

WARP 96



SUMMER 2016

MonSFFA's Executive

President
Cathy Palmer-Lister
president@monsffa.ca

Vice-President
Keith Braithwaite
veep@monsffa.ca

Treasurer
Sylvain St-Pierre
treasurer@monsffa.ca

Appointed Positions

PR, Membership, editor of Impulse
Keith Braithwaite
impulse@monsffa.ca

Web Master
Cathy Palmer-Lister
webmaster@monsffa.ca

Editor of WARP
Cathy Palmer-Lister
warp@monsffa.ca

On the Cover

Our cover this issue features a Parasaurolophus fording a fast-moving river. The image is a frame from the club's paper cut-out stop-motion animation short film production, now shooting. All of the characters and background elements in the film were rendered by our team of MonSFFArtists employing coloured construction and crepe paper, and crayons.

Contact us

MonSFFA
c/o Sylvain St-Pierre
4456 Boul. Ste-Rose
Laval, Québec, Canada
H7R 1Y6

[Click to find us on line!](http://www.monsffa.ca)



Facebook
page



<http://www.monsffa.ca>



Facebook
group

YAHOO!

MonSFFA CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Except where noted, all MonSFFA meetings are held
Sundays from 1:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M.
Espresso Hotel, St-François Room, 1005 Guy Street,
corner René Lévesque.

NB: If you do not find us in St-François, please ask at the front desk. We are sometimes moved to other rooms.

Programming is subject to change.
This schedule is abridged, more details can be found on our website at
<http://www.monsffa.ca>

JUNE 12

Our Annual second hand book sale! Donations of gently
used books are gratefully accepted. Open to the public, bring your friends!
We also will complete our stop motion film project.

JULY 17

BBQ in Angrignon Park, back up date July 24

AUGUST 28

Project Day!
The theme for the snack table will be "Alien Food" so cooks, get your aprons
on, and be creative! Yes, the food has to be edible, but not necessarily
attractive!

SEPTEMBER 18

NOON SF Classic movie Matinée
Theology in SF/F--From Pratchett's Small Gods to The Force!
Contest led by Fern Novo and Keith Braithwaite, Guess that Theme Music!

OCTOBER 16

Foreign and Exotic SF/F
Surviving the Apocalypse
Why don't they make what I want to see?

NOVEMBER 20

NOON Classic movie Matinée
Villains of SF/F: why do we love them?
This is also the day we plan for 2017, so come prepared with ideas
for the next year's programming!

DECEMBER 3

The Holiday Feast, 18h
Irish Embassy Pub and Grill
1234 Rue Bishop-below St. Catherine
within walking distance of Guy-Concordia
or Lucien-! Allier metro stations.

The holiday menu is priced at 25\$, or 20\$ for
vegetarian, plus 17% gratuity.



Really Fine Print: WARP is published quarterly by the Montreal Science Fiction and Fantasy Association (MonSFFA), a nonprofit organization of fans interested in sharing their love of science fiction and fantasy. The opinions expressed in WARP are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect those of MonSFFA or the editor. To reprint any article, please contact the writer, or ask the editor to pass on your request. The use of copyrighted material is generally discouraged; but sometimes unavoidable; our apologies to the copyright holders, no serious infringement is intended. This is an amateur production, and your tolerance is appreciated by your fans.



FEATURE ARTICLES

Starfleet Treachery / 5

DEPARTMENTS

You've Got Mail! / 3

Blast from the Past: WARP 8 / 4

Upcoming Conventions & Events / 4

REVIEWS

Events and Conventions / 8

Literature / 10

Movies & Television / 9

MonFFANDOM

January to May / 10

MonSFFun / 12



Dear MonSFFEN:

Thank you all, and especially you, Cathy, for Warp 95. I will get past the dentist's nightmare on the front cover, and head inwards...

As with many, the combination of Bell.net and Windows 10 has greatly hindered my computer work

and job hunt. There are problems with Bell's Internet services, and they are migrating from one se4rver to another. As a result, I haven't been able to download any e-mail for just over a week, I have no access to my Bell e-mails, and my Gmail account is getting a workout. Also, because of Bell's problems, it is much easier and faster for me to access everything with my tablet than with my desktop computer. I begin to see why so many ditch the desktop for the portable units.

Bell Mail was bought by Microsoft—now it's just garbage, and there is no service worth the name. I absolutely cannot stand web mail, it comes with tons of graphics, calendars, and I don't-know-what that I don't need. Try getting e-mail from a webmail service on dial-up from the cottage!!

We were recently at a traditional favorite craft show, the Bazaar of the Bizarre, our first time in, and given how people said they'd do well, we thought we would, too. Before that, we had our table

in the Crafters' Corner of Anime North, and we did amazing well, it's always our best show of the year. Only a couple of vendors made their tables back, and we sure didn't. However, we do have two events coming up. The event in Mississauga is called Alice in Wonderland: Steampunk Invasion (check it out on Facebook) on July 24, and two weeks after that is the Coldwater Steampunk Festival on August 6. Eleven days after that is our trip to England, so we're once again having a busy summer.

Earlier in August at the Canadian Stage Company in eastern downtown Toronto will be a reading performance of J.K. Rowling's latest Harry Potter writings, Harry Potter and the Cursed Child. They are inviting people to take a role that evening, so I think both Yvonne and I will give it a shot.

I can't help but feel that Houdini and Doyle is meant as a Victorian/Edwardian series for those who enjoy shows like Murdoch Mysteries, and I believe it is also made by Shaftesbury, but I simply haven't had the time to see it, and from what I hear, it is well cast, except for the actor playing Arthur Conan Doyle, and the scripts are a little lackluster. I can't say anything personally, but one evening, I will have to try it, and see what it's like.

