

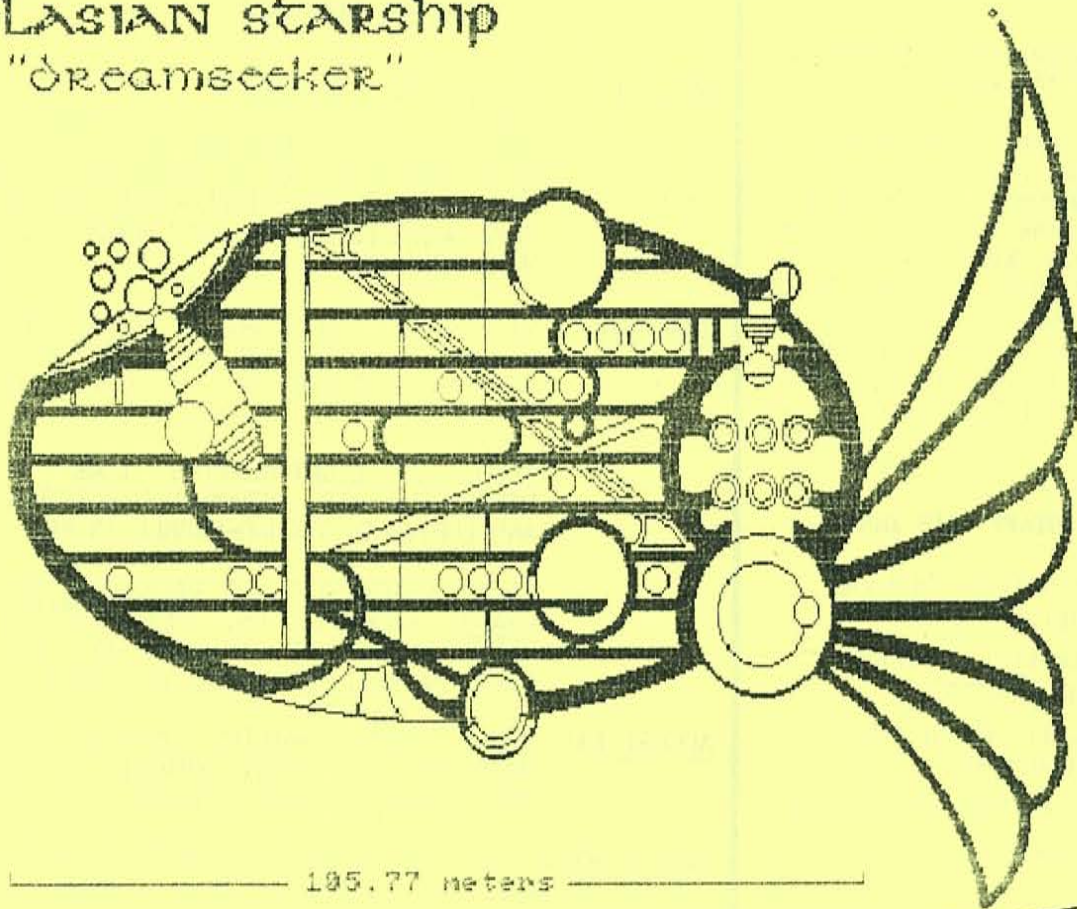
WARP

23

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE MONTREAL SCIENCE FICTION & FANTASY ASSOCIATION (MonSFFA)

VELASIAN STARSHIP
"DREAMSEEKER"

55.47 meters



195.77 meters



IN THIS ISSUE:
 PART 5 OF OUR TNG
 SERIAL, "PRANKSTER"

CONV-ICTION '93
 REVIEWED

NEW SF TV SHOWS
 REVIEWED

COMPUTER ART,
 AND MORE...

Roll Call

MonSFFA's Executive Committee

President

Lynda Pelley

Vice-President

Bryan Ekers

Treasurer

Sylvain St-Pierre

MonSFFA's Appointed Officers and Advisors

Keith Braithwaite (Newsletter, Membership, PR); Sylvain St-Pierre (Membership); Colleen Magnussen (Mailings); Trudie Mason (Munchies); Bryan Ekers (Secretary); Kevin Holden, Michael Masella, David Legault, Zsuzsanna-Lynda Bathory, Andrew Weitzman, Joseph Aspler, Catherine Gervais, Maureen Whitelaw, René Walling (Advisors)

NEWSLETTER STAFF THIS ISSUE

Keith Braithwaite: Editing, Typing, Paste-up

Michael Masella: Computer Typesetting

Berny Reischl: Photo-stats, Photo-scans

Murphy: Systems Failures, Typos

Jones: Cat

COVER UP: Our cover this issue, a cut-away view of the Velusian starship Dreamseeker, was rendered on computer by MonSFFA Treasurer Sylvain St-Pierre. See our "Main Viewscreen" feature for more of Sylvain's computer art.

1993 MonSFFA GENERAL MEETING SCHEDULE

ALL MEETINGS HELD SUNDAYS, 1:00PM-4:30PM
(UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED) IN THE ARTIMON I
ROOM AT THE MARITIME HOTEL, 1155 GUY
STREET (CORNER RENE LEVESQUE), DOWNTOWN
MONTREAL

UPCOMING MEETINGS

MAY 23: TENTATIVELY SCHEDULED TO BE THIS YEAR'S TRANSWARP MEGA-MEETING (MonSFFA GETS TOGETHER WITH OTHER SF/F CLUBS AND WE COLLECTIVELY PUT ON A REALLY BIG SHOW!--FULL DAY OF SF/F ACTIVITIES). STAY TUNED FOR MORE DETAILS.

JUNE 13: DINOSAURS! A LOOK AT THESE BIG LIZARDS IN SF/F FILM AND LITERATURE; ALSO, A RETROSPECTIVE OF A CENTURY OF DINOSAUR ART.

ALSO, A LIGHT-HEARTED LOOK AT RIDICULOUS AND IMPROBABLE SCIENCE, AND LUDICROUS TECHNO-BABBLE IN SF!

PLUS, A SCREENING OF VALLEY OF THE GWANGI (COWBOYS VS. DINOSAURS!--MOVIE STARTS AT 11:00AM--AND OUR USUAL RAFFLE, MUNCHIES, AND MORE!

AUGUST 15: THEME MEETING--ALIEN BEINGS AND MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE! WATCH THIS SPACE FOR MORE DETAILS.

PLEASE NOTE: ALL PROGRAMMING SUBJECT TO CHANGE AND/OR RESCHEDULING. MonSFFA TAKES A BREAK IN THE SUMMER; WE DO NOT MEET IN JULY.



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 1136, Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H2W 2P4. Subscription rate is \$12.00 per year; membership in MonSFFA is \$20.00 per year and includes subscription to Warp. MonSFFA is a non-profit body dedicated to the enjoyment and promotion of science fiction and fantasy in literature, film and television, art, music, model making, costuming, comics and fanzines, gaming, and other areas. The opinions expressed in Warp are solely those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of Warp or MonSFFA. Use of copyrighted material in this publication without prior permission is, of course, a no-no. Keep in mind, however, that we are an amateur publication with minimal distribution. Warp is intended only as leisurely entertainment, although issues do make effective drink coasters at parties. We're not making any money here, and ... Please, please, please don't hurt us! Please oh please oh pleaseeeeeeeeeeeeee let us live!



FROM THE CENTER SEAT

As most of you know, Keith Braithwaite stepped down as MonSFFA's president at the end of last year. He was an excellent leader over several years, and the time he gave and the work he did for the club was appreciated by all. Keith will continue to be actively involved as a member of MonSFFA's Board of Advisors (BOA), and as the editor of Warp. The new executive officers (for 1993) are myself as President, Bryan Ekers as Vice-President, and returning as Treasurer is the very capable Sylvain St-Pierre.

I remember the very beginning of this club, back when it was still The Montreal Star Trek Association (MonSTA). I had seen an advertisement in Concordia University and attended the very first meeting. I didn't know anyone there and I wondered if the club would last. If someone had told me then that I would someday become president of this organization, I would have thought they were crazy. This shy, timid person would never stand up in front of a group and speak! MonSTA evolved into MonSFFA and I met many new friends as I began to

participate in club activities. I eventually joined MonSFFA's BOA, and last year became Vice-President. As President, I hope that MonSFFA will continue to thrive, and that I can meet the high standards of leadership established by the previous administration.

As MonSFFA is organized by a larger group than just the executive, I would like to welcome both the new and returning members of the BOA. Both Keith Braithwaite and Kevin Holden have pledged their support to keeping MonSFFA running smoothly and I am most grateful for having their experience on this committee. Also returning are Andrew Weitzman and Lynda Bathory. (Lynda did an outstanding job of organizing last year's Christmas party.) New to the BOA this year are David Legault, Catherine Gervais, Joe Aspler and Maureen Whitelaw. If anyone else would like to become involved in running the club, just let me know at the next meeting. New people are always welcome.

