

WARP

22

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MONTREAL SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY ASSOCIATION

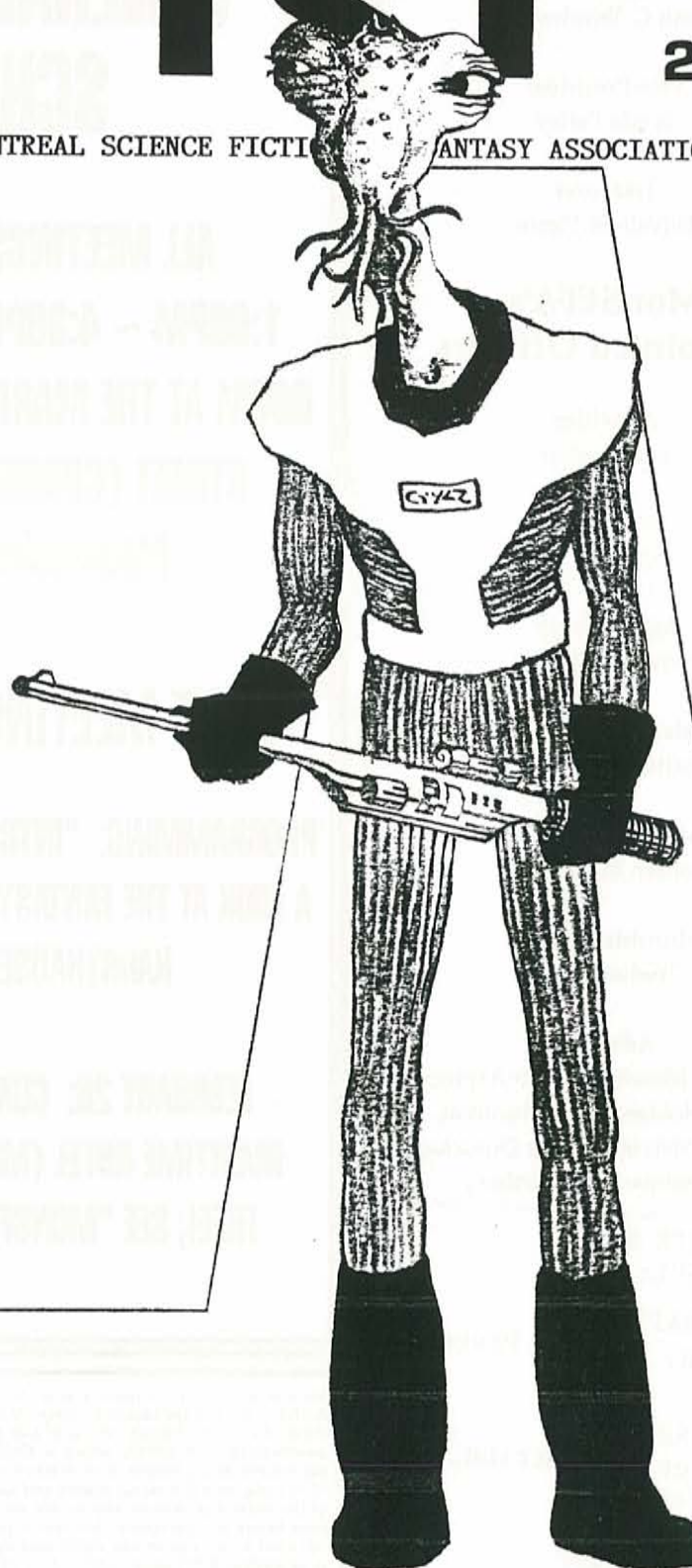
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MAPLECON 13

PART FOUR OF BRYAN EKERS'
TREKING STORY, "PRANKSTER"

THE CROSSWORD OF DOOM!

AND MORE...



Roll Call

MonSFFA's Executive Committee

President

Keith G. Braithwaite

Vice-President

Lynda Pelley

Treasurer

Sylvain St-Pierre

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Secretary

Bryan Ekers

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Sylvain St-Pierre

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Kevin Holden, Linda Huntoon,
Andrew Weitzman, Marc Durocher,
Zsuzsanna-Lynda Bathory

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THIS ISSUE:

KEITH BRAITHWAITE
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Panic)

MIKE MASELLA
(Computer Typesetting,
Patience)

BERNY REISCHL
(Photo-scans)

MURPHY
(Systems Failures)

COVER ART BY KEITH
BRAITHWAITE (1979)

1993 MonSFFA GENERAL MEETING SCHEDULE

ALL MEETINGS HELD SUNDAYS,
1:00PM ~ 4:30PM IN THE ARTIMON 1
ROOM AT THE MARITIME HOTEL, 1155 GUY
STREET (CORNER RENÉ LÉVESQUE),
DOWNTOWN MONTREAL.

NEXT MEETING: FEBRUARY 21

**PROGRAMMING: "INTRODUCTION TO STARGAZING";
A LOOK AT THE FANTASY FILMS AND CAREER OF RAY
HARRYHAUSEN; VIDEOS; MORE**

**FEBRUARY 20: CONV-ICTION MINI-CON AT
MARITIME HOTEL (MONSFFA MEMBERS GET IN
FREE!; SEE "MONSFFANDOM" FOR DETAILS)**

JANUARY

24

FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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APRIL

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MAY

23

JUNE

13

AUGUST

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SEPTEMBER

12

NOVEMBER

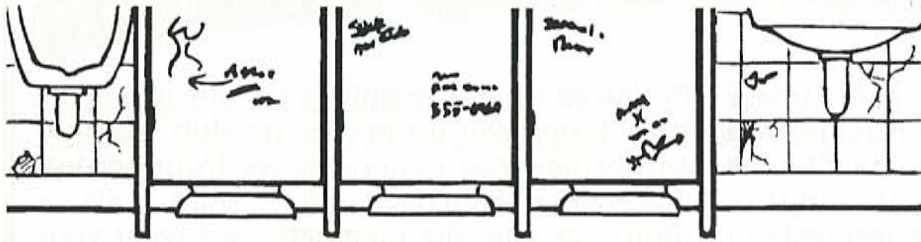
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DECEMBER

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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. I wish people who have trouble communicating would just shut up—Tom Lehrer.

From the CENTER Seat



This issue, like the last, went out later than planned. We've had a difficult year with *Warp* vis-a-vis our production schedule. There are a lot of reasons for our difficulties—I won't go into all that now—but things should be getting back to normal in 1993. This issue and the one before are fairly big 'zines, and that reality alone has made their production a longer task than normally is the case. By our next issue, we expect to have cleared up the backlog of submissions which have accumulated because of our production delays. (It is the policy of *Warp* to try to publish all submissions it receives—short of those deemed blatantly offensive, or unintelligible—and while we can't always run a submission right when we get it, financial and resource considerations being what they are, we will run it as soon as we are reasonably able. Take note that members will get all the *Warps* due them; it'll just take us a little longer than it's supposed to.

As most MonSFFA members know, I step down as president of this club effective the January 24, 1993, General Meeting, after four years in the center seat. I'd like to take this space to say thank you.

Firstly, to MonSFFA's

membership: Thank you for the confidence you have shown in me as president. Many of you have approached me over the last couple of months and asked me to reconsider, urged me to stay on, even good-naturedly nominated me "President for Life." In effect, you're telling me I've done a good job, and you could have payed me no greater compliment. I very much appreciate the sentiment.

Thank you to the many MonSFFA people—some currently active, others "retired"—who I have had the great pleasure of working with over this past half-decade or so. I've been an sf/f fan just about all of my life, but I had rarely been able to share my interest with other like-minded people until MonSFFA came along. One of the reasons I became so actively involved in this club is that I wanted to contribute to building and maintaining a vehicle for sf/f fans—like me—to get together and enjoy the hobby. I suspect that some of you fellow keeners had similar reasons for becoming involved in the running of MonSFFA, but whatever your motivation, I'm glad you did get into it, because together we've managed us a pretty damn good club, arguably this city's best! I'm pleased to have been a part of the team.

I've had a whole lot of fun in fandom (and intend on having a whole lot more!), met a lot of interesting people, and made a lot of new friends, not the least of whom is my fiancée Colleen Magnussen. My last thank-you goes out to whatever power (fate? love? a supreme being? wild coincidence? match-making friends?) it is in this universe that brought Colleen and I together. She's the best thing I've gotten, or will ever get, out of fandom.

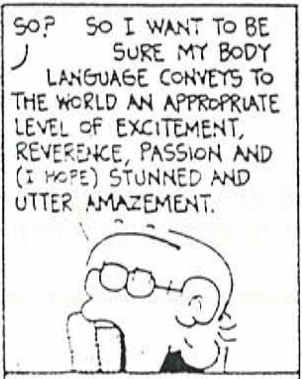
In closing, let me say that despite the sometimes difficult, sometimes frustrating, tiring and/or tedious tasks of the office, overall, I've enjoyed the job of President of MonSFFA. The rewards (of course!) have greatly outweighed the negatives. But in the final analysis, I feel that (1) I need a break, a change of pace and direction (I would like to continue to contribute to MonSFFA in some capacity—newsletter? PR? General Meeting planning?—but do so outside of the spotlight); and (2) the club risks becoming too much centered around and dependent upon one person, not ultimately healthy in my view. And so, I will soon leave the presidency to someone else (Yoda assures me that "there is another"), and while I look forward to a little rest, I am, at the same time, already missing it all just a bit.

My best wishes and the best of luck to MonSFFA's next administration.

Keith Braithwaite
President, MonSFFA

Fox Trot

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By Bill Amend

AMEND

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

1,000,000
COMIX

- NEW AND OLD COMICS
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20% off on most merchandise.

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Importers of Fine
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10% off on most items (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

OAS

Fred Albert

OAS Rocketry Division,
Suite 606, 116 Albert Street,
Ottawa, Ontario, K1P 5G3
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COMPUTERRE

Fairview Shopping Centre
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Telephone: (514) 695 3620

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

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Nepean, Ontario, K2H 9R0

10% off on most items, 15% at cons and shows (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

JOUETS

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HOBBIES

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KOMICO
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Role Playing Games
New & Old Comics
Bags & Supplies
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Montreal Que. H4A 3K3
489-4009

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

10% off on most merchandise.

MARS

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RECORDS (IMPORTS)
COLLECTOR'S ITEMS
CARD'S

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SCIENCE FICTION
CASSETTES VIDEOS
POSTERS

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metro McGill 844-4329

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More than a **SCIENCE-FICTION**
bookshop...

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10% off on everything except imports and magazines.

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and more...

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trouver
S'Y fait-vente
jeux de rôle
romans et plus

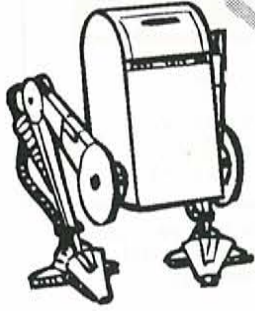
7190 St-Hubert, Montréal, Québec H2R 2N1 ☎ (514) 273-0081
METRO JEAN TALON

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.

The following letter was received shortly after Con•cept '92 by the con's Vice-Chairperson and Treasurer, John Dupuis. He passed it on to Warp so that it may be shared with MonSFFA's membership, as well as with Montreal and greater fandom.

Dear John,

Belated thanks to all of you who worked so hard and made Con•cept such a success.

My wife Joan and I greatly enjoyed the whole time—an unusual treat, especially, because one seldom meets many people at cons who have actually read sf, and extensively! Clearly, many in Quebec have.

The hotel and city were equally charming. We'll certainly return—Montreal lived up to its reputation. And the general level of discussion—on panels and off—was remarkable, like the golden old days.

Again, thanks for inviting us.

Sincerely,
Gregory Benford
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Con•cept was pleased to have had you up as an honoured guest, Mr. Benford, and is pleased that you so enjoyed yourself. On behalf of the con, and all of Montreal fandom, MonSFFA thanks you for your kind words—Ed

Dear MonSFFA,

Enclosed is \$40.00 to cover my membership for '92 and '93. I'm trying to make up for my delinquency in '92 by paying for '93 right away. Is there any chance of getting the issues of *Warp* that I missed? I'll gladly pay whatever postage and handling costs. Thanks in advance. Live long and prosper.

Ray Cross, Jr.
Kahnawake, Quebec

Thanks for renewing, Ray. We appreciate your support. We'll send along whatever back issues we can dig up; no need to spring for the postage (your membership fees cover mailing costs).—Ed

Fellow Beings,

I recently attended the Place Bonaventure Craft and Hobby Show where I picked up a copy of *Warp* 21. *Warp* is well put together and the articles are interesting; congratulations on a job well done!

Being a big fan of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* and other sf/f shows and books, I was happy to learn that associations such as MonSFFA exist in Montreal. Enclosed you'll find my membership money and info. I hope to become an active member!

As I said, I'm a big fan of *ST:TNG* and I especially enjoy the books that came-out as a result of the show. Lately, however, I seem to have come to a dead end in my search for the newest bestseller, *Imzadi*. Any info on where I could find it (preferably in paperback) would be greatly appreciated.

