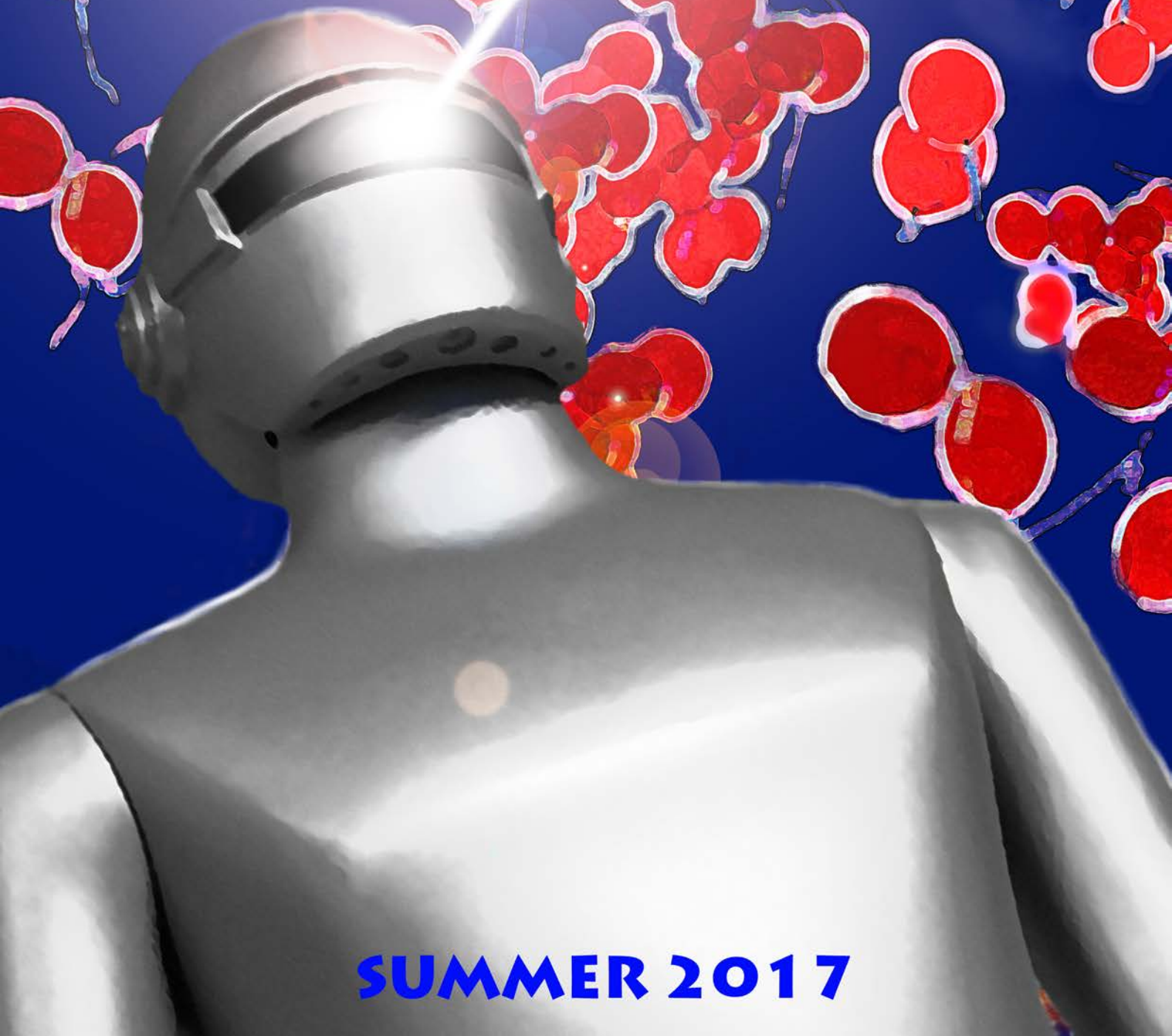


WARD 99



SUMMER 2017

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

In anticipation of our upcoming 100th issue of Warp, we released skyward a celebratory 100 red balloons! However, with robotic efficiency, Gort corrected our math, noting that we're not quite there yet! –Keith Braithwaite

Contact us

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

[Click to find us on line!](#)



Facebook
page



Facebook
group



<http://www.monsffa.ca>



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, Grand Salon, 1005 Guy Street,
corner René Lévesque.

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

Programming is subject to change. Check our website for latest developments.

AUGUST 27

NOON: SF Cinema Matinée, hosted by Keith

14:00 h Forever and a Day: Living eternally, or at least for a much longer time than we do now is an old human dream, but would fulfilling it really be an unmitigated blessing? Presented by Sylvain

15:30 The Future of Warfare: We talk about peace on earth, but it seems we don't really expect it to happen. How do we imagine fighting wars in space? Mark Burakoff

SEPTEMBER 17

13:00 h World Con 75-MonSFFA report on their wonderful adventures in Helsinki, Finland!

15:00 h What's with the fairy tales? Fairy tale for adults on TV, in movies, in books, love them or hate them? CPL, Josée, and René explain the persistence of the folktale in our culture.

16:00h The Music of SF/F, the Sequel! Overview of soundtracks, star composers of the genre, sf themes and imagery in pop music—All wrapped up as a game! (Kieth Braithwaite)

OCTOBER 15

NOON: SF Cinema Matinee, hosted by Keith

14:00h Victorian Scientific Romance: A retrospective of some of the more interesting stories of those early days, presented by Sylvain.

16h Judging a Book by its Cover: The art of SF/F

NOVEMBER 12

CRAFT DAY and SECOND HAND BOOK SALE
Workshops and a chance for our artisans to sell their creations.
The annual MonSFFA book sale will begin at noon.

Donations of gently used books are gratefully accepted, as long as they arrive before noon and you help us to sort them on the tables.

As usual, volunteers who help set up get first choice of the books.

Prices run from 3 for a dollar for mass market pocket books, to 3\$ for hardcover.

SF Artisans wishing to sell their craft work may either rent a table, 5\$ for 4 ft table, or have wares sold by MonSFFA staff for 10% profit.

DECEMBER 9

Holiday Feast : Time and Place TBD

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
On Defining a New Subgenre / 9

DEPARTMENTS

You've Got Mail! / 3
Blast from the Past: WARP 11 / 4
Upcoming Conventions & Events / 4



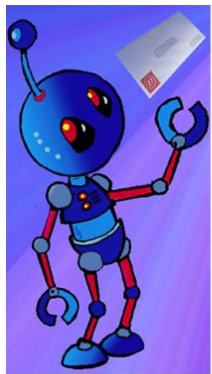
REVIEWS

Conventions & Events / 11
Movies & Television / 12

MonFFANDOM

May to July / 13

MonSFFun / 16



You've Got Mail!

Dear MonSFFen:

Thanks to you and Cathy, I have Warp 98 here with me. I haven't had much time lately, but here's a fast loc just before deadline.

My past loc...reminders of SF from the past still crop up, but with often bad news. I read that just a few days ago, Brian Aldiss, one of the best known authors of British SF from the

60s and 70s, has passed away, at the age of 92.