MonSFFA made its first convention appearance of the season at Conv-iction, a one-day event at the Maritime Hotel, same location as our meetings. Then, on the weekend of March 27 and 28, we were at the K&L Science Fiction/Media Celebration at the Pointe-Claire Holiday Inn. I would like to thank all of the club members who came out and helped with our display at these two events.

Lynda Pelley
President, MonSFFA

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
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20% off on most merchandise.

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N1A 2W2, Canada
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OAS

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Suite 606, 116 Albert Street,
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(613) 233-1159 Fax: (613) 830-5811

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COMPUTENTRE

Fairview Shopping Centre
6815 Trans Canada Highway G-19
Pointe Claire, Quebec H9R 5V1
Telephone: (514) 695 3620

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

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JOUETS

Kangourou
HOBBIES

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• 1070 rue Notre-Dame, Lachine, Qué. (514) 637-0733

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1,000,000
COMIX

5164 Queen Mary Road
372 Sherbrooke Street W.

20% off on most merchandise.

Dear MonSFFolk,

I just wanted to write a quick word to congratulate Lynda on becoming the new MonSFFA president. Being club president, having your name exposed out in the front lines whenever your club does something, is quite a responsibility (believe me, I'm finding it out!), and so I wish you the best of luck and I look forward to dealing with you in all upcoming inter-club events.

Also, I'd like to thank all the MonSFFolk who took up the High Council of Gallifrey's offer (of 20% off the Council's membership fee) last issue and joined the club. This is Doctor Who's 30th anniversary year, and I'm sure these new members will add plenty to the festivities.

See You All Soon,
Andrew Gurudata; President, H.C.o.G.
Montreal, Quebec

(Lynda passes on her good wishes to you, as well, Andrew, and MonSFFA also looks forward to co-operative events with fellow clubs such as the Council. Our membership thanks you for the kind offer of the reduction in your membership fee.—Ed)

Warp, c/o MonSFFA,

Recently saw a review of Warp in Opuntia #11 and realized how much I had been missing while in a state of involuntary gaffiation. Please re-enter me on the subscription roles to Warp. I have enclosed a cheque for \$5.00 which will hopefully suffice until I can get the usual together again.

Thanks!
Robert Runte
Lethbridge, Alberta

(Good to hear from you again, Robert; we'll send along the next few issues and await the balance of your subscription fee.—Ed)

Dear Keith, Kevin and Kompany,

It was really good to get your wonderful card overcrowded with all those signatures—it really made me feel better.

With a lot of Gratitude,
Baird Searles
Montreal, Quebec

(A "Get Well Soon" card was sent to member Baird, who had recently undergone surgery, by all in attendance at our January general meeting. It is with great sadness that we inform those of you who may not have heard the news: Baird died of cancer on March 21. He will be missed by his fellow MonSFFA members. The club extends its deepest sympathies to Baird's family and close friends.)

This issue of Warp was about to go to press when word came that Baird Searles had passed away, taken before his time by cancer. I decided to hold up on running the issue so that this page of tribute could be included.

Baird came to Montreal only a couple of years ago. A reviewer of sf books for Asimov's SF Magazine, and the author and co-author of several books on the genre, MonSFFA was pleased to have Baird speak at one of our meetings. That's when most of us first met him, and that's when he joined this club.

He became actively involved in MonSFFA upon joining, participating regularly in meetings, reviewing sf/f books for this newsletter, donating some of the reviewers' copies of books he'd received to the club's fund-raising auctions, and guesting at Con-concepts '90, '91 and '92. But more importantly than all that, Baird was an interesting, articulate, enthusiastic, entertaining fellow who was just plain fun to be around.

I assumed that I'd have many years to further my friendship with Baird. God, or fate, has intervened. I will miss you, Baird. Goodbye.

Keith Braithwaite
Editor, Warp

Do you know how sometimes we say to someone "let's get together," or "let's have lunch," but we don't really mean it so we try to avoid the encounter by means of a busy schedule. Sometimes we are honestly enthusiastic about the possible meeting but can't seem to find the time. Same end result, right? Not right. Sometimes we wait too long.

Baird Searles died on Sunday, 21 March, 1993, of cancer. I meant it, and I waited too long.

Mr. Searles moved to Montreal in the summer of 1990. He told me that he wanted to get away from the rat race: gossip, politics, the driving push of New York City. I heard that he was here and got in touch forthwith (I was guest liaison for Con-cept '90 at the time). I found him to be friendly and willing to participate in the convention programming. He struck me as being enthusiastic about the convention without feeling it to be overridingly important. He would only do what interested him, and no more, but what he did do grabbed my attention.

I have been accused of reading only older sf/f; my collection of several hundred books in the genre is dominated by pre-1970 stories (I am 27). It's not that I don't like the newer stuff, I just haven't gotten around to it yet. Here was someone with whom I could discuss sf/f written by authors who are all but unknown to a large portion of modern fandom. I could mention Catherine L. Moore or Murray Leinster, or anthologies edited by Groff Conklin, and he knew where I was going. This was natural, seeing as he'd written book reviews for Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine, A Reader's Guide to Science Fiction, A Reader's Guide to Fantasy, and Films of Science Fiction and Fantasy. He was an authority and we seemed to agree in a lot of places. I like that in a conversation partner.

He appeared at and participated in every Con-cept since then. He showed up at local club meetings once in a while. Other than that, I have no idea what he did to fill his life here in Montreal. I live in the same neighbourhood as he did, so I ran into him in the street from time to time. We said we'd get together. I still want to talk with him.

Eugene Heller
Chair, Con-cept '93

It was a dark and stormy night when the membership pondered its plight t'was ideas that we craved but our minds were enslaved by the flickering phosphorous light	Said he" 'tween the pages that bind the meaning within you will find" with the spell of his charm and a wave of his arm all the books came alive in our minds
Came a pleasant young fellow named Baird "You're rotting your minds" he declared with a yank on the plug he cut off our drug an act which no other had dared	"So you see", said the sagest of sages while the membership flipped through their pages "All these books will amaze will enliven your days and disguise the truth of your ages"
"If new ideas are truly your quest then please allow me to suggest all these books so obscure I am pleased to procure to edify at your behest"	When the membership started to grow Then the stranger said "Now I must go. Other clubs I must reach, other members to teach, and I'm sick of shoveling snow".
So amazed were we by his deed so grateful were we to be freed That we swore we would follow this congenial fellow just as soon as we learned how to read	Then the stranger swept out of the place leaving smiles engraved on each face T'is not the words, you must see, but the mans' company that has us all walking in space.
Kevin Holden-1993	

MonSFFA Andom

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

MonSFFA ELECTIONS

MonSFFA's 1993 Executive Committee is as follows: President, Lynda Pelley; Vice-President, Bryan Ekers; Treasurer, Sylvain St-Pierre. Running unopposed, the above slate was acclaimed to office by out-going club president Keith Braithwaite, acting as Elections Officer, at the club's January general meeting. MonSFFA elects its executive yearly and empowers them to run the club on behalf of the membership. The club's officers and advisors are appointed by the executive to assist in that task.

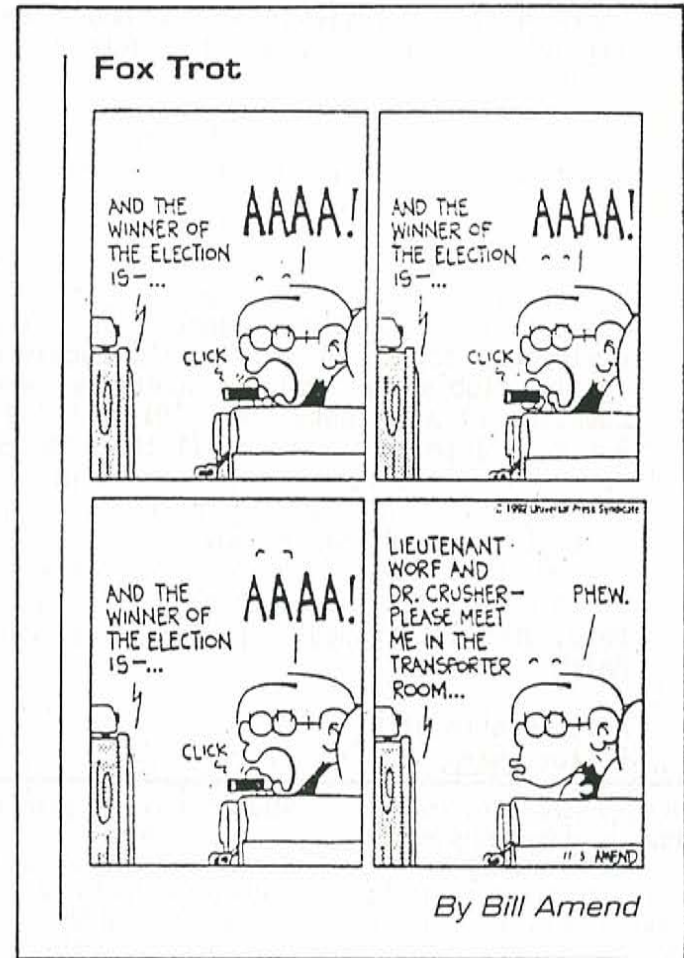
'93's executive bring with them many years of active involvement in the running of MonSFFA. Sylvain encores as Treasurer this year, and has been--and continues to be--involved with the organization of general meetings, and with the keeping of membership records. Bryan has served, for a few years, now, as the club's secretary, and Lynda was our vice-president last year and has contributed to the planning of general meetings for the past couple of years. All three have been members of MonSFFA for a number of years, Lynda and Bryan, in fact, since day one.