I was also wondering about the short stories printed in *Warp*. Writing happens to be one of my hobbies, and I would like to know if fans are encouraged to send in unpublished short stories, articles, etc.? By the way, congrats to Bryan Ekers on a great idea ("Prankster"), I can't wait to see how it turns out!

In *Warp* 21, a fan from Nova Scotia requested an address for the *Star Trek* Welcomittee. In the Foreword to the *ST:TNG* novel *Survivors*, the author, Jean Lorrain, gives the address as the following: The *Star Trek* Welcomittee, P.O.

Drawer 12, Saranac, MI 48881.

Unfortunately, the book was printed three years ago, but this address is probably still valid.

The article about the new series, *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*, was much appreciated. There was so much rumour and not enough fact floating around that it was getting hard to tell the difference!

I hope, for fans everywhere, that the rumour about *ST:TNG* being cancelled is, as your sources said, "a pile of horse dip."

Once again, congratulations on a great fanzine, and keep on Trekkin'!

Tifanie Valade
Montreal, Quebec

Thanks for your complimentary words on Warp and our club, and welcome aboard! Yes, most definitely!—Warp does accept unpublished stories (book and movie reviews, opinion pieces, etc., too). In fact, one of the purposes of this newsletter is provide our members with an outlet for their creative writing. So, we'd be pleased to run one of your stories. Just mail it in to us, attention: Editor, Warp. Thanks also for the STW address; we've passed it on to Sylvia. As for Imzadi, we've seen it locally in hard-cover (try one of the bookstores listed on page 5, participants in MonSFFA's Discount Program). Don't think it's out yet in paperback.—Ed

Dear Keith,

Thank you for the latest issue of *Warp* 21. I found it informative, interesting and frankly a good read. I have two questions: How many members are registered with MonSFFA, and do you have any news on the printing of your membership cards? (I have not yet received mine.)

Eagerly awaiting my third issue!

James Fenik
Toronto, Ontario

MonSFFA has over 100 members at this time, however that figure fluctuates constantly as memberships lapse, renewals and new memberships come in. Figure about 80 or 90 to be on the safe side. The new membership cards are being prepared and will be mailed out early in '93. You should have a

temporary card, which we have been issuing to renewing and new members since our supply of cards ran out. The availability of some of our people has been limited throughout much of the summer, and therefore, we haven't gotten the new cards squared away as quickly as we'd have liked. They are coming, though; hang in there.—Ed

Dear MonSFFen,

Many thanks for the newest issue of *Warp*. One thing I've been doing with issues of *Warp*, *OSFS Statement*, and *BCSFAzine*, amongst other clubzines I receive, is study how the club operates, and what it does or tries to do to satisfy its paying members. There is a plethora of *Star Trek* clubs in Toronto, a continent-wide *Dr. Who* club, but only two small sf clubs. There is no central sf club, like MonSFFA or OSFS or BCSFA, in Toronto, and there are now people in Toronto fandom who may yet change that.

In the letter column, Elizabeth Osbourne talks about the problems Starfleet has had with fans and feuds. The reason these problems take place is that fan groups that oversee franchise clubs like Starfleet and International Federation of Trekkers are inherently unstable. I remember a membership in Starfleet I had many years ago...never assigned a ship, and never received anything. When I wrote to complain, I was told that all the Canadian records had been misplaced, and they hoped I would renew my membership. Needless to say, I didn't. A year ago now, when Gene Roddenberry died, the IFT changed their management style to a paramilitary, authoritarian style. They lost many chapters and members because of the rampaging egos of those in charge. Perhaps as with the fan-run conventions, the fan-run

clubs are best.

Some information for Sylvia Tremblay...I'm the senior member of the Star Trek Welcomittee in Canada. The central address for STW is Box 12, Saranac, MI, 48881. There are, of course, many other addresses for specific Welcomittee publications and services. Also, I was briefly in contact with Maritimes fandom and with a con-sponsoring group called the Novacon Society, which produced something called *The Seeress*. Here are a couple of addresses: The Novacon Society, P.O. Box 1282, Main P.O., Dartmouth, NS; and Wolfcon VI, Box 796, Wolfville, NS, B0P 1X0 (This con is a candidate for Convention '93). I have enclosed flyers for Novacon and Wolfcon; could you guys send these on to Sylvia? Thanks.

Kevin, you should show a little more understanding to the older fans who feel overwhelmed by the hordes of media fans that seem to plague cons wherever they go. In the '30's, fandom's numbers slowly grew. As they gathered, they felt like members of a small and unique group, which made fandom special for them. Fandom grew slowly and comfortably up to the late '60's, when *Star Trek* arrived and changed it. *Trek* fandom didn't really blossom until the early to mid '70's, which is why many fans I talk to say that the last cozy and manageable Worldcon was Torcon II in 1973. Afterwards, fandom's numbers exploded, and the demand by Trekkers for their own cons, fanzines, clubs, activities, etc., gave other special groups the idea to start their own cons, fanzines, clubs, etc. I'm not against the media fans...they have made fandom a more creative place to be, and are reflective of the age we're in. But, I'd advise you to try to look at what's happening to fandom for these "dinosaurs"...the smallness and

uniqueness that made fandom and cons desirable for them are gone. Their interests are largely ignored by most cons. To get what they want out of fandom today, the older fans retreat to other cons, such as Pulpcon, Smofcon and Corflu. They are victims of fandom's generation gap. Now, media fans are suffering their own generation gap...the older media fans who remember classic *Trek* and *Star Wars*, versus the newer fans who enjoy *Next Gen* and *Quantum Leap*. Suddenly, the shoe's on the other foot. Understand them a little better through imagining what you'll be like in your 50's...if there is fandom, you probably won't like what the newer fans like, but they won't cater to what you liked.

By the way, congrats on your engagement to Trudie.

Updates...Rhinocon 2 was probably Fritz Leiber's last con. During Magicon, an announcement over the convention centre's PA system announced they had just learned of Leiber's death. At Rhinocon, he looked ill and haggard, and was confined to a wheelchair. During Rhinocon, I left my room to find paramedics in another room just down the hall, attending to someone. I later found that was Leiber's room, and that he had been rushed to hospital, suffering from a mild stroke. I wonder how much that stroke contributed to his death.

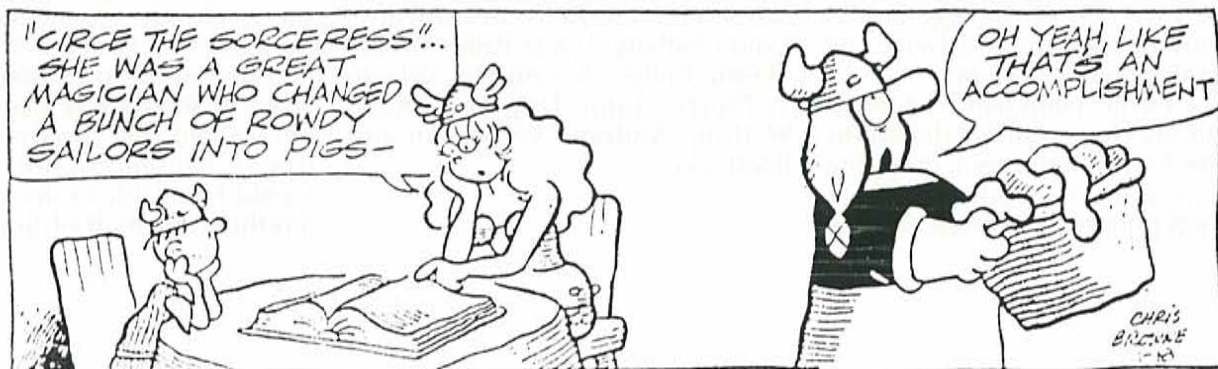
Anyway, folks, take care and see you whenever.

Lloyd Penney
Brampton, Ontario

A general-interest sf club in Toronto would be, we think, a good thing. Hope it happens. Thanks for the info on Atlantic fandom and the Welcomittee; we've forwarded your flyers to Sylvia.—Ed

Hägar The Horrible

By Dik Browne



MonSFFAAndom

“ALL THE CLUB NEWS THAT FITS, WE’LL PRINT!”

MonSFFA MOVES TO MARITIME

MonSFFA's General Meetings will *no longer* be held at the downtown YMCA. Effective our January 24, 1993, meeting, we will occupy the Artimon I room of the Maritime Hotel, 1155 Guy Street (corner René Lévesque). Long-time members may remember the Maritime as the site of Con•cept's '89 and 1990.

This move to a new locale was necessitated by the huge increases in room rental rates recently implemented at the "Y"; we'll be paying less at the Maritime. Our new meeting space is a little roomier than either of the rooms we've been using at the "Y", and is *much* nicer. We do find ourselves back to one-room meetings with this move, but that's not really so bad in that our secondary room has tended to be underused. And, we'll have access to our space for an additional three hours over what we've traditionally had at the "Y", which means that we have room to expand our meetings to as much as a full day's worth of MonSFFing! (MonSFFing?) For the first couple or so meetings at our new spot, things will run, still, from 1:00PM to 4:30PM, but your club's top fromages are looking into expanding the meetings. Maritime Hotel, 1155 Guy Street, Artimon I room; see you there!

SEPTEMBER'S "SF/F GARAGE SALE"

Held at the downtown YMCA, September's General Meeting—Sunday, the 20th—was given over to a fund raising event, dubbed the "SF/F Garage Sale." Turnout was strong and twice the anticipated dollars were raised.

The membership had responded well to the club's call for donations of items for the fund-raiser, dropping off bags and boxes full of stuff at meetings prior to the Garage Sale. A

crew of volunteers spent the evening before the event at club president Keith Braithwaite's apartment sorting through everything and designating items for auction, raffle, or straight-out sale. Donated were books, magazines and comics, games, posters and art prints, model kits, videos, audio tapes and records, and all manner of collectibles, novelty items and trinkets. As all of this stock was being laid out the next morning before we opened up, members came in with still more stuff, which was eagerly accepted and added to the pile. Not unexpectedly, most of what was donated was genre-oriented, but a full table's worth of non-sf/f items were collected and rounded out the sale rather nicely.

The SF/F Garage Sale featured three raffles, an auction, and some four tables full of things for sale. Munchies and drink sales augmented the revenue generated. Video's ran in our secondary room, but people were so engrossed in perusing the many bargains that we needn't have bothered. By the end of the day, close to \$500.00 had been raised! After deducting a few bucks in expenses and slating a percentage of the money raised to Con•cept '92, MonSFFA was left with enough to pay for the production and mailing of an issue of *Warp* (the previous one), and was able to pay the room rental for our first three General Meetings of '93, at our new locale, the Maritime Hotel.

MonSFFA thanks all of the members who donated stuff to the cause, all who bought items at the Garage Sale, and the team who put this fund-raiser together and ran it: Kevin Holden, Keith Braithwaite, Lynda Bathory, Lynda Pelley, Trudie Mason, Colleen Magnussen, Sylvain St-Pierre, John Dupuis, Rene Walling, Andrew Weitzzman and Bryan Ekers.

CON•CEPT '92

Con•cept was held, this year, at the Ramada Renaissance Hotel du Parc in downtown Montreal on Saturday and Sunday, October 17 and 18. It was the fourth Con•cept, and the most trouble-plagued to date, largely due to a misunderstanding with the hotel which resulted in the shutting-down of the con suite and green room (hospitality suites) only an hour or so into the convention.

Con•cept learned—the hard way—that the okay to run its con suite and green room given it by the hotel, before the con, should not have been given. The hotel representative who had said "go ahead" to Con•cept, apparently, either misunderstood exactly what a con suite and green room were, or wasn't clear on her own hotel's rules. The hotel's weekend staff closed the con's hospitality rooms because food and drink were being prepared and served, contrary to the hotel's regulations. While the hotel agreed that a sizable misunderstanding had taken place, they were unwilling, or unable, to waive their rules, even in light of Con•cept's having prepared its con suite and green room based upon the okay it had received pre-con from the above mentioned hotel rep. The hotel was persuaded to open an unbooked room near the main convention floor and sell some of Con•cept's non-perishables. Prices, however, tripled, and needless to say, sales were practically nil.

The con-com, faced with such a disastrous turn of events, were understandably glum for the rest of the weekend. Attendees had been denied the expected con suite, a substantial lump of cash had been spent on food/drink that now could not be sold (the spectre of financial disaster loomed), and Con•cept would be unable to donate much, if anything, to its traditional charity,

Sun Youth, usually the beneficiary of the con suite's profits. It seemed that the con, so successful in previous years, might come up short in '92.

But in the end, things worked out alright. Attendees seemed to take the closing of the con suite in stride, chalking the whole affair up to a still fairly new and not yet battle-tested convention. Bitching was directed more towards the hotel than Con•cept's organizers, and many an attendee was quite prepared to blast the hotel even further when stories circulated of the hotel staff's rudeness to attendees subjected to lengthy delays when checking in. Fair and constructive criticism was, justifiably, leveled at the con-com for the con's weak areas—gaming, the video track, signage—but most attendees said they enjoyed the con, overall. Singled out for praise were programming, the dealers' room, art show, masquerade, and dance.