*I quite liked the series, but it is just entertainment.
You cannot take it at all seriously.*

Today is a busy day...I went for a job interview this morning...two hours in transit for a two-minute interview in a dirty office...I don't think so. This afternoon, I will be going up

to Woodbridge to do some taping for BelMarra Nutraceuticals/Lombardy Financial. I am seeing a lot of the bus and subway today.

*Any luck with the job hunting?
Traffic in Montreal is sooooo bad, I don't know how
people are getting to work.*

Everyone have a great time at the club BBQ in Angrignon Park, and please tell us of your day in the next issue. I look forward to it.

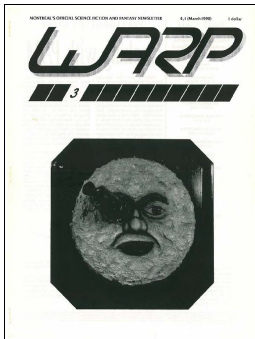
Yours, Lloyd Penney

Blast from the Past, WARP 9, March 1990

Cathy Palmer-Lister

This is actually ninth edition of WARP. Until WARP 20, issues were numbered according to the month of publication so this issue is called WARP 3 because it was issued in March. Adding to the confusion, the number 4,1 on the cover refers to volume 4,1st issue, but it's really only the third volume. There is no first volume of WARP; the club's earlier newsletter had a different name.

The fifth and sixth issues of WARP are still missing. If you should happen to have copies (probably called WARP 3 & 4), we would be grateful for the loan of them so we can scan them into our archives.



The cover features a sculpture by **Berny Reischl** which renders homage to "Voyage dans la lune" a 1902 film by Georges Méliès.

Keith Braithwaite wrote a scathing review of CFCE's coverage of Con*Cept. (Years later, I was still hearing about this show, fandom has a long collective memory.) At the February meeting, Keith and Berny gave a slide show on photographing models, and Keith gave a presentation

on making home videos. There are great pictures of Berny's models.

Kevin Holden's editorial, "Fandom in the Fast Lane", is a must-read. Fan-run cons, media cons, fans with big dreams and no idea of the hard work entailed in running a con – Yup, I can relate. But even conventions Kevin mentions as successes, such as Toronto Trek, have since folded.

Trudi Mason reviewed Vulcon in Florida, Trumours covers the usual assortment of movie and book news, including this odd story about Gene Roddenberry:

Another Good Reason to Attend McGill

According to a Concordia University professor, Star Trek creator Gene Roddenberry does not exist. The professor, an instructor in an sf media course, claims Roddenberry is merely an actor pretending to have invented Star Trek. The show's real creator, Gil Rolston, prefers to be anonymous, so he hired Roddenberry to pose as the show's creator. No explanation as to why he would do this is offered. This suggests that the show's cast has also been fooled by the cunning Rolston as they have always credited Roddenberry as the creative force behind the show.

Another item has Paul Valcour confirming that Ottawa's two principal cons, Maplecon and Pinecone, have been scrubbed, Pinecone for good. (Thus, Kevin's article earlier in the zine.)

Jean François Lachance contributed an article en français on the comics, and the last page is an ad for Con-Vent-1, "Dawson's FIRST Science Fiction and Gaming Convention."

Upcoming Events and Conventions

Lloyd Penney

Abridged, complete listings on our website

August 17-21 – MidAmeriCon II/74th World Science Fiction Convention, Kansas City, MO. Guests: Kinuko Y. Craft, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Tamora Pierce, Michael Swanwick, Pat Cadigan. For more information, www.MidAmeriCon2.org

August 26-28 – Fan World, Niagara Falls, ON and Niagara Falls, NY. . For more information, www.fanworld.us , www.fanworld.ca

September 1-4 – Fan eXpo Canada, Metro Toronto Convention Centre. For more information, www.fanexpocanada.com

September 23-25 – 3rd Annual Grand Canadian Steampunk

Exposition, Fort George, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON. Guests TBA. For more information, www.canadiansteampunk.com

October 1&2 – Hamilton Comic Con, Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum, Mount Hope, ON. For more information, www.hamiltoncomiccon.com

November 6 ToyCon, Montreal, Courtyard Marriott Hotel, 7000 Place Robert-Joncas
http://site.toysonfire.com/montreal_toy_con/montrealtoycon.html

December 2-4 Smofcon 34, convention for conrunners, Chicago <http://www.smofcon.com/>



StarFleet Treachery

Barbara Silverman

The story so far: Captain Janeway is ordered to stop the impending coalition against Starfleet and the Federation. She ambushed the Maquis, and Chakotay was captured, but the rest of his crew escaped. A conversation with Chakotay left Janeway puzzled as to his motives, and the ease with which he was captured.

Then Janeway was assigned to exploring the Gamma quadrant for three months. It appears there may be an alliance between the Cardassians and the Dominion, and if so, the Federation needs to know if it's an alliance of mutual protection, or aggression. Chakotay may hold some answers, so Admiral Janeway was bringing him to Starfleet HQ for a meeting but Chakotay was beamed out of the shuttle craft. The admiral assigns his daughter to search the badlands for the Maquis leader, and she in turn requests the assistance of Tom Paris, who is released from prison for this mission.