STILL job hunting, folks! The resumes are out there, and lately, there's a lot of great jobs I have applied for. However, I just want one...

The Helsinki Worldcon is done. Next year's Worldcon is in San Jose, CA, and in 2019, it will be in Dublin, Ireland. I gather this year's NASFiC in Puerto Rico only attracted 200 people.

*Smaller than a Con*Cept—I wonder how they made out financially.*

We were at the Coldwater Steampunk Festival a couple of weekends ago, and it was great fun, and profitable, too. We'll be back next year!

Cathy, you are unfortunately right about fen, and I may be one of them. There are fannish traditions that go all the way back to the 30s, 40s, 50s and 60s, and while they are time-honoured, they are not graven in stone, and some people think they should be.

The appeal of fannish traditions going back that far is fading, and new traditions are much more sensible. Membership fees should not be raised to keep the older fans fed and watered; not all of us drink. In many ways, the older fans have gone away, and the newer fans have their own traditions. We've moved onwards into steampunk fandom, where there's great fun to be had, but no restrictive traditions.

We need a healthy balance. No one wants to toss the baby with the bath water, but some fans are refusing any kind of change. For instance, there was an outcry when Locus updated the appearance of their covers. I found this out when I complimented a staff member at a con, and was almost tearfully thanked. Seems they had been given a lot of grief for the change.

Today is the day of the eclipse...anyone go out and look at it? I did for a second, but for many, it was a non-event. It was best watched on television, I think.

Indeed, we only had a partial. One of our members, Dom Durocher took a fabulous photo of the eclipse. I had an appointment I could not change, but did notice the sky darken and the air looking sort of dingy. The big event will be in 2024.

Ad Astra...I don't think it is a shadow of its former self, but it is what new people have worked to create. I found this year had few true vendors, and many independent book authors and publishers, trying to sell their product. I think the dealers' room

will be better this year, for Robert Williams, one of the local steampunk vendors, told me in Coldwater that he will be the new Ad Astra vendor chief. He really wants us to be there; we will have to see what happens. Ad Astra 2018 will be held in July.

I remember Andrew Fazekas, having met him at a RASC event some years ago. He used to be the head of Montreal Centre, if I recall.

Yes, and he is still very involved with the

BLAST FROM THE PAST: WARP 12, September 1990



Yes, it says, “WARP 9” but it is indeed the 12th issue of WARP. The number on the cover refers to the month of publication, an unwieldy system which was changed with WARP 20.

This issue’s cover is entitled “Space: 1999” and pays tribute to the Gerry Anderson TV series of the same name. The acrylics on masonite work was rendered by Montreal artist **Sylvain (Sv) Bell** as part of a special art exhibit,

honouring Anderson’s TV legacy. The editor notes that YTV is running Space 1999 on Sundays.

MonSFFA begins with this intriguing disclaimer: “It has come to the attention of both MonSFFA and Con-cept that certain persons, claiming to represent either or both of these organizations, have made statements and commitments to other organizations and individuals which were not sanctioned by either MonSFFA or Con-cept. Please take note: Constitutionally, only the president or Vice President of MonSFFA and only the Chairperson of Con-cept, officially and with full sanction, may speak for these respective organizations...” Wow, wonder what that was all about!

Also, the September meeting might have to be held elsewhere because, “the Black Watch has told us that they can not confirm a date for us at this time because of the Mohawk crisis; they are on stand-by, it seems, and the armoury is being used almost exclusively for military purposes these days.” Interesting times.

Kevin Holden, reporting on Ad Astra 10, noted: “The Art Show was above average, as it could only be with the many stellar

Centre activities. We were lucky to have him as a speaker at MonSFFA.

Time to go, I think! Cathy, let me know if you need a new convention list.

For 2018? Yes, please!

Take care, all, and see you with Warp 99.

Yours, Lloyd Penney



C. Palmer-Lister

talents it boasted ,including **Denis Beauvais**, **Bob Eggleton** and the grand master of them all, **Frank Kelly Freas** (Artist GoH).” From the photos, I gather the masquerade was quite entertaining as well. This was followed by a report on a dinosaur exhibit at Granby Zoo, which was written by **Denis Saure**. No mention of a Denis Saure on any membership list, but I’m sure somebody remembers him... **Bernard Reischl** reported on Toronto Trek IV, later renamed Polaris, and still missed by many fans since organizers called it quits just a few years ago. **George Takei** was a popular guest of honour: “He gave a terrific talk and held a spirited Q and A session afterwards. And, he was pleased to sign autographs for everyone, and I mean everyone.” **Berny and Lynda Pelley** both won awards for their models and their appearances in the masquerade. **Sylvain St-Pierre** wrote a brief report on Confiction, the World Con in the Hague, where he won the performance award in the masquerade. A video collage of the convention is promised.

A couple of items in Sensors caught my eye. Thanks to Hitachi engineers, “a 64-megabit computer memory chip which, they predict, will be the basis for most popular electronic products of the late 1990s. The fingernail-size silicon sliver, two generations beyond the current state of the art, would make possible hand held computers and electronic pocket organizers that could store the contents of the New York City phone book.” **Steven Spielberg** will direct Universal Pictures’ Jurassic, based on Michael Crichton’s latest novel, The Klingons are invading Kanada, contact a certain **Bernard Reischl** if you want to get involved.

The Main Viewscreen featured Dragons, and there are some lovely works of art. **Check it out!**



Upcoming Conventions & Events

Abridged, please consult our website for more complete listing

August 31 – September 3, 2017 – Fan eXpo Canada, Metro Toronto Convention Centre. <http://www.fanexpocanada.com>.

September 15-17, 2017 – Animara Con, Sherbrooke, QC. <http://www.animaracon.com>.

September 23m 2017 – Capcon Model Competition, Ottawa, ON <http://www.ipmsottawa.com/capcon/>

September 22-24, 2017 – 2017 Grand Canadian Steampunk Exposition, Fort George, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON. Steampunk event. <http://www.canadiansteampunk.com>.

September 30 – October 1, 2017 – Hamilton Comic Con, Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum, Port Hope, ON. <http://www.hamiltoncomiccon.com>.

Lloyd Penney and Lynda Pelley

October 13-14-15 – Can-Con, Ottawa, Guests: Steven Erikson, Sheila Gilbert <http://can-con.org/cc/>

October 15, 2017 – Action Figure Expo, Meadowvale, Mississauga. <http://www.ontariocollectorscon.com>.

October 28, 2017 – Vivala Con, L’viv Hall, Oshawa. Anime/gaming convention. <http://vivalacon.com>.

November 5&6, 2017 – Geekfest Montreal, College de Maisonneuve, Montreal. For more information, <http://www.geekfestmtl.com>.

December 1-3, 2017 – Smofcon 35, a con for conrunners, Boston, MA. <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, capturing Chakotay. A conversation with him left Janeway puzzled as to his motives, and the ease with which he was captured. Then Janeway was assigned to exploring the Gamma quadrant. 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. 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. The away team assembled to explore the planet includes Jarvis from the Maquis crew, but he clearly hates the Federation. The team gets their first look at the Kazon who apparently have a prisoner.