In addition, the financial doom that the unsold con suite supplies could have brought was staved off when a good portion of those supplies were bought up (at cost) by Maplecon, set to go two weeks later in Ottawa, and by several individuals who saw a chance to stock up on bulk groceries. Also, the con was able to return some of the unopened cases of soft drinks to their place of purchase.

Paid attendance, meanwhile, was up some 40, 45 souls over last year, and early estimates by the con's treasurer pointed to a possible profit of a modest few dollars after all was said and done. At the very least, Con•cept '92 would break even, he firmly predicted.

Further, in the weeks following the con, Con•cept informed the hotel that it was unhappy with the way things had been handled and that it believed it was entitled to some form of compensation. The hotel agreed, offering Con•cept a \$1000.00 rebate, expressing its regret that the unfortunate misunderstanding had occurred, and offering, as well, an apology. Con•cept was asked by the hotel to cancel its '93 contract, in that the hotel felt that it would no more be able to accommodate a con suite next year than it had this year. Con•cept, feeling that this year's experience had tainted the Ramada

Renaissance within fandom, was inclined to move to another hotel next year in any case, and so had no problem with canceling its contract. All's well that ends well.

The search for a new hotel now begins, but perhaps most challenging for Con•cept '93 will be the recruitment of new con-com members, as a number of veterans will not be returning, reasons ranging from plain and simple burn-out to moving away. (Early indications are positive; some half dozen and more people recently attended a Con•cept '93 con-com meeting and joined up.—Ed) A big thank-you goes out to departing con-comers Beatrice Gasc, Sue Dunlop, Berny Reischl, Marc Durocher, Adrienne Seel, Mike Terry, Jeremy Kidd, John Matthias, and John Dupuis (who has said that he'd like to help out in small ways whenever he can). Most of these folks are multi-year vets, and their enthusiasm, dedication, and hard

work have helped Con•cept to succeed as well as it has. We wish them a nice, stress-free "retirement."

MonSFFA AT CON•CEPT '92

MonSFFA fared very well at Con•cept '92, with well over 20 new or renewing members signing up at, or as a result of, the con. Our table was well received, sales of *Warps* were good, and our six copies of the *Deep Space Nine* premiere-episode script sold out in no time.

The members who staffed our table throughout the weekend did an excellent job of talking up the club to interested con-goers, and MonSFFA thanks them, as well as the members who provided neat-cool stuff to decorate our table with. Take a bow Keith Braithwaite, Lynda Pelley, Daniel P. Kenney, Wayne Glover, Beatrice Gasc, Berny Reischl, Sylvain St-Pierre, Mark Burakoff, Leslie Perryon and Cathy Palmer-Lister.

CON•CEPT '92

Montreal's Fourth Annual Science Fiction and Fantasy Convention
Le quatrième congrès annuel de
science-fiction et de fantastique de Montréal

17 & 18 OCT. 1992

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Gagnant des prix Nebula et Hugo

BENFORD
Nebula & John W. Campbell Award-winning author
Gagnant des prix Nebula et John W. Campbell

MICHAEL CUNEO ST:TNG, DS9 Model Maker
Maquettiste pour ST:TNG, DS9

SANDI MARIE Artist Fan Guest of Honour
Artiste amateur invité

TEVEN BRUST SF & F author, musician
Romaine de SF&F, musicien

SPECIAL STARS

NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING

Held on the 20th, our November meeting featured a talk on Arthurian myth. Roughly 30 members were in attendance.

After bringing members up to speed on recent MonSFFA business, President Keith Braithwaite introduced guest Cynthia Dudley, and members Marc Durocher and Graham Darling, our learned panel of Arthurians.

They began with an historical overview of the King Arthur story, covering the various interpretations—English, French, German—of the legend and the different parts of the tale emphasized in each. Throughout their presentation, our panelists gauged audience knowledge of the many characters—Guenever, Lancelot, Merlin, Galahad, Gawain, Percival, Morgan le Fay—who populate the legend. They touched a bit on the speculations that there had been a *real* Arthur and Camelot. Questions came on many different aspects of Arthurianism, and all were ably fielded by the panelists. The discussion wrapped up on the influences of the King Arthur myth on contemporary fantasy literature, the panelists observing that today's writers borrow liberally and piecemeal from Arthur's tales. They further commented that they had yet to see a respectable film version of the story, and that the best

treatments tended to be the comedic ones, Monty Python's *Holy Grail*, for example.

Members interested in seeing an unintentionally funny take on Arthur were invited to catch a screening of the hokey, 1950s Hollywood movie *Knights of the Round Table*, which ran afterwards in our secondary program room.

But before the movie began, we held our usual fund-raising raffle. Prizes included a copy of *Tigana*, signed by the author, and a roll of Federation toilet paper! Also, the Con•cept '92 masquerade video was shown.

While *Knights of the Round Table* played in room II, Keith moderated a "Con•cept '92 Feedback Panel" in the main room. Members who had attended Con•cept—all present had!—were asked to comment on how they thought the con went, and to offer constructive criticism and suggestions for '93. Most of the complaints people had were minor ones, and everyone seemed happy with Con•cept and said that they had enjoyed it. Keith updated members on the most recent news regarding the con in the aftermath of the hotel troubles that had occurred (see above item, "Con•cept Does Well...").

The raffle proceeds were entirely directed to the club this time out, and together with the sale of two MonSFFA memberships and the meeting's munchies, our November

event took in just over \$100.00. MonSFFA thanks our Arthurian experts, Cynthia, Marc and Graham, Con•cept-panel moderator Keith, and all who helped to plan and run the November General Meeting. And thanks, of course, to everyone who attended.

PARTY!

Rather than our usual General Meeting in December, we held a party in celebration of the holiday season. The festivities took place at the downtown Park Place Bar on Saturday evening, the 12th. About 35 members and friends attended and partied on into the wee hours.

A tree-trimming contest was held, with revelers bringing in their "most original ornaments" to decorate the tree. Numerous door prizes were awarded throughout the evening, and donations of non-perishable foodstuffs (and cash) were collected for the Sun Youth charity. MonSFFA laid out a big buffet of assorted snacks, heartily enjoyed by everyone. Some folks danced, some played pool in the back room, many took advantage of the bar's special on shooters, *all* had a great time.

The club thanks the party's principle organizer, Lynda Bathory, those who helped her out, the management and staff of the Park Place Bar, those who donated door prizes, and everyone who attended our holiday party.

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*Would like to get copies
of the following ST:TNG
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BROTHERS
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THE DEVIL'S DUE
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DATA'S DAY

NEW MonSFFA MEETING HALL
STARTING 1993: ARTIMON I ROOM,
MARITIME HOTEL, 1155 GUY STREET,
CORNER RENÉ LÉVESQUE!

A large box of groceries, and \$29.00 in spare change, were dropped off at Sun Youth's headquarters a few days after the party, with compliments of the season from MonSFFA.

MonSFFen BOWL FOR A GOOD CAUSE

Back in late-September, a number of MonSFFA members, along with members of many of the other Montreal sf/f fan clubs, attended a Bowl-A-Thon, sponsored by the local chapter of K.A.G./Kanada, and helped to raise over \$1400.00 for the Share The Warmth Foundation, which helps to feed and clothe people in some of this city's poorer neighbourhoods. MonSFFA member Berny Reischl, wearing his K.A.G. hat (he's the kommander of the Montreal-based Quemar Squadron), organized the Bowl-A-Thon and deserves a round of applause for his good work (see, Klingons are just big softies at heart!).

DOCTOR WHO CLUB MAKES MonSFFen AN OFFER

The local *Doctor Who* fan club, The High Council of Gallifrey, are, for a limited time only, offering MonSFFA members a \$2.00 discount on membership to the High Council. See the ad on the back cover of this issue for details.

MonSFFA MEMBERS ABLE TO ATTEND CONV-ICTION AT NO CHARGE

MonSFFA has accepted an offer made by the organizers of the Conviction mini-con (February 20, '93, at the Maritime Hotel) by which our members may attend Conv-iction at no charge. MonSFFA has paid a flat fee of \$60.00, which buys us table space at the con and allows any card-carrying MonSFFA member the free admission (regular admission charge: \$5.00). Note: Our February General Meeting will take place at the very same locale the very *next* day. Programming will include "An Introduction to Star Gazing," and a look at the career and fantasy films of stop-motion wizard Ray Harryhausen (for those of you who missed that presentation at Con•cept '92). What an sf/f weekend it'll be, eh!

RENEWALS

Check your membership card for the expiration date of your membership. When you are due to renew, fill out the application form on the inside-back cover of this newsletter (or the renewal form you'll receive by mail when it's time for you to re-up) and mail it in to us, along with your cheque for \$20.00 (still!—hasn't gone up in four years, now), made out to MonSFFA. *Thank you for renewing!*



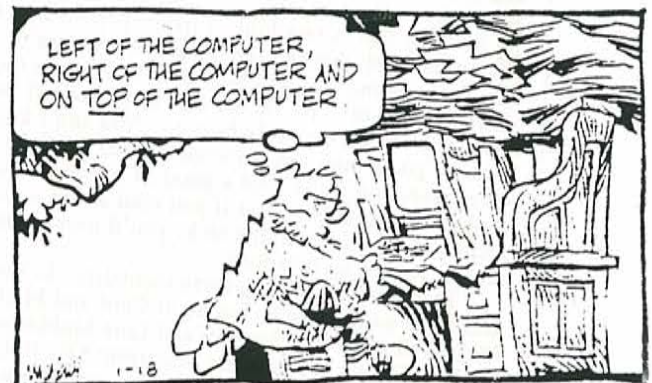
Rob Cathin
1992

Q: What happens when a Trill drinks a bottle of Tequila?

A: Company.

ORIGINALLY APPEARED IN AN ISSUE OF STAR TREK TORONTO'S TREKLETTER.

Shoe



By Jeff MacNelly

NOTE: PORTIONS OF THIS NEWSLETTER HAVE BEEN RENDERED USING THE OLD, HANDS-ON TYPEWRITER/CUT-AND-PASTE METHOD OF FAN-ZINE PRODUCTION. HALF-WAY THROUGH OUR LAYING OUT THIS ISH BY COMPUTER, WE WERE SUBJECT TO A HARDWARE FAILURE THAT WOULD HAVE FURTHER DELAYED THIS ALREADY LATE WARP—WE'VE BEEN EXPERIENCING A WHOLE HOST OF DIFFICULTIES, THESE PAST

IVELY, CAUSED LENGTHY PRODUCTION DELAYS. NOT WANTING TO BUMP WARP 22'S RELEASE AHEAD INTO STILL ANOTHER MONTH, WE OPTED TO COMPLETE THE LAYOUT USING A TYPEWRITER, SCISSORS, AND A GLUE STICK (NOT THE "LOOK" OUR READERSHIP IS ACCUSTOMED TO, BUT ADEQUATE, UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES). WE EXPECT TO BE BACK ON TRACK BY OUR NEXT ISSUE (MARCH).

What's Wrong with SF by Robert J. Sawyer

Theodore Sturgeon's Law: 90% of SF is crap. Unfortunately, like unemployment rates and average global temperatures, I think that number is rising, too. And, as consumers of SF, I think we should be aware of the market-oriented forces that are indeed making it harder and harder to find quality SF. Among them:

A tendency toward overly long books (because booksellers can put a higher price on fatter books, and because the SF reviewing community has come to equate authorial ambition with mere length).

A tendency toward endless repetitions of what was once a good idea. Anne McCaffrey's first Dragon book, *Dragonflight*, is actually a combined volume comprising two shorter works, the novella "Weyr Search" and the novella "Dragonrider." "Weyr Search" tied for the Hugo for best novella of 1968; "Dragonrider" won the Nebula for best novella that same year. In other words, this stuff was cutting-edge and wonderfully acclaimed when it first appeared, but now it's just a cash cow for its author and its publisher. *Foundation*, *Rama*, and the *Dune* series are more examples.

A tendency toward junior authors spending what are traditionally one's most productive years turning out work in the mold of other writers, instead of developing their own voices.

A tendency toward the graying of the SF reading audience: there's a lot of truth to the old saw that the golden age of SF is when you were 13. There's also a lot of truth to Samuel R. Delany's observation that if you don't start reading SF when you're young, you can't start reading it when you're old. But SF is failing to find significant numbers of new readers.

Part of that is the general decline in North American literacy, and part of it is that the very people fascinated by high technology and computers and strange worlds used to have nowhere to go except SF books, but can now turn instead to computers (gaming and hacking) to role-playing games, and to an endless stream of SF movies. (This, of course, is reinforced in SF's current nostalgia: the publishers are desperate for more Asimov, Clarke, and Heinlein, 'cause that's what their now-middle-aged audience remembers fondly from when it was 13.)