Immediately on entering the Badlands, Janeway's vessel is detected and scanned by Chakotay's ship. Negotiations are interrupted when both are hit by a massive displacement wave. Heroic efforts bring the engines back on line, but crews of both ships are transported to what appears to be a cornfield, but is in fact an immense space station. Declaring a truce in the face of a greater enemy, the two captains consider their options, but then Janeway is transported to a laboratory.

Inexplicably returned to their ships, the captains confer and realize they are each missing a crew member and the bodies of those killed by the displacement wave have disappeared. Cavit is increasing belligerent toward Maquis, to the point of becoming a liability to Janeway. The captains, along with Tom Paris, transport over to the Array. There they meet with an old man who refuses to help them recover the missing crew. Back on the Enterprise, Janeway is informed that a G-type star system is only two light-years away. It has an M-class planet, and oddly, the Array is aiming pulses of energy straight at it.

Janeway leaves Cavit out of the tactical consultation, further infuriating him. Tuvok tells her the missing crew must be dead, but Janeway will not give up. Evans is sent over to assist in repairs on the Starfleet vessel, but Chakotay warns him to be wary of Cavit.

CHAPTER 35

Entering Janeway's ready room Chakotay was pleased to find a coffee waiting for him. The steam still rising from the liquid sent out an enticing aroma. Sitting down he reached for the cup. "Thanks, after last night I need this."



The captain turned her attention from the padd in her hand to the man who, as her prisoner, had sat in exactly the same spot only four months previously. "It would appear this is becoming a tradition. Though after the first time, I never expected that you would ever again be sitting here enjoying my coffee."

She rubbed the padd along her chin. "Certainly not of your own free will."

"Neither did I." Chakotay replied with a slight grin.

He sat relaxed, legs stretched out in front, enjoying a few minutes of rest that he knew would be all too brief. As usual, he was completely at ease, ready to match wits with his adversary, one who was very quickly become a friend.

Slowly, thoughtfully, Janeway placed the padd on the desk where it joined several others. Picking up her coffee she leaned back in her chair. "Would you answer a question?"

"Certainly...if I can." Chakotay replied carefully as he sipped the warm, refreshing liquid. He had no desire to jeopardize their growing friendship, but there were still certain facts he could not reveal. At least not yet.

Holding her cup in both hands Janeway locked eyes with the commander. She was determined to solve at least one puzzle. "Why did you meet me in the Badlands?"

That was one puzzle Chakotay was willing and able to solve. "I wanted to arrange a meeting with Admiral Janeway. Since he sought me out in prison I assumed he had certain details, information, which would make him more receptive to what I had to say."

Surprised, Janeway settled her cup on the arm of the chair. "If you wanted to speak with the admiral, why did you not allow the first rendezvous to take place? Try an escape at a later date?"

Looking slightly embarrassed Chakotay shifted in his seat. "Ummm... I was taken by surprise."

Janeway looked at him with disbelief written across her face. "Taken by surprise?"

The captain's look did not ease Chakotay's predicament. "You see, Captain, I had issued very clear orders, that if I was ever captured under no circumstances were they to attempt a rescue. I knew Starfleet or the Cardassians would keep me heavily guarded. Perhaps try to use me as bait for a trap. I gave B'Elanna, Evans, and the others a good tongue-lashing for taking the risk."

Chakotay's obvious unease produced a look of amusement on Janeway's face. A look Chakotay could not miss. Sipping her coffee she studied the Maquis leader. "I don't suppose you would tell me how your disappearing act was achieved?"

The Maquis leader replied with a large grin. "Sorry! That gives me an edge, which... I intend to keep."

He knew the rules of this game. Every move, every word, was being scrutinized. After all, was he not doing the same?

She tilted her head to the side, an impish gleam in her eyes. "You do realize, I enjoy challenges, and you have just presented me with one. You have my promise, I'll discover how you pulled off that vanishing act."

Chakotay heaved a martyred sigh. "Oh... I know you will. But for the time being I'm safe. Even under threat of torture my crew will not talk."

She laughed. "I'm not prepared to go that far. At least not for the moment!"

Chakotay tried to sound serious. "I think I'm in trouble."

Janeway's eyes danced with mischief. "Mister... you can bet on that!"

The light dimmed as she became serious. "When we return to the Alpha Quadrant, are you still prepared to meet with Admiral Janeway?"

Before Chakotay could respond she held up her hand. "But I warn you, he'll want the truth. The admiral will not accept vague statements because you are protecting others."

The Maquis leader gazed intently at the captain. "Before I give you my reply, would *you* answer a question?"

"If I can." Like Chakotay, Janeway was prepared to go only so far. At least for now.

The Maquis commander asked the last question she had been expecting. "What is your relationship to Admiral Janeway?"

Startled by the question she studied Chakotay as several thoughts flashed through her mind.

Reaching a decision the captain smiled as she softly replied. "He's my father."

"Your father!" Chakotay let go a short, low whistle. Shocked by the answer, for a moment he stared at the woman sitting across from him.

Now he understood whom he was dealing with. "I thought perhaps a niece. I never thought, even for a moment, that the relationship was so close. I've heard a lot about the admiral but there was never any mention of a daughter in Starfleet, or that he was married."

Janeway responded with a trace of sadness in her voice. "My mother and older brother were killed in a shuttle accident when I was a year old. Dad never remarried. Chakotay, I'm telling you this in confidence. Only a handful of people know Edward Janeway is my father. Tuvok is one of those few, the only member of my crew with that knowledge. This information has even been omitted from my medical file, though there are special instructions as to who to contact in case of an emergency or my death."