MonSFFA congratulates its new Executive Committee and wishes them well on the job to come.

JANUARY GENERAL MEETING

MonSFFA's first general meeting of 1993, which took place on Sunday, January 24, was also the first meeting in our new meeting room at the downtown Maritime Hotel. Roughly 35 members and friends were in attendance.

Before proceeding to the election of the club's '93 executive, out-going president Keith Braithwaite welcomed everyone to the new locale and brought members up to speed on recent club business, which included an announcement that MonSFFA has decided not to officially participate in any future Creation conventions (see "MonSFFA Drops Creation"). He then took a moment to thank all of MonSFFA's members for the confidence they have shown in him as club president these past four years, and to thank the many people he has had the



pleasure of working with on the organizational and administrative side of things during his term as president.

As no last-minute nominations for the three executive positions were forthcoming, the slate of Lynda Pelley (President), Bryan Ekers (Vice-President) and Sylvain St-Pierre (Treasurer) was acclaimed to office. Keith introduced MonSFFA's new president to the assembled membership and yielded the floor to her amidst applause all around.

President Lynda Pelley began her term by soliciting about 30 minutes of suggestions from the membership as to improvements the club might make in some areas, and as to what members would like to see at general meetings. Next, she moderated a discussion panel on the new Star Trek TV series, Deep Space Nine.

Most of the members in attendance said that they liked the new Trek series. Some said they liked it more than Next Generation and welcomed DSN's grittier,

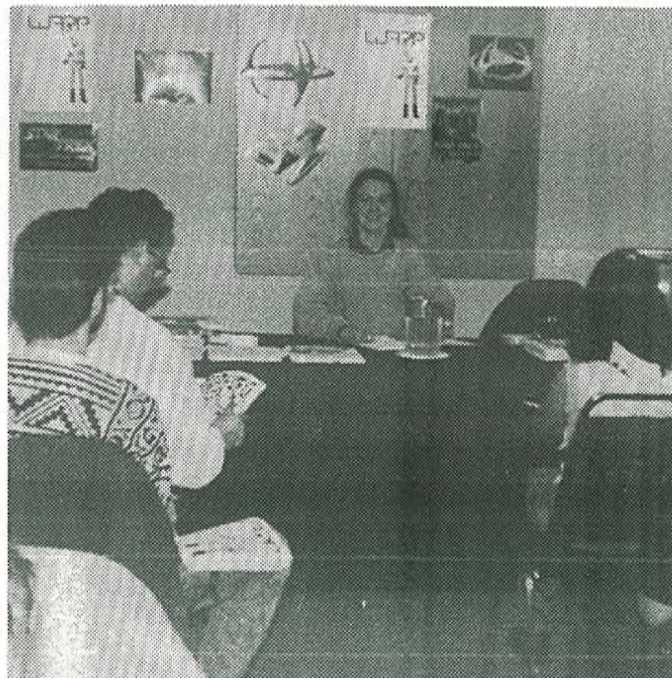
more interesting and realistic characters. The principle women aboard DS9, Major Kira Nerys and science officer Jadzia Dax, it was noted, are atypically strong female characters, far more interesting and with greater dramatic potential than Crusher and Troi of TNG. A few members commented that the TNG crew are hardly ever in any real conflict with one another, are the perfect "family," and are so politically correct as to be bland. The DSNers, on the other hand, are a much more motley crew, rife with the potential for good, solid drama (a potential reasonably well realized to date). Everyone agreed that the relationship between security chief Odo and Quark, the shady Ferengi saloon owner, has been very well played and credited the actors portraying these two for their coming across so well. One member favourably compared the Odo/Quark interplay to the "friendship," the grudging respect shown between Rick Blaine and Captain Renault, played respectively by Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains in Casablanca. All agreed that the DSN premiere was a better dramatic piece than was TNG's "Encounter at Farpoint." All in all, Deep Space Nine is popular with MonSFFen, who expressed the hope that it manages to keep up the good mix of interesting characters, action and drama that it has presented so far. About the only negative comments (aside from the usual pokes at Trek's improbable science) centered on the at-times stiff, somewhat awkward acting of leading man Avery Brooks (Sisko).

A short break followed the DSN discussion, during which our usual fund-raising raffle was held, prizes including a copy of Neil Gaiman's graphic novel, The Sandman: Preludes and Nocturnes, and a large, vinyl Star Trek VI promotional banner. Members also availed themselves of our usual munchies and drinks.

Following the break, Kevin Holden gave a presentation and hosted a subsequent discussion on humour in sf/f. He screened video clips from, among others, episodes of Red Dwarf and Mystery Science Theatre 3000, the later, the latest hit of off American cable TV, which pokes fun at all those really bad sf/f movies of the '50s and '60s. He also read a little Terry Pratchett, a popular contemporary author who sends up the fantasy genre. Final consensus was that the best, or at least the most original, sf/f comedy tended to come out of England, while the Americans

focused on spoofs, often of such genre icons as Star Trek and Star Wars. Also, Americans are particularly successful at wickedly lambasting Trek and sf/f fans, as evidenced by the numerous Trekfan stabs taken by U.S. TV comedy shows (Saturday Night Live's "Get a Life" skit perhaps best known), and by the books of Sharyn McCrumb, who mercilessly satirizes fandom.

MonSFFA thanks everyone who helped to plan and run our January general meeting, and all who attended. And, congratulations to the club's new executive.



MonSFFA'S NEW PRESIDENT, LYNDA PELLEY, TAKES THE CENTER SEAT.
(PHOTO: DANIEL P. KENNEY)

FEBRUARY GENERAL MEETING

Our February meeting was held at the Maritime Hotel on Sunday, the 21st. With two large-scale, genre-oriented events running that weekend--the Conviction mini-con on Saturday and a downtown comics convention on our same Sunday--some of our regular crowd were, no doubt, siphoned off by these bigger wing-dings. Our meeting still drew a respectable 25 or so members, however, and they were treated to a couple of top-notch presentations.

After a few quick notes on MonSFFA's participation in a few upcoming local conventions, President Lynda Pelley welcomed Keith Braithwaite, who encored a talk he gave at Con-cept '92 on the career of master stop-motion animator Ray

Station B, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, H3B 3J7, or call Chris at (514) 931-1815. MonSFFen are encouraged to support this new convention and attend!

Con-cept has confirmed its date (above) and locale (Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza Metro Centre Hotel, downtown Montreal) for 1993, the con's fifth anniversary year. Con-cept '93 will run from the Friday afternoon through to Sunday evening. The expansion to include the Friday afternoon/evening brings Con-cept up to the standard two and a half days, which is the norm for most North American cons. Con-cept expects to confirm its principle guests soon; stay tuned.

Con-cept will, this year, become its own

corporate entity. As such, it will henceforth operate as a completely independent organization. As most of our readers know, MonSFFA founded Con-cept back in 1989 and the con has been very much a MonSFFA effort these past four years. This club has supported Con-cept in terms of both human and financial resources during that time, and we can all take pride in Con-cept's successes, and salute those who have worked on the con (most, but not all of them, MonSFFA members). What began as a small, one-day event has grown to become a full-scale convention. Con-cept has come into its own, and MonSFFA wishes it well.

CONGRATULATIONS
TO MEMBER SUE
DUNLOP (NOW
BIBEAU), AND BENOIT
CLICHE, WHO WERE
RECENTLY MARRIED!
THEY MET AT A STAR
TREK CONVENTION;
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AND PROSPER.

WANTED
FIRST FOUR ISSUES OF
MONTREAL STAR TREK ASSOC.
NEWSLETTER
ALSO, ALL ISSUES OF
FINAL FRONTIER MAGAZINE
CALL ORAN AT 482-6445

Fandom might be interested to know that Harry C. Stubbs, alias Hal Clement, will be delivering a lecture on the occasion of the Annual Banquet of Sigma Xi - The Scientific Research Society (McGill Chapter), on Tuesday April 20, at the McGill Faculty Club, 3450 MacTavish Street (north of Sherbrooke St., west of McGill College Ave and the main entrance to the campus). He's entitled his lecture "The Light and the Mirror", and it will be about relations between science and science fiction, how they view the "real world", and how both can develop the imagination etc., and will include slides. The lecture itself starts at 20:30, and it is free and open to the public (including fandom, from Montreal or elsewhere...).

Convention Report: Conv-iction '93

I attended this year's (french-language) Conv-iction mini-con as part of the crew working MonSFFA's table, and as I walked in to start setting up early Saturday morning, February 20, I was struck by how familiar it all looked. Conv-iction '93 reminded me very much of the first two Con-cept conventions. Like those Con-cepts, Conv-iction was a one-day event which occupied the entire convention floor of the Maritime Hotel in downtown Montreal. As Con-cept was such a success those few years back, I saw here a good omen for Conv-iction.