CHAPTER 40

Grabbing her phaser Janeway leaped to her feet. With Paris and Tuvok at her heels the captain headed in the direction in which Chakotay had vanished. They were just in time to the Maquis leader catch up with a strange looking man who was clutching Chakotay's water canteen. The captain found it hard not to laugh, of all people to steal from. This funny, innocent looking intruder had chosen the wrong target. Less amusing was how this alien managed to come so close undetected. Even Tuvok looked shocked.

Obviously this man might not be so inept as his appearance suggested. It had been fortunate that he had wanted only the water and not their lives.

As the away team quickly surrounded the newcomer he stood quietly, gazing in curiosity at Janeway and her team. Tuvok motioned for the team to maintain a sharp lookout, they did not need another surprise.

Janeway looked around. There had been almost no sound; hopefully, the group by the ruins had not been alerted. She exchanged 'a what next' look with Chakotay.

The water thief looked from Janeway to Chakotay. "I was only going to borrow it. I would have replaced the container."

Snatching back his canteen Chakotay retorted sarcastically. "I'm sure that you would."



Janeway silently appraised the alien. The man was short, on the stocky side. A sparse mane of brownish hair running along the top of his head continued down the back of his neck, his speckled face spouted a line of whiskers. Very different from the group they had been watching. The captain was beginning to wonder how many species inhabited this supposedly uninhabitable planet. "My name is Captain Kathryn Janeway of the Federation Starship Explorer. This is Maquis Commander Chakotay."

The alien's voice was soft and clear. "How do you do, my name is Neelix."

Chakotay too was beginning to wonder about the planet. "Do you live here?"

The man appeared shocked at the question. "Of course not! Only the Kazon and the Ocampa live here."

Somewhat bewildered that anyone would live on this world,

Janeway echoed the words. "The Kazon and the Ocampa?"

Starting to develop a headache from the sun, Janeway rubbed her temples. "Which group lives by the ruins?"

Neelix replied impatiently, although speaking to those who should know the answers. "Kazon."

Chakotay had been closely studying the mysterious stranger. "What about the fair haired girl? She appears quite different."

This time Neelix answered more carefully. "She's Ocampa." The eyes of the alien moved over the away team. "You're not from this area of space, are you? You must be from the two ships brought here about a week ago. Were you abducted, brought here against your will?"

Janeway and Chakotay tensed. Slowly Janeway replied, "Yes we were. How do you know?"

Neelix's face grew grim. "Unfortunately, you are not the first. Are you also missing members of your crew?"

Chakotay knew he would not like what was coming. "Two!"

Beside him the Maquis leader could feel Janeway's apprehension as she voiced the fearful question. "Do you know where they are?" Both apprehensive and hopeful.

A dismal, agonizing look descended like a shadow over Neelix. "I'm sorry. Evidently the Caretaker sends them to the Ocampa. Non have survived. They die within hours of some unknown disease, their bodied covered with strange, large raw lumps."

Both Janeway and Chakotay fought down the nausea brought about by Neelix's information. Had this been the fate of Kim and Torres? A lonely gruesome end, suffering from some horrific disease among strangers, forced to end their days far from friends and family.

Zipp...Phaser fire coming from the rocks behind narrowly missed one of the Maquis. From two sides Kazon descended upon the away team with traces of light flashing back and forth from phaser weapons, the air saturated by the war cries of the Kazon. His face grim Chakotay muttered in annoyance as he dropped one of the lead attackers. "There goes our advantage."

Not at all happy with this turn of events Janeway fired at the closing Kazon. "This would be a good time to return to the ship, after I get that girl." Chakotay did not have to inquire which girl, though it did cross his mind to wonder how this was to be accomplished. As the expert marksmanship of both Starfleet and

Maquis drove back the Kazon, Janeway started in the direction of the Kazon encampment. Slowly, using the rocks as cover, the captain eased around to her right, away from the fighting. Darting from boulder to boulder, carefully working her way behind the attacking Kazon, Janeway was conscious of only one thing....Torres, Kim, and one Ocampa girl.

She had almost reached the camp, just a few yards more remained, a few yards with no cover though. Without warning Janeway was hit from behind with what felt like a shuttle. Finding herself flat on the ground, she heard a phaser blast pass over her and the Maquis sprawled on top. Lifting her head she watched as Chakotay, a couple of feet away, effectively dealt with the Kazon who had fired at her. After her savior jumped to his feet, Janeway immediately followed. Her red and black uniform now sand-white with planet dust. Chakotay, Tuvok, Paris, and B'Kay lost no time in joining her.

B'Kay grinned at his crewmate. "Well....well....what do you know. Hey Jarvis, nice going! This time you saved a Starfleet captain." Chakotay looked at his two men. It would take Jarvis a long time to live this one down. Yes, he had been correct as to why Tuvok had requested this particular crewman. The Vulcan knew Jarvis. He also knew what Chakotay had suspected. Janeway was unmindful of danger. She was not the type to hide behind

rank while others did the dirty work. From now on, on any away mission, Jarvis would be ordered to remain close to her.

"Captain look!" Paris cried out, pointing to where Neelix and the girl were attempting to outrun a group of Kazon.

"Tuvok!" Janeway whirled around. Before the words were out of her mouth, the Vulcan had already started in the direction of the fleeing pair.

Tom Paris was faster! Seeing the only hope for his friends about to disappear attached wings to his feet. Tom reached Neelix as the away team again drove back the Kazon. Paris gasped as hot searing air filled with sand clogged his lungs. "Easy. W...." Desperately he fought to pull air into his tortured organs. "We....we won't harm....you. Only want.....answers. Find our missing....friends." Janeway and Chakotay, along with the away team, quickly surrounded the threesome.

Reaching Paris, Janeway saw another, larger and more heavily armed group of Kazon heading their way. The captain slapped her comm badge. "Transporter room, emergency beam out of away team plus two!"

Instantly, she found herself back in the comfortable environment of her own ship, the coolness in sharp contrast to what she had just left.



CHAPTER 41

Looking around in stunned disbelief Neelix stood wide-eyed and fearful beside Janeway. Placing a protective arm around the waist of his companion, Neelix pulled the Ocampa girl closer. "How....how did you do this? Where are we?"

Returned her phaser to her belt Janeway stepped down off the transporter padd. Turning around she tried to reassure her frightened visitor. "Relax Mr. Neelix, we used a transporter. You're onboard my ship, in orbit around the planet. We only want some information, you and the young lady are in no danger." Just then the first officer entered, shifting Janeway's attention. "Mr. Cavit, go to yellow alert. We made the acquaintance of some rather unfriendly natives. They have ships in orbit, be on the alert for an attack."

Deeply concerned, Chakotay stepped down off the platform. "Captain! My ship is in danger. We do have minimal shields and weapons but our sensor systems are still not operational."

The captain turned to the Maquis leader. "Who has your bridge?"

Chakotay's face clearly revealed his apprehension over the safety of his crew. "Seska!"

Janeway's attention shifted back to Cavit. "Have Evans contact Seska, tell her we have found someone who might provide some answers. Warn her about the possibility of an attack. We will have to be their eyes, make sure the tactical link between our ships is secure at all times."

