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WARP

31

The Official Newsletter of the Montreal Science Fiction & Fantasy Association (MonSFFA)



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WORLDCON '94

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DS9 STORY, "RISK
AND SACRIFICE,"
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LOST RACE NOVELS

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ON SF TV SHOWS
STAR TREK:
VOYAGER, *DEEP*
SPACE NINE,
DOCTOR WHO,
SEAQUEST, *EARTH 2*,
AND OTHERS
(SEE "SENSORS")

AND MORE...

Five Fifteen

Ann C. Orsinger Ann Stan

Roll Call

MonSFFA's Executive Committee:

Lynda Pelley: President

Cathy Palmer-Lister: Vice-President

Sylvain St-Pierre: Treasurer

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Newsletter Staff:

Keith Braithwaite: Editing, Layout

Michael Masella: Typesetting, Word-Processing, Laser-Printing

Lynda Pelley: Word-Processing, Photo-Scans.

Berny Reischl: Non-Mac to Mac Computer File Translation

Murphy: Typos, Misspellings, and Other Errors

COVER UP: Kevin Holden's sketch, spoofing the *Blade Runner* movie poster, was one of the pieces shown at MonSFFA's recent SF/F art-theme meeting, and we've selected it as this issue's cover. The cross-pollinating of the cinematic visions of Ridley Scott and Friz Freleng, Chuck Jones, et al. brings a looney touch to the modern SF movie classic. Kevin calls his sketch "Bwade Wunnuh."

1994 MonSFFA MEETING SCHEDULE

**ALL MEETINGS HELD SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, 1:00PM TO 4:00PM
(SOME MEETINGS INCLUDE MORNING ACTIVITIES, WHICH BEGIN AT
11:00AM) IN THE ARTIMON I ROOM OF THE MARITIME HOTEL, 1155
GUY STREET (CORNER RENÉ LÉVESQUE), DOWNTOWN MONTREAL**

1994 MEETING PROGRAMMING (REMAINDER OF YEAR)
Programming subject to rescheduling and/or change

OCTOBER 16: 11:00AM, equipment set-up/check, and rehearsal in preparation for recording of radio play prepared by MonSFFA's writers' group. 1:00PM, recording of radio play. (Note: club members are encouraged to *participate* in this final stage of the radio play project. Actors, sound-effects people, and technical people will all be required. Contact Dave Legault at 698-0239 for more info, and to confirm your participation.) Following the recording session, *time permitting*, a discussion panel will be held. The Halloweenish questions asked of participants will be: "What scares you, and why?" and "Can they still make a good, scary horror movie in this day and age?"

NOVEMBER 20: MonSFFA's annual "SF/F Garage Sale!" Boxes worth of genre books, comics, posters, toys, collectibles, etc. will be offered up for sale, auction, and raffle. Great bargains abound! Members are encouraged to bring a friend.

DECEMBER 10: MonSFFA's Christmas Party! (Particulars to follow; December 11 MonSFFA meeting cancelled in favour of party.)

JANUARY
16

FEBRUARY
13

MARCH
13

APRIL
17

MAY
15

JUNE
12

AUGUST
28

SEPTEMBER
18

OCTOBER
16

NOVEMBER
20

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. The use of copyrighted material in this newsletter is a no-no, but is not intended to infringe on any of the rights of the copyright holders. Come on people, lighten up. This is an amateur publication, intended for enjoyment only. Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as you please—Mark Twain on journalism

FROM THE CENTER SEAT

If all went well with our production schedule, you picked up this issue of *Warp* at the MonSFFA table at the Montreal Science Fiction Festival II, or, if you did not attend the MSFF II, you received it shortly thereafter in the mail.

I am pleased to report that the MonSFFA group registration for the Festival was a great success. A total of 25 people participated; that was 10 over and above the required 15-person minimum. All of these MonSFFA members and their friends saved \$10 off the at-the-door price.

Group rates and special discount programs are part of the advantage of belonging to a club. Lately, the cost of attending fannish events has escalated quite a bit, and the executive of MonSFFA will always attempt to get special deals for members whenever possible.

On that note, Con•Cept '95 will take place on March 31st, April 1st, and April 2nd, at the Holiday Inn Crown Plaza Metro Centre. The guests include authors Spider and Jeanne Robinson (*Stardance*, *Starseed*; Spider alone, *Mindkiller*, *Time Pressure*, *Time Travellers Strictly Cash*, and the *Callahan's Crosstime Saloon* series), artist Vincent DiFate, author Brian Daley (*Star Wars* and *The Empire Strikes Back* NPR radio scripts, the *Han Solo* trilogy), and others. The regular pre-registration rate is \$24 before March 15, 1995, and the at-the-door price is \$29. The special group rate being offered to MonSFFA members is \$18 for the weekend for a group of 12 people or more. The deadline to sign up is the October 16th meeting.

Yes, we have added an October 16th meeting to the schedule. It will take place in the *Beaupré I* room, instead of our usual room. MonSFFA never used to have an October meeting, because we were all too busy running Con•Cept. However, since Con•Cept is now run by a different group of people, independent of MonSFFA,

and since the convention has moved to the spring, October is available for a meeting.

Also scheduled for October is the Montreal Hobby Show, which takes place annually at Place Bonaventure. As usual, it is on Thanksgiving weekend, this year October 8-10. MonSFFA has been attending this event for several years, and has again been invited to be an exhibitor. Therefore, we need about 12 to 14 volunteers over the course of the weekend to staff our 3-table display booth. Our table volunteers will get in to the show free, and the rest of MonSFFA's membership who want to attend will get 25% off the door price if they show their MonSFFA card.

For those who build models, the CapCon '94 Scale Modeling Contest and Show takes place on Saturday, October 22, 1994, at the Holiday Inn (Market Square) in Ottawa. This show runs from 9:00 AM to 11:30 PM and the cost is \$4, plus \$1 per model entered in the competition. Plaques will be awarded in over 80 categories. I have attended this show every year for the last four years and have always had a good time.

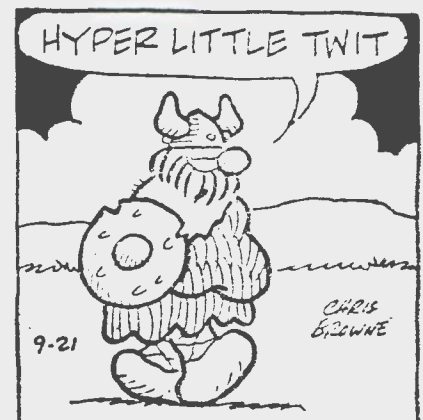
ERTL has finally released the long awaited U.S.S. *Excelsior* model kit. However, to coincide with the release of the new film *Star Trek: Generations* in November, the model will be repackaged with new box art and a different set of decals so as to be the *Enterprise-B* featured in *Generations*. So, the pre-release *Excelsior* version available in hobby stores now, will surely become a collector's item. If you want one, I suggest that you buy it soon!

As always, I urge you to renew your memberships on time, to attend the monthly meetings, to read your *Warp*, and most importantly, to participate.

Lynda Pelley

Lynda Pelley
President, MonSFFA

Hägar The Horrible



By Dik Browne

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 an 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 this and 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.)

COMICS
CARDS



EMPIRE

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1201 Crescent, H3G 2B1
Tel.: (514) 871-1402

Empire Hotline:
345-5544

15% off on SF/F merchandise and on back issues of comics; U.S. cover price on new comic books.



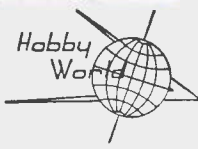
MEMORABILIA & COLLECTIBLES

Grace Wong & RuthAnn Raycroft

P.O. Box 80005, Broadmoor P.O.
82 Athabasca Avenue, Sherwood Park, AB T8A 5T1
Tel.: 1-403-449-6936 Fax: 1-403-467-4931

10% off on all orders (include your name, MonSFFA membership number and expiration date when ordering).

Hobby World
TEL.: 514-481-5434



5450 SHERBROOKE ST. WEST
MONTREAL, QC
CANADA H4A 1V9

FAX: 514-481-5468

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

MonSFFA Discount Program

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COMIX

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- OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

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Dunnville, Ont.
N1A 2W2, Canada
Tel: 416-774-8337

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Fax: 416-774-8495

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



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(613) 233-1159 · fax (613) 830-5811

10% off on all orders (include your name,
MonSFFA membership number and
expiration date when ordering).

COMPUTCENTRE

Fairview Shopping Centre
6615 Trans Canada Highway G-19
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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.

EL PASO KOMIX



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SUPER-HEROS FAVORIS

WHERE SPIDEY READS THE
STORIES OF HIS FAVORITE
SUPER-HEROES

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Open 7 days a week

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



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Science Fiction & Space Model Kits

Send \$1.00 for our latest catalogue

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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).



JOUEUX

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



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Bags & Supplies
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Montreal Que. H4A 3K3
489-4009

KOMICO
One Block South of Villa Marie Metro

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



USED AND COLLECTIBLE BOOKS • COMICS • RECORDS

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

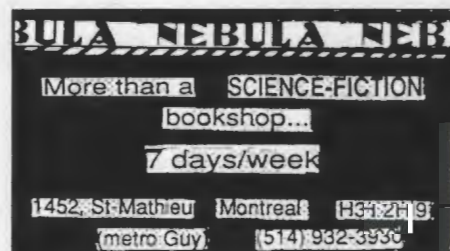
10% off on most merchandise.



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metro McGill

844-4329

Between 10% and 15% off on most
merchandise.



10% off on everything except imports and
magazines.

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COMIX

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20% off on most merchandise.



L'endroit où tout
trouver
B.D. (achat-vente)
Jeux de rôle
romans et plus

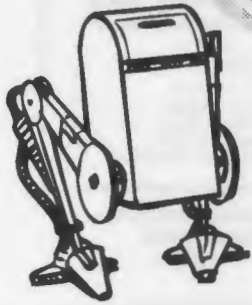
7190, St-Hubert, Montréal, Québec H2R 2N1 ☎ (514) 273-0061
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10% off on most merchandise. Does not apply
to discounts already offered by this
establishment.

1,000,000
COMIX

5164 Queen Mary Road
Montreal, Quebec

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.

Hello,

I am writing to you because I am interested in your association. I would like to have more information on the types of events that there are every month, as well as info on *Warp*.

Zenko Turek
Montreal, Quebec

Thank you for your interest, Zenko.

*At our monthly meetings, we cover many SF/F topics. Among the subjects explored this past year, for example, are Battlestar: Galactica, the Shoemaker-Levy 9 comet's collision with Jupiter, SF/F art, and of course, the finale of TNG. We also welcomed a guest speaker to one of our meetings; he spoke on Canadian SF literature. And, several of our members have written and are producing an SF/F radio play. We will forward you this, and more information, along with a couple of back issues of *Warp*.*

We hope you like what MonSFFA has to offer the SF/F fan, and we hope to soon welcome you to our ranks.—Ed

Dear Lynda,

I want to take this time to thank you and the Montreal Science Fiction

and Fantasy Association for coming to Plattsburgh on August 13th to answer phones. Volunteers, as you may know, are the essence to virtually all activities that go on here at Mountain Lake Public Broadcasting (WCFF-TV). A portion of our federal funding is based on volunteers donating their time to the station. So you see, you are important to Mountain Lake Public Broadcasting.

You helped Mountain Lake Public Broadcasting exceed its goal! We raised \$66,362; that's \$1362 over our goal. Thanks again and I look forward to seeing you in December.

Sincerely,

Christine Hahl
Membership Coordinator, WCFF-TV
Plattsburgh, New York

You are quite welcome. It is always a pleasure for us to help you guys out in whatever way we can, especially so because you continue to air Red Dwarf, a show which is very popular with our members.—Lynda Pelley

Dear MonSFFolk,

As I'm sure you know, there are many MonSFFA members who are also members of my club, The High Council of Gallifrey (Montreal's *Doctor Who* fan club). It is on behalf of several of these shared members that I write this letter.

These members all received the latest issue of *Warp* (number 30), and were concerned about the lack of information in that issue relating to the upcoming return of *Doctor Who*. Both the recent work that was done for a movie based on the series (although this has since fallen through), as well as the confirmed plans by Amblin Entertainment to produce new episodes of the series in early 1995 were completely ignored in that issue's pages.

Now my initial reaction, when people started commenting on this, was that perhaps MonSFFA felt that the special interests of *Doctor Who* fans in Montreal are already well met by The H.C.o.G, and that MonSFFA members who were interested in *Doctor Who* were probably already H.C.o.G. members and could therefore get the news from our own fanzine, thus making it redundant for MonSFFA to print the information. However, as other people further commented on the situation, it became clear that the nature of recent events, most notably the confirmed involvement of such people as Steven Spielberg, Leonard Nimoy, Nicholas Meyer, and Denny Martin Flinn (all of whom have various ties to science fiction outside of *Doctor Who*), made the recent news of *Doctor Who*'s upcoming return newsworthy not just to *Doctor Who* fans, but to fans of SF in general, and certainly at least as worthy of mention in *Warp* as the news on

The Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA) offers its congratulations on a job well done to the chair, con-com, and staff of Canadian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention (September 1-5, 1994; Winnipeg, Canada)

Earth 2 or seaQuest DSV.