The first two Conv-ictions, which took place in a church basement in Laval, while game efforts, were not particularly outstanding, attracting only some 70 or 80 people. This year's Conv-iction, I felt, would have to do well if the con was to have a future. Happily, it did very well.

Bringing the con into downtown Montreal certainly helped to attract considerably more people, but so did much improved advertising and better programming. Still featuring the various displays by science, sf/f and gaming clubs that were the previous Conv-ictions, this year's con added a goodly number of discussion panels, thus elevating programming to the standard of most contemporary cons. Unique to Conv-iction amongst local



PANEL DISCUSSION



SCIENCE CLUBS SET UP IN ONE ROOM.
(ALL CONV-ICTON PHOTOS BY
DANIEL P. KENNEY)



COSTUMES ON DISPLAY IN THE
"MEDIEVAL ROOM"



GUEST KEN MONEY, CANADIAN ASTRONAUT



FANS CROWD AROUND MonSFFA'S BOOTH AT CONV-ITION.

conventions is its focus on science. Canadian astronaut Ken Money was a guest and spoke on the proposed mission to Mars, and the president of the Canadian Space Camp (in Laval) also did a panel. Other discussion topics included UFOs and homegrown french-language sf literature.

MonSFFA found itself in the large, circular room that dominates the Maritime's convention facilities. We shared this "Science Fiction Room" with other club, a number of dealers, collectors, and some fine exhibits of scale models. In another room were several science clubs (computers, astronomy, oceanography), down the hall was a small, but impressive art show, and a fourth room was set up for 3-D Star Trek gaming. Perhaps most impressive was the "Medieval Room," dressed up to evoke a romanticized 13th century by a couple of recreation societies. Large burlap cloths were draped about the candlelit room and a throne was set up in one corner, burning incense adding a further dimension. I was most taken with the fabulously crafted and weathered replicas of period costumes on display.

Overall, Conv-iction '93 was a very interesting, entertaining and well run convention, a vast improvement over the first two. I've heard attendance figures ranging between 300 and 500. The later sounds a bit inflated to me, but then again, at only \$5.00 a pop to get in (no charge for MonSFFA because MonSFFA payed a flat fee which got all of us in, and which got us the table space), Conv-iction was definitely a bargain and may well have brought 500 people through its doors. I hear plans are already afoot for a two-day event in '94; I look forward to it.

—reviewed by Keith Braithwaite



FICTION

Our *Trek* serial continues with part five of Bryan Ekers' short story, "Prankster." Parts one, two, three and four were published, respectively, in the February '92, May '92, Autumn '92 and December '92 (January '93) issues of *Warp*.

PRANKSTER, PART V by Bryan Ekers

"Son of a bitch!" hissed Ro. "Computer, freeze program."

At once, activity on the holodeck ceased. Perfect images of Picard, Riker, Worf, Data and Laforge were halted in mid-conversation. Ro's eyes skipped between them, and settled on "Picard." She shook her head in a mixture of disgust and wonder.

"Clear," she ordered. The images vanished. She turned to leave but hesitated. "Computer, generate an image of Halder Wells."

The figure appeared almost instantly; a perfectly lifelike image of the man she hated. She pondered it for a moment, then lashed out, smashing the figure's face with her right fist. As it realistically crumpled to the floor, she watched it with cold eyes. The therapy had not helped; she would have to wait for the real thing. "Computer, give me the location of Captain Picard."

Picard's eyes flickered briefly over the meter-wide image of Halder Wells on the conference room viewer. It was a mug shot, taken just after his second arrest. He looked wistful and calm, as though this was a mild inconvenience.

"Number One?"

"Sir."

"Your report."

Riker's jaw tightened. *Almost like he was facing a Death Tribunal*, thought Worf.

"Sir, I personally conducted the sweep of guest suite one." He paused. "There were no clues to Wells' present location or his ultimate intent."

"None?" interjected Picard in surprise. "He can't be *that* good."

Riker was choosing his next words carefully. He felt compelled to try to save face before Picard and Worf, yet was constitutionally unable to lay blame at the feet of his own subordinates. Steeling himself, he prepared to take complete responsibility.

Before he could do that, however, the conference room door hissed open.

Picard looked up, surprised that anyone would barge in. When he recognized Ro, he was both irritated and intrigued. She had never shown such audacity before, and Picard knew she would not do it now unless she felt she had valid reason.

*"Son of
a bitch!"
hissed Ro.*

Riker didn't see it exactly that way. "Get out of here, Ensign." he barked.

Ro ignored him and glanced at the viewer, which still showed Wells' face. "Good, you're talking about him. I have something to add."

Riker was about to repeat his order when Picard silenced him with a gesture. "Let's hear what she has to say, Number One."

Ro nodded to Picard. "Sir, were you aware that Halder Wells has created holographic copies of you, Mister Riker, Mister Worf and other key officers?"

Picard's eyebrows shot up. "I was not."

"They're perfect copies, created with information taken directly from the psychological profile of each officer. Wells created them so he could test out strategies on them."

Riker's expression was one of

mild disgust, as though she had just suggested Wells could fly and walk through walls. "There's no way he's good enough to make perfect copies, and besides, the—"

"—psych profiles are restricted." interrupted Ro wearily. "Is that what you were about to say, Commander? The holodeck's computers thought you would react like that. In fact, Wells has tried a variety of approaches, just to see how his holodeck copies would respond. Using trial and error, he's managed to pick the best strategy. You all think he's some kind of lunatic. That's exactly what he *wanted* you to think. And you're right about the restrictions, Commander, but you only know half the story." She took a deep breath, anxious to rattle off her next few sentences uninterrupted. "As far as computer security is concerned, this ship has two distinct systems. The one that covers all vital and tactical information relating to weapons, shields, life-support, communications, warp drive, sensors and so on is codenamed KAL-32. The other system covers everything else, like transporters, turbolifts, holodecks, replicators, in fact everything geared to the comfort and convenience of the crew, including, I might add, all personal information, log entries and medical records. *That* system is known as the HGW-54." She paused to take another deep breath.

"Your point, Ensign." interrupted Picard.

"My point, sir, is that every system sabotaged by Wells is covered by the HGW-54. Oh, and for your information, the names of these systems are not arbitrary. The letters represent the initials of the system's chief designer. The KAL-32 was conceived by Katherine Alice List, at the Daystrom Corporation. The HGW-32?" She glanced at the others slyly. "By Halder Greshem Wells, also from Daystrom." She waited for the predictable explosion.

"*What?!*" blurted Riker. He had half-risen to his feet without

realizing it, and now threw himself back into his chair in resignation.

"On Earth," continued Ro, "I believe the term 'back-door' is used to describe a secret password a computer writer inserts into his programs, so he can access them at a later date. By examining the ship's computer, I have found one such password. I believe there are more. Lieutenant Worf?"

Worf looked almost sick. He nodded.

"You've been keeping accurate and detailed logs of your search parties' results, haven't you?"

He nodded again.

"Wells has been reading those entries, which is how he's kept one step ahead of you, all along." The words "you idiot" were not spoken, but hung in the air after Ro's sentence.

Worf seemed to spring from his chair. He stood over Ro, his hands balling into fists. "You will not speak to me in such a—"

"Enough!" bellowed Riker. "Worf, sit down. And as for *you*," he pointed accusingly at Ro, "You will show proper respect and restraint."

Worf, with an effort, pulled his glare away from Ro and sat down. Ro rested her hands in her lap and stared at them. "Wells," she began in a quiet voice, "was considered an excellent programmer by the Daystrom Corporation, despite his criminal record. Now's he's turned his talents against *us*. He doesn't want accolades; he could have earned them at Daystrom. He wants money. When he confronted me in my cabin, he said he'd be rich soon."

"Rich," repeated Picard thoughtfully. "Computer."

"Working," replied the computer.

"Compile a list of all items aboard ship with an appraised value of, say, at least five hundred thousand credits."

The screen listed sixty-seven objects. Picard considered. "Mister Worf?"

"Sir."

"Could you put extra security on these items?"

Worf regarded the list balefully. "Not without crippling my search parties. Sir."

Ro opened her mouth to make a derisive comment about how effective those search parties had been even at full strength, but Riker managed to catch her eye first. She

instead decided to be calm and helpful. "There are objects of military value aboard, like codes and schematics. Wells could sell to the Romulans or the Ferengi, maybe even the Cardassians. It might be something we don't think is valuable at all."

Again, Picard considered. "Whatever he is planning, he'll do it without our computers," he said firmly. "Mister Worf?"

"Sir."

"Institute a level three computer terminal security alert."

Riker and Worf looked at him in surprise, while Ro seemed to wince.

"At once, sir." Worf nodded deferentially to Picard and Riker, snubbed Ro, and left the room.

Riker looked inquiringly at Picard. "A level three alert, sir? Isn't that a little drastic? Only about thirty people on the *Enterprise* have level three computer clearance. I don't even have one."