"Yes Captain!" The picture of an efficient and dedicated first officer, Cavit quickly left.

The captain turned to her chief of security. "Tuvok, arrange for all the away team to have a shower and some food, then join us in sick bay."

With a slight inclination of his head the Vulcan started to

leave. "Yes Captain. Away team come with me." The three Maquis looked uncertainly at Chakotay. After receiving a small nod from their leader they too followed Tuvok out of the room. Only Tom Paris remained. He was not going anywhere until he found out about B'Elanna and Harry.

Janeway carefully appraised her two visitors. She noticed that while Neelix appeared to be nervous, his companion seemed more curious than frightened. In fact, to the captain's surprise the girl appeared to be completely relaxed. She motioned to Neelix. "Come with us, we'll attend to the young lady's injuries then we can talk."

"I'm not leaving her," chimed a defiant Neelix, showing more bravado than he was feeling.

Placing a small, slender hand on Neelix's shoulder the fair-haired girl spoke for the first time. Her voice soft and lyrical, like a gently spring rain kissing the petals of a flower. "Neelix relax, these people rescued us from the Kazon."

The keen eyes of the captain surveyed her fairy-like guest. "I'm Captain Kathryn Janeway, welcome aboard. May I ask your name?"

With a relaxed smile the girl answered quickly, firmly totally unafraid in the midst of strange events, surrounded by aliens of which she knew nothing. "My name is Kes."

Indicating each with her hand, the captain introduced the two standing beside her. "This is Commander Chakotay and Tom Paris." Janeway suppressed a chuckle. Both men, especially Paris, were staring. She could not blame them for the young lady was beautiful and delicate. Blue eyes opened wide, not out of fear, but out of curiosity, with her fair hair and pale complexion adding to



a fragile Chine doll image. An image the captain suspected was false. The manner in which her guest made eye contact and carried herself suggested a hidden strength and strong character.

After the introductions were over Janeway led the group to sickbay. Entering the room the captain immediately noticed the startled look on the face of Dr. Fitzgerald as he sighted Chakotay. A look that quickly became one of intense hatred. It lasted only seconds before being replaced by his professional mask. However, the look of animosity was strong enough to worry Janeway. She could only hope this would be the only contact between the two. Still it caused her concern. Cavit and Fitzgerald were two senior staff officers, both held positions where uncontrolled passions could result in serious, if not, tragic consequences. What did please her, sickbay contained no crew members. Thanks to Chakotay all the injured had received the necessary medication and were now recuperating in their quarters. Janeway turned her attention away from the doctor. "Here Kes, up here on the biobed, Doctor Fitzgerald will attend to those injuries."



As soon as the girl was seated the doctor quickly passed the scanner then slowly moved one of the medical instruments back and forth over the cuts and welts. It required only minutes to treat Kes' face and arms. Though unsightly the bruises and lacerations had not serious. In absolute amazement Kes' eyes darted around the room, sweeping over the various objects. "I never dreamed anything like this existed." Looking at Janeway the young lady whispered in childlike wonderment. "Are we really out in space?"

Smiling gently the captain nodded. "Yes, Kes, we are, but tell me about your people. According to Neelix, you are called Ocampa."

Watching the doctor as he completed his treatment Kes nodded. "We live underground."

At that moment Tuvok walked into sickbay, rejoining the group. His voice expressed no surprise that for once his Vulcan logic had been flawed. "When we scanned your planet there were no signs of an underground civilization."

For a moment Kes looked at, what was to her, another strange alien. "The Caretaker erected barriers protecting us. Perhaps that is why!"

Chakotay expressed what the others were thinking. "These barriers must be strong enough to block the scanners."

Janeway nodded her agreement, however, her attention was focussed on Dr. Fitzgerald, who having completed Kes' treatment was now in the process of returning to his office. Following his movements the captain noted that the doctor had never uttered a word and was now seated at his desk, back towards her and the others. Though she did not like the situation, Janeway saw no reason for immediate concern. She would address the issue at a more opportune time. Not seeing the bitter fury on the face of Doctor Fitzgerald, Kathryn Janeway turned her attention back to her visitors and the matter at hand. "Caretaker? Is that the entity on the Array?"

Uncertain as to what the captain was referring to, Kes looked first at Janeway then Chakotay. "I do not know what you mean."

Taking his eyes off Kes, Neelix turned to Janeway. "I think I can answer your question. The space station, which you are calling

the Array, would be what the Ocampa and others who live in this sector refer to as the Caretaker. It has been around for a long, long time and there are no records of anyone ever boarding or leaving the station. If there are life forms living there nobody has any knowledge of who they are." He gave a small shrug. "I can tell you it is protected by a field preventing any ship from approaching or docking, and it sends these bursts of energy down to the Ocampa to run their habitat. The name Caretaker must have come from the Ocampa, since they are the ones this entity appears to be caring for. Way back in history there might have been some contact with Kes' people, however, neither of us have any knowledge of this."

Janeway took a moment to process the information. "Kes, how long have you been living underground? There are signs of surface habitation."

The young lady slowly shook her head from side to side. "I really don't know. Hundreds of generations for our life span is only nine years. According to the Elders, the Caretaker led us underground when the 'Warming' began. He built everything we needed and continued to provide the energy necessary to run our systems."

Janeway and Chakotay exchanged a small nod while Tuvok just raised an eyebrow. Finally some things were beginning to make sense. But why they were brought into the Delta Quadrant and for what reason did this Caretaker need Torres and Kim? Taking a step closer Chakotay studied the young lady. "How did you come to be on the surface?" Embarrassed, Kes ducked her head. "I'm very curious, always asking questions, searching for answers. There are old tunnels and stairways leading to the surface. I found one and followed it. There was a break in the security barrier, where it had decayed. However, the people I found were not as friendly as you are."

Neelix interjected softly. "But....you also found me."

Kes smiled tenderly at her friend. "Yes....I also found you."

After exchanging an amused smile with Chakotay, Janeway placed her hand on the bio-bed. "Kes, Neelix told us this Caretaker has been sending people down to the Ocampa."

Unable to remain silent any longer, Paris cried out in desperation. "Yes....what about these people? Anybody in the last week?"

Kes replied softly, sadly. "I don't know. I've been on the surface for at least two weeks. Almost three."

Wishing she could help them but fearing she was the bearing of bad news Kes glanced around at the anxious group before her. "Even if they were sent to our habitat.....unfortunately those that were.....I'm sorry."

Turning anguished eyes from Kes to Janeway, Tom hit the surface of the bio-bed with his hands. The captain placed her hand on Tom's arm. "Easy, we have come this far, don't give up. Not yet." She turned back to Kes. "We're missing two of our crew. We cannot be certain of the exact time but they would have been sent to the Ocampa during the last six days. Did the others die right away? Is there a possibility Torres and Kim could still be alive?"

Uncertain of how to reply Kes shook her head. "I don't know....I only saw the first one, she died almost immediately. They were all sent directly to the clinic, I can only tell you what I overheard. I believe some did live for two or three days, but most

died within hours.”