And so, MonSFFolk, the question has to be asked: Why no mention? Is there some reason that I can't think of that you could have for thinking that MonSFFA members wouldn't be interested in all this news? Was it a mere (but major!) oversight? Did alien beings appear in the MonSFFA editorial offices and command you to withhold this latest Doctor Who information?

Well, whatever the reason may have been, I wanted to bring this to your attention and give you a chance to tell us what happened, here.

And by the way, all MonSFFA members are, of course, welcome to come to the inevitable H.C.o.G "The Doctor's Back" party when the new series debuts next year.

See You All Soon,

Andrew Gurudata
President, High Council of Gallifrey
Montreal, Quebec

We did report, in Warp 26 (November '93), that a BBC plan for a Doctor Who TV special centering on the fourth Doctor ended up being

scrapped, much to the disappointment of fans anticipating fresh Who for the 30th anniversary of the series. And in Warp 27 (February '94), we covered the news of Steven Spielberg's seeking to acquire the rights to Doctor Who from the BBC, with plans to make a big-budget American-TV version of the series. Included here was a note on all the speculation about Knight Rider's David Hasselhoff being considered for the part of Doctor number eight. But as to this more recent news of which you speak, well, you've got us there!

Rest assured that we did not for a moment ever think that this Who news was of no interest to MonSFFolk. In failing to cover it, we just plain and simply goofed. Indeed, news of the return of such a venerable SF TV series as Doctor Who is very much worth reporting, particularly when an American production team will likely bring new twists (perhaps controversial ones for some Who purists) to the long-lived BBC classic.

MonSFFA is a multi-interest SF/F club. In our monthly meetings and in our newsletter we are open to exploring any and all areas of both science fiction and fantasy—literature, film and television, art, and so on. And that, of

course, includes Doctor Who. We agree that this news was, as you have so rightly pointed out, "certainly at least as worthy of mention in Warp as the news of Earth 2 or seaQuest DSV." We've included the word of The Doctor's return in this issue's "Sensors" (better late than never).

Your H.C.o.G. fanzine, Foreman Report, is an excellent source of Doctor Who news and information, and our shared members were able to turn to it when Warp failed to deliver this latest Who news, so in the final analysis, none of these members were left in the dark. But that's no excuse for Warp's having missed the boat. We should have been on top of these developments, and for whatever reason, we weren't. What can we say? These things happen.

But all of that being said, one should keep in mind that this SF/F fandom thing is, in the end, just a hobby, and we trust that no one lost any sleep over "the situation." We accept your letter as a good-natured poke at us for having missed out on a bit of topical news of interest to SF fans.

Also, alien beings appeared in the MonSFFA editorial offices and commanded us to withhold this latest Doctor Who information.—Ed

Bulletin Board

MONSFFA will be at
The Montreal Hobby
Show (October 8-10,
Place Bonaventure)

(25% DISCOUNT ON PRICE-OF-
ADMISSION FOR OUR MEMBERS!)

ANYONE FAMILIAR WITH
THE USE OF PSI POWERS
IN SCIENCE FICTION AND
FANTASY LITERATURE, AND
INTERESTED IN WORKING
ON A DISCUSSION PANEL
FOR A FUTURE CLUB
MEETING, PLEASE GET IN
TOUCH WITH ME AT
REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS.
JOSÉE BELLEMARE

October 16 Meeting
added to schedule

MonSFFAAndom

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

EMPIRE COMICS JOINS MonSFFA DISCOUNT PROGRAM

Empire Comics and Cards has signed on to MonSFFA's discount program, effective with the release of this issue of *Warp*. Empire is offering MonSFFA members 15% off on the purchase of SF/F merchandise, and on back issues of comic books. Also, MonSFFA members will be able to buy new comic books at the U.S. cover price, which is often quite a bit less than the Canadian price.

Empire is located at 1201 Crescent Street, just north of René-Lévesque Boulevard. Fans who've been residents of Montreal for some years may recognize Empire's address as that of the original Nova Bookshop, this city's first SF/F bookstore.

MonSFFA is pleased to welcome Empire Comics and Cards to the club's discount program. Members must present a valid MonSFFA membership card to the cashier in order to benefit from these discount offerings; conditions are subject to change.

OCTOBER MEETING ADDED TO SCHEDULE

MonSFFA has added an October meeting to its schedule. In past years, because Con•Cept took place in mid-October and we were then involved with running the con, we did not hold an October meeting. However, Con•Cept won't be taking place this year, and beginning next year, will run at the end of March-beginning of April. October, therefore, has become open to scheduling a MonSFFA meeting, and so, added to our 1994 MonSFFA Meeting Schedule is a Sunday, October 16th, date.

MONTREAL HOBBY SHOW

MonSFFA will be participating, again this year, in the Montreal

Hobby Show (Place Bonaventure, October 8-10). Volunteers are needed to staff our display/recruitment tables. Members with a few hours to spare on any or all of the Hobby Show's dates, and/or with a few SF/F toys, models, collectibles, etc. which would make good display items for our tables, are asked to contact MonSFFA president Lynda Pelley (672-8846) and let her know.

Also, Lynda has arranged for a 25% discount on the Hobby Show's admission price for card-carrying MonSFFA members. (Members volunteering as table staff will, of course, get in free.)

AUGUST MonSFFA MEETING

MonSFFA's August meeting, originally scheduled for the 14th, had to be moved to the 28th, both to avoid conflicting with several other SF/F events running on the weekend of the 13th and 14th, and to allow us more time to prepare our meeting programming. The meeting was open to any and all of Montreal's SF/F fans. Our theme: SF/F art.

Representatives of the *Warp 9* and High Council of Gallifrey clubs

were invited to give a pre-meeting slide show on the Montreal Science Fiction Festival (these two clubs are involved in the organizing and running of the MSFF). About a dozen people caught this presentation at 11:30AM.

Attendance swelled to some 40 to 45 for the 1:00 PM look at SF/F art.

MonSFFA president Lynda Pelley opened the meeting with a few quick bits of club business, including a reminder that this meeting was the last chance for MonSFFA members and friends to take advantage of the special SF Festival advance-registration rate negotiated by Lynda with the Festival's organizers. (By the end of the meeting, 25 people had signed up, saving themselves \$10 apiece on the Fest's weekend price of admission.) Lynda then handed off to Keith Braithwaite, host of our exploration of SF/F art.

Keith, along with Berny Reischl (both of them among the ranks of MonSFFA's artists), gave a brief slide-show overview of the history of SF/F illustration, from the late 19th century, through the pulp magazine



Above and left: MonSFFA view art at August 28 meeting. (Above photo by Bill Strople, all other MonSFFA photos by Daniel P. Kenney.)

era, and on up to the present day. They spoke of the various illustration styles employed by genre artists, highlighting the work of such notable practitioners as Frank R. Paul, Frank Kelly Freas, Virgil Finlay, Frank Frazetta, Chesley Bonestell, Robert McCall, Chris Foss, Roger Dean, Michael Whelan, Dave Stevens, Ralph McQuarrie, Ron Cobb, and Syd Mead. (This was a capsulization of the presentation Keith and Berny—with Larry Stewart—gave on behalf of MonSFFA at TransWarp '94.)

Next, a one-hour video, prepared by Keith with an assist from Kevin Holden, was screened. Keith and Kevin visited the studios of MonSFFArtists Jean-Pierre Normand (a professional SF/F illustrator), Berny, and John Matthias. Keith, wearing his TV-interviewer's hat (he wore quite a few hats, in fact—one of the gags thrown into the video for fun had Keith donning a different hat with practically every scene change or cut-away), asked the three artists about their illustration techniques and had them demonstrate a little for the camera.

A short break followed the video and the meeting's raffle was held. Prizes included a copy of the *Star Trek: Generations* shooting script.

Our look at SF/F art continued with another slide show, by Berny, showing the step-by-step progression (from preliminary sketch



Art on display: Thumbnail and working sketches were included along side finished pieces.

to finished piece), of an airbrush painting he had done a few years ago.

This was followed by a Q&A session with the club's artists, who fielded questions about their work and offered tips to aspiring artists in the crowd.

Several tables had been set up at the back of the room, on which were displayed the works of a number of MonSFFA's artistically inclined members, namely Keith, Jean-Pierre, André Poliquin, René Walling, Sylvain St-Pierre, Maureen Whitelaw, and Kevin Holden. Some of our guests visiting from other clubs showed their work, as well. Thumbnail and working sketches were included along side the finished products so as to show how a piece is developed. Rendering techniques represented included pencil, marker, brush, airbrush, and several combinations of these.

Over two dozen of these works of art (a roughly half-and-half mix of originals and reproductions) were tagged for the SF/F art auction which closed the meeting. This auction netted \$112 for the club. (MonSFFA thanks *very much* those artists who generously donated art to the auction. All monies raised at such ventures is geared to helping



MonSFFA members check out a portfolio of fantasy drawings during a break in the meeting.

finance MonSFFA's activities.)

The club's writers' group announced that the script for its radio play has been completed, and that they are now recruiting actors and technical people for the final stage of the project, the recording of the play. MonSFFA members who'd like to participate in the recording session (slated to take place at our October 16th meeting) are asked to give their names and phone numbers to David Legault. Dave can be reached at 698-0239.

The club thanks the team of MonSFFA members who put our August 28 meeting together. A special nod of thanks is due the MonSFFArtists who participated—they really made the whole thing a great success. Thanks also to those members who donated raffle prizes, and to those who stocked our snack table. And thanks to our guests from Warp 9 and the High Council for their Montreal SF Festival slide show. Lastly, thanks to all the MonSFFen and MonSFFriends who attended.

MonSFFA AT WCFE

A dozen MonSFFen made the trip down to Plattsburgh, New York, on Saturday, August 13, in answer to



Art auction begins

another request from public television station WCFE for pledge-phone volunteers. It proved to be a quiet night for pledges, that is until *Red Dwarf* came on towards the end of the evening.

Our experience these past couple of years has been that *Red Dwarf* really brings in the pledges. The folks at WCFE tell us that, in response to the enthusiastic support demonstrated for *Dwarf*, they expect to be carrying season seven of the series as soon as they can get it in from England, probably sometime in March or April of '95.

EXPO-JEUX

MonSFFA attended the Expo-Jeux event (staged by the gang who put on Conv-iction) in Longueuil on Sunday, August 21. This SF/F hobby show was designed along the lines of the one we attended recently in St-Jérôme, the idea being to get several of Montreal's genre hobby groups

(like MonSFFA) together and bring SF/F fandom to the attention of people in suburban areas and regions outside of greater Montreal.

Regrettably, a parade or demonstration or something ended up blocking Metro access to the hotel in which Expo-Jeux was taking place, no doubt discouraging potential attendees. Also, the hotel underwent a name change after flyers advertising the event had been printed up and distributed, which must have left folks walking or driving right past the place looking for the "right" hotel. As a result, attendance was virtually nil, with the table staffs of the various participating clubs and dealers easily outnumbering the paying public. The Conv-iction people had planned and set up a good little mini-con, but were unfortunately waylaid by Murphy.

Still, MonSFFA managed a few dollars worth of business and handed out a couple dozen of our

promotional flyers. Thanks go out to the crew of MonSFFA members who worked our tables at Expo-Jeux.

RELEASE OF BRYAN'S DEN DELAYED

Bryan's Den, a limited-edition collection of MonSFFA's Bryan Ekers' short stories (including "Risk and Sacrifice," the *DS9* story currently running as a serial in *Warp*) had been scheduled for release at the September 18 MonSFFA meeting, but production delays have caused that plan to be abandoned. *Den* will now, likely, become available only in October. Stay tuned to this space for further information.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Please be sure to renew your MonSFFA membership *on time* when your time to renew comes up. *Without your continuing support, your club won't be able to continue!*

Join MonSFFA, Get WARPed!

As a MonSFFA member, you'll get *Warp*
bi-monthly, by mail! (To join MonSFFA, see page 29.)

We received the following report on Winnipeg's Conadian (The 52nd World Science Fiction Convention) just in time to be able to include it in this issue. It comes to us courtesy MonSFFAn Sylvain St-Pierre, freshly returned from the WorldCon. We expect to have more WorldCon reviews, plus photos, for you in the next issue of Warp.

A REPORT ON CONADIAN

by Sylvain St-Pierre

The 52nd WorldCon was held in Winnipeg between September 1st and 5th. This was only the third time that the World SF Con has come to Canada. It certainly was a rare treat to be able to leave my passport at home, and not to have to change my money.

The Winnipeg Convention Center is remarkably well laid out, and moving around was fast and easy, as opposed to facilities where you almost have to use another dimension to go from one panel to another. The location was also within a short walking distance of the major hotels, and two of them are even connected to the Center by skywalks. Although it was a bit more expensive, I stayed at one of the latter, as you can never tell what the weather will be like.