The Maquis leader understood why very few in Starfleet knew the Admiral had a daughter. Kathryn Janeway was not one to ride on somebody else's coattails. The trust she was placing in him did not go unnoticed. "You have my word, this will remain between you and I."

Chakotay looked Janeway with renewed respect and most importantly, trust. "Admiral Janeway is one of, if not the, most respected officer in Starfleet. With a reputation for honesty and open mindedness, but a man not to be lied to or played with. A man well known for his consideration and respect for others. All the qualities that you have inherited."

Talking of her father brought a sad, small smile to her face. "Many say Dad should have become an ambassador. He has a way of getting to the root of problems without starting wars."

Sitting up straight the Maquis leader placed his now empty cup on the desk. "You asked me if I would meet with the Admiral. Yes! If I have your word it will not be a trap."

The captain held her breath as she posed the next question, knowing if the circumstances were reversed her answer would be yes. Deep down inside Kathryn Janeway sensed Chakotay could be trusted. But would that faith be reciprocated? "Would you accept my word?"

Chakotay locked eyes with the captain. "Yes Captain, I would."

Starfleet Captain Kathryn Janeway took a deep breath. "Commander Chakotay, you have it. Before I left for, ah... the Badlands, my father gave me a special order. Should I be unable to recapture you, I was given complete authorization to arrange a meeting at the time and place of your choosing. If upon our return you wish to meet with the admiral, and you are prepared to be open and honest, providing the proof that we require, then I give you my word it will not be a trap."

Chakotay's breathing became slow and even. "What do you and your father know about the Cardassians and the Dominion?"

Rising from her seat Janeway picked up the two empty cups and walked over to the replicator. Returning she handed Chakotay a fresh cup, then sitting down she rested her arms on the desk, holding the cup between her hands.

Watching for Chakotay's reaction, she replied to his question. "We know there is an alliance between the two. We know there were meetings before the peace negotiations. However, we know nothing about the contents of those meetings. For all we know, they could have been trade negotiations. Other than that, not too much. The nature of any alliance could depend on when it was formed. An alliance of aggression against the Federation, formed before the Maquis became a threat. Or, one of protection caused by the growing Maquis threat."

Maintaining eye contact Chakotay was prepared to give the captain the answer that she was seeking. "If I tell you which it is, without being able to show you proof at this exact moment, would you believe me?"

The captain replied without hesitation. "Yes! I would believe you were telling me the truth based on what you have seen. However, since I do not know what this proof of yours entails, I must add that the admiral and myself may interpret this information in a different way. You must realize that before my

"The treaty is a sham. A way to gain the help and trust of the Federation, to lull security and intelligence forces into a false sense of stability that would facilitate an invasion."

father takes any action, you will have to provide absolute, indisputable proof.

Until then we are both prepared to keep an open mind, to whatever you have to say."

Chakotay gave a slight nod. "Fair enough! The alliance was formed before the peace talks were started. This alliance is actually the reason behind the Cardassian request for a peace treaty with the Federation. The treaty is a sham. A way to gain the help and trust of the Federation, to lull security and intelligence forces into a false sense of stability that would facilitate an invasion."

Taking a sip of coffee Chakotay could tell by Janeway's face that she was seriously considering his words and they were causing her concern. "It was also meant to allow both the Cardassians and Dominion time to build up their forces within the Alpha Quadrant, right on the border of Federation space. The colonies were to be used as secret bases, an area where Starfleet could not venture, where they could train and increase the number of Jem' Hadar in preparation for an invasion. The refusal of the colonists to move, and then the formation of the Maquis, put a serious dent into their plans. Fortunately, neither the Cardassians and the Dominion are as prepared as they had expected to be."

Unsure of how much more to say, Chakotay hesitated for a several seconds. Then, knowing that for the first time someone was listening, he decided to continue. "At the moment, there are Maquis agents trying to gather information as to the timetable of a Cardassian/Dominion attack. Since the Dominion have been unable to build up their forces within the Alpha Quadrant, invasion plans could be on hold. Or...they, along with the Cardassians, may have prepared an attack force within the Gamma Quadrant. As long as the Federation is unprepared, Starfleet does not have adequate defences at the worm hole. I have been trying to keep Maquis ships in the area, but dodging Starfleet patrols makes it difficult."

For a long moment Kathryn Janeway stared at the Maquis leader. Cold fear for the safety of the Federation washed over her. The captain could only hope he was misinterpreting, at least some, of the evidence that he had.

Her voice tight, the captain had trouble voicing her next question. “You have, beyond a shadow of a doubt, proof of this? Is it possible you could have misunderstood what was seen or heard?”

Janeway did not need a reply. She stared into the dark eyes of the Maquis leader, willing him to be wrong, knowing that he was right. Maquis Commander Chakotay was not a man to jump to conclusions, and Kathryn Janeway knew this.

“Yes Captain! I do have proof!” Chakotay replied without hesitation. In a decisive manner that left no room for doubt.

In disbelief Janeway shook her head. “What do they hope to gain? What prevents them from turning on each other if they do gain control of the Alpha Quadrant?”

Chakotay gave a small shrug. “That is a good question, one which I cannot fully answer. However, I do believe part of the reason comes from an isogenic enzyme which the body of the Jem’ Hadar cannot produce. Due to the absents of this enzyme all Jem’ Hadar are dependant on a substance known as ketracel-white, which until recently the Vorta had complete dominance over. Somehow, and I don’t know how, Cardassia managed to gain control of this material. As long as the Cardassian government maintains this advantage then the Dominion would never attack. Now, due to the shape shifting abilities of the Founders, the Cardassians never know if they are being spied upon. Prevents them from plotting against the Dominion.”