Now, there definitely is some quality work out there. Indeed, I don't even think quality is that hard to get published — I'm sure the editors say, hey, this is pretty good, and it's been a while since we printed anything that was, so, sure, why not?

But my fear is two-fold. First, a person who has become interested in SF through the media, or because of vague childhood memories, will pick up a book from the vast SF rack and be turned off. He or she will be turned off because the work will almost certainly be crap. You and I know how to find the good ones, but someone new to the field won't have a clue. Yup, you could read a good SF novel a week each week of the year, no doubt. But if you read an SF novel a week picked at random from the rack, you'd never come back for a second year of such torture.

The second is the big-three mentality. In the field, we know that names like Orson Scott Card and Michael P. Kube-McDowell and Mike Resnick and Lois McMaster Bujold and William Gibson are the stars of current SF. But, and I mean no offense to these fine authors, the average reader has never heard of them.

But every literate person within and without the field knows Asimov, Clarke, and Heinlein. Asimov, who died recently having done no major SF in the twenty years since *The Gods Themselves*; Clarke, whose last truly major work was *The Fountains of Paradise* in 1979; and Heinlein — well, dead for years and author in his later years of, um, unusual books.

So what do the publishers give us? Books with Asimov's name on them that aren't by Asimov. Books with Clarke's name on them that aren't by Clarke. And reissues of old Heinlein. Sure, there are some other bestselling writers: Larry

Niven, who is sharecropped by Baen; Anne McCaffrey, who is sharecropped by Baen and Ace. There are even authors who have done no significant solo work who have become famous as one of multiple names on a book spine: Jerry Pournelle is an example (his solo work amounts to little more than a couple of Laser Books in the 1970s and the novelization of *Escape from the Planet of the Apes*).

And yet, the publishers do whatever they can to continue to milk the big three: Asimov, Clarke, and Heinlein. Almost every SF fan I know pooh-poos L. Ron Hubbard's posthumous dekalogy — propelled to bestsellerdom by mind-washed buyers, a packaged product, probably not even written by the guy whose name appears in big letters on the cover. But everyone of those criticisms can also be leveled against *Rama II*, *Isaac Asimov's Robot City*, and so on.

The problem with the publishers still emphasizing the big three is that you can't go on doing false collaborations or works "in the universe of" without eventually mining out the vein and being left with nothing.

Here's an analogy for current SF publishing that most SF fans will be familiar with: the *Star Trek* movies.

The *Star Trek* TV series was something a lot of people had fond, nostalgic memories of. Rather than making a new big-budget SF vision, Paramount decided, hey, let's play up to that nostalgia, and re-do *Star Trek*. Guess what? It worked. *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, deeply flawed in many ways though it was, made tons of money. Did Paramount go in other directions, giving us new SF visions? It did not. Instead it said, hey, let's give the public more of the same. Lo and behold, we got *Trek II*, *III*, *IV*, *V*, and *VI*.

And what's happened? Boom. Crash. *Trek VI* is the last. The old cast is simply too old to go on, say the reviewers, and Paramount failed to develop and promote any younger talent during the dozen years it cranked out *Trek* films. The big-screen cash cow is dead.

Consider all the characters introduced in the *Star Trek* movie series, though, everyone of whom was ultimately killed off, shoved to the background, or simply forgotten in the mad rush to keep yanking the teats labeled Shatner, Nimoy, and Kelly: Will Decker, Ilia, Saavik, Scotty's nephew Peter Preston, Carol Marcus, David Marcus, Krige, Saavik #2, John Larroquette's Klingon taken prisoner by the Federation, Gillian Taylor, John Schuck's Klingon ambassador, Admiral Cartwright, Sybok, Caithlin Dar, Valeris, General Chang. Sure, some of these had to be dispensed with for dramatic reasons, but if even a handful of them had been developed over the years (heck, if even Sulu and Chekov had been developed over the years), the movie series could have continued, instead of grinding to a halt.

Likewise, you can only milk Asimov, Clarke, and Heinlein so long before (a) you run dry, (b) the public finally realizes that two of them are dead, and the third, sad to say, won't be with us much longer, and (c) the audience who grew up on Asimov, Clarke, and Heinlein likewise begins to shuffle off this mortal coil. By thinking only of the cash that can be grabbed today, instead of developing for the future, the SF field might eventually collapse the way the *Star Trek* movie series has.

Proof? I named a bunch of great SF writers at the beginning of this article. Not one of them outsells the work by Gentry Lee published as putative collaborations with Clarke. Gentry Lee is the real super-bestseller SF author today. But will any readers buy his solo books outside of Clarke's universe when they start coming out? My bet is no, and that as Gentry Lee's career goes, so, sadly will the field as a whole.

Of Robert J. Sawyer's Far-Seer, Andrew Weiner says, "Succeeds on many levels: as a fascinating piece of world-building; as an action-packed adventure; as a coming-of-age novel; but perhaps most of all, as a book about the scientific method and the scientific mind. A bravura performance."

FICTION

Our *Trek* serial continues with part four of Bryan Ekers' short story, "Prankster." Parts one, two and three were published in, respectively, the February '92, May '92 and Autumn '92 issues of *Warp*.

PRANKSTER, PART IV by Bryan Ekers

In the turbolift, Laforge explained to Picard.

"It's a broad-band transmitter, like I thought. It sends out a massive wave of interference on the microwave part of the EM spectrum, as well as Thurman particles. Perfect for scrambling electronics. I've read about these, but I didn't think I'd ever see one. The Daystrom Corporation's working on some pretty advanced stuff."

Picard nodded. "What's your prognosis for Commander Data?"

Laforge shrugged helplessly. "I can't say, sir. I'll have to take a closer look."

The turbolift doors opened. Laforge led Worf to a worktable and indicated he should lay Data out on it. Engineering personnel, always curious, began to gather around.

"Barclay," said Laforge to one of them. "Hand me that circuit scanner. And the hand laser." The man nodded and passed the two items over. Laforge quickly checked Data over, getting better detail than the tricorder offered. Then, and this had always made Picard slightly squeamish, he popped open a section of Data's scalp, revealing the android's intricate circuits. Laforge made a few minor patches with the laser and checked his work with the scanner. "Good," he said quietly. "Good."

Picard peered at him. "Mister Laforge?"

"The damage is localized, and Data's own self-repair circuits have kicked in. He should be okay—"

Data's eyes snapped into focus. He sat up abruptly.

"—now," continued Laforge. "Data?"

Data opened his mouth and issued forth a racket of scrambled sounds. He turned his head slightly to the left, then back. His right hand began to twitch but quickly subsided.

"You are under arrest," he said automatically, his eyes darting jerkily about the room. "The charges include, but are not limited to, assault on Starfleet officers; misuse of Starfleet—"

"Data," said Laforge directly into the android's ear. "Data?"

Data's head swivelled sharply to face Laforge. "Geordi?" he asked innocently.

"Yeah, it's Geordi," replied Laforge. "How are you?"

"I will function. Where am I, please?"

"Engineering."

"I understand."

"Mister Data," interjected Picard. "What happened to Halder Wells?"

"Halder Wells?" repeated Data. "Halder Wells, Halder Wells, Halder Wells." His head snapped upward, facing the ceiling, then down again. "Halder Wells."

"I'm afraid he'll be like this for a few minutes, sir," said Laforge.

Picard nodded. "I understand." He backed away from the table, pulling Worf with him. Engineers crowded forward for a better look at Data.

"Mister Worf," said Picard in a low voice. "This matter is no longer amusing."

"I never thought of it as such, Captain," replied Worf.

"Yes, I know. Wells has now caused actual damage and I am inclined to give this matter highest priority. We are about 20 hours from Starbase 149. I expect Wells to be in the brig by then. Put all your people on this. Find him."

Worf nodded. "Sir."

"And Mister Worf?"

"Sir?"

"If Wells resists arrest," Picard paused, "you have my permission to use whatever level of force you see fit."

Worf almost smiled. "Aye, sir."

Rapid footfalls caught Picard's attention. Ensign Ro was running full tilt at him, and unsteadily stumbled to a halt mere centimetres away. She was breathing rapidly.

"Whoa, Ensign," said Picard in a friendly tone of voice. When he noticed her bruised eye, missing communicator badge and torn uniform, his expression darkened. "What is it?"

"Sir," she said in a voice barely under control. "I've seen Halder Wells. In my cabin. Sir..." She struggled with the next words. "I know him. I met him years ago."

Gingerly, Picard touched her wounded face. "He struck you?"

"Yes, Captain, but it's nothing," she shied away from his hand. "He's planning, sir. He's planning something big."

"Sir?" Laforge's voice drifted over to Picard. "Data's ready to give his report."

Picard said over his shoulder: "Just a moment, Mister Laforge." His attention back on Ro, he ordered: "Report to sickbay at once. You can give me your report later."

"Captain, I'm all right, and—"

"Now, Ensign." Picard looked around him. Worf, he might need later, but...

"Lieutenant Barclay."

Barclay, unlike the rest of the engineers, had been watching Picard and Ro instead of Data. For an instant, he looked startled and wanting of a quick escape from Picard's gaze. "Sir," he replied at last.

"Are you busy, Lieutenant?"

"Uh, no. No, sir."

Picard nodded. "Good. You will escort Ensign Ro to sickbay."

Ro wasn't listening, but massaging her rapidly-swelling eye. Worf leaned over to her and said softly: "I will do the same to Wells, if

you wish."

Ro smiled painfully. "Thank you, I'd rather do it myself."

Worf nodded respectfully.

Barclay had moved to Ro's side. "Uh, Ensign? Shall we?" He gestured in the general direction of the turbolift.

Ro looked up at him. She had seen him before, usually drinking alone in *Ten-Forward*. She understood he was a loner, a social outcast. She knew the feeling, although for opposite reasons; he was shy, she was contemptuous.

Her vision blurred slightly. She rested a hand on Barclay's shoulder to steady herself.

"All right," she said quietly. "Let's go."

Picard watched them leave and moved back to the table. He forced a smile and asked: "How are you, Mister Data?"

"Operating within acceptable parameters, Captain," was the automatic reply. "Halder Wells transported into my quarters. I arrested him. He immobilized me. Report ends."

Picard glanced questioningly at Laforge.

"Sorry if he's a little terse, Captain," explained Laforge. "He's not yet at full speed and...wait a minute. Data, Halder Wells transported into your quarters?"

Data turned sharply to face Laforge. "That is correct."

"That's impossible. I shut down all the transporters myself. He couldn't have..." Laforge paused for a moment, struck by a realization. "Damn! Captain, I forgot all about the cargo transporters. I just shut down the passenger models."

Picard's expression hardened slightly. "We'll go down and see the quartermaster."

Laforge looked morose. "Yes, sir. I'm sorry."

"That is an unnecessary emotion," said Data as he climbed off the table. Laforge smiled, and placed the laser in Data's outstretched hand. With precision, the android sealed the seam in his scalp. "I am operating at 98.6% efficiency, Captain. I will be fully recovered within seven point three minutes. I request permission to accompany you to the cargo level. I wish to give any contribution I can to

the pursuit of Halder Wells."

Picard nodded and paused. "A desire for revenge, Mister Data?"

Data looked slightly surprised that Picard would suggest such a thing. "No, sir. Halder Wells is a destructive and uncontrolled influence on this ship. It is against regulations to allow him free reign."

"Agreed," nodded Picard.

Data glanced over at the crowd of engineers. "May I borrow a cloth, please?" When someone handed him one, he efficiently wiped the traces of whipped cream from his face.

Picard touched his communicator badge. "Commander Riker, Chief O'Brien, this is Picard. Meet me on the cargo level. Mister Worf?"

Worf nodded, and followed Picard, Laforge and Data back to the turbolift.

*"If Captain Picard
is among you, let me
offer this suggestion:
get a hairpiece."*

Chief Petty Officer Jackovich couldn't believe it. Here he was, running the quartermaster detail with his usual efficiency, and the Captain, no less, comes down and tells him to stop! He regarded Picard almost balefully. He had more years in Starfleet than *this* pup! With a barely concealed dislike for officers in general, Jackovich patiently explained that what Picard wanted was impossible.

"...and we *can't* shut down, even for a day. Captain, do you know what goes on down here? Do you? Every two minutes, at most, we get a request from Sickbay, or Life-Sciences, or Biophysics, or—" he glanced at Laforge, "—Engineering. Calls from every part of the ship, demanding cargo from us. Behind that portal (he pointed at a huge door, tightly sealed) is every

perishable item not in immediate use. Say Sickbay wants germ cultures. They give us the request, we tell our computer, we beam it out the hold and straight into the lab. When they're done, they tell us and we beam the remainder directly back into the hold. The computer sorts everything for us, and packs it all in the smallest space possible. We don't go into the hold, there's no reason for it. The whole area is a giant stasis field. Now you want us to shut down our transporter? It can't be done." He glanced at Data. "Commander, *please!*" Data was typing commands into the cargo transporter's computer. Jackovich looked like a man in distress; he didn't like anyone touching his system.