Waving her hand the captain placed the other on her hip. “How did your Caretaker explain all this....the sudden appearance of strangers who were dying?”

Realizing how easily her people had accepted without questioning made Kes uneasy. “There has never been direct communication with the Caretaker, the Elders always interpret his desires.”

Chakotay could not prevent his voice from betraying the anger and frustration that he was feeling. “What morbid desires did your Elders think this Caretaker of yours could possibly have?”

Kes turned compassionate eyes onto the agitated Maquis leader. “They believed these people were sent to protect others. We appeared to have immunity against this disease, allowing us to care for them without becoming ill ourselves.”

Dropping her head she spoke very softly. “Sadly we knew nothing about their condition. There was little we could do, except make them as comfortable as possible.”

The young Ocampa raised her head, pleading for understanding she looked directly at Janeway. “We do not have the facilities that you do.”

Janeway returned the steady gaze. “Kes, would you be willing to take us down to the Ocampa? We might still be able to save Harry and B’Elanna.”

Before Kes could reply Neelix spoke up. “Captain, the Ocampa have the only water on the planet, an underground reservoir. We would like to help, however, the Kazon want the secret of the tunnels, they will come looking for us. My ship is in orbit and the Kazon know the location. If it is not already too late we must return to it, leave this sector immediately.”

With raised eyebrow Tuvok looked at Neelix. “If your ship is in orbit, and you do not have transporters, how did you reach the surface of the planet?”

Neelix turned to the Vulcan. “I had a one man shuttle, which by now I’m sure the Kazon are claiming as their own. It is of no importance, but I am concerned about my ship.”

Janeway assured her nervous visitor. “We will protect you. And make sure you are safe before we leave.”

With a gentle but firm look Kes turned to her companion. “They helped us, we must help them.”

She turned back to Janeway and Chakotay. “Of course I’ll take you there, that is if I can. In the past there have been others who went in search of the surface. One or two returned with stories of a desolate wasteland unfit for habitation, however, the majority never came back, probably because of the Kazon. Whenever the Elders discover a tunnel they immediately seal it, which they have probably done with the one I used. It is rumoured there are dozen of tunnels but I do not know their locations.”

Chakotay turned to the Starfleet security chief. “Tuvok, would your scanners be strong enough to find one of the entrances located on the surface? We could then beam down, follow the tunnel. Hopefully, once we reach the barrier there would be a way to disable it.”

Tuvok turned to face both commanders. “Unfortunately that

would be impossible, our scanners are already at maximum. The barrier not only protects the Ocampa habitat but also inhibits detection of the surface access points. With the damages we suffered our sensor strength cannot be increased.”

Taking a couple of steps away from the group, Janeway stood with both hands on her hips. Deep in thought the captain stared down at the floor. So close, she was not going to allow something like a barrier to stop her.

Turning back to Kes, she moved back to the side of the bio-bed. “Do you know the location of the tunnel you used? Even if the Elders did seal it we might be able to clear an opening large enough for us to pass through.”

Kes shook her head. “I’m afraid not, the exit was located in the mountains some distance from the Kazon encampment. I was following a small trail when I ran into four of the Kazon. By then it was almost night and they did not go directly to the camp, meeting up with a larger group before bringing me to the Maje. We travelled along several pathways, making it impossible for me to remember the route.”

With a determined look upon her face the captain looked at Chakotay. “All right, we’ll do this the hard way. Since our scanners cannot penetrate the barrier, they should nevertheless be able to detect an opening where the shield has failed. We might not be able to boost the strength of our sensors but we can reconfigure them to compensate for the interference caused by the Caretaker’s energy bursts.”

Janeway turned back to Tuvok. “Show Kes and Neelix to quarters, then tell Evans to scan the planet for a break in the barrier that we can beam through. Locate Neelix’s ship, tractor it into our shuttle bay. Afterwards help Evans with the search.”

Tuvok started in the direction of the door. “Mr. Neelix, Ms Kes if you would please come with me.”

Jumping off the bio-bed Kes followed the Vulcan. Though slightly nervous Neelix joined them.

Janeway turned to Paris. “Tom, go to the conn and help Evans and Tuvok with the scans.”

Tom Paris headed quickly for the door. “Yes Captain!”

Once they were alone Janeway turned to Chakotay, who gave her a small nod of agreement.

Placing his back against one of the beds the Maquis leader folded his arms. “I’m thinking the same as you are, finally some answers. It feels good to be able to take decisive action, stop working with our hands tied behind our backs.”

Taking a deep breath Janeway nodded slowly. “I agree. Though the possibility of the two still being alive is slim, perhaps, just perhaps, there is one small chance we’ll be in time.”

Neither dared to voice the troubling questions.

If Torres and Kim were still alive, how long would they remain so?

Would the rescue be in time, or would they be just too late?

Most importantly, could this unknown illness be cured?

Or would she and Chakotay be forced to stand by, helpless, watching Harry Kim and B’Elanna Torres slowly become two more victims?



Invite your friends to our crafts and books sale, Sunday, November 12

Municipal Fantasy: Adventures in Literary Taxonomy

On defining a new subgenre

Danny Sichel

When this article by MonSFFA member Danny Sichel was first posted on our website, it drew a lot of comments. It was also picked up by File 770 and CyberCozen. Danny's bibliography can be found on our website here. <http://www.monsffa.ca/?p=5065>

Some years back, I attended a panel on urban fantasy at ConCept. The panellists discussed the urban aspect, and they discussed the fantasy aspect, and when they were finished, there were still ten minutes left on the schedule. And they said, well, it looks like we've discussed both components implied by the name, I guess we can leave early!

And I realized... no, there's a third component. There's urban, and there's fantasy... and there's the space between them. An enforced separation between the modern world – the urban environment – and the magic.* They've developed separately over the years (which is typically shown as leading to a certain degree of stagnation in the magic). The magic is hidden from the science and technology, and so it does not advance while they do.

This is what characterizes – or has characterized – the vast majority of works of urban fantasy over the years: the Masquerade, the Veil, the Cover-up, the Blindness. Magic exists, in the background, but the general population has no idea. The good guys lie, and erase memories, and their biggest danger is the general public finding out that they exist. When there's an epic battle between good and evil, the forces of good also have to ensure that it's wiped from the record. There is magic, and there are muggles; they know about us, but we don't know about them. They may benefit from our progress, but we remain forever unaware.

But what if this weren't so?

In the early 18th century, Girolamo Saccheri revolutionized mathematics by taking one of the fundamental axioms of geometry, and examining what would be implied by its opposite.** What happens if we apply that principle to urban fantasy? What if the supernatural magical paranormal fantastical elements, and modern society... are NOT forcibly separated?

Let's start by examining the justifications for the separation. One common excuse is that people would panic. As per Agent K, we're "dumb, panicky, dangerous animals and you know it." But panic doesn't last. We very quickly accept massive changes in the world as "the new normal". That's why the phrase "new normal" exists.

And we're clever monkeys, we are; when we know that something is real, we adapt. And we begin to use it. We exploit it. We make allowances for it. We take it apart to see how it works, and we tinker with it to see what else we can make it do. As per Phil Foglio (who was paraphrasing a line misattributed to Larry Niven, which was itself an inversion of Arthur C. Clarke), "any sufficiently analyzed magic is indistinguishable from technology".

