestige of Astriex left in Montreal. The club's parent, in Quebec City, doesn't seem too active, these days, either. A few years ago, Astriex was a thriving group of modelling, Gerry Anderson, Japanimation and *Trek* enthusiasts.

Con•cept made the jump from one to two days last year, and was very well received by the 500 plus who attended. Con•cept has consistently increased its attendance—by about 100 a year—since it began in 1989, and has managed to turn a profit each year as well. Con•cept '91 made about \$225. Con•cept '92 is set to go on October 17-18 (see "MonSFFA—Con•cept" for details).

The British Columbia Science Fiction Association's fanzine, *BCSFAzine*, is reporting a very large debt incurred by their local convention, V-Con, which hosted the Western North American Science Fiction Convention, or Westercon, in July '91. (The long-running Westercon was initially set up to provide west coast fans with something akin to a WorldCon, which more often than not were held on the east coast way back then. Like the WorldCon, Westercon is hosted by a different city each year).

Westercon 44/V-Con 19 attracted some 2000 people, but ran up a debt in excess of \$14,000! Apparently, the con operated without a contract for its facilities and got stuck with lots of additional charges for equipment and services. Allegations of incompetence and gross mismanagement have been levelled at the con-com from various quarters. Some fans, however bemoan the finger-pointing and urge that energies now be directed towards paying off the debt.

BCSFA has held a couple of fund-raising auctions, bringing in about \$1600. Donations are welcomed. The Western Canadian Science Fiction Convention Committee Association (WCSFCCA), a sort of umbrella group which coordinates and supports western Canadian cons, finds its bank accounts emptied to the tune of about \$5,500 as a result of Westercon. That leaves around \$7000 outstanding.

Taking a page from Ottawa fandom's book, V-Con will skip a year. V-Con 20 will go in 1993; a "small, but deadly" relaxicon—V-Con 19.5—is planned for late May this year. Maximum membership has been set at 200. V-Con 19.5 is operating on a "strictly cash-at-hand" basis—that is to say, no debt will be incurred; the con will pay as it goes with money collected through pre-registrations. A deadline for a downpayment on facilities is approaching, reports the January '92 issue of *BCSFAzine*: "There is a problem with V-Con 19.5. If more people don't sign up soon, it may be cancelled! I know many of you have been putting off buying a membership...but a deadline...is approaching, and if the committee can't meet it with funds on hand, then V-Con 19.5 will cease to be."

Something that may be of interest to Montreal's sf/f modelling fans: Vancouver fans are into modelling, too. Stan G. Hyde writes a regular column, "The Light-Hearted Vituperator and Jolly Reviler," for *BSCFAzine*, in which he talks modelling. He reported, in his February '92 article, that "a loosely organized model fandom has been springing up here in Vancouver." Their focus is varied—sf, *Trek*, Japanimation, monsters (Stan is big into Godzilla). He writes of regular

"coffee and kit nights," at which modelling techniques are discussed, and stories of garage-sale finds and exorbitant kit prices are swapped.

Montreal modellers can contact Stan c/o *BSCFAzine*: P.O. Box 35577, Station E, Vancouver, B.C., V6M 4G9

In an overview of Canadian fandom, we've seen the effect of rising costs on clubs and cons this past year.

A lot of clubs are cutting expenses by reducing the number of 'zines they produce, and reducing the number of trades and complimentary issues they're mailing out. Some clubs have raised membership fees. Many are experiencing delays in membership renewals as members balance their household budgets and come up short.

Conventions, too, are feeling the pinch. Fans can't afford to go to as many cons as they used to. Some cons have scaled back, others are opting to up membership prices to cover increased operating expenses brought about by the GST and other factors. Pre-convention fund-raising, beyond collecting advance-registrations, is being vigorously pursued by at least one con, Con•cept.