"Captain?" opened Data. "Although there is no specific record of Wells's transports, I have uncovered an interesting fact. This system maintains a log of the chemical composition of every item transported."

"Of course it does," said Jackovich impatiently. "It's a safety precaution."

Data ignored the interruption. "There is a recurring record with the following characteristics: 65% oxygen; 18% carbon; ten percent hydrogen; three percent nitrogen, and lesser amounts of calcium, phosphorous, potassium and other elements, as well as certain metals like titanium, iron and nickel. Also, materials used in the making of garments. The profile is consistent with a 70-kilogram human, carrying various metal tools and wearing clothes made of synthetic fibres."

Jackovich looked over Data's shoulder. "We don't handle passenger traffic."

Riker looked over Data's other shoulder. "Surely he didn't beam into the hold."

Data quickly checked. "The records show a pattern, either to or from..." he paused as he considered the read-out. "Guest suite one."

Riker nearly exploded. "He's been living in a *guest suite!*"

Data looked at Riker plainly. "So the facts would indicate, sir."

"The nerve of this man," muttered Picard. "Well, this stops right now. Chief Jackovich?"

"Sir?"

"Do you have a standard transporter pad available?"

"Well, yes, sir. Right over there." He pointed to a mid-sized platform against the opposite wall.

"Very good. Phasers on stun, gentlemen, we're going to trap our Mister Wells at his own game." He stepped over to the pad and centred himself on it. "Well, come on," he beckoned to the others. "We'll beam into the guest suite and take him by surprise."

Riker smiled at the idea. "Yes, sir!" He, Laforge, Data and Worf stepped on to the pad. Riker and Worf drew their phasers.

"Chief O'Brien, if you would do the honours," said Picard.

"Yes, sir." O'Brien started to set the controls.

"Oh, and Chief? Once we beam out, shut down all the cargo transporter units. We don't want our prankster to slip away again."

Jackovich frowned even as O'Brien said: "Yes, sir."

Within a few seconds, the officers dematerialized. Jackovich turned to one of his assistants with a sullen expression. "Look at 'em! They have no idea how this ship is really run. Officers!" He paused, and glanced at O'Brien, wondering if perhaps he had said too much.

O'Brien noticed Jackovich's expression. "Don't worry, sometimes I feel the same way. Well, you heard the Captain, begin shutdown."

Jackovich flinched. "All of them?"

"Yes, all."

The guest suites were comfortable and spacious, even when the guest was uninvited. Upon materializing, Worf immediately began a fast reconnaissance of the various rooms.

"Wells is not present," he reported to Picard. "But there is evidence he has been here recently."

Picard nodded. "Begin a scan for—"

"Greetings, greetings, my dear friends and hosts!"

The five of them were confronted with a small man, no more than thirty centimetres tall. It was a projection from the suite's holographic unit, a prerecorded message from Halder Wells.

"Let me congratulate you on tracking me this far. I can see this will be a true challenge, to avoid the hounds as long as I can. If Captain Picard is among you, let me offer this suggestion: get a hairpiece. No ship's captain is complete without one. Oh, and Commander Riker, if you are there? Lose the beard."

"I am sorry about the damage to Commander Data and Ensign Ro, but they did engage in attacks on my person. That sort of brutish behaviour is no fun at all. I prefer this to be a game of wits. Catch me if you can. Oh, and by the way; in addition to this recording, your presence has also activated the timing device on the rather ingenious explosive I have concealed somewhere in this room. You have about 15 seconds before it goes off. Good luck. Or should I say, goodbye." The image faded.

At once the officers reacted. Picard hit his communicator,

"Run!" he roared to

the others.

"My body will

protect y—"

The device exploded.

ordering a damage control party to the guest level. The others were already turning over furniture, knocking paintings from the walls, searching frantically. Laforge snapped out his tricorder and began a quick scan.

"There!" he yelled, and pointed to a vase. Worf immediately grabbed and smashed it. A small metal sphere rolled onto the carpet. Worf grabbed it and hugged it to his chest.

"Run!" he roared to the others. "My body will protect y—"

The device exploded.

Data wandered briefly among the white clouds which obscured all vision. "Captain?"

At once, he was answered by a huge, angry sound. He walked toward it and found Worf, who seemed to be having some sort of

spasm. The Klingon would take a breath and it would explode from his nose and mouth with a loud bellow. Data heard other, less violent sounds around him. The clouds slowly settled and he could see Picard, Riker and Laforge. All of them were suffering the same effects. Data noticed the clouds were made up of a white dust, which settled on the carpet and his uniform. He examined it briefly.

"Intriguing. A finely granulated substance designed to cause an irritation of the nasal passages forcing a violent expulsion." He pondered this, locating the correct term. "Sneezing powder." He guided Picard and the others from the room.

In Sickbay, Doctor Crusher examined Picard's eyes. "The powder is harmless, thankfully, and a simple irrigation of the nasal passages was enough. There should be some eye irritation, but drops can handle that. Worf got the worst dose, of course, but even he responded well to treatment. He's gone back to the bridge. Geordi returned to Engineering, but Will is still here, and one of my medics is looking Data over. It could have been a lot worse."

"Hmm, yes," agreed Picard. "That could easily have been a real explosive, or a toxic substance. This man delights in humiliating us, it seems. Damn him."

Beverly Crusher nodded. "Any idea where he'll strike next?"

Picard didn't want to admit it, but he had none.

"It's impossible to say and..." he paused, and smiled.

Crusher noticed his smile and responded with one of her own. "What?"

"I don't know," replied Picard. He chuckled. This set Crusher off with the giggles. "I don't know why I'm laughing. This—" a spasm of laughter interrupted Picard's sentence. "—this isn't all that funny!" He could no longer sit upright and slouched down in the chair. Crusher collapsed to the deck laughing hysterically.

"What's going on?" asked Riker from across the room. He nodded courteously at the medic who had been checking him out and walked

over to Picard and Crusher. "Why are... why are..." seeing Picard and Crusher down laughing suddenly seemed incredibly funny to him. Within seconds, he was on the floor as well, rolling and clutching his sides, unable to catch his breath. His medic was giggling in a high-pitched, almost irritating fashion.

Data watched the medic who had been dusting him off collapse in hysterics. He stared at the man for a moment, then walked over to Picard, a puzzled expression across his face. He easily lifted Picard to his feet.

"Sir? Sir?"

Picard's body was limp in laughter. Data gently let his captain back down to the floor. The android considered for a moment, then walked over to a table. On it were several medical tricorders. He picked one up and took a few readings. At once, he knew the cause of this debilitating laughter. He tapped a button on a computer console.

"Environmental control."

"Working," responded the computer.

"Remove the excess con-centration of nitrous oxide from the sickbay and replace with fresh oxygen."

"Working." Data heard the pneumatic hiss of the sickbay's concealed vents. Riker, Picard, Crusher and Crusher's staff continued to laugh for several seconds before declining into mild giggles, and then nothing. Data watched as the humans began to breathe the fresh air deeply, gradually returning to their senses.

"What...what happened?" gasped Crusher.

"Nitrous oxide, Doctor," replied Data. "Commonly known as laughing gas. I have no doubt the environmental controls will show signs of tampering."

"Halder Wells again," muttered Riker.

"So it would appear, sir." Data helped Riker to his feet, and extended the same courtesy to Picard and Crusher.

Picard brushed himself off, straightened his uniform and tried to regain his dignity. "Thank you, Mister Data," he said moodily, and stalked from the sickbay.

Data nodded briefly to Riker and Crusher, and followed Picard. "Sir," he called when he spotted the Captain in the hall, quickly walking away from Sickbay. He followed. "Sir? Perhaps it would be best for you to wear an environmental suit to protect you from further annoyance."

Picard didn't respond but his facial expression, which Data couldn't see, was an irritated glare. He entered the turbolift.

"Sir? Sir?"

"Close," said Picard gruffly.

The turbolift doors slammed shut in Data's face, leaving the android slightly startled and alone in the corridor.

(Continued in our next issue.)

MARK & BERNY'S KROSSWORD OF DOOM

Greetings lovers of science fiction & fantasy. Have we got one for you. Mark Burakoff and I have come up with a serious challenge for you TV couch potatoes out there in the Great White North. This crossword puzzle will test your knowledge from both the literary and media world of science fiction and fantasy.

THE RULES (can't live without them you know!)

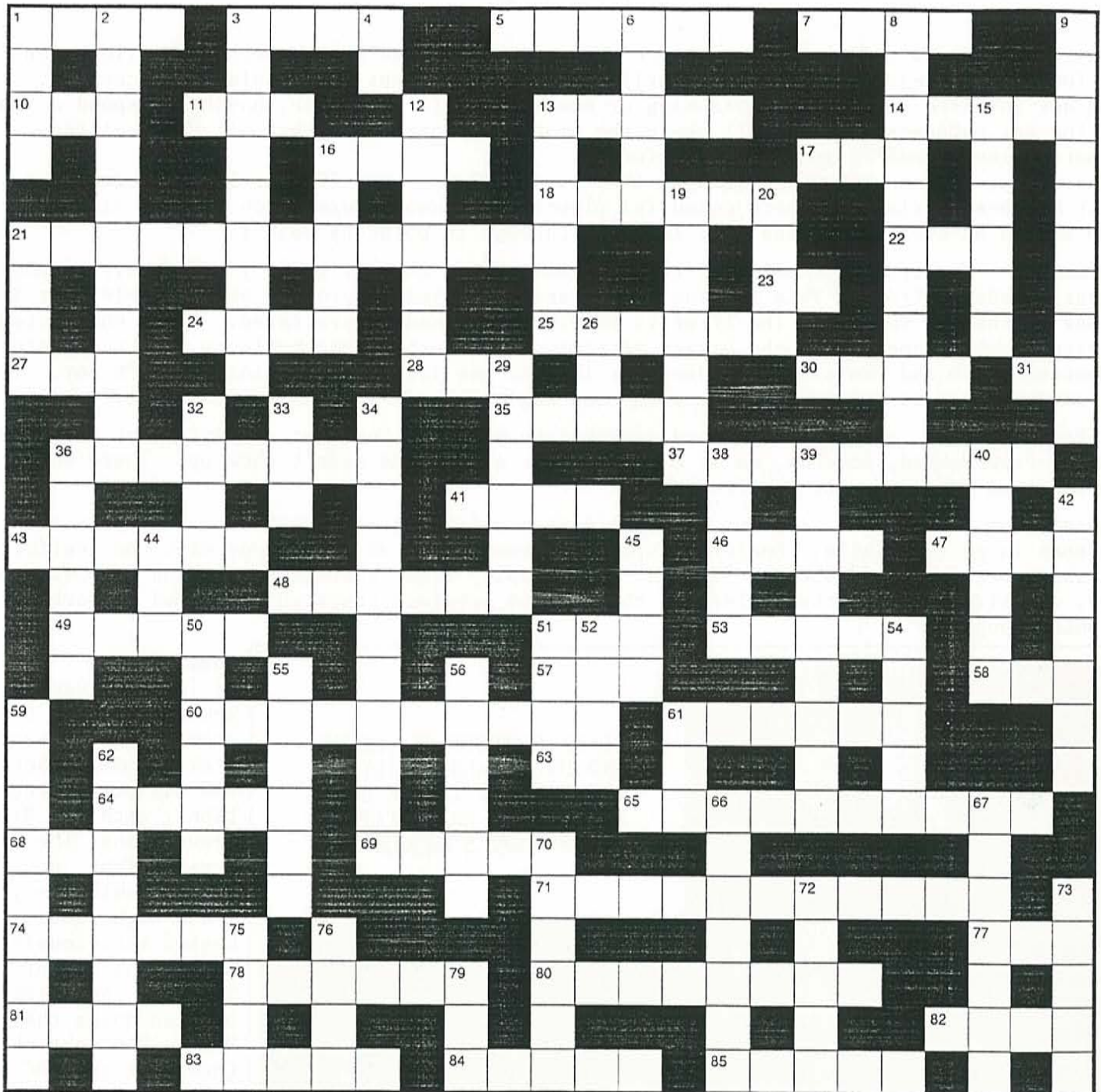
- To the first person that sends us the most complete entry (hey if you manage to solve the whole thing, all the better) by March 15th, 1993, he or she (or protoplasmic blob) will win several nifty pins from Mark & Berny's Science Fiction Pin Emporium.
- You can only send in one entry per person (or creature).
- The entry must be postmarked no later than March 15th, 1993. Any letters arriving postmarked later than the contest deadline date will be recycled!
- Mail your entry to Mark Burakoff, 11857 Pavillon, Pierrefonds, Quebec, H8Z 1M6.
- The winner will be notified by telephone. The prize will be shipped by mail. Your name and fame will be extolled in a future issue of WARP. And, if we have your photo in our files, you are in serious trouble. (Heh, Heh!)
- In the event of a tie, the prize will be awarded to the entry with the earliest postmarked date.
- The winning prize will be confirmed via telephone.
- All contestants must include their name, address and phone number along with their entry.