"If he has access to our computer, then he knows everything about this ship, including its security."

"The inconvenience will not be crippling, Number One. Everyone can still use the computers, but only those thirty people will be allowed high-level program access. We can keep track of them very easily. For the rest of the crew, it simply means no new recipes for the replicator and no new fantasies in the holodeck. They will have to get by with existing files."

Ro tried not to look at Picard like she would look at some unbelievably arrogant insect. "Sir, it cuts a lot deeper than that. Doctor Crusher won't be able to update her medical files—"

"She will survive, Ensign."

"Commander Laforge has been trying to modify the internal sensors to track Wells. Maybe he has a level three clearance, but some of his staff doesn't. That makes it harder for—"

"Nevertheless, it is how we will proceed."

Ro could hold off no longer. "Sir, it won't work. You're still acting too conventionally. You'll never—"

"Steady, Ensign!" barked Riker.

"Please, you're not listening," said Ro with growing agitation. "You just don't understand the mentality involved, sir. If he has access to our computer, then he knows *everything* about this ship, including its security. Wells has predicted you would put in a computer alert, he—"

"How do *you* know what Wells has predicted, Ensign?" asked Picard.

"Because I predicted it, too, and your holodeck replica confirmed it. Wells knew this was coming, and he *must* have planned for it. That alone is why you can't do it. By putting in this alert, you're increasing the chaos level aboard ship. You're making it easier for him."

Picard stared at her coldly. "Despite your general dislike of your fellow officers and crew, Ensign, they are equal to the problem."

Out of sheer frustration, she smacked her palm onto the table. "Dammit, sir, not when the problem includes *you*!"

"Hey!" yelled Riker.

"That will be all, Ensign!" snapped Picard. "You are dismissed."

She pursed her lips for a moment, apparently swallowing anything further she had to say. She nodded to Picard and quickly left the room.

When the door had closed behind her, Riker asked: "Shall I file an insubordination report, sir?"

Picard glanced sideways at him. "No," he replied flatly. "You're free to go, as well, Will."

When he was alone, Picard removed the component list from the monitor and again faced the meter-wide portrait of Wells. There was a mind behind those dull-looking eyes, he knew; a mind in many ways similar to Ro's. He doubted he would ever understand either of them.

The cargo level was in a state of chaos. Officers and crewmen argued loudly with the harried supply staff, who were trying to deal with the requests, no, *demands*, as quickly as possible. There was a steady stream of supply crew in and out of the hold. They were coming out clutching a precious supply of something-or-other and trying to deliver it to whoever wanted it.

Chief Petty Officer Jackovich was close to pulling out his own hair. He did what he could to hold the chaos in check but it was getting away from him.

"Brownstien!" he yelled.

The crewman on his left jumped, startled. "What?"

"Dammit, you're supposed to be retrieving Engineering supplies, not medical!"

Brownstien stared down at the package in his hand. He had just retrieved it from the hold. "You mean these aren't tritanium filaments?" he asked in a confused and fatigued tone of voice.

"No, those are test tubes." Jackovich snatched the package from Brownstien with such force that it slipped from both their grips and flew into the wall. There was a definite sound of shattering glass.

Jackovich stared at it for a moment.

"Brownstien?" he asked, fighting to keep his voice calm. "How long have you been on shift?"

"Uh, about seven hours."

"Listen to me. Go to *Ten-Forward*. Stay there for an hour. Relax. Come back. Got that? You're useless to me if you keep making mistakes. Now go."

Brownstien paused. "But what about—"

"Just go!" bellowed Jackovich.

Brownstien cringed for a moment. "Okay." He wandered down the corridor, past the throng of demanding crewmen.

One of the crewmen was strangely silent. He stared at Brownstien intently for a moment with light brown eyes set in bland, mild face. Brownstien passed him on the way to the turbolift. The crewman rushed to follow.

The two men entered the turbolift together. Standing beside each other, it was apparent that they were of similar height and build. They were both wearing gold Starfleet uniforms and they both had black hair.

"*Ten-Forward*." said Brownstien wearily.

The other crewman had been behaving nonchalantly to Brownstien, but suddenly looked at him in mild surprise. "Hi." he said brightly.

Brownstien, with no sign of recognition, glanced over at the crewman, then automatically offered

his hand. "Hi, I'm Crewman Brownstien. And you are...?"

The crewman shook Brownstien's hand but wore an embarrassed expression. "Sorry, Brownstien. I thought you were someone else."

Brownstien nodded. "I get that a lot. I guess I have that kind of face."

The crewman smiled sheepishly. "I guess you do."

The turbolift stopped at deck twelve, and the blank-faced crewman stepped out. "So long." he called back to Brownstien. Brownstien nodded absently and the turbolift doors closed. The crewman quickly and purposefully walked to a small and empty conference room. Once there, he reached under the table and pulled out a brown backpack. He sat down, pulled a flat box from the backpack and placed it on the table in front of him. Ignoring the Daystrom

*At once, the man's
face began to
melt, fade, and dissolve
into static.*

Corporation logo, he snapped it open. On the inside cover was a mirror.

The crewman reached up to his throat and lowered the collar of his Starfleet uniform, revealing a choker-like necklace ringed with isolinear chips. He touched a tiny gold button.

At once, the man's face began to melt, fade, and dissolve into static. The holographic illusion dispelled, and Halder Wells examined his own features in the mirror. Not handsome, he knew, but not ugly either. Certainly not ugly enough to justify Ro's rejection. *Ah, well*, he mused. *The bitch had her chance.*

He pulled the counterfeit Starfleet communicator badge from his chest and popped it open, as no communicator badge was ever designed to do. Within the unit was a sophisticated array of recording and playback electronics. Wells pulled a thin cable from the inside of the box and plugged it into a socket within

the badge. At once, the mirror converted to a viewer. The image shown was the face of Crewman Brownstien, as Wells has seen him when they met just a few minutes before.

"Hi, I'm Crewman Brownstien," said the recording.

"Freeze." said Wells. The image complied. "Analyze and prepare for download."

While the kit's computer hummed, Wells removed the choker. He examined it briefly and with admiration. He wished he had invented this device, but was content to have stolen it.

When the kit's computer beeped, Wells gently removed the counterfeit Starfleet badge from the cable, closed it, and placed it back on his chest. With equal care, he plugged the thin cable into a small socket on the choker.

"Begin download."

A few small lights on the choker blinked as a complete analysis of Brownstien's face and voice was received. Within a few seconds, the transfer was complete. Wells removed the choker from the cable and put it back around his neck.

"Clear."

The image of Brownstien on the kit's viewer faded, revealing the mirror. Wells again examined his reflection for a moment, then pushed a tiny blue button on the choker. For several seconds, his entire head was bathed in static, which quickly settled into a perfect copy of Brownstien's face. The illusion exactly matched Wells' own facial movements, be they blinks, yawns, smiles or frowns. Wells pressed yet another tiny button, a green one. This activated the Vocal Modifier Circuit, which would alter the sounds from his larynx to best match Brownstien's voice.

Wells smiled, and his facade did the same.

"Yes, Crewman Brownstien." he commented in Brownstien's voice. "I guess you *do* have that kind of face. And now, so do I."

(continued in our next issue)



SF on TV

RECENTLY, WE FIND OURSELVES WITH A CONSIDERABLE HELPING OF NEW SCIENCE FICTION TV SHOWS TO CHOOSE FROM, WITH STILL MORE UNDER CONSIDERATION BY TELEVISION'S PROGRAMMING TSARS. (NBC, FOR EXAMPLE, IS LOOKING AT MAKING A SERIES OUT OF ITS MOVIE SPECIAL, JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, WHICH AIRED AT THE END OF FEBRUARY.) AMERICA'S BABY-BOOMERS, ENJOYING THE RERUNNING OF MANY OF THE '60s SF SHOWS THAT THEY GREW UP WITH (BATMAN, THUNDERBIRDS, LAND OF THE GIANTS), PARTICULARLY ON THE SCI-FI CHANNEL AND OTHER

STAR TREK: DEEP SPACE NINE

This third Trek TV series, with the popular tradition of Star Trek behind it and without the concerns that TNG faced (whether or not audiences would accept a new Trek), was virtually guaranteed success. And, it has been a success, but surprisingly (and to my delight), much on its own merits.

DSN promised a more down-and-dirty Trek, and it delivers. I find it a lot more appealing than the increasingly anti-septic TNG. The characters are far more interesting than TNG's; they are well drawn, strong personalities, and they do not all have essentially the same agenda, which makes for good, solid drama. I liked all of DSN's characters right off; I didn't have to let 'em grow on me, as I did with TNG's (some TNGers will never grow on me).

The premiere, while it had its shortcomings, was a much better mix of action and drama than was TNG's "Encounter at Farpoint," and DSN's first batch of episodes have been, overall, very good.

STRENGTHS: Strong characters with much dramatic potential, a really cool-looking space station, and good stories (to date).

WEAKNESSES: The sometimes flat acting of star Avery Brooks (Sisko); potential for "cute-kid" episodes involving Sisko's son and the Ferengi kid; and the Cardassians, pompous blowhards of the kind who make unworthy adversaries.