Space is limited, so we'll wrap it up for now. Again, anyone who has new information to offer on goings on in Canadian fandom, or updates or corrections on what we've just covered, is encouraged to write us and fill us in (our address is still on page 2).

NEW TREK SERIES IN '93

Paramount Pictures has announced that it will be producing a second *Trek* TV series, to be called *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, which it plans to premiere in January, 1993, with a two-hour movie special. The show will be syndicated and offered to TV stations along with a remake of *The Untouchables* TV series, which aired in the early '60's and starred Robert Stack.

Contrary to early rumours, *Deep Space Nine* will not be a prequel to *ST:TNG*, but will take place at the same time as *Next Gen*. In fact, according to the Paramount press

release received by *Warp*, some of the *NG* characters will appear in the new series, and vice versa. Says *ST:TNG* executive producer, Rick Berman—who, with *TNG*'s other executive producer, Michael Piller, created and will executive produce *Deep Space Nine*—"Setting *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* during the same time as *Star Trek: The Next Generation* will allow an exchange of characters and occasional story lines between each show." Further on that: a Paramount PR spokesperson that we talked to stressed that *no* plans are afoot to have any of the *TNG* regulars permanently join the *DSN* cast. She did not, however, completely rule out that possibility.

Deep Space Nine is slated to begin production in June on an initial 20 hour-long episodes for its first season. Subsequent seasons will run 26 episodes. Casting is currently underway.

The series will follow the adventures of a team of Starfleet officers who take command of a remote, alien space station, called *Deep Space Nine*, situated next to a newly discovered wormhole. The wormhole provides a shortcut to a distant, unexplored part of the galaxy and travellers of all kinds are drawn to the station. With hostile alien empires on all sides, *Deep Space Nine* becomes the most strategic post in the galaxy. Says Michael Piller: "If, as Gene Roddenberry often said, *Star Trek* is *Wagon Train* in space, then *Deep Space Nine* can be compared to a wild west town on the edge of the frontier with all the excitement and adventure that kind of locale can generate."

As might be expected, the rumour mill has been going full tilt since news of this second *Trek* spin-off came down. Here are a few additional bits of information about the show that we've run across in various newspapers, fanzines, and on the computer bulletin boards; take note that these are not "the official word" and should be taken in that light:

- The *Deep Space Nine* station is one that has been abandoned by an alien race and reclaimed by Starfleet. This setting will be quite the opposite of the rather plush digs aboard the *Enterprise*. By way of

contrast, the DSN station is a run-down facility, constantly in need of repair—not a very comfortable environment.

- The new show's lead character is a "man of action—a single parent raising a 12-year old son." He and Picard know each other, but don't get along. Another character, an alien, resembles a big bowl of Jello in his natural state and can take on humanoid form. Michael Piller: "The creature, like Spock and Data, will give us a chance to reflect and comment on humanity."