The con organizers must have turned on the weather machine or sacrificed a virgin or two, for the sky remained clear most of the week, with only a couple of showers towards the end (at an inconvenient time, of course).

Despite what some fans will tell you, the actual mundane city surrounding the convention should be taken into consideration when voting for a site. Winnipeg does not have a whole lot in the way of touristic attractions, but it is located smack in the middle of the continent, and attendance would probably have been lower if it had not been within reach of so many places. The city is clean, and there are some interesting spots, like Dalnavert (a marvelously well-renovated Victorian house) and the Museum of Man. The Crystal Casino is a quaint,

small, Old World-style place, but no competition for the Montreal Casino.

The food guide that came with the registration package was comprehensive, even if it listed the Edohei Sushi & Japanese Restaurant in the wrong city block. There were a lot of options, and I tried many of them. The meals were decent, but desperately bland to my Montreal palate. Call it chauvinism if you like, but there are few places where one can eat as well as here in Montreal.

The locals were enthusiastic about greeting us. Several shops had "Welcome Conadians" banners, and even the airport bookshop had a prominent display of books by the Guest of Honour, Anne McCaffrey.

How was the con?

Well, first, it should be made clear that a WorldCon is not just a bigger convention. Sure, it is big, to the point where nobody can get a total picture, not even the organizers. But in texture and complexity, it is so much more, and a unique event. It takes years to prepare one, and with good reason.

I was impressed by what I was able to perceive of the actual running of the con. As far as I could tell, most everything started on time. Registration certainly did, to the minute, and the claims that processing time would be held to under 90 seconds proved accurate in all cases that I witnessed. That hall was not well shaped for long lines, and four were inconvenient only at the very beginning.

The Program Book was one of the best designs I have ever seen, with colour coded pull-out sections for each day, each with a map of the

Convention Center. Far superior, in my opinion, to those "pocket" program books they usually give you.

The Dealers' Room and the Art Show were a little smaller than is usually the case for a WorldCon, but it's always like that outside the U.S. because of the various tax problems involved when crossing a border. (No, it's not just Canada's fault; non-American dealers and artists have an equally hard time getting into the United States, but since there are less of them, it does not show as much.) I am happy to report that those dealers who made it to Winnipeg had a very extensive array of wares to offer, most of them of high quality and at prices that were often affordable. The Art Show did not quite fare as well in my opinion, but still offered some outstanding items, especially in the 3-D area.

There was a good "hard science" section, of a style that would have been familiar to those who remember the last Conv-iction. Cleverly located in the area leading to both the Art Show and the Dealers' Room, it was hard to miss.

Of considerable interest were the national displays, each of them brought over by fans of different countries. There were several from places formerly behind the Iron Curtain, and we can only wish them a bright and shiny future.

Montreal was quite well represented, with several MonSFFA members aside from myself in attendance. Jean-Pierre Normand, Dominique Durocher, John Dupuis (and family), Graham Darling, Berny Reischl, Mark Burakoff, René Walling and others were all there,

and we even managed to bump into each other sometimes. Finding somebody else is one of the hardest things to do at a WorldCon, which is why some genius came up with the idea of a big central message board.

Berny and Mark had set up a dealers' table selling Klingon stuff and handsome, limited-edition pins. Berny also hosted "The Klingon Empire on Five Credits a Day" panel, and the very hilarious "Klingon Dating Game" show, which had everybody bent over from laughter.

The list of panels is far too long to mention here, but if you did not find something to tickle your fancy, then you have strange tastes indeed. Suffice it to say that you could attend morning callasthenics, or a Jewish religious service if you felt like it!

TV addicts were also quite pampered, with a video room devoted to British SF, another one to anime, and a third to Science Channel programs. There were also pretty much continuous tracks of filking and gaming.

Winnipeg seems to be a city that shuts down early, but it did not matter much to us, for fans have a long tradition of providing their own fun. Another bulletin board was devoted to the listing of parties, and it was a long list indeed! According to René Walling, over 500 people went through the Con•Cept Montreal Smoked Meat Party room. Many of them also went a few doors down the hall to get a sip of some of the Quebec beer I had brought to the Slightly Higher in Eastern Canada party, organized by Lloyd and Yvonne Penney. A most unusual bottle opener could be found in that room: Lloyd had won the Fannish Achievement Aurora Award earlier in the day for his role in organizing Ad Astra last year. (Incidentally, MonSFFAn Jean-Pierre Normand was one of the Aurora nominees in the Artistic Achievement category.)

The Auroras (Canada's Hugos) were given at a ceremony under the jurisdiction of Canvention (Canada's national SF con), held conjointly with Conadian this year, but the awards for long stories were handed over at the Hugo ceremony, a fitting arrangement.

There appears to have been some friction between the Conadian and

Canvention committees. Upon investigating the matter with the chairpersons of both events, I came to the conclusion that this was due to a serious communication problem, and that it should not be allowed to fester.

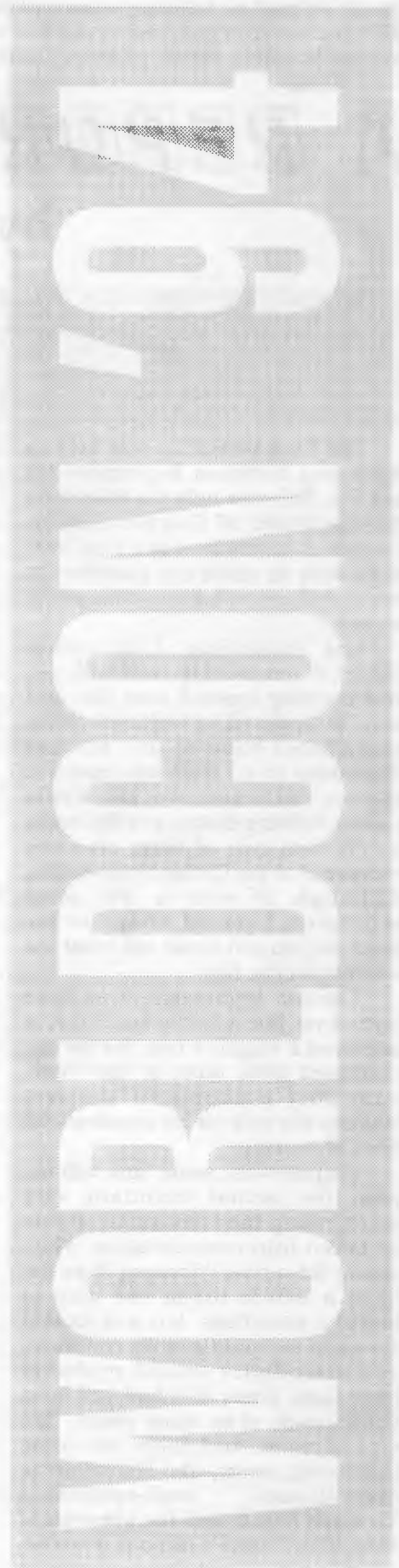
I had to leave early the following morning, so I skipped the Masquerade. I am sorry I missed the show, but not the wait. I understand that people were in line three hours before the doors were scheduled to open! I made do with ogling the hall costumes, but they ran heavily towards the medieval and Klingonish this year, and I saw only one or two that were truly spectacular. The Central Hall also had an exhibit of Canadian past WorldCon Masquerade winners, and a pair of sunglasses was a useful thing to have if you wanted to look at those.

Winnipeggers will remember that week for some time, as many costumers could be seen at all hours in the surrounding streets, going from one hotel to another or looking for a restaurant.

One of the few disappointments I had actually occurred some months before the con. The "special Air Canada discount" listed in one of the progress reports turned out to be a dud. John Mansfield, Conadian's chairperson, said that Air Canada did not deliver what they had promised; I think that it should not have been advertised without a binding contract in hand. I understand, though, that Air Canada did fly in free several important guests, so it was still good for Conadian.

Several newspapers, I'm told, quoted the figure of 5400 for attendance as of Saturday morning, but this apparently included supporting (non-attending) memberships. From various sources, I estimate total attendance to be anywhere between 4000 and 5000, a very decent number for a WorldCon outside the United States.

I have not yet attended enough WorldCons to be able to give an objective rating of this one, but I can tell you that I certainly enjoyed myself there. I hope that we will not have to wait another quarter of a century before the next Canadian-hosted WorldCon.



Risk and Sacrifice, Part 2

by Bryan Ekers, from a story idea by Keith Braithwaite

We continue, in this issue, with Bryan Ekers's DS9 short story, "Risk and Sacrifice." Following is part two of the story; part one was published in our last issue, Warp 30 (Summer 1994).

Kira's fingers touched her scalp and came away bloody. She tried to call out to Dax, but her throat felt dry and painful. She very nearly vomited from the released tension and her twisting stomach-ache. Kira couldn't see a thing. She briefly wondered if she'd been blinded. Crawling back to where she remembered Dax was sitting, she hauled herself to her feet by gripping Dax's chair.

Kira coughed painfully. "Dax?"

The sound of Dax's moan was a great relief. Kira felt along the control panel and found the emergency-lights control. At once the Operations Center was bathed in a sickly greenish light. Dax was slumped down in her chair. She looked stunned but intact.

"Status," croaked Kira. The computer did not respond.

Around them, the crew members were beginning to regain their senses. Kira grabbed Dax's upper arm and shook her awake. "Come on, Dax." A moment later, Dax's eyes opened and focussed on Kira. The left one was bruised, though under the poor lighting, Kira couldn't tell how badly. Dax shook her fog away and she ran her hand across her console. It gave no response.

"Power's down. I need O'Brien. Where's Benjamin?"

Kira's eyes panned over the darkened Operations Center. She spotted Sisko lying face-up on the deck a few meters away from Dax's station. Kira knelt beside him and pressed her hand gently to his neck, feeling for a pulse. It took her several seconds to find it, faint but steady. She lifted his left eyelid. His iris response was good, but he showed no signs of regaining consciousness. Kira briefly felt along

the back of his neck for spinal damage and was relieved to find none. The large bloody mark on his temple probably meant a concussion. Hopefully there was nothing worse. She carefully turned him onto his stomach, so he would not choke on his own blood or vomit, and moved back to Dax.

"He'll be fine," said Kira to the still shaken lieutenant, not knowing one way or the other. Her jaw was set tightly. She was ready to take command. "Use your communicator to contact O'Brien and Bashir. Get them up here now. Evacuation

*Kira knelt beside
him and pressed her
hand gently to
his neck, feeling
for a pulse.*

procedures are now in effect." Kira turned away from Dax, giving them both a brief private moment to compose themselves, and started to check the rest of the Operations staff.

Miles O'Brien had been dreaming of the shore near Belfast. On a barge, out in Belfast Lough, was a band of Scots in full ceremonial dress. In his dream, O'Brien asked the man standing next to him where the Scots had come from.

"Have ye forgotten, laddie?" was the reply. "They've come 'cross the Channel from Stranraer for the Festival."

O'Brien nodded, remembering the annual Saints Festivals of his boyhood. One summer weekend, smack between the feast days of Andrew and Patrick, the Scots would

send bands, athletes, chefs, dancers and more for a 48-hour party which had only two rules: The word "England" was not to be spoken, and the flow of whiskey was not to be stopped.

The band began to play as it approached the shore. It was a dramatic marching song, with full bagpipe, drum and horn complements. The tune was familiar to O'Brien, but even in his conscious state he could not have remembered the name.

Abruptly, the melody was drowned out by a hugely loud drone that blared its deep note over and over. The Scots panicked and dove from the barge into the water. The men and women on the shore near O'Brien scattered in terror, leaving him alone on the shore. A huge black cloud had swept down, blaring its repeated note. The empty barge was swallowed up, disintegrated by the cloud. As it swooped down on him, O'Brien threw up one arm in protection and yelled in terror.

The movement of his arm against the blanket woke him up. He wiped the perspiration from his face with his hand and tried to steady his breathing. The dream had stopped.

In an instant he realized the collision alarm, with its blaring repeated note, had not. With reflexes conditioned by a long military career, he flung the blanket away and lunged for the nursery. His wife Keiko was there, trying to calm their young daughter, Molly.

"Miles, what—" she started.

"Get down!" he yelled, leaping at her. He pushed them both to the floor and lay over them, offering protection. Keiko was too shocked to respond. Molly began her crying anew.

Within 10 seconds, a huge impact caused the deck to buck and sway. The lights failed. A moment afterward, O'Brien's engineer instincts told him the immediate danger had passed. He got up.

Keiko clutched their daughter with an iron grip. Tears on her face matched those of the child. "What's happening?" Her voice was an equal mix of terror and confusion.

"I don't know. Stay here."

"Miles, don't go!"

He wanted desperately to obey, but already his panic was lifting and grim logic was reasserting itself. He ran back to the master bedroom and grabbed a uniform. As he hastily dressed he said: "There could be hull breaches. The reactors could blow. I have to get to Operations." As if in punctuation, his communicator beeped. He tapped it.