SPACE RANGERS

CBS's Space Rangers premiered in January, and while the sort-of-a-Hill-Street-Blues-in-space concept is not a particularly original one, it is workable. But in this case, it hasn't worked. The problem is in the execution, which is dreadful.

The characters are about as cardboard as they could be—walking clichés—and much of the acting is, at best, so-so (Oscar-winner Linda Hunt, who plays the Rangers' commander, must have hefty mortgage payments to make). The stories are dreck, the dialogue juvenile, and the special effects not up-to-snuff. The show is not intended to be as cerebral as Star Trek say its people, but it might have at least strived to be more cerebral than ALF!

STRENGTHS: None

WEAKNESSES: Everything about the show!

CABLE NETWORKS, ARE NO DOUBT INFLUENCING THE INDUSTRY'S DECISION-MAKERS, WHO ARE ALL TO EAGER TO CREATE HITS AND CAPTURE THE LUCRATIVE BOOMER MARKET FOR THEIR ADVERTISERS. (SF FANS RULE!) UNFORTUNATELY, HOPPING ONTO A BANDWAGON AND RUSHING CONCEPTS INTO PRODUCTION OFTEN RESULTS IN POOR QUALITY PRODUCT. BUT HOPEFULLY, A FEW GEMS WILL SHINE THROUGH. CARL PHILIPS TAKES A QUICK LOOK AT THE FOUR MOST TALKED-ABOUT NEW SF TV SERIES...

SF
on
TV

TIME TRAX

A syndicated series (showing locally on the WSBK superstation, available to CF Cable's pay TV subscribers), Time Trax is a time-travel adventure show that doesn't require its leading man to wear a dress every second week. Trax's co-executive producer is former Trek movie writer/producer Harve Bennett.

The show is about a future cop who goes back in time to track down criminals and desperate people who have escaped to the year 1993 with the aid of an unscrupulous scientist. While an sf show, Bennett is shooting for less in the way of sci-fi gadgetry and snazzy special effects, and more in the way of "humanity." The episodes are well written, the characters solid, the acting quite good; for the most part, I think Trax succeeds rather well. It's not (yet) a great show, but one with great potential, worthy of a look-see.

STRENGTHS: Interesting premise, usually good stories, and good all-around production values.

WEAKNESSES: Sometimes unimaginative stories that don't live up to the show's potential.

BABYLON 5

Syndicated through the Prime Time Entertainment Network, Babylon 5 was a big disappointment. It promised to be a multi-faceted story of action, intrigue, espionage and mystery aboard a huge space station that serves as the neutral ground for five hostile star empires, the Earth Alliance being one of them. Further, it would offer viewers a fascinating sf universe other than the Trek universe—something different for a change. Laudable goals, but goals not realized at all.

As far as I know, only the special, two-hour premiere has aired to date, and it was one dull show. B-5 failed to deliver even a modicum of action or intrigue, and the characters didn't arouse my interest in any way whatsoever. Several instances of amateurish writing and really bad acting added insult to injury.

About the only thing that I did like about B-5 was the look of the show: cool sets and aliens, and very convincing computer-generated space ships.

STRENGTHS: Top-notch computer-generated special effects.

WEAKNESSES: Dull story, uninteresting characters, and several instances of poor writing and bad acting.

Visions '92

par Yolande Rufiange

Il fait soleil au-dessus des nuages. C'est la première réflexion que je me suis faite à bord de l'avion qui nous conduisait à Chicago pour la convention du 27-29 novembre 1992. Et je me suis sentie au soleil et sur un nuage presque toute la convention. Est-ce "l'Effet Visions?"

Ayant assisté à Visions '91, les comparaisons et les différences sautent aux yeux. D'abord l'hôtel, Ramada O'Hare est un quadrilatère autour d'une cour, la convention se déroule dans deux des ailes occasionnant beaucoup de voyages. Il y a aussi moins d'acteurs (un seul pour *Blake's 7*, deux pour *Red Dwarf*, deux pour *Doctor Who*, un pour *Robin of Sherwood*).

La qualité des invités était exceptionnelle. Tant par leur professionnalisme que par leur générosité en temps et en énergie, que par la chaleur et la simplicité de leur présence sur scène et dans les corridors de la convention. Même les autres invités, producteurs, écrivains, étaient des communicateurs enthousiastes et ont donné temps et

énergie sans compter.

Contrairement à l'an dernier, tous les principaux invités étaient du Variety Show. Ils se sont donnés, simplement et généreusement, dans une bonne humeur contagieuse et le désir de monter un spectacle inoubliable. La salle en a redemandé et a réussi à entendre, en prime, chanter Michael Praed, protestant un peu puisqu'il ne s'y était pas préparé, ne devant qu'être l'animateur de la soirée.

Autre différence, les "panels" professionnels n'avaient pas de thèmes, les invités répondaient aux questions de l'auditoire. Avec des Craig Charles et Robert Llewellyn (*Red Dwarf*) qui, entre les questions ou sur demande, chantent, dansent, récite un poème, donne des imitations ou racontent blagues et anecdotes, le temps file à "Warp 9", mais avec un Michael Praed (le premier *Robin of Sherwood*) un peu gêné ou réservé, il y a des silences. Heureusement les organisateurs ont compris très vite et l'ont associé avec d'autres qui allaient non seulement chercher la salle mais le poussait à élaborer davantage lui-aussi. Entre Gareth Thomas (*Blake's 7*) et Colin Baker (*Doctor Who*, le sixième), Michael Praed se trouvait catapulté par leur bonne humeur et leur cabotinage et

oubliait une partie de sa réserve.

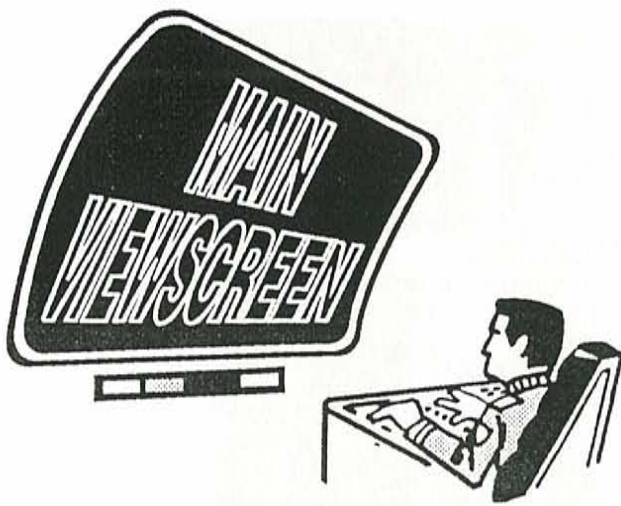
Nous avons souvent eu l'impression d'être privilégiés, d'être en compagnie d'acteurs, d'auteurs, d'humains exceptionnels, mais très proche de nous, alors que nous avons trop tendance à les mettre sur un piedestal. Un Gareth Thomas, tout simple, qui démystifie son métier et veut nous faire accepter qu'il est d'abord avec nous pour nous dire merci, car c'est grâce à nous qu'il fait ce qu'il aime et réussit si bien à gagner sa vie.

L'énergie des gens sur scène était à un niveau rarement rencontré. Ils devaient fonctionner à l'adrénaline, comme les gens de la salle, ou avoir une autre source de combustion très efficace. Tous ont donné le maximum et semblaient souhaiter que la convention dure encore une semaine, nous aussi, nous l'aurions souhaité. Mais nous avons laissé Visions avec la certitude que l'an prochain sera exceptionnel. Tous les efforts pour réunir le maximum de *Doctor* possible, et d'artistes qui y ont participé, promet une des meilleures conventions possibles de ce côté-ci de l'Atlantique. Je vous invite donc à vous joindre à nous en novembre prochain pour Visions '93, la célébration du trentième anniversaire de *Doctor Who*.