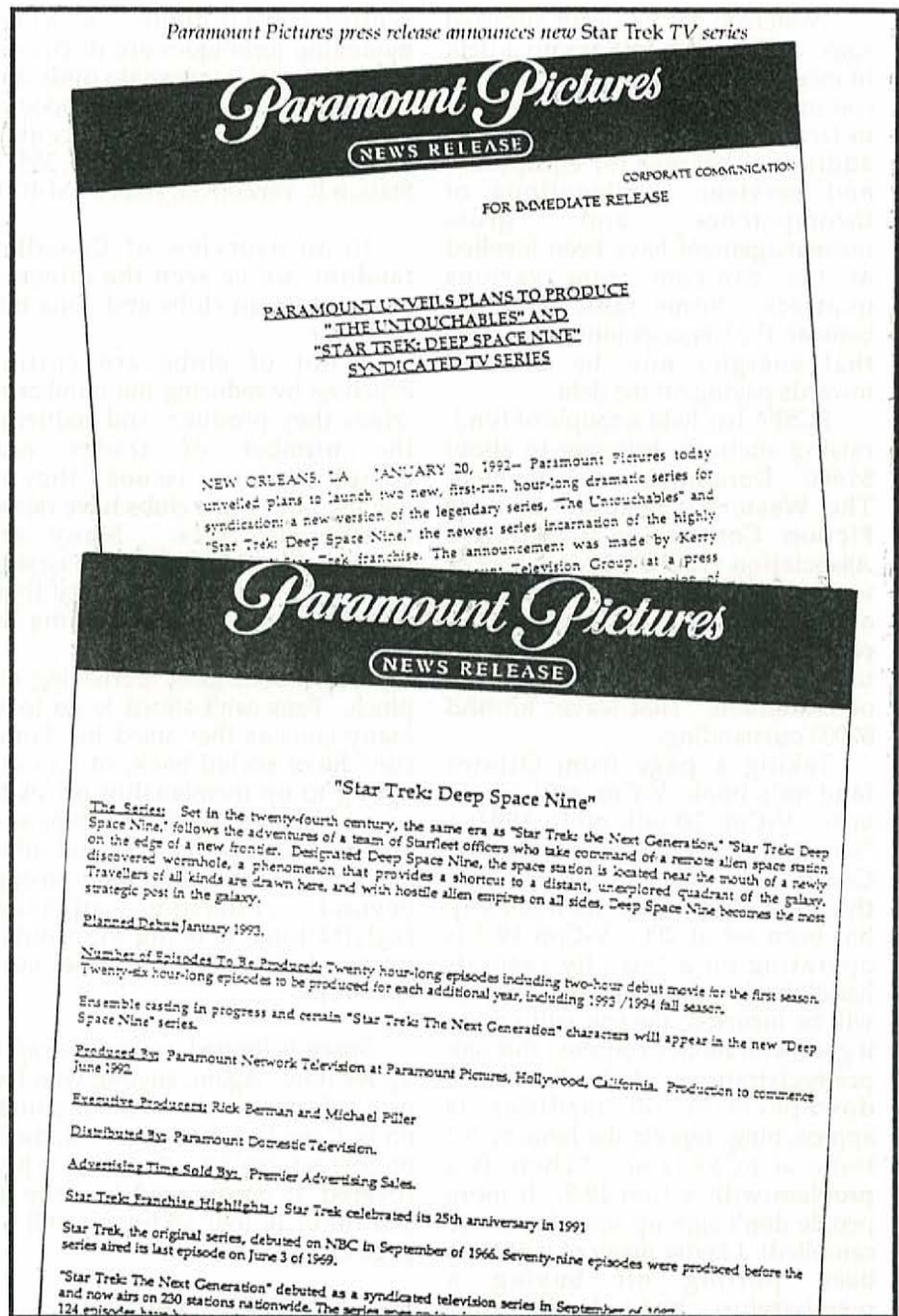
- The premiere will feature the *Enterprise*, ferrying the last of Deep Space Nine's personnel to their posting. While there, trouble erupts and the *Enterprise* finds herself in the middle of some kind of sabotage plan directed at the DSN station. A couple of rumoured episode possibilities: Captain Decker (*ST:TMP*) emerges from the wormhole, bringing with him a message for humanity; and station personnel visit the "Mirror, Mirror" universe of the original series.

- Chief O'Brien, ensign Ro and Lwaxana Troi are mentioned most often as *TNG*ers who would visit *DSN* a few times during its first season.

- The sixth season of *ST:TNG* will indeed be its last; thereafter, *DSN* will carry the *Trek* torch on TV. The *TNG* crew will make the jump to movies now that the original crew has completed their final mission.

- *DSN* was the one of three ideas for a new *Trek* series ultimately chosen. The two runners up: A *Next Gen* prequel (hence those early rumours about *DSN*'s time line) and a Klingon Empire series. A remote fourth possibility was also under consideration briefly: A half-hour *Trek* sitcom with Lwaxana Troi—it would have been produced for the Sci-Fi Channel and had piqued Gene Roddenberry's interest, but his death and SFC's start-up delays pretty much killed the concept (thank God!).