"Dax to O'Brien. Report immediately—"

"I know!" he yelled, and tapped the communicator again, to close the connection.

"Please!" Keiko's shriek tore at him. Steeling himself, he turned away, grabbing a small electric light. The door to the hallway did not open at his approach. He smashed away the seal over the manual override and pried the doors open enough for him to squeeze through.

As he used the light to illuminate his run down the darkened corridor, it occurred to him he might not see his family again.

Doctor Bashir's Starfleet training had been very specific on the proper reaction to a collision alarm. Without thinking, he dove under his operating table and clutched at one of the supports. After the impact, he gingerly crawled back to his workstation. He pulled himself to his feet and examined his now dead monitors. In the center of one of them, a small scanner had been propelled with enough force to smash through the screen.

Had he stayed where he was, it would instead have smashed through his skull.

He could hear screaming from the Promenade. From the shambles his sickbay had become, he grabbed a handful of instruments, his tricorder, his laser bone-knitter, and ran from the sickbay.

When he first met Kira Nerys, less than a year ago, he had described to her how he had wanted to practice "frontier medicine." Confronted now with the fires and the screams of the wounded, a wish

for a posting to a nice quiet geriatric or pediatric facility came to his mind. The thought was pushed aside as he began to administer to the injured, and give comfort to the dying.

Bashir moved along the Promenade, doing what he could, telling people "everything is all right" though he knew it wasn't. He passed by a wrecked storefront, and nearly missed the agonized groan from within. Peering inside, he could see a woman pinned under a heavy piece of furniture. He tried to clear away the debris blocking the doorway, but couldn't. He looked around frantically for help.

20 meters away, Odo had rallied his security team. A not very calm, but effective evacuation of the Promenade was underway, as were fire fighting efforts.

"Odo!" yelled Bashir. "I need help, over here!"

*He could
hear screaming
from the
Promenade.*

Odo gave a last instruction to one of his men, then ran over to Bashir. "What is it, Doctor?"

Bashir pointed at the woman. "Can you help me get to her?"

Odo nodded and tried to help Bashir clear away the debris. Their efforts were useless. The woman moaned again.

"This is no good," growled Odo. "It'll be easier from the other side."

"How are you going . . ." started Bashir, but he stopped as Odo melted into a greenish puddle which oozed through the gaps in the blockage. Reforming inside the store, Odo lifted the heavy table from the woman, freeing her. He then started to tear away the smaller pieces of debris, clearing a path for Bashir. Within a few seconds, the barrier collapsed, allowing Bashir to clamber into the store and begin

treatment.

"I wish I could do that," muttered Bashir.

"It would make your life and mine easier, Doctor," replied Odo tersely.

Bashir's communicator beeped. "Dax to Bashir. You're needed in Operations, as quickly as possible."

Odo left Bashir to his patient and his conversation with Dax, and returned to the Promenade. Bashir didn't see the constable leave; his eyes were on his tricorder, taking a reading of the woman. "I've got a lot of wounded down here, Dax."

"We've got wounded in Ops, too, Julian."

Bashir dropped his tricorder and began to push his hand into a gaping wound in the woman's chest, all the time glad Bajoran anatomy was similar to Terran. She was entering cardiac arrest, and his electronic defibrillators were buried under the debris in sickbay. He gripped the weakening pump that was her heart and tried to steady the beating with his hand. She was weakening, slipping away from him. He began to move with desperation, trying to force life into her. Her heart failed to respond. Her breathing had quietly stopped. With his free hand, he grabbed his tricorder and clumsily thumbed the controls.

Flat lines, across the board.

Bashir sat back on his heels and carefully eased his hand out of her chest. He stared at it for a moment, watching the shaking of his fingers. Absently, he tried to wipe the blood from his hand onto his pant leg. He stared at the woman's body, and would have stared for a long time if not for the interruption of his communicator.

"Julian, get up here *now*!" insisted Dax.

"Uh, y-yes," he responded, blinking as if awakening from a mild daydream. He clambered to his feet. He started to turn away from the woman, but returned momentarily to gently close her dead eyes with his hand; his clean hand, not the one stained with her blood.

Odo was a professional, and he kept a professional staff. His security teams had very nearly finished the evacuation of the Promenade. He was about to do a

sweep for stragglers when a woman in a red Starfleet uniform and a man in a gold one ran up to him. Odo was slightly startled to see the woman was Bajoran. Over the last few days, he'd seen many expatriate Bajorans returning for the Jalani. Some were in clothes more suited to Terrans, Vulcans, Andorians, even non-Federation races like Romulans and Klingons. This woman was the first Starfleet Bajoran Odo had ever seen.

"Ensign Ro," said the woman in quick introduction. "How can I help?"

"Go to the north side of the Promenade," ordered Odo, pointing. "Assist the security teams. Make sure the people move to the safe regions of the docking ring for evacuation. Watch out for panic and looting."

"Right," she replied, and was off at a sprint.

"I'm a Starfleet engineer," said the man, a lieutenant. "Where's Operations?" he asked in a barely controlled voice.

Odo looked coldly at him. Nervous type, he thought, but the man was obviously dealing with his fear well. Odo respected that. He spotted Bashir running for the emergency access to Ops. He pointed at the Doctor. "Follow him. Do what you can," he said uncomfortably.

The man nodded and ran purposefully after Bashir.

Odo pursed his thin lips briefly, and continued to try to bring the Promenade away from the edge of chaos.

O'Brien had abandoned the malfunctioning turbolift and was running and climbing to get to Ops. The sight of a gold Starfleet uniform, like the one he had worn aboard the *Enterprise*, made him pause for a moment. He moved quickly over to the man and grabbed his shoulder from behind.

The man spun around to face him, and his features changed from mild panic to joyful recognition. "Chief O'Brien!" said the man.

Recognition, though not so joyful, also crossed O'Brien's face. "Barclay?" For one crazy moment, he suspected Barclay of clumsily sabotaging the station. "What the

devil are you doing here?" When Barclay started to offer a stammering explanation, O'Brien cut him off. "Never mind. We have to get to Ops."

Barclay nodded, and ran with O'Brien to catch up to Bashir.

"Dammit, yes, you have my permission!" yelled Kira. "Just get your ship as far away as you can."

The Andorian captain nodded and cut the signal. His ship pulled away from the docking ring and thundered off into space.

"Dax," ordered Kira. "Make sure every ship is carrying as many evacuees as possible before you let them leave."

Dax blinked. "We can't force them to—"

Kira glanced at her, her expression offering no chance for argument.

"Yes, sir," muttered Dax.

*"Ensign Ro,"
said the woman in
quick introduction.
"How can I help?"*

Bashir and O'Brien finally managed to climb their way into Ops. Not wanting to let the chaos get further out of control, Kira briefly stopped the tall Starfleet lieutenant who had come in with them.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"That's Lieutenant Barclay, Major," shouted O'Brien over his shoulder. "He's okay."

Kira nodded, and let Barclay rejoin O'Brien. At once, they began to jabber to each other in the mysterious jargon understood only by engineers.

Bashir ran to Sisko's side at once and began to check him over. His hand, though bloodstained, wasn't shaking any more.

Between them, Dax and Odo had managed to secure the immediate evacuation of most of the non-

essential personnel. The ships that had been docked were all safely away, heavily laden with refugees. Already, emergency ships were getting ready to break their orbits around Bajor and come to the station.

O'Brien and Barclay had managed to shut down some overloaded reactors and keep the others going. Power was only about half normal, but that was enough to keep life support and the computers on-line. Dax was using the computers now, rerouting all the conduits that had been destroyed in the collision. A tremendous amount of power had been lost in the vital first few minutes, and only now the station was recovering.

An unnatural and eerie calm settled on Kira. Her adrenalin, fear and anger seemed to disappear instantly. "I want medium range sensors."

"What?" asked Dax incredulously.

"I want them now, Lieutenant."

Dax yelled over to O'Brien. "Power up the sensor grid."

O'Brien's initial reaction to the order was almost identical to Dax's. He started to open his mouth to make a surprised response, but stopped when he caught Kira's eye. He forced his mouth closed and nodded. "We can get partial power right away. Use station two."

Kira, to O'Brien's relief, broke her frigid stare from him to station two. She activated the sensors and searched back along the path of the runaway ship, narrowing and concentrating the sensors as much as the limited power would allow.

They had been expecting nine ships, not one.

The anomaly was so slight she almost missed it. It was a very tiny energy source, flickering in the cold of space. The radiated energy had a wavelength less than one Angstrom. There were several potential causes, but the most likely stared Kira in the face.

It was a huge mass of anti-matter, reacting with the solar wind. And it was heading straight for them.

Continued in the next issue of *Warp*

DINOSAURMANIA!

by Keith Braithwaite, with
photos by Daniel P. Kenney

My penchant for things dinosaurian led me to this summer's L'Invasion des Dinosauriens, an exhibition of life-size dinosaur models set up in the Sportsplex de Laval. According to its organizers, this was the world's biggest dino-exhibit (!), boasting over 75 fiberglass replicas of the extinct beasts, including a 65-foot long Mamenchisaurus, and the show's centerpiece, a 20-foot tall T-Rex.

Close up, the dinosaurs looked somewhat clunky, kind of like giant versions of those plastic prehistoric figures you buy for kids for a few bucks at Toys 'R' Us. Some of the dinos stood in very static, unnatural poses, and they all lacked the precise, sculpted detail that would have given them a far more realistic appearance. But from a few yards back, the brightly coloured critters didn't look half bad, even quite striking in some instances. Strategically placed spotlights helped to create a dramatic effect, highlighting the dinos against the dimly lit interior of the Sportsplex. A jungle of fake trees and plants, and a simple backdrop of army-green camouflage netting completed the dioramas, suggesting, convincingly enough, a Mesozoic landscape.

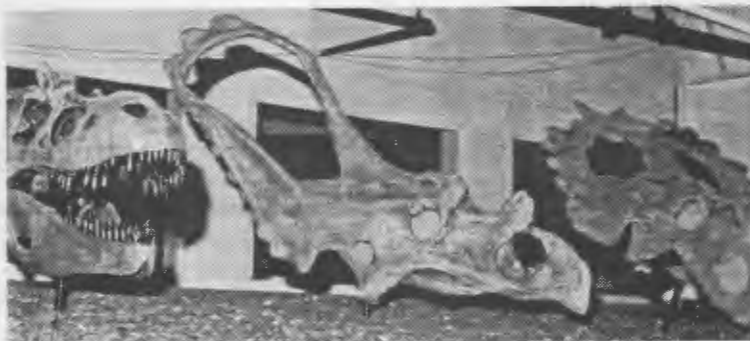
Signboards (in both French and English) stood beside the dinosaurs and gave a few facts about each, while a number of museum-level displays could be viewed along a couple of back walls. A dino-documentary played repeatedly on a large video screen (again, in both French and English) and several guides were on hand to answer any questions on dino-science that the public might have.

Upon completion of their prehistoric trek, folks could buy from several tables worth of dinosaur merchandise. Books and posters were available, here, but most of the stuff seemed to be of the cheap-toy variety.

While I found L'Invasion des Dinosauriens to be interesting, at \$9 to get in (plus \$2 for parking), I also judged it to be a tiny bit pricey for what it was.



Over 75 full-size fiberglass dinosaurs made up the exhibition



Show included museum-level displays

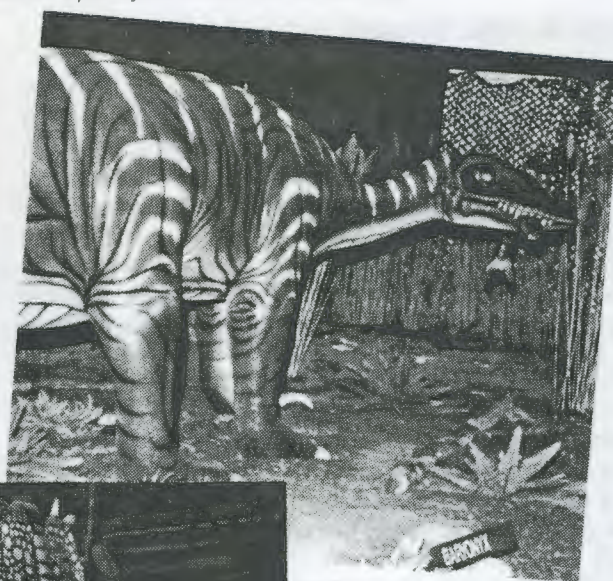


Guides were on hand to answer questions on dino-science



Above: Show's centerpiece, the T-Rex

Rest of this page: A few of the other dinosaurs that were part of L'Invasion des Dinosaures



THE LOST RACE NOVEL

BY GEORGES DODDS

Readers may recall that MonSFFA member Georges Dodds authored "F & SF Before the Double Helix," an article which we published in Warp 25 (Summer 1993) that looked at several categories of pre-1953 genre works. Now, Georges has prepared an extensively researched piece on Lost Race novels, which we'll be running in three consecutive installments beginning in this issue.