Another rationalization is that humanity is too dangerous for

the supernatural: magical creatures would be harmed, hunted down, enslaved, exterminated. And, granted, when you look at human history, that's not so difficult to believe. But in general, we're past the age of the pogrom. If you're an intelligent race living secretly among modern humanity, you know how to hire lawyers and PR firms. You can lobby for legislation.

If we undo those justifications... if we assume their opposite... we get fantasy where magic has openly come back into the modern world, or been revealed to the general public to have been here all along. Or, alternately, magic has openly been around long enough that an equivalent to our modern technological society has developed. And, perhaps most importantly, that magic is an issue of public policy.

I propose that this subgenre be called: "MUNICIPAL FANTASY".

"What's the difference between 'municipal' and 'urban'?", you might be wondering. "Don't they mean essentially the same thing?" And in a way, they do, but synonyms are never exact. They both refer to cities... but 'urban' is a general feeling, an environment, a mood. 'Municipal', conversely, implies more of a system, with regulations and public services. 'Urban wildlife' is raccoons eating your garbage and 'urban legends' are just stories you heard about a friend of a friend of a friend, but "municipal wildlife" feels like the raccoons are only eating the garbage because it's their job, and "municipal legends" feels the story won't be told outside city limits.

So, now that we've begun to establish what municipal fantasy is, let's see if we can refine our definition. A good way to start is by examining pre-existing works and assessing whether or not this new label applies to them. At this point, I'd like to remind you that ultimately taxonomy is arbitrary, and that literary taxonomy is even more so: it's tough to use a dichotomous key when there's no physical entity!

Joss Whedon's "Buffy the Vampire Slayer": When Buffy goes out to kill vampires, all she needs is a stake. The world in general has no idea what she's doing, or that vampires exist. Urban fantasy.

Laurell Hamilton's "Anita Blake": When Anita goes out to kill vampires, she needs a warrant. And instead of avoiding the police, she has to coordinate with them. Municipal fantasy.

Jim Butcher's "Harry Dresden": openly a wizard, but most people have never heard of him and nobody believes this is real. Urban fantasy.

Mike Carey's "Felix Castor": openly a freelance exorcist, and the existence of ghosts and demons became undeniable by the general public at some point about the year 2000 – no one's quite sure when, but Parliament has started debating what to do about zombies. Municipal.

Seanan McGuire's "October 'Toby' Daye": she's a private investigator who's magically transformed into a koi and abandoned in a pond for 17 years (not a spoiler; it happens in the prologue to the first novel). When she's rescued, her life is ruined, because even when she goes back to her husband and daughter, she can't tell them that there's any such thing as magic. Urban.

Ben Aaronovich's "Rivers of London" and Paul Cornell's "Shadow Police" are both about the branches of British law enforcement that deal with magical things, and in both cases there's a substantial bureaucracy, but in both cases it's secret to the general public. Same in Harry Potter with the secret Ministry of Magic, and the hidden departments in Mur Lafferty's "Shambling Guides". All urban.

Charlene Harris's True Blood novels: vampires have "come out of the coffin", and now there's arguments over their legal rights. Municipal.

Mercedes Lackey's SERRATED Edge: elves are driving race cars and rescuing abused children, but elvishness is secret. Urban.

Holly Lisle's "Devil's Point" books, where God announces publicly that demons will be allowed to take physical form within the borders of North Carolina, and land surveyors use this to settle disputes about where precisely the borders of North Carolina are (if the demon takes three steps to the left, it is forcibly disincorporated; therefore, the border is two steps to the left), and even if individual demons try to pass as human, that demons exist is now a known and publicly accepted fact. Municipal.

And then there's Ilona Andrews' "Kate Daniels" series, and Wen Spencer's "Tinker", and Andrew Swann's "Dragons of the Cuyahoga", and Geoff Landis's short "Elemental", and the Shadowrun RPG and associated novels.... all municipal.

A particularly intriguing phenomenon happens when a series starts as urban fantasy, and then transitions into municipal. This happens in Jim Hines' "Magic Ex Libris", for instance – in the first book, "Libriomancer", magic is a tightly-kept secret and the general public has no idea, but by the time they hit book 4, "Revisionary", they've blown the masquerade to bits and have to deal with the consequences that they can no longer hide. This is also what happens in Charlie Stross's "Laundry" novels: as CASE

NIGHTMARE GREEN progresses, and the stars are right, eventually, the incidents become too big and too involved, and there are too many witnesses... and too much stuff gets uploaded to the internet. And you can't mindwipe everyone who has access to Twitter and Youtube. Carrie Vaughan's "Kitty Norville" series begins with Kitty revealing magic to the world.

What all these works I've cited thus far have in common is that they're municipal fantasy of the first type: set in our world (or what was, until recently, our world), with magic. The second type is, as I've already mentioned, a world where magic has been around from the very beginning – and yet, people haven't let it stop them from developing technology. There's been actual progress. Max Gladstone's magnificent "Craft" sequence (a finalist for the Hugo Award for Best Series) is an excellent example of this type of municipal fantasy, one of the strongest I've found: magic corporations and contracts and loans, and urban planning that takes into account the presence of gods, and a police force that uses golems, and water purification plants powered by deals with otherworldly entities and a global economic system based on souls and commodified worship. Or Robin McKinley's "Sunshine", about a world several years after the "Voodoo Wars", but there's still TV and motorcycles and the Internet and license plates and blood tests to detect if someone is magical and electric fences and vampires and shapeshifters and the fact that nobody's yet figured out a proper ward to keep mice out of your house.

This does raise the question, though, of what counts as "equivalent to our modern society"? What about Felix Gilman's Ararat, China Miéville's Bas-Lag, Graydon Saunders's Commonweal, Poul Anderson's "Operation Chaos", Randall Garrett's "Lord Darcy", Dave van Domelen's "Academy of Superheroes"? What do we need for a setting to be recognizably modern? Bureaucracy? Mass production? Labor unions? Printing? Telecommunications? Evidence-based medicine? Peer-reviewed journals? Fiat currency? Representative government? Do any of Steven Brust's "Dragaera" novels fit the description? What about Terry Pratchett's "Discworld"? Melissa Scott's "Five Twelfths of Heaven"? Alter S. Reiss's "Recalled to Service"? The term "gaslamp fantasy" has been used to describe mid-to-late-19th-century-equivalent societies with magic (certainly Susanna Clarke's "Jonathan Strange and Mister Norrell" would be better described as "gaslamp" than "municipal", for one... although it rather antedates the gaslamp era!); where does "gaslamp" end and "municipal" begin? And what counts as "magic", anyway? And how much detail do you need?

All these are questions for other essays, and perhaps other essayists. Which works of municipal fantasy do you think I've omitted?

=====

* at this point, you might say "well, wait, that's not always the case, I can think of works of urban fantasy where that definition doesn't apply"; that's the whole point of this essay. I'm arguing that although such works may have been called 'urban fantasy', they should not be.