- Jonathan Frakes will direct many of the *DSN* episodes.



IRWIN ALLEN (1916-1991)

Within a couple of weeks of *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry's death, in late October of last year, came news of the passing of another notable purveyor of screen science fiction. Creator/producer/writer/director Irwin Allen died at his Malibu home on November 2nd, after suffering a heart attack. He was 75.

Born in New York in 1916, Allen came to Hollywood in the late 1930's. Over the next dozen or so years, he held various jobs—

magazine editor, literary agent, radio announcer, newspaper columnist. By the mid 1950's, Allen was into the movie-making game, producing comedies and action pictures. In 1956, he utilized the talents of master stop-motion animators Willis O'Brien and Ray Harryhausen in his production of the documentary *The Animal World*. He followed up with *The Lost World*, based on the Conan Doyle novel, in 1960, and in 1961, he made *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea*, which starred a nuclear-powered submarine called *Seaview*.

But Allen will be most fondly

remembered by sf fans as the man behind a quad of popular genre TV shows of the '60's. After producing and directing the pilot for his TV series of *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* in 1963 (the show began its run in '64), he started working on what would become his most popular and well known series, *Lost in Space* (it was originally titled *Space Family Robinson*). *Time Tunnel* followed in '66, *Land of the Giants* in '68.

In the '70's, Allen turned his attention to producing disaster movies, which earned him the monicker "Master of Disaster." *The Poseidon Adventure* (1972) and *The Towering Inferno* (1974) are his best and were among the top-grossing films of the '70's.

Allen has made 15 motion pictures, 12 TV movies, and six TV series encompassing over 500 total episodes. His work has garnered 12 Academy Award nominations, five wins.

Years of lobbying by fans had recently convinced him to make a *Lost in Space* movie, but his declining health kept him from ever getting that project off the ground.

Allen is remembered by the many TV and film people who worked for him as an enthusiastic workaholic, a master showman, and a very generous person.

HAL'S BIRTHDAY LAST MONTH

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am a HAL 9000 computer. I became operational at the H.A.L. labs in Urbana, Illinois, on the 12th of January, 1992."—HAL, *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968)

Last month marked the birthdate of sf's most famous computer. According to its creator, Arthur C. Clarke, HAL, short for Heuristically Programmed Algorithmic Computer, was originally to be named Athena and speak with a female voice. Somewhere along the way, however, the name changed and the voice became male, provided by Canadian actor Douglas Rain. Also, 1997, not '92, was set as the year the fictional supercomputer came on line. In the book, it's '97; in the movie, it was, for some reason, changed to '92. Clarke speculates that "the actor got the date wrong

and nobody bothered to change it." Clarke also dismisses as unintentional that business about HAL referring somehow to IBM (jump one letter ahead with H, A and L and you get I, B, M). Had he and Stanley Kubrick noticed, he says, they would have chucked the name and gone with another.

Alas, January 12, 1992, has come and gone and there is no HAL, nor is mankind anywhere near building a machine close to his capabilities. Clarke now figures his vision was about a century off; the movie should have been called *2101: A Space Odyssey*.

LOST CITY OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS FOUND

In a find that would have made Indiana Jones sit up and take notice, a team of amateur and professional archeologists, based in Los Angeles, have found the fabled lost city of Ubar. A combination of high-tech satellite imaging (courtesy NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California) and old fashioned literary detective work led the team to discover the ruins of the city beneath the sands of the Rub'al Khali, or Empty Quarter, near the tiny village of Shisr, in Oman, adjacent to Saudi Arabia. JPL's special space shuttle radar system was used to scan likely ancient trade routes and "see" through the sand, picking out Ubar's subsurface ruins. Excavations found the remains of an eight-sided structure, matching descriptions of Ubar's fortress—the city's centerpiece—in the *Koran*.