1. Origins, H. Rider Haggard, and Africa

The lost race novel is a fossil. There probably haven't been more than half a dozen written in the last 40 years, not that I can name any. Nonetheless, between about 1880 and 1950, it is reasonable to say that several hundred of these works were published, both in the pulps and in book form. In view of this, I will not pretend to give an exhaustive list of these works.

These novels center upon the survival of legendary or supposedly vanished civilizations, or the existence of simply unknown civilizations. Since we have explored virtually every inch of the Earth, this type of novel would now rank as fantasy and not likely be particularly popular. Also, these novels, given that the majority were written before 1920, tend to be dated in terms of romantic ideals and male/female relationships.

The common trappings of such novels include: Treks through isolated areas to reach the lost civilization; beautiful women, usually princesses or priestesses, who are frequently immortal; strong, masculine heroes whom the women drool over; ancient prophecies about the advent of white men; evil priests who worship nasty monsters; war or revolt between different factions of the lost race; oodles and oodles of treasure; and volcanoes or earthquakes which destroy or isolate forever the lost race.

These novels are somewhat derivative of the older imaginary voyage novels, such as Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*. Over 200 such works were published between 1700 and 1800. Excellent bibliographies of these include Ralph E. Tije's *The Prose Voyage Imaginaire Before 1800* (1917), Phillip B. Gove's *The Imaginary Voyage in Prose Fiction* (1941), and Geoffroy Atkinson's *The Extraordinary Voyage in French Literature from 1700 to 1720*

(Paris, 1922).

Even some more modern stories harken back to these works. For example, Louis Herrman's 333 title, *In the Sealed Cave* (Appleton-Century, 1935), purports to be lost chapters of *Gulliver's Travels*. In this work, Gulliver joins a group of neanderthal survivors who are meek and passive. He eventually leaves when his passing on of the germs of the common cold decimate the population. (Throughout this article, I will make reference to novels being 333 titles. These titles are ones listed by J.H. Crawford, J.J. Donahue, and D.M. Grant in their 1953 publication 333, *A Bibliography of the Science-Fantasy Novel*.)

However, by the end of the 19th century, the great archaeological discoveries of the previous 150 years (Pompeii, 1748; The Rosetta Stone, 1821; Nineveh, 1843; Troy, 1870; and Egypt's Valley of the Kings, 1881), and the great explorations of Stanley and Livingstone, and others undoubtedly suggested the possibility of isolated races never before encountered, and survivals of ancient civilizations.

By far the best known and most influential lost race novels are Sir H. Rider Haggard's *She, King Solomon's Mines*, and *Allan Quartermain*. Haggard wrote approximately 60 adventure novels and half a dozen or so conventional novels.

Incidentally, if you wish to take the easy route and see the movies, by all means rush off to the local video store, but for the love of God *do not* get the versions of the last two titles starring Richard Chamberlain! These are horrible, odious, loathsome, disgusting botches having little to do with the books. They are loaded with gross anachronisms, and probably have Haggard, to use a Braithwaite-ism, doing 5000 rpm in his grave. A movie of *She* was done in the late 1940s, using a slightly altered story. Not a classic, but certainly a passable adventure movie. I also know that at least one silent version exists, but your chances of finding that on video are basically nil. A must see is *King Solomon's Mines* (1953) starring the recently deceased Stewart Granger, and Deborah Kerr, which won at least one Oscar (for cinematography, I think; see it in a theater if you can). It was filmed on location in Africa, and British actor Granger is perfect in

the part of Allan Quartermain.

H. Rider Haggard (1856-1925), along with Talbot Mundy and Edgar Rice Burroughs, was one of the best adventure writers of all time, certainly the best of his time. Even literary lights like Henry James and Graham Greene agreed that in his field, Haggard was tops. An appreciation of Haggard by Graham Greene is the subject of the latter's excellent essay "Rider Haggard's Secret" (in *Collected Essays*, Viking).

Haggard was also remarkable in his treatment of black Africans. Perhaps because he spent several years as a government official in the Transvaal (South Africa), his portrayal of blacks is well informed, and rarely if ever racist, at least compared to the attitudes of the time. Some of his writings were actually severely criticized at the time for not being sufficiently demeaning of blacks. Admittedly, his black heroes (like the axe-wielding berserker-chieftain Umslopogaas) have their limitations and run into the "noble savage" stereotype at times.

Haggard is the one who brought lost race novels into the big time. According to Lin Carter in the introduction to Haggard's *The People of the Mist* for Ballantine's *Adult Fantasy* series, Haggard invented the lost race novel. While this isn't entirely true, Haggard's popularity certainly was the benchmark for future lost race novels.

The tetraology of *Wisdom's Daughter* (1923), *She and Allan* (1921), *She* (1886), and *Ayesha: The Return of She* (1905) is best summarized as a whole.

These were reprinted by Ballantine in the early 1980s, and numerous older editions exist. For Haggard's works, I have not indicated publishers since numerous editions exist. First editions are in particular a source of great controversy as many of the early novels were pirated in the U.S.A. and printed as newspaper inserts, sometimes even before the British edition appeared. Incidentally, these titles are all four 333 titles.

The first tells of Ayesha's first life as Priestess of Isis in ancient Egypt, her acquisition of magical powers under the tutelage of the wizard Noot, and her falling in love with a Greek priest, Kallikrates. Fleeing from the invading Persians (of whom she crisps a few by fire) to the lost city of Kor, once the center of a great white race, she soon becomes their queen. By bathing in the Fires of Life she becomes immortal—She Who Must Be Obeyed. In a jealous rage she kills Kallikrates, and lives as Queen of Kor for thousands of years.

In the second, Allan Quartermain seeks contact with his dead wife (see *Marie*, a poignant love-tragedy). An aged black wizard tells him of the lost Kor. He goes to Kor, meets and befriends She. She offers him immortality but he scoffs at her and doesn't believe. Ayesha guides him to the spirit world where he meets Marie, but again, he merely thinks that it is a hallucination. Factions in Kor rebel, and Allan helps Ayesha in destroying them.

In the third, Leo Vincey finds a manuscript giving details on how to reach Kor. Along with Holly he reaches Kor, where Ayesha recognizes Vincey as a reincarnation of Kallikrates, and Holly as that of Noot. As a preparation to Vincey joining her in immortality, she steps into the Fires of Life, only to wither and die. Vincey and Holly flee Kor, but with the memory that

Ayesha will return.

In the fourth, a strange omen leads Vincey and Holly to Central Asia. In the Valley of Kaloon they find descendants of Alexander's Macedonians. Ayesha is priestess of Isis, and using her supernatural powers, destroys the queen of the land. Vincey, wounded in the battle, weds Ayesha, dies, and Ayesha follows him. They are joined together in another world.

The spiritualistic elements in Haggard's works are attributable to his espousal of spiritualism after the death (1891) of his young son, Arthur John Rider Haggard.

King Solomon's Mines (1885), written in six weeks on a bet, was a massive best-seller and has never been out of print since. It is the story of the soft-spoken but intrepid "great white hunter," Allan Quartermain, who along with a party of Englishmen, discover the lost diamond mines of Solomon, the biblical king.

In *Allan Quartermain* (1887; Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy, 1978), the title character, along with the aging Zulu chieftain Umslopogaas, die heroically defending the queen of the lost race of Zu-Vendi people.

It is the selfless heroism of Haggard's characters that really mark him as a master of the adventure novel. Here follows Umslopogaas' and his beloved battle-axe Inkosi-kaas' death scene:

Straight up the hall he went, leaving behind him a track of blood on the marble pavement, till at last he reached the sacred stone, which stood in the centre of it, and here his strength seemed to fail him, for he stopped and leaned upon his axe. Then suddenly he lifted up his voice and cried aloud:

"I die, I die—but it was a kingly fray. Where are they that came up the great stair? I see them not. Art thou there, Macumazahn (Allan Quartermain's Zulu name), or art thou gone before to wait for me in the dark wither I go? The blood blinds me—the place turns round—I hear the voice of waters; Galazi calls me!"

Next, as though a new thought had struck him, he lifted the red axe and kissed the blade.

"Farewell, Inkosi-kaas," he cried. "Nay, nay, we will go together; we cannot part, thou and I. We have lived too long with one another, thou and I. None other shall hold thee."

"One more stroke, only one! A good stroke! a straight stroke! a strong stroke!" and, drawing himself to his full height, with a wild heart-shaking shout, with both hands he began to whirl the axe around his head till it looked like a circle of flaming steel. Then, suddenly, with awful force he brought it straight on to the crown of the mass of sacred stone. A shower of sparks flew up, and such was the almost superhuman strength of the blow, that the massive marble split with a rending sound into a

score of pieces, whilst of Inkosi-kaas there remained but some fragments of steel and a fibrous rope of shattered horn that had been the handle. Down with a crash on to the pavement fell the fragments of the holy stone, and down with a crash on to them, still grasping the knob of Inkosi-kaas, fell the brave old Zulu—dead.

It doesn't come any better than this. However, Allan Quatermain was so popular that, like Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, he had to be rescued from literary death and appeared in a total of 14 novels and four short stories. A complete list of these is included in *Allan's Wife* (Newcastle Forgotten Fantasy, 1980).

The Yellow Idol (1912), *The Holy Flower* (c. 1920), and *HeuHeu or The Monster* (1924) tell the story of lost races of idolaters, and *The Ivory Child* (1916) tells of a black lost race with a white priestess; all involve Allan Quatermain. While they are not as brilliantly executed as his early novels, these certainly pack plenty of entertainment. Another similar novel, but without Allan Quatermain, is *The People of the Mist* (Ballantine, 1972).

Haggard was so influential that he spawned numerous imitators and even some direct pastiches of his characters. The following humorous parodies of Haggard's best works are available from Arno Press: *King Solomon's Wives*, by Hyder Ragged (Henry Chartres Biron); *He—A Companion to She, It, King Solomon's Treasures* and "*Bess*," a Companion to "*Jess*," by John DeMorgan; and *He*, by Andrew Lang and Walter Herries Pollock. Not reprinted are the non-fantasy titles by Jacob R. Abarbanell: *Ma and Pa* (Munro, 1887).

The only serious sequel to *She* is Sidney J. Marshall's *The King of Kor; Or, She's Promise Kept* (1903, reprinted Arno Press), which takes a much more spiritualistic slant than Haggard's *Ayesha: The Return of She*, but is by far the best of the pastiches.

A number of other lost race novels have been set in Africa. Of note is Mabel Fuller Blodgett's *At the Queen's Mercy* (Lamson, Wolfe, 1897), a 333 title which tells of a pair of African adventurers, Dering and Lastrade, who, through a banished priest, discover the location of a lost walled city and a captive white girl. Upon searching the city they are captured by queen Lah's warriors. They are abducted by the local evil priest so that they may be sacrificed. They are saved at the last possible instant by the queen's guard. Lah has fallen for Dering, and defies the priesthood with the aid of the two outsiders. Lastrade leaves with the captive white girl, but Dering stays behind as the palace is attacked by the priest-led rabble. Lah dies and Dering escapes to join the others.

An excellent ancient Egyptian lost race novel (a 333 title) is Baroness Orczy's *By the Gods Beloved* (Greening, 1910), originally published as *The Gates of Kamt* (Dodd, Mead, 1907). Orczy (1865-1947) is best remembered for *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and its eight sequels. *By the Gods Beloved* tells of an Egyptologist's son, Hugh Tankerville, and his friend deciphering an ancient papyrus which tells of a lost city in the Sahara. They get there, Tankerville passes himself off as one chosen by the Gods, and soon he must marry the evil priestess-queen. She, in a fit of jealousy over the younger and lovelier

princess Neit-akrit, kills her son and then goes mad. Neit-akrit succeeds to the throne but the two outsiders are forced to leave. A pretty well done ancient Egypt novel, though not on par in terms of archaeological/societal detail as Georg Ebers' (1837-1898) historical novels *Uarda* (Hurst, late 1800s; the tale of an ancient Egyptian embalmer's daughter) and *An Egyptian Princess* (late 1800s). These two are excellent and well researched, but somewhat tedious; on the other hand, Orczy's novel is a heck of a lot more exciting, but less detailed.

Arthur A. Nelson's *Wings of Danger* (McBride, 1915), a 333 title, tells of a group of explorers, including Ingulf, a Norse amnesia victim (!) who sets off into deepest Africa. After joining the expedition of Raoul de Rocquefort, they defeat a tribe of Marabele warriors holding white prisoners. These join the expedition, which then discovers a lost race of Vikings at the base of a volcano (which, of course, later erupts to destroy the race). The king welcomes them, but makes unwelcome advances on a female member of the group. Ingulf recovers his memory, in particular that he is a member of this lost race. He leads a revolt and establishes himself as king, but that nasty ol' volcano isn't pleased. The group escapes, with, of course, the entire Viking treasure in tow.