Garfield

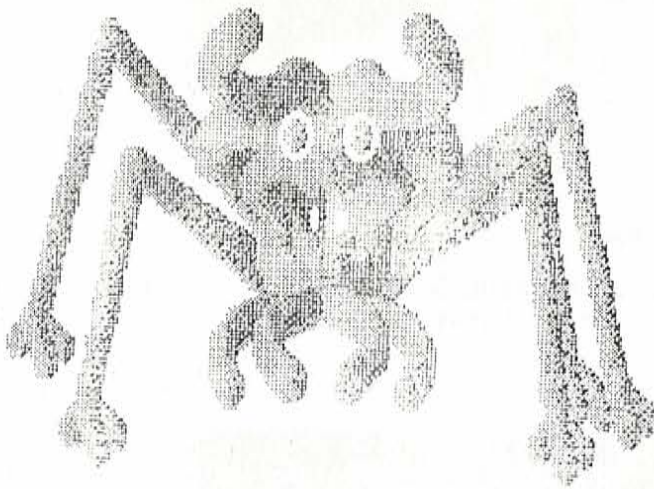


By Jim Davis



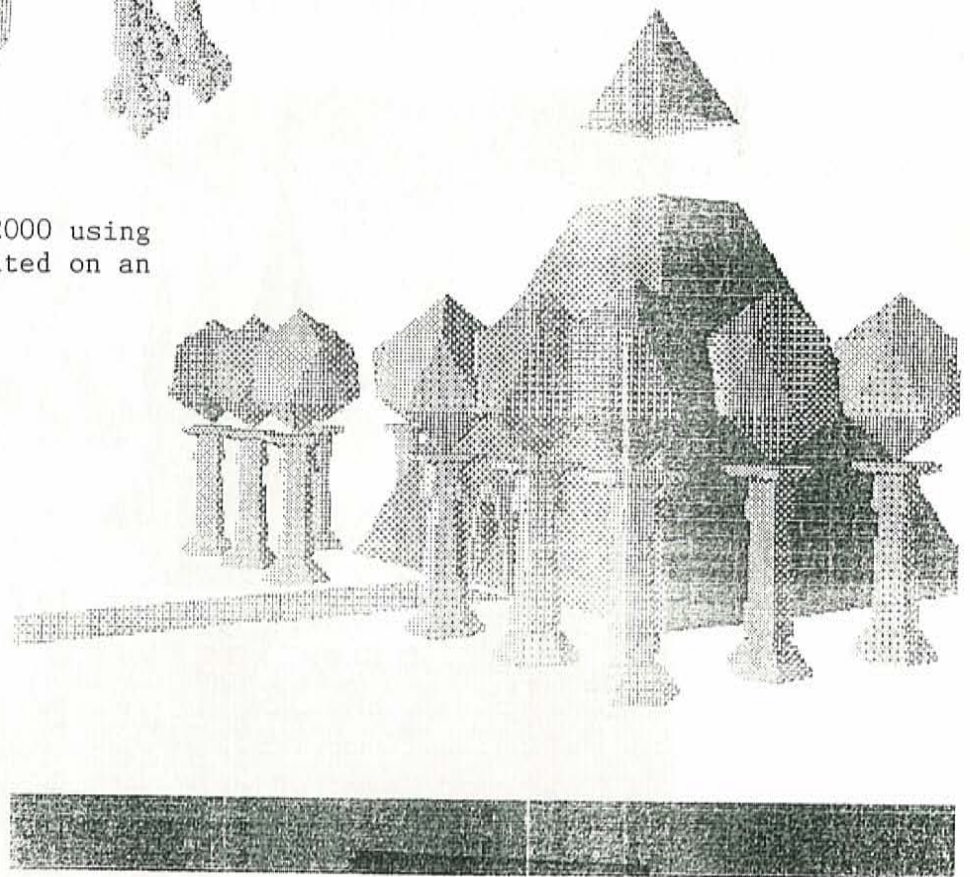
MAIN VIEWSCREEN IS A SEMI-REGULAR FEATURE OF WARP WHICH SHOWCASES THE ARTWORK OF MonSFFA MEMBERS, AS WELL AS MEMBERS OF GREATER FANDOM.

IN THIS ISSUE WE FEATURE SOME OF THE COMPUTER ART OF MonSFFA TREASURER SYLVAIN ST-PIERRE.



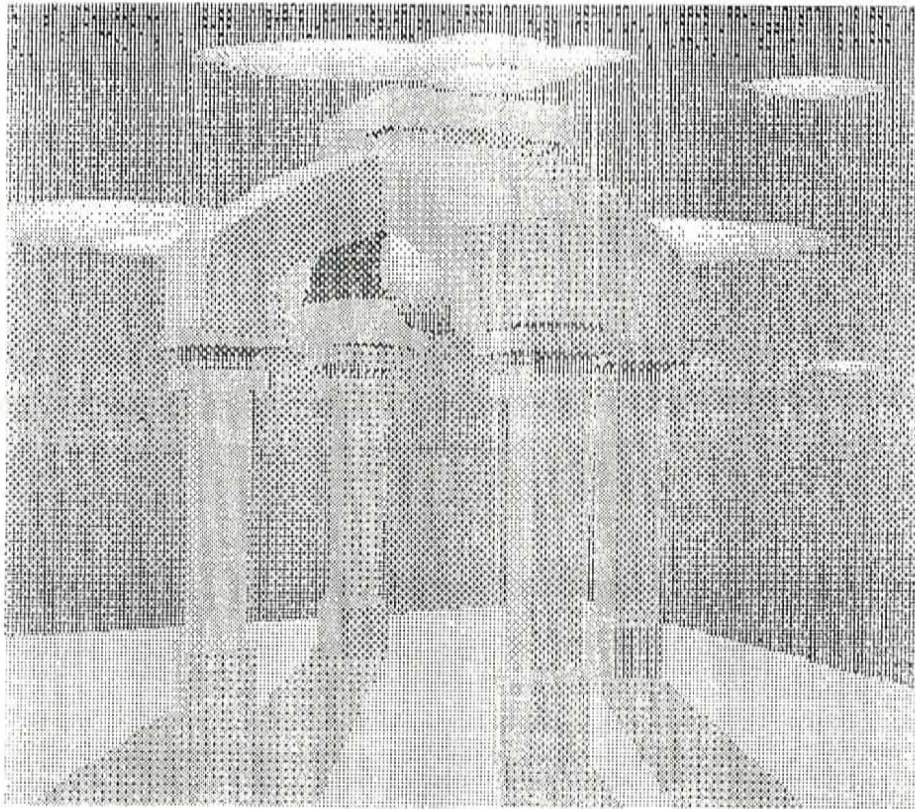
Bug

Realized on an Amiga 2000 using Deluxe Paint III; printed on an Epson LQ-510.



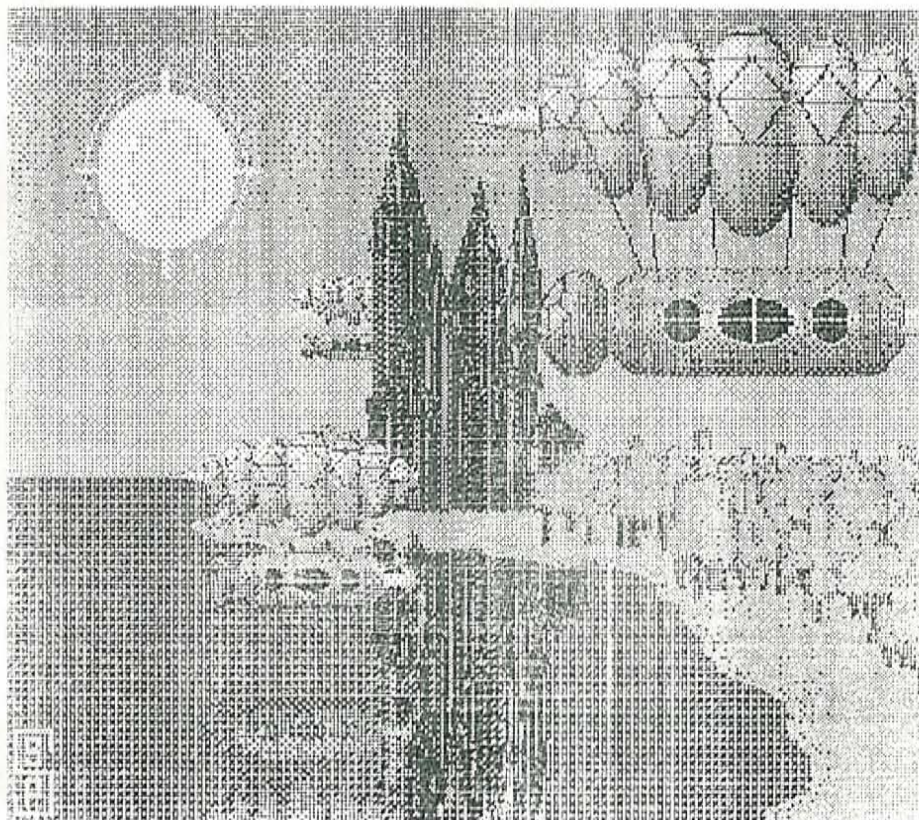
The Pyramid at the Edge of the Polychrome Desert