We will publish the correct solution in the next issue of WARP.

Good Luck to all those who enter!

ACROSS

- 1) Willing slave, on Klinzai
- 3) Boring Thunderbird
- 5) 1974 Boorman Film
- 7) ___ Brundle
- 10) Data's kid
- 11) E.T. pest, on the tube
- 13) Mr. Verne
- 14) Nine Princes in _____
- 16) Picard was one
- 17) Thorn's book
- 18) Soviet spacecraft
- 21) Ripley's employer
- 22) Gil Hamilton's Agency
- 23) Ensign Laren
- 24) Asimov Villain, he's no ass
- 25) Quintet star, old boy opposite
- 27) Capek play, Robot word origin
- 28) Kirk's bro
- 30) Rulers of all
- 31) A moon in Ohio
- 35) Common feature of S-F films
- 36) Muadib's bodyguards
- 37) Lost in space-ship
- 41) Betelgeuse round-boy
- 43) Trek game
- 46) Space cloud
- 47) Van Vogt race
- 48) G. Anderson fish
- 49) Deep dark film
- 51) Natural system prefix
- 53) Movie alterations



- 57) Salem's ____
- 58) Naval Construction Contract
- 60) Endoskeletal eliminator
- 61) Bloody torpedo
- 63) Monsters come from it
- 64) Red-eyed anti-hero
- 65) You'll find 1 of these at sea level
- 68) Myth ____ link, Aspirin book
- 69) Bad scanner
- 71) Fuzzy planet
- 74) Rocket propulsion
- 77) Relief of the ____
- 78) S-F linguist
- 80) A ship for "no one": Latin
- 81) Dune
- 82) Klaatu's companion

- 83) Freeman or Myles
 - 84) Young inventor
 - 85) UFO hunters
- DOWN**
- 1) Locale for a seeress, says Eddings
 - 2) Silent Running craft
 - 3) With 40 down, 1000 year raptor
 - 4) # 209
 - 6) Westworld company
 - 8) Alien planet in the 5th abbatoir
 - 9) Low point in a solar orbit
 - 12) Vascular vessel
 - 13) Native of Jupiter
 - 15) With 38 down, Discovery crew

- 16) Outland star
- 19) Earthshaking flick
- 20) Worf's sib.
- 21) Big lizard condo
- 26) Animated tree
- 29) Who hates who
- 32) Foundations foundation
- 33) HMS to Kang, et al
- 34) This Island Earth com. unit
- 36) Heinlein novel day
- 38) See 15 down
- 39) Nostromo lifeboat
- 40) See 3 down
- 42) Political state at a new con.
- 44) Space station garage
- 45) Munsters pet
- 50) Fawcett film, ____ 3
- 51) Time machine race
- 52) Silver soul tether

- 54) An ogre in Xanth
 - 55) Dispenser of wisdom in Trek, or at Delphi
 - 56) Autochthon
 - 59) Biblical monster
 - 61) Pendulum's partner
 - 62) Bigbootes' bunch
 - 66) Omega Man Mutant
 - 67) Nuclear cooker
 - 70) Belligerent Furballs
 - 72) Nimbus fan-dancer
 - 73) Imperial walkers
 - 75) Alpha's Mr. Verdeschi
 - 76) Chilly prefix
 - 79) Watt-Evans Lords of ____
- GOOD LUCK!**

CON-CEPT '92: AN HONEST CONVENTION

by Kevin Holden

Having been involved in Con-cept since its very start, and having been an active organizer for several years, I was particularly eager that Con-cept '92 should be successful. I was not involved in the con's planning or hosting at all this year, having to spend a year lead for tax purposes, but I still share the emotional investment that all Montreal fans, and particularly NonSFFA members, have for it.

Therefore, it was with great delight that I watched Con-cept '92 unfold very closely to how it had been envisioned, with colourful planning and smooth execution...well, almost.

To sketch an overview of the con, let's go through it point by point:

Programming My first impression of the programming was that it was a little heavy on the literary/academic front. This is fine by me, and I enjoyed several of these panels, but I was one of the few who did. The literary panels seemed underappreciated. Media and contemporary visual arts seemed to be the bigger attractions. Whether this reflects the true tastes of Montreal fans and Con-cept attendees, or if this was just a mood thing, I can't say. The programming was a very eclectic mix, with some big hits, and some surprising duds.

Art Show Not bad, and well organized compared to previous Con-cept attempts, but it seemed under-represented, somehow, as if a good number of artists didn't show up. There was actually room left over for the first time.

Dealers' Room Terrific! A wider and more varied selection of merchandise available than I've seen in quite a while. Dealers I spoke to seemed more or less happy with the traffic, describing business as "fair" to "brisk." The display room, wherein crafts and hobbies are shown, was mixed in with the dealers, a change from previous years which seemed to work well for both groups.



BIMBO BEAUTICIANS (LEFT)
AND THE ADDAMS FAMILY
(BELOW) POSE IN THE LOBBY
AFTER THEIR PRESENTATIONS
AT CON-CEPT'S MASQUERADE.



Costume Show Started late, as usual, probably due to the premiere of a Star Trek special. Not a bad mix of presentations, with The Bimbo Beauticians, The Holy Grail Knight, and The Addams Family as just a few highlights. Hosted marvelously by Larry "The Doctor" Stewart, who seems to be abandoning the Doctor Who schtick (now that the BBC has) without the slightest impediment to his comic talents. No audio/visual problems at all, a significant achievement in its own right. The Masquerade was followed by a stunning martial arts and weapons demonstration, a first for the Montreal area. One big complaint: no photography area for those of us who want good photos of the costumes after the presentation. Was this

PHOTOS BY DANIEL P. KENNEY

a matter of space, or an oversight?

Gaming Was there any? I looked, but could not find any actual gaming. Again, was this an organizational problem, or a reflection of lack of interest?

Dance The best dance Montreal fandom has hosted yet. By the time I had to regretfully leave, the large dance floor was full and the hotel was reverberating to the apparently agreeable sounds of the "Birds of Prey" DJ group. The kind of "screw-this-civilization-business" party that you hope might happen happened!

Registration No problems I was aware of. The final tally was somewhere over 500, so the con probably made a profit.

Video Seemed to work much of the time, but I noticed that by three in the ayem, the video room, which was supposed to go all night, was still and silent, but for the sound of snoring. Videos that played in the evening met with mixed results. Frankly, I think videos are obsolete at cons. With home-video rentals and black marketeers evrywhere, anybody can just find what they want and take it home. The dominant philosophy today seems to be: "Why spend time and money to travel to another city, to a con, and spend the weekend in a cave?"

Con Suite Ah...and here we go. Well, there was none, compliments of the hotel, who violated their agreement with the con and shut down the room. This was a major blow to the con, in terms of morale and (possibly) financially. But that's not all! Not content to shut down the Sun Youth Charity function that is the con suite (that's where all the profits are directed), the hotel also: (1) neglected to clean up rooms until, in some cases, ten o'clock in the evening; (2) stuck the con's co-chair and his very pregnant wife into a "storage room" with cots, for \$75.00, when they had reserved their room well in advance (it wasn't ready for them at check-in, or for a long stretch afterwards); and (3) charged three dollars for a Coke...and you don't want to know the price of their liquor! (This was after shutting down the con suite. The hotel offered to run a "lounge," with a 100% mark-up on snacks. This was the subject of an unofficial boycott by fans.) Add to all of that their unbelievable rudeness, and their indifference to complaints and questions, to make it the most objectionable hotel arrangement I've ever seen. This was all contrary to the arrangements that Con-cept had made with the hotel (the hotel later apologized for the "misunderstanding" that had occurred regarding the con suite and rebated Con-cept \$1000.00). The lack of a con suite put a damper on the activities, but not by as much as you would have thought. Many people commented that they thought the best con suite arrangement that they had ever seen was the "Space Cantina" of earlier Con-concepts, where the con-suite was on the same floor as the rest of the activities. Something to be considered for next time.

Towards the end of the con, I canvassed opinions from people on how they thought it had gone. Comments ranged from "fair," "an average con," "better than earlier attempts," "fun," "pretty good," all the way up to "really terrific" and "best fun I've had at a con in a long time." Our MC and guests seemed quite happy, and the one opinion that I thought the most heartfelt, offered by an unknown fan at the sedate "Bitch Panel," was: "You people run a very honest convention."

Congratulations to the con-com, and a long and pleasant recuperation until next year.



GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN: PARTYING AT CON-CEPT '92 (PHOTO BY KEVIN HOLDEN).

In the early evening of Friday July 31, after six hours travelling hopefully by train, I found myself, alone in a strange city, confronting an ominous locked door and a large sign reading "Closed" - the official Rhinocon 2 Hotel in downtown London ON had gone bankrupt. Fortunately, in large friendly letters right beside it was another sign: "Don't Panic! Rhinocon is three blocks that way -->". Once at the other place, Registration personnel were kind enough to lend me "one of the only two pens on the Convention floor", but were unable to provide a Program Book at the time (19:30 - I helped collate these later that night). I had missed the Opening Ceremonies, and the neofan panel had "died the death", so I wandered into the "Fear vs Gore" panel: this featured GoH Robert Bloch, long-time writer of SF&F, but best known to the world-at-large as the author of a classic piece of Horror called "Psycho" (the Rhinocon 2 T-shirt featured a maniac rhinoceros in a granny dress and wig waving a bloody knife, with the sinister "Bates Hotel" in the background). Bloch was an amusing ("I have the heart of a small boy, I keep it in a jar beside my bed.") and articulate guest, and had much to say in this panel on the degeneration of much contemporary horror film & literature into "plotless splatter" (possibly correlating with declines in literacy and spiritual values). Fritz Leiber, the other GoH, is become quite frail (he had a stroke two years ago), and spoke little on those panels he attended (his GoH talk was cancelled completely). Later panels included "Virtue is Pretty" (must heroes/heroines always be handsome/beautiful?); the most entertaining "Urban Legends" panel: "Children of Darkness" (where it was prophesied fannish fashion would have "zombies enjoying a revival"); the fascinating "SF and F and Rock & Roll" panel (SF&F themes in that musical genre, and vice-versa).

Besides the panels, I went to two readings, one by Charles Oberndorf from his novel "Sheltered Lives" about "super-AIDS" concentration camps, the other by James Alan Gardner from his fantasy "The Thief's Bozzle". Both times the audience was very small (i.e. just me), though this often makes for better interaction with the author (with Gardner, a PhD in theoretical physics, the conversation drifted to black holes and possible conditions for naked singularities). The video room was running neat classic Bugs Bunny cartoons on Saturday morning, some of which I don't think they show on TV any more. The gaming room was active, with some nice displays of combat scenarios. There was also a series of "SF Jeopardy" games, with challenging questions in interesting categories ("Arkham Publishing", "B Movies", "Cyberpunk", etc.). Ultimately leading to a championship round which I had to forego.

In the Con Suite one could chat and munch in a setting of amazing opulence - there we conspired with Janet Hetherington, Fan GoH from Ottawa (OSI'S, Maplecon, etc. etc., who likes everything about fandom except impertinent backrubs), to have Our Home & Native Land issue a stamp commemorating (and publicizing) the 1994 World Science Fiction Convention in Winnipeg (send your cards and letters to: Stamp Committee, Canada Post, Ottawa ON Canada K1A 0P1 - decisions are made two years in advance, so the time to write in is NOW!).

There were some pretty strange tables in the Dealer's Room - one was entirely devoted to how-to manuals on torture, sabotage ("The Anarchist's Cookbook") and soft-core satanism; another was showing videos so gruesome that I was actually afraid I'd vomit. However, there were also some good deals in materials more to my taste, and it was through foolishly gloating over the treasures I'd captured that I missed the Costume Competition: I later heard some costumes had been "pretty good", though the presentations were generally short (15 costumes in 15 minutes). The Saturday evening schedule was bolluxed: the banquet was cancelled (low attendance); the dance due to start at 21:00 didn't get going until after midnight (but then it was flashy and fun); the Nash the Slash "intermission" started at 22:45 instead of 22:00 instead of 23:00. While waiting around, I drifted into one of the panel rooms and came upon a little- (or non-) publicized but pretty funny Trek musical comedy (live piano; also a fine computer animation intro called "From Tasha With Love", featuring: Kahn as the genial host of "Fantasy Planet" ("the shuttle, boss, the shuttle!"); the unrehearsed collapse of the table during the heavy love scene between Data and a female romulan; and lots of other jokes and allusions which I, not a regular watcher of the new series (blush), didn't always "get" (a lot of the action involved conflict in the Enterprise Beauty Salon...)) Many of the cast were from Waterloo; the premiere had been originally scheduled for the previous weekend's Toronto Trek, but had been rained out (or something).