At least half a dozen of Edgar Rice Burroughs' 24 *Tarzan* books (Ballantine, most originally McClurg, 1914-) have lost races of various sorts. Considering the plot similarities of these books, and the fact that I read them all in sequence in one, huge binge (burp! Or should I say *ERB?*) over 10 years ago, I fail to recall them all. They include *Tarzan and the Jewels of Opar*, *Tarzan and the Forbidden City*, *Tarzan and the City of Gold*, *Tarzan the Untamed*, *Tarzan the Terrible*, and *Tarzan and the Ant Men*.

Several of the later lost race novels involve aircraft. One in particular which is quite entertaining is *The Pirate Aeroplane* (Henry Frowde/Hodder & Stoughton, c. 1915), by Captain Gilson. It tells of an evil American adventurer who uses a plane to terrorize the inhabitants of a lost city in the Sahara so that he can steal their treasures. A platoon of British forces, an eccentric professor who conveniently knows the language of the lost race, and a heroic member of the local army manage to defeat the American and then escape in the plane. While it is predictable at times, and considering it was a "juvenile novel" (written for youngsters), it is still an excellent read. Graham Greene, in his essay "The Lost Childhood," mentions that he read this book "six times at least," and used one of its scenes in one of his own novels. Unfortunately, I think that it is probably relatively rare nowadays.

Gilson also wrote a couple of other titles which are likely candidates to this category: *The Lost Island: A Romance of the East* and *The Lost Empire: A Tale of Many Lands*.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *Herland* (1915; Pantheon, 1979-) is a lost race novel as well as an early feminist utopian novel. While not stated, it is apparently set in Africa, where three young men travel deep into the interior to find a lost race of Amazons. From here on it becomes pretty ludicrous, with the race perpetuated by virgin births and a host of other anti-male drivel like the

“taming and training of men.” Highly recommended for the die-hard feminist crowd.

Louis Moresby's *The Glory of Egypt* (Doran, 1926), a 333 title, tells of Ross and Soames, who find an ancient manuscript describing a lost race in northern India. They lead an expedition into remote Tibet, all the while having premonitions of what is to come. A priestess of a lost race of Egyptians that had migrated there 3000 years before leads them to the city, where her desire is to marry Ross and impose Egyptian rule on the world. Ross becomes enthralled by her, but Soames attacks him in a fit of madness and is killed by the priestess, who is in turn pushed off a cliff by the restored Ross.

John Wyndham (1903-1969; author of *The Day of the Triffids*) writing as John Benyon wrote *The Secret People* (Coronet, 1977; originally 1930s), a tale of a lost race of pygmy-like men living underground, below the Sahara desert. Nothing to write home about, but a tolerable read.

2. Arctic, Antarctic, and Hollow Earth

At the turn of the century, people were trying all sorts of crackpot ways to reach the Poles—boats, dirigibles, planes, as well as the standard dog-sled technique. Theories of there being warm, open seas in the far north and south, possibly based on the observation of volcanic activity in Antarctica and Greenland, were rampant. Another theory proposed and maintained by many was that of a hollow Earth, including a navigable passage from the North to the South Pole. For example, in the British publication *The Norwood Review* (May 10, 1884) we find “We do not admit that there is ice up to the Pole—once inside the great ice barrier, a new world breaks upon the explorer, the climate is mild like that of England, and, afterward, balmy as the Greek Isles.” One influential title of the time is William F. Warren's *Paradise Found; or, The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole*.

All this gave science-fantasy writers a perfect location to put a lost race. (But not all inner Earth novels are lost race novels. Some are utopian (e.g., Lord Lytton's *The Coming Race*), while Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Pellucidar* series is more science fiction meets the prehistoric novel.)

Edgar Allen Poe's *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket* (1837) tells of a voyage into the waters of Antarctica and the savages met there. While it isn't strictly a lost race novel, Jules Verne's 1897 sequel *Le Sphinx des Glaces* certainly has several elements of the lost race novel.

One of the first modern lost race/inner world novels was Jules Verne's (1828-1905) *Voyage au Centre de la Terre* (1874). The discovery of a manuscript written by an early Icelandic explorer, which describes a voyage to the center of the Earth, leads Professor Von Hardwigg, his nephew, and their guide to caves in Iceland. They follow a labyrinth of underground passages until they reach an underground sea. They launch a raft and are attacked by ante-diluvian monsters and wrecked on a distant shore. There they meet a 12-foot man who shepherds woolly mammoths. They escape back across the sea, and while

attempting to blast their way out with explosives, are thrust up to the surface near Mount Aetna. The 1959 film version has Pat Boone singing; need I say more? Another version (1909; nine-minute running time) was made by the early Spanish silent director Segundo de Chomon, but no print is known to exist.

Ah! At last a lost race novel by a Canadian, and a 333 title to boot. James de Mille (1837-1880), a professor of English at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia, anonymously wrote *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder* (Harpers, 1888; as de Mille, McClelland Stewart, 1985-), which tells of a sailor stranded in Antarctica finding a land-locked sea with a tropical climate. The people are unusual in that they despise wealth, death is desirable, and one absolutely never marries the one one loves, but rather the contrary. Besides this, the people raise, train, and ride around on pterodactyls (similar to Anne McCaffrey's *Dragonriders of Pern* series). As the ultimate honour, the people are going to sacrifice the sailor and his gal, Almah, but he pulls out his gun and honours a few of the locals. He is then elevated to a deity, and they live happily ever after.

One of the raciest of these novels is Frank Cowan's *Revi-Lona: A Romance of Love in a Marvelous Land* (privately printed c. 1890; reprinted Arno Press). A husky sailor, the last survivor of a whaling expedition, drifts near the South Pole and discovers a civilization of white Amazons. The only men are small and effeminate. Much in demand, his presence results in a huge population boom. He introduces “civilized” innovations, but eventually disease, alcohol, and civil strife disrupt the civilization. Horrified at the consequences of his acts, he manages to escape when the local volcano destroys the entire civilization.

Charles Willing Beale's *The Secret of the Earth* (F. Tennyson Neely, 1899), a 333 title, tells of the two Attlebridge brothers, who from America go to England to finance and build an anti-gravity airship. When it is built, they head off (naturally) to the North Pole and discover, beyond an unknown sea, the entrance to the inner world. The world inside the Earth is chock full of treasure. They are given vast wealth by a lost civilization which believes them to be Gods. While crossing a desert on the way towards the South Pole exit, they have a mechanical failure. They are rescued by huge birds directed by human intelligence from a mysterious monastery. They fix the ship and return to the surface world by way of the South Pole.

Considered one of the greatest lost race novels is Robert Ames Bennet's (1870-1954) *Thyra: A Romance of the Polar Pit* (Henry Holt & Co., 1901; reprinted Arno Press). This 333 title tells of arctic explorers in a balloon who drift past the North Pole and discover a new land. There they save the girl Thyra, one of a race of lost Norse people. They return to her people and, eventually, one party member is captured by a race of semi-humans and will be sacrificed to a gigantic dinosaur (the identical themes also crop up in Bennet's 1916 lost race novel *The Bowl of Baal*). The Norsemen, led by the remaining members of the party, save him and destroy the semi-humans.

Other Norse/Viking survivals in the polar regions include the following (very rare) titles: *Reached at Last*

(1886), by R.M. Cutter; *The Paradise of the North* (1890), by David Johnstone; *Rafnaland* (1900), by R. Wilson; *Ninety North* (1899), by E. Western; and *Beyond the Palaeocrystic Sea* (1895), by A.S. Morton. There are only 10 known copies of the latter, and while I have seen (but not touched) a copy, I have not read it. Something to look for in Aunt Irma's attic.

Frank Savile's *Beyond the Great South Wall* (New Amsterdam Book Co., 1901; reprinted Arno Press), a 333 title, tells of Captain Dorincourt, who sails to Antarctica to find a lost Mayan race. Near the Pole they find a massive wall and turn back. On the way out they meet a ship carrying Gwen Delahay, the woman Dorincourt loves. A tidal wave carries them back south and over the wall, where they discover the ruins of a Mayan city and oodles of treasure, and a few nasty dinosaurs. The ever convenient volcano releases them by destroying the wall, and they get away, with all the treasure of course. This too is considered as one of the benchmark lost race novels.

William Wallace Cook's *Cast Away at the Pole* (1904; reprinted Arno Press) tells of two explorers attempting to reach the North Pole. Their sleeping bags are caught in a drag-line of their chief rival's balloon, and they are carried along until the rival cuts the rope. They find themselves in a tropical land, and are captured by seven-foot tall, hairy, red cave men (the Churs). They are saved by the beautiful Caucasian princess, Princess Ylma (of the Nylls race), who brings them to the palace. There they are given metal caps which immediately give them command of the local language. They give a flask of bourbon to the king, but when he demands more they decide to escape. They steal a magnetic car and escape to the land of the Churs, breaking through the wall around their country. An imminent invasion of the land of Nylls, who are now all intoxicated from booze supplied by their evil ballooning rival, is quashed, and peace re-established.

Willis George Emerson's (1856-1918) *The Smoky God; or, A Voyage to the Inner World* (Forbes, 1908; Amherst Press reprint, c. 1990) is also a 333 title. A Norwegian fisherman and his son sail into the northern seas. They eventually reach a body of open water leading to an inner world. There they meet and are befriended by a race of Sanskrit speaking giants who worship an inner sun of reddish gases: The Smoky God. After two years they leave and return to the surface through an opening in the South Pole. An entertaining inner Earth novel.

Harris Burland's *The Princess Thora* (1904, reprinted Arno Press) tells of an expedition financed by a bachelor book collector (Silex) under the direction of John Silver. Along with the latter's ward, Princess Thora, and a huge arsenal, they head towards the North Pole. Sailing through a fissure in the ice caused by huge earthquakes, they reach the new continent of Aturnia, peopled by 12th century refugees from Normandy. Thora, with the help of the expedition, regains her throne through war and stratagem.

Fitzhugh Green's *ZR Wins* (Appleton, 1924; reprinted Arno Press), a 333 title, tells of an international dirigible race to the North Pole. Welchor, the evil pawn of Japan, sabotages several of the vessels. The heroes McAlford and Eppeley stowaway on one doomed

dirigible (the ZR 5), ending up in an unknown land of lost Vikings. Welchor arrives and tries to gain all of the Vikings' vast mineral resources, turning the Vikings against the pair. Nevertheless, the heroes regain the Vikings' friendship, and establish the land as a U.S. territory.

Maurice Champagne, a noted French SF/F writer (e.g., *Les Sondeurs d'Abîmes*, 1911), published *La Cité des Premiers Hommes: Quatre Vingt-Dix Jours au Centre de la Terre* in the French weekly *L'Aventure* (June 21, 1928-October 4, 1928). While I don't know if it ever reached book form and the original pulp magazine is probably pretty hard to find, since I have read it, I'll throw it in for good measure. It tells of two Australian criminals, who while escaping the authorities, fall into an underground cavern. There, on an underground lake, they meet a group of French scientists. Once on their boat, the water level suddenly goes down and the group ends up deep in the Earth in a maze of passages. They eventually meet the last survivors of an ancient race who lead them back to the surface. While it is typical pulp fiction of the time, it is nevertheless still a good read, if you can find it. (There are of course numerous other lost race novels buried in the old pulp magazines, both French and English.)

Eric Temple Bell (1883-1960) was a world-renowned mathematician at the California Institute of Technology for many years, and wrote science-fantasy under the pseudonym John Taine. His title *The Greatest Adventure* (Dutton, 1929; Ace and Dover, c. 1960), on the 333 list, tells of millionaire Eric Lane, who is presented a perfectly preserved pterodactyl by a whaling captain. The latter relates a trip to Antarctica and the discovery of numerous giant lizards after a subterranean eruption. Lane, the captain, and his crew return to Antarctica and discover living examples of the prehistoric monsters. They also find the records of an ante-diluvian race who created the monsters through genetic engineering and were destroyed by their creations. Taine's work stands out because of its attention to scientific detail and accuracy, particularly in his description of genetic engineering.

Edison Marshall (1894-1967) wrote several historical and contemporary romance novels with adventure elements (*Yankee Pasha*, etc.) published in the '50s and '60s, which, if you like that sort of thing, are not bad. Pretty much forgotten are the 15 or so adventure novels he wrote before 1935, mostly set in Alaska and northern Canada. In 1935 he published *Dian of the Lost Land* (Kinsey; as *The Lost Land*, Curtis Books, 1966). Another 333 title, this tells of an eminent anthropologist who kidnaps a tropical disease expert to keep alive a sailor, the only survivor of a crew which has discovered a tribe of blond cromagnons surviving in Antarctica. The tribe worships Dian, the beautiful daughter of a member of the crew. The pathologist is also blond, and is accepted by the tribe and becomes Dian's mate. He and the anthropologist help the cromagnons fight off neanderthal hordes, and they then live happily ever after. Overall, an entertaining story.

Georges continues his look at Lost Race novels in the next issue of Warp.

SENSORS

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

Information for this column was culled primarily from *The Montreal Gazette*, *Starlog Magazine*, *Entertainment Tonight*, the fanzines *Foreman Report*, *BCSFazine*, and *OSFS Statement*, and fandom's grapevine, both spoken and electronic.