Realized on an Amiga 2000 using Sculpt 3D; printed on an Epson LQ-510



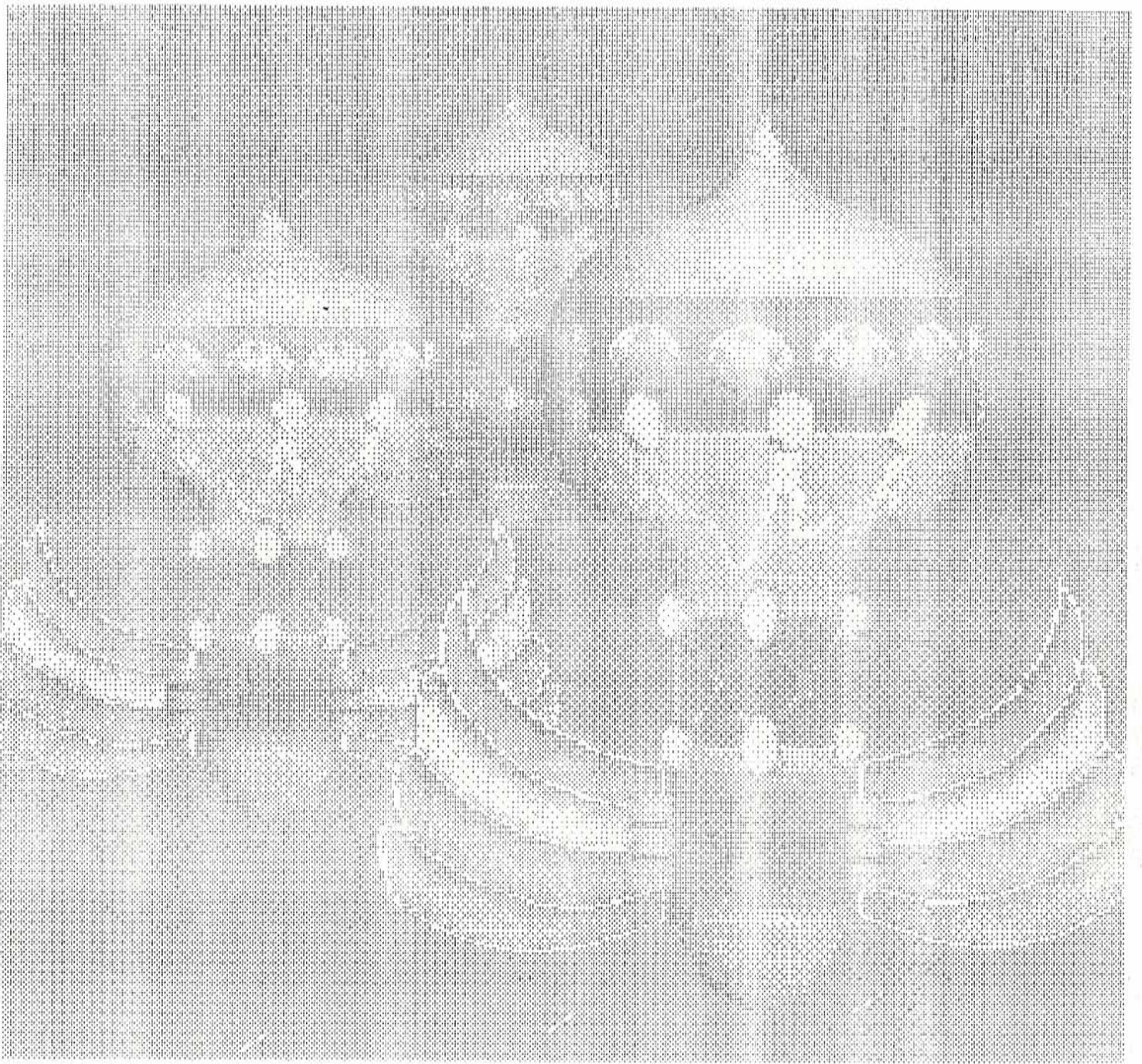
Folly by the Purple Sea

Realized on an Amiga 2000 using Sculpt 3D,
Deluxe Paint III and Photon Paint; printed
on an Epson LQ-510.



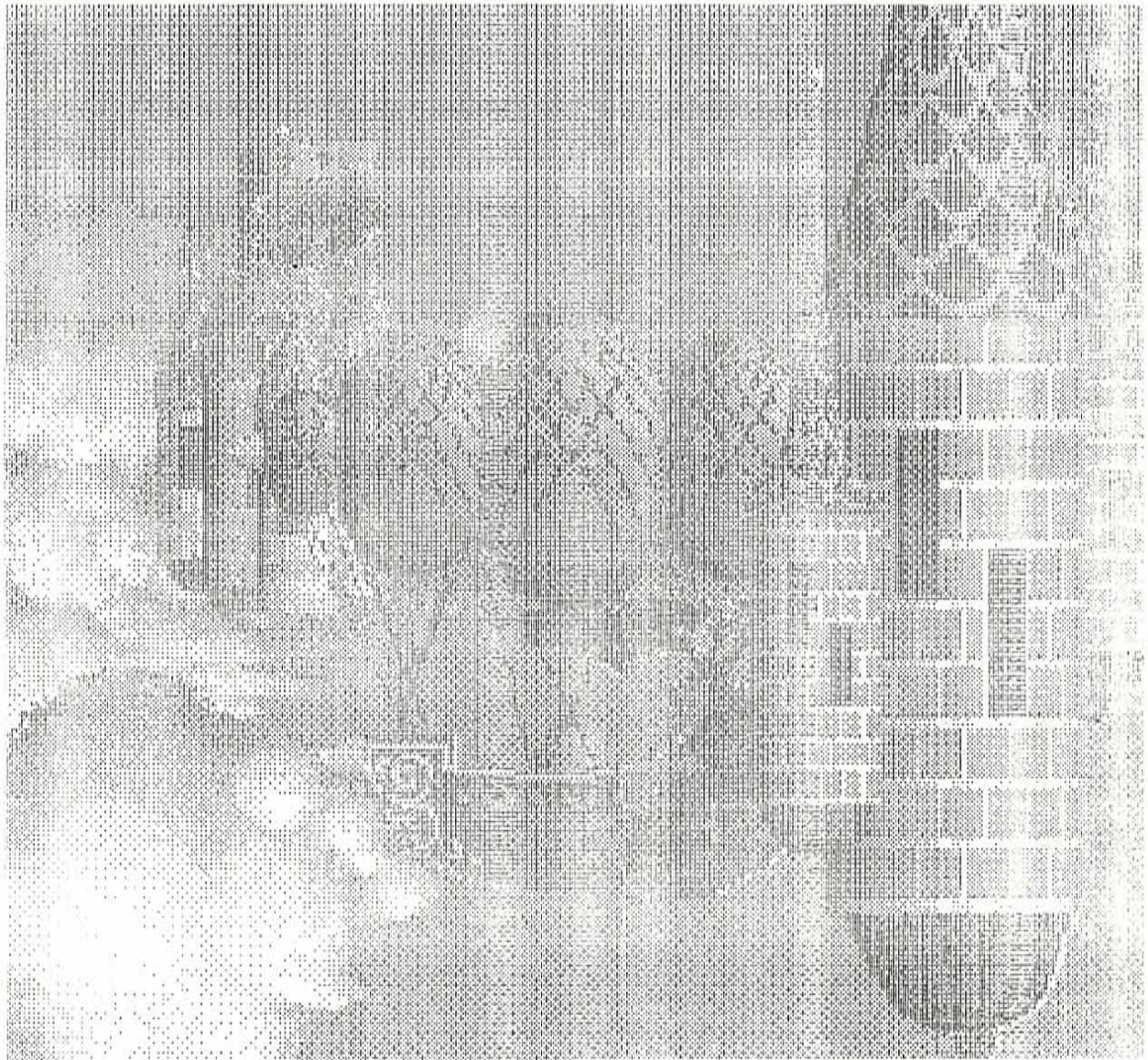
The Towers by the Lake

Realized on an Amiga 2000 using Photon
Paint; printed on an Epson LQ-510



Montgolfières

Realized on an Amiga 2000 using Photon Paint; printed
on an Epson LQ-510



Castles in the Sky

Realized on an Amiga 2000 using Photon
Paint; printed on an Epson LQ-510

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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.

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INTÉRÊTS: _____

MonSFFA has received from _____

L'AMonSFF à reçu de _____

the amount of _____

le montant de _____

MonSFFA Representative

Représentant de l'AMonSFF

FESTIVAL

SCIENCE-FICTION I

MONTRÉAL
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
Kum (Worf's brother),
Star Trek: The Next Generation



JOHN LEVENE
Sgt. Benton, Doctor Who

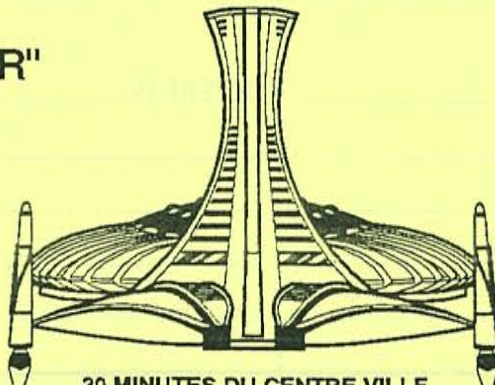


**LARRY "THE DOCTOR"
STEWART**
Master of Ceremonies
Extraordinaire



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 | • DISCUSSION PANELS
(2 ROOMS) | • MASCARADE | • AUTOGRAPHS |
| • DEALERS | • GAMES (TRIVIA) | • TRIBUNES (2 SALLES) | • VENDEURS |
| • 2 VIDEO ROOMS | • LOUNGE | • JEUX | • 2 SALLES DE VIDÉOS |
| • AUCTIONS | • PARTY SUITE | • CANTINE | • ENCANS |
| • WORKSHOPS | | • SALLE DE RÉCEPTION | • ATELIERS |
| • MASQUERADE | | | |