The Maquis leader added sarcastically, “A very trustful alliance.”

Janeway spoke very quietly. “I think we had better get ourselves home and this information to my father as quickly as possible.”

Chakotay breathed a silent sigh of relief. Not only for the good of the Federation but for himself as well. The Maquis leader knew Kathryn Janeway believed him, no longer would he be the outlaw and traitor to the Starfleet captain. “Did Tuvok discover anything important?”

She handed him the padd that Tuvok had given her. “The frequency of the pulses are increasing, all are aimed directly at the M-class planet. He’s down in our science lab running more scans, trying to discover why, what makes this planet so special. Are the pulses aimed in that direction on purpose, or just by chance? The energy does appear to reach the planet, however, but at this distance we cannot be certain.”

Chakotay scrolled through the padd. “There certainly appears to be something of value down there, something requiring this much power. According to Tuvok, there is a ninety-nine point seven percent possibility that the pulses are reaching the surface. I suggest setting a course, then once in orbit see if close range scans reveal anything. If feasible, send an away team with full security.”

Hesitating a moment, the captain sat back, placing her cup on the desk. “I had been thinking along the same lines. However, I’m not certain if this would be the wisest course.”

The captain’s hesitation gave Chakotay cause for concern. “What do you mean? It appears to be our best chance for finding Kim and Torres.”

Janeway found it difficult to voice her doubts. What if Chakotay agreed? Would they bring the hunt for the two mission crew members to an end? “Are we wasting our time and resources

on a futile search? The odds that Kim and Torres are still alive are very slim. The longer we wait we might lose our chance to return home. Perhaps we should accept the loss, concentrate on the Array.”

She added sadly, “More than once the old man mentioned running out of time. It could mean many things, including the possibility that he is dying or planning to leave. If he dies, we may not be able to locate or operate his transportation device. If he leaves, he will probably take his equipment....or destroy it. Either way would leave us stranded. Tuvok feels the pulses are just surplus energy being sent to a collector. Our long range scans have not revealed any life signs around the planet.”

Chakotay knew the captain was right, but... “All that energy would be affecting the scanners.”

Janeway nodded. “I had thought of that.”

The Maquis leader took a deep breath. “A decision of this nature is never easy. The curse of command! However, I never did like coincidences. The last time I ignored one it landed me in prison form several months.”

Janeway retorted with a gleam in her eye. “Only four. At least so far.”

For a moment Chakotay smiled, then a deep sadness crossed his face. “What Tuvok said is...logical.”

Collecting his thoughts Chakotay ran a finger along the rim of his cup. “It is difficult maintaining the respect of a crew that feels any one could be abandoned the moment things get rough. They only see the loss of a comrade. They do not know, nor understand, the decision behind it. Then there is having to live with yourself afterwards. Never being sure you had done all that was possible. It is not easy losing a member of your crew. I have been in that position and, unfortunately, I’m sure you have been also.”

Nodding slowly the muscles of the captain’s face tightened. Reflecting the pain that only a captain can know. “One never forgets. They return to haunt your dreams and your darkest moments. As you said...it is the curse of command. The burden we must carry, knowing that at any time our decisions can cost a life.”

She lowered her eyes, gazing at her desk. “Those under us regard us as infallible. They expect us to always have the right answers, always follow the correct course of action, to always know what to do. We have the training and the expertise, but seldom is anything black and white.”

Moving forward Chakotay placed his arm on the desk. “We might be jumping to conclusions. How can we be certain this alien has his equipment on the Array? All Tuvok found were traces of holographic imaging projectors. Nothing else. The examination lab, the instruments controlling the displacement wave might not be there. Is there not the possibility we were transported elsewhere? He does have that capability. Does this alien live on the Array? Perhaps the planet is his natural environment.”

The Maquis leader fixed his eyes on his counterpart. “What is your decision? Do we investigate this planet, or try returning to the Array?”



The Federation Needs You! Sylvain St-Pierre

Last August 6th, a few of us crossed the Neutral Zone into neighbouring Ottawa to visit the Star Fleet Academy Experience at the Canada Aviation and Space Museum.

Due to a slight navigation error – or perhaps some gravitational anomaly – we arrived a few minutes later than expected and in two separate groups, but the weather was gorgeous and the trip quite pleasant.



Those of you who visited the Star Wars Identity exhibit at the Old Port a few years ago ([Summer 2012, see Warp 83](#)) are familiar with the basic concept: you are handed a radio-frequency bracelet at the entrance and use it to log in at various stations all over the

place. While not quite as elaborate as the Star Wars one, this Star Trek setup was nevertheless a fine piece of work, displaying props covering all the important aspects of the various incarnations of the franchise prior to Abrams' reboot. I especially like the fact that the original series, a bit forgotten these days, was given a decent coverage.

The presentation was well done, with the casings and stations perfectly in tune with the style of the show. This included a reasonable facsimile of the Next Generation bridge, stunning at first glance but which unfortunately did not stand up to close inspection, showing poorly aligned Okudagrams and rather heavy brush strokes in the paint. The effect was also a little bit spoiled by the fact that the ceiling of the overflow hangar holding the exhibit could be seen overhead.



Not limited to a simple static display of objects, the exhibit featured an extensive documentation about their origin and purpose and, in the case of scientific instruments, parallels with present day inventions they evolved from. It's interesting to notice that in many cases the props – most of them genuine – are rather on the rough side, never intended to be scrutinized up close for very long.