GREEN MARS WINS HUGO

Over the Labour-Day weekend, Conadian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention (Winnipeg, Canada), honoured Kim Stanley Robinson with the Hugo Award for Best Science Fiction Novel for his book *Green Mars*, the second installment in Robinson's series about the colonization of Mars. The best-SF-novel Aurora Award (the Canadian version of the Hugo) went to Sean Stewart's *Nobody's Son* in the English category, and Daniel Sernine's *Chronoreg* in the French category. (See sidebar box for list of year's Hugo and Aurora winners.)

LOST JULES VERNE MANUSCRIPT COMES TO LIGHT

A forgotten Jules Verne manuscript, *Paris au XXe Siècle* (*Paris in the 20th Century*), penned in 1863 and set in a 1963 Paris, has seen publication 131 years after it was written.

Among Verne's predictions for the French capitol of 1963: Streets clogged with cars (in 1863, Daimler's automobile was still 26 years away); the French language in decline ("Scientists...have drawn their most unpleasant titles from English," and other professions "have found the French language too poor and have thrown themselves to the foreigner."); mediocre mass-market entertainment prevailing at the expense of classical literature; documents transmitted by "photographic telegraphy" (fax) over "5000 leagues distance"; nights electrically lit by "100,000 Paris

lamps" (there was only *one* electric street lamp in Paris in 1863); and a population living on credit, indebted to huge corporations. Verne also foresaw the diminishing importance given Latin and Greek in education, and pictured a 500-foot high lighthouse towering over the city (the Eiffel Tower, built in 1899,

stands on the spot on which Verne placed his lighthouse).

Verne's vision of the future was deemed too depressing by his publisher, who rejected *Paris au XXe Siècle*, reminding the author that he was supposed to write stories which predicted an optimistic future made possible by the scientific revolution.

HUGO AWARDS

Awarded annually in recognition of outstanding achievement in the SF/F field; presented, this year, at Conadian, the 52nd World Science Fiction Convention (Winnipeg, Canada)

Best Novel: *Green Mars* (Kim Stanley Robinson)

Best Novella: "Down in the Bottomlands" (Harry Turtledove)

Best Novelette: "Georgia on My Mind" (Charles Sheffield)

Best Short Story: "Death on the Nile" (Connie Willis)

Best Non-Fiction Book: *The Encyclopedia of Science Fiction* (edited by John Clute and Peter Nicholls)

Best Professional Editor: Kristine Kathryn Rusch

Best Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton

Best Original Artwork: U.S. Postal Service's Space Fantasy Commemorative Stamp Booklet (Stephen Hickman)

Best Dramatic Presentation: *Jurassic Park* (Universal Pictures; Steven Spielberg, director)

Best Semi-Prozine: *Science Fiction Chronicle* (Andrew I. Porter, editor)

Best Fanzine: *Mimosa* (Dick and Nicki Lynch, editors)

Best Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Best Fan Artist: Brad W. Foster

The John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer went to Amy Thomson.

AURORA AWARDS

The Canadian SF and Fantasy Awards, presented annually at Convention, the Canadian National Science Fiction Convention, held this year in conjunction with Conadian

Best Long-Form Work, English: *Nobody's Son* (Sean Stewart)

Best Long-Form Work, French: *Chronoreg* (Daniel Sernine)

Best Short-Form Work, English: "Just Like Old Times" (Robert J. Sawyer)

Best Short-Form Work, French: "La Merveilleuse Machine de Johann Havel" (Yves Meynard)

Best Other Work, English: *Prisoners of Gravity* (TVOntario)

Best Other Work, French: *Les 42,210 Univers de la Science-Fiction* (Guy Bouchard)

Artistic Achievement: Robert Pasternak

Fan Achievement (Fanzine): *Under the Ozone Hole* (Karl Johanson and John Herbert, editors)

Fan Achievement (Organizational): Lloyd Penney (chair, Ad Astra)

Fan Achievement (Other): Jean-Louis Trudel (for promotion of Canadian SF)

"No one will believe your prophecies," the publisher told Verne.

And so, Verne, 36-years old at the time, filed his manuscript away. He went on, of course, to write the many stories which would become classics of the genre and establish him as science fiction's first superstar.

The *Paris* manuscript remained in Verne's family through successive generations. It was, at various times, thought to have been destroyed in WWI, sealed inside a safe for over 60 years, and mistakenly attributed to Verne's son, Michel. In 1991, it was authenticated by experts as the work of Jules Verne, and the Verne family then received several bids for the manuscript from publishers. The Hachette firm won out and the book is now on shelves in French bookstores.

DOCTOR WHO

To the delight of his fans, The Doctor is set to return to television in all-new episodes, albeit by way of an American, not British, producer. Steven Spielberg's production company, Amblin Entertainment, has acquired the rights to *Doctor Who* from the BBC, and plan to launch the popular timelord on a series of big-budget adventures in 1995.

A two-hour pilot, to be directed, apparently, by *Trekster* Leonard Nimoy, is expected to air on the Fox network sometime in May. If it meets with success, we can expect that *Doctor Who* will be picked up as a regular, weekly series for the season beginning in Fall '95.

This new *Doctor Who* will remain fairly faithful to the BBC original, and the story line of the pilot may include scenes which precede The Doctor's original adventures. At this time, a cast has not been selected, but the hot rumour is that Eric Idle (*Monty Python's Flying Circus*) and Richard O'Brien (*The Rocky Horror Picture Show*) are at the top of the list of possibles for the role of this eighth Doctor.

Leonard Nimoy had been prepared to direct a *Doctor Who* movie, proposed earlier, from a script by his *Star Trek*-film alumni Nicholas Meyer and Denny Martin Flinn (Meyer directed *Treks II* and *VI*,

and co-wrote *VI* with Flinn). However, the project fell through when the BBC balked at what they considered to be a treatment too much removed from the spirit of *Doctor Who*.

STAR TREK

Voyager

As any *Trekker* knows, Montreal-born William Shatner played the captain of the starship *Enterprise* in the original *Star Trek* TV series, and it briefly looked like another Montreal native would captain Paramount Pictures' most recent starship, the *U.S.S. Voyager*. French-Canadian actress Geneviève Bujold was cast as Captain Elizabeth Janeway in the latest *Trek* spin-off, *Star Trek: Voyager*, but only days into production of the new show, she quit! Apparently, she didn't take well to the 16- to 18-hour daily shooting schedule. Producers frantically scrambled to replace her, and a couple of weeks later announced that *Ryan's Hope* soap opera star Kate Mulgrew had agreed to take the role.

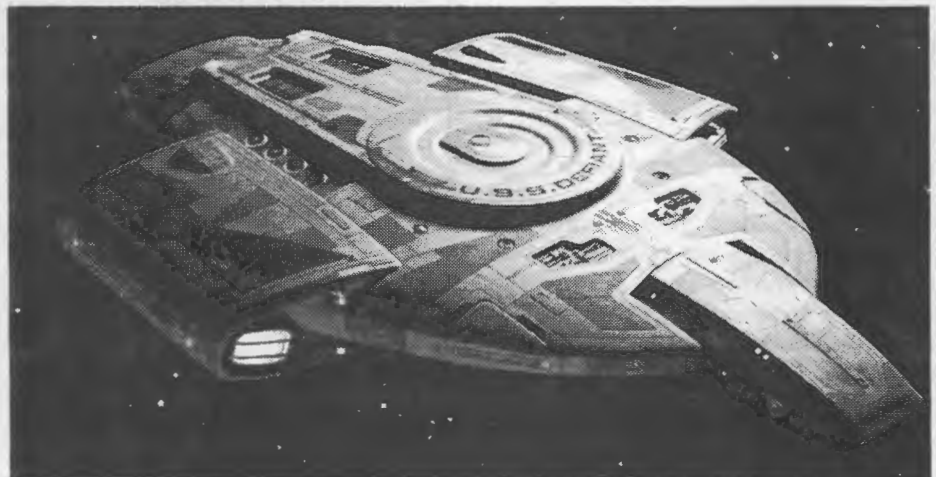
The decision by producers to make *Voyager*'s lead character female marks the first time in *Star Trek* history that a woman will assume the top spot in a *Trek* series. Janeway will earn "respect and recognition as one of the best Starfleet captains, male or female," says Paramount's ST:V promotional material. Some Paramount bigwigs, word has it, had to be won over to the idea of casting a woman as the lead in what is considered to be the flagship show of the studio's new TV network.



Bujold: Quit Voyager

At first, British actor Nigel Havers was considered for the role of the *Voyager*'s captain. Once the decision was made to go with a woman, both bionic woman Lindsay Wagner, and Linda Hamilton, of *Terminator*-film fame, were offered the role, and both turned it down. Havers' fellow Briton Patsy Kensit was in the running at one point, along with a bevy of lesser-known actresses.

Despite the production delays caused by Bujold's sudden and unexpected departure, *Voyager* is still expected to meet its planned January 1995 premiere date.



U.S.S. Defiant

Star Trek: Voyager is set in the same time frame as *Next Generation* and *Deep Space Nine*. The two-hour premiere will see the *Voyager* dispatched to a little-known area of space, called "The Badlands," to locate rebellious Federation outlaws the Maquis, whose ship has disappeared there. Janeway and crew find the Maquis ship and the rebels are brought aboard the *Voyager*. Then, a quirk of physics (kind of like a Bermuda Triangle in space) sends the *Voyager* spinning off into a distant, unexplored part of the galaxy. Lost in space (the return trip, it's calculated, would take some 70 years at warp speed), the *Voyager's* crew and the Maquis must team up, and together they'll explore this unknown region of the cosmos for the duration of the series, all the while searching for some kind of a shortcut back to Federation space.

The list of other *ST:V* cast members begins with Robert Beltran, who plays Chakotay, the Native-American leader of the Maquis. Janeway appoints him first officer when the two crews merge. Robert Duncan McNeill is Lieutenant Tom Paris, a troubled officer whose attempt to live up to his family name (he comes from a family of decorated Starfleet officers) resulted in tragedy. Janeway has taken him under her wing to help him deal with his past. Tim Russ is Tuvok, a Vulcan noted for his wisdom and vitality. Described as sort of like Spock with an attitude, he keeps the peace aboard ship as the *Voyager's* security officer. Roxann Biggs-Dawson is cast as the half-human, half-Klingon chief engineer, B'Elanna Torres, who allied herself with the Maquis. Ethan Phillips plays Neelix, a new *Trek* alien who serves as the ship's cook and handyman, and Jennifer Lien is his lover, Kes, of the Ocampa race, another new alien species. An Ocampa's life span is nine years, but that's 189 in human years. Kes is one year old, or 21. Robert Picardo is Doc Zimmerman, a holographic medical officer called into service as needed, and lastly, Garrett Wang plays Communications Officer Harry Kim.

Other Trek News

Producers are planning to have Sisko take on a more heroic stance in

season three of *Deep Space Nine*, and they'll be bringing a new ship, the *Defiant*, to the station. Probably much on the strength of Patrick Stewart's acting, *TNG* was nominated for a 1993 Best Dramatic Series Emmy Award (it didn't win), the first time ever a science fiction television series has been so honoured. J.M. Dillard will novelize *Star Trek: Generations*.

ROBOCOP TV SERIES IN LIMBO

The Canadian-made TV series *RoboCop* will be dropped by its largest U.S. broadcasting group, United Chris Craft, following the airing of existing episodes. Disappointing ratings are cited as the reason for the decision. United Chris Craft have stations in New York City and Los Angeles, critically important markets which represent about 20% of total U.S. viewership. The bean counters say that without distribution in these markets, *RoboCop* ceases to be a financially viable property.

RoboCop's producers, Skyvision Entertainment, are now searching for a new major American broadcaster to carry the series, and in the meantime, production has been shut down, and sets dismantled and stored. Industry insiders don't rate the show's chances for survival as very high. Chris Craft's pull-out, many believe, will likely spell the end for the fledgling series.

Produced out of Toronto, *RoboCop* starred Richard Eden as the futuristic bionic policeman popularized in three feature films. It was budgeted at \$36.5 million, making it, to date, the most expensive Canadian TV series ever made.

The show didn't get much help building an audience here at home, where rocket scientists at some Canadian TV outlets scheduled it opposite *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

SEAQUEST

seaQuest DSV opened its second season with a two-hour special this month, bringing us a few new cast members, a new *seaQuest*, and a bearded Bridger (pulled a Riker, he did).

With *seaQuest* only just treading water in the ratings, NBC decided on a new direction for the show in season two and had producers institute a few changes. Most noticeable is the major turn-over in the cast. Also, writers will be taking more of the stories off ship this season. And, they'll be shifting the show's focus away from the science fact of season one, in favour of bringing viewers more science fiction. The network is hoping that this revamp will help boost those all important ratings.

But the move away from sci-fact to sci-fi does not sit well with series star Roy Scheider (Captain Bridger). While praising the cast and crew in a recent interview, he blasted the second-season episodes produced so far, calling them "childish trash," and going on to say that he's ashamed of the reworked show.