** yes, I'm aware that 'revolutionizing mathematics' was not at all what Saccheri had intended, that he was horrified by his results, that he denied them, and that consequently they went largely ignored for another 150 years. That's not the point.



**CSI Experience
Josée Bellemare**

The exhibit is very interesting: when you walk in you have the choice of three different crime scenes. You choose one and using the case card for the crime you follow the evidence stations to collect your clues.

The stations explain various aspects of a crime scene such as tire tracks, DNA of victims, fingerprints, chemical analysis, the timetable of bug growth and many other forensic techniques.

Whether you follow only one crime or all three, the interactive experience demonstrates the science used in crime solving and at the end you compare your notes with the final station to see if you got it right.

The outing was informative and a lot of fun. I strongly recommend it for anyone who loves mysteries.



Photos by Josée Bellemare



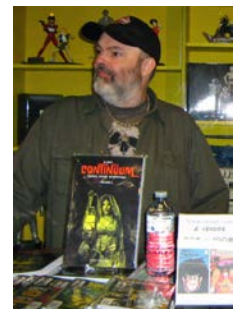
**Free Comic Book Day 2017
Josée Bellemare**

Fortunately the weather cleared up in the morning and stayed good for the day.

While there were a few less cosplayers this year, the ones who came had fun. There were plenty of superheroes, the regular Ghostbusters and several artists but this year La Boite à BD also had live music. A few musicians from the OVMF came to entertain the crowd and sell their CDs.

They played theme music from various movies and TV shows. At one point a storm trooper danced when they played the theme from Star Wars.

Overall it was a successful event.



OMVMF musicians, cosplayers, Sv Bell, and Josée.



Two Movies I Watched Over the Atlantic, Sylvain St-Pierre

My return from Worldcon 75 was made during the daytime on a Lufthansa flight. As I was not sleepy, I used the on-board entertainment system to watch two of several genre movies that I had missed when they first came out in theatres. For sure, the tiny screen and earbuds do not compare with the big screen, or even my home monitor, but here goes!



Disney's Alice Through the Looking Glass

While Disney's first Alice movie was sufficiently anchored in Carroll's original story to be somewhat recognizable, this sequel diverges so much from it that the link is tenuous indeed.

In a nutshell, the plot involves Alice facing the personification of Time himself in order to save her friend the Mad Hatter from death

by terminal depression.

One of the great faults of this movie is that many of the characters speak with such strange voices and accents that they become very difficult to understand, especially during the many fast running and noisy sequences.

Still, there are great visuals in this movie, and Time's castle is truly a marvel to behold, especially if you are fond of the Steampunk genre. Not good enough for a trip, but certainly worthy of a detour.

Guardians of the Galaxy 2

This instalment does not quite reach the high level of the first movie, but that may be due to the fact that, being a sequel, it was not so novel in style. One thing sure: it is eye candy from start to finish! The designs of the ships and planets are among the most creative that I have been given to watch, especially for the worlds of Sovereign and Ego.



Without being an expert, I know a bit about the Marvel Universe and can tell that the original concepts were somewhat modified, but that is something done all the time in the comics themselves and the departures from canon are not really that dramatic.

GOG2 is escapism entertainment at its finest. Not a deep plot, but graphically superb, with plenty of dizzying action and a healthy dose of the humour that helped make the first movie a success. A most enjoyable way to spend a couple of hours.

Guardians of the Galaxy – Vol. 2 Josée Bellemare



The movie has three storylines that keep overlapping: the Sovereigns who want revenge because Rocket secretly stole the power source the Guardians were hired to protect. Throughout the movie they keep sending fleets of unmanned fighters from a control room that looks like a giant video arcade. The lose every ship. Needless to say, they are pissed.

The second story involves Yondu, his status within the Ravagers, the mutiny of his crew, and his efforts to escape.

And finally, Peter Quill's reunion and complicated relationship

with his father who turns out to be a lot more than he appears to be.

One theme that we see a lot of in this movie is family and belonging, from Star Lord's relationship with his father, Yondu with the Ravagers, Gamora and her sister Nebula, or among the Guardians.

This to look out for: Baby Groot has some impressive dances moves but can also be a badass after he gets out of his cage, Stan Lee's usual appearance, this time telling stories to a group of Watchers, the battle scene to the song "Come a little bit closer" by Jay and the Americans. Finally there will be a few familiar faces making an appearance.

Of course there are the after credit scenes that you have to stick around for.

A fun movie, go see it.

Beauty and the Beast
Reviewed by Sylvain St-Pierre



Turning its stable of classic animated features into live action movies seems all the rage with Disney. One Hundred and One Dalmatians, Cinderella, The Jungle Book, and now Beauty and the Beast.

If you have seen the 1991 original version, there will be very little surprise about the plot: the live version mirrors

the animated one almost perfectly. All the major scenes and songs are there, with only a few minor tweaks and add-ons sprinkled through.

What you will notice is the visual signature, which is very striking on the whole. In some parts, it looks like the drawings have taken life – no mean feat in itself – and in others a considerable amount of skill has been lavished in creating stunning decors.

It does not always work (I was very disappointed with what they did with the library), but some of the surroundings, like the castle's grand staircase, are breathtaking.

Among the minor plot changes there is a better explanation as to how the Beast came to be, and a historically inaccurate but most welcome greater ethnic diversity. There is also the matter of the sexuality of one of the secondary characters, which I expected to bring a flood of protests despite being rather low key, but that seems to have gone through without much of a hitch. I guess things are improving in the world.

Quite worth the time and money, so do not hesitate to buy or rent it if you missed the movie house presentation.

Apparently, Disney currently has something like at least twenty other live action adaptations or derivatives in the works. If they are at the same level as this one, they should prove quite watchable.



MonSFFandom: May to July

Keith Braithwaite

May

Club's CSI Field Trip was Murder!



Parking in the area was, certainly, murder, but on Sunday, May 14, some dozen MonSFFen convened at the Montreal Science Centre at the Old Port to take in CSI: The Experience, an “interactive learning adventure” based

on the popular, long-running American television franchise. Here, our group got to play forensic detective for the afternoon, collecting “blood splatter, DNA,” and other evidence while at the same time learning a little about the science applied to investigating a crime scene!

Upon entering, we came across three separate “crime scenes,” full-sized and fully dressed “sets,” each featuring a corpse (mannequin) and a variety of clues, which we had to identify as such and make note of as we attempted to figure out who had committed murder, and how! With our evidence gathered and speculations in mind, we then moved to a variety of crime labs to see if the forensics findings supported our theories as to the guilty parties.

It was, decidedly, a most interesting experience for our group, and as much fun as grisly murder can be!



Crime scene photos by Josée Bellemare

June

Photos by Sylvain St-Pierre

MonSFFA's June 4 meeting was our last before the summer break and featured dragons.

We began at noon with another edition of Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée, presented by Keith Braithwaite, offering early-birds a selection of movies featuring dragons, from a vintage fantasy adventure to a kaiju classic to modern sci-fi/fantasy B-movies.