The Academy "exams" that you could take included tests about medical procedures, engineering, navigation, transporter operation, learning to pronounce the Klingon language and several other such things. Based on your score, you got a virtual certificate recommending you for admission in various branches

of Starfleet.

This being Ottawa, everything was fully bilingual. Out of curiosity, I chose the French option (this is recorded on your bracelet and the language follows you when you access the stations). I'm sorry to say that the voice translation was very strangely done and in many places does not feel natural at all. This was particularly bad in the Kobayashi Maru scenario that concluded the tour. If you are a Francophone, I recommend that you stick to the English version.

At least an hour was required to go through quickly, and well over twice that amount to appraise fairly everything to be seen and done. We got in at



11:15 on a Saturday, and the place became more and more crowded as time went by, so getting in early is definitely a good idea. The lines were rather long for several of the more popular stations, like the alien selfie booth and the transporter, and I think none of us managed to try everything. The same test questions are asked redundantly in several spots however, so your final score can still be considered valid even if you missed some. Pictures are allowed, and the opportunities for great photos are endless.



Because the exhibit it is set in a separate building from the main museum, the waiting outside must be terrible in bad weather. Fortunately, visitors are allowed in every fifteen minutes, so you need not wait very long. The Academy does have its own gift shop, but I found few of the items offered to be of great interest.



Entry also includes access to the rest of the very fine Aviation and Space Museum, so this is the kind of outing that can easily keep you occupied all day long. Instead, we opted for touring some of the local hobby shops and a nearby Chapters book store branch. We then concluded with dinner at the Lone Star restaurant, which was rather crowded and therefore a bit noisy and with somewhat slow service, but the food was excellent. We did manage to return home just before midnight and

narrowly avoided the embarrassment of having our vehicles turn back into pumpkins while on the road.

The general consensus in our group (eight persons in total) was that it was well worth the trip and that, as the hallowed expression goes, a good time was had by all.

Lots more pictures on our website!



Star Trek - Beyond Fern Novo



I was a bit confused with the plot for the first 30 minutes or so. Super fast action scenes and space battles. Once past the early plot confusion (bad editing, in my humble opinion) the storyline became more solid and interesting. The special effects were (of course) amazing to watch and the

actors played their parts well, in particular Simon Pegg (who plays Scotty and co-wrote the script) and Zachary Quinto (as Spock)...Overall I gave a 7/10 - worth watching on the big screen!



Josée Bellemare

Warning: if you don't like spoilers, move on to the next article. This latest Star Trek movie, timed to coincide with the 50th anniversary, has something for old and new fans alike: great action

scenes, character development and several one liners referring to the old series.

The banter between Bones and Spock is very entertaining, the

scene where Sulu meets up with his husband and their daughter was tastefully done and the picture of the old crew in Ambassador Spock's things was touching.

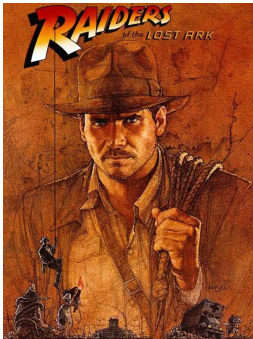
One thing I loved in the movie was the space battle defending Starbase Yorktown. I found a certain poetry in using Rock & Roll music as a weapon of mass destruction against the attackers.

A must see movie for any Star Trek fan, old or new.



Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark A review by The Fernster

Recently, I had the privilege of viewing *Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark* on the big screen. The Scotia Bank Cinema has a special program in which they have a showing or more of a feature movie from previous years...Their Classic Series. This August the featured movie was....you guessed it...*Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark*.



First released in 1981, this Steven Spielberg movie was a phenomenal success, and generated 3 sequels and a television series. I personally own several copies of this movie in VHS and DVD formats, collected over the last 35 years. However, the last time I saw *Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark* on a big screen was back in 1981. My memory of that viewing still manages to get my blood racing with excitement. I really enjoyed the Temple

scene where that huge rolling rock is chasing after a fleeing Indiana Jones.

I really wanted to experience seeing this movie again on the big screen, and I wondered if the film had aged well over these last 35 years. It was with great anticipation that I purchased the

ticket and entered the viewing. Looking around I counted between 90-100 people in the cinema.

I was not surprised to see that the majority of the crowd had lots of grey hair. I would venture that most were in their 50s (like me) but there still was quite a crowd of younger folks, too (mainly 20s & 30s). I expect that most of the older crowd was reliving the same movie memory as I was.

It was a great feeling watching *Indiana Jones and the Raiders of the Lost Ark* again on the big screen. The movie was still as exciting and the action sequences still as fun to watch. Indiana Jones pulling his pistol and shooting the giant sword wielding assassin was just as amusing as it was 35 years ago....although not as surprising as the first time.

When the movie ended and the credits started to roll, I was surprised to see that almost no one left their seats. I realized at that point that everyone (me, too) was enjoying the Indiana Jones music score by John Williams. Finally the credits ended and the lights came on and the crowd left the room. It was fun while it lasted and well worth the price of the ticket.

Yes, I would strongly recommend viewing *Indiana Jones and the Raider of the Lost Ark* on the big screen to everyone.



2016 Aurora Awards Short Fiction
Reviewed by Danny Sichel

“Cosmobotica”, by Costi Gurgu and Tony Pi: It’s 1939, in a timeline where Romania is the world’s leading technological power, and Henri Coanda is participating in the first moon mission -- by telepresence! It’s interesting to see such a different approach to a moon mission, and I was intrigued enough to wonder about other details of that timeline (for the record, the following characters were real people: Henri Coanda, Ana Aslan, Ștefan Odobleja, Nicolae Vasilescu Karpen, Gheorghe Botezatu, Hermann Oberth, and *possibly* Grigore Cuz, the man who brought them all together). But overall, this doesn’t really grab me. I rank it fourth.