Most unique to this convention were the screening of the silent SF&F film classics "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" and "The Lost World" accompanied live with original new compositions by the forementioned Music GoH Nash the Slash, of the famed SF-oriented Toronto band "FM". Mr. the Slash, in his trademark outfit of trenchcoat and bandages, that Saturday night captured superbly on synthesizer and electric violin the metasthesizing madness of the first piece, though unfortunately the overall performance was marred by the poor quality of the projected video images (real film would have been a real good idea here, and provided a more authentic atmosphere to boot); also, due to another schedule foul-up, we were all expecting "Lost World" on Saturday night, with "Caligari" not until the Sunday "Creatures of the Night" dance, which I mightily regret having to miss.... Overall, though, I'm glad I saw what I did. One of the parties that evening had us juggling pretzels while watching Johnny Quest.

Several go-getting commercial groups besides the dealers offered their services: there was a make-up team ready to decorate you, and a pro photographer to produce blow-up framed pictures of you afterwards. A costumed crew demonstrated live-action fantasy roleplaying, including spellcasting and combat (weapons of rolled-up newspapers and duct tape), as conducted during their weekend "retreats" in the Toronto area (a similar operation is starting up in Montreal I hear).

I was hearing rumours that the Con had broke even (400 attenders) just as I left Sunday afternoon (it continued on through Monday without me). Though I hope there's a Rhinocon 3, I also hope they have fewer hotel and other organizational problems the next time around.



Ottawa Fandom Inc. Presents

MAPLECON 13
 A CELEBRATION OF SCIENCE FICTION
 FANTASY & COMICS
 OCTOBER 30, 31, NOVEMBER 1, 1992
 CHIMO HOTEL, OTTAWA, CANADA



Artwork c 1992 Gabriel Morrissette

PROGRAM BO



OUTGOING MonSFFA PRESIDENT KEITH BRAITHWAITE, FAN GoH AT MAPLECON 13, CHECKS OUT THE MODEL DISPLAY ROOM (PHOTO BY BERNY REISCHL).

Any con that manages to reach number 13 can't possibly be half bad, and when it starts on the eve of Halloween, you know you're in for a treat.

Maplecon (held in Ottawa) has seriously scaled down its operations since the days when it greeted over 800 people, and personally, I like it a lot more this way. The last attendance figure I was quoted hovered around 250, which is just the right size if you want to mix the best features of a relaxicon with the hearty fare of a traditional convention.

The Chimo Hotel was very close to the train station, and I strongly recommend that mode of travel for those who want to go to Ottawa from Montreal. There is a large shopping mall across the street from the hotel with a bus that can reach the downtown area in about 15 minutes—two very useful features.

The guests were entertaining, the panels pleasantly informal, and many of the attendees had met but two weeks ago at Con-cept '92. The dealers' room was a bit crowded but offered many incredible bargains, like a leather-bound edition of The Foundation Trilogy for one dollar! Of special interest was the model display, an idea the organizers admitted having taken from us (Con-cept)—with impressive results. The facilities for the masquerade were not very convenient, but that did not stop anybody from having fun. The special buffet was very good, if monotonous, and the con suite food had a familiar look to anybody who had managed to get a peek at the Con-cept '92 con suite before it was closed down (Maplecon bought some of Con-cept's con suite supplies).

The Fan Guest of Honour was local son Keith Braithwaite, and he gave a good account of himself, voicing his concerns over the fragmentation of, and feuding within, fandom, and talking about how much more fun it is to explore a variety of interests.

In summary, a very pleasant convention where one could feel much more a participant than a mere spectator. Two thumbs up, and start working on the next one!

(Editor's Note: Most of the reviews of Maplecon 13 that we've come across have been positive, but it seems that the con didn't pull the attendance numbers it needed to break even. Sylvain mentions the figure of 250 that he heard. We've heard that between 300 and 350 people were there, but the con-com were expecting more and had budgeted based upon those expectations. The con lost money and, in all likelihood, the Maplecon people won't be able to mount a '93 effort, or so go the latest rumours. Instead, we may see another Convalescence relaxicon in Ottawa this Fall.)

BAIRD ON BOOKS by Baird Searles

This piece will be only a little longer than a sound byte, since a deadline reared its ugly head just as we were recovering from the rogors of Con-cept (I should talk, considering the Herculean efforts put in by some people—good show, chaps!). Again, we'll just briefly serve up some information on the better books I've found lately. (I realize that I'm doing away with half the fun of a review column by only citing the good stuff I've come across while reading for that other magazine—what is so refreshing as a real hatchet job review?—it's still more productive to give you readers positive leads.)

For instance, there's John Varley's **STEEL BEACH**. This is set in a future that Varley has used before, in which Earth has been taken over and humanity eliminated by aliens, who not only accomplish it easily, but proceed to ignore totally the remnants of humanity in the various planetary colonies. These survive by the skin of their teeth and the help of their advanced AIs, and after a century or so, develop their own peculiar cultures. On Luna, with the computer running the culture, the physical sciences declined and the biological thrive—sex changes are almost a norm.

STEEL BEACH is the story of one Hildy Johnson (allusion intended), reporter for the News Nipple, the largest multi-media news organ in Luna. Through his (eventually her) eyes, we get to know the outrageous society of the new Luna, including brontosaurus stampedes (they're raised for meat), slash boxing (that ends with the decapitation of the loser but not his death), and the sex change parlors, from the sleazy back alley cut rates to the designer houses (one can have the designer's label on your little fingernail for a custom job). There is also, of course, a crisis which threatens the future of the colony, foiled by Hildy and the CC (Central Computer). Good fun. (Ace/Putnam, hard-cover)

THE SPIRIT RING is, so far as I know, Lois McMaster Bujold's first fantasy and it's entertaining if small scaled (if you can call the fate of a small Renaissance dukedom small scaled). It indeed takes place in the Renaissance and in Italy, and the major difference between these and the equivalents one reads about in the history books is that here magic works and is used, even by the church. It's not exactly common, since the knowledge and practice are

expensive (it's the equivalent of modern surgery in the U.S., say).

Fiametta is the daughter of a master metalworker and sculptor (on the order of Cellini). The dukedom in which she lives is taken over by the dastardly Lord Ferrante and her father is killed. What's worse, the Duke and his magician wish to use his soul in the manufacturing of a Spirit Ring, an object of great power. Fiametta's foiling of this and recapture of the state with the unlikely help of a Swiss bumpkin (whose brother Uri had been a mercenary for the legitimate duke), some kobolds with an unlikely appetite (mother's milk was mother's milk to them, to paraphrase GBS), and a living metal statue of Uri as Perseus make for lively reading. (Baen, hard-cover)

Dragon heads need not bother with the unaptly named **BROTHER TO DRAGONS** by Charles Sheffield—there's not a dragon in it. It does happen to be a very sf novel for reasons that are hard to explain—it's the story of one more misfit laid against a really dreary near future. But Sheffield does a bang up job on story and background. Job Salk is born on the New Year's Eve of the next century, into an America that's so close to anarchic as to make no never mind. The powers are politicians who pretend to run the country from the "mall enclave," a guarded compound in Washington, D.C. Everything of value in the country is held by "The Royal Hundred," a hundred families who have held on to the top.

Job's story is futuristically Dickensian: deformed at birth by the doctor's forceps, abandoned by his drug-addicted mother, horrendous stays in horrendous orphanages, drug running, and finally condemned to a "Tandy" (acronym for Toxic and Nuclear Disposal Installation) where not only have T&N wastes been dumped, but so has most of the scientific community, scapegoats for the mess the country is in. Job's odd genius combined with the still viable scientists bring about...well, read it and find out. It's good. (Baen, paperback)

The absolute must of reprints this season is Theodore Sturgeon's foremost novel, **MORE THAN HUMAN**. Sturgeon was, of course, the most individual of the Campbell stable of geniuses that included Heinlein and Asimov. **MORE THAN HUMAN** is a story of homo superior, in this case an extraordinary concept of a gestalt personality consisting of many parts, each a human individual. (Carroll & Graf, paperback)

Publishers and release dates are, as ever, subject to the strange whims of the Canadian rights to Anglo-American books. Check with your trusty local specialty bookstore.

TWO REVIEWS:

A Look at two films screened at the "Festival International du cinéma fantastique" (Montreal, October 1992)

by Graham Darling

Tetsuo I—The Iron Man (1989, Japan, 67 minutes)

Writer/Director: Shinya Tsukamoto

It was hard to pick out a plot from a film which consisted largely of nightmare, waking hallucination, flashback, and mere artsy surrealism; also, the dialogue was sparse and all in Japanese anyway; also, the direction was deliberately disorienting, done in black-and-white, with techniques of hand-held camera, pixillated live action à la Norman McLaren, blurred video images, weird lighting and camera angles; also, many sequences were so hideously gross that I couldn't watch. The blurb from the "Festival international cinéma du fantastique" program was of little help, and was in fact misleading: this work is more fantasy-horror than cyberpunk-style science fiction as claimed—there's no finely crafted microelectronic high-tech involved here, only junk metal slapped on at random. However, after seeing the film and thinking about it, this is what I decided it was "about":

A demented teenager, obsessed at once with running and with the power of machines, tries to turn his body into a "running machine" by slicing open his leg with a carving knife, inserting a large metal bolt, then binding the wound with duct tape (this is one of the gross parts). Then he gets up and runs through the streets in awful agony, and is hit by a car (the film prolongs this moment and adds some sexy jazz). The man and woman in the car pick him up but, instead of bringing him to a hospital, drive him to a park where, aroused by the accident, they make love as they watch him die (I've heard J.G. Ballard has a book full of this sort of stuff, called *Crash*, which I've managed to avoid up to now). Later, the ghost of the dead

teenager exacts terrible vengeance, by cursing the man who let him die with a kind of metal leprosy, causing him to break out in bolts, tubes, wires, plates, hoses, and humungous shrieking drills all over his body (every junkyard near Tokyo must have been raided to make this film), with which in a crazed state he rapes the woman and kills her (this is one of the *really* gross parts—though only nine out of ten on the sicko scale, since I didn't actually pass out). The teenager then possesses the dead woman's body and reshapes it to his own original one, and continues tormenting with telekinesis his transformed victim until, assisted by the ghost of the teenager's abusive father (I think), the latter starts fighting back. Then the resurrected teenager himself starts sprouting hooks and flame-throwers, and the two mix it up until finally crashing together (more sexy jazz) and fusing to form a composite mechanical horror which runs amok through the city streets. *The End.*

This is what I thought about the film *after* I had seen it. What I thought *during* the film was that I'd died and gone to Hell. There's a *Tetsuo II*, but I pray never to encounter it, in this life or the next.

Thunder Born (1991, U.S.A., 93 minutes)

Writer: Rick Spencer

Director: Frank Vitale

I was thunder struck by the remarkable contrasts with the previous movie, totally at the opposite end of the fantasy and sf (or at least, fantasy) spectrum, yet still part of the same cinéma fantastique festival: this non-horror fantasy has a straightforward plot; real-people characters actually capable of love and sympathy (vs. lust in the rust/fear and welding, above); beautiful colour cinematography; and a nice orchestral sound track (a point not mentioned for the other film because it was unmentionable). A Great Teacher comes to Earth as a little baby boy deposited by a thunderstorm in a New York alley. He is raised by a poor widow until the age of ten; during this time certain things happen that show he's special: burns heal at his touch,

hoboes kneel and present him with magical gifts, etc. When his adoptive mother dies, he is placed with a foster mother in a New England cottage (stunning scenery), near an old lighthouse whose site Indian legend associates with a previous Great Teacher, and whose present caretaker is a kindly old hermit who has achieved, by his researches and earlier travels, a synthesis of "all the world's religions". The boy's earthly studies are completed with the help of the hermit and a mysterious stranger from *up there*, before all three *pass beyond* during another thunderstorm, leaving the foster mother, now healed of an old sorrow, as new caretaker of the hermit's work, and prophetic of the Great Teacher's return as an adult, upon completion of his *higher education* (she's also left with an unresolved financial problem, since the lighthouse has lost its heritage grant).

Parallels with the life of Jesus Christ are obvious, though not obtrusive. Various non-canonical speculations also have Jesus' "secret years" between His boyhood and public ministry spent away from home, learning yoga in India, philosophy in Greece, and/or sorcery in Egypt, Mesopotamia or Aldebaran, though the Gospels indicate a normal adolescence and young manhood as a carpenter in Nazareth. The "all religions are one" line is a bit mushy (though we may disagree on certain points, my Thuggee friends and I do agree that some of our differences may be important), though new-agers may approve (there are also some pretty crystals here for them). The special effects are appropriate (which is the highest possible compliment that can be made of special effects in general). On the whole, a nice "sense of wonder/makes you think" (rather than a "sense of nausea/makes you want to shut down your brain") sort of film.

TENEAL
Bracelet Anti-Chocs
PRÉSENTE
FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL
CINÉMA FANTASTIQUE
CORPORATION AVEC

SENSORS

Information for this article came to us in a dream.—Ed

TREK

Deep Space Nine premieres to mixed reviews. TNG will go a seventh season (maybe even an eighth!), but not all of the cast may return. A seventh Star Trek movie will be made, featuring the original cast. Shatner pitched a story idea for it to Paramount: Kirk and Spock have a falling out, along the lines of the split between Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. "Not," said Paramount. Another possible story line being bandied about would have Kirk involved in a late-in-life romance, leading—maybe—to marriage.