Those assembled chose what proved to be a poorly executed movie built around the high-concept idea of World War II allied fighter pilots in combat against a squadron of fire-breathing Nazi dragons! The concept piqued the interest of the MonSFFen present but unfortunately, failed to live up to their expectations, offering but a cavalcade of bad acting, inane dialogue, uninspired direction, cut-rate production design, dismal cinematography, plot holes through which one might fly a B-17 bomber, and only marginally convincing CGI dragons!

P-51 Dragon Fighter (2014) was universally panned by our group, who nevertheless enjoyed the film as a prime example of a straight-to-video, so-bad-it's-good type of movie.

More enjoyable, it was noted, were the two shorts we showed just before the movie screening: a vintage Pathé newsreel showcasing a ceremonial Chinese dragon parading through the streets of Vancouver's Chinatown district, and the classic Looney Tunes cartoon Knighty Knight, Bugs, in which Yosemite Sam's Black Knight declares, "Dragons is so stupid!"

Fernando "Fern" Novo's presentation on the dragons of Eastern mythology in particular provided the meat of the meeting.



Fern related in brief some of the dragon legends of China, Japan, and Korea, projecting on screen a variety of illustrations

in support of his topic. He noted that dragons in Eastern culture are generally perceived as good, whereas in Western culture, they are seen as bad.

Paula Dufour augmented Fern's commentary with her own knowledge of dragon mythology.

Fern also had on display a selection of some of the strikingly beautiful dragon-themed artwork, and a number of the collectables, he has amassed over the years.



Following the mid-meeting break, during which hand-crafted, dragon-themed raffle prizes, courtesy club president **Cathy Palmer-Lister**, were awarded lucky winners, we moved to a panel discussion on the valiant attributes required of the dragon slayer, and of Genre heroes in general. Cathy served as moderator, here, and the discussion included talk of mythological champions such as Hercules and Thor, comic-book superheroes like Superman and Wonder Woman, and the likes of sci-fi's Flash Gordon and Captain Kirk.



The discussion ranged from a highlighting of traditional heroic traits and virtues to the elite hero to the everyman as hero to the concept of the anti-hero, and whether he/she can be classed as a true hero. The conversation crossed, at one point, from the fictional realms of SF/F into the real world and noted how fictional heroes often inspire real-life heroes, and vice versa!

We thank for their participation Cathy, and our panellists **Joe Aspler, Josée Bellemare, Yves Tousignant and François Ménard**. We thank Fern, as well, for his presentation on the dragons of Eastern mythology, Paula Dufour for her contributions, Keith Braithwaite for hosting our dragon-themed Sunday Sci-Fi Cinema Matinée, and all those who helped to put together and run this meeting. **NB: There are many more pictures to be seen on our website!**



Did you find the MonSFFA rocket in WARP 98? Hint: It's being worn by a Kazon!
Look for the rocket in this issue! (Hint: it's green)

July

The weather for MonSFFA's 2017 Barbecue-in-the-Park was just perfect! It was sunny and warm, with the occasional cottony cloud and a light, steady breeze moderating conditions for optimum comfort.

The club was pleased to welcome a number of friends to its picnic, held at Parc Angrignon, Lasalle, under favourable skies on Sunday, July 16. These included **Kevin Holden**, a founding officer of MonSTA (Montreal Star Trek Association), MonSFFA's forerunner, and visiting all the way from Israel, fanzine editor and Warp pen-pal **Leybl Botwinik**, who offered curious folk a brief primer on the Israeli SF scene, and his own

contributions therein.

Our group enjoyed salads and snacks, refreshing libations, and a variety of burgers, sausages, and other grilled meats, all the while engaged in relaxed conversation. A few of us tossed a Frisbee around while others watched a clutch of ducks paddling about in a small pond adjacent our spot under a stand of shady trees.

It was a most pleasant afternoon in the company of fannish friends!

We proffer thanks to club VP **Keith Braithwaite** for supplying us with a cooking grill and accoutrements.



BBQ photos by Sylvain St-Pierre



Attention: MonSFFen! Pull out your craft paper and scissors, glue-guns and fasteners, knitting needles and sewing supplies, carving tools and paintbrushes, and start crafting!

The club has been hosting “fancrafting” (SF/F-themed crafting) workshops in August for a number of years, now, and we trust you’ve all learned a thing or two from those sessions, so this year, we’re taking the logical next step!

We are officially notifying MonSFFA members of a **Showcase Craft Sale**, scheduled to take place in conjunction with the 2017 edition of MonSFFA’s popular **Super Sci-Fi Book Sale**, November 12, just in time for Christmas shopping!

We are setting up this craft sale to afford club members the opportunity to showcase and sell their own unique, charming handcrafted treasures, SF/F-themed or otherwise! You’ve all been workshoping for many years; it’s time to apply what you’ve learned!

By featuring our craft sale in conjunction with the established book sale, we hope to provide the club’s crafters with a ready-made pool of potential buyers, while at the same time offering

those folk a little something extra as the festive gift-shopping season gets underway!

MonSFFen & Friends are invited to reserve, at 5\$ for a 4' table, space from which to sell their hand-made wares at our November sale.

We invite bargain-seeking Genre booklovers from across the city to avail themselves of the superior bargains we offer on sci-fi books, and to shop, at the same time, for that one-of-kind handcrafted gem that will make the perfect Christmas gift!

MonSFFA holds a sizable inventory of SF/F paperbacks and hardcovers, plus a number of specialty books, so skip Santa this year and in November, check out the club’s “Super Sci-Fi Book Sale Rises Again,” and our new Showcase Craft Sale, featuring inimitable handcrafted sci-fi and other pieces fashioned by our talented club members!

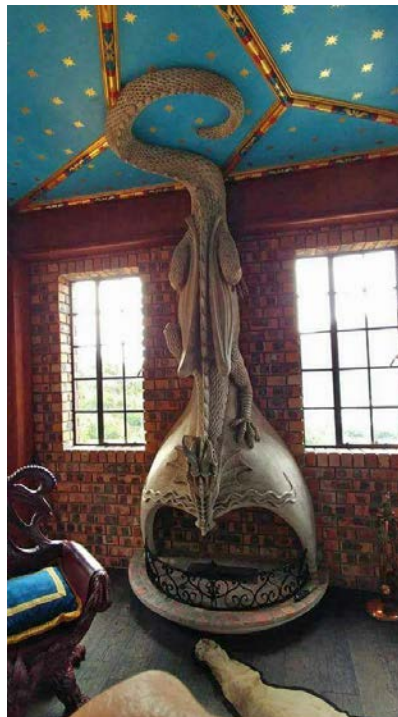
MonSFFun!

Sightings!



“Washington National Cathedral, the sixth-largest cathedral in the world, has 215 stained-glass windows. The most popular holds a piece of moon rock brought back by the Apollo 11 astronauts in 1969.

“Another must-see is Darth Vader, carved into the cathedral’s north side. The “Star Wars” villain was one of four winning designs by middle-schoolers in a 1985 contest. Vader is one of 1,242 weird creatures staring down from the cathedral’s neck-stretching exterior.”<https://cathedral.org/>



This image was going around fb, no other information available, but it sure is wicked! (Submitted by the Fernster)



Head over to Youtube to watch Vader in action.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fVuLEQeSsci>