Following up on last issue's notes about several of *seaQuest's* first-season cast leaving the show, we add John D'Aquino (Krieg) to the list. He followed Stephanie Beacham (Dr. Westphalen), Stacy Haiduk (Hitchcock), and Royce D. Applegate (Crocker) in exiting the series. Why the cast shake-up? NBC, gambling that viewers will better respond to a younger, sexier *seaQuest* crew, reportedly insisted on dumping D'Aquino and Applegate, who were hoping to stay aboard, because they're too old Beacham is also too old for the network's liking, but was leaving anyway, we're told, reportedly dissatisfied with the development of her character. (She was also unwilling to leave L.A. and relocate to Orlando, Florida, where the series is now shooting.) Only Scheider was unaffected by the axing of older cast members. The age thing wasn't a problem when it came to Haiduk; her reasons for departing are not entirely clear, but rumour has it that she wasn't interested in doing any wet T-shirt stuff as part of this new, sexier approach to the show.

EARTH 2: THIS TIME, WE ARE THE ALIENS

Earth 2 is a new SF show from Amblin Entertainment, who also produce *seaQuest*. NBC has it down as their lead-in to *seaQuest* on their fall sked.

New information lists the show's stars as Clancy Brown, Deborah Farentino, Jessica Steen, and Antonio Sabato, Jr. The action takes place in the year 2192 on Planet G889.

The scenario goes like this: Ecological disasters on Earth have forced the population to live in space stations, but the sterile environments of these space stations begin to cause sicknesses in the children. A band of adventurers decides to seek a better life for themselves in the stars and head off into space to colonize a distant, unexplored planet light years away. They crash-land on this planet and must trek across a menacing landscape before finding their Eden. (A slightly different take on the story, mentioned last issue, has the colonists digging in to survive on this hostile, wilderness planet, until they can be rescued.)

Earth 2 will air locally Saturday evenings at eight o'clock on CFCF-TV, Channel 12, beginning in November.

BATMAN FOREVER

Cast changes on the third *Batman* film, *Batman Forever*, are completed with the arrival of Nicole Kidman as the Bat's love interest. She plays a criminal psychologist specializing in split personalities who is fascinated by Harvey "Two-Face" Dent (played by Tommy Lee Jones).

Kidman replaces 40-year old Rene Russo, who was dropped from the project after Michael Keaton, 42, abruptly left the role of the Dark

Knight. Russo was seen as too old to play opposite the new, 34-year old Batman, Val Kilmer.

Word from the set is that Kilmer is rather miffed that scene-stealing Riddler Jim Carrey is getting major league star treatment from producers, despite Kilmer's having the title role in this thing.

Meanwhile, Peter David has been contracted to write the *Batman Forever* novelization.

AMERICAN GODZILLA, JAPANESE KONG

An American production of *Godzilla* is in the works in which the famous Japanese lizard will get top-notch special effects treatment, à la *Jurassic Park*, rather than his traditional man-in-a-rubber-suit treatment.

The Japanese, meanwhile, are making an animated movie starring that classic American monster, King Kong. Nippon Animation will bring *The Mighty Kong* to North-American theatres around Christmas this year.

CANFANDOM UPDATE

Winnipeg

Conadian, the 1994 WorldCon, took place at the beginning of this month. Ballpark estimates put attendance at somewhere between 4000 and 5000.

Some reports indicate that business in the Dealers' Room was slow. Overall, feedback on the con has been largely positive. (See

Sylvain St-Pierre's report on Conadian, page 11.)

Toronto

In his brief report on Toronto Trek VIII last issue, Keith Braithwaite figured that the con's attendance numbers would come in at between 2000 and 2500, based upon various rough estimates heard through the grapevine just after the con wrapped. The most recent news we've got puts the figure at around 2800, higher than Keith's guess, but still rather a bit less than the 3500 or so recorded at Toronto Trek VII.

Vancouver

The mini-con themed on hostile environments planned for October 22 by the British Columbia Science Fiction Association (BCSFA) has been scrubbed. The planning committee, it seems, was insufficiently staffed and much of the organizing of the event fell to one person. He, quite naturally, was unable to do *all* the work required. Preparations fell behind schedule, and it was wisely decided to cancel the event rather than risk going ahead without it being properly ready. The event may be revived next year, if (and only if) there are enough people interested in, and committed to, making it happen.

Another event that some Vancouver fans are, apparently, talking about reviving is V-Con. (BCSFA retired V-Con about a year ago—the con had become a money-losing exercise which also cost the club in terms of fannish burn-out on the part of the BCSFAs who worked on V-Con.) The idea put forth is not to bring back a full-blown V-Con, but rather to do a smaller, relaxicon version of the event. *BCSFAzine* editor R. Graeme Cameron seems favourable to the proposal, but with the cancellation of the hostile-environments mini-con fresh in mind, cautions in a recent issue of *BCSFAzine* (BCSFA's newsletter) that unless the fans who want V-Con back are "willing to serve on the committee, there will be no V-Con."

With the club's annual elections coming up soon, Graeme has announced that he'll run for the position of *BCSFAzine* editor for



The colonists of Earth 2

another year, but that it will probably be his last. While he has enjoyed his stint doing *BCSFazine*, he's beginning to feel a little burned out. He'd like to be free of the fanzine's demanding monthly deadlines, and lately, he has been "dreaming about getting back to writing fiction on a regular basis." Should someone be interested in taking over as editor "come the Annual General Meeting," Graeme is "willing to step aside now." He intends that his handle of "God-Editor," adopted when he first became *BCSFazine*'s editor, retire with him.

Wanting to keep his hand in at fan writing following his departure from *BCSFazine*, Graeme plans to (of course) contribute articles to that publication from time to time, and to launch a perzine (personal fanzine), which he'll call *Space Cadet*. He doesn't want "to be tied to deadlines," and says that his perzine

"will be a quarterly, essentially appearing whenever I feel like it." Why *Space Cadet*? "I'd like to revert to the mood of my SF formative years, when SF books and movies were rare and exciting, and space cadet was a fresh and evocative term," explains Graeme. And, he adds, "It sounds better than *The Aging Old Fart Nostalgic Time Waster Gazette*."

TIDBITS

Quantum Leap's Scott Bakula stars as a detective investigating a supernatural case in the upcoming film *Lord of Illusions*. British horror writer Clive Barker is directing from his own screenplay, which he based upon his short story, "The Last Illusion."

Michael O'Hare has left *Babylon 5* while remaining on good terms with the producers. So, seeing as

there are no plans to kill off his character (Commander Sinclair), it's anticipated that he'll make at least one cameo appearance in this coming second season of the series. He may even end up coming back to the fold at some point down the road, suggest rumours.

Bruce Boxleitner will play *B-5*'s new commander.

Steven Spielberg expects to have a *Jurassic Park* sequel in theatres by June of 1997. And, rumour is that Sean Patrick Flanery (TV's Young Indy) will play Anakin Skywalker to Kenneth Branagh's Obi-Wan Kenobi in the next *Star Wars* film (the first of a new trilogy set prior to the adventures of Luke and company), which is expected in theatres by American Thanksgiving, '97.

Season two of the Fox network's genre hit *The X-Files* got rolling this month without Gillian Anderson (Scully). She's on maternity leave at the moment and will return to the show as soon as she can following the birth of her baby.

Meanwhile, series-creator Chris Carter has been asked by Fox to develop an *X-Files* spin-off.

The X-Files has been picked up by CFCF-12; watch for it Friday nights at midnight.

35-year old top-gun fighter pilot Chris Hatfield, of Sarnia, Ontario, has wanted to fly in space since he was a child, and now comes word that he will be the next Canadian in space. He'll fly aboard the space shuttle *Atlantis* as the first Canadian mission specialist on a shuttle flight. The *Atlantis* mission, STS-74, is scheduled to dock with the Russian *Mir* space station in October of next year, and so that will also make Hadfield (who speaks a little Russian) the first Canadian to visit *Mir*.

DS9 gets *TNG*'s old seven o'clock Saturday evening slot on CFCF's schedule this season. Fans can also tune in the local CTV affiliate for *Earth 2* and *X-Files* (as already mentioned), as well as for *Lois and Clark* (Sundays, 8:00 PM), and beginning in October, the Toronto-produced *TekWar* TV series (Saturdays, 10:00 PM).

Far Side

By Gary Larson



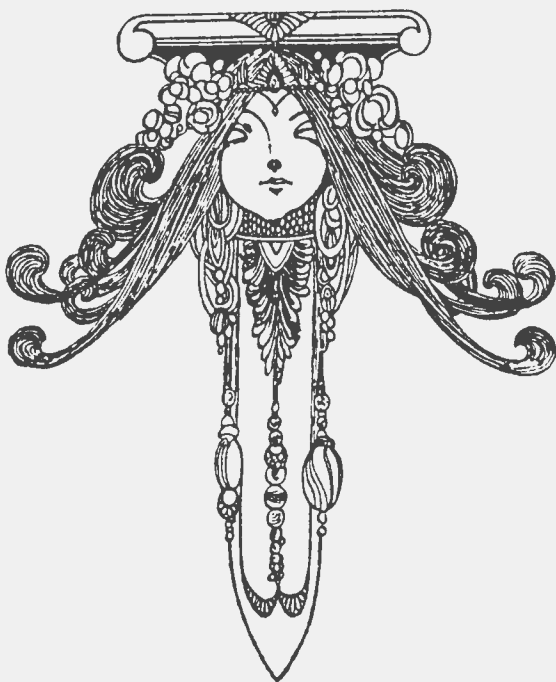
"Well, actually, Doreen, I rather resent being called a 'swamp thing.' ... I prefer the term 'wetlands-challenged mutant.'"

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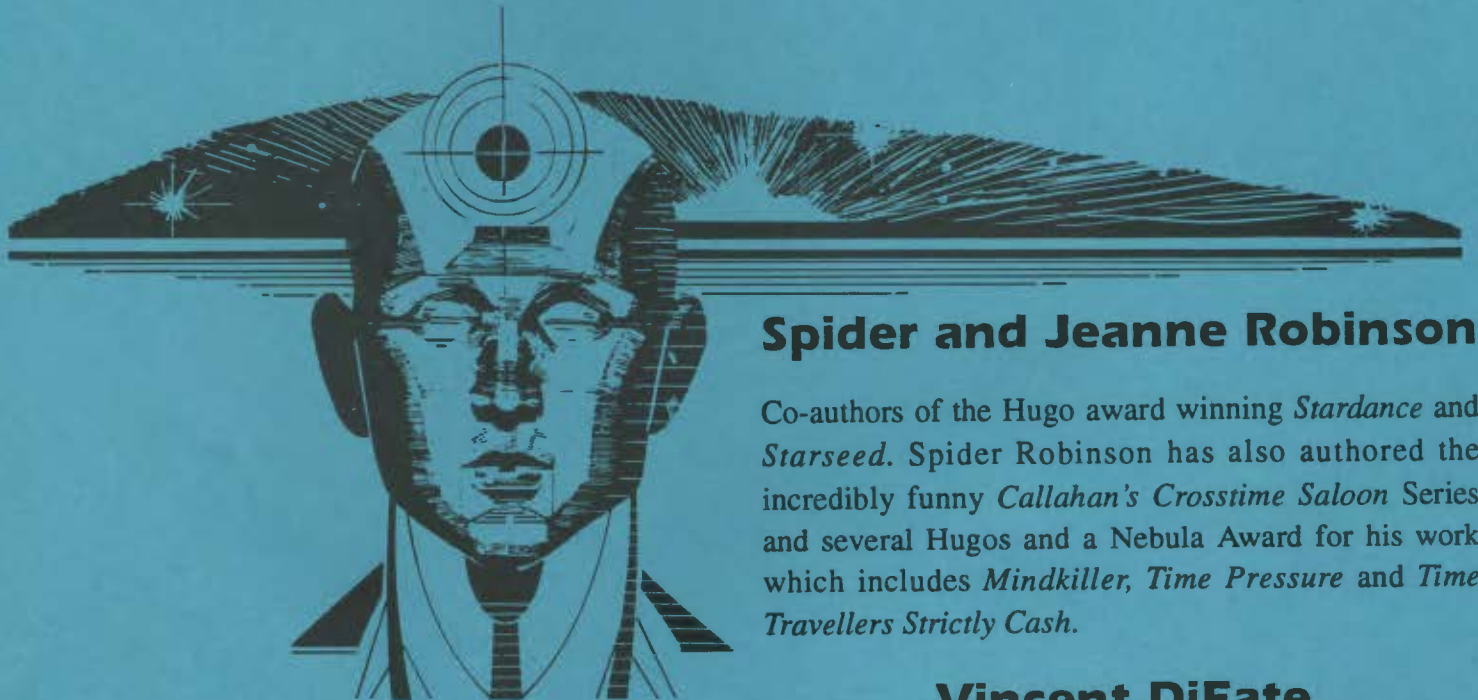
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