“Game Not Over”, by Ron Friedman: Characters in an MMORPG discover that they are characters in an MMORPG, and that their world exists only for the amusement of the peculiar “Adventurers” who keep causing trouble. This basic premise has been done before, but the best applications examine the existential dilemma faced by the suddenly-aware NPCs: if I’m not real, does anything I do really matter? If my past is a fictitious back story, am I bound by it? Here, however, Sheda the Demoness, is just a straightforward magical conqueror with very little imagination – and the human players are irritatingly slow of brain. I dislike this story so much I rank it below ‘No Award’, and leave it off my ballot.

“La Heron”, by Charlotte Ashley: It’s 1699 in France, and La Heron has shown up at the gates of Caen to illegally duel against the Elves. She’s required to have a second with her, so she recruits a drunk nun. The duels are interesting, and the characters are reasonably well-portrayed, but the overall plot is a bit confusing: this felt like – but as far as I can tell, is not – an

excerpt from a longer work, and suffers for it. I rank it second.

“Looking for Gordo”, by Robert Sawyer: SETI was a success: the aliens sent us the entire content of their Internet, and now we have to decide whether to respond. So we use all that data to generate an AI representing the aliens, and put it on mock-trial. This story has some clever ideas (and, quite literally, is sponsored by Microsoft), but ultimately it’s just talking heads explaining stuff to us. I rank it third.

“Super Frenemies”, by Stephen Kotowych: Being super is a communicable disease – you get it from rapid high-pressure skin contact. Like, say, from being punched. By, for instance, the school bully. So a group of fourth-graders now have super-powers and crappy homemade costume – and are lurking outside the bully’s house, with plans to Do What Needs To Be Done. This story has a lot of potential, which it ultimately doesn’t live up to. One problem is that Kotowych switches the narrative voice back and forth between tight-third and omniscient a few times, but he also puts a bit too much focus on some of the inherent weaknesses of the superhero genre, which makes for a distinctly unsatisfying resolution. I rank it fifth.

“Waters of Versailles”, by Kelly Robson: In 1738, Sylvain has adopted a baby water spirit, and is using her to supply indoor plumbing to the Palace at Versailles. The aristocracy’s opinions of such innovations as flush toilets are not quite what we would expect, however, and things begin to go wrong in grotesquely fascinating ways – and, to be fair, it’s not all the aristocracy’s fault. A genuinely likeable story. I rank it first.



MonSFFAndom: June to September, 2016

Keith Braithwaite

JUNE



MonSFFA held its fourth fund-raising **used book sale** on Sunday, June 12, drawing bargainseeking genre booklovers from across the city. Following in the tradition of our original Super Sci-Fi Book Sale and its sequels, Return of the Super Sci-Fi Book Sale and Son of the Super Sci-Fi Book Sale, this so-dubbed Bride

of the Super Sci-Fi Book Sale pocketed some \$300 for the club! The event also raised MonSFFA's profile and resulted in a few newcomers joining our ranks.



Buyers seemed particularly excited by our \$10 Big Box Bargain, many walking out with several boxes or large grocery bags filled to capacity with hardcovers, paperbacks, trade paperbacks, graphic novels, comics, magazines, even a few non-SF/F books! Some folk insisted on paying a little more than our posted price so as not to feel that they were taking unfair advantage of us!

We sold a sizable portion of our stock, thus making room in

our warehouse for fresh inventory. We're already preparing for next year's book sale!

Proceeds from MonSFFA's Super Sci-Fi Book Sales are to benefit the club; all monies raised are directed to MonSFFA's operating budget.

Finally, an enormous dollop of thanks is due those MonSFFen who helped cart in and sort books, set up our sales tables, and break it all down at the end of the day.



With the above-mentioned *Bride of the Super Sci-Fi Book Sale* running throughout the afternoon, MonSFFen and the visitors present participated in a series of brief casual discussions, each on a given topic. **Keith Braithwaite** served as moderator, asking, for example, in the wake of a disappointing reception for **Batman vs. Superman: Dawn of Justice**, what producers should be doing in order that DC-based superhero movies succeed in matching the quality of the popular Marvelbased offerings. Better writing and more humour, a little comic relief, were cited as solutions by several people. The interpretation of Superman in this latest film, as well as in **Man of Steel**, was all wrong, some said, too tonally dark, both figuratively and visually. Such a zeitgeist is better suited to Batman. There ought to be more of a contrast between these two iconic superheroes, the Big Blue Boy Scout and the Dark Knight! Others commented that the DC flicks take themselves much too seriously.

Also discussed were **ComicCon-style sci-fi conventions**, which for many simply do not provide a satisfying con-going experience, despite their mammoth budgets and A-list guest rosters. Too big and impersonal, was the thinking, when

compared to the traditional model of sci-fi con as exemplified by such events as Con*Cept here in Montreal and Ad Astra in Toronto.

But Con*Cept is no more, a victim of apathy, declining numbers, and a dearth of funds! And Ad Astra, apparently, is struggling while attendance surges at the big super-conventions, which everywhere are steadily supplanting smaller, traditional cons. An inevitable turn of events given the mainstreaming of science fiction and fantasy, it was supposed.