STAR WARS

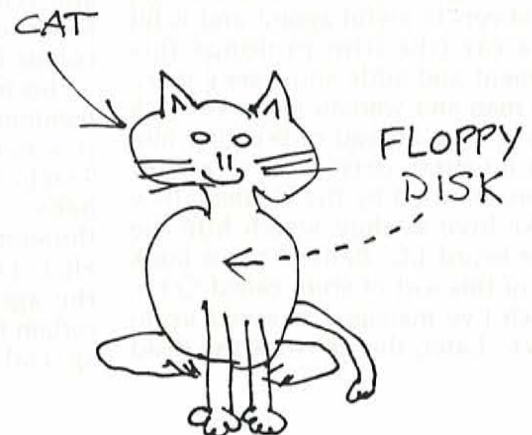
George Lucas is going to make another Star Wars trilogy! Contrary to all the assertions, this past year, that he wasn't interested in doing more SW movies, comes the hot rumour that Lucasfilm is, this minute, gearing up to make the prequel trilogy to the existing trilogy. The story will follow the adventures of young Obi Wan Kenobi and Anakin Skywalker during the Clone Wars, and cover Anakin's fall to the Dark Side. The three films would be released about a year apart, beginning in 1995 or '96.

CANFANDOM

A few quick notes: Toronto's Ad Astra 13 lost its GoH when Anne McCaffrey canceled all of her 1993 engagements for medical and personal reasons. She's been replaced by Frederik Pohl. Rhinocon (London, Ontario) and Maplecon (Ottawa) both lost money in '92; their futures look shakey. Out in B.C., the BCSFA club and their con, V-Con, are still experiencing financial difficulties (mostly fallout from Westercon), and are in danger of folding. Locally, Con-cept weathered its biggest crisis to date this year (see "Mon-SFFandom" for details) and came out relatively unscathed. Spurred on by the monetary input of one (or more?) of its members, the Warp Nine club are sponsoring a media convention, the Science Fiction Festival, to be held July 3 and 4, '93, at the Holiday Inn Pointe-Claire. And, K&L Productions, a fan-friendly version of Creation, are coming to town March 27 and 28 (also at the Holiday Inn Pointe-Claire) with a bevy of Trek second-stringers.

TOP TEN REASONS WHY THIS ISSUE OF WARP IS SO LATE:

- 10) Our minds have turned to porridge after watching premiere of Space Rangers, and we just can't function at all anymore.
- 9) It's in the mail.
- 8) We were bombed by coalition forces because Bush thought "MonSFFA" was Iraqi for "your mother!"
- 7) We were bombed!
- 6) Our printing masters were sucked into the wormhole and we're waiting for Sisko to go in and fish 'em out.
- 5) CBS wants us to come over to them and has made an offer; we're waiting for a counter-offer from NBC (the "late" fanzine biz is very competitive).
- 4) Was going to be a "Long Island Lolita" issue, but TV has now done that to death, so why bother.
- 3) Policy of co-inciding release of this issue with publication of The Last Dangerous Visions only recently overturned.
- 2) We have lives!
- 1) The editor's cat ate our floppy disk.



FESTIVAL

SCIENCE-FICTION I

MONTREAL

le 3, 4 juillet / July 3, 4
1993

- Holiday Inn (Pointe Claire)
- Stationnement gratuit / • Free Parking

INVITÉS/GUESTS:



ROBIN CURTIS
Saavik, Star Trek III & IV



TONY TODD
Kurn (Worf's brother),
Star Trek: The Next Generation



JOHN LEVENE
Sgt. Benton, Doctor Who

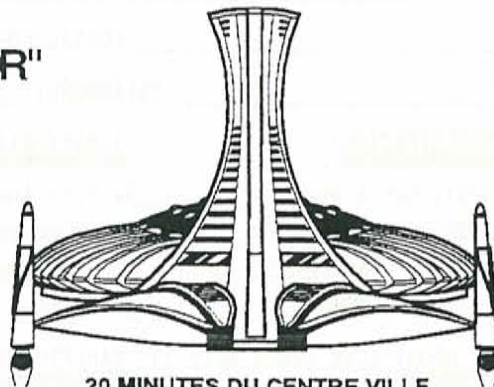


**LARRY "THE DOCTOR"
STEWART**
Master of Ceremonies
Extraordinaire



PAUL SCOTT ALDRED
from the U.S. Branch of U.N.I.T.
(Dr. Who Fan Club)
FAN GUEST OF HONOUR

ET AUTRES INVITÉS!
AND OTHER GUESTS!



20 MINUTES DU CENTRE VILLE
20 MINUTES FROM DOWNTOWN

- AUTOGRAPHS
- DEALERS
- 2 VIDEO ROOMS
- AUCTIONS
- WORKSHOPS
- MASQUERADE

- DISCUSSION PANELS
(2 ROOMS)
- GAMES (TRIVIA)
- LOUNGE
- PARTY SUITE

- MASCARADE
- TRIBUNES (2 SALLES)
- JEUX
- CANTINE
- SALLE DE RÉCEPTION

- AUTOGRAPHES
- VENDEURS
- 2 SALLES DE VIDÉOS
- ENCANS
- ATELIERS

HOTEL: Holiday Inn Pointe Claire (Montreal West Island). 6700 Trans-Canada Hgwy No. 40. (514) 697-7110. Only 20 minutes from downtown Montreal; 3/4 hour by bus. Free parking. Bedrooms, \$69.00 per night. Mention that you are attending the Festival. Other facilities: Fitness Center, indoor pool, whirlpool, saunas, squash.

HOTEL: Holiday Inn Pointe Claire ("West Island" de Montréal). 6700 Route 40 TransCanadienne. (514) 697-7110. À seulement 20 minutes du centre-ville de Montréal; 3/4 heure par autobus. Stationnement gratuit. Chambres, \$69.00 par nuit. Mentionnez que vous participez au Festival. Autres loisirs: Centre de conditionnement physique, piscine intérieure, bain tourbillon, bains sauna, squash.

BUS ROUTE FROM DOWNTOWN: Lionel-Groulx Metro. 211 Bus, to Dorval Bus Station. 202 West, towards Fairview Shopping Center. 20 minutes, to Hymus & St-Jean (at Zellers Store). Walk across St-Jean to Holiday Inn (tall building).

AUTOBUS DU CENTRE-VILLE: Métro Lionel-Groulx. Autobus 211, vers Station d'Autobus Dorval. 202 Ouest, vers Centre Fairview. 20 minutes, débarquez Hymus & St-Jean (au Magasin Zellers). Traversez St-Jean, vers le Holiday Inn (bâtisse élevée).

VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FESTIVAL:

We need you! Call (514) 931-1815, or see address below.

VOLONTAIRES POUR LE FESTIVAL:

Nous avons besoin de vous! Appelez (514) 931-1815 ou voir adresse ci-dessous.

DEALER ROOM AND CLUB TABLES:

All are welcome! Call (514) 931-1815, or see address below.

SALLE DE VENDEURS & TABLES DE CLUBS:

Tous sont bienvenus! Appelez (514) 931-1815 ou voir adresse ci-dessous.

MASQUERADE SATURDAY NIGHT:

See Special Table in the Dealer Room. Pre-registration is necessary for contest. Call (514) 931-1815.

MASCARADE DU SAMEDI SOIR:

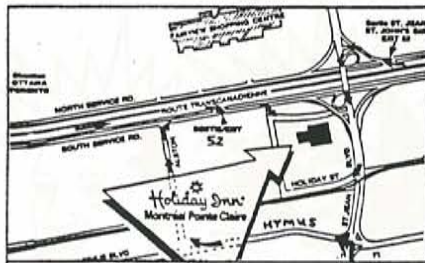
Voir La Table Spéciale dans la Salle des Vendeurs. Pré-inscription obligatoire pour concours. Appelez (514) 931-1815.

PARTY SUITE OR CON-SUITE: Second floor, #226 and 227. Soft drinks, biscuits, muffins, hot food, coffee. Open throughout the night, Sat. to Sun. Opens 10AM Sat.

SALLE DE RECEPTION: Deuxième étage, #226 et 227. Boissons gazeuses, biscuits, muffins, mets chauds, café. Ouvert toute la nuit, Sam. à Dim. Commence 10h00 Samedi.

TWO VIDEO ROOMS: A sampling of British and North American. TV, film, and Sunday Morning Cartoons. Opens 9AM Saturday, through the night, to 6PM Sunday.

DEUX SALLES DE VISIONNEMENT: Britannique et Amérique du Nord. Télévision, films, et bandes dessinées du Dimanche matin. Ouvert 9h00 Samedi, à travers la nuit, à 18h00 Dimanche.



FOR OUR FRIENDS IN OTTAWA: Trans-Canada Hgwy No.40 East. Exit No.52, St-Jean. Look right.

FOR OUR FRIENDS FROM U.S.A.: Hgwy No. 87 North from New York, or No. 89 from Vermont. Look for signs indicating Hgwy No. 40 West. Exit No.52, St-Jean. Look South for Holiday Inn.

SCIENCE-FICTION I 1993 PRE-REGISTRATION

SCIENCE-FICTION I 1993 PRE-INSCRIPTION

NAME / NOM: _____

ADDRESS / ADRESSE: _____

POSTAL CODE / CODE POSTAL _____

COUNTRY / PAYS: _____ TELEPHONE: () _____

RATES -- PRE-REGISTRATION:

TARIFICATION -- PRE-INSCRIPTION:

- Individual price, \$35 (\$32US), Sat & Sun. (\$ _____)
 - Warp 9 Club Members, \$30 (\$28US), Sat & Sun. (\$ _____)
 - Pre-reg. Special, \$12 (\$10US), Festival T-Shirt XL. (\$ _____)
 - Prix individuel, 35\$, Sam & Dim.
 - Membres du Club Warp 9, 30\$, Sam & Dim.
 - Spécial de pré-inscr., 12\$, T-Shirt du Fest. XL.
- [Taxes included] TOTAL. (\$ _____) TOTAL. [Taxes incluses]

RATES -- AT THE DOOR: [CND funds only !]

TARIFICATION -- À L'ENTREE:

- Individual price, \$40, Sat & Sun.
- Saturday only, \$25.
- Sunday only, \$20.
- Family, max. 4 pers., children 12 yrs or less, SPECIAL \$35.
- Prix individuel, 40\$, Sam & Dim.
- Samedi seulement, 25\$.
- Dimanche seulement, 20\$.
- Famille, max. 4 pers., enfants 12 ans ou moins, SPECIAL 35\$.

Cheques are payable to the Science Fiction Festival / Payez à l'ordre du Festival de la Science Fiction

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

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

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

AMonSFF
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MonSFFA Representative

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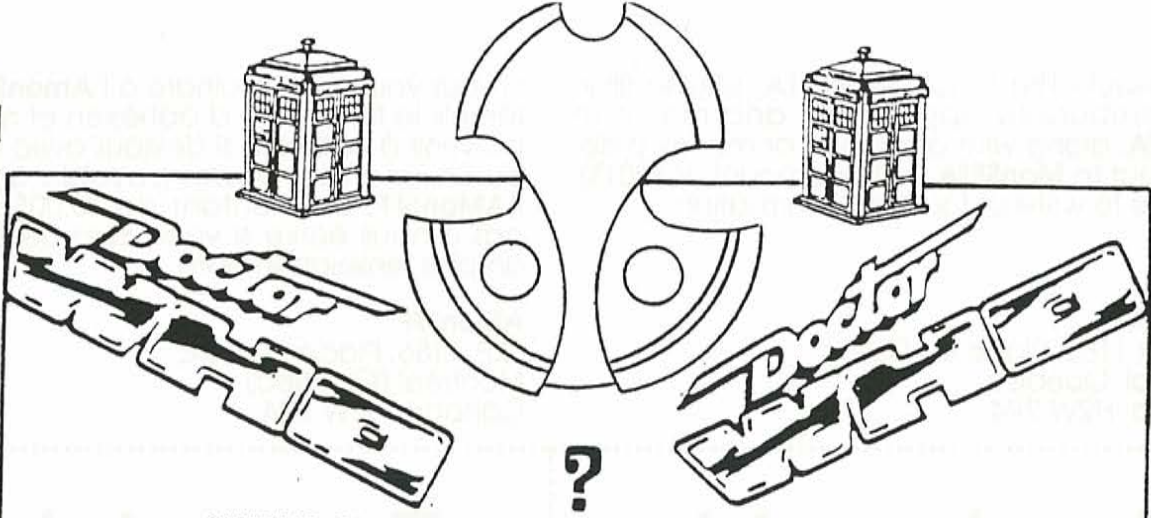
L'AMonSFF à reçu de

le montant de _____

Représentant de l'AMonSFF

High Council of Gallifrey

High Council of Gallifrey



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