Also described in *The Arabian Nights*, Ubar was built some 5000 years ago and was the center of trade in frankincense, a valuable commodity in the ancient world. According to Islamic legend, Ubar's wealthy rulers became so corrupt that God destroyed the city, allowing it to be swallowed by the desert. The researchers have discovered that Ubar was built over a large limestone cavern and that the weight of the city ultimately caused the cavern's roof to collapse, thus forming a huge sinkhole right downtown.

Filmmaker Nicholas Clapp, co-leader of the Ubar team, first became interested in the lost city after reading about British explorer

Bertram Thomas' unsuccessful efforts to find it. Another Brit, the famous T.E. Lawrence (of Arabia), was captivated by the city as well and had planned an expedition to locate it, but died before he could get started. Lawrence called Ubar "the Atlantis of the sands," and indeed, many scholars considered the city to be legend, not fact.

ARCTIC OZONE LAYER THREATENED

NASA scientists warn that a hole in the ozone layer may open this spring over parts of Canada, and the northern US, Europe and Asia. Record levels of ozone-destroying chlorine have registered in high-altitude tests over the Northern Hemisphere, and scientists are saying that ozone levels could be depleted by 30 to 40 percent for short periods of time this spring.

The Earth's ozone layer protects life on the planet from the harmful effects of the sun's ultraviolet radiation, which can cause skin cancer, cataracts, damage the body's immune system, and harm plant and marine life. Chlorofluorocarbons (CFC's), used in air conditioners and refrigerators, rise into the upper atmosphere and destroy highly reactive ozone molecules.

International concern over the ozone layer has risen since the 1985 discovery of a hole over the Antarctica, which typically loses some 50 to 60 percent of its ozone blanket.

Two years ago, Canadian scientists reported a hole over the Arctic, but their findings were disputed by US scientists. The Americans are seen as a major stumbling block to environmental controls by many ecologists. In 1989, the nations of the world agreed to ban production of CFC's by the year 2000, but most environmental groups are now lobbying to have that deadline moved up.

The Canadian government plans to issue "low ozone" warnings this spring, if need be, and will advise people to stay out of the sun during low ozone periods.

TID-BITS

Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*

makes motion picture history by copping a Best Picture Oscar nomination, marking the first time ever that an animated feature is considered for the Academy's top honour.

Marvel Comics superhero Northstar is gay. The Canadian hero comes out of the closet in issue 106 (March '92) of the *Alpha Flight* series—the story speaks of society's homophobia and the indifference shown towards homosexuals with AIDS. As far as we know, this is the first time a gay character has been presented as a hero/role-model in comics. Kudos to Marvel for taking such a bold step.



Northstar: Comics' first gay superhero (Northstar property Marvel Comics)

Look for role-playing games based on William Gibson and Bruce Sterling's *The Difference Engine*, and Spider Robinson's *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* series sometime later this year.

Arthur C. Clarke will finish his last "Rama" book, with co-writer Gentry Lee, after which he plans to write strictly as a solo act. Piers Anthony has sold four "Xanth" novels to Tor Books for a rumoured million dollar advance! Greg Bear, meanwhile, has signed with Tri-Star/Columbia to write an original screenplay for a "science fiction monster film with '90's sensibilities and a trio of strong female characters." Animator Phil Tippett, a long-time friend of Bear's, will work on the project as well.

Hallmark stores in the States report that they've sold almost half a million "Starship *Enterprise* Keepsake Magic Ornaments," far more than expected (an extra production run was necessitated) and a Hallmark sales record. The ornament features sequentially blinking lights and sells for \$24.95 US.