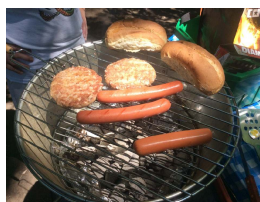
For most present, a ComicCon, despite its scale, has less to offer than the old-fashioned cons. A typical ComicCon can be taken in satisfactorily within, perhaps, a few hours before things start to become repetitive. Compare this to a small con like Con*Cept, which during its peak years of drawing a comparatively infinitesimal 300-400 fans, nevertheless managed to offer those attendees more stimulating and entertaining content than they'd possibly have the time to enjoy in a single weekend! And on a decidedly more engaging and intimate level, without the endless line-ups!

But, it was countered, there's something to be said for the sheer scale of the ComicCons, and the opportunity to meet, if only briefly, so many of the big stars that a Con*Cept could never hope to book. At a price, however, that is, admittedly, rather exorbitant!

A series of interesting and amusing **video-clips and classic sci-fi trailers** were screened to entertain those who had finished their book shopping, and the afternoon closed with a game of **War and Feast**, the MonSFFA-designed board/card game of warring Vampires, Werewolves, and Zombies!



JULY



MonSFFA held its traditional **summer Barbecue-in-the-Park** this year on Sunday, July 17. The weather co-operated fully and our group was pleased to welcome newcomers to the club, all of us together enjoying a pleasant, sunny afternoon in the park.

We relished tasty cuts of barbecued meats, refreshing drinks, and a variety of delicious snacks as conversation flowed 'neath the shade of several trees under which we had established ourselves.

At the risk of a clichéd yet unreservedly appropriate appraisal, a good time was had by all!

We thank club VP **Keith Braithwaite** for providing us a cooking grill, with accompanying accoutrements, and tip the hat, too, to those who brought food and drink to share.



Members, you can download photos from our website!



AUGUST

MonSFFA's August 28 meeting was devoted to a number of fancraft workshops and demonstrations. We've been holding such at our August gatherings for some years, now, providing an opportunity for MonSFFen to share fannish crafting interests – hence our coined term “fancraft” – and work hands-on with others on craft projects. On this occasion, **Cathy Palmer-Lister** offered a primer on the club's Web Site, which she oversees, showing club members how they can access the Site and easily post content. For the benefit of those fan fiction writers and fan film producers in the group, **Keith Braithwaite** gave a detailed presentation on copyright. His research outlined the recent updates to copyright law in both Canada and the U.S., and clarified, generally, what is and is not legal with regard to the fannish habit of appropriating copyrighted material. Often, that is something that's not so clear! He also touched on the ongoing debate over copyright between corporate interests, who want tight controls over intellectual property, and those who find the existing regulations rigid and abusive, and who favour a looser, more open approach.

Mark Burakoff set up his lathe and demonstrated how to turn beautiful, wooden, SF/F-themed custom ballpoint pen casings while filming continued on the club's paper cut-out stop-motion animated short film project, **Francois Menard** animating a meteor strike on several hapless dinosaurs, including a *Parasaurolophus* wading in a river. A stylized moving-water effect was realized using wrinkled Saran Wrap. Rough cuts can be viewed on our website.

A quickly organized field trip saw a small landing party of MonSFFen travel to the **Star Trek: Starfleet Academy Experience** at Canada's national aviation museum in Ottawa. The trip was proposed and details worked out at the club's summer barbecue, and subsequently, online.

On Saturday, August 6, we carpoled west down highway 417

in three vehicles to take in a most entertaining interactive Starfleet training session that offered a number of stations at which we cadets could test our proficiency at command, navigation, medical diagnosis, and other disciplines. We fired a phaser, learned to speak alien languages, and took the famous Kobayashi Maru test on a full-scale replica of Enterprise-D's bridge!

A history of the Federation, and biographies of its notable personages, were outlined for all and display cases showcased the various tech employed by Starfleet personnel, such as communicators, tricorders, PADDs, and phasers. (All but a few of these, and the various uniforms on exhibition, were genuine props and costumes used in the production of the many Star Trek series!) Models of Federation starships, both physical and digital, were on view, as well (including several actual shooting models). Most impressive of these was the large mock-up of U.S.S. Enterprise, some 10-12 feet in length, which opened the exhibit. Cadets all received, on site and later by e-mail, evaluations and a Starfleet Academy certificate, recommending the particular specialty for which their aptitudes were best suited. An “alien selfie” and a video of each cadet “beaming down” from a transporter platform were included, these captured during the course of their visit.



All pretty cool stuff, and a lot of fun! We capped the day with a little shopping in the city and a restaurant dinner.

We thank **Lindsay Brown** for initially bringing this attraction to our attention and suggesting the outing, as well as those who helped to put together and shuttle our away team there and back.

SEPTEMBER

The September 18 club meeting did not unfold as planned! Keith Braithwaite, who was scheduled to provide much of the afternoon's programming, was a no-show; he apparently got the date wrong. Due to a scheduling conflict, several members went to model competition which originally had been scheduled for the Saturday.

Cathy Palmer-Lister offered further information to the MonSFFen present on posting content to the club's Web Site

before the group held an open discussion on a variety of SF/F-related topics. After the break, since we had a strong internet connection, we inflicted a screening of the club's video projects on the new members. Marquise then presented an overview of her art work via her gallery on Deviantart.com.

<http://marquise.deviantart.com>

MonSFFun

You can blame Alice for this groaner! How do you know you have a Pokeman in the Monsffa room? When you keep hearing a thump at door and a OW afterwards.



Answers from WARP 95: The rocket is on page 11, on the art paper.

The lovely gardens heading page 3 are in the Japanese gardens of the Montreal Botanical Gardens.