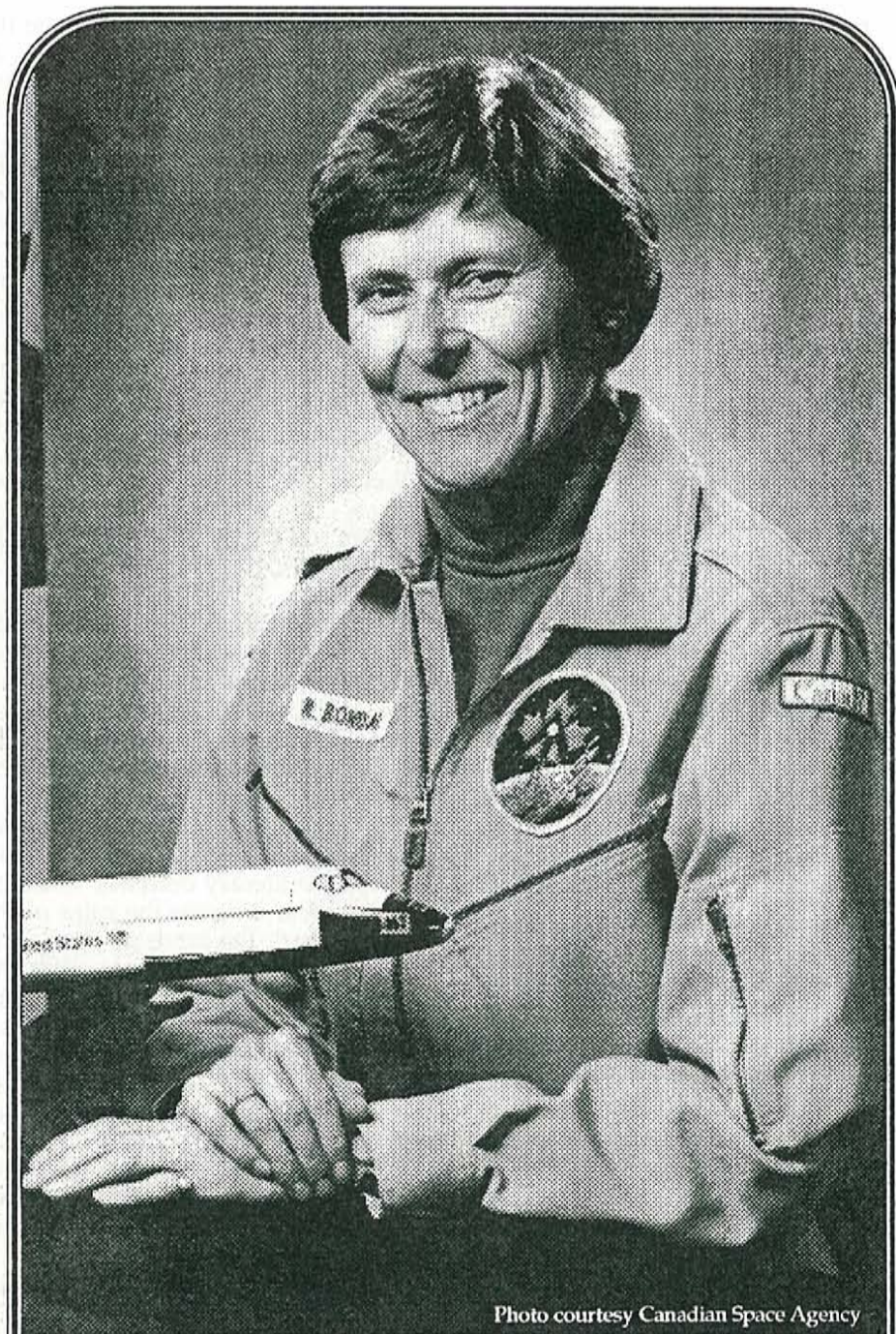


Photo courtesy Canadian Space Agency

Congratulations on a job well done to Canada's latest hero, DR. ROBERTA LYNN BONDAR, Payload Specialist, IML-1, Flight STS-42, Space Shuttle *Discovery*

Canada's second astronaut, and the first Canadian woman, in space

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